

ROLAND
I'm not part of your army.

OLIVER
That hardly matters. I'll give you
a false name, I'm certain they'd
treat you -

Roland looks up at the hospital.

ROLAND
No.

Turns and walks away, limping slightly on his shot leg.
Oliver watches him go.

INT. 'THE COTTON CAT' BAR - NIGHT

Roland pushes through the doors. A few scattered PATRONS,
disintegrating in the early morning hours.

Roland SCRAPES a chair out from a lone table in the corner.

Sits. Props his wounded leg on the chair next to him. Unties
the tourniquet, examines the bullet wounded. Deep, but not
too traumatic.

Roland stretches the cloth back around, yanks it tight,
loops it in a knot.

CLUNK - Walter places a pint of Guinness down, slides into
the chair opposite Roland.

Roland goes rigid. The two stare at each other.

WALTER
(mock English accent)
I'd wager you're out of bullets,
old boy. Notwithstanding the two
lodged in you, of course.

Roland gauges him for a moment.

ROLAND
Dead right.

WALTER
Ain't that a Holy God's terror.
I've plenty.

A sharp CLICK-CLACK from under the table - the unmistakable
priming of a revolver.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER

End of the line, Jesse James.

Roland scans the bar.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Strange choice, an IRA shanty in
the middle of Monto. Ye should've
high-tailed it back to Dublin
Castle lickity-split.

ROLAND

I could smell you at my heel.

WALTER

I wouldn't shoot ya in the back,
squire, I'm not some ravin'
lunatic.

(grins)

Face like yours, fancied I'd watch
ya realise you're fucked.

A short, sharp CLICK from under Roland's side of the table.

Walter flicks an eyebrow, glances down.

Roland slowly brings his left hand above the table, rests it
on the wood. Hooped on his middle finger - the RING AND PIN
of a grenade.

Walter looks at it. Shifts in his seat.

WALTER

Ah.

(pause)

Can I see the other one?

Roland shakes his head.

Under the table, Roland's hand clenches the grenade. He
pushes it into his pocket.

He glances around the bar.

ROLAND

I don't know, an IRA shanty sounds
like a pretty strong choice to me.

(pause)

How about that game of poker?

Walter sneers.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER

Fucking typical. The Irishman brings a gun, the Brit brings a bomb. Big pack of mickey-swingers is all ye are.

ROLAND

How'd your gang fare?

WALTER

Dunno now, left 'em at it. I'd put money on 'not at all well'.

Stab of silence.

WALTER

What's your real name?

ROLAND

Michael Collins. Yours?

WALTER

No need for the sarcasm. Walter. I told ya once. What brigade are you with?

ROLAND

Do I look like a British soldier?

Walter takes a sip of his Guinness.

WALTER

Fuck it, I don't reckon so. You're an odd one.

(pause)

Your Irish accent's not terrible.

ROLAND

Neither's your English.

WALTER

I fought on your side in the war. We'll call it the first war. There'll be a second. And a third. I've had the visions.

He smirks. THUMPS the underside of the table with his gun.

WALTER

Your lot gave me this very service pistol actually. Which always seemed fitting to me. The gun that turns back on itself.

(CONTINUED)

ROLAND

Told you I don't have a side.

WALTER

Got to be a side. Gotta stand for something or you'll fall for anything.

ROLAND

Animals don't die for their country. Take dogs. They'll die for family alright, but not for some abstract notion of country.

The smile slides from Walter's face.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

It's a lie that's fed to us. It's not in our nature. It's not primal. Because it always comes down to dying in ditches. And even dogs would tell you that's a raw fucking deal.

WALTER

Ireland is my family. That's what splits us from the animals. You can't expect a dog to grasp that.

ROLAND

A dog wouldn't see the sense in it if it could. A ditch looks the same the world over when you're face down in it.

WALTER

A free Ireland would look plenty beautiful to me, boy. From an inch away or from the moon.

ROLAND

Is that why you left your friends to die?

WALTER

They're not my friends. Nor are they the only path.

ROLAND

Hey, listen, if it were up to me, I'd give you the fucking thing back.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER
How that warms my little heart.
(pause)
Your hand must be getting tired.

ROLAND
Your call, Walter.

WALTER
(mimicking)
Your call, Walter.

He gauges Roland's set face. Finally sits back, crosses one leg over the other. Pushes the revolver back into his jacket with a sigh.

Pulls out his Chesterfields, flicks one into his mouth.

WALTER
I suppose I've to let ya walk,
don't I? My father always said I
was a born loser at cards. You owe
me a cigarette by the by.

He SNICKTS a match, lights it.

WALTER
I'll skin ya alive next time I
catch ya.

ROLAND
I'll kill you first chance I get.

WALTER
Bravo.

Roland SCRAPES his chair back, stands, balled right fist jammed in his coat pocket.

WALTER
Don't drop it now.

Roland backs out of the bar. Walter watches him leave.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A DOCTOR coils the last of a bandage over Oliver's wounded arm. Pale from blood loss, but still conscious.

DOCTOR
Keep an eye on it. Infection's
always a worry.

(CONTINUED)