

1 EXT. AERIAL SHOT - BALLYCOTTON, IRELAND - PRESENT - DAY 1

A lush countryside isolated by the sea and dotted with returning fishing boats. We float inland to the smaller of two churches that bookend a quaint fishing village.

2 INT. ST. JUDE OF HOPELESS CASES - DAY 2

As MICHAEL THE ALTAR BOY exuberantly rings the ANGELUS BELL:

FATHER SEAMUS FENNELL (60's) the weary village priest steps solemnly to the pulpit to face his congregation. In a church with 400 seats, two ANCIENT VILLAGERS (one of whom is his MOTHER) stare up at him expectantly.

He drums his fingers impatiently, frustrated. Finally:

FATHER FENNELL  
Give me a moment, would you, ladies?

And he's off, down the aisle, muttering:

FATHER FENNELL  
Fuck! -- *Forgive me, Father.*

3 EXT. ST. JUDE OF HOPELESS CASES - DAY 3

Father Fennell emerges from the church smearing Chap stick on his lips. As the BELL RINGS he attempts to coax passersby inside.

Villagers greet him, but are too busy. Some even cross the street to avoid him. MRS. GOBERTY stops out of respect.

MRS. GOBERTY  
Catchin' the rays are ya, Father Fennell? Lovely day.

FATHER FENNELL  
Aye, 'tis indeed Mrs. Goberty. And in case you hadn't noticed I added a Saturday Mass.

MRS. GOBERTY  
Gracious, would you look at the time. I must dash. See you at the regular Mass tomorrow.

He nods compassionately, but we sense his disappointment.

4 INT. BALLYCONA BRA & GIRDLE COMPANY - DAY

4

Its vaulted ceiling adorned with saints and martyrs. PAN DOWN a wooden crucifix to a large mock-up of a brassiere and girdle. What was once a church is now a factory.

Fifty pear-shaped women sit at antiquated sewing machines.

We HEAR the ANGELUS BELL. A woman stops sewing to glance at the clock -- it's 12 noon. She resumes sewing.

5 INT. PUB - DAY

5

Alive with activity. The ANGELUS BELL continues to RING (OS), but nobody cares.

DR. HICKEY, (60's) with skunk-like hair and feeling no pain, polishes off his pint.

THROUGH WINDOW he sees a black vehicle bearing the Medical Magistrate's seal.

With his arm Dr. Hickey shoves his various pints over the counter where they crash at the bartender's feet just as:

The door opens and SULLY, a wiry man in a black suit enters.

SULLY

Hickey?

DR. HICKEY

It's Doctor Hickey to you.

SULLY

We'll see about that. You haven't answered my calls and you don't have a computer. People told me where to find you.

DR. HICKEY

And why might you be tracking me down?

SULLY

We hear rumors that you drink. A lot!

DR. HICKEY

I do. Eight glasses of water a day, just like the guidelines recommend.

SULLY

Just a wee reminder. Your license is coming up for review.

DR. HICKEY  
 I've got nothing to fear from the  
 bleedin' deadly Medical Board. My  
 record speaks for itself.

SULLY  
 Just sayin'. Heed the warnin'.

DR. HICKEY  
 (under his breath)  
 And I'm sayin' dry your arse.  
 (a beat)  
 Flaherty, give the grand Medical  
 Examiner a Guinness on me. And don't  
 piss in it.

Sully flips him the bird and walks out.

Elvis's "Heartbreak Hotel" comes on the Juke Box. Dr.  
 Hickey breaks into song with Elvis. Others join in.

Father Fennell peeks into the Pub with a hopeful smile. A  
 few customers murmur polite acknowledgement.

A Woman exiting the Loo SEES the Priest and darts back  
 inside, wanting to avoid him.

FATHER FENNELL  
 God bless all. In case you can't hear  
 it over that squawking, it's the Noon  
 Mass that's ringing.

DR. HICKEY  
 That squawking happens to be Elvis.

FATHER FENNELL  
 I know who it is! I may be a Parish  
 dweller but I'm up on my music.

DR. HICKEY  
 So what's new? Never mind. Flaherty,  
 give the grand old Father a Bitter  
 Lemon on me. And don't piss in it.

FATHER FENNELL  
 May God have mercy on your soul.

DR. HICKEY  
 You've been saying that for the past  
 twenty years. My soul's in fine shape,  
 thank you very much. God does a very  
 good job one day a week.

FATHER FENNELL

Imagine what he could do with two?  
That's why I've added another Mass.

DR. HICKEY

I'm sure it's pulling 'em in like  
flies.

A few people stifle a laugh.

FATHER FENNELL

"Thou art the rudeliest welcome to  
this world." That's from Pericles. He  
knew you well!

DR. HICKEY

Never heard of him. Guys, remember the  
good old days when Father Bart was  
here and we had two churches, both of  
'em overflowing?

FATHER FENNELL

You're such a "want wit"! One of them  
closed because it was *Protestant*!

DR. HICKEY

I'll drink to that! Chalk one up for  
feck face, I mean, the good Father.

6 INT. ST. JUDE OF HOPELESS CASES - DAY

6

Father Fennell stands at the pulpit, preparing to give  
Mass. He leans in to locate the spotlight, which keeps  
moving.

FATHER FENNELL

Mii-chael!

Young MICHAEL finally focuses the spotlight on him. Fennell  
takes a deep breath and then, emoting dramatically:

FATHER FENNELL

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me  
your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not  
to praise him. The evil that men do  
lives after them; the good is oft  
interred with their bones ..."

THE AUDIENCE

Eight small CHILDREN are seated in a pew in various states  
of I-Pod distraction, among them chubby twins, BRAM and  
SEAN age 6. Bram raises his hand.

FATHER FENNELL

I pause for an audience response. Yes,  
Bram, you have a question?

BRAM

Can I go to the toilet?

FATHER FENNELL

"Et tu Brute!" I am crushed. You have  
thrust a dagger into my heart and I  
bleed profusely.

BRAM

Please?

SEAN

Me, too.

FATHER FENNELL

Hark, two traitors from the same  
family. "Pish! Pish for thee!"

The children giggle.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN

Can we go, too?

Father Fennell collapses on the floor, as if struck dead.  
The giggling children jump over him and race out. Fennell  
glances at his mother, the only one left in the pews.

FATHER FENNELL

How'd I do, Mama?

MOTHER FENNELL

Eh.

7 INT. BALLYCONA BRA & GIRDLE COMPANY - DAY

7

FOREMAN SWILL McCOOL moves through spot-checking finished  
garments. His pants are so low you can see his butt crack.

MARY O'FARRELL (35) is sewing joylessly on a Wonder Bra.  
She's a volatile, voluptuous peasant, sloppily thrown  
together. With her dour face she could easily be a saint  
... Or a whore.

Behind Mary sit her sisters-in-law: ROSE (40), a faint  
mustache visible and SADIE (43) who has the deep throaty  
voice of a lifetime chain-smoker.

They're whispering back and forth, darting glances at Mary.  
Suddenly the presence of Swill silences them. He's looming  
over Mary, eyeing her work.

Swill lifts a padded bra and with it, Mary's sleeve, sewn to the cup.

SWILL

And what part of the fecking anatomy is this for?

MARY

What woman needs all this padding?

Swill grabs a scissor and snips the join, saving the bra but taking a chunk out of Mary's sleeve. She feels defiled.

SWILL

The cost of this garment will be deducted from your pay. And if it happens again it'll cost you your job!

MARY

(as he moves off)

May a dog bite you and gangrene set in.

The FACTORY WHISTLE sounds. On cue, the machines go silent. The doors open and the women exit, chattering like they've been let out of a cage.

8 EXT. FACTORY - DAY

8

Mary hurries down the steps. She suddenly stops, SEEING something that makes her blood boil. Sadie notices this.

SADIE

Well, if it isn't every man's wet dream, Grace Mc Clusky.

GRACE Mc CLUSKY is beautiful, voluptuous and sexy in a stylish dress with red high heels. She's struggling with packages. A Young Man stops to help her.

GRACE'S POV

Mary's seething hatred. She lights a cigarette and immediately stomps it out with a vengeance.

SADIE AND ROSE

Looking from Mary to Grace and smirking.

ROSE

I heard she's come back to take over the beauty shop.

SADIE

Uh-huh. That Grace always had a way with hair. And a lot of other things too. Mary, you're not still carrying a grudge over her obsession with Finn?

MARY

Why would I carry a grudge over a slut like Grace? I wish her and her skinny buttocks the best.

ROSE

Not that we're saying our brother was ever tempted. God knows he's a saint.

MARY

Drop it! He hasn't looked at another woman -- in years. And if he did, I'd kill the sonofabitch!

SADIE

You can't blame Finn. The poor thing's cursed. He can't help being irresistible.

9 EXT. THE DOCK - DAY

9

Fishing boats pulling in. FAVORING a small weathered boat, its faded paint peeling, the name "Mary" on it's bow.

A muscular fisherman empties his catch into a wooden bin. This is Mary's husband FINN O'FARRELL, 35, a handsome and humble man.

DARBY, the local fish purveyor, wheels his cart over. Finn hands him a half empty bin.

FINN

This past month has been the worst haul in years.

DARBY

Everybody's catch is down. It's terrible.

FINN

I tried begging but they don't speak the language. Maybe I should try singing.

DARBY

That'll scare 'em off for sure.

FINN

Here I am tryin' to save for a new boat an' me eldest adorable one is beatin' on me for a laptop. You think she cares that the fish aren't biting? Hell no, it's "*Da, when am I gonna get a laptop, I need a laptop, Da, I really, really, really need one!*"

DARBY

You do a good imitation of my daughter!

FINN

Wanna hear me Mary? "*Oh Finn, I'm so tired of workin' me fingers to the bone on Wonder cups! When will it all end? Where's the yacht you promised me?*"

DARBY

You promised her a yacht?

FINN

She dreamed it and now I gotta make good.

Darby laughs and pushes his cart to the next boat.

We hear WHISTLES and CAT CALLS. Finn turns to look at the pretty woman. He turns back quickly, as if he's seen a ghost. He sneaks another look.

FINN'S POV

Grace, her sensual walk punctuated by voluptuous breasts rising and falling with each step.

And then she SEES Finn. She waves and a big smile breaks across her face as she moves in SLOW MO toward him.

FINN

We SEE the terror in his eyes. No place to hide, he dives into the water.

10 EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

10

CHILDREN hit a Pimple Ball with a scrap of wood.

Chubby MARY MARGARET O'FARRELL (14) gathers her equally chubby siblings and they take off down the narrow streets.



These are Mary's offspring and include twins we've already met, Bram and Sean (6) and the rotund MARY PATRICIA (4) who has trouble keeping up.

11 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY 11

As they approach the STATUE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN with her unlit neon halo, the children pause briefly to cross themselves. Like magic, the halo suddenly flickers, then lights up. Little Mary Patricia stands awed until Mary Margaret yanks her away.

12 EXT. BALLYCONA BRASSIERE & GIRDLE COMPANY - DAY 12

Mary is standing on the steps, counting from her pay envelope, clearly unhappy with the content.

When the Children SEE their Mother's expression, fear wells up in their eyes and they break into a fast trot.

Mary turns to her brood and in one continuous movement, whacks each one on the head.

MARY

You're late! Tell the truth, who was the troublemaker today? Mary Patricia?

Mary Patricia vehemently shakes her head, 'not me'.

You lie to me, you get no Guinness cake.

Mary strides purposefully away. The children obediently follow as she maintains a steady stream of accusatory chatter and every so often whacks one of them again.

MARY

Repeat after me: I will love my new shoes. I will love my new shoes.

As they ENTER a shoe store:

MARY MARGARET

Save my shoe money, ma. I just need a laptop. Please?

WHACK!

13 INT. O'FARRELL COTTAGE - NIGHT 13

In the living room of this two bedroom cottage, Finn snores contentedly in his Lazy Boy recliner.

Mary's VOICE jolts him awake.

MARY

Shite! I work me fingers to the bone  
and you sleep!

FINN

I was having a two-minute nap!

The Children crawl all over him. Mary Margaret gives him a quick peck and hurries to her ancient Kaypro computer.

Mary spots crumbs on the floor and starts vacuuming.

MARY

Who ate potato chips?! Forget it. I'm not  
buyin' em anymore.

Finn gives Mary an affectionate smile.

FINN

Somebody didn't give Da a kiss.

MARY

(sniffs)

I don't kiss fish.

Finn sniffs his armpits; not a problem to him.

FINN

(to children)

I've been fishing for years. Who does  
she think she's been kissing?

The children giggle. Mary hurries to the open kitchen to put a light under a pot on the stove.

MARY MARGARET

Bleedin' typical, my computer's  
crashed again! When am I gonna get a  
laptop?

FINN

When the fish start biting again.

MARY MARGARET

Brilliant!

FINN

I'm chokin' back a SCREAM!

Mary smacks Mary Margaret on the back of her head.

MARY

Watch the stove.