

O'BRIEN'S FIND

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FADE IN:

EXT. LALLY'S STABLES - DAY

FIELD

SUPER: Kildare County Ireland

MICKEY O'BRIEN (27), strapping, handsome, work clothes, cap and boots, dismounts DAISY, his horse and secures her reins to a fence.

MICKEY

Steady Daise, won't be long.

He climbs over the fence and walks fifty yards to a utility tractor.

The tractor sits mid a partially tilled field.

He sits, starts and revs the engine. Shakes his head, rather be exercising horses than tilling.

Mickey looks out to the four acres remaining to till.

SCOWLS

The tractor pulls the tiller. Six-inch deep grooves.

BORED

Mickey steers the tractor. Looks forward then behind, forward then behind.

Dirt adheres to a perspiring face. Two hours elapse.

The sun fades behind him. Mickey begins a final pass.

Three rows to the right an object sparkles in the tilled earth.

MICKEY

What da?

Mickey shifts to neutral. Jumps down. Walks over to the distraction.

He bends. Scoops with a hand. Lifts a looped object. Caked with dirt and grime. Ten inches in diameter.

One of the many attached green stones, guilty of the sparkle.

Mickey wipes as much dirt as possible from the object and stuffs it into a rear pant's pocket.

He returns to the tractor and throws it into gear.

INT. LALLY'S STABLES - NIGHT

STABLE

The sun sets as Mickey walks Daisy into the structure. He secures her in her stall.

Body brush in hand he methodically strokes Daisy.

MICKEY

(whispers)

What do ya think, girl? So, it's their land, but my find. It's most likely just a bleeding piece of junk, anyway. It'd still be there if it weren't for me.

The brushing task completed, Mickey moves to the adjacent empty stall. He sits on a stack of feed bags.

From his back jeans pocket he furtively removes his field discovery. A close examination.

After a moment of thought, he stands, exits the stall and crosses to a separate room.

TACK ROOM

From a wooden trunk he selects a "dandy" stiff bristled brush.

He sits on a stool and brushes his curious field find. Carefully removes as much sediment as possible.

BIG SMILE

Realizes he has discovered something special. He lifts a necklace to the ceiling light.

BOBBY LALLY (30), owner's son, prim and proper, long hair under a riding cap, and KEITH O'SHAUGHNESSY (40), curt, black hair and mustache, mean spirited, enter the tack room.

Mickey scrambles. Caught off guard.

BOBBY

What have you there, Mick?
Something for the little lady?

Bobby laughs as Mickey jams the necklace into a pant's pocket.

KEITH

Move your arse, dimwit!

Keith shoves Bobby.

KEITH

I'm not clocking in late cause a
you!

Bobby and Keith replace tack on wall pegs.

Mickey quickly rises. He is half out of the tack room door.

MICKEY

Piece of junk that got caught in
the tiller. No worries. The
tiller's fine. Gotta run.

LOCKER ROOM

Mickey quickly removes his work clothes. Several men are showering.

He reconsiders bathing and dresses in his street clothes.

A last look around. He places the necklace in his gym bag and hustles out of the locker room.

EXT. LALLY'S STABLES - NIGHT

PARKING LOT

Dark.

Mickey rounds the corner of the stable and removes his truck keys from a pocket as he walks.

He points the remote, presses. Truck lights flash in the middle of a dark lot.

Ten feet from his truck. Surprised from behind.

WHAP!

LIGHTS OUT UNCONSCIOUS

INT. O'BRIEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A small room in a one-bedroom cottage.

Mickey lies on a used sofa.

MARY O'BRIEN (20), Mickey's wife, maternity blouse, petite, attractive, red hair, sits next to Mickey, ice compress in hand.

MICKEY

It had to be Bobby Lally, that spoiled crud. Like he doesn't have enough already. I thought he was a friend.

MARY

Mick, ya don't even know if it was worth anything. Let it go. You're lucky to still be kicking.

MICKEY

Can't. He's gonna have to face me and tell me he didn't take it. Mare, I'm telling you. That necklace is special, valuable I'll bet. He's a bloody thief. I'm getting it back.

The cottage phone RINGS. Mary rises. Answers it.

She speaks into the handset while she faces Mickey.

MARY

Hello. Yes... Yes... He's a bit under the weather today. Flu maybe... Well, hold on.

Walks over to Mickey with the phone. Covers the mouthpiece of the handset.

MARY

It's Sean Walsh, from Lally's. Says he has to speak with you. It's important.

Mickey nods. Mary passes the handset to him.

MICKEY

Yes?... What?... What?... Really. Sure. I'll be there in sixty.

Mickey hangs up and looks to Mary.

MICKEY

Bobby Lally's dead. They found him this morning, hanging from reins in the main stable. Suicide.

INT. LALLY'S STABLES - DAY

FARMHOUSE

Mickey sits in a large great room filled with people. Family, workers, friends. A quiet but not overly mournful environment.

SEAN WALSH (55), attorney neat, waxed mustache, suit, all business, sits on a sofa next to Mickey.

SEAN

The drugs finally did him in. Left a note in his pocket. "I'm Done. Can't Do This Anymore". He even used cable ties around his wrists so he couldn't change his mind after he dropped. Sad... wanted to end it in the company of the horses, I guess.

MICKEY

Who found him?

SEAN

Barbara. Younger sister. You know, Barbara, right?.. Was going for a ride when she found him. She's taking it pretty hard. Doc said there was dope in his system... and they found narcotics in his bedroom.

MICKEY

Jeez, I saw him in the Tack Room just before I left last night. We didn't gab much but he seemed fine. Barbara and Bobby were pretty close. Is she around? I'd like to offer my condolences.

SEAN

I think she's around back in the garden.

EXT. LALLY'S STABLES - DAY**GARDEN**

Mickey stands next to Barbara. He assists as she trims rose bushes.

BARBARA LALLY (25), jeans, dark blouse, pruning shears, underlying strength of character. Tries to maintain composure.

She prunes and converses.

BARBARA

I don't understand it, Mick. He swore to me. He was done. He knew it'd be hard, but he swore to me!

MICKEY

That's a tough, dark road to walk, Barb.

BARBARA

He knew I was there for him! I watched him flush his supply down the toilet AND Dad, totally cut him off. Not one euro.

MICKEY

Sean said they found stuff in his bedroom. Anything unusual?

Barbara turns to Mickey. Flustered.

BARBARA

Unusual? Yeah. Syringes. Drugs! Too many to name. I just don't get it. We talked every night. The night before last he seemed so relieved. Happy, he'd finally kicked it. I was sure he was clean.

Upset, she returns to pruning and pricks a finger. Drops the shears.

BARBARA

Damn!.. What did I miss, Mick?

Barbara pushes the pricked finger into her mouth.

MICKEY

Nothing... Nothing at all. Ya did ya best. He loved ya.

Sometimes there's no understanding
what makes people do the things
they do.

A friendly hug. They sit on a garden bench. Barbara shifts mood. Smiles.

BARBARA

So how's Mary doing? Pregnant and all.

MICKEY

She's fine. We're fine. With the stable closing down for a long weekend, we'll have some time to start planning again.

BARBARA

Ya still thinking about going to the States?

MICKEY

For sure. She's got family there and she really wants to raise the kid there. So we're going for it.

Mickey tries not to be obvious.

MICKEY

Hey, Barb. Are the stables and locker room open?

BARBARA

Were a few hours ago. They taped the area around where he...

Tears form in Barbara's eyes. Mickey stands. Takes Barbara's hand.

MICKEY

You be strong Barbara Lally. Your family is going to need you.

INT. LALLY'S STABLES - DAY

LOCKER ROOM

Empty. Mickey opens his locker. A quick scan.

He walks up and down the aisles. Every open locker rummaged through.

STABLE

Mickey exits the locker room. Looks about. Strange, even the horses are subdued.

Half of the stable cordoned off with crime tape.

Reins attached to a thick rope hang from the ceiling in the center of the restricted area.

A toppled chair. Mickey shakes his head. Skeptical.

MICKEY

I don't think so.

He turns and walks toward the tack room.

TACK ROOM

He spies, underneath a counter top, a discarded, opened gym bag.

Mickey crosses to the counter. Bends and lifts the gym bag.

His gym bag.

Except for his work clothes; empty.

MICKEY

O'Shaughnessy.

INT./EXT. MICKEY'S PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

Mickey sits behind the wheel. Parked.

Early morning. Quiet.

He scans the old brown, brick, two-flat apartment dwelling across the street.

The dwelling sits above a tobacco shop. Closed.

Eyes focus on the front door.

Keith O'Shaughnessy exits the door. He crosses the street, walks in the opposite direction.

Mickey adjusts his rear view mirror and views Keith enter an SUV.

The SUV motors past Mickey, down the street, out of sight.

Mickey exits his truck, jogs across the street, gym bag in hand. Wears gloves.

A quick glance into the tobacco shop and he enters the dwelling.

INT. APARTMENT DWELLING - DAY

STAIRCASE

He climbs. At the top Mickey stands between the entry doors of two flats.

He places an ear to the left flat door and hears voices. Commotion within.

With a screwdriver Mickey pries open the door on the right.

INT. KEITH O'SHAUGHNESSY'S FLAT - DAY

Mickey enters. He carefully closes the door and begins a thorough search.

BEDROOM

He lifts the pillow and mattress. Nothing.

The bureau and end-table drawers, emptied. Scatters contents everywhere.

On his hands and knees he checks underneath and behind every piece of furniture and behind the lop-sided wall mirror.

LIVING ROOM.

Mickey continues the hunt. Nothing left untouched. A thorough, absolute search.

Not yet convinced, Mickey stands in the middle of the room.

A slow three-sixty turn. Scrutinizes the results of his work. The room in a shambles.

He completes his turn and faces the small kitchen.

KITCHEN

Mickey rummages through every drawer, every cabinet. He checks the stove and refrigerator.

As a last resort he stands on the only kitchen chair and looks into the ceiling light fixture. Nothing.

Exasperated, he sits mid-kitchen on the chair. He spies a toaster oven on the counter.

Mickey rises. Tries to open the toaster-oven. The door won't budge. He uses a screwdriver and with much effort pries the door open.

From the bottom of the toaster-oven, he removes a panel and discovers the necklace.

A look to heaven.

Mickey stuffs the necklace into the gym bag.

LIVING ROOM

Items small and of questionable value, he stuffs into the gym bag:

Pocket change from the coffee table. Prescription drugs and a half-full bottle of scotch from a small corner desk.

FOOTSTEPS echo from the staircase...

Mickey turns and freezes. A hard KNOCK delivered to Keith's flat door.

A long SILENCE. A second KNOCK.

SILENCE. An envelope slides under the door. SILENCE.

Mickey remains frozen.

... He takes a quick, final scan of the flat. Turns and opens the flat door just a crack to spy out of.

A woman and three children exit the other flat and descend the staircase. They exit the dwelling.

Mickey exits O'Shaughnessy's flat.

INT. APARTMENT DWELLING - DAY

STAIRCASE

Mickey descends, pushes open the dwelling door and peeks outside.

Keith returns to the apartment dwelling. He crosses the street directly in front of the door.

Mickey completes a fast about-face. He hides behind the staircase. Keith climbs the staircase and enters his flat.

Mickey exits the dwelling.

High volume vulgarity launched from Keith's flat as Mickey enters his truck and drives off.

INT. O'BRIEN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A small room in the one-bedroom cottage.

Mary sits across from Mickey. A two-person kitchen table between them.

The only item centered on the table is a gold necklace, filled with white and green stones.

MARY

It's more beautiful than I
imagined, Mick. This is crazy.
Something this old is carrying a
ton of secrets. Blood secrets I'll
bet.

MICKEY

Yeah, for sure... if we try to
clean it up any more we might ruin
it. Ya know, change something that
could tell us what it's about. How
it got to Lally's. What it's worth.

MARY

What about O'Shaunghnessy?

MICKEY

I saw him yesterday at the Stables,
after I gave notice. I passed him
in the locker room. We never talk,
anyway but he seemed the same as
always... a person to avoid. We're
fine, Mare. I left his flat a mess.
Took a few items so he'd think a
drug addict or local street thief
hit it.

MARY

Mick, if he killed Bobby for it
he's dangerous.

MICKEY

Now, don't ya worry about that.

Mickey stands, carefully lifts the necklace and holds it around Mary's neck.

MICKEY

The Irish Cleopatra. This thing is ancient, historical... valuable I bet... maybe our big break.

MARY

Oh, Mick, do ya think? Like hitting the sweepstakes?

Mickey takes a beer bottle from the refrigerator.

MARY

Can't wait to tell Lorraine about--

MICKEY

No!!

Grabs Mary's hand.

MARY

Mick! You're hurting me!

MICKEY

Not a word Mare!

He composes himself.

MICKEY

Are you all packed? Just take essentials. I'll join you in a week with the rest.

MARY

My cousin, Anna, is so excited. She says we're gonna love South Carolina. Her husband's gonna pick me up at the airport. It will be tight in their camper but we'll be fine. Until we get settled. Anyway... Oh, Mick, a new start!

MICKEY

Grand. I've got a lead on someone who might know something about this thing.

Mickey lifts the necklace and pockets it.

MARY

Oh, speaking of leads. My cousin knows a woman who tends horses at a local horse farm not far from Murphy Village. She's sure she can help you get a job.

MICKEY

Iontach! We're gonna have to be careful, Luv. Again, no mention of the necklace to anyone.

Mary nods, smiles.

MICKEY

And Luv, it's important. If anyone asks, we're living in New York City.

MARY

I hope we're doing the right thing.
I love you Mick.

INT. APPRAISER - OFFICE - NIGHT

Dark. Old furnishings. Long red curtains cover two windows.

Walls are all lined with book shelves. Old books from floor to ceiling. A single, heavy, arched wooden door centered on the back wall.

Cigar smoke fills the room.

Behind an antique desk, dimly lit by a green-shaded desk lamp, sits JAMES KENNAHAN (70), portly, wild wispy grey hair, facial age spots.

An LED head-lamp banded around his head shines brightly.

A cigar burns in an ash tray. Wire rim glasses next to the ash tray. In front of the desk sits Mickey.

The necklace is center desk. James examines it through a magnifying glass. Intently.

Mickey leans forward. Awaits a response from James. Foot taps.

ANXIOUS

James looks up at Mickey.

JAMES

You found this locally? Buried in a field?

MICKEY

Yes, sir.

JAMES

Behind you. Left of the door.
Seventh row from the floor. Uh,
ten volumes in I'd say, from the
left wall. That big maroon one.

James points. Mickey rises and selects a volume. He looks back to James. James re-spectacles and nods. Mickey removes the volume.

JAMES

Here's what I know. It's old.
Very, very old. I'm talking over
two-thousand years old. The gold is
worn, marred and stylistically
unique.

Mickey is tongue-tied. James turns off the head-lamp.

JAMES

Nothing like this has ever been
found in Ireland. Coins,
bracelets, bowls, ornaments made
from gold, silver, bronze,
copper... sure. Some of those
items date back to 2000 BC. But
this...

Mickey places the large volume on the desk.

JAMES

This is Roman.

MICKEY

Roman? In Ireland? The Romans were
here?

JAMES

No. But they did make it to Britain
and Scotland. By the fourth
century the Roman Empire started to
weaken, collapse. There's a theory
that Irish raiders took advantage
of this, crossed the sea and
returned with stolen Roman
treasures.

James begins leafing through the volume, stops at a particular page.

Drawings of ancient ornate jewelry.

He points to the drawing of an ornate necklace.

JAMES

Not an exact match but close enough, except the stones. The stones in the drawing are polished glass.

James looks at Mickey. A hard stare.

JAMES

Your necklace: the stones are pearls and emeralds. Forget the historical value, I'm guessing your bauble is worth... quite a bit. Excuse the pun, but I'd have to dig deeper.

MICKEY

So what do I do? Your daughter Maura said you'd be discreet. Maybe offer some help or advice?

JAMES

Well, you found it by mistake. You didn't break any laws. The National Museum will compensate you with a reward. No idea how much, though. A finder's fee maybe.

MICKEY

Turn it in?.. I don't know. We're headed for the States.

JAMES

Of course, there's the black market. With that you're on your own. If the wrong people get wind of this, it could be dangerous. My advice, turn it in, Mr. O'Brien.

Mickey pockets the necklace and turns to leave.

MICKEY

Thanks, Mr. Kennahan. I'll need to give it a bit of thought. Truly appreciate your help.

James slowly rises and follows Mickey to the door. They shake hands.

JAMES

Mick? Okay if I call you Mick? If anyone else knows about the necklace, you may want to consider an insurance plan. To protect your "discovery".

MICKEY

Insurance plan?

JAMES

Until you decide what you're gonna do with it.

James returns to his desk. A brief search. From a drawer he removes an old wrinkled business card. Passes it to Mickey.

INSERT: Business card

FANCIFUL ADORNMENTS Inc.

Joshua Stein - Baltimore, MD USA

BACK TO SCENE

JAMES

(smiling)

In the States Mr. Stein will help you. He's good... very, very good.

INT. O'BRIEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mickey returns home. He enters a dimly lit house.

SHOCK

The inside is RANSACKED.

INT. PADDY'S BOG - NIGHT

A small old Irish pub. Friday night, crowded, live music. The favorite after work hang out.

Mickey and four Lally's Stable employees celebrate Mickey's departure for the United States.

JACK LALLY (45), the eldest Lally sibling makes a toast.

JACK LALLY

Mick, to all your days here and after.

May they be filled with fond
 memories, happiness and laughter.
Slainte.

The five hoist their pints of Guinness. The cheers echo.

BRIAN KEARNS(35), medium height, baseball hat.

BRIAN KEARNS

Hope the States are ready for ya,
 Mick. Do they know what they're in
 for?

Brian looks across at SHAMUS DUNN (32), Carhartt overalls.

BRIAN KEARNS

Remember the day Star Trooper
 reared up and threw him into that
 pile of horse shite?

SHAMUS DUNN

(laughing)

Took us an hour to hose ya clean.
 No one would sit next to ya for a
 week.

MICKEY

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

JACK LALLY

When's your flight, Mick? Mary
 excited?

MICKEY

She's already there. Staying with
 a cousin. I leave tomorrow.

Mickey chugs his Guinness, stands, and drops some cash on the
 table.

MICKEY

The Big Apple, right. New York
 City, watch out. Here comes
 Mickey O'Brien.

He turns and takes a last slow, sentimental, sweeping scan of
 the pub.

MICKEY

Gents, it's been a true pleasure.
 All the best.

Alone at a small table in the rear sits Keith O'Shaughnessy.

A sardonic smile as Mickey exits the pub.

EXT. MURPHY VILLAGE - TRAILER PARK - DAY

SUPER: 3 Weeks Later South Carolina USA

RV campers and small mobile homes occupy this ten-acre site.

Pick-up trucks and station wagons parked haphazardly in the area.

Mickey exits a camper with a satchel over his shoulder.

INT./EXT. DODGE PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

He walks to his truck and enters. Before starting the engine his cell phone chimes.

MICKEY

Hello. In kind of a hurry, so let's hear it quick.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

SUPER: Dublin, Ireland

MAURA KENNAHAN (26), short cut brunette hair, glasses, sits on a park bench. Cell phone to an ear.

MAURA

Mickey, that you? It's Maura Kennahan.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MICKEY

Maura? How ya doing? How's your dad?

MAURA

He's uh... good. He's resting. He insisted I call you.

MICKEY

What happened?

MAURA

Some thug barged in on him. He knew about your discovery and threatened my dad for info. My dad told him it was worthless.

MICKEY

Big guy, black hair, mustache?

MAURA

Yes, that's him. He didn't like hearing that it was worthless. Didn't believe dad. Shoved him so hard he lost his balance and fell. He was really annoyed... My dad feigned he was having a stroke and the bloke took off.

MICKEY

I owe your dad big time. Hope I can repay him. Are you sure he's okay?

MAURA

Jimmy Kennahan is a tough old bird... Mick, that necklace, my dad says, there's no doubt. It's worth a fortune. Good luck and... be careful.

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

SUPER: Baltimore, Maryland USA

Small, dusty. The display front window shelf and shop floor cluttered with a multitude of unusual items.

Crowded shelves against the walls. A border of cloudy glass, item filled, show cases create a perimeter. They serve as display counters.

Two large brown fans rotate ineffectively from the high ceiling.

Several conveniently placed signs:

CASH ONLY NO REFUNDS SALES FINAL

On the rear wall a large sign boasts:

WE BUY WE SELL WE SWAP

A staircase rises along the right wall to a loft balcony.

A door at the rear center of the balcony.

The front door rattles. A patron attempts to open the door. Locked. Business hours over.

A second attempt and a low-pitched BUZZER sounds. The door opens.

Mickey enters. He does a methodical scan of the shop.

No one in sight.

Next to an old cash register, on the glass counter, a hotel bell. Mickey walks to the register and pounds the bell.

NOTHING

He pounds the bell again, several times.

From a hidden ceiling speaker:

MR. STEIN (V.O.)
Mr. O'Brien. Please take the
staircase along the wall. Careful,
please. Try not to knock any thing
of value over...

A signature CHUCKLE from Joshua Stein.

MR. STEIN (V.O.)
Heh, Heh... Heh, Heh, Heh, Heh,
Heh...
The office door is at the rear of
the balcony.

Mickey slowly serpentine around several objects. Climbs the staircase.

MR. STEIN'S OFFICE

Glass shelves surround the office. Display busts. Styrofoam heads, necks and arms.

A grand collection of ornate necklaces and bracelets on display everywhere.

JOSHUA STEIN (70), short, plump, rolled up sleeves, granny glasses, yarmulke.

Mickey knocks softly. Mr. Stein rises from a desk, slowly walks to the door and peers through the peephole. Slowly, he opens the office door.

MR. STEIN
Welcome. Come in. I've been
expecting you... Sit.

Mr. Stein points to a chair next to his desk. They sit.

MR. STEIN

Well, let's see it. Please. James described it to me but... I'm sorry. I'm quite excited.

Mickey removes the necklace from the satchel hung over his shoulder. Places the necklace on the desk.

MICKEY

I've decided to take Mr. Kennahan's advice. Just in case.

Mr. Stein examines the necklace through an unusual monocle. Several minutes of silence.

MR. STEIN

Mr. O'Brien what can I say? Absolutely fantastic. It will be a challenge but I believe I can help you.

He smiles. Removes an old Polaroid One Step camera from underneath the desk.

MICKEY

What's that?

MR. STEIN

Camera. Old. I'll need pictures.

MICKEY

No! No pictures!

Mickey aggressively swipes the camera from Mr. Stein's grasp.

MICKEY

I don't want copies flying around.

Joshua's glasses dislodge. Fall below his nose. He smiles and re-adjusts the frames.

MR. STEIN

I'll need... one.

Mickey examines the camera. Reconsiders. Relaxes. Returns the camera.

MICKEY

Sorry... Yeah, one. Fine.

Mr. Stein takes a picture of the necklace..

MR. STEIN
 That should do it. One month. You
 have my number. Call me... Mr.
 O'Brien, just to reassure you...
 I'll tell no one.

He lifts the necklace and stares at it lovingly.

MR. STEIN
 Magnificent!

INT. DODGE PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Mickey drives south on Highway 301. Cell phone chimes.

MICKEY
 Yes?

DANIEL (V.O.)
 Mick, it's Daniel. Where are you?
 Mary said you went to Baltimore.

MICKEY
 I'm an hour-and-a-half out. What's
 up?

DANIEL (V.O.)
 Mary's gone into labor. Anna and I
 are here, with her, at St. Regis
 hospital. Don't panic but get here
 as quickly as you can.

INT. ST. REGIS HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Early morning. Mickey arrives and bursts through the
 Emergency Room double doors.

A nurse directs him to an office down the hall.

OFFICE

ANNA FABISH (30), Mary's cousin and DANIEL FABISH (35),
 Anna's husband sit.

Anna and Daniel the only occupants.

They are silent as Mickey enters.

Daniel stands and greets Mickey. A semi-hug.

ANXIOUS

Anna rocks in a chair. Prays with rosary beads.

DANIEL

Mick, she's in surgery.

Daniel checks his wrist watch and guides Mickey to a chair.

DANIEL

It's been two hours... We were sitting in the living room after dinner. All of a sudden, Mary said she wasn't feeling well. Pain above her abdomen and she was having a difficult time breathing. We thought it was just indigestion at first.

Anna rises. Tearful.

ANNA

Minutes later she fainted on the couch. I kept shaking her. Calling her name...but--

DANIEL

I dialed 911. They arrived in minutes. Mick, she was bleeding when they put her on the gurney. They said she'd be fine.

MICKEY

Christ! I'm getting a doctor!

Mickey stands again and starts for the door. Daniel's hurried words follow Mickey.

DANIEL

A half-an-hour after we arrived. A nurse spoke to us and ushered us to this room. She said Doctor Steadman was the surgeon on call. The nurse said she's the best and not to worry.

Mickey goes for the door knob. The door opens inward. DOCTOR STEADMAN (50), tall, wears a green surgical cap and gown. She enters and closes the door.

A surgical mask droops around her neck.

DR. STEADMAN

Please sit.

Mickey and the Fabishes sit. Dr. Steadman turns to Mickey.

DR. STEADMAN

You're Mr. O'Brien?.. I'm so sorry.
We couldn't save your wife. She
died of cardiomyopathy...
Your wife went into labor ten weeks
early. Complications with first
pregnancies can be precarious...
difficult. We did everything we
could to abate the hemorrhaging but
the severe loss of blood was too
stressful for her heart.

Mickey bows his head, hand to the forehead. An attempt to
hide tears.

Daniel holds Anna. Visibly shaking and sobbing.

DR. STEADMAN

Mr. O'Brien?

Nothing from Mickey.

DR. STEADMAN

Mr. O'Brien. We were able to save
the baby. You have a daughter.

INT. THE OLD FORGE PUB - NIGHT

SUPER: 13 Years Later

Near closing time. Only a few patrons.

Mickey barely maintains balance propped up against the end of
the bar. Chugs the remainder of a draught beer, shouts and
waves.

MICKEY

Danny... yo!

DANNY COLLINS (26), bartender, amiable, spiked hair, black
vest and pants, walks over to Mickey and grabs his stein.

DANNY

Last one, Mick.

Danny returns to the tap handles and fills Mickey's stein.

MIKE DRISCOLL (50), long sandy, brown hair beneath a sea cap,
sits at the bar, just left of the tap handles. He nurses a
black and tan.

Danny returns to Mickey with the draught.

DANNY

So wha-da-ya think Mick? Earrings, bracelet or necklace? Meg's got pierced ears. You live with two ladies. What say you?

Slow, slurred response from Mickey,

MICKEY

Necklace. Definitely go with the necklace. Sure winner. It just so happens, that's what I'm going with.

Mickey removes his "Lally field find" necklace from a pocket and fumbles it onto the bar.

MICKEY

Giving this to Morrigan tonight. Brought it all the way from the homeland, long time ago. Priceless... trying to seal the deal with her.

DANNY

Whoa! Nice! A bit out of my price range though. I think I'm gonna have to go with the earrings.

Mike Driscoll peripherally absorbs the necklace scene. Keenly interested.

Mickey pockets the necklace and returns to his draught. After a few deep gulps he places cash on the bar.

A slow paced stagger to the exit.

MICKEY

See ya Danny boy. Good luck.

DANNY

(firmly)
Same to you... Hey, MR. O'BRIEN.
Drive safely.

Mike Driscoll takes his drink and cash and moves to a small table in the rear of the pub.

He removes a cell phone from a pocket and places a call.

INT. KEITH O'SHAUGHNESSY'S FLAT - NIGHT

BEDROOM

The cell phone on Keith's end table CHIMES. Keith reluctantly rolls over in bed and answers.

KEITH
This better be good.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MIKE
It's Driscoll.

KEITH
No, it's four AM. What the bloody hell do you want?

MIKE
You better be sitting. You're gonna wanna hear this.

Reluctantly, Keith rises and slowly exits the bedroom, cell phone in hand.

KEITH
Hold on...

KITCHEN

He arrives, lights a cigarette, heats a pot on the stove and sits.

KEITH
Okay, what?.. What!?

MIKE
Remember that yarn you told me? Has to be over ten years ago now. The "necklace story". An ancient relic. Gold and gems. Worth a fortune. Ya had it and some guy swiped it. He took off to New York with it, ya thought.

KEITH
I'm listening.

MIKE
Well, he ain't in New York. He's here. South Carolina. Murphy Village... and I saw the gaudy thing.

KEITH
Did ya get his name?

MIKE

What?

KEITH

His name, ya maggot!

MIKE

Oh... O'Brien. Mick O'Brien.

KEITH

One week. I'll be there. Find out where he lives.

EXT. CLOVER LEAF HORSE FARM - DAY

PASTURE

SUE ELLEN O'BRIEN (13), exits a forest trail, mounted on a brown horse, dressed in appropriate riding togs, boots and breeches.

She nudges the filly. A frolicking gallop down a long pasture towards the stables.

Fiery red hair flows from beneath a helmet. Bewitching green eyes.

At the end of the pasture she pulls up and dismounts.

With reins in hand she walks the horse to a set of hitching posts just outside the barn.

The horse secured.

From inside the barn a young handler walks up to Sue Ellen.

JOHN DEMARCO (21), denim shirt, jeans, reversed baseball hat and boots, takes hold of the reins.

JOHN

How was the ride? Any problems?
She was a little frisky this morning.

SUE ELLEN

Queenie? She's a push-over. We have a good thing going. Sometimes I swear she reads my mind. I sit there and she knows what I want. It's crazy.

JOHN

Birthday, huh?

SUE ELLEN

Yeah, the ride was my present from Morrigan. She's, uh... she should be riding in any minute now. Likes to do some kind of deep thinking when she rides.

Sue Ellen laughs.

SUE ELLEN

I just leave her alone.

JOHN

Oh, your Dad's in the cafeteria. He's waiting for you... Where's Morrigan? They need her inside.

Sue Ellen turns back to the forest. In the distance another woman rider appears.

A furious gallop down the pasture towards the stables.

From afar, the "spitting image" of Sue Ellen.

SUE ELLEN

Here she comes. Yeah, thanks Johnny. See ya around.

INT. CLOVER LEAF HORSE FARM - DAY

CAFETERIA

Mickey O'Brien sits alone at a table in an unoccupied corner. A cardboard box on the table before him.

Sue Ellen enters the cafeteria. A quick scan of the room.

She joins her father.

MICKEY

How was your ride? Morrigan went with you, I thought.

SUE ELLEN

Great! Yeah, we rode along together. Until we reached Stoney Point. Then she gave me that look. You know the one I'm talking about, and says, "Sue Ellen I'll meet you back at the barn." She gives Dusty a kick and she takes off. Disappeared into the woods.

MICKEY

Yeah, well, anyway. Happy
Birthday!

He pushes the box across the table.

SUE ELLEN

Dad, I thought we were doing the
birthday stuff tonight. Golden
Corral for dinner and then a sleep-
over party at Bella's. I'm so
stoked!

Sue Ellen lifts the cover. Opens the box. Eyes wide open.
More shock than glee.

SUE ELLEN

Wow! What's this? Beautiful?! I
mean, I don't get it. Kind of
cheesy, Mick. No? I'm sorry.

MICKEY

Well, you're thirteen. It's time
for you to get acquainted with your
special, uh... keepsake.

SUE ELLEN

Keepsake? What are you talking
about?

MICKEY

I found this a long time ago.
Before you were born. The where and
the when aren't important.

Sue Ellen lifts the necklace for further examination.

MICKEY

You know that your mother died the
same night you were born. You had
less than a fifty-fifty chance of
making it. I loved your mother so
much, I needed you to live. I
needed a part of her to live on
with me. You...

SUE ELLEN

Oh Mick, you're such a squish.

Sue Ellen replaces the necklace in the box.

MICKEY

It's old, valuable maybe. Your mother and I were going to figure out a way to trade this in for cash, but...

SUE ELLEN

How do you trade something like this in? Is it legal? Was it stolen? Not by you, I mean but--

MICKEY

I never dug deep enough. When your mom died I just put the whole adventure on hold.

Sue Ellen down shifts. Ponytails her hair.

SUE ELLEN

Cool! Hey... Dad? Do you love Morrigan?

MICKEY

Yeah, I guess. We have an understanding. Ya know what I mean? And she see's things. Always makes me feel like we have an edge. More importantly, she loves you.

Sue Ellen checks her cell phone. Laughs.

SUE ELLEN

Well, this was great! Hey, can I wear this now? Tonight. Bella and Francie are meeting me at Doyle's for ice cream. They'll get a real hoot out of this. I'll be careful.

Sue Ellen puts on the necklace and closes her collar around it.

MICKEY

Uh, sure. Why not?

She stands, turns to leave. Reverses to Mickey.

SUE ELLEN

Does Morrigan know about it?

MICKEY

Yes. Kind of. But you know Morrigan. She thinks it's... trouble.

SUE ELLEN
Okay... I love ya Mick.

Sue Ellen delivers a huge hug and cheek kiss. She departs.

STABLE

Mickey enters from a rear door.

MORRIGAN (37), beautiful, shoulder length, natural, fiery, orange hair and radiant green eyes, enters from the adjacent riding pen.

Various tattoos of horse images adorn the uncovered areas of her body.

Alluring. Captivating.

She walks towards Mickey with obvious purpose.

As she passes Mickey, she grabs his hand and pulls him to the empty tack room.

A lilting Irish brogue adorns her words.

TACK ROOM

An attempt at a hug from Mickey. Morrigan too unsettled to accept the affectionate advance.

MICKEY
Hey, what's wrong? I'm in too good a mood. Can't believe she's thirteen.

MORRIGAN
Mick, when I climbed to the top of Stoney Point I was consumed by dread, darkness. I fear for you.

MICKEY
(laughing)
Mor, leave it be. It's Sue Ellen's birthday.

Mickey attempts another embrace. Morrigan remains elusive. She looks up. Closes her eyes.

MORRIGAN
Yes. The sign is clear. You need to be cautious. Rear back, don't take chances for a while.

MICKEY

Morrigan, we've been over this.
Please don't worry. You're
mistaken. I'm sure.

MORRIGAN

Mickey, please!

MICKEY

(laughing)

Okay, okay, I'll be on the look
out. Anything happens to me, you
know what to do for you and Sue
Ellen.

Mickey grabs Morrigan and crushes her with a hug and
passionate kiss. Morrigan finally surrenders. She melts.

MICKEY

Come on! We've got a birthday
party dinner!

INT. RV CAMPER - NIGHT

Late. Morrigan alone. She enters. One step and freezes.

The inside of the camper trashed.

From behind, two men enter the camper. Shoved from behind,
Morrigan is forced to sit at the kitchen bench.

Keith O'Shaughnessy stands across from Morrigan

KEITH

So you're the gypsy? We don't want
any trouble from you. Just give us
the necklace or tell us where it is
and we're outta here.

MORRIGAN

You need to leave.

KEITH

Sure.

Keith delivers a back-handed slap.

Mike Driscoll sits unperturbed across the camper.

MIKE

(laughs)
Hey, take it easy. We don't need
her casting any spells.

KEITH

Again. Where is the necklace?

Morrigan opens both hands and closes her eyes. Finally, eyes open.

MORRIGAN

If it exists, it's not here. It's
not my concern.

Another slap. Morrigan sinks to the floor trembling.

MIKE

Let's go.

Keith kicks Morrigan in the rib cage.

KEITH

If he doesn't have it on him, we'll
be back.

Keith and Mike exit the camper.

EXT. THE OLD FORGE PUB - NIGHT

Mickey exits alone. Cheery, inebriated, a slight stagger. He walks down the sidewalk and turns right around the corner building.

From out of the darkness two thugs surprise him. They wear ski masks.

Keith wears a red ski mask, black jacket. Mike wears a black ski mask, black jacket.

Mike confines Mickey with a bear hug from behind. Mickey struggles.

Keith holds a knife to Mickey's stomach. Mickey relaxes.

KEITH

Ya move, ya dead. Got it?

He thoroughly frisks Mickey. Removes and drops a wallet and keys to the sidewalk.

KEITH

Shite. Not on 'im. Where ya hiding it, Mick?

MICKEY

Hiding what? Who... O'Shaughnessy?

KEITH

Yeah, whad-da-ya know. Long time, hey? The necklace, your little Lally Stable discovery? I want it back. Ya got one chance. Where is it?

MICKEY

Screw yourself!

Mickey bends at the knees, elbows Mike sufficiently to escape the bear hug.

A vicious left hook delivered to Mike's face. He wobbles backwards. A second punch sends Mike reeling.

Mickey turns back to Keith. Grabs him by throat and begins a choke. The knife, plunged deep into Mickey's stomach.

Mickey collapses.

MIKE

Id-jutt! Now what?

EXT. RV CAMPER - NIGHT - LATER

Moonlit night. Quiet.

A soft, continual, wailing escapes the darkened camper.

EXT. HOLY NAME CEMETERY - DAY

A new grave site. A casket rests at the foot of the newly dug grave.

Anna and Daniel Fabish, a priest and a small group of people stand before the casket.

One by one each mourner tosses a long stem rose on the casket and walk towards the parking lot.

The neighboring plot's headstone reads: Mary O'Brien -
Loving wife and mother 1985-2006

EXT. PAVED TWO LANE ROAD - DAY

An old Dodge pick-up truck tows a brown and white, nineteen-foot, RV camper at moderate speed.

The unfrequented back country road is lined with fields of hay, alfalfa, timothy.

No other vehicles present this early morning.

Breezy. Radiant sun. Large cumulus clouds intermingle throughout a light blue sky.

INT. DODGE PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

Morrigan drives.

Casually dressed in a white blouse, jeans, boots.

All windows open. Country music plays on the radio. Morrigan taps her hands on the steering wheel as she negotiates the road.

MORRIGAN

Are we getting close, Luv?

In the passenger seat, Sue Ellen looks down at her cell phone.

SUE ELLEN

In forty miles we take a left on
Route 212, Cherry Blossom
Boulevard.

She wears a green tee shirt, white shorts, sweat socks and sneakers. A bright green ribbon prevents her pony tail from releasing.

Except for the tattoos, Sue Ellen is a young duplicate of Morrigan.

EXT. BAYERSVILLE SERVICE STATION - DAY

Morrigan stands at the rear of the truck, coaxing the last drops of gasoline through the nozzled hose.

She glances back at the meter, replaces the hose and screws the truck's gas cap back into place.

As she walks towards the service station's mini-mart, she shouts back over her shoulder.

MORRIGAN

Sue Ellen! I'm going in to pay.
Maybe the attendant will know.

Sue Ellen shouts back, through the opened passenger seat window.

SUE ELLEN

Can I come?

She exits the cab and joins Morrigan before a reply is voiced. They enter the mart.

INT. BAYERSVILLE SERVICE STATION - MINI-MART - DAY

The Mini Mart, a small convenience store, with basic food stuffs and household staples.

Behind the counter stands TIM JACOBSON (35), tall, denim overalls. His name embroidered on his chest pocket.

His cap insignia reads, BAYERSVILLE GAS & GO.

Morrigan approaches the counter. Sue Ellen turns left and walks to the candy aisle. She examines everything she passes.

Tim stares at Morrigan. Captured by her beauty, her overall aura. Speechless.

Morrigan places three twenties on the counter.

MORRIGAN

Uh... Tim?

No response at first.

TIM

Oh,.. yes?

MORRIGAN

My change?.. For the gas.

TIM

(still staring)
Oh, right... Anything else?.. We have quite a selection of cold drinks in the rear reffridge... sandwiches, fruit, yogurt, lots of--

MORRIGAN

(smiling)
No thanks--

TIM

Coffee? We have coffee. Regular,
decaf, small, large, cream,
sugar... artificial sweetener--

MORRIGAN

No... Grand. Thank you.

Tim produces change from the register and hands it to Morrigan. As Morrigan's hands accept the change, her smile fades.

She looks up and then deep into Tim's eyes. After a brief pause Morrigan turns towards the merchandise aisles.

MORRIGAN

Sue Ellen? Time to go. Oh...

Morrigan turns back to Tim.

MORRIGAN

We're looking for Oser's Farm. Any
idea where and how long to get
there?

TIM

Oh, sure. Everyone knows the
Osers. They own most of the
county. The land that is. Ya got
about another forty-five minutes
north. When you get into the
Mountainside town center, take a
right on Center Street.

Sue Ellen joins her mother. She blows and pops a large
bubble-gum bubble.

TIM

About a mile down Center Street.
You'll run right into it.

MORRIGAN

Grand. Bye.

Morrigan grabs Sue Ellen's arm and escorts her out of the
Mart. They regain the truck.

INT. DODGE PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

Morrigan starts the truck. No attempt is made to shift the
truck into gear. Her forward stare, piercing and distant.

MORRIGAN
His wife is very ill.

No response from Sue Ellen. After a long moment of silence she turns to Sue Ellen.

MORRIGAN
The gum?

SUE ELLEN
Mor, the bag was op--

MORRIGAN
Take this.

She hands Sue Ellen a quarter.

MORRIGAN
Go back in. Place the quarter on the counter, for the piece in your mouth. Empty your pocket and place the remaining pieces of gum next to the quarter.

SUE ELLEN
But Mor--

MORRIGAN
All NINE pieces. Just apologize and say you forgot... Now!

EXT. MURPHY VILLAGE - TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Two men stand between a mobile home and a large camper. The site of the O'Brien's previously parked camper.

Tire imprints and discarded lawn furniture the only remnants.

A moon lit night. Half of the site shows evidence of digging.

They lean on shovels. Exhausted.

Keith O'Shaughnessy, bandana tied around his neck, takes several deep breaths and expectorates.

DISGRUNTLED

Mike Driscoll flops to the ground. He grabs a discarded bucket and sits on it.

MIKE

We'll find it. We'll find it! You heard Danny, the Old Forge bartender kid... said Mickey hid it 'neath the camper.

KEITH

He lied. The crud lied.

MIKE

Well, ya had him in a strangle hold, for Christ's sake!

They light cigarettes.

MIKE

The Banshee didn't know anything about it. She never saw it. You heard her. I think she was telling the truth.

KEITH

We tore that camper apart. It wasn't hidden anywhere in that piece of junk.

MIKE

So, it's gotta be here. We keep digging.

Mike stands and the duo resumes digging. Keith looks up, stops digging for a moment.

KEITH

Maybe his kid had it all the time?

MIKE

Dig.

INT. OSER'S FARM - OFFICE - DAY

A very casual, sparsely decorated office.

Center office: An old, heavy metal desk. PC atop.

Two tall file cabinets stand on either side of the rear window. A large safe, off-centered, below the window.

The walls are dark, dusty cypress. The floor, grey cement.

A folding table and a small refrigerator occupy the right wall.

Scattered on the table, bottles of liquor, an ice bucket and several glasses.

Waist high filing cabinets line the left wall, cluttered with bric-a-brac.

The rear window air-conditioner rattles.

Morrigan sits in a cushioned chair directly in front of the desk.

SAM OSER (62), grey hair, western hat, portly, flannel shirt, rolls around the office in a wheeled office chair, managing multiple objectives.

Jovial but firm while he speaks to Morrigan. With his back to Morrigan, he bangs the air-conditioner.

SAM OSER

Monday through Thursday and every other Saturday. We start at 5:00 AM. The stable's about a mile from here.

MORRIGAN

Yes, we passed it on our way here. Very beautiful country. Several bays were out in the field.

Sam spins around and rolls to the folding table.

SAM OSER

Feed 'em, check the waterers, clean out the stalls... Jack or Jane will show you where to dump the manure and wet bedding. After you're done exercising the horses, you share shifts with them... in the nursery.

He pours himself a glass of bourbon.

SAM OSER

Drink? Oh, any questions about the compensation?

Morrigan smiles and shakes her head.

MORRIGAN

Mr. Oser? About that corner space in the strip mall? I'd like to lease it.

SAM OSER

Ya sure? It's just a tiny office space with a john in the rear. Lots of dust-- Wait! How'd you know about that? I stopped advertising that space months ago.

MORRIGAN

Well, I have a small side business and it's a perfect location. Won't interfere with my work here. Just a few hours on my days off. I see clients by appointment only.

Morrigan smiles, delivers a piercing stare. Sam taken aback; mesmerized. His mind wanders.

SAM OSER

Uh... Uh... Well, that space has been vacant for years. Tell you what. You prove yourself tending the horses and it's yours rent free.

MORRIGAN

Grand! It's a deal.

Sam shakes his head. Returns to the present.

SAM OSER

Now, ya start a week from next Monday. Why don't you come by tomorrow? Jane will show you around and review anything I left out.

Sam pushes off, rolls to Morrigan and extends his hand. She stands. He stands.

A firm hand shake. An eye to eye confirmation of trust.

Morrigan turns to leave. As she opens the door she turns back to Oser.

MORRIGAN

Oh, the chestnut mare, star between her eyes? Maisie or May Breeze? She's dodging the flu.

Oser turns back to Morrigan from a rear filing cabinet.

SAM OSER

What? How'd you kn--

No Morrigan as the door closes.

INT./EXT. DODGE PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

The day fades to dusk. The truck tows the camper, slowly, down an isolated road lined with trees and shrub brush.

Sue Ellen's head hangs out the passenger side window.

SUE ELLEN

Okay. Okay... It should be right around-- There! There it is!

She points to a green scarf nailed to a tree and quickly jumps out of the truck to retrieve it.

Morrigan turns the wheel hard to the right through a gap in the foliage, just as Sue Ellen re-enters the truck cab.

Carefully the truck and camper are driven deep into the woods.

INT. THE OLD FORGE PUB - DAY

Two scruffy men, RICHARD (65), and TERRY (45), sit across from each other at a booth. They casually chat between beers.

Keith steals a chair from a table and sits. He straddles, the chair backwards, in the aisle, at the end of their booth.

Clad in a denim shirt and jeans, he interrupts their conversation.

KEITH

Boys... Rumor has it you worked on the O'Brien truck and camper... brakes, suspension, tires... Where'd they go?

Blank stares. Ignoring. No response.

KEITH

Need the question again?

TERRY

Don't know. Not our business to know their business.

Keith removes a knife from the rear of his waist belt and places it on the table.

KEITH

You can do better than that, I think. No? The red heads?

RICHARD

Okay... North, I think she said. Mountainview? Mountainville? Mountainside? Mountain something.

TERRY

Why don't you leave 'em alone.

Keith grabs Terry by the throat. Squeezes, releases, smiles.

He stands, grabs the knife and exits the bar.

EXT. RV CAMPER - PICNIC TABLE - NIGHT

Star filled.

Sue Ellen sits across from Morrigan. They clasp hands over the table. Morrigan looks to the stars.

Eyes closed, she finally speaks.

MORRIGAN

They found Mickey and they'll find us... Soon.

SUE ELLEN

You're sure? How soon? Ya think? We just got here.

MORRIGAN

Soon... So, we stick with the plan. Questions? Do you want to review--

SUE ELLEN

Mor... I got it.

INT. CULLEN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Small, white, bright. The dishwasher operates in full cycle.

An early morning orange sun bursts through the kitchen window, green curtained above the sink.

COOP (13), handsome, naive, unaffected, sits at the island, centered mid-kitchen. He pours cereal from a box into a bowl.

JOSEPH CULLEN (45), fit, business suit, shoulder business satchel, enters the kitchen, checks the island and removes a bottle of milk from the refrigerator.

He places the milk on the island. Slaps Coop on the back.

JOSEPH
Morning, Coop. You ready? Big
day, today!

Joseph, Coop's dad, turns back to the counter. From the mug tree he removes two mugs. From the auto coffee maker he grabs a filled carafe and pours.

DENISE CULLEN (40), business suit, enters. She pulls a small rolling travel valise and approaches Coop.

A cheek kiss.

DENISE
Too much? The perfume.

COOP
Uh... No, it's okay.

Denise joins Joseph at the coffee maker. Coop pours milk and negotiates his first spoonful of cereal.

DENISE
Better use the travel cups, Hon.

Joe grabs two travel cups from a cabinet and initiates the mug/travel cup exchange.

DENISE
Coop. You have everything you
need? For today?

COOP
Yeah, I guess...

DENISE
Ya guess what?

From a second cabinet, Denise finds two granola bars and places them in her shoulder satchel. She joins Coop at the island.

COOP
Mom, we just got here. We live out
in the "sticks". I don't know
anyone. A formula for first day
crash and burn. I've been through
this before.

JOSEPH
 (still exchanging mugs)
 Coop, they'll love ya. Just be
 yourself. You'll do fine. You
 always have.

Denise observes the wall clock.

DENISE
 Oops, we gotta go... Coop, I get
 back tomorrow night. Your dad's
 gonna pick me up at the airport.
 Tonight he should be home around
 6:30. Come on, Hon!

Joe adjusts the satchel over his shoulder and grabs the two
 travel cups. A last Coop hug from Denise as she rises. She
 grabs the handle of her travel valise.

DENISE
 Love ya!

JOSEPH
 See ya tonight Coop. We'll grill,
 I guess.

The parents exit the kitchen.

COOP
 (softly forlorn)
 Bye... yeah, we'll grill... I'll do
 fine.

EXT. CULLEN HOME - YARD - DAY

Coop delivers a parting wave to his parents as their van
 exits the driveway and motors down the road, out of sight.

He shifts his back-pack to a more comfortable position and
 walks to the side of the house.

A bicycle rests against the house. Coop grabs the handle bar
 and looks down, front tire, pancake flat.

Frustrated, he drops the bike, turns and walks down and out
 of the long driveway. Contemplates an unplanned walk to
 school.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Coop walks. Selects a stone from the road. He aims at an elm
 tree trunk. Target acquired. Stone hurled.

COOP
Bullseye!

Arms raised. A victory dance.

A flock of sparrows scatters from the tree's branches. Coop scrutinizes their departure as they cross the road.

Suddenly, he looks down the road. Commotion.

BARKING:

FIERCE, ANGRY.

Fifty yards in the distance, Sue Ellen holds a bicycle between her body and a large dog.

The mongrel attacks.

Coop sprints towards the action.

Petrified, the "damsel's" gaping mouth emits no sound.

Tears sparkle down her cheeks.

In stride, Coop grabs a baseball bat-size limb from the side of the road.

The mongrel continues to jump and gains the advantage. The bike falls to the ground.

Coop arrives. The mongrel turns toward him.

GROWLING. TEETH GNASHING.

The mongrel leaps at Coop. A home-run swing knocks the mongrel out of the air. It lands unconscious.

Coop holds the limb at ready. Nothing from the beast.

Finally, the mongrel regains consciousness.

It rises. A furtive glance at Coop. Turns, limps off, disappears out of sight.

Sue Ellen runs to and then leaps onto a breathless Coop.

A huge, grateful, strangling body hug. Sue Ellen will not release.

Coop finally breaks free. Confused.

A solemn, staring match in progress. A foot apart.

COOP
 (anxious)
 Uh... I'm Calvin Cullen. I mean,
 Coop Cullen.

Sue Ellen, wide eye, shocked.

SUE ELLEN
 Cu Chulainn?? (Coo Collin)

Sue Ellen plants a huge, passionate, eyes closed, kiss on
 Coop's lips.

Coop's eyes remain, first-kiss-ever, wide open.

Sue Ellen turns away, regains her bicycle and peddles off.

Coop shouts.

COOP
 It's Coop!.. What's your name?

Without turning back, Sue Ellen yells.

SUE ELLEN
 Emer!... Cu Chulainn, I've been
 waiting for you!

INT. MOUNTAINSIDE MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

HALL

Disheveled, Coop stands outside a classroom door.

His nervous hand jiggles the door knob.

CLASSROOM

TONY (15), oozes bully, rises from his aisle seat.

TONY
 Someone's at the door.

He opens the door. Coop enters the classroom. Tony regains
 his seat.

MS. ORTEGA (30), stands at her desk, mid-lesson, tapping keys
 on her desktop computer. Notes highlight a front wall
 screen.

Coop wobbles just inside the door.

COOP
 Sorry I'm late mam... Um--

Ms. Ortega looks down at a list on her desk and then up to Coop.

MS. ORTEGA
 You must be Calvin? Calvin Cullen?

Tony leads the student chuckle.

TONY
 Calvin??.. Oh, crap! Ca, Ca, Ca
 Calvin? What's next?

COOP
 Yes, mam.

MS. ORTEGA
 Ms. Ortega. Welcome to
 Mountainside, Calvin. Please, take
 a seat.

Coop sits. Tony delivers a not welcome "stare down" message.

CAFETERIA

Coop sits alone, eating and reading. A tall slender, bespectacled boy approaches. TYRONE SACCASUT (13), sits across from Coop.

No acknowledgement from Coop.

TYRONE
 Is it okay if I sit here?

Coop looks up. Tyrone sits.

COOP
 Oh, sure. Free Parking.

TYRONE
 My name's Tyrone. Tyrone Saccasut.
 I was in the back row this morning
 when they laughed during your
 intro. Two years ago I received
 the same kind of warm welcome. Now
 it's just an occasional, "Hey, Sack-
 a-Shit". It's better if I stay low
 and out of sight.

Tyrone removes a sandwich from a brown paper bag.

COOP

I go by Coop.

TYRONE

That's a cool name! I thought it was Calvin?

COOP

Well, the full name is Calvin Cooper Cullen... Don't ask. A relative, way back when, was a fan of some actor guy. Anyway, my parents let me get away with Coop.

TYRONE

Lucky you. Anyway, one more year of this and we move on to Regional, big school. Way easier to hide.

Eating and talking.

COOP

Oh, do you know a red-haired girl? Our age, I would guess... Uh, her name's Emer. Kinda pretty, FIERY red hair.

TYRONE

Coop. They're not exactly lining up at my door. Quite certain I've never seen her. Emer?

Coop glances at the cafeteria wall clock.

COOP

You done? Come on, Ty. We still have half-an-hour. Let's get some air.

Tyrone posts a thrilled smile.

TYRONE

Ty?.. Ty? You called me Ty!

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

PLAYGROUND MACADAM

Many small groups of students loiter about.

In the distance a ball field features a softball game. Coop and Tyrone walk from the field towards the school and gain the macadam.

Two girls turn the ends of a long rope. One by one, different girls enter the turning jump rope activity.

Music plays from an i-Pod.

COOP

Hey, ya think they'd mind? The school I attended in the city, we jumped all the time.

TYRONE

I don't know Coop. It's kind of a girl thing out here. If Tony or the boys see you, ya know... trouble maybe.

COOP

What trouble?

Coop takes a position next to the turning rope. One of the turners gives him a smiling nod.

He enters and demonstrates experienced, skilled jump rope maneuvers. A girl joins him.

A small crowd gathers and enjoys their coordinated routine.

Coop exits the routine. He walks towards Tyrone and is cut off by three boys.

RANDY (14), big, wide, DAVID (14), tough, tall and Tony from Ms. Ortega's class, block Coop's path.

TONY

Cute stuff Calvin. I'll bet you dance too. There's stuff we need to get straight.

COOP

I'm not looking for any trouble.

The threesome laugh.

TONY

You've already found--

RANDY

(foreboding)

Tony!

Coop turns around. Sue Ellen stands behind him. An extended arm and a finger pointed directly at Tony. A determined, ominous stare.

RANDY

Let it go.

Coop turns back to the boys. The "return-to-class" bell rings.

They about-face and slink back to the school building.

Tyrone rushes up to Coop.

TYRONE

What was that? Was that her?

COOP

Yeah, I don't get it. Where'd she go?

TYRONE

Gone... There she is.

Tyrone gestures. Sue Ellen enters the school from a secondary entrance.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Coop follows Sue Ellen after school. She rides her bicycle one-hundred yards in the distance. He finally decides to sprint after her.

The distance lessens between them. Sue Ellen suddenly turns left and enters the dense woods.

Coop approximates where she left the road. He stares into the woods. No Sue Ellen.

With a pair of branches he marks the location. X marks the spot. A last look at the woods.

He resumes his walk home.

INT. RV CAMPER - NIGHT

Two kerosene lamps provide the only light.

A pot gurgles on the stove. Sue Ellen stands, stirs the pot. The heat turned down, she looks out an opened window.

A woman's howling, soft and eerie, echoes from the deep woods.

The howling ends. Minutes later Morrigan exits the woods and enters the camper.

Tears in her eyes.

MORRIGAN

Tim... the Mini Mart... His wife is going to die.

INT. CULLEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The first Saturday. Coop sits on the sofa lacing up his sneakers. He calls out.

COOP

I'm leav... ing!

DENISE (O.S.)

O... kay... ee. Your father and I are going to check out the Mountainside town center. We'll see you back here for dinner, six. Don't forget your phone.

COOP

(softly)
Seriously?

Coop is up and out of the house.

EXT. CULLEN HOME - YARD - DAY

A "man on a mission". Coop quickly enables his bike from the side of the house.

A quick check of the repaired front tire and he speeds off.

Out of the driveway, down the road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DENSE WOODS - DAY

Coop stands over his marker of crossed branches. His bicycle lies next to him, hidden, covered with leaves.

Stares forward. Contemplates.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - DAY

ENTRANCE

He plods the first one-hundred feet into the woods. Vision hampered. Clothing pinched, snagged.

A constant face slapping.

COOP
How the heck did she...

Squeezing and squirming through tightly configured boughs and branches, Coop breaks into an opening.

Thirty feet to the left he spies a barely noticeable traversed trail leading further into the woods.

HILL

Coop sits behind a large boulder at the top of a steep grade. Exhausted, resting.

He suddenly hears a sweet musical humming, somewhere in the near distance and stands.

In a stream, at the bottom of the hill, Sue Ellen wades. Her back to Coop.

NAKED BATHING

Coop dives back behind the boulder. He stands again, apprehensive, unsure.

Knowing he shouldn't. He peeks. Chances a second look.

SUE ELLEN (O.S.)
(shouting)
Hey, jumper boy! Had enough? After you put your eyes back in your head. Come down here... Cu Chulainn.

Coop gathers himself. Several deep breaths. He slowly traverses the hill and starts the trek down.

A path of large rocks, stumps and trees negotiated gracefully; athletically.

He approaches the stream and stands behind Sue Ellen.

STREAM

Sue Ellen now clad in her top and bottom under garments as Coop moves in closer.

COOP
Would you please get dressed.

SUE ELLEN
Take your clothes off. Get in the stream. Stand in front of me.

COOP
I'm not taking my clothes off!

SUE ELLEN
Everything but your shorts... Cu
Chulainn.

COOP
What? Again with the Coo Collin?
It's Coop.

Sue Ellen turns to Coop.

SUE ELLEN
You saved me. Now, you've come
looking for me. There's something
going on here. No? Something
between us. Cu Chulainn.
Something special?

She turns. Faces away from Coop.

SUE ELLEN
Get in the water. Please. We need
to bond. Make a pact. A pact of
trust.

Coop reluctantly removes all his clothing. He enters the
stream. Faces Sue Ellen, embarrassed, clad only in boxers.

They are arms length apart. She takes both his hands,
squeezes.

SUE ELLEN
Close your eyes... Cu Chulainn.

After a long pause. Eyes closed.

SUE ELLEN
We are One.

PATH - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The couple, dressed again. Coop follows Sue Ellen along the
stream. They dodge many rocks and fallen tree limbs.
Walking. Conversing.

COOP
First, Emer... What's with the Coo
Collin?

SUE ELLEN

No... First, my name isn't Emer.
It's Sue Ellen. Cu Chulainn was a
mythical Irish hero. A warrior who
conquered many enemies. He longed
for and loved Emer.

COOP

So it's just a fairy tale, lore,
legend.

SUE ELLEN

As a young warrior Cu Chulainn is
attacked by a ferocious hound. A
ferocious, vicious mongrel. He
kills the beast... Any bells
ringing yet?

COOP

I didn't kill that dog.

SUE ELLEN

You're missing the point, jumper
boy. You swing, you run, you jump.
You navigated that hill like it
wasn't there. These are signs Cu
Chulainn. Signs!

Coop and Sue Ellen reach a sharp bend in the stream at the
base of another hill. They ford the stream and climb.

EXT. RV CAMPER - PICNIC TABLE - DAY

Coop and Sue Ellen sit across from each other.

COOP

So, you live here? In a camper?

SUE ELLEN

Yeah, me and my mom. Actually my
step-mom. Almost my step-mom,
anyway. She's a Traveller... Now
I'm a Traveller. From South
Carolina? Irish descendants. We had
to move. It was time.

COOP

Your dad?

SUE ELLEN

He's dead... Traveller's travel.
Ready to move at a moment's notice.

A pick-up truck snakes into the woods and parks next to the camper. Morrigan exits the truck. She approaches the table.

MORRIGAN
You're him.

COOP
What?

Morrigan turns and enters the camper. Coop looks to Sue Ellen.

COOP
Step-mom? You look just like her.

SUE ELLEN
Yeah. We get that all the time.

COOP
... I'm him?

SUE ELLEN
Oh... you're going to vanquish a killer.

Nothing from Coop. Confused. Uncertain of what he heard.

Morrigan exits the camper.

MORRIGAN
Come on. You need a ride.

INT. DODGE PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

A quiet ride. Coop taciturn. No words spoken.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DENSE WOODS - NIGHT

Coop exits the truck directly across from his "X marked the spot", covered with leaves, bicycle.

MORRIGAN
See you tomorrow.

He turns back to Morrigan's rolled down window.

COOP
Mrs. O'Brien...

MORRIGAN
Morrigan.

COOP

Okay... Look... Morrigan. I'm not a Dungeons and Dragons fan. I don't do video games. No Warcraft. No XBOX. No Zombies from Mars. I'm having enough trouble with geometry... Please tell Sue Ellen to ease off with the--

Window closes. Pick-up truck motors down the road.

INT. CULLEN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Sunday. Coop sits at the kitchen island. His father enters as Coop's phone signals a text message.

SUE ELLEN (TEXT)

I'm sorry. Do you want to do something today?

COOP (TEXT)

No. Busy.

Joseph pours himself a mug of coffee.

JOSEPH

Coop, I'm headed into town to run some errands for your mother. Wanna join me?

COOP

I was thinking about biking to school, Dad. Every Sunday and Thursday after school there's a pick-up flag football game. Thought it would be a good way for me to try and fit in. Get to know some of the guys.

JOSEPH

Ya think you can wait till Thursday? I could use some help today. Your mother wants me to pick up some yard and garden stuff from Oser's Farm. AND I've got a grocery list the length of a football field.

COOP

Oh well, sure. The bigger game is Thursday anyway. What about Mom?

JOSEPH

First meeting with the Mountainside
Audubon Club. She's freaking.
Fast food dinner for us tonight.
Let's go.

EXT. OSER'S FARM - NURSERY - DAY

The Cullen van is parked along side a fenced off area loaded with small trees and bushes for view and sale.

Both sides of the van open. Coop sits in the front passenger seat, bored, internet surfing.

JACK (35), flannel shirt, jeans, escorts Joseph through the rows of trees, shrubs, and plants.

JACK

Okay, nicely done. Great selection.

Jack points back to trees that have been marked with yellow ribbons.

JACK

The annuals are on the other side of the nursery. Why don't we load these first?

JOSEPH

Yeah.

Joseph shouts to Coop in the van.

JOSEPH

Coop! Little help?!

Coop pockets his phone and exits the van. Steps up to the men.

JOSEPH

Jack and I are gonna start loading the van. We need some fertilizer, seed and mulch for the beds and garden. Grab one of those... uh, carts.

Joseph points to a collection of carts at the entrance of the nursery.

JACK

Through the door, take a right; rear of the nursery.

JOSEPH

We need at least two, maybe three, fifty-pound bags of fertilizer. Ten bags of mulch. Wait for me on the seed.

JACK

Find Jane. Give her this. She'll help ya with what's what.

Jack hands a receipt to Coop.

COOP

Dad, can I get a coke while I'm in there?

JOSEPH

Jack--

JACK

There's a display counter at the register. Candy and junk. Water, juice, soda, ya know.

JOSEPH

After we load the van, I'll join you. Ya have cash?

Coop takes off in the direction of the carts. He chooses one and pushes it through the entrance.

INT. OSER'S FARM - NURSERY - DAY

JANE (40), blue jeans, western boots, blonde pony tail, Oser's apron, stands next to Coop. They face stacks of fifty-pound bags of fertilizer.

Coop repositions the cart closer to the stack.

JANE

Do you want some help? I can get Tommy. He's in the back. I've got to get back to the register.

COOP

It's okay. I can handle it.

Coop kneels and slides a bag in a better position to lift.

Jane has turned around and faces the front of the nursery. Sue Ellen sits on a bench next to the counter.

JANE

The mulch is around the corner,
next aisle... Not sure but I think
there's a young lady staring at
you. Candy counter. The bench?

COOP

What? Excuse me.

JANE

Cute! Now that's red hair.

Coop stands. Looks to the front of the store. Checks it
out.

COOP

She's not staring at me.

JANE

Well, she's not staring at me. See
ya later... cutie pie.

Coop returns to the task at hand, loads fertilizer bags and
mulch. Between bags he turns back. Looks to Sue Ellen.

No words or greetings exchanged.

Coop passes Sue Ellen. He pushes the heavy loaded cart to
the front of the nursery.

Comes to a halt and returns to Sue Ellen on the bench. He
stands directly in front of her.

COOP

Hi...

SUE ELLEN

(hesitantly)

Hi...

COOP

You following me or is this a major
coincidence?

SUE ELLEN

I thought you were busy?

COOP

Well, what does it look like? This
IS busy.

SUE ELLEN

Okay... I'm not following you. My
mother works here.

COOP

She's here? Didn't see her.

Coop scans the entire nursery.

SUE ELLEN

Not today. She's not here today.
Mondays through Thursdays.
Actually, she has another job on
the weekends. She has a business
in town.

COOP

Really? Doing what?

SUE ELLEN

She's kind of a consultant. Gives
advice. Ya know, counseling, I
guess. Small office space, in the
strip mall.

COOP

So... I guess I'm back to why
you're here.

Coop sits next to Sue Ellen.

SUE ELLEN

My step-mom's... Morrigan's job
here is tending horses. She's done
it for years.

COOP

They have horses here?

SUE ELLEN

Mr. Oser has a stable about a mile
away. They board horses for local
owners. Some of the horses are old
thoroughbreds. He's a big
marshmallow. Takes care of 'em.
Loves 'em. People can buy riding
time. Half-day trail rides. Ya
know. Fun stuff.

Joseph enters the front of the nursery. Coop stands.

COOP

There's my dad.

SUE ELLEN

So I rode my bike here. I'm headed
over to visit, the horses I mean...
I love them. They all know me.

Coop pushes the loaded cart to the register. Joseph joins him.

JOSEPH
How'd it go?

COOP
I think I got everything but the
coke.

Sue Ellen walks up to Joseph and Coop. An alluring smile accompanies a flirtatious stare.

JOSEPH
I think we'll have just enough room
in the--

SUE ELLEN
Mr. Cullen. I'm Sue Ellen O'Brien.

She nudges Coop. Coop cringes. Joseph mesmerized.

SUE ELLEN
Cu and I are school friends. I
invited him to join me at Oser's
stable. To check out the horses.
My mom works here. She has
connections.

Joseph smiles bedazzled by the aggressive charm.

Coop squirms.

COOP
I've gotta help my dad, Sue Ellen.

Joseph almost hypnotized.

JOSEPH
No, no, Coop, you're excused. Have
a good time.

COOP
What about the groceries?

JOSEPH
Uh... You... I'll just load 'em in
your vacated passenger seat. Jack
can help me load this stuff.
Skedaddle!

Coop continues to look for an out.

COOP
I don't have my bike and it's a---

SUE ELLEN
I have mine. I think we can figure
it out... Cu.

Joseph, thrilled with the interaction, comes back to earth.

JOSEPH
Get lost! Have some fun.

COOP
What if I need a--

SUE ELLEN
Ride? My mom will drive you home.

Sue Ellen turns to Joseph.

SUE ELLEN
She works in town on the weekends.

JOSEPH
Use your phone if there's an issue.
Now get out of here.

Sue Ellen takes the hand of a hesitant Coop and leads him out of the nursery.

EXT. STRIP MALL - MORRIGAN'S OFFICE SPACE - DAY

Morrigan cleans. Illuminated specks of dust float through the air as the sun's rays shine through the front office window.

Her hair is wrapped in a bandana. She wears soiled clothing and work gloves. Smudges of grime cover her face.

A large desk and office chair, thoroughly cleaned, out of place amidst the cobwebs and dust.

Front and center, an overturned chair waits it's turn.

With a mop and bucket Morrigan attacks the office floor.

EXT. CHERRY BLOSSOM BLVD - DAY

Sue Ellen sits on the cross bar of her bicycle. Coop, pedals at the helm. Red hair frequently blows in his face.

COOP
So what are we doing?

SUE ELLEN
Cut it out. This could be fun...
What? You don't like horses?

COOP
I just don't know horses.

SUE ELLEN
Relax. I've got it covered.
Just follow my lead... Cu Chulainn--

COOP
Stop!!... Have I got a choice?

EXT. OSER'S FARM - CORRAL - DAY

Sue Ellen's bicycle is propped up against a large barn.

Coop and Sue Ellen sit on the upper cross member of a large corral observing.

Several horses are walked within the corral by handlers. In queue, they wait to be groomed, post exercise.

SUE ELLEN
(pointing)
Lightning, Maisie and King Philip.
When Morrigan's here I'm allowed to
help out... after school. They
board a dozen horses. I get to
lead them around, like those guys
are doing, after a ride... so they
can cool down.

In turn, the horses are led to a water trough. Sue Ellen stands on the middle cross member and shouts.

SUE ELLEN
Hey Bruce! Can you walk Maisie
over here after she's done
drinking? I want to introduce her
to my friend.

BRUCE (45), lean, unshaven, cowboy hat and garb, turns from across the corral.

COOP
(uncertain)
That's not necessary.

BRUCE

Sure! On my way, Red Two.

SUE ELLEN

Buckle up, Jumper Boy. Time to make friends.

Bruce leads Maisie across the corral to Sue Ellen. She playfully tussles the mare's head and produces a carrot from a pocket.

Coop remains aloof. Sue Ellen grabs Coop's hand and places the carrot in it.

SUE ELLEN

Your turn, Cu Chulainn.

Coop frowns. He places the carrot in front of Maisie's mouth. It quickly disappears.

Bruce leads Maisie to the barn.

COOP

I'm guessing you've been doing the horse thing for a long time?

SUE ELLEN

Oh, yeah. Spent a lot of long Saturdays cleaning out stalls. I learned how to ride when I was eight. My dad taught me. Before he... and mom died when I was born. Never knew her. Dad worked a huge horse farm in South Carolina. That's where he met Morrigan.

Coop and Sue Ellen jump to the ground. They walk toward the barn.

COOP

Tough without a dad, I guess.

Sue Ellen hesitates.

SUE ELLEN

Yeah... He was murdered... I need you, Cu Chulainn. To help me.

Sue Ellen takes Coop's hand.

COOP

Stop! Cut it out! Let it go...

Frustrated, Coop leaves Sue Ellen's side.

He sprints across the dirt road between the corral and the barn.

INT. OSER'S FARM - BARN - DAY

As he enters, her words finally register. He turns back to Sue Ellen and shouts.

COOP

What? Murdered? Look, Sue Ellen,
I'm sorry but you need to leave me
out of your make-believe world...
I'm not your Coo Cullen. **I can't
help you!**

EXT. OSER'S FARM - BARN - DAY

A truck backfires.

BOOM.

A saddled horse startled. A dismounted rider left behind.

The black gelding charges down the dirt road as Sue Ellen crosses.

Coop explodes out of the barn. He tackles Sue Ellen just before she is run over by the horse.

Coop lies atop Sue Ellen. She smiles as tears stream down her cheeks.

Face to face. Eye to eye. She shakes her head.

SUE ELLEN

No, Cu Chulainn. **You can't help
it.**

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

Joseph Cullen parks the van in front of Shop Well Foods, the large Mountainside food market.

He exits the van. Suddenly, visually distracted.

Eyes captured by a stunning red-haired woman standing on a ladder in front of the adjacent corner office space.

A pail and sponge at the foot of the ladder. A garden hose exits the office, leaking all over the walk.

Morrigan works a poled squeegee across the office window.

Troubled. Wet and weary. Unbalanced.

Joseph trots over to offer assistance. The red hair is a match. Surprise.

JOSEPH

You look like you could use a hand.
Maybe two.

MORRIGAN

Whoa! Ya scared the bejaysus out
of me, Mr. Cullen.

Morrigan steps off the ladder. Joseph takes the squeegee from a thankful Morrigan.

JOSEPH

(snickering)
I got it.

MORRIGAN

Thanks... I was needing a break.

JOSEPH

Mr. Cullen? You know me?
Strange... I think I met your
daughter about an hour ago...
Oser's Farm?

MORRIGAN

That'd be her. The hair, yes?

JOSEPH

My son, Calvin, and your daughter
are school chums. They seem to be
hitting it off. But how did you
know me?

MORRIGAN

They were hitting it off, ay?
Would you care for a sit? They're
chairs inside. I've got some
water.

Joseph checks his phone.

JOSEPH

Uh... Okay, why not.

EXT. STRIP MALL - MORRIGAN'S OFFICE SPACE - DAY

Coop and Sue Ellen arrive. The bike leans against the wall next to the entrance door.

Their noses pressed against the front window. The window is clean. Spotless.

The inside of the office is simply organized.

Two arm chairs face the viewers. A small magazine table, sans magazines, between the chairs.

The chairs and table occupy a space in front of an accordion style room divider.

INT. STRIP MALL - MORRIGAN'S OFFICE SPACE - DAY

Sue Ellen and Coop enter. They stand in front of the chairs. Awkward. Quiet. Shifting side to side.

A conversation from the other side of the divider resumes.

JOSEPH (O.S.)

I never considered that. Maybe I will. I mean, what have I got to lose? You're right. Monday morning meeting I'm recommending it--

Coop and Sue Ellen turn to each other.

SUE ELLEN

(loudly)
Morrigan? We just walked in.

MORRIGAN (O.S.)

Greats! Come around.

They walk around the divider. Joseph stands on the top rungs of a ladder. He wallpapers.

A faux library pattern: shelves of books motif.

COOP

Dad?

SUE ELLEN

Mr. Cullen?

Morrigan sits at the desk.

Joseph pastes a final strip of wallpaper. He steps off the ladder and checks his wrist watch. Uncomfortable.

JOSEPH

Coop. Sue Ellen. Oh... wow it's late. Where'd the time go? Um, so I met Morrigan here and... we gotta go Coop. Nice meeting you guys. Come on Coop.

Joseph and Coop exit Morrigan's office.

INT./EXT. CULLEN VAN - NIGHT

Coop opens the passenger door.

COOP

Wait. Where are the groceries?

Joseph enters the driver's side.

JOSEPH

Coop, I never made it into the Shop Well. This may sound strange but I don't know where the time went. Saw the hair, introduced myself and the next thing I know, I'm wallpapering. Then, you and Sue Ellen show up.

COOP

What about the groceries?

JOSEPH

We've got just enough time to pick up the fast food before your mom gets home. Groceries will have to wait 'til tomorrow night.

COOP

You think you had a strange day...

Joseph starts the van. He makes a right turn and passes Morrigan's office.

On an easel in front of the window rests a sign.

INSERT: Sign

MORRIGAN / SEER

By Appointment Only. 800-888-1234

BACK TO SCENE

They drive out of the strip mall.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY**PLAYGROUND**

Thursday after school.

Coop and Tyrone walk from the macadam to the grass field.

No One.

COOP

I thought they played serious flag football on Thursday afternoons. My shot at earning a little respect.

TYRONE

Jefferson Middle School must have cancelled. That means "King of the Hill".

Tyrone points to a chain link fence bordering school property. Coop turns. Assesses.

COOP

King of the Hill?

On the opposite side of the fence, the top of a twelve-foot high mound of top soil silently beckons.

TYRONE

One of Old Man Oser's lots. All the football animals think it's fun to prove: "who's the man". I don't get it.

COOP

Ty, I'm headed over. You wanna?..

TYRONE

I'm gonna pass... Hey, Coop. Be careful. They've still got it in for you.

EXT. OSER'S LOT - DAY

Tyrone departs. Coop runs to the fence and climbs over it.

Several boys sit, secure cleats. Tony stands, looks at Coop.

TONY

You weren't invited.

COOP
 Didn't think I'd need an
 invitation.

RANDY
 No one here to protect you this
 time, Kitty Calvin.

The fifteen boys take positions equally spaced around the
 bottom of the mound.

Coop joins the circle.

DAVID
 No punching or kicking.

RANDY
 ... or crying, Mr. Jump Rope.

Laughs from all.

TONY
 If you fall at any time, you're
 done. If you gain the top and lose
 it, you're done. And at the end,
 there's only one king. Got it?

COOP
 Yeah. I got it. There's just one
 other thing. Someone's got to
 invite me.

More laughing.

RANDY
 Invite you. I ought to cream you
 right now, you--

TONY
 Hold it! Okay, little Calvin.
 You're invited.

COOP
 And finally. When it's over you
 call me Coop. King Coop.

RANDY
 This guy's too much. Let's go.

All sixteen boys start the climb. Some faster than others.

YELLING LAUGHING

Near the top, wrestling begins. Boys struggle. Some overtaken and thrown on their backs. They leave the mound.

GRUNTING. GROANING.

Tony gains the summit. Quickly challenged by Randy. Arms around each other, they push and shove.

Just below, Coop grabs the wrist of a large heavy boy. A spin, a push, and the boy rolls to the bottom.

Coop turns just in time to avoid a lunge from David. A neatly placed leg trips David as he passes. Face in the dirt.

The competition continues. The sides of the hill, vacated.

Coop gains the summit.

Randy throws Tony at Coop. Coop avoids the tumbling Tony. Tony lands face down, mouthful of dirt.

Coop and Randy square off. Randy at least three inches taller, thirty pounds heavier.

Coop fakes an attack. Randy laughs and shoves Coop. Coop feigns loss of balance.

Randy charges. Coop steps to the side. Grabs Randy at the belt and pulls him forward, off his feet.

Randy lands face down half-way down the hill.

Coop turns to Tony, grabs him at the collar. Pulls hard. Chokes.

COOP
Say it!.. Now!

Nothing from Tony. Coop pulls harder. Tony looks at Coop.

TONY
Say what?

Coop shakes Tony. Tony smiles.

TONY
Okay. King Coop.

Coop releases Tony. Raises an arm in triumph.

COOP
King of the Hill! King of the Hill!

He looks over the fence. In the distance, on the playground macadam, fiery red hair. Sue Ellen smiles. Waves her arms.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

PLAYGROUND

Coop arrives at the bicycle rack. Sue Ellen confronts him.

SUE ELLEN
Another sign.

COOP
Please stop.

Sue Ellen orates.

SUE ELLEN
...He sets off on his own and when he arrives at Emain he runs onto the playing field without asking for the boy's protection, being unaware of the custom. The boys take this as a challenge and attack him. He beats them single-handed.

COOP
So... I got lucky today.

Sue Ellen on her bicycle. Shouts back. Rides away.

SUE ELLEN
No, Cu Chulainn. Luck has nothing to do with it!

INT. CULLEN HOME - COOP'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Coop pulls back the bed covers. Cell phone on his desk signals an incoming text message.

He views.

SUE ELLEN (TEXT)
*Please meet me at the camper.
Saturday. Noon. Last time. I'll
stop bothering you.*

EXT. RV CAMPER - DAY

Coop walks his bike around the front of the camper and lays it down next to the picnic table.

He steps up to the front door and knocks.

The door opens after several knocks.

Sue Ellen exits and passes Coop without saying a word.

A silver box in hand.

Dressed to impress. Make-up, perfume. Cute. Alluring.

Sits at the picnic table.

Coop, a curious stare as his eyes follow her. He finally approaches the table. The stare continues.

PICNIC TABLE

Coop slowly takes a seat across from Sue Ellen. Intrigued.

SUE ELLEN

Thank you for coming.

COOP

Look, Sue Ellen. I agreed to see you so you'd stop bugging me with the fairy tale stuff.

Sue Ellen unbuttons the top two buttons of her blouse. A bright gold necklace with white and green stones, revealed.

SUE ELLEN

My father was killed because of this.

Coop's eyes open wide.

SUE ELLEN

My father found this a long time ago. It's a relic. Very valuable. Brought it with him when he left Ireland.

Sue Ellen removes the necklace and passes it to Coop.

SUE ELLEN

The man who killed my dad wants this. Will do anything to get it.

Coop shakes his head. An expression of disbelief.

COOP

I'm sorry about your dad but what has any of this got to do with me?

SUE ELLEN

You know that Morrigan is a Seer.
She feels things. Sees things.
Things that are going to happen.

COOP

I'm not sure I believe that stuff.
She does seem a little... odd...

SUE ELLEN

When Morrigan first held the
necklace, she saw you as Cu
Chulainn. And then, all the signs?
She says we're in danger as long as
we have that.

She points at the necklace. Coop remains dour.

SUE ELLEN

I need you Cu Chulainn.

COOP

You need me for what?

SUE ELLEN

Take the necklace. Hide it. For
me. I don't want to know where it
is. I trust you. We are One.

Coop opens the silver box, tosses the necklace in. Annoyed
but almost challenged. He stands.

COOP

Sue Ellen! I like you but you're
the weirdest girl I've ever met.
Take your necklace to a bank! Hire
a bodyguard! Go to the cops! BUT
keep me out of it... We met. We
talked. It's over!

An abrupt departure. No looking back.

INT./EXT. FORD SEDAN - NIGHT

Mike Driscoll exits the Shop Well Foods Market. He carries a
six-pack of beer and a grocery bag.

Keith O'Shaughnessy sits behind the steering wheel.

Driscoll opens the passenger side door, enters and sits. He
hands a beer to Keith and opens one for himself.

MIKE

Anything?

KEITH

She exited her office with a woman.
The woman took off. She locked the
door. Now, she's in the bank. Been
in there a while.

MIKE

Okay. Oh, there's a motel two
miles from here.

Morrigan exits the bank.

She turns, runs through the parking lot and enters her truck.

Lights on, engine started.

MIKE

Let's go.

Keith and Mike follow Morrigan.

MIKE

Give her plenty of room.

Fifteen minutes pass. Morrigan turns left into the woods.

The Ford sedan passes the entry point, slows down and then
continues out of sight.

EXT. CULLEN HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

Coop exits the front door. He sits on the front porch to
lace up sneakers.

Surprised. Sue Ellen's silver box on the step below him.

A printed note rests on the, now, duct tape wrapped silver
box.

INSERT: Note

Bury box in the woods. Make a map. Please! I love you.

BACK TO SCENE

COOP

Damn.

Coop removes his cell phone from his pant's pocket. Calls
Tyrone.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Coop and Tyrone, shoulder to shoulder, walk down the road.

Tyrone completes exacting strides. Counting out loud.

Coop holds the duct taped wrapped silver box. Tyrone holds a pad of paper and a pen.

A shovel is bungee-corded to Coop's back.

TYRONE

Now.

They turn left. Tyrone writes.

Coop and Tyrone stand, backs to the road, facing the woods.

TYRONE

Okay. Let me read you the beginning.

Tyrone reads from the pad.

TYRONE

Forty yards from the intersection of Birch and James, turn left. The double white birch is your entrance to the woods.

COOP

Are you sure your stride is a yard?

TYRONE

Damn close. You know, I always wanted to bury a time capsule. Can I see what we're burying?

COOP

No! Look Ty, it's just some junk. I said I'd do it for her. We bury the box and we're done. I'll get the directions back to her.

TYRONE

Okay! Okay! Let's make it really difficult. Twists, turns, key rocks, trees, ya know. Like pirates. Avast ye scallywag. Fun, fun.

COOP

(sarcastic)

Yeah, sure... Fun.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - DAY**ENTRANCE**

Coop and Tyrone step around a double trunk white birch.

COOP

No mistakes, Ty. These woods are thick. If we go deep and screw up, we might have to call for help. We don't need the publicity.

They walk slowly, straight. Tyrone writes what he's saying.

TYRONE

Continue straight through the low knee-high bushes until you reach Triple Boulders.

A formation of three large rocks appear in the near distance. They walk to the rocks.

COOP

I suppose we could just bury it here.

TYRONE

No way! We're gonna make this difficult. A real test. Shiver me timbers! She's gonna love this! Besides, what else have we got to do today?

COOP

Okay, okay. I'll lead. You just write.

TYRONE

All we need do is follow the directions in reverse. Anyway, I brought a compass. We're golden.

Tyrone looks around.

TYRONE

Okay. We'll go two-hundred and seventy degrees around Triple Boulders and...

COOP

Ty, how about, "take a right at Triple Boulders", instead--

TYRONE
Stop! You're spoiling my fun.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - DAY

RAVINE

Tyrone lies on his back, exhausted. He rises and moves to a tree. With his back against the trunk, he sits and reviews the written directions.

Coop digs a hole. The silver box at his side.

TYRONE
Where the heck are we? Should we be worried about wolves?

COOP
Wolves, I don't think so. Snakes, maybe.

Tyrone scans the immediate area.

The ravine is bordered on two sides by low rising hills. On the opposite side of the hole, directly in front of Coop, a trickling brook.

TYRONE
That little excursion took two hours. I've got six pages of directions here.

COOP
Well done, my friend, but the test will be if you can get us out of here.

TYRONE
The trip in reverse should be a lot faster.

COOP
Yeah. I wouldn't want to try it without those cheat sheets. I hope you got it right.

Coop completes his dig. A two-foot deep hole.

He places the box in the hole.

COOP

Ty? Could you walk it off again?
 "The spot". Before I bury it.
 Just in case.

TYRONE

Oh ye of little faith. Sure.

Tyrone stands and backs up against the tree.

He refers to the directions and paces straight towards the hole calling out every pace.

TYRONE

Sixteen yards. Right on!

He steps over the hole, splashes through the brook and continues walking straight to a large rock. An about-face.

TYRONE

From the large, grey Easter egg shaped rock, eleven yards.

Again, he arrives on target.

TYRONE

Bingo!

Coop and Tyrone share a moment of confirmation.

TYRONE

My socks are soaked.

Coop fills in the hole. Covers the silver box with soil.

From the side of the brook he removes a flat rock and places it over the hole.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Coop and Tyrone sit on the curb eating candy bars. The sun sets.

TYRONE

Here's a big tip. Don't lose those directions. I hope she appreciates the effort.

Coop uncomfortable with the mention of Sue Ellen.

TYRONE

She's a little nutty, isn't she?

Coop ignores the question.

TYRONE

You really like her, don't you? I mean, she is pretty and all.

COOP

Tyrone! Back off, will ya. We had a fun day, And... So I... WE did her a favor. I'll get the directions to her and that's it.

Tyrone laughs.

COOP

Come on, by the time we get back to our bikes it'll be dark.

INT. RV CAMPER - DAY

Very early morning.

Sue Ellen and Morrigan sit side by side on the sofa. Wrists and ankles duct-taped. Silent.

Keith and Mike sit at the kitchen table eating bowls of oatmeal.

One after the other, they rise and drop their bowls and spoons into the kitchen sink.

Mike returns to his kitchen seat. Keith approaches the women and stands before them.

KEITH

Alright ladies, we're gonna try this one more time. First we're gonna give your little home here a toss. If nothing turns up, well, you're gonna start talking, right?

Mike turns to the duo.

MIKE

Look, just give it up. We don't want to hurt you... Anything?

Neither Sue Ellen or Morrigan acknowledge their warning.

MIKE

Casting a spell ain't gonna save ya, Red.

KEITH

Let's do it.

Keith and Mike begin a systematic search of the camper.

All drawers and cabinets opened. Contents thrown to the floor.

Cushions, pillows, mattresses slashed. Keith ramps up the destructive internal search as Mike exits the camper.

EXT. RV CAMPER - DAY

Mike slides underneath the camper and checks the undercarriage thoroughly. He exits the opposite side and stands.

Mike moves to the Dodge pick-up and conducts a similar thorough search.

The cab, the cargo bed, under the hood and the undercarriage.

Frustrated, he walks back to the camper entry door. Peripherally spies the picnic table.

A last glance underneath provides nothing. He re-enters the camper.

INT. RV CAMPER - DAY

Keith sits across from Sue Ellen and Morrigan. A stare down.

Mike joins Keith. They stand before the red heads.

KEITH

Get up... Now!

The girls stand.

Keith performs a thorough frisk. Morrigan first. His hands move to Sue Ellen.

MORRIGAN

Keep your hands off her, demon!
She doesn't have it!

KEITH

Oh, we're talking now, ay? Sit!

Sue Ellen and Morrigan sit.

KEITH
Where is it witch?

Keith produces a knife from behind his waist belt.

Mike moves to a seat, stares out the window. Satisfied with Keith's tactics. Gives the current situation thought.

MORRIGAN
I don't know what you're talking about. I can't help you.

Mike re-engages.

MIKE
Ya have it in a safe? A lock box?
The bank? That's it, right?

Morrigan's expression changes. REVEALING. Perceived by Mike.

MIKE
That's it... That's it, then.

Keith puts the knife to Morrigan's throat. Draws a spot of blood.

KEITH
That's it? Smart!

He contemplates for a moment and turns to Sue Ellen with the knife.

Raises the knife to her throat. Looks back to Morrigan.

KEITH
Maybe, I'm cutting the wrong red.
Ya think? Here's what you're gonna do. You and my friend here, are gonna go to the bank and get it.

MORRIGAN
Bastard. Leave her be!

The knife returned to Morrigan's throat.

KEITH
If my man hasn't called me, let's say within an hour, I start, cutting little red here. Get it?

MORRIGAN
You can't! There's no necklace!

Keith, forcefully, grabs a hunk of Morrigan's hair. Pulls hard and begins to cut.

SUE ELLEN

Wait! Stop! She doesn't know...
I know. Only me. I know where it
is.

Morrigan, Keith and Mike, astonished, look toward Sue Ellen.

EXT. CULLEN HOME - BACK YARD - DAY

Joseph, Denise and Coop, digging, planting, raking. Coop walks over to a wheel barrow loaded with plants.

He begins to lift when his cell phone signals a text.

SUE ELLEN (TEXT)

*Coop, Important. I need you. Bring
map! Please! Now!*

COOP

(to himself)
She never calls me Coop.

Coop turns to his parents.

COOP

Hey, dad. The O'Brien's need some
assistance. Um, some "man" help.
Trouble moving stuff.

Denise chuckles.

DENISE

Oh, please. Man help? She's
wrapping you around her little
finger, isn't she Coop? I think
you've got an admirer, Honey.

COOP

Can I go?

JOSEPH

Wheel that stuff over to your
mother and you can take off. We'll
see you later.

Coop return texts Sue Ellen.

COOP (TEXT)

On my way.

He rolls the wheel barrow to his mother and shouts to his parents as he exits backyard.

COOP

Oh, I'm staying at Tyrone's tonight. He invited me over. He wants to camp out in his back yard. New tent or something.

INT./EXT. RV CAMPER - DAY

Morrigan and Sue Ellen, duct-taped and seated. Coop arrives, dismounts his bicycle and knocks on the camper door.

From behind, Keith and Mike surprise Coop and push him into the camper.

Coop is wrestled down to a kitchen bench seat. Struggles uselessly.

KEITH

Relax, little man. You've got something for us?

Coop doesn't move. He looks to Sue Ellen.

SUE ELLEN

Give it to them Coop.

Coop slowly moves his hand to a pocket. Six sheets of folded paper begin to exit. Mike grabs them. Examines. Peruses.

MIKE

What's this?

Keith shakes Coop.

KEITH

Talk!

COOP

It's hidden deep in the woods. I made a list of directions.

Keith and Mike look at each other.

COOP

I'll find it for you and bring it back here.

KEITH

Oh, sure you will. With every cop in the state?

No, here's what's gonna happen.
You're gonna take me on this little
treasure hunt. Mike, you stay here
with the redheads. Watch 'em.

MIKE

Whoa! No way. We go together. You,
me and the kid. We gag the girls,
secure them so they can't go
anywhere.

Keith scowls at Mike. Turns to Sue Ellen.

KEITH

If we don't find that necklace,
your friend here is ... well you
figure it out.

MIKE

And we'll be back for you. Are you
sure there isn't anything else you
want to tell us?

Sue Ellen and Morrigan remain silent. Keith shakes Coop
again.

KEITH

You??

Coop shakes his head.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The Ford sedan is parked at the curb across from the double
trunk white birch.

The trio faces the woods. Coop leads. He holds the
directions.

Mike totes a shovel. Keith brandishes a knife for Coop to
see.

KEITH

Coop, right? Be smart. We find
the treasure and we let you go.
Any screw-ups and... well, you'll
wish you hadn't.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - DAY

ENTRANCE

One by one the threesome steps around the white birch into the woods.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

A slow, journey.

Twists and turns. At several junctures Coop stops, looks down, around. Confirms whereabouts.

Exhausted Mike stops.

MIKE

Hold up. A brief rest.

He sits on a fallen tree trunk. Keith and Coop turn back to Mike and follow suit.

MIKE

How much further, ya think?

Coop examines the directions.

COOP

Well, if I haven't made any mistakes. Fifteen minutes, maybe.

KEITH

Ya better be right on target, sport. I'd hate to leave ya out here, bleeding. Got it?.. Let's go.

RAVINE

Fifteen minutes elapse. Coop recognizes the ravine. He runs directly over to the flat rock marker.

COOP

We're here. This is it.

Keith and Mike several yards behind, join Coop. Mike hands the shovel to Coop.

MIKE

Dig!

Coop pushes the flat rock aside and digs. Keith intense, excited, glued to Coop's side.

He scrutinizes each shovel full.

Mike stands behind. Entertained.

CLANK

The shovel hits the box. Coop stabs the shovel point under the box. Lifts it out of the hole.

Keith shoves Coop aside. Kneels and grabs the dirt covered silver box.

With much effort, he removes the duct tape. Box opened. Necklace removed. Lifted in triumph.

BANG

Keith falls forward. Coop turns to Mike. Expressionless. Eyes opened wide. Terrified.

Mike holds a gun. He walks over to the face-down Keith. Feels for a pulse. Turns to Coop satisfied.

MIKE

He's dead... Look, just relax. I'm not a kid killer... But I'll kill you if you don't do what I say. Understand? Sit.

Mike points the gun at Coop. Coop sits.

MIKE

Here's the plan. You're gonna keep digging. But the hole's gonna be big enough, deep enough for my friend Keith's body. Then we're gonna dump Keith in the hole and finally you're gonna cover him up, bye, bye.

Mike walks over to Keith's body and pulls a roll of duct tape from his jacket pocket. Stuffs the necklace into his own pocket.

MIKE

I'll take those directions now. I'm gonna tape you to...

He turns to a thin tree trunk. Points.

MIKE

... that tree. I'm out of here with the necklace. You can have the box.

Mike walks over to Coop, gun steadied.

MIKE
Directions? Please.

Coop relinquishes the directions.

MIKE
Dig!

Mike sits back against the same tree previously used by Tyrone. Gun trained on Coop.

Coop shovels for thirty minutes. Turns to Mike.

COOP
Enough?

Mike walks over to the hole.

MIKE
Almost. Another foot I'd say.

Coop completes the hole. Mike with the free hand grabs Keith.

MIKE
Let's go! Grab him!

Mike and Coop drag and dump Keith's body into the now enlarged necklace burial site.

Gun still pointed at Coop.

MIKE
Okay. Fill the hole. Pat it down.
Cover it with some leaves,
branches... stuff.

Coop completes the task. Mike throws the duct tape to Coop.

MIKE
Now. Sit. Back to that tree...
Duct tape your wrists. Just get it
started. I'll finish it.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - NIGHT

RAVINE

Coop sits at the base of a tree.

Through the trees the sun sets.

Duct tape around his chest and stomach. Secured to the tree trunk.

Ankles taped together. Arms, wrapped from wrists to elbows, rest on his thighs.

No Gag.

COOP (V.O.)
Well, if I don't get eaten by ants
or mosquitos, maybe they'll find
me. Maybe.

He tries to bite and spit out pieces of duck tape from around his wrists.

COOP
This will take me a week.

Coop exhausted. Nods off.

EXT. DENSE WOODS - DAY

RAVINE

Next morning. Coop asleep. Duct taped to tree. Chin on chest.

From around a hill Tyrone enters the ravine. He calls out.

TYRONE
Coop?... Coop?..

Coop finally opens his eyes. Tyrone walks up to Coop.

TYRONE
Let's see. Where should I start?
You were abducted by aliens.
Sorry. Had to say that.

COOP
It's okay. I'm glad to see ya.
Did you bring a knife by any
chance?

Tyrone removes a Swiss Army knife from his pocket.

TYRONE
Tah Dah! Always have the Swiss
Army with me.

COOP

Please. My butt's so sore. I need to get up.

Tyrone uses the knife and frees Coop from the tree.

Coop stands and immediately starts stretching.

TYRONE

So, you didn't show last night. No big deal. Then your girlfriend calls.

COOP

Girlfriend?

TYRONE

The red head. She says you went to retrieve the box for her and never came back. And now I find you tied to a tree.

COOP

Yeah... Wait. How'd you get here without the directions?

Tyrone smirks.

TYRONE

Well. I don't jump rope or play football or any other sports for that matter. I'm no King of the Hill and I don't have a girlfriend. What I do have is an almost eidetic memory. If I see it, I remember it.

COOP

I guess you didn't need the directions, then?

TYRONE

Nah, I pretty much did that for you. Her. Hey, it was fun.

Tyrone pockets the knife.

TYRONE

Now, why were you tied to a tree over night?

COOP

Some guys wanted the box and they didn't want me telling anyone they stole it.

TYRONE

So they duct taped you to a tree for a time capsule? The alien abduction story is looking better and better.

COOP

There's more. Let's walk. Lead the way. I'll try to explain. When did she call?

TYRONE

Early this morning.

COOP

Hey, Ty, I'd appreciate you keeping this quiet. My parents don't need to know.

TYRONE

No sweat. Mum's the word.

COOP

Those dudes wanted something in the box. They took it. Now they're gone. It's over.

EXT. RV CAMPER - (FORMER LOCATION) - DAY

No camper. No pick-up truck. No picnic table.

Coop retrieves his bicycle.

He lifts then straddles his bike dumbfounded.

EXT. STRIP MALL - MORRIGAN'S OFFICE SPACE - DAY

Coop arrives. Secures bicycle. Puts his nose to the window. No one inside. He moves to the door. Turns the knob. Locked.

Coop pounds on the door. Waits for a response. Pounds again. Nose to the window a second time. Nothing.

INT. OSER'S FARM - NURSERY - DAY

Coop pedals up to the entrance and kick stands his bicycle.

He enters and scans the interior. A young man works the register. Three customers in queue.

Coop walks to the center of the nursery. He spies Jane. She stocks a shelf with cans of insect spray from a carton.

A full sprint to Jane. She turns to greet Coop.

JANE

Well hel--

COOP

Have you seen Sue Ellen? Ya know the redhead or Morrigan?

JANE

Whoa! Slow down cowboy... I was counting on you coming by. They're gone. Morrigan apparently walked into Sam Oser's office, apologized for the short notice and took off.

COOP

Took off? Where'd they go?

JANE

North, somewhere north. Didn't give Sam an exact where or why for that matter. Just north.

Coop turns. Disappointment filled.

JANE

Oh... So, Morrigan left the keys to the Strip Mall office with Sam. Sue Ellen left this for you.

Jane digs deep into her Oser's Nursery apron and removes a sealed envelope. Hands it over to Coop. The envelope addressed to Coop.

JANE

Cheer up, cutie pie. There will be others.

INT. CULLEN HOME - COOP'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Coop texts Sue Ellen. Waits for a return text. Nothing. He lays his cell phone down. Lifts the already opened envelope from Sue Ellen. Removes note. Re-reads.

INSERT: Sue Ellen's Note

Coop,

Thank you.

I'll think of you always.

Love,

Sue Ellen

BACK TO SCENE

Coop shakes his head. Tosses the note to his desk.

Tearful. Climbs into bed.

INT. FLYNN'S INN - NIGHT

SUPER: Dublin, Ireland

Small, dark, neighborhood hangout.

Mike Driscoll sits at a small table in the rear of this dodgy establishment.

A small, crumpled brown paper bag lies next to a mug of draft beer on the table.

He nervously sips his lager and intermittently turns his head to the entry door.

Waiting. Expecting.

PATRICK MCKENNA (45), raincoat, rain hat, folded umbrella walks in.

Mike becomes attentive. Raises an arm. He gains Patrick's attention and waves him over.

Patrick smiles and waves back. Walks over to Mike's table.

PATRICK

Mike?

Mike nods and offers a hand. A brief hand shake.

Coat and hat placed on an empty chair. Umbrella placed under the table.

Patrick sits next to Mike.

PATRICK
 Sorry I'm late. Rain and all. I'm
 in kind of a hurry. Wife's
 birthday. So?

Mike removes the necklace from the paper bag and hands it to Patrick. Patrick keenly interested.

He smiles when his eyes reach an area near the clasp, continues and completes a thorough examination.

Patrick looks up at Mike.

PATRICK
 Very nice. Very nice.

MIKE
 How very nice?

Patrick passes the necklace back to Mike and lights a cigarette. He smiles.

PATRICK
 What? No small talk--

MIKE
 No.

PATRICK
 Two-hundred-fifty. Best I can do.

MIKE
 What? I was told I'd be crazy to
 accept anything less than five-
 hundred.

PATRICK
 No way! Look Mike. Mr. Driscoll.
 It's lovely. An incredibly
 beautiful piece. A work of art.
 Okay, and yes, it is a Joshua.
 I'll go to two-seventy-five. And I
 have the cash with me.

Mike shakes his head. Confused.

MIKE

A Joshua? You have the cash with you? You have two-hundred-seventy five-thousand euros with you?

PATRICK

Uh, oh.

Patrick takes the necklace back from Mike.

PATRICK

Mike... This is a beautiful piece. A beautiful piece of Joshua Stein costume jewelry. He's the best. A master creator of unique costume jewelry. A real artist.

Patrick points to a spot on the necklace next to the clasp.

PATRICK

It's hard to see without a magnifying glass. But that's his "mark". An S inside the J. We're talking two-hundred-and-seventy-five euros... Take it or leave it.

INT. NATIONAL MUSEUM OF IRELAND - DAY

A conference room. Simple. Contemporary. Morrigan flanked by Barbara Lally and Maura Kennahan sits mid conference room table.

A nervous anticipatory air. Morrigan's arms stretch out on the table. Hands with palms down. Eyes closed.

"Mickey O'Brien's Find" on the table between her arms.

Barbara and Maura have their adjacent hands covering Morrigan's hands.

ROBERT FLANAGAN (60), suit, tie and WILLIAM DONAHUE (55), suit, bow tie enter from the far conference room double door.

Excited. Move quickly to seats at the head of the table.

ROBERT

Sorry that took so long. We appreciate your patience. The British Museum and the Metropolitan Museum in the States are on board. Ten museums in Italy are squabbling over who shows it first. All good news.

Hands squeeze. No words from the women.

WILLIAM

Here's the historical side of it. The experts agree. It belonged to Claudius, fourth Emperor of the Roman Empire. Actually, to Valeria Messalina, his third wife. They believe Claudius took it from her as punishment for her, uh, well adulterous behavior.

He looks to the women for any reaction. Nothing.

ROBERT

And, now, what I guess you really want to know. What it's worth. How much you will be receiving for uh, I mean, if you're willing to part with it.

The women become thoroughly attentive.

ROBERT

Some of the money will come from organizations and associations that support the museums.

WILLIAM

But the greater part of the reward or money will come from the Roman Empire Antiquities Society. All told, by the end of the month we'll be able to present you with a check for two-million-seven-hundred-and-fifty-thousand euros.

EXT. BETH AM SYNAGOGUE - DAY

SUPER: Baltimore, Maryland USA

Joshua Stein, black hat, overcoat, slowly walks along the sidewalk and approaches the front cement stair case. Aided by LAURIE (16), his granddaughter.

The cell phone in Joshua's coat pocket chimes.

LAURIE

Should I get it, Zayde?

Joshua nods. Laurie retrieves the cell phone.

LAURIE
Hello, Joshua Stein's phone.

After a brief listen she puts the phone to her grandfather's ear.

MR. STEIN
Yes?.. Yes... Thank you.

He looks to Laurie, nods his head. She returns the phone to his coat pocket.

With her arm through her grandfather's arm she leads him slowly up the stairs.

MR. STEIN
Heh, Heh... Heh, Heh, Heh, Heh,
Heh.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - FIELD - DAY

SUPER New York City USA

Two private high school rugby teams square off. Late afternoon.

The Greenwood School, dark green jerseys versus Cornwell Prep, white and dark blue horizontal stripes.

Both sets of forwards, create the scrum, arms linked. They push and shove. Compete for possession of the ball.

The ball exits the scrum through the legs of the Cornwell forwards.

Quickly, the Corwell scrum-half gathers the ball, dives, passes it laterally to the fly-half.

The ball continues down the diagonal line of backs.

It reaches the outside center, Coop.

Coop dodges left, then cuts and crosses right. Avoids several would-be tacklers.

With a pair of opponent's arms wrapped around his legs, Coop dives into the end zone.

Grounds the ball across the goal line. Scores a try.

Referee's whistle blows.

Exhausted, grass stained, Coop looks up. Focusses directly on the image in front of him.

Chapin Girl's School, skirt and blouse. Five-four. Fiery red, waist-length hair. Sparkling emerald eyes.

He stands. Surprised. Thrilled. Love struck. Accepts an aggressive, affectionate embrace.

SUE ELLEN

Cu Chulainn. I've been waiting for
you.

FADE OUT