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# Bad Day for the Cut

By Chris Baugh

You look like a man that's being  
eaten from the inside out.

What are you doing here?

Oh I think you  
know... Leo.

You've wasted the fucking trip. The  
tumour's going to do the job for you.

Oh I don't know about that.

There's still things we can do.

Donal!

Donal! Help me!

You alright?

You alright?

I fell.

Before or after?

Before.

I'm only after washing  
those floors.

Thank you.

You get what you're owed.

Don't you worry about that.

So, I can't square  
you altogether.

Hang on, hang on.

I brought you something instead.

She barely made it over the  
road.

But a man like you could fix her up  
and sell her on for a good profit.

Or you could always  
hang on to it

ask that Liz one to go  
on a bit of a holiday.

I couldn't leave  
my ma on her own.

You're too loyal Donal. Get out  
and enjoy yourself.

The couch turns into a bed.

So... what do you think?

With this, plus two hundred?

Poor old Tommy Rafferty's gone.

Is he?

There's a wake we'll  
need to be at.

Aye.

I might give his wife a call and see if she needs a hand with the sandwiches.

They'd be lucky to have yours.

Jesus, I didn't realise you were that fond of Tommy Rafferty.

I'm not... it's just, everybody

I know is fucking dying.

I can stay in tonight

if you want

don't be silly. I'll

press your shirt.

McMahon Leo, 1945 - 2016. Died

this week at the city hospital...

Same again?

No. Um, an old gin and tonic.

Living dangerously.

You know me.

How's your ma?

Best.

You should bring her

down some night.

She's at the stage now y'know, she

doesn't like to leave the house anymore.

You ever get a chance to head

out for a night yourself?

Sorry Donal. Give me a sec'.

Lads, less of the shite.

It was an accident, Liz.

My wee darling, eh?

Alright men, give her

room to dry it up.

Get your fucking hand off

me. Fucking silverback.

What the fuck you gonna do?

What? You gonna tell your ma?

I mean how the fuck is it a man your

age can still live with his ma?

What the fuck is that about?

Wee boys like you shouldn't take

drink if they can't hold it.

Don't fucking look at

me like that again!

One, two, out to

fuck, young man.  
Where did you get this?  
Bernard. Some job isn't she?  
Come on in.  
Will we go for an old spin?  
I'm too old for  
that carry on now.  
What was the name of that beach where  
you and da used to have the caravan at?  
Montague.  
Sure we'll go there.  
I don't think so, Donal.  
Aw, come on. I'll put big tom on  
the speakers. It'll be good Craic.  
Donal!! Would you just  
fucking leave it!!  
And you shouldn't be spending  
so much time on these machines.  
There's a pile of work  
to be done around here.  
Well.  
I brought you these.  
Thank you.  
If you want to take a spin away down the  
country by yourself, I'll not mind.  
I'll be grand on my own.  
No, I'm alright.  
The wee beach was beautiful.  
Well whatever you do, leave the door  
open a bit... I like that old tune.  
Ma?  
Donal help!  
Ma!  
Ma? Ma? Ma...  
Hello, I need help -  
I know this is hard but it's important we  
get the information while it's still fresh.  
I saw a man leaving the house. Clean shaven,  
light hair. Fancy looking sort of boy.  
You were outside?  
I was sleeping in the shed.  
I heard noises. I went to look and  
saw two men leaving the house.  
And you're sure about that?

Didn't I tell you, clean  
shaven, light hair...  
'Fancy looking sort  
of a boy, ' yeah.  
And what about the man inside the car?  
Did you get a look at him?  
Sir, we're not  
finished here yet.  
Give him a minute.  
Fucking hell.  
She'd go clean mad if she knew  
her wake was closed coffin.  
She would not.  
Oh, you wanna seen  
when she was younger.  
Couldn't leave the house without  
the old paint scraper makeup.  
That's a sin.  
Sorry, cub. Aye, she  
was a good sister.  
Good mother. She was  
lucky to have you.  
Sorry for your trouble,  
Donal. Wild altogether.  
Aye. Thanks, Marcus.  
Sorry for your loss, eh?  
Thank you.  
Me, Joe and the  
kids Belfast 1975  
hey boy, what's going on here?  
Put that shotgun down.  
I said put that shotgun down.  
What's this carry on boys?  
Now step forward and fuck up.  
Up.  
Holy fuck!  
How much slack  
did you give that thing  
take it up another two foot.  
You, stand over there.  
More than that.  
What did you do?  
What are you doing here?  
They're checking in.

Who is?  
I'll ask them direct.  
Alright!  
We were sent to kill you...  
Well you went at it in a  
bit of a roundabout way.  
They wanted it to look  
like you did it yourself.  
Why?  
He had all the information.  
They don't tell me anything.  
This is so bad... this  
is so fucking bad...  
Emergency. Which service do you require?  
Police, fire or ambulance?  
Hello?  
Hello?  
Tell them everything went grand.  
If you don't talk to them,  
I will  
Damien?!  
No. It's Bartosz here.  
Put Dee, put Dee on  
the fucking phone!  
He is taking a shit.  
Did youse get it done?  
Yes yes.  
Right. The cockle  
bar. Twelve tomorrow.  
Can I see her then?  
Aye, yeah. Surely. Aye.  
Now what?  
Hey! Now what?  
Makes no difference who you  
are, ghetto Joe or superstar  
now get chatting.  
About what?  
Start off easy.  
What's your name?  
Bartosz.  
And where you from?  
Bydgoszcz.  
Poland.  
That other boy on the blower,

is he Polish as well?  
His name's Gavigan.  
What's he look like?  
I don't know. Regular. I  
don't have a picture.  
Fancy looking sort of a boy?  
How fancy?  
Why did he kill Florence?  
Who?  
My ma. Do you not know  
what happened her?  
Two men broke into her house and caved  
her head in with her own clock.  
I take it this Gavigan  
boy is one of them.  
I dunno.  
You wouldn't be the best boy  
for this job, would you?  
They have my sister. I do as they  
or they're going to hurt her.  
They have lots of girls.  
What? Like pimps?  
You really don't want to start  
messing around these people.  
Oh aye? Are they all as  
bad as you, are they?  
Let me go and straighten  
this out. Please.  
Please  
what are you going to tell them?  
That you hung a noose too low  
and ballsed the whole thing up?  
If these boys are as bad as you say  
they are, you're in a lot of bother.  
If he finds out what really  
happened he's going to kill her.  
Well then the way I see  
it, you need to help me.  
I tried to get to her once. Didn't  
take them long to catch me though.  
You must have history of  
ballsing things up, have you?  
Maybe.  
What do you call her anyway?

Kaja. That's her real name. But I don't know what they make her use now. I think that's her! That's not the man was at the house. Gavigan must be inside. Right you go to the front door. Now if you try anything, I swear to god, you'll be the first one to get the two barrels. Happy enough? Grand. Come on. Where's Damien? He's not here yet? Is Damien here with us, Jerome? I swear. He said he would be here. This was an important job. It came from herself. So of course I asked Dee to bring proof that it was done. Have you got any? Damien has the pictures on his phone. You can't blame me, he's not here! Please. I want to see my sister. She's not here. I just saw her come in. Oh, you mean her. Show him who he means. This is Sophia. She tried to run. Now, management have very specific rules about girls who try to run. Okay! Okay! Damien is dead! Did you kill him? No. The farmer did. Then I killed the farmer. See. Doesn't it feel good to tell the truth. Just, let me talk with her at least. She's working. She doesn't have time to talk. Don't feel too bad. This

was gonna happen anyway.  
No!  
Hey! Let me out  
the fuck!!  
What going on in there, Jerome? Don't  
you be interfering with that body.  
Put the hammer down.  
Put it down!  
Well. Is it him?  
No. But I'd say he knows.  
You're the farmer?  
You and me's gonna go and have a wee chat.  
Now if you mess me about  
I'll splatter your head  
all over that wall.  
Happy enough?  
Come on.  
You should have brought your tractor.  
It might have been less conspicuous.  
How hard do you think it'll be to find a  
Polack and a cultchie in a red camper van?  
Shut your Jesus mouth.  
Jesus Donal.  
Get him in the fuck.  
Sorry for your trouble.  
That wasn't my sister.  
Oh...  
Well she was belonging  
to somebody somewhere.  
I just want to ask him  
a lock of questions.  
Might be waiting a while.  
Could you eat?  
Get chatting.  
Go away and shite, you  
dirty, boghopping whore.  
That's wild language. I bet a boy like  
you has never spent a day in the bog.  
You just go around  
robbing old ladies.  
Why couldn't you just  
leave it at that?  
I dunno? Because she was a cunt?  
Aaaah! Aaaaaah!

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!  
I'll not have anyone say a  
bad word about Florence.  
Bartosz, have you forgotten  
about your fucking sister?  
Never mind the sister.  
Look... if you just stop this  
now, I'll forget about it.  
Look I didn't kill your  
mother, I wasn't even there!  
So, who did?  
Ok, ok, ok!  
All I know is they  
wanted you dead.  
So I sent this idiot and one  
of my better men to do it.  
Who's they? Is one of them a  
fancy looking sort of a boy?  
That's one way to describe him.  
His name is Trevor Ballantine.  
And who was the  
other one with him?  
That's the boss.  
Frankie?  
Come on up, I'm getting dressed.  
I'll just be a sec.  
No rush.  
I took a look at the new  
premises. They're expensive.  
We can afford it. It would be  
good for us to be more upmarket.  
People are going there  
for one thing, Frankie.  
The outcome is always the  
same. Upmarket or not.  
We could charge more.  
With the quality of people we have,  
if we're going to start charging  
customers more we need to  
offer something other than a  
better postcode  
and then you start getting  
into specialist services.  
And then you start

attracting weirdos.  
And I've dealt with enough  
fucking weirdos in my time.  
Yes. Yes you have.  
Thank you Trevor.  
So how's Gavigan getting on?  
Good. He's all over it.  
So, this Frankie Pierce and  
Ballantine are... burglars...  
Out on a job... get panicked  
when Florence wakes...  
And they kill her... then they put  
you in charge of getting rid of me?  
You haven't a fucking clue.  
Well if they weren't going to  
rob us, why were they there?  
I don't know.  
Watch him. I'm away for a slash.  
Bartosz, Bartosz c'mere.  
If you snip these cable-ties I'll make  
sure Frankie never finds out about this.  
How about you just tell me  
what name Kaja is using?  
Ok. They call her  
fuck!  
What in the name of Jesus?  
Useless as tits on a boar.  
Come on...  
You left something in the  
car the other night.  
I was wondering where they were.  
Is it sorted?  
I'm in a fucking  
bind here, Trevor!  
Ok, slow down.  
No I haven't fucking taken care of it!  
He's chasing me right now.  
Who's chasing you?  
Frankie?  
Oh shit... the farmer.  
What have you told him?  
I'm sorry, Frankie. He's  
a fucking headcase!  
He burned me with

a pot of beans!  
All over it?  
It's fine. We'll fix it.  
I'll make sure your sister knows that you're  
the reason I'm sawing her hands and feet off.  
Hey boy!  
Is it bad?  
Please... help me.  
Where do I find Pierce?  
Please.  
Take me to a hospital.  
Donal, we should  
I won't say anything!  
Alisha. They call  
your sister Alisha.  
Here. Come on now.  
We'll need a spade  
for that ground  
Bartosz came in asking  
about his sister.  
What sort of a name is Bartosz?  
Polish.  
Him and Dee were supposed to do in  
some farmer. But Dee never came back.  
How is it that  
you're still here?  
He locked me in the store.  
You should have handled the  
farmer personally, Trevor.  
Isn't that what we  
pay Gavigan for?  
You're the fucking prick he saw.  
Jerome, which of these  
whores is the pole's sister?  
I can't remember her name,  
there's that many of them.  
Y'know Jerome, being a big cunt  
isn't really good enough anymore.  
You need to know shit as well. Listen to what's  
going on around you. D'you hear what I'm saying?  
Yeah.  
Do you hear what what I'm  
fucking, fucking, saying?  
Yes, Frankie.

You personally find  
out who this girl is  
and you go along to see how someone with  
a fucking brain functions in the world.  
I'm gonna try Gavigan again.  
This is the third person  
I've buried this week.  
They instigated this.  
This is not our fault.  
I think we may have to take  
some of the blame for this one.  
Hello?  
Oh hi there. We should talk about  
this before anyone else gets hurt.  
Same way as you talked to my ma?  
If that's how you want it.  
I just want to know why.  
If you have to ask that then you  
didn't know her that well at all.  
I know you think it was just a  
case of wrong place, wrong time.  
But believe me she's had a  
target on her back for years.  
Target on her back? She was  
a wee innocent old doll!  
Yeah you keep telling  
yourself that.  
I only have to tell myself the  
once. Targets on your back now.  
'Targets on your back? Are  
you a fucking assassin now?  
Where are we going?  
Donal?  
You alright?  
Ah, middling enough I suppose.  
Nothing strange going on?  
Not that I know of.  
You and your mate wanna  
come in for a mug of tea?  
No he's alright in the Van.  
I'll maybe take a quick drop.  
Good to see you have your  
mind off your mother anyway.  
There you go.

Aye, speaking of that, do  
you know this boy here?  
Where'd you get this?  
Ma's room. Under a mattress.  
You know, there was something  
came through the letter  
box the other day that you  
might be interested in.  
Eamon.  
He was a friend of hers.  
After your old boy died he helped her out.  
He was very good to her.  
Was there something going on?  
God no. They were just good friends.  
He had his own family and all.  
That's the daughter there.  
Frances. He called her Frankie.  
What was his name?  
Joe Pierce.  
He died, years ago.  
Got involved with the wrong people at  
a time when that was the thing to do.  
Them same people then started to think  
that he was talking to the government.  
Your mother, she tried  
to help him out.  
Let him hide out at the caravan down on Montague  
beach but they caught up with him. Killed him.  
I never knew anything  
about that.  
Your mother didn't want you to have  
any part of what went on back then.  
There's some bad  
friggers in this world,  
you're lucky you did not have  
to deal with any of them.  
So she took you and headed off  
to the glorious countryside.  
In another life you could have  
been an oul townie, just like me.  
Ah! For Jesus'  
sake. Here we are.  
Might be a nice place for  
a wee bit of holidaying.

So?  
Have you the Google  
on that thing?  
'The Google?'  
just type in the name 'Joe  
Pierce' and less of the buck.  
There's a few recent news  
articles that mention Joe Pierce.  
Show me that.  
Give me the gist.  
Former prominent IRA commander Leo McMahon  
died in palliative care this week  
after a long battle with cancer.  
McMahon was suspected of carrying  
out a string of political murder  
with long time collaborator Joe  
Pierce in the seventies...  
What has this got to  
do with anything?  
I dunno. Yet.  
Well if you don't fucking know,  
can we go and get my sister?  
I told you, lad. We get Pierce first.  
Then we go get your sister.  
Right. What if getting Kaja  
could get you to Pierce?  
Remember how I said I  
tracked her down before?  
She told me about Pierce. She knew  
about her business, where she lives.  
They have mad orgies there.  
And how does your sister  
know all of this.  
They would make her take part.  
She knows where Frankie Pierce  
lives, Donal.  
I know the number. Now I  
know the name they've given her.  
You just have to  
call and arrange to meet.  
Away and shite.  
They know me and they know my voice. So  
you have to call and ask for Alisha.  
And say what?

Just pretend you're lonely and you  
need some company. Come on. Come on!  
Paper lantern Chinese,  
how can I help?  
Hello? Uh, is Alisha about?  
Sorry no one by that  
name works here.  
Oh. Right.  
Anything else I can  
help you will  
no I just wanted to  
speak to Alisha.  
I'm afraid you've got  
the wrong number.  
They hung up. It's a Chinese take away.  
Not a whore in the place.  
Sorry. No need for  
that language.  
It's a front. Just try again.  
Paper lantern Chinese.  
Aye hello, I meant to say  
to you earlier,  
Gavigan gave me this number and  
told me to ask for Alisha.  
Continental apartments.  
Six o'clock.  
We're grand. Six o'clock.  
We'll need to lie  
low for a while.  
And we also need to get you  
something else to wear.  
Hang on I'll go and see  
if Eamon has a suit.  
I don't understand?  
Did you never hear of  
hiding in plain sight?  
Tell me you have positive news.  
We've found the pole's sister.  
You have her?  
Jerome's on his way. I'm  
coming to lift you.  
Put the foot down.  
Mum?  
Why are you not doing

your homework?  
What are you doing?  
I'm just reading some  
stories about your grandad.  
Why?  
Because it's important to remember people.  
And he would have loved to have met you.  
And he would have been really annoyed  
that you haven't finished your homework.  
So go on.  
Relax. You look fine.  
I look like a tube.  
Almost time.  
Gimme your number. In case.  
I need you to come in.  
Hold on.  
Oh, seven, double eight, six...  
Alright mate.  
Hello.  
How you doing?  
Alright.  
Another fifty, boss.  
In you go.  
Behave yourself.  
Hello. Would you like a drink?  
How you doing, Kaja?  
Your brother tracked you down.  
I told you I'll be good now. I'll behave.  
Just, please don't hurt him.  
No. Bartosz is with me.  
Come on we need to leave.  
Look he's been trying to get at  
you now for a lock of weeks.  
There you are.  
Kaja?  
Bartosz?  
What about him?  
Go you and get ready,  
I'll worry about him.  
What's your name?  
Donal.  
How do you know my brother?  
He tried to kill me.  
What?

It's all sorted now though.  
Albert!! Help me!!  
Where does Frankie Pierce live?  
Who?  
Y'know... your woman who  
runs them... orgies.  
What the fuck are  
you talking about?  
Your brother's some boy.  
Come on boy, tell  
me about Pierce.  
Fuck off.  
What are you doing? Come on.  
I don't know anything  
about Pierce.  
Well what about Ballantine?  
You're a lying shite.  
Fuck!  
Ok, alright, fuck!  
Ok, alright alright  
alright alright.  
Pass me the pen.  
Well holy fuck.  
Lovely.  
Help!  
Jerome's dead.  
Sure he is. It's for  
the best. Probably.  
What did you tell the farmer?  
Nothing about you.  
My head feels like it's  
bleeding from the inside.  
Jeez, that's not good.  
Here let me help you with that.  
Frankie... we already have  
one dead body to deal with.  
It's ok Trevor. What was it  
you said? 'We'll fix this.'  
yeah.  
Cunt! Cunt! Cunt! Cunt! Cunt!  
She knows nothing about Pierce.  
Orgies my hole.  
I had to tell you something.  
And you almost got her killed.

I've an address for that hole  
Ballantine works out of.  
You're barely able to stand up.  
You don't have to go.  
I want to.  
Whoah whoah whoah, whoah. We just  
freed you from these people.  
Yeah. Both of you did.  
Jesus, you are both  
as bad as each other.  
Put that into your sat-nav.  
Were you and your mother close?  
Close enough, aye.  
Why do you think they do this  
Frankie thought she had something to do  
with her father's death. But she's wrong.  
Do you have anyone  
else back home?  
No. But I'm dead on.  
What about you?  
We have a big family but I  
didn't appreciate them.  
I wanted to escape, so I did.  
I got to London. I was excited,  
nervous, being on my own.  
And one day it just happened.  
They took me in the  
middle of the street.  
In broad daylight.  
And brought me here.  
After a while I just  
stopped fighting.  
That's Tara...  
What does Tara mean?  
Bad.  
Thanks for helping me back there.  
I meant to say to you earlier...  
It's ok. It didn't feel real, the way his  
body slumped over. I keep seeing it.  
Aye.  
That's the boy there.  
A 'Tara' man.  
You can say that alright.  
Frankie.

You sure?  
I'm sure alright.  
Whoa whoa whoa whoa  
whoa, whoa! Here?  
It's a good enough spot.  
Look at this shit. Look.  
Let me see.  
Fair enough. We'll come back  
when the child's asleep.  
Hang on, who's that?  
Did they follow us?  
They must have got to Eamon.  
There will probably  
still be someone there.  
I hope so.  
Donal I have just got Kaja back.  
You do what you want Bartosz but  
child or no child,  
Frankie's not going to get away  
with killing an innocent woman.  
What if she wasn't  
innocent Donal?  
What did you say?  
I think you should  
stop and go home.  
I asked you a question.  
What. Did. You. Say?  
You don't know the full story.  
No-one seems to know the full story.  
That's the problem with this country.  
Maybe Frankie had a reason.  
Get the fuck off me!  
Stop it! Both of you!  
You're gonna get us all fucking killed!  
I'm not gonna be part of it anymore.  
You feel the same way, Cutty?  
I didn't know she had a child.  
You are some Craic.  
Both of youse can get  
out right here and now.  
We're on the side of the road!  
I was gonna shoot you in my shed when we  
first met, so you're not doing to bad.  
Fuck you, Donal.

You didn't kill me because  
I didn't deserve it.  
That'll get you both a flight.  
And you'll need that too.  
What you making there?  
Ice-cream!  
What flavour?  
Vanilla.  
You find him?  
At a caravan park.  
Sensational.  
But... they saw me. I'm still looking.  
Sorry Frankie. I'll get them.  
Well?  
Your mummy is surrounded  
by silly men, pet.  
Don't worry. We'll get him.  
Will we?  
You should have handled the  
farmer personally, Trevor.  
That's not really my area.  
You were the silly man he saw.  
Yes I know. But I was  
only there for you.  
Because I pay you.  
Oh, you think because we fucked once, you  
have to run around looking after me?  
I told you not to kill her.  
If you use the word 'kill' in front of my  
daughter again I'll shoot you through both eyes.  
You pay me for advice.  
No, I don't.  
What?  
You're sacked.  
Get out. Without making a fuss.  
Come on Frankie.  
Come on Trevor. You  
know how this will go.  
Say goodbye to Trevor, pet.  
Goodbye, Trevor.  
Goodbye, Trevor.  
Bye Josie.  
Look, Frankie-  
come get me. I know where

the farmer is going.  
Jesus Eamon, what are you doing?  
I thought my mobile was up here.  
Can't find the fucking thing.  
Forget about it. I wasn't trying  
to call an ambulance.  
I was trying to call you. I left half  
my guts out there on the stairs.  
Fuck.  
You need to stop.  
Leave Frankie Peirce  
alone. Call it a draw.  
It's not a draw.  
I know you idolised your ma...  
Now Eamon don't.  
I should have told you the  
minute you turned up here.  
Maybe none of this would have happened.  
I would still have my guts.  
Should have told me what?  
She was having an affair with  
Joe Pierce, but...  
She still gave him up to Leo and his boys.  
Because they threatened you.  
That's not true.  
That's not true.  
Frankie found out and she couldn't let  
it lie. Just like you can't let it lie.  
And the whole fucking  
thing goes on and on...  
Make sure they clean my stairs.  
Eamon?  
Sorry horse.  
Let me go in first.  
When you see him,  
don't hesitate.  
I know you like fucking around,  
slicing bellies and all  
that shit.  
Which is something we're going  
to talk about down the road.  
We're not the shankill butchers.  
I know. I'll be grand.  
He's only a farmer.

That must be why he's not  
causing any problems then.  
Go in shooting and less of the backchat.  
Or you'll be the one getting sliced.  
Right.  
Up. Slowly.  
Bollocks.  
Give me that pistol.  
Fuck.  
We're going out to the Van, slowly. If  
you try anything, you'll get the barrel.  
Happy enough?  
Ok, Donal. You're the boss.  
You're driving.  
Any chance I could answer that?  
No.  
Oh I know where we're going.  
Just shh now.  
What are you doing?  
I need to get rid of this.  
Go back to sleep.  
So. Here we are.  
Speak.  
The fucking farmer has Frankie.  
Where are you?  
Is that Donal's blood?  
He's not here. Do you  
know where they went?  
No.  
You've just spent a  
couple of days together.  
And you have no idea where  
they might be going?  
If he's got her, then it's over.  
I'm leaving. You should as well.  
Not just yet.  
Fuck fuck fuck!  
I know there was something...  
Going on between  
Florence and your da.  
I know she gave him up  
to Leo and his boys.  
But what she did, she  
did it to protect me.

I can understand that. A  
mother protecting her son.  
That's all it was.  
I went to see Leo McMahon in the hospice  
before he died. It was disgusting.  
Surrounded by nurses and  
doctors caring for him.  
I wanted to strangle  
him with his catheter.  
But I didn't. I made him talk.  
And the things he told me...  
You're just looking more time.  
Leo came here because  
Florence told him to.  
But when he got here, somebody had  
shot my father once through the jaw.  
The police found Leo at the scene and  
I'm sure you've googled the rest.  
Leo told you a pack of lies.  
That's what I thought.  
Which is why I went  
to see your ma.  
What are you fucking smiling at?  
You... look so like him.  
Everyone says that.  
The same eyes the same shape  
of a face.  
We never had a pile of time together  
but I still remember every detail.  
Him. The caravan. Our wee beach.  
He loved the water.  
Even if it was raining it was nice to  
get away from the madness of Belfast.  
The odd time we would  
even spend the night.  
Who did you call to  
come and kill him?  
I could never have done  
that. I loved him.  
No don't say that.  
It's the truth. I loved him, I  
loved him more than myself...  
More than my own son...  
You wouldn't understand.

Why?

I can tell by looking at you that  
you've never felt anything like that.

And he loved me as well. But that  
didn't matter. He had a family.

That night he told me it was  
over. He put on his coat.

He lifted his bag. He said he would  
never be coming back to the beach.

His gun was sitting  
on the table.

Oh, god... I'm so sorry...

Are you fucking joking me?

I just wanted to stop him leaving. I  
didn't mean it... I didn't mean it...

Aye well you covered your tracks so you  
mustn't have been too fucking sad.

You knew the police would arrest  
Leo so you called them both.

I had to. If I went to prison Donal  
would have been left on his own.

Things would have been so much different...  
if neither of us had children.

Donal! Help!

I was five years old  
when she killed him.

I loved my daddy.

And now you're gonna do the same to me...  
because that's what you do? Isn't it?

Turn around.

How do you feel? Leaving a  
little girl without her mother?

I feel sorry for her.

Having a mother like you.

That's the end of it now. Ok?

What?

Sure that's not even load...

It's all over, Bartosz. I  
gave her the chance but...

What's over?

What have you done?

Where's Bartosz?

He's here. With me.

Please, the cub didn't do anything.

He had no part of this...

Jesus.

Let him go and I'll  
come up there to you.

Donal! Just go!

Let me talk to him.

Donal.

Why in under Jesus  
did you come back?

Wanted to help. Ballsed  
it up I guess.

I'm sorry, cub. You were right,  
I should have listened...

Look I'm coming up  
there right now.

They can take me...

If you want me, I'm  
at your uncle's.

Emergency. Which service do you require?

Police, fire or ambulance?

Hello? Hello? Hello?