

SIERVO DE DIOS

Written by

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1

INT. ALFIE'S ROOM - CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD - DAWN

1

ALPHONSUS 'ALFIE' LAMBE, 18, narrow-shouldered and still by nature, bends over a small washbasin.

The room is sparse: single bed in a corner, curtained window, Virgin Mary idol on a dark wood dresser.

Alfie reaches for a hand towel, pulls it to his face and stands up straight.

The movement brings with it a rush of blood. One of Alfie's knees gives.

Alfie reaches out for the sink, catches, waits for the wave to pass, calm.

Towel on face a moment. Back to the routine.

2

INT. CLASSROOM - CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD - MORNING

2

Bare walls. Bare floors. Dark light.

A handful of boys of 11/12 years sit at double school-desks, facing forward.

At the front of the class stands Alfie, dressed in the flowing black of a 1950s-era Christian Brother.

A bible open in his hands, he looks out at the boys, severe.

ALFIE

You carry on. Nothing more.

The boys look back. This wasn't what they'd expected.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

To question the intention would be...?

A SMALLER BOY at the back of the class raises a hand.

Alfie nods at him.

SMALLER BOY

(unsure)

A sin?

Alfie purses his lips, turns away from the class.

ALFIE

Of cowardice, maybe.

Still the boys don't catch on.

Alfie turns back to them. His face breaks from its severity.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Recital?

3 **EXT. SPORTS FIELD - CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD - DUSK** 3

A wide, open rugby field. Boys in jerseys chase a ball across the muddy plain.

Alfie and some other Brothers stand at the sidelines.

Alfie is apart, eyes beyond the boys on the setting sun.

ALFIE V.O.

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for
us sinners-

4 **INT. ALFIE'S ROOM - CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD - NIGHT** 4

Alfie kneels before the dark dresser and its Marian idol.

ALFIE

-now and at the hour of our death.

He is dressed in thick winter pyjamas.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Amen.

Sign of the cross. Alfie rises.

5 **INT. CLASSROOM - CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD - MORNING** 5

Everyone back in their places: boys at desks, Alfie up front.

ALFIE

A life of dedication and love.

Alfie is stock-still.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

You know what awaits you.

No grand gesturing.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

What lies in store.

No emphatic pointing.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
It will be your job to share that.

Just directed focus.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
To entrust it to others.

And it's working: every boy has eyes locked on the Brother.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
To help them in their troubles.

Alfie relaxes, drops his shoulders.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
To listen.

His face softens.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
To listen.

A long blink from Alfie.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
To-

Pause.

Alfie collapses in a heap on the floor.

The longest second as the boys process what they're seeing.

A BOY jumps up.

BOY
Brother?

The boy darts for Alfie, crouches down, gives him a shake.

BOY (CONT'D)
Brother?

Alfie's eyes flicker.

ALFIE
(broken)
Back to your seat.

The boy looks at Alfie: really?

Alfie motions to get up.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

On you go.

The boy edges back to his seat.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

All okay.

Alfie gets to his feet. The class settle back down.

Alfie faces away, stretches.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Whole lot of nothing is all.

Alfie turns back, washed of any colour, looks at the shocked boys. He forces a smile.

6 **EXT. SPORTS FIELD - CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD - DUSK** 6

The boys chase a rugby ball across the pitch.

Alfie watches the match, apart again from a huddle of Brothers over at one sideline, muttering amongst themselves.

A Brother's eye is cast Alfie's way. Alfie is unaware.

7 **INT. ALFIE'S ROOM - CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD - NIGHT** 7

Alfie kneels before the dresser, eyes fixed on the idol.

ALFIE

Blessed are you among women.

The same resolve as in the classroom.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Blessed is the fruit of your womb-

KNOCKING.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

-Jesus.

Alfie turns his head toward the knock.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Yes?

The door creaks open. Two Brothers stand in the frame:
BROTHER EDMUND (60s, sagging, stoic) and BROTHER JEROME (40s,
lean, wilting).

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Brothers.

Alfie rises from his knees and welcomes the Brothers in.

BROTHER EDMUND

Brother Ignatius.

Alfie moves to his bed, sits on the edge.

Brother Jerome takes up a post by the door.

Brother Edmund moves for the idol, his back to Alfie.

BROTHER EDMUND (CONT'D)

A woman the likes of which has been
seen never since.

ALFIE

Certainly not.

BROTHER EDMUND

Her strength is what endures.

Alfie nods, eyes on the floor.

BROTHER EDMUND (CONT'D)

Is why we have these.

Brother Edmund takes up the idol and turns to Alfie.

BROTHER EDMUND (CONT'D)

To remind us she stood tall to the
last.

Pause.

BROTHER EDMUND (CONT'D)

We're to have this no more,
Brother.

ALFIE

It's not always-

BROTHER EDMUND

The boys need to see strength.

Brother Edmund lifts the idol Alfie's way.

BROTHER EDMUND (CONT'D)
Resilience.

Brother Edmund turns back to the dresser, replaces the idol.

BROTHER EDMUND (CONT'D)
You've until the week's end,
Brother.

Alfie rises.

Brother Edmund turns, looks at Alfie, softens.

BROTHER EDMUND (CONT'D)
Get yourself some rest, boy. Who
knows what lies ahead.

ALFIE
Yes, Brother.

Brother Jerome opens the door.

BROTHER EDMUND
Good-night, Brother Ignatius.

ALFIE
Brother.

Brother Edmund steps away, leaving the idol behind him.

BROTHER EDMUND
God bless.

Alfie eyes the idol.

ALFIE
Bless, Brothers.

The door CLICKS shut beyond Alfie.

Alfie looks on at the idol. He shuts his eyes.

8

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

8

Alfie sits in a window watching Dublin fade away behind him.

He's swapped the uniform black of the Brotherhood for a sober
suit and tie.

Trouble is etched deep across his young brow.

EXT. COURTYARD - ALFIE'S HOME - NIGHT

Alfie sweeps with a long wooden broom a small space dotted with breaking buckets, eager weeds, stray gravel and neglect.

On one side of the courtyard is a small, stone house with a simple green door.

On the step of this door sits JACK (28, knees and elbows, reddened, jaw too big for his face). He watches Alfie sweep.

JACK

Get down after a Mr. Scully tomorrow.

Alfie keeps on at his sweeping.

JACK (CONT'D)

Lads say he's right enough.

Jack stretches his full length up to his feet, hands in pockets.

JACK (CONT'D)

And will you go back if these spells-

Alfie shoots him a look. Jack nods, turns for the door.

JACK (CONT'D)

Alright.

Alfie returns to the courtyard and the task at hand.

INT. MR. SCULLY'S OFFICE - TULLAMORE MILL - MORNING

Sat at an over-flowing desk, crammed in between paperwork and hard-iron mechanical curios, is Alfie.

Across the desk from him is *the* hard-iron mechanical curio, MR. SCULLY (50s, thick hands and neck).

Mr. Scully eyeballs Alfie.

MR. SCULLY

You've nothing to add, boy.

Heavy DRILLING bleeds through a closed door.

ALFIE

Pair of hands?

Mr. Scully SCOFFS.

MR. SCULLY
Your brother's a good man.

Mr. Scully studies Alfie.

MR. SCULLY (CONT'D)
Be it on his head.

Mr. Scully reaches down for a drawer in his desk, pulls out a light grey overall.

ALFIE
Thank you, Mr. Scul-

Mr. Scully tosses the overall to Alfie. Alfie fumbles the catch, recovers.

MR. SCULLY
Someone'll find you a spot.

Alfie stays put.

MR. SCULLY (CONT'D)
Well out with you then, lad!

Alfie rises, scrambles out through the door.

MR. SCULLY (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Pair o' hands indeed.

11 **INT. WORKSHOP FLOOR - TULLAMORE MILL - DAY**

11

A whirlwind of CLANKING, blurred hands and dirty, male faces crammed into a heaving hot space.

At the centre of the chaos is a terrified Alfie.

At Alfie's side is enormous COLE (40s, battered). Cole has a pair of chains in his hands, held just so that Alfie can see.

COLE
(shouting)
THROUGH THE EYE WITH THE LEFT.

Cole threads the chains. Alfie watches.

COLE (CONT'D)
'TIL SECOND ONE'S TIGHT.

Cole's hands spin in a deft, metal whirl.

COLE (CONT'D)

SEE?

Alfie stares at the linking chains. Cole undoes his work and hands the chains to Alfie.

Alfie takes the chains, goes to thread them, drops them. Cole shakes his head and gives Alfie a slap on the back.

COLE (CONT'D)

DRINK LATER.

Alfie reaches down for the fallen chains.

ALFIE

(not shouting)

That's not really-

COLE

THE MAKING OF YOU, BOY.

Alfie nods. Because he has to.

12

INT. BALLYCOMMON PUB - TULLAMORE - NIGHT

12

Spit and sawdust absolute.

The space is packed with men: men in overalls, men in boots, men in thick, farming sweaters.

Alfie sits at the bar, Cole once again at his side.

Alfie is halfway through a very difficult pint.

COLE

Get it down!

Alfie drains what's left. The men CHEER around Alfie.

A big slap on Alfie's back from Cole, the impact nearly bringing up afresh the pint gone down just before.

ALFIE

(mumbling)

Probably enough now, lads.

COLE

PAH!

Alfie slips off his stool, teeters, catches himself. The men break into ROARS of laughter.

COLE (CONT'D)
MIND YOURSELF, BOY!

Alfie steps away from the bar. Couldn't be less steady.

ALFIE
Yup yupuhu yup.

The men LAUGH as Alfie zigzags his way to the door.

Cole turns back to the bar, looks for the barman.

COLE
DAR!!

13

EXT. CANAL TOWPATH - TULLAMORE - NIGHT

13

Alfie eases along the dark path on a bicycle.

He's got the measure of his drunkenness now, the cool air bringing him back from the beer.

Doesn't see the horse and trap ahead, though.

He veers hard out of the way, ends up in a ditch at the side of the path.

The trap TRUNDLES off down the way.

In the ditch, Alfie lies motionless under his bicycle. The rear wheel spins to a slow stop.

Alfie looks up at the sky above him. Stars abound. He pales in a flash.

Alfie rolls over and vomits up all that beer.

Emptied of his hops-and-barley sin, he flops back to the stars.

ALFIE
Made up, Alf. Made up now.

14

INT. BOYS' ROOM - ALFIE'S HOME - MORNING

14

Three beds: two made, unconscious Alfie buried in the last.

Jack appears at the top of the stairs.

JACK
Breakfast, Alf.

Alfie GROANS.

Jack nods, recognising the hung-over inertia in his brother.

JACK (CONT'D)

Right-oh.

Alfie digs deeper into the bed. Jack steps off.

Alfie pulls the covers tigh round his shoulders, curls into a headache-defying ball of recovery.

His breath deepens.

The body relaxes, stretches out a touch from its wound-up foetal desperation.

Peace.

FOOTSTEPS?

A torrent of water rushes over Alfie and his bed.

Alfie YELPS.

He's up and on his feet in a heartbeat, eyes wide, drenched.

Standing in front of him is Jack, bucket in hand.

JACK (CONT'D)

You're not lying there all day
feeling sorry for yourself.

Alfie stares at him. Water drips off his nose.

JACK (CONT'D)

Be none of that nonsense whilst
you're here.

Jack turns, moves for the stairs.

JACK (CONT'D)

Put your clothes on. And tie.

Alfie rubs his face.

15

INT. TOWN HALL - TULLAMORE - MORNING

15

In a space big enough for a hundred people, nine men and women of varying ages (20 - 80) sit round a rickety table at the centre of a parquet floor.

Each has their head bowed, rosary beads SHUFFLING through fingertips over small books embossed with the gilded slogan *Legio Mariae*.

At one end of the table, a marble idol of the Virgin stands proud. Her foot rests on the head of a snake.

At the other end is SEAMUS GRACE (39, tall, deliberate). His voice, a low, somnolent murmur, drifts over the group.

SEAMUS

Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.

ALL

That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Rosaries CLICK and shift.

SEAMUS

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus-

ALL

-have mercy on us.

SEAMUS

Immaculate Heart of Mary-

ALL

-pray for us.

SEAMUS

St. Louis-Marie de Montfort-

ALL

-pray for us.

Eyes still closed, the table makes the Sign of the Cross.

SEAMUS

In the name of the Father-

CREAKING. Seamus looks up, the rest still with heads bowed.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

-and of the son-

Jack and Alfie enter through a doorway.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

-and of the Holy Spirit-

Seamus beckons the two over to the table.

ALL

-Amen.

Sign of the cross round the table.

Eyes open, everyone comes back to the present.

Alfie and Jack approach. Seamus smiles, turns up his palms.

SEAMUS

Brothers.

Jack and Alfie each take seats, each takes a rosary.

Alfie looks at Seamus, intrigued.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

Let us pray.

All obey.

16

INT. WORKSHOP FLOOR - TULLAMORE MILL - MORNING

16

The mill is working: bodies at workbenches, that familiar CLANKING, the broken SHOUTING of urgent men.

Alfie, dressed in his working grey overalls, is huddled over his task, Cole next to him doing the same.

COLE

State of you the other night.

Alfie nods assent.

This isn't enough for Cole.

COLE (CONT'D)

Next morning? Sick as a pig?

ALFIE

That I was.

Still not enough.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

(conciliatory)

Off the bicycle on the way back.

Cole bursts into fits of laughter.

Alfie smiles, returns to his work.

Cole looks out over the workshop floor, scans for one of the Ballycommon Pub faces.

COLE

JOHNNO!!

Smiling still, Alfie keeps on at his work.

17

INT. TOWN HALL - TULLAMORE - EVENING

17

The Legion group are round the table, all eyes on Seamus, who addresses MADGE O'CONNELL (50, hunched, afraid), a small woman sat opposite Alfie.

SEAMUS

Ask after the boys. Let her revel in that.

WOMAN

You're right.

Seamus shifts his focus to the rest of the group.

Alfie studies him.

SEAMUS

Just listen where others won't.

Seamus turns to the small woman.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

That alright now, Sister?

WOMAN

A great help, yes.

Seamus is all ears, all care, all consideration.

Alfie takes all of it in.

18

EXT. TOWN HALL - TULLAMORE - NIGHT

18

In the dying light of the day, Seamus and Madge O'Connell stand together.

Alfie hovers just outside their talk.

MADGE

(to Seamus)

Right.

Seamus looks Alfie over, sees the eagerness in the boy.

SEAMUS
(to Madge)
She only wants to talk, is all.

MADGE
Course.

Madge thinks to herself, comes to, looks over the two men.

MADGE (CONT'D)
Well, good-night, Brothers.

Alfie nods.

SEAMUS
Good-night, Sister.

Madge steps off into the night.

Seamus turns to Alfie, sees the boy wants leading.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)
And so?

Jack joins the two men.

ALFIE
I'd like to volunteer my time.

Jack TUTS.

Seamus notices, looks from Jack to Alfie.

SEAMUS
Very kind, Brother.

JACK
(impatient)
You need some time, Alfie-

Seamus puts a hand on Jack's shoulder.

SEAMUS
(to Alfie)
I've a visit tomorrow afternoon.
Come. See what gives.

Seamus looks past Alfie and Jack to some of the others.

ALFIE
What tim- SEAMUS (CONT'D)
Five o'clock, here.

Seamus pats Alfie on the back and steps off.

Alfie watches him go. Jack shakes his head.

JACK

Never pin a hint of the sloth on you, brother.

Jack moves for the walk home. Alfie follows.

19

EXT. CANAL TOWPATH - TULLAMORE - AFTERNOON

19

A low sun. Still waters. Two bicycles on the path: Alfie and Seamus, one after the other, Seamus in front.

SEAMUS

(over his shoulder)
Fifteen months.

Alfie listens hard.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

New machinery. Didn't get it.

Seamus swings round a horse and trap.

Alfie follows, careful.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

She's been in pieces since.

ALFIE

The father?

Seamus shakes his head.

SEAMUS

Field or flagon, that one.

A pause as the two cycle on, thinking.

ALFIE

Have you readings chosen?

SEAMUS

One or two.

ALFIE

And the papers?

SEAMUS

In the bag.

Alfie eyes the panniers on the back of Seamus's bicycle.

ALFIE

The rosary- before or after-

Seamus laughs.

SEAMUS

Alfie- a minute, please!

Alfie retreats a touch.

The two ride on.

ALFIE

And the name of the boy again?

Up ahead, Seamus grins.

20

INT. PARLOUR - RURAL HOME - AFTERNOON

20

A basic, cluttered space, with two tatty armchairs, an open fire, a wooden bench, old portraits on the walls.

Into one of the armchairs sinks MRS. COCHLAIN, 41, doing her best to fill the farming clothes that hang limp off her tired scrawn.

On the bench sit Alfie and Seamus.

Seamus is closer to Mrs. Cochlain, on the edge of his seat, engaged.

SEAMUS

And you've been into town alright?

MRS. COCHLAIN

The Keogh lad's still coming up.

Seamus nods.

Alfie looks about the room: well-worn men's slippers at the back door, a dog's bowl, a stack of letters on a dresser.

He gets to his feet, moves for the dresser.

SEAMUS

(to Mrs. Cochlain)

Mass?

Alfie studies the letters, all addressed to S.C., unopened.

MRS. COCHLAIN

Eight-thirty. Father Curran.

Alfie takes up the stack, turns to the others.

ALFIE
Mrs. Cochlain?

Mrs. Cochlain turns.

Seamus sees the letters in Alfie's hand.

SEAMUS
Ah, now, Brother Lamb-

ALFIE
These letters?

SEAMUS
Think it's best to leave that-

ALFIE
They're never opened?

Seamus gets to his feet.

SEAMUS
(stern)
Brother, that's enough-

MRS. COCHLAIN
It's alright.

Mrs. Cochlain beckons Alfie over.

Alfie and Seamus swap places.

Alfie hands the letters to Mrs. Cochlain.

ALFIE
They go back a way.

MRS. COCHLAIN
Year and a half, nearly.

Seamus bows his head, takes a seat on the bench.

Alfie sits in front of Mrs. Cochlain.

He catches on.

ALFIE
Your son.

Mrs. Cochlain runs her finger along a letter's seal.

Seamus watches the pair, a withdrawn steward to the talk.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
Why don't you open them?

Alfie is curious. He's direct, abides by his own tact.

MRS. COCHLAIN
What's the age of you, boy?

ALFIE
Nineteen the summer of next year.

Mrs. Cochlain looks back down at the letters.

Alfie looks to Seamus for a prompt. Seamus nods back: go on.

MRS. COCHLAIN
Still a baby.

Alfie turns back to Mrs. Cochlain.

ALFIE
Mrs. Cochlain?

Mrs. Cochlain looks up at Alfie, holds the letters up.

MRS. COCHLAIN
By my hand, boy.

Alfie's confused.

MRS. COCHLAIN (CONT'D)
Going back to the day...

The penny drops. A silent pause.

ALFIE
May I read them?

MRS. COCHLAIN
And why would you want to do a
thing like that?

ALFIE
Has *anyone* read them?

Mrs. Cochlain shakes her head.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
So what's a letter never read but
just words on a page?

Alfie reaches out a hand.

Mrs. Cochlain looks at it, looks up at Alfie's face, sees understanding.

She offers up the letters.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
Thank you, Mrs. Cochlain.

With great care, Alfie takes the letters from Mrs. Cochlain.

MRS. COCHLAIN
Right so, boy.

Seamus shuffles his feet, straightens his back, rises.

SEAMUS
Mrs. Cochlain-

Alfie follows, backs away.

Mrs. Cochlain lifts her eyes up to Seamus, peace there.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)
We'll see you in a couple of days.

Mrs. Cochlain shifts her gaze, past Seamus, to Alfie.

Alfie meets her.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)
You mind how you go now.

MRS. COCHLAIN
(eyes still on Alfie)
And to yourselves.

Alfie nods, smiles and turns for the door.

21

EXT. CANAL TOWPATH - TULLAMORE - AFTERNOON

21

On the path again, now in the reverse direction.

SEAMUS
You were good with her.

It's a compliment. Alfie doesn't know what to do.

ALFIE
She liked your readings.

SEAMUS
She liked you taking an interest.
(more to himself)
(MORE)

SEAMUS (CONT'D)
 Could do with a little more of
 that, now.

ALFIE
 (not missing a beat)
 Sign me up. The life of service-
 the Virgin.
 (hardens)
 That's *my* life.

A silent pause.

SEAMUS
 Tomorrow. At the hospital.

Alfie nods.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)
 Same time.

The two fold back into their easy cycling rhythms under the
 easy afternoon sky.

Alfie's content.

22

EXT. COURTYARD - ALFIE'S HOME - NIGHT

22

Alfie with the broom, working at the leaves.

Jack on the back step, with his pipe.

Stillness in the air.

ALFIE
 He *knows* people. What they need.

JACK
 I'm glad. Wasn't sure they were
 really for you.

A pause as the two reflect that the Legion really are.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Any more of your...?

Alfie stops, looks at Jack.

ALFIE
 Been fine.

He gets back to the sweeping.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
Best for a while now.

Jack smokes.

JACK
Happy to hear.

Alfie crouches for the small pile of leaves he's made.

ALFIE
And me.

He rises up, takes them off into the dark for scattering.

23

INT. BOYS' ROOM - ALFIE'S HOME - NIGHT

23

The room is in quiet and darkness, save for a patch of light on Alfie's bed: he's got on a torch, for the letters.

He finishes one and TEARS open another.

A body in one of the beds shifts and rolls in its half-sleep.

JACK
Enough of that now.

Alfie ignores his brother.

JACK (CONT'D)
ALFIE!

Alfie waits one more second, draws out as much time as he can, reads that one last sentence.

He CLICKS off the torch.

24

INT. LONG-TERM CARE - MIDLAND HOSPITAL - TULLAMORE - DAY

24

On a long ward with innumerable beds, Alfie and Seamus stand at the side of MR. Ó CIARDHA, an elderly man with a patch over one eye and a very conspicuous space in his bedsheets where one of his legs should be.

Alfie leads the three men in silent prayer.

ALFIE
(soft)
Amen.

Alfie breaks into a smile.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
 Luck's in today, Mr. Ó Ciardha.

Mr. Ó Ciardha is confused.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
 Sister Mannion's brought her cards.

Mr. Ó Ciardha expands into a full-face smile.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
 Reckon I'll get one over you?

Mr. Ó Ciardha points over for the side of his bed.

MR. Ó CIARDHA
 Pennies, boy. In that sack hanging.

Alfie moves for the coins.

Seamus watches on as Alfie rummages down behind Mr. Ó Ciardha's bed.

SEAMUS
 I'll be back later, Mr. Ó Ciardha.
 See how you're getting on.

MR. Ó CIARDHA
 (to Alfie)
 Got it?

Alfie reaches, his head now under Mr. Ó Ciardha's bed.

ALFIE
 Almost...

Seamus nods, chuckles to himself and turns away.

SEAMUS
 Good luck, lads!

Seamus steps off for the rest of the ward.

ALFIE
 YES!

Alfie pulls up with the bag: it sags with its heavy coppers.

MR. Ó CIARDHA
 (grinning)
 Not one'll go to you, boy.

ALFIE
 Ah, we'll see, now.

Alfie takes a seat in chair by the bed.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

We'll see.

Alfie turns, looking for Sister Mannion and her cards.

25

EXT. CANAL TOWPATH - TULLAMORE - AFTERNOON

25

Alfie and Seamus ride the towpath at a steady pace, the low sun lighting them up off the water.

Alfie reaches for his brow and wipes away a glisten. His eyes flick up into his head and back.

He wobbles on the bicycle, slows, looks up to Seamus ahead.

ALFIE

Brother?

26

EXT. CANAL TOWPATH - TULLAMORE - AFTERNOON

26

Alfie and Seamus rest on a low wall, each with a face turned up to the sun, bicycles on stands nearby.

Seamus takes a sip from a flask of water and lets out a long, satisfied sigh.

He passes the flask to Alfie.

ALFIE

Thank you, Brother.

SEAMUS

Thirsty work.

Alfie drinks, stops, looks at Seamus.

ALFIE

For all of it.

(pause)

Leaving Dublin-

Seamus lifts a hand.

SEAMUS

You've no reason to thank me.

ALFIE

And the mill...

Seamus nods.

Alfie looks over at him.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
Will you have me join, brother?

Seamus meets his eye.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
I can drop to half-time with Mr.
Scully. And in a month-

Seamus turns away and gets to his feet.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
Brother?

Seamus moves for his bicycle, digs down into his pannier.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
I understand. I've not really the
stamina-

Seamus turns.

SEAMUS
Brother.

In his hand, Seamus has a shining new copy of the Legion of
Mary Handbook, *Legio Mariae*.

Alfie spots it, stares.

Seamus steps forward, offers the book to Alfie.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)
Go on.

Alfie takes the book, studies it, runs his fingers across it.

Seamus steps back, straightens his back, shakes his head.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)
You were made for Mary, Brother.

Seamus moves for his bicycle, flicks it off the stand.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)
You just didn't know it, yet.

Alfie looks up, smiles, hunched small on the bench, flushed.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)
See you for mass, Brother Lambe.

Alfie looks back down at the book: the inlaid emblem of Mary and the serpent look back up at him.

Seamus rides off, his bicycle wheels CRACKLING on the towpath.

Alfie runs his thumb over Mary.

ALFIE

For you.

27

EXT. COURTYARD - ALFIE'S HOME - NIGHT

27

Alfie and Jack on the back step, Jack with his pipe.

JACK

They'll not pay you?

Alfie shakes his head. Jack has a hard draw on his pipe.

JACK (CONT'D)

How long'll you be at the mill?

ALFIE

Few weeks. Maybe.

Jack exhales. His face softens. He hands the pipe to Alfie.

JACK

Just a gentle tug.

Alfie takes the pipe, breathes it in, coughs. He sways.

Jack sees. Instant concern.

JACK (CONT'D)

Alf-

Alfie shakes his head, holds up the pipe, gathers himself.

Side-by-side, the brothers sit on in the quiet of the night.

A treatment for the remainder of the script is available on request.

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