

Out of the blackness, a soft Irish Melody is Heard.

SLOW FADE IN:

NEWPORT. CLIFF WALK - DAY

We follow a boy on his bicycle as he rides along the "Cliff Walk". A bag is strung over his shoulder. We see the mansions as he passes them. Eventually, he comes to a stop at a work site.

WE SEE a group of men who are busy digging. The sweat they exude tells us they've been at this non-stop for hours. The foreman who is not sweating at all stands watching.

FOREMAN

(Seeing the boy arrive)

All right half-hour lunch break!

The men start climbing out of the hole, the boy delivers their sandwiches. They all start sitting and eating. For the first time, we SEE, TOM as a young man. He is covered in dirt and sweat. He is lean and muscular. We can tell he has done this type of hard labored work most of his young life.

Wanting some time to himself, TOM walks down along the ocean rocks away from the rest of the men. As TOM sits eating, he notices a young woman, a distance away, writing in her diary. She is obviously from one of the mansions. Her beauty mesmerizes him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPE COD - DUSK

A horse drawn hearse slowly makes its way along the dirt shore road. The old driver is obviously enjoying the quiet setting of the sun. He pulls out a flask and has himself a nip or two.

As he makes his way around a gentle curve in the road ahead stand three figures in silhouette. As the old driver nears, the figures remain motionless. Finally, the old driver stops the horses. The man in the middle. Who's the smallest of the three steps forward.

PETER

Off the hearse old man.

OLD MAN

Please, if it's a ride your need'n
your more than welcome.

PETER
It's not a ride we're want'n.

OLD MAN
Please, this isn't my hearse. It
belongs to Mr. Kelly of Kelly
Funeral home.

PETER
Get off. Or my men will throw you
off!

Slowly the OLD MAN gets off.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWPORT - DAY

A carnival is taking place along the beach.

TOM and JENNY sit on the ocean wall watching the sunset.
Behind them sit the mansions of Newport in all their
splendor. TOM turns and looks at the mansion behind him.

TOM
(Irish Accent)
Someday my Jenny we'll live in
splendor like that!

JENNY
And where Mr. McCardle are you
going to get the money for this?

TOM
I'm not going to be digging ditches
all my life Jen. I'll get it!
Whatever it takes.

JENNY
Tom, I don't need such
extravagance.

TOM
You'll be sittin' along here one
day!

JENNY
I'm sittin' along here now.

A young boy comes running up.

YOUNG BOY

TOM. TOM. Your father is gettin'
into a brawl again!

All three run back to the carnival.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL.

As TOM approaches a crowd has gathered and his father is exchanging words with a much larger, muscular and younger man. TOM steps in and grabs his father.

FATHER

I'll be wipe'n the floor with'ya,
ya snotty ass...

TOM

...Dad! What's the matter with'ya?
Can't you just enjoy yourself
without gettin' into a fight?

SHANE

Listen to your son you drunken old
bastard!

The crowd eggs SHANE on.

FATHER

Another word from you and I'll be
pissin' on your dead body.

TOM

There's been enough words exchanged
here. Let's just call it a night.

SHANE

Stand away Tom. It's time someone
teaches this great old fighter a
lesson.

Wanting a fight. The crowd cheers.

TOM

Go home Shane. He doesn't fight
anymore.

FATHER

The hell I don't!

SHANE

Stand away Tom!

TOM
(In Close)
Why? So, you can feel good about
beaten up a drunken old man in
front of all these people?

SHANE
He needs to be taught a lesson.

TOM
Well, it's not going to be by you.

SHANE
You challengin' me, Tom?

TOM
I have no fight with 'ya, Shane.

SHANE
One of 'ya is going to fight!

The crowd cheers.

TOM
What do you want an apology?

SHANE
I want a fight. That's what I
want.

TOM
Look, Shane. I apologize for
whatever my father may have
called 'ya. (slight pause) Although
if he called you the ugliest Irish
bastard known to man, you'd have to
admit, he was probably right!

The Crowd goes wild.

FATHER
That's my boy!

TOM steps away from his FATHER handing him his jacket. TOM
and Shane begin to circle. Fists are raised.

We see a young couple in the crowd paying careful attention.

JIMMY
(To ADDY)
I think the one with all the
muscles is going win.

ADDY

That's, Shane. He's never been beat.

SHANE moves in and hits TOM with a right cross. TOM staggers back but stays on his feet. SHANE moves in again but this time TOM gets off a right and a left, staggering SHANE. The crowd cheers.

FATHER

That's it, Tom! Like I taught'ya!

SHANE wipes his nose and sees it bleeding.

SHANE

Lucky shot Tom. You won't get another.

SHANE moves in. Blows are exchanged from both. SHANE catches TOM with an uppercut. TOM falls to the ground.

JENNY

Tommy! Stay down!

SHANE

Stay down, Tom. I don't want to hurt you anymore.

TOM slowly rises. Winded, he raises his hands again.

SHANE (CONT'D)

A stupid bastard like your old man!

SHANE again raises his hands and moves in. He hits TOM with a barrage of punches, but TOM doesn't go down. SHANE steps back.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Had enough?

TOM shakes his head "NO".

SHANE (CONT'D)

Then you're about to get hurt Tommy boy!

SHANE moves in again. Only this time TOM meets him halfway with two double combinations. SHANE's face shows the surprise and the impact. TOM, now with his second wind, moves in and finishes SHANE with an impressive array of combinations. SHANE falls. He's out cold. The crowd goes wild rushing to TOM.

The FATHER walks over to SHANE, whose eyes are beginning to open, and stands proudly over him.

FATHER

I taught him myself. I guess
you're destined to become a drunken
old fighter now too!

CUT TO:

EXT. KELLY FUNERAL HOME - DAY

MR. KELLY is in his office pacing. JIMMY, from the carnival, stands holding a ledger.

MR. KELLY

This is the second hearse this
month. God knows what they do with
the bodies. Get another driver to
take that route.

JIMMY

That's become a problem Mr. Kelly.
The drivers are all refusing to
drive the Cape route.

MR. KELLY

Then find a new driver!

JIMMY

We've done that. Now, most of the
town knows so nobody even applies.

MR. KELLY

Do you realize Jimmy, that without
that Cape route, we're out of
business?

JIMMY

Well I do have someone in mind. I
saw him last night at the carnival.
He'd be perfect.

MR. KELLY

Well don't just stand there. Go
get him!

CUT TO:

INT. NEWPORT CLIFF WALK - DAY

TOM is down in the hole digging. The FOREMAN'S VOICE Sounds.

FOREMAN

McCardle! Somebody here to see you!

TOM slowly climbs out.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

You got five minutes or find yourself another job!

JIMMY stands waiting. He is dressed in a suit. TOM slowly approaches.

JIMMY

(Extending his hand)

Tom McCardle, I'm Jimmy Lafferty. I work For Neal Kelly. He owns Kelly Funeral home.

TOM

Is it my father?

JIMMY

Is it your...oh, no, no, nothing like that. I'm here to offer you a job. See we need someone with your experience to drive one of our hearses.

TOM

I've never driven a hearse before.

JIMMY

Actually, the experience I was referring to is you're fighting.

TOM

I don't follow.

JIMMY

We need someone who can handle themselves physically.

TOM

How much does it pay?

JIMMY

A lot more than you're making here I can assure you..

FOREMAN

McCardle! Back to work! McCardle!

TOM
(To the FOREMAN)
I just got a new job!

CUT TO:

LATER.

MR. KELLY sits at his desk working. JIMMY and TOM come through the door. MR. KELLY and TOM greet. TOM is banged up from the night before.

MR. KELLY
Please, sit down. What
happen'to'ya?

TOM
I got in a fight.

TOM and JIMMY both sit.

MR. KELLY
Jimmy told you about the job?

TOM
Yes sir.

MR. KELLY
So, what do you think? You
interested?

TOM
How much does it pay?

MR. KELLY
I'm willing to pay six dollars a
day.

TOM
(Pause) Ten and you have a deal.

MR. KELLY
Ten dollars a day? He'll, I'll
drive it myself first!

TOM
Suit yourself.

TOM rises to leave.

MR. KELLY
Eight.

TOM

I'm not here to barter Mr. Kelly.
I know of the trouble you've been
havin'. Nobody else will drive that
route. It's ten or you can drive
it yourself.

MR. KELLY

Fine! Ten it is. Show him the
hearse. You Do know how to drive a
horse and carriage.

TOM

I. What do you take me for?

JIMMY and TOM leave MR. KELLY'S office. On closing the door
JIMMY says -

JIMMY

You've never rode a horse and
carriage before have you?

TOM

Nope!

LATER

TOM sits atop the hearse. JIMMY
stands talking.

JIMMY

Give Mr. Brindle that piece of
paper and he'll give you Father
Cleary.

TOM

I'm picken' up a dead priest?

JIMMY

Yes.

TOM

A man of the cloth?

JIMMY

You going to be all right?

TOM

He didn't die of anything catchin'
did he?

JIMMY

No. (Joking) The holy ghost.

TOM
That's not funny. So, when do I
get paid?

JIMMY
Once a week. That was quite a deal
you made in there. Ten dollars a
day.

TOM
You like that did'ya?

JIMMY
Very impressive.

TOM
I'm quite the bargainer.

JIMMY
Really?

TOM
Just comes natural.

JIMMY
That last guy was getting twelve
dollars!

TOM
(Slight Pause)
So, how do you drive this thing?

JIMMY
I'm sure you'll figure it out.

JIMMY walks away.

TOM
(Calling after JIMMY)
So that's how it's guna' be!

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPE COD - DUSK

TOM, now the new driver, comes to that same curve. As in the
past, there stand the three figures. TOM halts the hearse.
The same guy steps forward.

PETER
I suppose you know about us. Why
we're here?