

EXT. GRAVEYARD BY CHURCH OVER LOOKING BAY - DAY

BRIAN, 50s, is lying face down on a fresh grave. The bottle in his hand twitches. The tombstone reads, "Darby O'Neil, 1782 - 1832, Beloved Husband, Respected Captain." A tube sticks out of the grave with a drawstring coming out of the tube leading to a bell. Another fresh grave beside Darby's has the same configuration.

Brian coughs, spits out the dirt, stands staggering. Pulls the cork out and takes a long swig from the bottle. Looks at Darby's tombstone and BELCHES menacingly at it.

BRIAN

You arsehole. You quisby. You thief.
Aye, she married ya, but I saw her
first. She's a slag I tell you. A
slag. You and I come from the same
gutter. Instead of drinkin with ya
buddies, you made yourself learned. A
captain you became. (takes a swig) I
was to be the captain. I'm the man
here. I can hold my liquor.

Brian staggers, double overs and pukes. Wipes his mouth with his sleeve. He notices the bell and tube, kneels before it.

BRIAN (cont'd)

(into the tube) You think you gonna
get another chance? Nope. She's mine.
I'll ask her for her hand this time.

Puts the cork into Darby's tube. Stands. Staggers backwards onto the other fresh grave next to the bell. He's proud.

BRIAN (cont'd)

It's my turn to shine. MY TURN! I'll
show them. (BELCHES) Let's see you
ring that bell. Hee hee ha ha...

A bell RINGS. He stops laughing and looks sharply at Darby's corked tube. A bell RINGS again, but no motion is coming from Darby's grave bell. Confused, staggers forward tripping over the grave bell just below him. He falls and cracks his head open on the tombstone. The bell continues to RING.

Brian's head bleeds as his vacant stare stares at Darby's grave bell. More RINGING from the neighboring grave.

A man from the church runs to the grave with a shovel, notices the scene. Sees the neighboring grave bell RINGING. Sees Brian's dead body. Sees the cork in Darby's tube.

The cork is pulled out. Darby's bell begins to also RING.