

WINGS OF THE GAEL
(A 2-hour TV Pilot in 6 Acts)

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. KILLALA BAY - DAY

Whitecaps thrash beneath a stiff Atlantic wind and crash on the rocky beach.

SEAGULLS wheel and scream overhead.

On the bluff, a GOSHAWK's bronze feathers glint in the sun. She surveys the rugged shoreline.

Predatory. Patient.

SUPER: COUNTY MAYO, IRELAND

OLD WOMAN (V.O.)
The British brought the Protestant
Ascendancy to impoverish us and
cruel Penal Laws to crush our soul.

The GOSHAWK SCREECHES

It launches, soaring above a tapestry of rolling green pastures, forests, streams – and large manicured estates – mocking small thatched cottages dotting the fields.

Smoke from coal furnaces drift up – grabs the Goshawk's attention. It dives – lands on a tree in the center of –

A VILLAGE MARKET

Her wings fold, her talons curl around a high branch, her eyes flicker – she scans the market chaos below.

A wiry young teen, O'SULLIVAN (15), leans against the tree – vigilant. His fingers twitch – his eyes sharp – and on alert.

Two SOLDIERS appear through the crowd and approach.

SOLDIER
(whispers)
O'Sullivan?

He nods – motions: follow me.

They cautiously follow a few meters behind – weaving between vendors' stalls.

The Goshawk turns her attention to a barefoot child, SAOIRSE O'NEIL (5), and watches her maneuver a wobbling cart of eggs past a table of mackerel warming in the sun.

The FISHMONGER dumps a bucket of fish guts into a gutter – inadvertently splashing fish slime across her skirts.

FISHMONGER

Watch where yer goin', girlie.

A well-heeled woman approaches – covers her nose – and with eyes averted – pushes past the distraught child.

The Goshawk's eyes flicker – turn back to O'Sullivan – now across the market edging towards a chicken vendor's stand.

He stops short – feigns interest in nearby vendor's produce.

The chicken vendor, BRIAN O'HARA (50s), yanks a thin, squawking bird from a cage – beckons a potential customer.

BRIAN

She'll stew fine, tonight, miss!

The WOMAN approaches – he grins. Success!

O'Sullivan locks eyes with the soldiers – cocks his head towards Brian – gestures: that's him.

They un-shoulder muskets. O'Sullivan urgently gestures "Wait!"

Saoirse bursts between the two stalls – her cart bouncing over the muddy puddles.

She stops in front of Brian's stall.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Yer late.

SAOIRSE

(fights tears)

Soldiers came to me house.

BRIAN

(shaken)

Not again?!

O'Sullivan listens – the woman shows sudden interest. Saoirse glances warily at the woman.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(panicked)

What did they want?!

SAOIRSE
(whimpers)
They took me Da away!

BRIAN
(softens)
Ah, lass. Let's pray to the holy
Mother that he comes home soon,
Saoirse – and God-willing – none
the worse for wear this time.

The woman, now bored – clears her throat – impatient. Brian
hesitates – then returns his attention to business.

Ignored, Saoirse's tears finally escape. Embarrassed, she
steels herself – unloads her eggs.

A SHOUT. Heads turn. REDCOATS escort an OFFICIAL through the
irritated crowd.

WOMAN
What now?

FISH MONGER
They'll never leave us be.

A burly Redcoat shoves past Saoirse.

LEAD SOLDIER
Move!

She stumbles – cart overturns.

CRACK! Eggs splat into the dirt.

Brian – disgusted, spits at soldier – then turns to Saoirse.

BRIAN
I'll not be payin' for those.

He returns to his customer – too late – she left. He watches
her stomp away and disappear between stalls.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Go on then – ya pompous wench!

Another soldier passes – seemingly embarrassed by his fellow
soldier, gives Saoirse a sympathetic nod but offers no help.

Brian angrily thrusts the chicken back into its cage.

O'Sullivan nods. The soldiers strike – quick – practiced.

They grab Brian – throw a bag over his head.

Saoirse whimpers – scampers behind a tree.

The soldiers drag Brian through the upset crowd – pass
O’Sullivan – slip a coin purse into his pocket – unnoticed.

He smiles – then sees Saoirse shaking behind the tree –
traumatized – sobbing – pee pooling around her feet.

Shame and conflict flicker across his face. Torn between her
trauma – and his family’s empty stomachs – he slinks away.

Redcoats help the Official onto a raised platform.

OFFICIAL

(Unfurls a parchment)

Hear ye! By edict of King George
the Third – Protector of the
Empire, Defender of the Faith.

The crowd hushes. Mothers rein in children. Some need a swat.
A one-armed man spits. Another shakes his fist. A baby wails.

Saoirse peeks out from behind the tree – swipes her tears
away – glares at the Official.

OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

The Irish tongue and color green, a
sign of defiance, are forbidden.

FISH MONGER

Ya can’t do that!

ONE-ARMED MAN

Does his nibs on the throne want us
to paint our fields red too.

OFFICIAL

Catholics are commanded to convert
to the Protestant faith and swear
allegiance to the Crown – or hang.

AN ANCIENT MAN

Never! Feck off!

MUSKETS RISE.

The Goshawk SCREECHES.

The Official – locks eyes with the bird. It launches –
disappears into darkening clouds.

THUNDER rumbles.

ACT ONE

INT. THE O'NEIL COTTAGE - DAY

Wind moans through the shutters. Outside noise creeps in.
Barking dogs – a crowing rooster – clucking chickens.

A steaming cauldron bubbles over a rock-encircled peat fire –
it's flames creating flickering shadows on the walls.

SUPER: "TWENTY YEARS LATER"

Saoirse, now 25, sits cross-legged and barefoot on the
earthen floor, braiding a child's wet hair.

CARA (5) seated in Saoirse's lap, plays with a rag doll with
button eyes and a red wool mouth.

COLLEEN O'NEIL (40s), thin, gaunt and pale, lifts steaming
potatoes from the cauldron and cuts them into pieces.

PADRAIC O'NEIL (40s) sits on a small stool whittling a piece
of wood while whistling a tune and tapping a foot.

Colleen turns her head – coughs into her elbow.

Padraic sneaks a potato from the pot – pops it into his
mouth. He YELPS and fans his burning mouth.

PADRAIC
(Sputters)
Jesus Christ!

Cara covers her mouth – bursts out in giggles.

COLLEEN
Padraic! Language!

PADRAIC
Couldn't help meself, Colleen. It's
hotter than the devil's arse!

She stifles a laugh – smacks his shoulder. He flops off the
stool – groans – sneaks a wink at Cara.

CARA
(laughs)
Oh, Granddad!

Saoirse shakes her head – smiles.

A THUNDERCLAP shakes the walls and thatched roof.

COLLEEN

Storm's coming. Best get a move on.

CARA

Promise ye'll be home for me
birthday, Mammy?

SAOIRSE

Cross my heart, pigeon.

CARA

Will they let Da come home?

Saoirse's hands pause, mid-braid - she fights back tears.

Colleen drops a potato - looks at Saoirse - sympathetic.

Padraic stops whistling - lowers his head. His face heavy,
knowing they'll never let Saoirse's husband return alive.

SAOIRSE

(softly)

Don't know, pigeon. Now let me up.

Cara jumps up. Saoirse stands - gathers her things.

SAOIRSE

Lady Ellen and Captain Tredwell's
engagement party is tonight.

PADRAIC

Tredwell? Mike's boy, David?

Saoirse shrugs - continues her preparations.

PADRAIC

Colleen, ye and Maddie were friends
- didn't they move to London after
they lost their land?

COLLEEN

Aye, many years have past, Paddy.

Saoirse wraps a potato in cloth - shoves it in her pocket.

SAOIRSE

I can't be late today. Lord
Crofton's been in an ugly mood.

PADRAIC

Be careful of that one.

SAOIRSE

He seems fine. Normally pleasant.

PADRAIC

He's an Englishman – as wicked as
the best of 'em. Don't be fooled.

SAOIRSE

I've been there a week and the old
man doesn't even know I exist. Ye
just worry too much about them, Da.

PADRAIC

And ye too little, Saoirse. Keep
yer wits about.

CARA

Mammy?

SAOIRSE

Yer upsetting Cara – for no reason.

COLLEEN

Leave her be, Paddy.

Colleen pours cream over a bowl of potatoes – sprinkles a
layer of salt – hands Padraic the bowl.

COLLEEN

Eat before it gets cold, love.

She wraps her arm around Saoirse – walks her to the door.

COLLEEN

(Softly)

His nightmares are back.

SAOIRSE

Aye. I hear him at night. But I
know to be careful, Mammy. I do –
I'll be fine.

Casa grabs Saoirse's skirt – whimpers.

CARA

Promise?

SAOIRSE

(laughs, winks – whispers)

Aye. Granddad's just a worrier.

She scoops her up – smothers the giggling child with kisses.

SAOIRSE

Now don't forget to say yer
prayers, do yer chores and promise
to help Nan and Granddad.

CARA
I promise, Mammy!

Saoirse grabs her shawl from a hook on the wall – pauses – hugs her mother tight – turns to Padraic.

SAOIRSE
Please don't worry, Da.

She winks at Cara – wraps her shawl around her shoulders – steps into the brewing storm. Padraic stares into the fire – haunted – rubbing his temples.

COLLEEN
(massages his shoulders)
She'll be fine, Paddy. Now eat
before it gets cold, love.

INT. CROFTON HOUSE – KITCHEN

MAIRE (50s), a scullery woman worn by years of hard labor, scrubs the stone floor. She flings a soapy rag into a bucket – groans – stretches her aching back.

FOOTSTEPS CLATTER down the back stairwell.

MAIRE
Quiet down! Ye'll wake the dead!

Saoirse bursts through the stairwell entrance – dashes across the soapy floor – slips and – CRASH – slams into the counter.

MAIRE
What in the name of –

Saoirse scrambles up – hysterical. Maire's face darkens at her cut lip, torn, bloody apron.

MAIRE
(struggles up)
Sweet, Jesus, tell me he's not done
it again! Saoirse, I warned ya to –

SAOIRSE
I – he – I begged him to stop – but
he wouldn't stop! I swear I meant
the man no harm!

A WOMAN'S ANGUISHED MUFFLED SCREAM echoes from upstairs.

They freeze – eyes lock on the back stairwell. Maire crosses herself – breath heavy – labored.

MAIRE

Run, Saoirse! Don't look back!

Saoirse hesitates – Maire rushes her to the door.

MAIRE

GO!

Saoirse grabs her shawl from a hook – bolts outside. Maire gripping the doorframe – watches her head into the storm.

MAIRE

(whispers)

God speed, child.

She shuts the door – presses her back against it – clenches her eyes tight. Running BOOTS POUND across a wooden hallway. Her eyes flick upward. She hesitates – then pushes off.

MAIRE

Coming, milady!

INT. LORD CROFTON'S BEDROOM – CONTINUOUS

Sprawled face-down on the floor – his trousers bunched at the knees – blood pooling under his head – a bloodied, shattered whiskey decanter nearby – is LORD CROFTON (80).

LADY ELLEN (30s), disheveled – frantic – shakes him.

LADY ELLEN

Papa! NO! PAPA! Oh God, please, no!

TREDWELL, a uniformed British Officer, drops beside her – rolls Crofton over – presses fingers to the man's throat.

TREDWELL

I'm sorry, darling. He's –

LADY ELLEN

Nooo! PAPA!

Racked with grief, she cradles her father's body – tears cascade down her face.

Tredwell pries open Crofton's bloodied fist – removes a tangled clump of long red hair.

Maire stumbles into the room – stiffens. Her hands fly to her mouth – her legs buckle – she grabs the doorframe.

TREDWELL

Where's the chambermaid?

LADY ELLEN
She won't tell you! These Irish
slatterns are thick as thieves.
Every one – liars! WHORES!

Tredwell shoves past Maire – storms out yelling.

TREDWELL
Prepare my horse! Four men with me!

UNSEEN MAN (O.C.)
You heard the Captain! You four!
Grab your weapons!

Lady Ellen pulls a handkerchief from her bodice – gently
wipes the blood from her father's face. Her voice trembles –
childlike – yet sharp with promise.

LADY ELLEN
That papist whore will pay, Papa.
I swear it! They all will.

INT. O'NEIL COTTAGE – NIGHT

It's quiet. Peaceful. Serene. Soft rain taps the roof. The
rock-encircled fire is now a soft pile of burning embers.

An OWL HOOTS. CRICKETS CHIRP. FROGS ANSWER.

Padraic snores atop a pile of hay. Cara's curled in his
protective arms with her doll. Colleen's atop another pile.

CRACK!

Colleen's eyes snap open. She furls her brow – listens to
sounds drifting in from –

OUTSIDE

Tall black boots creep through the brush towards the cottage.

A DOG BARKS. Then YELPS. A musket pushes aside a branch.

CRACK!

Tredwell motions two soldiers to the back. They ready their
muskets and rush behind the cottage.

He withdraws one of two pistols secured in his waistband –
heads to the door – nods at another soldier.

The soldier kicks the door down and rushes –

INSIDE

Padraic jumps to his feet – Cara tumbles to the floor.

PADRAIC
What the – ?!

Colleen scrambles over the fire – scoops Cara into her arms – races with her to the corner.

Tredwell stomps across the broken door and abruptly stops.

TREDWELL
Mr. O'Neil?

Padraic throws out his arms to shield Colleen and Cara.

PADRAIC
What the hell d'ya want?

The younger soldier smashes his musket into Padraic's face.

He topples to the dirt floor – bloodied – dazed.

TREDWELL
(to soldiers)
Search outside. I'll deal with this
one myself.

Soldiers run out.

PADRAIC
(lifts his head)
Ye may be a big man now, David –
but ye'll always just be Mike and
Maddie's little boy from Mayo.

Tredwell flinches – rage and shame flickering.

PADRAIC
Mike must be rolling in his grave –
his boy doin' the enemy's bidding'.

TREDWELL
Shut your god-damn mouth, Paddy.

He snatches Cara from Colleen's arms.

COLLEEN
No!

She struggles up. He kicks her down.

Padraic pulls himself to his knees, enraged.

PADRAIC
Take yer hands off her!

TREDWELL
Give me her mother.

PADRAIC
What in the name of Jesus for?

TREDWELL
Murder.

PADRAIC
Murder? Whoever told ye that pap
had too much drink in his belly!

Cara tries to pull away – he grips tighter – she whimpers.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)
(rushes him)
I said take yer hands off her!

BOOM! Colleen and Cara SCREAM.

Padraic clutches and stares at his mangled stomach – drops to his knees – falls forward – dead.

CARA/COLLEEN
Granddad!/Paddy!

Tredwell shoves the smoking pistol into his waistband – withdraws the second – aims at Colleen. She throws her arms across her face and screams.

COLLEEN
No!

CARA
(claws his arm)
She didn't do nothing!

He throws her to the floor. She cries out.

COLLEEN
She's an innocent child, David!

TREDWELL
Where's – her – mother?!

COLLEEN
If she's not at the Crofton House –
I don't know!

Tredwell studies her face a moment – hesitates – conflicted.

His face hardens – he can't leave witnesses.

TREDWELL

Then you are of no use to me.

BOOM! Colleen crumbles – dead.

CARA

Nan!

She strikes Tredwell's face with her tiny fists and sinks her teeth into his hand.

He curses – grabs his hand – drops her.

She clutches her doll – scrambles to the window and –

BOOM!

She folds into a heap – her rag doll falls from her hand.

Tredwell rubs his hand – winces – looks out the window.

The two soldiers he dismissed search the back. One looks in the well – the other a fenced-in chicken coop.

The other enter the woods across the field.

Tredwell scans the room – picks up a worn bible by Padraic's bed. A green ribbon peeks out from the pages.

Two soldiers return – stare in shock at the bodies.

Tredwell rips the green ribbon out of the book – throws both into the dwindling fire – and gives the room a final scan.

TREDWELL

Torch it.

He stomps out over the fallen door.

The soldiers look at each other – “what the hell?”

They shrug – then dip straw into the fire and set the beds ablaze – waiting to ensure it catches before going back –

OUTSIDE

Tredwell, backlit by the growing blaze, scans the front.

A branch rustles. He stiffens – his eyes track movement – then snap up to a nearby tree.

A GOSHAWK. Still. Watching. It lets out a piercing SCREECH – launches into the storm.

Tredwell flinches ever so slightly – heads to the back. He looks across the field to –

THE FOREST

Rain lashes Saoirse's face as she runs for her life towards the clearing at the end of the woods.

Stumbling in the dark over uneven undergrowth and exposed tree roots, she trips – crashes into a muddy ditch.

VOICES rise nearby.

ENGLISH!

She scrambles up – crawls beneath a thorn bush – holds her breath – eyes tightly clenched.

The soldiers plunge bayoneted muskets into random bushes.

Boots stop in front of Saoirse's hiding place. The soldier raises his musket.

TREDWELL (O.C.)
She can't be far. Let's move.

The boots pivot – disappear. Saoirse opens her eyes – breathes – waits in silence.

In the distance; MEN SHOUT – a DOG BARKS – HORSES NEIGH.

She crawls out – races to the clearing – watches Tredwell and his men their mount horses and gallop away.

She follows their path with her eyes – until black smoke from her home curls into view.

CRACK!

The cottage's roof caves inward – flames shoot out.

SAOIRSE
CARA!

She charges across the field, gripped by panic and disbelief.

She shields her face from the blistering heat – takes a deep breath – leaps onto the smoking sill – vanishes inside.

Her unearthly, PRIMAL WAIL, tears through the night.

ACT TWO

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Rain pushes through the forest canopy.

Saoirse cups her hands to drink water from a stream.

She freezes at her reflection; bruised face – hollow eyes – swollen lip – matted hair.

She turns away – vomits into the weeds – splashes water on her face – looks around – exhausted – ready to give up.

WOLVES HOWL.

She jumps up – scampers to the clearing.

A cottage swallowed by ivy becomes visible through the thick fog.

She races across the field – climbs the steep hill to –

FATHER MEEHAN'S COTTAGE

Dim. Still. Dusty. Bundles of herbs hang from the rafters. The wind-swept storm batters against the roof and window.

A WOLF HOWLS in the distance.

The flicker of a single oil lantern illuminates a small wooden bed. A crucifix hangs on the wall above it.

FATHER MEEHAN (60s) – curled in a fetal position, snores beneath a thread-bare quilt – opened bible next to him.

BANG! BANG!

The old priest jolts awake.

BANG! BANG!

Disoriented, his eyes dart to the door. He angrily throws back the quilt and struggles out of bed.

FATHER MEEHAN
For Christ's sake it's the middle
of the night!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

He yanks the crucifix from the wall – slips it under his thin mattress – wraps the quilt over his nightdress – grabs the lantern – shuffles towards the door.

BANG! BANG!

FATHER MEEHAN (CONT'D)
I'm coming, damn it!

He opens the door – braces against the cold, wind and rain.

Saoirse stands before him – battered, soaked – shivering.

FATHER MEEHAN
Holy Mother of God! What –?

SAOIRSE
(frantic)
I've nowhere else to go!

FATHER MEEHAN
Calm down! What are ye on about?

SAOIRSE
They're all dead!

FATHER MEEHAN
Who?

SAOIRSE
Cara! My parents!

FATHER MEEHAN
What in the name of God happened?!

SAOIRSE
The soldiers – they came and shot them – burned down our home!

FATHER MEEHAN
Why in the name of –

SAOIRSE
Because I – It was – I – he wouldn't leave me be, Father! But I didn't mean to kill him!

FATHER MEEHAN
Kill WHO?!

SAOIRSE
Lord Crofton!

Horrified, he yanks her inside – slams the door shut.

SAOIRSE

It was an accident! He tried to –
He grabs her – voice rising to a crescendo.

FATHER MEEHAN

Are ye mad coming here? Yer gonna
get me killed too!

SAOIRSE

But I meant him no harm!

FATHER MEEHAN

Ya think that matters?!

SAOIRSE

(confused)

But he – I need absolution! And
sanctuary!

FATHER MEEHAN

Sanctuary? Ye'll not find that
here! Not when ye kill an
Englishman. Especially that one.

SAOIRSE

But –!

FATHER MEEHAN

But nothing! If they catch me
performing rites again, I'll hang!
I'm sorry – I am – I can't help ya!

He swings the door open – yells into the storm.

FATHER MEEHAN

I have no part in any of this! Any
who think otherwise can go to hell!

SAOIRSE

Father Meehan! Help me!

They stare at each other in a silence that lasts an eternity,
both struggling with emotions of fear and despair.

Finally, the old priest takes a deep breath and –

FATHER MEEHAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I can't help ya. All we
can do is pray to the Holy Mother
to show mercy for what ye've done.

He shoves her –

OUTSIDE

She drops to her knees – hands clasped – begs.

SAOIRSE

I meant no harm – please!

He sighs – hesitates – withdraws two coins from his nightdress – grudgingly presses them into her hand.

FATHER MEEHAN

I'm sorry it's all I can give ya.

He slams the door shut – yells through it.

FATHER MEEHAN

Ye were never here – I never seen
ya! Run now while ye still can –
and may God have mercy on yer soul.

She stares, stunned – fear – confusion – warring in her eyes.

The peephole slides open.

FATHER MEEHAN

I said GO!

She jerks back to her senses. She is on her own.

She lifts her skirts – races down the muddy slope – twists her ankle – crumbles to the ground.

She cries out in pain.

Cara's bloodied, bloodied doll tumbles from her pocket. She holds it to her chest and sobs.

SAOIRSE

(low-mournful)

Mammy's sorry, Cara. I'm so sorry,
pigeon, I –

THUNDER startles her.

She gingerly touches her swollen ankle – winces in pain.

She removes her shoes – ties laces – slings them around her neck – looks up at the night sky – eyes haunted – jaw set.

Her grief curdles then erupts – a raw, guttural howl of anger.

A wolf HOWLS back.

SAOIRSE
(gets up – screams)
I won't let the Devil claim me 'til
I finish what they started. Tell
him he'll have to wait.

LIGHTNING FLASHES.

INT. FATHER MEEHAN'S – NIGHT

Candlelight shadows jitter like ghosts on the stone walls.

The old priest drops to his knees – hands clasped.

FATHER MEEHAN
Holy Mother, I kneel before ye,
sinful, ashamed, and unworthy.
Please – show mercy for the O'Neil
girl. The sin's not hers alone.

His bony hands tremble – he crosses himself.

FATHER MEEHAN
In the name of the Father and the
Son and – and for God's sake, mute
the tongues of any who saw her
here.
(beat)
In the name of the Father, and the
Son, and –

EXT. MARSHY WOODLANDS – NIGHT

Rain streams through crooked branches.

Saoirse huddles in the hollow of an uprooted tree – arms
hugging her knees – rocking back and forth – eyes vacant.

Every rustle makes her flinch.

A twig SNAPS. An OWL.

Distant SHOUTS – then horses hoofs. A WOLF HOWLS.

She curls tighter. Trembling. Her eyes well – but no tears
fall. There's only silence – terror.

Another wolf howls.

A chorus from the pack joins in.

She scrambles up – races to the clearing.

ACT TWO

EXT. THE STEWART HOME - CONTINUOUS

The storm stops as fast as it began – now just a light rain. Clouds part. Moon and stars illuminate the fields.

Saoirse limps out of the forest – sees a lone flame glowing behind the broken window of a nearby stone cottage.

Sheep shelter beneath the eaves. A sickly trail of smoke curls out from the chimney.

She hesitates – then limps to the door – knocks. No answer. She raises fist to bang – the door slowly cracks open.

A weathered, ferret-faced woman, GRACE STEWART (40s), pokes her head out – a knife gripped and poised.

GRACE

Who are ya? Who sent ya?

SAOIRSE

No one.

Grace studies Saoirse's battered face. A flicker – recognition? Pity? Remembrance – something softens her gaze.

She opens the door all the way – lowers the knife – slightly.

GRACE

What d'ye want?

SAOIRSE

Shelter for the night and a bite to tide me over til morning.

GRACE

We've no room for strangers. And yer interrupting me boy's supper.

SAOIRSE

Please!

Grace gives her the once-over. Not impressed.

GRACE

No. The Mister don't take kindly to strangers – and I'll not be catchin' hell for the likes of one such as yerself.

She tries to slam the door. Saoirse stops it with her barefoot – holds up a coin.

SAOIRSE

I can pay.

Grace's eyes narrow, calculating. She re-examines the wretch before her – and a slow, greedy grin spreads.

She looks around for witnesses – none in sight.

She snatches the coin – examines it – bites it – grins – shoves it down her bosom and motions to Saoirse to go –

INSIDE

A kettle of steaming potatoes hangs over a small fire next to a bucket of milk on the floor.

Saoirse warms her hands – watching two grubby, snot-nosed young BOYS fight over a stick shaped like a soldier.

OLDER BOY

It's mine, snot face! Git yer own!

The younger boy smacks the older's – a fist fight ensues. Grace grabs the toy and raps it over the boys' heads.

GRACE

Shut yer gobs and mind yer manners.
We've company.

The boys rub their heads – eye Saoirse with suspicion.

GRACE

Sit yerself down by these ruffians
while I finish cutting these
potatoes. I'm Grace Stewart. Yer?

No answer. Grace frowns – suspicious – annoyed.

GRACE

Cat got yer tongue?

SAOIRSE

Sharon. Hamilton.

GRACE

(not convinced)
What's a Hamilton doin' walking
these dangerous roads alone?

SAOIRSE

Looking for work in Ulster. Is it
much farther?

GRACE
Ulster, eh? A day's walk if yer
fast. Where is it ye be from?

SAOIRSE
County Mayo – Killala Bay.

Grace goes rigid – waves the knife at Saoirse – incredulous.

GRACE
Yer a goddamn papist?

OLDER BOY
Cut her, Ma!

Saoirse jumps up – arms outstretched in front of her.

GRACE
If the Mister finds a papist under
his roof, he'll break yer head for
being here. Worse yet, mine for
letting ye in! Get out! Get –

SAOIRSE
He don't have to know!

GRACE
Are ye deaf as well as stupid? Get
yer papist arse out of here!

SAOIRSE
Then give me back my coin! I paid
for food – and lodgings.

Grace re-calculates – breaks out into a shifty grin.

GRACE
(soft-directed to boys)
On the other hand, what he don't
know won't hurt him, will it, boys?

The boys shrug.

GRACE
The Mister's out getting his fill
of whiskey. Crawl on over to the
corner and maybe he won't notice
ya.
(growls)
But be gone before he comes to – or
there'll be hell to pay.

Saoirse grabs a handful of potatoes from the kettle and
shuffles backwards to the corner.

She presses her back against the wall.

RAIN pings on a nearby bucket.

Eyes on alert – she fights to stay awake – but quickly loses the battle.

LATER –

A ROOSTER announces the start of a new day.

Morning light streams through the window and onto Saoirse's face. She opens her eyes – gets her bearings.

The MISTER sleeps sprawled across Grace like a sack of potatoes – her shawl bunched up beneath his stubbled chin.

She tiptoes over – carefully reaches for it. He SNORTS – lets out a long rumbling FART – groans.

Saoirse grabs a corner. He bolts up – fists clenched – bloodshot eyes try to focus.

THE MISTER
(growls)
Who the feck – !?

Saoirse yanks the shawl – flees out the door.

EXT. FIELD BOUNDARY – NIGHT

Stars slowly become visible in the night sky. An OWL HOOTS.

Saoirse slips between the hedgerows – avoiding open roads.

A farmer's cart rattles in the distance, wheels crunching over stones – coming closer.

She drops to the ground – doesn't move – or breathe. The cart passes – she exhales.

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE – DAY

The sun rises. A ROOSTER CROWS.

Saoirse hurries down a dirt road past green farmland and thatched cottages – glancing behind for any sign of danger.

She rounds a bend in the road – slips in behind a group of peddlers coaxing produce-laden carts around puddles.

A SCREAM!

Panicked, she looks for an escape route.

A massive hog bursts from a pasture, tethered to a sobbing boy – PATRICK (13).

They barrel into her. She twirls and staggers.

The hog dives into a muddy ditch and squeals in delight. The boy scrambles to his feet – tugs the rope – curses.

The hog bucks – SQUEALS – bolts back onto the road.

Yanked off his feet, the boy's limbs flail like a rag doll.

The crowd barely reacts – but MARY (7), apron full of eggs – giggles – amused – until the hog clips her.

She falls. Her eggs shatter. She lets out a furious wail.

MARY

Yer gonna pay for these! And don't
think ye won't, Patrick O'Callahan!

The hog SQUEALS – barrels across the road into another field – the helpless boy dragged behind.

Saoirse offers the child a hand up – the child swats it away.

MARY

Leave me alone!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD – DAY

A light rain fills puddles along the road.

Saoirse falls in step behind a group of peasants. The group leave the road – head across a sodden pasture.

Curious, she takes cover under a roadside tree – watches the group head up a steep hill crowned by –

A HAWTHORN TREE

The Goshawk breaks through the cloud – lands on a branch.

Below, SEAMUS (30s) lanky and be-speckled, leans against the tree addressing a group of soaked villagers.

SEAMUS

Now's not the right time, Sean.

SEAN (14), an angry, malnourished teen, spits on the ground.

SEAN

Tell that to Paul Flattery's
parents. They hanged him for
handing out leaflets! Leaflets!

SEAMUS

Lash out now and they'll bring fire
and rope. Is that what ya want?

OLD WOMAN

What we want is to stop burying our
children!

SEAN

God, His very own self, gifted
Ireland to us. Me Da said to fight
t'get it back – or die tryin!

SEAMUS

And now he's dead and yer family's
left to fend for themselves.
Violence is never the answer!

Sean reels – lunges – shoves Seamus to the ground.

SEAN

We can join Wolfe Tone! Storm the
Castlebar Barracks! Take their own
weapons to use against 'em!

Seamus gets to his feet – calmly wipes dirt off his clothes.

SEAMUS

Ye think rage is enough to win?
Rage burns hot but leaves only
ashes. If we fight like them,
we become them.

The GOSHAWK SCREECHES – takes flight – disappears.

EXT. BELFAST MARKET – DAY

Gulls circle above a bustling, grimy market. A skinny dog
darts between stalls – a stolen fish flapping from its jaws.
The furious, red-faced vendor, gives chase.

A soot-covered boy shovels coal into a furnace. Black smoke
billows around him. He has a coughing fit.

A FISHMONGER cleans fish. A creaky sign above his stall
proclaims: "ULSTER'S FINEST FISH"

Saoirse hesitates – approaches the stall.

SAOIRSE
Would this be Ulster?

FISH VENDOR
As the sign says.

SAOIRSE
Belfast?

FISH VENDOR
(suspicious)
Aye. Why wouldn't it be?

SAOIRSE
D'ye know Biggins Alley?

FISH VENDOR
Catholic side – past the park.
Ye don't want to be seen there
after dark – 'less ye be one.

SAOIRSE
No! I'm not!

A RUMBLE OF BOOTS. The crowd scatters like crows. REDCOATS
escort a rotund OFFICIAL to a platform in the center of the
square. Angry shouts rise around them.

FISH MONGER
In the name of God! Leave us be!

ANOTHER VENDOR
For Christ's sake! More?

Saoirse turns to flee – stumbles into a potato cart. A
calloused hand grabs her. Her shawl falls.

The POTATO VENDOR stiffens at the sight of her bruised face.
He picks her shawl up – covers her hair – pulls a potato from
a barrel – and places it in her hand.

She holds out her coin. He closes her fingers around it.

POTATO VENDOR
No. Not today.
(beat)
I have a daughter 'bout yer age.
Well – I had – a long time gone.

He glances sideways – then back to her.

POTATO VENDOR (CONT'D)
When the bells of St. Andrew's toll
– make certain to vanish, lass.

He jerks his chin toward the platform where the soldiers help the official up the steps.

PORTATO VENDOR
These English pricks will shoot
shadows if they dare twitch wrong.

The Official unfurls a scroll – clears his throat.

OFFICIAL
By order of His Majesty, King
George the Third – All Catholics
must present themselves before the
Crown magistrate to swear an oath
of loyalty and affection to His
Majesty's throne.

CROWD
"NEVER!"
"THE FECK I WILL!"
"GO TO HELL!"

BLAM! A REDCOAT fires into the air.

SOLDIER
Shut your yaps!

OFFICIAL
(covers his ears)
Must you fire that damn thing next
to my bloody ear, Lieutenant?

Saoirse's breath quickens. She backs towards the safety of a dark alley – disappears.

EXT. BELFAST STREET – DAY

Saoirse emerges from an ally – stops in her tracks. Across the street, two Redcoats lean against a tree – chatting.

She slips backs into the alley – presses her back against a brick wall – struggles to remain calm.

She peeks out – quietly watches and waits for them to finish.

They share a joke – pull away from the tree and head down the road. She slips out – races in the opposite direction.

INT. THE STEWART HOME – NIGHT

Rain pelts the roof – some drip into a bucket by the fire.

Grace and her boys sit close to the flames eating porridge.
Her face is now bruised – her mouth swollen and split.

BANG! The door shatters inward. Tredwell storms in – two
Redcoats on his heels.

The boys scramble back. The youngest whimpers. Grace
protectively throws herself in front of her sons.

TREDWELL

Where is she?

GRACE

Who? There's only me and me boys!

TREDWELL

Neighbors say a woman came here two
nights ago. Never left.

GRACE

Lies! Milord! All lies!

Tredwell smirks. Panic floods Grace's face.

GRACE

But it ain't even true, milord! I
swear it!

He fixes his gaze on the boys – cold, calculating – points to
the weaker, smaller boy.

TREDWELL

You! Speak.

The child wets himself. Tredwell glares at the older.

OLDER BOY

She said Ulster.

TREDWELL

(to Grace)

So – you're a liar – sheltering
Catholic fugitives?

GRACE

No, milord! I –

BOOM! She drops – lifeless. Her boys – too stunned to scream.

TREDWELL

(barks at soldiers)

She's in Ulster. Let's go.

He storms out – his men follow close behind.

ACT THREE

EXT. BELFAST STREET - DAY

Coal smoke coils from chimneys. Wind howls down the narrow street. A DOG BARKS – then growls.

Two Redcoats shove a young man against a wall – roughly pat him down. The man winces – but says nothing.

A SHOPKEEPER bolts his door – pulls his child inside.

CHURCH BELLS PEAL – sharp – urgent.

Saoirse steps from the shadows of an alley. A British patrol nears – rifles gleaming – eyes sweeping doorways.

Panicked, she shrinks back – flattens against the wall. They pass – she exhales – slips out.

She eyes a DRUNK slumped beneath a crooked wooden sign – “The Tin Whistle Public House.” It’s O’Sullivan, the young informant, now thirty-five – a broken-down, pitiful drunk. She races to him. He lifts a bloodshot eye – checks her out.

O’SULLIVAN

What d’ye want?

SAOIRSE

(barely audible)

I’m looking for Biggins Alley. D’ye know it?

DRUNK

(gruff)

I’m a drunk – not a feckin eedjit.

He extends a gnarled, dirt-caked hand. Her face falls.

DRUNK (CONT’D)

(grumbles, annoyed)

Figures – always askin’ – never givin’.

He flops back down – turns his back.

Patrolling Redcoats approach. Panic floods her face.

SAOIRSE

Please, sir!

He sits up – notices her fear – sees the soldiers.

DRUNK

Shite, fine. Past the park and the
boatyard. Beyond the warehouses.

She nods – lifts her skirts – hurries away.

A Redcoat peels off from a group – approaches O'Sullivan.
They nod slightly at each other in apparent greeting.

The soldier jerks his head towards Saoirse – eyes
questioning. O'Sullivan shrugs.

Saoirse looks over her shoulder – the soldier stares at her.
She clasps her shawl – quickens her step. Suspicion aroused –

SOLDIER

You! Halt!

She freezes. BOOTS ECHO behind her – he spins her around.

Muskets BLASTS in the nearby distance – followed by SCREAMS.
The PATROL LEADER yells.

PATROL LEADER

THIS WAY!

His men race towards the sounds – muskets readied.

The soldier confronting Saoirse hesitates – conflicted –
spins around – races to join his patrol.

Saoirse quickly vanishes around the corner.

EXT. BOATYARD / WAREHOUSES – DAY

Wind howls through dilapidated warehouses.

Saoirse dashes around broken carts and overturned crates. She
uprights a crate, sits and eats a half-eaten potato.

VOICES ECHO from a cracked window above. She climbs onto the
crate – peers inside.

WOLFE TONE (30s), commanding, speaks to a dozen men.

WOLFE TONE

Catholic or Protestant – we're all
Irish. The English's biggest fear
is that we unite.

A shadow moves along the wall.

A hand yanks her down, clamps over her mouth, drags her away.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The door BURSTS open. A barrel-chested, thuggish looking man, BARRY (40s), releases and shoves Saoirse toward Wolfe Tone.

BARRY

A spy. Listening at the window.

Gasps. Faces turn away. Tone jumps down – lifts her chin – touches her battered face. She flinches.

WOLFE TONE

What happened to you, spy?

SAOIRSE

(fighting hysteria)

I'm no spy! I swear it!

DONALD CAMPBELL (30s), tall – handsome in spite of an angry scar above his emerald eyes – steps from the shadows.

DONALD

Sounds like a Mayo lass.

BARRY

Might be one they're hunting.

SAOIRSE

No! I'm not! I'm just –

WOLFE TONE

Well then – best get to where yer going before curfew hits.

Barry pulls her to the door – whispers.

BARRY

Forget who ya saw or heard here. If yer the one they're hunting, many of us could use the reward to feed our children.

She nods – shaken. He pushes her out. Tone nods. Barry checks his pistol – heads out.

EXT. BIGGINS ALLEY - DAY

The sun begins to fade.

Laundry flaps on lines strung between two grimy tenements.

Saoirse ducks beneath damp sheets – cautiously stepping over muddy puddles.

She approaches a line of weary WOMEN and CHILDREN waiting with buckets at the communal water well.

She taps a young girl on the shoulder. The startled child throws her arms across her face.

YOUNG GIRL
It weren't me! I didn't do it!

SAOIRSE
I'm looking for Biggins Alley.

YOUNG GIRL
(turns, confused)
Ye be in it, Miss.

Saoirse's eyes sweep the alley – squalor – peeling paint, cracked walls, tangled pipes leaking foul water.

Her face drops – her voice cracks.

SAOIRSE
Does Siobhan O'Dowd live here?

YOUNG GIRL
Depends. Who's askin'?

SAOIRSE
Her sister.

The girl hesitates – uncertain – looks around – then points to a nearby tenement.

The tenement door bursts open. A rough-looking teen runs out – chased by an angry man swinging a large stick.

YOUNG GIRL
Top floor.

Saoirse rushes –

INSIDE

Filthy. Loud. Crowded.

She climbs rickety stairs to the top floor – hesitates – softly knocks on the first door.

Seamus, the man from the hill in Mayo, opens the door.

SEAMUS
Saoirse?

He looks down the hall – over the bannister – motions her –

INSIDE

A lone lantern casts dim light across the sparse room.
SIOBHAN (30), jumps up from the table, beaming with surprise
– races to the door – embraces her.

SIOBHAN
Saoirse!? What are ye doin' in
Belfast? Where's–

Saoirse collapses into her arms.

LATER –

Saoirse, head bowed – hands folded – sits at the table.
Siobhan, sits across from her, sobbing into the crook of her
arm.

SIOBHAN
(sobs)
Ah, Jesus, please no! Oh, God!

Worry shadows Seamus' face. He wraps arms around Siobhan – a
thoughtful but helpless gesture. Saoirse lifts her head –
eyes brimming with remorse – guilt.

SAOIRSE
If only I'd let him – I should have
just let –

SIOBHAN
(appalled)
NO! Yer safe here – with us.

SEAMUS
(incredulous)
We can't take her in! Food's scarce
and soldiers are crawling through
the alleys! Probably her they're
hunting!

SIOBHAN
She's – my – sister!

Seamus paces – fists clenched – breathing labored – stares
out the window. Decision made.

SEAMUS
I'll bring her to Donald. Maybe she
can help around his house 'til ye
recover from losing the baby.

SAOIRSE

Baby? Sweet Jesus, Siobhan. I
didn't know.

Siobhan looks away – grief fresh – raw.

Seamus places a hand on her shoulder – his own grief and
bitterness mirrored in his eyes.

SEAMUS

Yer family didn't care to know.

SAOIRSE

How could we? Ye stole her away
like a thief in the middle of the
night! Away from all she'd known –
away from me – to be with a – a –

SEAMUS

Can't even say the word?

SAOIRSE

Protestant – and we prayed every
day for her soul because of it.

Siobhan covers her ears – jumps up – yells.

SIOBHAN

STOP! In the name of Jesus, just
stop! I lost our baby. I can't lose
my sister too, Seamus. No more.

SEAMUS

I'm sorry, love.

Siobhan wipes her tears. Saoirse fights her own. Seamus
struggles to hide his.

SEAMUS

We buried him last week. No priest,
no headstone. Just Siobhan and I –
a shovel – and his poor tiny body.

SIOBHAN

(sobs)

We named him Padraic – after Da.

Seamus crosses to a dresser – pulls out a simple dress –
faces Saoirse – jaw clenched – words careful.

SEAMUS

I stole no one, Saoirse. I left
Mayo to follow my conscience. Yer
sister left to follow hers.

He tosses the dress.

SEAMUS

Get changed and hurry.

A baby WAILS in a neighboring flat. A door SLAMS. Outside, muffled voices. A BARKING DOG.

Seamus goes back to the window – face grave.

Siobhan throws her arms around Saoirse – holds her close.

SIOBHAN

I'm so sorry I wasn't there to
protect ya – and I'm sorry I left
without saying goodbye.

(voice cracks)

I should have said goodbye! I –

SEAMUS

It's almost curfew. Hurry!

ACT THREE

EXT. BELFAST STREET – DAY

Flames lick up from lamplighter poles. Shadows lengthen across the cobbled streets. Shoes slap over cobblestones.

Seamus leads Saoirse across the tidy park and onto a nearly deserted street. They near Saint Andrew's church, the structure dwarfing pretty shops and row houses.

The MINISTER chats with a MAN and WOMAN on the steps.

MAN

I hear the Peep O'Day boys plan
another round of burning tonight.

WOMAN

At this rate, we'll soon be rid of
all Papists in Ulster.

MINISTER

(smiling)

Wouldn't that be a shame?

CLANK. STOMP.

The church doors fling open. A REDCOAT patrol file out –
rifles slung over their shoulders.

One catches Saoirse's eye a beat too long.

Another elbows him and grins.

Seamus tugs her – hard.

SEAMUS

Head down.

They dart across the road – turn onto a narrow lane of
manicured row houses – potted flowers displayed on stoops.

Saoirse finds herself in unfamiliar territory. Pristine.
Exposed. A world far away from Catholic alleys.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

They won't think to search here.
But ye'll have to pretend to be a
Protestant.

SAOIRSE

(halts)

What?

SEAMUS

I won't have nosy neighbors turning
him in for harboring a Catholic
fugitive with a price on her head.

SAOIRSE

But – I don't know how!

SEAMUS

(hisses, urgent, low)

Learn how – or we're all dead.

They rush up the steps of a tidy townhouse. Seamus knocks –
firm, quick. A beat – the door creaks open.

Donald appears, rugged - black hair damp from washing - sleeves rolled to his elbows - towel slung over his shoulder. His emerald eyes light up in surprise at Saoirse.

DONALD
Seamus!? Well, what have we here?

Saoirse GASPS in recognition - turns to flee.

SEAMUS
(yanks her back)
Where d'ya think yer goin'?

Across the street, a NEIGHBOR hurries up her stoop. She abruptly stops - glances over her shoulder at them - eyes curious - sharp with suspicion.

Seamus tenses. Donald flashes her a warm smile - waves. She ducks inside - flustered.

DONALD
(to Saoirse)
Best get inside.

Saoirse slips past him. He pulls the door closed and stays outside with Seamus.

His next-door neighbor CASEY (50s), races up his own steps - gives them a wide grin - tips his cap.

CASEY
Evening Seamus! Donald - did old man Graham raise your rent? He raised ours! Don't know what we're going to do to make ends meet.

DONALD
Don't worry, Casey. I'll talk to him.

Casey nods his thanks - bolts indoors.

INT. DONALD'S PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Saoirse stares at the unfamiliar trappings of a Protestant home. Confused, envious, angry, bitter, grateful.

White lace curtains, polished clock, books, a stiff, prim armchair, that looks untouched by life.

She opens the curtains - just an inch - and peeks out at Donald and Seamus.

They clasp forearms. Seamus hurries away.

Donald comes in – bolts the door – hurries to the window – closes the curtains.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Neighbors drink tea by the window
and report what they see before the
tea even cools.

SAOIRSE
I'm sorry. I –

DONALD
No harm. Just be aware.

He rummages through a cabinet – pulls out a dress.

DONALD
We'll get more clothes tomorrow.
Can't masquerade as a loyalist in
clothes from the Catholic alleys.

He gestures to her dress. Cara's blood-stained doll peeks
from the pocket. She gently pushes it further in.

DONALD
Come.

He hands her the dress – steps aside – motions her into –

THE KITCHEN

Supper bubbles in a cauldron above a small fire on the
hearth. A round loaf of bread warms in the ash.

He pulls out a rough-hewn chair for her – heads to the hearth
– ladles stew into a bowl – grabs the bread.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Hope yer hungry.

Saoirse shifts uncomfortable.

SAOIRSE
Why are ye helping me?

Donald pauses.

DONALD
I know what it is to be lost – in
need of help – hungry.
(bitter)
(MORE)

DONALD (CONT'D)

We near starved when they destroyed
our crops. I swore no one I met
would ever go without help – or
food again.

Saoirse studies him.

SAOIRSE

The people in the warehouse?

DONALD

Don't ask what ye'll have to lie
about later, lass.

He places the meal in front of her – returns for his own.

SAOIRSE

How d'ye know Siobhan's husband?

DONALD

The English gave us their farm. We
let them stay on.

SAOIRSE

(under her breath)

How kind.

He stiffens – smile gone. He drops a log on the fire. Embers
crack. He stares into the flames – jaw tight.

DONALD

I'm not a Loyalist.

Conversation's over.

CHURCH BELLS PEAL.

INT. CROFTON HOUSE – NIGHT

A candlelit drawing room with floor-to-ceiling windows. An
ancient BUTLER stands rigid beside the French doors – silent.

Lady Ellen (20s), drunk and dressed head-to-toe in mourning
clothes – stares out the window – jaw tight with rage.

Tredwell lounges by the fire, brandy in hand, smug and slack-
jawed with entitlement.

LADY ELLEN

(without turning)

It's one bloody woman.

TREDWELL

A shifty one, Ellen. With Wolfe
Tone stirring up things in the
East, it leaves me very little –

She hurls her glass against the hearth.

SMASH!

The BUTLER doesn't blink – but TREDWELL startles.

LADY ELLEN

Excuses!

TREDWELL

Be reasonable! There's a bounty.
Someone will talk. They always do.

She faces him – face filled with drunken disgust.

LADY ELLEN (CONT'D)

Father said you were just a uniform
with a pulse. Said to leave you in
the gutter with the other enlisted.

TREDWELL

And yet – here I am.

Her voice ices the air.

LADY ELLEN

For now.

Her eyes – colder still.

LADY ELLEN

If you were even half the man my
father was, she'd be dead by now.

(contemptuous)

If you want a place at the table –
earn it – or go back to the life I
pulled you out from.

She snatches a crystal bottle of whiskey – storms away.

The butler opens the doors before she reaches them – follows
her out – closes them.

Tredwell seethes.

The roaring fire crackles – laughing – mocking him.

He hurls his glass into it. Flames shoot up. His rage rises.

TREDWELL
Presumptuous bitch!

INT. SAOIRSE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight spills across the room. Rain lashes the window and drums against the roof. Wind whistles through the window.

Saoirse gazes at the moon. Tears flow down her cheeks. Her fingers absently stroke the charred cloth of Cara's doll.

She grabs a lantern and heads into -

THE HALLWAY

The lantern flickers in her hand.

She tiptoes down stairs - the wood CREAKS with each step.

Half way down, she hears hushed voices. Male. Urgent.

She leans over the banister - peers down the hall, into -

THE KITCHEN

Wolfe Tone and Barry count stacks of silver coins at the table. Donald scrawls numbers into an open ledger.

WOLFE TONE
Negotiations failed.

BARRY
Been saying it for months. They
won't leave until they're driven
out by the same means they came in.

WOLFE TONE
We need more money, Barry. We're
only now making ends meet.

DONALD
How much more?

BARRY
A lot. Bribes, training, weapons,
silence - it all costs.

WOLFE TONE
No one suspects anything yet?

DONALD
(keeps working)
Don't believe so.

WOLFE TONE
Then you'll have to take more.
Whatever ye can steal – double it.
Better yet – triple it.

DONALD
Not possible. Old man Graham
already gripes we can't match the
cheaper linen houses' profits.

WOLFE TONE
Find a way. Napoleon's agreed to
invade when we're ready to fight
alongside them.

DONALD
How much time do we have?

WOLFE TONE
A month. I'm heading back to Paris.
General Humbert and his men are
preparing to sail to the Mayo coast
as soon as I confirm we're ready.

A sharp INHALE from the hallway.

Chairs SCRAPE. Pistols COCK.

BARRY
(yells)
Show yer selves!

Donald raises a hand – calm down.

He gets up – peers down –

THE HALLWAY

Saoirse stands frozen halfway up the stairs. She looks to the
front door – counts the steps. Enough time to make it? No.

SAOIRSE
(quietly)
I didn't know ye had company. I
just wanted some water.

DONALD
Then come down.

She hesitates – a long beat – then slowly descends the steps
– pausing at the door. She glances over at him.

He steps back – motions her into –

THE KITCHEN

Deadly silence greets her – the air heavy with suspicion.

She passes the table – head lowered – but sees the pistols,
silver coins, opened ledgers.

She veers to the counter – pauses.

She scoops water into a cup and stares in it – her face
intense.

Barry watches her every move – coiled to strike.

Wolfe Tone returns his pistol to his waistcoat.

WOLFE TONE

Well now! The lass from the alley!

Saoirse startles. Cara's doll tumbles from her pocket.

She picks it up with shaking hands – tries to scrub it clean
– but the blood, the burns, the pain – all remain.

WOLFE TONE

I wondered where and when you'd
resurface. Didn't dawn on me it
would be here.

(looks to Donald)

At Donald's?

She presses the doll to her chest – her jaw locked, her body
still – controlled fire in her eyes.

SAOIRSE

(spins around)

I want to help be rid of them. I'll
do anything ye ask.

WOLFE TONE

(chuckles)

What skills do ye have besides
eavesdropping – albeit a worthy
skill – if successful.

SAOIRSE

Hatred. The English are not human.
I aim to make them pay for it.

WOLFE TONE

Oh, they may be cruel, but they're
nonetheless human. Don't ever
forget that.

BARRY

Why should we trust the likes of
one such as yerself?

Saoirse glares – SLAMS both hands on the table. He flinches.

SAOIRSE

(defiant)

Why should I trust the likes of one
such as yerself?

WOLFE TONE

Because we want the same thing,
Saoirse O'Neil.

The name strikes her like a slap.

She turns to Donald – eyes blazing at his betrayal.

DONALD

I said nothing.

BARRY

Didn't have to. We knew of ya long
before ye knew of us.

(smirks)

There's nothing goes on in Ireland
that doesn't quickly come to our
attention.

WOLFE TONE

We sorrow with you for your loss.

SAOIRSE

Comforting's not what I be needing!

WOLFE TONE

Then what pray tell is it you're
needing? Revenge?

SAOIRSE

Justice.

WOLFE TONE

Get caught and Lady Justice will
see you hang – if you're lucky.

SAOIRSE
I'm already dead. They killed me
when they killed my family.

WOLFE TONE
Is that a fact?

SAOIRSE
It is. I've nothing left to lose. I
can only go to hell once and I plan
on making it well worth my trouble.

Wolfe Tone studies her.

No smile now. Just silence – and something close to respect.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
(Defiant)
Well?

He withdraws a green ribbon from his coat – holds it out.

She hesitates – looks to Donald. He nods.

She grabs the ribbon – ties it into her hair.

WOLFE TONE
Welcome to the fight, Saoirse.

DONALD
To freedom!

SAOIRSE
(finally breathes)
To justice.

BARRY
To getting the hell back to
business. My daughter Gertie's
under the weather. I need to get
home – now that I'm mother too.

Barry pulls a folded paper from his coat – slides it across
the table to Saoirse.

BARRY
Make yer mark.

Donald hands her his quill. She looks up – embarrassed.

DONALD
(gentle)
Just make an X.

She scratches an "x" – slides the paper back to Barry.

BARRY

Good. Now yer one of us and once
yer in, yer in for life – as long –
or as short, as that might be.

SAOIRSE

What do ye want me to do?

WOLFE TONE

Donald pilfers money from the
bleaching house to cover expenses.
We need more and we need it
quickly. You'll help him.

She raises an eyebrow – looks to Donald.

WOLFE TONE

Time for us to take our leave.

They head into –

THE HALLWAY

The rebels slip out into the night.

Donald latches the door – turns to Saoirse.

DONALD

Well, that's settled. Get some
rest. We'll talk in the morning.

He disappears up the stairs – taking two at a time.

INT. SAOIRSE'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Saoirse stands at the window. Cara's doll peeks from the
pocket of her nightdress. Tears stream.

She stares up at the stars through her tears.

A CLAP OF THUNDER startles her.

She shivers – pulls her shawl tighter across her shoulders.□

INT. DONALD'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

RAIN BATTERS the window. WIND HOWLS. Moonlight streaks across
Donald's face. He tosses in bed.

A distant CANNON BLAST shakes the walls.

His body jerks. Sweat beads on his brow. He moans, twisting in the sheets.

Outside, DOGS whimper in fright.[]

INT. A COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A low turf fire glows in the hearth.

A ten-year-old BOY lies curled on a makeshift cot in the corner.

CRACK! His eyes snap open – he listens.

CRICKETS. AN OWL HOOTS. A DOG BARKS.

He waits – tosses off his blanket – slips off the bed – pads quietly to the door.

He unbolts the latch – cracks it open – peers into the dark.

Just trees and pasture. He exhales – starts to close it.

CRACK!

It BURSTS back open! The boy's knocked to the ground.

A wiry TEENAGER barrels in – bolts the door – helps him up.

BOY

Jesus! Ye scared me half to death!

TEEN

Had to wait for cloud cover. Lower yer voice, ye'll wake our folks.

BOY

Soldiers came lookin' for ya. My Da told 'em we hadn't seen ya. Assumed ye were dead.

TEEN

My Da?

BOY

Like mine – Grumpy.

The teen kneels by the fire – rubs warmth into his fingers.

BOY

Hungry? My Ma made bannock soup.

TEEN
Aye, I'm starved.

HOOFBEATS. NEIGHING. DISTANT SHOUTS.

They tense, then –

TEEN
Christ almighty!

He scrambles to the back window.

The boy hoists him up – he disappears into the night.

CRASH!

The front door caves in!

REDCOAT SOLDIERS storm inside – muskets raised.

BOY
What d'ye –?

CRACK! A musket butt SLAMS into his head.

Blood spurts. The floor tilts.

He crumples to the floor – blackness envelopes him.

A MUSKET BLAST

The boy slowly regains consciousness – dazed. Blood drips into his eyes.

He tries to sit up – the room spins.

Through the blur, he sees a Redcoat storm into –

THE BEDROOM

A soldier rifles through drawers.

Another stares down a TERRIFIED COUPLE cowering in bed, backs pressed to the wall.

SOLDIER
(raises his musket)
Lyin' bitch.

The man throws himself across the terrified woman and yells.

MAN
For God's sake, she's telling the
truth! We haven't seen him for -

BANG!

The shot TEARS through the man's chest. The woman SCREAMS.

Blood splashes across the her white nightdress. Hysterical, she tries to push her husband's body off her.

The boy appears - clutches the doorframe - tries to stand.

His eyes lock on the scene - horror, disbelief. He opens his mouth - no sound comes out.

Another soldier enters - SMASHES his musket into the boy's skull.

CRACK! Darkness swallows the boy once again.

INT. DONALD'S BEDROOM - DAY

Morning light streams into the room. Rooster crows. Dog barks. Noise creeps in from street as the town comes alive.

Donald moans and tosses in bed.

A CANNON BLAST.

He jolts up - eyes wide - beads of sweat - gasping for air. His hand flies to the angry scar above his eye.

SAOIRSE (O.S.)
Donald! It's going to get cold!

INT. DONALD'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Donald walks in - sees Saoirse trying to use an axe to cut wood for the dwindling hearth fire.

She grows impatient with each missed hack.

He grins - wraps his hand over hers - shows her how to wield the heavy axe.

DONALD
(steady, calm)
It'll hold better if yer gentle.
Not everything is won with force.

She looks at him, torn between appreciation and irritation.

She scoops steaming porridge from the cauldron – sets it on the table with a loaf of oat bread.

SAOIRSE

While it's hot.

She watches him take a bite, then –

SAOIRSE

Donald – is Seamus part of –

DONALD

No. And he doesn't know I am. Let's keep it that way.

(beat)

We have to quiet our demons in our own way. He can't accept my need for revenge – I cannot accept his need to forget.

SAOIRSE

Why do they live in that wretched alley? Did they not convert?

DONALD

Aye – but he's a hedgerow teacher. To teach Catholics, he needs their trust. And trust is earned.

She stares at him – taking everything in.

A CANNON BOOMS in the distance.

Saoirse bows her head – crosses herself.

DONALD

Don't do that. Dead give-away.

She freezes mid-cross – embarrassed.

SAOIRSE

Do Protestants not pray?

DONALD

Some do. I'm just not one of them. Besides – even if there is a God, he's made it clear he's not for us, so he can go straight to hell.

She GASPS – clutches her chest – recoils – waiting for lightning to strike him dead.

DONALD
(laughs)
We'd best get ready for church. The
men of God hate it when we're late.

EXT. DONALD'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Saoirse stands on the stoop.

CASEY steps out from his home tips his hat with a neighborly smile.

She lowers her head – avoids his eyes.

CHURCH BELLS PEAL.

Donald comes out adjusting his cuffs.

CASEY
Morning, Donald!

DONALD
Casey!

Casey's wife Mary (40s), steps out – raises an eyebrow.

MARY
A grand day for a walk after
church, for yerself and – ?

She scans Saoirse with pointed interest. Casey throws Donald an apologetic look.

DONALD
Where are my manners? Mary, this is
my cousin... Anne. Anne, meet Mary.

MARY
Anne. Such a lovely name. So, where
is it ye be from, dear?

Saoirse shifts under the question, unsure how to answer.
Casey notices – saves her.

CASEY
Come, love. We'll be late and get
another fine from the minister.

He tucks Mary's arm into his and nudges her down the steps.

She grudgingly lets him, but looks over her shoulder, smiling all the way down.

EXT. PASTURE. DAY

Seamus and Siobhan kneel by a small mound by a Hawthorn marked with a tiny wooden cross.

Seamus lays a sprig of heather atop it.

Siobhan places her shaking hand gently on the grave – and sobs – no longer able to hold it in.

SEAMUS

(mournful voice breaks)

Ye'll be kept alive in our peace,
son – not our thirst for vengeance.
That's our promise.

He stands – slowly – resolved.

He helps Siobhan to her feet – tries to comfort her in his arms – wipes away her tears.

SEAMUS

If I'd fought harder – maybe worked
for them instead – maybe we'd have
a child still.

Siobhan shakes her head firmly.

SIOBHAN

Don't you dare blame yourself. The
world's cruelty is not yours to
carry. Yer a good man, Seamus.

SEAMUS

They'll be waiting for us, love.

He wraps his arm around her shoulder and leads her away.

EXT. THE TIN WHISTLE PUB - DAY

The pub overflows with life – laborers, factory workers and servants – smoking pipes, drinking, roaring with merriment.

A man plays the fiddle.

His young son and daughter dance a jig. Their smiling, very pregnant mother, taps her feet in time to the music – while holding a tip bucket on her belly.

Another pregnant woman, MRS. FINN (30s) balances a toddler on her hip and sells flowers table to table.

At the bar, Barry's buxom daughter GERTIE (20s), flashes a cheeky smile at customers while pouring drinks.

She hands a mug to O'Sullivan, who's already inebriated and seated at the bar.

Two serving lads grab trays and dart off with pints.

Saoirse, Donald, Seamus, and Siobhan eat dinner in a shadowed corner.

SEAMUS

We'll start yer lessons tomorrow,
Saoirse. But fair warnin' - I'm a
harsh taskmaster. Right, Donald?

DONALD

Aye. Ye were. Still are.

Laughter. They clink cups.

The door swings open - a BURST of cold wind fills the room.

O'SULLIVAN

Shut the damn door. It's colder
than a witch's tit out there.

Two rough-looking men escort Wolfe Tone into the room.

Saoirse chokes on her food. Donald pats her back.

Wolfe Tone carries himself with an air of authority, through the path opened to the bar.

His men remain at the door, arms folded across barrel chests.

The room quiets.

A door in the far end of the room opens. Barry comes out - makes his way through the crowd to the bar.

BARRY

Gentlemen. A friend. Founder of the
"Society of United Irishmen" Mr.
Theobald Wolfe Tone.

MUSIC STOPS - Crowd GRUMBLES.

O'Sullivan perks up.

O'SULLIVAN

The Protestant trouble-making
lawyer from Dublin? Feck off.

(MORE)

O'SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
(taps his cup)
Gertie! Another!

BARRY
Pipe down! Won't kill ya to listen!

WOLFE TONE
Gentlemen. To the English, Irish is
Irish. They keep us divided on
purpose. Unity is their greatest
fear – and our only hope.

Seamus stands, voice calm but firm – addresses the assembled.

SEAMUS
That man's words are meant to light
fires but the flames only seem to
burn the poor. Every man I've seen
take up arms just leaves behind a
widow or an orphan.
(to Tone)
Violence solves nothing. If we
fight like them, we become them. I
choose teaching over killing.

WOLFE TONE
But what happens when the killing
chooses you?

Seamus scoffs.

SEAMUS
I meant what I said. I'd rather
mend than bury our people, Tone.

Saoirse listens intently to his words – hesitates – suddenly
torn between admiration and frustration mixed with confusion.

Siobhan cups her hand – whispers.

SIOBHAN
I just want to make it to spring.
I'm with child again!

Saoirse gasps. Donald grins.

Frustrated – unwilling to engage further, Seamus grabs
Siobhan's hand and helps her up.

SEAMUS
We're leaving. Don't get mixed up
in this, you two. No good can come
from the likes of men like him.

They push through the crowd. Others follow.

Wolfe Tone signals the guards at the door to block the exit.

A wiry server, PETER O'REGAN (16) steps forward.

PETER

The Peep O'Day Boys burned our
house and Redcoats shot me Da.
Everyone knew he was innocent – but
nobody – Protestant or Catholic –
lifted a finger to stop 'em.

Mrs. Finn adjusts the toddler on her hip.

MRS. FINN

We can't fight English muskets with
shovels, Peter.

PETER

But if we unite – maybe we can have
a better chance.

MRS. FINN

And if ye die?

PETER

We die united – like he says.

MRS. FINN

(screeching)

But ye still DIE, ya stupid fart!

PETER

Och! What the hell do Finn know?

She sets the toddler and basket down – takes a breath –
clenches her fist – stomps over – grabs him by his chin.

MRS. FINN

I know me husband's be still dead!
I know the English still rule us!
And I know me and mine still go
hungry – ya foul-mouthed little
piss ant!

She scoops her child and basket up – turns on Wolfe Tone.

MRS. FINN (CONT'D)

Yer gonna get them killed and ye'll
not be takin' another of mine.

She marches to the door.

The guards block her.

MRS. FINN

Get the hell outta me way, Jack
Dawson, or I'll bust yer filthy
balls. Yours too, Joey Sheehan if
ye even have any.

They flinch – look to Tone. He raises a hand and bellows.

WOLFE TONE

Make no mistake, Madam! We of
course aim to work within the law –
to negotiate a reform of
Parliament.

Silence. He nods. The guards step aside. Mrs. Finn snorts –
storms out.

Seamus, Siobhan, and a half-dozen others follow suit.

The guards shut and bolt the doors behind them.

PETER

As I thought. Ye'll do shite.

He wipes his eyes with his fist.

WOLFE TONE

(laughs)

Now if I DID say any of those
things, son – I'd be lying.

O'SULLIVAN

Och! If talk's all ye have to offer
us, haul yer arse on out of here.

DRUNK TWO

Aye! If we're not gonna fight we've
serious drinking to attend to, so
feck right the hell off.

WOLFE TONE

Hear me out! The English divide us
to keep us weak. To survive them,
we must unite.

(beat)

Irish Protestant and Irish Catholic
against a common enemy – and if the
men of property don't support us,
they must fall. Our strength comes
from you – the men of no property.

He pulls a green ribbon from his pocket – holds it up.

GASPS!

The crowd, now in dangerous territory, cast furtive glances.

WOLFE TONE

Like the American colonies, we too
can regain dignity in our own land.
Like he did for them, Napoleon has
promised to help us too – with
ships, weapons – AND men!

Stunned silence.

Faces perplexed – Can it be true? He lets his words
percolate.

WOLFE TONE

I've assured Bonaparte we'll be
ready to fight beside them once
they land in Mayo.
(smiles)
General Humbert and his troops are
preparing the ships as we speak!

PANDEMONIUM!

BARRY

We have a short time to get ready.
Join us. Help free our country.

WOLFE TONE

Hennessey and his men have sign-up
sheets for those willing to stand
and fight.

HENNESSY and his men jump up from various tables – pull sign-
up papers from their coats, wave them in the air.

The suddenly sober crowd surrounds them, anxious to sign up.

The celebratory atmosphere intensifies – all wild in
excitement – finally – a glimmer of hope.

Hus men hand completed sign up sheets to Hennessey. Exuberant
at the turn of events, he places them in a pile on the bar.

The new recruits surround him and slap his back, their faces
filled with hope and joy.

HENNESSEY

Gertie! An ale if it pleases ya!

GERTIE

It do, indeed. Comin up, handsome.

She winks, flirtatious. He responds - surprised - pleased.

O'Sullivan's elbows closer to Hennessy - "accidentally" knocks the pile of sign-up sheets to the floor.

HENNESSY

WATCH IT!

O'Sullivan drops to his knees - scoops them up - scans names. He covertly pockets a few sheets inside his waistcoat.

O'SULLIVAN

(places papers on bar)

Sorry - excitement took over me!

Hennessy quickly grabs the pile - shoves them into his waistcoat - looks back at Gertie - smiles.

HENNESSY

Me too.

O'Sullivan downs his drink - joins the celebration.

WOLFE TONE

Welcome to the fight, gentlemen!

EVERYONE

To Ireland!

Saoirse stands and beams.

EXT. CROWDED MARKET - DAY

The summer sun blazes over Belfast's bustling market. Vendors bark out prices. Children dart between carts.

Donald and Saoirse stroll arm-in-arm, stall to stall - enjoying the summer day, examining the wares and produce.

A STRANGER bumps into Donald, spilling a sack of grain. The man curses - frustrated - apologetic.

Donald kneels - helps him scoop it back into the sack. The man apologizes again.

DONALD

No harm done.

He and Saoirse continue past a flower stand. He buys a bouquet of yellow flowers, hands them to her with a flourish. She giggles, gives him a peck.

A small CHILD passes, grunts, struggling to carry a bucket of water half his size, between stalls. Donald strides over, lifts it with ease.

CHILD
(false bravado)
I can do it – I'm four!

Donald sets the bucket down – kneels – winks at him.

DONALD
Oh, I know ye can, lad!
(whispers)
But – would ye mind if me and me
missus walk beside ya?

The child smiles – relieved. Saoirse grins – her growing affection for Donald, apparent.

They walk the child to a stall – help him lift the bucket onto the table. The child wipes sweat – his eyes beam.

CHILD
See? I did it!

Saoirse holds in a chuckle.

DONALD
Aye ye did! Yer a fine, big,
strapping lad, son! Ye'd make any
Da proud!
(to Saoirse)
Wouldn't he, love?

She nods. They wave goodbye – continue towards a potato cart.

Peter O'Regan, the young server from the pub, juggles dirt-covered potatoes – showing off to a group of giggling girls.

His grinning little brother JOEY (8), watches wide-eyed, proud and entertained, until –

JOEY
Oh, oh – Peter!

Peter's grin fades. He looks over his shoulder, grimaces.

His mother, MRS. O'REGAN (40s), wiry, fierce, arms folded, stands behind him – hands on hips – eyes darting daggers.

MRS. O'REGAN
Peter James Philip O'Regan! What
d'ye think yer doin'?

PETER
Workin', Ma! Chattin' up a buyer-
(nods at Saoirse)
Her mister was just about to -

MRS. O'REGAN
Pick up them spuds - not the girls.

He scrambles to collect them. She tries not to smile. Three more TEENAGE GIRLS swoop in.

TEENAGE GIRLS
Hiiii, Peter!

His smirk returns. He winks at Joey - tosses more potatoes - thrilled at having another audience.

MURMURS breaks out.

Faces frown - heads shake - energy shifted. The noise thins. Heads turn. The crowd parts.

Tredwell and two REDCOATS escort a rouged-cheeked, powdered-wig official. Saoirse flinches. Donald tugs her arm gently.

She resists, her eyes fixed on Tredwell, the bouquet trembling in her hand.

Peter stops juggling - glares - jaw clenched.

MRS. O'REGAN
(low, warning)
Leave it be, Peter.

PETER
They've no right, Ma.

She begins packing up the cart, her voice tired.

MRS. O'REGAN
No. And yet somehow they do. Help
me pack up, son. Let's go home.

No answer. She turns - he's gone. Joey points.

MRS. O'REGAN (CONT'D)
Peter! No! Peter!

Peter pushes through bodies - fast - slows near the platform - snatches up a rock - waves a green ribbon.

PETER
Go to hell, ya English pricks! Take
his nibs and his throne with ya!

Nervous laughter from the nearby crowd.

PETER

For me Da, ye bastards!

He hurls the rock - Laughter turns to shocked GASPS.

SMACK!

The official crumples, wig askew, blood spreading. Tredwell leaps off the platform, pistol drawn.

TREDWELL

MOVE!

Screams. Chaos. People scatter in all directions. Mrs. O'Regan hurls herself in Tredwell's path.

MRS. O'REGAN

He's just a boy! Please—!

TREDWELL

Out of my way!

He shoves her to the ground - eyes scanning for the boy.

Donald hurries Saoirse towards an alley. She turns towards the chaos. Donald yanks her into the dark.

Too late. Tredwell spots them.

TREDWELL (CONT'D)

The alley! It's O'Neil! Stop her!

Peter sprints into the alley after Saoirse and Donald.

BANG! Tredwell FIRES blindly towards -

THE ALLEY

Peter stumbles - the ribbon drops - he collapses - hard. His breath rattles - his leg twitches - his eyes widen - go dead.

Donald runs back to the boy. Without looking at the wound, he slings Peter's body over his shoulder - runs to the end of the alley where Saoirse stands - horrified.

SHOUTS GROW LOUDER! CLOSER!

Donald grabs her arm - they vanish around the corner.

Her yellow flowers remain crushed in the dirt of the alley.

ACT FOUR

EXT. DAVENPORT BLEACHING HOUSE - DAY

Saoirse carries a picnic basket down the street. A SOLDIER exits a store and bumps into her.

SOLDIER
(tips his hat)
Pardon me, Miss.

She mumbles – head lowered – crosses the road.

A GOSHAWK SHILL CRY cuts the air. It knifes between rooftops – pigeons scatter.

A CROW CAWS from a chimney – launches skyward. Saoirse stiffens, every instinct screaming she's prey.

A patrol of soldiers laugh nearby. One glances her way.

She quickens her step towards a red-bricked factory:
"Davenport Bleaching House." – and slips –

INSIDE

She adjusts her eyes – surveys her surroundings.

Sunlight streams through dusty windows – catching floating motes. Linen flutters on lines.

Vendors bustle – coins clink – voices murmur.

A nearby side door offers an escape. A fire axe hangs nearby.

A worker's sharp LAUGH startles her.

She adjusts her basket – steps forward – fingers brushing across linen tables.

She catches sight of Donald on a raised platform, inspecting merchant's linens, writing in a ledger and slips of paper.

Nearby, MR. THOMPSON (20s), exchanges paper slips for coins.

Saoirse tucks a stray lock behind her ear.

CHURCH BELLS PEAL. Groans ripple through the factory.

DONALD
Lunchtime, gentlemen!

ACT FIVE

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Thompson kneels by the floor safe - wrestles with the dial.

MR. THOMPSON
Open, damn it!

Donald and Saoirse walk in.

DONALD
Ahem.

Mr. Thompson jumps - glances over his shoulder.

MR. THOMPSON
Oh! Pardon me, Miss Campbell - this
thing's cursed, I swear.

SAOIRSE
No harm done.
(smiles)
Join us for lunch?

MR. THOMPSON
Sorry. I'm meeting Gertie at the
Whistle. I can't thank you enough
for introducing us.

A loud CLUNK - the safe creaks open.

MR. THOMPSON (CONT'D)
Aha!

He dumps coins into a cloth bag and slams the door.

MR. THOMPSON (CONT'D)
I'd best hurry. See ya after lunch!

SAOIRSE
Tell Gertie I said hello!

MR. THOMPSON
Will do!

He bolts out. Saoirse closes the door behind him.

Her smile drops.

She hands Donald the basket. He kneels - dials - yanks the
safe open - sweeps coins into it.

FOOTSTEPS approach.

DONALD
Damn it to hell.

Saoirse cracks the door.

SAOIRSE
(calling sweetly)
Why, Mr. Graham! What a pleasant surprise!

Donald throws the towel over the basket – slams the safe shut – darts to his desk as MR. GRAHAM (60s), elegant, appears.

MR. GRAHAM
Miss Campbell. Still the brightest bloom on the vine.

SAOIRSE
(coy)
Oh, yer far too kind, sir.

The safe door creaks open. Mr. Graham glances toward it – concerned.

MR. GRAHAM
Where's Mr. Thompson?

DONALD
Lunch, sir.

MR. GRAHAM
Not with that vulgar pub girl!

SAOIRSE
(quickly)
Oh, no! He swore off her, sir. I made sure of it.
(fake sincerity)
She and her kind really should know their place. Papists. Trouble. All of them. Pardon me for saying' so.

MR. GRAHAM
Not at all, dear. I couldn't agree more. Insufferable, moronic lot.

He approaches the safe – looks inside – shuts and locks it.

MR. GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Tell Mr. Thompson I'd like a word. He's growing careless. Don't know what's gotten into the boy.

DONALD
I'll speak with him, sir.

Saoirse lifts the basket off the desk.

SAOIRSE
Join us for lunch?

MR. GRAHAM
Not today. I'd best be off. Good
day, Anne. Mr. Campbell.

He tips his hat – exits. Door clicks shut.

Donald lifts the towel. The coins glint atop a loaf of bread.

DONALD
What if he'd said yes?

SAOIRSE
(grins)
Mr. Thompson said the old goat's
riddled with gout and bleeding
ulcers. I knew he'd pass.

She places her hand on his arm, leans close.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
(teasing)
Know thy enemy, Mr. Campbell.

DONALD
Oh, yer dangerous, Miss Campbell.

They share a quiet smile – part affection – part defiance.

A fire is lit – and growing.

INT. DONALD'S KITCHEN – NIGHT

Smoke from a burnt loaf hovers. Saoirse sets the table.

The front door CREAKS open – SLAMS shut.

Donald enters – windblown – wildflowers in hand.

He kisses her cheek – offers the bouquet.

DONALD
Something smells delicious.

SAOIRSE
Mutton. Yer favorite.

She arranges the flowers in a vase – Donald warms his hands by the hearth.

She ladles stew – places it on the table.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
Eat while it's hot.

She returns to the hearth – prepares tea.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
I might've singed the meat – just a wee bit.

Donald sits – sniffs – bites – freezes – chews slowly – grimaces – hurriedly douses the stew with salt.

She sets a cup beside him.

He takes a sip, swallows hard.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
That bad?

DONALD
(choking slightly)
Memorable.
(looks up – teasing)
The English'll flee quicker from yer cooking than what we've got planned for them.

Siobhan swats him with a cloth – smiles despite herself.

Their quiet warmth shines through their mutual grief of loss.

They laugh – a quiet rhythm fills the room.

INT. TIN WHISTLE PUB – DAY

The pub teems with smoke – chatter – clinking of mugs.

The bell above the door CLANGS.

Saoirse enters squints – adjusts to the haze.

Gertie catches her eye – nods towards a shadowed door.

O'SULLIVAN
Hey Gertie! What's a man gotta do to get another drink?

GERTIE

Give me more than a slap on me arse
and pay yer damned tab, O'Sullivan!
Now finish that one! Curfew's nigh.

She slaps a towel at him – rings a ship's bell above the bar.

GERTIE (CONT'D)

Time, gentlemen, please! It's time
ye were no longer here! Go on! Get
yerselves home before the redcoats.

Saoirse weaves through the thinning crowd – slips into the
back room.

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Wolfe Tone and Barry lean over a map on the desk.

Barry passes Tone a heavy black satchel – he slips it into his
coat.

Saoirse clears her throat.

BARRY

(startled, draws pistol)
Christ! Ever hear of knocking? Or
are ye determined to give me a
heart attack.

SAOIRSE

But – Gertie says ye can't attack
what's not there, Barry.

BARRY

Ah, my daughter's too clever by
half. Just like her mother.

WOLFE TONE

Donald says your English studies
are going well?

SAOIRSE

Aye. Seamus is a patient tutor.

WOLFE TONE

He could do more for the cause.

SAOIRSE

He won't lift a musket but helps
how he can – what with the baby on
the way.

She sets the basket down.

Barry tips it over. Coins clatter.

WOLFE TONE
No suspicion?

SAOIRSE
None I can tell.

BARRY
Good. By the time they do notice,
it'll be too late.

Barry gives Wolfe Tone a questioning look.

A heavy beat – then Tone looks Saoirse square in the eye.

WOLFE TONE
We have a mission tomorrow night.
It's very dangerous – but critical.
You up for it?

She hesitates – then nods.

Barry slides a folded slip of paper across the desk.

BARRY
Midnight. This address. A man named
Hennessy will meet you. Just do
what he says. No questions.

WOLFE TONE
Many lives ride on this, Saoirse.
You tell no one – not even Donald.

Saoirse nods and hurries out of –

THE PUB

Moments later, the bell above the door CLANGS.

Tredwell and his soldiers storm in.

Villagers shuffle nervously, heads lowered, trying not to meet their gaze as they move through the room scanning faces.

Tredwell lingers briefly on O'Sullivan – a flicker of possible recognition – unnoticed.

TREDWELL
(angry)
She's not here – bastard lied.

They storm outside – leaving a tense silence in their wake.
Villagers release a collective sigh of relief.

INT. SAOIRSE'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Moonlight filters softly through the lace curtains.
Saoirse slips from bed dressed – boots laced.
She grabs her shawl – silently tiptoes down –

THE HALLWAY

Donald's door stands ajar. His snores confirm he's asleep.
She peeks in – uncertainty crossing her face – trepidation.
She opens her mouth to call out to him – thinks better of it.
She exhales quietly – tiptoes down the creaking stairs.
Each groan of the wood stills her – she waits – listens.
She grips the latch on the front door.
It CREAKS. She grimaces – waits – then slips –

OUTSIDE

The cobblestones glisten with rain.
An OWL HOOTS.
Saoirse looks up and down the street through a heavy fog –
visibility limited to just a few meters.
She lifts her skirts – keeps low – melts into the shadows.
The glow of street lamps guide her towards Saint Andrew's.
LAUGHTER erupts from inside the church.
CLANK! The doors swing open.
Four Redcoats stumble out – steaming mugs in hand.
She slips behind a tree – waits.
The MINISTER waves them off – shuts the door.

The Redcoats pass the tree – chatting – sipping steaming cups of coffee – oblivious.

She doesn't breathe until they're gone – then slips away in the opposite direction.

EXT. REBEL COTTAGE – NIGHT

Saoirse tiptoes through thick brush – hair and clothing catching on branches.

She approaches a cabin – gently knocks. A wooden square slides open.

SAOIRSE

Hennessy?

The peephole SLAMS shut – door flings open.

BANDY McGEE, a hulking brute of a man that looks like he reeks of sweat and whiskey, yanks her inside.

He kicks the door shut with a muddy boot and jams a pistol under her chin.

His rheumy eyes drill into hers.

She raises a folded note – tries to steady her voice.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Hennessy? I was told ye –

BANG! BANG!

A pounding at the door cuts her off.

Bandy peeks through the spy hole – flings the door opened.

A burst of wind and rain, followed by six scrawny teenage boys, shivering – breathless.

Their eyes lock on Saoirse.

Bandy slams the door closed.

BANDY

Look what he sent us, Billy Boy!

BILLY BOY (16), yellow teeth and sunken cheeks, grins.

BILLY BOY

About time he gave us lads a bit o' fun. How about a kiss, girlie?

He grabs for her waist.

She draws a knife from her boot – presses it to his throat.

The boys gasp. His eyes bulge.

SAOIRSE

It'll be the last thing ya do.

BILLY BOY

Jesus! I was just foolin'! I didn't mean nothin' by it. Feck!

BANDY

We're fighting the English, not each other. Put the knife down before Billy Boy here wets himself.

She shoves Billy Boy aside – sheathes the blade.

The door swings open bringing another burst of wind.

HENNESSY – heavysset – mid-50s – all suspicion, storms in. His face shows exhaustion.

He scowls at the sight of Saoirse.

HENNESSY

(points at her)

What the hell is that?

Bandy hands him the note.

He reads it – grunts – then tosses it into the fire.

Unnerved, he sits on a stool – empties then fills his pipe – lights it – deeply inhales.

HENNESSY (CONT'D)

(Resigned)

Children and women? Christ. How're we supposed to beat the English with just – God damn it!

He studies Saoirse. She studies him.

HENNESSY (CONT'D)

I told Barry I needed someone who could read the English.

SAOIRSE

I can.

BILLY BOY

But the Frenchies were expectin'
O'Sullivan. Why ain't he goin'?

BANDY

Too fond of the drink. Starts
flappin' his gob. Barry said he
wouldn't trust him with his farts.

HENNESSY

Too late to change anything now.
They're already waiting for us.

He throws a map on the table. All gather around.

□ HENNESSY (CONT'D)

(points)

At midnight, a French frigate will
drop anchor here.

Bandy's men will row out from the
quay and meet the ship here, at the
mouth of the bay.

Billy's boys will guide the boats
to shore and haul the cargo up to
the top of the bluff.

Lads there will load it into carts
and haul it to camp. Questions?

SAOIRSE

Where's the camp?

HENNESSY

Don't need to know.

SAOIRSE

The cargo?

HENNESSY

Muskets. Powder. Plans.

SAOIRSE

What d'ye need me for?

HENNESSY

Ye'll translate the instructions
and teach Billy's boys how to
assemble and fire them.

He eyes her up and down – deep in thought.

HENNESSY (CONT'D)
Lift yer skirts.

She draws her knife from her boot – backs towards the door.

HENNESSY (CONT'D)
Don't flatter yerself, girlie.

He tosses her a bundled blanket.

HENNESSY (CONT'D)
Stuff that up under yer dress. The
English won't suspect a woman.
Especially one carryin' a child.
(Fills his pipe)
Well? Get going! And hurry – the
boys will be waiting.

The rebels head to the door and open it.

A strong cold wind bursts into the room.

Hennessy shivers – bolts the door and sits at the table.

Jaw clenched, eyes worried – he re-lights his pipe and stares
at the flickering flame of the fire.

EXT. OCEAN – NIGHT

A FRENCH FRIGATE cuts through the Atlantic under a black sky.

A SAILOR grips the railing – sways with the swells.

SAILOR
(in French, subtitled)
It'll worsen as we near the cove,
Captain.

The Officer scans the fog-cloaked coastline with a spyglass.

EXT. THE BLUFF – NIGHT

Saoirse, belly padded under her shawl, trudges along the
bluff with Billy Boy and his group.

CART-BOYS peer out from the brush.

CORY (16), the largest, warily steps forward.

CORY
Yer an hour late, Billy. Where's
O'Sullivan?

BILLY BOY
Not coming, Cory. She's takin' his
place.

Saoirse scans the young faces, alarmed.

Cory is the oldest – the youngest boy – no more than 10.

SAOIRSE
Billy, take your lads to the beach.
When the curraghs land, bring the
cargo and the French officer to me.
(to Cory)
Yer boys will haul it to camp.
Quickly. Understand?

CORY
Aye, Miss.

SAOIRSE
(hands Billy the lantern)
Guide them in. Stay off the rocks.

BILLY BOY
Ye heard her! Move yer arses!

SAOIRSE
Be careful, Billy. It's a steep,
slippery descent.

The boys descend the cliffside toward the dark beach.

INT. REBEL COTTAGE – NIGHT

Rain pelts the roof. Wind howls.

Hennessy shuffles papers at a desk.

Outside, a DOG GROWLS.

He grabs his pistol – looks through the peephole.

HENNESSY
Who are ya and what d'ya want?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
A message for Hennessy.

He opens the door and peers –

OUTSIDE

Mrs. O'Regan steps from the shadows.

MRS. O'REGAN

I live by the Hill Street barracks.

HENNESSY

So?

MRS. O'REGAN

I watched O'Sullivan go in with papers – and bolt out with a fat purse in hand.

HENNESSY

What's that gotta do with me?

MRS. O'REGAN

I didn't walk all this way to play games, Hennessy.

The barracks woke up – and a few minutes later, a dozen redcoats rode out like they were chased by the devil himself.

Best keep yer men home tonight.

HENNESSY

It's too late.

She shakes her head – walks back into the woods.

Hennessy slams the door – pounds it with his fist.

HENNESSY (CONT'D)

God damn ya, O'Sullivan. God damn yer filthy black soul to hell.

He stares in despair at the flickering flames of the fire.

ACT FIVE

EXT. ROCKY BEACH - NIGHT

Fog blankets the rocky beach. Redcoats crouch behind boulders.

Billy Boy navigates slippery rocks – reaches the water – swings the lantern.

A wire lashes around his throat. He chokes – his tongue bulges – he goes limp.

His lads reach the rocks.

Unable to see through the heavy fog, they call for him over the deafening crashing of waves against the rocks.

LAD ONE

Billy? Where are ya?

Figures rise from the mist – garrote wires gleam.

The boys drop before a scream escapes their lips.

Soldiers strip off the boys' coats and hats.

One drags Billy's body behind a boulder while another dons his coat and cap.

The disguised soldier swings the lantern toward the opening of –

THE BAY

Bandy's curraghs bounce across choppy waters.

The French frigate slows. The signal waves.

The curraghs pull up alongside the ship.

Sailors secure the boats to the hull – lower crates into the rebels' hands.

Bandy helps the French Officer into his curragh.

They row back to –

THE SHORE

The lantern's light dims in the fog – then disappears.

First out of the boats, the French officer and Bandy wade through the water to the rocks – confused – wary.

FRENCH OFFICER
O'Sullivan? Where are you?

The disguised Redcoat emerges – raises the lantern – grins.

FRENCH OFFICER (CONT'D)
Where are your men?

SOLDIER
Waitin' for you, mon capitaine.

The soldier drops to the rocks – covers his head.

MUSKET FIRE erupts.

Teens in the curraghs cry for their mothers before their bodies fall into the surf – amid smoke and blood.

The chaos on the beach floats up to –

THE BLUFF

Saoirse bolts to the bluff's edge – struggles to see through the heavy fog.

Gunfire and death silences the cries.

Tredwell emerges from behind a boulder.

Saoirse grips her knife – starts down the slope.

CORY
(grabs her)
No, Miss! Ye'll only give us away!

She turns – raises her knife.

Terrified, Cory covers his face – whimpers.

She lowers the blade – shocked – horrified at what she almost did.

She looks back down to –

THE BEACH

Tredwell kicks Bandy's body aside – barks orders.

TREDWELL

Unload the boats. Pile the bodies
behind the boulders and haul the
cargo ashore.

(points)

You two stand watch until morning
light, to identify the bodies.

His men move into position – follow his orders.

Tredwell mounts a horse – gallops down the shoreline.

His troops follow and vanish with him into the fog.

The sentries drag the remaining bodies onto the rocks.

Saoirse scrambles back up to –

THE BLUFF

She gathers the frightened, crying boys.

SAOIRSE

We can't let them identify them.

The trembling boys, nod.

Saoirse grabs ropes from the carts and she and Cory descend
the cliff to –

THE BEACH

They creep over slippery rocks toward the unaware sentries –
throw ropes around the men's necks – and pull tight.

They're no match for the stronger, trained soldiers.

One grabs Saoirse – slams her onto the rocks.

She gasps – winded – springs back up – feral – determined.

She charges – slashes her knife at the soldier.

He dodges the blows – wrenches the blade from her.

He thrusts it into her stomach – sneering – until she doesn't
fall.

She knees his groin. He collapses.

She rips the blade free from her stomach padding – drives it
into his gut.

He moans – collapses to his knees – holding his crotch.

She kicks him onto his back – and looms over him – knife poised – her boot pressing his gut.

Choking in pain – tears pool in his eyes. He looks up at her – soundless begging for mercy.

She hesitates – he's just a boy! Her face twists with grief.

FLASHBACK:

Cara giggles as Granddad yelps from a hot potato. Her mother chuckles – pushes him off his stool. Cara grins – giddy.

END FLASHBACK

She HOWLS her pain – then slams the knife into his chest.

Disbelief – shock – he gurgles – goes limp.

She spins. A soldier has Cory pinned – strangling him.

A cart-boy jumps onto the soldier's back – claws at his eyes. The soldier roars in fury – flings the child aside.

Cory struggles to breathe.

The soldier rolls off Cory – warps his hands around the cart boy's neck.

Saoirse snatches a rock – races over – smashes it into the soldier's skull – again – again.

He crumples – dead.

The sobbing cart-boy and Cory both hold their necks – coughing – wheezing – struggling to breathe.

The remaining boys make it down to the beach.

Saoirse staggers among the dead. She turns Bandy over – flinches at his opened, unseeing eyes and protruding tongue.

Horrificed – she turns over more bodies.

The French Officer misses half his face. She drops and vomits onto the rocks.

The boys watch – terrified.

She notices them – rises and steels herself.

She yells to be heard over the wind.

SAOIRSE

Load the dead into the curraghs and
get them home to their mothers!

CART BOY

But the water's fierce!

SAOIRSE

So is life, boy. Do it.

(to larger boys)

Bring the crates to the bluff and
help the smaller boys get the carts
to camp.

She kneels beside a sobbing child.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Run to camp – tell them what
happened – then go home, son.

He nods, tears streaming. She kisses the top of his head and
motion "go".

He turns – runs up the bluff. She watches him go – small,
fragile – but alive.

The sun crests the horizon – the fog lifts.

A GOSHAWK circles above the carnage.

Saoirse, bruised and bloody – looks up at the it.

It SHRIEKS.

ACT SIX

EXT. BELFAST STREET - DAY

Daylight breaks through.

A ROOSTER CROWS. DOGS BARK.

Saoirse limps down the street – head uncovered.

The sun spills gold across Saint Andrew's steeple cross.

She glares at it – yanks her shawl tighter.

She reaches Donald's – struggles up the steps.

INT. DONALD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Saoirse crawls into bed beside Donald – wet – filthy.

He stirs – smiles.

Morning sunlight spills into the room – revealing the mud and blood.

DONALD

Saoirse!

He jolts up – rushes around the bed.

DONALD (CONT'D)

My God – what happened?! Are ye hurt? Where? How –

SAOIRSE

(whispers)

I couldn't save them, Donald.

DONALD

What?

SAOIRSE

(quiet, raw)

They were just children. Babies.
And they killed them. Just like
they killed Cara.

(beat)

Soon there'll be no children left
to fight – or bury.

DONALD

God Almighty!

SAOIRSE

God? There is no god for us,
Donald. It was all just a lie to
make us behave. Ye were right. No
more prayers.

She shuts her eyes – transformation complete.

INT. LINEN HOUSE OFFICE – DAY

Rain taps against the windowpanes. The wind whistles through
the frame.

Donald transcribes figures into a ledger – rubs his hands for
warmth.

The door CREAKS. MR. GRAHAM enters, weary.

MR. GRAHAM

Where's Mr. Thompson?

DONALD

Left early, sir. Terrible cold.

MR. GRAHAM

Bloody weather. Half the staff's
ill. No wonder we struggle to
profit.

DONALD

Can I help, sir?

MR. GRAHAM

A letter came from London. I'm to
retire. They're sending their own
man.

DONALD

I don't understand...

MR. GRAHAM

They say I'm too old. Other
branches outperform us. They want
answers.

DONALD

I'm sorry, sir.

MR. GRAHAM

They arrive tomorrow.

(stiffens)

Drop off the last five years'
ledgers before you leave.

DONALD
Tomorrow morning all right?

MR. GRAHAM
(frowns – a beat)
Why not tonight?

DONALD
Some are at home. I'll finish them
first.

Mr. Graham stares hard at him – sighs.

MR. GRAHAM
Tomorrow, then. Goodnight, Mr.
Campbell.

DONALD
Goodnight, sir.

Mr. Graham exits.

Donald exhales – wipes sweat from his brow – crosses to the
window.

Rain slams the cobblestones.

Soldiers storm shops – examine pedestrians.

CRIES – SCREAMS!

Redcoats drag two bloodied men and a woman from a warehouse
across the street.

Tredwell steps out – scans the buildings – looks up – spots
Donald at the window.

Donald yanks the curtain shut – grabs the ledgers – and
empties the safe.

ACT SIX

INT. DONALD'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Siobhan, visibly pregnant, quietly washes dishes.

Saoirse enters, barefoot and pale. Cara's doll peeks from her nightdress pocket.

She pauses, dazed – confused.

Siobhan gasps at her bruised face.

SIOBHAN
My God! Are ye all right?

SAOIRSE
Aye. What're ye doin' here? I have
to make Donald's breakfast.

SIOBHAN
Breakfast? It's nighttime.

SAOIRSE
What?

SIOBHAN
Ye've been asleep two days. Donald
fetched me yesterday. Said yer ill.
I came right away. What happened?

Saoirse sits, hollow-eyed – voice a mere whisper.

SAOIRSE
D'ye ever think of them, Siobhan?
D'ya ever feel like they're crying
out for justice – every day – every
night? Walking beside ya.

Siobhan – confused. She doesn't!

SIOBHAN
They're gone. Let them rest in
peace, Saoirse. Yer still alive.

Saoirse limps to the window – looks out.

SAOIRSE
For now. Lady Ellen's fiancé is
here.

SIOBHAN
Are ye sure?

SAOIRSE
Saw him with my own eyes.

SIOBHAN
(jumps up, frantic)
Stay inside! It's the only place
ye'll be safe!

Saoirse swings around, stunned.

SAOIRSE
Safe? Ye think any of us are safe
while they rule over us?

SIOBHAN
Ye are! Just stay inside – out of
sight. Yer passing, Saoirse! They
accept ya!

SAOIRSE
I don't accept me!
(beat)
Och. Ye don't understand.

INT. TIN WHISTLE PUB – NIGHT

The place is wrecked. Empty. Silent.

Donald enters – scans the room – confusion and worry etched
on his face.

He grabs a pistol tucked in his waistcoat – heads to –

BARRY'S OFFICE

The door BURSTS open.

Barry spins around, pistol drawn, then lowers it in
recognition.

BARRY
Christ! Yer as bad as she is!

DONALD
(growling)
How could ya do it! Why the hell
didn't ye tell me?!

Barry opens the safe – pulls out papers, maps and coins.

BARRY
Ye'd have stopped her. She knew we
had no choice.
(beat)
How is she?

Donald slams his fist on the desk – coins jump, papers
scatter on the floor.

DONALD
How the hell d'ye think she is?
She's lucky to be alive!

BARRY
The mission was that important,
Donald. Ye must know that. We would
not have done so otherwise.

Donald paces, fists clenched, fighting his anger.

Barry scoops coins and papers from the floor – shoves them
into his carpetbag.

Donald grabs his arm.

DONALD
London auditors arrive tomorrow.
I'm about to be found out.

BARRY
We all are – since that traitorous
bastard, O'Sullivan sold us out.

DONALD
O'Sullivan?! Where is he?

BARRY
Beaten to a pulp – tarred and
rotting six feet under – where he
belongs. May he burn in hell.

DONALD
Wolfe?

BARRY
France.

DONALD
When does he return?

BARRY
Who the hell knows now? We're on
our own now.

Barry slams the safe shut – grabs his carpetbag.

BARRY

I need to find Gert before they do.

He races out.

INT. DONALD'S KITCHEN – NIGHT

A light rain drifts across the window, silent – soft.

Saoirse stirs a pot hanging over the fire.

The front door opens and SLAMS shut.

She whirls around – knife firmly in hand.

Donald bursts in – flushed and out of breath.

DONALD

Yer up! Good. Are ye alright?

SAOIRSE

I'm fine.

DONALD

Where's yer sister?

SAOIRSE

Gone. Supper will be ready in a minute.

DONALD

Forget supper. We have to leave.

He dumps ledgers and coin onto the table – tosses ledgers proving his theft into the fire.

SAOIRSE

What about –

DONALD

No time. Dress warm. Hurry.

EXT. DONALD'S HOME – NIGHT

Donald emerges with a heavy basket.

He looks up and down the street. Worried at the sight of soldiers emerging from the court – ready for night patrol.

DONALD
(yells into the house)
Hurry up!

Casey races down the street towards his home – smiles, nods in greeting and jumps up his steps.

He rips off parchment nailed to his door.

CASEY
(incredulous)
The Peep O'Day Boys threaten to
burn us alive if we don't leave
Ulster tonight!

Saoirse hurries out just in time to hear.

Casey crumbles the note and throws it into the street.

CASEY (CONT'D)
(screams)
Ye'll take my home over my dead
body, ya orange bastards!

SAOIRSE
Yer Catholic?

The BELLS of St. Andrew's announce curfew.

Before he can answer, Donald grabs her arm – pulls her down the steps.

They rush down the street and turn into an alley.

EXT. THE TIN WHISTLE PUB - NIGHT

Donald and Saoirse step out of the alley beside the pub.

Sounds of the place being torn apart fill the air.

The door flings open.

Six soldiers emerge, muskets shouldered.

Donald pulls Saoirse down behind a large bush.

Tredwell, face filled with fury, storms out of the pub.

Saoirse grabs her knife – pulls away – ready to attack.

Donald reins her back in – clamps his hand over her mouth to stifle her cries – wrestles her back into –

THE ALLEY

She yanks his hand from her mouth.

SAOIRSE
(frantic)
Cara's doll! I have to go back!

DONALD
No time!

SAOIRSE
I can't leave her!

She shoves away from him – he pulls her back – she thrashes.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
Leave me alone!

He clamps a hand over her mouth again and carries her, struggling, further down the alley.□

INT. SIOBHAN'S FLAT - NIGHT

Seamus opens the door.

Donald pushes past him with Saoirse – struggling and still slung over his shoulder.

DONALD
We're in trouble. We need shelter until curfew ends. I'm takin' her to Scotland.

SEAMUS
What the hell is going on?

DONALD
It's safer if ye don't know.

Seamus squares off with Donald.

SEAMUS
The hell it is!

Donald puts Saoirse down.

DONALD
Tone's fled to France. Won't be long before they come for us.

SEAMUS

What the hell does he have to –
(to Saoirse)
Goddammit! I warned ya not to get
involved! Have ye learned nothing?

SAOIRSE

I've learned a life's worth,
Seamus. Ye taught me English – the
English taught me hate – Wolfe Tone
taught me to fight them.

SEAMUS

Ya can't fight anyone if yer
swingin' from the gallows! Donald!
Talk sense into her.

DONALD

One day yer peace will cost us all.

SEAMUS

Or save us! Mother of God, Donald!
They're cruel – not stupid! They
can't leave us a festering wound,
this close to their shores!

DONALD

A wound they created and fed.

Seamus angrily grabs Donald by the collar, eyes blazing.

SEAMUS

(screams)
That no longer matters! They're
here and they're here to stay!
(Regains composure)
Siobhan, tell me ye didn't know.

SIOBHAN

I suspected.

SEAMUS

And said nothin'?

SIOBHAN

She's all I have left.

SEAMUS

(voice cracks)
Ye have me, Siobhan. Have ye
forgotten?

DONALD
We've no time to argue. What's done
is done. Let's get what sleep we
can. We move at daybreak.

INT. SIOBHAN'S TENEMENT - NIGHT

Siobhan and Seamus sleep spooned together on the floor,
wrapped in layers.

Donald sleeps beside a wide-awake Saoirse. She slowly rises –
moves to the door.

CREAK.

She looks over at Donald – pauses – hand trembling on the
frame.

She takes a long, quiet breath – steels herself – and
silently slips out.

EXT. DUBLIN STREETS - NIGHT

Saoirse races past the dockyards, over the park, and into –

THE ALLEY

– beside the smoldering ruins of the Tin Whistle Pub.

A door CREAKS open.

An OLD WOMAN steps out – bucket in hand.

Saoirse presses flat against the tenement wall – heart
pounding in her throat.

The woman tosses the bucket of slop.

It splatters across stones and onto Saoirse's shoes.

Rats instantly swarm. Saoirse GASPS – bites her palm to
stifle her scream.

The woman glances up and down the alley.

Seeing nothing, she retreats and SLAMS her door shut.

Saoirse kicks the rats away.

Soldiers trudge past the alley mouth.

She waits – then pushes through the night haze to –

□

SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH

She races down the street. Behind her – YELLS – LIT TORCHES –
the Peep O'Day Boys!
She ducks behind the steps.

The gang storms past, wild and furious, hooting and
bellowing.

They turn the corner onto Donald's street.

Saoirse follows behind, silent and swift.

The thugs halt in front of –

CASEY'S HOME

Their leader steps forward with a heavy rock.

LEADER

Joseph Casey! Ye've been given fair
warnin'!

He hurls the rock through a window – flings his torch through
the opening. Shattering glass, then roaring flames.

The CASEY FAMILY bursts out, wielding truncheons and clubs.

JOSEPH CASEY

You'll have to kill me first,
Orange bastards!
(to his family)
Stand fast!

MARY CASEY

We'll not let ya burn us from our
own door!

YOUNGER SON

Cowards!

Chaos explodes! The street erupts into hand-to-hand combat.

Saoirse stumbles up Donald's steps and slips inside.

A TORCH sails through the air and lands on the roof.

Flames crackle and climb, quickly devouring everything.

INT. SIOBHAN'S TENEMENT - NIGHT

Donald bolts upright - looks for Saoirse - races -

OUTSIDE

He sprints across the park and past Saint Andrew's.

A FIRE WAGON thunders past, horse hooves striking sparks.

He scrambles after it.

It veers hard around a corner.

Smoke curls into the sky as they near -

DONALD'S HOUSE

A panicked crowd stares in horror at a second floor.

Saoirse teeters on the windowsill, cloaked in black smoke.

Flames crawling behind her lick her back.

She clutches Cara's doll and SHRIEKS - in pain - and terror.

Firemen stretch a BLANKET beneath the window.

MARY CASEY (O.S.)

Jump, Anne! Jump!

She's too frozen in fear. Donald breaks through the crowd.

DONALD

Saoirse!!

He races to the door. A FIREMAN grabs him.

FIREMAN

You can't go in there!

DONALD

The hell I can't!

He punches the fireman's face and charges -

INSIDE

Thick smoke devours the stairwell. Fire claws the bannister.

Coughing violently, he barrels up the burning steps, down the hall and into –

SAOIRSE'S BEDROOM

She balances on the edge of the window sill, coughing.

DONALD

Get down!

SAOIRSE

I'm so sorry! I couldn't leave her!

He races to her, throws his coat over her head, shields her from the flames – looks –

OUTSIDE

Men form a human ladder against the wall.

CASEY (O.S.)

Pass her down to me, Donald!

Donald carefully hoists Saoirse into his arms – lowers her into Casey's – and watches, worried, until she's safe.

She looks up at Donald, framed in the fiery window – breaks down and SOBS – crying his name.

Donald's head and leg dangles outside the frame.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Take my hand, Donald!

Donald reaches for it. Casey grips it.

CRACK!

The roof caves in – pulling Donald back into the inferno.

SAOIRSE

DONALD!! NO!!

She sprints for the door. Mary grabs her. She breaks free.

A FIREMAN intercepts her.

FIREMAN

There's nothin' ye can do! He's gone!

SAOIRSE
NOOO!! DONALD!!

She COLLAPSES to her knees. Mary drops beside her. Holds her tight.

The fire blanket falls from rescuers' hands to the ground.

The soot-covered men descend the human ladder in silence – faces hollow –defeated.

One shakes his head. Another looks away, fighting tears.

The crowd watch in silence. Helpless.

The second floor IMPLODES.

The crowd recoils as embers fly into the sky.

Saoirse trembles in Mary's arms, burying her head.

She clutches Cara's doll to her chest – beside herself in agony – overcome with grief.

Her face, carved with remorse and devastation, carries too much guilt for one person to handle.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO ARMAGH – DAY

A ragged exodus of women, children, and men stumble along the dirt road – blistered feet – faces etched in grief.

Sacks slung over their shoulders contain all they have left.

The sky bleeds orange as the sun sinks. A warning glow.

Saoirse limps along the pocked road, her face raw, her eyes swollen and raw.

Donald's burned coat covers her tiny frame. Cara's charred doll dangles from a torn pocket – its eyes melted.

They reach a parchment nailed to a tree.

The ink's smudged but the message is as clear as it is brutal.

SUPER: "You are entering Armagh – Orange Lodge Territory. Catholics must report to authorities. Curfew in effect. Trespassers shall be shot."

Saoirse steps closer – voice cracks.

SAOIRSE
(reads aloud)
This is Armagh – an Orange Lodge.
Curfew's near. Anyone caught
outside will be shot.

A horrible silence falls, then –

VOICES IN CROWD (O.S.)
"Where do we go from here?"
"God help us..."
"We've no homes left!"
"Are we the next to burn?"

Children weep quietly. Mothers hush them with dry lips.

Saoirse scans the horizon.

The sun hovers like a final judgment.

SAOIRSE
(low, commanding)
Heads down. Eyes forward.
We walk. We don't run. Don't give
them a reason.

She starts forward.

They follow – a frightened ghost procession.

A YOUNG MAN lifts a LITTLE GIRL onto his hip. She hides her
face in his chest and whimpers.

LITTLE GIRL
I'm hungry, Da –

He gives her his last piece of bread.

They pass the gates into –

THE TOWN OF ARMAGH

The market is closing.

The exhausted exiles walk in silent formation, battered – but
unbroken.

Town's folks and Redcoats leer at them – their expressions
clear – papists not welcomed.

A few townsfolk mutter. Some laugh.

A VENDOR hurls a rotten apple at the group.

VENDOR
Papist filth!

A cocky TEENAGE EXILE glares at the vendor.

Defiant, he grabs a green ribbon and affixes it to his cap.

WOMAN EXILE
(shrieks)
Damn fool! They'll kill us all!

A stone WHIZZES – strikes her in the head.

She drops without another sound.

SCREAMS. SHOUTS.

A Redcoat lifts his musket.

BOOM!

The young father crumples – dragging the little girl down into the dirt with him. Blood blossoms across his chest.

The girl screams and furiously shakes his body.

LITTLE GIRL
Da! Daaa!

Saoirse runs over, snatches the child and carries her beneath an overturned vegetable cart.

The teen that drew the ribbon falls into the cart. His open eyes – unseeing.

The green ribbon – blown apart and soaked in his blood.

Saoirse clutches the screaming girl closer.

Another BLAST hits inches beside them – splinters the cart.

Smoke chokes the air – burns their eyes.

SAOIRSE
Hold on! Don't let go!

She covers the girl's eyes, lifts her into her arms – bursts forth from their cover.

CRIES and SCREAMS of the doomed rise behind them.

Saoirse bolts into a dark, narrow alley – disappearing with the little girl into the shadows.

EXT. HARBOR – NIGHT

Fog creeps in like smoke over the dark water.

Torches flicker along the pier.

A FOGHORN BLARES. A light rain falls.

Lanterns swing gently on the dock, casting long, trembling reflections across the black water.

Wooden pilings creak beneath the throng of workers and passengers preparing to board ships.

Saoirse enters the harbor carrying the sleeping child – her shawl concealing her bruises and desperation.

The child's bloodied fingers clutch the collar of Donald's coat.

SHOUTS erupt.

A wave of Redcoats floods the harbor – panic erupts.

The soldiers shove through the mob, tearing people apart with musket butts and open palms – examining faces.

Wagons are overturned. Lovers are separated. Some are dragged off, others vanish between barrels.

Saoirse ducks low – weaves through the chaos.

The child stirs. Saoirse clutches her tighter.

Her hip bumps a fishmonger's cart – it tips. SPLAT! They tumble together into a mess of fish guts and blood.

Saoirse scrambles to get up, slick with slime. Her shawl falls loose – she yanks it up to hide her hair.

The child claws blindly at Saoirse's coat – desperately trying to climb out of the sludge.

A pair of polished black boots stop inches from Saoirse's face.

She keeps her head lowered – raises her eyes – slowly.

TREDWELL!

She lifts a trembling hand – wipes fish slime from his boots.

TREDWELL
Watch where you're going, you
stupid -

WHUMP!

He kicks her in the ribs. She folds inward, choking on pain.

The girl cries out - crawls away on her knees through the
slime - finds cover behind a barrel.

Saoirse swallows her breath - disguises her voice.

SAOIRSE
Forgive me, milord! Me hens be
runned fair off - an' me and me
little one was just tryin' to catch
'em.
(beat)
So - is yerself all right, milord?

An OFFICIAL passes behind without breaking stride.

OFFICIAL
It's just boots, Captain. Let's
get on with it, shall we?

The Official's escort snicker.

Tredwell scowls - delivers a final kick, sharp and bitter,
then storms off.

Saoirse remains low.

Once the boots fade, she crawls over to the girl - pulls her
out from behind the barrel and lifts her back into her arms.

They disappear into the panicked, angry crowd when -

TREDWELL (O.S.)
O'Neil?! That's her! Stop that
woman!

BOOM! BOOM!

Musket fire.

A nearby child screams and drops, hit. That does it. The wick
is lit.

The crowd erupts - fury overtakes fear.

CROWD (OVERLAPPING)
"Strike us down! Ten more will
rise!"
"Have ye no shame?!"
"Baby killers!"
"Ye'll pay for this!"

Redcoats shove forward – firing.

BOOM! BOOM!

A teenage girl collapses, blood soaking her dress.

A nearby ship's BELL CLANGS. A sign above the ship: NEW YORK.

Saoirse pushes through the panicked crush.

TICKET TAKER
Move it along! Hurry it up!

CRIES from the wounded. SHOUTS of angry men and women.

HORSES REAR. MUSKETS THUNDER.

A hand yanks Saoirse's shawl from behind.

She spins – Tredwell slams a pistol under her chin, his face
contorted with hate – and triumph.

She drops the child and screams.

SAOIRSE
Get on the ship!

Tredwell sneers – turns his pistol toward the fleeing girl.
Saoirse grabs the barrel.

They struggle – gasping, slipping, locked in raw hatred.

Tredwell chokes – blood spills from his mouth. He staggers
back.

Saoirse, breathing heavy, holds her bloody knife in the air,
prepared for another strike.

Tredwell drops to his knees, bleeding from the gut.

She hesitates – then turns and runs after the child.

Soldiers rush to Tredwell.

TREDWELL
(gasping)
Leave me! Get. That. Woman!

They give chase, shoving civilians, dodging barrels and swinging fists.

Tredwell limps after them through the chaos of the battle.

The ship's BELL CLANGS again – louder now. Urgent.

Sailors shout orders – haul ropes – throw cargo.

They frantically raise the boarding plank – plunging dozens of passengers into the black water.

The ship pulls away from the dock.

SAOIRSE

No! Wait!

She reaches the child – scoops her onto her hip and sprints to the water's edge.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Don't let go!

The girl SCREAMS as Saoirse leaps across the black water –

THWACK!

They slam against –

THE SHIP'S HULL

Saoirse clings to the cargo net. The child clings to her.

BAM!

Muskets balls tear at the ropes.

The child slips – cries in panic.

Saoirse grabs her coat just in time – hauls her back up.

SAOIRSE

Take hold of the ropes! Climb!

The girl scrambles upward.

A man reaches down from the railing, legs braced by a woman behind him.

Saoirse shoves the child up into his arms – he pulls her aboard.

The sobbing girl looks over the railing.

Saoirse dangles, bloodied – slipping.

She reaches inside her coat – pulls out Cara's scorched doll.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
Her doll! She can't sleep without
it!

She throws it. The man catches it and shoves it into the
child's hands.

The traumatized child hugs it to her chest and sobs.

Saoirse looks up – and for a moment – sees Cara in the girl's
face. Her eyes flood with tears.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Goodby, pigeon. Mammy's so sorry.
Please forgive –.

BOOM! BOOM!

Musket balls rip through the net. Saoirse slips lower.

PASSENGER (O.S.)
Take my hand! Ye can do it! Just a
few more –

BOOM! BOOM!

The musket tears through her shoulder.

Saoirse screams in pain.

The final rope snaps – Saoirse tumbles backward – and
vanishes beneath the waves.

EXT. DOCK – CONTINUOUS

The din of battle is deafening. Musket smoke and screams
swirl across the harbor.

Children cry out for mothers. Mothers cry for their children.

Tredwell, coat torn and bloodied – smoking pistol raised –
staggers across the dock's slick planks to the water's edge.

He looks at the retreating ship as fog threatens to swallow
it.

Satisfaction creeps across his face.

Saoirse's shawl drifts by in the current – he smirks.

He kneels, puts his pistol down and tends to his wound – oblivious to the danger below.

The wooden pilings are covered with moss – battered by water swells.

A hand bursts from the water – grips a piling.

Saoirse's head emerges, gasping, hair plastered to her face. Blood from her shoulder mixes with brackish tidewater.

She peeks up through the dock slats.

Tredwell – on his knees – back turned – pistol beside him.

She hesitates, then – makes her move – the ear-shattering battle muffling her movements.

She slips out of the water – silently climbs onto the dock behind Tredwell.

She tightly grips her bloody knife – breathing shallow – eyes fixed – determined.

She kicks his pistol into the water.

CLATTER – SPLASH!

Tredwell turns – startled.

She lunges – knife raised.

They grapple for it.

He grabs her wrist – twists hard.

The knife drops and skitters across the dock.

They both scramble towards it.

Saoirse reaches it first.

She rolls onto her back and blindly slashes.

The blade slices through the air, striking true – splattering his blood across her face.

He grabs his neck – hisses.

TREDWELL
You – whore!

SAOIRSE
(spits)
Rot in hell.

He gurgles blood – it oozes through his fingers.

His eyes show he knows his end is near.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
Why do ye hate your own?

TREDWELL
I don't. Hate's a luxury. I deal in
survival.

He wheezes, blood in his mouth.

He spits out blood – wipes his mouth – locks eyes with her –
and for once, no arrogance, just raw truth.

His face hardens – but his eyes betray the truth.

TREDWELL (CONT'D)
And I prefer to wear their boots
rather than lick them.

His eyes cloud over – he collapses on top of her.

She grunts, pushes his corpse off, yanks the second pistol
from his waistcoat and –

SPLASH!

She shoves his body over the side – watching emotionless as
the pitiful creature sinks.

Justice is done – intimate, brutal, irrevocable.

A Goshawk SCREECHES.

She looks at the bird circling above – then staggers through
the chaos on the docks – collapsing against a brick wall.□

She tears her skirt with her teeth, binds her shoulder and
scans the horizon.

The ship, visible as a black silhouette, crests the fog line.

Her eyes well. She nods, satisfied.

The doll. The girl. Safe.

She exhales – her face softens – then hardens again.

She rises – face steeled – pistol raised.

Smoke swallows her as she returns back into the fight.

EXT. HARBOR – DAY

Sunlight bleeds across the carnage.

SAOIRSE (VO)

Some of us managed to survive the
massacre that day, burdened with
the knowledge that – we had to
finish what they started.

Soldiers turn over bodies of women, children, rebels, and
impossibly young soldiers.

EXT. BEACH – DAY

The sun crowns the horizon. Seagulls cry. Waves crash.

Four small curraghs slice through the surf and crunch onto
the rocky beach.

Saoirse steps out from the lead boat, followed by her gang of
ragged youths.

They haul wooden crates onto the rocks and pry them open,
revealing muskets and powder.

Saoirse kneels and teaches the boys – load, aim, and fire.[]

EXT. CASTLEBAR BARRACKS – DAY

The Goshawk flies past the wrought iron gates of the British
Fort.

Saoirse leads a group armed with pikes, knives, muskets,
rocks, torches and pitchforks towards the fort.

SUPER: CASTLEBAR BARRACKS

They storm through the gates – join Napoleon's army and
engage the British in a vicious fight to the death.

SAOIRSE (V.O.)

Catholic, Protestant and French.
Together we slammed into that
Redcoat line like a tidal wave.

(MORE)

SAOIRSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We didn't have much – but our rage
was our greatest weapon – and won
us many un-winnable battles.

Perched on the roof of the armory, the Goshawk's piercing
amber eyes flicker.

SAOIRSE (V.O.)
But, these small victories came at
a heavy cost.

The Goshawk SCREECHES.

EXT. SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH – DAY

The bells of St. Andrews Church of England ring out.

Parishioners head inside, shielding their eyes from the sight
of the dozens of bodies hanging from trees and lampposts.

SAOIRSE (V.O.)
King George, humiliated and enraged
at our arrogance, sent tens of
thousands of reinforcements to
crush what remained of us – and
they struck without mercy.

The brutalized bodies of Seamus and Siobhan hang together.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
Guilty, innocent – young, old –
Protestant or Catholic. None were
spared.

EXT. COURTHOUSE – DAY

The sky burns red in the morning light. The Goshawk swoops
down and lands on a tree beside Saoirse.

Their eyes meet.

Cloaked in shadow across the road from the looming
courthouse, their focus turns to the courthouse doors.

Dozens of other onlookers line the street, also waiting in
tense anticipation.

The courthouse doors BURST open.

Soldiers drag a half-dozen bound and beaten men down the
steps.

A wave of shock and grief ripples through the crowd.

Mothers shield their children's eyes. A young boy peers out from behind his mother's skirts.

Family members of the men cry out in anger and despair, calling out their names.

A SOBBING WOMAN woman screams in anguish. Her voice breaks.

SOBBING WOMAN
Stay strong, Francis!

She drops to her knees – inconsolable.

Her distraught DAUGHTER (13), picks up a rock.

Saoirse rushes over and swats it out of the girl's hand.

SAOIRSE
(whispers)
No! Not yet!

The crowd bows their heads – some cross themselves.

The Redcoats throw the men and boys into a caged, horse-drawn prisoner cart – and return up the steps.

SAOIRSE (V.O.)
They captured Wolfe on his return
from France with General Humbert
and his men – cut down by a
traitor's betrayal.

Moments later – The courthouse doors fling open again.

Six Redcoats drag a savagely beaten Wolfe Tone down the courthouse steps.

GASPS – CURSES – CRIES – WHISPERED PRAYERS.

The angry MURMURS and cries give rise to raw fury.

CROWD
(overlapping)
"Holy saints preserve us..."
"God help him!"
"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!"
"Tone!"

The soldiers throw Wolfe Tone into the Prison cart like a sack of waste.

A teenage lad, eyes blazing, fists clenched, grabs a rock.

MUSKETS SNAP UP.

He hesitates, glares at soldiers, spits and drops the rock.

SAOIRSE

They sentenced Wolfe Tone to be
drawn, quartered, and hanged in the
public square as a gruesome warning
to other dreamers.

(beat)

Defiant as ever, he slit his own
throat in his cell – denying them
their vulgar spectacle.

THUNDER CRACKS!

The horses NEIGH and violently REAR.

While soldiers struggle to restrain them, Tone scans the
crowd through battered, swollen eyes.

He locks eyes with Saoirse – nods. She nods back – her own
eyes filling with tears.

The cart pulls away from the Courthouse. Saoirse watches it
disappear around a bend.

She clutches her knife – jaw tight.

Bound by her vow to finish what they started, she turns and
disappears into the alley.

THUNDER CLAPS!

The Goshawk SCREECHES and alights, disappearing into the sky.

EPILOGUE

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The morning sun glitters off the bronze feathers of a soaring Goshawk.

It rides the wind, high above rolling hills, rivers, stone cottages, and distant manor homes.

A ROOSTER CROWS.

Cattle and sheep graze the hills. Children play in pastures.

Old farmers plow fields. Others shear complacent sheep.

The Goshawk veers and rides the wind towards -

KILLALA BAY

Glints of gold ripple across the calm water.

GULLS cry from the rocks below. A distant ship's horn echoes.

SUPER: KILLALA BAY - 1850

Saoirse - now elderly, her silver hair tied in a loose bun, kneels at the top of the bluff and braids a child's red hair.

The child, CATHERINE (11), swings her legs over the cliff's edge, staring over the bay - lost in thought.

CATHERINE

(Confused)

But Gran - How could Mister Tone do that? Father Kelley said killing yerself is a mortal sin!

SAOIRSE

And maybe it is, love. Aye - maybe it is.

(stoic)

But so's what they done to us.

She secures the child's braid with a vibrant green ribbon.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

We can only ask Jesus to forgive us our trespasses - and, I suppose, someday - we might have the strength to forgive them too.

Saoirse lifts Catherine off her lap, stands and pushes a lock of her hair back into place.

The wind sails in from the bay.

The tall grass on the bluff sways with it.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

They thought they broke us,
Catherine – but the wind still
remembers us – and the land still
sings our name. Don't ye and yers
ever forget. Promise?

CATHERINE

(solemn)

We won't forget, Gran. Promise.

SAOIRSE

(embraces her)

Yer the seeds of tomorrow, like yer
mother – bless her soul.

(beat)

Like her – keep fighting – but
learn from our scars – and don't
ever let them bury yer voice.

The Goshawk soars along the island's curve – then circles
above the bluff and lands on a Hawthorn.

Something glints in the grass.

Catherine hikes her skirts and races to it.

It's a Goshawk's egg! Pale, freckled, cracked – but unbroken.

CATHERINE

Gran! Look!

She cradles it in her small palms and climbs the tree.

Bark scrapes her hands and knees. Branches bend.

SAOIRSE

Be careful, Catherine!

Halfway up, she finds the nest – looks inside.

CATHERINE

Oh! There's more, Gran!

Several eggs nestled together begin to twitch.

She gently places the fallen egg beside its siblings.

The Goshawk, perched high above, watches.

Catherine looks up in wonder at the beautiful creature – time suspends – silent – sacred.

SAOIRSE (O.S.)
Hurry down, love. Mass is about to
start and I can't miss Communion.
Men of God hate when we're late.

As Catherine makes her way down, the Goshawk hops to the nest – peers in.

CRACK! A tiny beak splits one shell.

CRACK! Another. CRACK! And another!

The Goshawk lets out a final, piercing SCREECH.

Saoirse lifts Catherine down the final few feet.

As her feet hit the earth, Saoirse tickles her.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Beat ya back!

CATHERINE
Nuh unh!

They lift their skirts and race across the field toward a stone cottage surrounded by beautiful yellow flowers.

The Goshawk, framed by a vast double rainbow forming over Killala Bay – watches them run, barefoot and laughing.

It's eyes flickers.

FADE OUT.