

STRAY BULLET

Written by

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C O N T A C T S

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STRAY BULLET

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAY

We hear an Irish fiddle, but see Massachusetts license plates on parked cars by a Boston city park, with a large tree surrounded by green grass. Two High School Boys (17, one white, one black) stand by the tree, looking around, as if waiting for friends to join them.

We hear the voice of ROWAN DORAN (10), a smart little girl who me meet in a minute.

ROWAN (V.O.)

Storytelling is as easy as walking.  
You just put one word in front of  
another 'til you get where you're  
going.

The white boy, laughing, turns his back, and unzips his pants like he's going to pee on the tree.

A black sedan with heavily tinted windows cruises down the street adjacent to the park. The passenger window is down.

We hear rapid shots from an AR-15 from the sedan. BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM!

In slow motion, we see a strawberry ice cream cone fly out of a ten-year-old girl's hand. The ice cream cone flips slowly in the air.

In the background, the two boys are shot in the legs. They fall to the ground in slow motion, and scream.

We see the ice cream cone begin its descent as it flips in slow motion.

We hear a grown woman, REGAN DORAN (early 30s), scream.

REGAN (O.S.)

Help! Somebody, help!

We see the ice cream cone SPLAT on the lawn.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

SUPER: "Earlier that Day"

MRS. DAVIS (50s), an old-fashioned, African-American 4th-grade school teacher, looks over her glasses at 20 students (multi-cultural), and sees one vacant desk.

JOSH DOVINSKI (10), tall and heavy bully, in the seat to the right, smirks and shrugs his shoulders, acting innocent.

In bounces ROWAN DORAN (10), a little redhead cutie, with curls, freckles, and a smile to die for.

ROWAN

Sorry I'm late, Mrs. Davis. My Ma was running late because of her work.

Mrs. Davis glares. Josh rolls his eyes in disgust.

JOSH

Evicting another poor family, Red?

Rowan's smile disappears. She glares at Josh.

MRS. DAVIS

That's enough, Mr. Dovinski!

Rowan turns and smiles to Mrs. Davis.

ROWAN

That's okay, Mrs. Davis. My mom can't be blamed for hard economic times. She's an attorney in acquisitions, not evictions. I'm sorry Josh doesn't know the difference.

The students snicker, as Josh turns angry.

JOSH

Shut up, Red!

MRS. DAVIS

Mr. Dovinski! Only two days until summer vacation begins. Surely, you've learned Rowan's name by now.

Rowan keeps her cool.

ROWAN

Rowan is more difficult to spell and pronounce than 'Red.'

MRS. DAVIS

Yes, Rowan. Take your seat.

Rowan walks slowly to her seat, while addressing the class.

ROWAN

Over forty-five percent of the  
Irish carry the rare redhead gene.  
Ten percent of the population has  
red or strawberry-blond hair.

Mrs. Davis is agitated.

MRS. DAVIS

That will be all, Ms. Doran!

The class snickers.

ROWAN

Yes, Mrs. Davis.

Mrs. David turns completely to the whiteboard. We see: "1. Social Studies - final oral and written reports. 2. Math - factors and unknowns. 3. Vocabulary - final quiz (only 10 points; no worries)."

MRS. DAVIS

Let's see how we'll spend our  
second-to-last day together.

Josh leans over and punches Rowan in the arm. She glares at him, but lets it go. Students nearby gasp, but say nothing as Josh glares at them.

MRS. DAVIS (CONT'D)

Social studies. Who's up to bat?

Rowan raises her sore arm, smiling weakly.

MRS. DAVIS (CONT'D)

That's right. Rowan. Five-minute  
summary. Front of the room.

Rowan is happy to escape her seat. Her written report is rolled up in her hand.

MRS. DAVIS (CONT'D)

Speak loudly and confidently.

ROWAN

What am I?

(beat)

Leaves and roots, sun rays to  
waters, my branches wither without  
mothers and daughters.

The students are puzzled and curious.

MRS. DAVIS

Good start, dear.

ROWAN

The Fairy Trees by Rowan Doran.

JOSH

Irish B.S. again!

MRS. DAVIS

I won't ask you again, Mr. Dovinski. You had your turn. I'm sorry, Ms. Doran. Continue.

ROWAN

My grandpa, James Joseph Doran, told me there are three kinds of trees in the world. Most trees hide out in the middle of the forest, he said. They have shallow roots, protected from the wind by other trees, and safe, until a wildfire or windstorm takes them all out. The second type of tree, he said, is a fruit tree, growing in nice long rows, irrigated and pruned by the farmer, until they get the blight and quit bearing fruit altogether! The third type of tree is the lone fairy tree.

JOSH

(mumbles)

Oh, geez!

Mrs. Davis points a threatening finger at him.

ROWAN

The lone fairy tree, left in the center of big pasture to battle the wind and the storms. Maybe a bit lonely, but fiercely independent and proud.

MRS. DAVIS

And magical?

ROWAN

Fairy trees are regarded as sacred sites for the wee folk.

JOSH

Not leprechauns again.

Mrs. Davis points at Josh, as he turns and snickers.

ROWAN

We call them the wee folk. And the DeLorean car company cut down a fairy tree to build a factory and the car company went broke.

Rowan angrily drops her written report on Mrs. Davis's desk. Rowan starts to return to her seat.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

Look it up! The rest is in the report!

MRS. DAVIS

Thank you, Rowan.

Rowan half-turns to Mrs. Davis, while heading to her seat.

ROWAN

You're welcome, Mrs. Davis.

MRS. DAVIS

I apologize for Josh's...

ROWAN

(interrupting)

And there are three kinds of people in the world.

(pointing at Josh)

A few big-sized bullies.

(looking at classmates as she sits in her desk)

Many well-intentioned medium-sized people who don't get involved,

(looking down sadly)

And a few small-sized targets for bullying, who either flee or fight.

Rowan looks up, stands, and makes a fist.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

Well, I'm gonna fight!

Rowan swings, but misses Josh's jaw, as he backs away, and falls out of his desk, and onto the floor.

The students cheer and laugh. Mrs. Davis angrily motions Rowan to her desk.

LATER

Alone, Mrs. Davis is correcting papers, when REGAN DORAN (early 30s) walks in wearing a gray pantsuit, pressed white blouse, and holding an iPad in a brown leather cover. She has gold jewelry that has "attorney" written all over it.

REGAN

Rita, I got here as soon as I could. I'm so sorry. I...

MRS. DAVIS

No worries. Several students saw Josh punch Rowan earlier, but we have regulations. I had to report the incident.

REGAN

I understand.

Mrs. Davis looks up and glares at Regan.

MRS. DAVIS

Better than Rowan took the news of you postponing your vacation to Ireland. She was devastated. All her grandpa's delightful stories...

REGAN

My father was incapacitated by a stroke and dementia when Rowan was two. My mother must have...

MRS. DAVIS

Someone is filling her mind!

Mrs. Davis stands and sizes up Regan.

MRS. DAVIS (CONT'D)

Storytellers like Rowan grace our elementary schools once a century. I've read and graded dozens of her stories.

REGAN

Dozens of her stories?

MRS. DAVIS

Her St. Patrick's Day story?

Regan looks puzzled?

MRS. DAVIS (CONT'D)

Where St. Patrick left the snakes,  
but drove out the priests,  
politicians, and bullies out of  
Ireland instead? Hilarious!

REGAN

Sounds like Rowan, but she didn't  
share it with me.

MRS. DAVIS

She has a thing against anyone who  
forces his or her ideas on others.  
I'm sure you'll fill her summer  
with camps and extra classes, but a  
trip to Ireland...

REGAN

Single mom. Big development  
projects. I can't get it off.

MRS. DAVIS

Her riddle for the class today was  
a 'What am I?'

(beat)

Leaves and roots, sun rays to  
waters, my branches wither without  
mothers and daughters.

Regan looks away sadly, and puzzled.

REGAN

Her report on Fairy Trees?

MRS. DAVIS

The answer to her riddle was a  
family tree.

REGAN

My branches wither without mothers  
and daughters. I get it, now.

Mrs. Davis sits, and returns to grading papers. She doesn't  
look up.

MRS. DAVIS

Closest ice cream store is on the  
corner of Main and Fifth!

Regan steps to Mrs. Davis and hugs her.

REGAN

I know why she loves you so much,  
Rita!

(MORE)



REGAN (CONT'D)

She tells me every week, that when she grows up, she wants to be you! Not me! You!

MRS. DAVIS

Better get you that ice cream. But, don't spoil your dinner!

Regan smiles as she exits.

REGAN

Hell! When I grow up, I want to be you, too!

Mrs. Davis looks up and smiles warmly. She grades Rowan's report, "A+", and hands it to Regan.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Regan and Rowan stroll in the park and lick strawberry ice cream cones.

REGAN

Mrs. Davis is the best!

ROWAN

Yep. Should have seen the look on her face when I tried to clobber Josh.

They laugh.

REGAN

That was wrong. You know that. So was my postponing our Ireland trip.

ROWAN

Map has been hanging in my room for over a year. Guess it can hang there a little longer.

REGAN

Boss says we're too busy.

ROWAN

And Grandpa didn't die yet.

REGAN

What?

ROWAN

Grandma says Grandpa wanted his  
ashes spread all around Ireland,  
except for the Northern part...

Regan is angry.

REGAN

Wait, wait, wait! Grandma never  
mentioned this to me. This has  
nothing to do with... wait 'til I  
speak with your grandma!

They pause, then they chuckle.

ROWAN

Mothers and daughters.

They see an old tree surrounded by a big lawn, and they stop.

REGAN

Fairy tree.

ROWAN

Ma! I don't believe all those  
stories about fairies and stuff. I  
just like writing stories.

REGAN

From Grandma?

ROWAN

For me. You're too busy working at  
night, and after Nanny Shanny goes  
home, I Facetime Grandma and read  
her my stories.

REGAN

Scary stories, and you alone?

ROWAN

Housekeeper Laura watches TV in the  
guest room.

REGAN

Your Grandpa used to tell me his  
stories every night before bed.  
Funny and scary ones. Saints and  
the Devil, Banshee and the Death  
Coach.

ROWAN

The Cóiiste Bodhar, Ma.

REGAN

How long you been doing that?

ROWAN

Since you got me my phone for emergency reasons three years ago.

REGAN

Emergency? Every night? She never mentioned it. Wait 'til I call...

ROWAN

Let it go, Ma. I love it. She sounds...

REGAN

Irish! I know!

(beat)

Know what I'm gonna do? I'm going to have you read me one of your stories every night, until I've heard them all.

ROWAN

Then, I'll write a new one every day.

They chuckle and stroll toward the tree. Two High School Boys (17, one white, one black) stand by the tree, looking around, as if waiting for friends to join them.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

This is what your work is buying to put up high-rise condos?

REGAN

Afraid so. They call it progress. I think it's a shame, but it's what I'm paid to do.

The white boy, laughs, turns his back, and unzips his pants like he's going to pee on the tree.

A black sedan with heavily tinted windows cruises down the street adjacent to the park. The passenger window is down.

Rowan takes a few steps up to yell at the boys.

ROWAN

Hey...

Before she can speak another word, we hear rapid shots from an AR-15 in the sedan. BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM! Regan screams.

REGAN  
Help! Somebody, help!

Both boys are hit in one leg each, and scream as they fall to the ground.

We see Rowan's ice cream cone fly out of her hand (in slow motion), splattering on the lawn.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Regan sits. Her hands shake too much to hold her iPad. Her eyes are red and teared-out. A Doctor (female, 40s, in scrubs) steps out of the Surgery Room, but heads down another hall.

Regan takes out her phone and makes a call.

REGAN  
No word yet, Ma. I'm hopeful.

We faintly hear a soft, tearful, Irish voice from Regan's Ma, MRS. DORAN (60s).

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)  
Bualadh mo chroí. The pulse of my heart.

REGAN  
I know, Ma. How's Da doing?

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)  
Fine, Fine. Don't be worrying about him now, 'til my little one is safe at home.

Regan pauses. Mrs. Doran says nothing. Regan is edgy.

REGAN  
(sarcastic)  
I'm doing okay. Thanks for asking!

Another Doctor (40s, male, in scrubs) steps out of the ER with tears in his eyes and open arms walking toward Regan.

REGAN (CONT'D)  
Ma. Gotta go.

Regan drops her phone and her iPad. As she stands, she almost faints. The Doctor cries and hugs Regan, but can't speak.

DOCTOR  
Nothing prepares us for this.

REGAN

She's...

DOCTOR

I'm so sorry. We all did the best we could. Before that last operation, she kept whispering something about a fairy tree and Cloon-something, if that means anything to you. I'm so sorry.

The lights grow dim, as Regan SCREAMS and CRIES for a long time.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The name plate reads "DETECTIVE SEAN DONAHUE" (40s), a kind-looking cop in a white shirt, with rolled-up sleeves, and a loose blue tie. He's reviewing a stack of reports, when Regan trudges in and plops in the chair.

REGAN

Been two days.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE

Ms. Doran-Parsons, I mentioned the statistics before. One-third of all murderers are never caught, and drive-by shooters...

Regan slams her fist on his desk.

REGAN

She was a child!

DETECTIVE DONAHUE

Nearly one out of five victims of drive-bys are under eighteen. We're looking for witnesses, traffic cameras, and security cameras for miles around. Nothing so far. Takes time. I'm sorry.

Regan stands and paces nervously, sadly.

REGAN

Why? Why did it happen?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE

Probably gang-related or politically motivated. But, I hate loose ends, so I have to ask again?

(MORE)

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (CONT'D)  
Did anyone want to hurt your  
daughter?

REGAN  
No?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE  
Mrs. Davis said the same thing.  
Everyone loved her stories.

REGAN  
(sadly)  
I... I... haven't adjusted to the  
past tense. Referring to Rowan.  
(beat)  
Gonna read one of her stories every  
day to keep her with me.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE  
Sorry.  
(beat)  
You? Or your family? Any enemies.

REGAN  
None.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE  
Immigrants for Ireland?

REGAN  
That's right. I was in the womb on  
the flight over.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE  
The name James Joseph Doran, and  
your father's age, showed up on an  
Interpol watch list...

REGAN  
(angry)  
Da was a history professor. Nothing  
more. He was offered a job at  
Boston College and took it. He's  
never had as much as a parking  
ticket in either country. His  
parents were farmers, who didn't  
have two pennies to rub together!

Detective Donahue turns to the wall.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE  
Still waiting on ballistics on the  
bullets we dug out of that tree.

REGAN

And my daughter's bullet?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE

(sadly)

AR-15. A high-capacity killing machine. Bullets leave the barrel three times faster than a pistol. The black market is full of them for a few hundred dollars. I'm so sorry.

Regan is angry, mumbling, and babbling from memory.

REGAN

Sorry? One of my daughter's stories was about a poor old farmer who had a nearly dry cow, one little bitty of a pig, and a chicken who laid only three eggs a week. One morning, he woke up to find the Devil himself had stolen his cow. "I forgive ya," the farmer yelled. The next morning, the pig was gone. "I forgive ya," the farmer yelled. The next morning, sure enough, didn't the Devil himself steal the farmer's lousy chicken. His wife begged the farmer, "Why don't you call the priest and the constable?" "It won't bring them back," says he. "Besides, the Good Lord left me you and our nine children. I'm the richest man in the parish!"

(angry)

That was her story! But I don't have nine children! I lost the only child I had! And if you don't find my daughter's killer, sorry isn't the word for it!

Regan stomps out.

INT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

In total SILENCE: We SEE a bounty of photographs and flowers, and a smallish Celtic urn on two tables. Rowan's Classmates are nearest the urn. Rows of Parents (30s-40s, various types) are behind them. Everyone wears black. Twelve Lawyers (8 male, 4 female) from Regan's firm gather around the boss, handsome CHARLES THATCHER (55), a man who has everything, but Regan.

Regan stoically stands in one corner.

REGAN (V.O.)

You can't imagine it. You teach yourself to lie to the grief counselor, family, friends, and everyone, including yourself.

(beat)

I'll be fine. I'll be fine.

Mrs. Doran sits, cries, and gossips with a Catholic PRIEST #1 (60; in robes). She's whispering to the priest about Charles, and stealing glances.

MRS. DORAN

A fine, rich man he is, but he's of British descent.

The priest looks puzzled.

MRS. DORAN (CONT'D)

Told Regan to take as much time off she needs, but that work would take her mind off her troubles. Said she'd want to be rid of that park even sooner. Mind off her troubles, indeed! He shouldn't have used the word troubles.

The priest looks puzzled again.

PRIEST #1

Why don't you stand with your daughter?

MRS. DORAN

Truth is, Rowan was the only thing we had in common. My daughter left the Church. I say a Rosary every night that she'll come back.

PRIEST #1

Sure, she Baptized the little girl?

Mrs. Doran trembles in fear.

MRS. DORAN

No. My daughter left more than the Church. She abandoned our family.

PRIEST #1

Your daughter needs you more than the Church.



The Priest tugs at Mrs. Doran to follow him to Regan.

In the back of the mortuary, we see Detective Donahue eyeing everyone in the room.

Mrs. Davis cries and hugs Regan in the corner of the mortuary furthest from Detective Donahue.

Regan sees Josh in the corner of her eye. He appears in shock, as his parents wipe away tears.

REGAN (V.O.)

Dread, dread the sea of black.  
Nothing, nothing will bring them  
back.

(beat)

My brother, Michael, died of  
leukemia two weeks before his  
Conformation at St. Theresa's  
Catholic Church. He was thirteen, I  
was eleven. My Da pulled me aside  
before High Mass the day of his  
funeral. He whispered to me,  
'Wasn't God good to take him?'

(beat)

I froze. The well of my tears was  
dry. I glared at Da like he was the  
Devil himself. I gave a wave to my  
brother's casket, and stormed out  
of the church. What kind of God  
takes children?

(beat)

I'll be fine.

Regan is tapped on the back by the Priest, with Mrs. Doran right behind.

PRIEST #1

God rest her soul. I'm sorry for  
your loss. How are you getting  
along, dear?

REGAN

I'll be fine.

Regan turns to see the Priest and her Ma, crying.

MRS. DORAN

The ashes? What will become of her  
soul?

Regan pushes aside the Priest, and hugs her Ma.

REGAN

I don't know, Ma! I don't know.  
You've got Da to take care of.  
Don't worry about me. I'll be fine.

INT. REGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER "Two weeks later."

A tasteful but lonely house is dimly lit. Regan walks slowly from room to room, touching furniture, photographs, and nick-knacks.

REGAN (V.O.)

Time slows when you lose a child.  
Time stops during grief counseling  
sessions. Did you know that?

The living room displays flowers and photographs from the mortuary. Regan tries to avoid eye contact with the urn with Rowan's ashes, but she cannot. She moves on deliberately.

REGAN (V.O.)

Everyone around you heals faster  
than you. Can't explain it.

Regan stops and stares at a couch. Rowan's pink blanket is folded neatly on one arm of the couch.

REGAN (V.O.)

Months after my brother died, I  
still hadn't smiled. One Saturday  
morning, I watched cartoons without  
an expression on my face. Ma came  
and sat next to me.

(beat)

I turned to see her sad face, and I  
lunged for her in tears, never  
wanting that hug to end. She  
whispered to me in her Irish  
brogue. "A child doesn't die once.  
They die a thousand times. First  
thing in the morning, at the oddest  
times every day, and the last of  
every night. I miss my Michael  
dearly, but if ever there was a  
time I needed a smile from ye, now  
is the time."

(beat)

I pulled back my face, and I forced  
a smile.

Regan stops at a mirror to see her worn, unsmiling face.

REGAN (V.O.)

If ever there was a time I needed a smile.

(beat)

Ma begged me to go back to church on Sundays, but I couldn't. Dark times do not require the Dark Ages.

(beat)

'That's where our little one gets her stubbornness' Ma would say pointing to my Rowan.

(beat)

Ma, I'll be fine.

INT. ROWAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUPER "Two more weeks later."

Regan slowly opens Rowan's door, and creeps into the room.

We SEE stuffed animals, science posters, and a poster-sized map of Ireland pinned to the wall. She sobs.

REGAN

Maybe I won't be fine.

Regan stares curiously at the map. It has a route outlined from Dublin to Galway, to Adare, to Ballyseede Castle, to Cork, and back to Dublin.

Regan looks closer to see a spur trip from Galway northeast to Cloonfad, County Roscommon.

REGAN (CONT'D)

Cloonfad, County Roscommon. Grandma Bridget's home.

(snickers)

What did Rowan write about the place? Worst little farm in all of Ireland by all accounts. Better for growing rocks than potatoes.

Cabbages so small they called them Brussel sprouts. A cow so thin it could squeeze through the cracks in the wood. Why would she want to go there?

Regan turns sadly and starts to exit the room. She sees Rowan's report on the "Fairy Trees" on the bed. She stops. She turns on the light and sees the "A+" on the report.

Regan collapses on the bed, picks up the report and begins to read it, fighting back tears until she loses the battle.

REGAN (CONT'D)

Leaves and roots, sun rays to  
waters, my branches wither without  
mothers and daughters.

(beat, looks up)

The roots of our family tree are in  
Cloonfad. Her last words.

Regan jumps to Rowan's little wooden desk, and opens a drawer to find pencils, pens, and toys.

She opens a second drawer to find old family photographs, some in Ireland.

Regan opens the third little drawer and finds the treasure: three dozen handwritten stories by Rowan, only a few of which are graded with A+; most are not graded. Regan takes the stories.

REGAN (CONT'D)

One each day. Make 'em last.

INT. DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Clocks read 8 AM, but for Regan, it's the middle of the night. She looks exhausted and sleepy as she trudges to the car rental area pulling a very small suitcase, and carrying a briefcase.

She struggles to get to the Europcar Car Rental counter to see a smiling, wise-cracking agent, PETR NOVAK (30s), an immigrant from the Czech Republic, with a strong accent. His name tag reads "Petr Novak, Student."

PETR

Welcome to Europcar, home of small  
car and big insurance plan. Just  
kidding.

REGAN

This is Dublin, right?

Regan produces a driver's license and credit card, while Petr stares at his computer screen.

PETR

It's not Prague. You have  
reservation?

REGAN

Booked online from Logan  
International, Boston, last night.

PETR

Hyphenated name Doran-hyphen-Parsons. Always trouble in system. No good is hyphen. Red-eye flight? No sleep?

REGAN

Haven't slept in days. I'm no longer married. Haven't renewed my license. Parsons is out of the picture.

PETR

Parsons still on license for rental.

REGAN

Whatever. I'll need an automatic, but they said you were out. Haven't driven a stick in fifteen years!

PETR

You need self-driving car. Irish roads like tiny sidewalks in America.

Regan is annoyed. Petr is smiling.

REGAN

Do you have a car for me? I'm sure I'll be fine.

PETR

I have manual sedan. Very small. Where you traveling, Ms. Doran-Parsons? Galway for Doran, or Belfast for Parsons? Little joke.

REGAN

My husband was American, not British!

PETR

Everyone in America was something else before American. Insurance? Full coverage? When you return the car? Here? Only driver in party? Collision is one-thousand-Euro deductible.

Regan is perplexed by the barrage of questions from the smiling man.

REGAN

What are you? A lawyer?

PETR

Almost. Last term of night school  
for Bachelor of Laws at DBS.

REGAN

D-B-S?

PETR

Dublin Business School. The Harvard  
of Erie, or the eerie stepsister of  
Harvard. One of the two.

Regan yawns, and almost falls asleep on the counter.

REGAN

The car, please. Back here tomorrow  
night. Red-eye back to Boston.  
Gotta get to Galway by two PM for a  
Skype call to the office!

Petr reaches down below the counter and pulls up a tall  
Starbucks coffee cup. He's stern, but pleading.

PETR

Galway clear across country! Two  
and a half hours away, for  
experienced Irish driver! You take  
my coffee. Please. You stop every  
thirty minutes more coffee.  
Starbucks in Athlone, halfway!

REGAN

Coffee! Yes. I need coffee.

Petr writes a phone number on a scrap of paper.

PETR

353 1 812 5555.

REGAN

Oh! You need my cell number.

PETR

Yes, but that my cell number. You  
call every thirty minutes. You  
safe! Understand?

He pulls out a Dublin map.

PETR (CONT'D)  
 You turn left, but drive on right  
 side. Go other way on turnabouts.  
 Clockwise. You understand?

Regan nods trying to stay awake, rolls her finger in a  
 clockwise motion. Petr hands her the keys.

PETR (CONT'D)  
 You follow M-fifty to M-four. Exits  
 on left, not right. You understand?

Regan's eyes tear up for no apparent reason. Petr looks  
 around, helpless. Petr snatches back the car keys.

PETR (CONT'D)  
 You take Express bus to Galway?

Regan stares at the photo of Rowan on her iPhone.

REGAN  
 No. I need to find Cloonfad  
 tomorrow for my Rowan's ashes.

Her look says it all. Petr understands Rowan is dead. His  
 eyes tear up.

PETR  
 I drive you. I take holiday.

Regan pounds a fist on the counter.

REGAN  
 Gotta be my own tree!

Petr looks at her like she's crazy.

Regan puts out her hand.

REGAN (CONT'D)  
 The keys!  
 (softens)  
 I will call you, if you don't mind.  
 You're the only one I know in  
 Ireland!

Petr hands her the keys, and speaks softly.

PETR  
 Every half-hour you call, yes?

Regan smiles warmly.

REGAN

I'll call. You're a good man, Petr  
Novak. You'll make a fine  
solicitor.

Petr smiles and waves as Regan exits. He worries.

PETR

Cloonfad? Middle of nowhere. Roads  
tiny like hiking trails. She never  
make it!

INT. RENTAL CAR GARAGE - DAY

Regan chugs coffee as she loads her suitcase in the trunk of a small sedan. She automatically walks to the left side of the car.

She peeks into the passenger-side window and trudges to the driver's side, avoiding a concrete pillar to the left-front of the car.

She enters the car and stares in confusion.

She opens her briefcase and takes out an opaque 3-ounce bottle marked "Organic Skin Powder." She opens the cap to SEE powdery-gray ashes. She sets the container on the passenger seat, puts her hands at the top of the steering wheel and rests her forehead on her hands.

REGAN

For you, Rowan!

Regan lifts her head up, and starts the car.

She enters Galway into the GPS, and hears a pleasant voice.

GPS VOICE (V.O.)

Proceed to route.

REGAN

Easy for you to say!

Regan turns her head over her right shoulder, then her left shoulder, steps on the clutch, puts the gear-shift in what she thinks is "reverse," and gives it a little gas. The car begins to go forward.

Regan's eyes open widely. She steps on the brakes just as the car's fender slightly bumps the concrete pillar.

She finds reverse, and scraps the car a bit more backing up.



She steps on the brake, turns the car off, and steps out to examine the damage. She lowers her head, takes out her phone and snaps a photo.

REGAN (CONT'D)

Shit! Or shite, as Da used to say.

Regan dials Petr's number. He answers laughing.

PETR

Before incriminate yourself, I see on security camera.

Regan looks around, smiles weakly.

REGAN

Call you in thirty minutes.

She growls as she gets back in the car.

The sedan sputters and stops and creeps to the exit, stopping to make a left turn. She puts on the windshield wipers by accident. She finds the blinkers, and puts on the left blinker. The car sputters and lunges away.

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Regan's nerves are on end as she exits the airport, drives on the wrong side, struggles with the manual transmission, and survives her first clockwise roundabout.

Her iPhone RINGS. We see the name "Donahue." She answers it.

REGAN

What is it, three in the morning there?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

Remember I told you I don't believe in coincidences?

REGAN

No. You said you hated loose ends.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

Whatever. You texted me and said you were visiting Ireland for a few days. First lead from ballistics says same AR-15 used in the drive-by, was reported being used in the IRA attack on the Ballygawley barracks, December 7, 1985.

REGAN  
Coincidence!

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)  
You parents immigrated from Galway  
eight months after the attack!

Regan is upset, and driving erratically.

REGAN  
(sarcastic)  
So, you think the IRA killed my  
daughter, and shot those two poor  
boys in the legs?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)  
Following up on drug dealers who do  
a lot a business in that park. They  
may not want to see high-rise  
condos. Motive to deter your  
gentrification plans?

Regan is angrier.

REGAN  
Your job to figure out. I can't  
talk and drive here.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)  
Where are you heading?

REGAN  
Galway first. Then Cloonfad.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)  
Cloonfad?

REGAN  
Grandparents farm. Where Ma was  
born, and I was conceived. I gotta  
do this!

Regan ends the call, nearly hitting another car. She exits  
the highway and pulls to the side shaking. She calls Petr.

PETR (O.S.)  
You alive! Good. Where are you?

REGAN  
Trial by fire, but I made it to  
Lucan.

PETR

You go Ryan's Village Cafe. Mini-breakfast come with coffee! Tell ladies hello from me. You thank me later, yes?

EXT. RYAN'S VILLAGE CAFE - DAY

Regan exits with a smile and a small take-away bag. She's sees an angry Cab Driver (30s; Irish) swearing in Irish at the front of his car.

REGAN

What's going on?

The Cab Driver swears, and flails his arms, and points to his bumper.

REGAN (CONT'D)

Just a moment.

She dials Petr.

REGAN (CONT'D)

An angry Irish cabby looks to be claiming I bumped into him.

PETR (O.S.)

Put me on video, show both cars.

Regan puts her phone on video and shows him the situation. Petr holds his phone close to his face. He hears the Cabby swearing in Irish.

PETR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I speak to cab driver now, yes?

Regan holds the phone to the Cab Driver.

PETR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You speak English, yes? I record this video. I am Petr Novak, Esquire, solicitor with O'Brian, Connolly, and Smythe in Dublin.

The Cab Driver's eyes open widely. Regan looks away.

PETR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We have cab number, license plate, and your photo.

(MORE)

PETR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 I search database for other claims  
 against rental car drivers in past  
 five years, and all complaints on  
 you. If you have filed even one  
 other complaint...

The Cab Driver races to his cab and takes off.

REGAN  
 How did you know?

PETR (O.S.)  
 Becoming frequent scam on tourists  
 in rental cars.

REGAN  
 Should I report this to police.

PETR (O.S.)  
 You spend all day with gardai. Or,  
 you drive to Athlone, stop at  
 Shannon Crafts and Coffee Shop.  
 Order Black Forest cake and double  
 espresso.

REGAN  
 Tell them you sent me?

PETR (O.S.)  
 Of course. Oh! Customer waiting.  
 Ciao!

Regan smiles into her phone as Petr disappears, and the  
 screensaver photo of Rowan appears.

REGAN  
 You would like him, Rowan.

Regan gets in the rental car and creeps off.

INT. BOSTON POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Detective Donahue is fighting sleep and speaking on the phone  
 with CHIEF INSPECTOR EOIN GROGAN (50), a big Irish cop with a  
 heavy brogue.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE  
 Chief Inspector Eoin Grogan?

INSPECTOR GROGAN (O.S.)  
 Right.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE  
Thanks for speaking to me. How's  
the weather in Galway?

The Chief Inspector is angry.

INSPECTOR GROGAN (O.S.)  
For Christ's...  
(sarcastic)  
It's raining, just finished  
raining, or about to rain!

DETECTIVE DONAHUE  
Sorry. Been up all night.

INSPECTOR GROGAN (O.S.)  
What's this about, then?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE  
Attack on the Ballygawley Barracks.  
December 7...

INSPECTOR GROGAN (O.S.)  
1985. I was... aware.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE  
Two constables of the Royal Ulster  
Constabulary killed. Three injured.  
I have a bullet in Boston that  
matches ballistics of bullets found  
in one of the dead constables.

INSPECTOR GROGAN (O.S.)  
A bullet, you say? Matched to  
bloody terrorists over thirty years  
ago?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE  
I'll send the ballistics report. I  
need to ask you about a history  
professor, James Joseph Doran at  
the National University of Ireland  
there in Galway, who was noted as a  
person of interest in IRA  
activities.

INSPECTOR GROGAN (O.S.)  
Half of the Republic are on that  
list!

DETECTIVE DONAHUE  
Here's the thing, Inspector. I  
don't believe in coincidences.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (CONT'D)

And I have a dead little girl in Boston, whose grandfather was a person of interest for a terrorist organization, and a AR-15 that matches in two killings.

INSPECTOR GROGAN (O.S.)

And this James Joseph Doran is still alive in Boston?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE

Barely. Had a stroke. Dementia. I tried to interview him. That was a laugh. Now a bad kidney. May not last long.

INSPECTOR GROGAN (O.S.)

Can't let him die in peace, can we?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE

Loose ends. I have to know if there is an IRA connection at all to the granddaughter's death. Do me a favor, and meet with the old man's daughter, Regan Doran-Parsons.

INSPECTOR GROGAN (O.S.)

Married a Brit?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE

Divorced. Had her daughter's name changed to Doran. She kept Parsons. Credit or legal reasons? She should be in Galway this afternoon. Informal interview.

INSPECTOR GROGAN (O.S.)

About what?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE

Find out if she's political.

INSPECTOR GROGAN (O.S.)

She married a Brit!

DETECTIVE DONAHUE

Lasted three years. Find out why.

INSPECTOR GROGAN (O.S.)

So you can bark up another tree?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE

I'm looking into gangland and anti-development motives, but they're leading nowhere.

INSPECTOR GROGAN (O.S.)

I'll find her. I'll give ya thirty minutes of me time.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE

Great. I'll buy ya a beer if you ever make it to Boston. I'll send that ballistics report. Thanks, Inspector.

Detective Donahue sends an email, then collapses into his office couch.

EXT. SHANNON CRAFTS AND COFFEE DOCK - DAY

Regan overlooks the Shannon River from a table on the back patio of the café. A cute Irish Waitress (20s) refills Regan's coffee, staring at a handwritten story titled, "County Roscommon By Rowan Doran."

WAITRESS

County Roscommon's just a few kilometers up the road.

REGAN

One of my daughter's stories for school.

WAITRESS

Isn't she the smart one?

The waitress, smiles and departs to other tables inside where Three Couples (mixed ages) enjoy the coffee and cakes.

Regan holds back the tears as she hears Rowan's voice in her head.

ROWAN (V.O.)

County Roscommon By Rowan Doran.  
(beat)

Pretty as a painting was the land and everyone in it, with music playing, people singing, and socials a plenty. Every parish was filled with children as plump as prized pigs. But one day, the Devil himself appeared and took all the land for himself.

(MORE)

ROWAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He sent the bishops away and  
strangled the priests.

Regan is shocked.

REGAN  
Strangled the priests?

ROWAN (V.O.)  
He forbid anyone from speaking  
Irish or attending mass. No  
Catholic could vote, let alone hold  
public office, or own a hunting  
rifle. Imagine that!

Regan shakes her head in disbelief, wipes a tear, and looks  
out to the Shannon River, before returning to the story.

ROWAN (V.O.)  
But the saddest new law of the  
land, was that anyone caught  
teaching school to the Irish could  
be punished with three months in  
prison for every student! Ah, but  
didn't the priests and teachers  
find a way. For in every forest and  
hillside out of sight of the Devil,  
the schools and the masses went on.  
And the children sang happy and  
proud, and so loud the Devil  
himself couldn't stand it. And just  
two hundred years later, the good  
people across the land rose up to  
toss the Devil himself out of  
County Roscommon.

Regan fondles the container of her daughter's ashes in her  
left hand, as she presses Petr's number into her phone with  
her right hand.

REGAN  
Made it to the Shannon River.

PETR (O.S.)  
Hyped up on Black Forest cake?

REGAN  
And espresso.  
(beat)  
I need to thank you. You gave me  
strength.



PETR (O.S.)  
One cannot add to cup that is  
already full.

REGAN  
I can make it to Galway, alone.

PETR (O.S.)  
Drive easy from there.

REGAN  
I paid for your next meal at both  
cafés.

PETR (O.S.)  
Unnecessary, but many thanks. More  
accidents to report?

REGAN  
None in the past hour.  
(beat)  
Can I ask a personal question?

PETR (O.S.)  
I'm not married, or engaged, or...

REGAN  
No. It's about my daughter's ashes.

Silence.

REGAN (CONT'D)  
You still there?

PETR  
(sad)  
I'm here.

REGAN  
I think she wanted them spread  
around a fairy tree in Cloonfad,  
but the Shannon River is so  
beautiful...

PETR  
(angry)  
Honor her wishes. Not yours!

Petr ends the call.

Regan returns the container to her pocket, and stares at the  
view with a tear in her eye, then she stares at Rowan's story  
and gets angry.

REGAN

When did my daughter get political!

(beat)

Just wait 'til I talk to Ma when I  
get to Galway!

(beat)

Why can't I spread her ashes here  
and go home?

She stares out at the Shannon River, alternating between sad  
and angry. Anger wins out.

Regan storms out of the coffee shop.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

We see Regan's eyes alternating between beautiful scenery and  
highway signs which read Cushla, Ballydangan, and  
Ballinasloe.

Regan's ignores a call from Petr.

We see Regan's eyes alternating between beautiful scenery and  
Highway signs which read Aughrim, Cappataggle, Kiltullagh,  
and Galway.

EXT. FORSTER HOTEL, GALWAY - DAY

Regan pulls up to the Forster Hotel, exhausted.

She grabs her briefcase and suitcase, and trudges in.

INT. FORSTER HOTEL, GALWAY - DAY

The desk clerk, a young, handsome Irishman CONNOR MURPHY (20)  
is as proud of his name tag "Connor" as he is the hotel.

CONNOR

Welcome to the Forster. Might you  
have a reservation?

REGAN

Doran-Parsons, Regan. One night.

Connor turns to his computer. He smiles.

CONNOR

Lots of Regans and Dorans in this  
land. Good Irish name. Not many  
Parsons. Priests, mostly.

REGAN  
 (snippy)  
 Ex-husband. There's no Parsons!

Regan tosses Connor a credit card.

CONNOR  
 One day? Surely you need more time  
 to enjoy the most beautiful part of  
 Erie?

Regan turns on her phone, and sees Rowan's photo.

REGAN  
 I'm here to spread my daughter's  
 ashes in Cloonfad tomorrow morning.

CONNOR  
 Daughter's ashes? Cloonfad. Saints  
 preserve us. I'm so sorry, Mrs.  
 Doran.

REGAN  
 It's Ms. Doran.

Regan is glued to Rowan's photo.

CONNOR  
 Better off Doran here.  
 (beat)  
 You're in 2116. Nice view. Quiet.  
 You look like you can use a wee bit  
 of sleep.  
 (beat)  
 What was your daughter's name, if  
 you don't mind me asking?

REGAN  
 Rowan.

CONNOR  
 How'd ya spell it?

REGAN  
 R-o-w-a-n.

CONNOR  
 In Irish, it would be R-u-a-d-h-á-  
 n. Pronounced Roo-awn. Means  
 'little red one.'

REGAN  
 Coincidence. I had no idea.

CONNOR

Sure, the fairies planted the name  
in ya, then. She's as Irish as they  
come.

Regan looks ups and smiles.

REGAN

And a storyteller, like her  
grandfather.

CONNOR

Born in Cloonfad, was he?

REGAN

The lot of them. My Da, Ma, my  
whole family.

Regan pulls out Rowan's map, which shows the longer trip,  
with one spur trip to Cloonfad.

REGAN (CONT'D)

Is it hard to find? Cloonfad?

CONNOR

Oh, you must take the whole trip  
there. Beautiful.

REGAN

Just Cloonfad. Back to Dublin. Fly  
back tomorrow night.

CONNOR

Narrow roads. Hour away.

Regan's phone rings and rings. It's her boss, Charles  
Thatcher.

Regan finally accepts the call, clutching the phone to her  
ear and turning away for privacy.

REGAN

Yes, Charles. Before six AM there.

(beat)

Galway.

(beat, angry)

Ireland! Something I had to do!

(beat)

Yes, I want the goddamn park torn  
down! Sooner the better.

(beat)

I know I lost a day.

(beat)

Yes, sir. Two days.

(MORE)

REGAN (CONT'D)

I'll be in the office tomorrow,  
midday.

(beat)

Yes, sir, finalize acquisitions.  
Order demolition. Schedule  
engineers and architects. Got it!

Regan ends the call, and turns back to the registration desk, sad and exhausted. Standing before her is Chief Inspector Eoin Grogan. He's not smiling.

Connor turns away.

INSPECTOR GROGAN

Mrs. Regan Doran-Parsons from  
America.

REGAN

Ms. Regan Doran from Boston. What's  
this about?

INSPECTOR GROGAN

I'll be needing to ask you a few  
questions.

REGAN

If this is about the ashes, I  
didn't know it was illegal...

INSPECTOR GROGAN

It's about your Da. James Joseph  
Doran, History professor at the  
NUI, and a person of interest in  
IRA activities.

Regan shakes her head in disgust.

REGAN

Detective Donahue!

INSPECTOR GROGAN

He doesn't believe in coincidences,  
don't ya know? I don't either.

REGAN

(angry, tired)

What are these great coincidences  
that are causing you both such  
problems?

The Inspector reads from his notebook.

INSPECTOR GROGAN

On 7 December 1985, the Provisional Irish Republican Army attack the Royal Ulster Constabulary at Ballygawley, County Tyrone. They use AR-15s and a ninety-one-kilogram bomb, demolishing the base, and your Da was a person of interest.

REGAN

Not a small list to be on?

INSPECTOR GROGAN

No, but on 11 August 1986, the Provisional Irish Republican Army attacked the Royal Ulster Constabulary at The Birches near Portadown, in North Armagh. They use AR-15s and another ninety-one-kilogram bomb, demolishing the base, and your Da was again a person of interest.

REGAN

But no evidence he was there?

INSPECTOR GROGAN

No, but here's the thing. He packs up for America days later.

REGAN

People immigrated to America all the time.

INSPECTOR GROGAN

Then, on 8 May 1987 in Loughgall, County Armagh, an eight-man unit of the Provisional Irish Republican Army launched an attack on the Royal Ulster Constabulary, but this time, the bomb was in the bucket of a digger -- totally different. It destroyed only half of the base, and the soldiers of the British Army's Special Air Service killed all IRA members.

REGAN

And Da was not among them. He was teaching at Boston College!

INSPECTOR GROGAN

My point exactly. He was a person of interest in the two successful raids. He leaves, and the IRA gets gunned down like the rotten terrorists they were.

REGAN

(laughs)

That's it? That's all ya got?

INSPECTOR GROGAN

No! The AR-15 that ended up killing your daughter in Boston, was used in the first two IRA attacks, but not in the third, and the rifle went mysteriously missing from Ireland the same time your father left! Quite a coincidence, don't ya think?

REGAN

Inspector Grogan, I knew from my Da's storytelling that the Irish might be the most superstitious people on the planet.

INSPECTOR GROGAN

Well...

REGAN

(interrupting)

For centuries, the Irish were convinced of the existence of leprechauns, pookas, seal-folk, and mermaids. Anything they saw in nature might get twisted into an imaginary being. Dust devils became wee folk. A screech from an owl or a squeal from a pig became the Banshee! God forbid a chair should fall when you stood up from the table, or you broke a mirror, or if a bird flew in your house, you'd have bad luck for years!

INSPECTOR GROGAN

We don't all believe that nonsense anymore!

REGAN

And all your saints and Devil stories. Blessings for this, a rosary for that!

(MORE)

REGAN (CONT'D)

Healing waters and holy water!

(beat, yelling)

There is no cause-and-effect between what you believe or don't believe and reality! And I don't care about your goddamn coincidences!

(beat)

I'm going to my room to sleep. You can arrest me when I wake up! And I'd tell Detective Donahue and you to go to Hell, but I don't believe in that nonsense either!

The wide-eyed Chief Inspector and Connor whisper to each other.

INSPECTOR GROGAN

Sharp tongue, that Ms. Doran-Parsons.

CONNOR

You're bang on there, Chief Inspector, but do ye think a self-respecting IRA sympathizer would marry a Brit? And can't ya see she needs her sleep?

INSPECTOR GROGAN

Connor Murphy, is it? When I want your opinion, I'll ask for it.

(to Regan)

And, it's the Gardai for you.

REGAN

What for?

INSPECTOR GROGAN

(sarcastic)

Being disrespectful to an officer of the law for one!

(sincere)

And, I'm truly sorry about your daughter, God rest her soul. But if you brought her ashes here to spread, I'm afraid I'll have to see a death certificate, a "final disposition of a body" form from the funeral home, and a "notice to airlines" form, along with the ashes in the urn.

Regan shakes in anger at the Chief Inspector, but then she stares at her briefcase sadly.



REGAN

I should have known. I lost my daughter, and you're worried about the proper paperwork!

CONNOR

(to the inspector)  
That's effin bolloxed, Sir.

The Chief Inspector glares at Connor, then at Regan.

INSPECTOR GROGAN

Let's go.

CONNOR

(sadly)  
I'll hold the room.

INT. LAW OFFICE, BOSTON - DAY

Charles Thatcher stares at a large paper map of the park and proposed building site. He has an Alexa-type device on his desk. Marissa (40s) is an Administrative Assistant off set.

CHARLES

Alexa, Call Marissa.

ALEXA (V.O.)

Calling Marissa.

We hear a phone ring.

MARISSA (O.S.)

Yes, sir.

CHARLES

What's the hold up on Acquisitions on the Park property?

MARISSA (O.S.)

That's Regan's task assignment, sir. She'll be in tomorrow by noon.

CHARLES

Can't we get moving on the playground, tennis courts, basketball courts, and that damn tree?

MARISSA (O.S.)

One last office owner overlooking the park has to sign off. Regan's been finessing the sale.

CHARLES

(angry)

Send someone else! That one property is holding up everything!

MARISSA (O.S.)

Might jeopardize the sale. Regan's almost got her to sign.

CHARLES

What's the hold up? Price?

MARISSA (O.S.)

No, sir. Price is agreed to.

CHARLES

Payment schedule? We could...

MARISSA (O.S.)

(interrupting)

The old lady wants to deal with Regan, in person, sir.

Charles stands and paces. He's angry.

CHARLES

Damn it!

MARISSA (O.S.)

She'll be back tomorrow, sir.

Charles grabs the paper map, and crumples it up.

MARISSA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Are you okay, sir?

CHARLES

Fine! I'm fine!

(beat)

Alexa, end the call.

Charles paces again.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I'll go see the old lady, myself!

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

In a small office, Chief Inspector Grogan grills Regan, with Detective Donahue participating on a speaker-phone in the center of the table.

INSPECTOR GROGAN

We can't rule out a political motive, is all I'm saying.

REGAN

Da was a history professor, nothing more.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

Did he teach Irish history -- riling up the students?

REGAN

It's not a pretty history, from the stories he told.

INSPECTOR GROGAN

His special area of interest? His Ph.D. Dissertation?

REGAN

Plantations and Penal Laws of Ireland.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

What?

REGAN

Plantations in the 16th- and 17th-centuries. Confiscation of Irish land by the English Crown and the assisted colonization of settlers from Great Britain.

INSPECTOR GROGAN

Imagine that would rile up every Irish Catholic from here to Dublin.

REGAN

Well-documented facts. Not politics. Da wasn't political! He was an intellectual.

INSPECTOR GROGAN

Sean, I've got the attendance records and teaching schedule for the dates before and after the IRA raids. He never missed a class, and never missed Sunday morning Mass.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

But the raids and bombings were at night.

INSPECTOR GROGAN

Three-hours each way by car, rural roads, but it's possible.

REGAN

That's crazy! Did you ask my Ma, Detective Donahue?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

Said there wasn't a political bone in his body. Told me he said the only things worth fighting for were a spouse, a child, and a good education.

REGAN

Dates and facts, and fanciful stories. That's him! Have you caught my daughter's killer?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

Car was reported stolen. Probably in a chop shop by now. No witnesses or video. We think it was one perp, driver was the shooter.

REGAN

The injured teens?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

No priors, average students, no gang affiliations, so far.

INSPECTOR GROGAN

Toxicology results.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

Not in yet. Bullets could have been sprayed, I suppose.

REGAN

Sprayed?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

No intended target with multiple hits. Sprayed. Random. Like, for fun!

Regan breaks down and cries.

Inspector Grogan, goes to comfort Regan, but she pushes him back. The inspector is angry with the speaker-phone.

INSPECTOR GROGAN  
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, Sean, tell  
her why you had me bring her in!

Regan stops sobbing, and shares an angry look at the phone.

REGAN  
Yes, why?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)  
Worried about you! May be anti-  
development folks. Checked your  
social media and e-mail?

Regan is defensive.

REGAN  
No time. Been driving on the wrong  
side of the road all day without  
much sleep!  
(worried)  
You think I was the target?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)  
We don't know. And we're unclear on  
motive. Take an extra day or two in  
Ireland, until we follow a few more  
leads. That's all I'm saying.

REGAN  
I have to get back. The Park's  
Project is worth hundreds of  
millions.

INSPECTOR GROGAN  
That hundreds of millions might  
make a dandy motive if you ask me.

REGAN  
Dublin flight home tonight.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)  
Let me guess what time you walk out  
the door each morning for work.  
Seven AM?

REGAN  
Precisely. How'd you know?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)  
Stolen white van was seen slowing  
in front of your house moments ago  
seven AM our time.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Maybe it's nothing. Not sure it had  
anything to do you.

INSPECTOR GROGAN  
Jesus!

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)  
Gotta ask you again: did you have  
any enemies?

REGAN  
None who would harm my little girl  
or me.  
(beat)  
You're watching my house?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)  
Could have been a coincidence.

INSPECTOR GROGAN  
But we don't believe in them, now  
do we?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)  
If you broke your routine, that  
would be good. Be careful.

REGAN  
Trying to scare me?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)  
Just a precaution. Maybe stay in  
Ireland an extra day. Use cash.  
I'll call you when it's clear. Got  
it?

Silence.

REGAN  
Got it.

INSPECTOR GROGAN  
Nobody will find you in Cloonfad.

REGAN  
How did you know...?

INSPECTOR GROGAN  
Your map. At the hotel.  
(beat)  
Let the Detective sort it out in  
Boston.

REGAN  
My boss will kill me!

INSPECTOR GROGAN  
Not if someone gets to you first!  
(beat)  
I'll take you back to hotel so you  
can rest.

REGAN  
Right! Rest!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Regan enters the room, closes the shades, and flops on the bed, back and forth trying to find comfort. Her phone and Rowan's ashes container are on the night stand.

Regan's phone rings. It's her mom.

REGAN  
Hello...

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)  
Wouldn't I be the last one told  
you've up and gone to the old  
country?

REGAN  
Something I had to do, Ma.

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)  
It hasn't been tough enough for me  
crying night and day over Rowan,  
and your Da in such a horrible  
state, and all.

Regan sits up. Her eyes are wide open.

REGAN  
Da? What's the matter with Da?

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)  
Doesn't hear a thing I say  
normally. Told him the fine  
detective said you took a holiday  
in Dublin.

REGAN  
Galway.

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)  
I'm with him now. He heard ya! All agitated. Tore his breathing mask off after he heard Dublin.

REGAN  
Don't tell him, Ma. Don't upset him.

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)  
Is it him you be worried about?

REGAN  
The police are asking questions.

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)  
About the Troubles. Told them he had nothing to do with them.

REGAN  
Did he?

Silence. Mrs. Doran is unconvincing.

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)  
Course not, dear.

Regan looks away.

REGAN  
Did Detective Donahue share the coincidences?

Again, Mrs. Doran hesitates, and answers unconvincingly.

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)  
Sure, and that's all they were.

REGAN  
Da's stories, Ma. You've been telling 'em all to Rowan?

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)  
When she asked for a story, I told her.

REGAN  
She wrote her own stories, but you influenced her!

Silence.

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)  
Did she now? Where might they be?



REGAN  
I have them.

Silence.

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)  
You read them all, then?

REGAN  
Only a few, so far.

Silence.

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)  
I'd better see to your Da.

Mrs. Doran ends the call.

Regan races to her briefcase, and pulls out a thick stack of stories, and begins to read one of them.

She is shocked by what she reads.

EXT. NATIONAL UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND, GALWAY - DAY

Late afternoon. A cute Student (20s) is exiting the university as Regan is entering.

REGAN  
Excuse me. I'm looking for the  
History Department?

The student points at a tower.

STUDENT  
Floor 2 of Tower 1. Arts and  
Science Building.

REGAN  
Go raibh maith agat.

The student smiles.

STUDENT  
Tá fáilte romhat.

Regan walks briskly to the building.

INT. NATIONAL UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND, GALWAY - CONTINUOUS

Regan enters the History Department office. A grey-haired Receptionist (60) in a green pantsuit looks up and smiles.

RECEPTIONIST  
Looking for someone?

REGAN  
I'm Regan Doran...from Boston. My  
Da, Professor James Joseph Doran  
taught history here from 1980 to  
1987. Anyone still around who might  
remember him?

RECEPTIONIST  
Professor Connolly's been here  
since the Norman Invasion. Teaches  
History and Celtic Civilizations.  
I'll see if he's in.

The Receptionist turns and calls. She whispers first, but has  
to speak louder.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
Regan Doran! James's daughter!  
(beat)  
Yes, I'm sure of it!

Regan and the Receptionist exchange glances.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
He'll meet you out on the green.

REGAN  
How will I recognize him?

RECEPTIONIST  
He'll know you.

EXT. NATIONAL UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND, GALWAY - DAY

Regan paces as an elderly PROFESSOR CONNOLLY (70), in a long  
coat and hearing aid walks with a cane, straight to her. He  
stares at her.

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY  
Would ya have ID, girl?

Regan pulls out her passport.

REGAN  
Thanks for seeing me, Professor.

The Professor stares disapprovingly at the passport.

REGAN (CONT'D)

My ex-husband was a fifth-generation American. Originally a Brit. I'm sorry. Left me for a younger, prettier law student after two years.

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY

The bloody Limey! How's your Da?

He hands back the passport.

REGAN

Not good. Stroke some years ago. Wants the Good Lord to take him, but I don't think Heaven would have him.

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY

And your Mum?

REGAN

As Catholic and ornery as the day is long. We didn't always get along.

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY

Why's that, dear one?

REGAN

Wasn't Catholic enough.

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY

Shame. And James? Did he tell ya stories.

REGAN

That's why I'm here.

Professor Connolly looks away.

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY

I know your daughter was shot.

REGAN

But how? And you better not say you heard the Banshee scream!

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY

Your Mum. Called me an hour ago. Been waiting for you to track me down.

REGAN

What can you tell me about the  
Feirmeoirí Oíche, the Night  
Farmers?

Off in a distance, we see Chief Inspector Grogan with a high-powered camera snapping a photo of the two people talking.

Up in the tower, we see the Receptionist watching everyone with small binoculars.

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY

Never heard of them. Never seen  
one. Sorry, I'll be late for an  
appointment.

(walking away)

Best to your Mum. God bless ya,  
child.

Regan is stunned at the professor's rapid exit.

Dejected, Regan heads back to her car.

The Chief Inspector follows her in his car.

INT. FORSTER HOTEL, GALWAY - NIGHT

Regan is in the bar eating Fish and Chips, with a glass of white wine, when the Registration Clerk, Connor, sits next to her.

CONNOR

Mind if I join ya a minute?

Regan smiles weakly, nodding okay.

REGAN

Long couple of days. I'm very  
tired.

CONNOR

Did ya know that Inspector friend  
of yours is across the street.

REGAN

With a camera. I know.

Connor gets up to leave.

CONNOR

Enjoy your stay, then.

Regan pulls his arm to sit back down.

REGAN

There's a slim chance my Da was involved in the Troubles.

Connor looks around, pulls out his phone, and types in a message, smiles, and shows it to Regan: "Tigh Neachtain's Pub, go out the back way to lose the Inspector. Ten minutes"

CONNOR

Time for me to do me homework.

REGAN

You go to the university?

CONNOR

History major. Your Da's book on the British Plantations and Penal Laws in Ireland lit the fire for me.

REGAN

Never read it.

Connor shrugs, turns, and exits.

Regan finishes her wine, staring at the photo of Rowan.

She stands, and heads to the elevators, and enters.

LATER

She exits the elevator in a crowd of Tourists (20s-40s; mixed types). She wears a coat and wool cap pulled down, and thick eyeglasses, as the group exits via the back of the hotel.

EXT. FORSTER HOTEL, GALWAY - NIGHT

Connor is waiting with an open umbrella.

CONNOR

You'll love Tigh Neachtain's Pub. Black and Tans hated the Irish name, and shot it up several times during the War of Independence from 1919 to 1921 with machine guns.

REGAN

Why are you taking me there?

CONNOR

(smiles)  
To talk treason, of course.

Connor sees that Regan is holding rolled-up papers in her hand.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
What's that in your hand?

REGAN  
Story my daughter wrote.

They walk on under the umbrella, though it's not raining.

INT. TIGH NEACHTAIN'S PUB - NIGHT

The pub is noisy, ancient, and packed with 20 Patrons (20s-70s). A small Irish band with Fiddle Player, Accordion Player, and Flute Player (various ages), play in the corner. Connor guides Regan to a corner, where Professor Connolly is waiting with a *Guinness* beer in his hands. Two more beers await on a small table.

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY  
Ms. Regan Doran, who conveniently lost her Brit surname of Parsons. I see you've met one of NUI, Galway's exceptional students.

The Professor hands them each a beer. He toasts them.

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY (CONT'D)  
Sláinte!

CONNOR & REGAN  
Sláinte!

REGAN  
(to the professor)  
Why wouldn't you tell me about the night farmers?

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY  
A folktale, nothing more. Never seen one.

REGAN  
Why would my daughter write a story about them?

CONNOR  
(loudly)  
A story?

Regan unrolls her daughter's story and begins to read. The band and patrons in the Pub turn silent and listen in.

REGAN

The Night Farmers, by Rowan Doran.

Regan pauses as a tear forms.

CONNOR

Go on, please.

REGAN

Legend has it that wee folk roamed the land peacefully for thousands of years back when Erie was filled with trees, deer, and even wolves. Everybody saw them.

The Professor looks to the far side of the bar, where an elderly woman has her back to them. It's the Receptionist from the history department at NUI.

REGAN (CONT'D)

But, then didn't evil warriors invade, stealing the land, forests, and deer for themselves, and forcing the wee folk to live underground, only to come out late at night to farm potatoes, and steal a chicken or two? No one ever saw them.

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY

Imagine that?

REGAN

Hundreds of years went by, and the wee folk finally got tired of living below ground, but by this time, the forests and deer were gone, the soil was too poor for a crop of potatoes. But, didn't the wee folk miraculously get stronger and stronger by farming at night? Still, no one ever saw them.

CONNOR

Can you imagine that?

REGAN

You see, the wee folk had a secret weapon all along, for St. Patrick and all the saints in Heaven helped them with their nightly farming, and lead them on their nightly raids of the chicken coups, piles of turf, and holy water springs, until the wee folk became big enough and strong enough to raise a shovel against the mighty swords of thieving evil warriors. But still, no one ever saw them.

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY

'Twas a miracle, indeed.

REGAN

Soon enough, the wee folk defeated the evil warriors, thanks to the few wee folk who took to farming at night, even though...

ALL

No one ever saw them.

The crowd erupts in cheers. Regan is surprised and delighted, as the BARTENDER (50) brings the three of them shots of *Jameson Irish Whiskey*.

BARTENDER

You can have them all night as far as I'm concerned. Sorry to hear about your daughter.

REGAN

My daughter?

Regan turns to see everyone in the pub raising a glass and holding back tears.

BARTENDER

May the Good Lord hold her in the palm of His hand.

ALL

(toasting again)  
Sláinte!

The patrons crowd around Regan.

Regan's phone rings. She sees it's her Ma.



REGAN

Ma? What time is it there?

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)

Four in the afternoon. What time is it there, dear?

REGAN

Ten PM.

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)

What's all that racket?

Professor Connolly leans in to listen.

REGAN

Not important. Why'd ya call, Ma?

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)

Your Da's not doing well.

REGAN

What did the doctor say?

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)

Doesn't that Detective Donahue keep agitating him? Blood pressure through the roof. Dementia to beat the band. Doesn't know me half the time. Crying shame. God would be good to take him. And now this arse of a detective.

REGAN

He's trying to find Rowan's killer, Ma!

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)

Isn't he looking in the wrong places, then? The eejit!

REGAN

I'll talk to him. Is he bothering you, too?

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)

Him with all that IRA nonsense.  
(beat)  
Noise to beat the blazes behind you. Where are you?

REGAN

Tigh Neachtain's Pub.

Silence.

REGAN (CONT'D)  
Ma? You still there? Did I lose ya?

Professor Connolly leans in, but turns away like he's uninterested.

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)  
What are you going in that pub?!  
Sure, that was your Da's favorite  
public house. Wee hours of the  
morning, he'd come stumbling in.

Professor Connolly winks at the Receptionist from the History Department, who glances over with interest. She nods her head, and sneak out of the back of the pub. No one sees her leave.

REGAN  
I gotta go, Ma. Long day tomorrow.  
I'll call Detective Donahue, then  
you tomorrow.

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)  
Stay out of that pub, dear.

Regan turns to whisper to her Ma.

REGAN  
Did you ever notice any IRA  
activity during your years in  
Galway, Ma?

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)  
Don't be silly, dear. No one ever  
saw them!

Mrs. Doran ends the call.

Regan is stunned by Ma's last phrase. She mumbles.

REGAN  
No one ever saw them.

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY  
I best be getting home, now.

CONNOR  
I'll see you to the hotel, Ms.  
Doran.

Connor winks at Regan.

INT. GALWAY STREETS - NIGHT

Connor leads Regan down a dark, deserted street, under the umbrella despite the lack of rain.

REGAN

No one cares about the old IRA days, do they, Connor?

CONNOR

The Gardai care. The police. There's no statute of limitations on treason or terrorism. How did you fancy the pub? They loved you in there!

REGAN

Old folks struggling to remember, young folks struggling to forget.

CONNOR

Beg your pardon?

REGAN

Another one of my daughter's stories. No doubt from my Ma! I could kill her.

CONNOR

Just stories, I imagine. But I'd like to read more of them. My course is on Irish storytellers.

REGAN

I'll email you my back-up photos from my iPad. I read only one a day to stretch them out, but I love to carry the paper copies around.

(beat)

My daughter didn't have a political bone in her body. I never did. Registered independent.

CONNOR

Protest wars? Guns?

REGAN

Never protested anything.

CONNOR

Your daughter sounds like she understood the Troubles.

REGAN  
 Never talked about it.  
 (beat)  
 That's what's so strange.

CONNOR  
 Someone did.

REGAN  
 My Ma telling her my Da's  
 fairytales.

CONNOR  
 Fairytales, are they? I'll see for  
 myself tonight.

REGAN  
 I thought so. Maybe they had hidden  
 meanings.

CONNOR  
 Good stories do.

REGAN  
 Aesop's fables taught us lessons in  
 life. The Ten Commandments gave us  
 laws.

CONNOR  
 Merely suggestions. Thou shalt not  
 kill, except if it's your sworn  
 enemy. Or if they worshiped another  
 God.

REGAN  
 That's what I'm talking about.

Regan hears someone following them and stops and turns. She  
 sees nothing.

CONNOR  
 What is it?

REGAN  
 Thought I heard something.

They start walking again.

CONNOR  
 See anything?

REGAN  
 (shrugs)  
 No one ever saw them.

CONNOR

Is any cause worth dying for?

Regan stops to think.

REGAN

Revolts of slaves against their oppressors garnered sympathy, but were rarely successful.

CONNOR

Spartacus against the Roman Empire, and many more throughout history.

REGAN

African slave rebellions in America.

CONNOR

See! Like the struggle for Irish Independence.

REGAN

My Da lectured about the Tipperary Revolt in 1848.

CONNOR

Height of the great potato famine.

REGAN

The leaders banished to Australia penal colonies.

CONNOR

Glorious stepping stones to Irish Independence.

REGAN

I disagree. I'm finding nothing glorious about death! Some newscaster called my daughter a hero for trying to save one tree in a park when she was shot!

(beat)

They made me out to be a wicked developer. Why do we pick sides? I'm a fan of nonviolent protest.

CONNOR

Your civil rights movement. Sure, but didn't ya need your War of Independence for that to happen?

REGAN

Suppose we did. But I wonder if we would have won out in the long run anyway -- like the Irish are doing?

They reach the Forster Hotel.

CONNOR

Aren't you a smart one?

REGAN

My little Rowan might be alive today, and I wouldn't be spreading her ashes on some Fairy Tree in Cloonfad tomorrow! I'll send you her stories by email.

CONNOR

A thousand thanks!

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

Regan drives cautiously, with the container of Rowan's ashes in the passenger seat. She shakes with anxiety.

She sees a sign to Tuam, and begins talking to the ashes.

REGAN

I should have been home more for you.

(beat)

Nanny Shanny was good to you, wasn't she? She was. You said so. A thousand times.

(beat)

And Grandma called a lot to check on ya.

(snickers)

Maybe too much.

(beat)

I had to put in the hours.

(beat)

My Da did, when I was young. I'll tell ya that much!

(beat)

Barely saw him.

(beat)

But when I did, what stories he'd tell. That's where you got it. Gift of the Blarney. A big talker, he was.

(beat)

And that Grandma of yours.

(MORE)

REGAN (CONT'D)

Ears of a bat. She'd hear every story he told.

(beat)

Telling those stories to you was her way of passing them on. I was uninterested.

(beat)

More in my Ma than the stories themselves. I loved my Da's voice. Soft. Melodious. He had his own sound effects for everything. The Banshee, the dust devils.

(beat)

He could do a mean thunderstorm.

(beat)

I wonder? Did Ma make the same sounds when she told you his stories?

Regan sees the sign: "Cloonfad."

She looks for, and finds, a field with a single tree in it.

REGAN (V.O.)

Why here, Rowan?

(beat)

Only place worse according to Da is the Burren, south of Galway, where, according to some, 'there's not water enough to drown a man, wood enough to hang one, or earth enough to bury him.'

Regan grabs the container of Rowan's ashes and steps slowly out of the car. She looks around.

REGAN (V.O.)

Why here?

(beat)

Because this is the village where my grandma was born, and the generations before her.

(beat)

Why here?

(beat)

All they could afford? One pig, one cow, and a chicken or two. A small crop of potatoes beneath your feet?

Regan trudges toward the tree, staring at the container of ashes. She talks to the container.

REGAN

Ma put you up to this. I know it.  
Did she tell you Da's stories about  
the Black and Tans, in the 1920s  
and 30s, assaulting all the  
Catholic farmers in the area?

Regan shakes the container.

REGAN (CONT'D)

Did Da tell you about your great-  
grandpa and grandma hiding IRA  
soldiers in the barn. A safe house!  
That's what they were running! A  
safe house!

Regan stands beneath the tree, angry at the container.

REGAN (CONT'D)

And a fairy tree! You never  
believed all that nonsense? Why did  
you bother to write all those  
stories down?

Regan collapses to the ground.

She struggles to open the lid of the container.

It finally opens.

Tears flow from Regan's eyes.

Her hand shakes, but she can't pour out the ashes.

REGAN (CONT'D)

I can't say good-bye.  
(beat)  
Mothers can never say good-bye.

Regan puts the cap back on the container. Her chin drops to  
her chest. She sobs.

LATER

Regan slips the container into her right coat pocket, and  
removes a piece of paper. It's one of Rowan's stories.

ROWAN (V.O.)

The Priest and the Vicar of  
Cloonfad,' By Rowan Doran.  
(beat)  
(MORE)



ROWAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The village of Cloonfad, in County Roscommon, was so small that it had only one Catholic church and one Protestant church. Being that the houses of worship were right across the thin dirt road through the town, the priest and the vicar could be heard arguing as far as the eye can see and ear can hear.

Regan chuckles.

REGAN

This had to come from Da.

She reads on.

ROWAN (V.O.)

Both the holy men called on St. Michael the Archangel, to vanquish the other, since St. Michael was the protector and the leader of the army of God against the forces of evil. The two men waved their Bibles and yelled to beat the band. But then a thunderous voice from the heavens reminded the two men that before St. Michael became the protector and the leader of the army of God against the forces of evil, he was known as the healing angel.

Regan pauses and looks around.

REGAN

That had to come from Ma! Rowan got no religious education from me!

She goes back to reading.

ROWAN (V.O.)

The priest and the vicar thought for a moment, then both called on the spirit of Saint Patrick to cast the other out of Ireland as he did with the snakes. As loud as thunder the two men of God were yelling. 'You'll not bully me into leaving,' each was yelling. 'St. Patrick will cast you out of the country for sure!'

(beat)

(MORE)

ROWAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The two holy men charged to the middle of the thin dirt road, and were about to come to blows, when a frail old man, leaning on a cane, walked up to them and tapped the vicar on the right shoulder. Miraculously, the vicar disappeared, and his church turned into a grand farm with potatoes and cabbages, and a fine apple tree full of fruit, and pigs and cows and chickens a plenty. 'Finally' the priest said with a happy sigh. 'I'll have me justice.' But the old man with the cane tapped the priest on the shoulder, and he disappeared. Miraculously, his church was transformed into a national university with books from all around the world. All the villagers cheered.

Regan is stunned.

REGAN

University? I didn't even know she could spell it!

She continues reading.

ROWAN (V.O.)

The old man with a cane saw two tiny and harmless snakes as he smiled and walked down the tiny dirt road toward Galway. He let them be.

Regan stares at the red grade of A+ on the report.

REGAN

That's not how my Da and Ma would have ended the story.

(beat)

So, why didn't she share it with me?

Regan sniffs the air and is worried.

REGAN (CONT'D)

Do I smell smoke? Don't see anything burning!

Regan sees a Black Sedan race up to the pasture and skid to a stop.

Out steps Chief Inspector Grogan, dragging Professor Connolly up to Regan, who slips the container of ashes in her coat pocket.

INSPECTOR GROGAN  
Professor said we'd find you here.

REGAN  
What's this about?

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY  
Can't escape your past, can ye?

REGAN  
What do you want with me,  
Inspector?

INSPECTOR GROGAN  
Come all this way to this exact  
spot to dump your daughter's ashes,  
did ya now?

REGAN  
Couldn't do it.  
(puzzled)  
Exact spot?

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY  
Your Da told me.

REGAN  
Told ya, what? When?

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY  
Your Da's Da and Mum died in a  
suspicious barn fire a stone's  
throw from this very spot.

INSPECTOR GROGAN  
August 12, 1985.

REGAN  
Suspicious?

INSPECTOR GROGAN  
No charges were filed.

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY  
Your Da suspected the Ulster  
Defense Regiment, part of the  
British Army that battled the IRA.

INSPECTOR GROGAN

They used Sterling Mk4 submachine guns from Canada, and several rounds were lodged in the barn, and a tree outside -- maybe this one, but no bullets were found in your grandparents.

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY

(looks away)

They might have forced them in the barn, fired shots to keep them there, and burned the place down.

INSPECTOR GROGAN

No witnesses. Nobody saw them. No case.

REGAN

Da and Ma told me they died in a fire, but told me it was an accident.

INSPECTOR GROGAN

So it might have been, Child, but that's why your Da was a person of interest in the IRA attacks at Ballygawly and Birches within the year. We don't believe it was a coincidences, do we Professor?

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY

But those attacks couldn't have been your Da, he was lecturing in Galway! I was lecturing, too.

INSPECTOR GROGAN

(angry)

Nonsense! Both attacks were at night. Neither of you were lecturing. And the first was on a Saturday night!

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY

Sunday Mass in the morning, didn't we then? But if he's a hero in Irish Independence, he should be recognized as such! A statue or memorial or something!

Inspector Grogan glares at the professor.

REGAN

My Da and Ma never talked about it.

INSPECTOR GROGAN

Yet here you are? To the exact spot? Coincidence?

Regan paces angrily.

REGAN

Coincidence! Cloonfad is a tiny place. This was a convenient pasture aside the road.

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY

No one rebuilt here. Haunted ground.

Regan scolds the two men.

REGAN

I'm sick of your violent past. Monuments to war and weapons of war all around! Before my Da got dementia, he justified and sanctified Ireland's five-hundred-year war for independence.

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY

It was...

REGAN

Inconceivable that soldiers on both sides believed that God was on their side! Unbelievable that God would have created soldiers on both sides in His image, only to watch them gun down, blow up, or burn up innocent civilians, women and children!

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY

Sometimes war is necessary. Hitler...

REGAN

(interrupting)

My father used the same debate tactic, and if he was a mass-murderer for the IRA, I'd never forgive him! It was a different world in late-1980s. A global economy. Nonviolent rebellions were successful in Czechoslovakia, Germany, and Portugal. There is no excuse for any war today!

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY

Yes, but...

REGAN

Soldiers are less patient than diplomats, and diplomats don't get remembered! I'm sick of it. As far as I'm concerned, you wasted your time driving out here. So did I.

Regan stomps toward her rental car.

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY

Can't escape your past, Miss Doran.

Regan yells without looking back.

REGAN

Watch me!

She gets in her car and races off. Professor Connolly and Inspector Grogan shake their heads disparagingly.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

On the road back to Galway, Regan drives wildly, with the container of ashes next to her in the passenger's seat.

The drive goes well until she passes a row of hedges and trees on the passenger side of the car.

Regan leans over to grab the container of ashes, and the car sideswipes some bushes and trees on the left side of the vehicle. We HEAR the car getting scratched up.

Regan pulls off the road to inspect the damage.

She calls Petr Novak, who is calm and comical.

PETR (O.S.)

Ms. Doran-Parsons, what you hit this time?

REGAN

What makes you think I hit something?

PETR (O.S.)

This is social call?

REGAN

(sadly)  
Fire back there somewhere.

(MORE)

REGAN (CONT'D)  
Smelled smoke. Tree branches were  
poking out into my lane!

PETR (O.S.)  
Take a photo of the bastard  
branches, and scratches on car. I  
see what I can do.  
(beat)  
Did you spread your daughter's  
ashes yet?

Silence.

REGAN  
The smoke. I... I...

PETR (O.S.)  
Suffer separation anxiety?

Regan is furious.

REGAN  
You're a psychologist and a  
solicitor?

PETR (O.S.)  
Not solicitor yet.

REGAN  
I found Cloonfad. I found the  
perfect Fairy Tree. But...

PETR (O.S.)  
Not ready to part.

Silence. Regan looks away.

REGAN  
I need another day on the car.

PETR (O.S.)  
You fly home Boston tomorrow night?

Regan paces and thinks.

REGAN  
I always knew what to do next! What  
property to acquire. What engineer  
to speak to. What meal to ask the  
nanny to make. What clothes or  
books to buy Rowan.  
(beat)  
I don't know what to do next.  
(MORE)

REGAN (CONT'D)

I have a boss who wants me home to complete the buy-out for the new Park condominiums. Here, I have a Chief Inspector who wants to extradite my Da as a terrorist. I have a history professor who is politically motivated to cover up my Da's activities. I lost my one and only daughter to a bullet, my father to dementia, and my mother to religion. I've lost everything dear to me.

PETR (O.S.)

You keep rental car one more day!  
Try not to drive it. Customer  
waiting. Must go. Ciao!

Petr ends the call.

Regan stares at the photo of Rowan on her phone, the container of ashes, and the phone again.

REGAN

One more day?  
(beat)  
I can't say good-bye! I don't know  
what to do.

Regan looks to the sky for answers.

EXT. FORSTER HOTEL, GALWAY - NIGHT

Regan's heavily scratched and dented rental car rolls up to the Hotel.

INT. FORSTER HOTEL, GALWAY - NIGHT

Regan passes Connor at the front desk.

CONNOR

The trip to Cloonfad grand, Ms.  
Doran?

REGAN

Got time for a little history  
assignment, Connor? I'd appreciate  
some help.

CONNOR

Sure, Ms.



REGAN

Any stories about the Troubles in the area from 1985 to 1987, especially linked to the Dorans.

CONNOR

Will do. It's a slow night.

REGAN

Keep it under your hat.

Regan smiles, tips Connor a twenty-Euro note, and heads to the elevator. Connor smiles.

CONNOR

Didn't see anything, Ms. Maybe a pint at the bar later?

Regan turns her head and smiles back.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Regan tosses her briefcase on the bed, and removes Rowan's ashes from her coat.

She holds the container of ashes in her hand, as she angrily calls her Ma.

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)

Regan, dear. How's your trip? When will you be home?

REGAN

When were you going to tell me that grandma and grandpa were burned alive in their barn in Cloonfad?

Silence.

REGAN (CONT'D)

Did ya tell Rowan?

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)

T'was a tragic accident was all. The fire.

REGAN

And the machine-gun bullets? Did ya tell Regan about them too?

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)

I was truthful, is all.

REGAN

Truthful? She was ten years old!  
You told her about the Penal laws.  
You told her the British were the  
Devil...

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)

Your bleeding Brit husband of two  
years didn't make it easier...

REGAN

Three years. I made a mistake. But  
I never demonized him in front of  
Rowan! Never! Sounds like you were  
recruiting Rowan for the IRA!

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)

Don't be silly, dear.

REGAN

You told Detective Donahue that Da  
said the only things worth fighting  
for were a spouse, a child, and a  
good education. But when Da told  
that same story to me, he held up  
five fingers on one hand, and he  
said there were five things worth  
fighting for: a spouse, a child, a  
good education, freedom from the  
Crown, and true democracy.

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)

Must have forgotten...

REGAN

And he'd say, "One is no good  
without the others. A happy  
marriage is impossible without true  
democracy. A good education is  
easily suppressed by an evil queen.  
And all the joy in the world  
disappears if you lose a child."

Silence.

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)

I remember that now.

REGAN

Da would clinch his fist and say,  
 "Indeed, you need all the five  
 fingers and hand to form a fist to  
 fight for the things you can't live  
 without!" I remember it like it was  
 yesterday!

(beat)

He was in the IRA, wasn't he, Ma?!

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)

You didn't read all Rowan's stories  
 then?

REGAN

One a day. So they'd last.

MRS. DORAN (O.S.)

I've got to go see your Da. He had  
 a bad night. Read them all, then  
 call me back.

REGAN

Tell Da I love him, anyway.

Mrs. Doran ends the call.

Regan plops on the bed with a stack of Rowan's stories, and  
 begins to read a story titled "The Perfect Sword" by Rowan  
 Doran."

ROWAN (V.O.)

The Perfect Sword, by Rowan Doran.

(beat)

Once upon a time the leaders of two  
 clans who hated each other prepared  
 for battle in a great green field  
 surrounded by trees. Each leader  
 held a mighty sword. They each had  
 hundreds of warriors behind them.

Regan rolls her eyes in disgust.

REGAN

Another violent story?

ROWAN (V.O.)

One leader tried to scare the  
 other. '

(MORE)

ROWAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
My sword is made of the strongest iron in all the land.' The other leader said, 'No, my sword is the strongest ever made.' Just then, a brave little girl walked out of the forest, across the field, and stood between the two mighty warriors.

Regan smiles.

REGAN  
What's this?

ROWAN (V.O.)  
The warriors were shocked. "Go away," they said. "This is no place for a little girl." But the little girl said, "All the wives and children of all the warriors here are in the woods, praying no one gets hurt or killed. I think we should listen to the person with the mightiest sword, and declare them the winner of the battle before anyone gets hurt."

Regan smiles again.

ROWAN (V.O.)  
The warrior leaders grunt, but accept the terms of the deal.

REGAN  
An attorney's daughter.

ROWAN (V.O.)  
My mom says you have to accept the terms of a fair deal! So the two leaders each make their case to the crowd. "My sword has killed a thousand mighty warriors on battlefields across the land." The men behind him cheer. The other yelled, "My sword has slaughtered a thousand mightier warriors across the sea." The men behind him cheer.

Regan looks puzzled.

REGAN  
How will you get us out of this mess, I wonder, storyteller?

ROWAN (V.O.)

The little girl raises her hand, as if she is carrying a mighty sword, but there is nothing there. "And what of all those children who never saw their daddies again, and all those wives who never saw their husbands again?" At that point, all the wives and children peeked out from the trees. All the warriors turned to see them.

Regan smiles.

REGAN

You sneaky little girl.

ROWAN (V.O.)

The little girl pretended to set her invisible sword on the ground before all the mighty warriors. "The mightiest sword," she says, "is the sword that is never made." All the women and children cheered, and they ran to hug and kiss the warriors.

Regan has a tear in her eye, as her phone rings. She sees it is Detective Donahue.

REGAN

Detective Donahue.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

Ms. Doran, I have some news, not all of it good.

REGAN

Go on.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

First, toxicology reports on the two high-schoolers showed no alcohol or drugs.

REGAN

That's good.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

They were the first of their classmates to show up for a walk-out on school shootings. Protests all over the country.

REGAN

Oh, my.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

Someone could have been sending them a message.

REGAN

That's awful.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

Awful was having your daughter caught in the crossfire.

Silence. Regan grabs the container of ashes.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Are you there?

REGAN

I'm here.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

We have more ballistics information on the weapon. The Colt AR-15 was manufactured here in the US, but made its way to Libya to arm rebels fighting Muammar Gaddafi in the early-1970s. He sold captured weapons to the IRA in the early-'80s, and it somehow made it to a flea market in Boston thirty years later. Coincidence, I guess. Still no leads on the shooter or the car.

REGAN

No connection to my family or me?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

My sources in Galway can't, or won't, confirm anything.

REGAN

I told you, my father was a history professor. Nothing more.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

We're closing the case. Your daughter's death is listed as a victim of an accident. I'm sorry.

Regan stares at the ashes.

REGAN

Closure. Maybe it's all about closure.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

Sorry to bother you on your trip. Thought you'd want to know.

REGAN

Thanks for calling, Detective.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

Can you at least call me Sean?

REGAN

Thanks for calling, Sean.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

Maybe I'll get to see you when you come home?

Regan smiles.

REGAN

Maybe, Sean. I'll call you.

Regan ends the call. She smiles, again, grabs her purse and Rowan's story, and heads to the door.

INT. FORSTER HOTEL, GALWAY, BAR - NIGHT

Connor sits at the bar with two pints of beer before him, as Regan sits next to him.

She flops Rowan's story on the bar, and Connor begins reading.

CONNOR

Thanks for pulling a pint with me then, Ms. Doran.

REGAN

Call me Regan. Please.

Connor finishes the short story and smiles.

CONNOR

Mind if I take a photo? This one is new to me.

REGAN

Please do.

Connor takes a photo of the story, and sends a message off.

CONNOR

Would ya like to know what I found?

REGAN

Maybe I don't want to know.

CONNOR

We're bound to make the same mistakes if we don't learn from history.

REGAN

What did you learn?

CONNOR

Nothin' of value. There are never any eye witnesses. Gardai records and newspaper articles are vague, biased, or both, and my generation doesn't give a flip.

REGAN

Your generation?

CONNOR

Gen Z. After the millennials. Born in 1995 or later. Different lot entirely.

REGAN

Is it now?

CONNOR

Your school shootings in America bring a sadness on us all.

REGAN

It's a shameful, gun-loving culture we have.

CONNOR

Your Gen Z has had enough of it: walking out of school, protesting on the telly.

(whispers)

Your NRA is like what our IRA was, but out in the open more.

REGAN

Eerie similarities there.



CONNOR  
Your Gen Z will put an end to them.

REGAN  
Like my daughter's story said.

CONNOR  
Isn't she a grand Seanchaí,  
storyteller? Gen Z all the way.  
We're global. We stick together!  
(beat)  
I'm off tomorrow morning. I can  
drive you to Cloonfad to spread  
your daughter's ashes on the tree.

REGAN  
How did you know?

CONNOR  
Professor Connolly's receptionist  
called me. Small town. People talk.

REGAN  
(laughs)  
But nobody sees anything.

CONNOR  
Nine A.M. then? I won't put a  
scratch on your rental.

REGAN  
Heading to Dublin afterward.

CONNOR  
I'll catch the bus back.

REGAN  
Very kind of you.

CONNOR  
Sorry about your daughter. Gifted  
storytellers are rare as fairy  
gold.

Regan's phone rings. It's Charles Thatcher, her boss.

She kisses Connor on the cheek.

REGAN  
I'll take this is my room. Thanks,  
Connor. See you in the morn.

Regan races to an open elevator.

REGAN (CONT'D)  
Hello, Charles. I was just about to  
call.

The elevator doors close, as we hear Charles yelling.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Regan sits up on the bed and listens to the phone.

CHARLES (O.S.)  
It has to be tomorrow afternoon.  
Demolition of the park begins the  
next day.

REGAN  
I know, Charles.

CHARLES (O.S.)  
She'll only deal with you!

REGAN  
I know, Charles.

CHARLES (O.S.)  
Last damn-little shop looking out  
on that damn tree. You said so  
yourself, it's time to move on!

REGAN  
Yes, Charles. That's what I said.  
Home tomorrow afternoon. Last  
property acquisition. It's in the  
bag, sir.

CHARLES (O.S.)  
It better be!

Charles ends the call.

Regan falls back on the bed, exhausted.

She turns her head to stare at the container of ashes.

INT./EXT. FORSTER HOTEL, GALWAY - DAY

Connor guides Regan from the elevator, and past the front  
desk, shielding her from seeing the front page of the Irish  
Times Newspaper, featuring a photo of Rowan and her story on  
"The Perfect Sword."

CONNOR  
Got your rental out front.

REGAN  
What's the hurry?

CONNOR  
Know you have to get back to Dublin  
after Cloonfad, and by the looks of  
the car, it won't be easy.

Connor loads the suitcase into the trunk.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Load this into the boot, and we'll  
be on our way.

He guides Regan to the passenger side. We see the scratches  
and dents.

REGAN  
Plenty of time. Sure you can spare  
the time?

CONNOR  
Time is all I got.

Connor races around to the driver's side, gets in, and races  
off.

BEGIN MONTAGE the drive to Cloonfad.

-- Connor drives out of Galway

-- Signs to Tuam.

-- Beautiful, peaceful countryside.

END MONTAGE

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Regan's phone rings. It's Detective Donahue.

REGAN  
Yes, Detective?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)  
Thought you should know, the case  
is solved. We have the weapon.  
Boy's mother turned him in.

REGAN

A boy?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

Sixteen. Stolen car. Never fired any kind of gun before. Told his mother it just went off.

Connor looks over at Regan, sadly.

REGAN

Accident.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

Didn't know the high school boys, or Rowan, or you. Had no knowledge of your development plans.

Regan tears up.

REGAN

Thanks for calling.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE (O.S.)

When he found out that he was the one who killed your little girl, he confessed to his mom, and took his own life. His mom's here now filing the report. She's a wreck.

REGAN

Tell her...  
(beat)  
I forgive him.

Regan ends the call, and sobs.

We see a sign to Cloonfad.

Silence.

Connor pulls up to the pasture with the fairy tree. Regan's eyes are red from crying.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

Regan exits the car while holding the container of Rowan's ashes. She trudges to the fairy tree, with Connor right behind.

Connor checks his smartphone. The time reads 9:55.

REGAN  
I'm ready for this.

CONNOR  
Maybe we should give it a few  
minutes.

REGAN  
You were such a hurry this morning?

A small sedan pulls up and stops behind Regan's rental car. Out steps Professor Connolly and the Receptionist from the University.

Regan turns, surprised.

REGAN (CONT'D)  
What's this, then?

PROFESSOR CONNOLLY  
Come to pay my respects.

RECEPTIONIST  
God save all here.

A dark sedan pulls in behind the professor's car, and Chief Inspector Grogan steps out.

REGAN  
Connor?

CONNOR  
I might have posted a small  
message.

INSPECTOR GROGAN  
The perfect sword. Indeed, it  
touched my heart.

REGAN  
How did you see...?

Regan turns to see a white van pull up, and the small Irish band from the pub exits with the Fiddle Player, Accordion Player, and Flute Player. The Bartender from the pub exits the van with a case of Guinness.

REGAN (CONT'D)  
They came on their own, did they?

CONNOR  
(smiles)  
Entirely.

BARTENDER

Wouldn't be a proper wake without a drop, now would it?

REGAN

Proper wake?

A Priest #2 (60) drives up on a small motor scooter with a Vicar (60) hanging on for dear life. Both are in black robes.

CONNOR

From Cloonfad.

(laughs)

I told 'em they could come if they didn't speak.

The Priest and the Vicar come up to Regan.

PRIEST #2

The St. Patrick story got us both to thinkin'.

VICAR

It did, indeed.

REGAN

How did you see...?

(beat)

Connor!

CONNOR

I sent a few stories out to the people who needed to see them. Nothing more.

A taxi cab pulls up to the side of the road, and Petr Novak steps out. He chuckles as he inspects Regan's rental car before walking up to her.

REGAN

Petr?

PETR

Found you. Thanks to the Irish Times.

Regan glares at Connor.

REGAN

The Irish Times?

Peter produces the paper from behind his back.

Regan snatches it out of his hand.

She sees the picture, and scans the article.

PETR

(laughs)

Also followed sounds of car  
scraping other things.

REGAN

Connor!

PETR

I drive you back to Dublin. Avoid  
funeral for rental car. Maybe you.

Regan hugs him. They share a moment.

Regan approaches the Fairy Tree, and turns to the crowd.

REGAN

Thank you all for coming. My  
darling daughter, Rowan, would have  
loved to join us here today.

(beat)

If only to write a story about it  
later.

(beat)

My Irish storyteller.

(beat)

One of her stories was about my Da  
and Ma, her grandparents, who were  
born in Cloonfad. She knew my Da  
was getting on in years, and Rowan  
thought he should have his ashes  
spread here, at home, around a  
Fairy Tree, not because she  
believed in fairies, or the wee  
folk, but because the lone fairy  
tree is left in the center of big  
pasture to battle the wind and the  
storms, fiercely independent and  
proud.

Regan removes the top of the container of ashes and spreads  
half of the ashes around the tree.

REGAN (CONT'D)

That was my Rowan, fiercely  
independent and proud. And, the  
three biggest lessons she taught  
me?

(beat)

First, you can't shake free of your  
family tree.

(MORE)

REGAN (CONT'D)

You can't pick your parents, but you ought to thank them every day for giving you a chance at a wonderful life.

The crowd nods and smiles.

REGAN (CONT'D)

Second, we all love our children, but I missed many opportunities to really appreciate my Rowan. I worked too much, and played too little. I wouldn't make that mistake again.

The crowd nods and smiles again.

REGAN (CONT'D)

Lastly, I was right about one thing. Mothers don't have to say good-bye -- especially when your child leaves you so many stories to tell.

The crowd cheers, and gather around Regan to hug her.

CONNOR

What will you do with the rest of her ashes?

REGAN

There is another tree in Boston waiting for them.

The band starts in with a lively Irish tune, and the Bartender opens and passes around the beer. They all toast Regan and Rowan. There are hugs and kisses all around.

At one point during the grand wake, the Receptionist pulls Regan aside and whispers.

RECEPTIONIST

Your father was a sympathizer, maybe a supporter, but never a terrorist. Intellectual, was he, which made him a suspect. All teachers were suspects. Nothing to do with the Troubles. I wanted you to know, my dear.

Regan whispers back?



REGAN

Nothing to do with the IRA at all?  
Are you sure?

The Receptionist winks.

RECEPTIONIST

(sips the beer)  
Your Da is an idealist. A  
storyteller. T'was your mum.  
(beat)  
Code name: Morrighan.  
(smiles)  
But no one saw anything.

Regan's eyes open widely, as the Receptionist rejoins the  
wake.

EXT. OFFICE ACROSS FROM THE PARK, BOSTON - DAY

SUPER "One Month Later"

Regan and her mother stare approvingly at the temporary  
office sign on the building: "Coming Soon: The Rowan Center  
for Nonviolence, Regan Doran Esq., Proprietor." It's a brisk,  
beautiful morning. They both wear coats.

MRS. DORAN

Your old boss, Mr. Thatcher, is  
going to miss you for certain.

REGAN

He'll miss the multi-million-dollar  
condominiums and lofts much more.  
Time to be independent and proud.

MRS. DORAN

A non-profit business? Never heard  
of such a thing!

REGAN

(winks)  
Like the Church, Ma.

Mrs. Doran glares at Regan, then smiles, at the sign.

Driving up the street in a banged-up sedan car is Petr Novak.  
He hops out of the car with an Amazon box. He kisses Regan  
and Mrs. Doran on both sides of their cheeks. Mrs. Doran is  
less appreciative than Regan.

PETR  
Books are printed! Amazon gods  
deliver this morning!

REGAN  
Ma, you know my first employee,  
Petr Novak, soon to be a practicing  
attorney?

Mrs. Doran sneers.

REGAN (CONT'D)  
Be nice, Ma. He's Catholic. And he  
did more for me than my grief  
counselor and psychologist  
combined. Something to be said  
about hanging around cheerful  
people.

Petr smiles at Mrs. Doran.

MRS. DORAN  
The book. Let's have a look!

Petr smiles and rips open the box, and hands a book to Regan and Mrs. Doran. Rowan's photo is on the cover of the young reader's softcover book titled, "My Irish Storyteller" by Rowan Doran. Forward by Connor Murphy.

REGAN  
Thirty-six short stories, and  
Connor did a great job setting the  
stage with an Irish introduction.  
I'll bring Rowan's teacher, Mrs.  
Davis, a copy this afternoon.

MRS. DORAN  
I'll take one to your Da. Proud of  
our little Rowan aren't we all?  
(beat)  
Not a day goes by, when I don't  
pray for forgiveness.

REGAN  
Forgiveness?

MRS. DORAN  
The past. When that nice detective  
told us about tracing that horrible  
rifle around the world.

PETR  
I make coffee, and finish painting.  
I no like guns.

Petr grabs the box of books and heads into the office.

REGAN

The AR-15.

MRS. DORAN

That's the one. Libya, the old country, then Boston. T'was like a bad dream.

REGAN

A dream, was it? I know about Morrighan.

Mrs. Doran has a look of shame on her.

MRS. DORAN

While they were watching your Da tell stories at the pub, wasn't I was out doing shameful deeds?

REGAN

Da was your cover. Your alibi.

MRS. DORAN

Oh, I spent enough time in the confessional to pack a lunch, but I didn't know at the time. Or didn't want to know.

Regan hugs her Ma.

REGAN

It's okay, Ma. Can't re-live even a minute of our past, but we can do something about our future.

Regan takes her Ma's arm, and turns her toward the tree in the park. The tree is alive and full. There are flowers, and teddy bears, and heart-shaped balloons at the base of the tree.

REGAN (CONT'D)

Let's go say good morning to her.

Regan leads her Ma across the street.

MRS. DORAN

You going to be okay, dear?

REGAN

I hope I never reach what others call closure. For me, it's a new openness with Rowan.

MRS. DORAN

There's so much I should tell you,  
dear.

REGAN

I'd love to hear it all, Ma.  
Mothers and daughters. Rowan and  
her stories taught me that we all  
have a job to do to keep the  
memories of our loved ones alive.  
There must never be a last  
storyteller.

They approach the tree.

Regan reaches in her pocket, and pulls out the container of  
Rowan's ashes, and spreads the remainder of the ashes at the  
base of the tree. Regan sees one teddy bear is signed "From  
Josh." She tears up.

REGAN (CONT'D)

I miss her so much, too.

MRS. DORAN

Is that legal, dear? The ashes?

Detective Donahue is standing behind them with a dozen red  
roses.

DETECTIVE DONAHUE

It is today.

Regan turns and smiles, wiping a tear away.

REGAN

Thanks for coming, Sean.

Detective Donahue removes two roses, and sets the others down  
at the base of the tree.

He hands one rose to Mrs. Doran, and one to Regan.

MRS. DORAN

(suspicious)

Sean, is it, now?

Regan, Mrs. Doran, and the Detective turn to return to the  
new office. They link arms, with Sean in the middle.

REGAN

Sean asked me to dinner, Ma.

We see their backs as they walk across the grass.

MRS. DORAN  
You are a Catholic, aren't you Mr.  
Donahue?

DETECTIVE DONAHUE  
Protestant.

Mrs. Doran pulls her arm free, as they walk.

REGAN  
Ma! Tomorrow night I'm taking Petr  
out to dinner.

Mrs. Doran returns her arm to the Detective's grasp.

Regan chuckles as they walk back to the new office.

REGAN (V.O.)  
I miss you, Rowan.

ROWAN (V.O.)  
(optimistic)  
Ma, you'll be fine.

FADE OUT.

THE END