

JOEY BOY

written by

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INT. LORRY, COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

TITLE: 1920, Co. Mayo, Ireland.

A cold, wet, overcast day.

Irregular British soldiers (Black and Tans) are patrolling in a lorry.

The road is rough and the landscape wild.

The driver chews tobacco and controls the lorry with awkward, unnecessary movements of the steering wheel.

Sitting beside him is a reluctant Captain HARRY SYKES.

He is regular army, in his mid thirties, pristine in dress and bearing with his dark good looks shrouded in concern and fear.

His enlightened nature, although weak and compliant, is blunted by the environment he finds himself in and the brutalities of war and leadership does not become him but he has learned to play the part as best he can.

He rests his elbow on the open window silently scanning the countryside as his fellow soldiers look out from the open rear of the lorry.

They are ten in number, dressed in khaki jackets with a wide variety of trousers, mainly civilian. Some have heavy army overcoats draped across their shoulders.

They are all smoking or chewing tobacco, unsavoury and unwanted. Unlike Sykes, they show no fear, just ignorant bravado.

All the men know they are very far from home.

INT. LORRY, ON ROAD - DAY

Sykes is smoking a cigarette he clearly does not enjoy and is nervously rolling a piece of paper in his hand.

His driver's discomfort is obvious as he spits out his window and wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

INT. LORRY, ON ROAD - LATER

As they approach a group of houses, Sykes scrutinises an open map on his knees.

DIVER

Is that it then ... Listurk?

SYKES

It must be.

Sykes throws his cigarette out the window, folds his map and puts it in his pocket.

SYKES

Drive slowly. Keep your eyes open.

Sykes un-holsters a handsome, pearl handled pistol and lays it on the seat beside him, in readiness.

He anxiously rolls his wedding ring around his finger, as he stares directly ahead.

EXT. LISTURK - DAY

The lorry slowly enters the small clachan of thatched cottages and outhouses called Listurk.

There are crude farm implements and creels containing a wide variety of artefacts.

Hens and calves seem to roam freely and dogs are under orders to be still. The houses and clothes of the people reflect the poor, subsistence farming that is their lives.

The gathered locals all look at the slowly moving apparition.

Two men working in a potato field lean defensively on their spades.

LORCAN GARVEY is a fifty year old, ruddy, untroubled looking man with his cap pulled playfully to the side of his head.

His friend is JOSEPH McMAHON, a mid forties, dark and serious man, active in mind and body.

Frightened mothers usher children inside.

The 'peasants' and 'soldiers' eye each other with fear on one side and contempt on the other.

The lorry passes without stopping, to the relief of the locals.

INT. LORRY, ON ROAD - DAY

Having passed through the clachan, Sykes leans out of the open window and looks back.

The road is filled with locals, staring in his direction.

Satisfied, he holsters his pistol.

SYKES

(to driver) All right. You can get a move on now.

DRIVER

I thought maybe ... we were stopping?

SYKES

No.

DRIVER

They're shifty bastards. Aren't they?
I don't trust any of them.

Sykes is not drawn into conversation. He lights a cigarette.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Two IRA men are positioned on a rise.

Directly below them, there is a sharp bend in the road and a steep downward gradient.

The men are shabbily dressed in civilian clothes, scared and clutching rifles.

One keeps watch on the road that leads to the clachan.

The other is huddled under his overcoat.

The lookout man sees the lorry in the distance.

IRA MAN

There they are.

They're comin'. Get ready.

The huddled man jumps up, sees the lorry and blesses himself.

He throws his coat to the ground and lies on it.

Both men get into position and prepare for the ambush.

IRA MAN

We'll have to make the first one
count.

If we're able to hit the glass he
mightn't hold her.

He takes some bullets from his pocket and lays them on the
ground.

The other follows his lead.

EXT. ON ROAD - DAY

The lorry slowly rounds the sharp bend.

The two concealed snipers open fire.

Their shots fail to smash the windscreen and the lorry stops
successfully.

Sykes scrambles out, pistol in hand, shouting to his soldiers.

SYKES

Quick. Everyone out. Take cover.

He dives in the ditch by the side of the road and returns
fire.

All soldiers emerge, returning fire.

Some join Sykes in the roadside ditch and others take cover
behind the lorry.

One is hit in the chest and dies.

Another is hit in the shoulder and stumbles to the ditch.

EXT. LISTURK - DAY

The clachan is frantic as the gunfire shatters the quiet countryside.

Children clamour to be heard and excited dogs bark wildly at hens and calves.

Frightened mothers try to shepherd the children.

Joseph McMahon and Lorcan Garvey, throw their spades to the ground and run to join their women and children.

EILEEN McMAHON is about thirty-five years old, blonde and neatly dressed.

Joseph exchanges anxious glances with her and turns his attention to a group of older children as they run to higher ground to get a better view.

JOSEPH

Joey Boy.

A dark haired, eleven year old boy, leading the charge, turns.

He is wide eyed with all the enthusiasm and intelligence of his father.

JOSEPH

Get down here.

Joey Boy reluctantly retraces his footsteps as other agitated fathers order their progeny to return.

Everyone strains to hear.

One young man climbs to a high rock overlooking the clachan in an attempt to see what's happening.

LORCAN GARVEY is round and red headed like his father and bears his name. Mr Garvey calls to him.

MR GARVEY

See anythin' Lorcan?

LORCAN

It's beyond Tilly's turn. I can't see a thing.

MR GARVEY

(to Joseph) It's a bit too close for
comfort, though.

The two men stand shoulder to shoulder looking down the road
in the direction of the gunfire.

Joey Boy goes to his father and stands beside him.

EXT. ON ROAD - DAY

The gunfire exchange continues.

Another soldier is hit in the arm.

Sykes is enraged and boldly rises from cover, takes careful
aim with his pistol and shoots.

Silence from the IRA position.

Sykes is satisfied there is no further enemy action.

SYKES

Hold your fire.

They reload their weapons and hold fire.

SYKES

Spread out and let's get up there.

Led by Sykes, the able bodied men stealthily approach the area
of hostile fire.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

On reaching their objective, they discover one IRA man lying
face down on his coat.

A soldier rolls him over with his foot.

He has been shot in the chest.

1st SOLDIER

Damn ... they made a run for it.

Another points to a nearby path leading to higher ground.

2nd SOLDIER
They're up there. Let's go.

SYKES
No.

An unsteady hesitation among the men. They did not expect leadership from him and are unsure about following his order.

3rd SOLDIER
Why not. We can still catch them.

SYKES
There's only one and he probably wants us to follow.

And the rest of his damn column up there probably wants us to follow too.

(pause)

Anyway, if it isn't a trap, we have little chance of finding him ... in his hills.

The men glance at each other and mutter inaudible obscenities.

One spits contemptuously and looks towards Listurk.

1st SOLDIER
We can't just let them get away with it. Can we ... sir?

He avoids their gaze and scans the countryside, trapped and defeated.

SYKES
No.

He regains some authority and continues with conviction.

SYKES
Back to the lorry, men. We have business back there.

As he leads his men back down to the lorry, they wink and smirk at each other.

INT. LORRY, ON ROAD - DAY

Sykes sits with the driver, agitated and determined.

He withdraws a wallet from his breast pocket and opens it, revealing a photograph of his wife and young daughter.

Sykes withdraws a piece of paper and puts his wallet away.

This is the same piece of paper he had when entering Listurk and this time we see what it contains.

It is a hand drawn sketch of the clachan with two men's names written on two next-door houses.

The two names are Lorcan Garvey and Joseph McMahon.

EXT. LISTURK - DAY

As the lorry arrives back at the clachan, doors close and frightened heads peer out from windows.

It halts abruptly and the soldiers jump out ready for action.

Sykes steps out, goes to some soldiers and points to two houses.

They run to the back of the houses, covering any exit from that area.

Sykes un-holsters his pistol, walks to a house followed by the remaining eager soldiers.

He knocks on the door.

SYKES

Mr Lorcan Garvey. Come out.

Mr Garvey's voice from inside the house is frightened.

MR GARVEY

But we had nothin' to do with it.

Sykes shoots through the window, shattering the glass, directing his shot high.

Frightened shrieks from within.

SYKES

You've got five seconds to come out.

Otherwise, everyone will die.

Children crying, high pitched women and two frightened men's voices from inside the house.

It reaches a crescendo.

There is a crashing noise and young Lorcan Garvey bursts out, slams the door shut and holds the door handle.

He is almost incoherent with shock.

LORCAN

I'm Lorcan Garvey. We're not hidin' anythin'...

Sykes puts his gun to his head and shoots him dead where he stands.

Mr Garvey swings the door open, sees his dead son and rushes at Sykes.

He is brought to the ground by the rifle butts of the soldiers.

His grief stricken wife and children emerge and go to the two fallen men as Sykes leads his soldiers to the house next door.

Again he goes to the door and his men prime themselves.

INT. JOSEPH McMAHON'S COTTAGE - DAY

A hushed shock as Joey Boy and his three younger sisters and younger brother are being comforted by their mother.

The room is tidy and clean with meagre furniture.

Joseph McMahon is looking through the curtains on the window.

He turns ashen faced and holds his distraught wife as the soldiers pass the window, coming to the door.

She tries to say something but instead he holds her close and looks at the door.

There is a loud knock.

Joey Boy looks to his father as Sykes shouts from outside.

SYKES

Mr Joseph McMahon, come out ...
quickly.

Eileen emits a high-pitched wail and grabs her husband desperately as the children begin to cry.

EILEEN

Don't Joey. Don't go.

Joey Boy is unable to calm his younger siblings. He just stares at his frightened father who tries to console his wife as best he can.

SYKES

Hurry up ... or everyone dies.

As his father begins kissing the faces of his children in a parting gesture, Joey Boy bolts to the door.

EXT. JOSEPH McMAHON'S COTTAGE - DAY

The door bursts open and Joey Boy rushes out flailing at the soldiers with his little fists.

An amused soldier slams his rifle butt into the boy's back, sending him to the ground.

His distraught father follows him, unconcerned for his own safety.

JOSEPH

Joey Boy.

As he reaches down to the injured boy, Sykes points his pistol at his head and shoots him dead.

Eileen falls on her dead husband with a high-pitched wail and cradles his head, gasping a prayer in Gaelic.

Joey Boy touches his father's blood-soaked head.

JOEY BOY

Daddy.

He looks up at the pearl handled gun and then further up ... at his uniform ... and into Sykes's face.

Their eyes meet.

Sykes turns away, as if realising that something is wrong.

As he moves to the middle of the road, an impressed soldier pats his back.

SOLDIER

That's clipped their wings a bit.

The other soldiers laugh but Sykes does not join in the bonhomie.

He addresses all the houses, knowing he has a captive audience.

SYKES

These men were executed because they organised attacks on His Majesty's forces in this area.

He hesitates, uncertain of what to say next.

SYKES

I ... I ...

He regains his composure and contemptuously addresses the soldiers.

SYKES

Back to the lorry.

The soldiers quickly climb aboard and the lorry drives off.

Neighbours rush in sympathy to the two stricken families.

With his devastated mother and younger siblings huddled round his dead father, Joey Boy stands and stares at the departing lorry.

EXT. TORINNISH - DAY

(Music: Van Morrison. Avalon Sunset – I'm Tired Joey Boy)

A pleasant, early Summer day.

Joey Boy is sitting on a large flat stone beside a small cliff, overlooking a lovely Atlantic seashore.

To the sound of the seabirds and waves, he is watching his sheep with tears in his eyes wearing the same clothes as before.

His hand is rubbing his leg in an involuntary, nervous way as if wiping it clean.

He hears a man calling his name and stands to see Mr Lorcan Garvey approaching.

JOEY

I'm here, Mr Garvey.

Joey waves his hand. Mr Garvey sees him and returns his greeting.

MR GARVEY

Ah ... me boyo ... there ya are.

Mr Garvey's cheerful face wears tragedy well. His cap is pulled to the side of his head and he is the kind of man who looks shabby in his Sunday best.

His arrival has embarrassed Joey, who tries to wipe his tears.

JOEY

Hello.

Mr Garvey stands beside him, surveying the landscape.

Pretending not to notice Joey's tears, he puts a comforting arm on his shoulder.

MR GARVEY

Well now. That's a fine flock of sheep ya got there.

How are they doin' Joey Boy?

JOEY
All right, Mr Garvey.

MR GARVEY
It'll soon be shearing time. I'll bet
ya can't wait to learn that.

JOEY
No.

MR GARVEY
I'd say you'll be as good as your
Daddy was.

Mr Garvey is aware of the sensitivity of what he says. Joey is
unresponsive.

MR GARVEY
Ah yeah. He was a great shearer of
sheep.

He never cut them ... and the sheep
weren't frightened of him either.

Until, of course, he decided to speed
the whole process up.

Mr Garvey pauses and dramatically surveys the countryside in a
successful attempt to draw Joey.

JOEY
How do ya mean?

MR GARVEY
He started shearin' two at a time.

JOEY
Two at a time?

MR GARVEY
Yeah. Two at a time. No problem to
him.

(demonstrating) Two hands. Two pairs of
shears. Two sheep.

Silence.

Joey is uneasy, believing Mr Garvey would not joke about
something as serious as his father.

He takes a seashell from his pocket and examines it, to change the conversation.

Undaunted, Mr Garvey continues reverently.

MR GARVEY

But, accordin' to your father, that was still too slow.

Next thing was, he began to train the dog.

And I'm not talkin' about roundin' up the sheep.

(emphatically) He trained the dog to do the shearin' as well.

Imagine. The shearin'. No man thought of that before. No siree.

Feigning awe, Mr Garvey takes off his cap, wipes his face with it and puts it back on his head. Joey is hooked.

JOEY

How did he do that?

Mr Garvey stands and passionately demonstrates as he speaks.

MR GARVEY

Ya should've seen it.

He'd have the poor dog held upright tryin' to get him to use his two front paws to work the shears.

And if ya think the dog was frightened, ya should've seen the state the sheep were in.

They'd stand there starin' ... with the grass fallin' out of their mouths.

It got to the point ... when they saw him comin' with his three pairs of shears ... two for himself and one for the dog ...

they'd all kinda shake and jump right out of their wool ...

and just hand the wool over to him.

Realising he is joking, Joey turns away.

Mr Garvey laughs heartily, grabs the boy and tickles him, but there is little recognition of the humour.

Mr Garvey stops trying, sits beside him and puts his arm on his shoulders.

Joey struggles to contain his tears.

MR GARVEY

He used one pair of shears like the rest of us, Joey Boy.

But it's true he was damn good at usin' them.

Mr Garvey takes a packet of cigarettes from his pocket and lights one, shielding the flame with his hand.

He inhales deeply and slowly.

MR GARVEY

Listen to me now. Ya must give it up, for your own sake, Joey Boy.

If ya carry on like this, it'll kill you too ... believe me.

Joey stands, throws his shell into the sea and stares rigidly where it fell.

MR GARVEY

Everyone dies, Joey. We all die. You and me as well.

(pointing to a lamb) See that little fella there. He's gonna die soon. But he carries on enjoyin' himself ... doesn't he?

He doesn't let it bother him.

Because he knows that livin' is far too important to be thinkin' about dyin'.

Mr Garvey rises and 'shows' Joey the countryside and points to each in turn.

MR GARVEY

What do you see here? You see the land ... and the sky ... and the sea.

They're all made by God and they're all lovely ... aren't they, Joey Boy?

JOEY

Yeah.

MR GARVEY

But out there, there's fish that kill other fish and, up there, there's birds that kill other birds.

And they did nothin' wrong, did they?

Joey remains silent. Mr Garvey answers for him.

MR GARVEY

No, they didn't.

And on this land here there's people who kill other people. That's just the way it is.

God calls it free will. But He knows what's right and wrong.

Your daddy's in God's hands now and he'll punish those men.

JOEY

But why does God allow some people kill other people?

MR GARVEY

So that he can test us, that's all. To see if we'll do good or bad.

(pause)

Ya see, if a bad thing is done to ya, ya mustn't think about it. 'Cause then it begins to live inside ya.

And if ya give somethin' bad a place to live it'll get bigger and bigger and worse and worse and one day it'll get bigger than yourself.

And then you'll be in real trouble.

Joey does not react and again sits on the rock.

(Music: Mike Oldfield, Ommadawn – the bagpipes track)

Mr Garvey again sits beside him, opens his coat and holds the boy close.

They sit in silence looking out to sea with Joey's head cradled under Mr Garvey's open coat.

As tears fall freely down Joey's face, his hand nervously rubs his leg.

EXT. HAYFIELD - EARLY EVENING

TITLE: 1932. Twelve years later.

A group of men and women are harvesting hay beside Listurk in a sunny, late Summer evening.

ANGIE, a pretty, young redhead wearing a bright, cotton dress is carrying a bundle of hay. She is confidently nonchalant in manner, concerned with life's pleasures, as she knows them.

She drops the hay and stealthily approaches a young man leaning against a haycock chewing a straw.

He is wearing a cotton, collarless shirt and tweed trousers suspended by braces. He has taken his cap off and is relishing the evening sun on his face.

She is clearly very attracted to him and leans seductively against the haycock beside him.

ANGIE

Are ya tired, Joey Boy?

He slowly opens his eyes and turns towards her.

He is a sensitive, handsome, twenty three year old with dark hair and bright eyes.

JOEY BOY is sure footed to the extent of being stubborn. Prone to great highs and lows with little control over them, he has cultivated a detached exterior in an attempt to camouflage it.

He smiles confidently and continues to chew.

ANGIE

Tell me. Is it the work or is it ...
last night?

She takes the straw from his mouth and begins chewing it.

JOEY

It'd take more than last night to get me
this tired, Angie.

ANGIE

Too tired to go to England?

JOEY

No.

She angrily takes the straw from her mouth and throws it to
the ground.

ANGIE

So you're still goin'.

JOEY

Yes, Angie. I'm goin' all right.

Anyway, there's no point in hangin'
around here for the Winter.

ANGIE

Ya didn't exactly give me much of a
warnin'.

JOEY

I'm sorry.

I wasn't sure myself until a few days
ago.

With nothing to be gained, she becomes more conciliatory.

ANGIE

Your mother'll miss ya.

JOEY

She's got Danny. He's old enough now.

ANGIE

Yes. But she'll just miss ya ... ya know ... being around.

I'll miss ya.

JOEY

I know. I'll miss you too.

They kiss tenderly.

They are interrupted by Mr Garvey's son PAT, a jolly young man who slaps Joey on the back.

PAT

There's hope for this nation, yet.

Joey pushes him away, laughing.

JOEY

Get yourself a woman and stop annoyin' the real men.

PAT

Talkin' about real men, Daddy said not to forget to drop in ... before ya go.

JOEY

I will of course.

PAT

Right. See ya.

As Pat departs, Angie is again impacted with the reality of Joey's imminent departure.

ANGIE

Will ya be back for Christmas?

JOEY

I'm sorry, but I just don't know.

I'll be back by Spring, anyway.

ANGIE

And what am I supposed to do while you're away?

JOEY

You'll forget about me in a week or two ... with all your admirers.

ANGIE

And what about you?

With all those ladies ... and their
jewellery and make up.

Joey is pleased with her display of jealousy.

JOEY

I forget nothin', Angie.

He moves her hair away from her neck and kisses her.

EXT. TORINNISH - EVENING

Joey is sitting on the same flat stone overlooking the
seashore, rubbing his leg.

A man approaches carrying a rolled up sack.

Joey stands and beckons to him. He draws near quickly.

JIMMY THE CRAB is a fresh faced, big man with a big, false
smile. He is wearing heavy clothes, inappropriate for the
evening.

He is a man who will use charm or violence to shield himself
and others from his innate cowardice and to maintain his
authority among his peers.

He puts a reassuring hand on Joey's shoulder and gives him the
sack.

JIMMY

There ya are, my boy.

JOEY

Did anybody see ya?

JIMMY

No. And what if they did?

Joey is attracted to his confidence. He opens the sack, takes
out a pistol and examines it closely.

JOEY

Is everythin' all right?

JIMMY
Who are ya talkin' to?
Let one off if ya want.

JOEY
Do ya think...?

JIMMY
Go ahead.

Joey points the gun to the sea and fires. The sound startles the nearby sheep.

JOEY
That felt good.

JIMMY
It'll feel better when the time comes.

Joey removes the bullets from the gun and puts them in his pocket.

He puts the gun into the sack and rolls it up.

Jimmy hands him a piece of paper.

JIMMY
That's where he lives.

Joey puts the piece of paper in his pocket.

JIMMY
Ya were telling me ya didn't have a battle plan.

Joey, let me tell ya somethin' ... ya need a battle plan.

JOEY
It'll come to me when I get there.

JIMMY
Could be too late then.

Listen. Lie low and keep your distance ... watch his movements ... do the job, then...

JOEY
I need to see his face. Close up.

JIMMY
But that's mad. He'll ... he'll
know...

JOEY
He won't recognise me.

Jimmy turns away in disgust. He puts his hands in his overcoat pockets and stamps his foot.

JIMMY
It's too dangerous. Believe me. If ya
get too close...

JOEY
I'll be all right.

JIMMY
Ya might loose you're nerve. Anythin'
can happen.

JOEY
I won't loose my nerve.

Jimmy sits on the rock and looks up pleadingly at him.

JIMMY
Your father used to sit on this very
rock. Do ya know that?

JOEY
I remember.

JIMMY
Then remember why you're doin' this.
And remember what I say.

JOEY
I better be goin'.

Thanks. I'll see ya when I get back.

JIMMY
Keep your distance from him, Joey.

As Joey walks off, Jimmy looks out to sea bitterly.

INT. MR GARVEY'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Joey and Mr Garvey sit on two easy chairs on either side of the turf fire. A blackened kettle sits on the hob.

At the opposite wall is a large dresser with its range of crockery on display.

Some religious artefacts are on the walls.

Mr Garvey's wife, ANN, sits by the large table content to listen to the men's conversation.

She is in her early fifties and always finding something else to do in her impeccable house.

Joey is smoking a cigarette and flicking the ash into the fire.

A bottle of whiskey is on the table and both men have a glass in hand and are laughing, having just shared a joke.

The two men are clearly fond of each other.

MR GARVEY

You'll be missed around here, Joey Boy.

JOEY

But I'm told absence makes the heart grow fonder? So, you'll like me a lot more when I get back.

Mr Garvey lowers his glass to the floor and picks up his pipe from the hob.

He taps the bottom of the upturned pipe with a small knife and empties out the remnants of his last smoke.

MR GARVEY

Your uncle Barney's a good man. He'll do his best.

JOEY

He says he'll get me in with a road gang.

As he speaks, Mr Garvey undergoes his solemn smoking ceremony.

Firstly, he slices off pieces from his packet of plug tobacco with his knife until he has the appropriate amount. Then he grinds it between his palms before packing it into his pipe.

MR GARVEY

It was always hard for us over there, Joey, but it's worse now.

They don't like Dev ya see. He upsets them ... God bless him.

They're makin' us all suffer for electin' him.

Please God, it'll be over soon.

JOEY

It'll be over soon, Mr Garvey.

Mr Garvey and Ann are uneasy.

He strikes a match and lights his pipe.

MR GARVEY

There's somethin' I'd like to say to ya, Joey.

Ya can say it's none of my business, but I'm goin' to say it anyway.

JOEY

Go ahead. What is it?

MR GARVEY

I was down in Buntra a few days ago ... and ... well, I got talkin' to ... Jimmy the Crab.

JOEY

Yeah?

MR GARVEY

Look Joey, he was talkin' to you about Captain Sykes ... wasn't he?

Silence.

Joey empties his glass and throws his cigarette butt into the fire.

JOEY

And what if he did?

MR GARVEY

Listen, Joey. I know I've told ya this before but listen one more time.

Jimmy the Crab is a mouth ... and he was a mouth even before you were born.

Give him a few drinks and he's a great, republican hero.

And he's dangerous, no doubt about it.

Your father knew it too.

JOEY

That's right. Ya told me that before.

MR GARVEY

Don't ya see? Anythin' Jimmy told ya is probably useless.

Joey retreats into an angry silence and stares into the fire.

Mr Garvey looks at his wife and indicates the whiskey bottle. Ann refills Joey's glass, without asking.

MR GARVEY

Please, Joey. I'm...

JOEY

All I know about Jimmy is that he fought them when they were here.

MR GARVEY

Yes, there's some truth in that. But ...

Silence. Joey turns and stares into his eyes.

JOEY

What?

MR GARVEY

He didn't do it for any noble reason, ya can be sure of that ... he...

JOEY

What other reason would he have?

Mr Garvey finishes his drink and runs his hands over his face.

MR GARVEY

Look. It took some doin' for a man who supposedly spent all his time fightin' to buy two ... not one mind you, two ... fifty acre farms the other side of Buntra when it was all over.

People did talk, ya know.

He even wanted to buy yours. Your mother knows that.

(pause)

Please, Joey ... what did he tell ya?

Mr Garvey's genuine concern prompts Joey to respond.

JOEY

Sykes left here after ... that ... and was posted to India. He was wounded and came home. He inherited a farm and went to live there ... five years ago.

MR GARVEY

But he don't know if it was the same Sykes.

JOEY

Jimmy has contacts ... in the British army. They're not wrong.

MR GARVEY

Why doesn't his contacts do it then.

Why you? You have no experience.

Joey angrily rises and goes to exit.

Mr Garvey rises as quickly as he can and blocks his path.

MR GARVEY

We're livin' in a free country now,
Joey.

JOEY

With a lot of dead bodies.

MR GARVEY

Old scores, Joey. There's millions of
them. Just let them be.

JOEY

Old scores? Old?

I'm only twenty three and I was
wearin' long trousers when it
happened.

Anyway, I don't have to tell you how
long ago it was.

MR GARVEY

We weren't the only ones. It was
happenin' all over the country ... all
through the centuries.

Didn't they try to wipe out everyone
eighty years ago. Sheep and cattle ...
and even wheat ... was worth more than
the people.

Listen to me, Joey Boy. You're goin'
to need a lot of bullets if you're
goin' to get revenge for all the dead
Irish.

Joey is trapped by the reasoning of this father figure.

JOEY

Damn.

Ann blesses herself at this profanity.

JOEY

Ya know somethin'. Deep down I don't
really care about all the dead Irish.

Just one.

MR GARVEY

I know.

JOEY

And you should only care about just one as well.

The one that took the bullet for you ... Mr Lorcan Garvey.

Ann begins to sob. Realising he has gone too far, Joey goes to her and awkwardly tries to console her.

JOEY

I'm sorry, Mrs Garvey. I'm sorry ...

Jesus ... I'll go now.

As he heads for the door, Mr Garvey holds his arm and wipes a tear.

JOEY

I'm sorry, Mr Garvey. I didn't mean...

MR GARVEY

It's not for Lorcan, Joey. They're all dried up now.

It's you.

You'll be just another Irish rebel, executed in England.

JOEY

I'll be fine. Don't worry.

MR GARVEY

You'll break my heart all over again.

JOEY

Mr Garvey, I'm goin' to England to mend your heart ... forever.

Joey brushes past him and exits. Ann goes to her husband and they comfort each other as they have done many times before.

EXT. HILLSIDE - EVENING

A fine, Summer evening.

Joey and Angie are lying, locked in a passionate embrace on a heathery hillside overlooking the sea.

Heavy hearted, Joey sits up and surveys the panorama.

Angie sits up also and caresses him.

ANGIE

This is our special place, isn't it?

JOEY

Yeah.

ANGIE

Do ya remember the time we...

She giggles, unable to continue. He knows what she means.

JOEY

Yeah.

ANGIE

I love being with ya.

JOEY

We'll have to be more careful in the future.

ANGIE

So there will be a future.

JOEY

Of course, ya silly girl.

I'm goin' to miss ya and I can't wait to be here with you again.

They eagerly resume their passionate embrace.

EXT. HILLSIDE - LATER

(Music: Mike Oldfield, Ommadawn – the bagpipes track?)

Joey's head is on Angie's lap as she strokes his hair.

Both look out at the darkening, ominous sky over the broad Atlantic.

INT. LONDON, LODGING HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING

The LANDLADY, heavy set with an unpleasant demeanour, is busy in her untidy kitchen preparing vegetables for the evening meal.

Jazz music on the wireless can be heard coming from the open sitting room door and she hums unmelodiously along.

She hears the hall door opening and looks out to see Joey entering.

She continues with her dinner preparation.

INT. LODGING HOUSE, HALL - EVENING

Joey enters carefully, wearing dirty work-clothes and boots. He is exhausted after a long day.

Without pleasantries, the landlady addresses him sharply from the kitchen.

LANDLADY

Wipe your feet.

He wipes his feet on the doormat.

JOEY

(to himself) I always do.

He closes the hall door and begins to walk upstairs.

LANDLADY

Have a wash and change your clothes before you eat.

JOEY

(to himself) I always do.

He reaches the landing and opens the door to his room.

INT. LODGING HOUSE, JOEY'S ROOM - EVENING

Joey enters his small room, takes off his cap, jacket and boots, opens the window and sits on his small bed.

He looks at his reflection in the dressing table mirror.

The noise of loud engines and the screams of unruly children come from the street outside.

Drained, he falls backward and stares vacantly at the ceiling while twisting his hair with his fingers.

INT. LODGING HOUSE, JOEY'S ROOM - LATER

Joey is sitting on the bed beside his open suitcase. He has washed, changed his clothes and is tying his laces.

The landlady's shrill voice, from downstairs, startles him.

LANDLADY

Hurry up.

JOEY

All right. *(to himself)* You're worse than the bloody ganger.

He withdraws a well-thumbed piece of paper from his suitcase and looks at it.

He drops the paper on the bed. On it is written: Mr Harry Sykes, Kimberley House, Clarendon Road, Sherton, Somerset.

JOEY

(to himself) Well Jimmy, some day soon I'm goin' to see if you're right.

LANDLADY

It's up to you. Have your food cold if you want.

JOEY

(to himself) And it looks like it'll be sooner than I thought.

Joey puts the piece of paper in his suitcase and exits.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

A train stops at a station.

Joey disembarks carrying his small suitcase, dressed well in a grey jacket, dark trousers and open necked shirt.

On the platform, he passes a sign bearing the name SHERTON and goes to a porter.

JOEY

Do ya know where Clarendon Road is?

PORTER

Clarendon Road. Yes.

When you leave the station, turn left
and go down to the main street...

As the porter explains he points directions to him.

EXT. A SHERTON STREET - DAY

Joey stops a young lady pushing a pram, obviously asking for directions.

She pleasantly obliges and points him in the right direction.

EXT. CLARENDON ROAD - DAY

Joey is carrying his suitcase, nonchalantly walking along a road, looking at the hedgerows and fields in the sunshine of an Autumn day.

A motorist in a passing Jowett car waves at him and he returns the greeting.

He is clearly pleased to be in the countryside again and the enormity of his situation does not seem to bother him.

He stops to smell a plant in the hedgerow, savours it for a moment and continues.

A farmer, on a horse drawn hay-cart, overtakes him and stops.

FARMER

Are you going far?

JOEY
No. I'm fine. Thanks.

The farmer waves goodbye and goes on his way. Joey strolls along, strangely resigned and at peace with himself.

EXT. KIMBERLEY HOUSE GATES - DAY

Joey arrives at the iron gates of an old farmhouse.

A plaque on the gate bears the name KIMBERLEY HOUSE.

He looks around nervously, puts his suitcase down, takes the piece of paper from his pocket and checks it.

Satisfied that he has arrived at his destination, he leans on the gate and observes.

A short, winding avenue leads to a house that appears not to have been modernised since its construction. The roughly cut stone is unwelcoming.

It is surrounded by orchards and stables and there is no sign of human life.

EXT. KIMBERLEY HOUSE GATES - LATER

The hooves of a rapidly approaching horse on the road shatters Joey's concentration on the house.

A chestnut mare and rider approach.

Joey turns away from the gate and looks at cattle grazing in the nearby field, waiting for the rider to pass.

The horse is pulled up beside him and he awkwardly turns to greet the rider.

A beautiful, twenty year old woman takes his breath away.

Her dark hair is tied with a ribbon and her eyes are dark and powerful. Her voluptuous body is unencumbered by the riding clothes she wears.

PENNY SYKES has all the confident spontaneity and charm that Joey has suppressed in himself. Her sheltered life has enhanced her active, romantic imagination.

She is equally absorbed with Joey and they are momentarily transfixed, their eyes everywhere.

PENNY

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you, but ... this is my gate.

JOEY

It's ... it's all right.

PENNY

Are you waiting for father?

JOEY

No. I wasn't waitin' for anyone. I was just passin' ... and stopped to look at the cattle.

She turns her mare towards the gate and prepares to dismount.

JOEY

Here. Let me open it for ya.

PENNY

Thank you.

He opens the gate, smiles and courteously motions her forward.

She returns his smile and moves her mount through the gate.

As the mare passes, Joey takes a nail from his jacket pocket and stabs the animal's flank.

The frightened mare rears up on its hind legs as Penny tries in vain to hold on.

Joey positions himself under the falling woman and catches her in his arms.

Panting, she holds him as the horse bolts from the scene.

JOEY

Are ya all right?

PENNY

Yes.

JOEY

It was just a weasel.

She struggles to regain her composure.

PENNY

A weasel?

JOEY

Or a squirrel. I'm not sure.

Anyway, it ran off.

PENNY

Well, thank you. It's fortunate you were here, wasn't it?

JOEY

I suppose it was.

They continue to hold each other for longer than is appropriate until she breaks the trance.

PENNY

Thanks again.

He helps her to a standing position.

She straightens her clothing and turns towards the mare that is fearfully looking back at them.

PENNY

Come here, Emma. Emma. Come here.

The mare is reluctant to return.

Joey puts two fingers to his mouth and whistles.

The mare is obedient to the whistle and comes to his outstretched hand, even though Penny's hand is outstretched also.

He pats the mare's neck as she takes the reins.

JOEY

That's a good girl, Emma. That's a good girl.

She is embarrassed and intrigued by his control of the mare.

PENNY

You're not from around here. Are you?

JOEY

I'm from Ireland.

PENNY

Ireland! My, you've come a long way.

Why are you here?

JOEY

Well ... I was told the people here are very friendly and give thirsty travellers a drink of tea.

I didn't believe it ... so I came here to prove them wrong.

PENNY

What's your name?

JOEY

Kevin. What's yours?

PENNY

Penny. Well, it's Penelope Charlotte, but you can call me Penny.

JOEY

It's a lovely name.

PENNY

So is yours.

He nervously offers his hand to her.

JOEY

Kevin Courtney.

She takes his hand. He braces himself for her surname.

PENNY

Penny Sykes.

The name is deafening, but he shows no recognition.

PENNY

Pleased to meet you.

JOEY

Pleased to meet you too.

PENNY

And now Kevin, I'm going to prove you wrong.

JOEY

(unnerved) What?

PENNY

Would you like a cup of tea?

JOEY

(relieved) Yes.

PENNY

Then come with me.

He closes the gate and picks up his suitcase.

EXT. KIMBERLEY HOUSE AVENUE - DAY

Joey acts casual as Penny leads him and Emma up the short avenue to the house.

PENNY

Are you hungry?

JOEY

No.

PENNY

I'm not sure what I have ... at such short notice.

JOEY

Ya don't have to worry about that.

A man slowly approaches them coming from the house. Joey struggles in vain to identify him.

PENNY

(shouting) Lawson. Come here please.

They are met by LAWSON, the farm manager.

He is in his late forties, rustic with a servile, sly manner. Unable to form equal relationships, he has no aspirations other than to be accepted, if not loved, servant.

LAWSON

I heard the horse. Is everything all right?

PENNY

Yes. Something frightened Emma, and she threw me.

But, thanks to this gentleman, I'm fine.

Joey smiles but Lawson does not acknowledge it.

LAWSON

I'll bring her round the back.

PENNY

Thanks.

She hands the reins to him and he walks off leading the horse with a backward leer at Joey.

INT. KIMBERLEY HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Penny and Joey enter the short, tiled hallway. There are some doors leading off and a stairs facing.

She goes to the foot of the stairs and shouts up.

PENNY

Daddy...

SYKES

(from upstairs) Hello, dear.

PENNY

Come down, there's someone I'd like you to meet.

SYKES

In a minute.

PENNY

(to Joey) We'll wait in the sitting room.

She opens the first door on the left and they enter.

INT. KIMBERLEY HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - DAY

Penny is excited and Joey is ill at ease as they enter the bright, well kept room.

The furnishings are more functional than luxurious.

Two armchairs and a couch surround a simple coffee table in front of a fireplace.

A large bookcase and glass cabinet share the most distant wall.

There are wall hangings of eastern origin, including a large Goddess, and some paintings of fly-fishing.

A modern gramophone and wireless seem out of place.

PENNY

Please, sit down.

She playfully takes the suitcase from his hand, places it beside an armchair and indicates the seat to him.

PENNY

And soon sir, tea will be served to the thirsty traveller.

He returns her good humour and she exits.

He stealthily approaches the glass cabinet.

Inside is displayed a military uniform adorned with medals and ribbons. A belt is buckled around the uniform and in the holster is the pearl handled gun.

He remains stunned as approaching footsteps reach the hallway.

He quickly goes to the armchair as the door opens and Captain Sykes enters the room.

He is a grey haired, serene looking man, older than his years, with a noticeably limp right leg and a walking stick.

He appears to startle, but steadies himself and quickly regains his military bearing and guarded composure.

He is vague and searching, speaking with a calm, educated voice. Joey is evasive, avoiding eye contact and struggling to maintain his rehearsed control.

JOEY

Hello.

SYKES

Hello.

So, you're a friend of Penny's.

JOEY

No. Ya see, I was just passin' ... and

The entry of Penny with a tea tray breaks the impasse.

She has removed the ribbon from her hair and it falls freely around her shoulders, clearly not a follower of the current shorter fashion.

PENNY

I see you two have already met.

She rests the tray on the coffee table and talks excitedly.

PENNY

This is Kevin. He broke my fall. He opened the gate for me ... and Emma took fright from a weasel and reared ... and he broke my fall.

So, I invited him in for tea...

JOEY

I was just passin' and ... your daughter invited me in ... for tea.

Sykes becomes conscious of Joey's accent and Penny's disproportionate admiration for his recent gallantry.

PENNY

Oh, I'm sorry. Kevin, this is my father ... Henry Sykes.

JOEY

Hello, Mr Sykes.

They shake hands. Joey is unable to make eye contact, but Sykes maintains his control.

SYKES

Call me Harry.

JOEY
Harry.

SYKES
Kevin.

JOEY
Kevin Courtney.

Sykes does not react to this and casually turns to Penny.

SYKES
So, Emma tried to throw you and he ...
broke your fall.

PENNY
Yes. Very heroic.

JOEY
It was nothin'.

Penny arranges the tea sets on the table, unaware of the men's tension.

PENNY
I'll get the tea now. (to Sykes) Do
you want some?

SYKES
Yes, thanks.

Penny departs and the men watch her go.

SYKES
Please sit.

As Joey sits, Harry becomes aware of the suitcase before sitting opposite him.

SYKES
Well, I suppose I should thank you.

JOEY
It was nothin' really.

SYKES
So, you were just passing when you ...
met my daughter.

JOEY

I stopped to look at the cattle and then she came along.

And she told ya the rest.

SYKES

It appears she's a fortunate lady.

JOEY

It could've been bad, I suppose.

His unease overpowering him, Joey withdraws a cigarette packet, opens it and extends it towards Sykes.

JOEY

Do ya want one?

SYKES

No, thanks. I stopped many years ago.

Joey fumbles with the packet, unsure what to do.

SYKES

Let me fetch you an ashtray.

Joey lights his cigarette as Sykes gets an ashtray. The men attempt polite conversation.

SYKES

What part of Ireland are you from?

JOEY

County Galway, a small place called Oakford.

SYKES

Can't say I've heard of it.

JOEY

It's only a small place. It's not even near any place.

SYKES

I was stationed in Ireland for a year.

Sykes is expecting a reaction to this but Joey offers little.

JOEY

Is that right?

SYKES
County Wexford in 1920.

JOEY
Did you like it?

SYKES
Well ... it was during the trouble.
I'm glad that's all over now.

It was folly trying to hold a country
against its wishes.

JOEY
Were ya in the army?

SYKES
Yes, I was.

JOEY
And are ya still?

SYKES
No. It's a young man's game.

Anyway, it was never what I wanted. I
come from an old army family ... it
was tradition.

JOEY
(*pointing to his leg*) Did ya get hurt
there?

SYKES
No. That happened in India.

Joey fervently smokes his cigarette to disguise his shaking
hand. He is eager to move the conversation away from such
delicate issues.

JOEY
This is a nice place.

SYKES
It is a nice place, but it wasn't easy
... knowing nothing about farming ...
and this leg.

JOEY
I'd say that.

An uneasy pause. Joey shuffles and both men glance towards the door waiting for Penny's return.

SYKES

Are you visiting someone?

JOEY

No. I'm lookin' for a job.

SYKES

A job?

JOEY

I got laid off in London and came down here to try and find work on a farm.

I'm used to that kinda thing back home.

SYKES

Things are bad in London, but they're bad everywhere.

And it's a bad time of the year to be looking, Kevin. The harvest is over and most people get by with what they've got.

I have two hundred acres and we manage quite well, by ourselves, in Winter.

JOEY

It's all right. Do ya know any other ... ya know ... larger farms in the area ... I might try?

SYKES

Maybe some of the larger farms might be interested ... I don't know. I'll show you where to locate the nearest one ... after tea.

JOEY

Thanks.

Both men are relieved as a cheerful Penny enters carrying a tray laden with homemade cakes and sandwiches.

JOEY

Well. This looks lovely.

PENNY

I hope it's all right.

She places the tray on the table and pours three teas as Joey extinguishes his cigarette.

She addresses Joey as she playfully teases her father.

PENNY

I hope he hasn't been boring you with his eastern religions and socialism.

JOEY

No.

PENNY

Oh, good.

Sugar?

JOEY

Yes, please.

She places the sugar bowl in front of him.

As Joey takes a sandwich, he is aware of the attention he is receiving from both Sykes's.

INT. KIMBERLEY HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - LATER

Penny and Sykes are already finished with their tea as Joey finishes and rises, eager to be on his way.

JOEY

(to Penny) That was great.

(to Sykes) Now, you said you'd point me in the right direction.

SYKES

Kevin. I've been thinking. It's getting late in the day now and you would be putting yourself at a disadvantage visiting an estate at this time.

So, you're welcome to spend the night in a cottage on this farm, if you wish.

Joey is caught off guard and Penny is equally surprised.

PENNY
Raynor's cottage?

Sykes nods his approval.

SYKES
(to Joey) I think you'd have a better
chance in the morning.

JOEY
Well ... in that case, I'll accept
your invitation.

Penny excitedly jumps to her feet.

PENNY
I'll fetch Lawson.

She turns to Joey, pointing in the direction of the cottage.

PENNY
It's only a short distance away, but
he'll show you where it is.

JOEY
(to Sykes) I hope I'm not puttin' ya
out in any way? Ya don't have to just
because ...

SYKES
(interrupting) No. You're welcome.
It's the least I can do for your
gallantry.

We had a man who stayed there during
the harvest. So, it's been lived in
recently.

Sykes slowly rises and goes toward the door. Taking his
suitcase, Joey follows unsure about this turn of events.

SYKES
You can have breakfast with us in the
morning, if you wish. Lawson will wake
you.

JOEY
Thanks.

All three depart the room, dishevelled in their unique ways.

EXT. PATH - EVENING

Joey and Lawson walk along a path leading from Kimberley House.

About two hundred yards from the house, the path leads down to two cottages, nestled in a small wooded valley.

Lawson is very conscious of his impassive, sombre companion.

EXT. RAYNOR'S COTTAGE - EVENING

As the men approach the first cottage, Lawson stops and points to it with authority.

LAWSON

That's your abode for the night.

JOEY

Raynor's cottage?

LAWSON

That's it.

Raynor's cottage is a small, two-roomed house. About fifty yards away is a bigger cottage. A lane connects the two houses and also to Clarendon Road.

Lawson points to the other cottage.

LAWSON

And that's mine.

Lawson leads him to the door of Raynor's cottage.

INT. RAYNOR'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The men are standing in the small, dark living room.

The table, two chairs and shelving are drab and unwelcoming.

A black stove for heating and cooking is the centrepiece of the room and the walls are bare.

Lawson points dramatically to a lamp on the table.

LAWSON

You'll be needing that soon. Have you got matches?

JOEY

Yes.

LAWSON

That's about it then. I'll see you in the morning.

JOEY

Thanks.

Lawson exits. Joey is drained by the experience, sits heavily at the table, draws back the half window lace curtain and looks out towards Kimberley House.

INT. RAYNOR'S COTTAGE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom is small and meagre like the sitting room.

The moonlight reveals a small wardrobe and a chest of drawers with a mirror.

Joey is lying in bed, twisting his hair and looking at the ceiling.

His clothes are draped over a chair and his suitcase is open.

Cows lowing in the distance is the only sound.

INT. KIMBERLEY HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

The large room is eerie in the moonlight and the same distant sound of cows lowing can be heard.

A man's hand quietly opens the glass cabinet door, takes out the gun and closes the door.

INT. KIMBERLEY HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

The kitchen is dark and old world with heavy wooden larders, a large cooking range and a flagstone floor.

Joey, Sykes and Penny have just finished breakfast at the large table.

JOEY

Well, that's a good start to the day.
Thanks for all the information.
I better be goin' now.

Joey rises and picks up his suitcase.

Penny nervously glances at her father as they rise together.

Sykes addresses Joey fearfully which Joey notices.

SYKES

Kevin, there's ... there's something I
want to say to you.

JOEY

Yeah?

SYKES

Penny and I have been talking and ...
well, I'm prepared to offer you
something. It's not much, but...

JOEY

Offer me something?

SYKES

It's like this, Kevin. I'm getting a
bit older and more ... inconvenienced.

And ... well, Lawson could use some
help on the farm ... and there's a few
things around here Penny finds a bit
difficult.

So, we're inviting you to remain here,
if you wish.

Joey is unable to reply and can only shuffle nervously.

SYKES

You can stay in the cottage you slept in last night.

The problem is, Kevin ... I'm not in a position to offer you much in the way of money because of the way things are these days.

What would you say to fifteen shillings a week?

JOEY

Fifteen shillings a week?

SYKES

I know it's not much. And you may get something better somewhere else.

But the local colliery is closed and a lot of men are looking to the farms.

The depression is hurting more than the cities.

JOEY

This ... this is a bit of a surprise.

SYKES

Feel free to refuse, Kevin. I won't be offended.

Joey is dumb struck and shuffling, unable to look at his two observers.

JOEY

Well. Maybe I could suffer on here for a while longer.

All three laugh, relieved. Joey tries to find his breath.

SYKES

The herd is entirely beef, no dairy.

So, the farm work's not bad ... but the land does need some fencing and draining.

PENNY

(playfully) Shhhh, Daddy. He'll stop before he's even begun.

JOEY

Thanks, Mr Sykes ... I mean, Harry.

(to Penny) And yourself, Penny.

SYKES

It's a pleasure.

When he departs, Penny reassures her father with a smile and begins to clear the breakfast things from the table.

EXT. BARN - DAY

Joey, Sykes and Lawson stand beside the open door of a barn.

Joey is dressed in working clothes and Lawson inspects him with a forced smile.

LAWSON

So you're to be my partner.

JOEY

It appears so.

LAWSON

And you know about this sort of thing.

JOEY

I've done nothin' else all my life.

SYKES

You two have a lot to talk about. I'll go now.

(to Joey) Oh ... and don't be afraid to let Penny know if you need anything.

JOEY

Thanks.

Lawson and Joey go to enter the barn.

As Sykes departs, Joey observes the incapacity of his leg injury.

EXT. KIMBERLEY FARM - DAY

Joey is digging a ditch. He is waist high in the trench, dirty and tired.

Lawson has the simple task of cutting the topsoil and keeping the dividing line straight.

Lawson clearly delights in his newfound ability to bully his newfound victim. He leers at Joey with lust and contempt. Joey appears unconcerned by this.

EXT. KIMBERLEY FARM - DAY

Penny goes to the corner of the stable to watch Joey load cattle feed on a cart.

When he catches sight of her, she coyly waves and goes to the house.

He is pleasantly aware of her embarrassment.

She is clearly attracted to him. He is aware of this and cannot prevent himself being drawn to her also.

EXT. KIMBERLEY FARM - DAY

Joey and Lawson are herding cattle through an open gate. Lawson's loud instructions unsettle the quiet herd.

LAWSON

Keep them together.

Don't give them any space.

Steady now.

Joey continues calmly, to Lawson's annoyance.

EXT. KIMBERLEY FARM - DAY

Joey is carrying a riding saddle from one stable to another.

He sees Penny in the nearby orchard and observes her.

She has leaned a ladder against a tree, is picking apples and putting them into a bag that hangs from her shoulder.

She descends the ladder, empties the bag into an almost full basket, picks it up and goes to exit from the orchard.

In his enthusiasm, he lingers a little longer and she sees him.

PENNY

Hello.

JOEY

Hello.

He turns quickly and goes into the stable.

Glad of this confirmation, she continues towards the house.

EXT. KIMBERLEY FARM - DAY

Joey is stooped, holding a fencing post steady.

Lawson is standing over him, driving it into the ground with careless blows of a sledgehammer.

LAWSON

Hold it tight when I'm coming down. I don't want to hit your head.

Lawson's short, humourless laugh sounds threatening.

Joey has no reaction to it, so Lawson continues.

EXT. KIMBERLEY FARM - DAY

A stack of fencing posts is located beside the crest on the path that connects the cottages to Kimberley House.

Joey approaches from a field, leading a horse with an empty cart and stops at the stack.

He pats the horse's neck.

JOEY

Let's rest awhile, son. We'll be busy enough when we get back to that bastard.

He lights a cigarette, takes his cap off and wipes his brow.

He hears the sound of a door closing and looks towards his cottage.

Penny is coming from his cottage and is walking along the path in his direction.

He extinguishes the lighted end of his cigarette and puts it back in the packet.

He sits on the fencing posts and begins to whistle a love song with his back to the path.

As she approaches, she peers in the direction of the whistle.

She sees him and hides behind a tree, intrigued.

He does not indicate that he is aware of her presence.

INT. STABLE - DAY

Joey enters a small stable carrying a spade and leans it against the wall.

The stable contains a bicycle and a carriage. It is a late nineteenth century Brougham, in pristine condition.

He opens the carriage door, investigating.

The driver's seat has been re-positioned and the front wooden panelling removed and replaced with a glass sliding-panel. This allows the driver and passengers to communicate more easily.

He does not notice Sykes come to the doorway and observe him.

SYKES

Do you like it?

Joey is startled.

Sykes is surprised at his reaction.

JOEY

Yeah ... it's fine.

SYKES

I ... I saw you come here ... and I was just wondering how you were.

JOEY

I'm all right. And how are you?

SYKES

Nothing to complain about ... since you came.

JOEY

I saw it one day ... and I just thought I'd take a look.

SYKES

It's old, but you can trust it. Not like these noisy cars nowadays.

JOEY

(indicating the bicycle) I see you keep all your transportation in here.

SYKES

Yes. My trusty metal steed. Well, I suppose I should rightly call it my rusty metal steed.

Their laughter is fleeting. Their tension remains.

SYKES

I should use it more often. I'm getting lazy.

Sykes clearly wants to talk but Joey is eager to exit.

JOEY

Lawson's expectin' me back with that spade.

SYKES

How are you two getting along?

JOEY

Great. We're gettin' on great.

SYKES

Don't let him have his own way all the time. Shout back sometime.

JOEY

Maybe I'll do that.

As Joey goes towards the door, Sykes interrupts again.

SYKES

Is Penny looking after you properly?

JOEY

She's doin' a great job.

SYKES

She says you don't make any demands on her. She hopes you're not afraid to ask.

JOEY

No. I have nothin' to ask for.

SYKES

Well, she's available if you need her ... and so am I.

JOEY

Thanks again.

Joey takes the spade, waves and exits. Sykes returns his wave.

EXT. STABLE - DAY

As Joey leaves the stable, the friendly demeanour on his face changes to an angry, bitter snarl.

JOEY

(to himself) Damn.

He swings the spade on to his shoulder and walks off.

INT. RAYNOR'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joey is sitting at the table, looking out the window with a cold, distant look on his face.

A half empty bottle of whiskey is on the table and he has an empty glass in hand.

Suddenly he kicks the other chair away and shouts bitterly.

JOEY

Damn.

He lowers his head and bangs his glass against the table.

INT. STABLE - EVENING

Joey is stripped to the waist, washing his arms and face in an enamelled basin.

Penny enters the open stable door.

They are both tongue-tied, unsure how to react.

He covers his chest with the towel as she averts her eyes.

PENNY

I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to...

JOEY

It's all right. I...

PENNY

I was wondering. Would you help me ...
in the house. It won't take long...

JOEY

Of course...

PENNY

I want to take down some shelves in
the kitchen to clean them. They're a
little high for Daddy.

He's gone to Sherton tonight and said
you might help.

JOEY

Yeah. Is it all right if I go to the
cottage first?

PENNY

No rush. I'll make your dinner, if you
want.

JOEY

All right.

PENNY

All right then. I'll see you later.

She departs. He continues gazing at the empty, open doorway.

Lawson slyly appears from a hidden position.

LAWSON

Appears you've got a friend, Kevin.

JOEY

And why not? After all, isn't she only human?

Joey's confidence adds to Lawson's annoyance.

As Joey dries and dresses himself, he tries to appear disinterested in what Lawson says.

LAWSON

He had such high hopes for her.

JOEY

What kind of high hopes?

LAWSON

Sent her to that university ... and didn't have enough to buy stock.

JOEY

Is she finished at university?

LAWSON

No. She left ... after about a year ... when Mrs Sykes died.

JOEY

When did that happen?

LAWSON

Two years ago now. Penny's been here since.

JOEY

How did she die ... I mean, was it sudden?

LAWSON

Heart attack.

He nearly died himself over it ... but he never talked about it after.

He was lucky he had Penny then.

Joey briskly puts on his jacket and goes to exit.

JOEY
See ya tomorrow.

LAWSON
Good night.

When Joey is gone, Lawson's benign smile transforms into his more familiar sneer.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Penny and Joey, more attractive without their working clothes, are very aware of each other as they sit at the kitchen table.

She rises and begins to clear the table.

JOEY
So, your father's gone to Sherton.

PENNY
Yes. He's got a friend there.

But when he goes ... he generally has a few drinks.

JOEY
It's good for him.

PENNY
Whether it's good for him or not, he still does it.

They laugh and he plays with a knife and spoon.

He rises and slowly goes towards the door. She is agitated at his imminent departure.

JOEY
I'll go now. Good night ... and thanks.

PENNY
What do you do over there?

Both are stunned by her surprising lack of subtlety.

JOEY
What?

PENNY

I mean ... do you just sit by the fire
all the time?

JOEY

No. Sometimes I sit by the window.

PENNY

I'm sorry. I was just trying to be
civil.

She is hurt. He realises his defensiveness was inappropriate.

JOEY

I'm sorry.

PENNY

I was just wondering, that's all.

I mean, you don't have a wireless ...
and I don't see any newspapers or
books.

JOEY

(angry) Ya didn't see any newspapers
or books. What else were ya lookin'
for?

PENNY

God in Heaven, what do you think I am?

I do have to go to your cottage, you
know.

Frustrated, he turns away and attempts an apology.

JOEY

I'm sorry. I know. I know ya have to.
I didn't mean that.

See ya in the mornin'.

He walks towards the door but she is not finished.

PENNY

Kevin. Are you happy here?

JOEY

What?

PENNY

You don't regret that you stayed?

JOEY

No. Anyway, is anybody stoppin' me leavin'?

PENNY

Good. It's just that you spend so much time in your cottage.

JOEY

What else should I be doin'?

PENNY

Oh, I don't know. Maybe you should go out more often.

JOEY

I've been to Sherton a few times.

PENNY

But you should get to know people.

JOEY

So, ya think I should go out and get to know people.

PENNY

Well, maybe the Sherton girls are not as wonderful as the girls you've known.

JOEY

The Sherton girls?

Her spontaneous personality, having landed her in this awkward position, leaves her no choice but to continue with her probe.

PENNY

Did you leave someone behind? Is that it?

JOEY

You're not shy about askin' questions, Penny.

She turns away, incapacitated by her own inexperience.

JOEY

And what about the Sherton men? Are
they as wonderful as the Sherton
girls?

She is humiliated and makes no reply.

He goes to her and gently touches her neck.

Defiantly, she turns to face him but he holds her and kisses
her mouth.

Her token resistance is temporarily overcome.

He allows her break free and she turns away.

PENNY

No, Kevin.

JOEY

I'll go now. Good night.

He quickly goes to the door, looks back at her and departs.

She remains stunned.

EXT. SHERTON STREET - DAY

A sombre looking building with SHERTON PUBLIC LIBRARY plaque
on the door.

The door opens and Joey emerges carrying two books. He is
dressed as he was on his arrival.

The road is almost empty of cars except for some Fords and
Austins parked by the footpath.

He sees Penny walking along the footpath talking with another
young woman.

Quickly, he re-enters the building, hides behind the door,
holds it ajar and awaits.

As she passes, he exits quickly and pretends to bump into her.

The books drop from his hand.

JOEY
I'm very sorry... (*recognising her*)
Penny!

Penny is doubly shocked and continues to switch her gaze between him and his books.

PENNY
Kevin. How are you?

JOEY
I'm fine. And yourself?

PENNY
Are... are your books all right?

He picks up the books, casually glancing at them.

JOEY
Oh, they'll survive.

Penny nervously introduces the two strangers.

PENNY
This is Cathy Harper. And this is
Kevin Courtney.

They shake hands. CATHY is Penny's age, blonde, shy and forever smiling.

CATHY
So, you're Kevin. Pleased to meet you.

Disappointed that her friend's comment has revealed that he was the subject of debate, Penny changes the conversation.

PENNY
I didn't know you came to the library.

JOEY
There's a lot about me you don't know.

Penny takes the books from his hand and examines them.

PENNY
Well, let's see what you got.

Ah, Gulliver's Travels and ...
Robinson Crusoe. Good.

Joey is unsure if his choice is genuinely acceptable to her.

PENNY

How did you get here? Did you borrow
Daddy's bicycle?

JOEY

I walked it.

PENNY

Daddy's coming to town for me at six
o'clock. You can return with us if you
wish.

JOEY

No. Thanks. I enjoy the walk.

PENNY

Shall I take your books home for you?
I'll drop them at your cottage...

JOEY

Yes. That'd be great, thanks.

He stands aside allowing her pass. She departs with Cathy.

INT. KIMBERLEY HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Sykes and Penny sit beside an open fire with tea things on the
table.

There is a BBC news report on the Italian Fascist Party on the
wireless. The volume is low and neither is listening to it.

He holds Joey's library books in his hands.

SYKES

It appears he's something of the
romantic wanderer.

Penny snaps out of her daydream with an eager smile.

PENNY

Yes.

SYKES

Still, Gulliver is a lot more than
just a romantic wanderer. He says a
lot ... to anyone who listens.

He puts the books on the table, gets up and switches off the wireless.

SYKES

You should wait until he gets home before dropping off the books.

PENNY

Why?

SYKES

I just get the feeling he might want someone to talk to you.

She is interested, but attempts to hide it as best she can.

PENNY

If you think.

SYKES

And ... try to be enthusiastic about his choice. *(teasing her)* I know it's not D. H. Lawrence.

PENNY

I'm not without some diplomacy, father.

They smile. As she leaves the room, he picks up a glass of red wine from the table and sips.

INT. RAYNOR'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joey is sitting at the table, looking vacantly at a newspaper by the meagre light of the lamp.

A knock on the door unduly startles him.

CUT TO:

INT. JOSEPH McMAHON'S COTTAGE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

(Flashback to the boyhood scene where the knocking on the cottage door heralded the death of his father.)

A terrified Joey Boy and his four younger siblings are being comforted by their mother. Suddenly, a loud knock on the door and Joey Boy looks to his frightened father.

CUT TO:

INT. RAYNOR'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

(Return to present action.)

Joey runs his fingers through his hair, puts his paper down and braces himself.

JOEY

Come in.

Penny cheerfully enters wearing an overcoat and hat, carrying his books.

He rises to greet her as she presents the books to him.

PENNY

I've brought your books.

JOEY

I thought it was Lawson.

PENNY

You sound disappointed.

JOEY

No. No.

He takes the books from her and places them on the table.

JOEY

Thanks. I noticed they weren't here when I got back.

PENNY

I didn't want to ... when you weren't here.

JOEY

No. I didn't mean that ... what I said before. Come in when ya want.

PENNY

Thank you.

They stand uneasily. She scans the room.

Realising she is in no rush to leave, he remembers his neglected manners.

JOEY
Do ya want to take off your coat?

PENNY
Yes, thanks.

She takes off her hat and he helps her remove her coat. He hangs them on a hook on the back of the living room door.

They sit at the table.

PENNY
Do you like adventure stories?

JOEY
I do. And what do you like?

PENNY
Oh, there's so many. I love the modern writers.

JOEY
I suppose you've got lots of books.

PENNY
Not as much as Daddy.

(*mimicking her father*) Science,
liberation, eastern mysticism,
karma ... and such.

She giggles. He attempts an empathetic smile.

PENNY
All very serious.

Her confidence unnerves him and she recognises it.

JOEY
Would you like a cup of tea ... or
somethin'?

PENNY
Yes, please.

He rises, eager to be mobile.

She also rises, breaks his momentum and looks seductively into his eyes.

PENNY

Something.

She kisses him gently on the cheek.

He responds with a torrential release of emotional frustration.

EXT. RAYNOR'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Sykes is standing hidden behind a bush in the lane linking the cottage with the road.

He watches the silhouette of Penny and Joey in the window, locked in their loving embrace.

He is pleased and retreats back down the lane.

INT. RAYNOR'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joey is sitting by the table and Penny is leaning against him.

As he caresses her hair and kisses her forehead, he is trying to reconcile his conflicting emotions.

PENNY

I've always wanted you.

But you knew that ... didn't you?

JOEY

I suppose I did.

PENNY

And did you always want me?

She easily assumes the role of a heroine in a romantic novel, and her enthusiasm overcomes him.

PENNY

Well...

JOEY

Since the first time I saw ya ... sittin' up there on Emma.

You were just perfect.

PENNY

Oh. I don't know whether to believe you or not ... you charmer.

JOEY

Why do ya think I stabbed Emma?

PENNY

What do you mean?

A weasel frightened Emma.

He puts his hand into his jacket pocket and withdraws a nail.

JOEY

Is that what I said?

Her agitation slowly abates as she absorbs what she has heard.

PENNY

So. You stabbed Emma with that nail to talk to me.

JOEY

And it worked, didn't it.

PENNY

I'm speechless. Poor Emma.

JOEY

Oh, she's all right. I made it up to her after. She understands.

PENNY

And you've kept it in your pocket ever since.

She takes the nail from him and examines it. Then she points it directly at his face.

PENNY

Well now, my devious lover. What will your punishment be for this treachery?

(pause)

I have it. I know what you must do.

Dramatically, she hold the nail up to the lamplight.

PENNY

With this key you gained admittance to my heart.

So now, you must carry it with you always ... for as long as you are alive.

Do you promise?

JOEY

I promise.

PENNY

What do you promise, Kevin? Say it.

JOEY

I promise I will carry that nail, for as long as I am alive.

She ceremoniously hands him the nail and he replaces it in his jacket pocket.

They kiss tenderly.

INT. BARN - DAY

Joey is re-positioning some sacks of grain in the barn.

Penny comes running through the open door, panting.

She rushes into his arms, almost knocking him over.

PENNY

I just thought I'd say hello.

JOEY

Hello.

PENNY

Well, did you sleep last night?

JOEY

No. Those eyes of yours. They were hauntin' me all night.

PENNY

Well ... I've got bad news for you,
Kevin.

They're going to haunt you forever and
ever.

They remain momentarily transfixed, then kiss eagerly.

She breaks free.

PENNY

I've got to go. See you soon.

She waves and runs out the door before he has time to reply.

He is clearly fascinated by her love and enthusiasm.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Joey is loading cattle feed on a cart, outside a barn.

Sykes approaches and Joey steadies the horse.

As always, Joey is uneasy but Sykes has acquired a new air of confidence when in Joey's presence knowing of his blossoming relationship.

SYKES

I've got so lazy since you've arrived.

I'd miss you if you left.

JOEY

I have no plans to leave.

SYKES

I hope you're not missing home.

Joey is reluctant to be drawn and shuffles nervously.

JOEY

No. And yourself? What was India like?
Do ya miss it?

SYKES

India? No. I just felt miserable
there.

JOEY

Why was that?

SYKES

So many people who have nothing ...
but they've got so much to teach us.

JOEY

What kinds of things?

SYKES

Things of the soul.

JOEY

You mean God and Heaven?

SYKES

Oh, lots of things, Kevin. But it's
the effect on their everyday lives ...
that's the important part.

JOEY

How?

SYKES

They believe that everything we do and
everything that's done to us, good and
bad, is all part of a ... a great big
tapestry of life.

Sykes realises his messianic message is lost on his listener.

SYKES

I'm sorry, Kevin. I get carried away
sometimes.

JOEY

It's all right.

SYKES

It's just that it made me ...
accountable.

JOEY

Accountable?

SYKES

It's a terrible thing ... to be ...
responsible for everything we do ...
without hiding behind anything else.

JOEY
I thought everybody knew that.

SYKES
Maybe they do. Maybe it was just me.

Sykes is disappointed that his talk didn't go as intended as Joey shuffles and looks towards the field.

SYKES
Well, I'll let you go.

JOEY
All right. Good luck, Harry.

Joey takes the horse's head and leads him off to the field.

Sykes enters the barn.

EXT. WOOD - DAY

Joey and Penny are in an autumnal grove frolicking amidst the fallen leaves.

He lays his coat under a spreading tree and they sit on it, holding each other close.

PENNY
I love it when you're like this.

JOEY
Like what?

PENNY
When you're ... happy.

JOEY
Maybe I should read romantic books.

PENNY
Yes. And speaking of romance, don't forget tonight.

JOEY
(in mock despair) The cinema last night and dancin' tonight. When will all this sufferin' end?

He gently leans her backward and they lie kissing on the fallen leaves.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

The gramophone is playing modern jazz music, as Penny tries to teach a reluctant Joey the dance steps associated with it.

Sykes sits at the table with a bottle of whiskey and two glasses, amused at Joey's predicament.

PENNY

Do you think you might have it now?

JOEY

I'll give it a go ... if ya want.

PENNY

But you're supposed to want it too.

JOEY

That's right. I forgot.

Joey's attempt is poor.

He exaggerates his inadequacy in order to curtail his misery.

She breaks from the dance laughing and goes to the gramophone.

PENNY

I think I'll change the record.

Joey pretends he is still dancing and playfully stumbles around the room.

He steadies himself by holding the glass cabinet and is accosted by the sight of Harry's uniform and gun.

Meanwhile, Penny is playing a more traditional waltz record.

PENNY

All right. This one is easier.

Joey puts his hand to his head, feigning dizziness.

JOEY

I'm sorry. I'm a bit dizzy.

I think I'll go now.

PENNY

(surprised) Go. Go here?

JOEY
To the cottage. I'm sorry.

PENNY
Are you sure you're all right?

JOEY
Yeah. It's gettin' a bit late, anyway.

(to Harry and Penny) Good night to ya.
I'll see ya in the mornin'.

SYKES
Good night.

PENNY
Good night, Kevin

Joey exits quickly, leaving Sykes and Penny bewildered.

She goes to the gramophone and turns down the volume as Sykes looks across the room to the glass cabinet.

INT. STABLE - MORNING

Joey is morose, aggressively grooming Emma with a body brush.

Dressed in her riding clothes, Penny enters in her usual cheerful manner and kisses him on the cheek.

PENNY
Ah, she's ready. Thanks Kevin.

JOEY
Your bridle's gettin' a bit worn there. You'd better watch it.

PENNY
Is it safe?

JOEY
Just be careful.

He brushes the animal's body with great sweeps of his arm.

She is impressed with his care and attention.

PENNY

It's such a pity, really.

JOEY

What is?

PENNY

Creatures like that ... with such perfection and they're so ... well, they're so dumb.

JOEY

This horse is better than the pair of us put together.

PENNY

Oh, I don't know about that.

He looks at her coldly and she feels it.

He drops the body brush, picks up some twine, takes both Penny's arms, puts them behind her back and around a barn support.

He then ties her hands together.

JOEY

She doesn't have arms to defend herself.

He takes his handkerchief from his pocket and ties it around her mouth.

JOEY

She can't tell us what she's feelin'.

He picks up her fallen riding whip, runs it slowly up her leg and thigh, along her stomach and over her breasts to her chin.

JOEY

She must take everythin' our evil minds dish out.

Penny is wide eyed. He undoes the buttons on her jacket and caresses her body.

JOEY

She has no control over us.

Penny wriggles with fear and lust.

He removes the handkerchief and unties her hands.

They fall on some scattered hay and embrace aggressively.

Emma looks on in dumb acceptance.

INT. STABLE - LATER

Penny and Joey are lying on the hay with their clothing scattered about them.

Each has an arm around the other as they look away, exhausted and concerned.

PENNY

God in Heaven.

Joey is silent. She turns accusingly and looks in his face.

PENNY

Have you got nothing to say?

JOEY

No.

PENNY

No?

JOEY

Except ... maybe ya shouldn't mention God at a time like this.

PENNY

I suppose you're right.

But it's a bit frightening, Kevin.

JOEY

All right. Let's not do it again.

PENNY

Not unless we have to.

They laugh as she gets on top of him and kisses him.

INT. BARN - EVENING

Lawson is driving a shaft into the head of a sledgehammer.

Joey is stripped to the waist, has finished washing and is drying himself with his towel.

As Lawson leers at him, his hammer stroke misses its target and almost hits his hand.

Joey notices and makes no comment.

The contempt they share is obvious as Joey dresses himself and Lawson continues with his work.

Joey picks up his jacket and heads for the door.

LAWSON

Looks like Penny's joined her father
in Sherton tonight.

JOEY

I see that.

LAWSON

So ... you won't be seeing her this
evening.

JOEY

I've survived for a night before.

LAWSON

At least it's only one night for you.

Lawson is hunting for pity and is successful. Joey talks with him, as if for the first time.

JOEY

How come ya never married, Lawson?

LAWSON

I suppose, I'm not much of a ladies
man. They're just trouble, anyway.

JOEY

I always found it hard to stay away
from trouble.

They share an unaccustomed laugh.

Lawson goes to a cider barrel by the wall, picks up a large enamelled jug and begins filling it.

Both men watch the scrumpy cider gurgle from the tap into the jug.

JOEY

Ya drink a lot of that stuff, don't ya?

LAWSON

I know exactly what I put into it and I know exactly what I'll get out.

Do you like it?

JOEY

I'd say ya have to get a taste for it.

LAWSON

It's the finest cider you'll ever drink. And I don't mind saying it myself.

JOEY

I don't doubt it. But I'm a poor judge.

Lawson turns off the cider tap and presents the jug to Joey.

LAWSON

Why don't you join me in a drink ... and maybe you'll be a better judge by the end of the night?

JOEY

Ya mean now?

LAWSON

Why not?

Joey gives it brief consideration. He seems to know what he is doing.

JOEY

All right. But I'll go home and have somethin' to eat, first.

LAWSON

I'll see you there in about two hours.

You take the jug and I'll get a bucket.

JOEY

Right.

Joey puts on his jacket, takes the jug from Lawson and exits.

Lawson leers at his departing companion.

INT. RAYNOR'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lawson and Joey are sitting at opposite ends of the table, a glass in hand and the cider jug between them.

They are drunk and in good humour, as Lawson slurs his way through the remainder of a joke.

LAWSON

... but the funny part was.

While Old Simon was walking round the yard with the smoking shotgun in his hands, screaming blue murder, the pig was meanwhile back inside the house eating the remainder of his pork pie.

While Lawson is in the throes of laughter, Joey goes to the stove and stokes the fire.

He pours most of his cider into the coal bucket away from Lawson's line of vision.

Pretending to be drunker than he is, Joey returns to the table, sits heavily, finishes off the remainder of his drink and bangs his glass on the table.

JOEY

Ya really know how to tell them.

LAWSON

It's all true. Every word of it.

JOEY

I don't know about that but there's somethin' I do know.

LAWSON

What's that?

JOEY

I'm still not a great judge of cider,
but there's one other thing I know.

LAWSON

You do?

JOEY

It's a lot stronger than I thought.

And I know something else.

LAWSON

You know something else.

JOEY

I've had enough.

LAWSON

Nonsense.

JOEY

That must be about seven pints.

LAWSON

(slurring) You know you've had enough
pints of cider when you've had
absolutely no idea how many pints of
cider you've had.

JOEY

That's easy for you to say.

They both laugh again, Lawson spraying what was in his mouth
and wiping it with his sleeve.

LAWSON

Anyway, I thought that's what you
Irishmen were good at ... drinking.

JOEY

We've got a few more irons in the
fire.

LAWSON

(lustily) I'll bet you have.

Joey tries to walk, he 'stumbles' and Lawson goes to his assistance.

LAWSON

Here. Let me give you a hand.

He keeps Joey on his feet and helps him into the bedroom.

INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey is in a 'drunken stupor' as Lawson sits him on the bed and takes off his jacket and shirt.

Joey falls back on the bed with his arms outstretched and Lawson takes off his shoes.

Thinking he is asleep, Lawson carefully unbuttons the front of his trousers.

He puts his hand inside.

Suddenly, to Lawson's surprise, Joey is wide-awake and sober.

He jumps up and punches him in the face.

Lawson falls to the floor.

Joey grabs his arm and twists it violently behind his back.

JOEY

What the hell's goin' on?

What do ya think you're doin'?

LAWSON

Please Kevin. You're hurting me.

JOEY

But that's exactly what I want to do.

LAWSON

Please...

JOEY

Please what?

LAWSON

Please don't say anything, Kevin. I'll
... I'll make it up to you.

JOEY

How?

LAWSON

Whatever you say.

JOEY

But it might be nicer tellin' Harry.

LAWSON

Please. It ... it was the drink. I'm
not a ... you know...

Joey releases him, kicks him and stands rigid over him.

JOEY

Get out, Lawson.

LAWSON

You're suddenly a very sober man.

JOEY

Did ya think that piss would get me
drunk?

Now get out of here before I kick ya
out ... ya dirty bastard.

Lawson stumbles to his feet and goes to exit.

LAWSON

Please, Kevin...

JOEY

It's all right. You're secret's safe,
as long as ya play your cards right.

Do ya hear me?

Lawson nods, quickly exits and closes the door.

Joey punches the air triumphantly and falls on the bed.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Joey is aggressively driving a fencing post into the ground.
Lawson holds it steady, stooped and fearful of each blow.
Joey delights in lording over his fallen tormentor.

EXT. FARMYARD - DAY

TITLE: Four Months later.

A beautiful Spring day. Daffodils are in bloom and the birds are singing in the orchards.

Joey is walking Emma around the yard.

Sykes and Penny approach, pleasantly smiling.

Joey's new security and confidence is obvious as he stands still and looks Sykes squarely in the face.

SYKES

Kevin. There's something I want to say to you.

JOEY

Yeah.

SYKES

When I inherited this place, I also acquired a beautiful, little cottage by the sea in a place called Crossley.

JOEY

(glancing at Penny) Yeah, I've heard about Crossley.

SYKES

It's our little piece of heaven.

We've decided to go there again next week, for just a week ... and we were wondering if you would like to come with us.

JOEY

Come with you ... on a week's holiday?

SYKES

Why not? You'd love it there.

You're finished with the draining and what there is to do, Lawson can easily handle.

JOEY

I...

SYKES

You can think it over, if you wish.

JOEY

No ... no. It's all right. I'll go.

SYKES

You make it sound like a chore.

JOEY

Sorry. I'd love to go.

Are ... are ya sure ya don't mind?

SYKES

No. I'd like you to come along.

And I know a lady, not a million miles away who would like you to come along also.

Penny smiles confidently and Joey returns it, running his fingers through his hair.

JOEY

That's great. Thanks.

SYKES

Good. That's settled then. We're thinking of going on Saturday week.

As Sykes and Penny walk towards the house, Joey is deep in thought. Suddenly, he calls to them.

JOEY

Ah ... there's somethin'.

They approach each other again.

JOEY

I was thinkin'. Does Lawson know anythin' about this?

SYKES

No. We only just decided.

JOEY

Well, it might be better to say nothin'.

Ya know ... he might be a bit upset.

SYKES

Yes. I see what you mean. But ... what will we say?

JOEY

Maybe ... maybe we could say that...

that I am goin' to London for a week ... to see my uncle.

Yeah, that should do.

PENNY

But it would have to be on the same day.

JOEY

I know. I could leave here with you. You're takin' me to the station.

PENNY

Oh, I see.

JOEY

I don't want any bad feelin' between us ... ya know...

PENNY

You're being very kind. And he would think you couldn't live without me here for a whole week.

SYKES

It's fine by me.

They are all pleased. Joey resumes walking Emma as Penny and Sykes go towards the house.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Lawson nervously holds a fencing post while Joey drives it into the ground with reckless blows from the sledgehammer.

Lawson winces with each blow, clearly frightened of the cold, contemptuous man working with him.

JOEY

Christ man, can't ya get a steady grip on it. Were ya drinkin' that piss again last night?

If you're not careful I might split the post.

LAWSON

(timidly) It's my head you should be worried about.

Joey stops, bends down and stares threateningly in his eyes.

JOEY

That's strange. I'm not worried at all about your head.

Silence.

Joey is about to resume work. Lawson wants to ease the tension.

LAWSON

I see Mr Sykes and Penny are off to Crossley soon.

JOEY

Yeah.

LAWSON

Looks like we'll have to get by without them for a week or so.

JOEY

I'm goin' to have to get by without them for a lot longer than that.

LAWSON

Why's that?

Joey calmly sits on the ground and lights a cigarette.

JOEY

Look. There's somethin' I'm goin' to tell ya, Lawson, and it's somethin' you're not goin' to tell Harry or Penny till they get back from Crossley. Do ya understand?

LAWSON

What is it?

JOEY

I'm leavin' Kimberley House ... and I'm not comin' back. Ever.

Lawson is dumb struck, relieved but tries not to show it.

He sits on the ground and wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

JOEY

I'm needed back in Ireland at this time of year. It'll soon be plantin' season. Ya know what it's like.

LAWSON

I do ... I do. But when?

Do they know?

JOEY

I told them I was goin' to London for a week to see my uncle.

That much is true.

But I didn't tell them I wasn't comin' back.

LAWSON

And you want me to tell them when they return?

JOEY

Yeah.

I couldn't tell them ... not Penny, ya know. I couldn't spoil her holiday.

Explain to her as best ya can. Is that all right?

LAWSON

Yes.

So, you'll be leaving before they return?

JOEY

I'm leavin' the same day as them. They're takin' me to the station.

LAWSON

I understand.

Joey jumps up, grabs the hammer and turns aggressively to Lawson before resuming work.

JOEY

I'm going away from here, never to return, and our little secret's goin' with me.

But if I ever see ya again ... our little secret's out ...

LAWSON

Please Kevin.

JOEY

Then don't cross my path again ... Lawson. Ever.

LAWSON

I won't.

Joey raises the hammer, Lawson is bewildered as he steadies the post and they resume work.

EXT. KIMBERLEY HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - MORNING

Sykes, Lawson and Joey inspect the horse, harness and carriage on a blissful morning.

The luggage is secured on top of the carriage. Joey's suitcase is on the ground.

SYKES

Everything looks all right to me.

LAWSON

Everything's fine, Mr Sykes.

Penny comes from the house with some hand luggage and packs it inside the carriage.

Joey puts his suitcase inside also.

Sykes turns to Lawson and shakes his hand.

SYKES

Goodbye then. See you next week.

LAWSON

Goodbye, sir. And enjoy yourself.

Sykes gets into the driver's seat and takes the reins as Penny boards the carriage.

PENNY

Goodbye Lawson.

LAWSON

Goodbye Penny.

(to Joey) Enjoy yourself in London.

Joey then gets inside the carriage beside Penny, closes the door and they are off, exchanging farewell waves with Lawson.

EXT. ABOARD CARRIAGE, ON ROAD - DAY

The dividing glass panel has been opened allowing Harry to communicate with Penny and Joey by looking over his shoulder. All three seem jovial and at ease with each other.

SYKES

Isn't this great? I feel years younger already.

PENNY

(sadly) I get this feeling we are leaving something important behind.

SYKES

You always say that, Penny, every time we go.

And what if we have? There's lots of things down there.

PENNY

(laughing) And you always say that, Daddy. You're so sweet.

SYKES

I know, my dear.

Joey doesn't join in the laughter. He nervously rubs his leg.

JOEY

Harry, could ya stop at the train station when we're passin' ... just for a minute?

SYKES

Sure.

PENNY

Why?

SYKES

Penny ... really?

JOEY

No. Ya see, when I came here I was travellin' light...

PENNY

Yes, I remember. Just a suitcase ... *(softly)* and a nail.

JOEY

Anyway, I wrote to my uncle in London askin' him to send some of my Summer things.

I'll tell them at the station to hold any parcel that might come for me ... till I get back.

PENNY

(mocking) You're so clever.

Joey tries to smile and looks out the window at the passing hedgerows.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

The carriage pulls up outside Sherton train station and Joey gets out.

JOEY

Back in a minute.

He quickly enters the station.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Joey goes to the ticket booth, takes some money from his pocket and speaks with a strong Irish accent.

JOEY

I want to buy a ticket to London ... if that's all right.

TICKET MAN

One way, sir?

JOEY

Yes, one way please.

He writes the ticket as they continue with a friendly talk.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

Joey emerges from the station and quickly boards the carriage.

SYKES
Everything all right?

JOEY
Yes. They'll hold it if it comes.

PENNY
(*to her father*) Go west, young man.

All laugh. Joey and Penny embrace as they resume their journey.

INT. ABOARD CARRIAGE, ON ROAD - DAY

Penny is resting her head against Joey's shoulder.

Suddenly, the carriage is jerked to one side disturbing the lovers as the horse is frightened by a Morris Cowley car aggressively overtaking and belching out smoke.

The two men in the car are laughing, unconcerned by the more traditional road users.

SYKES
Sorry about that you two. Damned cars!

PENNY
Daddy!

SYKES
Sorry, dear. But they really are a nuisance.

It's just a fad, you know. Engines are for factories, not public roads.

PENNY
(*mimicking her father*) People will soon come to their senses.

All laugh, Sykes loudest of all.

EXT. ON ROAD - DAY

The Morris Cowley car that had overtaken them is stopped by the side of the road, smoke rising from the open bonnet.

The driver is swearing at the engine as his companion looks on.

As the carriage passes, Sykes waves but the men do not return the goodwill gesture.

INT. ABOARD CARRIAGE, ON ROAD - DAY

All three conceal their laughter. Sykes mimics Penny's mimic of himself.

SYKES

People will soon come to their senses.

All laugh loudly.

EXT. CROSSLEY COTTAGE - DAY

The carriage arrives outside a pretty three roomed, thatched cottage, with a shed attached.

All three alight and savour the delightful rocky seashore of a quiet inlet with the estuary of a small river close by.

A path leads to a boathouse located by the estuary and trees cover the area.

Sykes begins to unhitch the carriage and both he and Penny are unaware of the shocked look on Joey's face.

PENNY

Well. What do you think?

JOEY

You're very lucky. It's lovely.

It's ... it's like home.

PENNY

Come, let me show you inside.

JOEY
(to Sykes) I'll help you in a minute.

SYKES
Right.

Penny leads Joey inside the cottage.

Sykes disengages from his work to survey his beloved panorama.

INT. CROSSLEY COTTAGE - LATER

Penny enthusiastically finishes her tour in the simply furnished living room as Joey is nervously rubbing his leg.

PENNY
It's hard to explain how much we love
this place.

It's like ... our hearts live here all
the time.

She is enraptured and holds Joey close.

PENNY
We simply must take the boat out
tonight.

You have been on a rowboat before,
haven't you?

JOEY
Yeah. But with you it'll be like the
first time.

PENNY
It's decided then. Now, let's unpack.

She takes a wooden Joey by the hand and leads him outside.

EXT. ROW BOAT - EVENING

(Music: Van Morrison, Moondance – Into The Mystic)

The sunset in the quiet bay.

The sound of sea birds and the lapping waves.

Penny and Joey in each other's arms.

Enraptured, they are drifting in the rowboat with the oars lifted.

EXT. CROSSLEY COTTAGE - MORNING

Joey and Sykes emerge from the cottage savouring the morning air and environment.

JOEY
You're lucky to have this place.

SYKES
I've been coming here since I was a boy and it gets more magnificent each time.

Joey winces. He turns away, insecure. His stress mounting.

SYKES
It's going to be a fine day for fishing.

JOEY
Harry, I've been thinkin'. You and Penny should go without me.

SYKES
What do you mean?

JOEY
This place is special to ya and...

SYKES

But we want you to come along.

JOEY

I know. But, I want ya to be alone ...
for today.

You'll get enough of me after that.

SYKES

What'll you do all day?

JOEY

I'll be fine. I'll go for a walk.

SYKES

Are you sure?

JOEY

I'm sure.

SYKES

Well. If that's how you feel.

Joey is relieved, nods his head and quickly enters the
cottage.

EXT. CROSSLEY COTTAGE - LATER

Penny and Harry are ready to set off with rods, fishing net
and picnic basket.

Joey stands distant from them. She is unhappy to be leaving
without him.

PENNY

Your lunch is on the table.

But remember, don't spoil your
appetite. I personally guarantee that
you'll have a nice, big trout for
dinner.

JOEY

Good.

PENNY

Do you really want to stay?

JOEY
Yes.

PENNY
Really?

JOEY
Really.

PENNY
Goodbye then.

SYKES
Goodbye.

JOEY
Go on ... enjoy yourselves.

Joey shuffles as he watches them depart.

She turns and waves briefly and he responds.

He goes towards the seashore with a pained expression.

Sykes turns and watches him go, with a worried look.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Joey is walking on the beach in a dark and ominous mood, wrestling with his turbulent decision.

His hands are buried deep in his pockets as he looks at his feet and kicks pebbles.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Sykes has a trout on the line and Penny is at hand with a net trying to help him land it.

SYKES
Get it under him. Easy now.

She manages to get the fish in the net and lifts it onto the bank.

SYKES

You're a little marvel.

They throw their arms in the air, shriek with delight and she kisses him acting out the behaviour in her youth.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Joey is sitting on a rock, watching the waves break beside him, unconcerned about getting splashed.

He is looking into the horizon and twisting his hair.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

The picnic basket is open and the food is neatly arranged on a table cloth.

Sykes is eating, with a glass of lemonade in hand and gleefully takes another cake.

SYKES

Yum ... yum.

Penny slaps his hand, marvelling at his youthful behaviour.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Joey is violently throwing pebbles into the sea.

JOEY

Damn.

Distraught, he covers his face with his hands and walks off.

EXT. BEACH - EARLY EVENING

Drained and morose, Joey is sitting on a rock with a cigarette dangling from his mouth.

Penny comes running, shouting his name.

He rises and answers without enthusiasm, making no attempt to meet her.

She approaches breathless with her usual beaming smile.

PENNY

There you are. How are you, my love?

JOEY

Fine. Why?

PENNY

Have you been here all day?

He turns away, surveying the seashore. She senses something is wrong.

PENNY

I noticed you didn't eat your lunch.

JOEY

I'm not hungry.

She bites her lip and nervously looks up at the brooding sky.

PENNY

It looks like it might rain?

JOEY

Looks like it.

PENNY

What is it? Did something happen?

JOEY

Leave me alone. Please. I'll see ya later at the house.

He discards his cigarette aggressively and walks away.

Dejected, she watches him go.

INT. CROSSLEY COTTAGE - EVENING

Joey holds a glass of whiskey and rubs his leg as he stares into a cheery fire, crouched and defiant, with a look of death on his face.

Sykes and Penny, each with a glass in hand, are seated opposite him by the fire, glancing fearfully at each other and at Joey.

A bottle of wine, a bottle of whiskey and a jug of water are on the table.

The only sound to be heard is of the heavy rain outside.

A roll of thunder shatters the ominous silence and startles Penny and Sykes. Joey does not react to it.

SYKES

Sounds like it's getting worse.

PENNY

It's strange how a day can change so fast.

Without comment, Joey empties his whiskey glass.

SYKES

Want some more, Kevin?

JOEY

No. I've had enough.

Joey reaches into his pocket and withdraws his cigarette packet.

It is empty.

He crushes the packet aggressively and attempts to throw it into the fire. It misses the target.

JOEY

Damn.

PENNY

Is something wrong, Kevin?

JOEY

(shouts) Is something wrong? Is something wrong?

Yes. Something is definitely wrong.

The emotions tearing at him have reached breaking point and, seeing Penny's innocent shock, his devastation is total.

He runs outside, slamming the door behind him.

As she goes to follow, Sykes grabs her arm with a frightened expression.

Seeing his frustration compounds her own fear.

SYKES

Penny, listen to me now. Do you have any idea what's wrong?

PENNY

God in Heaven, I have no idea. It must be this cottage or ... something.

She breaks free from his grasp and runs outside.

With calm resignation, he goes to his bedroom.

EXT. BOAT HOUSE - EVENING

Joey is standing in the open boathouse doorway, staring blindly into the water, his face wet with rain and tears.

Penny's comes running and then stalls.

She tentatively approaches.

PENNY

Kevin. Are you all ...

He has crossed his Rubicon and is reconciling himself to it as the thunder rolls.

JOEY

Listen Penny. I'm sorry I shouted at ya. It's not your fault.

Ya havn't been told.

PENNY

Told what?

Please. Tell me, Kevin.

JOEY

All right. I...

He stops abruptly as Sykes emerges from the cottage wearing a raincoat and quietly approaches them.

JOEY

(to Sykes) But here comes a man who
can tell ya better than I can.

Tell her, Captain Harry Sykes.

SYKES

Tell her what?

JOEY

Tell her who you think I am.

Sykes is now certain about what ails him but remains silent
with disappointment and fear.

JOEY

Still a coward, I see.

Looks like I'll have to do it myself.

Joey's dam bursts. He speaks steady at first but with growing
anger and frustration.

Penny is wide eyed and speechless, her hands clasped against
her head in disbelief.

JOEY

I'm from a place called County
Mayo ... the same place your father
was stationed in, thirteen years ago.

And my name is not Kevin Courtney. My
name is ...

SYKES

Joseph McMahon

Joey now knows for sure that Sykes is aware of the situation.

JOEY

Yeah. That's right, Harry. Joeph
McMahon.

I carry the same name as my father.

SYKES

And I've carried that name with me for
a long time now ... Joey Boy.

JOEY

When did ya know?

SYKES

The first minute I saw you.

JOEY

Why did ya take me in?

SYKES

I wanted it to be over.

JOEY

What over?

SYKES

The waiting.

JOEY

Waitin'? For what?

SYKES

Waiting for you. Waiting to put things right ... or as right as I can make them, now.

JOEY

Good move, Harry. Better to feed the hungry wolf than let him find his own dinner.

Invite him into the camp. You don't want him out there in the long grass ... wild ... and watchin' every move.

SYKES

That's not true, Joey. That's...

JOEY

But if ya destroy him, no matter how hard ya try, you'll never satisfy him.

Ya may get him easy on the outside ... but inside he's still a ragin' beast.

SYKES

Joey, we have so much to talk about. Please ... we both know so much.

JOEY

You killed my father. That's all I know, Harry.

And what do you know? Do ya even know why I'm here?

SYKES

Probably, to kill me.

JOEY

That's right.

PENNY

God in Heaven ... what are you two saying? What's going on?

She stumbles with the weight of what she hears. Sykes holds her.

SYKES

Can you understand that the man who did that was ... following orders?

And can you understand that I am prepared to do things right by you now.

Joey searches in his pockets for his cigarettes.

When he realises he doesn't have any, he takes a match from his matchbox and begins to chew on it.

JOEY

What more can ya do for me, Harry?

SYKES

I'm prepared to give you everything.

This cottage, Kimberley House and estate, everything ... it's all yours.

It's all I can do, Joey.

JOEY

I don't want your damned house ... none of it. Nothin'.

SYKES

I also know that my daughter loves you very much.

A bewildered Penny, tears streaming down her face, can only nod her approval.

He waits for a response but Joey is silent, breathing deeply and wiping his wet face with his hands.

SYKES

Listen Joey. You were given death, but now you are being presented with life.

A full life. Everything.

Live with the living or you will surely die with the dead.

And the dead don't want you ... not now.

But the living so desperately do.

Again he waits in vain for a response from Joey.

SYKES

It's all I can do. If I could do more I would.

And if your father were here, he'd want it for you too.

With these words, Joey turns to him defiant but calm.

JOEY

But he's not, is he? And he's not because you killed him, Harry, and nothin' ya can say would ever change that ... or would ever change me.

Distraught, Sykes takes the pearl handled gun from his pocket and points it at Joey.

Penny grabs Sykes's arm and attempts to get the gun, but he defends valiantly.

PENNY

Oh, my God. No. No.

Sykes is forced to hold her at arm's length while her agitation subsides.

SYKES

I don't want this, Joey. But what else can I do.

Yes, I killed your father ... and I killed you.

(shouts) But you killed me, Joey. Your face ... looking up at me.

It's been killing me ever since ... every day.

We all died that day.

There's never just one loser. We were all bloody losers.

(pleading) But you have a chance to win something back.

Joey stares at the gun in Sykes's hand as he takes the match from his mouth, flicks it aside and continues calmly.

JOEY

Ah, yes. The famous white handled gun.

Ya were a real hero with that the last time ya pointed it at Joey McMahon.

Judge, jury and executioner for a man who never hurt anyone in his life.

A man who never learned to be a gentleman ... he was born that way.

Are ya goin' to be a hero again, Harry?

SYKES

Please Joey. Don't let it be this way. Don't force me to defend myself.

Joey's forced calm is no longer able to control his rage.

JOEY

Defend yourself, you bastard. I saw ya shot two innocent men in cold blood.

Ya weren't defendin' yourself then.

SYKES

It wasn't cold blood.

JOEY

What do ya call cold blood then, ya murderin' bastard?

You and all the other heros ... if ya couldn't get the real men ya'd just shot anyone.

Winnin' the war against the rebels, my ass.

But that's what London heard and that's all that mattered.

Ya probably got one of those lovely medals or a promotion or somethin'.

SYKES

Joey, I was a frightened soldier in the heat of a war I didn't understand, with men who were demanding blood and superiors demanding results.

But I was ... following ... orders.

JOEY

What orders?

SYKES

My orders were to seek out the gunmen and kill them.

I had a list of names and addresses. Your father was on that list...

JOEY

Damned claptrap.

My father never even touched a gun in his entire life.

Sykes continues with as much control as he can muster.

SYKES

And to my eternal horror, I discovered
later that the information was wrong.

They were innocent, like you say.

Falsely accused to take the blame for
others.

As Joey tries to absorb what he has heard, Sykes lowers his
gun in appeasement.

JOEY

Where did ya get these names? From
your superiors?

SYKES

No.

JOEY

Then who?

Sykes clears his throat and struggles to continue.

SYKES

I have sworn never to divulge this.
But I'll do it ... for you.

(pause)

His name was Jimmy Bradley.

JOEY

(shocked) Jimmy the Crab?

SYKES

(remembering) Yes. Jimmy the Crab.

JOEY

Don't lie, Harry.

SYKES

I'm not lying, Joey. And I'll wager he
was keen that you should kill me.

Overcome by this, Joey bangs his head against the boathouse.

SYKES

Forgive me, Joey.

Joey straightens himself and breathes deeply.

He calmly takes his pistol from his pocket and points it at Sykes.

Sykes instinctively pulls the trigger but his gun doesn't fire.

He tries again, to the same effect.

Penny falls to the ground and releases a high-pitched whine.

JOEY

Let ya down this time, did it Harry?

Joey puts his hand in his pocket and withdraws bullets.

JOEY

You probably need these.

Sykes is defeated and comforts his distraught daughter.

JOEY

I noticed your famous gun missin' before we left, so I found it when ya were fishin'.

SYKES

I brought the gun ... to defend myself. No other reason.

JOEY

Ya were thinkin' of usin' it on me back then. That's why ya took me in ... isn't that it?

SYKES

When you came, I would bring it to my room at night for the same reason as I brought it on this trip.

JOEY

I was waitin' for ya ... every night, back then.

SYKES

I invited you in for the opposite reason. And you know that very well.

Silence. Joey is frustrated with this sincerity.

JOEY

I want ya to get on your knees and
throw that gun over to me.

Sykes does as he says and throws his gun to Joey's feet.

JOEY

(to Penny) You as well.

She kneels beside her father.

Joey takes Sykes's gun and puts two bullets into the chamber.

He throws his own gun, and the remaining bullets from Sykes's
gun, into the deep water.

He points the gun at Sykes's head.

Penny reacts protectively of her father but he pacifies her.

Joey ignores this and continues emotionally.

JOEY

Harry Sykes, ya should have killed me
back then.

I was left with ... nothin'.

But there was one thing that kept me
goin'.

Some day I was goin' to kill Captain
Sykes.

I thought about it all the time.

Some day I was goin' to kill Captain
Sykes.

Penny whimpers as the two men struggle for breath.

JOEY

But ya know somethin'? I've changed my
mind.

You didn't kill me and ... I'm not
goin' to kill you, Captain Sykes.

For Sykes and Penny, the ray of hope is short lived.

Joey points the gun at Penny's head.

She looks up at him with a sharp intake of breath.

He shoots her in the forehead and she falls dead, still staring at him.

Both men are in mute shock and all of nature is revolted as nearby birds shriek and fly off with the sound of the gunfire.

Sykes lunges but Joey knocks him to the ground with his pistol butt.

Sykes scrambles to his daughter and cradles her head, in despair.

SYKES

My love. My love.

(without looking at Joey) Finish me,
you bastard.

Joey remains staring.

The enormity of what he has done has overpowered him.

He lets the gun drop to the ground.

Sykes grabs it in a shaking hand, points it at Joey and prepares to fire.

SYKES

Bastard.

JOEY

(calmly) There's only one bullet left
in that gun, Harry.

Ya can put it where ya want.

With the gun pointing at him, Joey turns and slowly walks away.

The shot thunders.

Joey realises he is not hit and turns around.

Sykes has shot himself in the head and is slumped over Penny.

Joey retraces his steps, exhaling in high-pitched keens.
He falls to his knees and touches Penny's beautiful face.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Looking bedraggled with two day's stubble on his face, Joey chews a match and carries his suitcase as he walks along a field parallel to a main road.

He hides in a hedgerow as an Austin car passes.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Joey walks wearily along a road, suitcase in hand.

As a horse drawn milk cart overtakes him, the old driver halts.

DRIVER

Are you going far?

JOEY

Plymouth.

DRIVER

I'm only going a few miles. If you want to jump up back, your welcome.

JOEY

Thanks.

Joey boards the cart and sits on his suitcase with his back to the driver, clearly not wishing to communicate.

The driver continues on his way.

INT. RAILWAY STATION PLATFORM - DAY

On a railway platform, Joey walks past a sign bearing the name PLYMOUTH.

He goes to the ticket office and uses a fake local accent.

JOEY
When's the train for Liverpool.

TICKET MAN
Not until a quarter past four, sir.

JOEY
I'll have a one-way ticket to
Liverpool, please.

TICKET MAN
Right.

As he writes the ticket, Joey looks away.

INT. KIMBERLEY HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - DAY

Two police detectives are concluding their interview with
Lawson. All three men sit around the coffee table.

The first policeman is tall and stern with an officious
moustache.

The other has a ruddy, full face and a friendly manner.

Both wear overcoats. The first policeman holds his hat in his
hand, the other has placed it on the table.

Lawson is shaking his head in disbelief.

LAWSON
It's hard to take it all in.

1st POLICEMAN
Yes. It appears he shot her and then
himself.

2nd POLICEMAN
Is that the cabinet, Mr Lawson?

LAWSON
Yes. That's it.

The policemen rise and go to the glass cabinet.

Lawson follows them sheepishly, as though he is under
suspicion.

2nd POLICEMAN

And you're sure Mr Sykes was the only one who had the key?

LAWSON

Yes. Very sure.

2nd POLICEMAN

And the only thing missing is the gun?

LAWSON

As best I can tell by just looking.

2nd POLICEMAN

And he never took it with him ... I mean on holidays and suchlike?

LAWSON

Never saw it gone from here before, sir.

The 1st policeman strokes his moustache and folds his arms.

1st POLICEMAN

Mr Lawson, what do you honestly think made him do it ... off the record ... between ourselves?

LAWSON

That I can't rightly say, sir.

He wasn't himself this past while, I'll admit that.

1st POLICEMAN

Why was that?

LAWSON

Well sir, since young Kevin came, he hadn't much to do around here and I think that was bad for him. He was always an active man.

2nd POLICEMAN

You see, Mr Lawson, our problem is...

The 2nd policeman takes a cigarette packet from his pocket, opens it and extends it towards Lawson.

Lawson glances nervously round the room.

LAWSON

No, thanks. Mr Sykes never liked anyone smoking in here.

The policeman respectfully returns the cigarettes to his pocket.

2nd POLICEMAN

You see, there are two conclusions we can draw from this, but both of them presents us with a problem.

LAWSON

And what would that be, sir.

2nd POLICEMAN

Well. Either he had decided to take his own life and couldn't bear to leave Penny alone ... you know, with all the heartache.

Or else, he quarrelled with her over something and shot her ... and then shot himself, in remorse.

But if he took his gun to Crossley it can only mean he intended to use it ... that his mind was made up.

And so it appears the first scenario is correct.

LAWSON

Yes. I can see that.

2nd POLICEMAN

But from all accounts he was very fond of his daughter.

LAWSON

That he was, sir ... that he was.

2nd POLICEMAN

And how could a man who loves his daughter ... his only daughter ... just kill her.

Even a man who intended to take his own life.

LAWSON

Well sir, though it probably sounds strange ... maybe he was too fond of her.

1st POLICEMAN

What do you mean?

LAWSON

Well. I remember when Mrs Sykes died, about two years back.

Nearly went out of his mind. Stopped going out ... meeting people. All his time went to Penny.

He guarded her as much as everything he kept in that cabinet.

2nd POLICEMAN

Did he allow her ... out ... you know.

LAWSON

Yes, he did ... he did. But, how do I say it ... he kept an eye on her.

Then a good-looking chap like Kevin comes along ... well, the inevitable happened. It's my thinking ... *(reconsidering)* no...

2nd POLICEMAN

Go on ... please. Remember, this is all between ourselves, Mr Lawson.

LAWSON

Well. Could be he was afraid of loosing her to another man ... in a manner a speaking.

The two policemen nod as if their suspicions have been confirmed.

LAWSON

And to think that Kevin was leaving here on the very same day, never to return.

This whole thing might never have happened if only he knew Kevin's plans.

2nd POLICEMAN

Did he resent Kevin?

LAWSON

No, sir.

Though I'm sure he wasn't the type of man he intended for his daughter.

But he seemed resigned to it. To test her, I think. Strange.

2nd POLICEMAN

Did Kevin love her?

LAWSON

If truth be told, sir, I suppose not. He mentioned about a girlfriend he had over there.

2nd POLICEMAN

He bought a one-way ticket to London and, unfortunately, the only people who might know his address are dead.

LAWSON

(nervously) Do you need to talk to him?

2nd POLICEMAN

No need ... except to tell him what happened. I doubt if he could throw any light on the whole sorry affair.

Well, he's back home by now and maybe he'll never know.

LAWSON

I hope he never does. It's better that way.

The 2nd policeman picks up his hat from the table and carefully positions it on his head, satisfied.

1st POLICEMAN

Thanks for your time, Mr Lawson. I know how difficult this has been for you.

The 1st policeman salutes him in a military fashion and Lawson returns it.

2nd POLICEMAN
Thank you Mr Lawson.

As the policemen go to exit, Lawson is drained and relieved.

LAWSON
Here. Let me show you out.

All three exit, with a backward glance from Lawson as he superstitiously surveys the sombre room.

INT. IRELAND, BUNTRA, PUBLIC HOUSE - DAY

Joey is sitting alone at the bar of a public house. He is smoking, crouched over a pint of stout and oblivious of his surroundings.

Behind him is a group of jolly young people including Angie, his former girlfriend.

She is staring at him and, clearly against the better judgement of the group, approaches.

Wearing her Sunday best, she leans seductively at the bar beside him but he is too distant to notice.

She taps him on the shoulder.

He spins around defensively and startles her.

ANGIE
Jesus, Joey Boy. Ya gave me a terrible jump.

He turns away and assumes his former crouch.

JOEY
Sorry. I didn't mean to frighten ya.

She waits in vain for him to say something else.

ANGIE
I want to ask ya somethin'.

JOEY
What?

ANGIE

We ... well ... I, was wonderin' if
ya'd like to come to the match.

JOEY

Match?

ANGIE

Against Portara. They beat us a few
Sundays ago. Everybody's goin'.

JOEY

No. I'll stay here for a while yet.
You go and enjoy yourself.

Knowing her friends have witnessed her rejection, she softly
confronts him.

ANGIE

Let me tell ya somethin'. We're all
worried about ya ... do ya know that?

I'm worried about ya.

JOEY

There's nothin' to be worried about.

ANGIE

I waited ... all the time ya were
gone.

And now ya don't even want to talk to
me.

He does not respond. She regains her courage and teases him.

ANGIE

Well ... ya don't have to tell me
what's botherin' ya. It's a girl,
isn't it?

Somebody over there ... nice and
pretty ... and ya fell madly in
love...

He jumps to his feet and points a threatening finger at her.

JOEY

I have no love.

Go to your game. Get out.

She recoils. He resumes his former position at the bar.

She sheepishly rejoins her friends.

One young man puts a protective arm on her shoulder.

Looking back at Joey, they exit.

In the doorway, they bump into Jimmy the Crab entering in a hurry.

He goes straight to Joey and slaps him on the back.

Joey turns to face him, attempting a smile.

JOEY

Well. If it isn't Jimmy the Crab.

Jimmy is delighted, convinced that his secret is safe.

JIMMY

Joey Boy. It's good to see ya. I heard ya were in here. How long are ya back?

JOEY

Three weeks now.

He is surprised that Joey hasn't contacted him since his arrival as Joey, nonchalantly, takes a drink.

JIMMY

Three weeks?

JOEY

I've been quiet. Ya know how it is. Things got piled up while I was gone.

JIMMY

You've heard the good news, I take it?

JOEY

Good news?

JIMMY

Don't tell me ya haven't heard ... about Sykes?

JOEY

Why do ya think I'm here? I came home as soon as I heard.

No need for me to stay any longer.

JIMMY

Mad bastard. At least he saved ya the
bother of doin' it.

Joey finishes his pint, looks hard into Jimmy's face with eyes
as cold as death. Jimmy tries to ignore it.

JOEY

I know, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Imagine. He did it on a holiday.

JOEY

I know, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Imagine killin' his only child as
well.

JOEY

I know, Jimmy.

JIMMY

But I don't think either of us will
loose sleep over a dead Sykes ... will
we Joey?

Jimmy's enthusiasm falls on very stony ground. He nervously
puts his hands in his pockets as if looking for something.

JIMMY

Your father can rest now, Joey ... at
last. Thank God.

JOEY

I don't think so, Jimmy. He's more
restless now than he ever was.

JIMMY

But, it's over Joey ... it's all over.

JOEY

It's not over. And it won't be over
till we're all dead.

And even then ... I think we'll be
back to haunt the livin'.

It's never over.

Jimmy is under pressure. He scans the pub.

JIMMY

I ... I must go. Promised the little fella I'd take him to the game.

Ya know how children are.

JOEY

I know, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Nice to see ya back again.

JOEY

See ya.

Jimmy goes to exit.

He stops, returns to Joey and speaks softly.

JIMMY

What did ya do with the gun?

JOEY

I threw it into the sea ... over there.

JIMMY

Good. No point in being caught carryin' on the way back. Though not as bad as when you were goin'.

Again Jimmy's has no impact. Joey stares impassively.

JOEY

I need another one, Jimmy.

Confused, Jimmy looks at Joey's empty glass on the bar and takes some money out of his pocket.

JIMMY

A pint?

JOEY

I need another gun.

JIMMY

Another gun? Why?

JOEY

There's a fox ... a real clever
bastard ... and he's taken a few lambs
already.

Jimmy does not like this, but he needs to appease Joey.

JIMMY

All right. But ... be careful.

And ya didn't get it from me if ...

JOEY

Jimmy, who are ya talkin' to?

JIMMY

I'm sorry. Right. Let's work out the
details.

The two men discuss the arrangements in hushed tones.

EXT. TORINNISH - EVENING

Joey is sitting on the same flat stone, looking out to sea
with tears in his eyes, nervously rubbing his leg.

Sheep and lambs are grazing round him and the sounds of the
waves and seabirds are everywhere.

He hears his name being shouted.

He looks around and sees Jimmy approaching wearing heavy
clothes and carrying a rolled up sack.

He waves in recognition and Jimmy returns it.

Joey reaches into his jacket pocket and withdraws the nail.

His promise to Penny is fulfilled.

He throws the nail into the sea and stares blindly where it
has fallen.

He conceals his distraught face as Jimmy approaches.

JIMMY

Same old spot.

JOEY

Yeah. Same old spot.

He takes the sack from Jimmy and unrolls it revealing a rifle.

JIMMY

That'll do the job for ya.

He checks the breech action.

Jimmy hands him a few bullets.

Joey loads a bullet into the breech and puts the remainder in his pocket.

JOEY

I hope so.

He turns and stares Jimmy in the face.

He points the gun at Jimmy's heart, who dismisses it as a joke.

JIMMY

Joey. Be careful with that thing, ya bastard.

JOEY

Bastard.

Funny ... that's the last thing Sykes said to me.

JIMMY

Sykes. What do ya mean?

JOEY

I was there, Jimmy.

But, before he died, he told me a few things about you ... ya lyin' shit.

Jimmy's worst fears have come to pass.

JIMMY

Jesus, Joey Boy. He was lyin'. I tell ya ... I can prove he's a dirty liar. What did he tell ya?

Joey remains unmoved, his face contorted in anguish.

JIMMY

Listen. Is it money ya want? I can get it for ya ... listen to me ... please.

In their idyllic environment, the sheep graze peacefully beside the two men.

Suddenly, a shot shatters the evening. The sheep startle and they bolt a few paces.

As silence descends, they begin to graze again as the sound of a bullet being entered into the breech of the rifle can be heard.

Another shot thunders and again the sheep startle.

Their agitation subsides again and they continue grazing as before, beside the two dead men and the fallen rifle.

(Music: Eddie Paul McGuinness, Album 2 – Anna Lusion)

Joey's dead body lies across a little stream.

His blood mingles with the water as it runs downhill ...

over rocks and stones ...

over a short cliff ...

and into the crashing waves of the sea where the nail had fallen.

THE END