

THE BALLYMUCK TUMBLERS

EPISODE 1

DOG FOOD

DRAFT 4

By

PADDY CAMPBELL

1 EXT. BALLYMUCK HIGH STREET SUMMER 1992 - EARLY MORNING

A deserted high street in a rural border town in Northern Ireland. There is an imposing military observation tower at the end of the street.

A fourteen year old boy struggles to carry an ancient television down the street. This is PADRAIG MOLLOY. He is in his training gear and is knackered. He stops to rest against a lamp post on which an I.R.A Sniper At Work sign has been erected. The sign is a white triangle with a red border showing the black silhouette of a gun man holding an armalite aloft in his right hand.

2 INT. KITCHEN - SAME

A chihuahua is eating hungrily. This is AOIFE. Exactly what she is eating is unclear.

3 INT. TAXI - SAME

A woman in her forties sits in the back seat. She is sun tanned within an inch of her life. A bag of airport duty free booze rattles on the seat next to her. This is NUALA SWEENEY.

4 EXT. BALLYMUCK HIGH STREET - SAME

PADRAIG sets off again with the television. He steps into the road and is almost flattened by NUALA'S speeding taxi which has come from nowhere.

5 INT. KITCHEN - SAME

As before AOIFE is eating hungrily and making happy noises.

6 EXT. OUTSIDE NUALA'S HOUSE - SAME

The taxi pulls up outside NUALA'S house. It is a hideous modernist monstrosity in an industrial farm complex which jars horribly with surrounding countryside. The taxi driver gets out and opens NUALA'S door for her.

7 INT. KITCHEN - SAME

AOIFE stops eating and barks, excited at the sound of a car arriving outside.

8 EXT. OUTSIDE BALLYMUCK CHURCH HALL - SAME

PADRIAG approaches the church hall with the television. Sweat is lashing off him.

9 INT. KITCHEN - SAME

NUALA enters her kitchen and drops the bag of duty free on the floor. AOIFE scampers about making happy dog noises, delighted at her owner's return.

10 INT. BALLYMUCK CHURCH HALL - SAME

Not much has changed in here since the fifties. A ramshackle gymnastics club has been set up with equipment which ought to be condemned. Crash mats leak their stuffing as does the pommel horse and there are large holes in the walls where gymnasts have crashed in the cramped conditions. PADRAIG, with the last of his strength, carries the television across the gymnasium and heaves it on top of a prehistoric vaulting horse. He collapses with exhaustion.

11 INT. KITCHEN - SAME

NUALA stands next to the body of an elderly dead woman lying supine on her kitchen floor. AOIFE has ignored the dog food in the bowl next to the body and has eaten most of the woman's face.

NUALA
Aw Jesus mother.

NUALA picks up an open tin of Yellow Pack dog food from the kitchen table. She studies it, then looks back at the corpse.

NUALA(CONT'D)
I told you she wouldn't eat the cheap shit.

12 INT. CHURCH HALL - EVENING

Vitali Scherbo's sensational performance from the men's apparatus finals in the Barcelona Olympics is showing live on the television positioned on the vaulting horse.

A large man in his forties, wearing an absurd Irish Gymnastics tracksuit which once fitted him twenty years ago, sits on a spring board in front of the television. He is entirely rapt by the performance on the screen. This is BRENDAN MOLLOY the club's coach and PADRAIG'S dad.

BRENDAN
Padraig! Are you watching this!?
Jesus Christ are you watching
this Padraig? This here is
history so it is. Happening right
now. This is momentous.

Behind BRENDAN, sprawling on the tatty crash mats, are the club's gymnasts. They are a group of eleven lads aged

(CONTINUED)

10-15. Several are of physical proportions not usually associated with competitive gymnastics. Apart from PADRAIG, they are decidedly less enthused by the action on the screen than BRENDAN and are generally arsing about. There is the air of a class acting up for an inexperienced substitute teacher. PADRAIG is trying to ignore the rest of the lads and watch the television. He is the only one who bears any real physical resemblance to a gymnast.

PHILIP MAGEE is 15, acne ridden and much bigger than PADRAIG. PHILIP leans into PADRAIG.

PHILIP

Think your da's about to shoot
his load there.

PADRAIG

Fuck off.

PHILIP puts his hand down his shorts and pretends to masturbate.

PHILIP

Oh oh oh, he's nearly there,
nearly there, go on son, go on
Brendan. Yes yes yes.

The screen shows Scherbo nail his landing from his vault. BRENDAN jumps to his feet.

BRENDAN

Unbelievable!

PHILIP

AGGGH! There he goes.

PADRAIG hits PHILIP a dig in the back of the head. They start scuffling. BRENDAN is oblivious. The other lads shout encouragement as they begin to scrap furiously with each other. PADRAIG holds his own impressively against the bigger lad. BRENDAN assumes that the shouts of encouragement are for Scherbo's performance on the screen.

13 EXT. PATH LEADING TO THE CHURCH HALL - SAME

FATHER KELLY, a priest in his sixties approaches the hall. Its possible he isn't the most terrifying man in the world but is certainly in the top five. The commotion from inside the hall can be heard.

14 INT. CHURCH HALL - SAME

FATHER KELLY enters and is faced with a scene of chaos with BRENDAN apparently unconcerned at the havoc being played out directly behind his back. FATHER KELLY picks up one of the boys shoes which have been discarded by the door. With deadly might and accuracy he hurls the shoe

(CONTINUED)

striking PADRAIG, who has PHILIP in a head lock, on the side of the head.

FATHER KELLY
ENOUGH!

BRENDAN jumps out of his skin. The boys fall silent instantly. PARAIG is dazed and unsure where he is following the blow from the shoe.

FATHER KELLY (CONT'D)
Brendan. A word. Now.

BRENDAN
Right you are Father.

FATHER KELLY points at the boys.

FATHER KELLY
And if there's so much as a peep
from you animals. So help me.

15 EXT. OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO THE HALL - SAME

BRENDAN stands with FATHER KELLY.

BRENDAN
You're joking.

FATHER KELLY
Joking?

FATHER KELLY steps in closer to BRENDAN.

FATHER KELLY (CONT'D)
How long have you known me
Brendan?

BRENDAN
Must be, umm... a good twenty
years now Father.

FATHER KELLY
And you think this, this is
something I'd joke about?

BRENDAN
No, no I suppose not.

FATHER KELLY
You suppose right. So do it. And
make sure it's fucking good.

BRENDAN
(hesitating, extremely
nervous)
Is... is it not...?

FATHER KELLY

Not what?

BRENDAN

Not really the most holy of things... for the occasion.

FATHER KELLY

(furious)

Do not you- you of all people. Stand there and tell me what is, and what is not holy. You fucking cretin. This is what she's asked for. So this is what she's getting.

16 INT. NUALA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

NUALA sits on a chair, silent and in semi darkness. She is very drunk having got through a large quantity of the duty free which is strewn on the floor around her. She holds a dog biscuit.

NUALA

Aoife! Aoife! Here girl.

Aoife comes trotting in.

NUALA(CONT'D)

There's a good girl.

NUALA feeds AOIFE the biscuit.

NUALA(CONT'D)

You like those don't you love? Come here.

NUALA picks up AOIFE.

NUALA(CONT'D)

What a beautiful girl. Beautiful beautiful girl.

NUALA spreads her fingers over the top of AOIFE'S head and gets her in position to wring her neck. She makes a motion to do the deed but can't. She composes herself. Takes a few deep breaths. Tries again but can't do it. She sets AOIFE down and starts to quietly cry.

17 EXT. BALLYMUCK HIGH STREET OUTSIDE SULLIVAN'S SPORTS SHOP - FOLLOWING DAY

PADRAIG stands with MINTO and FINGERS, two 16 year old lads with the lolling gaits of wannabe gangsters. PADRAIG has a black eye from the blow by FATHER KELLY.

(CONTINUED)

MINTO

Go on.

PADRAIG

No.

FINGERS

What's the use in being a ninja
if you're not gonna do the ninja
flips.

PADRAIG

I'm not a ninja.

MINTO

Course you're a ninja. Give us a
ninja flip ninja boy.

PADRAIG

I don't wanna do a ninja flip.

NUALA appears behind MINTO. She is dressed in black and carries AOIFE. She plucks the cigarette which is tucked behind MINTO'S ear.

MINTO

What the...

MINTO turns round and his machismo deflates immediately.

NUALA

Why aren't yous in school?

Pause.

PADRAIG

Teacher training.

NUALA

Well you're not to be hanging
about here ye gabshites.

(to PADRAIG)

You're Brendan's wee lad aren't
ye?

PADRAIG

Aye.

NUALA

You need to be practising your
somersaults for next week. Go on.

The lads start to walk off.

PADRAIG

(under his breath)

Fuck sake.

NUALA blocks PADRAIG'S path and walks him against the wall.

NUALA
What was that?

PADRAIG
Nothing. Sorry.

NUALA
Just watch yourself.

18 INT. SULLIVAN'S SPORTS SHOP - SAME

A small independent sports shop on Ballymuck High Street. DONAL, the most unathletic man you could imagine is behind the counter smoking.

DONAL
They've been out there all afternoon. They're a fucking nuisance.

NUALA
Let me know if they get out of hand.

NUALA passes a portrait photograph of her mother, EILEEN, across the counter to DONAL. DONAL studies the photograph.

DONAL
She was a good woman.

NUALA
She was. Can it be done?

DONAL
Oh surely. I know just the boy.

NUALA
Good man Donal.

DONAL
I've got uh...

DONAL produces a brown envelope.

NUALA
No Donal. No need. This is plenty.

DONAL
Ah Nuala.

NUALA
Honestly.

DONAL

You take after her. I've always said it. She'll be missed.

NUALA

I know. I miss her terrible already.

DONAL

I'm sure you do. And if there's anything else I can...

NUALA

Thanks Donal.

NUALA goes to exit. DONAL puts the envelope out of sight.

DONAL

Couple of days.

NUALA

Right you are.

NUALA exits and once the door has swung shut.

DONAL

(under his breath)
Ye fucking mad bitch.

19 INT. MOLLOY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

ANNE MOLLOY, a woman in her mid thirties, sits at a table with a desk lamp. She is sewing a torn blue canvas crash mat cover. It's an image which does not appear of this century resembling Vermeer's The Lacemaker. BRENDAN enters with a gymnastics magazine.

BRENDAN

Look at this.

ANNE

What?

BRENDAN shows her an advert in the magazine for the services of coach SERGEI BOTVINNIK. It boasts that he was head of development at the Minsk Dynamo Gymnastics Club and he coached Vitali Scherbo as a junior. ANNE laughs.

BRENDAN

For the club.

ANNE

Catch yourself on Brendan.

BRENDAN

Nothing wrong with thinking big.

(CONTINUED)

ANNE

(gesturing to the task she
has in hand)

Maybe you should start with some
new crash mats. Listen, next
week.

BRENDAN

What about it?

ANNE sets the sewing down.

ANNE

I don't want Padraig involved in
all that.

BRENDAN

It's arranged now.

ANNE

Make an excuse.

BRENDAN

No. I can't. Sure you know what
Nuala's like.

ANNE

You've never once said no to her
your entire life.

BRENDAN

It'll be a good opportunity.

ANNE

Bollocks its an opportunity. You
know exactly what it'll be.

BRENDAN

The entire town'll be there. We
could get a load of new members
if they make a good job of it. I
need him there.

ANNE

No Brendan, I mean it.

20 INT. PADRAIG'S BEDROOM - FOLLOWING MORNING

The curtains are drawn and in the half light we discern
the foetid squalor of a teenage boy's bedroom. There is
complete stillness until we see the bed. PADRAIG is
completely submerged in the duvet and wanking like his
life depended on it. He's probably on his fifth or sixth.
BRENDAN hammers at the door and enters but is beaten back
by the smell. PADRAIG stops and sticks his head out.

(CONTINUED)

BRENDAN

Dear god.

PADRAIG

Get te fuck da!

BRENDAN

Get up before you blind yourself
altogether.

PADRAIG

I'm not-

BRENDAN

My hole you're not. Come on. I've
porridge made.

PADRAIG

Christ sake. Ten minutes.

BRENDAN

Now.

21 INT. ANNE AND BRENDAN'S BEDROOM - SAME

Anne is in bed and pissed off at having been woken by
BRENDAN and PADRAIG who can be heard arguing just outside
her bedroom door.

ANNE

For the love of God.

She looks at the alarm clock on the bedside table which
shows it is 5.45am and pulls the duvet over her head.

22 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BRENDAN'S HOUSE - SAME

BRENDAN leaves the house followed by PADRAIG. It is a drab
grey terrace in a housing estate. Both are in tracksuits.
They start jogging. An IRA mural is painted on the cable
end of their terrace.

23 INT. ANNE'S KITCHEN - SAME

ANNE enters in her dressing gown. She is exhausted and
faced with the carnage left from Brendan's porridge
making. She lights a cigarette, decides to ignore the
porridge mess and goes to the living room. On auto-pilot,
she picks up the TV remote, presses it, sits down and only
then notices the empty space where the television usually
sits.

ANNE

Fantastic.

24 EXT. STREET WITH TERRACE HOUSING - SAME

BRENDAN and PADRAIG are jogging. PADRAIG is jogging in a zigzag down the street to increase the distance he is running.

BRENDAN

Lift the knees there Padraig.

PADRAIG raises his knees while running. He looks like Bambi on ice. A lad on a bike doing a paper round appears behind them. At the top of his voice, the lad starts singing the theme tune to Rocky. PADRAIG immediately stops running with his knees up and is mortified.

25 EXT. CHEMIST SHOP - 9.04AM

The shutters are down on the shop which is on Ballymuck High Street. A farmer in his sixties stands waiting outside. He's not quite standing still. We look closer and see that he's rhythmically rubbing his arse on the shop's drain pipe. This is ARSE CREAM BRIAN. He stops his rubbing as ANNE arrives in her uniform to open the shop.

ARSE CREAM BRIAN

Afternoon.

ANNE does not respond to this tired joke. She unlocks the door and tends to the alarm.

26 INT. CHEMIST SHOP - SAME

ANNE comes out from the dispensary which is behind the counter. She finds ARSE CREAM BRIAN in an aisle. He has his tube of prescription cream in one hand and his other hand down the back of his trousers.

ANNE

No! Not in here.

ARSE CREAM BRIAN

Have I not just told you I'm dying of the cancer? And you won't let us have a bit of relief?

ANNE

(approaching ARSE CREAM BRIAN)

You're not dying of fucking nappy rash. No. You're not fingering cream round your manky arse in this shop.

ARSE CREAM BRIAN

Manky arse is it? You're one heartless hooper you know that.

(CONTINUED)

ARSE CREAM BRIAN removes his greasy hand from his trousers and storms out. He tries but fails to slam the door because of the pneumatic hinges. Slimy finger marks are left on the door handle.

ANNE

Jesus wept.

27 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SAME

PADRAIG and BRENDAN are running down the road. There is a dry stone wall on one side and a hill rising up behind it. On top of the hill is a military observation tower. They approach an army check point. There is an army Land Rover and a Stop sign. Three soldiers with machine guns crouch in the roadside. They are MIKE, ROD and MARTY. A Lynx army helicopter flies overhead. A soldier steps out and raises his arm indicating that they should stop as they approach the check point.

MIKE

Wait there.

BRENDAN and PADRAIG stop. BRENDAN keeps running on the spot. They are approached by MIKE.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Against the wall.

BRENDAN

Ah sure we're just jogging/ here-

MIKE

AGAINST THE FUCKING WALL NOW!

MIKE is joined by ROD and MARTY. BRENDAN and PADRAIG stand with their hands on the dry stone wall.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(to BRENDAN)

Name?

BRENDAN

Brendan Molloy.

ROD pats down Padraig. He feels the leotard under his t-shirt.

ROD

What's this?

PADRAIG

Nothing.

ROD pings PADRAIG'S leotard.

ROD(CONT'D)
Have you a bra on under there
son?

MARTY laughs.

PADRAIG
Funny aren't ye?

ROD jabs PADRAIG in the kidneys causing him to cry out in pain.

BRENDAN
HEY! WHA-

MIKE drives his knee into BRENDAN'S lower back. BRENDAN cries out in pain and his legs buckle.

MIKE
STAND FUCKING STILL THE PAIR OF
YOU!

BRENDAN and PADRAIG both stand gripping the wall. They are visibly shaken. During the following they watch the Lynx helicopter fly towards the watch tower on the hill, going in to land.

ROD
(to PADRAIG)
Name?

Slight pause.

ROD(CONT'D)
What's your fucking name?

PADRAIG
Padraig Molloy.

There is a bang and we see the helicopter being struck by a mortar.

MIKE
GET DOWN!

All the soldiers run to positions of cover. BRENDAN and PADRAIG are left alone watching the helicopter spin out of control and crash into the hill. PADRAIG laughs, delighted.

PADRAIG
(singing)
Ooh aah up the Raa, say ooh aah
up-

BRENDAN slaps him round the back of the head, quieting him.

BRENDAN

Shut up for Christ's sake. Come on.

They jog on through the check point as thick smoke starts to billow from the crashed helicopter and cries are heard from injured soldiers in the helicopter.

END OF PART 1

28 INT. CHURCH HALL - SAME

BRENDAN is training PADRAIG on vault. Mats are piled up to the same height as the vault. PADRAIG tears down the run way and performs the first half of a Tsukahara vault, landing on his back on the pile of mats.

BRENDAN

You're ready.

PADRAIG climbs off the mats.

PADRAIG

I dunno da.

BRENDAN

You'll make it easy. No one's competed it at under fifteen. You'll be the first in Ireland.

PADRAIG

I'm bricking myself.

BRENDAN

Use it. You can make this. Trust me.

29 INT. CHEMIST SHOP - SAME

ANNE is putting stock on shelves. The news is heard from the radio.

RADIO

Unconfirmed reports are coming in of a mortar attack on an army helicopter outside Ballymuck. Thick smoke is currently-

NUALA enters dressed in black. Her sun burn is blistered and peeling.

NUALA

(gesturing to her burnt peeling face)
What have you for this?

ANNE
Give us a look.

ANNE inspects NUALA'S face.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Looks sore. Were you anywhere nice?

NUALA
I was. Nice wee holiday. The heat was fierce.

ANNE
I'd say it was looking at that. I'm sorry for your loss by the way. Must've been a terrible thing to come back/ to-

NUALA
Sssh a second.

NUALA puts her hand up to stop ANNE speaking so she can hear the radio.

RADIO
Three casualties have been air lifted from scene with the area remaining under a heavy security cordon.

NUALA
Three! Is that all? Sorry, you were saying.

ANNE
Your loss.

NUALA
Desperate thing to come back to.

ANNE
I'm sure it was. Try this.

ANNE gets NUALA a bottle of after sun.

NUALA
Aloe vera.

ANNE
It does the job.

NUALA
Oh and have you...?

ANNE

Aye.

ANNE goes to the till, takes out some money, puts it in a paper prescription bag.

ANNE

Where was it you said you were?

NUALA

I said a nice wee holiday. What's it to you?

Anne gives the bag NUALA.

ANNE

Just making conversation.

NUALA

Is that what you call it?

ANNE

Some people go in for it.

NUALA

Must be a bit of step down for ye?

ANNE

What?

NUALA

Big city girl like like yourself stuck in here having to make conversation with the culchies.

ANNE

I'm not stuck anywhere.

NUALA

No?

ANNE

No.

NUALA

How's Padraig getting on for next week?

ANNE

Couldn't tell ye.

NUALA

Tell him I'm looking forward to it. Oh and tell Brendan there'll be a package for him to pick up in Sullivan's.

30 INT. CHURCH HALL - MORNING

As before BRENDAN training PADRAIG on vault but the pile of mats which were piled to the height of the vault have been removed and there's now just a single crash mat. PADRAIG stands at the end of the runway, he looks terrified. BRENDAN stands next to the landing mat, ready to catch PADRAIG.

BRENDAN

You can do this. Exactly as
you've been doing it. I'm here.

PADRAIG thunders down the runway and performs a tucked Tsukahara vault. He gets incredible height off the vault allowing him to kick out of the tuck early. There is no catching required from BRENDAN as PADRAIG nails the landing. It is a mirror image of the landing we saw made by Scherbo in the Olympics. BRENDAN runs round the hall cheering in jubilation. PADRAIG at first appears stunned, then punches the air.

PADRAIG

Holy shit!

BRENDAN hugs him, lifting him up.

BRENDAN

You did it! Jesus Christ you did
it!

31 EXT. BUS STOP OUTSIDE THE CHURCH HALL - SAME

PADRAIG has his school uniform on. BRENDAN is waiting with him in his ridiculous tracksuit.

PADRAIG

The bus is coming da.

BRENDAN

I can see the bus is coming.

PADRAIG

You don't need to stand with us.

BRENDAN

I can stand with you if I like.

PADRAIG

Please da, fuck off.

BRENDAN cuffs him.

BRENDAN

(hurt)

I will not. And don't/ tell me-

(CONTINUED)

PADRAIG
The bus is coming.

BRENDAN
So.

PADRAIG
Please da.

BRENDAN
Straight back after school?

PADRAIG
Right.

The bus pulls up. It's mainly full of lads from Padraig's school. A chorus of, "Ho ho ho Green Giant." can be heard from the bus in reference to Brendan's tracksuit. As PADRAIG boards the bus several lads jump up doing effeminate gymnastics salutes. The paper boy from earlier is amongst them.

The only seat available for PADRAIG is next to a stunning 16 year old girl. This is SIOBHAN. PADRAIG does his best to ignore his dad who is giving him an over the top cheesy wave as pay back for PADRAIG'S cheek.

PADRAIG
Alright?

SIOBHAN
Is that your da waving there?

PADRAIG
(looking out the window)
For fuck sake.

32 INT. A BARN ON NUALA'S FARM COMPLEX - SAME

Three big men stand in the barn. They are BREEZEBLOCK, FERGAL and LIAM.

BREEZEBLOCK
(he demonstrates as he talks)
Watch. It's simple. We get the nod. Then it's three steps, left, right, left. Plant the feet. Then three shots with the right hand.

FERGAL
Wait.

BREEZEBLOCK
What?

FERGAL

I'm left handed.

BREEZEBLOCK

Well it's not like you've got to hit anything.

33 INT. CHURCH HALL - EVENING

BRENDAN is doing circuit training with the squad who are lackadaisical in their efforts.

BRENDAN

Last five seconds. Come on lads push it. Four, three, two, one. Change.

Wearily the squad change exercise stations.

BRENDAN(CONT'D)

Look lively for Christ's sake. What's wrong with you?

PADRAIG appears to have given up training altogether and talks enthusiastically to HUMPTY, a small fat lad.

PADRAIG

You wanna seen it. BOOM! They shat themselves. Brit bastards. Absolute class it was.

BRENDAN

(shouting to PADRAIG)
Come on Padraig. You're on burpees. Get your arse in gear.

PADRAIG

(ignoring BRENDAN and continuing to talk to HUMPTY)
I'm going to them, Rule Britania, ha. Have that ye cock suckers. The whole thing's in flames, rolling down the hill.

MINTO and FINGERS appear in the doorway of the hall.

MINTO

(shouting to PADRAIG)
Ninja boy. C'mere.

BRENDAN

Yous two can bugger off.

FINGERS

Woah, chill your beans big man.

(CONTINUED)

BRENDAN
I mean it. Get out.

MINTO
That's lovely that.
(to PADRAIG)
C'mon Padraig. We've something
you'd be interested in.

PADRAIG
(to HUMPTY)
Bollocks to this. I'm away.

BRENDAN
You're going nowhere, Padraig.

PADRAIG
I'm done in. I've been up since
five.

PADRAIG bolts out the door picking up his bag and
trainers.

BRENDAN
Get back here.

BRENDAN gives chase to the door but PADRAIG is already
getting a backie down the road on MINTO'S bike with
FINGERS pulling a wheelie on his bike. BRENDAN goes back
into the hall dejected. He kicks a plastic bucket
containing chalk for the gymnast's hands, sending a white
cloud in the air.

BRENDAN
I'll kill him.

BRENDAN gets his stop watch and tries his best to
encourage the rest of the squad but PADRAIG'S desertion
has been a crushing blow.

BRENDAN
Right lads, in position. Push it
hard for the full sixty seconds.
Two, one, go.

BRENDAN presses his stop watch and squad resume their half
arsed circuit training.

34 EXT. BALLYMUCK HIGH STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

PADRAIG, MINTO and FINGERS stand in a dark shop doorway.
MINTO and FINGERS share a joint. Across the street is
Feilty's Bar which is next door to Sullivan's Sports Shop.
They watch the doorway to the bar. MINTO looks at his
watch.

(CONTINUED)

MINTO
Wait'll ye see.

The door of the bar opens and an extremely pissed woman stands swaying on the threshold.

MINTO(CONT'D)
Like clockwork.

The woman tips herself forward and staggers to her car which is parked outside the sports shop. She makes several useless stabs at uniting her key with the keyhole before getting in the car. She pukes a little bit on the inside of the windscreen and wipes it away with her arm.

PADRAIG
Ug/ggh!

FINGERS
She's boked, ye dirty hooer.

She drives away erratically and at speed.

MINTO
Well ninja boy? What d'ye say?

PADRAIG
Not a chance.

FINGERS
Chicken.

PADRAIG
Not.

MINTO
The karate flid.

PADRAIG
Piss off.

FINGERS makes the sound of chicken clucking.

35 INT. MOLLOY'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

BRENDAN and ANNE sit on the sofa. We hear the back door opening.

ANNE
Go easy on him for God's sake.

BRENDAN
Easy on him!
(shouting to PADRAIG)
Get in here.

PADRAIG enters the living room.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
What was that about then?

PADRAIG
What?

BRENDAN
Disappearing with them two
streaks of piss in the middle of
training.

PADRAIG
They're my mates. I wanted a
night off.

BRENDAN
The display's next week.

PADRAIG
I'm not doing the display.

BRENDAN jumps to his feet, furious.

BRENDAN
You're what!?

ANNE
Brendan don't!

BRENDAN
NO! I work my balls off for him
and this is what I get. You're
doing the display.

PADRAIG
I don't want to. It's
embarrassing da.

PADRAIG storms out to his bedroom.

BRENDAN
GET BACK HERE!

ANNE
Leave him Brendan. For Christ's
sake.

BRENDAN
I will not leave him till he
understands/ what I-

ANNE
Stop. Just stop will you.

BRENDAN
I'm trying, trying to make him...

ANNE

You can't make him do anything.

BRENDAN

So what? I should just not bother. Sit back and let him fuck his life up.

ANNE

He missed a training session to see his friends. And it's not surprising the pressure your putting on him.

BRENDAN

He'll get nowhere if he's not committed.

ANNE

Brendan?

BRENDAN

What?

Slight pause.

ANNE

Where's a lifetime of gymnastics got us? I don't know if you've noticed but we're not exactly living the dream here. There's more to life.

BRENDAN

(walking out, hurt)

Well I'm sorry for making your life such a misery Anne.

BRENDAN exits, slamming the door.

ANNE

Brendan. Wait, I didn't mean...

36 INT. SULLIVAN'S SPORTS SHOP - FOLLOWING DAY

BRENDAN is at the counter which has a package on it. DONAL is laughing uncontrollably.

DONAL

Wha... what do they look like? You're asking what they look like? Ah Jesus, this is too much. I'm gonna have a stroke here.

BRENDAN opens the package and looks at the contents.

(CONTINUED)

BRENDAN
She's not serious!?

DONAL looks like he might actually have a stroke through laughing so hard.

37 INT. CHURCH HALL - MORNING

BRENDAN is taking down equipment. PADRAIG is finishing getting changed into his school uniform.

BRENDAN
Look, I'm desperate here Padraig.

PADRAIG
I've gotta go da.

BRENDAN
Listen, just a minute.

PADRAIG
I'm gonna miss the bus.

BRENDAN
I need this to be as good as it can be. I don't think the club can survive unless we attract some new members.

PADRAIG
Why should it be down to me?

BRENDAN
Coz you're the best. If you show people what you can do they'll come flocking. Guarantee it.

PADRAIG
I dunno da. I get the piss ripped out of me already. This'll make it ten times worse.

BRENDAN
Please son. Will you at least think about it? For me?

PADRAIG
Right I'll think about it. I've gotta go.

PADRAIG surreptitiously puts a metal cable, used for securing the high bar frame, in his bag and dashes out.

BRENDAN
(calling after him)
Back here after school.

38 EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH HALL - LATER THAT DAY

BRENDAN stands by the entrance as his squad of gymnasts trickle in after school. PHILIP is the last of them.

BRENDAN
You seen Padraig, Philip?

PHILIP
Nope.

BRENDAN is unable to disguise his complete dejection on hearing this.

39 INT. CHURCH HALL - SAME

The squad, minus PADRAIG, are assembled in front of the changing room door. BRENDAN is stood behind them.

BRENDAN
Now lads, these are a bit different. Unique.

The changing room door opens and HUMPTY emerges. We only see his face which is a picture of mortification. There is horrified uproar from the rest of the squad.

40 INT. MOLLOY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

BRENDAN and ANNE are in the kitchen. BRENDAN is at his wits end. During the following we see PADRAIG in his bedroom who can hear what is said in the kitchen.

BRENDAN
That's it then. Over. If Padraig's not gonna do it then the club's finished. I should call it off. Tell Nuala to shut the place. Save myself the embarrassment.

ANNE
Would it be such a bad thing?

BRENDAN
A bad thing! What are you talking about?

ANNE goes to BRENDAN and holds him.

ANNE
We could get out of this town. Start out fresh.

BRENDAN
With what?

(CONTINUED)

ANNE

We could find a way.

BRENDAN pulls away from ANNE and paces.

BRENDAN

Jesus I'm not asking much from him.

ANNE

Listen. Stop a minute.

BRENDAN stops pacing.

ANNE (CONT'D)

You can't force him. Why are you so desperate to make this work here? With the mind set of this place to contend with on top of everything else. We should go while he's still young enough. Somewhere without all this shite.

BRENDAN

It's not as simple as just upping sticks.

ANNE

Why not?

BRENDAN

(losing his temper)

This is my home. Right. And I'm sick of you constantly slagging it.

41 EXT. MOLLOY'S HOUSE - SAME

PADRAIG sits on his bed listening to his parent's fight escalating. He looks at his alarm clock which shows 12.45am. He gets his school bag and climbs out his bedroom window. He drops down to the front of the house and crouches bellow the living room window. He pauses for a moment and we hear:

ANNE

I can't live like this Brendan.

PADRAIG crouches low leaving the front of the house and then runs down the street.

42 EXT. BALLYMUCK HIGH STREET - SAME

As before, MINTO and FINGERS stand in the doorway opposite Feilty's bar. The pissed woman staggers out of the bar. We see PADRAIG standing in the shadows outside the sports shop, he is holding a length of metal bar. MINTO and FINGERS gesture for him to act. PADRAIG appears reluctant. As the pissed woman struggles with her car keys, PADRAIG steps forward with the metal bar which we see is attached to the cable he stole from the gym. He posts the bar through the letter box of the sports shop. The pissed woman drives off. The other end of the cable has been hooked onto her tow bar. The entire door of the sports shop is ripped off. The car swerves, skids and crashes into the front of a shop further down the street. Alarms sound. MINTO and FINGERS sprint into the sports shop.

FINGERS
(to PADRAIG)
Come on you spa.

PADRAIG follows them into the shop. The pissed woman falls out of her car and rolls about on the ground with a bleeding head. The three lads run out of the shop and down the street with as much sports clothes as they can carry. Drinkers emerge from the bar at the sound of the alarms. Among them is BREEZEBLOCK. We see him pick up the cable which was attached to the car.

END OF PART 2

43 EXT. BACK LANE BEHIND THE CHEMIST SHOP - LUNCH TIME

ANNE is smoking. She does not notice ROD, a geordie, who is crouched by a bin close to her. He stands up and lowers his machine gun.

ROD
S'cuse me love?

ANNE jumps out of her skin.

ANNE
Jesus Christ!

ROD
Woah! Sorry pet. Did you not see us there?

ANNE
Did I not see you there!? What!?
Crouching by the bins in
camouflage. No I didn't see ye
there. Near shit myself.

(CONTINUED)

ROD

Sorry. Have you got a light?

ANNE

Don't know if I should be talking
to the enemy.

ROD

Never mind.

ANNE

I'm only messin. Here.

ANNE produces a lighter. ROD approaches and ANNE lights his cigarette. ANNE smiles. This is a welcome novelty to her day.

44 INT. PADRAIG'S CLASSROOM AT SCHOOL - SAME

Padraig's teacher, MR MORAN, goes along a line of desks collecting homework from each pupil. He stops when he gets to Padraig's desk.

PADRAIG

You're never gonna believe this,
sir.

MR MORAN

See me after Molloy.

PADRAIG

But/ sir-

MR MORAN

I'll have no back chat.

PADRAIG

I've got training.

MR MORAN slams his fist down on Padraig's desk.

MR MORAN

You will see me after. And wipe
that smile off your face.

Some of the class snigger. MR MORAN moves to the next desk and collects the homework book.

PADRAIG

(coughs)

Tosser.

MR MORAN takes a wild swing at PADRAIG with the homework book he has just collected. PADRAIG deftly ducks beneath it and MR MORAN drops the rest of the books he is carrying.

(CONTINUED)

PADRAIG(CONT'D)

You've dropped something there
sir.

45 INT. PADRAIG'S CLASSROOM - SAME

The room is empty apart from MR MORAN and PADRAIG.

MR MORAN

What's got into you lately
Molloy?

PADRAIG

Nothing sir.

MR MORAN

Nothing? Just started acting the
ejit for the sake of it?

Slight pause. PADRAIG looks at his feet.

PADRAIG

No sir.

MR MORAN

This an important year Molloy.
There'll be plenty of time for
acrobatics later on. But you need
to consider, is this really worth
neglecting your education for? I
mean where's it got your father
in the long run?

PADRAIG is furious but holds his tongue.

PADRAIG

I'll get the work done for
tomorrow sir.

MR MORAN

Make sure you do.

46 INT. MOLLOY'S KITCHEN - EVENING

BRENDAN sits at the table with the magazine open at
Sergei's advert again. ANNE is peeling vegetables.

BRENDAN

I've been looking into it.
There's funding for things like
this.

ANNE

Christ. This again?

BRENDAN

Think what it'd do for Padraig. He's sick of me coaching him. And that's fair enough. But he can't just chuck it in because of that. I'm gonna speak to Nuala about it.

ANNE throws a carrot in pot of water causing a splash.

ANNE

Brilliant.

BRENDAN

What?

ANNE

"I'm gonna speak to Nuala." It's pointless even talking to you. Can you not think beyond this town where every single aspect of life is dictated by that head case.

BRENDAN stands.

BRENDAN

Now that's a bit of an exaggeration.

ANNE turns her back to BRENDAN.

ANNE

I give up. You know I'm desperate, desperate to get out of this place. To raise our son somewhere with a slight semblance of normality. And instead, you decide shipping in some Russian is going to be some kind of miracle cure.

BRENDAN

He's from Belarus. And he coached the Scherbo. And whatever else you say about Nuala, she could help get him over to coach Padraig. It's not perfect here, I know that.

ANNE

Not perfect!

BRENDAN

And neither's Minsk, but that didn't stop the Scherbo.

ANNE turns to face him.

ANNE

Do what you like Brendan. You
always do anyway. I'd be as well
talking to the toaster.

ANNE walks out.

BRENDAN

Anne!

47 EXT. OUTSIDE SULLIVAN'S SPORTS SHOP - DAY

DONAL sees BRENDAN passing his damaged shop and runs out
furious.

DONAL

Suppose Padraig knows nothing
about this?

BRENDAN

What you talking/ about-

DONAL

Where was he Monday night?

BRENDAN

Now hauld on there Donal.

DONAL

Just coincidence is it? Him and
them other two fuck wits have
been hanging about out there all
week. Casing the place it looks
like.

48 INT. PADRAIG'S BEDROOM - DAY

T99's Anasthasia is blasting at full volume out of
Padraig's stereo. PADRAIG, MINTO and FINGERS are raving
like lunatics.

49 EXT. OUTSIDE THE MOLLOY'S HOUSE - SAME

BRENDAN is marching towards his house. The music blaring
from Padraig's bedroom can be heard on the street. Already
furious about the accusations made by Donal, returning
home to this could see blood spilled.

50 INT. PADRAIG'S BEDROOM - SAME

As before, the three lads are leaping about like wild
things. BRENDAN bursts into the room, livid.

BRENDAN

RIGHT!

(CONTINUED)

FINGERS

(rapping in the style of an
early rave hardcore mc)
One two one two. The big green
giant. This one's for you.

FINGERS increases his dancing to a corybantic frenzy. It takes everything within BRENDAN not to punch him. Instead he wallops Padraig's stereo, silencing the music.

PADRAIG

What the fuck da!?

BRENDAN

Yous two. Out. Now!

MINTO and FINGERS register the degree of Brendan's temper and scarper.

MINTO

(calling from the stairs)
See ye later ninja boy.

BRENDAN

(shouting after him)
Bloody sure you won't.

The front door is heard slamming shut.

PADRAIG

You're a dick head da! A
complete-

BRENDAN

I want the truth. Where were you
Monday night?

PADRAIG

What d'ye mean where was I? Where
d'ye think I was?

BRENDAN

I mean it Padraig. Any cheek and
so help me.

PADRAIG

I was here. You know I was here.

BRENDAN

You swear to me?

PADRAIG

I was here. Why?

BRENDAN

Donal's shop got done over and
he's blaming you.

PADRAIG
He's not right in the head.

BRENDAN
If find out you're lying.

PADRAIG
I'm not.

BRENDAN
What about them two?

PADRAIG
I know nothing about it. Right.

Slight pause.

PADRAIG (CONT'D)
If that's all I'm going out.

PADRAIG goes to leave, BRENDAN blocks his path.

BRENDAN
No you're not. You're spending no
more time with those wasters.

PADRAIG
They're my mates. I can see who I
like.

PADRAIG makes a more concerted effort to get BRENDAN.
BRENDAN pushes him back.

BRENDAN
The display's tomorrow. You're
going nowhere.

PADRAIG
(losing his temper)
Get out of my fucking way!

PADRAIG charges at BRENDAN and throws him against a wall,
winding him. PADRAIG pulls his fist back, about to punch
BRENDAN. He doesn't.

PADRAIG
I'll do what I want. Right.

BRENDAN has been taken completely by surprise at PADRAIG'S
strength. PADRAIG runs down the stairs and out the front
door. BRENDAN is left gasping for breath leaning against
the bedroom wall.

51 EXT. BALLYMUCK HIGH STREET - FOLLOWING DAY

All the shops are shut and the street is lined with mourners. The entire town is out in force. Eileen's funeral procession makes its way down the street. It passes Sullivan's which is boarded up. A helicopter flies overhead and there is a security presence on the periphery of the crowds. The coffin is draped in an Irish tricolour and is carried by six uniformed IRA men. NUALA leads the procession and is resplendent in mourning dress. She is accompanied by AOIFE on a lead who wears a black veil as a mark of respect. AOIFE passes two young sisters.

SISTER 1

Maire Clare says it took a shite outside Dunnes stores and one of her eye balls was staring out of it.

SISTER 2

That's stinking.

Their dad grabs them both by the shoulder. This is DR FITZGERALD.

DR FITZGERALD

(stern whisper)

Keep quiet the pair of you. For Christ's sake.

52 EXT. OUTSIDE THE CHURCH - SAME

There are hundreds of mourners around the coffin. A helicopter can be heard overhead. We hear a section of NUALA'S eulogy as we see the following: NUALA approaches the coffin and places a black belt, beret and gloves on top of it. BRENDAN stands close by, next to a floral tribute which spells the words MAMMY. He looks like a man condemned. At the back of the church's exterior we see FERGAL, BREEZEBLOCK and LIAM pull on balaclavas and then put berets on top of them. PADRAIG stands on the periphery of the crowd.

NUALA

My mother's dedicated life of service to her people is at an end. She lived and died for Ireland and worked ceaselessly for our community in the face of British oppression and terror. Apart from her work on the front line of our struggle, she believed passionately in providing opportunities for the young in Republican communities. Opportunities which would be denied us by our imperialist

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NUALA (cont'd)
 oppressors. A fact finding
 mission to the USSR resulted in
 her founding our town's
 gymnastics club which continues
 to go from strength to strength.
 The Ballymuck Tumblers will now
 perform in honour of my mother,
 Eileen Sweeney. Tiocfaidh ár lá.

ENTIRE CROWD
 Tiocfaidh ár lá.

The crowd parts revealing a runway up to the coffin which stands on a bier. A spring board has been placed in front of it. Mats are placed on the other side of the coffin. HUMPTY steps out on to the end of the runway. He wears a black leotard onto which an image of Eileen Sweeney's face has been printed along with the dates of her birth and death. HUMPTY'S ovoid proportions have hideously mutated the image of Eileen and he is shaking. Numerous mourners bite their tongues to prevent themselves from laughing at this spectacle. BRENDAN has gone white.

There is a long and uncomfortable pause. HUMPTY starts his run up, he's capable of more speed than you'd expect from a lad of his proportions. BRENDAN clenches his fists. HUMPTY bounces off the spring board. He attempts a dive forward roll over the coffin but barely clears it and comes perilously close to knocking the whole thing over. He lands painfully hard in a heap on the thin mats, coming nowhere close to completing the roll. There is a collective groan from the mourners and NUALA appears far from impressed.

HUMPTY limps off, trying his best to fight back the tears. PHILIP is up next. He flies down the runway and bounces off the springboard gaining impressive height. However, he appears clueless as to what to do after take off and flails wildly in mid-air.

PHILIP
 (mid flight)
 FUCK!

He completes a 3/4 somersault landing flat on his back with an arm bent awkwardly underneath him. There is a collective intake of breath from the mourners. PHILIP lies winded and in agony. HUMPTY, still in considerable pain himself, drags PHILIP off. NUALA and FATHER KELLY glare at BRENDAN who wishes the ground would swallow him. This is not the glorious embodiment of Republican youth's triumph over oppression NUALA was hoping for.

PADRAIG, standing further back in the crowd sees his father's absolute public humiliation. He sees MR MORAN and the paper boy's smug mocking face in the crowd. Then he sees SIOBHAN who, in a tight black dress, is without question the most desirable woman he has ever seen.

PADRAIG
(under his breath)
Ah bollocks to it.

In his shirt, trousers and black shoes, PADRAIG pushes through the crowd to the end of the runway. He runs up and performs a front somersault walk out, round off, two back flips and a straight full twisting back somersault. Again the landing is nailed and a mirror image of Scherbo's. The crowd erupt.

FERGAL, LIAM and BREEZEBLOCK then step out from the crowd and fire a volley of shots over the coffin. The crowd cheer until a bullet goes stray hitting the glass of street lamp causing the people underneath to duck for cover.

53 EXT. GATES TO THE GROUNDS OF THE CHURCH - SAME

The mourners stream out of the church grounds. Many already appear to have had a good drink. BRENDAN looks for PADRAIG and is jubilant at his son's performance. PADRAIG has made a beeline for SIOBHAN who is just ahead of him in the crowd. He is enjoying the praise he is receiving for his performance.

AULD WOMAN
Hey boy. That was some quare
acrobating you done there. Good
man yourself.

PADRAIG
Thanks missus.

The AULD WOMAN grabs a feel of PADRAIG'S arse and he moves swiftly on. A heavy police and army presence blocks one of the routes available to the mourners outside the church. ROD, MIKE and MARTY are there. Several mourners shout insults and chants of, "BRITS OUT" begin. The AULD WOMAN takes a pack of biscuits from her handbag and throws them, striking MARTY in the face. SOLDIERS run at the crowd. MIKE elbows SIOBHAN in the head, knocking her off her feet. PADRAIG catches her, preventing her from hitting the ground. He drags her out from the crowd as it erupts into violence with security forces firing shots in the air in an attempt to disperse the crowd.

54 EXT. SIDE STREET - SAME

SIOBHAN crouches on the ground against a wall mopping up blood running from her nose with a tissue. PADRAIG stands in front of her. We hear the sounds of a riot in full swing.

SIOBHAN
You're the gymnast.

PADRAIG
Aye.

SIOBHAN
That was good.

PADRAIG
Thanks.

SIOBHAN
Hauld on.

PADRAIG
What?

SIOBHAN
Have you got a hard on?

PADRAIG
No.

PADRAIG tries to hide his protruding hard on in his suit trousers and is mortified.

SIOBHAN
Right, c'mon.

She gets up and kicks off her high heels. For a fleeting moment PADRAIG thinks his luck is in. SIOBHAN then picks up a rock and charges down the street towards the riot.

55 INT. FEILTY'S BAR - EILEEN'S WAKE - EVENING

The bar is packed. Arthur McBride is being sung. The verse with the line "Whacking shillelaghs came over their heads" is sung with particular gusto. Several people bear wounds from the fighting outside the church. BRENDAN stands at the bar with NUALA.

NUALA
Your wee fella done us proud.
He's a credit to ye.

BRENDAN
Aye he's a good lad.

(CONTINUED)

NUALA

I'd say he'll go far.

BRENDAN

I hope so. Actually seeing as you mentioned that, there was something I wanted to talk to you about. It's maybe not the time.

NUALA

Go on.

BRENDAN

I've come across an opportunity for the club. It has the potential to make a massive difference for the kids around here. Could really leave a legacy Eileen would be proud of. It would require funding. I was thinking of applying to the peace fund. I wanted to ask you-

There is a wild shriek from within the throng of revellers. ANNE is paraletic and is over enthusiastically singing and merry making, in mockery of those around her. The atmosphere is turning. ARSE CREAM BRIAN appears particularly unimpressed at her conduct. He slams his empty glass down on the table and stomps off. ANNE picks up his empty glass and holds it aloft. It is covered in greasy finger marks.

ANNE

See that. Fucking Arse Cream Brian. Leaves a greasy trail of arse cream wherever he goes. He's like a fucking snail.

A few people laugh but most think this is in bad taste.

NUALA

Think it's time she left.

BRENDAN

Shite. Sorry Nuala.

NUALA

Don't worry about it. She's not from round here, can't be helped. Come and see me next week.

56 EXT. OUTSIDE THE MOLLOY'S HOUSE - SAME

BRENDAN is supporting a very unsteady ANNE to their front door.

ANNE
What are we doing here Brendan?
With these... these inbreds.

BRENDAN
Sssh now. Jesus be quiet.

ANNE
Do you love me?

BRENDAN
What?

ANNE
Do you love me?

BRENDAN
Aye I love you. C'mon inside.

ANNE
Then please. Please please please
can we just get out of this
place.

BRENDAN
We'll see love.

57 INT. FEILTY'S BAR - A FEW DAYS LATER

BRENDAN and NUALA sit at a table with pints. BRENDAN has the gymnastics magazine open at Sergei's advert. He's much more nervous about making this request of NUALA now there's not the direct afterglow of Padraig's funeral performance.

BRENDAN
So if you think you could find
your way to... this could be the
start of something massive here.

NUALA
This isn't small change you're
asking for Brendan.

BRENDAN
I know that. But with some
support from local business,
which you could help with, that
combined with a Peace Fund grant.
Then we could cover it.

NUALA pulls the magazine towards her and studies the advert.

(CONTINUED)

NUALA

This guy's good is he?

BRENDAN

He coached the Scherbo. Best gymnast to walk the earth. We could have that right here in Ballymuck. It'd put us streets ahead of any other club in the country. Clubs in Belfast, Dublin forget it. None of em could touch us.

BRENDAN takes a large gulp of his pint. NUALA stares straight at him. Pause.

NUALA

If I do this, I'll be expecting results. How's Padraig's training going?

BRENDAN

He's flying so he is. Few wee hiccups you know, just teenage stuff.

NUALA

Hiccups how?

BRENDAN

There's a couple of knackers he's started knocking about with.

NUALA

I know the one's.

BRENDAN

Donal collared us the other day about the shop. Padraig's adamant he was nothing to do with it. It's them I don't trust.

NUALA

I'll have a word with them.

BRENDAN

Ah I'm sure there's no need for that.

NUALA

If, and I'm not saying yes yet. But if I'm going to do this then we want one hundred per cent focus from the wee man. So I'll have a word with them two.

58 INT. BARN NUALA'S FARM - EVENING LATER THAT WEEK

NUALA stands with LIAM and AOIFE. She holds the cable used in the robbery. In the background a man lies on a table covered with a plastic sheet. He is topless and screaming in agony from a gunshot wound to his shoulder. DR FITZGERALD is working to remove the bullet and clean and stitch the wound.

NUALA

(shouting to the screaming man)

I swear to God. If you don't quit your gurning I really will give you something to gurn about.

The man ceases screaming.

NUALA (CONT'D)

(to LIAM)

There's three I want pulled in.

We see AOIFE lapping up some of the wounded man's blood which has spilled on the ground.

59 EXT. ROAD LEADING FROM PADRAIG'S SCHOOL - FOLLOWING DAY

PADRAIG is walking home from school wearing brand new trainers. He is listening to Altern8 Evapor8 at full blast on head phones and is completely oblivious to everything around him. We see a car driving slowly behind him. A bag is pulled over PADRAIG'S head and he is punched in the face. We see BREEZEBLOCK and FERGAL bundle him into the back of the car which is driven off by LIAM. Several members of the public have observed this but continued about their business as if nothing has happened.

END OF PART 3

60 EXT. OUTSIDE THE CHEMIST'S - SAME

ARSE CREAM BRIAN is trying the door of the shop which locked. He starts to hammer at the door with his fist. From inside the shop we see ANNE stick a 'BACK IN 5 MINUTES' sign up in the door directly in front of ARSE CREAM BRIAN'S face.

ARSE CREAM BRIAN

Ye bitch ye. By God I've never known the like of it.

ARSE CREAM BRIAN can continue to be heard ranting and banging on the door as ANNE walks out to the back of the shop.

61 EXT. BACK LANE BEHIND THE CHEMISTS - SAME

ROD, his machine gun and ANNE lean against the wall. ANNE and ROD are smoking. ANNE is laughing.

ANNE
Short for Rodney?

ROD
What's funny?

ANNE
Rodney!

ROD
People get called Rodney.

ANNE
You're the first I've
encountered.

ROD
Is that right?

ANNE
So why the army Rodney?

ROD
You know, the usual. Bit of
danger, excitement. That, and I
was over qualified for NASA.

ANNE
After danger and excitement are
you? Is there none to be had in
Newcastle?

ROD
Well there's no one shooting at
us on a regular basis.

ANNE
Sounds heavenly.

ROD
It is. You should get yourself
over. I'll show you the sights.

ANNE
Aye, I might do that.

ROD
Me mam drinks in the Irish
Centre.

(CONTINUED)

ANNE

An Irish Centre is last place I'd
want to be going.

ARSE CREAM BRIAN observes them from the end of the lane.
He is seething with anger.

62 INT. CATTLE BARN - SAME

NUALA holds a cattle prod. PADRAIG holds a bag of frozen
peas to his head. There's a long line of cows in
individual pens on both sides of the barn feeding. They
walk down the barn between the lines of cows.

NUALA

There's a video of a Saudi prince
stick one of these up a business
rival's anus and switch it on.
What would you do in my shoes?

PADRAIG

Please no, I'm sorry, please.

NUALA

Christ no. I wouldn't do that.
That's sick. But you understand
my position? The businesses in
this town pay for a service. Now
since my mother died, I'm
responsible for delivering that
service. So how does it look?
First week in charge, something
like this happens. And I do
nothing?

PADRAIG

Probably not great.

NUALA

People would think I'm a push
over wouldn't they?

PADRAIG

Aye, they might.

NUALA

So my hands are tied really. I'm
actually gonna let you decide
what's gonna happen.

They come to the end of the barn where there is an open
area. MINTO and FINGERS are suspended from pulleys in roof
with chains. Their ankles and wrists are bound with cable
ties and they are gagged with gaffer tape. Their feet are
just about touching the ground. On a table in front of
them is a hurley stick, two metal buckets full of tar, two
pillows and a stanley knife. NUALA places the cattle prod
next to the hurley stick.

(CONTINUED)

NUALA(CONT'D)

Option A. You bate the living
shit out of them with the stick.
Then you tar and feather them and
they'll spend the afternoon stood
outside the shop yous done over.
As a reminder to people, not to
be doin over businesses in this
town. Option B. The quicker,
simpler option.

NUALA takes a hand gun from her jacket and sets it on the
table.

NUALA(CONT'D)

One shot to the back of each
knee. You have ten seconds to
act.

PADRAIG is panic stricken. MINTO and FINGERS wriggle and
make muffled cries through the gaffer tape.

NUALA(CONT'D)

Ten.

PADRAIG

No fuck no. It was me/ as well.

NUALA

Nine. Eight.

PADRAIG

It was me. Do/ me.

NUALA

Seven. Six

PADRAIG picks up the gun. MINTO and FINGERS struggle
wildly. FINGERS pisses himself.

NUALA(CONT'D)

Five.

PADRAIG puts the gun to the back of his own knee.

NUALA(CONT'D)

Jesus! Gimme that.

Swiftly and surgically NUALA takes the gun from PADRAIG
and fires a shot through the back of each of MINTO and
FINGERS' knees. PADRAIG vomits.

NUALA(CONT'D)

(to PADRAIG)

Are you for real!? Shooting your
own knees! I've come accross some
head cases in my time but that's
a whole new level.

63 EXT. OUTSIDE THE CATTLE BARN - SAME

NUALA stands with PADRAIG. BREEZEBLOCK carries the still gagged FINGERS into the back of a van which then drives off.

NUALA
Why'd you think aren't in the van
with them?

PADRAIG
I dunno.

NUALA
Firstly you have a talent. I'm
not gonna wreck that for a first
mistake. But pull anything like
that again and I'll have/ no
option.

PADRAIG
I won't.

NUALA
You stay away from them right?

PADRAIG
Right.

NUALA
You're a bit different aren't ye?

PADRAIG
No.

NUALA
I'd say you are.

For a moment PADRAIG looks appreciative of this praise.

NUALA(CONT'D)
We're not done. I'll have a few
wee jobs for you.

64 INT. BRENDAN AND ANNE'S BEDROOM - FOLLOWING MORNING

BRENDAN is putting on a suit and repeatedly making a mess of his tie. ANNE sits on the bed.

ANNE
She's going with you!? You never
said.

BRENDAN
Did I not?

(CONTINUED)

ANNE

You know you didn't Brendan.

BRENDAN

Well it's good in that... I mean I know...

ANNE

I know what!? That we're gonna be in debt to that psycho from now on. Fantastic Brendan. Sure invite her round after. I'll bake a cake.

BRENDAN fails again with the tie.

BRENDAN

Bastard! Could you help?

ANNE

Not with this I'm not. No.

BRENDAN

Fuck! I could without this now alright. I'm trying to do something for him and the rest of the lads. Trying to change things. And no, it's not ideal the way things work here. But at least I'm trying. And not just...

ANNE

Not just what?

BRENDAN

Well asides from complaining and giving me shit all the time, what exactly have you done lately?

Slight pause.

ANNE

You can go fuck yourself Brendan.

65 EXT. OUTSIDE A GROCERY SHOP - SAME

PADRAIG goes into the shop.

66 EXT. BACK OF THE GROCERY SHOP - SAME

FERGAL sits in a car. PADRAIG comes out of the back of the shop carrying as much icing sugar as he can carry. It is packaged in cardboard trays as you would find in a cash and carry.

67 INT. CORRIDOR LOCAL COUNCIL BUILDING - SAME

BRENDAN sits on a chair in his suit. He is fidgeting and extremely nervous. He takes out notes that he has prepared and reads them to himself under his breath.

68 INT. SCHOOL BUS - SAME

PADRAIG boards the bus. He is not greeted with the usual abuse. The lads from his school talk under their breath. He sits next to SIOBHAN. They both have bruised faces.

SIOBHAN

Alright?

PADRAIG

Not bad. Yourself?

SIOBHAN

Spot on.

The bus drives off passing MINTO who is being pushed to school in a wheelchair by his ma.

69 INT. LOCAL COUNCIL COMMITTEE ROOM - SAME

BRENDAN stands in front of a panel of councilors who sit at a long desk. There is a sign on the desk which says The Northern Ireland Peace Fund. BRENDAN clears his throat.

BRENDAN

History was made in this summer's Olympics. Gymnast Vitali Scherbo won an unprecedented six gold medals. One of the greatest sporting achievements to have been made by anyone, ever. With support from the Peace Fund of Northern Ireland, we have a once in a life time opportunity to instal the creator of that success right here in Ballymuck. Imagine the benefits for the young people of our town.

The panel looks sceptical. One of them is doodling.

70 EXT. OUTSIDE PADRAIG'S SCHOOL - SAME

PADRAIG gets off the bus with the other pupils but he hangs back, not following them into the school. We see MR MORAN park his car in the staff car park. PADRAIG watches him from a distance. MR MORAN gets out of his car and goes into the school. PADRAIG approaches his car and crouches at the back of it. He takes a screw driver from his bag and removes the car's number plate.

71 INT. LOCAL COUNCIL COMMITTEE ROOM - SAME

COUNCILLOR 1

Forgive me Mr Molloy but this
does sound just a touch fanciful.
I mean in order for funds to be
allocated there would need to be-

She is interrupted by NUALA entering. NUALA is in mucky
farming gear, paying no heed to the formality of the
occasion.

COUNCILLOR 2

Nuala, good to see you.

COUNCILLOR 3

Are you well Nuala? That's a
lovely tan you've got there.

NUALA

I can't stop. You'll pay for the
Russian. Okay.

We see the word APPROVED rubber stamped on Brendan's
application document.

72 INT. CHURCH - FOLLOWING DAY

ARSE CREAM BRIAN enters the confessional box and makes the
sign of the cross.

ARSE CREAM BRIAN

Bless me father for I have
sinned. It is two weeks since my
last confession.

Pause.

FATHER KELLY

Go on.

ARSE CREAM BRIAN

It's a difficult one to explain
father.

FATHER KELLY

Take your time.

ARSE CREAM BRIAN

It would be a sin of burden. I'm
burdened by knowledge of a sin
taking place. A terrible mortal
sin.

FATHER KELLY

Tell me.

(CONTINUED)

ARSE CREAM BRIAN
Adulterous cavorting Father.
Adulterous cavorting in the back
streets while the sick are left
abandoned and suffering on the
roadside. Sodom and
Gomorrah would wash their hands
of her father. Honest to God.

73 INT. CHURCH HALL - 3 WEEKS LATER

BRENDAN is trying to repair one of the crash mats with gaffer tape. He has scrubbed and polished the gym in preparation for SERGEI'S arrival. NUALA enters.

NUALA
When's he due?

BRENDAN
Nuala. He's flying in Thursday. I
can't thank you enough.

NUALA
Not at all. Sure we'll share
spoils when the wee man's winning
Olympics left right and centre.

NUALA laughs, BRENDAN joins in less enthusiastically.

BRENDAN
Aye, right you are.

NUALA
I'm expecting big things now.

BRENDAN
Here's hoping.

NUALA
Anne well?

BRENDAN
Grand.

NUALA
That's good.

74 INT. BARN - SAME

PADRAIG is drilling holes in a length of scaffolding pole which is held in a vice.

75 EXT. BACK LANE BEHIND THE CHEMISTS - SAME

ANNE is smoking. ROD approaches her.

ROD
Y'alreet pet.

ANNE
Hell will freeze over before I'm
anyone's pet ye geordie bollocks.

ROD
(laughs)
Nice to see you to.

We see BREEZEBLOCK standing silently and completely still in the back yard of the building next to the chemists, listening.

76 INT. MOLLOY'S KITCHEN - EVENING

BRENDAN sits at the table writing SERGEI'S name on a piece of card with a marker pen. ANNE enters.

BRENDAN
Good day?

ANNE
Thrilling. Mrs O'hare came in with a polaroid of the underside of her left tit. Said a kind of jam is being produced under there. Then offered to bring some in in a jar if I needed to have a look. You?

BRENDAN
Getting ready for tomorrow. I'm shitting myself. Is this mad?

ANNE
Completely mad, sure I told you that. But it's happening so you'd better make it work.

BRENDAN
There's a photographer coming from the paper. Maybe the mayor.

ANNE
There you go. Publicity already.

77 EXT. YARD - FOLLOWING AFTERNOON

PADRAIG is scrubbing a piece of farming equipment normally used for grinding animal feed with a brush and soapy water. BREEZEBLOCK, LIAM and FERGAL stand by a fire and burn empty sacks of fertilizer and empty bags of icing sugar. They remove the boiler suits and boots they are wearing and put them on the fire. NUALA approaches PADRAIG.

NUALA
Finished?

PADRAIG
Aye.

NUALA
Right. Here.

NUALA gives him a twenty pound note.

PADRAIG
Ah cheers. When do you want us back?

NUALA
No, that's you done. You get back to your training and stay out of trouble. And listen to your da, he's a good man.

78 INT. AIRPORT - MORNING

BRENDAN stands in arrivals wearing his Irish Gymnastics tracksuit and holding up his home-made sign reading SERGEI BOTVINIK.

79 INT. CHURCH HALL - EVENING

The squad of gymnasts are lined up regimentally in height order. All are in leotards. The door opens and BRENDAN enters.

BRENDAN
Here we are. Now, it's basic as I mentioned but...

SERGEI enters. He stops in the door way, silent, taking in what is in front of him. He is a squat man in a soviet issue tracksuit. The severity of his visage is compromised by a ridiculous comb over.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
And the lads here. Great workers. Raring to go. Isn't that right lads? Bags of potential in the right hands.

(CONTINUED)

Quiet. SERGEI walks down the line of gymnasts. Turns. And walks back. He stops at HUMPTY. He pokes his finger into HUMPTY'S chest, pulls it out and watches it jiggle. SERGEI starts to laugh. This is almost imperceptible at first and then it builds. BRENDAN chuckles along a bit but as SERGEI'S laughter builds it becomes increasingly uncomfortable. HUMPTY looks like he might cry.

PHILIP

Fuck off ye smelly wanker.

SERGEI is pissing himself now.

SERGEI

This is a joke Brendan? Yes?

BRENDAN

Now come on. I mean I never said it was... there's a lot of work to be done obviously.

SERGEI

(continuing to laugh uncontrollably)
Centre... centre of excellence...? this?

SERGEI wobbles HUMPTY'S tit which increases his laughter. HUMPTY runs out. Several other squad members walk out after him.

PADRAIG

Bollocks to this arsehole.

PADRAIG goes to leave.

BRENDAN

Where do you think you're going?

PADRAIG

Come on da. This guy's a tool.

PADRAIG leaves followed by the rest of the squad.

BRENDAN

Lads wait. Please just... Sergei I know this maybe isn't quite what you're used to, but if you'd just...

The last of the gymnasts walk out.

BRENDAN

FUCK!

BRENDAN punches the pommel horse. SERGEI is curled up in a ball laughing on the ground. A photographer and the mayor, in his chain and gown, walk in. ANNE follows she has dressed up to greet the visitor. She looks at her husband who's world has just collapsed.

ANNE

Brendan?

80 EXT. LONDON'S FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

We hear a massive explosion.

Complete carnage. Quiet apart from the sound of glass falling from buildings. A police woman scrapes human entrails off the road into a plastic bag. In doing so she uncovers part of MR MORAN'S number plate which was stolen by PADRAIG.

END.