

CLONMULT

Written by

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SCRIPT EXTRACT

EXT. LAWLOR'S FIELD - DAY

Kitty and her friend MARY are sitting on a wooden gate in the fields in the shelter of some trees.

MARY

What do you think of Dinny Docherty?

KITTY

I think he's a right egit!

MARY

My sister is doing a line with his cousin you know!

(beat)

What about Fergus so?

Kitty looks at her.

KITTY

Ah you're joking, Nana says there's a want in all that family.

MARY

Yerra you're too grand in yourself altogether Kitty Lawlor, there's no wan in the parish good enough for you I suppose.

Mary nudges Kitty shoulder to shoulder, skitting. Kitty nudges her back.

KITTY

Well that's where you'd be wrong now Mary Walsh.

MARY

(turning, wide-eyed)

Who?

Kitty hesitates.

KITTY

I can't tell you.

MARY

Why?

KITTY

He's not from here anyway.

MARY

Ah your pulling me leg, go on so,
where's he from?

Kitty looks back over her shoulder.

KITTY

Did you here my Mam there?

MARY

I didn't - where's he from?

KITTY

I'll be kilt Mary - I better go,
I'm sure she's calling me.

EXT. ROUGH FIELD - DAY

Jimmy Glavin is lying low in the long grass, his eye on the sights of his rifle. He darts a look to one of his comrades, they both nod and he advances slowly through the ground ahead.

Around him several of the men move forward in unison.

From a distance away they are covered by their comrades in another section.

On the road outside the field they can make out a group of armed men gathered together.

As both sections in the field reach the boundary ditch they observe the armed men through the branches, they exchange looks - eye signals.

Suddenly Jimmy Glavin leaps over the ditch, the others springing from cover around him.

They are joined quickly by the second section on the other side of the group of men.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DAY

JAMES GLAVIN

(shouting)

Hands up - drop them rifles or
ye're dead!

The armed group are now surrounded, with a dozen rifles aimed at them.

One of the group, Liam Aherne, looks round at Glavin and smiles.

LIAM AHERNE
Good man yourself Jimmy.

Diarmuid O'Hurley and Joseph Aherne are high up on the opposite ditch and are jumping down to the road.

DIARMUID O'HURLEY
Nice work men - nice work.

JOSEPH AHERNE
Right lads, fall in there.

All the men line up in three rows by the side of the road.

A distance away on the road either side of the group, two men with rifles are stationed in hiding as look-outs.

DIARMUID O'HURLEY
At ease. That was fairly handy lads, big improvement this time. Donal - you need to keep the head down boyo, it's a lot better to have muck in your face than a British bullet in your brain!

He walks along the line of men as he talks to them.

DIARMUID O'HURLEY (CONT'D)
Jimmy, you were a bit fast off the mark there again lad, we know you're ready to die for Ireland but the other section must have ye covered before you go - that's how we stay alive, cover is vital boys.
(beat)
Right, back up to the woods and get a bite to eat before we start again.
(to Joseph Aherne)
Jos, relieve the lads on sentry there will you.

JOSEPH AHERNE
Michael, Richard, ye're on sentry for an hour. Fall out, the rest of ye.

Joseph Aherne signals to the distant sentries and MICHAEL DESMOND and RICHARD HEGARTY start loading their rifles.