

Bean Sidhe

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FADE IN:

INT. NADINE HOUSE - LIVING/DINING - NIGHT

NADINE, late 40s, thin, vacant eyes, sets the table. The tablecloth, plates, silverware. She walks out and reappears with a casserole.

A WAIL wafts in through an open window. Nadine drops the casserole. It topples over, covering the floor with a brownish mass of meat and potatoes.

Only Nadine can care less. Eyes shut tight, she brings both hands to her ears.

NADINE

I can't bear it anymore. Just can't.

She turns to CHRIS, late 40s. Sank deep in the couch, his back to her, he flips through TV channels. He's bald, thin and pale, but his is different kind of pale - it's unwholesome.

CHRIS

Just browsing. Want to see what's on. I'll stop - the football is about to start.

Chris takes off his shirt revealing a PICC line, for intravenous injections, in the left upper arm.

He bends for a glass of water and there's a deep surgical scar on his lower back half way up through his back.

CHRIS

Awfully hot today, isn't it?

He turns to her and sees her wipe their dinner off the floor.

CHRIS

Guess it's bread and butter day again, huh?

She glares at him but says nothing.

CHRIS

A couple of eggs with a toast maybe? Come on Nadine, how long do I have, huh? Couple months?

There's another WAIL and she brings her hands to her ears and GROANS.

NADINE

Less than a week - she's wailing
for you. Same wail when poor
Christina--

Nadine gives a long look to a portrait of a young girl
sitting on a side table. The frame encryption reads
"Christina".

CHRIS

Who's wailing for me? The neighbors
dog? It's a he.

NADINE

It's a she. Bean Sidhe. Don't lie,
we both know. Only last week she
wailed for Seth. A young lad,
healthy as a horse and what... Just
the opposite of healthy now.

A nervous giggle ceases her and she can't stop. Her giggling
grows into coughing. Incessant coughing.

CHRIS

You're a mad woman, Nadine.

Wind howls outside. A waft of fresh air makes Chris sneeze.
Nadine rushes to the portrait, grabs it.

NADINE

Don't you spit on her.

CHRIS

I sneezed, I couldn't help it.

She watches him and he feels her stare.

CHRIS

Relax will ya. Not like I gave
Christina a cold by sneezing on her
picture.

NADINE

How could you - she's dead, isn't
she.

And she repeats, intense this time.

NADINE

Isn't she?

Another WAIL interrupts.

Nadine tears out the room.

EXT. NADINE HOUSE - NIGHT

A fenced backyard, with a log cabin in a corner.

Nadine peers into the darkness. There's no one around save a neighbors' dog that watches Nadine from the other side of the fence.

Nadine sticks her tongue at it.

NADINE
I know it's not you.

A human-shaped shadow appears at the corner of the cabin - someone must be behind it.

Nadine smiles. Rushes toward it.

A WOMAN, BEAN SIDHE, 30s, steps out, into view. Eyes fiery red as if from whipping. Clad in a gray cloak atop a green dress.

Nadine emits a demonic laugh.

NADINE
Bean? Bean Sidhe! Finally. ...who
you're wailing for? Tell me. Who?

A woman opens her mouth and no sound comes out of it. She disappears. Crumbles into nothing in a matter of seconds.

Nadine waits.

She hears a hissing whisper.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Christina.

Nadine reacts, her eyes open wide.

NADINE
Christina? Can't be Christina...
Christina is dead. It's been two
years. He ran her over. Can't be
Christina. No.

INT. NADINE HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris scrambles to his feet from the couch and walks to the window. He sees Nadine running mad around the log cabin, talking to herself.

Forehead covered with perspiration, he walks toward the door. Calls out to her.

CHRIS
Nadine! What's wrong?

He trudges out. He's slouching bad, an old man from behind.

EXT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

Chris approaches, holds Nadine by the shoulders but she jerks away, so intensely that he almost loses his balance.

CHRIS
Calm down. A month, a week, what's the difference - I won't get my kidney anyway. You're not giving me one, are you? Who will if my own wife won't.

Nadine lifts mad eyes to him.

NADINE
I finally saw her. I saw Bean. She said Christina. Not Chris. Christina.

Chris stares at her, his face cringes with fear. He leans against the cabin.

NADINE
Open your cabin. I wanna see what's inside. Wanna know why you soundproofed it all of the sudden. Building stuff, thinking of neighbors? My foot...

Chris is about to turn around and walk back toward the house but Nadine grabs his arm.

NADINE
I won't let you get away with it this time. I never saw her dead. You didn't let me see her dead. Why?

CHRIS
You were devastated, that's why.

Her mad eyes drill deep into his.

NADINE
Open the cabin.

He reaches into his pocket and gets the key out. Works the lock. Pushes the door open.

CHRIS

Go on. I don't have secrets from you.

She motions for him to go in first. He doesn't want to, but seeing she's adamant he steps in.

She follows him inside. Floorboards creak under her steps.

INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

A few rifles on the wall. Tools scattered - "a handyman's lair" in short.

Nadine scans around and sees CHRISTINA, 18 and beautiful, crouching in a corner.

NADINE

Christina?

Nadine darts to her. She trips on some tool and falls, but springs back to her feet.

She finally crouches next to Christina. Wraps her thin arms around her. Kisses her eyes.

In a moment, Nadine spins around to face Chris.

NADINE

You kept her here all this time?
What for? What have you done to her?

CHRISTINA

Daddy wants my kidney, that's all.

Swamped with fury Nadine jolts up. Grabs a rifle. Hands shaking, she trains it on Chris.

CHRIS

What are you talking about... What are you doing?

NADINE

You want her kidney, don't you?

Christina scrambles up. There's nothing wrong with her. She stands behind Nadine.

CHRISTINA

He almost ran me over with his tractor. Then decided to save me. ...for the kidney.

CHRIS

Christina was my daughter too Nadine. I loved her as much as you did.

Nadine emits an evil laugh. Her eyes glow crazed.

NADINE

(artistically)
Perhaps you loved her a bit more. Bit more than daddy can love?

CHRIS

Put the rifle down, Nadine. What are you talking about?

She turns to Christina. Christina averts her eyes. Nods.

CHRISTINA

That's why he had to get rid of me. It's alright. I'm over it, Mommy.

Nadine turns back toward Chris. Her chin hardens, lips tighten. The hand gripping the rifle doesn't shake anymore.

NADINE

Well, I'm not over it. Not yet.

She shoots Chris in the heart. Chris falls down with a jolt. Blood trickles out of the fresh wound.

Nadine laughs. Moves closer to make sure he's dead as--

Christina crumbles away, piece by piece into nothing.

Nadine turns back to Christina but there's no trace of her left.

Nadine bursts out of the cabin.

EXT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

She looks around and spots Bean Sidhe behind the cabin. Next to her is smiling Christina. The two are holding hands.

NADINE

Bean? Where' you going? Where' you taking her?

Christina eyes Nadine with sadness.

CHRISTINA

Thank you Mom. I can go now.

They walk away.

Nadine pulls up her rifle. She shoots at Bean Sidhe. Bean laughs and keeps going without turning around.

Nadine shoots again. And again, one futile shot after another. Until Bean and Christina crumble into nothingness.

A distant bark of the neighbor's dog. Then the dog stops barking and WAILS.

Nadine drops the rifle, holds her head.

FADE OUT.

OVER CREDITS

SIRENS WAIL. Low drone HUM, someone talks into a mic:

MALE VOICE 1 (V.O.)

You asked around about her?

MALE VOICE 2 (V.O.)

She flipped after what happened to her daughter. She didn't think it was an accident. ...kept talking about some Bean Shmidt whatever, wailing for a soul...

Flickering of stilled cameras. White noise.

MALE VOICE 1 (V.O.)

What do people say - was it an accident?

MALE VOICE 2 (V.O.)

Oh yeah. He mourned her no less than Nadine. ...his cancer got worse. Poor lad.