

A GUY CALLED MICHAEL EGAN

By

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EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN, BOSTON SHORE - DAY

INSERT: *So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past. F. Scott Fitzgerald*

The vast body of water that separates America from its roots. Strong breezes blow westward. Waves crash upon the shore, one after the other, in an endless cycle.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHARLES RIVER, STORROW DRIVE - DAY

A beautiful, sun-filled spring afternoon. Joggers, bicyclists, and dog walkers are out in abundance, enjoying the weather. A red Porsche Carrera convertible speeds along the riverside road with the top up.

CUT TO:

INT. PORSCHE - CONTINUOUS

MATT MONTGOMERY, a handsome, All-American guy in his early 30s, is driving, talking on his mobile phone, oblivious of the gorgeous day unfolding around him. He is perfectly dressed and groomed with short, sculpted hair. There is a formal intensity about him.

MATT

Sorry, the Bruins luncheon at the country club in Brookline ran long. Tell Rick I'm on my way.

A minivan in front of him moves at a leisurely pace. Matt trails closely behind, honks his horn, then swerves into a lane of oncoming traffic, floors the gas pedal, glancing to his right as he zooms past. The children in the van make face and a soccer mom behind the wheel flips him the bird.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN BOSTON, BOYLSTON STREET - DAY

The heart of the city. Herds of executives casually graze the sidewalks, roaming Boston Common, savoring the long-awaited spring sunshine. Matt's car is locked in a traffic jam.

CUT TO:

INT. PORSCHE - CONTINUOUS

Matt's life in the fast lane is halted as the traffic trudges to a dead stop. He looks at his watch, sighs. He is still on the phone.

MATT

Oh, and we'll need to reschedule the interview with Brady.

(beat, off traffic)

This is absolutely ridiculous! There must be an accident or something up ahead on Broadway.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON, EAST BROADWAY - DAY

The annual St. Patrick's Day Parade. A spectacle. Irish marching bands, pipe and drum bands, families proudly holding signs that display their surnames and counties of origin, floats, and armies of well-served Southies dressed in green amble along in an endless procession. It is difficult to discern the parade's participants from the spectators. Few, if any, are sober.

CUT TO:

INT. FLEET CENTER, CELTICS PRESS ROOM - DAY

Matt rushes into the room, smoothly shuffles through a warm of anxious reporters and photographers until he finds his cameraman, RICK MCDERMOTT. He grabs Rick's shoulder and leans on him, catching his breath.

MATT

Sorry, I forgot it was St. Patrick's Day and I had to detour around a bunch of marching leprechauns.

RICK

No problem. Dawson is late as usual.

(beat)

Hey, that new guy from the Globe was just snooping around again. He asked me about a rumor that you're going over to ESPN. What's up?

MATT

Nothing that I'm aware of.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH SEXTON, a gorgeous, young female reporter with long blonde hair flowing over her shoulders, steps behind Matt and taps him on the shoulder.

SARAH

Hey stranger. You never showed up the other night.

MATT

Sorry, I got stuck in a fund-raiser out in Concorde.

SARAH

Did you forget how to use your phone?

MATT

Sorry.

SARAH

You owe me.

Sarah discreetly slaps Matt on the rear, then shoots him devilish smile and returns to her position among the throng of reporters. Matt turns to Rich, shrugs his shoulders.

RICK

Seriously, Monty. Your life is like a beer commercial.

A middle-aged reporter, GARY JOHNSON, recognizes Matt, approaches him and politely extends his hand to shake.

GARY

Matt, do you remember me?

Matt struggles to place him. Gary enthusiastically shakes Matt's hand, speaks with a distinctly Midwestern accent.

GARY (CONT'D)

Gary Johnson. I was with the St. Paul Pioneer Press. I covered the Saints the year you won the Northern League batting title.

MATT

Oh sure. Gary.

GARY

When was that, o'two?

MATT

Ya. I think so. O'two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GARY

Wow, how time flies. I was sure that you were headed back to the Majors. You had one of the most natural swings I had ever seen.

MATT

Thanks.

GARY

So, what happened?

Just as Matt opens his mouth to speak, ultra-flashy basketball superstar, CEDRIC "SILK" STONE, struts into the room followed by his agent, DAVID DAWSON. They approach a podium. Dawson steps forward to the microphone, loudly clears his throat.

DAWSON

Welcome everyone. And thanks for waiting.

Matt moves closer to the podium and holds up a mini tape recorder. Rick steps back, hoists a camera on his shoulder and films.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

My client and I have been in meetings with Celtics management since Monday and unfortunately we have not been able to reach terms that meet our expectations, therefore, Cedric will be bringing his talents to New Jersey.

There is a collective groan and whispered response in the crowd. Dawson loudly clears his throat again.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

We are ready to take your questions.

The reporters all wave for attention. Dawson points at a YOUNG REPORTER.

YOUNG REPORTER

Silk, do you have a comment on the allegations made by a woman last week regarding an incident at a South End night club?

Cedric shakes his head in disgust, defiantly steps towards the microphone. Dawson cuts him off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAWSON

We have no comment on that matter.
This conference was called to
discuss my client's future with the
Nets.

A grey-haired, chubby BEAT WRITER pushes his way to the front of the crowd, mumbles with a thick, Bostonian accent.

BEAT WRITER

Or lack thereof.

His comment draws some chuckles from fellow reporters. Cedric crosses his arms, huffs.

BEAT WRITER (CONT'D)

Doesn't this "decision" really have
more to do with your highly-
publicized battles with coach
O'Brien and some of your teammates?

Cedric removes his sunglasses, shoots an angry glare at the beat writer, forcefully steps to the microphone.

CEDRIC

That battle is only highly
publicized because ya'all needed
somethin' to sell papers! Straight.
That's it, I've had enough of this
shhhhh-

Dawson turns off the microphone. Cedric puts his sunglasses on, blows a kiss to the crowd, storms out of the room. Dawson tightly grips the podium with both hands, yells over the noise.

DAWSON

That concludes our conference.

Most of the reporters and photographers chase after Dawson and Cedric. Matt and Rick stay put, stay out of the mob.

CUT TO:

INT. WBZ CHANNEL 4 STUDIOS, NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Matt is seated at his desk, rapidly typing on his laptop computer. ROSY ROLLINS, his husky, 40-something boss, steps behind him, peers over his shoulder.

ROSY

I'm still waiting on the script for
your second package!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Cracklin' Rosy, you're a store-bought woman. I love it when you talk about my package.

Rosy frets.

ROSY

Nice. Another good one for your voluminous HR file. Hurry up, or I'm gonna cut your package.

Matt stops typing, grabs a half-eaten burrito from his desk, takes a bite, smiles, talks with his mouth full.

MATT

My grandfather always says to never rush a good thing.

Rosy sighs, walks away as MEG MALLOY, a cute, energetic production assistant in her mid-20s approaches Matt's desk, talk very fast.

MEG

Dyno Dave from the Patriots is on line one and there's a personal call holding for you on line four.

Meg sets a short stack of papers on one of the many piles on his desk. Matt enjoys the final bites of his burrito.

MEG (CONT'D)

Here's your schedule and notes from the this morning's staff meeting. I don't know how you find time to breath.

MATT

Breathing is highly over-rated.

Meg starts to walk away, stops on a dime, turns back.

MEG

Hey, did you get my invitation?

MATT

Invitation for what?

MEG

My wedding!

Matt browses the top of the piles on his desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT

No, I'm sorry. I haven't been able to get to my mail for a while.

MEG

I set it on your desk.

Meg steps to his desk, sorts through a pile, extracts a large designer envelope from the mess. She presents it to him.

MEG (CONT'D)

You are hereby invited.

Matt stares at the envelope for a moment, wrinkles his forehead.

MATT

Wow, so you're really going to do it?

(beat)

I guess this means I don't have a chance now.

Meg rolls her eyes.

MEG

Right. You'll never get married.

Meg rushes off. Matt pushes a button on the phone, lodges the handset between his ear and shoulder, types rapidly with a clear mastery of multi-tasking.

MATT

What's the story, Dave?... C'mon, I don't exactly consider that front-page news... You guys finally win a couple rings and now you think the world needs to know every time your quarterback takes a dump... Don't call me, I'll call you. Gotta roll.

Matt pushes another button on the phone.

MATT (CONT'D)

Matt Montgomery. Oh, hey mom. What's up?... No, this is fine.

(beat)

Ya, sorry, I got your voicemails this afternoon but I've been so busy that I-

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MATT (CONT'D)

(beat)

WHAT?!... WHEN?... Where is he?

CUT TO:

EXT. DANA FARBER CANCER INSTITUTE - NIGHT

Matt car screeches to a stop in front of the hospital, parks illegally. He jumps out, sprints to the entrance, pushes through the revolving doors like a running back.

CUT TO:

INT. DANA FARBER CANCER INSTITUTE - NIGHT

Matt shuffles out of an elevator, checks the wall signs for directions, and runs down a hallway. He sees his mother, MARY MONTGOMERY, a lovely but worn woman in her late-50s. She is weakly leaning against the wall, struggling to stand. His older brother, BRENDAN MONTGOMERY, a creative, bohemian type is rubbing their mother's back. Matt nods to his brother, hugs his mom. She's been crying.

MARY

I'm so glad you're here Matty.

MATT

How's he doing?

Mary looks down, sadly shakes her head, then breaks into soft tears. Matt hers her up in his arms, wipes her cheeks.

MARY

The doctors don't think he's going to make it through the night.

The news hits Matt like a ton of bricks.

MATT

Why... didn't he tell us?

MARY

You know your grandfather. He never tells us anything.

Brendan opens the door and motions for Matt to enter.

MARY (CONT'D)

Please go in. He's been asking for you all day.

Matt passes Mary to Brendan like a baton, enters the room.

INT. DANA FARBER CANCER INSTITUTE - CONTINUOUS

Matt tepidly steps to the bedside of his grandfather, MICHAEL EGAN, in his 80s, with bushy eyebrows and distinguished facial features. There are IVs, a respirator, and various monitors hooked up to him. Matt gets closer, stares at his pale and gaunt face in disbelief. He refrains from touching him, afraid.

MATT

Grandpa. I'm so sorry. I didn't know.

Michael slowly opens his eyes. A flash of recognition, then a smile forces then a smile. He sounds profoundly tired and weak as he speaks softly with the trace of an Irish accent.

MICHAEL

It's alright Matty.

He points at a chair beside the bed.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Please sit down. And don't look at me like that. You'll give me a complex.

Michael tries to laugh but he can only must a series of muffled coughs. Matt sits down on the chair.

MATT

Why didn't you tell me you were sick?

MICHAEL

I didn't want you to see me like this.

Michael winces from a sharp pain in his lungs. His eyes fill with tears. He weakly reaches out, takes Matt's hand.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Matty.

Matt leans in.

MATT

Yes.

MICHAEL

You can see I'm not well. And I-

Michael gasps for air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I have something to tell you, to
ask of you.

Matt squeezes Michael's hand, leans closer. Michael struggles
to speak. Matt waits, anxious.

MATT

What is it?

MICHAEL

We've been very close, you and I.

Matt sits up straight, strong. Michael's tone turns almost
conspiratorial. His eyes fill with sadness.

MATT

Yes.

MICHAEL

There's something I need you to do
for me.

MATT

Yes.

MICHAEL

There's a wooden box, at home, in
my desk.

The mention of the wooden box sends a surge of emotional
energy through his body that steals his final breath.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I need you, to-

Michael tries but can't speak. He looks deep into Matt's
eyes.

MATT

What?

Michael's face contorts in pain. He experiences a brief
moment of serenity, winks, grins, then loses his grasp of
Matt's hand.

MATT (CONT'D)

Grandpa?... Grandpa?...

Matt stands and looks down at his grandfather's slack face
and limp body in disbelief. Michael's eyes flutter then
slowly close like the curtains at the end of a great show.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

His pulse flat-lines. A chorus of alarms beeps on the medical equipment.

The door opens. Two nurses rush in followed by Mary and Brendan.

FADE TO:

INT. CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY CROSS CHURCH, BOSTON - MORNING

A beautiful, old church. Sun shines through the stained glass windows, projecting colors of red, yellow, orange and blue. An elderly priest, FATHER DONNELLY, stands in front of a sea of Michael's family, friends, colleagues, students and others. It is a diverse crowd. He steps behind Michael's casket, raising his arms.

FATHER DONNELLY

May the angels lead you into
paradise. May the martyrs come to
welcome you, and take you to the
Holy City, the new and eternal
Jerusalem. May you have eternal
rest. Amen.

The congregation echoes "amen."

Matt walks to the pulpit, pulls out a sheet of paper, clears his throat, and reads. His voice sounds manufactured, as if reading a teleprompter.

MATT

I thank you all for joining us
today to celebrate the life of my
grandfather, Michael Egan.

Matt pauses to keep it together.

MATT (CONT'D)

And thank you for all of the great
stories about him that you have
shared with us during the past
couple of days.

(beat)

I smile when I think about the many
stories that remain untold.

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY CROSS CHURCH, BOSTON - MORNING

The door open. Matt, Brendan and a couple older men carry the casket out of the church, followed by the priest and family members.

MATT (V.O.)

He always talked about the three Fs: friends, family and faith that he said are the foundation of our lives. And the three Ls: learning, laughing and loving that should be part of every day.

They carry the casket down the stairs and slide it into the back of the hearse.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY, CAMBRIDGE - DAY

Michael's family and friends huddle closely together, surrounding his casket which is at rest in a freshly-dug hole in the ground. Matt, Brendan, and Mary stand in front of the group.

MATT (V.O.)

So, let us all go on, with our families, our friends, and our faith, to keep learning, laughing and loving every day in his honor.

(beat)

His spirit can live on through all of us.

A distinguished old man tosses dirt on the casket with a shovel.

A graceful white bird circles in the sky overhead, flies away.

FADE TO:

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Matt enters a sterile but stylish bachelor pad. His heavy legs carry his exhausted body to a large, leather couch. He plops down. The gravity of the moment is overwhelming. He sighs to resist crying. His eyes are drawn to a framed print of Joan Miro's *Beautiful Bird* painting. He stares at it.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, CIRCA 1984 (FLASHBACK) - DAY

The same artwork but the original, in an ornate frame, hanging on a museum wall. MATT, 10, stands in front of the painting beside MICHAEL, 63.

MICHAEL

Miro was brilliant. There's so much passion and life in his work. Such clarity and conviction, yet so much mystery.

MATT

I like it, grandpa. I like the colors.

Michael proudly pats young Matt on the shoulder. The colors and shapes of the image reflect in Matt's eyes as he tries to share his grandfather's perspective and appreciation of the painting.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The same eyes on an older face with a reflection of the same image. Matt settles into the couch, as if seeking comfort.

FADE TO:

EXT. MICHAEL EGAN'S HOME, BRATTLE STREET, CAMBRIDGE - DAY

An old, Victorian home.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL EGAN'S HOME, KITCHEN - DAY

The counters and floors are covered with cardboard boxes and garbage bags. Matt and Braendan pack trash into bags as Mary packs old plates and dishes into boxes.

MARY

Where's Heather? At first, Matt doesn't recognize the name.

MATT

Oh, Heather. Ya. We broke up a couple months ago.

MARY

What happened? She was precious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

I don't know. We just-

Brendan opens the refrigerator, grabs two bottles of Harp lager.

BRENDAN

Bro, you change girlfriends more than I change my underwear.

MATT

When did you start wearing underwear? You're evolving.

MARY

When are you boys ever going to settle down? I want grandchildren.

Brendan hands a bottle to Matt.

MATT

We're just... very picky.

BRENDAN

My friend is a shrink and she thinks that we're afraid of commitment because we witnessed the worst marriage in history during our "formative years."

Mary glares at Brendan with a sad expression, then she quickly exits. Matt slugs Brendan in the arm.

MATT

Nice job, dickhead.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL EGAN'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The walls are adorned with eclectic original artwork. Matt enters. Mary is holding a framed photo, staring at it with somber, moistened eyes. He steps behind her and peeks over her shoulder, rubs her back.

MATT

What are you looking at?

MARY

Some old pictures of my parents.

(beat)

It's hard to believe they're both gone now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She passes the photograph to Matt. He studies it.

MATT

Did they have a good marriage?

MARY

Of course they did. They were married for almost fifty years.

MATT

To me. They always just seemed like good friends, you know, they were never very romantic.

MARY

They were best friends. That's the way a good marriage should be.

MATT

But he was so passionate about everything else-

MARY

Did you know that Grandma had been previously married?

MATT

She was?

MARY

Her first husband was killed in a car accident. Only a few months after their wedding.

MATT

Wow. I had no idea.

MARY

She never talked about it.

MATT

Why not?

MARY

Please Matt, this is hardly what I want to discuss right now.

MATT

Sorry. I understand.

Matt shifts his attention to an old, wooden stereo console. He kneels in front of the stereo, opens its cabinet, sifts through an old collection of albums.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT (CONT'D)

Count Basie. Tommy Dorsey. Artie Shaw. Benny Goodman. He played this big band music all the time, and I hated it. Now I like it.

(beat)

And I like Neil Diamond now too, but that's your fault.

Mary grins. Matt slides an album on the phonograph. The vinyl crackles as a classic, big band song fills the room.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL EGAN'S HOME, OFFICE - DAY

Matt browses the room. The walls are covered with numerous writing awards, certificates of education, framed photographs with prominent people, friends and experiences. If walls could talk. Miro's framed *Portrait of a Young Girl* hangs on a wall, alone. A bookshelf overflows with diverse titles: Wilde, Joyce, Swift, Gibran, Faulkner, Wolfe, Steinbeck, Vonnegut, Updike, Tolstoy, Whitman.

One shelf is carefully organized with all of the Fitzgerald, Hemingway and London classics. He steps in front of a particular shelf and looks at a small MEDAL. He takes it in his hands to study it closer. An inscription on the front reads "COUNTY KERRY 1937 ALL-IRELAND CHAMPIONS." Matt sits down at a large, hand-carved wooden desk with an old Underwood typewriter sitting atop it. He stares closely at the keys on the typewriter.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. MICHAEL EGAN'S HOME, OFFICE, CIRCA 1982 - DAY

The same typewriter. A pair of hands dance over the keys. The hands belong to MICHAEL, 63. MATT, 10, peeks his head inside, then slowly approaches the desk. He watches, entranced, as Michael rapidly hammers-out another page.

MATT

Are you writing a story, Grandpa?

MICHAEL

Yes, I am.

MATT

About what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Michael's concentration is broken. He turns to Matt and smiles, thoroughly pondering the question.

MICHAEL

About a man and a woman.

MATT

What kind of man?

MICHAEL

A good man... like you're going to be some day.

Michael turns in his chair and his elbow tips over a small cup of coffee. He tousles Matt's hair. Matt beams, then looks at the words on the page with a wondrous gaze. There is a small pool of coffee on the rug at the foot of the desk.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. MICHAEL EGAN'S HOME, OFFICE - DAY

A stain on the rug remains where the coffee had spilled. A smile lingers on Matt's face as he takes a moment to collect himself, then he starts to open the desk drawers from top to bottom. He peruses the contents of each drawer. Finally, in the bottom drawer, he finds an antique WOODEN BOX. Matt carefully lifts the box from the drawer. He considers it for a long time. Then, slowly, he opens it to reveal an impressive stack of very old-looking sealed letters. He picks one up and studies it. He turns it over and reads the address "KATHERINE HATHAWAY, DINGLE, IRELAND." He sifts through the other letters. They are all addressed to the same person. Just then, he hears his mother's voice calling to him from the distance. He closes the box and tucks it safely under his arm.

CUT TO:

EXT. MICHAEL EGAN'S HOME, BACKYARD - DAY

Mary is seated on the rear stairs, watching and listening to the birds in the trees. Matt steps outside, sits down beside her with the wooden box at his side.

MATT

Mom, do you think Grandpa was proud of me?

MARY

Of course he was. He was very proud of you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Matt hesitates for a moment in a contemplative posture.

MATT

The other night, after he died, I couldn't sleep. I was lying awake, thinking about how all I had always wanted was to grow up and play major league ball for the Sox. Then, when that didn't work out, I wanted to come home and make him proud somehow.

MARY

And you did.

MATT

But I was thinking about how I've spent so much of my time trying to be something, you know, and now that I am something, I want to be something else. I don't know, I...

MARY

He never wanted you to become anything. He loved you as you are.

MATT

I guess what I'm saying is that I've always been so busy with ball and work... and I wish I would've spent more time with him. Mrs. Montgomery rests her head upon Matt's shoulder.

MARY

Me too.

The birds in the trees chirp, swooping from branch to branch, seemingly with no concept of time or worldly pursuits.

MATT

Did you ever know a Katherine Hathaway?

MARY

No. Not that I recall.

MATT

Do you know when Grandpa came to America from Ireland?

MARY

I'm not sure. In his teens?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT

Did he come alone?

MARY

I don't know. He never talked about his childhood.

MATT

For someone who talked so much, he sure didn't say much about himself. There's so many things that I wish I would've asked him.

MARY

I'm sure there are many things about him that we'll never know. Matt looks down at the box. His eyes are full of wonder.

FADE TO:

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

The same eyes staring blankly at a red light. Matt is tightly gripping the steering wheel. The wooden box sits beside him in the passenger seat. It seems as though the entire world is sleeping as the song "*I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For*" by U2 plays on his car stereo. He quietly sings along as if it's second nature.

MATT

(singing)

I have run, I have crawled... I have scaled, these city walls... Only to be with you, only to be with you... But I still haven't found what I'm looking for. I still haven't found what I'm looking for...

The light turns green and Matt pulls forward into the intersection when a loud horn suddenly blasts. He slams on the brakes as a bus screeches in front of his car, nearly broad-siding him, then swerves and slowly passes. An advertisement on the side of the bus displays a large image of Matt's face with the text: THE LAST CALL WITH MATT MONTGOMERY, WEEKNIGHTS AT 10PM, WBZ CHANNEL 4. His life just flashed in front of his eyes.

FADE TO:

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING

The clock on his bedside table sounds its alarm buzzer at sharp. Matt reaches, hits the snooze button. He slowly opens his eyes, stares wistfully at the ceiling then looks at the other side of his bed. Perfectly made. Perfectly empty. He turns back to the ceiling, sighs. The void is tangible. He opens his eyes wide, as if prompted by an impulse or epiphany, then he quickly rises from the bed, shuffles to a nearby desk and logs on to his laptop computer.

The wooden box is on his desk, next to his computer and stacks of sports magazines.

CUT TO:

INT. PORSCHE - MORNING

Matt drives through late-morning traffic, talking on his mobile phone.

MATT

(into phone)

It's a long story. I don't have time to explain. I'll tell you when I get back... Don't worry, I already talked to Reilly. He's got me covered... I would've let you know earlier but I didn't book my plane ticket until this morning... This isn't a vacation!... Yes, I'm fine... I don't know. This is just something I have to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, BOSTON - DAY

An Aer Lingus 747 accelerates down the runway, blasts into the sky.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

Matt is strapped into a seat. He closes his eyes, then takes a deep breath.

FADE TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - MORNING

All of the passengers are sleeping, except Matt. He closely studies a map of Ireland spread out across his lap. He runs his finger over the map, stopping on a small dot on the southwest corner of the island: DINGLE. He looks out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Matt's POV of the lush green Irish landscape as the plane descends into the Shannon Airport.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANNON AIRPORT - MORNING

Matt, moves through the terminal, toting his luggage and the box. He marvels at all things Irish.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANNON AIRPORT, EUROPACAR RENTAL DESK - MORNING

Matt sets down the box on the counter. His luggage stands at his feet. The RENTAL AGENT, an odd little man, speaks with a strong and difficult-to-comprehend Irish accent.

RENTAL CAR AGENT

Canna help ye?

MATT

Excuse me?

RENTAL CAR AGENT

Can-na help ye?

MATT

I need a car. Do you have any sportscars available? The agent smirks.

RENTAL CAR AGENT

Ye hav-va reservation d'yeh?

MATT

No.

The agent raises his eyebrows, turns away, talks to himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRISH ROADS, ROUNDABOUT - MORNING

A tiny yellow Fiat putters around the roundabout, circling several times. It moves through traffic in fits and starts, nearly causing a few accidents.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FIAT - CONTINUOUS

Matt struggles to read a map, handle the left-handed stick shift and drive on the wrong side of the road. He looks up and notices a sign for LIMERICK, lays on the brakes, and sharply turns the car, almost causing another accident.

A chorus of swirling car horns and the Fiat's grinding gears.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE, BETWEEN LIMERICK AND TRALEE - DAY

The Fiat motors over rolling green hills through vast open spaces. Neither a house or any sign of life in sight.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINGLE PENINSULA - DAY

Matt steers around a sharp curve, slows down. A herd of sheep blocks the road.

INT. THE FIAT - CONTINUOUS

Matt is at a standstill. He looks on, impatient, as the sheep loiter in front of the car. His mobile phone is pressed to his ear.

MATT

(into phone)

Yes, I'm trying to get through to WBZ... No, it's a television station in Boston... Massachusetts... No, I don't have the international plan. I didn't know I needed an international plan... Hello... I'm sorry I can't hear you... Hello... Hello... He huffs, turns off his phone, tightly grips the wheel, then lays on the horn. The sheep, unimpressed, just look at him.

FADE TO:

EXT. DINGLE PENINSULA, CONNOR PASS - DUSK

Against the backdrop of rolling fields of vibrant green, untouched and flawless, the Fiat meanders along a curvy road that cuts through a pass high upon a lush mountain range, when it suddenly gives way to an amazing panoramic view. The Fiat stops and Matt gets out. He stretches out his arms, basking in the beauty of the place. The road leads down the mountainside to a small fishing village in the distance that graces the shore of a large, metallic blue bay. It is Dingle.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINGLE - TWILIGHT

The Fiat rolls into town as the setting sun glistens on the bay, casting a warm glow upon the charming village and ramshackle harbor lined with fishing trawlers. It passes a sign that reads: DINGLE - AN DAINGEAN.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINGLE, JOHN STREET - NIGHT

Matt walks through the heart of the village along a street lined with brightly painted craft shops, cafes and pubs with slightly hippy overtones. A mountain stream trickles beside the street. He nods and smiles at passing locals. They nod back, slightly amused.

CUT TO:

INT. AN DROCHEAD BEAG PUB - NIGHT

Artists, musicians, writers, eccentrics and extroverts pass the night away with drink and song. Matt enters. His unfamiliar face and dressy attire immediately attracts attention. He appears unsure of himself. The bartender, KIERAN FOLLIARD, a charismatic, middle-aged man with the facial gestures of a stand-up comic, greets him.

KIERAN

What'll it be?

MATT

Guinness.

Kieran draws a dark pint and sets it in front of Matt in a flourish. The beer cascades inside the glass underneath a foamy head.

KIERAN

Three euros.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Thanks.

Matt passes a credit card to Kieran, lifts the pint to his lips. Kieran quickly grabs his arm, guides the pint back to the bar.

KIERAN

Don't rush a good thing, man. Ye must give it time to settle. At least one-hundred, nineteen and one half seconds.

Another PATRON shouts at Kieran from the other side of the bar, and he moves to take his order. Matt turns around to give the place a once over. It's a picture of relaxed revelry. A clergyman dressed in full regalia holds court at a large corner table. A young male MUSICIAN plays an acoustic guitar and sings in the other corner. A pair of classic Irishmen, FINN O'SHEA, 82, and JOHN MCGUIRE, 84, are embroiled in their nightly debate at a nearby table. They belong on a postcard.

CUT TO:

INT. AN DROCHEAD BEAG PUB, JOHN AND FINN'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

John pounds his fist on the table.

JOHN

'Twas sixty-nine!

FINN

Ye've gone mad! 'Twas seventy-three!

JOHN

Sixty-nine!

Finn reaches into his pocket, slaps a handful of coins on the table. Matt breaks into a grin, observing them.

FINN

I bet everythin' in me pocket 'twas seventy-three!

JOHN

Ye're an old fool, ye are!

CUT TO:

INT. AN DROCHEAD BEAG PUB, BAR - CONTINUOUS

Kieran returns, seemingly curious of Matt.

KIERAN

On holiday, are ye?

MATT

Actually, I'm looking for someone.
Do you know a Katherine Hathaway?

KIERAN

Katherine... Hathaway. No, I can't
say that I do.

(beat, with a wink)

Blind date from the Internet, she
is?

MATT

No. She's my grandpa's friend, I
think.

(beat)

Michael Egan. He's from Dingle.
Have you heard of him?

KIERAN

Michael Egan? Hmmm. I'm not
familiar with him either.

(beat)

Are ye sure 'twas Dingle, not
Donegal? I once knew a guy called
Jimmy Egan from Donegal. Also,
there's a large Egan clan in
Connemara.

MATT

I'm pretty sure he's from Dingle.

(beat)

I know that he played on the County
Kerry team that won the All-
Ireland championship in nineteen
thirty-seven.

KIERAN

Ye say...

Kieran yells to Finn and John at the nearby table.

KIERAN (CONT'D)

Finn! John! Do you know a guy
called Michael Egan?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIERAN (CONT'D)

The lad here says his grandfather played on the Kerry team of thirty-seven! John waves for Matt to join them.

JOHN

Come on over, lad.

Matt walks over, shakes both of their hands.

MATT

Hi. I'm Matt Montgomery.

John pulls out a chair, motions for Matt to join them.

JOHN

An' who might yer grandfather be now?

MATT

Michael Egan.

JOHN

Michael Egan, ye say?

(beat, thinks)

Finn an' I both played on that team an' there was no Michael Egan, that's for sure.

FINN

Might he be Mick McCormick? Matt shakes his head.

Finn strains to remember.

FINN (CONT'D)

Or Michael O'Reilly?

MATT

No. Michael Egan.

JOHN

Surely, everyone's grandfather played on that team lad.

(beat)

This Michael Egan is quite the storyteller, he is.

Matt crinkles his brow and chugs the remainder of his pint.

MATT

Can I buy you guys a drink?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Finn and John exchange a look: they've got a live one.

FADE TO:

INT. AN DROCHEAD BEAG PUB - LATE NIGHT

The pub is empty. Many stories, pints and shots later, Finn and John's table is littered with glasses in various stages of empty. Matt is very drunk, struggling to stay upright.

FINN

Kieran, send over a shot o'
Jameson! Not the shite ye've been
servin' us!

JOHN

An' three more nice pints here!

KIERAN

Piss off. 'Tis time for me to
close. Surely John's wife will be
comin' to collect ye soon.

FINN

So ye're from Boston, ye say?

MATT

Born and raised.

FINN

An' ye're searchin' for yer family
roots, leprechauns an' rainbows
like all o' the other Yanks who
come over?

MATT

No. I came because I found a box of
letters. And my grandpa, well-
(beat, slurring)
I don't know. I guess I'm not
really sure what I'm doing here.

JOHN

(off Finn)
Neither are we!

John and Finn raise their pints with a good laugh, a toast.

JOHN (CONT'D)

May ye live as long as ye want, an'
never want as long as ye live. John
clinks his glass with Finn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FINN

May yer pint be ever full. May the
roof over yer head be ever strong.

FINN AND JOHN

(in unison)

An' may ye be in Heaven a good
while before the Devil knows ye're
dead.

They all toast and drink. Matt teeters and passes out on the table. Finn looks down at Matt's limp body, spilled on top of the table. He's a mess.

FINN

Sweet jesus! He's bleedin' pissed.

JOHN

The poor lad. Ye talked his ear off
with all the questions about his
grandfather, then every time he
opened his mouth ye were throwin'
another shot o' whiskey down his
throat.

FINN

(off Matt)

What're we gonna do with him?

Kieran is closing up the bar. Finn stands up.

FINN (CONT'D)

We can't just leave him here. Help
me take him home to me couch.

They each take Matt under the arms, carry him like a large sack of potatoes. Kieran shakes his head as they exit.

KIERAN

Eejits.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINGLE VILLAGE, JOHN STREET - LATE NIGHT

The street is lined with charming, well-maintained homes. Finn and John, belting out an Irish ballad in two dissonant keys, walk a crooked path up the street, carrying Matt. They almost drop him a couple times as they stagger up the hill. A woman's head emerges from an upper window of one of the homes. It's John's ornery wife, AGNES MCGUIRE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGNES MCGUIRE

Quiet! Why don't ye drunken sots go
make yer noise somewhere else?!

Finn and John stop, look up at her.

FINN

Are ye Missus McGuire?

AGNES MCGUIRE

Ye know damn well who I am Finn!

FINN

Well can ye tell us which one of
us's yer husband, so the others can
go home.

AGNES MCGUIRE

Jesus, Joseph an' Mary. Who's the
young lad an' what are the two of
yis up to? Troubles no doubt.

JOHN

He's a Yank. We're givin' him a
"lift" home.

John and Finn break out into laughter. They almost drop Matt
again.

AGNES MCGUIRE

Ye're dumb as two bricks ye are!

Finn and John, still laughing, continue up a hill.

JOHN

She loves me.

Agnes huffs, then closes the window.

FADE TO:

EXT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOME, FIELDS - DAWN

Silhouetted against the misty morning sun, a man and his dog
stand at the foot of a steep hill of green grass and rock
that is dotted with sheep. The dog scampers up the hill. The
man is Finn. His heavy breathing sends bursts of fog into the
cool air as he proudly gazes over his land, watching his dog
herd sheep. It is a majestic sight.

CUT TO:

INT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The sun shines a spotlight through the dusty window upon Matt's face. He is sound asleep. ELROY, Finn's sheep dog, is licking his face.

MATT

Uggggh!

Matt quickly opens his eyes, then sits up and wipes his face. He pulls himself together and surveys the small, rustic, Irish cottage with a puzzled expression. He closes his eyes and holds his head. The sound of pots and pans clanging accompanied by off-key singing from an adjacent room triggers his sense of reality. The noise doesn't help his headache in the least.

FINN (O.S.)

Ye alive in there, lad? 'Twas quite
a beatin' ye took from the drink
last night.

Matt stands, wobbles, quickly loses his balance, sits down. He looks at the floor, grimaces.

CUT TO:

INT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOME, DINING ROOM - MORNING

Matt, followed closely by Elroy, enters. Finn walks from the kitchen, sets a plate, overflowing with food, on the table.

FINN

Welcome to the worst bed an'
breakfast in Ireland. I don't know
if ye remember but I'm Finn O'Shea.

Matt shakes Finn's hand.

MATT

Yes, I actually do. I just don't
remember who I am.

Matt drops into a chair, groaning. Elroy lays down on the floor, at Matt's feet. Finn walks back to the kitchen.

MATT (CONT'D)

How did I get here?

FINN

We might have dropped ye a time or
two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

I'm sorry. I'm so embarrassed.

FINN

No worries, lad.

MATT

Where's my car, and my luggage?

FINN

'Tis where ye left it, I imagine.

Finn returns with another plate, sits down across from Matt, pours him a cup of hot tea.

FINN (CONT'D)

Have some tea, here. It'll help ye feel better.

Matt takes a sip, fights to hide his distaste.

MATT

Thanks.

FINN

Ye'll just be in Dingle a few days, will ye?

MATT

Yep.

FINN

Have ye a place to stay?

MATT

I just got in yesterday. I'm not sure yet-

FINN

Then ye'll stay here.

MATT

No... I can't impose.

FINN

(off Elroy)

Ye must. I can see Elroy's already takin' a likin' to ye.

Matt scrutinizes the unkempt, unadorned interior.

MATT

Is this really a bed and breakfast?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FINN
Every house in Ireland is a bed an'
breakfast, lad.

Matt eats. Finn chuckles.

MATT
This is great, thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOME - LATER

Matt and Finn sit facing each other. Matt sips on his tea and tries to appear as if he enjoys it.

FINN
Ye were blithering on last night
'bout yer grandfather.
(beat)
He said he played on our
championship team o' thirty-seven,
did he?

MATT
That's what he told me.

FINN
There was surely no guy called
Michael Egan on that team.

MATT
Maybe I have the year mixed-up?

FINN
Thirty-seven was our only
championship, lad.

MATT
He told me the story many times,
about how he scored the winning
goal and-

A sharp intake of breath. Finn interrupts Matt, casts a perplexed expression, speaks emphatically

FINN
'Twas me brother Paddy who scored
that goal! God rest his soul.

A long, awkward silence. Finn looks down, eats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Do you know a woman named Katherine
Hathaway in Dingle?

The mention of her name ignites something fierce inside Finn.
His eyes burn. Slowly, they rise to meet Matt's.

FINN

Katherine Corrigan. Hathaway was
her maiden name.

MATT

Do you know where I can find her?

CUT TO:

INT. THE FIAT - MORNING

Matt references a hand-drawn map as he drives the car across
a small bridge, up a hill, and away from Dingle.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINGLE PENINSULA, DUNQUIN - DAY

The Fiat cruises along the coast with panoramic views of the
Atlantic Ocean, the Blasket Islands and Sleah Head on one side
with Mount Eagle rising up on the other. At the most Western
point as the road curves sharply on the tip of the peninsula
there is a large, age-old, white-painted statue of Jesus on
the Cross, contrasting against the dark, rugged rocks. The
hillside at the base of the mountain is covered with
wildflowers, rocks and ancient sites. The car slows down as
it drives past a road-side sign that reads: DUNQUIN - DUN
CHAONIN.

CUT TO:

EXT. KATHERINE'S HOUSE - DAY

The Fiat pulls up in front of a weathered and plain, two-
story house. Matt gets out of the car, holding Michael's box.
He takes a deep breath, then heads toward the house.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHERINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MAUREEN HEANEY, a hardened woman in her mid 50s opens the
door to reveal Matt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Hi. I have something for Katherine
Hatha... Corrigan.

MAUREEN

She's away at hospital.

Matt holds up the box.

MATT

Could I leave this here for her?

MAUREEN

What is it?

Matt opens the box to expose the letters.

MATT

Some letters.

CALLIE HEANEY, 28, a striking woman with long, curly red hair and eyes you could drown in, suddenly steps behind Maureen. There's something very raw and unusual about her. She is dressed in faded blue jeans and a T-shirt, dirty from a hard day's work. Her hair is loose, her face has a light sheen of perspiration. Matt looks to Callie, instantly consumed. They connect. Her eyes soften, only for a brief moment. A slightly dreamy look washes across her as she returns his gaze with a blush. Maureen interrupts their silent exchange with a stern voice.

MAUREEN

Letters from who?

Matt shakes out of his trance to politely address her.

MATT

My grandfather, Michael Egan.

Callie appears captivated by the mention of "Michael Egan." Her eyes widen and she opens her mouth to speak but says nothing.

MAUREEN

I've never heard o' Michael Egan
but ye're welcome to drop it for
her at hospital if ye wish.

Maureen starts to close the door. Matt and Callie steal one more glance as he digs for his keys in his pockets.

MATT

The hospital? Okay, well-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Maureen abruptly closes the door on him.

CALLIE

'Twas very rude mother!

Callie checks herself in a nearby wall mirror, fixes her hair. She hears the car's engine start outside.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Shite.

She quickly opens the door and rushes out.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FIAT - CONTINUOUS

Matt looks in the rear view mirror and notices Callie as she bounces down the front stairs. He rolls down his window as she approaches the car. Maureen peeks out at them through a window.

MATT

Im sorry. I was just-

CALLIE

Ye'll hafta forgive me mum. She can be quite rude at times.

Matt pulls a letter from Michael's box on the passenger seat, passes it to Callie.

MATT

Do you know this woman?

Callie grabs the letter, reads.

CALLIE

Katherine Hathaway, Dingle,
Ireland.

(beat)

Yes. She's me granny.

Callie closely studies the letter and scrunches up her face. Looking perplexed but very cute as she does so.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Who are ye?

MATT

I'm Matt Montgomery. I found this box of letters in my grandfather's desk and-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLIE

An' ye say yer grandfather's name
is Michael Egan?

MATT

Yes.

CALLIE

Surely not the American writer?

MATT

Yes. You've heard of him?

She rolls her eyes, touches her chin and cups her lips, then
rubs the back of her head and exhales.

CALLIE

Don't move.

Callie runs inside the house. Matt waits until she returns
with a book in her hands. She shows him the cover that is
titled *FULL CIRCLE* by Michael Egan.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

This Michael Egan?

MATT

Yes.

CALLIE

Of course. He's me favorite writer,
he is! He's brilliant!

She catches herself and covers her mouth to muffle her
animated voice. Silence as they both struggle to digest the
situation.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Why would Michael Egan have a box
o' letters for me granny?

MATT

I don't know.

(beat, off the box)

Can I just give this to you, and
you can give it to her?

Callie looks away, contemplates, collects herself.

CALLIE

This is quite mad. How 'bout if ye
come back tomorrow?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I visit granny every day at noon.
Ye can join me an' give it to her
yerself.

MATT

Are you sure you don't mind?

CALLIE

Not at'all. Come by at half-
eleven, will ye?

Matt shoots her a confused look.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Eleven-thirty.

MATT

Come back tomorrow at eleven-
thirty? Okay.

CALLIE

Grand.

Callie, suddenly a little blushed, turns to leave.

MATT

Wait. I don't even know your-

CALLIE

Caledonia Heaney. Callie.

MATT

I'll see you tomorrow, Callie.

CALLIE

Grand.

Callie returns to the house with a glow, buzzing with
intrigue and confusion. Matt watches her as she closes the
door behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FIAT - DAY

Late afternoon. Matt stops near the shore of Dingle Bay. He
grabs the wooden box from the passenger seat, opens it, and
carefully sifts through the letters. He lifts a letter and
begins to open it, then he abruptly stops and secures it back
in the box. A long sigh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gazes out at the water, at a sailboat as it makes its way toward the ocean, holding a steady wind in its sails.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. BOSTON, CHARLES RIVER, CIRCA 1987 - DAY

A similar sailboat bobs on choppy water. MATT, 13, and his grandfather MICHAEL EGAN, 66, are sailing the boat together. Michael turns the sail, catching a good wind as Matt pulls a rope to tighten the sail. Michael steers.

MICHAEL

Sailing is like life, Matty. When the wind changes, you need to go with it.

(beat)

There's no sense fighting nature.

Matt looks up at the full sail as the boat cuts ahead through the water. Waves splash up onto the deck. His eyes are full of wonder.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. THE FIAT - DAY

The same eyes with the same wondrous, childlike look. Matt's drives the back onto the road and accelerates across a small bridge into Dingle village.

FADE TO:

INT. KATHERINE'S HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Callie fills the sink with water and soap. Maureen stacks dirty dishes on the countertop beside the sink.

CALLIE

He said he'd give me a lift to hospital tomorrow.

MAUREEN

Callie, ye don't even know him. He's an American. He could be up to somethin.' He could be a killer.

CALLIE

Don't worry. Mother. I'm a big girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Callie slides off a diamond engagement ring from her left hand, sets it on a window sill above the sink. She grabs a stack of plates and submerges them into soapy water.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINGLE - NIGHT

The Fiat slowly passes in front of a few roadside B&Bs, brakes in front of each. All of the signs display "NO VACANCY."

FADE TO:

INT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Matt is asleep on the couch. Elroy is asleep on the floor right next to him. Elroy awakens to a loud conversation in the kitchen. He stands up, then licks Matt's face. Matt wakes up. He wipes the dog drool from his face.

MATT

Morning, Elroy.

He, too, hears the conversation that carries from the kitchen.

BANKER (O.S.)

I have no other choice. Ye're six months behind on the payments.

FINN (O.S.)

I had troubles with the sheep last year, an' with me health. But I'm doin' much better now.

Matt, looking at Elroy, raises his finger to his lips with a "shooshing" gesture. He quietly sits up, eavesdrops.

CUT TO:

INT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

An uptight BANKER sits at the table, facing Finn.

BANKER

Ye're not gettin' any younger Finn, an' ye've got no help here. Ye have no family. Please, 'tis not easy for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FINN

Not easy, for ye?! 'Tis not 'bout ye! 'Tis 'bout me, an' me land, an' me sheep. 'Tis 'bout me life!

BANKER

The bank's been very patient, an' I'm tryin' to help ye do somethin' now, while they're still willin' to make arrangements. I'm tryin' to help ye, Finn.

FINN

I can help meself.

BANKER

You're gonna leave the bank with no other choice.

Finn stands up and points to the door.

FINN

Get outta me house!

INT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The front door bangs shut. Finn looks out the window to see the banker marching away from the house. Matt saunters in, sits down at the table. Elroy follows him, barks at the door.

MATT

Who was that?

FINN

Some wanker banker.

MATT

Wanker?

FINN

I think ye call them assholes in the States.

MATT

Is everything okay?

Finn, preoccupied, looks out the window at his land.

FINN

Everythin's fine. Just some wee things to care for is'all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Are you sure?

FINN

Not to worry.

Finn returns, sets a plate in front of Matt. It's a full Irish breakfast with eggs, sausage, ham, potatoes, black pudding and a tomato half.

FINN (CONT'D)

'Tis a bit cold. I didn't wanna wake ye.

MATT

This looks great. Thanks.

FINN

Ye had a late night, did ye?

Matt digs into the breakfast like he's starving.

MATT

I made a few detours coming back.

FINN

Ye found Katherine, did ye?

MATT

I found her house but she wasn't there. She's in the hospital.

Matt checks his watch.

MATT (CONT'D)

Speaking of. Shoot. I'm so sorry, I have to run.

He quickly shovels in as much food as he can, stands.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to pick up Callie in ten minutes.

Matt rushes out of the kitchen. Finn looks intrigued.

FINN

Who's Callie?

CUT TO:

EXT. KATHERINE'S HOME, FRONT PORCH - DAY

Matt knocks. Callie quietly opens the door. Her face brightens. Matt is short of breath.

MATT
Sorry I'm late.

CALLIE
Let's go.

Callie steps outside and abruptly closes the door, then hurries to his car. Matt follows.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHERINE'S HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Maureen discovers Callie's ring on the window sill. She clutches it in her hand, then paces out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. FIAT - CONTINUOUS

Matt and Callie buckle their seatbelts. Callie clears the hair from her face, then takes a deep, cleansing breath. Back at the house, Maureen opens the front door and steps out onto the porch. She holds up the ring and waves her arm for attention. She doesn't look happy. Matt, smiling, politely waves back. Callie nervously fidgets, shifts in the seat.

CALLIE
Please, let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. FIAT - DAY

Matt and Callie drive along a winding road that cuts through the lush Irish landscape.

CALLIE
Sorry 'bout me mum. She was gettin' on me nerves.

MATT
I get the feeling she doesn't like me.

CALLIE
Lately, she doesn't like anyone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Callie looks down at the pale indentation on her ring finger. She tries to rub it out with her hand. Matt nonchalantly stares at the road ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINGLE PENINSULA, CLIFFSIDE ROAD - DAY

The Fiat skids to a stop, then pulls to the side of the road. Callie leaps out. She runs into a roadside field and picks a small bouquet of fresh wildflowers.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINGLE HOSPITAL - DAY

The Fiat parks in front of a white, two-story building that hardly seems like it could be a hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. FIAT - CONTINUOUS

Callie reaches to open the car door, turns to Matt.

CALLIE

I've been wonderin'...

Matt nods, turns off the engine.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Does yer grandfather know ye're here?

He takes a deep breath. His eye moisten.

MATT

No. He died last Thursday.

And with these words, a slack, blank look washes over her face as she slumps back into the seat. The flowers slip from her grasp.

CUT TO:

INT. DINGLE HOSPITAL, KATHERINE'S ROOM - LATER

Callie tip-toes into the room, carrying the flowers. Matt, carrying the box, follows her at a safe distance. KATHERINE, 84, lovely but fragile, is lying comatose in a hospital bed. She has white hair and pale skin, IVs in both of her skinny arms. An oxygen tube protrudes from her nose. Machines measure her heart functions and vitals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Callie sits down on the bed. She lifts Katherine's age-spotted hand, strokes it gently and kisses it.

CALLIE

Hello Granny. 'Tis me, Callie.

(beat)

I brought someone to see ye.

Actually, he has somethin' for ye.

Callie waves Matt to come closer. Matt steps beside Callie, then sets the box on a bedside table. Katherine doesn't respond.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

'Tis a box o' letters.

No response, at all. Callie leans in closer to Katherine.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Granny, can ye hear me? Granny?

Callie's face grows flush with emotions. Matt, sensing she needs more space, quietly backs away.

FADE TO:

INT. DINGLE HOSPITAL, KATHERINE'S ROOM - DAY

The sunlight through the window is the bright orange of late afternoon. Callie's eyes bore into Katherine as if she's trying to read her mind.

Matt, trying to be unobtrusive, steps behind her. She looks up at him and smiles, wiping a couple tears from her eyes.

MATT

Maybe we should go now.

Callie stands.

CALLIE

Yes. Sorry. I...

She kisses Katherine's forehead.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

See ye tomorrow Granny.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FIAT - DAY

Callie sadly stares ahead, stealing occasional peeks of Matt as he drives.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FIAT - DUSK

Matt stops the car in front of Katherine's house. Callie is frozen with a profoundly sad expression. Matt pats her thigh. His hand lingers for perhaps a millisecond too long.

MATT

Home.

Callie snaps out of it. She smiles at him.

CALLIE

I'm sorry that I made ye wait there. I'm goin' a bit mad.

MATT

It was no problem.

CALLIE

I just want her to wake up, ye know. I just wish...

Matt instinctively touches her leg again.

MATT

Hey, I appreciate that you brought me to see her. I'm sure it's hard for you to see her like that.

(beat)

How long has she been in the hospital?

CALLIE

Since last Thursday. They think she had a stroke.

A pause for more digesting.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Do ye know why yer grandfather had these letters for her?

MATT

I have no idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLIE

Ye say he was from Dingle?

MATT

Supposedly, but no one's ever heard of him.

She turns to him, a little dazed by everything.

CALLIE

So what are ye goin' to do now?

MATT

I guess I'll just have to go home.

CALLIE

Ye're gonna just leave?

MATT

I don't know.

CALLIE

Ye came all this way. Aren't ye curious 'bout what's in the letters?

MATT

Sure I am. But it's really none of my business.

A surge of nervous energy rushes through her.

CALLIE

None of yer business?!?

Matt matches her verve.

MATT

What do you want me to do? I think he wanted me to deliver the box to her. That's it.

CALLIE

That's it?! How do ye know what he wanted?

(beat)

I don't understand why he would send letters to me Granny.

Matt tightly grips the steering wheel and stares forward, fighting his natural attraction to Callie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT

I don't understand a lot of things
right now.

Maureen emerges from the house, onto the front porch. She crosses her arms, and disapprovingly peers at Callie as if removing her from the car with her eyes.

CALLIE

Bye for now.

MATT

Wait. What about...

She hastily climbs out of the car, closes the door behind her. Matt watches her jog into the house, pressing his lips, baffled. Maureen shoots him an unfriendly glance.

FADE TO:

EXT. DINGLE - DUSK

The sun is sinking on the horizon as the Fiat crosses the small bridge and rolls back into the village.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

INT. GIFT STORE - NIGHT

Matt approaches the store's CLERK.

MATT

Excuse me, did you grow up here in
Dingle?

CLERK

Yes.

MATT

Have you heard of Michael Egan?

The clerk's clueless expression answers his question.

CUT TO:

INT. HALF DOOR RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A middle-aged WAITRESS in a relaxed restaurant with an interior of stone and light wood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAITRESS

No. I don't reckon I know any Egan
in Dingle.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINGLE VILLAGE, SIDEWALK - NIGHT

An old FARMER in front of Murphy's Pub.

FARMER

I once knew a lass named Carolyn
Egan from Connemara. She was a
fine lass, she was.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK MACK'S PUB - NIGHT

An old SALTY BARTENDER in a vintage pub that also serves as a
shoe repair shop.

SALTY BARTENDER

Michael Egan! Sure I know him!

Matt's expression turns hopeful.

SALTY BARTENDER (CONT'D)

He was a sea captain from Kinsale.
A fine fella, he was.

MATT

Did you know him well?

SALTY BARTENDER

Only from the stories, of course.

MATT

What stories?

The bartender furrows his brow, upset because Matt doesn't
know about Michael Egan.

SALTY BARTENDER

He was a Republican. A grand hero,
he was. A patriot.

MATT

When was the last time you heard
about him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALTY BARTENDER

He was killed durin' the Risin' of
nineteen-sixteen, lad.

Matt looks utterly deflated.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Matt browses a row of books on a shelf until he finds a paperback copy of *BALLROOM* by Michael Egan. He pulls the book from the shelf and carries it to the checkout. An eccentric, elderly GYPSY WOMAN is seated behind the cash register, filing her nails. Matt presents the book to her.

MATT

Are you familiar with this writer
Michael Egan?

Her necklaces and bracelets jingle as she speaks.

GYPSY WOMAN

Of course.

Matt lights up with hope.

MATT

Did you know him when he lived here
in Dingle?

GYPSY WOMAN

Michael Egan lived here? No.

MATT

Yes.

GYPSY WOMAN

Blarney!

MATT

You didn't know him?

GYPSY WOMAN

I can only wish to have known the
lovely man that wrote all those
stories. He makes me weep, he does.

She tilts her head back with a dreamy glow on her face, fans herself. Matt sighs, looks down.

CUT TO:

INT. FOXY JOHN'S PUB - NIGHT

A tiny room. Half pub, half tool shop. An OLD IRISHMEN and his SIDEKICK stand at the bar, sipping whiskey and playing chess.

OLD IRISHMAN
An bhfuil Gaeilge agat? INSERT
SUBTITLE: "Do you speak Irish?"

MATT
Excuse me?

OLD IRISHMAN
"An Meiriceanah tu?" INSERT
SUBTITLE: "Are you from America?"

Matt speaks slowly.

MATT
Do-you-know-Michael-Egan?

OLD IRISHMAN
Pogue muh ho-in!

MATT
I'm sorry, I don't understand.
INSERT SUBTITLE: "Kiss my behind!"

His sidekick laughs out loud. Several regulars gathered at the bar turn around and join the laughter.

MATT (CONT'D)
Nice to meet you.

Matt tries to remain cool as he walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINGLE VILLAGE, SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Matt meanders along the sidewalk and sits down on a bench, saddled in contemplation. He reaches into a bag, pulls out his paperback copy of *BALLROOM*, flips through it. A street musician, TIM MAHONEY, is sitting on an empty keg, playing a guitar and singing the song "*Feel So Near*." Matt closes his eyes for a minute and listens to the music. When he opens his eyes, they are drawn to a spot beside him on the sidewalk in front of the storefronts.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. DINGLE VILLAGE, SIDEWALK, CIRCA 1935 - NIGHT

The same spot on the sidewalk but many years earlier. Paddy and Finn, 13, shuffle along, kicking a small ball of twine. Finn mimics the moves of a soccer player and accidentally kicks a trash can instead of the ball. He reaches down for his foot, agonizing in pain. Paddy laughs at him.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. DINGLE VILLAGE, SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The same location and trash can with a large dent from Finn's errant kick. The song ends. Matt slowly stands up, then throws several bills in the musician's open guitar case and walks away. The musician tips his hat with an appreciative grin.

CUT TO:

INT. AN DROCHEAD BEAG PUB - NIGHT

Matt strolls into the crowded pub. It glows with subtle yet strong energy. A traditional IRISH BAND plays live music. LOCALS tell stories, drink, laugh, sing. Matt spots Finn and John, walks to their table, sits, sighs.

MATT
Good evening gentlemen.

FINN
Ye got me note, did ye?

Matt pulls out his wallet.

MATT
Thanks. Can I buy you guys a drink?

JOHN
Me friend, for a Yank, ye surely do
speak our language.

Finn yells to Kieran behind the bar.

FINN
Kieran! Three pints, an' three
shots for good luck here!

John shoots Finn a sly smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Ye're lookin' much better than when
I last saw ye.

FINN

How was the day?

MATT

Katherine's in a coma, so I talked
to half the people in Dingle and I
still haven't found anyone who's
ever heard of my grandpa.

FINN

I'm sorry we can't be more help to
ye, I am.

Kieran arrives with fresh pints and shots. He sets them on
the table, then pats Matt on the back and chuckles.

KIERAN

Hopefully you can remain vertical
tonight, lad. I doubt these old
farts can carry ye home again.

Matt looks down. John and Finn laugh as Kieran walks back to
the bar. John raises his shot to Matt.

JOHN

God invented whiskey so the Irish
wouldn't rule the world.

MATT

...And he invented women to give us
a reason to drink whiskey.

Finn and John give him a "not bad" look. Before they drink,
however, their eyes grow wide as they feast upon a lovely
young woman over Matt's shoulder. It's Callie.

CALLIE

An' *she* invented men just to humor
us.

She takes a shot glass from Matt's grasp and slams it like a
pro, then bangs it on the table. The men are speechless. They
all stand up at attention.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

The good thing about ye Irishmen is
ye're always easy to find.

Matt faces her, pulls it together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT

What are you doing here?

FINN

What he means is, why didn't ye
come sooner?

Finn and John jockey for position in front of her. John
kisses her hand.

JOHN

Nice to meet ye, lass. I'm John
Gregory McGuire. A bachelor, I am.

Finn nudges John aside. Now it's his turn to kiss her hand.

FINN

An' I'm Finnbar O'Shea.

CALLIE

'Tis lovely to meet ye gentlemen.

JOHN

The pleasure's ours, I'm sure.

She turns to Matt, beaming with excitement.

CALLIE

Sorry to interrupt but I have
somethin' grand.

Finn and John share a look. Finn suggestively winks to Matt.

FINN

Go ahead, Matty.

Callie grabs Matt by the arm, leads him away. Finn turns to
John, speaks with a private tone.

FINN (CONT'D)

That is Katherine Corrigan's
granddaughter.

John shoots Finn an involved glance.

EXT. AN DROCHEAD BEAG PUB - CONTINUOUS

Callie and Matt step out of the pub. She is so excited, she
can hardly contain herself.

MATT

What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She grabs his hands, squeezes them.

CALLIE

I stopped back to see Granny tonight an' when I mentioned Michael Egan she squeezed me hand.

MATT

Really?

CALLIE

She could hear me! She didn't say anythin' but she could hear me!

MATT

Did you tell her about the box?

CALLIE

No. I think ye should be there.

MATT

Why do you need me?

CALLIE

Surely she'll have some questions. No need to be afraid.

MATT

I'm not afraid.

CALLIE

Then come by again tomorrow?

MATT

At half-eleven?

CALLIE

Lovely.

Callie smiles, then releases his hand. She turns to depart and Matt stops her.

MATT

Wait. You should stay and have a pint with us? Clearly, they won't mind.

CALLIE

No. I really shouldn't. I'm expectin' a ring from Dublin.

Matt mimics her voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT

No need to be afraid.

Callie looks at him, torn, cracks a genuine smile.

CALLIE

Surely, I'm not.

FADE TO:

INT. KATHERINE'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

It's late. The room is dark. Callie holds a telephone handset to her ear, nervously wrapping the cord around her fingers as she speaks.

CALLIE

(on phone)

Sorry, I ran into some old friends at the pub... No, ye should stay in Dublin... 'Tis a long drive an'... Really, I don't want ye to come, I mean, I want ye to come, but there's nothin' ye can do an' I know ye have work to tend to... Really, 'tis quite alright... Yes, I'll be fine... I'll ring ye tomorrow night...

She pauses for a moment too long.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Yes. ...I love ye too.

Expressionless, Callie hangs up. Maureen appears and shakes her head with a troubled scowl.

MAUREEN

What are yis up to?

Callie looks down. Maureen grabs her arm.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Caledonia?

CALLIE

Surely you have other worries than me own.

Callie pulls her arm away then sidesteps Maureen without making eye contact.

FADE TO:

INT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Matt wakes up. Elroy's spot is vacant. The house is silent.

CUT TO:

EXT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOME, FIELDS - MORNING

Finn tends to morning chores as Elroy herds the sheep. Matt walks from the house into the fields. He is nicely groomed and dressed. Finn sits down on a rock wall to catch his breath. Matt approaches. He watches Elroy race back and forth with an amazed expression.

MATT

Wow. I get tired just watching him.

FINN

We're a good team. He does all the work, an' I do all the drinkin'.

Matt sits down on the rock wall beside Finn. His eyes are drawn to a lone tree in the center of the grassy field. He points at the tree.

MATT

Why do so many of the fields just have one tree, like that?

FINN

When the lands were cleared for settlement, a lone tree, the crann bethadh, or tree of life, was kept to connect Heaven an' Earth. Ye see, the branches reach up an' the roots reach down.

Matt listens in awe.

MATT

It's so strange. You talk exactly like my grandpa.

Finn whiffs Matt's cologne, eyes his nice attire, changes the subject.

FINN

Where are ye off to, all fancied up?

Matt looks down at his watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Callie is taking me back to see Katherine again. Supposedly, she was conscious yesterday.

(beat)

Finally we might get some answers.

Matt stands up, brushes off the seat of his pants. Each mention of Katherine causes Finn's body to tighten.

MATT (CONT'D)

I should go. I'm late.

Finn yells as Matt rambles down the hill.

FINN

Just remember, there are two versions of every story an' twelve versions of every song.

He nods to Finn, waves.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHERINE'S HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Maureen spies through the window as Matt's car pulls up. She glances down at Callie's engagement ring that is still sitting on the window sill. She grimaces.

Callie, looking gorgeous, flies out the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. FOXY JOHN'S PUB - DAY

Finn is bellied-up at the beer. The BARTENDER refills his empty whiskey glass.

BARTENDER

Ye're startin' early today. Have a heavy head, do ye?

Paddy takes a drink from the fresh pour without looking up.

CUT TO:

INT. DINGLE HOSPITAL, KATHERINE'S ROOM - DAY

Callie and Matt quietly enter to find Katherine lying in bed, unconscious. Michael's box of letters is on the bedside table, untouched.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Callie removes the day-old flowers from a vase on the table and arranges her new bouquet. Then she takes the box from the table and sits down on the bed.

CALLIE
Granny? 'Tis me, Callie.

Callie gently sets the box on Katherine's lap. She lifts Katherine's hand and gently runs her fingers over the box.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
Can ye feel this?

Katherine remains lifeless. Callie slowly opens the box, then sorts through the letters. Her eyes widen as she spots the ring under the letters. She lifts it from the box to closely examine it.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
A Claddagh ring.

Matt leans in to take a look. Their faces are close.

MATT
What is it? I've seen people
wearing them back home-

She holds it up for Matt, so he can see it's features. They draw closer.

CALLIE
(off ring)
'Tis a symbol of everlasting love
an' eternal friendship. The heart
is love, the hands are friendship,
an' the crown is loyalty.
(beat)
'Tis a wedding ring for some.

She places the ring in Katherine's palm, then wraps her bony fingers around it. Katherine remains unresponsive.

An impulse strikes Callie. She grabs an envelope from the box, examines its old, yellowed texture. Matt looks over her shoulder to view the envelope.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
I know ye can hear me, Granny.

Callie suddenly assumes a look of resolve. In an instant, she tears open the envelope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT

Wait... What are you doing?

She quickly pulls the letter from the envelope, unfolds it, and reads to Katherine. Matt is stunned, still.

CALLIE

'Tis dated September fourteenth
nineteen thirty-seven.

(beat, reading)

"Dearest Kate, I pray that this
letter finds ye safely. I missed ye
at the pier an' had no choice but
to board the ship without ye. Yer
father led the authorities to seize
me. 'Twas a miracle that I escaped.
I am confused by their knowledge of
me whereabouts but I shall never
believe in yer betrayal. Me faith
in our love shall never leave me,
as I am eternally yours."

Callie is flooded with emotion. She stops reading. There is a short, magnetic moment of eye contact between them. She continues reading, emotions elevating with each word.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

"Before we met, I didn't believe in
love. I didn't believe in meself.
But ye helped me believe. Ye gave
me faith. Ye gave me life."

(beat)

"America's an excitin' place full
o' grand opportunities but I am not
meself without ye."

(beat)

"I know we'll be together again but
these days without ye pain me every
breath. Me body may be here but me
heart an' soul are with ye always.
Creidim, Paddy."

Callie, confused, reads the end of letter over and over. She looks to Matt.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

*Creidim? Paddy?! I thought these
letters were from Michael Egan?*

MATT

Me too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CALLIE
Granny. Can ye hear me?

They both look to Katherine, waiting for any sign of life but it never comes.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINGLE HOSPITAL, PARKING LOT - DAY

Callie strides to the car, on a mission. Her determination intensifies. Matt follows.

CALLIE
Anna will know.

MATT
Who's Anna?

CALLIE
Granny's sister.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA'S HOME - DAY

ANNA HATHAWAY, 80, rests in a wooden rocking chair. She is a lovely, spirited woman with long, flowing white hair. Callie and Matt are seated across from her, side by side on an old wool couch. The box is open on Callie's lap.

ANNA
Paddy... Oh my heavens. Of course,
I remember. Paddy O'Shea.

They stare, listen to Anna. A vivid memory burns in her eyes.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. DINGLE LIBRARY, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

The same eyes on a younger face. ANNA HATHAWAY, 13, is seated among the group of kindergarten-aged STUDENTS as KATHERINE HATHAWAY, 17, perfectly beautiful, reads to them.

ANNA (O.S.)
I remember the day she met him as
well as the day just gone. 'Twas
the summer of thirty-seven.

CUT TO:

INT. DINGLE LIBRARY, CIRCA 1937 (FLASHBACK) - DAY

PADDY O'SHEA, 18, handsome, strong, browses through shelves of books. He sees Katherine, observes her as she reads.

KATHERINE

(reading)

"Like the green light in a sea-hollow was the hooded light about her head. 'O Mighty One, 'O Piast of the Deep,' said the Gubbaun Sor's Son."

Paddy floats a conspiring grin, then he grabs a book from the shelf and approaches the group with a conspiring grin. She continues reading.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

"Why do ye do this so?' 'Tis the question,' said the Great Piast, 'that I came to ask of ye."

The students suddenly ignore Katherine, turning all of their attention to Paddy.

PADDY

D'yeh want to hear a good story?

Paddy squats down in front of the students, opens the book he grabbed from the shelf. He holds it up to display the illustrations inside. Katherine, surprised and flustered, simply crosses her arms and listens.

PADDY (CONT'D)

Chug, chug, chug. Puff, puff, puff.
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding- dong.

The students laugh.

PADDY (CONT'D)

The little train rumbled over the tracks. She was a happy little train for she had such a jolly load to carry. Her cars were filled full o' good things for the boys an' girls. There were toy animals - giraffes with long necks, Teddy bears with almost no necks at all, an' even a baby elephant. "I think I can. I think I can. I think I can."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The students listen intently with delighted faces.

FADE TO:

INT. DINGLE LIBRARY, CIRCA 1937 - MOMENTS LATER

Paddy completes the story with an animated voice and expressions, jumping around and acting out.

PADDY

(reading)

An' the Little Blue Engine smiled
an' seemed to say as she puffed
steadily down the mountain, "I
thought I could. I thought I could.
I thought I could."

Paddy closes the book. Katherine grabs it and reads the title: THE LITTLE ENGINE THAT COULD by Watty Piper. She discards the book, stands and commands the children to follow her.

KATHERINE

Come along children.

Katherine clenches her fist, attempts to scowl at him but the hint of a smile breaks through.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINGLE LIBRARY, CIRCA 1937 - CONTINUOUS

Anna follows Katherine as she leads the students down the stairs, in a line. Katherine tries to ignore Paddy as he walks beside them. Anna and the students adore him.

KATHERINE

I don't fancy yer surprise
contribution to me class.

PADDY

Are ye cross with me?

KATHERINE

I have no wish to expose me
students to those American stories.

PADDY

So full o' hope an' imagination.
God forbid ye read them a story
they'd actually enjoy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Katherine stops the march, turns to Paddy, equal parts disgusted and charmed, tries to be stern but it rings hollow.

KATHERINE

Mister...

PADDY

O'Shea. Paddy O'Shea.

KATHERINE

Mister O'Shea. I have no interest in yer uneducated opinions.

PADDY

Have ye read the work of the American writers Fitzgerald an' Hemingway? So brilliant it sings.

KATHERINE

I don't have the time or interest to debate the merits of American literature with ye right now.

PADDY

Fine. We'll picnic at the strand this weekend, so we can continue our discussion.

KATHERINE

I'd rather picnic with the pigs.

FADE TO:

EXT. SLEA HEAD BEACH, HILLSIDE, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

Paddy and Katherine hike down a worn path to the beach. Paddy reaches down, picks a handful of wildflowers, gives them to her. She smells them, smiles.

ANNA (V.O.)

When Kate met Paddy, there was a glow about her. She blossomed like a flower that had just found water an' sunshine.

(beat)

He'd come for her an' they'd sneak off, gettin' into all sort of trouble. She was always laughin', smilin'. It drove our father mad.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

EXT. SLEA HEAD BEACH, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

Paddy and Katherine picnic, surrounded by beautiful scenery, engulfed in conversation. Paddy stands up, comically acts as if he's ballroom dancing with a ghost. Katherine laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLEA HEAD BEACH, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

Paddy and Katherine playfully dance on the beach as waves flow over their feet. He dips her, leans to kiss her. She shyly turns her cheek. He loses his balance, they fall into the water, splash each other, play, laugh.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINGLE BAY, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

Another day. Paddy and Katherine sit under the sail of a small boat on a warm, sunny afternoon. Katherine leans back into Paddy as he steers through crashing waves. He kisses her forehead. Anna sits in the back of the boat, draped with a wool blanket, smiling at Katherine's happiness.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAELIC FOOTBALL FIELD, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

A rough and fast-paced Gaelic football match between COUNTY KERRY and COUNTY GALWAY. Katherine and Anna cheer among the crowd of SPECTATORS. Paddy scores a spectacular goal, pumps his arms in the air. Finn and John, in their mid-teens, embrace him, celebrate.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLEA HEAD BEACH, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

Paddy stands alone, looks in all directions. Katherine trots down a hillside path onto the beach.

Her glow intensifies as she draws closer. They entwine. He lifts, spins, kisses her. They run, leave a trail of footprints in the sand.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLEA HEAD BEACH, CAVES, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

The teenagers safe in their haven. Paddy and Katherine emerge from a cave with dreamy, post-coital eyes, messy hair, sand on their clothes, holding hands. Paddy shuffles his feet in the sand, spells something with large letters. Katherine steps back, watches him, adores him.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLEA HEAD BEACH, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

Paddy and Katherine walk up a hillside path. They stop to look over a ledge. "PADDY [HEART] KATE" is inscribed in large letters in the sand on the beach below. Katherine beams, hugs Paddy tightly. He stares at her with absorption. A deep kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

Paddy stands in front of the classroom, reads a story to the STUDENTS. Katherine sits behind her desk, listens. A couple students run to Paddy, wrap their arms around his legs. He lifts them, swings them. They adore him, as does Katherine.

ANNA (V.O.)

Everyone loved him, 'cept of course, our parents.

CUT TO:

INT. HATHAWAY'S HOME, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

MR. and MRS. HATHAWAY, Katherine, and Anna are sitting at a table around the remains of a formal dinner. Their beagle, MONTY, snacks on some scraps in the corner.

MR. HATHAWAY

Katherine. I was told that you've been seeing a young Catholic boy from Dingle. Is this true?

Katherine hesitates, squirms.

KATHERINE

Yes sir. We met at the library in Dingle. He's the top student in his class and...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. HATHAWAY

I don't care if he is the top student in all of Ireland, he's still a Catholic. Do you understand?

Mr. Hathaway scowls at Katherine. Mrs. Hathaway clears the plates, hastily leaves the room.

MR. HATHAWAY (CONT'D)

You will not see him again. Ever. Have I made myself clear?

KATHERINE

But, father... I love him! Mr. Hathaway stands up, SLAPS Katherine.

MR. HATHAWAY

You will never say that again!

Katherine stands up tall, defiant.

KATHERINE

I love him!

She runs out of the room. Monty follows her. Mr. Hathaway scowls at Anna, lights his pipe. Anna glares back at him.

MR. HATHAWAY

I will not have my daughter embarrass this family, parading around with a lowly Catholic boy.

Anna jumps up, chases after Katherine.

INT. HATHAWAY'S HOME, KATHERINE'S ROOM, CIRCA 1937 - NIGHT

A hard rain falls outside. Katherine lies on her bed, clinching her fists. Anna enters, flops beside her, hugs her. A pebble taps against the window, then another one.

Katherine's frown is immediately replaced with a smile. She springs from the bed to the window. She opens the window and looks down as Paddy below.

KATHERINE

Paddy. 'Tis a terrible storm.

PADDY

I hafta see ye Kate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Katherine motions for him to wait. She retreats into the house, returns with a large basket. Monty is in the basket. Anna watches as Katherine lowers the basket to the ground with a rope. Monty jumps out, lovingly greets Paddy. He leads Monty to a barn behind the house.

INT. HATHAWAY'S HOME, LIVING ROOM, CIRCA 1937 - NIGHT

Katherine hops down the stairs. Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway sit in leather chairs, read, sip hot tea.

KATHERINE

Mother, have you seen Monty?

MRS. HATHAWAY

No. I thought he was upstairs.

KATHERINE

No. I think he got outside again.

Katherine looks back at Anna at the top of the stairs, motions her for silence.

MR. HATHAWAY

How does that dog keep getting out?

MRS. HATHAWAY

Don't forget your coat, dear.

Mr. Hathaway suspiciously observes as Katherine opens the door, exits without a coat.

INT. HATHAWAY'S BARN, CIRCA 1937 (FLASHBACK) - CONTINUOUS

Katherine enters, wet clothes pressed to her body. Paddy plays with Monty. She steps to him lightly, just like a ballerina. He stands up, embraces her.

PADDY

I had to see ye, to touch ye.

KATHERINE

I miss ye so much!

Paddy gently wipes the rain from her forehead, removes the wet bangs from her eyes. She whispers.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do 'bout me father.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PADDY

Nothin' can keep us apart.

(beat)

Some day we'll run away to America,
an' we won't hafta worry anymore.
We'll be free.

Katherine hugs Paddy.

KATHERINE

I want to run away right now.

Paddy steps back from her, proudly pulls a gold Claddagh ring from his pocket. The same ring as in Michael's box.

PADDY

This is for ye.

Katherine immediately emits a combined cry/giggle, then slides the ring on her finger. She hugs him. He holds her.

KATHERINE

I love ye! I love ye so.

PADDY

I love ye, Kate.

They kiss passionately. He slowly lowers her on a soft bed of hay. He unbuttons the front her night gown, runs his hand up her arm to the back of her head. He kisses her neck, her bare shoulders. She swiftly pulls off his sweater. They embrace, chest to chest, skin on skin, souls connected.

Monty watches all of this, wagging his tail. Suddenly, they hear Mr. Hathaway yell from the house.

MR. HATHAWAY (O.S.)

Katherine! Are you in the barn?

Monty barks. Paddy quickly stands up, buttons his pants, and collects his sweater. Katherine springs from the floor, buttons her night gown, brushes off the hay, fixes her hair. She picks up Monty and yells back to her father.

KATHERINE

Yes, Father! I found Monty, in the barn! I'll be right in!

MR. HATHAWAY (O.S.)

Katherine Jane!

Katherine hurries away with Monty in her arms, brushing the hay from her gown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KATHERINE
(calling out the door)
Coming Father!

PADDY
I'll see ye at the strand on
Thursday.

Katherine stops in the doorway, turns back.

KATHERINE
I'm scared. I don't know-

Paddy looks deep into her eyes, holds his fist to his chest.

PADDY
Creidim.

FADE TO:

EXT. HATHAWAY'S HOME, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

Katherine, Anna and Mrs. Hathaway pull clothes from a basket, hang them on a line. Katherine's father yells from the house.

MR. HATHAWAY (O.S.)
Katherine Jane! Come in! We have
guests!

INT. HATHAWAY'S HOME, LIVING ROOM, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

Katherine walks in. Anna follows her. Mr. Hathaway stands beside a chubby, pale, older man, SIR CHARLES WOODS, and his son, GEORGE WOODS, a younger version of his unattractive father.

MR. HATHAWAY
(off guests)
Katherine, as you know, this is Sir
Charles Woods from County Down. And
this is his son, George.

KATHERINE
Yes, father.

George's eyes wander slowly down Katherine's figure.

MR. HATHAWAY
They are visiting for a couple
days. George will be playing in the
All-Ireland championship in
Killarney this weekend.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. HATHAWAY (CONT'D)
Kindly, he has offered to escort
you to the Puck Fair tomorrow
night.

Sir Charles motions George to step forward.

GEORGE
Yes, Katherine... I'd be honored to
escort you to the fair.

MR. HATHAWAY
She'll be ready by half-six.

SIR CHARLES WOODS
You children will have a splendid
time, just splendid.

Katherine smolders. Anna's eyes are full of indignation.

ANNA (V.O.)
Our father forced her to go to Puck
Fair with the son of a fancy
landlord from the North.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. ANNA'S HOME - DAY

The same eyes on an older face, filled with the same anger.

ANNA
When Paddy saw them at the fair
together, there was a terrible
fight an' he killed the boy.

Anna pauses a moment to let Matt absorb her disclosure. His
mouth hangs open, riddled with a look of disbelief. Callie
looks on with shared amazement.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Surely 'twas an accident but Mister
Woods offered a grand reward, so
all the authorities in Ireland were
chasin' after Paddy.

The memory reflects in her eyes as she continues the story.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. HATHAWAY'S HOME, KATHERINE'S ROOM, CIRCA 1937 - NIGHT

The same eyes. Anna observes Katherine as she stares at the ceiling, wide awake. A pebble taps against their window, then again. Katherine quickly jumps from bed and opens the window to see Paddy standing below. She speaks softly, secretly.

KATHERINE

What are ye doing here? The
authorities are lookin' everywhere
for ye.

PADDY

They won't find me. I'm leavin' for
America on a ship tomorrow, an' I
want ye to come with me.

KATHERINE

Tomorrow? Are ye sure?

He looks up to her. His words come from the depths.

PADDY

I've never been more sure of
somethin' in me life. I love ye,
Kate. Ever since I first saw ye.
An' I want to spend the rest of me
life with ye.

(beat)

We talked 'bout runnin' away.

KATHERINE

But Paddy...

PADDY

D'yeh love me Kate? Her eyes brim.

KATHERINE

Yes, I do.

PADDY

Then meet me at the Queenstown pier
tomorrow at two! I'll take care o'
everythin'.

Paddy holds up the Claddagh ring.

PADDY (CONT'D)

Marry me, Kate. We'll leave here.

ANNA (O.S.)

Kate!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A light turns on in the bedroom, behind Katherine.

KATHERINE
I'll be there.

CUT TO:

INT. HATHAWAY'S HOME, BEDROOM, CIRCA 1937 - NIGHT

Mr. Hathaway enters in his pajamas. Anna pretends to be asleep.

MR. HATHAWAY
What are you doing Katherine Jane?

Katherine turns, moves away from the window.

KATHERINE
Just getting some air, Father.

MR. HATHAWAY
It's very late.

KATHERINE
Yes, Father. I can't sleep.

Mr. Hathaway walks to the window, scans the surroundings outside their house with the eyes of a prison guard.

MR. HATHAWAY
This cool draft will make your
sister ill.

Mr. Hathaway closes the window, exits. Anna makes a spirited, defiant gesture to his back. Katherine exhales.

FADE TO:

EXT. HATHAWAY'S HOME, CIRCA 1937 - MORNING

Anna helps Katherine and Anna load a suitcase through the front door onto the front porch. An automobile pulls up, stops. Mr. Hathaway gets out, approaches Katherine and Anna.

MR. HATHAWAY
Katherine. What are you doing?
(beat)
Do you think you're going
somewhere?

Mr. Hathaway waits, gets no response. He lifts her suitcase, opens it to reveal her packed clothes and possessions. He stares at Katherine with searing eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. HATHAWAY (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

Katherine avoids his stare, trembling with fear.

MR. HATHAWAY (CONT'D)
Queenstown pier perhaps?
(beat)
You've betrayed me Katherine.

Mr. Hathaway grabs Katherine and Anna by the arms, forces them into his automobile, slams the door, gets in. The car speeds away.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUEENSTOWN PORT, COBH, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

Katherine and Anna are imprisoned in the car, looking out through the windows at the pier.

EXT. QUEENSTOWN PORT, COBH, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

A massive steamship is docked at the pier. Large white letters along the side of the ship read: *CELTIC*. The ship's crew hustles to ready the ship for its voyage to America. A mass of workers, travelers and well-wishers are gathered on the pier.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUEENSTOWN PORT, COBH, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

A line of passengers stand in front of a ticket booth under a sign that reads: *WHITE STAR LINES*. A man with dark hair, thick-rimmed glasses, a bushy mustache and a black top hat approaches the booth, sets his identification and papers in front of the booth attendant. Finn is standing off to his side, looking anxiously in all directions.

PADDY
Two tickets for passage to the
States, please.

The booth attendant checks his identification.

BOOTH ATTENDANT
Do ye have papers for both
passengers?

Paddy pauses for a moment, refines his disguise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PADDY

I do.

Paddy passes the booth attendant a handful of coins, politely nods. The booth attendant gives Paddy two tickets.

BOOTH ATTENDANT

Ye an' yer wife have a safe journey
Mister Egan.

Paddy takes the tickets and blends in with the bustling passengers as they shuffle forward, in line, boarding the ship. Many of the passengers wave small American flags. A policeman's whistle sends a chill through the crowd. Paddy looks over his shoulder, sees Mr. Hathaway emerge from the crowd followed by a police officer. They push aggressively through the throng. Paddy continues searching for Katherine. Mr. Hathaway and the police officer approach a nearby team of port authorities.

MR. HATHAWAY

I need you to inspect this ship! We have reason to believe the O'Shea boy is on board.

PORT AUTHORITY

Where did we get this information?

MR. HATHAWAY

From my daughter, Katherine. And she'll be happy to accept the reward when you apprehend him!

Paddy gets close enough to eavesdrop on the conversation. Intense sadness covers his face. The mighty steam horn on the ship blasts, bellowing a departure warning. Paddy jogs to the gang plank attached to the steamer.

The police officers and port authorities quickly muster to board the ship.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEAM SHIP "CELTIC", CIRCA 1937 - DAY

Paddy stands on the rear deck in an assembled line-up of young, male PASSENGERS. The police officer interrogates the line-up. He moves in front of Paddy, references a hand-drawn facial sketch of Paddy, peers down his nose upon him.

POLICE OFFICER

Yer papers an' identification?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Paddy hands the police officer his ticket, identification and papers. The police officer studies each very closely.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Michael Egan?

PADDY
Yes sir.

POLICE OFFICER
From Cork?

PADDY
Yes sir.

The police officer intensely stares into Paddy's eyes.

POLICE OFFICER
Yer date of birth?

The police officer scrutinizes the identification, encroaches to a couple inches from Paddy's face. Paddy remains calm.

PADDY
March fourteen, nineteen-nineteen.

The police officer returns the items to Paddy, shuffles in front of the next passenger. Paddy exhales. The next passenger in the line-up, a DRIFTER, steps forward.

POLICE OFFICER
Can I see yer papers with yer identification an' yer ticket?

The drifter hesitates, fumbles in his pockets, stutters.

DRIFTER
I... don't have them.

POLICE OFFICER
Where are they?

DRIFTER
I don't have any... I...

The police officer holds up a sketch of Paddy next to the drifter's face, an uncanny resemblance, points, motions the authorities to apprehend him.

POLICE OFFICER
Don't move! Ye're under arrest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The authorities quickly converge on the drifter, attempt to secure him with force. He shakes free, runs to the edge of the ship's deck, hurdles the railing. The police officer raises his pistol, aims.

EXT. QUEENSTOWN PORT, COBH, CIRCA 1937 - NIGHT

Finn watches in horror as three gun shots ring out from the deck of the ship. The passengers scatter. The drifter clings to the rail, then forfeits his grip and plunges into the cold sea below. The passengers and authorities rush to the edge, looking down as the body sinks into the dark water, leaving only a trace of blood and some bubbles on the surface.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. HATHAWAY'S CAR, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

Mr. Hathaway returns to the car, starts the engine and tightly grips the steering wheel.

MR. HATHAWAY

The O'Shea boy was shot dead, just
as he should have been.

Katherine cries hysterically. She opens the doors, jumps out of the moving car, runs toward the ship.

KATHERINE

Paddy!

Mr. Hathaway gets out, runs after her.

MR. HATHAWAY

Katherine Jane!

Anna gets out, chases after them.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUEENSTOWN PORT, COBH, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

Katherine stops upon the edge of the pier, screams out at the boiling wake of the ship as it pulls away from the pier. Anna arrives and hugs Katherine.

KATHERINE

Paddy!

Police and fishing boats search the waters for the fallen body. Katherine falls to the ground, sobs. Anna clings to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
I love him! I love him!

Mr. Hathaway approaches them. He grabs Katherine's arm and lifts her. Katherine flails her arms, screams. Anna pulls at his clothing, screaming at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUEENSTOWN PORT, COBH, CIRCA 1937 - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Hathaway forcefully leads Katherine away from the pier. Anna trails behind, staring back at the ship. Her eyes are filled with fear and sadness.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. ANNA'S HOME - NIGHT

The same eyes but older, clearer. Anna appears deeply affected as she ends her story. Callie and Matt are riveted.

ANNA
'Twas a terrible tragedy, really. A
part of Kate died that day too.

Matt and Callie look at each other, mesmerized. Callie collapses her head into her hands.

FADE TO:

INT. FIAT - DAY

Matt and Callie drive along, settled in the quiet cave of the car. Callie starts laughing.

MATT
I don't understand how you can
laugh at a time like this.

CALLIE
I don't understand how ye can't.
(beat)
What is so amazin' to me... 'Tis
just as the story in his book,
Ballroom, about the Jewish man and
German woman. The dance partners.

MATT
Seriously?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLIE

In his story, the man escapes from concentration camp an' sneaks onto a ship for America, with a false identity.

(beat)

Years pass an' she thinks he's dead, so when he returns to find her after the War ends, she's married with children. Moved on.

MATT

So, how does it end?

CALLIE

He doesn't want to complicate things for her, so he goes back to America an' never tells her, or anyone, that he's still alive.

MATT

Wow.

She nods.

CALLIE

Ya.

Matt fully absorbs her insight. He purses his lips, wrinkles his forehead.

MATT

I just can't believe- We were so close. He never told me about any of this.

CALLIE

'Twas Yeats who said that ye need to read the stories an' poetry of a man to truly know him.

MATT

I don't know what to think.

Another impulse strikes Callie.

CALLIE

Let's go to the Cliffs! Turn left!

She grabs the steering wheel, abruptly turns the car left at a Y in the road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT

You're gonna kill us!

Callie laughs crazily. Matt gains control of the car.

MATT (CONT'D)

What cliffs?

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFFS AT MOHER, LOOKOUT LEDGE - DAY

Golden hour. The sun casts its warm glow across the ocean, upon the cliffs. An epic landscape inspiring awe at our frailness against the limitless scope of nature. Callie stands upon a lookout ledge, close to the edge, gazes out in all directions. The vista sweeps to the Kerry Mountains in the south, the Aran Islands and the Atlantic Ocean ahead, and the tinted mountains of Connemara in the north. Callie steps very close to the edge, extends her arms into the mystic.

CALLIE

For me, standin' here, everythin,'
even the craziest, most complicated
of things, all somehow makes sense.

A cacophony of bird sounds fill the air as the thunderous tides pound below. The cliffs extend for miles with sheer rock faces of black shale and sandstone that rise hundreds of feet out of the Atlantic. Matt nervously steps behind her, views the descent, gently grabs her arm to pull her away from the edge.

MATT

Yeah, well... Let's make sure you
stay alive so you can show me how
to get back.

Callie boldly returns to the edge, inhales the sea breeze. Matt remains at a safe distance.

CALLIE

The ancient Celts called these thin
places, where we feel most
connected with God's presence,
where the seen an' unseen worlds
touch each other.

Callie sits down. Matt timidly sits beside her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

So, I suppose this is the wrong time to tell you I'm afraid of heights.

CALLIE

'Tis not the height that ye're afraid. 'Tis the fear of fallin'.

Callie picks up a small rock and tosses it out, watches it fall. She gazes out at the calming purple, blue and silvery ocean sky, then she turns to Matt with searching, longing eyes. He looks into her eyes, her lips. Callie stares back, then laughs to escape the impending unity. Her laughter is contagious. Matt smiles. His eyes are drawn to a swirl design that is etched into the ledge near them.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. CLIFFS AT MOHER, LOOKOUT LEDGE, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

The same swirl, being carved with a small pocket knife by Paddy, 18, who is sitting beside Katherine, 17, in the same location, talking and laughing. Paddy's other hand is resting on Kate's.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. CLIFFS AT MOHER, LOOKOUT LEDGE - DAY

Two hands in the same position, Matt and Callie's. Her eyes drift to his, which are right there, waiting. She looks away, staring out into the vast, glistening ocean. Below them, the mighty waves swell, breaking against the rocky cliffs. A gull circles in the sky above them.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHERINE'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Maureen is talking on the telephone.

MAUREEN

I don't know where she is. I'm worried about her, Reed. I know yer work is very busy in Dublin but I think ye should come. She's been out of sorts. Quite sad.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK

Callie's happy laughter carries from inside the car as the Fiat rambles along a narrow road that is lined with yellow furze and stubble, festive red and purple fuchsia, and gorgeous pink clumps of heather.

CUT TO:

INT. FIAT - CONTINUOUS

Matt is driving. Callie leans back, kicks off her sandals, extends her bare feet outside the open window. She hears a familiar song, turns up the volume. It is "*Forever in Blue Jeans*" by Neil Diamond.

CALLIE

Turn it up. I love Neil Diamond!

Matt turns to her, shakes his head with amusement.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

MATT

Nothing.

CALLIE

Ye're actin' very strange.

MATT

I'm feeling very strange.

Callie sings with a heavenly voice.

CALLIE

Bum, bum, bum, bum. Money talks,
but it can't sing and dance and it
can't walk. As long as I can have
you here with me, I'd much rather
be, forever in blue jeans, babe!

Matt joins her, singing off-key but full of soul.

MATT AND CALLIE

And honey's sweet, but it ain't
nothing next to baby's treat, and
if you'll pardon me I'd like to
say, we'd do okay, forever in blue
jeans!

Callie laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

What?

She laughs louder.

MATT (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

CALLIE

Everythin'.

More of Callie's sweet laughter.

FADE TO:

INT. FIAT - NIGHT

Many songs later, Matt's car follows its headlights along a rural road. Soft rains upon the land. The headlights illuminate the raindrops. Exquisite, silent, hypnotic.

Callie is asleep in the passenger seat. He steals glances to adore her. She seems so comfortable in her skin. He grabs his jacket from the backseat, blankets it over her. She grins in a sleepy daze, snuggles underneath the jacket. At this moment, everything in their world seems perfect.

CUT TO:

EXT. KATHERINE'S HOME - LATE NIGHT

The Fiat stops in front of the dark house.

CUT TO:

INT. FIAT - CONTINUOUS

Matt swallows, staring at her as she comfortably rests. She is angelic. He gently touches her hand to wake her. She opens her eyes, startled, disoriented.

CALLIE

Huh? Whuh?

Callie rubs her eyes, stretches her arms, and slowly gains her senses. She studies the surroundings, surprised.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Why didn't ye wake me?

MATT

It's been a long day. I figured you could use the rest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLIE

How'd ye know how to get us here?

Matt holds up his map.

MATT

I made a few wrong turns. But I got a good tour of Limerick.

CALLIE

There's no such thing as a good tour of Limerick. I'm so sorry I fell asleep.

MATT

Really. It was no problem.

Callie gathers herself together and grins when she notices his jacket on her. She gives him the jacket, looks into his eyes.

CALLIE

'Tis been quite the day?

MATT

Ya.

CALLIE

When are ye leavin'?

MATT

Sunday.

Matt turns off the engine, faces Callie, shifts in his seat like a teenager on a first date. He moves to kiss her. She quickly but tenderly kisses him on the cheek then turns away.

CALLIE

I'm sorry.

MATT

Sorry for what?

Matt waits. She looks at him with a distant expression as if hiding a secret she can hardly bear. She opens her mouth to speak when suddenly an exterior light on the front porch turns on, then flashes on and off a few times.

CALLIE

I must go.

Callie nods to him, as if to say hello and goodbye in the same moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Matt is speechless. She climbs out of the car, shuts the door, then runs into the house.

MATT

Okay.

He furrows his brow, shakes his head, exhales, starts the engine, backs up and drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHERINE'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Callie closes the door behind her and steps inside. Maureen is waiting with her arms crossed and a scowl on her face.

MAUREEN

Where have ye been?

CALLIE

We went to see Granny, then we went to the Cliffs.

MAUREEN

Ye've been spending a lot of time the American man. Folks in town will surely be talkin', they will.

CALLIE

Let them talk.

Callie trots past her mother and up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOME - LATE NIGHT

The front door opens and Matt enters with wide eyes. Elroy emerges, runs to his side. Matt pets him.

MATT

Hi buddy.

Elroy follows Matt as he walks through the house, searching for Finn.

CUT TO:

INT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOME, FINN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matt cracks the door, peeks in. Finn is in bed, snoring loudly and talking Irish gibberish in his sleep. Matt smiles, laughs to himself. Elroy looks up to him and makes a sound that resembles a chuckle.

CUT TO:

INT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Matt strips down to his underwear, plops down on the couch and covers himself with a blanket. He lies awake, staring at the ceiling.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. KATHERINE'S HOME - LATE NIGHT

Callie lies in bed, wide awake, staring at the ceiling.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOME - LATE NIGHT

Matt slowly closes his eyes. Elroy jumps up on the couch and snuggles beside Matt.

FADE TO:

INT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Matt and Elroy are asleep. The morning sun shines through the windows. Elroy wakes and licks Matt's face.

MATT
Okay. Good morning. Enough bud.

Matt quickly sits up and wipes the saliva from his face. Elroy wags his tale. Matt hears a heated discussion that carries from the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The banker stands in the doorway with a large envelope in his hands. Finn scowls at him with his arms crossed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANKER

I warned ye, Finn. This is the final notice. We must demand that ye're out o' the house an' off the land by the end o' the month.

The banker sets the envelope on the table.

FINN

Ye head on, ye.

BANKER

Finn. I'm serious this time.

FINN

So am I.

BANKER

I'm sorry. Here's me card. Call if ye have any questions.

The banker lays his business card on the table, next to the envelope, then he quickly departs. Finn watches looks out through the window to watch the banker drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Matt timidly enters.

MATT

Is there anything I can help with?

FINN

Tis really nothin'. Just a matter o' a couple payments with the bank is'all.

MATT

I can lend you some money if you need it.

FINN

No, no. Thanks Matty, I'll take care o' things meself.

Finn gazes out the window at his land. Silence as Matt carefully assembles his next words.

MATT

Finn, I need to ask you something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FINN
What is it, Matty?

MATT
This is crazy. I'm not even sure
where to begin.

Matt hesitates, struggles to continue.

MATT (CONT'D)
It's about your brother, Paddy.

Finn turns to Matt with a serious expression.

FINN
Yes.

MATT
You said he died many years ago. Do
you remember the year?

FINN
O' course. Nineteen-thirty-seven.

MATT
If you don't mind me asking, what
happened? How did he die?

Finn takes a moment to recall.

FINN
The troubles began when we beat the
greedy Prots from County Down for
the All-Ireland Championship.

An unforgettable fire burns in Finn's eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FITZGERALD STADIUM, KILLARNEY, CIRCA 1937 - LATE NIGHT

The same eyes with the same searing look, on a younger face. FINN, 15, is in the midst of an intense Gaelic football match between County Kerry and County Down. PADDY, 18, stands behind him in a huddle as they catch their breath. The County Kerry players have soiled, mismatched uniforms and tattered equipment. The County Down players are much larger with perfect uniforms. David versus Goliath.

FINN (V.O.)
Ye see, 'twas much more than just a
football match.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

There were still plenty of bad feelings between the North an' the South followin' the Rising an' the Treaty. The lads from Down had been trained by the best an' no one gave us a chance, 'cept Paddy.

(beat)

'Twas a miracle really.

The sophisticated County Down spectators are easy to distinguish from the rowdy County Kerry fans.

A new play begins. Finn swiftly passes the ball to Paddy.

FINN

Break it Paddy! Break it!

Paddy catches the ball, then stampedes over a County Down defender, knocking him flat on his back. It's GEORGE WOODS. The County Down spectators wince. The Kerry fans cheer.

FINN (CONT'D)

Go Paddy!

Paddy sprints to the goal and scores on a spectacular effort. The referee blows his whistle, checks his watch, waits, blows again, waves his arms to signal the end of the game. The County Kerry team celebrate wildly. Finn tackles, hugs Paddy.

Paddy looks to the crowd, searching the stands for Katherine. She's not there. George and his teammates wallow in defeat, hanging their heads.

FADE TO:

EXT. KILLORGLIN VILLAGE, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

Paddy, Finn and John walk underneath a large banner that reads: *PUCK FAIR*. They enter, dressed in their best attire. Finn points at a festive crowd of people gathered in front of a stage.

FINN

Hey lads, look, they're crownin' the King.

Three old irishmen haul a wild billy-goat dressed in ribbons and rosettas aloft, on stage, and proclaim it "King". The crowd cheers. Paddy, John and Finn move through the crowd. Paddy accidentally bumps into a young man. It's George Woods and a few of his teammates from the County Down team, with KATHERINE, 17, and ANNA, 13. Paddy's eyes widen. He frowns at Katherine. She tries to distance herself from George.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PADDY

Kate, I didn't think ye were comin'
to the Fair.

KATHERINE

Paddy, I...

George recognizes Paddy from their football match. He reaches for Katherine's hand. She pulls it away.

GEORGE

So, are you still basking in the
glory of your lucky victory?

Paddy observes Katherine, confused. Finn steps forward.

FINN

'Twas only lucky for ye that we
didn't beat ye worse.

KATHERINE

Paddy, this is George... Woods.

Katherine politely nods. Paddy glares at George.

PADDY

What are ye doin' with him, Kate?

GEORGE

I'm Katherine's escort.

PADDY

Escort? Ye must be jokin'?

KATHERINE

Paddy...

Paddy faces Katherine, waits.

PADDY

Kate, I don't understand.

GEORGE

What's to understand?

PADDY

She's wearin' me ring!

George looks down, notices her ring for the first time, steps forward, between Kate and Paddy, shoves him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGE

Do you people have no sense or
manners?

Katherine moves between George and Finn, holds out her arms.
Anna frets.

KATHERINE

Please! Don't!

George shoves Katherine aside. Anna grabs Katherine's arm for
security. Finn jumps in front of George with his fists
raised. They face each other with trenches dug within their
hearts.

FINN

Ye fancy prick!

Paddy backs away, grabs Finn by the arm.

PADDY

C'mon Brother, let's go. There's no
sense brawlin'. We have nothin' to
prove.

GEORGE

Go back to your shanty!

FINN

Don't take this wanker's shite,
Paddy!

PADDY

'Tis better to live in a shanty
that was earned, than a castle that
was stolen.

George spits on Finn. A skirmish breaks out. Paddy wrestles
George to the ground.

KATHERINE

Please, Paddy! Stop!

The fighting becomes intense. George's friend kicks Paddy in
the ribs. Paddy loses his grip on George, tumbles over.
George stands up. Paddy rolls on his back. He's dirty, dizzy,
out of breath. George lifts Katherine's hand, pulls the ring
from her finger, throws it in the dirt near Paddy.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Paddy! Me ring!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Paddy reaches for the ring. George kicks him in the side of the head. Anna screams. A huge dust cloud. Paddy stands up, holds up his hands for peace. John kicks George squarely in the groin. George pulls out a knife, lunges at John. Suddenly, a fierce BLOW snaps George's head forward. The knife falls. George collapses to reveal Paddy directly behind him with wide eyes, blood on his hand. Katherine screams. Everyone steps back. One of George's friends crouches down, shakes George, his eyes roll back. He points at Paddy.

GEORGE'S FRIEND

He's dead! You killed him!

KATHERINE

No! Paddy, what have ye done?

Paddy, Finn and John lurch back in shock. Paddy looks to Katherine, speechless. John grabs Paddy, pulls him away.

JOHN

C'mon! We hafta go!

John and Paddy sprint off. Finn lingers to stare at George's lifeless body. Finn and Anna exchange a look, then he dashes.

CUT TO:

INT. O'SHEA'S HOME, BEDROOM, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

Paddy and Finn stand in the middle of the room, breathing heavily, covered with dirt. Paddy points to the window.

PADDY

Stay at the window an' watch! The authorities will be here soon, lookin' for me.

Finn rushes to the window, watches outside. Paddy frantically grabs his clothes and possessions, his All-Ireland championship MEDAL, shoves them into an empty potato sack.

FINN

But Paddy, 'tis me fault...

PADDY

No. Ye must tell all who ask 'twas I! Ye must, ye hear me!

Finn reluctantly nods. Paddy throws the full travel sack over his shoulder and turns to Finn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PADDY (CONT'D)
 Promise ye'll help da with the
 land, an' watch over mammy.

FINN
 But Paddy-

Paddy pulls a watch from his pocket, gives it to Finn.

PADDY
 I want ye to have this.

FINN
 I can't...

PADDY
 Yes, ye can. Take it!

Paddy wraps Finn's hand around the watch and exits. Finn
 grabs Paddy's arm.

FINN
 Don't go, Paddy!

PADDY
 Goodbye, brother.

Paddy shakes from Finn's grasp, then hastily departs. Finn
 sits on the bed and tries to fight back his tears.

MATCH DISSOLVE
 TO:

EXT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

The same face but older with new tears. Finn discreetly wipes
 his reticent mask. Matt is floored.

MATT
 Kate's sister told us the rest.
 (beat)
 I still can't believe my
 grandfather killed someone.

FINN
 Yer grandfather?

MATT
 Finn. All of the letters in the box
 that I found are signed with the
 name "Paddy."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finn leans back against the wall, braces himself, short of breath.

FINN
Jaysus. Paddy?

MATT
That's why no one has ever heard of him.
(beat)
He must have somehow escaped and changed his name.

Finn shakes his head in disbelief, befuddled.

FINN
Nonsense. He was shot an' killed, he was.

MATT
Someone was shot and killed. But do you absolutely know it was him?

Finn ponders in agony, fighting acceptance.

MATT (CONT'D)
It all makes sense.

Finn abruptly stands up, walks out of the room. Matt waits, nervously fidgets.

Finn returns with a MEDAL, sets it on the table with trembling hands. Matt stares at it.

FINN
Ye say he's got a medal, do yeh?
(beat, off medal)
Does it look like this?

Matt lifts the medal to closely read its inscription: *COUNTY KERRY 1937 ALL-IRELAND CHAMPIONS.*

MATT
Exactly the same.

Finn sits down, collapses his head in his hands.

FINN
Jaysus. Oh bloody Jaysus.

He wearily shakes his head. A long silence until Finn eventually looks up at Matt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FINN (CONT'D)

Well, where is he now, me brother?

Matt looks to Finn with a stiff jaw. His eyes moisten.

FADE TO:

EXT. IRISH CEMETERY - DAY

Matt, Finn and Elroy are in the center of a hillside cemetery filled with gravestones, Celtic crosses, relics and other ancient remains. Finn and Matt are looking down in awe at a gravestone that is inscribed with PADDY O'SHEA 1919-1937. It is adorned with a freshly-picked bouquet of wildflowers. Finn shakes his head.

FINN

So, he was a writer, an' a professor, ye say?

MATT

Yes. And he was a literature professor at Harvard.

(beat)

There were so many people at the funeral, a lot of his former students. Everyone loved him, and respected him. More than writing, I think he really taught people how to live.

Matt emphasizes the word "live" as though he's finally starting to grasp its meaning. Finn emits a painful yet genuine laugh.

FINN

Paddy.

(beat)

Our entire country thinks he's dead, an' he's in the States teachin' people how to live!

They share a laugh followed by a thoughtful silence. Finn stops walking.

FINN (CONT'D)

Why didn't he come back?

MATT

He wanted to take me here after high school, as my graduation gift.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT (CONT'D)

But that summer I was busy with ball, and a girlfriend, and other things.

(beat)

Then, we were going to come here after my college graduation, but didn't. I was always too busy and I kept telling myself we'd go the next summer but we never did.

FINN

Well, you're here now, lad.

Finn looks up at the sky.

FINN (CONT'D)

An' he's up there lookin' down, proud. You're a good lad, Matty.

MATT

I never really understood why it was so important for him to bring me here.

Matt looks around at the surroundings, feels so near.

MATT (CONT'D)

Now I do. This is the first time in my life that I've truly felt like "home" somewhere.

FINN

This is yer home.

They stand together, side by side, in silence, looking out over the gravestones at the vast, mystical landscape around them. Elroy follows closely at Matt's side. Matt kneels down to pet him. Finn rests his hand on Matt's shoulder. The warm autumn sun glows upon their faces.

CUT TO:

INT. DINGLE HOSPITAL, KATHERINE'S ROOM - DAY

The same sun shines through the window of Katherine's room. Callie walks in with a fresh pick of wildflowers, arranges them in the vase. She sits down beside Katherine, kisses her forehead. She lifts the wooden box and sifts through the letters with wondrous eyes. Katherine lies upright in the same comatose state.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLIE

Hello Granny. 'Tis me, Callie.

(beat)

Ye look so lovely today, ye do.

Callie lifts Katherine's hand, gently strokes it.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I need help. Me heart is heavy an'
full o' questions. I don't want to
burden ye in yer fragile state but
I really need yer advice.

(beat)

Ye're the only person who truly
understands me.

Katherine's eyes move rapidly beneath her closed eyelids.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I'm so confused, ye see. I should
be happy with Reed but I'm afraid
that I'm missin' somethin' real. I
need someone who really sees me.

(beat)

Marriage is a grand act of faith
an' commitment. I would never want
to marry him with these questions
in me heart.

(beat)

Can ye hear me Granny?

Callie stares at Katherine's blank face, waiting for a reply.
She leans closer and speaks quietly, in private.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Ye see, I think I fancy someone
else. An American. He came here for
you. With all these letters. But I
think there's more to it.

Callie slowly runs her fingers across the grain of the wooden
box, hesitates.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Perhaps I've gone completely mad?!
I hardly even know him but I feel-
I don't know, I can't explain it.

Callie looks up at a cross that hangs on the wall above
Katherine's bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I used to believe. That I would meet someone, like him, an' feel this way, but I'm afraid that maybe I just stopped believing.

(beat)

Now, I have all of these feelings swirling inside. An' I don't know what to believe.

Katherine slightly moves her fingers, slowly lifts her hand, reaches out to Callie. Her lips quiver without a voice as she weakly squeezes Callie's hand.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Granny?

Katherine's eyelids flicker until her eyes slowly crack open. Callie watches in disbelief. Katherine softly whispers something in Irish.

KATHERINE

Creid-

Katherine leans in.

CALLIE

What Granny? I'm listening.

KATHERINE

Creidim.

INSERT SUBTITLE: "I believe."

Katherine squeezes Callie's hand in a sudden burst of vitality. A delicate smile emerges on half of her nerve-damaged face like a willful flower that grows through a crack in a sidewalk. Just then, her grip loosens and goes limp, drifts back into her comatose state.

CALLIE

Granny?... Granny?!

Callie gently squeezes Katherine's hand. No response. Callie rocks back and forth, watches and waits, smiles, rests her head on Katherine's chest, cries peacefully.

FADE TO:

EXT. DINGLE HOSPITAL - DAY

The Fiat pulls into the parking lot. Callie is sitting on the front steps, holding Michael's box on her lap. Matt parks the car, climbs out and rushes to her.

MATT
What happened?

Callie stands, cries. Matt steps forward, hugs her.

CALLIE
She held my hand, spoke to me.

Callie smiles.

MATT
What did she say?

Callie straightens up, looks directly into his eyes.

CALLIE
Will you take me somewhere?

He nods.

MATT
Sure. Where?

CUT TO:

EXT. SLEA HEAD BEACH - DAY

It is late in the afternoon as Matt and Callie walk along the beach. The tide rolls in and out.

They stop, stare out at a panoramic view of the sea and the Blasket Islands. She holds Michael's box in her arms.

CALLIE
'Tis Granny's favorite place. She used to take me here whenever I was sad. I can still hear her.

Callie closes her eyes, mimics Katherine's voice.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
"Always remember to forget the things that made ye sad, but never forget the things that made ye glad.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Always remember to forget the friends who proved untrue, but never forget those that have stuck by ye. Always remember to forget the troubles that passed away, but never forget to remember the blessings that come each day."

Callie shuffles her feet in the sand to make a circle.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

This is our place. We've had so many grand moments here, Granny an' I. We'd shuffle our feet in the sand to spell our names an' other things.

A wave rolls in. Callie walks away from the water, despondent. Matt follows, walks beside her.

CUT TO:

INT. LADBROKE BOOKMAKERS SHOP - DAY

Finn stands among a crowd of anxious gamblers, closely watches a live horse race broadcast on television screens, yells the names of various horses.

FINN

Run Moondance! Run boy!

The race ends. "Goodfella" wins with ease. Finn stomps his feet, tears up his ticket.

CUT TO:

INT. REED'S CAR - DAY

REED MACKENZIE, a plain looking guy in his mid 30s, is racing west along a narrow road through the Irish countryside in his black, late-model Mercedes sedan.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLEA HEAD BEACH - DAY

Matt and Callie sit near a large rock. She nervously fingers her necklace.

CALLIE

There's somethin' I hafta tell ye.

He's waiting, ready for whatever comes. It's a long wait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLIE (CONT'D)
I opened the letters.

MATT
What? Why?!

Callie lifts Michael's box, opens it. Matt looks at all of the open envelopes.

CALLIE
I was just going to read one or two, but I couldn't stop.

MATT
How many did you open?

CALLIE
All of them. They're incredible love letters with poetry.

MATT
How could you?

CALLIE
How couldn't I?

MATT
He didn't intend them to be shared with you, me, or anyone else. They were intended for Katherine.

CALLIE
How do ye know what he intended?

Callie reaches inside the box, pulls out two stones.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
Do ye know what these are?

MATT
Two rocks.

CALLIE
They're wish stones.
(beat)
When I was young, Granny had a game. She'd pick up a random stone an' whoever could find its closest match got to throw the stones into the water an' make a wish. Or keep the stones an' save the wish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Callie gives the matching stones to Matt. CU on the stones as he stares at them.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. SLEA HEAD BEACH, CIRCA 1937 - DAY

CU of the same matching stones, held by KATHERINE, 17. She gives them to PADDY, at the same location, then she runs away. He chases after her, leaving footprints in the sand.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. SLEA HEAD BEACH - DAY

We see the same footprints are still on the beach. The past and present converge. An impulse strikes Matt. He stands up, walks to the water's edge and throws the stones as far as he can. They splash into the ocean, far out. Gulls wheel and screech above. He returns, sits on the sand beside Callie.

CALLIE
I hope ye didn't waste the wish.

MATT
Me too.

He opens his mouth to speak but finds himself voiceless. He leans in, kisses her on the cheek without resistance.

CUT TO:

EXT. KATHERINE'S HOME - DAY

Reed's car parks in front of the house. He gets out and briskly marches to the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLEA HEAD BEACH - DUSK

Day gives way to night. Callie and Matt are sitting closely together, staring out in silence at the vast ocean. She opens the wooden box, lifts out an envelope, extracts and unfolds a letter, emotionally reads aloud:

CALLIE
(reading)
"Edenlike as yer name, this sea's
edge garden where we rest, beneath
the clarity of the moon's light.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLIE (CONT'D)

To fly into risk, attempt the dream, cast off, as we have done requires true love. We know ourselves, blessed to have found between each other's, a sheltering home upon the strand, where the vast tides of the Atlantic lift to caress rose-colored rocks. So fate relents. Our souls converge. Hushed an' calm, safe an' secret, on the edge."

Held moment, on the edge. They absorb the poem, gaze at the surroundings, each other. A serious, romantic mood floods over them. For a moment, they just stare at each other, not fully believing the inevitable is so close at hand. They kiss. Tentative at first, slow, just to make that precious moment of discovery last as long as possible. Their kissing grows more passionate. They begin to lose themselves in each other, fall onto the sand, wrapped in each other's arms. His strong hands caress her entire body. She pulls herself against him. He gets stronger as he holds her, tastes her. She lets go of all control and inhibition. Their connection goes beyond a physical sense to something spiritual as they explore each other. The passion is so intense that it feels like despair. Waves of regret, waves of joy. One.

CUT TO:

INT. LADBROKE BOOKMAKERS SHOP - DUSK

Finn stands among a crowd of anxious gamblers, closely watches a horse race broadcast on television screens, yells the names of various horses, holding up his bet ticket.

FINN

Go Domino! Go Domino!

On the monitors, the horses sprint in a close pack with "Raging Bull" out in front.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLEA HEAD BEACH - NIGHT

Callie scampers across the sand, disheveled, with her hair flying. Matt chases her, holding the box.

MATT

Callie! Wait! Please! What did I do?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLIE

Don't! Ye'll just make it worse!

MATT

Make what worse?

He catches her, grabs her arm. His heart is beating straight through his chest.

MATT (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

CALLIE

Ye don't understand.

MATT

Understand what?!

(beat)

Look. I know we just met, and everything is really crazy right now, but there's something here and you can't deny it.

(beat)

If you're scared, I understand. I am too. I've never felt like this about someone before.

She faces him but can't look in his eyes.

CALLIE

I'm engaged!

Matt takes a moment to process her proclamation.

MATT

Engaged? To be married?

CALLIE

Yes. I'm sorry, I'm so ashamed of meself. I hafta go.

Matt grabs her arm.

MATT

No wait. I'm sorry. I should've. I didn't know-

Callie trembles, utters a few soft indiscernible sounds, runs away. Matt sprints after her, stops her.

MATT (CONT'D)

Callie! Wait! C'mon. Talk to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CALLIE

I can't. Please Matt. Take me home.

Callie turns her back to him, clumsily ambles to the car. Matt lingers behind, irked. He looks up to a brilliant full moon.

FADE TO:

EXT. KATHERINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Matt's car pulls up in front of the house, parks next to Reed's.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Matt turns off the engine. Silence of the loudest kind. He turns to Callie, inspired, afraid. She notices Reed's car.

MATT

I don't know what to say.

Callie stares ahead, rigid.

CALLIE

There's nothin' to say.

She sets the wooden box on his lap.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I wanted to tell you
but-

Matt looks to her, tries to connect, raging with frustration, humiliation, love.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I didn't want to tell you.

MATT

No, I'm sorry I shouldn't have-

(beat)

I had no right to just show up here
and think that-

A light turns on inside the house.

CALLIE

I have to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Are we just going to say goodbye now, and that's it?

CALLIE

I'm so sorry. You're a lovely person, Matt. Goodbye.

Callie reaches for the door handle.

MATT

Wait.

Matt gently grabs her arm to stop her. He opens the box, quickly pulls out the Claddagh ring. He reaches for her hand, presses it in her palm, wraps her fingers around it.

MATT (CONT'D)

Take this ring.

CALLIE

I can't.

She resists, removes and returns the ring.

MATT

Please. I want you to keep it. Even if I never see you again.

(beat)

It's your grandmother's.

Callie tightens up, fighting to hold back the tears. She quickly gets out of the car, slams the door, frenzied, runs into the house without looking back. Matt watches her, confounded, unable to speak or move. Reed looks out the window with an angry glare. Matt pulls back, drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHERINE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Callie stands before Reed. Her eyes are filled with tears.

REED

Where have you been all night? And who's this American that you've been spending time with?

Reed shrinks her with judgmental stare. Callie looks to him through a mask of guilt. She cries, runs up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHERINE'S HOME, CALLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's dark. Callie sits on the edge of the bed, cries. Reed opens the door, walks into the room with clenched fists, veins protruding from his angry neck and forehead. He stands beside the bed, looks down on her.

REED

Who is he? This Yank that keeps ye
out to the wee hours?

She slumps forward, lies down in the fetal position, shakes with sobs.

CUT TO:

INT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt enters, deeply exhausted. Elroy jumps up to greet him. Finn is sitting in a chair, obviously waiting for Matt.

FINN

'Tis a good thing you're finally
back. The whole town is waitin' for
us at the pub!

MATT

I'm not in a very festive mood.

FINN

All the more reason for a party.

Matt summons a second wind.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINGLE VILLAGE, JOHN STREET - NIGHT

Matt and Finn stroll along a narrow road that leads them toward Dingle village. Finn slaps Matt on the back.

FINN

Jaysus Matty. They'll be cursin' in
Heaven tonight. Ol' John's gonna
lay a big one in his trousers when
he hears our story.

He chuckles.

CUT TO:

INT. AN DROCHEAD BEAG PUB - NIGHT

Matt and Finn are standing in front of John and several of the locals. John turns away, squawks.

JOHN

Yer relative?! I 'spose ye're gonna tell us that ye're related to Michael Egan, too?!

Finn vocalizes loudly, for all to hear.

FINN

Indeed I am. Michael Egan is me brother, Paddy!

JOHN

Blarney! Ye're havin' us on!

The locals react with widespread disbelief.

FINN

Not at'all! Tell'um, Matty!

Matt nods.

MATT

It's true. My grandfather, Michael Egan, is Finn's brother.

The locals gather around Matt as if he's a returning war hero. John stands back with wide eyes and an open mouth, looking like he just laid a big one in his trousers.

CUT TO:

INT. AN DROCHEAD BEAG PUB - CONTINUOUS

Finn saunters to the bar, addresses Kieran.

FINN

'Tis Matty's last night. Help me throw a grand party an' I'll take care of the tab later.

KIERAN

Are ye sure Finn?

FINN

I'm good for it.

Kieran nods. Finn grabs three shots of whiskey and two pints of beer from the bar, carrying them like a skilled veteran.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIERAN
 (under his breath)
 Ye're not but 'spose I am.

Finn returns to the crowd gathered around Matt as he concludes his amazing revelation. Finn holds out a shot.

FINN
 How 'bout a shot of whiskey, Matty?

MATT
 No thanks Finn. I should really take it easy tonight.

Finn passes a full pint to Matt.

FINN
 Alright, then it'll be beer.

Finn drinks all three of the shots, one after the other.

FINN (CONT'D)
 For friends.
 (drinks)
 For family.
 (drinks)
 An' for faith.

The three F's evoke a charged response from Matt. Finn raises an empty shot glass. They toast. Matt takes a large swig of beer, smiles wide with a foamy beer mustache. He scans the pub for Callie.

CUT TO:

INT. AN DROCHEAD BEAG PUB - NIGHT

Finn wanders toward the dance floor. His eyes are drawn to the corner of the bar where he sees a hazy yet very alive vision of his brother, PADDY O'SHEA/MICHAEL EGAN, present day, as he raises a dark pint to toast Finn with a warm smile. Finn squints to focus his eyes. The image fades. Finn wrinkles his brow, shakes his head, cracks a curious grin.

CUT TO:

INT. AN DROCHEAD BEAG PUB - NIGHT

Finn is dancing with a group of older women. John is lovingly dancing with his wife, Agnes. Matt breaks away from the throng to make his way to the bar.

FADE TO:

INT. AN DROCHEAD BEAG PUB - NIGHT

The celebration is in full swing. Matt is the guest of honor. A traditional Irish band fills the pub with festive music. Matt dances at the heart of the rowdy and rollicking crowd with a group of old women. He shines, exhilarated and intoxicated, free. His dance steps are awkward but spirited. The song ends in a mad rush.

Matt wipes the perspiration from his face, walks through the pub. Various locals toast him, hug him as one of their own. Matt approaches Finn and John's table, sits down, flushed and sweaty. He looks around for Callie, wishing, focusing on anyone similar. Finn slides a fresh pint in front of Matt.

FINN

Hold yer hour an' have another.

MATT

Thanks.

As Matt drinks, Finn slaps him on the back, causing beer to spray from his mouth.

FINN

'Tis a good thing ye're here,
Matty. No one would've believed me.

John raises his pint to Matt.

JOHN

Matty, may the hinges of our
friendship never grow rusty.

They toast. Finn joins in.

FINN

Here's to a long life an' a merry
one. A quick death an' an easy one.
A pretty girl an' an honest one.
An' a good pint an' another one.

Finn puts his arm around Matt, drinks a shot, holds up his empty glass.

FINN (CONT'D)

Here's to a partin' glass for
Matty.

On cue, Finn and John sing together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FINN AND JOHN

Of all the money that I've ever spent, I've spent it in good company. And all of the harm that I ever did, alas, 'twas to none but me. An' all I've done for want of wit, now I can't recall. So fill to me the partin' glass, good night an' joy be with yis'all.

Matt listens, relishing in the moment.

FADE TO:

INT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Matt wakes up with a series of light slaps on the face. Finn is dressed in his Sunday best. Matt opens his eyes, squints.

MATT

(off Finn's attire)
What's going on?

Finn brightens his eyes, adjusts his tie.

FINN

'Tis Sunday mornin', Matty. Get up.

MATT

Huh?

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

The eyes and ears of the congregation are fixed upon FATHER O'MALLEY, a short, chubby Priest in his 40s as he stands before them. The church is filled with locals, young and old. Many are recognizable from the previous night's festivities at the pub.

FATHER O'MALLEY

'Tis often been said that history repeats itself, an' 'tis true that to understand where we are goin' we must first understand where we have been. For when we learn from our ancestors, we learn from our oldest selves.

(beat)

'Tis the circle of life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Matt and Finn are sitting on a pew, on the aisle. Matt gazes across the aisle at an empty pew where he sees a vision of Paddy and Finn as youngsters.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. CHURCH, CIRCA 1930 - CONTINUOUS

The same pew. PADDY, 11, and FINN, 8, are sitting with MR. AND MRS. O'SHEA, early 30s. The family is fixed on FATHER MULLIGAN, an elderly man, 70s, with a shiny bald head and wire-rimmed glasses, as he passionately delivers the homily.

FATHER MULLIGAN

Everythin' that we do is in circles, an' that's because the power of the world works in circles. Everythin' wants to be round. The sky is round, the earth is round, an' the sun an' the stars are round. The winds an' the waves of the ocean in their greatest power whirl in circles.

(beat)

Even the seasons form a great circle in their changin', an' always come back again to where they were. Our lives are a circle, from childhood to childhood, an' so is the spirit within each of us.

Paddy's eyes and ears are locked on Father Mulligan, who is holding an oversized Bible open in his hands.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The same oversized Bible, in the younger hands of Father O'Malley. Matt intently listens to the sermon, fully connecting and resonating with the message.

FATHER O'MALLEY

An' yet many of us are still searchin' outside of ourselves, outside of the circle, unable to see or comprehend the true purpose of our lives.

(beat)

What are we searchin' for?!

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

Like the ancients that came before us, everythin' in our lives is part o' the sacred circle. Every person, place an' event is part of this circle. To end this insatiable search on the outside, we must look to our ancestors, our oldest selves, on the inside. For our purpose is nothing more than to love, in the name of the Father.

(beat)

This is the circle of life.

FADE TO:

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

A pair of graceful white BIRDS circle high above the church. POV from the Heavens as the congregation emerges through the front doors of the church, down the stairs. A large GATHERING of locals surround Matt, bidding him a friendly farewell. The morning sun illuminates the misty air, burning the fog to clear the sky.

FADE TO:

EXT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Finn and Elroy watch Matt as he opens the trunk of the Fiat, sets his luggage inside. Elroy wags his tale. Matt shakes Finn's hand. Their handshake gives way to a hug. Finn steps back, digs in his pocket, pulls out an antique pocket watch, gives it to Matt.

FINN

'Twas Paddy's. He gave it to me when he left.

Matt examines the pocket watch, amazed.

FINN (CONT'D)

I want ye to take it with ye.

MATT

No Finn. I can't take this.

FINN

Please. I'm gettin' old in the years an' when I pass I'll have no one to give it, 'cept Elroy, an' he can't read the time.

Matt tightly grips the pocket watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Thanks.

A tear streams down Finn's cheek. He surreptitiously wipes it on his shoulder.

FINN

'Twas quite a week.

MATT

Ya...

(beat)

Look, thanks for everything.

FINN

Of course, Matty. Ye're always welcome here, ye are.

MATT

I'll be back, for sure. But, hey, you need to come to Boston.

FINN

I've never been on an airplane before.

MATT

You'll have to come. My family's never gonna believe my story.

FINN

I'm still not sure I believe it.

Matt looks at the pocket watch.

MATT

Well, I better hit the road. I still have a couple stops to make on the way to the airport.

FINN

Get on, ye.

Matt shuts the trunk. He pets Elroy, hugs Finn, gets in the car, waves, drives away. Elroy follows the car, barks. Finn watches Matt's car disappear into the distance, sits down on the front steps. He closes his eyes, rests his head in his hands.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. KILLORGLIN, PUCK FAIR, CIRCA 1937 (FLASHBACK) - DAY

A cloud of dust. GEORGE pulls out a knife.

SLOW MOTION:

FINN, 18, and PADDY, 15, stand behind George as he moves to attack JOHN, 17, with the knife. With an uncontrollable rage in his eyes, Finn slams a large, potato-sized stone into the back of George's head.

:END SLOW MOTION

Suddenly, a fierce BLOW snaps George's head forward. The knife falls. Finn drops the stone. George collapses to the ground, revealing Paddy directly behind him with wide eyes and blood on his hands. Katherine and Anna scream. Everyone steps back. One of GEORGE'S FRIEND crouches down, shakes George's limp body, his eyes roll back.

GEORGE'S FRIEND

(to Paddy)

He's dead! You killed him!

KATHERINE

No! Paddy, what have ye done?

JOHN

C'mon! We hafta go!

Finn lingers for a moment, stares at George's lifeless body with a look of terror.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. FINN O'SHEA'S HOUSE - MORNING

The same eyes with a similar but faded look. Finn sits alone until Elroy returns from his chase. The dog lovingly greets Finn as if to console his sadness.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINGLE VILLAGE - DAY

Matt's car drives along the main street in the center of the village, pulls over, parks.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK OF IRELAND, BANKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Matt is sitting in a chair, in front of the banker's desk. The banker is unimposing yet methodical.

BANKER

Can-na help ye?

MATT

I hope so. I'm here to talk about Finn O'Shea's property.

BANKER

'Tis a shame, what's happenin'. The O'Shea land will be the bank's property soon.

MATT

That's why I'm here. I need your help.

BANKER

How so?

MATT

How much does he owe?

BANKER

'Tis a private matter, between the bank and Mister O'Shea.

MATT

If you could just hold off for a while, I promise I'll take care of it.

BANKER

We've been listenin' to the same promises from Finn for months.

Matt hesitates for a moment, stands up, pulls out his wallet.

MATT

Please. I'll give you my bank account number right now. If I don't have enough money to cover the debt, I can sell my car or whatever I have to take care of it.

BANKER

This isn't the sort of arrangement we normally make.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The banker leans back in his chair, crosses his arms. Matt paces, stops, speaks firmly.

MATT

Well, I'm asking you to make an exception.

Silence.

BANKER

Why didn't ye bring Finn with ye?

MATT

Because he's never gonna know about this. As far as he knows, this money was left to him by his brother, Paddy, when he died.

BANKER

His brother died many years ago.

MATT

Yes.

BANKER

An' what is yer relationship with Mister O'Shea?

MATT

He's *family*.

CUT TO:

INT. FIAT - DAY

Matt drives out of Dingle Village with the bank in the rear view mirror, seemingly satisfied.

CUT TO:

EXT. KATHERINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Matt's Fiat slows down in front of the house. Callie is sitting on a rocking chair on front porch, reading a book. Matt registers a last look of her. Engrossed in her book, she never looks up to see him. The song "*So Far From Me*" by Brett Dennen plays on the car stereo.

CUT TO:

INT. FIAT - DAY

Matt, stone-faced, presses his lips together as he drives away without looking back. Katherine's house and Callie get smaller in the rear view mirror and eventually disappear.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The Fiat heads east away from Dunquin on a narrow road that winds along the coast until it recedes into the distance.

SLOW FADE TO:

INT. BARNES AND NOBLE BOOKSTORE - DAY

INSERT: FOURTEEN MONTHS LATER

It's holiday shopping season. A long line of shoppers stand in front of a table, waiting to receive signed books. Matt is sitting at a table in front of the store with a stack of books beside him. He is casually dressed in blue jeans and a wool cable-knit sweater, worn and faded. His hair is longer and more relaxed. He seems very comfortable in his skin. Finn is seated beside him, beaming with pride. A lovely OLDER WOMAN steps in front of the table. Matt grabs a book, opens it, prepares to write.

MATT

What would you like me to write?

OLDER WOMAN

It's for my daughter, Clare,
spelled C-L-A-R-E, like the county.
She's wonderful. Will you please
write something special to her.

Matt writes a note inside the book: To Clare, Never stop believing! Creidim, Matt Montgomery

The next person in line steps in front of the table. Matt grabs a book from a large pile. The cover reads: *A GUY CALLED MICHAEL EGAN - The Life and Poetry of Paddy O'Shea*. He pens the book, prepares to write.

MATT

What would you like me to write?

CALLIE

The dedication was quite enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Matt immediately recognizes a familiar voice, looks up. It's Callie. She is beaming, anxious, full of love, tears and happiness, holding a small box. Matt stands up, shocked but thrilled.

MATT

Callie. What are you doing here?

She holds up the box.

CALLIE

I came to deliver a box of letters
that I wrote to a guy called Matt
Montgomery.

Matt's face shines with pure joy. He moves to Callie, engulfs her in his arms. The box falls to the ground, a stack of letters spills out. They passionately hug each other, kiss. Out comes her contagious laughter.

FADE TO BLACK:

ROLL CREDITS

SONG: "*All the Love in the World*" by The Corrs plays over the credits.

AFTER CREDITS:

EXT. MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY, CAMBRIDGE - DAY

INSERT: YESTERDAY

Matt and Callie step in front of a grave site and look down, brimming with emotion. The name "PADDY O'SHEA" is freshly engraved in the marble head stone beneath the original inscription of MICHAEL EGAN.

Callie is visibly pregnant.

MATT

Hi, Grandpa. We have some great
news. It's a boy. Paddy.

Matt squeezes her hand. The Claddagh ring on her wedding finger glistens in the sunlight. The heart on the ring is pointing inward.

THE END