

FADE IN:

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

SEAN O'REILLY,7, is sleeping in his bed. Raised voices escalate from the kitchen below. There is a loud scream. The sound of broken glass. A woman is heard weeping. Sean wakes, lies motionless, afraid to move, listening. Silence.

Yelling erupts. There is a dull thud. Sean flips back the covers and runs to his bedroom door. He opens it and peers down.

Down over the stairs, through a wooden banister Sean sees his father, THOMAS O'REILLY,37, emerge from the kitchen below. He stops at the front door. He has blood on his hands. He is carrying a bottle of whiskey. His eyes are rubbed raw from crying. His breathing is heavy. He turns back to the room he just left.

THOMAS:

Oh, Jesus Anne...

He sways a little, drunk from the whiskey. Finally he reaches for the door knob, bloodying it as he leaves the house. A wall clock ticks in the silence.

EXT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

Thomas exits the house and stumbles down the front steps. He walks around the house and heads for the wharf. He notices the red cherry of a cigarette on the porch of the house next to his.

The person smoking inhales deeply on the cigarette, revealing the face of WILLIAM O'REILLY,48, stocky, looks like he would have been physically impressive in his day.

Thomas looks up the house to a lit window

where William's wife, GRACE, 47, is washing her face to muffle her weeping.

William notices Thomas' hands are dripping with blood. Thomas stares at William, hurt, betrayed. He walks towards William and slams the whiskey bottle on the rail of the porch in front of him. There is a green plastic ring around the spout. The dim light from inside William's home highlights the blood smeared on the bottle that has no label. Thomas, staring hatefully at William, turns and stumbles his way to the water.

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

From his bedroom window Sean watches his father descend for the water. His father gets in a small boat with a small motor and heads out into the bay.

Broken glass downstairs. Sean takes his place at the bedroom door again, peering down.

His mother ANNE O'REILLY, 30, thin, waif-like, with pale white skin, and dark hair walks into the porch area standing where Thomas just was. She has a dust pan full of glass from a broken plate. There is blood on the glass. She puts the glass in a box and lays it outside on the porch. She closes the door, does up her night coat and starts walking up the stairs. She collapses when she gets to the top of the stairs and cries into her hand. Sean closes the door carefully.

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM -- EARLY MORNING

It's still dark outside but sunrise is only moments away. Sean wakes up in his bed.

INT. HALLWAY (UPSTAIRS) -- EARLY MORNING

Sean tiptoes towards his mother's bedroom.

INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM -- EARLY MORNING

Sean pushes the door open slowly. The bottom of the door brushes across the carpet, creating the sound of wind blowing through the leaves of a tree. His mother is asleep on the bed. His father is not.

EXT. LANEWAY TO THE BAY -- EARLY MORNING

Sean walks down over the hill in his pajamas and a pair of kiddy rubber boots. He walks to the end of the wharf and climbs down a small ladder to a rowboat. Sean unties it and pushes off.

EXT. BAY -- EARLY MORNING

Sean rows slowly through the bay searching. He rows around the point keeping close to the land. Something ahead catches his attention. Sean's eyes widen in horror.

EXT. BAY -- CONTINUOUS

From underneath the ocean's surface we see Sean's rowboat slow as it drifts closer towards a body floating face up in the water. The oars fall overboard and splash into the sea.

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Sean is sitting in an office wrapped in a Royal Newfoundland Constabulary coat. Sean is watching William O'Reilly argue with another officer outside the office.

Sean looks at a picture on the desk in front of him. It's a picture of himself and his father with William standing on small wharf jutting out into a black pond, trouting.

William bursts into the room still yelling at the other officer.

WILLIAM:

I'm taking him home
Dave

DAVE:

Bill...

WILLIAM:

Look, you do what you
got to do, but I'm
taking him home.

Dave backs off.

WILLIAM:

Come on buddy.

William picks Sean up and exits the office
with him.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Sean is playing with dinkies on the linoleum
floor. William is crouched down in front of
him.

WILLIAM:

I'm right next door if
you need me.

Sean doesn't answer. William smooths down
his hair and stands up. He looks to the next
room.

Anne is curled up in a chair. William
Leaves. Anne Stares blankly into the flame
of a candle.

EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

It's a calm night. Silence. The sound of
something igniting is heard. The darkness
inside the house is penetrated with the
orange glow of flames.

INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

There is smoke hovering over Sean as he

sleeps. He coughs and wakes up. He flips back his covers and runs for his door.

SEAN:

Mommy.

He opens the door and the rest of the house is thick with smoke and flames. He looks to his left and a set of legs appear. William O'Reilly picks Sean up and starts running for the stairs. Sean reaches towards his mother's room.

SEAN:

Mommy!

William stops, looks at her bedroom door. He looks down the stairs to the fire, which is spreading. He runs down the stairs and out through the front door, as Sean kicks and screams for his mother.

EXT. CATHEDRAL -- DAY

The pallbearers are carrying Thomas' coffin out of the big front doors of the church. A lot of people have attended, the majority of whom are RNC officers. Sean walks hand in hand with William and Grace.

EXT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE -- DAY

Cars are lined up all over the road. The driveway is jammed. Some people are out on the front porch drinking and smoking.

EXT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE (PORCH) -- DAY

Two men are whispering, looking at Sean's house, that is black and scarred from the fire.

MAN1:

Father drowned, mother
gone nuts...

MAN 2:

That kid's got some
future.

Man 2 stops speaking when he notices Sean is
staring at the two men. MAN 2 smiles at
Sean.

MAN 2:
Hey Sean. I didn't
see you there buddy.

Sean looks away from the two men and walks
back inside William's house.

EXT. FERRY TERMINAL -- DAY

The Ferryboat the Caribou has just docked in
Argentia. Cars slowly make their way off.

SUPERIMPOSED: 15 Years later

INT. CAR -- DAY

SEAN, who is now in his early twenties,
slowly drives off the Ferry. He looks like
he's been driving for days. He pulls out of
the dock and heads out on the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Sean's car drives past a sign that reads: St.
John's 63 km.

INT. CAR -- DAY

Sean is listening to CBC radio.

ANNOUNCER:
...200 tons of
contraband alcohol and
cigarettes they
believe was on its way
to St. John's to later
be sold to as many as
fifteen different bar
and convenience store
owners. Our own Jason

Malloy caught up with
Sergeant William
O'Reilly of the Royal
Newfoundland
Constabulary earlier
this morning to talk
about this ongoing
investigation.

Sean turns up the radio.

MALLOY:

Sergeant, just how big
a problem is the
running of contraband
to the Island?

WILLIAM:

Well Jason it's a very
big problem. Over the
years both the
provincial and federal
governments have
literally lost
millions of dollars
so...It's something
they are very
interested in
obviously and it has
come time that we deal
with it and quickly.

EXT. WEIGH STATION NEAR WHITBOURNE --
CONTINUOUS

Malloy and William are doing the live
interview on the side of the highway, as cars
whiz by. Police men are gathered around the
trucks they've seized, taking inventory and
taping the area.

MALLOY:

Is this a large dent
in the problem or is
it merely one truck in
a line of many?

WILLIAM:

Well I wish I could
say that we have won a
major battle this
morning Jason.

(smile
s)

The only real victory
is getting us older
Constabulary out from
behind a desk and back
in the thick of it
where we should be

(laugh
s)

...but, no, what this
does Jason is let them
know that we are
watching and have the
ability to stop them.

A police woman over Jason's shoulder catches
William's eye. He grinds his teeth then
continues to speak.

WILLIAM:

I would also like to
say that we are always
thrilled to be working
alongside the RCMP on
matters like these and
we are proud of this
great union between
our two law
enforcement agencies.

MALLOY:

Sergeant thank you
very much.

WILLIAM:

Yup, thank you Jason.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Sean's car whips down the highway.

INT. APARTMENT (BEDROOM) -- DAY

A beautiful young woman, CHERYL, 27, is sleeping on top of a perfectly made bed. A clock ticks quietly on an end table nearby. There's is a knock on the apartment door. Still Cheryl sleeps. The knocking continues and Cheryl wakes.

INT. APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) -- DAY

Cheryl walks to the door and opens it. Sean is standing there.

CHERYL:

Hey.

She walks to Sean and hugs him.

INT. APARTMENT (BEDROOM) -- DAY

Sean and Cheryl are spooning on the bed. Cheryl is behind Sean holding him. He still has his jacket on.

SEAN:

Made it all the way to
her door.

CHERYL:

Did you talk to her?

Sean shakes his head 'no.' Cheryl breaths out a sigh.

CHERYL:

I really think you
should ask your uncle
about her.

Sean breathes out heavily.

SEAN:

I'll see him tomorrow
after work. I'll talk
to him then.

CHERYL:

They called from the
plant, Sean. They had
to get somebody else.

Sean groans and covers his head.

SEAN:

I told them I'd be
right back.

Cheryl strokes Sean's hair.

CHERYL:

We'll be ok.

The sun breaks through the clouds. It shines
on the young couple.

EXT. THE CITY OF ST. JOHN'S -- DAY

The sun is just retreating behind the south
side hills, creating a strange murky blue
shadow over the harbor itself and the
downtown area. The horizon glows orange and
pink. Gulls cry out in unison.

EXT. OCEAN (DREAM SEQUENCE) -- EARLY MORNING

A small rowboat cuts through the thick fog,
slicing a line in the eerily still water. A
seven-year old Sean is at the helm. The boat
hits something and slows. Sean looks over
the edge of the boat and can see something
rising to the surface. Finally a pale
bloated version of Sean's father breaks
through to the surface, the eyes glaring dead
at Sean.

INT. APARTMENT (BEDROOM) -- NIGHT

Sean wakes up with a start. It's dark. He's
disoriented. He looks around for Cheryl but
she's not there. He grabs the clock by the
bed. It reads: 9:00pm. Sean turns on a lamp.
He recoils from the light and covers his eyes
until they adjust. Finally he wipes his eyes

and gets up to leave.

EXT. DUCKWORTH ST -- NIGHT

A police cruiser is parked on the side of the road near the entrance to a bar.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

A rowdy forty-something crowd is drinking heavily and ignoring the band. A group of the really drunk people are dancing badly.

Sean enters the bar and wades through the crowd. Cheryl, who is the cocktail waitress, walks up behind him and kisses his ear. He turns to her.

SEAN:

Hey.

CHERYL:

Did you sleep well?

SEAN:

Yeah.

CHERYL:

Sorry I had to
leave...

SEAN:

That's okay, go work,
I'm gonna grab a beer.

CHERYL:

Okay.

Cheryl kisses him and runs off. Sean bellies up to the bar. RONNY, a scrawny man in his sixties with pronounced features is back on to Sean, occupied with making drinks.

SEAN:

Hey, old man? Can I
get a fuckin' beer or
what? I've been

waitin' ten goddamned
minutes.

Ronny turns and sees Sean and smiles. He immediately extends his hand. They shake and extend pleasantries.

SEAN:
Have you seen Sarge?

INT. BAR (WASHROOM) -- NIGHT

William is relieving himself in the urinal. He is drunk. The only thing that is stopping him from falling in the urinal is his forehead pressed hard against the wall behind it. He is singing 'something.'

Two young men burst into the washroom. They head directly to a stall. They leave the door open and one young man pulls out a bag of weed. He starts rolling a joint. William watches them silently for a moment.

WILLIAM:
If that's not tobacco
b'y's I wouldn't be
lightin' it in here.

WEEDHOLDER:
Excuse me.

William pulls out his policemen's badge from under his coat and holds it up for the young men to see.

NOT WEEDHOLDER:
Is that real?

WILLIAM:
Is that real?

William does himself up and walks over to the young men. He snatches the joint out of the guys hand. He smells it.

WILLIAM:

Oh yeah, that's real.

William smiles menacingly at the two youths.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Sean sits at the bar talking to Ronny and some of the regulars.

RONNY:
So where you been to?

SEAN:
Went for a drive.

RONNY:
Oh yeah, where'd you go?

SEAN:
Canada.

Sean smiles. Ronny chuckles.

RONNY:
Nice up there isn't it?

SEAN:
Not bad.

RONNY:
Where to in Canada?

Sean hesitates.

SEAN:
New Brunswick.

Ronny's expression changes to one of concern.

RONNY:
Well...it's...

Ronny grabs another beer and opens it.

RONNY:

Good to have you back,
this one's on me.

SEAN:

Thanks Ronny.

Ronny smiles and makes himself busy with other things. The other regulars that were in on the conversation with Sean look away. Sean sips his beer.

William stumbles out of the washroom. He scans the bar. He spots Sean and his eyes light up.

William makes his way through the crowd and slaps Sean on the back. Sean turns around and smiles ear to ear when he sees his uncle. They hug. William holds Sean's face back to have a look at him then gives him a little playful slap on the cheek. Sean hands him a scotch.

EXT. ALLEY -- NIGHT

Sean and William exit the bar to a little alleyway, littered with roach butts and empty beer bottles. Sean is drinking his beer and smoking a cigarette. William is armed with his scotch.

WILLIAM

It's good to see you,
b'y.

SEAN:

You too.

William smiles.

WILLIAM:

So what brings you
down? You need some
money?

SEAN:

No, no I'm good...

WILLIAM:
Still paying you to
make boxes are they?

SEAN:
Yeah, I wanted to talk
to you about something
actually...

William pulls the joint out of his pocket and
holds it out for Sean.

WILLIAM:
Here, you want that?

SEAN:
Um...

WILLIAM:
Here, go on b'y take
it. It's only a bit
of pot.

SEAN:
Well if it's alright
with the police...

Sean reaches to take it. A loud voice booms
and a flashlight shines in their eyes.

PHIL:
What the fuck's going
on out here!

William and Sean jump. A man in full police
uniform walks into the alleyway laughing.

WILLIAM:
Jesus, Phil, you
almost gave me a heart
attack.

Phil, 61, large bumbling man, walks over to
Sean and grabs him around the neck, twisting
him into a head lock.

PHIL:
Be about time I'd say.
How are you doin'
youngster?

Sean pushes Phil off.

SEAN:
Good you old bastard.
Why are you all
dressed up?

WILLIAM:
Ceremony at City Hall
I volunteered him for.

William laughs. Phil takes the joint from
William then smacks him in the arm.

PHIL:
Arsehole.

WILLIAM:
Well how else am I
supposed to get at
your wife if you never
leaves the house?

PHIL:
My wife? I thought
you only like the
young ones like
Cheryl.

Phil sparks up the joint.

SEAN:
Watch it now.

WILLIAM:
Yeah well, that being
said you can't deny
the older birds got
needs...and do your
wife ever got needs,
gentle Jesus...

Phil passes the joint to Sean. The two older gentlemen start to wrestle.

WILLIAM:

Phil! Stop it b'y.
You'll be cryin' in a
minute!

William thumbs Phil in the ribs. Phil lets out a yelp. He grabs William's legs and tries to tip him over.

WILLIAM:

Phil! Jesus, mind my
drink.

Suddenly the two older men are completely focused on the drink.

PHIL:

(genui
nely
concer
ned)
Oh, Jesus you didn't
spill it did ya?

Sean laughs.

WILLIAM:

What are you laughin'
at?

SEAN:

You two couple of
codgers.
(mimic
king
like
an old
man)
Still got it. Pair of
old rascals. Lock up
your daughters, Philly
and Willy are out on
the prowl. Still got
it.

WILLIAM:

Hand me your
nightstick Phil, we
beats the attitude out
of that youngster.

William moves towards Sean.

SEAN:

Yes, mind your hip now
poppy.

Phil laughs and inhales on the joint.

WILLIAM:

Now, ain't that
somethin'. How many
times Gracie have that
youngster in a
weighted sack, ready
to toss him off the
wharf? How many Phil?

PHIL:

About a dozen I'd say.

WILLIAM:

A dozen, that's right.
And me beggin' her not
to do it. B'y if I
only had my time back
you'd be friggin'
drowned.

William takes a playful swipe at Sean. Sean
bats it away. Phil exhales then looks at the
joint.

PHIL:

Gees, where'd you get
this?

SEAN:

Ask him.

WILLIAM:

Gaffed it off two
youngsters in the
bathroom.

PHIL:

Go 'way.

WILLIAM:

Yeah, look how much
they had.

William pulls the entire bag of pot out of
his coat pocket.

INT. PUB -- NIGHT

A short fat man in his late thirties sporting
a high-peeked baseball cap and a sparse
greasy moustache enters the bar. He is
scanning the bar for someone. He takes a
seat and orders a beer from Cheryl.

EXT. ALLEY -- NIGHT

William and Phil are talking closely and
laughing about something.

SEAN:

Alright I'm going to
take off.

WILLIAM:

What? You're not
leavin'?

SEAN:

Yeah, I'm tired.

PHIL:

See you later Sean.

WILLIAM:

Hey.

William walks over to Sean.

WILLIAM:

Did you want to talk
to me about something?

Sean looks his uncle over.

SEAN:
Yeah. I think you're
smokin' too much weed.

Sean smiles and William and gives him a wink.

SEAN:
I'll talk to you
tomorrow.

He exits up the alleyway.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

William and Phil enter from the alleyway and
head for the bar.

As soon as the two policemen enter, the short
fat man in the baseball cap becomes very
alert. He reaches into his coat and fiddles
with something.

Phil sits at the bar. William heads for a
back room.

INT. BACK ROOM -- NIGHT

William pushes through the door and stumbles
among the rows of boxes. He takes down a tin
box and lays his drink on the shelf.

He looks around for a second to make sure he
is alone and pulls a fat envelope out of his
pants and tries to quickly shove it in the
tin box.

The envelope catches on the corner of the box
and rips. Money from inside the envelope
goes everywhere.

William drops and starts picking it up.
Ronny enters.

WILLIAM:
Oh, shit, Ronny.

William laughs.

WILLIAM:
You weren't s'posed to
see this.

He puts the money in the tin and lays it back
on the shelf. William grabs a large 60 once
bottle of amber liquor with no label and a
green ring around the spout. He heads for
the bar.

WILLIAM:
Excuse me please...

RONNY:
Sarge, what are you
doin'...

William pushes past Ronny. Ronny grabs his
shoulder.

RONNY:
Sarge, don't...

William spins around.

WILLIAM
It's my bar now fuck
off.

William turns, leaving Ronny in the back
room.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

William walks over to a couple sitting and
talking. He pours some booze into their
glasses.

WILLIAM:
Here, don't say I
never gave you

nothin'.

William turns to Phil. He notices the fat man with the baseball cap staring at him.

WILLIAM:

Fuck you buddy. Phil
have you seen my
drink.

Phil laughs. William walks in a circle looking for the bottle in his hand. William notices the young man he stole the weed from at the bar. He walks over to him.

WILLIAM:

Hey. You want to buy
some weed?

William and Phil die laughing, even Ronny joins in. The young man gets pissed off and starts to walk away.

WILLIAM:

Hey, sonny?

The young man turns back.

WILLIAM:

Come here.

He hesitates.

WILLIAM:

Come on.

He walks back. William looks around and pulls the weed out of his pocket and hands it back to the young man.

WILLIAM:

Just be a little more
discreet next time,
for my sake, alright.

The young man's eyes light up. He offers to buy William a drink. William gets the young

man a drink. The Man in the Baseball Cap has been watching everything. William notices he's still staring at him.

WILLIAM:

Oh, hey I'm sorry for what I said a minute ago. Would you like a drink?

The man nods.

WILLIAM:

No. Well how about my wallet, or my watch? How about my badge, huh? You want my badge?

William has thrown all of these things on the table. Ronny is getting nervous. The man shakes his head 'no.'

WILLIAM:

Well then what the fuck do you want?

William lunges at him. Phil and Ronny try to pull him off. The man in the baseball cap struggles to get away.

INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) -- NIGHT

Sean is asleep on the couch. The phone rings. Sean wakes and answers it.

SEAN:

Hello. Hey, Ronny, what's going on?

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

William is stumbling up a road singing some old song. After he gets three quarters of the way up the road he trips on his own feet and falls in the gutter.

WILLIAM:

Hey. I know this
place.

He laughs. He's too short of breath to get
up so he rolls over on his back.

WILLIAM:

May your spirit bless
thee and keep thee...

He crosses himself and laughs. Sean's car
turns on to the street. It's driving slowly
at first but speeds up when Sean spots the
dark form slumped in the gutter. William
looks back and recognizes the car.

WILLIAM:

Oh, shit.

He starts to get to his feet as Sean jumps
out of the car.

WILLIAM:

What seems to be the
problem officer?

Sean runs over to him and starts helping him
up. William pulls away rather forcibly.

WILLIAM:

Get off me b'y, I'm
fine.

SEAN:

Yeah, you look fine.

WILLIAM:

I just tripped and was
waiting to catch my
breath before I got up
again.

SEAN:

You're right, silly of
me to worry. Get in
I'll drive you home.

Sean gets in the car. William waits for a moment to catch his breath and gets in the vehicle himself.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Sean is driving while William is fighting to stay awake.

SEAN:
What were you thinkin'
about trying to walk
home?

WILLIAM:
I've done it before.

SEAN:
Yeah? After how many
naps in the street?
The highway's barely
lit Sarge, what would
happen if you were hit
by a car?

William ponders this.

WILLIAM:
She'd be wrote off I'd
say.

William smiles. Sean can't help but laugh at his uncle.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

Sean's car whips down a dark, wet, leaf covered road. A wire and wood fence separates a small heard of cows from the occasional traffic.

EXT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sean's car pulls in to the driveway. Grace is looking down from an upstairs window at the car as it pulls in. She moves away from

the window revealing a family photo on a cabinet nearby. It's of her, William and Sean sitting in front of the house.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

WILLIAM:

Ronny tells me you
drove across to New
Brunswick again, that
true?

Sean turns off the car. Sean nods 'yes.'
William looks his nephew over for a long
time.

WILLIAM:

Did you see her this
time?

SEAN:

No.

William looks at his nephew and smiles.

WILLIAM:

How much money you
t'ink you're after
wastin' trying to see
her now? Must be at
least three hundred in
gas alone is it?

William chuckles. Sean doesn't laugh.
William looks away from his nephew.

WILLIAM:

You'd be better off
settlin' down with
Cheryl, then wastin'
your time on that
woman.

SEAN:

Night Sarge.

William stares at Sean, who avoids his gaze.

William exits and closes the door.

Sean watches as his uncle stumbles up the gravel drive.

EXT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sean pulls out of the driveway and speeds away. William Stumbles in the house.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) -- NIGHT

William enters the kitchen. It's dark. He closes the door and turns. He is immediately met by his wife Grace.

WILLIAM:
Jesus Gracie!

She doesn't move or say anything.

WILLIAM:
What are you doin'
standin' there in the
dark?

GRACE:
Was that Sean's car?

WILLIAM:
Yeah.

GRACE:
Is he okay?

WILLIAM:
Oh yeah, best kind,
best kind.

Pause.

WILLIAM:
I think he might drop
over for supper on
Sunday so...

William stumbles but catches himself on the counter top. Grace winces.

GRACE:

Are you comin' up to bed?

WILLIAM:

Oh, oh Jesus Gracie
I'm stinkin' like a
brewery, I think I
might just...

GRACE:

Okay.

Gracie throws the pillow she had been holding at him and walks for the stairs.

GRACE:

I'll wake you up in
the morning.

Grace exits.

WILLIAM:

Yeah, thanks Gracie.

He listens to her walk up the stairs. Then he drops the pillow to the linoleum in front of the fridge. He lowers himself to the floor and uses his own coat as a blanket.

INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) -- NIGHT

Sean walks in to see Cheryl lying on his bed eating a bag of chips.

CHERYL:

I got drunk.

Sean laughs.

SEAN:

Um, oh yeah...when?

CHERYL:

At work, I got drunk
while I was working.
Drank a whole bottle
of tequila.

Sean walks to the bed and sits down next to
her.

SEAN:
You're a classy lady.

CHERYL:
Look how much tips I
made.

She pulls out a handful of twenties and
change.

CHERYL:
Count it.

Sean takes the money. He starts counting it.

CHERYL:
There's three hundred
and twenty two dollars
there.

SEAN:
Nice.

CHERYL:
We got enough.

SEAN:
For what?

CHERYL:
For a down
payment...On that
place on Cochrane
Street.

Sean looks her over for a minute then folds
the money and hands it back to her.

SEAN:

It'll hardly feel like
my place if you pay
for it Cheryl.

Sean walks to a chair near the bed and starts
taking off his shoes.

CHERYL:

Then get a job and pay
me back.

Sean thinks this over.

SEAN:

Can't you just get
another one. I mean
what's the sense of me
getting a job at all
if you can handle two?

Sean smiles at Cheryl.

CHERYL:

Are you going to take
my clothes off, or am
I just gonna pass out
and wake up angry?

SEAN:

You're not finished
your chips.

Cheryl throws the bag across the room. Sean
walks back over to the bed and leans in and
kisses Cheryl.

SEAN:

Oh my, I loves a girl
wit' Roast Turkey on
the breath...

CHERYL:

Sean!

SEAN:

It's true! Sure feel
it...

He gestures to his own crotch.

SEAN:

You could hammer nails
down wit' dat.

Cheryl tries to get away from him but he
pushes her down on the bed. They kiss.

INT. WILLIAM'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Grace is lying awake in her bed. She can
hear the occasional bit of a song fly up from
the kitchen where William is slowly passing
out.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) -- NIGHT

William is still singing a little bit
creating a sort of duet with the quiet
humming of the fridge.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

A large truck is unloading boxes of frozen
fish and vegetables and pasta. All of the
logos on the boxes are done in the same light
blue font.

INT. BAR -- DAY

Ronny is sitting at the bar with a clipboard
taking the inventory of the delivery. A
delivery man walks by with a box and lays it
in the room passed the bar. Another man
follows him in with another box.

DELIVERY MAN:

Last one.

RONNY:

That's alright, you
guys go on with that
now, that's for you.

DELIVERY MAN:

You sure Ronny?

RONNY:

Yes b'y, have it.

DELIVERY MAN:

Thanks a lot Ronny.

The delivery men leave and Ronny starts to put the stock away.

He opens one box marked fresh fish. He lifts the top layer of fillets out of the box to reveal six large plastic bottles of amber rum.

He checks the bottles then marks it down on a different inventory sheet.

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

William is walking through the outer offices looking very hung over. A younger policeman notices William's condition.

YOUNG POLICEMAN:

Jesus Sarge, did you
fall in the bottle?

WILLIAM:

The worst of it was
when I climbed out and
someone smacked me in
the back of the
eyelids with it.

William smiles at the officer and enters his own office.

INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE -- DAY

He heads to his desk and takes a seat. He sits quietly for a moment, enjoying the silence. He notices a Post-it-note on his phone. He picks it up.

INT. CAPTAINS OFFICE -- DAY

The Captain, DAVE, early fifties, is looking over a folder. William knocks and enters.

WILLIAM:
You wanted to see me
Dave?

DAVE:
Sit down William.

WILLIAM:
What's going on?

DAVE:
You have anything you
want to tell me?

WILLIAM:
I've been in love with
you for ten years.

Dave doesn't laugh.

WILLIAM:
No Dave, not really.
Why?

Dave passes the folder he was looking at to William. William opens the file and pulls out six glossy 8/10 pictures of him at the bar giving the weed back to the young guy who is holding out a twenty dollar bill, him lunging toward the camera, and another of Phil and Ronny restraining him.

WILLIAM:
Oh, Jesus. What did
he have a camera in
his fuckin' hat?

DAVE:
Yes.

William looks at Dave, waiting for a punch line.

WILLIAM:

Look...

DAVE:

Goddamnit Bill, how long have I been tellin' you you have to be by the book now. It's stuff like this that keeps you from getting promoted.

WILLIAM:

I should have been captain fifteen years ago! No one knows that better than you! Jesus Christ look at these photo's. Huh? Whoever had these taken didn't have the law in mind. This is a personal attack. There was a time when we preached loyalty in this building. As long as you wore the uniform you were taken care of. Goddamn civil servants is all we are now. Work here long enough you'll make captain.

DAVE:

Bill...

WILLIAM:

I'll tell you something, if Bob Murrey was still sittin' in that chair he would of laughed in the face of anyone bringin' him trash like this.

DAVE:

We have a greater
responsibility to the
public now. I can't
just sweep this under
the rug. I'd be
crucified.

WILLIAM:

You suspending me
David?

Dave looks down.

WILLIAM:

RNC makes an example
of decorated cop,
first mistake in long
career and they punish
him for it, no
leniency...

DAVE:

Bill...

WILLIAM:

Yeah I'm starting to
see your greater
responsibility pretty
clearly.

Dave looks away from William's gaze.

WILLIAM:

So what are we looking
at here? A week, two
weeks what?

DAVE:

There is an
investigation being
conducted...

WILLIAM:

An investigation?
Because of this?

William holds up the photos.

DAVE:
The bar William.

WILLIAM:
What are you talking
about?

DAVE:
You know what I'm
talking about!

Dave picks up the photos.

DAVE:
I mean Jesus Christ.
Do you think it's okay
to wear that uniform
and act like this.

Dave is showing the photos.

DAVE:
You're an absolute
mess. If it wasn't
for your work with
bootlegging you would
have been forced out
years ago. We're all
starting to see that
in a different light
now too aren't we?

WILLIAM:
I'm ten years your
senior I'll have you
remember, I've-

DAVE:
Then take your
pension, you've got
the years, just walk
away. The
Constabulary would
rather you left of
your own accord than

to have to string up
the great William
O'Reilly for all to
see...

William turns to leave.

DAVE:
Don't do anything to
make this worse
William.

William slams the door behind him.

INT. POLICE STATION (OUTER OFFICES) -- DAY

William walks through the outer offices,
heading for his own. The eyes of the entire
building on him. He enters his office.

INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE -- DAY

William walks in and slowly makes his way to
the desk. He takes a seat. He looks at the
walls, the desk, the pictures and
certificates hanging. He picks up the old
wooden billy club he was given when he first
started. He gathers a few things and leaves
the office.

EXT. SEAN'S FATHER'S OLD HOUSE -- DAY

Sean walks the gravel drive to the front
porch of his old house. The windows are
boarded up. Paint remains in a few places
that weren't burnt by the fire. The roof is
falling in on itself. Sean pushes the front
door in.

INT. SEAN'S FATHER'S OLD HOUSE -- DAY

It's dark. Strips of sunlight squeeze
through the boarded up windows, highlighting
the dust and burnt pieces of broken
furniture. Sean takes a large beach rock and
braces open the front door with it. He walks
through the living room and stops at a closet

door that is jammed shut. He grabs the blackened brass knob and pulls. The door squeaks open. In the closet are four boxes piled high with the words Fresh Fish written on them in light blue font. Sean tries to pull the top box off, but they are jammed tight inside. He changes his footing and tries to pull again. His hands slips off and catches a nail, slicing his finger open.

SEAN:

Owe!

He puts his finger in his mouth and walks into the kitchen. The kitchen is almost pitch black. Sean fumbles his way to the window over the kitchen sink and starts turning the taps. The pipes rumble but no water comes out.

SEAN:

God fuckin'...

Sean slams the faucet with his fist and turns the taps off. He continues to suck on his finger. He steps and there is a crunching sound under his foot. He lifts his shoe to see what it was and finds a small piece of china from a dinner plate imbedded in his shoe. He removes the china and looks it over.

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM (FLASHBACK) -- NIGHT

Sean is lying in his bed listening to his parents argue in the kitchen below.

INT. KITCHEN OF OLD HOUSE (FLASHBACK) -- NIGHT

Thomas O'Reilly and Anne O'Reilly are standing at either end of the room yelling. Thomas is a desperate man.

THOMAS:

What the fuck do you
expect me to do Anne?

How do I keep going
now?

ANNE:
I don't know Thomas...

THOMAS:
How do you expect that
little boy to deal
with this if I can't?
You've fuckin' ruined
me Anne!

Thomas slams his hands down on the counter,
smashing a china dinner plate and slicing
open the side of his hand.

Thomas runs the tap to clean the wound. Anne
walks to him.

ANNE:
Here let me help...

Thomas shrugs her away.

THOMAS:
Get the fuck away from
me!

ANNE:
Thomas...

THOMAS:
I don't want your
fucking help!

Thomas throws Anne aside, sending her
stumbling to the floor and smacking her head
hard against the side of the cupboard. He
moves towards her but stops. He grabs a
bottle of whiskey from the counter and leaves
the room through the hallway. After a moment
Thomas speaks.

THOMAS:
Oh, Jesus Anne...

Anne remains slumped against the cupboard, sobbing without sound. She listens as her husband leaves her.

INT. SEAN'S FATHER'S OLD HOUSE -- DAY

Sean is standing in the kitchen, rolling that little piece of china between his fingers. Footsteps from another part of the house break him out of his trance. He looks up and his Aunt Grace is standing in the entrance to the kitchen, smiling at her nephew like she hasn't seen him in ten years. Sean smiles back

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) -- DAY

Grace removes the boiling kettle from the stove. Vegetables are soaking in the sink. Gospel Hymns are braying out from an old fashioned radio resting atop a cabinet full of glassware. Sean smiles as he watches his Aunt. He is eating a bowl of vanilla ice cream at the kitchen table. Grace takes her cup of tea then joins Sean at the table.

GRACE:

So how you doing?

SEAN:

Good.

GRACE:

Good, that's good.
You're still with
Cheryl.

SEAN:

Uh yeah.

GRACE:

Good. And how's that
going?

SEAN:

Oh, great. I think..I
think were gonna get

that place on Cochrane
St.

GRACE:

Oh Sean. That's
wonderful. Have you
told William?

SEAN:

No...not yet.

GRACE:

Oh.

Grace smiles at Sean.

GRACE:

You're going to marry
her?

Sean forces a smile at his Aunt. Grace grabs
two little pieces of thread that are coming
away from Sean's shirt sleeve.

GRACE:

And I'll make her
dress, and the cake...

Grace reaches to the counter and grabs a pair
of scissors and cuts the ends of the threads
and ties them so the hitch won't spread.

GRACE:

And we'll take you
down to get fitted for
your tuxedo and we'll
comb your hair right
nice.

She smooths down Sean's hair. Sean shakes
his head and continues to eat his ice cream.
Grace hums quietly to the gospel music while
she watches her nephew eat.

INT. BAR -- DAY

Ronny is wiping down the bar, getting ready

for the night. William walks in with a sense of urgency but no real direction. He sees Ronny behind the bar.

WILLIAM:
Ronny! Good.

William heads towards the bar.

WILLIAM:
Did the guys come by yet with the...uh...the...the shipment?

RONNY:
Yeah, they left about an hour ago.

WILLIAM:
Okay, we have to get everything out of here.

William runs into the back room where the delivery was put. Ronny follows him in.

RONNY:
What?

WILLIAM:
We need to get everything out of here.

William grabs a box and lifts it.

WILLIAM:
Here take this.

Ronny goes to him and takes the box.

RONNY:
William what's going on?

William looks at the boxes and counts them.

WILLIAM:
There's only ten.

RONNY:
Yeah...

WILLIAM:
There should be eleven
Ronny. Where's the
other box.

Ronny is slow to answer.

RONNY:
I gave it to the
delivery guys. I gave
them a box.

WILLIAM:
You did what?

RONNY:
I gave them a box...

William lunges at Ronny and shoves him
sending the box in his hands to the ground.
Ronny tries to speak. William slams Ronny up
against the bar.

WILLIAM:
Get it back. I don't
care what you got to
do, just get it back.

William throws Ronny aside. Ronny is frozen.
William pours himself a shot of scotch and
downs it. He looks back at Ronny.

WILLIAM:
They suspended me
today Ronny.

Ronny gets his coat and leaves. William
slumps against the bar. William takes
another swig of scotch and tries to steady
himself.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) -- EVENING

Grace and Sean are putting supper on the table. William walks through the door.

SEAN:

Hey.

William waves.

SEAN:

Jesus, you look like
shit.

GRACE:

You say that like
you're surprised.

Grace and Sean share a laugh. William tries to force a chuckle. He sits down in a rocking chair near the door.

SEAN:

You okay?

WILLIAM:

Yeah, just...long day
at work.

GRACE:

Long day? Sure you
never got up until ten
and it's only five
O'clock now. I
wouldn't exactly call
that a long day.

WILLIAM:

Well alright then
Gracie it was a hard
fucking day, okay. I
know I wasn't busy
tackin' myself up on
the cross like some
people, but yes it was
a hard day. Alright?

Is that okay with you?

Grace and Sean stop dead in their tracks. William gets up from the chair and leaves the room. Grace busies herself with work, getting the table ready. Sean watches his Aunt as she fights back the tears. Grace wipes her eyes. She grabs a bottle of wine from a rack on the counter and hands it to Sean.

GRACE:

Can you open that for
me honey?

SEAN:

Sure.

Sean takes the bottle from her. He continues to watch her as he opens the wine.