

NO PETS PLEASE

by

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Adapted from
FINBAR'S HOTEL
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Brogan (28) gelled hair with a frozen surf at the front, close cropped facial hair either side of his baby-faced cheeks, is on the Dublin coach. He sits at the back of the half empty vehicle. He has a suitcase and a ghetto blaster. He is fiddling with his phase tester. The coach radio is on. POV Brogan who immediately stands to his feet and races towards the radio.

MARION FINUCANE

(honeyed tones)

Good morning and welcome to Liveline, my name is Marion Finucane and I am here for you. The first caller I have this morning is Gronia. Now Gronia what..

Abruptly Brogan switches off the radio. Breaks the knob. He turns and glares maniacally at the assembled passengers.

MAGIC REALISM:

Brogan suddenly becomes an object of ridicule to everyone. Each person takes on a slightly distorted, over exaggerated look: laughter, talking about him, pointing the finger.

END OF MAGIC
REALISM:

BROGAN

(shouts)

I can take any kind of junk, but not Liveline. I mean I listen to the radio every day, but she drives me crazy. She should keep her nose out of other people's business.

Brogan shakes his head as if to clear it. He comes to himself.

The entire bus is completely perplexed, frightened and subdued by this apparent madman. Their laughter had been in his imagination.

Two middle-aged ladies, clutching handbags and each other look at him in open-mouthed horror. One giggles nervously the other cuts her short immediately by slapping a hand over her friend's mouth.

FLASHBACK:

2 INT STAIRCASE TO PATRICIA AND BROGAN'S FLAT - EVENING 2

Brogan, is a happy man. He comes through the front door with difficulty, clutching a bunch of wilting carnations, testosterone leaking from his every Irish pore. He steps onto the staircase leading to the flat. A sound like a poised cobra causes him to freeze.

Slowly he raises his eyes to the top of the staircase. His eyes lock with a cat's. MOGGI a furry marmalade monster with the eyes of a werewolf, back arched and talons poised.

Brogan's body, equally poised, coarsing with adrenalin, goes into attack mode. Eyes locked on the cat he advances up the stairs.

Both are determined not to give way. Slowly dropping the flowers, Brogan lifts his arms and with both hands gestures a "come-on then" to the cat.

Suddenly the cat launches itself at Brogan, hissing fire it lands on his shoulder, claws its way down his back and launches itself through the cat flap in the door.

Brogan, shakes off his back, picks up the flowers, his mood buoyant and walks into the flat.

3 INT LOUNGE EVENING 3

Brogan looks around for the love of his life. He walks into the bedroom.

4 INT BEDROOM EVENING 4

Patricia (32) her Irish red hair tinted a little too much, proud of her generously proportioned size 14 and ample cleavage, face hardened by a naturally combative nature is getting ready for some good "crack" that night.

Brogan is delighted to find her in bra and slip putting the finishing touches to her make-up. He sneaks up behind her and proudly presents her with the flowers. She barely looks at them.

PATRICIA

Why did you marinate the catfood in beer?

Brogan looks particularly attractive with a helpless look on his face. He takes his phase tester out and puts it by the bed.

BROGAN

I ask you Patricia, what sort of a man would do such a thing?

He attempts to put his arms around her. She shrugs him off, climbs on the bed and lights up a cigarette.

His hope restored, Brogan is just about to climb onto the bed with her when, without warning, the cat leaps onto the bed and onto her lap. Brogan looks daggers at the cat.

Patricia, delighted, her face changing, starts stroking the beloved, which fixes its eyes on Brogan and purrs pointedly.

PATRICIA

What sort of man indeed would be trying to turn Moggi into an alcoholic!

BROGAN

You look sexy when you're angry.

Brogan sits on the bed and begins to stroke her leg up from her ankle. Halts because of the strong stubble and reverses the stroking.

SOUND OVER: rasping noise like sandpaper

BROGAN

You're a beautiful woman.

PATRICIA

I have never met a man with less feelings than you Brogan. You're a dirty dog, make no mistake. (stroking the cat, her nose wrinkling with a bad smell) Isn't he pet? Unlike some, (looking at Moggi) you have no feelings and no regard.

BROGAN

Jesus, Patricia, I've got regard coming out of my back pockets.

He picks up the flowers.

BROGAN

I'm haemorrhaging regard!

PATRICIA

For what you idiot? You never clean up after shaving. You leave stubble in the sink. And my cat smells of pee.

BROGAN

I'd love to be your cat. You look gre...

A pillow hits him square in the face. Brogan leaves dejectedly. Patricia in a tantrum roughly shoves the cat off her lap and onto the floor.

Brogan is an electrician working with other workmen refitting a large open plan office. He has his phase tester, uses it and puts it back in his pocket. His ghetto blaster is on.

MARION FINUCANE

Next caller please. What is your name?

PATRICIA

Patricia from Cork.

MARION

You have a problem.

PATRICIA

Yes. Brogan, sorry, my boyfriend who lives in my flat is an animal. He leaves his stubble in the sink, the toilet seat up..

MARION

Aah, of course.

PATRICIA

I knew you'd understand. And worst of all, he pisses, sorry, pees on my cat.

MARION

He never.

PATRICIA

He does so. Only my Moggi understands me.

MARION

It's time for a change. What you need is a real man.

Some of Brogan's workmates are already looking over towards him. By now the whole floor is listening to the exchange.

PATRICIA

That's what I was thinking. His belly is too flabby. I need more.

MARION

Am I right in thinking that you've met someone Patricia?

The sniggering begins.

PATRICIA

Well he is more of a man. He works out twice a week and really understands a woman.

MARION

We must all listen to our needs.
Does your new man like cats.

PATRICIA

He's allergic to them.

The sniggering has become full-blown laughter. Brogan can stand it no longer. He gets up with his phase tester and ghetto blaster and gets out as quickly as possible.

END OF
FLASHBACK:

6 INT COACH - DAY 6

Brogan sitting on the coach thumps the suitcase.

An elderly lady, with hat, and huge reticule who is quietly munching a sandwich sitting just in front of him, jumps out of her skin. She gathers her belongings and, sandwich clamped firmly in her teeth, moves as quickly and quietly as possible to the safe haven of the front of the coach.

Brogan puts his phase tester in his pocket.

7 EXT FINBAR'S HOTEL, DUBLIN - EVENING 7

Brogan stands in front of the slightly run down hotel, which is past its best with an air of faded Irish beauty. It overlooks the river Liffey, near the O'Connell Bridge. He walks in through the brass-featured, well-used revolving door.

8 INT FINBAR'S HOTEL RECEPTION - EVENING 8

SIMON (60), the elderly porter with a straight ironing-board walk which is beginning to bend into a stoop with age, dressed impeccably in black suit and tie, the remains of his hair pressed firmly in place, comes through from the bar carrying a tray with coffee and whiskey.

JOHNNY FARRELL, the manager of the hotel, 30, slim, fit, efficient, exploding with energy.

JOHNNY

I'll take that.

Without waiting for any acknowledgement, Johnny whips the tray away from Simon.

SIMON

(affronted)

I'm not finished yet sir.

JOHNNY

(kindly)

I know, but they're waiting and anyway I need to see 102. You and Catherine taught me well Simon.

Acknowledging the compliment Simon nods. Johnny disappears.

Watching him go Simon's face is filled with sadness. He walks to his booth and begins to open a packet of biscuits and place them carefully in his old personal biscuit tin. A well-touched picture of a smiling woman in her 50's is pinned by the tin.

SIMON

Now I wish everything would slow down.

Brogan walks into the narrow reception area. A wooden floor and reception desk; a worn sofa and matching plaid chair; plants; old paintings and plates on the walls; a gilt mirror; a large beautiful old wooden porter's booth. As Brogan walks up to the reception desk a large moose's head protruding from the wall accosts him. He sidesteps and stands in front of the desk. A sign says 'No Pets Please'.

Through from the reception area is the beginnings of the bar and Brogan can see a tiny old GENTLEMAN sitting with his flat cap enjoying his Guinness and whisky chaser.

Brogan leaves the ghetto blaster and the suitcase at the empty desk and goes to the payphone near the revolving doors.

He does not notice Simon is watching him from the porter's booth. Brogan dials, waits.

BROGAN

(shouts into the handset)

Moggi, Moggi, Moggi.

Jumbled profanities emerge from the handset, which Brogan holds away from his ear.

An elderly COUPLE come through the revolving doors, clock the noise emerging from the handset and hurry through to the lift.

Brogan listens for a moment and then triumphantly replaces the handset.

Simon stands, fixes himself momentarily, and steps up to the reception desk, ready as Brogan, with a wicked smile on his face, returns.

SIMON

You have a reservation sir?

Brogan nods.

SIMON

If you would like to sign in sir.

Simon offers him the register.

A tortured meow is heard. They look at each other. Simon taps with a pen pointedly on the 'No Pets Please' sign as Johnny emerges from the lift.

Brogan lifts up his ghetto blaster helpfully to account for the noise. Brogan has something to say.

SIMON

Fire away so.

BROGAN

I want a plain meal of fish sent up. None of that hollandaise sauce rubbish.

SIMON

(impassively)

I'm afraid fish is not on the menu.

Acting the man of the world Brogan discreetly takes out a fiver and hands it over. Simon takes the fiver equally discreetly.

SIMON

I'll look into it sir.

Simon disappears for a moment.

A WOMAN, early forties, well dressed, slim and straight backed, with very high heels trimmed with alluring silver bows on the heel, walks enticingly towards the lift. Brogan looks on appreciatively.

Simon reappears a conspiratorial look on his face.

SIMON

(whispering)

I've been able to twist chef's arm.
About 20 minutes sir.

BROGAN

(whispering)

Could you also bring up a jug of
milk and a bowl?

Simon nods. Brogan scoops up the ghetto blaster and the suitcase and quickly runs to the lift, which is about to close.

Simon allows himself a small smile.

Brogan wedges his Adidas trainer in the gap. The doors struggle with the obstacle: a moment of electromechanical indecision before Brogan prises the door open and steps in and grins at the woman with the silver bows.

9 INT LIFT - DAY

9

BROGAN

Nearly lost my leg there?

The woman gives him a look like she wishes he had.

Brogan takes out his phase tester and pretends to test the lift trying to look reassuringly electrical.

The woman, unimpressed, turns her back and looks at him surreptitiously in the mirror. Suddenly there is a meow. Her face becomes disdainful.

The lift stops abruptly and they both emerge.

10 INT HALL - DAY

10

The woman walks extremely quickly and tries to get into her room. In her haste she cannot make the key work.

BROGAN

(genuine)

Can I help?

He takes the key out of her hand and opens the door for her. He smiles at her. She slams the door in his face. Brogan looks sad and misunderstood.

11 INT ROOM 103 - DAY

11

Brogan locks the door of his shabby room. There is a halo of grey fingerprints around the light switches; an essential painting of cattle by the lakeside over the bed; lime-green bedside lampshades. He sets up his ghetto blaster and tunes to a radio station.

Brogan sings along to everything, but only ever bits.

BROGAN

(sings)

I'm gonna hold you till I die, till
we both break down and cry..

A knock at the door. Simon enters with the fish dinner. It consists of fish, mashed potato and peas, sputum coloured custard trifle congealing in a glass bowl. He places it on the table. He steadies himself imperceptibly before leaving.

Brogan opens the suitcase. Moggi emerges like a bat out of hell. She leaps straight onto the window ledge staring longingly out at the river and the constant traffic along the quays.

Brogan puts the tray on the floor. Moggi is unable to resist the fish and eats daintily.

BROGAN
You're dead mate.

Moggi lifts her head and fixes him with a fearless look.

Brogan unnerved turns up the ghetto blaster. He starts dancing.

He picks up a hammer from the suitcase and does a jig with it. As the music takes him he grasps the hammer and begins to move like a cross between a whirling dervish, a shi'ite Muslim in Jihad and a Scottish caber thrower.

At the height of the growing tension he kneels down to the cat, lines up the hammer with her head, lifts it, and with all the power he can muster brings the hammer down and misses.

MAGICAL REALISM:

Brogan chases the cat round the room. Lights fall on the floor. Chaos erupts. The cat goes up the curtains. Brogan pulls the curtains down. Silence. The cat stands facing its attacker. Brogan, triumphantly, with incredible strength, pulls the wardrobe over with one hand and it lands smack on the Moggi.

END OF MAGICAL
REALISM:

There is a knock at the door. Brogan opens it a tad.

SIMON
(shouts because of the
music)
Excuse me sir, but the music.
We've had complaints.

Brogan nods and immediately goes to turn down the music. Simon enters, his eyes everywhere. The room is completely normal. Brogan is standing hammer in hand. He shrugs stupidly as Simon looks at him.

SIMON
Will I take the tray?

BROGAN
Oh right. Why not?

SIMON
Was that okay for you?

BROGAN

Dead on. Thanks boss. I love a bit of fish. My compliments to the chef and all that.

Simon picks up the tray. Both notice that the cutlery is still neatly wrapped in the serviette. Neither the mash nor the peas have been touched; the custard almost intact. He fixes Brogan with a knowing look and without a word goes to the door.

A meow is heard coming from the wardrobe. Simon looks back from the door.

BROGAN

Drunk on duty could be worth a mention.

Brogan smiles as he hands him a note. Simon and Brogan's eyes meet and acknowledge each other.

Brogan quickly holds open the door for the porter who takes a moment to get his bearings so he can walk in a straight line through the door.

Brogan shuts the door with relief.

He goes to the wardrobe and the cat steps out and immediately jumps on the windowsill.

He walks to the window; the cat studiously ignores him. Looking at the Liffey suddenly Brogan gets an idea. He shows the cat the hammer, and then throws it down.

The cat, relieved, lies down.

Brogan then picks up a heavy ashtray and places it in the suitcase, locks the case and throws it onto the bed looking at the cat tellingly.

BROGAN

Drowning.

The cat simply yawns and closes its eyes.

Brogan makes another call.

BROGAN

Moggi, Moggi, Moggi.

He holds the receiver to the cat who listens to her mistress shouting and meows pitifully.

Suddenly a man's voice breaks in and starts shouting.

Moggi looks at Brogan with deep hurt. Brogan listens to the male voice barking on the phone, alternate with the female voice and finally hangs up.

BROGAN

Big pecs and prime buttocks is
allergic to cats Moggi.

Moggi puts her nose in the air and looks out on the Liffey. Without thinking Brogan reaches out and strokes the cat, who immediately arches her back and begins to purr. Brogan tickles her chin, she stretches her neck, then he comes to himself and suddenly withdraws his hand as if he has touched a hot iron.

BROGAN

I'm off after a little
appreciation.

Moggi meows empathetically.

12

INT HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING

12

Brogan emerges from the lift ready for the bar. He puts his phase tester in his pocket. He sees Simon who nods at him.

BROGAN

(looking around)
You've got it made living here.
(Simon nods obligingly his
face a mask)
I'm in between places. Got turned
out of my flat, like.

SIMON

That's something to think about.

BROGAN

(laughing at himself)
Yeh. She took in a new boyfriend
and threw me out. What can you do?

Silence.

SIMON

There's no justice in love and war.

BROGAN

(impressed)
You're dead right man. Come 'ere.
What's your poison?

SIMON

(whispers)
A drop of vodka. No ice, thanks!
(he nods towards his
booth)
I've plenty of tonic in there.

His mood more upbeat Brogan orders the drinks. He knocks back tequila and orders another. The bar is much busier. Without warning the lights go down, the disco lights go on, multi coloured shapes cascade over the surfaces. The music starts throbbing.

Suddenly he hears singing. He looks over and three young women (19), carbon copies of each other, all with frizzy, high voltage blonde hair, are singing happy birthday to one of them standing in the middle who sings as lustily as the rest.

Suddenly a large middle-aged man with a huge belly jumps up and starts gyrating all around her. The girls are up for some "crack" tonight. The birthday girl laughs breezily.

A song of sisterhood comes blaring out of the speakers. The girls yell as one, push aside the belly dancer and dive onto the dance floor at the end of the bar.

Meanwhile at the bar, another woman COLLETTE (38), who in the light looks 30, long dark dyed hair, intelligent dark eyes that miss nothing, wearing a leather jacket, too tight too short skirt, sits quietly at the bar watching Brogan, nursing her drink, smoking profusely.

The girls are singing as one to the song. Timing, has never been Brogan's strong point. He swaggers over to join them.

MAGIC REALISM:

The three women become like synchronised swimmers dressed in their clubbing finery, but in a swimming pool. Brogan, dressed in Bermudas, swims over to join them. He performs adventurously with each one in turn. They refuse to break formation.

Redoubling his efforts, but becoming increasingly unable to cope, he energetically begins to drown.

END OF MAGIC REALISM:

Brogan throws himself around in an adventurous shuffle with octopus elbows and knees. The girls are concerned he will injure himself. His shirt and trousers take on a life of their own and begin to part company.

GIRL 1

What in the name of Jesus are you trying to do to yourself.

GIRL 2

You'll give yourself a groin injury that way.

They turn their backs, but that only encourages Brogan even more. His shirt is now loose and exposing hairy flesh. His phase tester falls on the floor. The girls have had enough and walk off the floor.

MAGIC REALISM:

Brogan is still in his Bermudas. The girls turn on him and say in unison.

GIRL 1
You're a loser Brogan.

GIRL 2
You've never won anything in your life.

GIRL 3
You couldn't even win a free car wash.

Everybody is staring at him. They are looking at the fact his Bermudas were hanging off him and exposing his bum cleavage.

END OF MAGIC
REALISM:

BROGAN
(declares)
My buttocks are made of Sheffield steel.

Alone in the middle of the dance floor and embarrassed at speaking out loud to no-one, Brogan, picks up the phase tester and limps back to the bar to refuel. He tucks in his shirt feeling very sorry for himself.

He is aware that Collette, is sitting next to him at the bar. He looks at her and she smiles right back at him.

BROGAN
Would you like a drink?

COLLETTE
Remy Martin thanks.

He gets the drinks in.

COLLETTE
I'm Collette.

BROGAN
Brogan.

He starts stirring his tequila absent mindedly with his screwdriver.

BROGAN

And what do you do?

COLLETTE

I listen. (beat) You?

BROGAN

Electrician, but I'm fed up with wiring sockets every day. My girlfriend has just thrown me out and taken in some total clown.

COLLETTE

You're not so bad yourself.
(Brogan misses the irony)
You've obviously got a good mind.

Brogan was cheering up.

BROGAN

What do you think of Liveline?

COLLETTE

Never listen to it. Besides I'm rarely up then. All that moral outrage, too much at that time of day.

BROGAN

A woman after my own heart.

COLLETTE

Would you like to discuss the subject further upstairs?

Brogan can hardly believe his luck and chokes on his tequila.

COLLETTE

For a fee.

Brogan weighs up the offer. Tempting. He nods and together they leave the bar.

14

HOTEL ROOM 103 - NIGHT

14

In the room Collette sits down on the bed. She takes off her shoes and discreetly opens a button or two on her blouse to show the ring in her belly button and a glimpse of her red Affinity bra. As she lies back Brogan catches a glimpse of her red knickers as she puts her legs straight out on the bed.

He gives her all the pillows and makes sure she's comfortable. As he does so, Collette begins to take off his jacket. This is not what Brogan has in mind.

He gets up and begins to pace. Without realising it the cat is watching him as attentively as Collette.

BROGAN

My partner. My ex-partner's voice on the radio. She told them everything. Accusing me of everything. She said I had no feelings.

COLLETTE

Never.

BROGAN

I can talk about feelings, relationships and multiple organisms. I am the sensitive type, in touch with the feminine side of my nature.

Collette looks at Brogan sympathetically. She pats the duvet beside her. Brogan dutifully sits. He removes his phase tester and places it beside her, then his jacket. She takes hold of his arm and strokes it while they talk. She begins to remove his shirt.

COLLETTE

She's no good for you. You've done the right thing running away. What else did she say?

BROGAN

She went on and on about the sink. It was very hurtful. I told her I'd love to be her cat. The more I said I wanted her the angrier she got.

Collette begins to undo his trousers.

COLLETTE

The wagon!

BROGAN

I know. It's outrageous.

Brogan gets up and starts pacing up and down again. Suddenly there is a meow. Collette suddenly spies the cat and opens her arms, delight on her face.

COLLETTE

Come here Kitty.

BROGAN

Her name is Moggi.

The cat unsure at first goes over to Collette and starts purring for sympathy, tail up. Collette begins to stroke her, letting the cat push its head against her body. It brushes off her breasts and nestles right in under the Affinity Bra for protection.

COLLETTE
You took her cat.

BROGAN
You're dead right I did.

COLLETTE
To get your own back?

BROGAN
She'll never see that cat alive
again. That's for sure.

COLLETTE
Life's too short for things like
that. Don't want to end up on your
own do you?

Suddenly Collette pushes the cat away and beckons to him.
The cat looks at Brogan disgusted by the turn of events.

Brogan gets onto the bed and lies down beside Collette, his
head under her Affinity bra. He closes his eyes and purrs.

Time passes.

Brogan wakes and gently sits up. Collette is fast asleep.
The cat is curled up on the bed as well. Unexpectedly Moggi
chooses this moment to approach Brogan and climb onto his
lap.

A softer Brogan starts to stroke the cat.

BROGAN
(whispering)
Moggi, it was never personal. Miss
Cactus legs just drove me to it.

Moggi looks at him as if she agrees with every word.

Brogan lifts the cat onto the bed carefully. He then gets
up, puts on his shirt and jacket, picks up his phase tester,
and quietly lets himself out of the room.

15 INT HOTEL LOBBY - EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING

15

Brogan wanders through from the bar holding two drinks. He
is looking for Simon. He finds him in his booth. Simon is
holding his photograph. Brogan hands him the drink
apologetically.

BROGAN
Sorry about that man.

Simon nods acceptingly and takes the drink. He motions to
Brogan to pull up a chair whilst he takes his tonic and adds
it ceremoniously to his drink.

There is a genuine companionship in their silence. Brogan taps the photograph and looks at him.

SIMON

Catherine. 38 years we were married. I moved in here after she died.

Brogan whistles with surprise.

BROGAN

What do you think about cats?

SIMON

What do I think about cats?

BROGAN

Cold creatures. You show them loads of affection. Best of food. Total devotion. And what do you get in return? Nothing.

SIMON

In my experience a cat is generally her own boss.

BROGAN

A cat will use you and then turn round and walk away. A dog is different. A dog will lay down his life for you. Whereas a cat will take everything from you and throw you out on your ear. Where's the loyalty in that?

SIMON

(empathetically)

Many do not deserve to be trusted.

SIMON

(wanting to talk)

I too am being thrown out.

BROGAN

(genuinely concerned)

No way.

SIMON

The hotel is being remodelled. The young manager's bought it. Only a matter of time now. In fact I'm marked down for demolition myself.

BROGAN

(thinking he understands)

I'm sorry to hear that.

SIMON

Been struck down by the big C,
Cancer.

BROGAN

(shocked to his trainers)
Jesus! I thought I had problems.

SIMON

There's not much hope. Sorry to
talk about such morbid matters.

BROGAN

Are you on treatment?

SIMON

Forget it. They more or less said
there was no point. Sure, look at
me.

BROGAN

That's outrageous. Don't let them
get away with it. Pressure them.

SIMON

They're after giving me six months.
A year maybe at the most.

BROGAN

Jesus. That's not fair, Simon.
(beat)
Do you get much pain? Me I'm a
total coward when it comes to pain.

SIMON

Who cares about mortification of
the flesh? No point in worrying
about it. No matter how long
before the demolition team arrive,
it is my opinion, that it is
essential to make the most of life.
I can pack more into a year than a
lot of these young pups.

Brogan is hanging on every word.

SIMON

I'm thinking of doing a degree.

BROGAN

(bemused)
Fair play to you Simon.

SIMON

Got to live a hundred per cent
while you can.

Brogan and Simon sit deep in empathetic thought and finish their drinks. The closing bell sounds.

BROGAN
Time's up!

Simon smiles. Brogan suddenly realises what he's said.

BROGAN
Another drink man?

Simon nods appreciatively and Brogan pads off to the bar.

Simon stands with great concentration. He picks up a clothes brush and carefully brushes off each shoulder. He replaces the brush with precision.

Brogan returns with the drinks and hands one to Simon.

SIMON
Thinking of Irish History. Give me something to talk to Catherine about.

Brogan nods respectfully and leaves for the lift.

Simon lifts his glass and watches as Brogan gets into the lift. Simon sits down again with great dignity, fills his glass with some tonic and drinks.

16 INT ROOM 103 - VERY EARLY MORNING

16

Brogan lets himself into the room as quietly as he can. Moggi is nestled asleep on the slumbering Collette.

MAGICAL REALISM:

Moggi is standing in the microwave. A finger flutters over the numbers.

Brogan does not want this though. He opens the microwave and takes out the cat.

END OF MAGICAL
REALISM:

Brogan sits in a chair by the window with his drink. Out of the blue the cat lands on his lap, lies down and purrs profusely.

BROGAN
He's dying Moggi and he talks about doing a degree. Jesus, what would I be doing if I only had 6 months? I'd be eating cream doughnuts. No more vegetables. Booze on tap and a steady stream of gorgeous nurses monitoring my temperature.
(MORE)

BROGAN (cont'd)

There was I, only bothered about trying to impress some frizzy soft top. He's on his own. You're on your own Moggi. I'm on my own.
(Beat) A fucking degree!

The two of them sit together contentedly contemplating life.

17 INT LOBBY - VERY EARLY MORNING

17

Simon has dozed off. An intermission of peace has fallen over Finbar's Hotel.

SOUND OVER: an irritating knocking of metal hitting glass breaks into the silence.

Annoyed Simon gets up and squints through the revolving door glass. Reluctantly he unlocks the door and is hit by the force of Patricia shouting profanities. Her partner, Connor (36) all prime pecs and buttocks, wears a sheepskin coat and a pained and suffering face.

PATRICIA

You've got a Mr Brogan here in this hotel, haven't you? His work said.

SIMON

Now hold on a minute.

PATRICIA

He's got my cat.

Simon taps the sign on the reception desk.

SIMON

Madam. We don't allow any pets in this hotel.

PATRICIA

You're in big trouble if you don't tell me where he is. This minute!

CONNOR

(knows this could get heavy)
She's serious.

Simon sizes them both up, refusing to be intimidated.

SIMON

I'm afraid you'll have to leave.

Patricia then starts to try and get behind reception. Simon blocks her way. Connor attempts to stop her.

PATRICIA

I want to see the manager.

CONNOR
Sweetheart.

SIMON
I'm calling the guarda.

PATRICIA
You're harbouring a vicious cat
killer.

CONNOR
Patricia, please.

Connor pulls her towards the door with all his might.

CONNOR
There are other ways of getting
him.

He pulls her into the revolving doors. The doors start to
move. Her voice recedes into the distance.

PATRICIA
I'm going to phone Liveline about
this. I'm going to ruin this hotel.
I'll have this place closed down.

Simon has an expression of laconic endurance on his face. He
locks the doors. He then looks through the window and
watches them struggle to a parked car. They get into the
car and wait.

18 INT CAR - VERY EARLY MORNING 18

Patricia fixes her hysterical and frenzied eyes on the door
of the hotel waiting for Brogan to emerge.

19 INT WINDOW OF BROGAN'S ROOM - VERY EARLY MORNING 19

The cat is looking down nonchalantly at the hysterical scene
below.

20 INT ROOM 103 - DAWN 20

Brogan, stands watching the beginnings of light appear on the
horizon. It is reflected on his face.

He goes over to the slumbering Collette, takes a generous
amount of money out of his wallet and leaves it on the side
for her.

He writes a brief note on Finbar's Hotel notepaper and props
it up beside the money.

He picks up his ghetto blaster and his suitcase and walks out
of the door.

21 INT LOBBY - DAWN

21

Simon, sees him emerge from the lift and goes over to him excitedly.

SIMON
She's outside in the car, waiting.
With her heavy new boyfriend.

Brogan takes the news nonchalantly. He smiles.

BROGAN
What pub do you drink in Simon?

SIMON
(surprised)
Wind Jammer.

BROGAN
When are you normally off duty
because I'd be honoured to have a
drink with you one of these days.

Simon's eyes fill momentarily.

SIMON
Next Tuesday night.

Brogan nods.

BROGAN
You mind your health now.

Brogan takes hold of his hand to shake it.

BROGAN
Get all the treatment you can.
I'll see you Tuesday.

SIMON
Take care of the cat.

Simon points down to the suitcase.

BROGAN
(smiling)
I intend to.

Simon goes over to the door and lets Brogan out.

22 EXT HOTEL - DAWN

22

Brogan walks away towards the river. He walks straight past the car parked outside.

Inside the car the occupants seem asleep.

Brogan turns round and looks back at the hotel windows upstairs.

Scavenging seagulls have begun to descend on the deserted streets. Brogan resumes his single-minded march towards the quays.

23 INT CAR - DAWN 23

Patricia suddenly jerks awake. She looks round frantically and sees Brogan walking. She jumps out of the car.

She jumps back in the car and wakes Connor.

PATRICIA

You're letting the most notorious
cat killer of all time get away.

24 EXT STREET - DAWN 24

Patricia starts running after Brogan shouting at the top of her voice.

PATRICIA

Come back Brogan. Brogan!

Brogan doesn't even bother to quicken his step. He stops and stands at the wall of the river, near the O'Connell Bridge and looks down into the orange-brown water.

He turns round to look at his pursuers.

He waits for an instant and then motions as if to throw the suitcase into the water.

MAGIC REALISM:

As he watches, in slow motion, the suitcase opens and Patricia screams as she falls out of suitcase, thrashes about in the air and lands in the water. She sinks like a stone into the deep.

END OF MAGIC
REALISM:

Brogan then takes hold of the suitcase and throws it into the river. He watches it floating at first before it begins to sink.

25 EXT RIVER PARAPET - DAWN 25

Patricia stops where the suitcase was thrown. She looks over the parapet. The suitcase is still partially visible above the surface of the river.

She pummels Connor.

PATRICIA
Get down there and rescue Moggi.

Connor, looking very carefully, is relieved to see some narrow stone steps leading down the rivers edge. He climbs over and gingerly makes his way down the steps.

PATRICIA
(yelling)
Go on, get it.

He tries to reach out towards the handle of the suitcase. It is just out of reach, drifting away and sinking fast.

CONNOR
I can't.

PATRICIA
Oh, for heaven's sake. What kind
of a man are you?

The suitcase is almost submerged by now.

CONNOR
Look Patricia, I'm trying.

Bubbles are now anxiously escaping out through the sides.

PATRICIA
You're bloody useless.

26 INT FINBAR'S HOTEL DOOR - DAWN

26

Simon stands watching this debacle. He has his hands behind his back and breathes in with delight, the fresh morning air.

A taxi pulls up outside the hotel.

At that moment Collette comes walking through the door with Moggi on her arm.

COLLETTE
Good night Simon.

She stops and lets him pet her new cat which is purring like a Jumbo. Contented Moggi stretches and grips Collette's leather jacket with her claws.

For a moment Moggi looks over at O'Connell Bridge at the figure of Brogan striding purposefully towards the city.

27 EXT O'CONNELL BRIDGE - DAWN

27

Connor finally pulls the case to the side. He loses his balance and falls into the river.

Patricia climbs over the parapet, gingerly down the steps and opens the case.

CONNOR
 Patricia, help. I can't swim.

Connor disappears. Patricia opens the case. Inside is an ashtray and a phase-tester.

CONNOR
 (reappearing spluttering)
 H e l p!

Patricia, furious, holds out her hand for Connor to grab.

28 EXT O'CONNELL BRIDGE - DAWN 28

Brogan halts for a moment. He looks back at Finbar's Hotel. Moggi and Brogan's eyes meet momentarily in mutual acknowledgement.

29 EXT FINBAR'S HOTEL DOOR - DAWN 29

Simon steps down and opens the door of the taxi. Collette smiles at Simon as she steps into the taxi. She sits in the back and strokes Moggi.

30 EXT O'CONNELL BRIDGE - DAWN 30

Brogan, ghetto blaster in hand, walks into the city, as the dawn fully breaks over Dublin.

THE END