

G R A B B E R S

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Across the inky swell, a river of moonlight cuts a path to a lonely fishing tug drifting with the tide. THE MERRY WIDOW.

INT. MERRY WIDOW GALLEY - NIGHT

A light bulb waltzes with the sway of the boat. Three shabby Irish fishermen unwind after dinner, playing cards.

The eldest and scruffiest (the SKIPPER) reveals his hand to a young deckhand (GREG). Read 'em and weep.

GREG

You can't be serious?

Laughing, the Skipper unspools himself from the cramped table as he and ROY, the bloated first-mate, clamber above deck.

GREG

Every bloody night.

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Roy and the Skipper check the hauled in nets, until ...

A SILENT ARC OF LIGHT SLICES ACROSS THE SKY. It careens downwards in a furious trajectory and --

BOOM!! A mile off their port it collides with the sea.

ROY

Did you see that?

SKIPPER

... Yeah.

ROY

A flare?

The Skipper watches the water. Unsure.

Greg leaps on deck brandishing a clutch of cards.

GREG

Ye cheated! There's five aces! I counted 'em!

The Skipper brushes past Greg, distracted.

SKIPPER

Secure the lines.

Greg looks to Roy.

GREG
Not so funny now, huh?

Roy plucks one of the five aces from Greg's hand and flips it over. Its backing is red.

ROY
It's from a different deck, ya muppet.

He sticks it to Greg's damp forehead and carries on as ordered. Greg turns the remaining aces over. They're blue.

GREG
... Shite.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Foam rises as bubbles crest violently. Closing in, the Merry Widow casts its searchlight across the churning surf.

INT. PILOTHOUSE / EXT. OCEAN

The Skipper steers carefully, holding a radio mic.

SKIPPER
(into mic)
Haven Point. Haven Point. Haven Point. This is Fishing tug Merry Widow. Call sign echo whiskey niner ait fife. Position five nautical miles west of Erin Island. Responding to unknown distress flare. Over.

The Skipper pulls back on the throttle, sloshing to a stop.

He taps the sonar screen. A hazy shadow engulfs the readout.

SKIPPER
Definitely something ...

ROY (O.S.)
Over there!

Roy shines his flashlight over the rail.

ROY
There's something in the water!

Suddenly Roy wheels overboard, yanked into the murky sea.

The Skipper drops the mic and rushes to the rail with Greg.

SKIPPER

Roy!

Roy's glowing flashlight bobs in the water.

SKIPPER

Can you see him?!

A hundred yards off on the opposite starboard side, far behind them, Roy surfaces SCREAMING!

Greg and the Skipper rush to the starboard rail.

Roy's gurgled, tortured cries mist in the air.

The Skipper snaps into action. Seconds count.

SKIPPER

Don't lose him!

Greg points, fixing Roy's position.

The Skipper grabs a lifebuoy, lights it up and throws.

SKIPPER

Roy! Don't panic, mate. Swim for the buoy!

GREG

C'mon, Roy, kick!

Roy's head strains the surface, his arms flailing in agonised spasms ...

... And then silence as he goes under. The sound of water sloshes and laps against the hull.

The Skipper stares hopelessly at the water. Greg's pointed hand trembles. He lowers it.

The Skipper shoves a lifejacket into Greg's chest.

SKIPPER

Put it on.

GREG

What happened?

SKIPPER

Just do it, boy.

Greg does, fumbling.

The Skipper loads a flare gun and aims it overhead -- WHOOSH!
The glowing red beacon graffities the starry sky.

COASTGUARD (O.S.)
(via radio)
Merry Widow. Merry Widow. This is
Coastguard Haven Point. Please
respond. Over.

SKIPPER
Radio a mayday!
(off Greg's hesitation)
Move!

Greg scrambles back to the helm --

INT. PILOTHOUSE - INTERCUT

-- and snatches the radio mic.

GREG
(into mic)
Mayday-Mayday-Mayday.
(searches chart)
Merry Widow, uh, echo whiskey niner
ait fife. Man overboard. Man
overboard. Emergency assistance
required. Position --

The Skipper scans the glassy sea with a flashlight.

SKIPPER
ROY?! ROY?!

Subtly at first, the buoy's bight of rope twinges. The
Skipper sees it. His eyes narrow --

-- it jerks like a fishing line. The Skipper grabs it and
reels it in.

SKIPPER
C'mon, Roy, mate. Fight.

UNDERWATER

The buoy's rope moves towards the boat.

INT. PILOTHOUSE - NIGHT

Suddenly the trawler keels steeply. Greg grips the fittings
for support as debris rains on him.

GREG
Jesus Christ!

COASTGUARD (O.S.)
 Received Mayday, Merry Widow.
 Emergency rescue team dispatched.
 How many aboard? Over.

Water laps over Greg's feet as the boat rights itself. Greg surveys the flooded deck. The Skipper's gone.

GREG
 (into mic)
 Please hurry.

COASTGUARD (O.S.)
 Hold your position, Merry Widow,
 rescue chopper on its way. Over.

Greg drops the mic and edges outside.

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

The deck swims with water. Greg holds his breath, listening.

GREG
 Skipper?

The abandoned C.B. mic swings to and fro. Almost playfully.

COASTGUARD (O.S.)
 Merry Widow, how many aboard?
 Over.

Greg rounds the pilothouse, breathing heavily.

Suddenly what looks like a weird, headless black snake feels its way towards his boots. Greg turns and bolts.

He scrambles to the stern amongst the nets and snatches a gutting-knife with both hands.

Trapped against the rail, panting, he prays for help but --
 -- HE'S DRAGGED OVERBOARD. His legs round in the air as he cascades into the sea.

Just beyond the Merry Widow, he surfaces gasping.

GREG
 Oh Jesus. Oh Jesus. Oh Jes--

He's gone.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

In the moonlight the isolated Merry Widow reposes mournfully.

EXT. ERIN ISLAND - MORNING

The lush green hills of an island rise up out of the pearly blue sea. Whitewashed bungalows hug the hillside as a proud lighthouse heralds the jagged coast. Enchanting.

LEGEND: ERIN ISLAND. 5 MILES SOUTHWEST OF IRELAND.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

CIARAN O'SHEA lies face down and wrong way round on his bed. Awkwardly half undressed, he gropes a dry bottle of whiskey.

His phone RINGS. He slowly stirs.

It's no surprise he looks like shit. But to be fair he's not bad looking after a wash.

The MACHINE picks up.

MAN'S VOICE

(via machine)

O'Shea, I take it you've left already, because if you haven't, you're late. The ferry gets in at nine. Of course I'm talking to myself now because you're gone, aren't you?

O'Shea grumbles a response and shuffles about, eyes closed.

He drops the whiskey bottle in a bin where it CLATTERS with yesterday's bottle, and the day before's.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

O'Shea opens a medicine cabinet. He fumbles his toothbrush, shuts the mirrored door and startles.

On the mirror, reflected on his unshaven cheek, is a spider. He shoos it away nervously.

EXT. COASTAL ROAD - MORNING

A white Garda patrol jeep rambles along the sunny coast. At the wheel, O'Shea is a very hungover, droopy eyed Garda.

[Note: "An Garda Siochana" are the unarmed Irish police force, with a "Garda" being an officer of the law.]

EXT. MARINA FERRY DOCK - DAY

Colourful crowds of FAMILIES file onto the MAINLAND FERRY as it lies moored in the harbour.

GARDA LISA NOLAN hustles through the masses dragging a trolley bag. She opens a map and wrestles with it in the wind. Soon defeated, it blows out of her hands.

LISA

Shit!

Lisa chases it as if running down a mugger, but it lifts skyward and twirls haughtily in the wind.

Suddenly inching towards her, driving with all the panache of an abandoned shopping trolley, comes O'Shea.

Bleary-eyed and hunched over, he rolls up beside her. Almost on her toes. Lisa watches.

Sitting put and zombieified-looking, O'Shea drops his window.

O'SHEA

Well?

LISA

Howya.

O'Shea looks like he wants to vomit on her.

LISA

O'Shea, is it? We spoke on the phone. I'm Garda Lisa Nolan.

O'Shea gives her the once over in her neat uniform.

O'SHEA

You're not serious?

Lisa considers O'Shea's bedraggled appearance.

LISA

Yeah, well. Just being polite.

O'SHEA

Are ya gettin' in or what?

LISA

(gestures)

I have a bag.

O'Shea pops the boot and gazes back at the road, waiting for her.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Tyres SPLASH and CRASH in the war against potholes.

INT. PATROL JEEP - DAY

Wincing, O'Shea hugs the wheel feeling every agonising bump.

Vibrating, Lisa's slick ponytail comes undone. She quickly yanks it back giving herself a facelift in the process.

O'Shea belches under his breath. Lisa flinches. She pulls out a packet of mints from her bag.

LISA

Would you like a mint?

O'Shea stares at them, then at her. Barely reading the road.

O'SHEA

Nah thanks, they give me heartburn.

He belches again as they jostle over another pothole. Lisa drops her window and her ponytail erupts in the wind.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Across the grassy dunes, DR. JIM GLEESON (55) walks his dog. For a health practitioner, he just preaches.

He flings a stick for his eager collie who gallops over a dune. A squabble of seagulls take flight protesting angrily.

Curious, Dr. Gleeson climbs high. He stops cold.

Across the strand: A POD OF PILOT WHALES LAY BEACHED.

INT. GARDA STATION - DAY

SGT. KENIFICK (57) wipes a thumb along his desk. On the verge of retirement he looks more like a tourist in his summer shirt and shorts. He rises to greet O'Shea and Lisa.

KENIFICK

Garda Nolan, lovely to have you ...
O'Shea, you look like shite. Would
you go way and shave. Christ.

O'Shea blows him off.

KENEFICK

(to Lisa)
Smooth crossing?

LISA

Smoothen than most.

O'SHEA
Coffee?

LISA
That'd be great, thanks.

Lisa hands O'Shea a mug from her bag. O'Shea regards it.

KENIFICK
So what do you think of the place?

LISA
'Tis gorgeous, isn't it?

KENIFICK
'Tis.

O'SHEA
And quiet as shite.

Kenifick and Lisa glance at O'Shea.

O'SHEA
(to Lisa)
Milk?

LISA
Uhm, what kind?

O'SHEA
Cows.

O'Shea and Lisa consider each other. Lines firmly drawn.

LISA
I'll take it black. Thanks.

KENIFICK
So you can have my desk while I'm gone. O'Shea will tell you, 'tis mostly administrative, processing permits and that sort. You might catch the odd bit of commotion from a tourist every now and then but as I'm sure you saw at the harbour half the island's leaving for the feish on the mainland so it should be dead round here.

Lisa's face drops.

LISA
Well, I'm sure we can find something to do.

O'Shea rolls his eyes and passes Lisa her coffee. She takes it and sits at her desk, feeling her surroundings.

O'SHEA
(whispered to Kenifick)
Is she really necessary?

KENIFICK
You tell me.

Lisa carefully arranges her desk how she likes it. Neat.

O'SHEA
You're only gone two weeks. I
can handle two weeks.

KENIFICK
You could. But you wouldn't.

Outside, a car HONKS. Kenifick checks his watch.

KENIFICK
(to O'Shea)
Don't be late, I said. What did I
say?

It HONKS again. Kenifick waves out the window at a car.

KENIFICK
I'm coming. I'm coming.
(to Lisa)
Right I'm off.

LISA
Not a bother, go on with ya.

KENIFICK
Rightio. Reports and files in the
top drawer, anything you need,
O'Shea will be here to show you
round. O'Shea?

O'SHEA
You're gonna miss your boat.

KENIFICK
Slán.

Kenifick dashes out.

Lisa sips her coffee. She hates it.

O'Shea slumps at his desk, throws his feet up and sighs wearily.

Kenifick dashes back. O'Shea falls over himself to straighten up, burning himself with his coffee.

KENIFICK

Won't go far with no tickets. See you in a fortnight. Be good.

He snatches them and leaves. O'Shea recovers. He turns to see Lisa stifling a smile.

The phone RINGS.

O'Shea sluggishly reaches for it but Lisa beats him to it.

LISA

Garda Nolan.

EXT. FISHING PORT - DAY

On the wooden pier PADDY BARRETT (50) sorts his lobster traps. All he's short is a parrot and a wooden leg.

His traps appear empty, some mangled, but before he can protest one of the oblong traps leaps.

Paddy watches it. Like a magic trick, it leaps again.

He squats down and gazes between the seaweed strewn grill that makes up the cage. Nothing. He prods it.

It shifts violently -- hopping mad.

Paddy rises, wipes his frowning forehead with his cap and gestures to a fisherman packing ice crates on the dock.

TADHG MURPHY (45) saunters over. An alpha male in a beta body.

PADDY

Take a look at this.

Paddy gently kicks the lobster trap, spurring it to respond. It does, haphazardly jumping across the wet dock.

Tadhg snickers.

TADHG

He's a biggun.

PADDY

He's not a lobster.

TADHG

Then what is it?

Paddy shrugs. Tadhg kneels down and peers inside.

A GEYSER OF GOO SPRAYS IN HIS FACE!

He staggers to his feet, spitting furiously.

TADHG

Oh ya bastard, Paddy! Ya knew it was gonna do that.

PADDY

I didn't. On me life.

Tadhg wipes away the slime with his sweater.

TADHG

Eurgh, the smell.

PADDY

So what is it?

TADHG

I dunno, 'tis a feckin octopus or something, 'tis covered in seaweed. But 'tis no feckin' lobster!

He stomps off.

PADDY

An octopus?

Tadhg growls and spits.

Paddy watches the lobster trap, eyes flashing.

INT. PATROL JEEP - DAY

Lisa drives cautiously, skirting the potholes. A turning approaches.

LISA

Do I go...?

O'Shea waits for the last second.

O'SHEA

... Left.

Lisa turns sharply, amusing O'Shea.

O'SHEA

So you're after the sarge's desk?

LISA
Why do you ask?

O'SHEA
Chalk it down to curiosity.

LISA
No. I had some holidays saved that
needed to be taken and this posting
came up and I thought sure what
harm, why not? Can't hurt with the
review board, you know?

O'Shea nods, sussing her out.

O'SHEA
Where are you stationed?

LISA
Dublin Central.

O'SHEA
And how's that working out for ya?

LISA
'Tis grand. We got drugs,
muggings, murders and rapes.
Always on the go.

O'SHEA
Well you can relax, there's none of
that here.

LISA
You never know. 'Tis the quiet
places where all the mad shit
happens. Just open a paper.

O'Shea considers her. He smirks out his window.

LISA
What?

O'SHEA
I bet you haven't missed a day of
work in your life.

LISA
And should I be ashamed of that?

O'SHEA
'Tis just a job.

Arriving at the beach, Lisa parks sharply sending O'Shea colliding with the dashboard.

He recovers, stunned.

LISA
Seatbelt. It is the law.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

O'Shea and Lisa trundle past some ONLOOKERS towards the whales. They plough forward until they're upon Dr. Gleeson.

DR. GLEESON
In all me years, never seen
anything like it.

O'SHEA
Lisa Nolan, Doctor Jim Gleeson.
Resident physician.

DR. GLEESON
Oh, hello, love. How are ya?

Lisa smiles, greeting him.

O'SHEA
You wouldn't have any Asprin on ya,
would ya, Jim?

DR. GLEESON
I've a few winegums? Would ya like
a winegum?

O'SHEA
You're all right.

Lisa moves deeper down the beach. O'Shea follows her.

LISA
I'd prefer it if you'd introduce me
as Garda Nolan.

O'SHEA
Ah, no one minds.

LISA
I do.

Lisa marches on faster, staggering awkwardly in the soft sand.

ADAM SMITH, Ph.D. (30s) salutes O'Shea as they approach.

O'SHEA
What happened?

A foreigner of both Erin and indeed Ireland, Smith removes a gloved hand to shake Lisa's. A gent.

SMITH
Smith.

LISA
(smiles warmly)
Lisa.

O'Shea stares at her. Typical.

O'SHEA
Smith's a marine psychologist or something, did I get that right?

SMITH
Marine ecology.

LISA
That was quick.

SMITH
More fortunate really. I'm based here doing a department of the marine study on coastal environmental stress.

Smith measures one of the whales. Sixteen feet.

LISA
Are they dead?

SMITH
Sadly, yes.

O'Shea runs his hands along the coal grey skin.

SMITH
They're pilot whales. It happens with them from time to time but no one really knows why.

Lisa notes deep spider-vein gashes on the whales' bodies as if they were whipped with a huge cat-o'-nine-tails.

LISA
What are those cuts?

SMITH

I'm not sure but I'd hazard a guess
they took a beating off the rocks
before washing up here.

O'SHEA

They didn't beach themselves?

SMITH

No. They died at sea.

LISA

All of them? At once?

SMITH

It's a weird one all right.

INT. PADDY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Paddy kicks open the bathroom door. He plugs the bathtub and
lets the tap run, filling it.

He shuffles out and returns wearing a welders mask and
dragging the lobster trap.

He lifts the trap over the bath rim and drops it into the
bath water. It BUBBLES.

He removes his mask, peering at it. What the feck?

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

A Large placard reads "COMING SOON - LUXURY ERIN RESORT".

An architect's drawing shows a hotel and golf course is
planned on this stunning vista. A shame.

The jeep pulls up beside the sign. O'Shea and Lisa step out.

O'SHEA

Hey, Daly, Cooney about?

High up on the scaffolding DALY (33) points to the far end.
Years of labouring have turned Daly into one big freckle.

O'Shea follows Daly's directions towards a deep square pit.

Daly elbows his MATE, ogling Lisa.

DALY

Now that is one arresting woman.

DALY'S MATE WOLF-WHISTLES.

Appalled, Lisa whips out her notepad and pencil.

LISA
You, what's your name?

DALY'S MATE
(Polish accent)
Przemyslaw Wojciechowski.

Lisa closes her pad.

LISA
Carry on.

In the pit DECLAN COONEY (45) haggles dimensions with a worker. Although it's not possible, he appears pregnant.

O'SHEA
Busy?

COONEY
Nah, just fitting an oil tank.

O'SHEA
On schedule?

COONEY
No doubt. Will have to slow down.
Wink, wink.

Cooney climbs a ladder to level ground.

Alone and wandering, Lisa steps into the path of a BULLDOZER.
It HONKS!

She hops out of its way and into wet cement. Shite. Two size six footprints. Unnoticed, she sheepishly jogs on.

Cooney and O'Shea stroll through the hectic site.

COONEY
Where's the sarge?

O'SHEA
On holiday. Leaving me up the creek.

COONEY
Why? What's up?

O'SHEA
Well, remember that favour you owe me?
(Cooney squirms)

O'SHEA (CONT'D)
 I'm looking for some boys to help
 move a few things off the beach.
 An hours work, tops.

COONEY
 What kinda things?

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

"BEACH CLOSED" signs jut out of the rain soaked sand. Up-
 shore Cooney, Daly and others winch the whales onto a cable.

COONEY
 (into walkie-talkie)
 All set. Over.

The barge in the bay flashes its beacon light, signalling.

WALKIE-TALKIE
 (filtered)
 Copy that.

The last pair of whales are dragged out into the surf.

Cooney gestures to the men.

COONEY
 That'll do, boys. Pack it up.

Daly wipes the rain from his face. The men unclasp the ropes
 and gather them up.

COONEY
 Don't forget me shovels.

DALY
 I got 'em.

Daly plods to the shoreline towards a pile of tools.

IN THE SEA

Something glides towards shore, towards Daly. Closing in.

ON THE BEACH

Daly picks up the scattered tools, and then something catches
 his eye. He sweeps some sand off of ...

A DARK GREY EGG!

Digging deeper, Daly sees more piled high like a fun-fair
 ball-pit. The size of footballs, all waiting to hatch.

DALY
What in the name of...?

A tentacle snakes along the sand and around Daly's foot. It whips his weight out from under him and he collides with the wet sand. Winded.

EXT. BEACH PROMENADE - SAME

Cooney throws the ropes and tools into the car boot.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Daly futilely claws at the sand as the tentacle drags him into the waves, into what's waiting within.

DALY
HELP! HELP ME!! HELP!!!

As the sea consumes him, his gurgled CRIES drown out.

In the sand Daly's struggle is washed away without a trace.

INT. COONEY'S CAR - NIGHT

A convoy of cars pass Cooney as he sits in, BEEPING as they go.

COONEY
Cheers, lads.

Cooney switches on the RADIO and checks his watch.

COONEY
C'mon, Daly for shit sake.

EXT. BEACH - MOMENT'S LATER

Cooney scans the shore. He picks up the mislaid tools.

COONEY
Daly?

INT./EXT. COONEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Cooney sits back at the wheel. Debating options. One leg outside his door, holding out for Daly's return --

-- as something moves in on his ankle.

Not a second to spare Cooney pulls his foot inside, shuts the door, and drives off ... but the car stalls. Snagged.

COONEY
Ah for Christ sake.

He steps out and kneels down, gazing under the chassis.

BAM!

HE'S DRAGGED UNDER -- FACE FIRST, FEET THRASHING.

His car rocks violently as the RADIO serenades his demise and the AIRBAG DEPLOYS.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

O'Shea leans on the counter, a whiskey before him. Avuncular proprietor BRIAN MAHER (55) watches from behind the counter.

ON TV: the white helicopter of the Coastguard zooms across the sea, circling the Merry Widow boat. Footage taken earlier in the day.

RTE REPORTER (V.O.)

(over TV images)

-- search and rescue was called off as a search and recover operation became priority. A telling sign that the missing men, Roy Hayes, Greg Brogan and the ships Captain Milo Clark are believed to have drowned.

Lisa approaches the counter/reception and hands Brian a key.

LISA

Hi, do you have an iron?

Brian moves to get it. Lisa spots O'Shea, throwing her. Shoeless, she rises up on her toes. Gaining two inches.

LISA

Hi.

An awkward silence.

O'SHEA

Would you like a drink?

UNA MAHER (45) eavesdrops while wiping the counter. Una has a face you could confide in, but shouldn't.

LISA

Another time, maybe.

Brian hands Lisa the iron.

LISA

Thanks.
(to O'Shea)
See you tomorrow.

O'SHEA

... Tomorrow's Sunday.

LISA

Oh, right. Well, I have a key so
... see you Monday then.

She walks off. Una wipes under O'Shea's drink.

UNA

Sparks flying there.

O'SHEA

What?

UNA

Do you like her?

O'SHEA

She's all right. A bit uptight.

UNA

You should talk to her.

O'SHEA

I do talk to her. I talked to her
all day.

UNA

God, ye're all the same.

BRIAN

Ah, leave him off.

UNA

Listen to you.

(to O'Shea; about Brian)

Eight years I was waiting for him
to get down on his knee. Have ya
ever heard the like of it? My
family thought I was mad wasting me
time on him.

BRIAN

Ah, feck them.

UNA

Ah, feck you.

Una shuffles off.

BRIAN
Same again?

O'SHEA
Go on.

BRIAN
I tell you what though if I
weren't, you know, I'd be up them
stairs like a shot.

Brian feels Una's stare from across the bar. He smiles at her, placating.

Paddy, grinning to himself in the corner, fixes O'Shea's stare.

O'SHEA
What is it, Paddy?

PADDY
Wouldn't you like to know?

O'SHEA
Not really, no.

O'Shea turns back to his drink. Paddy grumbles.

PADDY
But you would, though.

O'SHEA
Nah.

PADDY
You would! If you knew what I know
you'd want to know.

O'SHEA
All right, fine. Tell me.

Paddy shuffles closer, all excited.

PADDY
Right, between you and me, I caught
meself a sea monster today. Swear
to God. Ya don't believe me?

O'SHEA
Not at all.

PADDY
I'm no liar.

Brian snickers in the corner.

PADDY
Feck off, you.

O'SHEA
All right and where is it?

PADDY
In me bathtub.

O'Shea squints. Straining.

O'SHEA
In your bathtub.

PADDY
Having a bath.

Paddy grins smugly.

O'SHEA
G'night, Paddy.

O'Shea downs his drink and saunters off, offending Paddy.

PADDY
Ignorant bastard.

O'Shea turns back.

O'SHEA
What?

PADDY
Hmm?

O'SHEA
What did you say?

PADDY
Nuthin'. Didn't open me mouth.

BRIAN
He called you a bastard.

Paddy huffs.

PADDY

Ya see you, if this wasn't the only watering hole on this shittin' island I'd piss on it than sooner come in here.

BRIAN

Fine. You're barred.

Paddy thinks a moment, then cracks a smile.

PADDY

Ah I'm joking. You know that. One more, huh?

Brian scoffs.

O'Shea walks on into the hallway and upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

O'Shea removes a small hip flask from his pocket and drains it. Coughs. Composes himself and approaches ROOM #3.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa regards her cement stained boots. She throws them down, and resumes ironing her uniform.

A KNOCK comes to her door. She opens it to find O'Shea.

LISA

Is everything all right?

She glances up and down the hallway. O'Shea looks too. Confused.

O'SHEA

What is it?

LISA

(realises)

What do you want?

O'SHEA

Come on down for a drink.

LISA

I have work tomorrow.

O'SHEA

It doesn't matter out here. No one will know.

LISA
You're drunk.

O'SHEA
I am not! I'm sober as a judge.

O'Shea slumps against the door, reclining casually. Or so he imagines.

LISA
Is that so? Say the alphabet backwards for me.

O'SHEA
... Z ...
(grimaces)
Et cetera.

LISA
I hope you're not driving?

O'SHEA
Course not. I'm taking Johnny's horse.

LISA
You're going to ride a horse while intoxicated?

O'SHEA
Yeah, so? The horse is sober.

LISA
Amazing, and you're in charge here.

O'SHEA
Listen, I think we got off on the wrong foot today.

O'Shea changes weight to his other leg and accidentally kicks over Lisa's side-table.

O'SHEA
Feck.

It clatters to the floor, knocking her toiletries over.

O'SHEA
Sorry.

LISA
It's okay.

He helps her pick them up then rises with a headrush.

O'SHEA
Whoa, that last drink's gone
straight to me head.

LISA
Just your head?

O'SHEA
Well, other places too.

O'Shea grins suggestively, reading her wrong.

LISA
Do you get this drunk every night?

O'SHEA
Just high days and holidays.

O'Shea rests against the wall. Eyes drooping.

LISA
Let's get you to bed.

O'SHEA
Now you're talking.

EXT. GARDEN PATH - NIGHT

Paddy crashes his bicycle into a fence and staggers in the gate, mumbling something about bastards and fences.

INT. PADDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Paddy pours himself a drink of what looks like homemade potcheen. Still muttering.

THUD! The bathroom door rattles. He looks at it, wide-eyed.

INT. PADDY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The door yawns opens and Paddy creeps in, wearing his welders mask. He gazes into the tub and removes his mask.

There just as he left it is the lobster trap, but it's smashed to bits and ... EMPTY!

Paddy scans the room, then looks in the last place ... UP.

Sprayed against the ceiling is A THICK BLACK MESS OF TENTACLES ... A SLIMY, SPIDERY MONSTER. (A GRABBER.)

PADDY
There you are.

IT HISSES AND SPITS A BARBED TONGUE. It stabs Paddy's neck, and coils itself around him. Strangling.

Paddy convulses, choking to pull it off.

He finally does and flings it across the room where it lands with a sloppy crack. It flickers weakly and slumps.

Blood seeps from several puncture wounds on Paddy's neck.

PADDY

You ...

He rises to his feet and stamps on it. Again and again. Out of breath, Paddy staggers from the bathroom.

A moment later, he returns with a walking stick and continues beating it. Exhausted, he plops down on his toilet seat.

PADDY

... Bastard.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

The warm glow of light from within would attract every moth within a mile if it were a dry Summer's night, but it's not. It's raining and it's attracting something far more sinister.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

IRENE MURPHY (40) cocooned in a bathrobe and slippers, snatches a pair of socks and a sweater off the floor.

Muttering, she sniffs the sweater and recoils. It reeks. On a mission she marches through the open plan home --

-- passing Fisherman Tadhg gazing at the TV.

IRENE

Tadhg, I'm not a maid. Put your stinking clothes in the machine when you get in. I thought something had died in the bedroom.

TADHG

Sorry, love.

Irene opens the back door.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

She stuffs the smelly sweater in the washing machine and hits cycle. It rattles to life, hissing as it fills with water.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Irene returns to her dresser and creams her hands, going through her beautifying bedtime routine.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The washing machine twists and turns nonchalantly.

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

BANG! BANG! BANG! RATTLE! CRASH!

Irene massages her frown lines.

IRENE
(calling out)
Tadhg, the machine is on the blink
again. We need a new one.

TADHG
I'll fix it.

But not tonight. He sinks into his seat.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The washing machine lies splayed all over the floor. Soapy water oozes through its split hull. The sweater shredded.

INT./EXT. BUNGALOW - INTERCUT

Tadhg dozes in front of the TV. 'TREMORS' is on.

THUD! The door trembles with the weight of a knock.

THUD! Cooney appears to lazily headbutt the door.

THUD! His head flops about like a dolls and with his eyes closed, his jaw slack, and his drooping dazed expression ...

HE'S DEAD.

However for a dead person he's particularly animated. With limp arms outstretched, his unnatural stance is manipulated by black tentacles gripping each limb.

A human marionette dirty dancing with the letterbox.

From the roof the tentacles swing Cooney back and launch him forward, colliding his spread-eagled body like a wrecking ball.

THUD! Tadhg rouses and clears his throat.

TADHG

Irene?

In the bedroom: Irene blow-dries her hair. She pauses to listen.

IRENE

What?

TADHG

Someone's at the door.

IRENE

I'm not dressed.

THUD! Tadhg glances disapprovingly at the clock.

TADHG

All right, all right.

He peers through the door-window.

Cooney seems drunk off his ass as his head bobs about in some sort of stupor.

TADHG

(to Irene)

It's that bloody Declan Cooney and he's pissed as a fart.

Irene throws her eyes up and resumes blow-drying.

IRENE

Don't give that cowboy any money. He'll piss it up the wall.

Tadhg opens the door.

TADHG

Cooney, you look like death.

(takes it in)

What are you doing?

Cooney swings suggestively, to Tadhg's open mouthed horror.

IRENE (O.S.)

What does he want?

TADHG

To dance.

Irene joins Tadhg at the door. Suddenly Cooney collapses, crumpling like a pile of wet laundry.

IRENE

Jesus.

TADHG

Cooney? Are you all right, mate?

Tadhg steps over Cooney's broken twisted body.

TADHG

Cooney?

Suddenly Tadhg's pounced upon and whipped up out of sight.

IRENE

Tadhg! Tadhg!

Irene chases after him as roof tiles tumble down on her.

HE'S GONE.

She scurries inside and slams the door. Locking it.

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

The TV flickers as the reception falters. Outside the window the satellite dish bounces onto the driveway.

Irene backs through the bungalow, shaking. The violent SCUFFLE on the roof rattles the ceiling light-shade.

Soot tumbles down the chimney drawing her attention.

IRENE

Honey? Oh God. Oh God.

Irene kneels before the fireplace and receives a blast of black soot to the face.

She coughs and sputters and reaches up to close the chimney shoot. Fumbling, whimpering.

INSIDE THE CHIMNEY SHOOT

Something descends towards her, gaining speed.

Irene grabs blindly at the clasp ...

Her eyes dart open. That's not the clasp! She SCREAMS --

-- and flies up the shoot like a mouse sucked up a Hoover.

And as her CRIES die out all that's left in the open fireplace is a pair of orphaned fluffy pink slippers.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - MORNING

Lisa DINGS the reception bell. Una stumbles to her call.

UNA
Top of the morning as they say.

LISA
Looks like it should be a nice day.

UNA
Not for long, there's a storm
coming.

LISA
Really? Are the gulls flying low
or something?

UNA
No, 'tis on the telly.

Una gestures to the TV weather report. Lisa smiles. Of course. She fishes out her credit card.

UNA
So, you're working with our Garda
Ciaran?

LISA
Temporarily.

UNA
He's a nice fella isn't he? Quite
a catch.

LISA
Depends what you're fishing.

Una hands Lisa her receipt to sign and watches her writing.

UNA
Single?

Lisa nods.

UNA
So's our Ciaran. Well, widowed.

Lisa looks up.

LISA
Widowed?

UNA

Why do you think he's here? Sure there's no want for him round this neck of the woods but I suppose he wanted the peace. Or his superiors thought he did. He doesn't say, God love him.

Lisa smiles uncomfortably and hands her receipt to Una.

UNA

So will you be sticking to the same room all week? Because we have a few doubles. There's more room in those, you know yourself.

Una winks knowingly.

LISA

The single room is fine.

UNA

Are you sure now? You never know if you want to *stretch your legs* later on. Give it a week and we'll be booked solid, so we will.

LISA

I'll think about it.

Lisa hightails it.

INT. CELL, GARDA STATION - MORNING

Through the bars you'd assume O'Shea was dead on the rubber mattress if he wasn't SNORING like a Granddad.

Lisa SLAMS a filing cabinet, startling him.

He jerks awake, holding his head to prevent it exploding all over the walls.

LISA

Morning.

O'SHEA

Wha..?

LISA

How much does a place like this go for? I mean it's close to the beach, all mod-cons. It's perfect.

O'SHEA
I ... uh, what happened?

LISA
Section 4.1 of the Public Order Act. It is an offence for any person to be present in any public place while intoxicated to such an extent as would give rise to a reasonable apprehension that the person might endanger themselves or any other in the vicinity.

O'SHEA
You arrested me?!

LISA
For your own good.

O'SHEA
Let me out of here.

LISA
Relax. You just passed out before I could find your house.

The phone RINGS!

LISA
(into phone)
Garda Nolan.

Her eyes fall on O'Shea.

EXT. MARINE CENTRE - MORNING

Paddy escorts O'Shea and Lisa along the short wooden pier, past the moored yachts and into the marine research centre.

PADDY
So I get a reward for discovering it, right? A finders fee?

O'SHEA
We'll discuss it later.

PADDY
But I get something, right?

They enter.

INT. LAB - MORNING

Shrivelled tentacles spill over the gurney as a hideous flower-like mouth gapes open as if in the dentist's chair.

Smith stands over it, forceps in hand. O'Shea and Lisa recoil.

O'SHEA

Eurgh!

SMITH

Is that your professional opinion?

Smith removes his surgical-mask revealing an excited grin.

PADDY

See!

(off O'Shea's look)

A Grabber.

O'SHEA

A what?

SMITH

I told you I'm not calling it that.

PADDY

I discovered it. I get to name it.

LISA

What is that thing?

SMITH

To be totally honest, I haven't a clue. I've never seen anything like it. It's a completely foreign species. I can't even begin to originate or class it.

PADDY

A Grabber.

Smith sighs.

LISA

And this attacked you?

Paddy pulls his collar back exposing his bandaged neck.

PADDY

Stuck on the ceiling, it was. Like a pancake. Nearly ripped me throat out.

O'Shea leans in for a closer look of the creature.

O'SHEA
Is it dead?

SMITH
I think so.

O'Shea leans back, and half-steps away too for good measure.

O'SHEA
You think so?

SMITH
Well, it's unresponsive. Could be dormant, but basic tests I've done so far have shown up nothing usual or normal. It's beyond mystifying. Really I can't be certain without opening it up.

Paddy WHACKS it with his walking stick. Nothing.

PADDY
'Tis dead.

SMITH
Would you stop doing that? It isn't any wonder it bit you.

Lisa stares at its multi-fanged jaws.

LISA
What's in its mouth?

Smith reaches in.

SMITH
Its tongue. Check it out.

Smith takes hold of its tongue and unravels it -- it extends three foot with a barbed tip, like a mace.

O'SHEA
Holy Jesus.

PADDY
It spits like a frog, and strangles ya. Whippet fast ... and sharp.

SMITH
I'm guessing it bleeds its prey like a leech. Consuming the blood, like some sort of vampiro toothis.

O'SHEA
Vampiro what?

SMITH
Toothis. It's a rare deep sea
squid, but this isn't that, not in
Irish waters. This is something
totally different. Something ...
alien.
(off their looks)
In that it's undocumented.

Smith smiles awkwardly.

LISA
So how come this hasn't been seen
before?

SMITH
The sea holds many secrets.

PADDY
It's gotta be worth a fortune.

SMITH
But wait, watch this, you're gonna
love this.

Smith holds a jar, inside is what looks like a starfish
finger.

O'SHEA
What is that?

SMITH
Unfortunately the specimen wasn't
delivered all in one piece.

Paddy shrugs sheepishly.

PADDY
I hit it a few times.

SMITH
I placed this section of its
tentacle in some water to clean it
... and this happened.

Smith pours water in the beaker, dousing it. Slowly, it
writhes to life expanding like a sponge.

SMITH
All it requires is blood and water.

PADDY

Could you put it on the eBay, do ya think?

SMITH

You are not putting this on eBay. You're lucky it didn't kill you. She could've ripped your throat out.

O'SHEA

She?

SMITH

Yeah. It's female from what I can tell.

PADDY

How can you tell?

SMITH

It's got no testicles.

A long silence, Paddy nods. I see.

SMITH

And ...

He reveals a gelatin marble coloured egg, the same as the ones buried at the beach.

SMITH

... it was pregnant.

With a forceps he pulls a stillborn bipedal creature out. (A JUMPER.) It stinks judging by their reactions.

O'SHEA

Are those legs?

SMITH

It's gotta be a juvenile stage, sort of like a reverse life-cycle from tadpole to frog? Starts out with legs. Feeds. Loses them. And grows into its adult state like its mother here.

LISA

How do you know this?

Smith toys with the foetus, admiring it.

SMITH

Educated guess. 71% of the world
is water and I can tell you
something for nothing, whatever
ends up the most successful species
on the planet ... it won't have
legs.

A moment passes.

LISA

But if it has legs when it hatches
then wouldn't that mean it nests on
land?

SMITH

Turtles do it all the time.

O'SHEA

That is not a turtle.

INT./EXT. PATROL JEEP - DAY

O'Shea switches gears as they make their way along the coast.

LISA

You think those things have
anything to do with those dead
whales?

O'SHEA

I do now.

They pass the promenade. O'Shea cranes his head to see
something. He pulls in.

LISA

Why are we stopping?

O'SHEA

That's Declan Cooney's car.

EXT. BEACH PROMENADE - DAY

Cooney's car sits abandoned, its door open and airbag flat.

They park and step out.

O'SHEA

(calls out)
Cooney?
(to Lisa)
The battery's flat.

O'Shea sees the keys with their LEPRECHAUN KEYCHAIN are still in the ignition. He takes them and runs his hand along some unusual scratches along the paintwork.

LISA
So where could he go?

O'SHEA
(re: keys)
Nowhere without his keys. They're his life. Do you believe in coincidences?

LISA
No.

O'SHEA
Neither do I.

O'Shea looks around, just up ahead the Murphy's Bungalow overlooks them.

O'SHEA
Come on.

LISA
Where are we going?

O'SHEA
When you're looking for answers you gotta go asking questions.

He walks off. Lisa's impressed.

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

Lisa steps over some broken slate tiles and rings the DOORBELL. No one's home. O'Shea spies in the window to the

LIVING ROOM

The TV is on but it's just static.

Something catches Lisa's eye.

LISA
Take a look at this.

O'Shea joins her to find the washing machine. In bits.

Lisa picks up the torn sweater, sniffs it and recoils.

LISA
Uh God, it stinks like that thing.

She throws it back.

LISA
Something fishy is going on here.

O'Shea looks at her, smirking. Something's different about her.

O'SHEA
How come you're not in uniform?

LISA
(blushes)
... It's Sunday.

O'Shea smiles to himself.

LISA
Hey, neither are you.

O'SHEA
You wanna hear something funny?
(off her look)
That thing Paddy caught couldn't
have fertilised that egg by itself.

Lisa listens.

O'SHEA
Which would mean there's a male out
there, most likely much larger,
more powerful, and with a helluva
tongue on it.

Lisa grimaces.

LISA
That's not funny at all.

He raps on the door and calls in the letterbox.

O'SHEA
Tadhg? Irene?

LISA
You're looking in the wrong place.

O'Shea gazes at her. She picks up a broken roof tile.

MINUTES LATER

O'Shea sets a ladder against the roof and climbs. Lisa holds it steady.

LISA
See anything?

ON THE ROOF

O'Shea shimmies cautiously.

O'SHEA
Hold on. It's slippery.

LISA
If you want I can do it.

O'SHEA
I'm fine.

O'Shea grips the slates. There's a weird lump by the chimney. He clambers towards it.

O'SHEA
(mumbling)
Something fishy, my arse.

He slips, landing hard. The lump rolls towards him --

-- TADHG'S SEVERED HEAD!

O'SHEA
JAYSUS!

O'Shea slips and slaloms down the roof. Lisa runs clear out of his way as O'Shea drops!

HE LANDS ON TADHG'S CAR, breaking his fall, and his arse. His groans reach a pitch as Tadhg's head lands in his lap.

O'SHEA
UGHHH!

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Pale as paper, Dr. Gleeson mops his brow with a handkerchief.

DR. GLEESON
You bring me someone with a head cold or a headache and I could do something. You bring me just a head and you're taking the piss.

O'Shea, in a NECK-BRACE, replaces a sheet over Tadhg's head.

O'SHEA
What killed him, Jim?

DR. GLEESON
The fact he's just a head!

Dr. Gleeson sips a cup of water. Shaking.

DR. GLEESON
They could bury him in a shoebox.
That's not right.

LISA
Doctor, we need to know!

DR. GLEESON
I don't know. A bear?

O'SHEA
A bear?!

Dr. Gleeson loosens his tie.

DR. GLEESON
His head was torn off. By
something big.

O'Shea grimaces at Lisa.

INT. GARDA STATION - DAY

O'Shea uploads crime scene photos of Tadhg's bungalow from a digital camera into a laptop, as Lisa paces on the phone.

LISA
(into phone)
So when can they get here? ...
Tomorrow? ... And what about the
state pathologist?

O'Shea pulls his hip flask from his jacket pocket and furtively sneaks a sip, savouring it.

PADDY (O.S.)
Holy Christ, wait till I tell ya!

O'Shea chokes on his drink, coughing. He spins to face Paddy, quickly hiding his flask.

O'SHEA
Jesus, Paddy.

PADDY
(re: O'Shea's neck-brace)
What happened to your neck?

O'SHEA
Nothing. What is it?

PADDY
Come look for yourself.

INT. PADDY'S BATHROOM - DAY

A demolished wall offers a new entrance to the backyard, where amongst rubble, Paddy's scratched bathtub lays.

PADDY
How am I supposed to wash meself?

Lisa and O'Shea survey the devastation.

O'SHEA
This is the bathtub you kept it in?

Paddy nods. He clears some bricks off his orphaned toilet.

SECONDS LATER

O'Shea unrolls a map of Erin Island on the living room table. He marks out four points. A zig-zag pattern.

O'SHEA
Okay, we're here. Here is where Cooney's car was abandoned. Here is Tadhg and Irene Murphy's house and here's where the whales washed up.

LISA
Okay, so what does that mean?

O'Shea stares blankly.

O'SHEA
I have no idea. I was hoping it would show some sort of pattern.

PADDY
It's the letter zed!

LISA
(to Paddy)
Did you show that thing to anyone else before we saw it?

PADDY
Tadhg Murphy got a look of it when I brought it in. It gawked on him, but that was it.

Lisa looks at O'Shea.

PADDY

Why?

LISA

We think there might be another one of those things. At least one anyway.

PADDY

Serious?

O'SHEA

Well, we won't know 'til we take a look.

LISA

Smith said it needs water, right? So how could one of those things be moving about on dry land?

Water drips in Paddy's demolished bathroom. Drip-drip-drip.

PADDY

... Rain. When it rains there's no such thing as dry land.

O'Shea swallows hard.

LISA

There's a storm due tonight.

PADDY

It'll piss it down.

Lisa studies the map intensely.

O'SHEA

Okay, all this is on the west side of the island, right? So this area must be its territory. Which would mean it's got to be nesting somewhere close. Somewhere it could lay eggs, with access to the waters around the west beach.

PADDY

Lighthouse Island. That's where I trapped the female.

O'SHEA

(to Lisa)

What do you think?

LISA

I think we've got at least two
missing persons. We need to take a
look.

EXT. MOTORBOAT - DAY

Powering through the lumpy sea, Paddy grips the throttle.
O'Shea and Lisa hold on.

PADDY

Ya know what's to blame for all
this? Global warming. Ya got your
icebergs meltin' and your
thingmajigs floodin'. The whole
world's drownin' and we don't have
the gills for it.

O'Shea takes a pull off his flask.

LISA

You're drinking, now?

O'SHEA

It cures my seasickness.

O'Shea fills a bottle with petrol and stuffs in a rag.

LISA

What is that?

O'SHEA

Petrol bomb.

(off her look)

What? Every living thing on the
planet has a natural fear of fire.

PADDY

What makes you think 'tis natural?

LISA

Or from this planet?

The Lighthouse looms.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND - DAY

Paddy moors the motorboat as O'Shea and Lisa disembark.

Moving across the inlet, they pass a rusted --

SHIPWRECK

Lisa breaks off a flake of rust. O'Shea picks up a stick and practices striking with it.

Lisa stops and picks something up ...

O'SHEA
What is it?

LISA
A bedroom slipper.

She drops it.

In the tall grass, seagulls mill and hover. Lisa aims her fishing spear.

O'SHEA
Over here.

O'Shea pushes through the brush towards a wide burrowed hole sinking deep into the sandy ground.

Seagulls scatter. Flies buzz. Crabs flee. The smell seems pungent.

LISA
That's a big hole.

O'Shea snorts and gobs into the hole. Lisa murmurs.

LISA
Repulsive.

Sounds of water sloshing and lapping below can be heard.

O'SHEA
You hear that? Caves down there
lead out to sea.

LISA
It stinks.

O'SHEA
(shouts down hole)
Hello!

LISA
What are you doing?

O'SHEA
Just checking.
(off Lisa's look)
Well if you know a better way?

O'SHEA (CONT'D)
 Maybe you'd like to abseil down and
 have a look?

LISA
 Yes, because that would be smart.

O'SHEA
 (shouts again)
 Hello!

LISA
 What are you expecting?
 (calls down)
 Helloooo, 'tis only me.

A DEEP GUTTURAL GROWL echoes up. A gust of wind follows
 fanning Lisa's hair back. She turns and retreats.

LISA
 Let's go.

-- But A tentacle shoots out and strikes O'Shea. It latches
 hold of his waist and drags him over the chasm. O'Shea's
 lighter falls into the sand.

O'SHEA
 AHH!

Spread-eagled, O'Shea holds himself up by the edges of the
 chasm which slowly crumble. Widening beyond his reach.

LISA
 Uh shite!

Lisa whacks at the tentacle and some times at O'Shea by
 mistake.

Then face down in the darkness, O'Shea sees it --

-- SPASMS OF BLACK TENTACLES TWIST ROUND A SNARLING TUNNEL OF
 SERRATED TEETH AS THE GRABBER RISES UP FOR THE KILL.

O'SHEA
 OH, SWEET SHIT ASS FUCK!

It launches its tongue like a bull whip and *just* misses.

O'SHEA
 Burn it! BURN IT!

LISA
 I don't have the lighter?

Lisa frantically digs at the sand, searching. She finds it and shaking with adrenaline she lights O'Shea's bomb --

-- and throws it down the pit.

BOOM-WHOOSH!

A flash of flame and the tentacle retreats. O'Shea falls free ... smouldering.

O'SHEA
Argh my face!

Black smoke billows as tentacles pour upwards.

LISA
Leg it!

O'Shea and Lisa scramble.

Paddy rises as he sees O'Shea and Lisa racing over a dune towards him.

PADDY
Well?

O'SHEA
Start the boat! Start the feckin'
boat!

Propellers spin into action.

EXT. MOTORBOAT / SEA - DAY

The boat thrashes towards the shore, steering for dry land. Lisa straps on a life-vest.

PADDY
What happened?

Suddenly the boat jerks violently and barrels backwards. Water ricochets over them and --

-- Lisa topples overboard.

O'SHEA
LISA!

Paddy grips the rudder and vainly tries to regain control.

PADDY
Something's pulling us!

Lisa surfaces, bobbing. Adrift.

UNDERWATER

Lisa treads water. Her legs dangle like hors d'oeuvres.

EXT. MOTORBOAT / SEA - DAY

The motorboat slows to a stop fifty feet away. Lisa's too far out to sea to swim back to pier, or anywhere.

O'SHEA
 (to himself)
 It's in the water. It's gonna get her.
 (calls out)
 SWIM, LISA, SWIM! FASTER!
 (to Paddy)
 Start us up, Paddy! Hurry!

PADDY
 I'm trying. The engine's bogged.

O'SHEA
 SWIM, LISA! DON'T STOP!

Lisa tries to swim but her life-vest impedes her strokes. She frees herself of it and kicks for the boat.

Paddy yanks the engine starter cord. Again and again.

O'SHEA
 She's not gonna make it.

O'Shea searches the boat for something to help -- anything. He finds a folded pack. AN EMERGENCY LIFE-RAFT.

"Pull the cord to deploy. Automatic inflation." O'Shea rips the string and flings the expanding raft towards her.

It lands, inflating like an airbag.

UNDERWATER

Lisa's ethereal silhouette kicks desperately.

EXT. SEA - DAY

Lisa's discarded LIFE-VEST is yanked under. She's next.

O'SHEA
 The raft! Swim for the raft!

VROOM! Propellers whirl to life and they surge forward.

O'Shea scrambles to tie a rope from the dingy onto their boat as Lisa clammers into the rubber raft.

Tentacles breach all around her. A section of the raft bursts and deflates. She's sinking.

LISA

NO!!

SUDDENLY THE RAFT PULLS AWAY ... yanked by O'Shea's rope like a death-defying banana boat. Lisa grips hold.

LISA

Oh, Saint Anthony!

She bounces wildly, holding on for dear life.

O'Shea charges the throttle down, and guns for shore.

UNDERWATER

The raft rips along, just beyond the reach of what chases it.

LISA

AHH!

They're on a collision course for the beach.

The Grabber's tongue shoots out of the water like a spear, punching a hole in the raft.

LISA

FASTER!

And again it strikes, just missing her inside.

O'SHEA

Brace yourself!

O'Shea sharply arcs the boat. Lisa swings wildly behind.

LISA

I'll never eat seafood again.

O'Shea aligns their aim and pushes deep on the throttle. Straight for shore.

PADDY

You're gonna beach us!

O'SHEA

Hold on.

PADDY
 (to Lisa)
 HOLD ON!

They pummel forward, launching over the waves and charge straight up the beach until they hit bottom --

EXT. BEACH - DAY

-- but the momentum carries them on. They drill forward till they slam into a dune high upshore. Lisa skates up the beach right behind them.

She stumbles out, buckles over and throws up.

Doubled-over and wheezing, Paddy sits up covered in debris.

PADDY
 Me back! Me boat!

O'Shea rubs his sore neck.

O'SHEA
 (to Lisa)
 You ... okay?

Lisa nods and lies back on the shore, panting ...

But she squirms. She fishes her hand under her back and uncovers a hard shell. She digs some sand away and looks.

AN EGG!

A drop of water from her hair splashes on the egg: IT CRACKS!

Lisa backs away finding another egg and another and another.

Stumbling from Paddy's boat, O'Shea lies back, gasping.

O'SHEA
 (to Paddy)
 We're good. We're safe now.

A THUNDER CLAPS in the GRIM SKY. O'Shea sits straight up.

O'SHEA
 Nope, we're not.

Lisa runs past them without stopping.

LISA
 Leg it, leg it, leg it, leg it!

EXT. SEA

In the grey water, air bubbles brim along the surface, the Grabber swimming deep below.

Isolated raindrops pelt the surface. With more to come.

ON THE BEACH

The sand starts to stir and sink as ... the eggs crack!

INT. LAB - DAY

O'Shea, Lisa and Paddy stumble in, making a beeline for the Grabber female on the table. Smith looks up from his laptop.

O'Shea takes out his last petrol bomb and unplugs it.

SMITH

What are you doing?

O'SHEA

Everywhere that's been, the other one's followed.

SMITH

You found another one? Where?

LISA

It tried to eat me!

O'SHEA

And me! And it's HUGE and looking for her ... but this will be the last place it looks.

He pours petrol all over it. Lisa hands him the lighter.

SMITH

What the hell? Don't do that!

Lisa takes a fire extinguisher off the wall.

SMITH

No, stop, are you crazy?

LISA

Trust me, it's for the best.

O'Shea drops the lighter and BOOM! It flashes up in flames.

SMITH

NOOO!

WHOOSH! The sprinklers blast to life. Water rains down. On them, the lab, and the dormant amphibious bloodsucking alien.

SMITH
You really are Irish.

O'SHEA
... Shit.

Lisa drops the fire extinguisher.

LISA
Shut it off!

PADDY
See ya later, lads.

Paddy scampers out as O'Shea, Lisa and Smith scramble for the mains under the sink. Six hands fighting to shut it off ...

... And they do. Every surface drips; a fish-tank overflows.

They rise slowly from the slick floor. It's eerily quiet.

Smith picks up a stool. Lisa grabs a scalpel. O'Shea rolls up a magazine. They creep forward.

SMITH
Careful. Once it's wet I don't
know what it can do.

O'Shea edges closer. It's completely unscathed from the fire.

O'SHEA
It didn't burn.

LISA
Is it dead?

O'SHEA
Well, it's not mov--

BOOM! It launches to life and blinds O'Shea with goo. It strangles him, his neck-brace saving his life.

O'SHEA
Get it off!

Lisa and Smith leap to his aid and battle what looks like a dozen boa constrictors working as one. Lisa slices and severs tentacles but they take on a life of their own. Increasing the opposition.

Smith unclasps O'Shea's neck-brace, drags it off and flings it across the lab --

-- The Grabber crashes into a steel cabinet and quickly slithers up it. Its amputated tentacles following. On the ceiling they all meld into one writhing mess again.

SMITH

Okay, it's an alien.

Lisa grabs the extinguisher and sprays it, choking the Grabber in a thick white foam.

The Grabber loses its grip and falls to the floor. O'Shea pulls the steel cabinet over and pins the Grabber as a large bottle of Ethanol bursts --

-- and showers it. The Grabber sizzles and smokes, and dies.

O'Shea wipes the goeey residue off his face.

O'SHEA

What was in that beaker?

SMITH

Ethanol.

O'SHEA

You got anymore of that?

SMITH

You just used it all.

LISA

There's more of these things. Lots more.

O'Shea and Smith focus on Lisa. She looks up gravely.

LISA

I saw dozens of eggs buried at the beach.

SMITH

Then it's possible those whales were left there for them, to feed on when they hatch.

LISA

They're hatching.

SMITH

Then they'll head inland to feed.

LISA
We've got to evacuate the island.

O'SHEA
It's too late for that.

LISA
Then we're fecked.

Paddy returns sheepishly and joins the trio looking down at the crispy, smoking Grabber. O'Shea looks at Paddy.

O'SHEA
It took three of us to get that thing off me.

PADDY
I woulda helped but I've a bad back, gives me shocking pain.

O'SHEA
How the hell are you still alive?

PADDY
Diet and exercise.

O'SHEA
No, when that thing attacked you. You're the only one to survive.

PADDY
I was always lucky.

O'Shea takes a pull of his flask. Drains it. He stops ...

O'SHEA
You were drunk!

EXT. ISLAND MARINA - DAY

Gales jeer as a tantrum of waves pile on the harbour.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - DAY

O'Shea, Lisa, Smith, Dr. Gleeson, Brian and Paddy are convened in the empty bar.

The beaker with the severed tentacle sits before them.

BRIAN
An invasion of what?

PADDY
Grabbers.

SMITH
They're a hostile migration of
cryptozoological amphibious
sanguivores.

BRIAN
(to Paddy)
Grabbers?

Smith huffs. Brian peers at the dried up cuticle.

BRIAN
It doesn't look that threatening.

PADDY
That's just the tip of the
bloodsucking iceberg.

O'Shea douses the tentacle with water and it writhes to life.
Fascinating them.

DR. GLEESON
Hold on a minute now. You're
saying because of these
whatchamacallits ...

PADDY
Grabbers.

DR. GLEESON
Right. You want us to get drunk?

O'SHEA
Exactly. They're like leeches.
They feed on your blood, right?
Well, they're allergic to alcohol.
So we can immunise ourselves from
attack by getting pissed. When one
of these things attacked Paddy, it
almost died from the shock. Why?
Because Paddy was so intoxicated
his blood was toxic.

Dr. Gleeson groans as the penny drops.

O'SHEA
If we contaminate our blood with
booze, we're poisonous to eat.
They'll have to look elsewhere for
a meal.

PADDY
(to Dr. Gleeson)
And you said cut back.

Dr. Gleeson shrugs.

O'SHEA

We have just one night where we have to deal with this on our own. Tomorrow, we'll be sorted. We'll get off the island, they'll nuke the beaches or whatever they do, but all we have to worry about is tonight. And it's simple. We have a lock-in. We stay out of the rain and we drink.

(off their stares)

We can't stop them coming, but we can be ready.

Una strolls past with a washing basket. She stops, seeing them.

UNA

What's going on here then?

BRIAN

Just discussing something.

Una looks them over.

UNA

Looks like you're plotting something.

O'SHEA

No, no ... more like planning.

Una considers them suspiciously.

UNA

Sure.

She leaves, grinning.

BRIAN

Great. It's her birthday next week, now she thinks it's something for her.

O'Shea hits the JUKEBOX, veiling their voices.

O'SHEA

Listen, the only people that know about this are us and it's gotta stay that way or we'll have a panic on our hands.

The group confer, sharing glances.

LISA
So how drunk are we talking here?

SMITH
Paddy levels of drunkenness.

They laugh loudly.

DR. GLEESON
You're gone off your game, boy.

LISA
No offence, but I don't think my
body can handle Paddy levels.

PADDY
It takes years of practice.

BRIAN
I don't know. What if those things
do come here like you say, we'd be
lambs to the slaughter if bombed
out of our brains.

LISA
Precisely. And with everyone
scattered there's no one in a fit
state to call the shots. The non-
alcoholic shots.

SMITH
But single someone out and they'll
be sought as the only meat on the
menu.

LISA
But what's to keep us safe from
ourselves, forget what's outside,
we could fall over and break our
necks trying to conga. Statistics
prove put a large number of people
in a confined space, ply them with
booze and --

PADDY
And you've got a party.

LISA
That's not what it said.

DR. GLEESON
We need the Sergeant. He'd have a
plan.

O'Shea steels.

O'SHEA

You're not listening to me. This will work. And I'll keep order. I won't be drinking.

Lisa almost steps back to take a closer look of him.

LISA

You? We'll both do it.

SMITH

One person sober puts them self at risk, two could put everyone in danger.

O'SHEA

So it's settled.

Lisa ushers O'Shea aside.

LISA

Have you forgotten you're a dependent alcoholic and you're organising a piss up in a brewery! I'll do it. It'll be easier.

O'SHEA

Listen, would you sooner have me drunk or you? I'll be good to no one if I drink. I know that much. But you? You'll have more control than me. It has to be this way.

LISA

I don't drink, Ciaran. I've never even been drunk. I don't know if I can.

O'SHEA

Of course you can ... and you'll be the best drunken Garda this country's ever seen. You'll probably get promoted.

LISA

Ah stop.

O'SHEA

Do it, Lisa. For the safety of this island and its people: get trolled.

O'Shea smiles encouragingly. He takes out his flask and hands it to her. Suddenly he seems taller.

SMITH

Right, if we're doing this we'll need a blood test. Lisa?

Lisa reluctantly takes the hot seat.

O'SHEA

Brian, I want a table here of everything Paddy had last night.

BRIAN

What night was last night?

PADDY

Saturday night.

LISA

Oh, you gotta be kidding?!

BRIAN

Comin' right up.

LATER

The table has five empties on it. Lisa sees double that though as she grips her seat for balance.

LISA

He never liked me as much as her. She was the talented one, Daddy's little girl. That bitch!

O'Shea holds her beer hand steady.

O'SHEA

Come on. Three fingers.

LISA

But I got you guys. You're my real family.

(to Dr. Gleeson)

Who are you again?

Lisa dribbles as she finishes up.

O'SHEA

Bottoms up. There, that's everything. Good job.

Brian, Dr. Gleeson and Smith don't know if they should clap.

Paddy reaches into his pocket sheepishly.

PADDY

I also had a snifter of ...

A small bottle of what looks like water. O'Shea stares him, knowing the answer before he asks.

O'SHEA

What's that?

PADDY

A little home brew.

O'SHEA

When this is over we need to talk.

PADDY

Ah come off it, you get stronger stuff at communion. This could save all our lives yet.

Paddy pours a drop for Lisa.

PADDY

There ya go, pet.

Lisa wearily takes the glass, downs it and rests her head on the table.

O'SHEA

That's it. All done.

Dr. Gleeson removes the top from a syringe. He rolls up Lisa's sleeve and draws blood.

LISA

Ow ... ya shite.

BRIAN

If you're right, this will kill it?

O'Shea nods. Smith injects the blood into the tentacle. They watch as it warps, withers and shrivels.

SMITH

Bingo. Take a reading.

O'Shea holds the breathalyser in Lisa's mouth.

O'SHEA

Blow.

(takes reading)

Point two.

DR. GLEESON
Holy Christ!

O'SHEA
Okay, now we know what we gotta do.
Keep our blood alcohol levels at
point two.

The group is horrified, bar Paddy.

DR. GLEESON
(to Paddy)
You bastard. You're what'll kill
us. Point two?

Paddy shrugs. Lisa rolls over.

LISA
I need to pee.

BRIAN
Who's going to pay for all this, by
the way?

The JUKEBOX dies and the lights dim. A power cut.

PADDY
What happened?

INT. PUB KITCHEN - DAY

The washing machine fails. Una bangs it.

EXT. CHAPEL - EVENING

Lightning reflects on a puddle in a pothole which ripples as
the heavens open up.

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Lapped by the surf, broken egg shells litter the shore as
streams of little footprints trail inland.

INT. CHAPEL - EVENING

The din of chatter as islanders gripe and gossip. It's an
eclectic bunch: fishermen, housewives, pensioners, teens ...

O'SHEA
Is this everyone?

DR. GLEESON
Much of the island left yesterday
sure, for the festival.

O'Shea takes the pulpit.

O'SHEA

Can I have your attention please?

The congregation settles.

O'SHEA

The submarine cable's been damaged.

PENSIONER

How?

O'SHEA

We don't know.

HOUSEWIFE

What about the phones?

O'SHEA

You can thank the storm. My guess:
nothing will be restored 'til
tomorrow.

GRANNY

(to her neighbour)

We're gonna miss Coronation Street!

O'SHEA

I know, and I'm sorry. But don't
despair, because we've cobbled
together a generator at Maher's
Tavern and every one of you is
coming for a big aul fashioned
hooley!

O'Shea's rallying enthusiasm is met with blank stares.

PENSIONER

What?

UNA

You're throwing a party?

A bubble gum chewing teenage girl nods keenly. ORLA (17).

ORLA

Nice one.

Her boyfriend, ALAN (17) agrees. A congenial priest, FR. POTTS (60s) shuffles in his seat. Incredulous. (Faces we recognise from the beach when the whales washed up.)

FR. POTTS
Any excuse with you, O'Shea.

O'SHEA
Those that left the island for the festival are having a rare old time in some nice warm pub on the mainland and so should we. We'll make them wish they were here.

UNA
I don't understand. What are we celebrating?

O'SHEA
Who needs a reason to have a laugh?

Lisa gestures to O'Shea; still drunk, but she'll field this one.

LISA
It's a welcome party for me.

Lisa seems very proud of herself for coming up with that.

UNA
A welcome party? But you're leaving in a fortnight.

LISA
So it's a goodbye party. Whatever.

UNA
You only just got here.

LISA
(to O'Shea)
What's her problem?

From the back a FAT FISHERMAN pipes up.

FAT FISHERMAN
Is this a joke?

O'SHEA
(smiling)
No, no ... what we mean ...

Lisa talks over O'Shea.

LISA
Hey, bucko, this party's for *your* benefit!

FR. POTTS
Are you coddin' us, missus?

LISA
No, I'm not coddin' you, and you're
all gonna be there. It's the law!
And I swear to God I'll arrest any
one of you who isn't. Chalk it
down!

Lisa plops down in her seat, throwing people scathers.

O'SHEA
What Garda Nolan is trying to say
is we'd love your company. There's
no point going home to a cold,
empty house when we'll be right
across the street from here, and
we'll have light, heat, music --

He's winning them round.

O'SHEA
-- and a FREE BAR!

Sold!

BRIAN
What?!

A FAT WOMAN punches the air.

FAT WOMAN
WOOHOO!

She composes herself, disgraced by stares.

O'SHEA
Yes, that's the spirit. So c'mon,
it's a party and the drinks are on
us!

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

The JUKEBOX bellows as Brian wades through the patrons. The
drink's flowing, the merriment's joyous -- ignorance is bliss.

INT. PUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

O'Shea, Lisa, Paddy, Smith and Dr. Gleeson are gathered over
a table.

O'SHEA
Weapons. What have we got?

Lisa fumbles some skillets, knives and bats.

LISA

Crap.

DR. GLEESON

I've got a nail-gun.

THWACK! He nails a board of wood.

DR. GLEESON

And a board with a nail in it.

O'Shea nods. Okay.

PADDY

I've got a hurley and a pellet gun.

SMITH

What are we gonna do with a pellet gun?

PADDY

Shoot pellets. But I don't have any pellets.

SMITH

Great, well you can just whip it at them then.

O'SHEA

All right, what have you got?

SMITH

I've got a flare gun.

Everyone's impressed, except Paddy.

LISA

I dibs the flare gun.

Brian slams a huge colourful Super-soaker before them.

BRIAN

C.P.S. 4100 pump action twin jet Super Soaker. Shoots twenty feet. The nephew's.

PADDY

A water pistol? This thing likes the water.

BRIAN

It's a water pistol if you use water. Fill it with petrol and you've got a flamethrower.

LISA

I dibs the water pistol.

O'SHEA

Right, well look sharp, folks. You know your stations: guard each exit and don't let anyone out. Cheers!

They each raise shot glasses and knock them back. Lisa licks her salted wrist.

LISA

Tequila!

She sucks the lime slice. O'Shea's eyes drink it in.

EXT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

The Generator HUMS as it feeds power inside.

INT./EXT. PATROL JEEP - NIGHT

O'Shea and Lisa are on stakeout outside the pub. Rain pelts against the windscreen.

LISA

I dunno, you know?

She doubles up, laughing. O'Shea fights off a smile.

LISA

C'mere. Listen. Listen. At the end of the day, you know? I dunno. I'm so into you right now. Joke.
(muffled)
Kinda.

She watches his reaction. And stifles a burp.

O'SHEA

How much have you had?

LISA

Not enough to fancy you.

O'SHEA

Then keep drinking.

O'Shea puts the breathalyser in her mouth.

O'SHEA

Blow.

LISA

(slurred)

That's it, is it? You think I think I fancy you. That's the sitchuashun we got, huh?

O'SHEA

(off breathalyser)

No more for you.

LISA

Well I do. So whatcha wanna do 'bout it? Arrest me?

She smiles coyly. Or tries to.

O'SHEA

You know as flattering as it is to hear a beautiful drunk slurring her feelings for me, now's not the time.

Lisa scoffs, then something (slightly) sobers her.

LISA

(slurred)

Why do you drink so much, Ciaran?

O'SHEA

For the craic.

LISA

Yeah right, and I work everyday 'cause I'm driven.

Lisa hears herself aloud. The admission sinks her.

LISA

Always chasing them goals, you know? Always chasing. Always running.

O'SHEA

A toast. From an alcoholic to a workaholic.

(raises his coffee)

To getting out of this alive.

Lisa smiles, until something catches her eye outside the jeep. O'Shea follows her gaze.

Crossing the road in front of them are dozens of chicken sized JUMPERS -- armless stumbling piranhas. They move clumsily, regularly toppling over as they hop, leap and jump.

O'SHEA
That's a lotta eggs.

O'Shea switches on the headlights illuminating them. A Jumper hops on the hood, as another slips off. They're not very intelligent or agile but they're inquisitive. And starving.

The Jumper bites at the windscreen-wiper, and gets bitch slapped by it. Dazed, it moves on with the others.

O'Shea grabs the C.B. Radio.

O'SHEA
Patrol to Base. Patrol to Base.
Come in, over.

INT. PUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brian belches under his breath and clutches a walkie-talkie.

Behind him, people are reenacting the 'Siege of Ennis' which involved dancing jigs and holding hands for some reason.

BRIAN
Reading you loud and clear. Over.

O'SHEA (O.S.)
(via mic)
We've got company.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

In a booth, amidst the revelry, Dr. Gleeson rubs his stomach. Paddy watches him.

PADDY
Ya all right?

DR. GLEESON
Ugh, bloated.

PADDY
Ya haven't touched your pint. Ya gonna finish it?

Dr. Gleeson gets up and walks off. Paddy waits a few seconds then steals his drink.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Outside the MEN'S BATHROOM Dr. Gleeson joins a long queue.

DR. GLEESON
C'mon, c'mon. Is some bloke doin'
his make-up or what?

He shuffles on his feet. He can't wait a minute longer.

DR. GLEESON
Ah, feck this.

He abandons the line.

EXT. BEER SHED - NIGHT

Dr. Gleeson leans against the wall, peeing. Rain runs down the corrugated roof. But he's not alone.

He zips up, and turns to see ... Jumpers. Everywhere.

For a moment there's a curious stand-off, and then a Jumper hops closer startling Dr. Gleeson.

DR. GLEESON
Ugh feck off!

Dr. Gleeson kicks it like a football. It launches through the air, SQUEALING.

With Teeth bared, the rest of the Jumpers move on him.

INT./EXT. PATROL JEEP - NIGHT

Dr. Gleeson's SCREAM carries towards O'Shea and Lisa! They rush from the Jeep.

EXT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

Dr. Gleeson stumbles forward as Jumpers chew on him. Others chase clumsily like fat toddlers chasing an ice-cream truck.

O'Shea strikes one with a hurley, belting it away. He pulls out the nail-gun.

Lisa flanks him swinging a golf club like a lunatic. A Jumper leaps in front of them. She swings. WHACK!

One bites O'Shea's ankle. He fires the nail-gun into it and it keels over. Running towards them --

-- Dr. Gleeson falls to his knees, brought down.

O'SHEA
 (to Dr. Gleeson)
 Don't move.

O'Shea takes aim and fires -- POP-POP! The shot Jumpers fall over, dead. Dr. Gleeson catches his breath, bleeding.

O'SHEA
 You okay, Jim?

DR. GLEESON
 I had to piss.

Suddenly the silhouette of a tree behind Dr. Gleeson comes alive. They're not branches, they're tentacles. Flashes of lightning reflect off its slick, oily skin as --

-- A TORNADO OF BLACK FEELERS SLITHER FORWARD. 25ft of ugly.

LISA
 That's one big bastard.

O'SHEA
 Jim, behind you!

Dr. Gleeson turns to meet Medusa on a bad hair day.

The Grabber seizes him, lifts him high and dangles him over its jaws like plucked grapes. Then drops him before he can scream. Devoured like a banana in a blender.

Dr. Gleeson's dead ... or at least incredibly injured.

The Grabber spits a pip: Dr. Gleeson's head. It lands at Lisa's feet ... No, he's definitely dead.

LISA
 Fuck that.

Lisa bounds for the jeep.

The Grabber storms towards them like a Kansan twister.

Surrounded, O'Shea batters through the Jumpers as they swarm from all sides.

LISA
 O'Shea!

INT./EXT. PATROL JEEP - INTERCUT

Lisa climbs behind the wheel.

O'Shea fights towards the jeep as the Grabber surges after him. Its tongue stabs the air above O'Shea's head.

LISA

Get in.

She opens the passenger door for him but tears off leaving him behind. Driving drunk.

O'SHEA

WAIT! Oh Jesus Mary Mother of God.

She slams on the brakes. Skids.

LISA

Shite. Get in.

O'Shea catches up and dives in the backseat.

O'SHEA

Drive! Drive!

Lisa does, but reversing towards the Grabber.

O'SHEA

AHH, THE OTHER WAY! THE OTHER WAY!

They ram into the Grabber. Chaos ensues.

LISA

Shite!

O'SHEA

Let me drive!

LISA

I'm not feeling so good. I need a drink to calm me nerves.

She reaches for a quick swig but O'Shea bats the bottle away from her puckered lips.

O'SHEA

Get us out of here!

Suddenly a Jumper rises up behind O'Shea inside the Jeep!

SNAP! It bites down on his shoulder. O'Shea drags it off, kicking it and shaking Lisa's seat. Irking her.

LISA

I can't drive with you shaking me.

Lisa crunches gears as tyres smoke and spin, fighting against the drag. O'Shea shoots the Jumper with the nail gun. Pop --
-- as the Grabber smothers the jeep. Its fetid breath fogs the windscreen.

O'SHEA
We're gonna die!

Lisa flicks the wipers on. To no effect.

BRIAN (O.S.)
(via radio)
Base to Patrol. O'Shea we're running short here. The taps are dry on Beamish and Bud. Guinness the same. Over.

O'Shea grabs the C.B. mic as the car buckles with the pressure.

O'SHEA
(into radio)
BRIAN, GET THE DOOR, OPEN THE DOOR!

Lisa switches on the PATROL LIGHTS and PALMS THE HORN.

LISA
Mind out of the way you fat bastard!

O'SHEA
Reverse!

Lisa grinds gears again and peels off backwards --

INTO A TREE!

CRASH! The Grabber seems momentarily stunned as O'Shea kicks open his door and scrambles out. Lisa falls out beside him.

She buckles over and vomits, then rises ...

LISA
Oh, I needed that.

O'Shea grabs her by the hand and pulls her on.

O'SHEA
Keep moving!

Coming to, the Grabber pummels the jeep, crushing the wailing SIREN.

LISA
Look at that, 'tis eating the jeep.

O'SHEA
Let it!

Both scramble for the door as Brian kicks it open brandishing his super-soaker.

BRIAN
I'm coming, boy!

Brian stops in his tracks, spotting the Grabber.

BRIAN
Merciful Jesus!

He retreats inside.

BRIAN
Run, boy! Run!

INT. PUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brian turns to Smith, eyes unfocused.

BRIAN
Light me!

Smith gapes at the leviathan eating the car. Awed. He sets a wick alight in the nozzle of the super-soaker ...

Brian pumps furiously as O'Shea and Lisa make it inside.

BRIAN
Drink this!

He squirts. And nothing happens. Except the gun tip melts and lights ablaze.

BRIAN
Shite! Feck! Jaysus!

SMITH
That's gonna blow!

Brian tosses the super-soaker outside and slams the door.

Una sways in, drink in hand, to see O'Shea, Lisa, Smith and Brian shaken and panting.

UNA
(slurred)
What's goin' on?

O'SHEA

Nothing!

BOOM! A huge bright flash of fire blossoms outside. O'Shea, Smith and Lisa barricade the door with furniture.

UNA

What was that?

BRIAN

What was what?

Brian grabs a glass of wine.

BRIAN

Here, honey, have a drink.

UNA

I have a drink.

BRIAN

Have two.

UNA

I've drunk enough.

O'SHEA

Move back.

THUD! The door rattles.

UNA

(calls out)

Who is it?

BRIAN

It's nobody, honey.

Brian, palpitating, ushers Una away.

SMITH

(slurred)

He's magnificent. I should get a picture with it! Anyone got a camera?

O'SHEA

Is this what I'm like when I'm drunk?

Lisa just stares drunkenly at O'Shea, thinking.

LISA

You're worse.

O'Shea ushers them all into the main bar.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - CONTINUOUS

O'Shea pushes through the oblivious patrons, pulling curtains shut and closing doors.

Brian moves behind the bar. He flicks the taps, they hiss and sputter. O'Shea comes at him.

BRIAN

We're dry. Unless someone goes outside to change the kegs we're done drinking for the night.

O'Shea turns to Paddy.

O'SHEA

Why wasn't Jim drinking? You were supposed to be watching out for each other?

PADDY

He wasn't feeling well.

O'Shea kills the JUKEBOX stealing everyone's attention.

O'SHEA

Folks, listen carefully. We're moving this party upstairs.

FR. POTTS

What kind of party is this?

O'SHEA

It's just a precaution.

FR. POTTS

Precaution to what?

O'Shea thinks. A Granny from the Chapel rises with her coat.

GRANNY

(slurred)

I'm goin' home. I'm pisht.

She sits back down again, losing her balance.

FR. POTTS

Come on, Mrs. Hyde. I'll escort you home.

LISA

No, You can't! 'Tis raining.

UNA
 Someone better tell us what's
 really going on here? Now.

EXT. MAHER'S PUB, FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Orla, the bubble gum chewing teen, sits on a step sipping water between HICCUPS. Alan, her boyfriend, grabs her.

ALAN
 BOO!

She looks at him, slit-eyed.

ORLA
 Feck off, ya eejit.

ALAN
 Just tryin' to help.

She HICCUPS again. Alan plops down beside her, swaying.

Suddenly a thick tentacle fondles Orla's shoulder. Orla bats it off. HICCUPS.

It gropes her again, and again Orla knocks it back.

ORLA
 Would you ever just shag off.

ALAN
 What's wrong with ya?

Orla HICCUPS, and turns to greet the Grabber's massive gaping maw. Hiccups gone, Orla --

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

-- SCREAMS! O'Shea darts a look to Brian and Smith.

O'SHEA
 Who's guarding the doors?

O'Shea rushes to the hallway ...

INT. FIRE ESCAPE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alan and Orla run the hall as the Grabber's jaws fill the fire escape. Its tongue lashes out, probing the hallway --

-- stabs Alan's arse and yanks him back into its mouth like a frog catching a fly. Disgusted, gagging, it spits Alan back.

Slick with saliva, Alan slides up the hallway floor.

ALAN

Am I dead?

Orla cradles him as Jumpers flood in the open fire escape door, stampeding up the hall.

O'Shea and Lisa collide into Orla and Alan.

O'SHEA

What happened?

ALAN

It bit my arse.

O'SHEA

Get upstairs. Go.

Lisa pulls the teens to safety as Jumpers close in.

The Grabber's tentacles unfurl along the walls and ceiling reaching for O'Shea.

O'Shea knocks a tea chest over into the path of the Jumpers and retreats. No doubt about it now, they're a sinking ship.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

People rush the stairs SCREAMING as Jumpers run amok.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Islanders clamber into the corridor, panicking.

INT. STAIRWAY

O'Shea helps the old Granny up the stairs as dozens of Jumpers converge on him and gnaw at his ankles.

Smith takes the old woman's hand, helping O'Shea.

SMITH

I got her.

O'Shea turns and fires the nail gun, shooting the Jumpers.

PADDY

O'Shea, mind.

Paddy hurls his PELLET GUN knocking a Jumper down the steps. It snowballs into other Jumpers behind it. A pinball strike.

Paddy grins smugly at Smith, who saw it happen.

PADDY
Shoot pellets, pfft!

O'Shea climbs past them.

O'SHEA
Come on.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

O'Shea, Paddy, Brian and Smith push furniture down the stairs, blocking access with a fortified wall of rubble.

Turning round, O'Shea sees the whole upstairs hallway is jammed with panicked people.

O'SHEA
Everyone calm down. It's okay.
They can't get up here.

FISHERMAN
What in the name of God are those things?

PADDY
... Jumpers.

FISHERMAN
Ha?

PADDY
They jump.

O'Shea moves through the hallway, through the crowd.

O'SHEA
Has anyone been bitten?

No one has. Apart from O'Shea.

O'SHEA
You haven't been bitten because of the alcohol you've been drinking. They're allergic to drunk people. So there's no need to panic, we're all safe up here. Has anyone got a mobile on them?

Everyone takes out a phone, some take out two.

O'SHEA
Call the mainland. Call the Coastguard. Call whoever you can get through to.

O'SHEA (CONT'D)

I doubt anyone will get to us until the morning, but no harm in calling.

They start dialling.

Brian opens some bedroom doors, allowing people to filter out of the hallway. The RUCKUS below sounds like a bar brawl.

ORLA

Father, is it the apocalypse?

FR. POTTS

Yes my child, it is.

Smith and Lisa pull O'Shea aside.

SMITH

It's you. That big male wants you.

LISA

It thinks you're his bitch.

O'SHEA

What?

SMITH

In the lab, she slimed you. You're carrying her scent. To him, you smell like her.

LISA

Just like the bathtub and Tadhg Murphy's sweater.

O'SHEA

Tadhg Murphy's dead!

Some hallway people whimper, overhearing O'Shea.

O'SHEA

No, no, Tadhg Murphy's fine. He's at the festival on the mainland.

O'Shea enters a bedroom. Lisa's rented room.

INT. LISA'S ROOM

-- Lisa, Smith and Paddy follow.

O'SHEA

You're telling me it thinks I'm that thing.

Lisa sniffs O'Shea.

SMITH

It can smell her on you, and it knows you're in here.

PADDY

Must be mating season. You must smell like you're in heat.

SMITH

He's right.

LISA

What does that mean?

O'Shea watches them talk about him like he's not there.

SMITH

It will try to copulate, somehow. Whatever that involves. Failing that it would most likely rip him limb from limb in frustration.

O'SHEA

Grand. Ah sure what can ya do.

LISA

Play hard to get.

O'Shea has to sit down.

THUD! Plaster dust crumbles from the ceiling. Islanders whimper. Paddy peeks out the bedroom window.

PADDY

'Tis swinging one of Tommy Riordan's sheep at the door.

EXT. MAHER'S PUB - INTERCUT

THUD! The dead sheep slams the door (as Cooney did).

PADDY

'Tis playing with it.

LISA

My cat does that ... then leaves it on the doorstep as a present.

SMITH

A mating ritual!

The Grabber drops the sheep and slithers into the shadows.

PADDY
'Tis stopped.

O'SHEA
I need a drink.

EXT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

The GENERATOR GROWLS unhappily beneath a wet, rain-soaked tarpaulin that flaps madly in the wind.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brian opens the door. O'Shea and Lisa flank him. The closet's full of innocuous cleaning products, blankets, etc.

BRIAN
It's just blankets and cleaning
stuff. Nothing we can really use.

O'Shea picks up a box of thin rubber gloves on the shelf. Useless. He walks out despondently.

Teens Alan and Orla watch, sitting on the floor in the hall.

ALAN
Why can't ya just shoot it? Ye
guys must have some guns.

O'SHEA
We're the Gardai. Not the LAPD.

LISA
(groggily)
An Garda Siochana will succeed not
by force of arms or numbers, but on
their moral authority as servants
of the people. Blah blah blah.

ALAN
We're fucked.

LISA
Yep.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Paddy gazes out the window. Una munches some custard cream biscuits. She offers one to Brian.

O'Shea and Lisa lie on the bed. Smith squats on the floor.

BRIAN

You know, this will do wonders for tourism. The Erin Island Grabbers. Forget the Loch Ness monster or Roswell. It'll be here.

UNA

We'll be crawling with whackos.

BRIAN

'Tis better than those things.

PADDY

I'll start a cruise, Paddy's Grabber tour.

O'Shea toys with Cooney's Leprechaun key-ring. Thinking.

Smith speaks, unaware it's out loud.

SMITH

What's more likely is you'll all be permanently rehoused as refugees while Erin Island is quarantined and policed by a stationed military presence.

Smith notices their stares. He breathalyses himself sheepishly.

PADDY

(whispered to Brian)
I never liked him.

O'SHEA

(re: Smith's breath test)
What's your reading?

SMITH

Too drunk to drive a car, but not drunk enough. We're sobering up. All of us.

O'Shea nods tensely.

The sound of windows SHATTERING rattles the group.

UNA

It's not gonna stop. We won't survive the night. We're on a sinking ship here.

Brian consoles Una as another loud THUD shakes the floor and the ceiling light shade above them.

BRIAN

(to Smith)

You study nature, come on. You gotta have some suggestions.

SMITH

I don't know what to tell you. It isn't natural. It's withstood everything we've thrown at it.

PADDY

What if we throw a bomb at it?

BRIAN

Have you got semtex on you?

PADDY

I don't, do you?

BRIAN

How 'bout we like push it off a cliff or something.

UNA

Or electrocute it? I don't know.

PADDY

I vote we feed it Father Potts. Unless it eats shit it'll choke to death.

FR. POTTS

I beg your pardon.

Fr. Potts perks up from the darker corner.

PADDY

Shit, is he in here? 'Twas a joke, Father. I apologise.

Fr. Potts disregards him.

BRIAN

Look if you can't burn it, bomb it, or break it, what can ya do?

O'SHEA

(to Fr. Potts)

What about the phones?

Fr. Potts shakes his head. Nothing.

SMITH

Okay, we know it does two things:
it drinks blood and it breathes
water. We took away one, we could
take away the other.

UNA

What do you mean?

SMITH

We need to keep it away from water.
Dry it out somehow.

PADDY

(at the rain)
Look outside.

Lisa regards her cement stained boots on the floor of her
room.

LISA

Concrete!

PADDY

Ha?

LISA

You could cover it concrete.
That'd dry it out.

O'Shea's eyes brighten.

PADDY

And just how would ya do that?

O'Shea clenches the leprechaun key-ring in his fist.

O'SHEA

In a big hole in the ground.

The group look at O'Shea to explain himself, but he doesn't.
He stares out the window at a white PICKUP TRUCK in the rain.

O'SHEA

(to Brian)
Have you got the keys to your
pickup?

Brian checks his pockets. They're empty.

BRIAN

They'd be in the kitchen, on the
table.

O'SHEA
I need them.

UNA
You can't go downstairs! Those things will tear you to pieces.

SMITH
She's right, they will.

O'Shea thinks.

O'SHEA
I might not get passed them ... but someone else could.

BRIAN
You'd be talking about the drunkest person we got.

All eyes fall on Lisa as she licks her dry mouth.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER

The gang rally around Lisa at the stairway blockade. O'Shea hands her the nail-gun.

O'SHEA
If you get in trouble. Pull the trigger.

POP-POP-POP! Three nails stab the wall inches from Paddy's head.

O'SHEA
Careful!

LISA
Whoops.

SMITH
You missed.

O'SHEA
Concentrate. Just get the keys and come right back. I'll do the rest.

Fr. Potts blesses her.

LISA
Got it. Just the keys.

They pull away debris, allowing a gap.

INT. STAIRWAY - INTERCUT

Lisa scrambles through. Una steals a glimpse downstairs.

UNA
Look what they've done to the
carpets!

Brian consoles Una as O'Shea and Smith seal the gap.

Suddenly Lisa TRIPS and slips down some stairs. Waking the
dead.

O'Shea, Brian, Una, Smith and Paddy gasp, listening.

Lisa picks herself up.

LISA
IT'S OKAY! I'M ALL RIGHT!

O'SHEA
Shush!! Keep your voice down!

Paddy shakes his head.

PADDY
She's a goner.

O'Shea looks at Paddy.

O'SHEA
You got anymore of that potcheen?

PADDY
I do.

Paddy fishes out a large bottle of it from his coat.

O'SHEA
What's the proof on that stuff?

PADDY
More than a drop would blow your
head off.

O'SHEA
So it's strong?

PADDY
Drink even half of this and it'd
kill ya.

O'Shea smiles.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

An orgy of destruction. Jumpers mill about, fighting, falling and tearing the place asunder like crazed hooligans.

One studies itself in a mirror, until it can't stand itself any more. It attacks the mirror and knocks itself out.

Another chokes while trying to eat a pool ball. Lisa rounds a corner, slumping lazily against the wall.

LISA

Focus.

She takes a deep breath and moves in amongst them. She sidesteps over one and --

-- dips her hand into a peanut bowl. She palms them into her mouth, chews and scans the room.

A Jumper leaps onto the counter beside her. POP-POP! It collapses back.

Another Jumper climbs innocently onto her foot. Lisa shakes her leg.

LISA

Get off.

The Jumper flies off her foot and smacks into the jukebox. Turning it on. MUSIC BLASTS!

LISA

AHH.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET - INTERCUT

Paddy and O'Shea work in the closet with Paddy's potcheen, packets of surgical rubber gloves and quick fingers.

PADDY

(hearing MUSIC)

What is she doing?

O'Shea hurries, pouring potcheen into the gloves and tying in a knot. Making swollen five fingered water bombs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Brian, Una, Smith, Orla, Alan and Fr. Potts tie bed sheets together forming a rope. The MUSIC seeps through the floor

UNA

I love that song.

INT. PUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lisa falls in. The keys aren't on the table. There is no table. She drops onto her hands and knees and scans the floor.

Behind her, the backdoor slowly, silently opens. A black shadow fills the frame ... THE GRABBER.

Tentacles reach inside, snaking silently towards her.

Lisa spots the keys under the stove. She reaches, straining. Her face flush with the floor as the tentacles close in.

Suddenly a stray tentacle knocks a dangling skillet --

-- CLANG! Lisa jolts and bangs her head. She spins around!

The Grabber grabs the stove and yanks it, dragging it whooshing over her head. It smashes through the door frame.

Outside, it strikes the RUMBLING generator and kills it.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Sudden DARKNESS is followed with terrified SCREAMS!

INT. PUB KITCHEN

Lisa scrambles along the floor and fires off every nail in the gun until it spits air. She dives into --

MAHER'S PUB

-- and flips the zippo lighter as the Grabber's tentacle seizes her legs.

The lighter falls beyond reach, burning, and takes fuel off the curtains. Flames crawl high.

LISA
UH FIRE! FIRE!

The Grabber drags Lisa across the floor.

INT./EXT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Una, Brian and Smith lower the bed sheet rope out the hall window into the courtyard. Una sniffs the air in the hall.

UNA
Do you smell smoke?

INT. MAHER'S PUB

Lisa grabs hold of the bar counter foot rail, but she's quickly pulled from it. She slides into the

PUB KITCHEN

Towards the gaping teeth in the backyard door frame.

She grabs the "board with a nail in it" off the strewn floor and slams it into the tentacle. It uncoils around her feet.

LISA
Hurts, doesn't it?

She runs, booting Jumpers out of her path and scrambles outside ...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, WINDOW

O'Shea frantically pulls apart the blockade. Smoke funnels up towards them. People panic.

O'SHEA
Where is she?

SMITH
You have to go now.

O'SHEA
I need those keys.

SMITH
We can't wait. You have to go now
or we'll burn in here. Draw the
Grabbers away and I'll get everyone
else out.

The SPRINKLERS kick in.

O'Shea slides open the hallway window and climbs out, holding onto the bed sheet rope.

Smith catches Paddy grinning at him.

PADDY
You said Grabbers.

EXT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

O'Shea positions himself ready to abseil down the wall like Batman as Una, Brian and Paddy watch from the window.

BRIAN
Good luck, boy.

Suddenly, skidding around the corner, spewing up mud comes Lisa in Brian's old pickup. She parks right below O'Shea.

O'Shea stares, flabbergasted.

O'SHEA
... Lisa?

LISA
Would ya come on for fuck sake!

O'Shea smiles and lowers himself! Hands slick with the rain.

RAAAR! O'Shea looks up blindly into the rain. Pitching itself over the roof of the pub is --

-- the GRABBER!

O'SHEA
Shit. Shit. Shit.

O'Shea scrambles, abseiling faster.

Paddy sticks his head out and looks up, curiously. Seeing it, he retreats and slams the window shut!

Jumpers swarm around the base of the pickup as the Grabber pours over the roof and cascades down towards O'Shea.

O'Shea lets go of the bed sheet rope and drops!

THUMP! He lands on the spare tyre in the flatbed pickup.

INT./EXT. PICKUP - NIGHT

The Grabber descends, sliding like a sticky spaghetti slinky. Tentacles tumbling.

O'SHEA
GO!!

Lisa grinds gears and they skid off in the rain slick mud. O'Shea holds on. He opens his carrier bag and checks the --

-- potcheen bombs.

The Grabber lands in the muddy courtyard and gives chase, rushing after them like an oily black tidal wave.

LISA
I'm breaking so many laws.
Drinking on duty. Driving under
the influence. Speeding. Driving
without lights on.

O'SHEA
PUT YOUR LIGHTS ON!

Lisa does.

LISA
Oh that's better.

O'SHEA
Slow down, we don't want to lose
it.

Lisa eases off ... too much. The Grabber spits its tongue.
It whips at O'Shea's feet.

O'SHEA
Okay, a bit faster than that!

O'Shea shields himself with the spare tyre just as it's
speared and whipped into the Grabber's jaws.

O'SHEA
Much, much faster now please!

Lisa puts her foot down.

O'Shea chucks a potcheen bomb -- straight into the Grabbers
mouth. It falters, choking ... and then speeds up ...

LISA
We got a problem.

O'SHEA
I know.

WHOOSH-SNAP! The tongue just misses O'Shea again.

LISA
No. We got a BIG problem. We're
running out of road.

O'Shea looks over the roof. They're heading for the beach.

O'SHEA
Take this left! Now!

Lisa turns nearly throwing O'Shea from the truck.

O'SHEA
... Jesus.

LISA
Whoa, slippy.

O'Shea murmurs unconvincingly.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Lisa smacks into the "COMING SOON - LUXURY ERIN RESORT" poster and jams to a stop.

LISA
Here? This is a dead end.

The Grabber's spiked tongue hits the passenger door of the pickup and rips it clean off.

Lisa and O'Shea jump out and scamper across the slick mud towards a huge tarp on the ground.

O'Shea pulls it off, exposing the large dry concrete pit.

O'Shea looks around -- scaffolding to the right, an oil tank to the left, the pit behind. No room for alternatives.

O'SHEA
If we can get them in the pit,
somehow.

The Grabber closes in. It spits its razor tongue, dividing O'Shea and Lisa.

Lisa dives on her belly and crawls under the oil tank through to the other side.

O'Shea scrambles up the scaffold. Jumpers appear beneath him and snap at his heels.

O'Shea climbs up onto the gang plank as the Grabber moves below him.

LISA
Look out!

The Grabber spins and lashes out at Lisa, striking the oil tank. It punctures it letting oil glug into the pit.

Lisa steps back, and into footprints in the hard ground. Her own prints left in the cement she trod in earlier. Now dry and rock hard.

LISA
Throw me the keys!

O'SHEA
I can't!

Lisa ducks as the Grabber lashes out at her again. She picks up a 2X4 and smashes the cockpit window of a cement truck.

LISA
Never mind.

INT./EXT. CEMENT TRUCK - INTERCUT

She opens the door and climbs into the driver's cabin. She takes her heeled boot off and rips open the steering case.

LISA
Breaking and entering. Hotwiring a
stolen vehicle ...

She exposes the wires and hotwires the cab. Its diesel engine rumbles and its cement mixing drum twirls to life!

O'Shea drops from the scaffold onto the roof of a bulldozer, and climbs inside the driver's cabin.

The Grabber snarls and twists towards him.

He fumbles Cooney's leprechaun key-ring as every key he tries is the wrong one. Finally, bingo! He turns the right key --

-- VROOM!! Headlights beam, the engine RUMBLES, O'Shea's eyes burn.

He throws it in gear and charges forward as the Grabber surges towards him. Two titans on a collision course.

O'Shea sweeps Jumpers up in the scoop and rams straight into the Grabber. Horns locked in a scrum.

It's almost a stalemate as O'Shea's wheels lose traction, spraying mud.

O'Shea pulls the scoop lever and it raises the Grabber off the ground. The tyres grip, O'Shea grinds gears and he pushes forward.

O'SHEA
Get out of my way!

Lisa sees them coming in her wing mirror and reverses the cement truck to the pit, just as they come --

-- O'Shea yanks the lever, the scoop pivots and the Grabber and Jumpers tumble into the pit ...

The bulldozer tumbles awkwardly, half into the pit, crushing and trapping the Grabber inside.

O'Shea climbs up, through the rig, as tentacles coil after him, snatching wildly.

Lisa looks down at the Grabber flailing in the debris. She yanks the lever and the truck's chute gushes with cement. It floods into the pit.

LISA
Drink it up, bitch!

The Grabber's tentacles flail wearily against the thick concrete as it smothers. SQUEALING.

O'Shea watches the pit fill up as the rain keeps falling.

O'SHEA
The rain.

Lisa levels the FLARE GUN at the oil tank ...

O'SHEA
Wait!

She fires -- BOOM!!

The red flare connects with the tank in an almighty EXPLOSION. Blowing up like an oil refinery.

Lisa and O'Shea tumble backwards. Faces blackened.

LISA
Now that's illegal.

O'Shea cups his ears, deafened.

O'SHEA
Jesus, you're dangerous.

LISA
(thrilled)
I know!

Flames lick at the sky as the pit stews on the boil.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAWN

No longer raining, O'Shea and Lisa both look absolutely filthy. Lisa hiccups demurely.

O'Shea pats the surface of the filled pit with a shovel. A bubble pops on the surface.

LISA
You look like crap.

O'SHEA
So do you.

She wipes a bit of dirt off his nose, making it worse.

They laugh and shuffle on together. Battle-scarred. Limping. Side-by-side.

Lisa takes O'Shea's flask from her pocket.

LISA
Here.

She hands it to him. O'Shea remembers it for a brief moment, then lets it fall in the rubble. Lisa smiles. Proud of him.

They stagger on, the beautiful sea panorama before them.

Casually they fill the pauses. At ease with the world.

LISA
I think I'll take some time-off.

O'SHEA
You know if you lived here you'd be home already.

Lisa absorbs the vista before her.

LISA
Home of the Erin Island Grabbers.
It's gonna get mental round here.

O'SHEA
I'll need all the help I can get.

O'Shea puts his arm around her, and they seem right together.

LISA
You want to get some breakfast?

O'SHEA
Yeah.

LISA
First, lets get out of these wet clothes.

O'SHEA
... Sounds good.

They laugh, and stumble on arm-in-arm. Overhead, a helicopter cavalry blaze to the rescue. Late as usual.

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

In the ripples of sand, a different pattern is obvious, some unusual footprints lead to shore. Jumpers ... they made it.

FADE OUT.

THE END