

The doorbell CLANGS as Mrs. Coleman leaves.

Shane waits anxiously for Des to return. He finally appears with a cup of tea.

SHANE

Dad, we need to talk.

Des leans against the counter.

DES

Not now. I have a terrible hangover.

The front door CLANGS again. STANISLAW "STASH" DOMBROWSKI enters.

He's a bulky, oafish man in his late thirties. He wears a bushy walrus moustache and carries a huge black duffel bag over his shoulder. He speaks with a thick Polish accent.

STASH

Good morning. Lovely weather we are having.

Des suspiciously eyes the black duffel bag.

DES

(weakly)

Can I help you?

Stash drops the duffel bag with a THUD.

STASH

Hello. My name is Stanislaw, but, you can call me "Stash."

Des points to a sign just below the counter: NO SOLICITING.

Stash looks at the sign.

STASH (CONT'D)

No... sol... so-lic... so-lic-i-ting. Soliciting? No soliciting.

DES

I'm afraid so.

STASH

Ha ha. Don't worry, I am not solicitor, like I was in my native Poland.

DES

That's not what...

Stash talks right over him.

STASH

I graduate from law school.
University of Krakow. But, my
diploma is no good here. In
Ireland, I am salesman of many
wonderful products for home and
office.

Stash rummages through his duffel bag and pulls out a teddy bear.

STASH (CONT'D)

I think you will love this one.
You have grandchildren, yes?

DES

No.

STASH

Okay. Your wife, she will love
this one also. You have wife,
yes?

DES

Yes, I have wife.

STASH

This is amazing talking teddy
bear. You are asking, "What does
he say?" Anything you want is
the answer.

DES

I'm not interested.

STASH

What is your wife's name?

Des tries to make eye contact with Shane, but he's staring absently out the shop window.

DES

Margaret.

Stash squeezes the teddy bear's right foot and speaks into its ear.

STASH

I love you, Margaret. You are so
beautiful, and you make me nice
dinners every day. Thank you.

He hands the teddy bear to Des.

STASH (CONT'D)

Squeeze him in the belly.

Des gives the bear a half-hearted squeeze. It plays a garbled version of Stash's recording.

STASH (CONT'D)

This teddy bear can be yours for only twenty Euro.

DES

I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

STASH

Ten Euro?

Shane finally snaps out of his trance. He hustles over to Stash.

SHANE

I'm sorry, Stash, but the boss asked you to leave.

He gently pushes Stash to the front door.

STASH

Perhaps you are needing pocket calculator?

The door closes with a CLANG as Stash leaves.

Des holds his head.

DES

These Poles are bloody taking over.

SHANE

(blurting out)

Dad, I'm leaving the shop.

Des checks his watch.

DES

Be back by Noon so I can have my lunch.

SHANE

No, Dad. I'm quitting.

DES

Shut up.

Shane puts a pair of keys on the counter.

SHANE

I'm sorry it's such short notice, but, I've got to get to work at my new job right away.

Des gives the keys a suspicious look.

DES
Stop your messing.

SHANE
Don't worry about my last week's wages.

Des looks searchingly at Shane.

DES
You're serious?

SHANE
I am, Dad.

DES
You're going to start a new career? At your age?

SHANE
It's not exactly a new career, Dad. I'm going to be managing my own shoe shop.

Des shakes his head in disbelief.

DES
Another shoe shop? Where?

SHANE
We haven't found a location yet.

DES
We? Who's we?

SHANE
I have a partner.

DES
Who?

SHANE
No one you know. An investor from Galway.

Des leans on the counter and steadies himself.

DES
So, that's it. You're going to throw it all away. All these years of hard work, father and son, building a business.

SHANE
Believe me, Dad, it's the hardest decision I've ever had to make.

DES
Do you realize what you're doing
to me?

Des points to the wall of photographs.

DES (CONT'D)
To them!

SHANE
I'm sorry, Dad.

DES
I'm sorry, too.

Shane walks to the front door, opens it, and turns back to Des.

SHANE
Tell Mam I'll be home for dinner.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shane KNOCKS on the door. Donna opens it. She leans up against the door with a lit cigarette in one hand and a glass of white wine in the other.

DONNA
Girls night. No blokes allowed.

SHANE
I don't need to come in.

A woman's voice shouts from inside.

VOICE (O.S.)
Is that the stripper? Send him
in!

A burst of female laughter.

DONNA
What do you want?

SHANE
I'm finally going to have my own
shop.

A huge smile breaks over Donna's face. She throws her arms around him.

DONNA
I can't believe it's finally
yours! Wait 'till I tell the
girls.

Donna yanks Shane by the arm and drags him into the house.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

CARMEL, DEIRDRE, and VERONICA sit around a coffee table littered with empty wine bottles, ashtrays, and cans of Pringles. ABBA's "Dancing Queen" plays in the background.

VERONICA
Hey, no blokes on girls night.

DEIRDRE
Not unless you're gonna strip!

CARMEL
Strip! Strip! Strip!

Veronica and Deirdre join in the chant.

DONNA
Relax a minute. I've got some big news.

Donna takes a gulp of wine and sets down her glass.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Shane's finally taking over the shop.

The girls leap from the couch, glasses raised.

CARMEL
Congratulations, love.

VERONICA
Sláinte!

Donna takes turns hugging each of the girls.

SHANE
My Dad didn't retire. I quit.
I'm opening my own shop.

The hugs stop.

DONNA
You're joking me.

SHANE
I'm not.

Donna turns to the girls. She puts her hand over her face and begins to sob.

DONNA
I was going to marry him.

Donna buries her head into Carmel's shoulder and begins to wail.

CARMEL
Don't cry, pet.

Donna turns to Shane. She gives him a hard shove towards the door.

DONNA
It's over! Get out!

SHANE
Let's talk it over.

DONNA
There's nothing to talk about.
I've wasted the last ten years of
my life with a feckin' donkey.

INT. SMYTHE'S PUB - NIGHT

Shane sits at the bar, staring blankly into a pint of Guinness. Shane's friend PADDY, 32, big and strong with rough hands and a stubbly beard, takes a seat next to him.

PADDY
Congratulations, mate. I can't
believe you actually did it.

Shane spins around.

SHANE
Finally, someone who's happy for
me.

He gives Paddy a drunken bear hug.

SHANE (CONT'D)
My Dad hates me, my girlfriend
dumped me, but I still have you,
Paddy.

PADDY
Is it really over between you and
Donna?

SHANE
She never wants to see me again.

PADDY
No chance of getting back
together?

SHANE
Ten of my best years, wasted.

PADDY
Sorry to hear that, mate.

SHANE
Forget about it. That's all in
the past. My new life starts
today, Paddy.

Paddy raises his glass to toast. Shane obliges.

PADDY
Sláinte.

SHANE
Sláinte.

PADDY
Where's the new shop?

SHANE
Don't know yet. Going to look at
a place in Dunshannon tomorrow.

PADDY
Sounds brilliant.

Shane pulls a pen and small note pad from his pocket.

SHANE
I've worked up a few names for
the place. Tell me what you
think.

PADDY
Fire away.

SHANE
What about, "Shane's Shoes?"

PADDY
A bit boring, to be honest.

SHANE
I thought so, too. How about,
"Shane's Shoe Emporium."

PADDY
Kind of stuffy.

Shane thinks hard.

SHANE
What about, "Shane's Shoe
Boutique?"

PADDY
Sounds a bit girly. I'd never
buy my shoes from a boutique.

Shane's face brightens.

SHANE

Maybe not a boutique, but, what about a shoetique?

Paddy mulls it over.

PADDY

Would I buy my shoes from a shoetique? I might.

Shane raises his glass for another toast.

SHANE

(grinning)
Cheers, Paddy.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Shane arrives downstairs for breakfast. He performs his usual hangover ritual.

MARGARET

Dad told me the news.

He rubs his eyes.

SHANE

I'm sorry, Mam. I didn't want it to come to this.

MARGARET

I know it can be hard working for your father, but did you really have to quit?

Des enters.

DES

I want you out by the end of the week.

MARGARET

And a good morning to you, too.

DES

He's to pack his bags and be out of this house by the end of the week.

MARGARET

I know you're not happy with what he's done, Des. Neither am I. But, he's our son, and he'll always be welcome in our house.

SHANE

Thanks, Mam.

There's a KNOCK on the front door.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Margaret opens the door to reveal a DELIVERY MAN holding a clipboard and envelope.

DELIVERY MAN

It's a lovely morning, thank God.

He hands Margaret a pen.

MARGARET

It's a grand day for drying. I must get my washing out on the line.

Shane dashes in front of Margaret. He takes the pen from her and snatches the envelope from the delivery man.

SHANE

Thanks, Mam. That must be for me.

Shane hands the pen back to the delivery man, and quickly shuts the door.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Shane opens the package. He pulls out a glossy blue folder emblazoned with the words "Dynamic Capital Management."

He opens the folder. It contains a cover letter stamped "Private & Confidential."

SHANE

(to himself)

Dear Shane, it is my pleasure to welcome you to Dynamic Capital Management. We are delighted to partner with you on this exciting investment opportunity. Please find enclosed everything you need to get started. Sincerely, Tom Mulligan.

Shane puts aside the letter and goes through the rest of the folder. He pulls out a document marked "Business Plan," and casts it aside.

Next, he pulls out a single sheet of paper with a perforation near the bottom. It's a cheque.

SHANE (CONT'D)

(shouting)

One hundred thousand Euro!