

SILENCER

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

A gloriously overcast day. Grey. And dull. Feet trudge footpaths, traffic crisscrosses store fronts at a pace.

GERRY LAWLESS, 40's, finishes a cigarette, crushes the butt under his heel. He watches CONWAYS NEWSAGENTS like a hawk, accelerates towards the entrance as --

PAULINE, 70's, and her tartan shopping trolley exit.

AT THE DOOR

Gerry bumps into to Pauline, pushes past, inside.

PAULINE

Mind your manners, ya little
bollix! Bet you wouldn't give me
the finger on the bus, never mind
your seat! Wouldya?

INT. CONWAYS NEWSAGENTS - DAY

Gerry throws her a stare.

GERRY

Jaysus, alright love, no one
bleedin' died -- ya wagon.

He sends her on her way with a little condescending wave and a smile.

EXT. CONWAYS NEWSAGENTS - DAY

Pauline shakes her Woman's Way at him, shrugs her shoulders -- she couldn't care less. Trolley wheels CLACK on broken pavement as she walks away.

INT. CONWAYS NEWSAGENTS - DAY

Gerry slides a twenty Euro note across the counter to STEVE, the young fella behind it, deeply engrossed in page three of a tabloid.

GERRY

Forty Silk cut there, and a
lighter, please. They all like that
round here, the coffin dodgers?

Steve offers Gerry a face full of indifference.

At the back of the shop a MAN, 30's, dark designer clothes, notes of the conversation. He pretends to scan the magazines.

Steve passes Gerry the cigarettes, orange disposable lighter perched on top, and a measly stack of change.

STEVE

Yeah. Should see them when the RTE Guide comes in -- wild. Like pack animals.

Steve resumes his tabloid education. Gerry pockets the items, shakes the change in his palm.

GERRY

A joke, that is. Any more tax and they'll kill us.

Steve glances up. Wished he hadn't -- there's a rant growing on Gerry's face.

GERRY (CONT'D)

You've got to take every shot you can these days.

Gerry leans on the counter, pushes backwards, getting into his stride. As he does so, the magazine man passes by, gets bumped by Gerry --

GERRY (CONT'D)

Here, do ya mind?

The man leaves the shop, not even a backward glance.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Look at that now? betcha he did well out of the boom. Probably made a killing.

(a nod towards the street)

The Louis Cruton pants on him? You can be sure he has some stashed away in a Swiss bank, some off-shore fund cave. He'll be alright -- the bastard.

Steve nods in cordial agreement.

STEVE

Sure what can you do?

He regrets speaking instantly.

GERRY

What indeed? Kill or be killed, that's me motto. Take every job, every shot. You're still raking in the aul wans. That'll keep you going.

Gerry pushes away from the counter, nods to Steve as if he's just imparted the wisdom of the ancients, and sees himself out of the shop.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Gerry sparks up a cigarette with the lighter. He just has it lit as --

A LITTLE GIRL

On a shiny pink bike races into Gerry's legs.

GERRY
Jesus fuck!

The cigarette is spat onto the pavement. The little girl grins sweetly at Gerry. Her MOTHER runs up, grabs her.

MOTHER
I'm so sorry. Did she hit you?
(to the girl)
Jesus, Amy! You nearly hurt the man. Say sorry.

GERRY
Nearly? She drove over me foot!
She's lethal on that yoke.

MOTHER
She's only eight, she didn't mean it. She's still learning, you know.

GERRY
No, it's alright love. No one died. And the bike's fine, sure isn't that the main thing? Never mind me broken foot!

Gerry looks down at AMY, she grins back. He pats the top of her pink cycling helmet.

GERRY (CONT'D)
Mind yourself.
(to himself)
You little shite.

He nods at the mother, walks painfully away.

EXT. STREET - FLATS ENTRANCE - DAY

Outside a green door. Gerry looks around quickly, reaches up on top of the door frame, feels around. His fingers come away with -- a BRONZE KEY wrapped in sticky tape.

He removes the tape, folds it into a sticky lump, pockets it.

INT. FLATS - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

The door swings open. Gerry follows it in, climbs the stairs, one at a time. He glides silently up.

INT. FLATS - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Outside Number Eight.

Gerry wraps a set of ROSARY BEADS around his clenched fists. The cross swings underneath. He kisses it, mutters a quick prayer.

He puts the beads away, takes out two LATEX GLOVES. He slips them on, a well practiced action. Gerry's gloved hand slides behind a FIRE EXTINGUISHER mounted on the wall. It finds another key.

INT. FLAT 8 - DAY

A ticking clock welcomes Gerry inside. A soft CLICK -- The door closes on the latch. Gerry scans the interior.

A small hallway, leading to a living room and open plan kitchen. It's dated. Unchanged since the eighties -- A small telly clings to an old stool. A kettle sits on the stove. An analogue radio talks to its self on the Formica counter top.

INT. FLAT 8 - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Gerry crosses the living room, into the kitchen. He lifts each knife from a block. He shakes the kettle, swings it, gauges it's weight. He opens the oven, peers in.

When he touches something he uses as few fingers as possible.

INT. FLAT 8 - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gerry looks at the CHAIR in the middle of the room. A basic, worn armchair, facing the telly, back to a window flanked by heavy curtains. A small wooden table sits beside it, an old rotary dial phone its centrepiece.

The clock continues to TICK.

Gerry unplugs an upright light, pulls the cable tight between his hands. It holds to his satisfaction.

INT. FLAT 8 - KITCHEN - DAY

Gerry removes a pair of SCISSORS from a drawer, cuts the air with them twice. CHOP CHOP. Nice and sharp.

INT. FLAT 8 - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The flex from the light is cut in two. Gerry wraps it a couple of times around his fist, repeats it with his other hand.

He pulls the flex tight. SNAP. He steps back and silently disappears behind the left curtain.

INT. FLAT 8 - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A street light does its damndest to illuminate the living room. It fails. The hall door opens and closes. The light comes on and Pauline shuffles in.

She dumps two shopping bags on the kitchen floor, shakes off her coat, drapes it over a kitchen chair. She disappears in to the hall.

Sounds of searching. A wardrobe door opens and closes. A fart. A schoolgirl giggle. A toilet flush.

Pauline returns to the kitchen, now wrapped in a blue dressing gown, a few sizes too large. She pours herself an unhealthy measure of brandy, hums to herself.

She flicks on the television, goes to the upright light -- the light Gerry butchered. She flicks the switch. No light.

A couple more useless clicks. Nothing. She rattles the bulb. Still no joy. She gives up, turns off the ceiling light anyway. The TV the only source of illumination in the room.

She places the brandy on the table beside the chair, goes to the window. She looks outside, grabs the curtains and draws them closed.

Unseen by her, Gerry's arm is exposed as the left curtain is pulled away from him.

She sits down, takes a long sip from the brandy, lets out a contented sigh. A game show kicks off on screen. She watches, gets into it, answers the questions out loud.

PAULINE

(at the TV)

The twenty twelve Olympics. Easy!

She keeps watching, as Gerry moves silently from behind the curtain, approaches the back of the chair. He holds the loop of flex out in front.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

(at the TV)

Ah Jaysus, no! History? Ya eejit.
It's only auld dead fella's.

The loop drops over her head, around her neck -- is pulled tight, tighter. She wriggles, spasms, but the noose is far too tight.

She pulls and scrapes at Gerry's hands, ripping the latex, drawing blood.

Her eyes go wide as her final moments approach --

PHUT! PHUT!

A smoking silencer on a compact handgun -- in the perfectly steady, unwavering hand of the man who was reading magazines in the shop earlier. He stands in the shadows near the bedroom.

It's Gerry who has reached the end. His body hits the back of Pauline's chair, flops to the carpet, as she sucks in deep breaths.

The man stoops, picks up the shell casing, drops it in his pocket. He unscrews the silencer as he approaches Pauline.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, Jimmy, you left that one very late! He nearly had me! Do you want me dead or something?

She staggers to her feet, as JIMMY reaches her, helps her stand.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

These fecker's are getting cleverer aren't they? How'd this one get in? Do you think he was here the whole day? Looking for me money? Watching me in the loo?

Jimmy does a double take.

JIMMY

God no! Thanks for the image. Christ, mother.

There's a gurgle from behind the chair. Pauline reels around.

PAULINE

The dead fella's still moving, Jimmy. Breathing awful funny.

Jimmy's eyes look for support from the heavens, get none. A little shake of the head. This is what his life has become.

Pauline tips Gerry's head with an outstretched toe. Pulls it quickly away.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

You goin' to make him a corpse or
wha'? Come'on now, look after your
ma'.

JIMMY

Jesus.

He walks around the chair, stands over Gerry, re-attaches the
silencer. He holds the gun steady --

PAULINE

That the Walther I got you for
Christmas?

She peers down over the back of the chair. Jimmy takes a
breath. Nods.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

Go on then, finish him. Or am I
going to have to come round there,
do it meself? Cos I will, now. Want
something done right...

Jimmy pulls the trigger -- PHUT! Gerry stops breathing.
Finally.

JIMMY

...Do it yourself.

Jimmy holsters the weapon under his coat, picks up the
remaining shell casings, and looks at his mother, staring
back at him, hard.

PAULINE

What if you're late one day? Too
late to save your ma? What then?

JIMMY

I inherit everything, retire, enjoy
the bleedin' sun.

Pauline scoffs.

PAULINE

Ah yeah, you'd love that. Your aul
ma, dead as a poxy rock. You better
be careful, Jimmy. There's always
someone younger, smarter, faster,
just waiting. And they'll all be
wanting me money!

Jimmy takes a long, slow breath.

JIMMY

Right. I'm going for a drink.
Goodbye mother.

He buttons his coat up, walks into the hall. The sound of the hall door opening, and closing, Jimmy's gone.

Pauline empties her glass, massages her neck.

PAULINE

He didn't even ask me if I was
alright -- the little bollix.
You've broken me heart, Jimmy.
Broken it something awful.

She picks up the phone, dials. Two rings, it's answered.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

He's on the way.

A CLICK from the phone. Then a busy TONE. Pauline replaces the receiver.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

That's the last time he pays
someone to try and kill me, and
make it look someone else's feckin'
idea. Should have adopted.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jimmy walks under the shadows of street lamps -- a deserted street bathed in yellow.

He crosses the road, glances down the street one more time, turns into a lane, and disappears.

PHUT!

A clink of brass on pavement, an unseen body dropping. From the mouth of the lane the little girl, Amy, emerges on her pink bike. She slips a tiny, silenced pistol under the blanket in the basket -- beside a little stuffed bear -- and cycles away, down the street.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END