

THE TROUBLES

written by

Jake Green

rjakegreen@gmail.com  
robertjacobgreen.com  
214.797.7438  
710 Kenilworth Cir, Stone Mountain, GA 30083

SERIES OF SHOTS OF A LOVELY IRISH LANDSCAPE

ACOUSTIC GUITAR playing *I'll Tell Me Ma* by the Young Dubliners. It's pleasant, befitting the sight of...

EXT. STREET - BELFAST

MAISIE MCCLUSKEY. Eyes as inviting as a swimming pool on a hot summer's day; reddish-blond hair cascading around her flirtatious and grinning face.

*The guitar strings are playfully plucked.* The couple strolls down the street.

MAN 1 caresses. She giggles.

He has his arm around her. They're laughing.

Maisie grabs his shirt and pulls him into a...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

... car. He drunkenly kisses her neck as she drives.

EXT. MAISIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They can't take their hands off each other as they walk to the house.

INT. MAISIE'S HOUSE - SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

They blast through the doorway in each others arms. They bump into a wall and Maisie drops her purse. She reaches down to get it, takes a breath...

The music pauses. She whirls around.

BANG!

YOUNG DUBLINERS (SINGING)  
*I'll tell me Ma when I go home, the  
boys won't leave the girls alone.*

Brains on the brick. Maisie wielding a pistol.

EXT. BELFAST STREET - DAY

Maisie is back with another man.

YOUNG DUBLINERS (SINGING)  
*They pull my hair, they stole my  
 comb. But that's alright till I go  
 home.*

MAN 2. Flirts.

INT. CAR - DAY

They make out as she drives.

YOUNG DUBLINERS (SINGING)  
*She is handsome. She is pretty. She  
 is the belle of Dublin city.*

INT. MAISIE'S HOUSE - SIDE ENTRANCE - DAY

Maisie reaches into her purse while Man 2 is kissing her.

BANG!

Blood covers the ceiling.

YOUNG DUBLINERS (SINGING)  
*She is courtin' one, two, three.  
 Please, won't you tell me, who is  
 she?*

SERIES OF SHOTS w/ pronounced music.

STREET. MAN 3. Maisie beckons. SIDE ENTRANCE. Slice!

YOUNG DUBLINERS (SINGING)  
*Let the wind and the rain and the  
 hail blow high, and the snow come  
 shovelin' from the sky.*

STREET. MAN 4 & 5. SIDE ENTRANCE. Shoots Man 4. Gun knocked  
 away. Scarf, neck, spin, strangle.

YOUNG DUBLINERS (SINGING)  
*She's as sweet as apple pie. And  
 she'll get her own lad by and by.*

STREET. ENTRANCE. STREET. ENTRANCE.

Stab. Shoot. Slice. Bash.

YOUNG DUBLINERS (SINGING)  
*When she gets a lad of her own, she  
 won't tell her Ma when she gets  
 home.*

Hair flip. Beckoning. Enticing. Flirting.

YOUNG DUBLINERS (SINGING)  
*Let them all come as they will but  
 it's Albert Mooney she loves still.*

Caressing. Hand-holding. Grabbing. Stroking.

YOUNG DUBLINERS (SINGING)  
*She is handsome. She is pretty. She  
 is the belle of Dublin city.*

YOUNG DUBLINERS (SINGING)  
*She is courtin' one, two, three.*  
 (BANG! BANG! BANG!)

Maisie straddles a man on the ground of the entryway.

YOUNG DUBLINERS (SINGING)  
*Please, won't you tell me, who is  
 she?*

BANG!

EXT. MAISIE'S HOUSE - IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - AFTERNOON

A quaint little house sits among the hills outside of Belfast. The wind-filled quiet is disturbed by the low drone of an approaching car.

THUD

A car door shuts and stylish-but-casual feet walk toward the house and up to the front door.

KNOCK KNOCK

INT. BEDROOM

Maisie is sound asleep. A distant knocking can be heard again, popping her up and out of bed.

EXT. MAISIE'S HOUSE

A man waits patiently outside, hearing the commotion within.

INT. BEDROOM

Maisie peeks out of her window and sees a car. She cranes her neck and gets a glimpse of the coat of her visitor.

She slips a robe on as she exits her room.

INT. LIVING SPACE

She reaches behind books on a shelf and retrieves a small pistol. She cautiously approaches the front door.

MAISIE

Can--

She cuts herself off.

MAISIE

I have no need for whatever it is  
you're selling!

STIOFAIN

I see you're still as closed off as  
ever, Hazy Maisie.

She perks up, tension fading, curiosity gaining.

MAISIE

Do I--

She throws caution to the wind and drops her gun into her robe pocket. She whips the door open.

A man in his late 30s stands smiling at her.

PAUSE

SUPERIMPOSED: "Sean Mac Stiofain, General in the IRA"

UNPAUSE

MAISIE

Mr. Stephenson!

They're both jubilant. She is shocked.

They embrace.

MAISIE

I can't believe you're here!

STIOFAIN

Hello, Maisie.

MAISIE

Please, come in. Come in!

She motions him into the house and closes the door. Before he's shed his coat, she's already taking it and placing it on a rack by the door.

He surveys the home, then Maisie.

MAISIE

I'll put a pot on! Coffee or tea?

STIOFAIN

How domestic.

She feels self-conscious, exactly what he wanted.

STIOFAIN

I love it. I'm one for coffee.

She regains her composure and gladly heads to the kitchen.

Kettle. Water. Match. Gas. Fire.

Stiofain strolls around the space, taking it all in. Maisie watches.

STIOFAIN

You've made a lovely home here.

Maisie is appreciative of the compliment.

STIOFAIN

I was surprised to find you still in Belfast.

MAISIE

It's home, you know?

He scopes out a place to sit.

STIOFAIN

I feel the same.

MAISIE

Oh, you stayed as well?

STIOFAIN

Sadly, no. Work took me away.

MAISIE

And what brought you back?

STIOFAIN

A funeral.

MAISIE

Oh, I'm so sorry, John! Was it family?

She comforts him.

STIOFAIN

Might as well have been a brother.  
But no, no blood relation. And you  
can call me Sean, now, Sean Mac  
Stiofain.

Hm, curious.

MAISIE

Gaelic?

STIOFAIN

It is.

The kettle begins to whistle. Maisie heads that way.

MAISIE

There are far too many funerals  
lately.

Stiofain agrees.

MAISIE

Did I know him?

She begins to pour boiling hot water through a coffee  
strainer and into a mug.

STIOFAIN

Unlikely. His name was Dáithí Ó  
Conaill.

She flinches. Hot water peppers her hand.

FLASHBACK - Man 3. Maisie beckons. SIDE ENTRANCE. Slice!

She manages to keep her grip on the mug. Stiofain strolls  
into the doorway behind her.

MAISIE

How'd you know each other?

She plops a tea bag into her mug and turns toward Stiofain.

STIOFAIN

Oh, since we were young men.

He takes the mug of coffee from her and they both take a seat at the kitchen table.

STIOFAIN

And you, Hazy Maisie, where's your  
cigarette-smoke cloud?

Maisie laughs.

MAISIE

It cleared up a long time ago.

She sets her tea down on the table. The label of the tea bag attracts his eyes like a magnet.

Something's changed.

MAISIE

Is something the matter?

He looks up at her.

STIOFAIN

Your tea.

MAISIE

Yes? My tea?

STIOFAIN

You drink the tea of tyrants.

MAISIE

I drink tea that has good flavor.

STIOFAIN

You are Irish, Maisie.

MAISIE

I am. And You're drinking coffee  
from Rwanda and walked past my car  
from Germany. Does that make me  
less Irish?

STIOFAIN

Did those countries forcefully  
occupy your native land?

MAISIE

One certainly attempted to do so.

Stiofain is having trouble collecting himself.

MAISIE

John-- Sean, tea is not treason,  
nor is it allegiance. It's only  
tea.

He takes a breath.

STIOFAIN

Where's your lavatory?

She points.

MAISIE

Through the bedroom.

Thud. The bathroom door closes.

INT. BATHROOM

Stiofain is suspicious. He flips on the water and begins to look around. In the shower, under the sink, behind the toilet, nothing. He cracks the bedroom door and slips out.

INT. KITCHEN

Maisie's nerves are cracking. She nervously sips her tea and looks at the label. She stands and reaches for the phone.

INT. BEDROOM

Stiofain lightly steps through the room, checking under the bed, in the night stand, in the cushions of the chair.

INT. KITCHEN

Maisie's back is to the bedroom. She speaks in a whisper.

MAISIE

His name is Sean--

She hears a creak and whips her head around.

INT. BEDROOM

Stiofain is frozen, holding the door of the closet.

INT. KITCHEN

She listens.

INT. BEDROOM

He listens.

Phew. He takes a step into the closet and shuffles through the clothes.

INT. KITCHEN

She returns to her call.

MAISIE

I'm sorry. He's Sean Mac Stiofain,  
though his name used to be John  
Stephenson.

New, horrifying information.

INT. BEDROOM

He flips up the top of a trunk in the closet and digs through the sweaters until... pay dirt.

Two large pistols and a few knives line the bottom of the trunk. He takes one of each and shuts the trunk.

INT. KITCHEN

She hangs up the phone and heads toward the bedroom. She draws her gun as she gets closer. She pushes the door open slowly and peers around it just as...

FLUSH

The toilet drains in the bathroom and the water turns off. Stiofain emerges and stops when he sees her in the doorway.

MAISIE

Just checking on you.

STIOFAIN

Checking on me? Why would you need  
to do that.

She has no response, and notices her bed is more disheveled than when she left it. Stiofain's eyeline follows hers. She looks back to him, he looks back to her.

MAISIE

I'm sorry, John.

She flings the door open and pulls her gun. Stiofain draws and backs into the bathroom. Shots RING out on both sides. Maisie ducks back into the living space.

INT. BATHROOM

STIOFAIN

Oh Maisie, what have you done?

INT. LIVING SPACE

She's distressed and wide-eyed. This is not how it normally goes.

STIOFAIN (O.S.)

You are a traitor to your people.

MAISIE

And you are the devil. You kill innocent people to try to intimi--

STIOFAIN (O.S.)

No one is innocent, Maisie!

INT. BATHROOM

It's clear that his arm was nicked during the first shots. He takes a hand towel and presses it firmly against the wound.

STIOFAIN

Every casualty of this war deserved what they got.

INT. LIVING SPACE

MAISIE

I can certainly say that about the monsters I've killed.

Maisie is sliding back into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM

She slips through the door, pushing it back behind her as she drops to the ground behind the bed.

STIOFAIN  
Who?

MAISIE  
Too many.

STIOFAIN  
Who?!

MAISIE  
Your "brother" Dáithí Ó Conaill is  
one. Seamus Twomey--

FLASHBACK: Man 2 is kissing her. BANG! Blood covers the ceiling.

Stiofain's rage is building.

MAISIE  
Joe Cahill and Gerry Adams.

FLASHBACK: Man 4 & 5. Shoots Man 4. Gun knocked away. Scarf, neck, spin, strangle.

Stiofain is fuming.

MAISIE  
Éamonn O'Doherty--

STIOFAIN  
You cunt!!

He busts out of the door. BANG! His leg is hit from under the bed. He fires towards the corner, she's not there. He jumps onto the bed and begins firing into it. Bullets FLY back at him.

They both run out of bullets. Stiofain reaches under the bed and grabs her by the hair, ripping her into view, immediately punching her face.

A no-holds-barred brawl takes place. Biting, punching, squeezing, strangling. The upper hand finally seems to be in Maisie's favor as she has him in a stranglehold on the ground.

He strains to reach for his pocket. STAB! He plants the knife firmly in her leg, which loosens its grip as she SCREAMS.

She holds onto his neck tightly as he whips her about. She loses grip and is flung towards the bedroom door. He drops to the ground, straining for breath.

She gets up on one leg and hobbles out of the door.

He regains what strength he has left and retrieves the second pistol from the trunk.

INT. LIVING SPACE

She ducks into the cupboard. She looks down at her leg, grips the knife, and rips it out, stifling a scream.

Maisie cuts her deep breaths short as a limping, bleeding Stiofain rounds the corner back into view. Maisie braces for action.

Only his legs in view, she can see him turning toward the living space. She silently whips open the cupboard door and dashes like a sprinter directly toward her target.

He wheels!

She jumps!

BANG! BANG!

THUD

Maisie drills Stiofain, sending them both reeling through the basement door down the staircase in a swirl of limbs and hair.

CRASH!

They hit the landing and skid a couple feet apart. Silence.

INT. BASEMENT

Stiofain has a knife lodged in his chest. His eyes are lifeless, staring at...

Maisie. Is she dead? Be quiet. Wait. Was that a finger twitch? Her eyelids are fluttering!

She's alive!

A painful groan, she struggles to move and clutches her severely lacerated leg. She flips over to her back. Oh no.

Two bullet wounds, one in the chest, one in the gut. Blood is beginning to soak her clothes. She looks over at Stiofain. She pulls herself up the railing of the stairs toward the first floor.

INT. LIVING SPACE

A blood trail leads to the front door just as Maisie limps through it.

EXT. MAISIE'S HOUSE - IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING

Maisie falls down the steps of the house and lets out a cry. She pushes herself back up and leans against the railing. She settles into her seat for her last sunset.

The green hills, the brisk air, she takes it all in as the sun disappears behind the trees.

**THE END**