

DARIAN'S
POINT

FADE IN:

EXT. INISH CIUIN, IRELAND (1910) - DAY - AERIAL VIEW

A small, harsh, beautiful island within sight of the massive Cliffs of Moher on the West coast of Ireland. Its surface is covered by patches of green turf lined by stone fences attached to low, narrow, thatched-roof huts. Each fenced area encloses thick woolly sheep or cattle and chickens roost in tiny sheds near each house.

EXT. DARIAN'S POINT - DAY - AERIAL VIEW

A small peninsula on the southern part of Inish Ciuin. Castle ruins sit atop it, a tall well-preserved "round tower" beside the broken walls still guarding the island. The wind is brisk; waves pound against the rocks.

EXT. ROUND TOWER - DAY - AERIAL VIEW

Built of thick stones in a corbled fashion. The tower is thicker at the base than the top, with no windows in its side, and almost seems impregnable. The only entrance is ten feet from the ground and must be reached by ladder.

CHILDREN play around the base of the tower. Their shrieks and squeals of delight follow after some boys who toss and hit at a stocking filled with straw in a rough form of "hurling."

RHUARI, a chubby boy, watches from the sidelines, left out. Finally, he shoves a girl named MAIREAD to the ground, grabs her doll and races away, laughing. Mairead chases after him.

EXT. CASTLE RUINS - DAY

Rhuari scrambles over a collapsed portion of the castle's walls to hide, breathlessly holding the doll. Mairead appears and searches for him.

MAIREAD

Rhuari, th' divil take ya, I'm
after wantin' me Shelagh back!
Rhuari! 'Tis yer soul t' th' divil
if I'm findin' ya!

She runs to the other side of the tower, screaming his name. Neither of them notices a fog approaching from the direction of the Moher Cliffs.

Rhuari peeks over the fence...and the fog surrounds him.

RHUARI

Th' divil...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He HEARS the light rustle of wings and soft, echoing laughter and turns to see the figure of what could be a TRIO OF WOMEN towering over him!

The other children stop playing as the fog surrounds them! An older GIRL notices the three women, not far away --

GIRL
(deep brogue)
Oh, dear Jay-sus. All of ya's come
here t' me! Come here t' me, now!

-- and gathers the other children to her, both boys and girls!

GIRL (cont'd)
Rhuari! Rhuari! Where are ya's?

The fog just grows thicker, hiding everything!

Rhuari is frozen with fear as the form nearest him reaches for the doll. He stares at her...lets her beautiful hand take it. Her talon-like nails caress his face...then she grabs his coat and yanks him to her! He SCREAMS!

The doll drops to the turf and is splashed with blood! His SCREAM CUTS OFF! We HEAR more soft laughter and then the sound of wings flapping as the fog vanishes...leaving the doll behind.

EXT. ROUND TOWER - LATE IN THE DAY - ON THE DOLL

A man's hand grabs it with a painful SHRIEK! He holds it up and we see A SEARCH PARTY made up of men and women in the woolly clothing of the Aran Islanders. They race towards the man, a big solid sort named KINSELLA, horror on their faces.

KINSELLA
It's Mairead's "Shelagh!" And it's
blood on it! Blood!

The men freeze. The women cross themselves.

Sea gulls MEW in the air as a well-dressed middle-aged woman strides up to Kinsella. She is MRS. O'BRIEN and her eyes glitter with intelligence.

KINSELLA (cont'd)
'Tis th' blood of my son!

MRS. O'BRIEN
Ya can't say that with certainty,
Kinsella!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KINSELLA

Th' devil, I can't! And d'ya know
th' meanin' of it?! Th' "Old
Women" have come back, th' devil
take them!

FIRST WOMAN

It can't be!

FIRST MAN

'Tis much too soon!

SECOND MAN

You're mad, Kinsella!

KINSELLA

But haven't we seen the signs?
Chickens gone! Lambs vanished!
Gulls flying mad through the air!

The people glance at each other in agreement.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Will ya be still, man!? There's
terror enough without you addin'
hysteria to it!

FIRST MAN

But 'tis truth in his words, Mrs.
O'Brien! I've lost three ewes in
the past fortnight!

SECOND WOMAN

And me daughter, herself, tells me
of three women close t' here just
as Rhuari was hidin'!

FIRST WOMAN

And then th' mist hid 'em all!

ANNAGH -- an old woman with wild eyes -- bursts forward.

ANNAGH

I told ya! I told ya! Amn't I
after seein' the banshees gathered
here at Darian's Point but two
nights back!? And with God's own
markin' in the sky but a few weeks
past?! Ain't that always the
sign!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SECOND MAN

'Tis th' old women!

FIRST WOMAN

Th' divils, themselves, God save
us!

Mrs. O'Brien spins on the crowd, furious.

MRS. O'BRIEN

And why would they return?! 'Tis
been but thirty years! Why should
they be breakin' their vow?!

SECOND WOMAN

Och, by th' divil's body, but what
else could it be?

FIRST MAN

'Tis God's own warning!

FIRST WOMAN

It's cursed, we are!

SECOND MAN

Your soul t' th' devil, 'tis th'
island is cursed!

MRS. O'BRIEN

Will ya listen t' yourselves?!
Goin' on like lost babes when we've
yet t' know th' truth of it all!

KINSELLA

We know th' truth, Mrs. O'Brien!
Now I'm after findin' them whores
of Satan! I'm after findin' what
they did t' my son! He took th'
doll, and now he's gone and...and
that's his blood. I'm after
findin' my Rhuari.

(near tears)

Findin' his body, if need be, if
only t' give him a fully decent
Christian burial. And then I'm
after tearin' them whores limb from
limb!

MRS. O'BRIEN

Th' devil take ya, Kinsella, ya
know such a thing is impossible!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He raises his fist...but she glares at him and he collapses into weeping. Some women finally lead him away, followed by most of the rest.

Mrs. O'Brien watches them leave then gazes at the cliffs across the water. The wind whips at her. Sadness fills her eyes.

MRS. O'BRIEN (cont'd)
Musha, but there is th' ring of
truth in his words. I knew, but I
couldn't let myself know...and now
there's but one thing t' do.

The few people remaining back away...all but SEAN McNAMARA, a tall and powerfully built young man. He stands directly behind her as she braces against the wind, unwavering.

MRS. O'BRIEN (cont'd)
'Tis an act of savages...but it's
all that will end this before it
carries further. God forgive me,
but it's all we have.

The gulls hover between her and the Cliffs of Moher.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. CLIFFS OF MOHER - DAY

The seven-hundred foot tall cliffs loom over the surf, with squat square observation towers adding to their foreboding aura.

EXT. THE BURREN, WESTERN IRELAND - DAY

Brutal. Beautiful. Extensive rock formations and wild patches of greenery...and absolutely no trees for miles in every direction. There are long stone fences but few houses and the sky is cloudy with bright splotches of sunshine and an eerie silence...until a huge SQUAWKING white swan bursts over a fence lining the one road.

A 1910 ROLLS ROYCE TOURING CAR races past, HONKING BACK. At the wheel is PATRICK THOMAS O'BRIEN -- a good-looking Irishman, well-dressed, in good shape and with an exuberance for living not often seen. Beside him sits MARION VAN HEUTEN O'BRIEN -- his wife. She has "Gibson Girl" looks and the strict breeding of a "Boston Brahmin." Both wear driving costumes and goggles. Marion's hand clenches her hat to her head.

MARION
(Bostonian)
Dear God, Thomas!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

(light brogue)

Oh, this is a fine machine, Marion!
A damned fine machine! I'm after
buying myself one when we're back
to Boston!

MARION

If you don't slow down, we'll own
this one! In pieces!

THOMAS

Now there you go, again -- being a
nervous fainting thing.

MARION

I have never been "nervous" and
"fainting" is the least of my
concerns. When you own a vehicle
such as this, and should you then
choose to race about like a child,
I'll say nothing. But we have
borrowed this automobile, and I do
not believe one should toy with
another person's property!

THOMAS

Oh, me. When your grammar gets
that stiff, I know you're rarin'.

He slows down...a bit.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Better?

(no response)

So, tell me -- what're you thinking
of the place? Marion?

MARION

I am being asked to judge from the
few glimpses I've caught?

Contrite, he slows down, some more.

THOMAS

I'm sorry. I've been acting the
part of a wild boy. But I've not
been home in near twenty years, and
being back...dear God, the feelings
it brings.

(looks about)

The Burren.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THOMAS(cont'd)

"Not water enough to drown a man,
nor trees enough to hang him." Or
so said the bastard, Cromwell, when
he first saw it, may his soul rot
with the devil.

She glances at him, melting.

THOMAS (cont'd)

At least it's the same, thank God,
when so much else has changed. And
changes not for the better, I might
add.

MARION

Thomas, you of all people must
admit -- without change, one grows
stagnant and sterile.

THOMAS

That from a woman who hates even
the thought of leaving Boston?

MARION

I came with you, did I not?

THOMAS

I was merely jokin', Marion. Any
harm to it?

He offers her his most charming grin. They zip around a hilltop
and suddenly GALWAY BAY is spread out before them, bright and
glistening in the patches of sun. Marion cannot help but smile.

MARION

Oh, Tom...

THOMAS

That's Galway, across the water.
Last stop before Inish Ciuin. We
can still turn back...catch the
Mauretania in Cork and scurry home.

MARION

Don't be absurd. We're here and
your mother is expecting us.

THOMAS

It's your funeral.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARION

Why this sudden concern? Did she
contact you while we stopped in
Dublin?

THOMAS

...Not a word.

MARION

(chiding)

Now, Thomas, has she finally let
you know her feelings concerning
our marriage?

THOMAS

My mother can keep her own counsel
when she chooses.

MARION

For once, you have a mastery of
understatement.

They speed down the hill, not noticing several sea gulls float
high above the car, following them...watching over them.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. GALWAY, IRELAND - DAY

A bustling, fair-sized town at the mouth of the Corrib River.
A marketplace covers the area next to the quays and a long stone
promenade extends from a dirty disheveled section of town.

The Rolls Royce passes, terrifies carriage horses along the way
and picks up an entourage of happy screaming children, who
follow it from one end of town to the next.

EXT. CLADDACH SECTION - GALWAY - DAY

Old stone buildings with thatched roofs front the docks and the
place borders on filthy. Thomas stops the car on the quay.
Marion pulls out a Brownie Photographic Camera and takes a few
snapshots as he waves to a CAPTAIN near a small steamboat.

THOMAS

Your pardon, sir, but are we late
for the steamer to Sraibhaile
Ciuin?

CAPTAIN

Nay, sir, but this is herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He motions to the steamer. Thomas nods...then suddenly jumps from the Rolls to catch a boy sneaking off with a suitcase! He yanks it away and swats at the boy, sending him scurrying off.

THOMAS

Thievin' little devil.
(to the captain)
Then if you'll find me a hand,
we'll be joining you. I've two
trunks and some carry-bags.

CAPTAIN

Ginty, yer soul t' th' devil, get
yer lazy self over with a cart and
help th' gentleman!

GINTY -- a squat old man -- scurries from the cabin of the ship, grabs a hand-cart and scampers over to the Rolls. He barely glances at either Thomas or Marion...but Thomas looks closely at him as they lift the trunks from car to cart.

THOMAS

Was it "Ginty" he called you?

GINTY

It was, sir.

THOMAS

Not the same Ginty used to have
that fine sailing craft what took
you from Inish Ciuin to Doolin and
back, again, in the summer?

GINTY

My sorrow, but I did once, sir, and
'tis past ten years since I had it.
Was ya here then, sir?

THOMAS

Ginty, it's Paidrig. Paidrig Tomas
O'Brien. Am I not in your memory,
still?

Ginty casts him a searching glance then a flash of terror crosses his eyes. He covers it by being even more subservient.

GINTY

Och, isn't it a strange thing t' be
seein' ya now? Faith, but I can
tell it, plain as the saints.
Paidasheen. Th' O'Brien's boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GINTY(cont'd)

And didn't I always say ya'd turn
up as th' finest gentleman, sir?
Didn't I always? And isn't it
grand ya didn't forget ol' Ginty,
now isn't it, sir?

THOMAS

Ginty, what's this blather? I'm
still just Paidrig.

GINTY

Aye, that y'are, sir. Faith, but
y'are. And 'tis God's own truth ya
didn't forget ol' Ginty, now did
ya, sir? 'Tis a wonder, is what it
is; a wonder.

CAPTAIN

The devil take ya, Ginty! Get them
bags aboard this vessel! Arra, my
sorrow for keepin' ya on here, ya
lazy good-for-nothin'!

Ginty jumps, balances the last bag on the cart and runs towards
the steamer. Thomas watches him, shaken. Marion comes up,
carefully advancing the film in her camera.

MARION

You seem disturbed.

THOMAS

It's nothing. Nothing at all.

MARION

(nods after Ginty)

What happened to his sail craft?

THOMAS

It was caught in a storm and lost,
and Ginty almost with it. Ma wrote
me -- when? My last year of M-I-T.
But I thought it was him replaced
it with the steamer. She never
said a word of how he went.

MARION

She does keep her own counsel, your
mother. Shall we board?

THOMAS

There's a shed by the Spanish Arch,
for to keep the Rolls. It's just
across the river. Back in a bit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He returns to the Rolls. Marion watches then turns back to the steamer and snaps a photograph of Ginty loading the trunks on board as the captain AD LIBS CURSES IN GAELIC. The children watch from a respectful distance.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. STEAMER - ON THE SOUTH SOUND OF GALWAY BAY - DAY

They are midway between the coast and the Aran Islands. To the south tower the Cliffs of Moher. The water is rough.

Marion vomits over the side. She now wears a rubber slicker wet from the spray of waves whipping against the prow.

Thomas hurries outside, also wearing a slicker and carrying two mugs. He hands one to Marion.

THOMAS

Here. Irish whiskey. It should settle you down.

Marion smiles her thanks and sips the whiskey.

MARION

This is absurd. I've never had such difficulty on a ship, before.

THOMAS

The water's not the smoothest I've seen.

MARION

I've been through worse.

THOMAS

When?

MARION

On grandfather's yacht. En route to Cuba, once.

THOMAS

Well...his boat is a bit larger than this.

MARION

It's not so very large.

THOMAS

Oh, aye, compared to the Lusitania.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She holds back a reply, finishes the whiskey. He gulps his down, motions to the cliffs.

THOMAS (cont'd)
The Cliffs of Moher. You should have your camera up.

MARION
The boat's too unsteady to snap a good photograph. Perhaps en route back to Galway.

THOMAS
There's stories a-plenty to be told of them rocks -- legends cold and hard, like Ireland's history. Like my family's history. Maybe I'll tell you some while we're here. Or even show you some. Then you can write about them for your journal. "My Summer In The Little Man's Country."

MARION
Thomas, please. I do not feel up to being patronized, at the moment.

THOMAS
(beat)
Sorry, Marion. Force of habit.

MARION
Habits are meant to be controlled.

THOMAS
It just slipped out!

She says nothing. He kicks himself.

THOMAS (cont'd)
Sorry. We agreed not to quarrel.

MARION
Yes.

She rises, back in control, and hands him the cup.

MARION (cont'd)
Thank you. It was helpful.

He shrugs and starts for the cabin. Marion stops him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARION (cont'd)

Thomas...please believe I do not regret joining you on this journey. I had not realized how breathtaking the beauty can be in Ireland.

THOMAS

Even with the wildness in it?

MARION

Honestly, what cause have you to be defensive? I'm the one about to meet your mother.

THOMAS

(chuckles)

Something I'd not wish on Cromwell, even. She'll test you, to see what you're made of.

MARION

Oh, now I am truly concerned.

He tosses her a grin. She smiles, turns to look at the cliffs.

MARION (cont'd)

Oh...those gulls, do you see them? Hovering in mid-air.

He looks...finds a flock of hundreds of sea gulls dancing in the wind, keeping a even distance between them and the cliffs.

THOMAS

Gulls do that, Marion. They're hoping mackerel will come dancing in the waves.

MARION

But I have never seen so many at one time. I believe I shall bring my camera out. It would be worth trying to snap a photograph.

She heads back to the cabin as Thomas frowns. A memory tugs at him.

THOMAS

...It would, at that.

The gulls continue to hover in the wind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The steamer turns, heads into the island's harbor -- a cove on its eastern side. A meager group of thatch-roofed buildings huddled around a small rocky beach make up a village named Sraibhaile Ciuin. A solid stone pier stretches into the water.

EXT. SRAIDBHAILE CIUIN'S COVE - INISH CIUIN - DAY

The village looks inviting. As the steamer enters the sheltered cove, it passes several currachs -- large canoes made of wicker and covered with tarred canvas -- returning to the harbor, half loaded with heavy nets and fresh catches of fish. There are four men to each boat, all stripped to their undershirts and all stroking their oars through the ocean with a nervous swiftness.

Marion stands at the bow of the steamer, her camera out. She snaps photos of the currachs and smiles at the surprised looks the men cast her.

Sean McNamara rows in a currach they are about to pass. He sees Marion and her camera...and impulsively whips his oar into the currach! Then he grabs a rope and springs to his feet!

SEAN
Oars up, lads!

He "lassoes" a mooring pike on the steamer, expertly pulls back and his boat is dragged along by the faster vessel, causing his men to AD LIB curses of fear while he WHOOPS with pleasure!

SEAN (cont'd)
Faith, but won't ya be takin' a
photo of us, miss? It'd be a fair
capper to as fine a day as God ever
made!

Marion hurries back to the rope, startled!

MARION
Are you mad?! You might capsize!

SEAN
Upon my soul, but it'd be worth th'
danger -- which grows the greater
by the moments ya waste talkin'.

Marion laughs, aims and snaps the picture.

MARION
There! And, naturally, you would
like a copy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN

God of virtues, me life for one!
Where could I come for t' fetch it?

MARION

It must be sent to London to be
processed. It would be best if I
bring you the photograph, when it
returns.

SEAN

I'm Sean McNamara! Ask any on th'
island! They know me lodgin'. And
you might be?

MARION

"Mrs." Patrick Thomas O'Brien.

Sean's smile freezes. The other men stare at her, stunned. Two
absently cross themselves.

SEAN

A thousand pardons, missus. Could
it be that Pat's with ya?

Thomas comes up behind her.

THOMAS

I am, indeed. "Sean McNamara," you
said? Not the little freckled lad
I played hurling with?

SEAN

And...and used me head as the ball,
as often as not! Faith, but 'tis
good to see ya, again, Pat.

THOMAS

And yourself. How's your da?

SEAN

Gone to his reward, God rest him.
The sea got him, four years back.

THOMAS

Sorry to hear it. He was a fine
man.

SEAN

As they come. Are...are ya here
for long?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THOMAS

The summer, only, then we're back
to Boston.

Sean releases the rope with a wave.

SEAN

Then I'll see ya down the pub! My
thanks, again, missus! I swear by
th' devil, I'll be holdin' me heart
lookin' forward to the photo!

The steamer swiftly pulls away from them. Sean's smile fades as
he slowly sits back down in the currach to take up his oar.

Thomas turns to Marion.

THOMAS

He was but five years old when I
saw him last. God, I'm feeling my
years.

MARION

Thomas, you left before you were
even of college age. You hardly
qualify as Methuselah.

She returns to the prow, takes a photo of the harbor as they
enter. Thomas follows her.

THOMAS

Sraidbhaile Ciuin. Means "Quiet
Village." The jetty's new. And
there IS a pub. Wasn't one when I
left.

MARION

It's all so very charming.

Thomas almost makes a snide comment, in answer, but holds his
tongue. He looks around. Thick clouds approach from the west.

THOMAS

Looks like there's a blow coming
up. Must be why the boats are
turning for shore, early. We'll
have to make fast for the house.

She looks back at the currachs -- tiny and helpless against the
blustery majesty of the ocean.

EXT. SEAN'S CURRACH - SRAIDBHAILE CIUIN - DAY

The men furiously row.

FIRST MAN

He's here in good time, he is!

SECOND MAN

How could he be unless his mam'd
already sent for him? It's ten
days journey across th' water.

THIRD MAN

At th' least.

SEAN

Seven, and there's vessels can do
th' journey in five, if need be.

SECOND MAN

Th' devil take her, she'd still
have to've known!

FIRST MAN

Aye.

THIRD MAN

You're too much her lad, at times,
Sean.

FIRST MAN

Ya take what she says as th' purest
truth.

SEAN

And why not, might I ask? She's
yet t' lead us wrong.

SECOND MAN

But she must've known for at least
a fortnight and said nothin'!

SEAN

(glancing at gulls)
I'm thinkin' she was warned and
kept her silence t' keep us from
fear.

FIRST MAN

And let Rhuari be taken, th' bloody
witch!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIRD MAN

Ya'd swear she was one of 'em!

SEAN

Whist, will ya think what you're
sayin'?!

He motions upwards to the huge flock of sea gulls mewing overhead. The men hesitate then concentrate on their rowing as Sean looks back at the steamer.

EXT. SRAIDBHAILE CIUIN - INISH CIUIN - DAY

The steamer docks and Ginty jumps onto the pier to tie it to the pilings. As Thomas helps Marion ashore, he glances around in surprise.

THOMAS

There's an oddity -- no one's come
for to greet the steamer. We
always came for Ginty's craft.

The wind grows nastier. Thomas, Ginty and the Captain load the trunks and bags into a two-wheeled donkey-cart driven by an ancient OLD MAN.

Marion looks around, notices the town is empty...except for Kinsella seated by the door to a tiny "public house," a bottle of whiskey in hand. He is as drunk as a madman. Three boys race past a low, narrow home. A WORN WOMAN bursts from within and SCREAMS at them IN GAELIC. Two boys spin and race into the house.

The third scurries into another, almost gains a swat on the behind from his own MOTHER. Both women cast pained glances at Kinsella then wary, startled looks at Marion and Thomas before slamming their doors shut.

Marion frowns then turns to watch the currachs slip up to a stretch of beach across the inlet. Several boys and old men appear from the rocks to help them drag the boats up from the surf. They seem hurried and fearful.

Marion snaps a photograph then notices Thomas waving to her. She joins him in the back of the donkey-cart. They ride away.

Annagh joins Ginty and they watch the cart zip down the road.

GINTY

By God above, he's come...but with
his wife, th' divil take him!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNAGH

Whist your talk, Ginty! Don't be
sendin' th' poor lad such thoughts!
"God have mercy on him," is what we
should be thinkin' and it's prayers
we should be sendin' his way.

She crosses herself, goes to Kinsella and takes him into the
pub. Ginty casts a quick look after the cart.

GINTY

Musha, I swear by th' divil...how
sad for your mother th' day ya was
born to this.

CAPTAIN

Ginty, ya lazy good-fer-nothin',
get yer fool self over t' here an'
help me tie down th' boat! We're
caught in port 'til mornin', God
save us!

Ginty scurries over to the steamer as the cart vanishes over a
rise.

EXT. INISH CIUIN - DAY

The clouds are thick and cruel, thunder HEARD rolling closer and
closer. The donkey-cart hurries along a new gravel road that
circles away from the tower and ruins, jostling everyone.

MARION

Must he be in such a hurry?

THOMAS

The storm's about to break...and
you've not seen a real storm till
you've seen one in Ireland.

MARION

Thomas, I once rode out a hurricane
on Nantucket.

THOMAS

(chuckles)

Then you've a fair idea of what to
expect.

Marion notices the old driver keeps casting fearful furtive
glances at the tower. She eyes it, tugs at Thomas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARION

That tower -- what is it?

THOMAS

Darian's Point. Or Dar Rianaigh --
which translates loosely into
"God's Image." Our old castle's
ruins stand beside it.

MARION

Really? I'd love to see them.

THOMAS

We'll go, tomorrow, if weather
permits.

She smiles, nestles into his arms. He hesitates...then tenderly
draws her closer and they watch the tower as they pass.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. O'BRIEN HOME - DAY

The house is larger, more prosperous than any on the island,
with a slate roof and second story. A separate barn and shed
sit close by, also sporting slate roofs. Stone fences radiate
in all directions from the little complex.

The STORM BREAKS as the donkey-cart arrives. Marion and Thomas
jump from it as Mrs. O'Brien opens the front door. She sees who
it is with neither surprise nor expectancy, and beckons them
inside. Marion carries the smaller bags into the house, then
turns to glance back at

The Cliffs of Moher before they are hidden by the driving rain.
The ocean is brutal.

Marion continues inside as Thomas and the old man carry a trunk
after her. They rush out to get the second trunk but Mrs.
O'Brien stops Thomas at the door...cannot help but take his face
in her hands and gaze at him with gratitude.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Och, but isn't it a strange thing
that you would know? How is it,
Paidrig? How is it ya knew?

THOMAS

Knew what, ma?

A gust of wind reminds them of the beating rain and he hurries
out to bring in the last trunk.

EXT. STEAMER - NIGHT

The little boat rocks and bobs in the rain and wind, a single light burning in the tiny cabin.

INT. STEAMER - NIGHT

Dirty and cramped. The captain lies on his cot, drinking from a bottle of whiskey and humming to himself as he listens to the wind and rain and looks over some dirty "French" post cards with a drunken smirk. He is close to falling asleep when he HEARS a "thump" on the foredeck and jolts awake.

CAPTAIN

Ginty? Is it yourself? Are ya
back from th' pub, now? Ginty?!

Then the wind dies and the sea grows calm. The captain looks out his window and sees a fog has surrounded his ship.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

Th' divil be damned, when'd this
come about?

He stumbles to the door and looks out.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

And thick, it is. We'll not be off
with th' sun, t'morrow.

He HEARS someone scurrying atop the cabin and jumps around.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

Ginty! Whist your foolishness an'
come int' th' cabin! 'Tis a night
not fit fer man nor beast! Ginty!

EXT. STEAMER - NIGHT

The captain totters out into the fog...and HEARS a light rustling of wings and the echo of soft, musical laughter. He grows hesitant...wary.

CAPTAIN

Who's aboard? Who's...

He HEARS more scurrying behind him and turns to see the vague form of a woman approaching. The musical laughter whispers from her. He steps back, uncertain.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

Who's that, there? What's this...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He HEARS shuffling behind him and turns to find two more female forms wrapped in the fog, dancing around him, playfully! He freezes, stunned...and suddenly very afraid!

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
No...no...this can't be.

The figures whisper closer, toying with him, forcing him away from the cabin!

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
I...I've taken too much o' this
divil's brew, I have. That's th'
whole of it...I...I...

He SMASHES THE BOTTLE and wields the sharp end as a weapon against the forms in the mist!

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
Stay back! Stay back! 'Tis not
th' time. Ya made an oath! Stay
back!

He bumps against the prow's edge, not noticing one of the forms has floated into the air and is drifting around behind him! The other two reach for the broken bottle...but the captain jabs at them with it!

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
No! 'Tis too soon! Ya swore an
oath! Stay back -- !

Two female hands with black, talon-like nails appear from the fog, behind the man, and encircle him to dig into his throat!

EXT. SRAIDBHAILE CIUIN - NIGHT

Deep in the fog. The captain is barely HEARD screaming...then the fog drifts away, leaving behind the town and little steamer, now back to being beaten by the wind and rain, again.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. O'BRIEN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The old man sits by the stove, sipping a cup of steaming tea while a plump housekeeper named BRIGID fixes supper. The STORM RAGES outside, but inside feels warm and cozy.

INT. O'BRIEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oil lamps burn. Comfortable chairs and couches sit before a roaring fire, giving a quiet air of prosperity. There is even a shotgun mounted over the mantelpiece.

Thomas stands behind a couch, wearing a Gansey sweater and looking over Mrs. O'Brien's shoulder as she leafs through an album of photographs.

THOMAS

This one -- my first solo job as architect. 'Twas merely a school annex, but it set me on my way, and me but two years out of university.

MRS. O'BRIEN

By my faith, 'tis a wonder.

THOMAS

(conspiratorially)

Of course, the only reason I got the job is the mayor was in an election and he wanted to show he was an Irishman for Irishmen.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Such blather, Paidrig. 'Twas but your own abilities that brought ya the job, God love ya.

THOMAS

It did bring more work to me, and now I'm up for a new project -- a bank! And it's twenty levels, ma.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Twenty!? Och, but that'd be wondrous t' behold.

He sits beside her, happily.

THOMAS

Then come visit with me and Marion. We've plenty of room and you could stay as long as you wish and...and we could take you to see New York! Oh, it's the world's grandest city, with buildings reaching clear to the sky and more being built every day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. O'BRIEN
Is that th' truth, now?

THOMAS
There's one being planned -- for
the Woolworth Company -- it'll be
the tallest ever seen and worth the
trip, alone!

MRS. O'BRIEN
And I've had dealin's with them.

THOMAS
Then you'll have to see it! It's
Cass Gilbert designed it, and it's
like a cathedral, almost. It's
just the sort of building I'll
design, someday.

He leans back, proud, not noticing pain is in his mother's eyes
as she watches him.

MRS. O'BRIEN
(quietly)
Ya will, at that.

THOMAS
Aye. There's already talk of me
heading the new office in Chicago --
that's where Sullivan's office is --
or we may even go head-to-head with
McKim, Mead, White in New York.
(chuckles)
Of course, Marion wouldn't go for
that.

Marion enters from a downstairs bedroom, now perfectly composed
and pinned and smiling.

MARION
Only because I cannot understand
why anyone would choose to leave a
city as civilized as Boston for a
town as vulgar as New York.

MRS. O'BRIEN
Marion. You look fine and fresh.
Come sit by me. We've much to
learn of each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Marion is about to join her when the sound of something...or someone...is HEAR skittering over the roof. Marion and Thomas look up.

MARION

What a curious noise.

THOMAS

What is it, ma?

MRS. O'BRIEN

A...a loose tile. I keep meanin'
t' have it fixed. Come along,
Marion.

Marion sits near her as Thomas closes the book and stands to warm himself by the fire.

MRS. O'BRIEN (cont'd)

It's my understandin' you're of th'
"Van Heuten" family.

MARION

Guilty as charged.

MRS. O'BRIEN

I've had dealin's with a man of
that name.

MARION

Have you?

MRS. O'BRIEN

I sell the wool and clothin' made
on this bit of land. He bought
some for his store in Boston.

MARION

Then you refer to my uncle. My
father and brothers run the
shipping and financial interests.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Indeed?

(with a smile)

Well, he owes me a thousand pounds,
the scoundrel. Only paid me for
half what's due. When ya return t'
Boston, might ya have a word with
him about it? Seein' as how he's
now stealin' from his own family?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARION
(taken aback)
Naturally, I'll speak with him.

More skittering is HEARD, overhead. Thomas nervously edges between the two women.

THOMAS
It...it may take a bit of time, ma.
I've never seen a woman so busy as
Marion, save for yourself. Not
only does she run the house, but
she's part of several charities and
writes for a journal, even.

MRS. O'BRIEN
You're a writer, as well, Marion?
And have I heard of this "journal?"

MARION
I doubt you have. It's merely a
quarterly publication aimed for the
women's suffragist movement.

MRS. O'BRIEN
"Votes for women." What a foolish
thing. The men make a mess of the
world and women want to share half
the blame.

MARION
Our intent is to give women more of
a voice in how the world is run,
Mrs. O'Brien, thus preventing the
"mess" of which you so disapprove.

MRS. O'BRIEN
And ya think that'd change a thing?

MARION
It certainly couldn't hurt.

MRS. O'BRIEN
And what of Saint Paul's admonition
that a woman "should not teach or
usurp authority over a man, but
should be in quietness?"

MARION
What other sentiment could one
expect from a book written by men?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Thomas quickly freshens his mother's tea.

THOMAS

Um, ma, I forgot -- Aunt Kathleen sends her love. Her and Uncle Sheamus, both. They're hoping to make it home next summer, maybe.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Musha, but it'd be fine seein' Kathleen, again.

(to Marion)

My sister emigrated to Boston the year Paidrig was born. My Paidrig stayed with them once he made it over. But I suppose ya know all that, now don't ya?

MARION

Naturally.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Sheamus owns a fine women's hat shop near Harvard. I'm wonderin' if ya'd met him?

MARION

I was introduced by Thomas on our wedding day.

MRS. O'BRIEN

I was meanin' before ya met my Paidrig.

MARION

(pause)

I resided in a different area of Boston. But he appears to be a very pleasant gentleman.

MRS. O'BRIEN

He's a boor, God love him, and tells the same silly tales, over and over. Kathleen swears she knows each one by heart and then some, God preserve her.

(looks at Thomas)

But they cared for my Paidrig well and helped him become what he is.

Thomas blushes. Marion smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARION

Yes. It is difficult to believe he's advanced so far in such a short period of time.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Seein' as how he didn't know the "right people" before ya met?

MARION

Naturally.

Marion catches the flash of a hurt expression cross Thomas' face and quickly adds --

MARION (cont'd)

Of course, knowing the "correct people" means little if one is incapable of proving one's worth. And Thomas has proven himself to be more than capable.

-- but Mrs. O'Brien saw it all.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Well, I raised my Paidrig t' do what was necessary, even if it meant hard work.

MARION

Naturally. His capabilities are what brought about his nomination for inclusion in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Mrs. O'Brien looks at Thomas, stunned. He turns to the fire, quietly angry.

THOMAS

Marion...

MARION

Their new edition may use a building he designed as a prime example of vibrant American architecture.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Paidrig, why'd ya not tell me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

THOMAS

I was waiting till it was decided, ma. Mine's one of five buildings up for it, and McKim, Mead, White did one of them and they're the tops, as of now.

MRS. O'BRIEN

(absently)

Oh, quit your blather. T' even be considered for such an honor is reason enough to be proud.

Brigid appears at the door to the kitchen.

BRIGID

Are ya ready t' sup, ma'am?

MRS. O'BRIEN

Aye, Brigid. Set it out. I'm sure we're all famished from th' hunger.

Thomas takes her arm and they go to the dining area.

THOMAS

I was thinking, the spread looks fine, ma. Still feels all the world like home.

MRS. O'BRIEN

The north fence is new. Put in last year by the Quinn boys.

THOMAS

Not them short fat lads I run with?

MRS. O'BRIEN

The same. Both married some years, now, by the Grace of God, and with nine children between 'em.

(to Marion, pointedly)

Their first was but a year after marriage.

MARION

"How happy they must have been."

Thomas casts Marion a look of warning and she responds with one of complete innocence. Mrs. O'Brien pretends not to notice.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Naturally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

She sits at the head of the table.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. O'BRIEN HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A bed with thick down quilts sits against a wall, flanked by two narrow windows. A single candle burns. Marion slips on her dressing gown as Thomas pulls off his shirt. The storm has ended...outside.

MARION

Now we know -- your mother does not approve.

THOMAS

Well you didn't exactly help keep things smooth, now did you?

Marion hesitates then brushes her hair.

MARION

I kept my behavior as cordial as possible.

THOMAS

Don't hand me that blather! I've seen you treat Portuguese fishermen with less condescension.

MARION

Oh, be fair, Thomas! Her comments were hardly appropriate.

THOMAS

Marion, did I not warn you she'd test you? Try to see what you're made of?

MARION

That is no excuse for her lack of civility as regards my uncle! Pressing me to intervene on a matter as vulgar as money!

THOMAS

And it wasn't "vulgar" for you to mention that bloody Encyclopedia Britannica? I'd asked you not to!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARION

I thought it would make her happy
for you.

THOMAS

And take her focus away from you.
And won't she be doubly happy when
she learns I'm only being thought
of because your father knows some
of the judges?

MARION

But they would not be considering
you were your design without merit.

THOMAS

Nor would they have considered me
on my own! I swear to you, Marion,
the only reason he did it was to
prove to me I'm not of your world,
and not a bit of a thought more.

MARION

Honestly, you ascribe far too much
intelligence to my father. He
hasn't the capacity for deceit you
wish he had. Not like your mother!

THOMAS

Now don't go laying this evening on
her shoulders.

MARION

I do not assign fault, but neither
will I accept the sole blame!

He fumes, finishes undressing in silence. Marion continues to
brush her hair...then slams the brush down, in disgust.

MARION (cont'd)

I cannot believe myself! Before I
met you, I would never have fallen
into such a childish cat-fight.

THOMAS

Well...there...there's no shame in
being had by a master.

MARION

Which makes me feel so much better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THOMAS

Och, the devil himself couldn't get
right by the both of you.

He flounces onto the bed, removes his shoes. She watches him.

MARION

(finally)

Thomas?

THOMAS

What?

MARION

Why did you begin using your middle
name in America?

THOMAS

...I dunno. I just did. Why?

MARION

Oh, I was hoping you had a reason.

THOMAS

Such as what?

MARION

I don't know. A girl you knew,
once. Or a fight you had, once.
I've come to realize I know so
little of your life...your life
before you moved to Boston.

THOMAS

Oh, aye -- "the little man's story
from the little man's country."

She looks away, stands and goes to the window.

MARION

You seem to believe I care about
aspects of your life in America.
What you dine upon for luncheon.
The size of your shoes. The
automobile you wish to purchase.
Why would you never mention that
everyone here refers to you by
"Patrick?"

THOMAS

"Paidrig." The Irish equivalent of
Patrick. It just wasn't important.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARION

It's more important than anything
else you've told me.

THOMAS

And just how might that be, Marion?

MARION

You're being patronizing.

THOMAS

That from a woman whose family
wrote the book on it.

She looks at him, hurt. Embarrassed, he turns away.

MARION

Now you're being unkind.

THOMAS

I...I didn't mean to be.

MARION

We agreed not to quarrel.

THOMAS

The words just...slipped out. From
habit.

MARION

Between your "habits" and my
"attitudes," it's small wonder
we're making little headway with
our "difficulties."

THOMAS

We've been away from your family
but a week. That's hardly time
enough to make headway against
anything.

MARION

They aren't the only hurdle we
face, Thomas.

THOMAS

I know.

He gets into bed.

Marion gazes out the window. Patches of fog drift past,
sometimes revealing the tower at Darian's Point in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARION

Perhaps it was I who was unkind in
marrying you.

THOMAS

I walked into this with my eyes
open. Fully aware, fully warned.

MARION

But our warnings to each other are
what we heed the least.

THOMAS

Only because we're both stubborn
little mules. C'mon, now. You'll
catch your death standing by that
window.

MARION

In a moment. I love the scent of
the air after a storm.

THOMAS

Marion, you're already looking
pale, and there's no doctor on the
island. If you grow ill, we'll
have to cart you back to Galway.

She sighs and goes to the bed. More skittering is HEARD across
the roof. Thomas eyes the ceiling.

THOMAS (cont'd)

I'll have to get that fixed.

Then he snuggles under the covers. Marion watches him then lies
back, wearily.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

Patches of fog swirl around it and a rough surf is steadily
HEARD. The castle's and tower's rocks glisten despite the lack
of much illumination.

Kinsella stumbles up a path leading to the base of the tower, a
shotgun in one hand, a rickety ladder on his back. He is blind
drunk and AD LIBBING vicious curses in Gaelic.

A fog begins rolling in from the Moher Cliffs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kinsella trips, falls and rolls onto his back. He can just see the tower as the fog envelopes it. A white figure lands at the top...then two figures join it, barely visible, as if they could be tricks of the mist. He forces himself back to his feet.

KINSELLA
(muttering)
Whores of Satan. Bloody witches.
I'll show ya evil.

He stumbles up to the base, props the ladder up to the door and climbs inside.

INT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

Old planks of wood that have crashed down from above litter the floor, most lost in shadows. Narrow stone steps are built into the wall and spiral up to the barely visible crown. Kinsella stumbles over to and then half-crawls up the steps, incoherently muttering. Up he climbs, faster and faster.

EXT. TOWER'S CROWN - NIGHT

A stone platform builds up from the wall to extend from the side. Some old wooden planks still rest atop small stone extensions that jut out a few feet from the top of the tower's sides. Loose stones have tumbled into rough piles atop the planks and platform.

Kinsella bursts up the steps to find -- nothing. The crown is deserted; the fog swirls about it, silent as death. Kinsella stumbles onto the platform and spins about, looking for someone...anyone...

KINSELLA
Bloody whores! Where are ya!?
What've ya done with me son!?
Answer me, ya bloody whores!
Answer me!

He weeps with drunken sorrow, still spins in circles to see nothing...and nothing...and nothing...and the HEARS the wings rustling and soft echoing laughter.

KINSELLA (cont'd)
Spawn of Satan. Th' killin' of th'
castle on ya for takin' me son!
He's all I had left! Where is he?
Where's me Rhuari? Tell me!

He turns, again...and SOMETHING MOVES in the mist, behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KINSELLA (cont'd)
COME FACE ME, YOU BLOODY WHORES!
COME TRY A MAN INSTEAD OF A CHILD!
GOD OF VIRTUES, BUT I'LL DESTROY
YOU ALL!

More movement is seen...two figures now flitting behind him! He senses them...and fear begins taking over. He turns and almost catches sight of a figure whipping past him in the fog!

Kinsella raises the shotgun and FIRES! The flash give a moment's illumination to A NAKED WOMAN standing opposite him, atop the stones! She LAUGHS...softly, barely audible!

Kinsella stumbles back onto a wood plank! It cracks and shifts as he aims at her and FIRES the second barrel! He shifts his weight to the stones as he struggles to reload! He gets one new shell in before the shotgun is ripped from his hands and vanishes over the side!

Kinsella screams, tumbles back and a leg crashes through some of the rotten wood! More LAUGHTER...almost musical in tone...now evil and cold...ECHOES in all directions as

THREE FIGURES approach him, wrapped in the mist but obviously female!

Kinsella struggles...then frees himself and bolts for the steps...but he is caught by a woman's hand! Her talon-like nails slit through his throat! He gasps out a horrified, gurgling cry and falls and we CUT TO

EXT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

Cold. Alone. Caught in deep patches of fog. Cruel LAUGHTER softly echoes over the crash of the waves against the rocks.

FADE OUT THEN IN TO

EXT. O'BRIEN HOME - DAY

A stunningly beautiful day. Hundreds of sea gulls hover in the air as Mrs. O'Brien exits with a huge bowl of shredded bread. The GULLS CALL to her and sees strips of clothing draped across a nearby stone fence, and sadness enters her eyes. She goes to the clothing, crosses herself, and stuffs the strips into her apron pocket. Then she sits on a large stone that faces the Cliffs of Moher and tosses the bread into the air for the gulls to catch.

INT. O'BRIEN HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Thomas wakes, looks at Marion sleeping beside him. He touches her hair. She stirs. He pulls back then slips from the bed. He steps into his trousers as he looks out the window.

EXT. O'BRIEN HOME - DAY

Mrs. O'Brien is still seated by the fence, the sea gulls hovering above her, the window behind her. Inside, Thomas sees her and smiles then steps back.

Mrs. O'Brien watches the gulls, intently...until Thomas comes up behind her.

THOMAS

You know, ma, my earliest memory is waking to find you seated on that rock tossing bits of bread to them thieving gulls. Like they didn't steal food enough from the starving fishermen. I once asked da why he let you do it.

MRS. O'BRIEN

...And his answer?

THOMAS

He came near striking me...then held me close and said, "If there's a God above, I'd never know why."

MRS. O'BRIEN

He knew, your father. They're our eyes, God's blessin' on them, and always there when needed.

THOMAS

You make like they're guard dogs -- no, "guard birds." That has a much finer sound to it.

She just listens to the birds. He looks at her, warily.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Ma...what's your trouble with Marion?

MRS. O'BRIEN

Have I said a word against her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

You've said nothing at all. I'm married five years and not once have you mentioned my wife in one of your letters.

MRS. O'BRIEN

The devil, how could I be talkin' about a woman I'd yet to meet?

He leaps over the fence to face her.

THOMAS

Well now you've met, so answer me straight.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Answer me one thing, first. Why did you marry her?

THOMAS

(taken aback)

We love each other.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Arra, man, but the lie was put t' that not five minutes after seein' ya t'gether, so more t' th' point -- why did she marry you? Ya didn't exactly run in the same "social circles."

He rises, shocked at her bluntness. Her glare follows him.

MRS. O'BRIEN (cont'd)

Well? What's your answer t' be?

THOMAS

I...I set my cap for her.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Paidrig, 'tis the truth I'll have, or nothin'!

THOMAS

It IS the truth!

(pause)

The firm I started with handled an expansion of her father's wharves. I saw Marion when I dropped off the boss' plans for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He leans back against the fence.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Och, ma, but just to look at her
was to court madness from desire.

(pause)

To make it short, I wanted her as
my wife...so I set my cap for her.

(pause)

And two years after we met, we
married.

MRS. O'BRIEN

And her family accepted ya?

THOMAS

...They did.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Without the pinch of a fight?

THOMAS

They did!

MRS. O'BRIEN

The devil, Paidrig, do I look the
part of a fool?!

He grows tight and angry.

THOMAS

Oh, aye! Aye! What would a woman
such as Marion Van Heuten want with
the likes of me? I'm an Irish
Catholic immigrant. That would
cast me less than a Negro in the
eyes of her "social circle."

MRS. O'BRIEN

'Tis my point, exactly! And since
when does an O'Brien care a fig for
any fool such as that?

THOMAS

Since he wants t' build more than
just school annexes and tenements!
Since he wants t' design the banks
the fools own and the offices they
work in and the homes where they
live!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. O'BRIEN
(realizing)
By th' saints...ya wed your "lady
wife" so as t' become "acceptable"
t' th' likes of them.

He looks away, unable to answer her.

MRS. O'BRIEN (cont'd)
And tell me now, did it work?

THOMAS
(finally)
Why do you think I'm allowed to bid
on designing that bank?

MRS. O'BRIEN
(pause, nodding)
That still don't give me my answer,
Paidrig. Why did she marry you?

THOMAS
She...she had to.
(pause)
She thought she was with child.

MRS. O'BRIEN
Not at your doin'?!
He cannot answer.

MRS. O'BRIEN (cont'd)
But you've no wains...not a one!

THOMAS
The doctor called it an hysterical
pregnancy. Which is funny, 'cause
there's nothing at all hysterical
about Marion. That...that's why
her family allowed us to marry.

She eyes him with distaste. He notices...and smirks, in answer.

THOMAS (cont'd)
Aye, ma. Well before you cut loose
on me, you'll be happy to know her
father's been playing subtle havoc
with us, ever since, to the point
we're set to be quit of each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MRS. O'BRIEN

And the church allows divorce in America?!

THOMAS

...We've been offered an annulment. Her father knows the Cardinal and he found a way...a "loophole," as it were. We're here to see if we want to accept it.

Mrs. O'Brien's glare would kill a buffalo. Thomas squirms.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Upon my soul, it was wrong of me t' send ya across th' water. I can see that, now. It's taken th' truth of yourself away from ya and left naught in its place.

THOMAS

Och, ya say that at a time when even God, Himself, is wonderin' at what the truth might be!

Mrs. O'Brien bolts to her feet!

MRS. O'BRIEN

Paidrig, I will not have blasphemy in my house!

(beat)

By th' devil, this is not how ya was raised -- t' pile one more sin atop th' others. Have ya lost all sense of pride, man? Or have ya played th' part of a whore too long?

He all but wilts under her attack. Then she notices Marion is standing in the window, fully dressed. Thomas follows his mother's gaze and goes white at seeing Marion.

MARION

(cool & calm)

Brigid asked me to inform you, breakfast is to be served. Now. "Before the chill comes over it."

THOMAS

We...we'll be in, directly.

She nods and slips back into the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

THOMAS (cont'd)
Surely she didn't hear us.

MRS. O'BRIEN
Does it truly matter?

He sinks to the ground, his head in his hands.

THOMAS
Jesus, Mary and Joseph, she'll
never forgive me, now.

MRS. O'BRIEN
I thought ya were set t' be quit of
her.

THOMAS
I'd sooner lose my right arm! Not
that she'd care...

MRS. O'BRIEN
Oh, Paidrig...

He does not look at her. Finally, Mrs. O'Brien kneels before
him...gently takes his face in her hands.

MRS. O'BRIEN
Listen t' me, my son. Your father
was a horse's ass th' most of his
life, God rest his soul and those
of th' dead ~~MORE~~ he felt th' want
of a pint or two, he'd off t'
Galway without a word. Or if he
fancied a pretty lass, well...there
was times it seemed th' devil
himself was upon him, God save him.
(caresses his face)
But still I forgave him, Paidrig,
and not only because I knew his end
from the day we wed, but 'tis the
fate of women in this world t'
forgive th' fools they love. And
so he had my fullest support. For
I knew he needed it, desperately.

She rises, leads him to his feet.

MRS. O'BRIEN (cont'd)
Now it may well be that ya do love
Marion, an' it may well be that you
have more need of forgiveness than
does she -- I'm not after knowin'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MRS. O'BRIEN(cont'd)

But I do know that you'll have th'
need of her fullest support...in
all that ya do. Can ya honestly
say t' me that ya see that comin'
from your "lady wife?" I don't.
An' t' hold tight t' somethin' that
does not exist is a fool's game.
An' is that how ya was raised?

She heads into the house. Confused, Thomas slowly follows her
inside.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. O'BRIEN HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

Thomas, Marion and Mrs. O'Brien finish what was obviously a very
silent, very uncomfortable meal. Brigid comes in to clear the
table. Marion rises.

MARION

If you will excuse me.

THOMAS

Marion. Are...are we still on for
the day?

MARION

I should finish unpacking.

THOMAS

C'mon, Marion. I'll have Brigid
make us a bite of lunch to take
along, then we'll walk around the
island, just you and me.

Marion looks directly at Thomas and nods.

MARION

I'll change into something more
appropriate. I'll unpack your
boots, as well.

She calmly exits the room. Mrs. O'Brien shakes her head and
stands. Thomas follows her up.

MRS. O'BRIEN

She's a cool one, she is.

THOMAS

She's off in her "formal" mode.
Civility without comment. A walk
may...may make things better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. O'BRIEN
(carefully)
How long'll ya be gone, then?

THOMAS
Hmm? Oh, the day. She wanted to
see the old castle ruins and the
tower, then -- .

Mrs. O'Brien stiffens, cuts him off.

MRS. O'BRIEN
Paidrig, don't be takin' her there!

THOMAS
And why not?

MRS. O'BRIEN
The...th' tower's been unsteady, as
of late.

THOMAS
Well I've no intention of climbin'
it, if that's your worry.

MRS. O'BRIEN
Arra, on my oath, will ya only do
as I ask, for once?!

She storms into --

INT. O'BRIEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mrs. O'Brien stops beside a desk near a window. Thomas strides
up behind her. They speak softly, this time.

THOMAS
Ma, what's this, now?

MRS. O'BRIEN
'Tis nothin'. I...just don't want
ya goin' near th' tower, is all!

THOMAS
And why should I not show Marion a
pile of broken stones?

MRS. O'BRIEN
Because...because they might catch
up t' ya before 'tis time and it'd
do us no bit of good, any of it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Och, you're off to not talking sense, again.

(beat)

Wait...you said something queer, outside. You said you knew my da's end when you married him...and that I'd have need of my wife's fullest support. What was it you meant?

MRS. O'BRIEN

What I said.

THOMAS

Now it's you evading the truth.

She hesitates, slips a large silver Celtic cross from a desk drawer and turns to him.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Paidrig, listen well t' me. A promise kept for three thousand years has been broken, and it's fallen t' you t' mend it.

THOMAS

Och, now you're talkin' riddles!

MRS. O'BRIEN

(pause)

Th' "Old Women" have returned, may th' devil take them.

THOMAS

What "Old Women?"

MRS. O'BRIEN

By my oath, Paidrig, ya know full well what I'm sayin'!

THOMAS

You can't be meaning the Old Women of Moher? But they're not real!

MRS. O'BRIEN

They're as real as th' devil! Not two days past, they took a child -- a boy but nine years of age -- an' have killed two men, since!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THOMAS

You're not after saying this had something to do with my father's death?

MRS. O'BRIEN

They took him thirty years ago. From atop the tower. But 'tis you they've come for, Paidrig. You're the last O'Brien of this line, and if you're killed before the right time they're free of their oath! Free to go where they will and do what they will!

Thomas steps back, a bit concerned about his mother.

THOMAS

Ma, you're talkin' of a Celtic myth like it's proven fact.

MRS. O'BRIEN

"Celtic myth?" Is that all ya thought th' "Old Women" were?

THOMAS

What else could they be?! Faith, but you used the image of them to put fear in me as a lad, and even then I wasn't all so sure of it's not bein' just stories. Will you next be tellin' me the "little people" exist, as well?

MRS. O'BRIEN

Whist with your talkin'! What if they hear ya and play mischief with our plans?

THOMAS

God of virtues, I...I can't believe my ears. My mother's whispering superstitions like an ignorant country wife!

MRS. O'BRIEN

"Superstitions?!" Paidrig Tomas O'Brien, are ya tellin' me ya no longer believe even in th' world where ya was raised?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THOMAS

I believe in the world where I
live! A world of knowledge and
intelligence, built on fact!

MRS. O'BRIEN

Th' devil, what is t'day's fact but
tomorrow's fiction?

THOMAS

Well, it's better than believing in
devils and banshees and bloody
goddamn leprechauns!

She slaps him, furious!

MRS. O'BRIEN

How is it you're my son?! How is
it you're an O'Brien?! Ya've let
this "new world" of knowledge and
fact and intelligence put chains on
your Gods and there's why th'
smiles of idiots became your
reward, and that's a fair foolish
way of livin'!

THOMAS

Then I guess that makes me a fair
fool.

He angrily strides from the room. Mrs. O'Brien glares after him
then looks at the cross in her hand.

MRS. O'BRIEN

God preserve us, but I'm thinkin'
we may be done for.

She sits at the desk, weakly.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. O'BRIEN HOME - DAY

Marion and Thomas stride away from the house. He carries a net
bag that holds a light lunch; Marion's camera hangs from a
shoulder. The day is still bright and beautiful.

Mrs. O'Brien watches them through a window, her face lined with
worry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She CALLS to the gulls with SOUNDS that eerily mimic their cries and crosses herself before closing the window. The gulls call to each other and follow them.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. INISH CIUIN - DAY

Thomas and Marion stroll down the gravel road. He is still angry and she senses it. The gulls hover above them in a circle of protection...but Marion is too focused on Thomas to notice.

MARION

The weather has become quite wonderful. Don't you agree?

THOMAS

It'll change. 'Tis never the same for a length of time. We'd best not stay in Sraiddbhaile Ciuin for supper, but head back before it's dark.

MARION

Thomas...must we hurry?

THOMAS

(with a smile)

I suppose not. But when it pours down rain in the dark, you might wish you had.

MARION

I've walked in the rain before.

They reach a hilltop and he pauses to look at her.

THOMAS

And it doesn't surprise me.

MARION

But why should it?

THOMAS

I don't know. But I've learned so much about you...when you say you rode out a hurricane or sailed to Cuba, I think, "I'm sure she has."

MARION

Well...for some reason I feel vaguely insulted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

But I wonder if that isn't part of the problem between us -- that we know each other too well?

MARION

Thomas, the few facts I know about you were all but dragged past your defenses.

THOMAS

But what is there to know, Marion? Look around you.

He turns to engulf the view. She follows his gaze and all they see is coastline and ocean in every direction. To the north, the Aran Islands are easily visible; to the east are the ever-present Cliffs of Moher. More sea gulls circle above, holding between the cliffs and the island.

THOMAS (cont'd)

I come from Inish Ciuin. Not much of a world to live in, is it? For thousands of years, it was naught but stone. The bit of soil you see was built by hand -- grinding kelp with sand and crushing it into crevices between the rocks to let it keep. Of course, it paid off. Our wool's the finest in the world. Our milk the freshest. Our lambs the tastiest.

MARION

But what a harsh and brutal life it must have been.

THOMAS

No worse than most. I helped grind kelp, myself. After da was killed. It was for the O'Carra family, and I was paid in eggs and spuds. I thought I was after helping ma, but she wasn't in need of it.

MARION

Which I do not find the least bit surprising.

THOMAS

(chuckles)

Because we own it, Marion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARION

Own it?

THOMAS

Aye. This little snip of a rock.
I didn't know that at the time; I
was but five years old. So I
worked as they worked, hauling
buckets of kelp up from the water
and singing to pass the time...or
sportin' poems.

(beat)

"This isle called sacred by the
ancients,
From times remotest in the womb of
Chimos,
Each landed side touched by the
sea.
This isle, which rises o'er the
waves of oceans,
And is covered with a sod of rich
luxuriance
Is peopled far and wide by the
Hiberni."

Marion watches him as if seeing him for the first time. After a moment, she quietly snaps his photograph. Thomas realizes and shyly smiles.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Roughly translated from Rufus
Avenius, fourth century, A-D. Now
you know more of me, don't you?

MARION

...Yes.

THOMAS

Funny, the thoughts what hit you
from nowhere. Till this morning, I
wondered why I ever left here.

MARION

I thought as much.

THOMAS

And now? All I want is to leave.

MARION

Leave?! But we only just arrived.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THOMAS

The devil take it. Let's go on tomorrow's steamer.

MARION

Thomas, what happened between you and your mother, this morning?

THOMAS

Did ya not hear us?

MARION

I saw you and she were arguing and decorum demanded I not listen. But I do know it was about me.

THOMAS

Not completely, Marion. 'Twas also about me...being a disappointment to her...for finally seeing I come from a world where tales carry greater weight than fact. Where myths and legends are of greater importance than reason.

He motions to the ruins and tower.

THOMAS (cont'd)

You say you know nothing of me? There's my history, and by the devil, but what stories I could tell you about them rocks. Legends hard and cold...and not a one of them with solid proof they ever happened. But those tales are so ingrained in this island's history, not even God, Himself, in all His Glory, could make a one of us stop believing in them.

MARION

That much, I already suspected.

THOMAS

And you wonder why I never told you of my life here? A...a life where every sentence is blessed with an oath? And where ya must be careful of what ya say, for th' "fairies" might make sport of your plans?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARION

Fairies?

THOMAS

And leprechauns...all th' "little people." And we wonder why the world likens the Irish to mad dogs?

MARION

Thomas, that is hardly the case.

THOMAS

But what does that matter to me?!
I'm an O'Brien, of the Ui Briuin
clan! I'm descended from kings!
Maybe even the Dagda, himself!

He leaps atop a rock and surveys his "kingdom."

MARION

"The Dagda?"

THOMAS

Father to the ancient Celtic gods.
Do you know nothing of mad dogs,
woman?

MARION

Ah, finally I understand. You are
"descended from gods as well as
kings." And rabid canines.

THOMAS

Consider yourself blessed to know
me, wench.

MARION

"Wench?!"

THOMAS

And what else is a woman t' an Ui
Briuin?

MARION

His equal, at the very least.

THOMAS

"Equal?!" To a man such as meself?

He strikes an even more dramatic pose. Marion laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARION

Oh, I had no idea you were of such importance. I must immortalize this moment of revelation.

She takes another photograph of him. He laughs, jumps from the rock and pulls her to the ground with him.

MARION (cont'd)

Thomas, no! Be careful!

But then he is lying beside her, his face hovering over hers.

THOMAS

"Revelation" is right, Marion. For now I see the truth of myself. By the Saints above, but what an ass I was -- taking offense at your father's foolishness. Building my pride through your grief.

MARION

My...my father was the greater ass.

THOMAS

But I'm guilty enough. Can ya ever forgive me?

Her expression says it all...and he kisses her, long and deep. Her arms encircle him and their kisses become more urgent, more passionate...until the gulls are HEARD mewing, above. Thomas glances up at them then smiles at Marion.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Nosy bastards. Not here, then.

MARION

Where?

THOMAS

I've just th' place.

He rises, yanks Marion up and pulls her towards the tower.

THOMAS (cont'd)

In there! The center of all my family's legends!

(draws her close)

We'll make them another.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MARION

Oh, Tom, I don't know. It doesn't look very sturdy.

THOMAS

Do you fear we'll shake it down around us?

MARION

(playfully swats at him)
Mr. O'Brien, at times you are extremely vulgar.

THOMAS

Come, Marion, I've not been inside, before.

MARION

You haven't?!

THOMAS

No. It was forbidden me as a child.

(conspiratorially)
Y'see, it's where the "Old Women" meet for to make their evil plans.

MARION

"Old Women?"

THOMAS

From an old Irish myth. And my glorious ancestor, the Dagda, is smack in the middle of it all. Oh, 'tis quite a story...but you'll not get it out of me till we go inside.
(half-singing)

In the tower. In the tower.

Marion hesitates...then shoves Thomas to the ground, laughing.

MARION

(bad brogue)
Very well then, Mr. O'Brien, and I'll be meetin' ya at th' base.

THOMAS

Och, but what was that accent you were trying -- French?!

She laughs and races down an overgrown path to the tower.
Thomas chases after her. The huge flock of sea gulls follows.

EXT. CASTLE RUINS - DAY

All is serene except for the steady pounding of the waves against the rocks nearby. The wind has died down and a soft mist is moving in. Marion and Thomas hurry up to the ruins.

THOMAS

Here we are, Marion -- Darian's Point. Last stronghold of the O'Briens against the bastard, Cromwell, may the devil take him. He crushed us throughout Ireland, drove us back till this was all we had left. And he'd have taken Inish Ciuin, as well, but those rocks stopped him. The sea's strewn with the bones of his men and longboats.

MARION

More legends?

He does a rolling tumble over the grass to snatch up a flower...and hands it to her.

THOMAS

And what else is there in Ireland?

She takes it with a smile then looks at the tower.

MARION

How curious that this is so well-preserved while the castle has fallen into such disrepair.

THOMAS

It is, at that. Legend has it, the tower was raised in but twenty days. You'd think it would fall to ruin, first.

A SHRIEK makes them jump and look at the tower's crown. Sea gulls are suddenly diving at it, SCREECHING horrifically. The mist is thicker...becoming a fog.

MARION

Good heavens, what an uproar.

A memory tugs at Thomas. He hesitates.

THOMAS

...Aye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARION

It appears they used it for a nest
and something has invaded.

THOMAS

That may be...

MARION

Are there stairs to the top?

He grows angry with himself, kicks aside his hesitancy.

THOMAS

That's what we're about to find
out, isn't it?

He leads her towards the door.

EXT. ROUND TOWER - DAY

The fog has thickened as Marion and Thomas approach the ladder to the entrance. The gulls' SCREECHING is louder, angrier. He tries to force himself to ignore them. Marion finds the ladder to the entrance.

MARION

Obviously, it was not forbidden to
everyone.

THOMAS

I dunno about this, Marion. I'd
forgotten...but the stones're
corbled.

MARION

"corbled?"

THOMAS

Large stones laid atop each other,
the spaces jammed with smaller
stones, so no mortar is needed.

MARION

It appears sturdy enough.

THOMAS

Maybe...and maybe it's about to
crash down, and I'd hate for us to
be inside when it does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARION

Thomas, don't tell me you've become
a nervous fainting thing.

THOMAS

I'm not fainting.

MARION

Well, I'd like to see the interior.

She begins climbing the ladder.

THOMAS

Marion, there's too much of a fog.
You'll not be able to see anything!

But she is almost inside. He follows her, reluctantly.

INT. ROUND TOWER - DAY

The fog makes the place seem even darker and danker than at night, but there is just enough light to see. The gulls steadily SCREECH, above...sometimes joined by a HISS of anger. Their shadows play over what little light there is from above.

Marion carefully steps around the rocks and rotten boards that cover the dirt. Candle stubs are everywhere.

MARION

Dear God, what a stench.

Thomas enters and fascination replaces nervousness. He inspects the stones making up the entrance arch.

THOMAS

By the Saints, but this tower
predates Cromwell. And by
centuries, at the least.

MARION

How can you tell?

THOMAS

By the way the steps're laid --
into the side and spiraling up --
and the platform atop it all. What
a marvel of primitive engineering.

Then Marion sees an ETCHING carved into the wall opposite the entrance. She moves closer to get a better view. The mist is thickening into a fog.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARION

Tom, look at this.

He joins her to peer closely at the etching, has to light a candle to get enough light.

In primitive fashion, it shows the tower opposite the ocean from the Cliffs of Moher, several robed figures standing around its base. Atop the tower, a man is being ripped to pieces by winged creatures.

THOMAS

Here's more legends for you. This one's about the "Old Women."

MARION

The one involving your ancestor?

He rises and looks around the place...nervous, again. The gulls' SCREAMS and fury seem to be increasing in anger! He lights a few more candles.

THOMAS

Aye. Y'see, the Dagda was wed to Morrigan, Queen of the Demons.

MARION

Why am I not surprised a woman controls the evil in this tale?

THOMAS

But that's not the whole of it. The Dagda found his heart taken by a lass of the Ui Briuin clan, so he took her, she took with child and Morrigan took with a terrible fury when she found it out. She killed the lass and the Ui Briuins cried for vengeance on the gods.

MARION

As they well should.

THOMAS

But the Dagda was as angered at Morrigan as any of the Ui Briuins. He decided to be quit of her and his past. And to show he meant it all, he bathed his sins away in the waters off the Cliffs of Moher. Of course, that wasn't the end of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARION

Don't tell me -- the child was born
before the lass died.

THOMAS

Aye. And Morriggan swore to have
the boy killed. And so she used
her powers to form the Dagda's sins
into -- .

A LOUD SHRIEK -- coming more from a woman than a gull -- cuts
through the noise, making them both jump in fright! They look
up at the crown but can see nothing through the fog. This time,
both laugh at their nervousness.

MARION

You almost have me believing in
your nonsense.

THOMAS

(calls)

Who's up there?

Thomas takes a candle and heads up the steps as Marion turns
back to the etching. She notices the remains of a broken rib
cage atop a small mound of candle wax.

MARION

Tom, come look at these bones.

THOMAS

Bones?

He pauses to look at her just as something falls from above. He
looks down to see A SEVERED GULL'S HEAD bounce down the steps
and into the thick fog! He whips around to look up the stairs
and finds A WOMAN jumping at him, SHRIEKING!

Thomas stumbles back with a cry and falls, dropping his candle
as the "woman" rips at him with her cruel nails!

Marion spins, screaming!

The woman casts her an evil glare then bolts out the door! The
ladder crashes to the ground, after her!

Marion rushes to Thomas. He jumps and tries to scramble away.

MARION

Hush, Tom. Thomas, it's Marion.
Everything will be fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He fights to regain control of himself. She notices his neck is gashed and bleeding. The fog is quickly dissipating.

THOMAS

Dear God in Heaven, did ya see it?
Did ya see it?

MARION

See what?

She pulls out a handkerchief, tries to stem the flow of blood.

THOMAS

That thing! That..."creature."

MARION

It was gone before I could look.
What was it?

THOMAS

God preserve me, what burnin' eyes
it had. Horrible eyes, like a...a,
no, no...it...it couldn't be...it
couldn't.

MARION

Couldn't be what?

Then he notices the blood and suddenly grows very calm.

THOMAS

I'm bleedin'. God save me, I...I
must've cut meself when I fell.

MARION

I'll run home for help.

THOMAS

Town's closer. We'll find someone
t' fix me there. Give me a napkin
from th' bag.

She does. He ties it around his neck to hold the cut closed.

MARION

Tom, I think you should lie still,
let me go for help. That cut is
rather deep.

THOMAS

I'll be well enough, Marion, so
let's move on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARION

But the ladder's fallen. You'll
have to jump to -- .

THOMAS

Then I'll jump! Have I th' choice?

She flinches at his tone. With her help, he rises and they
cross to the door...and he jumps the ten feet to the ground.

EXT. ROUND TOWER - DAY - FROM THE CROWN

Thomas props the ladder up and Marion climbs down, then she and
Thomas creep away from the tower. Gulls still SCREECH...but now
a soft CHUCKLE is HEARD joining the noise as the fog rolls away.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. PUB - DAY

Small and dark. Rickety tables, sugan stools and a short bar
its only furnishings. Two narrow windows let in a minimum of
light and a few candles cut through the shadows. Several MALE
ISLANDERS -- Ginty amongst them -- are there, each with a glass
of porter and seated in all corners of the room. They sneak
glances at Thomas as a feisty old woman named PEG ties a
kerchief around his neck to hold a cloth against the wound. He
is seated at a table, Marion beside him. Both have glasses of
whiskey before them. A needle and thick ball of thread also sit
atop the table.

(MORE)

PEG

There ye be, Paidrig, God save ya.

THOMAS

My thanks t' ya, Peg. As fine a
doctor there never was.

PEG

(laughs)

On this island's for sure. And
how's the devil poundin' in yer
head?

THOMAS

Gone t' flames, praise God.

(sips whiskey)

This helps like ya'd never think.

PEG

Well, 'tis rare enough I get t'
crack it open, by God.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEG(cont'd)

It'd best be doin' ya some good.
 Now you and your missus just sit
 there and ya catch back some of
 your strength, Paidasheen, and I'll
 bring out some of me rabbit stew.

THOMAS

Peg, ya've troubled yerself enough.

A sad expression whispers over her face and she caresses his
 cheek with a pained tenderness.

PEG

Musha, but 'tis little enough I'm
 givin' ya, Paidrig Owen Vaun.

Thomas tenses, then Peg grabs the needle and thread and slips
 into a back room. He downs the rest of his whiskey and pours
 another glass. Marion watches...finally puts her hand on his.

MARION

Tom? Darling, what does "Patrick
 Owen Vaughn" mean?

THOMAS

(absently)

"Paidrig" Owen Vaun. Owen was my
 father's name. "Vaun" stands for
 fair-haired. "Patrick, son of fair
 haired Owen."

MARION

But what does it mean? Something
 special?

Thomas ignores her, glances around the room to find none of the
 men -- save for Ginty -- will look directly at him. He fights a
 growing sense of panic.

MARION (cont'd)

Thomas. Thomas?
 (no response)
 "Paidrig?"

He looks at her, startled...then embarrassed.

MARION (cont'd)

Dear God, I've never seen you so
 upset. What did you see in the
 tower?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THOMAS

Nothing, Marion. Nothing. It...it
was a gull. A sea gull. That's
all. A sea gull.

He keeps whispering "sea gull" over and over, like a mantra.

MARION

I saw enough to know that thing was
far too large to be a mere bird.
You, yourself, referred to it as a
"creature."

Thomas covers his eyes as the islanders exchange horrified
glances. Some gulp their drinks down and quickly exit the pub.

THOMAS

Whist your blather, will ya!? It's
just that it...well...it took after
me so sudden like, I fell back and
hit me head and...and I went and
started talking gibberish.

(tries to laugh)

That old tower's so filled with
wild stories, 'tis a wonder I
wasn't after telling ya I saw th'
fairies or leprechauns.

MARION

But those cuts on your neck appear
to have been slit by a razor.
Could a sea gull have made them?

Thomas slams his hand on the table.

THOMAS

Dammit, woman, take me at my word,
for once!

(pause, carefully)

With it's wings spread open, a gull
can appear the size of a man. Just
leave it at that, will ya?

Marion almost flares with anger, but then Peg brings out two
steaming plates of stew and sets them before her and Thomas.

PEG

Here ya go, me dears. God's own
strength comes from eatin' decent
food and suppin' fine whiskey.
Have at 'em, both.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THOMAS
(forced gaiety)
Och, Pegeen, but 'tis th' manna
from heaven you're bringin' us.

Peg giggles. Marion glares at him then looks at her.

MARION
Excuse me, Peg, but what are the
"Old Women?"

Peg's smile freezes. Thomas's glare would kill a raging elephant. Two men shudder and cross themselves then exit as Ginty motions for Peg to keep quiet. Marion subtly notices.

PEG
(forcing a laugh)
Old wives tales, me dear. Whether
they be spirits or devils, I've no
idea, any longer. They're merely
stories used by mothers for t' keep
their sons in line. "Be a good lad
or I'll sic the old women on ya."

Marion smiles as if accepting the explanation.

MARION
I see. Thank you, and "Paidrig" is
correct. Your stew does have a
heavenly aroma.

PEG
Well, God above, I'm hopin' it
lives up t' your expectations,
missus. Oh...oh, me...I'm after
forgettin' th' bread.

She scurries back into the room as Marion begins eating the stew. Thomas silently eats his, as well, fuming...and sinking deeper and deeper into thought. Marion surreptitiously watches him. He glances around the pub, again...sees Ginty is staring at him in wary wonder. Thomas returns the look, horror growing in his eyes, then he returns his focus to the stew.

THOMAS
(whispering)
No...no, this is insane is what it
is. I'm letting hysteria take
over. Such things aren't possible.
They...they can't be. Can't...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

His hand shakes and he drops his spoon. He gulps down the rest of the whiskey, but it does him no good. Marion notices, grows concerned, puts her hand on his arm.

MARION

Thomas...

He jumps with fear and stumbles back from the table, scaring Peg as she returns, then he bolts outside. Marion hurries after him.

EXT. PUB - SRAIDBHAILE CIUIN - DAY

Thomas bursts from inside, followed by Marion, to find several islanders of all ages standing about, watching the pub.

MARION

Thomas! Thomas, wait!

He stops and flinches at seeing the people. Marion notices it all and is stunned into silence.

Thomas looks wildly at the sky to find the huge flock of gulls hovers above them, as if keeping watch. He rails at them.

THOMAS

It's not so! It can't be! That's not why I returned here! Dear God in heaven, it's not so!

MARION

Thomas...

He responds only when she calls him --

MARION (cont'd)

Paidrig, let me find us a boat to take us to Galway. We'll have you examined by a doctor.

THOMAS

Th' devil take ya, I've no need of a doctor!

MARION

But, darling, your behavior is irrational and that is often the result of a blow to the head.

He turns on her, fury boiling in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Oh, aye, aye, aye, my Marion, that
would explain it all, wouldn't it?
We live in an age of science and
reason, don't we, where anything
can be whisked away with logic!
And I believe that! Believed it.

MARION

But what other explanation could
there be for your current actions?

THOMAS

I...I saw "Death," face t' face.

She steps back, completely confused. He moves with her.

MARION

Please...you're scaring me.

THOMAS

I asked ya but t' accept my word in
that pub, and why was that? Did ya
not consider it wasn't that I
didn't want t' tell ya, but that I
was after tryin' t' keep hold of me
sanity!?

MARION

What attacked you?

(MORE)

THOMAS

(finally)

One of the "Old women."

MARION

That tells me nothing! What are
they supposed to represent --
witches? Demons? What?!

THOMAS

(quietly)

Harpies. Aye, harpies. Half
woman. Half bird. Full evil.

She looks at him as if he has gone insane. He laughs, in
answer.

THOMAS (cont'd)

There it comes! There's my Marion,
lookin' at me like I'm flamin' mad
as a dog.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THOMAS(cont'd)

Not two days back in the old country and the lad's lost in his myths, is what you're thinkin', isn't it? After all, there's just one wee problem with what I'm sayin', isn't there? And it's that harpies don't exist, now do they? That's what reason tells us both. We can't have such things flyin' through th' air stealin' chickens and sheep and even th' occasional child t' feed upon. Oh, no! That'd negate everything we've come t' accept as real and modern and intelligent and it'd mean...it'd mean...

(pause)

I'd have t' be the next O'Brien t'...t' be...aw, no...no...not now! NOT NOW!

He sinks to his knees, his head in his hands.

MARION

Thomas, I...Thomas...

Marion hesitates then embraces him. She does not notice Mrs. O'Brien hurrying up in the donkey cart, Sean with her.

MARION (cont'd)

Paidrig...you saw..."something" in the tower that frightened you, and when you hit your head, it jumbled everything in your mind to the extent that you are unable to differentiate between reality and fiction. Come. We'll take you to be seen by a physician. And I am certain he will agree with what I have told you.

Thomas slowly looks at her. He grows hopeful.

THOMAS

Do...d'ya think it might be so?

MARION

Of course, darling. Now shall we find a boat and -- ?

Mrs. O'Brien strides up, very businesslike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. O'BRIEN

Paidrig!

He jerks around to look at her as Marion rises.

MARION

Mrs. O'Brien, Thomas has been hurt
and -- .

MRS. O'BRIEN

(cutting her off)

Paidrig, stand up! You're not
helpin' matters with this display.

He looks around at the islanders, who are staring at him with
growing terror. Marion glares at Mrs. O'Brien.

MARION

Your son is injured, Mrs. O'Brien!
I should think you capable of a bit
more compassion -- !

MRS. O'BRIEN

Be still!

(examines Thomas)

Well...you're not as bad off as I
feared ya were.

THOMAS

Ma, it can't be...it can't...I...I
can't...not now...it doesn't make
sense...

MRS. O'BRIEN

Hush, my son. Hush.

(makes him look at her)

I tried t' warn ya. God above, but
I tried. Now listen t' me, my
Paidasheen -- they're all watchin'
ya. They're in th' terrors and are
markin' your every move. They're
waitin' for ya t' show 'em all will
be fine. Do ya hear me, Paidrig?
You're th' O'Brien, now, and they
need for ya t' show them that.

Strength flows from mother to son...and he finally rises,
unsteadily but somewhat back in control of himself.

THOMAS

I...I'm sorry, ma. Now I see the
truth in it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARION

The truth of what!?

He puts an unsteady finger to her lips.

THOMAS

I'm fine, now, Marion. I did show
a bit of the mad dog Irishman
there, for a bit, but now I'm fine.

MARION

Truth of what, Thomas?!

MRS. O'BRIEN

Irish history, dear. Nothin' t'
fret over. In fact, I think it
best ya head home. Paidrig and I
need some time, alone.

MARION

Now, just one moment -- !

MRS. O'BRIEN

Here, Sean'll be takin' ya in th'
cart. Och, but I'm sure you're
weary from all yer walkin' about.

Sean brings up the cart, grinning nonchalantly. Marion goes
nose to nose with Mrs. O'Brien.

MARION

If you believe for two moments that
I would even contemplate leaving
him in this condition -- !

THOMAS

(cutting her off)

Whist, woman! Can't you see you're
not wanted here!?

She looks at him, startled. He hesitates then takes her to one
side, embarrassed at his tone.

THOMAS (cont'd)

This is an O'Brien problem, Marion.
You can't be a part of it.

MARION

But...I am your wife. You are my
husband.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

THOMAS

Have it ever so? Truly?

MARION

You are making less and less sense to me.

THOMAS

An' makin' more an' more to meself. I've something t' do that must be done, an' I was raised to do what's necessary, now wasn't I? An' that's the real truth of meself.

He tenderly caresses her face.

THOMAS (cont'd)

An' here's another truth -- I love you. I have from th' first moment I saw ya, an' it near drove me mad, knowin' ya didn't love me th' same.

MARION

But I do.

THOMAS

Truly?

MARION

Why do you think I came with you to Ireland? Why do you think I was trying to start over with you, away from my father?

THOMAS

Bless ya for that.

He kisses her forehead and leads her back to the donkey cart.

MARION

Thomas...Paidrig, please -- if you wish to live in New York or Chicago, I'll go with you. Let's return, immediately; on tomorrow's steamer. We could still catch the Mauretania if we hurried.

THOMAS

We'll talk of it, later. Now return yourself t' th' house and don't be worryin'; I'll be fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

She searches his face, knows he's lying to her. But he is unyielding. So she climbs into the back of the cart. Sean hops into the driver's seat, flicks the reins and they canter away. Marion does not look back as she goes.

Thomas watches after her, as if he is seeing her for the last time. Mrs. O'Brien steps up behind him.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Is this what happened with da, ma?

MRS. O'BRIEN

I was near t' your father till th' moment of his death. God, Himself, couldn't have kept me away. But what else can you expect from th' likes o' her and hers?

THOMAS

Don't say that. She's no idea what's t' come.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Let's hop in th' pub, Paidasheen. We've a world of words for t' give each other.

He turns to follow her...and as they walk to the pub, the islanders press little stones etched with Runic symbols into his hands...and whisper PRAYERS IN GAELIC, with tears streaming down their cheeks. Thomas hesitates...then smiles and accepts it all as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

EXT. INISH CIUIN - DAY

Sean guides the donkey cart along the road at a fast little clip. Marion sits quietly behind him, deep in thought.

SEAN

We'll be back t' the spread in two snips, missus. And I'm sure Brigid'll have ya some fine tea and snacks.

He casually flicks the reins and the donkey cart quickly jostles along. Marion watches Darian's Point in the distance then turns so she can talk to Sean.

MARION

We should return to the tower. I left our luncheon there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sean tenses just enough for her to notice.

SEAN

Och, I'm sure the gulls have it by now, missus. No need t' be makin' trips out of our way, now is there?

MARION

I've a perfectly good name, Sean. It's "Marion." I'd prefer you use it, if you don't mind.

SEAN

Sorry, missus -- I mean, "Marion." I'm not used t' bein' so informal with fine ladies.

MARION

Really? A handsome young man like yourself? I find that difficult to believe.

SEAN

Well...it's not as if we get th' likes of yourself out t' these parts much, miss -- Marion.

A wicked little smirk comes to her lips. She stands and leans on the back of the driver's seat.

MARION

Why, Sean, did you just pay me a compliment?

SEAN

I'm not much for the subtleties of language, missus, but if I did, it was a pitiful one.

MARION

It was a beautiful one. Thank you.

He blushes. She notices they are nearing the trail to the tower, so she smiles and lets down her hair.

SEAN

You're welcome...Marion.

MARION

Is that why you lassoed the boat, yesterday?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SEAN

I'm afraid I don't understand what you're sayin'.

MARION

In America it is not uncommon for a young man to commit some daring act in hopes of catching the eye of a girl he fancies.

SEAN

But I didn't know you was married.

MARION

What difference would that make? I'll wager you're quite the rogue when you choose to be.

Sean glances at her, warily. They pass the turn to the tower.

SEAN

You're makin' sport of me, ain't ya? 'Tis a cruel thing t' do t' a simple lad like meself.

MARION

"Simple?" I doubt anything about you is simple, Sean. I sense you have fiery passions burning within, and the strength of a bull in its prime.

She feels his biceps. He all but jumps out of his skin.

MARION (cont'd)

Oh, yes...feel how solid you are.

SEAN

Don't be doin' that!

MARION

Why shouldn't I? It appears Thomas will be occupied for some time. And your arms are so strong, so powerful.

She caresses his hands, sensuously. He bolts to his feet!

SEAN

Mrs. O'Brien, I think this has gone far enough!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARION
Indeed it has!

She grabs the donkey's reins and shoves him out of the cart! He hits the ground, knocking the wind from him! She turns the cart around with a flick of her wrists.

MARION (cont'd)
Honestly, it took you long enough
to be shocked. Hasn't anyone any
decency any longer?

The cart jostles back to the rough trail leading to Darian's Point!

Sean scrambles to his feet, in pain.

SEAN
Mrs. O'Brien! Marion! Ya crazy
woman, ya can't be goin' there!

He stumbles after the donkey cart as it bounces over the uneven soil, speeding away from him, then he stops, still winded from the fall...and now afraid.

Sean (cont'd)
Ya can't be...don't be...oh,
Jaysus, missus...please, don't...

The donkey cart is swiftly approaching the tower. Sean looks around, seeing nothing...and then sea gulls begin to gather about him, hovering in their protective mode. He grows less afraid and more concerned.

Sean (cont'd)
Arra, ya stupid...stupid...
(calls)
Just praise God you're a woman!

The donkey cart is halfway to the tower.

Sean returns to the road and hurries back towards town, the gulls still keeping watch over him.

EXT. ROUND TOWER - DAY

The area is deserted, without a sea gull in the air. There is the minimum of a breeze and even the waves SOUND subdued on the rocks below.

Marion rides up...and then the donkey balks and stops, BRAYING in fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gets off the cart, looks around and sees nothing then heads on to the tower's base as the donkey bolts away from the tower!

Marion turns to see it racing towards the road...a road that is now deserted. She hesitates then continues on to the tower. She climbs up the ladder to the opening.

INT. ROUND TOWER - DAY

The place is cut through with shadows, rays of soft sunlight casting enough of a glow from above to be able to see. Marion carefully steps around the rocks and timbers littering the floor, uncertain as to what she is looking for.

She looks up at the top but sees nothing so slips over to the bones she had first noticed. She picks through them and finds a few that are too big for a bird and what appears to be the sleeve to a child's coat that is stained with blood, increasing her confusion...and concern.

She holds up the stub of a burned candle...then she peers at the etching but can still only barely make it out in the shadows and moss. She wipes away some of the moss to reveal the figure of a woman with flowing hair hovers over the tower and its carnage, her arms outstretched as if in prayer...or offering. Runic symbols are carved into the stone, around her.

Marion moves back, chilled. She turns to the steps, hesitates, then begins to climb them...going higher and higher.

EXT. TOWER'S CROWN - DAY

Marion reaches the top and steps onto the platform, careful to avoid the gaps in the wood. The air is still and the waves are barely HEARD.

She sees the stains from Kinsella's blood on the wood and stones then nervously looks around at the island from one end to the next

Water is seen in every direction, the Cliffs of Moher looming across the sound. The sun is low, making the stones seem to glow in the dimming light...and the fog is rolling in from the cliffs!

Marion hesitates...then snaps a photograph of the blood. She looks over the side and sees only rocks and green turf and the castle ruins, as deserted as when she arrived. Then she notices a glint from the sun off a bit of metal. She heads back down the steps.

EXT. CASTLE RUINS - DAY

Marion crosses to the castle then climbs over a fence and finds Kinsella's shotgun lying in a patch of weeds and brush, battered and open. She picks it up and checks it, expertly. The one shell remains in its chamber and sharp scratches run the length of one side of the barrel. She sets it back where she found it, her mind racing, and heads back to the road.

EXT. INISH CIUIN - DAY

Marion hurries along, lost in thoughts that she obviously dislikes. The fog rolls in behind her, first obscuring the tower then the ruins as it approaches. She finds the road and heads towards the O'Brien home, refusing to believe what she is beginning to believe.

MARION

(muttering to self)

It can't be true. Human sacrifice?
It's not possible, in this day and
age. It would be an act of...of
savages.

Before she knows it, the fog has surrounded her...and it is brutally thick, dampening even the sound of the waves on the rocks. Marion hesitates...then carefully forges ahead.

MARION (cont'd)

This road leads to Thomas' home, so
stop behaving like a nervous
fainting thing.

She forces herself to keep walking, even when she HEARS a vague sound -- like the rustling of wings...once...twice. A third time makes her dart around, skittishly, but she sees nothing in the near pitch-black darkness.

MARION (cont'd)

Is anyone there?

(irritated with herself)

Idiot. If there were, do you think
they'd answer?

Then she HEARS soft chuckling laughter. It ECHOES from in front of her to behind her. She spins, growing frightened.

MARION (cont'd)

Cease this, immediately! It is not
amusing!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She continues on...then slowly makes out the shape of the donkey cart in the fog. It is at an odd angle, like it ran off the road.

Marion reaches the cart with relief...then notices the donkey is gone! No...its HEAD STILL DANGLES FROM THE HARNESS, the bit still in its mouth, its throat neatly slashed to shreds! Marion gasps...then HEARS more noises behind her and turns to catch the glimpse of

A woman's figure whispering past her.

Marion can barely force herself to keep control. She turns and hurries down the road as best she can. The LAUGHTER and the WHISPERING MOVEMENTS pace her, causing her to become more afraid and run faster and faster. The laughter and movements still seem to surround her!

Finally, she loses control and runs like a madwoman...until she trips over her skirt and falls! She slams to the ground and looks around. The laughter and whispers are still there! She HEARS and then sees and backs away from two...no, three different figures that are shuffling closer to her...and begins to weep and cower until --

Annagh appears from the darkness, lamp in hand! She leans over Marion.

ANNAGH

God and Mary save us, mistress, but
are ya lost in this foul bit of
weather?

Marion jumps, terrified, then sees Annagh...and grows furious.

MARION

You filthy creature, how dare you
make sport of me -- ?!

ANNAGH

Arra, your soul to the devil if ya
think I'm fool enough to be out on
a night such as this!

MARION

It had to have been you making
those sounds! Why else would you
be in this area?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANNAGH

The killin' of the castle on ya!
'Tis me own poor lodgin's behind
them rocks. I'm but after comin'
out t' see why ya was cryin', God
be with us, and amn't I a fool for
carin'?

MARION

But if it wasn't you, then who were
those women following me?

ANNAGH

Women? How many, missus?

MARION

I don't know. Two or three.

Annagh looks around, confused.

ANNAGH

(to self)

Th' old women was out here? But
why would they be chasin' a female?

Marion glances about to find the fog has thinned. The lights of
a house can just be seen. The waves are HEARD, once again, and
a gentle breeze has begun to blow. The donkey cart is nowhere
to be seen. She looks at Annagh, sheepishly.

MARION

Oh, dear God, please forgive me. I
appear to have lost my head and
become one of those "nervous
fainting things" I so dislike.

ANNAGH

Faith, but this fog was thick
enough t' make th' angels wonder at
what was in it. Come inside,
mistress. I've got th' tea makin'
and th' bread steamin' hot. Come
inside an' take your leisure till
ya find your bearin's, once more.

Marion rises and shakily brushes herself off.

MARION

I...I believe I shall, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANNAGH

My love t' God, but this way, then.
'Tis but a tiny middlin' place cut
out o' th' sod, where th' fire's
warm and th' roof's not leakin' and
I've even a chair for ya t' sit
upon. This is th' way, mistress,
God give us full strength. This is
th' way.

Annagh dances with joy as she leads Marion into her hovel.

INT. ANNAGH'S HOME - DUSK

Barely larger than a hotel room, with a dirt floor, a pair of
sugan chairs (stools made of hay that has been twisted into
rope) beside a table and a straw mattress all crushed into
filthy corners. Another stool sits before the hearth. A kettle
of boiling water hangs over the fire, a pot of stew nestled by
the flames. Annagh leads Marion inside, fussing about. Marion
is now much less interested in staying.

ANNAGH

Here ya be, missus. Just set
yerself upon that stool, there, and
I'll be pourin' ya a fine cup o'
tea for t' steady your nerves.

MARION

On second thought, I am expected at
home...

ANNAGH

Oh, no, mistress, no, God preserve
ya, but that'd be the way t'
puttin' yourself back into a state,
as God's me witness, it would.
Just set yourself down and give
yourself a bit of a rest. I can
escort ya home, soon enough.
They'll not be after two, t'gether.
Would ya care for a drop o' whiskey
in your tea? T' give ya a bit o'
God's strength?

MARION

No...tea will be sufficient.

She sits on the stool nearest the fire as Annagh tosses leaves
into a chipped cup and pours hot water on them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNAGH

Beggin' your pardon, mistress, but
I've neither sugar for t' sweeten
the tea nor milk for t' color it.

MARION

I have no need of either, thank
you.

ANNAGH

Then might ya be carin' for a wee
bite of bread with your tea? I've
butter churned from goat's milk.

MARION

Please, just the tea.

ANNAGH

Well then, here ya be.

Annagh hands Marion the cup and plops down by the fire to watch
her.

MARION

It smells wonderful.

ANNAGH

'Tis a mixture of me own, mistress.
Some leaves bought down t' the
shop; some herbs grewed in me own
small holdin', thanks be t' God.

Marion sips the tea, finds it bitter, forces a smile.

MARION

What an...interesting flavor.

ANNAGH

(cackles with laughter)

By all that's holy, our Paidrig
Baun's signed himself up a real
lady, he has.

MARION

You know who I am.

ANNAGH

Och, but don't all on this rock
know that, mistress? Like our
Paidasheen knew th' need, t' be
sure. Musha, me heart for his own,
if need be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Marion looks at her, warily.

MARION

"He knew the need?" I'm afraid I don't quite understand...

ANNAGH

Of course ya don't, mistress. How can ya when ya ain't born of this land, God forgive ya? Arra, but our ways and customs must seem like them of heathens t' ya -- givin' thanks t' God with every breath and swearin' oaths, as well, and all the while believin' things what can't be believed. Musha, but ain't it madness, all of it, in your eyes, surely?

MARION

It would appear you also know my mind.

ANNAGH

Och, but amn't I after knowing it better than ya think, mistress? For 'tis you also returned Paidrig Baun t' his soul.

MARION

I returned him to his soul?

ANNAGH

Aye, but 'tis the truth, mistress. He lost it goin' 'cross th' water, God forgive him, but now ya brung him back t' us, mistress. Ya brung him home...and 'tis you'll keep his family line goin'. He'd have been th' last true O'Brien, but for your doin', God's grace t' ya.

MARION

(warily)

You misunderstand. This journey was Thomas' suggestion, not mine. And as for continuing his "family line," I'm afraid you're a bit premature.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANNAGH

Och, but ya can't be foolin' me, mistress. I can see it clear as day, now. And that's why they come for ya, th' old devils. That's why all o' this has started. They knew; they sensed ya've a wee-un buildin' inside ya, indeed ya have.

Marion bolts to her feet, angrily.

MARION

How dare you speak to me of such personal matters?!

She starts for the door, but Annagh waylays her, frantically.

ANNAGH

But amn't ya after knowin' th' why, mistress? Amn't ya after knowin' th' reason of all this?

MARION

Are you capable of explaining everything?

ANNAGH

'Tis someone who must, mistress. Th' rest think t' distract ya and send ya away, but they can't see what it means, your comin' here with Paidrig. For they fear ya, all on this island do. Ya brung th' O'Brien back t' us and ya can keep him from doin' what needs t' be done, as well.

MARION

You credit me with far too much control over Thomas or "Paidrig" or whatever you choose to call him! I've never been able to keep him from doing exactly as he wishes!

ANNAGH

Did ya marry him or not? And did ya give him cause t' come here or not?

MARION

I gave him no cause! He...he does not know I'm with child.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

She sinks onto a stool. Annagh strokes Marion's hair, tenderly.

MARION (cont'd)

I haven't told a soul. I feared if Thomas knew I was to bear his child -- honestly bear it, this time -- he'd never have allowed us a second chance, that he'd have stayed only for the sake of the baby. And now...now...

ANNAGH

But can't ya see it, mistress? All that worked t' bringin' him here exactly when he needed t' be. His mother'd waited too long. She wouldn't let herself believe what was truth. But when he come, anyway, she knew it was fated...and accepted it.

MARION

What was fated?! Everyone speaks of things in such vile, elliptical terms on this island! I must tell you, I'm beginning to suspect the worst things imaginable.

~~ANNAGH~~

What things?

MARION

I...I've seen the etching in the tower depicting human sacrificial rites.

ANNAGH

As was practiced in th' ancient days, God save us.

MARION

And...and is Thomas to be...be the next...?

ANNAGH

It must be an O'Brien, mistress. And he must be of this bloodline. And he must be willin'. That's why it's so important ya said nothin' 'bout the wain you're carryin'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ANNAGH(cont'd)

He'd no reason not t' do what must
be done, save for yourself bein'
his wife. And that meant nothin'
till 'twas too late, did it?

Marion cannot speak from the horror and revulsion she feels.
Annagh smiles, in answer, and squats beside her.

ANNAGH (cont'd)

I can see in your eyes, you're
judgin' us as savages, ain't ya,
mistress? But you're not knowin'
the "why" of it all, now are ya?

MARION

Paidrig told me part of it...about
Dagda and Morriggan and the woman
she killed.

ANNAGH

But that's only th' half of it.
(leans in closer, softly)
Shall I give ya the whole of th'
story, mistress? Shall I help ya
t' understand it?

MARION

Yes. I want to know everything.

Annagh smiles and sits before Marion.

ANNAGH

When th' Dagda washed away his sins
in the waters below the Cliffs of
Moher, he renounced Morriggan and
his own wicked past. But th' devil
is a woman cast aside.

The first rumblings of a storm are HEARD outside.

EXT. CLIFFS OF MOHER - DUSK

Stark and brutal in the growing storm.

ANNAGH (V.O.)

Morriggan called forth her powers
and formed th' Dagda's sins into
harpies, of th' purest cruelty and
evil, then cast 'em 'cross th' land
t' seek th' Dagda's son and destroy
him.

We SWOOP UP away from the crashing waves and face Inish Ciuin.

EXT. INISH CIUIN - DUSK

We FLY around the island then SWOOP DOWN onto a herd of sheep grazing in a walled off area.

ANNAGH (V.O. CONT.)
And soon the creatures were killin'
sheep, destroyin' farms an'
stealin' boy-chicks upon which t'
feed...an' terror reigned supreme.

The sheep scatter in fear!

EXT. DARIAN'S POINT - DUSK

The tower and castle ruins seem small and helpless.

ANNAGH (V.O. CONT.)
Th' Dagda made a pact with th' Ui
Briuin, an' joined with 'em t'
fight th' devils, but could not
destroy them, for t'gether th'
creatures were too strong...and
both sides were bloodied.

EXT. ROUND TOWER - DUSK

Standing alone and solid beside the ruins.

ANNAGH (V.O. CONT.)
So th' Dagda called a truce with
Morrigan and formed a compromise,
as it were...a vow agreed to by
even th' Ui Briuin.

INT. ROUND TOWER - DUSK

We ADVANCE on the etching. It seems to glow.

ANNAGH (V.O. CONT.)
If th' harpies would forever live
in th' caves of th' Cliffs of Moher
and feed only upon th' fish of the
sea, they'd be left in peace...and
provided with one fair male of th'
Ui Briuin clan t' feast upon each
hundred years. And in Celtic
lands, a vow was sacred and must be
kept, complete. Forever.

We HOLD on the youth being torn to pieces.

EXT. SRAIDBHAILE CIUIN - DAY

Thomas follows Mrs. O'Brien to the pub.

ANNAGH (V.O. CONT.)

And so each hundred years, a fine young man of th' Ui Briuin clan is chosen t' be given t' th' "Old Women," as they were now called. Then he was handed tokens for his good fortune in the afterworld.

As they walk, the islanders press the etched stones into Thomas' hands...and WHISPER prayers in Gaelic, with tears streaming down their cheeks.

INT. PUB - DUSK

Thomas sits across from Mrs. O'Brien in the center of the pub, candles burning everywhere around them, the stones in a semi-circle before him. She murmurs unheard prayers as she holds the silver Celtic cross up.

ANNAGH (V.O. CONT.)

And, after a ceremony t' cleanse his soul, he was taken t' th tower. There, he would climb t' th' top...and call for th' harpies to feast upon him...with Morrigan watchin' t' make sure the vow was kept.

A window behind them shows the tower in the last glow of daylight, sitting silently in the distance. Mrs. O'Brien places the cross before Thomas, the whispered prayers continuing, the deepest pain in her eyes.

INT. ANNAGH'S HOVEL - NIGHT

A hint of a smile is on Annagh's face.

ANNAGH

And so it has been for three thousand years, mistress. And so it will be, t'night.

Marion is filled with disgust. She looks out a slit of a window to see the tower in the near distance...and horror begins to replace everything else.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. O'BRIEN HOUSE - NIGHT

The storm has grown stronger -- with thunder, lighting and wind but no rain. Another donkey cart waits just outside the door.

INT. O'BRIEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Thomas bursts from the downstairs bedroom as Mrs. O'Brien descends the stairs. Sean stands by the door, upset.

THOMAS
She's not in our room.

MRS. O'BRIEN
Nor is she upstairs.

Brigid enters from the back door.

BRIGID
She's not t' be found in the barn
or shed, ma'am.

Mrs. O'Brien storms over to Sean.

MRS. O'BRIEN
I hope you're proud of yourself,
bein' played for a fool, such as ya
were. Ya upset everything!

He squirms. Thomas is nearly distraught.

THOMAS
Ma, they wouldn't have taken her,
would they?!

MRS. O'BRIEN
Of course not! I'd o' heard of it!

THOMAS
But ya saw the cart, didn't ya?
An' th' head of that poor beast
still with it! But she's a woman!
Why would they take her? They
couldn't have, could they?

MRS. O'BRIEN
Be still! You're puttin' yourself
int' a wild state -- !

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Be still, yourself, woman! 'Tis my
wife is missin' an' I'll do nothin'
till she's found!

MARION (OFF)

Patrick.

He spins to see Marion at the front door, the camera slung over her shoulder, Annagh behind her. Sean jerks away from them, startled.

Thomas bolts to Marion and gathers her in his arms. She holds him gently, like a mother would a frightened child.

THOMAS

Dear, God, Marion...I thought
they'd taken ya. I thought...I
feared...

MARION

Shh...I know. I know.

THOMAS

If they had, I couldn't have done
this. I'd have gone mad an'...

He cannot continue. Annagh exchanges looks with Mrs. O'Brien then backs away into the darkness. Mrs. O'Brien grows very concerned.

Marion forces Thomas to look at her.

MARION

Of course, darling. Of course.
Now listen to me. Annagh has told
me the entire story.

MRS. O'BRIEN

So, t'was with Annagh ya were?

MARION

Yes, and now I understand.
Patrick, I want to be with
you...through everything.

Thomas looks at her, stunned.

MRS. O'BRIEN

By th' devil, have ya lost all your
senses?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARION

Completely.

(to Thomas)

But I will not be far from you,
again.

MRS. O'BRIEN

I'll not allow it!

MARION

You have no say in the matter. He
is my husband. I am his wife. I
will stay next to him.

MRS. O'BRIEN

No, Paidrig, there's somethin' not
right about it all. She plans t'
disrupt th' ceremony, t' be sure.
She'll ruin th' lot of it and make
matters far worse.

MARION

No, I...I won't. I want to be by
your side when you...you face these
creatures.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Ya can't be there, Marion! Ya
ain't of this land.

(MORE)

THOMAS

Ma's right in that, dearest. Ya
aren't of our blood...nor of our
clan...

MARION

Not even if I carry your child?

Thomas gasps with joy. Mrs. O'Brien glares at Sean. He steps
back, trying to find a place to hide. Brigid almost weeps.

THOMAS

Mine? My child? And 'tis th'
truth, this time?

MARION

(nodding)

You remember that nasty quarrel we
had? After father's birthday
dinner? And how we made up with
each other? He dates from then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARION(cont'd)

And he will be a son. I can all
but guarantee you.

Mrs. O'Brien goes to Thomas and Marion, blazing with anger.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Why, th' bloody devils! That's why
they went after her! Marion, if ya
join us, they'll come after ya,
again!

MARION

I'd like to see them do just that.

THOMAS

No, Marion, my mother's right. Ya
should stay here with Sean an'
Brigid, where ya'll be safe.

MARION

But what about you?

THOMAS

Not t' worry. Now I can do what I
have t' do. Now I'll do it so my
son won't have t'.

MARION

Patrick...

THOMAS

Please, dearest. Don't make this
any harder for me.

MARION

You cannot prevent my joining you.

He nods to Sean and takes Marion firmly by the arms.

THOMAS

You'll stay here with Sean, Marion.
There's nothing else t' be said.

Sean and Brigid take hold of her. She struggles.

MARION

I will NOT be treated like some
prized breed mare! Patrick, you're
my husband! I'm your wife! We
must stay together!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

THOMAS

(touches her lips)

Hush an' listen t' me. We will be
together. I will be with you.
Always, dearest. Trust me.

MARION

Patrick...

He kisses her and exits.

MARION (cont'd)

But you'll die! Your mother will
end your life because of an insane
superstition!

Mrs. O'Brien stops beside Marion, genuinely confused.

MRS. O'BRIEN

"Superstition?" Then ya don't
truly believe th' legends. Do ya
believe in evil at all, Marion?

MARION

I believe human beings are capable
of it in it's purest form.

MRS. O'BRIEN

And that's all ya'd have to it?

MARION

If you mean could I accept even the
idea of monstrous creatures flying
through the air, the answer is
"no."

MRS. O'BRIEN

But I hear there's a machine can
fly. Is that th' truth, then?

MARION

Of course it is.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Have ya seen one?

MARION

Naturally.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Then prove it t' me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARION

What?!

MRS. O'BRIEN

I choose not t' believe in these
"flying machines." Prove they
exist, here and now. Ya can't.
All ya can do is ask me t' take it
on faith.

MARION

Oh, please. This is neither the
time nor place for such childish
philosophy!

MRS. O'BRIEN

And is that all faith is t' ya?
"Childish Philosophy?" What a sad
way t' live in this world.

She follows Thomas out.

Marion struggles against Sean's and Brigid's grip as they guide
her into a chair.

MARION

(calling after Mrs. O'Brien)
Listen to me, you witch! If you
harm him, I will destroy you! I
will bring in the police and...and,
Sean, please release me! She'll
kill him!

SEAN

You'll stay here and not move an
inch. If ya don't, I'll bloody tie
ya t' th' chair!

Marion glares at him...then stops struggling. Brigid backs
away, nervously, then lays a shawl over Marion's legs.

BRIGID

Tell ya what, ma'am -- how's about
I fetch ya a nice cup o' tea and a
sandwich or two? Now that ya've a
wain comin', ya'll need t' be
keepin' yer strength up, God save
ya. Don't that sound best, now?

Marion says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BRIGID (cont'd)
Well...I'll be bringin' ya a bit o'
somethin' out, anyhow.

She scurries into the kitchen. Sean leans against the door, his eyes never leaving Marion. She glares at him, in answer.

MARION
Sean, you can't believe in this
nonsense, can you?

SEAN
And who are you t' judge? Mrs.
O'Brien has given more t' us than
ya could ever think of givin', and
she's yet t' lead us wrong.

MARION
But...you are talking about a
mythological creature coming to
life in a part of the world where
it is never supposed to have even
existed!

SEAN
But they do exist. Have for three
thousand years.

MARION
Have you seen one?

SEAN
Would I still be here if I had?

MARION
Then what proof have you?

SEAN
What proof have ya of anything,
missus, except that ya choose t'
believe it?

MARION
Oh, you are her parrot, aren't you?

SEAN
That don't sound like a compliment,
missus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

MARION

I believe we've established that I
have a perfectly good name, Sean.
Please use it.

SEAN

Oh, no, no, ya'll not be pullin'
that on me, again. T' fool me once
with it is t' your credit. 'T fool
me twice is t' my shame.

Marion looks at him with a cool, direct gaze, then twists her
hair back into a bun atop her head.

MARION

So...I am a prisoner here?

SEAN

Till Mrs. O'Brien says different.

MARION

But I...I cannot sit here and do
nothing. I must keep busy.

She holds up her camera.

MARION (cont'd)

I've completed the film in my
camera. I should change it and
prepare it for mailing...put in a
new roll of film. After all, this
roll holds the snapshot I took of
you on your boat.

Sean looks at her, wary...but also fascinated.

SEAN

Ya can do all that yourself?

MARION

Yes. Would you care to watch?
That way you would "have" to
believe I can do so.

SEAN

You're makin' sport of me, again.

MARION

I'm sorry. May I get a new roll?
They're in my room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

SEAN
...Go ahead, then.

She rises and heads into --

INT. O'BRIEN HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sean follows Marion but stays by the door. She glances out the window at the tower then casually pulls a roll of film from a carry bag and returns to --

INT. O'BRIEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marion glances around, sees the dining area is in shadow. She strides over to the dining table. Sean's interest overcomes his wariness.

MARION
This must be done in darkness. The film is very sensitive, but it needn't be completely dark. This should be sufficient.

She stops beside the dining table. The only light in the area comes from the lamps in the living room and the fire. Marion winds the film in the camera until she HEARS it come loose.

MARION (cont'd)
You wind the film all the way forward...until it comes off the spool. Then you unfasten the back, like so...

She removes the back of the camera to show the film is completely around the right spool. She pulls it out and tapes it, tightly, with a bit of adhesive on the film. All the while she is surreptitiously glancing about, noticing

The shelves of plates on one wall, all of them Wedgewood, and

A fine crystal decanter and glasses atop a silver tray and serving table...interesting, but she is not satisfied.

MARION (cont'd)
...Then you remove the spool and use the adhesive provided to hold the film closed. It must not be exposed to any light until it is processed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN

Ya get your images on that tiny bit
of paper, missus?

MARION

Yes. Hard to believe, isn't it?

He casts her a smirk. She smiles, in answer, and takes note of

A pair of silver candlesticks sitting atop a chest near the
table. She coolly removes the spool in the left side of the
camera and fits it into the right.

MARION (cont'd)

Then you move this spool to the
opposite side...and you're prepared
to insert the film.

She holds up a new roll of film, pulls off the tape holding it
closed and sets it into the left side.

MARION (cont'd)

Now...what you do is place the film
in this side so the paper side
faces out...then you thread this
flap through this slot in the
opposite spool. Do you see?

SEAN

Not really, missus. It's so dark.
How can ya do it?

She hands him the camera.

MARION

Here...I feel it. See? That slot.
Do you feel it?

Sean fiddles with the camera as Marion carefully reaches over
and takes one of the candlesticks. He finds the slot and his
face lights up --

SEAN

Oh, there it is!

MARION

Indeed!

-- and Marion SMASHES HIM with the candlestick! Sean drops the
camera and crashes to the floor, stunned! Marion has to hit him
twice more to knock him out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARION (cont'd)
Damnable hard-headed Irishmen!

She drops the candlestick on the table, shaken, and rushes back into the living room. She grabs the shotgun from above the mantelpiece but finds it has no shells. Brigid rushes into the room.

BRIGID
Ma'am, what're ya doin'?

MARION
Where are the shells?!

BRIGID
God forgive me, but there ain't none, ma'am!

Marion storms over to her.

MARION
Don't lie to me!

BRIGID
Before God and all His Saints,
there ain't none. The last time it
was used was by master Paidrig
'fore he crossed the water! Mrs.
O'Brien never had cause for t' use
it, God save her!

Marion tosses the shotgun aside, furious.

BRIGID (cont'd)
Come sit now, ma'am. Ya have need
of rest, if not fer yourself, then
for the wain within ya.

She tries to guide Marion into the chair. Marion shoves her back and points to Sean.

MARION
He has more need of your help than
do I.

She grabs a heavy cloak and heads for the door.

BRIGID
Ma'am, ya can't be goin' out there!
The Old Women'll find ya, God
preserve us, and'll take the wain!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARION

I'd like to see them try.

And she is gone into the storm.

EXT. DARIAN'S POINT - NIGHT

Storm clouds swirl about the area as waves surge and crash against the rocks! The wind is furious!

EXT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

The rocks gleam in the dark night, even between the flashes of lightning. The entrance is open, the ladder pulled up into the tower. Candlelight flickers within. There is no sign of the donkey cart.

INT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

The wind whistles through the tower. The flames of dozens of candles cast dancing shadows on the walls, adding to the fearfulness of the evening.

Thomas kneels in the middle of the floor as Mrs. O'Brien places the Celtic cross about his neck. He takes it and kisses it. Mrs. O'Brien kisses the top of his head. Thomas stands, casts her a smile and climbs the steps. Mrs. O'Brien watches him, a mixture of fear and hope on her face.

EXT. DARIAN'S POINT - NIGHT

Marion hurries across the rocky land, fighting the wind as she goes. She pauses to look at the tower just as Thomas reaches the top. She hurries forward even faster than before.

EXT. TOWER'S CROWN - NIGHT

Thomas stands on the stone platform and looks around in the wind, watching...waiting. Suddenly the WIND CEASES. He grows tense...and turns to look at

The Cliffs of Moher across the water, all but gleaming in the night...a fog now visible at their base...and approaching the tower!

EXT. CASTLE RUINS - NIGHT

Marion reaches the broken walls and realizes the wind has stopped. She, too, looks at the cliffs and sees the fog swiftly growing nearer. She hesitates for the first time...wondering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She glances up at the tower's crown to see Thomas is also watching the approaching fog. Marion looks back at the fog, suddenly uncertain.

MARION

No...it's impossible...

Suddenly, she HEARS a bloodcurdling SHRIEK of joy! And then the fog envelopes first the tower...and then surrounds her.

EXT. TOWER'S CROWN - NIGHT

Thomas spins about, able to see little more than the rocks of the tower's crown. He HEARS soft laughter echo from above him...then behind him...then before him...and he has to fight the growing panic.

VAGUE FIGURES that are almost female float through the air. Huge wings brush the fog into rolling waves of thickness. One figure swoops in close.

Thomas stumbles back, in fear...almost steps over the edge of the platform.

It LAUGHS...and settles atop the wall to his side. He looks at the figure as the fog swirls around it, occasionally revealing it has the torso and arms of a woman...but the legs and wings of a bird of prey.

He is mesmerized by the creature, does not notice two more settling behind him!

EXT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

Marion finds the base of the tower and locates the entrance, but sees the ladder has been pulled inside and she has no way of entering. She looks about at the swirling fog, growing more and more afraid.

INT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

Mrs. O'Brien almost HEARS Marion...but is too focused on the tower's crown to pay attention.

EXT. TOWER'S CROWN - NIGHT

Thomas HEARS Marion's voice and spins to see the other two creatures! He tries to steady himself.

ONE HARPY gives a low, evil little CHUCKLE...and launches itself into the air, its wings whipping the fog into a frenzy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thomas turns to it and angrily rips open his shirt, exposing his chest!

THOMAS
Here! HERE, you spawn of Satan!
It's me you want! I'm the O'Brien!

The cross gleams, despite the darkness!

The harpy floats in a circle above the tower's crown!

EXT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

Marion looks up to see the creature's movement through the fog and she gasps in disbelief!

MARION
(whispers)
Oh, no...oh, no, no, no...Thomas...
Paidrig...PATRICK, NO!

INT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

Mrs. O'Brien looks up to the top of the tower!

EXT. TOWER'S CROWN - NIGHT

Thomas stands dead center of the platform!

The harpy dives at him with a hissing laugh!

The other creatures all but dance on the wall, watching with anticipation!

Thomas watches the harpy approach...unmoving!

The creature is almost upon him!

Thomas grabs the Celtic cross...and rips the base of it away from the head to reveal A STILETTO KNIFE honed to razor sharpness! He whips the stiletto upwards!

The harpy twists to one side as it slams into him, but the stiletto slices into its side! They crash against the wall, breaking through part of it, the harpy shrieking with pain!

The other two creatures jump into the air in shock and anger!

The harpy struggles to get away from Thomas, its wings blasting through the fog! Thomas hangs on and slashes into it, over and over, trying to avoid its teeth and talons!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One talon imbeds itself in his side and snaps away!

The harpy breaks free of him and tries to return to the air!

Thomas is left hanging on to the few planks of wood, trying to keep from falling into the tower!

The harpy shrieks in pain, gives one more attempt to fly away, then slams against a pile of stones and tumbles over the side!

EXT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

Marion watches the harpy hurtle past her and disappear into the mist, its SHRIEKS of pain and fear terrifying! Then she scrambles back from the tower and looks up at the crown in wonder.

MARION

Oh, dear God...dear God...

INT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

Mrs. O'Brien lets hope flood into her face.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Dear God.

EXT. TOWER'S CROWN - NIGHT

The two remaining harpies circle the tower, SHRIEKING!

Thomas pulls himself back onto the platform, still gripping the stiletto! He pulls the broken talon out and drops it! The harpy's black blood mingles with his own!

The other two creatures dive at him -- one from the left, the other from the right -- shrieking in fury!

Thomas ducks to one side, but is clipped in the side by one's talons as the other whips at the hand holding the stiletto!

He crashes against a wall, knocks away more of the stones! He almost falls!

The stiletto slips from his hand to disappear into the fog!

EXT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

Marion catches a glimpse of the stiletto as it whips away from the tower and lands nearby!

EXT. TOWER'S CROWN - DARIAN'S POINT - NIGHT

Thomas is dazed but still able to find his balance on the crown's old wood planks!

A harpy appears from the fog behind him and pounces! Its talons sink into his back, but he rips away, grabs a stone and smashes its face with it! The creature laughs with a hiss!

A second harpy appears from behind him, hissing as it roars towards them!

Thomas spins to see it...and stumbles aside and

The second harpy slams into the first one with its talons! The first harpy shrieks and beats at the second one in a fury, giving

Thomas a chance to get away from it and scramble back onto the stone platform and look around for a weapon of some sort!

He sees only rocks and broken strips of wood!

The two creatures end their spat and turn towards him! The first harpy shoves the second aside and rises to pounce!

Thomas sees a strip of wood splintered into a sort of stake!

The first harpy leaps at him!

Thomas grabs the stake and swings it around and

The first harpy plunges onto it, ramming the stake straight through its heart!

The second harpy jumps into the air, shrieking in horror!

The first harpy struggles to pull out the stake!

Thomas falls back to watch.

The first harpy screeches horrifically as it slowly dies...and dissolves into a wisp of smoke!

Thomas is exhausted, near hysteria, shaking uncontrollably!

INT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

Mrs. O'Brien is all but glowing with joy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. O'BRIEN
There's but one more, son. But one
more.

EXT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

Marion stumbles about the base, trying to see...but all she can make out is the figure of the last harpy floating around the top of the tower, in shock...hissing, sadly...then angrily...then SHRIEKING at the top of its lungs!

EXT. TOWER'S CROWN - NIGHT

Thomas tries to force himself back to his feet...but he is too weak. Red blood seeps from his wounds, mixing with the black blood from the harpies.

The last harpy eyes him, warily. It floats through the air, watching...waiting...

EXT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

Marion is near hysteria, herself, her eyes locked on the creature moving in the fog.

MARION
Patrick...Patrick! PATRICK!

INT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

Mrs. O'Brien finally HEARS Marion. Horror springs to her face.

EXT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

The last harpy hears her, too! With a twist of its wings, the FOG VANISHES...and for the first time we can see the creature clearly! The sight is even more terrifying -- with wings spanning at least fifteen feet and the feathers covering them and its lower body and its legs a brilliant grey! The talons on its claws are black and polished, just like its fingernails, and feathers flow from its crown down its back in place of hair!

Marion stumbles back to the castle's ruined walls, horrified at what she sees!

INT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

Mrs. O'Brien sees her and hurriedly slips the ladder down to the ground!

MRS. O'BRIEN
Marion! Marion, come here to me!

EXT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

The last harpy sees Marion and utters its soft, guttural LAUGH!

EXT. TOWER'S CROWN - NIGHT

Thomas looks through a break in the wall and sees Marion standing far below in clear view!

THOMAS
Marion, get out of its sight!

He looks up.

The last harpy circles...and LAUGHS!

Thomas forces himself to his feet!

THOMAS (cont'd)
No! NO, ya whore of Satan! Come t'
me! I'm th' O'Brien!

But it is too late! The last harpy swoops down towards Marion!

Thomas stumbles down the tower's steps!

EXT. ROUND TOWER - NIGHT

As Marion watches in mute horror,

The last harpy settles onto the rocks before her, chuckling with its most evil hiss!

Marion stands rock still, refusing to believe what she sees!

MARION
You cannot exist...you cannot
exist...

The last harpy hops towards her, its feathers gleaming as sharply as its talons and teeth....ready to toy with her! It reaches for her with its cruel fingers!

Marion pulls out Kinsella's shotgun and FIRES at the creature!

The last harpy gives a vicious laugh, in answer! The buckshot only seems to tickle it! The creature hops into the air, whips its wings to hover above!

Marion drops the shotgun, mesmerized!

Mrs. O'Brien hurries down the ladder!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thomas appears at the door and leaps to the ground!

The last harpy lets itself drop towards Marion! She shakes her head.

MARION (cont'd)
You cannot exist.

The last harpy is almost upon her...when THE NOOSE OF A ROPE whips onto its leg and pulls taut! The last harpy is thrown off and bounces to the ground next to Marion, with

Sean pulling tight at the other end!

The last harpy jerks around, furious, and slices through the rope with its talons. It is about to jump Sean when Marion seems to jolt awake.

MARION (cont'd)
You cannot exist.

She pulls the stiletto from her cloak then slashes one of the harpy's wings with it!

It spins on her...but then Thomas grabs the blade from Marion and jumps onto its back and plunges it into its heart!

The last harpy shrieks and slings Thomas aside! Black blood spews from the wound as the creature vainly tries to pull the stiletto out! Its wings beat, furiously...and it almost becomes airborne, pitifully reaching for the Cliffs of Moher...but finally it crashes into the rocks and dissolves into smoke!

Marion jolts from her shock and hurries to Thomas, Mrs. O'Brien close behind.

THOMAS
Oh, dear God, Marion...Marion.

MARION
That thing, it...it cannot
exist...it cannot...

He looks at her, shaking from his wounds.

THOMAS
It doesn't, dearest...not anymore.

She looks at him...touches the gashes in his shoulder and slashed parts of his face...then holds him, tightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The wind kicks up and the storm breaks and rain begins whipping around them, washing away the harpies' blood.

Sean strides up to them, a bandage now visible on his head and wary respect in his eyes as he stays well clear of Marion. He holds up the rope, motions to Marion.

SEAN

I come after her with this.
(looks around)
So it's done then, is it?

MRS. O'BRIEN

It is, at that.

SEAN

Then ya can start bein' wary of
your wife, Pat. She's a wicked sly
one, she is.

THOMAS

Th' devil, but don't I know it?

MARION

But, Patrick...I...I thought you
were going to be killed.

THOMAS

Aye, dearest. I know.

MARION

(to Mrs. O'Brien)
I thought...I thought...

Mrs. O'Brien smiles, gently, and pats Marion's shoulder.

MRS. O'BRIEN

God forgive ya, but I watched them
beasts take my husband; I'd never
let them take my son. They broke
their vow and released us from
ours...and now they're gone.

MARION

But you allowed him to face those
"things" alone! Where were the men
from town?!

(to Sean)

Where were you? Why didn't you
help him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THOMAS

They'd o' been killed, Marion.

MRS. O'BRIEN

Only an O'Brien of this blood's
line had th' chance t' beat them.
And you...now that you've a wain
growin' within ya...now you are of
our blood.

She caresses Marion's face. Then they HEAR a rock crash to the ground and turn to look at the tower.

First, a few rocks fall...then entire sections collapse until all that is left is a pile of rubble.

Thomas, Marion, Mrs. O'Brien & Sean watch it fall, almost sadly...then Sean and Mrs. O'Brien help Thomas back towards the house, Marion carrying the shotgun, behind them...and in the distance the Cliffs of Moher stand tall and gleaming, despite the storm.

FADE OUT THEN IN TO

EXT. O'BRIEN HOME - NIGHT - THROUGH THE WINDOW

A radiant Marion hands Mrs. O'Brien a squalling new BABY, Thomas beside her, carefully attentive. Both focus on the child as the CAMERA TILTS SIDEWAYS, like it is peeking inside from above.

FINGERS with talon-like nails -- one of them broken! -- caress the window frame as the chilling musical LAUGHTER of a harpy is HEARD.

Mrs. O'Brien does not notice it, but Marion looks around at the noise, as though she barely heard it. Everything seems quiet and normal but, instinctively, she draws Thomas close. Neither of them notices when there is more of the LAUGHTER, mingled with the SOUND of wings flapping away as we...

FADE OUT.