

THE FANAD GHOST
by
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Current

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THE FANAD GHOST

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD (IRELAND - 1927) - DAY

A somber funeral procession moves slowly under dark, rain-filled skies, a horse-drawn hearse at the head.

In a daze, his eyes following the sea birds that fly above the coast, FRANK HARKIN marches behind the hearse. At his side, holding a newborn, FIONA, is comely SIOBHAN, flowing blonde hair, barely thirteen.

Two other children, TARA and TIMOTHY, ten, walk hand in hand behind them.

Frank gazes skyward as a single drop of rain falls into his eye. He stumbles a bit, but instantly catches himself. Those near him come to his aid, but he waves them off.

SIOBHAN

Are ye all right, da?

Frank displays a tenuous smile.

FRANK

Indeed, I am, Siobhan. Sure, I should watch more where I walk. But I'll be fine enough fer now.

Fiona coos a bit, then lets out a bit of a cry.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Ah, Fiona, don't bother yerself with cryin'.

Frank turns to Siobhan.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Let's get yer mother to her rest.

A few paces behind Frank and his children, another family, led by two adults, NED and ROSE HARKIN, walk before their nine children.

NED

Sure, I wouldn't want to be walking in Frank's shoes today, Rose.

ROSE

Nor would I want ye to be walkin' in Frank's shoes, Ned Harkin. Me havin' to be dead fer ye to be doing such walkin'.

Rain begins to fall more forcefully. Lightning streaks across the sky and thunder crashes.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Chaos reigns in the one-room house as SARAH HARKIN, on the bed, full with child, illuminated by the light of the fire in the hearth, screams and writhes with the pains of childbirth.

Frank nervously paces at the foot of the bed as Ned hovers behind him. Rose commands the room.

ROSE

Men out!

NED

Come on, Frank, let's let the women do their work.

Ignoring the men, Rose goes to her eldest daughter, ISABELLA, seventeen.

ROSE

Isabella! Hot water!

ISABELLA

Aye, ma.

As Isabella follows her orders, Rose goes to Siobhan, who kneels beside her mother.

ROSE

Siobhan, ye stands here and wipe yer mother's brow. Comfort her.

SIOBHAN

Aye, Aunt Rose.

Sarah screams as if she has been stabbed through the heart, and arches up on her heels and her head.

SARAH

For the love of Jesus, get it out of me!

Siobhan recoils in fear.

Rose moves to her.

ROSE

Stay at yer mother's side!

Fearfully, Siobhan complies. Rose softly to Sarah.

ROSE (CONT'D)

All right now, Sarah, ye listen to me. Ye've been through this before. First Siobhan. Then the twins, Tara and Timothy. This baby's ready to come meet its mother.

Rose turns and talks to herself.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Dear God, please guide me hand.

She crosses herself and turns back to Sarah.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE

Frank paces back and forth under Ned's patient gaze.

NED

She'll be fine, Frank. She's a good, strong woman.

FRANK

Ach, man, what do ye know about such things?

NED

Sure don't I have nine of me own to prove the knowin'?

Frank realizes his misstatement and waves an apology.

NED (CONT'D)

And Rose is a damn fine midwife. Sure hasn't she helped more children into the world in Fanad than any other?

FRANK

Yer right, Ned. Yer right.

A hideous cry crashes through the night from inside the house, but at the same time, another scream comes from outside. Frank looks to the house, but Ned looks into the night.

NED

What's that?

FRANK

It's Sarah.

NED

Now don't tell me ye didn't hear that, Frank.

A lamenting wail softly floats through the air.

FRANK

Hear what?

NED

The banshee. It's the banshee, I
tell ye.

Sarah's cries join with the ethereal ones.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE

Isabella stands at one side of the bed. Siobhan stands to
the side. Rose maintains her reserve at the foot of the
bed. Blood gushes from Sarah and stains the sheets. Isabella
is alarmed at the sight.

ISABELLA

Mother!

ROSE

Towels!

SIOBHAN

What's wrong, Aunt Rose?

Rose takes the anxious baby from her mother womb.

ROSE

Ye have a sister, Siobhan.

Isabella hands towels to her mother and takes the baby as
Rose tries to stem the flow of blood.

Isabella takes the newborn and holds her in the air by the
ankles and slaps her to force her to breathe.

ISABELLA

She's not breathing, ma.

ROSE

Take care of yer mother, Siobhan.

Sarah begins to fade. Her skin turns ghostly white.

SARAH

My baby!

Rose's takes the baby and slaps her. No cry. She turns to
Sarah.

ROSE

Stay with me, Sarah. Stay with me!

Another slap. Still no cry.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Dear God, help me. Cry, will ye.

Tears stream from Sarah's eyes. Sweat and blood drench her.

SARAH
Dear God, my baby. My baby. Fiona.

Siobhan grabs her mother's hand and sobs.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Siobhan.

SIOBHAN
Aye, ma.

On the other side of the room, another slap, but still no cry.

SARAH
Siobhan, don't let yer father hate
our baby fer killin' me.

SIOBHAN
Don't talk like that, ma!

SARAH
Tell him to love her. Tell yer father
I love him.

Another slap. No cry.

SIOBHAN
No, Ma! Don't go!

SARAH
I'll always be with ye, my dear
Siobhan.

Slowly, death fills Sarah's face. Eye fix. Jaw goes slack.
Another slap.

A cry. A hard, healthy cry.

Sarah dies.

EXT. CHURCH CEMETERY - DAY - END FLASHBACK

In Siobhan's arms, at their mother's grave, Fiona cries.
Instantly, Siobhan comforts her. Frank smiles and touches
Fiona's head.

The PRIEST makes one final sign of the cross, and the bearers lower the coffin into the ground.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Family and friends gather round for a feast. Off to the side, Frank and Ned puff on pipes together.

NED

Sure we'll be here to help ye and yer family, Frank.

FRANK

As we'd be there fer yer family if the tables turned. It's what family does fer family.

NED

'Tis true. 'Tis true. Many a time our own father - God rest him - sat at this hearth and told us the same.

Both men fall silent. Frank eyes each one of Ned's nine children.

FRANK

Sure isn't it a fine family ye have there, Ned?

NED

I do. I do.

FRANK

Did I ever tell ye that?

NED

I believe not. But it's good to hear, all the same.

FRANK

I envy ye all the more.

NED

Ach, man, sure don't ye have a fine family of yer own.

FRANK

Aye, I do. But sure isn't the most important part of it missin'?

NED

Aye, yer right there. I don't know what I'd do without me Rose. Couldn't do it, brother.

FRANK

Never take her fer granted, Ned.
Never.

ACROSS THE ROOM - SIOBHAN AND FIONA

Siobhan places her finger in Fiona's tiny hand. Isabella comes up from behind.

ISABELLA

She's a grand, fine baby.

Siobhan smiles and nods.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

She has her mother's eyes and lips.

SIOBHAN

I'd be horrified if she looked like her father. Not that me father's not the most handsome man in the world. But a man's face doesn't look right on a girl.

Both girls giggle a bit, then glance over to their fathers.

ISABELLA

I can't believe me mum let da off to O'Malley's fer a pint before supper. She's full strong against it.

SIOBHAN

Mine too. But me da knows when to put the pint down.

ISABELLA

I wish mine did. Many a dark stormy night, me brother, Con, would be off to O'Malley's to collect him.

SIOBHAN

He's been better recent like.

ISABELLA

Right enough. And it's good of ye to notice. Show's yer growin' up.

SIOBHAN

I'm not but four years younger than yerself, Isabella Harkin. Yer only seventeen.

ISABELLA

Aye, that I am. But let me tell ye. Don't be in such a hurry to grow up.

SIOBHAN

I'll be sure to remember that.

WITH FRANK AND NED

They finish their drinks and plop their glasses on the table. Ned stands.

NED

Well, I'm fer relievin' meself.

FRANK

I hate to tell ye, but the wind blew strong last night and took the facilities with it. It's now floatin' down Lough Swilly.

Frank, stifling a laugh, goes to the door and opens it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

But the entire country's at yer disposal.

Both men break into laughter as Ned heads for the door.

NED

Ye have a way with words, Frank.

FRANK

I do that. And I'll be joinin' ye, if ye don't mind.

NED

Not a'tall. It's fine company ye are.

EXT. FRANK'S BACK YARD

A slight breeze blows out to sea as the two men stand together at the water's edge, doing their business.

NED

Sure, you'll be takin' some time off from yer work?

FRANK

Now's not the time to wallow in self-pity. Work'll do me good. Besides, sure don't I have a family to feed? They need me more than ever now. And the salmon won't wait.

NED

Yer logic is as good as ever.

The two men finish their business, and gaze out to sea as the night pushes day aside. Frank is somber.

FRANK

Would ye mind, Ned, if I took some time alone?

NED

Yer not goin' to do somethin' foolish, are ye, Frank?

FRANK

Ach, no, Ned! Get such silly notions out of yer head! Why would ye ever think I'd do such a thing?

Ned has no answer.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Thank ye fer yer concern, Ned. But I'll be just fine. I'll be back in a moment. I'd just like some time alone. So I can talk to Sarah. So much as it is.

Ned nods, pats his brother on the back and heads for the house.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Well, Sarah, I'll be sayin' a special, private goodbye to ye now. I miss ye, love.

Frank wipes the tears away.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I, ah... Ah, why'd ye have to go? Why? I love ye.

Standing alone, as the wind turns and comes from the sea, Frank hears an ethereal cry carried on the wind. A consternated look appears on his face as he pulls the lapels of his jacket closed.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Get hold of yerself, man.

As he turns to walk back to the house, the cries grow louder. Instantly, he flashes a look back to the sea, fear written on his face. Finally, he shakes his head and goes back to the house.

EXT. NED'S FARM - DAY

Hard, wind-driven rains beat at the earth.

But soon, they abate and yield to a beautiful blue sky, sliced in half by a heavenly rainbow.

INT. NED'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gazing out the window, Ned smiles as he sees the rainbow. Rose walks up from behind him, a breakfast dish in her hands.

ROSE

Are ye fer the fields today, Ned?

NED

I am. Sure isn't it a beautiful sight up there in the sky, Rose?

ROSE

Perhaps if ye go to the fields, you'll find yer fortune at the other end.

Rose smiles, laughs a little, then heads back to her work.

NED

Ach, woman, sure isn't it good fer a man to take a moment of time to himself before a hard days work?

ROSE

Much better to take that moment after, says I. Ah, sure isn't it a dreamer I've married, Ned Harkin?

NED

Aye, and isn't it the dreamers of the world, like Thomas Alva Edison, who brought ye the incandescent light bulb, and Henry Ford, who brought ye motor cars, who build the world?

ROSE

I see no electric light in this house, nor a motor car in the yard.

NED

In time, woman. In time. I'll be after the fields now. Come on, boys. There's work to be done.

CON, his eldest son, nineteen, and FAGAN, fourteen leap up and head for the door.

EXT. FANAD WHARF - DAY

Frank and a few of his mates, JAMES JIMMY SWEENEY, PATRICK PADDY TREARTY and HUGH SHIELDS, work to get their boat ready for the sea.

Storm-tossed water rocks their boat a little, but the skies are blue and nearly cloudless.

JIMMY

Sure it's a fine day fer fishin', Frank.

FRANK

It is that, Jimmy. Didn't look so much the like earlier. Are ye ready fer work, Paddy?

PADDY

I am, Uncle Frank.

HUGH

And the sea's ready fer work too, Frank.

The others laugh a bit.

FRANK

And isn't Hugh always good for a bit of a laugh. Let's to sea, boys. The man in the boat says, the sea won't wait fer us. And neither will the fish.

The rest get in the boat.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Mr. Shiels, if ye please.

Hugh Shiels unties the boat, and they shove off.

EXT. NED'S FARM - DAY

Ned drives the horse to pull the plows through the ground as Con and Fagan follow behind, tossing seed into the furrows.

NED

Have ye given any thought to what we talked about, Con?

CON

I have, da.

Ned waits a bit for more, but Con says nothing.

NED

And what have ye thought, boyo?

CON

That I have to give it some more thought, da.

Ned reins up the plow.

NED

Ach, boy, sure aren't ye almost twenty years old. Do ye want to spend the whole of yer life turnin' dirt over fer a few potatoes and a bushel or two of corn? Or would ye rather wear a fine Garda uniform like Séan O'Donnell, yer cousin from Burton Port, makin' ten punt odd a week?

CON

It's a grand, fine uniform, da. And fine pay too, true enough. But...

NED

But what, boy?

CON

I'll think about it more tonight, da. I will.

NED

I think ye'd better.

Ned snaps the reins and begins to plow again. Then, he looks up to the sky.

NED (CONT'D)

Is it hungry, ye are, boys?

CON

Aye, da.

FAGAN

I am, da.

NED

Con, take Fagan back to the house. Tell yer mother I'll be along.

CON

Aye, da.

Con grabs Fagan by the collar and drags him off toward the house as Ned unhooks the horse from the plow.

NED

Sure isn't it me own penance fer all the troubles I gave to me da when I was a boy.

INT. NED'S HOUSE

Isabella helps her mother with supper as MARY, slightly younger than her sister, sets the table.

ISABELLA

I worry about Siobhan, ma.

ROSE

Don't trouble yerself, girl. Yer Aunt Sarah raised the girl well.

ISABELLA

But she's so tiny. So young. And she has the new baby. The twins too. They're a handful.

ROSE

Mary, go stir the stew.

MARY

Aye, ma.

ROSE

We can't go livin' life fer her, Isabella. God has given her a task. She has to live up to it.

ISABELLA

God is cruel.

ROSE

Don't say such things! I won't have such blasphemy in my house! Do y'hear?

ISABELLA

Aye, ma.

ROSE

And she's not so much younger than I was when I married yer father, and had yer brother, Con. Now, regardan' yer blasphemy: I want ye to make a confessional tomorrow. And ye make sure Father McGrennaghan knows it's yerself doin' the confessin'.

Isabella nods, nearly on the verge of tears. A moment passes. Rose's passions cool.

ROSE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry fer snappin' at ye, girl. But ye know I don't like that kind of talk.

ISABELLA
Won't happen again, ma.

ROSE
I'm sure it won't.

A moment passes and Rose softens.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Why don't ye go check on yer cousin,
Siobhan, and the rest. She has had
a rough go of it.

Isabella wipes her eyes.

ISABELLA
I will, ma.

She runs for the door, but before she can open it, Con and Fagan blast into the house.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Are ye daft, Con?

CON
Is it supper time yet?

FAGAN
We're starvin'.

ROSE
Don't you two come runnin' into this
house like that!

Isabella gives them both a cross look as she wraps her shawl around her.

CON
Sorry, ma.

ROSE
Wipe yer feet.

FAGAN
Aye, ma.

ROSE
And where's yer father?

CON
He'll be along.

The boys plop down at the table.

ROSE

Wash yer hands. Wait fer yer father.

Isabella reopens the door and prepares to exit.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Isabella.

ISABELLA

Aye, ma?

ROSE

At confessional, ye don't have to
tell the good Father who ye are.

ISABELLA

Thank ye, ma.

EXT. NED'S HORSE'S CORRAL

Ned locks the gate as the horse goes to drink.

Slowly, he heads for the house off in the distance, across
the road.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD

Ned approaches the road. Between the field and the road is
a ditch about five feet wide and a little more than the height
of a man deep.

Preparing to cross, Ned tosses his shovels to the other side,
takes a big step backward, and runs full tilt, barely making
the other side.

NED

Sure, ye didn't get me this time.

Proud of himself, he quickly gathers his tools and heads off
for the house.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - EVENING

Isabella helps Siobhan with supper. Fresh from a hard days
work at sea, Frank enters. Siobhan instantly leaps into his
arms.

SIOBHAN

Da, yer home!

FRANK

Ach, girl, sure I'm not the young
strong man I once was. And yer not
the tiny little thing I used to bounce
on me knee.

SIOBHAN

I missed ye, da.

Frank puts her down.

FRANK

And me only gone but ten hours.

Good evenin', Isabella.

ISABELLA

Good evenin' Uncle Frank.

FRANK

Shouldn't ye be helpin' yer mother
with supper?

SIOBHAN

Mary's helpin' her. Ma sent me to
help Siobhan.

FRANK

Well, we appreciate the help. You'll
stay fer supper?

ISABELLA

If I'd not be in the way.

They take seats at the table.

FRANK

Of course not.

Siobhan hands her father a package.

SIOBHAN

The postman left this fer ye, da.

Frank opens it.

FRANK

What could this be?

SIOBHAN

Feels like a book.

FRANK

`Tis the very same thing as ye
thought. It's from me old friend
from Letterkenny, Dinny Magher.

Frank holds up a book.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Yer mother'd never approve of this.
Dracula.

ISABELLA

Neither would mine. She calls such things the Divil's work. Give bad thoughts, it will.

SIOBHAN

It was written by an Irishman. Bram Stoker.

ISABELLA

Is that so?

SIOBHAN

He lived in Clontarf. It's outside Dublin.

ISABELLA

Isn't it a smart one ye are fer knowin' such things.

FRANK

Do ye know about puttin' food on the table? Yer father's near starvin' to death.

Siobhan pokes his belly.

SIOBHAN

Ye could afford some starvin'.

Frank's jaw drops, feigning insult. Siobhan, Isabella and the twins begin to laugh.

FRANK

Insult a man at his own table, will ye?

But even Frank cannot hold back the laughter.

INT. NED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stepping away from the table, as the girls clear it, Ned reaches for his coat and hat and heads for the door.

ROSE

And where do ye think yer goin' at this time of night?

NED

I'm fer takin' a stroll in the night air.

ROSE

Off to O'Malley's, I'll bet.

NED

Ach, woman, what makes ye think such thoughts?

ROSE

Twenty years of marriage.

NED

O'Malley's hasn't even been there but fifteen years.

ROSE

Don't compound the situation. Go have yer pint, Ned. And not one more. Y'hear?

NED

It's an understandin' woman y'are.

An impish grin appears on his face as he dons his coat and cap, kisses her on the cheek and heads out the door.

INT. O'MALLEY'S PUB - LATER

Ned and Frank together at a table, a pint each.

NED

I don't know how ye do it.

FRANK

Do what?

NED

Yer dear Sarah now only two months gone, and ye seem fine.

FRANK

Father always said ye have to do what ye have to do.

NED

Aye, sure wasn't he back to work the very next day after our dear mother passed?

FRANK

He was.

NED

Doin' his best to hide the tears in his eyes.

FRANK

Looked like an ocean. He'd never let on.

NED

Not a bit.

FRANK

O'Malley! Another two pints, if ye please! There's thirsty men here.

O'MALLEY, an old, white-haired portly man, fills two more pints and brings them over.

O'MALLEY

So, Rose's taken the shackles off ye, Ned? Two pints?

NED

I'm the man of the house. It's I who makes the rules. Besides, I had a full supper.

O'MALLEY

Aye, and ye'll be tellin' that one to the priest at confession.

NED

And don't ye have glasses to clean?

O'Malley laughs and goes back to the bar.

NED (CONT'D)

Well, I built Rose a brand new master bedroom. Fer privacy. Such things go a long way to please a woman when there are nine children in the house.

FRANK

True enough. Don't know how ye did it all with all those little ones around.

Both brothers laugh a bit.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I've been meanin' to thank ye fer Isabella's help around the house.

NED

She's glad to do it.

FRANK

What'd do ye think'd be fair?

NED

Fair?

FRANK

Payment?

NED

Ach, man, are ye daft? Have ye lost all yer senses? Yer family. There'll be no talk of payment. Not a'tall. In fact, I'll pay fer the pints.

Frank nods and smiles.

FRANK

Ye should hear the two of them sittin' there talkin' about magical things.

NED

Who?

FRANK

Siobhan and Isabella. They were talkin' about banshees and fairies, leprechauns and th'like, as if there were real things.

NED

Banshees?

FRANK

Indeed, ye should'a heard them. It's as if they believe such nonsense.

NED

What did they say about Banshees?

FRANK

The same blather as our grandfather used to tell us. Sure wasn't he one fer after believin' such things? Siobhan said that, some days before Sarah passed, herself heard a strange wailin' noise outside the window. As if someone was cryin' fer someone who'd died, she says.

NED

Well, perhaps she did.

FRANK

Don't tell me yer fer believin' such bilge too.

NED

I'm not sayin' I do. And I'm not sayin' I don't.

FRANK

It's our grandfather who filled ye
with such poppycock.

NED

The old ways are sometimes...

FRANK

The old ways will get ye a month's
worth of confessional if Rose hears
ye talkin' about such absurdity.
Now, let's have no more talk of it.

Ned quiets and sips his pint. Then, a wry smile on his lips.

NED

But Frank, wouldn't it be grand to
find one of those wee fellows and
get his gold?

FRANK

Ach, yer intolerable.

EXT. NED'S FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Con gazes up into a star-filled sky. Slowly, the door opens
and Rose comes out to him.

ROSE

It's a bit cold to be standin'
outside, Con.

CON

I suppose.

ROSE

There's a warm fire and a hot cup of
tea waitin' fer ye inside.

Con smiles and nods. Rose closes the door and moves closer.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Somethin' troublin' ye?

CON

Somethin' da said today.

ROSE

I see.

He struggles to get the words out.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Just say what's on yer mind, son.

CON

It's this idea he has. About me
bein' in the Garda.

ROSE

I was wonderin' when this would come
up.

CON

It's not that I don't find the Garda
to be a respectable position, and
all. I know da's just lookin' out
fer me. I just don't see meself
doin' that sort of work.

ROSE

Have ye given much thought to what
ye want to do?

CON

Of course I have. But ye know da.
Willful he is. He gets his way.

ROSE

When I let him.

Both break out in a little laugh.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Ye go fetch yer father. We'll discuss
this later. See what plan we can
come up with.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - LATER

Bopping down the road as if he had not a care in the world,
Ned stops short when he sees a little man, much shorter than
normal, dressed in ancient cobbler's clothes, dashing across
the road.

He does a double take, and scans the area for the little
man.

NED

Ach, man, get hold. Sure, isn't
Frank right. It's just yer
imagination.

Out of the darkness, scaring the wits out of Ned, Con's voice
booms.

CON (O.S.)

So, it's alive ye are, da.

Con moves out of the shadows.

NED

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, boy! Ye nearly scared the life out of me.

CON

Sorry, da. Ma sent me to make sure ye got home alive.

NED

Ye'd be doin' a better job of it if ye don't scare a man half to death in the doin'.

CON

I'll be more careful next time.

NED

I think ye will. Let's be on our way.

EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

NED

Have ye given any more thought to yer future?

CON

I have.

NED

Ah, son, ye'll look grand in yer new Garda uniform.

Uneasy, Con walks on silently with his father.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - LATER

Rocking her baby sister to sleep, Siobhan sings an Irish lullaby. Finally, Fiona falls asleep.

SIOBHAN

Little Fiona. I'm not much fer bein' a mother. But I'll do the best I can, given that I don't have a choice.

Slowly, Siobhan glances around the room at her other siblings sleeping in the bed, then back to Fiona. She begins to sing again, but stops when tears come to her eyes.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Our mother used to sing that to me when I was yer age.

(MORE)

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Well, it's not like I can recall it from me own memory, but she told me about it when she was singin' it to Timothy and Tara. It's a beautiful song. Isn't it? Mother was beautiful.

As long as I'm alive, I'll make sure to let ye know who she was. Oh, mother, why'd ye have to leave us? Why can't ye come back?

A strong wind blows through an closed window, filling the room and instantly stops Siobhan's tears. Summoning the will to investigate, she puts Fiona down.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Mother?

Suddenly, the door opens, sending a shard of fear through her, squeezing a scream from her small body; but on the other side of the door is her father coming home.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Father!

Fiona begins to cry as the twins rouse from their sleep. Siobhan leaps into her father's arms.

FRANK

Dear girl, what's the matter?

Releasing her grip on him slightly, she looks frantically around the room.

SIOBHAN

Da, sure isn't it mother I saw.
Here, in the house.

The twins rise up in bed, sleepily looking at them.

FRANK

Go back to sleep, children.

Frank slips into his chair with Siobhan on his lap. Almost instantly, Fiona goes back to sleep.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Dear Siobhan, t'wasn't yer mother ye saw. T'was yer *need* to see her. And I understand that. I miss her too. Sometimes, in the night, I think it's herself lyin' next to me.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

But it's only that old pillow ye
sees on me bed.

Siobhan cries quietly and cleaves to her father.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Ah, it's hard the weight God's put
on your wee shoulders. But yer a
Harkin. Ye'll bear the weight. And
sure won't ye be the strong one fer
yer brother and sisters?

SIOBHAN

Aye, da, I will.

Frank kisses her head.

FRANK

Now, off to bed with ye.

Siobhan kisses his cheek and jumps off his lap. As she heads
for bed, Frank wipes the small tear that forms in his eye.

EXT. NED'S FARM - DAY

Ned and his two sons work the fields.

INT. NED'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rose and Isabella finish preparing supper. Rose stares out
the window.

ROSE

Where are those men?

Rose turns to the girls.

ROSE (CONT'D)

If we're a minute late with the food,
they're mad. But they'll stay as
long as they want in the fields and
blame us fer their hunger.

EXT. NED'S FARM

Ned, Con and Fagan finish working the fields. Ned gazes at
the setting sun. His boys look exhausted.

NED

Are ye fer supper, boys?

CON

Indeed, we are, da.

Fagan nods and gulps.

NED
Tell yer mother I'll be along.

INT. NED'S HOUSE - EVENING

Rose paces the floor as the children sit patiently around the table.

ROSE
Doesn't that man know ye can't eat
before the man of the house sits
down to the table?

FAGAN
It was daylight when we left him.

CON
He said he'd be...

ROSE
Yez said. The both of ye. Twice
already. I don't need to hear...
I'm sorry, boys. It's not yerselves
I'm mad at.

But the look on her face, as she gazes out the window, is one of concern, not anger.

EXT. NED'S FARM

Ned ambles toward the road, the newly risen moon lighting his way. Soon, he comes to the ditch. He eyes the distance, takes a peek at the moonlight.

Taking a few steps backward, he hurls himself forward and leaps into the air. He slams hard onto the ground at the far edge, but the edge is too weak to hold him and he falls back into the ditch.

EXT. BOTTOM OF DITCH - CONTINUOUS

Flapping his arms wildly, Ned falls back into the water at the bottom. As he works to right himself, a wee man, SÉAMUS O'KELLY, comes out of the shadows.

SÉAMUS
Jesus, feckin' Christ! Can't a man
take a shyte in peace?

NED
I didn't expect ye to be down here
doin' yer business in the ditch!

SÉAMUS

Well, I was.

Ned eyes the odd man's anachronistic manner of dress, that of an old cobbler: a pointed hat, heavy wool jacket, knee britches, calf-length stockings and old shoes. A bushy red beard, tinged with gray, wraps his face.

The curious look in Ned's eye alarms the little man.

NED

What would yer name be?

SÉAMUS

Séamus, it is. O'Kelly. And yerself, ye'd be one Ned Harkin.

NED

And how'd ye know me name?

SÉAMUS

I knows many things, Ned Harkin.

Ned moves closer, slowly, almost stalking him.

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

Don't get any ideas in yer head, man. Stay where ye are.

NED

Why're ye down here in the ditch?

SÉAMUS

Ye could see as plain as day what I was doin'.

NED

Day's over.

SÉAMUS

`Tis that.

NED

This very ditch, I've passed over it nearly every day fer the last twenty years. Never have I seen the likes of yerself here.

SÉAMUS

Is that so?

NED

`Tis. As a child, me father's father told me of a contest he had with a wee man, such as yerself.

SÉAMUS

He did, did he?

NED

It was a grand contest.

The staring between them becomes almost explosive.

SÉAMUS

I knows what yer thinkin', man.
It's one step ahead of ye, I am.

Like a cat, Ned leaps across the water. But before he can get there, Séamus magically bounds from the ditch, and plants himself at the top edge, looking down to the bottom.

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

And yer right! I am what I am. And
ye'll never catch me, in the air,
sea or on land.

Séamus laughs and slaps his knee.

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

Never in a million lifetimes will ye
outwit the likes of meself, one Séamus
O'Kelly. I've been alive longer
than yer father's father's father!

Rising from the muddy water, knees still in it, angered, Ned stares up at Séamus.

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

`Tis true, I knew yer father's father,
Ned Harkin. Never a better foe have
I faced in the last four hundred
years. That man, Malachy O'Harkin,
was a grand foe.

Laughing heartily as he blasts Ned, he punctuates his chiding by stomping his foot on the edge of the ditch: Stomp! Stomp! Stomp!

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

And even himself could catch me not!
Do ye hear?

Stomp! Stomp! Stomp!

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

Oh, Malachy was a sly one. A sly
one, I tell ye!

Stomp! Stomp! Stomp! Some of the dirt begins to fall away from under his feet.

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

But did he ever come close?

Stomp! Stomp! Stomp! More dirt falls.

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

Many a night such as this one, with
the moon not yet high over head,
himself would lay in wait fer *ME!*

Stomp! Stomp! Stomp!

Ned's anger wells up inside of him. Plotting in his eyes,
he notices the dirt under Séamus' feet as it crumbles.

Stomp! Stomp! Stomp!

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

Right down there, near the bend in
the road, he would wait fer me, right
behind that bush. Do ye see it,
man?

Stomp! Stomp! Stomp! Too much dirt falls.

NED

Ye know I can't see it from down
here in the ditch. But I know which
it is.

Séamus is distracted by his own laughing, and stomps the
ground harder.

SÉAMUS

There, in that place, he would lie
in wait fer meself.

Stomp! Stomp! Stomp! Way too much dirt falls. Ned readies
himself.

NED

Did he now?

Stomp! Stomp! Stomp! There is almost not enough dirt left
to hold him up.

SÉAMUS

He did. Ye would've loved to have
seen the look on his face when he
saw it was meself. And himself not
bein' able to catch me.

Stomp! Stomp! Stomp! With the last stomp, the ground gives
away, and as if he were on a sliding board, he slips down
into Ned's waiting arms.

NED

Saints preserve us!

He catches Séamus.

SÉAMUS

Ach, man, let me go! Let me go, I say!

NED

I won't be doin' that now! So ye can stop yer strugglin'. And none of yer leprechaun tricks. I knows `em all.

Séamus, now sitting on Ned's lap, stops struggling and looks up at him.

SÉAMUS

Aye, I expect ye do. Yerself havin' the best teacher.

NED

Indeed, I did. And didn't himself say that yerself was the finest of adversaries?

SÉAMUS

Did he now?

NED

He did.

SÉAMUS

I went to his wake, y'know.

NED

Did ye, now?

SÉAMUS

T'was a sad day. As much as this would be a proud day fer himself, his own grandson fulfillin' his dreams.

NED

Can ye imagine me tryin' to tell me brother, Frank, about this?

SÉAMUS

He'd never believe ye. More like yer father, that one.

NED

I wish he was here to see this. Me
grandfather, that is. Me da too.

SÉAMUS

Ah, I remember that look on his face,
the day he caught...

Ned flashes a questioning look. Séamus quickly recovers.

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

The day he tried to catch me.
Himself, so many years in the tryin'.

Ned continues to eye Séamus.

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

So, man, I guess ye'll be wantin' me
pot `o gold.

NED

It's not fer yer pot `o gold, I'm
here. I'll be after yer three wishes.

SÉAMUS

It's a wise man, ye are, Ned Harkin.
But take care fer what ye wish.

NED

I will. It's wise council. Me son,
Con, he's fer the Garda. I wish him
to be as successful in life as he
can.

SÉAMUS

Done.

NED

I wish me family, me wife and the
other children - and meself - to be
as happy and prosperous as ever we
could be. That everything we lay
our hands on turns good and bountiful.

SÉAMUS

Done. Now, Ned, this is the last of
the three you may wish of me. Ponder
it well, and ye'll have a grand story
to tell.

NED

Let's see...

SÉAMUS

Don't have all night, Ned.

NED

I'll be takin' me time, if ye don't
mind. It's an important decision
I'll be makin' here.

Ned goes back to his pondering as Séamus waits next to him,
tapping his foot impatiently on Ned's thigh.

SÉAMUS

Are ye fer the wishin' tonight, or
not?

NED

I am. I am. What I wish fer is
that me older brother, Francis Harkin,
may he have whatever the first thing
he wishes fer tomorrow. That's I
wish fer.

SÉAMUS

Ah, a bit of altruism from ye. That's
quite admirable, I tell ye. But is
it truly what ye want?

NED

I said it, didn't I?

SÉAMUS

Ye did. And it's done.

After a moment, an odd look appears on Ned's face.

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

Somethin's there on yer mind? What
is it, Ned?

NED

All me life, I've wondered if all
the legends were true. And now, I
see that they are. Me dreams are no
longer dreams.

SÉAMUS

Ah, but trust me, there's more than
just this. More than yer mortal
world can comprehend.

NED

Thank ye, Séamus O'Kelly.

SÉAMUS

Yer supper's gettin' cold, Ned Harkin.
And yer wife's gettin' hot.

With that, and a touch of his nose, Séamus vanishes. After the shock of the little man's vanishing act passes, Ned realizes the hour.

NED

Dear Lord, she'll skin me alive.

Instantly, he splashes some muddy water on himself and claws his way out of the ditch.

EXT. NED'S FRONT YARD

Ned looks up to the beautiful canopy of stars, his face covered with nearly dried mud, whistling a happy tune. He opens the gate and skips his way into the yard.

As he nears the front door, the look on his face changes to fit his disheveled appearance.

NED

Hold it together, man.

He turns his eyes upward toward the heavens.

NED (CONT'D)

You'll be forgivin' the fibs I'll be
tellin' in the next few minutes.
True, don't ye know me wife, Rose.
I know ye'll understand.

Crosses himself.

INT. NED'S HOUSE

With a table full of hungry children before him, and a wife, whose head appears ready to explode, Ned stiffens as he enters the house.

ROSE

Can ye not see that yer children
have been waitin' here patiently
whilst ye've been off, God-knows-
where, doin' God-knows-what?

Rose sniffs his clothes.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Ach, man, and what would that foul
odor be about ye?

NED

Are ye done with yer attackin'?

ROSE

I reserve the right to continue at any time.

NED

First! I've not been down to O'Malley's, as I'm sure yer thinkin'. If ye must know, I fell into the ditch near the bend in the road. Ye knows the very one.

Rose is unconvinced.

ROSE

I do.

NED

I could'a died there in the ditch. Drowned in the fetid water. And all ye can worry about is supper?

ROSE

And what made ye fall into the ditch?

NED

I would say gravity, darkness and a bit of absent-mindedness were the culprits.

Rose tries to quell a laugh.

ROSE

Gravity, is it?

First Con, then Isabella, then Fagan, begin to laugh. One by one, the other children join in. Ned begins to laugh.

NED

`Tis.

Finally, even Rose cannot contain herself. After a moment of riotous laughter, Ned moves toward the table.

NED (CONT'D)

Sure, we should be feedin' the children before they stave to death and waste away.

ROSE

Ach, man, yer filthy! Go to the new master bedroom and change yer clothes. I'll not have ye sully me table.

Ned tries to kiss her.

NED

Sure isn't it a fine, understandin'
wife I have?

ROSE

Ach, keep yer dirty lips to yerself
till ye've cleaned `em.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Working alone on her studies in the corner of the room, bathed
in candlelight, Siobhan seems more like an angel than mortal.

Sitting in his chair near the hearth, Frank reads his new
book, occasionally looking at his daughter.

IN FRANK'S IMAGINATION

He sees Sarah come up from behind Siobhan.

SARAH

Ah, Siobhan, it's a smart little
girl ye are. Much smarter than I
was at yer age.

SIOBHAN

But ma, the smarts come from yerself.

SARAH

See there, ye've even learned the
fine and subtle art of flattery early.

Sarah hugs Siobhan tightly, then smiles at Frank. She
vanishes, instantly snapping him back to reality.

FRANK SNAPS BACK TO REALITY

Shock fills his face, followed by sadness.

SIOBHAN

Are ye all right, da?

FRANK

Sure aren't ye not the spittin' image
of yer mother?

Frank, stifling tears, fiddles for his pipe as Siobhan comes
to him.

SIOBHAN

It must be so hard fer ye to see me
face every day, me havin' the look
of me mother.

Frank quickly lights his pipe to avoid the tears.

FRANK

Yer mother's still here with me. In
me heart. And in yer own sweet face.
And one day - not too soon of course -
I hope it have the honor to give ye
to a man who'll feel the same way
about yerself as I do about yer
mother. But, as I said, there's
time fer that when yer a bit older.

Siobhan smiles and hugs her father, who pats her lovingly on
the head.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now, off to bed with ye. Ye've had
enough learnin' fer one night.

Siobhan kisses him.

SIOBHAN

I love ye, da.

FRANK

The same. Off with ye.

INT. NED'S HOUSE

The family in the middle of supper. Rose bows her head.
The rest follow in suit.

ROSE

Lord, we thank ye fer the food on
this table, and the good graces ye
give us. Amen.

ALL

Amen.

Like ravenous wolves, the family digs in, but they do not
eat until Ned takes the first bite.

NED

Well, Con, did ye tender yer
application to the Garda?

The forkful of food that was heading for Con's hungry mouth
stops and returns to the plate.

CON

Well, da, no I didn't.

Rose stiffens. Her eyes dart from father to son.

NED

And why not?

CON

Well, da... It's that I...

NED

What is it, boy?

CON

I don't think I want to do it.

NED

And why not? Sure isn't it a good position to have? As we've talked about it many a time walkin' back from the fields! Better than toilin' in the dirt all day like yer old da! Or pullin' fish from the sea like yer Uncle Frank! Is that what ye want to do? Work hard all day long fer a few potatoes and fish?

CON

I thought...

NED

Ye thought what? What did ye think?

CON

Well...

NED

Well, well, well?

CON

I was...

NED

Spit it out, boy!

Con looks to his mother. She nods, clenches her fist.

CON

I thought to go to... go to America.

NED

And what would ye be goin' to do in America?

CON

I don't want to be a Garda, da!
It's not what I want!

NED

What is it ye want to do? What's waitin' fer in ye in America that ye can't find here in Ireland?

CON

I don't want to farm. And I don't want to fish. And I don't want to wear a uniform.

Con grows more confident and emphatic.

CON (CONT'D)

Michael O'Brien went off to America three years ago and already he has a wife and place of his own. And a baby boy, I might add, to bounce on his knee.

NED

Who's to say ye'll do the same?

CON

Have ye no confidence in me, da?

Ned retreats.

CON (CONT'D)

Michael's already talked to his boss, Séan Tracy, first generation Irish-American. And Mr. Tracy promised me a job and a place to stay in America -- in Philadelphia -- until I can get on me feet.

NED

So, ye want to be a slave in America? Livin' off the table scraps of others, do ye?

CON

I'll be slave to no man, da! And I'm insulted that ye'd think I'd allow that.

Without asking permission, Con rises from the table. Before he can take two steps, Ned slams his hand down on the table.

NED

Con Harkin! Yer still me own son! And ye'll respect yer father! Sit down! Sit down, boy!

Rose flashes an angry glare at Ned. He instantly begins to stow his anger.

Con reluctantly sits. Fire pours from his eyes.

NED (CONT'D)

Perhaps, son, in me desire to find a good life fer yerself, I neglected to take into account that ye might have some ideas of yer own. And as head of the house...

He flashes a somewhat insecure look toward Rose.

NED (CONT'D)

...After due consideration and reflection, I've reconsidered me earlier decision.

CON

Ye did?

NED

I think so. Yes, I did. I said I did. And yer mother concurs.

CON

I have yer blessin' to go to America?

NED

Ye do. Now finish yer supper.

Smiles all around.

EXT. NED'S BACK YARD - LATER

Standing near the water, smoking a pipe, Ned stares out over the water, as Con walks up behind.

CON

Da.

NED

Son.

CON

I wanted to thank ye again.

NED

Fer what?

CON

Fer not makin' too much of a fight of it.

NED

Ach, boy, I know the dreams of youth. Had `em meself one day.

(MORE)

NED (CONT'D)

But we should be discussin' this
over a pint at O'Malley's like men.
Not in the dead of night out here by
the water. After the fields tomorrow,
we'll go down to the pub - if yer
mother allows, that is.

CON

That would be grand, da.

NED

Aye, it would.

Ned relights his pipe and puts his hands in his pockets as
Con heads for the house. But then Con stops and turns back.

CON

Da?

NED

What is it, boy?

CON

Ma told me to tell ye that we should
go to O'Malley's tomorrow to discuss
me plans to go to America.

Ned smiles and puffs wildly on his pipe.

NED

`Tis a wise woman, yer mother is.
G'night, son.

As soon as Con disappears into the house, Ned smiles more
broadly and nearly dances with joy. After a moment, a
familiar voice intones from the shadows.

SÉAMUS (O.S.)

He's a good son, Ned.

Ned spins and drops pipe.

NED

Blast it all, man!

Ned lowers voice.

NED (CONT'D)

Ye shouldn't sneak up on a man in
the dead of the night like that!

Séamus comes out from the shadows.

SÉAMUS

It's not all that dead. He'll have a fine full life in America.

NED

I hope. And I didn't expect to be seein' the likes of yerself again.

SÉAMUS

Often it is I come out here to get a breath of fresh sea air. Helps me relax a bit.

NED

It's a grand feelin'. Even though I till the earth, I love the sea.

For a moment, they stare at each other, an arm's length away, eyes darting back and forth. Séamus looks suspiciously at Ned.

SÉAMUS

I know what in yer head, Ned. Blot it out. Ye knows the rules.

NED

Me grandfather taught me well the rules. But the chase would be fun. Don't ye think?

SÉAMUS

Yer a grand opponent, Ned. I'll give ye that. None ever caught me on the first go.

Ned smiles with pride.

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

Ach, man, ye were lucky, and ye know it.

NED

Lucky, is it?

SÉAMUS

We both know that if the ledge hadn't collapsed, we'd not be talkin' here cozy by the water. The chase would still be on.

NED

I still had to catch ye when ye fell on yer arse. That was no small feat, I tell ye. Now take that into consideration.

SÉAMUS

All right, man. I'll give ye that.
It was a good catch.

Ned smiles and puffs away on his pipe, as Séamus lights his own and eyes Ned.

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

That last wish ye made...

NED

`Tis mine, the wish, just as were
the first two.

SÉAMUS

Indeed, it is. But think on this.
Are ye sure it's what ye truly want?

NED

Of course it is.

Séamus takes a moment.

SÉAMUS

Then it *is* done. Ned.

Both men stand together, puffing their pipes.

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

I'm sure we'll be seein' more of
each other. As time goes on.

NED

We've become friends, in this short
time, haven't we?

SÉAMUS

I believe we have.

NED

There's much I can learn from ye.

Séamus nods, smiles, smokes.

Off in the distance, on the wings of the wind, the faint cry
of the banshee sings. Both men look at each other with
foreboding in their eyes.

EXT. FANAD WHARF - DAY

Frank and his mates, laughing and celebrating their catch,
tie up their boats and off load their grand catch of salmon.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - LATER

Joyfully, aided by her twin siblings, Siobhan sets the table. A smile on his face, Frank enters the house and drops his coat on the hook. Instantly the children embrace him.

FRANK

It's a happy man who can come home
to a fine reception such as this.
And that's a grand aroma.

SIOBHAN

The twins helped.

TARA

I helped more.

TIMOTHY

Did not.

SIOBHAN

Ye both stop yer yappin'. Yez both
helped. Now don't upset yer father
as he comes home after a hard day at
sea.

A prideful smile covers Frank's face as he and his family sit down to supper. Siobhan folds her head and bows. The rest follow. Siobhan says the prayer in Gaelic.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Dear Lord, please accept our thanks
for the food on our table. And please
take care of our dear mother departed,
Sarah Harkin. Amen.

ALL

Amen.

FRANK

That's a fine prayer, Siobhan.

She beams.

FRANK (CONT'D)

How was school today?

SIOBHAN

Fine, da. Father Frank taught the
whole of the math class in Irish.

She whispers as if it is a secret.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

I hear he's a Republican.

TIMOTHY

What's a Republican?

TARA

Yer so stupid, Tim. He's an IRA man. He's fer kickin' the British out of Ireland.

FRANK

Tara, stop with yer name-callin'. And as I recall, yer mother never allowed political talk, or name-callin', at the table. I think it's a fine tradition.

SIOBHAN

Sorry, da. We'll remember next time. Won't we, Tara?

TIMOTHY

I'm not stupid.

FRANK

No, yer not, Tim. Now, tell yer brother yer sorry, Tara.

Tara seems reluctant.

TARA

I'm sorry fer insultin' yer lack of...

SIOBHAN

Tara!

TARA

Sorry, Timmy.

SIOBHAN

Yer smart in other ways, Tim.

FRANK

Sure, aren't yer right about that. Ye have the gift of words and song. None sings better in all the Harkin clan.

Instantly, Tim launches into an Irish folk tune, bringing the whole table into a song.

INT. NED'S HOUSE - DAY

Isabella helps her mother clear the table as the other children go about their chores. Finally, they all sit down.

ISABELLA

Where's da and Con?

ROSE

Off to O'Malley's.

ISABELLA

Twice in one week?

ROSE

Ye'd have thought I had given him a pot `o gold, lettin' the old fool go to the pub tonight.

ISABELLA

How many more pints will he be able to share with his son?

ROSE

True enough. Con goin' all the way across the sea like that. One by one, they all go off. America. England. Australia. Who'll be next?

Isabella turns away for a moment, a move not missed by her mother.

ROSE (CONT'D)

What's on yer mind, girl?

Rose waits for an answer as Isabella fidgets in her seat.

ISABELLA

I was thinkin', ma, maybe... I mean, ye have enough children right here to last a lifetime.

ROSE

Are ye fer America, Isabella?

ISABELLA

Had crossed me mind.

ROSE

I see.

ISABELLA

And with da bein' so keen to let Con go...

ROSE

Yer gonna give yer father a heart attack. But ye always did have a wanderin' spirit.

ISABELLA

I have a letter, here, from our cousins in America. The Ferry family in New Jersey. Says they'll sponsor me.

ROSE

Isabella, ye'll give yer father time to digest Con's leavin' before ye go yerself, won't ye?

ISABELLA

Then ye'll not be fightin' me on this?

ROSE

I'll not be fightin' me children's dreams.

Instantly, nearly in tears, Isabella embraces her mother.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Ach, girl, don't be cuttin' off me wind with yer huggin'.

ISABELLA

Sorry, ma. Just a bit excited. If there's no more work to be done, I'll be off to tell Colleen Murphy.

ROSE

Oh, with that girl knowin', it'll be back to yer da in no time.

Both of them laugh as Isabella leaps out the door. As she closes the door, it is all Rose can do to hold back the tears.

INT. O'MALLEY'S PUB - LATER

Ned and Con sit across from each other, a pint in front of each.

NED

There's a lot of grand temptations in America, Con. Remember that. Ye must be mindful of the work ye do. That's very important. Be on time. Work hard. Don't fall into the traps of youth. Oh, and be sure ye go to Mass. Yer mother'll be askin' about that. And ye know she will.

CON

Aye, da. I know. And yer right about everythin'.

NED

I am. Yer mother might even write to the parish priest to make sure of yer faithful attendance.

CON

I could see her doin' that too.

NED

Be sure to go to confessional too. But at the same time, have little to confess.

CON

I'll be an angel, da.

NED

Yer a man, son. Yer not an angel. And no one expects ye to be. Just try not to be too much of a devil.

CON

Aye, da.

NED

And be sure to marry an Irish girl. That's most important.

CON

Indeed, I will da. And ye'll be comin' to America to visit me, and me future bride. Once I've made a man of meself, there and all.

NED

Ach, boy, who has money fer such luxuries?

CON

I'd be honored to pay fer it meself. When I have means to do so.

NED

It's proud of ye I am, son. And proud of ye I'll always be.

CON

And ye've been a good father to me. I'll testify to that to anyone.

Ned chokes back tears.

NED

I wish we had the money to come to see ye off at Belfast. But we'll all be there at Letterkenny to see ye off at the train.

Ned raises his pint.

NED (CONT'D)

To yer success, boy.

Con clinks his glass against his father's and they both down the remainder of their drink.

NED (CONT'D)

O'Malley! There's thirsty men here!

CON

Ma said only one, da.

NED

Me eldest son is goin' off to America! Father's prerogative.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Frank, dressed in his best suit, flowers in hand, enters the church cemetery.

EXT. CHURCH CEMETERY

A somber look in his face, Frank walks to Sarah's grave and kneels with the flowers out in front of him. As he pushes the flowers into the earth, rain drops begin to fall.

FRANK

I'll not be spendin' that much time with ye today, Sarah. Con's off fer America today. Well, the train from Letterkenny to Belfast. In two days time, he'll board the grand ship fer America.

Who'll be the next to go off? I wonder if our own will feel the need to go one day. It'll be a lonely time in Fanad that day indeed.

Frank runs his fingers across the headstone. More rain drops fall. He touches Sarah's name.

FRANK (CONT'D)

One day, who knows when that'll be, I'll lie here next to ye, Sarah.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Just like the way we used to. Lyin'
next to each other in bed. Smilin'.
A world of dreams in front of us.

Rain intensifies.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I know. I know, Sarah, darlin'.
Get in out of the rain. I can hear
yer voice as if ye were standin'
here next to me. I always was a
fool that way, as ye were so fond of
remindin' me.

Sure, isn't Siobhan makin' a grand
lunch to see her cousin off to the
train. I should go back and fetch
her.

Frank kisses his fingers and touches the gravestone.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I love ye, Sarah. I always will.

He wipes the tears from his eyes and walks off as a downpour
surrounds him.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - LATER

Drenched from the deluge, Frank blasts into the house, a
grand party in progress. Siobhan instantly helps him off
with his coat.

SIOBHAN

Da, are ye daft? Ye'll catch yer
death!

FRANK

I'm a man of the sea, Siobhan. I've
been wet before.

SIOBHAN

Ach, ye'll never learn.

NED

At least ye had the good sense to
come to the party before it's over.

Frank goes to shelf and retrieves a box.

FRANK

Indeed, I did. Now, quiet down,
everyone! Quiet down, now.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Before we get to the eatin' and the merrymakin', as the Godfather to this fine young nephew of mine, I'll take the liberty of sayin' few words.

Everyone gathers around as Con steps forward. Siobhan hands her father a glass.

FRANK (CONT'D)

To Con Harkin. May the wind always be at yer back, in yer sails and may the fish always find yer nets. Good luck to ye, boy.

Everyone toasts as Frank hands Con the box he got from the shelf.

CON

Thanks, Uncle Frank.

FRANK

Open it, m'boy.

Quickly, he opens the box, and flips out the contents.

CON

A compass.

FRANK

Aye, a compass, it is. A grand, fine compass. It was our father's, Ned's and mine.

The family gather around to admire the compass.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And it came from his father before him, and his father before him. It's over a hundred and fifty years old. The eldest in the generation gets it when he leaves home. That's yerself.

I'm givin' it to ye now so ye'll always know where ye came from, and always be able to find yer way home.

CON

Thank ye again, Uncle Frank.

FRANK

Come here, boy.

Frank slams Con into a bear hug. Then, he instantly gets his glass back into the air for another toast.

FRANK (CONT'D)

To yerself, Con Harkin. A long and happy life to ye there in America.

EXT. LETTERKENNY TRAIN STATION - LATER

The entire family gathers around Con, dressed in his finest traveling suit. They stand next to the train.

Ned and Con do their best to hold back the tears. He pulls Con aside.

NED

Everythin's been said that needs to be said, son.

CON

True enough, da.

NED

Nothin' left to say.

CON

All's been said.

NED

Ye'll remember what I said to ye at O'Malley's?

CON

Every word, da.

NED

And ye'll be sure to go to church and confessional and to marry...

Con is almost on the verge of laughter.

CON

Shut up, da. I'll remember it all. Every word. Every word.

The two men shake hands and choke back the tears. Rose, overcome by her own feelings, her tears flowing, wraps her son in her arms.

ROSE

Oh, dear Con. Ye'll write every day.

CON

I will, ma.

ROSE

And be sure to go to Mass every
Sunday.

CON

Religiously, ma.

ROSE

And confessional. Be sure to go.

Con and Ned exchange knowing smiles as Rose prattles on.

ROSE (CONT'D)

And make sure to write to me with
the name of the parish priest so I
can write to him and find out how ye
are.

The CONDUCTOR walks up and down the platform.

CONDUCTOR

All aboard! All aboard!

All the rest of the family joins together to say their final
good-byes.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

All aboard! Last call fer Belfast!

Con takes his place on the step, not yet letting go of his
mother's hand, moving his gaze from mother to father, as the
train begins to move.

NED

Take care of yerself, boy.

CON

I will, da.

As the train lurches forward, it pulls Con's hand from his
mother's.

ROSE

God bless ye, son.

CON

God bless ye, ma!

Soon, the train rolls down the tracks. Farther and farther
away, Con retreats into the carriage.

A somber look fills the faces of the gathering. One by one,
they peal away. Rose tugs on Ned's coat to get him to come
along.

INT. O'MALLEY'S PUB - NIGHT

Frank and Ned sit quietly across from each other, two nearly empty pints in front of them.

FRANK

I was to Sarah's grave today. Before we went to see Con off.

NED

I know. Siobhan told me. T'was a bad day fer it.

FRANK

No day's a good day to visit a loved one passed over.

NED

True enough.

The two of them sit silently for a moment, just sipping from their pints.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

Frank and Ned, trailing smoke from their pipes, walk along.

FRANK

It's goin' to be a sad time durin' the holidays without Sarah. I'm glad she got to see one more Easter. One of her favorites. Sure wasn't she the life of the party.

NED

Ye'll be invited to me own house fer Christmas supper. Easter as well. And ye know it.

FRANK

Siobhan wanted me to invite yerself and yer family over fer Christmas supper. When it comes. It bein' five months away, and all.

NED

I'll asks Rose, but I'm sure it'll be fine with her, since ye were to our house the last time. Rose'll want to help with the cookin'.

FRANK

She won't admit it, but I'm sure Siobhan'll be grateful fer the help.

EXT. NEAR THE BEND IN THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Ned begins to look around, suspiciously.

FRANK

What're ye lookin' fer?

NED

Nothin'! Nothin' at all. Frank, if ye could have anythin' in the world, if any wish would be granted to ye, what would ye wish fer?

FRANK

Ach, Ned, ye knows I'm not one fer makin' wishes and such. That's always been yer job. Sure, aren't ye the dreamer in the family.

NED

And what's wrong with dreamin'? It keeps the mind clear.

FRANK

More like it clutters it up with useless thoughts.

NED

Like the books ye read?

Frank does not respond, but flashes a disapproving glare.

NED (CONT'D)

Come on. Just fer a laugh. What would ye wish fer?

FRANK

What would I wish fer if I could asked fer anything?

Con nods as he sits down on a stone wall at the side of the road. Frank pops one foot on the wall.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'd want me family to be well off. Successful. Happy.

CON

But what about yerself? Just a wish fer yerself.

FRANK

Fer meself, is it? I have all I want. Fine family. Good work.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

A home.

There is one thing, if I had a wish to make, that I'd wish fer. I wish I could be with me Sarah again. There it is, Ned. That's what I wish fer. I wish that rather than go to sea, I'd wish to be with Sarah again tomorrow.

Slowly, Ned smiles as he gazes at his brother.

NED

It's a good wish, Frank. We're different kinds of people, Frank. Never had much in common, `cept the name. Nothin' wrong with that. Way of things. But I am happy to have ye as a brother.

FRANK

Ach, Ned, don't get all sentimental on me. Some things are just understood. Don't need sayin'.

NED

Sometimes, even those things need sayin'.

FRANK

Now ye've said it.

Frank puts his arm around Ned.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I feel the same way. Now, come on. Let's get home before Rose sends...

NED

Con won't be comin' fer me now. More's the pity. I guess Fagan'll have to take his place.

Both of them laugh, but it is not really a happy laugh.

EXT. FRANK'S YARD - LATER

The two brothers reach the front gate of the house and stand for a moment, both staring up at the ring around the full moon.

NED

Looks like bad weather on the way.
(MORE)

NED (CONT'D)

Ye won't be untyin' the boats
tomorrow.

FRANK

Ach, man, doesn't look that bad.

NED

Ye can read the signs as well as I.

FRANK

Better. And I tell ye, it's not
that bad.

NED

If the weather turns bad on me, I
just get muddy.

FRANK

I'll not fear the sea, Ned.

NED

I suppose ye know best about such
things.

FRANK

I do. So don't worry about me.

Ned does not respond.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm fer bed. Mornin' will come soon
enough.

NED

That it will. I'm fer a bit more
walkin'. Looks like I'll be watchin'
the fields from the window tomorrow.

FRANK

`Night, brother.

NED

God be with ye, Frank.

EXT. FANAD WHARF - LATER

Standing alone on the wharf, the boats bobbing in the water, eyes cast out to sea, moonlight dancing on the water, Ned seems lost in thought.

He tries to light his pipe, but a magical breeze blows out the match. A second effort yields the same result. Frustrated, he goes for a third, and gets the pipe lit. Satisfied, he puffs away as he gazes back at Frank's house.

Faintly, on the breeze, the sounds of the BANSHEE fill the air. Ned's eyes goes wide as he searches the night for the source of the sound.

Nothing behind him. Nothing to either side. Unnerved, he breaths harder. Again, the Banshee cries.

NED

Get hold of yerself, man.

Ned frantically puffs away on the pipe. Rapidly, he turns from looking at Frank's house. To the boats in the water. To the house again.

Ned, on shaky legs, walks to the wharf. From the shadows behind him, a voice, Sarah's voice, whispers.

SARAH (O.S.)

Ye should'a never made that wish,
Ned.

Ned whips around, dropping his pipe from his mouth into the water.

NED

Sarah! Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Ye shouldn't be standin' there, Sarah! Yerself bein' dead and all. If that is yerself standin' there.

Ghostly white, in her funeral shroud, her red hair flowing in the ethereal wind.

SARAH

`Tis I. More's the pity.

NED

What the devil has brought ye back to haunt us, Sarah?

SARAH

Yerself has, Ned. T'was yer own words when ye made that wish that's brought me.

NED

What devil talk are ye speakin'?

SARAH

Ye made Frank wish fer the one thing he could never. I cannot come back to life, Ned.

NED

But there ye are, standin' there!

Frank leans up against one of the posts of the wharf, unable to deal with the apparition, and slips down to his knees.

SARAH

Aye, here I am. But not alive.

NED

Sarah, I'm a simple man. I cannot deal with such supernatural things such as yerself. Dead, but there standin', talkin' to me as if ye were still alive.

SARAH

But ye'll deal with a leprechaun who grants ye three wishes?

Sarah walks farther out onto the wharf as Ned gets back to his feet.

NED

But are ye tellin' me that Frank will come to harm because of me wish?

SARAH

`Tis what I'm sayin', Ned.

Her ghostly eyes drift out over the water.

SARAH (CONT'D)

If Frank goes out to sea tomorrow, there'll be no body left fer ye to bury.

Fear grips Ned as he regards the lamenting spirit, who slowly begins to wail. Softly at first. Then, building in intensity.

Sarah slowly turns, the index finger of her right hand pointed directly at Ned, her face fixed in a horrifying mask, eyes of fire, a chilling, haunting cry spilling from her lips.

Fear floods through Ned as rain begins to pelt him. Finally, he can take the fear no more. He turns and runs.

As he does, Sarah sits on the wharf, takes out a comb and runs it through her hair.

EXT. ON THE ROAD

Like hammers, the rain beats on Ned as he runs from the wharf.

NED

Séamus! Dammit, man, where are ye?

Not thinking, he falls into the ditch where he met Séamus.

EXT. IN THE DITCH

Falling in the ever-rising waters at the bottom of the ditch, Ned claws his way to the side.

NED

Séamus! Where are ye? I need to talk to ye! Please, Séamus. Please be here!

Poking his head out of a small hole in the side of the ditch, Séamus seems perturbed.

SÉAMUS

By Black Brian! What are ye doin' out there in the rain, Ned?

Ned splashes his way over to the gnome.

NED

Oh, dear God, Séamus! I need yer help! Please.

Séamus shakes his head and motions for him to come in.

SÉAMUS

Get out of the weather, ye damn fool! And watch yer head when ye does.

INT. SÉAMUS' HOME

Ned has to bend nearly to the waist to get into the beautifully apportioned, but diminutive house; which seems as cozy as any Irish cottage, though there are no windows. He checks his coat and hair.

NED

I'm dry.

Almost instantly, the room changes to accommodate his larger size.

SÉAMUS

Of course ye are, man. Yer not in the real world anymore. Things happen different here.

Séamus goes to the hearth and pulls out a grand kettle.

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

I was just settin' down to have me supper. Would ye like some stew?

NED

I could do with some stew. Smells good. Me Rose makes a good stew.

SÉAMUS

Yer right there. Young Con used to put out a wee bit fer me now and again.

NED

He did, did he?

SÉAMUS

Indeed. He's a good boy. Sad to see him go off to America.

Séamus puts a bowl on the table in front of Ned, who cannot really sit at the table, because of his size. Suddenly, the table adjusts to his size. Séamus fills both bowls.

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

What would stew be without a pint of Guinness to keep it company?

He puts two pints on the table.

NED

Me sentiments exactly.

Ned takes a spoonful.

NED (CONT'D)

Ah, that's grand stew.

SÉAMUS

Family recipe. Been in the clan since the days of Brian - God rest him.

NED

Amen.

SÉAMUS

I have somethin' else fer ye.

He jumps up and gets a big jug and a couple of clean glasses.

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

How about a taste of poteen?

Ned eyes light up.

NED

Potato whisky? Ah, I shouldn't. Rose doesn't...

SÉAMUS

Ach, man, yer wife's not here now.

Séamus pours and hands Ned a glass. After re-corking the jug, he raises his glass, as does Ned.

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

Slan te.

NED

Slan te.

They both drink, and squint as the liquid fire finds its way home. Ned coughs as he downs the potent spirit.

NED (CONT'D)

Ah, that's good.

Séamus flashes a devilish grin.

SÉAMUS

I agree.

NED

Did ye make it yerself?

SÉAMUS

Ach, no! I have no ability with that kind of spirit. I got it from a cousin of mine who lives in the Aran Islands.

NED

I heard it's grand down there.

SÉAMUS

Indeed, Ned. Ye'll hear none of the heathen English spoken there. Only the mother tongue.

NED

Rose has a cousin lives in Galway. She's wanted to visit fer years.

SÉAMUS

Ye should go, Ned. It's magnificent. Like old Ireland.

Ned takes another bite of stew.

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

Ye likes yer stew?

NED

Good stew.

SÉAMUS

Isn't this a picture? Yerself and
meself sittin' here, breakin' bread,
eatin' stew and drinkin' a pint
together.

And sure hasn't there been a day in
the last two hundred years or so
when a Harkin hasn't chased an O'Kelly
fer his pot `o gold?

Me own father, Séan O'Kelly, wouldn't
believe it. Of course, when he comes
back from Dublin, I'll tell him
meself.

NED

He's still alive?

SÉAMUS

Indeed. And himself not lookin' a
day over two thousand years. Such
stories he would tell me when I was
a boy.

NED

Such as?

SÉAMUS

Well, he told me of a fine story
that involved yer great great
grandfather, Garbhan O'Harkin - Yez
since have dropped the "O", much to
yer discredit.

One day, when me father had much on
his mind, the great gatherin' of the
Leprechauns loomin' and all, he looked
up and, wasn't himself, old Garbhan
O'Harkin, standin' there, lookin' so
pleased with himself.

NED

And did he catch him?

SÉAMUS

I'll be tellin' the story without
interruptions, if ye don't mind.

NED

Go on, then.

SÉAMUS

Now, where was I?

EXT. FOREST (FLASHBACK - 1820'S) - DAY

GARBHAN O'HARKIN holding onto SÉAN O'KELLY (the leprechaun).

SÉAMUS (V.O.)

Wasn't there a look of pure shock on
me father's face when he looked up.

SÉAN

Put me down, ye heathen!

GARBHAN

I'll do no such thing, Séan O'Kelly.
I've caught ye fair and square. And
now, ye have to do me biddin'.

In a moment of realization, Séan stops struggling and looks
up at his captor.

SÉAN

So, after all this time, ye won one
battle, Garbhan O'Harkin?

GARBHAN

I have. And ye'll be takin' me to
yer pot `o gold present like.

SÉAN

It's a hard, cruel man ye are, Garbhan
O'Harkin. Stealin' a man's money
right out from under him. Takin'
food off the table from which his
children feed.

GARBHAN

Don't give me yer sob stories, Séan
O'Kelly. I knows where ye get yer
gold. From the Church confessional.
And don't lie about it.

EXT. DARKER PART OF FOREST (FLASHBACK)

Garbhan holds hard onto Séan's hand as if he were a little
boy and leads him into the forest.

GARBHAN

Where is it, ye...

SÉAN

There's no need fer such talk. What
ye seek is right there.

Séan points to a hollow.

SÉAN (CONT'D)

But ye have to dig fer it.

GARBHAN

Now why didn't ye tell me that when I was close to home? Ye tricked me! That's it! Ye know I wouldn't have a spade, but ye made me...

SÉAN

Ye could go back to the house and get a spade.

GARBHAN

Ah, more leprechaun tricks? Ye'd move the gold before I return.

SÉAN

Ye have me word, Garbhan. I won't move the gold. So help me.

GARBHAN

Ye swear?

Séan begins to answer, but...

GARBHAN (CONT'D)

On yer mother's life?

SÉAN

Indeed, I do. The gold'll be where it is now when ye return with yer spade.

Garbhan looks around at the forest.

GARBHAN

I'll never find this place again.

Suddenly, Garbhan winks, then tears a piece of his white shirt off and ties it around the tree.

GARBHAN (CONT'D)

There! Now, I'll be able to find the same tree. And don't move that cloth. Do ye swear?

SÉAN

I did before. And I do it again. I won't move the cloth.

Garbhan happily bounces off, leaving Séan alone, a devious smile on his face.

EXT. IN THE HOLLOW (FLASHBACK) - LATER

Spade in hand, Garbhan returns to the forest. But when he searches for the gold, a horrified look covers his face.

In the forest, all the trees have a cloth tied around them.

INT. SÉAMUS' HOME (END FLASHBACK)

Séamus slaps his knee as he laughs.

SÉAMUS

It's been a battle ever since between yers and mine. And sure, aren't ye one of the lucky ones?

NED

I'm not so sure now.

SÉAMUS

What are ye talkin' about? Spit it out, man.

NED

Frank made his wish.

SÉAMUS

Was it a good wish?

NED

Yes. And no.

SÉAMUS

Are ye goin' to dance about the subject all night?

NED

I won't. He wished that he could be with Sarah tomorrow. Instead of goin' to sea.

SÉAMUS

He cannot wish fer that. It can mean only... Dear Lord. I'm sorry, Ned.

NED

Ye have to take yer wish back I'll give up that one.

SÉAMUS

But I can't. Only the wisher can take back a wish.

NED

I'll be takin' it back then.

SÉAMUS

Ye can't.

NED

Ye just said the wisher could. And that's meself.

SÉAMUS

It's not within me power to take back a wish twice granted.

NED

I wished it only once.

SÉAMUS

Ned, when I granted yer wished, I realized what could happen. As a friend, I came to ye. Gave ye the chance. But once ye affirmed yer wish, it was out of me hands.

NED

Ye don't understand.

SÉAMUS

But I do, Ned. Indeed, I do. But there's not a thing I can do about it now. I cannot take back a wish twice granted. It's the way of things.

NED

`Tis me only brother, Séamus.

SÉAMUS

I know full well who it is. But it's done. Though I do wish I could change it. I surely do.

Ned's sink low.

INT. NED'S HOUSE - LATER

Struggling to close the door against the weather, Ned does his best to closes it with as little noise as possible. Sheepishly, drenched, he hangs his coat on the hook, then goes to the hearth to warm himself.

In her night clothes, a cross look on her face, Rose comes from the master bedroom. Rose whispers.

ROSE

So, is it drunk ye are?

NED

`Tis drunk I wish I was.

Rose changes her manner and sits beside him, draping the blanket across his shoulders.

ROSE

What's the matter, Ned?

NED

If I told ye, Rose, ye'd think me mad.

ROSE

I already think that.

NED

If I had only listened to ye, none of this would've happened.

Rose fetches a cup of tea for him.

ROSE

There, Ned, drink this. It'll warm yer bones. Might even vanquish the evil spirits about ye.

NED

Ach, woman, there's no evil sprit about me.

ROSE

Lower yer voice. The children.

NED

There's no evil sprits about me.

ROSE

Explain what is.

NED

I don't know from where the wee people come. And though Séamus may have magical power to grant wishes and such, he's one of God's creatures, just like us.

ROSE

Just like Lucifer! He granted a few wishes as I recall...

NED

And who's to say that Lucifer's all
that bad a fellow?

Rose leaps to her feet.

ROSE

Ach, there's no talking to ye about
this!

NED

Keep yer voice down. The children.

ROSE

I'm fer bed.

Ned follows her.

NED

No, Rose, ye won't. Ye won't go to
bed whilst I have a problem to tackle.
Ye'll stay and help me. It's what a
wife does.

ROSE

Bed sounds better.

NED

Please, Rose.

Sincerity drips from his eyes. She sits again.

NED (CONT'D)

True it was that I met Sarah Harkin
out there on the Fanad Wharf this
night, Rose. In no uncertain terms,
she told me that Frank would die
tomorrow if he went out to sea.

ROSE

The weather's goin' to be horrible
tomorrow. Sure, even Frank Harkin,
as pig-headed as he can be, has the
good sense not to venture out into
that sort of weather.

NED

Fate's a damn tricky thing, Rose.

ROSE

Watch yer tongue.

NED

Sorry.

Ned crosses himself.

NED (CONT'D)

But ye don't understand. Ye didn't see that sad look in her eyes, Rose. The wish that I made that night went to Frank. He asked to be with Sarah. And he has to die to make that happen.

ROSE

Get the leprechaun to stop it.

NED

I told ye, I tried that. Don't ye think I would have tried that already? It's done. A wish twice granted cannot be taken back.

ROSE

It seems to me that Sarah, if she did come back from the grave to warn ye, thinks that if ye stop Frank from goin' out to sea tomorrow, that ye'll save him from yer silly wish.

NED

Could it be that simple?

ROSE

Sometimes the most simple of solutions is the correct one.

NED

Ye could be right, Rose. Of course, ye are.

Ned smiles and kisses her.

NED (CONT'D)

Sure the good Lord was wise and kind the day he brought ye into me life. I don't know what I would have become if not fer yer guidance.

ROSE

Ye'd probably end up in a different ditch every day tryin' to figure out how ye got there.

Rose kisses him.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Now, come to bed. I'll go to church tomorrow and say a prayer fer Frank.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE (DREAM SEQUENCE) - LATER

Sleepily, Siobhan rises from her bed and crosses to the hearth where her mother cooks a meal. Siobhan looks at her mother as if she is seeing a ghost.

SIOBHAN

Is that yerself, ma?

SARAH

And who else would it be, over here
by the hearth?

Siobhan's look changes from one of fear to one of glee as she throws her arms around her mother.

SIOBHAN

Oh, mother! I missed ye!

SARAH

Missed me? Dear girl, it's been
only a night's worth of sleep that
separated us.

SIOBHAN

But I thought...

SARAH

Thought what?

Slowly, Siobhan looks over to where Fiona should be, but there's no baby in the crib.

SIOBHAN

Where's Fiona?

SARAH

Fiona?

SIOBHAN

Me new sister.

SARAH

Well, if it's a sister, we'll know
that soon enough.

Sarah rubs her swollen belly.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And that's a fine name, should it be
a girl. Fiona. Good sound.

SIOBHAN

But mother...

Suddenly, the sound of the baby CRYING shocks both Siobhan and Sarah.

SARAH

What's that?

Sarah begins to fade.

SIOBHAN

Mother? Mother?

END DREAM SEQUENCE

Siobhan, writhing in her bed. Fiona cries in the crib next to her. Suddenly, Siobhan wakes and jumps up to comfort Fiona.

SIOBHAN

It's okay, Fiona. It's all right.
Go back to sleep. Ye'll wake yer
father and the twins.

In a moment, Fiona goes back to sleep and Siobhan puts her back in the crib.

Across the room, in his chair, the book across his chest, Frank stirs from his sleep. Behind him, a window was open. The sounds of the storm drifts through.

FRANK

Did I hear the baby cry?

SIOBHAN

Aye, da, ye did. I put her back to
sleep.

FRANK

Good girl. Now back to sleep with
yerself. Don't want ye fallin' asleep
in school.

SIOBHAN

I had a dream, da.

FRANK

Did ye now? And what would ye be
dreamin' about?

She walks to him.

SIOBHAN

Mother.

FRANK

`Tis often I dream of her meself.

SIOBHAN

It was before she had Fiona. She was still with child. What does that mean, da?

FRANK

Oh, Siobhan, I'm not much fer interpretin' dreams.

She casts her eyes downward. Frank sees this and puts her on his lap.

FRANK (CONT'D)

But, if I were one fer such things, I'd say that yer dream meant that ye just want yer mother back.

SIOBHAN

And I do.

FRANK

I know. And I want her back too.

After a moment of reflection, Siobhan hugs her father tightly.

SIOBHAN

I love ye, da.

FRANK

I love ye too. Now off to bed.

She kisses him and bounds across the room to her bed, crawls under the covers and closes her eyes.

Suddenly, the sounds of a storm off in the distance rumbles in from the open window.

EXT. FRANK'S BACK YARD

Coat and hat on, a pipe billowing smoke behind him, Frank walks out toward the ocean. Though the rain has stopped, and the dusty gray clouds begin to uncover the moon, the ocean is still rough and choppy.

FRANK

It's goin' to be a glorious day fer sure.

After a moment, he smiles, puffs his pipe and returns to the house.

After the door closes behind him, Sarah's ghost appears from the shadows, a lamenting look on her face.

EXT. FANAD WHARF - MORNING

The sun creeps over the horizon as sea birds fly about the dawn sky. The sea is much calmer.

INT. NED'S HOUSE - DAY

Fixing his braces over his shoulders, Ned smiles as he looks at his family, then hurriedly leaves the house.

EXT. WATER'S EDGE

Ned heads down toward the wharf, off in the distance.

NED

Ach, man, maybe ye just dreamed this whole thing. It has to be a dream.

From behind him, still in the shadows of dawn, Sarah comes out.

SARAH

It's no dream, Ned.

NED

Ye can't be real, Sarah! Yer in yer grave!

Slowly, she steps out of the shadows, but becomes less corporeal as the light hits her.

SARAH

Aye, in me grave I am. And so too will Frank be if ye don't stop him.

NED

And how do ye expect me to be doin' that?

Oh, Frank, might I have a word with ye? Ye see, I made this wish with a leprechaun I caught in the ditch near the bend in the road - ye know the one. It's the same leprechaun, by the way, our grandfather tried to catch all those years ago.

Séamus is his name. Not that his name means anything to this story. Anyway, I took the wishes - three of them - instead of the gold. The third wish, I gave to yerself so that ye could have anything ye wanted in the world.

(MORE)

NED (CONT'D)

What did ye wish fer? Oh, that's a good one. Ye wished to be with yer wife. Yer dead wife, might I add.

Now, since she can't come back from the grave - though she seems to be doin' a grand fine job of that so far - yerself has to get into yer own. Now, does that make any sense to ye?

EXT. THE FANAD WHARF

Frank works on his boat and nets as Ned seems to appear from nowhere, though it is obvious, by the way Frank speaks to him, that he was there all along.

FRANK

Not another word of it, Ned!

NED

Dear Lord, what's happenin'?

FRANK

Are ye daft, man? Runnin' on about leprechauns and dead wives comin' back from the grave. And a third wish that's supposed to kill me. Brother, ye listened too much to our grandfather's stories.

Ned turns around, a bewildered look on his face.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Have ye forgotten how to speak, man? True, ye were doin' fine enough a moment ago.

NED

A moment ago, I wasn't here.

FRANK

And where were ye?

NED

Not here.

FRANK

Now yer worryin' me, Ned. Here ye were fer the past ten minutes, goin' on about all kinds of nonsense.

Ned looks to where he saw Sarah.

NED

I thought that more a rehearsal than an actual performance.

FRANK

Ye what?

NED

Nothin'.

FRANK

Look at the sea, Ned. It's goin' to be a fine day. And when the others get here, we'll set sail.

NED

Ah, Frank, if I had one wish to make, it would be that ye not go to sea today. Not this day.

FRANK

And what makes this day any different from any other?

NED

I don't know. But it seems to be that this day is quite important to some.

FRANK

Well, as ye said, ye had yer three wishes. Ye'll not get a forth.

Before Ned can say another word, Frank's mates come bounding down to the wharf.

JIMMY

Ned, are ye fer changin' yer profession? Ye should be in the fields.

NED

Not at all, Jimmy. Just haven' a word with me brother.

PADDY

Ah, not ready fer some real work?

NED

I'll be fine enough with me own, Paddy.

HUGH

Well, if ye ever get the urge.

NED

I'll be fine enough, Hugh Shiels,
thank you very much.

FRANK

Listen to this, mates. Ned thinks
that if I go out to sea today, I
won't be comin' back. And the reason
is...

NED

Ye don't have to be spreadin' family
business to strangers, Frank.

PADDY

We're all cousins and such here,
Ned.

NED

Well, Paddy, it's between the
brothers.

FRANK

Boys, get the boats ready fer sea.
I'll be havin' a word with me brother.

Frank drops his heavy arm around Ned's shoulders and leads
him away from the wharf.

EXT. ON THE SHORE

FRANK

Look, Ned, ye know that I'm not one
fer this kind of fantasy.

NED

Ye read books. Books is fantasy.

FRANK

Books is books. Just stories.

NED

If ye don't believe in fantasies,
why read books?

FRANK

Unlike yerself, Ned, I knows the
difference between the fantasies in
me books and the strange stories
yerself tell.

NED

Our grandfather believed them.

FRANK

He was an old man, Ned.

NED

Sarah came to me, Frank!

FRANK

Sarah's gone from us! That's as true as it can be! She cannot come back from the dead to warm of me impendin' doom! I wish she could.

NED

I never lied to ye, Frank. Never.

FRANK

And I don't believe yer lyin' now. I believe ye do believe ye saw these things. I just don't believe them meself. What I believe is that I have to feed me family. And I feeds `em with fish.

Frank punctuates his statement with a strong glare, then turns back to the wharf.

NED

Frank!

FRANK

What, Ned?

NED

Ye take care of yerself out there on the sea, brother.

FRANK

If somethin' does happen out there, I'll be trustin' ye not to let me children go to strangers. And not to our sisters in Burton Port, either.

NED

I'd be like there own father to them.

FRANK

Now, ye go and find yer little leprechaun and do what ye can do to lift this little curse.

Ned opens his mouth to speak, but...

FRANK (CONT'D)

Ye do what ye have to do to make
yerself feel better, little brother.
But while yer doin' that, I'll be
fishin'.

NED

Yer the least superstitious fisherman
I know.

FRANK

Be on yer way, Ned. Ye have corn
and potatoes to farm.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - LATER

Ned ambles down the road, hands in pockets, a drawn look on
his face.

INT. NED'S HOUSE - LATER

Ned enters the house slowly and goes for his tools. Fagan
eats breakfast with the rest of the family. Rose comes up
from behind. PATRICK, about ten, sits next to Fagan.
Isabella rises and grabs her shawl.

ISABELLA

I'll be off to Siobhan's house, ma.
To see after the children.

ROSE

All right, Isabella.

ISABELLA

Goodbye, da.

Ned nods to his daughter as she exits. Rose goes to Ned.

ROSE

Are ye fer the fields today, Ned?

NED

I am. `Tis a fine day fer it.

ROSE

`Tis that.

NED

Fagan, ye'll be takin' yer brother's
place next to me. Take Patrick with
ye. Might as well start with us.

FAGAN

Aye, da. I'll get the tools fer ye.

As Fagan and Patrick exit the house, Rose comes up from behind Ned.

ROSE

There's not a breath of wind, nor a cloud in the sky. Maybe the spirit was wrong.

NED

I wish ye were right. But I fear the worst.

EXT. FANAD WHARF - LATER

Frank and his mates make ready for sea. Frank looks up at the blue sky and smiles.

FRANK

Look, mates, it's a fine day fer fishin'. A fine day.

FAGAN

And yer brother's just a worrier.

HUGH

Farmers are like that.

They all break into riotous laughter.

FRANK

Let's shove off, mates. The fish won't wait.

EXT. NED'S FARM - LATER

As Ned tills his fields, his sons behind him, he notices something strange: the ground is littered with potatoes. Fagan runs up with baskets full.

FAGAN

Look, da! Have ye ever seen so many potatoes in one harvest? It's enough fer two years.

NED

`Tis odd to be sure. I've never seen the ground yield so much.

FAGAN

What do ye think caused it, da?

Ned nearly goes white with trepidation as he casts his gaze skyward at the dark, rain-filled clouds rolling in from sea.

NED

Dear God, no.

FAGAN

It's a queer sky, da. Odd to be sure.
I didn't know rain was comin'.

Rain begins to fall from pregnant clouds.

NED

Yer right about that, son. Best get
home. We're done fer the day.

FAGAN

Should we take the potatoes, da?

PATRICK

Aye, Fagan. Take the potatoes.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE

Getting her books ready for school, Siobhan jumps into
response to a clash of thunder. Concern writes itself across
her face as she runs to the window.

As the thunder and lightning flashes across the sky, her
father's book, Dracula, falls from the table. Siobhan jumps
again.

SIOBHAN

Da!

The door crashes open and a somewhat wet Isabella enters, a
chorus of thunder and cascading rain behind her.

ISABELLA

No one saw that storm comin'!

SIOBHAN

Isabella, ye scared me to death.

ISABELLA

Sorry, Siobhan.

Isabella takes off her shawl and puts it on the hook as Fiona
begins crying. Isabella goes to her and picks her up.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Siobhan, the three of ye be sure to
wear yer rain coats on the way to
school.

SIOBHAN

We know to wear our coats, Isabella.

ISABELLA

Of course, ye do. Be on yer way
before the worst of it gets here.

Fiona, is inconsolable, much to Siobhan's concern. Her cries
exacerbate with each clash of thunder.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Go on, Siobhan. I'll take care of
the baby.

Though concerned, Siobhan gathers up the twins and heads
them out the door.

EXT. FRANK'S BOAT

The four fishermen battle the rising tides as waves crash at
their boat, and torrential rains pelt them.

PADDY

Where in the name of God did this
come from?

HUGH

Frank, we must go in!

JIMMY

Which way's in?

Frank fights the sea with the others, but he looks defeated.
In the wind, he hears the cry of the Banshee.

EXT. NED'S FARM

As the storm increases, Ned becomes frantic.

NED

Dear God in Heaven! Dear Lord, please
don't do this! Please don't take me
brother! Please!

Running back to the house, Ned trips and falls into the mud.
As he struggles to get up, his hands fill with more potatoes
than he has ever seen in his life.

NED (CONT'D)

If one wish comes true!

In the wind, the cries of the Banshee begin.

NED (CONT'D)

Dear God, No!

EXT. DIRT ROAD

In a frenzy, Ned leaps across the ditch as if it were not there. In the wind, the cries of the Banshee intensify.

EXT. CHURCH YARD

Ned runs for the church door and blasts through them.

INT. CHURCH

Dripping wet, Ned leaves the doors open as he splashes his hand into the holy water, crosses himself, then remembers to close the doors. He heads for the altar, genuflects and kneels.

NED

Dear God, I've never asked much from ye. I've never been a godly man. Though not for the effort of me dear wife, Rose, to fix that. But I'm beggin' ye, please don't take him. Please don't take him. He's me only brother.

I know I have sisters, three of `em. But he's me only brother. Please don't take him. Please change the wish. Ye have the power. Don't take Frank. Not now.

From behind the altar, Farther McGrennaghan comes and goes to Ned.

MCGRENNAGHAN

Ned, what are ye doin' here?

NED

Father, it's a dark and terrible thing I've done.

A curious look appears on the priest's face as he kneels next to Ned.

MCGRENNAGHAN

What is it, man?

Suddenly, the cry of the banshee fills the church and strikes terror in Ned.

NED

Does ye hear that, Father?

MCGRENNAGHAN

Hear what, my son?

NED

The Banshee. Comin' to take Frank.

MCGRENNAGHAN

It's just the wind, yer hearin'.
The Banshee's just a myth.

NED

I've done a terrible thing, Father.
I have to try to undo it.

Ned stands and blasts toward the door.

MCGRENNAGHAN

Ned, come back!

NED

I have to undo it!

Ned, backs out of the church, his eyes to the crucified Jesus the whole time. He runs out of the church, leaving the doors wide open.

MCGRENNAGHAN

Go with God, Ned! Go with God!

McGrennaghan makes the sign of the cross, stands and goes to shut the doors.

EXT. FANAD WHARF - MOMENTS LATER

Ned, like a mad man, runs to the end of the wharf, the rain, wind, and the waves breaking over the dock, blasting him all the way. The Banshee cries louder and louder as he falls to his knees at the end of the wharf.

NED

Please come back, Frank! Don't die
in the sea! Damn ye, ye old fool!
I told ye about the leprechaun's
wishes. I told ye what Sarah said!

EXT. FRANK'S BOAT

The fishermen, near exhaustion, continue to fight the sea. The Banshee cries louder and louder.

HUGH

Frank, I can't get the water out of
the boat!

FRANK

Work hard, Hugh!

JIMMY

Frank, we're done!

FRANK

Never! Never!

Frank looks out to port and his mouth just goes agape. A final scream from the Banshee.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Can't be. It can't be! Dear God,
no!

A wave the size of a house heads straight for them. All eyes fix on the wave.

EXT. FANAD WHARF

Slowly, mysteriously, the storm begins to abate. Ned drags himself to his feet. Shock and defeat covers his face as he walks off the wharf and stands under a tree.

EXT. ON THE SHORE

Séamus comes up from behind Ned.

SÉAMUS

It's not yer fault, Ned.

NED

Why didn't yet tell me this could happen? Why didn't ye warn me?

SÉAMUS

Me job is not tell ye how to make a wish, Ned. It's to grant the wish.

NED

What kind of an answer is that?

SÉAMUS

The only one. I asked ye if ye were sure about the wish. That's as far as I could go. What's done is done.

NED

What's done is done? What's done is done? What's done is me brother's dead.

SÉAMUS

`Tis true enough. Frank's gone. But that's what he wanted most in the world.

Tears flow from Ned's eyes as he gazes out to sea.

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

Go home, Ned. Frank won't be comin' back.

INT. O'MALLEY'S PUB - NIGHT

Ned sits alone at a table, a nearly untouched pint in front of him. Some others sit at other tables. O'Malley sits across from Ned.

O'MALLEY

He was a good man. Good father.

NED

And a good brother too. Better than most.

O'MALLEY

I heard that on Ballyliffin strand was cast their boats, oars and sails. Sweeney, they found him near Mallen Head. Hugh Shiels and Paddy Trearty, they were found in Lough Swilly, right near where Wolfe Tone took his life rather than be taken alive by the British.

NED

But not Frank Harkin. Not him. There's no body to be found. Fanad will remember the twenty-first of June, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven fer years to come, O'Malley.

O'Malley stands, his pint in hand.

O'MALLEY

Listen up! Give me yer ears!

All the patrons quiet down.

O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

To Francis Harkin, and his crew of brave men: James Sweeney, Paddy Trearty and Hugh Shiels. Good fathers. Good breadwinners all. Long may they live in our hearts and our memories.

All raise their glasses. One of them moves forward, and sings an old sailor's tune.

EXT. CHURCH CEMETERY - DAY

Siobhan tends to her parent's graves. The stone shows Frank's date of death now.

SIOBHAN

It's been five months now. Almost Christmas time. It doesn't get any easier. But I'm fourteen now. A woman. But yez know that. I have to start acting like an adult.

Ned comes up from behind he, but he just stands there next to a tree silently for a bit.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Da, we never found ye. The others, as ye know, we did. They're right over there.

I don't know why I'm talkin' to ye here, when yer not here. Maybe ye'll find each other in Heaven. Yerself and ma.

It was a bit crowded at Uncle Ned's at first, but he built a new room on the house to accommodate us. He sold yer house to pay fer it. But he didn't really have to after the harvest came in. Best ever. But we don't mind bein' there. Home is where family is.

Cousin Isabella plans to leave fer America in a couple of months. I'll be sad to see her go. She's my friend.

Her chin quivers.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

I miss ye both so terrible. Sometimes the hurt is so bad. I go to church a lot, hopin' it'll help.

Ned steps up. Siobhan sees him, but is not startled by his presence.

NED

Tendin' the grave, are ye?

She nods.

NED (CONT'D)

It's a good daughter ye are.

Tears flow down Siobhan's cheeks, and she tries to control herself, but soon, she begins to sob, and folds into Ned's arms.

NED (CONT'D)

There, there now. It's okay to cry.

SIOBHAN

I have to be strong fer the others.

NED

Ye have to mourn fer yerself. I do all the time.

SIOBHAN

Yerself cries?

NED

I've lost me only brother. Me best friend. Of course I do.

Siobhan lets the cry come harder and harder, uncontrollably. She folds into Ned's arms.

SIOBHAN

I'm sorry, Uncle Ned.

NED

There's no reason to be sorry. Ye've lost yer mother and yer father. Cry all ye want. Ye have to be strong fer the little ones, but that doesn't mean ye can't cry fer yerself. Fer yer own loss.

He pulls a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes her eyes as she gets herself under control.

NED (CONT'D)

All right, now. Off to home with ye. Supper'll be on the table. Tell Aunt Rose I'll be along.

Siobhan jumps off his lap, kisses him on the cheek and bounces off toward home.

NED (CONT'D)

Well, Frank, I know I haven't been here since the wake, not that there was a body to bury. I have been to the wharf.

(MORE)

NED (CONT'D)

It's the last place we saw each other.
I wish ye'd listened to me.

From the ether, we hear Frank in VOICE OVER.

FRANK (V.O.)

Don't worry yerself, Ned.

Nearly white with fear and shock, Ned turns and steps back from the grave.

NED

Is that yerself, Frank?

FRANK (V.O.)

`Tis.

NED

I don't believe it.

In a haze, Frank appears, standing on the other side of the headstone.

FRANK

And yerself the one who believes in
leprechauns and Banshees.

NED

Why're ye here, Frank? Is it to
take me to Hell?

FRANK

Why would I be doin' that, even if I
could? Ye did nothin' wrong.

NED

I killed ye, Frank. I killed ye
with me wish.

FRANK

I made the wish, Ned. Not yerself.
It was me own fate. I wasn't complete
without me Sarah. Sure it's fer the
best. I'm where I belong.

Sarah comes out of the ether, stands next to Frank and takes his hand.

SARAH

It's all right, Ned. I absolve ye
of all blame.

NED

Sarah! `Tis yerself. Ye look a bit calmer than the last time I saw ye.

SARAH

Indeed, I am. And ye've done a fine job with the children. Yerself and Rose. Yez were always good parents.

NED

Thank ye.

FRANK

I'll be with me Sarah now. Forever.

SARAH

Never let the children forget us.

NED

I won't.

FRANK

Ned, grandfather left ye somethin'.

NED

What would that be?

Before he can answer, Frank and Sarah vanish.

NED (CONT'D)

Frank! Sarah! Come back now! I've not done with me questionin'.

Father McGrennaghan comes out of the church.

MCGRENNAGHAN

Ned Harkin, who in the name of God would ye be talkin' to? Yerself bein' along an all in the cemetery.

NED

I was just sayin' a few words of prayer to me brother and Sarah. But I'm done with me prayin'. Until Sunday, that is. Good day to ye, Father.

Mcgrennaghan makes the sign of the cross.

MCGRENNAGHAN

Good day to ye, me son.

INT. NED'S HOUSE

Rose, Isabella and Siobhan prepare supper as Ned enters and hangs his coat on the hook.

ROSE

Siobhan told me ye were to the grave.

Ned takes his seat at the head of the table as the rest of the family sits.

NED

I was.

ROSE

I'll go meself tomorrow. Siobhan will ye say grace?

Siobhan speaks in Irish.

SIOBHAN

Dear Lord, we thank ye fer the food on our table, the family we have to share it with, and yer grace, though we don't always understand yer ways. Amen.

ALL

Amen.

They all dig in.

NED

Did anythin' interestin' happen while I was away?

ISABELLA

Two letters came fer ye, da.

NED

Did they now?

Rose nods, almost as if they were unimportant.

NED (CONT'D)

And where would they be?

ROSE

Mary, will ye get yer father's letters?

MARY

Yes, ma.

Mary jumps down, gets the letters and hands them to her father.

MARY (CONT'D)

Here, da.

He pats her on the head, and takes the letters as she heads back to her chair.

NED

Well, look at this. A letter from Con, all the way from America.

FAGAN

Can I have the stamp from America, da?

NED

Since ye were the first to speak up, of course.

Ned opens the envelope and pulls out the letter. A crisp twenty dollar bill falls out.

NED (CONT'D)

Look at that. Twenty dollars.

ROSE

Well, sure isn't that a lot of money. I hope he didn't rob a bank to get it.

ISABELLA

What does the letter say, da?

NED

It says: Dear Ma and Da - that's us - hope all is well. And that the money helps. It's all I could spare.

ROSE

We should write to him and tell him that we don't need to have him sendin' his hard-earned money, now that the farm is doin' so well.

NED

We should. We'll keep this for him.

ROSE

Continue.

NED

It says: Tell ma I still go to church every Sunday. And confessional too. I miss ye terrible, like. And I hope to see ye all soon. I expect to be foreman at the factory soon enough. Mr. Tracy says I'm one of the best workers he's ever seen. And everyone likes me a lot.

A grand smile appears on Ned's face as he turns up to the rest of the family.

NED (CONT'D)

Well, isn't that grand? Me own son a foreman.

He turns back to letter.

NED (CONT'D)

And tell ma I've me a girl. Mary Breen's her name.

ROSE

An Irish name.

NED

Says here, she's from Burton Port.

ROSE

A Donegal girl?

ISABELLA

He went all the way to America to find a girl from just down the road.

ROSE

At least she's Irish. What else does it say?

NED

It says here, they're engaged. And hope to be married in the spring. He hopes to honeymoon in Ireland, so he show off his new bride.

FAGAN

He'll have to be a foreman fer that.

NED

Indeed. He wishes us all well, includin' the new additions to the home. And he asks that we all write soon.

Ned, pride in his countenance, stuffs the letter back in the envelope, stands and puts the twenty dollars in a jar on the cabinet. He then returns and goes to the next letter.

SIOBHAN

What's the second letter, Uncle Ned?

NED

Let's see, Siobhan.

He slowly opens the letter.

NED (CONT'D)

It's from a lawyer.

ROSE

What could that be?

NED

He's in Donegal Town.

SIOBHAN

Me da said that letters from lawyers never come to good.

NED

Well, let's see. Dear Mr. Ned Harkin, Accordin' to the terms of yer grandfather's last Will and Testament, upon the passin' of either yerself, or yer brother, Francis Harkin, the survivin' brother shall receive the total remainder of the estate.

ROSE

I never heard of yer grandfather haven' an estate.

NED

Nor have I.

EXT. STREET IN DONEGAL TOWN - DAY

Dressed in his Sunday best, letter in hand, Ned searches for store fronts. Finally, he comes to the lawyer's office. The sign reads: TÓMAS ROACH, SOLICITOR.

INT. TÓMAS ROACH'S OFFICE

An elderly man, who looks every bit the Irish lawyer of the time, TÓMAS ROACH, receives Ned and leads him into the office.

ROACH

I wondered if I'd be alive to ever
fulfill the terms of your
grandfather's will.

NED

I didn't know there was one.

ROACH

There is. And here it is.

He points to a large crate in the corner.

NED

What is it?

ROACH

For thirty years that box has been
in that corner, and I've never once
opened it. But I can tell you this,
it's quite heavy. Oh, this note
came recently. It goes with the
crate.

Ned takes the letter and opens it. Séamus speaks in VOICE
OVER.

SÉAMUS (V.O.)

Yer grandfather was a worthy opponent,
Ned. Good luck to ye all.

A quizzical look appears on Ned's face as he opens up the
box. Inside is a pot `o gold. At the end of the letter,
Ned sees:

SÉAMUS (CONT'D)

What's done is done. Yer friend,
Séamus O'Kelly.

Ned smiles.

NED

What's done is done.

FADE OUT