



VISION_{p.d.g.}
PRODUCERS AND DISTRIBUTORS GROUP

HIGH SPIRITS
An Original Screenplay
by
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EXT. CASTLE - EVENING

A CASTLE, perched above a tiny one-street village, viewed across a bleak Irish bog. It is haphazard and ramshackle, a jumble of architectural styles from Norman times to the present. Wisps of bog-cotton blow across the landscape towards it through the torrential rain. Outlined against the dark Irish sky, it looks both comical and magical as well.

The one-street village of HAUGHLIN where every house is a pub. There is no one to be seen. The ever-present wind blows the bog-cotton down the empty street, past the gas station with its sign banging repeatedly.

EXT. CASTLE GATES - EVENING

The WIND whirls its detritus through the CASTLE GATES, over a rotten, fetid swimming-pool which seems to be alive with fish, towards the massive DOORS, battered by the incessant rain. From the AMEX and VISA signs, we gather it functions as a hotel of sorts. The doors burst open, as if under the force of the wind, and the CAMERA TRACKS through them into the dim interior.

INT. CASTLE - EVENING

As CAMERA TRACKS through the Castle, we hear v.o. the voice of PETER PLUNKETT, the owner of Haughlin Castle, talking on the phone.

PLUNKETT

Mr. Brogan? This is Peter Plunkett, calling from Ireland. I know you must be wondering about last month's payment. First, let me say I'm as shocked and disappointed as you must be, but there's been a postal-strike here. Yes, the same one as last month. It's been a dreadfully protracted affair.

A massive hallway with rusting suits of armor, a once-grand staircase, moth-eaten tapestries hanging from the walls. The carpet is in the worst of modern taste and cheap plastic sofas sit incongruously next to worm-eaten, ancient oaken chairs. Behind a tatty reception-desk sits the seventy year-old EAMON MCARTHY, sleeping so soundly he might as well be dead.

CAMERA TRACKS down a long, dismal corridor, past tatty kitchens, a lounge, moldering dining-rooms, etc. Various members of the hotel staff are seen. CHRISTY RING, the Maitre D', in an evening suit he seems to have slept in for the last fifty years; SAMPSON O'TOOLE, a massive, muscular chef with red hair and long sideburns, a Walkman draped round his neck; young DAVEY, the world's unhappiest bartender...past stone corridors, wine-cellar that were once dungeons. We come to a door through which we hear a VOICE, abject and humble.

INT. OFFICE

Plunkett drinks from a bottle of Jameson's as he talks. All around him are pots and pans, catching the dripping rain coming through the ceiling. Plunkett takes a chair and places it on his places in the center of the room, under a crossbeam.

PLUNKETT

But I can assure you, Mr. Brogan, if it lasts much longer, I will take this check which I am holding in my hand (he isn't), and personally ferry it across the water to England and mail it to you myself. That's how much I care. (Beat.) I don't think that kind of language is necessary, Mr. Brogan. Understandable, but not necessary.

As he listens, he takes a hanging rope from his desk and throws the noose over the crossbeam.

PLUNKETT

So, what you're saying is, if I don't come up with the money in three weeks, you'll foreclose and take over Haughlin Castle. I see.

He begins to stack the collected works of William Shakespeare on the chair, and climbs on top of them, balancing unsteadily.

PLUNKETT

Have you heard of the quality of mercy, Mr. Brogan? No? You haven't read your Shakespeare. Good-bye, Mr. Brogan.

He drops the phone and puts the noose around his neck. He begins to wobble precariously, looks down at his feet, sees a copy of "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" beneath them. Suddenly inspiration strikes.

PLUNKETT

Ghosts! That's it!! GHOSTS!

The books tumble. Plunkett grabs desperately at the rope above his neck, screaming

PLUNKETT

K A T I E ! ! ! !

TITLES: HIGH SPIRITS

Over a shot of the castle, teaming with rain.

INT. PLUNKETT'S OFFICE - DAY

Plunkett, clinging desperately to the rope. KATIE, a twenty-year old Irish beauty, dressed in maidservant's clothes, rushes in. The rope breaks, and Plunkett tumbles on top of her, together with Shakespeare's collected works. As he extricates himself:

PLUNKETT

Katie - take this down.

TITLES over:

A decrepit castle corridor. Plunkett strides through it dictating, pulling the noose off his neck.

PLUNKETT

Haughlin Castle, a superbly restored edifice in the heart of the incomparably beautiful Irish countryside, also known to be the most haunted place in the Emerald Isle.

His staff gather round to listen.

PLUNKETT

Here the dead outnumber the living...

TITLES CONTINUE

As Plunkett turns a corner, into an even more decrepit corridor.

PLUNKETT

Each room lovingly preserved in an impeccable state of decay...Not a cobweb touched, not a skeleton turned...Meet the ghosts of your ancestors, the spirits of yesteryear, on Midsummer's Eve...

CU Plunkett.

PLUNKETT

We can promise you Banshees, Pookhas, wraiths of all descriptions...

He walks into a four-poster bedroom

PLUNKETT

The one thing we won't promise is a good night's sleep.

He leaps on the bed, which collapses on top of him

His staff drag him out of the wreckage.

KATIE

But Mr. Plunkett, there are no ghosts.

PLUNKETT

I know. That's where you all come in.

On the puzzled looks of the staff, we...

END TITLES.

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - PACIFIC PALISADES - DAY

JACK CRAWFORD, in his thirties, pulls up in front of a travel agency in a VW Rabbit convertible. He jumps out of the car and runs into the agency. After a beat, he runs back outside, vaults into the car, and takes off.

EXT. STREET - FREEWAY ENTRANCE

Jack buys some roses from a street vendor and then drives on.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Jack pulls up into the driveway of a suburban home. He jumps out of the car. The water sprinklers are going and he dances through them like Gene Kelly in "'SINGING IN THE RAIN."

INT. BEDROOM

Jack enters.

JACK

Darling?

He hears the shower from the bathroom and goes in just as his beautiful wife, SHARON CRAWFORD, is stepping out.

SHARON

(startled)

Jack!

JACK

Hi, honey.

SHARON

You scared me to death. Don't just walk in on me like that. Besides, I'm naked. Now, get out.

JACK

But, Sharon...

SHARON

Please?

JACK

Okay, but I mean...we're married.

He closes the door.

SHARON (o.s.)

We're going to be late for Daddy's Party. Get dressed.

JACK

I've got a better idea. Let's get a couple of bottles of tequila and a blanket and go make love on the beach under the hot Malibu moon.

Sharon steps out of the bathroom wearing a bathrobe and a towel wrapped around her hair.

SHARON

Why would we do that?

JACK

Because we're young and alive and some day we won't be.

He hands her the roses and an envelope.

SHARON

What's all this about?

JACK

Let's face it, Sharon. We need a break. I have my career. You have your career. We're becoming strangers.

SHARON

These tickets are for St. Bart's.

JACK

Yes. Where we first met.

SHARON

So? I don't get this.

JACK

Don't you remember? You were sitting in the Cafe Tristese watching the sun go down in that white dress, with your tan, sleek legs with no stockings and those red shoes. And I walked in and I saw you sitting there and you turned to me and smiled and I thought I'd faint. I'll never forget that, Sharon.

SHARON

But these tickets are for tomorrow.

JACK

Yes, let's go. Come on!

SHARON

Jack. I just can't pick up on some whim and go to St. Bart's. We're adults. We have to plan those things in advance.

JACK

All this adult stuff is killing us.
Come on, Sharon. Find that white
dress and let's go!

Beat.

SHARON

I'm sorry Jack. This is all very
sweet but I can't. Now get dressed.

JACK

You're serious? No holiday? No
beach?

On Jack's reaction.

EXT. MALIBU CANYON HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

A party is in progress. JEM BROGAN, Sharon's father, is
entertaining some of his clients and friends.

BROGAN

Jack, I'd like you to meet a very
close personal business associate of
mine, Achmed ben Bullah. Achmed,
this is my son-in-law, Jack Crawford.
Jack's a lawyer. Jack, I export
video equipment and computer
peripherals to Achmed's fine country.

JACK

(totally bored)
Mmmm. Sounds very interesting.

BROGAN

(sotto voce to Achmed)
How'd those TOW missiles work out?

ACHMED

Very nicely, Mr. Brogan.

BROGAN

Give my best to the K-monster.

As he and Jack move on.

JACK

Who's the K-monster?

BROGAN
Kaddafi.

JACK
Are you selling missiles to Kaddafi?

BROGAN
Jack, I'm an American. Now, I may be in the import-export business, but I would never do anything like that. Listen, between you and me, they may be rug-merchants, but they sure can do business. And speaking of business, Jack, I've been thinking. Why don't you come to work with me. I'm going to retire in a few years and you and Sharon can take over the whole kit-and-kaboodle.

JACK
I don't know, Jem. I don't have a real feel for the import-export business. You have to travel around a lot and party with guys like Achmed and the K-monster. Besides, I'm more or less happy with my law practice.

BROGAN
Well, the thing about lawyers, Jack, is that they always work for somebody else. You gotta wonder about a guy who wants to work for somebody else. You know what I mean?

EXT. BROGAN'S PATIO OVERLOOKING MALIBU AND THE OCEAN-
MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON a brochure advertising "A Haunted Holiday At Haughlin Castle." CAMERA PULLS BACK and to find Brogan and Sharon alone on the patio.

BROGAN
How's my princess?

SHARON
I'm fine, Daddy.

BROGAN
I've got a surprise for you.

SHARON

I love surprises.

BROGAN

You always have. Look over there at the top of that rise. Do you know what I'm going to put there?

SHARON

Tell me.

BROGAN

Haughlin Castle. The castle in the village where I grew up. I'm moving it over here, brick by brick.

SHARON

What do you want an old Castle for?

BROGAN

I'm going to turn it into an amusement park. Irish World. I'm going to put it right over there. Can't you just see it? Leprechauns, rides, girls dressed up like shamrocks.

SHARON

I love it!

BROGAN

It'll make millions. But there's only one hitch.

He waves Plunkett's brochure at her.

SHARON

What's that?

BROGAN

It's a desperate scheme that the owner, this Plunkett bozo, has dreamed up to save the Castle. He's claiming the place is haunted to attract rich American tourists. It's not a bad idea. In fact, I may use it for Irish World. Unfortunately, darlin', if his idea works, he'll be able to make his payment and I won't be able to foreclose on our Mr. Plunkett.

SHARON

So what are you going to do?

BROGAN

(pulling out an airline ticket)

Well, I was thinking. Maybe you and Jack could use a second honeymoon. You could go to Haughlin Castle. And while you're there, you could give me a call every once in a while. Maybe a little well-placed monkey wrench in the works at just the right moment. You know. Make sure his scheme doesn't work out.

SHARON

(kissing him)

Daddy, you're so smart.

BROGAN

Smart to have a daughter like you. And darlin', I don't think there's any reason to let Jack in on this...do you?

INT. CRAWFORD HOME - NIGHT

Sharon is taking off her make-up by the mirror. As beautiful as ever. She takes various pills from a cabinet in front of her. Jack sits disconsolately on the bed.

SHARON

About that holiday, Jack. Have you ever thought of Ireland?

JACK

Ireland?

SHARON

Well, it is my home in a way.

JACK

Oh God, Sharon...

SHARON

You don't like the idea?

JACK

No. It's perfect! Why didn't I think of it! Your homeland! That wild mystic Irish thing...

He pulls her onto bed.

JACK
...That I love in you, Sharon -

SHARON
Jack, my cold cream...

JACK
We can see the Loch Ness monster.

SHARON
That's Scotland, Jack.

JACK
Can you imagine, Sharon. You - me -
Ireland.

She can. She lies back, ice-cold and beautiful,
expressionless, as Jack embraces her.

EXT. HAUGHLIN CASTLE - A WEEK LATER - CLOSEUP

Of Katie screaming. She is suspended from a beam attached
to the Castle roof, strung on a harness. Sampson O'Toole
sits on one end of the roof, Plunkett on the other.
Plunkett pushes the screaming Katie to Sampson, who pushes
her back. Plunkett holds onto her on the return.

PLUNKETT
Smile, Katie. You have to smile.
The Americans are coming tomorrow.

Katie fixes a frozen grin on her face as Plunkett heaves
her back to Sampson.

EXT. DC-10 - DAY

A British Caledonian DC-10 flies over the Atlantic.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Plunkett is talking on the phone, nursing a bottle of his
beloved Jameson's.

PLUNKETT

Yes, Mr. Wilson. We unconditionally guarantee the authenticity of every Haughlin apparition.

A chain-mailed fist descends on his shoulder from behind. He turns and sees JULIA, a tiny, almost midget chambermaid, encased in the suit of armor, being fitted with further bits by Davey.

JULIA

I thought ghosts in armor were gentlemen ghosts.

PLUNKETT

Nobody else would fit, Julia.

JULIA

Why doesn't Katie do this and I do the flying virgin?

Davey clamps a vision on her head, shutting her up. The telephone rings again and Plunkett leaps on it.

PLUNKETT

Yes...yes. The accommodation is strictly modern, at least insofar as renovations have been consistent with maintaining the ectoplasmic ambience of Haughlin and environs...Ghosts need certain things - dry rot, cobwebs, a bit of fungus here and there - you understand...

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - DAY

Sharon is asleep with her eyeblinds on. Jack, beside her, is unpacking a hamper, from which he takes a bottle of champagne, flowers, glasses, all neatly packed. He pops the cork and the champagne froths over Sharon. She furiously pulls off her eyeblinds.

JACK

(singing)

If you would go across the sea to Ireland -

SHARON

Jack, what is this?

JACK

To us, honey...

He hands her a glass.

SHARON

I've taken two Valium and now you
want to give me champagne.

JACK

You don't want it?

SHARON

No.

She pulls back her eyeblinds.

SHARON

Next thing, you'll want to have sex.

Jack turns with the glass to the lady behind him - an
ancient woman, with her earphones on.

JACK

For you, ma'am?

She smiles sweetly, shaking her head.

JACK

I suppose sex is out of the question?

She smiles sweetly again, shaking her head, not hearing.
Sharon doesn't answer.

EXT. CASTLE DRIVEWAY - DAY

An old school bus is being painted black and grey with
stylized cobwebs by the hotel staff.

On the ground beside the bus is a shop mannequin which is
being made to look like a gruesome corpse by Sampson and
Davey.

DAVEY

Why is he holding potatoes?

SAMPSON

To show he's the ghost of somebody
who died during the famine.

DAVEY

If he was starving, why didn't he eat the potatoes?

Sampson thinks about this for a moment.

SAMPSON

We'll put some spots on him and say he died of the pox.

DAVEY

Or maybe we should cut off his head.

A large sheet of glass slices down from the garage roof, neatly decapitating the corpse. The locals look upwards at:

Eamon McCarthy on the roof of an outhouse. He's arranging large sheets of glass to face the Castle.

EAMON

Anyone dead down there?

DAVEY

Only the corpse, Eamon.

SAMPSON

What are you doing up there?

EAMON

Genius, boy. Wait till they see it.

CAMERA PANS up to a window where MRS. PLUNKETT, Plunkett's mother, is watching.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Plunkett walks jauntily down the corridor, whistling, and goes into his mother's room.

PLUNKETT

Mother.

MRS. PLUNKETT

It won't work, Peter.

PLUNKETT

What won't work?

MRS. PLUNKETT

This ghost business. Your father's
dead set against it.

PLUNKETT

Father's dead, Mother.

MRS. PLUNKETT

Doesn't make him deaf and dumb into
the bargain. He's seen what's going
on here and he's very disappointed in
you.

PLUNKETT

Can't you leave Father out of this?

MRS. PLUNKETT

You father turns in his grave every
night. To think of the hopes he had
for you and the Castle. And you with
not a guest in the place.

PLUNKETT

Mother, there is a planeload of
Americans arriving. And it's this
ghost business that's bringing them
here. I'd be grateful if you'd stay
in your room during the course of
their visit.

MRS. PLUNKETT

Don't you want me to scare them?
Booo!!!

PLUNKETT

No, Mother. You stay here with
Father.

He leaves, throwing his eyes to Heaven. As he does, a
slight breeze opens Mrs. Plunkett's wardrobe door. An old
suit dangles conspicuously from a hanger, swaying slightly.
Mrs. Plunkett lifts a sherry bottle from a table beside her
and pours two drinks.

MRS. PLUNKETT

Have a drink, dear.

INT. DC-10 - DAY

MALCOLM CLAY, a para-psychologist, is sitting next to his
wife, MARGE. Malcolm is taking notes on Plunkett's
brochure.

MALCOLM

This Plunkett fellow lists eighteen separate phenomena and suggests there are a great many more. I did all the research and found no mention of Haughlin in any of the literature. If just one of these apparitions has even the remotest particle of reality to it, I'll eat my doctoral thesis. Page by page.

MARGE

Oh, it doesn't really matter, does it dear? The point is, we're on a family vacation.

MALCOLM

It matters to me, Marge. Exposing frauds in the field of the paranormal is my profession.

He hears giggling in the seat behind him and turns to his children. WENDY, thirteen, WOODY, ten and GRAHAM, eight. Wendy is pretending to vomit in the vomit bag, cracking the boys up.

MALCOLM

Stop that, Wendy! I thought I told you to read the Fodor book on Ireland.

WENDY

We don't want to do that.

MALCOLM

Well, you'd better do it, because I'm going to give you a pop quiz when we get there.

The children groan.

WENDY

(under her breath)

What a dorkus.

MALCOLM

What did you say, young lady?

WENDY

Nothing.

MALCOLM

Then read.

Malcolm turns away.

WENDY

"The Irish are a gregarious people. They cannot stand to be left alone. They must always be talking to their friends...Unfortunately, they all have really bad potato breath and pick their noses and wipe their boogers on their pants.

The kids all crack up.

INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE PLANE

MIRANDA KUHL, a drop-dead twenty-year-old beauty, is sitting next to a guy who thinks he's really suave.

SUAVE GUY

So what do you say you and me have a little "lay-over" in Dublin, foxy lady?

He puts his hand on her thigh.

MIRANDA

Don't tell me. Let me guess. You're married, you've got three kids, you hate your job and you haven't made love to your wife in three years because you're probably impotent. Hey, pal. Take a major hike!

She slaps away his hand, gets up and walks down the aisle, looking for an empty seat. She finds one next to BROTHER TONY, a devastatingly handsome young seminarian.

MIRANDA

Excuse me, Father. Is this seat taken?

Brother Tony looks up at her, stunned. He shakes his head in silence.

MIRANDA

(sitting)

Thanks, Father. I was sitting next to this jerk who's been hitting on me since New York.

BROTHER TONY

It's Brother, actually. Brother Anthony. I'm not a priest yet.

MIRANDA

Well, I've got this problem, Brother. I've got this body jerks like that can't take their eyes off.

She leans towards him, voluptuous and mock-innocent.

MIRANDA

But now that I've found myself a priest, I think my problem's solved.

Brother Tony tries to keeps his eyes off the "problem."

BROTHER TONY

Ah - how is it...solved?

MIRANDA

Priests aren't like that, right?

Brother Tony nods emphatically, shakes his head, then nods again.

BROTHER TONY

Yes. I mean no. I mean I'm not a...

MIRANDA

So I'm going to this Castle where there's a ghost in every toilet...

She notices the Brochure in Brother Tony's lap.

MIRANDA

You too?

She smiles deliciously. Brother Tony squirms.

EXT. HAUGHLIN CASTLE - DAY

Belching clouds of exhaust, the bus roars off down the driveway, Eamon at the wheel. The bus bears the legend:

HAUGHLIN VILLAGE/WHERE THE DEAD COME ALIVE/HAUGHLIN
VILLAGE/ POP (LIVING) 125 POP (DEAD) 722.

The bus passes a very unsteady figure on a white horse. We realize it is Patricia, in a body-stocking, wearing a lurid red wig. As she approaches a tree, a hand grabs down and pulls the wig off her head. It is Katie, dressed like a banshee.

KATIE

I think I should play the tart on the
horse and you should play the hag in
the tree.

PATRICIA

I think I should go home.

From a bog-hole nearby, a voice bellows.

SAMPSON

PATRICIA!!!

Patricia guides the horse towards Sampson, her father. He is up to his waist in muck, in a wet-suit and snorkel, made up like a slime-creature. He winks at her from out of the bog.

SAMPSON

Did you remember to bring your old
man a smoke?

INT. AIRPLANE FIRST CLASS - DAY

STEWARDESS

We have begun our descent into
Connaught Regional Airport. We will
touch down in approximately fifteen
minutes.

Another stewardess walks down the aisle, collecting customs
declaration forms.

JACK

(looking at Sharon's form)
Sharon, aren't we on a holiday?

SHARON

Yes. Why?

JACK
Under purposes of visit, you put down
"business."

SHARON
(beat)
Slip of the pen.

EXT. CONNAUGHT AIRPORT - DAY

A tiny airport in the West of Ireland. The DC-10 roars down and lands with a noticeable bump. It is the only plane in sight. The rain everywhere is torrential.

INT. DC-10 - DAY

Jack and Sharon walk towards the exit. Outside is a torrent of rain.

SHARON
Damn it. Do we have to walk? Can't
we get a car or something?

They deplane into the rain. Jack is ecstatic, the rain pouring down his face.

JACK
No wonder this country is so green.

He picks Sharon up and carries her to the terminal, singing "Singin' in the Rain." In the b.g., Malcolm and Marge are trying to round up their children. Malcolm is furious.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANE

MIRANDA
Shit! I packed my raincoat.
(to Brother Anthony)
Sorry for the language, Brother
Anthony.

BROTHER ANTHONY
(as he takes off his
rain coat and puts it
around her shoulders)
Please, call me Tony. And feel free
to swear as much as you like.

MIRANDA

You're very sweet.

She kisses him on the cheek. He trips and falls backwards down the exit steps.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

The AMERICANS, wet and uncomfortable, walk towards the waiting area.

MALCOLM

(to the kids)

If you continue to behave like this, we turn around right now and go home. We are not going to be the Ugly Americans abroad. Do I make myself perfectly clear?

The kids nod. Malcolm turns and walks on. All three kids give him the finger. Brother Tony is wheeled into the waiting area in a luggage cart by Miranda.

MIRANDA

I feel so terrible. Did I accidentally push you down the stairs?

BROTHER TONY

No, I think I fainted. The fresh air caught me off-guard. I'm so embarrassed. Stop. Please. I'm fine.

She reaches down to help him get up. He falls immediately down again, then pops back up.

BROTHER TONY

See. I couldn't be better.

The Americans emerge into the arrivals area and see:

Eamon McCarthy, who is rigged out like an animated corpse. The doors crash open behind him and a group of drenched NUNS enter. In the garish, windswept airport, Eamon looks genuinely eerie, like someone strayed from a madhouse. Next to him is Jesse, on his back, all four legs straight up in the air, playing dead.

EAMON
 (in a sepulchral voice)
 Nine are expected. Nine are
 delivered.

Jesse howls like a wolf, then goes stiff and dead again.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The HAUGHLIN BUS drives through the rain-swept countryside.

INT. BUS - DAY

Eamon's driving leaves a lot to be desired, swinging wildly around the narrow corners, blithely unconcerned about his passengers' safety. He announces the glories of the passing countryside over the bus microphone in a sepulchral voice.

EAMON
 On our right, we have the Haughlin bog. Home to more grisly murders than any spot on the globe. The fierce O'Flahertys would pile down from the Cnocmeal downs raping and pillaging women, children, nuns, priests.

He winks to Jesse.

As the rest of the Americans look to the right, Jack looks to the left and sees a beautiful young woman in an eighteenth-century gown tying a ribbon onto the branch of a blackthorn tree. Jack is stunned by her beauty. He looks around to see if anyone else has noticed. They haven't.

EXT. BUS - DAY

The bus approaches the causeway over the bog. Lightning crackles overhead and thunder rolls. Katie, in her banshee costume, is perched among the branches of the blackthorn tree above the causeway, drenched and miserable. She sees the bus approaching.

KATIE
 Sampson! Sampson! Here they come!

She looks desperately towards Sampson who is dressed in his slime creature's costume, stuck knee-deep in a bog-hole some distance off, holding his hand over his mouth in a

constant effort to keep his cigarette lit. He bends both arms to free his feet. He falls over backwards and disappears totally into the mud.

INT. BUS

Eamon is warming to his role.

EAMON

And the blackthorn tree from which
the Brogan banshee is rumored to
howl...

Jack looks at Sharon.

JACK

Brogan? I wonder if you're related?

SHARON

(sneezing)

Who cares?

In the tree, Katie sets up a dismal wailing and begins waving her arms.

EXT. BLACKTHORN TREE - DAY

Katie loses her balance and falls. She hits the bus roof with a massive THUMP!! All the Americans stare upwards, genuinely alarmed. They can hear her terrified screams. Eamon warms to the sound, ignoring the source.

EAMON

And the banshee's howl draws out the
restless spirit of Lady Amelia
Purefroy galloping naked on her white
mare...

MARGE

Excuse me, Sir...But I think there's
someone on the roof...

EXT. ROAD - DAY

From the direction of the village comes Patricia on a white cart horse which is rearing, totally out of control. She clings to it in terror, in a damp white bodystocking with her lurid wig in a hopeless tangle. The horse charges

directly towards the bus. On the roof, Katie clings desperately spread-eagled over the sunroof.

INT. BUS

Sharon screams, looks upwards and sees Katie's squashed visage, as she claws for a hold on the sun-roof.

JACK

(shouting)

Look out...

The Americans turn from poor Katie's apparition and see the cart-horse charging straight towards them, with Patricia holding on for dear life.

Eamon waves cheerfully at Patricia, then turns the bus, casually, at the last moment. The bus slews to the left, and all the Americans are flung towards the right.

EXT. BOG - DAY

The bus spins across the road -

Katie is hauled off the roof and goes flying through the air -

Patricia's horse rears, neighing wildly -

The bus slews crazily across the bog -

Katie lands, miraculously, on the horse's back -

The bus comes to rest in a boghole -

The horse charges off again, bearing the two terrified sisters -

WENDY

Awesome.

WOODY

Really.

INT. BUS IN BOG - DAY

The terrified Americans scramble for every available exit. Eamon kicks a door open and helps them to dry land. He seems totally unperturbed.

EAMON

Shall we get off then?

The Americans stagger through the muck and slime, too terrified and shocked to even protest. They watch the bus slowly vanish into the slime. Eamon retrieves their luggage from the roof-rack. He gets increasingly encased in cakes of brown mud. He watches, with grim pleasure, as the last vestiges of the bus vanish into the bog.

Sharon's pink vanity-case is still tied to the luggage rack.

SHARON

My pill-case! Jack, tell someone to get my case.

GRAHAM/WOODY

We'll get it.

They dive in after it and promptly vanish beneath the mud.

MARGE

My babies! My precious babies!

Jack runs forward to help.

And suddenly, miraculously, Graham and Woody rise from the bog, upwards, like muck-covered angels. They are held aloft by Sampson, in his wet-suit/slime monster gear, the cigarette still in his mouth, and Sharon's pill-case under one arm. He dumps both boys on dry land and waves cheerfully to the Americans. On his way back into the bog, he passes Jack, who is waist-deep in it.

SAMPSON

As you Americans say, have a nice day.

JACK

Thanks.

Jesse howls. Eamon beams with pleasure. Marge embraces her muck-covered darlings. Eamon points to the outline of the castle against the skyline.

EAMON

Castle Haughlin. Where the dead outnumber the living...

He gathers the remaining luggage on his ample shoulders and begins to trudge across the bog followed by the dazed Americans. Jesse trots by his side. Eamon whispers to him.

EAMON

Oh, we got 'em now, boy.

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - DAY

The Americans are gathered in the courtyard with their luggage around them. They look as unhappy as anyone ever could be.

SHARON

Jesus Christ. This is the end of the world.

The Castle doors open with a creak and Plunkett steps out. He beams with pleasure. He is dressed in his best suit and is on his best behavior.

PLUNKETT

Welcome to Castle Haughlin. I'm your host, Peter Plunkett. I'm here to ensure that your stay is as pleasant as it is frightening.

He makes a sweeping bow as the Americans enter the Castle. They ignore him.

EXT. HAUGHLIN CASTLE - TWILIGHT

The Castle broods in the twilight, against the lurid sky. The rain has stopped and the winds whip across the bog.

Sampson leans over the swimming-pool with a large net. It ripples with thousands of fish. He takes an arm full of the fish - whiting - from the pool and strides towards the Castle to cook dinner.

INT. MRS. PLUNKETT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Plunkett is serving Mrs. Plunkett tea. A wind whips through the casement window, throwing it open. The wardrobe door bangs repeatedly. Plunkett goes to shut the window.

MRS. PLUNKETT

It's a warning.

PLUNKETT

What's a warning?

MRS. PLUNKETT

About the American who's come to stay...

PLUNKETT

They're all Americans, Mother.

MRS. PLUNKETT

One of them brings no good.

Plunkett bangs the wardrobe shut. Then, from somewhere off, a loud shrieking is heard.

MRS. PLUNKETT

What did I tell you?

INT. JACK AND SHARON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jack is lying on a rickety four-poster bed, surrounded by other pieces of warped furniture, covered with a fine film of grime.

Sharon screams from the bathroom. Jack leaps off the bed and runs towards her. Through the shower curtain, Jack can see Sharon writhing as if she were fighting someone off. Cold water pours from the shower head.

JACK

What is it?! Did you see a ghost?

SHARON

(screaming)

There's no hot water.

Jack hands her in a towel.

JACK

Well, at least it's authentic.

SHARON

Authentic what?

JACK

I mean ghosts don't use much hot water do they?

Sharon throws herself on the bed.

SHARON

What a dump.

JACK

(lying down beside her)
C'mon. Let's make love and give the ghosts a show.

SHARON

Jack, is that all you ever think about?

JACK

Don't do it for me, Sharon. Do it for your ghostly ancestors.

SHARON

They would have had clean sheets.

Jack sits up, rebuffed.

JACK

Look Sharon, I wanted to go to St. Barts. You were the one who wanted to come here because it's where your people are from. Okay, we're here. Now I agree it's far from perfect. And if I was with anyone else but you, I'd probably slit my wrists. But if I wasn't with you I'd probably slit my wrists anyway. We're together, and that's what counts. Let's give it a chance. And if you still can't stand it after a couple of days, we'll catch the first plane out of here.

Sharon looks at him calculatingly.

SHARON

Okay.

He looks around the room, in the fading twilight.

JACK

But to tell you the truth, I kind of like it.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Closeup of a portrait of a beautiful, innocent, wistful twenty-one-year-old girl with the legend MARY PLUNKETT, 1750-1771. She looks very much like the girl we saw tie the ribbon around the blackthorn tree when the Americans first arrived. The shot opens up to reveal a large, splendid room, very old, beautifully authentic, only spoiled by a lurid yellow carpet.

The Americans sit around the tables, waiting for dinner and expecting the worst. Plunkett is at Marge and Malcolm's table, pouring wine.

MALCOLM

Mr. Plunkett, what is whiting en anglaise?

PLUNKETT

That would be a lovely whiting with breadcrumbs.

MARGE

And whiting en nature?

PLUNKETT

Boiled whiting.

WENDY

What about this whiting vapeur stuff?

PLUNKETT

That, my dear young one, would be whiting...steamed.

MALCOLM

(about to take a sip of wine)
And what's this? Whiting Bordeaux?

PLUNKETT

Very witty, Mr. Clay. Very witty.

WOODY

Mom, so where are these ghosts?

GRAHAM

Bor-ring! I want to see one now.

MALCOLM

Boys, I'm afraid there are no ghosts here.

PLUNKETT

Ah, a cynic, Mr. Clay.

MALCOLM

No, a parapsychologist from Harvard University, Mr. Plunkett.

On Plunkett's stunned reaction.

Sampson serving Brother Tony and Miranda their soup du jour.

SAMPSON

Whiting bisque, madame?

MIRANDA

So, I was seeing this guy and he's a devil-worshipper, right? Well, he's a hairdresser really, but he devil-worships on the side and we booked this dumb tour cause, you know, he likes ghosts, corpses, dead gerbils, that kind of thing, and he ran off with this Buddhist monk. I mean how was I to know he was gay? So what about you, are you gay too?

BROTHER TONY

No, I'm, uh, not.

MIRANDA

Just kidding. Trick question. So what are you doing here?

BROTHER TONY

Well, I thought I'd take a vacation in the Isle of Saints before I made my final vows. A sort of spiritual retreat.

MIRANDA

Yeah, well I've taken a vow myself. I've sworn off guys. For a while at least... But you're not a priest yet.

BROTHER TONY

Not yet.

MIRANDA

(toasting)

Well, here's to keeping our vows.

Jack is quietly eating his soup, staring at the portrait of Mary Plunkett directly in front of him. He can't take his eyes off her.

JACK

Who's that?

PLUNKETT

Mary Plunkett. My great, great, great, great, great, great cousin. She died right here in Haughlin Castle, two hundred years ago.

SHARON

She couldn't take the whiting either? .

PLUNKETT

Levity is out of place, Mrs. Crawford. She was murdered. On her wedding-night. By the hand of her newly-wedded husband.

Sharon gloomily contemplates a menu composed entirely of whiting.

SHARON

What's whiting meuniere?

PLUNKETT

I'm sorry, the meuniere is off tonight. Might I suggest the whiting en papillotte?

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

The Castle, spectral under a full moon. Tiny flashes like fireflies in the foreground. From one of the basement rooms comes the sound of singing.

INT. CABARET - NIGHT

The Americans are gathered with a scattering of villagers, observing the local cabaret. Katie sings in her green

costume, while Eamon plays the accordion. The LOCALS sing happily and drunkenly. The Americans sing along, each as to their personality. Jack, most enthusiastic, and Sharon stonily silent.

KATIE

What foll the doll
Will you dance with your partner
Belt the floor your trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you
Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake.

The song ends to limp applause. Plunkett comes on the stage with the air of a bad stage magician. Behind him, Eamon, in full view of the Americans, pulls some light switches. The lights change dramatically. A local CHILD begins to cry.

PLUNKETT

The full moon has risen above
Haughlin Bog. Those with nervous
dispositions would do well to protect
yourselves. Bolt your doors. Lock
your windows. Say your prayers. For
tonight, they might be walking abroad
- the cluricanes, the phookas, the
banshees and the madrallams. Good
night, sleep well...If you can...If
you dare.

The spotlight goes out on Plunkett and the room is plunged into darkness. A moment later, the lights come up and the Americans find themselves alone.

MIRANDA

Where did they all go?

SHARON

Don't ask. They might come back.

MARGE

If there are any ghosts in this
Castle, I hope to God they put on a
better show than this one.

JACK

Pretty scary, huh, kids?

WENDY

Did you see "Nightmare on Elm
Street?" Give me a break!

INT. MARGE AND MALCOLM'S ROOM - NIGHT

In a bedroom of faded opulence, Marge is doing her nightly ablutions by a mirror. Malcolm is preparing his paranormal equipment at a table by the window. Between them is a suit of armor.

MALCOLM

I think this is going to turn out to be the most pitiful scam I've ever had the pleasure of exposing.

MARGE

Where's that nightie you bought me in the duty-free?

There is a night dress draped across a chair. The suit of armor picks it up and hands it to her. She takes it without looking around.

MARGE

Thank you, bug-bear. And look after these, will you?

She takes off bracelets, jewelry, etc. The suit of armor obediently takes them. As she undresses, she hands each article of clothing to the suit of armor, thinking Malcolm is taking them.

MARGE

I mean you can put up with just so much, can't you? I don't think even ghosts, if there are any, could put up with this dump.

A massive commotion from her children can be heard next door.

MARGE

Why can't they ever just go to bed?

She rushes to the door and goes outside. The suit of armor follows her.

INT. MIRANDA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Miranda lies on her four-poster bed. She is watching TV, wearing a kimono over her shapely body. She lies back and stares up at the ornate top of the four-poster.

The bed begins slowly to move on its axis. She doesn't notice at first, staring upwards. She sits up to look at the TV, but finds herself still facing the window. She turns around puzzled, faces the TV again, and finds it is changing position.

MIRANDA

Jesus Christ. Major jet lag.

The bed begins to move faster. She clings to the arms, growing increasingly more frightened.

INT. BROTHER TONY'S - NIGHT

Brother Tony sits at the window, reading his breviary. Such is his concentration that he doesn't notice the figure of Katie, flying past the window in her harness, waving her arms like a demented cherub.

EXT. CASTLE ROOF - NIGHT

Sampson catches Katie on her upward swing.

SAMPSON

Try knocking at the window this time.

KATIE

Do I have to?

He ignores her protest and flings her into the darkness.

INT. KID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Clay children are running around wildly draped in sheets, pretending to be ghosts. Marge throws the door open. The suit of armor can be seen outside, covered in her underwear.

MARGE

You've got three seconds to get back into bed or you're all grounded!

The kids see the suit of armor behind her. It scares them half to death. They all dive for the bed and pretend instant sleep. Marge goes triumphantly back out, thinking she finally has them under control.

EXT. CORRIDOR

Marge strides back into her own room. Again, the suit of armor follows her. She opens her own door and slams it shut in the suit of armor's face. The suit grunts with pain.

INT. BROTHER TONY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A loud scream sounds from next door. Brother Tony looks in its direction, and so again misses Katie, flying past once more, desperately trying to reach the window. The scream gets louder. Brother Tony recognizes Miranda's voice.

BROTHER TONY

Oh Lord!

He runs for the door.

INT. MIRANDA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Brother Tony bursts in. In the b.g., Katie flies past Miranda's window, but he still doesn't notice. All he sees is Miranda, on the bed, whirling violently, clinging like a beautiful damsel in distress to the bedposts.

MIRANDA

Tony, help me! Help me!

She reaches out an arm for Tony. He grabs it and falls onto the bed with her.

MIRANDA

Can't you do something?

BROTHER TONY

What?

MIRANDA

Exorcise the mother!

She clings to him. She looks very beautiful and very desirable. He raises his eyes to Heaven.

BROTHER TONY

Pater mei quie es in coeli -

Miranda buries her head in his shoulder.

INT. MARGE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marge is standing by the bed. Malcolm is still fiddling with his equipment.

MARGE

(seductive)

Come to me, bug-bear. Make me a woman.

Malcolm turns. As he does, a WRAITH-LIKE FIGURE, looking suspiciously like Eamon, emerges from the wall, passes through both of them, and disappears into the other wall.

MALCOLM

Jesus H. Christ, was that phony!

Malcolm's eyes search around the room to see where it has gone.

MARGE

Look!

She points to the window, where Katie flies by once more. Delighted to be seen at last, Katie grins like a trapeze artist and waves her arms.

A scream of very real fear comes from the kid's room next door. Malcolm and Marge rush for the door.

INT. MIRANDA'S ROOM - NIGHT

The bed moves even faster. Miranda is beginning to enjoy Tony's closeness. A groaning starts up below them. She clings tighter.

MIRANDA

Must be the ghost of an orgasm.

BROTHER TONY

There's no such thing.

MIRANDA

Hold me!

BROTHER TONY

I am!

MIRANDA

Tighter!

The groaning gets louder. She clings even tighter.

EXT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Malcolm and Marge rush out of their room.

The kids pile out of their own room, in terror.

GRAHAM

Mom, we saw a ghost!

They see the suit of armor and stop dead. The suit, still draped in Marge's underwear, begins to walk towards them, menacingly.

MALCOLM

Oh, very nice. A pervert ghost.

WENDY

Mom, he's stealing your underwear!

Wendy grabs a vase and flings it at the suit of armor. The vase knocks off the headpiece. The headless suit continues to move towards them. The kids retreat in terror. Marge screams.

MARGE

Do something, Malcolm! Do something!

INT. JACK AND SHARON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sharon is lying in bed with her sleep mask on. Jack, looking very unhappy, is reading James Joyce's ULYSSES. He shifts over, looks at the immobile Sharon for some comfort and starts reading aloud.

JACK

"...and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfumed yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will yes."

Jack touches Sharon's cheek. She doesn't move.

JACK

Yes? No? Ah shit!

From the wall, the same wraith-like ghost of Eamon emerges, heading straight for Sharon as if to ravish her.

JACK

SHARON!

Jack rolls violently over on top of her to protect her. He lunges for the "ghost" - his hands flail though it - and the ghostly Eamon, making a gesture of abject apology, vanishes through the other wall.

Sharon jerks up in the bed, furious. She whips off her sleep mask.

SHARON

Jack, how many times do I have to say no?! I'm exhausted. We are not making love tonight!

Jack points in desperation at the wall.

JACK

But there was a ghost attacking you!

SHARON

That's the most pathetic excuse for having sex I ever heard.

INT. CORRIDOR

The headless suit of armor advances towards Malcolm. Malcolm grabs an ornamental sword from a window-ledge.

MALCOLM

Lead on Macduff!

Katie flies by the window, grinning.

MALCOLM

You bunch of frauds!

He heads for the suit of armor, sword at the ready. The headless suit retreats before him.

As it does so, the ghostly Eamon emerges from the wall, grins proudly and begins an Irish jig between them. Marge cowers behind Malcolm.

MARGE

I think it's real.

MALCOLM

I'll show you real!

He flings the sword through the window. There is a loud crash of glass, screams from outside and the "ghost" of Eamon vanishes.

MALCOLM

Just as I figured. All done with mirrors. It's so obvious.

Curses, voices heard O.S.

EAMON (o.s.)

Nearly fucking killed me!

SAMPSON (o.s.)

Goddamn Americans!

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sampson, staring down at the wreckage of Eamon's ingenious mirror-rig, forgets to catch Katie, flying up towards him on her harness. She wails, then falls down, now out of control.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The headless suit of armor is now running for its life away from the Clay children, toward the stairs.

GRAHAM/WOODY

Kick his butt, Wendy!

Wendy blind-sides the suit, sending it tumbling down the stairs. Graham and Woody high five Wendy.

GRAHAM

Radical!

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

Katie flies through the air, swinging in terror.

INT. MIRANDA'S ROOM - NIGHT

We see a series of winches attached to the four-poster bed above the canopy going up through the ceiling. The ceiling is cracking dangerously. A moment later, the ceiling gives way and Davey, the barman, crashes down and falls through the top of the canopy, landing between Tony and Miranda.

For one moment, the bed is still, and Tony and Miranda gaze at Davey stupefiedly. Then the entire broken bed crashes down through the floor.

INT. JACK AND SHARON'S ROOM - NIGHT

They're in the midst of a furious row.

SHARON

I don't care what goddamn ghost it was! If I say I'm too tired, then I'm too tired. Now I'll need two more Valium!

JACK

Maybe if we made love more often, you wouldn't need your stupid Valium. Jesus Christ, Sharon, this was supposed to be our second honeymoon!

And crashing through the window comes the hapless Katie who pummels into Sharon, throwing both of them on the bed, which collapses on top of them.

SHARON

JACK!!!!

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Marge and Malcolm are nearly thrown to the ground by Sharon crashing out of her room, furious and imperious, followed by Jack and the tearful Katie.

Their babble of anger is silenced by tremendous crashing sounds coming from the stairway. They all rush in that direction.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Clay kids and the headless suit of armor all tumble down the stairway in the pile and land on top of Plunkett at the foot of the stairs. The rest of the guests surge down towards the melee, all equally furious.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Plunkett picks himself up. The Americans look as if they could eat him alive. Julia stirs in the wreckage of the suit of armor.

PLUNKETT

As the brochure said - 'tis the unpredictability of spirits that cause problems. So I'd - eh - like to apologize for any minor inconvenience.

MALCOLM

This is the most pitiful supernatural sham I've ever encountered.

PLUNKETT

But it will get better. I promise.

Suddenly, the ceiling breaks open and Miranda's bed, with Miranda, Brother Tony and Davey still on it, frozen with terror, crashes through and lands with a resounding THUMP at Plunkett's feet. No one can believe their eyes.

SHARON

That's it. We're leaving first thing in the morning.

PLUNKETT

Oh, no need for that! Just give the poor ghosts some time -

WOODY

We're history, dude.

PLUNKETT

Couldn't we look on tonight as a... kind of...dress rehearsal...

MALCOLM

You're finished, Plunkett. And I'm personally going to expose this pathetic fraud. There are laws against people like you.

KATIE

(to Plunkett)

Maybe Jem Brogan'll give you another month.

Jack turns at the name, shocked.

JACK

What's Jem Brogan got to do with this?

KATIE

Jem Brogan holds the mortgage on this Castle. We've got two weeks left before...

SHARON

(interrupting)

I'm very tired, Jack. Are you coming?

JACK

No, not yet. Go ahead, Plunkett.

PLUNKETT

So we told a lie. Everyone lies once in a while. So Katie isn't a ghost and Julia still has her head on and the Castle isn't haunted. But what you've got to ask yourself is why did we do it? We did it because we love this place.

He is bringing himself close to very theatrical tears.

PLUNKETT

Every little worm-eaten brick. Every little nook and cranny.

He really is crying now.

PLUNKETT

Why should you Americans care if I lose my Castle and the villagers lose their only means of employment?

JACK

I care.

PLUNKETT

What?

JACK

I'm involved in this. Jem Brogan is
my father-in-law.

The Irish all stop and stare at Jack, then at Sharon.

JULIA

You're Jem Brogan's daughter?

SHARON

Yes. My name is Brogan. And you
might as well know there won't be any
extensions on your mortgage.
Especially after tonight's
performance.

JACK

(Aghast)

I don't believe this.

SHARON

Daddy asked me to check it out.

(to Plunkett)

That ghost business was too
ridiculous.

PLUNKETT

So you came to sabotage us.

SHARON

You did perfectly fine all on your
own. I didn't have to lift a finger.

(to Jack)

I'm going to bed.

She strides up the stairs. Jack looks abjectly at
Plunkett.

JACK

Look - I'm sorry. I didn't know.
And for what it is worth, I think
this place is great.

The Irish stare at him in silence. Jack turns and runs up
the stairs.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jack catches up with Sharon in the corridor. Sharon whips around and turns on him.

SHARON

Daddy wants this place. He's always wanted it. He was born in Haughlin. He hates the Plunketts.

JACK

Why?

SHARON

Why not? Daddy hates most people.

JACK

Jesus Christ, Sharon, you lied to me. You mean you used our vacation for "Daddy?"

SHARON

Jack, it's business.

Jack can't believe what he's hearing.

SHARON

Where are you going?

JACK

To get drunk.

SHARON

Stick to vodka. It won't smell so bad on your breath.

JACK

Don't worry. If I get drunk, I won't smell it!

He turns on his heel and stalks off.

INT. JACK AND SHARON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sharon briskly undresses by the window, only briefly exposing her beautiful body. Then she whips on her sleep mask and lies down like a mummy in the bed. We hear Jack's voice in v.o. throughout.

JACK (v.o.)

When I first met her, she had the most beautiful skin of any woman I'd ever met. It was white... that beautiful white... like...

PLUNKETT

Shaving-cream?

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Jack and Plunkett are drinking in the empty pub. They are both plastered.

JACK

No - ala - ala something.

PLUNKETT

Ali? She had skin like Mohammed Ali?

They laugh drunkenly. There are tears in Jack's eyes.

PLUNKETT

Alka Seltzer?

They both crack up again.

JACK

No. I remember. Alabaster.

PLUNKETT

Oh dear. I knew a girl once...

JACK

White translucent alabaster.

PLUNKETT

I knew a girl once...

JACK

Plunkett, I don't want you to lose your hotel. Not to my father-in-law. He's a son of bitch. Do you know how he made his first million?

PLUNKETT

How?

JACK

He hired fifty illegal aliens to fill up bottles with Los Angeles tap water. Then he called it "Irish Spring Mineral Water," and sold it for two dollars a bottle. So...You knew a girl once...

PLUNKETT

Did I? Do you want a drink?

Jack holds up his whiskey. His words are now slurred.

JACK

I was under the impression I had one.

PLUNKETT

I mean a real drink.

Plunkett ducks behind the bar. He pulls open a small door among the shelves - and we glimpse a row of old, dust-covered bottles inside.

PLUNKETT

My father's brew.

Plunkett takes one out. Blows the dust off it. An opaque, cracked, mysterious bottle. He downs the liquid in one gulp. Jack does the same. It seems to twist his spine.

JACK

Wow! This isn't tap water.

PLUNKETT

What's he going to do with this place then?

JACK

How'd you like a view of the Pacific from these windows?

PLUNKETT

I don't believe you.

JACK

He's capable of it. Just look at his daughter.

Jack then breaks up. We don't know whether he's laughing or crying. Plunkett breaks up with him.

PLUNKETT

You mean your wife...

JACK

Omigod! You're right. I married her.

They both drink again and break up laughing.

PLUNKETT

No... don't laugh...

They laugh to the point of tears.

PLUNKETT

It could be... worse...

Laughing.

JACK

How?

Laughing.

PLUNKETT

It could be...

He can barely get the words out, he's laughing so hard.

PLUNKETT

Raining. *the rain is falling*

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

Rain teems down on the Castle.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jack wanders down the corridor taking swigs from the bottle of potin. He is very drunk.

JACK

Softness, Sharon. Just a little softness. Gentleness. A kiss here, a touch there. It's everything, Sharon. And it doesn't cost a thing.

He comes to the door, tries to open it and finds it locked. He throws himself against it and falls through.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is in darkness. Jack sways unsteadily.

JACK

The milk of human kindness, Sharon.
Three little words every once in a
while. They don't cost anything
either. I -- love -- you.

He senses something behind him. He turns and sees a
gravely beautiful girl, dressed in an eighteenth-century
nightgown - the girl from the portrait downstairs - MARY
PLUNKETT.

JACK

Shit! The wrong room. I'm sorry.
This isn't what you think.

Mary stares at Jack. Her eyes are luminous.

JACK

Didn't anyone tell you the show's
over?

Her eyes are hypnotic. Jack becomes entranced.

JACK

God, you're beautiful.

Suddenly, a huge wind rushes through the room. The door
bursts open and MARTIN, a fierce-looking man in an
eighteenth-century costume with a knife in his belt, rushes
in.

MARTIN

So, my little harlot, you'd not tup
with me. Then you'll tup with no
one...

Martin drags Mary from the bed by the hair. He grabs her
round the neck and begins to strangle her. Jack sways
drunkenly above them.

JACK

Wow! Great act! Real bruises too.
Should have done it earlier. Could
have saved this place.

MARTIN

Where is he?

MARY

No, Martin. No. Please!

MARTIN

I'll kill you, my precious wife.
Then I'll kill him...

Martin drags Mary to her feet and flings her onto the bed. The motion seems to pass through Jack, who is flung violently into the corner of the room. He realizes something strange is going on.

JACK

Jesus! I don't even know her. I swear to God!

MARTIN

When I discover him.

MARY

Martin, there's no one. No one!

MARTIN

Then why don't I believe you?

Mary tries to rise. Martin smacks her in the face, throwing her back on the bed.

JACK

Look, it's not what you think. I was drunk. Had a fight with my wife. Fell into the wrong room...

Martin unsheathes a huge sword.

MARY

There was no one, Martin!

JACK

Oh no! Don't kill her!

Martin pulls back his arm, the sword glinting. Just as he's about to plunge it into Mary, Jack jumps between them and takes the sword in his heart. He screams. Magically, the sword passes right through him. Martin stares, as if through Jack, at Mary.

MARTIN

Oh Lord, she wouldn't die - not with a lie on her lips. What have I done?

He vanishes.

Jack turns, breathless. He sees Mary on the bed, staring directly at him.

JACK

I'm drunk.

He shakes his head. Mary slowly begins to vanish. She moves her mouth as if trying to say something: "Thank you."

JACK

I'm drunk. And you're the most beautiful - thing - I've ever -

Her body is vanishing, just leaving her beautiful head, the hair falling around it. Then her eyes and lips.

JACK

Oh God! Don't just go like that...

The last thing to go is her red lips, still mouthing the same words: "Thank you."

Jack stares round the empty room as if he is hallucinating.

INT. JACK AND SHARON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sharon is asleep. Jack breaks through the door and collapses beside her.

JACK

Oh God, Sharon. You don't understand, do you? Why can't you just love me? I thought it would last forever. But it never even started. Did it Sharon? Did you ever - love - me?

Sharon sleeps like a statue. Tears course down Jack's cheeks. He wipes them off.

JACK

The hell with it!

He staggers out of bed and into the bathroom. He rummages through Sharon's pills for the Valium. Then, he fills a glass of water.

JACK

Better dead than half dead.

Behind him, we see the Valium tablets magically transposing themselves with the vitamins. We glimpse Mary's image in the mirror moving the pills.

JACK

Goodbye, Sharon.

He takes a handful of vitamins, sways and then collapses, thinking he has killed himself.

EXT. CASTLE - DAWN

Sun rising over the Castle and Village.

INT. JACK AND SHARON'S BATHROOM - CLOSEUP - JACK'S FACE

A single beam of sunlight falls across him.

JACK

Dead. So this is what it feels like.
Kind of like a hangover. Jesus, I
hope it's not going to be like this
for all eternity.

Sharon enters, stepping over him as if he doesn't exist.
This confirms Jack's certainty that he's dead.

Jack belches.

JACK

You always hated me doing that,
Sharon. But now that I'm gone, who
cares.

Sharon brushes her teeth furiously. Then, she suddenly
speaks without looking at him.

SHARON

Are you going to lie there all
morning or are you going to pack?

JACK

Pack? You mean I'm not dead?!

SHARON
I've booked us all into the
Shelbourne Hotel in Dublin. We're
leaving in an hour. My vitamin B-
complex level is dangerously low and
I can feel a massive migraine coming
on.

Sharon takes what she thinks is three or four vitamins.
What she's actually taken is about twenty-five milligrams
of Valium.

JACK
Two things are clear. I'm not dead
and I'm not loved.

She steps over him and exits. Jack gets to his feet.

JACK
Shit! I got the vitamins.

He looks at the cabinet. Grins.

JACK
And she got the Valium.

INT. PLUNKETT'S OFFICE - MORNING

Katie enters, looking for Plunkett, but she can't find him
anywhere. Then, she hears a groan coming from the roll-top
desk. She rolls back the top to reveal Plunkett, passed
out from his drunk with Jack.

KATIE
Mr. Plunkett, wake up. Mrs. Crawford
has organized the Americans. They're
leaving for Dublin after breakfast.

PLUNKETT
Oh, bloody Hell!

INT. CASTLE HALLWAY - MORNING

Sharon is on the pay phone.

SHARON

Daddy? It's me. You can forget about Plunkett. All the guests are coming to Dublin with me. So you'd better...

Suddenly, the Valium kicks in. She starts giggling and slurring her words.

SHARON

Come over and take your little kitten home because she's divorcing Jack and wants her Daddy to play with her and she's a lonely little kittykins and do you want to hear her meeiaow? Meeiaow...Meeiaow...

She drops the receiver and wanders aimlessly down the hall meeiaowing like a cat.

On the DANGLING RECEIVER - BROGAN'S VOICE comes from it.

BROGAN (v.o.)

Sharon? Sharon? What's wrong honey? I'm coming over -- next plane -- I'm going to move that castle brick by brick to Malibu. Do you hear me Sharon? Brick by brick!

A mysterious wind blows down the corridor, making everything come alive - tinkling chandeliers, rattling vases and suits of armor, whirling eddies of dust from the carpets and cobwebs. It whips the receiver round in a frenzied circle until it shatters into pieces against the corridor wall.

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sharon wobbles in, giggling.

SHARON

Hi hi everyone.

(to Malcolm)

Hi, Mac-man. Meeiaow.

She bends over and kisses Malcolm full on the mouth.

SHARON

How dare you!

She slaps Malcolm across the face, smiles at the rest of the Americans, then suddenly drops out of frame.

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Jack, depressed, emerges from his room with his bags, and walks down the hallway. He can hear the sound of a woman weeping. He follows the sound around a corner and sees a sobbing woman in a window love-seat, her head cradled in her arms. She is dressed in a white wedding dress.

JACK

Excuse me. Are you all right?

The woman looks up. It is Mary Plunkett, the beautiful girl from the night before.

JACK

Oh my God! You're real!

(beat)

I mean you're a real ghost!

He faints.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - SAME TIME

The Americans are leaving, helping a dazed Sharon out the door.

PLUNKETT

Wait! Please don't leave! I've got something extremely important to tell you.

MALCOLM

What is it, Plunkett?

PLUNKETT

The Shelbourne's a dump! The manager's an alcoholic.

MALCOLM

And you're a teetotaler?

PLUNKETT

It's Dublin. Dublin would be the pits! No sensible person would go there! What with rapists, muggers, terrorists -

MARGE
(frightened)
Oh God, Malcolm.

MALCOLM
Marge, he's lying. He's a phony,
just like the ghosts. Come on, we're
leaving.

Plunkett watches sadly as the Americans exit. His staff
stand behind him.

PLUNKETT
Well, looks like that's it, Katie.
Or, as the Americans say, that's all
she wrote.

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Again, the mysterious wind blows a chandelier. The CAMERA
TRACKS toward the wind preceding it, as if we are assuming
some ghostly point of view. We move through corridors of
billowing curtains and tapestries, rattling light fixtures.
The CAMERA hones in on Mrs. Plunkett's door and, as it does
so, the door flies open, mysteriously, to reveal Mrs.
Plunkett, sitting at her table by the window, two drinks
beside her. She turns and faces the CAMERA.

MRS. PLUNKETT
Good morning, dear.

REVERSE ANGLE -

On the GHOST of her husband, PLUNKETT SR. A remarkably old
gentleman, with bright intelligent eyes, wearing a satin
dressing gown, covered in dandruff. Mrs. Plunkett hands
him his drink.

PLUNKETT SR.
Well, our son is an idiot.

MRS. PLUNKETT
We've known that for years, darling.

PLUNKETT SR.
But this time he's surpassed himself.
The ghosts are furious.

MRS. PLUNKETT
Why?

PLUNKETT SR.

They've heard that Jem Brogan is going to move the Castle to Malibu.

MRS. PLUNKETT

Oooh, I'd like that. All that sunshine and those movie stars. Maybe I'd get to meet that J.R. fellow.

PLUNKETT SR.

No respectable ghost would move to California. They're Irish. What would they do there? They're outraged, and so am I. If that dolt know how to maintain a proper Castle, none of this would have happened.

MRS. PLUNKETT

So what are we going to do?

PLUNKETT SR.

It's out of my hands. They won't listen to me. I'm afraid they're going to give the Americans the haunted holiday they came for.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

On Jack's face, fainted on the carpet. A gentle wind blows his hair. He opens his eyes, and sees the beautiful Mary Plunkett.

JACK

You're the girl in that picture in the dining room? Mary Plunkett?

MARY

Yes.

JACK

But Plunkett said you died two hundred years ago.

MARY

Aye.

JACK

So you're a ghost.

Mary smiles.

JACK

Jesus!

He covers his eyes with his hand. Mary blows gently on his face till he looks at her once more.

MARY

I have to thank you, for what you did last night.

JACK

What did I do last night?

MARY

You gave me the only moment of peace I've had in two hundred years. I'll be in your debt for eternity, sir.

JACK

Don't call me sir.

MARY

What can I call you?

JACK

Jack.

MARY

Jack...

JACK

Is that a wedding dress?

MARY

Today's my wedding day. Tonight he'll murder me.

JACK

Do you get murdered every night?

MARY

Every night until last night.

JACK

What about tonight?

MARY

That depends on you.

A horn BLARES from outside.

JACK

You can't depend on me. I've got to go now.

He rises slowly. Mary's face begins to fade.

MARY

Don't go, Jack...

JACK

You're vanishing.

MARY

Because you want to forget me.

JACK

I don't. You're beaut...

The horn BLARES again. Jack turns in confusion. When he turns back, Mary has vanished.

JACK

Mary!

His voice echoes down the empty corridor. A wind blows his hair.

EXT. CASTLE DRIVEWAY

The Americans are packed into an ancient limousine. Eamon is at the wheel. Sharon, doped out of her head beside him, is honking the horn.

SHARON

Jack Spratt could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean. JACK!!

Eamon starts the motor.

INT. CASTLE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack picks up his suitcase and begins to walk sadly down the hall.

QUICK MONTAGE - VARIOUS PARTS OF THE CASTLE -

A GHOSTLY WIND begins to gather out of every crevice of the Castle, whipping into a fury.

JACK REACHES THE STAIRCASE -

And begins to descend when the WIND knocks him off his feet, and rips the suitcase from his hand. It whirls him down the staircase, out the front door, past Katie and over the Americans in the limousine.

JACK

Waahooaaaahoooooahhhooooooo!!!

Jack flies out of sight, as the wind whirls round the limo, tearing it to bits. First, the luggage, piled on the roof, is sent flying. Then, the limo itself is stripped by the force of the hurricane. Then, the Americans are stripped naked. Brother Tony now wears only his clerical collar. Eamon is miraculously untouched.

The wind vanishes, as quickly as it came. The Americans stare in horror at themselves. Sharon, still stoned, looks down at Brother Tony's naked body.

SHARON

So, all the snakes weren't driven out of Ireland.

Brother Tony rips off his clerical collar and desperately tries to cover his crotch with it.

It begins to pour. Thunder and lightening drive the naked Americans back to the Castle.

EXT. CASTLE - SAME TIME

Jack is passed out in a tree, buffeted by the storm.

INT. PLUNKETT'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Plunkett is standing on a chair with the noose around his neck.

PLUNKETT

"...Out, out brief candle. Life's but a passing shadow, a poor player that..."

Katie bursts into the room.

KATIE

Mr. Plunkett! The Americans are staying!

PLUNKETT
(raising his eyes to Heaven)
There is a God!

EXT. CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack, in the tree. He's dazed, but conscious. A bolt of lightening strikes the trunk and the tree falls, tumbling Jack to the ground. A GHOSTLY, SADDLED WHITE HORSE appears and stands above him, waiting. Mary's heraldic symbol, which we saw on her gown earlier, is embossed on the saddle.

HORSE
Hi. Are you Jack?

On Jack's reaction.

EXT. CASTLE

The Irish staff collect the American's clothes, which are scattered all over the grounds.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The angry, drenched Americans are covering themselves in whatever they can find. Malcolm has wrapped some armor round his waist, Brother Tony is now desperately trying to cover his privates with a tapestry. Miranda is wearing the skimpiest piece of chain-mail while Sharon wanders around zonked, in a massive lamp shade.

Plunkett bounces cheerily down the stairs.

PLUNKETT
Welcome back, dear guests. Let me be the first to apologize for our temperamental Irish weather.

MALCOLM
Shut up, Plunkett, and call us a cab.

PLUNKETT
Of course, Mr. Clay. Immediately.

He tries the phone. He hangs up.

PLUNKETT

Deepest regrets. The phones are dead. The storm must have knocked them out. Oh, darn! I guess you'll just have to stay until it stops raining.

The rain suddenly stops. The sun shines brightly.

WOODY

Look, Dad. It's stopped raining.

PLUNKETT

(looking to the
Heavens)

Give me a break! Just one!

(to the Americans)

So, we're all together for one more night. I feel like we're all becoming one big, happy family.

MALCOLM

Plunkett, I would rather walk into town in this suit of armor and spend the night in a stable than spend one more second in this hell-hole. Marge, children...we're leaving.

The children groan. Malcolm clanks in his makeshift suit towards the door. As if on cue, the storm begins to rage again. A bolt of lightening strikes Malcolm's armor, illuminating him. A rush of wind jets him up the stairs.

WENDY

(mouthing)

What the fuck was that?

EXT. BOG - LATER

The blackthorn tree, over the boghole, strung with beads, cards, bits of clothing. In the b.g., we can see the Horse leading Jack towards it. Then, Mary materializes, kneeling before the tree. She tears a piece of clothing from her white dress and ties it to a branch. She is in her ghostly loop.

MARY

Sweet mother Mary, Saint Brigit, please don't let me marry him. Please release me.

Jack reaches her. She doesn't seem to notice him.

JACK

Mary...

MARY

I don't love Martin and never will.

She still doesn't turn.

The Horse nuzzles Jack.

HORSE

Once more, with feeling -

JACK

(passionately)

MARY!!!

Mary turns. Jack is in a ragged state.

MARY

Sweet Jesus! What happened to you?

JACK

I ran into a puff of wind.

MARY

Oh dear. That would be the spirits in the Castle. Sorry.

JACK

What are you doing?

MARY

Praying to St. Brigit to release me from my marriage vows. I'm to be...

JACK

I know. This is your wedding day and tonight you're going to be murdered again. Look, this is too psychotic for me. I mean, I'm as up for a good nervous breakdown as anyone but this is too much. I get here yesterday and my marriage collapses. I save a ghost from being murdered by another ghost, which, if you think about it, makes no sense at all. Then, I fly into a tree and Reynaldo, the talking horse here, leads me to...

Mary brings her face near his. Her eyes are luminous.

JACK
(almost swooning)
...The most beautiful ghost I've ever
seen in my...

He shakes himself.

JACK
I'm an American for Christ's sake!
What going on here?

MARY
Last night, when you took Martin's
sword in my stead, you broke the
cursed chain that has bound me for
two hundred years. Your heart. Your
goodness.

JACK
What cursed chain?

MARY
My marriage to Martin Brogan was
arranged by my father. I did not
love him. He had warts and his feet
stank. On my wedding night I refused
to be tupp'd by him.

JACK
Tupp'd?

She gives him a look.

JACK
Oh. Tupp'd. I get it. Go on.

MARY
He thought I loved another, though I
did not. And in a jealous fury, he
did me to death. Now every day for
me is the same. If I get murdered
one more time, I'll scream!

JACK
Jesus. Who'd be a ghost?

MARY
We are what we are.

She blows his face again. It is incredibly sexy.

JACK
So, this Martin stank, did he?

MARY
Aye. And he squished.

JACK
Squished?...You mean belched?

MARY
No...worse.

JACK
Oh. (pause) Well...could you love a man who belched...as long as he didn't squish?

MARY
I could love you, Sir Jack. And if you loved me, the miracle could happen...

JACK
But I can't. I'm married.

MARY
Ah, then. You don't love me.

JACK
I didn't say that...

MARY
And I am doomed forever. Even now, Martin dons his garments, sharpens his knife. Goodbye, Sir Jack.

She climbs on Reynaldo, who begins to walk off.

JACK
Wait. I didn't say that...

He begins to run after her as the Horse gains speed.

JACK
You're a ghost and I'm an American...
It'd never work out.

Reynaldo gallops.

JACK
Come back...Mary...

Mary reaches the top of the hill and rears her steed. She unties a ribbon from her hair and lets it go. The wind carries it to Jack as she vanishes. The ribbon winds itself lovingly around him.

INT. JACK AND SHARON'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Martin materializes by a mirror. As Mary said, he is donning his wedding garments.

MARTIN
Ah, if only I could see myself. I bet I look grand.

He takes out his knife and begins to prick some blackheads on his chin. He belches, loudly.

SHARON (o.s.)
Jack? Is that you?

Martin, intrigued, walks into the bathroom.

Sharon lies in a bubble bath, with a washcloth over her eyes.

SHARON
I don't know what happened to me, but I am zonked. I've got pains all over. Could you rub my back?

Martin's eyes widen, as Sharon turns languorously in the tub.

SHARON
Go on. I won't bite.

Martin begins to rub her back.

SHARON
(sniffing)
You could do with a bath. When did you last wash your feet?

And as Martin's hands ripple up and down her back, something amazing goes through her.

SHARON

Oh God, Jack. You never did it like that before. Oh honey...that's wonderful. Why don't you get in too.

She rolls over on her front.

MARTIN

(rolling his eyes to Heaven)
Oh, Michael, Mary and all the saints.
Oh shitehawks McGoldrick.

Sharon pulls the washcloth away, sees Martin and screams.

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Jack is running up the corridor when he hears Sharon scream. He runs into his room and sees Sharon standing cowering in the bathtub, a towel wrapped around her.

SHARON

Oh Jack! Oh thank God you're here!

JACK

What is it?

SHARON

There was a terrible man here, watching me take a bath.

JACK

What did he look like?

SHARON

Warts - and big hands - and a knife-

JACK

(holding her)
It's okay. I'm here. That was only Martin.

SHARON

Martin? Who's Martin?!

JACK

A ghost who murders his wife every night. Other than that, he's completely harmless.

SHARON
(with rising hysteria)
Get out! Get out! Get out!

INT. MALCOLM AND MARGE'S ROOM

Malcolm is lying in bed, his hair sticking out and his eyebrows singed.

MARGE
Are you okay?

MALCOLM
Do I look okay?

He gets out of bed and starts assembling his paranormal equipment.

MARGE
What are you doing?

MALCOLM
I'm going to check this place out. I smell something wrong here.

MARGE
So do I. It smells like burnt rubber.

MALCOLM
That's me, Marge.
He exits with his equipment.

INT. CASTLE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks down the hallway, towards the window-seat where he met Mary earlier.

JACK
If only I knew how to find you - I'd be able to tell you...

He stares at the empty seat.

JACK
That I do. Or I could...

The lace curtain blows in the breeze and wraps itself lovingly around him.

JACK

Mary! You are here. Why can't I see you?

A door opens and Mrs. Plunkett leans out. She beckons to Jack.

MRS. PLUNKETT

Pssst!

Jack turns and sees her.

MRS. PLUNKETT

You love her, don't you?

JACK

Yes...but...

MRS. PLUNKETT

What's the problem then?

JACK

Well, she's a ghost.

(puzzled)

How do you know all this?

MRS. PLUNKETT

I'm married to one. Won't you join us for a drink?

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Malcolm takes readings with his ghost-detecting paraphernalia. Suddenly, his equipment goes berserk. The needle rises upward. It points right at him, giving him the mechanical equivalent of the finger.

INT. CLAY CHILDREN'S ROOM - DAY

The Clay children are staring open-mouthed at something.

WENDY

Do you believe this?

GRAHAM

No. Only four channels.

They're looking at Irish television. Graham goes back and forth through the four channels -- getting test patterns, a cricket match, and a program called "Massage for the Geriatric."

WOODY

Maybe the cable got unplugged.

WENDY

Nope. No cable. This is it.

GRAHAM

This place sucks the big one.

He picks up an ashtray and flings it at the television set.

WENDY

Graham!

The ashtray -- headed straight for the screen -- stops an inch away, and hangs there in mid-air.

GRAHAM

Holy moly...

Woody, who was standing behind the television, comes around and starts to touch the ashtray. It sidles out of his way.

GRAHAM

Cut it out! Woody, you're scaring me.

WOODY

I'm not doing anything.

The ashtray suddenly flies back -- right at Wendy. Graham grabs his sister and jerks her out of the way. The ashtray smashes against the wall behind them. Wendy screams. All three children huddle close together, staring at the wall.

On the opposite side of the room, a lamp suddenly rises off a small table and hovers in the air.

Woody sees it first and points. The others turn that way, with dread.

The lamp starts coming slowly towards them. When it reaches the length of its cord, it pauses, and then tugs. The table is overturned, smashing everything on it. The

cord is pulled free of the socket. The lamp hurls itself at them. the children duck and scream. The lamp continues past them and smashes into a glass framed picture on the opposite wall.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE CLAY CHILDREN'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Katie hears the sounds of destruction from inside the room. She pulls open the door. The room is totally destroyed.

KATIE

You little pack of American heathens!

KIDS

We didn't do anything! We swear!

INT. BROTHER TONY'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Brother Tony is praying by the window, his head bowed.

TONY

Dear Lord, I beseech thee to help me in my hour of need. Cleanse me of the impure thoughts I have for this woman, Miranda.

He looks up. Across the courtyard he sees Miranda dancing erotically to Madonna's "POPPA DON'T PREACH."

TONY

Well now, Lord. That's not quite the kind of help I had in mind.

Abruptly, he hears the flapping of wings and turns to see empty nuns habits flying about the room. "POPPA DON'T PREACH" changes to a threatening "DIES IRAE." The habits attack him, shrieking and pecking like the crows from Hitchcock's THE BIRDS. The empty habits start a Gregorian Chant.

HABITS

May your penis burn in hell!
May your penis burn in hell!

Brother Tony looks down and sees smoke coming out of his pants pockets.

TONY

Oh Lord, I get the message!

Then, the habits swoop towards him all at once. He panics and dives out the window, right into the slime-covered swimming pool.

INT. MIRANDA'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Miranda, still listening to Madonna, hears Brother Tony scream and runs to his room. She sees the whole array of monkish habits swooping around the room.

HABITS

Poppa don't preach, I'm in trouble
deep -

Masses of squirming rats emerge from every opening of the habits. Miranda screams and she too is driven out of the window to join Tony in the slime pool. The whiting surge all around them like maggots. Brother Tony and Miranda help each other out of the pool, fighting off the fish.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Marge wanders down the corridor looking for Malcolm.

MARGE

Malcolm? Honey?

She turns a corner and sees him spread-eagled on the floor, being choked with brightly colored tape. All the instruments of his paranormal research are being used against him by invisible hands. A Polaroid camera takes pictures of him, blinding him with its flash. A pen is taking down notations in a book. A tape-recorder is shrieking gibberish. A thermometer tries to force its way down his mouth. A hypodermic needle squirts itself in mid-air. Marge screams in terror.

INT. MRS PLUNKETT'S ROOM - LATER

Jack and Mrs. Plunkett are drinking.

JACK

How can it possibly work out? She's a ghost... Not to mention the fact that we're both married to other people.

MRS. PLUNKETT

True love can move mountains.

JACK

It can't bring the dead back to life.

MRS. PLUNKETT

It can...on Midsummer's Eve.

JACK

That's tomorrow night.

MRS. PLUNKETT

Yes. When true love will let the spirit take on the flesh. When the spirit moves and the flesh is willing. When the juices flow and the skelping is mighty.

JACK

Skelping?

MRS. PLUNKETT

A ghost term.

(dreamily)

Best night of the year.

JACK

You're serious.

MRS. PLUNKETT

Of course. But it's dangerous. You mustn't go too far!

JACK

What do you mean?

Mrs. Plunkett cocks her eye towards the wardrobe.

MRS. PLUNKETT

Shall we help him, dear?

The wardrobe creaks open, revealing a dusty book on a shelf. It moves of its own accord towards Jack, right into his hands.

MRS. PLUNKETT
"The Book of High Spirits." You'll
find all you need to know in there.

Jack blows the dust off the book.

JACK
Thank you.

MRS. PLUNKETT
Don't mention it. Just promise
you'll be careful.

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

A full moon appears from behind a cloud, casting its light
over the Castle.

INT. PLUNKETT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Plunkett is standing on the chair, trying to lasso a bottle
of Jameson's with the noose.

Katie rushes in.

KATIE
Mr. Plunkett you'd better come - the
Americans are acting very strangely.

Plunkett tries to hide what he was doing. He quickly
adopts a depressed pose. He looks morosely at the noose,
then slumps down.

PLUNKETT
What have I accomplished? Nothing.
Couldn't even organize a ghost
weekend.

KATIE
No one else would have thought of it,
Mr. Plunkett. That's a kind of
genius.

PLUNKETT
I'm tired, Katie, and I feel old. Do
you know I was at your beside the
night you were born? Your mother,
God rest her soul. I could have...

KATIE

Did you know when I was a young girl,
I was mad for you?

PLUNKETT

For me?

KATIE

I thought you were the spider's
ankles.

Plunkett kisses her on the forehead.

PLUNKETT

You're a sweet liar, Katie Breen.

KATIE

Don't you believe me?

She kisses him full on the mouth. The door bursts open.
Patricia enters.

PATRICIA

Mr. Plunkett - the Americans...

PLUNKETT

Don't tell me. They're acting
strangely.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

All the Americans are present, except for Jack. They are
eating in terrified silence.

WENDY

(very politely)

Could I have some whiting, please?

GRAHAM

Me, too.

MARGE

Mmmmm. Delicious.

SAMPSON

More whiting, sir?

MALCOLM

(pushing his plate away)
Tastes remarkably good. But I think
I'll leave some room for that
delicious whiting gateau.

The staff exchange bemused glances. Plunkett enters. All
the Americans leap, as if expecting the worst, then sigh
with relief when they see that it isn't a ghost.

MARGE

Oh, it's only you.

PLUNKETT

Whom were you expecting?

MALCOLM

Come off it, Plunkett! Those fake
ghosts were one thing. But this
carrying on is an entirely different
matter.

PLUNKETT

Is there something wrong with your
rooms?

MARGE

They're haunted!

MIRANDA

With ghosts!

BROTHER TONY

Real ghosts!

MALCOLM

And for God's sake, Plunkett, they're
attacking us!

PLUNKETT

Well, the brochure didn't promise...

MALCOLM

Damn the brochure! We're talking
about living, breathing spirits here.

SHARON

(standing up)

Oh stop it, all of you! There are no ghosts here! Don't you see what he's doing? He wants to keep this castle from my father. I don't know about the rest of you...but Plunkett, you haven't fooled me at all.

She exits. Plunkett whispers to Katie.

PLUNKETT

(sotto voce)

These Americans are becoming a gigantic pain in the arse.

(to the Americans)

Personally, I've always found that nothing drives away a nasty Irish Pookha quite like a glass of potin. So if anyone cares to join me...

AMERICANS

Yes - please - don't go without us!

Plunkett turns to find the Americans in a bunch, scurrying after him.

INT. MARY'S ROOM

Jack is reading "THE BOOK OF HIGH SPIRITS."

JACK

"On Midsummer's Eve, the dead take flesh, wrap their limbs about the living and feed on human fear of them. Ghost and human may conjoin, they may skelp but not tup for should a man bed a ghostly body, untold demons shall be loosed upon the world."

Jack hears the door open.

JACK

Mary?

It's Sharon.

SHARON

Who's Mary?

JACK
Sharon, we've got to talk.

SHARON
Who is this Mary?

JACK
She's a woman. Actually, she's not a woman. She's a ghost. But it's funny how much you can care about a ghost and I think I'm... (looking down at the book again) Have you ever heard of skelping?

SHARON
Stop! Don't you sit there and tell me you're having an affair with a goddamn ghost!

JACK
It's true, Sharon.

SHARON
There's no such thing as ghosts.

Suddenly, the window is thrown open and wind swirls around the room. Mary appears, pursued by Martin, who proceeds to try and strangle her in a perfect replay of the night before.

SHARON
That was the man in my bathroom!

JACK
That's Martin and Mary. They're ghosts. They're having problems in their relationship.

Martin throws Mary on the bed.

MARY
No, Martin. Please.

MARTIN
I'll kill you, my precious wife. Then I'll kill him. When I discover him.

He draws his knife. Jack tries to stop him, but the ghost wind flings him against the wall.

MARY

Martin, there's no one.

SHARON

Oh yes there is! My husband!

MARTIN

(to Mary)

Then why don't I believe you?

He goes for the kill.

SHARON

Believe this.

She gives him a karate kick to the groin. Martin drops to the floor, groaning in pain. Mary runs out of the room in confusion. Jack follows her.

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Mary runs down the hallway.

JACK

Mary... wait!

She turns.

JACK

Don't go. Listen to me. I love you.

MARY

I know that.

JACK

When did you know it?

MARY

The minute I saw you. The minute I knew I loved you.

She comes towards him.

MARY

But your love must be true.

JACK

It is true.

MARY

It must withstand all obstacles.

JACK
It will! It will! I've been
reading... By the way, what's
skelping?

MARY
This is skelping...

She comes towards him, wraps herself around him, and does something erotic. The wind courses through Jack's hair. He is in ecstasy.

JACK
Oh my God!!
He sees Mary begin to vanish.

JACK
Don't go Mary!

MARY
I can't help it. Skelping takes a
lot out of you.

She is almost gone.

MARY
Just remember I love you.

JACK
I love you.

MARY
The chapel...noon tomorrow.
Be there.

She vanishes. Jack is left with the wind.

INT. MARY'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Martin is writhing on the floor, clutching his groin.

MARTIN
That was a dirty trick...right in the
bahookies!

SHARON
You were going to put a sword through
your wife, you pig!

MARTIN

It's no great thing. I do it every night.

SHARON

And I suppose watching other men's wives take a bath is no big deal either.

MARTIN

It's a grand thing if the wife is you.

SHARON

You dirty Peeping Tom!

He begins to vanish. He reaches for her.

MARTIN

One skelp before I vanish...

Sharon goes to kick him again.

MARTIN

(as he disappears)

Not again, my wild vixen. By God, what a woman you are!

He is gone. Sharon looks almost regretful.

SHARON

You're not so bad yourself.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

The Americans are huddled in the pub, almost passed out from the drink. Katie is singing the twenty-sixth verse of her interminable Irish ballad. The Clay children are sleeping soundly on a bench.

PLUNKETT

Maybe we should put your children to bed.

The Clay children suddenly awaken.

CHILDREN

No! No! We'll be good! We weren't asleep! etc.

Plunkett, at his wit's end, fills the Americans' glasses once more.

PLUNKETT

Another nightcap, everyone?

The Americans bring the drinks to their lips. One by one they pass out. Suddenly Miranda leaps to her feet.

MIRANDA

I can't stand this any more!

She grabs Katie's guitar, smashes it over a chair and passes out. Plunkett vaults over the bar.

PLUNKETT

Come on!

All the Irish jump up, rush over to the Americans and begin to lift them bodily out of the pub.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Plunkett descends the stairs wearily. His staff are gathered below.

PLUNKETT

So what's wrong with them, eh? What's wrong with these Americans? One night they want to leave, the next night you can't get rid of them. One day they hate the whiting, next day they have to have all five courses. When you break your back to give them ghosts you thought they wanted, they scream at you. And when you throw in the towel, they scream even louder. They see spooks in the toilet. Under the bed. I mean, don't they know when the joke's over? Can't they tell when enough is enough?

He is close to tears. Behind him, beginning about the middle of this speech, a small host of ghostly demons appear, slowly descending the staircase. A ghostly suit of armor is first. It trips on the top stairs, and falls apart. The various pieces begin a slow descent on their own. A pair of Siamese twin ghosts swing slowly from the chandelier. An 18th century chef lays his hand on the banister, then chops off his own fingers and begins to eat

them. A bucket of blood overturns and cascades slowly down the stairs. A whole troop of ghostly mice run down the banister and begin to gnaw at the wood.

The Irish stare at Plunkett in disbelieving terror, watching the display behind them. Plunkett screams.

PLUNKETT

Will somebody say something! WHAT IS
WRONG WITH THEM - WHAT IS GOING ON
HERE?!!

The final ghost comes down the center of the staircase, an unimpressive middle-aged man in oversized pajamas. He speaks softly to Plunkett.

FATHER

Mucked up again, Peter.

Plunkett freezes. He stares at Eamon, refusing to turn.

EAMON

Ah, Mr. Plunkett, I think your father
wants to speak to you...

PLUNKETT

(whispering)

But he's dead.

EAMON

Perhaps. But he looks pretty angry
too.

FATHER

And I have every right to be.

PLUNKETT

(turning)

Father!

FATHER

Considering what you've done with our
ancestral home.

He raises his arms. His satin dressing-gown turns into giant wings. He flaps them, creating fierce wind. The staff panics and scatters as all their worst dreams come true. Ghosts appear out of every corner, pursuing them-mirror images of the ones they invented. Suits of armor knock them about, carpets whirl, etc.

Plunkett runs down the stairs, into his study, slams the door shut behind him and presses his body up against it.

PLUNKETT SR. (o.s.)

Did you really think you could get away from me?

Plunkett whirls around to see his father already in the room. In the b.g., we can hear the screams of the Irish staff being pursued by the ghosts.

PLUNKETT

Leave me alone.

PLUNKETT SR.

Not so dead that I can't see what a numbskull you are.

PLUNKETT

Oh, fine. Call me names. That's so easy.

PLUNKETT SR.

When I died, I left you a proud estate. And what have you done? Turned my home into a hotel. My Castle into a common-house.

PLUNKETT

And where was page fourteen of your will?

PLUNKETT SR.

What about page fourteen?

PLUNKETT

The page where you left me the money to run this place. But you'd never think about that. About heating, renovations, bills, rates. Oh, no. You were a gentleman, Father. Sherry at twelve, up to Dublin for the horse-show, Castletown for the Hunt Ball. You ever hear of pensions, DA? You see, your idea of running this place is as dead as you are. And whether it's a Castle, a hotel, or a run-down haunted sham, who cares?! So long as it's owned by the Plunketts!

There is a beat of silence. Tears appear in Plunkett Sr.'s eyes.

PLUNKETT SR.

That's the first time I've ever heard you speak like a man.

PLUNKETT

It's the first time you've ever listened... Arggh, who cares? In a week's time, Jem Brogan will own our home. I'm sorry, Father. I've failed you.

Plunkett Sr. lays his ghostly hand on his son's shoulder.

PLUNKETT SR.

You haven't failed me, Son. And don't worry about Jem Brogan. I'll take care of him.

He holds out his arms.

PLUNKETT SR.

Give your daddy a hug.

Plunkett goes tearfully to hug his father but falls through and crashes down on the floor.

PLUNKETT SR.

Sorry, Peter.

EXT. CASTLE - DAWN

The Castle, surrounded by early-morning mist.

INT. CASTLE - MORNING

Malcolm peers out of his door, looking for ghosts. He sees Jack asleep in his window seat, cradling "THE BOOK OF HIGH SPIRITS" in his arms. Malcolm takes the book.

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

Everyone gathers, Americans and Irish, but for Jack. Malcolm is reading the book, eating his breakfast. Malcolm raises his voice.

MALCOLM

They'll be back.

PLUNKETT

Back? In time for breakfast?

MALCOLM

Tonight is Midsummer's Eve.

PLUNKETT

Of course...

MALCOLM

It's their night. They take on flesh. Run riot. They're coming out whether we like it or not.

PLUNKETT

Well, can't we do something? You're the expert!

MALCOLM

(reading)

"The spirits that on this evening wander abroad are hungry phantoms and do batten on the fear of those to whom they make appearance." In other words, the more frightened we are of them, the stronger they become.

PLUNKETT

(patting Woody and Graham)

Well. We won't be frightened then, will we?

GRAHAM

What is this we shit?

MALCOLM

Unfortunately, it's not as simple as that. We must refuse to acknowledge their existence. By even so much as a glance. A breath. Their only power comes from us. We must deny them that power. Totally.

WOODY

Mommy, I'm scared.

GRAHAM

I want to go home.

MARGE

Don't worry. Just do as Daddy says.

EXT. THE LAWNS - DAY

Miranda and Brother Tony sit on the grass together.

MIRANDA

Midsummer's Eve. I do sort of feel something magic in the air. You do too, don't you?

BROTHER TONY

Better not talk about it.

MIRANDA

You know, if we ever get out of this...

BROTHER TONY

What?

MIRANDA

Oh, nothing. Just...it hasn't been all bad...

EMPTY NUN'S HABITS appear and buzz around them.

BROTHER TONY

What should we do?

Miranda kisses Brother Tony long and hard. The Habits vanish.

BROTHER TONY

You're very good at...ah...ignoring ghosts...

MIRANDA

Oh wow... You too...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Sampson and Patricia preparing dinner. Malcolm comes in.

MALCOLM

Remember, if you see anything, ignore it. Ignore it totally. Pretend you didn't see it. Got it?

SAMPSON

Got it.

One of the whiting Sampson is preparing begins to whistle loudly. Sampson quickly chops its head off.

SAMPSON

It didn't even happen, did it?

PATRICIA

Nope.

SAMPSON

Don't you just love whiting?

INT. CLAY CHILDREN'S ROOM - DAY

The children are quietly playing a board game. The place has been straightened up after yesterday's disaster. The children watch with dread as the door opens -- but it is only their mother.

MARGE

Are you kids all right? I didn't hear anything and ...

WENDY

We're fine, Mom.

MARGE

All right then.

She closes the door. Wendy throws the dice which fall on the floor. She bends to pick them up - and sees, underneath the bed, a who bunch of EYES staring at her. We gradually distinguish them to be a horde of wicked-looking, GHOSTLY CHILDREN. Wendy takes a deep breath, ignores them and rises again. She looks up and sees her brothers surrounded by demon children. Woody and Graham pretend the phantoms are not there.

WENDY

Whose turn?

WOODY

Mine.

Woody throws. The phantoms slowly vanish. The Clay children continue to play away.

WENDY

Great game.

WOODY

Far out!

INT. CASTLE CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks inside the chapel. He sees:

The Chapel is full of ghostly celebrants of Mary and Martin's wedding. Every ghoul we have seen to date; pews full of Ghostly Nun Habits; Ghostly Monk Habits, with mice and rats crawling out of ever aperture; the Ghost Children acting as bridesmaids and pages; ROTTING CORPSES mingled with BUCOLIC PEASANTS, GHOSTLY COOKS, MAIDSERVANTS, GARDENERS, etc.

An array of GHOSTLY CHOIRBOYS sing heavenly music in the choir. GHOSTLY DOVES flutter down from the ceiling.

In the middle of the aisle stands Mary, in a wedding-dress of extraordinary beauty. Jack walks down towards her. She turns and smiles.

MARY

I've been waiting for you for two hundred years.

JACK

I love you. I'm sure of that now.

MARY

But you're married.

JACK

So are you.

MARY

I get married all the time, Jack.

JACK

Yeah, I know. Every day.

MARY

He's late today, thank goodness.

JACK

Today is different.

MARY

Yes, Sir Jack. Today is Midsummer's Day. And you're a mortal.

JACK

And you're a ghost. So what? I love you.

MARY

I love you too, Sir Jack. But is it possible?

JACK

Of course it's possible. And stop calling me "Sir." Tonight is Midsummer's Eve.

MARY

But Jack, Sir Jack. It is forbidden to tup between mortals and us.

JACK

Can't we just skelp a little?

MARY

If you love me truly.

JACK

I love you more truly than you'll ever know. I want to feel your face, your skin, run my hands through your hair. And I promise never to squish.

MARY

Then meet me at midnight. In my bedroom. Yes?

Mary begins to vanish.

JACK

Yes.

Jack watches her vanish in his arms. Then, he looks around at the pews and sees the whole GHOSTLY ENTOURAGE vanish too. They all wink at him. The last thing he sees is Reynaldo, the horse, sitting in a pew full of Ghostly Habits. Reynaldo winks too, before he vanishes.

INT. JACK AND SHARON'S ROOM - DAY

Sharon is sitting on her bed, filing her nails, when Martin appears.

MARTIN

Madame, for you I've missed my
wedding for the first time in years.
That's how much I want ye.

Sharon stares at him haughtily.

MARTIN

Now it's true I'm a ghost and a
murderer. But forgetting all that,
tonight is Midsummer's Eve, the one
night in the year I become flesh.
What say ye to a bit of skelping?

Sharon turns her head away and ignores him.

MARTIN

At least tell me your name.

He begins to disappear from the head downwards. All that
is left is a pair of legs and a groin. Sharon turn and
takes a peek.

SHARON

Wow!

Martin begins to appear again, head and torso.

MARTIN

Madame, I've the best balhookie from
here to Muckinderry. What say you we
give it a whirl.

SHARON

Drop dead.

MARTIN

(smitten)

What a woman!

She turns away again and ignores him. The rest of Martin
vanishes.

EXT. CASTLE - EVENING

The Castle, seen from across the bog, the wishing-tree in the foreground. As the light fades, small sputtering lights begin to emerge from the murky waters of the bog, like fireflies. They whiz about, making strange ghostly sounds as if talking to one another. Then they trace across the screen, in incandescent lettering, the legend: MIDSUMMER'S EVE.

INT. CASTLE - NIGHT

Malcolm walks down a corridor, checking the ectoplasm levels with his instruments. All the Americans and most of the Irish Staff huddle behind him. His dials flash wildly.

MALCOLM

The levels are going crazy.

A voice comes out of a suit of armor.

ARMOR

It's Midsummer's Eve.

Everyone freezes.

MALCOLM

(whispering)

I think we should go to the pub.

INT. JACK AND SHARON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jack is having a bath, preparing himself for his date with Mary. "The Book Of High Spirits" is propped up beside him. He reads, as if it were a sex manual.

JACK

"He who tups the pure spirit finds
only the grave."

(shakes his head)

"But even in the grave, true love
conquers all."

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Everyone is getting drunk.

SAMPSON

Don't ghosts like whiskey?

MALCOLM

No. Not even Irish ones... Look the whole thing may have been no more than a local disturbance in the extra-planar ether. A kind of supernatural burp, if you see what I mean.

The pub windows smash open and a GHOST flies in with a roar. It's a glibbering horror of a ghost -- like a medieval boxwood figure of death - a woman in a cape, with a distended belly half rotted away. Snakes and worms crawl through the empty spaces in her body. She sits down at the table where Marge is seated with Katie. For a moment, everyone in the bar is quiet. At last, they tear their eyes away.

MARGE

Well, is somebody going to close the window or what? My kids could catch their deaths of cold!

Someone slams the windows shut, and the pub -- as much as possible with this death figure in their midst -- goes back to normal. Marge turns to Sampson.

MARGE

Would you be kind enough to give us your recipe for that wonderful whiting porridge?

SAMPSON

Well, first, ma'am, you go out to your swimming pool and you catch your fish. Then you gut the bugger. Save the liver for the cat... (He continues on ad lib).

With a wail of anguish the specter disappears. Sampson and Marge hug one another. The entire bar gives a mighty cheer. Malcolm holds his arms like and MC.

MALCOLM

Nothing happened. Nobody saw anything.

EVERYONE

Right. Right. Nothing happened. Boring, boring evening, etc.

A moment of shared triumph for the Americans and the Irish.

INT. JACK AND SHARON'S - NIGHT

Jack stands before a mirror, smoothing his hair.

JACK

(singing)

"Chances are, my composure sort of
slips The moment you come into
view..."

He strikes one final suave pose and exits, turning out the light.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Everyone is drunk, Irish and American, displaying a rare camaraderie. Malcolm is speaking to the Irish in a pathetic attempt at a brogue.

MALCOLM

Confidentially, boyos, entre nous, if
I may go French for a sec, I'd never
seen any apparition until I came to
the auld sod, you know. Sure and
I've exposed every fake in the book,
don't you know.

(Glancing up)

Shhh! They're back.

Suddenly, crashing through the ceiling, come a load of corpses strung on gibbets. They hang there, swinging horribly, having ghostly conversations with each other. Everyone tries to ignore them.

PLUNKETT

Katie, a tune!

MIRANDA

Yeah, let's bore them to death!

KATIE

I'm sick of that Irish garbage. I
want to sing a real song for a
change.

She begins singing "Walk Like An Egyptian." The whole pub joins in, ignoring the ghosts, who try pathetically to sing along.

INT. MARY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is empty, but beautifully lit by the candelabra. A soft breeze comes through the windows. Jack places the champagne on a side table, sits down by the bed and waits. Mary, still a ghost, enters, wearing her wedding-gown.

MARY

(shyly)

Hello.

JACK

Hello.

The village bell begins to toll midnight. On each stroke, Mary becomes less of a ghost and more of a woman. By the final bell, she's fully flesh. A beat while they take each other in. Jack holds his hand out and they touch for the first time. Then, they kiss.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Everyone is dancing and singing uproariously, ignoring the ghosts. Sharon, now well-drunk, has her arm around Plunkett.

SHARON

(singing)

If you ever go across the sea to
Ireland, And maybe at the closing of
the day...

The corpses dance and swirl among themselves, mimicking the humans. One by one they vanish. Another huge cheer. Sharon smashes a glass on the floor.

SHARON

What a party!

As if on cue, every window and door crashes open and the rotting corpse of a fisherman strides in, accompanied by hundreds of ghostly whiting which flutter around the pub like canaries.

INT. MARY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Mary are still engrossed in the kiss which seems to last forever.

MARY

My God!

JACK

I know.

MARY

I've never felt anything quite like that.

JACK

I have. Lots of times.

MARY

You have?

JACK

No. That was just a kind of twentieth-century American joke,

He kisses her. Mary breaks the kiss.

MARY

Remember, Sir Jack. The line we cannot cross.

JACK

Mmmm. You call this a tup?

He kisses her again.

MARY

No. But it's not too far off...

JACK

Mmmmm.

They break away with great difficulty.

JACK

Champagne! Nothing like champagne to take our minds off you-know-what.

He pops the cork, pours two glasses and hands her one.

MARY

"Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine.
Or leave a kiss within the cup
And I'll not ask for wine."

JACK

That's so beautiful. Who wrote it?

MARY

Ben Jonson.

They toast and stare into one another's eyes.

JACK

Funny, I can't think of anything
except you-know-what.

MARY

Sing something.

JACK

What?

MARY

Anything. To keep our minds off...

JACK

You-know-what.

He raises his glass.

JACK

"There ain't nothing in the world
Like a big-eyed girl
To make me act so funny.
Make me spend my money
Make me feel real loose
Like long-neck goose
Like a duck.
Oh, baby. That a-what I like."

MARY

Who wrote that?

JACK

The Big Bopper.

EXT. SKIES - NIGHT

A helicopter wings its way through the night sky. In it sits Jem Brogan. He is in a very bad mood. He has the Haughlin brochure on his lap. The PILOT guides the copter unsteadily towards Haughlin Castle. From this distance, it seems to be surrounded by an extraordinary light show. SPECTERS flitting backwards and forwards, mist-like forms whirling round the turrets, etc. Brogan stares, fascinated.

PILOT

What the hell is that?

BROGAN

It's the Peter Plunkett laser show.
How the hell did he afford it is what
I want to know?

A BANSHEE-LIKE FIGURE swoops towards the glass bubble and away. The Pilot almost loses the controls.

BROGAN

Get a hold of yourself, will you?
Haven't you ever been to Disneyland?

PILOT

(scared to death)
No! And I never will!

He guides the copter lower and brings it in to land. Brogan gets out of the copter. No sooner is he on the ground, than the copter immediately takes off.

BROGAN

Hey, you're supposed to wait here.

PILOT

You must be kidding!

BROGAN

My luggage, you idiot!

The Pilot kicks the luggage out. It crashes on top of Brogan, knocking him into the swimming pool. Brogan surfaces, spluttering.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

The last ghosts are fading. Silence. The door of the pub flies open and Jem Brogan flies in, soaking wet, looking very much like he might be one of the ghosts. Of course everyone ignores him.

MALCOLM

Another pint of Guinness, Davey?

BROGAN

What's going on here?

Everyone drinks, quietly ignoring him. Brogan's jacket begins to flap wildly. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a whiting. He flings it away in disgust.

BROGAN

Where's my daughter? Where's that
idiot she married? And what's this
bloody fish?!

Brogan staggers through the bar. No one looks at him. He passes the table where Julia sits with Marge. She leans over to Marge and whispers.

JULIA

It's a trick. It's a ghost
pretending to be Jem Brogan.

Brogan turns. He spots Sharon, who is avoiding his eyes.

BROGAN

Sharon -- what's going on?

He shakes her.

BROGAN

Look at me, Sharon! Look at me!

SHARON

Father?

He lets her go.

BROGAN

Who do you think?

Sharon reaches out and feels his arm. Eamon feels his leg. Brogan slaps his hand away.

SHARON
(making a
pronouncement)
He's real.

EAMON
How can we be sure?

SAMPSON
Poke him with a stick.

Davey pours a pint of Guinness over his head. Brogan
swears quietly.

BROGAN
Right. This is it.

Plunkett pushes his way through.

PLUNKETT
No. This is Jem Brogan. The genuine
article. Ah, Mr. Brogan. Can we
offer you another drink?

BROGAN
I'm foreclosing on the mortgage
tomorrow! Then you're out, Plunkett!
And all of these people are out! In
fact, this Castle is out. I'm moving
it to California and turning it into
a godamn amusement park. What do you
think about that?

Brogan looks around to gauge the effect of his
pronouncements. There is none. Everyone returns to their
places and quietly ignores him.

SHARON
Oh, shut up, Daddy. We've got other
things on our minds tonight.

Brogan is left speechless. At that moment, a Banshee flies
through the window and grabs Brogan by the throat.

BANSHEE
So, you're the son of a bitch that
want to move us to Californy!

Brogan grabs the Banshee back by the throat.

BROGAN

Don't mess with me, butt-face.

The Banshee grins and vomits on top of him. Brogan recoils in horror. Ghouls stream in through the window.

MALCOLM

Oh my God. They're back again.

Sharon takes control. She taps the Banshee on the shoulder.

SHARON

Do you mind?

BANSHEE

No. Go ahead.

SHARON

(to Brogan)

Sorry, Father. I'll explain it to you later.

She knocks him cold with one punch, catches him as he falls and deposits him in a chair.

INT. MARY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Mary inch towards the four-poster bed, kissing all the while. Mary bolts up.

Jack

MARY

No more, Jack. No more.

JACK

You're right. This is all wrong. I'm married. You're married. You're a ghost. I'm not. It can't work. Let's just be friends. Okay?

MARY

Agreed.

They shake hands - then instantly fall on each other once more.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Brogan lies out cold on the floor. The entire assemblage sits in silence. Malcolm is taking a reading on his ectoplasometer.

KATIE

(to Malcolm)

Do you think they're gone?

MALCOLM

According to the ectoplasometer, they're not here. We'd better check everywhere, just to be safe.

He moves towards the door.

INT. MARY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Mary are on the bed, half-dressed, furiously making out. Jack bolts up.

JACK

Mary. I'm in serious trouble here. I'm not in high school any more. I don't know about ghosts, but us Americans can't skelp forever. I'm going to explode.

MARY

Me too, Jack. I've been waiting so long.

JACK

That's right. Two hundred years. Jeez, and I thought a month was rough.

INT. CASTLE - NIGHT

Malcolm walks stealthily through the empty Castle with his ectoplasometer. It is as quiet as a grave. The whole entourage follows. He comes to the massive front doors. He opens them with a frightening creak.

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

A wonderfully full moon illuminates the lawns. One by one, the humans emerge from the Castle, as if they cannot

believe the peace and quiet. They walk slowly towards the Castle gates.

INT. MARY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mary and Jack are naked under a sheet.

JACK
My God, are all ghosts like this?

MARY
Are all bahookies like yours?

EXT. BOG - NIGHT

The entire group stand on a hill overlooking the Castle. They wait. Nothing. Miranda whispers to Brother Tony.

MIRANDA
It really is beautiful...

BROTHER TONY
Not as beautiful as you.

MALCOLM
We may have won...

Plunkett takes out a flask and passes it to Malcolm.

Plunk

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Brogan, slumped in the chair, begins to shift. He opens his eyes. There is the sound of footsteps, off. Then the bar-door creaks.

BROGAN
Who's that?

The door opens slowly, eerily. Brogan panics.

BROGAN
Plunkett! Come on and show yourself.
I own this dump now.

In walks the ghostly figure Plunkett Sr. He has a scythe in his hand.

BROGAN
Willy Plunkett!

PLUNKETT SR.
Jem Brogan!

BROGAN
But you're dead.

PLUNKETT SR.
Sure I am.

He grins. His face turns into the classic image of death. He bangs the scythe three times. Brogan recoils in horror. he clutches his chest and sinks to the floor with a heart attack.

Plunkett Sr. grins, his face back to normal. As the "ghost" of Brogan rises up from his body, Plunkett Sr. gives it a helping hand.

PLUNKETT SR.
Welcome to the other side, Jem.

INT. MARY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Mary are making love.

MARY
Oh God, Jack! Yes! I mean No!

EXT. BOG - NIGHT

The entire group stands with their backs to the bog-hole into which the bus tumbled. There is not a ghost in sight.

MALCOLM
I formally declare this a spirit-free zone.

They break into wild cheers and embraces.

SHARON
Don't you just love this country?

INT. MARY'S ROOM - SAME TIME - CLOSEUP - MARY'S FACE

MARY

Oh God, Jack. We can't. We mustn't.
There, there. Touch me there.
Faster. Now slower. Now, stop!
It's not right. Don't stop. There,
there. Touch me there. Faster.
Now, slower. Now, stop. Remember
our promise. Oh God, Jack, tup me.
Tup me.

JACK

(full steam)
I'm tuppung, I'm tuppung.

EXT. BOG

Something emerging now from the slimy waters of the bog.
Something metallic, infinitely horrible.

INT. MARY'S ROOM

More passion.

MARY

Tup me more!

JACK

Like that?

MARY

Oh God! Yes!

EXT. BOG

Something rising caused by the union of human and ghost in
the Castle. We see now it is the bus, covered in slime,
rising to a height of several feet above the bog-water.
None of the humans has noticed.

MALCOLM

Of course, if one of us -- even one
of us -- had acknowledged the
existence of those things, in any
way, we would have blown the whole
shebang.

The bus rises even higher behind them. We see, through the
slime-covered windows, every loathsome apparition we have
seen to date. Martin, Mary's ghost husband, is at the
wheel, grinning lustfully at Sharon. He shouts.

MARTIN
Sharon. I love thee!

SHARON
(turning)
Oh Jesus! Oh God!

MARTIN
It's the hour of the balhookie.

The entire entourage turn, see he bus, and freezes in terror.

INT. MARY'S ROOM

MARY
Oh Jack. I love you!

Jack and Mary seem to be devouring each other.

JACK
I love you. I love you.

Then, both seem to explode.

EXT. BOGS

The phantoms pour out from every orifice of the bus, crashing through windows, exhaust pipes and doors. They are demonic, powerful, terrifying. The humans scream in terror and scatter in all directions.

Reynaldo, the horse, rears and hoots with glee.

INT. MARY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mary seems suddenly spent in Jack's arms. He touches her face.

MARY
Jack, Jack, we shouldn't have...

We see something is happening to her skin. Jack doesn't.

JACK
Mary. My God, that was something...

Suddenly, Jack sees that Mary has begun to age. He withdraws his hand in horror.

JACK
What's happening, Mary?

MARY
Jack, it's the Powers. I'm two
hundred years old.

And she becomes it, before our very eyes. A two hundred
year old CORPSE.

JACK
(in horror)
"He who tups with pure spirit tups
the grave."

Jack leaps away from her in terror. He grabs his clothes.
She moans at him pitifully.

MARY
Jack, don't leave me!

EXT. BOG - NIGHT

Martin drives the ghost-laden bus through the crowd of
humans, heading for Sharon.

MARTIN
Oh, my beauty. My beauty...

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jack flees through the corridor, pursued by MARY'S CORPSE.

MARY
Just tell me you love me, Jack. Make
it all right...

JACK
You're a corpse. You're not Mary.
Get away from me.

INT. CASTLE - NIGHT

The nose of the bus crashes into the Castle wall. Martin
is pummelled out of the driver's seat, slams through the

window and crashes into Jack, who is running down the staircase, fleeing from Mary. Jack tries to disentangle himself.

MARTIN

Where's the wife?

Jack points at Mary's corpse at the top of the stairs.

MARTIN

Not mine, you dolt! Yours.

He sees Sharon running through the hallway below.

MARTIN

My beauty.

He pursues her. Jack turns and sees Mary's corpse advancing. He runs down the stairs away from it.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack rushes into the dining room and slams the door behind him. He bumps into Sharon, who is cowering behind it. She screams - then sees it is Jack and seems almost disappointed.

SHARON

Oh. It's only you.

JACK

Only? Who did you expect?

SHARON

Oh shut up!

Martin appears behind her.

MARTIN

My beauty...

He grabs her. Sharon breaks free of him and, as if enjoying the chase, makes for the door. She pulls it open. Mary's corpse fall in on top of her.

MARY'S CORPSE

Jack - Jack - Say something...

SHARON

Oh my God! Oh my God! That's what
you've been having an affair with?
You threw me over for her?

JACK

Well at least she said she loved me.
More than you ever did.

MARY'S CORPSE

I do love you, Jack.

Martin draws his knife in fury, falling into his old
jealous role.

MARTIN

I'll kill you, my precious wife.
Then I'll kill him.

JACK

Look, don't start that again.

MARTIN

Unfaithful wretch.

He raises the knife. Sharon gives him another black-belt
karate chop, sending the knife flying across the room.

SHARON

She looks dead enough already.

MARTIN

(to Jack)

Your wife is quite a person.

JACK

So is yours.

He looks at Mary's corpse.

JACK

So was yours.

SHARON

You were made for each other.

Martin lifts Sharon in his arms.

MARTIN

Come, my little tuptress!

SHARON

(giggling)

Stop it, you great big brute you!

MARTIN

Goodbye, Mary! I love another!
Forgive me for the last two hundred
years!

He carries Sharon out.

Silence. Jack looks sadly at Mary's corpse.

MARY'S CORPSE

You said you'd love me forever.

JACK

You were different then.

CORPSE

Only on the outside. Inside, I'm the
same. Looks aren't everything...

JACK

But they sure can help.

CORPSE

Look at me, Jack! I'm in here. See
me. Love me.

JACK

I don't know how.

CORPSE

Just kiss me.

JACK

Uh, come on, Mary. Not a kiss.

MARY

Trust me. Kiss me!

She moves close to Jack. He closes his eyes and moves his
lips towards those of the corpse. His face grimaces.

JACK

What am I doing?

He kisses Mary's corpse. Something starts to happen to
Mary. She's changing back.

MARY

Look at me.

JACK

(covering his face)

No.

MARY

It's all right now.

She draws his hands from his face. Jack sees Mary, as beautiful as ever, now human.

JACK

I can't believe this.

MARY

Believe this.

She kisses him. Dawn sunlight, as if on cue, seeps through the windows.

JACK

You're not a ghost.

MARY

No.

JACK

But Midsummer's Eve is over.

MARY

Jack, you're the man I've been waiting for two centuries and now you're here. Your love has made me real.

Jack, tearful, ecstatic, kisses her.

INT. JACK AND SHARON'S - SAME TIME

Martin throws Sharon down on the bed. Then, he too begins to vanish in the dawn light coming through the window.

SHARON

Don't go on me now, goddamnit!

He vanishes. Sharon thumps the bed in fury. Then, invisible hands begin to ravish her. We hear MARTIN'S VOICE.

MARTIN (v.o.)
I'll never go on you, little one.

SHARON
Oh Martin. Oh. Yes.

EXT. BOG - DAWN

Daylight comes up over the countryside. One by one, the ghosts vanish. The humans stare at each other in amazement, then embrace.

EXT. CASTLE - NEXT DAY

Plunkett and Katie stand, arm in arm, watching Eamon load up the American's luggage in a hired limo. Tony and Miranda come out of the Castle, holding hands.

PLUNKETT
Brother Tony, you forgot your collar.

MIRANDA
No he didn't. He threw it away.
Didn't you, baby.

Tony beams. Miranda kisses him. They get into the limo.

The Clays come out of the Castle.

MALCOLM
Plunkett, this is singlehandedly the worst vacation I've ever had in my entire life.

PLUNKETT
Thank you, Mr. Clay.

MALCOLM
However, if it makes you feel any better, I will be recommending Haughlin Castle as the most haunted place on earth. I don't imagine that will hurt business any.

PLUNKETT

You're too kind.

The Clays get into the limo.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sharon rounds a corner and sees her father's ghost lecturing a collection of ghouls.

BROGAN'S GHOST

Now, let's get a couple of things straight. A: If I'm going to be the head ghost, I'm going to be the head ghost. End of discussion. B: If this is going to be a legitimate, haunted, going concern, you bozos have to get your act together...or I'm going to have to kick some serious butt.

A two-headed ghost groans.

BROGAN'S GHOST

All right, four-eyes, take a hike. You're history.

SHARON

Daddy.

BROGAN'S GHOST

Oh, hi, darlin'.

SHARON

Daddy, you're a ghost.

BROGAN

No, baby. Not a ghost. THE ghost. I'll see you around. I love you darlin', but I'm a little busy right now.

She smiles and walks away.

BROGAN'S GHOST

(continuing to another ghost)

Hey, tuna-breath. You're about as scary as a toilet seat. Go like this. Bugga, bugga, bugga.

INT. JACK AND SHARON'S - DAY

Sharon is finishing her packing. Jack enters.

SHARON
I'm having Daddy flown back to California. What are you going to do?

JACK
I don't know yet. I'm going to stay here a while until I figure it out.
(beat)
I'm sorry about your father.

SHARON
I'm sorry about us.

JACK
Me too.

She pats him on the cheek.

SHARON
Good luck with the corpse.

JACK
Good luck with the business.

EXT. CASTLE - DAY

Sharon emerges on the steps, laden with her luggage. She dumps it down beside Plunkett.

SHARON
One last favor, Plunkett. Help me get these to the car.

PLUNKETT
They seem to be doing well -enough on their own...

Sharon looks down at her luggage. They float through the air toward the limo, invisible hands. She smiles.

SHARON
What a guy.

She walks down towards the limo. Invisible hands tug at her dress.

SHARON

Stop it, Martin! Not in front of everyone.

She opens the limo door, trying to suppress a smile of pleasure.

INT. MRS. PLUNKETT'S ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Plunkett and Plunkett Sr. watch the limo pull away. They raise their sherry glasses and toast one another.

EXT. CASTLE - DAY

Plunkett stands with his arm around Katie. She takes Plunkett's noose from behind her back.

KATIE

I don't suppose you'll be needing this anymore?

He takes the noose, smiles, and easily straightens it into a single strand. He places it round her shoulders and draws her toward him.

PLUNKETT

No, but there's another knot I could tie, Katie Breen...

They kiss.

EXT. BOG - DAY

SFX: THE BIG BOPPER'S "CHANTILLY LACE."

Jack and Mary are at the blackthorn tree. They untie Mary's ribbon from the tree and toss it into the air. They kiss. Mary slips out of her lace and ruffles to display the briefest and sexiest eighteenth-century version of a camisole. Jack marvels at her beauty and sexiness of her outfit.

JACK

God, Mary. You're beautiful. What is that you're wearing?

MARY
(grinning)
Tupper wear.

Reynaldo, the ghostly talking horse, appears behind them, watching. He wipes away a sentimental tear from his eye with his hoof.

CREDITS ROLL

THE END.