

THE NECKLACE

By  
Ronald Pergola

FADE IN

EXT. LALLY'S STABLES - DAY

SUPER: County Kildare Ireland

Horse training country... rolling hills and fields. A work horse meanders down a dirt road. The rider teeters to and fro. A large barn, riding arena and farmhouse visible in the distance.

Horse and rider arrive at a property bordering fence.

MICKEY O'BRIEN (33), strapping, work clothes, cap and boots, dismounts DAISY and secures her reins to the fence. Slightly stoned, he takes a last swig from a pint of whiskey and secures it in a saddle bag.

MICKEY

Steady Daise, won't be long.

Mickey carefully climbs over the fence. He unsteadily crosses an expansive field of grass and arrives at a utility tractor. The tractor and attached tiller rest on newly acquired property; never before, farmed or used.

He sits, starts and revs the engine. Shakes his head, rather be exercising horses than tilling. Mickey looks out to the acreage and scowls.

The tractor pulls the tiller. Six-inch deep grooves. Mickey steers the tractor. Looks forward then behind, forward then behind. Bored. Dirt adheres to a perspiring face.

The sun fades behind him. Mickey begins a final pass. Three rows to the right an object sparkles in the tilled earth.

MICKEY

What da?

Mickey shifts to neutral. Grabs a trowel from beneath the seat, jumps down and sways over to the distraction. He bends and performs several deep scoops around the object with the trowel.

Finally lifts a looped object. Caked with dirt and grime. One of the many attached green stones, guilty of the sparkle. Several deeper, additional scoops produce nothing.

Mickey wipes as much dirt as possible from the object and stuffs it into a cargo pant's pocket. He returns to the tractor and throws it into gear.

INT. LALLY'S STABLES - STABLE - NIGHT

The sun sets as Mickey walks Daisy into the structure. He secures her in her stall.

INT. LALLY'S STABLES - DAISY'S STALL - NIGHT

Curry comb in hand, pint in pocket, he methodically strokes Daisy.

MICKEY

(whispers)

What do ya think, girl? So, it's their land, but my find. It's most likely just a bleeding piece of junk, anyway. It'd still be there if it weren't for me.

The grooming task completed, Mickey moves to the adjacent empty stall.

INT. LALLY'S STABLES - EMPTY STALL - NIGHT

He sits on a stack of feed bags, downs the remains of the whiskey and tosses the bottle into a receptacle.

From his pocket he furtively removes his field discovery. A close examination.

After a moment of thought, he stands, returns to Daisy's stall and gathers his tack.

He exits the stall and crosses to a separate room.

INT. LALLY'S STABLES - TACK ROOM - NIGHT

Mickey hangs a saddle and bridle.

From a wooden trunk Mickey selects a dandy (stiff bristled brush).

He sits on a stool and brushes his curious field find. Carefully removes as much sediment as possible.

Realizes he has discovered something special. He lifts what appears to be a gaudy necklace to the ceiling light.

BOBBY LALLY (30), owner's son, prim, long hair under a riding cap, and KEITH O'SHAUGHNESSY (40), curt, black hair and mustache enter the tack room.

Mickey scrambles. Caught off guard.

BOBBY

What have you there, Mick?  
Something for the little lady?  
Diamonds? Expensive, hey?

Bobby laughs as Mickey jams the necklace into a pant's pocket.

KEITH

Move your arse, dimwit!

Keith shoves Bobby.

KEITH

I'm not clocking in late cause a  
you!

Bobby and Keith replace tack on wall pegs.

Mickey quickly rises. He is half out of the tack room door.

MICKEY

Dunno... Just some scrap. Got  
caught in the tiller. The tiller's  
fine. Gotta run.

INT. LALLY'S STABLES - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Mickey quickly removes his work clothes. Several men are showering.

He reconsiders bathing and dresses in his street clothes.

A last look around. He places the necklace in his gym bag and hustles out of the locker room.

EXT. LALLY'S STABLES - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dark.

Mickey rounds the corner of the stable and removes his truck keys from a pocket as he walks. He points the remote and presses. Truck lights flash in the middle of a dark lot.

Ten feet from his truck. Surprised from behind.

WHAP! Lights out. Mickey unconscious.

INT. O'BRIEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A small room in a country cottage.

Mickey lies on a used sofa. An open bottle of whiskey rests within reach on the table next to him.

SUE ELLEN (O.S.)

Mick, ya don't even know if it was worth anything. Let it go. You're lucky to still be kicking.

Mickey's daughter, SUE ELLEN O'BRIEN (13), fiery orange hair, piercing green eyes, looks and acts more like fifteen, enters the room. She carries a small plastic bag of ice.

Mickey reaches for the bottle and takes a swig. Next to the bottle, a framed picture of the O'Brien family.

Sue Ellen, Mickey and MARY (29), deceased wife and mother. Other than the age difference Mary and Sue Ellen are stunning look-alikes.

MICKEY

Can't... It had to be Bobby Lally, that spoiled crud. Like he doesn't have enough already. He isn't quite a friend but we get on okay... ya know.

Sue Ellen sits in a wooden chair next to Mickey and hands him the ice bag.

MICKEY

He's gonna have to face me and tell me he didn't take it. Sue Ellen, I'm telling you, that necklace is special. Valuable I'll bet. He's a bloody thief. I'm getting it back.

SUE ELLEN

Well, I'll bet it's just a worthless piece of junk. I mean, if it's so special, what was it doing there, anyway, hey?

The cottage phone RINGS. Sue Ellen rises. Answers it.

She speaks into the handset while she faces Mickey.

SUE ELLEN

Hello. Yes... Yes... He's a bit under the weather today. Flu maybe... Well, hold on.

Walks over to Mickey with the phone. Covers the mouthpiece of the handset.

SUE ELLEN

It's a Mr. Walsh, from Lally's?  
Says he has to speak with you.  
It's important.

Mickey nods. Sue Ellen passes the handset to him.

MICKEY

Yes?.. What?.. What?.. Really.  
Sure. I'll be there in sixty.

Mickey hangs up and looks to Sue Ellen.

MICKEY

Bobby Lally's dead. They found him  
this morning, hanging from reins in  
the main stable. Suicide.

INT. LALLY'S STABLES - FARMHOUSE - DAY

Mickey sits in a large great room filled with people.  
Family, workers, friends. A quiet but not overly mournful  
environment.

SEAN WALSH (55), attorney neat, waxed mustache, suit, all  
business, sits on a sofa next to Mickey.

SEAN

The drugs finally did him in, I  
guess. Left a note in his pocket.  
He even used cable ties around his  
wrists and ankles so he couldn't  
change his mind after he dropped.  
Sad... wanted to end it in the  
company of the horses, I guess.

MICKEY

Cable ties? How'd he...?  
Who found him?

SEAN

Barbara. Younger sister. You know,  
Barbara, right?.. Was going for a  
ride when she found him. She's  
taking it pretty hard.  
Doc said there wasn't any dope in  
his system but they found drug  
paraphernalia in his bedroom.

MICKEY

Jeez, I saw him in the tack room just before I left last night. We didn't gab much but he seemed fine. Barbara and Bobby were pretty close. Is she around? I'd like to offer my condolences.

SEAN

I think she's around back in the garden.

EXT. LALLY'S STABLES - GARDEN - DAY

Mickey stands next to Barbara. He assists as she trims rose bushes.

BARBARA LALLY (25), jeans, dark blouse, underlying strength of character. Tries to maintain composure while pruning.

BARBARA

I don't understand it, Mick. He swore to me. He was done. He knew it'd be hard, but he swore to me!

MICKEY

That's a tough, dark road to walk, Barb.

BARBARA

He knew I was there for him! I watched him flush his supply down the toilet AND Dad, totally cut him off. Not one euro.

Mickey surreptitiously tries to alter the conversation.

MICKEY

I hate to ask you this now but Sean said they found stuff in his bedroom. Any chance they found my gym bag? I think Bobby took it by mistake last night.

Barbara turns to Mickey. Flustered.

BARBARA

Yeah, they found stuff! Lots of weird drugs... pills, syringes. We talked in his room almost every night. He seemed so relieved. Really happy. I was sure he was clean--

I can tell you, there were no drugs  
in his room when I left him two  
nights ago! I just don't get it!

Upset, she returns to pruning and pricks a finger. Drops the  
shears.

BARBARA

Damn!.. What did I miss, Mick?

Barbara pushes the pricked finger into her mouth.

MICKEY

Nothing... Nothing at all. Ya did  
ya best. He loved ya. Sometimes  
there's no understanding what makes  
people do the things they do.

A friendly hug. They sit on a garden bench. Barbara regains  
her composure. Smiles.

BARBARA

Forgive me Mick. No... no gym bag.  
(pause) So you're off to the  
States? Sue Ellen excited?

MICKEY

Excited? Aye. I guess. Joint  
decision really (pause). Ya know?  
(reflects) Mary's been dead three  
years now, the cancer stuff was...  
difficult, so we--

BARBARA

For sure. When ya leaving? South  
Carolina, hey?

MICKEY

Aye. Sue Ellen starts school over  
there next week. So she's leaving  
before me. Staying with Mary's  
sister, Morrigan.

BARBARA

What? Not the gyp.. ?

She catches herself.

BARBARA

Sorry Mick... Ya know, she worked  
here; before you, so--



MICKEY

(laughs)

It's fine, Barb. Says, she makes money telling fortunes over there. Never met her but I've spoken to her over the phone several times. Yeah, it'll be fine. Nothing Sue Ellen can't handle. Actually, they sound a lot alike. AND she tends horses. She thinks she can get me a job.

Mickey shifts gears.

MICKEY

Hey, Barb. Are the stables and locker room open?

BARBARA

Were a few hours ago. They taped the area around where he...

Tears form in Barbara's eyes. Mickey stands. Takes Barbara's hand.

MICKEY

You be strong Barbara Lally. Your family is going to need you.

INT. LALLY'S STABLES - STABLE - DAY

Mickey walks slowly through the stable. Looks about. Strange, even the horses are subdued.

A portion of the stable cordoned off with crime tape. Reins attached to a thick rope hang from the ceiling in the center of the restricted area.

A toppled chair and broken cable ties rest there as well.

MICKEY

Suicide? I...

He turns and walks toward the locker room.

INT. LALLY'S STABLES - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Quiet. No one. Mickey opens his locker. A quick scan.

Names are printed on each locker. Bobby Lally's locker is empty. He walks up and down the aisles. Rummages through every open locker.

At the locker labeled "O'Shaughnessy" he pauses and looks up and down the aisle. He BANGS the locker several times and uses a pocketknife to force it open.

A brief but thorough search. Mickey uncovers his gym bag hidden and crumpled at the bottom of the locker.

No necklace in the gym bag. He removes his gym bag and exits the locker room.

INT./EXT. MICKEY'S PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

Early morning. Quiet. Mickey sits behind the wheel. Parked.

He scans the old brown, brick, two-flat apartment dwelling across the street. The dwelling sits above a tobacco shop. Closed.

Eyes focus on the front door.

Keith O'Shaughnessy exits the door. He crosses the street, walks in the opposite direction. Mickey adjusts his rear view mirror and views Keith enter an SUV.

The SUV motors past Mickey, down the street, out of sight.

Mickey exits his truck, jogs across the street, gym bag in hand. Wears gloves. A quick glance into the tobacco shop and he enters the dwelling.

INT. APARTMENT DWELLING - STAIRCASE - DAY

He climbs. At the top Mickey stands between the entry doors of two flats. He places an ear to the left flat door and hears voices. Commotion within.

Mickey turns to the right flat door. With his pocketknife he jimmys the door lock and pushes the door open.

INT. KEITH O'SHAUGHNESSY'S FLAT - DAY

Mickey enters. He carefully closes the door and begins a thorough search.

INT. KEITH O'SHAUGHNESSY'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

The bureau and end-table drawers, emptied. Scatters contents everywhere. He lifts the pillow and mattress. Nothing.

On his hands and knees he checks underneath and behind every piece of furniture and behind the lop-sided wall mirror.

INT. KEITH O'SHAUGHNESSY'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mickey continues the hunt. Nothing left untouched. A thorough, absolute search.

Not yet convinced, Mickey stands in the middle of the room. A slow three-sixty turn. Scrutinizes the results of his work. The room in a shambles.

He completes his turn and faces the small kitchen.

INT. KEITH O'SHAUGHNESSY'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Mickey rummages through every drawer, every cabinet. He checks the stove, toaster and refrigerator.

Exasperated, he sits mid-kitchen on the only kitchen chair. Casually, he looks up at the kitchen ceiling light shade.

Spies a shadow within.

He stands on the chair and gropes within the shade and discovers the necklace. Relieved, Mickey stuffs the necklace into the gym bag.

INT. KEITH O'SHAUGHNESSY'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Items small and of questionable value, he stuffs into the gym bag: pocket change from the coffee table, prescription drugs, a half-full bottle of scotch from a small corner desk.

FOOTSTEPS echo from the staircase. Mickey turns and freezes. A hard KNOCK delivered to Keith's flat door.

A long SILENCE. A second KNOCK. SILENCE. An envelope slides under the door. SILENCE. Mickey remains frozen.

He takes a quick, final scan of the flat. Turns and opens the flat door just a crack to spy out of.

A woman and three children stand outside the other flat and descend the staircase. They exit the dwelling.

Mickey exits O'Shaughnessy's flat.

INT. APARTMENT DWELLING - STAIRCASE - DAY

Mickey descends, pushes open the dwelling door and peeks outside.

Keith returns to the apartment dwelling. He crosses the street directly in front of the door.

Mickey completes a fast about-face. He hides behind the staircase. Keith climbs the staircase and enters his flat. Mickey exits the dwelling.

High volume vulgarity launched from Keith's flat as Mickey enters his truck and drives off.

INT. O'BRIEN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sue Ellen sits across from Mickey. A small kitchen table between them.

In the center of the table, an ornate gold necklace, laced with sparkling chips and interspersed white and green stones.

SUE ELLEN

This thing is crazy... strange, beautiful I guess, Mick. Like something from a pirate's treasure chest.

MICKEY

Something this old is carrying a ton of secrets. Blood secrets I'll bet.

SUE ELLEN

Mick, ya think this O'Shaunghnessy guy is dangerous?

MICKEY

(laughs)

Well, I did leave his flat a mess... Can you believe, the kitchen lamp shade..? I took a few items so he'd think a drug addict or local street thief hit it... He wasn't around yesterday, after I gave notice, so--

SUE ELLEN

Okay but, what if he does suspect you? And what if he did have something to do with Bobby Lally's death?

MICKEY

Let me worry about that. Anyway,  
tomorrow you're off to America,  
land of the free, home of the  
brave.

Mickey stands, takes a beer bottle from the refrigerator.

SUE ELLEN

Cool... Can I tell Lorraine about  
the--

MICKEY

No!!

He grabs Sue Ellen's arm forcefully as she lifts the  
necklace.

SUE ELLEN

Ow! Okay, okay, Dad, you're  
hurting me!

Sue Ellen returns the necklace to the table.

MICKEY

Not a word, lass!

He composes himself.

MICKEY

Are you all packed? Just take  
essentials. I'll join you in a  
week with the rest.

SUE ELLEN

Aye... I can't believe we're really  
doing this! I'm kinda jazzed but  
I'm a little nervous too. So when  
I land... again, what do I do?

MICKEY

No worries. Your aunt Morrigan  
will be there.

SUE ELLEN

But I don't know her.

MICKEY

Nor I really, but she'll know you.  
You'll connect. Guaranteed. Just  
keep your eyes open when you exit  
the plane.

SUE ELLEN

If you say so.

MICKEY

Meanwhile, I've got a lead on someone who might know something about this thing.

Mickey lifts the necklace.

MICKEY

To bed darlin'. We both have a busy day tomorrow.

Mickey places the necklace in a kitchen drawer and exits the kitchen.

Sue Ellen, surreptitiously, eyes Mickey's exit.

INT. O'BRIEN HOME - SUE ELLEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Early morning. Sue Ellen, asleep, lies in bed with the necklace around her neck.

EXT. DIRT MOUND - (SUE ELLEN'S DREAM) - DAY

In the distance, behind a chain link fence a lone TEENAGE BOY stands atop a tall earthen hill. His image is undefined.

Jumping up and down, waving his arms, enthusiastically. He shouts unrecognizable words.

Other boys stand around the bottom of the dirt mound shouting and applauding.

END OF DREAM

INT. O'BRIEN HOME - SUE ELLEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mickey enters and spies the necklace. He sits on the bed smiling and tries to remove the necklace without waking her.

Sue Ellen's eyes open. She suddenly sits up and frantically hugs Mickey.

SUE ELLEN

(anxious)

A boy, I don't know is standing on the top of a dirt mound, jumping up and down, waving at me!

MICKEY

Em?... Okay. A dream, lass?

SUE ELLEN

More like a nightmare. I think he was yelling "Hing of the kill, Hing of the kill, Hing of the kill"... yeah, I think.

MICKEY

Hing of the kill..? a Chinese fella..? Too much of that streaming stuff, I think, lass.

Mickey accepts the necklace from Sue Ellen and returns with a more affectionate hug.

MICKEY

You've got two hours before the taxi gets here. No fussing. Get a move on! Luv ya!

INT. APPRAISER - OFFICE - NIGHT

Dark. Old furnishings. Long red curtains cover two windows.

Walls are all lined with book shelves. Old books from floor to ceiling. A single, heavy, arched wooden door centered on the back wall.

Cigar smoke fills the room.

Behind an antique desk, dimly lit by a green-shaded desk lamp, sits JAMES KENNAHAN (70), portly, wild wispy grey hair, facial age spots.

An LED head-lamp banded around his head shines brightly.

A cigar burns in an ash tray. Wire rim glasses next to the ash tray. In front of the desk sits Mickey. The necklace is center desk. James examines it through a magnifying glass, intently.

Mickey leans forward. Awaits a response from James. Foot taps. James looks up at Mickey.

JAMES

You found this locally? Buried in a field?

MICKEY

Aye. Yes, sir.

JAMES

Behind you. Left of the door.  
Seventh row from the floor. Uh,  
ten volumes in I'd say, from the  
left wall. That big maroon one.

James points. Mickey rises and selects a volume. He looks back to James. James re-spectacles and nods. Mickey removes the volume.

JAMES

Here's what I know. It's old.  
Very, very old. I'm talking over  
two-thousand years old. The gold is  
worn, marred and stylistically  
unique.

Mickey is tongue-tied. James turns off the head-lamp.

JAMES

Nothing like this has ever been  
found in Ireland. Coins, bowls,  
ornaments made from gold, silver,  
bronze, copper... sure. Some of  
those items date back to 2000 BC.  
But this...

Mickey places the large volume on the desk.

JAMES

This is Roman.

MICKEY

Roman? In Ireland? The Romans were  
here?

JAMES

No. But they did make it to what is  
now Britain and possibly Scotland.  
By the fourth century the Roman  
Empire started to weaken, collapse.  
There's a theory that Irish raiders  
took advantage of this, crossed the  
sea and returned with stolen Roman  
treasures.

James begins leafing through the volume, stops at a particular page. Drawings of ancient ornate jewelry.

He points to the drawing of an ornate necklace.

JAMES

Not an exact match but close  
enough, except the stones.



Always thought the stones in the drawing were polished glass.

James looks at Mickey. A hard stare.

JAMES

Your necklace: the stones are diamonds, pearls and emeralds. Forget the historical value, I'm guessing your bauble is worth... quite a bit. Excuse the pun, but I'd have to dig deeper.

MICKEY

So what do I do? Your daughter Maura said you'd be discreet. Maybe offer some help or advice?

JAMES

Well, you found it by mistake. You didn't break any laws. The National Museum may compensate you with a reward or finder's fee. No idea how much.

MICKEY

Turn it in?.. I don't know. We're headed for the States... but we could sure use the money.

JAMES

Of course, there's the black market. With that you're on your own. If the wrong people get wind of this, it could be dangerous. Very dangerous. My advice, turn it in, Mr. O'Brien.

Mickey pockets the necklace and turns to leave.

MICKEY

Thanks, Mr. Kennahan. I'll need to give it a bit of thought. Truly appreciate your help.

James slowly rises and follows Mickey to the door. They shake hands.

JAMES

Mick? Okay if I call you Mick? In the states, I know a gentlemen who might... what am I kidding? I know someone who would love to examine the necklace.

He'll certainly offer you a more accurate appraisal. Joshua really knows jewelry; a bit of a historian as well. He might even find you a buyer.

James returns to his desk. A brief search. From a drawer he removes an old wrinkled business card. Passes it to Mickey.

INSERT: Business card

FANCIFUL ADORNMENTS Inc.

"We Buy and Sell"

Joshua Stein - Baltimore, MD USA

BACK TO SCENE

JAMES

(smiling)

In the States Mr. Stein will help you. He's good... He's very, very good.

INT. O'BRIEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mickey returns home. He enters a dimly lit house.

The inside is ransacked.

INT. AIRPORT - ARRIVAL AREA - DAY

SUPER: South Carolina, USA

Sue Ellen exits the jet-way with a carry-on over her shoulder. She pauses, scans the immediate area and continues walking.

From around the corner MORRIGAN (27) appears; a lit fuse, fiery, orange hair and radiant, hypnotic green eyes. Various horse tattoos adorn the uncovered areas of her body.

Shiny gold reared-up stallion earrings, a matching brooch, denim shirt, jeans and cowgirl boots complete the beautiful head turning image.

She stops just short of colliding into Sue Ellen. They are face to face. Sue Ellen, speechless.

There can be no doubt, these two ladies are related. A lilting Irish brogue flavors Morrigan's words.

MORRIGAN

A wee bit taller than I... but  
so... alainn (lovely)! Welcome to  
America, lassie.

Sue Ellen, overcome with emotion, envelopes Morrigan in a  
strangling, loving, body hug.

SUE ELLEN

I can't believe it! You look just  
like my...

INT. PADDY'S BOG - NIGHT

A small old Irish pub. Friday night, crowded, live music.  
The favorite after work hang out.

Mickey and four Lally's Stables employees celebrate Mickey's  
departure for the United States.

JACK LALLY (45), makes a toast.

JACK LALLY

Mick, to all your days here and  
after. May they be filled with  
fond memories, happiness and  
laughter. *Slainte*.

The five hoist their pints of Guinness. The cheers echo.

BRIAN KEARNS(35), medium height, baseball hat, places an arm  
around Mickey's shoulders.

BRIAN KEARNS

Hope the States are ready for ya,  
Mick. Do they know what they're in  
for?

Brian looks across at SHAMUS DUNN (32), Carhartt overalls.

BRIAN KEARNS

Shamus, remember the day Star  
Trooper reared up and threw him  
into that pile of horse shite?

SHAMUS DUNN

(laughing)

Aye. Took us an hour to hose ya  
clean. No one would sit next to ya  
for a week.

MICKEY

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

JACK LALLY

When's your flight, Mick? Is your daughter excited?

MICKEY

She's already there. Had to start school. Staying with Mary's sister, Morrigan.

Heads turn sharply toward Mickey with shocked, surprised stares from all.

MICKEY

Oh, I know, I know... Look, I never met her. We spoke on the phone. Says she lives in a community of Travellers... Mary loved her. Always spoke fondly of her. I know she's... unusual. I'll grant you that but Sue Ellen is gritty. She'll be fine... I leave tomorrow.

Mickey chugs his Guinness, stands, and drops some cash on the table.

He turns and takes a last slow, sentimental, sweeping scan of the pub.

MICKEY

Gents, it's been a true pleasure. All the best.

Alone at a small table in the rear sits Keith O'Shaughnessy.

Keith and Mickey's eyes meet across the floor of the pub; a brief, unfriendly acknowledgement.

Mickey exits the pub.

EXT. AIRPORT - TERMINAL - DAY

SUPER: South Carolina, USA

Mickey stands at the curb amidst several large pieces of luggage. Multiple attempts at hailing a taxi prove fruitless.

A pick-up truck pulls up directly in front of him. The passenger side window lowers.

Mickey peers in but cannot clearly see the driver.

MORRIGAN (O.S.)  
Get in. Bags in the bed, please.

He tosses all the bags in the bed and enters the truck.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

MORRIGAN  
So, Mick... or would you prefer  
Mickey?

Mickey turns his head towards Morrigan; completely dumbfounded as he stares at his dead wife's doppelganger.

MICKEY  
Mary! Mary? Sweet Jesus!

MORRIGAN  
No. It's definitely not Mary...  
Morrigan. There's quite a...  
resemblance though, hey?

MICKEY  
Resemblance? I, I, I...

Morrigan, sensuously, slides over and kisses Mickey on the cheek. The bait cast. A romantic relationship spawned.

MORRIGAN  
So my dear brother-in-law, we  
finally meet. Dia dhuit (hello).  
What say you?

Mystifyingly, captivated, smitten, Mickey, initiates a loving embrace. Morrigan passionately accepts and fully participates.

The encounter is more than a simple first time greeting. Eyes closed, they both, eagerly, surrender to the moment.

The embrace continues until an airport traffic guard taps on the driver's side window.

MORRIGAN  
We better go.

EXT. MURPHY VILLAGE - TRAILER PARK - DAY

RV campers and small mobile homes occupy this thirty acre site. Pick-up trucks and station wagons parked haphazardly in the area.

Morrigan's pick-up truck parked next to a large RV camper.

INT. RV CAMPER - DAY

Morrigan, Mickey and Sue Ellen sit at the kitchenette table. Sue Ellen next to Morrigan. Morrigan across from Mickey.

Remains of fast food clutter the table.

Sue Ellen pops a last french fry in her mouth and stands.

SUE ELLEN

Well, I'm off. Campfire tonight. Katy Collin's lot. Girls from school; and boys. So fun-tastic!

MICKEY

Boys? What boys?

SUE ELLEN

Relax Mick. I'm just starting to fit in. Okay? Nothing to worry about.

MICKEY

I have some, out of town, business to take care of. I'll be late. Maybe over night. Ten o'clock curfew for you.

SUE ELLEN

Mick, it's Saturday.

MICKEY

Ten! Morrigan's in charge.

Mickey looks to Morrigan.

MICKEY

I'll want a full report.

Morrigan smiles and nods to Mickey. She casts a wink to Sue Ellen.

Sue Ellen rushes out of the camper.

Mickey stands and begins cleaning up. Morrigan sits with eyes closed.

MICKEY

So you're sure it's fine to take the truck? Won't have mine for a week. I should return by morning.

MORRIGAN

Greats! I've a session with Mrs. Kelly. Pretty certain she wants to check up on her husband again. Em, dead husband, ya know?

Mickey completes the kitchenette clean-up and sits. Morrigan opens her eyes and grasps Mickey's hands across the table.

MORRIGAN

You have something to show me?

MICKEY

What? I do?

Morrigan stands.

MORRIGAN

Let's sit outside. Bring it with you, luv. We'll talk... I need to see it; hold it.

MICKEY

I'm not sure I know what--

MORRIGAN

Yes you are.

Morrigan turns and exits the camper

EXT. RV CAMPER - PICNIC TABLE - DAY

Mickey exits the camper with a satchel over his shoulder. He takes a seat across from Morrigan. He removes the necklace from the satchel.

MICKEY

Look, I was gonna tell you about this but-- wait how do you know about it? Did Sue Ellen..?

MORRIGAN

No... I need to hold it? I felt it's presence the first day we met. At the airport. Surely, a talisman.

Mickey passes the necklace to Morrigan and shrugs confused.

MICKEY

Talisman? Morrigan...

Mickey orates. His mouth moves as he spews a story with no sound.

Morrigan loops the necklace around her neck. She closes her eyes.

EXT. BATTLE FIELD - (MORRIGAN'S VISION) - DAY

The legendary, Irish demagogue CU CHULAINN (25), in the midst of battle, stands aboard his chariot.

Donned in ancient Irish battle armor and helmet. A shield in one hand and a poised spear in the other. The necklace gleams prominently around his neck.

A charioteer next to the warrior grips the reins and encourages the steeds.

Cu Chulainn furiously charges through the Connacht army, decimating all that challenge.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. RV CAMPER - PICNIC TABLE - DAY

Mickey completes his silent rant.

MICKEY

... and it's gotta be worth something. A lot maybe.

Morrigan opens her eyes.

MORRIGAN

Mick, this necklace reeks of violent Irish lore; legend... I saw Cu Chulainn, in battle. He was wearing the necklace! It's trouble. No matter what it's worth. Lose it. Get rid of it! It wasn't meant to be found.

MICKEY

Cu Chulainn? It's Roman, damn it!

MORRIGAN

But it's been in Ireland a long time, no? Again, lose it!

Mickey stands, perturbed. He takes the necklace from Morrigan and returns it to the satchel.

MICKEY

Not a chance! Consider it my business.



Stay out of it, Morrigan! Leave  
it be. Understand!??

Angry he turns to leave. As he passes the camper door. He  
pauses and gathers himself. Turns back to Morrigan.

MICKEY  
I'm sorry, luv. See you tomorrow.

INT./EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

Mickey walks around the camper. He enters Morrigan's pick-up  
truck. Before starting the engine his cell phone CHIMES.

MICKEY  
Hello. In kind of a hurry, so let's  
hear it quick.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

SUPER: Dublin, Ireland

MAURA KENNAHAN (24), studious, short cut brunette hair,  
glasses, sits on a park bench under a street lamp. Cell phone  
to an ear.

MAURA  
Mickey, that you? It's Maura  
Kennahan.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MICKEY  
Maura? How ya doing, lass? How's  
the Emerald Isle keeping ya?...  
How's your dad?

MAURA  
He's uh... good. He's resting. He  
insisted I warn you.

MICKEY  
Warn me? What happened?

MAURA  
Some thug barged in on him. He  
knew about your discovery and  
threatened dad for info. My dad  
told him it was worthless.

MICKEY  
Big guy, black hair, mustache?

MAURA

Yes, that's him. He didn't like hearing it was worthless. Didn't believe dad. Shoved him so hard he lost his balance and fell. Mick, he roughed dad up pretty badly. Dad feigned he was having a stroke and the bloke took off.

MICKEY

Is he alright?

MAURA

They took him to emergency care but ... Jimmy Kennahan is a tough old bird. A pint or two and he'll be fine.

MICKEY

I'm so sorry Maura. I owe your dad.

MAURA

Mick, the thug found dad's notes on the necklace. He knows it's very valuable. Good luck and be careful.

INT. STEIN'S PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

SUPER: Baltimore, Maryland

Small, dusty. The display front window shelf and shop floor cluttered with a multitude of unusual items.

Crowded shelves against the walls. A border of cloudy glass, item filled, show cases create a perimeter. They serve as display counters.

Two large brown fans rotate ineffectively from the high ceiling.

Several conveniently placed signs:

CASH ONLY      NO REFUNDS      SALES FINAL

On the rear wall a large sign boasts:

WE BUY      WE SELL      WE SWAP

A staircase rises along the right wall to a loft balcony. A door at the rear center of the balcony.

The front door RATTLES. A patron attempts to open the door. Locked. Business hours over. A second attempt and a low-pitched BUZZER sounds. The door opens.

Mickey enters. He does a methodical scan of the shop. No one in sight.

Next to an old cash register, on the glass counter, a hotel bell. Mickey walks to the register and POUNDS the bell. No response. He POUNDS the bell again, several times.

From a hidden ceiling speaker:

MR. STEIN (V.O.)  
Mr. O'Brien. Take the staircase  
along the wall. Careful, please.  
Try not to knock any thing of value  
over...

A signature CHUCKLE from Joshua Stein.

MR. STEIN (V.O.)  
Heh, Heh... Heh, Heh, Heh, Heh,  
Heh... The office door is at the  
rear of the balcony.

Mickey slowly serpentine around several objects. Climbs the staircase.

INT. STEIN'S PAWN SHOP - OFFICE - NIGHT

Glass shelves surround the office. Display busts. Styrofoam heads, necks and arms.

A grand collection of ornate necklaces and bracelets on display everywhere.

Behind a desk sits JOSHUA STEIN (70), short, wise, rolled up sleeves, granny glasses, yarmulke.

Mickey knocks softly. Mr. Stein rises, slowly walks to the door and peers through the peephole. He carefully opens the office door.

MR. STEIN  
Welcome. Come in. I've been  
expecting you... Sit.

Mr. Stein points to a chair next to his desk. They sit.

MR. STEIN

Well, let's see it. Please. James described it to me but... I'm sorry. I'm quite excited.

Mickey removes the necklace from the satchel hung over his shoulder. Places the necklace on the desk.

MICKEY

I've decided to take Mr. Kennahan's advice.

Mr. Stein examines the necklace through an unusual monocle. Several minutes of silence.

MR. STEIN

Mr. O'Brien what can I say? Absolutely fantastic. I believe I can help you.

MICKEY

Iontach (wonderful). You can do it, then? How long will you need?

MR. STEIN

Not long. A few phone calls maybe and I'll need a photo. A week or two; maybe three, I guess. You're going to be very pleased... and very wealthy. Heh, Heh... Heh, Heh, Heh, Heh, Heh.

He lifts the necklace and stares at it lovingly.

MR. STEIN

Magnificent!.. not long. I'll call.

EXT. STEIN'S PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Mickey exits with the satchel over his shoulder. The street is dimly lit and almost vacant except for several parked cars. He walks to Morrigan's truck and enters.

INT. BROWN FORD SEDAN - NIGHT

STEIN'S neon window sign extinguishes.

MIKE DRISCOLL, (40) long sandy blonde hair, beneath a sea cap, parked across the street. His devious stare follows Mickey.

Mickey pulls out. Mike completes a full one hundred and eighty degree turn across the yellow divider line and follows Mickey.

INT. THE OLD FORGE PUB - NIGHT

Near closing time. Only a few patrons.

Mickey, elated, barely maintains balance propped up against the end of the bar. Chugs the remainder of a draught beer, shouts and waves.

MICKEY

Danny... yo!

DANNY COLLINS (26), bartender, amiable, spiked hair, black vest and pants, walks over to Mickey and grabs his stein.

DANNY

Last one, Mick.

Danny returns to the tap handles and fills Mickey's stein.

Mike Driscoll, sits at the bar, just left of the tap handles. He nurses a black and tan.

Danny returns to Mickey with the draught.

DANNY

So wha-da-ya think Mick? Earrings, bracelet or necklace? Meg's got pierced ears. You live with two ladies. What say you?

Slow, slurred response from Mickey,

MICKEY

(sloshed, laughing)

Necklace... Definitely go with the necklace. Keep one under the camper. Sure winner.

DANNY

What?.. Thanks but I think I'm gonna go with the earrings. Ya know, less of an outlay. Probably get the same results.

Mickey laughs, returns to his draught. He chugs the brew and leaves cash on the bar. A slow paced stagger to the exit.

MICKEY  
See ya Danny boy. Go n-eiri leat  
(good luck).

DANNY  
(firmly)  
Same to you... Hey, Mr. O'Brien,  
drive safely.

Mickey exits the pub.

Mike Driscoll takes his drink and cash and moves to a small table in the rear of the pub.

He removes a cell phone from a pocket and places a call.

INT. KEITH O'SHAUGHNESSY'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The cell phone on Keith's end table CHIMES. Keith reluctantly rolls over in bed and answers.

KEITH  
This better be good.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MIKE  
It's Driscoll.

KEITH  
No, it's four AM. What the bloody hell do you want?

MIKE  
You want an update or not?

Reluctantly, Keith rises and slowly exits the bedroom, cell phone in hand.

KEITH  
Hold on...

INT. KEITH O'SHAUGHNESSY'S FLAT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

He arrives, lights a cigarette, heats a pot on the stove and sits.

KEITH  
Okay, what?.. What!?

MIKE

I finally found him, O'Brien. He's living in a trailer park in South Carolina; a Murphy Village? I followed him to a pawn shop in Maryland, yesterday.

KEITH

Pawn shop? No pawn shop lackey is going to offer him what that necklace can bring. It's worth a fortune. He's still gotta have it.

MIKE

Tonight, I followed him to the local pub. He said something about a necklace to the bar tender.

KEITH

I'm coming... Stay on him!

EXT. RV CAMPER - NIGHT

Mickey wobbles at the rear of the camper. A flashlight in hand, he takes a quick look around to ensure no one is watching.

He kneels. With stomach to the ground, he disappears underneath the camper.

Wiggling in reverse, Mickey exits from beneath the camper. Flashlight in one hand, necklace in the other.

He stands and enters the camper.

EXT. CLOVER LEAF HORSE FARM - PASTURE - DAY

Sue Ellen exits a forest trail, mounted on a brown horse, dressed in appropriate riding togs, boots and breeches.

She nudges the filly. A frolicking gallop down a long pasture towards the stable. At the end of the pasture she pulls up and dismounts.

With reins in hand she walks the horse to a set of hitching posts just outside the stable. The horse secured.

From inside the stable a young handler jogs up to Sue Ellen. JOHN DEMARCO (21), big brotherly kind to Sue Ellen, denim shirt, jeans, reversed baseball hat, takes hold of the reins.

JOHN

How was the ride? Any problems?  
She was a little frisky this  
morning.

SUE ELLEN

Queenie? She's a push-over. We  
have a good thing going. Sometimes  
I swear she reads my mind. I sit  
there and she knows what I want.  
It's crazy.

JOHN

I'll tell you what's crazy! All the  
horses get... I don't know,  
happy?.. as soon as you enter the  
stable. Ears twitch, tails sway,  
lots of whinnying, uh... they like  
you or something... Weird, ya know?  
(pause) Birthday, huh?

SUE ELLEN

Aye, the ride was my present from  
Morrigan. She's, uh... she should  
be riding in any minute now. Likes  
to do some kind of deep thinking  
when she rides.

Sue Ellen laughs.

SUE ELLEN

I just leave her alone.

JOHN

Oh, your Dad's in the cafeteria.  
He's waiting for you... Where's  
Morrigan? They need her inside.

Sue Ellen turns back to the forest. In the distance another  
woman rider appears. A furious gallop down the pasture  
towards the stables.

SUE ELLEN

Here she comes. Aye. Thanks  
Johnny. See ya around.

Johnny turns and envisions a beautiful, fiery red haired,  
pony express rider on an urgent mission to deliver important  
mail. Picturesque. Visually stunning.

INT. CLOVER LEAF HORSE FARM - CAFETERIA - DAY

Mickey O'Brien sits alone at a table in an unoccupied corner.



Sue Ellen enters the cafeteria. A quick scan of the room. She joins her father.

MICKEY

How was your ride? I thought you went riding with Morrigan.

SUE ELLEN

Great! Yeah, we rode along together. Until we reached Stoney Point. Then she gave me that look. You know the one I'm talking about, and says, "Sue Ellen I'll meet you back at the barn." She gives Dusty a kick and she takes off. Disappeared into the woods.

MICKEY

Yeah, well, anyway. Happy Birthday! I want you to see something. First, close your eyes, lass.

From a satchel hanging on his chair he removes the necklace and places it on the table.

SUE ELLEN

(eyes closed)

Dad, I thought we were doing the birthday stuff tonight. Golden Corral for dinner and then a sleep-over party at Nora's. I'm so stoked!

MICKEY

Okay. Open 'em up.

Sue Ellen opens her eyes. More shock than glee.

SUE ELLEN

(nonplussed)

Janey Mac! The necklace. I kinda' forgot about it. You really cleaned it up. Beautiful?! I mean, I don't get it. Kind of cheesy, for a gift, Mick. No? I'm sorry.

MICKEY

Well, you're fourteen but it's not exactly a physical gift.

SUE ELLEN

Oh, I don't get it.

MICKEY

I wanted you to see it before I try to sell it. I'm certain, now, that it's very valuable .

SUE ELLEN

Sell it?

Sue Ellen lifts the necklace for further examination and places it back on the table.

MICKEY

It will pay for a college education, maybe. I just have to find a buyer.

SUE ELLEN

What! For me? Mick, you're such a squish. So, it's not a piece of junk, hey?

She leans across the table and hugs Mickey.

SUE ELLEN

I love ya dad.

Sue Ellen down shifts. Ponytails her hair.

SUE ELLEN

Cool! Hey Dad..? Do you love Morrigan? I mean, she's so much like mom.

MICKEY

Yeah, I guess. We have an understanding. Ya know what I mean..? That's okay with you? Hey?

A smiling Irish confirmation from Sue Ellen.

SUE ELLEN

Ta se ceart go leore (It's okay).

Sue Ellen's Irish response causes Mickey to smile.

MICKEY

And she see's things. Always makes me feel like we have an edge. More importantly, she loves you.

Sue Ellen checks her cell phone. Laughs.

SUE ELLEN

Well, this was great! Hey, can I wear this now? Tonight. Kaitlin and Siobhan are meeting me at Doyle's for ice cream. They'll freak when they see this!

MICKEY

Not a good idea, lass. This stays with me. We keep this private... secret, just between us.

She stands, turns to leave. Reverses to Mickey.

SUE ELLEN

Okay. I get it. What about aunt Morrigan? Does she know about it?

MICKEY

Yes. Kind of. But you know Morrigan. She thinks it's... trouble.

SUE ELLEN

Okay... My lips are sealed. See ya tonight.

Sue Ellen delivers a huge hug and cheek kiss. She departs. Mickey replaces the necklace in the satchel.

INT. CLOVER LEAF HORSE FARM - STABLE - DAY

Mickey enters from a rear door. Morrigan exits a stall; alluring, captivating. She walks towards Mickey with obvious purpose.

As she passes Mickey, she grabs his hand and pulls him to the empty tack room.

INT. CLOVER LEAF HORSE FARM - TACK ROOM - DAY

An attempt at a hug from Mickey. Morrigan too unsettled to accept the affectionate advance.

MICKEY

Hey, what's wrong? I'm in too good a mood. Can't believe she's fourteen. (laughs) What happened to my wee colleen?

MORRIGAN

Mick, when I rode to the top of Stoney Point I was consumed by dread... darkness. I fear for you.

MICKEY

(laughing)

Mor, leave it be. It's Sue Ellen's birthday.

Mickey attempts another embrace. Morrigan remains elusive. She looks up. Closes her eyes. Pauses. She reopens her eyes.

MORRIGAN

Aye. The sign is clear. You need to be cautious. Rear back, don't take chances for a while... You have the necklace, now, hey?

Mickey reluctantly nods.

MORRIGAN

I want you to give it to me. We need to get rid of it.

MICKEY

(laughs)

Morrigan, we've been over this. Please don't worry. You're mistaken. I'm sure.

MORRIGAN

I'm seldom mistaken, luv.

MICKEY

(sternly)

Now listen to me woman! The necklace is our winning ticket... We won't have to live in a camper forever, a college education for Sue Ellen. Pretty things for you and Sue Ellen! Things I could never provide you with.

MORRIGAN

Mickey!! I don't need--

MICKEY

Morrigan! Swear to me! You'll see this thing through! Find a buyer. Sell it! No matter what happens.

Mickey shifts gears and smiles as he removes the satchel from his shoulder.

MICKEY  
 (reassuring)  
 Nothing is going to happen to me,  
 Luv. Okay? Now, give me your  
 hands.

Morrigan hesitates and then complies. Mickey pulls her even closer. They are face to face.

MICKEY  
 Swear!

MORRIGAN  
 Mick, I--

MICKEY  
 Swear! Morrigan!

Morrigan finally acquiesces.

MORRIGAN  
 ... For you, Mick, I swear.

MICKEY  
 Okay, okay! Here put it back. You  
 know where I keep it. I'll be late  
 tonight.

He hands the satchel to Morrigan. Attempts a hug and kiss. Morrigan deflects but finally surrenders.

MORRIGAN  
 I love ya Mick.

INT. RV CAMPER - NIGHT

Morrigan alone. Sits in a single chair meditating.

Two men, unexpectedly, enter the camper. Forcibly lifted from the chair, Morrigan is pushed onto the kitchenette bench.

Keith O'Shaughnessy stands across from Morrigan

KEITH  
 So you're the banshee? We don't  
 want any trouble from you. Just  
 give us the necklace or tell us  
 where it is and we're outta here.

MORRIGAN  
 You need to leave.

KEITH

Sure.

Keith delivers a back-handed slap to her face.

Mike Driscoll sits unperturbed across the camper.

MIKE

(laughs)

Hey, O'Shaughnessy, take it easy.  
We don't need her casting any  
spells.

KEITH

Again. Where is the necklace?

Morrigan opens both hands and closes her eyes. Finally, eyes open.

MORRIGAN

If it exists, it's not here. It's  
not my concern.

Another slap. Morrigan sinks to the floor trembling.

Keith and Mike conduct a thorough, search of the camper.  
Their search, discouragingly, unsuccessful.

MIKE

Let's go.

Keith kicks Morrigan in the rib cage.

They exit the camper.

EXT. THE OLD FORGE PUB - NIGHT

Mickey exits alone. Cheery, inebriated, a major stagger. He walks down the sidewalk and turns right around the corner building.

From out of the darkness two thugs surprise him. They wear ski masks. Keith wears a red ski mask, black jacket. Mike wears a black ski mask, black jacket.

Mike confines Mickey with a bear hug from behind. Mickey struggles. Keith holds a knife to Mickey's stomach. Mickey relaxes.

KEITH

Ya move, ya dead. Got it?

He thoroughly frisks Mickey. Removes and drops a wallet and keys to the sidewalk.

KEITH

Shite. Not on 'im. Where ya hiding it, Mick?

MICKEY

Hiding what? Who... O'Shaughnessy?

KEITH

Yeah, whad-da-ya know. The necklace, your little Lally's Stables discovery? I want it back. Ya got one chance. Where is it?

MICKEY

Screw yourself!

Mickey bends at the knees, elbows Mike sufficiently to escape the bear hug.

A vicious left hook delivered to Mike's face. He teeters backwards. A second punch sends Mike reeling.

Mickey turns back to Keith. Grabs him by throat and begins a choke. The knife, plunged into Mickey's stomach.

Mickey collapses, rolls over. Eyes open, a death stare.

MIKE

Id-jeet! Now what?

The pub's lights extinguish. Mike grabs Keith and drags him away from the scene.

EXT. RV CAMPER - NIGHT

Same night. Quiet.

A soft, continual, wailing escapes the darkened camper.

Morrigan charges out of the camper wailing, the necklace shimmering around her neck.

From the trailer park road Sue Ellen emerges and runs to Morrigan.

SUE ELLEN

What? What? What's wrong?

Morrigan turns and secures Sue Ellen with a maternal hug.

MORRIGAN  
Mickey... he's dead. They've killed  
him.

SUE ELLEN  
What? Who? What are you talking  
about? Please, no, no, no!

Sue Ellen distraught, cries uncontrollably.

SUE ELLEN  
Where is he?! Aunt Morrigan!

Morrigan removes the necklace from around her neck and  
presents it to the night sky. Tears stream down her cheeks.

MORRIGAN  
Cu Chulainn! Cu Chulainn! (Coo  
Collin). Help us!

SUE ELLEN  
(weeping)  
Morrigan, I don't understand!

Morrigan embraces Sue Ellen again.

MORRIGAN  
Keith O'Shaughnessy is here! He  
killed Mickey and he'll be coming  
for us and the necklace...  
Get hold of yourself, lass. We  
need to leave. Grab my bag and  
whatever you need from the camper.

Sue Ellen suddenly stoic, frozen.

MORRIGAN  
I'll couple the truck to the  
camper... Sue Ellen, please! Sue  
Ellen!

Morrigan shakes Sue Ellen from her trance and pockets the  
necklace.

SUE ELLEN  
(clearly upset)  
What about... Dad?

MORRIGAN  
Trust me luv. There's nothing we  
can do. I'll call Clover Leaf.  
They'll take care of Mick. We'll  
touch base with them once we get  
settled... Now, hurry.



I'm torn, as well, but you know,  
Mickey would want this! Now, please  
go!... Go!

EXT. PAVED TWO LANE ROAD - DAY

The following day Morrigan's pick-up truck tows the brown and white, RV camper at moderate speed.

The unfrequented back country road is lined with fields of hay, alfalfa, timothy. No other vehicles present this early morning.

Breezy. Radiant sun. Large cumulus clouds intermingle throughout a light blue sky.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

Morrigan drives. Casually dressed in a white blouse, jeans, boots, baseball cap.

All windows open. Traditional, low volume Irish music plays on the radio. Morrigan attempts to rouse Sue Ellen.

MORRIGAN

Are we getting close, luv?

In the passenger seat, solemn, disheveled, Sue Ellen finally looks down at her cell phone.

SUE ELLEN

Oh,.. In forty miles we take a left  
on Route 212, Cherry Blossom  
Boulevard.

She wears a tear stained, green tee shirt, shorts, sweat socks and sneakers. Her eyes are red and swollen. A green ribbon prevents her pony tail from releasing.

EXT. MURPHY VILLAGE - TRAILER PARK - DAY

Two men stand between a mobile home and a large camper. The site of Morrigan's previously parked camper. Tire imprints and discarded lawn furniture the only remnants.

Half of the site shows evidence of digging. They lean on shovels. Exhausted.

Keith O'Shaughnessy, bandana tied around his neck, takes several deep breaths and expectorates. Disgruntled.

Mike Driscoll flops to the ground. He grabs a discarded bucket and sits on it.

MIKE

We'll find it. We'll find it! You heard Danny, the Old Forge bartender kid... said Mickey hid it 'neath the camper. This is the spot.

KEITH

He lied. The crud lied.

MIKE

Well, ya had him in a strangle hold, for Christ's sake!

They light cigarettes.

MIKE

That Banshee didn't know anything about it. She never saw it. You heard her. I think she was telling the truth.

KEITH

We tore that camper apart. It wasn't hidden anywhere in that piece of junk.

MIKE

So, it's gotta be here. We keep digging.

Mike stands and the duo resumes digging. Keith looks up, stops digging for a moment. Contemplates.

KEITH

Maybe his kid had it?

INT. OSER'S FARM - OFFICE - DAY

A very casual, sparsely decorated office. Center office: An old, heavy metal desk. PC atop.

Two tall file cabinets stand on either side of the rear window. A large safe, off-centered, below the window.

The walls are dark, dusty cypress. The floor, grey cement.

A folding table and a small refrigerator occupy the right wall. Scattered on the table, bottles of liquor, an ice bucket and several glasses.

Waist high filing cabinets line the left wall, cluttered with bric-a-brac. The rear window air-conditioner rattles.

Morrigan sits in a cushioned chair directly in front of the desk.

SAM OSER (62), grey hair, western hat, portly, flannel shirt, rolls around the office in a wheeled office chair, managing multiple objectives.

Jovial but firm while he speaks to Morrigan. With his back to Morrigan, he bangs the air-conditioner.

SAM OSER

Monday through Thursday and every other Saturday. We start at 5:00 AM. The stable's about a mile from here.

MORRIGAN

Yes, we passed it on our way here. Very beautiful country. Several bays were out in the field.

Sam spins around and rolls to the folding table.

SAM OSER

Feed 'em, check the waterers, clean out the stalls... Jack or Jane will show you where to dump the manure and wet bedding. After you're done exercising the horses, you share shifts with them... in the nursery.

He pours himself a glass of bourbon.

SAM OSER

Drink? Oh, any questions about the compensation?

Morrigan smiles and shakes her head.

MORRIGAN

Mr. Oser? About that corner space in the strip mall? I'd like to lease it.

SAM OSER

Ya sure? It's just a tiny office space with a john in the rear. Lots of dust-- Wait! How'd you know about that? I stopped advertising that space months ago.

MORRIGAN

Well, I have a small side business and it's a perfect location. Won't interfere with my work here. Just a few hours on my days off. I see clients by appointment only.

Morrigan smiles, delivers a piercing stare. Sam taken aback; mesmerized. His mind wanders.

SAM OSER

Uh... Uh... Well, that space has been vacant for years. Tell you what. You prove yourself tending the horses and it's yours rent free.

MORRIGAN

Grand! It's a deal.

Sam shakes his head. Returns to the present.

SAM OSER

Now, ya start a week from next Monday. Why don't you come by tomorrow? Jane will show you around and review anything I left out.

Sam pushes off, rolls to Morrigan and extends his hand. She stands. He stands. A firm hand shake. An eye to eye confirmation of trust.

Morrigan turns to leave. As she opens the door she turns back to Oser.

MORRIGAN

Oh, the chestnut mare, star between her eyes? Maisie or May Breeze? She's dodging the flu.

Oser turns back to Morrigan from a rear filing cabinet.

SAM OSER

What? How'd you kn--

No Morrigan as the door closes.

INT./EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

The day fades to dusk. The truck tows the camper, slowly, down an isolated road lined with trees and shrub brush.

Sue Ellen's head hangs out the passenger side window.

SUE ELLEN

Okay. Okay... It should be right  
around-- There! There it is!

She points to a green scarf nailed to a tree and quickly jumps out of the truck to retrieve it.

Morrigan turns the wheel hard to the right just as Sue Ellen re-enters the truck cab.

Carefully, through a gap in the foliage, the truck and camper are driven deep into the woods.

INT. THE OLD FORGE PUB - DAY

Two scruffy, work-clothed men, RICHARD (65), and TERRY (45), sit across from each other in a booth. They casually chat between beers.

Keith steals a chair from a table and sits. He straddles, the chair backwards, in the aisle, at the end of their booth.

Clad in a soiled denim shirt and jeans, he interrupts their conversation.

KEITH

Boys... Rumor has it you worked on  
the O'Brien truck and camper...  
brakes, suspension, tires...  
Where'd they go?

Blank stares. Ignoring. No response.

KEITH

Need the question again?

TERRY

Don't know. Not our business to  
know their business.

Keith removes a knife from the rear of his waist belt and places it on the table.

KEITH

You can do better than that, I  
think. No? The red heads?

RICHARD

What?... he said, we don't know.

Keith lifts the knife.

RICHARD

Okay... we heard they went North.  
Mountainview? Mountainville?  
Mountainside? Mountain something.

TERRY

Why don't you leave 'em alone.

Keith grabs Terry by the throat. Squeezes, releases,  
smiles.

He stands, knife in hand and exits the bar.

EXT. RV CAMPER - PICNIC TABLE - NIGHT

Star filled. An isolated, wooded camp-site.

Sue Ellen sits alone, weeping. Morrigan exits the camper,  
necklace in hand and joins her. They hug.

SUE ELLEN

I miss him so much.

MORRIGAN

Me too, luv. Mick was one of a  
kind. A true gem. We need to stay  
the course for him... and for us.

Morrigan looks to the stars, necklace in hand, eyes closed.  
She finally speaks.

MORRIGAN

They found Mickey and they'll find  
us... soon!

SUE ELLEN

You're sure? How soon? Ya think?  
We just got here.

MORRIGAN

Soon... Sue Ellen, they killed Mick  
and they'll kill us for sure... for  
this.

Morrigan displays the necklace.

SUE ELLEN

What? No... So they find us, okay.  
We just give them the necklace. And  
they'll go away, right, leave us  
be?

MORRIGAN

No. O'Shaughnessy's aura spews evil; pure evil. Once they have the necklace... we're nothing to them. Only trouble... They'll end us.

SUE ELLEN

Aunt Morrigan, I'm frightened!

MORRIGAN

Sue Ellen, remember, you're Mickey O'Brien's daughter. You have O'Brien courage. Bring it forth, luv!

Sue Ellen takes a deep breath and looks to the stars.

SUE ELLEN

Okay. I'll try but--

MORRIGAN

Sue Ellen, I swore to Mick! We stay the course! We protect the necklace for him and for us! Now, around your neck with this, lass! Courage! Focus on the vision. Cu Chulainn. We need him.

SUE ELLEN

Not again. Nothing's gonna happen... I don't understand. Why Cu Chulainn? I mean, he's not even real.

MORRIGAN

Yes, again! The vision, lass!

Reluctantly, Sue Ellen accepts the necklace from Morrigan and places it around her neck. Eyes close.

EXT. HURLING MATCH - (SUE ELLEN'S VISION) - DAY

A grass field filled with young boys. The boys run, dodge and clash, wielding hurleys (hurling sticks).

A sliotar (hard ball) is passed, kicked, caught and hurley struck.

A fast, rough game of skill. Running, pushing, shoving and bodies often tumbling. Several boys' arms, legs and heads bleed from wounds.

One boy, CU CHULAINN (13), scores again and again whacking the sliotar under the cross bar. His speed and athleticism stand out among the other boys.

Cu Chulainn, with his final swat, strikes the sliotar so hard that the hurley breaks cleanly apart. The bas (hurley hitting surface) separates from the handle, falls to the grass.

Cheers, from the other BOYS, erupt as the sliotar passes under the cross bar into the net.

BOYS

Cu Chulainn! Cu Chulainn! Cu  
Chulainn!

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. RV CAMPER - PICNIC TABLE - NIGHT

Sue Ellen's eyes closed, waving her arms.

SUE ELLEN

Cu Chulainn! Cu Chulainn! Cu  
Chulainn!

Sue Ellen's eyes open wide; shocked.

SUE ELLEN

Aunt Morrigan... I saw him, Cu  
Chulainn (Coo Collin) but as a boy!  
No spear. No shield. No chariot.  
He was a hurler. He scored again  
and again. The last time, he  
whacked the sliotar so hard, that  
the bas broke from the hurley.

MORRIGAN

(smiles, relieved)  
Faoi dheireadh! (Finally) Ah, you  
know hurling, lass?

SUE ELLEN

Mick played it when he was young.  
Well, he said he did. So I know  
it, kind of... But I saw him. Cu  
Chulainn!

MORRIGAN

So lassie, I was right. You do  
have the sight. Perhaps there is a  
bit of your Aunt Morrigan in there,  
no?



Sue Ellen stands, raises the necklace to the night sky.

SUE ELLEN  
 (with conviction)  
 Aunt Morrigan, for Mick... for you  
 and me, we protect the necklace.  
 Cu Chulainn will come! He will  
 help us!

INT. CULLEN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Small, white, bright. The dishwasher operates in full cycle.

An early morning orange sun bursts through the kitchen window, green curtained above the sink.

COOP (13), handsome, naive, unaffected, sits at the island, centered, mid-kitchen. He pours cereal from a box into a bowl.

JOSEPH CULLEN (45), fit, business suit, shoulder business satchel, enters the kitchen, checks the island and removes a bottle of milk from the refrigerator.

He places the milk on the island. Slaps Coop on the back.

JOSEPH  
 Morning, Coop. You ready? Big  
 day, today!

Joseph, Coop's dad, turns back to the counter. From the mug tree he removes two mugs. From the auto coffee maker he grabs a filled carafe and pours.

DENISE CULLEN (40), business suit, direct, enters. She pulls a small rolling travel valise and approaches Coop.

A cheek kiss.

DENISE  
 Too much? The perfume.

COOP  
 Uh... No, it's okay.

Denise joins Joseph at the coffee maker. Coop pours milk and negotiates his first spoonful of cereal.

DENISE  
 Better use the travel cups, Hon.

Joseph grabs two travel cups from a cabinet and initiates the mug/travel cup exchange.

DENISE

Coop. You have everything you need? For today?

COOP

Yeah, I guess...

DENISE

Ya guess what, luv?

From a second cabinet, Denise finds two granola bars and places them in her shoulder satchel. She joins Coop at the island.

COOP

Mom, we just got here. We live out in the "sticks". I don't know anyone. A formula for first day crash and burn. I've been through this before.

JOSEPH

(still exchanging mugs)  
Coop, they'll love ya. Just be yourself. You'll do fine. You always have.

Denise observes the wall clock.

DENISE

Oops, we gotta go... Coop, I get back tomorrow night. Your dad's gonna pick me up at the airport. Tonight he should be home around 6:30. Come on, Hon!

Joseph adjusts the satchel over his shoulder and grabs the two travel cups. A last Coop hug from Denise as she rises. She grabs the handle of her travel valise.

DENISE

Love ya!

JOSEPH

See ya tonight Coop. We'll grill, I guess.

The parents exit the kitchen.

COOP

(softly forlorn)  
Bye... yeah, we'll grill... I'll do fine.

EXT. CULLEN HOME - YARD - DAY

Coop delivers a parting wave to his parents as their van exits the driveway and motors down the road, out of sight.

He shifts his back-pack to a more comfortable position and walks to the side of the house.

A bicycle rests against the house. Coop grabs the handle bar and looks down; front tire, pancake flat.

Frustrated, he drops the bike, turns and walks down and out of the long driveway. Contemplates an unplanned walk to school.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Coop walks. Selects a stone from the road. He aims at an elm tree trunk. Target acquired. Stone hurled.

COOP

Bullseye!

Arms raised. A victory dance.

A flock of sparrows scatters from the tree's branches. Coop scrutinizes their departure as they cross the road.

Suddenly, he looks down the road. Commotion. Fierce, angry BARKING.

Fifty yards in the distance, Sue Ellen holds a bicycle between her body and a large dog. The mongrel attacks.

Coop sprints towards the action.

Petrified, the damsel's gaping mouth emits no sound. Tears sparkle down her cheeks.

In stride, Coop grabs a baseball bat-size limb from the side of the road.

The mongrel continues to jump and gains the advantage. The bike falls to the ground.

Coop arrives. The mongrel turns toward him, GROWLING, teeth gnashing. The hound leaps at Coop. A home-run swing knocks the mongrel out of the air. It lands unconscious.

Coop holds the limb at ready. Nothing from the beast.

Finally, the mongrel regains consciousness. It rises. A furtive glance at Coop. Turns, limps off, disappears out of sight.

Sue Ellen runs to and then leaps onto a breathless Coop. A huge, grateful, strangling body hug. Sue Ellen will not release.

Coop finally breaks free. Confused. A solemn, staring match in progress. A foot apart.

COOP  
(anxious)  
Uh... I'm Calvin Cullen. I mean,  
Coop Cullen.

Sue Ellen, wide eyed, shocked.

SUE ELLEN  
Cu Chulainn??!! (Coo Collin)

Sue Ellen plants a huge, passionate, eyes closed, kiss on Coop's lips.

Coop's eyes remain, first-kiss-ever, wide open.

Sue Ellen turns away, regains her bicycle and pedals off.

Coop shouts.

COOP  
It's Coop!.. What's your name?!

Without turning back, Sue Ellen yells.

SUE ELLEN  
Emer!... Cu Chulainn, I've been  
waiting for you!

INT. MOUNTAINSIDE MIDDLE SCHOOL - HALL - DAY

Disheveled, Coop stands outside a classroom door. Nervous, his hand jiggles the door knob.

INT. MOUNTAINSIDE MIDDLE SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

TONY (15), oozes bully, rises from his aisle seat.

TONY  
Someone's at the door.

He opens the door. Coop enters the classroom. Tony regains his seat.

MS. ORTEGA (30), stands at her desk, mid-lesson, tapping keys on her desktop computer. Notes highlight a front wall screen.

Coop wobbles just inside the door.

COOP  
Sorry I'm late mam... Um--

Ms. Ortega looks down at a list on her desk and then up to Coop.

MS. ORTEGA  
You must be Calvin? Calvin Cullen?

Tony leads the student chuckle.

TONY  
Calvin??.. Oh, crap! Ca, Ca, Ca  
Calvin? What's next?

COOP  
Yes, mam.

MS. ORTEGA  
Ms. Ortega. Welcome to  
Mountainside, Calvin. Please, take  
a seat.

Coop sits. Tony delivers a not welcome "stare down" message.

INT. MOUNTAINSIDE MIDDLE SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Coop sits alone, eating and reading. A tall slender, bespectacled boy approaches. TYRONE SACCASUT (13), sits across from Coop.

No acknowledgement from Coop.

TYRONE  
Is it okay if I sit here?

Coop looks up.

COOP  
Oh, sure. Free Parking.

TYRONE

My name's Tyrone. Tyrone Saccasut. I was in the back row this morning when they laughed during your intro. Two years ago I received the same kind of warm welcome. Now it's just an occasional, "Hey, Sack-a-Shit". It's better if I stay low and out of sight.

Tyrone removes a sandwich from a brown paper bag.

COOP

I go by Coop.

TYRONE

That's a cool name! I thought it was Calvin?

COOP

Well, the full name is Calvin Cooper Cullen... Don't ask. A relative, way back when, was a fan of some actor guy. Anyway, my parents let me get away with Coop.

TYRONE

Lucky you. Anyway, one more year of this and we move on to Regional; A big school and way easier to hide.

Eating and talking.

COOP

Oh, do you know a red-haired girl? Our age, I would guess... Uh, her name's Emer. Kinda pretty, FIERY red hair.

TYRONE

Coop. They're not exactly lining up at my door. Quite certain I've never seen her. Emer?

Coop glances at the cafeteria wall clock.

COOP

You done? Come on, Ty. We still have half-an-hour. Let's get some air.

Tyrone posts a thrilled smile as they rise.

TYRONE

Ty?.. Ty? You called me Ty!

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE MIDDLE SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND MACADAM - DAY

Many small groups of students loiter about.

In the distance a ball field features a softball game. Coop and Tyrone walk from the field towards the school and gain the macadam.

Two girls turn the ends of a long rope. One by one, different girls enter and exit the turning jump rope activity.

Music plays from an i-Pod.

COOP

Hey, ya think they'd mind? The school I attended in the city, we jumped all the time.

TYRONE

I don't know Coop. It's kind of a girl thing out here. If Tony or the boys see you, ya know... trouble maybe.

COOP

What trouble?

Coop takes a position next to the turning rope. One of the turners gives him a smiling nod.

He enters and demonstrates experienced, skilled jump rope maneuvers. A girl joins him. A small crowd gathers and enjoys their coordinated routine.

Coop exits the routine. He walks towards Tyrone and is cut off by three boys.

RANDY (14), big, wide, DAVID (14), tough, tall and Tony from Ms. Ortega's class, block Coop's path.

TONY

Cute stuff Calvin. I'll bet you dance too. There's stuff we need to get straight.

COOP

I'm not looking for any trouble.

The threesome laugh.

TONY  
You've already found--

RANDY  
(foreboding)  
Tony!

Coop turns around. Sue Ellen stands behind him. An extended arm and a finger pointed directly at the threesome.

A determined, ominous stare, from Sue Ellen, shifts from boy to boy. Randy, David and Tony mesmerized.

RANDY  
Uh, let it go. Bell's about to ring.

Coop turns back to the boys. The "return-to-class" bell rings. They about-face and slink back to the school building.

Tyrone rushes up to Coop.

TYRONE  
(laughs)  
What was that? Was that her? I think she scared them.

COOP  
Yeah, I don't get it. Where'd she go?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Coop follows Sue Ellen after school. She rides her bicycle one-hundred yards in the distance. He finally decides to sprint after her.

The distance lessens between them. Sue Ellen suddenly turns left and enters the dense woods.

Coop approximates where she left the road. He stares into the woods. No Sue Ellen.

At the edge of the woods, with a pair of branches he marks the location. X marks the spot. A last look into the woods.

He resumes his walk home.

INT. CULLEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The first Saturday. Coop sits on the sofa lacing up his sneakers. He calls out.



COOP  
I'm leav... ing!

DENISE (O.S.)  
O... kay... ee. Your father and I  
are going to check out the  
Mountainside town center. We'll  
see you back here for dinner, six.  
Don't forget your phone.

COOP  
(softly)  
Seriously?

Coop is up and out of the house.

EXT. CULLEN HOME - YARD - DAY

A "man on a mission". Coop quickly enables his bike from the side of the house.

A quick check of the repaired front tire and he speeds off. Out of the driveway, down the road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DENSE WOODS - DAY

Coop stands over his marker of crossed branches. His bicycle lies next to him, hidden, newly covered with leaves.

Stares forward, into the woods. Considers his next move.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - ENTRANCE - DAY

He plods the first one-hundred feet into the woods. Vision hampered. Clothing pinched, snagged. A constant face slapping.

COOP  
How the heck did she...

Squeezing and squirming through tightly configured boughs and branches, Coop breaks into an opening.

A short distance to the left he spies a barely noticeable traversed trail leading further into the woods. He turns, walks to the trail and enters.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - HILL - DAY

Coop sits behind a large boulder at the top of a steep grade; tired, resting.

He suddenly hears sweet musical singing, somewhere in the near distance and stands.

Coop peeks around the boulder.

In a stream, at the bottom of the hill, Sue Ellen wades. Her back to Coop. Bathing.

Naked but shielded from Coop's vision by the leaves of an over hanging elm tree.

Coop dives back behind the boulder. He stands again, apprehensive, unsure.

He decides to chance a second peek.

SUE ELLEN (O.S.)

(shouting)

Hey, jumper boy! Had enough? After you put your eyes back in your head. Come down here. I've been waiting for you, Cu Chulainn.

Coop gathers himself. Several deep breaths. He slowly traverses the hill and starts the trek down. A path of large rocks, stumps and trees negotiated gracefully; athletically.

He approaches the stream and stands behind Sue Ellen.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - STREAM - DAY

Sue Ellen now clad in her top and bottom under garments as Coop moves in closer.

COOP

Would you please get dressed.

SUE ELLEN

Take your clothes off. Get in the stream. Stand in front of me.

COOP

I'm not taking my clothes off!

SUE ELLEN

Everything but your shorts... Cu Chulainn.

COOP

What? Again with the Coo Collin?  
It's Coop.

Sue Ellen turns to Coop.

SUE ELLEN

You saved me, hey? Now, you've come  
looking for me. There's something  
going on here. No? Something  
between us. Cu Chulainn.  
Something special?

She turns. Faces away from Coop.

SUE ELLEN

Get in the water. Please. We need  
to bond. Make a pact. A pact of  
trust.

Coop reluctantly removes all his clothing. He enters the  
stream. Dumbfounded but obedient. Faces Sue Ellen,  
embarrassed, clad only in boxers.

They are arms length apart. She takes both his hands,  
squeezes.

SUE ELLEN

Close your eyes... Cu Chulainn.

After a long pause. Eyes closed.

SUE ELLEN

We are One.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - PATH (CONTINUOUS) - DAY

The couple, dressed again. Coop follows Sue Ellen along the  
stream. They dodge many rocks and fallen tree limbs.

COOP

First, Emer... What's with the Coo  
Collin?

SUE ELLEN

No... First, my name isn't Emer.  
It's Sue Ellen. Cu Chulainn was a  
mythological Irish hero. A warrior  
who conquered many enemies. He  
longed for and loved Emer.

COOP

So it's just a fairy tale, a legend.

SUE ELLEN

As a young warrior Cu Chulainn is attacked by a ferocious hound. A ferocious, vicious mongrel. He kills the beast... Any bells ringing yet?

COOP

I didn't kill that dog.

SUE ELLEN

You're missing the point, jumper boy. You swing a club, you run, you jump. You navigated that hill like it wasn't there. These are signs Cu Chulainn. Signs! Hey?

Coop and Sue Ellen reach a sharp bend in the stream at the base of another hill. They ford the stream and climb.

EXT. RV CAMPER - PICNIC TABLE - DAY

Coop and Sue Ellen sit across from each other.

COOP

So, you live here? In the woods? In a camper?

SUE ELLEN

Aye, me and my aunt. I mean, my step-mom. Almost my step-mom, anyway. Long story. She's a Traveller... Now I'm a Traveller. From South Carolina? Irish descendants. We had to move. It was time.

COOP

Your dad?

SUE ELLEN

He's dead... Traveller's travel. Ready to move at a moment's notice.

A pick-up truck snakes into the woods and parks next to the camper. Morrigan exits the truck. She approaches the table.

MORRIGAN

You're him.

COOP

What?

Morrigan turns and enters the camper. Coop looks to Sue Ellen.

COOP

Aunt? Step-mom? You look just like her.

SUE ELLEN

Aye. We get that all the time.

COOP

... I'm him?

SUE ELLEN

Oh... we need you. You're going to help us Cu Chulainn.

Nothing from Coop. He remains confused as Morrigan exits the camper.

MORRIGAN

Come on. You need a ride.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

A quiet ride. Coop taciturn. No words spoken.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DENSE WOODS - NIGHT

Coop exits the truck directly across from his "X marked the spot", covered with leaves, bicycle.

MORRIGAN

See you tomorrow, lad.

He turns back to Morrigan's rolled down window.

COOP

Uh, mam...

MORRIGAN

Morrigan.

COOP

Okay... Morrigan. I'm not a Dungeons and Dragons fan. I don't do video games. No Warcraft. No Final Fantasy. No Zombies from Mars.

I'm having enough trouble with  
 geometry... Please tell Sue Ellen  
 to ease off with the--

Window closes. Pick-up truck motors down the road.

INT. CULLEN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Sunday. Coop sits at the kitchen island. His father enters  
 as Coop's phone signals a text message.

SUE ELLEN (TEXT)

*I'm sorry. Do you want to do  
 something today?*

COOP (TEXT)

*No. Busy.*

Joseph pours himself a mug of coffee.

JOSEPH

Coop, I'm headed into town to run  
 some errands for your mother.  
 Wanna join me?

COOP

I was thinking about biking to  
 school, Dad. Every Sunday and  
 Thursday after school there's a  
 pick-up flag football game.  
 Thought it would be a good way for  
 me to try and fit in. Get to know  
 some of the guys.

JOSEPH

Ya think you can wait till  
 Thursday? I could use some help  
 today. Your mother wants me to  
 pick up some yard and garden stuff  
 from Oser's Farm. AND I've got a  
 grocery list the length of a  
 football field.

COOP

Oh well, sure. The bigger game is  
 Thursday anyway. What about Mom?

JOSEPH

First meeting with the Mountainside  
 Audubon Club. She's freaking.  
 Fast food dinner for us tonight.  
 Let's go.

EXT. OSER'S FARM - NURSERY - DAY

The Cullen van is parked along side a fenced off area loaded with small trees and bushes for view and sale.

Both sides of the van open. Coop sits in the front passenger seat, bored, phone internet surfing.

JACK (35), flannel shirt, jeans, escorts Joseph through the rows of trees, shrubs, and plants.

JACK

Okay, nicely done. Great selection.

Jack points back to trees that have been marked with yellow ribbons.

JACK

The annuals are on the other side of the nursery. Why don't we load these first?

JOSEPH

Yeah.

Joseph shouts to Coop in the van.

JOSEPH

Coop! Little help?!

Coop pockets his phone and exits the van. Steps up to the men.

JOSEPH

Jack and I are gonna start loading the van. We need some fertilizer, seed and mulch for the beds and garden. Grab one of those... uh, carts.

Joseph points to a collection of carts at the entrance of the nursery.

JACK

Through the door, take a right; rear of the nursery.

JOSEPH

We need at least two, maybe three, fifty-pound bags of fertilizer. Ten bags of mulch. Wait for me on the seed.

JACK  
Find Jane. Give her this. She'll  
help ya with what's what.

Jack hands a receipt to Coop.

COOP  
Dad, can I get a coke while I'm in  
there?

JOSEPH  
Jack--

JACK  
There's a display counter at the  
register. Candy and junk. Water,  
juice, soda, ya know.

JOSEPH  
After we load the van, I'll join  
you. Ya have cash?

Coop takes off in the direction of the carts. He chooses one  
and pushes it through the entrance.

INT. OSER'S FARM - NURSERY - DAY

Coop and JANE (40), bodacious, blue jeans, western boots,  
blonde pony tail, Oser's apron, stand and face stacks of  
fifty-pound bags of fertilizer.

Coop repositions the cart closer to the stack.

JANE  
Do you want some help? I can get  
Tommy. He's in the back. I've got  
to get back to the register.

COOP  
It's okay. I can handle it.

Coop kneels and slides a bag in a better position to lift.

Jane has turned around and faces the front of the nursery.  
Sue Ellen sits on a bench next to the counter.

JANE  
The mulch is around the corner,  
next aisle... Not sure but I think  
there's a young lady staring at  
you. Candy counter. The bench?



COOP  
What? Excuse me.

JANE  
Cute! Now that's red hair.

Coop stands. Looks to the front of the store. Checks it out.

COOP  
She's not staring at me.

JANE  
Well, she's not staring at me. See ya later... cutie pie.

Coop returns to the task at hand, loads fertilizer bags and mulch. Between bags he turns back. Looks to Sue Ellen.

No words or greetings exchanged.

Coop passes Sue Ellen. He pushes the heavy loaded cart to the front of the nursery.

Comes to a halt and returns to Sue Ellen on the bench. He stands directly in front of her.

COOP  
Hi...

SUE ELLEN  
(hesitantly)  
Hey, hey... I've been waiting for you, Cu Chulainn

COOP  
(frowning)  
So you're following me.

SUE ELLEN  
I thought you were busy?

COOP  
Well, what does it look like? This IS busy.

SUE ELLEN  
Okay... I'm kind of following you. My aunt works here.

COOP  
She's here? Didn't see her.

Coop scans the entire nursery.

SUE ELLEN

Not today. She's not here today.  
Mondays through Thursdays.  
Actually, she has another job on  
the weekends, hey? A business in  
town.

COOP

Really? Doing what?

SUE ELLEN

She's kind of a consultant. Gives  
advice. Ya know, counseling, I  
guess. Small office space, in the  
strip mall.

Coop sits next to Sue Ellen.

SUE ELLEN

My aunt's... Morrigan's job here is  
tending horses. She's done it for  
years.

COOP

They have horses here?

SUE ELLEN

Mr. Oser has a stable about a mile  
away. They board horses for local  
owners. Some of the horses are old  
thoroughbreds. He's a big  
marshmallow. Aye. Takes care of  
'em. Loves 'em. People can buy  
riding time. Half-day trail rides.  
Ya know. Fun stuff.

Joseph enters the front of the nursery. Coop stands.

COOP

There's my dad.

SUE ELLEN

So I rode my bike here. I'm headed  
over to visit, the horses I mean...  
I love them. They all know me.  
Thought maybe you'd come along.

Coop pushes the loaded cart to the register. Joseph joins  
him.

JOSEPH

How'd it go?

COOP

I think I got everything but the  
coke.

Sue Ellen walks up to Joseph and Coop. An alluring smile  
accompanies a flirtatious stare.

JOSEPH

I think we'll have just enough room  
in the--

SUE ELLEN

Mr. Cullen. I'm Sue Ellen O'Brien.

She nudges Coop. Coop cringes. Joseph mesmerized.

SUE ELLEN

Cu and I are school friends. I  
invited him to join me at Oser's  
stable. To check out the horses.  
My aunt works here. She has  
connections.

Joseph smiles bedazzled by the aggressive charm.

Coop squirms.

COOP

I've gotta help my dad, Sue Ellen.

Joseph thoroughly entranced.

JOSEPH

No, no, Coop, you're excused. Have  
a good time.

COOP

What about the groceries?

JOSEPH

Uh... You... I'll just load 'em in  
your vacated passenger seat. Jack  
can help me load this stuff.  
Skedaddle!

Coop continues to look for an out.

COOP

I don't have my bike and it's a---

SUE ELLEN

I have mine, luv. I think we can  
figure it out... Cu.

Joseph, thrilled with the interaction, comes back to earth.

JOSEPH

Get lost! Have some fun.

COOP

What if I need a--

SUE ELLEN

Ride? Morrigan will drive you home. Hey?

Sue Ellen turns to Joseph.

SUE ELLEN

My aunt, she works in town on the weekends.

JOSEPH

Use your phone if there's an issue. Now get out of here.

Sue Ellen takes the hand of a hesitant Coop and leads him out of the nursery.

INT. STRIP MALL - MORRIGAN'S OFFICE SPACE - DAY

Morrigan cleans. Illuminated specks of dust float through the air as the sun's rays shine through the front office window.

Her hair is wrapped in a bandana. She wears soiled clothing and work gloves. Smudges of grime cover her face.

A large desk and office chair, thoroughly cleaned, out of place amidst the cobwebs and dust.

Front and center, an overturned chair waits it's turn. With a mop and bucket Morrigan attacks the office floor.

EXT. STRIP MALL - MORRIGAN'S OFFICE SPACE - DAY

Jack, the outdoor nursery worker from Oser's, arrives at the glass office entry door and knocks. He holds a brown paper wrapped, string tied package.

INT. STRIP MALL - MORRIGAN'S OFFICE SPACE - DAY

Morrigan leans the mop against the desk, turns and waves Jack to enter.

Jack enters.

JACK

Hi, this was delivered to the nursery. Old man Oser asked me to bring it here... seems it was forwarded from a Murphy Village place in South Carolina... for the kid I guess. Ya starting a business?

Morrigan smiles.

MORRIGAN

Uh, well, kind of. Just put that on the desk please.

Jack complies and turns back to Morrigan. Morrigan captures Jack's attention with a piercing stare.

JACK

What kind of... Jeez, I forgot what I was gonna say. Anyway, I gotta go. See ya Monday.

Jack exits the office. Morrigan lifts the brown paper wrapped package and examines the address label.

INSERT: Address Label

To: Sue Ellen O'Brien

Oser's Nursery

Mountainside, NC.

From: J. Stein

Baltimore, MD.

BACK TO SCENE

She places the package in a desk drawer and returns to mopping.

EXT. CHERRY BLOSSOM BLVD - DAY

Sue Ellen sits on the cross bar of her bicycle. Coop, pedals at the helm. Red hair frequently blows in his face.

COOP

So what are we doing?

SUE ELLEN

Cut it out. This could be fun...  
What? You don't like horses?

COOP

I just don't know horses.

SUE ELLEN

Relax. I've got it covered.  
Just follow my lead... Cu Chulainn--

COOP

Stop!!... Have I got a choice?

EXT. OSER'S FARM - CORRAL - DAY

Sue Ellen's bicycle is propped up against a large barn.

Coop and Sue Ellen sit on the upper cross member of a large corral observing.

Several horses are walked within the corral by handlers. In queue, they wait to be groomed, post exercise.

SUE ELLEN

(pointing)

Lightning, Maisie and King Philip.  
When Morrigan's here I'm allowed to  
help out... after school. They  
board a dozen horses. I get to  
lead them around, like those guys  
are doing, after a ride... so they  
can cool down.

In turn, the horses are led to a water trough. Sue Ellen stands on the middle cross member and shouts.

SUE ELLEN

Hey Bruce! Can you walk Maisie  
over here after she's done  
drinking? I want to introduce her  
to my friend.

BRUCE (45), lean, unshaven, cowboy hat and garb, turns from across the corral.

COOP

(uncertain)

That's not necessary.

BRUCE

Sure! On my way, Red Two.

SUE ELLEN

Buckle up, Jumper Boy. Time to  
make friends.

Bruce leads Maisie across the corral to Sue Ellen. She playfully tussles the mare's head and produces a carrot from a pocket.

Coop remains aloof. Sue Ellen grabs Coop's hand and places the carrot in it.

SUE ELLEN

Your turn, Cu Chulainn.

Coop frowns. He places the carrot in front of Maisie's mouth. It quickly disappears.

Bruce leads Maisie to the barn.

COOP

I'm guessing you've been doing the  
horse thing for a long time?

SUE ELLEN

Aye. Spent a lot of long Saturdays  
cleaning out stalls. I learned how  
to ride when I was eight. My dad  
taught me. Dad worked a huge horse  
farm in Ireland and then one in  
South Carolina. That's where he  
teamed up with Morrigan.

Coop and Sue Ellen jump to the ground. They walk toward the barn.

COOP

Tough without a dad, I guess.

Sue Ellen hesitates.

SUE ELLEN

Yes... He was murdered... I need  
you Cu Chulainn, to help me and  
Morrigan.

Sue Ellen closes in on Coop and takes his hand.

COOP

Stop! Cut it out! Let it go...

Frustrated, Coop leaves Sue Ellen's side.

He sprints across the dirt road between the corral and the barn.

INT. OSER'S FARM - BARN - DAY

As he enters, her words finally register. He turns back to Sue Ellen and shouts.

COOP

What? Murdered? Look, Sue Ellen,  
I'm sorry but you need to leave me  
out of your make-believe world...  
I'm not your Coo Cullen. **I can't  
help you!**

EXT. OSER'S FARM - BARN - DAY

A truck backfires.

BOOM.

A saddled horse startled. A dismounted rider left behind.

The black gelding charges down the dirt road as Sue Ellen crosses.

Coop explodes out of the barn. He tackles Sue Ellen just before she is trampled by the horse.

Coop lies atop Sue Ellen. She smiles as tears stream down her cheeks.

Face to face. Eye to eye. She shakes her head.

SUE ELLEN

No, Cu Chulainn. **You can't help  
it.**

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

Joseph Cullen parks the van in front of Shop Well Foods, the large Mountainside food market.

He exits the van. Suddenly, visually distracted.

Eyes captured by a stunning red-haired woman standing on a ladder in front of the adjacent corner office space.

A pail and sponge at the foot of the ladder. A garden hose exits the office, leaking all over the walk.

Morrigan works a poled squeegee across the office window.

Troubled. Wet and weary. Unbalanced.



Joseph trots over to offer assistance. The red hair is a match. Surprised.

JOSEPH  
You look like you could use a hand.  
Maybe two.

MORRIGAN  
Whoa! Ya scared the bejaysus out  
of me, Mr. Cullen.

Morrigan steps off the ladder. Joseph takes the squeegee from a thankful Morrigan.

JOSEPH  
(snickering)  
I got it.

MORRIGAN  
Thanks... I was needing a break.

JOSEPH  
Mr. Cullen? You know me?  
Strange... I think I met your niece  
about an hour ago... Oser's Farm?

MORRIGAN  
That'd be her. The hair, yes?

JOSEPH  
My son, Calvin, and your niece are  
school chums. They seem to be  
hitting it off. But how did you  
know me?

MORRIGAN  
They were hitting it off, hey?  
Would you care for a sit? They're  
chairs inside. I've got some  
water.

Joseph checks his phone.

JOSEPH  
Uh... Okay, why not.

EXT. STRIP MALL - MORRIGAN'S OFFICE SPACE - DAY

Coop and Sue Ellen arrive. The bike leans against the wall next to the entrance door.

Their noses pressed against the front window. The window is clean. Spotless.

The inside of the office is simply organized.

Two arm chairs face the viewers. A small magazine table, sans magazines, between the chairs.

The chairs and table occupy a space in front of an accordion style room divider.

INT. STRIP MALL - MORRIGAN'S OFFICE SPACE - DAY

Sue Ellen and Coop enter. They stand in front of the chairs. Awkward. Quiet. Shifting side to side.

A conversation from the other side of the divider resumes.

JOSEPH (O.S.)

Oh, for sure. Coop's a great kid.  
Whatever you need I'm sure he'll  
help you out--

Coop and Sue Ellen turn to each other.

SUE ELLEN

(loudly)  
Morrigan? We just walked in.

MORRIGAN (O.S.)

Greats! Come around.

They walk around the divider. Joseph stands on the top rungs of a ladder. He wallpapers.

A faux library pattern: shelves of books motif.

COOP

Dad?

SUE ELLEN

Mr. Cullen?

Morrigan sits at the desk.

Joseph pastes a final strip of wallpaper. He steps off the ladder and checks his wrist watch. Uncomfortable.

JOSEPH

Coop. Sue Ellen. Oh... wow it's  
late. Where'd the time go? Um, so  
I met Morrigan here and... we gotta  
go Coop. Nice meeting you guys.  
Come on Coop.

Joseph and Coop exit Morrigan's office.

INT./EXT. CULLEN VAN - NIGHT

Coop opens the passenger door.

COOP

Wait. Where are the groceries?

Joseph enters the driver's side.

JOSEPH

Coop, I never made it into the Shop Well. This may sound strange but I don't know where the time went. Saw the hair, introduced myself and the next thing I know, I'm wallpapering. Then, you and Sue Ellen show up.

COOP

What about the groceries?

JOSEPH

We've got just enough time to pick up the fast food before your mom gets home. Groceries will have to wait 'til tomorrow night.

COOP

You think you had a strange day...

Joseph starts the van. He makes a right turn and passes Morrigan's office.

On an easel in front of the window rests a sign.

INSERT: Sign

PSYCHIC

By Appointment Only.

BACK TO SCENE

Coop looks back and continues to stare at the office window as the van passes by the office.

INT. STRIP MALL - MORRIGAN'S OFFICE SPACE - DAY

Morrigan and Sue Ellen wave to the Cullen's passing van.

MORRIGAN

Oh!

Morrigan opens a desk drawer and removes the brown paper wrapped package. She hands it over to Sue Ellen.

MORRIGAN

For you.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE MIDDLE SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - DAY

Thursday after school.

Coop and Tyrone walk from the macadam to the grass field.

No One.

COOP

I thought they played serious flag football on Thursday afternoons. My shot at earning a little respect.

TYRONE

Jefferson Middle School must have cancelled. That means "King of the Hill".

Tyrone points to a chain link fence bordering school property. Coop turns. Assesses.

COOP

King of the Hill?

On the opposite side of the fence, a high mound of top soil silently beckons.

TYRONE

One of Old Man Oser's lots. All the football animals think it's fun to prove: "who's the man". I don't get it.

COOP

Ty, I'm headed over. You wanna?..

TYRONE

I'm gonna pass... Hey, Coop. Be careful. They've still got it in for you.

EXT. OSER'S LOT - DAY

Tyrone departs. Coop runs to the fence and climbs over it.

Several boys sit, secure cleats. Tony stands, looks at Coop.

TONY  
You weren't invited.

COOP  
Didn't think I'd need an  
invitation.

RANDY  
No one here to protect you this  
time, Kitty Calvin.

The fifteen boys take positions equally spaced around the  
bottom of the mound.

Coop joins the circle.

DAVID  
No punching or kicking.

RANDY  
... or crying, Mr. Jump Rope.

Laughs from all.

TONY  
If you fall at any time, you're  
done. If you gain the top and lose  
it, you're done. And at the end,  
there's only one king. Got it?

COOP  
Yeah. I got it. There's just one  
other thing. Someone's got to  
invite me.

More laughing.

RANDY  
Invite you. I ought to cream you  
right now, you--

TONY  
Hold it! Okay, little Calvin.  
You're invited.

COOP  
And finally. When it's over you  
call me Coop. King Coop.

RANDY  
(smiling)  
This guy's too much. Let's go.

All sixteen boys start the climb. Some faster than others.

Yells and laughs reverberate..

Mid mound, wrestling begins. Boys struggle. Some overtaken and thrown on their backs. They leave the mound.

Grunting and groaning everywhere.

Tony gains the summit. Quickly challenged by Randy. Arms around each other, they push and shove.

Just below, Coop grabs the wrist of a tall boy. A spin, a push, and the boy rolls to the bottom.

Coop turns just in time to avoid a lunge from David. A neatly placed leg trips David as he passes. Face in the dirt.

The competition continues. The sides of the hill, vacated.

Coop gains the summit.

Randy throws Tony at Coop. Coop avoids the tumbling Tony. Tony lands face down, mouthful of dirt.

Coop and Randy square off. Randy at least three inches taller, thirty pounds heavier.

Coop fakes an attack. Randy laughs and shoves Coop. Coop feigns loss of balance.

Randy charges. Coop steps to the side. Grabs Randy at the belt and pulls him forward, off his feet.

Randy lands face down half-way down the hill.

Coop turns to Tony, grabs him at the collar. Pulls hard. Chokes.

COOP  
Say it!.. Now!

Nothing from Tony. Coop pulls harder. Tony looks at Coop.

TONY  
Say what?

Coop shakes Tony. Tony smiles.

TONY  
Okay. King Coop.

Coop releases Tony. Waves his arms. Jumps up and down, triumphant.

COOP  
 King of the Hill! King of the  
 Hill! King of the Hill!

He looks over the fence. In the distance, on the playground macadam, he spies Sue Ellen's fiery red hair.

She appears to be waving her arms. Trying to capture his attention.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE MIDDLE SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND MACADAM - DAY

Sue Ellen waves her arms back and forth. She remembers her cottage necklace dream while trying to gain Coop's attention. Looking to the sky, she shakes her head laughing.

SUE ELLEN  
 Hing of the Kill! Hing of the  
 Kill! Hing of the Kill!

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE MIDDLE SCHOOL - BICYCLE RACK - DAY

Coop arrives. Sue Ellen confronts him.

SUE ELLEN  
 Cu Chulainn, I've been waiting for  
 you. Another sign.

COOP  
 Please stop.

Sue Ellen orates.

SUE ELLEN  
 "He sets off on his own and when he  
 arrives at Emain he runs onto the  
 playing field without asking for  
 the boy's protection, being unaware  
 of the custom. The boys take this  
 as a challenge and attack him. He  
 beats them single-handed."

COOP  
 So... I got lucky today.

Sue Ellen on her bicycle. Shouts back. Rides away.

SUE ELLEN  
 No, Cu Chulainn! Luck has nothing  
 to do with it!

INT. CULLEN HOME - COOP'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Coop pulls back the bed covers. Cell phone on his desk signals an incoming text message.

SUE ELLEN (TEXT)

*Cu Chulainn, please meet me at the camper. Saturday. Noon. Last time. I'll stop bothering you.*

EXT. RV CAMPER - DAY

Coop walks his bike around the front of the camper and lays it down next to the picnic table.

He steps up to the front door and KNOCKS. The door opens after several knocks.

Sue Ellen exits and passes Coop without saying a word.

A silver box in hand. Dressed to impress. Make-up, earrings. Cute. Alluring. Sits at the picnic table.

Coop, a curious stare as his eyes follow her. He finally approaches the table. His stare continues.

EXT. RV CAMPER - PICNIC TABLE - DAY

Coop slowly takes a seat across from Sue Ellen. Intrigued.

SUE ELLEN

Cu Chulainn, I've been waiting for you.

COOP

Look, Sue Ellen. I agreed to see you so you'd stop bugging me with the fairy tale stuff.

Sue Ellen removes a bright gold necklace laced with sparkling chips and white and green stones from the silver box.

SUE ELLEN

My father was killed because of this.

Coop's eyes open wide.

SUE ELLEN

My father found this in a field. It's a relic. Very valuable.



Brought it with him when he left  
Ireland.

Sue Ellen rises, walks around the table and stands behind  
Coop. She places the necklace over Coop's head and around his  
neck. She sits next to him.

SUE ELLEN

The man who killed my dad wants  
this. Will do anything to get it.  
Morrigan says he's coming.

Coop looks down at the necklace. Shakes his head.

COOP

I don't do jewelry... Look, I'm  
sorry about your dad but what has  
any of this got to do with me?

SUE ELLEN

It looks perfect on you, Cu  
Chulainn (pause). You know that  
Morrigan is an Irish seer. She  
sees things. Feels things. Hey?  
Things that are going to happen.

COOP

I'm not sure I believe that stuff.  
She does seem a little... odd.

SUE ELLEN

In visions, Morrigan and I saw you  
as Cu Chulainn. We were wearing  
the necklace. It's a talisman.  
We're in grave danger as long as we  
have that.

She grasps the necklace. Coop remains dour as she moves even  
closer and sensually whispers softly in his ear.

SUE ELLEN

I need you Cu Chulainn.

Sue Ellen nuzzles her nose in Coop's ear.

COOP

(a slow melt)

You... need.... me... for... what?

Sue Ellen turns face to face, eye to eye with Coop. She  
delivers a very slow, faux sensual sales pitch.

SUE ELLEN

Take the necklace. Hide it... for me. I don't want to know where it is. I trust you... We are One.

Coop moves in for an embrace and kiss. Suddenly embarrassed, he recovers, removes the necklace from around his neck and tosses it back into the silver box. Annoyed, confused but almost challenged. He stands.

COOP

Sue Ellen! I love you, I mean, like you, I mean... but you're the weirdest girl I've ever met. You and your aunt are too, well... crazy! A talisman!? Take your necklace to a bank! Hire a bodyguard! Go to the cops! BUT keep me out of it... We met. We talked. It's over!

An abrupt departure. Coop ignores Sue Ellen's shout as he rides away.

SUE ELLEN

You're a hero! I know you'll help us!

INT./EXT. FORD SEDAN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Mike Driscoll exits the Shop Well Foods Market. He carries a six-pack of beer and a grocery bag.

Keith O'Shaughnessy sits behind the steering wheel.

Driscoll opens the passenger side door, enters and sits. He hands a beer to Keith and opens one for himself.

MIKE

Anything?

KEITH

She exited her office with a woman. The woman took off. She locked the door. Now, she's in the bank. Been in there a while.

MIKE

Okay. Oh, there's a motel two miles from here.

Morrigan exits the bank. She turns, runs through the parking lot and enters her truck. Lights on, engine started.

MIKE

Let's go.

Keith and Mike follow Morrigan.

MIKE

Give her plenty of room.

Fifteen minutes pass. Morrigan turns left into the woods. The Ford sedan passes the entry point, slows down and then continues out of sight.

EXT. CULLEN HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

Coop exits the front door. He sits on the front porch to lace up sneakers.

Surprised. Sue Ellen's silver box on the step below him. A printed note rests on the, now, duct tape wrapped silver box.

INSERT: Note

Cu Chulainn,

Bury box in the woods. Make a map. Please! I love you.

BACK TO SCENE

COOP

Damn.

Coop stands and removes his cell phone from his pant's pocket.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Coop and Tyrone, shoulder to shoulder, walk down the road. Tyrone completes exacting strides. Counting out loud.

Coop holds the duct taped wrapped silver box. Tyrone holds a pad of paper and a pen.

TYRONE

No phone reception out here, huh?

A shovel is bungee-corded to Coop's back.

COOP

Nope. Keep writing.

TYRONE

Now.

They turn left. Tyrone writes.

Coop and Tyrone stand, backs to the road, facing the woods.

TYRONE

Okay. Let me read you the beginning.

Tyrone reads from the pad.

TYRONE

Forty yards from the intersection of Birch and James, turn left. The double white birch is your entrance into the woods.

COOP

Are you sure your stride is a yard?

TYRONE

Damn close. You know, I always wanted to bury a time capsule. Can I see what we're burying?

COOP

No! Look Ty, it's just some junk. I said I'd do it for her. We bury the box and we're done. I'll get the directions back to her.

TYRONE

Okay! Okay! Let's make it really difficult. Twists, turns, key rocks, trees, ya know. Like we're pirates, burying treasure. Avast ye scallywag. Fun, fun.

COOP

(sarcastic)  
Yeah, sure... Fun.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - ENTRANCE - DAY

Coop and Tyrone step around a double trunk white birch.

COOP

No mistakes, Ty. These woods are thick. If we go deep and screw up, we could get lost. Don't need the publicity.

They walk slowly, straight. Tyrone writes what he's saying.

TYRONE

Continue straight through the low  
knee-high bushes until you reach  
Triple Boulders.

A formation of three large rocks appear in the near distance.  
They walk to the rocks.

COOP

I suppose we could just bury it  
here.

TYRONE

No way! We're gonna make this  
interesting. A real test. Shiver  
me timbers! She's gonna love  
this! Besides, what else have we  
got to do today?

COOP

Okay, okay. I'll lead. You just  
write.

TYRONE

All we need do is follow the  
directions in reverse. Anyway, I  
brought a compass. So, batten down  
the hatches. We're golden, matey!

Tyrone looks around.

TYRONE

Okay. We'll go two-hundred and  
seventy degrees around Triple  
Boulders. Three sheets to the  
wind, you scurvy dog!

COOP

Ty, how about, "take a right at  
Triple Boulders", instead--

TYRONE

Boring! Come on! Yo, ho, ho and a  
barrel of fun! Get into it you  
landlubber!

EXT. DENSE WOODS - RAVINE - DAY

Tyrone lies on his back, exhausted. He rises and moves to a  
tree. With his back against the trunk, he sits and reviews  
the written directions.

Coop digs a hole. The silver box at his side.

TYRONE

Where the heck are we? Should we be worried about wolves?

COOP

Wolves, I don't think so. Snakes, maybe.

Tyrone scans the immediate area.

The ravine is bordered on two sides by low rising hills. On the opposite side of the hole, directly in front of Coop, a trickling brook.

TYRONE

That little excursion took almost two hours. I've got six pages of directions here.

COOP

The real test will be if those six pages can get us outta here.

TYRONE

No sweat and the trip in reverse should be a lot faster.

COOP

Yeah well, I wouldn't want to try it without those cheat sheets. I hope you got it right.

Coop completes his dig. A three-foot deep hole.

He places the box in the hole.

COOP

Ty? Could you walk it off again? "The spot". Before I bury it. Just in case.

No response from Tyrone. Deep in thought as he studies the directions. Coop tries a second time.

COOP

Ty?.. Hey!.. Blackbeard!

Tyrone finally responds.

TYRONE

Arrgh! Avast, ye scallywag!. Sure.

Tyrone stands and backs up against the tree.

He refers to the directions and paces straight towards the hole calling out every pace.

TYRONE  
Sixteen yards. Right on, me heartie!

He splashes through the brook and continues walking straight to a large rock. An about-face.

TYRONE  
From the large, grey Easter egg shaped rock, eleven yards.

Eleven strides and he arrives on target.

TYRONE  
Okay, captain, bury the booty.

Coop and Tyrone share a moment of smiling confirmation.

TYRONE  
My socks are soaked.

Coop fills in the hole. Covers the silver box with soil.

From the side of the brook he removes a flat rock and places it over the hole.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Coop and Tyrone sit on the curb eating candy bars. The sun sets.

TYRONE  
Here's a big tip. Don't lose those directions. I hope she appreciates the effort.

Coop uncomfortable with the mention of Sue Ellen.

TYRONE  
She's a little nutty, isn't she?

Coop ignores the question.

TYRONE  
You really like her, don't you? I mean, she is pretty and all.

COOP  
Tyrone! Back off, will ya. We had a fun day, And... So, I...

We did her a favor. I'll get the directions to her and that's it.

Tyrone laughs.

TYRONE

Come on, by the time we get back to our bikes it'll be dark.

INT. RV CAMPER - DAY

Very early morning.

Sue Ellen and Morrigan sit side by side on the sofa. Wrists and ankles duct-taped. Silent.

Keith and Mike sit at the kitchen table eating bowls of oatmeal.

One after the other, they rise and drop their bowls and spoons into the kitchen sink.

Mike returns to his kitchen seat. Keith approaches the women and stands before them.

KEITH

Alright ladies, we're gonna try this one more time. First we're gonna give your little home here a toss. If nothing turns up, well, you're gonna start talking, right?

Mike turns to the duo.

MIKE

Look, just give it up. We don't want to hurt you... Anything?

Neither Sue Ellen or Morrigan acknowledge their warning.

KEITH

Let's do it.

Keith and Mike begin a thorough search of the camper.

All drawers and cabinets opened. Contents thrown to the floor.

Cushions, pillows, mattresses slashed. Keith ramps up the destructive internal search as Mike exits the camper.



EXT. RV CAMPER - DAY

Mike slides underneath the camper and checks the undercarriage thoroughly. He exits the opposite side and stands.

Mike moves to the pick-up and conducts a similar thorough search. The cab, the cargo bed, under the hood and the undercarriage.

Frustrated, he walks back to the camper entry door. Peripherally spies the picnic table.

A last glance underneath reveals nothing. He re-enters the camper.

INT. RV CAMPER - DAY

Keith sits across from Sue Ellen and Morrigan. A stare down. Mike joins Keith. They stand before the red heads.

KEITH

Get up... Now!

The girls stand.

Keith performs a thorough frisk. Morrigan first. His hands move to Sue Ellen.

MORRIGAN

Keep your hands off her, demon!  
She doesn't have it!

KEITH

Oh, we're talking now, aye? Sit!

Sue Ellen and Morrigan sit.

KEITH

Where is it witch?

Keith produces a knife from behind his waist belt.

Mike moves to a seat, stares out the window. Satisfied with Keith's tactics. Gives the current situation thought.

MORRIGAN

I don't know what you're talking  
about. I can't help you.

Mike re-engages.

MIKE

So you put it in the bank? A lock  
box?

Morrigan's expression changes radically. REVEALING. The  
"tell" perceived by Mike.

MIKE

That's it... That's it, then.

Keith puts the knife to Morrigan's throat.

KEITH

That's it? Smart!

He contemplates for a moment and turns to Sue Ellen with the  
knife.

Raises the knife to her throat. Looks back to Morrigan.

KEITH

Maybe, I'm cutting the wrong red.  
Ya think? Here's what you're  
gonna do. You and my friend here,  
are gonna go to the bank and get  
it.

MORRIGAN

Bastard. Leave her be!

The knife returned to Morrigan's throat.

KEITH

If my man hasn't called me, let's  
say within an hour, I start,  
cutting little red here. Get it?

MORRIGAN

You can't! There's no necklace!

Keith, forcefully, grabs a hunk of Morrigan's hair. Pulls  
hard and begins to cut.

SUE ELLEN

Wait! Stop! She doesn't know...  
I know. Only me. I know where it  
is.

Morrigan, Keith and Mike, astonished, look toward Sue Ellen.

EXT. CULLEN HOME - BACK YARD - DAY

Joseph, Denise and Coop, digging, planting, raking. Coop walks over to a wheel barrow loaded with plants.

He begins to lift when his cell phone signals a text.

SUE ELLEN (TEXT)

Coop, Important. I need you. Bring map! Please! Now!

COOP

(to himself)

She never calls me Coop.

Coop turns to his parents.

COOP

Hey, dad. The O'Brien's need some assistance. Um, some "man" help. Trouble moving stuff.

Denise chuckles.

DENISE

Oh, please. Man help? She's wrapping you around her little finger, isn't she Coop? I think you've got an admirer, Honey.

COOP

Can I go?

JOSEPH

Wheel that stuff over to your mother and you can take off. We'll see you later.

Coop return texts Sue Ellen.

COOP (TEXT)

On my way.

He rolls the wheel barrow to his mother and shouts to his parents as he exits backyard.

COOP

Oh, I'm staying at Tyrone's tonight. He invited me over. He wants to camp out in his back yard. New tent or something.

INT./EXT. RV CAMPER - DAY

Morrigan and Sue Ellen, duct-taped and seated. Coop arrives, dismounts his bicycle and knocks on the camper door.

Keith and Mike surprise Coop.

INT. RV CAMPER - DAY

Coop wrestled down to a chair. He struggles uselessly.

KEITH  
Relax, little man. You've got something for us?

Coop doesn't move. He looks to Sue Ellen.

SUE ELLEN  
Give it to them Coop.

Coop slowly moves his hand to a pocket. Six sheets of folded paper begin to exit. Mike grabs them. Examines.

MIKE  
What's this? You texted "bring map"... Where's the necklace!?!??

Keith shakes Coop.

KEITH  
Talk!

COOP  
It's hidden deep in the woods. I made a list of directions. It's a treasure hunt game. I did it for Sue Ellen.

Keith and Mike look at each other.

COOP  
I mean it's just... I'll find it for you and bring it back here.

KEITH  
Oh, sure you will. With every cop in the state? No, here's what's gonna happen. You're gonna take me on this little treasure hunt. Mike, you stay here with the redheads. Watch 'em.

MIKE

Whoa! No way. We go together. You, me and the kid. We gag the girls, secure them so they can't go anywhere.

Keith scowls at Mike. Turns to Sue Ellen.

KEITH

If we don't find that necklace, your friend here is ... well you figure it out.

MIKE

And we'll be back for you. Are you sure there isn't anything else you want to tell us?

Sue Ellen and Morrigan remain silent. Keith shakes Coop again.

KEITH

You??

Coop shakes his head.

KEITH

Damn kids.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The Ford sedan is parked at the curb across from the double trunk white birch.

The trio faces the woods. Keith holds a rope tied around Coop's waist.

Coop leads. He holds the directions. Mike totes a shovel. Keith brandishes a knife for Coop to see.

KEITH

Coop, right? Be smart. We find the treasure and we let you go. Any screw-ups and well, you'll wish you hadn't.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - ENTRANCE - DAY

One by one the threesome steps around the white birch into the woods.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

A slow, journey. Twists and turns. At several junctures Coop stops, looks down, around. Confirms whereabouts.

Exhausted Mike stops.

MIKE

Hold up. A brief rest.

He sits on a fallen tree trunk. Keith and Coop turn back to Mike and follow suit.

MIKE

How much further, ya think?

Coop examines the directions.

COOP

Well, if I haven't made any mistakes. Fifteen minutes, maybe.

KEITH

Ya better be right on target, sport. I'd hate to leave ya out here, bleeding. Got it? Let's go.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - RAVINE - DAY

Fifteen minutes elapse. Coop recognizes the ravine. He runs directly over to the flat rock marker.

COOP

We're here. This is it.

Keith and Mike several yards behind, join Coop. Mike hands the shovel to Coop.

MIKE

Dig!

Coop pushes the flat rock aside and digs. Keith intense, excited, glued to Coop's side. He scrutinizes each shovel full.

Mike stands behind. Entertained.

CLANK

The shovel hits the box. Coop stabs the shovel point under the box. Lifts it out of the hole.

Keith shoves Coop aside. Kneels and grabs the dirt covered silver box. Coop removes the rope from his waist.

With much effort, Keith removes the duct tape. Box opened. Necklace removed. Lifted in triumph.

BANG

Keith falls forward. Coop turns to Mike. Expressionless. Eyes opened wide. Terrified.

Mike holds a gun. He walks over to the face-down Keith. Feels for a pulse. Turns to Coop satisfied.

MIKE

He's dead... Look, just relax. I'm not a kid killer... But I'll kill you if you don't do what I say. Understand?

Mike points the gun at Coop.

MIKE

Here's the plan. You're gonna keep digging. But the hole's gonna be big enough, deep enough for my friend Keith's body. You're gonna dump Keith in the hole and cover him up with dirt, bye, bye.

Mike bends and removes the necklace from dead Keith's grasp. He pockets the necklace.

MIKE

I'll take those directions now.

Mike walks over to Coop, gun steadied.

MIKE

Directions? Please.

Coop relinquishes the directions.

MIKE

Dig!

Mike sits back against a tree. Gun trained on Coop. Coop shovels creating a deeper, wider hole.

He completes the dig and turns to Mike.

COOP

Enough?

Mike stands, walks over to the hole. Looks down,

MIKE

Yeah. Dump him in. Oh, and toss in the box.

Coop hesitates.

MIKE

Now!

Coop shovels Sue Ellen's silver box into the hole. With much effort, he drags and dumps Keith body into the make-shift grave.

MIKE

Cover him up.

Coop resumes shoveling.

MIKE

Stop! Enough. Save some room.

COOP

What?

MIKE

Sorry kid. I just realized, there's no room for you on the return trip. Thanks for the dig. Sweet dreams.

Mike raises the gun. Instinctively, Coop swings the shovel at Mike's gun gripped hand. A loud CLANK.

The gun is launched across the stream; it changes to a sliotar on it's path to a goal.

The spade of the shovel breaks from the handle; the shovel changes to a shattered hurley. Separated, the bas falls to the ground.

Mike loses his balance, falls to his knees.

Coop sprints away confused but elated. Mike crosses the stream and regains the gun. He turns, aims and fires at Coop.

With athletic prowess, Coop serpentine around several trees, rocks and stumps; avoids the fusillade.

Mike empties the pistol. Coop disappears into the dense foliage unharmed.



EXT. DENSE WOODS - RAVINE - NIGHT

Coop scans the ravine from afar. Mike is no where to be seen. Coop approaches.

He examines the grave; Keith's burial site completed by Mike. After a needed drink from the stream, he rests, hidden, behind a large boulder.

Through the trees the sun sets. Coop exhausted. Nods off.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - RAVINE - DAY

Next morning. Coop asleep.

From around a hill Tyrone enters the ravine. He calls out.

TYRONE

Coop?... Coop?..

Coop finally opens his eyes. He stands and approaches Tyrone from his hidden location.

TYRONE

Let's see. Where should I start?  
You were abducted by aliens.  
Sorry. Had to say that.

COOP

It's okay. I'm glad to see ya.

Coop starts stretching.

TYRONE

So, you didn't show last night. No big deal. Then your girlfriend calls.

COOP

Girlfriend?

TYRONE

The red head. She says you went to retrieve the box for her and never came back. And now I find you here.

COOP

Yeah... Wait. How'd you get here without the directions? I thought it was going to take me weeks to get back home. No compass or phone.

Tyrone smirks.

TYRONE

Well. I don't jump rope or play football or any other sports for that matter. I'm no King of the Hill and I don't have a girlfriend. What I do have is an almost eidetic memory. If I see it, I remember it.

COOP

I guess you didn't need the directions, then?

TYRONE

Nah, and I'm guessing you did and lost them.

COOP

Yeah, kind of anyway... Some guys wanted the box and they didn't want me telling anyone they stole it. So they took the box and the directions... and they left me here.

TYRONE

Mmmmm. The alien abduction story is looking better and better.

COOP

There's more. Let's walk. Lead the way. I'll try to explain. When did she call?

TYRONE

Early this morning.

COOP

Hey, Ty, I'd appreciate you keeping this quiet. My parents don't need to know.

TYRONE

No sweat. Mum's the word.

COOP

Those dudes wanted something in the box. They took it. Now they're gone. It's over.

EXT. RV CAMPER - (FORMER LOCATION) - DAY

No camper. No pick-up truck. No picnic table.

Coop retrieves his bicycle.

He lifts then straddles his bike dumbfounded.

EXT. STRIP MALL - MORRIGAN'S OFFICE SPACE - DAY

Coop arrives. Secures bicycle. Puts his nose to the window. No one inside. He moves to the door. Turns the knob. Locked.

Coop POUNDS on the door. Waits for a response. POUNDS again. Nose to the window a second time. Nothing.

INT. OSER'S FARM - NURSERY - DAY

Coop pedals up to the entrance and kick stands his bicycle.

He enters and scans the interior. A young man works the register. Three customers in queue.

Coop walks to the center of the nursery. He spies Jane. She stocks a shelf with cans of insect spray from a carton.

A full sprint to Jane. She turns to greet Coop.

JANE

Well hel--

COOP

Have you seen Sue Ellen? Ya know the redhead or Morrigan?

JANE

Whoa! Slow down cowboy... I was counting on you coming by. They're gone. Morrigan apparently walked into Sam Oser's office, apologized for the short notice and took off.

COOP

Took off? Where'd they go?

JANE

North, somewhere north. Didn't give Sam an exact where or why for that matter. Just north.

Coop turns. Disappointment filled.

JANE

Oh... So, Morrigan left the keys to  
the Strip Mall office with Sam.  
Sue Ellen left this for you.

Jane digs deep into her Oser's Nursery apron and removes a  
sealed envelope. Hands it over to Coop. The envelope  
addressed to Coop.

JANE

Cheer up, cutie pie. They'll be  
others.

INT. CULLEN HOME - COOP'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Coop texts Sue Ellen. Waits for a return text. Nothing. He  
lays his cell phone down. Lifts the now opened envelope from  
Sue Ellen. Removes note. Re-reads.

INSERT: Sue Ellen's Note

Coop,

Thank you.

I'll think of you always.

Love,

Sue Ellen

BACK TO SCENE

Coop shakes his head. Tosses the note to his desk.

Forlorn. Tearful. Climbs into bed.

INT. FLYNN'S INN - NIGHT

SUPER: TWO MONTHS LATER - DUBLIN IRELAND

Small, dark, neighborhood hangout.

Mike Driscoll sits at a small table in the rear of this dodgy  
establishment.

A small, crumpled brown paper bag lies next to a glass of  
beer on the table.

He nervously sips his lager and intermittently turns his head  
to the entry door.

Waiting. Expecting.

PATRICK MCKENNA (45), shrewd, raincoat, rain hat, folded umbrella walks in.

Mike becomes attentive. Raises an arm. He gains Patrick's attention and waves him over.

Patrick smiles and waves back. Walks over to Mike's table.

PATRICK

Mike?

Mike nods and offers a hand. A brief hand shake.

Coat and hat placed on an empty chair. Umbrella placed under the table.

Patrick sits next to Mike.

PATRICK

Sorry I'm late. Rain and all... I'm in kind of a hurry. Wife's birthday. So?

Mike removes the necklace from the paper bag and hands it to Patrick. Patrick keenly interested.

He smiles when his eyes reach an area near the clasp, continues and completes a thorough examination.

Patrick looks up at Mike.

PATRICK

Very nice. Very nice.

MIKE

How very nice?

Patrick passes the necklace back to Mike and lights a cigarette. He smiles.

PATRICK

What? No small talk--

MIKE

No.

PATRICK

Two-hundred-fifty. Best I can do.

MIKE

What? I was told I'd be crazy to accept anything less than five-hundred.

PATRICK

No way! Look Mike. Mr. Driscoll. It's lovely. An incredibly beautiful piece. A work of art. Okay, and yes, it is a Joshua. I'll go to three hundred. And I have the cash with me.

Mike shakes his head. Confused.

MIKE

A Joshua? You have the cash with you? You have three-hundred thousand euros with you?

PATRICK

Uh, oh.

Patrick takes the necklace back from Mike.

PATRICK

Mike... This is a beautiful piece. A beautiful piece of Joshua Stein costume jewelry. He's the best. A master creator of unique costume jewelry. A real artist.

Patrick points to a spot on the necklace next to the clasp.

PATRICK

It's hard to see without a magnifying glass. But that's his "mark". An S inside the J. We're talking three hundred euros... Take it or leave it.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

SUPER: National Museum of Ireland

Large room. Simple. Contemporary. Morrigan flanked by Barbara Lally and Maura Kennahan sits mid conference room table. Morrigan's arms stretch out on the table. Hands with palms down. Eyes closed. Barbara and Maura have their adjacent hands covering Morrigan's hands.

Mickey O'Brien's necklace on the table between her arms. A nervous anticipatory air.

ROBERT FLANAGAN (60), stiff, suit, tie and WILLIAM DONAHUE (55), robot like, suit, thick glasses, bow tie enter from the far conference room double door.

Excited, nerdy. Move quickly to seats at the head of the table.

ROBERT

Sorry that took so long. We appreciate your patience. The British Museum and the Metropolitan Museum in the States are on board. Ten museums in Italy are squabbling over who shows it first. All good news.

Hands squeeze. No words from the women.

WILLIAM

Here's the historical side of it. The experts agree. It belonged to Claudius, fourth Emperor of the Roman Empire. Actually, to Valeria Messalina, his third wife. They believe Claudius took it from her as punishment for her, uh, well adulterous behavior.

He looks to the women for any reaction. Nothing.

ROBERT

And, now, what I guess you really want to know. What it's worth. How much you will be receiving for uh, I mean, if you're willing to part with it.

The women become thoroughly attentive. William removes a folded note from a suit pocket.

ROBERT

Some of the money will come from organizations and associations that support the museums.

WILLIAM

But the greater part of the reward or money will come from the Roman Empire Antiquities Society. All told, by the end of the month we'll be able to present you with a voucher for...

He adjusts his glasses and looks down at the note.

WILLIAM  
 ... nine-million-seven-hundred-and-  
 fifty-thousand euros.

William and Robert forward smiles to the ladies, stand and exit through the double doors. Barbara and Maura, jump up, grab their phones and follow hurriedly.

Morrigan grasps the necklace, looks to the ceiling with eyes closed. Reflects.

MORRIGAN  
 (whispers)  
 Mickey.

EXT. BETH AM SYNAGOGUE - DAY

SUPER: Baltimore, Maryland

Joshua Stein, black hat, black overcoat, slowly walks along the sidewalk and approaches the front cement staircase. Aided by LAURIE (16), his granddaughter.

The cell phone in Joshua's coat pocket CHIMES.

LAURIE  
 Should I get it, Zayde?

Joshua nods. Laurie retrieves the cell phone.

LAURIE  
 Hello, Joshua Stein's phone. Who?  
 Ireland..? Hold on.

After a brief listen she puts the phone to her grandfather's ear.

MR. STEIN  
 Yes?... Yes... Thank you.

He looks to Laurie, nods his head. She returns the phone to his coat pocket.

With her arm through her grandfather's arm she leads him slowly up the stairs.

MR. STEIN  
 Heh, Heh... Heh, Heh, Heh, Heh,  
 Heh.



EXT. CENTRAL PARK - FIELD - DAY

SUPER: FOUR MONTHS LATER - NEW YORK CITY

Two private middle school rugby teams square off. Late afternoon.

The Greenwood School, dark green jerseys versus Cornwell Prep, white and dark blue horizontal stripes.

Both sets of forwards, create the scrum, arms linked. They push and shove. Compete for possession of the ball.

The ball exits the scrum through the legs of the Cornwell forwards.

Quickly, the Corwell scrum-half gathers the ball, dives, passes it laterally to the fly-half.

The ball continues down the diagonal line of backs.

It reaches the outside center, Coop.

Coop dodges left, then cuts and crosses right. Avoids several would-be tacklers.

With a pair of opponent's arms wrapped around his legs, Coop dives into the try zone.

Grounds the ball across the goal line. Scores a try.

Referee blows his whistle.

Exhausted, grass stained, Coop looks up. Focusses directly on the image in front of him.

Chapin Girl's School, skirt and blouse, green and gold argyle knee socks, saddle shoes. Five-four. Fiery orange, waist-length hair. Sparkling emerald eyes.

He stands. Surprised. Thrilled. Love struck. Accepts an aggressive, affectionate embrace.

SUE ELLEN

Cu Chulainn, I've been waiting for  
you.

FADE OUT