

DEATH COACH

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

It's near sunset in the most remote and forgotten part of Ireland.

We SEE an old single-lane dirt, hilly, road with a bog on either side. We HEAR lively Irish folk music in the b.g.

We SEE a skinny Irish lad (4) in tattered blue shorts and a torn, dirty white shirt running across the bog like he was floating on air above the peat, despite the boy's heavy black mud boots.

He looks over his shoulder from time to time to see if anyone is following him.

No one follows. He keeps running away.

We HEAR a loud, high-pitched scream.

We look back to the road to SEE the Cóiste Bodhar (Death Coach), a black coach pulled by two black horses. The driver of the coach wears a black cape tied above his head to make him appear headless. [It's Officer Paddy (61 and heavy), who we meet later]

The driver turns his head as if to see the boy escaping across the bog.

The driver GRUNTS and leads the coach up the road in the other direction.

ROLL TITLES

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

We see an old, beat-up, tiny taxi cab racing and swerving on the same Irish road in the rain and fog. In the front passenger seat, we see a calm, happy American ELLEN RORKE (21; dark-brown hair, tall, curvy, and gorgeous) who is talking, while reading a map and checking her iPhone. She wears a workout suit and running shoes. The wild driver is Irishwoman CELESTINE O'MALLEY (25) a pretty, redhead in a black leather jacket, and wearing big hoop earrings. The frightened and unhappy passenger flying side to side in the backseat is Ellen's boyfriend, RILEY JAMAIN (21; handsome, comical African-American in a Hawaiian shirt and shorts).

ELLEN

This far from Dublin, and we still have phone service.

RILEY

Hope we still have an ambulance service.

CELESTINE

You Yanks wanted to get there tonight.

RILEY

(laughing)

Alive would be nice.

ELLEN

We should introduce ourselves, I think. I'm Ellen Rorke.

CELESTINE

You think you're Ellen Rorke!

Celeste pats Ellen on the leg and holds her hand there until Ellen is uncomfortable.

Ellen moves the hand away.

ELLEN

Just did a DNA test. Found out I was Irish, not Swedish. Did some digging and found out immigration officials in 1939 changed my great-grandparents' name from O'Rourke to Rorke with one stroke of the pen.

RILEY

Once she found out she was Irish, she booked us on this trip for Spring Break! I'm Riley Jamaine.

ELLEN

Told him he was going to sunny and warm Cancun. I hijacked him here!

CELESTINE

A darkie Brit, are ya now, Riley?

Riley ignores Celestine's rude comment.

Celestine swerves quickly to squish Riley against the door, while he's looking at a girl in a bikini on the beach on his phone.

Riley taps Ellen on the shoulder and shows the photo to Ellen and Celestine.

RILEY

Look how much fun Wilson and Carman
are having in Cancun.

Celestine speaks to Ellen despite the attraction she has to the woman's photo on Riley's phone.

CELESTINE

Me name's Celestine O'Malley. And
I'm in fuken' love.

Celestine puts her hand on Ellen's leg again.

RILEY

Sure this is the way to the B&B?

ELLEN

It's only five miles up the road
according to my map-ap.

Celestine is following a different map-ap on her phone.

CELESTINE

Christ Almighty, how many
kilometers? Are you the only bloody
country not on the metric system?

ELLEN

Eight kilometers. Not bad for a
History major.

CELESTINE

Go to the same reform school, do
ya?

Ellen removes Celestine's hand from her leg again.

ELLEN

Notre Dame. Do you go to college,
Celestine?

CELESTINE

I'm a bloody brain surgeon. Whatcha
think?

Celestine checks her phone mapping app, and it goes blank.

She slams on the brakes.

CELESTINE (CONT'D)

Shite! We're fuked. No map.

ELLEN

My phone. No service! No map
either.

RILEY

We're just eight kilometers away.

ELLEN

We can make it. Keep driving.

Celestine looks around in a panic.

CELESTINE

No one goes into the Wicklow
Mountains at night!

Celeste reluctantly creeps along the road.

ELLEN

Why?

CELESTINE

Spirits, ye bloody eejits!

RILEY

Like the tooth fairy and Easter
Bunny! Don't be ridiculous!

They see two black horses pulling a cart enter the road from
a side road.

Everyone screams.

Celestine swerves to avoid the horses, and Riley is forced
against the window.

ELLEN

What was that? Horses pulling a
cart at night?

RILEY

In the rain?

CELESTINE

Anyone see the driver?

RILEY

No. Horses musta gotten loose.

CELESTINE

The horses were fuken' harnessed.

ELLEN

It wasn't the C  iste Bodhar, the
Death Coach, was it?

RILEY

That's folklore! You can't be
serious!

Celestine looks around, cautiously.

CELESTINE

Didn't hear the Banshee!

RILEY

(smirks)

Banshees. Death Coach. This is
bullshit!

ELLEN

I read about the C  iste Bodhar, the
Death Coach, on the plane. After
you hear a night witch, called the
Banshee, scream, the Coach Bodhar
with a headless coachman and a team
of two, four, or six black horses
come to take a body away.

RILEY

Ridiculous folklore!

Ellen turns serious, excited, and worried.

ELLEN

Do you think the Death Coach was
waiting for me to return to Ireland
because my great-grandfather
immigrated before he could be
taken?

CELESTINE

It can never return empty. I
believe that for bloody sure!

RILEY

Have you all gone nuts?

CELESTINE

You think it's all folklore, ya
bleedin' eejit. You'll see!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

We see the same horse and cart, now as the C  iste Bodhar (the Death Coach) roll up to the side of the road and stop.

Below the road, in a ditch, is an elderly woman's body (75), face down.

We hear the horses neigh!

The body disappears in the fog.

We hear the crack of a whip, and the neigh of the horses again.

BACK TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Celestine races up the road, swerving in the mud, terrorizing her passengers.

Celestine slams on the brakes in front of a metal gate across the road.

Her hands shake on the steering wheel.

ELLEN

I'll open the gate.

Ellen hops out in the rain and opens the gate.

Celestine drives on slowly and stops.

As Ellen begins to close the gate, Celestine jumps out of the car and screams at her.

CELESTINE

Are you fuken' crazy? Keep that gate open. I'll be coming right back after I drop you eejits off.

Celestine and Ellen re-enter the car, and Celestine races off.

ELLEN

Right! Sorry! Folklore says you have to leave the gates open or the Coach Bodhar will stop for you!

Celestine's arms shake on the steering wheel.

CELESTINE
If you've heard the Banshee!
(beat)
You may have been born too sweet,
Ellen.

Celestine gawks at Ellen. Riley is riled.

RILEY
You don't believe this crap about
the Death Coach?

ELLEN
Well, we never heard the Banshee...

Celestine slams on the brakes and skids to a stop inches from an old woman (ANNIE DORAN; 75, grey hair in pink curlers, and dressed in a floral housecoat and rain boots).

Annie SCREAMS, causing Ellen and Celestine to SCREAM.

Ellen and Celestine hop out of the car to check on Annie.

CELESTINE
Could of bloody killed ya, standing
in the middle of the road like
that!

Annie limps to the side of the road with a bad right knee.

Inside the car, Riley smirks.

RILEY
Maybe we should have gone to
Cancun!

They see Annie limping and waving them to an Old Cottage, as Ellen and Celestine re-enter the taxi.

Ellen is puzzled.

ELLEN
It is our Bed and Breakfast, but
the owner, Annie Doran never got
our reservation or our credit card
payment.

CELESTINE
Bloody eejits.

RILEY
What the hell?

ELLEN

She doesn't have an internet connection...

RILEY

Impossible.

Ellen turns in anger at Riley.

ELLEN

She doesn't have electricity!

CELESTINE

(laughs)

Someone with a nice sweet Irish voice on the phone took your credit card payment. We've an old sayin'.

(prophetically)

Some are born bitter, some are born sweet, some cursed as eejits, some damned to think.

ELLEN

She's right. I'm cursed as an eejit.

CELESTINE

I'll take cash if you don't fuken' mind! One-forty Euros, or one-fifty U.S. dollars, not including the generous American gratuity, of course.

RILEY

Eighty bucks apiece.

They dig for cash and pay the driver.

CELESTINE

What about me petrol to get back to Dublin?

Riley glares at Celestine.

RILEY

Want more money? Pick us up in three days at eleven A.M.

ELLEN

The place has no electricity! Maybe we should go back.

RILEY

I'm ready...

Ellen kisses Riley on the cheek, which upsets Celestine.

ELLEN

But, we're on spring break and
we're going to enjoy ourselves if
it kills us!

They exit the cab and begin to carry their bags toward the cottage.

RILEY

It just might.

They hear the faint sound of young children weeping.

ELLEN

Did you hear that?

RILEY

Rusty gates swinging?

ELLEN

Children crying in a neighboring
cottage?

They see no other cottages in the area.

The weeping stops.

RILEY

Nothing. It stopped.

The two weary travelers slosh in the mud on the way toward the cottage. They see a 2.5-meter-tall (8 ft) cement Irish cross in the courtyard in front of the cottage.

Celestine tries to turn the taxi around but gets stuck in the mud.

She swears and yells inside the taxi.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Two small oil lanterns burn at the front desk. A few bricks of turf burn slowly in the fireplace. The cottage has two old couches with a coffee table between them, with a third oil lantern atop it. An antique wooden rocking chair sits alone. The walls are bare, except for a few indispensable items: a crucifix, a painting of the Virgin Mary, and a photo of the Pope.

Ellen is charmed, while Riley is disappointed.

ANNIE

I'm Annie Doran. Welcome to the Fog and Bog, if not the finest then the oldest Bed & Breakfast establishment in this, the remotest part of the country. Now, sign the guestbook, if you please.

ELLEN

I'm Ellen Rorke, but it might have been O'Rourke. Before my great-grandfather, Michael Rorke, immigrated in 1939, this county was once the stronghold of the O'Rourke Clan. I think his name was changed when he entered America.

ANNIE

We had lots of O'Rourke's years ago. Many named Michael, after St. Michael, Defender Against Evil, but there's no O'Rourkes around here anymore! Sorry, dearie.

They take turns signing the dusty, near-empty guestbook and hear the taxi struggling to escape.

Ellen and Riley see an old dial phone behind the desk.

RILEY

May I use your phone? I'm getting out of here.

They hear the taxi's engine revving.

ANNIE

Line's been down since the troubles.

ELLEN

With the British?

RILEY

Or the Vikings?

Ellen kicks Riley in the ankle.

ANNIE

Least of our troubles.

ELLEN

What do you mean?

ANNIE
 Heard the scream tonight! And me
 with me bum knee couldn't out-run
 our dead milk cow.

Annie limps behind the desk.

RILEY
 We heard something, too. Not sure
 what.

ELLEN
 Sorry about your knee.

ANNIE
 Thank you, child.

ELLEN
 What scream?

RILEY
 We heard you scream tonight when
 the taxi driver almost ran ya down.

ANNIE
 Before that, you twit! Never mind
 then. Long as you left the gate
 open.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

We see a shadowy figure of an old man closing and locking the gate. It's SEAMUS DORAN (77) in a dark raincoat and black rubber boots, but we don't see his face.

The rain and fog make the night eerie.

BACK TO:

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Ellen snuggles next to Riley for comfort as she confronts Annie at the front desk, who forces a smile.

ELLEN
 What were you doing out on such a
 cold, wet night?

ANNIE
 Why wouldn't I be looking for me
 lost cat?

RILEY
Can we help you find it?

ANNIE
No. He'll come home when he's good
and ready or full up to here with
the Little People.

Ellen and Riley laugh. Annie doesn't laugh.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Laugh if you will!

Ellen and Riley stop laughing.

The taxi engine stops outside.

Celestine stomps in and is angry to see Ellen hugging Riley.

CELESTINE
I blame you bloody Yanks for this!
Specially the non-believer, darkie,
atheist over there!

Annie glares at Riley. Then she smiles.

ANNIE
(to Riley)
You need more than two reasons to
hate someone, I've always said.
(to Celestine)
I'd a said it's been raining here a
long time before the Yanks showed
up. You can sleep on the couch!

Celestine looks at the old couch and goes ballistic.

CELESTINE
I'll fuken' miss three or fares by
morning in Dublin! Who'll pay for
that?

ANNIE
Try praying to Saint Monica, the
patron saint of Catholics who have
lost their way, you foul-mouthed
heathen! And sign the guestbook or
you'll be sleeping in your motor
car.

Annie sneers at Celestine, as she signs her name.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Celestine, is it? That means heavenly. Isn't it ironic? Dumb enough to drive poor, innocent Yanks up here in the mud!

CELESTINE

Proves the old sayin'. Some are born bitter!

(beat)

I'll be out of here at sun-up.

ANNIE

Have you brought a week of sunshine in that motor car of yours? This is the Fog and Bog. You'll be here for a week unless we all dispose of ye.

CELESTINE

The Fuken' Bog, that's what it is.

Celestine grunts and flops down on a couch.

ANNIE

(smiles at Celestine)

Some cursed as eejits! That bloody bog makes the turf that we use to heat the place and cook for generations, my child.

(softly to the Yanks)

I'll show you to your grand room.

ELLEN

If the reservation was fake, we need to pay you.

ANNIE

(laughs)

Sure, you haven't paid a farthing of silver yet! They'll be time enough to settle.

Annie hands an oil lamp to Ellen.

Annie limps as she leads Ellen and Riley to a narrow wooden stairway and points upstairs.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Your room's at the top.

Ellen leads Riley up, as the stairs creak.

Ellen shows her knowledge proudly to Riley.

ELLEN

A farthing is a quarter of a penny.

The stairs creak, and the oil lantern dims as they reach the loft.

INT. COTTAGE LOFT - NIGHT

The loft has four military cots in the four corners and an empty antique cradle in the center of the room. A gust of cold wind bursts through an open window, causing the cradle to rock and creak.

Ellen and Riley stare at the rocking cradle. Again, Ellen and Riley hear the faint sound of babies and small children crying in the night. They look at each other with a worried look, until Riley stomps over and closes the open window, and the crying sounds cease.

They turn to watch the cradle stop rocking.

ELLEN

Creepy, but it's probably rusty gates, like you said.

Now Riley looks and sounds unconvinced.

RILEY

Right.

Riley examines a small table under the window that contains a pitcher of water, a large ceramic bowl, and a towel.

Under the table is a chamber pot.

Riley points to the chamber pot.

RILEY (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?

ELLEN

(laughs nervously)

When your folks said you didn't have a pot to pee in, they were wrong. A bit more rustic than the rooms in Cancun, but we'll manage.

RILEY

So, history major, were all the Neanderthal caves in the area booked up?

ELLEN

I might have been misled by the
description on the web. See
historic Ireland. Quaint, rustic
B&B. Somebody rated it five stars!

RILEY

Who? The driver of the Death Coach?

They hear Annie yelling from the bottom of the stairs.

ANNIE (O.S.)

Will ya have a spot of tea, then?

ELLEN

(yelling)

Be right down.

(whispers to Riley)

We'll be fine, trust me.

Ellen slides one hand down Riley's leg, and her other hand up his shirt. She kisses him passionately. Riley lifts her top and caresses her breasts. Now he kisses her, all over.

They hear voices downstairs, and Ellen ends the love-fest.

As they walk down the stairs, they feel a cool breeze, and they hear the cradle rock and creak, again.

RILEY

(whispers)

Should we ask about the cradle? Was
it Satan's baby?

Ellen slaps Riley's arm and they chuckle.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

They reach the bottom of the stairs, and Annie is right there.

Annie stares at Riley, then looks away, sad.

ANNIE

T'was me beautiful son's, until Far
Darrig brought me a changeling!

Annie fights back tears as she limps into the parlor where a turf fire is burning. A black kettle hangs from a rod. Five filled teacups rest on the coffee table, with a small pitcher of cream and a saucer of sugar cubes.

Suddenly, Annie is smiling again.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Help yourselves, now. I'm out of biscuits.

ELLEN

Hot tea sounds great.

RILEY

I didn't know...about the cradle.
About your son. I'm sorry.

CELESTINE

What's this about a cradle, then?

ELLEN

Mrs. Doran, you don't have to talk about it.

Everyone grabs a teacup. Celestine, Ellen, and Riley stare at the remaining teacup.

CELESTINE

It's a gesture of bloody kindness.

ANNIE

Fear Gorta, the Man of Hunger. I wish I had a biscuit for him.

ELLEN

Folklore? Don't know that one.

CELESTINE

He begs for food and gives good fortune to those who feed him.

RILEY

(laughs)

We're in trouble now. No biscuits!

Everyone stares at Riley, but no one is smiling.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Come on. Only joking. I'm an evidence-based learner. I need proof, is all.

Suddenly, Seamus Doran abruptly opens the front door and limps in, still dressed in a long coat and rubber rain boots, and holding a dead rabbit in one outstretched hand, and a shotgun in the other.

Ellen, Riley, and Celestine gasp. Seamus sneers. Annie smiles.

ANNIE

If it isn't me worthless brother,
Seamus. I'd like you to meet our
guests from America, Ellen and
Riley, and the other, Celestine, a
heathen Dubliner, owns the taxi
stuck in the mud.

Seamus turns toward the kitchen, and snarls, as he limps out.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

He's not one for socializing.

ELLEN

I see your brother limps too.

ANNIE

(snickers)

Age. We both have one knee in the
grave, as we say.

RILEY

Anybody else who might surprise us
tonight? Not sure my heart could
take it.

CELESTINE

(to Annie)

Brother stay here with you?

ANNIE

When he's not at the pub.

CELESTINE

Once a month here, then, by the
looks of him.

Annie sneers at Celestine then smiles at Ellen and Riley.

ANNIE

Sleeps in the barn out back. Won't
be bothering anyone.

Celestine stands and sets her tea down.

CELESTINE

Thanks for the tea. I'm getting
fuk'en' outta here right now.

Celestine storms out the front door.

Ellen and Riley stand and follow her.

RILEY
I'll get our things.

ELLEN
(to Annie)
I think we should go, too.

Annie looks away.

ANNIE
That taxi won't be leaving anytime
soon. The mud. It's raining still.

Riley stops, and he and Ellen peek out the front door.

They see the taxi spinning its wheels behind the Irish cross.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
(laughing)
The heathen will be back on the
couch in no time.

The taxi stops.

The door opens and the whole world could hear such a scream.

CELESTINE (O.S.)
Shite!

ANNIE
I'll see if me dear brother in the
barn has a bit of whiskey for ye.

Annie begins to limp toward the kitchen.

She looks back and smiles.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Just the thing to settle the nerves
and warm the tummy.

Once she's gone, Riley lays into Ellen.

RILEY
What have you gotten us into? These
people freak me out, and I've seen
some bad shit. Serving tea to no
one? Pure nut case!

Ellen clings to his arm and swoons.

ELLEN

We'll leave for Dublin tomorrow.
I'll get us a room in a five-star
hotel and spa.

RILEY

I don't trust the old man either.

Ellen moves her hand to his crotch.

ELLEN

Never seen you so tense.

RILEY

Better give me a present tonight to
calm my nerves.

Ellen keeps rubbing.

ELLEN

To calm your nerves? What about
mine?

Celestine stomps through the door, sees Ellen fondling Riley,
sneers loudly, and flops on the couch!

CELESTINE

Bloody clurichauns. I'm sure of it!

ELLEN

Clurichauns?

CELESTINE

Slutty cousins of the leprechauns,
but mischievous phantoms, and evil
practical jokers.

RILEY

You don't believe...

CELESTINE

(interrupting)

Weather was fine until your plane
landed!

ELLEN

Wait a minute now...

CELESTINE

(interrupting)

It got progressively bloody worse
as you rich, college-educated
Yanks...

RILEY
(interrupts, yells)
You drove us into the mountains,
where it rains!

Riley lunges at Celestine, but Ellen cuts him off.

ELLEN
No need to be rude. We're guests in
their country and this house.

Annie limps from the kitchen with a smile carrying two
bottles of *Jameson Irish Whiskey*.

ANNIE
Good to see everyone getting on.
We'll just use our teacups if
everyone's agreeable.

Ellen demonstrates how to be civil for the benefit of Riley
and Celestine. She holds out her teacup with a smile.

Celestine and Riley reluctantly follow suit.

Annie fills four cups, the last one for the Fear Gorta, with
none for herself.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Fear Gorta, the Man of Hunger.

CELESTINE
Just a wee bit of rain is all.

ELLEN
Thank you, Mrs. Doran.

Annie smiles in a motherly way.

ANNIE
Call me Annie, dearie.

The three visitors sip Irish whiskey and relax for the first
time.

Riley stares at the fourth cup of whiskey.

RILEY
What's the history of your cottage,
Annie? A hundred years old? Maybe
more?

The smile leaves Annie's face immediately.

She stands and glares at Riley.

Ellen tries to intervene to break the tension.

ELLEN

I love that huge stone Irish cross
in the front courtyard.

Annie becomes furious.

ANNIE

We'll not talk about it. I'll be up
all night as it is because of the
scream. I'll be in me room.
Breakfast is at six-thirty sharp!

Annie limps out grunting, leaving the two bottles of whiskey.

Celestine refills her cup.

CELESTINE

Whiskey for supper. I'm set.

RILEY

What set her off?

CELESTINE

The bloody scream! That's Irish
code for the Banshee, ya twit!

ELLEN

It looked like the question about
the history of this place pushed
her buttons. What's with the cross
out front? I read one claim that
St. Patrick placed the cross on top
of the circle to represent Christ's
supremacy over the pagan sun
worship.

Celestine stands with an epiphany.

CELESTINE

Maybe this God-forsaken place was a
Mother and Baby Home! Like the one
in Tuam, County Galway.

Ellen stands.

ELLEN

I read about that, too. In times
past, the government forced unwed
mothers out of their family's
homes, and into slavery doing
laundry. The babies died at two or
three times the mortality rate.

(MORE)

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Many starved to death. Just a few weeks ago, they found hundreds of children's bones.

Riley stands.

RILEY

Don't get yourselves worked up.

ELLEN

We both heard the babies crying.

Celestine turns pale with fright, while Ellen looks around at the near-empty walls.

CELESTINE

You heard fuken' babies crying?

ELLEN

And, why are there no family photos on the walls?

They all look around in horror.

RILEY

Maybe she's a private person. And she said her child died.

CELESTINE

Said he was a stupid changeling. Didn't say he died.

Ellen and Riley look up toward the loft and hear the cradle creak as it starts rocking.

CELESTINE (CONT'D)

She's bloody hiding something! I'm getting out of here!

Celestine grabs her coat and slips on her boots.

RILEY

What about us?

Ellen pleads and begs.

ELLEN

Take us with you, please.

Riley races upstairs to get their bags.

CELESTINE

I'd take you anywhere, Darling, but not the atheist.

ELLEN
He's my boyfriend! We're in this
together.

Celestine looks disappointed.

INT. COTTAGE LOFT - NIGHT

Riley reaches the top of the stairs and the cradle stops rocking.

Riley sees that the window is closed.

He grabs the luggage, and races downstairs.

INT./EXT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Riley opens the door and peeks outside.

Celestine and Ellen are already in the taxi, but the rain is heavy, and the ground is saturated.

RILEY
Wait for me!

Riley sinks in the mud to his ankles as he trudges to the taxi.

Celestine starts the taxi.

Ellen leans over to open the back seat for Riley to toss in the luggage.

The back wheels spin causing Celestine to yell.

CELESTINE
Give us a push, will ya?

Riley tosses in the bags and tries to push. The wheels send mud flying behind the taxi.

Finally, the taxi is free, and Riley hops in as the taxi swerves and slips away.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

It's rainy and foggy, and visibility is low, but the taxi gains speed.

Seconds later, Celestine slams on the brakes, and the taxi skids to the closed gate.

Ellen screams and Celestine swears.

CELESTINE
Shite! We opened that very same
gate.

RILEY
I'll get it.

ELLEN
Thanks, Riley.

Riley hops out and trudges through the mud to the gate.

He shakes a heavy chain with a big padlock on it.

RILEY
It's locked!

CELESTINE
Nobody locks the bloody gates in
this county!

Celestine hops out, swearing like a sailor.

Riley shakes the lock and chain.

RILEY
Don't believe me?

CELESTINE
Don't trust ya. That's a different
thing entirely.

Celestine and Riley trudge to the taxi and get in.

Ellen grabs her head.

ELLEN
Who locked the gate? What's going
on?

RILEY
What do we do now? Walk across the
bog?

CELESTINE
Not in a million years, ya eejit!
Ireland's bogs is full of bodies,
some four-thousand years old.
(MORE)

CELESTINE (CONT'D)

They found a couple of bleedin' bog bodies dated to three hundred years before Christ, all tortured, mutilated, and perfectly preserved in these bogs!

ELLEN

That's right! They would cut off the men's nipples.

Riley covers his nipples.

RILEY

What?

ELLEN

To submit to a king back then you'd suck his nipples. To have your nipples cut off in battle meant you could never be king!

RILEY

Quite the travelogue and sales pitch. Guess we'll stay at the cottage tonight. We'll saw off the chain and get out tomorrow.

CELESTINE

You don't bloody get it!

ELLEN

What?

RILEY

What don't we get?

CELESTINE

Annie Doran heard the scream.

RILEY

Not that Banshee shit again.

CELESTINE

And the gate is closed and locked!

ELLEN

So the Death Coach has to stop.

RILEY

(scoffs, mockingly)
On which side of the bloody locked gate? See how ridiculous you sound? Could be this side!

(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)

Could be that side! It's a freakin' myth! Like God!

Celestine turns irate!

CELESTINE

You're the bloody eejit! Atheist college boy must know the Devil himself!

Riley throws his hands up in disgust.

RILEY

Another myth!

(beat)

I'll walk back to the B&B! I'll leave you two to ride in the Coach Bodhar.

ELLEN

Riley, wait!

Riley grabs his luggage and trudges toward the B&B.

Celestine starts the taxi, but the wheels spin in the mud.

CELESTINE

You don't need him!

Ellen grabs her luggage, hops out of the taxi, and begins to follow Riley.

ELLEN

Wait, Riley! You're right! The Death Coach is a myth. I get it!

Ellen races to catch up to Riley.

Celestine trudges in the rain and mud toward the B&B.

Ellen and Riley hear the cries of babies and small children in the distance, but the taxi engine drowns them out a bit.

The taxi engine stops and so does the crying.

CELESTINE

Shite!

In the shadows near the gate, unseen by the others, Seamus Doran (dressed in his dark coat, black rain hat, and black hat) ominously steadies his shotgun.

Seamus tracks Celestine with the shotgun, but he doesn't fire.

A moment later, Seamus trudges in the direction of the barn behind the B&B.

When Seamus is out of sight, the Death Coach meanders silently toward the locked gate from the opposite side of the B&B.

The Headless Driver (Officer Paddy in a black cloak), turns the coach around.

The rain stops and the fog lifts, so the stars shine.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Ellen, Riley, and Celestine remove their wet coats and muddy boots with only a wee bit of light from the turf fire in the hearth.

They are startled as Annie limps up silently from behind.

ANNIE

Out for a little ride, were we now?

ELLEN

We thought the weather might get worse and we'd be stuck here all week.

Annie looks out the door.

ANNIE

Knew you wouldn't be the type to skip out without paying your bill.

RILEY

We haven't slept here, yet.

CELESTINE

I have to get back to Dublin.

ANNIE

Not in this mud. Come, have a spot of whiskey to warm ye up. I'll tell ye one of me Grandmum's stories.

Annie leads them back to the couches and gives each of them a good pour, but none for herself. Annie sits with Riley, while Celestine and Ellen share the other couch.

Everyone looks uncomfortable with the seating arrangements, except Celestine.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

The Irish are superstitious people
since the days of the Druids and
Celts, mind ya.

RILEY

See! It's just superstition.

Annie glares at Riley.

ANNIE

The greatest writer of all time,
William Butler Yates, said that
denying the stories was a sin
against art.

(beat)

The sin of rationalism!

RILEY

So rationalism is a sin?

CELESTINE

Shut up, ya bloody eejit.

ELLEN

Listen to the story, Riley.

ANNIE

I pay him no mind, dearie. Me
brother's just as pig-headed.

Riley turns his head to the fire, disgusted.

The guests sip whiskey.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

The Banshee is an attendant fairy
who follows us all.

ELLEN

I read that she wails an awful
scream the night before someone
dies.

ANNIE

And she summons the C  iste Bodhar,
the Death Coach. The headless
driver opens your door, throws a
basin of blood in your face, and
hauls you away, never to be seen
again.

CELESTINE

We know! And it can't return empty.
But did ya know your gate is closed
and locked?

Annie stands in terror.

ANNIE

Impossible! I'll have me brother
open it.

RILEY

Locked! With a chain, as thick as
my wrist!

Annie limps to and fro, frantically.

ANNIE

The Banshee!

ELLEN

Lifting a heavy chain and lock? I
don't think so.

Celestine stands, angry and scared.

CELESTINE

Give me a hacksaw or that shotgun
your brother had, and I'll open
that bloody gate!

ANNIE

I'll fetch me brother after it.
You're our guests. Relax now. Have
a sip, and call it a night then.

Annie limps out quickly toward the barn.

Celestine paces.

Riley stands, paces, and imitates Annie with a bum knee.

RILEY

Relax now. Have a sip, and call it
a night.

Ellen stands and acts suspiciously.

ELLEN

What is this place? Why do I feel
like I've been here before?

Ellen stares at the walls, and the few items hung on them: a crucifix, a painting of the Virgin Mary, and a photo of the Pope.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

These things can be found in every Irish Catholic home. Something's missing.

Celestine and Riley look at the barren walls.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

No family photos.

RILEY

No art or knick-knacks.

CELESTINE

No family heirlooms of any kind. That's not good. And what with the empty cradle that goes to rockin' upstairs.

ELLEN & RILEY

You hear it, too?

They hush and hear the cradle rock.

Celestine freezes.

CELESTINE

Far Darrig.

(beat)

Maybe Mrs. Annie Doran was left a changeling!

Celestine races upstairs, with Ellen and Riley close behind.

INT. COTTAGE LOFT - NIGHT

The wind howls through the open window, and the cradle is rocking when they enter the room. They whisper.

ELLEN

Far Darrig, the small evil creature in a red coat and cap associated with nightmares!

CELESTINE

More than that!

RILEY

More nonsense!

Celestine scolds Riley.

CELESTINE

You wouldn't think so, if you had a perfectly pretty and charming baby for six months, and Far Darrig stole it and replaced it with an ugly, stupid, and completely changed child!

ELLEN

A changeling.

CELESTINE

So awful you wish it was bloody dead!

Riley turns and starts to head downstairs.

RILEY

No parent wishes that! You're both crazy.

Ellen and Celestine turn and stare at a red cap in the rocking cradle.

The wind ceases, and the cradle stops rocking.

Ellen's and Celestine's eyes open widely.

They turn and race downstairs.

Moments later, the red cap is gone from the cradle.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Riley is chugging the cup of whiskey left for the Man of Hunger when Ellen and Celestine join him.

Celestine rips the cup from his hands and places it back on the coffee table.

RILEY

Banshee, Death Coach, evil creatures stealing babies -- I don't want to hear it!

ELLEN

History, culture, folklore, stories.

(beat)

Take it with a grain of salt, like Yates said.

RILEY

Grains of salt! Thrown over your shoulder for good luck! Ha! Another silly superstition.

ELLEN

Every culture has them, Riley. Such stories are interwoven in our family histories! Part of us!

CELESTINE

(to Ellen)

Your voice is music to my heart.

(to Riley)

Didn't you Africans have more spirits than anyone?

RILEY

Ellen knows our history better than me.

ELLEN

Slaves believed in many gods and spirits instead of one God. They believed in witches who never took human form, and ghosts 'as common as pig tracks' who weren't scary as much as practical jokers.

CELESTINE

Every culture has fuken' eejits? Is that what you're sayin'?

RILEY

The slaves incorporated the Christianity that was forced on them, but never gave up ideas of multiple spirits, voodoo, and magic. Most see it as nonsense now!

The three do not see a mean-looking Seamus Doran looking in the kitchen window at them.

ELLEN

Just like many Irish didn't quit believing in the fairies and Little People, just because the Catholic missionaries claimed they were the work of the Devil.

(snickers)

They burned so-called witches in the Inquisition.

(laughs)

(MORE)

ELLEN (CONT'D)

The Church still performs
exorcisms. Jesus Christ! It's the
21st Century!

Celestine tries to argue back, but she is suddenly wobbly and drowsy.

She collapses on the couch, glaring at Riley.

CELESTINE

You think we're all fuken' eejits
then? That's me religion you're
trashing, ya bloody Yank!

Celestine passes out. Riley points at her.

RILEY

If some are born bitter, that would
be you.

Ellen has difficulty speaking and collapses next to Celestine while talking to Riley.

ELLEN

The room is spinning. Didn't have
that much to drink.

Riley smells the whiskey bottle, suspiciously, but continues pontificating as Ellen passes out.

RILEY

Human philosophical evolution has
four stages: we began with silly
superstitions; then we adopted many
gods and good and evil spirits and
magic; then most adopted one God,
but kept a few spirits like your
Holy Ghost and the magic of turning
water into Christ's blood. Bunch of
nonsense.

Seamus GLARES at Riley who staggers to the couch, talking to himself.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Then, the fourth stage is the stage
of enlightenment. The stage of
evidence-based reasoning. The
demand for proof.

Riley collapsed on the couch, raising one hand like a shelf.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Way up here on the evolutionary
ladder. No Banshees or witches. No
leprechauns. No Death Coach. No
bull...

Riley passes out.

At the window, we see Seamus's face lit up by lightning as he
walks away.

It starts to rain again, hard.

From down the road, by the gate, we hear a SCREAM! It sounds
like a Banshee!

Ellen, Riley, and Celestine remain passed out. We hear the
cradle rocking upstairs.

We hear babies and small children crying in the distance.

We hear two horses neigh loudly.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Ellen stirs first and looks around, groggy. She pushes
Celestine, who is leaning on her, to the other side of the
couch.

Celestine stirs but goes back to sleep.

Ellen moves her feet and sees and hears that a CHAIN connects
one leg to Celestine and Riley. The chain is wrapped around
one ankle each, with a padlock holding it snug.

Ellen starts to scream but holds it in.

She puts her index finger to her lips to motion silence and
shakes Celestine again.

CELESTINE

What the...?

Celestine sees the chain and freaks out. Ellen goes to shake
Riley while warning Celestine to be quiet. Ellen shakes and
whispers to Riley.

ELLEN

We've gotta get out of here!

Riley doesn't move. Ellen faces him and shakes him harder.
Suddenly, Riley jerks and yells.

RILEY

Boo!

Riley scares them to death. Ellen jumps back. So does Celestine. Then Ellen slaps Riley.

ELLEN

Quit fooling around. We're in trouble!

Ellen points down, but Riley doesn't look down as he babbles.

RILEY

All that nonsense last night.
Superstitions, folklore, and
bullshit! Let's pay up and get
outta here.

Celestine points down at the chains. It's raining hard.

CELESTINE

Bloody right we're getting out of
here.

ELLEN

Let's go!

Annie, in the kitchen, hears the talking and chains and limps in aiming the shotgun at her three hostages.

ANNIE

You must have fallen asleep right
here. How did you sleep, dearies?

ELLEN

What's the meaning of this? We're
calling the police.

ANNIE

And, how will ye be doing that,
dearies?

RILEY

No phone.

ANNIE

And who would be knowing you're
here, now?

Celestine tries to shake the leg chain off.

CELESTINE

Me friends in Dublin!

ANNIE

Oh, I doubt you have many friends,
dear. You're not sociable.

ELLEN

My parents and friends back home.

ANNIE

But ya said you booked on that
computer thing.

Riley turns on Ellen.

RILEY

Online! Through a third party.

ANNIE

A third party who never paid me.

Ellen collapses on the couch, and sobs.

ELLEN

No one knows we're here.

The shutters on the windows slam against the house.

ANNIE

And it's a terrible storm we's
having, that's for certain. If you
left now, walking in them chains,
you'd get stuck in the bog, one at
a time, then all together! God save
your souls.

Celestine leaps toward Annie but is held back by the chain to
Ellen.

CELESTINE

What do ya want from us, ya crazy
bitch?

Annie cocks the rifle and aims at Celestine.

ANNIE

I'm shooting you first ya foul-
mouthed heathen. Let the others
drag you around or cut off your
foot.

Celestine freezes, then stares lovingly at Ellen.

CELESTINE

It's just that me death would be
coming at a most awkward time.

(MORE)

CELESTINE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I've fallen in love!

ANNIE

A heathen and a pervert, are ye?

Annie charges Celestine and hits her jaw with the butt of the shotgun. Celestine spins and falls to the floor on her back.

Ellen and Riley gasp in fear and step back.

Annie takes the butt of the shotgun and slams it down into Celestine's kneecap (unchained leg).

Celestine screams and holds her knee.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

And I still want me money!

Ellen goes to comfort Celestine, while Riley tries to break free from the chain.

ELLEN

My suitcase! My purse!

ANNIE

Don't take credit cards, dearie. I looked. You've just enough Euros for the taxi ride back with your lover, though that appears impossible now.

ELLEN

She's not my lover! You drugged us last night! How much? Damn it. How much do you want?

ANNIE

I didn't drug ya. Must have been the clurichauns. Practical jokers, aren't they then?

RILEY

Clurichauns, my ass! You'll go to prison for this!

Annie aims the shotgun at Riley.

ANNIE

You and your gang were out to rob me blind. I defended me cottage and me honor. Who they gonna believe, atheists?

Riley collapses on the couch.

RILEY

Fuck it! Pay the crazy woman and
let's get out of here.

Celestine screams in pain.

CELESTINE

I need a bleedin' ambulance!

ELLEN

You both need help! Somebody will
hear us call for help!

Ellen, Riley, then Celestine scream for help, but quickly
stop!

Annie keeps the shotgun pointed at the three guests, as she
limps to the phone behind the desk.

She lifts the receiver and yells into the phone.

ANNIE

Ooh. Better send the bleedin'
ambulance. And hurry, now. There's
been a home invasion! A robbery!
They tried to kill me and me
brother!

Annie laughs sadistically into the phone.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Come quick!

She laughs maniacally, as they hear the back door slam.

Seamus, in full rain gear, limps in with a hacksaw.

He grunts at Annie, and mumbles unintelligibly in Irish
Gaelic, as he limps past the three hostages.

Riley and Ellen hold up their leg chains to be cut.

ELLEN

Please, help us!

RILEY

We beg you!

Celestine screams in pain and holds her knee.

Seamus stares at the three hostages, then at Annie, then back
at the three hostages.

ANNIE

Do as you're told. Go cut the chain
on me gate that the clurichauns
set, and check on the widow
O'Reagan!

Seamus grunts louder. Annie points to the front door and yells at Seamus.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Off with ye now, or they'll be no
supper for ye tonight or ever!

Seamus grunts and limps toward the front door.

ELLEN

Wait!

RILEY

Don't leave us!

CELESTINE

Help!

Annie limps toward the kitchen as Seamus exits, slamming the door.

ANNIE

They'll be nothing at all to save
ye from the C  iste Bodhar tonight!
But we'll have a fine breakfast
first.

Annie disappears into the kitchen. Ellen and Riley struggle unsuccessfully with the chains. Celestine groans in agony on the floor.

CELESTINE

For Christ's sake, get me off the
fuk  n' floor, will ya, Jesus and
the saints preserve us!

We hear silverware clanging. Annie yells from the kitchen.

ANNIE (O.S.)

The foul-mouth heathen pervert is
at it again.

Ellen and Riley shuffle to Celestine and help her up to the couch. She winces in pain.

CELESTINE

Lift my leg to the coffee table,
will ya?

They do. Celestine screams in pain, which eases a bit when the leg is straightened and resting on the table.

ELLEN

You need an ambulance.

CELESTINE

(whispers to Ellen)

I need you in my life and a
bleedin' pistol.

ELLEN

Forget it. Focus on getting out of
here!

Annie brings a tray with hot tea, warm bread, and a huge platter of scrambled eggs, enough to feed the county, but no silverware. Annie glares Celestine.

ANNIE

I heard that.

Annie places the tray on the floor several feet from her guests.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Help yourselves, while I see to the
chickens. Don't try anything funny,
or I'll shoot ya.

Annie limps away.

Riley retrieves the tray of food and smells it.

RILEY

What if it's drugged?

CELESTINE

More the better.

ELLEN

Take small bites and test it.

They do. And soon they devour the food and drink the tea.

RILEY

Nothing to make a weapon out of.

ELLEN

She knows if we kill her, we still
can't get far. I bet she took the
car keys.

Celestine feels her front pocket and slaps it.

CELESTINE
Bloody witch!

Ellen examines the coffee table.

ELLEN
(whispers)
There's a drawer!

Ellen pulls at the drawer, but it doesn't budge.

RILEY
Probably never been used.

CELESTINE
Don't shake the bleedin' table. The
pain is something terrible.

Ellen bends down and looks under the table. Two small nails
prevent the drawer from opening.

ELLEN
Two nails.
(beat)
I need a fork, or a knife, or...

Ellen fingers one of Celestine's hoop earrings.

CELESTINE
An earring?

ELLEN
Give it up, quick!

Celestine obeys. Ellen takes the earring, wraps the pliable
silver around one nail, and yanks it free. She does the same
for the second nail.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Squeeze onto the couch, Riley.

The three are cramped on the couch, and teaming with
curiosity when Ellen pulls open the drawer a few inches.

They SEE yellowing photos, grey-brown newspaper clippings,
and a dusty old logbook.

Ellen examines the old logbook and finds the name "Michael
O'Rourke Born 1935." Ellen reads in a whisper.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Might be my great-grandfather! No
Father's name is listed.

CELESTINE

Explains the location of the
Mothers and Babies home, doesn't it
then?

RILEY

Annie said both Michael and
O'Rourke were common names. Don't
read too much into it.

Ellen turns angry.

ELLEN

But the dates match perfectly! But
I can't believe how many children
died here!

They hear the back door shut.

Ellen pushes the drawer shut just in time. Annie limps and
mumbles her way into the cottage, still carrying the shotgun.

ANNIE

Something's taken me chicken eggs.
Afraid this breakfast may be your
last.

Annie sees the three sitting on one couch.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Don't we look cozy, now?

ELLEN

Breakfast was very good. Thanks.

RILEY

Yes, thank you very much.

Celestine looks away, still in pain. Annie limps to the front
door and stares out.

ANNIE

Rain and mud. Will ya look at that?
But when me brother gets back,
we'll have a grand time.

RILEY

We have plane reservations in three
days. The police will come looking
for us.

Annie limps over towards Riley, but stops short, out of
reach.

ANNIE

I'm wise to your shenanigans. Get me close, and take me brother's huntin' rifle, is it?

ELLEN

They'll check our computers at home and find reservations for your B&B if that's what it really is.

CELESTINE

And me cab company will be checking on me, and won't I have a story for the police?

Annie threatens them with the butt of the shotgun but doesn't strike them. Ellen changes tactics and acts submissively.

ELLEN

We're so sorry, Annie. We're thankful for everything you've done for us.

Annie's mood changes like night and day. She looks at her captives sadly, and tears form in her eyes.

ANNIE

That's how ye repay my kindness and hospitality, is it? I'll be in me room 'til me brother returns.

Annie picks up the tray and limps toward the kitchen. The captives are bewildered. The captives whisper.

ELLEN

What was that about?

RILEY

Not sure.

CELESTINE

She's off her nut.

ELLEN

She responds to submissive behavior. Let's check out the drawer! Look for keys, a knife, anything.

Ellen opens it up. She picks up a photo of a dozen young, smiling moms in front of the cottage, with babies in their arms. The Irish Cross is there.

CELESTINE
It was a mom and baby home alright.

ELLEN
Taken from their homes and put
here.

RILEY
Why are they smiling?

ELLEN
(sad)
Thought they were being saved in
the eyes of the Lord.

Ellen tosses back the photo and picks up another of the moms' ironing sheets in a dank, dark cellar. No one looks happy.

RILEY
Oh my, God.

CELESTINE
Me nana told me they'd work twelve-
hour days for scraps.

RILEY
Where are the children?

Celestine looks away.

CELESTINE
Razed with the chickens. Running
wild 'til they could run away.

ELLEN
Run away?

Ellen and Riley see the story is personal.

CELESTINE
Those who didn't run sometimes
suffered a worse fate.

ELLEN
Like the story in the newspaper?

Celestine turns and faces them, with tears in her eyes.

CELESTINE
They say that was an extreme case.
No one knows for sure.

Ellen is stunned. Riley whispers.

RILEY

You were one of the children?

ELLEN

Your mom, one of the moms?

CELESTINE

Killed herself with a butter knife,
and that isn't easy, is it now?

Ellen tries to hug Celestine, but she nudges the sore knee.
Celestine cries out in anger.

CELESTINE (CONT'D)

I need no bleedin' pity from you,
Yank!

ANNIE (O.S.)

(yells)

Shut up, or I'll give ya something
to cry about!

ELLEN

Scary to think another culture says
that!

The three captives share a moment. They snicker nervously.

They hear Seamus struggling at the front door. Ellen shoves
the photo back in the drawer and shuts it, and Seamus limps
in and GRUNTS.

ANNIE (O.S.)

If it isn't me dear brother, a
stranger to his own home.

Annie limps in, happy to see her captives haven't moved from
the couch. Seamus avoids eye contact with everyone.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

And how is the widow O'Reagan?

Seamus makes the sign of the cross and looks down. Annie
makes the sign of the cross.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

God rest her soul.

RILEY

Should we notify the authorities
that your neighbor died?

Seamus and Annie ignore Riley. Seamus exits the cottage and
shuts the door. Annie opens it and yells to him.

ANNIE

Going to the pub, is it? Leaving me with all the work, will ya? You're a good-for-nothin' lazy horse's arse, ya are!

Annie slams the door. Ellen seizes the opportunity.

ELLEN

Dirty dishes, cleaning house. I'd be happy to help around the house. Anyone can see ya have the work of ten women to do.

Annie stares at Ellen and pauses to think.

ANNIE

You wouldn't try to run away, then?

ELLEN

I'd never go anywhere without my Riley.

Annie pauses. Ellen smiles weakly.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Lock me back up when my chores are done.

Ellen stands and inches toward Annie then sits on Riley's lap and lifts her chained leg. Ellen smiles again.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I'll have the dishes done and the kitchen cleaned in no time.

Annie shakes her head, 'No.'

ANNIE

You'll run. They all run!

ELLEN

Rainy, muddy, Celestine can't run, and Riley's chained to her. I don't know where I am. I'd never leave Riley. I love to clean!

Annie pauses.

ANNIE

Cleanliness is next to Godliness. I'll fetch me keys.

As Annie limps away, Ellen counts the number of steps and seconds on her fingers.

Riley catches on and listens carefully.

Celestine whispers and breaks their concentration.

CELESTINE

You could kill the old witch and
set us free? Or follow the old
man's footprints to the pub and get
help!

Ellen shushes Celestine, as Annie returns with the shotgun.

ANNIE

What was I looking for, will ya
tell me that?

Ellen raises her leg and smiles.

ELLEN

Your keys. I'll have the place
clean in no time.

ANNIE

Oh yes, the key to the lock. Can't
find them anywhere.

Annie exits and stumbles around in the kitchen and her room.

Ellen motions for the captives to be quiet and listen carefully.

Annie returns to the kitchen, opens one drawer, and we hear keys rattle.

ANNIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There you are, ya little buggers.

Annie enters the parlor with the shotgun and a set of seven keys to see Ellen smiling with her chained foot lifted high in the air.

Annie stops a few feet shy of Ellen to think.

ELLEN

Should I do the dishes first, or
should I wipe down the bathroom?

Annie grunts and tosses the keys to Ellen.

Ellen examines the seven keys. The keys have numbers stamped on them, except one, which Celestine eyes closely. It's her car key.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Which of the keys is it, Mrs.
Doran?

Annie shivers at the name Mrs. Doran.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
I mean, Annie.

Annie aims the shotgun at Riley, and sits across from them on the other couch, with her back to the kitchen.

ANNIE
Second lock would be the second
key, wouldn't it, eejit? If you try
anything funny, I'll shoot him.

Ellen unlocks her chained foot and steps lively toward the kitchen.

ELLEN
Dishes first.

Ellen disappears. We hear her washing dishes.

RILEY
No need to point the rifle. I'm not
going anywhere.

ANNIE
Now, that's what they all said,
isn't it?

CELESTINE
They all said?
(beat)
You've had other fuken' guests?

ANNIE
Shush, you foul-mouthed little
heathen pervert, or I'll shoot ya
before the Devil knows you're dead.

Annie turns the shotgun to Celestine.

The sounds from the kitchen cease.

Ellen is sneaking up on Annie with a cast-iron skillet raised and ready to strike.

Riley sees this and attracts Annie's attention.

RILEY

Ya see, that makes no sense at all.
There's no such thing as the Devil.
It's a mythical creature.

Annie suddenly spins and aims the shotgun at Ellen, who lowers the frying pan innocently.

ELLEN

Do you clean your cast-irons with
oil or soap? I use oil.

Annie stands and steps back from the three hostages, aiming the shotgun at each of them in turn. Then, she smiles at Ellen.

ANNIE

Oil, dearie.

Ellen smiles.

Riley and Celestine look relieved.

As Ellen turns and heads to the kitchen.

Annie approaches Riley with the shotgun.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

You are Catholic, aren't ye, Child?

RILEY

I know there's as much evidence for
leprechauns as there is for the
Holy Trinity.

Annie takes the butt of the shotgun and cracks it down on Riley's unchained knee, and he screams.

Ellen races back to comfort Riley. Annie has the rifle trained on her.

ELLEN

Riley! Are you okay?

ANNIE

Lock yourself up, dearie, or I'll
shoot ya!

Riley is in pain as Ellen locks up her ankle.

ELLEN

That was unnecessary!

ANNIE
Good and tight, dearie!

Annie sees that Ellen is locked.

RILEY
Son of a...

ANNIE
Knew you were a foul-mouthed
atheist heathen when you walked in
here! I'm going to the barn to
collect me brother's dishes.

Annie turns to exit but keeps speaking.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
You can wash them, dearie, when I
get back.

Annie exits. The captives whisper.

CELESTINE
Can't believe she's gonna release
you again. Gotta kill her this
time!

Riley pulls up the leg of his pants to inspect his knee. It
is wrapped with couch material.

RILEY
Ripping off the couch cushions and
wrapping our knees was a good idea,
Ellen, but it still hurts like a
mother...

ELLEN
(interrupting)
Act like it's broken. Got it!

RILEY
Don't worry.

CELESTINE
How ya gonna kill her?

ELLEN
Gotta gain her trust more so she
relaxes the shotgun, or...

We hear Annie return, and the clanging of dishes in the
kitchen.

Riley and Celestine moan in pain.

ANNIE (O.S.)
Stop your complaining. Gearán, as
me Mum would say.

Annie enters with a smile, a four-foot-long chain, and an additional lock. Annie throws Ellen the keys.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Dearie, unlock yourself from the
long chain, and chain each ankle up
with a wee bit of chain in between.

Ellen does as told.

ELLEN
Won't be easy to get around.

ANNIE
And I'll hear ya even if I was
deaf. The Sisters would hear
everything!

ELLEN
The Sisters?

Annie gets furious as Ellen struggles toward the kitchen.

ANNIE
Never mind that! It's not the
Church's fault when a young girl is
tossed out of the home for being in
the motherly way.

ELLEN
Of course not. I understand.

ANNIE
It's not the Church's fault that no
one could afford to take them in.

Ellen disappears to the kitchen.

ELLEN (O.S.)
I understand entirely.

We hear dishes being washed, and silverware clanging.

ANNIE
The Sisters did everything in their
power to see we paid for our sins.

ELLEN (O.S.)
God save all here!

ANNIE

Exactly, dearie. Would it be a bother to have ya fetch some turf for the fire, and make me a spot of tea?

Ellen shuffles in from the kitchen.

ELLEN

No trouble at all. Where's the turf?

Suddenly, they hear a gust of wind in the loft above, and the rocking of the cradle.

Annie is angry.

ANNIE

Me worthless brother was supposed to fix that window! Nail it shut for good, says he.

ELLEN

Bet I could fix it!

ANNIE

He'll be home soon when the pub's had enough of him.

(beat)

If he don't get stuck in the bog!

ELLEN

It could take hours for him to walk home, could it not?

ANNIE

Not an hour, even in the mud!

Riley winks at Celestine signaling the important piece of information.

ELLEN

I'd have it nailed shut in a minute. Happy to do it for you.

Annie's mood sours.

ANNIE

Do as you're told, dearie. The turf is stacked by the back door. The kettle is on the boil in the kitchen. I'll have me tea!

Ellen shuffles her chains to the back door.

ELLEN
Yes, Ma'am. Yes, Ma'am.

ANNIE
That's more like it!

Ellen exits the back door.

ELLEN (O.S.)
Glad to help.

Celestine tries to smile at Annie, but she is in real pain.

CELESTINE
Mrs. Doran, if I may. I was an orphan myself. Me uncle was kind enough to take me in after me Mum passed. Life is hard for orphans, Me uncle forced himself on me. I know what it's like to feel worthless in the eyes of God. I'd like to ask for a wee bit of ice for me knee.

ANNIE
Shush, you heathen pervert, or I'll bust the other one. You'll need more ice when you're supping with the Devil.

Annie threatens Celestine with the rifle butt but doesn't strike her.

Riley holds his knee and cringes.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
You'll both be gone soon when me brother returns.

They all hear a blood-curdling scream from the side of the house.

A moment later, they hear Ellen slam the back door and hobble into the parlor. Her face is white with fright.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
What is it, dearie?

ELLEN
It's your brother! He looks dead.
Lying on the side of the cottage.

Annie is more angry than sad.

ANNIE

Sure, he's drunk again. This time,
I've had it. Drag him to the cross
out front. Now!

ELLEN

I shook him, but he's too heavy to
drag. I can't do it alone.

ANNIE

Fine then.

Annie paces with the shotgun.

ELLEN

Can't just leave him there!

ANNIE

I know.

(beat)

The Devil and me will teach him a
lesson again.

Annie angrily throws the keys to Ellen.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I suppose the turf and the tea will
have to wait then!

ELLEN

Sorry about your brother.

ANNIE

He'll be sorrier, in time. Unlock
your ankles, and lock yourself to
the bleedin' atheist's other ankle.
When that's done, unlock his chain
to the foul-mouthed heathen
pervert. She'll not be dancing on
that leg for a while!

Celestine looks away, biting her lip.

ELLEN

But Riley's knee is hurt too.

ANNIE

He'll manage. If'n he tries to run,
I'll shoot ye both.

Ellen completes the task and helps Riley to stand. Annie
cocks the shotgun.

RILEY

I won't run. I can barely walk.

He limps with Ellen a few steps.

ANNIE

Now get me brother to the cross for
a little drying out period. I'll
fetch me rope from the barn and
meet you at the cross.

Ellen leads Riley out the back door.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

It's cold and muddy, but not raining. Seamus lays against the
side of the house, drunk as a skunk, grunting like a pig in
the mud.

Ellen and Riley whisper as Annie heads to the barn.

RILEY

Make a run for it?

ANNIE

Can't outrun a shotgun. Look around
for his footprints. Which way is
the pub?

They lift the drunken man and search the mud. There are
footprints in every direction, and they zig-zag across each
other in the mud.

RILEY

Damn drunk!

ANNIE

Let's walk him. Wake him up more,
and get him to talk.

They struggle to pick up Seamus and walk him toward the front
of the cottage.

They see Annie emerging from the barn with the shotgun and
bundle of rope. Ellen whispers to Seamus.

ELLEN

I'm awfully parched. Could use a
pint. Which way to the pub?

There is no response from Seamus.

RILEY

I'll buy you pints all night. What direction is the pub?

ELLEN

Tell us, Mr. Doran! Tell us!

Annie stands behind them with a shotgun cocked.

ANNIE

Hasn't spoken a word since the Far Darrig left me the changeling, over sixty years ago! He'll dry out by sunset!

ELLEN

What will you do to him?

ANNIE

Tie him to the cross. It's his only chance for salvation.

LATER

Seamus is tied to the cross with ropes around his arms, waist, and legs. He's out cold.

ELLEN

How long will you let him hang there?

ANNIE

'Til he learns his lesson.

(beat)

Again! Now, back inside with ye, and take some turf for me tea.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Annie sits on one couch, with the shotgun across her lap, and a hot cup of tea in her hand. The turf fire in the hearth is lovely. Annie looks into the fire with a strange smile.

ANNIE

This is how it should be. Content with me cup of tea, enjoying a nice fire. Like a family.

RILEY

Families aren't held prisoners at gunpoint.

Annie glared at Riley.

ELLEN

What he means is that we'd all be a bit more comfortable without these chains on, Annie. Surely you can see that?

Annie stares into the fire and tells a sad story.

ANNIE

Me brother and me been here since coming into the world. Mum had me brother first, and they treated him horribly.

ELLEN

That's awful.

ANNIE

Wasn't the Church's fault.

ELLEN

We know. We know.

ANNIE

The Sisters tried to give 'em redemption, is all.

ELLEN

Then you came along.

ANNIE

That's the strange thing.

Celestine snickers.

CELESTINE

Not the only strange thing.

Annie glares at Celestine, and then Annie looks into the fire and continues.

ANNIE

Me mum was surrounded by Sisters, Mums, and children, but two years later she gave birth to me. Explain that?

CELESTINE

Priest visit once a week to hear confessions?

Annie stands, grabs the shotgun, and sends the butt into Celestine's stomach. She collapses in pain.

ANNIE

No servant of God would do such a thing! The Sisters said I was the Devil's child.

ELLEN

What a terrible thing to say.

ANNIE

I was treated worse than the lot.

RILEY

No child deserves that.

Annie turns to see the sincerity in Riley's face, but she turns defensive anyway.

ANNIE

Suppose you had it worse, then?

RILEY

No. I had it easy. Both parents worked, but we made the most of our time together: reading, going to museums, checking out historical monuments, and picnics in Central Park.

(beat)

I couldn't imagine a life like yours 'til this trip.

Annie glares at Riley suspiciously.

ANNIE

(to Riley)

Don't believe you. No darkie atheist had it better than me.

(stares into the fire)

I ate plenty. Learned to clean, wash, and iron by four. T'was a fine life 'til the Sisters left.

ELLEN

When was that?

Tears form in Annie's eyes.

ANNIE

Sixty-three years ago. I was twelve. The IRA made this a war zone. The mine closed. Down. No work, no people. No cleaning. No ironing to be done.

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

The Sisters were called back to Dublin for their own safety. The cottage was deserted.

ELLEN

Deserted.

ANNIE

Me and me brother, only ones who stayed. Nowhere else to go.

Annie wipes away her tears and turns angry.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Wasn't that a nice stroll down memory lane?

Annie cocks the shotgun and aims it at Celestine.

ELLEN

What will you do to us, Annie?

Before Annie can answer, they all hear a high-pitched scream from off in the distance.

Annie is frightfully scared.

ANNIE

T'was the Banshee for sure!

Annie lowers the shotgun.

ELLEN

The Banshee? Calling the Death Coach?

ANNIE

I don't have to shoot ye, dearie.

They hear loud GRUNTING from Seamus on the cross.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Must be me brother that time. I'll cut him down. You stay put.

Annie limps to the kitchen.

Ellen and Riley listen and count steps. They hear her stop.

Ellen signals to Riley with seven fingers.

Annie returns with a butcher knife and limps past her captives holding the knife, but no shotgun.

Annie puts on rubber boots, and heads outside where it is already as dark as coal.

ELLEN

Seven steps. We have to get that gun!

Ellen slowly helps Celestine stand up. She tries to hide her pain, but moans anyway. Time is ticking.

Riley, in the lead, takes a step and waits for Ellen and Celestine to take a step.

Celestine winces in pain.

Riley takes another step and another.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Too slow. We have to carry her.

Ellen and Riley position themselves to carry Celestine, who falls toward Riley and Ellen, who struggle to carry Celestine and walk with the chains.

They get two more steps when Annie appears, wielding the butcher knife.

ANNIE

Going somewhere?

CELESTINE

They were kind enough to lift me to the toilet.

ANNIE

I see. Turn yourself around now. There'll be no toilet for a heathen pervert.

Seamus stumbles in, hungover.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Those be the ones who strung you to the cross, me brother!

Seamus grunts as he stares at each of the captives.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Brother, sit here and hold the knife on them.

(beat)

Don't let the thieving little Devils talk!

Annie gets Seamus seated as he grunts through a bad hangover.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
I'll get your supper cooked, I
will.

Annie limps to the kitchen and makes an awful racket with pots and pans.

Ellen whispers to Seamus, who has trouble keeping his eyes open.

ELLEN
It's not as it seems.

Seamus develops eye contact with Ellen, but it's fleeting.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
We're guests in Ireland from
America on holiday is all. We mean
no harm.

ANNIE (O.S.)
No talking in there. I warned ye.
There will be no supper for ye.

Ellen is undeterred, but she whispers more quietly.

ELLEN
We just want to go back to Dublin.
We won't say a word. Help us,
please.

Annie peeks around the corner with the shotgun held high.

ANNIE
I said no talking!

Ellen turns away.

Annie returns to the kitchen.

Seamus looks sleepier.

Riley points to his lock and chain.

RILEY
We just want to go. The keys. We
need the keys.

Riley motions an imaginary key and lock.

RILEY (CONT'D)
You know, the keys.

CELESTINE
I'm a Dubliner. I've got to get
back to me sick Ma!

Annie limps in with a vengeance and shakes the shotgun.

Seamus pays little mind to the goings-on.

ANNIE
I hear the little foul-mouthed
heathen and pervert.

CELESTINE
Just clearing me throat!

ANNIE
Seamus, did she tell ye she likes
women?

Seamus's eyes open widely.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
And that she was a foul-mouthed
Dubliner, probably a Protestant!

Annie takes the butcher knife from Seamus, hands him the
shotgun, and slices Celestine's cheek with the knife.

CELESTINE
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I'm as
Catholic as the Pope!

Annie spins and turns to limp back to the kitchen. Riley rips
his t-shirt for a bandage for Celestine, who rips it out of
his hand and applies it to her face.

Celestine whispers to Riley.

CELESTINE (CONT'D)
Thanks, Riley.

Celestine offers a weak smile. Riley smiles back.

RILEY
We'll get you out of this.

Seamus weakly eyes the three captives.

Ellen eyes the shotgun, as she whispers to Seamus, who is all
but sleeping.

ELLEN
We need your help.

Annie returns with a fine potato stew and three steaming rolls.

Seamus smiles as he takes the bowl.

Annie gives a roll to Seamus and Ellen, and she leaves one for the Man of Hunger.

Riley and Celestine glare at Annie.

ANNIE

And one for Fear Gorta, the Man of
Hunger. I'll take me supper in me
room.

Annie limps away, but she departs with a warning.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

We all heard the Banshee tonight.
With ye chained together the Cóiiste
Bodhar will have to take you all.

Seamus's eyes open widely as Annie limps away.

ANNIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

That's right! The Cóiiste Bodhar!

Seamus sits up in fear; his hands shake around the shotgun.

Ellen takes a bite of the roll and passes it to Riley, who
takes a bite and passes it to Celestine.

Ellen whispers to Seamus.

ELLEN

You heard the Banshee, too.
(beat)
You know it's unfair to have us
chained together. Three people
chained together might be far more
difficult for the driver of the
Cóiiste Bodhar to pick up. He might
go after easier prey, like an
elderly man or woman!

Seamus's eyes open wider than ever. He's awake and agitated.
The barrel of the shotgun moves back and forth.

He gulps down his stew looking like he's considering his
options.

Riley makes a tactical error by grabbing the hot-buttered
roll left for the Man of Hunger.

Seamus stands and backs up.

Riley takes a bite and hands it to Celestine, who takes a bite and then hands it to Ellen.

Ellen seeing this upset Seamus, puts the last bite back down for the Man of Hunger.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Think we crossed a line.

Seamus uses the shotgun to force the captives to stand.

Riley helps Celestine.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
We're sorry about the food left for
Fear Gorta. They didn't mean it!

CELESTINE
He's gonna kill us and be done with
it!

RILEY
It was a goddamn supper roll!

ELLEN
(angry at Riley)
It was five hundred years of
superstition!

Seamus guides them to the front door.

He forces Celestine and Riley out of the front door and motions them to sit down. They comply.

Then Seamus shuts and locks the door with Ellen on the inside, and forces Ellen to sit down. The chain is under the locked door. The captives are stuck.

Seamus limps through the cottage and out the back door.

Ellen leans down to the bottom of the door and whispers.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry.

RILEY (O.S.)
My bad. I ate the roll.

CELESTINE (O.S.)
Me too. Sorry. But I'm fuken'
freezing more than I'm sorry.

RILEY (O.S.)
What do we do now?

ELLEN
Survive the night, and show them
all this Banshee and Death Coach
nonsense is just that!

RILEY (O.S.)
If we don't freeze to death first!

LATER

The turf fire burns down in the hearth. Ellen is asleep.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Riley cuddles Celestine to keep her warm.

Both are asleep, as a shadowy figure approaches with the aid of a torch (flashlight). It's a large elderly, overweight policeman with a three-day beard, OFFICE PADDY (61) in full uniform, with a large overcoat and rubber boots sneaking up to them.

He pulls out a deadly-looking nightstick, taps Riley on the shoulder, and shines the flashlight in his eyes. Riley is slow to wake, but when he sees the flashlight, and the outline of a policeman. He is overcome with joy.

He shakes Celestine, who is equally excited. Officer Paddy stutters when he speaks, and he speaks slowly, but he's far from dumb.

OFFICER PADDY
I'm Officer P-P-Paddy, I am.

Riley holds a finger to his lips to signify the need for quiet.

RILEY
These two people here kidnapped us
and chained our legs. They've beat
us and cut us.

Riley lifts his chained foot, and Officer Paddy inspects the lock with the aid of his flashlight.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I'm Riley Jamaine, from America. My girlfriend, Ellen Rorke, is chained to us on the other side of the door.

Officer Paddy pokes Celestine.

OFFICER PADDY

And y-y-you?

CELESTINE

I'm Celestine O'Malley, taxi driver from Dublin. Me motor car is stuck in the mud. They crushed my knee and cut me face. Get me the bleedin' hell out of here!

RILEY

They gotta shotguns and knives. Old man, and old lady, 'bout seventy-five.

OFFICER PADDY

Hold on n-n-now. I'll take me a l-l-look around.

RILEY

Shouldn't you call for backup?

Officer Paddy turns angry, shining his flashlight alternately in the eyes of Riley and Celestine.

OFFICER PADDY

I'll d-d-do me own police work, Yank!

CELESTINE

Make sure Ellen on the other side of the door is grand.

OFFICER PADDY

I've seen this k-k-kinda thing before, don't ya know.

RILEY

The old man sleeps in the barn out back.

Officer Paddy shrugs.

OFFICER PADDY

D-D-Does he now?

CELESTINE
And she sleeps in the house.

OFFICER PADDY
I s-s-see.

RILEY
All the evidence you need is in the
drawer beneath the coffee table.

Officer Paddy turns more alert and aggressive, wielding his
nightstick like a weapon of doom, while shining his
flashlight in their eyes.

CELESTINE
It's how the two of them went
fuk'en' crazy in the head.

OFFICER PADDY
Drawer underneath the c-c-coffee
table, you say?

RILEY
Old photos. A logbook. Terrible
things have happened here!

CELESTINE
All the proof in the bloody world
is right there! See for yourself.

Officer Paddy pauses to think.

Now, it's Riley who sounds crazy as Officer Paddy shines the
flashlight in Riley's terrified eyes.

RILEY
No small wonder they went crazy!
There's the cradle upstairs,
rocking all the time. Ellen hears
the cries of babies and small
children all around the place.
(more scared)
And everyone claimed to hear the
screams of the Banshee tonight as
if some mythical Death Coach is on
its way. And, of course, since
we're chained together, and the
gate on the road is locked, the
silly Death Coach has to take all
of us. Ridiculous!

Celestine argues with Riley. She gets the flashlight in her
eyes.

CELESTINE

(yells)

It has to stop here, ya bloody moron Yank! The C  iste Bodhar is coming for certain tonight! You've got to get this fuken' chain off me, so it just takes the darkie!

The yelling awakens Ellen who joins in the conversation. She whispers.

ELLEN (O.S.)

Who's there with you, Riley? Better whisper or you'll get us all shot!

Officer Paddy's flashlight traces the chain under the doorway.

RILEY

(whispers to Ellen)

It's a policeman. We're going to be okay!

(yells at Celestine)

You're as crazy as they are! All these superstitions have got to end!

(to Officer Paddy)

Check the drawer beneath the coffee table. There's the reason for all of this lunacy!

Officer Paddy spins his nightstick like a pro.

OFFICER PADDY

Drawer underneath the c-c-coffee table, you s-s-say?

Officer Paddy sneaks around the side of the cottage. Celestine whispers in disgust to Riley.

CELESTINE

Not the brightest candle in the church.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Ellen hears the back door creak open and sees the beam of a flashlight heading to the parlor.

She makes out the general outline of a policeman and breathes a sigh of relief.

Officer Paddy shines his flashlight on the bottom of his chin and holds a finger to his lips to request silence.

He shines the flashlight at Ellen and holds it on her for an uncomfortably long period. She looks terrified and points to her chained foot.

Officer Paddy turns the light on the coffee table, sits on the couch, and opens the drawer, which squeaks when he opens it.

He slowly inspects its contents. He sees a photo of a group of women, babies, and small children.

He tosses it down on the table and opens the logbook.

He hears whispering from outside the front door.

RILEY (O.S.)

Thank God, we're gonna be okay.

CELESTINE (O.S.)

Get me out of here!

Officer Paddy shines the light on Ellen, who is frightened and quiet. Ellen whispers to Officer Paddy.

ELLEN

I'm Ellen Rorke, an American. Annie Doran in the bedroom has a shotgun and the keys to these locks on our feet. We need your help!

OFFICER PADDY

I'm Office P-P-Paddy.

Officer Paddy again shines his flashlight on the bottom of his chin and holds a finger to his lips to request silence.

He looks at another old photograph from the drawer, then angrily tosses it back.

He pauses before picking up a private note "To Seamus and Annie" and "Love Always, Mum." It's a suicide note. Officer Paddy freezes stiffly. Ellen whispers again.

ELLEN

Her brother, Seamus, sleeps in the barn. You've got to get us out of here.

(beat)

Now!

Officer Paddy slowly looks around the room with his flashlight. He returns the suicide note to the drawer and shuts it.

CELESTINE (O.S.)
Get me the bloody hell outta here!

ELLEN
She keeps the keys in her bedroom.
Hurry!

Officer Paddy shines his flashlight in Ellen's eyes for an uncomfortably long time.

RILEY (O.S.)
Do something, damnit!

The last comment spurs Officer Paddy into immediate action. He sneaks into Annie's bedroom (O.S.) and exits the cottage via the back door.

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Officer Paddy returns to the front door.

He holds his flashlight to his chin to show his finger against his lip to indicate silence.

He shows the keys in the light of the flashlight and hands the taxi key to Celestine.

OFFICER PADDY
Too m-m-muddy to drive yet. Hold on to it.

CELESTINE
Just get me chains off...

Officer Paddy points his nightstick at her.

OFFICER PADDY
In d-d-due time. Do ya not think I know what I'm d-d-doing? First, I'm going to p-p-point this man toward the pub to get help. They have w-w-weapons.

RILEY
Why didn't you take her shotgun?

OFFICER PADDY
She didn't have it. He m-m-must.
Let me handle th-th-things.

CELESTINE
Where's your police car?

OFFICER PADDY
Stuck in the m-m-mud, like
everything here!

Officer Paddy unlocks Riley. He whispers to Ellen.

RILEY
Officer Paddy is sending me for
help. Stay strong. We're almost out
of this!

Officer Paddy helps Riley up and motions him to follow. They
are soon out of sight.

LATER

Officer Paddy returns with the flashlight.

He's about to the front door, a meter from Celestine, when he
slides the keys into his back pocket, just as Annie steps out
from the side of the cottage with a shotgun aimed at Officer
Paddy's face.

CELESTINE
Shite!

ANNIE
Shut up, ya little heathen pervert.
(to Officer Paddy)
Where did the bleedin' atheist go?

Officer Paddy doesn't answer. Annie cocks the shotgun.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Don't be a martyr, now. Where'd he
go?

Officer Paddy studies Annie, but he doesn't say a word.

Annie cocks the shotgun and shoves it in his face.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
I said, where'd he go?

Officer Paddy tries to formulate words, but he can't. He
mumbles (much like Seamus mumbles) unintelligibly.

OFFICER PADDY
Hummm, grrrrr, engggg, smmmmm.

ANNIE

Off to the barn, with ye. Me
brother will know what to do with
ya!

CELESTINE

Shite! What about me, then?

ELLEN (O.S.)

Riley will save us! He'll find a
phone, call in more police, and
they'll be sorry!

CELESTINE

He'll get himself lost, stuck in
the bog, and he'll be dead by
morning. The Banshee called for him
-- the bleedin' non-believer Yank!
(beat, sadly)
And I was just getting to like him.

ELLEN (O.S.)

No, he'll save us! I know him!

Annie starts marching Officer Paddy behind the cottage. As
she departs, her voice sounds slow and ominous.

ANNIE

Some cursed as eejits.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Just outside the barn, Annie limps behind Officer Paddy with
a shotgun.

Annie yells to Seamus who is sleeping in the corner on hay.

ANNIE

Worthless brother of mine, bring us
some rope and me butcher knife.

Seamus exits the barn with rope.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Hog-tie him then, 'til I figure out
what to do with him.

Seamus ties up Officer Paddy, staring at the police uniform.

Seamus finally looks at Officer Paddy's face, and pauses,
before he continues testing his knots.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Now, go fetch me butcher knife
inside. And kill that talker,
Ellen, while you're doing nothin'
worthwhile! Run along.

Annie stands over Officer Paddy as Seamus slowly limps to the cottage.

Seamus turns several times to glare at Annie.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Ellen assesses her hopeless situation.

She pulls more chain under the door to allow herself the freedom to stand. This startles Celestine on the other side of the door.

CELESTINE (O.S.)
What the bloody hell?

Celestine sees a fire poker in the corner by the registration desk.

She stretches, but can't reach it. Ellen whispers.

ELLEN
Whisper, you idiot! I need more
slack. I may be able to reach a
fire poker.

Ellen hears Celestine's chain rattle as she re-positions herself.

Ellen pulls more chain through the underside of the door, but still can't reach the fire poker.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
I need more.

CELESTINE (O.S.)
I'd have to cut off me bleedin'
foot!

ELLEN
Don't you have a car key?

CELESTINE (O.S.)
I'm not going to cut off me foot
with a car key! Are you fuken'
mental?

ELLEN

Take off your shoe and sock, and
use the key as a shoehorn!

CELESTINE (O.S.)

A bleeding shoehorn? Are you
serious?

ELLEN

Dead serious! Hurry!

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Celestine removes her shoe and sock, but the task looks
impossible. The chain is tight around the lower ankle, and
the bones of the ankle and foot form an "L" that won't budge.

CELESTINE

It won't bloody work!

ELLEN (O.S.)

It's got to work! Pull the chain
off! Use your key like a shoehorn.

Celestine tries but fails.

Ellen can hear her cries of pain.

CELESTINE

No way!

ELLEN (O.S.)

Put mud around your heel and try
again.

Ellen adds mud to her foot. The chain doesn't budge.

ELLEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The heel is more flexible than you
realize!

CELESTINE

Shut your fuken' pie-hole. It's not
working!

ELLEN (O.S.)

Give it a real sharp tug!

Celestine gives a mighty tug on her ankle chain while using
her key as a shoehorn, and the chain slips off.

CELESTINE

I did it. I fuken' did it.

ELLEN (O.S.)
Go get help. Your taxi is still in the mud. That means you'll have to walk.

CELESTINE
Walk? I can barely stand.

ELLEN (O.S.)
Our lives depend on you! Head the way Riley went! Go! Go!

CELESTINE
I love ya dearly, Ellen. But that C  iste Bodhar is coming here for someone tonight, and it isn't me. I'll send back help if I can. Stay alive, Darling!

Celestine limps off in the mud in the direction of the pub.

We see her unique trail in the mud: a step, and a straight trench where she drags her foot.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Ellen quickly pulls more chain under the door, but it stops when it hits the lock.

Ellen tries to reach the fire poker, but it's just out of reach. She sees the hook of the poker and gets an idea.

She removes her bra and makes a loop with it. But before she can loop it, she hears the back door creak open.

She hides her bra under her shirt and hurries back to the door, when Seamus comes in holding the butcher knife. Ellen tries to smile.

ELLEN
Mr. Doran, I need your help.

Seamus checks Ellen's chain to see that it's secure.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry for the life you've been forced to live.

Seamus looks puzzled.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
It's all right there in the drawer under the coffee table.

Ellen points at the table.

Seamus is curious.

He limps over to the table, sits on the couch, opens the drawer, and examines its contents.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

No one blames you for the history
of this cottage. Unwed mothers
needed a safe home. I'm sure your
mum is in heaven.

Seamus examines a particular family photo: Young Annie (14) holding a toddler, Annie's and Seamus's mum (30), and Young Seamus (16) standing two meters behind them and looking slightly away from the camera).

His hands shake. Tears form in his eyes as he reads his mum's suicide note.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry for you all.

Seamus walks over to the fire poker by the registration desk, picks it up, and limps over to Ellen, who screams.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Ahhhhh!

Seamus hits her over the head with the fire poker, and she keels over, but she's still conscious.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Looking into the old barn from outside, we see Officer Paddy pleading with Annie. His hands and legs are tied with rope.

OFFICER PADDY

I saw ye M-M-M-Mum's suicide note
in the coffee t-t-table drawer.

Annie points the shotgun at Officer Paddy's throat.

ANNIE

That drawer's been nailed shut for
fifty-seven years. Nothing that
concerns you.

OFFICER PADDY

You can't k-k-kidnap tourists. Bad
for b-b-business.

ANNIE
They owed me money.

OFFICER PADDY
It's still k-k-kidnapping!

ANNIE
Not my worst sin.

Officer Paddy looks away.

OFFICER PADDY
I know w-w-what your brother did to
you.

Annie turns away.

ANNIE
I never forgave him for that.

OFFICER PADDY
Your m-m-mum never f-f-forgave him.

ANNIE
Mortal sins. He'll rot in Hell.

OFFICER PADDY
N-N-Not if he r-r-repents in full c-
c-confession. In the ch-ch-church.

Annie paces angrily.

ANNIE
Him? Dancing in Heaven, while I'm
left with the burdens of Hell on
earth?

OFFICER PADDY
If I a-a-arrest him, he'll be in a
warm, c-c-comfortable cell 'til his
dying d-d-days. Maybe he should pay
for his sins t-t-tonight.

ANNIE
Shoot him? Is that it?

OFFICER PADDY
Ahhh! But shootings too g-g-good
for him, n-n-now isn't it? And once
he's g-g-gone, all your t-t-
troubles will be over.

Annie stops pacing.

She smiles serenely, as Seamus limps up with the butcher knife.

Annie rips the knife from Seamus's hands and cuts the ropes off Officer Paddy.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Celestine curses in pain as she drags her leg down a muddy road. The bogs are all around her.

She sees a shoe sticking out of the bog and limps over to investigate.

She walks up to, and immediately recognizes, Riley's limp body face-down in the bog. The back of his skull is covered with blood.

CELESTINE

Sweet Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! I was just getting to like ye, Riley Jamaine. You were as decent a man as I ever knew.

(beat)

You deserved better than becoming just another bog body.

(beat)

And this means Officer Paddy is a bleedin' killer!

(beat)

That means this isn't the way to the pub. It's the way into the fuken' bog and certain death!

(beat)

I've got to warn Ellen.

(beat)

I've got to save Ellen!

Celestine works through the pain to hurry back to the cottage following the trench she left as footprints.

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

It's dark in front of the cottage, and we can barely see Seamus tied on the Irish cross again. This time, there is a pile of dry turf placed around his feet, up to his knees.

Seamus grunts and complains unintelligibly.

Quietly, Annie and Officer Paddy add twigs and hay from the back of the house.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Ellen pulls her bra out and stretches the chain toward the fire poker. She struggles and struggles to reach the fire poker with her bra. She fails several times.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Dawn breaks. Seamus is surrounded by a large pile of turf, dry twigs, and hay from the barn.

Annie holds a four-liter can of petrol. Annie looks Seamus in the eyes.

ANNIE

Should've done this the night you
forced yourself on me.

Seamus looks up to the heavens.

OFFICER PADDY

Don't ya know, the c-c-courts would
have gone too easy on an old c-c-
cripple.

Seamus looks for pity in Officer Paddy's eyes but sees none.

The commotion outside brings Ellen's face to the window. Her face shows terror.

ANNIE

Officer Paddy is right. You robbed
me of my life, now I'm robbing you
of yours.

Annie pours on the petrol and lights the fuel.

Seamus surprises Annie by looking up to the Heavens and yelling.

SEAMUS

Bless me Father for I have sinned.
It's been fifty-six years since my
last confession.

We SEE Ellen's face in the window. She can't look away.

ANNIE

Stop him from confessing! He must
not die in a state of grace!

OFFICER PADDY

I c-c-can't. It's t-t-too hot!

SEAMUS

I forced myself on me sister when I
was a wee lad of fourteen.

ANNIE

Stop him, Lord save us, or I'll
fetch his shotgun!

Annie limps around the side of the house.

SEAMUS

The child was fine at first, but
didn't Far Darrig come in his red
cap and leave us a changeling?

We hear the taxi start up.

Celestine looks back in the rearview mirror to the horrible
sight, and Officer Paddy standing by with a grin on his face.

Celestine jams the taxi into reverse, and the wheels spin
harmlessly.

Office Paddy laughs as he takes his nightstick out, and
stomps toward the car. Everyone still hears Seamus scream, as
Annie returns with the shotgun.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

Our mum hung herself 'cause of me.
Forgive me, Lord!

The wheels of the taxi finally gain traction, and the taxi
accelerates toward Officer Paddy and Annie who is three
meters behind him.

Seamus screams.

Officer Paddy gets hit in the knee by the taxi but dives out
of the way.

Annie cocks the shotgun and shoots Seamus with one shot, then
blows out the back window with the second shot, killing
Celestine.

However, the taxi continues to run over Annie, who is crushed
by the taxi and dies.

Ellen steps to the side of the window.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

We hear Ellen in the kitchen cleaning dishes.

Officer Paddy is burning the contents of the drawer beneath the coffee table in a roaring turf fire in the hearth. His uniform shirt is untucked.

OFFICER PADDY

Supper was g-g-grand, Ellen, the
cuisle mo chroí, the pulse of me
heart.

ELLEN (O.S.)

Always loved cooking and cleaning,
Paddy.

OFFICER PADDY

When I found you c-c-conked out,
with your ankles in ch-ch-chains,
wasn't I s-s-surprised?

Officer Paddy tosses passports and identification papers for Ellen, Riley, and Celestine into the fire.

ELLEN (O.S.)

Indeed, so was I. But I feel good
that Riley and Celestine escaped.
It was kind of you to help Riley
find his way. I assume Celestine
followed his trail.

OFFICER PADDY

I'm sure she d-d-did.

We hear chains rattle as Ellen returns to the parlor.

The passports and documents are burned entirely.

We see Ellen's legs are chained with a meter-long chain and two locks. She wears her same workout suit but her running shoes and socks have been cleaned of mud.

ELLEN

I hope we can find the keys Mrs.
Doran had before she and Mr. Doran
killed each other. We all heard the
Banshee announcing the Death Coach.
How did you say it happened again?

OFFICER PADDY

I was t-t-tied up in the b-b-barn.
Didn't see a bleedin' th-th-thing.

ELLEN

They deserved it after how they
treated us, that's for sure!

OFFICER PADDY
R-R-Right about that, you are.

ELLEN
And you buried them behind the barn
because they'd never get a Catholic
burial?

OFFICER PADDY
Th-th-that's right.

ELLEN
Let me get us a bottle or two of
Jameson, and we'll give them a fine
Irish wake.

OFFICER PADDY
That'll be grand.

Ellen shuffles the chains to the kitchen.

ELLEN (O.S.)
And you said we can get my chains
cut off in Dublin tomorrow when we
bring back the taxi to Celestine?

OFFICER PADDY
Yes, my s-s-sweet!

Ellen returns with two bottles of whiskey and three glasses.
She sits on one couch; he sits opposite her.

She pours the three glasses.

OFFICER PADDY (CONT'D)
I see ye haven't f-f-forgotten Fear
Gorta, the Man of Hunger. S-S-
Sláinte!

ELLEN
Sláinte!

Ellen toasts the imaginary man.

Officer Paddy drinks his whiskey in one gulp. While he's
chugging, Ellen pours her drink in between the couch
cushions.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry we don't have a biscuit
for ya. He won't give you good
fortune tonight, will he?

OFFICER PADDY

M-M-Maybe! We'll have to s-s-see l-l-later.

(beat)

Will we t-t-toast the Dorans then?

ELLEN

Suppose we should. She gave you this nice cottage!

Ellen pours more whiskey.

OFFICER PADDY

S-S-Sláinte!

ELLEN

Sláinte!

Office Paddy tosses down a double, as Ellen discards her drink between the cushions again.

Ellen smiles.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

When was that exactly? When did the Dorans give you the cottage?

Officer Paddy twitches on the couch.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

With real estate prices going through the roof...

OFFICER PADDY

N-N-No electricity. N-N-Nothing but bogs for a dozen k-k-kilometers in every d-d-direction. We'll drink to good f-f-fortune.

Ellen pours another double for him, a single for her.

OFFICER PADDY (CONT'D)

S-S-Sláinte!

ELLEN

Sláinte!

Again, Office Paddy tosses down a double, as Ellen discards her drink between the cushions again.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I thought there was a pub less than an hour away, walking in the mud, no less. With a limp?

Office Paddy stands up. He's unsteady and angry. He feels his sore knee and yelps in pain.

OFFICER PADDY

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, you d-d-do
talk a l-l-lot, woman.

ELLEN

Sorry about your sore knee. Seems
to be a lot of those around here.

OFFICER PADDY

In the old days, when it was a
Mother and B-B-Baby Home, if the
children ran away and were caught,
or returned after failing to cross
the b-b-bog, they would bust one
kneecap with a sh-sh-shovel to
teach the little buggers a lesson.

ELLEN

That's awful!

OFFICER PADDY

Then they got half-rations 'cause
they c-c-couldn't w-w-work.

ELLEN

They could not have lasted long.

OFFICER PADDY

They d-d-didn't.

Officer Paddy turns angry, and raises his hand ready to swat Ellen, so she changes the subject.

ELLEN

Let's have a drink to your new
home, where no one will be harmed
ever again!

Ellen quickly pours two more drinks and raises her glass.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

To the future, not the past.
Sláinte!

Officer Paddy, settles down, chugs the whiskey, and collapses into the couch.

OFFICER PADDY

Sh-Sh-Shláinte!

Ellen studies the man for things she hasn't noticed before: his three-day beard is grey, the emblems and patches on his uniform shirt are slightly askew, and his muddy boots are still on his feet, with mud lines up almost to the top of the boots.

Officer Paddy's head is slumped down like he's drunk.

ELLEN

Must have taken Riley all the way
to the pub by the look of those
boots of yours.

Officer Paddy looks away.

Ellen pours another drink for him, but he covers the glass with his hand as if catching on to her game.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

We'll have one more drink for poor
Celestine O'Malley's rear window,
which shattered into tiny pieces by
the looks of it.

Officer Paddy gets defensive, and he's very drunk.

OFFICER PADDY

You saw her t-t-taxi?

Ellen stands, shuffles her chains to the window, and looks out.

ELLEN

Out the window, here. And I see
that white stone Irish cross looks
all black with soot.

Ellen shuffles back to the couch, as Officer Paddy stands, lifts one leg, and crushes the coffee table between them with one kick.

Ellen sees that the contents of the drawer are gone.

Officer Paddy grabs Ellen by the shoulders and pins her down on her couch.

OFFICER PADDY

S-S-Stop with the questions!

Officer Paddy slaps her across the face.

ELLEN

It was you who locked the gate the
first night.

(MORE)

ELLEN (CONT'D)

You probably came up here in the horse and cart we saw. That's why you've no police car! You're not a cop!

OFFICER PADDY

Grrrr. Sh-sh-shut up! I could have been a p-p-policeman. A g-g-grand one!

Officer Paddy slaps her across the face again.

ELLEN

It was you who opened the upstairs windows with a rake or something, causing the cradle to creak!

OFFICER PADDY

I've h-h-had it with you, ya t-t-talker!

Officer Paddy raises his arm to slap her, and she catches him off-balance and throws him off her. He hits the floor hard.

From underneath the cushion of the couch, Ellen produces a butcher knife.

They struggle, but Officer Paddy rips it from her hand and turns the knife on her.

Ellen turns and shuffles to the Registration Desk to grab the fire poker just as Officer Paddy charges at her with the knife.

Ellen takes a mighty swing and misses.

He lunges at her again. This time she swings and knocks the knife out of his hands.

Ellen slides under his outstretched arms, but he manages to remove the fire poker from her grasp.

Ellen shuffles upstairs to the loft, clanging all the way.

Officer Paddy tosses away the fire poker and drunkenly pursues her up the narrow staircase.

INT. COTTAGE LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Ellen is at the top of the staircase holding the cradle above her head.

ELLEN

It was you, screaming like the
Banshee, and making crying baby
sounds in the distance!

Office Paddy imitates a baby crying, then he screams like a
Banshee. He responds in an evil voice.

OFFICER PADDY

Like th-th-that?

ELLEN

Because it was your cradle. This
was an awful place! You had to run
away. How old were you, three-and-
half? Four?

She tosses the cradle at him and it shatters. One piece
catches his right eye, and it bleeds profusely.

OFFICER PADDY

How d-d-did you know?

ELLEN

The bog!

Ellen turns and shuffles to the tiny window.

She barely fits through it, and she hangs on the window
waiting for Officer Paddy to catch up to her.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

A boy older than that, heavier,
would sink in the peat bogs here.

Officer Paddy lunges at her arms, but she lets go and
shimmies down the thatched roof.

OFFICER PADDY

Ahhh! You're d-d-dead!

ELLEN

A boy of three-and-half to four
could glide on the top of the
tufts.

OFFICER PADDY

Like a f-f-feather in the wind, was
I. But you're still going to d-d-
die!

Officer Paddy retraces his steps down the stairs, while Ellen
makes her escape to the barn.

EXT./INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Ellen shuffles her chains toward the barn.

Officer Paddy swings open the back door of the cottage with the shotgun ready to fire.

He sees Ellen shuffling toward the barn, but there is blood in one of his eyes. He fires once and misses her.

Ellen shuffles away faster.

She hears a second shot, and the mud next to her right foot splatters, but she is unhurt.

Officer Paddy throws the shotgun aside and limps after Ellen.

Ellen shuffles faster through the mud and swings open the door.

She frantically looks for a weapon and sees a pitchfork by the hay.

She looks back to the cottage to see Officer Paddy stumbling toward the barn with an oil lamp. Blood covers one of his eyes.

Ellen shuffles over to the pitchfork. She sees there is no way out other than the front barn door.

She grabs the pitchfork and gets in a striking pose.

Officer Paddy sees Ellen and blocks the front door.

ELLEN

You had to return to punish your
parents for your tormented life,
but you don't have to punish me!

OFFICER PADDY

But, I d-d-do.

ELLEN

Why? Why do you have to punish me?

Officer Paddy shakes his head in disgust before closing and locking the door to the barn.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

What? What are you doing?

Ellen sees a flash of flames engulf the front door.

Ellen shuffles around the barn seeking an escape point. She yells as she looks.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Why do you have to punish me?

OFFICER PADDY (O.S.)
You'll tell p-p-people about us?

Ellen pauses to think. She yells angrily, as Celestine would.

ELLEN
About a child born out of wedlock?
(beat)
It happens all the time? So what if
it was a priest? I don't give a
shit!

Flames grow as Ellen panics.

OFFICER PADDY (O.S.)
But you'd t-t-tell people about us.

Ellen has an epiphany. She screams louder as the smoke gets heavy and the fire spreads.

ELLEN
Oh my God. That's why Seamus wasn't
allowed to sleep in your mother's
cottage! He was your father! You
were a child of incest!
(mumbles)
And birth defects.

Officer Paddy kicks in the barn door. Ellen sees him, and charges at him with the pitchfork.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
You're insane, you are!

Ellen lunges at Officer Paddy, who stumbles back so that the pitchfork pierces and sticks in his upper left hip. He falls on his back.

OFFICER PADDY
W-W-What'd you do that f-f-for,
Cousin?

Ellen stands beside him, staring with anger.

ELLEN
I'm not your bleedin' cousin.

OFFICER PADDY
F-F-Father O'Rourke! That was the
bloody b-b-bastard what knocked up
me grandma!

She plucks out the pitchfork, pauses, and holds it down on
Officer Paddy's throat.

ELLEN
Seventy-five years ago?

OFFICER PADDY
You wrote E-E-Ellen Rorke maybe
O'Rourke in the g-g-guestbook! I
saw the old records. Your g-g-great-
grandpa was a runaway, too! The
Cóisite Bodhar was w-w-waiting for
your return to even the s-s-score!

Ellen threatens to stab him again, but she pauses.

ELLEN
I see why my great-grandfather
changed his name when he got to
America!

Officer Paddy grabs the chain between Ellen's feet.

OFFICER PADDY
Can't k-k-kill your c-c-cousin, can
ye? We'll make love tonight then,
won't we, C-C-Cousin?

Officer Paddy pulls the chain, and Ellen falls flat on her
back in the mud, but she clings to the pitchfork.

Ellen leans up and threatens to strike Officer Paddy's face
with the pitchfork.

ELLEN
Keys? Where are the keys to my
locks?

OFFICER PADDY
In me p-p-pocket, Cousin.

Officer Paddy struggles to get up, but he can't, so he starts
to pull Ellen closer by the chain.

OFFICER PADDY (CONT'D)
I k-k-killed him, ya know. Your
boyfriend.

ELLEN
You killed Riley?

OFFICER PADDY
N-N-Night stick to the back of the head. Blood was all over the b-b-bog. They'll be d-d-digging him up a few hundred years from now!

ELLEN
There's no pub, is there? Seamus was visiting the widow O'Reagan every night!
(beat)
Until you killed her, too!

Officer Paddy pulls Ellen's chain closer.

OFFICER PADDY
You're t-t-too smart for ye own g-g-good!

Officer Paddy and Ellen freeze when they hear a blood-curdling scream.

Officer Paddy's face shows real terror for the first time all night!

ELLEN
The Death Coach is coming for one of us!

Ellen pulls back the pitchfork.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
But it won't be coming for me!

Ellen jabs the pitchfork into Office Paddy's neck, and blood gushes out.

Officer Patty gasps for air. He expires as dawn breaks, and as Ellen goes through his pants pockets for keys.

Officer Paddy's leg spasms for a second, and scares Ellen for a moment.

Ellen digs into another of Officer Paddy's pockets and finds the keys.

Ellen examines the keys. They're all there, along with the key to Celestine's taxi.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

The sun shines on the soot-covered Irish cross as Ellen exits the front door of the cottage. She carries the Registration Book with her. She is clean and washed, with a bounce in her step as she heads to the front of Celestine's car [we cannot see what's behind the car].

She tosses her small suitcase in the back seat, starts, up the car, and drives slowly around the Irish Cross. We now see that Officer Paddy's body is tied in a blanket and being dragged by the taxi.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Ellen drives the taxi toward the locked gate but stops short. She pauses and turns off the motor.

Ellen steps out and unties the rope connected to Officer Paddy's body.

She drags the body to the edge of the bog.

ELLEN

You've done many a single deed
deserving of Hell, but this is for
killing the only man I ever loved!

She gives the body a push, and it sinks in the bog. As she walks back to the taxi, she sings:

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Some are born bitter, some are born
sweet, some cursed as eejits, some
damned to think.

Ellen starts up the taxi with a tear in her eye.

A little further down the road, Ellen sees a muddy black man stumbling down the road, holding a bloody shirt to the back of his head. She's overcome with joy.

She speeds up, and slams on the brakes right behind him.

She hops out of the taxi and races to Riley.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Where are ya heading, gorgeous?

RILEY

Hospital first. Then, Cancun!

Ellen hugs him profusely, and cries.

ELLEN
I thought you were dead!
(beat)
But that means I...

Ellen looks back up the road.

RILEY
(interrupting)
You what?

ELLEN
Nothing, Riley.
(beat)
Did you scream really loud a couple
of hours ago?

RILEY
No, why?

ELLEN
Thought I heard something.

RILEY
Did you remember to keep that gate
unlocked?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Ellen unlocks the gate with the keys she got from Office
Paddy.

She drives the taxi through the gate.

She exits the taxi and locks the gate without thinking.

BACK TO:

EXT. TAXI - DAY

RILEY
If the gate's unlocked, there's
nothing to worry about, Right?

Ellen pauses. She smiles weakly.

ELLEN
Right!

RILEY
Are you sure it was nothing back
there?

Ellen helps Riley into the taxi.

ELLEN

We'll tell the police we were mugged, by a guy posing as a policeman.

RILEY

Ain't that the truth?

INT. TAXI - DAY

Ellen hops in the driver's seat, and they drive off.

ELLEN

We'll say that Celestine disappeared the same night, and so we're turning in her taxi.

Riley sounds unsure of himself.

RILEY

Right. Like heroes. They're bound to believe us. Right?

ELLEN

Why wouldn't they believe us? Then, the police will help us get temporary passports, and we'll be home in a few days.

RILEY

What's not to believe?

ELLEN

They gotta believe us! Assuming we can find Officer Paddy in the bog.

Riley looks over at Ellen with a worried look.

A little way down the road, two horses and a cart (without a driver) travel up the road.

Ellen and Riley turn and stare at the coach. Their eyes are convinced it's the Death Coach.

Ellen and Riley speed away!

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Do you want to know what really happened?

RILEY

Never!

They share a moment, and kiss, as a police car with sirens and lights heads up the hill coming for them.

DARK SCREEN

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

We see a female TV REPORTER (35) delivering a breaking story while showing unflattering photos of Ellen and Riley.

TV REPORTER

This just in. Two unidentified young adults claiming to be American are being held for the gruesome murders of four Irish nationals in the past three days, including Annie and Seamus Doran, innocent Bed and Breakfast owners, Dublin taxi driver, Celestine O'Malley, and a poor old widow, Bridget O'Reagan. All four bodies were found in a shallow grave behind the barn. Police have a logbook that places the Americans at the scene of the crime.

ROLL CREDITS

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Replay the opening scene. It's near sunset. We SEE a skinny Irish lad (4) in tattered blue shorts and a torn, dirty white shirt, running across the bog, like he was floating on air above the peat, despite the boy's heavy black mud boots.

We SEE the lad hop over Officer Paddy's body tied up in a blanket without a thought. We SEE the blanket TWITCH, and HEAR two horses NEIGH!

FADE OUT.

THE END