

MAKING A KILLING

Written by

Markham Nolan

Manhattan, NY
+1 917 326 1736

1 EXT. UNDER BRIDGE - NIGHT

1

An immaculately restored vintage Mercedes saloon is parked under a wet granite railway arch, its right side to the kerb. Rain forms curtains at either end, backlit by weak streetlamps. Through the windscreen we see two heavy-set, imposing men.

2 INT. CAR FRONT SEAT - NIGHT

2

In the driving seat sits ALFIE CALLANAN, early 40s, in a bomber jacket. His head is shaved. He is tanned. His associate, PHIL, sits in the passenger seat in front.

PHIL

I don't get it. This could be clean. Quick. One bullet. Some expendable scumbag.

ALFIE

That's not how I want it

PHIL

Help me understand this, Alfie because you basically want Gandhi killed and it's making me very fucking nervous that we're using two assassins from the silent movie era.

ALFIE

Sometimes, Phil, death is too merciful. A man needs to suffer on the way out, to ATONE. These fuckers were artists. They used to use poison, and it was poetry. Every job was a statement. If the mark had an allergy, they'd use it. If the mark was a wine snob, they'd lace a 500-Euro bottle of Chateau Neuf de Pape without marking the cork. Poison is slow, agonizing, mystifying to the victim. And these guys got so close to their targets they could eat chips off their dinner plate. It's beautiful

PHIL

...but we've only got one of the two, the useless one. The other guy is holed up, and they've been out of the game for 20 years.

ALFIE

Phil, just sit tight and shut the fuck up. One will find the other.

3 EXT. UNDER BRIDGE - NIGHT

3

JIM SLATTERY, early sixties, slightly portly but not overly heavy, hurries under the shelter of the bridge. He's wearing a short, shabby jacket and slacks and carrying a cheap umbrella. He shakes off the rain, bends to peer into the car. He looks unsure about what to do with the umbrella. He folds it down, goes to put it on the kerb, thinks better of that idea, puts it on the roof of the car, and then opens the car door.

4 INT. CAR BACK SEAT - NIGHT

4

JIM flops into the back. ALFIE & JIM make eye contact in the rear-view mirror, before ALFIE adjusts it so that he can't be seen. He winds down the window just enough to flick his cigarette butt out in the rain. There is an uncomfortable pause before a tense, if at times, odd exchange.

ALFIE

You know who I am?

JIM

I was told no names. All I know is you're a man not to be fucked with.

ALFIE

Did you put your fucking metal umbrella on the roof of my pristine vintage Mercedes?

JIM

(Hesitates) Ah, yes.

ALFIE

(Sighs) You know what I want done?

JIM

I have a fair idea.

ALFIE

A fair idea?

JIM

You asked to meet under a bridge. At night. In the rain. In scumbag central. I'm assuming you don't want ballet lessons.

ALFIE

I like details. I want this done to the fucking letter, or you're in as much trouble as he is. Is that clear?

JIM

I'll get it done

ALFIE

For this money, you'd better.

JIM

The money is the only reason we're talking.

ALFIE

Maurice Phillips. I want him to suffer. I want him to die. Make it slow, make it excruciating. You are drawing a line under this cunt, putting a full stop at the end and burning the fucking page. Clear?

JIM

Jesus, what did he do to you?

ALFIE

ALFIE whirls around in front seat, enraged, and ROARS at Jim.
Never. You. Fucking. Mind.

Alfie faces forward again. There is a long, excruciating silence during which Jim doesn't really know what to do next. He goes to speak, then stops. Phil stares wide-eyed at Alfie, who is shaking with anger, and looks back at Jim, who stares at Phil waiting for a sign as to what to do.

PHIL

(Sotto voce) He fucked his daughter

ALFIE

ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME, PHIL?

PHIL

(shrugging his shoulders)

He'll find this out if he does his job properly

ALFIE

Jesus fucking Christ

JIM
You're telling me

Alfie whirls around again, glowers at Jim, throws a business card at him and turns back to glowering at Phil who is staring into his lap

ALFIE
Find Tony, figure out how to get it done. Go see my tailor. He'll sort the rest.

JIM
That's it?

ALFIE
You need something else?

JIM
(Inhales deeply) Grand so.

We see JIM get out of the car, pull up the collar of his coat, grab his umbrella, and walk off into the rain. Inside the car, PHIL watches him walk away in the rear view mirror. He catches ALFIE's eyes, which are still boiling with anger

ALFIE
You fucking cretin

PHIL
This guy is fucking ancient, he's only the decoy - he needs every clue he can get! Seriously, explain this to me.

ALFIE
He has a connection to Phillips that puts him right up close. Something unique. Something you can't fake. It's...

Before ALFIE can finish, the rear door of the car bursts open and JIM flops back into the back seat, drenched, dripping everywhere.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
WHAT THE FUCK!

JIM
I forgot something.

ALFIE
You forgot something?

JIM
Very important. I forgot to ask
about expenses.

ALFIE
What?

JIM
I need to know that if the
unexpected happens I have the
resources I need without hitting my
profit margin.

ALFIE and PHIL associate look at each other, quizzically.

ALFIE
PROFIT MARGIN?

JIM
I took an economics course recently
at the adult learning centre.
Changed my life. So, how about 10%
contingency based on fee we agreed
upon?

ALFIE
(Shakes his head in shock)
Keep your receipts, then, and turn
them into accounts fucking payable.
Now get out of my FUCKING CAR.

JIM
(Pauses)
Getting out.

JIM gets out of the car, leaving ALFIE and his associate
alone.

ALFIE
Expenses. The bloody cheek.
(Makes eye contact with
PHIL)
DON'T FUCKING LOOK AT ME, PHIL.

5 EXT. OUTSIDE NURSING HOME - DAYTIME

5

JIM pulls up in a taxi, peering at a piece of paper in his
hand, and back up to the sign displaying the name of the
nursing home. He pays and gets out of the cab.

6

INT. RECEPTION AT NURSING HOME - DAYTIME

6

JIM enters and props his bag near the reception desk. A Nurse is at the desk.

JIM
Here to visit Tony Sheridan?

NURSE 1
Is he expecting you?

JIM
No, surprise visit.(smiles)

NURSE 1
Okay, just one second.

THE NURSE turns her back. JIM, with a furrowed brow and look of concentration, slides a semi-automatic pistol from a coat pocket.

Music looms as she turns back and catches sight of the gun.

NURSE 1 (CONT'D)
Ohhhh....(struggling for words,
reluctant to curse).....fuck.

JIM
Told you it was a surprise visit

There's a moment of confused silence

JIM (CONT'D)
This is where I say 'stick 'em up'
and you put your hands in the air.

The NURSE's hands shoot up from her side, and she emits a little squeal as they do.

NURSE 1
We don't have any money

JIM
I know you don't have any money,
you're a nursing home

NURSE 1
Is it the drugs you want? We have
some Xanax.... We have Prozac, we
have painkillers.... Viagra! We
have viagra. Is it Viagra you want?

JIM
NO it's bloody well not.

NURSE1

OK

(awkward silence) JIM's finger moves on the trigger. The NURSE watches his finger move and whimpers. JIM pulls the trigger and it's a water pistol. A thin drizzle of water hits her in the face. She yelps, and exhales sharply. JIM smiles, hugely amused.

A squirt of water trails across her bosoms and JIM laughs a bit. She is suddenly very unamused. JIM realises he has maybe crossed a line here.

NURSE 1

You prick!

JIM

You can't say things like that to an old man!

NURSE 1

Watch me, you cheeky shit.

As she says 'shit', the nurse angrily swipes the gun

NURSE 1 (CONT'D)

I could have you bloody ARRESTED for that, you bastard, what do you think you're doing?

NURSE gathers herself, pauses takes a breath. Another NURSE appears from behind a filing cabinet, shaking but furious. She's nearly in tears.

NURSE 1 (CONT'D)

Are you alright, Rita?

NURSE 2

I think I nearly shit myself.

NURSE 1

Aye

NURSE 2

I thought you were gonna be SHOT

NURSE 1

Aye, bloody geriatric comedian here. Tommy Fucking Cooper. Go make us some tea, luv, we'll be fine.

The nurse smirks, looks at the gun, and then quickly directs a stream of water at JIM's crotch

NURSE 1 (CONT'D)

No bullets in his gun, this one.

JIM

Ah, feck off!!!

Both of them look at JIM, burst themselves laughing. He's not happy to be the butt of the joke suddenly, he's furious. NURSE 2 walks off, casting a delighted scowl.

NURSE 2

Later, sharp shooter.

As she passes JIM, she clicks her hand, in the shape of a gun, at his crotch, and laughs

NURSE 1

Well you're here now, that's something I suppose. Listen, TONY doesn't need surprising.

JIM raises eyebrows

NURSE 1 (CONT'D)

You know he's not well, don't you? REALLY not well.

Look of concern on JIM's face, then hers

NURSE 1 (CONT'D)

You need to go easy on him, OK?

JIM

Shit... I, SHIT. I ... didn't realise.

NURSE 1

Aye...well... there it is. (Stern)
The gun stays here.

JIM

Spoilsport

NURSE folds arms, raises eyebrows, unamused

JIM (CONT'D)

Jesus, only trying to be cheery.
Don't worry, I'll go easy.

NURSE 1

Room 406, Past the dining hall,
it's on the right.

(MORE)

NURSE 1 (CONT'D)

His neighbour moved on yesterday,
so that corridor's pretty quiet
today.

JIM

Moved on?'

NURSE 1

We don't say 'died' here. It scares
the ones left behind

JIM

More than the thought of being here
in the first place?

NURSE 1

(Sarcastic) I like you. I'm glad
you came to visit. Now I'm calling
security to have you removed.

She reaches for the phone.

JIM

No, no, no, I'll behave, c'mon

NURSE 1

No surprises?

JIM

(Nodding) No surprises.

7 INT. NURSING HOME HALL - DAY

7

JIM walks down hall. Ghostly pensioners hobble by on zimmer
frames. Daytime TV blares from rooms. He approaches room 206,
goes into the room to see TONY lying, still, in pyjamas.

JIM

(Under his breath) Oh Jaysis

JIM looks across the hall at the door of 407 - the room has
been stripped save for some white lilies in a vase.

8 INT. TONY'S ROOM AT NURSING HOME - DAY

8

JIM goes into TONY's room. TONY's pale and unshaven, his
breathing is all but indistinguishable. JIM thinks he's
comatose. He sits down quietly and looks around the room.

The room is bare, sterile, save for a picture of an attractive lady, late forties, early 50s perhaps, on the bedside table, a locket necklace draped on the corner of the frame, a younger TONY and the lady in the pictures.

JIM
(whispering)
Tony...

CUT TO:

Camera from far side of the bed

TONY is opening one eye, almost stroke-like.

JIM (CONT'D)
(shouting)
TONY!

TONY whirls upright and somehow has a semi-automatic pistol in his hand, pointed between Jim's eyes

JIM (CONT'D)
Still got it, you prick

TONY
Jesus Christ. Jim.

JIM
You look like shite. Lie still enough, looking like that, and someone will zip a bag around you

TONY
I deserve that, I guess.

JIM
All that and then some. Think you can you make it to the cafeteria without shagging someone's wife?

TONY
That's not fair....

Jim raises his eyebrow

TONY (CONT'D)
You're right that's totally fair

JIM
Relax. I come in peace. Come on.

CUT TO:

9 INT. NURSING HOME HALL - DAY

9

TONY is in a dressing gown, walking along that corridor. He is walking carefully, deliberately, using a walking frame.

TONY

Apologies for pulling the gun. Old habits and all that.

JIM

What's a little death threat between old friends? I had a gun with me, but the jailers took it.

They pass Nurse 1. JIM winks, she scowls.

TONY

Apologies also for the, eh...

The two make eye contact - there is a pause.

JIM

..for shagging my wife 20 years ago?

TONY

Yes, that

JIM

Well it's your lucky day. I have a way for you redeem yourself

10 INT. NURSING HOME CAFETERIA - DAY

10

They enter the cafeteria. An ORDERLY walks slowly past with a tray with four bowls of jelly & custard.

CUT TO:

TONY & JIM sit conspiratorially over coffee. JIM takes a hip flask from his pocket and drops something into their cups.

JIM

They told me about your neighbour

TONY

Did they say that he'd "moved on"?

TONY does air quotes as he says this. JIM Nods.

TONY (CONT'D)

God I hate that. Happens a bit around here.

JIM

Doesn't fuck with your head a bit?

TONY

I'm a long way from the box, yet.

JIM

That's not what they said at reception.

TONY

I was sick when I came in, broke my hip, but I'm fine now. The service is better and people leave me alone if I play dead, or nearly dead. After Sandra's funeral, there wasn't much to get out of bed for.

JIM

Sorry, I didn't know. So you're not sick?

TONY

Not really. Sick is what some of the ladies in here do with their teeth out.

TONY sticks his tongue into his cheek, mimicking fellatio

TONY (CONT'D)

We call them the gummi bears.

The two chuckle. There is a pause.

TONY (CONT'D)

You're the first visitor in a year.

JIM

Fuck.

TONY

So what brings you here?

JIM

I have a job.

TONY

You're back working?

JIM
Not by choice. I need you for this.

TONY
What's the gig?

JIM
Take out the boss of a charity.
Famine-ending aid-giver to
millions. Have you still got it in
you?

TONY
You saw room 407?

JIM
You?

TONY
He snored. Some people just need a
little help 'moving on'

(TONY does air quotes again)

JIM
Jesus

TONY
(Chuckles) We were friends. He knew
about my past. He was in pain,
bankrupting his family with bills.
It was a dignified transaction.

JIM
He paid for his own hit job?

TONY
Mates rates.
(both laugh)

TONY (CONT'D)
Who's paying for this one?

JIM
A thug called Alfie

TONY
Callanan?

JIM
He knows you. I take it you know
him?

TONY

I'm not sure men our age should be working for a guy like that. Working for Alfie has ... consequences.

JIM

Like I said, it's not a matter of choice. I need this - badly. And you owe me.

TONY

Alright. Let's go kill a saint.

11 INT. NURSING HOME HALL - DAY 11

Walking down to the room, TONY walks with the frame until he's sure he can't be seen, at which point he lifts it and runs, laughing, for a stretch down the corridor.

12 INT. TONY'S ROOM AT NURSING HOME, DAYTIME 12

MONTAGE. TONY smartly dons a pressed grey suit. He buttons a crisp white shirt and pulls the cuffs out of his jacket sleeves. He knots a red tie and quickly shaves, trims his nostril hair, combs his hair etc, and tilts a charcoal panama hat on his head just so.

13 INT. RECEPTION AT NURSING HOME - DAY 13

The two strut proudly down the hall to reception. TONY, wearing a grey, three-piece suit, slaps his key loudly on the counter.

TONY

Room 406 - checking out.

NURSES:

(After a shocked pause) TONY?!

TONY

Ladies, you've been absolutely splendid. If you ever need a recommendation for a job in the Four Seasons, I know a guy.

TONY plonks two envelopes onto the counter

NURSE 1

What's this?

TONY

TONY slides the envelope across the counter as he talks
This is a thank you for all your
kindness and hospitality

JIM

From her?

NURSE one scowls, TONY darts him an angry look, and slides a second envelope across the counter to the other nurse - she opens it and fingers the bills inside.

TONY

And this is as much an apology for
the deception as it is a thank you
for all those wonderful sponge
baths.

NURSE 2's jaw drops open - JIM grins widely.

TONY (CONT'D)

(sotto voce - to NURSE 2) You have
a lovely soft touch. Someone will
be along during the week to settle
my account.

A taxi rolls up outside

TONY (CONT'D)

And there's our chariot. Farewell,
my dears. It's been relaxing.

They walk out to the taxi, the two NURSEs are gobsmacked.

NURSE 1

Dirty bugger

NURSE 2 shivers at the thought of sponge baths. The two look out the door of the nursing home, and TONY/JIM wave out the back window of the taxi as it pulls away.

INT. REAR OF LIMOUSINE

MAURICE PHILLIPS sits, dressed in a tuxedo, talking on his phone. It's raining heavily, and the car is inching past industrial buildings.

There's no partition between he and the African driver and MAURICE isn't modulating the volume of his voice

MAURICE:

(into phone)

...no....no... they have me in a holding pattern in the car while they wheel the high-profile cripples and do-gooders up the red carpet for a photo with Colin Farrell
Yeah. The usual gala shite, I play martyr-in-chief. I have a bottle of black babies' tears in my pocket in case I can't cry on cue. HA HA HA

Camera cuts to his driver

DRIVER

(under breath)

Fucking prick

Maurice wipes the condensation off his window and peers into the night. A fat man in a tracksuit with an umbrella is walking his dog. The dog is taking a shit and both the dog and its owner fix eye contact with Maurice, who curls his face in disgust. The dog owner flips him the bird and the car starts to speed up slightly.

MAURICE:

Jesus. (into phone again) Alright we're moving now. Should be out by 11, Brendan, but you know what these events are all about. Sex and Checks, Brendan. Money and honeys. Only have to declare one to the tax man. HA HA HA. Off I go, salvation awaits

Phillips pockets his phone. The door of the limo opens, and he steps out to a red carpet, waving and smiling.

JIM and TONY are nursing empty pint glasses at the bar in an old man's pub. The evening news has just cut to a correspondent on the red carpet at the People of the Year event. The TV catches JIM's eye and he nods up to the screen.

JIM
That's our guy...

CUT TO:

Tight shot of the scene on the television screen, where a journalist is teasing the segments on an evening news show

JOURNALIST:
Tonight on Six One news -
philanthropist Maurice Phillips,
convines more than 150 politicians,
business leaders and celebrities to
donate 10% of their gross earnings
for the year in a one-off pledge to
help eradicate Malaria.

CUT TO:

TWO-SHOT: TONY & JIM at the bar

TONY
Christ, this fucker is Mother
Teresa in a dickybow.

JIM
I know. Dress code for that yoke is
black tie and halo.

JIM grabs an ashtray and wipes it clean with a tissue, before emptying a bag of peanuts into it. TONY stares at him

JIM (CONT'D)
What?

TONY
Are you for real? Peanuts out of an
ashtray?

JIM
I cleaned it first

TONY
We're going to be presenting
ourselves to Phillips as rich
bloody donors. Rich donors don't
eat peanuts out of dirty ashtrays,
for fuck's sake

JIM
I'm not a millionaire today...

TONY
(to barman) Can I get a bowl and
two fresh bags of peanuts with
those pints, please?

The Barman nods and goes to fetch the peanuts

TONY (CONT'D)
You used to have some class, now
you're a disgrace. That guy, on the
other hand...

TONY points at TV, where MAURICE is being interviewed

TONY (CONT'D)
...is a goddamn saint.

JIM
I know...

JIM takes a few peanuts from the dirty ashtray, before TONY
takes it away from him angrily and slides it down the bar

TONY
The whole western world loves
Maurice Phillips.

JIM looks into the whisky in front of him.

JIM
... yep...

Barman drops two pints in front of the men, and a bowl of
peanuts beside each.

BARMAN:
He's no saint.

TONY & JIM look at each other

JIM
Care to elaborate?

The barman tells this story, and as he does so, the scene
he's describing materialises in the bar around them.

BARMAN:
Five years ago, he comes in here on
a Friday as the bar is filling up.

15 INT. OLD MAN'S BAR, DUBLIN, EARLY EVENING 15

MAURICE walks into the bar with a woman who looks remarkably like the TONY's wife SANDRA. We see them take a seat at the bar, a young barmaid dropping beer mats in front of them.

BARMAN (V.O.)

He's with a woman in her early fifties - still fit, mind. Great arse. She had a ring on her finger, but he doesn't, right? They had a few drinks

CUT TO:

16 INT. OLD MAN'S BAR, DUBLIN, NIGHT 16

We're back in the present day and the barman is leaning on the bar as he tells this story.

She's a nice drunk, flirty, but not in a sleazy way. But I would have, y'know. Them cougars.

17 INT. OLD MAN'S BAR, DUBLIN, NIGHT 17

We're back in the flashback. SANDRA's phone rings on the bar and she picks it up to walk out as MAURICE orders another drink from the young barmaid.

BARMAN (V.O.)

Anyway, her phone goes off and she's away talking to someone, and she steps outside to take it.

18 INT. MEN'S ROOM CUBICLE, SAME BAR 18

We see feet under the cubicle door, and then over the top, MAURICE urgently thrusting into the bent-over barmaid, her bunched skirt in his hands.

BARMAN (V.O.)

In the five minutes she was on the phone, he - and I have no idea how he managed it - has one of my young barmaids up against the tiles in a cubicle in the gents.

19 INT. OLD MAN'S BAR, DUBLIN, NIGHT

19

We're back in the present day again. TONY and JIM are slack-jawed at the story.

JIM

Jaysis

BARMAN:

I told him to leave and never return or I'd go to the tabloids. Her dad was furious - and he's not a man I'd want furious at me. The bastard left her pregnant.

JIM

This... wouldn't be Alfie Callanan's daughter, would it?

BARMAN

(Exhales nervously) I can neither confirm nor deny

TONY

Well, Jim, what do you think of that?

JIM

Well that is most illuminating

TONY

Most interesting indeed

BACK TO THE TV REPORT...ZOOM IN ON TV SCREEN

JOURNO:

And at the end of the gala event, it was indeed Yield International's Maurice Phillips who stepped up to the podium with his wife and three daughters to accept Man of the Year from actress Chantelle Delphine, who paid tribute to Phillips' work.

CUT TO:

Camera on MAURICE receiving the award from CHANTELLE Delphine

20 EXT. STREET SCENE, NIGHT

20

JIM & TONY are walking down a busy street, tipsy.

21

INT. LOWER DECK OF DOUBLE DECKER BUS

21

The two flash their bus passes and kick two twentysomethings out of the 'reserved for the elderly' seats, laughing to themselves. The bus isn't quite full.

JIM

Bag o'chips? Or a battered sausage or something?

TONY

You've no class

JIM

I've no CHIPS. Wanting chips doesn't mean I've no class.

TONY

How can you be hungry? You ate three ashtray-loads of peanuts

JIM

Feck off

TONY

Listen, we need to seem plausible as rich donors to get close to Phillips, so you'll need to rediscover your dapper ways pronto.

JIM

I will - when we're DOING it

TONY

You should be getting back into character.

JIM

I will be.....

TONY

Like Daniel Day-Lewis, or Al Pacino. They live the part before they film it, y'know, so if they're playing a doctor, they'll hang out with a doctor for a month, or they'll take a job driving a truck to play a trucker.

JIM

So you want me to start playing millionaire before we meet Phillips?

TONY

Precisely

JIM

Any tips you can offer on being a millionaire, without actually having any money, would be gratefully received.

(Getting louder, too loud for the bus, really, heads are turning)

In case it escaped your attention since I kidnapped you from the nursing home, I'm planning on killing someone for money, which is usually a good indicator that I'm short on fucking cash.

Everyone on the bus is now looking at them. An older lady in the seat behind catches JIM's eye and glowers at them both

TONY

We're rehearsing a play

OLD LADY:

On a bus?

TONY

We're meant to be the baddies

OLD LADY:

You don't say

TONY

Jim here is playing a shitty, desperate assassin

OLD LADY:

Who's going to believe two old codgers like you are killers. Who would someone your age be killing?

JIM

Our characters kill pensioners and sell their bus passes on the black market.

The old lady scowls at him and turns away. TONY shakes his head in disbelief.

TONY

You've a real gift with the ladies. Let's get you off this bus and into a chip shop where you'll be calm

JIM
Now you're talking

TONY Gets up and presses 'stop' button. The bus starts to pull over.

TONY
Let's go.

JIM Smiles and rubs his hands. They exit the bus.

22 EXT. STREET SCENE - NIGHT

22

JIM & TONY walk up outside a brightly-lit chip shop (Like the Roma II on Wexford St).

TONY
Listen, enjoy your chips, I'm going to head on. What time are you due to see the tailor?

JIM
12 o'clock. I have something I have to do in the morning.

TONY
Grand. Meet at the top of Grafton St?

JIM
Grand., I'll be in the area anyway.

TONY
Night, then

JIM
Night.

FADE TO:

23 EXT. ST STEPHEN'S GREEN, POND - DAY

23

JIM is walking with a little girl. He's holding a bag of bread. They get to the edge of a pond and start to feed the ducks. There are little ducklings, ducks and swans. Among the mallards there's a single black duck and they're pointing at him.

The little girl wants to feed the ducklings, but in doing so she attracts the swans, who attack the bread but also a duckling who's trying to get the bread.

The girl keeps throwing bread to the ducklings and the swans savagely attack the duckling. The girl starts to cry.

JIM
Oh shite, that little ducky's
just... he's eh.....

The kid is looking from the duckling to JIM and back to the duckling, sucking in deep, teary breaths.

JIM (CONT'D)
How about we go get an ice-cream?

JANIE
Oh..(sob)...kay...(sob)...yeah

24

EXT. ST STEPHEN'S GREEN, ON A BENCH - DAY

24

JIM & JANIE are sitting on the bench. She is negotiating a huge ice-cream cone and has it all over her face.

JIM
How's your ice-cream?

JANIE
Yummy

JIM
Yummy like your mummy?

JANIE
Yeah

JIM
(Wistfully) Yeah, yummy like your
mummy.

As he says this he looks down at the ground sadly, JANIE distracted by the ice cream. Long shot with park bench in foreground, focusing on CAROL, a fit-looking woman in her mid-thirties, who's coming up the path wearing grey jeans and a biker jacket.

JIM (CONT'D)
There's CAROL

JANIE takes one hand away from the ice cream and waves furiously, and dumps the remainder of the ice-cream in her lap. It drops on the edge of her shorts and begins to melt on her thighs. She looks down, shocked, & in an automaton state brings the empty cone to her face. Both the approaching woman and JIM shake their heads. The girl looks doe-eyed up at JIM.

JANIE

(Pause) It feels really funny and cold

JIM

I'll bet it does. Let's get you cleaned up.

CAROL

Sorry I'm late

JIM

No bother. Don't suppose you have any baby wipes for our little foodie here?

CAROL

Yeah, hang on. (to JANIE) Well, that's not where the ice-cream's meant to go, is it?

JANIE

It's gone in my knickers.

CAROL

Brilliant. (To JIM) How was she?

JIM

The perfect partner in crime.

She continues cleaning up the little girl as she talks

CAROL

How are you?

JIM

Grand, grand. You're so good to look be looking after her.

CAROL

You don't need to keep telling me that, you know. Her mum was my best friend, I practically helped raise her anyway. We love living together, don't we Janie?

JANIE

Yeah

CAROL

Yea, we do. What did your doc say?

JIM

No real change. Does she...?

CAROL
No. Sure she wouldn't understand.

JIM
Yeah

JANIE
Understand what?

CAROL
How pigs fly

JANIE
Pigs don't fly

CAROL
See, I told you you wouldn't
understand (makes face)

JANIE
You're crazy.

CAROL
No, YOU'RE CRAZY

CAROL blows JANIE's tummy, and she descends into giggles.

25

EXT. ST STEPHEN'S GREEN, PLAYGROUND - DAY

25

JANIE plays on a swing and leans back further than she should so that her hair trails along the bark mulch. JIM and CAROL lean on the railing, watching her.

JIM
What am I going to do with her?

CAROL
We could sell her. She seems
healthy.

JIM
For parts? Might make more.

CAROL
She always has a home with us, Jim.
You know that.

JIM
Yeah, but soon she'll have no real
family. The thought of it kills me.
Her mum's gone, and with my HIV....
I just want to provide for her
future.

CAROL
So you have money now?

JIM
I'm rehearsing to be a millionaire,
as it happens.

CAROL
Call me when you get the part

They both smile

JIM
Seriously. I should have some money
coming to me, it's all for her.

CAROL
And where's this coming from?

JIM
Work

CAROL
(Unsettled by this news) Are you ..
I take it you don't mean landscape
gardening.

JIM
One job. Big bucks.

CAROL
(Angry) I can't believe this. I
thought you were done with all that
years ago. You have a pension, for
god's sake.

JIM
A state pension, for all that's
worth. I... I can't let it happen
that she has nothing.

CAROL
If goes wrong, I have to explain to
her that the granddad she loves but
rarely sees was a diseased
murderer.

JIM
Look, I've got one shot here, I've
taken on a partner, and even with
his cut there'll be enough to put
aside for her. For the future.

CAROL
We don't need that money, you know.
Who is it? The partner...

JIM
Did you ever meet Tony?

CAROL
TONY?! Didn't he...?

JIM
...yeah

CAROL
... with your wife?

JIM
YES.

CAROL
And you're working with him?

JIM
Desperate times.

CAROL
And you'll work with HIM? After
betraying you like that, you trust
him - the guy who used to do all
the poisoning, while you did all
the distracting.

(Pause while JIM thinks about it)

JIM
I hadn't thought of it that way.

CAROL
Seriously? Jesus, Jim.

CAROL looks at him and they both go silent, watching the little girl. She is on the fireman's pole, halfway down, and refusing to slide further. There are other children at the top shouting at her to get off the pole. One of them gets on and slides down on top of her but she holds on tighter again. After a few seconds they both fall and the girl runs away.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Among all the things that are wrong
with this - are you not a bit old?

JIM
So everyone keeps telling me

CAROL
Who's everyone?

JIM
Tony, some woman on the bus...

CAROL
You were discussing your job as a
hitman on public transport.

JIM
We told her we were rehearsing for
a play.

CAROL
How Professional.

JIM
Listen, it's one simple job, big
payout, & her future is secure. I'm
at peace with it, so should you be.

CAROL
Assuming you manage to survive, I
hate the thought of her being
raised on blood money. And I'll
have to handle it, I assume?

JIM
I would get this money any other
way if I could, CAROL. It has to
work, I won't get another shot.

CAROL
Just don't get dead. That's fucking
useless to all of us, especially
Janie.

JIM
Yeah. No pressure.

CAROL
(leaning on fence) Fuck!

Still hanging on swing upside down, JANIE shouts at the top
of her lungs with a huge smile

JANIE
Fuck!

Every parent in the park turns to look. JANIE bursts out
laughing at herself. She screams 'Fuck' again in a funny,
honking voice and laughs out loud.

Other kids start shouting 'fuck' and laughing, and in seconds, all the kids are running around, honking 'fuck' like little geese. The parents all start running for their offspring.

CAROL
Shit, time to go.

JIM
I'll get our little monster

26

EXT. ST STEPHEN'S GREEN, ENTRANCE ARCHWAY - DAY.

26

CAROL
Hi, Tony

TONY
Hello, CAROL. Long time. And hello
(to girl) Who's this young lady?

JANIE
(turns to CAROL) Who's this old
man?

JIM
He's a friend of mine. We're going
into business together.

JANIE
What kind of business

TONY
Contract work

CAROL
Very sorry to hear about Sandra.

TONY
Thanks

CAROL
Did you know Jim's wife at all?

She flashes Tony a shit-eating grin

JIM
FUCK'S SAKE, CAROL

TONY
Ah, yes....

JANIE
 (at top of her lungs) FUCK'S SAKE,
 CAROL!

TONY
 Does she have Tourettes or
 something?

JANIE
 Who's Sandra?

JIM
 Sandra's gone, and so are we. Tony?
 (gestures down the road) CAROL,
 I'll talk to you after my
 appointment. Little one - mind your
 mouth, you hear me?

The little girl nods.

CAROL
 You boys play nice with each other

CAROL walks away. JIM and TONY walk across the road. As they
 walk away, you can hear the little girl shouting 'FUCK'S
 SAKE, SANDRA' as loud as she can and laughing.

JIM
 Jesus Christ.

TONY
 (Smiling) That's the beneficiary of
 this little scheme?

JIM
 It is, yeah. (adopts posh accent)
 She is an unmitigated delight

TONY smirks.

JIM (CONT'D)
 Just trying to raise my game, get
 in character, don't you know.

TONY
 (Laughs)

JIM
 She is my only flesh and blood. Her
 mam passed on, so she lives with
 Carol and her kids now. They've
 been amazing.

TONY
So you're a grandfather assassin?

JIM
I guess so.

The two walk off down Grafton St

27

EXT. GRAFTON ST - DAY

27

JIM
So how is it you know Alfie?

TONY
We went into business together. I was importing marble from China, lining the homes of flash yuppy arseholes. Hallways, countertops, the lot. After a while the dickheads got to me. Alfie was in construction, felt the same way, and we started reclaiming our overheads by having guys steal back the plasma screen TVs and the like that we installed.

JIM
Redistributing the wealth?

TONY
We often sold the same television three or four times.

JIM

(Laughs)

TONY
For a while there, I made a killing without actually having to do much real killing at all.

JIM
Nice

TONY
Where thuggery was required, Alfie took care of it gladly. He relished violence and retribution and had the connections to cover any tracks.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

I hope you realise that a contract with him is not one you want to breach.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. AERIAL SHOT, COUNTRY ROAD 28

Police helicopter footage of a Ford Mondeo, pursued by police cars, being pulled over on a country road.

TONY (V.O.)

A fella left him short once on a job. Alfie paid some cops to pull him over and deliver him back.

The police helicopter footage shows the Mondeo slowing, the driver emerges and two police grab him and walk him into the field

CUT TO:

29 EXT. A FIELD - DAY 29

The driver of the Mondeo, now handcuffed, is made kneel in the grass, handcuffed. He is walked over to a helicopter, one handcuff is removed, passed through the skids of the helicopter, and refastened. The driver looks terrified.

POLICE OFFICER:

You're going to want to hold on to the skids, pal.

The helicopter engine spins up.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. GRAFTON ST - DAY 30

TONY

The police helicopter pilot was a childhood friend of Alfie's

31 EXT. BACK OF ALFIE CALLANAN'S MANSION (AERIAL SHOT) 31

From the air, we see ALFIE standing at the edge of his swimming pool, looking skyward.

The helicopter hovers low over the house, and a police officer reaches out and unlocks the handcuffs. The Porsche driver drops out of the sky, into the pool.

We hear screaming and see blood in the poolwater.

Alfie told him the debt was worth two thumbs, but he only took one back. Never a word was said.

JIM

Jesus.

TONY

Our new boss.

JIM Points to a Georgian door between two shops. "KEVIN Finnegan - bespoke tailoring" says a plaque on the door

JIM

Here we are

They go in and head up a stairwell.

32 INT. STAIRWELL OF GEORGIAN HOUSE/OFFICE - DAY 32

The two of them are climbing the stairs. On the third floor, they enter a bright room with a bay window

33 INT. TAILOR'S STUDIO - DAY 33

There are suits hanging on either wall, a tailor's table and rolls of cloth visible. There are three changing cubicles, with curtains drawn. A man is sitting in a chair reading the newspaper

TONY

Kevin?

KEVIN:

Tony! How are ya?

TONY

Feeling reborn, thanks.

KEVIN:

You're looking good.

TONY

You're expecting Jim. I believe.

JIM

Hello

KEVIN:

Is this the Jim whose wife you...

JIM

It is. We have reconciled and I've decided to buy him a suit or two.

KEVIN:

I'll make pants for any man but I can't guarantee he'll keep them on. Jackets off, gentlemen. Your new ones will have everything they need in the pockets.

Kevin opens a suitcase of brown envelopes and passports, and tailor's equipment.

34

EXT. TAILOR'S DOOR - DUSK

34

JIM & TONY exit the tailor's, suit bags draped over their arms, JIM wearing a new suit. TONY looks edgy.

JIM

An expense account is a fine thing.

TONY

It sure is. Have you figured out how we get close to Phillips yet?

JIM

We have something in common I think I can leverage. Leave it with me.

TONY

Mysterious as always.

JIM

I have to dash

TONY

Catch you tomorrow

JIM

Bye

The two part company in opposite directions.

35 EXT. STREET IN DILAPIDATED AREA - DUSK 35

We follow JIM walking slowly, sadly, into a poorer area of Dublin, carrying his suit bags

CUT TO:

36 EXT. STREET, WELL-HEELED AREA - DUSK 36

TONY turns into a posh bar. Through the window, we see TONY meet ALFIE Callanan.

They don't shake hands, TONY looks around and drops his suits on a nearby chair, ALFIE talking at him and clearly agitated, although we can't hear the conversation.

TONY gestures as if trying to placate him, and ALFIE holds up a photo on his phone to show TONY - making it clear he's asking about JIM. He's not happy.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. STREET IN DILAPIDATED AREA - DUSK 37

JIM, still walking turns into a community centre

38 INT. COMMUNITY HALL - NIGHT 38

JIM enters a hall, with a lectern set up in front of a stage. There are about forty cheap folding chairs arranged with an aisle down the middle. He's among the first there. JIM. throws his suits on a chair, walks to the table at the back of the room, pours himself a coffee in a paper cup and sits down

CUT TO:

39 INT. SALUBRIOUS BAR - NIGHT 39

TONY and ALFIE are sitting now in an empty but well-appointed bar. It's all dark wood and leather chairs. The two are having a more measured conversation. Callanan is making gestures of resignation, and TONY stands up, grabs his jackets and leaves.

40

INT. COMMUNITY HALL - NIGHT

40

JIM is still sitting in his chair, sipping coffee, as people arrive and take their seats. He looks noticeably dapper compared to the rest of the attendees.

TIME-LAPSE: The room gradually fills with people from all walks of life - some rendered gaunt by illness, others seemingly in the full of their health.

When the room is moderately full, a lady in her fifties wearing a green cardigan sets out a placard at the top, 'Dublin HIV support', and begins to talk.

COMMUNITY WORKER:

Okay everyone, today we'll be discussing coping with our family's concerns and telling the people who don't yet know. It's a tough time, so anyone who has some positive experiences to share on this, or how they went about it, that would be great.

As the session draws to a close, JIM is sitting in his chair with his hand rubbing his temples. He looks behind him to see the clock, and spots a familiar face standing at the back of the hall. It's MAURICE PHILLIPS, holding a polystyrene cup. They make eye contact, and JIM is momentarily taken aback as MAURICE is looking straight at him. As the session closes and people leave, the two fall into stride and stop in the hallway outside, and stop.

JIM

I've seen you here before but I'm not sure that you belong, Mr Phillips, if you don't mind me saying.

MAURICE

What do you mean by that?

JIM

People tend to think of these sessions as private. The participants share something that is rather personal, after all.

MAURICE

Can I ask your name? After all you seem to know mine.

JIM
Jim is my name.

MAURICE
Jim. Not too many people there
toting two new suits from Kevin
Finnegan's bespoke tailors.

JIM
That's my business, I believe.

MAURICE
Of course. I'm sorry. Didn't mean
to get your heckles up. I fund
these programmes, and every now and
then I show up to check in.

JIM
I see

MAURICE
And to shake down the rich ones for
a mention in their will.

JIM
Cheeky bastard.

MAURICE
I assume you belong here, Jim. I
hope you're doing okay.

JIM
I wouldn't be here if the future
didn't look pretty bleak.

MAURICE
Very sorry to hear that. Can I at
least buy you a proper coffee? This
stuff is awful

JIM
(Pauses for a second,
cautiously))
Sure.

41 EXT. STREET, DILAPIDATED AREA - DUSK

41

JIM & MAURICE leave the community centre and walk down the
road.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. TAXI RANK - NIGHT

42

TONY is getting into the back seat of a taxi and he gets a phone call. It's JIM.

TONY

Howya

JIM

Ever been to Kenya?

TONY

What?

JIM

I'm sitting in a bloody coffee shop, I've been here an hour with Maurice Phillips, talking about ethically sourced fair trade fucking coffee - whatever the fuck that is.

CUT TO:

43 INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

43

TONY

WHAT?

JIM

He's in the bathroom. Have you ever been to Kenya?

TONY

What? Kenya? No.

JIM

We may have to go next week. Go see about injections.

TONY

WHAT?!

CUT TO:

44 INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

44

JIM

Gotta go.

CUT TO:

45 INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT 45

TONY
WHAT? WHAT? JIM?

46 INT. DUBLIN AIRPORT CHECK-IN DESKS - DAY 46

JIM and TONY are in a check-in queue. JIM is excited, TONY is clearly furious. Both have ticket and passports in hand. TONY is scowling at JIM.

JIM
WHAT?

TONY
You don't find anything remotely off-putting about this?

JIM
Nope

TONY
That we're flying off on a package holiday with the guy we're meant to ... (whispers) to kill - (voice back up). You're totally fine with that?

JIM
The more I think about it, the better it gets.

TONY
How's that, then?

JIM
You love to be an artist about this. Imagine poisoning him with a cup of fresh-off-the-tree Kenyan coffee IN KENYA.

TONY
Jesus

JIM
Plus We can do this at a distance, no Irish eyes on the job, no thorough forensics. (pause) And Kenya, the scenery, maybe some elephants. I've never even been to the zoo.

TONY

Seems like a lot of travel for poetic justice

JIM

I've been learning some Swahili too. Jambo Bwana!

TONY

If things go wrong, how do we handle it? I don't know how they investigate murder in Kenya, but I do know I don't have any friends in the police force there.

JIM

Have some self-confidence. You used to be pretty good at this.

TONY

(Shakes head) Jesus. So you just met him 'by chance' and went for a friendly coffee

JIM

Like I said, we have something in common.

TONY

Just like that?

JIM

Look. I was at a meeting, he noticed my suits, and we got talking. I just played it cool, tried to appear rich. I used your line, actually.

TONY

What line?

JIM

I said me and a partner had made some money in the boom & gone wild, but that we were keen to atone for our wicked ways. I said it was both of us signing a cheque or neither, so he suggested the trip.

TONY

Well if he thinks we're partners, that's something at least, we're singing from the same hymn sheet. What was this meeting you were at?

JIM
A charity thing I go to, turns out
he funds it.

TONY
(Skeptical) Stroke of blind,
unforeseen luck that just happened
to deliver him into your lap, then?

JIM
I wouldn't say luck.

47 INT. DUBLIN AIRPORT, SECURITY AREA, AIRSIDE - DAY 47

TONY & JIM are coming through security, putting back on their
belts and shoes. MAURICE walks up.

JIM
Maurice!

MAURICE
Jim, how are you? Tony, is it?

TONY
Hello, Mr Phillips

MAURICE
Please, my friends call me Maurice.

TONY
Fair enough

MAURICE
All set for a bit of a safari?

JIM
Absolutely

TONY
Can't wait

JIM
I'm going to get myself a magazine
for the flight

MAURICE
Tony, I quite fancy a coffee. Join
me?

TONY
Sure. Jim, what can we get you?

MAURICE
It's only Starbucks here, Jim

JIM
(Mock disgust) Sure I know.
Whatever's fair-trade, I suppose.

TONY
(Incredulous look on his face)
....right...

JIM walks off, and TONY and MAURICE head down the terminal.

CUT TO:

48 INT. DUBLIN AIRPORT STARBUCKS - DAY

48

TONY and MAURICE have both got their coffees, are adding milk and sugar at the stand beside the main counter.

MAURICE
So how long were you and Jim, eh,
partners?

TONY
Oh, quite a while, quite a while.
We had it good there for a time,
the two of us-things were pretty
exciting.

MAURICE
Yeah?

TONY
Oh yeah. Everyone was partying like
it was 1999. It was like a money
fight and we were just picking up
the loose change.

MAURICE
The good times

TONY
Good enough, yeah.

MAURICE
And now?

TONY
Well, it's good to see Jim again,
we had been out of touch for quite
a while, but it's been ... great to
reconnect.

MAURICE

What separated you, if you don't mind me asking?

TONY

Ah, y'know. Life. Personal reasons.

MAURICE

Ah (nods knowingly)

JIM arrives carrying a bag from the newsagents.

JIM

Got my Kahawa?

TONY

Ya wha ha?

MAURICE

It's Swahili for coffee

TONY

Ah, he's a Swahili-speaking coffee connoisseur now, sure. Boy's come a long way. Feels like only yesterday he was eating peanuts out of other people's ashtrays. (Broad grin)

JIM

Very funny.

MAURICE's phone rings and he walks off to answer the call. As he's speaking we can see JIM & TONY having a mild argument. JIM's collar is folded the wrong way and TONY is fixing it for him. It is accidentally camp. MAURICE looks back at them during his phone conversation.

MAURICE

Howya. Yeah, just in the airport. No, I have two donors with me, not sure how I have to behave yet. They're a pair of ageing queers, just reunited. They're like a married couple. They keep subtly referring to each other as 'former partners' who liked to party in the boom time. Hah! No. Very weird though, one has HIV, the other doesn't seem to know. (PAUSE) Yeah, Kenya. Yeah, she is, but that's off the record, yeah? (Laughs) Yeah. Listen, gotta go, boarding soon. Yeah, bye.

The camera cuts back and forth between close-ups of MAURICE, and long shots of the pair with MAURICE in the foreground who are chatting as MAURICE is on the phone.

TONY

(Fixing Jim's collar) I don't know how you pulled this off, looking like a scruff, but keep it up.

JIM

I'm in character now, it's hard to shake me out of it. Pinkies up.

TONY

It's a paper cup of Starbucks coffee, you gobshite, you look like a mincer with your finger out.

JIM

(As he's saying this line, Maurice walks into earshot))
Well, let's just get you to Kenya and see how you do, tough guy.

MAURICE

Well, gentlemen. Shall we?

JIM

Delighted.

49 PLANE TAKES OFF, PLANE LANDS IN MOMBASA 49

50 EXT. MOMBASA AIRPORT FRONT DOOR - DAY 50

The three push trollies out the door of Mombasa International Airport. JIM has leather suitcases stacked in front of him and puts on a panama hat as they hit the sun. They stop at the kerb. JIM pulls out some sun lotion from his hand luggage and starts applying it to his forearms. TONY looks at him.

TONY

Are we okay there, Gok Wan?

JIM

I have very pale skin, Tony, and the malaria meds make me extra sensitive. We're in the tropics now, can't be too careful.

TONY

Alright, Mr Sensitive.

MAURICE smirks to himself, and then spots a jeep coming their way. He waves and the jeep pulls up to the kerb. It has the charity's logo on the door and a muscle-bound African driver (KELLY) gets out to take their bags and throw them in the back

KELLY:
Shikamoo, bwana

MAURICE
Marahaba, Kelly. Habari za asubuhi?

KELLY:
Nzuri sana. (To Tony & Jim) Hello
sahs. Welcome to Kenya, Karibuni
sana.

TONY
Hello

JIM
Asante sana, hello.

MAURICE
This is Kelly. He'll take us to the
hotel. Kelly has been with me since
he was a young lad, we put him
through college here in Mombasa.

JIM
Very good.

KELLY:
Your other guest is already at the
hotel, Mr Maurice

MAURICE
Excellent.

All three climb in, JIM & TONY in the back seat, MAURICE and Kelly talking business in the front. They drive to Kilifi, an hour north of Mombasa. They stop along the way to grab sodas from a shack at the side of the road.

51 EXT. KENYAN ROADSIDE SHOP - DAY

51

The four men are standing at a small 'duka', a Kenyan shop. MAURICE hands JIM and TONY a bottle each. The bottles are brown glass 'STONY Tangawizi', a local ginger ale.

MAURICE
Now. Two ginger beers. (Broad grin
at the rhyming slang)

JIM
(Unwittingly) Ginger Beers, eh?

TONY
Good god that's strong. It'd make
your face go numb.

MAURICE
We'll get you sorted with some real
beers in town, but that's one of
the best drinks around.

TONY
Tell me - do you enjoy your work?

MAURICE
I do, I do. Aside from the
satisfaction, it breaks the
monotony of home

JIM
You're a family man?

MAURICE
Two kids, loving wife, dog out of a
toilet roll ad.

TONY
You're in the spotlight enough, but
you never hear much about your
family.

MAURICE
It pays to keep them out of the
spotlight. For all our sakes.

JIM
You don't wear your wedding ring, I
see.

MAURICE
Saves me from forgetting to take it
off. (Laughs loudly - Jim and Tony
laugh along). How about you two.
Are you, em, married?

JIM
No

TONY
(Looks down, sadly) No, no....

JIM gestures to MAURICE as if to say 'touchy subject, leave
it', and MAURICE nods condescendingly to say he understands.

MAURICE
RIGHT, well shall we head on?

All four jump back in the jeep. As they arrive in town, MAURICE spins around in his seat.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Let's freshen up at the hotel, and head out to one of our forestry projects. We'll show you some of the real Africa, and then tonight, you'll see the REAL real Africa. How's that?

TONY
Sounds intriguing

MAURICE
You wouldn't believe. The northern half of the town is Italian mobsters on working holidays, the other half is Al Qaeda. Makes for an interesting mix.

TONY
You're shitting me

MAURICE
Not at all. The Mob owns every hotel within fifteen miles of the harbour, and all the drugs that come through it. The Al Shabaab guys mostly live near the mosque. They're an amateur bunch, pretty low-key, most of the time. Not fond of Americans.

KELLY:
Boss is right. North side like Sopranos, south side like Homeland. Everyone gets along.

52

EXT. LATE MORNING - KENYAN HOTEL FRONT DOOR, KILIFI

52

The jeep pulls into the Mnarani Club and stops at the door. JIM & TONY get out. MAURICE gets out also. As they grab their bags, the French movie starlet from the awards ceremony runs out of reception and up to MAURICE, wrapping her arms around him and planting a big kiss on his cheek.

MAURICE
Hello there

CHANTELLE

I thought you'd NEVER get here

MAURICE

Chantelle, this is Jim and Tony.
Chantelle has recently been
convinced to be a patron of Yield
International.

TONY

Isn't that nice?

JIM

Lovely

Chantelle smacks MAURICE on the bum and hops into the jeep,
looking demurely back at him. She pats the seat beside her.

MAURICE

You gentlemen get checked in, I'll
be back in an hour or so, we
(Grinning like a Cheshire cat) have
some things to take care of. I'll
pick you up here.

He hops in the back seat, doesn't look back and the jeep
beeps its horn as it lurches away.

TONY

Jaysis.

JIM

The dirty divil.

A bellhop arrives and takes their bags to reception. They
stand there on the path for a moment, a little shell-shocked.

JIM (CONT'D)

First I end up in Africa on
holidays with the guy I'm meant to
kill. Then it turns out he's
shagging a movie star and we're all
staying in the world's biggest five-
star gangster resort.

TONY

One to tell the grandkid.

JIM

If I ever see her again.

TONY

Look on the bright side, with that number of mercenaries in the area, maybe we'll be able to outsource this gig.

The two turn to walk to reception.

JIM

Do you believe what he was saying there?

TONY

About Al Shabab? Maybe

JIM

Christ. I know it's morning, but fancy a drink?

TONY

Might settle the nerves. C'mon, I'll buy you an ashtray of peanuts.
(Laughs)

JIM

(Mutters) Fucker

53

EXT. DAYTIME - EARLY AFTERNOON, HOTEL ENTRANCE

53

TONY and JIM are walking out of reception as MAURICE walks in, they stop and chat.

MAURICE

Gentlemen! Everything to your satisfaction?

JIM

Oh yes.

TONY

Slight mix-up with the rooms, everything else is fine.

MAURICE

Oh?

TONY

Nothing major, they had us booked for a double, had it switched to a twin.

MAURICE

Ah. Roger.

JIM
Where's your patron?

MAURICE
My what?

TONY
He means Chantelle

MAURICE
Ha ha. Taking a breather. She'll be out in the field for a photo shoot tomorrow. Don't want her overexposed to the sun.

TONY
Of course.

49 MAURICE Well, let's get cracking. 49

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

54 A) EXT. FORESTRY PROJECT - DAYTIME 54

A farmer shows them through rows of saplings, JIM and TONY doing a solid job of feigning interest as MAURICE sits in a jeep in the distance

55 B) EXT. UNDER A TREE - NOON 55

JIM, TONY, and MAURICE sit in the shade of a tree and are passed small plastic buckets of 'Mbege', a sludgy banana beer.

C) EXT. BEHIND THE JEEP - NOON

JIM, TONY and MAURICE all washing the Mbege out of their mouths out with real beer while trying not to be seen by the elders under the tree. KELLY is not that amused.

56 D) EXT. FISHING PORT - DAY 56

Amid baskets of fish, MAURICE convinces a fisherman to raise the sail on his dugout trimaran. It has the 'Yield International' logo on the sail. MAURICE is looking for JIM and TONY to be impressed. They fake it.

57 E) INT. IN A SHADY SHED - DAY 57

JIM and TONY are inside the shed, with three locals and a healthy-looking goat. JIM is offered a machete, he declines. So does TONY. MAURICE is laughing, and JIM looks appalled as the goat, off-camera, is slaughtered

58 F) EXT. A ROW OF TABLES OUTSIDE A BUILDING - DAY 58

JIM and TONY (increasingly sunburned) are eating goat meat and eating Ugali, a thick local porridge which, by their facial expressions, neither particularly like.

59 G) EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - EARLY EVENING 59

Montage ends as MAURICE (in the jeep driven by KELLY) drops JIM and TONY off at the Mnarani club and drives off.

60 INT. SUNSET - HOTEL BAR 60

JIM & TONY sit at the Mnarani club bar, slightly grubby and looking a bit tired. There's an infinity pool in the background, and the sun is setting.

JIM

I could have done without the goat killing

TONY

True. Nice fresh meat, tho.

JIM

Never seen fresher.

A youngish barman comes to serve them.

OTIENO

Hello sahs. What can I pour for you?

TONY

What's good?

OTIENO

You could try the Dawa. It's a local drink, made with vodka.

TONY

You like it yourself?

OTIENO
I don't drink, sah. I am muslim.

JIM
Ah.

TONY
Two 'dah-wahs' then.....

OTIENO
...Otieno, sah. My name is Otieno.

Otieno turns to the drinks and starts filling two glasses with ice, squeezes and drops in the lime, and pours in a liberal wad of dark honey. He deposits the glasses on the bar and starts filling the glass with vodka. The two take their drinks, clink and sip.

JIM
Tell us, Otieno. How are the Al
Qaeda lads across the way? Nice
fellas?

TONY
Jim!

OTIENO
Al Qaeda? You mean Al Shabaab?

JIM
Yeah

TONY
For fuck's sake, Jim, you don't
just blurt out 'How are the Al
Qaeda boys' like that!

JIM
So you're an experienced
millionaire AND secret agent now,
are ya?

OTIENO
Mostly unemployed teenagers and a
few holy men. There's only ever
trouble when the foreigners come
through, guys from Sudan or Arabs.

TONY
Jaysis

JIM
So it's true, then

OTIENO

Oh yes, but nothing to worry about.
It's like a bee's nest. only
dangerous if it is poked.

JIM

And what pokes that nest, Otieno

OTIENO

Mostly they don't like Americans.
But sometimes if they see something
morally outrageous they will make
an example of someone. If someone
is sleeping with another's wife,
for example.

TONY

(directed at Jim) Now - what do you
think of that?

JIM

(to Tony) Shut it. (to Otieno)
Thank you Otieno.

OTIENO

You're welcome, sah. Karibu Sana.

EXT. BY THE SWIMMING POOL - DUSK

TONY and JIM walk out and stand by the pool, sipping drinks.

JIM

Well I guess for once he wasn't
entirely full of shit

TONY

Who?

JIM

Maurice. About Al Shabaab, anyway,
haven't seen anyone from the
Sopranos yet. It does add another
eh, *layer* to the whole thing

TONY

How so?

JIM

FUCKING MUSLIM TERRORISTS?

TONY

Look, we have a job to do here,
very simple.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

Let's just focus and we'll be fine.
Remember why you're here.

JIM

Right.

TONY

I'm going to go get cleaned up
after that escapade.

JIM

I'll follow, think I'll call home

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

JIM is using a callcard to call home to Ireland.

JIM

Hello, Carol?

INT. CAROL'S KITCHEN, SUNSET

Carol is preparing a meal, and has the phone wedge between here shoulder and ear. When she realises who it is, she wipes her hands on a dishtowel and leans against the counter. JANIE is colouring at the kitchen table.

CAROL

JIM, is that you?

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

JIM

Yeah, Jambo from Kenya. How are things?

CAROL

Well, y'know, grand I suppose. I'm not the one in Africa on a murder mission. I'm just making a salad.

JIM

How's the little one?

CAROL

Asking after you. And you? How's it going? Hope you're not leaving your food unattended with Tony around

JIM

Very funny.

CAROL

I'm not kidding. The more I think about it, the more insane it seems to me. Like, no pressure or anything, but I'd be absolutely shitting it, for a lot of reasons.

Jim looks stressed, rubs his temples.

In Carol's kitchen, JANIE has discarded her coloring book and is drawing directly onto the table

CAROL (CONT'D)

Ah dammit. JANIE! Not on the table, honey.

JANIE

I'm Picasso

CAROL

You're a nightmare. (To Jim) Are you still there?

JIM

Yeah. Just processing your probably very valid fears.

CAROL

Look, just be careful. Money would be nice, sure, but we'll survive. I know you want to be the big hero, make everything right for her, but you're her hero already. All you have to do to stay that way is to stay alive.

JIM

Christ, lay it on thick, why don't you

CAROL

Be careful, and watch your back over there, ok?

JIM

OK.

CAROL

OK I have to tranquilize this little monster. See you soon?

JIM
Yeah, bye.

CAROL
Bye.

Carol hangs up, and so does Jim.

JIM
(Exhales sharply) Fuck.

FADE TO:

61 EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

61

JIM and TONY are standing, in crisp shirts and slacks, at the door to the Mnarani Club. They are rocking on their heels, checking their watches.

TONY
Eight on the dot?

JIM
That's what he said.

TONY
He did have something to do.

JIM
I hate people being late

TONY
You were a bit late visiting the nursing home

JIM
Jesus Christ. I brought you an adventure, didn't I?

TONY
True enough.

JIM
So we know the plan?

TONY
Slip something into his drink. Lots of tummy trouble over here. Not so much forensic science, I'd imagine.

JIM
I just get the feeling anyone could be watching here.

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

And if Saint Maurice is as well known here, and we're spotted drugging him - we're fucked.

TONY

I've done this before, remember.

JIM

If he's as conniving a prick here as he is back home, and has endeared himself to the local mafia, and they get wind of what we're up to, we're also fucked.

TONY

Just calm down, we'll be fine. We proceed as planned.

(PAUSES)

JIM

What if we just play it by ear. I have two...

TONY

Here we go...

The jeep from earlier rolls into the hotel drive, but MP isn't in it, just the driver.

DRIVER:

Mr Maurice is at a local bar and would like you to join him

JIM

Show time

TONY

Let's go

The two climb into the jeep and they drive to the bar. It's a two-minute journey.

JIM

Look, this place looks alright. We have another five days here, let's just settle in, enjoy ourselves and see what the lay of the land is. We'll have plenty of chances to knock him off.

TONY

You don't know that. Jesus, Jim, you know the drill, first clean opportunity, we do it. I can't believe you're trying to delay this. YOU FUCKING DRAGGED ME TO KENYA, remember? We could have found a way to do this in Ireland

JIM

Look, This is once-in-a-lifetime, bucket list stuff. I might get to see an elephant!

(There's a pause as Jim realises just how ludicrous this statement sounds.)

It's over the minute he croaks.

TONY

(Pissed at this lack of discipline)

It's over if he doesn't. I don't have to remind you who the client is here? Christ. We'll get him at breakfast. Dawas are on you, you FUCKING idiot. GET INSIDE.

63

INT. KENYAN BAR - NIGHT

63

It's a shabby bar, dimly lit, with coloured fairy lights and a straw roof. The bar is in one corner, and in the far corner is MAURICE, surrounded by Kenyan girls. There's azonto music playing and a few guys playing pool. TONY and JIM walk in, and MAURICE waves from his corner.

TONY

Right, get us a few strong dawas, so.

JIM

Coming right up

TONY walks over to MAURICE, who's sitting with a rolling troupe of flamboyantly-dressed ladies in bordello-style clothing. Lots of black satin-type synthetics. They're all heavily, but mawkishly made up. They are clearly prostitutes.

MAURICE

Tony, I'd like you to meet Rosie, Amanda and Loveness, some of my local friends

TONY
Ladies. (To Maurice) More patrons?

MAURICE
Officially off the clock now, Tony.
(taps nose) and off the record

TONY
What happens in Kenya...

MAURICE
...stays in Kenya (Laughs)

JIM returns from the bar and joins them

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Jim!

JIM
Howya Maurice. Drinks are on the way.

MAURICE
Lovely. Sit yourselves down here.

The music fades up, the drinks arrive,

DISSOLVE TO:

Time has passed, there are more empty glasses on the table. MAURICE is dancing (like an uncle at a wedding) with the local girls, while TONY and JIM look on, unimpressed.

JIM
He's packing them away. This dawa will be the death of me. I'm going for a regular ol' beer.

TONY
Get me one too, will ya.

JIM
Sure thing

JIM walks up to the bar, where he meets Otieno, the barman from the club. Otieno has a bottle of the strong ginger beer in front of him.

JIM (CONT'D)
Otieno! Habari za asubuhi?

OTIENO

(Laughs) It's not morning now, sah.

JIM

What?

OTIENO

Asubuhi means morning. It is good that you are trying Swahili. Most of our guests never bother. And fewer end up in this bar.

JIM

Ah, we're with that fella over there.

OTIENO

Ah yes, Mr Charity

JIM

(Orders two beers) You know him?

OTIENO

Everyone knows Mr Charity. Every time he has a new white girl in the hotel, and at the same time he is here with the girls from the village. (Tut tut tut) People see.

JIM

What kind of people?

OTIENO

The people we were talking about today. I did not know you were friends of his...

JIM

Not friends. He wants us to donate.

OTIENO

I see. Be careful. There are many eyes here.

JIM looks around the bar and sees scowls on a lot of faces. He turns back to Otiemo but he is already walking out the door. JIM slides into the seat next to TONY and hands him a beer.

JIM

We should make our excuses and leave.

TONY
Thank God. Why?

JIM
The eyes of Allah are everywhere.
(Tony doesn't understand)
Apparently Maurice has been dipping
his stick in Al Qaeda's tank.

TONY
Jesus

JIM
OK, that beer's to go.

JIM & TONY walk up to MAURICE, and try to pry him away from a Kenyan girl. MAURICE is increasingly drunk. He sways and is basically being propped up by the girl under each arm.

JIM (CONT'D)
We're going to head across to the
hotel, Maurice

MAURICE
Ah, the night is young

JIM
But we are not.

MAURICE
Will you not stay a bit? If you go
back know you'll be faced with that
awful tribal dancing they do for
the tourists, fucking monkey circus
shit.

JIM
We'll take our chances

MAURICE
Suit yourselves. See you for
breakfast.

TONY
We will indeed

MAURICE doesn't register, he's back dancing with the girls.
JIM and TONY leave and drink their beers as they walk back to
the posh hotel, chatting.

64

EXT. EXTERNAL GATES OF THE HOTEL - NIGHT

64

The two are walking into the main gates, the beginning of the short driveway into the hotel. There is an askari/guard wrapped in a Maasai robe who barely raises an eyebrow as they walk by in the dark.

TONY

I hope that prick enjoys his last breakfast

JIM

Slip it into his coffee in the morning, he'll collapse out in the field, we'll have clean hands.

TONY

Yep

JIM

Yer man Otieno seemed to loathe the guy. More than normal.

TONY

Understandable

The two are inside the main gates, and they hear a voice from the bushes

CHANTELLE

Coo-ee! Messieurs

JIM

Chantelle?

65

EXT. BALCONY OF CHANTELLE'S PRIVATE SUITE - NIGHT

65

Chantelle has a private terrace off her apartment and is sitting in a robe, with a bottle of rum and a bowl of limes on the table, ice in a bucket. She has cards out, playing solitaire.

CHANTELLE

Allo. Back so soon?

JIM

Ah, yeah. Not really our scene. Maurice was out with some of the locals, so we left him at it. Thought you'd be gone to bed.

CHANTELLE

No, I'm a night owl really. Would you join me for a drink?

TONY

Sure

They sit down and Chantelle pours drinks. They clink glasses and JIM and TONY take a sip.

CHANTELLE

So, you two are lovers, yes?

Both JIM and TONY spit their drinks in shock at the question

TONY

Fuck no!

JIM

He shagged my wife!

TONY

Yeah I shagged his wife

JIM

Hey! Watch your bloody mouth

CHANTELLE

So you are not partners? Maurice told me you were.

JIM

BUSINESS partners. We worked together.

TONY

He thought we were gay?

CHANTELLE

He said you were like an old married couple

TONY

That would explain the double bed.

JIM

Jesus

CHANTELLE

I'm cool with it if you are, you know. It's nice.

TONY

WELL, we're not. I shagged his wife, for God's sake (Drinks deeply and pours another)

JIM

(Glowing at Tony, who shrugs as if to say 'I thought that's what we were doing now') Seeing as we're asking inappropriate questions, you know he's married, has two kids, and is still shagging left right and centre

CHANTELLE

Of course. He is not a good man

JIM

And you're okay with that?

CHANTELLE

I have never been to Kenya, I need to be attached to a charity for PR, so this ... works. It's business.

JIM nudges Tony as if to say 'See?'. Tony is not amused.

CHANTELLE (CONT'D)

And he has a penis like a horse

Again, JIM and TONY spray their drinks, but this time all three laugh. TONY pours the refills.

TONY

Can I propose a toast, then? To Maurice.

JIM

To Maurice

CHANTELLE

To Maurice

JIM

A massive prick

CHANTELLE

With a massive prick

All three laugh and drink, and the scene blurs out.

66 EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

66

It's blurry, white-hot in the tropical sun. Sprinklers cut out across the lawn and flowerbeds in the front of the hotel.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. INT. PARKED JEEP, OUTSIDE HOTEL - DAY

67

The camera comes into focus revealing a shot from JIM's POV, inside of a jeep. A large, angry man in a security guard's uniform shouting at the camera, with another man in a hotel uniform standing behind him.

SECURITY GUARD:

You can't park a jeep here! You can't park here. Security risk, no jeeps here.

We hear JIM's voice and it's clear that we're seeing things from his perspective.

JIM

What? I don't own a jeep

SECURITY:

You can't park the jeep here. Please move your jeep immediately

JIM sits up, he is a dishevelled mess.

JIM

I'm IN a jeep? Feckit.

SECURITY:

Who owns this jeep sah? Is your jeep?

JIM

I have no idea, I had planned to wake up in room 107 but...

JIM thrusts his head out the jeep door, and pukes into the security guard's shoes.

JIM (CONT'D)

I am SO sorry.

The security guard says nothing. The other guy bursts out laughing and the security guard whips around to berate him, brandishing a night-stick.

JIM (CONT'D)
I'll go see if I can find the
jeep's owner.

JIM potters off leaving the two to argue.

CUT TO:

68 INT. ROOM 107 - DAY 68

JIM keys into his room, washes his face, brushes his teeth and pulls on a clean shirt. TONY is not in the room, so he leaves

69 INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY 69

JIM walks in to the restaurant and TONY and Chantelle are sitting at a table, having breakfast together.

TONY
(Sternly) Good morning, bright
eyes.

JIM
Oh God

TONY
Where the hell did you wander off
to?

JIM
I'm dying

TONY
After the rum was finished, you
said you were going to find us
another bottle. We didn't see you
again.

JIM
I woke up in a jeep outside
reception.

TONY
Disgraceful.

CHANTELLE
How are you feeling?

JIM
I vomited into a man's shoes.

TONY and Chantelle laugh

JIM (CONT'D)
He was the size of a Rhino, I'm
just glad to be alive.

A waiter arrives.

JIM (CONT'D)
Two coffees please.

TONY
Make sure they're fair trade, now

JIM
Feck off.

Chantelle excuses herself to go to the bathroom. JIM is silent, and TONY watches her like a hawk until she's out of earshot.

TONY
Are you for real? Puking on a
guard's shoes? Waking up in a jeep?
What if Maurice had spotted you?
You're meant to be a rich donor,
not a shambolic drunk

JIM
Tony, lay off.

TONY
And WHY the FUCK does Maurice think
we're gay?

JIM
I have no idea!

TONY
Well something must have planted it
in his mind. You met him - you
started this.

JIM
I always describe you as my
partner. I think he just took that
the... oh. Fuck.

TONY
What?

JIM
It might have been where we met.

TONY
Was it a fucking gay bar?

JIM
No, it...

TONY
Then where?

JIM
My HIV support group.

TONY
YOUR... What?

JIM
Yeah, I go once a week.

TONY
What?

JIM
I have HIV, Tony. It's not full-
blown AIDS yet, but. It's not good.

TONY
How?

JIM
While you were lining mansions with
marble, I was ... living recklessly

TONY
Fuck's sake, Jim.

JIM
Yeah.

TONY
I'm so sorry, Jim.

The coffees arrive and JIM shovels sugar into one of them and starts to drink. As he does, Chantelle returns. TONY intercepts her with questions.

TONY (CONT'D)
Any sign of Maurice?

CHANTELLE
No, he said he'd be here for
breakfast, but...

JIM

I could do with some recovery time
anyway.

CHANTELLE

I'm going to sit out by the pool
and read. Will you call me when he
gets here?

TONY

Will do

CHANTELLE

Feel better, Jim.

JIM

Cheers

Chantelle takes a book from the table, and her purse, and
leaves.

TONY

I don't know what to say, Jim.

JIM

Listen, let me get sober, and let's
just get this done so that I can
get home and see CAROL and the
nipper. The money's all for her,
it's why we're here

TONY

(Sketchy, unsettled) Of course, of
course

JIM

What is it?

TONY

Nothing. You're right.

TIMELAPSE:

Time passes, with TONY at the centre. JIM eats breakfast and
has a third coffee. TONY flips through a book. The staff
clean up the breakfast room around them. JIM leaves, TONY
continues to read and eventually we go back to real time.

TONY walks out onto the patio, where Chantelle is sitting
under a parasol.

TONY
Have you heard anything?

CHANTELLE

(Shakes head and shrugs)

TONY
I'm going to ask at reception

Chantelle nods.

71 EXT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

71

TONY walks out to reception, and as he arrives, Kelly the driver is there talking to the reception staff.

KELLY:
Mr Tony

TONY
Kelly, where's Maurice?

KELLY:
I was going to ask you. Where did he go last night?

TONY
I don't know - we left him in the bar, he said he'd meet us for breakfast

KELLY:
Is the lady here?

TONY
Chantelle? Yes, she hasn't heard from him, I just spoke to her.

KELLY:
Mr Maurice is missing, when I returned to the bar to collect him he was gone. No-one knows where he is or who he left with.

TONY
What? Fuck.

KELLY:
Stay here, I will call the hotel when I have more information

TONY

OK?

Kelly runs from reception.

72

INT. ROOM 107 - DAY

72

TONY enters the room, where JIM is lying, groaning, on his bed with an arm draped over his face.

TONY

Jim!

JIM

Fuck off

TONY

Phillips is missing.

JIM

(More alert) What?

TONY

No-one knows where he is. He disappeared from the bar, he's gone. I just met Kelly at reception, he's frantic.

JIM

(Stressed) He's going to be bloody hard to kill if we can't find him.

TONY

Be serious for a second

JIM

I am fucking serious. That's my granddaughter's welfare fund gone.

TONY

And we're both in the shit. You should have let me do it last night like we planned. You and your fucking HIV bucket list.

JIM closes his eyes and breathes, to regain composure

JIM

He probably went off with one of the local girls. Hopefully he'll show up by afternoon.

TONY

I fucking hope so Jim

JIM

And you'll slip something into his dinner and he'll die in his sleep like God intended, and we'll head home to collect.

TONY

I wish I had your confidence

JIM

Fuck.... Until he shows, THIS fake millionaire has a very real hangover to deal with, so please Fuck Off. And close the curtains on your way out.

FADE TO DARKNESS

73 INT. ROOM 107 - DUSK

73

JIM wakes up in darkness and reaches for the lamp. Checking his watch, realises that it's evening time. He gets up and opens the curtains to double-check, and it's sunset outside. He heads off to find TONY.

74 INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - DUSK

74

JIM walks in to find TONY, who's in the lounge, still reading. Still livid.

JIM

Thanks for waking me

TONY

You said not to, and I was not inclined to seek you out

JIM

Any news?

TONY

Nothing.

JIM
Any sign of Kelly?

TONY
No. Tried to reach the office on
the number they gave us, no answer.

JIM
I guess we wait. Jesus.

TONY
Dinner starts in an hour. Are you
hungry?

JIM
More thirsty than hungry, but yeah.
I'm going to get a soft drink -
want anything?

TONY
No, I'm fine.

75 INT. HOTEL BAR - SUNSET

75

JIM walks over to the bar. Otieno is serving another customer, one of two sitting at the bar. As JIM sits down Otieno nods to greet him.

JIM
Good evening, Otieno

OTIENO
Evening, sah. Dawa?

JIM
(Shaking his head) Nooooo. One of
those ginger ales please. Too much
medicine last night.

OTIENO
Yes. How was your day today?

JIM
Quiet

OTIENO
The bar last night was not quiet,
sah.

JIM
No, it wasn't.

OTIENO

Here you go

He passes JIM a ginger ale, and looks up and down the bar, which is now empty

OTIENO (CONT'D)

Sah, it is good that you left the bar. Your friend, not friend, he was very drunk. Those people we talked about were very unhappy with his behaviour with the girls.

JIM

Oh yeah?

OTIENO

I think THEY have taken him. They feel he has brought shame on the local girls - many times.

JIM

Al Qaeda have Maurice Phillips?

OTIENO

Al Shabaab

JIM

Jesus Christ. Will they kill him?

OTIENO

I do not know.

JIM

Jesus

OTIENO

Please, sah. I did not share this information with you.

JIM

Understood

OTIENO

Thank you sah.

It's a small room, grimy walls, with shabby curtains over a small, glassless barred window. A single bulb hangs from the ceiling, under which MAURICE PHILLIPS is sitting tied to a chair, legs bound, his elbows tied behind his back, blindfolded. He is wearing only his boxer shorts.

He is covered in a sheen of sweat, and whimpering slightly. In the gloom around him we can see several in the shadows, slumped in a couch and against the wall.

A man in olive green fatigues and a red and white scarf, typical of Al-Shabbab, is standing behind MAURICE.

LEADER

Let's go over this again, Mr
Charity Man. Mistah WHITE KNIGHT.
Who are we?

MAURICE

You're Al Qaeda. (quickly corrects
himself) Al Shabaab! AL SHABAAB!

LEADER

Why have we taken you?

MAURICE

Because I'm an immoral, repugnant
human being. I cheat on my wife, I
shag your women. I'm secretly a
racist.

LEADER

MORE!

MAURICE

I make a mockery of your culture!
I'm a hypocrite. I'm a CUNT!

LEADER

And you've been doing it for years.
Coming here to Kenya like a saviour
but behaving like a scoundrel, then
going home and acting like a saint.
Your entire existence is a lie,
Saint Maurice, a western fantasy.
What do we tend to do with lying
westerners, Saint Maurice?

MAURICE

(Starting to sob) You cut off their
heads and put it on YouTube

LEADER

Very good. But we're not going to
do that with you, are we?

MAURICE

No.... no.....

LEADER

And what do we say about that?

MAURICE

Thank you Al Shabaab. Thank you Allah. I'm sorry for what I've done. I'm sorry for being such an awful cunt.

LEADER

So now we have a task for you. And you do what we say. And if you don't?

MAURICE

You'll cut off Chantelle's head and put it on YouTube

LEADER

And?

MAURICE

You'll find my wife and cut off her head and put it on YouTube

LEADER

AND?

MAURICE

You'll cut off my cock and balls and put it on YouTube.

LEADER

That's right. The infidel Saint Maurice dies tonight. Farouk! Get Saint Maurice what ne needs. (Gestures to the others) Cut him off the chair but leave the blindfold on.

They cut MAURICE off the chair. He stumbles, still blindfolded and clearly terrified. Someone turns on some African drum music and you can see all the guys in the room start to smile. The leader walks up behind MAURICE and pokes a panga blade into his kidneys.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Can you feel that, Mr Maurice? I know you can imagine what that is. You call us a monkey circus show. You're my monkey tonight, do you understand me?

MAURICE
Yes, I understand.

LEADER
Alright little monkey. Time to get
ready for your mission.

The roomful of Al Shabaab guys begin to make hooting monkey sounds as we fade out.

FADE TO:

77 INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

77

The dining room of the Mnarani club is full, and TONY, JIM and Chantelle are finishing their main course. They are seated at a table midway along a line of tables that border a clearing in the floor. A waiter comes to take away their plates.

JIM
I thought we'd have heard something
by now

TONY
You've said that ten times.

JIM
Well, I'm concerned. Why are
neither of you concerned?

As they're talking, a waiter comes around and pours coffee into their cups.

TONY
I am concerned.

CHANTELLE
I do not give a single fuck.

JIM
Thank you, Chantelle. Thank you for
your amazing French honesty. But as
much of a shit as the man has
proved to be, I'd rather someone
knew where he is.

As JIM finishes this sentence, the sound of African drums begins and the lights go down.

TONY
Ah, shit

JIM
What?

CHANTELLE
Merde

JIM
Brilliant. Just what I needed, a
bloody tourist dance show.

The dance group run in from the side and line up to begin their routine. The crowd in the dining room all turn around to watch. It's a mix of locals and foreigners. JIM goes to stand up, but TONY grabs him and makes him sit down. He's furious, but they can't leave. They're trapped.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. NIGHT - GARDEN AREA OUTSIDE DINING ROOM

78

In the bushes outside the dining area of the Mnarani club. MAURICE is there with two of the Al Shabaab guys and the leader. He has a robe over him and is still blindfolded. His head is hanging down. The leader has a machete blade in his hand, draped over MAURICE's shoulder

LEADER
That's your cue, Saint Maurice. Do
I have to remind you what happens
if you do not dance?

MAURICE
No. Beheadings. YouTube. Cock and
balls. I get it.

LEADER
Very good, little monkey. Now, we
wait for the moment when you can
make a grand entrance and then you
dance your little coconuts off.

CUT TO:

79 INT. NIGHT - HOTEL DINING ROOM

79

JIM and TONY are casting daggers at each other, they are trapped at the front of the dance floor. Chantelle is checking her iPhone and not paying any attention to the dancers as they perform a very acrobatic routine. There is a pause, and a lull in the music. The dancers freeze.

JIM looks up, hopeful, as if there may be an opportunity to leave. The drums start again and he is dejected

CUT TO:

80 EXT. GARDEN AREA OUTSIDE DINING ROOM - NIGHT 80

LEADER

GO! Dance, my monkey!

The leader disrobes MAURICE, leaving him in a grass skirt with a coconut bra.

81 INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - NIGHT 81

MAURICE is flung in from the side of the dance floor as the music restarts and sidesteps, in a delirious, disbelieving state to centre stage. The dancers are involved in a set routine and maintain their distance, with MAURICE flailing at the front trying to keep rhythm.

JIM

What. The. Fuck.

TONY

Good Jesus

CHANTELLE

Oh, Supère.

Chantelle grabs her phone and starts to video the spectacle, as do many of the diners. The dancing continues for around five seconds, until the dancers stop and stare, angrily, at MAURICE who continues dancing even as the drummers gradually stop. He has a desperate look on his face, and he's half crying. The music peters out.

MAURICE

Don't STOP! (Turning to the drummers) More Bongos, keep drumming.

MAURICE refuses to stop dancing.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

FUCKING KEEP DRUMMING!

(now crying properly, and still dancing but more lethargically)

MAURICE (CONT'D)

I have to do the monkey dance or
they'll kill my babies!

The Bongo player starts up again but only for a second as the band leader shoots him a filthy look.

The dining room is dead silent. MAURICE looks around to see, alternately, furious African faces and phones recording the whole debacle. We see JIM, TONY and Chantelle rooted to the spot with shock at what they are seeing.

82 EXT. GARDEN AREA OUTSIDE DINING ROOM - NIGHT 82

The three Al Shabaab guys are smiling. The leader shakes his head and smiles. He turns to his colleagues and they depart into the shadows.

83 INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - NIGHT 83

The security guards are stomping towards MAURICE and as he watches them approach he snaps. Managers have gathered in twos at the back of the room with folded arms.

MAURICE

Fuck the lot of you! You have no
bloody idea, I never wanted to be
part of this stupid monkey
pantomime. Fuck you all!

As the security guards get close MAURICE turns and runs, barefoot, towards reception, his coconut bra loosening.

They give chase. Slowly, the room returns to dining, the dancers and musicians unsure whether or not to continue. From down the hall we hear

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Nooo! Get your hands off me!

JIM

What the hell was that?

CHANTELLE

That was amazing, this is totally a
free holiday now.

TONY

This can't be happening.

JIM gets up and starts toward reception, he's clearly extremely agitated, it's all slipping away.

TONY follows, furious. Chantelle stays in her seat, uploading the video to YouTube.

84

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

84

Absolute chaos. MAURICE is being held by the SECURITY GUARD who woke JIM in the jeep and another, similar BURLY MAN. MAURICE is alternately writhing and sobbing, utterly distraught.

A furious JIM stomps into reception, TONY, stressed, in hot pursuit. As JIM nears MAURICE, he seems to be making as if to launch himself at him, but makes eye contact with the security guard and pulls up short. There's a silent stand-off, and TONY puts his hands around JIM's shoulders as if to control him.

JIM

(Shakes TONY's hands off) What the hell was that about, Phillips, youCUNT?!

MAURICE just shrugs and gives a slightly unhinged smile. He's lost it.

JIM (CONT'D)

Doing a bloody hula dance in the middle of a cultural show, in a room full of Kenyan tourists. Are you MENTAL? With coconut boobs on?

MAURICE

I'm sure you and your boyfriend found it very titillating (laughs derangedly)

JIM

We're not gay, you cretin. We were BUSINESS partners. Christ, you're some bloody imbecile

JIM points a furious index finger at MAURICE, then storms off towards his room. TONY, after a second's hesitation, gives chase. At the same time, KELLY speeds up outside reception in a jeep, skids to a halt, bursts out of the door and into reception and runs towards MAURICE

MAURICE

Kelly, get these fucking apes off me. LET GO OF ME YOU DAMN DIRTY APES

KELLY stops in his tracks, staring wide-eyed at MAURICE

CUT TO:

85

INT. ROOM 107 - NIGHT

85

The door is open and TONY walks in to see JIM tearing through his clothes, looking for something.

TONY

Jim!

JIM

You were right, Tony

TONY

What?

JIM

This was madness, on bloody holiday
with the guy we were meant to
murder.

TONY

We didn't know it would end like
this

JIM is emptying bags but clearly hasn't found what he's looking for. He rummages in the wardrobe.

JIM

Well, he's not ruining the little
one's future, that fucker

TONY

What are you talking about?

JIM

If it can't be done the clean way,
I'll do it the dirty way

JIM picks up a pile of clothes and a folded jumper falls of the stack and lands with a thud on the floor - something metallic is secreted inside. They both look at each other, the realisation of what JIM has smuggled to Africa contained in that dull thud.

TONY

Is that what I think it is?

JIM

(pause) It's my hairdryer

TONY

It is in its fuck

JIM

What do you think we're here for, Tony? It's a fucking HIT. JOB.
(bends down to pick it up and pulls out a short-barreled revolver)
It'll get him dead.

TONY

If you go out into reception and blast him we'll both end up in a Kenyan jail.

JIM

The terms were: If I kill him and I get away, I get the full amount. If I get caught, two-thirds of the full amount goes to the little one. With Maurice Phillips alive, no-one gets anything. And I probably get killed. I can't leave my granddaughter with nothing, Tony. A penniless orphan.

TONY

(Tony adopts a hitherto unseen menacing manner)
Shut. The Fuck. Up. You IDIOT

JIM is stunned into silence

TONY (CONT'D)

Christ, listen to yourself. You used to be part of a professional team but from the start of this you've been a shambles. NOTHING is thought through. And you're hanging your granddaughter's future on this? Do you know anything about the guy who hired you?

JIM picks up the gun slowly and holds it in his hand, looking at it. He looks up at TONY.

JIM

I... no

TONY

It's Alfie fucking Callanan, Jim. Alfie the thug, Drop-the-kid-from-the-helicopter Alfie.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

And you're just the lure, because Alfie, UNLIKE YOU, did all his homework and knows you're just the team decoy. YOU were a way to find ME, and in his eyes, YOU are TOTALLY EXPENDABLE. And you might have realised this had you done any fucking research at all.

JIM

What?

TONY

Yeah. I'm basically doing this in the hope that I can get you spared when we get back to Ireland

JIM

Jesus Christ

JIM points the gun at TONY's chest

JIM (CONT'D)

Carol said not to trust you, but Christ, I didn't think..

TONY

SHUT UP! Shut up, Jim. Goddammit I'm the only one here who has your back. The only one.

JIM

To put a bloody knife in it

TONY

If you go out there guns blazing, no one gets anything. We end up in a jail in Kenya, sitting beside that hula-dancing racist PRICK out there. For one moment, just bloody think, Jim.

JIM

Fuck. FUCK! What about the money?

TONY

I don't know. All I do know is that our best chance of not dying is getting out of here clean. Go out there like a cowboy, and you end it for both of us and your little darling with Tourettes never sees her granddad again. So pack a bag.

TONY starts to pack furiously. JIM, sits looking at his gun, and drops it between his legs

JIM raises the gun and points it at TONY's chest

TONY (CONT'D)

Jesus, Jim, seriously! Think it through. Up until now, no-one really knows we're here. We can still get out and get home before anyone starts looking for us. I can smooth this over when we get back, you just have to trust me. Go through with this and you draw attention to us, to the guy who hired you. IF we get home - and that's a bloody big 'if' - just think how this plays out. There's no way you'll get your money.

TONY (CONT'D)

Think, Jim.

The camera leaves the room and zooms out, back down the darkish corridor to where there is still shouting, the entire dance troupe are now arguing with the hotel management. We're focused on the door, but no-one else is, they're wrapped up in arguments. A flash and a bang emanate from TONY and JIM's room.

FADE TO DARKNESS

(THREE DAYS LATER)

86 INT. JIM'S COUNCIL FLAT - DAY

86

We're in a shabby living room. The camera sweeps forlornly across blinds drawn to keep out daylight. It rests on a TV, news report on.

REPORTER:

Philanthropist Maurice Phillips has been forced out as CEO of Yield International with immediate effect after footage emerged of him online from a high-end Kenyan resort. The philanthropist was caught on camera in a bizarre racist dance routine which has caused a diplomatic rift between Ireland and Kenya.

(MORE)

REPORTER: (CONT'D)

Phillips is said to have been holidaying in Kenya with his mistress, actress Chantelle Delphine, who uploaded the first video of his outburst to YouTube. Phillips is expected to return to Ireland today.

A sprawl of tabloid newspapers partly covers a cheap coffee table.

JIM's phone flashes with a message from CAROL

"Jim, answer your phone. I've spoken to Tony, why haven't you called us? PICK UP YOUR FUCKING PHONE"

The light is grey and gloomy and the room is shabby and spartan. Headlines on the papers: 'Al Qaeda made me do it' claims NGO boss 'NGO tells Dancing Mo where to go' "'Charity boss got me pregnant' says teen" On the couch, JIM lies unshaven and haggard, in a dressing gown with a white undershirt under it. There are two bowls with encrusted corn flakes on the coffee table, a couple of coffee mugs and an empty bottle of cheap vodka or two.

REPORTER: (CONT'D)

Phillips claimed he was coerced into doing the dance by Al Qaeda rebels living near the resort. Al Shabaab, Kenya's militant islamist wing, tweeted that it would have no part in any such cultural insensitivity.

JIM's phone rings. CAROL's name appears on the screen and he lets it ring out. He turns his head away from the phone and closes his eyes. The screen lights up showing CAROL has called 12 times. JIM sits in silence.

(FX: DOOR KNOCK) BAM! BAM! BAM!

THUG:

JIM! Open the door, Jim!

JIM sits still.

(DOOR KNOCKING AGAIN) BAM! BAM! BAM!

THUG: (CONT'D)

Open it, Jim, or I'll break it down.

In resignation, JIM gets up from the couch and walks to the door, opens it and walks back down his hallway.

JIM
Come on in. Vodka?

THUG
You have a man who wants to see you about a contract, Jim. He's been waiting for longer than he usually likes

JIM stops at the doorway into his sitting room and looks back, sadly.

JIM
It's nice to be wanted, I guess.

THUG
Hilarious. Get dressed.

87 EXT. TAILOR'S DOOR - DAYTIME 87

JIM is in jeans and a jacket, white shirt underneath, being marched forward by the thug.

THUG
In here.

JIM
In here?

THUG
That's what I said.

They go in the door and up the stairs.

88 INT. TAILOR'S STUDIO - DAY 88

JIM walks into the tailor's room. As before, it's light-filled, suits hanging on either wall, a tailor's table and rolls of cloth visible. There are three changing cubicles, with curtains drawn. As before, Kevin is sitting reading a newspaper.

KEVIN:
Hello again Jim.

JIM
Kevin. Why here?

KEVIN:

Sometimes my clients have some of
their meetings here. Sit down.
He'll be in with you in a moment.

Kevin stands up, gestures to JIM to take his chair, and
leaves the room. JIM sits, bewildered. He turns and looks out
the window and as he does, the door of the room closes. ALFIE
Callanan is standing there.

ALFIE

Hello Jim

JIM

Hello

ALFIE

You remember who I am, do you Jim?

JIM

You are the man with whom I had a
contract to kill Maurice Phillips.

ALFIE

Correct

JIM

And Maurice Phillips is still alive

ALFIE

Also correct. Two out of two. Shall
we go for three?

JIM

(breathes in deep) why not?

ALFIE

What's my name?

JIM

Your name isn't Maurice Phillips as
well, is it? Were you just sick of
sharing it with such a bastard?

ALFIE

Funny. No. My name is Alfie
Callanan.

JIM

Yes

ALFIE

I take it you know who I am?

JIM
Tony's Alfie

ALFIE
The very same

JIM
Is Tony okay?

ALFIE
You shot him in the arm, Jim.

JIM
It was an accident

ALFIE
And you didn't shoot Maurice
Phillips even once.

JIM
Tony said you wouldn't like that

ALFIE
Do you know why I wanted that prick
dead, Jim?

JIM
Not the name thing, then?

ALFIE
He shagged my best friend's wife,
Jim. Several times. Can you imagine
how angry you'd be if you hear
someone had shagged your best
friend's wife?

JIM
You'd be surprised

ALFIE
But that was just a warm-up. Not
only did he shag my best friend's
wife, Jim, but he also shagged my
own daughter, leaving her pregnant,
while he was out in a bar WITH my
best friend's wife, getting her all
drunk so he could shag her.

JIM
Wow

ALFIE

Wow indeed. So you can see how motivated I was, Jim. That's why I was offering you so much money.

JIM

I had my own motivations.

ALFIE

But contracts are contracts, aren't they, Jim? Enforceable by law and all that. But of course, we're beyond the legal realm, a bit.

ALFIE reaches into his jacket and produces a large handgun with a silencer. He raises it up not quite halfway to JIM's head.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Any final comments, Jim?

JIM

Be good to Tony. He's the only friend I have, he's a good guy, despite having shagged my wife. I'm sure he never shagged your daughter, though. Pretty sure.

ALFIE raises the gun up but as he does there's a stifled snort of laughter from the changing cubicle. JIM looks over, and ALFIE senses he's distracted, so he shouts:

ALFIE

BYE BYE, JIM!

JIM grimaces. The music rises. The camera zooms in on his face as he closes his eyes.

It switches to on ALFIE's face from JIM's perspective, as he raises the gun. In shallow depth of field, it then pulls focus to the nozzle of the gun. It's a water pistol. A thin string of water squirts into JIM's eye. The room erupts in laughter. JIM opens his eyes. One curtain pulls back to show TONY, roaring laughter, and then the next to reveal CAROL doing the very same. TONY and CAROL put their arms around each other

JIM

WHAT THE FUCK!

ALFIE is roaring laughing.

ALFIE

Oooh you were in full repentance mode there.

JIM

Fucking ha-ha. CAROL, I don't see what you're laughing at. It all went tits up. No money, CAROL, I'm back to square one, AND I owe Tony for two suits.

CAROL

Jim, it's alright.

JIM

What?

TONY

Alfie's a thug but he's not without ethics, Jim

JIM

WILL SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?

ALFIE

Tony told me how you were willing to finish the job even if it meant putting your own life at risk.

TONY

Of course he did fucking shoot me in the arm

ALFIE

True.

JIM

That was an accident.

ALFIE

TONY also told me about JANIE. And he told me about your condition.

At the end of the day, what happened to our friend Maurice was cleaner than any murder

TONY

Total character assassination. No trail.

ALFIE

Call me a satisfied customer

JIM
So what are you saying?

ALFIE
You're a good man, Jim. You get
paid. Plus expenses

JIM puts his head back and closes his eyes.

CAROL
I've been trying to call you for
two days.

TONY

Suddenly, JIM lurches for ALFIE, looking like he's going to
choke him

TONY (CONT'D)
Jim, no!

CAROL
JIM!!!

JIM grabs ALFIE by the face, and plants a big kiss on his
lips.

JIM
Maurice had that bit right, aha'?

TONY laughs. JIM hugs CAROL.

89 EXT. GRAFTON ST - DAY

89

It's a few days later. JIM and CAROL are swinging the little
girl between them.

CAROL
So how do we deal with the money,
then?

JIM
Alfie has a financial advisor, he
said he'd help us out

CAROL
Very professional

JIM

Told ya. I was thinking we should
do one thing, though, before we
tuck it all away

CAROL

Oh yeah?

JIM

We should give her one good memory
at least. Alfie gave me a bonus to
do it. And he's agree to find me a
job after

CAROL

What are you talking about?

CUT TO:

90 EXT. DAYTIME - KENYA SAFARI PARK

90

CAROL, JIM and the little girl are standing with their heads
out the roof of a safari jeep. The camera zooms out to an
aerial shot of them in a safari park in Kenya, with a herd of
elephants just a hundred yards away....

FADE OUT

91

91