

Tomorrow II:

Dusklight

by

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*Based on an auld
and true story*

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. EIRE, CO. CAVAN, DOWRA - DUSKLIGHT

Overhead shot of an old, large rundown two storey white house in a field. Nearest property's well over a mile away.

White smoke pours from chimney. Several lights on within.

No curtains or car.

Sheep and cows and horses and donkeys munch grass just beyond its fence.

A tatty red Massey Ferguson tractor rolls by. Its old male DRIVER peers at the house. Behind him a black dog also stares.

INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN - DUSK

In a scruffy wheelchair by an open fireplace is PHIL. An ancient old man. Dyed black hair, shape of stick thin legs visible through rather stained grey trousers.

Face seems wise, smart. Keen eyes. Halfway down his pointy nose sit a pair of thick round spectacles.

Prods orange ashes and black burning turf with a poker. An old black sheepdog rests nearby, eyeing him slyly.

Dog's gaze turns to backdoor - diesel car ENGINE approaching. Phil watches dog. Wheels his chair to door. Dog follows. They listen. He glances at a clock on the mantelpiece.

ENGINE stops. Car DOORS open. FOOTSTEPS. VOICES. Phil leans back, smirks, wheels away to back near the fire.

The noise of rain. A crack of thunder.

KNOCK KNOCK. Doesn't look up. Has a strong Cavan accent...

PHIL

Come in, if you're good looking.

Door opens. HUGH and MATILDA enter. Both thirties, average looks, well dressed, young professional types. Rather wet with rain.

Smiles everywhere. Middle England accents. Handshakes.

HUGH

You took some finding, Phil, ya auld devil. I can tell ya that for nothin'. Thought we weren't gonna make it 'till tomorra. You need a mobile or a computer, or summat.

PHIL

Do I fuck. You need a proper sense of direction. You alright, must be Matilda?

Notices her face dropped at his swearing and change of tone.

PHIL

Did ya fall down a ditch?

She forces a smile. Phil gestures to two comfy chairs.

They sit, relax, stretch a little. Hugh throws her quick glances. It feels a little awkward.

MATILDA

Yes I... Just a little tired.

Hugh eyes around. Spots a jet black 1950s style kettle.

HUGH

Feck me. You still got that? Tea everyone?

They nod. Hugh runs tap, fills kettle. Hangs it above the fire, like he's done it a thousand times.

Matilda's just bewildered. Big blue eyes wide, blinking.

MATILDA

This definitely is not Manchester, or Dublin.

PHIL

Ah no. You're a fair way from them, now. See you're an unwed lass.

MATILDA

Yes, we were thinking of getting married next year.

PHIL

Oh. Do it tomorrow. I could be dead by then. You never know.

HUGH

You'll live forever, ya miserable auld fecker, ya.

PHIL

Language, young Hugh. Where's this young lady's ring? And keep it clean.

HUGH

Still in the jeweller's window.

Kettle's steaming. Hugh grabs a rag to grab it. Brews up.

HUGH

When did you move here, Phil? We thought before you were still in fancy hotel in Glenfarne.

PHIL

Two days ago. Good old Sean Nolan helped me move in, get the power and water on, all that bollocks. Bugger the bloody hotel and it's bills.

Matilda frowns at his language. Hugh ignores her.

HUGH

Not a bad place. Hang on, which one? They're all called that down there. And around here, come to it.

PHIL

Ah, now. That'd be telling. (coughs) Lizzy died last night.

Faces drop. So do the dog's ears and eyelids. A brownish red cat enters.

Dog doesn't even notice it lie beside it.

PHIL

Funeral's in the morning.

HUGH

Up there or down here.

Phil's nods upwards.

PHIL

Milk and sugar in cupboard above.

Hugh sorts out three mugs of tea. Dishes them round.

HUGH

Here you go. Is there beds sorted? We can always go down the hotel if -

PHIL

All done. Lizzy did them yesterday. You fancy something a little stronger, young folks?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hugh and Matilda lie in a big bed.

Paper hangs off the walls. Everything's ramshackle.

Coats cover the bed. She reads a book.

Both have red cheeks.

MATILDA

Hugh, I can hardly focus on a word.
What the hell was that drink he
gave us?

HUGH

Only a drop of Poteen. Don't be
such an English ponce. Good for ya.

MATILDA

I feel like I'm gonna have a heart
attack.

HUGH

Yeah, it does that. Can I go to
sleep now, please darling?

She turns off her bedside lamp. Darkness. Coughs.

MATILDA

Hugh...

HUGH

Yes, Matilda.

MATILDA

Where's the toilet?

INT. BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Matilda, in a nightie, sits on the toilet. Dead flies almost
cover the deep wooden windowsill. Many live ones circle the
light. Everything's filthy dirty.

MATILDA

I really hate this horrible dirty
bloody house.

ONE MINUTE LATER

Matilda flushes the toilet, moves to leave.

A loud GURGLING causes her to turn. Green smoke rises from
the sink, bath and toilet.

A BUZZING commences, goes high pitched.

Matilda panics. Pulls the door handle - comes off in hand.
She squeaks. The noises INCREASE, as does the smoke.

She stares at the handle incredulously.

Tries to turn the bare lock bar with hands. Fails.

MATILDA

Oh Jesus...

Drops the handle as she tries to replace it. Bounces and hits her bare foot. She screams. Grabs her foot, blood.

Balances on one leg. Insects on the floor make her hop.

Loses her equilibrium. Over she goes. BANG. Her head hits the toilet bowl - hard. Rolls over. Passes out.

Blood flows from her head and foot. Dribble from her mouth leaks.

The noises and smoke stop.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Just visible inside a cupboard are a series of switches. Phil closes it. Listens, glances to the ceiling. Mumbles. Pulls a mobile from his pocket, types a text message.

BEDROOM

Dark. A phone beside the window lights up. Beeps. Hugh puts the light on. His hair's stood straight up on his head. Rubs his eyes.

HUGH

What the fuck now? And where the hell's that dozy... Where is she? Matilda?

Reads the message. Shock appears on his face. Hurries to dress.

BATHROOM

Hugh dashes in. Stares with disbelief at the blood and Matilda. Picks her up.

KITCHEN

Matilda lies on the table. Phil bandages her head while Hugh puts a plaster on her foot.

PHIL

Good job for you I lasted thirty years as a GP. How you feeling now?

MATILDA

Better. A little dizzy.

PHIL

You'll be fine. Go to bed, but get more pillows from the wardrobe. To keep your head up. Don't worry, you sleep fine and I'll see you in the morning.

Hugh's not happy. Helps her down and out. Phil waits...

PHIL

Typical city English. Feekin' eejits.

He pours a large one from a bottle of whiskey. The contents though, are clear. Takes a big swig. Smiles.

PHIL

Christ, that was a good batch.

DREAM SEQUENCE

Bright daylight. Matilda is wearing a white business suit. Her hair is now red. She's stood still in front of the house.

A horse stares at her. The dog's at the door, growling.

She turns. Seven black and white cows also growl. A sheep barks.

A big black bird just misses her face. It crows "Slag, slag, slag".

PHIL (O.S.)

Come in if you're good looking! You fucks, you. You feekin' waste of...

His voice drifts away. On the road in front of her Phil flies past in his wheelchair. He now has horns and a red cape.

PHIL

You fucking stupid slag. Fuck off back to England. This is Eire, the Free State, you Brit bitch. Pogue mahone! Poteen. Slainte, slainte, slainte. Engerlish bloody barstards. Bastards! I say. You fucking feck fuckers fuck...

BEDROOM

Matilda sits straight up. Glances round. Screams.

The light comes on. Beside her is not Hugh.

It's Phil.

Matilda screams louder.

PHIL

What on God's earth are you doing in my bed? I think you should leave, young lady. Before I spank you silly, you very naughty girl, you.

Matilda stares at her surroundings.

This isn't her room.

PHIL

Oh my, you are good looking...

HUGH'S BEDROOM - ONE MINUTE LATER

Matilda sneaks in beside a sleeping Hugh. She shakes her head. He doesn't move.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Birds sing. A cow farts. Its calf urinates a small river.

A black Skoda Octavia with an English number plate runs with its boot open.

Within is Matilda. Looks sheepish. She touches her bandaged head.

MATILDA

Ow!

KITCHEN

Phil pokes the fire. Doesn't look happy.

Hugh watches him, sipping tea. Purses his lips.

A suitcase sits beside the back door. Cat and dog are nowhere to be seen.

PHIL

All set, Hugh?

He nods. Phil glances before tending his fire.

HUGH

Sorry about all...

PHIL

Not at all, shure first bit excitement round here in weeks.

HUGH
I'd better off, Phil. Gotta get -

PHIL
Fair old way to the North Wall.
Been twenty years since I... Safe
journey and all that, young man.

Hugh digs in pockets.

Pushes a fair wad of fifty Euro notes into Phil's wrinkled
fist.

PHIL
Ah now, there's no need young Hugh.
I've plenty of...

HUGH
Just fucking take it. No arguments.
I got more than enough.

Phil reluctantly stuffs the notes in his trouser pocket. Phil
returns to poking the fire. Sees Hugh study his old
wheelchair.

HUGH
You should nearly have a enough for
an electric one of them soon.

PHIL
I may just get one. The hands and
arms get sore these days.

Hugh grabs his suitcase.

Stops before opening the door.

HUGH
Take care. I'll be back in two
weeks. Don't feckin' die on me yet,
young fella.

PHIL
Strange. I was just gonna say the
exact same thing. You bringing
another one?

HUGH
Bloody right. I'd dumping that bag
of nerves home and hitting the
clubs again. You shoulda heard the
shite that came outta her mouth
this morning...

PHIL
I did. Thin walls and floors in
here.

HUGH

Yeah. Good. Two weeks, I'll bring one... a sexy one, slightly less posh. Lot more sense.

PHIL

Now you're talking. Get a blonde with long legs and, y'know, big lungs. And a nice big fat juicy arse.

HUGH

Ya auld devil. Now you're talking. Keep breathing, Da.

PHIL

Aye, lad. Safe home, Hugh. And Matilda. The daft posh muppet.

HUGH

Out tonight, for the erm, celebrations?

PHIL

Am I fuck. Those days are gone.

HUGH

Soon. Back soon.

Hugh leaves.

PHIL

Yeah. Cocky little barstard.

He pokes his fire. Car revs O.S.. Reverses, engine fades.

PHIL

Chip off the auld block.

Above the mantelpiece is a picture.

It's a small colour photo of Phil flying down a road in his wheelchair.

He sports fake devil horns and a red cape. Green smoke trails behind him.

FADE OUT.