

# salt.

the filmmaker's essential ingredient

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## grabbers

**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 groans.

GREG  
I need a drink.

He reaches for a bottle but the Skipper grabs it before him.

SKIPPER  
Not on your life. Now get crackin,  
this galley won't clean itself.

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 as overhead a silent arc of light slices across the starlit sky and ... BOOM! A mile off their port it collides with the sea.

ROY  
You see that?

SKIPPER  
... Yeah.

ROY  
A flare?

The Skipper watches the water, unsure. Until 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.

GREG

Not so funny now, huh?

Roy approaches and plucks one of the five aces from Greg's hand. Flipping it over, he reveals its backing is red.

ROY

It's from a different deck, ya muppet.

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

EXT. MERRY WIDOW - NIGHT

The boat travels into an eerie bank of fog as --

INT. PILOTHOUSE - NIGHT

-- the Skipper steers carefully, speaking into the radio.

SKIPPER

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.

He eases back on the throttle, sloshing to a stop.

SKIPPER

See anything?

EXT. MAIN DECK / INT. PILOTHOUSE - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Roy shines his flashlight over the rail, into the fog. It's silent but for the creaking of the boat and lapping of water.

ROY

... No. Wait, yeah ...

SKIPPER

... Well? What is it?

A muffled SCREAM and then the sound of a SPLASH. The Skipper throws a look to Greg, drops the mic and they both --

-- rush to the rail. But there's no sign of Roy, except for his abandoned flashlight bobbing in the water.

SKIPPER

Can you see him?! Roy? Roy?!

COASTGUARD (V.O.)  
Merry Widow. Merry Widow. This is  
Coastguard Haven Point. Please  
respond. Over.

SKIPPER  
Radio a mayday! Move!

Greg scrambles back to the helm and snatches the radio mic.

GREG  
Mayday-Mayday-Mayday. Merry Widow,  
uh, echo whiskey niner ait fife.  
Man overboard. Man overboard.  
Emergency assistance required.

The Skipper scans the fog with a flashlight.

SKIPPER  
ROY?! ROY?!

Something rushes at the Skipper and he SCREAMS.

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

GREG  
... Skipper...? ... Dad?  
(nothing; then into mic)  
Hurry. Please hurry.

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

Greg drops the mic, leaving it swinging to and fro. Almost playfully. He grabs a gutting knife and edges outside.

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

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Greg holds his breath, listening. Suddenly a GROWL! Greg reacts and scrambles to the stern amongst the nets. Trapped by the rail, he brandishes the gutting-knife, shaking. And -- TWHACK! He's dragged overboard. And from the lonely deck we can do little but listen to Greg fight for his life and lose.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

In the moonlight the isolated Merry Widow reposes mournfully.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

CIARÁN O'SHEA lies face down and wrong way round on his bed. Awkwardly half undressed, he gropes a dry bottle of whiskey. His mobile phone RINGS. He stirs. It's no surprise he looks like shite, but to be fair he's not bad looking after a wash.

O'SHEA  
Uh ... Yeah?

Someone we'll meet later as SGT KENIFICK replies.

KENIFICK'S VOICE  
(via speaker phone)  
O'Shea, I take it you've left already because if you haven't, you're late. That ferry gets in at nine.

O'Shea rises, eyes closed. Mouth dry.

KENIFICK'S VOICE  
Where are you?

O'SHEA  
... On the way.

KENIFICK'S VOICE  
So you're in the car?

O'SHEA  
... Yeah ...

KENIFICK'S VOICE  
So you're driving while on the phone?!

O'SHEA  
... No.

KENIFICK'S VOICE  
In the name of God, I don't b--

O'Shea hangs up and drops his whiskey bottle in a bin where it CLATTERS with yesterday's bottle, and the day before's.

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. He passes a roadside sign that reads:

OILEÁN ÉIRINN, CÉAD MÍLE FÁILTE  
Welcome to Erin Island

EXT. ERIN ISLAND - MORNING

Lush green hills and whitewashed bungalows, pastel beaches and multi-coloured fishing boats. Enchanting.

EXT. MARINA FERRY DOCK - DAY

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

GARDA LISA NOLAN (20s) 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!

She chases it as if running down a mugger but it lifts skyward and twirls haughtily in the air.

Suddenly inching towards her, driving with all the panache of an abandoned shopping trolley, comes O'Shea. Bleary-eyed and hunched over, he drops his window before her.

O'SHEA

Well?

LISA

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

O'SHEA

You're not serious?

She considers his bedraggled appearance. He looks like he wants to vomit on her.

LISA

Yeah, well. Just being polite.

O'SHEA

Are ya gettin' in or what?

LISA

I have a bag.

He pops the boot and gazes back at the road, waiting.

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. A locket of Lisa's slick ponytail comes undone. She quickly yanks it back giving herself a face lift in the process.

O'Shea belches under his breath and Lisa flinches. She pulls 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 hair erupts in the sea breeze.

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 and it gallops over a dune.

Dr Gleeson follows, rising over the hill and stops cold as he sees 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.

O'Shea blows him off.

KENEFICK  
(to Lisa)  
Smooth crossing?

LISA  
Smoother than most.

O'SHEA  
Coffee?

LISA  
That'd be great, thanks.

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

KENIFICK  
So what do you think of the place?

LISA  
It's gorgeous, isn't it?

KENIFICK  
'Tis indeed.

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's mobile RINGS and he silences it.

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 half the island's leaving for the feish in Dungary so it'll be dead all weekend.

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

O'Shea rolls his eyes and passes Lisa her coffee.

LISA  
Ta.

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.

Kenifick's mobile PINGS. He checks the text message.

KENIFICK  
 Don't be late, I said. What did I  
 say?

His phone RINGS again.

KENIFICK  
 I'm coming, I'm coming. 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 nods and leaves. An uncomfortable silence fills the air, like two strangers in an elevator. Lisa sips her coffee. Hates it. O'Shea slumps at his desk, throws his feet up and sighs wearily.

Kenifick barges back in. 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 and notices Lisa stifling a smile. The office phone RINGS and O'Shea sluggishly reaches for it. But Lisa beats him to it.

LISA  
Garda Nolan.

EXT. FISHING PORT - DAY

At the dock PADDY BARRETT (60s) 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. He watches it and like a magic trick it leaps again.

He squats down and gazes between the seaweed strewn cage. Nothing to be seen thanks but seaweed. He prods it and lo, 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. On cue, it haphazardly jumps 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.

SPLAT! A GEYSER OF GOO SPRAYS IN HIS FACE! Tadhg 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, it's a feckin octopus or  
something, it's covered in seaweed.  
But 'tis no feckin' lobster!

Tadhg stomps off.

PADDY  
An octopus?

Paddy considers the lobster trap, eyes flashing.

INT. PATROL JEEP - DAY

Lisa drives safely, under the limit. 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  
What makes you say that?

O'SHEA  
Just wondering.

LISA  
Well, I'm not. I'd 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  
Great. 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. It's the quiet  
places where all the mad shit  
happens. Just open a paper.

O'Shea smirks out his window. Lisa notices.

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  
It's 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 (folks we'll  
party with later) and head 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  
Grand, thanks.

O'SHEA  
You wouldn't have any Aspirin 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 and O'Shea follows.

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, staggering awkwardly in the soft sand.

From the dunes two culchie teens watch on. ALAN and ORLA  
(16). Out to test the world and each other's affections.

ALAN  
What do you think happened?

ORLA  
Don't change the subject. Are you  
gonna do it or what?

ALAN  
No. He'll flip.

ORLA  
Ah g'wan. For the laugh. G'wan!  
Do it! I dare ya.

ALAN  
If I do it, you gotta do one next.

ORLA  
You gotta do it first.

ALAN

Fine. Watch and weep.

Alan ambles up towards a priest with a permanent scowl on his face: FR POTTS (60s). Alan pulls a face, making himself look and sound like Daniel Day Lewis in My Left Foot.

ALAN

Father, what happened to the dolphins? Are the dolphins goin' to heaven?

Orla wets herself, watching. Fr Potts stares, unimpressed.

FR POTTS

Keep it up, lad, and your face will stick like that. Mark my words.

O'Shea and Lisa arrive by the whales and ADAM SMITH, Ph.D. (30s) nods to O'Shea as they approach. Busy working.

O'SHEA

What happened?

SMITH

(writing in a pad)  
One second.

Lisa's eyes light up at Smith's dismissal of O'Shea. A kindred spirit. Once Smith's ready, he ignores O'Shea and removes a gloved hand to shake Lisa's. So very English.

SMITH

Smith.

LISA

Lisa.

O'Shea stares at her. Typical.

O'SHEA

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

SMITH

No. It's marine ecology.

O'Shea shrugs, whatever.

LISA

That was quick.

SMITH  
More fortunate really. I'm based  
here doing studies for the  
department of the marine.

Smith hands O'Shea the tip of a tape measure.

SMITH  
Hold this, please.

O'Shea doesn't have a choice. Smith walks the length of the  
whales, charming Lisa as he goes.

SMITH  
So how long are you here?

LISA  
Two weeks.

SMITH  
That's all anyone needs.

O'Shea interrupts, deliberately:

O'SHEA  
So are they dead?!

SMITH  
Hmm? No, they're just sleeping.

O'SHEA  
Sleeping? Really?!

Smith and Lisa share a smirk. O'Shea notices and lets the  
tape measure go, snapping back on Smith's fingers. Ouch.

O'SHEA  
Slipped.

O'Shea and Smith trade looks.

LISA  
So what happened?

SMITH  
Well 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 marks?

SMITH

Not sure. Possible scratches off  
the rocks while washing up here.

LISA

They didn't beach themselves?

SMITH

No, they died at sea.

O'SHEA

All of them? At once?

SMITH

It's a strange one all right.

O'Shea considers the ocean before him. Hmmm.

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 where it BUBBLES.

He removes his mask and peers in 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. Forget it.

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 JCB dump truck. 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? 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 as Cooney, Daly and some HELPERS winch the last of the whales onto a JCB DUMP TRUCK, working in the rain.

Cooney gives Daly's Mate, behind the wheel of the truck, the thumbs up and off he goes, engine rumbling.

COONEY

That'll do, boys. Pack it up.

Daly wipes the rain from his face as the Helpers pack up.

COONEY

Don't forget the shovels.

DALY

I got 'em.

Daly ventures towards the shoreline towards a pile of tools as everyone else leaves the beach. He gathers the tools, but then something catches his eye. He sweeps some sand off of

AN 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...?

BAM! A tentacle grabs onto Daly's foot and whips his weight out from under him. He collides with the wet sand. Winded.

EXT. BEACH PROMENADE - NIGHT

Cooney throws the ropes and tools into the car boot.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Daly claws at the sand as he's dragged into the sea, yelling.

DALY

HELP! HELP ME!!

As the ocean consumes him his gurgled CRIES drown out while in the sand his struggle is washed away without a trace.

INT./EXT. COONEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Cooney waves the other cars off, then sits in his car. He switches on the RADIO and checks his watch. Waiting.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Cooney scans the shore and finds the mislaid tools.

COONEY

Daly?

INT./EXT. COONEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Cooney sits back at the wheel, one leg resting 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 on something. He steps out, kneels and gazes under the chassis.

BAM! He's dragged under face first, feet thrashing. The car rocks, the RADIO serenading 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 A PUB TV: the white helicopter of the Coastguard circles 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 are believed to have drowned.

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

LISA

Hi, do you have an iron?

BRIAN

We do indeed.

Brian moves to get it and 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 and Una moves in, wiping under O'Shea's drink.

UNA  
Sparks flying there, huh.

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.

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?

UNA (CONT'D)  
My family thought I was mad wasting  
me time on him.

BRIAN  
Ah feck them.

UNA  
Ah feck you, Brian.

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.

Grinning to himself at the far end of the counter, Paddy  
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  
But you would, though.

O'SHEA  
Nope.

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

O'SHEA  
All right, tell us then.

Paddy shuffles closer, all excited.

PADDY

Right, between you and me, I caught  
meself a sea monster today. Swear  
to God, may he strike me down.

(off O'Shea)

Ya don't believe me?

O'SHEA

Not a bit.

PADDY

I'm no liar!

Brian snickers in the corner.

PADDY

Feck off, you.

O'SHEA

All right, where is it?

PADDY

In me bathtub.

O'SHEA

In your bathtub?

PADDY

Having a bath.

O'SHEA

G'night, Paddy.

O'Shea downs his drink and saunters off.

PADDY

Ignorant gobshite.

O'SHEA

(stops, turns back)

What?

PADDY

Hmm?

O'SHEA

What did you say?

PADDY

Nothin'. Didn't open me mouth.

BRIAN

He called you a gobshite.

PADDY

(to Brian)

You see you, if this wasn't the only feckin' pub 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?

O'Shea scoffs and leaves them, following the hallway upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

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 and she opens it to find O'Shea.

LISA

Is everything all right?

She glances 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

... Zed ... 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 OK.

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 and ... EMPTY.

Paddy scans the room and his eyes fall on the bathroom mirror. A slimy residue gives an opaque reflection of something behind him in the top corner. A black shadow.

We see it, but Paddy doesn't until he wipes the mirror and we catch our first glimpse of A GRABBER. Paddy spins, awed.

It spits a barbed tongue and whips itself onto his face. Paddy slams against the bathroom mirror, as if leveled by a punch. The mirror shatters, obscuring the scuffle.

Paddy tears it off his face, gasping and flings it away. Blood seeps from a three point puncture wound on his neck.

PADDY  
You dirty ...

Paddy stamps on it, whatever it is. Again and again, until out of breath, he staggers from the bathroom.

A moment later, he returns with a standing lamp and continues beating it. Over and over and over until he's exhausted.

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 / BUNGALOW - 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 sweater in the washing machine and hits cycle. Rain falls in sheets beyond the garage's open door as the machine rattles to life, hissing and filling 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. BEDROOM / BUNGALOW - NIGHT

BANG! BANG! RATTLE! CRASH! Irene massages her frown lines.

IRENE

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 - NIGHT - INTERCUT

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

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

THUD! Cooney headbutts the door. Head flopping about like a dolls, jaw slack, eyes closed. Dead. With arms stretched above his head, weight supported by his intertwined wrists and feet barely touching ground, something swings him.

THUD! Tadhg rouses and clears his throat.

TADHG

Irene?

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 dirty dancing with the letterbox. Hips swiveling.

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

Irene throws her eyes up and rises, tying her dressing gown.

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. What  
are you doing?

Cooney swings suggestively to Tadhg's open mouthed horror.

IRENE  
What does he want?

TADHG  
(to himself)  
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 locks the door.

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 rattling the ceiling light-shade.

IRENE  
Honey? Oh God. Oh God.

A WEIRD, PITCHED ROAR takes Irene's breath away. Whatever snatched Tadhg sounds unnatural, huge and mean. Soot tumbles down the chimney drawing Irene's attention.

She 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 chute. Fumbling, whimpering.

INSIDE THE CHIMNEY CHUTE

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 chute 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 nice out.

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

LISA  
Really? Are the gulls flying low or something?

UNA  
No, it's 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 O'Shea?

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?  
(off Lisa's nod)  
So's O'Shea. 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 passed out before I could find your house.

The phone RINGS! Lisa picks it up.

LISA  
Garda Nolan.

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 mouth gapes open as if in the dentist's chair. Smith stands over it, forceps in hand, as O'Shea, Paddy and Lisa enter.

O'SHEA  
Eurgh.

SMITH  
Is that your professional opinion?

Smith removes his surgical-mask revealing an excited grin.

PADDY  
See. 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.

Smith smiles at Lisa.

SMITH  
Hi.

Lisa smiles at Smith.

LISA  
Hi.

O'Shea smiles at Lisa. Mocking.

O'SHEA  
Hi.

Lisa's smile drops. Paddy looks confused.

PADDY  
(to Lisa)  
Hello.

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  
Its tongue. Check it out.

Smith takes hold of its tongue and extends it three foot with a barbed tip like a mace. Off O'Shea and Lisa's awed faces --

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. No, this is something totally different. Something ... alien.  
(off their looks)  
In that it's undocumented.

PADDY  
It's gotta be worth a fortune.

SMITH  
But wait, there's more.

Smith reveals a beaker. Inside is a piece of tentacle.

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 and undulating.

SMITH

From what I can tell so far, all this creature needs to survive is blood and water.

O'Shea winces, watching it.

PADDY

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

SMITH

You are not putting this on eBay. You're lucky she didn't kill you.

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 an egg, the same as the ones buried at the beach.

SMITH

... it was pregnant.

With a forceps he unveils a dead jack-in-the-box type creature. (A JUMPER.) It stinks judging by their reactions.

O'SHEA

Where's its tentacles?

SMITH

They're not fully formed. It's a juvenile stage. Starts out like this. Feeds. Then 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 our world  
is water and I can tell you  
something for nothing, with the way  
thing's are going, the most  
successful species on the planet  
won't need legs.

LISA  
But if it looks like this 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  
Do you reckon those things had  
anything to do with those dead  
whales?

O'Shea considers her, thinking. They pass the promenade and  
O'Shea cranes his head to see something.

LISA  
What is it?

O'SHEA  
That's Declan Cooney's car.

EXT. BEACH PROMENADE - DAY

Cooney's car sits abandoned, its door open and airbag flat.  
O'Shea and Lisa pull in behind it and step out of the jeep.

O'SHEA  
Cooney?!

O'Shea takes a LEPRECHAUN KEYCHAIN from the ignition, then  
notes some unusual scratches along the car's body work.

LISA  
Where could he be?

O'SHEA  
Nowhere without his keys. Do you  
believe in coincidences?

LISA  
Not really.

O'SHEA  
Neither do I.

O'Shea looks around and focuses on the Murphy's Bungalow up  
ahead and overlooking 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 fuzz.

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

Something catches Lisa's eye.

LISA  
Take a look at this.

O'Shea joins her to find the washing machine. In bits. She  
picks up the torn sweater and recoils.

LISA  
It stinks like that thing.

O'SHEA  
A Grabber.

LISA  
Something fishy is going on here.

O'Shea looks at her, smirking. Something's different about her. Her hair's down, she's dressed casual. She looks nice.

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

LISA  
It's Sunday.  
(off O'Shea's look)  
Hey, neither are you!

O'Shea smirks. Lisa notices. So just to piss him off --

LISA  
-- Smith's a nice fella, isn't he?

O'SHEA  
Oh he's positively smashing.

LISA  
I feel like we have a lot in common. He certainly knows how to do a job, which I find attractive in a man.

Lisa throws O'Shea a pointed look. O'Shea shrugs her off.

O'SHEA  
Uh huh, that's exactly what you need, someone who loves their work.

LISA  
As if you know what I need.

O'SHEA  
Shush, I'm working.

Lisa scoffs but ever-so-slightly smiles. O'Shea raps on the door and calls in the letterbox.

O'SHEA  
Tadhg? Irene?

LISA  
You're looking in the wrong place, Columbo.

She gestures to the downed Satellite dish.

MINUTES LATER

O'Shea sets a ladder against the roof (from the garage) and before he even has the option, Lisa climbs it.

LISA  
Hold it steady.

O'SHEA  
You're something else, you know that. You should've joined the army, not the Guards.

O'Shea sneaks a glance of Lisa's arse as she climbs.

LISA  
Stop talking to yourself. It's really distracting.

O'SHEA  
I'm not talking to myself, I'm talking to you!

LISA  
(not listening)  
Uh huh, great. There's something up here.

O'SHEA  
Could you be a bit more specific?

LISA  
It's a --

-- A checked-shirt, the sleeve of which leads towards a lump that's buried under more rags.

O'SHEA  
Well?

Lisa tugs on the shirt sleeve and THUMP-THUMP-THUMP-THUMP!  
Something rolls towards her.

LISA  
Oh the Divine Mother of Jesus --

Lisa leans sharply out of its way as down below: O'Shea sneaks a sip of his flask.

LISA  
Watch out!

O'Shea looks up to see

TADHG'S SEVERED HEAD spinning towards him. BOP! Headbutted in the face, O'Shea clutches his nose.

O'SHEA  
Aw Jesus Cock, me nose!

Lisa looks down at the gawping severed head, sickened.

LISA  
You broke its nose.

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

Dr Gleeson replaces a sheet over Tadhg's head as Lisa paces on a mobile phone, O'Shea watching.

LISA  
(into phone)  
So when can they get here? ...  
(for O'Shea's benefit)  
Tomorrow? ... And what about the  
state pathologist?

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

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

LISA  
(hand over receiver)  
Doctor, we need to know.

DR GLEESON  
I don't know. A tiger?

O'SHEA  
A tiger?!

LISA  
I can't say that.

Dr Gleeson loosens his tie.

DR GLEESON  
I'm telling you. His head was torn  
off. By something big.

O'Shea shares a look with Lisa.

INT. GARDA STATION - DAY

O'Shea uploads crime scene photos of Tadhg's bungalow onto a laptop as Lisa paces on the phone.

LISA  
(into phone)  
No, no, don't put me through I've  
already spoken to -- ugh. Bitch.  
(then)  
No, sorry, I just sneezed. Thank  
you.

Lisa sighs. She's been at this a while, it seems.

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

PADDY  
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  
What? What's wrong with ya?

O'SHEA  
What is it?

PADDY  
Come look for yourself.

Lisa looks at O'Shea. A silent exchange. Lisa hangs up.

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. O'Shea thinks...

INT. PADDY'S HOUSE - DAY - 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  
OK, we're here. Here's where Cooney's car was abandoned. Here's Tadhg and Irene Murphy's house and here's where the whales washed up.

LISA  
OK, 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 and O'Shea share a look.

PADDY  
Why?

LISA  
We think there might be another one of those things, at least one anyway.

PADDY  
Are you serious?

O'SHEA

Yeah. That thing you caught  
couldn't have fertilised that egg  
by itself, which would mean there's  
a male out there, most likely much  
larger, more powerful, and with a  
helluva tongue on it.

LISA

(a moment, then...)  
Smith said it needs water, right?

O'SHEA

He says a lot of things.

PADDY

Mostly bollocks.

LISA

Whatever. But if it needs water to  
survive, how could it be moving  
about on dry land?

Water drips in Paddy's demolished bathroom, Paddy stares at  
it. Drip-drip-drip.

PADDY

It was raining! When it rains  
there's no such thing as dry land.

O'Shea and Lisa consider this.

LISA

There's a storm due tonight.

PADDY

It'll piss it down.

O'Shea studies the map intensely.

O'SHEA

OK, all this is on the west side of  
the island, right? So that would  
make this area its territory,  
right? Which would mean it's got  
to be somewhere close. Somewhere  
with access to the waters around  
the west beach.

PADDY

The black rock caves.

O'Shea considers this. He looks to Lisa:

O'SHEA  
What do you think?

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

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Paddy leads O'Shea and Lisa towards the rocky beach where the  
tide's quickly coming in.

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 which Lisa notices.

O'SHEA  
What?

LISA  
I didn't say anything.

O'SHEA  
You gave me that look.

LISA  
What look?

O'SHEA  
The "I feel sorry for you" look.

LISA  
No I didn't.

O'SHEA  
Yeah you did.

LISA  
No, I gave you the "I feel  
embarrassed for you" look. Big  
difference.

She walks on faster, leaving him trailing behind. Thinking.

O'SHEA  
Sure that's worse!

Paddy rounds some rocks and comes upon the cliff face.

O'SHEA

Look, I know I'm no dandy fop, Ph.  
D. Smith type.

LISA

What's Smith got to do with your  
raging alcoholism? Hmm?

O'SHEA

I'm not a raging-- You're some  
character you know that. A real  
character. I'm a social drinker.

LISA

Uh huh. And I'm a ninja.

O'Shea takes a big swig of his flask just to piss her off.

LISA

Lovely.

PADDY

We're here.

EXT. BEACH, CAVE MOUTH - DAY

They stand before the cave mouth, taking it in. Dark and  
oppressive and claustrophobic. Water drips within. A wave  
washes up behind them, drenching their feet.

PADDY

Tides coming in. Another hour and  
this place will be under water.

O'SHEA

Wait here.

PADDY

You can be sure of it.

Lisa and O'Shea turn on their high beam flashlights and  
venture into the cave, Mulder and Scully style.

Water drips from the cave walls while the sound of crashing  
waves echoes throughout.

At the cave mouth, the dregs of a wave wash over Paddy's  
boots. He looks into the cave, anxiously.

Venturing further into the shadowy cave, Lisa finds an arched  
entrance to the rising ocean as fog creeps around her feet.

O'Shea rounds some rocks, finding Lisa and seeing her flashlight has found a fisherman's shredded slicker. (The remains of the Merry Widow's Deckhand Greg.)

LISA  
Are we missing some fishermen?

O'SHEA  
(calls out)  
Hello!

Lisa jolts, startled by O'Shea.

LISA  
My heart! What are you doing?

O'SHEA  
Just checking. Well, if you know  
of a better way?  
(calls again)  
Hello?!

LISA  
What are you expecting? "Helloooo,  
'tis only me."

A RIB-RATTLING ROAR! O'Shea and Lisa forget to breathe.

LISA  
Let's go.

They round the rocks, hurrying back the way they came to find the walls are moving. Their lights reflecting off tentacles.

O'Shea slips and drops his flashlight. It lands, beam arcing across the writhing cave walls.

O'SHEA  
Run!

Lisa and O'Shea scramble for the alternative cave exit, leading onto the beach. The narrow gap allowing just one person at a time. And at a push. Lisa edges through first.

INT./EXT. BEACH CAVE OPENING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

O'Shea waits behind Lisa, watching behind them, and sees the light of his flashlight go dark, swallowed by something coming his way.

O'SHEA  
Lisa! Hurry!

LISA  
I'm trying!

O'SHEA  
Move your arse!

O'Shea pushes on her arse as she squeezes through.

LISA  
Get your hands off my arse!

O'Shea shoves harder.

LISA  
I swear to God, if you don't stop!

Lisa kicks back at him, but he keeps pushing. She tumbles onto the seaweed strewn sands, drenched by the incoming tide, as O'Shea squeezes through next. Soon, wedged in himself.

O'SHEA  
If I die in here I want you to know  
it's all your fault!

LISA  
Oh shut up.

Lisa wraps her arms around O'Shea, cheek-to-awkwardly-intimate-cheek and pulls, dragging him loose. With effort.

The Grabber rushes towards O'Shea, gaining speed. Almost on him when he escapes, seconds to spare.

BAM! The Grabber fills the gap in the rock face, trapped by its own bulk. It snarls as one of its tentacles slithers out towards them, but quickly retreats back inside.

LISA  
The size of it.

They back up, horrified.

O'SHEA  
It's OK. It can't get us on dry  
land. Not when it's not raining,  
it can't.

WHIPAH! A barbed tongue shoots out from the darkness of the cave and lances O'Shea's Garda hat clean off his head. O'Shea blinks, feeling his bare head.

O'SHEA  
... What?

A THUNDER-CRACK from the ominous rain clouds.

LISA

Leg it!

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Paddy steps out of the way of an oncoming wave and kicks something with his heel. He kneels down and finds an EGG. He barely has time to process this find when O'Shea and Lisa come bounding towards him.

PADDY

Look what I found!

O'SHEA

Feck it, run!

Paddy drops the egg and the trio take off. And in the gouged out sand beneath their feet more exposed eggs glisten as the tide washes over them and they ... 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 to see O'Shea has a petrol can. And a plan in mind.

SMITH

What are you doing?

O'SHEA

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

SMITH

You found another one? Where?

O'SHEA

It tried to eat us! 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

Are you mad? Don't do that!

Lisa takes a fire extinguisher off the wall.

SMITH

No, stop, you'll --

LISA  
Smith, it's for the best.

SMITH  
No! If he lights that in here  
you'll--

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

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

SMITH  
-- get it wet.

O'SHEA  
Shit.

SMITH  
You really are Irish.

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. Once 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 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, sprays O'Shea with goo and dives onto him, wrapping around his face, head and neck.

Lisa and Smith leap to his aid and battle what looks like a dozen boa constrictors working as one, choking him.

O'Shea flails and smashes into lab units, knocking a utility closet open. Brooms and mops fall out as O'Shea slumps onto the wet floor.

Lisa and Smith pull tentacles loose and O'Shea gasps for air. His drained, ashen skin pocked with bleeding bite wounds.

Smith flings the limp Grabber across the lab and it hits the wet floor, flopping woozily and vomiting blood.

It bears down on its tentacles and springs itself onto the ceiling like an octopus shot out of an air cannon. SPLAT! It hits the ceiling and hisses at them, upside down.

Smith blinks, agog.

SMITH

OK, it's an alien.

O'Shea feels his wounds. Furious, he grabs one of the mops surrounding him and jabs at the Grabber with the handle.

O'SHEA

You vicious little fu--!

The Grabber bites down on the handle and hangs on. O'Shea suddenly takes the full weight of it. It totters above their heads, swaying. Lisa and Smith duck.

LISA

Ah! Jesus! O'Shea!

O'Shea drops it onto the floor and Lisa yanks a steel cabinet over, pinning it down. Trapped, the Grabbers thrashes.

O'SHEA

We need to kill it.

SMITH

No! You can't! It's the scientific discovery of our time, imagine all that we could learn from --

The cabinet flips, exposing the Grabber. Smith SCREAMS and brains it with his stool. Scared shitless, O'Shea and Lisa pile in with their boots. All three whacking and stamping until they're sure it's dead.

Sweating and in shock, they catch their breath.

SMITH  
I think we got it.

O'SHEA  
(pats Smith)  
Good man.

O'Shea flicks the Grabber goop out of his hair.

LISA  
Paddy found eggs buried at the beach. I'm thinking those whales were put there for them to feed on when they hatch.

SMITH  
Then they'll head in land to feed.

LISA  
We need 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 smooshed Grabber. O'Shea considers 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, you know yourself.

O'SHEA  
How are you still alive?

PADDY  
Diet and exercise.

O'SHEA  
No, when that thing attacked you. You should be laid out in a box right now, but you're not. What makes you so special?

PADDY  
I was always lucky.

O'Shea disregards him and takes a swig of his flask as Lisa considers the bloody sick. Queasy.

SMITH  
Mustn't have liked your blood much.

LISA  
What have you been eating?

O'Shea stills, hearing that question.

O'SHEA  
(to Paddy)  
You were drunk!

EXT. ISLAND MARINA - DAY

Gales jeer as 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, swimming in a clear solution.

BRIAN  
An invasion of what?

PADDY  
Grabbers.

SMITH  
They're cryptozoological amphibious sanguivores.

BRIAN  
(to Paddy)  
Grabbers?

Smith huffs. Brian peers at the specimen.

BRIAN  
It doesn't look that threatening.

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

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?

Lisa watches, listening intently. Hearing things out.

O'SHEA

They're like leeches, they feed off your blood, right? Well when one of them attacked Paddy, it almost died. Why? Because Paddy was so intoxicated his blood-alcohol level was toxic.

Dr Gleeson groans as the penny drops.

O'SHEA

If we contaminate our blood with booze, we're poisonous to eat.

LISA

(thinking aloud)

They'll have to look elsewhere for a meal.

O'SHEA

Exactly. It's like with mosquitoes, they don't bite you if you take vitamin B. It gets in your bloodstream and they hate it. Well with these things, it's alcohol. They're allergic to it.

DR GLEESON

So can't we just, I dunno, hose 'em with vodka or some shite?

O'SHEA

No. We know that doesn't work.

BRIAN

How?

SMITH

Because to preserve specimens I keep them in an alcohol solution. Just like with this one, right now.

The group regard the alcohol filled beaker, with the tentacle swimming about it, happy as Larry.

BRIAN  
It's filled with?

SMITH  
Yep.

PADDY  
Can you drink it?

SMITH  
It seems alcohol only works like a  
poison. It needs to be ingested to  
have an affect.

BRIAN  
Well, what if we sprayed whiskey in  
its mouth?

PADDY  
Feck that. A waste of whiskey.

LISA  
If you want to get that close to  
it, good luck.

SMITH  
Prevention is better than cure.

O'SHEA  
Look, 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. 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  
Riiiiight. Carry on.

Una 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  
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  
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

-- you've got a hooley.

LISA

That's not what it said.

O'SHEA

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

That would put you both at risk. I suggest it's just O'Shea.

O'SHEA

Thanks. Look, only one of us needs risk it and I know these people and this island better than you. It has to be me.

SMITH

I agree.

Lisa ushers O'Shea aside.

LISA

I see what you're doing here, O'Shea, but have you forgotten you're a dependent alcoholic organising a piss up in a brewery! I'll do it. It'll be easier.

O'SHEA

Lisa, I'll be good to no one if I drink. You know that. I can do this.

Lisa looks at him, holding his stare. O'Shea doesn't flinch. OK, Lisa's convinced. She's going to trust him.

LISA

OK. But just so you know, O'Shea. I don't drink. 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 Guard this country's ever seen. You'll probably get promoted.

LISA

Ah stop.

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 from a healthy subject. Lisa, you're the fittest person here.

LISA

(blushes)

You charmer. It's true, though.

Like a gent Smith pulls out a chair for her. O'Shea simmers.

O'SHEA

Right, well get comfortable. Brian, I need a table here of everything Paddy had last night.

BRIAN

What night was last night?

PADDY

Saturday night.

LISA

Oh you gotta be joking me!

BRIAN

Comin' right up.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - DAY - LATER

The table has six 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.  
(to Smith)  
You're my favourite.

Smith smiles, until O'Shea nudges him roughly.

O'SHEA

The things women say when drunk,  
ha?

LISA

I love you all. Even doctor  
whatshisface.

Dr Gleeson nods: thanks, I think. Lisa dribbles as she finishes up.

O'SHEA

Bottoms up. There, that's  
everything.

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.

BRIAN

What's that?

PADDY

A little home brew.

BRIAN

You bring potcheen into my bar?

PADDY  
A bird never flew on one wing.

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.

Brian takes the bottle of potcheen from Paddy.

BRIAN  
I'll take that.

PADDY  
You will in me shit.

O'SHEA  
Paddy.

PADDY  
Bunch a bastards, the lot of ye.

Lisa downs the potcheen and rests her head on the table.

O'SHEA  
That's it. All done.

Dr Gleeson takes Lisa's hand and pricks one of her fingers.

BRIAN  
If you're right, her blood will  
poison it?

O'Shea nods. The moment is tense. Until the pub door swings open and teen Orla strolls in, cool as a breeze, and sits at the bar. Everyone stares, confused. She turns, poses.

ORLA  
A G&T there please, love. Do you  
mind if I smoke?

BRIAN  
... Get out!

Brian chases Orla out the door towards Alan who's watching from outside the window.

BRIAN

Feckin' kids. Daring little shits.

Brian locks the door and pulls the curtains. Everyone collects themselves and Dr Gleeson presents Lisa's finger to the Grabber specimen. It latches on and sucks.

LISA

Tickles.

As hoped, the tentacle warps, withers and shrivels.

SMITH

Bingo. Take a reading.

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

O'SHEA

Blow.

(reads)

Point two.

DR GLEESON

Holy Christ!

O'SHEA

OK, now we know what we gotta do.  
Keep our blood alcohol levels at  
point two.

The group's horrified, except for Paddy.

DR GLEESON

(to Paddy)

You bastard. You're what'll kill  
us. Point two?

SMITH

How are we going to determine that  
based on each person's BMI?

DR GLEESON

You're looking at up to ten pints  
each depending on height and weight.

BRIAN

We'll have to do shots. Properly  
tear the arse out of it.

DR GLEESON

There'll be some hangovers.

O'SHEA

I'm sure people would prefer to  
have a sore head than none at all.

LISA

I need to pee.

BRIAN

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

BANG: the JUKEBOX dies and the lights dim. A power cut.

PADDY

What happened?

INT. PUB KITCHEN - DAY

The washing machine fails and 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, OAPs, teens, etc.

O'SHEA

Is this everyone?

FR POTTS

Those that didn't leave yesterday.  
So what's this all about? You  
better not be pulling one of your  
stunts.

O'Shea gives Fr Potts a look and takes to the pulpit.

O'SHEA

Can I have your attention please?

The congregation settles, taking their seats.

O'SHEA

The submarine cable's been damaged.

HOUSEWIFE  
How did that happen?

O'SHEA  
Your guess is as good as mine but  
it won't be fixed till morning.

GRANNY  
We're gonna miss Coronation Street!

O'SHEA  
However the good news is 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.

FR POTTS  
What?

UNA  
You're throwing a party?

Orla love this news.

ORLA  
Nice one!

She turns towards Alan beside her who's caked in makeup: eye shadow, lipstick, mascara, the works. He looks like a girl.

ALAN  
Class.

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 means 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 STOUT WOMAN punches the air.

STOUT WOMAN  
WOOHOO!

She composes herself, disgraced by stares.

O'SHEA  
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 with The Dubliners "Whiskey in the Jar" 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. OK.

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. forty-one hundred 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.

Absorbing the moment and what it means for him, O'Shea straightens up. Properly wearing his uniform with pride.

EXT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT - LATER

The Generator HUMS as it feeds power inside.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

MUSIC pours out of the Jukebox as folks get flustered.

INT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Dr Gleeson guards the back entrance with his nail gun, watching the rain through a gap in the fire escape door.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

Brian tends bar, pouring shots. One for you, one for me.

INT. PUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

Smith sips his vodka coke, watching the back door and standing by with the CB radio.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

Paddy sips his pint by the front door.

INT./EXT. PATROL JEEP - NIGHT

O'Shea and Lisa sit on stakeout outside the pub, rain pelting 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  
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  
Why do you drink so much?

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 considers her, recognising her vulnerability.

O'SHEA  
You're too hard on yourself.

Lisa wells up, the drink making her emotional.

LISA  
I feel like I've known you for  
years. I don't know why.

O'SHEA  
Maybe because I put years onto  
people.

LISA  
... Yeah. That's true.

They gaze at each other until O'Shea looks away first. Lisa  
hiccups. As ladylike as possible.

LISA  
I'm sorry about your wife, O'Shea.  
I really am.

O'SHEA  
My what?

LISA  
Una told me, how she died. I'm so  
sorry.

O'SHEA  
Una said what? Of all the  
stories. Una is the biggest gossip  
going. You shouldn't listen to  
her. No one died. We just... we  
didn't work out.

LISA  
Oh. Ohhhh. Ah shite, I'm sorry.

O'SHEA  
You're grand.

LISA  
... Did you split because ...  
because of your alcoholickissness?

O'SHEA  
Might be hard to believe but I  
didn't drink back then. No, she  
met someone else. It happens.  
They have two kids now. We used to  
talk about having kids. It's funny  
how things work out.

O'Shea hides it well but that hurts. Lisa notices.

LISA  
 Feck her, O'Shea. If you want I'll  
 find her and do her in for you?

O'Shea smiles. Lisa reciprocates drunkenly.

O'SHEA  
 A toast. From an alcoholic to a  
 workaholic.  
 (raises his coffee)  
 To getting out of this alive.

A moment shared and then... O'Shea grabs the C.B. Radio.

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

LISA  
 (mumbles to herself)  
 Hmm, toast.

INT. PUB KITCHEN - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Smith 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.

SMITH  
 Reading you loud and clear. Over.

O'SHEA (V.O.)  
 How are we doing?

Smith regards the Islanders enjoying the craic.

SMITH  
 Ignorance is bliss.

O'SHEA (V.O.)  
 Great. Keep it up. Over.

Smith goes to finish his vodka coke but it's already empty. He goes to make another but then notices Paddy's potcheen bottle sitting idle on the counter. He considers it.

Uncorks it. Sniffs it. Pours himself a drop. Tastes it. Hmm, likes it. And pours himself a lethal dose of it, smiling away to himself. Sure God love him, he's fucked.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

Brian ticks a chart, tabulating whose had what and how much. The Stout Woman from the chapel orders.

STOUT WOMAN  
Two Carlsberg please, Brian.

Brian ticks a piece of paper and starts pouring her pints.

BRIAN  
Both for you?

STOUT WOMAN  
No. Jesus, what'cha take me for?

BRIAN  
Right, right. Are you sure?

STOUT WOMAN  
I am!

BRIAN  
Grand, grand. C'mere, you're  
looking well. Did you lose weight?

The Stout Woman lights up, delighted with herself.

STOUT WOMAN  
Aw, really? Well I have been doin'  
the walkin'.

BRIAN  
Yeah, yeah. How much would you say  
you lost? Would I be right in  
thinking you're around fourteen  
stone?

She stares, gobsmacked.

BRIAN  
No? Fifteen? Yeah, I better go  
with fifteen to be safe.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

Dr Gleeson sways past Paddy as he returns from the back.

PADDY  
Ya all right?

DR GLEESON  
Ugh, bloated.

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

DR GLEESON  
Hold onto it for me.

Dr Gleeson walks off, giving Paddy his nail gun. Paddy waits a few seconds then siphons a sup off Gleeson's drink.

Dr Gleeson passes Alan returning to Orla with two half-pints. Orla steals two empty glasses off Una's passing tray and they pour both halves into each glass to make two proper pints.

ALAN  
Half pints me hole. Go!

They race each other, skulling the pints.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

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

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

DR GLEESON  
Ah, feck the likes of this.

He abandons the line.

EXT. BEER SHED - NIGHT

Dr Gleeson leans against the wall, peeing. Rain runs down the corrugated roof. Relief. For now. He zips up, turns and sees ... JUMPERS. Dozens of them. Dr Gleeson chills.

Limbleless bouncing piranhas. They move clumsily, regularly toppling over as they hop, leap and jump. They're not very intelligent or agile but they're inquisitive. And starving.

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

DR GLEESON  
Whoa, feck off!

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

With beaks gaping, spiked tongues curling, the rest of the Jumpers move in 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 maul him. Others chase clumsily like fat toddlers chasing an ice-cream truck.

O'Shea strikes one with a hurley, belting it away. Lisa flanks O'Shea swinging a golf club like a lunatic. A Jumper leaps in front of them and she swings clumsily. Oof!

Dr Gleeson falls to his knees, brought down before them.

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

O'Shea and Lisa pull and beat the Jumpers off of him and Dr Gleeson catches his breath, bleeding.

O'SHEA  
You OK?

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. 25 foot of ugly.

Off Lisa and O'Shea's horrified faces, 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 ROARS! Spittle flying out of its gaping maw.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

"The Irish Rover" bellows on the JUKEBOX. People clap and jig. Una swings Fr Potts, linked onto him, until he flies loose of her and staggers into Paddy's table. Wahey!

FR POTTS  
Jesus Christ, Una.

Everyone's having a ball. The Pogues with The Dubliners carry outside, accompanying the action as --

INT./EXT. PATROL JEEP - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Lisa climbs behind the wheel and O'Shea hurries to catch up.

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, the car jolting violently.

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!

LISA  
I can't drive with you shaking me.

Lisa crunches gears and the tyres smoke and spin, fighting against the drag. The Grabber smothers the jeep, its fetid breath fogging the windscreen. The back windows shattering.

O'SHEA  
We're gonna die!

Lisa flicks the wipers on, to no effect.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
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 radio as the jeep 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  
I can't see! Would ya get off the car! Isn't that awful altogether.

Brian opens the side door.

BRIAN  
I'm coming, boy!

But only so far. Brian stops short as he sees the Grabber.

BRIAN  
Merciful shit.

INT. PUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brian grabs his super soaker off the coat rack.

BRIAN  
Smith!

Smith lifts his head up off the kitchen table. His eyes are furiously blood shot and he looks like he's had a stroke.

SMITH  
 (drooling)  
 I can't feel my face.

BRIAN  
 Smith, the lighter!

SMITH  
 I think I'm drunk, Brian.

BRIAN  
 Hurry!

Smith rises and stagger-runs to Brian but slams into the wall instead. He slides onto the floor where he lulls, confused.

SMITH  
 Your floor is broken.

Brian belches, also pissed.

BRIAN  
 Smith! Light me!

Remaining slumped on the floor, Smith sparks a Zippo lighter and holds it up for Brian to light the gun nozzle. But like fellas after ten pints trying to stick their key in the front door they can't synchronize their movements.

Brian squats, the way only a drunk would, to steady himself.

BRIAN  
 Nearly. Put the other light away.

INT. PATROL JEEP / EXT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT - INTERCUT

The Grabber smothers the jeep, crushing it. O'Shea kicks open his door and tumbles out. Lisa falls out beside him.

LISA  
 It's eating the jeep.

O'SHEA  
 Let it!

They scramble for the side door --

INT. PUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

-- as Brian and Smith continue to struggle. Lisa and O'Shea stumble past them. The Grabber on their tail.

O'SHEA  
 What are you doing? Hurry!

Finally Brian sets the wick in the nozzle of the super-soaker alight and pumps furiously and aims out the door.

BRIAN  
All right you ugly bollocks, have  
some of this shit!

He takes aims, squirts and ... nothing happens. Except the gun tip melts and lights ablaze.

BRIAN  
Ahh, Christ!

The Grabber ROARS getting closer.

O'SHEA  
That's gonna blow! Get rid of it!

Brian tosses the super-soaker outside and slams the door, double-bolting it, just in time as Una sways in, drink in hand, finding O'Shea, Lisa, Smith and Brian in a right state.

UNA  
(slurred)  
What's goin' on?

O'SHEA  
Nothing!

BOOM! A bright flash of fire blossoms outside. O'Shea barricades 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.

LISA  
Who wants toast?

SMITH  
I do.

O'SHEA  
Is every one all right?

LISA  
Grand.

BLEURGH! Smith vomits against the wall.

UNA  
Mother of Jesus!

POP! Lisa's toast arrives. She butters it.

SMITH  
... Am I dead?

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

Lisa stares at him, chewing toast. Eyes swimming.

LISA  
You're worse.

O'Shea hustles every one out of the kitchen.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

O'Shea pushes through the oblivious patrons towards the bar.  
Brian flicks the taps. They hiss and sputter.

BRIAN  
(to O'Shea)  
We're dry.

PADDY  
We're what?!

BRIAN

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

Paddy's devastated at this.

PADDY

No! NO!

He thumps the counter.

PADDY

I only had nine pints. I was just  
gettin' a taste for it.

The gang's in their own world, talking over the din as all  
others are still blissfully unaware of what's happening.

O'SHEA

What was Jim drinking?

UNA

Shandies, I pulled them myself. He  
can't handle his drink.

Paddy spits out Dr Gleeson's pint and pushes it away.

O'SHEA

Una, how many shandies have you  
served?

UNA

Why?

O'SHEA

This is why you're supposed to be  
watching out for each other!

O'Shea stands up on a chair.

O'SHEA

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

UNA

What?

FR POTTS

Ah now, what kind of party is this?

O'SHEA

It's just a precaution.

UNA

A 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.

O'SHEA

You can't. No one can.

FR POTTS

Why?

LISA

It's raining.

People look, huh?

UNA

Someone better tell us what's  
really going on here? Right now!

INT./EXT. MAHER'S PUB FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Orla sips water, hiccuping as Alan startles her.

ALAN

BOO!

ORLA

Ah, ya eejit.

ALAN

Just trying to help. All you need  
is a scare.

She hiccups again and Alan plops down beside her, swaying. He tries to stretch and put his arm around, but he's interrupted by a weird cawing sound, like that of a strange bird. In the rainy darkness, a Jumpers hops before them.

They stare at it, baffled.

ALAN

What is that?

The Jumper undulates, sniffing the air.

ORLA

... I dare ya to touch it.

Alan looks at her like she's mad, but then he smiles.

ALAN

All right.

ORLA

What? You're gonna do it?

He rises and staggers towards it, almost as anxious as Orla is watching him, but hiding it.

ALAN

I'm just gonna tip it. I'm not picking it up.

Orla nods, OK. Can't believe he's doing it. Alan leans over and reaches out to tip it and ... keels straight over, faceplanting right on top of the Jumper. SPLAT! Orla --

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

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

O'SHEA

Who's guarding Jim's door?!

No one obviously. O'Shea rushes to the hallway.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

O'Shea turns the corner to find Orla struggling with the door and Alan flailing, a Jumper having swallowed his whole head.

Lisa, Brian, Paddy, Una, everyone, follow O'Shea to see.

O'Shea pulls the Jumper off Alan's head, like dragging off a wedged welly to reveal Alan's slime covered face. He looks like a swollen newborn, all puffed up and slimey.

ALAN

My face? Is it all right?

Everyone SCREAMS, seeing the state of his face.

BRIAN

... It's ... grand ...

ALAN

It feels numb.

UNA

Don't touch it!

ALAN  
 (to Orla)  
 What happened?

ORLA  
 ... You win.

O'Shea stamps on the Jumper as Jumpers scream beyond the closed door. Islanders listen, shocked.

UNA  
 What's making that noise?

Brian squirms, unsure what to say.

O'SHEA  
 Get back.

THUD! THUD! O'Shea pushes everyone back into the main bar.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

Panic and confusion spreads through the crowd. Fr Potts kills the jukebox.

UNA  
 You lied to me, Brian! This party isn't for me, is it?!

BRIAN  
 (to Paddy)  
 You see you! This is your fault.

Smith hangs onto the pub wall, edging towards the front door. Unnoticed and lost in his own world...

SMITH  
 (mumbling)  
 Are these my sausages?!  
 (pukes)  
 Kill me.

PADDY  
 (to Brian)  
 Ah relax. You'll give yourself angina.

BRIAN  
 I'll give ya angina. Outside, now!  
 I claim ya!

O'SHEA  
 No! You can't go outside!

LISA  
 (to Fr Potts et al)  
 Because of the rain.

Lisa winks sleepily at the huddled masses while O'Shea places a cold, wet beer towel up to Alan's face.

O'SHEA  
 Hold this to your face.

Orla takes over from O'Shea as Brian and Paddy get stuck in.

BRIAN  
 (to Paddy)  
 C'mon then, put 'em up.

PADDY  
 Right you are! I'm sick of your  
 bollocks.

Brian rolls up his sleeves. Paddy takes out his teeth.

O'SHEA  
 Paddy! Brian! Cop on, I'm asking  
 ya! Now's not the time for this.

Paddy and Brian drunkenly box (by missing every punch, and falling over a lot). Una repeatedly punches Brian's arm.

UNA  
 (punching him)  
 Stop fightin! Stop fightin!

Fr Potts holds onto the huddled and terrified Islanders, some saying the rosary together. Lisa looks them all in the eyes, swaying and smiling.

LISA  
 Don't worry, we have it all under  
 control. There's nothing trying to  
 kill you.

Smith opens the front door, letting a chilling breeze into the pub. Everyone turns to see.

SMITH  
 We need more alcohol.  
 (dry heaves)

Smith staggers out the open door.

GRANNY  
 Thanks be to Jesus, let me out of  
 here!

O'SHEA

No!

O'Shea runs to the door but stops as he hears a GROWL. Folks crowd around trying to see out windows and over shoulders.

O'SHEA

Get back! Smith, what are you doing? Smith!

INT./EXT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

Smith staggers out into the rain.

SMITH

It's raining again.

O'Shea, Lisa and Paddy hang at the door, watching.

O'SHEA

Smith, listen to me. It's bigger than you think. Get back inside now!

SMITH

I need a picture with it. For National Geographic. And Facebook.

PADDY

Feck your photos, change the kegs!

(off O'Shea)

What? He's fluttered, sure he'll be fine. G'wan, Smith! Fine fella y'are!

A louder GROWL in the darkness. A hint of movement in the blackest shadows. Smith raises his digital camera.

FLASH! He snaps a photo and The Grabber lights up for a split second, ten feet from Smith.

SMITH

Whoa. So big. Beautiful.

INTERCUT SMITH with THE PUB.

STOUT WOMAN

Oh my God!

FR POTTS

What in flogging Hell was that?

PADDY

A Grabber.

FLASH! Eight feet away from Smith. And moving slowly.

FLASH! Five feet.

FLASH! Two.

FLASH! The Grabber breaths on Smith, the air misting as its black lips unfurl back, revealing its pink bladed throat.

SMITH

Steady. You don't want to eat me.  
I'm ripped to the tits!

Tentacles molest Smith, writhing all over him, mussing his hair. Licking and tasting his sweat.

SMITH

Sticky.

The Grabber recoils, having tasted his sweat. Yuck!

SMITH

(turns to others, grins)  
See! I told you. It's just an  
animal, it doesn't want to hur--

-- OOF! The Grabber flicks Smith out its way like a peanut, sending him shooting off into the night sky.

Folks SCREAM and whimper. Complete shock.

PADDY

He flew?!

The Grabber charges straight for them. O'Shea slams the door and turns, back flush against it --

O'SHEA

Everyone, upstairs! Now!

The pub windows SHATTER, curtains flapping as a JUMPER hops onto the windowsill and hisses. Breaching the fort. No doubt about it now, they're on a sinking ship. A stampede for the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Islanders clamber into the corridor, petrified.

INT. STAIRS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

O'Shea pulls a cabinet over, leaving obstacles in his wake.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

O'Shea and some others push furniture down the stairs, blocking access with a fortified wall of rubble.

The whole upstairs hallway is jammed with panicked people.

O'SHEA  
Everyone, stay calm. They can't get up here.

FR POTTS  
And what in the name of fuck were those things?

PADDY  
... Jumpers.

FR POTTS  
Ha?

PADDY  
They jump.

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

O'SHEA  
Has anyone been bitten?  
(no one has)  
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 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. I doubt anyone will get to us 'til morning, but no harm in calling.

They start dialling. Brian opens bedroom doors, allowing people to filter out of the hallway as the ruckus below sounds like a bar brawl.

ORLA  
Father, is it the apocalypse?

FR POTTS  
Jesus, I hope not.

O'Shea catches his breath, hunched against the corner. He looks up to Una, Brian, Lisa and Paddy watching him. He forces the best smile he can muster, lips trembling.

O'SHEA  
We're gonna be fine!

EXT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

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

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET / UPSTAIRS 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 linen and cleaning stuff.  
Nothing we can really use.

Lisa notices Alan and Orla on the floor in the hall. Alan has his head rested on Orla's shoulder as she absentmindedly strokes his hair. Lisa smiles, noticing.

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

Brian closes the closet.

O'SHEA  
We're the Gardai. Not the LAPD.  
(off their faces)  
An Garda Siochana will succeed not  
by force of arms or numbers, but on  
their moral authority as servants  
of the people.

Lisa gasps. She grins at him with drunken pride. O'Shea almost blushes.

ALAN  
We're fucked.

BRIAN  
Yep.

O'Shea walks with Lisa back to the bedroom.

O'SHEA  
What does it want?

Eavesdropping, Paddy chimes in.

PADDY

Maybe it's the female. Maybe it's following her scent. Didn't she slime you in the lab? Just me bathroom and Tadhg Murphy.

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.

LISA

And so is his wife.

The Islanders gasp. Irene's dead too?! Ah fuck. O'Shea enters Lisa's rented room.

EXT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT - INTERCUT

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

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

THUD! Plaster dust crumbles from the ceiling. Brian peeks out the bedroom window.

BRIAN

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

Paddy, Lisa, Una and O'Shea look.

PADDY

'Tis playing with it.

LISA

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

PADDY

A mating ritual.

O'SHEA

What the hell does that mean?

PADDY

It'll try to mount you, somehow. Failing that it'll most likely rip you limb from limb in frustration.

O'SHEA  
Grand. Ah sure what can ya do.

LISA  
Play hard to get.

The Grabber ROARS and slithers off into the shadows.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Paddy gazes out the window. Una munches some custard cream biscuits. She offers one to Brian and O'Shea notices. They really love each other. Off that --

O'Shea looks at Lisa, laid out on the bed beside him.

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  
It's better than those things.

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

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

LISA  
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.

Lisa doesn't even notice their horrified stares. Brian breathalyses himself sorrowfully.

O'SHEA  
What's your reading?

BRIAN  
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 --

UNA

It's not gonna stop, is it. 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

We have to do something. We can't  
just sit around.

PADDY

What if we threw a bomb at it?

BRIAN

Have you got semtex on you?

PADDY

I don't, do you?

BRIAN

How about 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

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

Fr Potts disregards him.

UNA

So if we can't destroy it, what can  
we do?

O'SHEA

(to Fr Potts)

What about the phones?

Fr Potts shakes his head. Nothing.

O'SHEA

OK, 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?

O'SHEA

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

PADDY

Look outside.

Lisa regards her cement stained boots in the corner.

LISA

... Concrete! You could bury it concrete. That'd dry it out.

O'Shea's eyes brighten.

UNA

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 spots a white PICKUP TRUCK outside in the rain.

O'SHEA

(to Brian)

Have you got the keys to your truck?

Brian checks his pockets.

BRIAN

No. They'd be in the kitchen, on the table.

O'SHEA

I need them.

UNA

Well you can't go downstairs, those things will tear you to pieces.

BRIAN  
She's right.

PADDY  
You might not get past them, but  
someone else could.

FR POTTS  
You'd be talking about the drunkest  
person here.

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

O'SHEA  
Absolutely not, it's too risky.  
Paddy you go.

PADDY  
What? Feck off! Brian should go.

BRIAN  
Not a hope.

LISA  
(rises, swaying)  
Stall on there. I'll do it.

O'SHEA  
No. It's too dangerous.

LISA  
Which is exactly why you'll want  
the best drunken Guard this  
country's ever seen. Right?

Lisa looks at him, holding his stare. O'Shea smiles.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT - LATER

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

O'SHEA  
OK, if you get in trouble. Pull  
the trigger.

She takes it in her hands, drunkenly marveling.

LISA  
Oooh, that's the job!

She pulls the trigger and a nail stabs the wall inches from  
Paddy's head.

O'SHEA  
Careful!

LISA  
Whoops.

BRIAN  
You missed.

PADDY  
"You missed." Clever.

O'SHEA  
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. Lisa and O'Shea's  
gaze holds a second longer than necessary. Lisa smiles.

LISA  
I'll be all right.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT - 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 Paddy seal the gap.

Suddenly Lisa TRIPS and slips down some stairs. Waking the  
dead. O'Shea, Brian, Una and Paddy gasp, listening.

Lisa picks herself up.

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

O'SHEA  
Shush!! Keep your voice down!

PADDY  
She's a goner.

O'Shea looks at Paddy, then at Brian.

O'SHEA  
Is there another way out of here?

BRIAN  
Just the stairs.

O'SHEA  
No, I need a back way out, a way to  
sneak by.

Alan opens the utility closet door.

ALAN  
What about...?

Everyone stares, confused. Paddy leans over to look inside.

BRIAN  
... That's a closet.

ALAN  
No, the bed sheets. You could use  
'em to make a rope. Climb out the  
window, Batman style.

O'Shea smiles, getting it.

O'SHEA  
Now that's what I mean.

O'Shea musses Alan's hair and starts grabbing linen. Brian and Una help. Orla smiles at Alan, proud of him.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

Jumpers mill about, tearing the place asunder. 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! It collapses back. Another Jumper climbs onto her foot.

LISA

Get off.

She kicks her leg and the Jumper flies off and smacks into the JUKEBOX, turning it on. Mundy's "Galway Girl" blasts.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brian, Una, Orla, Alan, Fr Potts, O'Shea and Paddy tie bed sheets together forming a rope. They hear the MUSIC.

PADDY

What is she doing?

UNA

I love that song.

O'Shea hears the song too. He masks his concern:

O'SHEA

Keep going. Hurry.

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, finding the potcheen bottle Smith drank from.

He puts under her belt and keeps looking. Behind her, the back door slowly, silently opens. A black shadow fills the frame ... THE GRABBER.

Tentacles reach inside, snaking silently towards her. She picks up Smith's Zippo lighter and then --

-- 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 - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sudden DARKNESS is met with SCREAMS!

INT. PUB KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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 seizes her leg.

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

LISA  
UH FIRE! FIRE!

The Grabber drags Lisa across the floor.

INT./EXT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Paddy, Brian and O'Shea 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 - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

PUB KITCHEN

towards the gaping jaws in the backyard door frame. She grabs the "board with a nail in it" off the floor and slams it into the tentacle. It uncoils around her feet.

She runs for the pub front door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, WINDOW - NIGHT

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

O'SHEA  
Where is she?

BRIAN  
You have to go now.

O'SHEA  
I need those keys.

BRIAN  
We can't wait. Go, we'll get everyone to safety.

O'Shea nods, slides open the hallway window and climbs out, holding onto the bed sheet rope. (In the b.g.) Una, Alan, Orla, etc. grab fire extinguishers.

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.

A ROAR! 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.

PADDY  
Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

Seeing it, he retreats and slams the window shut. The Grabber pours over the roof and cascades down towards O'Shea. O'Shea lets go of the bed sheet rope and drops.

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

INT./EXT. PICKUP - NIGHT

THUMP! O'Shea lands on the spare tyre in the flatbed pickup.

O'SHEA  
GO!

Lisa grinds gears.

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  
(she does)  
Ah that's better.

They tear off, leaving the Grabber ROARING in frustration.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Rain dribbles down the "COMING SOON - LUXURY ERIN RESORT" poster as the pickup smacks into it, knocking it down.

Lisa and O'Shea bail out and regard the empty construction site. Piles of breeze blocks, mounds of mud, scaffolding, cement mixers, a JCB loader. All awash with rain.

LISA  
Now what?

O'SHEA  
It's time to end this.

LISA  
I'll drink to that.

Lisa reveals the potcheen bottle and goes to uncork it. She stalls, seeing O'Shea's face.

LISA  
What? Do you want some?

A ROAR! They turn and see the Grabber, staring at them from across the camp. It stalks forward slowly, like a cat approaching its prey. O'Shea and Lisa back up, keeping their distance. No sudden movements.

O'SHEA  
Go, get out of here. Get back to the pub.

LISA  
Not a chance. We're doing this together. You get it to the pit and I'll trap it with the truck.

O'SHEA  
That's a good idea.

LISA  
Why, what were you thinking?

O'SHEA  
No, never mind. Let's do that.

The Grabber lurches forward sounding the starter pistol.

LISA  
Go!

The Grabber twists forward, tentacles whipping.

O'SHEA  
Wait! You need the keys.

O'Shea tosses Cooney's leprechaun key-chain at Lisa. She reaches to catch them, but they sail past her drunken hands.

LISA  
Got 'em.  
(realises)  
Hang on, wait. Shit!

Lisa staggers after the keys and snatches them off the footprints she left in the cement, now dry and rock hard.

LISA  
Got 'em!

O'Shea runs for it, gunning for the pit, slipping and sliding along the mud and dodging construction site obstacles.

INT./EXT. JCB LOADER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Lisa slams into the JCB tractor loader and steadies herself. She stabs Cooney's keys into the driver's door but they won't open. None of them work. They're --

LISA  
-- the wrong keys. I can't get the door open.  
(spots something)  
Never mind.

She grabs a 2x4 off the ground and smashes the cabin's window. She climbs inside, grabs a screwdriver off a toolbox and sets to work jacking the ignition.

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

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

O'Shea finds the pit as the Grabber follows him, ROARING. He darts across the metal ladder laid over the pit like a rickety bridge. The concrete hole waiting to swallow him up.

The Grabber edges towards the pit, snarling. It reaches the edge and stalls, feeling its surroundings.

O'Shea is almost at the other side of the ladder when the Grabber snatches hold of it and yanks it away from under him.

O'Shea just makes the safety of the ledge giving him a foot of space on this opposite side, his back flush up against an old wall hugging the pit. He's trapped.

The Grabber considers this set-up, edging no further.

O'SHEA

Come on, you fucker, move. I'm  
right here. Come and get me. Here  
I am! What are you waiting for?  
Lisa, hurry?!

The Grabber sucks in a deep breath, its cheeks ballooning. O'Shea stares, confused and ...

WHIPAH! The Grabber's barbed tongue shoots across the pit and lances the wall behind O'Shea's head, ripping a brick loose and swallowing it like a fly catching frog.

O'Shea whimpers. He's well within its reach.

O'SHEA

Awwwwww fuck.

WHIPAH! O'Shea jumps left. WHIPAH! He jumps right. Inches to spare each time.

O'SHEA

Lisa?!!

INT./EXT. JCB LOADER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Lisa jacks the screwdriver into the ignition and turns.

The ENGINE rumbles to life along with the radio. She moves to put on her seat-belt but stops herself. Feck it.

She flips the lights on, full beam. Releases the hand-brake. Steels herself and slams the foot down, switching gears. All the while absentmindedly mumbling along to the radio.

LISA  
*"Don't blame it on sunshine."*

Tyres spin, spitting mud. Here she comes...

INT. PIT - NIGHT

WHIPAH! The tongue lashes out and O'Shea ducks it, the old wall collapsing slowly with each brick strike.

O'SHEA  
 Enough! Piss off!

WHIPAH! The tongue strikes again but this one sends a loose brick smacking into the back of O'Shea's head! THUD! O'Shea dizzies and ... tumbles into the mucky concrete pit.

CRACK! He lands hard on his ankle, coming to in agony, as tentacles now surround the pit, curling down towards him.

Lightning flashes. O'Shea buries himself in the corner of the pit, rain and mud dribbling down upon him. O'Shea throws stones. Desperate. It's all over for him but then --

-- headlights shine over the top of the pit as --

INT. JCB LOADER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

-- Lisa slams her foot down, gunning it. Eyes burning.

LISA  
 Get away from him, you c--!

The Grabber turns, seeing Lisa a second too late as she slams into it with a SLOPPY-THUD! The Grabber ROARS, obscuring Lisa's last word. She waits for it to stop squealing and ...

LISA  
 Cunt.

INT. PIT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Grabber crashes into the pit before O'Shea as the JCB pivots and pins it. The loader's scoop slams down, severing the Grabber's extended tongue.

O'Shea rises, back to the pit wall, inches from the carnage. He takes his chance to climb the slanted JCB's treads towards level ground. Tentacles whip and flail around him.

Lisa clammers from the cabin and reaches to help O'Shea.

LISA  
 Come on!

O'Shea's fingers grip the slick edge of the pit, almost there, when a tentacle strikes out and wraps around his broken ankle, pulling him down. O'Shea YELLS out in agony.

He hangs by the lip of the pit, straining. Right below him, the Grabbers snapping maw awaits. Lisa pulls with all she has. A tug of war, but O'Shea's slipping out of her grasp.

LISA

I can't hold you!

O'Shea sees the potcheen bottle in Lisa's Garda jacket inner pocket. He lets go with one of his hands.

LISA

No, hold onto me!

O'Shea grabs the potcheen with his free hand. His tenuous grip of Lisa, slipping out of her wet fingers.

LISA

You're slipping!

He pops the cork, looks down at the Grabber's snapping maw.

O'SHEA

Sláinte.

He pours the potcheen into its mouth, serving it up, bottle and all as he slips completely from Lisa's grasp. Pulled towards the Grabber's jaws, towards death. Lisa cries out.

But the Grabber freezes. It coughs, choking and spasms. Its colour fades as its tentacles shrivel and prune. It SCREAMS out. A dying, monstrous wail and --

-- O'Shea is flung into the air.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

O'Shea lands face first into the rain soaked mud. He spits up dirt as Lisa runs to him.

LISA

You mad bastard.

O'SHEA

He couldn't handle his drink.

She smiles and helps him up. They hobble towards the pit and look down. The sound of the Grabber belching, dying. O'Shea turns to Lisa, smiling.

O'SHEA

Lisa ...

LISA

... O'Shea.

We feel what's coming: the kiss. Only it's not. Lisa's eyes widen as she sees behind O'Shea's back, towards the pit --

The Grabber rises up over the upturned JCB. Its skin foaming and oozing and sickly white. Its jaws open, ready to kill. O'Shea turns to see this. The whole world slows down. As --

-- Lisa pulls the flare gun from her back belt, aims and --

LISA

Oh, shut your hole.

She fires: the streak of red strikes the upturned JCB fuel tank and... KABOOOM! The Grabber vanishes within the flames.

The shockwave hurtling O'Shea and Lisa onto their arse. Laid out in the mud with Grabber gunk and rain pelting them.

O'SHEA

Jesus, you're dangerous.

LISA

(thrilled)

I know!

They laugh and then O'Shea leans over and kisses her. Lisa's eyes stalk, but she soon relaxes into it. They part, coyly.

O'SHEA

You had it coming.

LISA

Did I now? Well, if you're going to kiss me, O'Shea, then kiss me.

Lisa kisses O'Shea, taking him by surprise. Aww.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAWN

No longer raining, O'Shea and Lisa look absolutely filthy. She hiccups demurely as a cement mixer churns beside them. O'Shea pats the surface of the pit with a shovel as it's now filled in with cement. 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 into the sunrise.

EXT. SHORE - DAWN

In the ripples of sand, a different pattern is obvious, some unusual tracks lead to water... Jumpers. They made it.

FADE OUT.

THE END

CREDITS ROLL...

... AND THEN:

INT. MAHER'S PUB - MORNING

Sunlight streams through the shattered windows where charred curtains hang by a thread. Dead Jumpers lay amidst upturned tables and chairs and strewn broken bottles and glasses.

The pub looks like a bomb hit it. Twice.

Brian, Una, Orla, Alan, Fr Potts, the Stout Woman, the Granny, the Fishermen, everyone we recognise sit in silence. Grey faced and hunched over. All on death's door. Except --

PADDY. As fresh as a daisy, he sips a pint of Guinness.

PADDY

Not bad.

Silence. The curtain rail falls causing everyone to jolt and wince, holding their heads. Orla staggers off to be sick. After a moment for everyone to settle, Una clears her throat.

UNA

Right! Who's gonna help me clean up?

Death stares all round.

BACK TO CREDITS.