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SLICE

by

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INT. THE CONTAINER ZONE - NIGHT

The screaming pitch of a deranged craving for violence fills the air

- as the bulging bloodshot eye
- of an enraged pitbull dog
- stares at filthy male hands
- tightening the muzzle around its mouth.

Another pair of male hands

- wearing surgical gloves
- reaches for the dog's trembling thigh muscle
- and holds two folds of skin together as blood flows out of the open wound.

The surgical gloved hands pulls a long piece of fish gut wire through a needle

- cuts it with a pair of scissors
- slides the needle under one of the folds of separated skin
- and as the pitbull dog whelps in pain
- the hands quickly stitch the wound together
- cuts the wire with the scissors
- while the other pair of filthy hands unbuckle the muzzle.

As the muzzle slides away

- the pitbull struggles to free itself
- but, as the filthy hands tightly clamp down on the pitbull's mouth
- the dog can only look on in terror
- as a large syringe needle
- containing a puss coloured substance
- is brought down towards its mouth.

The surgical gloved hands pull back the pitbull's lips

- to expose its dangerous teeth.

As the needle is inserted in between the dog's teeth

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- the dog glimpses a small pile of dead pitbull dogs thrown into the corner.

The pitbull looks at the crowds of baying men circling outside the large makeshift cage.

There are two wire feeder chutes like warrens leading into the main area of the large makeshift cage but there are two protective barriers to stop access, and, as the pitbull looks through the barriers

- it sees the other pitbull across from him
- also having a large syringe inserted into its mouth.

Men drink cans and bottles of beer from the trunks of their cars

- as the bright headlights from the cars
- making up the circle around the large makeshift cage
- light up the greasy referee
- as he steps in to the ring
- and shouts.

REFEREE (IN SERBIAN)  
No more bets.

Then he shouts it in English.

REFEREE (CONT'D)  
NO MORE BETS!!!

As the referee steps out of the large makeshift cage

- both dogs lock eyes
- and there is a moment of almost silent understanding between them
- until the syringe's contents are injected into their mouths
- and the protective barrier are raised
- and the dogs are released
- rushing at each other with such speed and ferocity
- that their skulls crunch off each other.

As the dogs clamp jaws, the baying bloodlust infects the crowd with a new level of yearning

- and as they scream at the dogs

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

- a fight of such horrific violence ensues that one of the dogs is killed.

As the victorious dog pants into camera

- the colour red drains from the screen
- and as the blood spills from its mouth
- blacker than hell

We dissolve to distorted grainy blue colour CCTV footage of

- an unidentifiable man
- and woman
- in a psychiatric hospital visitor's room.

INSERT TITLE CARD : THREE MONTHS EARLIER

INT. SECURITY DESK, PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, RZEWOW, POLAND - NIGHT

The CCTV footage is rewound

- stopped
- then played again
- as a patient walks down a corridor

This is Janek Borkowska aka **SLICE**

- 24 years old
- powerfully lean
- enigmatic
- disturbed
- God's lonely man.

We pull back from the blue colour of the CCTV footage to reveal eight other CCTV screens being watched by doctors, nurses, and security guards.

On one of the grainy blue CCTV screens the door opens and Slice enters the visitor's room where he is greeted by a woman.

As the blue colour image on the CCTV screen is paused it is difficult to make it out with any clarity but there is an intense bond between the two in the way they touch the dividing glass.

CONTINUED:

On the other monitors there is mundane footage of mostly empty corridors but, as the tape is fast-forwarded, everyone focuses on Slice as he becomes agitated with the woman.

On the blue CCTV screen the girl stands and backs away from Slice and

- as Slice reaches for her
- the security staff immediately forms a cordon around him
- trying to placate him.

As the doctor looks at the blue CCTV screen

- he puts Slice's file down
- and stares at the woman on the screen.

DOCTOR  
How long has his sister been gone?

MALE NURSE  
Since the mother died.

DOCTOR  
Did they discuss the father?

MALE NURSE  
No.

On the blue CCTV screens Slice watches the woman exit

- then slams his fists off the reinforced glass
- as he wails after his departing visitor.

DOCTOR (O.C.)  
I want to see everything again.  
Start at the end and work back.

OPENING TITLES

*INT. LARGE METAL TRUCK CONTAINER - NIGHT*

*Chained and naked, a woman lies on the cold metal floor -  
this is ULA*

- *21 years old*
- *precocious*
- *compelling*
- *she is also Slice's sister.*

*As a figure crosses the light and enters the container Ula  
looks up*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- at the silhouette of a man

- and though she is bleeding from the mouth she manages a defiant smile

- then she spits the blood at the silhouetted figure.

The silhouetted figure reaches into his jacket and takes out a syringe.

Ula becomes almost tender.

ULA  
Come on Sweetie.

The figure hesitates then quietly speaks.

JIMMY  
I'm sorry.

EXT. DENSE FOREST - DAY

Slice stares at a startled wounded animal

- who stands in silent paralysis

- listening to the baying dogs

- and staring at Slice

- wondering which is the greater enemy.

As the dogs draw closer, Slice continues to silently stare at the terrified animal but while the dogs pass by in the wrong direction and gradually fade into the distance the animal slowly limps away.

But before it vanishes into the thicket, the animal has one last glance back at Slice.

EXT. SLICE'S FAMILY HOME, HOUSING PROJECT - DAY

Slice watches from a hidden distance as a gang passes by then he approaches the block of flats.

EXT/INT SLICE'S FAMILY HOME, HOUSING PROJECT - DAY

At the last flat on the block, Slice stares at the boarded up door, touches it, then inches his way around the edge of the balcony and drops down to the smaller balcony at the back, landing beside the back door.

Slice steps onto the outside handle of the back door, reaches in through the loose window panel, unlatches the door from inside, then steps down, but, as the door opens slightly, he hesitates

- peering through the opening into the quiet darkness inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Slice slowly pushes the door open, enters and stands motionless, absorbing the room.

He peers through the opening of the door and looks at an old television and a lone chair.

He moves to the bathroom, stands outside it and touches the door.

He gently pushes open the door but still doesn't enter.

He stares into the empty bathroom and though the tap isn't on - he hears the sound of running water.

He moves to enter but stops himself as he hears the soft crying of a young girl.

He closes his eyes and listens to the girl's quiet sobs.

He walks back out of the flat and dry wretches against the wall.

As he turns, he sees an old woman staring at him.

As he dry wretches again, the old woman stares at him, impassive, immovable, then she turns as she hears the barking dogs in the distance and, as she sees the authorities making their way towards the tower block, she looks back at Slice.

Slice stares back at her, slowly glances at the advancing dogs and authorities, then he looks back at her, sadness in his eyes, a desire to connect, but there is no time, and, as he bolts away, the old woman simply watches him.

*INT. LARGE METAL TRUCK CONTAINER - NIGHT*

*In the darkness, two men whisper.*

*WHISPERED VOICE*

*Don't do any serious damage.*

*The door of the container opens and light spills into the darkness*

*- revealing Ula*

*- in the same chained up position*

*- but she is fully clothed, alert, and healthier looking*

*- and we understand Ula's story is being told in reverse.*

*Ula sees another massive man silhouetted in the light.*

*Terrified and struggles to free herself but it proves impossible.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*As the massive man closes the door*

*- and locks it*

*- plunging the container into darkness again*

*- but suddenly a light clicks on above Ula*

*- and she sees his powerful combat boots, combat trousers and jacket*

*- then she sees the Balaclava covering his face*

*- and his ice-cold and disturbing eyes*

*- eyes like a white wolf.*

*Ula tries not to weep as she wraps her arms around herself gripping her clothes tight against her skin.*

*The massive man looks up over Ula to the top corner of the container and nods.*

*Ula struggles to see what the massive man is looking at behind her*

*- but, because she's chained down it is difficult to look*

*- then, in one final bid to find out what's happening*

*- she jerks her neck around to see*

*- a small video camera mounted on the side wall*

*- looking down on her, its red light recording the unfolding events.*

INT. BAR, POLAND - DAY

Slice walks into the bar, and, as the raggedy jukebox drones out punk music, and, as customers glance at him, Slice moves to a side door, listens at the door, then pushes it open.

INT. SIDE ROOM OF BAR, POLAND - DAY

GRABSKA, 40s, greasy haired lowlife, smokes behind his desk as he talks on the phone.

Slice enters and closes the door behind him. Slice is calm as he looks around the room. (They speak in Polish)

GRABSKA

I'm on the fucking phone here.

Slice gently takes the phone off Grabska and calmly smashes it against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Slice moves to the filing cabinet, pulls open the top drawer takes out a Polaroid camera, examines it then rifles through several files.

Slice slides open the second drawer and pulls out folders with Polaroid images attached to the inside of each one.

As Slice opens each folder there is a short dossier, a photocopy of a passport, and a Polaroid of each different young woman - the smiling, hopeful faces of a generation.

Grabska gingerly makes his way towards the door but, without taking his eyes off the files, Slice calmly moves to block Grabska's exit.

Slice suddenly stops as he lands on a picture of a beautiful young woman with the name Ula Borkowska written on her Polaroid.

Slice drops the other files, pulls the picture of Ula from the last file and holds it up to Grabska with a cold deadpan stare of death.

Slice takes the address out of the file, and stares at the address.

GRABSKA (CONT'D)  
Dublin? Ireland. Lovely country.  
Lovely people.

Slice folds up the paper and slips it into his pocket then stares at Grabska.

GRABSKA (CONT'D)  
I never touched her. I never  
touched any of the girls.

EXT. RAILWAY TRACKS - DAY

In the blackness of a rail tunnel, the form of Slice gradually materializes as he walks out of the darkness and into the blinding light.

The fog horn of a ship blasts out in the distance as Slice continues along the tracks, and, as he hears a train approaching from behind, he ducks into the foliage and watches the train scream past.

When the last carriage has passed Slice steps back out onto the track and as he continues walking he sees a young boy staring at him in the distance from the back window of the gradually disappearing train.

EXT. SHIPPING PORT, POLAND - NIGHT

As the ship's horn blasts through the noisy work of transportation, Slice, concealed behind barrels, watches as large metal containers are loaded onto trucks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As one of the truck drivers signs documents Slice sees an opening, and stealthily moves towards the back of the truck.

*EXT. METAL CONTAINER ZONE - EVENING*

*A black car pulls up and out steps JIMMY TONER*

*- 25 years old*

*- dangerous eyes*

*- good looking in an ugly way*

*- dressed in a formal wedding suit.*

*Jimmy's side-kick and new brother-in-law, Spider, also dressed in a formal wedding suit, sits in the passenger seat as a relieved and exhausted Ula sits in the back.*

*As Ula stares out at Jimmy, while he walks to the porta cabin, we stay with her.*

ULA

*I'm so happy he came to find me.  
Where is the party?*

*The relieved expression on Ula's face slowly changes to confusion, and then fear, as two men come from behind one of the containers and walk towards the car.*

*Ula looks up at Spider in the rearview mirror and the utter indifference in his eyes sends a shiver down her spine but she tries to remain calm.*

ULA (CONT'D)

*Get Jimmy.*

*Spider just continues calmly staring at her and, as the men draw closer to the car, she reaches for the door, but when the central locking suddenly clicks in, Ula looks back up at Spider, and sees his hand on the central locking switch.*

*As the two men step either side of the car doors, Spider clicks the central locking off and, as the locks pop up, the passenger doors open and the two men pull Ula out.*

*Ula screams out, but the scream stops half way in her throat as she sees Jimmy in front of the car, calmly ignoring her as he opens the driver's door.*

*Ula becomes like a child as she suddenly stops struggling.*

ULA (CONT'D)

*Jimmy?*

*Jimmy turns and calmly looks at her.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*JIMMY*  
*He came for you.*

*Ula instantly realizes who Jimmy is talking about.*

*Jimmy gets into the drivers' seat as the two men lead Ula away.*

*ULA*  
*Jimmy?*

*Jimmy's phone rings, and when he sees Angie's name, he quickly answers.*

*JIMMY*  
*Where are you?*

*ANGIE (VOICE ON THE PHONE)*  
*Jimmy...*

*Jimmy starts the car and quickly puts it into gear.*

*JIMMY*  
*Angie...did he...?*

*ANGIE (VOICE ON THE PHONE)*  
*Jimmy...we're at Robbie's...he killed Robbie.*

*As Ula watches Jimmy's car pull away at speed, she screams out.*

*ULA*  
*JIMMY!!!!*

*But it's too late, he is already gone.*

EXT. DUBLIN PORT - NIGHT

As Slice slips out of the back of the truck

- two uniformed inspectors confront him
- but Slice quickly darts between trucks
- and, as they give chase,
- Slice is almost knocked down by a large forklift truck
- but he pulls back just in time
- swerves around the forklift truck, and continues running.

EXT. PORT ROAD - NIGHT

Slice creeps along the bushes at the side of the road, avoiding cars as they pass, their floodlights brightly announcing their danger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As one car passes, Slice cowers down and watches it pass, then, as the car's lights illuminate a large green road sign, Slice reads : DUBLIN CITY CENTRE 5KM

EXT. GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN - NIGHT

Beautiful people in beautiful clothes emit laughter, money and the promise of consensual intimacy as they float through the warmly lit, fancy, Dublin streets.

An elderly man in a tuxedo with a broken voice and a big heart sings in front of a makeshift podium.

Across the street a busker belts out Bob Dylan's 'Sarah' and, as the multitude of beautiful people pass by, everyone looks like they believe there is no better place in the world.

Everyone, except one lonely figure, standing quietly in the shadows of a darkened doorway, watching, listening, absorbing. Slice.

Slice looks up at the sign for GRAFTON STREET then takes out the piece of paper with the address on it.

EXT. THE STREET WHERE ULA IS SUPPOSED TO BE, DUBLIN - NIGHT

It is later and these new streets are not lit with warmth.

The air of drunken impending violence suggests that nobody wants to be here except those intent on inflicting harm.

There is no laughter and the heavy suspicious silence is the only mode of communication as Slice stands outside the derelict premise.

He stares at the broken door and window of the derelict building then tears up the paper with the address.

MONTAGE:

- Slice at night on uglier streets
- holding Ula's Polaroid photograph
- isolated
- a lost predator
- approaching people
- being shunned
- until he approaches a group of prostitutes
- one of whom, ANNIE, responds kindly to the photograph.

EXT. SIDE LANE, DUBLIN - NIGHT

As Slice follows Annie, she looks at the photograph.

ANNIE

Yeah, I remember her, she's a nice girl.

As the laneway gets darker

- Slice checks back over his shoulder
- and sees the lighted street
- getting further away behind him.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Just off the boat, are you?

Slice doesn't answer.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Just around here.

As Slice follows her around the corner

- three track-suit clad junkies
- seem to almost glide out if the dark walls
- and stealthily follow him.

Around the corner Annie stops

- and turns to Slice.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Have you got your passport?

Slice hesitates

- instinctively looks around
- but it's too late
- the brick hits him in the side of the temple
- he slumps to the ground
- the junkies are on him
- a frenzied and fast mugging
- that leaves Slice bloodied
- his passport and everything else robbed.

Annie and the junkies stealthily move back down the lanes

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- towards the lighted street
- not a word between them.

Annie crumples up the Polaroid photograph of Ula

- throws it into a small pool of dirty water at the side of the road.

Ula's bright eyes peer out from the crumpled photograph

- in the pool of dirty water
- until a car drives by
- its wheels crushing the photograph it into the dirty water
- then another car
- and another
- until the photograph vanishes deep into the dirty water
- and Ula's eyes can be seen no more.

INT. PORN DVD STORE, DUBLIN - NIGHT

A CCTV camera records from above as Slice enters the sex shop.

There are a few private viewing booths at the back covered by another CCTV camera.

Slice stares at the TATTOOED MAN behind the counter then tentatively moves down the aisle of wall-to-wall porn DVDs

- embarrassed
- and ashamed
- by the imagery around him.

Slice suddenly stops

- quickly grabs one of the DVD covers
- and examines a picture of a woman on the front
- who bares a resemblance to Ula.

The Tattooed Man carefully watches as

- Slice scans the other DVD covers
- looks at the sign above which reads

- **EASTERN EUROPEAN SECTION**

Slice takes down another DVD cover

- checks the girls on the front and back

- then he scans the bottom of the DVD and sees a small image of a green SHAMROCK with the words PRODUCED IN IRELAND underneath.

The tattooed man becomes nervous as he watches Slice take another DVD cover, check it, and throw it on the floor.

The tattooed man tentatively approaches and picks up the DVD covers.

Slice looks directly into the CCTV camera lens, checks the back of the DVD box again, looks back up, and sees the same image of the shamrock beside the camera.

- then he suddenly stops

- listens

- and hears the faint muffled sound of video sex

- coming from behind the door of one of the private viewing booths.

Slice looks to the tattooed man and moves to a viewing booth door and listens to the muffled sound of video sex through the booth door.

Slice pushes against the door to create an almost imperceptible opening.

He tries to peer through, but it is impossible to see anything in the too thin opening.

The tattooed man watches as Slice stands back and looks down the hallway at the other video booths, each one with its own variation of subtle sex sound drifting out.

Slice moves down to one of the booths, which has a door slightly ajar.

Slice looks in through the sliver of light tries to focus through the darkness punctuated by the faded video lights.

Slice slowly opens the door and looks at the seat with the mirror in front of it and the garishly colored video monitor behind it.

From the booth next door, the muffled sound of video sex, is punctuated by a woman's scream.

Slice bolts out of the booth, steps back, then rams his shoulder against the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the door crashes in on top of the masturbating man inside, the Tattooed Man quickly takes out his mobile phone and dials.

Slice looks around the booth

- and sees the embarrassed and frightened man is alone inside
- then he hears another muffled woman's scream
- and he breaks in the door of the adjoining booth.

But, again, all Slice finds is a fearful masturbator trying to pull up his trousers.

As Slice steps back out, a couple of the booth doors open and curious and fearful men tentatively look out.

Slice hears another muffled scream

- pounds his shoulder against the final locked door
- but as the man inside cowers down
- Slice looks at the screen and sees the woman he thought was screaming
- in just the throes of a fake orgasm.

Slice rushes at the DVD shelves and grabs a handful of DVDs

- frantically checking each cover
- back and front, then discarding them
- working himself into a frenzy
- but he suddenly stops when he looks up and sees

THE SERB

- 35 years old
- dangerous
- psychotic
- standing in the entrance way
- surrounded by a few of his tough looking compatriots.

THE SERB

Big bad man has balls?

SLICE

I want my sister.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE SERB

Destroy my store then make demands?

SLICE

Ula Borkowska. Where is she?

INT. ROBBIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

ROBBIE, 30, skinny and sly, dresses well and likes to look good

- but right now his trousers and underwear are around his ankles

- and blood pumps through the veins

- as he touches Ula's mouth

- while she lies unconscious on the sofa.

ROBBIE

That's it...

Robbie presses play on his stereo

- and as his preferred rape music drones out

- he slowly begins to unbutton Ula's blouse

- while he lovingly whispers to her

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Who loves you baby...

Robbie reveals the top of Ula's bra

- then jolts as the sound of the doorbell

- rips through the sweaty silence of his head.

Robbie looks to the door

- chooses to ignores it

- then softly touches Ula's stomach

- with trembling fingers.

The shrill insistent doorbell again interrupts his reverie

- this time followed by incessant pounding on the door.

Robbie angrily moves to the front door

- but as he checks through the peephole

- he reacts in panic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*Robbie rushes back into the living room*

- *pulls his trousers back on*
- *stuffs his underwear into his pocket*
- *rapidly buttons back up Ula's blouse*
- *and struggles to shake her back into consciousness.*

*ROBBIE (CONT'D)*  
*Ula, Ula, get up.*

*The buzzer continues ringing*

- *louder and louder*
- *followed by the pounding on the door*
- *as Robbie pulls Ula up off the couch.*

*ROBBIE (CONT'D)*  
*Don't do this, Ula.*

*As Robbie shakes her*

- *Ula is slowly coming around*
- *but she is very dazed and unhelpful.*

*Robbie drags Ula into the bedroom*

- *dumps her on the bed*
- *rushes out to the hallway*
- *closes the bedroom door*
- *and as he hides behind the front door*
- *the bell rings again.*

*JIMMY (O.C.)*  
*ROBBIE!!!*

*Robbie doesn't respond*

- *he just stands in silence*
- *waiting for Jimmy to move away.*

*But when the sudden loud and distinctive ringtone*

- *erupts from Robbie's mobile in his trousers' pocket*
- *he rushes to get the phone out*
- *scrambles to stop the ringing*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

- but it's too late
- as he hears Jimmy shout.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I fucking knew you were there. Open  
the door!!!

Trying to sound casual and tired

- Robbie tosses his hair
- and calls out.

ROBBIE  
Yeah, I'm coming.

- but as he reaches for the latch
- he remembers something
- rushes back into the livingroom
- and stashes the Rohypnol
- then attempts to calmly walk to the front door
- and opens it.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
Jimmy? You alright?

Jimmy, in his best man's wedding suit, bursts in the door.

JIMMY  
What the fuck kept you?

ROBBIE  
Sorry, man, I was -

JIMMY  
And why won't you answer your phone  
you dumb prick?

ROBBIE  
I was asleep. Why are you...the  
wedding can't be over?

JIMMY  
If I ring your door you answer, you  
hear me?

ROBBIE  
Sorry.

JIMMY  
I need you to find Ula.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROBBIE

*Ula? Why?*

JIMMY

*Her brother...Who gives a fuck why?  
Find her and bring her to me.*

ROBBIE

*How am I supposed to - ?*

JIMMY

*Just fucking do it.*

*As Jimmy makes to exit*

- he sees something in his peripheral vision*
- then stops*
- and slowly turns around.*

*Robbie looks at him quizzically and as Jimmy looks over Robbie's shoulder*

- Robbie turns around*
- and feels ill*
- as he sees Ula*
- standing in the bedroom doorway*
- her blouse buttoned up the wrong way*
- a confounded expression on her face.*

*Ula adjusts her eyes then smiles lovingly at Jimmy.*

ULA

*Jimmy...*

*Jimmy looks at Robbie*

- as the blood drains from Robbie's face.*

JIMMY

*What's going on?*

*Robbie doesn't answer.*

JIMMY (CONT'D)

*Robbie?*

*Ula doesn't recognise the gravity of the situation*

- as she moves to Jimmy*
- lovingly wraps her arms around him*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

- and whispers

ULA

I knew you'd come back to me.

Robbie is transfixed by fear

- as Jimmy just continues to stare at him  
 - then Jimmy gently pushes Ula to the side  
 - looks into her Rohypnol deadened eyes  
 - then looks back at Robbie.

JIMMY

What did you do?

Robbie opens his mouth to answer

- but words are difficult.

Jimmy looks at the buttons on Ula's blouse

- then looks down at Robbie's pocket  
 - and sees the tiniest hint of male underwear material.

In total control, Jimmy slowly moves to Robbie

- stands close to him  
 - and without taking his eyes off Robbie  
 - Jimmy slides the male underwear out of Robbie's pocket.

As Robbie tries not to panic, Jimmy puts his fingers into Robbie's belt buckle and pulls back the top of Robbie's trousers to verify Robbie is not wearing underwear.

Jimmy turns to Ula and holds up Robbie's underwear.

Ula is confused

- then she nods no. No way.

Robbie glances at his cowboy boots in the corner.

Jimmy stands close to Ula

- then turns to look at Robbie.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

We were friends.

Jimmy violently smashes Robbie in the face.

- Robbie slumps to the floor

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

- Jimmy drops down hard onto Robbie's chest
- grabs him by the throat
- looks around for a weapon
- sees the clothes iron
- grabs it
- and pummels the iron
- into Robbie's face.

Jimmy stops when he sees that Robbie is already close to unconsciousness.

Jimmy looks to Ula

- back to Robbie
- and watches as Robbie reaches out for the knife in his boot
- Jimmy glances at Ula one final time
- and, saliva dripping from his mouth
- Jimmy finishes Robbie off
- with a flurry of pounding savagery.

Ula quietly sobs as Jimmy, panting, wipes the blood off his face.

As Ula stares at him, Jimmy

- without taking his eyes off Ula
- gets off Robbie.

Ula stands in the doorway

- looking straight back at Jimmy
- reaches out to him
- but he just stands and stares back at her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It's okay.

Ula looks at him

- hope in her eyes
- as Jimmy becomes almost tender.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

*JIMMY (CONT'D)*  
*It's going to be okay.*

*Jimmy drops the blood-covered iron*  
*- and extends his hand out to Ula.*

*JIMMY (CONT'D)*  
*Everything is going to be okay.*

*Ula hesitates*  
*- then slowly moves towards Jimmy*  
*- and as she reaches for his hand*  
*- there is a real and substantial love between them.*  
*And as Ula draws closer to Jimmy*  
*- he punches her in the face*  
*And Ula collapses*  
*- unconscious*  
*Jimmy stands above her*  
*- genuine regret in his eyes*

*JIMMY (CONT'D)*  
*Look what you made me do.*

EXT. SERBIAN QUARTER - DAY

Having brought Slice to another location  
 - the Serb toasts a vodka with Slice  
 - but Slice doesn't drink the vodka.

THE SERB  
 To a loving brother.

SLICE  
 I want her back.

THE SERB  
 She came here of her own free will.

SLICE  
 You bought her.

THE SERB  
 You're a bit crazy like your  
 sister.

Slice doesn't respond

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- he just looks around the room
- and considers the odds
- as the Serb smiles

THE SERB (CONT'D)

She's a bit of a pig, your sister,  
isn't she?

Slice doesn't respond.

THE SERB (CONT'D)

We don't own her anymore.

SLICE

Where is she?

THE SERB

We also don't own Dublin. Yet. So we lie in bed with Irish. Eddie Toner and his son Jimmy. We smile as he fucks us because one day we will own the fuck-bed. Jimmy Toner doesn't just like to fuck us, he also likes to fuck your lovely sister.

SLICE

Where do I find him?

THE SERB

The Irish will not be as generous as us. You can't just walk in there. You will be no use to your sister dead.

The Serb writes an address.

THE SERB (CONT'D)

You like good music and Ukrainian pussy?

Slice remains silent as The Serb hands him the address.

THE SERB (CONT'D)

Ask for Robbie Murphy. He is your key into the Irish. Don't worry, this address is real.

SLICE

Why should I trust you?

THE SERB

Maybe you'll kill the men who hurt your sister and bring us closer to owning the fuck-bed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE SERB (CONT'D)

Or maybe you'll just get killed.  
What do I care?

EXT. LANEWAY AT THE SIDE OF STRIP CLUB - DAY

A painfully skinny and unwashed junkie prostitute

- discreetly masturbates her slumped shouldered client
- and as the client nears silent climax
- Slice passes.

The junkie prostitute stares at Slice and he stops.

Slice finds eye contact difficult as the prostitute goes about her masturbatory routine

- and as she coldly stares at Slice
- and her client climaxes
- there is nothing
- not a sound
- not a change in mood
- absolutely nothing passes between them.

Slice slowly walks away as the prostitute watches him then he stands outside the door of the strip club.

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

The music is almost as ugly as the place, a seedy near-empty shithole, devoid of humanity and beauty.

An overweight BARWOMAN, with a swollen eye badly covered by makeup, puts a glass of piss-colored beer in front of a lonely client.

As she moves away, Robbie, sitting in the corner, calls to her.

ROBBIE

Get the man a beer mat for Christ's sake.

Daylight spills in as the door opens, and the few people in the place, including Robbie, look up at Slice.

Slice looks around then moves to the bar.

SLICE

I was told to ask for Robbie Murphy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARWOMAN  
Never heard of him.

Slice looks around again, then sees one of the customers entering the men's bathroom with a woman.

Just before the door swings closed behind them, the woman glances at Slice.

BARWOMAN (CONT'D)  
What are you drinking?

Slice glances at the bathroom door again, drawn to it.

SLICE  
Do you know Ula Borkowska?

BARWOMAN  
I know nobody. Order a drink or fuck off.

Rather than take offense, Slice is sympathetic towards the Barwoman.

SLICE  
Why are you here?

BARWOMAN  
Listen, fuckstick, I'm only going to say this once more...

Slice quickly moves down the bar towards the male bathroom and

- as he pushes the door open
- and moves inside
- Robbie quickly slips his hand inside one of his long leather boots
- slides out a flick knife
- nods to the Barwoman
- then moves with speed after Slice.

INT. BATHROOM, STRIP CLUB - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Female hands with chipped nail polish grip the top of the one of the closed cubicle doors.

There is rhythmic gyrating that causes the fingers to move but while the man is grunting during this sex, the woman is quiet.

Slice tentatively opens the remaining cubicle doors and checks inside but they are empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Slice washes his hands but watches the reflected female fingers in the bathroom mirror.

The main door opens and Robbie enters.

Robbie unzips and ignores Slice.

As Slice makes to leave Robbie checks the knife is secure under his sleeve.

ROBBIE  
Who are you looking for?

SLICE  
Robbie Murphy?

Robbie shakes his head and moves to the sink

- to wash his hands

- allowing water to splash on the tip of the knife.

SLICE (CONT'D)  
Do you know him?

ROBBIE  
You're a cop, are you?

Slice shakes his head. No.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
You're a pig alright, one of them  
new foreign piggies, I can smell  
pork from a hundred yards.

Slice is distracted by the increasing ferocity of male panting behind the cubicle door.

Robbie bangs at the cubicle door.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
Will you two use the back room like  
everyone else for fuck's sake!!!

The panting abruptly stops as Robbie looks to Slice.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
Animals. We're surrounded by  
animals.

The door opens as the woman and her client come out.

WOMAN  
Sorry, Robbie...

The woman and her client leave as Slice moves towards Robbie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SLICE  
You are him.

ROBBIE  
And who are you?

SLICE  
Where is the Irish Jimmy Toner?

ROBBIE  
I know a Scottish Johnny Walker.  
That any good to you?

Slice doesn't understand.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
Bit of Irish humour there. Problem  
with the cross cultural  
translation, methinks.

SLICE  
Where is he?

Robbie dexterously pulls out the knife

ROBBIE  
You really want to show how tough  
you are, foreign fuck?

Slice stares at the knife.

SLICE  
Ula Borkowska.

ROBBIE  
What about her?

SLICE  
She is my sister.

Robbie is genuinely surprised.

ROBBIE  
Fuck off.

SLICE  
I am her brother.

Robbie stares at Slice, fully absorbing this, an idea forming  
in his head, then he breaks into a broad smile.

ROBBIE  
Why didn't you say so, you dumb  
shit?

Robbie dexterously slips the knife back into his boot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Any brother of Ula's is a brother of mine. You missed her birthday, so sit and have a drink with me.

SLICE

Where is she?

ROBBIE

She's with Jimmy Toner. A piece of shit she needs to be separated from as soon as possible.

SLICE

Take me to him?

ROBBIE

Tomorrow.

SLICE

Now.

ROBBIE

Slow down John Wayne, you don't cavalry charge Jimmy Toner.

SLICE

I need to go to her now.

ROBBIE

What you need to do is chill the fuck out and drink with me.

SLICE

Tell me where he is.

ROBBIE

Tomorrow is the biggest knacker wedding of the year. Jimmy Toner's sister. And guess who's going to be there? The one and only Jimmy. I'm not worthy enough to get an invitation but I can get you in. Not today. Tomorrow.

Slice considers this.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

And, who knows, maybe Ula might be there.

*EXT/INT. ROBBIE'S FLAT - NIGHT*

*Ula stands outside Robbie's flat door*

*- hesitates*

*- then rings his door bell.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*As she waits she shivers with the cold*

- *then Robbie*
- *in shirt and trousers*
- *with no socks, opens the door*
- *smiles, and stands back.*

*As Ula enters, we follow her into Robbie's flat.*

*As Robbie pours drinks*

- *Ula looks around the room*
- *she catches her reflection in the full length mirror*
- *and pauses as she reacts to the new hardness of her reflection.*
- *In the background, she is unaware that Robbie is*
- *dropping a small amount of a clear liquid substance*
- *into her glass.*

ROBBIE

*I'm glad you came.*

ULA

*Is Jimmy very angry with me?*

*Ignoring her question Robbie gives Ula the drink*

- *takes her coat*
  - *and, as she sits on the couch*
  - *Robbie hangs up her coat in the hallway*
  - *but he is busy watching her sip her spiked drink.*
- Robbie's distinctive mobile phone ringtone goes off*
- *but when he checks it*
  - *he sees the name 'JIMMY'*
  - *and slips the phone back in his pocket*
  - *letting it continue ringing as he moves to the couch.*

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

*One of you is worse than the other.  
Two hot heads.*

*He slumps beside Ula as the phone continues ringing.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ULA

*You can answer that.*

ROBBIE

*It's just a bitch I used to know.  
Not classy, like you.*

*Robbie raises the glass in a toast.*

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

*Here's to you.*

*They clink glasses then Ula holds her hand out straight and watches it shake.*

ULA

*See that?*

ROBBIE

*What?*

ULA

*Shaking.*

ROBBIE

*I can get rid of that for you.*

*He makes to pour more vodka into her glass.*

ULA

*No.*

ROBBIE

*Suit yourself, I'm having more.*

*Ula watches as Robbie pours himself another drink and she suddenly feels disoriented.*

ULA

*I feel...*

ROBBIE

*Don't worry, it's just the drink.*

ULA

*What is it?*

ROBBIE

*Ever hear of Rohypnol? Irish vodka.*

*Robbie watches as Ula struggles to stay awake.*

ULA

*Rohypnol?*

ROBBIE

*You want some water?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

*As Robbie moves into the kitchen*

- *we follow him*
- *as he takes a glass from the cabinet*
- *turns on the tap and pours water into the glass*
- *deliberately taking his time.*

*He takes a beer from the fridge*

- *opens it*
- *takes a slug*
- *waits a moment*
- *then calmly calls out.*

*ROBBIE (CONT'D)*  
*You okay, beautiful?*

*He waits for a response*

- *Nothing*
- *takes a long slow drink*
- *puts down his empty bottle*
- *and as we follow him back into the living room*
- *he lovingly whispers:*

*ROBBIE (CONT'D)*  
*Ula?*

*Robbie enters the living room and stops, his form obscuring Ula*

- *He puts down the glass*
- *and gently unzips his trousers*
- *steps out of his trousers*
- *and underwear*
- *and through his legs*
- *we catch a glimpse of Ula's unconscious body.*

INT. STRIP CLUB TOILET - NIGHT

*As Slice watches, Robbie takes out a bag of blue coloured powder.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBBIE  
Take some of this.

Slice shakes his head, no.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
How do I know you are who you say  
you are? How do I know Ula is your  
sister? How do I know you're not  
the pig I said you were? Why should  
I trust you?

Robbie sniffs from the bag

- and as the powder rushes up his nose
- he becomes gloriously adrenalized
- then pushes the bag under Slice's nose

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
You want my help? Prove you're no  
pig.

Slice hesitates

- then sniffs the blue powder in
- deep
- and drug explosions go off
- in his already unbalanced brain.

*INT. STRIPCLUB - NIGHT*

*It's night time and the strip club is much more lively*

- and somehow less seedy
- as Ula looks amazing
- dancing on the stage
- a dark magnetism within her
- that has all eyes on her.

*She laughs with her punters*

- but close in we see that she is alert
- playing them
- charming their alcohol eyes.

*One of the punters points to the back room but Ula  
confidently shakes her head, no.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*Jimmy enters with Robbie, Spider, and some other friends.*

*Ula spots Jimmy, and*

*- much to the disappointment of her admirers*

*- she steps off her stage and approaches him.*

ULA

*Jimmy, how are you?*

*Jimmy is noticeably thrown.*

JIMMY

*You're working here?*

*Ula smiles, makes a gesture of 'isn't it obvious' then takes his arm a little desperately and pulls him away from his friends.*

ULA

*You know I would never go into the back rooms.*

*Robbie watches them.*

ULA (CONT'D)

*Jimmy, every night I say sorry to you.*

JIMMY

*I don't want any grief here.*

ULA

*Jimmy, it's me...*

JIMMY

*Not anymore. How many times did I tell you to keep away from that shit?*

*Ula stares over at Robbie, and they connect*

*- her eyes plead with Robbie*

*- then she looks back to Jimmy*

*- but he is already turning away.*

JIMMY (CONT'D)

*You think I'd have a junkie whore for my woman?*

*As Jimmy walks back towards his friends*

*- Ula is devastated.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ULA

*Jimmy?*

*Ula watches as Jimmy points her out*

- *to the Barwoman*
- *and the Barwoman reassures Jimmy*
- *then approaches Ula*

BARWOMAN

*You're not welcome here anymore.*

*Ula is almost paralyzed by humiliation*

- *as she watches Jimmy*
- *rejoin his laughing friends*
- *and something snaps in her as she*
- *bolts over*
- *pounces on Jimmy*
- *punching and scratching him.*

*Bouncers descend on them*

- *grabbing Ula*
- *dragging her off Jimmy*
- *screaming and crying.*

*Jimmy laughs and goes back to the table*

- *as if nothing happened*
- *and we follow Robbie*
- *as he slips outside after Ula.*

*EXT. SIDE LANE TO STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT*

*Robbie catches up with Ula in the side alley.*

ROBBIE

*Ula, hang on...wait.*

*Ula stops and turns, a mixture of rage and embarrassment etched on her face.*

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

*You okay?*

*He goes to touch her, but she recoils.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ULA

*What do you want?*

ROBBIE

*Just to help.*

ULA

*I have no job and he hates me. What do I do?*

ROBBIE

*The way he treats you...*

ULA

*Robbie, you know me, I'm no whore.*

ROBBIE

*You're a princess is what you are. And don't you worry about a job. I'll take care of it. I know the right people. Good people. A new start. Trust me.*

*They walk out of the alley.*

ULA

*Robbie...*

*Ula stops and looks into Robbie's eyes.*

ULA (CONT'D)

*Thank you.*

ROBBIE

*You know, you're something special.*

*Robbie slides his arm around her.*

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

*I've never met someone like you.*

*Robbie embraces her in a hug*

*- and she hugs him back*

*- but when he slides his face along hers*

*- and tries to find her mouth with his*

*- she recoils.*

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

*Ula, it's okay.*

*He leans in to kiss her again*

*- but Ula gently*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

- *pushes*
- *him back*

ULA  
Don't.

ROBBIE  
My mistake, sorry.

ULA  
You are my friend, Robbie.

ROBBIE  
I understand. You're right. And I  
am your friend. It won't happen  
again.

ULA  
It's not you.

ROBBIE  
No problem. My mistake. Genuinely.  
Come to my place around eleven  
tomorrow night, I'll have a new job  
arranged for you, okay?

ULA  
Thank you.

*As Ula walks off down the alley*

- *a lonely figure*
- *dissolving into the rain*
- *Robbie watches her*

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

Slice struggles to focus

- as the drug kicks in
- hard
- bad

A FAT SHY EXECUTIVE is getting a lap dance across from him.

As the dancer turns her back to the Fat Shy Executive and continues her dance she stares at Slice.

Her eyes are cold

- but that's not what Slice sees
- he is amazed by her eyes

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- her movements
- her beauty.

And, as the girl smiles, she transforms into Ula

- and she looks
- so young
- so beautiful
- so in love with life.

Slice smiles back at her

- and reaches forward
- to touch her hand
- from across the room

But his hand is taken by somebody else

- and as Slice snaps out of his reverie
- and sees the dancer is not Ula
- he looks up to see Robbie
- with two professional girls
- LILYA and TATIANA

MONTAGE:

- Champagne toasting
- Laughing
- Falling over
- Lilya saying, 'No kissing'
- Robbie pouring more drinks

Lilya stares over at Fat Shy Executive as he dances with his girl, ANGEL.

ROBBIE  
Hey? What's wrong, baby?

LILYA  
He is a pig.

ROBBIE  
He's alright.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LILYA

No. He's an animal. He hurt me.

ROBBIE

Did he now? Come on, I can't wait anymore.

As they make their way to a side room

- Robbie deftly takes out a vial of the puss-coloured drug
- and slips some of it into the executive's drink.

As Lilya reacts

- Robbie winks at her
- and slaps her rear.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Barcelona Barracuda. For animals.

As Robbie guides Lilya into the room

- he deliberately leaves the door slightly ajar
- glances out at Slice
- and calls out to him:

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Who loves you baby?

As Slice stares back at Robbie, the drugs infecting his senses

- Robbie glances at Fat Shy Executive
- then smiles back at Slice
- and begins to slowly unbuckle his trousers.

*INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT*

*The club is full to capacity, as Jimmy moves to the bar and gestures for a round of drinks, and, as the barman nods and goes to prepare the drinks*

- *Jimmy scans the club*
- *looking at the women pole dancing*
- *and their protective admirers.*

*In the corner, Robbie nervously looks towards the ladies toilets then glances at Jimmy at the bar.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*Jimmy brings three drinks back to the table and sits beside Robbie.*

JIMMY  
*Where's Ula?*

ROBBIE  
*Toilet.*

JIMMY  
*That was ten minutes ago.*

*Jimmy picks up his drink*

*- and as he heads up the stairs towards the toilet*

*- Robbie watches*

*INT. STRIP CLUB LADIES TOILETS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS*

*There is a small queue*

*- but Jimmy goes straight through*

*- and looks under one of the cubicles*

*- to see a pair of panties and high heels.*

JIMMY  
*Ula?*

GIRL INSIDE  
*Piss off, pervert.*

*Jimmy laughs and goes to the next cubicle.*

*Looking underneath he sees two pairs of shoes wrapped around each other in a sexual embrace and he whistles.*

*He peers under the third cubicle and sees a woman on her knees with her heels pointing upwards.*

JIMMY  
*Ula?*

*The female shoes jolt with shock*

*- and Jimmy hears Ula's startled voice*

*- as she tries to sound happy.*

ULA  
*Is that you, Jimmy? I'll be out in one second.*

JIMMY  
*Open the door.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*A woman coming out of a cubicle calls to Jimmy.*

WOMAN

*This is the ladies.*

*Jimmy throws the contents of his glass at the woman and it splashes off the wall.*

JIMMY

*You got something to say to me,  
skank?*

*Frightened, the woman quickly exits*

*- as Jimmy moves back to the cubicle*

*- and pounds his fist against the door.*

*Ula calls out from behind the door.*

ULA

*Stop, Jimmy.*

JIMMY

*Open the door and it'll be over.*

*Ula opens the door a little and Jimmy looks at her cocaine-reddened nose.*

ULA

*I was just...*

*Jimmy reaches in*

*- and viciously grabs her by the face*

*- but she pushes back against the door*

*- as he grapples to get a proper grip of her.*

*- Behind them*

*- the girl who Jimmy threw the glass at*

*- has returned with her angry burly BOYFRIEND who rushes at Jimmy.*

BOYFRIEND

*You throw a drink at her?*

*Jimmy turns around*

*- but, upon seeing Jimmy's face*

*- the Boyfriend instantly pulls back.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOYFRIEND (CONT'D)

*Jimmy? Sorry, I didn't know it was you.*

*Jimmy pulls his hand back out of the cubicle*

- *and with his other hand*
- *he smashes the glass*
- *into the boyfriend's face.*

JIMMY

*Now you do.*

*The blinded boyfriend covers his face*

- *and crumples to the floor*
- *as his girlfriend screams*
- *and Jimmy pounds on the door with his fist*
- *then his shoulder*
- *forcing his way into the cubicle*
- *grabbing Ula by the hair*
- *and looking at the white residue*
- *on her nostrils.*

ULA

*I love you.*

*Fuelled by adrenaline*

- *and heartbreak*
- *Jimmy kisses Ula*

JIMMY

*Never trust a junkie.*

*Jimmy lets Ula go and, as he calmly strolls away*

- *Ula watches him*
- *and she knows it's over.*

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

*Drugs raging through his system, Slice sits uncomfortably as he watches through the slightly open door across from him, where*

- *Robbie is having vigorous sex with Lylia*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- sweating and pumping his way through every gyration  
- but, as Slice looks to Lylia  
- there is nothing but indifference on her face  
Tatiana steps in front of Slice.

TATIANA  
You don't like me?

Slice doesn't answer  
- he just stares at her  
- a deep sadness in his eyes.

Tatiana hesitates  
- then raises the front of her skirt  
- to show him her underwear.  
Slice looks at her and speaks softly.

SLICE  
Please...don't.

Tatiana is confused.

TATIANA  
You have to pay me still. I keep  
the money.

Slice nods in agreement and Tatiana becomes awkward then sits  
down  
- beside Slice  
- on the couch  
- in silence.

SLICE  
Do you know Ula?

Tatiana shakes her head and shrugs.  
Slice looks out and sees the Fat Shy Executive  
- veins pumping in his head  
- as the tie chokes the folds of fat around his neck  
- Shy Fat Executive knocks back the remainder of his drink in  
one  
- gestures for another

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

- slides his arm around Angel
- and smiles
- his teeth so unclean you can almost smell his breath.

In silence, Slice and Tatiana listen to Robbie and Lylia having sex.

Tatiana hesitates

- tenderly touches Slice's shoulder
- then gently draws Slice towards her
- and holds him
- a non-sexual embrace
- two lost people
- needing no language.

Fat Shy Executive puts his hand on Angel's thigh

- and she tries to force a smile.

He slides his hand a little higher

- towards her upper thigh.

She drinks from her fruit punch

- smiles back at him but then winces a little
- when his hand tightens on her thigh.

Angel smiles and reaches down to remove his hand

- but he just stares at her
- a new ugliness in his eyes
- and he tightens his grip on her thigh.

Robbie is taking Lilya from behind

- and he slaps her rear hard
- too hard
- Lylia turns around and snaps at him

LILYA  
You are not allowed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROBBIE

What are we here, husband and wife?  
I'm paying for this, so shut the  
fuck up.

Fat Shy Executive's fingers dig deeper into Angel's thigh.

Angel looks to him

- and tries to be gentle.

ANGEL

You're hurting me.

Robbie climaxes loudly

- then looks out at Slice.

ROBBIE

Finished already?

As Robbie pulls on his trousers

- Fat Shy Executive tries to kiss Angel

- as she attempts to pull his hand off her

- but he digs his fingers deeper into her flesh

- and she emits a silent scream as blood spurts from her  
clawed thighs

Slice bolts upright

- to see Shy Fat Executive

- claw at Angel's body

Slice rushes to Angel's aid

- but Shy Fat Executive hits him

- with such animal force

- Slice momentarily collapses to the floor.

Robbie appears and Slice watches as Robbie

- pulls his knife out of his cowboy boot

- slides it up under the Fat Shy Executive's rib cage

- and twists

There is a delayed reaction from Shy Fat Executive

- as he goes down on his knees

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

- wondering why his body won't work.

Robbie pulls the knife out

- and Shy Fat Executive

- struggling to breathe

- drops to the floor

Angel slumps onto his chest

- sobbing

- as she beats him with her bare hands

- but it's too late to inflict pain

- Shy Fat Executive is already dead.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Get him the fuck out of here.

EXT. DUBLIN AIRPORT - DAY (HOMEMADE VIDEO)

*(These next sequences are shot on a homemade video with camera privileges being variously shared by Jimmy, Robbie and Ula.)*

*An Irish Aer Lingus plane takes off in the background, roaring into a sky full of promise as Robbie films Ula taking light baggage out of the car.*

*Jimmy approaches Ula and kisses her.*

JIMMY

*You're going to do great.*

*Ula shyly looks to the camera*

- and Robbie

- slowly zooms in close

*But Jimmy interrupts.*

JIMMY (CONT'D)

*Hey, Martin Scorsese, you want to get the fucking bags?*

*The camera clicks off.*

EXT. BARCELONA - DAY (HOMEMADE VIDEO)

*It's blisteringly hot as Robbie waits a distance away from*

- a Ford Focus hire car

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- in the car park of
  - an abandoned holiday camp by the sea.
- Ula walks along the edge
- of an empty swimming pool
  - as Robbie films her from a distance.

Another Ford Focus appears in the distance, same model, same colour, same everything.

JIMMY

Make sure you get a close up on their faces. If the Serb fucks us we know who we're looking for.

ROBBIE

What if your father sees the tape?

JIMMY

Shut your hole, and film.

The other Ford Focus pulls into the empty car park

- swings around and stops
- beside Jimmy.

Two Spanish men get out

- one brandishing a gun
- nod to Jimmy and Robbie
- then calmly get into Jimmy and Robbie's car
- and drive off.

Jimmy calls to Ula.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

That was too easy.

Jimmy opens the trunk of the swapped car

- looks inside
- and smiles broadly.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

That really was too easy.

Jimmy calls to Ula.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
*Hey, Birthday Girl, we're out of  
 here.*

*Robbie points the camera at Ula standing at the empty pool,  
 and, as she turns, she skips back with a gorgeous smile.*

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
*Are we going to rip this town up or  
 what?*

*Jimmy lets out a howl of anticipation making Ula laugh as  
 Robbie points the camera at the distant Ford Focus driving  
 away into the desert.*

MONTAGE :

*Insane celebrations, shot by all three of them on the video  
 camera brings the Homemade Video sequence to an end.*

INT. ROBBIE'S FLAT - DAY

Slice stands in his underwear putting on a white shirt as  
 Robbie irons a pair of black trousers.

ROBBIE  
 Does it fit?

Slice looks at himself in the full-length mirror and nods.

Robbie unplugs the iron and lays the black suit trousers out  
 on the ironing board.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
 Look at me, I'm your bitch. Next  
 you'll be asking me to blow you.  
 Try the jacket.

As Slice puts on the jacket, Robbie watches him.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
 You're a good brother, you know  
 that?

SLICE  
 Not good enough.

ROBBIE  
 Ula is lucky to have you.

SLICE  
 Why are you doing this?

ROBBIE  
 What?

SLICE  
 Helping. Being kind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBBIE

If it was my sister I'd hope you'd  
do the same.

Slice hesitates, moved by this answer, then he takes the  
trousers and slips them on.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

My old tux don't look too bad on  
you. Now for the final touch.

Robbie ties a tie around Slice's neck

- and though it may be uncomfortably close for Slice

- Robbie seems oblivious to the forced intimacy

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Let me look at you.

Robbie brings Slice in front of the full-length mirror

- and as he smiles at their reflection

- he jokes

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Your car is ready, Mister Bond.

Slice stares at his reflection and becomes almost shy as he  
whispers.

SLICE

Thank you.

ROBBIE

For what?

SLICE

For everything.

Robbie affectionately pats Slice on the back then slips an  
envelope into Slice's pocket.

ROBBIE

Remember, you never met me; you  
don't know me.

As Robbie moves away Slice opens the envelope and takes out  
the wedding invitation.

INT. HOTEL, ANGIE TONER'S WEDDING - NIGHT

The bride ANGIE - a slight, warm young woman, apparently  
unspoiled by criminality, and her groom, Spider, sit at the  
top table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eddie Toner is talking to Jimmy as he stares across at the Serb talking with a beautiful woman.

EDDIE TONER

Was it necessary to invite him?

Eddie Toner waves to The Serb and his beautifully innocent looking wife and new baby at the other end of the room.

JIMMY

You're the one who told me there  
are thugs and politicians, and  
politics win every time.

Angie approaches and Eddie softens.

ANGIE

My two favourite men; are you  
ready?

We follow Jimmy and Eddie as they move to the top table

- but as we pass the window
- there is an almost imperceptible movement
- as Slice discreetly watches from outside.

A surprisingly tender Jimmy takes the microphone.

JIMMY

I'm not much for poetry but when it  
comes to my sister I feel I should  
step up and do the right thing, so,  
at the risk of sounding like an  
arse bandit, I want to read a poem  
by W.H. Auden.

Jimmy adopts a deeply sincere and reverential voice as he slowly reads:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

There was a young woman from Dublin  
Whose intact hymen was troublin'  
Until along came Spider  
Who sat down beside her  
And said, sure 'fuck it I'll ride  
her.'

As everyone laughs and cheers at Jimmy's crassness, Angie hits him with mock offence but we now see it from a different perspective as

- through a small opening in one of the exit doors
- Slice watches the proceedings

EXT. HOTEL EXIT DOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Slice stands at the door

- his hand gripping the bar underneath the sticker

- that reads: **EMERGENCY EXIT**

As Jimmy continues to speak we see everything from Slice's point of view

- Slice scans the room

- looking for any women that look like his sister.

JIMMY

What can I say about my mate Spider? We shared a cell many times and when the lack of a woman got too much he was always the first with a gentle touch and an obliging mouth. The screws knew he loved to get high but that's not why they called him Swallow if you get my meaning. When he asked me to be his best man I remembered those lonesome prison nights and I suggested one last swallow for old times sake but, let me tell you ladies and gentlemen, Spider is nothing if not loyal, and he said to me, in no uncertain terms, that the only dick he'd be sucking from now on is my sister's.

Everyone laughs and cheer as Jimmy laughs at Spider and Spider laughs back

- and Slice thinks for a moment he may have glimpsed Ula

- but she is gone before he can be sure.

Slice's grip tightens on the bar

- as his frustration grows.

INT. JIMMY SWELTER'S APARTMENT - DAY

*In the large sparsely furnished apartment*

*- we hold a moment on the door*

*- then the silence is broken as the door opens.*

*Jimmy stands in the doorway*

*- and gestures to Ula to come in*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- but Ula doesn't move.

ULA

No sex

Jimmy leaves her in the doorway and walks in.

JIMMY

Lady, you should be so lucky.

Jimmy makes himself at home

- kicking off his shoes

- getting a sandwich and drink from the fridge

- then he slumps on the couch

- and switches on the television with the remote control.

All the while Ula remains standing in the open doorway.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You came from Poland?

Ula nods.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I was in Prague once. Beautiful city. You near Warsaw?

ULA

East Poland. Rzezow.

JIMMY

Say that again.

ULA

What?

JIMMY

The name, where you're from.

ULA

Rzezow.

Jimmy imitates her saying it, slightly mispronouncing it.

JIMMY

Rzezow. Good name.

Jimmy gets up and goes back into the kitchen then calls out.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You hungry?

No answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Suit yourself.

Jimmy comes back out of the kitchen with another beer and hands it to her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Your English is pretty damn good.  
You understand everything I say to you?

Ula nods and accepts the beer.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Listen, the match is on now; if you want, you can come in, and leave the door open.

Jimmy slumps back down on the couch

- turns up the volume
- as the football commentary begins
- and, without looking up from the television
- he calls out to the hall:

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
And this is no romance novel, so, if you're staying, you're on the couch.

As Jimmy swigs on his beer

- Ula appears in the door of the living room
- and, in this light, Jimmy is startled by Ula's strong dark beauty.

Ula hesitates

- sits on the edge of the couch
- and Jimmy grins at her.

ULA  
You are a strange man.

We cut to outside the apartment

- looking in through the open door.

JIMMY  
I just can't abide a man beating on a girl like that.

Jimmy drains the remainder of his bottle of beer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

*JIMMY (CONT'D)*  
*Grab some beers, will you?*

*Ula hesitates*

- *looks to the door*
- *slowly moves into the kitchen*
- *tentatively takes one bottle of beer out of the fridge*
- *hesitates*
- *then takes another bottle*
- *moves back inside*
- *and closes the front door.*

INT. HOTEL, ANGIE SWELTER'S WEDDING - NIGHT

All the following events are from Slice's POV as

- Jimmy draws near to the end of his speech.

*JIMMY*  
*So stand up, you freeloading*  
*deadbeats, and raise a too*  
*expensive glass of champagne to my*  
*beautiful sister and her new*  
*husband, Angie and Spider.*

Everyone stands, raising glasses and exclaiming, 'Angie and Spider.'

Slice watches closely as Jimmy proudly puts his hand on his father's shoulder then looks back to the congregation.

*JIMMY (CONT'D)*  
*And now ladies and gentlemen, I'd*  
*ask you to remain standing for the*  
*father of the bride, and the father*  
*I love, Edward J. Toner.*

As Eddie Toner stands

- everyone breaks into spontaneous applause
- as he and Jimmy embrace
- love and pride passing between them.

Slice scans the room

- watching people's responses
- their applause

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- some in fear
- some in sycophancy
- and some in total respect.

Eddie Toner modestly gestures for them to stop and sit.

EDDIE TONER

Forgive my foul-mouthed son. I tried to teach him respect for the sublime vagaries of the English language when he was young but he looked up at me with exquisitely innocent eyes and told me to go fuck myself.

As everyone laughs, Eddie grins at Jimmy.

EDDIE TONER (CONT'D)

Seems everywhere you look in this beautiful country of ours people talk endlessly about a new world. Truth is, nothing has really changed. There's life, there's love and there's death. And all in between are just commercial breaks. When my daughter introduced me to Spider I thought about life, love and death, and decided I'd love to take his life, and leave him dead, but when I mentioned this to my daughter, she looked up at me with exquisitely innocent eyes and told me to...

EVERYONE

Go fuck yourself!

Eddie feigns hurt as everyone laughs

- everyone except Slice.

EDDIE TONER

No need to hurt my feelings. Tough crowd, huh?

As Eddie talks Slice watches Angie laugh

- and as she touches Jimmy's face
- Slice scans the entire room
- but there is still no sign of Ula.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDDIE TONER (CONT'D)

And just to finish up, on a slightly more serious note, I know we've had our differences but I'd still like to welcome our new production partners at Shamrock Films; in particular our Serbian friend, and your beautiful wife, and new baby girl; may your daughter grow up to have a day as perfect as this one. Our family is your family, my friend.

The Serb graciously raises a glass in acceptance of the welcome

- and as the others follow suit
  - the Irish on the other side reluctantly do the same.
- Jimmy sees the tension
- and nods to the conductor
  - who turns to the small orchestra
  - and they begin the first bars of the Rolling Stones song, 'Angie.'

EDDIE TONER (CONT'D)

Do I feel a tune coming on?

Angie laughs in delight as she realises her father is about to sing to her.

EDDIE TONER (CONT'D)

Jagger might not have known it at the time, Angie, but this song was written for you.

As Eddie sings 'Angie' to his daughter

- Slice watches closely as
- Angie breaks into profoundly moved tears.

*EXT. PORTA CABIN, CONTAINER ZONE - NIGHT*

*Ula is in the back of the car as Piotr pulls to a stop.*

*ULA*

*Where are we?*

*PIOTR*

*Just be a second.*

*Piotr gets out and goes into the porta cabin.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*Ula watches as she sees him laughing and joking*

- *through the window*
- *then two men come out*
- *walk over to the car*
- *get in beside Ula*
- *one in the front and one in the back.*

*ULA (IN POLISH)*  
*What's going on?*

*The men don't react.*

*ULA (IN POLISH) (CONT'D)*  
*Please, what is happening?*

*They drive slowly*

- *to an area full of containers.*

*ULA (IN ENGLISH) (CONT'D)*  
*Can you speak English? Please?*

*As the car pulls up*

- *a man comes out*
- *opens the door*
- *gently guides Ula out of the car*
- *and leads her into a corridor*

*There are four other nervous girls there.*

*ULA (IN POLISH) (CONT'D)*  
*What is this place?*

*One of the girls whispers:*

*GIRL (IN POLISH)*  
*Don't speak.*

*A man comes out and takes a hold of Ula.*

*Ula revolts*

- *quickly working herself into a frenzy*
- *and she is dragged, kicking and screaming into a room*
- *where she is thrown to the ground.*

*Ula immediately gets up and runs at them.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

*The man whips back around*

*- and punches her straight in the face*

*- almost knocking her out*

*Semi-conscious, Ula is dragged into a makeshift office by two large men who dump her in front of The Serb.*

*The Serb stares at her as if she were something to be studied.*

*THE SERB*

*Take your clothes off.*

*Ula hesitates.*

*The Serb indicates to the men to remove Ula's clothes.*

*One of the men grabs Ula and tries to rip her top off*

*- but Ula lashes out at him*

*- scratching at his eyes*

*THE SERB (CONT'D)*

*Stop.*

*The man stops as Ula pants like an animal.*

*The Serb walks around his desk and stands in front of a defiant Ula.*

*THE SERB (CONT'D)*

*Lets see if we can't make you understand.*

*As The Serb walks out*

*- the men grab Ula and follow him out*

*- towards the area with the lorry containers.*

*As a car arrives*

*- Ula looks back at the sweeping head lights*

*- then, as she sees a metal container door being opened*

*- she breaks free.*

*The car stops and Eddie Toner gets out and greets the Serb.*

*EDDIE TONER*

*How's the wife?*

*THE SERB*

*Four days overdue.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

*Eddie indicates Jimmy pulling up in his black Lexus.*

*EDDIE TONER*

*That cunt kept his mother waiting  
for an extra two weeks.*

*Jimmy gets out and*

*- opens the trunk for The Serb's men to put in a series of  
DVD suitcases with SHAMROCK FILMS printed on the boxes*

*Ula comes running up to him and grabs hold of Jimmy's leg*

*- like a child with her father.*

*Jimmy looks down at Ula and is nonplussed.*

*Eddie and The Serb share a mocking laugh at the bizarre  
tenderness.*

*EDDIE TONER (CONT'D)*

*Jimmy, I think you have a fan.*

*Jimmy glares over at his mocking father then looks down at  
Ula.*

*Ula looks back, deep into Jimmy's eyes, searching for his  
innate decency.*

*Almost in defiance of the two men, Jimmy picks Ula up.*

*The Serb looks to the other men and gestures towards Ula.*

*THE SERB*

*Put her in the box.*

*But Jimmy surprises everyone, including himself.*

*JIMMY*

*No.*

*Eddie Toner laughs in derision.*

*EDDIE TONER*

*Have you met my son, the  
humanitarian?*

*THE SERB*

*Take her, my friend, my gift to  
you.*

*Jimmy indicates to Ula to get in the car.*

*Ula doesn't respond, she just stands staring at Jimmy.*

*JIMMY*

*Get in before I change my mind.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

*Ula hesitates, then gets into the car, and pulls her knees up to her chin as she sits in the front seat.*

*Ula peers out as Eddie slips an envelope to The Serb.*

*EDDIE TONER*

*Angie is marrying. I'd like you and your wife to be there.*

*THE SERB*

*We'd be honored.*

*As Jimmy gets back into the car, Ula touches his shoulder.*

*JIMMY*

*What's your name?*

*ULA*

*Ula.*

*JIMMY*

*Do you do drugs?*

*Ula shakes her head, no.*

*JIMMY (CONT'D)*

*Well, Ula, I'm Jimmy; don't make me regret this.*

INT. ANGIE'S WEDDING - NIGHT

It is later in the evening and everyone is on the dance floor.

Slice watches as Jimmy whispers in his sister's ear at the top table

- a genuine love between them

- Angie laughing as

- Jimmy talks in her ear.

And as Slice watches Jimmy

- he suddenly realizes

- he has been spotted as

- the Serb observes Slice from a table at the other side of the room.

Slice reacts

- but the Serb just calmly stares back at him.

As Slice looks back towards Jimmy

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- he discovers Jimmy is no longer sitting at the wedding table
- and as he scans the dancing crowd to locate Jimmy
- he suddenly stops
- and recognition shoots through Slice
- and his grip on the emergency exit bar almost draws blood
- when he sees the woman from behind
- dancing with Jimmy
- her beautiful hair
- her grace
- her body movements
- his sister, Ula.

Pushing open the emergency bar

- the music pounds through Slice's head
- as he pushes his way through the crowd
- towards Jimmy and Ula.

As he pushes harder through the crowd to get to Ula

- people react
- angrily
- ready for violence
- but Slice doesn't care
- he just needs to get to Ula
- and when he does
- he grabs her
- spins her around
- to reveal that she is not his sister.

Jimmy looks at the confusion on Slice's face then back at the girl.

JIMMY  
Who's this cunt?

Slice stares into the girl's eyes

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

- as if staring at her
- might somehow make her become Ula.

Then Slice looks to Jimmy

- but before Slice can say or do anything
- three of Jimmy's men grab him

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Can't even have a dance without  
shit from some one. Fuck him out.

As the men guide Slice outside

- he just stares back at his sister's look-alike
- then he glances at Jimmy
- as Jimmy stares back at him.

EXT. HOTEL, EXIT - DAY

Slice is brought outside by the three men

- and the violence
- is sudden
- sneaky
- and ugly.

And as Slice is left in a crumpled mess on the ground

- the three men calmly re-enter the hotel
- and pull the exit doors firmly closed behind them.

Slice struggles

- to pull himself up off the ground
- his legs almost giving way beneath him
- but he finally succeeds in standing up again.

INT. HOTEL TOILET - NIGHT

Admiring her wedding dress in the bathroom mirror, Angie is  
on her mobile phone.

ANGIE

No, it was brilliant. The best.  
Tell everybody I love them and  
we'll see you all soon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angie puts the phone into her purse and looks at herself in the mirror, the embodiment of joy, a new bride with a life filled with love and a future filled with perfection.

She reaches into her bag, takes out lipstick

- then looks up
- to see Slice in the mirror
- standing behind her
- and Angie knows in that instant
- that her perfect future is no more.

SLICE

Please don't make me hurt you.

Angie hesitates, then attempts to scream out her brother's name

- but before her wail is complete
- Slice strikes Angie
- a single fast and clean strike
- intended only to knock her out with minimum damage.

But, as Angie slumps down

- her head slams off the side of the sink
- and though Slice tries to catch her
- he fails to stop Angie's injury.

As the music from the nightclub next door pounds through the bathroom walls

- Slice slumps down holding the unconscious and bleeding Angie
- and, as he struggles with shame
- he attempts to wipe away the blood dripping from Angie's nose
- down onto her wedding dress.

*INT. MOVING CAR, DUBLIN CITY - NIGHT*

*Ula is in the back of the car as Piotr drives through Dublin's city center.*

*The city is awash with people*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- bars and restaurants
- bustling traffic and nightclubs
- and Ula
- loving what she sees
- drinks all this in.

Piotr's cell phone rings and he answers in Russian.

PIOTR (IN RUSSIAN)  
About half an hour.

He listens then answers cryptically.

PIOTR (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)  
Yes, she looks like she could be  
good.

As he listens, then hangs up, Ula becomes slightly uncomfortable.

ULA (IN POLISH)  
You speak Russian?

PIOTR (IN POLISH)  
My mother is from Moscow.

Ula is still uncomfortable and Piotr senses it.

PIOTR (IN POLISH) (CONT'D)  
Beautiful woman my mother, I love  
her very much.

As he smiles, Ula relaxes, and smiles back.

PIOTR (IN POLISH) (CONT'D)  
Your mother was Polish? You must  
miss her.

Ula nods in appreciation and there is a tender moment of sympathy between them.

PIOTR (IN ENGLISH) (CONT'D)  
Someday I will introduce you to my  
mother; she would like you.

Ula smiles and looks back out the car window

- at the unfolding Dublin streets
- and her eyes moisten
- as she thinks of her mother
- and smiles.

INT. ROBBIE'S PLACE, WINDOW - NIGHT

Inside, through the window looking out, everything appears calm.

A shadow moves through the night's light

- and the calm is broken

- as Slice tentatively appears outside the window.

Slice glances inside through the window, looking for Robbie.

Then he suddenly stops when he sees something on the floor.

Slice hesitates

- calm and cold

- then puts his fist through the glass.

INT. ROBBIE'S PLACE - NIGHT

Slice drags the unconscious Angie inside and lies her, supported, against the wall.

He carries Angie's purse as he moves into the centre of the room.

He looks down at Robbie's corpse on the floor then back at the unconscious Angie.

Slice checks around then goes from room to room, stopping at the bedroom, and staring at the wardrobe.

In the kitchen, Slice rifles through the presses, discarding items in search of something, then he stops, hesitates and takes Robbie's gaffer tape out of the press.

Slice exams Robbie's corpse, but he is interrupted by

- a soft whimpering from behind

- and he turns

- to see Angie

- consciousness regained

- weeping in shocked fear as she stares at Robbie's corpse.

Slice moves quickly, wrapping the gaffer tape around Angie's hands.

He holds Angie's foot but she pulls back leaving Slice holding her high-heel shoe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Slice looks at Angie, his fist clasped around her shoe, and when Angie stares at the sharp dangerous heel of her shoe, she relents and slowly slides her foot back toward Slice.

Slice wraps the gaffer tape around Angie's ankles.

Slice rummages through Angie's purse, takes out her mobile phone, and extends it to her.

SLICE  
Phone your brother.

ANGIE  
And say what?

SLICE  
Phone him.

Angie takes the phone, finds her brother's name, dials, and waits and Slice listens as Jimmy answers.

ANGIE  
Jimmy...

*JIMMY (O.S.)*  
*Angie...did he...?*

ANGIE  
we're at Robbie's...Jimmy, he killed  
Robbie.

Slice swiftly takes the phone off Angie

- hangs up

- and casually throws it away.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
What was that?

Slice pulls the drape off the couch, covers Robbie's body with it, then carefully drags Angie into Robbie's bedroom and props her against the bed.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
I beg you...don't.

Slice crouches down and stares at Angie, absorbing every detail, looking for something, then he stops at her veil.

Slice reaches across and slowly takes off Angie's veil.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
Please don't...I just got married. My  
husband won't touch me again.

SLICE  
I would never do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGIE

Why am I here?

SLICE

Your brother took Ula from me.

ANGIE

One of Jimmy's girls? This is all over some prostitute? I'm not like them.

Slice grabs Angie and holds her face tight, his hand clasped around her mouth.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

My sister is not like you. Not like any of you.

Slice wraps the gaffer tape around Angie's mouth

- as she struggles in vain to scream out.

EXT. ROBBIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside the darkness of the wardrobe, Angie, sobbing behind the gaffer tape, peers out through the thin opening of the wardrobe door.

Slice turns on the stereo, and Robbie's preferred rape music floats out.

Slice turns the music up. LOUD.

As Slice quickly leaves the room, Angie shifts her position as she stares out through the tiny slit in the wardrobe door and her eyes rest on her mobile phone on the floor in the other room.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ROBBIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cars pull up and, as Jimmy storms out of the front car and bolts towards Robbie's house, he is followed by the others.

INT. ROBBIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As the rape music bellows out of the stereo

- Jimmy tentatively enters

- weapon drawn

- scanning around.

He pulls back a small part of the drape

- to look at Robbie

- then calls out his sister's name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angie peers out at him through the thin opening of the wardrobe door

- and she tries to wail through the gaffer tape
- but the music drowns out the small amount of noise she manages to make.

Angie struggles to move her foot and it barely tips the door.

Jimmy points the gun at the closet door and slowly moves towards it

- but as he reaches out to open the door
- his attention is drawn to the window
- where he sees Slice standing in the middle of the street.

Jimmy moves to the window and watches as

- his men slowly advance on Slice
- but when Slice suddenly holds up Angie's wedding veil
- Jimmy screams down at them
- bolts out of the room
- leaving Angie pounding on the wardrobe door
- and struggling to scream from behind the gaffer tape.

EXT. ROBBIE'S PLACE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy storms out of Robbie's place and runs towards Slice.

JIMMY  
WHERE IS SHE!!!?

Eddie Toner shouts out at everyone as he moves to intercept Jimmy.

EDDIE  
EVERYBODY BACK THE FUCK UP NOW.

Before Jimmy can get to Slice, Eddie grabs him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
You don't fucking touch him 'til we know where she is.

But Jimmy is too enraged to listen to his father as he rails at Slice.

JIMMY  
YOU'RE A DEAD MAN WALKING. A DEAD FOREIGN CUNT WALKING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eddie Toner slaps Jimmy hard across the face, stunning him.

Everybody becomes horribly silent

- as Jimmy's face flashes red
- in embarrassed humiliation.

EDDIE

If it's a choice between you and  
her, I'll chose her. You hear me?

As the other men look on in silence

- Jimmy stares at his father
- close to hitting him back
- close to breaking his father's jaw
- close, but not close enough
- because, as Eddie Toner stares back at his son
- Jimmy's will is broken.

Eddie turns to look at Slice

- and becomes the perfect politician
- his apparent easiness a thin veneer over his seething contempt
- and as Slice remains in the centre of the circle
- like a predator in a cage
- he is ready to unleash
- and receive
- whatever horror is necessary.

EDDIE TONER

What's your name, son?

One of the gang members slowly moves towards Slice.

EDDIE

Back off. Give him room.

Everyone backs of further

- except Jimmy
- who stares in disgusted insult at Slice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDDIE TONER

Jimmy, don't have me tell you  
again, back off now.

But Jimmy doesn't move

- he just stares at the blood
- slowly tricking off Angie's wedding veil.

Slice stares back at Jimmy

- two men ready to fight to the death.

Eddie tries to placate Slice

- as he slowly moves closer towards him.

EDDIE TONER (CONT'D)

Son, look at me, not him.

But Slice continues to stare at Jimmy.

EDDIE TONER (CONT'D)

Jimmy, I swear to Christ, I'll kill  
you with my own hands. Stop looking  
at him. Look the fuck away right  
now.

But Jimmy won't look away

- his defiance a provocation to both Slice and Eddie
- and as Eddie moves ever closer to Slice
- he is on the verge of losing control of the situation.

EDDIE

This is going to be over soon, son.  
Isn't that right? This is all going  
to go away. At least give me her  
veil, yeah? Begin negotiations with  
and act of faith, what do you say?  
Come on, this is Angie's wedding  
day, and you're going to let her  
go, and, you have my word, we're  
going to let you walk away.

Slice ignores Eddie and lobs Angie's veil at Jimmy.

SLICE

Where is Ula?

JIMMY

What?

SLICE

Ula Borkowska.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jimmy suddenly looks guilty

- and Eddie looks to him

- disgusted.

EDDIE TONER

You bring your street shit to your  
sister's wedding?

Jimmy tries to speak but words fail him as Eddie looks back  
to Slice.

EDDIE TONER (CONT'D)

Nobody knows how much of a fuck up  
my son is, so believe me, whatever  
he's done, we can undo. Whatever  
you want, it's yours.

Slice continues to stare at Jimmy then calmly speaks.

SLICE

A sister for a sister.

INT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT

As Eddie Toner sits across from Slice, calmly watching him,  
Jimmy is in the front seat, beside the driver.

EDDIE TONER

So, where are you from?

Slice doesn't answer.

JIMMY

My father asked you a question,  
answer him.

EDDIE TONER

Forgive my son, he loves Angie, you  
see. Is she safe? She is safe,  
isn't she?

Slice still doesn't answer, he continues to stare at Jimmy.

EDDIE TONER (CONT'D)

Can I ask you to look at me?

Slice doesn't look at Eddie.

JIMMY

Look at him, you cunt.

But Slice continues to stare at Jimmy.

Eddie waits in silence then maneuvers his body so that his  
face blocks Slice's view of Jimmy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE TONER

Now we can talk as men.

As Eddie speaks, Slice looks closely at Eddie's mouth...

- the minute hairs around his lips
- the one or two slightly longer hairs that escaped the razor
- the tip of his tongue snake licking his lips
- the air breathing the hair follicles in and out his nose
- and Slice sees his own father in Eddie Toner's eyes.

EDDIE TONER (CONT'D)

Are you in there at all, son?  
Because this is close to getting  
very real and you need to be awake  
for it.

EXT/INT CONTAINER ZONE - NIGHT

The Serb greets Eddie and Jimmy.

THE SERB

Sorry to hear about your daughter.

EDDIE TONER

Don't pretend you give a fuck and  
why are you dragging us all the way  
out here? Why didn't you bring her  
to us?

THE SERB

This is where she is.

EDDIE TONER

Then get her, you fucking monkey.

THE SERB

You do not talk to me like that.  
Not here. No more.

EDDIE TONER

You really think this is the time  
to take a stand?

THE SERB

You heard what I said.

EDDIE TONER

Do you Eastern European monkeys  
need to be re-taught how things are  
done in this country?

THE SERB

You want her? She's in there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they open the door

- Jimmy's phone vibrates
- and he sees Angie's name on the screen.

Jimmy steps back and discreetly answers the phone.

JIMMY

Angie...?

He hear Angie's calm voice on the phone.

ANGIE (O.S.)

Jimmy, it's me. I'm safe. I'm free.  
I saw you. I was in the wardrobe.  
But I got out. Slice him, Jimmy.  
Him and his whore sister. Slice  
both of them for me.

JIMMY

It's done. Listen...

Without hanging up

- Jimmy places the phone in his top pocket
- allowing the mouthpiece to be exposed
- and, instead of advancing on Slice
- he holds back, almost politely
- as the doors are pulled open and
- Ula slowly steps out into the light.

Jimmy allows Slice to see his sister

- the moment between them profound
- then Jimmy smashes his weapon into the side of Slice's face.

EDDIE TONER

WHAT THE FUCK??

As Ula screams out

- Jimmy punches her in the face
- and she slumps to the ground.

EDDIE TONER (CONT'D)

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?

Jimmy gives the phone to Eddie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY

She's free, she's okay. Talk to her.

Eddie takes the phone.

EDDIE

Angie? Angie, beautiful...?

Jimmy stand above Slice

- and stamps his heel
- into the side of Slice's face.

*INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, RZEWOW, POLAND - DAY*

*There are no reds in the fluorescent blue light of the visitor's room.*

*Visitors talk with the inmates*

- as Ula enters
- and takes a seat in one of the series of divided visitor's sections
- separated by reinforced glass.

*As Ula waits*

- she ties back her hair
- then touches her mouth
- and, forgetting that there is lipstick on her lips, she sees a small amount on her fingertips
- then she quickly wipes the rest of the lipstick off her mouth.

*The side door on the other end of the reinforced glass opens*

- and Slice is brought in by security guards.

*Slice sits across from Ula*

- divided by the reinforced glass.

*Ula smiles shyly*

- and there is something beyond brother and sister in their intense eye contact and tender interaction. (They speak in Polish, unless otherwise stated)

ULA (IN ENGLISH)

How are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*SLICE (IN ENGLISH)*  
*Forget about me.*

*Then Slice reverts to Polish.*

*SLICE*  
*Let's talk about you.*

*ULA*  
*You always say that.*

*Slice just smiles but then Ula shifts uneasily and his smile wanes.*

*SLICE*  
*What's wrong?*

*ULA*  
*Nothing.*

*Slice moves closer.*

*ULA (IN ENGLISH)*  
*I left those books at the front desk for you.*

*Ula is quiet then makes to speak but stops.*

*Slice becomes uneasy but tries to reverse the feeling.*

*SLICE*  
*Put your hand against the glass.*

*ULA (IN ENGLISH)*  
*In English.*

*Slice smiles at her.*

*SLICE (IN ENGLISH)*  
*Put your hand against the glass.*

*Ula smiles and puts her palm and outstretched fingers against the glass.*

*Slice puts his hand against the glass and their hands would be touching if it weren't for the dividing glass.*

*Slice smiles warmly at Ula but she doesn't smile back.*

*ULA (IN ENGLISH)*  
*Don't be angry with me.*

*Slice doesn't respond, he just stares at her, waiting for her to continue.*

*ULA (CONT'D)*  
*You know I love you.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

*Slice frowns and Ula hesitates.*

ULA (CONT'D)

*I'm going to be twenty-one in three months.*

*Slice is confused.*

SLICE

*Happy birthday.*

*Ula takes out a passport and lays it on the counter.*

*Slice stares at the passport as Ula opens it then she looks at him.*

ULA

*I'm in prison too.*

SLICE

*What does that mean?*

*Ula hesitates, finding it difficult to say the words.*

ULA

*Remember Grabska, Petra's father?*

SLICE

*What's going on, Ula?*

ULA

*How can you learn if you only speak Polish?*

SLICE (IN ENGLISH)

*Tell me.*

ULA (IN ENGLISH)

*You know I love you.*

SLICE

*Why do you keep saying that?*

ULA

*Don't be angry with me.*

*Ula is silent as they stare at each other.*

SLICE

*What about Grabska?*

ULA

*Speak English, please. He can get me work. In Ireland.*

SLICE

*Grabska's a pimp, Ula.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ULA

*That's not true and you know it.  
His agency got Lana a job. She sent  
me a postcard and she said her life  
is beautiful. I will be minding  
children.*

SLICE

*Did you talk to her?*

ULA

*I just told you, she sent a  
postcard.*

SLICE

*How easy do you think it is to  
forge a postcard?*

ULA

*I love you but...*

SLICE

*Don't take those words and turn  
them into lies from the mouth of a  
prostitute.*

ULA

*What did you say?*

SLICE

*What's the date on the passport?  
When did you apply for it? Planning  
all this time?*

ULA

*What did you call me?*

SLICE

*What about us?*

ULA

*You dare to call me that?*

SLICE

*What about our plans? We are  
supposed to go together.*

ULA

*I'm dying and you don't care.*

*Ula takes her passport.*

SLICE

*You're dead already.*

*Ula stands*

*- turns*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

- moves a few paces away
- then stops
- and turns back to farewell Slice.

ULA  
I do love you.

Slice launches himself off the chair

- and smashes his fist into the reinforced glass.

SLICE (IN ENGLISH)  
Whore! Is that English enough for  
you? Fucking whore!

Ula is quickly lead away by the guards

- and as she looks back over her shoulder
- the door is closed and locked.

Slice repeatedly smashes his fists off the glass

- but they just bounce off the reinforced glass.

The blood from his fists spurting across the glass

- it slowly turns from black to red
- and as the screaming pitch of deranged violence rings out
- the blue and red bleed into :

INT. THE CONTAINER ZONE - NIGHT

The bulging bloodshot eye of an enraged pitbull dog

- stares at filthy male hands tightening the muzzle around  
its mouth

- but we are now seeing the repeat of these images from a  
different point of view.

Another pair of male hands

- wearing surgical gloves
- reaches for the dog's trembling thigh muscle
- and holds two folds of skin together as blood flows out of  
the open wound.
- semi-conscious, Slice watches
- as the surgical gloved hands

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- pulls a long piece of fish gut wire through a needle
- cuts it with a pair of scissors
- then slides the needle under one of the folds of separated skin
- and, as the pitbull dog whelps in pain
- the hands quickly stitch the wound together
- then cut the wire with the scissors
- and the other pair of filthy hands unbuckle the muzzle.

As the muzzle slides away, the pitbull struggles to free itself

- but, as the filthy hands tightly clamp down on the pitbull's mouth
- the dog can only look on as a large syringe needle
- containing the same puss coloured substance Robbie fed to the Shy Fat Executive.

Slice struggles to see through his swollen eyes

- as the surgical gloved hands pull back the pitbull's lips
- to expose his dangerous teeth
- and, as the needle is inserted in between the dog's teeth
- Slice glimpses the small pile of dead pitbull dogs thrown into the corner.

Slice looks at the crowds of baying men circling around him in the large makeshift cage

- then he sees the other pitbull across from him
- also having a large syringe inserted into its mouth.

The greasy referee as he steps in and shouts.

REFEREE (IN SERBIAN)  
No more bets!

Then he shouts it out in English.

REFEREE  
NO MORE BETS!!!

As the referee steps out of the large makeshift cage

- both dogs lock eyes

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

- and there is a moment of almost silent understanding between them
  - but when the dogs are released
  - as Slice takes one final glance
  - the dogs rush with such speed and ferocity that their skulls crunch off each other.
- And as the dogs tear into each other in the background
- Slice is dragged to one of the containers
  - and Jimmy steps out
  - still dressed in his best man's suit
  - calmly drinking a bottle of beer.

JIMMY

Look who it is? The wedding crasher.

Jimmy takes off his best man's jacket

- rolls his neck
- hands his jacket to one of the gang
- and takes out some of the puss-coloured substance.

*INT. 'THE BLUE LIGHT BAR' - DAY*

*Older men drink and play cards and one or two look up*

- as a wide-eyed and innocent Ula enters
- followed by Piotr.

*Piotr shakes the barman's hand. (Everyone speaks in Polish unless otherwise stated)*

PIOTR

*Is he in?*

*The barman stares at Ula then nods to the back office.*

*As Ula follows Piotr to the office she innocently whispers to Piotr.*

ULA

*He looked at me strange.*

PIOTR

*He's just lonely.*

*Ula looks back over her shoulder and*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- rather than perceiving the barman as a potential threat
- she simply giggles like an embarrassed girl.

Piotr knocks on the back office door and listens as Grabska calls out.

GRABSKA (O.C.)

Yea?

Piotr talks through the door.

PIOTR

It's me.

GRABSKA (O.C.)

Come in.

Ula follows Piotr as he opens the door

- and when they enter Grabska's office
- there is an air of convivial business dealings
- and nothing ugly whatsoever detracts from the polite charade.

GRABSKA (CONT'D)

Good to see you Piotr, come on in.  
And who is this lovely lady?

PIOTR

This is Ula.

GRABSKA

Ah, Ula Borkowska, I knew your mother well. Beautiful woman.

ULA

Thank you.

GRABSKA

Don't thank me too quickly, Ula, there are many girls looking for this job and I have to pick the right one.

ULA

Of course.

GRABSKA

What do you know of au pair work?

Ula looks to Piotr and he nods.

ULA

I love children.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

*Grabska laughs.*

GRABSKA

*Who doesn't, my dear? I have three myself, but why should I entrust them into your care? You see? That is the question your employers will be asking in Ireland.*

*Ula gets excited.*

ULA

*Ireland?*

GRABSKA

*You didn't know?*

ULA

*Piotr told me Europe, I didn't know you meant Ireland.*

GRABSKA

*You like our Irish friends?*

ULA

*I have never been there, but I love U2.*

GRABSKA

*Music? You like music?*

ULA

*I love to dance. I could dance forever.*

GRABSKA (IN ENGLISH)

*Your English is good?*

ULA (IN ENGLISH)

*I have been studying.*

GRABSKA (CONT'D)

*Do you learn fast?*

ULA

*I think so.*

GRABSKA

*I have many other interviews so I'll let you know in a few weeks, okay?*

*As Grabska stands, he shakes Ula's hand.*

GRABSKA (CONT'D)

*Pleasure meeting you.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ULA

*Thank you and please say hello to  
Petra for me.*

GRABSKA

*You know my daughter?*

ULA

*I went to school with Petra.*

*As Piotr and Ula make to exit*

*- Grabska watches them*

*- then goes through a mock routine of apparent spontaneity*

*- which Ula has no reason to believe is anything but sincere.*

GRABSKA

*You know what Ula? Perhaps I'm  
being foolishly impetuous here  
but...You want the job?*

ULA

*What?*

GRABSKA

*Going once...going twice...*

ULA

*Me? I mean yes, yes please.*

GRABSKA

*You promise you won't let me down?*

ULA

*I promise you Mister Grabska, I  
will work hard and be honest  
and...I can't believe this.*

*Piotr smiles at Ula and she hugs him.*

GRABSKA

*Okay, let me get a shot of you for  
our files. Take off your coat.*

*Ula takes off her coat and Piotr politely steps forward to  
take it from her.*

*Grabska holds up the camera and looks through the viewfinder.*

GRABSKA (CONT'D)

*Okay, ready? Big smile.*

*Ula can't help but smile the warmest of smiles.*

INT. CONTAINER ZONE - NIGHT

Jimmy crouches down in front of Slice

- face to face.

JIMMY

Thirsty?

SLICE

Where is she?

JIMMY

I'm presuming you had no idea who  
you were fucking with?

SLICE

Where is my sister?

JIMMY

I'll take that as a yes. But I have  
to say I didn't appreciate you  
embarrassing me in front of my  
father.

SLICE

Where is Ula?

JIMMY

Single minded fuck aren't you? You  
come to this country, we give you  
everything and this is how you  
repay us?

Jimmy puts his hand on the door handle then turns to Slice.

JIMMY

Irony is, I saved her from the box.

Jimmy pulls open the door of the large metal container.

JIMMY

You know what, 'irony' is? You put  
her back in.

Jimmy gestures, and Slice follows his eyes into the container  
to see Ula, chained and unconscious in the corner.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Presenting miss Ula Borkowska.

Slice almost breaks when he sees her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Don't worry, she's still alive.

*EXT. CEMETERY. RZEWOW - DAY*

*Rzewow's industrial plants pollute the landscape behind*

*- as Ula attends her mother's open grave.*

*Ula is separated from the other mourners*

*- staring at the hole in the ground*

*- showing no emotion.*

*Ula's extended family stand to one side of her*

*- and, as the priest ends with a short prayer*

*- Grabska watches from a distance.*

*Ula's uncles and aunts pay their respects to Ula then move away*

*- leaving her staring at her mother's grave.*

*The priest puts his hand on Ula's shoulder*

*- but she shakes his hand off with a shudder.*

*As the priest moves away*

*- Ula steps up to the grave*

*- and sees that the coffin is lying crooked in the hole.*

*INT. CONTAINER ZONE - NIGHT*

*Jimmy steps inside the container*

*- stands above Ula*

*- tilts the beer bottle*

*- and pours some of the beer onto Ula's face*

*- and as she regains consciousness*

*- her eyes open wide*

*- and she sucks in the air*

*- as if she had been drowning.*

*Slice, helpless, struggles not to break as he watches his sister slowly regain full consciousness.*

*Ula looks up and covers her eyes to block out the strong light then reacts as if she's seeing an hallucination as she tries to focus on Slice.*

*(CONTINUED)*

CONTINUED:

ULA (IN POLISH)  
I'm sorry...I didn't listen...I'm  
sorry.

Jimmy steps in to block Slice's view.

JIMMY  
No foreign lingo folks. We got our  
own language here. Here's an easy  
translation for you;  
(in Irish)  
Jimmy Toner is anim dom. Know what  
that means?  
(in Irish)  
Agus ta tu fucked.

Jimmy steps out of the container and casually smashes the  
bottle across Slice's face.

As the gash in Slice's face begins to bleed, Jimmy turns to  
the gang.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Get him ready.

As they drag Slice away, Slice shouts back at Ula.

SLICE (IN POLISH)  
I won't leave you behind, Ula, I  
promise.

Ula silently watches as Slice is dragged further and further  
away from her and

- their eyes lock in silent knowledge
- then Jimmy closes the door
- from the inside.

INT. LARGE METAL TRUCK CONTAINER - NIGHT -CONTINUOUS

Blood seeping from her mouth, Ula looks up at Jimmy

- as he holds the puss-coloured drug.

ULA  
You said you loved me.

JIMMY  
This is how we express love here.

Though she is bleeding from the mouth, Ula manages a defiant  
smile, then she spits the blood at Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Ever heard of Barcelona Barracuda?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jimmy reaches into his jacket

- takes out a syringe
- and pushes it into the bottle

Ula tries to smile through the blood as she becomes almost tender.

ULA  
Come on, Sweetie.

Jimmy hesitates

- and as the last ounce of humanity in him is awakened by Ula
- he momentarily relents
- then he dismisses it.

JIMMY  
I'm sorry.

Jimmy holds up a syringe and jams the needle into his arm, injecting the puss coloured substance.

As Ula watches in horror

- Jimmy struggles with the adrenaline
- as it soars through his body
- then he stands tall
- an indomitable force of drug induced power.

INT. CONTAINER ZONE, MAKESHIFT RING - CONTINUOUS

The Serb watches closely as

- Slice, his hands still bound behind his back
- is dragged out to the large makeshift cage by Eddie Toner.

EDDIE TONER  
How did you think this was going to  
end, you foreign fuck?

Eddie Toner looks over at the Serb.

EDDIE TONER (CONT'D)  
Hope your dogs are hungry.

Then he moves his mouth close to Slice's ear:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE TONER (CONT'D)

Just so you know, when my son's  
finished with you, I'm going to  
rape your sister.

The man with the surgical gloves

- cuts through Slice's shirt with the scissors
- and the rest of the men scream bets at one another
- as the remainder of Slice's shirt is ripped off
- and he is left bare-chested in the middle of the large makeshift cage.

All heads turn as Jimmy

- looking like a dangerously rabid animal
- is led out from the container to the large makeshift cage
- and when they see him, the betting becomes even more frenzied.

As the steam of the collective body odor fogs the air

- everyone is charged
- everyone except Slice.

Slice calmly glances at the man with the surgical gloves then stares over at the metal container holding his sister.

Jimmy stares at Slice

- his eyes ablaze with terrifying capacity
- and as the Serb sizes up both of them
- he nods his head as he realises Slice hasn't a chance.

REFEREE (IN SERBIAN)

No more bets.

Then, as the ref nervously looks at Jimmy, he shouts in English.

REFEREE (CONT'D)

NO MORE BETS!

The Referee quickly moves out of the cage

- and everyone roars in bloodletting excitement
- as Jimmy stares hard at Slice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As Eddie Toner stares at Jimmy he is calm and explicit.

EDDIE TONER

Kill him.

But, as Eddie Toner makes to exit the cage, Slice

- with stunning speed
- grabs the scissors off the man with the surgical gloves
- pushes Eddie into the cage
- pulls the gate closed
- spreads the blades open
- and just as Jimmy gets within range
- he is stopped dead
- as Slice SLAMS the blades into Jimmy's eyes
- then quickly pulls them out again.

Eddie is reduced to a silent scream as he watches his son touch his own punctured eyes

JIMMY

Dad..

Blood spews out blood from the white of the iris of Jimmy's eyes

- and everyone descends into stunned silence
- as they absorb Jimmy's delayed reaction.

Jimmy touches his eyeball

- and then, and only then, does he screams out in unbearable pain.

Jimmy throws a frenzied series of blind punches at Slice

- but it's too late
- Slice has already moved out of the way

Eddie Toner looks over at the Serb.

EDDIE TONER

OPEN THE GATE!!!

But the Serb is in hurry to move as he considers Eddie's position.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EDDIE TONER (CONT'D)  
I SAID FUCKING OPEN IT!!!

Eddie's men move to help him

- but the Serb nods
- and several guns are suddenly pulled by his own men
- rendering Eddie's men useless.

EDDIE TONER (CONT'D)  
YOU DO NOT WANT TO DO THIS!!!

The Serb reaches for the handle that releases the shutters to the feeder chutes

- and the dogs rush in
- savagely pounding their heads
- against the final protective wire mesh.

EDDIE TONER (CONT'D)  
Jimmy...help me.

But Jimmy isn't listening

- he is grappling the air around him
- trying to get his hands on Slice.

JIMMY  
SHOW YOURSELF!!!

Slice, like a calm and patient matador observing his prey

- holds the scissors blades
- and watches Jimmy's blind, impotent fury.

One unfortunate onlooker isn't fast enough to get out of Jimmy's way

- and when Jimmy grabs him
- he bites the onlooker's nose off.

As the onlooker screams out in horrific pain

- the Serb releases the final protective wire mesh
- and the two dogs go straight for Eddie Toner
- their teeth ripping into his vulnerable flesh.

Hearing his father's screams, Jimmy spits the onlooker's nose into the air

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

- then pounds the onlooker's face
- but stops half way through when he realizes, by the onlookers hair length, that it is not Slice.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
FIGHT ME, YOU FUCK!!!

Slice calmly moves over to Jimmy

- ducks as Jimmy throws a blind punch
- then swiftly slams the scissors into Jimmy's throat
- pulls the scissors back out
- and as blood spurts from Jimmy's jugular
- Slice steps back out of range.

Everyone watches in thrilled amazement as Jimmy's legs gives way

- and he slumps to the ground,
- but, like a punch drunk boxer, Jimmy keeps trying to get to his knees
- yet, every time he gets up
- his legs give way
- and he crumples to the ground again.

Everyone watches in silence

- everyone except the rabidly barking pitbulls tearing into Eddie in the background
- as Slice throws down the bloodied scissors beside the catgut and surgical gloves
- and, as Slice calmly walks away from the large makeshift cage
- the men look to The Serb wondering what to do
- but the Serb respectfully gestures for them to back off
- and as he stares at Slice
- there is respect in his eyes

THE SERB  
Take her home.

As Eddie Toner dies an agonising death in the background

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

- Slice doesn't look back

- he just makes his way to the container that holds his sister.

*INT. SLICE'S BOYHOOD HOME - NIGHT*

*Young twelve year old Slice is looking through the crack in the door at his kid sister, Ula, playing with her dolls while his mother does the ironing.*

*The front door opens and their drunk father comes in, looks at young Slice's mother, then at young Ula.*

*Young Slice watches as the father goes into the bathroom and runs the water.*

*Young Slice watches his sister become tense as she hears the water.*

*The father comes out of the bathroom and affectionately picks up young Ula.*

*FATHER*

*Come on, sweetie, time for your bath.*

*Young Slice watches his mother as she briefly stops ironing, then begins again.*

*Slice's father takes young Ula into the bathroom and closes the door.*

*Young Slice looks to his mother, who keeps ironing then he stares back at the bathroom door.*

*INT. CONTAINER - NIGHT*

*Slice pulls open the container door, and light spills in*

*- as Ula looks up to see her brother's silhouetted frame in the door.*

*There is something almost angelic about Slice standing against the back light*

*Slice steps out of the container, carrying his semi-conscious sister*

*And as everyone watches them*

*- even the dogs are now silently satiated as they too stare at Slice*

*- who just holds his sister*

*- no words necessary between the two of them.*

*INT. SLICE'S BOYHOOD HOME - NIGHT*

*Young Slice watches through the crack in the door as young Ula comes out with her head down, walks across the living room, without looking at her mother, goes into the bedroom*

*- and gets into young Slice's bed.*

*Young Slice watches as his fat father slumps onto the couch and closes his eyes.*

*Young Ula quietly weeps and as young Slice pulls back the covers and sees the blood.*

*Young Ula turns away from him and buries her face in shame.*

*Young Slice looks out to the living room and watches his mother ironing.*

*He looks to his father watching television.*

*He slips out of bed and his mother ignores him as he enters the living room.*

*He stands in front of the television, blocking his father's way.*

*SLICE'S FATHER (IN POLISH)  
Move, you dumb shit.*

*Young Ula watches through the crack in the door as young Slice lifts the poker.*

*Slice's father looks surprised for a moment then bursts out laughing.*

*SLICE'S FATHER (IN POLISH) (CONT'D)  
Get back to bed before you hurt  
yourself.*

*Young Ula watches as young Slice bravely moves towards his father with the poker*

*- but his father lashes out*

*- and slaps Slice in the face*

*- causing the boy to collapse to the ground.*

*Young Slice's father picks up the poker*

*- throws it into the corner*

*- pulls Slice off the ground*

*- pushes him back towards his bedroom*

*- then sits down to continue watching television.*

*(CONTINUED)*

CONTINUED:

*Young Slice's mother just stares blankly, doing absolutely nothing.*

*Young Slice looks into the bedroom and sees Ula watching him.*

*Young Slice hesitates*

*- looks at the back of his father's head*

*- then calmly picks up the poker.*

*Young Ula watches through the slit in the doorway as young Slice stands tall*

*- gripping the poker in his small hand*

*- then raises it above his head.*

*Young Slice looks back and makes eye contact with Ula through the crack in the door*

*- her eyes are terrified*

*- yet willing him to do it.*

*Young Slice begins to tremble as he focuses on the back of his father's head*

*- then his body weakens*

*- and he lowers his arms*

*- silently drops the poker*

*- and, as he makes the long walk back to the bedroom*

*- his sister stares at him through the door.*

*Young Slice closes the door to drown out the noise of his father's snoring then climbs into bed beside his sister*

*- and as he wraps his arms around her*

*- she snuggles into him*

*- two children*

*- warm*

*- together*

*- safe.*

THE END