

THE CRYING GAME

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CARNIVAL - DAY

A loudspeaker playing Percy Sledge's "When a Man Loves a Woman," as we see a carnival in the distance - with a Ferris Wheel turning round and round.

A black man is by a stall. On his arm is an Irish girl with blond hair. The black man is drunk, and is tossing rings around a bowling pin.

JODY

And that's cricket, hon.

An attendant hands him the teddy bear. It looks ridiculous in his huge hands. He gives it to the girl.

JODY

You want it?

GIRL

Sure.

JODY

Doesn't matter if you don't.

He puts his arm around her and drags her on.

JODY

Jody won't be offended. Jody's never offended. What'd you say your name was?

GIRL

Jude.

JODY

Jude. Suits you, Jude.

JUDE

The teddy bear?

JODY

No, fuck the bear. The name. Jude.
And it's June. Jude in June.

He comes to a small canvas tent with a sign on it - TOILET.

JODY

Gotta piss, Jude.

He holds her hand.

JODY
Don't run off, Jude.

JUDE
You don't know me, do you?

Jody walks inside the canvas flap and vanishes from sight. We can still see his hand, holding Jude's. She leans against the canvas, looking bored.

JODY
(inside)
What if I did?

JUDE
You'd know I wouldn't run off.

She stands there, listening to the sound of him urinate. Her eyes flick around the carnival. They settle on a tall dark-haired man in a dark jacket. He nods.

JODY
Never pissed holding a girl's hand,
Jude.

JUDE
You didn't?

JODY
And you know what?

JUDE
Tell me, Jody

He staggers out, buttoning up.

JODY
It's nice.

He goes to kiss her. She turns her head away.

JUDE
Not here.

JODY
Who gives a fuck.

JUDE
You never know.

She pulls him over toward the water.

JODY
I never know nothing.

JUDE

People. They could be looking.

Jody follows her, as she walks backward, drawing him on. He moves his hips to a song as Jude leads him over the beach, under a train trestle.

JUDE

Come and get me, soldier--

JODY

Whatever you say, Jude...

He sinks down on his knees toward her. She wraps her arms around his neck and kisses him. Jody writhes on top of her, fumbling with his belt. Jude cocks one eye upward. A shadow falls across them.

CLOSE ON JODY, kissing her. A gun is put to his head. He turns around, drunkenly.

JODY

What the fuck--

The gun whacks him across the cheek and he falls sideways.

Jude scrambles to her feet and darts like an animal through a field.

Jody feels his cheek. He can see her blond head vanishing among the fields. He looks up and sees a group of men around him. The tallest of them, Fergus, cocks the gun.

INT. CAR - DAY

A mini, driving down a country road. Two men in the front, three in the back.

On the floor of the car Jody lies, with three pairs of feet on top of him, a black bag over his head and the barrel of a gun dangling close to his face. Fergus holds the gun. He is smoking a cigarette. His movements are slow and somewhat innocent.

FERGUS

So what's your name, soldier?

JODY

Fuck you.

FERGUS

Yeah.

EXT. SMALL FARMHOUSE - EVENING

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Jody pulled through and tied to a chair. Maguire, a small lean man, talks to him through the hood.

MAGUIRE

The situation is simple. You're being held hostage by the Irish Republican Army. They've got one of our senior members under interrogation in Castleraigh. We've informed them that if they don't release him within three days, you'll be shot. You'll be treated as our guest until further developments. Have you anything to say?

Jody is motionless under the black hood.

FERGUS

Give him a cup of tea.

MAGUIRE

Do you want a cup of tea?

He still says nothing.

DISSOLVE:

All the men are drinking tea. The blond woman comes in with a plate and some food on it.

FERGUS

See does he want some.

JUDE

Do you want some food?

Jody sits as still as a grave, saying nothing.

DISSOLVE:

Late at night--it is dark. The men are sleeping. Fergus is sitting by a chair, gun in his hand, watching the prisoner. Jude comes in, with a flashlight.

FERGUS

Hey--what's he like?

JUDE
Horny bastard.

FERGUS
Did you give him it?

JUDE
There are certain things I wouldn't
do for my country.

FERGUS
Have a look at him.

JUDE
I can't.

FERGUS
Poke him or something. See if he's
still alive.

JUDE
He's all right.

FERGUS
Hasn't moved for twelve hours. Go
on. Have a heart.

She moves over to him. She prods him in the legs with her foot. He doesn't move. Then she lifts the hood ever so slightly, to peer inside. Suddenly the man moves like lightning, jerking his head down so the hood comes off, throwing his body, tied to the chair, over Jude.

JODY
You fucking bitch--you fucking
whore--

He pins her to the ground, his body bent with the chair. He writhes on top of her in a grotesque parody of love. She is screaming and the room is alive, each man awake, grabbing guns, screaming.

MAGUIRE
Turn the fucking thing off--

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Fergus follows Jude out a back door, holding her by the arm.

FERGUS
You all right?

JUDE
Fucking animal.

She takes in huge gobs of air.

FERGUS
You don't know that.

JUDE
Fucking do. I had him all over me.

He touches her face.

FERGUS
Tough work, that.

JUDE
Someone's got to do it.

She rubs her hand on his chest.

JUDE
Nah, it was a breeze. Just thought
of you.

She sidles closer, coming on to him.

JUDE
And you know what, Fergus? One of
you made me want it...

She puts her lips to his neck.

FERGUS
Which one?

She doesn't answer. They embrace.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING

A hot summer's day. There are tall hedges all around the house. Fergus leads Jody, still bound and hooded, over toward a greenhouse.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Dusty tomato plants and vines everywhere. Broken glass. The sun pouring through. Fergus leads Jody over to a wrought iron chair and sits him in it. He sits opposite, gun on his lap. Fergus takes some sandwiches out of a brown paper bag. He holds one out toward him.

FERGUS
Eat something, would you?

JODY
Can't.

FERGUS
What do you mean you can't?

JODY
Can't eat through a canvas bag.

Fergus walks over to him, lifts the hood up so his mouth is revealed, and pushes the sandwich toward his lips. Jody eats, slowly.

JODY
This is a farce, man.

FERGUS
How is it a farce?

JODY
I seen your fucking face.

FERGUS
So, what do I look like?

JODY
You're the one about five ten with
the killer smile and the baby face.

FERGUS
Am I?

JODY
Yeah. And the brown eyes.

Fergus pushes the last crumbs of the sandwich toward Jody's mouth.

JODY
You're the handsome one.

Jody eats the last bits.

JODY
Thank you, handsome.

FERGUS
My pleasure.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Jude makes her way from the door toward the greenhouse. She is carrying a pot of tea and two cups.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

It is sweltering now in the greenhouse. CLOSE ON JODY'S COWLED HEAD. The hood is drenched with sweat.

JODY

I can't fucking breathe, man. Be a Christian, will you?

Jude comes into view.

JODY

Tell him to take the hood off, honey...

Jude says nothing. Lays the tea on the ground.

FERGUS

How did you know it was her?

JODY

I can smell her perfume.

Jude pours out the tea.

JUDE

See, if we took the hood off, we'd have to shoot you. As it is, you've got a fifty-fifty chance.

JODY

I thought you liked me, bitch.

JUDE

It was fun while it lasted.

JODY

Nice lady.

His breathing becomes labored.

JODY

Please, man, I'm suffocating in here.

FERGUS

Can't we take it off?

JUDE
Have to check with himself.

Fergus gives her the gun.

FERGUS
You look after him.

Jody's head follows Fergus while he leaves.

JODY
Don't leave me with her, man. She's
dangerous...

Jude smiles, holding the gun on her lap.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Fergus enters. Maguire and the others. Maguire has a newspaper, which has a headline regarding the kidnapping.

MAGUIRE
Made the front page. They'll move
now, the fuckers.

FERGUS
Request permission to take the hood
off, Tommy.

MAGUIRE
Why would you do that?

FERGUS
The poor whore's suffocating in the
heat.

MAGUIRE
So?

FERGUS
And anyway, he's seen our faces.

MAGUIRE
You sure?

FERGUS
He described me down to a T. Knows
what Jude looks like.

Maguire reads the paper.

FERGUS
Tommy--

MAGUIRE

You're his keeper. If you don't mind him seeing you, I don't mind. But you're the only one he looks at.

FERGUS

Thanks.

MAGUIRE

It's your decision.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Jude, drinking tea, looking at Jody sweating. Fergus enters. He puts his arm casually around her.

FERGUS

Leave us, Judie.

JUDE

My pleasure.

She goes. Fergus walks to Jody and slowly takes the hood off. Jody looks up at him, his face bathed in sweat. He breathes in mighty gulps of air. He smiles.

JODY

Thank you, soldier.

Fergus smiles.

JODY

Never thought fresh air would taste this good.

Fergus pours out a cup of tea and brings it to his lips.

JODY

Now, if you took the ropes off, I'd be able to feed myself.

FERGUS

No fucking way.

JODY

Only joking.

Fergus drinks.

JODY

You know, I was wrong about one thing.

FERGUS
What's that?

JODY
Five ten. Brown eyes. But you're no
pinup.

FERGUS
No?

JODY
Nope. Not handsome at all.

FERGUS
You trying to hurt my feelings?

JODY
No. It's the truth.

FERGUS
Well, I could say the same about
you.

JODY
Could you?

FERGUS
But I won't. We're more polite
around these parts.

JODY
So I've noticed.

Fergus looks at him. Jody isn't smiling anymore. Fergus goes
back to his seat and drinks his tea. He fingers the gun on
his lap.

JODY
Hey--

FERGUS
What is it now?

JODY
You're going to have to do it,
aren't you?

FERGUS
Do what?

JODY
Kill me.

FERGUS

What makes you think that?

JODY

They're going to let that guy die.
And you're going to kill me.

FERGUS

They won't let him die.

JODY

You want to bet?

FERGUS

I'm not a gambling man.

JODY

And even if he doesn't die--you
can't just let me loose.

FERGUS

Why can't we?

JODY

Not in your nature.

FERGUS

What do you know about my nature?

JODY

I'm talking about your people, not
you.

FERGUS

What the fuck do you know about my
people?

JODY

Only that you're all tough
undeluded motherfuckers. And that
it's not in your nature to let me
go.

FERGUS

Shut the fuck up, would you?

JODY

And you know the funny thing?

FERGUS

No, what's the funny thing?

JODY

I didn't even fancy her.

FERGUS
Didn't look like that to me...

JODY
She's not my type.

He looks at Fergus.

JODY
C'mere.

FERGUS
No.

JODY
Ah, c'mere. I want to show you something.

FERGUS
What?

JODY
My inside pocket.

Fergus holds the gun to his face. He fishes inside Jody's inside pocket.

JODY
Take out the wallet.

Fergus's hand emerges with a wallet.

JODY
Open it.

CLOSE ON THE WALLET. Credit cards, army identification photograph.

JODY
Inside. There's a picture.

Fergus takes out a picture. It is of Jody, in cricket whites, smiling, holding a bat. Fergus smiles.

JODY
No, not that one. There's another.

Fergus takes out another picture of Jody and of a beautiful black woman, smiling.

JODY
Now she's my type.

FERGUS
She'd be anyone's type.

JODY
Don't you think of it, fucker.

FERGUS
Why not?

JODY
She's mine. Anyway, she wouldn't
suit you.

FERGUS
No?

JODY
Absolutely not.

FERGUS
She your wife?

JODY
Suppose you could say that.

Jody chuckles.

FERGUS
You make a nice couple.

JODY
Don't I know it.

FERGUS
So what were you fucking around
for, then?

JODY
You fuckers set me up. That bitch--

FERGUS
She's a friend of mine

JODY
Okay. That nice lady. Meets me in a
bar. I'm saying what the fuck am I
doing here anyway. She buys me a
drink. She holds my hand. I'm
looking at her saying I don't like
you, bitch. But what the fuck.
Maybe I'll get to understand.

FERGUS
What?

JODY
What the fuck am I doing here.

FERGUS
What the fuck were you doing here?

JODY
I got sent.

FERGUS
You could have said no.

JODY
Can't. Once I signed up.

FERGUS
Why did you sign up?

JODY
It was a job. So I get sent to the
only place in the world they call
you nigger to your face.

FERGUS
Shouldn't take it personally.

JODY
(He imitates a Belfast
accent)
"Go back to your banana tree,
nigger." No use telling them I came
from Tottenham.

FERGUS
And you play cricket?.

JODY
Best game in the world.

FERGUS
Ever see hurling?

JODY
That game where a bunch of paddies
whack sticks at each other?

FERGUS
Best game in the world.

JODY
Never.

FERGUS
The fastest.

JODY

Well, in Antigua cricket's the black man's game. The kids play it from the age of two. My daddy had me throwing googlies from the age of five. Then we moved to Tottenham and it was something different.

FERGUS

How different?

JODY

Toffs' game there. But not at home.

Fergus looks at him.

JODY

So when you come to shoot me, Paddy, remember, you're getting rid of a shit-hot bowler.

FERGUS

I'll bear that in mind.

He keeps looking at him.

FERGUS

And by the way, it's not Paddy. It's Fergus.

Jody smiles.

JODY

Nice to meet you, Fergus.

FERGUS

My pleasure, Jody

EXT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Fergus leads Jody outside, holding the gun against him.

FERGUS

Take it easy, now. Just go slow. Down by that tree.

JODY

Tree.

He walks toward it, breathing heavily.

JODY

You've got to loosen my hands.

FERGUS

Can't.

JODY

Well then, you're going to have to
take my dick out for me, aren't
you?

Fergus, in the dark, stands motionless, looking at him.

JODY

Come on, man, I'm going to wet my
pants!

Fergus turns him around and unzips his fly.

JODY

Take the fucker out, man, I'm dying-

-

Fergus takes Jody's penis out.

Jody takes two steps toward the wall.

JODY

I gotta lean forward or I'll
dribble all over myself. Will you
hold my hands for me.

Fergus holds his hands from behind, so Jody can lean forward.
Jody now pisses with immense relief

JODY

Now, that was worth waiting for.

FERGUS

Hurry up, would you?

JODY

These things take time, Fergus.

He shakes his body.

JODY

It's amazing how these small
details take on such importance...

He steps back.

JODY

Now put it back in.

FERGUS

Give us a break.

JODY

I can't do it! It's only a piece of meat. For fuck's sake, it's got no major diseases.

Fergus puts Jody's penis back in his pants and zips him up.

JODY

Thank you. I had a case of the clap two years ago. Crabs in Ulster. But all in all it's served me well.

FERGUS

Shut up, would you?

JODY

I'm sorry. Didn't mean to offend you, Fergus.

Fergus leads him hack toward the greenhouse.

INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Fergus leads Jody back to his chair.

JODY

Fergus?

FERGUS

Yeah?

JODY

Thanks. I know that wasn't easy for you.

He begins to laugh.

FERGUS

The pleasure was all mine.

Fergus begins to laugh, without knowing why.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Maguire, walking out of the house, woken by the sound of laughter.

INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Jody, still laughing. Suddenly the hood is slammed back over his head.

Maguire, standing there in the dark, looking at Fergus.

MAGUIRE

What the fuck is this?

FERGUS

It's nothing. He's just got a sense of humor, that's all.

MAGUIRE

You're on duty. Keep your fucking mouth shut. Go in and get some sleep.

Fergus gets up slowly, walks toward the door.

JODY

Yeah. Get some sleep.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Fergus, walking toward the house. He looks back and sees the figures of Maguire and Jody in the dark, in absolute silence.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Fergus sleeping.

INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Jody sleeping. Maguire sitting with an Armalite in his hands, watching him.

EXT. FARMHOUSE AND FIELDS - DAY

The sun coming up over the low hills around the farmhouse.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Fergus enters, with a tray and some breakfast. Maguire is sitting where he sat before, stock-still.

FERGUS

Did he talk?

Maguire shakes his head.

FERGUS

Didn't make you laugh?

Maguire shakes his head.

FERGUS

Here. Have some breakfast.

He hands Maguire a plate. Jody stirs.

JODY

Good morning, Fergus?

Maguire looks hard at him.

MAGUIRE

So he knows your name?

FERGUS

I told him.

MAGUIRE

Are you all there?

He rises, and drags Fergus out the door.

FERGUS

Back in a minute, Jody

EXT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

MAGUIRE

You'll have minimal contact with the prisoner, do you hear me?

FERGUS

Yes.

MAGUIRE

And do you know why?

FERGUS

Why?

MAGUIRE

Because tomorrow we might have to shoot him, that's why.

Maguire goes back to the house.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Jody sitting with the hood on again. Fergus enters.

JODY

They giving you trouble, Fergus?

Fergus says nothing. He takes a plate and brings it toward Jody

JODY

It happens. Y'see, there's two kinds of people. Those who give and those who take.

Fergus lifts up Jody's hood to expose his mouth and begins to feed him.

JODY

Ah, take the thing off, man.

Fergus says nothing and keeps feeding him.

JODY

It's okay. I understand. Don't mind if I prattle on, do you?

Fergus shakes his head and says nothing.

JODY

I will take it by your silence that you don't.

He eats. Fergus feeds himself, then feeds more to Jody.

JODY

Two types, Fergus. The scorpion and the frog. Ever heard of them?

Fergus says nothing.

JODY

Scorpion wants to cross a river, but he can't swim. Goes to the frog, who can, and asks for a ride. Frog says, "If I give you a ride on my back, you'll go and sting me." Scorpion replies, "It would not be in my interest to sting you since as I'll be on your back we both would drown." Frog thinks about this logic for a while and accepts the deal. Takes the scorpion on his back. Braves the waters. Halfway over feels a burning spear in his side and realizes the scorpion has stung him after all.

(MORE)

JODY (cont'd)

And as they both sink beneath the waves the frog cries out, "Why did you sting me, Mr. Scorpion, for now we both will drown?" Scorpion replies, "I can't help it, it's in my nature."

Jody chuckles under his hood.

FERGUS

So what's that supposed to mean?

JODY

Means what it says. The scorpion does what is in his nature. Take off the hood, man.

FERGUS

Why?

JODY

'Cause you're kind. It's in your nature.

Fergus walks toward him and pulls off the hood. Jody smiles up at him.

JODY

See? I was right about you.

FERGUS

Don't be so sure.

JODY

Jody's always right.

INT. GREENHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Both men dozing in the heat.

JODY

Where would you most like to be now, man?

FERGUS

Doesn't matter where.

JODY

Come on, man. If this shit was all over.

FERGUS

Having a pint in the Rock.

JODY

You lack imagination, Fergus. Think of something more alluring.

FERGUS

Like what?

JODY

Like having a pint in the Metro--

Fergus laughs.

FERGUS

Having two pints in the Rock.

JODY

Having a pint in the Metro, and Dil's having a margarita.

FERGUS

Who's Dil?

JODY

My special friend.

FERGUS

Oh, yeah.

JODY

We got simple tastes, you and me.

FERGUS

The best.

JODY

But you fellas never get a break, do you?

FERGUS

Do you?

JODY

Oh, yes. We do a tour of duty and we're finished. But you guys are never finished, are you?

FERGUS

We don't look on it like that.

JODY

I've often wondered how you do it.

FERGUS

Depends on what you believe in.

JODY
What do you believe in?

FERGUS
That you guys shouldn't be here.

JODY
It's as simple as that?

FERGUS
Yes.

Jude enters.

JUDE
Put that thing back on him, Fergus.

FERGUS
He's hot.

JUDE
Doesn't matter if he's hot. Just
cover the fucker up.

JODY
Have you no feelings, woman?

JUDE
You shut your face--

She pulls the hood down over him.

JUDE
You're heading for trouble, Fergus--

JODY
He's a good soldier, Jude.

She whacks him with a pistol.

JUDE
I said shut the fuck up--

JODY
He believes in the future--

INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Jody, sitting in the hood. Fergus lifts it a bit; Jody's
mouth, with blood now in his lips.

FERGUS
Is it bad?

JODY

No. Not bad. Women are trouble, you know that, Fergus?

FERGUS

I didn't.

JODY

Some kinds of women are...

FERGUS

She can't help it.

JODY

Dil wasn't trouble. No trouble at all.

FERGUS

You liked her?

JODY

Present tense, please. Love her. Whatever she is. I'm thinking of her now, Fergus. Will you think of her too?

FERGUS

Don't know her.

JODY

Want you to do something, Fergus.

FERGUS

What?

JODY

If they kill me--

FERGUS

Don't think that way.

JODY

But they will. As sure as night follows day. They have to. I want you to find her out. Tell her I was thinking of her.

Fergus is moved. He can't reply.

JODY

See if she's all right.

FERGUS

I don't know her.

JODY
Take her picture. C'mere.

Fergus walks toward him.

JODY
Take it. In the inside pocket.

Their faces, close to each other as Fergus searches out her picture.

JODY
Take the whole lot. I won't need it.

FERGUS
I told you not to talk that way--

JODY
Go to Millie's Hair Salon in Spitalfields. Take her to the Metro for a margarita. Don't have to tell her who you are. Just tell her Jody was thinking--

FERGUS
Stop it--

The door opens. Maguire is there, with another.

MAGUIRE
Volunteer?

Fergus turns toward him.

MAGUIRE
We need you inside.

Fergus walks toward Maguire and the other man walks forward, takes his seat. Fergus, unseen by Maguire, puts the wallet in his pocket.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Maguire, Jude, Fergus, and the others.

MAGUIRE
We've had word. They've used every trick in the book on him. He's starting to talk. You're going to have to do it in the morning.

Maguire lights a cigarette. Fergus looks at him and nods.

MAGUIRE
You OK about that?

FERGUS
I'm a volunteer, amn't I?

MAGUIRE
Good. I was beginning to have my doubts about you for the last few days.

JUDE
Not the only one--

MAGUIRE
Shut up, Jude. You best get some sleep tonight, Fergus.

FERGUS
Peter.

MAGUIRE
What?

FERGUS
Request permission to guard the prisoner tonight--

JUDE
You're crazy. Don't let him, Peter.

MAGUIRE
Shut the fuck up, Jude.

He turns back to Fergus. He puts his arm on Fergus's shoulder.

MAGUIRE
Why do you want to do that for?

FERGUS
Would make me feel better about it.

MAGUIRE
You sure about that?

FERGUS
I'm sure.

MAGUIRE
Okay. You're a good man, Fergus.

Fergus leaves.

INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Fergus takes his place in the chair beside Jody.

Jody begins to laugh under the hood. It turns into the sound of crying.

FERGUS

Don't.

JODY

I'm sorry.

The crying stops.

JODY

Help me.

FERGUS

How can I?

JODY

I don't know. Just help me. Give me a cigarette.

Fergus takes out a cigarette, lights it, and lifts up Jody's hood so he can smoke.

JODY

Don't even smoke, you know that? It just seemed the right thing to do.

Fergus watches him puff the cigarette, the hood just above his lips. Jody coughs, but keeps the cigarette in his lips. Fergus gently takes the cigarette from his mouth.

FERGUS

Go to sleep now.

JODY

I don't want to sleep. Tell me something.

FERGUS

What?

JODY

A story.

FERGUS

Like the one about the frog?

JODY
And the scorpion. No. Tell me
anything.

FERGUS
When I was a child...

JODY
Yeah?

FERGUS
I thought as a child. But when I
became a man I put away childish
things...

JODY
What does that mean?

FERGUS
Nothing.

JODY
Tell me something, anything.

Fergus is silent; his eyes wet.

JODY
Not a lot of use, are you, Fergus?

FERGUS
Me? No, I'm not good for much...

EXT. FIELDS - MORNING

The farmhouse covered in mist. The sun coming through it.

EXT. GREENHOUSE - MORNING

Maguire opens the door to the greenhouse and clicks the
chamber of his gun. Fergus has a gun in his hand. He checks
the chamber.

Fergus takes Jody, whose hands are still tied behind his
back, by the elbow.

FERGUS
Stand up, now--

Jody rises. Fergus leads him through the door, past Maguire.

MAGUIRE

I wish to say on behalf of the
Irish Republican Army--

Fergus turns with sudden fierceness.

FERGUS

Leave him be--

He pulls Jody through the fields.

EXT. TREES - MORNING

Fergus pushing Jody through a copse of trees, the gun at his
back.

JODY

Take the hood off, Fergus--

FERGUS

No.

JODY

I want to see a bit. Please,
please. Don't make me die like an
animal.

Fergus pulls the hood off. Jody looks around him. He has a
cut lip where Jude struck him.

Fergus prods him on with the gun. Jody stumbles forward.
Fergus is all cold and businesslike.

JODY

I'm glad you're doing it, do you
know that, Fergus?

FERGUS

Why?

JODY

Cause you're my friend. And I want
you to go to the Metro--

FERGUS

Stop that talk now--

JODY

Hurling's a fast game, isn't it,
Fergus?

FERGUS

The fastest.

JODY
Faster than cricket?

FERGUS
Cricket's in the halfpenny place.

JODY
So if I ran now, there's no way I'd
beat you, is there?

FERGUS
You won't run.

JODY
But if I did... you wouldn't shoot
a brother in the back--

Jody suddenly sprints, and, loosening the ties on his hands, then freeing them, he is off like a hare. Fergus screams in fury after him.

FERGUS
JODY!!!

Fergus aims, then changes his mind and runs.

FERGUS
You stupid bastard--

JODY
What you say, faster?

FERGUS
I said you bastard--stop--

JODY
Got to catch me first--

Fergus gains on him--stretches his arm out--but Jody sprints ahead again--as if he has been playing with him. He laughs in exhilaration. Fergus pants behind him, wheezing, almost laughing.

JODY
Used to run the mile, you know--
four times round the cricket pitch--
what was that game called?

FERGUS
Hurling--

JODY
What?

FERGUS

Hurling--

Jody runs, whipping through the trees--always ahead of him.

JODY

Come on, Fergie--you can do it--a
bit more wind--

Fergus grabs his shoulder and Jody shrugs it off, gaining on him again.

JODY

Bit of fun, Fergus, eh?

And suddenly the trees give way. Jody turns, laughing, to Fergus.

JODY

Told you I was fast--

Fergus is panting, pointing the gun at Jody

JODY

Don't do it.

And suddenly a Saracen tank whips around the corner, hits Jody with the full of its fender. His body flies in the air and bounces forward as another tank tries to grind to a halt and the huge wheels grind over him.

Fergus, screaming, "No-!" He almost moves forward, then sees soldiers spilling from the tank around the body. Fergus turns and runs.

EXT. TREES - DAY

Fergus whipping through the trees, his body crouched low as he runs.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Tinker sitting in the greenhouse. A helicopter screams into view through the panes and automatic fire comes from it, shattering every pane in seconds and tearing Tinker to bits.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Bullets whipping through every window, taking chunks from the masonry, tearing the walls apart. Maguire, Jude, and the others on the floor, scrambling for weapons.

EXT. TREES - DAY

Fergus, hearing the gunfire, runs through overhanging branches till eventually he is hidden from sight.

EXT. CARNIVAL ON THE MONAGHAN BORDER - DAWN

A forlorn-looking building over nondescript fields.

An old man wheels a bicycle slowly toward it; a rusty car appears; and Fergus gets out of it.

TOMMY

Fergus!

FERGUS

You're back in the pink, Tommy?
How're you keeping?

INT. CARAVAN - DAY

The old man pouring whiskey into a teacup.

TOMMY

You'll notice I've asked you
nothing.

FERGUS

That's wise, Tommy.

TOMMY

All right, then. I like to be wise.

He pours Fergus more whiskey.

TOMMY

So what do you need, Fergus?

FERGUS

Need to go across the water.

TOMMY

Do you now.

FERGUS

Need to lose myself awhile.

TOMMY

Aha.

He looks at Fergus and lights a cigarette.

He puffs.

TOMMY

There's a man I know ships cattle
to London.

EXT. DUBLIN BAY - EVENING

The ferry, churning into the sunset.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

FADE UP into an elegant, empty Georgian room, covered in clouds of dust. A figure among the clouds of dust, hacking at a wall with a sledgehammer. It is Fergus, dressed in laborer's overalls, covered in dust. He is knocking the bricks from an outer wall. He works furiously and relentlessly, like a machine.

We see the wall, with the hammer striking it. One brick falls away, then another. Daylight pours through the clouds of dust and the growing hole.

Fergus's face, as he works.

The hole. More bricks falling away. Through the clouds of dust and the streams of daylight we now see a patch of green.

Fergus's face, working. His rhythm slows.

The hole. More bricks fall away. Then the hammer stops. The dust begins to clear.

His face.

The jagged hole. The dust drifts across it, revealing a cricket pitch, with tiny sticklike figures running on the green.

EXT. HOSTEL - DAY

Fergus, returning from work, crosses the street, and enters through a white door.

INT. HOSTEL - DAY

Fergus dressing. He puts on a cheap suit, like any country boy in a big city.

He takes Jody's wallet from the trousers of his overalls. He flips it open, sees the picture of the soldier and Dil. He puts it in the pocket of his suit.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Fergus walking down a street looking for an address. Some distance down the street is a sign -- MILLIE'S UNISEX HAIR SALON.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Fergus, standing as the crowds go by him, looking in the window. He has the picture in his hand. We see Dil from his point of view, then Fergus walks inside.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Fergus enters. The door gives a loud ping.

A GIRL
We're closing. I'll see you
tomorrow, Dil

She leaves the salon.

DIL
You want something in particular?

FERGUS
Just a bit of a trim...

Dil checks her watch and stubs out a cigarette.

DIL
Come on...

She gestures toward a chair. Fergus sits down. She comes toward him and fiddles with his hair.

She pushes his head back into a basin behind him. She begins to knead his hair in hot water and shampoo.

DIL
Someone recommend you?

FERGUS
In a way.

DIL
Who?

FERGUS
Guy I work with.

DIL
What's his name?

Fergus can't think of an answer. The hands with the purple nails run over his scalp.

FERGUS
Doesn't the water get to your nails?

DIL
What's it to you?

FERGUS
Nothing.

Fergus, sitting up. She begins to cut.

DIL
You American?

FERGUS
No.

DIL
Not English.

FERGUS
No.

DIL
Scottish?

FERGUS
How'd you guess?

DIL
The accent, I suppose.

FERGUS
And what's it like?

DIL
Like treacle.

She imitates his accent saying it. Fergus laughs.

DIL
Nice laugh.

Dil raises Fergus's head up, with his new-cut hair and holds a mirror up behind his head so he can see the back. He looks like a young London stockbroker. The hair salon around them is empty.

DIL
That should make her happy.

FERGUS
Who's she?

DIL
Don't know. Who is she?

EXT. HAIR SALON - EVENING

Fergus emerges from the shop. He takes one last look through the window where Dil is taking off her smock, touching up her hair, etc. It is as if she has forgotten all about him. He walks off through the crowds and then ducks into a doorway.

The doorway of the shop. Dil comes out, dressed in a pair of high heels, a very short skirt, different, more raunchy clothes on her than we saw inside. She locks the glass door and walks down the street, across the road, and into a pub called the Metro. Fergus follows.

INT. METRO - EVENING

Half full, with an after-work crowd. Dil makes her way through it.

BARMAN
Hi, Dil

DIL
Hiya, hon.

She sits down at the bar. Fergus comes toward the bar and takes a seat.

BARMAN
What'll it be?

FERGUS
A bottle of Guinness.

Dil, looking at Fergus.

DIL
See that, Col?

COL
See what, Dil?

DIL
He gave me a look.

COL
Did he?

Fergus blushes. He buries himself in his drink.

DIL
Just cut his hair, you know.

COL
Yeah?

DIL
What you think?

COL
Nice.

Fergus throws his eyes toward her again. She has her face turned away, but sees him in the mirror.

DIL
There, he did it again.

COL
Saw that one.

DIL
What would you call it?

COL
Now, that was a look.

She eyes Fergus in the mirror.

DIL
Ask him to ask me what I'm
drinking.

The barman, with infinite weariness, approaches Fergus.

COL
She wants to know do you want to
know what she's drinking.

Fergus is about to talk when she pipes up.

DIL
A margarita.

The barman mixes it. She stares at the mirror, staring at Fergus, who is trying to avoid her eyes. The barman hands her the drink.

DIL

Now he can look.... Ask him does he like his hair, Col.

COL

She wants to know, sir, do you like your hair.

FERGUS

Tell her I'm very happy with it.

DIL

He's Scottish, Col.

COL

Scottish?

FERGUS

Yeah.

DIL

What'd he say, Col?

COL

He agreed that he was.

DIL

What do you think his name is?

COL

I've no thoughts on the subject.

FERGUS

Jimmy.

DIL

Jimmy?

COL

That's what he said. Jimmy.

DIL

Hi, Jimmy.

FERGUS

Hiya, Dil

A burly man sits down beside her. He puts his hand on her knee.

MAN

Sing the song, Dil--

She slaps the hand away.

DIL

Fuck off, Dave.

DAVE

C'mon, babe! You know what I
like... Easy!

She turns back to Fergus and finds his seat empty.

EXT. METRO - NIGHT

Fergus, standing across the road from the pub. He is sweating. Dil comes out of the pub. She looks this way and that, as if searching for Fergus. Fergus stands back into a shadow.

Dave, the burly man, comes out. He grabs her by the elbow. She shrugs him off. She walks off. Dave follows, grabs her by the elbow again. The sense of an old argument. Dave suddenly strikes her across the face with his open palm.

She leans her head against a wall. Dave then puts his arms around her, consoles her.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dave walking, holding Dil by the arm. The street is dilapidated, full of squats. They stop outside a door. Dil opens the door with a key from her purse and they both walk inside.

Fergus stands there, observing.

A light comes on in an upstairs room. Dil enters; we see her shadow in silhouette behind the curtain and the shadow of Dave coming in behind her. He begins to remove her blouse. She stands absolutely still as he does so.

Fergus backs away, then walks off.

INT. HOSTEL - NIGHT

Fergus, in bed. Fade to black as we see Jody as a bowler, running in slow motion, toward the camera. He releases the ball; we see Fergus in bed, breathing heavily.

INT. SITE - NEXT DAY

Fergus takes a break and watches the batsman hit a ball. He imitates the batsman's motion with his sledgehammer. Then a voice interrupts him.

DEVEROUX

So Pat's a cricket fan, eh?

Fergus turns. We see Tristram Deveroux, a young Sloane type in a three-piece suit, whose house it is. Beside him is Franknum, the cockney foreman.

FERGUS

It's not Pat. It's Jim.

DEVEROUX

Jim, Pat, Mick, what the fuck. Long as you remember you're not at Lords.

Fergus resumes work.

INT. METRO - NIGHT

It is now crowded with people, black, white, punky and street chic, a lot of leather. All the women are heavily made-up. Someone is singing from the tiny stage and rows of cheap colored bulbs are flashing around it.

From the way Fergus walks through, it is obvious he has never been here at night. He seems most out of place in his cheap suit, making his way through the crowd to the bar.

AT THE BAR

Fergus looks through the odd crowd, but can't find Dil. Col, the barman, sees him and smiles.

COL

So can we consider you a regular, sir?

FERGUS

Is that good or bad?

COL

Well, you get to say, The usual, Col. Things like that.

Col pushes a colored cocktail with one of those Japanese umbrellas toward him.

COL
So let's call this the usual.

FERGUS
Thanks.

Fergus reaches for his wallet to pay, but Col interrupts.

COL
No, no. It's on me.

Fergus tries to pretend he's familiar with the drink, and by implication, whatever are the norms of the place. He lifts the glass to his mouth, but the umbrella keeps getting in the way.

COL
Take it out, if you want.

Fergus takes out the umbrella. He holds it in one hand and drinks with the other.

COL
You came to see her, didn't you?

Fergus shrugs. He takes out a cigarette. A guy in leather to his left smiles at him.

COL
Something I should tell you. She's--

FERGUS
She's what?

The barman looks up toward the stage.

COL
She's on.

THE JUKEBOX
A hand presses a button. The needle selects a disk. A song by Dave Berry, "The Crying Game."

AT THE BAR

Fergus looks up. Close-up of Dil's hand, as music begins, making movements to the music. We see Dil, standing on a stage, swaying slightly. She seems a little drunk. She mimes to the song. She mouths the words so perfectly and the voice on the song is so feminine that there is no way of knowing who is doing the singing. She does all sorts of strange movements, as if she is drawing moonbeams with her hands.

The crowd seems to know this act. They cheer, whether out of approval or derision we can't be sure.

Fergus watching.

Dil singing, noticing him. She comes to the end of the song. The crowd cheers.

Fergus, watching her make her way through the crowded bar, toward him.

DIL
He's still looking, Col.

COL
Persistent.

DIL
Good thing in a man.

COL
An excellent quality.

DIL
Maybe he wants something.

COL
I would expect he does.

DIL
Ask him.

COL
Ask him yourself.

She looks at Fergus directly, sits down next to him.

DIL
So tell me.

Fergus says nothing. He shrugs.

DIL
Everybody wants something.

FERGUS
Not me.

DIL
Not you. How quaint. How old-fashioned and quaint. Isn't it, Col?

Col shrugs.

DIL
You old-fashioned?

FERGUS
Must be.

The burly man comes up to her.

MAN
Got the money, Dil?

DIL
Fuck off, Dave.

DAVE
You fucking promised.

DIL
Did I?

DAVE
You fucking did.

He suddenly jerks her roughly off the stool, spilling her drink.

DAVE
Didn't you? Well, come on!

He drags her through the crowd. In the mirror, Fergus watches them go. The barman eyes him.

COL
It takes all types.

FERGUS
So who's he?

COL
He's what she should run a mile
from.

FERGUS
Then why doesn't she?

COL
Who knows the secrets of the human
heart.

Fergus suddenly stands and makes his way to the door.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

Fergus comes out. A black bouncer is there, but there is no sign of Dil. He walks a few yards and hears voices down an alley. He looks up it.

POV - ALLEY

We see Dil pushing Dave away. He grabs her, turns her roughly.

DAVE
Don't be like that--

DIL
You heard me--

She beats his arms away. Money falls on the ground. She staggers away from him. He picks up the money, then runs after her.

DAVE
Got very fucking grand, haven't we--

He tries to pull her back.

DAVE
Talk to me, you stupid bitch--

They both bump into Fergus, who just stands there and doesn't move an inch. She smiles.

DIL
Hi.

FERGUS
Hi. You forgot your bag.

He holds it up to show her.

DIL
Thank you.

DAVE
Who the fuck is he?

DIL
Jimmy.

DAVE
It's him, isn't it?

DIL

Maybe.

Dave eyes Fergus. Fergus grabs his wrists and upends him on the ground.

DIL

See, they get the wrong idea.

DAVE

(from the ground)

Cunt.

Fergus puts his foot on Dave's neck.

FERGUS

What was that?

DIL

They all get the wrong idea.

DAVE

Cunt. Scrag-eyed dyke cunt.

DIL

Charming.

Dave grabs for her ankle. She kicks his hand away. Fergus presses down his foot. He looks to Dil.

FERGUS

What'll I do?

DIL

Break his neck.

Fergus presses his foot.

DIL

No, don't.

She bends low to Dave.

DIL

He's going to take his foot off slowly, David. Then you're to go home, like a good boy. You hear me?

DAVE

Cunt.

But his voice is softer. Fergus removes his foot. Dil grabs his arm.

DIL
Come on, honey.

She draws him away.

EXT. METRO - NIGHT

They walk out of the alley.

FERGUS
You all right?

DIL
Yes, thank you.

FERGUS
What was that all about?

DIL
He wants me to perform for him.

FERGUS
Perform?

DIL
You know.

FERGUS
You on the game?

DIL
God no. I'm a hairdresser.

Fergus looks back. Dave is rising.

FERGUS
He's getting up.

DIL
You can't leave me then, can you?

EXT. STAIRCASE OUTSIDE DIL'S FLAT

Fergus and Dil climb slowly upstairs.

DIL
You want me to ask you in, right?

FERGUS
No, I didn't--

DIL
But I'm not cheap, you know that?
Loud, but never cheap.

There is a movement lower down the staircase. We see Dave,
holding his neck.

DAVE
Fucking dumb dyke carrot cunt.

Dil leans close to Fergus.

DIL
If you kissed me, it would really
get his goat.

She tilts up her face. Fergus kisses her, tenderly.

DIL
Now, if you asked me to meet you
tomorrow, it would really drive him
insane.

FERGUS
Where?

DIL
Half-five. At Millie's.

She goes in and closes the door. Fergus stands and looks down
at Dave, who turns to leave.

EXT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Dil walks out of the salon, smiling, and walks toward Fergus.

DIL
Give me that look again.

FERGUS
What look?

DIL
The one you gave me in the Metro.

Fergus takes a bunch of flowers from behind his back. She
holds them, with theatrical feeling.

DIL
Darling, you shouldn't have.

She laughs and leans toward him and kisses him in a classically old-fashioned way. The girls inside the salon pull back a curtain, and they all clap.

FERGUS
What's that about?

DIL
They're jealous.

FERGUS
Why?

DIL
I wonder.

She takes his arm and walks off with him.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Fergus and Dil looking at their menus. A waiter places drinks on their table, then leaves.

DIL
Now's the time you're meant to do something, isn't it?

FERGUS
Like what?

DIL
Make a pass or something. Isn't that the way it goes?

FERGUS
Must be.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

They are walking in an alleyway toward her house.

DIL
You got a special friend, Jimmy?

FERGUS
How special?

DIL
You want one?

And suddenly a car drives very fast toward them, headlights on. Fergus pulls her into a doorway to avoid it.

FERGUS
Jesus Christ!

DIL
Jesus.

The car continues down the road, stops, and then screeches off.

FERGUS
That Dave?

DIL
The things a girl has to put up with.

She looks down toward where the car has pulled away.

DIL
I'm frightened, Jimmy. That's not like him.

EXT. DIL'S FLAT

A car pulls up behind Dil and Fergus.

DIL
Piss off, Dave!

FERGUS
Tough guy, huh? Are you going to be all right on your own?

DIL
I'm not on my own, am I?

She touches his cheek.

DIL
Come on up, would you?

INT. DIL'S FLAT - NIGHT

Dil comes in in the darkness. Fergus stands like a shadow in the doorway. The light comes on; she takes off her raincoat.

DIL
Won't hurt you to come in.

Fergus enters slowly. He looks around the room; there is an exaggerated femininity about everything in it.

DIL
Would you like a drink?

FERGUS
Yes, please.

DIL
What'll it be?

FERGUS
Whiskey.

She goes into a small kitchen. Fergus looks at the mantelpiece and sees a picture of Jody. The camera tracks into the soldier's smiling face. Then into Fergus's face. His reverie is broken by the sound of a voice outside--Dave's.

She comes through with two drinks.

FERGUS
Someone out there.

DIL
Jesus fucking Christ.

She opens the window door, and we see Dave on the street, in a neck brace.

DIL
Hey, Stirling fucking Moss--

DAVE
It's Dave.

She goes back into the room and begins taking things up.

DAVE
Talk to me, Dil--

DIL
Sure, Dave--

DAVE
Please, Dil--

She flings things down: men's clothes, leather trousers, a suitcase, a teddy bear.

DIL
Take your clothes.

DAVE
Don't throw my clothes out the window!

DIL
Fuck off back to Essex!

DAVE
Fucking mad!

Fergus looks to the man down in the street, a parody of rejection with his things in his arms.

DAVE
Don't chuck my clothes out!

DIL
Take your fucking goldfish, too!

Dil grabs a large goldfish bowl and flings it down. The bowl breaks to bits on the pavement. Goldfish thrash around in the street.

DAVE
You fucking bitch!

He tries to pick up the flapping fish in his hands.

DAVE
Murderer!

Upstairs, Dil closes the window shut.

DIL
Sorry. How'd he drive with his neck
in a brace?

FERGUS
Must be in love to manage that.

DIL
Doesn't know the meaning of the
word.

Fergus stands as Dil hands him a glass.

FERGUS
He lived here with you?

DIL
Tried to. Sit down, will you?

Fergus walks past the photograph and sits down. He looks from her to the picture.

FERGUS
What about him?

He nods toward the picture. She looks down into her drink.

DIL
He was different.

FERGUS
How different?

DIL
As different as it's possible to
be.

FERGUS
Tell me about him.

DIL
No.

FERGUS
Shouldn't I go?

DIL
Yes.

And they fall into one another's arms. She stretches up with her whole body over him. They grow suddenly and violently passionate.

They fall into the cushions of the couch onto the floor. The photograph above them seems to smile. He draws up her dress with his hands. She suddenly pulls away.

DIL
No--

FERGUS
Did you do that to him?

She comes up toward him once more. She puts her mouth close to his ear.

DIL
You want to know how I kissed him?

FERGUS
Yes...

DIL
Are you jealous of him?

FERGUS
Maybe.

DIL
That's good...

She opens the buttons on his shirt and her mouth travels down his chest. Fergus tries to draw her up toward him, but her hand reaches up to his mouth and presses his head back while her other hand undoes his pants. She kisses his stomach; her mouth moves down his body. Fergus stares at the picture of Jody. Jody's eyes seem to burn through him. Dil raises her head and kisses his mouth. There are tears in his eyes.

FERGUS
What would he think?

DIL
Can't think. He's dead. In Ireland.
He was a soldier. Went there like a
fool.

She sits in front of the mirror.

FERGUS
Do you miss him?

DIL
What do you think?

FERGUS
I think you do.

DIL
(dreamily)
You say that like a gentleman.

FERGUS
Do I?

DIL
Like you're concerned.

Fergus gets up and stands behind her, gently pushes the hair from her face.

DIL
But you can't stay, you know that?

FERGUS
Didn't think I could.

DIL
A real gentleman...

She embraces him.

FERGUS
Shouldn't you be in mourning?

DIL
I am.

She sits back down in front of the mirror. Fergus leaves. She reapplies her lipstick.

INT. METRO - NIGHT

Singer in a blue dress. Dil and Fergus by the bar. Both drinking drinks with umbrellas. Dave comes up behind them with his neck brace.

DAVE
Look, I'm sorry.

DIL
Fuck off, Dave.

DAVE
No, I won't fucking fuck off. Said
I'm sorry, didn't I?

DIL
Yeah. I heard. You hear, Jimmy?

Fergus nods. He stands. Dave steps two feet back.

FERGUS
I was only going to ask her for a
dance.

Fergus takes Dil's arm.

FERGUS
Shall we?

The woman is singing.

As they circle, people begin to look at them admiringly. Dil holds her cheek close to his.

FERGUS
Did he come here too?

DIL
Is this an obsession of yours?

FERGUS
Maybe.

DIL
He did sometimes.

FERGUS
Did he dance with you?

Dil doesn't answer. Looks at him out of the corner of her eye.

DIL
So what do you want with me, Jimmy?

FERGUS
Want to look after you.

DIL
What does that mean?

FERGUS
Something I heard someone say once.

She draws back and looks at him.

DIL
You mean that?

FERGUS
Yeah.

She dances closer.

DIL
Why?

FERGUS
If I told you, you wouldn't believe me.

In the bar, people singing along with the music. Col sings. Dave sitting at the bar, sulking.

DIL
You're not having me on, are you?
'Cause Dil can't stand that.

FERGUS
No.

She puts her cheek against his. Dave, at the bar, slams his drink down.

DIL
And she does get very upset...

Dave stands up to leave. On the stage the act finishes. Dil draws Fergus back to the bar.

AT THE BAR

Col, the barman, pours her drink.

DIL
One for him, too.

Col pours and smiles.

DIL
Drink.

FERGUS
What is this?

DIL
I'm superstitious. Drink.

He drinks. He grimaces. She throws it back in one.

DIL
Can't leave me now.

FERGUS
Aha.

DIL
The thing is, can you go the distance?

FERGUS
Depends what it is.

DIL
No, depends on nothing.

She takes the bottle herself and fills their glasses. She slams it back. He sips.

DIL
In one.

She tilts his glass back. He swallows it in one.

INT. DIL'S FLAT - NIGHT

She enters; Fergus walks in slowly. He looks from the cricket whites that are hanging up behind a curtain to the photographs.

DIL
What you thinking of, hon?

FERGUS
I'm thinking of your man.

DIL
Why?

FERGUS
I'm wondering why you keep his things.

DIL
Told you, I'm superstitious.

She turns toward him and undoes her hair. It falls around her shoulders.

FERGUS
Did he ever tell you you were beautiful?

DIL
All the time.

Fergus runs his hand down her throat.

DIL
Even now.

FERGUS
No...

DIL
He looks after me. He's a gentleman too.

She draws him behind a curtain toward the bed, pulls him down. They kiss passionately.

DIL
Give me one minute.

She walks into the bathroom. Fergus lies there, looking at the picture, listening to the sound of running water. She comes out then, dressed in a silk kimono. She looks extraordinarily beautiful.

He reaches out his hand and grasps hers. He draws her toward him. He begins to kiss her face and neck.

FERGUS
Would he have minded?

She murmurs no. His hands slip the wrap down from her shoulders.

CLOSE ON HIS HANDS, traveling down her neck, in the darkness. Then the hands stop. The kimono falls to the floor gently, with a whisper. The camera travels with it, and we see, in a close-up, that she is a man.

Fergus sits there, frozen, staring at her.

DIL
You did know, didn't you?

Fergus says nothing.

DIL
Oh my God.

She gives a strange little laugh, then reaches out to touch him. Fergus smacks the hand away.

FERGUS
Jesus. I feel sick--

He gets up and runs to the bathroom. She grabs his feet.

DIL
Don't go, Jimmy--

He kicks her away. He runs into the bathroom and vomits into the tub.

She crouches on the floor.

DIL
I'm sorry. I thought you knew.

He retches again.

DIL
What were you doing in the bar if you didn't know-- 'm bleeding...

She lights a cigarette.

Fergus runs the taps. He washes his face, rinses his mouth.

DIL
It's all right, Jimmy. I can take it. Just not on the face.

Fergus slams the door shut. She is sitting on the couch, the kimono round her once more, looking very much like a woman. A trace of blood on her mouth.

DIL
 Y'see, I'm not a young thing any
 longer... Funny the way things go.
 Don't you find that, Jimmy? Never
 the way you expected.

Fergus comes out of the bathroom.

FERGUS
 I'm sorry.

She looks up. Some hope in her face.

DIL
 You mean that?

And he makes to go. She grabs him to stop him.

DIL
 Don't go like that. Say
 something...

He pulls away from her. She falls to the floor.

DIL
 Jesus.

He drags himself away and runs down the stairs.

INT. FERGUS'S FLAT

Fergus in bed. Flash to shot of blackness, Jody grinning in
 cricket whites, throwing the ball up and down in his hand.

INT. METRO - NIGHT

The place is hopping. Fergus enters. He now sees it as he
 should have seen it the first night--as a transvestite bar.
 He makes his way through the crowds. All the women too-
 heavily made-up. Some beautifully sleek young things he looks
 at he realizes are young men. He makes his way to the bar
 where Dil is sitting, nursing a drink with an umbrella in it.
 Her face is bruised. She is wearing dark glasses.

As he walks toward her she sees him in the mirror. She talks
 to Col the barman.

DIL
 He's back, Col

COL
 Hi.

DIL
 Don't want any of those looks, Col.
 They don't mean much.

COL
 Stop it, Dil --

DIL
 No. Tell him to go fuck himself.

Fergus sits. Col turns to him.

COL
 She wants me to tell you go fuck
 yourself.

FERGUS
 I'm sorry.

There is a tear running down her cheek, under the dark
 glasses.

DIL
 Tell him to stop messing Dil around--
 -

FERGUS
 Dil--

DIL
 Tell him it hurt--

FERGUS
 I have to talk to her, Col--

COL
 Says he's got to talk to you--

Fergus touches her arm.

FERGUS
 Come on, Dil--

DIL
 Where?

She whips her arm away.

DIL
 Tell him again, Col. Go fuck
 himself--

She walks into the crowd, toward the door.

Fergus leaves.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Fergus, walking outside Dil's place. The blinds in her room are down and the light is on inside. We see her outline, pacing up and down behind the blinds, smoking a cigarette. We hear the song "The Crying Game."

Fergus stands beneath her doorway, scribbles a note, and sticks it in the letter box.

EXT. CRICKET PITCH - DAY

A man removes a large number six from a huge scoreboard with a pole and replaces it with a number nine.

Below the scoreboard we can see Dil walking across a lawn toward the building where Fergus is working.

INT. SITE - DAY

Fergus, fitting a new window into the finished wall. On the pitch we see the cricketers, distorted through the moving glass of the window. Across the pitch Dil walks, with a lunch basket in her hand, dressed in a very short skirt with high heels. As she approaches the site a chorus of whistles breaks out.

Fergus, hearing the whistling, stares out. He sees Dil moving toward the site. He drops the window and the glass shatters. As the whistles continue, we see Dil in the site's lift, which rises up. We see Deveroux and Franknum climbing up a ladder toward Fergus.

DEVEROUX

How much did that frame cost, Mr. Franknum?

FRANKNUM

Two hundred quid, Mr. Deveroux.

DEVEROUX

Your Pat just cost me two hundred quid.

FERGUS

Sorry.

DEVEROUX

Sorry won't bring the bloody thing
back, will it, Mr. Franknum?

FRANKNUM

Not in my experience.

DEVEROUX

Off his wages.

FERGUS

Do you mean that?

DEVEROUX

He wants to know do I mean that.

FRANKNUM

I'm sure you do, Mr. Deveroux.

DEVEROUX

Bloody right I do...

Through this conversation Fergus can hear the chorus of wolf whistles increasing. He looks out the gap where the window should be and sees Dil in the lift. The laborers whistle at her, looking up her skirt, etc.

She passes by a gap in the wall and blows a kiss at him.

DEVEROUX

Is that his tart? Does Pat have a
tart?

FERGUS

She's not a tart.

DEVEROUX

No, of course not, she's a lady.

FERGUS

She's not that either.

Fergus walks out of the room.

Fergus walks round the scaffolding. Dil sees him and waves, sits on some bricks and opens the hamper.

DIL

Darling--

She is acting bright and businesslike, like any wife. She is wearing dark glasses to cover the bruise on her face. She pecks him on the cheek.

DIL
Never let the sun go down on an
argument, Jody used to say.

FERGUS
What you doing here?

DIL
Got your note. So let's kiss and
make up, hon.

FERGUS
Don't call me that.

DIL
Sorry, darling.

FERGUS
Give it over, Dil--

DIL
Apologies, my sweet.

Fergus smiles in spite of himself.

DIL
That's more like it, dear. Have a
cuppa.

She takes out a thermos and pours him some tea.

FERGUS
You're something else, Dil, you
know that?

DIL
Never said a truer word.

She hands him a neatly cut sandwich.

DIL
See, I was always best looking
after someone. Must be something in
the genes.

FERGUS
Must be.

DIL
And the fact that you didn't know
is basically the fault of yours
truly. And even when you were
throwing up, I could tell you
cared.

FERGUS
You could?

DIL
Do you care, Jimmy?

FERGUS
Sure I do.

DIL
You mean that?

FERGUS
Yeah. I care, Dil.

She lowers her head.

FERGUS
You crying, Dil?

He removes her glasses and looks at her moist eyes.

DIL
I'm tired and emotional.

Then he hears a voice behind him.

DEVEROUX
Do it on your own time, Paddy.

FERGUS
What?

DEVEROUX
Whatever it is she does for you.

Fergus looks from Dil to Deveroux.

FERGUS
If I was her I'd consider that an
insult.

DEVEROUX
Consider it how you like. Just get
that bloody tart out of here.

Fergus stands up suddenly. He speaks quietly.

FERGUS
Did you ever pick your teeth up
with broken fingers?

Deveroux stares, suddenly chilled.

DEVEROUX
What's that supposed to mean?

FERGUS
It's a simple question.

Deveroux says nothing. Fergus looks down to Dil.

FERGUS
Come on, dear.

He holds out his arm. Dil gathers up her things and takes it. Her face is wreathed in a smile.

DIL
He didn't answer, honey--

Fergus walks her down the scaffolding ramp.

FRANKNUM
Sorry about that, Mr. Deveroux.

Dil and Fergus descend from the site in the lift.

DIL
My, oh my, Jimmy, how gallant.

FERGUS
Shut up.

DIL
Made me feel all funny inside.

FERGUS
I said stop it.

DIL
Ask me to meet you again, Jimmy.

FERGUS
You think that's wise?

DIL
Nothing's wise.

The lift stops with a thud.

FERGUS
I didn't mean to hit you.

DIL
I know that.

FERGUS
Kind of liked you as a girl.

DIL
That's a start.

FERGUS
So I'm sorry.

DIL
Make it up to me, then.

FERGUS
How?

DIL
Ask to meet me again.

FERGUS
Will you meet me again?

DIL
When?

FERGUS
Whenever. Tonight.

She leans forward and kisses him. Fergus hears a wail of catcalls behind him. He watches Dil go as the lift takes him back up to the site.

EXT. HAIR SALON - EVENING

Fergus, outside the hair salon. Dil, inside, is throwing off her smock and walking toward him. All the girls are smiling. Fergus looks from Dil to the girls as they approach.

FERGUS
Do they know?

DIL
Know what, honey?

FERGUS
Know what I didn't know. And don't call me that.

DIL
Can't help it, Jimmy. A girl has her feelings.

FERGUS
Thing is, Dil, you're not a girl.

DIL
Details, baby, details.

FERGUS
So they do know.

DIL
All right, they do.

She takes his arm as they walk off.

FERGUS
Don't.

DIL
Sorry.

FERGUS
I should have known, shouldn't I?

DIL
Probably.

FERGUS
Kind of wish I didn't.

DIL
You can always pretend.

FERGUS
That's true... Your soldier knew,
didn't he?

DIL
Absolutely.

FERGUS
Won't be quite the same though,
will it?

DIL
Are you pretending yet?

FERGUS
I'm working on it.

Fergus hears a car following them, and turns around to look.

FERGUS
There's Dave. He knew too.

DIL
Stop it, Jimmy.

FERGUS
Am I becoming repetitious?

DIL
A little.

FERGUS
Sorry.

They reach her door. The car stops.

FERGUS
Don't ask me in.

DIL
Please, Jimmy.

FERGUS
No. Can't pretend that much.

DIL
I miss you, Jimmy.

FERGUS
Should have stayed a girl.

DIL
Don't be cruel.

FERGUS
Okay. Be a good girl and go inside.

DIL
Only if you kiss me.

Fergus kisses her. He looks at her open lips as if in disbelief at himself.

FERGUS
Happy now?

DIL
Delirious.

She goes inside.

INT. HOSTEL - NIGHT

Fergus walks into the room and turns on a small desk-light. Then he hears a voice.

JUDE
Hello, stranger.

He sees Jude sitting in the corner. Her hair is now dark brown.

JUDE
You vanished.

He stares at her, says nothing.

JUDE
What was it, Fergus? Did you blow the gaff on us or did you just fuck up?

FERGUS
Leave me alone, Jude.

JUDE
No. That's the last thing I'll do. You never asked what happened.

FERGUS
I heard.

JUDE
Eddie and Tinker died.

FERGUS
I know.

JUDE
Maguire and me got out by the skin of our teeth. No thanks to you... What you think of the hair?

FERGUS
Suits you.

She walks round the room.

JUDE
Aye, I was sick of being blond. Needed a tougher look, if you know what I mean.

She lies down on the bed beside him, takes off a black leather glove, and puts her hand on his crotch.

JUDE
Fuck me, Fergus.

He takes her hand away.

JUDE
Am I to take it that's a no?

He says nothing.

JUDE

We had a court-martial in your absence. They wanted to put a bullet in your head. I pleaded for clemency. Said we should find out what happened first. So what did happen?

FERGUS

He ran. I couldn't shoot him in the back. I tried to catch him. He made it to the road and got hit by a Saracen.

JUDE

So you did fuck up.

FERGUS

Yes.

JUDE

But you know what the thing is, Fergus?

FERGUS

No, what is the thing?

JUDE

You vanished quite effectively. Became Mister Nobody. And you've no idea how useful that could be.

FERGUS

What do you mean?

JUDE

We've got some plans here. And we'll need a Mister Nobody to execute them.

FERGUS

No way, Jude. I'm out.

JUDE

You're never out, Fergus.

She looks at him hard. He looks away.

JUDE

Maybe you don't care whether you die or not. But consider the girl, Fergus. The wee black chick.

He leaps up from the bed.

FERGUS
Leave her out of this.

JUDE
Jesus, Fergus, you're a walking
cliche. You know we won't leave her
out of this. But I'm glad to see
you care.

She brings her lips close to his so they touch.

JUDE
And I must admit I'm curious.

He grabs her hair and pulls her head back.

FERGUS
What the fuck do you know, Jude?

She pulls a gun and sticks it between his teeth.

JUDE
You fucking tell me, boy--

Fergus stares at her. Then says quietly:

FERGUS
She's nobody. She likes me.

JUDE
So I suppose a fuck is out of the
question. Keep your head down,
Fergus. No sudden moves. And not a
whisper to her. You'll be hearing
from us.

She kisses him briefly, with the gun at his temple.

JUDE
Keep the faith.

She goes. Fergus stands in the darkness.

EXT. HAIR SALON - EVENING

Fergus, walking toward the hair salon, flowers in his hand.

He stands outside watching, the flowers behind his back. Then
the chair turns and we see it is Jude.

Fergus freezes. He sees Jude looking at him, smiling brightly, then talking back to Dil

INT. HAIR SALON - EVENING

JUDE
He your boyfriend?

Jude, turning in the chair.

JUDE
Lucky you.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

DIL
Carnations.

FERGUS
What?

DIL
He'd bring me carnations.

FERGUS
So I got it wrong, then.

DIL
Not at all, honey.

FERGUS
Don't.

DIL
Okay.

She smiles brightly at something behind Fergus. He turns and sees Jude is there. Fergus stands, suddenly.

He throws some money on the table, grabs her arm, and frog-marches her out.

FERGUS
Come on.

DIL
Why, honey--

FERGUS
Come on.

DIL
You gonna tell me why?

FERGUS
No.

As they pass Jude, she smiles.

EXT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Outside the restaurant. Fergus marches Dil away.

DIL
What's wrong, Jimmy? Tell me what's
wrong--

FERGUS
Not here.

They pass out of shot. In the background we see Jude rising.

INT. METRO - NIGHT

Dil and Fergus making their way to their seats at the bar.

DIL
You gonna tell me what it is?

A figure sitting down at the bar. It is Jude.

JUDE
What was it?

DIL
You know her, Jimmy?

JUDE
Jimmy, is it? Do you know me,
Jimmy?

FERGUS
Dil, this is Jude.

DIL
You following me?

JUDE
Yeah. Just checking. He being nice
to you, Dil?

DIL
Ever so nice. Aren't you, Jimmy?

JUDE

That's good. I'm glad. Young love,
as they say.

DIL

Absolutely. The younger the better.
Doesn't come your way much, I
suppose.

JUDE

Don't go looking for it, Dil.

DIL

Well, maybe you'll get lucky.
Someday.

JUDE

A bit heavy on the powder, isn't
she, Jimmy?

DIL

A girl has to have a bit of
glamour.

JUDE

Absolutely. Long as she can keep
it. Isn't that right, James...

She leaves. Dil watches her go.

DIL

It's her, isn't it?

FERGUS

What's her?

DIL

She's the thing you had to tell me.

FERGUS

Kind of.

DIL

I'm sorry, you know that? I'm
really sorry.

She looks at Col.

DIL

You see that, Col?

COL

Saw it, Dil.

DIL
Fuck it, is what I say.

COL
Yeah. Fuck it, Dil.

DIL
Fucking men, Col--

COL
Fuck 'em.

There are tears in her eyes. She stands.

DIL
And fuck you, Jimmy--

She staggers out of the pub. Fergus sits there. There is an expression in Col's eyes that makes Fergus feel very, very small.

COL
You could always make it up to her.

FERGUS
How?

COL
When a girl runs out like that, she generally wants to be followed.

FERGUS
She's not a girl, Col--

COL
Whatever you say.

But Fergus rises and walks out.

EXT. METRO - NIGHT

A figure standing down the alleyway, smoking. Fergus looks toward it, but Jude is standing there, waiting.

JUDE
She went that way--

Jude grabs his arm.

JUDE
But you come with me.

She draws him down an alley where the same car is waiting.
They get inside.

ANOTHER CAR - BY THE PUB

Dil, sitting inside a taxi watching Fergus and Jude getting
in the car.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

In the moving car. Jude is driving, Maguire next to her.
Fergus sits in the back.

FERGUS
So it was you all the time.

MAGUIRE
Who'd you think it was?

FERGUS
I thought it was Dave.

MAGUIRE
And who's Dave when he's at home?

FERGUS
He's at home.

MAGUIRE
Should blow you away, you know
that?

FERGUS
I know that.

Maguire stubs his cigarette out on Fergus's hand, then whacks
him on the teeth with his closed fist.

MAGUIRE
I'm getting emotional. And I don't
want to get fucking emotional--you
understand, Hennessy?

FERGUS
I understand.

MAGUIRE
Fuck you, too--

Jude drives. Fergus looks through the back window at the
street outside.

JUDE

Leave him alone, Peter. He's in love.

MAGUIRE

That true, Fergus? You in love?

FERGUS

Absolutely.

MAGUIRE

And what's she like between the sheets?

FERGUS

Definitely unusual.

MAGUIRE

And who is she?

FERGUS

Just a girl.

MAGUIRE

And you know what'll happen if you fuck up again, don't you?

FERGUS

Aye, I do, Peter.

MAGUIRE

Good.

EXT. REGENCY SQUARE - NIGHT

The car draws to a halt in a sedate square. Several doors down is the entrance to what looks like a sedate conservative club.

In the car, Maguire turns off the engine. He nods toward the building.

MAGUIRE

So what do you think that is, Hennessy?

FERGUS

A hotel?

MAGUIRE

It's a knocking-shop. Tres discreet, huh?

(MORE)

MAGUIRE (cont'd)
He visits his ladies on Tuesday and
Thursday nights and Saturday
mornings. His security's in the car
beyond.

He nods toward a car, a Daimler, parked some distance away.
Fergus looks from the window to the car.

FERGUS
Who is he?

MAGUIRE
Doesn't matter who he is. He is
what we would call a legitimate
target.

FERGUS
Thank God for that.

MAGUIRE
You being cynical, Hennessy?

FERGUS
Hope not.

MAGUIRE
Good. So what do you think?

FERGUS
Whoever hits him'll be hit, if
those men are any good. And I
presume you can't get in.

MAGUIRE
Right.

FERGUS
So it's on the street.

MAGUIRE
Right.

FERGUS
Kind of suicide, isn't it?

Jude turns around to look at him.

FERGUS
But, then, I don't have a choice.

JUDE
Och, you do, Fergie.

FERGUS
Of course. I forgot.

JUDE
Come on, Fergie. A rehearsal.

Jude and Fergus get out of the car. They walk down the street, down from the brothel-cum-club, where there is a cafe-bar with some tables outside.

EXT. REGENCY SQUARE - NIGHT

Fergus and Jude, crossing the street.

JUDE
You keep your mind on the job, boy--

FERGUS
And then you'll leave her out of it?

JUDE
Aye. Then we'll leave her be.

They take their seats by the tables. We can see the brothel down the way.

JUDE
He's arthritic. Takes him two minutes to get to the door.

She checks her watch. Fergus is sweating.

FERGUS
And what if I say no?

JUDE
You know what. Go.

Down by the brothel, the door swings open.

Fergus walks like any pedestrian down toward the brothel. There is an old, portly gent in a City suit emerging from it. The car by the pavement kicks into action and the door opens.

Fergus quickens his pace.

Jude, by the cafe, watches. Fergus, walking.

The gent makes his way, with gout-ridden slowness, across the pavement, through the passersby, toward the car.

A burly security man emerging from the car, walking toward the old gent.

Fergus reaches the car just before he does, and passes between him and the open door. The old gent's stomach brushes Fergus's elbow.

GENT

Pardon me, young man--

Fergus walks on.

Jude, from the cafe, watches--Fergus walking on, the old man being eased with painstaking care inside the Daimler. Then the door closing and the Daimler pulling off.

When the Daimler has passed Fergus, he turns around and walks back.

Jude smiles and leaps up as he approaches.

JUDE

You were made for this.

FERGUS

Was I?

JUDE

Perfect.

FERGUS

And what happens then?

JUDE

We'll be on the other side. We'll move when you do.

FERGUS

And what if you don't?

JUDE

Fergus, I think you don't trust me.

FERGUS

You may be right.

JUDE

Stay late at your work tomorrow night and I'll bring you the gear.

Jude begins to walk away.

FERGUS

Jude?

JUDE

Yes?

FERGUS

Who's the old geezer?

JUDE

Some judge...

She walks off, crosses the road to Maguire, in the car. Fergus turns around to see Dil in front of the cafe. She goes inside; he follows.

FERGUS

Why'd you follow me, Dil?

DIL

Was jealous, Jimmy.

She downs a drink and motions for another. She seems high.

FERGUS

Shouldn't be, Dil

DIL

Why shouldn't I be jealous?

There are tears streaming down her face. He takes his hand and begins to wipe her face.

DIL

Don't. My makeup.

She sits down; he joins her.

DIL

She own you, Jimmy?

FERGUS

Yes.

DIL

She from Scotland too?

FERGUS

You could say that.

DIL

And you're not going to tell me more?

FERGUS

I can't.

He wipes the tears from her face with a tissue then dabs the tissue in her drink and wipes some more.

DIL
What you doing, Jimmy?

FERGUS
I'm not sure.

DIL
Do you like me even a little bit?

FERGUS
More than that.

Dil's face, staring at him.

FERGUS
Come on, let's go for a walk.

She allows herself to be led out.

EXT. HAIR SALON - NIGHT

Dil and Fergus walking. Fergus stops her by the window.

FERGUS
You do something for me, Dil?

DIL
Anything.

FERGUS
You'd do anything for me?

DIL
Afraid so.

FERGUS
You got the keys to the shop?

They walk inside.

INT. HAIR SALON - NIGHT

Dil and Fergus standing in the darkness.

DIL
You want another haircut, baby?

FERGUS
No. Sit down.

He sits her down in one of the chairs.

FERGUS
You'd do anything for me?

Dil nods.

DIL
Anything.

Fergus takes up a scissors to snip at her hair. Her head leaps back.

DIL
No way--

FERGUS
You said anything, Dil

DIL
A girl has to draw the line
somewhere--

FERGUS
Want to change you to a man, Dil...

She stares at him.

DIL
Why?

FERGUS
It's a secret.

DIL
You'd like me better that way,
Jimmy?

FERGUS
Yes.

DIL
And you wouldn't leave me?

FERGUS
No.

DIL
You promise?

FERGUS
I promise.

She takes a breath.

DIL
Go on, then.

Fergus begins to cut.

CLOSE-UP ON DIL'S FACE as her hair is shorn. Tears stream down her cheeks.

DIL
You're no good at this, Jimmy.

FERGUS
I'm sorry.

But he keeps cutting. He gives Dil a short, cropped military cut like Jody's.

DIL
You want to make me look like him...

FERGUS
No. Want to make you into something new. That nobody recognizes...

She looks in the mirror at it in the dark.

DIL
Don't recognize myself, Jimmy.

INT. DIL'S FLAT - NIGHT

Dil enters, with her new haircut. She goes to turn on the light. He stops her hand.

FERGUS
No.

She looks at her hand on his.

FERGUS
Better in the dark.

Her fingers close around his.

DIL
So it's true, then?

FERGUS
What?

DIL
You like me better like this.

FERGUS

Yes.

She brings her lips to his neck. He lets them stay there. His hands travel up to her blouse. He begins to undo the buttons.

DIL

Oh, Jimmy--

Slowly the blouse slips down, exposing her male torso. She falls down to her knees and tugs at his belt.

FERGUS

No. No. Dil... get up...

He raises her to her feet and leads her toward the bed. She stretches languorously down on it.

He unzips her skirt slowly, and draws it off. She turns on the bed sexily, her face to the mattress. She is wearing suspender-belts underneath her skirt.

DIL

Baby...

But Fergus stands and walks quietly over to the wardrobe where the soldier's things are. Dil on the bed, slowly turns.

DIL

What are you doing, honey...

We see Fergus from her point of view, coming toward her with Jody's white cricket shirt, glowing eerily in the dark.

FERGUS

Don't call me that--

DIL

Sorry. What you doing?

Fergus draws her slowly up to a standing position.

FERGUS

Try this on, Dil

He wraps the shirt around her.

DIL

Why?

FERGUS

For me.

DIL

For you...

She kisses him.

EXT. SMALL HOTEL - NIGHT

Fergus leading Dil, dressed in Jody's cricket clothes, down the street and inside.

DIL

Why are we going here, Jimmy?

FERGUS

Look on it like a honeymoon.

INT. SMALL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

From above, we see the figures of Fergus and Dil, sleeping on a double bed, both fully clothed. Fergus smokes, then puts out the cigarette.

Time lapse. The light gradually fills the room. Fergus wakes. Looks at the bedside clock, and very gingerly rises, puts on his coat, and walks out.

EXT. SITE - EVENING

A car pulls up at the site. Jude gets out. She has a satchel in her hand.

INT. SITE - EVENING

Fergus looking down a ladder-staircase at Jude.

JUDE

You a handyman, Fergie?

FERGUS

I take pride in my work.

JUDE

I sincerely hope so.

Fergus climbs down a ladder to Jude; she hands him something from the bag.

JUDE

Tools of the trade.

She kisses him. Fergus looks at her expressionlessly.

JUDE

And forget about the girl.

Fergus opens what Jude has given him--looking inside. There is a gun wrapped in an oilcloth.

INT. SMALL HOTEL - NIGHT

Fergus enters. The room is empty. He calls.

FERGUS

Dil?

No reply. He runs outside.

EXT. DIL'S FLAT - NIGHT

Fergus looks up at her building, but the lights are off in her flat. The sound of feet behind him. He turns and sees Dil walking toward him, a bottle in her hand. He runs toward her.

FERGUS

Dil! Dil! What the fuck are you doing here?

DIL

I'm going home!

FERGUS

Told you to stay in the hotel!

DIL

Thought you was fooling me. Thought you was leaving me.

They are tussling in the darkness of the park. She is very drunk.

FERGUS

I had to go to work!

DIL

Stayed all day in that room thinking every noise was you. There's something you're not telling me, Jimmy.

He takes her arm.

FERGUS

Come on...

DIL

No! I'm going home...

Fergus and Dil, on the stairs up to Dil's flat.

DIL

So tell me.

FERGUS

I was trying to get out of something.

DIL

No! Tell me everything, Jimmy.

Fergus looks at her.

FERGUS

You got to forget you ever saw me, Dil.

DIL

You mean that?

FERGUS

Yes.

And she suddenly faints into his arms. As if on cue.

FERGUS

Stop it, would you?

There is no response. He shakes her.

FERGUS

Give it over, Dil, for fuck's sake--

Still no response. He grows alarmed. He slaps her cheek. She opens her eyes slowly.

DIL

Sorry. I get nervous. I got this blood condition. Just help me inside, Jimmy, then I'll be all right.

INT. DIL'S FLAT - NIGHT

He walks in holding her. Leans her against the wall, then goes to the window to check the street outside.

She takes a large slug from a bottle of whiskey.

FERGUS
You heard what I said, Dil?

DIL
My pills...

She points weakly to a cabinet through the open door of the bathroom.

FERGUS
What pills?

DIL
Prescription. For my condition.

FERGUS
What condition?

DIL
My condition. Ennui.

He goes and gets the pills.

She takes a handful of pills. She drinks from the whiskey bottle.

FERGUS
Are you supposed to take that many?

DIL
Only in times of extreme stress.

She walks around the room, drinking, then sits down.

DIL
See, they all say good-bye
sometime. 'Cept for him.

She looks at the picture of Jody. Then she looks at Fergus.

FERGUS
Are you all right, Dil?

DIL
I will be.

She stares straight ahead, the bottle clutched in her hands between her knees.

DIL
Go on, then.

Fergus walks slowly toward the door.

FERGUS
Good-bye, Dil

DIL
Jimmy?

FERGUS
What?

DIL
Don't go like that.

She looks at him, standing up. Something incredibly attractive about her.

DIL
Can't help what I am.

He walks slowly toward her. He kisses her, on the lips.

We see the photograph with the soldier's smiling face. Fergus looks from it to her. She seems to be in a sweet narcotic haze. She reaches out her hand and strokes his.

DIL
Knew you had a heart...

Fergus sits down on the bed. Dil is lying back on it.

FERGUS
Dil, can I tell you something? I
knew your man.

DIL
You knew which man?

FERGUS
Your soldier.

DIL
You knew my Jody?

She still strokes his hand. Her voice is dreamily slurred, her eyes far away.

FERGUS
Lifted him from a carnival in
Belfast. Held him hostage for three
days.

DIL
You knew my Jody?

FERGUS
Are you listening?

Dil smiles woozily.

DIL
Yes.

FERGUS
I got the order to shoot him.
Before I could do it he ran. Ran
into a tank and died.

DIL
Died...

FERGUS
Did you hear me?

DIL
You killed my Jody?

FERGUS
In a manner of speaking.

DIL
It was you...

She is not rational. She is smiling, far away somewhere.

FERGUS
You should scream. You should beat
my head off.

She woozily tries to hit him round the face.

DIL
You killed my Jody

FERGUS
No.

DIL
You didn't.

FERGUS
I suppose I tried.

DIL
You tried.

FERGUS
Don't you want to kill me?

Dil raises an unsteady hand and points it at him.

DIL

Bang...

He strokes her cheek. She says very slowly and sleepily

DIL

Don't leave me tonight. Might kill
me, too.

FERGUS

Okay.

Her eyes close. She falls into a deep sleep. Fergus looks
down at her, almost fondly.

INT. DIL'S FLAT - MORNING

They are lying on the bed together, fully clothed. Dil wakes.
She rises very quietly and goes to his coat, thrown across a
chair. She searches through the pockets and takes out the
gun.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Jude in bed. An alarm sounds; she reaches to turn it off.

INT. DIL'S FLAT

Dil takes several silk stockings out of a drawer and ties
them very securely to each corner of the brass bed. She ties
them round both of Fergus's feet, very gently, so as not to
wake him.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Jude, in front of a mirror, getting ready.

INT. DIL'S FLAT

She draws one of Fergus's hands up, very gingerly, and ties
that securely to the upright. She ties the other and is
drawing it upward when he wakes. She jerks the silk stocking
so it is secure.

FERGUS

What the fuck--

Dil speaks unnaturally quietly.

DIL
So tell me what you're doing,
Jimmy.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Jude, fully dressed. She takes a gun from under the bed and slips it in her handbag.

INT. DIL'S FLAT - MORNING

Dil crouching beside Fergus, his gun in her hand.

DIL
I didn't really listen last night.
I heard but I didn't listen.

Fergus, staring at her. He tries to pull on the bindings.

DIL
That won't do you no good. Dil
knows how to tie a body.

She stands up, still pointing the gun at Fergus.

DIL
I wondered why you came on to me
like that when you gave me the
look.

FERGUS
He asked me to see were you all
right.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jude on the street. Maguire's car pulls up rapidly and she gets inside.

INT. DIL'S FLAT

DIL
See, I fix on anyone that's nice to
me. Just the littlest bit nice and
I'm yours.

FERGUS
Stop it, Dil--

DIL
 Just don't kick Dil and she'll be
 touched. Be nice to her and she'll
 be yours forever.

She looks at him, tears in her eyes.

DIL
 See, I should blow you away, Jimmy.
 But I can't do that. Yet.

FERGUS
 Let me go, Dil

He drags at his bindings.

DIL
 Why?

FERGUS
 Got to be somewhere.

DIL
 Try and go, then.

EXT. STREET BY BROTHEL - DAY

The figure of the judge in the window. Outline of a woman.
 Jude and Maguire are in the car, parked across the street.
 They look toward a paper seller.

MAGUIRE
 Where the fuck is he? Christ--

INT. DIL'S FLAT

Fergus pulls furiously at his bindings.

FERGUS
 Let me go for fuck's sake, Dil--or
 they'll be here.

DIL
 Let them come then.

IN THE CAR. OUTSIDE BROTHEL

JUDE
 Can't stay here, Peter--drive
 around once more--

He drives off.

INT. DIL'S FLAT

Fergus collapsed back on the bed, exhausted.

DIL
Just want your company for a little
while longer...

EXT. STREET BY BROTHEL - DAY

Maguire's car driving round once more. No sign of Fergus.

MAGUIRE
That fucker's dead--

JUDE
No, we are.

INT. DIL'S FLAT

Fergus strains and roars from the bed.

FERGUS
You don't know what you're doing,
Dil--

DIL
Never did...

MAGUIRE'S POINT OF VIEW--the brothel door opening. The elderly judge comes out. The car with his security men guns up.

MAGUIRE
Give me the shooter, Jude--

JUDE
You're crazy--

MAGUIRE
Give me the fucking shooter!

He grabs it from her pocket. Throws open the door and runs across the street. Jude dives into the driver's seat.

INT. DIL'S FLAT

Fergus, pulling at his bindings.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BROTHEL

The judge walking toward the open door of the car, held open by his goon. Maguire, running toward him, gun in hand. The goon sees him. Maguire shoots as he runs. Once, twice, three times, four. The judge falls. The goon, hit in the arm, pulls an Uzi and returns fire. Maguire hit, still shooting. Other goons tear from the car. Mayhem, screaming. Jude hits the pedal on her car and screeches off. Maguire, dead.

INT. DIL'S FLAT - DAY

Dil dressed in the soldier's cricket clothes. She looks like a sweet little boy. She places a cassette in the tape deck-- "The Crying Game" song. She comes to the bed, and points the gun at Fergus's head.

DIL

You like me now, Jimmy?

FERGUS

I like you, Dil--

DIL

Give me a bit more, baby, a bit more.

FERGUS

More what?

DIL

More endearments.

FERGUS

I like you, Dil.

DIL

Love me.

FERGUS

Yes.

DIL

Tell me you love me.

FERGUS

Whatever you say, Dil.

DIL

Then say it.

FERGUS

I love you, Dil.

DIL
You do?

FERGUS
Yeah.

DIL
What would you do for me?

FERGUS
Anything.

She begins to cry and lays the gun gently on his chest.

DIL
Say it again.

FERGUS
I'd do anything for you, Dil.

She pulls on his bindings to release him.

EXT. STREET

Two police cars, sirens wailing.

INT. DIL'S FLAT

Dil's face, close to Fergus's, as the stockings that bound his hands are nearly undone.

DIL
And you'll never leave me?

FERGUS
Never.

DIL
I know you're lying, Jimmy, but
it's nice to hear it.

His arm is free. He strokes her hair.

FERGUS
I'm sorry, Dil.

She shudders with weeping. The music of the song plays in the background.

Jude walking through the open door, arms extended, holding a gun.

JUDE

You stupid shit--Once was bad
enough. But twice.

Dil rises from the bed and points her gun at Jude.

DIL

You didn't knock, honey--

Dil fires, hits Jude. Jude falls and is writhing on the
floor.

FERGUS

Dil!

JUDE

Get that thing off me, Fergus--

Dil walks closer, holding the gun and pointing it at Jude.

DIL

What was that she called you,
Jimmy?

FERGUS

Fergus.

DIL

What's Fergus?

FERGUS

It's my name, Dil--

DIL

What happened to Jimmy?

JUDE

I said get it off me, Fergus--

Jude, on the floor, reaches for her gun. Manages to grab it.

DIL

What's she going to do, Jimmy? She
going to blow you away?

Dil shoots again, like a child, playing with a toy. She hits
Jude in her gun shoulder. Jude spins one way, the gun the
other.

DIL

Was she there too? When you got my
Jody?

Fergus screams.

FERGUS

Dil!!!

DIL

I asked you a question, honey--were you there too--

JUDE

You sick bitch--

As she raises the gun, Dil shoots her repeatedly, saying:

DIL

You was there, wasn't you? You used those tits and that ass to get him, didn't you?

Fergus screams from the bed. He rips free his other arm. Dil shoots Jude in the throat, and she falls dead, covered in blood. Dil turns the gun on Fergus.

DIL

She was there, wasn't she?

FERGUS

She was--

DIL

And she used her tits and that cute little ass to get him, didn't she?

FERGUS

Yes.

DIL

Tell me what she wore.

FERGUS

Can't remember...

Dil points the gun at him, squeezing on the trigger. Then she stops.

DIL

I can't do it, Jimmy. He won't let me.

She looks at the picture; walks over and sits down in front of it.

DIL

You won't let me, Jody--

She raises the gun and places it in her mouth. Fergus takes it gently from her mouth and places it on the table. He lifts her up by the shoulders.

FERGUS
You've got to go now, Dil--

DIL
Do I?

FERGUS
Yes. Now.

DIL
Am I in trouble, Jimmy?

FERGUS
Not if you go.

DIL
Will I see you again?

FERGUS
You will, Dil

DIL
Promise?

FERGUS
I promise.

DIL
Where am I to go, Jimmy?

FERGUS
The Metro.

DIL
Meet Col--

FERGUS
Yes. Say hello to Col--

He leads her out the door. Fergus goes back into the room, past Jude's body. Looks out the window to where he can see Dil staggering down the street, through the crowds that have gathered. The wail of police sirens coming closer. He watches Dil run off, with her funny walk. Then looks down and sees the cop cars pushing through the knot of people around the house. He picks up the gun, wipes it with a rag to remove Dil's fingerprints. He turns to the picture of the soldier; talks to it.

FERGUS

You should have stayed at home.

He sits in the chair by the window, waiting.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY

FADE UP to reveal a large interior, with light streaming in the windows. Large barred doors open and a group of women come through, with parcels, children in tow, etc. Among them is Dil, looking resplendent. She walks past the rows of convicts with their families, up to a glass cage, where Fergus sits, waiting.

DIL

I got you the multivitamins and the iron tablets, hon--

FERGUS

Don't call me that--

DIL

Sorry, love. Now, the white ones are magnesium supplement--

FERGUS

Stop it, Dil--

DIL

I've got to keep you healthy, Jimmy. I'm counting the days. Two thousand three hundred and thirty-four left.

FERGUS

Thirty-five.

DIL

I'm sorry, darling. I keep forgetting the leap year. What am I supposed to call you then, Jimmy?

FERGUS

Fergus.

DIL

Fergus. Fergus my love, light of my life--

FERGUS

Please, Dil--

DIL

I can't help it. You're doing time for me. No greater love, as the man says. Wish you'd tell me why.

FERGUS

As the man said, it's in my nature.

DIL

What's that supposed to mean?

She shakes her head.

FERGUS

Well, there was this scorpion, you see. And he wants to go across the river. But he can't swim. So he goes to this frog, who can swim, and he says to him, "Excuse me, Mr. Froggy..."

CAMERA PULLS BACK, and as Fergus tells the story of the scorpion and the frog, the music comes up--"Stand By Your Man."

FADE OUT:

THE END

In "The Crying Game," Nicki and Jessie show off their vocal talent, singing and rapping about the difficult and emotional times after a breakup. The "game" that Nicki is! Read More. Featuring. The Crying Game is a 1992 psychological thriller drama film written and directed by Neil Jordan. The film explores themes of race, gender, nationality, and sexuality against the backdrop of the Irish Troubles. The original working title of the film was *The Soldier's Wife*.^[1] With his IRA companions seemingly dead after the attack, Fergus hides from the main body of the IRA in London, where he takes a job as a day labourer with the alias "Jimmy". While in London, Fergus meets Jody's attractive girlfriend Dil at a hair salon. The Crying Game is a 1992 thriller film written and directed by Neil Jordan, produced by Stephen Woolley, and starring Stephen Rea, Miranda Richardson, Jaye Davidson, Adrian Dunbar, Ralph Brown and Forest Whitaker. The film explores themes of race, gender, nationality, and sexuality against the backdrop of the Troubles in Northern Ireland. The film follows Fergus (Rea), a member of the IRA, who has a brief but meaningful encounter with a British soldier, Jody (Whitaker), who is being held prisoner by