

LIAM (34, looking drained and a bit uneasy) walks up the driveway. ERIN (36, a hypercautious, nervous person, happy to see her brother) meets him.

LIAM

Hiya, sis.

ERIN

Hey.

LIAM

Sorry I'm late. Bloody Ryanair. I'd have been quicker swimming. Or hijacking a plane.

They hug.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

ERIN

Ah, you know. So so. Don't really know what I'm feeling.

LIAM

I'm sorry. If it helps, I know exactly how I'm feeling.

ERIN

I really want to be sad, but I'm just...not. That said, I sort of feel sad about how not sad I am.

LIAM

How have things been here?

ERIN

Well, earlier, Ryan broke the flush on the toilet and Maggie threw a saucer at him.

LIAM

I'm surprised she didn't castrate him. Oul' Stalin's losing her edge.

ERIN

In fairness, she's actually been really good with everything. She's taken care of all the house stuff and funeral arrangements and everything.

LIAM

Oh aye, she's a peach. She'll be
revelling in the role of chief
mourner, I'm sure.

ERIN

Are you ready to see him?

LIAM

Ready?! I've been waiting for this
day for sixteen years.

ERIN

Stop it. I'm being serious.

LIAM

Me, too. Come on.

2

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - COFFIN ROOM - DAY

2

Liam and Erin enter the coffin room - a cosy space with way
too many candles around and crucifixes on the walls. Upon
seeing Liam, a group of mourners get up to leave to offer
privacy. They mumble sympathies as they leave. One lady,
DONNA (50s) stops and takes Liam's hand.

DONNA

I was so sorry to hear about your
brother.

Liam is dumbfounded, completely floored. Donna turns and
leaves, and Erin closes the door.

LIAM

Did she just say...

ERIN

I think she misspoke.

LIAM

Brother?! I mean, I know I'm
looking rough, but she thought he
was my fucking *brother*?

ERIN

Well, look. At least the worst
thing that's ever going to happen
to you has now happened. That's
something.

LIAM

Brother...

ERIN
Well, go ahead. He's over there.

LIAM
Go and see my brother.

ERIN
Get over it, Liam.

LIAM
Brother...

Liam approaches, distracted, and looks in at SEAMUS (mid 60s, dressed in a shirt and tie; looking well, considering...).

LIAM (CONT'D)
Jesus, he's never looked so well.

ERIN
Yeah, they've done a good job.

LIAM
No, but seriously, if he looked like this when he was alive, he might've actually found someone. Although...no. I forgot about his smell. And his personality.

ERIN
Liam! For Christ's sake...

LIAM
Where did he get the fancy clothes? I don't think I've seen him in anything but a string vest in over a decade.

ERIN
I wondered that, too. I think Maggie had them waiting for him...for this.

LIAM
Well, that's creepy.

ERIN
Yeah. She's even got him engraved cufflinks.

LIAM
You're kidding?!

Liam lifts Seamus' arm to view the cufflinks.

ERIN

Liam!

LIAM

What? I'll put him back the way he was. I don't think he'll be telling anyone.

ERIN

You know what Maggie's like. She'll notice if he isn't in *exactly* the same position.

Liam notices something under the sleeve. He lifts it up to reveal an antique Omega watch on Seamus' wrist.

LIAM

What the fuck?! That's Granda's watch!

ERIN

What?

LIAM

Granda's watch! The one that was supposed to be passed on to me. What the hell?!

ERIN

Maggie dealt with the undertaker...

LIAM

There's no way he's being put in the ground with this on.

Liam reaches for the watch. Erin intervenes.

ERIN

Christ, Liam! You can't just take it!

LIAM

It's *mine*!

ERIN

If Maggie finds out, it'll be your wake tomorrow.

LIAM

Granda would be spinning in his grave if he thought his watch was being buried with this prick. He hated him almost as much as I did. Granda wanted me to have it.

ERIN
At least speak to Maggie.

LIAM
Are you joking?! She detests me.

ERIN
(unconvincingly) Not '*detest*'...

LIAM
Yes, '*detest*'. It's utterly ridiculous - I was seven years old. I thought it was a compliment! It *was* a nice moustache! It *did* suit her. Still does.

ERIN
Liam, please, before you do anything stupid, just ask her.
Please.

LIAM
Screw that.

Liam reaches towards Seamus. Suddenly, MAGGIE (60s, a thin, sour woman with an impressive moustache who looks like she's constantly on the search for a disagreement) enters. Liam withdraws. Erin looks guilty.

ERIN
Maggie!

MAGGIE
What's happening here?

ERIN
Liam's just paying his last respects.

MAGGIE
I don't recall him showing your father any respect before.

LIAM
Yeah, well I don't recall him ever being this agreeable. Clearly, things change.

Maggie approaches.

MAGGIE
What were you doing?

LIAM
Grieving. What can I say? My
grieving is very tactile. Very
handsy.

Maggie scowls. Erin looks nervous.

ERIN
Liam was saying how well Daddy's
looking.

LIAM
Oh yeah, absolutely. Seems almost a
shame to bury him.

RYAN (32, bumbling, clammy, always looking slightly too big
for whatever space he's in) enters, looking nervous and
holding a coffee-soaked tea towel.

RYAN
Uh...Maggie? Sorry to interrupt...

MAGGIE
What?

RYAN
Ummm...what gets coffee out?

Liam laughs. Maggie scowls at him, then turns on Ryan.

MAGGIE
You buck eejit. Where have you
spilt it?

RYAN
...on the sofa.

MAGGIE
The cream one?!

Ryan looks nervous. Maggie approaches him, angrily.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
God almighty, it should be you in
that coffin. You're as thick as
champ. I swear to Christ...

Maggie and Ryan exit. Erin turns to Liam.

ERIN
Liam, I'm asking you, please don't
do anything. Maggie will be
watching you like a hawk.

LIAM

Well, she needs to get lucky every time. I only need to get lucky once.

ERIN

Are you seriously quoting the IRA?!

LIAM

What?! No...I thought it was from *Taken*?

ERIN

No, that's the IRA.

LIAM

Oh. Sorry. (pause) Still, when you're right, you're right...

Liam exits, leaving Erin looking nervous.

© Conor McReynolds