

PÚCAS FOR DUMMIES

by

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(Two-Scene Sample)

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EXT. TOORNABOOKEE VILLAGE - LATER

Finn scowls as he walks through the little village, hands in his pockets, KICKING ROCKS as he goes.

GEORGIE DOYLE (O.S.)  
Watch it, asshole!

Finn looks around and spots 6-year-old GEORGIE DOYLE, who's rubbing the top of his head where a rock hit him.

FINN  
(wincing in sympathy)  
Oh, jeez! Sorry, man.

Georgie gives him a curious look.

GEORGIE DOYLE  
Ye sound like feekin' Marty McFly.  
Are youse American?

FINN  
Yeah.

GEORGIE DOYLE  
What're ye doin' here den?

Finn gives a frustrated shrug.

FINN  
I've been asking myself the same  
thing.

GEORGIE DOYLE  
Well, why don't ye go home den?

FINN  
I can't. My aunt has an art show in  
Dublin so she brought us along.

Georgie tries to dribble a basketball but it bounces off his foot and rolls away.

GEORGIE DOYLE  
Where's yer ma?

FINN  
Dead.

GEORGIE DOYLE  
Oh.  
(beat)  
So why are ye in Toornabookee den?

FINN  
We're staying with family.

GEORGIE DOYLE  
Oh. Who's yer family?

FINN  
Mickey McGinty.

Georgie tries to make a basket but misses completely. The ball hits the side of a house, then ricochets and hits him in the face instead. He doesn't seem to notice as he BARKS out a laugh.

GEORGIE DOYLE  
(guffawing)  
Yer kin wi' Mad Mickey McGinty?

Georgie turns to his big sister, ROSIE DOYLE, 15, the goth girl who's watching them from the bumper of a nearby Cadillac while smoking a cigarette.

GEORGIE DOYLE (CONT'D)  
Hey, Rosie! Did ya hear tha'? This  
arsehole's kin is Mad Mickey  
McGinty!

FINN  
Aren't you a little young to be  
cussing like that?

Georgie mocks him in a HIGH-PITCHED VOICE.

GEORGIE DOYLE  
"Aren't ye a little young ta be  
cussin' like tha'?"

He doubles over with LAUGHTER.

ROSIE DOYLE  
Mad Mickey McGinty, huh? Are you a  
McGinty den?

Finn looks at Rosie, whose hair is obviously died black. Her whole outfit is black, except for her torn horizontally-striped tights and bright red Doc Martins.

FINN  
Maybe. He's my great-uncle.

Georgie's awkwardly trying to dribble the ball again but it keeps getting away from him.

Finn grabs it and dribbles circles around Georgie, who's futilely trying to get his ball back.

GEORGIE DOYLE  
Hey, ya feckin' eejit! Gimme back  
me ball!

Finn continues dribbling gracefully as he lifts a leg and easily steps over Georgie's head. He turns, still dribbling, and does the same thing with the other leg.

GEORGIE DOYLE (CONT'D)  
You *dick!*

Finn LAUGHS. He looks over and SEES Rosie swiftly hiding a small smile, her expression immediately becoming cool and unfazed once more.

He gives her a WINK and she rolls her heavily-lined blue eyes, appearing bored to death.

FINN  
(to Georgie)  
You really wanna know how to play  
basketball?

GEORGIE DOYLE  
What do you *tink*, ya wanker?

Finn responds, mocking Georgie's accent.

FINN  
I tink ye need skills, boyo.

GEORGIE DOYLE  
And ye tink a dork like you could  
teach me?

FINN  
Yeah--

Finn shoots and makes three successive baskets in a row while Georgie looks on in amazement.

FINN (CONT'D)  
--I do.

GEORGIE DOYLE  
Okay, McFly. Show me ever'ting ye  
know.

FINN  
You got it, little dude.

Finn SPINS the ball on his fingertip.

He looks on a bit wistfully as Rosie jumps down from the bumper and grinds the cigarette beneath her heel before sauntering away without a second glance.

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

Uncle Mickey stands over the stove flipping burgers while dressed in a loud HAWAIIAN SHIRT.

Finn comes in through the back door and grabs a soda from the fridge.

UNCLE MICKEY

Finn McCool! Ye wanna burger? I make a mean burger.

FINN

Sure!

Uncle Mickey slaps a burger onto a bun, squeezes some ketchup onto it, and hands it to Finn.

FINN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Finn takes a big bite with gusto. He stops chewing almost immediately, making a face, and gulping it down with effort.

UNCLE MICKEY

What's wrong?

FINN

It tastes almost as bad as Teddy's cooking.

UNCLE MICKEY

(winking)

I *told* ye I make a mean burger.

FINN

Mean?! This thing is seriously *pissed!*

Finn tosses the burger into the trash and opens a bag of crisps instead.

FINN (CONT'D)

I think I met wee Georgie Doyle.

UNCLE MICKEY

Oh, yeah? Cusses like a cat, huh?

Finn CHOKES as he takes a sip of pop. He LAUGHS as he wipes his face with the bottom of his t-shirt.

FINN  
I guess so, Uncle Mickey.

UNCLE MICKEY  
Did ye meet Rosie too?

Finn gives him a small grin just as Libby enters the kitchen.

LIBBY  
Oh, hi, Finney! What are you smiling about?

UNCLE MICKEY  
(wiggling his eyebrows)  
Rosie Doyle.

Finn blushes.

LIBBY  
You met Rosie Doyle?

FINN  
Maybe.

LIBBY  
So? What did you think of her? I haven't seen her since she was a little blond dynamo.

UNCLE MICKEY  
She ain't exactly blond no more.

LIBBY  
No? But she was *so* cute!

UNCLE MICKEY  
(teasing)  
Finn here tinks she still is.

LIBBY  
Oh, *really?!!*

Finn blushes again.

FINN  
Jeez, Aunt Libby. Stop!

LIBBY  
C'mon, Finney. Do you like her? You can tell me and Uncle Mickey. We won't say anything.

Finn rolls his eyes.

FINN

Let's just say maybe it won't be so  
bad here after all.

He makes a rapid getaway.

LIBBY

(yelling)  
Good enough for me!