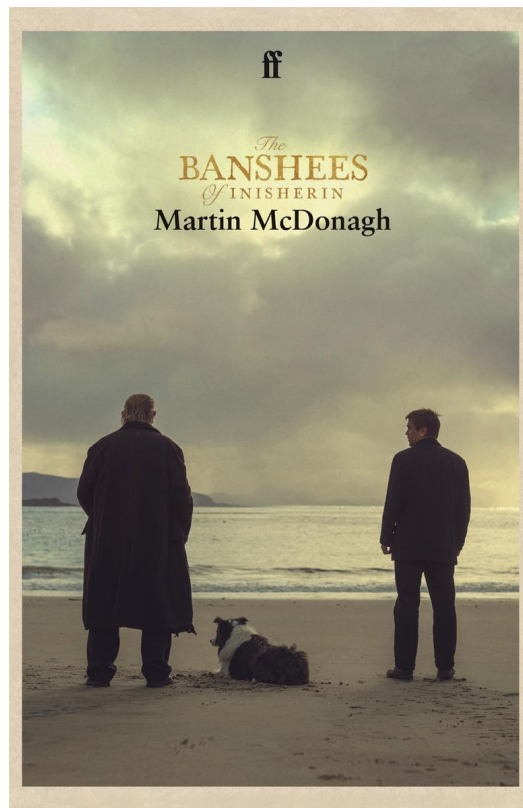


The Banshees of Inisherin

Martin McDonagh



20 Oct. 2022

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Main Cast and Crew

Searchlight Pictures
Present
In Association With Film4 and TSG Entertainment
A Blueprint Pictures Production
A Martin McDonagh Film

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------------|
| Pádraic Súilleabháin | Colin Farrell |
| Colm Doherty | Brendan Gleeson |
| Siobhán Súilleabháin | Kerry Condon |
| Jonjo Devine | Pat Shortt |
| Peadar Kearney | Gary Lydon |
| Gerry | Jon Kenny |
| Dominic Kearney | Barry Keoghan |
| Mrs McCormick | Sheila Flitton |
| Older Musician 1 | John Carty |
| Older Musician 2 | Oliver Farrelly |
| Female Singer | Lasairfhiona Ní Chonaola |
| Priest | David Pearse |
| Mrs O'riordan | Bríd Ní Neachtain |
| Declan | Aaron Monaghan |
| Student Musician 1 | James Carty |
| Student Musician 2 | Conor Connolly |
| Student Musician 3 | Ryan Owens |
| Jenny | Jenny |
| Sammy | Morse |
| Minnie the Pony | Minnie |

| | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|
| <i>Written and Directed by</i> | Martin McDonagh |
| <i>Produced by</i> | Graham Broadbent |
| Pete Czernin | |
| Martin McDonagh | |
| <i>Director of Photography</i> | Ben Davis, bsc |
| <i>Costume Designer</i> | Eimer Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh |
| <i>Production Designer</i> | Mark Tildesley |
| <i>Editor</i> | Mikkel E.G. Nielsen, ace |
| <i>Composer</i> | Carter Burwell |

The Banshees of Inisherin

EXT. VARIOUS ISLAND LOCATIONS – DAY

The Island of Inisherin, 1923. Pádraic Súilleabháin, a good-looking man of thirty-five or so, walks the island's winding stone-walled lanes; past thatched cottages, the ancient graveyard, castle ruins, a little lake. Past a startled cow that makes him smile.

Finally, he comes over the brow of a hill that looks down upon ...

EXT. HILL ABOVE COLM'S HOUSE – DAY

A lonely cottage overlooking a wild crescent beach. Smoke is rising from its chimney. Pádraic continues on down to it.

EXT. COLM'S HOUSE – DAY

Pádraic arrives at the cottage, a dog on the grass outside, which he gives a pat to, and it gives him a lick. He knocks on the front door. No response. Puts his face to the window ...

INT. COLM'S HOUSE – DAY

Inside, a big man, Colm Doherty, late fifties, is sitting in an armchair, back to us, smoking.

PÁDRAIC

Colm? Are you coming out to the pub, Colm? It's two o'clock, like.

Colm's grandfather clock chimes two, as Colm smokes again, staring ahead.

PÁDRAIC

Shall I see you down there so?

(pause)

I'll see you down there so.

Colm smokes again without acknowledgement. Pádraic walks away, looking back at the house now and then, disconcerted.

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAY

Pádraic arrives back at his own cottage, overlooking the slate grey sea and distant mainland, his dwarf donkey, Jenny, in the garden, his small pony, two cows and a calf in the next-door field, his younger sister Siobhán, hanging washing.

SIOBHÁN

What are you doing home? Brother? What are you doing home?

PÁDRAIC

I knocked on ColmSonnyLarry and he's just sitting there.

SIOBHÁN

Sitting there doing what?

PÁDRAIC

Sitting there doing nothing. Smoking.

SIOBHÁN

Was he asleep?

PÁDRAIC

He was smoking, Siobhán! How do you smoke in your sleep, like?!

SIOBHÁN

It wasn't just lit and in his hand?

PÁDRAIC

No. It was lit, it was up to his gob, it was down from his gob.

SIOBHÁN

Have ye been rowing?

PÁDRAIC

We haven't been rowing.

(pause)

I don't *think* we've been rowing.

(pause)

Have we been rowing?

(pause)

Why wouldn't he answer the door to me?

SIOBHÁN

Maybe he just doesn't like you no more.

Siobhán smiles, takes the empty basket back inside, leaving Pádraic worried, looking out across the sea.

EXT. PUB – DAY

Pádraic comes to the local pub, a lonely building also overlooking the sea, empty table on the grass outside.

INT. PUB – DAY

Pádraic nods to Jonjo, fifties, behind bar.

PÁDRAIC

Pint, Jonjo.

Jonjo starts pouring one.

JONJO

Is Colm not with you?

PÁDRAIC

No.

Jonjo stops pouring.

JONJO

Colm's always with you.

PÁDRAIC

I know.

JONJO

Did you not knock for him?

PÁDRAIC

I did knock for him.

JONJO

Well where is he?

PÁDRAIC

He's just sitting there.

JONJO

Sitting there doing what?

PÁDRAIC

Sitting there doing nothing. Smoking.

Jonjo pours the rest of the pint.

JONJO

Have ye been rowing?

PÁDRAIC

I don't think we've been rowing.

JONJO

Well it sounds like ye've been rowing.

PÁDRAIC

It does sound like we've been rowing. Will I try him again?

JONJO

That'd be the best thing.

Pádraic has a worried sip, then leaves.

EXT. LANEWAYS – DAY

Pádraic nods a hello as he passes the uniformed figure of Peadar Kearney, Inisherin's only policeman, fifties.

PÁDRAIC

Officer Kearney.

Peadar ignores him completely. Pádraic loses his smile.

PÁDRAIC

(under breath)

Never says hello. Never fecking says hello.

EXT. COLM'S HOUSE – DAY

Pádraic looks in through the window again. POV – No one in the armchair now. Pádraic knocks.

PÁDRAIC

Colm?

(pause)

Are you not coming out to the pub, Colm?

Pádraic tries the door. It opens.

INT. COLM'S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Pádraic enters. The dog, asleep in front of the fire, gives him a cursory glance, then goes back to sleep.

PÁDRAIC

Colm? The door was open, Colm. Are you ...?

No one there. Musical/esoteric details hang on the brightly painted walls. Pádraic sees the half-smoked cigarette in the ashtray, the mug of tea beside it, still warm; sees something far off out the window. He picks up Colm's telescope from a shelf, looks out the window.

POV through telescope – Far off, Colm walking away up the hill, already a half-mile gone.

PÁDRAIC

(quietly)

Where the hell are you heading off to?

EXT. LANEWAY TO PUB – DAY

Pádraic trudges back to the pub. There's a peel of laughter inside. Pádraic looks in the window. Colm is sitting at the bar, laughing with Jonjo and Gerry Mullins, another older regular.

INT. PUB – DAY

Pádraic enters the pub and idles towards the jovial group, smiling. As he gets there, Colm loses his jocularity.

PÁDRAIC

Howdo!

GERRY

Howdo, Pádraic!

COLM

Sit somewhere else.

PÁDRAIC

Hah?

A tension, Colm not even looking at him. The others look at each other.

PÁDRAIC

But I have me pint there, Colm ...

JONJO

He has his pint there, Colm, from when he came in and ordered his pint from before ...

COLM

Oh, okay. I'll sit somewhere else, so.

Colm takes his pint and leaves the pub, sitting at the table outside, which we see through the small window, Gerry and Jonjo perturbed by all this.

GERRY

Are ye rowing?

PÁDRAIC

I didn't *think* we were rowing.

GERRY

Well ye *are* rowing ...

JONJO

Well ye *are* rowing. He's sitting outside on his own, like a whadyacall.

PÁDRAIC

It *does* look like we're rowing. I suppose I'd best go talk to him so. See what all this is fecking about.

GERRY

That'd be the best thing.

EXT. PUB – DAY

Colm is sitting there smoking at the table overlooking the island and the ocean, as Pádraic comes out.

PÁDRAIC

Now I'm sitting here next to ya, and if you're going back inside I'm following ya inside, and if you're going home I'm following you there too. Now if I've done something to ya just tell me what I've done to ya, and if I've said something to ya, maybe I said something when I was drunk and I've forgotten it, but I don't think I said something when I was drunk and I've forgotten it, but if I did then tell me what it was and I'll say sorry for that too, Colm. With all me heart I'll say sorry. Just stop running away from me like some fool of a moody schoolchild.

Pádraic sits.

COLM

But you didn't say anything to me. And you didn't do anything to me.

PÁDRAIC

That's what I was thinking, like.

COLM

I just don't like you no more.

Pádraic is tremendously hurt by this, but tries not to show it as best he can.

PÁDRAIC

You do like me.

COLM

I don't.

PÁDRAIC

(pause)

You liked me yesterday!

COLM

Oh did I, yeah?

PÁDRAIC

I thought you did.

Colm gives him a sad look and returns to the pub, and Pádraic is left there, unbelievably sad.

EXT. LANEWAYS – DAY

Pádraic, lost in thought, passes Dominic Kearney, an odd fella, twenties, son of the policeman. He has a long stick with a tiny hook at one end.

DOMINIC

Pádraic.

PÁDRAIC

(in passing)

Dominic.

DOMINIC

What's the matter with ya?

PÁDRAIC

Nothing's the matter with me (*Quietly.*) for God's sake.

Dominic walks along beside him.

DOMINIC

Look at this I found. A stick with a hook. What would you use it for, I wonder? To hook things! That were the length of a stick away! Probably.

(pause)

Where ya going?

PÁDRAIC

Down here.

DOMINIC

D'you have a fag?

PÁDRAIC

No.

DOMINIC

Ah you do. You always have fags.

PÁDRAIC

ColmSonnyLarry's at Jonjo's handing out a rake of fags.
Whoever's in the mood for one.

DOMINIC

Is he?!

PÁDRAIC

No.

Dominic slowly stops, as Pádraic continues on.

DOMINIC

You're behaving awful unusual!

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAY

Pádraic sitting in a chair at the table, a newspaper on the table, a headline perhaps about the civil war. The house is far more bare than Colm's. Siobhán enters with groceries, surprised to see him.

SIOBHÁN

What are you doing here?

(pause)

Was the pub closed?

PÁDRAIC

No. It was open.

Perturbed, she sits in a chair across from him, on the other side of the table, facing more or less the same way, an image we'll repeat often.

SIOBHÁN

Anything in the paper?

PÁDRAIC

Just the civil war still.

SIOBHÁN

A bad do.

Pádraic is staring into space. She stands, puts the shopping away.

SIOBHÁN

MRS McCORMICK's coming over later, Pádraic, I couldn't avoid her. I don't know if you're going to be in or out, but you're usually out?

PÁDRAIC

Am I?

SIOBHÁN

You are, yeah. You know you are.

PÁDRAIC

(far away)

I don't care, Siobhán. It's your house too.

All this behaviour strikes Siobhán as very strange.

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DUSK

A moonlit night; washing in the breeze, lamp and candlelight in the house, animals sleeping.

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DUSK

Pádraic, Siobhán and Mrs McCormick, a spooky-looking, white-faced neighbour, eighty, smoking a yellow clay pipe through dark teeth. Siobhán sews rose decorations on a black shawl, as Pádraic refills the lamps around the room from a pail of paraffin.

MRS McCORMICK

Is it six years since yere mammy and daddy died, Siobhán, or is it seven years since they died?

SIOBHÁN

It's coming up to eight years, Mrs McCormick, aye.

MRS McCORMICK

Is it coming up to eight years? Doesn't time be flying?

PÁDRAIC

Aye. When you're having fun.

SIOBHÁN

Be off to the pub, now, Pádraic, if you're going to be annoying us.

PÁDRAIC

I don't have to be down there every night, do I?

Siobhán almost double-takes, Mrs McCormick just smirks.

MRS McCORMICK

ColmSonnyLarry's scared him off, I suppose.

PÁDRAIC

What did you hear of ColmSonnyLarry?

MRS McCORMICK

Didn't you and he used be the best of friends?

PÁDRAIC

We're still the best of friends.

MRS McCORMICK

No ye're not.

PÁDRAIC

Who says we're not?

MRS McCORMICK

(pointing at Siobhán)

She says!

PÁDRAIC

Ar for God's sake, Siobhán!

SIOBHÁN

I said nothing of the like, Mrs McCormick, I was just chatting! Now you go off to Jonjo's, Pádraic, and don't be getting under our feet, sure Mrs McCormick never gets a chance to come over for a chat ...

Siobhán makes Pádraic put on his coat.

PÁDRAIC

She never gets a chance cos you avoid her!

SIOBHÁN

I do not avoid her!

PÁDRAIC

You hide behind walls if she's coming up the road!

Siobhán gives an embarrassed laugh as Pádraic exits. She sits back down.

SIOBHÁN

‘Hide behind walls’.

Siobhán tries to smile, but Mrs McCormick just stares at her.

EXT. HIGH LANEWAYS – NIGHT

Pádraic looks at the far-off cannon-fire on the mainland; flashes, gun retorts, smoke rising.

PÁDRAIC

Good luck to ye all. Whatever it is ye're fighting about.

EXT. PUB – NIGHT

Music and liveliness inside, surprising Pádraic as he arrives.

INT. PUB – NIGHT

Colm, the dog at his feet, playing fiddle in a session with three other musicians. The pub is unusually crowded. Pádraic makes his way to Jonjo at the bar.

PÁDRAIC

I didn't hear there was to be a session.

JONJO

Last-minute thing. Colm decided.

Pádraic frowns. Jonjo pours him a pint. For once there are some local women in the bar, mostly around Colm.

JONJO

All the ladies love Colm, d'you know? Always did.

PÁDRAIC

Yeah? That's not true.

Dominic comes in with his stick.

JONJO

You're still barred, Dominic. Out!

DOMINIC

You said barred until April.

JONJO

And what are we now?

DOMINIC

April!

JONJO

Well put that stick outside anyways and don't be bothering the women.

DOMINIC

There's women?! There is women! And good ones!

Later. At a window table, Pádraic and Dominic, gently drunk, watch Colm playing a slower, mournful tune, perhaps 'I'm a Man You Don't Meet Every Day', as a local woman sings.

LOCAL WOMAN

(singing mournfully)

'Well I took out my dog, and him I did shoot, all down in the County Kildare. So be easy and free, when you're drinking with me, I'm a man you don't meet every day.'

DOMINIC

If we sat next to Colm, the women would have to talk to us too. And then we could get at them, with our small talk!

PÁDRAIC

I'm happy enough sitting here, now.

DOMINIC

Are ya, yeah? Are ya happy enough, yeah? Ah, I can't stand the maudlin ones ...

(calling out to Colm)

Play something dancey, Colm! To dance to. And not have that mope whining.

Colm stops playing, looking at them disdainfully, as does everyone else. Pádraic looking away sheepishly, embarrassed, till Colm and the woman continue with the song.

PÁDRAIC

Here, amn't I in enough trouble with him without your mouthing?

DOMINIC

What trouble in are you in with him?

PÁDRAIC

He just ... doesn't want to be friends with me no more.

DOMINIC

What is he, twelve? Why doesn't he want to be friends with you no more?

Pádraic shrugs. They watch him play, the regulars joining in on the final chorus, Pádraic not.

INT. DOMINIC'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Catholic paraphernalia on smoke-stained red walls. Dominic's pudgy policeman father, Peadar, whom we met earlier, asleep, naked on a chair, uniform hanging on the wall behind him.

It's a very weird image, and Pádraic tries not to look at him, as Dominic puts his finger to his lips for them to be quiet ...

DOMINIC

(whispered)

Daddy'll kill us if we wake him when he's been wanking.

... then tiptoes across to his naked father, quietly takes the bottle of poteen that's either on the table beside him or in his arms, then stealthily tiptoes back to Pádraic, and out.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE – NIGHT

Pádraic and Dominic drinking the poteen in the town square by the dockside.

PÁDRAIC

And you won't get into trouble for taking his poteen?

DOMINIC

I will get into trouble but fuck it!

Pádraic drinks again. It's strong stuff.

PÁDRAIC

I saw cannon-fire and rifle-fire on the mainland tonight,
did you see it?

DOMINIC

That'll be the civil war.

PÁDRAIC

Well I know that, sure! I just didn't think this far west
it'd be sprawling.

DOMINIC

Me, I pay no attention to wars. Wars and soap! I'm agin
'em!

Pádraic hands the bottle back, and Dominic drinks.

DOMINIC

Agin 'em, I am! We're good at chatting, aren't we, me and you? Your sister, does she like to chat?

PÁDRAIC

Not as much as most women, but she'll chat, like. She more likes reading.

DOMINIC

Reading?! Fecking hell. Reading!

(pause)

And did you ever see her with no clothes on?

PÁDRAIC

(weirded out)

I didn't.

DOMINIC

Did you not, and you her brother?

(pause)

Not even as a child?

PÁDRAIC

I don't like to be chatting about these types of things, Dominic.

DOMINIC

What types of things?

PÁDRAIC

Sisters with no clothes on.

DOMINIC

You saw my daddy with no clothes on.

PÁDRAIC

And till the day I die I'll wish I hadn't!

DOMINIC

Sure don't I know it! The tiny brown cock on him!

Pádraic winces, then looks out to sea, almost talking to himself ...

PÁDRAIC

What's the matter with him? Maybe bad news he's had?

DOMINIC

Daddy?

PÁDRAIC

No, ColmSonnyLarry.

Dominic gets up to go, moodily, grabbing the bottle back.

DOMINIC

Didn't I tell ya I'd be off if you went whining about that lummo one more time?

(heading off)

I tell ya, he didn't look like he'd had bad news tonight! It looked like a weight was lifted from his shoulders tonight!

Dominic heads off, leaving Pádraic to think about that a while.

INT. PÁDRAIC/SIOBHÁN'S BEDROOM – DAWN

Siobhán asleep in her twin bed, Pádraic unable to sleep in the opposite one, as the sunrise breaks the dark blue sky through the window, the Sacred Heart of Jesus on the wall between the beds. He sighs and gets up.

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAWN

In the living room, Pádraic quietly lets his dwarf donkey in, kissing her, and she sits on her little blanket in the corner, as Pádraic watches the sunrise from a window.

Then Pádraic notices the calendar on the wall by the window. It's on March, and all the days are crossed off, so he turns the page to April, and just as he crosses off yesterday's date, the 1st, he realises something. Happily.

EXT. HILL ABOVE COLM'S HOUSE – DAY

A happy Pádraic walks his two cows and baby calf along the hill overlooking Colm's house and the neighbouring islands. Far off below, he sees Colm leaning on a wall, fiddle in hand. Pádraic turns his cows in that direction.

EXT. LANE ABOVE COLM'S HOUSE – DAWN

Pádraic and cows pass on the road behind Colm.

PÁDRAIC

Just bringing me cows past.

COLM

Hah?

PÁDRAIC

I was just bringing me cows past. I wasn't, y'know, trying to ...

COLM

You don't usually bring them this way.

PÁDRAIC

I don't, but then the little fella took a fright at a hen on the corner, so ...

(pause)

Were you playing your music?

COLM

Trying to, aye.

PÁDRAIC

Composing! Nice. I only ... heh! I only just saw what month we changed to yesterday.

Colm looks at him blankly.

PÁDRAIC

More fool me!

Still nothing.

PÁDRAIC

Changed to April.

(pause)

So, will I be calling for ya on me way to the pub later?

Colm just rubs his eyes with his hand, disconcerting Pádraic.

PÁDRAIC

I will so! Anyways I'd better chase after these goons for they're ... they're running away from me! Maybe they don't like me no more neither! Heh! I'll see you at two, so, Colm!

Pádraic hurries after his cows. Once he's far away he looks back at Colm, who, disturbingly, still has his hand over his eyes.

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAY

Pádraic finishes shaving in a mirror on the wall with a single crack in it, as Siobhán reads.

SIOBHÁN

You seem more cheery.

PÁDRAIC

No, just normal cheery! Why don't you come down for a sherry later? No need to be stuck inside on a nice day!

SIOBHÁN

(bemused)

I will so.

Pádraic wipes himself off, puts on a clean shirt.

PÁDRAIC

How's the book?

SIOBHÁN

Sad.

PÁDRAIC

Sad? You should read a not sad one, Siobhán, else you might get sad.

SIOBHÁN

Mm.

(pause)

Do you never get lonely, Pádraic?

PÁDRAIC

Never get wha?

SIOBHÁN

Lonely.

PÁDRAIC

No. 'Do I never get lonely?' What's the matter with everybody? Jesus.

He exits hurriedly, leaving her a little more sad in the cracked mirror.

EXT. LANEWAYS – DAY

Pádraic walks to Colm's, glad to leave that kind of talk.

PÁDRAIC

'Lonely'. Fecking hell, like.

INT. COLM'S HOUSE – DAY

Colm, a look of depression on him, tries to play a tune on the fiddle, but can't come up with anything.

Pissed off, he starts making a screeching, thunderous din a while, frightening his dog, till he stops just as suddenly, puts the fiddle down, and sits there staring, his dog just looking at him, confused.

EXT. COLM'S HOUSE – DAY

Chimney smoking. Pádraic walks to door, raps on window. No answer. Looks in. No one home?

PÁDRAIC

Colm? Are you coming out to the ...?

Distantly, across the brow of the hill, he sees Colm striding away, dog tagging along with him.

And Pádraic sadly realises this is serious.

INT. PUB – DAY

Colm at a table by the window with his dog. Pádraic enters, gives him a nod – Colm either doesn't see it or ignores it. Either way, Pádraic is even more pissed off.

PÁDRAIC

Pint, Jonjo.

Jonjo pours one, not sure of what's going on either.

PÁDRAIC

How's he seem?

JONJO

Grand, I think. With me, anyways.

Jonjo pulls a worried face. Pádraic ambles over to Colm and puts his pint down on his table. Colm looks at it.

COLM

What are you doing?

PÁDRAIC

Oh, so you're going to be an eejit again today, is it?!

COLM

Amn't I allowed to have a quiet drink on me own, Pádraic?

PÁDRAIC

Well don't ask a man to call up to ya at your fecking house, so, like he has nothing better to do with his fecking time!

COLM

I didn't ask you to call up to me at me house. And you *do* have nothing better to do with your fecking time.

PÁDRAIC

Hah?!

COLM

You *do* have nothing better to do with your fecking time.

PÁDRAIC

I *know* I have nothing better to do with me fecking time, but there's better things I could be doing with me fecking time than to be calling up to ya at your house, Colm Doherty!

COLM

Like wha?

PÁDRAIC

Hah?

COLM

Like what could you be doing?

Long pause while Pádraic thinks.

PÁDRAIC

Reading?

COLM

Reading, yeah? Me, yesterday morning, this I wrote ...

Colm plays a lovely maudlin tune on the fiddle, then stops.

COLM

And tomorrow I'll think up the second part of it, and the day after I'll think up the third part of it, and be Wednesday there'll be a new tune in the world, which wouldn't've been there if I'd spent the week listening to your bollocks, Pádraic Súilleabháin. So do you want to take your pint outside or do you want me to take my pint outside?

Pádraic takes his pint, starts going outside.

PÁDRAIC

I'll take my pint outside, cos it's a shite tune anyways, I wouldn't bother with it.

EXT. PUB – DAY

Pádraic at table outside. Two horses look at him over a wall, and something about the loneliness of it all makes him want to cry. He drinks to stop it, as Colm and his dog come out, Pádraic wiping his face as Colm sits.

COLM

I was too harsh yesterday.

PÁDRAIC

Yesterday, he says?! I know well you was too harsh yesterday! And today!

COLM

I just, ah ... I just have this tremendous sense of time slipping away on me, Pádraic, and I think I need to spend the time I have left in thinking, and composing, and just trying not to listen to any more of the dull things that you have to say for yourself. But I'm sorry about it. I am, like.

PÁDRAIC

(pause)

Are you dying?

COLM

No, I'm not dying.

PÁDRAIC

But ... then you've loads of time.

Colm can see he isn't getting through to him.

COLM

For chatting?

PÁDRAIC

Aye!

COLM

For aimless chatting?

PÁDRAIC

Not for aimless chatting. For good normal chatting.

COLM

So we'll keep aimlessly chatting, and me life'll keep dwindling and in twelve years I'll die with nothing to show for it bar the chats I've had with a limited man. Is that it?

PÁDRAIC

I said, not aimless chatting, I said good normal chatting.

COLM

The other night, two hours you spent talking to me about the things you'd found in your little donkey's shite that day. Two hours, Pádraic. I timed it.

PÁDRAIC

Well it wasn't me little donkey's shite, was it, it was me little pony's shite. Which shows how much you were listening.

COLM

None of it helps me. Do you understand? None of it helps me!

Pádraic isn't quite sure if he does understand. Colm looks at him, then gets up to go back in.

PÁDRAIC

We'll just chat about something else then!

But Colm has already gone inside. His dog looks at Pádraic sadly a moment, then looks away too and goes inside himself. Pádraic sips his pint, looking at the horses over the wall, who also seem to turn away from him.

EXT. PRETTY LANE NEAR THE PUB – DUSK

Siobhán coming along, dressed pretty, as Pádraic heads home, mopey.

SIOBHÁN

What's the matter with you?

PÁDRAIC

Nothin'.

SIOBHÁN

Aren't we going for a sherry ...?

PÁDRAIC

Don't feel like it.

Pádraic continues on.

SIOBHÁN

No, I'm not having this again today!

Siobhán continues on, the pub appearing in the distance, lamps on against the darkening blue skies.

INT. PUB – DUSK

Siobhán bursts into the pub, to find Colm at the bar. A lot of this can be overlapped.

SIOBHÁN

What the hell's going on with you and me fecking brother?!

COLM

Don't come in here shouting the odds at me in the middle of the fecking day, alright, Siobhán?

SIOBHÁN

You can't just all of a sudden stop being friends with a fella!

COLM

Why can't I?

SIOBHÁN

Why can't ya?! Because it isn't nice!

JONJO

Do you want a sherry, Siobhán?

SIOBHÁN

No!

JONJO

Righty-ho!

SIOBHÁN

Has he said something to ya when he was drunk?

COLM

No, I prefer him when he's drunk. It's all the rest of the time I have the problem with.

SIOBHÁN

Well what's the fecking matter then?

COLM

He's dull, Siobhán.

SIOBHÁN

He's wha?

COLM

He's dull.

SIOBHÁN

(pause)

But he's always been dull. What's changed?

COLM

I've changed. I just don't have a place for dullness in me life any more.

SIOBHÁN

But you live on an island off the coast of Ireland, Colm! What the hell are you hoping for, like?!

COLM

For a bit of peace, Siobhán. That's all. A bit of peace. In me heart, like. You can understand that. Can't ya?

She can. She leaves.

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DUSK

Pádraic feeding his donkey in the doorway of his house. Siobhán returns, lost in thought. She tries to give him a smile but can't quite, and he can see that something's up.

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – NIGHT

In the middle of dinner, the two eat in silence a while.

PÁDRAIC

Do *you* think I'm dull?

SIOBHÁN

No! Because you're *not* dull. You're *nice*.

PÁDRAIC

That's what *I* thought! I'm a happy lad! Or I *was*. Till
me best friend started acting the gilly-gooly!

SIOBHÁN

It's *him*, Pádraic. Maybe he's just depressed.

PÁDRAIC

That's what *I* was thinking, that he's depressed.

(pause)

Well if he is, he could at least keep it to himself, like.
Push it down, like the rest of us.

The little donkey peeks her head round the open front door.

SIOBHÁN

(to the donkey)

No, Jenny! Out!

PÁDRAIC

Ar she just wants a bit of company, Siobhán ...

SIOBHÁN

Animals is for outside, I've told ya.

Pádraic grimaces, and the donkey retreats.

PÁDRAIC

And ... people don't be laughing at me behind me back,
do they?

SIOBHÁN

No. Why would they be?

PÁDRAIC

I don't know. Because of me miniature animals?

Pádraic nods towards the donkey, whose nose and eye are still peeking round the door.

SIOBHÁN

No. They think it's nice. I think it's nice. Just outside.

PÁDRAIC

And they don't think I'm dim, or anything?

SIOBHÁN

Dim?

(beat)

No.

PÁDRAIC

You don't seem very sure about it!

SIOBHÁN

Of course I'm sure about it.

PÁDRAIC

Dominic's the dim one on the island, isn't he?

SIOBHÁN

He is, aye. By miles.

Pádraic nods, then thinks about it some more.

PÁDRAIC

Hang on. By miles, and then who's the next dimmest?

SIOBHÁN

Well I don't like to judge people in those terms, do I?!

PÁDRAIC

In what terms?

SIOBHÁN

In the order of their dimness.

PÁDRAIC

I know you don't, and neither do I, do I? But *try*, like.

SIOBHÁN

No, I won't try. There's enough judgey people on this fecking island. So, no, you're not dim. You're a nice man, alright? So move on.

Siobhán clears the dishes away, as Pádraic cheers a little.

PÁDRAIC

I'm as clever as you, anyways! I know that at least!

SIOBHÁN

Yeah, don't be stupid.

PÁDRAIC

Hah?!

She washes the dishes without response, and he just sits there.

EXT. CHURCH – DAWN

Church bells peel over the island, calling all to mass ...

EXT. VARIOUS – DAWN

And all the islanders trudge the island towards the church, as ...

EXT. JETTY – DAWN

The local priest, who serves various islands, steps off the boat as it comes in and is met by Peadar. They greet each other warmly, and head up towards the church, Peadar with his arm over the priest's shoulder, Church and State entwined.

EXT. HIGH LANEWAYS – DAWN

Bells continuing, islanders in background can still be seen distantly, as Pádraic and Siobhán ride their pony and cart towards church, but stop upon meeting a bruised and bloody Dominic.

PÁDRAIC

What happened you?!

DOMINIC

Me daddy discovered the poteen situation.

SIOBHÁN

Ar Jesus, Dominic! You poor thing, you!

PÁDRAIC

What the hell was he hitting you with?

DOMINIC

A kettle was the final thing! I wouldn'ta minded, but for the spout!

PÁDRAIC

Do you want a ride to church?

DOMINIC

Ar feck them gobshites.

SIOBHÁN

Dominic!

dominic

(teary)

But could I stay the night with ye the night? Just the one night, like?
Siobhán is very reticent about this, Pádraic too, but ...

PÁDRAIC

Well, just the one night, mind.

DOMINIC

Woo-hoo! Nice! I'll see ye for supper so! Woo-hoo!

Dominic continues on. Siobhán gives Pádraic an irritated look, then he cicks the pony on towards church.

INT. CHURCH – DAY

Church full of islanders, as the priest says mass in Latin. Siobhán bored, Pádraic keeping a surreptitious eye on Colm, a few pews ahead, who never looks back at him.

EXT. CHURCH – DAY

Islanders leaving church and heading home, as the priest shakes a few hands to wish them well. Pádraic takes his hand, sadly, whispers in his ear, the priest looking confused. He whispers it again, and the priest nods vaguely.

INT. CONFESSIONAL – DAY

Colm, in a dark little room that's revealed to be a confessional, as the priest on the other side opens the latticed divider, throwing a little light on him.

COLM

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. It's eight weeks since me last confession, I think.

PRIEST

Go on, Colm.

COLM

Ah, just the usual, I suppose, Father. The drinking and the impure thoughts. And a bit of pride, I suppose. Although I never really saw that as a sin, but sure I'm here now.

PRIEST

And how's the despair?

COLM

Not so much of it of late. Thanks be.

PRIEST

And why aren't you talking to Pádraic Súilleabháin no more?

COLM

(pause)

That wouldn't be a sin, now, would it, Father?

PRIEST

It wouldn't be a sin, no, but it's not very nice either, is it?

COLM

Who told you?

PRIEST

It's an island, Colm. Word gets around.

(pause)

Also ... Pádraic asked me to put in a word, like.

Colm stares blankly.

COLM

I see.

PRIEST

It isn't him you have the impure thoughts about, is it?

COLM

Are you joking me?! I mean, are you fecking joking me?!

This outburst can be heard by those waiting in the pews outside.

PRIEST

People do have impure thoughts about men too.

COLM

Do *you* have impure thoughts about men?

PRIEST

I do *not* have impure thoughts about men! And how dare you say that about a man of the cloth ... !

COLM

Well *you* started it.

PRIEST

Well you can get out of me confessional right now, so you can, and I'm not forgiving ya any of these things until the next time, so I'm not!

COLM

I'd better not be dying in the meantime then, eh Father, I'll be pure fucked.

PRIEST

You *will* be pure fucked! Yes you *will* be pure fucked!

Colm storms out of the confessional and out of the church.

EXT. LANEWAY TO PUB – DAY

Colm angrily strides the lanes to the pub, outside which Pádraic's pony and cart is tied, along with a few islanders in their Sunday best. They nod hello. He ignores them.

INT. PUB – DAY

Pub crowded, as it's Sunday. Pádraic at bar, back to entrance, talking to Gerry and Jonjo, as Colm comes in and slowly crosses to them.

Gerry and Jonjo see him first, and from their scared reactions, Pádraic knows Colm has entered, as Colm slowly comes up over his shoulder ... then stands at the bar beside him.

JONJO

Um, pint, Colm?

colm

(to Pádraic)

If you don't stop talking to me, and if you don't stop bothering me, or sending your sister or your priest to bother me ...

PÁDRAIC

I *didn't* send me sister to bother you, did I, she has her own mind, although I *did* send the priest though, you have me there.

COLM

What I've decided to do is this. I have a set of shears at home, and each time you bother me from this day on, I shall take those shears and I shall take one of me fingers off with them, and I shall give that finger to ya, a finger from me left hand, me fiddle hand, and each day you bother me more, another I'll take off and I'll give you, until you see sense enough to stop, or until I've no fingers left. Does this make things clearer to you?

PÁDRAIC

Not really, no!

COLM

Because I don't want to hurt your feelings, Pádraic. I don't, like. But it feels like the drastic is the only option left open to me.

PÁDRAIC

You've loads of options left open to ya! How is fingers the first port of call?!

COLM

Please don't talk to me no more, Pádraic. Please, Pádraic. I'm begging you.

PÁDRAIC

(pause)

But ...

JONJO

Shush, like, Pádraic. Just, y'know, shush, like ...

GERRY

Yeah, I'd shush, like.

PÁDRAIC

I *will* shush ...

(pause)

Except ... me and me sister were thinking you might just be a bit *depressed*, Colm. And, I'll tell you this much, fingers just confirms it!

(pause)

Don't *you* think, Colm?

colm

(pause)

Starting from now.

He's serious. He holds up the five fingers of his left hand, then puts a finger to his lips. Pádraic wants to say something more but can't, accepting it, perhaps with a nod, and perhaps Colm nods too, and Colm exits the bar, leaving Pádraic, Gerry and Jonjo stunned.

JONJO

Well I've never heard the like!

GERRY

I've never heard the like! He must really not like ya, Pádraic.

JONJO

Fingers!

PÁDRAIC

Jesus! He's serious, lads.

JONJO

He *is* serious. You can see in his *eyes* he's serious.

GERRY

Just because he thinks you're dull? Sure, that's going overboard.

PÁDRAIC

Who told you about the dull?

Gerry points at Jonjo.

JONJO

Well I overheard it, like. What was I supposed to do? *I* don't think you're dull. Jeez, and if I cut something off meself for every dull person who comes in here, I'd only have me head left!

PÁDRAIC

Do *you* think I'm dull, Gerry?

GERRY

(slight pause)

No.

(pause)

That said ... I did think the two of ye always made a funny pairing, like.

PÁDRAIC

No we didn't.

JONJO

Yeah ye did ...

GERRY

Yeah ye did. Obviously ye did, cos now he'd rather maim himself than talk to ya.

JONJO

Colm was always more of a thinker.

PÁDRAIC

Hah?! Why's every— ? I think!

JONJO

Ah you don't, Pádraic.

GERRY

You don't, Pádraic.

JONJO

Your sister does.

GERRY

Your sister does, aye, Siobhán does.

JONJO

You're more of a ...

GERRY

Yeah, you're more of a ... What is he?

Pádraic looks at them both, lost, desperate.

JONJO

You're more one of life's good guys.

GERRY

You're more one of life's good guys, aye. Apart from when you're drunk.

JONJO

Apart from when you're drunk, aye.

They nod in agreement.

PÁDRAIC

I used to think that'd be a nice thing to be, one of life's good guys. Now it sounds like the worst thing I ever heard.

JONJO

Ah don't take it like that, Pádraic.

GERRY

Don't take it like that, Pádraic. We're on your side.

EXT. HIGH LANEWAYS – DAY

Pádraic, still bleak, riding his pony and cart, the whole of the island stretched out behind him, and ahead along the lane, Mrs McCormick leaning strangely against a wall, pipe in mouth, smiling knowingly.

PÁDRAIC

(as he passes)

What are you smiling at?

She shrugs, still smiling. He continues on.

EXT. VARIOUS – DUSK

Stormclouds and rain over various parts of the island; the castle ruins, the lonely lake, the laneways, then nearer home; the cows, the pony, the donkey, then ...

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Rain, thunder and lightning outside the house itself, as, through the window we see, lamp and candlelit, Pádraic, Siobhán and their house guest, Dominic, round the dinner table.

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Rain on windows and rumbles of thunder and lightning, as a cleaned-up but still bruised Dominic eats, a little too open-mouthed. Pádraic can barely eat through his depression, Siobhán keeping an eye on him throughout, worried.

DOMINIC

What's this mope so mopey for? He's just a fecking man, lads! A fat ginger man!

(eats)

Ay yi yi, well I'll tell ya this much. Ye two are awful mopey hosts.

SIOBHÁN

Luckily you won't have to put up with us more than the one night, so, and try eating with your mouth closed.

DOMINIC

Where are we now, France?

SIOBHÁN

Will you tell him, Pádraic?

PÁDRAIC

(distantly)

Aye. Stop being a little fecking bollocks, Dominic.

SIOBHÁN

No ... just about the mouth thing.

DOMINIC

Colm Doherty and his fat fecking fingers! He probably couldn't even cut through the blubber on them fingers! Would you not want to have him do the one finger, just to see if he was bluffing, like?

SIOBHÁN

No, we wouldn't.

DOMINIC

That's what I'd do, I'd have him do the one finger, just to see if he was bluffing, like. Cos if worst came to the worst, he could still play the fiddle with four fingers, I'll bet ya. Or the banjo!

SIOBHÁN

We don't want any of that. We just want nothing to do with him no more.

DOMINIC

You don't. This gom does.

PÁDRAIC

I *am* a gom, is right.

SIOBHÁN

You're not a gom.

dominic

(pause)

Jeez, this is a depressing house.

SIOBHÁN

Would you prefer your own so? I've heard it's a barrel of fecking laughs.

DOMINIC

Well ... touché.

PÁDRAIC

(pause)

Too wha?

DOMINIC

Ché. Touché. It's from the French.

Pádraic exchanges a look with Siobhán, worried he might've dropped a place in the island's dim pecking order. He drifts off again, which allows ...

DOMINIC

And how is it, Siobhán, that you were never married?

SIOBHÁN

It's none of your fecking business how I was never fecking married!

DOMINIC

How isn't it?

SIOBHÁN

How isn't it?!

DOMINIC

Was you never wild?

SIOBHÁN

Wild? Was I never wild? I don't know what you're talking about, Dominic. Wild how? Angry? Cos I'm getting angry now, I can tell ya!

DOMINIC

Not 'angry'. Wild!

SIOBHÁN

You just keep saying wild, Dominic!

dominic

(hitting the table)

Wild!

SIOBHÁN

My brother told you, didn't he, that you'd be out on the road if you started talking stupid to me?

DOMINIC

He said creepy, not stupid.

SIOBHÁN

Well you've failed on both counts, haven't ya?

DOMINIC

I have!

SIOBHÁN

I'm off to bed and he's not staying here another night, Pádraic. I don't care how depressed you are. I'd rather have the donkey in.

She goes off to the bedroom.

DOMINIC

Foiled again! But ‘faint heart’, and all that!

Dominic observes the distant Pádraic a moment, and can see he’s in a bleak place, and unusually for Dominic, it touches him.

DOMINIC

Here ... Ye two, ye’ll be alright.

PÁDRAIC

Will we be?

Dominic nods kindly, and Pádraic almost smiles.

EXT. PÁDRAIC’S STONE BARN – DAWN

Pádraic loads his milk churns onto his cart, looks in with love on his sleeping animals.

EXT. LANEWAY OUTSIDE TOWN – DAWN

We follow Pádraic riding along, milk churns in back, the sun rising, then rise up to reveal the island’s small thatched town for the first time proper, three or four colourful buildings and shops.

EXT. SHOP/POST OFFICE – DAY

Pony and cart tied outside, Pádraic rolls the churns up to the shop and goes inside, to a little bell.

INT. SHOP/POST OFFICE – DAY

Old lady shopkeeper, Mrs O’Riordan, up a ladder, while Mrs McCormick sits oddly on a strange chair, elbows on wide knees, like a man. They nod a hello.

PÁDRAIC

Hello there, Mrs O’Riordan, I’ve the milk outside for ya, so it’s the two weeks you owe me now, I think.

MRS O'RIORDAN

(descending)

Nobody has a lick o' news for us from your side of the island, Pádraic. Are you going to be the same as them?

PÁDRAIC

I am, Mrs O'Riordan, I'm afraid. And I'm in a bit of a rush, so ...

MRS O'RIORDAN

Your sister had no news. Eileen Coughlan had no news. Vincent Shaughnessy had no news.

PÁDRAIC

I suppose it's a poor oul week for news. But then it is, sometimes.

MRS O'RIORDAN

ColmSonnyLarry, *he* had no news.

PÁDRAIC

Did he not?

A smile from Mrs McCormick.

MRS O'RIORDAN

That man never talks.

PÁDRAIC

He talks sometimes.

MRS O'RIORDAN

Up himself.

PÁDRAIC

Aye, aye, anyways, so it's the two weeks you owe me for now, Mrs O'Riordan. As I say.

She begrudgingly opens the till to pay him, just as Peadar, in uniform, enters, squeezes some produce, ignores Pádraic.

PEADAR

Ladies.

MRS O'RIORDAN

Oh, it's Peadar. Peadar always has a rake of news. What news have you, Peadar?

PEADAR

News, is it?

(thinks)

Fella killed himself, o'er Rosmuck way. Walked into a lake for himself. Twenty-nine and nothing wrong with him, the fool.

MRS O'RIORDAN

God love us!

PEADAR

No, not 'God love us'. Fool. Another fella, Protestant of course, stabbed his missus in Letterkenny. Six times he stabbed her.

MRS O'RIORDAN

Good God, and did she die, Peadar?

PEADAR

She did die, aye. It wasn't with a spoon he was stabbing her. Killed the baby too.

MRS O'RIORDAN

He killed the baby too?!

PEADAR

Well the baby was still inside her, like. He didn't go out of his way to kill the baby. He just aimed well. Or well enough.

(yawning)

Two birds with one stone, as they say. And there's some kind of funny sheep disease going around Leitrum. Which is only to be expected, Leitrum's sense of hygiene. If not decorum.

MRS O'RIORDAN

That's a lot of news. This man has no news. Don't you not, No-Newsy?

PEADAR

Stukes never have news.

MRS O'RIORDAN

Stukes! Funny.

PÁDRAIC

There *was* a bit of news I remembered, Mrs O'Riordan. Dominic Kearney's father beat Dominic senseless with a kettle Saturday, and it's staying with me and me sister, Dominic is, so's at least his father'll take a bit of a break from his beating of him, and him a policeman. Isn't that news?

Peadar just stares at him.

MRS O'RIORDAN

Ar that Dominic's an awful little bollocks. That's no news.

PÁDRAIC

Still ... he was in a bad way when I came upon him ...

MRS O'RIORDAN

I'd beat him with a kettle meself if I wasn't old.

PÁDRAIC

It's news is all, I'm saying.

MRS O'RIORDAN

That's no news. That's shite news.

PÁDRAIC

Alright so, Mrs O'Riordan, thanks for the ... I'll see ya when I see ya.

A look between Peadar and Pádraic, as Pádraic passes and exits.

EXT. SHOP/POST OFFICE – DAY

Quickly untying his pony and cart, Pádraic sees Colm walking along distantly, saddening him somewhat, just as Peadar strides up and punches Pádraic massively in the head. He collapses.

PEADAR

And you can tell that skitter of a son of mine he'd better be home be teatime, or it's over to batter the both of ye I'll be, and your dreary fecking sister too!

Peadar punches him a second time, then walks off, past the shocked Colm.

PEADAR

Oh hello there, Colm, will I see you at Jonjo's tonight for that pint you owe me?

COLM

I owe you no ...

(reluctantly)

You will, Peadar.

PEADAR

Good man yourself.

Peadar continues away as if this is all in a day's work, patting a passing child on the head. Colm comes over to the dazed Pádraic and helps him onto the cart, but Pádraic is swaying so dizzily up there that there's nothing to do but hop up beside him and take the reins himself.

He cicks the pony on, holding on to Pádraic's arm so he won't fall off, and they head out of town, as Mrs McCormick watches them go from the shop window.

EXT. HIGH LANEWAY TO CROSSROADS – DAY

Riding along, Colm still with the reins, Pádraic knowing he can't say anything but wanting to, Colm knowing how awkward all this is.

Pádraic glances at him a few times ... then starts heaving with massive uncontrollable sobs. Colm tries to ignore it, but it's terribly sad. They ride on that way for a while, then Colm gradually slows the pony down and stops the cart at a crossroads.

He gently takes Pádraic's hand, and it almost feels as if he might hug him, but instead Colm gently places the reins in Pádraic's hand, pats that hand, gets off the cart and slowly walks away, head bowed, down the right fork of the crossroads, marked by a small blue statue of Mary, arms outstretched.

Pádraic cries again, watching Colm's back as he gets further away, then cicks the pony on, taking the left hand fork away from him, towards home.

EXT. COLM'S HOUSE – DAY

On a chair on the grass overlooking the bay sits Colm, smoking, thinking, his dog looking at him. He takes his fiddle, plays a beautiful second part to his new composition. It ends abruptly, that's all there is to it, but he's okay with it. He sits smoking some more, happier now.

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAY

Pádraic sitting in a corner on the floor, black eye coming up, and even his donkey, investigating the house, rubbing her nose against doilies and such, can't cheer Pádraic today ...

... until she comes over and nuzzles him, and Pádraic finally can't help but smile. He gives her a rub and a cuddle.

PÁDRAIC

What's that, Jenny? Will we go to the pub for ourselves?

We shall, d'you know?! Who are them to rule the roost!

They head out together.

EXT. HIGH LANEWAYS – DUSK

Pádraic walking the lanes, donkey beside him, as the sun sets beautifully behind them.

INT. PUB – DUSK

Colm and Peadar at a side table. Gerry, some other regulars and Mrs McCormick, leaning strangely against the bar, and Dominic, hunched at one end of it, avoiding his father. A lolly hits his head, thrown by Peadar.

PEADAR

One drink you're having, lady, then it's off home with ya. I've a shirt that wants ironing for the morning.

DOMINIC

Okay, Daddy.

PEADAR

(to Colm)

Aye, off to the mainland in the morning I'm heading. That's why I need the new shirt, like.

Colm's mind is elsewhere.

PEADAR

And why are you off to the mainland in the morning, Peadar? Oh thanks for asking, Colm, I'll tell ya why. They've asked for extra manpower for a couple of the ...

(whispered)

... executions ...

(normal)

... they're having, in case there's any kind of a to-do, like. Six bob and a free lunch they're paying me, and sure I'd've gone for nothing! I've always wanted to see an execution, haven't you? Although I'd have preferred a hanging.

COLM

Who are they executing?

PEADAR

The Free State lads are executing a couple of the IRA lads.

(pause)

Or is it the other way around? I find it hard to follow these days. Wasn't it so much easier when we was all on the same side and it was just the English we was killing? I think it was. I preferred it!

COLM

But you don't care who's executing who?

PEADAR

For six bob and a free lunch I don't care. They could be executing you! Why don't you come with me? You could write a miserable fecking song about it.

Peadar laughs, Colm giving him a look.

PEADAR

I'm only messing.

EXT. PUB – DUSK/NIGHT

Pádraic arrives outside to the sound of music. Sees Colm's dog out there, and as he ties his donkey loosely to a post, the donkey and the dog, old friends, give each other a lick and a nuzzle, and it breaks Pádraic's heart.

Although after a second, it just makes him angry. He enters.

INT. PUB – NIGHT

Bar quite full, Colm is playing fiddle, along with some student musicians, one on bhodrán (drum), one on fiddle, one on accordion, and a handsome one, Declan, also on fiddle. Pádraic is at bar, on his fifth or sixth whiskey, and Jonjo and Dominic are already worried.

PÁDRAIC

Who are them?

JONJO

Music students, I think, from Lisdoonvarna.

Colm shows Declan a new chord on the fiddle or accordion, placing his fingers in the correct places, and Pádraic watches, almost jealously, before the band continue.

PÁDRAIC

Another whiskey, anyways, Jonjo.

DOMINIC

Jeez, you're going at it at a fair ould lick tonight, Pádraic.

PÁDRAIC

Yeah? What's it to ya?

Pádraic knocks back another whiskey.

Later. Declan has taken Colm's place in the session, as Colm is chatting to Peadar again. Pádraic observes them in slow motion, the betrayal of it, as he gets drunker and drunker, enough to concern Dominic. Pádraic starts ambling over towards them ...

DOMINIC

Ah Pádraic, don't now ...

Pádraic puts his hand on Dominic's face and pushes it away, and his eyes have gone to the dark side ... and he passes and gets closer to Colm and Peadar ...

JONJO

(to Dominic, in the background)

Go get Siobhán, Dominic, would ya?

Dominic dashes out of the pub.

PEADAR

What are you after, gobshite? Another beating, is it?

PÁDRAIC

You, copper, I'm allowed to chat to you, aren't I? It's just tubbyguts I'm not allowed to.

PEADAR

Actually, no, I'd rather you didn't talk to me neither.

This stumps Pádraic for a moment.

PÁDRAIC

Well, anyways ... do you want to know what the three things that I hate the most on Inisherin is?

PEADAR

Not really.

Pádraic raises his hand and starts to count on his fingers ...

PÁDRAIC

(first finger)

One ... policemen ...

(second finger)

Two ... pudgy fiddle players ...

(third finger)

And three ... wait, I had some funny thing for three, what was it? I'll start again ...

(he starts again)

One, policemen. Two ...

He's forgotten that one too ...

PEADAR

(helping)

Pudgy fiddle players ...

PÁDRAIC

Two, pudgy fiddle players ...

(pause)

And, shite, what was three?

GERRY

(calling out)

Balloons!

PÁDRAIC

No, not balloons, I like balloons ...

MRS McCORMICK

A death by suicide in cold water.

Pádraic and a couple of the others turn and give her a look.

PÁDRAIC

No, not a death be suicide in cold water. No, it's gone!
It was some funny thing!

COLM

Go back to your own gang now, Pádraic. I'm serious,
now.

PÁDRAIC

Serious, are ya?! And talking to me, are ya?!

With the loudness of this, the music slowly stops, as the tension rises ...

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Dominic rushes the final laneway and gets to Pádraic's house, knocks on the door, Siobhán opening it quickly ...

DOMINIC

Pádraic's out of his brains on whiskey and Colm's there,
Siobhán, you'd best come!

Siobhán rushes out with him ...

INT. PUB – CONTINUOUS

Same scene continuing, the rest of the bar gone quiet ...

PÁDRAIC

You, Colm Doherty, d'you know what you used to be?

COLM

No, Pádraic, what did I used to be?

PÁDRAIC

Nice! You used to be nice!

(to the bar)

Didn't he not? And now, d'you know what you are? Not
nice!

COLM

Ah well, I suppose niceness just doesn't last then, does
it, Pádraic? But shall I tell ya something that does last?

PÁDRAIC

What? And don't say something stupid like music ...

colm

(overlapping)

Music lasts ...

PÁDRAIC

Knew it!

COLM

And paintings last. And poetry lasts.

PÁDRAIC

So does niceness!

Siobhán and Dominic come in ...

COLM

Do you know who we remember for how nice they was
in the seventeenth century?

PÁDRAIC

Who?

COLM

Absolutely no one. Yet we all remember the music of the
time. Everyone, to a man, knows Mozart's name.

PÁDRAIC

Well I don't, so there goes that theory. And anyways,
we're talking about niceness, not whatisname! My
mammy, she was nice, I remember her. And my daddy,
he was nice, I remember him. And my sister, she's nice.
I'll remember her. Forever I'll remember her.

This touches Siobhán, as it's something she's never heard him say before.

COLM

And who else will?

PÁDRAIC

Who else will what?

COLM

Remember Siobhán, and yere niceness? No one will. In fifty years' time, no one will remember any of us. Yet the music of a man who lived two centuries ago ...

PÁDRAIC

'Yet' he says, like he's English!

Siobhán goes over to him, takes his arm gently.

PÁDRAIC

I don't give a feck about Mozart, or Borvoven, or any of them funny-name feckers. I'm Pádraic Súilleabháin! And I'm nice!

SIOBHÁN

Come home, Pádraic.

Pádraic starts to go, then ...

PÁDRAIC

(re: Peadar)

So you'd rather be friends with *this* fella, would ya? A fella who beats his own son black and blue every night that he's not fiddling with him!

This takes Peadar aback somewhat, as it does Dominic ...

DOMINIC

(blushing, embarrassed)

I never told him that, Daddy! He's just drunk now!

PÁDRAIC

(to Colm)

You used to be nice! Or did you never used to be?

They look at each other a moment.

PÁDRAIC

Oh God. Maybe you never used to be.

Saddened by the realisation, Pádraic backs up and staggers out. Dominic heads blushing to a far corner, and Siobhán is left facing Colm alone.

SIOBHÁN

I'll have a word with him, Colm. You don't need to do anything drastic. He won't be bothering you no more.

COLM

That's a shame. That was the most interesting he's ever been! I think I like him again now!

Laughter from the bar at this, then Siobhán turns back to Colm ...

SIOBHÁN

It was the *eighteenth* century, anyways. Mozart. Not the seventeenth.

They stare at each other a moment, then she exits, and all is still quiet in the pub. Colm gives Peadar a look, then takes his empty pint glass to the bar.

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAWN

The house in the lashing rain, as a cock crows and Pádraic awakes in the house.

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAWN

Awaking to a dreadful hangover, and Siobhán not there, Pádraic goes to the kitchen, almost vomiting. He looks out at the miserable pouring rain.

INT. SHOP/POST OFFICE – DAWN

Still raining outside, as Siobhán enters Mrs O’Riordan’s.

MRS O’RIORDAN

Siobhán Súilleabháin, well well.

SIOBHÁN

I only came in for rashers, Mrs O’Riordan, I’ve no time to talk, I’m afraid.

MRS O’RIORDAN

(a look)

A letter came for you.

Mrs O’Riordan hands her a stamped, green envelope. Siobhán notices it has already been carefully steamed open.

SIOBHÁN

Fell open, did it?

MRS O’RIORDAN

Aye, in the heat, I suppose.

Siobhán glances at the cold rain pelting the window, then steps away from Mrs O’Riordan and reads the letter with her back to her, Mrs O’Riordan itching to talk about it.

MRS O’RIORDAN

A job offer, is it?

Siobhán glances at her a second, then returns to the letter, infuriating Mrs O’Riordan no end.

MRS O’RIORDAN

A job offer ... from a library on the mainland, is it?

Siobhán quietly folds the letter away.

SIOBHÁN

Just the rashers please, Mrs O’Riordan. About ten of them.

Mrs O’Riordan stares, fuming, wrapping the rashers.

MRS O’RIORDAN

You never tell me anything!!

Siobhán takes the rashers, and goes to head out.

MRS O’RIORDAN

Well it’d crucify him, your leaving!

Siobhán stops in the doorway.

SIOBHÁN

No one’s leaving!

She continues out.

EXT. BEACH BY GRAVEYARD – DAWN

Colm on the beach, barefoot, staring out to sea, as Pádraic approaches in the background and gives Colm a little wave. Colm turns back to the sea in disbelief.

PÁDRAIC

Listen, I didn’t come down to chat, I just came down to say that all that last night was just the whiskey talking, Colm.

COLM

All what last night?

PÁDRAIC

All whatever it was I was saying.

COLM

What were you saying?

PÁDRAIC

Hah! Yeah, I can't remember much of it, but I remember the gist of it wasn't the best. You always know, don't ya? Anyways, I just wanted to say I was sorry, Colm. Will we leave it at that?

Pádraic offers his hand.

COLM

Why can't you just leave me alone, Pádraic?!

PÁDRAIC

Hah?

COLM

I've already told ya, haven't I?!

PÁDRAIC

I know! I was just ...

COLM

I mean, why can't you just leave me alone?!

Pádraic doesn't know what to do or say, so he awkwardly tries to half hug, half pat Colm on the back ...

COLM

What are ya doing?!

PÁDRAIC

I don't know!

COLM

For fuck's sake, like!

Pádraic awkwardly moves off along the beach, as Colm regains control of himself, looking out to sea, shaking his head. After a few paces, Pádraic stops and turns back to him.

PÁDRAIC

How's the tune coming along?

COLM

What?!

Pádraic goes to say something else, then thinks better of it, and continues away from Colm and the beach.

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAY

Pádraic on a chair, staring into space, rain outside. There's a sound of quiet chomping, the donkey is eating a carrot on the floor, but Pádraic is too hungover and depressed to enjoy it. Siobhán returns, groceries and letter in hand.

SIOBHÁN

Ar for God's sake, Pádraic, how many more times?

PÁDRAIC

I am not ... putting me donkey ... outside ... when I'm sad. Okay?!

SIOBHÁN

Well stringy bits of shite I had to pick up yesterday when you let her in ...

PÁDRAIC

There was no stringy bits in that donkey's shite. There was bits of straw, and that's all there was.

SIOBHÁN

Maybe it was straw, so.

PÁDRAIC

It *was* straw.

Seeing how sad he is, she softens a little ...

SIOBHÁN

I'll get us our porridge.

Siobhán puts the groceries and letter to one side, and warms some porridge on the stove.

PÁDRAIC

Was I awful last night?

SIOBHÁN

No, you was lovely.

PÁDRAIC

Well I know I wasn't lovely now, Siobhán ...

SIOBHÁN

You *was* lovely. About *me*, anyways.

PÁDRAIC

Well of course I was lovely about you. What else is there to be about ya?

Touched, she gives him a smile. Suddenly, there is a single quiet thump on the front door. Pádraic glances at Siobhán, then goes over and opens it ...

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

No one outside, confusing Pádraic, until he sees, a couple of fields away ...

POV – Colm traversing a distant field, heading away from the house, something odd about his left hand ...

And as Pádraic watches him get further away, still confused, we notice, over Pádraic's shoulder in the middle of the green front door, a small blood-spatter, which, as Pádraic goes to close the door, he notices too, and is startled by ...

EXT. FIELD – CONTINUOUS

And as Colm continues across the field, his face blank, the distant house and Pádraic framed behind him, we see that his left hand is missing its index finger, just a bloody stump at its base ...

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

... Just as Pádraic's gaze drifts from the distant Colm down to a patch of grass below his door that he now notices is also flecked with blood ...

And we move in on Pádraic and his horrified reaction, as he parts the blades of grass to pick up Colm's bloody index finger lying there ...

EXT. FIELD – CONTINUOUS

... As Colm traverses another field, seemingly unperturbed by the finger loss, and continues away.

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Pádraic, ashen, comes back inside, the finger behind him.

SIOBHÁN

What was that, a bird?

PÁDRAIC

What was what?

SIOBHÁN

The bang at the door.

Pádraic thinks a long while, unable to lie.

PÁDRAIC

A bird?

SIOBHÁN

Aye.

PÁDRAIC

No.

Siobhán stops stirring, bemused by this behaviour.

SIOBHÁN

What was it so?!

PÁDRAIC

The bang at the door?

SIOBHÁN

Aye!!

PÁDRAIC

What was the bang at the door?

She gives him a look.

PÁDRAIC

Er ... it was ... er ... hard to lie, it was ... er ... a finger.

Siobhán smiles, confused, then loses her smile.

SIOBHÁN

A wha?

PÁDRAIC

Finger.

Pádraic holds out the bloody finger and she screams in horror, frightening the donkey.

PÁDRAIC

Jesus, Siobhán, you'll frighten the little fella!

SIOBHÁN

Throw it out, Pádraic!

PÁDRAIC

I'm not throwing his finger out! It'll get dirt on it.

Pádraic goes through to another room, as Siobhán stands there in shock. Pádraic returns, cleaning the blood off his hands.

SIOBHÁN

Where'd you put it?

PÁDRAIC

Shoebox.

(pause)

Well he's serious then.

INT. COLM'S HOUSE – DAY

Shears standing in the corner, blood on the blades, as we hear the sound of a dog licking something, then reveal Colm smoking in the same position as the first scene, staring into space, as the dog cleans off the blood from the dripping hole in Colm's hand.

After a moment he picks his fiddle up and, through the pain, plays another part of his new tune. It's lovely. He nods to himself, happy with it.

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAY

Blood seeps through the bottom of the shoebox that the donkey is sniffing at, till Pádraic pushes it out of nose's reach. Siobhán grimaces, unable to eat her porridge.

SIOBHÁN

Do we have to have it in here while we're eating?

PÁDRAIC

Once I finish me porridge I'll bring it back to him.

SIOBHÁN

Are you fecking stupid?! I mean, are you fecking stupid?!!

PÁDRAIC

No I'm not fecking stupid. We've had this discussion!

SIOBHÁN

You've got to leave him alone now, Pádraic! For good!

PÁDRAIC

Do you think?

SIOBHÁN

Do I think?! Yes, I do think! He's cut his fecking finger off and thrown it at ya!

PÁDRAIC

Come on, it wasn't *at* me.

(pause)

Well what are we going to do? We can't keep a man's finger!

She pulls her coat on, grabs the shoebox and walks out the front door, slamming it. Pádraic gives the donkey a look, then goes to the window and watches her striding away.

EXT. BEACH – DUSK

As Siobhán walks along the beach towards Colm's, shoebox under her arm, she's suddenly stopped by the sound of a distant volley of rifle-fire coming from the mainland – three shots all at the same time, as if from a firing squad. A pause, then another three shots. Perturbed, she continues on ...

INT. COLM'S HOUSE – DUSK

A little later, Colm idles smoking, as Siobhán sits wincing at his bloody shears, the shoebox on a table between them.

SIOBHÁN

Jesus, Colm. Did it hurt?

COLM

Hurt awful to begin with, I thought I was going to faint!
But, funny, it feels fine now, in all the excitement. Would
you like a cup of tea?

SIOBHÁN

I won't, Colm. I only came up to give you your finger
back.

Colm nods and looks out the window at the pretty sunset skies.

COLM

It's cleared up quite nice, actually. And you wouldn't
have thought it would.

SIOBHÁN

What do you need from him, Colm? To end all this?

COLM

Silence, Siobhán. Just silence.

SIOBHÁN

One more silent man on Inisherin, good-oh! Silence it is,
so.

She gets up to go ...

COLM

This isn't about Inisherin. This is about one boring man
leaving another man alone, that's all.

SIOBHÁN

'One boring man'! Ye're all fecking boring! With your
piddling grievances over nothing! Ye're all fecking bor-
ing!

(pause)

I'll see he doesn't talk to you no more.

COLM

Do. Else it'll be all four of them the next time ...

(indicating his left hand)

... not just the one.

SIOBHÁN

You're not serious.

(pause)

Well that won't help your fecking music.

COLM

Aye. We're getting somewhere now.

SIOBHÁN

I think you might be ill, Colm.

COLM

I do worry sometimes! That I'm just entertaining meself while I stave off the inevitable.

(pause)

Don't you?

SIOBHÁN

No, I don't.

COLM

Yeah you do.

She just looks at him without response, but something in her eyes suggests she does feel the same way. She leaves.

EXT. PRETTY PASTURE OVERLOOKING SEA – DAY

Montage: A sad Pádraic collects his cows, and as he walks them away he sees Colm coming up the lane in the other direction.

Pádraic keeps his eyes lowered as much as he can, but just as they pass he glances up at him. Colm, his hand perfectly bandaged, is looking in an entirely different direction, out to sea, expression neutral, as if Pádraic isn't even there.

They continue along and away from each other, Pádraic glancing back once, Colm not at all.

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAY

Montage: Pádraic and Siobhán on their chairs, Siobhán reading, Pádraic staring into space, smoking.

EXT. SHOP/POST OFFICE – DAY

Montage: As Mrs O'Riordan stands grimly outside, painting her red postbox green, Mrs McCormick in a chair beside her, Siobhán comes up with an envelope, posts it in the box and strides off, to Mrs O'Riordan's irritation.

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAY

Montage: Pádraic sadly feeding his animals, who know something's wrong. He sighs and looks out across the island.

INT. PUB – DUSK

Montage: Pádraic sits at a distant table, quietly drinking but surreptitiously glancing over at Colm, who sometimes makes a note in a notebook, sometimes glances out the window, but never looks in Pádraic's direction.

After a while the student musician, Declan, enters, joins Colm at his table, and they chat jovially. After sadly watching this a while, Pádraic quietly finishes his pint and leaves ...

And after a moment we see him framed distantly outside the window behind Colm and Declan, looking back at them. Neither pay him any attention as they chat. Pádraic continues away.

Montage ends.

EXT. HIGH LANEWAY TO CROSSROADS – DAY

Pádraic, riding along on his horse and cart, comes up on Declan the music student, who's walking along in the same direction. Declan smiles in acknowledgement as Pádraic passes.

DECLAN

Howdo!

PÁDRAIC

Howdo. Do you want a ride?

DECLAN

I will, so! Thanks, fella!

Declan hops up and they continue, Declan loving the scenery, until ...

PÁDRAIC

Oh no ... ! You're not that student fella from Lisdoonvarna, are ya?

DECLAN

I am, I'm Declan. Why?

PÁDRAIC

They told me at the Post Office to try to find that student fella Declan from Lisdoonvarna. Yeah, a telegram came for ya. From your mammy.

DECLAN

My mammy's ... no longer with us ...

PÁDRAIC

Not your mammy, sorry, did I say your mammy? No, your auntie. Yeah, your auntie. It's about your daddy.

DECLAN

What about Daddy?

PÁDRAIC

A bread van crashed into him.

DECLAN

A bread van?!

PÁDRAIC

Yeah, crashed into him. They said you'd best hurry home to him, lest he should die all alone.

DECLAN

Die?!

PÁDRAIC

Or ... get worse ... all alone.

DECLAN

Isn't me auntie with him?

PÁDRAIC

She is, but ... all alone without you, I mean.

DECLAN

But ... this is impossible!

PÁDRAIC

It's not impossible. Bread vans crash into people all the time.

DECLAN

I know! That's how me mammy died!

Declan hops off the cart, then turns back in tears.

DECLAN

If it's the same fecking bread van I'll kill them!

Declan heads away and, guiltily, Pádraic continues away, past the silent statue of Mary.

EXT. BOAT/JETTY – DAY

As the boat that Peadar is returning on pulls up at the jetty, he notices ...

EXT. JETTY – CONTINUOUS

Siobhán talking to a boatman, discussing a payment/timetable or some such. Finished, she heads off along the jetty, irritated to see Peadar hop off the ferry and tag along behind her.

PEADAR

What were you talking to the boat fella fer?

SIOBHÁN

Oh, for none of your fecking business, I think it was.

PEADAR

Of course it's me business. Aren't I the law?

She snorts loudly, mumbling something under her breath.

PEADAR

Hah?! Well you can tell that whiny brother of yours I'll be around soon for that battering I owe him.

SIOBHÁN

A battering? That'd be good, actually. It might take him out of himself.

Confused by all this, Peadar stops and watches her continue on.

PEADAR

You're an awful strange lady. No wonder no one likes ya!

EXT. LANEWAY NEAR GRAVEYARD – NIGHT

Walking the misty lane, Pádraic sees Mrs McCormick distantly coming towards him, head stooped ... so he ducks into a field behind a graveyard wall and hides there till her footsteps pass and get more and more distant.

He slowly peeks up above the wall ... and is startled at the sight of her standing right there, staring at him.

PÁDRAIC

Oh hello there, Mrs McCormick! I was just looking for me thing I dropped ...

Mrs McCormick has a faraway look in her eyes.

MRS McCORMICK

A death shall come to Inisherin afore the month is out.

PÁDRAIC

A death, hah?

MRS McCORMICK

Maybe even two deaths.

PÁDRAIC

Well that'd be sad!

Mrs McCormick nods and moves off into the fog again, speaking over her shoulder as she goes.

MRS McCORMICK

We shall pray to the Lord 'tis neither you, nor poor Siobhán, will be either of them.

PÁDRAIC

Well is that a nice thing to be saying?!

MRS McCORMICK

I wasn't trying to be nice, was I? I was trying to be accurate.

She passes on into the mist.

PÁDRAIC

(quietly)

Fecking hell!

Pádraic continues on the other way, disconcerted.

INT. COLM'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Colm lies awake, quietly looking at his hand and its absent finger in the moonlight.

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Asleep in bed, Pádraic is quietly awoken by the sound of Siobhán crying. He rolls over to see her in the other bed, facing away from him, still crying.

PÁDRAIC

What's the matter?

SIOBHÁN

(through sniffles)

Nothing.

Pádraic lies back down and tries, and fails, to go back to sleep again.

EXT. VARIOUS ISLAND – DUSK/DAWN

Various shots of the island and its wildlife at dusk/dawn.

INT. DOMINIC'S HOUSE – DAWN

Peadar lying half-naked on the double bed of his stark room, yawning, as in the next room, Dominic pulls on a shirt and trousers. At one point during the scene we might notice some blood on the crumpled sheets that Peadar is lounging on.

PEADAR

Aye, they're not all they're cracked up to be, really, executions. No one cried. No one fainted. Not a bit of puke! Stoic! Equals boring! You cried more just now, ya gom!

DOMINIC

Aye, well ... maybe if it was their *daddy* who was executing them, maybe then they'd have cried more.

Dominic quietly grabs a bottle and heads out with it, door banging behind him.

PEADAR

Well ... touché!

EXT. CASTLE RUINS – DAWN

The fog-strewn ruins, upon which sit Pádraic and Dominic with the poteen bottle, both depressed, as the morning sun hangs low on the horizon.

DOMINIC

Me daddy says he's going to kill you Sunday, for spilling the beans about that fiddling with me.

Pádraic winces ...

PÁDRAIC

Why Sunday?

DOMINIC

It's his day off.

PÁDRAIC

(pause)

'Kill me' kill me, or 'Beat me up a bit' kill me?

DOMINIC

'Beat you up a bit' kill ya, I think. Although he did kill a man once.

Pádraic doesn't really know what to say to that. Pause.

PÁDRAIC

I'm sorry for that spilling the beans on ya, Dominic. I was out of order that night.

DOMINIC

You was funny apart from that bit! That's why I don't understand why the fat fella threw the finger at ya. He seemed fine when you were slagging him.

PÁDRAIC

He did not. Did he?

DOMINIC

'That's the most interesting Pádraic's ever been,' he said.
'I think I like him again now.'

Pádraic ponders this.

DOMINIC

Then maybe this whole thing has just been about getting you to, I don't know, to stand up for yourself a bit.

PÁDRAIC

Do you think?

DOMINIC

Yeah, and be less of a y'know ... a whiny little dull-arse.

Pádraic takes a drink, hurt by the description.

PÁDRAIC

Well I have been less of a whiny little dull-arse, actually
...

DOMINIC

Have ya, yeah?

PÁDRAIC

Only yesterday, there's this musician fella Colm was getting along great with, and I went and sent him packing from the island!

DOMINIC

Did ya? How?!

PÁDRAIC

I told him a bread van had crashed into his daddy, and he'd have to be rushing home to him, lest he die!

Dominic slowly loses his smile and just looks at Pádraic, taking all this in.

DOMINIC

Oh. That sounds like the meanest thing I ever heard.

PÁDRAIC

Well ... aye, it was a bit mean, but he'll be fine once he gets home and finds his daddy *hasn't* been hit by a bread van.

DOMINIC

I used to think you were the nicest of them. Turns out you're just the same as them.

PÁDRAIC

I am the nicest of them.

Dominic shakes his head sadly as he heads away ...

PÁDRAIC

Ar Dominic, now!

(calling out)

Well maybe I'm not a happy lad, so! Maybe this is the new me!

Dominic glances back sadly, then continues on. Pádraic takes a drink of poteen ...

PÁDRAIC

Aye. Maybe this is the new me.

EXT. LAKE – DAY

Siobhán stands at the foggy banks of the lonely lake, looking across at its bleak grey water, then looks down at her feet that are being lapped by the water, her shoes beside them.

Across the water she notices Mrs McCormick, standing outside her desolate shack on the distant opposite bank, staring back at us.

The old woman slowly and strangely waves, and just as Siobhán waves back, Mrs McCormick's wave turns into something more of a beckoning ... striking Siobhán as very creepy, just as Dominic suddenly appears beside Siobhán, startling her.

SIOBHÁN

Jesus Christ, Dominic! Would you ever stop creeping up on people! You almost gave me a fecking heart attack!

DOMINIC

I wasn't creeping up on ya, I was sidling up on ya.

SIOBHÁN

Between you and that ghoul! Jesus!

DOMINIC

I always call her a ghoul too! Because she *is* a ghoul! Jeez, we have a lot in common, don't we? Calling old people ghouls and that.

Siobhán gives him a look as she dries her feet, puts her shoes back on.

DOMINIC

Were you having a little paddle for yourself? Or were you just cleaning off the muck from them?

Another look as she gets to her feet.

DOMINIC

This is a great oul lake, isn't it?

He points at the rather obvious lake.

DOMINIC

Em ... I'm glad I caught you actually ... because there was something I was wanting to ask you, actually. And, jeez, discovering how much we have in common, well it just makes me want to ask you even more!

SIOBHÁN

We don't have anything in common.

DOMINIC

What I was wanting to ask you was ... don't skip ahead ... What I was wanting to ask you was ... something along the lines of ... Should've planned this really ... But what I was wanting to ask you was ... You probably wouldn't ever want to ... I don't know ... to fall in love with a boy like me, would ya?

Siobhán looks at him, and there's such an earnestness, a sadness, yet a desperate hope in his eyes, that it doesn't warrant any kind of harshness.

SIOBHÁN

Oh, Dominic. I don't think so, love.

DOMINIC

Yeah, no. I was thinking. No.

(pause)

Not even in the future, like? Like, when I'm your age?

She shakes her head as kindly as she can.

DOMINIC

Yeah, no, I didn't think so, but I just thought I'd ask on the off-chance, like, y'know? 'Faint heart' and all that!

(pause)

Oh well! There goes that dream!

(pause)

Well I'd best go over there and do whatever that thing over there I was going to go do was.

Dominic heads off around the lake, glancing back once, then continues away. Siobhán watches him go, sadly, noticing that Mrs McCormick is now gone, then heads away herself, in the opposite direction.

INT. COLM'S HOUSE – DAY

Colm is dancing hand in hand with his dog, as he sings an old Irish song, 'Aghadoe', the dog reluctant.

colm

(singing)

'I walked from Mallow Town to Aghadoe, Aghadoe ... '

(to the dog)

Come on, Sammy! You have to dance too!

(singing)

'I took his head from the gaol gate to Aghadoe! There I covered him with fern and I piled on him the cairn ... Like an Irish king he sleeps in Aghadoe.'

And just as Colm is giving the dog a kiss at the end of the dance ...

... Pádraic suddenly kicks the door open, startling them, as they stand there, hands in paws ...

PÁDRAIC

How are you, fatty? Dancing with your dog, is it? Well who else is going to dance with ya? Your poor dog has no say in the matter! And if you're too rude to be offering me a seat, I'll be taking one of me own accord!

Colm can only stand there, stunned, as Pádraic sits ...

PÁDRAIC

Now how's that for an oul hello?!

COLM

Have you gone fecking mental?!

POV – Pádraic looks through Colm's telescope at Colm a moment ...

PÁDRAIC

Have I gone fecking mental? No, I haven't gone fecking mental, actually. And not only have I not gone fecking mental, I have ten fingers to prove I've not gone fecking mental. How many fingers do you have to prove you've not gone fecking mental?

COLM

Nine fingers.

PÁDRAIC

Nine fingers! And nine fingers is the epitome of mental!

Colm gives him a look of surprise at the word.

PÁDRAIC

That's right, the epitome!

Colm sits opposite him, trying to keep himself in check but also bewildered. The dog gives Pádraic a lick, and he likes it at first, smiling, then pulls his hand away.

PÁDRAIC

There'll be none of that! I didn't come here for licks! I came here for the opposite of licks.

COLM

What's the opposite of licks?

PÁDRAIC

Hah?!

COLM

What did you come here for?

PÁDRAIC

I didn't come here for anything, did I? I just came to kick your door in and give you a slagging!

COLM

Well you've done that, so you can go now.

PÁDRAIC

Haven't finished yet, have I? Well, I've finished with your door, I haven't finished with your slagging.

COLM

We were doing so well, Pádraic.

PÁDRAIC

I wasn't doing so well! I was doing *terrible!* I'm *still* doing terrible!

COLM

Alright, *I* was doing so well.

PÁDRAIC

Yeah, well it can't all be you you you, can it?

COLM

Yes it can.

PÁDRAIC

There's two of us in this!

COLM

No there isn't.

PÁDRAIC

It takes two to tango.

COLM

I don't want to tango.

PÁDRAIC

Well you danced with your dog!

Pause, and a moment of calm, finally, for both of them.

PÁDRAIC

Talking of tangos, how's your new tune coming along?

COLM

I just finished it, actually. This minute.

PÁDRAIC

(thrilled for him)

Did ya?! No, Colm! That's great, like!

COLM

That's why I was dancing with me dog. I don't usually dance with me dog.

PÁDRAIC

There's no harm in dancing with your dog! I'd dance with me donkey if I knew how! And *she* did.

(pause)

Is it good? Your tune?

Colm nods solemnly, almost disconcertingly convinced of how good it is, a conviction that Pádraic gets, strangely.

PÁDRAIC

What's it called?

COLM

'The Banshees of Inisherin', I was thinking.

PÁDRAIC

But there *are* no banshees on Inisherin.

COLM

I know, I just like the double S.H. sounds.

PÁDRAIC

Aye, there's plenty of double S.H. on Inisherin.

COLM

And maybe there are banshees too. I just don't think they *scream* to portend death any more. I think they just sit back quietly, amused, and observe.

PÁDRAIC

Portend?

Pause. Colm nods. Pause.

COLM

Yeah, I keep having thoughts of playing it for you at your funeral. But that wouldn't be fair on either of us, would it?

Hurt by that, but not quite sure why, Pádraic can only plough on through.

PÁDRAIC

Well that's great that you've finished your tune! That's more than great! That's ... really great! Isn't it?

Colm nods.

PÁDRAIC

So ... do you want to meet me down the pub, Colm? We could celebrate your tune, like.

The clock strikes two, and Pádraic points to it, a happy surprised smile, as Colm processes all this, rolling a ciggie.

PÁDRAIC

Only if you like, like. But I could run up ahead. Order them in.

COLM

Why don't you do that, Pádraic?

PÁDRAIC

Why don't I run up a—? And order them ...? Well I will so!

Pádraic stands, thrilled, gives the dog a pat.

PÁDRAIC

Jeez, that went well! And maybe on the way I can find that student friend of yours, that Declan fella. I'd told him his daddy was dying so he'd feck off home and leave us alone, but there's no need now! Sure he could join us!

Pádraic heads out, and we see him happily striding away through the window, as Colm lights his cigarette, staring into space ...

... just as his dog quietly gets up, stretches nonchalantly, pads over to the bloodstained shears that are leaning against a wall, takes one of the handles in his mouth, and drags them away, glancing back sheepishly at Colm as he goes.

Colm smiles, puts his cigarette out, goes over to him, gives him a big loving pat and a rub ... and takes the shears away from him.

INT. PUB – DAY

Only Jonjo and Pádraic in there ...

PÁDRAIC

Two pints please, Jonjo!

... which confuses Jonjo, though he doesn't rise to it, as he pours the pints. Pádraic nods a thanks and heads over to Colm's table by the window.

JONJO

What are you sitting over there for when I'm over here?

PÁDRAIC

I thought I'd just have a sit for meself, y'know?

(pause)

Wait for me friend.

JONJO

Are you fecking joking me?! Your four-fingered friend?!
I mean, are you fecking joking me?!

PÁDRAIC

No I'm not fecking joking ya. He just needed a bit of tough love was all.

Jonjo is just left there, flabbergasted, as Pádraic sits there happily, looking out the window.

EXT. COLM'S HOUSE – DAY

Colm leaves his house, walking away up the lane, his dog barking from inside the window.

INT. PUB – DAY

Pádraic still waiting, impatiently now, as the clock strikes four. Sound of footsteps to the pub door and Pádraic resets himself ... then the door opens and Siobhán comes in.

JONJO

Siobhán! Do you want a sherry?

SIOBHÁN

No.

JONJO

Righty-ho!

She sits at Pádraic's table, notices the extra pint.

SIOBHÁN

What are you doing?

PÁDRAIC

Me?

SIOBHÁN

Yes you.

PÁDRAIC

Nothing. Just drinking.

SIOBHÁN

Not waiting?

PÁDRAIC

Not waiting.

JONJO

Well he *is* waiting, Siobhán, he's waiting for Colm Doherty.

PÁDRAIC

I amn't waiting!

JONJO

He just *told* me he was waiting.

PÁDRAIC

Telltale!

SIOBHÁN

Come home with me, Pádraic. I've something to discuss with ya.

PÁDRAIC

You've something to discuss with me? We've never discussed something before. That sounds ... I don't *want* to discuss something.

SIOBHÁN

Well you'll have to, cos I'm leaving.

PÁDRAIC

Leaving?

(pause)

Like, leaving? Like ... not staying?

She nods, stands, and heads out. Pádraic looks at Colm's untouched pint, looks at Jonjo, and follows her out, the two lonely pints left behind.

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAY

No one at home, wind blowing in slow motion the curtains of the open window, through which we see Colm approaching the house along the lane. He stops and throws something at the door, and it hits with a thud.

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Over Colm's shoulder, he throws another thing at the already bloody door, and the next of his fingers slides down it ...

He throws the next ... then throws the thumb.

EXT. HIGH LANEWAYS – DAY

Pádraic following Siobhán up the hill as she strides along.

PÁDRAIC

But what about me?

SIOBHÁN

What about you?

PÁDRAIC

I'll have no friends at all left.

SIOBHÁN

You'll have Dominic.

PÁDRAIC

Ah here! And he's gone off me now too. What kind of a place is it when the village gom goes off ya?

(pause)

And who's going to do the cooking?!

SIOBHÁN

That's your first question, is it? 'Who's going to do the cooking?'

PÁDRAIC

Well it wasn't me first question, was it? 'But what about me?' was me first question.

She gives him a look, and just then ...

Down the hill towards them Colm distantly appears in slow motion, a strange, lonesome figure getting closer to them, but there's something weird or lopsided about him ...

And it's only now that they see the blood pouring from his left hand, all its fingers gone ...

SIOBHÁN

Oh God, no ...!

... as Colm painfully passes them, without even acknowledging their presence ...

And they watch him go, appalled at the fingerless, bloody hand and the blood-trail it's left, as he gets further away and disappears around a bend, the slow motion ending.

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAY

Siobhán is putting the final few things in her suitcase, to Pádraic's dismay.

PÁDRAIC

Now?! But you can't be leaving now!

SIOBHÁN

I *can* be leaving now. I can't be waiting round for any more of this madness. What the hell did you say to him, Pádraic?

PÁDRAIC

Nothing really!

She gives him a look.

PÁDRAIC

Well, I'd sort of had a chat with Dominic earlier, and a new sort of standing up for meself sort of tack we thought I should try.

SIOBHÁN

Oh God!

PÁDRAIC

Well it was all going fine until he chopped off all his fingers!

Siobhán shakes her head, shuts her suitcase, and looks over the house one last time, tearfully.

SIOBHÁN

Me books wouldn't fit. Would you look after them for me?

PÁDRAIC

Ar don't go, Siobhán!

SIOBHÁN

They're all I have, really. Apart from the obvious.

She hugs him tearfully ...

PÁDRAIC

You'll be back soon, won't ya, Siobhán?

SIOBHÁN

Oh Pádraic!

PÁDRAIC

Don't say 'Oh Pádraic!' Say yes!

She sobs, grabs her suitcase and leaves, and Pádraic watches her go from the doorway, down the lane to the bend, where she waves back at him ...

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

And from the bend she looks back at him, and their house, and the cows, calf and pony all watching from outside, the rest of the island stretching out behind them all, and she takes the bend in the road ... and she's gone.

EXT. JETTY – DAY

Siobhán's boat pulls away from the jetty and she watches from on board, taking a last look as Inisherin recedes from view.

EXT. BOAT – DAY

As the boat passes the high cliff side of the island, Siobhán gazes up them and is surprised to see Pádraic sadly waving goodbye.

She waves back, tearful but happy that he came out, till Pádraic slowly stops waving and just stands there, and Siobhán loses her smile somewhat ...

EXT. BOAT – CONTINUOUS

... as she now sees the slightly ominous figure of Mrs McCormick further along the clifftop, staring back at him ...

... but Siobhán's relief is palpable once Pádraic waves one last time, steps away from the cliff edge, and disappears inland.

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAY

We follow Pádraic towards his house and up its path, till he sees again the blood patch on the front door, then notices a little trail of blood that leads away from the door and around the corner of the house ...

And as we slowly follow Pádraic around the corner and become his POV ...

... we reveal first the tail, then the back hooves, then the motionless little body of his dwarf donkey, a human thumb and a little pool of bloody vomit in the grass around her lifeless mouth, as Pádraic collapses to his knees beside her.

He touches her mane, he cradles her neck, he pulls her onto his lap, he pulls out a human finger that's stuck in her throat but it's no use, she's long gone. The cows, the pony and even his calf stand around watching in sad silence, also knowing she's gone.

EXT. VARIOUS – DUSK

Sunset across the island at some pretty spots we've seen before, including the castle ruins and gloomy cemetery.

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DUSK

Sun still setting, the pony looks in the window, curtains billowing in the breeze, as Pádraic sits in his chair, donkey corpse across his lap.

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DUSK

Lit by lamplight, the animals stand watching as Pádraic digs a grave in the grass behind his house. Beside the grave, the donkey has been delicately wrapped in Pádraic's bedspread.

The grave dug, he gently picks her up and places her down inside it, stays kneeling there, and says a tearful silent prayer for her. Then he gently shovels the earth down on her, as the other animals look away.

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Hands still dirty and bloody, Pádraic pulls a black jacket over his white shirt, does up his funeral tie in the cracked mirror, grabs an oil lamp, smashes the mirror with it, and leaves the house. And from the open window we watch in slow motion as he heads up the lane, the curtains billowing creepily.

EXT. BEACH – NIGHT

Pádraic trudging along, overtakes the slow-moving Mrs McCormick.

PÁDRAIC

I don't want to talk.

And just as Pádraic thinks he's gotten away from her ...

MRS McCORMICK

Don't be killing his dog, now.

PÁDRAIC

And don't be putting things in me head that weren't there in the first fecking place! Ya fecking nutbag!

Mrs McCormick chuckles as Pádraic continues on.

MRS McCORMICK

‘Nutbag’.

INT. COLM'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Moonlit but no one at home bar Colm's dog. It's awoken by Pádraic's lamplit face at the window, looking in. He leaves it and comes in through the door, the dog giving a whimper as Pádraic checks if Colm's home, then sits beside him.

He rubs its head, it gives him a lick, then Pádraic's gaze drifts across to the bloody shears that are lying in a pool of blood on the table. His gaze returns to the dog, who meets it. Pádraic smiles, rubbing the dog's ears.

PÁDRAIC

What would I ever hurt you for? You're the only nice thing about him.

INT. PUB – NIGHT

Jonjo and Gerry are quite concerned at Colm's bleeding hand, but Colm seems happier than he's ever been, as he guides the disturbed student musicians through his tune ...

Just then, Pádraic enters, and Jonjo and Gerry look at the dishevelled, bloodied, ashen sight of him, worried.

GERRY

Hiya, Pádraic! You're looking well!

The musicians now notice him, and slowly stop playing, which prompts Colm to finally notice Pádraic too.

COLM

That's great, lads. It sounds lovely.

Colm goes over to Pádraic, his hand dripping blood all over the floor.

COLM

I don't need your apologies. Alright? It's a relief to me.
So let's just call it quits and agree to go our separate
ways, shall we? For good this time.

Colm's right hand is offered. Pádraic just looks at it.

PÁDRAIC

Your fat fingers killed me little donkey today. So no, we
won't call it quits. We'll call it the start.

colm

(face falling)

You're joking me.

PÁDRAIC

Yeah, no, I'm not joking you. So tomorrow, Sunday, God's day, around two, I'm
going to call up to your house, and I'm going to set fire to it, and hopefully you'll still
be inside it. But I won't be checking either way.

(pause)

Just be sure and leave your dog outside. I've nothing against that gom.

(pause)

Or you can do whatever's in your power to stop me.

(pause)

To our graves we're taking this.

(pause)

To one of our graves, anyways.

*Pádraic turns to go, and just as he's heading out, Peadar comes in, and grabs him
one-handed by the hair.*

PEADAR

I've a bone to pick with you, dreary. Is that little gob-shite of mine at your place again?

COLM

Leave him, Peadar. His donkey's just died.

PEADAR

(smiling)

Did he? The little miniature fella? Well, Jaysus, boys, I'll tell ya this much ...!

Suddenly, Colm smashes the smiling Peadar in the face with a massive haymaker, Peadar going down in a heap.

Pádraic blankly looks at Peadar lying there, looks at Colm equally blankly, then moves to the door, picks up his lamp and turns back to Colm.

PÁDRAIC

Two o'clock.

He exits.

EXT. VARIOUS – DAWN

Sunrise over the island and its watery horizon ...

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAWN

... and over Jenny's freshly dug grave, a homemade white wooden cross now at its head, the sad cows sniffing at it.

EXT. CHURCH – DAWN

Nine in the morning. The church bells ring the islanders to church, and they approach from ...

EXT. HIGH LANEWAY TO CROSSROADS – DAWN

... all quarters of the island, Colm one of them, walking alone, head bowed, past the statue of Mary.

INT. CHURCH – DAY

The priest reading the mass in Latin again, all the islanders (including Peadar, Jonjo and Gerry) listening, bar Pádraic, who stares out a stained-glass window. Colm observes him from a few pews behind, the reverse of how they were last time, but Pádraic is the one not looking around today. Pádraic leaves the church in the middle of the mass.

INT. CONFESSIONAL – DAY

Lattice light on Colm's face as the priest listens.

COLM

I killed a miniature donkey. It was be accident, but I do feel bad about it.

PRIEST

Do you think God gives a damn about miniature donkeys, Colm?

COLM

I fear he doesn't. And I fear that's where it's all gone wrong.

PRIEST

(pause)

Is that it?

COLM

Is what it?

PRIEST

Aren't you forgetting a couple of things?

COLM

No, I think I've covered it.

PRIEST

Wouldn't you say punching a policeman is a sin?

COLM

Ah here, if punching a policeman is a sin we may as well just pack up and go home!

PRIEST

And self-mutilation is a sin. It's one of the biggest.

COLM

Is it? Self-mutilation, so, you have me there. Multiplied be five.

Pause.

PRIEST

How's the despair?

colm

(pause)

It's back a bit.

PRIEST

But you're not going to do anything about it?

COLM

I'm not going to do anything about it, no.
They sit there in the dark a while.

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAY

The donkey's grave in the background, Pádraic feeds and waters the cows and the calf. He gives them loads, gives them a pat and a kiss goodbye and they seem to know something is up.

Over all this, and over the following sections of montage, we hear a letter that Siobhán has written, or is writing to him.

SIOBHÁN

(voice-over)

Dear Pádraic, I am safely ensconced on the mainland, and, Pádraic, it's lovely here. There's a river running past my window as I write, and the people already seem less bitter and mental. I'm not sure why, but I think it's because a lot of them are from Spain.

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAY

Pádraic and Siobhán's bare room, the two lonely single beds, the picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus between them ... as Pádraic potters outside the small window, picking up stuff that we can't quite see.

SIOBHÁN

(voice-over)

Mostly I wanted to say there's a spare bed here for ya, Pádraic, and with the war almost over, I think there'd be work for you here.

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAY

Pádraic has been picking up bits of plywood and driftwood, and anything else that'll burn, from outside the house, and is loading them onto the pony and cart, along with four or five oil lamps, securing all this with rope.

SIOBHÁN

(voice-over)

Because there's nothing for you on Inisherin. Nothing but more bleakness and grudges and loneliness and spite ...

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAY

In the lonely living room with the two empty chairs, the abandoned books, the curtains billowing in the window and the smashed mirror multiplying everything, Pádraic picks up the paraffin and exits with it, and through the window we see him load it on the cart, then slowly ride away towards the bend.

SIOBHÁN

(voice-over)

... and the slow passing of time until death. And, sure,
you can do that anywhere!

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DAY

As Pádraic rides away, cart piled high with inflammables, his animals leave their food and come out onto the road to sadly watch him go.

SIOBHÁN

(voice-over)

So come, Pádraic. Leave there. Dominic can look after
Jenny and the rest of your animals. They could move
into the house together!

EXT. LAKE – DAY

Pádraic rides past the lake, passing Mrs McCormick on the opposite bank, Dominic's pole with the hook across her shoulders, staring at the water much more intently now ...

SIOBHÁN

(voice-over)

So come now, Pádraic, please ...

EXT. HILL ABOVE COLM'S HOUSE – DAY

Pádraic arrives at the hill looking down on Colm's house, its chimney smoking, and he halts the pony for a moment.

SIOBHÁN

(voice-over)

Before it's all too late.

He cicks the pony on, down to the house.

EXT. COLM'S HOUSE – DAY

Colm's dog is outside on the grass, as Pádraic gets down from the cart and, without ever looking in the windows, pulls all the wood from the cart, stacks it at the door and under the windows, and splashes paraffin over it and up the walls to the thatched roof.

He lights all four oil lamps that are still on the cart, then notices Colm's dog looking up at him, confused ...

So he lifts the dog onto the back of the cart ... then takes the first lit lamp and smashes it at the door, which goes up in flames, smashes the second under the window, and smashes the rest against the other windows and under the thatch, all of which also go up ...

The dog is standing staring on the cart now, agitated and confused, as the house is engulfed in flames. Pádraic pats the animals to reassure them, then leads the pony and cart away ...

Just then, the sound of Colm's clock chiming two is heard from inside the house ...

Pádraic stops the cart, ponders a moment ... then goes and looks in one of the burning windows for the first time ...

Pádraic's POV – Colm is sitting in there, nervously smoking.

Pádraic nods to himself, then he gets back on the cart and rides away, the dog still standing on the back of it, staring at the burning house, and we ride with Pádraic a while, as the house burns behind him, and we hear Pádraic's reply to Siobhán.

PÁDRAIC

(voice-over)

Dear Siobhán ...

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DUSK

Sunset, lamplit. His two cows looking in through the window at Pádraic inside ...

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DUSK

In the pretty light of sunset, Pádraic finger-paints something on a small piece of wood with black shoe polish which we can't quite see yet, as around him nose his pony, his calf, and Colm's dog.

The dog scratches at the door, to get back to his own home, but Pádraic clicks his fingers and it sits back down, sadly.

PÁDRAIC

(voice-over)

Obviously I don't know what 'ensconced' is, but I thank you for the offer of the free bed and the whatnot.

(pause)

But I won't be taking you up on it, I'm afraid.

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DUSK

Pádraic hangs the piece of wood onto the donkey's crucifix. In shoe polish it reads 'JENNY', with a little black heart after it. The sun sets on the horizon behind it.

PÁDRAIC

(voice-over)

As I told ya, me life is on Inisherin. Me friends, me animals ...

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DUSK

Pádraic sits staring into space, lit by a single candle, the life gone from him, his animals still milling around, the depressed dog still sitting at the door.

PÁDRAIC

(voice-over)

Even now, as I write, little donkey Jenny is looking at me, saying please don't go, Pádraic, we'd miss ya, and nuzzling me, the gilly-gooly. Get off, Jenny!

EXT. HILL ABOVE COLM'S HOUSE – DUSK

With Colm's burning house an inferno behind him, Peadar strides away from it, taking his handcuffs out ...

EXT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – DUSK

As Peadar comes to Pádraic's he also takes his truncheon out and is about to head up the path to the candlelit Pádraic inside ...

MRS McCORMICK

Whisht!

... when he's startled by Mrs McCormick, still carrying her pole. She beckons him to follow her, and something about her makes it impossible for him not to follow ...

PÁDRAIC

(voice-over)

In other news, in sadder news, actually ...

EXT. LAKE – DUSK

Dominic's bloated drowned body lies face up in the shallows where Mrs McCormick is helping drag it with her hook pole, as Peadar stands there staring at his dead son.

PÁDRAIC

(voice-over)

... they found young Dominic's body in the lake today.
He must've slipped and fell in, the poor fella. So there'd
be no one to take care of the animals anyway.

EXT. COLM'S HOUSE – DUSK

The burning house at sunset from various dangerous stunning angles as it totally collapses in on itself.

PÁDRAIC

(voice-over)

No other news, really.

INT. PÁDRAIC'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Bedroom. Pádraic, face down on in his lonely bed, a single candle lighting the room, looks over at Siobhán's empty bed, as the calf and the pony look in on him through the doorway.

PÁDRAIC

(voice-over)

Except that I love you, Siobhán, and I miss you, and I hope I'll see you again some day, if ever you come back home.

PÁDRAIC

(in the room, sadly)

Come back home, Siobhán.

PÁDRAIC

(voice-over)

Yours sincerely, your loving brother, Pádraic Súilleabháin.

He snuffs out the candle with his fingers, and the pony turns its head away.

EXT. GRAVEYARD – DAWN

Sunrise over the graveyard ...

EXT. HIGH LANEWAY TO CROSSROADS – DAWN

Sunrise over the Mary statue ...

EXT. HILL ABOVE COLM'S HOUSE – DAWN

Sunrise over Colm's smouldering, half-collapsed house, as Pádraic walks Colm's dog above the beach. The dog sees something on the beach below ... then sprints off happily towards the figure down there, who's staring out to sea.

Pádraic heads down to the beach.

EXT. BEACH – DAWN

The figure down there is Colm, of course, and he gives the dog a happy hug. Pádraic arrives at the water's edge about fifteen yards along from them.

Up the bank behind them, Colm's burned house still smoulders, and a figure appears beside it ...

EXT. COLM'S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

It's Mrs McCormick, pole in hand. She stands observing the two men on the beach, and we might notice here that one of the house's windows has been smashed out, a chair on the grass outside.

EXT. BEACH – CONTINUOUS

Colm lets the dog go, and looks out to sea, the dog slightly confused between him and Pádraic.

COLM

I suppose me house makes us quits.

PÁDRAIC

If you'd stayed in your house, that would've made us quits. But you didn't, did ya, so it doesn't, does it?

COLM

(pause)

I'm sorry about your donkey, Pádraic. Honestly I am.

PÁDRAIC

I don't fucking care.

They stare out to sea again, and the quiet mainland across the bay.

COLM

I haven't heard any rifle-fire from the mainland in a day or two. I think they're coming to the end of it.

PÁDRAIC

Ah, I'm sure they'll be starting it up again soon enough,
aren't you? Some things, there's no moving on from.

(pause)

And I think that's a good thing.

Pádraic starts heading away ...

COLM

Pádraic?

Pádraic stops.

COLM

Thanks for looking after me dog for me, anyway.

Pádraic looks at the dog for a moment.

PÁDRAIC

Any time.

Pádraic continues away ...

*As Colm looks back out to sea and whistles his tune a few moments, then lets it
drift away to nothing ...*

As Mrs McCormick watches it all ...

And the distance between the two men gets bigger and bigger and bigger.

End.

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First published in 2022
by Faber & Faber Limited,
74-77 Great Russell Street,
London WC1B 3DA

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ISBN 978-0-571-38171-5

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