THE BANSHEES OF INISHERIN

by

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EXT. VARIOUS ISLAND LOCATIONS - DAY

THE ISLAND OF INISHERIN, 1923. PADRAIC SUILLEABHAIN
(SULLIVAN), a good-looking man of 35 or so, walks the
island’s winding stone-walled lanes; past thatched cottages,
the ancient graveyard, castle ruins, a little lake. Past the
island’s small dock-side town and the boats tied up there.
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. PADRAIC continues on down to it.

EXT. COLM’S HOUSE - DAY

PADRAIC arrives at the cottage, a dog on the grass outside,
which he gives a pat to, & 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 50’s, is sitting in an
armchair, back to us, smoking.

PADRAIC
Colm? Are you coming out to the pub, Colm?

EXT. COLM’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

PADRAIC tries the door. Locked. Unusual. Looks in window.

PADRAIC
You’ve the door... He has the door...
Funny. Are you not coming out to the
pub, Colm? It’s two o’clock, like.

COLM’S grandfather clock CHIMES TWO. COLM smokes again,
staring ahead.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
Are you having a fag for yourself?
(pause)
Shall I see you down there so?
(pause)
I’ll see you down there so.

COLM smokes without acknowledgement. PADRAIC walks away,
looking back at the house now and then, disconcerted.
EXT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAY

PADRAIC arrives back at his own cottage, overlooking the grey sea, his dwarf donkey, Jenny, in garden (red ribbon & bell around her neck), his small pony, two cows & a calf in the next door field, his younger sister SIOBHAN, hanging washing.

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

PADRAIC
I knocked on ColmSonnyLarry and he’s just sitting there.

SIOBHAN
Sitting there doing what?

PADRAIC
Sitting there doing nothing. Smoking.

SIOBHAN
Was he asleep?

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

SIOBHAN
It wasn’t just lit and in his hand?

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

SIOBHAN
Have ye been rowing?

PADRAIC
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?

SIOBHAN
Maybe he just doesn’t like you no more.

SIOBHAN smiles, takes the empty basket back inside, leaving PADRAIC worried, looking out across the sea.

EXT. LANEWAYS - DAY

PADRAIC nods a hello as he passes the uniformed figure of PEADAR KEARNEY, Inisherin’s only policeman, 50’s.
PADRAIC
Officer Kearney.

PEADAR ignores him completely. PADRAIC loses his smile.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
(under breath)
Never says hello. Never fecking says hello.

EXT. PUB - DAY
PADRAIC comes to the local pub, a lonely building also overlooking the sea, empty table on the grass outside.

INT. PUB - DAY
PADRAIC nods to JONJO, 50's, behind bar.

PADRAIC
Pint, Jonjo.

JONJO starts pouring one. [All pints are poured from bottles - no pumps in the period.]

JONJO
Is Colm not with you?

PADRAIC
No.

JONJO stops pouring.

JONJO
Colm’s always with you.

PADRAIC
I know.

JONJO
Did you not knock for him?

PADRAIC
I did knock for him.

JONJO
Well where is he?

PADRAIC
He’s just sitting there.

JONJO
Sitting there doing what?

PADRAIC
Sitting there doing nothing. Smoking.
JONJO
Was he asleep?

PADRAIC decides against getting into that one again & just
shakes his head. JONJO pours the rest of the pint.

JONJO (CONT’D)
Have ye been rowing?

PADRAIC
I don’t think we’ve been rowing.

JONJO
Well it sounds like ye’ve been rowing.

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

JONJO
That’d be the best thing.

PADRAIC has a worried sip, then leaves.

10 EXT. COLM’S HOUSE – DAY

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

PADRAIC
Colm?

(pause)
Are you not coming out to the pub, Colm?

PADRAIC tries the door. It opens.

11 INT. COLM’S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

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

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

No-one there. Musical/esoteric details hang the brightly
painted walls. PADRAIC 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 window.

POV THROUGH TELESCOPE – Far off, Colm walking away up the
hill, already a half mile gone.

PADRAIC (CONT’D)

(quietly)
Where the Hell are you heading off to?
EXT. LANEWAYS - DAY

PADRAIC tries to catch up to the distant COLM along the winding, high-walled lanes, but COLM is going at some pace.

PADRAIC takes the next few corners as quickly as he can, but as he comes on a long straight stretch he realises COLM is nowhere to be seen.

PADRAIC
Is he scaling the walls or what is he up to?

PADRAIC climbs a wall and sees COLM scaling a wall into a distant field, in which there’s a bull.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
He is scaling the walls. Well feck ya so! Although be careful of that bull, Colm...

COLM threatens the bull with a clenched fist and the bull backs sheepishly away.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
Oh, okay...

COLM scales another wall and on through the next field.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
Where’s he going to? There’s nowhere to go to.

EXT. LANEWAY TO PUB - DAY

PADRAIC trudges back to the pub. There’s a peel of laughter inside. PADRAIC looks in the window. COLM is sitting at the bar, laughing with JONJO and GERRY MULLINS, another older regular.

INT. PUB - DAY

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

PADRAIC
Howdo!

GERRY
Howdo, Padraic!

COLM
Sit somewhere else.

PADRAIC
Hah?
A tension, COLM not even looking at him. The others look at each other.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
But I have me pint there, Colm...

JONJO
He has his pint there, Colm, from when he came in and ordered his pint 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 & JONJO a little perturbed by all this.

GERRY
Are ye rowing?

PADRAIC
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.

PADRAIC
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.

15 EXT. PUB - DAY 15

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

PADRAIC
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, no matter how many walls you scale or bulls you threaten.
PADRAIC (CONT'D)
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.

COLM
But you didn’t say anything to me.
And you didn’t do anything to me.

PADRAIC
That’s what I was thinking, like.

COLM
I just don’t like you no more.

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

PADRAIC
You do like me.

COLM
I don’t.

PADRAIC
(pause)
You liked me yesterday!

COLM
Oh did I, yeah?

PADRAIC
I thought you did.

COLM
You know best, I suppose.

PADRAIC
(pause)
I like you.
(pause)
What’s the matter with ya?
(teary)
You’re me friend.

COLM gives him a look & returns to the pub, and PADRAIC is left there, unbelievably sad. He finishes his pint, almost choking on it, looks back at the pub and the men inside, then walks off home.
EXT. LANEWAYS - DAY

PADRAIC, lost in thought, passes DOMINIC KEARNEY, an odd fella, 20’s, son of the policeman. He has a long stick with a tiny hook at one end.

DOMINIC
Padraig.

PADRAIC
(in passing)
Dominic.

DOMINIC walks along beside him.

DOMINIC
What’s the matter with ya?

PADRAIC
Nothing’s the matter with me (quietly) for God’s sake.

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?

PADRAIC
Down here.

DOMINIC
As good a plan as any! D’you have a fag?

PADRAIC
No.

DOMINIC
Ah you do, you always do.

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

DOMINIC
Is he?!

PADRAIC
No.

DOMINIC slowly stops, as PADRAIC continues on.

DOMINIC
(You’re behaving awful unusual!)
INT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAY

PADRAIC sitting in a chair, staring into space, a newspaper on the table beside him. The walls are as equally brightly painted as COLM's, though a different colour, and far more bare. SIOBHAN enters with groceries, surprised to see him.

SIOBHAN
What are you doing here?
(pause)
Was the pub closed?

PADRAIC
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, away from the window behind them, an image we’ll repeat often.

SIOBHAN
Anything in the paper?

PADRAIC
Just the civil war still.

SIOBHAN
A bad do.

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

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
Mrs McCormick’s coming over later, Padraic, I couldn’t avoid her. I don’t know if you’re going to be in or out, but you’re usually out?

PADRAIC
Am I?

SIOBHAN
You are, yeah. You know you are.

PADRAIC
(far away)
I don’t care, Siobhan. It’s your house too.

All this behaviour strikes SIOBHAN as very strange.

EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - DUSK

A moonlit night; washing in the breeze, animals sleeping, lamp and candle-light in the house.
INT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - DUSK

PADRAIC, SIOBHAN & MRS MCCORMICK, a spooky-looking, white-faced, neighbour, 80, smoking a clay pipe through blackened teeth. SIOBHAN sews rose decorations on a black shawl, as PADRAIC refills the lamps around the room from a pail of Paraffin.

MRS MCCORMICK
Is it six years since yere Mammy and Daddy died, Siobhan, or is it seven years since they died?

SIOBHAN
It’s seven years, Mrs McCormick, aye.

MRS MCCORMICK
Is it seven years? Doesn’t time be flying?

PADRAIC
Aye. When you’re having fun.

SIOBHAN
Be off to the pub, now, Padraic, if you’re going to be annoying us.

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

SIOBHAN almost double-takes, MRS MCCORMICK just smirks.

MRS MCCORMICK
ColmSonnyLarry’s scared him off, I suppose.

PADRAIC
What did you hear of ColmSonnyLarry?

MRS MCCORMICK
Didn’t you and he used be the best of friends?

PADRAIC
We’re still the best of friends.

MRS MCCORMICK
No ye’re not.

PADRAIC
Who says we’re not?

MRS MCCORMICK
(pointing at SIOBHAN)
She says!
PADRAIC
Ar for God’s sake, Siobhan!

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

SIOBHAN makes PADRAIC put on his coat.

PADRAIC
She never gets a chance cos you avoid her!

SIOBHAN
I do not avoid her!

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

SIOBHAN gives an embarrassed laugh as PADRAIC exits. She sits back down.

SIOBHAN
‘Hide behind walls’.

SIOBHAN tries to smile, but MRS MCCC MICK just stares at her, smoking. They sit in awkward silence.

20
EXT. HIGH LANEWAYS - NIGHT (DUSK?)

PADRAIC looks at the FAR-OFF CANNON-FIRE ON THE MAINLAND; FLASHES, GUN RETORTS, SMOKE RISING.

PADRAIC
(Good luck to ye all. Whatever it is ye’re fighting about.)

21
EXT. PUB - NIGHT

Music & liveliness inside, surprising PADRAIC as he arrives.

22
INT. PUB - NIGHT

COLM, the dog at his feet, playing fiddle in a session with two other MUSICIANS. The pub is unusually crowded. PADRAIC makes his way to JONJO at the bar.

PADRAIC
I didn’t hear there was to be a session.
JONJO
Last minute thing. Colm decided.

PADRAIC frowns. JONJO pours him a pint. For once there are some LOCAL WOMEN in the bar, mostly around COLM.

JONJO (CONT'D)
All the ladies love Colm, d’you know?
Always did.

PADRAIC
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, PADRAIC 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 (40’s) 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 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!

PADRAIC
I’m happy enough sitting here, now.

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

(MORE)
DOMINIC (CONT'D)
(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, PADRAIC looking away sheepishly, embarrassed, till COLM and the WOMAN continue with the song.

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

DOMINIC
What trouble in are you in with him?

PADRAIC
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?

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

INT. DOMINIC’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Catholic paraphernalia on smoke-stained red walls. DOMINIC’s pudgy policeman father, PEADAR, who we met earlier, asleep, naked on a chair, uniform hanging on the wall behind him.

It’s a very weird image, & PADRAIC 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 PADRAIC. They look back at naked PEADAR a moment.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
(whispered)
Do you like to look at men?

PADRAIC is confused/repulsed...

PADRAIC
No. Jesus...!

...and leaves. DOMINIC looks at his Dad a little longer.
DOMINIC
Yeah, me neither.

EXT. CASTLE RUINS (AT DUN AENGUS) - NIGHT

Castle ruins/ancient hillfort overlooking high cliffs. Poteen half-gone.

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

DOMINIC
I will get into trouble but fuck it!

PADRAIC drinks. It’s strong stuff.

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

DOMINIC
That’ll be the civil war.

PADRAIC
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. I’m agin them! Wars and soap! Agin them I am!

PADRAIC hands the bottle back, & DOMINIC drinks.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
I’ll tell you this much, we’re good at chatting, aren’t we, me and you? Your sister, does she like to chat?

PADRAIC
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?

PADRAIC
(weirded out)
I didn’t.
DOMINIC
Did you not, and you her brother?
(pause)
Not even as a child?

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

DOMINIC
What types of things?

PADRAIC
Sisters with no clothes on.

DOMINIC
You saw my daddy with no clothes on.

PADRAIC
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!

PADRAIC takes the bottle back & drinks as he looks out to sea, almost talking to himself...

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

DOMINIC
Daddy?

PADRAIC
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 lummox one more *
time? *
(leaning in)
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 PADRAIC to think about that a while.
INT. PADRAIC/SIOBHAN’S BEDROOM - DAWN

SIOBHAN asleep in her twin bed, PADRAIC 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 & gets up.

INT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - DAWN

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

PADRAIC

Everything was fine yesterday.

PADRAIC notices the calendar on the wall beside the window.
It’s on MARCH, and all the days are crossed off, so he turns
the page to APRIL, and is just about to cross off yesterday’s
date THE 1ST, when he realises something. Happily.

EXT. HIGH LANEWAYS - DAWN

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

EXT. HIGH LANEWAYS - DAWN

PADRAIC and cows pass on the road behind COLM.

PADRAIC

Just bringing me cows past.

COLM

Hah?

PADRAIC

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

COLM

You don’t usually bring them this way.

PADRAIC

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

COLM looks at him blankly.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
More fool me!

Still nothing.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
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 PADRAIC.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
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!

PADRAIC hurries after his cows. Once he’s far away he looks back at COLM, who, disturbingly, still has his hand over his eyes.

EXT. PRETTY PASTURE OVERLOOKING SEA - DAY
PADRAIC happily pats the cows into a small new field.

PADRAIC
New grass now. Nice new grass. A nice new day, April the 2nd, nothing funny about that, and nice new grass.

INT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - DAY
PADRAIC finishes shaving in a MIRROR ON THE WALL with a single crack in it, as SIOBHAN reads.

SIOBHAN
You seem more cheery.

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

SIOBHAN
(bemused)
I will so.
PADRAIC wipes himself off, puts on a clean shirt.

    PADRAIC
    How’s the book?
    
    SIOBHAN
    Sad.

    PADRAIC
    Sad? You should read a not sad one, Siobhan, else you might get sad.
    
    SIOBHAN
    Mm.
    (pause)
    Do you never get lonely, Padraic?
    
    PADRAIC
    Never get what?
    
    SIOBHAN
    Lonely.
    
    PADRAIC

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

31  **EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE – DAY**  

PADRAIC walks off past JENNY, who looks at him longingly.

    PADRAIC
    ‘Lonely’. Fecking Hell, like.

32  **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, lowers the fiddle, and sits there staring, his dog just looking at him, confused.

33  **EXT. COLM’S HOUSE – DAY**

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

    PADRAIC
    Colm? Are you coming out to the...?
Distantly, across the brow of the hill, he sees COLM striding away, fiddle in hand, dog tagging along with him.

And PADRAIC sadly realises this is serious.

EXT. LANEWAY TO PUB - DAY

All happiness gone, PADRAIC walks the road to the pub.

INT. PUB - DAY

COLM at table by window with his dog. PADRAIC enters, gives him a nod - COLM either doesn’t see it or ignores it. Either way, PADRAIC is even more pissed off.

PADRAIC
Pint, Jonjo.

JONJO pours one, not sure of what’s going on either.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
How’s he seem?

JONJO
Grand, I think. With me, anyways.

JONJO pulls a worried face. PADRAIC ambles over to COLM and puts his pint down on his table. COLM looks at it.

COLM
What are you doing?

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

COLM
Ahn’t I allowed to have a quiet drink on me own, Padraic?

PADRAIC
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.

PADRAIC
Hah?!
COLM
You do have nothing better to do with your fecking time.

PADRAIC
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?

PADRAIC
Hah?

COLM
Like what could you be doing?

Long pause while PADRAIC thinks.

PADRAIC
Reading?

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

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

COLM (CONT'D)
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, Padraic Suilleabhain. So do you want to take your pint outside or do you want me to take my pint outside?

PADRAIC takes his pint, starts going outside.

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

EXT. PUB - DAY

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

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

COLM
I just, ah... I just have this tremendous sense of time slipping away on me, Padraic, 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.

PADRAIC
(pause)
Are you dying?

COLM
No, I’m not dying.

PADRAIC
But... then you’ve loads of time.

COLM can see he isn’t getting through to him.

COLM
For chatting?

PADRAIC
Aye!

COLM
For aimless chatting?

PADRAIC
Not for aimless chatting. For good normal chatting.

COLM
So we’ll keep aimlessly chatting, will we? 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?

PADRAIC
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, Padraic. I timed it.
PADRAIC
Well it wasn’t me little donkey’s
shite, was it, it was me little pony’s
shite. Which show’s how much you were
listening.

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

PADRAIC isn’t quite sure if he does understand.

COLM (CONT’D)
That was the straw that broke the
camel’s back, anyways. The two hours of
pony shite.

PADRAIC
There was straw in it!

COLM looks at him, then gets up to go back in.

PADRAIC (CONT’D)
We’ll just chat about something else
then!

But COLM has already gone inside. His dog looks at PADRAIC
sadly a moment, then looks away too & goes inside himself,
PADRAIC having to get up and help him with the door.

Framed in the window, PADRAIC sips his pint, looking at the
horses over the wall, who also seem to turn away from him. He
walks away home.

EXT. PRETTY LANE NEAR THE PUB (OR ANYWHERE) – DUSK

SIOBHAN coming along, dressed pretty, rose shawl, as PADRAIC
heads home, mopey.

SIOBHAN
What’s the matter with you?

PADRAIC
Nothin’.

SIOBHAN
Aren’t we going for a sherry...?

PADRAIC
Don’t feel like it.

PADRAIC continues on.

SIOBHAN
(quietly)
No, I’m not having this again today.
SIOBHAN continues on, the pub appearing in the distance, lamps on against the darkening blue skies.

INT/EXT. PUB - DUSK

SIOBHAN bursts into the pub, to find COLM playing the fiddle. He stops as she gets to him. A lot of this can be overlapped.

SIOBHAN
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 Siobhan?

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

COLM
Why can’t I?

SIOBHAN
Why can’t ya?! Because it isn’t nice!

JONJO
Do you want a sherry, Siobhan?

SIOBHAN
No!

JONJO
Righty-ho!

SIOBHAN
Has he said something to ya when he was drunk?

COLM
I prefer him when he’s drunk. It’s all the rest of the time I have the problem with.

SIOBHAN
Well what’s the fecking matter then?

COLM
He’s dull, Siobhan.

SIOBHAN
He’s wha?

COLM
He’s dull.
SIOBHAN
(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.

SIOBHAN
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, Siobhan. That’s all. A bit of peace. In me heart, like.
You can understand that. Can’t ya?

She can. She leaves.

EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - DUSK

PADRAIC feeding his pony & donkey. SIOBHAN returns, lost in thought. She tries to give him a smile but can’t quite, and he can see that something’s up.

INT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

PADRAIC
Do you think I’m dull?

SIOBHAN
No!
(pause)
Because you’re not dull. You’re nice.

PADRAIC
That’s what I thought! I’m a happy lad!
(pause)
Or I was. Till me best friend started acting the gilly-gooey!

SIOBHAN
It’s him, Padraic. Maybe he’s just depressed.

PADRAIC
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. Like the rest of us.
The little donkey peeks her head round the open front door.

**SIOBHAN**

(to the donkey)
No, Jenny! Out!

**PADRAIC**
Ar she just wants a bit of company, Siobhan...

**SIOBHAN**
Animals is for outside, I’ve told ya.

PADRAIC grimaces, and the donkey retreats.

**PADRAIC**
And... people don’t be laughing at me behind me back, do they?

**SIOBHAN**
No. Why would they be?

**PADRAIC**
I don’t know. Because of me miniature animals?

PADRAIC nods towards the donkey, whose nose and eye are still peaking round the door.

**SIOBHAN**
No. They think it’s nice. I think it’s nice. Just outside.

**PADRAIC**
And they don’t think I’m dim, or anything?

**SIOBHAN**
Dim?
(beat)
No.

**PADRAIC**
You don’t seem very sure about it!

**SIOBHAN**
Of course I’m sure about it.

**PADRAIC**
*Dominic’s* the dim one on the island, isn’t he?

**SIOBHAN**
He is, aye. By miles.

PADRAIC nods, then thinks about it some more.
PADRAIC
Hang on. By miles, and then who’s the next dimmest?

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

PADRAIC
In what terms?

SIOBHAN
In the order of their dimness.

PADRAIC
I know you don’t, and neither do I, do I? But try, like.

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

SIOBHAN clears the dishes away, as PADRAIC cheers a little.

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

SIOBHAN
Yeah, don’t be (fecking) stupid.

PADRAIC
Hah?!

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

41 INT. PADRAIC’S BEDROOM - NIGHT  41
In their twin beds lit by moonlight, neither of them can sleep, and their clock’s deep ticking doesn’t help. And is that the sound of distant cannon-fire or thunder?

42 EXT. CHURCH - DAWN  42
Church bells peel over the island, calling all to Mass...

43 EXT. LANEWAYS - DAWN  43 *
...And all the ISLANDERS, mostly in black (?), trudge the island to the sound of the bells, 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 PADRAIC & SIOBHAN ride their pony & cart towards church, but stop upon meeting a bruised & bloody DOMINIC.

PADRAIC
What happened you?!

DOMINIC
Me Daddy discovered the poteen situation.

SIOBHAN
Ar Jesus, Dominic! You poor thing, you!

PADRAIC
What the Hell was he hitting you with?

DOMINIC
A kettle was the final thing! I wouldn’t a minded, but for the spout!

PADRAIC
Do you want a ride to church?

DOMINIC
Ar feck them gobshites.

SIOBHAN
Dominic!

DOMINIC
(teary)
But could I stay the night with ye the night? Just the one night, like?

SIOBHAN is very reticent about this, PADRAIC too, but...

PADRAIC
Well, just the one night, mind.

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

DOMINIC continues on. SIOBHAN gives PADRAIC 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. SIOBHAN bored, PADRAIC keeping a surreptitious eye on COLM, a few pews ahead, who never looks back at him.

But now PADRAIC has started noticing people glancing at him & looking sheepishly away, as well as hearing snippets of conversation, such as...

MALE ISLANDER 1
Aye, stopped speaking to him.
Overnight, like.

FEMALE ISLANDER 1
Aye, but wouldn’t you, like?

Muffled laughter, coming from different places. Then...

FEMALE ISLANDER 2
Well he was always a bit that way though, wasn’t he?

FEMALE ISLANDER 1
He was, he was.

PADRAIC
A bit what way?!

SIOBHAN
Hah?

The PRIEST continues, muffling any further chat, until...

FEMALE ISLANDER 2
Him and his little donkey!

PADRAIC
(loudly)
What about me little donkey?! No. What about me little donkey?!

The whole church and even the PRIEST go quiet, and in the pause after, without COLM even looking round...

COLM
Stop talking about him.

After another tense pause, the PRIEST continues with the mass.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

ISLANDERS leaving church & heading home, as the PRIEST shakes a few hands to wish them well. PADRAIC takes his hand, sadly, whispers in his ear, the PRIEST looking confused. He whispers it again, & the PRIEST nods vaguely.
INT. CONFESSIONAL - DAY

COLM, in a dark little room that’s revealed to be a confessional, as the PRIEST gets in 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 Padraic Suilleabhain 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... Padraic asked me to put in a word, like.

COLM stares blankly.

COLM
I see.

PRIEST
So... yeah. 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.

49
EXT. LANEWAY TO PUB – DAY

COLM angrily strides the lanes to the pub, outside which
PADRAIC’s pony & cart is tied, along with a few ISLANDERS in
their Sunday best. They nod hello. He ignores them.

50
INT. PUB – DAY

Pub crowded, as it’s Sunday. PADRAIC at bar, back to
entrance, talking to GERRY & JONJO, as COLM comes in & slowly
crosses to them.

GERRY & JONJO see him first, & from their scared reactions,
PADRAIC knows COLM has entered, as COLM slowly comes up over
his shoulder... then stands at the bar beside him.
JONJO
Um... pint, Colm?
Worried, Jonjo pours the pint.

COLM
(to PADRAIC)
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...

PADRAIC
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 will
take those shears and I'll take one of
me fingers off with them, and I will
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?

PADRAIC
Not really, no!

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

PADRAIC
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, Padraic.
Please, Padraic. I'm begging you.

PADRAIC
(pause)
But...

JONJO
Shush, like, Padraic. Just, y'know,
shush, like...
GERRY
Yeah, I’d shush, like.

PADRAIC
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. PADRAIC wants to say something more but can’t, accepting it, perhaps with a nod, & perhaps COLM nods too. COLM drinks the whole of his pint in one, & exits the bar, leaving PADRAIC, GERRY & JONJO stunned.

JONJO
Well I’ve never heard the like!

GERRY
I’ve never heard the like! He must really not like ya, Padraic.

JONJO
Fingers!

PADRAIC
Jesus! He’s serious, lads.

JONJO
He is serious. You can see it in his eyes he’s serious.

* GERRY
Just because he thinks you’re dull?
Sure, that’s going overboard.

PADRAIC
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!

PADRAIC
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.

PADRAIC
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.

PADRAIC
Hah?! Why’s every...? I think!

JONJO
Ah you don’t, Padraic.

GERRY
You don’t, Padraic.

JONJO
Your sister does.

GERRY
Your sister does, aye, Siobhan does.

JONJO
You’re more of a...

GERRY
Yeah, you’re more of a... What is he? *

He 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.
**PADRAIC**
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, Padraic.

**GERRY**
Don't take it like that, Padraic. We're on your side.

PADRAIC looks at them again, broken, sips a bit of his pint, then leaves the half of it and exits the pub. And the leaving half of it strikes the men as very strange.

**EXT. HIGH LANEWAYS – DAY**
PADRAIC, still bleak, riding his pony & cart in drizzly rain, the whole of the island stretched out behind him, and ahead along the lane, MRS MCCORMICK leaning strangely against a wall in the drizzle, hair wet, pipe in mouth, smiling knowingly.

**PADRAIC**
(as he passes)
What are you smiling at?

She shrugs, still smiling in the rain. He continues on.

**EXT. VARIOUS – DUSK**
Storm-clouds 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. PADRAIC’S HOUSE – NIGHT**
Rain, thunder and lightning outside the house itself, as, thru the window we see, lamp and candle-lit, PADRAIC, SIOBHAN and their house guest, DOMINIC, round the dinner table.

**INT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE – NIGHT**
Rain on windows and rumbles of thunder & lightning, as a cleaned up but still bruised DOMINIC eats a little too open-mouthed. PADRAIC can barely eat through his depression, SIOBHAN keeping an eye on him throughout, worried.

**DOMINIC**
What's this mope so mopey for? Eh?!
He's just a fecking man, lads! A fat ginger man!
(eats)

(MORE)
DOMINIC (CONT'D)
Ay yi yi, well I’ll tell ya this much.
Ye two are awful mopey hosts.

SIOBHAN
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?

SIOBHAN
Will you tell him, Padraic?

PADRAIC
(distantly)
Aye. Stop being a little fecking
bollocks, Dominic.

SIOBHAN
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?

SIOBHAN
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 a banjo!

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

DOMINIC
You don’t. This gom does.

PADRAIC
I am a gom, is right.

SIOBHAN
You’re not a gom.

DOMINIC
(pause)
Jeez, this is a depressing house.
SIOBHAN
Would you prefer your own so? I’ve heard it’s a barrel of laughs.

DOMINIC
Well... touché.

PADRAIC
(pause)
Too wha?

DOMINIC
Ché. Touché. It’s from the French.

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

DOMINIC (CONT’D)
And how is it, Siobhan, that you were never married?

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

DOMINIC
How isn’t it?

SIOBHAN
How isn’t it?!

DOMINIC
Was you never wild?

SIOBHAN
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
‘Angry’. Wild!

SIOBHAN
You just keep saying wild, Dominic!

DOMINIC
(hitting the table)
Wild!

SIOBHAN
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.
**SIOBHAN**

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

**DOMINIC**

I have!

**SIOBHAN**

I’m off to bed and he’s not staying here another night, Padraic. 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 PADRAIC a moment, & can see he’s in a bleak place, & unusually for DOMINIC, it touches him.

**DOMINIC (CONT’D)**

Here... Ye two, ye’ll be alright.

**PADRAIC**

Will we be?

DOMINIC nods kindly, and PADRAIC almost smiles.

55 **EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - DAWN**

PADRAIC loads his milk churns onto his cart and rides off.

56 **EXT. LANEWAY OUTSIDE TOWN - DAWN**

We follow PADRAIC riding along, milk churns in back, the sun rising, then rise up to reveal the island’s small thatched ‘town’ for the first time, 3 or 4 colourful buildings/shops.

57 **EXT. SHOP/POST OFFICE - DAY**

Pony and cart tied in the square outside, PADRAIC rolls the churn up to the shop and goes inside, to a little bell.

58 **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.
PADRAIC
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
Nobody has a lick o’ news for us from your side of the island, Padraic. Are you going to be the same as them?

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

MRS O’RIORDAN
(descending)
Your sister had no news. Eileen Coughlan had no news. Vincent Shaughnessy had no news.

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

MRS O’RIORDAN
Colm Sonny Larry, he had no news.

PADRAIC
Did he not?

A smile from MRS MCCORMICK.

MRS O’RIORDAN
That man never talks.

PADRAIC
He talks sometimes.

MRS O’RIORDAN
Up himself.

PADRAIC
I don’t know about that, now.

MRS O’RIORDAN
Fiona McKenna. She had no news.

PADRAIC
Aye, aye, anyways, so it’s the two weeks you owe me for now, Mrs O’Riordan. As I was saying.

She begrudgingly opens the till and is just about to pay him, when PEADAR, in uniform, enters, squeezes some produce, ignores PADRAIC.

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.

PADRAIC
There was a bit of news I remembered, Mrs O’Riordan.

(MORE)
PADRAIC (CONT'D)
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.

PADRAIC
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.

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

MRS O'RIORDAN
That's no news. That's shite news.

She puts his money on the counter, & he picks it up. *

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

A look between PEADAR & PADRAIC, as PADRAIC passes & exits.

EXT. SHOP/POST OFFICE - DAY

Quickly untying his pony and cart, PADRAIC sees COLM walking along distantly, saddening him somewhat, just as PEADAR strides up...

PEADAR
Because of the respect I have for Mrs O'Riordan, I didn't want to hit you in front of her...

PEADAR punches PADRAIC massively in the head & he collapses.

PEADAR (CONT'D)
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** (CONT'D)
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 concussed PADRAIC, helping him up, as MRS MCCORMICK watches from the shop window.

**COLM**
Sure that man’s mad.

COLM helps the dazed PADRAIC onto the cart, but PADRAIC is swaying so dizzily up there that there’s nothing to do but hop up beside him and takes the reins himself. He cicks the pony on, holding onto PADRAIC’s arm so he won’t fall off, & they head out of town.

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**EXT. HIGH LANEWAY TO CROSSROADS - DAY**

Riding along, PADRAIC mops his bloody face, more or less recovered, COLM still with the reins. They ride along a while, PADRAIC knowing he can’t say anything but wanting to, COLM knowing how awkward all this is.

PADRAIC 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 what seems like an eternity, then COLM gradually slows the pony down and stops the cart at a crossroads.

He gently takes PADRAIC’s hand, and it almost feels as if he might hug him, and PADRAIC certainly wants him to, but instead COLM gently places the reins in PADRAIC’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.

PADRAIC cries even harder, watching COLM’s back as he gets further away, then cicks the pony on, taking the left hand fork towards home.

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**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.

EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE – DAY

PADRAIC in doorway, DOMINIC waves goodbye with half a loaf & heads off sadly. PADRAIC watches him go, equally sad. His little donkey comes up, seeking entry. PADRAIC glances around for SIOBHAN, then lets her in.

INT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE – DAY

PADRAIC sitting in a corner on the floor, cut lip, face bruised, and even his donkey, investigating the house, rubbing her nose against doilies and such, can’t cheer PADRAIC today.

But then, finally, the donkey trots over to PADRAIC, and he can’t help but give her a happy rub and a cuddle.

PADRAIC
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, cheerfully.

EXT. HIGH LANEWAYS (OR ANYWHERE) – DUSK

PADRAIC walking the lanes, donkey beside him, as the sun sets massively behind them.

INT. PUB – DUSK

COLM & 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 coin hits his head, thrown across the bar 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 (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

I’m only messing.

---

**EXT. PUB - DUSK/NIGHT**

PADRAIC arrives outside to the sound of music. Sees COLM’s dog out there, & 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 PADRAIC’s heart.

Although after a second, it just makes him angry. He enters.
Bar quite full, COLM is playing fiddle, along with some
STUDENT MUSICIANS, one on accordion, one on tin whistle or
fiddle, and a handsome one, DECLAN, on fiddle. PADRAIC is at
bar, on his 5th or 6th whisky, and JONJO is already worried.

PADRAIC
Who are they?

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 PADRAIC
watches, almost jealously, before the band continue.

PADRAIC
He used to try to teach me them things
once, but I could never figure them.

JONJO
What things?

PADRAIC
Chords. (But pronounced WITH THE ‘H’,
as in CHALK)

JONJO gives him a sad look.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
Another whisky, anyways, Jonjo.

JONJO
Jeez, you’re going at it at a fair oul
lick tonight, Padraic.

PADRAIC
And whatever anybody else wants, apart
from that man...
(indicates COLM)
And apart from that man...
(indicates PEADAR)

GERRY
Jeez, thanks, Padraic, and you leave him
alone, Jonjo, he can drink as quick as he
likes, can’t he, if he’s paying? I’ll have
a triple whiskey, Jonjo.

PADRAIC & GERRY clink glasses/bottle, & PADRAIC knocks his
whisky back in one, then turns, leans back against the bar,
and stares at COLM hatefully.

LATER. DECLAN has taken COLM’s place in the session,
as COLM is chatting quietly to PEADAR again.
PADRAIC observes them, the betrayal of it, perhaps in SLOWMO, as he gets drunker and drunker, enough to concern DOMINIC.

DOMINIC
How are you doing there, Padraic? Don’t you think we should be heading home for ourselves?

PADRAIC gently puts his hand on DOMINIC’s face and playfully pushes it away, but PADRAIC’s eyes have gone to the dark side... and he slowly ambles over to COLM & PEADAR...

DOMINIC (CONT’D)
Ah Padraic, don’t now...

... and PADRAIC puts his finger to his lips as he stares them down, the two big men just looking at him.

JONJO
(to DOMINIC in bg)
Go get Siobhan, Dominic, would ya?

DOMINIC dashes out of the pub.

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

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

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

This stumps PADRAIC for a moment.

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

PEADAR
Not really.

PADRAIC raises his hand & starts to count on his fingers...

PADRAIC
(Re 1st finger, to COLM)
You won’t be able to do this soon...
(1st finger)
One... policemen...
(2nd finger)
Two... pudgy fiddle-players...
(3rd finger)
And three...
(MORE)
PADRAIC (CONT'D)
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...

PADRAIC
Pudgy fiddle players... *
(pause)
And, shite, what was three?

GERRY
(calling out)
Balloons!

PADRAIC
No, not balloons... I like balloons... *

MRS MCCORMICK
A death by suicide in cold water. *

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

PADRAIC
No, not a death by suicide in cold water. No, it’s gone! It was some funny thing!

COLM
Go back to your own gang now, Padraic.
I’m serious, now.

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

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

EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DOMINIC rushes the final laneway and gets to PADRAIC’s house, knocks on the door, SIOBHAN opening it quickly...

DOMINIC
Padraic’s out of his brains on whisky and Colm’s there, Siobhan, you’d best come!

SIOBHAN rushes out with him...
Same scene continuing, the rest of the bar gone quiet...

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

COLM
No, Padraic, what did I used to be?

PADRAIC
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, Padraic? But shall I tell ya something that does last?

PADRAIC
What? And don’t say something stupid like music...

COLM
(overlapping)
Music lasts...

PADRAIC
Knew it!

COLM
And paintings last. And poetry lasts.

PADRAIC
So does niceness!

SIOBHAN & DOMINIC come in, JONJO gesturing for SIOBHAN to wait a moment and not go steaming in...

COLM
Do you know who we remember for how nice they was in the 17th Century?

PADRAIC
Who?

COLM
Absolutely no-one. Yet we all remember the music of the time. Everyone, to a man, knows Mozart’s name.
PADRAIC
Well I don’t, so there goes that theory. And anyways, we’re talking about niceness, not whatsisname! 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 SIOBHAN, as it’s something she’s never heard him say before.

COLM
And who else will?

PADRAIC
Who else will what?

COLM
Remember Siobhan, 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...

PADRAIC
“Yet” he says, like he’s fecking English! It’ll be “Parameters” next!

SIOBHAN goes over to him, takes his arm gently.

PADRAIC (CONT’D)
I don’t give a feck about Mozart, or Borvoven, or any of them funny name feckers. I’m Padraic Suilleabhain! And I’m nice!

SIOBHAN
Come home, Padraic.

PADRAIC starts to go, then...

PADRAIC
(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!
PADRAIC  
(to COLM)  
You used to be nice! Or did you never used to be?

They look at each other a moment.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)  
Oh God. Maybe you never used to be.

Saddened by the realisation, PADRAIC backs up and staggers out. DOMINIC heads blushing to a far corner, and SIOBHAN is left facing COLM alone.

SIOBHAN  
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 SIOBHAN turns back to COLM...

SIOBHAN  
It was the 18th Century, anyways. Mozart. You said the 17th.

They stare at each other a moment, then she exits, and all is still quiet in the pub.

COLM  
Well play a fecking tune, will ya, for Christ’s sake!

The band strikes up again. COLM gives PEADAR a look, then takes his empty pint glass to the bar, and PEADAR looks daggers at the distant DOMINIC, who sheepishly looks away.

69A  
EXT. ISLAND (INISHMORE) - DAWN  
A shot of the island in the lashing rain...

70  
EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - DAWN  
...and PADRAIC’s house in the rain, JENNY and the animals asleep in their barn, as a cock crows and PADRAIC awakes in the house.
INT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAWN

Awaking to a dreadful hangover, & SIOBHAN not there, PADRAIC goes to the kitchen, almost vomiting. He wets a towel, wraps it round his head. Looks at the calendar - the days have been ticked off to April 5th, which is marked “Mam & Dad’s”. The water drips down his sickly face.

INT. SHOP/POST OFFICE - DAWN

Still raining outside, as SIOBHAN, in the shawl with the rose pattern, enters MRS O’RIORDAN’S.

MRS O’RIORDAN
Siobhan Suilleabhain, well well.

SIOBHAN
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. SIOBHAN notices it has already been carefully steamed open.

SIOBHAN
Fell open, did it?

MRS O’RIORDAN
Aye, in the heat, I suppose.

SIOBHAN 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 (CONT'D)
A job offer, is it?

SIOBHAN glances at her a second, then returns to the letter, infuriating MRS O’RIORDAN no end.

MRS O’RIORDAN (CONT'D)
A job offer... from a library on the mainland, is it?

SIOBHAN quietly folds the letter away.

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

MRS O’RIORDAN stares, fuming, wrapping the rashers and slapping them into SIOBHAN’s hand...
MRS O’RIORDAN
You never tell me anything!!

SIOBHAN takes the rashers, and goes to head out.

MRS O’RIORDAN (CONT’D)
Well it’d crucify him, your leaving!

SIOBHAN stops in the doorway.

SIOBHAN
No-one’s leaving!

She continues out.

SIOBHAN (CONT’D)
(quietly, to herself)
No-one ever leaves.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - MORNING

Trudging up the wild graveyard that overlooks the sea, wildflowers in hand, towel still around his head, still sick, he gets to his parents grave, a plain stone, for Micheal & Bridie Suilleabhin; who both died 5 April 1915.

PADRAIC
Ye were nice.

As he lays the flowers against the stone he vomits slightly on the grass of the grave, then cleans it away with his shoe.

PADRAIC (CONT’D)
I’m sorry Mammy.

He sighs at length, then his gaze is drawn to a boat that’s heading from Inisherin to the mainland, on the back of which, in dress uniform, stands PEADAR, staring back at PADRAIC...

EXT. BOAT - MORNING

...And PEADAR makes a slow slit throat gesture with his finger towards PADRAIC...

EXT. GRAVEYARD - MORNING

PADRAIC only now remembers that bit about the night before and puts his head in his hands, as a dog’s bark draws his attention to the beach below & the dark figure of a man and his dog playfully scampering around him, the man not paying it much attention as he stares out to sea. It’s COLM.

PADRAIC has a long think about whether to go down and join him, or to leave him well enough alone.
EXT. BEACH BY GRAVEYARD - MORNING

COLM on beach, barefoot, staring out to sea, as PADRAIC approaches in background. COLM’s dog runs up the beach to greet him, drawing COLM’s attention. PADRAIC gives COLM a little wave as he greets the dog. COLM turns back to the sea in disbelief.

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

COLM
All what last night?

PADRAIC
All whatever it was I was saying.

COLM
What were you saying?

PADRAIC
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?

COLM
What’s that on your head?

PADRAIC
It’s just a wet thing so me head’ll not hurt as much, although it isn’t really working...

PADRAIC takes it off, wipes his face.

PADRAIC (CONT’D)
It’s me Mammy & me Daddy's anniversary today.

COLM
So?

PADRAIC
True! Yeah, anyways, I just wanted to say I was sorry, Colm. Will we leave it at that?

PADRAIC offers his hand.

COLM
Why can’t you just leave me alone, Padraic?!

PADRAIC
Hah?
COLM
I’ve already told ya, haven’t I?!

PADRAIC
I know! I was just...

COLM
I mean, why can’t you just leave me alone, Padraic?!

COLM puts his face in his hands, breathing panicked, maybe even crying, and PADRAIC doesn’t know what to do or say, so he awkwardly half hugs, half pats him on the back...

COLM (CONT'D)
What are ya doing?!

PADRAIC
I don’t know!

COLM
For fuck’s sake, like! Hugging?!

PADRAIC
I wasn’t!

PADRAIC awkwardly lets him go/is shrugged off, and moves back along the beach, as COLM regains control of himself, looking out to sea, shaking his head. After a few paces, PADRAIC stops and turns back to him.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
How’s the tune coming along? I bet it’s good be now!

COLM doesn’t answer. PADRAIC is left hanging a while, goes to say something else, then thinks better of it. He waves the dog goodbye & continues away from COLM and the beach.

INT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE – DAY

PADRAIC on a chair, staring into space, rain outside. There’s a sound of quiet chomping, the donkey is eating a carrot from his hand, but PADRAIC is too hungover & depressed to enjoy it. SIOBHAN returns, groceries and letter in hand.

SIOBHAN
Ar for God’s sake, Padraic, how many more times?

PADRAIC
I am not... putting me donkey... out in the rain... when I’m sad. Okay?!

SIOBHAN
Well stringy bits of shite I had to pick up yesterday when you let her in...
PADRAIC
There was no stringy bits in that donkey’s shite. There was bits of straw, if there was anything, and that’s all there was.

SIOBHAN
Maybe it was straw, so.

PADRAIC
It was straw.

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

SIOBHAN
I’ll get us our porridge.

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

PADRAIC
Was I awful last night?

SIOBHAN
No, you was lovely.

PADRAIC
Well I know I wasn’t lovely now, Siobhan...

SIOBHAN
You was lovely. About me, anyways.

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

Touched, she gives him a smile, then goes back to the porridge. She looks at the letter a moment, then slips it quietly away into a pocket. Suddenly, there is a single quiet thump on the front door. PADRAIC glances at SIOBHAN, then goes over & opens it...

EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

POV – COLM climbing a wall, traversing a field, and climbing another wall, heading away from the house, something white on his hand...

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

And as COLM continues across the field, his face blank, the distant house and PADRAIC framed behind him, we see that there’s a white handkerchief wrapped around his left hand, a stain of blood seeping through the spot where his index finger used to be...

EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...Just as PADRAIC’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 PADRAIC & his horrified reaction, as he parts the blades of grass to reveal COLM’S index finger lying there...

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

...As COLM scales another wall, seemingly unperturbed by the finger loss, and continues away along the lane.

INT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

SIOBHAN
What was that, a bird?

PADRAIC
(pause)
What was what?

SIOBHAN
The bang at the door.

PADRAIC thinks a long while, unable to lie.

PADRAIC
A bird?

SIOBHAN
Aye.

PADRAIC
No.

SIOBHAN stops stirring, bemused by this behaviour.

SIOBHAN
What was it so?!
PADRAIC
(pause)
The bang at the door?

SIOBHAN
Aye!!

PADRAIC
What was the bang at the door?

She gives him a look.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
Err... it was... err... hard to lie, it
was... err... the bang at the door
was... a finger.

SIOBHAN smiles, confused, then loses her smile.

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

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
Jesus, Siobhan, you’ll frighten the
little fella!

SIOBHAN
Throw it out! Throw it out, Padraic!

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

PADRAIC goes through to another room, as SIOBHAN stands there
in shock. PADRAIC returns, cleaning the blood off his hands
with the towel from earlier.

SIOBHAN
Where’d you put it?

PADRAIC
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.

EXT. COLM’S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Sound of the tune continuing and drifting across the island, as rain starts to fall on the house...

EXT. CASTLE RUINS – CONTINUOUS

And the tune continues as the rain drenches the ruins...

EXT. LAKE – DAY

...& the lake, at which MRS MCCORMICK & an old bedraggled packhorse stand staring, blankly, the tune continuing on...

EXT. COLM’S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

...until, through his window, we see COLM end the tune abruptly, hang the fiddle up on the wall, and exit to his room, leaving the fiddle & the blood-soaked shears framed perfectly in the rain-lashed window.

INT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE – DAY

Blood seeps thru the bottom of the shoebox that the donkey is sniffing at, till PADRAIC pushes it out of nose’s reach. SIOBHAN grimaces, unable to eat her porridge, PADRAIC halfway thru his, unaffected, glancing in at the finger now and then.

SIOBHAN
Do we have to have it in here while we’re eating?

PADRAIC
Once the rain stops I’ll bring it back to him.

SIOBHAN
Are you fecking stupid?! I mean, are you fecking stupid?!!
PADRAIC
No I’m not fecking stupid. We’ve had this discussion!

SIOBHAN
You’ve got to leave him alone now, Padraic! For good!

PADRAIC
Do you think?

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

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

EXT. BEACH – DUSK

As SIOBHAN walks along the beach towards COLM’s, shoebox under arm, a stunning sunset striking the water, she’s suddenly stopped by the sound of a distant volley of rifle-fire coming from the mainland - FIVE SHOTS all at the same time, as if from a FIRING SQUAD. A pause, then another five shots. Perturbed, she continues on...

OMITTED

INT. COLM’S HOUSE – DUSK

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

SIOBHAN
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?

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

COLM nods & 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.
Pause.

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

COLM
Silence, Siobhan. Just silence.

SIOBHAN
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.

SIOBHAN
‘One boring man”! Ye’re all fecking boring! With your piddling grievances over nothing! Ye’re all fecking boring!
(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.

SIOBHAN
(You’re not serious.)
(pause)
Well that won’t help your fecking music.

COLM
Aye. We’re getting somewhere now.

SIOBHAN
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?

SIOBHAN
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.

EXT. VARIOUS - DUSK 90

MONTAGE. Lonely island places at sunset; the graveyard, the
lake, COLM’s house and the beach, PADRAIC’s house and his
sleeping animals.

EXT. PRETTY PASTURE OVERLOOKING SEA - DAWN 91

MONTAGE CONTINUES. A sad PADRAIC collects his cows at
sunrise, & as he walks them away he sees COLM coming up the
lane in the other direction.

PADRAIC 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 PADRAIC isn’t even there.

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

INT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - DAY 92

MONTAGE. PADRAIC and SIOBHAN on their chairs, SIOBHAN writing
a letter, PADRAIC staring into space, smoking. The clock
strikes two, and he looks at her a moment, and she looks at
him, but he stays where he is, with a nod of “Good” from her.

EXT. SHOP/POST OFFICE - DAY 93

MONTAGE. With MRS O’RIORDAN standing grimly outside & MRS
MCCORMICK in a chair beside her, SIOBHAN comes up, folds
the letter she was writing into an envelope, licks and seals it,
and posts it in the box outside the shop, to MRS O’RIORDAN’s
irritation.

EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - DAY 94

MONTAGE. PADRAIC sadly feeding his animals, who know
something’s wrong. He sighs and looks out across the island.

INT. PUB - DUSK 95

MONTAGE. PADRAIC enters and orders a pint from an equally
sombre JONJO. COLM is sitting at the far table by the window,
reading a newspaper.
PADRAIC 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 PADRAIC's direction.

After a while the student musician, DECLAN, enters, joins COLM at his table, & they chat jovially for a time. After sadly watching this a while, PADRAIC quietly finishes his pint, returns the glass to the bar, shakes his head that he doesn't need another, and leaves the pub.

After a moment we see him framed distantly outside the window behind COLM & DECLAN, looking back at them, but neither pay him any attention as they chat. PADRAIC continues away.

INT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAY

MONTAGE. PADRAIC staring into space again, as SIOBHAN returns, sighs at the maudlin sight of him, then goes to her room & closes the door. He glances at her as she goes, knowing he ought to pull himself out of this, but unable to.

The donkey looks in thru the open door, confused at all the sadness, then toddles away again. MONTAGE ENDS.

EXT. HIGH LANEWAY TO CROSSROADS - DAY

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

DECLAN
Howdo!

PADRAIC
Howdo. Do you want a ride?

DECLAN
I will, so! Thanks fella!

DECLAN hops up & they continue, DECLAN loving the scenery, until...

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

DECLAN
I am, I'm Declan. Why?

PADRAIC
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...

PADRAIC
Not your Mammy, sorry, did I say your Mammy? No, your Auntie. Yeah, your Auntie. It's about your Daddy.

DECLAN
What about Daddy?

PADRAIC
A bread van crashed into him.

DECLAN
A bread van?!

PADRAIC
Yeah. Crashed into him.

DECLAN
And how is he?!

PADRAIC
(pulling a face)
It's sort of touch and go. That's why they said you'd best hurry home to him, lest he should die all alone.

DECLAN
Die?!

PADRAIC
Or... get worse all alone.

DECLAN
Isn't me auntie with him?

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

DECLAN
But this is impossible!

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

DECLAN
I know! That's what I'm saying! That's how me Mammy died!

DECLAN hops off the cart in tears and heads off towards town, then turns...

DECLAN (CONT'D)
If it's the same fecking bread van I'll kill them!
Declan heads on and, guiltily, PADRAIC continues on in the other direction, past the silent statue.

EXT. BOAT/JETTY - DAY

MIST ROLLING IN, and as the boat that PEADAR IS RETURNING ON pulls up at the jetty, he notices...

EXT. JETTY - CONTINUOUS

SIOBHAN talking to a BOATMAN, discussing a payment/timetable or somesuch. Finished, she heads off along the misty jetty, irritated to see PEADAR hop off the ferry and tag along behind her.

PEADAR
What were you talking to the boat fella fer?

SIOBHAN
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 through her nose, mumbling something under her breath.

PEADAR (CONT'D)
Hah? Well you can tell that whiny brother of yours I’ll be around soon for that battering I owe him.

SIOBHAN
(A battering?) That’d be good, actually. It might take him out of himself.

Confused by all this, PEADAR stops & watches her continue on.

PEADAR
You’re an awful strange lady. No wonder no-one likes ya!

EXT. LANEWAY NEAR GRAVEYARD - NIGHT (DUSK?)

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

He slowly peaks up above the wall... and is startled at the sight of her standing right there, staring at him.
PADRAIC
Oh hello there, Mrs McCormick! I was just looking for me thing I dropped...

MCCORMICK has a faraway look in her eyes.

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

PADRAIC
A death, hah?

MRS MCCORMICK
Maybe even two deaths.

PADRAIC
Two deaths, jeez. Well that’d be sad!

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 Siobhan, will be either of them.

PADRAIC
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, disappearing into the mist, and PADRAIC continues on the other way, disconcerted.

INT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE – NIGHT

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

PADRAIC
What’s the matter?

SIOBHAN
(thru sniffles)
Nothing.

PADRAIC tries to sleep again, but SIOBHAN keeps sniffling.

PADRAIC
Well... could you try to do it a bit quieter? I’m trying to sleep, like.
SIOBHAN shuts up completely, and PADRAIC rolls back over facing away from her... but now the silence is deafening, PADRAIC feeling bad about it.

**PADRAIC (CONT'D)**
I mean, you can do it a *little bit*. It was just really loud.

Silence again. He feels really bad now, but can’t think of anything else to say, so he sighs and goes back to sleep.

**101A**
**EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - NIGHT**
Pan from their bedroom window to a moonscape across the ocean, then, after an old-school time-jump bringing up the sunrise over the water...

**101AA**
**INT. COLM’S HOUSE - NIGHT**
COLM, in his moonlit bed or chair, looks at where his finger used to be, in front of the moon in his window. Content.

**101AB**
**EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - NIGHT/DAWN**
...and we pan back to the window, as PADRAIC awakes and sits up in bed.

**101B**
**INT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**
PADRAIC notices SIOBHAN’s empty bed has already been made. Feeling bad about last night, he idles into the living room – she isn’t there either. He glances out the window – another misty day.

**102**
**INT/EXT. DOMINIC’S HOUSE - DAWN**
PEADAR lying 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 AT THE BLACK FORT - DAWN

The fog-strewn ruins, upon which sit PADRAIC and DOMINIC with the poteen bottle, both depressed, as the morning sun hangs low on the horizon. DOMINIC takes a drink and passes PADRAIC... the bottle...

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

PADRAIC winces...

PADRAIC
Why Sunday?

DOMINIC
It’s his day off.

PADRAIC
(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. A little Japanese man.

PADRAIC doesn’t really know what to say to that. Pause.

PADRAIC
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.

PADRAIC
He did not. Did he?

DOMINIC
“That’s the most interesting Padraic’s ever been”, he said. “I think I like him again now”. 
PADRAIC ponders this.

PADRAIC
Aye, I think the finger thing was more because I apologised the next day.

DOMINIC
Then maybe this whole thing has just been about getting you to stand up for yourself a bit.

PADRAIC
Do you think?

DOMINIC
Yeah, and be less of a, y’know... a whiny little dull-arse?

PADRAIC takes a drink, hurt by the description.

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

DOMINIC
Have ya, yeah?

PADRAIC
Just yesterday, hah! There’s this musician fella Colm was getting along great with, and what did I do? I went and sent him packing from the island!

DOMINIC
(Did ya?) How?!

PADRAIC
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 PADRAIC, taking all this in.

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

PADRAIC
Hah? Well... aye, it was a bit mean, but he’ll be fine once he gets home and finds his daddy hasn’t been hit be a bread van. And how can that be the meanest thing you ever heard?! Your Daddy killed a little Japanese man!
DOMINIC
I used to think you were the nicest of
them. Turns out you’re just the same as
them.

PADRAIC
I am the nicest of them.

DOMINIC
I thought you were a happy lad.

PADRAIC
I am a happy lad.

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

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
Ar Dominic, now!
(calling out)
Well maybe I’m not a happy lad, so!
Maybe being a happy lad just doesn’t
cut the custard any more!

DOMINIC
(to himself quietly)
Mustard.
(or just a wince)

PADRAIC
Maybe this is the new me!

DOMINIC glances back sadly, then continues on. PADRAIC
notices DOMINIC has left his bottle behind, so he drinks a
big gulp...

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
Aye. Maybe this is the new me.

...then walks away with it in the opposite direction,
* drinking.

104  EXT. BEACH - DAY  104

COLM’s house framed high above him, PADRAIC strides along the
misty beach, finishes the last of the poteen to keep his
anger up, tosses the bottle out into the thunderous surf,
then heads straight up the bank and on towards COLM’s house,
it’s chimney smoking.

105  OMITTED  105
SIOBHAN 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 in her hand.

Across the water she now notices MRS MCCORMICK, outside her desolate shack on the distant opposite bank, staring back at us, sitting on, or standing on, a red chair.

The old woman slowly and strangely waves, and just as SIOBHAN is about to wave back, MCCORMICK’s wave turns into something more of a beckoning... striking SIOBHAN as creepy, just as DOMINIC suddenly appears beside SIOBHAN, startling her.

**DOMINIC**

Howdo!

**SIOBHAN**

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.

**SIOBHAN**

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 oul people ghouls and that.

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

**DOMINIC (CONT’D)**

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 (CONT’D)**

This is a great oul lake, isn’t it? All the... water in it, and that. 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!

**SIOBHAN**

We don’t have anything in common.
DOMINIC
What I was... don't skip ahead... What
I was wanting to ask you was... Jeez
it's cold, isn't it! Your bony little
feet must've been freezing! Yeah, what
I was wanting to ask you was...
something along the lines of...
should've planned this, 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?

SIOBHAN 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.

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

DOMINIC
No, 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 (CONT'D)
Yeah, no, I didn't think so, but I just
thought I'd ask on the off-chance,
like, y'know? Feint heart and all that!
(pause)
Well there goes that dream!
(pause)
Well I'd best go over there and do
whatever that thing over there I was
going to do was.

DOMINIC heads off around the lake, then calls out...

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
Oh, Siobhan? I think you'd best go find
Padraic. Before he does anything
stupid.

He waves, then carries on around the lake. SIOBHAN watches
him go, sadly, noticing that MRS MCCORMICK is now gone, her
empty chair left behind. SIOBHAN heads away herself, in the
opposite direction.

107 INT. COLM'S HOUSE - DAY 107

COLM is dancing hand in hand with his dog, as he sings an old
Irish song, "Aghadee", the dog reluctant.
COLM
(singing)
"I walked from Mallow Town to Aghadoe, Aghadoe..."
(to Sammy)
Come on, Sammy! You have to dance too!
(singing)
"I took his head from the gaol gate to Aghadoe!"
(to Sammy)
That’s it!
(singing)
"There I covered him with fern and I piled on him the cairn..."

EXT. COLM’S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

We see PADRAIC watching all this from outside the window, his heart leaping at the joy of the sight of them... & he seems to think better of it all, and walks away from the window...

COLM
(singing)
"Like an Irish king he sleeps in Aghadoe."

INT. COLM’S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

And COLM is just giving the dog a kiss at the end of the song and the dance...

...when PADRAIC kicks the door open, startling them, as they stand there, hands in paws...

PADRAIC
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 PADRAIC sits...

PADRAIC (CONT’D)
Now how’s that for an oul hello?!

COLM
Have you gone fecking mental?!

PADRAIC looks thru COLM’s telescope at COLM a moment...(POV)

PADRAIC
Have I gone fecking mental? No, I haven’t gone fecking mental, actually. (MORE)
PADRAIC (CONT'D)
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
(pause)
Nine fingers.

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

COLM gives him a look of surprise at the word.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
That’s right, the epitome!

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

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
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?

PADRAIC
Hah?!

COLM
What did you come here for?

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

COLM
Well you’ve done that, so you can go now.

PADRAIC
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, Padraig.

PADRAIC
I wasn’t doing so well! I was doing terrible! I’m still doing terrible!
COLM
Alright, I was doing so well.

PADRAIC
Yeah, well it can’t all be you you you, can it?

COLM
Yes it can.

PADRAIC
There’s two of us in this!

COLM
No there isn’t.

PADRAIC
It takes two to Tango.

COLM
I don’t want to Tango.

PADRAIC
Well you danced with your dog!

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

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
Talking of Tangos, how’s your new tune coming along?

COLM
I just finished it, actually. This minute.

PADRAIC
(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.

PADRAIC
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 PADRAIC gets, strangely.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
What’s it called?
COLM
"The Banshees Of Inisherin", I was thinking.

PADRAIC
But there are no banshees on Inisherin.

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

PADRAIC
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 amused, and observe. *

PADRAIC
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, PADRAIC can only plough on through.

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

COLM nods slightly. *

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
So... do you want to meet me down the pub, Colm? We could celebrate your tune, like.

The clock strikes two, & PADRAIC points to it, a happy surprised smile, as COLM processes all this, rolling a ciggie.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
Only if you like, like. But I could run up ahead. Order them in.

COLM
Why don't you do that, Padraic?
PADRAIC
Why don’t I run up a...? And order
them...? Well I will so!

PADRAIC stands, thrilled, gives the dog a pat.

PADRAIC (CONT’D)
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!

PADRAIC ruffles COLM’s hair on the way out. We see him happily
striding away thru the window. COLM stares into space...

109A  INT. COLM’S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS  109A *

...Just as his dog quietly gets up, stretches nonchalantly, pads over to the blood-stained shears that are leaning
against a wall, takes one of the handles in his mouth, and
drags them away towards the open front door, 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 and heads upstairs.

110  INT. PUB – DAY  110 *

Only JONJO in there as PADRAIC enters...

PADRAIC
Two pints please, Jonjo!

... which confuses JONJO, though he doesn’t rise to it, as he
pours the pints. PADRAIC 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?

PADRAIC shrugs, sipping his pint.

PADRAIC
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?!
PADRAIC
No I’m not fecking joking ya. He just needed a bit of tough love was all.

JONJO is just left there, flabbergasted, as PADRAIC sits there happily, looking out the window.

EXT. COLM’S HOUSE - DAY

AS A DENSE FOG ROLLS IN, COLM leaves his house, walking away up the lane, his dog barking from inside the window.

INT. PUB - DAY

PADRAIC still waiting, impatiently now, AS THE CLOCK STRIKES FOUR. Sound of footsteps to the pub door and PADRAIC resets himself... then the door opens and SIOBHAN comes in.

JONJO
Siobhan! Do you want a sherry?

SIOBHAN
No.

JONJO
Righty-ho!

She sits at PADRAIC’s table, notices the extra pint.

SIOBHAN
What are you doing?

PADRAIC
Me?

SIOBHAN
Yes you.

PADRAIC
Nothing. Just drinking.

SIOBHAN
Not waiting?

PADRAIC
Not waiting.

JONJO
Well he *is* waiting, Siobhan, he’s waiting for Colm Doherty.

PADRAIC
I amn’t waiting!

JONJO
He just told me he was waiting.
PADRAIC
Tell-tale!

SIOBHAN
Come home with me, Padraic. I’ve something to discuss with ya.

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

SIOBHAN
Well you’ll have to, cos I’m leaving.

PADRAIC
Leaving?
(pause)
Like, leaving? Like... not staying?

She nods, stands, and heads out. PADRAIC looks at COLM’s untouched pint, looks at JONJO, and follows her out, the two lonely pints left behind.

113 INT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - DAY

No-one at home, wind blowing in SLOWMO the curtains of the open window, thru which we see COLM approaching the house along the foggy lane. He stops and throws something at the door, & it hits with a thud.

114 EXT. PADRAIC’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.

115 EXT. HIGH LANEWAYS - DAY

PADRAIC following SIOBHAN through the fog as she strides along.

PADRAIC
But what about me?

SIOBHAN
What about you? *

PADRAIC
I’ll have no friends at all left.

SIOBHAN
You’ll have Dominic.
PADRAIC
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?!

SIOBHAN
That’s your first question, is it?  “Who’s going to do the cooking?”

PADRAIC
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...

OUT OF THE SWIRLING FOG, COLM distantly appears, perhaps in SLOWMO, clambering over walls and thru fields, a strange lonesome figure getting closer to them, but there’s something weird or lopsided about him.

PADRAIC waves & goes to call out but SIOBHAN stops him, as it’s only now that they see the blood pouring from his left hand, all its fingers gone...

SIOBHAN
Oh God, no...!

As COLM clammers painfully over the wall onto the lane they’re on, falls, gets up, approaches... and 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, clammers over another wall, and disappears into the fog, SLOWMO ending.

116  EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE – DAY  116

PADRAIC’s door, with the blood-spatters. SIOBHAN winces at it, and they look around the grass for where the fingers may have fallen, but can’t see anything in the fog. Confused, they go into the house.

117  INT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE – DAY  117

SIOBHAN is putting the final few things in her suitcase, to PADRAIC’s dismay.

PADRAIC
Now?! But you can’t be leaving now!
SIOBHAN
I can be leaving now. I can’t be waiting round for any more of this madness.
(pause)
What did you say to him, Padraic?

PADRAIC
Nothing really!

She gives him a look.

PADRAIC (CONT’D)
Well, I’d sort of had a chat with
Dominic earlier, and a new sort of tack
we thought I should try...

SIOBHAN
Oh God...

PADRAIC
More of a standing up for meself sort
of tack. Well it was all going fine
until he chopped off all his fingers!

SIOBHAN shakes her head, shuts her suitcase, & looks over the
house one last time, tearfully.

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

PADRAIC
Ar don’t go, Siobhan!

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

For a split second he can’t work out what that is, but then
he does and they hug tearfully...

PADRAIC
You’ll be back soon, won’t ya, Siobhan?

SIOBHAN
Oh Padraic!

PADRAIC
Don’t say “Oh Padraic!” Say vee!

She sobs, then smiles thru her tears, grabs her suitcase, and
leaves, and PADRAIC watches her go from the window, up the
* misty lane to the bend, where she waves back at him...
EXT. PADRAIC’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

Ferry putters in, BOATMAN on the back of it securing the gangplank, as SIOBHAN waits on the jetty, surprised to see a young man with his own suitcase, DECLAN, waiting too, crying quietly.

Concerned but shy about it, she lets him on ahead of her, he nods a gentle thanks, & she follows him on, the boat pulling away. DECLAN goes inside, but SIOBHAN stands out at the back, taking a last look at Inisherin, as it recedes from view.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

As the boat passes the high cliff side of the island, SIOBHAN gazes up them and is surprised to see, at the top edge near the castle ruins, PADRAIC sadly waving goodbye.

She waves back, tearfully but happy that he came out, till PADRAIC slowly stops waving and just stands there, SIOBHAN loses her smile somewhat...

EXT. CASTLE RUINS - CONTINUOUS

A shot from behind PADRAIC, scarcely close to the cliff edge, the tiny figure of SIOBHAN far off on the distant boat. A shadow of a large bird or something flits strangely across his back...

EXT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS

SIOBHAN, still looking up at the unmoving figure of PADRAIC, concerned that he’s still on the edge, especially as she now sees the slightly ominous figure of MRS MCCORMICK further along the cliff top, staring back at him...

...but SIOBHAN’s relief is palpable once PADRAIC waves one last time, steps away from the cliff edge, and disappears inland. She looks along the cliff face and MRS MCCORMICK is no longer there either.

SIOBHAN takes a last look at the empty cliffs and the beautiful home she’s leaving.
EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE – DAY

We follow PADRAIC towards his house and up its path, till he sees again the blood patch on the front door, and though there’s still nothing on the grass below, with the fog now gone he now notices a little TRAIL OF BLOOD that leads away from the door and around the corner of the house...

...and as we slowly follow PADRAIC 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 PADRAIC 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. PADRAIC’S HOUSE – DUSK

Sun still setting, the animals look in the window, curtains billowing in the breeze, as PADRAIC sits in his chair, donkey corpse across his lap. He looks at SIOBHAN’s empty chair.

EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE – DUSK

Lit by lamplight, the animals stand watching as PADRAIC digs a grave in the grass behind his house. Beside the grave, the donkey has been delicately wrapped in SIOBHAN’s rose shawl (or PADRAIC’S patchwork quilt). 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.

PADRAIC

(Aye. I wish I could look away too.)
INT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - NIGHT
Hands still dirty & bloody, PADRAIC 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 SLOWMO as he heads up the lane, the curtains billowing creepily.

EXT. LANEWAYS - NIGHT
PADRAIC trudging along, overtakes the slow-moving MCCORMICK.

PADRAIC
I don’t want to talk.

And just as PADRAIC thinks he’s gotten away from her...

MRS MCCORMICK
Don’t be killing his dog, now.

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

MCCORMICK chuckles as PADRAIC continues on.

MRS MCCORMICK
(smiling)
"Nutbag".

INT. COLM’S HOUSE - NIGHT
Moonlit but no-one at home bar COLM’s dog. It’s awoken by PADRAIC’s lamplit face at the window, looking in. He leaves it & comes in thru the door, the dog giving a whimper as PADRAIC checks if COLM’s home, then sits beside him.

He rubs its head, it gives him a lick, then PADRAIC’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. PADRAIC smiles, rubbing the dog’s ears.

PADRAIC
What would I ever hurt you for?
(pause)
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 MUSICIAN’s thru his tune...
COLM
No, it’s more...

He plucks the tune out on one of their fiddles with his good hand, then hands the fiddle back, covered in blood. The STUDENT repeats the tune squeamishly as COLM whistles along.

OMITTED

INT. PUB – NIGHT

Just then, PADRAIC enters, and JONJO & GERRY look at the dishevelled, bloodied, ashen sight of him, worried.

GERRY
Hiya there, Padraic! You’re looking well!

The MUSICIANS now notice him, and slowly stop playing, which prompts COLM to finally notices PADRAIC too.

COLM
Keep playing, lads. It sounds lovely.

They quietly start up again, as COLM goes over to PADRAIC, his hand gently dripping as he goes.

COLM (CONT'D)
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. PADRAIC just looks at it.

PADRAIC
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.

PADRAIC
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 dog.

(pause)
Or you can do whatever’s in your power to stop me.

(pause)

(MORE)
PADRAIC (CONT'D)
To our graves we’re taking this.
(pause)
To one of our graves, anyways.
PADRAIC is about to turn and go, when suddenly he’s grabbed
one-handed by the hair by PEADAR coming in...

PEADAR
Here, I’ve a bone to pick with you,
dreary. Is that little gobshite of mine
at your place again?

PADRAIC
He isn’t your little gobshite. He’s
everyone’s little gobshite.

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 right-handed haymaker, PEADAR going down in a heap,
the band stopping playing.

And PADRAIC 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.

PADRAIC
Two o’clock.

He exits.

133 EXT. VARIOUS - DAWN
Sunrise over the island and its watery horizon...

133A EXT. PADRAIC’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...

134 EXT. CHURCH - MORNING
Nine in the morning. The church bells ring the ISLANDERS to
church, and they approach from...
EXT. HIGH LANEWAY TO CROSSROADS - MORNING

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

EXT. JETTY - MORNING

PEADAR meets the PRIEST off the boat again, who notices his black eye, and PEADAR tells him about it, still shocked.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

PRIEST leading an old hymn that all the ISLANDERS (including PEADAR, JONJO & GERRY) are singing, bar PADRAIC. COLM notices him a few pews ahead, the reverse of how they were last time, but PADRAIC is the one not looking around today.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

PRIEST shaking hands as before, perhaps with JONJO & GERRY. He notices that PADRAIC hasn’t greeted him, just gotten quietly onto his pony and cart and ridden away.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - DAY

Lattice light on COLM’s face as the PRIEST listens.

COLM
Well... all the ones from the last time you didn’t forgive me for... multiplied be two, of course.
(pause)
Definitely pride, this time.
(pause)
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?
   (pause)
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.

PRIEST
Twelve Hail Mary’s and eleven Our Father’s.

COLM winces at the severity of the sentence. The lattice slams.

EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE – DAY

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

Over all this, and over the following sections of montage, we hear a letter that SIOBHAN has written, or is writing to him.
SIOBHAN (V.O.)
Dear Padraic, I am safely ensconced on the mainland, and Padraic 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. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - DAY
PADRAIC & SIOBHAN’s bare room, the two lonely single beds, the picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus between them... as PADRAIC potters OUTSIDE the small window, picking up stuff that we can’t quite see.

SIOBHAN (V.O.)
Mostly I wanted to say there’s a spare bed here for ya, Padraic, and with the war almost over, I think there’d be work for you here.

EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - DAY
PADRAIC 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 & cart, along with four or five oil lamps, securing all this with rope.

SIOBHAN (V.O.)
Because there’s nothing for you on Inisherin. Nothing but more bleakness and grudges and loneliness and spite...

INT. PADRAIC’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, PADRAIC picks up the bucket of paraffin from Sc.19 and exits with it, & thru the window we see him load it on the cart, tie some tarp over it so it doesn’t spill, then slowly ride away towards the bend.

SIOBHAN (V.O.)
...and the slow passing of time until death. And, sure, you can do that anywhere!

EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - DAY
As PADRAIC rides away, cart piled high with inflammables, his animals leave their food and come out onto the road to sadly watch him go.
SIOBHAN (V.O.)
So come, Padraic. Leave there. Dominic can look after Jenny and the rest of your animals. They could move into the house together, the little goms!

EXT. LAKE - DAY
PADRAIC 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...

SIOBHAN (V.O.)
So come now, Padraic, please...

EXT. HILL ABOVE COLM’S HOUSE - DAY
PADRAIC arrives at the hill looking down on COLM’s house, its chimney smoking, and he halts the pony for a moment.

SIOBHAN (V.O.)
Before it’s all too late.
He clicks the pony on, down to the house.

EXT. COLM’S HOUSE - DAY
COLM’s dog is outside on the grass, as PADRAIC 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. PADRAIC pats the animals to reassure them, and is about to lead the cart away, when...

The sound of the clock inside the house CHIMING TWO is heard...

...and PADRAIC stops, ponders a moment... then goes and looks in one of the burning windows for the first time...
**147A  INT. COLM’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

With PADRAIC framed in the window, COLM raises the lit cigarette in his hand to his mouth, lets out a puff of smoke, then lowers the cigarette again...

...and PADRAIC nods, either to himself or to COLM...

**147B  EXT. COLM’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

...then PADRAIC gets on the cart and rides away, the dog still standing on the back of it, staring at the burning house, and we ride with PADRAIC a while, as THE HOUSE BURNS BEHIND HIM, and we hear PADRAIC’S reply to SIOBHAN.

**PADRAIC (V.O.)**

Dear Siobhan...

**148  EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - DUSK**

Sunset, lamp-lit. His two cows looking in through the window at PADRAIC inside...

**149  INT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - DUSK**

In the pretty light of sunset, PADRAIC 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 PADRAIC clicks his fingers & it sits back down, sadly.

**PADRAIC (V.O.)**

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.

**150  EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - DUSK**

PADRAIC 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.

**PADRAIC (V.O.)**

As I told ya, me life is on Inisherin. Me friends, me animals...
151 INT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - DUSK  
PADRAIC 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.

**PADRAIC (V.O.)**
Even now, as I write, little donkey Jenny is looking at me, saying please don’t go, Padraic, we’d miss ya, and nuzzling me, the gilly gooly. Get off, Jenny!

152 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...

153 EXT. PADRAIC’S HOUSE - DUSK  
As PEADAR comes to PADRAIC’s he also takes his truncheon out and is about to head up the path to the candle-lit PADRAIC inside...

**MRS MCCORMICK**
Whisht!

...when he’s startled by MRS MCCORMICK, who is drenched in lakewater, wet hair matted, still carrying her pole. She points and says something to him, & PEADAR’s face falls, and he follows her up the lane and away from the house...

**PADRAIC (V.O.)**
Also, in sadder news,...

154 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 falls to his knees, staring at his dead son.

**PADRAIC (V.O.)**
...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.

155 EXT. COLM’S HOUSE - DUSK  
The burning house at sunset from various dangerous stunning angles...
...and INSERT - certain objects inside it - the clock stopped at two, the fiddle, the gramophone, the shears, the telescope, all engulfed in flame...

And the house TOTALLY COLLAPSES IN ON ITSELF.

PADRAIC (V.O.)
No other news, really.

BEDROOM. PADRAIC, face down on in his lonely bed, JENNY’S ribbon and bell in his hand, a single candle lighting the room, looks over at SIOBHAN’S empty bed, as the calf, the pony & even the dog look in on him thru the doorway.

PADRAIC (V.O.)
Except that I love you, Siobhan, and I miss you, and I hope I’ll see you again some day, if ever you come back home.

PADRAIC
(in the room, quietly)
Come back home, Siobhan.

PADRAIC (V.O.)
Yours sincerely, your loving brother,
Padraic Suilleabhain.

He holds his hand over the burning candle a while... then snuffs out the flame with his fingers.

FADE TO BLACK.

Sunrise over the castle ruins...

Sunrise over the graveyard...

Sunrise over COLM’s smouldering, half-collapsed house, as PADRAIC walks his cows, calf and COLM’s dog above the beach. The dog sees something on the beach below... then sprints off happily towards the figure down there, staring out to sea.
PADRAIC leaves the cows and takes a path down to the beach.

**EXT. BEACH – DAWN**

The figure is COLM of course, and he gives the dog a happy hug. PADRAIC 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, still wet and bedraggled, the cows idling nearby. 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 PADRAIC.

**COLM**

I suppose me house makes us quits.

**PADRAIC**

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)

That finger of mine Siobhan brought back... just for the laugh I pinned it back on with a couple of thumb tacks...

COLM reveals his mouldy index finger pinned in place on his hand – it’s black and rotten, & blood seeps painfully from the tacks where it’s pinned. PADRAIC looks at it, blankly, then back out to sea.

**COLM (CONT’D)**

I only did it for the laugh, like. It’s already gone rotten.

**PADRAIC**

(It matches the rest of you, so.)

**COLM**

(pause)

I’m sorry about your donkey, Padraic. Honestly I am.
PADRAIC
If you ate that finger, like Jenny ate your finger, that’d show you were sorry.

COLM
It wouldn’t show I was sorry. It’d show I was mental.

PADRAIC
G’wan! Eat it, ya lump!

COLM
(What’s that thing they say about vengeance...?) *

PADRAIC
(I don’t fucking care, you fat ginger pig!) *
(pause)
You’re just talk.) *
(pause)
I was nice, before all this. I don’t know what I am now.

COLM
You’re still nice.
(pause)
You’re just dull.

PADRAIC
I burned your house down, Colm! What else am I supposed to do, like?!

COLM
almost smiles. 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.

PADRAIC nods.

PADRAIC
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.

EXT. COLM’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Up by the smouldering house, MRS MCCORMICK seems happy at the way this is playing out. She lazily hangs the pole across her shoulders...
EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

PADRAIC

Anyways...

Pause. PADRAIC starts heading away...

COLM

Padraic?

Padraic stops.

COLM (CONT'D)

Thanks for looking after me dog for me, anyway.

PADRAIC looks at the dog for a moment.

PADRAIC

Any time.

PADRAIC continues away...

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

And MRS MCCORMICK, pole still across her shoulders, watches it all, slightly disappointed...

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

END