

A Siren WAILS.

EXT. MANHATTAN - 30 YEARS AGO - NIGHT

An ambulance races through the streets. It reaches

EXT. NY CATHOLIC HOSPITAL - 30 YEARS AGO - NIGHT

The ambulance doors burst open. TWO PARAMEDICS wheel out a frail, seven-year-old, YOUNG MICHAEL ISLAND on a gurney.

CUT TO:

A crucifix hangs on a bright white wall.

SILENCE, except for a woman's MUFFLED SOBS.

An old wall clock reads half past two.

INT. HALLWAY - NY CATHOLIC HOSPITAL - 30 YEARS AGO - NIGHT

Below the crucifix and clock sits an unshaven, red-eyed

DAD. Somber and exhausted in his rumpled, gray suit, he puts his arm around his crying wife,

MOM. She'd be pretty if her heart wasn't breaking.

A QUIET PRIEST sits by mom. His whispers fail to comfort her.

Two chairs away is

NANA ISLAND. Her white hair and cane betray her frailty. But, quiet steel still flashes in her piercing gray eyes.

Calmly and almost silently, Nana prays the Hail Mary. Both hands hold a chain of BLEACHED WHITE PEBBLES.

Nana starts a new Hail Mary; the pebbles shift in her fingers. Nana glances at mom and dad, then across into a dark ICU room.

INT. YOUNG MICHAEL ISLAND'S ICU ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A FRAMED PHOTO OF YOUNG MICHAEL ON NANA'S LAP by the bedside. Big smiles. A memory of some happier time.

A CHILD'S WHEELCHAIR, covered in Jets stickers, keeps a quiet vigil in the corner for its small owner.

YOUNG MICHAEL lies in the bed, hooked up to too many machines. Frail, pale, and unconscious, he hardly seems to be breathing.

A slow BEEP...BEEP...BEEP... monitors his weak heartbeat.

INT. HALLWAY - NY CATHOLIC HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

A GRIM YOUNG DOCTOR arrives and slowly drops to one knee to face mom and dad. Mom's eyes are terrified.

The young doctor sadly shakes his head as he delivers very bad news. Then he stands and walks away.

Mom collapses, shakes and SOBS. Dad holds her tightly, and kisses her forehead. Tears also stream down his cheeks.

The priest speaks quietly to mom and dad. He helps them up and leads them away to a door marked: CHAPEL. They go in.

Calmly, Nana watches them go. She sees she is alone in the hall. Leaning on her cane, Nana rises and walks slowly into

INT. YOUNG MICHAEL ISLAND'S ICU ROOM - CONTINUOUS

With effort, Nana pulls herself up and sits on Michael's bed.

NANA

Ah, my Mickeen. These doctors know nothing. You've a grand heart. You just don't know how to be using it.

(sighs sadly)

And now, I've no time to teach you.

Nana lifts her hands; the white pebbles spread between them. A silver crucifix dangles down. They are ROSARY BEADS.

Nana places her rosary beads around Michael's neck. Then she pulls the limp boy up to her and hugs him tightly.

NANA (cont'd)

Will you say your prayers with your Nana one last time? You will, you will.

Nana closes her eyes, bows her head and rocks the boy gently.

NANA (cont'd)
Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi
miserere nobis.

As Nana prays, her hands begin to

GLOW.

First RED, then YELLOW, it consumes her hands like fire.

NANA (cont'd)
Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi
miserere nobis.

The GLOW spreads to the boy's back; his eyes flicker.

The BEEP, BEEP, BEEP... becomes strong and fast.

YOUNG MICHAEL
(in his sleep)
Nana?

NANA
Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi
dona nobis pacem.

The GLOW jumps out of Michael, up Nana's arms and into her back. She groans and lowers Michael back to the bed.

Michael sleeps comfortably. His breathing is deep and steady. Color is back in his face.

But Nana's pale white; her breathing is shallow and strained. She lowers herself into a chair and leans back painfully.

Nana looks with love at Michael. Slowly, her eyes close.

Nana stops breathing; her hand slips off her lap. She's gone.

Next to Young Michael's healthy, peaceful, sleeping face, sits the bedside NANA PHOTO.

DISSOLVE TO:

The NANA PHOTO, now yellowed with age and draped with Nana's white Rosary Beads, sits on a burnished mahogany desk.

MAN (O.S.)
Where's Eichel?

A dark suit flashes by the Nana Photo.

WOMAN (O.S.)
I haven't seen Ms. Eichel yet. But,
the Mayfair people are holding.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - NEW YORK LAW FIRM - PRESENT - DAY

It's the spacious, well-appointed, and paper-free corner
office of a name partner at a prestigious Manhattan law firm.

MICHAEL ISLAND, now in his mid 30's, scans his messages.
He's grown strong, handsome, sleek and prosperous.

Michael's SECRETARY, a grizzled veteran of many campaigns,
takes his coat and hands him a cup of coffee.

MICHAEL
Did Eichel give you a memo?

SECRETARY
I said I haven't seen her yet.
They want to know if you're going
to close the deal or not.

MICHAEL
Didn't you tell them I always close?

SECRETARY
(turns, picks up phone receiver)
Tell them yourself.

Secretary turns back and groans. Michael's gone.

INT. HALLWAY - LAW FIRM - DAY

Secretary chases after Michael as he searches the halls.

SECRETARY
You also have a meeting at eleven
with Danny O'Malley.
(he's drawing a blank)
The new client?
(still, nothing)
From Ireland?

MICHAEL
Oh, right. Cancel him.
I've got a deal to close.

SECRETARY
We can't cancel. You confirmed it.

MICHAEL
(yells into a doorway)
Eichel!

SECRETARY
He flew in all the way from Ireland.

MICHAEL
Cancel him.
(turns and spins down hall)

SECRETARY
How am I even going to find him?

EXT. SIDEWALK BENCH - MANHATTAN - DAY

A SILVER COIN spins and twirls back and forth between a pair of tanned male hands. They're the hands of

DANNY O'MALLEY. Short and stocky, he has a farmer's build.

His glum face is old enough to be deeply carved by sun, wind and rain, but young enough to retain his boyish good looks.

Lost in sadness, Danny sits on a bench in a new blue suit. Behind him is a large steel and glass building. A sign:

MOUNT SINAI MEDICAL CENTER

INT. RADIOLOGY DEPARTMENT - MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - DAY

TECHNICIAN, in white coat, bites an apple and watches screens where cat-scans of a woman's body gradually materialize.

"ANN OMALLEY" flashes at the top of each screen

TECHNICIAN
That's it. Keep as still as you
can. I just need two more passes.

ANNIE O'MALLEY, a pale Irish beauty, lies motionless on the

slab of a giant cat-scan machine. She bites her lip.

Slowly, the machine pulls Annie into its huge, glowing rings.

As the machine swallows her, Annie exhales slowly, holds very still, and closes her eyes.

INT. ALANNA EICHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

A small, generic, associate's office. The desk is buried under mountains of law books, note pads and papers.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Eichel?

The door opens and Michael's head pops inside. He frowns; no Eichel. But a woman's jacket and purse are in plain view.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Where are you, Eichel?

INT. ROMANTIC, DARK, CANDLELIT JACUZZI

A wet, naked, long-legged, and strikingly pretty

ALANNA EICHEL smiles at the naked ADONIS across from her and allows him to refill her champagne flute.

ALANNA EICHEL

I really shouldn't. It makes me completely lose control.

ADONIS

(continental accent)

Then we must finish the bottle, my beautiful one.

Adonis kisses her hand and she swirls happily next to him.

INT. LAW FIRM CAFETERIA - DAY

A few YOUNG LAWYERS and STAFFERS chat over breakfast. Michael storms in. All fall silent. Nobody's happy to see Michael.

MICHAEL

I need Eichel.

SCARED STAFFER
Maybe the library?

INT. ROMANTIC CANDLE-LIT JACUZZI

Alanna is now entwined with Adonis. They kiss. Deeply.

Alanna slides down and lays her head contentedly against Adonis's massive, sculpted chest.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
(faint, distant)
Eichel! Eichel!

ALANNA EICHEL
(sleepy)
Go away, Michael. I'm busy.

CUT TO:

A LARGE TABLE TOP, piled high with law books, photocopies, notes, crumpled papers, a laptop, coffee cups, take-out food.

At the end of the table, Alanna is sound asleep, face down in a lawbook. She's in the

INT. LAW FIRM LIBRARY - DAY

Michael leans in close to Alanna's ear.

MICHAEL
Eichel!

Alanna's head snaps up; she looks blankly at Michael.

Her beauty (unlike in her dream) is now buried under haggard eyes, sensible hair, librarian's glasses and boxy clothes.

A bent, yellow post-it note hangs from her forehead.

ALANNA EICHEL
What?

EXT. SIDEWALK BENCH IN FRONT OF MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - DAY

the silver coin still spins around Danny's nervous fingers.

A few feet away, a SMALL BOY holds the hand of his EXEC MOM.

She's facing away, focused on an important cell phone call.

Gradually, Danny notices the boy watching the coin twirl.

Suddenly, Danny closes both fists. Where's the coin?

The boy glances to make sure exec mom isn't watching. Then he reaches out and touches Danny's left hand.

Danny opens that hand. No coin. The other hand? No coin.

Danny reaches to the boy's ear. There, he produces a red lollipop. They both smile and the boy accepts the candy.

Suddenly, a woman's hand grabs the lollipop and tosses it on the ground at Danny's feet.

Interrupting her call momentarily, exec mom shoots a nasty glare at Danny and yanks the boy away down the sidewalk.

DANNY

Ah now, it's just a little sweet....

But exec mom is back on her call. As he's yanked away, the small boy turns back to Danny and they both waive goodbye.

Annie O'Malley emerges from the hospital in street clothes. Her athletic curves fill out her tee-shirt and jeans nicely.

ANNIE

Making friends, are you?

Annie sits by Danny. He examines her face nervously.

DANNY

What's the news, then?

ANNIE

They said we can be going home.

DANNY

Just like that? We're only just after getting here.

She pulls him up and takes his arm. They walk.

ANNIE

I guess New York doctors can't work miracles any more than Irish ones.

He sees her fatigue and disappointment and he gathers himself.

DANNY

Let's get you back to the hotel. A
good rest is what you're needing.

ANNIE

Is it nap time already?

DANNY

You were the most beautiful baby I
ever saw, do you know that?

ANNIE

(small smile)

Was I now?

DANNY

You were, indeed. A sweet little angel
sent down from Heaven, you were.

ANNIE

And you're full of shyte.

INT. HALLWAY - NEW YORK LAW FIRM - DAY

Michael is striding back to his office. Alanna trails after
him, her arms juggling open law books, pads and papers.

ALANNA EICHEL

There's a Court of Appeals case...

MICHAEL

We said nine o'clock, Eichel.
It is now nine forty-two.

ALANNA EICHEL

I just nodded off for, like,
half an hour.

MICHAEL

Just face it. You failed.

ALANNA EICHEL

Look at this case.

MICHAEL

I don't look at cases.

ALANNA EICHEL
I think it's very helpful.

MICHAEL
What I look at is memos.

ALANNA EICHEL
I'm ninety percent done.

MICHAEL
Final, proofread memos.

ALANNA EICHEL
(pleading)
It's all right here.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - LAW FIRM - CONTINUOUS

Danny sits waiting. Several STAFFERS work or pretend to.
Michael and Alanna storm through; he whirls on her.

MICHAEL
You got a memo right there?

ALANNA EICHEL
(too tired to think)
Well...I... Dammit, I'm, like,
ninety percent done.

Danny gazes at Alanna, and is instantly spellbound by her.

MICHAEL
Ninety percent?

ALANNA EICHEL
(nodding, upbeat)
Ninety percent.

MICHAEL
Eichel, the first wave of guys who
hit Omaha Beach, they had a mission.
To get to the tops of the cliffs
across from the beach and take out
the German machine gun bunkers.
You with me?

Alanna nods. ALL stop dead in their tracks and listen.

MICHAEL (Cont'd)

There were mortars hitting all over the beach, machine gun fire everywhere. A lot of the guys never even made it out of the water. The rest hit the beach and started crawling towards those cliffs. Then they started climbing. More guys fell. The survivors fought and struggled and scratched toward the top.

(DEAD SILENCE as he pauses)

Now, Eichel, do you know what happened to those brave, tough, young men who made it only 90% of the way up those cliffs?

ALANNA EICHEL

No?

MICHAEL

They failed! The German machine gunners ripped them right in half. They died, and their guts were splattered all over those cliffs.

(he lets it sink in)

Now,...go...write...my...memo.

ALANNA EICHEL

(sighs)

I'm on it.

(turns, shuffles off)

Maybe some more coffee. Really strong coffee.

Gathering his resolve, Danny stands, smooths his new suit, and approaches Michael with hand outstretched.

DANNY

Mr. Island? Danny O'Malley. How are ya?

MICHAEL

(surprised, shakes hands)

Oh right, O'Malley. Didn't my secretary call you? Look, I'm sorry, but we've got to reschedule.

(checks his watch)

Good to meet you, though.

Leaving Danny dumbfounded, Michael spins away down the hall.

CUT TO:

A STEAMING POT OF REALLY STRONG COFFEE in

INT. CAFETERIA - LAW FIRM - DAY

Alanna grabs the coffee pot and pours a large cup. Danny pokes his head into the room and spots her from behind. His eyes takes in Alanna, head to toe, as he trots over.

DANNY
(hands her milk)
Tired, are you?

ALANNA EICHEL
Tired was two days ago. Now, I think
I'm approaching, like, delusional.

She tries to gather all her papers; he helps and follows.
They sit at a small table. She playfully pokes his shoulder.

ALANNA EICHEL (Cont'd)
You're not a delusion, are you?

DANNY
Sometimes I wonder. I'm here to talk
to your man, Michael Island.

ALANNA EICHEL
My man? Now, that's a creepy thought.
(shudders, opens laptop)
Like tongue kissing your dad.

DANNY
Only he won't talk to me.

ALANNA EICHEL
I should have such problems.

DANNY
I wouldn't mind some help.

ALANNA
I'm kinda swamped here.

DANNY
Indeed, you are.

Defeated, Danny stands and turns to go. Alanna can't ignore the pain and sadness in his eyes. She grabs his arm.

ALANNA EICHEL

Look, can you hang around a while?

INT. LAW FIRM CONFERENCE TABLE - DAY

Chandelier. Skyline views. Huge cherrywood table.
On one side sits Michael, Alanna and their SMUG CLIENT.

Across sits a grim TOM SHONER, his TWO SONS, and their badly overmatched SMALL FIRM LAWYER.

The sons slump in their cheap suits. This is all their fault.

A tobacco pouch protrudes from the pocket of Tom's frayed work shirt. His tired face is shaded below an old ballcap.

Pen in hand, Tom looks down at a DEED FOR REAL PROPERTY.
Tom pauses, then slaps down the pen and shakes his head.

TOM SHONER

Won't do it. Can't.

Cold as ice, Michael locks eyes with Tom and picks up a check.

MICHAEL

Make me foreclose, you get nothing.
2,000 an acre times 1,500 acres is
a lot of money to just throw away.

Michael slides a CHECK across the table.

TOM SHONER

Three million dollars. Lot of money.
(lost in thought, then)
My great, great grandfather settled
on our farm 132 years ago, Mr.
Island. That mean anything to you?

MICHAEL

(affects indifference)
It's nothing personal.

SMALL FIRM LAWYER

(halfheartedly)
There's still the landmark issue.

MICHAEL
Landmark? C'mon.

Michael pulls out and waives a final, proofread MEMO. He tosses it casually to Small Firm Lawyer.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Landmark's a loser and you know it.

As her clients watch, the small firm lawyer reluctantly scans the memo, page by page. She slumps back, beaten.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
(pushes check to Tom Schoner)
Your farm is gone. At least make
him pay for it.

Tom Shoner glares pure hate at Michael. But Michael meets his gaze. Michael is a man used to being hated.

TOM SHONER
Mister, I don't know how you sleep
at night.

Alanna looks down and pretends to study her file.

Anger, despair and defeat gather in Tom Schoner's old eyes. He lowers them sadly and reluctantly to the check.

Tom Shoner picks up a pen and signs the deed. Michael takes the deed and carefully examines the signature.

Tom Shoner slowly stands and appraises Michael.

Smug Client is ecstatic. But, Michael shows no emotion.

Tom waits for his lawyer and two sons to slowly file out.

Then he SPITS a big ball of brown juice. It hits the center of the table and splatters both Michael and Smug Client.

TOM SHONER
Nothin' personal.

INT. LAW FIRM HALLWAY - DAY

Michael strides along, accepting congratulations from COLLEAGUES. Alanna, loaded with papers, trails behind him.

ALANNA EICHEL
So, I did pretty good, huh?

MICHAEL
You were late.

ALANNA EICHEL
Other associates--junior associates
--have mentors.

MICHAEL
(examines his stained tie)
This isn't gonna come out.

ALANNA EICHEL
They meet clients, handle closings,
negotiate deals.

MICHAEL
Are they late?

ALANNA EICHEL
I, on the other hand, for almost
eight years, have been writing memos.

MICHAEL
Is there a point in there somewhere?

ALANNA EICHEL
I'm saying they get mentored.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Michael storms in, followed by Alanna. Danny sits waiting.

MICHAEL
Eichel....

ALANNA EICHEL
He flew 5000 miles. You don't
have fifteen minutes?

Reluctantly, Michael sits. Behind him, Alanna winks and smiles at Danny. Danny aims a poker face at Michael.

DANNY

I need your help to acquire a parcel
of real estate in County Mayo, Ireland.

MICHAEL

What's your business?

DANNY

Farm production. Beef, dairy,
that sort of thing.

MICHAEL

No offense, but I don't think you
can afford me.

DANNY

None taken.

(hands over a check)

Is fifty thousand enough for starters?

(Michael's impressed look says yes)

I am deadly serious Michael, and
there's no time to be wasting.

ALANNA EICHEL

(to Danny)

You need me to go, too, right?

MICHAEL

Eichel, we're not....

DANNY

It's all settled, then.

MICHAEL

No, it is not. Look, maybe you didn't
notice, but we're not Irish lawyers.

DANNY

Well Michael, in all the world, a
deal is a deal, isn't it now?

MICHAEL

(buys that, then)

What are we talking about here?

Office complex? Hotel? Resort?

DANNY

The rest is sorta confidential, like.

MICHAEL
(face darkens)
You want me to take this deal sight
unseen?

DANNY
I'll explain the whole thing the
instant you're both safely in Mayo.

Michael's heard enough. He stands and offers the check back.

MICHAEL
Sorry, I don't work that way.

DANNY
Tell me Michael, have you ever been
home to the old country?

Michael hears a BOY'S LAUGHTER. He picks up NANA'S PHOTO.

NANA (O.S.)
Will you be coming home to the
old country with your Nana?

FLASH!

INT. YOUNG MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - 31 YEARS AGO - DAY

Nana lifts Young Michael from his wheelchair and puts him in
his bed. Then the boy giggles as she tickles him mercilessly.

NANA
Ah, you will, you will!

Across the room, Dad aims his box camera and flash at them.

DAD
Easy now, Mom. You can take him
to Ireland when he's feeling better.

NANA
(stage whisper to Michael)
Are all lawyers idiots, or just
your father here?
(more tickling and giggling)

DAD
(looks down into camera)
Yeah, right. Hold it!

FLASH! It's the Yellowed Nana Photo. We're back in

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael looks up slowly from the Photo and meets Danny's eyes.

MICHAEL

It didn't work out.

(considers, then)

Whatever this thing is--why me?

DANNY

Well, you see now, here's the thing.

I need a man who won't stop until he
reaches the very top of the cliffs.

INT. - FIRST CLASS SECTION - AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Alanna sprawls across her seat in deep, contented slumber.

She's in comfy sweats, with an inflatable pillow around her
neck and a couple of airline blankets spread over her.

ALANNA EICHEL

(giggles, talks in her sleep)

Oh, Danny....

Next to her, Michael, in shirt and tie, shifts around
miserably under his blanket. He gives her a dirty look.

ALANNA EICHEL (Cont'd)

(still asleep, more giggles)

I really shouldn't....

LIGHT peeks in under the closed window shade. Michael gives
up on any sleep. He sits up, grumpily, and lifts the shade.

Outside, dawn breaks over the lush, green countryside of

IRELAND.

INT. ANNIE'S OFFICE - RATHDERG SQUARE - COUNTY MAYO - DAY

A modest, modern, orderly, spotless physical therapy office.

Annie O'Malley, in white lab coat, kneels on a low, flat
table. She holds and flexes the ankle and knee of

OLD THERESA, ancient, but sharp as a knife. Theresa lies on

her back as Annie works on her leg.

ANNIE
Push against me again now.
(Theresa groans and pushes)
That's it. No pain, no gain.

EXT. - SHANNON AIRPORT - IRELAND - DAY

Michael and Alanna emerge with their bags. He's rumpled and exhausted. She's fresh and perky, with crisp, new clothes.

ALANNA
I could do part of this deal.

MICHAEL
I don't even know what the deal is.

ALANNA EICHEL
A little piece. Like a sliver.

MICHAEL
And now, we have a five hour
drive before I find out.

ALANNA
What could it hurt?

MICHAEL
How can anything be five hours
from the airport?

ALANNA
Listen. You'll sleep a little in
the car. You'll be fine.

INT. ANNIE'S OFFICE - RATHDERG SQUARE - COUNTY MAYO - DAY

Annie follows Old Theresa to an entrance door.

ANNIE
That was grand work. Your range
is improving every week.

OLD THERESA
You should be ashamed of
yourself....

INT. LANDING - TOP OF STAIRS DOWN TO STREET - CONTINUOUS

ANNIE
And keep doing your exercises.

OLD THERESA
(descends stairs)
...putting a poor old woman
through such misery.

ANNIE
Twice a day. There's a good
girl, now.

INT. ANNIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Annie returns from the hall, crosses the room, unlocks a door
and opens it. The door leads to

INT. ANNIE'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

It's modest, neat and tasteful. Danny bustles over food in
the tiny kitchen. Tired, Annie drops into a chair.

Danny brings her an orange drink and a sandwich.

DANNY
You shouldn't be working a'tall.

ANNIE
And who else would be giving
Theresa her therapy?
(glances out window)
Where's your fancy American
solicitors?

DANNY
(hands her orange drink)
Not too far off now, I'd say.

ANNIE
What scheme are you hatching?

DANNY
Just buying some land, is all.

ANNIE

You mind yourself. Last year,
a solicitor in Ballina tried
to charge me 300 pounds.

DANNY

This Michael seems nice enough.

ANNIE

For a simple lease, mind you.
Fill in the blanks sort of thing.

DANNY

Good looking fellow, anyway.
(he hands her drink)

ANNIE

And what is this?

DANNY

Carrot juice. Strengthens the blood.

ANNIE

How, exactly?

DANNY

It's an old country remedy.
(he senses immediate hostility)
There's no harm in trying it.

ANNIE

Is there not? Danny, I'm not telling
you again. You keep your old, country,
hocus-pocus nonsense out of my house.
(Danny takes back drink)
Am I clear?

DANNY

Fine. At least eat something, will ya?

ANNIE

Later. Really. When I get back.

DANNY

You'll take him up there, then?
You're feeling up to it?

ANNIE

And that's all I'm doing.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - COUNTY MAYO - IRELAND - DAY

Old stone walls dissect green, rolling fields. Mount Nephin rises sharply to the west. Scattered sheep and cattle graze.

A rental car threads its way along a narrow country road. It passes the ruins of an old, forgotten cottage.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NARROW COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Alanna is sound asleep, her face nestled against the door jam, her mouth ajar. A bead of drool slides down the door window.

Behind the wheel, tired and miserable, Michael tries to read a map and get his bearings as they bounce along.

They reach a village. Michael pulls up to the curb in

EXT. RATHDERG TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A few narrow cobblestone streets of row houses and shopfronts surround a small square and a stone, celtic cross fountain.

Rathderg is a remote, country village that has somehow held at bay the forces of modernization, globalization and prosperity.

Michael gets out, stretches and looks around.

BACK IN THE CAR

The driver's door SLAMS closed. Alanna startles awake.

ALANNA EICHEL

What?

BACK IN THE SQUARE

Old Theresa walks to the fountain where her granddaughter,

SHARON--fourteen, blonde, and pretty--sits lounging, waiting, and swaying to the music in her CD walkman headphones.

Stiff and groggy, Alanna climbs awkwardly out of the car.

MICHAEL

All right, Eichel. Where's

our hotel?

ALANNA EICHEL

It's supposed to be right here.

As Old Theresa approaches the girl, Sharon picks up her loststrand (metal crutch,) leans on it, and stands.

She carefully favors her badly crippled left leg.

Michael quietly notices Sharon's crutch and hurt leg; but he's careful not to seem to notice. In Michael's mind, FLASHES...

INSERT: A small wheelchair covered with Jets stickers.

Across the square, Danny appears at the second story window of Annie's office. He and Alanna smile and waive to each other.

DANNY

Hey ya! I'll be right down!

Danny disappears; Annie appears at the edge of the window.

Michael quietly glances again at Sharon. She sways to the music in her headphones as she limps away with Theresa.

INT. DECLAN KNOX'S LAW OFFICE - RATHDERG SQUARE - DAY

It's small and piled high with books and papers. Lounging in a big, blue cloud of cigarette smoke, feet up on his desk, is

DECLAN KNOX. Cocky and smooth-faced pretty, he's a man with big ambitions, trapped his whole life in a tiny, rural town.

While on his phone, Declan watches Michael out in the square.

DECLAN

(to phone)

Seamus, would you stop your worrying.
Declan Knox does right by his clients,
and the whole town knows it.

(glances at Old Theresa)

She's just an old woman. It's a bit
too easy, really.

(looks back at Michael)

I wouldn't mind a bit more of a challenge
to tell you the God's honest truth.

BACK IN THE SQUARE

Several YOUNG BOYS approach, chasing a soccer ball.

They see Sharon and forget the ball. Leering at his buddies, the LEAD BOY assumes a mock limp and approaches Sharon.

LEAD BOY

Hey Sharon! Cut a rug with me,
will ya?

The boy exaggerates his movements. His friends guffaw. Sharon and Theresa ignore them. It's an old act to them.

But not to Michael. He pivots and strides right at the boy.

MICHAEL

Hey!
(points at lead boy)
Do you have a problem?

The lead boy's face drains to white. His friends scatter.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

I said, do you have a problem?

The boy backpedals as Michael moves forward.

Danny emerges on the street. Annie remains at the window.

ALL watch Michael back the lead boy up against a wall.

LEAD BOY

Er, no, sir.

MICHAEL

Good. Then, why don't you apologize
to this young lady?

The boy considers his limited options, then turns to Sharon.

LEAD BOY

Sorry, Sharon. Meant nothing by
it. Just foolin' around, you know.

Sharon shrugs. Michael steps back. The boy bolts away.

At her window, Annie is surprised and impressed.

BACK IN DECLAN'S OFFICE,

Declan's eyes are glued to Michael.

DECLAN
(to phone)
I have to go.
(hangs up)

BACK IN THE SQUARE

As the lead boy escapes the square, he rushes by

COLLEEN. Age ten or so, all long red hair and ragged overalls, she calmly bounces a BLACK BALL and watches the boys retreat.

As MICHAEL returns to his car, he notices Colleen. She turns toward him. They appraise each other until he passes her.

After a second, something nags at Michael, and he turns back.

Colleen is gone.

Confused, Michael scans the square. No Colleen. He heads to the car where a grinning Alanna awaits. Michael ignores her.

INT. ANNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Annie turns from the window, deep in thought. In a wall mirror, she glances at her make-up free, hair-down face.

BACK AT THE RENTAL CAR

ALANNA
(singsong whisper)
Somebody has a girlfriend.

Alanna nods. Michael turns just as Old Theresa reaches him.

Close behind Theresa, Sharon peeks shyly at her new knight. A top 40 Boy Group BLARES as she pulls off her headphones.

THERESA
Your face is plain enough to me.
But, I can't put a name to you a'tall.

MICHAEL
We're looking for Shanahan's Inn.

Theresa smiles and nods at the building in front of them.

THERESA
Forgotten your hometown, have you?

Michael looks up and sees the small sign: "Shanahan's Hotel". It's a quaint little dump. He glares at Alanna; she shrugs.

Michael, annoyed, strides into the

INT. LOBBY - SHANAHAN'S HOTEL - DAY

It's threadbare but comfortable. CLERK LIAM, a dapper, balding owner, sits reading a newspaper behind the front desk.

BARTENDER PEARSE, the tall, slim co-owner, stocks the bar in the adjoining Pub. Both men look up at Michael.

MICHAEL
So, you guys work here, or what?

EXT. SHANAHAN'S HOTEL - DAY

A smiling Danny reaches Alanna. She's glad to see him, too. Standing together, he's a good foot shorter than she.

DANNY
Hey, ya. It's good to see your
smiling face again.

ALANNA
My face is up here.

Liam and Pearse trot out, with Michael close behind them.

CLERK LIAM
Ms. Eichel? Welcome! We'll get
those for ye.

Liam and Pearse gather up the luggage and carry it in.

OLD THERESA
Don't tell me. It'll come to me.
Was your mother a Hanrahan?

MICHAEL
No. If you'll excuse me....

SHARON
(embarrassed)
C'mon Theresa, you don't want them
to be startin' the Mass without you.

BACK IN DECLAN'S OFFICE

Declan watches Sharon pull a reluctant Theresa away toward a nearby Church. Then his eyes return to Michael.

BACK IN THE SQUARE

MICHAEL
Eichel, you get us checked in.
(quietly, to Danny)
Now, what am I here to buy?

DANNY
Will we show it to you?

MICHAEL
Fine. Let's go.

DANNY
Annie will be right down to run
ya out there.

MICHAEL
Who's Annie?

DANNY
My niece. Fine girl. Smart as a
whip. Medical professional, don't
you know?
(confidential tone)
She's single, but it's not for lack
of being chased, I can tell ya that.

MICHAEL
Right. Why aren't you taking me?

DANNY
I dunno. It was her idea.

BACK IN DECLAN'S OFFICE

Declan chain lights another smoke and watches as Danny points across the square and Michael heads toward Annie's office.

Outside, Danny grabs the last bags and leads Alanna into the Hotel. Declan sees Michael pace impatiently by Annie's office.

BACK IN THE SQUARE

Annie emerges, now wearing mascara and lipstick, her muscular curves evident, even under a sweater, jeans, and work boots.

Her dark hair is loosely pinned up. She's a vision and Michael is dumbstruck.

ANNIE
You're Michael?

MICHAEL
Uh, yeah. Hi. Nice to meet you.
(they shake hands)

ANNIE
Are we off, then?

MICHAEL
(hesitates, then)
Great....I mean,...that would
be good.

BACK IN DECLAN'S LAW OFFICE

Jealousy flashes in Declan's eyes as he watches Annie and Michael get in her car and drive away together.

Declan leans back, deep in thought. He takes a last drag on his cigarette, crushes it out, jumps up and grabs his coat.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - SHANAHAN'S HOTEL - DAY

At Alanna's room door, a nervous, self-conscious Danny hands Alanna her bags. She fondly enjoys his discomfort.

DANNY
That's it, then. Oh!
(remembers the folder)
I'm to give you these papers. You
know, about our deal.

ALANNA
(teasing, flirting)
I'll look at them later. In bed.

DANNY
(embarrassed)
I guess that's it, then.

ALANNA EICHEL
You said that already.

DANNY
Did I? Oh.
(reluctant to leave)
Will I come in and help get you sorted?

ALANNA EICHEL
Yeah, I don't think so.

DANNY
Oh, no! I just meant....
(her skeptical smile stops him)
A drink, then? Down in the lobby?

ALANNA EICHEL
I'm not much of a drinker.

DANNY
Cup of tea?

ALANNA EICHEL
(waivers, flirts)
Is there something Irish I could try?

DANNY
(considers, then)
Irish coffee?

INT. SHANAHAN'S INN - LOBBY

From the Hotel's Pub doorway, Declan glances around, pint in hand. The coast is clear, so he saunters over to the desk.

Declan grabs and spins the reservation book. He finds:
"Alanna Eichel and Michael Island, Esqs. New York, New York."

Declan's eyes glint. He strolls casually back into the Pub.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADSIDE - DAY

Michael and Annie step out of her car. A muddy CART PATH leads up a hillside, away from the road.

A SOFT ROAR in the distance. A seagull glides overhead.

ANNIE
(digs in her trunk)
It's on foot from here.

She offers him a big, muddy pair of boots.

MICHAEL
You're kidding, right?

EXT. CART TRACK - DAY

Michael, in boots, follows Annie up towards a field gate.
As she climbs, his eyes wander to her swaying blue jeans.

He catches himself, and shakes his head to regain his focus.
The SOFT ROAR grows louder. Several seagulls circle above.

ANNIE
(out of breath)
Almost there now.

MICHAEL
Right.

CUT TO:

TWO TALL EMPTY COFFEE CUPS. We're in

INT. KITCHEN - SHANAHAN'S INN - DAY

Liam pours two healthy doses of Baily's Irish Cream, spoons in
some instant coffee, adds hot water and whipped cream.

He places the drinks on a tray and backs through the door.

INT. LOBBY - SHANAHAN'S INN - CONTINUOUS

Liam serves the coffees to an already lubricated Danny and
Alanna on a couch by a fireplace. They clink cups and drink.

Liam grabs two empty mugs as he leaves.

DANNY
Will I show you some magic, then?

ALANNA EICHEL
Right here in the lobby?

DANNY
I'll be needing to borrow an
intimate, personal object.

She offers him her teaspoon. He declines. A hint of black
lace peeks out from the unbuttoned neck of her blouse.

DANNY (cont'd)
Something you keep next to
your skin.

She pauses, smiles, and unstraps her wristwatch.

DANNY (cont'd)
I guess it'll do.

EXT. TOP OF THE CARTPATH - DAY

Annie unlocks and opens a cattle gate. Michael enters the

EXT. FIELD - DAY

It's a boggy green semi-circle on the top edge of a cliff,
almost hanging in the air high above the open North Atlantic.

The surf roars far below at the base of the cliffs. Michael
looks down at the surf, and then across the field.

The field rises to a hilltop at the middle of the cliff face.
At it's highest point, right at the cliff's edge, sits

A CIRCLE OF BLEACHED WHITE BOULDERS.

Like giant, jagged teeth, they glisten in the sunlight.

A few cows graze. They amble away as Michael strides ahead.
Annie stops, out of breath. He doesn't notice.

MICHAEL
So, where is it?

ANNIE
(still breathing hard)
You're standing on it.

MICHAEL
What, this?

ANNIE

Everything inside the white thorn
hedge, to the edge of the cliff.

MICHAEL

Danny brought me here to buy a field?

ANNIE

An empty, little field in the middle
of nowhere, on a cliff by the sea.

(smiles)

Daft, isn't it?

MICHAEL

(disarmed by her smile)

Kinda looks that way. Clients.

(looks over at circles of stones)

ANNIE

It's a fairy ring. Very old.
We have them all over Ireland.

MICHAEL

Right.

Michael also notices two low stacked-stone fences which run
from the cliff's edge, through the fairy ring and field.

They divide the field into three pie-shaped sections.

MICHAEL

There's three sections here. Which
one does he want?

ANNIE

All of them.

MICHAEL

I thought this was one deal.

ANNIE

One deal. Three owners.

INT. LOBBY - SHANNAHAN'S INN - DAY

Danny closes his eyes and puts his fingers and the watch to
his temple. Alanna smiles. This is fun.

Liam arrives with two new Irish coffees, takes two empties.

DANNY

Now, let me see. Ah, here we are.
I see a six pointed star. You are
a daughter of Abraham.

ALANNA EICHEL

Wow.

DANNY

You're a brilliant lawyer, but
your boss doesn't give you
near enough credit.

ALANNA EICHEL

You are amazing.

DANNY

There's no one special in your life,
but you wish there was.
(he peeks hopefully on this one)

ALANNA EICHEL

(sly smile, drinks coffee)
Maybe.

DANNY

(encouraged, peeks again)
And, you're hopelessly attracted
to good natured Irishmen.

ALANNA EICHEL

Too bad. You were doing great
until that one. Then you blew it.

Danny reaches out and gently turns her hand over. Then, with
both hands, he gently straps her watch back on her wrist.

His touch runs through her like electricity.

DANNY

Did I, now?

Alanna looks at her wrist, then at Danny's face. His eyes
twinkle. She leans in closer to him.

ALANNA EICHEL
So, you want to come up and help
get me sorted?

EXT. FAIRY RING FIELD - DAY

A still out-of-breath Annie and a confused Michael.

MICHAEL
O.K. I've seen it.

As he turns to go, Michael notices SMOKE rising over the far side of the Fairy Ring. Turning back, he trots up toward it.

As Annie waits below, Michael enters the Fairy Ring. From its center, he looks down to the far side and sees

A PRETTY, WHITE, THATCHED COTTAGE sitting in the late afternoon shadows on the field's far side.

SMOKE rises from the chimney.

FIRELIGHT shines through the windows and open red door.

a field of CORN STALKS wave nearby in the breeze.

A FARMER, in overalls, emerges from the stalks, hoe in hand. He enters the house. Behind him,

Colleen emerges carrying a basket of corn ears.

MICHAEL
Hey, girl!

Colleen turns, puts down the basket, and skips up to Michael.

COLLEEN
Girl, is it? That's a fine thing
to be calling a young lady.

MICHAEL
Sorry, your majesty. Who lives in
that house down there?

Colleen ignores him. From an overalls pocket she produces her Black Ball. She begins to bounce it on the ground.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
O.K., what should I call you?

COLLEEN
Colleen will do.

MICHAEL
Right. So, Colleen, who lives
in that house?

COLLEEN
(singsong, in rhythm with ball)
Suffering, gray eyes can see,
And what has been and what will be.
In the fairy fort above the sea,
gray eyes tears will set you free.

MICHAEL
(sharp, rude)
Look, are you going to help me here,
or not?

COLLEEN
I dunno if I have enough help in
me for what you're needing.
(sighs, nods to farmer)
That poor soul is Martin Croneen.
A farmer. He hasn't two pennies
to rub together, but he keeps his
family clothed and fed and no one
has a word to say against him.

MICHAEL
A tenant. That's just great.

DOWN BY THE GATE, Annie becomes worried as she watches Michael
talk to himself. She sees no Colleen, no smoke.

BACK IN THE FAIRY RING, Colleen looks down sadly at Annie
while Michael broods and watches the cottage.

COLLEEN
Poor girl. So much pain in her.

MICHAEL
Who?

COLLEEN
Is there no one to be looking
after her?

MICHAEL
(turns to glance at Annie)
What? She's fine.
(turns back to Colleen)

COLLEEN IS GONE.

THE COTTAGE IS GONE.

THE CORNFIELD IS GONE.

A TUMBLEDOWN RUIN, overgrown with brambles, lies where the cottage stood a moment earlier.

Michael's eyes dart in every direction. He shakes his head to clear his vision and looks down again. But, nothing changes.

A concerned Annie climbs up to Michael and touches his arm.

ANNIE
Michael? Are you all right?

MICHAEL
(focuses, with effort)
Yeah,... I'm good.

INT. DECLAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

MICHAEL'S FACE. A photo and article, on computer screen.

Feet up on his desk, Declan web surfs in his blue cloud.

DECLAN
Now, what's a big fish like you
doing here in my little pond?

INT. HALLWAY - SHANAHAN'S HOTEL - NIGHT

An agitated Michael passes Alanna's door. He sees light coming from under it and stops.

INT. ALANNA EICHEL'S ROOM - SHANAHAN'S HOTEL - NIGHT

The door bursts open, as Michael KNOCKS and enters.

MICHAEL
Good, Eichel, you're still up.
Something very strange is....

Michael freezes, surprised to see

Alanna straddling Danny on the bed. Her open blouse reveals her black lace bra. She has Danny's shirt up over his head.

Alanna looks at Michael. A long moment of AWKWARD SILENCE.

DANNY

(from inside his shirt)

Darlin? Is something the matter?

CUT TO:

STEAM pours from the spout of an electric kettle. The water inside boils and the kettle POPS. We're in

INT. KITCHEN - SHANNAHAN'S INN - DAY

It's early morning. Pearse picks up the kettle, pours two cups of tea. Liam, in his robe, flips through the paper.

CLERK LIAM

That jumper is looking grand on you.

BARTENDER PEARSE

You have excellent taste in jumpers.

CLERK LIAM

Among other things.

(ruffles Pearse's hair)

You need a bit of a trim, though.

BARTENDER PEARSE

(playfully swats Clerk's hand)

Get off with you.

WHAM! Michael flies through the kitchen door, already in suit and tie. Startled, Liam and Pearse step apart.

MICHAEL

You serve breakfast?

CLERK LIAM

We do, yes. Would you like a menu?

MICHAEL

Yeah, that'll speed things right up.

Just give me bacon, sausage, eggs.

You know, breakfast.

BARTENDER PEARSE
I'll sort something out for you.

MICHAEL
Right. Soon would be good.
(to Liam; points at paper)
You using that?

CLERK LIAM
Yes, but you're welcome to....

MICHAEL
Great. Thanks.

Michael snatches the newspaper and spins out of the kitchen.
Liam remains in shock. Pearse smiles, shakes his head.

BARTENDER PEARSE
Yanks.

INT. PUB - SHANAHAN'S INN - DAY

Michael sits at a table and rifles through the newspaper.

A nervous, haggard Alanna slides into the chair across from him. He ignores her. She has a MEMO.

ALANNA EICHEL
I already reviewed Danny's whole
file about this fairy ring and
I made you a little present. See?
A nice, complete, proofread memo.
(he ignores the memo)
I worked all night on it because, based
on our long, close working relationship,
I knew you'd need it, ASAP.

MICHAEL
We have to talk.

ALANNA EICHEL
There's thirty-three white
limestone monoliths that form a
thirty foot diameter circle. A
perfect circle, so there's no way
it just occurred naturally.

Liam arrives and sets a big plate of food before Michael.
Michael eyes the strange meats with suspicion.

MICHAEL

What's this?

CLERK LIAM

Black pudding, grilled tomato, eggs,
white pudding, rashers, toast and tea.
You know, breakfast.

ALANNA EICHEL

But, they did a this seismological
survey of the ring, like ten years
ago, looking for tombs, or human
settlement stuff underground. They
didn't find any....

MICHAEL

(to Liam)

What's in this one?

CLERK LIAM

Mostly pig's blood and oatmeal.

MICHAEL

Right. How about coffee?

CLERK LIAM

Will instant do?

MICHAEL

What do you think?

Sensing no response is needed, Liam retreats to the kitchen.

ALANNA EICHEL

What they did find is that these
stones in this ring are different from
the ones in all other fairy rings.

MICHAEL

You're going home.

ALANNA EICHEL

These ones are like icebergs. You
know, ninety percent below the surface.
Each stone weighs maybe twenty tons.

MICHAEL

Today.

ALANNA EICHEL

So, that's like, all together, almost
a million and a half pounds of limestone.

MICHAEL

Your flight leaves Shannon at four.

ALANNA EICHEL

See, so there's no way that this fairy
could be man-made, either.

MICHAEL

Eichel, you seduced our client.

ALANNA EICHEL

Not all the way.

MICHAEL

It still counts.

ALANNA EICHEL

But, we just had this connection. All
of a sudden, like electricity. Like
magic. You know what I mean, right?
(he clearly does not)
Like,...like... ZING!

MICHAEL

Zing.

ALANNA EICHEL

Zing!

MICHAEL

Eichel, I have no choice here.
(lies)
There'll be other trips.

Crushed, Alanna stands and heads to the stairs. Michael
wrestles with his conscience. He glances down at the Memo.

MICHAEL

So, you're saying it's not natural.

ALANNA EICHEL

Yeah.

MICHAEL

And it's not man-made?

ALANNA EICHEL
(turns, a glimmer of hope)
Yeah.

MICHAEL
But, it got there somehow, right?

ALANNA EICHEL
That's what I'm saying.
(waits hopefully)

MICHAEL
(levels hard eyes at her)
No more zing.

ALANNA EICHEL
Absolutely! Zing-free. Thank you!

Alanna rushes toward Michael, arms out for a hug. He slides out a chair to block her.

MICHAEL
Don't even think about it.

EXT. DANNY'S FARM - DAY

A small white cottage with slate roof. A long barn of cinder block and corrugated tin. A few loose hens peck around.

Danny, in work clothes, crosses the yard, scattering the hens.

INT. DANNY'S BARN - CONTINUOUS

Twenty stalls. Fifteen are empty. Five hold cows. Danny steps inside and hooks up the udders of a hereford to a milk pump.

DANNY
Easy now, Orlagh. Almost there.

He flips a switch, an engine WHIRS, and milk flows.

DANNY
That's my girl.
(strokes cow's back)
What do you think? Am I mad
to be trying all this? I don't
know meself. But, what else is
there to do?

INT. DOCTOR MELODY'S OFFICE - DAY

It's cluttered and small. Annie buttons up her shirt.

DOCTOR FINEEN MELODY makes a note in her file. Barely thirty, he's a quiet man whose gentle eyes are worried now.

DOCTOR MELODY
You were right. Your red blood
count is down to twelve.

ANNIE
Another liter then?

She rolls up a sleeve and offers her arm to Doctor Melody.

NEEDLE TRACKS and BRUISES cover it, shoulder to wrist.

DOCTOR MELODY
We shouldn't chance it. Your
iron level is getting higher.

ANNIE
It's always getting higher.

DOCTOR MELODY
(examines her face)
No sign of jaundice, anyway.

ANNIE
See, I'm not yellow a'tall. So,
hook me up, will you?

DOCTOR MELODY
You had a full liter six days ago.
Any more now will push your iron
past the danger point.

ANNIE
What comes, comes.

DOCTOR MELODY
A half liter and no more.
(sets up I.V. with blood)
And I want you on the desferal for
ten full hours every night.

ANNIE
Bloody hell. Eight's bad enough.

DOCTOR MELODY
It'll clear out more of the iron
you're getting with this blood.

Blood flows from the IV kit, filling a clear tube. The Doctor pokes a needle into Annie's arm, and hooks it to the red tube.

ANNIE
I'm almost past caring.

DOCTOR MELODY
We need you around here, you know.

ANNIE
Fineen, I've been on this treadmill
my whole life. I'm getting awful
tired of running.

DOCTOR MELODY
Keep going. You'll get your second wind.

ANNIE
It better come soon.

EXT. FAIRY RING FIELD - DAY

Alanna and Danny climb together up to the fairy ring. Danny reaches for her hand, but she slaps him away.

ALANNA EICHEL
Would you stop, already!

DANNY
But, Darlin'....

ALANNA EICHEL
No! We are working here.
Lawyer and client. Professional.

DANNY
Are you mad at me, then?

ALANNA EICHEL
No, you're a total mensch. You know,
I could do a piece of this deal.

DANNY
(worried)
Do you think so?

ALANNA EICHEL
I mean, it's a field. How hard
could it be?

DANNY
Aren't we supposed to be writing
a memo about something?

ALANNA EICHEL
I'm always supposed to be writing
a memo about something.
(hatches a scheme)
One of the sellers has a pub, right?

EXT. BUSHY KNOLL BY FAIRY RING FIELD - CONTINUOUS

A concealed Declan watches Danny and Alanna leave the field.

He gazes around the fairy ring field, perplexed. After a
moment, he scrambles down, pursuing Danny and Alanna.

INT. ANNIE'S CAR - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Annie and Michael drive in awkward silence.

MICHAEL
Thanks, you know, for the lift.

ANNIE
I don't think your assistant
should be having any kind of social
relationship with my uncle.

MICHAEL
Yeah. Me, neither.

ANNIE
Oh. You might have a word with her.

MICHAEL
I tore her head off this morning.
If it happens again, she's gone.

ANNIE
Oh. Good.

MICHAEL
Not that there's anything wrong
with Eichel.

ANNIE

I'm sure not.

MICHAEL

Any other situation, Danny would be pretty lucky to have a shot at Eichel. She's strictly top-shelf.

ANNIE

Know her fairly well, do you?

MICHAEL

Not like that. She works for me. That's a line I don't cross.

ANNIE

Never even thought about it?

MICHAEL

With Eichel?

(searches his memory)

Nope. Never did.

ANNIE

You're joking me. A woman as gorgeous as that?

EXT. FRONT YARD - OLD THERESA'S COTTAGE - COUNTRY - DAY

A rose garden and a small, neat, unpainted, stucco house.

Annie's car pulls up. Michael gets out and walks around to Annie's open driver's window.

MICHAEL

I guess Eichel's just not my type.

ANNIE

Maybe girls aren't your type.

MICHAEL

Maybe.

(his eyes glint)

You been thinking about her much?

ANNIE

(hers glint back)

You'll never know.

Annie hits the gas; Michael watches her speed away.

Theresa digs nearby in a beautiful rose garden. She stands stiffly and stretches as Michael walks over.

OLD THERESA

Last night it came to me. You're Mary Croneen's boy, aren't you?

MICHAEL

Croneen? Don't know her. Can we talk?

OLD THERESA

You're her spitting image. Will you come in, then? You will, you will.
(pulls him inside)

INT. OLD THERESA'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

It's small, tidy, and well used. Figurines of Saints perch on doilies. A worn plastic cover guards the tiny kitchen table.

OLD THERESA (cont'd)

How much do you know of the Irish mystics, the pisreogacs?

MICHAEL

Do you own part of a field just north of here?

OLD THERESA

Remembered the old ways, they did—the old magic. In all the years we had nothing and no one to help us, the mystics kept our hopes alive. Even when my da was a boy, pisreogacs roamed all the boreens of Ireland. But, like all the old things, they're gone and forgotten now.

MICHAEL

My client is interested in buying that field.

OLD THERESA

Sparks of light, they were, in a long, dark night.

MICHAEL

Right.

OLD THERESA

There was even a few, a very few,
who were more than just sparks.
Through the grace of God Almighty,
their eyes could see the past and
divine the future. Their touch
could heal any sickness, any injury.

MICHAEL

Can we talk about the field?

OLD THERESA

It was said that the pisreogacs of
Rathderg could cheat death itself.

MICHAEL

Rathderg. This Rathderg?

OLD THERESA

Aye. Them with the special gifts all
came from a single family. A family
that had farmed past all memory on
a small field by a cliff hanging out
over the sea.

MICHAEL

Let me guess. The Croneens, right?

OLD THERESA

So, you know it yourself, then.

MICHAEL

(absorbs this, then)

No, I don't. What's your point?

OLD THERESA

In the those days, you could take a
hurt child, a girl with a hurt leg
say, to that fairy ring and, for a
price, the pisreogac could heal her.

MICHAEL

A hurt leg like Sharon. That's why
we have doctors now. And hospitals.

OLD THERESA
We've been to the doctors. And their
hospitals. They can do nothing for her.

MICHAEL
I'm sorry about that. She's a
sweet kid.

OLD THERESA
Do you how you could always tell
them with the special gift?

MICHAEL
No.

OLD THERESA
Special eyes. Always the same.
Mary Croneen had them. Gray like
storm clouds, with dark brown
speckles.
(she leans closer)
Eyes like these.

HER OLD EYES, steely gray irises with small dark brown flecks.

OLD THERESA (Cont'd)
Eyes like those.

MICHAEL'S EYES, same steely gray. Same brown flecks.

MICHAEL
You think I can heal Sharon?

OLD THERESA
I see it in you, clear as day.

MICHAEL
Why can't you do it, then? You've
got the same color eyes as me.

OLD THERESA
I have Croneen eyes, sure enough.
But there's no gift in the rest of me.
You're a Croneen, top to bottom and
side to side.

MICHAEL

Lady, I'm sorry, but you're wrong. My name's Island, not Croneen. I'm from New York. There is not a thing mystical or magical about me.

(sadder, gentler)

I can not help your granddaughter.

OLD THERESA

Heal my Sharon and the field is yours. Otherwise, you will never lay hands on it, so help me.

INT. MC ANDREWS PUB - DAY

Small and dimly lit. A few lunch patrons linger. In one of the worn, fake, black leather booths, Danny sits with Alanna.

A soccer game plays on a high corner T.V. by the empty bar.

DANNY

Are you sure this is a good idea?

MRS. MCANDREWS swings by with two armloads of plates. She sets some down before Danny and Alanna.

ALANNA EICHEL

Thank you. This looks delicious.
Can I talk to you about something?

MRS. MCANDREWS

What are you needing, sweetheart?

ALANNA EICHEL

I saw a field today that is really special. I heard you might own it.

MRS. ANDREWS

(sets down the other plates)
Are you talking about the fairy ring?

ALANNA EICHEL

There's no chance it might be for sale, is there?

MRS. MCANDREWS

Slide over, Danny.
(nudges Danny and sits down)
I'd say there's a chance.

INT. DECLAN'S CAR - STREET OUTSIDE MCANDREWS PUB - DAY

Declan lights a cigarette. Through the restaurant window, he watches Mrs. McAndrews talk with Danny and a smiling Alanna.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THERESA'S COTTAGE - DAY

Michael hands Theresa a CONTRACT.

MICHAEL

Look, I'll be back tomorrow.
Are you going to sell the field
to anyone else?

OLD THERESA

And why would I?

MICHAEL

Good. Then sign this. It's a right
of first refusal contract. I'm going
to pay you 100 euros for it right now.

OLD THERESA

What's it say?

MICHAEL

For three months, you can't sell the
field to anyone else unless I first
refuse to match their offer.

OLD THERESA

A hundred euros just for that?
(she signs)

INT. ANNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Sharon is on her side on the table. She grimaces as Annie stretches her bad leg toward the ceiling.

ANNIE

That's it, now. A little more.

SHARON

Shyte!
(rolls out onto her back)
You're killing me, you bitch.

ANNIE

C'mon. Two more.

SHARON

Why bother? Nobody's ever gonna
care about a freak like me anyway.

ANNIE

You mean the lads? Are you daft?
(turns Sharon's face to a mirror)
With that face, in a couple of years,
they'll be lining up back to Ballina
for one little smile from you.

SHARON

You're shyting me.

ANNIE

(reaches for her make-up kit)
How about if we try some mascara,
maybe a little liner and shadow?

SHARON

(smiles slightly)
Mother Theresa will blow a gasket.

ANNIE

We'll just test it out on one eye.
If you fancy it, I'll have a word
with Theresa about it.

INT. MCANDREWS PUB - DAY

Alanna, Danny and Mrs. McAndrews sit together. MR. MCANDREWS,
a man wary of crossing his wife, hovers nearby.

ALANNA EICHEL

O.K. Thirteen thousand euros.
But, that's my top offer.

MRS. MCANDREWS

All right, then.

ALANNA EICHEL

So, do we have a deal?

MR. MCANDREWS

Isn't this kinda sudden, like?

MRS. MCANDREWS

(shoots daggers at husband)
Shouldn't you be tending the bar?

MR. MCANDREWS
(retreats to the bar)
My father left me that field, is
all I'm saying.

MRS MCANDREWS
(reluctant)
I guess we'd better sleep on it.
(loud enough for husband to hear)
But, I'm certain we'll have good news
for you in the morning.

ALANNA EICHEL
(unsure, then)
I understand. Until tomorrow.

Handshakes all around. Alanna and Danny leave.

INT. ANNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Sharon and Annie sit before a mirror, admiring one of Sharon's
eyes, now enhanced by mascara, liner and shadow.

ANNIE
Not half bad, eh?

SHARON
Would an older man think I was more,
you know, sophisticated or something,
looking like this?

ANNIE
An older man...?
(smiles)
If you take my advice, you'll best
steer clear of Michael Island. He's
just a bad storm sweeping through.
In a day or two he'll be gone and
we'll be left to clean up his mess.

SHARON
(deflated, sees through protest)
You fancy him, too. That's it,
then; I'm sunk for sure.

ANNIE
Me? Fancy him?

KNOCK! The door swings open and Michael sweeps in.

Horrified, Sharon raises one hand to cover her made-up eye.

MICHAEL
I need Eichel.

ANNIE
You need to be leaving.

MICHAEL
I can't find her. Sorry, Sharon.

SHARON
No problem.

MICHAEL
I mean, it's a tiny town. Where
could she go?

ANNIE
You need to be leaving right now.

MICHAEL
(concerned, to Sharon)
Hey, is your face O.K.?

SHARON
Grand, yeah.

Michael steps around a frustrated Annie, over to Sharon.

MICHAEL
Did somebody do something to you?

Trapped in the chair, Sharon leans away as Michael gently
reaches out to brush her hand from her eye.

SHARON
It's just a bug bite. Really.

MICHAEL
Let me see.

ANNIE
Would you leave her be?

Sharon wriggles down and away as Michael leans closer. To
keep his balance, Michael blindly reaches out and grabs

Sharon's injured knee. FLASH!

CUT TO:

LIVING MUSCLE, thin, dark, atrophied. It's attached to a
CRACKED FEMUR bone. Higher, a
CRUSHED KNEECAP, torn cartilage, more atrophied muscles.

ANNIE (O.S.)
(pissed off)
Michael!

FLASH! We're back in Annie's office.

Startled, Michael releases Sharon's knee and steps back.
Annie grabs his arm, and pulls him out the door.

ANNIE
(pushing him out)
You arrogant bastard! I am with
a patient.

MICHAEL
(backpedaling, confused)
Her leg....

ANNIE
Now, you listen to me. There's a
door buzzer down there.

MICHAEL
I could see....

ANNIE
And you will never come barging up
here again unless you ring that
buzzer and I invite you to come up.

MICHAEL
You don't understand....

ANNIE
Which I must say, it's extremely
unlikely is ever going to happen.
Am I being clear enough for you?

MICHAEL
You know, if you just had a phone....

ANNIE
I said, am I clear?

MICHAEL
Use the buzzer.

SLAM! Annie shuts the door in his face.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ANNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael, still in a daze, looks at the closed door for a moment, then down at his hands. He descends to the street.

BACK IN ANNIE'S OFFICE

Annie leans against the door and exhales. Sharon smiles and drops her hand from her made-up eye.

SHARON
You fancy him, all right.

INT. DECLAN'S CAR - RATHDERG STREET BY MCANDREWS PUB - NIGHT

Declan slips down a little as he watches Alanna and Danny leave the pub and stroll down the street.

Danny tugs at her sleeve, worried. Alanna shushes Danny and motions for him to stay calm. Seeing that, Declan smiles.

EXT. RATHDERG STREET - CONTINUOUS

An excited Alanna and a nervous Danny turn a corner.

ALANNA EICHEL
Don't get excited yet, but I
have a very good feeling here.

DANNY
Maybe we should go back and
offer more.

Alanna glances around. They're alone. She turns to Danny, grabs his shoulders, and pushes him roughly against a wall.

ALANNA EICHEL
Do you trust me?

DANNY
I guess so, yeah.

Alanna suddenly leans down and in, pinning Danny to the wall with a long, wet kiss. Then, she quickly steps back.

ALANNA EICHEL

That did not happen, O.K.?

INT. MCANDREWS PUB - NIGHT

Mrs. McAndrews glares across the empty pub at Mr. McAndrews.

MRS. MCANDREWS

We've been trying to unload that worthless pile of stones these twelve years, with no takers. And, here's an idiot offering good cash money for it. I say we jump on it.

MR. MCANDREWS

I'm only saying, where's the fire, is all.

DECLAN (O.S.)

Where, indeed? I pray the Almighty has spared the Guinness tap.

The McAndrews look up, startled and none too pleased to see Declan standing in their doorway.

MR. MCANDREWS

Are you lost, Declan? There's no widows in here for you to foreclose on, eh?

DECLAN

(slides onto a stool)

Can a man not stop in for a pint at his cousin's pub?

MR. MCANDREWS

Since when are we cousins?

DECLAN

Do you not know?

(a stony stare from Mr. McAndrews)

Was not your mother a Loftus from Foxford?

MR. MCANDREWS

Aye.

DECLAN
(lights a cigarette)
And did not my grandmother's
brother, a Hennigan, marry into
those very same Loftus's from
Foxford over fifty years ago?

MR. MCANDREWS
Dunno.

DECLAN
That he did. Which makes you and me
cousins, does it not?

MR. MCANDREWS
Well,... I suppose. Distant, like.

DECLAN
There you are, then.

Reluctantly, Mr. McAndrews pours a pint of stout.

DECLAN (Cont'd)
So, cousin. What's new?

INT. LOBBY - SHANAHAN'S INN - DAY

Michael flies down the stairs and through the hall. About to
crash through the kitchen door, he stops and reconsiders.

INT. KITCHEN - SHANAHAN'S INN - DAY

Liam reads the paper. Pearse tends a new coffee pot.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

Both men look at the door expectantly, but nothing happens.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

CLERK LIAM
Come in.

The door opens and Michael steps inside. Pearse hands him a
cup and fills it with steaming brewed coffee.

BARTENDER PEARSE
Got it for you special. Some
breakfast?

MICHAEL

No.

(with some effort)

Thanks.

Liam folds his paper and offers it to Michael. Michael takes it, pulls out a section and hands it back to Liam.

MICHAEL

You had sports, right?

CLERK LIAM

So, I did.

Michael whirls back out the door with paper and coffee.

BARTENDER PEARSE

He keeps you guessing, I'll say
that for him.

INT. LOBBY - SHANAHAN'S INN - DAY

Michael sets aside the paper and looks down at a notepad.

INSERT: Michael's handwritten note on the notepad.

Suffering, gray eyes can see.
And what has been and what will be.
In the fairy fort above the sea
gray eyes' tears will set you free.

BACK TO MICHAEL

COLLEEN (O.S)

(singing)

Suffering, gray eyes can see

INSERT: A CRUSHED KNEECAP AND TORN LIGAMENTS

BACK TO MICHAEL

COLLEEN (O.S.) (Cont'd)

and what has been and what will be.

INSERT: A WHITE COTTAGE in the fairy ring field.

BACK TO MICHAEL He writes on the pad:

INSERT: on the pad, "Martin Croneen? Mary Croneen?"

DECLAN (O.S.)
May I join you?

Michael looks up at a very happy Declan. Casually, Michael pulls the newspaper over his notes.

DECLAN (Cont'd)
I'll take that for a yes. Declan
Knox, at your service.
(they shake hands and Declan sits)
As the town's only solicitor, I
thought I'd offer you the use of
my office facilities for your real
estate deal here.

Michael doesn't flinch. He allows an awkward silence to build. It works. Declan can't hold back his news.

DECLAN
I, myself, acquired a little land up north
of here just last night. Part of a field.
(still no reaction from Michael)
It's got one of those fairy rings on it.
Not my cup of tea, mind you, but some
people like that sort of thing.

MICHAEL
So, what's it like, being the only
lawyer in town?

Declan stands and drops some PAPERS on the table.

DECLAN
Like spearing fish in a barrel.
You eat well enough, but there's
little sport in it.
(waives at papers)
That's a copy of my contract for
sale and deed. You'll be wanting
to look it over for flaws.
(smiles)
You won't find any.
(heads for the door, turns)
Next time around, I wouldn't
send a woman to do a man's work.

Declan disappears out the door. After he's gone, Michael casually reviews Declan's papers. He frowns.

Alanna, in tears, rushes in, followed by an anxious Danny.

ALANNA EICHEL

O.K., I have to tell you some
stuff. Bad stuff. First, I went
to see the McAndrews yesterday....

MICHAEL

Don't worry about it, Eichel.

ALANNA EICHEL

Wait, it gets worse.

MICHAEL

I just spoke to Declan Knox.
(lies for Danny's benefit)
You did exactly what I told you
to do, but this Knox guy obviously
had the inside track all along.
It happens.

Alanna and Danny are speechless for several seconds. Michael
flips through the paper and drinks his coffee.

DANNY

So, this isn't bad?

MICHAEL

It's gonna run the price up a
little. I'm guessing you're
going to need another twenty
grand or so over what we figured.

DANNY

Another twenty thousand?

MICHAEL

Otherwise, nothing we can't handle.

ALANNA EICHEL

Listen, Danny...

DANNY

(his mind still on money)
Yes, Darlin?
(she shoots him a dirty look)
...I mean, counselor?

ALANNA EICHEL
Can you excuse us a few minutes?
We need to, you know, strategize.

DANNY
No problem, a'tall. I'll be outside.

Danny leaves. Alanna sits across from Michael.

ALANNA EICHEL
O.K. He's gone. Let me have it.
I'm fired, right?

MICHAEL
(hands her napkin)
Generally speaking, Eichel, we try
not to cry in front of the clients.

ALANNA EICHEL
So, I'm not fired?

MICHAEL
I'll keep Theresa and our new friend,
Mr. Knox. You take seller number three.

ALANNA EICHEL
I get my own seller?

MICHAEL
Now tell me exactly what happened
yesterday. Then, I'll tell you
what should have happened.

INT. RATHDERG MARKET - DAY

A tiny, crowded grocery/convenience store. Declan notices
Annie picking out some fruit. He sidles up next to her.

DECLAN
I think you might be backing the
wrong stallion in this race.

ANNIE
Do you?

DECLAN
It's the horse that knows the
track best that usually crosses
the finish line first.

ANNIE

What are you on about?

DECLAN

(selects and studies an apple)
He's just passing through, you know.
Says what he has to say. Does what
he has to do. Then, he'll be gone.

ANNIE

Well, it's none of your fecking
business either way, and it hasn't
been for a very long time now.
(turns away from him)
Now, leave me to shop in peace,
will you?
(Declan bites the apple, saunters out)

INT. DANNY'S CAR - LOCAL DIRT ROAD - DAY

Alanna and Danny bounce along. Danny turns onto an even
rougher dirt driveway, eventually reaching a cattle gate.

Beyond the gate sits a small, tin-roofed shambles of a house.
Rusted farm equipment is strewn about the yard.

Alanna starts to climb out, but Danny yanks her back inside.

A HUGE DOG races through the gate and stands against the car
window. Furious, it barks, growls and snarls at them.

DANNY

Best to wait here, I'd say.

EXT. RATHDERG SQUARE - DAY

Michael steps out of the Hotel, walks to the fountain.
BONG! BONG! BONG! Church bells sound across the square.

Colleen, still in overalls, darts across the square.

MICHAEL

Hey!

Colleen runs into the Church. Michael chases her.

INT. VESTIBULE - SACRED LAMB CHURCH - DAY

Michael pulls up short. Annie and Old Theresa stand with

FATHER EKE-NWEKE, a short, young, cherubic, black-skinned, Nigerian transplant, now in full Mass vestments.

No sign of Colleen.

ANNIE
(pleasantly surprised)
Michael. This is Father
Eke-Nweke.

EKE NWEKE
Welcome, Michael.

MICHAEL
Right. Hi.

EKE NWEKE
You are just in time. The Mass
is about to begin.

Reluctantly, Michael submits as Annie takes his arm and lead him inside to a pew. They whisper to each other.

ANNIE
You didn't exactly strike me as
the Church going type.

MICHAEL
And yet, here I am.
(eyes twinkle)
Father Eke-Nweke?

ANNIE
We've had a shortage of local
vocations lately.

EXT. FOLEY'S FRONT GATE - DAY

A piercing WHISTLE calls off Huge Dog.

A huge, old bear of a man lumbers to the gate. His long white hair protrudes from a shapeless, filthy cap. It's

BRENDAN FOLEY, an aging country bachelor. Gray stubble covers his chin. The morning light stabs his bloodshot eyes.

Alanna pops out of the car, smiling at Foley. Danny climbs out slowly, carefully checking that Huge Dog is really gone.

ALANNA EICHEL
(steps forward; extends her hand)
Good morning, Mister Foley.

But Foley stays back from the gate. He ignores Alanna.

FOLEY
Have you any drink with you, Danny?
I'm feeling dog rough this morning.

DANNY
Sorry, Brendan, no.

ALANNA EICHEL
Can we come inside and talk?

FOLEY
I'll save you the trouble. I'm not
selling the fairy field to you nor
to anybody else neither.

ALANNA EICHEL
Well, I'm kinda thirsty. Can I
buy you guys a drink somewhere?

FOLEY
Sure, you could. But, I only drink
with me friends and neighbors. And
you're neither one, are you now?

ALANNA EICHEL
(a little rattled)
We're prepared to pay top dollar.

FOLEY
Danny, would you explain to your
girlie solicitor here that no land
I have is for sale--ever.

ALANNA EICHEL
Ten thousand euros, cash money.

FOLEY
Oh for fuck's sake, are ya' deaf,
girlie?

ALANNA EICHEL
Twelve thousand. That's a good offer.

FOLEY

(nasty smirk)

Well, let me see now. My Da's Da bought that land eighty years ago. He didn't sell it. My Da had it forty odd years, and he didn't sell it. So, I reckon if Danny here brings fifty fancy girlie solicitors up here to kiss my wrinkled, hairy old arse, I still won't be selling it neither.

(chortles at them)

Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

ALANNA EICHEL

(produces contract and check)

O.K., well, would you consider giving me a right of first refusal? You know, in case you change your mind, then I'd get the first shot at it. I'll pay a hundred euros just for that.

FOLEY

A hundred euros? Well, I'll need to have me solicitor look over your papers, there.

ALANNA EICHEL

Of course. It's standard language.
(hands him the contract)

Foley WHISTLES, turns, tosses contract toward the house.

HUGE DOG leaps out of nowhere, grabs contract and furiously SHREDS it to pieces.

FOLEY

I'd say he's gonna make a few changes.

INT. SACRED LAMB CHURCH - DAY

Mass progresses. Michael tries to pay attention.

PARISHIONERS stand. Michael follows their lead.

ALL

Lamb of God, you take away the sins
of the world, have mercy on us.

(bells RING)

ALL (cont'd)
Lamb of God, you take away the sins
of the world, have mercy on us.
(bells RING)
Lamb of God, you take away the sins of
the world...

NANA (O.S.)
(in Michael's mind)
Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi...

Suddenly disoriented, Michael grabs the pew for support.

ALL
...grant us peace.

NANA (O.S.)
... dona nobis pacem.

The parishioners stand. But Michael, lost in thought, sits.

EKE NWEKE
Deliver us, Lord from every evil,
and let us make peace in our days....

ALL kneel. Michael stays seated. Annie whispers to him.

ANNIE
Are you all right?

MICHAEL
Yeah. I'm good.

ANNIE
Are you coming to communion?

MICHAEL
No.

As Michael watches, the parishioners file up the aisle and
drink communion wine from a chalice held by Father Ewe-Nweke.

EXT. OLD THERESA'S ROSE GARDEN - DAY

Theresa, Michael, Danny and Alanna sit in conversation.

MICHAEL
Look, I can't promise something
I know is impossible.

SHARON steps out of the house, full tea tray in one hand, crutch in the other. She glances shyly at Michael.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Your bug bite got better.

SHARON
Guess so.

Sharon pours tea for the guests and returns inside.

OLD THERESA
(after Sharon's gone)
Fine. I won't require any guarantees.
Just your word that you'll give it
your best effort, heart and mind.
Then either way, the field is yours.

Michael sits back and absorbs this for a moment.

MICHAEL
What's this going to do to her?

OLD THERESA
Four years ago, that girl lost both her
parents and her leg to a drunken beast who
ran them down crossing the street in the
middle of a Sunday morning.

(Michael and Alanna are stunned)
You can't bring back my son, or his wife.
But, you can give my granddaughter back
her leg; and, by Jesus, if I have any say
in it, you're going to try. Now do we
have a deal or not?

ALANNA EICHEL
(whispers to Michael)
You can't. Not like this.

MICHAEL
It's not my call.
(turns to Danny)

DANNY
Is there any other choice?

MICHAEL
We can walk away. It's just a field.

DANNY
(avoids Alanna's eyes)
You didn't take my money and come
all this way to give up on me half
way up the cliff. Now, did you?

Michael glares at Danny, but Danny does not waiver.

MICHAEL
(to Theresa)
You get my best efforts plus full
market price, twelve thousand euros.
We transfer the deed right now.

OLD THERESA
Done.

EXT. FAIRY RING - FIELD BY THE SEA - DAY

A miserable Sharon sits on a folding chair in the fairy ring.
Michael kneels awkwardly in front of her.

An excited Old Theresa waits impatiently. Danny tries to
approach Alanna, but she ignores and walks away him.

MICHAEL
O.K., now what?

OLD THERESA
You must lay hands on her wound and
pray for the miracle to come.

MICHAEL
(to Sharon)
Are you O.K. with this?

SHARON
Just get it over with, would you?

INT. ANNIE'S CAR - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Annie drives. Up ahead, she sees Danny's car pulled over at
the fairy ring path. On impulse, she pulls in behind it.

BACK AT THE FAIRY RING

Sharon, humiliated, stares at the ground. Michael gingerly
lays his hands on her leg. He looks at Theresa.

MICHAEL
What prayer?

THERESA
And how would I be knowing that?

A long, quiet moment. Then... Michael remembers something.
Michael looks up at Sharon. She sees hope in his eyes.

MICHAEL
(recites, like a spell)
Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi
misere nobis.

Danny and Theresa exchange hopeful glances. Sharon bites her
lip. Michael closes his eyes and leans in closer.

MICHAEL
(more confident)
Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi
misere nobis.

A FAINT RED GLOW in Michael's hands.

SHARON
I think I feel something, maybe.

Annie appears below at the gate. Although out of breath, she
still charges up the hill to the fairy ring.

A FAINT RED GLOW on the fairy ring stones.

DANNY
Jesus, Mary and Joseph, he's really
doing it.

OLD THERESA
I knew it. All along.

MICHAEL
Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi
dona nobis pacem.

The FAINT GLOWS dissipate.

Michael removes his hands from Sharon's leg and backs away.

All eyes on Sharon. She moves her leg around a little.
Sharon stands up slowly, carefully...

AND FALLS.

As her knee buckles, Sharon collapses to the muddy ground.

SHARON

Shyte!

A tears rolls down Sharon's cheek. She begins to cry and buries her head in her arms on the ground.

Michael stands up slowly, confused, with growing guilt. He steps toward Sharon, but Annie grabs and spins him around.

Furious, Annie swings from her knees and SLAPS Michael right across the jaw. His head snaps and he staggers backward.

Lungs heaving, Annie drops to the ground and pulls sobbing Sharon into a hug.

ANNIE

(with venom to Michael)

You stay away from her.

(and the others)

The whole bloody lot of you.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

On the dresser, Nana's photo sits draped in her rosary beads.

Michael, exhausted, but unable to sleep, sits by his window.

He looks absently out over the dark town square. The only light filters out through the blinds of Declan's office.

INT. ANNIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sitting on her toilet in pajamas, Annie pours liquid from a medicine bottle into a small pump.

She rips off two strips of white tape and hangs them off a forearm. She pulls up her pajama top, exposing her stomach.

PURPLE BRUISES and NEEDLE MARKS everywhere.

Annie pushes a small switch. A small red light FLASHES and the pump sends the desferal through a tiny tube to the needle.

Annie pushes a needle into the skin of her stomach. She adheres the tape strips over it in an X pattern.

She slips the pump into a pocket of a wide white belt, and velcros the belt around her stomach, covering the needle.

Annie pulls down her pajama top, turns off the light. She steps into her bedroom and climbs in her bed.

INT. DECLAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Declan toils away at his desk. Michael enters and sits. Declan looks at a clock. It's twelve-thirty a.m.

DECLAN
Not exactly business hours.

MICHAEL
We both know you have what I want.
I'm willing to pay a premium. This
is win-win. Let's cut to the chase.

DECLAN
Laying on your back, just like that?
I was hoping for a bit more foreplay.

MICHAEL
(sighs, he'll play)
Not a penny over ten.

DECLAN
Euros? You're mad. At least forty.

MICHAEL
fifteen.

DECLAN
Not a penny less than thirty.

MICHAEL
(stands to leave)
You paid sixteen. I can get you
twenty.

DECLAN
Then you can get me twenty-five.

MICHAEL
I'll talk to my client.

The door SLAMS! Michael's gone. As Declan returns to work, he starts humming a happy, little tune.

EXT. FAIRY RING FIELD - NIGHT

Moonlight. Danny scrambles up the hillside by the cliff's edge. He stumbles, falls, climbs, until he reaches

The Fairy Ring. Angry, muddy, out of breath, Danny spins around, his eyes wildly searching the empty circle.

DANNY

I know you're here, girl!

Suddenly, Colleen stands in the ring, by the cliff's edge.

DANNY (cont'd)

You lied to me, you did.

COLLEEN

Do you think so?

DANNY

You said if I brought the Yank here, he'd save her.

COLLEEN

I said his love could save her.

DANNY

Bollox! He's no pisreogac.
It's you must save her.

COLLEEN

I cannot. It must be the Yank.

DANNY

I'm begging you. She's all I have.

COLLEEN

I'm just an echo, Danny. A shadow
from a time long past. I cannot
cross the veil and touch your world,
no more than you can touch mine.

DANNY

Damn you to hell, you will help her!

Danny lunges at Colleen.

And passes RIGHT THROUGH HER.

He stumbles out of the Fairy Ring, over the Cliff's Edge.

Danny PLUMMETs toward the black waves far below.

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - DANNY'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Danny startles awake. Terrified, he leaps out of bed. Shaking, covered with sweat, he looks around the room.

EXT. RECTORY GARDEN - SACRED LAMB CHURCH - DAY

Father Eke-Nweke, in work clothes, kneels and digs. Several potted shrubs sit nearby, waiting to be planted.

Michael approaches hesitantly.

MICHAEL
Nice garden.

EKE- NWEKE
I love this country. Everything
grows here. The rainy season never
ends. Moss, please?

Michael grabs a bag of peat moss and steps closer. Eke-Nweke sprinkles some into the hole he has dug.

EKE-NWEKE
Now, we are ready to begin.

MICHAEL
I hurt a young girl's feelings
yesterday. More than that. She
trusted me and I put her through
something terrible.

EKE NWEKE
Can you help me with this holly?

Michael kneels on the ground next to Eke-Nweke, who works loose the pot while Michael holds the shrub.

EKE-NWEKE (cont'd)
Why did you choose to harm this
girl?

MICHAEL
I didn't want to. It was my
job. It's complicated.

EKE-NWEKE

Has your work led you to harm
other people in the past?

MICHAEL

Yeah. That's the thing, looking
back. A lot of people.

EKE-NWEKE

(puts shrub in hole)
Hold this steady.

MICHAEL

And it's more than that. I don't
think I've helped anybody, actually
done anything good for somebody,
I mean for years now. I never even
thought about it. What kind of man
goes down a path like that, without
even seeing where he is?

EKE-NWEKE

The hose, please. Are you sorry now
for the pain that you have caused and
the good that you have failed to do?

MICHAEL

Yeah. A lot. But what difference
does that make now?

Eke-Nweke washes his hands with the hose and places it, still
flowing, by the roots of the newly planted bush.

EKE-NWEKE

Oh, a great deal, indeed.

Eke-Nweke reaches into his shirt, pulls out a thin purple
stole, kisses it, and places it around his neck.

EKE-NWEKE (cont'd)

I absolve you, Michael, in the name
of the Father, the Son, and the Holy
Spirit. Now go forth and find for
yourself a new path.

EXT. DANNY'S FARM - DAY

LIVESTOCK DEALER, a quiet, gentle man, reluctantly loads
Danny's five cows onto a trailer. Danny watches them go.

DANNY
Bye, old girls. You take it
easy now.

LIVESTOCK DEALER
Are you sure about this? These are
your last five. And they're good
milkers.

DANNY
We said four thousand each.

LIVESTOCK DEALER
How are you gonna live?

DANNY
C'mon Tommy, day's wasting.

Reluctantly, livestock dealer hands cash to Danny. Danny
turns, and without looking back, slowly walks away.

INT. KITCHEN - SHANAHAN'S HOTEL - DAY

Michael and Liam sit at the table reading sections of the
newspaper. Liam finishes. Michael notices and they trade.

Pearse pours three teas, then sits and joins them.

WHAM! Sharon flies into the room with a handful of LEGAL
PAPERS. Her eyes desperate, she approaches Michael.

MICHAEL
Hey, Kiddo. Listen, I would do
anything if only...

SHARON
(thrusts papers at him)
Fine. I need a solicitor. Now.

EXT. THERESA'S COTTAGE - DAY

A guarda (police) cruiser, flatbed truck and Declan's Mercedes
are all parked by the gate. Declan stands with Theresa and

SERGEANT ORLA, a young, pretty police woman who hates her job
right now. She examines a thick pack of legal papers.

SCRUFFY TRUCK DRIVER dawdles unhappily by the flatbed.

SERGEANT ORLA
These don't look right to me.

DECLAN
There's not a dot out of place,
and you know it. Now get on
with it.

OLD THERESA
What's happening, Orla?

SERGEANT ORLA
You haven't paid your rent for four
years Theresa. You can't be doing
that.

OLD THERESA
I gave the little shyte twelve
thousand euros just yesterday.

Surprised, Sergeant Orla turns to Declan.

DECLAN
That payment is fully reflected in the
papers. But there remains a balance
of 15,672, including court costs and
interest, that is due and outstanding.

SERGEANT ORLA
(to Declan)
You're some piece of work, you are.
(to Theresa)
Have you any more money?

OLD THERESA
Not a red cent, no.

SERGEANT ORLA
Then you can't stay here any longer.
(Theresa doesn't get it)
He's been to the court for an order.
We've to gather up your things and
put them on the truck.

OLD THERESA
You'll do no such thing. I've lived
here all my life and I'm not leaving now.

Michael's rental car pulls up, spraying gravel and sliding to a halt. Michael and Sharon climb out. He approaches Declan.

DECLAN

Come to watch some fish get speared,
have you?

MICHAEL

Can we talk?

DECLAN

Sit tight. In half an hour we'll
have the place to ourselves.

MICHAEL

No, about this.

DECLAN

This is no concern of yours.

SHARON

(walks to and hugs Theresa)
He's our solicitor, you greasy little
weasel.

SERGEANT ORLA

Don't go insulting weasels, now.

DECLAN

Is that right, Michael?

MICHAEL

I'm just thinking maybe we can
work something out here.

DECLAN

Be careful. You've got a conflict
of interest here, counselor.

MICHAEL

How's that?

DECLAN

Interfere with my business today
and you can kiss good-bye to that
field you're after. I don't think
your real client will appreciate
that. Now, will he?

SERGEANT ORLA
(to Michael)
Do you have any interest here?

Michael struggles to find a different answer, but cannot.

MICHAEL
No.

Sergeant Orla reluctantly nods to the truck driver, who guiltily jumps down and wheels a handcart toward the house.

SERGEANT ORLA
Theresa, there's nothing for it now.
(gently takes Theresa's arm)
Why don't you and Sharon wait in the
car and we'll sort out your things.

Sharon refuses to look at Michael as she passes him. But, Theresa's confused eyes still implore his help.

Avoiding Theresa's face, Michael glances down at his tie.

It's the one with Schoner's tobacco juice stain.

SERGEANT ORLA
(to Declan)
Sleep well at night, do you?

DECLAN
Like a lamb.

Declan notices Michael struggle with his conscience. He grabs Michael's arm and leads him back to the rental car.

DECLAN (cont'd)
You did the smart thing here.
Listen, I think an even twenty
will do very nicely for that field.
Call it professional courtesy.

Behind them, Sergeant Orla helps Theresa into her cruiser. Inside the car, a defeated Sharon stares at the floor.

The scruffy truck driver emerges with a chest of drawers.

At the rental, Michael pulls out his keys, opens his car door. Then he stops and looks back. Declan senses trouble.

DECLAN
It's a mistake. Just get in the car.

MICHAEL
Officer, what's the outstanding amount?

SERGEANT ORLA
15,672 euros.

DECLAN
It'll be war, so help me.

Michael agonizes. Then, he decides. Michael pulls out his checkbook, scribbles out a check, and offers it to Declan.

MICHAEL
(pulls out checkbook and pen)
A personal check for the full amount O.K.?

DECLAN
No! It most certainly is not!

SERGEANT ORLA
Aw, Declan, honey. I think we can trust the man. He has an honest face.

INT. LOBBY - SHANAHAN'S INN - NIGHT

Danny sits on one side and tries to make eye contact with Alanna, who--still angry-- ignores him from across the room.

Michael arrives and drops in a chair by Danny. Alanna rises and, ignoring Danny, sits on Michael's other side.

DANNY
(tosses cash on table)
Here's the twenty thousand.

MICHAEL
Keep it. I just killed the deal.

DANNY
What are you saying?

MICHAEL
(untroubled)
I failed.

ALANNA EICHEL
Isn't that, like, a bad thing?

MICHAEL
Usually. Feels pretty good now.

Liam places three pints of Guinness in front of them.

BARTENDER LIAM
(to Michael)
From your friends in the bar.

MICHAEL
I don't have any friends in the bar.

At the pub entrance, half a dozen REGULARS cheerfully raise their glasses in a toast, scruffy truck driver among them.

BARTENDER LIAM
You do now.

Michael returns their salute and draws deeply on his pint. Danny, growing desperate, struggles with a decision.

DANNY
The field's not for me.

MICHAEL
I didn't think so.

ALANNA EICHEL
He's not really our client?

DANNY
I was told to bring you here.
(to Alanna)
Well, not you, Darlin. That part was sort of my idea.

ALANNA EICHEL
I'm still not speaking to you.

MICHAEL
You were told to buy the field?

DANNY
No, I had to retain you to do something. Anyways, I knew you'd be needing it.

MICHAEL
To heal Sharon's leg?

DANNY
(hesitates, lies)
Aye, to heal Sharon.

ALANNA EICHEL
What the hell is he talking about?

MICHAEL
So what went wrong?

DANNY
It must be them stones walls dividing up
the ring. Back when they split up the
field, they broke the circle. Do you see?

MICHAEL
Right. Yeah.

DANNY
It's a very delicate situation. The
atmospherics and like need to be just so.

ALANNA EICHEL
Atmospherics?

MICHAEL
Who told you to bring me here?

DANNY
I don't know her name.

ALANNA EICHEL
And why would he?

MICHAEL
Is she a kid, all red hair and smart mouth?

DANNY
Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

MICHAEL
Eichel, tomorrow you and Danny
go work on Foley.

ALANNA EICHEL
Why?

MICHAEL

(pulls out, signs and hands her check)
We're going to un-kill this deal.
Use my personal check.

ALANNA EICHEL

You're giving me a signed, blank
check? Lawyers don't do that.

MICHAEL

(writes and offers check to Danny)
Take that cash back. Here's your
retainer plus what you paid Theresa.

DANNY

Are you sure?

MICHAEL

Absolutely.
(Danny takes check and cash)

ALANNA EICHEL

But,... there's no client.

MICHAEL

Yeah, there is. I need that field.
(she's drawing a blank)
I'm the client.

INT. DOCTOR MELODY'S OFFICE - DAY

Annie and a grim Doctor Melody. He sets up an IV.

DOCTOR

Your red cell count is down to nine.
There's no choice. I've got to give
you another full liter.

ANNIE

So, hook me up then.

DOCTOR

Your iron's gonna spike up. I need
you on your desferal pump a full
twelve hours a night.

ANNIE

What I wouldn't give for one night
without that damn pump.

DOCTOR

By all rights, you should be in hospital.

He attaches the blood-filled tube to Annie's arm, pops a clamp and squeezes the I.V. bag. The blood flows into her.

ANNIE

Danny had enough of hospitals with my ma. I'm not putting either of us through that again. What comes, comes.

DOCTOR

(sees the sadness in her face)
So, you how come we never went out together, you and me?

ANNIE

Before you got married to my cousin, I hope you mean.

DOCTOR

(smiles)
I do.

ANNIE

(a glint in her eyes)
You never saw me naked back then.
(they LAUGH)
Didn't know what you were missing.

DOCTOR

No, I surely did not.

INT. DANNY'S CAR - DAY

Alanna and Danny bounce through wide-open, empty fields.

ALANNA EICHEL

It's all so empty.

DANNY

In my father's day, all this country was filled with farmers and their families. There was towns, schools, dance halls, all gone now.

ALANNA EICHEL

What happened?

DANNY

Oh, times changed. By my day, the girls chased after the university types and steered clear of farm lads like we had the fever. The country just sort of emptied out.

(looks across the fields)

Now all that's left out here are the ghosts and a few old country bachelors like me and Foley.

ALANNA EICHEL

In my schul, back in Brooklyn, I was, like, four inches taller than any of the boys.

DANNY

Did it matter?

ALANNA EICHEL

Like I had the fever.

(has an idea, pulls out map)

So, who lives next door to Foley?

DANNY

Not a soul. That place has been empty for twenty years.

ALANNA EICHEL

Do you know who owns it?

INT. DECLAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Declan is busy at work under a blue cloud. Michael's hand slips in the door waiving a white handkerchief.

MICHAEL

Truce?

DECLAN

Having fun, are you?

MICHAEL

Look, I'm sorry about yesterday. It was just the right thing to do.

DECLAN

Very funny.

MICHAEL
Let me make it up to you.

DECLAN
Sometime soon, maybe I'll be
the one laughing.

MICHAEL
Will forty thousand euros help?

DECLAN
I'll be living down your little
stunt for a long time to come.

MICHAEL
How about sixty thousand? I still
want this to be win-win.

DECLAN
A hundred thousand might provide
some small comfort.

MICHAEL
Seventy.

DECLAN
Ninety.

MICHAEL
Don't make me walk away.

DECLAN
Door's open.

MICHAEL
Fine. Eighty.

DECLAN
And there's one more thing.

MICHAEL
Let's hear it.

DECLAN
You embarrassed me once. Your money
will pay for that. But, I will not
be embarrassed again.

MICHAEL
You're losing me.

DECLAN
Annie O'Malley is spoken for. And everyone in this town knows it. You keep yourself away from her until you go back to New York, or you can kiss this deal good-bye at any price.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Alanna shakes hands with an OLD MAN and hands him a check, as Danny looks on, confused. Alanna returns to the car.

DANNY
Is it me, or did we just buy the wrong field?

ALANNA EICHEL
Got it for a pretty good price, too. What does Foley drink?

DANNY
Poteen. Homemade whiskey. It'll kill a boy and blind a full grown man. Why are you asking?

EXT. FAIRY RING - DAY

Michael sits on a WHITE STONE of the fairy ring, quietly enjoying the ocean and the sky. Gulls circle the surf below.

THUMP,...THUMP. Michael hears a ball bounce.

COLLEEN (O.S.)
Looking for me, are you?

Colleen bounces her black ball a few yards away from him.

MICHAEL
Can I fix that girl's leg?

Black ball careens off a stone and bounces toward Michael. Michael reaches to catch the ball, but

it passes right through his hand.

Michael gapes at his hand. Colleen retrieves her ball.

COLLEEN

There's a veil of tears between us,
Yank. I can touch nothing on your
side and you can touch nothing on
mine.

MICHAEL

(confused pause, then)

Can I heal her leg?

COLLEEN

My eyes show me what I need to
see. I just let my heart guide
them for me.

Michael absorbs this. He takes a deep breath in and closes
his eyes. Then, he breathes out slowly and opens them.

Colleen still stands by him. But, the stone fences are gone.

SMOKE rises beyond the fairy ring. Michael walks that way.
THE WHITE COTTAGE is back, surrounded by crops.

Nearby, MA and DA, a poor farm couple, walk up toward the
fairy ring. Da leads a dairy cow. Ma holds a BABY GIRL.

Michael turns slowly. In the fairy ring's center, calmly sits

OLD PISREOGAC. She's ancient, barely skin and bones, with
long, white hair, and piercing gray eyes.

A WOOD CROSS hangs on her neck over a shapeless brown dress.

Ma and da reach the Fairy Ring. Crossing herself, ma enters
and approaches old pisreogac with her baby girl.

All ignore Michael. But ma smiles at Colleen and da nods to
her. Colleen nods back at them.

MICHAEL

They can see you?

COLLEEN

And why wouldn't they?

Old pisreogac holds out her arms. Hesitantly, ma hands her
baby girl to the old woman. Michael steps closer.

Old pisreogac sways back and forth, rocking the baby. Then

she opens the baby's blankets and examines her little face.

The baby girl's eyes are cloudy, opaque. She's blind.

Old pisreogac sadly gazes at the baby, still rocking her.

A tear rolls down the old pisreogac's cheek. She nods 'yes' at ma, then at Colleen.

Colleen walks to da, accepts the cow, and slaps it's rump. The cow trots down the hill, to where several others graze.

Old pisreogac places one hand gently over the baby's face.

OLD PISREOGAC
Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi
miserere nobis.

A RED GLOW begins in the hand over the baby's eyes. Terrified, ma and da drop face down in the dirt.

The stones of the fairy ring begin to GLOW RED

OLD PISREOGAC
Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi
miserere nobis.

The GLOW over the baby girl turns BRIGHT YELLOW.

The fairy ring stones GLOW BRIGHT YELLOW.

OLD PISREOGAC
Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi
dona nobis pacem.

The GLOW covers Old pisreogac's face. Then it fades away.

Old pisreogac offers back Baby Girl. Ma fearfully rises and accepts her. Then ma bursts into a smile.

The baby girl now sees with CLEAR GRAY EYES WITH BROWN SPECKS. Ma runs to show da who remains outside the Fairy Ring.

Tearfully grateful, ma and da look back at the old pisreogac.

But, she can't see them; her eyes are CLOUDED, OPAQUE.

The old pisreogac is blind.

A stunned Michael watches Colleen help up the old pisreogac. Colleen leads her away, down to the cottage.

Michael steps forward, trips and falls to the ground. At his feet, there's now a low stone wall again. He stands back up.

THEY'RE ALL GONE--old pisreogac, Colleen, ma, da, baby girl. Only the bramble-covered ruins guard the now empty field.

EXT. STONE WALL - FIELD - BRENDAN FOLEY'S FARM - DAY

Alanna stands behind the wall, her elbow comfortably on top. Danny, on tiptoe, struggles to see clearly into Foley's yard.

ALANNA EICHEL
(sing song)
Brendan! Brendan Foley!

Huge Dog races toward the wall, barking and snarling.

Alanna smiles; she's ready this time. She lifts a big ham bone and shows it to Huge Dog. He stops and watches it.

ALANNA EICHEL
Who's a good doggie? Who wants
this nice meaty bone? Sit!

Huge Dog starts to whine, tongue out. He sits. Alanna tosses him the bone, and he runs off with it.

Foley lumbers out of his house, squinting at the sunlight.

FOLEY
Oh, for fuck's sake! Get away
from me wall or I'll beat the
two of ye senseless.

ALANNA EICHEL
Hi, Sweetie! It's half my wall
too, now.
(shows Foley a DEED)

FOLEY
(begrudging)
So, it is.
(looks around)
Where's me dog?

ALANNA EICHEL
Since we're neighbors now, I
brought you a little, you know,
get acquainted present.

FOLEY
I won't be needing any....

Danny holds up two jars of clear liquid. Foley brightens.

FOLEY
Bring yourselves around inside;
it's blinding awful bright out
here.

INT. BRENDAN FOLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

A filthy mess. Alanna, Danny and Brendan sit at a rough wood table. Brendan pours half of one jar into a dirty glass.

Brendan hands the half jar to Alanna and the glass to Danny. He then opens and raises the other full jar for a toast.

BRENDAN
To Patrick Pearse and all them
who gave their lives for Ireland.

They clink jars and glass. Brendan drinks. They sip. Alanna winces and shivers.

BRENDAN
Strong stuff, eh, Neighbor Girlie?

ALANNA EICHEL
Like mother's milk.
(raises her glass)
Here's to never, ever selling my
new land.

While Brendan drinks and Alanna chokes down another sip, Danny pours a little from his glass into Huge Dog's dish.

FOLEY
You're all right, Girlie. I
think you and me will make fine
neighbors.

Huge Dog trots inside and to his dish; he laps up the poteen.

INT. OLD THERESA'S KITCHEN - DAY

A grateful Theresa leads an excited Michael inside.

OLD THERESA
You'll stay for dinner? You will,
you will.

MICHAEL
Yeah I guess so. Look, I want to
talk to you and Sharon about....

ANNIE (O.S.)
Would you look what the cat dragged in.

Michael realizes that Sharon and Annie are sitting at the
kitchen table.

MICHAEL
Maybe I should come back later.

SHARON
You'll do no such thing!
(stands, pulls Michael to the table)
Will he, Annie?

ANNIE
Ah, stay a while.
(smiles)
I've been hearing some suspiciously
good things about you.

Michael sits warily on the edge of the table's bench. Sharon
drops next to him and shoves him closer to Annie.

SHARON
Move yourself over. She doesn't bite.

INT. BRENDAN FOLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

The sun is getting lower and so are the potteen jars. Huge Dog
climbs up awkwardly and licks Foley.

FOLEY
Bull's bollox, dog. Would you get
off of me!

He pushes Huge Dog away, clinks his guests' jars and drinks.
Danny and Alanna sip. They're all getting hammered.

ALANNA EICHEL

I love my new field. It's so...
dirty.

DANNY

Good, rich, black soil.

FOLEY

(gazes at her field out his window)
Aye, she has grand soil.

DANNY

It surely would round out your
homeplace here nicely, her field
would.

FOLEY

It surely would.

DANNY

You'd be the talk of the county.

FOLEY

I would indeed.

INT. THERESA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Michael and Annie alone, cleaning up at the kitchen sink. He
washes. She dries. Both still sip from their wine glasses.

ANNIE

Are you looking forward to getting
back to New York in a day or two?

MICHAEL

I think I'm going to stick around
here for a while.

ANNIE

Are you? What for?

MICHAEL

There's some personal matters I
need to resolve.

ANNIE

I see. Personal matters. That
sounds like it might take a while.

MICHAEL
Yeah, that's what I figure.

ANNIE
You don't exactly strike me as
the patient type.

MICHAEL
And yet, here I am.

INT. BRENDAN FOLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Huge Dog staggers onto a mat and flops down, unconscious.

Foley, Danny and Alanna all lean in close over the table.
The jars are now two-thirds empty, and they're hammered.

ALANNA EICHEL
Let me get this straight,
menschala. You want me to
just give you my farm?

FOLEY
No. I mean, yes. But, then
see, I'll just give my fairy
ring field that you were wanting.

Alanna eyes, apparently confused, stay on Foley. But, under
the table, Alanna slides her hand onto Danny's knee.

FOLEY (cont'd)
It's a straight up trade, like.
Not a sale, a'tall. Do you see?

Alanna's hidden hand massages Danny's thigh. His face reddens.

ALANNA EICHEL
So you're saying we trade
straight up?

Alanna's hidden arm slides back. Danny startles. His face
gets redder; he grabs the edge of the table with both hands.

Foley spits in his hand and offers it to Alanna.

FOLEY
Aye, straight up. So, neighbor
Girllie, do we have ourselves a
trade?

EXT. THERESA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael and Annie bid their hosts good night at the door.
Theresa pulls Michael aside.

OLD THERESA
Safe home, now.
(whispers)
I'd say she's warming up a bit.

MICHAEL
(whispers)
Can you and Sharon meet me tomorrow
in the Fairy Ring?

OLD THERESA
(whispers)
What for?

MICHAEL
(whispers)
I know how you got your eyes.

INT. DANNY'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

WHAM! Danny and Alanna stumble through the door, awkwardly
locked together in a spinning, hungry, drunken lust-fest.

Ripping off each other's clothes, they knock over a table and
crash onto the sofa. Suddenly, Alanna pushes Danny away.

ALANNA EICHEL
Wait. We can't. You're the
client.

DANNY
No, I'm not. Remember?

ALANNA EICHEL
(remembers)
Oh, right.

Hungrily, she pulls him back down.

EXT. ANNIE'S FRONT DOOR - RATHDERG TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

It's late, dark and deserted, except for Michael and Annie who
arrive arm in arm at her doorstep.

MICHAEL
I got you something.
(hands her small box)

ANNIE
How'd you know I'd ever be
speaking to you again?

MICHAEL
I was, you know, hoping.

ANNIE
(opens present)
A mobile phone.

MICHAEL
It's already working, that's
part of the present. I figured
if you stayed mad, I'd at least
have your number.

ANNIE
I love it.
(smiles)
Come here, will you?

He leans in. She touches his cheek and gently kisses him.

The kiss continues, gradually growing deeper, as Michael draws
Annie closer. His elbow pushes against the door buzzer.

BUZZZZZZZZ!

MICHAEL
Sorry, I guess I found that buzzer
I'm supposed to use.

ANNIE
(unlocks the door)
Then I guess I'd better invite
you up.

MICHAEL
(wants to accept, but)
Maybe we should wait. I want to
do this right.

ANNIE
Are you sure now?

MICHAEL

No. But, I'm gonna go anyway.

Michael steps away. But Annie reaches out and takes his hand.

ANNIE

Don't go. We'll sort something out.

INT. ANNIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The door opens. Annie backs in, finishing another kiss. She pushes Michael out and smiles as he flops on her bed.

From behind the door, she grabs pink pajama pants and tosses them to Michael.

ANNIE

See if you can squeeze into those.

She closes the door and steps before the mirror as she pulls her shirt over her head. In the mirror, she sees her

BRUISED, NEEDLE-MARKED arms and stomach. Annie slips off her bra as she pulls on her pink, long-sleeved pajama top.

Annie checks the mirror. The bruises are hidden. She wriggles out of her jeans, and checks the mirror again.

the pajama-top-and-panties look works. She primps a little, turns to leave, but looks back down at the sink, at her

DESFERAL PUMP, needle, bottle and belt.

Annie hesitates for a moment. She opens a drawer, sweeps the pump and gear inside, and SLAMS it shut.

Annie turns and opens the door. Michael, shirtless and in pink pajama bottoms looks up and smiles.

ANNIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Happily, they both slip into the bed and under the covers. They kiss again, gently, and she snuggles by his side.

MICHAEL

Listen, don't worry if I get
up a couple of hours before dawn.
I don't sleep much.

ANNIE
You're a very strange man, do
you know that?

MICHAEL
Yeah. And it's not getting
any better.

INT. KITCHEN - SHANAHAN'S HOTEL - DAY

Liam and Pearse sit with tea and the morning paper.

WHAM! Declan saunters through the door unannounced and sits
down uninvited. He smirks at Liam and Pearse.

DECLAN
So, boys. What have you two
been up to lately?

BARTENDER LIAM
(cool)
Can we help you with something?

DECLAN
You can, yes. I'm here for the
Yank. Would you go rouse him
for me?

CLERK PEARSE
Aw, I'd love to do that for you,
but....
(he misses Liam's warning look)
....he's not in his room to be roused.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

INT. ANNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Annie, in pink pajama top, lies entwined with Michael, in pink
pajama bottoms. Light steams in. They're both sound asleep.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Michael startles.

Half asleep, he climbs out of bed, throws on a woman's robe
and heads down toward the sound.

INT. ANNIE'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

Michael stumbles to the door.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

MICHAEL
Hold on, dammit! I'm coming.

He yanks open the door. It's an enraged
Declan Knox.

INT. ANNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Annie looks out the window as Declan storms across the square
back to his own office. Michael walks in and dresses.

ANNIE
In trouble, are we?

MICHAEL
(pulls on pants)
It looks like I just killed this
deal. Again.

ANNIE
Does it matter anymore?

MICHAEL
No.

ANNIE
(flirting)
Then, what's your hurry?

MICHAEL
(laces shoes)
It matters. But not like that.

ANNIE
(playful)
Could you be a little more vague?

Michael looks at Annie with love in his eyes. He smiles, sits
close to her and pulls her into a tight hug.

ANNIE
What's so funny?

MICHAEL
I get it.

ANNIE
And what's that?

MICHAEL
Zing. I get zing.

Completely happy, Michael closes his eyes and holds her tight.

FLASH!!

A HEART beats way too fast, struggling and straining to work.

BROWN BLOOD flows sluggishly through veins and arteries. It's weak, sick, anemic.

FLASH!!

Michael's eyes open. They're frightened and confused.
He composes himself before releasing Annie.

MICHAEL
I won't be too long. You'll
be here, right?

ANNIE
And where would I be going?

EXT. STREET - RATHDERG - DAY

Michael trots through town.

BONG! BONG! BONG!

He pulls up short. Father Eke-Nweke opens the Church doors.
Michael looks down the road, then back at the Church.

INT. ALTAR - SACRED LAMB CHURCH - DAY

Father Eke-Nweke, in vestments, holds the communion chalice.
PARISHIONERS approach him in single file and drink from it.

EKE-NWEKE
The blood of Christ.

OLD WOMAN PARISHIONER
Amen.

EKE-NWEKE
The blood of Christ.

BARTENDER LIAM

Amen.

EKE-NWEKE

(eyes twinkle this time)
The blood of Christ.

MICHAEL

Amen.

Like the others before him, Michael drinks from the chalice.

EXT. SACRED LAMB CHURCH - DAY

Michael shakes Father Eke-Nweke's hand and trots away.

Danny's car passes Michael. It screeches to a halt.
Danny and Alanna jump out.

ALANNA EICHEL

I got Foley.
(looks back at Danny)
Well, we got Foley.

Alanna shows a deed to Michael. He looks it over and smiles.

ALANNA EICHEL(Cont'd)

Hey, were you just in Church?

MICHAEL

Yeah. Eichel, this is excellent
work. This time, you really made
it to the top of the cliff. I'm
proud of you.

He pulls a shocked Alanna into a warm hug. After a second,
she hugs back.

ALANNA EICHEL

Are you O.K.?

MICHAEL

Give me a lift. I'm gonna need
Your help with something.

INT. ANNIE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Clouds of steam. Annie's HUMMING in the shower. She shuts

the taps, grabs a towel, and steps out onto the rug.

Still surrounded by steam, Annie reaches out and wipes a clear circle in the fogged up mirror. Then she stops dead.

In the mirror, her face is BRIGHT YELLOW.

INT. DECLAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Declan glares out his window. Outside, PASSERS BY glance at him and hide smiles. He shuts the blinds and grabs the phone.

DECLAN
(to phone)
Hey ya, Eddie. Can you do me
a favor? Bit of a rush job,
I'm afraid, but I'll make it worth
your while. Grand. Good man.

EXT. FAIRY RING FIELD - DAY

Michael and Alanna stagger as they carry a large fieldstone out of the fairy ring. They swing it on a big pile of stones.

Behind them, Michael tosses another mossy stone on the pile. All three collapse, totally exhausted and very dirty.

A few feet away, Sharon and Theresa sit, watch and wait.

MICHAEL
O.K. That's it.

ALANNA
Isn't this, kinda, you know,
illegal?

MICHAEL
Maybe.
(walks over to Sharon)
You ready?

Sharon nods yes and he helps her up. They walk to the now cleared center of the fairy ring.

The low stone walls are gone, all hauled out of the fairy ring to nearby piles. The fairy ring is whole again.

Michael and Sharon sit on the ground. Her eyes well up with tears. He gently wipes them away.

MICHAEL
We're gonna do this together, O.K.?

SHARON
I don't mind.

MICHAEL
A walk in the park.

As Michael smiles gently at Sharon, his eyes grow wet. Tears roll down his cheek. They chuckle as she wipes them away.

SHARON
Would you get on with it before
we both start blubbering?

Michael places his hands on her legs, closes his eyes and bows his head. Sharon closes her eyes and leans in close to him.

MICHAEL
Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata
mundi miserere nobis.

Earlier, Michael only recited the words; now he prays them.

Michael's hands begin to GLOW RED. The fairy ring stones GLOW RED. Alanna's jaw drops. Danny crosses himself.

Theresa's eyes are closed; rosary beads dangle from her hands.

MICHAEL (Cont'd)
Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi
miserere nobis.

The GLOW turns yellow. It spreads over Sharon's leg.

MICHAEL (Cont'd)
Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi
dona nobis pacem.

The GLOW shoots through Michael and covers his leg. Then it fades away.

All eyes on Sharon. Their hopes sink as disappointment registers on her face. Sharon starts shaking.

SHARON
It's no different.

MICHAEL

Try putting some weight on it.

His warm eyes calm her. Staying on the ground, Michael helps push Sharon to her feet. She balances on her good leg.

SHARON

You'd better catch me.

Slowly, Sharon shifts a little weight to her crippled leg. The leg holds. She shifts a little more. It holds.

Sharon takes a few unsteady steps. The leg holds. JOY erupts across her young, pretty face.

Theresa's knees buckle. An amazed Alanna supports her. Disbelieving, Danny crosses himself again.

Sharon walks around the ring with increased confidence. Then she runs over to Michael-- still on the ground-- and hugs him.

As Danny watches Sharon, his happiness for her bridges to a bigger realization. He trots over to Michael.

DANNY

Good man! I knew all along you had it in you. Will I buy you a drink?

MICHAEL

Sounds great.

Danny extends his hand. Michael reaches for Sharon's discarded crutch, takes Danny's hand and pulls himself up.

DANNY

You and I need to have a word about Annie....

Danny grin fades. He looks at Michael's legs. Even through Michael's pants, one leg is clearly MUCH THINNER.

One by one, the others stop dead as they see Michael's leg. Leaning on the crutch and Danny, Michael smiles at them.

MICHAEL

What?

(to Danny)

C'mon. Are you buying me that drink or not?

CUT TO:

An OPEN MEDICINE BOTTLE lies on its side, its medicine spilled all around it on a bathroom counter. We're in

INT. ANNIE'S BATHROOM - DAY

The room seems empty. The faucet runs hard into the sink. The desferal pump and belt hang out of an open drawer.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BOOP.

ANNIE (O.S.)
(weak, tired)
Fineen...are you there?

Lying on the floor in a heap, Annie talks into her new mobile phone. Her face is DARK YELLOW.

DOCTOR MELODY
(from the phone)
I'm here. Annie? Annie!

Annie's hand slips away from her ear and her eyes close.

INT. DANNY'S CAR - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - MOVING

A tense Danny, content Michael and confused Alanna.

ALANNA
So, what just happened back there?

MICHAEL
Eichel, that was my first step
up a new path. One I should
have found a long time ago.
(looks carefully at Danny)
You wanted to talk about Annie?

DANNY
Did I? It must have been nothing.
(glances at Michael's leg)
Can you heal anything, you know,
without hurting yourself, like?

MICHAEL
No. It doesn't work that way.

DANNY

She never told me that, your
clever Colleen. No, she did not.
(despairs, mutters)
It's all been for nothing.

As the car approaches the town square, they see a crowd
milling in front of Annie's doorway.

DANNY

Oh, Jesus, no.

EXT. FAIRY RING - DAY

Long, afternoon shadows follow a fuming Declan and CONTRACTOR
EDDIE, gray-haired and lean-muscled, as they inspect the ring.

CONTRACTOR'S CREW wait down by the gate.

DECLAN

Tear my walls down, will you?
This will not stand, Michael.
No sir, it will not stand a'tall.

CONTRACTOR EDDIE

Are you talking to me?

DECLAN

Can you do this thing or not?

CONTRACTOR EDDIE

I dunno. I'd have a hell of a
time getting any heavy equipment
up that path, and those limestone
slabs are mostly submerged anyway.

(punches a calculator)

As big as they are, we'd never be
able to even hoist them out.

(considers)

I reckon we could blast the tops off
of a few of them for you.

DECLAN

No! No half measures. Not this time.

CONTRACTOR EDDIE

Well, there's one thing we could try.

INT. ANNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Annie, still dark yellow, lies unconscious in her bed.
Disconsolate, Danny sits by her and holds her limp hand.

Michael leans thoughtfully on a dresser in a corner.
Doctor Melody closes his bag and squeezes Danny's shoulder.

DOCTOR MELODY
I'll be back in a few hours.

Doctor Melody grimly walks out. Michael looks at Danny.

MICHAEL
Can you help me get her up there?

Danny stands and pulls Michael out through the office to the

INT. LANDING - STAIRS TO ANNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Danny closes the door. They're alone. He looks into
Michael's calm, gray eyes.

DANNY
To the fairy ring? You can't.

MICHAEL
Look, it's either her or me.
How hard is that?

DANNY
She'd never allow it.

MICHAEL
She doesn't get a vote. I'm the
client. This one is my call.
(searches Danny's eyes)
Now, are you coming with me or not?

SERGEANT ORLA
(walking up stairs)
Going someplace, are you?

EXT. FIELD HALF MILE FROM THE FAIRY RING - DAY

Almost sunset. Declan and contractor Eddie wait on a hilltop.
Eddie has a two-way radio and some electrical gear.

Sergeant Orla and Michael pull up in her cruiser.

Orla and Michael emerge. She leads Michael by the arm, and he limps on his crutch toward Declan.

MICHAEL

Can't we do this tomorrow?

SERGEANT ORLA

I hate that little prick as much as much as anybody, but you can't just go tearing down his walls.

DECLAN

Michael! Glad you could make it. We're about ready to get going.

MICHAEL

Can we talk?

DECLAN

Sure. I've got about...

CONTRACTOR EDDIE

Three minutes.

DECLAN

Three minutes, give or take.

MICHAEL

Look, I have a condo on Central Park West.

DECLAN

Do ya? Myself, I'm stuck my whole life in this little shytehole of a village. So it goes, eh?

MICHAEL

It's worth maybe eight hundred grand. I have some stocks, bonds, cash. Maybe three million all together.

DECLAN

I couldn't be happier for you.

MICHAEL

I'll trade you for the field.

DECLAN

Three million dollars?

MICHAEL

Right now, straight up. No tears.

DECLAN

For my piece of that little field?

MICHAEL

It's a good deal. Win-win.

DECLAN

That's a lot of money.

MICHAEL

Yes it is.

DECLAN

Only thing is, you don't care
about the money, do you?

MICHAEL

Come again?

DECLAN

For some reason I cannot fathom,
all you give two shytes about is
that god-awful little pile of
stones sitting over there. Am I
right or am I right?

MICHAEL

It's more than just a field.

DECLAN

Not for long it's not.

CONTRACTOR EDDIE

(ear to radio)

My men are clear.

DECLAN

You made a fool of me twice. Twice.
Then you came up here and destroyed
my property to boot.

MICHAEL

It's not like that.

DECLAN

Now, if I let you get away with all
of that--oh, the good people here
in my little shytehole will be
whispering your name and smirking
at me behind my back from now until
my dying day.

CONTRACTOR EDDIE

(into radio)

We are green to go, boys. Wherever
you are, duck and cover.

(to Declan)

Careful. She's armed.

Contractor hands Declan a remote control with a red button.

DECLAN

Good man. A red button. Isn't
that just the thing?

SERGEANT ORLA

You're not doing what I think
you're doing.

DECLAN

You see, Michael. I don't want
win-win.

SERGEANT ORLA

Put that down right now!

(steps toward Declan)

DECLAN

Lose-lose will suit me just fine.
(presses red button)

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN FACING THE FAIRY RING CLIFF - DAY

For a second, waves lap to the tall cliff's base.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The side of the cliff beneath the fairy ring EXPLODES!

BACK WITH MICHAEL AND DECLAN

ALL are hurled to the ground by the blast.

BACK OVER THE ATLANTIC

Rocks, dirt and dust spray out over the ocean. There is a
DEEP, GAPING HOLE in the cliff directly below the Fairy Ring.

For a brief moment, the Fairy Ring above remains intact.
Then, the outer stones start to slip.

They collapse into the hole and plummet to the sea far below.
The ground around them collapses as well, cascading away.

Like giant tumbling dominos, the remaining stones follow,
sliding and dropping down the cliff.

As the dust settles, the Fairy Ring is now COMPLETELY GONE.

BACK WITH DECLAN AND MICHAEL

Michael, still on the ground, stares blankly at the dusty,
ragged hole where the fairy ring had been seconds earlier.

MICHAEL
No....Oh, no.

DECLAN
(hops to his feet, dusts off)
How about that, Michael? I'd say
I got my money's worth there,
wouldn't you?

SERGEANT ORLA
Now, that just tears it.
(to Declan)
You are under arrest!

DECLAN
On what charge?

Sergeant Orla strides at Declan and catches his jaw squarely
with a solid right cross. He drops like a sack of potatoes.

SERGEANT ORLA
I'll sort that out later.
(pulls up a numb Michael)
C'mon, let's get you out of here.

INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Old Theresa is busy in the kitchen, cleaning and cooking.

Michael, deep in gloomy thought, laden with grime and dust,
limps in on Sharon's crutch.

MICHAEL

How's Sharon?

OLD THERESA

She's grand. Still sleeping like
a bear back home.

(pulls Michael close)

Doctor just left.

(whispers)

It won't be long now.

INT. ANNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael limps in quietly. Danny is slumped morosely in a
chair by Annie's bed, holding her limp hand.

Her face is a horrible YELLOW/ORANGE. Dark circles surround
her eyes. Her breathing is weak, shallow, fragile.

Alanna is asleep on the floor, her head on Danny's lap.

MICHAEL

You hear about the fairy ring?

(Danny sadly nods)

I could have done it. I could have
brought her up there this morning.

But I just left her here. I saw she
was sick, and I just left.

DANNY

It just wasn't in the cards, is all.

MICHAEL

This was the only time that getting to
the top of the cliff meant anything.

But, I can't get there. There's no
cliff to climb. I failed.

(levels gaze at Annie)

I failed.

Alanna shifts, snuggles into Danny. He strokes her cheek.

DANNY

We'd better get this one on a
proper sofa. A long sofa.

MICHAEL
Why don't you both get some rest?
I'll take over.

Danny reluctantly nods. He slides out from under Alanna.

ALANNA
(half asleep)
What?

DANNY
C'mon Darlin, we're moving.

Danny helps groggy Alanna out the door and closes it. Michael sits by Annie. He lifts her hand, kisses it and holds on.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Michael and Annie haven't moved. Theresa slips in and checks on them. She hands Michael some folded clothes.

OLD THERESA
I got you some fresh clothes from
the Hotel.

MICHAEL
(looks down at his grimy shirt)
Thank you.

Theresa also hands him Nana's Photo, and points at Nana.

OLD THERESA
Know who that is, do you?

MICHAEL
My nana. Mary Island.

OLD THERESA
Married a fella named Island, did
she? Well, before that she was
Mary Croneen.

MICHAEL
Mary Croneen?

OLD THERESA

She left Rathderg for America when
she was no more than twenty. Had
looks to spare, did Mary Croneen.
You're her spitting image.

(hands him Nana's white rosary beads)
Got these for you, too. Thought you
might want to try a little praying.

MICHAEL

Thanks. I will.

Michael takes the beads, crosses himself, kneels by Annie's
bed and closes his eyes. Theresa straightens up her covers.

OLD THERESA

They're funny beads, them.
(Michael opens his eyes, looks at her)
Don't you see that?
(Michael looks at the white beads)
They're two decades short.
(Michael still doesn't get it)
Do they teach you nothing in America?
Every rosary has five decades,
fifty-five beads you see?
(shows him her black rosary)
But yours has only three decades.
See, thirty-three beads.

Michael holds up the beads. They form a circle of thirty-
three little white stones. Michael gazes at them.

FLASH!

INT. YOUNG MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - 30 YEARS AGO - NIGHT

Nana places her white rosary beads around Michael's neck. She
pulls the limp boy up to her and hugs him tightly.

NANA

Will you say your prayers with your
Nana one last time? Ah, you will.

FLASH!

BACK IN ANNIE'S BEDROOM

Michael looks at Old Theresa and begins to understand.

ALANNA EICHEL (O.S.)
(in Michael's mind)
There's thirty-three white limestone
monoliths that form a thirty foot
diameter circle.

MICHAEL
Thanks. I guess I'll change now.

OLD THERESA
(retreats out door)
Bring me the dirty ones; I'll clean
them up for you.

The door closes. Michael looks at Annie's unconscious face,
then at Nana's rosary beads.

MICHAEL
You couldn't take the fairy ring
with you to America, could you
Nana? At least, not all of it.

Michael sits on the bed. He lifts Annie's head and puts
Nana's white beads around her neck.

Michael gently lifts Annie up into his arms. He kisses her
mouth gently, and pulls her close, his hands on her back.

A tear rolls down Michael's cheek. He closes his eyes and
bows his head.

MICHAEL
(whispers)
Lamb of God, you take away the sins
of the world, have mercy on us.

A RED GLOW starts in his hands.

A RED GLOW starts on Nana's Rosary Beads.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
(whispers)
Lamb of God, you take away the sins
of the world, have mercy on us.

The GLOW turns YELLOW; it spreads over Annie's back.

ANNIE
Michael?

MICHAEL
Lamb of God, you take away the sins
of the world,...

The YELLOW GLOW spreads up Michael's arms.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
...grant us peace.

THE GLOW jumps, covering Michael. His head snaps back. His face grimaces in sudden, sharp pain.

The GLOW fades away. Annie's eyes open.

Her face is normal color. Her breathing is deep and regular. Michael carefully lowers her back down to the bed.

His face is a horrible yellow/orange. Dark circles surround his eyes. His breathing is labored, shallow, fragile.

ANNIE
(eyes closed, sleepy)
Hey ya.

MICHAEL
Hey yourself. Let's fix those covers.

ANNIE
Looking after me, are you? You
didn't exactly strike me as the
looking-after type.

As he tucks her in, Annie turns on her side and, with a full, healthy breath, snuggles into a deep, happy sleep.

MICHAEL
And yet, here I am.

With effort, Michael leans over and opens the door. Danny sits outside. Danny looks over and sees Michael's face.

EXT. RATHDERG TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Danny half-carries Michael through Annie's door and to his car. They get in and drive off.

INT. - ANNIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Doctor Melody enters quietly and somberly.

Alanna and Theresa bustle about the kitchen, setting out a huge breakfast tray.

DOCTOR MELODY
What's all that?

THERESA
She's after wanting breakfast.
In fact, I'd say....

DOCTOR MELODY
That's lovely, Theresa. But she
can't be having any of that now.

THERESA
(annoyed, picks up tray, walks)
Well, why would she be asking for
it all, then?

Confused, Doctor follows Theresa through the door of

INT. ANNIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Annie stands in the center of the room, wearing only a towel.
She's drying her hair with another towel.

ANNIE
(embarrassed)
Fineen! Have you no manners a'tall?

Annie pushes him out and SLAMS the door.

INT. ANNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY - LATER

Amazed, Doctor examines a now dressed Annie. Alanna looks on.

ANNIE
Michael's staying here. We'll be
together now, at least for a while
until my anemia gets worse again.

ALANNA EICHEL
Mazel tov. By the way, I kinda
jumped your uncle.

ANNIE
(delighted)
Slainte. He's been needing that
for a good long while.

DOCTOR MELODY
It's gone. It can't be, but it is.

ANNIE
Am I in some sort of remission?

DOCTOR MELODY
No. Your anemia is gone from you
all together. There's no trace of it
in your blood. Your heart's perfect.
Your liver is functioning normally.

ALANNA EICHEL
It's another miracle. Just like
Sharon's leg.
(fear and anxiety explode)
Oh, my God. Where's Michael?

EXT. FAIRY RING FIELD - DAY

Yellow tape is strung along the edge of the broken cliff.
Danny lowers Michael to the ground near the edge.

Michael is still yellow/orange, with dark rings around his
half-closed eyes. His breathing is even more shallow now.

MICHAEL
Listen, good luck with Eichel.

DANNY
She's one fine colleen, that one.

MICHAEL
Colleen?

DANNY
You know, girl.

MICHAEL
Colleen is Irish for girl?
(Danny nods)
Of course it is.

Calmly, Michael smiles. He gets something.

COLLEEN (O.S.)
Would you look at the cut of you?

Across from Danny Colleen kneels by Michael, a gentle smile on

her face. Weakly, Michael smiles back at her.

MICHAEL
Colleen means girl. I can't
believe I didn't pick up on that.

COLLEEN
Ah, all lawyers are idiots.
Your father was even worse.

Danny squints to see who Michael's talking to, but no one's there. Nervously, he crosses himself.

Down at the gate, Annie charges into the field, tears streaming down her face. Alanna and Doctor Melody follow.

ANNIE
Michael! Michael!

Annie reaches Michael and drops to her knees by his side. He turns to her weakly, but with calm, loving eyes.

ANNIE
You give it back, Michael!

Alanna reaches Michael and GASPS at his orange face. Annie takes off Nana's beads and puts them over Michael's head.

MICHAEL
It doesn't work that way.

ANNIE
I want it back. You give it
back to me right now.

Doctor Melody drops to Michael's other side and pulls a stethoscope from a small bag. Grimly, he examines Michael.

Colleen, unnoticed, still stands quietly behind Doctor.

MICHAEL
Don't be mad. It was the best
deal I ever made.

ANNIE
You fight this, do you hear me?

MICHAEL
(gazes at Annie; talks to Alanna)
Eichel, you were right. It's
just like electricity. A kind
of magic.

ALANNA EICHEL
What?

MICHAEL
(eyes on Annie; smiles weakly)
Zing.

Michael's eyes close. He's gone. Doctor checks his pulse,
then quietly puts away his stethoscope and closes his bag.

ANNIE
Michael? Michael?
(grabs Doctor's arm)
Do something, would you?

But the Doctor's grim face tells her it's too late.

Annie understands. She releases the Doctor's arm and lies
across Michael's chest, hugging his limp body.

ANNIE
(sobbing)
No. Not now. Not now.

Behind Annie, tears stream down Alanna and Danny's faces.
Doctor stands and steps away from Michael.

Colleen leans in and reaches out to Michael with both arms.

MICHAEL'S HANDS take hers. Colleen pulls him to his feet.
He looks well. Her gray eyes sparkle with pride and love.

COLLEEN
I always knew you had a grand
heart in you. Always.

COLLEEN'S FACE ages. Her body grows. She becomes GROWN
COLLEEN, a handsome red-haired woman. The aging continues.

Grown Colleen's hair turns gray, then white. Wrinkles expand
across her pretty face. But, her gray eyes still sparkle.

Michael smiles tenderly and lovingly at his Nana.

MICHAEL
I missed you so much.

COLLEEN
No more than I missed you, my
darling Mickeen. But, that's
the price we pay for our gift.
Now you understand it yourself.

MICHAEL
How come I can touch you now?

NANA
You've crossed the veil of tears.
You're on my side now.

Michael looks to the ground, where he sees Annie weeping and
fiercely clinging to his own lifeless body.

ANNIE
(quiet, desperate tears)
No. Not now. Not now.

Annie's pain is reflected in Michael's eyes.

NANA
C'mon now. It's time to be going.

Nana pulls Michael gently away. After a few steps, a bright
light begins to envelop them. Danny reaches for Annie.

DANNY
It's no use, darling. He's gone.

But Annie won't be comforted. She shakes off Danny.

ANNIE
No. No!
(to Michael's body)
You come back to me, Michael,
do you hear?
(kneels up, scans the field, shouts)
Do you hear me, pisreogac?
Don't you leave me alone!
Not now! Don't you dare!

Michael turns and gazes miserably at Annie, unable to move.

Nana also looks down at Annie, but with calm eyes.

NANA

Poor girl. So much pain in her.
(a tear rolls down Nana's cheek)
Is there no one to look after her?

Michael looks back at Nana. Her eyes glint and she pulls him into a warm hug. He hugs back tightly and kisses her cheek.

NANA (cont'd)

Will you say your prayers with
me one last time? Ah, you will,
you will.

Michael leans away and gazes one last time at his Nana's face. He pulls her back close, cheek to cheek, and closes his eyes.

MICHAEL

Lamb of God, you take away
the sins of the world, have
mercy on us....

NANA

Agnus Dei, qui tollis
peccata mundi misere
nobis....

Nana's beads, on Michael's neck, begin to FAINTLY GLOW.

BACK WITH ANNIE

Still SOBBING, but exhausted now, Annie slumps down across Michael's lifeless body again.

She takes and squeezes Michael's limp hand. Then....

Michael's hand squeezes back.

ANNIE

Michael?

Michael's eyes open. The orange/yellow is gone from his face. His crippled leg is healed.

MICHAEL

Hey ya.

Michael pulls up onto his elbows, sleepy but completely well. He looks down. In his hand is the BLACK BALL.

Annie and Alanna wrap their arms around Michael. Annie grabs his face and kisses him. More tears, but happy ones now.

MICHAEL
(sleepy, to Alanna)
Eichel, what did we say about
crying in front of the client?

ALANNA EICHEL
(through happy, sloppy bawling)
Shut up.

Doctor Melody starts to pull out his stethoscope, then stops
and stuffs it back in his bag with a confused smile.

DOCTOR MELODY
Why bother?

Overwhelmed, Danny lowers himself to sit on a rock pile.
Alanna runs over to him. They hug, kiss hard, and hug again.

MICHAEL
(quietly, to Annie)
Next year, when we have our first
girl, we have to name her Mary.

ANNIE
Predicting the future, now are you?

MICHAEL
Mary Croneen Island.

ANNIE
And us not even properly engaged yet.

MICHAEL
Well, you will, won't you?

ANNIE
I will, I will.

Michael and Annie kiss, long and full and deep, on the edge of
a small, green field high above the endless, shimmering ocean.

THE END