



Scripts.com

# Life's a Breeze

By Lance Daly

- What do I get out of it?  
- Emma, you don't get  
to ask that question  
at 13 years of age.  
You have duties, live with it.  
Why do I have to go  
before and after school?  
Yeah, why does  
she have to go before and after?  
Because Mom is 79 and not  
quite the full shilling anymore.  
Whoops!  
Calculator in the corn flakes.  
God, just bring her her bloody paper  
and milk and stop moaning  
about it, will ya?  
Once I get some  
new stock I'll be fine.  
- The problem's just cash flow.  
- Just get it from the bank.  
They're not lending.  
You can't all go on borrowing  
money from me indefinitely.  
Mmm, from us indefinitely.  
From me indefinitely.  
- Mom!  
- What?  
I don't have time to make  
you gourmet lunches, Emma.  
This is embarrassing.  
Just take a bite of the banana  
and then a bite of the bread.  
That's what we used to have.  
- You tell her.  
- Last time, I promise.  
And what happens when  
you can't pay me back?  
I'll pay you back.  
I'll have to give you a check.  
- What?  
- She's old and weird  
and only ever wants  
to argue about things.  
Can't argue with that.

Thanks, sis, you're a lifesaver.

Your mom is well able  
to look after herself.

She could come and live  
with us instead.

Do as your mother tells you.

No.

Thank you, dear.

You're welcome.

Mom!

Mom!

Come on, Mom, will you help?

Ask her where's my birth cert.

What's he looking for now?

- Birth cert.

- Where did you put it?

I mean it's not like  
they don't know who I am.

I've been going down there  
for nearly twenty years.

I collect once a week.

I sign on once a month.

I mean, they have my signature.

They have my picture!

And what the hell is  
an annual review?

They never used to have  
annual reviews.

How can you live  
in this chaos, Mom?

Tell him to take his time  
and he'll find it.

I mean, who uses a birth cert  
for anything anymore anyway?

I'm gonna be late.

They're gonna make me do  
a whole new application.

Then they're going to start  
trying to train me to do things.

Come on, where did you put it?

- You put everything...

- He's not used to being up this early.

Come on, Mom, will you help?

I'm gonna lose me welfare!

Did you put it in a drawer?

Will you help me?!

Mom!

Des?

- No job?

- Don't tell Mom.

Don't mind her.

If she'd listened to us and sold  
the house during the boom  
we'd all be in the south  
of France by now.

- Hiya.

- Not you too?

They cut me down to two days  
at the groomers.

Don't tell Mom.

Here, go on, will ya?

- Huh?

- You're next.

Relax, I'm talking here.

Just get a move on,  
ya bleedin' culchie.

I'm not a culchie.

Nan?

Nan?

Nan?

Nan!

Huh?

Eight bags, that's the lot.

Emma?

Check that this is on right.

A hundred and sixty, there,  
please, Annie.

They're safe enough there, love.

Night, girls.

Jesus!

It's colder than  
a Norwegian's tit.

- Oh, lovely, Colm.

- What?

Did you put your rent  
in the jar?

Yes, I did.

I don't know what you

need money for, anyway.  
I need you to do us a favor.  
Take Nan for a day out  
somewhere.  
Okay?  
Why?  
You can't tell her.  
Fine.  
I'm going to clean up the house.  
Does my mom know about it?  
I'm going to get her to help me.  
I just need to know  
we have our decoy first.  
- Fifty.  
- Are you fucking serious?  
Take it or leave it.  
Get her out early and back late.  
And don't let on now.  
Can I not just want  
to hang out with my granny?  
I've been on the dart before.  
Your granddad took me  
out to Bray  
when they opened the line.  
Nineteen eighty-four.  
Anything from the last century  
doesn't count.  
Will I be back in time  
for Joe Duffy?  
I dunno. Is he coming  
to the house?  
On the radio.  
- Two o'clock.  
- We definitely won't be back.  
Are you cold?  
No, I'm all right.  
But you're a bit cold,  
aren't you?  
I'm grand.  
Just say you're cold.  
But I'm not.  
- Just say it.  
- I'm freezing.  
Don't worry.

I have just the thing for you.  
What do you think  
happens to you when you die?  
I don't think anything happens.  
Maybe coming back to life  
as someone else,  
like the president  
or some famous singer.  
Or a handicap  
or a homeless person.  
No.  
Or you come back as Colm.  
Aw, wreck the head.  
Something better  
than you are now.  
No such thing.  
Okay.  
Me...  
except... I'm younger  
- and I can fly.  
- Seriously.  
It's not a conversation  
to be taken seriously.  
Reincarnation is serious.  
A lot of people believe in it.  
More wishful thinking.  
Surprise!  
It's not my birthday  
until next week.  
Special treat, Mom,  
ahead of your birthday...  
full house makeover.  
What?  
Everything of worth or  
sentimental value has been cleaned.  
Everything else has been repaired,  
replaced or upgraded.  
Fresh as a daisy.  
New toaster, new kettle.  
I cleaned the cooker.  
New digital TV service...  
No more crappy picture quality  
and you can record on it.  
It's like watching it back live.

And, drumroll please...  
Whoa-aaa!  
Giant basket for your wool!  
Oh, look.  
We put these  
all around the house.  
Keep the old-folk stink away.  
Come on, Mom.  
New table.  
And you can see yourself  
in the mirror now.  
Where's everything gone?  
Three hundred and eighty-six  
true crime novels,  
forty-six phone books,  
twenty-two years of newspapers.  
Calendars, birthday and Christmas cards,  
knitting patterns.  
Seven million Chinese  
take-away menus.  
Eight million bus tickets.  
School books, first year  
leaving certificate, 1954-1996.  
All sorts of other junk, too.  
All gone to recycling.  
Come on.  
Ta-dah!  
New shower curtains.  
Handles in the bath.  
- Oof!  
- Oh, here.  
We cleared out some of  
the old furniture in my room.  
Oh, some nice  
improvements in there.  
In case you ever wanted  
to rent it out or whatever.  
You planning on moving out?  
No plan, no, but just in case.  
Keep your eyes closed, okay.  
Annie, you get the lights.  
Straight across, okay.  
Don't open your eyes, Mom,  
wait for the big finale.

Wait... okay.  
Ta-dah!  
New curtains, new carpet.  
Best of all, no more  
smelly old mattress.  
Brand-new bed,  
Ikea's finest,  
memory foam, orthopedic.  
Best night's kip ever.  
We both got one.  
Where's the old one?  
Oh, yeah. We cleared out all  
the crap from under the bed.  
You can see right through  
to the other side.  
Have a look!  
Much better feng shui!  
Where's it gone?  
Mom, you don't have  
to worry about it,  
- that's the point.  
- Where is it?  
Why do you want to know?  
Because all my money was in it.  
Are you sure?  
Yes, Colm, I'm sure.  
How much?  
Nearly a million.  
I tell you what, Mom,  
you can still nail a punch line.  
Yeah, me small wit.  
A million bedbugs.  
A million euros.  
Ah, pull the other one,  
would you?  
How would you get  
a million euro?  
Selling off the garage  
at the end of the garden,  
rent from the basement flat,  
my inheritance,  
whatever your dad didn't drink,  
savings from teaching  
and my pension.



Not quite a million,  
but fifty year's savings  
adds up.  
If you did have the money, Mom,  
why didn't you put it  
in the bank?  
Have you not been listening  
to the news?  
It was safe here.  
You could hold it in your hands.  
I didn't know you idiots were going  
to come along and throw it out.  
You don't think  
she's serious, do you?  
She looked very serious to me.  
It went out the front  
with the rest, didn't it?  
- Yeah. Did the charity take it?  
- No.  
How can you be so sure?  
They don't take beds or bedding.  
- So it's gone to the dump?  
- Well, what did it look like?  
- What color was it?  
- What did it look like, Mom?  
- It was blue.  
- It was cream and blue...  
with the letters A-Q-P  
printed on it.  
It went out  
with everything else.  
Who was the van driver?  
Just a lad I know.  
He drinks up in the hill.  
- Ring him.  
- I don't have his number.  
Oh Jesus, Colm, you and your  
bloody schemes.  
I told you to organize  
a professional waste service.  
Wait a minute.  
Whoever we gave it to would  
have taken it away the same.  
In fact, if they were professional,

it would already  
be incinerated by now.  
The guy I got to do it is  
probably up in the pub  
with everything still sitting  
in the back of his van.  
Where are we going?  
Come on, come on.  
Where are we going?  
What about Nan?  
- I'll take her.  
- Come on.  
Come on.  
To be honest, I'm not sure  
I believe any of this.  
I mean, you must have changed  
your mattress over all those years.  
Four times.  
When the euro came in,  
I took pounds to the bank  
every day for six months.  
And when were you  
going to tell us  
about these extensive savings?  
I wasn't going to tell you.  
It must be a wind-up.  
Maybe she's in shock after we  
threw out all her junk.  
Can you actually imagine  
if there was a million  
euro in it? Ha.  
Jim? Arthur in?  
Yeah, he's sitting there.  
See if we can grab his keys  
from on the bar.  
- Was he there?  
- No.  
Might have gone out for a smoke.  
Didn't see him outside.  
Jeez, that's brutal, isn't it?  
- Three-nil.  
- Yeah.  
Give us a packet of them crisps  
there, will you, Jim?

What do you want Arthur for?  
Nothing.  
Just looking for him.  
Aw, fuck it, Jim.  
Bollocks!  
What the hell are you doing?  
- Get out of that van.  
- Sorry, Arthur.  
We threw out something  
that Mother wanted to keep.  
We thought you might  
still have it in the van.  
You'd want to wise up.  
Sorry.  
Where did you dump it?  
Aw, come on, man.  
I apologized, okay?  
Gimme me keys.  
Where did you offload it?  
The recycling depot  
in Ring's End.  
Okay.  
Okay, great.  
Thanks, Arthur.  
Cheers.  
I'll make it up to you!  
I'll buy you a pint, right?  
- Should we climb over?  
- What if there's a guard dog?  
Why would they be guarding  
a load of rubbish?  
It's worth a lot.  
You'd be surprised.  
They sell it to the Chinese.  
I wonder how much  
they pay for old mattresses.  
Well, are we going  
to do something or what?  
- I'm not getting over that.  
- Needn't bother.  
Everything's cleared. They must  
have already sent it on.  
Where, Colm, to where  
have they sent it?

Some sort  
of sorting facility I suppose.

You suppose.

I'll go in and talk  
to them in the morning.

- Monday morning.

- It's a bank holiday.

Tuesday morning.

Don't worry,

Colm will find it on Tuesday.

Colm is sick.

He couldn't find  
a wife or a job.

How's he going to find  
my life savings?

All right, go on!

- He will.

- Mmm.

Oh, oh!

- God help me!

- I'll hold you.

Get your hands off me arse.

- Do you want help or not?

- Bollocks!

I hate Sundays.

Why do you want it back?

It's got sentimental value.

Dad used to sleep  
on it with her.

Oh.

Happy memories, huh?

Just let it go, love.

It'll be filthy by now.

It'll be no use to you.

Yeah, she's superstitious, too.

Probably easiest  
just to find it.

Oh.

Well, if you put it  
in the right container,  
It's probably gone to landfill  
via the depot by now.

People put mattresses  
all over the shop here.

Rubble, timber,  
damaged furniture,  
pre-loved furniture.

Reusable.

Either way it's probably  
gone to the landfill.

I thought this was  
a recycling center.

It's practically impossible  
to recycle a mattress.

They're indestructible yokes.  
You put them in the shredder...  
and they're likely to pop out  
the other side intact.

The pickarinos try to get the steel  
out of the springs sometimes,  
but it's just not  
worth the effort.

Well, where the hell  
do we start?

Gerry!

If it did go to the landfill,  
how would we find it?

- Jump up and down.  
- Pardon?

Well, you wouldn't  
be able to see it  
'cause they cover everything up  
really quick.

Unless they leave the corner  
sticking up or something.

But you can usually  
tell by the feel of it  
there's a mattress in  
the ground 'cause it's soft, springy.  
Starts right over there.

Just gotta go in.

There's this whole section here.

That's all fresh stuff  
just coming in now.

So, see,

if we go up to the office...

Lift up that brown one.

- We're trying to lift it.

- Just push it.  
Yeah.  
Fuck off.  
Whoo!  
Trick or treat!  
Awww!  
Arrrgh!  
What are you looking at?  
What are you doing?  
Where's that county map?  
I'm going to start  
looking up landfills.  
Some kids just robbed  
the shed out of the garden.  
Let them have it.  
We never used it  
for anything anyway.  
Look, I know the scene.  
There is probably about a hundred  
of the little fuckers.  
I'm not going to go after them,  
take it off them,  
then try and drag it back up  
the street and over the wall,  
with them all chucking stones  
at me and calling me names.  
Just let them do  
their gathering.  
Stop!  
Wait a second, you!  
Guys?  
Stop!  
Hey! Hey! Hey, did you take  
a blue mattress from outside?  
Shut up, you!  
Look, come here, I don't  
care about the shed.  
Did you take a mattress  
from down outside?  
Do you want a dig  
in the head, do you?  
Come on, lads.  
Come on, lads!  
Come on, boys!

Quick! Quick! Quick!  
Here. Did you see anyone  
put a mattress in there?  
Here, take your hands off him!  
Mary, some fuckin' weirdo's  
at your son.  
No, no, no.  
Mary!  
Look here, mister.  
I'll knock the bollocks off you!  
You pedo!  
I'll tear strips off you  
and feed them to the dog!  
It either went in the fire  
or went in the recycling.  
Unless that fella in the pub  
didn't send it to the recycling.  
What?  
If he was lying.  
About what?  
Sending it to the recycling.  
And why'd you think that?  
Well, you could sort  
of tell, couldn't you?  
Well, why didn't  
you say anything?  
You never listen to me anyway.  
Jesus.  
Annie, I'm borrowing the car.  
I'll drop it back to you later.  
I've got the keys.  
Eh, come on, get in.  
Ah, for flip sake, a ball.  
Here, hold that.  
Go on, you get in.  
You didn't go to the recycling  
center at all, did you?  
Tread lightly, Colm.  
How much do they  
charge for a van?  
Colm, you gave me 60 quid  
to get rid of it for you.  
That doesn't buy you the right to ask  
how I can make that profitable.

I'll give you another 20 if you  
tell me where you dumped it.

What do you want

to know so much for?

Because the thing's  
had sentimental value.

It just looked like  
old rubbish to me.

Fifty.

You're showing  
your hand now, Colm.

How much do you want  
to tell us where it is?

Well, that's a big question,  
me dear.

I think maybe  
knowing Colm as I do,  
he wouldn't be this motivated  
to look for something  
just because his poor old Mommy  
had some sentimental attachment.

I'd say you've thrown out  
something of monetary value.

A ring maybe, in a drawer?

An antique?

And you're willing to pay up  
to nearly that value  
as long as it's still an oyster  
laying there for you.

So, until you tell me  
what's up there,

I can't give you  
a price now, can I?

- Up where?

- Tsk, tsk, tsk!

Why don't you think  
about what your price is  
and we'll call you  
in the morning.

Hold on a second,  
he's just taking...

Shut up, Colm.

Okay?

Yeah.



Call me in the morning  
and we'll work it out.  
I'm going to call you

**at 10:**

You better answer.  
What the hell are you doing?  
You totally let him off the hook.  
Oh, Jesus, Colm, can you  
not do anything right?  
You should stay out of it.  
I could have done  
a deal with him.  
Huh. You have  
your dad's brains.  
That's the best  
I can say about you.  
I think I'll keep the car  
till the morning, will I?  
I don't fancy walking home  
from Annie's now.  
- We're not going home.  
- We're not?  
Do you see that white van?  
Yes, I see the white van.  
I see that van in my sleep.  
I'm fecking haunted  
by that white van.  
Follow it.  
Mom, you're a genius.  
How did you crack that?  
After so many years,  
I've gotten to know  
how opportunistic chancers  
like that think.  
Like Colm.  
Where the hell's he going?  
Lovely friends you have, Colm.  
This is where you go to bury a body,  
not dump old furniture.  
I hate Halloween.  
We have him now.  
The dirty, lying head  
on you, Arthur.

People are going  
to hear about this.  
Relax, will you?  
I was just worried somebody  
might have overheard  
us in the pub.  
How would ya know where to look?  
Eh, everybody dumps shit  
along this stretch.  
There were a load of gypos  
made a mess of it.  
It's not here.  
So it's a mattress you're after?  
Where's the fucking  
mattress, Arthur? It's not here.  
What?  
Was there something in it?  
- Money?  
- Where did you put it?  
I threw everything out here,  
yours and another load.  
Definitely some mattresses in it,  
but it's all been moved around.  
Maybe the gypos were  
rootin' through it,  
or the corpo took it.  
They'll be up in the morning,  
we should ask them.  
How much was in it?  
Arthur, if you ask me that again  
I'm going to punch you  
in the face.  
Do you believe in hell?  
I do.  
It's living with Colm.  
That's a fucking  
bed bottom, sure.  
What are you doing?  
Can you even drive?  
Oh, I drove your  
granddad's car a few times...  
on Dollymount Strand.  
Take that, Colm, you dope!  
Hi, Mom!

- Hi, Mom.  
- Say hi, everyone.  
- Hello!  
- Hello!  
Oh, look, there's Michael.  
I don't think I've ever seen  
those gloves on him before.  
And here is Colm,  
lifting... lifting a box!  
- It's a box of wool.  
- It happens to be heavy.  
It's a heavy box of wool!  
You're not supposed to be  
lifting anything. Here.  
Jesus, Colm!  
Don't just feck it into the box!  
You're supposed to wrap  
and pack, wrap and pack.  
Oh, it's a teasmade!  
Oh, Jesus!  
- Your side now, Des.  
- Yeah.  
- Easy. Easy!  
- Sorry about that.  
You're not directing it, you're  
either helping or you're not.  
- I'm helping!  
- Oh, come on.  
Oh, for fuck sake, seriously,  
what are you doing?  
Just checking me teeth.  
Cleaning your teeth?  
Yeah, no, I...  
Yeah, I understand that,  
but how many mattresses  
can you get in a day?  
And do you recycle?  
Hi, uh, just wait a sec.  
What's the area that you cover?  
Mom, do you have money  
for the pizzas?  
- I never ordered pizzas.  
- Colm did.  
- Well, let Colm pay for them.

- He's on the phone, I think.  
- He'll be down for you in a minute.  
- Okay.  
He gave me  
50 percent off vouchers.  
He said get one of yours  
to pay for the other half.  
The other half?  
Cheeky bollocks.  
What are you doing?  
We're just...  
Planning something.  
What is it, a treasure hunt?  
Excuse me.  
It's a family matter, okay?  
Can you wait out  
in the hall, please?  
Yeah, okay.  
Sorry.  
Jesus.  
Hello?  
We're going to have to start  
being more discreet about this.  
- Shush!  
- Don't shush me, Michael.  
I thought  
it might have been burnt,  
but I went around this morning  
and there's no sign  
of any mattress springs  
or anything,  
so it's out there somewhere.  
- What's he doing?  
- Colm, can you...  
Dublin Corporation said  
they might have cleared it  
to landfill,  
but it's impossible to know.  
So, it's a blue mattress?  
Yes, Joe, cream and blue,  
and we'll pay a reward  
of 50,000 euro to anyone  
who can help us find it.  
- Colm, hang up the phone!

- Colm!

- Hang up the phone!

- Hello?

Colm, are you still with us there?

We seem to have lost Colm.

Hello, Colm? He's gone.

It was the best idea  
any of us have had.

Why don't you ask someone before  
you do these things, Colm?

It's all of our money in that  
mattress, it's not just yours.

- Idiot.

- Don't call me an idiot.

Oh God, would you  
listen to this?

Why would I give  
this fella back that money  
for 50 grand when  
I could just keep the lot?

If it's in the tip,  
it's finders keepers.

Ah, now just hang on  
for two secs.

This is his elderly mother's  
life savings we're talking about.

You wouldn't just keep them  
for yourself, would you?

She didn't find it necessary  
to spend it before now.

What's changed?

I've been out of work  
for nearly two year, Joe.  
I've got two kids to feed,  
me wife's on disability  
and I've got a gas bill  
that's going through the roof.

A million euro for putting  
a peg on me nose?

Yes, please.

Des says there's only six landfills  
that it could be in.

So if we do one a day,  
do them well,

worst case scenario is  
we'll have it in a week.  
It's better that  
you're here, Mom.  
You know what it looks like  
on a subconscious level.  
You'll probably see it out of  
the corner of your eye.  
I think you should have to  
search these places by yourself  
for being such a dope.  
You're some cheeky little wagon,  
do you know that?  
I mean, where do you get off calling  
me a dope at 12 years of age?  
She's 13.  
Don't talk to her like that.  
Thirteen and she thinks  
she knows everything.  
God, this looks busy.  
Shit.  
Bollocks.  
That mattress has my name on it.  
I'm not going home  
until I find that money.  
There he is now. Ah.  
Buy him an old pint there,  
Jim, will you?  
Sure didn't he  
throw it all away.  
Give us your autograph  
on that, will you?  
Around a million euro.  
What?  
Why didn't you  
check the mattress?  
Um, what if someone robbed it?  
We've all been following  
the story this week  
of the missing mattress with  
a million euros stashed in it.  
People up and down the country  
have been eagerly searching  
their local dumps

in hope of finding  
Mrs. Annie Small's loot.  
Annie's been good enough  
to join us  
in The Late Late Show  
audience tonight.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
please welcome Annie.  
It's also a big week  
for you birthday-wise.  
What age are you going  
to be tomorrow?  
I'm going to be 80.  
Well, the good news  
you'll be delighted to hear  
is that in a poll  
on the R.T.E. website  
ninety-one percent of people said  
that if they found the mattress  
they'd settle for the reward  
and give the rest back.  
Hey, pizza guy!  
Come in, have a beer.  
Don't be shy.  
- Close the door.  
- What's that?  
Open it, Mom.  
- Huh?  
- It's a wool winder.  
Hurry up, he's here.  
Yeah, okay, I'm coming,  
I'm coming.  
Forty-fifth... Oh, jeez.  
One, two, three, four...  
You look lovely, Mom.  
Well, you gave me a little bit  
of notice this time.  
Yeah, we didn't think you  
needed any more surprises.  
Where is the fire?  
I hear there is  
a smoking-hot lady in here  
in need of a good hose.  
Over here!

Oh, yeah!  
Come here, Annie.  
Mmm, you dirty little minx.  
- Ahhh!  
- Oh, Jesus.  
Ahhh!  
- Whoo!  
- Look at.  
Whoo, yeah.  
Whoo whoo whoo!  
Fire!  
Fire! Fire!  
Fire! Fire! Fire!  
Fire! Fire! Fire!  
Ahh. Ohh.  
Oh, Jesus.  
Fire! Fire! Fire!  
Happy birthday to you  
Happy birthday, dear Mom  
Happy birthday to you  
Wait, wait, wait, wait!  
Fire safety first.  
That's a lot of candles, love.  
Mind your hair now. We don't want  
to torch the blue rinse.  
No! No, no, no, no!  
Hey, come on. I don't take off  
my clothes for free.  
- Yeah, we need to get paid, man.  
- Everybody throw in.  
- I don't have anything.  
- Seriously?  
I made the cake.  
- I bought the beer.  
- I put up the decorations.  
- I made you a good show?  
- Yeah, you were deadly.  
Don't eat any more cake, love.  
You'll be sick.  
Margaret, can you chip in  
to pay these guys?  
Yeah, of course.  
- How much are you short?  
- 350.



Are you serious?!

When are you gonna grow up?

Take it out of the mattress  
when we get it back.

Oh, I will, thanks, Colm, yeah.

I don't have 350.

I'll have to write you a check.

- What?

- Nan wants you.

- For what?

- The lotto.

- What day is it?

- Wednesday.

Oh, shite.

I never got a ticket.

- What's the jackpot?

- Four and a half million.

- Oh, shite.

- Nan got tickets.

- Did she?

- Yeah.

It's on now.

Oh ho ho, if you're not in,  
you can't win.

I can't believe  
you didn't get me one.

I always get you one.

Good evening, everyone.

I'm Ella...

Sorry. Here,  
you can have this one.

No, go on.

It's yours.

Well, if we win, we'll split it.

Not at all.

I had a dream we won.

Did you?

Yeah, with these numbers.

When I woke up  
I wrote them out and...

Okay, ho ho, shush shush.

It's coming on.

So check those tickets carefully,  
and the best of luck to all of you.

Jesus, she's gorgeous,  
isn't she?  
The first ball  
in tonight's lotto is number 20.  
- Any luck there, Mom?  
- I don't think so.  
- No.  
- ...number 23.  
No, wait.  
- I got them.  
- ...and we have number 14.  
- Both of them?  
- I have 14, too.  
You got three numbers?  
You got three numbers!  
...followed by number one.  
And one!  
You got four numbers, Mom!  
You got four numbers!  
Oh, shush shush shush.  
What did she say?  
- What did she say?  
- 16.  
We have five numbers!  
That's about a quarter  
of a million!  
We just need one more.  
Come on, the six numbers!  
And the sixth ball is number 25.  
And the bonus ball is number 20.  
Whoo whoo!  
Mom!  
Mom, you fucking did it!  
You fucking did it!  
Oh, Ella, I knew you'd have  
something good for me.  
Tonight's winning numbers...  
Hold on, hold on.  
Double check.  
Double check.  
Whoo! I knew!  
I knew we wouldn't be poor forever!  
I told you!  
Are you sure you got them right?

Yeah!

I checked them twice.

- We have them all.

- What do you mean "we"?

I thought you said

the ticket was mine

and that you wouldn't split it?

Huh?

Well, if it's yours,

you're going to have to share it

with the rest of them.

It's me and you, Mommy.

The lotto's always

been me and you.

Are you sure

you got the numbers?

- Huh?

- Maybe you should watch it again.

Watch it again just to be sure.

And now let's play lotto...

It's good, isn't it?

Digital television,

just like watching it live.

You were recording it?

Oh yeah, we recorded this

ages ago.

"I knew. I knew we wouldn't

be poor forever!"

It was last week's draw,

you dummy.

So we didn't win?

We bought a ticket with numbers

from last week's draw,

just to wind you up.

All I want is to be allowed to live

with a little bit of dignity.

That's funny, is it?

To want socks

with no holes in them,

money to get a little car,

and not to have to live

with my mother all my life

with everyone laughing at me.

You are a shower of bastards.

And coming up after the break,  
cash-strapped locals in Kildare  
find the missing mattress  
everyone's been looking for,  
and how Waterford hurlers  
are preparing for Sunday's...  
They found it.  
They found it in Kildare!  
You stupid.  
The infamous mattress containing  
the missing life savings  
of 79-year-old retired  
schoolteacher Annie Small  
was discovered here at the Ballybeg  
waste processing center  
outside of Celbridge.  
Local man Graham Gaffney  
was surprised to find  
the sum of money  
hidden inside the mattress was not  
quite as substantial as many  
had been led to believe.  
Graham, what exactly  
did you find?  
When I saw the first few notes  
I knew straightaway  
that was it.  
And, uh...  
I was dancing, Joe.  
And two of the other lads  
helped me drag it down  
into the yard.  
I offered them 10 grand each  
for their trouble like, you know?  
And we cut it up and...  
let me put it to you this way:  
There wasn't 20 grand there  
for the lads like, far from it.  
How much did you get, Graham?  
670 euros,  
mostly in fivers.  
And are you  
disappointed, Graham?  
Well, I did see her on The Late

Late Show with me own eyes  
and she did say a million,  
so I felt a bit cheated,  
to be honest with you.  
But 670 euros  
are not bad for a day's work  
in the tip.  
Better than a slap in the face  
with a wet fish.  
There was at least 900,000 euros  
In that mattress.  
Aw, for God's sake.  
Give it up, will you?  
- I know what I had.  
- You saved up 600 quid.  
And you know what?  
Well done.  
- That's more than I ever saved.  
- I know what I had.  
You don't remember things  
perfectly anymore.  
That's life.  
Nobody's angry at you.  
Why should anybody  
be angry at me?  
You're the feckin' idiot  
who threw all my stuff out!  
Aw, Jesus. Turn it on me,  
why don't you?  
Do you understand you've had us  
all on a wild goose chase?  
The whole country.  
Don't you say  
one more word to me, Colm.  
It's on the radio too.  
You get to an age  
where all you want to believe  
is the world still cares about you.  
Tell me if I'm wrong, Adrian.  
And didn't she hit the jackpot with  
this one, the attention she got?  
I mean the lunacy.  
Fifteen hundred people  
in one dump alone

crawling over rats, looking  
for a piss-stained mattress  
on the word of some mad old one  
for 600 euro?  
This country is bollocksed.  
I can't believe  
they put it in the main news.  
Everybody knows that was us.  
I always said this family  
would be famous.  
Yeah, fools for life.  
Are you all right?  
There weren't any stains  
on that mattress.  
Come back downstairs.  
Everyone's worried about you.  
Worried I'm not going  
to die soon enough.  
And how many milliliters  
of milk do we add?  
Emma?  
Um...  
Six hundred?  
Are you sure it's not  
closer to a million?  
Come on.  
Hi, Mom.  
Come on, say hi to Nan, kids.  
- What are you doing?  
- Did Colm not tell you?  
I'm just going to come home for a bit  
while I get a new place organized.  
We'll set up in the good room.  
You won't even know we're here.  
Hi.  
Just can't deal with that  
bastard bank anymore.  
Did you see this?  
Yeah.  
But did you see this?  
It isn't it.  
The color's right,  
but the pattern is different,  
and there's no label

on the side.  
It's a different mattress.  
What?  
Don't tell anyone.  
The red pins had  
swarms of people  
looking through them.  
The blue pins are for places  
that were closed.  
The green ones  
don't take bulk waste.  
What are you doing?  
Nothing.  
Where are you going?  
Nowhere.  
Just out for the day.  
We should be near it now.  
Do you see a sign of any kind?  
No, it's more up there.  
No, it's here, it's here.  
No, it's up there.  
No, 'cause we were passing  
and then I saw the sign  
that said "swords"  
and it said like, 12km.  
No.  
What are you going to do  
with the money if we find it?  
When we find it.  
What are you going to do  
with the money when we find it?  
What are we going to do with it?  
What are we going to do  
with the money when we find it?  
Spend it.  
Hey!  
You aren't looking  
for a mattress, are you?  
They already found it.  
It was in the papers yesterday.  
There was only 600 quid in it.  
We'll have to leave  
and get a bu...  
- Are you paying attention?

- Yeah.

Come on, watch this now.

Okay, so we'll get the bus here.

There you go.

Where have you been?!

Just out for the day.

- Shhhh.

- Don't shush me, Des.

The kids.

Everyone's been

worried sick looking for you both.

We didn't even know if

you two were together.

Well, we were.

Good night.

What the hell were you doing?

Nothing.

Let's just go.

What's this?

Dunno.

It's our map of the dumps.

They found it.

You saw it on the television.

I know what's going on.

Mom's had another senile turn,

and Emma, as usual,

is humoring her.

You're not doing her any favors

by encouraging her.

Come on, you've got school

in the morning.

- Yeah, yeah.

- Oh, that's lovely.

A sure sign you're spending

too much time with Colm.

Look, it's one thing

leading everyone up

the garden path

with this mattress thing

and having the whole country

laughing at us.

But now she's

turned into a crazy old woman,

rooting around in rubbish tips.



- I mean, enough is enough.  
- I'm saving some money  
now that I'm not paying  
my mortgage any more.  
Maybe I could chip in  
for a home or something.  
We can't put her  
in a home, guys.  
She's not leaving us  
much choice.  
Maybe you get a chance  
to go live your life again,  
but you know all  
the mistakes you made  
so you can do everything the right way  
second time around.  
Maybe you get a chance  
to live again,  
but to do all the things  
you really wanted to do...  
even if they're  
the wrong things.  
Maybe you get to go  
live your life again  
and this time  
you know what  
everybody else is thinking,  
So you know if they're lying,  
or if they like you,  
or they have some money  
hidden in their mattress  
and they're not telling you.  
Trust me,  
you wouldn't want to know  
what people are thinking.  
It's bad enough what comes out  
of their mouths.  
Maybe you get sent somewhere  
where all the rubbish you ever  
threw out is all piled up  
and you're stuck there  
until you clean it up.  
That's where  
your granddad is now,

picking fag butts  
and whiskey bottles  
out of a giant mound  
of bookie slips.  
Why did you marry him  
If he was such a drunk?  
He wasn't a drunk  
when I married him.  
Oh.  
Must have been me, huh?  
No.  
Actually, probably was.  
We went down to Kerry  
on our honeymoon.  
There were barely  
even any roads there.  
But your granddad  
loved the country.  
His dad fought in the war  
of independence down there.  
He was always  
telling him stories  
about fighting and hiding,  
and sitting in pubs through the night  
planning ambushes.  
I was only complaining  
about the rain,  
the cold and...  
wanting to come home.  
But then one day he...  
He took me up,  
up onto the top of these cliffs  
looking out on the Skellig Rock.  
It was like the edge  
of the world,  
with the wind coming in  
off the Atlantic.  
I could hardly catch my breath.  
And he was shouting something  
to me over the wind.  
And I couldn't hear  
what he was saying.  
He was probably just saying  
it was time to go back, but...

I like to think...  
He was saying that he loved me.  
I'll miss seeing  
what a great character  
you turn out to be, Em.  
I'm disgusted.  
It's like leaving a party  
just when it's getting good.  
You can't.  
Eighty years...  
there's no escaping it.  
Don't ever do that again... Oh! oh!  
- Stop it, I'm serious!  
- How much per month?  
- Get down from there.  
- And that includes the knitting club?  
- Yeah, for five days a week.  
- Right, yeah yeah.  
And it says here  
a "gated community."  
You do that one more time, you're never  
having that drink again, okay?  
- She's beginning to wander a bit.  
- Right, give me that.  
- Okay, I'll come back to you on that.  
- Give it to me, will you?  
Okay.  
Stop that.  
You are in big trouble.  
You are in big trouble,  
Young... oh!  
Young lady.  
Will you get down  
from the table? Oh!  
Get down from the table.  
Get down from the table now!  
Maybe you didn't save up  
all that money  
and the mattress  
they found was yours.  
Did you ever even consider that?  
I'm senile, is that it?  
No, just...  
Maybe you made a mistake.

In which case, at least we didn't  
throw out a million quid.

Go home.

I'm not in the mood  
for babysitting you.

Could you let us off here?

Yeah, no problem.

Look, I'm not in the mood  
for wind-ups.

It's past a joke.

Colm!

You got it, you got it!

You got it!

You got it, ha ha ha!

Whoa.

Hiya.

What?

What?!

Go harder!

Whoo-hoo!

Oh, mind, Colm!

- Stop!

- Got you.

Ah, no.

Mom.

Mom?

There's some people at the door.

They said they want  
to speak to you.

What?

Stop it!

- Okay, come on.

- Mommy, I want to play with it.

Stop!

Surprise!

Whoo-hoo!

What's wrong, Mom?

You're not happy?

There isn't really  
a million euros in it.

I just said that so you's'd  
take me seriously.

It's more like...

a few hundred thousand.

Better than a slap in the face  
with a wet fish!  
Out of the way.  
The mattress has landed.  
Pull it up there.  
Annie, don't...  
Where did you get it?  
Colm found it.  
Well done, son.  
Come on.  
- Who's going for champagne?  
- Way ahead of you.  
Three bottles of the Bollinger,  
coming up!  
Guys, it's Mom's money.  
You can't start spending it.  
Oh stop, will you?  
It's a drop in the ocean.  
That's exactly the reason  
she didn't tell us in the first place.  
That's not the reason at all.  
She was just keeping it  
as a surprise.  
Isn't that right, Mom?  
Oh my God,  
you are unbelievable.  
Shut up you, will you?  
Can we not have 10 minutes  
of fun without you  
judging us all the time?  
Don't tell me to shut up, Colm.  
Spare me, Margaret.  
You're coming in here,  
you think you're that much  
above everyone else.  
It's not your money to spend.  
You just became the financial  
regulator for the family?  
One of us has to be, but in this case  
I'll make an exception.  
- Go get the champagne.  
- Did you hear that, lads?  
Get it quick before  
she changes her mind.

Let's celebrate!

Whoo-hoo!