

LEPER KHAN

Written by
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Based on Irish legends & folk lore

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Note to Reader:

This story takes place in two different dimensions: our dimension and the Khan dimension. Both share the same physical space in our world, but are distinctly different realms of reality.

As a quick and easy reference, the Celtic realm of the Khan has been written in green ink. Unlike our realm, it's one with a wee bit of magic.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE FORESTS OF ULSTER - DAY

Khan realm. Shafts of sunlight pierce an ancient forest as SWIRLING MIST dances with the lush undergrowth.

A STAG explodes out of a thicket of fern, leaping over a fallen tree-

CUCHULAIN (pronounced koo-kull-in), impossibly handsome and athletic- a pin-up firefighter-rescuing-puppies type- bursts through the same thicket. He's clad in LEATHER ARMOR and wields a BIRCH LONG BOW. A HURLEY STICK and SWORD are strapped to his back.

His brother, ANGUS, ruddy and unkempt, is close behind, but struggles keeping up.

They race through the forest, Cuchulain with the same grace and agility as the stag, Angus more like a bulldozer.

The stag vaults over an outcropping of mossy rock-

Cuchulain follows, abruptly stopping at the apex.

He reaches for an arrow, raises his bow-

Stag in his sights-

-he deftly pulls the bowstring-

But the stag leaps into a SWIRLING MIST AND DISAPPEARS.

CUCHULAIN

Shite.

He leaps into the same mist and also DISAPPEARS.

ANGUS

(gasping for breath)

Ah, feckin' gobshite- the magic's strong with this one.

He takes a deep breath and leaps into the SAME MIST and DISAPPEARS-

EXT. COOLEY MOUNTAINS, COUNTY LOUGH - DAY

Our realm. The stag BURSTS FROM THE MIST onto a grassy, windswept hilltop. Cuchulain EMERGES from the same mist in quick pursuit.

He spots the stag as it darts behind a drumlin.

He runs full tilt, LEAPING over the same hill-

-Surprised there's NO GROUND beyond, just CRASHING OCEAN WAVES five hundred feet below.

It takes all his effort to stop his momentum from sending him over the edge of the ROCKY CLIFF below.

Just as he steadies himself, Angus races over the same drumlin, past Cuchulain-

And PLUNGES over the edge-

But Cuchulain grabs hold with both hands and pulls him to safety with a bear-hug embrace.

ANGUS
Brother, this is no time for
fraternization-

The stag appears, distant along the cliff's edge.

CUCHULAIN
Shite!

ANGUS
You let him get away!

CUCHULAIN
I just saved your mangy hide, you
langer-

ANGUS
And I'm much obliged, but that's me
dinner we're talking about!

The WHINE of an approaching AUTOMOBILE can be heard and the brothers scramble behind the drumlin for a look.

A late model compact car held together with environmental and political bumper stickers drives through the bumpy field and stops near the brother's hiding place.

Two young Americans, MAGGIE ROWE and TREVOR CAMDEN, get out to take in the beauty of the ocean.

Maggie, a nerdy librarian goddess with the soul of an Amazon, takes a deep breath.

MAGGIE
God damn, it's breath taking-

TREVOR
I told you you'd like it.

MAGGIE
It's stunningly gorgeous!

Maggie throws her arms around Trevor, kisses him, and squeezes tight before turning back toward the ocean.

She's the most amazing woman Cuchulain has ever seen.

CUCHULAIN
(hushed to Angus)
She's beautiful-

MAGGIE
Look, you can see a storm coming in. It looks like it's a hundred miles away.

TREVOR
Looks are deceiving. It's much closer than you think.

Bewitched, Cuchulain sneaks closer for a better look.

ANGUS
(forced whisper)
Cuchulain, no. You can't, it's forbidden- ah, shite.

He sneaks closer, too.

TREVOR
Listen, Maggie, I brought you here so we can talk.

MAGGIE
(Cheerfully)
Uh-oh. This isn't a break-up talk is it?

Trevor doesn't immediately reply.

Cuchulain watches unnoticed from just behind the car.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Trevor? I was joking. What's going on. You've been acting strange since we left Dundalk.

TREVOR

I got an e-mail from Professor Porter asking me to help her research her next book.

MAGGIE

Professor Porter? At Stanford?

He nods.

TREVOR

She's been doing fascinating work, looking at how climate change affects the integrity of restorative soil functions at the microbial level-

MAGGIE

Sounds... groundbreaking-

TREVOR

Yeah, it's pretty intense. I've been obsessed with Stacy's work since I first saw it.

MAGGIE

Stacy?

Angus joins Cuchulain behind the car. Cuchulain quietly opens the driver's side door- and is pleasantly surprised to see MAGGIE'S PHOTOGRAPH taped to the dashboard. He takes it-

TREVOR

Yeah. So what.

-And accidentally knocks the transmission into neutral.

Angus notices the car roll forward a bit. Curious, he gives it a slight push. He smiles.

MAGGIE

So what? So this *is* a break-up. You son of a bitch. You drive me out to the most beautiful place in all of Ireland- to break up with me?

TREVOR

I know how special it is to you. I want you to always think of me when you think of this place.

MAGGIE

You're an asshole.

Cuchulain motions Angus to leave. Grinning, Angus gives the bumper a shove before he departs.

TREVOR

That's uncalled for. Ok, yes, I've also been seeing Stacy. Who cares? It's not serious. It's just a smart career move for me.

The car starts to slowly roll toward the cliff-

MAGGIE

It's 'just a career move'? You do know the tenure committee is mostly gray haired old men- you gonna fuck them too?

TREVOR

Maggie-

MAGGIE

You are such an incredibly magnificent self-absorbed world-class ass hole.

She turns and starts walking away.

TREVOR

Where you going?

MAGGIE

Back to Dundalk. I need a drink.

TREVOR

You're gonna walk back? C'mon Maggie. Don't do this to me.

She flips him the bird.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Bitch. It's a long walk to Dundalk. You're going to wish you stayed with me!

She responds without turning around.

MAGGIE

I'll get there before you do.

TREVOR

What?

MAGGIE

You forgot the parking brake, dumb
ass.

He turns to look behind him, just as his CAR PLUNGES OVER THE
CLIFF-

Back behind the drumlin, the two brothers watch with glee.

ANGUS

Oh, that was a fine consolation for
the loss of the stag!

CUCHULAIN

And what a beguiling lass! The fool
of a man that would let her go. I
think I'm in love-

ANGUS

Aye she is, but shake any daft
ideas from your thick head.

Cuchulain watches Maggie walk away from the cliff.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Brother?

CUCHULAIN

Yes, yes. I heard you.

Angus jumps to his feet offering his hand, suddenly serious.

ANGUS

It's best we get ourselves home or
there'll be hell to pay.

Cuchulain ignores him and starts off after Maggie.

CUCHULAIN

I'll be along shortly. I want to
try and pick up the trail of that
stag.

ANGUS

By stag, you mean lass? Brother,
I'm warning you. You know you can't-

Cuchulain holds up a defiant fist as he marches off.

Angus shakes his head, turns- and in a blink of an eye
VANISHES in an eddy of mist.

EXT. COOLEY PENINSULA, COUNTY LOUGH - DAY

Our realm. Maggie stops to take in the magnificent view of the Irish Sea.

She sits and starts to cry.

Enchanted, Cuchulain watches from a safe distance.

But just past Maggie, the stag appears on a hill.

Cuchulain can't believe his good fortune. He quietly pulls an arrow - his last one- and draws his bow-

The stag steps closer, ever cautious.

Cuchulain smiles and releases the bowstring. The arrow flies-

The stag BOLTS, leaping toward a SWIRLING MIST-

The arrow misses, SMASHING into a rock cropping-

-Cuchulain reaches for another arrow-

His quiver is empty.

Thinking fast, he grabs his hurley and sliotar (ball) and smacks it with all his might-

-It WHIZZES behind Maggie. She looks up-

-As it VANISHES into the mist with the stag.

Curious, Maggie is quick to her feet to check out the noise.

She finds the arrow. The craftsmanship is remarkable. She's fascinated.

She looks back toward Cuchulain - but the cliffs are desolate; the only movement is a SWIRLING EDDY OF MIST.

EXT. THE FORESTS OF ULSTER - DAY

Kahn realm. Grinning ear to ear, Cuchulain SINGS to himself as he marches through the thick forest. The dead stag draped over his shoulders.

EXT. THE KHAN ENCAMPMENT - DAY

Khan realm. He approaches an enormous, ROUND STONE AND TIMBER HENGE encampment camouflaged with branches of juniper and pine.

High atop the wall, KHAN WARRIORS watch his approach.

Cuchulain strides through the fortified entrance into a bustling medieval Celtic village.

He strides past round dwellings made of timber and thatch. Circles within a circle.

He approaches LUGH'S HENGE, a central henge, elevated on a sloped mound, built of upright stone, timbers and thatch. Beautifully carved designs of interwoven dragons and intricate circles cover every inch of the stone.

FINN, a Khan warrior and his wife FIANNA, a Khan archer, approach.

FINN

Well gods preserve us- look what the dog dragged in-

FIANNA

(mockingly incredulous)
You bagged that yourself?

CUCHULAIN

Aye. With me own two hands. Twelve points! A royal stag- for the Royal Stag!

Finn runs his hands over the antlers.

FINN

Twelve points, my arse! Those two little nubbins don't count-

FIANNA

One man's nubbins are another man's points. I should know-

CUCHULAIN

(feigning hurt)
She's got notions- Twelve points as real as the lumps on your head.

FIANNA

And your arse.

FINN

What's wrong with me arse?

CUCHULAIN

Apparently, your wife thinks it's lumpy and soft-

Fianna nods agreement.

FINN

Wife, how would you know the difference between the softness of my arse and that of another's?

Cuchulain grabs Finn's butt cheek.

CUCHULAIN

It is rather soft-

Cuchulain continues on toward Lugh's Henge.

FINN

(shouts)

You caught me off guard. Me arse is as hard as a rock when I clench!

People stop and look. Finn clenches his teeth and presumably his behind-

FINN (CONT'D)

Have a feel for yourself.

Fianna rolls her eyes and walks away.

INT. LUGH'S HENGE - DAY

Kahn realm. In the center of the henge, a shaft of sunlight illuminates the DRAGON'S HEART, a GOLD CISTERN tended by TWO DRUID PRIESTS.

KHAN LUGH, the clan king, warms his weathered red-headed frame over a fire near the Dragon's Heart. He wears leather armor woven with the same designs as those on the stone.

LUGH

Ah, my son, what have you brought us?

Cuchulain drops the stag near the fire as Lugh greets him with a bear hug.

CUCHULAIN

A gift, father. The finest stag in all of Ulster. Fit for the finest Khan to ever rule.

Angus appears in the shadows, unnoticed behind a far stone, and listens.

LUGH

Indeed. Always fiercely
kindhearted. You are my greatest
joy.

(with flourish)

A gift begets another gift-

He gives Cuchulain a PENDANT with a carved Celtic dragon.
It's identical to the one around his own neck.

CUCHULAIN

But father, I don't deserve this.

LUGH

Nonsense. The dragon is the mark of
the Khan, the guardians of the
Dragon's Heart. We are the chosen
clan. Great Khans before you have
led their people in both battle and
prosperity behind the mark of the
dragon. One day you will too.

CUCHULAIN

A fate I'm ill suited for. I'm no
warrior, father-

LUGH

Blarney. This stag says otherwise.
You're a dreamer, my pride. A rare
gift for a born leader-

CUCHULAIN

But no gift at all for one with no
desire to lead.

LUGH

More blarney. You just lack focus.
Clarity comes when you put the
needs of the clan before your
personal desires.

Lugh notices Angus as he motions to the Druid priest, who
cuts the heart out of the stag and places it in the Dragon's
Heart urn.

LUGH (CONT'D)

(suddenly reserved)

Ah, Angus, stop lurking in the
shadows and come look at what your
noble brother has brought us.

Angus looks at the dead Stag, then icily at Cuchulain's new
pendant.

The Druid adds mistletoe and shamrock to the urn and MIST appears, rising from it.

ANGUS

A worthy gift for a khan, father.
My brother shames me- I come with
empty hands, but humble adoration.

CUCHULAIN

We both hunted the stag, father. He
deserves the pendant more than I-

Lugh ignores Angus, wrapping Cuchulain in a bear hug. He grabs the Dragon's Heart Urn and holds it up.

LUGH

Nonsense. No matter. Drink from the
Dragon's Heart while its breath is
strong.

He takes a gulp and passes it to Cuchulain to drink.

LUGH (CONT'D)

We drink to keep the magic alive-

Cuchulain starts to pass it to Angus, but Lugh takes the urn and hands it back to the Druid.

LUGH (CONT'D)

And tonight we feast in your honor!

Angus only smiles when Cuchulain look his way.

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Our realm. Exhausted, Maggie enters a cluttered, cramped studio apartment and tosses her backpack on the couch.

She plugs her phone into a charger, sees 13 messages from Trevor - rolls her eyes, and grabs a beer from the fridge.

She plops down next to the backpack and carefully takes the arrow out. She's fascinated by the circular dragon runes carved into the razor sharp arrowhead and shaft.

She grabs her laptop and ZOOMS her friend and colleague, SUE ELLEN WRIGHT.

SUE ELLEN

Hey there, what up, girl?

MAGGIE

Hi. Sorry for calling so early,
your time-

SUE ELLEN

Are you kidding. I'm always excited
to hear how things are going in
Ireland. I'm so jealous.

MAGGIE

Don't be. Work is going well, but
Trevor and I broke up.

SUE ELLEN

Oh no, what happened?

MAGGIE

Same old same old. One more amazing
failure in the personal dumpster
fire that's my life.

SUE ELLEN

C'mon, don't be so hard on yourself-

She absently picks up the arrow and runs her fingers along
the carved arrowhead and shaft.

MAGGIE

I know. But I'm so damn tired of
being lied to. Is asking for one
guy I can trust too much to ask
for?

SUE ELLEN

Girl, there's no need to trust 'em
if you kick 'em out in the morning.
Hey, what's that? You plunder
another antiquities museum?

MAGGIE

What? This? No. I found it in a
field this afternoon- right after
Trevor left. If it was ten minutes
sooner, I probably would have
stabbed him in the heart with it.

SUE ELLEN

Were you at a dig?

MAGGIE

No. Why?

SUE ELLEN

Those markings are ancient Celtic.
Let me get a better look at it.

Maggie holds the arrow in front of the camera.

MAGGIE

It looks brand new. The arrowhead
is sharp as a razor. The feathers
are in perfect condition. Even
smells new.

SUE ELLEN

How so?

MAGGIE

I don't know. Smells like musk and
pine. Very manly man.

SUE ELLEN

Oh. The complete opposite of
Trevor.

MAGGIE

(laughs)
Yes!

SUE ELLEN

Do me a favor- take some good
quality photos of this thing and
send them to me.

MAGGIE

Sure, no problem. Better yet, I'll
overnight it to you.

SUE ELLEN

Groovy. I got to go. The boy toy is
starting to stir. Hey, do yourself
a favor and don't drink alone. Get
your adorable and now available-
and incredibly cute- little behind
down to the pub and be sociable.

MAGGIE

Sure. Hey, Sue Ellen- thanks.

SUE ELLEN

Love ya' girlfriend!

She blows her a kiss and Maggie closes her laptop.

MAGGIE

Glad somebody does.

She throws back the rest of her beer.

EXT. THE KHAN ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Khan realm. The stag roasts on a spit over an open fire while Lugh, his sons and Khan warriors feast.

Cuchulain, Angus, Finn and Fianna sit together. Cuchulain stares at the photo of Maggie, oblivious to the festivities around him.

ANGUS

There'll be hell to pay if Father sees you with that.

FIANNA

She's beautiful.

FINN

Aye.

CUCHULAIN

And headstrong! You should have seen her. I can't get her out of my head. I've got to see her again-

ANGUS

Don't be getting any crazy ideas. We're the guardians of the Dragon's Heart. The chosen clan. You know it's forbidden. Even for the son of a Khan.

FINN

He's right, you know.

CUCHULAIN

I can dream, can't I.

ANGUS

Aye, but you play with fire- dreams are the Druid's currency. You're better off dancing on the head of a pin. Look around. You're first in line for the throne- you can have any- or all- of these lovely lasses.

Angus grabs a passing SERVING GIRL and kisses her bare arm.

SERVING GIRL

(flirting)

My Lord!

FINN

He's right you know.

ANGUS

Your problem is you long for what you cannot have. And have no long interest in what's in front of you.

CUCHULAIN

Why, aren't you the philosopher. How long it take you to come up with that?

ANGUS

About as long as it will take you to ignore me magnificent advice and go off chasing your heart.

FINN

He's right--

Cuchulain shoots Finn a look.

FINN (CONT'D)

What? There's something to be said for chasing yer heart-

He grabs Fianna's hand and kisses it.

FIANNA

You cheek bastard. I was just going to make fun of yer soft arse again and you go and say something ruthlessly charming.

FINN

See what I'm stuck with for the rest of me life?

(gets serious)

Cuchulain, be careful. Yer brother is right. You play with fire-

FIANNA

A fire that'll surely consume you if you're not vigilant! You reveal yourself to her and who knows what sorcery and rune you'll unleash. Too much time has passed for them-

FINN

She's right. They're no longer kin-

CUCHULAIN

Bullocks!

FIANNA

Why pine for someone you can never
have?

Angus loses interest in the conversation and scans the crowd
for the servant girl.

ANGUS

If you're serious about her, I'll
run interference with father-

CUCHULAIN

You'd do that?

FIANNA

And what of the Druids? The
Dragon's Heart-

ANGUS

Why give us the magic to go to the
realm of humans if we can't use it?

CUCHULAIN

Who knows if this fire is all
consuming- but I tell you this- it
warms me heart. And what harm can
come from that?

FIANNA

(concerned)

Don't be a right chancer-

Cuchulain tucks away the photo and winks at his friends-

CUCHULAIN

I'll be careful. Wish me luck-

-As he stands and VANISHES into the MIST.

EXT. NARROW CITY STREET, DUNDALK - NIGHT

Our realm. A fog has rolled in off the Lough. Cuchulain
MATERIALIZES from the mist in front of a LITTLE KID walking
his DOG.

The gobsmacked kid eyes the leather-armor clad warrior-

LITTLE KID

For fuck's sake.

Cuchulain smiles, holds his finger to his lips, and
DISAPPEARS back into the mist.

EXT. BACK ALLEY, DUNDALK - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain REAPPEARS out of the MIST and eyes a clothes line of laundry hanging from a back stoop.

He steals a mismatched pair of corduroy pants, Hawaiian shirt and mechanics jacket from a clothes line and dresses behind a dumpster.

He tucks his dagger into the belt, grabs his hurley, and strides down the alley.

EXT. THE KHAN ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Khan realm. The feast continues. The MUSIC and FESTIVITIES are LOUD.

No one notices the TWO GUARDS at the entrance - as their THROATS ARE CUT. A band of CLURICHAUN RAIDERS, a rival clan, steal into the village and its grain storehouse.

They grab sacks of grain and as they leave two raiders sneak to a goat pen and release the animals, herding them toward the entrance.

Sleeping unnoticed on a bail of hay, a SMALL BOY awakens.

SMALL BOY
Hey, you can't do that-

A raider turns for the boy.

SMALL BOY (CONT'D)
(yells)
Clurichaun! Clurichaun!! HELP!

The Raider panics, and stabs the boy. But it's too late- a DRUM sounds the alarm.

The feast ends abruptly. Villagers scramble for safety. Lugh and his warriors grab their swords and race to action.

INT. EGAN'S PUB, DUNDALK - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain enters, raising eyebrows.

He ignores the stares and shows Maggie's photo to the bartender.

CUCHULAIN
Have you happened to see this beautiful lass?

The bartender nods, pointing to a snug in the corner.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)
Finally! Thank you, me friend.

Maggie sits by herself reading a thick textbook and making notes. He knocks on the snug and sits down across from her before she can reply.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)
Yes, lass! I've been lookin' high
and low- I thought I'd never find
you! Mind a bit of company?

MAGGIE
Yes. Yes, I mind very much-

She looks at the NAME PATCH on the mechanic jacket.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
- Collin.

She tries ignoring him, going back to her book.

CUCHULAIN
What are you doing?

MAGGIE
Trying to read. Do you mind?

CUCHULAIN
No. Not at all. You talk funny.
You're not from here?

MAGGIE
The states. Wisconsin.

He has no idea what that means.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Near Chicago.

Still no idea what that means.

CUCHULAIN
Ahh. Sounds lovely.

He smiles warmly, sincerely, at her- he's hard to ignore.

MAGGIE
How 'bout you?

CUCHULAIN

Me?

(proudly)

I'm an Ulster man.

MAGGIE

Oh, Northern Ireland?

CUCHULAIN

North enough. I grew up not too far from here.

MAGGIE

No, I meant-

(she sighs)

Never mind, it's not important.

She goes back to her book, turning the page. A photo on the page gets Cuchulain's attention.

CUCHULAIN

The Knowth. Have you been there?

MAGGIE

You know about The Knowth?

CUCHULAIN

Aye. It's magnificent. Me brother and I would play in the passages and burrows when we were lads.

MAGGIE

You- played in the underground tunnels? Impossible.

CUCHULAIN

We'd play hide and seek from the priests. Me father would tan our hides if he ever found out.

He nonchalantly points to the photo, indicating where the tunnels are.

MAGGIE

Incredible. That's the tunnel to the main tomb- we just unearthed. It's not public knowledge yet. But these- that's not part of our dig. You sure there're more tunnels?

CUCHULAIN

Absolutely. They connect the seven henges - one for each clan- that encircle The Knowth.

(MORE)

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)
 But you're digging it up? Why? You
 risk the wrath of the Druids.

MAGGIE
 (laughing)
 You're kidding, right? Druids?
 Yeah, right.

Cuchulain is genuinely concerned.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry. I mean no disrespect. So
 Collin, how does an auto mechanic
 know so much about The Knowth,
 arguably the most important
 neolithic archeological discovery
 in all of Europe?

He shrugs.

CUCHULAIN
 It's Celtic. It's where Lough
 slayed the dragon of Ulster and
 claimed his throne. It holds many
 secrets. I've sworn to protect it.

MAGGIE
 Oh really?

CUCHULAIN
 Aye. I'm duty bound. I'm a direct
 descendent of Khan Lough.

MAGGIE
 Okay then. Well, Collin, this has
 been fascinating, and you are
 incredibly cute, but it's a school
 night and well past my bedtime-

She starts packing up her things.

CUCHULAIN
 You're leaving? But I don't even
 know your name.

MAGGIE
 Oh, what the hell. It's Maggie.
 Maggie Rowe.

He reaches out his hand as if to shake, but when Maggie puts
 out her hand, he takes it and kisses it.

CUCHULAIN
Maggie Rowe, my lady. Is bean
álainn thú. I'm honored.

She pulls her hand back, embarrassed.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)
May I escort you home?

MAGGIE
No. Nope. That's quite alright. I'm
just next door. Close to the police
station. I'm good.

She hurries to leave. Cuchulain stands and she notices the
mismatched clothing.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
How long you been dressing
yourself?

CUCHULAIN
Since I was weened off the tit.
Why?

MAGGIE
No reason.

She can't leave fast enough.

CUCHULAIN
Until we meet again.

He notices a NOTEBOOK left on the table.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)
Hey, wait-

He grabs it and heads for the door. She's gone.

EXT. THE KHAN ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Khan realm. Cuchulain saunters toward the village in high
spirits. Maggie's notebook tucked in his waistband.

CUCHULAIN
-You are incredibly cute-

As he enters the gate, he notices twice as many warriors
guarding the entrance.

Inside, the village streets are empty. It's quiet except for
the WAILING of women crying for their dead.

INT. LUGH'S HENGE - NIGHT

Khan realm. Exhausted and blood stained, Lugh tempers his rage in front of the stoked Dragon's Heart fire. Angus stands nearby, dutifully, as Cuchulain enters.

CUCHULAIN
Father, what happened?

LUGH
Where were you tonight?

CUCHULAIN
I was out. In the forest. Hiking.

LUGH
You were out in the forest?

CUCHULAIN
Yes.

LUGH
Did you not hear the drums?

CUCHULAIN
The drums- We were attacked?

ANGUS
Clurichaun.

LUGH
We lost four good men and a small boy tonight.

CUCHULAIN
I didn't know-

LUGH
A small boy, Cuchulain!

He slams his hand down on the table.

CUCHULAIN
I, I'm sorry, I wasn't here to-

LUGH
You weren't here! Where were you?!

CUCHULAIN
I- was in the forest.

LUGH

Yet you heard no drums. It pains me
that my pride LIES to me the very
night five of our clan were
butchered!

Cuchulain looks to Angus for moral support- but gets none.

CUCHULAIN

I am sorry, father. I wasn't-
(takes a deep breath)
I was in Dundalk-

LUGH

An Cine Daonna? The land of humans?

CUCHULAIN

Yes.

LUGH

Did you make yourself known?

CUCHULAIN

No, father. I was careful.

LUGH

You were careful. But you weren't
here and five of your clan are
dead. Do you need reminding that we
have sworn a sacred covenant with
the Druids? They entrust the Khan
with the Dragon's Heart because
we're the only clan to vow to leave
mankind alone.

CUCHULAIN

Father, I know, but you don't
understand-

LUGH

I am not interested in your
excuses.

(pause, his rage builds)

It's time you grow up. You have
responsibilities! Time you take a
bride from one of the other clans-
that'll keep your feet planted
here. I'm not just your father
telling you this- I am your king. I
am Khan!

CUCHULAIN

Yes, my lord.

LUGH

You are not to go to *An Cine Daonna*
without my permission.

CUCHULAIN

But-

LUGH

It is so ordered.

CUCHULAIN

Yes, father. My lord.

EXT. THE KHAN ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Khan realm. Cuchulain sits atop the outer wall of the village.

He pulls out Maggie's notebook and flips through it. It's mostly full of sketches of The Knowth archeological dig.

An ENVELOPE with her name and address bookmarks a page of SKETCHES of Irish wildflowers and a half-finished self-portrait of Maggie. She looks melancholy.

He looks over the village rooftops. From his vantage he can see a nearby home. Two young lovers sneak out the back door and embrace.

He can also see Lugh's Henge- his father paces by the fire.

He pulls out the photo of Maggie. He runs his finger along her image.

He tucks the photo and notebook away and quietly slips over the wall- DISAPPEARING into the mist.

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Our realm. Maggie makes herself breakfast when there's a KNOCK at her door.

She checks the peephole- nobody's there. Curious, she opens the door-

A hand-picked bouquet of FLOWERING WILD SHAMROCK greets her on her step.

She smiles.

INT. EGAN'S PUB, DUNDALK - DAY

Our realm. It's RAINING and Maggie rushes into the pub and plops down on a barstool.

BARTENDER

Day off?

MAGGIE

Can't dig in the rain.

BARTENDER

This? Why, it's a grand, soft day-

MAGGIE

I suppose it is.

BARTENDER

The fellow you were talking to last night was in this morning. He'd talk the hind legs off a donkey, he would. He certainly fancies you. Said you might be in today and to give you these.

He sets a bouquet of FLOWERING SHAMROCK in front of her.

MAGGIE

They're lovely! And very thoughtful.

BARTENDER

Aye. But, the fellow's away with the fairies, if you ask me. Don't get me wrong, the eejit is nice enough, just a bit daft. A pint?

She nods.

MAGGIE

Maybe so. But he is thoughtful. And cute. And mysterious... And a wee bit cute.

He sets a fresh pint in front of her.

BARTENDER

But do you think he's cute?

MAGGIE

Aye. A wee bit.

BARTENDER

By all means then, give it a lash.

I/E. DUNN'S DELI, DUNDALK - MORNING

Our realm. Cuchulain strolls into the deli (in his mechanic jacket) his hurley stick in hand. A clerk packs an old woman's wicker basket with an order of sausage and cheese.

He follows her out to the crowded street and as she loads the basket onto her bicycle he taps her butt from behind with the hurly stick.

Shocked, she turns and doesn't see him pilfer her basket.

He strolls away, casually grabs a loaf of bread from a passerby's grocery bag, and tosses it in his stolen basket.

EXT. THE KNOWTH ARCHEOLOGY SITE - DAY

Our realm. Maggie works in a trench sifting soil samples and sets her trowel down to brush away debris.

She looks up- to see a bouquet of WILD SEA ASTER & SHAMROCK.

She smiles.

She looks around, but no one is there.

She returns to the soil sample in the trench- and finds another bouquet of wildflowers set in front of her.

She bolts upright.

Cuchulain sits cross legged in a nearby field, a picnic laid out in front of him. He pulls the cork from a wine bottle out with his teeth.

CUCHULAIN

Maggie Rowe! What a coincidence seeing you here. What beautiful flowers. Someone must fancy you very much. Come join me for lunch. You look famished.

MAGGIE

Wow- I can't believe- How did you find me?

CUCHULAIN

You're digging up me back yard. It wasn't too hard. Come. And eat.

MAGGIE

No. Thank you. But, no, I've got to work.

CUCHULAIN

There's nothing there. The tunnel I mentioned starts there- another ten yards or so.

MAGGIE

That's impossible. Our LIDAR imaging show earth displacement here.

Cuchulain shrugs his shoulders.

CUCHULAIN

Ten yards to the horizon. Now come. Eat with me.

He holds up a glass of wine.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)

The bread is fresh, the wine is aged and the sun is smiling down on us. It's a lovely day. Come join me and I'll tell you everything I know about the Knowth.

MAGGIE

Well, maybe just for a bit-

EXT. THE KNOWTH ARCHEOLOGY SITE - LATER

Our realm. Maggie polishes off the wine in her glass and lays down, letting the sun warm her.

MAGGIE

God, that was nice! I can't remember the last time I played hooky to take a picnic.

CUCHULAIN

'Hooky?' So tell me of this exotic home of yours? This Wis-con-sin?

He lays down next to her.

MAGGIE

The land of cheese curds and foam hats? Hardly exotic. Not much to tell. I couldn't leave fast enough-

CUCHULAIN

Why?

MAGGIE

A lot of bad memories. My mom died when I was five. Car accident. And my drunk-ass dad- the last time I saw him was when he dropped me off at a local fire department in the dead of night, in the snow, and told me he'd be right back. Fucker didn't even have the balls to take me inside - just left me out front in the cold, in my pajamas and coat.

CUCHULAIN

What happened?

MAGGIE

I never saw him again. I was raised in foster homes. Trevor- my old boyfriend- liked to tell folks that I spend my time 'digging up the past so I can avoid my own.'

CUCHULAIN

We all dig graves. To bury the pain of this world. But planting gardens accomplishes the very same-

MAGGIE

I suppose.
(pause)
You play lacrosse?

She points to his hurley.

CUCHULAIN

Lacrosse? I don't know what that is. This is a hurley.

He pulls out the sliotar, casually balancing it on the flat end of the stick.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)

I've played since I was a wee lad.

MAGGIE

May I?

She takes both from him and expertly bounces the sliotar on the end of the stick.

CUCHULAIN

You play?

MAGGIE

Lacrosse- back home. It's similar-
an Iroquois game.

CUCHULAIN

These 'Iroquois'- they must be
great warriors to play.

MAGGIE

They are. We played kids from a
reservation and always got the shit
kicked out of us. I liked it
though. It was cheap therapy- for
me to work out my anger issues.

CUCHULAIN

Ahh. That's why you lost. Hurling's
best played with passion, not
anger.

MAGGIE

Sometimes anger's all you got.

Cuchulain stares intently at her. Then smiles.

CUCHULAIN

I see passion in your eyes, lurking
around the edges. It just needs a
wee bit of coaxing to come out and
join us.

Maggie looks away, blushes.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)

And who is this Trevor?

MAGGIE

Nobody. Just another broken heart.
Jesus, I can't believe I'm telling
you all this stuff-

CUCHULAIN

We have something in common. I
never knew me mother either. She
died giving birth to me brother. I
don't think father ever forgave him
for it.

MAGGIE

Your brother?

CUCHULAIN

Angus. Yes.

MAGGIE

That sucks. I mean about your mom,
not Angus.

CUCHULAIN

Aye. She was the center of father's
universe, he'd take a sword for
her, he would, and I don't even
remember what she looks like. But
enough about the past. Let's
celebrate today.

Cuchulain pours the last of the wine.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)

Here's to you Maggie Rowe! There is
not another soul I'd rather share
this warm sun and blue skies with.
The most beguiling lass in all of
Ulster. In all of Wis-con-sin.

They toast.

MAGGIE

I do believe you're trying to sweep
me off my feet.

CUCHULAIN

I hope I'm succeeding.

MAGGIE

So far. So good.

She looks in his eyes and likes what she sees.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You owe me a story. About The
Knowth.

CUCHULAIN

Aye, lass, I do. The Knowth. Pity
the fool that underestimates the
power of its magic.

MAGGIE

Its magic?

CUCHULAIN

Aye. It's the most sacred of places
in all of Ireland- connecting this
world with others. It's the resting
place of the eighteen kings of
Ulster and where warriors come to
dance with dragons.

(MORE)

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)

And, most importantly, it's where we had our first kiss.

MAGGIE

Oh is it, now?

CUCHULAIN

Aye. It is.

He kisses her.

She smiles, not letting go.

MAGGIE

That's it? That's pretty short. What kind of story is that?

CUCHULAIN

It's an epic tale- and I'm just warming up-

He kisses her again.

MAGGIE

Wow. So am I dancing with a warrior or a dragon?

CUCHULAIN

Both, lass. You're dancing with both. The question is who am I dancing with?

She kisses him.

MAGGIE

I need to get back to work. Ten yards you say?

CUCHULAIN

The tunnel? Aye. Toward the horizon. Be careful. Dragon's once roamed those tunnels. Who knows what magic still lingers.

MAGGIE

Thanks. I'll keep that in mind.

She stands up. He follows.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

This story of yours, Collin- I hope it's a true story- don't ever lie to me.

CUCHULAIN

Aye, lass, as true as the North
Star and as pure as gold-

She kisses him.

EXT. CARLINGFORD FERRY - DAY

Our realm. Cuchulain, all smiles, is king of the world as he boards the local FERRY back to town.

Behind him, a CATTLE TRUCK FULL OF LIVESTOCK boards the crowded boat along with BICYCLISTS, MOTORISTS and a MOTORCYCLIST.

As the boat pulls away from the dock, Cuchulain joins other passengers on the top deck to enjoy the view of the Lough.

On the main deck, hidden behind the Cattle Truck, A MIST forms and TEN CLURICHAUN RAIDERS APPEAR-

A raider throws open the truck's trailer door, RELEASING THE CATTLE onto the boat deck.

Another raider THROWS the truck driver out of the cab, grabs the wheel, and LURCHES the idling truck into gear, LAUNCHING it over the ferry's stern.

The truck HITS the dock, wedging its backend between the stern and dock.

There's a loud WRENCHING as the FERRY CAPTAIN throws his engines in reverse-

Panicked CATTLE STAMPEDE, while panicked PASSENGERS STAMPEDE to the higher observation deck-

CUCHULAIN

Oh no- Clurichaun raiders-
(to nearby passengers)
Run! Run for cover!

A RAIDER ARCHER appears on top of the cattle truck and shoots at Cuchulain.

The arrow WHIZZES past him, embeds in the ship's hull.

Cuchulain charges the archer against the rushing crowd.

He grabs a GAFFING HOOK from a terrified crew member and HEAVES it spear-like- right into the archer's chest.

The Ferry Captain radios a distress call.

FERRY CAPTAIN
 May day. May day. The Carlingford
 Ferry is under attack-

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
 Nigel, did you say you're 'under
 attack?'

An ARROW shatters the window in front of the captain.

FERRY CAPTAIN
 Aye! Get every bloody cop to the
 docks now!!

Another archer appears on top of the truck. Another near miss-
 the arrow imbeds in a car hood next to Cuchulain.

He yanks it free, spins around, and THRUSTS it into the face
 of a rushing raider behind him.

Cuchulain grabs the dead attacker's SWORD, pulls a nearby
 MOTORCYCLIST off his bike and hops on-

MOTORCYCLIST
 Hey, man-

As the archer fires again-

But Cuchulain doesn't know how the motorcycle works.

CUCHULAIN
 Keep your head down!! How do you
 make this go?

The arrow lands between them.

MOTORCYCLIST
 (points toward handlebars)
 Squeeze there - and throttle with
 your right hand!

Another arrow imbeds in the bike's saddlebag. Cuchulain's a
 quick learner. The engine ROARS and he LAUNCHES forward-

-RACING up the hood of a car-

-AIRBORNE toward the cattle truck-

-HURLING the sword into the archer before the motorcycle
 crashes into the side of the cattle truck.

He falls and rolls on the deck as two more raiders attack,
 swords drawn-

Cuchulain grabs a BICYCLE to fend off the attack.

BICYCLIST

Dude! That's brand new!

The raiders HACK the tires to pieces, but their blows BOUNCE harmlessly off the frame, to the surprise of both Cuchulain and the swordsman.

BICYCLIST (CONT'D)

(impressed)

Carbon fiber frames, man.

Cuchulain uses the bike frame as a shield against his attackers, wrenches the SADDLE POST out and JAMS it into his attacker's chest.

He yanks it out of the dead raider and, wielding it like a club BLUDGEONS the other raider, GRABBING his sword.

He FIGHTS two more raiders with sword and bike frame.

A frightened BULL CHARGES the threesome. The two raiders push Cuchulain back against a car. He's trapped.

The Bull RUSHES full tilt-

Cuchulain fights the two swordsmen.

-the bull is almost on top of them-

He knocks the sword out of one of the raider's hand and-

Like a ring toss, SLINGS the bike frame over the raider's head and shoulders, PULLING him into his waiting sword-

-The bull is on top of them-

-Cuchulain PUNCHES the other raider, LIFTS him off his feet and TOSSES him toward the bull-

-he's IMPALED on the bull's horns-

-As Cuchulain rolls to safety.

He JUMPS onto another charging bull. As it bucks, he steers it toward an attacker who panics and leaps overboard.

SIRENS grow louder as GARDAÍ (POLICE) descend on the dock.

Cuchulain charges toward the last two raiders as they scramble for safety up the side of the cattle truck.

A SQUAD CAR SQUEALS to the waters edge as the Clurichaun LEAP from the jack-knifed truck, landing in front of the car.

The startled cops watch as the raiders run up their hood-

-And windshield-

-And VANISH into thin air.

On the ground next to one of the dead raiders- A GOLD DRAGON PENDANT. Cuchulain picks it up and absently reaches for the dragon pendent around his own neck-

CUCHULAIN

Oh no. Father-

POLICE OFFICER

You! Hands up and get on your knees. Now!

Cuchulain puts his hands up as he turns to see the cop, gun pointed at him.

CUCHULAIN

You're a wee bit late, ain't you.
Could have leant a hand sooner-

POLICE OFFICER

I said on your knees!

CUCHULAIN

The cattle need rounding up-

More Gardaí board the boat, all guns trained on Cuchulain.

POLICE OFFICER

Knees now or we shoot!

CUCHULAIN

I kneel to no one.

And he VANISHES in the wisp of mist.

EXT. THE KHAN ENCAMPMENT - DAY

Khan realm. Cuchulain marches past dead Khan that litter the smoldering ruins of his village.

Lugh's Henge is ravaged.

Cuchulain climbs over shattered stone and rubble, picking through wrecked goblets, blankets and the shattered detritus that marked his life.

He picks up Lugh's blood stained sword.

ANGUS (O.C.)
Father's dead.

Wearied and bloodied, Angus emerges from the rubble.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
The Clurichaun killed him here-
defending the Dragon's Heart.

Cuchulain turns toward the fire pit- the urn is missing.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
It's gone. They took it. They share
the magic now.
(beat)
They dragged his body to the
Commons and took his head.

Cuchulain collapses to his knees and weeps.

Two bloodied DRUID PRIESTS emerge from the wreckage behind Angus and take position on either side of him.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
You should have been here to help
defend your clan. Instead, you
defied your king - and now he's
dead!

DRUID PRIEST 1
And for the first time the Khan no-

DRUID PRIEST 2
-Longer protect the Dragon's-

DRUID PRIEST 1
-Heart. You disobeyed your King's-

DRUID PRIEST 2
-command. We therefore banish you-

DRUID PRIEST 1
-From the Khan. You are now and-

DRUID PRIEST 2
-Forever an outcast. Not worthy-

DRUID PRIEST 1
-To be Khan.

DRUID PRIEST 2
Or King.

DRUID PRIEST 1
You longed for the land of humans-

DRUID PRIEST 2
-The land of *An Cine Daonna*. So-

DRUID PRIEST 1
-Shall it be. Disobey and your-

DRUID PRIEST 2
-Punishment is death. We have-

DRUID PRIEST 2 (CONT'D)
-spoken.

With that, they turn and leave.

CUCHULAIN
Angus. My brother-

ANGUS
You are no longer my brother. No longer Khan. You are now a leper. A pariah. You are not welcome here, Cuchulain. You are hereby banished to the world of man.

CUCHULAIN
But the Khan throne-

ANGUS
Is now mine.

He nods to two Khan guards that take hold of Cuchulain.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
And in case the gravity of your crimes escapes you, my first act as Khan, is to have you publicly flogged for your dereliction.

He nods and the guards drag Cuchulain out.

EXT. THE KHAN ENCAMPMENT - DAY

Khan realm. Cuchulain is tied to a post in the center of town. He never takes his eyes off Angus.

Angus rips the dragon pendent from his brother's neck-

ANGUS
The traitor Cuchulain turned his back on you all.

(MORE)

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Now, he can wear the weight of his
shame on that very back for the
rest of his days.

He's WHIPPED while Fin, Fianna and his defeated kinsmen watch
in shame.

EXT. COOLEY MOUNTAINS, COUNTY LOUGH - NIGHT

Our realm. It's raining. Cuchulain appears on a bluff
overlooking the Irish Sea. Bloodied and beaten, he gasps in
pain.

Looking out over the raging seas, he mourns the death of his
father.

He collapses in the mud, a broken man.

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Our realm. It's still raining. Maggie is working at her
laptop and hears a LOUD THUMP AND CRASH at her front door.

She opens it and finds Cuchulain collapsed on her stoop.

EXT. THE KHAN ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Khan realm. Just outside the still-smoldering entrance.

Raiders snap to attention as MEALLADH (pronounced Ma-lu), the
Clurichaun king, and his guards- all clad in black leather
armor atop huge percheron battle horses- thunder past them.

He rides to the center of the smashed village - to Angus
standing defiantly in front of Lugh's Henge.

He dismounts while his guards take position around the Henge.
Angus now wears the dragon pendent.

Mealladh surveys the ruined Henge as he approaches Angus.

Fianna, disguised as a servant, watches from the safety of a
smashed hut.

ANGUS

Cluri Mealladh. Your highness.

MEALLADH

Angus son of Khan Lugh. You have
something for me.

ANGUS
Yes, your highness.

He hands Mealladh a basket.

Mealladh takes the basket, his eyes locked on Angus.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
As we agreed.

Mealladh opens the basket- and pulls out the head of Lugh.

MEALLADH
Yes, as we agreed. I'm surprised.

ANGUS
About what?

MEALLADH
I didn't think you capable.

ANGUS
Neither did my father.

MEALLADH
You have a most dangerous thirst.
Pray you don't drown quenching it.
(beat)
Speaking of thirst, now that my men
and I have drank from the Dragon's
Heart, we're thirsty for more.
Where is it?

ANGUS
It will be delivered- soon enough.

MEALLADH
Soon enough?

Mealladh grabs Angus by the throat, forcing him to his knees.

MEALLADH (CONT'D)
You forget who you talk to, *Khan*
Angus. I give you the Khan throne,
but the price is Lugh's head *and*
the Dragon's Heart.

ANGUS
(choking)
Cuchulain still lives. That's not
what we agreed to.

He squeezes Angus' throat harder.

MEALLADH
The Dragon's Heart.

Angus thrashes for air-

ANGUS
(choking/gasping)
Cuchulain-

Mealladh forces Angus from his knees to the ground, pushing his face into his muddy boot.

MEALLADH
Where is your brother?

ANGUS
(gagging/turning blue)
He's - *An Cine Daonna*- Dundalk.

Mealladh releases his grip and kicks Angus away.

MEALLADH
The Dragon's Heart?

Angus gasps for air and points past the fire pit. Mealladh finds the gold urn and returns to Angus.

MEALLADH (CONT'D)
Cuchulain won't live to see another day. *Your highness.*

Mealladh sarcastically bows with a flourish while Angus struggles to his knees.

MEALLADH (CONT'D)
Good night, Khan Angus.

Mealladh leaves as Angus collapses back to the ground, gasping for breath and wiping away snot-

-Fianna quietly slips back into the shadows-

Angus rolls to his side - only to see the basket and his father's discarded head staring back at him.

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Our realm. Still raining outside. Maggie helps Cuchulain to her couch and tends to his wounds. In the light, she sees his bloodied and shredded backside.

MAGGIE

Oh my God, Oh my God, Oh my God-
what happened to you? Were you in a
car accident?

She dabs away the water and blood with her shirt sleeve.

CUCHULAIN

(delirious)

Aggh. Ouch-

MAGGIE

Sorry. Here, sit still. I have to
clean these lacerations before they
get infected. Don't move-

She rushes into her bathroom and emerges with rubbing alcohol
and a towel.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

This is going to sting-

CUCHULAIN

Aye.

(grimaces as she cleans
the wound)

I had nowhere else to go. I'm sorry-

MAGGIE

Nonsense. Don't be sorry. Was
anyone else hurt?

CUCHULAIN

Aye.

(pauses)

My father. He's dead.

MAGGIE

Oh no. I'm so sorry. Did you call
the police?

CUCHULAIN

(wincing)

Ugh. No. Ouch-

MAGGIE

Sorry. We should get you to a
hospital-

CUCHULAIN

No. Just need to rest. You're the
only one I trust-

He slumps against her, slipping into unconsciousness.

She gently lays him down and cleans the rest of his wounds, her hands lingering over his muscular frame.

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Our realm. Cuchulain wakes up in Maggie's bed, surprised to see his wounds dressed and Maggie asleep sitting upright against the bed's headboard.

He tries to get up without waking her. No luck.

MAGGIE

Whoa, there, mister. Where do you think you're going?

CUCHULAIN

I need to visit the jacks.

He tries to stand up, but winces in pain.

MAGGIE

No. You're not going anywhere. Lay back down and rest.

She gently, but firmly, pushes his shoulder back down.

CUCHULAIN

But I really have to go-

MAGGIE

Stay put or your wounds may re-open-

She hurries out of the room, returning with a bed pan.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Here. You can pee in this.

CUCHULAIN

But I-

He starts up again, winces, and she pushes him back down. She holds out the bedpan. He reluctantly takes it from her.

MAGGIE

What?

CUCHULAIN

Some privacy?

MAGGIE

Really? I took off all your clothes. Cleaned and dressed all your wounds.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I've seen what you've got. Now, pee
in the pan or I'll wring your neck
with it.

He half turns away from her, but does as he's told.

CUCHULAIN

And did you like what you see?

Grabbing the bed pan full of urine, she exits to the loo.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Yeah. I did.

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain pulls himself up and rests against the
bed's headboard as he listens to Maggie BANG away in the
kitchen.

He grins, listening to her.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

(in between crashing pots
and pans)

Fuckin'- God bless it- Ouch, shit!
Fuck, fuckety, fuck- fuck me, damn
it!

She enters the bedroom failing miserably to regain any kind
of cool composure.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

What are you grinning at?

CUCHULAIN

Nothing. Nothing at all.

His grin grows broader as she sets down a tray with what is
presumably soup.

MAGGIE

Then wipe that god damn smirk off
your face-

CUCHULAIN

Why? I like listening to you cook.

MAGGIE

You must still be delirious. Nobody
likes hearing me cook. You're
making fun of me, right?

She sits down on the edge of bed.

CUCHULAIN
No. Not at all. Thanks.

MAGGIE
It's soup. I may have burned it.

CUCHULAIN
It smells- intriguing.

MAGGIE
Yeah, yeah. Just eat it.

She sits on the edge of bed and watches him as he tries a spoonful. It's inedible.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
What?

CUCHULAIN
It's good-

MAGGIE
It is?

CUCHULAIN
(wincing)
Uh-huh.

MAGGIE
Really?

CUCHULAIN
Yes. It'll put hair on your toes.

She tries a spoonful and winces.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)
You can drive off evil spirits with it, or temper steel with it, maybe even take the varnish off fence posts-

MAGGIE
You're an ass-

CUCHULAIN
No, really! Lots of good uses for this.

She grabs the bowl away and stands up.

MAGGIE

I know it sucks, but you don't have
to be a dick about it.

CUCHULAIN

I'm serious- it's good!

He grabs her by the waist and pulls her down onto the bed.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)

I think it may even be an
aphrodisiac-

He kisses her.

MAGGIE

You're so full of shit. But thank
you.

CUCHULAIN

Thank you. No one has ever made me
soup - or whatever you call that-
before.

She slaps him, a wee bit too hard.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)

Ouch!!

MAGGIE

Sorry, sorry. I forgot, you're
still injured.

She kisses him, gently at first, but then more passionately.
She climbs on top of him, pushing him on his injured back.

CUCHULAIN

Ow-

MAGGIE

Sorry, sorry, sorry-

He rolls her next to him and kisses her passionately. She
pulls her sweater off-

CUCHULAIN

Okay, your soup may not temper
steel, but it's definitely good at
getting rid of clothing-

She pulls him on top of her, grins-

MAGGIE
 Oh, it's tempered your steel
 alright-

EXT. COOLEY PENINSULA, COUNTY LOUGH - SUNRISE

Our realm. Cuchulain holds Maggie tight as they watch an ethereal fog trip across the bay, drenched in the morning sun.

MAGGIE
 This is what you dragged me out of
 my warm bed so early to see?

CUCHULAIN
 (breathing deep)
 Aye, the Dragon's Breath.

MAGGIE
 It's beautiful.

CUCHULAIN
 Aye, 'tis. The hills of Ireland
 have bathed in the Dragon's Breath
 from the beginning of time. It's
 immortal. And yet as fleeting as
 the caress of a butterfly- gone
 with the rising sun-

MAGGIE
 Like life- so strong, so delicate-

CUCHULAIN
 Like family.

MAGGIE
 I suppose. A family of choice, not
 a family of chance.

CUCHULAIN
 (more to himself)
 Let's hope so.

He drifts off in thought, watching the fog.

MAGGIE
 What're you thinking about?

CUCHULAIN
 When I was a child, I'd sneak out
 before dawn to watch the Dragon's
 Breath roll in.

(MORE)

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)

On cold days, I'd breathe out- long
and hard as I could to see me own
breath, and then I'd roar like a
dragon.

MAGGIE

Oh? And how does a dragon roar?

CUCHULAIN

As every warrior child knows- it's
a fierce growl that starts in your
toes and squinches your nose!

MAGGIE

Oh, is it now?

He smiles at the memory and looks back out over the hills.

CUCHULAIN

It's said that the one that drinks
from the Dragon's Breath can dance
forever on a whisper.

Maggie kisses him.

MAGGIE

How poetic. For a mechanic.

CUCHULAIN

Mechanic? A warrior dragon slayer,
lass.

(whispers)

Come. Let's dance. Let's feast on
fortune's warm smile-

He pulls her close and they kiss passionately.

INT. MEALLADH'S HENGE - NIGHT

Khan realm. Mealladh greets three of his Raiders.

MEALLADH

Cuchulain, the pariah Khan, still
lives. He's banished. A leper- and
hides among *An Cine Daonna*.

RAIDER 1

He's smart to hide from you-

MEALLADH

The Dragon's Heart is ours. The
Druid vows are broken.

(MORE)

MEALLADH (CONT'D)

Go to *An Cine Daonna* and bring
Cuchulain to me. Alive or dead, but
bring him.

RAIDER 2

And the humans?

MEALLADH

What about the humans?

RAIDER 2

The Druids forbid consorting with
humans-

MEALLADH

When you hunt, do your hounds
'consort' with the fox? Do what you
have to do to flush him out. Druids
be damned.

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Our realm. Clothes are scattered everywhere. Cuchulain
sleeps, face down spread eagle on Maggie's bed as Maggie
slips out from under his arms and throws a sweater on.

She grabs her laptop and is checking email when there's an
URGENT KNOCK at her door.

She opens it a crack to see who's there when her friend, Sue
Ellen, barges in, travel bag in hand.

MAGGIE

Sue Ellen?!

SUE ELLEN

You would not believe how hard it
was to get here so fast. Just
getting out of O'Hare was a minor
miracle.

Sue looks around the messy apartment and drops her bag.

SUE ELLEN (CONT'D)

Didn't you get my emails and texts
and voice mails?

MAGGIE

No. Is everything alright?

Sue Ellen picks up Cuchulain's mechanic jacket.

SUE ELLEN
Apparently, yes. 'Collin'?

She stops and looks around as Maggie pulls on a pair of leggings.

MAGGIE
Sorry, I didn't check my- I had no idea- I mean I haven't been on my laptop in awhile.

SUE ELLEN
I can see that-

She starts toward the bedroom before Maggie discreetly closes the door to it.

SUE ELLEN (CONT'D)
(breaking into a grin)
And really why would you, with 'Collin's' laptop available- Now's not a good time, is it.

MAGGIE
No. Not really. But I am glad to see you!

She gives her an awkward hug.

SUE ELLEN
No matter. I need a beer. Throw on a bra and shoes and get me to the nearest pub. We got to talk-

EXT. AN IRISH FARM - NIGHT

Our realm. The three Clurichaun raiders APPEAR on a grassy field near a farm house and barn. Sheep quietly graze in a pen near the barn.

The CLANG of dishes and silverware over a TV can be heard inside the house.

The Raiders stealthily steal through the farmyard toward a road and the lights of Dundalk.

As almost an afterthought, a Raider motions to the others, turns back, and frees the sheep from the pen.

He herds them down the road toward the lights of town.

INT. EGAN'S PUB, DUNDALK - NIGHT

Our realm. Maggie and Sue Ellen sit in the corner snug. Sue Ellen pulls out the arrow from her travel bag and respectfully sets it on the table.

SUE ELLEN

So what is this?

MAGGIE

What do you mean?

SUE ELLEN

I mean, do you know what you have here?

MAGGIE

Besides the obvious?

SUE ELLEN

This, my friend, is an enigma. It doesn't exist.

She picks it up and taps her pint glass with it.

MAGGIE

Enough with the dramatics- what are you talking about?

SUE ELLEN

What I'm talking about is, we've run this through every single chemical, spectral and radiological test known and we can't identify when it was made.

MAGGIE

How can that be?

SUE ELLEN

Exactly. That's what I said. What I can tell you is - we were right, the runes are Celtic, from the neolithic. It's made from a local Irish ash tree- an ash tree over two thousand years old- AND still has fresh wood fibers indicating it's recently been cut from a tree sapling less than five years old.

MAGGIE

What?!

SUE ELLEN

The feathers in the arrow have dated over twenty-five hundred years old, twelve hundred years old, three hundred and forty years old and less than a year old depending on the method of testing.

MAGGIE

That can't be-

SUE ELLEN

I know, right. Here's the kicker. There were traces of dried blood on the arrow head. Probably from a previous kill. The DNA indicates it was an Irish Elk.

MAGGIE

That's impossible! It's been extinct for-

SUE ELLEN

-Over six thousand years. So you tell me how an apparently brand new arrow - with fresh carved neolithic Celtic runes, made either this year or two thousand years ago recently killed an animal over six millennia ago?

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF DUNDALK - NIGHT

Our realm. A car speeds out of town. It rounds a bend, its headlights surprise the herd of sheep.

CAR HORN blaring, the sheep panic and scatter as the car loses control and SKIDS down an embankment.

It smashes into a boulder. Its HORN still blaring.

EXT. DUNDALK OUTDOOR ARTS FESTIVAL - NIGHT

Our realm. Downtown Dundalk is awash in lights, street art and local musicians as CROWDS celebrate a cultural festival.

Sheep wander into the crowd causing a stir-

Artwork is knocked over, musicians' performances disrupted.

The Clurichaun Raider herds sheep toward a concession stand, and uses the distraction to pilfer bottles of wine.

As he sneaks away, he eyes cases of wine stacked high behind the stand.

Near a makeshift stage, young people dance to a local performer. The second Raider slaps a young woman hard on the ass.

Outraged, she turns to the stranger next to her. The Raider shoves the guy at her. A fight breaks out.

The third Raider finds a portable generator and pulls the main breaker, killing lights and power.

People panic as the chaos grows, nobody notices- or cares- that the first Raider pulls a child's wagon through the crowd. It's stacked high with cases of wine.

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Our realm. Maggie enters, setting the arrow down on her table. She's lost in thought and doesn't see Cuchulain come up behind her.

He wraps his arms around her, kissing her neck, when he sees the arrow.

CUCHULAIN

Me hunting arrow- you found it!

She pulls away from him.

MAGGIE

This is *your* arrow?

He picks it up.

CUCHULAIN

Aye. T'was a gift.

MAGGIE

And what did you hunt with it?
Irish Elk?

CUCHULAIN

Aye. And red deer, pheasant, and on occasion, feral goats. Why?

MAGGIE

You hunted Irish Elk with this arrow? Bullshit.

CUCHULAIN

I wouldn't lie to you, lass-

MAGGIE

BULLSHIT Collin! I call bullshit.
Total and complete bullshit. The
Irish Elk has been extinct for six
thousand years! Try again.

CUCHULAIN

It's me arrow and it's a gift from
me friend, Fianna. I swear it. I
lost it the day I first laid eyes
on you. We were hunting out in the
forest along the cliffs.

MAGGIE

Bullshit. There are no forests
along the cliffs. You swore you'd
never lie to me, Collin.

CUCHULAIN

I'm not lying to you- about the
arrow. I swear it!
(breathes deep, buying
time)
Just me name. You better sit down.

INT. EGAN'S PUB, DUNDALK - NIGHT

Our realm. Sue Ellen finishes her pint, eyes up her prospects
and sighs.

She grabs her travel bag and stops at the bar.

SUE ELLEN

A shot of Jamo, please, and can you
point me to the local inn or B&B?

EXT. THE DUNDALK ARMS BED & BREAKFAST - NIGHT

Our realm. The three Raiders sit under a tree, SHIT-FACED
DRUNK. The wagon full of wine cases is knocked on its side
and empty bottles litter the yard.

A cat watches from a nearby stone wall.

DRUNK RAIDER #1

Here kitty, kitty-

He coaxes the cat toward him.

DRUNK RAIDER #1 (CONT'D)

Here, kitty, kitty cat-

DRUNK RAIDER #2

Shite. If he had brains he'd be dangerous. Leave the feckin' cat alone, why don't you.

DRUNK RAIDER #1

Why? It's a fine little feline. Me thinks it likes me.

DRUNK RAIDER #3

If it likes you, it must be some langer- dumber than a bag of hammers.

DRUNK RAIDER #2

Haha. Your own mother doesn't like you.

DRUNK RAIDER #1

That may be. But this little cat has definitely taken a shine to me. Me thinks I'll take it home with me.

DRUNK RAIDER #2

Home with you? What home, you eejit? You live under a fallen tree.

DRUNK RAIDER #3

You're as thick as shite and only half as handy. That cat is playing the long game. He's waiting for you to die so he can eat your miserable carcass while it's still warm.

DRUNK RAIDER #1

You bastards. You're both jealous of the affection I'm receiving.

DRUNK RAIDER #3

Affection? Don't you mean affliction?

DRUNK RAIDER #2

He's afflicted with a sore right wrist is all-

As his companions laugh at his expense, he picks up a bottle and whips it at them.

It misses, sailing over their heads, landing at the feet of Sue Ellen.

DRUNK RAIDER #3

Well, well, what do we have here?

DRUNK RAIDER #2

She's a little wagon, ain't she.

SUE ELLEN

I've got jet lag, I'm drunk and I'm in no mood. Get the fuck out of my way-

DRUNK RAIDER #3

The cute hoor's got a tongue.

SUE ELLEN

The 'cute hoor's' got a temper, too. Get. The fuck. Out of my way.

The three Raiders circle around her.

DRUNK RAIDER #2

Shite.

DRUNK RAIDER #1

The geebag-

Sue Ellen's seen enough. She pulls mace out of her bag and sprays the closest Raider. As he WHELPS IN PAIN, she kicks the next closest Raider in the groin and hurries past.

SUE ELLEN

Don't fuck with a Southside Chicago girl.

Almost to the front door, she stops dead in her tracks. Grimacing, she looks down-

At the arrow piercing her chest-

SUE ELLEN (CONT'D)

Another fucking arrow-

And collapses on the front step of the inn.

The Raiders rifle through her pockets and purse, finding an Egan's Pub napkin with the DUNDALK ARMS BED & BREAKFAST scribbled on it.

He holds it up to the sign next to the Inn, comparing the words. Then points to the EGAN'S PUB LOGO.

DRUNK RAIDER #3

Here. Let's go.

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Our realm. Maggie paces the tiny living room trying to avoid any contact with Cuchulain.

MAGGIE

You honestly think I'm going to sit here and believe some cockamamy story that you're exiled Celtic royalty- that you're some kind of time traveling leper prince of Ireland?

CUCHULAIN

Not time traveling. Just different sides of the same time and space-

MAGGIE

Oh, excuse me. My bad. You're from another dimension. That makes it all okay, then? What the fuck!

CUCHULAIN

Maggie, please-

MAGGIE

That your father- who you said died in a car accident- is actually a King and was murdered by your own brother?!

CUCHULAIN

I never said he died in a car accident. Can you stop-

He reaches out, takes her arm.

MAGGIE

Don't touch me! I knew you were a little eccentric, but this- this is one for the record book. I don't even know how to process this- tell me you're not married. Please dear God, tell me you're not married-

CUCHULAIN

I'm not married.

MAGGIE

And why the fuck should I believe you?!

CUCHULAIN

"May this please the gods. Keep hope within aim. Keep doubt out of sight."

MAGGIE

What?!

CUCHULAIN

The arrow. The words carved on the arrow.

MAGGIE

Ahh-no. That's not good enough. Anyone with an internet connection could decipher that-

CUCHULAIN

Aye. But you only just handed it to me for a brief second before grabbing it away-

MAGGIE

You lied to me! It's the only thing I asked you not to do.

CUCHULAIN

I only lied about me name. The rest was the sin of omission. And for that I'm truly sorry.

MAGGIE

So what's your real name?

CUCHULAIN

I told you already. It's Cuchulain.

MAGGIE

Right.

She stops pacing and takes a deep breath.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I know you're hurt, but you can't stay here any more. I'm going down to the pub to get a drink. When I get back, I want you gone.

CUCHULAIN

But Maggie, please-

MAGGIE

I'm serious. I'll call the police if you're still here when I'm back-

She grabs the arrow and her jacket and leaves.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I can't stomach another goddamn
liar in my life.

INT. EGAN'S PUB, DUNDALK - NIGHT

Our realm. The Pub is packed and Maggie's favorite snug is occupied, so she plants herself at the corner of the bar.

BARTENDER
The usual?

MAGGIE
Yeah. No. A pint and a bump of
Jamo. It's been a hell of a night.

BARTENDER
You got that right. The world ain't
right tonight.

She sets the arrow down on the bar while she fishes her wallet out of her backpack.

The bartender brings her the two drinks.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
I'd expect me favorite American
regular to be packin' heat, but I
never imagined it'd be so old
school.

MAGGIE
What?

He nods at the arrow.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Oh, sorry. It's not mine, I mean,
it is, I found it, but, it's a long
story-

She downs the shot glass and nods for another.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Thanks. I really-

A hand comes from behind and pins her wrists to the bar.

DRUNK RAIDER #3 (O.C.)
 "May this please the gods. Keep
 hope within aim. Keep doubt out of
 sight."

She looks up- into the face of a Clurichaun Raider.

The three Raiders, trench coats covering their leather armor,
 crowd around her.

DRUNK RAIDER #3 (CONT'D)
 Now how do you suppose a lass like
 you would come into possession of-

The second Raider pries the arrow away from her while the
 remaining Raider takes her pint and chugs it.

DRUNK RAIDER #3 (CONT'D)
 -The leper Khan's arrows?

The Bartender returns with the bottle of Jameson.

BARTENDER
 This one's on me. I could use a
 good story-

He stops dead. Surprised to see Maggie gone-

EXT. ALLEY- BEHIND EGAN'S PUB - NIGHT

Our realm. The three Raiders THROW Maggie out the back door.

They draw their swords, cornering her against a trash bin.

MAGGIE
 I don't know what you're talking
 about-

DRUNK RAIDER #2
 Cuchulain's arrow. Where did you
 get it?

DRUNK RAIDER #3
 I won't ask again.

Drunk Raider #1 stops, dry heaves, and pukes.

DRUNK RAIDER #2
 Feckin' gobshite! You thick gowl.
 Look at me boots!

MAGGIE

I remember the first time I ever
drank-

DRUNK RAIDER #3

Stop foostering about-

He SMACKS her.

DRUNK RAIDER #3 (CONT'D)

Where's Cuchulain?

MAGGIE

Piss off-

He STRIKES her again, grabs her by the hair as the other
Raider PUNCH her.

She falls to her knees.

Drunk Raider #1 gets on one knee in front of her, puke and
spit hang from his chin-

DRUNK RAIDER #1

Ain't she a feisty wagon-

Maggie looks up, wincing in pain-

She looks him in the eye, smiles flirtingly. He smiles back
and like lightning, she SLAMS his head into the metal
dumpster and STABS him with his own sword-

She WHIPS AROUND toward the other two attackers-

-But is SHOCKED as-

-A Raider THRUSTS Cuchulain's arrow into her shoulder.

She SCREAMS in pain.

The sword drops from her hands.

The Raider pulls her by the arrow to him.

DRUNK RAIDER #3

Cuchulain. We want the Khan.

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain is dressed and pacing the living room.

He grabs his mechanic jacket and pulls out Maggie's notebook
and photo.

He sets both on the table and hurries out the door.

INT. EGAN'S PUB, DUNDALK - NIGHT

Our realm. GARDAÍ SIRENS blare as Cuchulain passes a sheep and enters the crowded pub looking for Maggie.

He rushes to her usual snug. Not there.

He searches through the crowd, locks eyes with the bartender. He motions Cuchulain to the bar.

BARTENDER
You looking for Maggie?

CUCHULAIN
Aye. Have you seen her?

BARTENDER
She was here and left in a hurry.
Left before she finished her drink-

He reaches under the bar, pulling out Maggie's backpack.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
And left this.

Cuchulain takes the backpack from him and looks through it. Her laptop and wallet are still there-

He rushes out the front door, unsure of where to search next. He starts back to Maggie's apartment - another GARDA POLICE CAR races by - and he spies the alley behind the pub-

He peers in, sees a body silhouetted by a dull street light-

And rushes to it. It's the dead Raider.

CUCHULAIN
No. No, no no-

EXT. DUNDALK OUTDOOR ARTS FESTIVAL - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain wanders by what's left of the Arts Festival. SQUAD CARS, LIGHTS FLASHING, circle the square as GARDAÍ secure the area.

One officer awkwardly shepherds sheep toward a makeshift pen.

EXT. THE DUNDALK ARMS BED & BREAKFAST - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain follows a sheep around a corner, toward more FLASHING GARDAÍ LIGHTS as Sue Ellen's body is being lifted to an ambulance; the arrow still sticking out of her.

CUCHULAIN

No-

EXT. THE KNOWTH ARCHEOLOGY SITE - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain searches for Maggie at the dig site. There's no sign of her or any Clurichaun Raiders-

EXT. COOLEY MOUNTAINS, COUNTY LOUGH - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain races along the cliffs overlooking the raging Irish Sea below.

He stops at the high point, where they first met. Wind whips his hair as clouds race to cover the moon.

CUCHULAIN

(shouting against the
wind)

Maggie!!!

Nothing.

He turns. Starts the long walk back-

And catches movement at the rock outcropping where he bagged the deer. He runs over-

It's Maggie.

Beaten, bloodied and left for dead. One of the Raiders lays dead next to her, a broken arrow in his eye.

He pulls her from the rocks and gently sets her in the grassy clover. He checks for breath. She's alive!

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)

Oh Maggie! My sweet Maggie-

She opens her pained eyes. They fill with tears.

MAGGIE

Be careful. They're after you-
tried drawing them away-

(winces)

-from you. Out here.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(with grit)
I think I really pissed them off-

CUCHULAIN
Shhhh. Don't talk.

MAGGIE
Should have believed you-

She hands him half of the bloodied arrow-

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Just my luck- kick a handsome
prince out when I could really use
one-

She tries smiling. It hurts too much.

CUCHULAIN
I got to get you to a healer-

MAGGIE
Any hospital will do- bright red
cross hanging from the side-

He picks her up and starts carrying her back toward town.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I don't feel so good- but you
should see the other guy-

She points to the dead Raider.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(winces, coughs)
They'll think twice before fucking
with a Scennie girl-

CUCHULAIN
You're a warrior. Now shhhh. Save
your strength-

MAGGIE
(gasps for breath)
Feels better to talk- whoever these
guys are- if your brother sent them-
(winces)
He's a real dick-

CUCHULAIN
They're Clurichaun Raiders. I found
one dead behind the pub-

MAGGIE

I did that-

She smiles, pats his cheek and slips into unconsciousness.

He doesn't see the third Raider materialize out of the distant mist behind him.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain bursts through the doors of the Emergency Entrance with Maggie.

CUCHULAIN

I need a healer! NOW!

Medical staff take Maggie and rush her into the ER. Cuchulain stays by her side.

ER NURSE

Sir, you can't come in here-

CUCHULAIN

I won't leave her-

Two medical techs, in scrubs, block his path in.

DOCTOR

We've got this-

CUCHULAIN

You can't let her die-

DOCTOR

She's in good hands. Now, go out and wait. Let us work and we'll let you know when we're done.

They turn and close the door on him before he can reply.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain paces back and forth as an elderly woman watches.

CUCHULAIN

It's me lover. She took an arrow for me.

ELDERLY WOMAN

How romantic.

CUCHULAIN

You?

ELDERLY WOMAN

My sister. Her angina is acting up.

CUCHULAIN

Angina. Is that bad?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Only if you've got it.

CUCHULAIN

How can you just sit there like that?

ELDERLY WOMAN

It's a very comfortable chair.

CUCHULAIN

Maybe so. But aren't you worried?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Aye, lad. I am.

CUCHULAIN

Then you should be doing something!

ELDERLY WOMAN

I am. I'm sitting here waiting.

CUCHULAIN

That's not what I meant-

ELDERLY WOMAN

I know what you meant. But what are you doing that I'm not?

He stops, considers the question and sits down next to her.

CUCHULAIN

I just think I should be doing something more for her, you know?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Then why don't you?

He thinks about it a bit.

CUCHULAIN

You're right. Why don't I?

ELDERLY WOMAN

I haven't a baldy notion-

CUCHULAIN

I'm ashamed- I let people down,
people that were counting on me.
I've not done a damn thing but
react to others- while everything I
love is ripped away from me. That's
no way for a quare king to act-

ELDERLY WOMAN

That's no way fer any man to act-
quare King or poor bosthoon.

He leans over and kisses the woman on the cheek, and gets up.

CUCHULAIN

Thank you. You're right.
(beat)
These chairs are comfortable.

He winks as he leaves.

The woman touches her cheek and blushes.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Quare king? Poor bosthoon.

I/E HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain marches through the ER Reception area to the entrance.

He stops; takes off the mechanic jacket and tosses it in a nearby trash can before striding out the door.

He doesn't see the lurking Clurichaun Raider watching from the shadows. The Raider draws his sword, takes a step forward and VANISHES-

Cuchulain crosses the busy street, is midway across when the Raider APPEARS at the far curb running straight toward him.

A HORN BLARES as a CAR swerves out of the way. The Raider lunges with the sword-

Cuchulain ducks, dropping to the pavement and SWING KICKS his foot, SMASHING the Raider's shin.

A truck ZOOMS by, HORN BLARING-

And KNOCKS the Raider's sword out of his hands-

Cuchulain DIVES toward the sword- AND AN ONCOMING CAR-

He rolls out of the way, grabs for the sword, but the Raider's boot CRASHES down on his forearm as he buries his KNEE in Cuchulain's chest-

TWO BOX TRUCKS, HORNS BLARING, RACE BY IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS-

Cuchulain GRABS the Raider and the pair ROLL between oncoming trucks-

The Raider breaks free, PARKOURS up the side of the passing truck, flips himself to the second truck and lands on his feet behind Cuchulain-

He SHOVES Cuchulain's HEAD toward ANOTHER CAR-

It RACES straight at him-

The HORN BLARES-

At the last second, the car SWERVES-

Cuchulain SPINS by the Raider, SMASHING him in the kidneys-

The Raider GASPS IN PAIN-

Cuchulain PUNCHES him HARD in the face-

The Raider STUMBLES backwards-

Towards an ONCOMING AMBULANCE, LIGHTS AND SIRENS BLARING-

Cuchulain shields his eyes, bracing for the hit-

The AMBULANCE RACES forward-

The Raider regains control, stands upright-

-INCHES FROM IMPACT-

-He looks at Cuchulain, and VANISHES-

The Ambulance SCREAMS past, toward the ER Entrance-

Cuchulain blinks, shocked at the non-impact.

There's a break in the traffic. He takes a deep breath, looks both ways and jogs toward the safety of the far sidewalk-

Almost there, one lane of traffic left to cross-

But the Raider APPEARS directly in front of him.

Cuchulain freezes mid-stride-

The Raider grabs his sword from the pavement, sneers:

DRUNK RAIDER #3
Prepare to d--

He never sees the DUMP TRUCK SMASH into him-

Cuchulain jogs to the sidewalk and before his foot hits the curb, VANISHES-

EXT. THE FORESTS OF ULSTER - DAY

Khan realm. Cuchulain APPEARS, looks around, and runs deep into the forest.

He comes across MISTLETOE hanging in the hollow of a rotting tree trunk.

He looks around, making sure he's not followed, and runs in the direction the tree trunk points to.

EXT. DRUID HEALER'S HENGE - DAY

Khan realm. Hidden in dense foliage, Cuchulain sneaks up on the small stone and timber henge.

He peers inside. A small fire heats a pot of tea, but the henge is empty.

Satisfied he's alone, he turns toward the entrance and stops abruptly at-

-A waiting DAGGER, its tip pointed between his eyes.

DRUID HEALER (O.C.)
I'd be very careful where you take
yer next step-

The dagger belongs to a tall, willowy DRUID. His skin is weathered, but his eyes betray a youthful passion.

He leans in close, looks intently into Cuchulain's eyes.

CUCHULAIN
Healer. Me apologies. I shouldn't
be here, but I need help. I am-

DRUID HEALER
I know who you are. Leper son of
Khan.

Putting down the dagger, the Druid Healer turns his back on Cuchulain and hurries into the henge.

CUCHULAIN
I need medicine.

DRUID HEALER
Tea?

CUCHULAIN
Thank you.

Thirsty, Cuchulain takes the offered steaming cup and drinks.

DRUID HEALER
We all are in need of medicine.

CUCHULAIN
It's not for me. It's for a woman.
She's near death- from trying to
protect me.

DRUID HEALER
This woman. Kahn or Clurichaun?

CUCHULAIN
Human-

DRUID HEALER
Of An Cine Daonna?

CUCHULAIN
Yes, no. She's from beyond *An Cine
Daonna*. From the backside of the
world, from a land called
Wisconsin.

DRUID HEALER
The backside of the world?
(lost in his own thoughts)
Where the Yellow Shepherd beds the
Wandering Shepherdess-

CUCHULAIN
Please. I know I should not have
returned. But I fear she'll die
without your medicine. Punish me if
you must but, please, not her-

DRUID HEALER
No.

CUCHULAIN
But, healer-

DRUID HEALER

No. Come.

The Druid abruptly gets up and strides out the Henge. Cuchulain hesitantly follows.

EXT. THE FORESTS OF ULSTER - DAY

Khan realm. The Druid Healer marches through the forest, Cuchulain does what he can to keep up.

CUCHULAIN

Where are we going?

The Druid Healer ignores Cuchulain, intent on moving forward.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)

With all due respect, I fear we don't have time for this-

The Druid silently keeps his pace forward.

They come to a clearing and the Druid stops.

Cuchulain comes up behind him, looks, realizing where he is.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)

Oh, no.

DRUID HEALER

Go. And tell me what you see.

EXT. THE KHAN ENCAMPMENT - DAY

Khan realm. Cuchulain cautiously enters the encampment; it's abandoned and in ruins. Sooty smoke rises from charred and desecrated homes.

Crows pick at burnt skeletons. The smell of death lingers in the air.

He approaches the center of the town. Lugh's Henge. It's pristine as the day it was built. Green ivy grows up the side of the monolithic stones.

Cuchulain, senses alert, approaches the Henge. Inside, he can see a raging fire at the hearth. A table of gold bowls and goblets is set, they're filled with harvest bounty.

He's about to enter the Henge, hears CRYING, stops and turns.

Sitting in the outer circle of the Henge is a small INFANT, covered in mud and filth.

He rushes to the child and scoops her up. Tries to comfort her.

CUCHULAIN
Shhhh, child. It'll be okay.
Where's your parents, little one,
eh?

Holding her tightly, he turns back to the Henge, but it's gone!

DRUID HEALER (O.S.)
What did you see?

EXT. DRUID HEALER'S HENGE - DAY

Khan realm. Cuchulain is standing at the edge of the Healer's Henge, looking at the Druid Healer. The child is gone. The charred encampment gone-

His empty tea cup clenched with both hands.

DRUID HEALER
Son of Lugh. What did you see?

Cuchulain drops to a knee and cries.

CUCHULAIN
My people need me. My clan. My
family-

DRUID HEALER
Was that all?

CUCHULAIN
(barely audible)
And I need them.
(beat)
But healer, I can not let the human
die.

The Druid reaches out, he's holding a HAND-WOVEN ROPE OF GREEN PLANTS.

DRUID HEALER
Beannachd na Cuairte. Woodbine.
Take it.

Cuchulain pulls himself up by the woven rope.

DRUID HEALER (CONT'D)
Place in a circle around the woman.

Cuchulain takes the Woodbine rope and the Healer pulls out TWO SMALL SATCHELS.

DRUID HEALER (CONT'D)
Sacred earth from Fermanagh and
fresh picked Meadowsweet.

Cuchulain takes the satchels, opens and looks inside both. The first just looks like a bag of dirt. Smells like manure. He winces.

The second bag is full of delicate white flowers. The aroma is sublime.

DRUID HEALER (CONT'D)
Make a paste and apply with these
healing words-

The Druid Healer puts his thumb on Cuchulain's forehead.

DRUID HEALER (CONT'D)
Deep peace I breathe into you,
O weariness, here.
O ache, here!
Deep peace, a soft white dove to
you;
Deep peace, an ebbing wave to you-

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain, dressed as a Khan, is at Maggie's bed side. She's on oxygen and is hooked up to heart monitors and saline. The Woodbine is laid in a circle around her bed.

He gently rubs the Druid's earth and wildflower salve on her chest and temples-

CUCHULAIN
-Deep peace of the Yellow Shepherd
to you,
Deep peace of the Wandering
Shepherdess to you,
Deep peace of the Flock of Stars to
you,
Deep peace of the Old Gods to you,
Deep peace of the Shining Ones to
you-

He leans close and kisses her tenderly.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)
My love. My sweet love.

NURSE (O.S.)
Jesus, Joseph and Mary!

A stern NURSE stands in the doorway.

NURSE (CONT'D)
What the hell is going on in here?

CUCHULAIN
Shhh. She needs her rest.

NURSE
You're telling me? Who the hell are you?

CUCHULAIN
Cuchulain the Khan.

He pulls out his hurley and places its tip under the Nurse's chin.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)
Do what you must to heal her, but leave the Druid's medicine in place.

NURSE
Druid's what? Are you-

CUCHULAIN
Leave the Druid's medicine in place. You do not want to cross me.

NURSE
No, sir.

CUCHULAIN
Good. You'll have the gratitude of a king.

He hands her the two satchels and strides past her.

She watches him leave, absently sniffs the satchel of soil and grimaces, then the satchel of wild flowers - and can't help but smile.

EXT. THE FORESTS OF ULSTER - DAY

Khan realm. Cuchulain stands pensive at the forest's edge, overlooking the Carlingford Lough. The steady rhythm of crashing waves below doesn't calm him.

EXT. THE KHAN ENCAMPMENT - DAY

Khan realm. Cuchulain watches the entrance to his village from the safety of a nearby thicket. Clurichaun Raiders stand guard.

Khan villagers hurry by, their heads hung low so as not to offend the Raiders.

One of the Clurichaun stop an old man and ransack his cart while the others push him down and laugh.

Finn approaches, goes to the old man's aid, but is shoved away by the Raider guards.

CUCHULAIN

(to himself)

Don't- Don't do anything foolish,
my friend.

Cuchulain watches his friend turn away from the guard. He picks up a heavy sack and places it back on the old man's cart. He then hurries off into the woods.

Cuchulain follows him.

EXT. THE FORESTS OF ULSTER - DAY

Khan realm. Finn hunts a wild boar while Cuchulain stealthily watches from a distance.

Finn skillfully draws his arrow as he tracks the boar through the underbrush. Cuchulain picks up a handful of acorns and quietly pulls out his hurley.

Finn has the boar in his sights-

Just as he lets the arrow fly, Cuchulain hits an acorn at him-

The wild boar SQUEALS just as the acorn hits Finn in the back of the head.

FINN

OUCH! For shite's sake-

He whips around- sees the grinning face of Cuchulain-

FINN (CONT'D)
Cuchulain! You gobshite fecker!

The two embrace warmly.

CUCHULAIN
At least I waited until after you
made your shot!

FINN
I'm mighty glad you did! Wild Boar
is rare days. A miss and me arrow
might have found itself planted in
yer arse!

CUCHULAIN
It's good to see you my friend.

FINN
And you, too.

Finn's smile fades and he nervously looks around, leading
Cuchulain into the thicket.

FINN (CONT'D)
(hushed)
You shouldn't have come back. It
ain't safe. There's a reward for
yer head. You're banished.
(beat)
I hope she was worth it.

CUCHULAIN
Aye. But the reward for freeing our
people is far greater-

Finn picks up the boar-

FINN
Tell me yer serious-

He hoists it on his friend's shoulders.

CUCHULAIN
Aye. Deadly.

FINN
In that case, yer reward starts
with Fianna's braised boar stew to
fill your ugly gullet.

Cuchulain grins and they start off through the woods.

CUCHULAIN

Outstanding! It's no good starting
a war on an empty stomach-

EXT. THE FORESTS OF ULSTER - DAY

Khan realm. Cuchulain, Finn and Fianna and TWELVE KHAN
WARRIORS gather in the safety of the thick woods.

They sit in circles around small fires eating wild boar stew.
Cuchulain scrapes the bottom of his bowl and stands up.

CUCHULAIN

You risk a great deal meeting me.
If Angus finds out-

FIANNA

Angus killed me brother - for a
perceived insult. We risk more
doing nothing.

FINN

Aye. Angus has become a tyrant. He
plunders and steals from his own
people.

There's a murmur of approval from the other warriors.

FINN (CONT'D)

He can label us heretics and
lunatics, but every last man and
woman here is a loyal Khan.

CUCHULAIN

Very well. But we're not enough-

FINN

For these dozen warriors, there's
four score more ready to swear
allegiance to you.

FIANNA

I've three dozen mothers and
daughters of Ulster, ready to
unleash their fury on Mealladh and
that bastard Angus.

FINN

Angus's men, what's left of them,
have no stomach to fight.

CUCHULAIN
That's well enough, but Mealladh's
Raiders still outnumber us six to
one.

FINN
Aye-

CUCHULAIN
We'll need help.

FIANNA
Aye, but from who?

CUCHULAIN
(grinning)
Leave that to me. I have a plan-

EXT. GARDA HEADQUARTERS, DUNDALK - NIGHT

Our realm. A PUDGY GARDA officer, paper cup of hot tea in hand, watches a Gardaí squad car park in front of the station.

He ambles over, sets his tea on the hood, and leans against the car door.

PUDGY GARDA
A fine evening it is.

GARDA PATROLMAN
Quiet as a fart on the battlefield-

PUDGY GARDA
(chuckling)
And what would you know about that?

There's a slight wisp of fog in the air.

GARDA PATROLMAN
The farting or the battlefield?

Cuchulain marches up to the squad car.

CUCHULAIN
I'm in need of your men.

Looking up, Pudgy Garda eyes Cuchulain - leather armor, long bow and arrows, hurley, sword and all.

PUDGY GARDA
(to the patrolman)
So much for the quiet evening.
(MORE)

PUDGY GARDA (CONT'D)
 (to Cuchulain)
 You're in need of what?

CUCHULAIN
 Your men. As many as you can
 muster.

PUDGY GARDA
 (playing along)
 And why is that?

CUCHULAIN
 Dundalk will soon be under attack.

PUDGY GARDA
 Shite. Go away outta that. Be off
 with you before I arrest you for-
 assaulting me good senses.

Cuchulain stands there. Not the reaction he had hoped for.

PUDGY GARDA (CONT'D)
 I said, piss off.

Cuchulain walks away and Pudgy Garda turns his attention back
 to the patrolman.

PUDGY GARDA (CONT'D)
 A bit early for Halloween, isn't
 it? Takes all kinds, really, the
 miserable gobshite--

A WHIZZING ARROW imbeds with a THUMP in the car door, mere
 inches from the cop.

PUDGY GARDA (CONT'D)
 What the-?!

Cuchulain has both officer's attention.

PUDGY GARDA (CONT'D)
 You! Put down the bow and come
 here!!

Cuchulain shoots another arrow - straight through the cup of
 tea on the car hood - splattering it all over Pudgy.

CUCHULAIN
 We need all your men. Now!

Cuchulain turns and RUNS down the street. He pulls out his
 hurley and SMASHES automobile and store windows, leaving a
 wake of ALARMS and SIRENS.

The Gardaí squad car PEALS away after him. Pudgy radios in-

PUDGY GARDA

Ten-eighty in progress. Ten-ninety-six armed and dangerous. Copy-

EXT. THE RIVER CASTLETOWN - NIGHT

Khan realm. At the river's edge Finn and a small group of Khan warriors are gathered by torchlight.

A nearby CLURICHAUN HORSE PATROL sees the warriors and races to investigate.

HORSE PATROL LEADER

And what do we have here?

FINN

Tell Mealladh and his footstool Angus that they are no longer welcome here.

HORSE PATROL LEADER

On whose authority do you speak?

FINN

My Khan, Cuchulain.

HORSE PATROL LEADER

Angus is your Khan.

FINN

Our allegiance is to Cuchulain. Khan Cuchulain.

HORSE PATROL LEADER

Cuchulain is as good as dead.

FINN

If that's what you think, yer men can give him my regards when they greet him in person-

Dozens of Khan warriors, hidden in the forest, reveal themselves.

The Horse Patrol draw their swords, but Khan Archers quickly dispatch them, save the leader.

FINN (CONT'D)

Deliver our message with haste, and be gone with you.

EXT. STREETS OF DUNDALK - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain RUNS down a narrow side street.

The Gardaí squad car closes in-

The arrow stuck in the car door knocks over garbage cans as it races by.

A BICYCLIST appears-

The squad car SWERVES, but the arrow takes him out FLIPPING him in the air-

The Garda loses control-

And SMASHES into a storefront window.

Cuchulain RACES through a sleepy neighborhood, banging on garbage cans and smashing car windows. Dogs start BARKING. LIGHTS go on. Gardaí SIRENS can be heard in the distance.

A MAN IN BOXER SHORTS dashes out of his house, cell phone in hand, as Cuchulain THRASHES a parked BMW with his hurley.

MAN IN BOXER SHORTS

For fuck's sake! That's me wife's car! Are you bloody insane!!

CUCHULAIN

Call the Gardaí! We're under attack!

MAN IN BOXER SHORTS

What about me wife?

CUCHULAIN

(shouts as he runs on)

Tell her the leper Khan smashed her car and is forever in her debt!

He watches Cuchulain disappear round a corner.

MAN IN BOXER SHORTS

Hello? Yes, it's a bloody emergency! Some crazy fecker just smashed me wife's new auto... he's daft as a cabbage and legging it to the harbor... yes, I'm sure... Just follow the racket, you can't miss him... What? I don't know- said he was a leprechaun.

EXT. MEALLADH'S HENGE - NIGHT

Khan realm. The Horse Patrol Leader interrupts Mealladh as he's being sponge bathed by two Clurichaun maidens.

MEALLADH
What is it?

HORSE PATROL LEADER
Sorry to interrupt, my lord. But Khan warriors have amassed at the river.

MEALLADH
So gather your men and snuff them out.

HORSE PATROL LEADER
Sir, they killed my men. And-

He hesitates.

MEALLADH
Spit it out.

HORSE PATROL LEADER
They swear allegiance to Cuchulain.

MEALLADH
How many?

HORSE PATROL LEADER
I'm not sure. Hundred. Maybe more.

Mealladh gets out of his bath. The maidens towel him off, but he pushes them away, strapping on his leather armor.

MEALLADH
Ride to Angus. Have him gather what troops he has still loyal and tell him to deploy at the Newry Bridge. Tell him every Khan traitor's head will hang on a pike by morning's first light. Go now!

EXT. THE NEWRY BRIDGE - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain RUNS along the river, BLUE GARDAÍ LIGHTS reflect off the water as dozens of squad cars close in on him.

He SPRINTS across the bridge-

But GARDAÍ EMERGENCY RESPONSE UNITS cut off the far end.

The HEAVILY ARMED Gardaí ERU deploy, assault weapons ready.

Cuchulain stops to catch his breath.

Behind him a wall of BLUE GARDAÍ LIGHTS form as squad cars cut off the other side of the bridge.

He smiles.

EXT. THE FORESTS OF ULSTER - NIGHT

Khan realm. Mealladh RACES HUNDREDS OF HIS RAIDERS, by both horseback and foot, through the forest towards the torch light by the river-

EXT. THE RIVER CASTLETOWN - NIGHT

Khan realm. Finn and the Khan warriors anxiously fidget as they wait; their senses alert.

They hear the MUFFLED BAWL of advancing Raiders through the forest.

Finn draws his sword.

EXT. THE NEWRY BRIDGE - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain stands in the middle of the bridge, surrounded by Gardaí ERU and police units; their assault rifles and hand guns all trained on him.

It's surprisingly quiet.

Just the muffled SQUAWK OF RADIO CHATTER from the police cars-

ERU COMMANDER
Hands in the air!!

Cuchulain complies, slowly, assuredly, raising his hands high in the air.

EXT. THE RIVER CASTLETOWN - NIGHT

Khan realm. Mealladh and his troops BURST out of the forest, CHARGING directly at Finn and the Khan warriors.

FINN
For Cuchulain!!!

KHAN WARRIORS
Cuchulain!!!!

Finn's men RUSH forward and BATTLE the Clurichaun Raiders.

Swords HACK and THRUST in a vicious MELEE.

Mealladh and his horsemen push the fighters toward the water.

MEALLADH
We've got them pinned. Turn the
river red with their blood!!

The Horsemen closest to him turns to reply - a SPEAR bursts through his chest-

Mealladh turns, surprised-

Fianna's nimble ARCHERS AND LANCERS race from the woods and SPRINT toward the stone NEWRY FOOT BRIDGE.

MEALLADH (CONT'D)
After them!!

He and his horsemen turn and gallop toward the women-

Fianna's archers are almost to the footbridge-

FIANNA
Wait for my word!!

Finn sees Fianna's women draw Mealladh's horsemen away.

FINN
To the bridge!!

But the Raiders overpower Finn's men, and drive them back-

EXT. THE NEWRY BRIDGE - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain lays face down on the pavement, a dozen GARDAÍ ERU ASSAULT RIFFLES pointed at him.

ERU COMMANDER
(barking orders)
So much as a twitch and you're
history!

CUCHULAIN
Your men are in danger. Secure your
flanks-

ERU COMMANDER
 Shut up, or I'll blow your feckin'
 head off!!

EXT. THE NEWRY FOOT BRIDGE - NIGHT

Khan realm. A thick MIST rises from the river. Fianna's warriors are at the footbridge, Mealladh's horsemen are CLOSING IN FAST-

FIANNA
 Fan out and defend the bridge-

Her archers take position while her lancers uncover LONG SPEARS hidden along the stone railings-

The horsemen barrel down on the Lancers, too close to stop-

FIANNA (CONT'D)
 To Cuchulain!!!

Lancer's spears thrust into the first wave of horses, horse and rider tumbling up and over them and- THEY ALL VANISH-

EXT. THE NEWRY BRIDGE - NIGHT

Our realm. Fianna's Lancers APPEAR with Mealladh's horsemen tumbling over them, CRASHING onto Gardaí patrol cars-

Fianna's archers start RANDOMLY APPEARING on the bridge-

Mealladh and a second wave of horsemen APPEAR as Archers fire toward them.

A HORSEMAN APPEARS THROWING a SPEAR-

-IMPALING an ERU officer-

ERU COMMANDER
 What the feck-

Cuchulain grabs his assault rifle and yanks him to the ground-

CUCHULAIN
 Get down!

ARROWS imbed in the pavement where the officer stood-

Finn's men and Clurichaun Rangers start APPEARING EVERYWHERE.

A Clurichaun horseman SWINGS his sword high at the ERU Commander and Cuchulain SHOTS him off his horse.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)
 (to the Commander)
 Get your men to the far side-

He points to Mealladh hacking at two of Fianna's lancers-

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)
 He's the bad guy. Clurichaun-

He points to Finn and his men battling two Raiders-

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)
 They're with us!

Fianna leaps from the hood of a Gardaí squad car onto a horse slitting the rider's throat.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)
 So is she.

ERU COMMANDER
 Who are you!?!

CUCHULAIN
 I'm Khan. Cuchulain. Your new best friend. Go!

Cuchulain tosses the assault riffle back to him, grabs his hurley and bow and runs toward Mealladh.

Raiders and Warriors BATTLE, APPEAR and VANISH randomly-

EXT. THE NEWRY FOOT BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Khan realm. The Raiders and Warriors randomly APPEAR and VANISH as they fight.

EXT. THE NEWRY BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Our realm. Finn sword fights two Raiders. The ERU Commander rolls to a crouch, FIRES controlled bursts of gunfire, killing both of Finn's attackers.

Finn- surprised to see the Raiders crumple- looks to the ERU Commander, nods approval, then HACKS at another Raider.

A Clurichaun Raider STABS an ERU Officer, grabs his assault rifle, and SHOTS two of Fianna's archers.

ERU COMMANDER
 (into his radio)
 All units. Fall back. Repeat, fall
 back. Snipers take the perimeter.
 Copy-

A distant sniper takes aim at the Raider with the gun-
 SNIPER POV: The Raider shoots a Khan warrior and VANISHES-
 Cuchulain chases the Raider, VANISHING-

EXT. THE NEWRY FOOT BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Khan realm. Cuchulain APPEARS - full sprint - grabbing an
 arrow from his quiver-

- The Clurichaun Raider SPRAYS four Khan warriors with
 automatic fire and turns toward Cuchulain-

Cuchulain releases his bow. The arrow SLICES through the
 Raiders throat before he can pull the trigger.

Still running full tilt, Cuchulain grabs the assault rifle,
 VANISHES-

EXT. THE NEWRY BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Our realm. Cuchulain APPEARS and races toward Mealladh-
 -SHOOTING two of Mealladh's guards before the tyrant VANISHES-

He tosses the assault rifle to a COP who's emptied his hand
 gun and is swept into the thick of battle as three axe-
 wielding Raiders ATTACK him.

Finn runs to Cuchulain's aid, tossing him a sword as two more
 axe-wielding Raiders attack.

Outnumbered, they HACK and SLASH the Raiders, but the cop
 SHOOTS the axe-wielders-

Mealladh APPEARS nearby, HACKING a Garda ERU officer.

Cuchulain and Finn fight their way toward Mealladh.

SNIPER POV: Back of Cuchulain's head as he fights-

Cuchulain STABS a Raider-

The Sniper adjusts his sights-

SNIPER POV: He has a kill shot on Cuchulain-

The sniper's finger on the trigger. He hesitates-

-pulls the trigger-

-Just as a Raider ATTACKS Cuchulain from behind- the sniper's bullet BLASTS into the Raider's head.

The Gardaí ERU units regroup, FIRING on Clurichaun Raiders, as they drag fallen officers to safety.

Sensing the turning tide of battle, Mealladh pulls back.

MEALLADH

(shouts)

Fall back! Fall back now!!

Without waiting for a response, Mealladh brings his horse around and VANISHES-

His remaining Horsemen randomly start VANISHING-

CUCHULAIN

Fianna!!

Fianna swings her horse around, gallops full speed, reaches out, pulling Cuchulain up by the forearm, and VANISHES-

EXT. THE FORESTS OF ULSTER - NIGHT

Khan realm. Mealladh and his men gallop fiercely, retreating through the forest.

Fianna and Cuchulain fast in pursuit.

EXT. THE CLURICHAUN CLAN STRONGHOLD - SUNRISE

Khan realm. Mealladh and his Horsemen BURST through the forest and RACE through the fort's opening gates.

The heavy timber gate starts SWINGING SHUT-

Fianna and Cuchulain CHARGE out of the forest toward the NARROWING entrance-

FIANNA

(digging her heels into
the horse)

Yaaah!

The gate is closing fast-

-it's impossibly narrow-

Guards take aim from the ramparts-

The gate is almost closed-

-Cuchulain grabs an arrow, SHOOTs a guard-

-as their horse just SQUEEZES through-

-Cuchulain's bow is too wide and is KNOCKED out of his hands-

The gate SLAMS shut behind them.

Fianna charges FULL GALLOP toward Mealladh's henge-

Raider ARCHERS SHOOT at Fianna-

Cuchulain uses his hurley as a shield to protect her, the two arrows imbedding in its narrow wood shaft.

They ride through a cordon of Raider swordsmen and he swings the hurley backhand, IMPALING a Raider with the back of the arrows. Cuchulain grabs the Raider's sword as he crumples.

Mealladh's henge is in sight- GUARDED BY HUNDREDS OF RAIDERS.

Fianna pulls up on the reins as Raiders close ranks behind them.

FIANNA (CONT'D)

This isn't good-

CUCHULAIN

Yet.

He WACKS the horse on the rump with the sword. The horse bolts forward toward the legion of Raiders.

Lancers raise their spears as the horse barrels down on them-

-Too much momentum to stop-

The Lancers brace for the COLLISION-

Inches from impact, the horse, Fianna and Cuchulain VANISH-

I/E. SHOPPING CENTER PARKING LOT - MORNING

Our realm. The horse, Fianna and Cuchulain APPEAR full gallop in a busy parking lot.

CARS AND SHOPPERS careen out of the way as the horse and riders gallop into the open front doors of the box store-

CUCHULAIN

Not yet-

Shoppers jump out of the way as horse and riders GALLOP down the main store aisle.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)

Not yet-

(waits a beat)

Almost-

(another beat)

NOW!

Startled shoppers watch in shock as Fianna pulls up the reins. Cuchulain LEAPS from the horse as it SLIDE STOPS- AND THEY VANISH.

I/E. MEALLADH'S HENGE - MORNING

Khan realm. Cuchulain, Fianna and Horse APPEAR- Cuchulain lands on his feet- right in front of Mealladh.

Behind Mealladh, Angus stands, sword drawn. The Dragon's Heart hangs over a raging fire in the center of the Henge.

CUCHULAIN

(to Angus)

Why am I not surprised to see this henge infested with weasels.

(to Mealladh)

Give me the Dragon's Breath and I'll think about sparing your life.

Mealladh draws his sword.

MEALLADH

I held your father's severed head in my hands. Today will be a good day to take yours.

He STRIKES like lightning, but Cuchulain parries each blow.

Fianna jumps off her horse and FIGHTS Angus, drawing him outside the Henge. Clurichaun Raiders form a circle watching the two Khan fight.

INT. MEALLADH'S HENGE - MORNING

Khan realm. Cuchulain and Mealladh are locked in a vicious fight, each exchanging PUNISHING blow after blow.

Cuchulain pushes Mealladh back toward the fire pit.

CUCHULAIN

All this talk of taking heads.
You've already lost yours- to greed
and avarice.

MEALLADH

You Khan are weak-

Mealladh swings his sword with fury-

MEALLADH (CONT'D)

Their greatest warrior a leper.

He swings again, pushing back against Cuchulain-

MEALLADH (CONT'D)

For what? Love of a human? You are
a worm-

He knocks Cuchulain off his feet.

MEALLADH (CONT'D)

Was it worth it? Betraying your
kinsmen for a human?

He delivers a STABBING death blow, but Cuchulain rolls to his side, SLICING clean through Mealladh's leg.

Mealladh SCREAMS as he falls down.

Rolls are reversed- Cuchulain stands over Mealladh.

CUCHULAIN

Betrayed? You've got the wrong
brother. For Khan Lugh. My father-

He CHOPS OFF Mealladh's head-

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)

Your head is not worthy enough to
be held in my hands.

-And kicks it into the hot coals of the fire pit.

Cuchulain steps on the head, reaches up, and take the Dragon's Heart.

EXT. MEALLADH'S HENGE - MORNING

Khan realm. Cuchulain, Dragon's Heart in hand, rushes outside to help Fianna just as Angus RUNS HIS SWORD through her gut-

CUCHULAIN

No!!!

Angus looks up, sees Cuchulain with the Dragon's Heart, and VANISHES-

Cuchulain looks at Fianna's body, then the Clurichaun Raiders and holds up the Dragon's Heart-

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)

Mealladh is dead. There will be no more bloodshed today.

Shocked Clurichaun stand aside and let Cuchulain pass.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Our realm. Angus APPEARS at the nursing station outside Maggie's hospital room. His sword dripping with blood.

He barges from room to room until he finds Maggie- sitting up and alert.

MAGGIE

Who are you?

He ignores her, hoists her out of the bed as a nurse arrives.

NURSE

Hey, you can't do that. I'm calling Security-

And defiantly marches out of the hospital VANISHING as GARDAÍ arrive, guns drawn.

EXT. THE KNOWTH - LATE AFTERNOON

Khan realm. Gray clouds crowd out the light. Angus climbs the massive circular mound monument with Maggie in his arms.

She's amazed at what she sees.

Surrounded by a ring of seventeen smaller mounds spread as far as she can see in either direction, each light up the sky with massive timber pyres burning atop them.

A huge stone and wooden Henge sits atop the main mound, each stone carved with intricate circular inter-weaving rings.

In the center of the Henge- a large stone altar covered in thick black soot. Angus hoists Maggie on top of it, strapping her feet to a charred post.

MAGGIE

It's beautiful! More magnificent than I could have ever imagined.

ANGUS

It is the resting place for Khan going back before time.

MAGGIE

Where the sun god Lug slayed a dragon. It's said the goddess Bui is buried here.

ANGUS

I'm impressed. You know my family well.

MAGGIE

You're no god.

He pulls her by the hair.

ANGUS

Watch your tongue, *An Cine Daonna*. I'll have you praying at my feet before dawn's light.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATE AFTERNOON

Our realm. Cuchulain marches past the Nurse's station to Maggie's hospital room. The entrance is blocked by yellow crime scene tape.

He pushes it aside and enters. The room is empty.

He turns to see Maggie's nurse standing behind him.

CUCHULAIN

Where is she?

NURSE

He took her.

CUCHULAIN

Who did?

NURSE

Big fella. Looked just like you-

Cuchulain bolts toward the exit.

EXT. THE FORESTS OF ULSTER - TWILIGHT

Khan realm. Cuchulain stands at the forest's edge, on the bluffs overlooking the Lough.

In the distance the fires of The Knowth light up the sky.

EXT. THE KNOWTH - NIGHT

Khan realm. Cuchulain bounds up the stone steps toward the top of the main mound.

At the top, Angus stands, sword drawn, between the two massive Henge stones guarding the entrance.

CUCHULAIN

Angus.

ANGUS

Angus, *my Lord*.

CUCHULAIN

Angus, my brother.

He steps cautiously forward, toward Angus.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)

Let Maggie go.

ANGUS

What is she to you?

CUCHULAIN

I love her. She did nothing wrong. She's no threat to you. Please. Let her go.

ANGUS

Please? It *pleases* me to see you watch her sacrificed to the gods.

CUCHULAIN

Is your thirst for power so overwhelming you can't see how parched your soul has become? I'm your brother.

ANGUS

I don't need lecturing from a selfish pariah that turned his back on his own people. His family.

CUCHULAIN

I was wrong to do that.

ANGUS

Do you know the last thing father said before he died?

Cuchulain shakes his head.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

He asked for you. He whispered, 'Cuchulain' as I took his head. Even in death he chose you.

Cuchulain is mortified.

CUCHULAIN

You- killed father? For Mealladh?

ANGUS

And I shall kill you.

CUCHULAIN

(defiant whisper to a scream)

No. Do you hear me? No!!

He draws his sword, glaring at Angus.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)

(screams)

NO!!!

Cuchulain surprises Angus- and VANISHES-

EXT. THE KNOWTH ARCHEOLOGY SITE - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain APPEARS, SCREAMS IN ANGUISH and RAGE.

Angus APPEARS. The brothers fight.

Sword to sword. They fight among the circular stone and earthen ruins, VANISHING to-

EXT. THE KNOWTH - NIGHT

Khan realm. Swirling mists. They fight on the majestic monument, darting between carved monolithic stones that stand sentry over the tunnels of the dead.

Cuchulain sees Maggie-

But Angus backs Cuchulain into a burial tunnel strewn with skeletons.

Cuchulain trips over a fresh corpse. Angus swings his sword-

But Cuchulain VANISHES just before the sword makes contact.

EXT. THE KNOWTH ARCHEOLOGY SITE - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain APPEARS, then Angus. Cuchulain runs toward's Maggie's dig site, jumping over a trench. Angus doesn't see it and tumbles inside.

EXT. THE KNOWTH - NIGHT

Khan realm. Cuchulain APPEARS, runs toward the stone alter and HACKS Maggie's leather bindings.

He picks her up-

MAGGIE

Collin- Cuchulain- watch out!

He turns- Angus swings his sword-

But Cuchulain and Maggie VANISH-

EXT. THE KNOWTH ARCHEOLOGY SITE - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain sets Maggie down as Angus APPEARS-

CUCHULAIN

Run!!

Maggie, still weak, stumbles away as Cuchulain fends off a deadly SLASH and scrambles backwards, falling into an archeological trench.

Angus jumps in, KICKING Cuchulain into the clay wall. He falls back, grabs a metal trough and STABS it in his brother's foot.

Angus SCREAMS as Cuchulain scrambles out of the trench.

Cuchulain sees Maggie stagger and fall down. She gets up and stumbles back toward Cuchulain-

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)

No-

But Angus lunges at him from behind. They fight, exchanging POWERFUL BLOWS, all the way to the top of the round mound.

Angus KNOCKS Cuchulain's sword away-

Cuchulain grabs his hurley to defend against vicious blow after blow.

A glancing blow BITES deep into Cuchulain's leg forcing him to his knees. Angus stands over him and gloats.

ANGUS

I am a hound from hell - your worst nightmare- and will rip your heart out and dine on your grave!

Cuchulain VANISHES-

EXT. THE KNOWTH - NIGHT

Khan realm. Cuchulain APPEARS, but before he can get to his feet, Angus APPEARS over him and KNOCKS the hurley from his hands-

ANGUS

How fitting. The graves here are still fresh.

Cuchulain eyes his hurley. Too far away.

Angus PUNCHES his brother in the head with his sword hilt, knocking him to the ground.

BLOOD streams down his GASHED forehead, pooling in the dirt.

Angus gloats. He knows he's won.

Cuchulain digs his fingers into the dirt, grabs a SMALL STONE-

ANGUS (CONT'D)

You're pathetic. Beg your Kahn for mercy.

Cuchulain painfully CRAWLS toward his hurley. Angus enjoys his brother's agony and lets him crawl away.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
On your knees, my brother. And beg.

CUCHULAIN
I kneel to no one.

ANGUS
So be it.

Angus shoves him to the ground with his heel.

Cuchulain reaches for his hurley. Still out of reach-

He looks his brother in the eye-

-Angus raises his sword high over his head-

ANGUS (CONT'D)
Feel my bite-

Cuchulain tosses the stone up in the air-

CUCHULAIN
Bite this, dog!

He grabs his hurley and LEAPS up-

-Distracted, Angus hesitates-

-Finding STRENGTH, Cuchulain swings the hurley-

-the stone starts falling earthward-

-CRACK-

-the hurley makes contact-

-turning stone into PROJECTILE-

-STRIKING Angus in the forehead, splitting his skull-

Angus's body shatters.

Blood pouring down his face, he collapses to the ground.

Cuchulain drags himself upright, dabs blood from his own face-

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)
Maggie-

He summons what little strength left and VANISHES-

EXT. THE KNOWTH ARCHEOLOGY SITE - NIGHT

Our realm. Cuchulain appears, drags himself to Maggie and wraps her tenderly, fiercely, in his arms.

They kiss.

A hint of MIST glows around them in the moonlight.

Cuchulain brushes Maggie's hair from her eyes. She smiles-

-A DROP OF BLOOD falls on her cheek-

Her smile turns to fear-

Cuchulain looks up-

BLOOD SOAKED, Angus stands over them, sword raised high-

ANGUS

I will always be-

Before he can react, Maggie pushes Cuchulain aside, and STABS Angus with Cuchulain's sword.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

-Your Khan.

Angus collapses to the ground.

CUCHULAIN

Angus!

MAGGIE

Your brother?

He nods.

CUCHULAIN

(he cries)

My baby brother-

Maggie squeezes his hand and wipes away his tears.

CUCHULAIN (CONT'D)

There's still life in him. I need to take him home-

MAGGIE

Go-

Cuchulain hoists Angus on his shoulder and VANISHES-

INT. DRUID'S HENGE - NIGHT

Khan realm. Angus lays on pine bough bedding. Cuchulain watches as two Druid priests burn sage over him.

Angus' eyes open and he turns to his brother.

ANGUS
(pained whisper)
Forgive me-

His eyes lose focus and he expels his last breath.

DRUID PRIEST 1
There is nothing to be done for-

DRUID PRIEST 2
Your brother. He now passes into-

DRUID PRIEST 1
The spirit world. The Khan is-

DRUID PRIEST 2
Dead.

Cuchulain closes his brother's eyes.

CUCHULAIN
(whispers)
I forgive you, brother.

The Druid priests lay Acorns over Angus's eyes.

DRUID PRIEST 1
Cuchulain. You have brought back-

DRUID PRIEST 2
The Dragon's Heart. You've-

DRUID PRIEST 1
Restored order. And peace. The-

DRUID PRIEST 2
Khan is yours.

EXT. DRUID'S HENGE - NIGHT

Khan realm. Cuchulain emerges from the Henge greeted by a sea of torches. His remaining clansmen.

CLANSMAN
What news of Khan Angus?

CUCHULAIN
 Angus is dead.

There's a MURMUR as the Druids emerge from the henge.

DRUID PRIEST 1
 Cuchulain is Khan.

The crowd comes to life.

DRUID PRIEST 2
 Cuchulain is Khan.

CROWD
 (chants)
 Cuchulain is Khan!

DRUID PRIEST 2
 Swear the sacred oath-

Cuchulain looks out over his clan, and VANISHES-

EXT. COOLEY PENINSULA, COUNTY LOUGH - NIGHT/SUNRISE

Our realm. It's still dark out as Maggie stands on a bluff looking over the water.

Cuchulain appears behind her.

MAGGIE
 I know you're there. The pine and oak scent gives you away.

She turns and smiles.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 Your brother?

He shakes his head.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 I'm so sorry Cuchulain.

He looks out over the bluff.

CUCHULAIN
 I love you. Always have. Always will.

MAGGIE
 But-

CUCHULAIN

My father, Khan Lugh is dead. My
brother, Khan Angus is dead. My
clan needs me. They need a Khan.

Maggie turns to him, tears in her eyes. She holds her
notebook.

It's open to the sketches of wild flowers and her portrait.
But the sketch now shows Cuchulain holding her in his arms.

MAGGIE

Did you draw this?

CUCHULAIN

Aye.

She nods, wiping away a tear.

MAGGIE

I need a Khan, too. I need you.

CUCHULAIN

To become Khan I must swear to
protect the Dragon's Heart and my
clan, what's left of it. It means I
can not come back here-

MAGGIE

It's not fair-

Cuchulain tenderly wipes away her tears.

CUCHULAIN

I know. But my people need me.

MAGGIE

I want to come with you.

He shakes his head.

CUCHULAIN

You don't know what you ask. You'll
never be able to come back-

MAGGIE

I've spent my whole life studying
your world- I need you.

She rushes to him, embracing him fiercely.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You make my world complete. I love
you, Cuchulain.

They kiss. Passionately.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Take me with you.

CUCHULAIN
But-

MAGGIE
Take me with you. I want to walk by
your side-

CUCHULAIN
-Until we walk no more-

MAGGIE
I want to dance forever on a
whisper-

CUCHULAIN
-and feast on your smile-

MAGGIE
-Until we can smile no more.

She looks into his eyes and smiles tenderly. She places a Shamrock in his hand. He smiles.

They clasp hands as the sun breaks the horizon-

He kisses her-

She smiles. Nods.

And they VANISH in a swirl of mist, the sunlight backlighting the dragon's breath as it rolls in off the lough.

FADE TO BLACK.