

The Black Mask

by Jimmy Cunningham

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‘Cabbage is always cabbage, even in a field of tulips...’

Gerry O’Reilly

Main characters:

Janet Kingston:	Single woman in her 30s.
Gerry 'Whistler' O'Reilly:	Notorious gangster, and married father-of-four.
Violet Kingston:	Janet's mother, in her 70s.
Mark 'Lucky' Gilroy:	Career criminal, in his 30s.
Baz Mansfield:	Amazon delivery driver.
Tamara Conte:	Interflora driver.

Setting:

An upstairs bedroom in a north Dublin council house, the three bedroomed property is owned by Violet Kingston.

Plot:

Having dropped his wife to Dublin airport, Gerry O'Reilly decides to spend the afternoon with his younger lover Janet Kingston. While Gerry is lying in the bed smoking a cigarette, Janet stares out the window, the brunette in an argumentative humour, having become increasingly fed up of being just a mistress.

Scene 1

(Janet lights a cigarette and continues to stare out the window, she is wearing a pair of red knickers and a white silk Kimono with a Black Widow spider embroidered on the back)

Janet: Say you love me...?

O'Reilly: Your love is only worth a Gucci jacket.

(O'Reilly lighting another cigarette, pulling the bedsheets around his waist)

Janet: Fuck you Gerry.
You're just a heartless bastard....?

O'Reilly: You don't become me, by being soft, do you....?

Janet: No.
But you don't love your wife, do you...?

O'Reilly: I don't have to.

Janet: Whatcha mean..?

O'Reilly: Divorcing Judy will cost an arm and a leg.

Janet: And...?

O'Reilly: Divorce brings on the lawyers, which in turn brings on the accountants, which in turn opens me up to financial scrutiny.

Janet: But I love you more than she does...?

O'Reilly: It doesn't matter.

Janet: Why..?

O'Reilly: In the eyes of the law, a wife is more important than a mistress.....any mistress.

Janet: But, she belittles you in public..?

O'Reilly: That's Judy.

Janet: She's got no class.

O'Reilly: Cabbage is always cabbage, even if you plant it in a field of Tulips, eh....?

Janet: She treats you like a piece of shit.

O'Reilly: I let her.

Janet: Why...?

O'Reilly: Because, it gives her a sense of false superiority.

Janet: The God-damn dog means more to her than you.

O'Reilly: I won't disagree.
But.....?

Janet: But what?

O'Reilly: She's the kids' mother, and I have to take their feelings into account.

Janet: I've given up everything for you...?

O'Reilly: Like....?

Janet: Family.....friends.
I too wanted kids.
Your kids.

O'Reilly: I've enough kids Janet.....they do me tits in.

Janet: It's all about you, isn't it....?

O'Reilly: Shut up, Janet.

Janet: Why.....?

O'Reilly: This argument is going nowhere.

Janet: I feel like your servant.

O'Reilly: You are my servant.....my sexual servant.

Janet: You're an arrogant bastard, you know that 'Whistler'?

O'Reilly: Goes with the territory.

Janet: Asshole.

O'Reilly: Nice complement.
Did I ever tell you why they call me 'Whistler'....?

Janet: No.

O'Reilly: Whenever I order someone be whacked, I always
whistle a tune to celebrate their death.

Janet: What tune.....?

O'Reilly: 'Crying in the Chapel'

Janet: Commit to me.....?

O'Reilly: No.

Janet: But I've been your bitch for twelve-years...?

O'Reilly: And you're good at it.

Janet: Fuck you.

O'Reilly: You know why I like you Janet.....?

Janet: Why..?

O'Reilly: Because you're the only woman, who goes to Mass twice a day, then shags me better than a prostitute.

Janet: Stop belittling me.

O'Reilly: As I said....your love is only worth a Gucci jacket.

Janet: The word on the street is.....?

(Janet taking a long drag of the cigarette)

O'Reilly: Is what.....?

Janet: The Mc Carten gang wants you dead.

O'Reilly: Why would they want me dead.....?

Janet: Over that E20 million cigarette heist in Amsterdam.

O'Reilly: Not my problem.

Janet: 'Slugger' Farrelly says you touted out them out to the gardai.

O'Reilly: What would second tier drug dealer like that know.....?

Janet: He claims you tipped off the cops to save your own bacon.
Is that true...?

O'Reilly: Fuck no.

Janet: 'Slugger' says you recently cut deal with Eddie 'Fatboy' Gaynor

O'Reilly: Who.....?

Janet: 'Fatboy' Gaynor.

O'Reilly: Never heard of him.

Janet: I think you do.

O'Reilly: Who is he.....?

Janet: He's the Donegal drug smuggler, who runs the cross-border heroin trade.

O'Reilly: With a gob like 'Slugger's'.....it's only a matter of time before he's whacked.

Janet: Is it true, the Mc Carten's lost their cash, while you got to keep yours...?

O'Reilly: No comment.

Janet: You need me ‘Whistler.....you know you need me..?’

O’Reilly: Why would I need a cheap whore like you....?’

(O’Reilly smiling, taking a long drag of the cigarette)

Janet: To put the young cocks in their place.

O’Reilly: I don’t need your help.

Janet: Why.....?’

O’Reilly: I’m King Kong.

Janet: I’m not so sure..?’

O’Reilly: I run shit around north Dublin.
Even the Travellers and the ex-Provos lick my dick, you got me...?’

(O’Reilly beating his fist against his chest)

Janet: It takes a woman like me, to keep the dangerous sharks’ away
from her man.

O’Reilly: I can look after meself.

(O’Reilly pouring himself a whiskey, lighting another cigarette)

Janet: You need me, Gerry.

O'Reilly: You're not talking to Alan Sugar.
You don't have to sell yourself.

Janet: Your Judy's just a pain in the arse.
You know it, and I know it...?

O'Reilly: You're just a piece of fluff....Janet.
A tasty piece.....but fluff is still fluff.

Janet: Maybe.....?

O'Reilly: My Judy's different than you.

Janet: Why.....?

O'Reilly: She's a mother.

Janet: Ah bollox.....?

(Janet staring out the window, an old woman making her way towards the front door)

O'Reilly: What's up....?

Janet: Me Mother's back.

O'Reilly: What does that ould bitch want....?

Janet: She owns the house, remember....?

O'Reilly: I told you, I'll give you the cash to buy it off her...?

Janet: No.

O'Reilly: Why....?

Janet: This is Mammy's castle.

O'Reilly: Heaven knows, a witch like that needs her castle, eh...?

Janet: Stop it, Gerry.

(Janet moving towards the bedroom door)

O'Reilly: Where are you going...?

Janet: Downstairs.

O'Reilly: Why.....?

Janet: Mammy likes someone to be there when she gets back.

O'Reilly: What about me.....?

Janet: I'll be back in five minutes.

O'Reilly: Better be.....?

Janet: Or what.....?

O'Reilly: I'll pleasure meself.

Janet: Only I can pleasure you.....and only you know that.....?

O'Reilly: Go down to your Mammy.

Janet: You're just being an asshole.

O'Reilly: And you're just a Mammy's girl, eh.....?

(O'Reilly's mobile phone ringing on the bedside locker)

Janet: Who's that.....?

(O'Reilly staring at the number on the mobile phone)

O'Reilly: Someone important.

(The sound of the front door closing, Janet's mother Violet shouting up the stairs)

Violet: I'm home.

You about, Janet..?

Janet: On me way, Mammy.

Violet: Did you go to Mass....?

Janet: Yeah.

Violet: I got some chocolate cake...?

Janet: Comin' now Mam.

(O'Reilly readying himself to answer the phone, staring at Janet)

O'Reilly: I'll be expecting you back in five minutes....?

Janet: Why are you jealous of a 75-year-old...?

O'Reilly: That ould bitch doesn't pay for your treats, does she....?

Janet: You're so petty, you know that....?

O'Reilly: You're mine, Janet.
All mine.....now fuck off.

Janet: Marry me.....?

O'Reilly: No.

Janet: Then play with yourself, you big fuckin' asshole.

(Janet closing the door, making her way down the stairs, O'Reilly alone in the bedroom)

Scene 2

(Janet enters the kitchen as Violet is placing the shopping on the table)

Violet: Did you leave your big asshole upstairs.....?

Janet: Stop it, Mam.

Violet: Tell him not to park his ugly G Wagen in front of Missus Byrne's driveway.

Janet: I'll speak to him.

Violet: You better.

Janet: Calm down, Mam.
You know Gerry treats me right.

Violet: He's just a big cock, and big wallet.

Janet: The perfect combination, eh..?

Violet: For now.
But then the big cock eventually gets soft, and the cash dries up.
Then.....what'll you do.....?

Janet: What are you sayin' Mam.

Violet: Get yourself a decent man.
One who's got a proper job.
Not a drug dealing, gun smuggler scumbag like him.

Janet: Stop it, Mam.

Violet: Your father was a good man.
Worked every day.
There was always legitimate cash in my wallet.
Unlike some of the women in Ireland today..?

Janet: What are you sayin'?

Violet: Their wallets are full of drugs cash.
Everything about them is fake.
From their lips to their tits.
They're as plastic as the coke bottle in the corner.

(Violet pointing to a coke bottle next to the sink)

Janet: What's for tea.....?

Violet: Black pudding and eggs.

Janet: I'm not hungry.

Violet: Worn out, are you....?

Janet: Stop it, Mam.

Violet: I won't be around for the afternoon.

Janet: Why....?

Violet: I going to up to Joyce Phillips.

Janet: For what....?

Violet: To play cards.

Janet: Cards....?

Violet: Yeah.

Janet: What type of cards game....?

Violet: Snap.

Janet: She's met her match with you.

Violet: You wanna believe it.
I've got the fastest hands in north Dublin.

Janet: And.....the filthiest tongue.....?

Violet: That too.
Rumour has it, the Travellers are after your fella..?

Janet: Why....?

Violet: Seemingly he carved them out of a major heroin deal.

Janet: How would you know....?

Violet: Father Mc Cormack told me.

Janet: And how would he know....?

Violet: Loose lips in the confession box.

Janet: What....?

Violet: One of the traveller women couldn't hold her piss.

Janet: What....?

Violet: Oh yeah.
Blabbered her gob.
Said her conscience was at her.
Told Father Mc Cormack everything about the
heroin deal and the plan to whack your 'boyfriend'.

Janet: What.....?

Violet: She told, how that 'Bag of Shite' upstairs, used the Pikeys to lever the deal, then muscled them out at the last minute.

Janet: Gerry wouldn't do that.....?

Violet: And Gerry wouldn't be shagging another bird behind his wife's back, eh...?

Janet: That's different.

Violet: Why.....?

Janet: Judy's an asshole.

Violet: She's still a married woman.

Janet: He doesn't love her.

Violet: And do you think he loves you....?

Janet: He wants to marry me.

Violet: Over my dead body.

Janet: So be it.

Violet: He just wants to hump you, then dump you.

Janet: You don't know Gerry.....?

Violet: He'll dump you, as soon as your tits gets saggy, and your love biscuit goes out of date....?

Janet: We'll be married next year.

Violet: You're delusional child.

(Janet raising her voice)

Janet: He loves me.

Violet: A drug dealer loves nothing but the money from the drugs.

Janet: Shut up, Mam.

Violet: Is he still carrying his briefcase with him.....?

Janet: Yeah.

Violet: How much is in it....?

Janet: A hundred K

Violet: What does he need that much cash for..?

Janet: Emergencies.

Violet: To pay off hitman, more like it.....?

Janet: And Father Mc Cormack told you about Gerry...?

Violet: Yep.

Janet: When....?

Violet: This morning.

Janet: Where....?

Violet: At the graveyard.
Mind you, Father Mac was pissed as a fart.
He tipped me off because he didn't want a
good catholic girl like you getting caught up in the
shenanigans.

Janet: Gerry would never fuck over the Travellers.....?

Violet: Gerry would fuck over his dead mother, if he'd half a
chance.

Janet: He wouldn't.

Violet:

He would.

(Violet emptying the rest of the shopping onto the kitchen table)

Now my darling....?

Janet:

What.....?

Violet:

Time for me to go to play cards.

Janet:

What time will you be back...?

Violet:

When I'm bored.

Or.....?

Janet:

Or what.....?

Violet:

When I polish off the last of Joyce's Scotch.

Janet:

Once an Alco, always an Alco, eh.....?

Violet:

When you get old, there's nothing else to do in
Dublin.....only drink.

Janet:

Or shag rich men....?

Violet:

Less damage in the booze.

Janet:

Maybe.....?

Janet:

After a while crocodile.

(Violet slamming the door behind her, Janet making her way back up the stairs)

Scene 3

(Janet opens the bedroom door and makes her way inside, O'Reilly is lying in bed, smoking a cigarette)

O'Reilly: That ould bitch gone...?

Janet: Yeah.
She won't be back until she's pissed.

O'Reilly: That'll take a least a week or two, eh...?

Janet: Leave her alone, Gerry.
She's old.

O'Reilly: She's a venomous ould bitch, that's what she is.

Janet: Why....?

O'Reilly: Her mouth is her problem.

Janet: And....?

O'Reilly: She's 'The Queen of Bad Rumours'?

Janet: Did you fuck over the Travellers....?

O'Reilly: Ask me bollox

Janet: Who was that on the phone....?

O'Reilly: My accountant.

Janet: What did he want.....?

O'Reilly: To talk money.

Janet: And....?

O'Reilly: Do you want a new car or an apartment...?

Janet: Why.....?

O'Reilly: I've some cash that needs washing.

Janet: What type of car.....?

O'Reilly: A Merc.

Janet: What Class.....?

O'Reilly: Any Class.

Janet: Ok.

O'Reilly: And the apartment.....?

Janet: Where.....?

O'Reilly: Whatever half a million euros buys you....?

Janet: And marriage.....?

O'Reilly: Not in the financial equation.

Janet: Then I don't want either the car or the apartment.

O'Reilly: You're a fucking idiot, you know that....?

Janet: You mean a fucking idiot.....for fucking you.

O'Reilly: But you like me cock, don't you...?

Janet: I like your lifestyle.

O'Reilly: What about me free cocaine and me cash...?

Janet: That too.

(O'Reilly turning over in the bed, Janet staring at the large scar running from O'Reilly's left shoulder to his right hip)

I never asked you this before....?

O'Reilly: What.....?

Janet: How did you get the scar on your back....?

O'Reilly: Shark attack.

Janet: A shark attack....?

O'Reilly: Yeah.

Janet: Where....?

O'Reilly: South Africa.

Janet: When....?

O'Reilly: When I was 18.

Janet: Were you on holiday in South Africa.....?

O'Reilly: No.

I lived there until I was 22.

Janet: In South Africa....?

O'Reilly: Yes.

We lived in Durban.

Me father was an accountant.

But....?

Janet: But what....?

O'Reilly: He was a crooked one.
Eventually we moved to Ireland for an easier life.

Janet: Because of your father's bad deeds....?

O'Reilly's: Yes.

Janet: Tell me about the shark attack....?

O'Reilly: It happened when I was spearfishing.

Janet: Spearfishing..?

O'Reilly: Yeah.

Janet: Sounds exciting...?

O'Reilly: It is.
You should try it sometime.....?

Janet: I'd like to do it with a rich husband....?

O'Reilly: Maybe, someday, eh...?

(O'Reilly rubbing his hand around the outer rim of the glass, smiling sarcastically at Janet)

Janet: Maybe.

(Janet lighting a cigarette, snorting a line of cocaine from her left wrist)

So what happened....?

(Janet opening the Kimono, now sitting on the chair wearing only her knickers)

O'Reilly: I try not to think about it.

(O'Reilly sitting up in the bed, pouring himself another whiskey, staring at Janet's breasts)

Janet: Does your wife know.....?

O'Reilly: No.

I forbid Judy from asking about the scar.

Janet: Why.....?

O'Reilly: It's an ugly damn thing.

Makes me feel like half a man.

Janet: I think it's quite attractive....?

(Janet taking a deep breath)

In fact, it's very masculine.

O'Reilly: Flattery gets you no-where.

Janet: So what happened.....?

O'Reilly: I was in the waters off Ingalda beach.....swimming about a quarter of a mile offshore.

Janet: How far.....?

O'Reilly: About quarter of a mile.
The water was deep, at least two hundred feet deep.

Janet: Then what.....?

O'Reilly: I was at a depth of about 50 feet, and was about to pull the trigger on the spear gun, when something smacked me in the side.

(O'Reilly taking a deep breath, an eerie silence in the room)

The impact was so great, it knocked the gun from my right hand, then.....I watched as the weapon sank to the bottom.

Janet: Holy Fuck.

O'Reilly: Within seconds I received a second impact, this

time I could feel myself being dragged very fast.
Janet: How fast.....?

O'Reilly: Faster than I ever swam underwater.
It was surreal.
Within seconds I realised a shark had attacked me.
I could see his teeth.

Janet: What type of shark.....?

O'Reilly: A Great White.
A big fucking Great White.

Janet: Was there much blood.....?

O'Reilly: Lots.
I managed to gouge his right eye with me diving
knife, and free meself.

Janet: Did you swim to the surface.....?

O'Reilly: I tried.

Janet: What happened.....?

O'Reilly: I struggled to free me weight belt.

Janet: Then what.....?

O'Reilly: I eventually opened the buckle, then swam upwards,
but he got me again.

Janet: Where.....?

O'Reilly: About five feet from the surface.

Janet: Holy shit.

O'Reilly: This time I gouged his left eye, eventually breaking
the surface.

Janet: Then what.....?

O'Reilly: By pure chance a small fishing boating was
passing by and they rescued me.

Janet: How badly injured were you.....?

O'Reilly: I needed three-hundred and ninety stitches.

Janet: Jesus Christ.
Frankenstein wouldn't have needed that many..?

O'Reilly: Shut up to fuck, Janet.

Janet: Sorry.

O'Reilly: In addition, every rib on my right side was broken.

Janet: Every rib.....?

O'Reilly: Every rub.
My organs were exposed and my torso was ripped open.
The emergency doctor said I was lucky to be alive.

Janet: Do you hate the shark?

O'Reilly: No.

Janet: Why.....?

O'Reilly: I was in his territory.

Janet: What....?

O'Reilly: You heard me.
There was a lot of blood in the water from the spearfishing.
I was a fool not to expect trouble.
But, I learned something from that incident....?

Janet: What did you learn.....?

O'Reilly: Trust no-one and leave nothing to chance.

Janet: Why....?

O'Reilly: Because there's always sharks in the water, always.

Janet: Do you trust me.....?

O'Reilly: No.

Janet: Why didn't you tell your wife about the shark attack..?

O'Reilly: Because Judy's a selfish cow whose only concern is money.
.But....?

Janet: But what.....?

O'Reilly: She's a good mother, and I respect her
for her commitment to the kids.

(O'Reilly and Janet suddenly distracted by the door bell ringing)

Who the fuck is that.....?

(Janet staring out the window)

Janet: The Amazon delivery guy.

O'Reilly: You order something.....?

Janet: Yep.

O'Reilly: Better go down and get it, eh.....?

(O'Reilly's mobile phone starting to ring)

Janet: Who's that.....?

O'Reilly: Trouble.

Janet: Who for fucks sake?

O'Reilly: Judy.

Janet: Bitch.

O'Reilly: Don't leave the delivery guy waiting, eh...?

Janet: Yes, Boss.

O'Reilly: Don't be an asshole.....?

Janet: Marry me.....?

O'Reilly: Piss off, Janet.

(Janet making her way to the bedroom door)

You forgetting something.....?

Janet: Whatcha mean.....?

(Janet staring in the mirror, the brunette realising she's dressed only in a pair of knickers)

Fuck.

(Janet grabbing her Kimono)

O'Reilly: You take your anti-depressants today.....?

Janet: Why.....?

O'Reilly: You're a little more needy than usual.

(O'Reilly smiling)

Janet: Piss off, Gerry.

(Janet exiting the room, making her way down the stairs towards the front door)

Scene 4

(Janet opens the front door and is greeted by a young delivery driver called Baz Mansfield)

Baz: Delivery for Miss Janet Kingston.....?

(Baz holding a large Amazon box in his two hands hand, placing the item on the ground)

Janet: That's me.

Baz: You need to sign here...?

(Baz taking out an electronic tablet and a plastic pen, placing the items in front of Janet)

Janet: I'm shit at signing things.

Baz: Any scrawl' will do.

(Janet signing her signature on the screen using the plastic pen)

Janet: Scrawl is what you're gettin'.

(Janet handing back the pen and tablet)

Baz: I don't care as long as there's something on the screen...?

Janet: I was never big into school.

Baz: Me neither.

Janet: I only got the Inter Cert.

Baz: I've a degree in life.

Janet: From where....?

Baz: Mountjoy Prison.

Janet: A bold boy, eh....?

Baz: Attempted murder.
But....the conviction was quashed on appeal.

Janet: Well done.

Baz: You sure you're able to handle this big box....?

(Baz pointing to the box on the ground)

Janet: If it's big.....I can handle it.

Baz: Kinky.

Janet: You askin' me out on a date....?

Baz: No.

Janet: Why not....?

(Janet smiling)

Baz: Because I'm married.

Janet: Bet she's a lucky woman...?

Baz: You mean.....'He's'.....a lucky man

Janet: What.....?

Baz: I'm gay.

Janet: For fucks sake.....now that's a bloody shame.

Baz: Why.....?

Janet: Because all the good-looking men are gay.

(Baz handing over the box)

Baz: I know.

Janet: They say gays are very bitchy.....?

Baz: Don't think so.

But marriage takes a lot of commitment.
You married....?

Janet: Not yet.

Baz: What does that mean.....?

Janet: Gettin' married shortly.

Baz: How long.....?

Janet: Three months.

Baz: Who's the lucky fella.....?

Janet: He's an entrepreneur called George.

Baz: Is he rich....?

Janet: Fuckin' loaded.

Baz: Does he love you.....?

Janet: Adores me.

Baz: Betcha can't wait to go up the aisle...?

Janet: Dreaming about it every night.

(Janet distracted by the sound of sirens in the distance)

What's that all about...?

Baz: Garda cordon.

Janet: What's up.

Baz: Cops came across a hit team in a white transit van.

Janet: A hit team.....?

Baz: Yeah.
Stopped five travellers, all armed to the teeth.

Janet: Travellers.....?

Baz: That's the word on the street.

Janet: What happened.....?

Baz: Three were arrested, and two escaped.
Seemingly, they were on their way to whack a real
'Mister Big' in the north Dublin heroin trade.

Janet: You sure about this.....?

Baz: One of the arresting officers is a 'Good friend' of mine.

We play GAA together.

Janet: Did he say.....who the 'Mister Big' is.....?

Baz: No.

But I'll find out later.

I'll fill you in on the details....if I'm back this way in the near future.

Janet: Thanks.

Baz: I like your Kimono.

(Janet doing a twirl)

Janet: I got it from a friend in Japan.

Baz: Is it really Japanese.....?

Janet: Oh yeah.

Real silk.

Baz: What does the writing under the Black Widow say...?

Janet: No rain, no flowers.

Baz: I like that.

Janet: Me too.

Baz: Well.....Miss Janet.

I hope you have a nice wedding day.....?

Janet: Darling....I'm going to have an unforgettable day.

Baz: You deserve it.

Janet: Thanks.

Baz: Gotta go.

(Baz turning on his heels)

Janet: See ya later alligator.

Baz: After a while crocodile.

(Baz making his way down the pathway, Janet closing the front door)

Scene 5

(Janet opening the bedroom door, making her way back inside the bedroom, O'Reilly meanwhile, is lying on the bed, smoking a cigarette)

Janet: What did your bitch of a wife want.....?

O'Reilly: The usual.

Janet: What.....?

O'Reilly: Money...?

Janet: How much....?

O'Reilly: Ten grand.....

Janet: For what....?

O'Reilly: You're a nosey cunt.....you know that Janet...?

Janet: Judy's a parasite.

O'Reilly: She needed some flash cash.

Janet: Flash cash...?

O'Reilly: Yeah.

Janet: And.....she just clicks her fingers, and get's it.....?

O'Reilly: Yeah.

Janet: Bigger fool you.

O'Reilly: Maybe...?

Janet: She's just twisting your balls.

O'Reilly: I came here for sex, not an inquisition.

Janet: Someone needs to talk sense into that thick brain of yours.

(Janet pressing her right forefinger against her head)

O'Reilly: I'll deal with Judy, when the time is right.
Is that ok...?

Janet: No.

O'Reilly: What..?

Janet: And...you really are going to give her 10 K..?

O'Reilly: Fuck yeah.

Janet I could do a lot with 10 K....?

O'Reilly: Do you want 10 K.....?

Janet: No.

O'Reilly: Then, shut to fuck up.

Janet: I treat you like a king, and you treat me like shit.

O'Reilly: That's bollox, Janet.
You're the best 'Kept' woman in Dublin.

Janet: I want more.

O'Reilly: Is nine inches not enough

Janet: Marry me.

O'Reilly: No.

Janet: If you don't....I'll arrange for Judy to be killed....?

O'Reilly: You're talkin' through your arse, you know that....?

Janet: I'll do it myself, if you like...?

O'Reilly: Shut to fuck up, Janet.

Janet: I'm better than she is.....in every way.

O'Reilly: I don't care.
What's did you get from Amazon?

Janet: A surprise.

O'Reilly: What type.....?

Janet: Things you like...?

O'Reilly: Like...?

Janet: All good things, to he who waits, eh....?

O'Reilly: I was looking around your bedroom.

Janet: And.....?

O'Reilly: It's very girly.

Janet: How so.....?

O'Reilly: All your white frilly pillows and soft toys.

Janet: And...?

O'Reilly: It doesn't go with the slut that you are between the sheets.

Janet: Sex is a game of deceit.

O'Reilly: How so.....?

Janet: Figure it out yourself.....you thick shit.

O'Reilly: Are all women like you.....?

Janet: Probably not.

But, one thing's for certain....?

O'Reilly: What.....?

Janet: A woman knows when a man's had his pleasure....?

O'Reilly: How do ya mean.....?

Janet: He moans, then shoots his load.

But...?

O'Reilly: But what.....?

Janet: Do you know when a woman's had hers....?

O'Reilly: She moans, then lies back on the sheets.

Janet: Believe me, a few lousy oohs and aahs isn't pleasure.

O'Reilly: Whatcha saying.....?

Janet: I told you sex is a game of deceit.

O'Reilly: I thought you said sex with me is bionic.....?

Janet: It is.

O'Reilly: But, is it pleasurable for you...?

(Janet thinking for a second)

Janet: Of course it's pleasure.....nine inches of pleasure.

O'Reilly: I don't believe you....?

Janet: Why....?

O'Reilly: I just don't know.

Janet: You can have any tramp in this city.....yet.....?

O'Reilly: Yet what..?

Janet: You want me, three days a week.

O'Reilly: That's because I adore you.

Janet: Why.....?

O'Reilly: You're a cheeky bitch

Janet: Maybe, I'm just like my mother....?

O'Reilly: Doubt it....?

Janet: Why....?

O'Reilly: She's just a bad bastard.

Janet: Bad bastard....?

O'Reilly: You heard me.

The reason I adore you, is because there's a mischievous devil
inside.

And you know what.....?

Janet: What....?

O'Reilly: I like that.

Janet: What happens if I find another man....?

O'Reilly: I'll make him an offer, he can't refuse....?

Janet: Like..?

O'Reilly: Silver or bullets.

Janet: You won't marry me, yet you won't set me free.....?

O'Reilly: No.

Janet: I could be twenty years waiting for Judy to fuck off and die..?

O'Reilly: Then wait.

Janet: No.

O'Reilly: Why.....?

Janet: Rumour has it, there's hitmen queuing up to whack you.

O'Reilly: So...?

Janet: And, seemingly Europol and the Irish cops are probing into your affairs.....?

O'Reilly: Minor matters.

Janet: And, to make matters worse, you fucked over the travellers.
.

O'Reilly: It's all been sorted.

Janet: Time to cash out, Gerry.....?

O'Reilly: I don't take orders from anyone.

Janet: It's not an order.

O'Reilly: Then what is it....?

Janet: It's a suggestion.

O'Reilly: I don't like suggestions.
I'm King Kong, remember...?

Janet: Get out while you've got the chance.....if you know
what I mean....?

O'Reilly: You expect me to walk away....?

Janet: Yes.

O'Reilly: Ditch my wife and kids....?

Janet: Yes.

O'Reilly: Turn my back on a successful drugs business...?

Janet: Yes.

O'Reilly: Just empty the bank.....and.....fuck-off into the sunset with

you...?

Janet: Yes.

O'Reilly: You're fuckin' delusional, Janet.

Janet: I'm not.

O'Reilly: You are.

Janet: Rumour has it, a traveller hit team was nabbed on their way to whack you.....?

O'Reilly: They wouldn't fuckin' dare.....?

Janet: And, what about Eddie Gaynor.....?

O'Reilly: What about him.....?

Janet: Do you trust him...?

O'Reilly: None of your fuckin' business.

Janet: I heard he's a rat....?

O'Reilly: Rat, cat, bat.....I couldn't give a fuck.
Eddie delivers.
And, that's all that matters.

Janet: If they whack you, what'll I be left with...?

O'Reilly: Good memories.

Janet: Thanks.

O'Reilly: You got a trip on the Orient Express didn't you..?

Janet: Guess so.

O'Reilly: You also got to see Las Vegas, New York, Paris,
and Rome.

Janet: Suppose so.

O'Reilly: You're an ungrateful cunt, you know that.....?

Janet: I give good head.

O'Reilly: Right now, it seems you're not happy with all the trappings that
goes with a nine-inch cock and a big bank balance...?

(O'Reilly wobbling his soft penis)

Janet: It's not like that....?

(Janet walking towards the bedroom window, staring out)

O'Reilly: It is, Janet.

You're never happy.
You're all shite and no toilet roll.

Janet: I want to be married.

O'Reilly: Just wait.

Janet: I don't want to grow old alone.

O'Reilly: In the end, we're all alone.

Janet: I want that diamond marriage ring.

O'Reilly: It's all about you, isn't it....?

Janet: Me....?

O'Reilly: Yes.
If you're not careful.....?

Janet: What.....?

O'Reilly: I'll find another piece of fluff...?

Janet: From where....?

O'Reilly: The slut pool.....there's plenty fine Eastern Europeans around.

(O'Reilly grinning)

Janet: You wouldn't dare.....?

O'Reilly: I would.

Janet: You're an asshole.

O'Reilly: I'm the same asshole that pays your bills, remember that...?

Janet: Arrogant prick.

O'Reilly: You wanna believe it.

(O'Reilly again wobbling his soft penis, Janet staring out the window)

Janet: Looks like I've got another delivery.....?

O'Reilly: From who...?

Janet: A friend.

O'Reilly: Who.....?

Janet: Lucky Gilroy.

(Janet staring at the young male walking up the garden path, holding a black holdall bag)

O'Reilly: Who the fuck is he....?

Janet: The go to man for 'Bit's and Bobs' in this estate.

O'Reilly: What's he got, that I couldn't get you..?

Janet: It's stuff for Mam.

O'Reilly: Like what..?

Janet: Jewellery.

O'Reilly: Jewellery...?

Janet: Yeah.

Her weddin' anniversary is next week.

She would've been married fifty years.....if Daddy was still alive.

O'Reilly: I liked your dad.

He was a crazy bastard.

But, he shouldn't have been drink driving the night he crashed the car and died.

Janet: That was Daddy,

O'Reilly: I could've got you something for the anniversary..?

Janet: Nah.

O'Reilly: Why...?

Janet: Looks bad...?

O'Reilly: Whatcha mean...?

Janet: A present....coming from someone.....who hates the person it's intended for.....just isn't a present.?

O'Reilly: Beggars can't be choosers.....?

Janet: Fuck you, Gerry.

O'Reilly: My presents are better than fenced goods.....?

Janet: Maybe.

Maybe not.

But you'd never have got me what Lucky did....?

O'Reilly: What did he get you....?

Janet: Something really special.

(The sound of the doorbell ringing, Janet making her way out of the bedroom)

I'll be back in a couple of minutes.....?

O'Reilly: Better not be long...?

Janet: Why.....?

O'Reilly: I'm feeling horny again.

Janet: That makes two of us.

(Janet making her way down the stairs, O'Reilly's mobile phone ringing on the locker beside the bed)

Scene 6

(Janet is standing at her front door, talking to Mark 'Lucky' Gilroy)

Janet: Did you get everything.....?

Lucky: Everything you requested...?

Janet: Everything...?

(Janet looking sternly at Lucky)

Lucky: The works.

Janet: And, the price.....?

Lucky: Gimme three hundred and fifty.

Janet: You sure....?

Lucky: Defo.

Janet: Where did you get the stuff.....?

Lucky: Podge Green.

Janet: I thought he was behind bars?

Lucky: He was.
Podge just finished a 12 year stretch for aggravated burglary.

Janet: Where did Podge get the stuff....?

Lucky: Came across the items in a retired copper's
gaff.

Janet: A copper.....?

Lucky: Yeah.
He'd a fetish for this type of stuff.

Janet: Weird cop.

Lucky: Each to his own, eh.....?

Janet: You sure, the items can't be traced.....?

Lucky: Oh yeah.
Podge took care of it.

Janet: How.....?

Lucky: That's between Podge and his 'Underworld' contact.

Janet: I'll take your word for it.

Lucky: The items have been in storage for few years.

Janet: Storage....?

Lucky: Yeah.

Janet: Where....?

Lucky: Buried in the Dublin mountains.

Janet: Buried....?

Lucky: Yeah.

Janet: And Podge remembered where he hid the items...?

Lucky: Fuck yeah.
Podge might look thick, but he's smart.
He remembers everything.

Janet: You sure three-fifty is enough...?

Lucky: Yep.

Janet: Why....?

Lucky: Because, right now, Podge is desperate for cash.

Janet: Why.....?

Lucky: He's on a heroin bender.

Janet: Podge get that habit behind bars.....?

Lucky: Among other things.

Janet: You really sure three-fifty is enough...?

Lucky: I'm not gonna stiff ya Janet....just for a few extra quid.

Janet: Why.....?

Lucky: I was thinkin'maybe.....we could hook up someday..?

Janet: Whatcha mean....?

Lucky: You know.....?

Janet: No.

Lucky: Go on a date.....?

Janet: No chance.

Lucky: Why.....?

Janet: Do you know who my fiancé is?

Lucky: ‘Whistler’ O’Reilly.

Janet: Yeah.
Do you know what he’ll do, if he thinks you’re sniffin’
around me....?

Lucky: No.

Janet: He’ll cut off your balls, then stuff them up your arse.

Lucky: Kinky.

Janet: Kinky you say....?

Lucky: Yeah.

Janet: You’re either brave or stupid.....?

Lucky: I’m neither.

Janet: Then, why are you talking shite like that.....?

Lucky: Because the word on the street is, O’Reilly won’t get the chance
to stuff my balls up me arse...?

Janet: Why....?

Lucky: Because there's a contract on his head.

Janet: From the Travellers....?

Lucky: No.

Janet: From who.....?

Lucky: Two Limerick gangsters called Mc Culloughs.

Janet: Why....?

Lucky: He's been muscling in on the heroin trade down south.

Janet: Surely the market's big enough for everyone....?

Lucky: The Mc Culloughs don't see it like that.

Janet: Why....?

Lucky: They run the show, full stop.
No negotiation.
Just an acid bath.

Janet: O'Reilly's not stupid enough to take them on, is he.....?

Lucky: If you ever break up, you know where I am, eh....?

Janet: Me and Gerry will never break up....?

Lucky: Why.....?

Janet: Because we're gonna get married.

Lucky: O'Reilly is never marryin' you, Janet.

Janet: Why.....?

Lucky: He fuckin' every bird he meets... you're just another brick in the wall.

Janet: How would you know....?

Lucky: That's the word on the street.
Rumour has it, he's got a thing for girly looking 15-year-olds...?

Janet: Bollox.

Lucky: Rumour's also rife, his wife is shopping for a new house in Miami...?

Janet: Miami...?

Lucky: Yeah.

Janet: Why...?

Lucky: Because Judy's been tellin' friends that O'Reilly's calling time on his Irish and Dutch drugs business, and is intending to open a golf resort in the US.

Janet: That's bullshit.

Lucky: There's never smoke without fire.....?

(Lucky taking a deep breath)

By the way.....?

Janet: By the way what....?

Lucky: Where's your engagement ring..?

(Lucky staring at Janet's hands)

Janet: In the bathroom.
I took it off, while I was having a shower.

Lucky: Is it expensive.....?

Janet: Priceless.
It's got twenty-two diamonds.

Lucky: Wow.

Janet: Lemme get your cash, eh.....?

Lucky: Top class.
You know, you're wasted on O'Reilly.

Janet: We're all wasted on someone, eh....?

Lucky: Not me.

Janet: Why.....?

Lucky: I can't seem to find 'The One'.

Janet: One day she'll arrive.

Lucky: We'll see.

Janet: It'll happen.

Lucky: You look hot in your Kimono.

Janet: Thanks.

(Janet doing a twirl)

Lucky: Is he upstairs.....?

Janet: Yeah.
 I'm entertaining him.

Lucky: Maybe, that'll be me someday....?

Janet: Don't think so.

Lucky: Why....?

Janet: I like em' bad.
 And....?

Lucky: And what?

Janet: O'Reilly's as bad as they get.
 But, take my advice.....?

Lucky: What advice is that.....?

Janet: Find yourself a nice woman and settle down.
 You'll be the better for it at the end of the day.

Lucky: Maybe.....?

Janet: There's no maybe about it.
 Criminality's a race to the bottom.

Lucky: What about you....?

Janet: It's too late for me.

Lucky: Why....?

Janet: Because I'm institutionalised.

(Janet taking a deep breath)

You're a good-lookin' fella, Mark.

The right woman will eventually arrive.

Unfortunately, O'Reilly's the right man for me.

Lucky: If he dumps you, then you know where I am.....?

Janet: I've got your mobile numbers.

Now 'Lucky'.

Lemme get that cash.

(Janet turning around, making her way into the kitchen, returning minutes later with a bundle of notes)

Janet: Everything's there.

I counted it.

(Janet handing the cash to Lucky)

Lucky: I trust you.

Janet: Count it.

Lucky: I trust you, Janet.

Janet: Count the fucking thing.

Lucky: Ok ok.

(Lucky counting the cash twice)

Much obliged, Janet.

Janet: You're doing me the favour, remember...?

Lucky: Guess so.

Janet: No talkin' about this transaction, ever....?

Lucky: Gotcha.

Janet: Not even when your pissed.....?

Lucky: My lips are sealed.....forever.

Janet: Better be.

Lucky: For obvious reasons.....I can't take back the stuff...?

Janet: That's fine by me.

Lucky: Look after yourself, Janet.

Janet: I intend to.
Now....?

Lucky: Now what....?

Janet: See ya later alligator.

Lucky: After a while crocodile.

(Lucky turning on his heels, walking down the footpath, Janet opening the bag, peering inside)

Janet: You're a little star, Lucky.
A beautiful little star.

(Janet closing the front door, making her way back inside the house)

Scene 7

(Janet opens the bed door and makes her way towards O'Reilly, the gangster lying on his back smoking a cigarette)

O'Reilly: You took your fuckin' time.....?

Janet: I was sortin' out Mammy's present.

O'Reilly: How much did you pay....?

Janet: A hundred and fifty.

O'Reilly: Too much for the ould bitch.

Janet: It's enough to smooth my conscience.

O'Reilly: You mean, enough to make sure she wills the house to
you.....?

Janet: That too.
Do you wanna a blowjob.....?

(Janet taking off her Kimono, sitting on the edge of the bed rubbing her breasts)

O'Reilly: Not yet.

Janet: Why...?

O'Reilly: I'm not ready.

Janet: I thought you said you were randy..?

O'Reilly: I am.

(O'Reilly staring at Janet's breasts)

Janet: You know, these are my best assets.....?

(Janet rubbing her breasts)

O'Reilly: What's your number one?

Janet: My tongue.

O'Reilly: I wanna ask you something.....?

Janet: What.....?

(Janet lighting a cigarette)

O'Reilly: That picture on the wall.....?

(O'Reilly pointing to a picture on the back wall of the room, the image showing a large butterfly entangled in barbed wire in a field of lilies)

Janet: What about it...?

O'Reilly: It doesn't fit with the décor of your girly room.

Janet: And....?

O'Reilly: Where did you buy it....?

Janet: I didn't buy it.

O'Reilly: Whatcha mean.....?

Janet: I painted it myself.

O'Reilly: I didn't know you could paint.....?

Janet: You never asked...?

O'Reilly: That's true.
When did you learn how to paint....?

Janet: Years ago.

O'Reilly: You're left handed, aren't you....?

Janet: Yes.

O'Reilly: They say, left handed people are very artistic...?

Janet: That's correct.

O'Reilly: You don't seem the arty type....?

Janet: Art is my hobby.

O'Reilly: You might have mentioned it..?

Janet: Your only interests are drugs and sex, remember....?

O'Reilly: That's correct.

Janet: I visit art galleries, when you're not around.

O'Reilly: Have you any more pictures..?

Janet: Lots.

O'Reilly: Where are they....?

Janet: In the garden shed.

O'Reilly: I'll buy them off you.

Janet: No.

O'Reilly: Why....?

Janet: They're private.

O'Reilly: Sell them....?

Janet: I said, no.

O'Reilly: Why.....?

Janet: Some artists are not interested in money or public scrutiny.

They like to keep their work for themselves.

O'Reilly: Tell me about the butterfly tangled in the barbed wire...?

(O'Reilly pointing at the painting)

Janet: It's very personal.

O'Reilly: Why.....?

Janet: It just is.

O'Reilly: It's not on your wall for nothing, is it....?

Janet: No.

O'Reilly: Everything else in this room is girly, yet....?.

Janet: Yet what....?

O'Reilly: That picture tells another story.

Janet: What story.....?

O'Reilly: Something that knocks the innocence out of the room, so to speak...?

Janet: You're very observant, aren't you...?

O'Reilly: I want to know about that picture....?

Janet: Something happened.

(Janet lightening another cigarette)

O'Reilly: What....?

Janet: I was raped by someone.

O'Reilly: What did you say..?

Janet: I was raped by someone.

O'Reilly: Gimme his name...?

Janet: Why....?

O'Reilly: I'll have him whacked.

Janet: I wasn't raped by a man.

O'Reilly: What are you saying...?

Janet: I was raped by a woman.

O'Reilly: When.....?

Janet: When I was 15-years-old.

O'Reilly: A woman raped you....?

Janet: Yeah.

O'Reilly: Who....?

Janet: My Art teacher.

O'Reilly: What....?

Janet: You see.....I'm the butterfly in that picture.
I'm the one destroyed by the barbed wire.

O'Reilly: Jesus Christ.
I'm really sorry, Janet.

Janet: It doesn't matter.
That's why art is bitter sweet to me.

O'Reilly: What happened....?

(O'Reilly pouring himself a large whiskey)

Janet: Her name was Marie Knightly.
She was 47-years-old, a single woman.
I was 15.

(Janet taking a deep breath)

O'Reilly: I'm listening.

Janet: For some reason Marie liked me.
She was always praising my work.
Always caressing my hair.
Always asking me to stay behind in class to help her tidy up.

O'Reilly: What school did you go to....?

Janet: St Margaret's Girls School on the North Circular Road.

O'Reilly: Tell me about the rape.....?

Janet: One day she asked me to help her at home.
She said, she was painting a large canvass and needed some
help.

O'Reilly: And, you went over.....?

Janet: Yes.

O'Reilly: Then what.....?

Janet: We chatted.....while she painted.
Then, she opened a bottle of white wine, and gave me a glass.

O'Reilly: And, you drank it.....?

Janet: Yes.

O'Reilly: Then what.....?

Janet: She started getting real strange.

O'Reilly: How.....?

Janet: She took off her dress and asked me to take off mine.

O'Reilly: And did you take off yours....?

Janet: Yes.

O'Reilly: Why.....?

Janet: I felt liberated.....I felt artistic.

O'Reilly: Why.....?

Janet: Because I come from a boring home.
Mammy and daddy were about as exciting as a spot on an
Orangutan's bollox.

O'Reilly: Then what.....?

Janet: She started kissing me.

O'Reilly: Where.....?

Janet: All over.

O'Reilly: Then what.....?

Janet: She started pouring wine on my body, and licking it off.

O'Reilly: Did you like it.....?

Janet: No.
But I wanted to please her.

O'Reilly: Why.....?

Janet: Because she had an interest in me.

