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# Off Piste

By Glen Kirby

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(somber music)

- So it's been agreed  
the O'Connells will push  
the votes in the east, the  
O'Donnells in the west.  
I would like to introduce  
Jimmy to the table.  
He's just been released after  
six months in the maze itself  
and he's been working in  
England for us ever since.

- Thank you, Jerry.

There's no need for  
any introductions.

Basically...

- I know who you are.

- Excuse me?

- You're the one who  
handled a close friend  
of ours, Connor, let's  
say pretty poorly.

- Connor?

- Connor McGovern.

He used to sit in that chair  
you're sitting in, aye,  
always pushing out  
the same bullshit  
that I don't care to listen to.

The difference is he's  
loyal and familiar.

When you was inside,  
you beat him,  
you beat him like a dog.

- **PADDY:**

you got the wrong idea.

- Quiet.

He can talk for himself.

(heavy foreboding music)

What have you got  
to say for yourself?

- I'm sorry but he had it...

- You find it funny?

Well, why don't you  
try doing that again?

What have you got  
to say for yourself?

- I'm sorry for what  
I did but he made  
an attempt on my  
business on the inside.

- His business is my business.  
And stand when you talk to me.  
Stand!

(door shatters)

(officers shouting)

(wild music)

- Charlie!

- Now listen to me,  
Well, I need you  
to get under the bed for daddy.  
Come on, Michael,  
get down there son.  
Get down, don't be scared son.  
Look after your brother, Well,  
just look after your brother,  
and do not come  
from under this bed.

Do you hear me?

(tense piano music)

- No, Michael!

(gun fires)

(woeful music)

- He's just a child!

(gun fires softly)

(birds chirping)

(soft piano music)

- That's interesting.

- Sorry?

- The sculpture,  
it's interesting.

- How do you find  
it interesting?

- Is this how you  
diagnose your patients?

Depending on their  
answer you know

if they're suicidal or not.

- Are you feeling suicidal?

- No.

Not now anyway.

So why did you chose  
that sculpture?

- It was a gift.

A gift?

From who?

- A patient.

- Are you allowed to  
accept gifts from patients?

- Not really but I  
thought it was compelling  
so I accepted it  
and there it is.

- Here it is.

(gentle piano music)

- **BERNADETTE:**

Hercules fighting off evil  
which can be seen as  
anything, fear, depression,  
anger, and it  
showcases his strength.

- Does that mean I'm evil?

- No.

No. that's not what I'm saying.

- **STANLEY:**

- Before you leave, take this.

- A journal.

Why?

- Let's just call it  
a form of practice.

Write down your thoughts,  
draw them, I don't care.

Just do something  
before our next session.

- I don't know.

- Just try.

Please.

(gentle piano music)

(speaks in foreign language)

(gentle violin music)

- Beautiful.

- Stanley.

Must you always do that?

- **STANLEY:**

- **MARY:**

- **STANLEY:**

- **MARY:**

- Come on, stand up.

- I'm getting old.

I can't even stand up without  
getting out of breath.

- You're not old.

- Oh, you.

- Go on, play us a tune.

- Ooh, I couldn't

now, I'm too winded.

Tell me about your day.

- Nothing special.

Went for a ski and

then did the food shop.

- You've been up that foolish  
mountain again, haven't you?

Just like your father.

- I do it every  
morning, it's fine.

- Ves, and one of these  
days you'll take a fall,  
flying down there  
like a lunatic.

Off-piste is so dangerous.

Why can't you ski in the  
resort like everyone else?

You might meet someone.

Away from England

all these years

and you still have

no friends here.

- I have no friends because  
this is the life I've chosen.

- Okay.  
It's all right,  
Stanley, it's fine.  
- Is it?  
- What's on your mind, son?  
- Nothing.  
- Tell me what's  
troubling you, Stanley.  
I don't want you  
getting all upset again.  
- I just feel.  
No, forget it.  
I'll go and prepare the dinner.

- **NIAMH:**

- He's over there, but I  
wouldn't interrupt them.  
He is in a bad mood.  
- Yeah, so am I.  
- What would you rather do?  
Talk things through  
like men or be a child  
and put innocent  
people in harm's way?  
Have we not all lost enough?  
We all know what it feels like  
to lose something we care  
about, or someone we love.  
It's how we handle  
that and keep going.  
If not for ourselves, then  
at least for our families.  
My friends, the era  
of the gun is over.  
- Get us another drink, will ya?  
Well.  
- Logan, not now.  
- Why can't I say  
hello to a friend?  
- Hardly a friend.  
- What I'd do to fuck you.  
- Oh, fuck off Logan.  
- Hey, what you doing here?  
- Here to see Rueben.

- Rueben.

What'd you want with him for?

- Not for you to know.

- No?

Why is that, am I not  
worthy of such information?

- Ethan, will you just  
leave it be please?

- Why?

I thought we told  
each other everything.

- Yes, that's not right.

- Am I not making sense to you?

Any of yours?

- Rueben, we need to talk.

- Calm down Well,  
we'll talk in a bit.

- I think we should talk now.

- Will you give  
us a moment lads?

What couldn't wait?

- How long have you known?

- Known about what?

- Don't play stupid with me.

- Follow me.

- Steady on.

Steady on.

What makes it right for you to  
storm over to me, in my bar,  
at my table, like a little  
girl having a tantrum  
and throwing her  
toys out the pram?

We were talking serious  
business in there.

Did you know that?

- You were talking  
about setting up  
an old man's club,  
it's hardly serious.

- Oh, fuck sake Well.

- Why didn't you tell me?

- Who told you?

Rosaleen again?

She never knows when to  
keep her big mouth shut.

- Tell me why.

- I'm sorry, all right.

- Fine, just tell  
me what I came here  
to find out and I'll  
get out of your way.

- You tell me why, and  
I might give it to you.

- Because I wanna know,  
that's why, why else?

- Well you see, that's  
where you're going wrong.  
It isn't what you want  
in life that's important,  
it's what you need.

Wait here.

Is this what you need?

- How long have you had this?

- For a while now.

Now listen, I had  
this information  
because I wanted to do  
something about it myself.

Way back when you were  
too young to understand.

And the only reason  
I didn't follow  
through on it was  
because of my family.

That's a lotto lose.

- That's where you  
and me are different.

You still have yourfamily  
and I want mine back.

- I like to think  
of you as my family.

- You know what I mean.

- I know.

When I took you in,  
I held you in my arms  
and I saw that your  
heart was broken.



As time passed, I  
got to see it mend.  
I don't want you turning back  
into that wee sad girl again,  
especially after  
all this progress.  
I hope you get what  
you're looking for.  
- Well.  
Well, can you wait?  
Well, can you just  
wait up for a second?  
Are you all right?  
- Yeah, everything's fine.  
Why?  
- Why?  
You just looked really  
aggravated earlier  
before you wanted  
to speak to Rueben.  
What did you want to  
talk to him about?  
- I told you it's  
none of your business.  
- But it is though.  
- What?  
- It is my business,  
especially if you've  
started hurting yourself again.  
I'm the first person  
you need to be  
talking to about  
that sort of thing.  
- What possibly makes you think  
that that's your business?  
- Because I'm your boyfriend.  
- Look Ethan, we go  
over this all the time.  
I see you like my brother.  
- Look. I got you something.  
- What?  
- I was in town, walking  
around the market,  
and I found that

and thought of you.

Do you like it?

- It's lovely, but

I can't accept this.

- Well, if you don't have it,  
then I'm not gonna give  
it to anybody else, am I?

- Thanks.

- You're welcome.

Look, um, you just  
seem really stressed  
and I really think it would  
do you a world of good  
to talk to somebody  
about what's going on,  
especially because  
I've told you all about  
my own foster parents  
in the first place.

- I just don't want  
to talk about this.

- That's not how this works.

- I've got to go.

- Can you just,  
for a second, wait?

- Would you get off?

- And we can talk.

Why won't you just tell me?

- **NIAMH:**

- Fine.

Always hiding from the truth.  
Coward.

- **STANLEY:**

- What is?

- That if we make  
a wrong decision,  
we shouldn't beat  
ourselves up about it,  
that we should just  
forget it happened.  
But what if the  
decisions that we made

caused pain or distress  
to someone else?

- Have you hurt someone by  
a decision you have made?

- Again, you answer a  
question by asking a question.  
Is this therapy or is  
this an interrogation?

- I'm sorry you feel that way.

- Look, why don't you just  
help me so that I can buy you  
a pointless gift and live  
happily ever fucking after?

I'm sorry.

I didn't mean to swear.

- It's fine.

How was your week?

- Okay.

That's a lie.

It was crap.

- Have you been writing  
in your journal?

- No.

- Why not?

- I felt stupid.

- It's confidential  
what you write in there.

No one will see it,  
not even myself.

- Then what's the point in it?

- It's just a way of  
expressing yourself.

Releasing some  
tension on your mind.

- I wouldn't know  
where to start.

- Just write, it  
will come naturally.

Expressing yourself is  
good for your health.

Containing it will destroy you.

It's when you were in the army  
that's getting to you, isn't it?

Stanley.

Stanley, come sit back down.

- I'm sorry, Bernadette.

I know you're  
trying but like all  
the previous therapists,  
you can't help me.

- **MARY:**

- Yeah.

- How was your day?

- Good.

All good.

Look, I'm tired.

I'm gonna get an early night.

- Oh, okay.

Are you sure you're all right?

- I'm fine.

Goodnight.

- Night darling.

(gentle piano music)

(muffled chattering)

(guns cocking)

(plane whirring)

- I'm here.

Yeah. it's beautiful.

It's bigger than

I thought it'd be.

Yeah, I will.

- Now's your chance.

Let's do this.

- **ETHAN:**

- Ah, Ethan.

What can I do you for?

- Well, I was just wondering  
if you can help  
me with something.

- Sit down boy.

- Thanks.

- **RUEBEN:**

- Well, she's gone.

Don't know where and  
it's driving me mad.

- Let's just say  
she's somewhere now  
and she'll be back  
in a few weeks,  
and there's nothing  
to worry about.

- So you know where she is?

- She's fine, boy.  
Don't be worrying yourself.

- Will you tell me where she is?

- It's not for me  
to say where she is.  
Just go home and relax.

- Why won't you tell  
me where she is?

- Now you're getting  
on my last nerve  
with all these questions.  
Will you let it be?

- This is crap.  
She's my girlfriend.  
I have the right to  
know where she is.

- You and Well,  
will you let it go?  
Listen, let me give you  
some friendly advice.  
Women are strange creatures.  
It's like it's in  
their DNA or something.  
Times they'll make you feel  
good, sometimes real good,  
and times they  
make you feel bad.  
You see, let's get real,  
you're in the friend zone.  
A place where a  
woman will keep you  
for as long as she likes.  
If I was you, keep some  
dignity and let it go.

- All right, that's  
it, you're done now.  
Spare me the father routine,

Rueben, you don't know me.

- Now hold on a minute.

- No, you hold on for a minute.

I am sick and tired of  
old fuckers like you  
telling me what I  
can and cannot do.

You should have no respect,  
and I've done more than  
enough to earn your respect.

- Don't you raise your voice...

- Shut up!

- What the fuck.

- Shut the fuck up!

- You don't know  
what you've done.

- We know exactly what  
I'm doing, Rueben,  
and I'm not playing around.

Tell me where she is or I'll  
slice your fucking throat.

- You ain't gonna do shit!

- Rueben, just, just tell him.

- Tell me where she is Rueben.

No?

You don't wanna tell  
me, fine, fair enough.

You know what,  
maybe you're right.

Maybe I'm not gonna  
stab you, but Logan,  
I think Logan's gonna  
kill your barmaid.

- You are a dead man.

- And you need to  
be really clever  
like all your other little  
fuckers think you are,  
and you need to tell  
me where she is.

(light delightful music)

- Hey.

You manage to get  
on the slopes today?

- NIAMH:

- Can I buy you a drink?

- I already have a drink.

- Top up maybe?

- No.

- You know I haven't figured you out yet but I will.

- What are you talking about, aye?

- Well there isn't much else to do here apart from ski and drink.

- I am drinking.

I just don't wanna drink with you.

- Yeah, well no harm in making friends.

- I'm looking for someone.

- Who?

- I don't think you'd know him.

He's not exactly the ski instructor type I'd imagine.

- Well, being the ski instructor type and a taxi service for the tourists, I get to meet a lot of people.

I'm good with names and faces.

- Oh, I don't know.

- Well, if you tell me his name, I might be able to help.

I'm a known man around these parts.

Look, let me get you a top up and I might be able to help you.

- Fine.

- Fine.

Yeah, I know everyone around these slopes.

The one with the information, I'm the go-to guy.

Two Jagerbombs and tequilas, please.

So, what part of

Northern Ireland

did you say you were from then?

- I didn't.

Belfast.

- To Belfast!

And friendship.

Same again.

So, who is it you're

looking for then?

- Like I said, you probably won't know him.

- Well how about this, if you name who it is you're looking for and I don't know him, scout's honor, I'll buy all the drinks all night.

- Fine, I'll take your offer.

His name is Stanley Winters.

- Who?

- Stanley Winters.

Yeah, didn't think you'd know him.

- Hang on, hang on.

Nope.

- It's fine, I must have been misinformed.

- I know a Stanley Winters.

Question is, why do you want him?

- Uh, he's a distant relative.

Where would I find him?

- Don't know where he lives but he skis down

Chemin Dur most days.

- No one ski's down Chemin Dur.

It's avalanche country.

(crowd applauding)

(soft piano music)

- You're the first person I've seen all morning.

My name is Well.

It's a lovely place here.

You're a bit away from



civilization, it's nice.

- Yeah.

- You seem a bit startled.

Are you in a rush?

- Yeah.

I got someone to meet.

- No, wait.

Wait.

- **STANLEY:**

- Do I look okay?

Ah, ah, my leg.

- **STANLEY:**

- My camera's broken.

- Can you walk?

- I think so.

(Well groans)

- You shouldn't

be up here alone.

This mountain is dangerous.

- Well, it's not my fault.

If you hadn't ignored

me in the first place

and skied off, I'd

never have fallen.

- Yeah, well, come

on, I'll help you up.

(Well groans)

- What are you doing?

- I'm gonna carry you.

- No, you're not.

- You got any better ideas?

My house is at the

foot of the mountain.

Come on.

Up.

(Well groans)

(gentle music)

Be right back.

Hold that in place.

- Would you like me

to take my boots off?

- No.

No, ifs fine.

- So you're in the army?

- That was a long time ago.

- How long exactly?

- Stanley, is that you?

- Yes, mother.

- I thought I heard  
you talking to someone.

Were you talking  
to yourself again?

- That would be me.

- On.

Oh, I'm sorry, you  
gave me a fright there.  
I didn't mean to intrude.  
I didn't realize you  
had company, Stanley.

- She had a fall on the slope.

She'll be on her way soon.

- A fall?

Are you hurt?

- Just my leg.

- Well, is it bad?

- It's a bit swollen.

- Well, you must get her  
something for the swelling.

- She has something.

- Oh, that's good.

My goodness, what were  
you doing out this far?

It's quite dangerous  
up that mountain.

- I know.

I was up there taking photos.  
So peaceful out there.

- Well, it is  
lovely, I remember.

I wasn't always blind.  
I used to ski myself.

- How is your knee feeling?

Would you like me  
to call you a taxi?

- A taxi?

But you've only just arrived.

Surely you'll have a  
tea or a coffee or.

- I'm sure the idea of talking  
over a coffee sounds appealing  
but I'm sure you have other  
things you need to do.

Right?

- Nonsense, Stanley.

You must stay and  
have something to eat.

I'm sorry I didn't  
catch your name.

- It's Well.

- I'm Mary.

Are you hungry?

- I am a little.

- Mother.

- Then how about dinner?

We don't have guests very often.

I would love you  
to stay for dinner.

Will you stay?

- If ifs not too much trouble.

- Not at all.

That's that then.

(muffled chattering)

- **STANLEY:**

matter, it doesn't matter.

(Well breathing heavily)

- Well.

- You frightened  
the life out of me.

- I have that effect on people.

Sorry.

Could you come with  
me for a second?

Would you be a treat and help  
me pick a dress for dinner?

- Sorry?

- We must dress for dinner.

Like I said, we don't  
have visitors very often.

This as a special occasion.

- NIAMH:

a gorgeous color.

- Bring it to me.

Ah, the red silk.

The red silk dress.

- How do you know?

- I couldn't forget  
this dress if I tried.

1985, the last time I wore it.

Oh, how we danced.

My husband and I.

Our wedding anniversary.

But it wouldn't fit me now.

Why don't you try it on?

- I couldn't.

- But it would look  
wonderful on you.

- It's beautiful but what  
would I wear on my feet?

- Shoes.

Have a look in the  
bottom of the wardrobe.

There are some shoe  
boxes in there.

There should be a little  
black pair somewhere.

- Cool camera.

My dad had one years ago.

- Oh, that old thing.

That hasn't seen  
the light in years.

- Polaroid.

Does it still work?

- I don't know, I  
should think so.

You're into photography.

Why don't you have it?

It's no use to me  
collecting dust here.

- Thank you.

- It's nice to have  
another woman to talk to.

- It's very kind of

you to let me stay.

- It's me who should thank you.

Having you here is

good for Stanley too.

Stanley.

(soft piano music)

- You look beautiful, mother.

- Look to the stairs.

- **NIAMH:**

- And the other one is,

what is green, green, green,

red, green, red,

red, red, red, red?

- Um, I don't know.

- A frog in a blender.

- (laughs) That's horrible.

- **MARY:**

very nice, is it?

But those are the kind

of jokes George used

to tell me and I

said, "Please stop",

and he'd do it in

company all the time.

- So how long have

you lived here?

- Almost five years

now since the accident.

How quickly time goes by.

- I mean, it is beautiful but

there's not a lot to do here.

- It's where we came

when Stanley was a boy.

It was our second home.

His father loved to ski.

It just seemed the right

place to come back to.

- It's also quiet.

There's not many people around.

- Stanley isn't one for

crowds, as you can tell.

- Yeah, but it's very isolated.

Doesn't it worry you  
being up here all alone?  
Like what if something happened?  
- She's not alone.  
We can look after ourselves.  
- I didn't mean it like that.  
- Well was telling  
me she's from Belfast.  
You were stationed there,  
weren't you, Stanley?  
I've heard it's a  
beautiful place.  
- Yeah. it is.  
- And do you have a  
big family, Well?  
- To be honest, I haven't  
got much family left.  
- Oh, that's a shame.  
- What is the  
reason you're here?  
- Um, I'm having a bit of  
a break from my boyfriend.  
- On.  
- We needed some time  
apart and the Alps seemed  
as good a place as  
any to clear my head.  
- Well, relationships  
can be very tricky  
to get right sometimes.  
You can often feel  
like running away.  
- Oh, I'm not running.  
I just needed some time.  
- Looks like you're running.  
- Stanley.  
- No, he has a fair point.  
I just needed some time alone.  
- Well, would you  
pop up and fetch  
that camera we found  
in the wardrobe?  
- Yeah, of course I will, Mary.  
- You make an old

lady very happy.

- Do you really have to do this?

- Stanley.

She's a young woman on her own in a strange country and she's obviously been through a lot.

- Yeah, well, we all have.

- Why are you being so hostile towards her?

- I'm just not ready to make friends yet.

My mind is all over the place.

- Could you at least try?

This is a happy night.

Not everything has to make sense.

- Got it.

- Oh, wonderful.

Let me show you.

Where are you now, Stanley?

- Here.

- Oh, there you are.

- Are you ready?

- Hang on, you've got to be in this too.

- Well, I can't set it to take an automatic photo.

It's too old.

- No, no, you just hold it out and turn it towards us.

- Okay.

Great.

All smile.

(camera snaps)

- That's it.

Could I have it please?

- It will take a minute.

- **MARY:**

where we'll put it.

How is it?

- It's perfect.

- Yes, it is.

(soft classical music)

Will you lead, son?

Today has been special.

I really wish your father  
was hereto share it.

- So dol.

- I know how hard it's been  
for you looking after me  
when you have your own  
life to worry about,  
but I want you to know  
there's never been  
a moment when I  
haven't appreciated it.  
And out of everything,  
if I could choose to  
see anything again,  
just once, I would  
see your face.

My son.

My beautiful boy.

But I'm being rude.

I should let you dance  
with the lovely Well.

- Oh, no, I'm not sure.

- Well, I wasn't asking.

- **STANLEY:**

no, no, no, no, mother.

This isn't a good idea.

- Stanley'!

- Mother, no!

I'm not dancing anymore.

- Fine.

I'll do the washing up.

- **STANLEY:**

- If you want to be discourteous  
to our guest, then so be it.

- **STANLEY:**

' No!

You always do it.

It's only fair that



I do it this time.

- No, don't.

Please, leave it.

I'm sorry about that.

- No. it's fine.

What?

- It's nothing.

- No really, what is it?

- Your wrists.

- I don't quite see what  
it is you're getting at.

- If you need to talk to anyone.

Look, we all have our demons.

It's just how we deal with them.

- You wanna be the

hero, is that it?

You wanna save the  
damsel in distress?

My wrists are like this because  
tried to take my own life  
on more than one  
occasion actually.

Sometimes the thought of death.

Even just the word

is comforting to me,

but I keep going because

my heart wants something.

- Okay, calm down.

What is it that you want?

- It's not what I want.

It's what I need.

I.

(dishes clattering)

- **STANLEY:**

Mum, what's happened?

Mum, you all right?

- I'm tired, Stanley.

- **STANLEY:**

take you up to bed.

It's been a long day.

- No, I mean I'm tired  
of being old and alone.

- Mum, you're bleeding.

Let me see it.

- I can do this.

I don't need your help.

- Mum, leave all this,

I'll finish that.

' No!

I need to do it.

And you need to find someone

to share your life with.

This is no life for you,

here, with me (subs).

- **STANLEY:**

where I want to be.

Right here with you.

- You're a good boy, Stanley.

I know you miss him too.

- **STANLEY:**

- You're very gentle with her.

I didn't mean to.

It's just.

It's nice.

- Can you sleep here?

- Yeah, that's fine, thank you.

It's really good of

you to take me in.

I don't know what

I would have done

if you hadn't of been there.

- You're welcome.

I'll show you the directions

to the town in the morning.

You know, it really, it

really was nice meeting you.

You were about to say

something earlier.

What was it?

- Um, it was nothing.

- Really?

- Yeah, honestly,

it was nothing.

- Good night.

- Night.

- **STANLEY:**

storming out the other day.

- **BERNADETTE:**

- Do you do couples therapy?

- Why do you ask?

- This is a sofa.

There's room for two.

- Yes, I do.

- Marital problems,  
work, stress, sex life.

- Many things.

- Anything interesting?

- I can't disclose  
such information.

- Fair enough.

I wrote in the journal.

- Good.

How did you find it?

- Interesting.

It made me realize that I  
really am damaged goods.

- That is an  
interesting observation.

- No really.

I better be going.

- We will continue this  
tomorrow morning if you're free.

I know we normally  
meet once a week  
but I think it would  
be good to carry on  
with this fresh in our minds.

Okay.

- See you.

- See you tomorrow.

(gentle music)

- Well, wait.

Well, will you slow  
down for a second?

We're here to help you.

- NIAMH:

don't need your help.

And what the fuck is  
he doing here with you?

- Who is she fucking talking to?

- Will you shut up for a second?

Why didn't you just tell me  
you were coming here  
in the first place?

- It's none of your business.

- None of my business.

Everything is my  
fucking business.

Well, were you here  
for another man?

You make me so fucking angry.

Look. we can talk about this.

Like we should have  
done back in Belfast  
after all the times I've  
buried my soul for you  
because that's what couples  
do when they need it.

- But we're not Ethan.

And the sooner you  
get that through  
your thick skull the  
better we'll both be.

- And that's it.

You're just gonna say that?

I come here and you say that?

All right, you're gonna make  
your decision right now.

Is it him or me?

But if you come back to  
me, Well, if you come back  
to one of your own, I'll forgive  
you for all of this shit.

But if you go to him, I'll  
never, never speak to you again.

Don't touch me, just  
tell me what you want.

- I can't Ethan.

- That's it, that's

your last word?

All right, I want it back, I  
want the bracelet back, Well.  
Give me the bracelet back, Well.

- That's enough.

You're letting that  
bitch walk all over you.

- Just leave her,  
just leave her.

- But that's not what we agreed.

- I don't care what we said.

Leave her here,  
let her rot here.

I don't ever wanna  
see you again.

Do you hear me?

I said do you hear me?

- I do.

- Hey Stan, how you doing?

- Not bad, thanks.

Yourself?

- Yeah, not too bad.

(speaks in foreign language)

- Did my order come in?

- Yeah. I got it here.

- Cost me a fortune in  
postage and packaging.

Anyway, thanks Jim.

- Hey, before you  
go, did she find you?

Your niece, is it?

' My niece?

- Yeah.

Pretty young thing. dark hair.

She was asking after  
you three days ago.

- No, you must have me  
mistaken for someone else.

- Maybe not, maybe it  
was me, my mistake.

- Bye.

- **JIM:**

(mouth blowing)

- This bloody cold.  
And what is wrong with you boy?  
You come out all this  
way just to tell her off,  
not even a slap on the wrist.  
You should be  
ashamed of yourself.  
Are we really going home?  
- What do you want  
me to do, Logan?  
- What do you think?  
We should kill the bitch.  
- Come on.  
- Seriously, she has  
disrespected you,  
and she has  
disrespected our culture  
by going with a man like that.  
A fucking Englishman.  
- You don't know he's English.  
- I do. I can smell it.  
Will you turn that engine  
off for Christ's sake?  
This is what we're gonna do.  
We're gonna split up.  
One take out the Englishman  
and the other go up  
to that house and  
bring that bitch back.  
- Right and what if she  
doesn't want to come home?  
You're out of your mind.  
- You dragged me out  
here to bloody France  
so I can do what  
you don't want to.  
- I didn't drag you out here.  
- You call yourself a man?  
You're like a fucking  
woman treading  
all over you like  
you're nothing.  
- This is what I  
don't understand.

Even when I first met her,  
she was really nice to me  
and listen, you know,  
like properly listen.  
And so I told her about  
my father dying in '91  
and she put her arm around me  
and said, "Ethan, I understand.  
And from that moment I  
knew we were meant to be.  
Well, I thought we were  
meant to be together.  
- It's a damn shame,  
but she has got to go.  
We've come this far so we  
might as well finish it.  
If you're not going  
to, then I am.  
- All right, all  
right, just wait.  
All right then.  
You had these in the  
boot the whole time?  
- Aye.  
- What about border control?  
We could of got caught.  
- Ah, they don't check unless  
you're black or a Muslim.  
- That's a load of  
crap and you know it.  
- What?  
You'd rather we stuck them  
up our arse holes then?  
- No, but I know  
you'd love that.  
- Ah, your ma loves it.  
Right, you got the  
house or the hill?  
- The house.  
This one's the house.  
I'll take the house then.  
- You sure about that?  
- Yeah, I'm sure.  
(breathing heavily)

(gun fires)  
(foreboding music)  
(Stanley groans)  
(dramatic wild music)  
- Oh, shit.  
(heavy tense music)  
Fuck it.  
(heavy suspenseful music)  
(gun fires)  
(fist thuds)  
(men grunting)  
(rock thuds)  
What are you waiting for?  
- Who gave you this?  
How do you know where I live?  
- If you think I'm  
gonna tell you that,  
then you're as  
dumb as I expected.  
- As you expected?  
You don't even know me, boy.  
Now tell me.  
Why are you trying to kill me?  
- Why not?  
I do things like this  
because sometimes  
it gives me pleasure to  
fuck with people's lives.  
The only real reason I'm out  
here in this shit box of ice.  
Fuck you, you fucking.  
(foot thuds)  
(foreboding music)  
- Well.  
Well.  
- Well?  
(gun fires)  
- I will give you  
one last chance,  
and you better hope  
it's the right answer.  
(Logan cackling)  
- I'm the least of your worries.  
While you're here,



my friend is probably  
having fun with your  
mother and that bitch.

(gun fires)

(heavy piano music)

- Oh, fuck.

Well.

Well.

Well.

Well.

Well.

Well, I need your help.

I swear.

You don't need to  
be hiding from me.

Well.

I know you're in here.

I've been in a really dark  
place recently, Well.

I feel so much shame, you know.

You embarrass me

every time I see you,

and it confuses

the fuck out of me.

I know we care about each other,

but you haven't been showing

that lately, have you?

We had something, didn't we?

We had something pure.

Something that nobody else

in the whole world had.

And we loved each other.

That's why it's such a

fucking shame, Well.

But you've been a very,  
very disloyal girlfriend.

I'm sorry.

I'm really sorry.

(gun fires)

- Mother!

(somber music)

(Stanley sobs)

Mother!

No!

No!  
Fucking bastard!  
What do you want with me?  
Tell me!  
Come on, tell me!  
- Stop it.  
- Come on. Come on.  
Come on, tell me!  
- Stop it!  
- Tell me, tell me!  
Was this what you need?  
Was it?  
(Well sobbing)  
- What have you done?  
(pickax thuds)  
(woeful piano music)  
I'll leave you alone.  
- Sit down.  
Thank you.  
I can't even remember the last  
time I told her I loved her.  
- She knew.  
- Did she?  
The one thing that gets me.  
She died in the darkness, alone.  
But I should have taken  
that bullet, not her.  
I'll tell you what I've deserve  
for the things I've done.  
- What did you do?  
(tense music)  
- Who are you?  
- What'd you mean?  
- Don't you fool me around.  
- You know who I am.  
- Do I?  
All this that's happened  
and you haven't called  
the police or try  
to run, which means  
that you're either strong-willed  
or you're unsurprised.  
And if you're unsurprised, then  
you knew this might happen.

Therefore, you are  
either working with them  
or they came here to get you.  
- I'm not listening to this.  
- Jim, from the bar, said  
that you were looking for me.  
- No, I wasn't.  
- Why?  
Don't lie to me,  
tell me the truth.  
- I don't know, I don't know.  
- Tell me!  
Have you found what  
you're looking for?  
Is it me?  
How long have you been looking?  
- Stanley, you're hurting me.  
I don't know what  
you're talking about.  
- Oh, you know!  
You've known all along.  
You sat at my mother's table  
and you lied to our faces.  
And she took you  
in, she took you in!  
And in return, I had to place  
her cold dead body in the Earth.  
Why?  
- You killed my brother!  
- What?  
- I didn't mean  
for this to happen.  
They were coming for me  
because I was coming for you.  
You may blame me for  
your mother's death,  
but you took everything from me.  
How many innocent little  
boys have you killed?  
All my life I've thought  
about this moment,  
what I'd do to you.  
- Oh please, please shoot me.  
Please, please.

- He was a child, my  
brother, he was innocent.  
- Yes, please, shoot  
me, do it, do it!  
- My father made the  
decisions, not my brother.  
- Please shoot me!  
- All my life I  
thought killing you  
would make things better,  
make me feel good,  
but now I know what I really  
need, is to forgive you.  
(phone rings)

- **STANLEY:**

please leave a message.  
We'll respond as soon as we can.

- Hello Stanley, this  
is Bernadette speaking.  
Please call me as soon  
as you get this message.  
I don't know if you've forgot  
but we had a session booked  
for this morning and it's  
not like you to not show up.  
I'm concerned for  
your well-being  
so please contact me as  
soon as you get this.  
Thank you.

- I'm so sorry.  
It's all wrong.  
By rights it should be  
me in this hole, not you.  
I've always seen life to  
be cruel and unpredictable.  
Left me scared.  
Held me back.  
Now I know that it's  
just the nature of life.  
You were right.  
And I will try.  
I will live.

("Lower Ground" by Jared Fortune)

I've crossed the line  
of knowing what to find  
Of knowing when is right  
I've crossed the stage  
Of black or white or gray  
No colors feel the same  
But lay before me mother  
And I will leave the  
shade of all my past  
For you have breathe my blame  
and made me cast my burden  
So I'm not another half whole  
I've crossed the line  
of knowing when it's time  
Of showing I am fine  
I'm past the stage  
Of going about change  
Of going my own way  
But lay before me mother  
And I will leave the  
shade of all my past  
For you have breathe my blame  
and made me cast my burden  
So I'm not another half whole  
Beat my heart till  
you can see I'm hollow  
Lead the charge till  
I can learn to follow  
I am caught in a  
whole world of sorrow  
But now I'm on my way  
God knows it's not safe  
God is not a way from me  
Lower ground  
Just throw me down  
Till we're closer now  
We're closer now