

FROM BLACK

TITLE:

WEDNESDAY

FADE IN:

INT. BAR. NIGHT

TRIGGER O'BRIEN, 31 but weathered sits at the bar staring at a full glass of whiskey.

MICHAEL JONES, 32, sharply dressed in a business suit and overcoat, enters the bar and stands just behind Trigger. Trigger continues to stare at the glass.

A BARTENDER standing behind the bar reading a newspaper.

MICHAEL
Sean O'Brien?

Trigger remains focused on the glass but visibly inhales.

TRIGGER
Only two people refer to me as Sean.
One of them is dead God rest her soul-

Michael looks a little nervous but adjusts his stance and regains his composure.

TRIGGER
-and the other one knows better than
to contact me.

MICHAEL
Three people actually Sean.

Trigger raises his head and looks at Michael through the mirror behind the bar.

TRIGGER
Mike?

MICHAEL
Michael. How you doin' Sean?

TRIGGER
Trigger.

Michael smiles and takes the seat next to Trigger. He makes a

signal to the bartender. As the bartender walks over Michael points at the glass in front of Trigger and then makes the signal for '1'.

MICHAEL

You understand how that name is probably the reason people get the wrong impression about you?

The bartender pours Michael a drink identical to Trigger's and returns to reading the paper.

TRIGGER

Who says they get the wrong impression?

Michael smiles and takes a sip of his drink, draining about half of the liquid.

MICHAEL

We need you do something for us.

TRIGGER

'We'? I thought all that was over with.

MICHAEL

C'Mon Sean. You know as well as I do it's not over.

TRIGGER

It is for me.

MICHAEL

That's not exactly true either Sean.

Trigger pushes the full glass of whiskey away and stands up. He grabs his jacket from the back of his chair/stool and puts it on. he nods to the bartender.

TRIGGER

See you tomorrow Jack.

Trigger leaves the bar as the bartender, Jack, waves to Trigger and picks up the full glass. Michael remains sitting at the bar for a second before sculling the remainder of his whiskey and slamming the glass down on the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS. NIGHT

TRIGGER walks down the street with his jacket collar up and his hands in his pockets. MICHAEL exits the building a few meters behind Trigger and starts to follow him.

MICHAEL (YELLING)

You really should hear me out Sean.

TRIGGER

I don't think so.

Michael catches up to Trigger and they walk almost side-by-side. Michael is perhaps half a step behind.

MICHAEL

I see that you're done with the whiskey. How long has it been?

TRIGGER

It'll be 15 years on Friday.

MICHAEL

You know what else it will be 15 years on Friday?

Trigger comes to an abrupt stop turns and looks squarely at Michael.

MICHAEL

Of course you do. When was the last time you spoke to your old man?

TRIGGER

That'll be 15 years on Saturday.

They both start to walk again.

MICHAEL

You know Sean, I think maybe you've got the wrong impression of what went down that day.

TRIGGER

I have no impression. I know what happened. So do you.

MICHAEL

Maybe you're right. You help us out this one last time Sean, I promise you'll be helping put things right.

TRIGGER
I'm not interested.

MICHAEL
Well you say that Sean...

Again they come to a halt. For the first time Trigger looks at Michael with a hint of interest.

TRIGGER
What do do you mean I'll be able to
help put things right.

Michael takes a brown A4 envelope from inside his overcoat and holds it out to Trigger.

MICHAEL
Take a look at the file Sean. We're
trying to clean up the mess left from
the whole 'Brighton' thing.

Trigger hesitates before semi-reluctantly taking the envelope. He begins to walk away.

MICHAEL
Oh. One more thing.

Trigger stops a few metres ahead of Michael.

MICHAEL
It has to happen on Friday.

TRIGGER
This Friday?

MICHAEL
Has a nice symmetry don't you think?

Michael walks up to Trigger but continues right past him. Trigger stands there for a second not knowing what to say or do.

TRIGGER
And if I don't go through with it?

MICHAEL
It was good seeing you Sean. Give it
your best shot.

Michael takes a right at the corner as Trigger looks down at the envelope in his hand.

FADE OUT:

TITLE:

THURSDAY

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY

TRIGGER is standing in front of a tombstone. The name on the tombstone reads EVELYN QUINN, 13/12/1949 - 12/10/1984. Trigger is holding a bunch of flowers and speaking to the grave stone.

TRIGGER

I'm sorry that it's been so long. You deserve better. Mike came to see me today. He wants me to do a job for him.

(Pause)

For them. I didn't say no. He promised me I'd be helping set things right.

Trigger bends down and places the flowers on the grave site.

TRIGGER

Mike said it was about cleaning up 'Brighton'.

(Pause)

As if it matters now.

Trigger looks down at his feet. He kicks some dirt up on to the grave stone before bending down to brush it off. We can see that the adjacent grave is empty and there is a pile of dirt with a shovel in it next to the grave.

TRIGGER

I miss you.

Trigger hears a snapping twig behind him. His hand slips inside his jacket as he turns around.

EAMON O'BRIEN, 52, short gray, somewhere between solid and heavy in a long dark brown coat, is approaching the grave. He has flowers in his left hand. His right hand quickly goes to his lower back when he sees Trigger turn around.

EAMON

Hello Sean?

TRIGGER

What the fuck are you doing here?

EAMON

My wife is buried here. I think I have
the right to visit.

TRIGGER

I disagree.

Eamon brings his right hand back in front of him and raises
both arms with palms spread showing Trigger that he is no
threat.

EAMON

You still blame me.

TRIGGER

I blame you because it was your fault.

Trigger begins to walk towards Eamon. Eamon walks towards the
grave site and the two men lock eyes as they pass.

Trigger stops with his back to Eamon as Eamon bends down and
places his flowers on the grave.

TRIGGER

You never really loved her did you?

EAMON

You may be my son but I'll be damned
if I'm going to let you ask me that.

TRIGGER

Then why-?

EAMON

(Interrupting)

What could I have done?

Eamon ever so slightly closes the distance between himself
and Trigger who turns around and looks at him, the anger in
his voice failing to hide the sadness in his eyes. Eamon
glances back at the grave as Trigger visibly struggles to
maintain his composure.

EAMON

You loved her. I know that.

(Pause)

But you didn't understand her.

Eamon returns his gaze to Trigger. He notices Trigger's composure.

EAMON

Michael contacted you didn't he?

Trigger doesn't respond. He turns around and starts to walk away again.

EAMON

You should do what you think is right.

Trigger has reached the gates of the cemetery he turns to face Eamon who is about 5 metres back and walking towards Trigger. Eamon stops when he is just under a metre from Trigger. Trigger has given up trying to contain his emotions.

TRIGGER

(Heatedly)

Who the fuck are you to talk about
what's right?

Eamon looks down at his feet and then back up into Trigger's eyes - now glazed over.

EAMON

I guess that's that then.

TRIGGER

I guess it is.

EAMON

Do you think you're up to it? You've
been out of the game a long time Sean.

TRIGGER

I guess we'll find out.

EAMON

I guess we will.

Eamon walks away leaving Trigger at the gates of the cemetery. Trigger looks down at his hand which is visibly shaking.

FADE TO:

INT. BAR. NIGHT

TRIGGER enters the same bar from earlier and signals to the bartender who is once again reading a newspaper. There are

about 8 or 9 other people in the bar. He takes his jacket off, hangs it on the back of the stool/chair and sits down. The bartender pours him a whiskey and turns around to put the bottle back on the shelf.

TRIGGER
Leave the bottle Jack.

JACK (BARTENDER)
Trigger?

TRIGGER
I know what I'm doing.

JACK
You're the boss.

Trigger stares at the full glass for a second before downing the whole drink in one shot. He pours himself another drink and lets it sit there. Jack looks at Trigger with concern.

TRIGGER
What do you know about 'The Troubles'
Jack?

Jack puts the folds the newspaper and puts it down thinking that Trigger might want a chat. We see a shifty looking man watching Trigger from a booth in a darkened area of the bar.

JACK
Can't say I know a right lot Trigger.

Trigger plays with the glass for a second - slowly spinning it around.

JACK
I actually grew up over in Birmingham.

TRIGGER
That must have been nice for you.

Jack smiles and chuckles a little.

JACK
(Incredulously)
It's Birmingham Trigger.

Trigger downs his second whiskey in one shot and spins the empty glass around a few times.

JACK
Everything alright Trigger.

Trigger pulls the brown A4 envelope from his jacket pocket. The shifty looking man sits up and takes a little more notice of Trigger.

JACK
Trigger?

Trigger opens the envelope and begins to flick through the contents before stopping on a photograph of himself as a teenager with his mother and father. The man in the booth takes his phone from his jacket pocket.

JACK
Trigger?

Trigger puts the photograph and the other documents back in the envelope and pours himself another glass of whiskey.

TRIGGER
It will be Jack.

Trigger downs the third whiskey in one shot quickly pours a forth and downs that in one shot as well. After the forth shot he shakes his head a bit as if he is trying to wake up or keep himself awake. We slowly pan around to the door of the bar noticing that it is now almost empty, Michael enters the bar and the camera follows him as he approaches Trigger. He nods to the shifty looking man, who gets up to leave, and takes a seat next to Trigger.

MICHAEL
This is an encouraging sign.

TRIGGER
What do you want?

MICHAEL
Don't be like that Trigger.

Michael indicates to Jack that he'd like a drink.

TRIGGER
I saw Eamon today.

Jack brings another glass for Michael, who pours himself and Trigger a drink, finishing off the bottle.

MICHAEL

Interesting.

TRIGGER

You think so?

MICHAEL

Not really. It doesn't change anything. How many do you plan on having?

Trigger downs another drink.

TRIGGER

As many as I need. Is that a problem?

MICHAEL

It never was in the past.

(Pause)

But then.

(Pause)

This isn't the past.

TRIGGER

This is how I work. If you want me to do this then you need to let me do this.

MICHAEL

You can't fuck this up Sean. We're tying up loose ends here. Not looking to create some more.

TRIGGER

Brighton!

Michael rubs lowers his head and rubs his brow.

MICHAEL

All right Trigger. I think it's time to move.

Michael stands up and puts his hand on Trigger's shoulder. Trigger reacts by aggressively moving his shoulder. Michael gets a serious look on his face.

MICHAEL

Whether you like it or not you're in this now Sean. Now drink up. You've got a big day tomorrow.

Trigger begrudgingly stands up and puts his jacket on and he

and Michael leave the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS. NIGHT

Trigger and Michael are standing just outside the bar.

TRIGGER
How do you know-?

MICHAEL
(Interrupting)
Trust me Sean. We know. like I said,
we're offering you the chance to put
things right.

Trigger scoffs.

TRIGGER
There is no such thing as right.

Michael takes a step towards Trigger,

MICHAEL
This is what you do.
(Beat)
Trigger.

TRIGGER
Why now? After all these years?

MICHAEL
Just do the fucking job Sean.

TRIGGER
Well then somewhere else then.
Anywhere but there.

MICHAEL
It is what it is.

Trigger looks up at the sky.

TRIGGER
Yeah.

MICHAEL
We had some good times though didn't
we? Back in the day. I mean before we
got involved with all this.

Michael spreads his arms, does a half turn and gestures to their surroundings. Trigger stares vacantly into the distance.

TRIGGER

(Pause)

I can't remember anything before this.

FADE OUT:

TITLE:

FRIDAY

FADE IN:

EXT. STREETS. DAY

EAMON is walking down the street at night when he suddenly stops and looks out the corner of his eye.

EAMON

I guess you've made your choice then.

TRIGGER is standing behind Eamon pointing a gun at his father's head.

TRIGGER

It was you who made the choice. 15 years ago you made the choice.

EAMON

So what now?

TRIGGER

Keep walking.

EAMON

Anywhere in particular?

TRIGGER

You know where.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY

Trigger and Eamon arrive at the cemetery. Light rain is falling. They come to a stop in front of the grave of Evelyn Quinn. Eamon is still in front with Trigger behind him. Trigger has lowered his gun. The adjacent grave is still

empty. Eamon turns around suddenly and Trigger brings the gun back up and points it directly at Eamon's head.

EAMON

It shouldn't happen here Son. If it has to happen it has to happen. But it shouldn't happen here.

TRIGGER

It is what it is.

EAMON

They made you bring me here didn't they?

TRIGGER

They didn't make me do anything.

EAMON

It's about time you man up son.

TRIGGER

Maybe I did. Maybe I'm my father's son after all.

EAMON

You're father's son.

(Pause)

Maybe.

(Pause)

But not a man.

TRIGGER

I need to listen to you.

Trigger shuffles on the spot - appearing uncomfortable. Eamon remains steadfast.

EAMON

A man takes responsibility for his own life. A man learns from his mistakes. A man learns to live with consequences.

TRIGGER

You're about to find out what kind of man I am.

EAMON

There is a big difference between pointing a gun at someone and actually

pulling the trigger son.

TRIGGER

I think I've had enough experience in the area thanks Eamon.

EAMON

When was the last time you called me dad?

TRIGGER

Turn around.

EAMON

With all due respect. I'd rather see it coming.

Eamon stares directly into Trigger's eyes. Trigger shakes his head trying to clear it. He pauses for a second and then pulls his gun away. Eamon continues to stare. Trigger takes a second and then again points the gun at Eamon. Eamon smiles.

EAMON

Well?

Trigger drops his gun and holds his empty hand out in the air for a second.

TRIGGER

Get out of here.

(Pause)

I mean it. Leave. Leave Ireland. Never come back. If I ever see you again I won't hesitate.

Eamon begins to walk towards Trigger but is shot 3 times in the torso. Trigger turns around quickly to see Mike holding a gun. Mike moves the gun so it is now pointing at Trigger.

TRIGGER

Mike?

MICHAEL

I don't know what to say Sean. Loose ends. You know what I mean?

TRIGGER

You knew I wouldn't go through with it?

MICHAEL

Insurance Sean. It's nothing personal.

Eamon slowly crawls towards Trigger.

TRIGGER

Of course it is Mike.

MICHAEL

These things are bigger than you and I
Sean. Now turn around.

TRIGGER

With all due respect. I'd rather see
it coming.

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL

Have it your way.

Michael prepares to fire at Trigger and a shot rings out.
Michael drops his gun, clutches at his chest and staggers
backwards. Trigger looks behind him and sees Eamon laying on
one side with an arm outstretched. He is holding a gun
pointed in Michael's direction.

MICHAEL

(To no one in particular)
That's not right.

Trigger begins to walk in Michael's direction

TRIGGER

Nothing personal ay Mike?

Michael falls to the ground as Trigger approaches him.
Trigger picks up Michael's gun and tucks it into his
waistband.

MICHAEL

Was good to see you again. Trigger.

Trigger kneels down watching as Michael dies.

TRIGGER

My mother never did like you Mike.

Trigger closes Michael's eyelids and then gets up and walks
over to his father. He notices that Eamon is already dead and
pauses for a few seconds seemingly contemplating what to do.

He drags Eamon's body into the adjacent empty grave and begins to shovel dirt onto him.

FADE OUT:

TITLE:

SATURDAY

FADE IN:

INT. BAR. NIGHT

Trigger enters the bar but remains standing. He nods to Jack who is reading the newspaper and places some money on the bar.

JACK
What'll it be Trigger?

Trigger remains focused on Jack and draws his attention to the money on the counter.

JACK
What's this about?

TRIGGER
My tab.

JACK
Since when have you started paying
your debts?

Trigger looks at Jack with a 'I don't want to talk about it' look in his eyes. Jack returns to reading the newspaper as Trigger stares at himself in the mirror behind the bar.

JACK
Hey Trigger isn't this the fella who
came to speak with you in the bar the
other night?

Jack places the opened newspaper on the bar in front of Trigger. The section Jack was referring to shows a picture of Michael in a suit standing outside an office building. The headline reads "Prominent Sinn Fein politician found dead". Trigger picks up the paper and stares at the photo.

JACK
Never knew he was a politician. How

did you know him Trigger?

TRIGGER
We went to school together.

JACK
How about that?

TRIGGER
Yeah, how about that.

Trigger drops the paper back onto the counter.

JACK
Peelers say he must have suffered a
heart attack while visiting the grave
of an old friend.

TRIGGER
Yeah?

JACK
Young guy. To be having a heart attack
I mean. Politics can be pretty
stressful though I guess.

Trigger shrugs.

TRIGGER
Goodbye Jack.

JACK
Are you away? See you tomorrow then?

TRIGGER
I don't think so Jack

Trigger exits the bar.

'AN DIEREADH'

FADE TO BLACK

