

Dissident

By

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EXT. POLEGLASS - NIGHT.

A GROUP OF HOODS replete with beer, cider and sportswear, laugh and shout at each other at the corner of a shitty housing estate.

One breaks from the group and throws a SHOPPING TROLLEY into a pile of BURNING REFUSE into the middle of the road.

A car approaches slowly. After a second, it mounts the curb. a VOICE bellowing from inside.

VOICE

Hoodin' bastards. Fuckin' scum!

A VOLLEY OF ABUSE is hurled back at the car as it takes off. Random bottles and cans fly from the group.

In the midst of the commotion stands BUBSY, a squat twenty something with sparse facial hair and gelled, combed forward hair.

He grins at some secret in his head.

A HOOD shouts something to him.

HOOD

Here, Bussy! What were you up to last night, then?

Bussy sneers at him.

BUBSY

Who's askin'?

The crowd quietens a little.

Bussy breaks into a grin again.

BUBSY (cont'd)

Ah was gettin' mah hole, wasn't ah!

Some LAUGHTER. The hood raises a can to him.

Bussy snorts and turns to something to his side.

By the fire on the road, a black car, turned away from the road line, toward the group.

Bussy's eyes widen.

(CONTINUED)

BUBSY (cont'd)

Split!

The crowd follow his gaze to the car, the wheels of which suddenly start to SPIN, as it speeds toward the group.

Bubsy gets a head start on the dispersing group, running along the pedestrian path, through bollards, into the estate.

The car makes straight for him, swerving around the bollards and mounting the bumpy grass landscape.

Bubsy is going at full tilt, the car gaining every second.

He makes a sudden and hard right into a small entryway.

The car pulls up, able to go no further.

Bubsy is in the entryway, going strong , when he looks behind him.

No one is following.

He slows up a little, breathing HARD.

He stops to gain his breath.

He looks up, smiling.

BUBSY (cont'd)

Suckers.

He trots onward to the end of the entryway, when suddenly a black van pulls up and masked men bound from the opening side door.

Bubsy turns on his heel, but only gets a few steps when they're on him.

INT. THE FELONS, BELFAST - NIGHT.

A SECURITY GUARD sits at a small desk near the door of the social club, he nods to a MAN as he walks past.

The man continues on into the club.

People nod as he passes; OLD MEN, YOUNG MEN.

Inside the main room, a CHEESY DISCO is underway. The place is packed. The man keeps moving.

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At the back, in the midst of the commotion, sits EAMON, a short, overweight forties, with a mustache, a receding hairline, a rugby shirt and leather jacket.

He frowns at some secret in his head.

The man approaches, whispers something in his ear.

Eamon looks up at him, then drops his eyes, thoughtful.

He looks back up and shoots a curt nod. As the man leaves, Eamon looks around the room, and takes a long drink of LAGER.

A MIDDLE-AGED woman walks by, grabbing his shoulder and smiling at him. He breaks out of his reverie and gives her an ingratiating smile, before going back to his frown.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT.

JOE, middle-aged, imposing, is setting out tools on a workbench.

A hammer, and nail with a piece of string attached.

A long sharp knife.

A pot of what looks lie boiling oil.

The door opens and Eamon enters, walking with an easy confidence.

EAMON

You have everything, then?

Joe looks down at the tools.

JOE

Aye, well, as best I know. I've never done it before, y'know.

EAMON

We'll make it work.

Joe gives a dry smile.

JOE

Not as if you give a fuck if it goes wrong.

Eamon is deadly serious.

(CONTINUED)

EAMON

It better not go wrong. I want the wee bastard to live with it.

Joe nods, rebuked, he drops his eyes back to the tools.

JOE

Aye.

Satisfied, Eamon takes his jacket off as he walks to the center of the room.

Underneath a stark overhead light, sits a limp Bussy, tied to a chair. It looks like Joe has already had some fun.

Eamon gives him a light SLAP.

EAMON

Wake up, you.

Bussy comes to. His speech is just a little slurred.

BUBSY

What'd ah fuckin' do?

Eamon just looks at him.

Whatever fight Bussy had left in him, is gone now.

Eamon sniffs.

EAMON

Joanne McAllister.

Bussy shrugs.

BUBSY

What'd yeh want me deh say?

EAMON

Do you know who that is?

Bussy spits a little blood out.

BUBSY

I dunno, mister. Yer mah?

Eamon stands up, calm.

EAMON

That's the name of the wee girl who's head you held a screwdriver to as you forced her to suck you off.

Bussy slowly shakes his head.

EAMON (cont'd)

That's the name of the wee English girl you dragged into a golf course and raped as that wee cunt cousin of yours, Terry, beat on her wee mates with an iron bar.

Bussy's voice is barely audible.

BUSSY

Ah didn't do naffin.

Eamon walks toward him, eerily calm.

EAMON

D'ya remember her name now?

Bussy shakes his head again.

EAMON (cont'd)

Listen, Mister. I never touched her.

Eamon leans in close.

EAMON (cont'd)

Really? What d'ya call this, then?

He holds up a mobile phone between them.

Bussy winces, on the verge of tears.

Eamon continues in an almost show-and-tell tone.

EAMON (cont'd)

Y'see, i'm just after blowin' off Terry's kneecaps, and look what he gave me in gratitude! Joanne's mobile! The one you've been using to taunt her mother with.

Bussy drops his head.

EAMON (cont'd)

Now, it's very simple, son. If you keep lyin' to me, am gonna fuckin' kill yeh. If yeh come clean, you'll go home in one piece.

Bussy's HEAVY BREATHING is the only thing that breaks the silence. He keeps looking at the ground.

(CONTINUED)

BUBSY
Please, Mister.

Eamon leans in even closer.

EAMON
It's OK, son. Everything's gonna be
alright. Just tell me the truth.

A pause.

EAMON (cont'd)
Did you rape that wee girl, Bussy?

Slowly, without looking up, and with the smallest movement,
Bussy nods his head.

Eamon snaps up.

EAMON (cont'd)
Very good.

He nods to Joe, who comes over with the pot and knife. He
puts them down a few feet from Bussy.

Bussy turns to look at the implements.

Suddenly, he has more energy than before

BUBSY
What're yeh gonna do?

Joe moves toward him and begins to pull his bottoms down.
Eamon is dipping the knife in the hot oil.

EAMON
You'll not be raping anyone again,
son.

Realization dawning, Bussy starts bucking like a mule.

BUBSY
No! Fuck, no! No way.

Joe loses his grip.

JOE
Hold still, yeh little shit!

Bussy is going frantic.

BUBSY

Oh God, no, mister. Please, oh God
please don't cut off mah dick.
Please! Please!

Eamon comes over, knife in hand and grabs Bussy around the
shoulders in a half-nelson.

EAMON

Do what he says and hold still,
son.

Bussy breaks out into frantic tears.

BUBSY

No! Oh God, oh God! Don't do it.

As if convinced he has super-human strength, he jumps and
flexes and bends,

but to no avail.

He lets out a DEEP SOB.

BUBSY

Please...

Eamon drops the knife, grabs Bussy's chin in between a fat
thumb and forefinger and pulls him really close. Joe backs
up a little.

EAMON

Let's make something clear; you
don't get to cry!

Bussy stares at him, terrified.

EAMON (cont'd)

You only get to cry when you've
been sinned AGAINST.

He swings his arm, pointing to the wall.

EAMON (cont'd)

That wee girl, Joanne. The wee one
who's life has been ruined. Her
mother, her mates. They get to cry!

He tightens his fist around Bussy's face, as if trying to
crush it.

EAMON (cont'd)
You don't get to fucking cry, yeh
wee cunt...

Suddenly, the anger comes, Eamon punches him in the face.

EAMON (cont'd)
Scum of the fuckin' earth...

He rains down body blows on Bussy with every word.

EAMON (cont'd)
animal...

Bussy recoils and falls forward like a rag doll with every hit.

EAMON
filth...

One last hit as he SHOUTS:

EAMON
Not fit to fuckin' LIVE!

Eamon takes a step backward as Joe stares at him.

JOE
Eamon...

Without a word, Eamon pulls off his Rugby shirt and stuffs part of it into Bussy's SCREAMING mouth.

EAMON
Hold him.

Joe does as he's told as Eamon dips the knife again and comes toward Bussy.

He brings an arm around Bussy's neck from behind, holding the shirt in place as he moves the knife down toward his groin.

Bussy's eyes widen and he looks downward and lets out a MUFFLED SCREAM as Eamon begins a sawing motion.

Joe moves to the side as blood squirts by.

Bussy keeps SCREAMING as Eamon saws with determination, his head right beside Bussy,

stoic.

Quickly, Bubsy's SCREAMS become RAGGED and he starts to lose consciousness.

EAMON (cont'd)
Get that nail.

A blood-covered Joe runs to the tool bench and back, dropping in front of Bubsy and getting to work with a hammer and nail.

Eamon returns to the tool bench, begins wiping his bloodied hands with a rag.

In the background, Joe drops something into the oil pot and returns to Eamon.

JOE
"One piece", eh? The heat should have sealed it, but I've no idea what'll happen.

Eamon, seems nonchalant again as he wipes his hands. Joe just looks at him.

JOE (cont'd)
You realize if he does survive, he's likely to top himself.

Eamon looks up at him.

EAMON
As long as he does it, i don't give a flyin' fuck.

He finishes up and pulls his jacket on.

EAMON (cont'd)
You OK here?

Joe looks at Bubsy;

A limp, unconscious mess.

JOE
I wish i could say I've seen worse, but nah, I'll be fine, sure. You head on. Probably have calls to make.

Eamon nods as he starts off.

EAMON

Aye.

He leaves by the door he came in.

Joe is left in the stark garage, blood on the floor, a brutalized boy in the middle.

EXT. POLEGLASS - DAY.

Eamon is leaving a non-descript house, dressed similar to before. He has barely closed the gate to his garden path when he is set upon by a middle-aged woman.

WOMAN

Eamon.

Eamon turns.

EAMON

Ach, Deirdre. What about ye.

She looks a little frantic.

WOMAN

Do you know where my Patrick is?

Eamon shrugs as he moves on.

EAMON

No idea, love.

She walks in step with him.

DEIRDRE

Eamon, please. Everyone says you had him taken. I haven't seen him in two days, now they're saying they found someone on the news!

Eamon keeps on walking as Deidre stops, acceptance of the inevitable washing over her.

DEIRDRE (cont'd)

Where's my son, Eamon?

He moves on, resolute, as she shouts behind him.

DEIRDRE (cont'd)

Did you hurt my son, yeh fucker?!
Yeh cunt! What did yeh do to him?

She's crying and almost incomprehensible.

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DEIRDRE (cont'd)
What'd yeh do to him?!

Eamon doesn't stop.

Rounding the corner, he pulls out a RINGING MOBILE, looks at it, ANSWERS it.

EAMON
Yeh found him, then?

A VOICE on the other end sounds like a well-spoken version of Eamon.

VOICE
You almost killed him.

Eamon swings his head in annoyance.

EAMON
It was hardly going to be pretty roses and sparkles, was it?

VOICE
Still, job well done, by all accounts. He's alive, and it's the message that's important.

EAMON
Aye.

A pause.

VOICE
Well, have to go. They'll be wanting some sort of a statement.

Eamon KILLS the call without a word, and keeps on walking.

INT. STORMONT, FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY.

MATTHEW QUINN, a besuited thirties with perfectly coiffed hair, slowly closes his FLIP-PHONE.

He looks out the doors.

A small group of photo-journalists are there. Taking a deep breath, he steps outside.

EXT. STORMONT, FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY.

He is swarmed as soon as he exits and a VOLLEY OF QUESTIONS are thrown at him, PSNI the only thing holding them back.

He achieves A MODICUM OF SILENCE by holding his hands up and pointing to one in particular.

JOURNALIST

Councilor, reports suggest this young man was castrated as a punishment for the brutal rape of Joanne McAllister last week. Any words for us?

Quinn composes his best stern face.

QUINN

This is clearly the work of dissident, so-called Republicans, who now have a programme of taking the law into their own.

They SNAP furiously.

QUINN (cont'd)

As an SDLP representative in West Belfast, i can tell you the community is not going to have it, and those who want to exercise community control in such a savage fashion, need to feel the full rigors of the law.

They stretch their recorders out to him, as far as possible.

QUINN

These gunmen are not solving problems for the community...

He looks the journalist dead in the eye.

QUINN (cont'd)

They are creating problems.

FADE OUT.

Yep, i told you. Grim.

Anyway, I've had that scene in my head for a while, and i know, it's written about men, with a man's understanding and response to sex crimes and violence. I actually think it could be the opener to a decent movie about ol' Norn Iron.

(CONTINUED)

Bubsy is loosely based on a real person called Michael Quinn and his cousin Terry McKenna, who assaulted three boys and dragged their English friend away and raped her. Quinn's statement at the end is lifted from a politician's response when the IRA went to his house and wounded his brother in response.