

LEAP YEAR

by
Deborah Kaplan & Harry Elfont

December 16, 2008

Revised Draft
Spyglass Entertainment
Benderspink

EXT. LOUISBERG SQUARE - DAY

It's a sunny, crisp winter day in this upscale Boston neighborhood. We see a SIGN out in front of one of the TOWNHOUSES: OPEN HOUSE TODAY: 11-2.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

ANNA (30's), poised and driven, stands in the vacant apartment. She looks around. It's dark. The carpets are worn. Dusty curtains hang in the windows. Anna takes it in for a moment -- and then gets to work: (BEGIN TITLES SEQUENCE)

- Anna DIRECTS a TEAM OF MOVERS as they carry in BEAUTIFUL ANTIQUE FURNITURE, NEW RUGS, CURTAINS and ART.

- ANNA shows them EXACTLY where to put the furniture. She arranges BEAUTIFULLY BOUND BOOKS on the shelves. Puts FRESH FLOWERS in vases. Hangs classy BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS. Even puts a MOZART PIANO CD on the stereo.

- The REALTOR walks in and looks amazed. The place has been completely transformed. It looks BRIGHT, AIRY and BEAUTIFUL. Anna hands the Realtor a package of SLICE AND BAKE COOKIES.

ANNA

Put these in the oven a half hour before the open house and you'll have multiple offers by lunch.

Anna's BLACKBERRY BUZZES and she's out the door.

- Speeding along in a CAB, Anna types into her Blackberry. She pulls up to her next appointment ...

- A DOWNTOWN LOFT. We see quick cuts of Anna as she transforms it from a cold industrial space to a cool modern apartment. Puts a MILES DAVIS CD on. Gives this REALTOR the frozen cookies. Checks her BLACKBERRY ...

- Anna pulls up in a cab to a SMALL STUDIO APARTMENT. When she gets there the place looks tiny and cramped. When she's done it looks CHARMING AND SPACIOUS. She puts a hipster FRANCOISE HARDY REMIX CD on. Hands yet another realtor the cookies.

REALTOR

Thanks. You know I sold that Back Bay two-bedroom on the first day? To the first couple who walked in! Boy, I got lucky on that one.

ANNA

Luck didn't sell that place, a new sofa
and a vase of dahlias did. I don't
believe in luck. You make your own luck.

REALTOR

All I know is you're worth every penny.

Anna's BLACKBERRY BUZZES again. We see the next
appointment: CO-OP BOARD - 3 PM.

ANNA

Oh! I have to get over to The Waterford!

REALTOR

You're staging an apartment at The
Waterford??

ANNA

No. I may be buying one.

The Realtor looks very impressed.

EXT. THE WATERFORD - DAY

A beautiful PREWAR APARTMENT BUILDING. Anna meets her
BOYFRIEND, JEREMY (30's, enthusiastic and intelligent)
out front. They KISS.

As they break apart, Anna straightens his tie.

ANNA

You didn't wear your lab coat? Co-op
boards love a doctor.

JEREMY

This is The Waterford, they think doctors
are blue collar.

She laughs. Jeremy takes out his iphone.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Wait. I want a picture of you under the
awning.

ANNA

Jer, I don't want to be late ...

JEREMY

Say, "three bedroom overlooking the
Common!"

She smiles and he snaps the photo. He looks at it.

ANNA

How do I look? Chic yet respectable?

JEREMY

Beautiful! Look at this image quality! I just downloaded the new HD Camera app -- you're even more adorable in high def! Who wouldn't want this woman living in their building?!

She can't help but be charmed by his enthusiasm. They stride to the entrance where a UNIFORMED DOORMAN holds the door open. Jeremy holds his hand out for her to enter first. A gentleman.

INT. THE WATERFORD - DAY

A beautifully-furnished apartment with sky-high ceilings and gleaming parquet floors. Anna and Jeremy sit across from two OLDER, WELL-GROOMED WOMEN and one SILVER-HAIRED MAN in a bow tie. This is the CO-OP BOARD. And they are finishing up.

WOMAN #1

Well. Thank you both again for coming in. We have to review some things internally, of course ...

MAN

But that was an outstanding interview. You do seem like just the type of people who should be calling The Waterford home. And not just because half of us are old enough to need a good cardiologist in the building, Dr. Silver.

They all laugh. Anna looks at Jeremy, proud.

WOMAN #3

(less enthused)

Mmm.

(looking through her notes)

I don't believe there's anything we've missed, unless there's something you'd like to add?

Anna and Jeremy exchange a look. Then Anna leans forward, very direct.

ANNA

All right, look. There's really no other way to say this other than being completely blunt. We don't settle.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

Jeremy and I, we just aren't those types of people. And what we want you to know is, if you do choose to let us move in here, we will continue not to settle. We will be the best tenants, the most devoted to the building --more than anyone else, because we don't know any other way to be.

Jeremy nods. It's true.

ANNA (CONT'D)

As you know I've staged apartments all over this area for sellers, even a few next door at The Wesley.

You can tell by the look on the board members' faces that they feel less-than enthusiastic about The Wesley. And Anna was expecting that reaction ...

ANNA (CONT'D)

I've seen everything, and if I may state the obvious, there *is* no building in Boston finer than The Waterford. So how could we possibly settle -- literally -- anyplace else?

The Man and Woman #1 seem to agree. Anna looks at WOMAN #3, who seems to be the least swayed by this speech.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I just love your vitrine. Beidermeier. Louis ... XIV?

WOMAN #3

Fifteenth.

ANNA

Of course! I should know that. Well it's exquisite.

WOMAN #3

Thank you.

She finally smiles, pleased to have her "exquisite" taste recognized.

EXT. THE WATERFORD - DAY

Anna and Jeremy celebrate out on the sidewalk.

JEREMY

Well *that* couldn't have gone any better!
And you! You were amazing! That thing
with the cabinet?

ANNA

I knew it was Louis XV, but I sensed she
was one of those "smartest person in the
room"-types.

He gives her a big kiss.

JEREMY

We might live at The Waterford!

ANNA

I know ...It'd be a good present,
wouldn't it? For maybe the fourth
anniversary of our first date? Our...
date-a-versary?

He tickles her.

JEREMY

You are the worst hint-dropper ever! Do
you really think I'd forget? Four years
is big.

She giggles in his arms.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I made a reservation at L'Espalier. And I
may have even gotten you a special
present ...

ANNA

Really. What is it? Tell me.

JEREMY

No no no, you know I like surprises. You
have to wait. Tonight, eight o'clock.

ANNA

Eight o'clock.

She shudders, chilled in the February air.

JEREMY

Always freezing, what is it with you?

He hits the alarm on his new CLS. BWOOP!

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Here, take my sweatshirt.

He wraps it around her, gives her a kiss.

ANNA

What would I do without you?

JEREMY

Buy more layers. See you at eight.

ANNA

I'll be there!

Anna wraps the sweatshirt around her. She can't stop smiling as Jeremy drives off down the street.

INT. CHIC NAILS - DAY

Korean nail salon. Anna and her sister LIBBY (40, suburban mom) sit in huge spa chairs, getting mani/pedis. The KOREAN WOMAN on Libby's nails finishes filing.

KOREAN WOMAN #1

You no want polish?

LIBBY

No polish. My kids ruin it in ten minutes.

(to Anna)

Don't forget we have dad's birthday tomorrow. He wants to eat at that *bar*.

She and Anna both make the same, disgusted face. Anna inspects her hand. The left one, specifically. Leans in to the Woman doing her nails.

ANNA

I'm sorry, but can you just re-file this one one more time? It's uneven.

LIBBY

All right, that's getting obsessive even for you.

Anna shrugs. A smile creeps onto her face.

ANNA

It's just I need that hand to be perfect.
(even bigger smile)
For my engagement ring...

LIBBY

Your what?

ANNA

I think it's happening tonight.

LIBBY

No!!

Anna nods. Uses her free hand to pull a BUSINESS CARD out of her bag. Hands it to Libby.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Beacon Hill Estate Jewelry? Where'd you find that?

ANNA

In his sweatshirt pocket.

LIBBY

No!!!

Anna nods again.

ANNA

And he's taking me to L'Espalier tonight for our anniversary. And he said, "four years is big". He said that.

LIBBY

I wish Ronny had bought my ring at Beacon Hill. Jeremy has such good taste.

ANNA

It probably helped that I tore out the magazine ad and left it on his desk a month ago. The one with the bracelet?

LIBBY

Love that bracelet. Good move.

Libby hands the card back.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Ugh, you must be so relieved.

ANNA

Thank you?

LIBBY

You know what I mean.

ANNA

Fine, obviously there was a tiny part of me that was getting concerned. I mean, we'd talked about it, but it was, "well, we'll get to it eventually" and then it was just off the table for a while and I wasn't gonna be the one to put it back on.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

(to her nail woman)

Could you use extra lotion on my cuticles? Thanks.

(back to Libby)

I mean, I love my life with Jeremy, but what? -- now we're buying *real estate* together and we're not engaged? *Hellew* ...can you say "skipped a step"?

LIBBY

Well, none of that matters now.

ANNA

Nope.

Libby's suddenly very excited for her sister.

LIBBY

I can't believe you're getting engaged!

(to the Korean woman)

She's getting engaged!

ANNA

I'm getting engaged.

The woman smiles and nods. It's not clear if she understands.

INT. ANNA & JEREMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The place is beautifully decorated. Right out of Dwell magazine. Nothing out of place. ANNA AND JEREMY ENTER. Jeremy's tie is undone. He's carrying a TO-GO BOX.

JEREMY

Was your duck okay? You didn't really eat much of it.

Jeremy takes off his coat. Anna is right behind him. She nods.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

You could have sent it back. My steak was amazing!

Anna looks at the BRAND NEW BRACELET on her WRIST. And then at the BRACELET SIZED JEWELRY BOX from BEACON HILL ESTATE JEWELRY.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

What time is it, ten-thirty? Ugh, I gotta be at the airport at seven.

(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I have to call and confirm my car, finish some charts, pack, get the Slingbox set up -- I gotta say I love the fact that I'll be all the way in Ireland and I won't miss a single Celtics game. That was the best present ever, sweetie ...

He goes off into the bedroom. Anna stands there looking at the bracelet and the box. She THUMPS her head against the wall. How could she have been so stupid?!

INT. ANNA & JEREMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jeremy is packing some suits into a garment bag.

JEREMY

Make sure to tell your dad happy birthday from me. Can't wait to hear what ship's finally coming in for him this time.

(zipping up the bag)

This conference should be interesting. The Swiss are unveiling this new MRI. Who knows, maybe we can convince the hospital to pony up and buy one...

INT. ANNA & JEREMY'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Anna is in the hallway, not really listening. She's looking at FRAMED PHOTOS on the wall: Anna and Jeremy enjoying ski trips, birthday dinners, a Paris vacation, Valentine's day ... FOUR YEARS OF HER LIFE. She looks down at the bracelet again, depressed.

JEREMY (O.S.)

You can always come with me, you know...

Jeremy passes by, disappearing into the guest room to grab something else.

JEREMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Who doesn't want to visit Ireland in the dead of winter?

(bad Irish accent)

I hope you like your potatoes frozen!

He laughs as he crosses back to the bedroom. He stops, coming back out to look at Anna.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Anna? You okay? You look upset.

Anna turns to him. She doesn't know what to say.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

You're nervous about the co-op aren't you?

Anna nods, covering. Jeremy walks over to her. Wraps his arms around her.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I know. I hate to be going away when all this is going down but there's really not much to do after the interview. I'm sure they'll let us know by the weekend.

Anna nods.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Come on. We're gonna get it. When do I not get you what you want?

He gives her a little squeeze and heads back into the bedroom. Anna glances down at the bracelet again ...

EXT. THE POUR HOUSE - DAY

A classic Boston watering hole. The perfect spot for a liquid lunch.

INT. THE POUR HOUSE - DAY

Anna sits with Libby in one of the old school booths, where names have been carved into the wood over the past decades. Across from them is their FATHER, JIM (60's), in a sportjacket with no tie. A WAITRESS picks up his EMPTY DRINK and replaces it with a refill.

JIM

Thank you, m'lady. Look at those eyes. You look like a young Connie Selleca.

Anna rolls her eyes as the waitress smiles politely and walks away.

ANNA

Seriously, she could be *Libby's* daughter.

LIBBY

Hey, I'm not that much older than you. She could be your daughter.

JIM

Oh lighten up, you two. Can your dear old dad help it if he falls in love too easy?

ANNA

I don't know, but does he have to do it every place we go?

JIM

How did I raise such a romantic? The world is ripe and fragrant with possibility, Banana. Breathe it in.

He toasts to it. Anna does not. She changes the subject.

ANNA

Do you want to open your present?

JIM

Absolutely!

The girls push a wrapped box across the table. Jim makes a big dad show of shaking it -- and then unwraps it -- revealing a brand new BLACKBERRY.

JIM (CONT'D)

Well look at that! It's a ... phone.

ANNA

No no -- it's a BlackBerry. You can put all your appointments and contacts in there -- you can even send email!

He looks at it. Already knowing he's never going to use it. Libby knew this was a bad idea.

LIBBY

Or you can just use the phone part.

ANNA

No. Use the whole thing! It's perfect! You know how you're always writing stuff down on scraps of paper or matchbooks and then they're all stuffed in your pockets or worse you just lose them ... now you can just type everything in there!

JIM

Well that's great, girls. As soon as I get a spare moment I'll crack open the instructions and figure out what all these buttons do!

No he won't. He sets the box down and quickly changes the subject.

JIM (CONT'D)

So how's that Jeremy? How are things going in the medical trade? Hey, did he ever call that guy I met who was starting that boxing gym? It's a great investment, he should put some money in that.

ANNA

Yeah, I mentioned it.

She grits her teeth and reaches for her water. Jim notices her sparkly new bracelet.

JIM

Whoa, what are you trying to do, blind me?! Lemme put my sunglasses on! Where'd that come from?

ANNA

Jeremy got it for me for our anniversary.

JIM

What, still no ring? What's with that guy? What's there to decide?

ANNA

(defensive)

Not everyone proposes marriage to the person who brings their drink, all right? There are people in this world who actually take their time to think about these kinds of things.

JIM

You're gonna have to pull a Grandma Jane.

ANNA

A what?

JIM

Jeremy's already in Ireland, right? Half the battle's over.

(off their confused looks)

I told you this story. Grandma Jane always used to joke that Papa Tom took so long to propose that she almost dragged him to Ireland.

LIBBY

What's in Ireland?

JIM

In Leap Year there the women can propose to the men!

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

On the 29th -- it's a tradition! I think if she'd had enough scratch for the plane tickets she woulda done it too. But Papa Tom finally stepped up on his own and here we are!

He chuckles and takes a drink. Swallows.

JIM (CONT'D)

Whaddaya say, Banana? Should we send you to Ireland to get down on one knee?

ANNA

I -- no!

JIM

I can pay for your ticket. Some of your ticket. Actually if you wanna do it right now, you should probably pay for it and I'll pay you back.

ANNA

That's okay.

JIM

I'm serious. I've got something coming down the pike in a couple of months that's really going to set me up nicely. I can't say much about it right now, but let's just say it's 99 percent a done deal already. It might involve vacation homes -- not time shares, per se -- but a very lucrative opportunity. You know what, I've said too much already. But I've got a good feeling about this.

Anna and Libby have heard this before.

ANNA

Dad. I'm not going to Ireland. I -- appreciate the advice but I don't think that's for me.

*
*
*
*

Libby tries to diffuse the building tension.

LIBBY

We should order some lunch!

JIM

Good idea. Order me a club sandwich, eh Libs? I gotta hit the head.

He gets up and leaves for the men's room. Anna looks at her sister.

LIBBY

I know. I'm sorry. It *is* a gorgeous bracelet. Don't be mad.

ANNA

He seriously thinks I should go to Ireland and propose to my boyfriend. He lives on a different planet.

Libby holds out a comforting hand to Anna. Anna takes it, GROANS, then slumps her head onto the table, spent. Then:

ANNA (CONT'D)

And this table is sticky.

We DISSOLVE TO ...

INT. ANNA & JEREMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anna, in that same position, head on her pillow. She's having a hard time falling asleep. There's a PHOTO of HER AND JEREMY smiling happily, just staring at her from her bedside table. She rolls over, shutting it out... And her eyes land on her wrist -- the BRACELET. A symbol of her disappointment. Exasperated, she flips onto her back, puts the pillow over her head. Then after a beat, she finally throws the blankets aside and gets out of bed.

INT. ANNA & JEREMY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Anna opens her laptop. Does a GOOGLE SEARCH. Quickly finds a bunch of articles on LEAP YEAR PROPOSALS IN IRELAND. She reads, looking at PHOTOS of WOMEN PROPOSING ON ONE KNEE IN DUBLIN.

ANNA

(reading)

"Ladies Privilege" ... "Dates back to the fifth century" ... C'mon, this is *real*?

She reads on. Finds more PHOTOS: IRISH WOMEN, KISSING THEIR MEN -- SHOWING OFF THEIR RINGS. Anna looks tempted for a second ... But quickly shakes her head at the absurdity and SNAPS THE LAPTOP SHUT. She gets up and walks away.

After a few beats, Anna sits back down and opens up the laptop again. This time she finds a VIDEO CLIP on YOU TUBE:

VIDEO: IN FRONT OF A OLD CHURCH IN DUBLIN, A CUTE IRISH WOMAN GETS DOWN ON ONE KNEE AND EMOTIONALLY PROPOSES TO HER WORKING CLASS BOYFRIEND.

HE TEARFULLY ACCEPTS AND GIVES HER A PASSIONATE KISS. THE CROWD AROUND THEM CHEERS...

Anna watches, getting a little emotional too.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Awww.

But again, she thinks better of it and SNAPS THE LAPTOP SHUT. She gets up ...

But quickly, she sits back down and OPENS THE LAPTOP again. This time she goes right to the AER LINGUS site. Clicks on SEARCH FOR FLIGHTS ...

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

Libby is dropping Anna off at the INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL. Anna takes her designer luggage out of the trunk.

ANNA

Okay. Tickets, passport --
(scrolls down her BlackBerry)
Hotel address -- Is this crazy? Tell me
this is a terrible idea and I won't go.

LIBBY

I thought you already left Jeremy a
message to tell him you're coming ...

ANNA

(already moved on)
It's just last night I just couldn't
think of another way to make this happen.
I mean if he didn't propose on our
anniversary, then when? Christmas? That's
the next major holiday. Which is a year
from now. I don't want to have to freeze
my eggs.

LIBBY

What?

ANNA

It's true. If I wait much longer I could
be trying to get pregnant at 40! Remember
cousin Jackie? Three years of fertility
treatments! She had to take those pills
that made her a complete whack job --

LIBBY

She got twins ...

ANNA

And I was thrilled for her. But twins won't work for me. I need to do one at a time, so I can keep my job, plus Jeremy wants us to be able to travel -- I mean suddenly we're *four* people on an airplane? I've seen you guys struggle through security!

LIBBY

It's not pretty.

ANNA

I want one to be verbal and out of diapers before I have the second so that's a three-year wait right there. The point is -- I have to make this happen now.

LIBBY

Well if anyone can make this happen it's you. It's what you do, you stage things. And you're gonna have a great story, it's so romantic --

ANNA

And Jeremy loves surprises --

LIBBY

Trust me, you are coming back engaged.

Anna goes to pick up her bags. Looks at Libby.

ANNA

Can't leave this things to chance, right?

LIBBY

You're not. You're getting engaged.

Anna nods. They smile. A sisterly bond.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Now go do it!

Anna heads inside, determined.

INT. 747 - EVENING

Anna's on the BlackBerry PHONE as she takes her seat.

ANNA

Hey! I finally got you! I'm getting on the plane right now!

INT. HOTEL CONVENTION ROOM - NIGHT

While some of the world's top CARDIOLOGISTS watch a PRESENTATION of medical slides and technical data, Jeremy ducks out to the back of the room.

JEREMY

Wow it sounds so clear! What phone are you on, is that your cell?

(INTERCUT)

ANNA

How about, "hey, I can't believe you're coming to Ireland"!

JEREMY

Well that goes without saying. What changed your mind?

ANNA

I don't know, I finished that condo I was staging and I saw this long weekend ahead of me and who am I to turn down a free trip to Dublin?

JEREMY

Well it's a nice surprise.

Anna smiles to herself, pleased. This is a good sign.

ANNA

Oh, they're telling me I have to turn off my phone now. I love you, I'll see you tomorrow!

Anna hangs up and fastens her seat belt. Slips on her neck pillow. Her headphones. Pops her sleeping pill. Closes her eyes and smiles. We hear the ROAR OF JET ENGINES ...

EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE ATLANTIC - TWILIGHT

The 747 soars eastward, toward the darkening horizon.

INT. 747 - NIGHT

Anna is awakened by TURBULENCE. WHUMP! She turns, still groggy -- her headphones slide awkwardly over one eye.

ANNA

What's going on?

The PASSENGER next to her points out his window. Anna looks out to see the THICK CLOUD LAYER, FLASHING WITH LIGHTNING. WHUMP! A few passengers GASP.

PILOT (O.S.)

(over intercom)

Ladies and Gentleman, as you can tell we've encountered some bumps due to thunderstorms over the Dublin area. Unfortunately, due to the unexpected severity of the weather, the Dublin airport has been shut down until further notice. We will be diverting to Cardiff in Wales, where our representatives will do our best to get you to your final destinations as soon as possible.

As the passengers all GROAN, the plane BANKS and TURNS. Anna still looks disoriented.

ANNA

Wales? Is that far? That's next to England, right?

The passenger next to her just nods. Yup.

INT. CARDIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - WALES - MORNING

The place is a zoo: full of tired and angry passengers, all trying to get to their actual destinations.

We find Anna in front of the Aer Lingus desk, throngs of other impatient travellers behind her.

ANNA

There are no flights until tomorrow?

AER LINGUS REP

(tired, Welsh accent)

Until we are given any information on when the Dublin airport will re-open, the earliest flight I can put you on is standby for the two o'clock tomorrow.

ANNA

Two?! That's not going to work. What about the morning?

AER LINGUS REP

The morning flights are already sold out. The two o'clock connects through Glasgow where there's a three hour layover but you'll get to Dublin by tomorrow night...

ANNA

No, no -- no. Look. I have appointments set. Everything's arranged already. I'm proposing to my boyfriend on the 29th. Leap Day? It's an old Irish tradition? So I don't think you understand the gravity of the situation. I have a window here, and I'm not gonna let some stupid storm at some rinky-dink airport close that window!

AER LINGUS REP

(glances at her screen)

... Annnd it looks like the two o'clock is now full. The next available flight is at six.

ANNA

So there's no other way to get to Dublin before tomorrow night, is that what you're telling me??

AER LINGUS REP

There's a ferry out of Swansea to Cork --

Anna runs off.

ANNA

Ferry out of Swansea, ferry out of Swansea!

She spots an OLDER AIRPORT GUIDE by the information booth.

ANNA (CONT'D)

How do I get to Swansea?!

EXT. WELSH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

BUS, TRAIN & TRAIN MONTAGE:

A miserable-looking Anna rides through Wales on a BUS. She rides though Wales on a TRAIN. She gets off that train and barely makes it to a DIFFERENT TRAIN. It's still RAINING ON AND OFF. And all the while she's TRYING UNSUCCESSFULLY TO GET RECEPTION on her BlackBerry. And it's getting dark by the time she makes it to:

EXT. SWANSEA FERRY DOCK - EVENING

The SWANSEA FERRY STATION. She is tired and lugs her bags up to the lone AGENT at the TICKET COUNTER.

ANNA

Is this the ferry to Cork? And is that where I catch the train to Dublin?

FERRY TICKET AGENT

Yes it is, Ma'am. But perhaps you'll want to wait until the mornin'. Looks like it might start blowin' pretty hard out there...

She leans over the counter, almost threatening.

ANNA

No thank you.

He nods. Of course.

EXT. SWANSEA FERRY - NIGHT

The STORM is raging again. The BOAT is being TOSSED AROUND in HUGE SWELLS. SEAWATER CRASHES over the sides. We find ANNA, HANGING ON to a rail for dear life. Trying to stay dry and not lose her lunch. This is miserable.

EXT. IRISH PORT - NIGHT

The storm has let up slightly as the FERRY finally chugs into port.

EXT. SWANSEA FERRY - NIGHT

Anna, looking much the worse for wear, drags her bags up to the exit platform. The Captain -- looking a little pale himself -- helps her off.

ANNA

Cork train station?

CAPTAIN

Cork? You're not in Cork, luv.

ANNA

What? Why not?!

CAPTAIN

Did you not see that storm? We had to divert! You're lucky to be alive!

Anna can't believe this.

ANNA

Then -- where the hell am I?

CAPTAIN

Dingle.

ANNA

Dingle? Well how do I get to Dublin from here?

He shrugs. Looks up. It has started to SNOW.

CAPTAIN

How about that? I don't think it's snowed here in thirty years. I'm gonna need you to get off the boat now.

He escorts her off the walkway on to the dock. The snow starts to fall a little heavier. The Captain pulls the WALKWAY back to the boat. Anna looks around and sees a small cluster of LIGHTS in the distance. A town.

EXT. DINGLE - NIGHT

Snow continues to fall on the lone MUDDY ROAD makes up the main street of this tiny village town. Anna drags her bags behind her. They are now covered in MUD. She's not looking too good herself. All the shop fronts look dark, except for one little TAVERN with the light on.

The sign above the door is broken. It looks like it reads ARAGH'S. The windows are filthy. But she doesn't really have much choice.

INT. ARAGH'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Anna enters. It would be kind to call the place dingy. It's empty except for two ANCIENT IRISHMEN at the bar, mid argument. It looks like they never leave their bar stools. They are JOE and SEAMUS.

SEAMUS

You're a flustered arse is what you are!

JOE

And you're an idiot!

They drink.

SEAMUS

Keats isn't even Irish!

JOE

We're not talking about "greatest Irish poet"! You said, "greatest love poet"! And I say Keats is better than Yeats!

SEAMUS

Aaargh!

ANNA

Um ... excuse me? But -- does anyone know how I can get to Dublin from here?

They glance at Anna. And then look back at their drinks.

JOE

Hmph. Someone got lost on her way to the Blarney Stone.

SEAMUS

Or the Guinness factory!

They CACKLE and LAUGH. Anna stands there.

ANNA

Is there a train, maybe? To Dublin?

SEAMUS

(to Joe)

Why would a young American woman come all the way out here on her own?

JOE

She sounds Australian to me. The way she said train. Tray-eeen.

SEAMUS

She's not Australian ...

ANNA

Hello? I'm right here. Yes. My name's Anna, and I am from America. Boston, actually. And I'm trying to --

SEAMUS

*Wine comes in at the mouth
And love comes in at the eye;
I lift the glass to my mouth,
I look at you, and I sigh.
-- Yeats! Bloody brilliant!*

JOE

That's not about love, it's about drinkin', ya scuttered plonker!

(recites)

*Pillow's upon my fair love's ripening
breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest ...
That's a real love poem! By a real poet --*

SEAMUS

Ah, you just like it cause he's talkin' about breasts!

JOE

Damn right! Just 'cause the last pair of tits you saw was your mother's ...

SEAMUS

The last pair of tits I saw was your mother's!

They exchange "Arrrghs" and drink.

ANNA

Uh, I see you're having an important discussion, but I really do need to find a way to get to--

DECLAN (O.S.)

Dublin. We heard you the first time.

Anna turns, startled, at the gruff voice. And emerging from the shadows at the end of the bar comes the BARTENDER. A BEARDED, SCRUFFY, GLOWERING BRUTE of a man in his mid-thirties. He almost growls at Anna as he wipes out a dirty pint glass. This is DECLAN.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Let me tell you something, *Anna from Boston*. I've been to Dublin. And it's a city for blaggards and cheats and backstabbing snakes. It's where the worst kind of slime and sewage and shite runs off of this great country and collects in pools and they needed to give it a name so they called it Dublin.

He SPITS on the floor and goes back to cleaning his glass. Anna nods. Oh-kay.

ANNA

Is there anyplace else open around here tonight?

JOE

The bus. I'd take the bus.

ANNA

(relieved)
There's a bus!

JOE

The bus to Kilarney. Then the train to
Cork ...

ANNA

Cork! Right, I know I can get there from
Cork --

SEAMUS

Cork? Why would you send her to Cork? She
should take the train to Limerick and
then the bus to Kildare!

JOE

Kildare? Then she won't even see the Ring
of Kerry!

SEAMUS

She didn't ask to see the Ring of Kerry,
you gobshite!

Anna just wants an answer.

ANNA

Is there any way just to drive? Like hire
a taxi or a car right now and just go?
Look, I changed my money at the airport --
god knows I had time --

(digs through her purse)

And I've got seven hundred Euro to
whoever can drive me straight to Dublin
tonight.

She holds up the wad of cash. The old men stare at it.
This must be a lot of money to them. It even grabs
Declan's attention.

JOE

I'm thinkin' you might find somebody for
seven hundred Euro.

SEAMUS

(this is rare)

No argument from me.

Anna smiles. Now she's getting somewhere.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

Excepting you can't leave. It's Friday.
It's bad luck to start a journey on a
Friday.

JOE

Or start a new business. You don't want to start a business either on a Friday...

SEAMUS

Does she look like she's startin' a business?!

JOE

You also shouldn't move into a house on a Friday. Or cut a new dress for that matter ...

SEAMUS

You can't cut a dress on a Tuesday, you idiot!

ANNA

Seven hundred Euro to anyone with a car!

DECLAN

Nobody's taking you anywhere right now.

Anna turns back to Declan. He's putting an end to this.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

It's the middle of the night. No one's crawling out of their beds just 'cause you decided you need to get to Dublin. You're just gonna have to wait till morning to throw your money at someone.

Anna looks at the old men, but they don't disagree.

ANNA

Well -- what am I supposed to do until then?

Declan doesn't respond. That's your problem.

JOE

She can stay here.

DECLAN

I don't have room.

JOE

Declan Brady, you got a floor full of vacant rooms up there and you're gonna throw this lass out into the street?

ANNA

I'm fine -- I'll find a hotel ...

SEAMUS

That's not Las Vegas out there darlin',
this *is* the hotel.

DECLAN

One night. That's it.

ANNA

(under her breath)
I imagine that'll be plenty.

Anna picks up her bags.

JOE

She looks hungry. Maybe she'd like a
little something to eat.

SEAMUS

Crispy duck!

The men look quite excited by this. Anna could be
interested ... Declan glares.

DECLAN

The kitchen's closed.

He grabs a ROOM KEY off a hook and heads upstairs. Anna
follows.

INT. TINY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Declan throws open the door. The room looks like it
hasn't been slept in a while. The frilly Irish lace
bedspread looks ancient. There are cobwebs in the
corners. Anna looks less than thrilled.

DECLAN

The loo is down the hall.

ANNA

Are there towels in --

He slams the door shut before she can finish. Anna looks
around the poorly lit room. Tries to keep it together.
Exhausted, she sits down on the bed -- kicking up a CLOUD
OF DUST from the sheets. Wonderful.

INT. ARAGH'S - NIGHT

Anna is in the TINY guest room. Her SUITCASE IS OPEN ON
THE BED. She opens the CLOSET to try and hang up a few
items. Only, she can't open the closet because it opens
right into the bed.

She attempts to squeeze a dress into the little space but she can't even do that. Then she sees ANOTHER CLOSET DOOR on the other side of the bed.

Arms full of clothes, she shimmies her way along the narrow space to get to the other side. But the second closet is PACKED with hotel supplies -- a few BROOMS tip out and hit her on the arm as two large BOXES of CHOCOLATE MINTS crash to the floor. Along with a lone PHOTOGRAPH: DECLAN WITH HIS ARM AROUND A PRETTY BLONDE. Anna glances at it for a moment --

But her BlackBerry chirps. She picks it up. THERE'S ACTUALLY A SIGNAL! Finally some good news! But the BATTERY is blinking LOW. Anna quickly rifles through her bag and pulls out a European ADAPTER and her POWER CORD. Looks around for an outlet. Finally finds one behind a tiny TABLE.

After a hurried struggle and maneuvering and MOVING of the table, she's able to plug in the adapter and at last, her Blackberry and -- PZZZZT! The adapter sparks and her Blackberry fries before her eyes. Anna gasps like she's been stabbed in the heart.

INT. ARAGH'S - PUB - NIGHT

From upstairs we hear Anna's BLOODCURDLING SCREAM. Declan, Seamus and Joe look up at the ceiling, perplexed. None of them move to get up.

JOE

Why don't you just take her to Dublin?
You rather give Peter Begley that seven
hundred?

DECLAN

Yeah, 'cause he's a taxi service and I
aren't.

SEAMUS

He's a ginger bastard is what he is.

JOE

How many past due notices are you
expectin' to get from the bank? It was a
loan, not a bloody gift.

We hear the CLANGING of PIPES as Anna turns on the SHOWER.

DECLAN

Maybe if you two piss artists would pay
for your own drinks once in a while ...

SEAMUS

Oh I see. So we're the problem. It's got nothing to do with you gambling the money away in card games --

JOE

Or dog racing.

SEAMUS

Or which leaf's gonna fall off the Hawthorne tree ...

DECLAN

I had a good tip on that Hawthorne leaf.

JOE

I'm serious, Deckie. It's been a year, you may wanna take your head out your ass and run a business again. You never cook nothin' --

SEAMUS

We're your only customers most nights --

DECLAN

This place is fine! Whyn't you mind your own business, then? I'm grand!

SEAMUS

(to Joe)

If bullshit was music he'd be a bleedin' brass band.

(to Declan)

You're not grand, you're shite! And this place is shite! Moping around here all day and night with that ridiculous beard...

At the mention of his father, Declan looks at the floor.

JOE

The bank's gonna take this place at the end of the month and you don't seem to care! Your Da built this place from nothing and you're about to piss it all away!

*
*

SEAMUS

Or go ahead and live on the street. Don't matter to me, I can drink anywhere.

INT. ARAGH'S - ANNA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Anna has finally removed her wet clothes and is about to grab something out of her suitcase to put on, when --

BANG! The door opens.

DECLAN

All right, I'll drive you!

Anna shrieks and drops down between the bed and the wall.

ANNA

Do you not knock?!

DECLAN

Why do I gotta knock, it's my house.

ANNA

Because I'm a guest -- I'm not even dressed!

Declan sees the fallen boxes of mints and the photo, still on the floor.

DECLAN

What're you doing with those?

ANNA

They fell on me.

DECLAN

Why were you looking in there anyway?

He quickly grabs the stuff off the floor, shoves the photo in his pocket and the mints back in the closet.

ANNA

Could you please turn around??!

Already annoyed, Declan makes a big show of turning around to give her some privacy.

DECLAN

There. Better?

ANNA

Not really, no.

DECLAN

We're leaving first thing. Seven AM.

Anna manages to slip into a large t-shirt from her bag.

ANNA

The sooner the better.

DECLAN

And I want all seven hundred Euro. In advance.

ANNA

No way. You get it when we get there. How do I know you're not gonna rip me off?

DECLAN

Lady, if I want your money I'll sneak in here while you're sleeping and take it.

ANNA

Thank you, I'll sleep so much better knowing that. You will get it when we get there.

DECLAN

Fine. Deal.

ANNA

And I need to use your phone. Your outlet destroyed mine.

She holds up her dead Blackberry.

DECLAN

You got a phone card?

ANNA

No.

DECLAN

Phone's five a minute.

Anna shakes her head as she pulls on her jeans.

INT. ARAGH'S - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Declan's PHONE is on the counter. There's a lot of fine cooking supplies in here, all with a fine layer of DUST over them.

Anna calls Jeremy. Declan stands next to her, looking at the clock the entire time.

ANNA

Oh my god, Jeremy, it was a nightmare!

INT. THE SHELBOURNE HOTEL - DUBLIN - SAME

Jeremy is in bed. A large, luxurious bed with expensive linens. He's playing with his iphone.

JEREMY

I can't believe it, that's an outrage.
I'll have my office call the airline and
get you comped for the ticket. Save all
your receipts.

INTERCUT:

ANNA

They already offered me a free ticket.
Like I'm ever coming to Ireland again.
And I ruined my suede bag. Destroyed.

JEREMY

(sympathetic)

Honey.

ANNA

I know.

She's pouty. Declan makes a face, clearly disgusted.

JEREMY

It's probably too late now to get a
car... Okay, I'm going to skip my morning
seminar and come out there and get you.

ANNA

No, honey, don't do that. I'd feel guilty
if you missed anything important. I got
this --

She looks at Declan, who is eating from a jar of olives,
and mopping the liquid off his chin with his shirt.

ANNA (CONT'D)

... person here to take me. We're leaving
first thing in the morning.

Declan SPITS an OLIVE PIT across the room at a large
trash bin. Score!

ANNA (CONT'D)

(disgusted)

First thing.

JEREMY

Okay baby. I love you.

ANNA

I love you too.

Declan spits another pit. Two in a row.

JEREMY

Gotta tell ya, I'm seriously disappointed
with Dublin. Two whole days and I haven't
seen a single leprechaun.

*
*
*
*

She tries to laugh but she's yawning.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Listen to you, get some sleep, you must
be exhausted.

ANNA

I am.

They say their GOODBYES and hang up. Declan spits a third
pit. PING! It hits the top of bin and ricochets back --
landing in Anna's hair. She freezes, thoroughly
appalled. Shakes her head the tiniest bit. Plop. The pit
falls to the floor.

With a shudder, she stalks out of the room. Declan calls
after her.

DECLAN

That's twenty Euro!

ANNA (O.S.)

Put it on my bill!

We hear her stomp back upstairs.

EXT. DINGLE - MORNING

The sun is coming up over the town.

INT. ARAGH'S - MORNING

Anna comes through the bar with her suitcase. She's ready
to go. She stops and looks around for a minute. The
morning light is coming through the dusty windows and you
can see that this place has remnants of charm -- they've
been sorely neglected, but they're there.

She stops in front of an old framed photograph of a
BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN standing in front of Aragh's,
holding a BABY. The place looks pristine and she smiles,
proud. She's lovely. The SIGN hanging above her reads:
CARAGH'S.

EXT. ARAGH'S - MORNING

Anna steps out into the sun. Now that she can see the streets, the homes, Dingle actually looks picturesque.

The snow is mostly melted. The homes are painted in bright, cheery colors, with window boxes full of flowers. A group of CHILDREN come running down the street, laughing. A MAN rolls by on a bicycle, RINGS his little bell and NODS in Anna's direction. A WOMAN passes, smiles at her.

WOMAN

Good morning.

Anna doesn't say anything. She seems stunned by the gregariousness. She quickly calls after the woman:

ANNA

Good morning!

The woman turns and smiles. Gives Anna a little wave.

Anna notices a tiny ANTIQUE SHOP across the street. She crosses to look in the window.

EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - MORNING

Anna presses her nose up to the window. Tea sets, silver service, porcelain figures. In a tiny JEWEL BOX, a CLADDAGH RING. And just beyond that, a ceramic PLATE, hand painted with the inscription: *Giorraíonn Beirt Bóthar -- Two Shorten The Road.*

Anna smiles, she finds this sweet, perhaps charming ...

BANG! A car BACKFIRES behind her and she jumps. Turns to see ...

Declan rolling up to the front of Aragh's in a car that looks about fifty years old. Because it is. A rusty, sputtering, Wolseley Hornet. Declan HONKS the horn. Anna looks at the car, horrified.

Declan looks at her and honks again, clearly annoyed. Anna crosses over to the car.

ANNA

I'm hoping that's the car that's gonna take us around the corner to the car we're actually driving in.

Declan gets out of the car and slams the door. Picks up Anna's bags and brutally tosses them in the back. She cringes.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Those are T.Anthony.

He looks at her blankly for a beat.

ANNA (CONT'D)
They're very expensive.
(no response)
Seriously, there's no way this heap is gonna make it to Dublin.

JOE (O.S.)
That's a Wolseley Hornet. She's a workhorse.

Anna turns, Joe and Seamus are headed up to Aragh's.

JOE (CONT'D)
Car's been alive longer than you, Miss.

ANNA
That's what concerns me.

SEAMUS
You goin' through Limerick, Declan?

JOE
I told you, she don't want to miss the Ring Of Kerry!

SEAMUS
What, do you work for the visitor's board? What's so great about the damn Ring Of Kerry?!

JOE
It's beautiful! Was good enough for Charlie Chaplin --

SEAMUS
Look at her! She don't even know who Charlie Chaplin is!

JOE
Argh!

SEAMUS
Arrghh!!

They're done with each other.

ANNA

While I actually *do* know who Charlie Chaplin is, I'd just like to go whichever way's the fastest. Preferably in a -- nice, safe vehicle?

JOE

She's plenty safe, look at that!

He slams his hand on the ALL METAL DASHBOARD.

JOE (CONT'D)

That's all steel right there.

Anna grimaces.

ANNA

Yeah, none of those fancy airbags to get in your way...

Declan barks.

DECLAN

Would you get in already? Thought you were in some big hurry.

ANNA

I am.

He gets back in the car. Anna shores up her courage and heads for the passenger side.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Well. Nice meeting you --

SEAMUS

HOLD IT!

Anna turns, startled. Seamus points at a STRAY CAT that's wandered up to the car.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

You can't go now. Cat. S'bad luck.

ANNA

I'm sorry?

Seamus is very serious about this.

SEAMUS

It's bad luck to start a journey if you see a cat.

JOE

I think it's a magpie.

SEAMUS

It's a bleedin' cat, you dim bastard!

Anna's had enough.

ANNA

You know what, I'll be just fine. To be honest I don't even believe in luck. I think you make your own --

JOE

You don't believe in luck?!

SEAMUS

That's daft! What else don't you believe in? Gravity?

JOE

The moon?

Anna's not about to get into it with these guys.

ANNA

Well, as I said, nice meeting you.

She gets in the car. Joe and Seamus are coming up with more absurd examples. Declan turns the engine over. The car rumbles and rattles. Anna definitely looks uneasy. She reaches for her seatbelt, holds up only a LAP BELT.

ANNA (CONT'D)

There's no shoulder part.

Declan reaches over, grabs it and roughly buckles her in. YANKS it tight. She's too shocked to say anything. Joe leans over for a final goodbye.

JOE

Safe travels, lass. *Go n-éiri an bothar leat.* May the road rise up to meet you.

That was sweet. Anna smiles. Then we CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

The bumpiest road in Ireland. Maybe in the world.

Anna is being jostled about the Hornet like she's on horseback. She looks a little green. Looks over at Declan, he doesn't seem to mind this at all.

He's listening to some loud local punk band on the radio and EATING. Some extremely messy SANDWICH. Eggs are involved. And some kind of meat. A particularly sloppy bite spills onto his shirt. He scoops it up with his free hand and SLURPS it into his mouth.

Anna exhales, disgusted. She goes to open her window but it won't roll down. The handle turns and turns but nothing happens.

ANNA

My window doesn't work.

No response. Anna tries to remain cheery.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Well, this is good. It's only a few hours, right? Maybe I can get some Dublin shopping in before the stores close.

Declan's response is a satisfied BELCH. Gross.

DECLAN

That's why you're going to Dublin? To shop?

ANNA

No, I'm going there to-- Can you turn the radio down please? It's really loud.

Declan rolls his eyes. Reaches over and snaps it off.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Thank you. *I'm going there* to propose to my boyfriend. On the 29th. You know, for Leap Year?

She starts to get excited.

ANNA (CONT'D)

We just had our four year anniversary and he's there on business. He's a cardiologist. There's a big international medical conference in Dublin?

Declan doesn't seem to care. She continues.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I actually thought he was going to propose a few days ago but he didn't and well, we're about to buy this co-op together so, surprise! He has no idea that's why I'm coming, but I am. I'm doin' it.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)
 (can't believe it herself)

Whoo!

She giggles, giddy.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Crazy.

There's a beat of silence. Then --

DECLAN

That's the fucking stupidest thing I've ever heard.

Anna looks shocked.

ANNA

I -- no it isn't.

DECLAN

Yeah, it is.

ANNA

No, it's romantic! It's a tradition! An extremely romantic tradition!

DECLAN

An extremely stupid tradition.

ANNA

Stop saying that!

DECLAN

It's just a fact, Squid. It's a day for sad, desperate women to trap themselves a man who clearly doesn't want to get married.

Anna gasps, deeply offended.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

You've gotta know if your man wanted to propose to you he'd have done it already.

ANNA

You know nothing about me or-- my man!

DECLAN

No? Well here's what I do know: It's all as useless as tits on a bull. You can be engaged or married or just having a shag but in the end you'll always end up alone. Somebody's gonna get left. That's the cold, hard truth.

(MORE)

DECLAN (CONT'D)

You're born alone and you die alone and that's the way life goes. End of story.

Anna is fuming.

ANNA

End of *your* story. You know who winds up alone? Rude ... *burpy* people like you who could never *attract* a woman, let alone keep her! Look at you!

He laughs, which just makes her angrier.

DECLAN

Look at me? Look at you. Spoiled, whiny--
(imitates her)
"Maybe I'll get some shopping in"--
Swannin' around with your fancy hairdo and your money and your 'very expensive' luggage! So American...

ANNA

Oh, so you hate Americans!

DECLAN

Everyone hates Americans, Squid. The Americans just aren't paying attention.

ANNA

You know what? It's bad enough that you-- no! No. Forget it. I will not stoop to your level. We're done. We're done talking. I'm not paying you to talk, I'm paying you to drive. So just drive!

DECLAN

You got it, Squid.

ANNA

And why do you keep calling me Squid?!

Declan zips his lip. No talking. Anna is about to respond but she stops herself. Just glares at him, then turns and looks out the window.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

CLOSE ON: A BLEATING SHEEP, standing in the middle of the road. WIDER to reveal MORE SHEEP, at least thirty, milling around the center of the road. The Hornet rolls to a stop.

ANNA

Whose sheep are those?

Declan doesn't answer.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Whose sheep are those? Why aren't they --
 (realizing)
 You can talk now. Whose sheep are those?
 Shouldn't there be someone with them?
 Like a dog? Or a farmer?

He shrugs.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Well are they going to move?

He shrugs again.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Seriously?

He says nothing. Frustrated, Anna leans over and HONKS the horn. Declan swats her hand away.

DECLAN
 Get off my horn.

ANNA
 Well it's not like *you're* doing anything!

DECLAN
 I am doing something. I'm waiting for the sheep to move.

ANNA
 But they're not moving! We don't even know how long they've been there!

DECLAN
 They're sheep, not tombstones. They won't grow moss. You got two days before your big proposal Squid, I'm sure they'll move before then.

ANNA
 Okay, what does that mean, "Squid"?

DECLAN
 It's slang, for "quid". You know, money, cash?

ANNA
 You're calling me cash.

Declan looks at her. She is, isn't she?

ANNA (CONT'D)
My name is Anna, thank you.

She looks back at the sheep, impatient.

ANNA (CONT'D)
So you're not going to do anything.

DECLAN
What is it you'd like me to do?

ANNA
I don't know, move them.

DECLAN
Move 'em yourself. *Squid.*

Anna boils. Unbelievable.

ANNA
All right. Fine.

She gets out of the car and slams the door.

EXT. ROAD - SAME

Anna stands by the sheep, not wanting to get too close. They're bigger than one would think, and they look kind of grimy.

ANNA
Okay, out of the road.

She CLAPS her hands together.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Move along now, go on.
(thinks)
Ha sheep. HA!
(beat)
HA!

Declan watches from inside the Hornet, amused.

Outside, Anna's getting impatient.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Move! I said, MOVE!

A few sheep turn and head back to her, she stumbles back.

ANNA (CONT'D)
No, no! The other way! Get away!

She whimpers. Tries to retreat, but is now mid-flock. She reaches out, considers PUSHING one of them, but thinks better of it. Instead, she LIFTS HER FOOT. Gives one of them a gentle SHOVE with her shoe.

It works! It starts to move. Anna's pleased.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Ha!

She goes to repeat the motion but LOSES A SHOE in the MUCK of the road.

ANNA (CONT'D)

My shoe!

She balances on one foot, tries to look down for her shoe, but MORE SHEEP have wandered up and crowded the space around her legs.

Declan watches her, balancing on one leg, panicking. He snorts. Until she FALLS, out of his sight, lost amidst the sheep.

He quickly jumps out of the car, LEAVING THE ENGINE RUNNING...

Declan runs into the road, running at, and immediately commanding the sheep.

DECLAN

HAH! HAH!

HE SWATS A COUPLE of them as they pick up his pace and run off the road, down the EMBANKMENT on the other side.

He turns back to see Anna, scowling from the road as she wrestles her shoe out of the muck. He jogs up and offers her his hand. She ignores it, struggling to her feet on her own.

ANNA

I wouldn't be down there if you'd just helped me to begin with.

DECLAN

You wouldn't be down there if you'd just waited for the sheep to cross.

Anna scoops a handful of mud out of her shoe. Behind them, we see the Hornet beginning a SLOW ROLL BACKWARDS.

ANNA

Well. These are ruined.

DECLAN

Just wash 'em out.

ANNA

They're six hundred dollar Lanvin ballet flats. You can't just wash them.

DECLAN

Your shoes cost six hundred dollars?
 (looks at her one good shoe)
 They look like my Gram's house slippers.

And it's picking up speed...

ANNA

Well they're not. They're --

Anna sees the car. And SCREAMS. Declan turns. His eyes widen. He runs after the car.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Get it! Get it!

She runs after him on one shoe. Declan reaches for the hood of the car, can't catch it.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Oh my god, no, no, no!

The car slides backward off the side of the road, down the embankment ... and into a TREE. CRASH! Anna screams. Declan turns and gives her a little wave.

DECLAN

It's fine! Fine!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Anna stands at the edge of the road, looking in both directions for someone, anyone, to come and pick her up. Behind her, we see a sweaty, red-faced Declan PUSHING the Hornet up over the edge of the hill. He finally gets it back up on the road, and stands there, panting.

DECLAN

Fine.

Anna says nothing. Just shakes her head. Declan catches his breath.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Declan and Anna are back in the car.

ANNA

If I still had a *phone* we could call someone...

Declan waves her off, confident.

DECLAN

Ah, you and your phone. Your phone didn't lift this car outta the ditch. Your phone didn't push it up the hill. And your phone won't get it running again. Takes a man to do that.

He nods proudly. Anna looks less than confident. But he turns the key ...

And the engine rattles to life. Declan looks nearly as surprised as Anna. She looks at him, whoa. He holds his hands up, see? He smiles and shifts into gear.

And the car dies. Just dies.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Anna gets out of the car, furious. She slams the door behind her. She stops around the back of the little car and PULLS HER LUGGAGE OUT. Declan gets out of the car.

DECLAN

I'm gonna have to charge you extra to get this towed. Plus repairs.

ANNA

Are you kidding? I'm not giving you another dime, you left the brake off!

She digs into her bag and pulls out a few BILLS. Shoves them at Declan.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Here. Forty Euro. Thanks for taking me -- what was it? Two miles? There you go.

She turns and starts walking back up the road.

DECLAN

Where are you going?

ANNA

I'm gonna take my chances with the train to the bus to the friggin' train!

DECLAN

I wouldn't go walking around on your own,
Squid. Never know who might be out here.

ANNA

I'll be great as long as it's not you!
And my name is ANNA!

She keeps walking.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - LATER

Anna is dragging her luggage behind her as she keeps walking. She already looks tired.

About twenty feet behind her is Declan. He watches as her rolling bag gets stuck in a little ditch and she struggles to pull it out.

DECLAN

That looks heavy.

Anna turns around, glares. She yanks her bag free and keeps walking. A few moments later, she hears him talking.

DECLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey, mate. Look I'm gonna be headed back
earlier than I thought ... Uh huh. Yeah--

Anna turns around, surprised. Sees Declan talking with his hand to his ear. He has a PHONE?!

But Declan smiles and hold his hand up. It's empty. He was just teasing. He laughs derisively. Fuming, Anna walks to the OTHER SIDE of the road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

Anna stops. There's a FORK IN THE ROAD. She's not sure which way to go. Declan is still behind her, across the road.

DECLAN

Hmmm. Now the question is, was she paying
attention when they drove past here?
Which way is it? The right? The left?

She looks at him. Looks back at the two roads.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

What's a squid to do?

She doesn't know. And that's when she spots an OLD FARMER with a white beard, PLOWING A FIELD JUST AHEAD, past the dead end. She WAVES and CALLS OUT TO HIM.

ANNA

Hey! Hello!

He doesn't turn, so she walks out into the field to get his attention.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Excuse me? Hello?

Declan watches, curious.

EXT. FARM FIELD - DAY

Anna runs through the field trying to wave down the farmer.

ANNA

Hello?!

She runs right up to him, CROSSING RIGHT PAST HIS HORSE. He stops the horse.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm sorry to bother you but do you know how I can --

And the OLD FARMER just starts YELLING AT HER. IN GAELIC.

Anna looks startled. She has no idea what he's saying. But she did something to really piss him off.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Uh ... I'm sorry. I -- do you speak English?

He is still yelling at her. POINTING TO HIS HORSE and SHAKING HIS FIST AT ANNA.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I don't know what I did ...

DECLAN

You crossed the path of his horse.

She turns to see Declan walking up to her and the farmer.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

It's bad luck to cross the path of a man's plowhorse.

Anna stares at him.

ANNA
You're kidding, right?

Declan gestures to the furious farmer. He's not kidding. The farmer is still glaring at Anna -- grumbling under his breath.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Of course. How could I have been so stupid?! I crossed in front of his horse! I've cursed his land for all eternity!
(trying to keep it together)
Fine. You know what? Could you tell him I'm really, really sorry.
(beat)
And ask him if he has a phone I could use?

Declan SPEAKS TO THE FARMER IN GAELIC. The farmer answers.

DECLAN
(to Anna)
He doesn't have a phone. And he won't accept your apology. He says you don't seem sincere.

Anna narrows her eyes at Declan. He shrugs.

ANNA
Could you assure him that I am ...
(pleading eyes at farmer)
... very sincere and then ask him if he knows how to get from here to Dublin.

DECLAN
How is that different from asking me?

ANNA
Just ask him --

The Farmer perks up.

OLD FARMER
Dublin?

They turn. He asks Declan a QUESTION IN GAELIC. Declan turns back to Anna.

DECLAN
 (to Anna)
 He wants to know why you want to go to
 Dublin.

Anna looks at the Farmer. Tries to muster a sweet smile.

ANNA
 Go ahead. Tell him.

Declan tells the farmer in GAELIC. The farmer looks at
 Anna. And BURSTS OUT LAUGHING. Declan laughs too.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Right. Thanks.

The farmer points at her and says something demeaning and
 laughs some more. Declan is very happy to join right in.

Anna sighs, fed up -- when she sees a BROWN VAN
 approaching the fork in the road. She quickly WAVES at
 the VAN and RUNS BACK TO THE ROAD.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 HEY! HEY!!!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Anna FLAGS DOWN THE VAN. It rolls to a stop. Backs up a
 bit.

ANNA
 Hey! Thank you! Thanks for stopping.

The DRIVER of the van is a decent looking guy in his late
 twenties. He's wearing an Irish football jersey that
 reads: COBH RAMBLERS.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 I'm trying to get to Dublin --

VAN DRIVER
 Dublin? You're a long way from Dublin,
 luv!

ANNA
 I know. Is there any chance you're headed
 towards a train station or a bus
 station...?

VAN DRIVER
 Train station's up ahead a few miles.
 Want I should drop you?

ANNA
 (grateful)
 Really? It's not too much trouble?

VAN DRIVER
 Well, mind you, I can't stop. I'm gonna
 need you to jump out as I drive past ...

ANNA
 Oh. I'm not sure I can --

VAN DRIVER
 Ahh, hop in! Of course I can make a stop.
 What kind of person would I be if I
 couldn't afford a stranger a little
 kindness?

Anna is very relieved. The driver helps her up.

DECLAN (O.S.)
 (serious)
 I wouldn't get in that van if I were you.

ANNA
 (to van driver)
 There's your answer.

Declan has walked up to the van.

DECLAN
 I'm not joking.

ANNA
 Really? What's the problem? Is it *bad*
luck to get into a brown van on a
 Saturday?

DECLAN
 No. That bloke's a Ramblers fan. He can't
 be trusted.

Declan points to the driver's jersey. Anna rolls her
 eyes. She gets in the van. The driver scoffs at Declan.

VAN DRIVER
 What are you, a *Cork City* fan? And here I
 thought that smell was comin' from the
 horse!

DECLAN
 City rules! Ramblers suck the dog's
 bollocks!

Anna slams the door shut.

VAN DRIVER

Aye, after your ma's done with 'em!

He laughs and pulls away. Declan flips them off.

He watches the van putter away. Declan stands there. Now he's on his own. The farmer shakes his head and pats his horse.

EXT. BROWN VAN - DAY

The driver chats with at Anna as he drives. Very friendly.

VAN DRIVER

Dublin, eh? It's a beautiful city. Best restaurants in the country. And great nightlife too ...

ANNA

Yeah? Well that's good to hear. I think I've been misinformed by someone not quite as sophisticated. Thanks again for taking me to the train.

The driver nods. Anna sits back in her seat, happy to be on her way. The driver LAUGHS, remembering:

VAN DRIVER

Last time I was in Dubin me and my mates got langered! I mean, positively mangled.

Anna smiles and nods. Okay.

VAN DRIVER (CONT'D)

Remember that, boys? When we got so locked in Dublin we gawked all over the bloody street!

He's looking in the REAR VIEW MIRROR. Anna turns around, very surprised to find TWO LARGE GUYS in the darkened, windowless back of the CARGO VAN.

ANNA

Oh! I didn't realize anyone was back there. Hi ...

The guys just stare at her. They don't look nearly as nice as the driver. They also have on RAMBLERS SHIRTS, but one has his FACE PAINTED and is MISSING A FEW TEETH. The other has a SHAVED HEAD and a NASTY NECK TATTOO. They are real soccer HOOLIGANS. They are both DRINKING from WHISKEY BOTTLES.

VAN DRIVER

These are my mates. Ned and Happy.

Anna nods. Manages a tight smile.

ANNA

Happy. Right. Mom was a big fan of Snow White?

HAPPY

What'd you say about my Ma?

Oh shit ... She quickly turns back to the driver.

VAN DRIVER

We're on our way to a match. Gettin' millied up to kick some hoolie arse!

They all let out a whoop of a BATTLE CRY. Then burst into a ROWDY MENACING FOOTBALL CHANT:

HOOLIGANS (TOGETHER)

We hate Shamrock Rovers! We hate Dundalk too -- THEY'RE SHITE! We hate Cork City but Ramblers we love you! Oi Oi Oi Oi!!!

It ends with a scary FASCIST SALUTE. Anna's getting a little freaked out.

ANNA

Are we, uh -- almost there?

VAN DRIVER

Ah, what's your hurry, lassie? Don't be in such a rush. We're a good time. We could have a nice little party, the four of us.

This is getting uncomfortable. The hooligans have inched closer to the front. They stare at Anna.

ANNA

Yyyeah. You know it's such a nice day out. I think I might rather walk...

VAN DRIVER

C'mon, lassie. We ain't gonna bite. Especially not Ned, he ain't got enough teeth!

They laugh. This is getting ugly. The driver PULLS THE VAN OFF THE MAIN ROAD. Slows to a stop.

ANNA

I can get out here. That's -- that's great ...

VAN DRIVER

Wait. Slow down. We can chill here for a few minutes. We'll have a few laughs. Maybe a quick snog ...

ANNA

Okay! Great meeting you guys. I'm gonna get going now --

Anna scrambles to UNLOCK the door and reaches for the handle. But THE DRIVER STOPS HER. Pulls her away from the door.

There is real fear in Anna's eyes -- but suddenly, the DRIVER GETS PULLED RIGHT OUT HIS DOOR. He is PUNCHED HARD ACROSS THE JAW ... BY DECLAN!

Anna is very relieved to see him. But before she can say anything, the HOOLIGANS come CHARGING OUT OF THE VAN.

HOOLIGANS

OI!

MUSIC UP. The FIGHT is on ...

EXT. DUSTY ROAD - DAY

Ned and Happy TACKLE Declan, pulling him off the driver. Then they start KICKING HIM.

VAN DRIVER

You should mind your own business, mucker!

The OLD FARMER climbs out of his RUSTY LITTLE PICKUP and YELLS at the Hooligans in Gaelic. Ned scoffs.

NED

Aw, look! He brought Father Christmas with him!

Anna's still in the van.

ANNA

He had a *truck*?!

Declan TWISTS NED'S LEG, causing him to drop in pain.

DECLAN

Crawl back to your bog, you tosser!

Declan hops up but HAPPY GRABS HIM and SLAMS HIM INTO THE SIDE OF THE VAN. Oof! Anna yelps. She scrambles out of the van.

The driver approaches the old farmer.

VAN DRIVER
You a hardcase, whitey?

The farmer pulls out a PITCHFORK. Warns him to back off. The driver laughs. He QUICKLY GRABS THE PITCHFORK RIGHT OUT OF HIS HANDS. BREAKS THE HANDLE OVER HIS KNEE. Uh oh.

Meanwhile, Declan spins Happy around and PUNCHES HIM IN THE GUT. Drops him with an UPPERCUT. He turns to see The driver about to swing at the old farmer ...

But before he can get there, Anna races over and SWINGS HER SUITCASE at the driver's head. She connects!

VAN DRIVER (CONT'D)
AAARGH!

The driver turns around to Anna, really pissed.

VAN DRIVER (CONT'D)
Oh, I wasn't done with you!

He raises his hand to hit her, and Anna winces, but Declan is already there. Declan WHACKS him in the back of the head with the broken pitchfork handle. The driver DROPS.

Anna looks at Declan, incredibly grateful.

ANNA
Oh my god. Thank you so much!
(to the Farmer)
Both of you!

The farmer glares at Anna. Yells at her in Gaelic again. Anna doesn't know what she did wrong this time.

DECLAN
He says you owe him a new pitchfork.

EXT. DUSTY ROAD - DAY

The farmer's rusty pickup drives away, leaving the beaten hooligans in the dust. Declan and Anna sit on the front bench seat with the farmer. Declan wipes some blood from his lip. Anna is pale, still very much in shock.

ANNA

Oh my god, that was -- Thank god you followed me.

Her eyes well up, and she quickly wipes a tear away. Declan can't help but notice. He looks uncomfortable.

DECLAN

I didn't show up for you. I just couldn't pass up a chance to kick some Rambler arse...

He shifts, unsure of what else to do.

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The TRUCK drives along the winding road, past miles of lush, green, rolling hills.

EXT. CAHIRCIVEEN STATION - DAY

The truck has stopped at a TINY RAILWAY STATION in the middle of the countryside. It's a simple rural station: just a raised platform and shelter -- and not much else to see.

EXT. CAHIRCIVEEN STATION - DAY

The TICKET BOOTH. Inside, there's an OLD STATION MASTER. He looks like he could have worked here fifty years ago. And he probably did. There's a little sign on the window that reads: FRANK REILLY, STATION MASTER.

ANNA

Hi, I'd like to get on the next train to Dublin?

Frank nods.

FRANK

Twenty-seven Euro.

Anna hands him the cash. Declan watches her HANDS. They're TREMBLING.

FRANK (CONT'D)

The next train departs in -- two hours and forty three minutes.

ANNA

Thank you.

She walks away and sits on a nearby bench. Declan remains at the kiosk. Anna wraps her arms around herself, cold.

DECLAN
When's Killarney?

FRANK
Just missed it. Next is eighteen hundred.

Declan walks over to the bench, and after brief consideration, sits beside Anna. Perhaps he'd like to say something kind, something comforting, but what comes out instead is:

DECLAN
Ballycarbery.

ANNA
What?

DECLAN
Ballycarbery Castle. Up there.

He points. On a not-too-distant hillside, a CASTLE. The only other building around for miles.

DECLAN (CONT'D)
Do you want to go see it?

ANNA
Um, no thanks.

DECLAN
You sure? It's grand. And the view ...

He whistles.

DECLAN (CONT'D)
It's not like you're ever gonna be out this way again. You should see a real Irish castle. I'll take you up.

Anna realizes he's finally trying to be nice.

ANNA
I uh, I don't want to miss my train.

DECLAN
It's a twenty minute walk, you've got near three hours.

Anna looks at the castle, tries to resist.

ANNA
I don't know ... what about my bags?

EXT. CAHIRCAVEEN STATION - DAY

Frank is now standing by his office with Anna's bags. She still looks worried.

ANNA

You're sure I won't miss the train?

FRANK

Ma'am, one of the privileges of being the station master is that no train leaves this station til I says so.

(re: the castle)

Ballycarbery's grand. You should see it.

DECLAN

It is grand.

ANNA

Okay ...

She looks at her watch again, and then at Declan.

EXT. LUSH HILLSIDE - DAY

Anna and Declan hike up the beautiful hillside. The sun is shining and the air is clear. Anna takes a deep breath.

ANNA

This is nice. Thank you.

He nods.

DECLAN

Sorry you won't make it to Dublin before the shops close.

ANNA

I think you think I'm some kind of shopoholic. I have other interests you know. I do things, I have a *job*.

DECLAN

Doing what?

ANNA

I stage houses. Apartments actually. I stage apartments.

DECLAN

Mmm.

After a couple more steps:

DECLAN (CONT'D)

What is that, exactly?

ANNA

Well, when somebody is trying to sell an apartment, they hire me to make it look as good as possible. I bring in new furniture, art, plants, everything. I completely "stage" it so it looks perfect to a prospective buyer.

DECLAN

Ah. Okay. And then if they buy it they get to keep all the stuff.

ANNA

Well, no. Actually, they just get the apartment ...

DECLAN

The empty flat?

(beat)

I don't get it.

ANNA

I'm showing them what it could look like.

DECLAN

But -- it won't.

ANNA

But it *could*.

DECLAN

(getting it)

Ohhh. So you dress up crap flats to fool people into buying 'em.

ANNA

No, I'm not fooling -- They're very nice apartments.

DECLAN

So why do they need you?

Anna stops. How can she get him to understand?

ANNA

I'm presenting possibilities. The possibility of a better place to live. Better things. A better life.

Declan scoffs.

DECLAN

So you put in a whole bunch of stuff that people don't need to trick them into buying a place that they don't need.

ANNA

They wouldn't be looking for a new place if they didn't --

(frustrated)

You know what, who are you to say what people need and don't need?

She hoofs on ahead. Declan follows.

DECLAN

What if your flat was on fire?

ANNA

What?

DECLAN

What if your flat was on fire, and you had ... sixty seconds to grab only the most important things, what would you take?

Anna doesn't know how to respond.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

That's all you really need.

ANNA

Well, I'd take ...

She can't come up with anything.

DECLAN

It's a simple question.

Anna gets defensive.

ANNA

I'm sure in your world everything can be reduced to something that easy-peasy but my life is very complicated.

Declan scoffs.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I've got a *job*, and a boyfriend and *events*, and all these *friends* and it just never stops, you just go and go -- we all *do* the same things and *have* the same things and ...

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

then you have to get new things so you
can be the first one to have the things
and ...

(she stops, overwhelmed)

There are just a lot of things. Okay?

Declan shrugs.

DECLAN

But nothing to grab if your flat's on
fire.

Anna huffs. Whatever. She keeps walking.

EXT. BALLYCARBERY CASTLE - DAY

Anna finally crests the top of the ridge ... and sitting
all alone atop the hill are the abandoned RUINS of a 16th
century CASTLE. Some walls have crumbled and sections
are overgrown with ivy and moss and grass -- but it's
stunning. And just beyond the castle are CLIFFS THAT
OVERLOOK THE SPARKLING SEA.

Anna stops, taking it all in. It's truly breathtaking.

ANNA

It's really --

DECLAN

Told ya.

He nods. Stares out at the view and doesn't crack a
smile.

ANNA

Okay ...

She looks around and notices a bronze PLAQUE by the
entrance.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Who are ... Dee-ar-mewed and Grayne? Gra-
nay.

DECLAN

Diarmuid and Grainne.

(It's pronounced DEER-MID and GRAW-NYA.)

DECLAN (CONT'D)

The legend. How have you never heard it?

ANNA

Because I'm not from Ireland?

DECLAN

All right Squid, all right ...

INT. BALLYCARBERY CASTLE - DAY

They enter into the interior courtyard.

DECLAN

Okay so hundreds of years ago the whole of Ireland was ruled by bands of warriors. Real hard asses, right? Not like those sissy knights in King Arthur. Anyway, there was this beautiful young woman, Grainne, who had been promised in marriage to an old war lord named Fionn --

They pass under an arch that is centuries old ...

DECLAN (CONT'D)

But Grainne didn't love Fionn, I mean he was a real fart -- older than her Da, and on the night of their big betrothal feast, she met another warrior, Diarmuid. He was young and handsome and -- you can see where this is going -- So Grainne slipped a sleeping potion in the guests' drinks, and convinced Diarmuid to run off with her. And they crossed the River Shannon together.

They head towards a winding, moss covered staircase.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

When old Fionn woke up he went mental -- sent his entire army off to hunt them down. But the common folk took pity and helped the young lovers hide in farmhouses and forests and even castles. There are spots all over Ireland where it's said they once rested for the night...

Declan turns, she's still at the bottom of the staircase.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Are you coming or what?

ANNA

Is it safe?

Declan holds his hands out. He's up there and fine. Anna starts up.

DECLAN

Anyway, rest was all they did. See Diarmuid felt guilty about betraying Fionn, and out of respect for him refused to be intimate with Grainne...

EXT. BALLYCARBERY CASTLE - DAY

Declan and Anna emerge at the top of the CASTLE TURRET. The VIEW IS EVEN MORE BREATHTAKING UP HERE. Anna gasps.

DECLAN

... Until they came here. To this castle and this very same view. And unable to resist such beauty, it's said this is the place where they finally consummated their love.

The wind blows at Anna's hair. She looks up at Declan for a beat. He's looking back at her ...

ANNA

Oh my god you're hitting on me.

DECLAN

What?

ANNA

So what, so I'm the young woman on the "eve of her engagement" who just "can't resist the handsome stranger" and runs away with him? You didn't honestly think that would work. Honestly, I'm embarrassed for you.

Declan laughs.

DECLAN

Don't flatter yourself, dear. The story's true, but it sure as shite ain't about you.

He looks at her and laughs again at the absurdity of the thought. Anna looks even more annoyed.

ANNA

Then who's it about?

Declan doesn't answer. And that's when they hear the sound of a TRAIN WHISTLE. Far away, but unmistakable. Anna looks up.

*

*

*

She hurries to the other side of the turret. Where, way down in the valley, she can see the TRAIN CHUGGING INTO THE LITTLE STATION. Looks like miles from here.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 No. NO! THE TRAIN!
 (to Declan)
 THE TRAIN!!!

She takes off running down the stairs. Declan sees the train and chases after Anna.

EXT. LUSH HILLSIDE - DAY

More thunder, as Anna runs as fast as she can from the castle. The wind is blowing. The clouds gathering quickly. Declan chases after her.

ANNA
 We're never gonna make it!!!

DECLAN
 Relax! You'll make it!

ANNA
 (calling out in futility)
 HEY! WAIT!!!

She keeps running, waving at the far away station.

AND THEN IT STARTS RAINING. HARD.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Oh great! Of course --
 (to Declan)
 You had to take me up there!
 (imitating)
Oh, the castle, it's grand!!

DECLAN
 I was just trying to be nice!

ANNA
 Wow! Remind me to thank you for making me miss my train --

She LOSES HER FOOTING.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 WHOA!

And slips. Anna goes TUMBLING DOWN THE HILLSIDE, which is quickly growing slick and muddy.

DECLAN

That's one way to get there.

He watches her tumble for a beat.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Hey! Slow down! Anna!

Declan runs after her. And then he SLIPS too ...

EXT. LUSH HILLSIDE - DAY

Now they're both TUMBLING and SLIDING DOWN THE MUDDY HILLSIDE. Anna is screaming. Declan is laughing.

Finally, they both BOUNCE with a SPLASH into the base of the hill. Anna rolls to a soggy stop. Declan is right beside her. He HELPS HER TO HER FEET. Wipes the mud off his face.

DECLAN

Brilliant! We made it down in half the time!

Anna looks at herself. Completely covered in MUD. And still getting drenched from the rain. Declan seems to be enjoying this. Anna just shouts at him.

ANNA

AAAAAUGH!

And she takes off running for the station.

EXT. CAHIRCIVEEN STATION - DAY

Anna is running full speed towards the platform.

ANNA

I'm coming! I'm coming! Wait!!!

And she hears the BRAKES RELEASE on the TRAIN. CHSHHHH!

ANNA (CONT'D)

NO!!!!

And slowly the WHEELS START TO TURN.

ANNA (CONT'D)

WAIT!!!

And quickly the TRAIN MOVES ALONG. RIGHT ON OUT OF THE STATION. Anna reaches the stairs and runs up to the platform, to see the train chugging away down the track.

ANNA (CONT'D)

NOOOOO!!!!

But it's gone. She sees Frank. Turns to him, furious.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You said you could make them wait!!!

FRANK

I did. But I couldn't hold 'em forever.
How was I supposed to know you were even
comin' back?

ANNA

You have my bags!!!

Anna can't handle this. She is soaked and exhausted.
Declan finally makes it up to the platform.

DECLAN

That the last train today?

Frank nods. Indeed. Then they hear a sound. Like a rusty
squeak ... They turn and Anna has her mouth open, about
to cry, but the only sound coming out is the squeaking.

Declan and Frank stare at her. Not sure what to do. And
then she bursts into TEARS. BAWLING. This has been a long
time coming. The men are even more uncomfortable. Frank
looks at Declan: do something. Declan looks at Frank: you
do something. Frank sighs.

FRANK

Now, now, love. We'll get you to Dublin.

Anna is still crying.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Tell you what. Me and the missus have a
nice little B & B up the road. You can
stay with us until the next train in the
morning. How does that sound?

Anna just keeps crying. Declan and Frank just stand
there. Hoping she'll stop eventually.

EXT. FARM/B&B - DAY

A remote FARMHOUSE.

INT. B&B - DAY

Frank walks Anna and Declan down a hallway. Declan's head
nearly scrapes the ceiling.

FRANK

There's a washroom at the end of the hall, it's a share, obviously. The missus stocks it with soap and shampoo, I've been telling her we should charge for it but she says it's what they do in the fine hotels so what do I know?

He eyes Declan.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And after you shave your face make sure you clean the sink.

(to Anna)

Nothin' you haven't told him a million times, eh?

Declan touches his face, self-conscious. Doesn't seem like he was planning on that.

ANNA

Actually --

FRANK

There's nice folks from Italy spendin' the night across the hall -- they're riding across the country on bicycles.

He opens the door to their room.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Anyways, here you go.

INT. GUEST ROOM - DAY

The room is about half the size of the tiny one at The Aragh. THE DOOR OPENS INTO THE BED, which is the only furniture in the room save for a tiny TABLE wedged in the corner -- the sole purpose of which is to hold a BIBLE.

It's likely two people can't have their feet on the floor at the same time.

FRANK

You're very lucky, you two. The missus tells me some a' those *backpackers* came by earlier to spend the night but it turns out they weren't married and she sent 'em packin'. We got rules in this house.

He looks right at them, stern, and gestures at the large CRUCIFIX hanging over the bed.

ANNA

Oh. Oh! Oh, well we're --

Declan cuts her off.

DECLAN

A proper married couple. Very proper.

FRANK

I could tell. Although I noticed you weren't wearing rings.

DECLAN

She's a very nervous traveler. Won't ever bring her jewelry. Wouldn't even let me bring mine.

He gives Declan a nudge and a wink.

FRANK

Women -- can't live with 'em, can't hit 'em with a shovel!

He laughs, Declan joins in. Declan PUTS AN ARM AROUND ANNA, jostling her a bit too hard.

DECLAN

Know just what you mean!

FRANK

Tea's downstairs in ten.

He exits. Anna immediately ducks out from under Declan's arm.

ANNA

That's great.

DECLAN

What did you want me to do? We're not gonna walk down the road and find a Hilton, princess! By the way, overnight stay's gonna cost you a hundred extra.

ANNA

Are you out of your mind? You're lucky I'm still paying you anything at all! And no way are you sleeping in here with me. I'm so mad I can barely look at you, let alone share a room.

DECLAN

We don't got much choice, sorry.

Anna looks around the room. There's not even a chair to sit in.

ANNA

Fine. I will sleep under the blankets, you'll sleep on top. You can shower first.

DECLAN

Is that a hint?

ANNA

If you need one.

Declan sniffs his own shirt. He doesn't seem that bothered by it. Then he slowly leans over to Anna, she tries to take a step back but can't, obviously. He INHALES HER SCENT. It's almost sexual ...

DECLAN

Least I don't smell like sheep.

Anna turns bright red. Sniffs her coat.

ANNA

I knew that. I'll go first.

He smirks and holds a hand out. Go on. She tries to shimmy around to the door without actually touching him. It's nearly impossible.

INT. B&B - DAY

Anna, cleaned up now, is in the living room having tea with Frank and his wife, EILEEN (60's). The place is cluttered in a homey way, and a fire roars in the fireplace. There are a few modern touches, such as the LARGE FLATSCREEN TV on which Frank is watching a soccer match. He periodically curses at the screen.

As she fixes her tea, Anna looks up at the wall, covered in OIL PORTRAITS.

ANNA

I like your portraits.

EILEEN

Oh we've got loads.

FRANK

Loads! My grandfather bought this property at auction, and the barn was full of these paintings. We don't have enough walls to hang 'em all.

ANNA

Seriously? They must be really old...
Have you had them appraised?

FRANK

What do you mean?

ANNA

Have an art expert come out and see what
they're worth.

FRANK

What for?

ANNA

To -- see what they're worth.

EILEEN

I think what he's trying to say, darling,
is why does it matter what they're worth?
We just like to look at them.

Anna nods. Of course.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

So what brings you and your husband this
way?

Anna is stumped for an answer.

DECLAN (O.S.)

We're headed to Dublin for an engagement
party. Friends of Anna's.

Anna looks up. Declan is in the doorway. He's clean, and
he actually has SHAVED. And he looks ... handsome.

EILEEN

Well isn't that nice?

Anna's still looking at Declan.

ANNA

Yes. It is.

Eileen stands.

EILEEN

Well, I suppose the Italians will be back
from their ride soon. I'll start supper.

FRANK

Tonight's menu is sour tripe with
dressing and fresh blood pudding!

Anna swallows. Definitely grossed out.

EILEEN

Ooh, and I got some fine jellied eel at the shop this morning.

Anna turns green. Declan sees this ...

DECLAN

You know, Mrs. Logan, I'm actually a cook myself. Since we're crashing in on you at the last minute ...

EILEEN

Japers, you want to cook dinner? How about that, Frank? A man who wants to cook dinner! What do you know?

Frank grumbles, annoyed.

DECLAN

Sorry, not trying to make you look bad, Sir. Anna? *Darlin'*?

Anna looks. What? Her?

EILEEN

It's very kind of you two.

ANNA

Sure. We do it all the time. Cooking.

EXT. GARDEN - AFTERNOON

Anna and Declan stand in front of Eileen's vegetable garden. He holds a BASKET and a BUCKET. It's still quite muddy out here.

ANNA

So, uh ... what am I doing here?

DECLAN

We're gonna need some veg. Start picking.

She doesn't move.

ANNA

Like, out of the ground?

DECLAN

No. Out of your arse. Yes, out of the ground!

He shakes his head and starts digging some potatoes out from the ground. Anna gingerly bends down to reach for a carrot. She doesn't quite know how to approach it.

ANNA

I live in a crowded city. We don't all have the luxury of a private vegetable garden.

DECLAN

Yeah, my heart's bleeding for all that you're lacking. Well at least now I know what to get you for a wedding present. A dose of reality.

He laughs.

ANNA

I know that this is all a big joke for you, but getting engaged is very meaningful for most people ...

She grabs on to the carrot stem and starts pulling.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Jeremy and I have been a great team for the past four years and to finally be able to express our love with a lifelong commitment -- Well, it's not something I'd expect you to understand ...

The carrot won't budge. She pulls harder.

DECLAN

And who says I've never been engaged?

Anna looks up, surprised. And the CARROT POPS OUT OF THE GROUND, sending her flat on her ass in the mud. Declan rolls his eyes.

ANNA

You have?

Declan walks over and literally LIFTS HER OFF THE GROUND. She's astonished.

DECLAN

You're useless.

He carries her over to a stump by the barn, puts her down like a package before she can even open her mouth. Hands her the bucket.

DECLAN (CONT'D)
Can you handle washing 'em?

Declan walks into the garden and begins to pick more vegetables. Anna starts rinsing the carrot in the bucket.

ANNA
You shouldn't just -- pick people up like that.

He shrugs.

ANNA (CONT'D)
So -- when were you engaged?

He doesn't answer.

ANNA (CONT'D)
It was that blonde girl in the picture, wasn't it?

He ignores her question. But she knows she's right.

ANNA (CONT'D)
What happened?

DECLAN
Nothing happened. Didn't work out.

And it's clear that's all he's going to say about it.

ANNA
Oh. That's too bad.

She admires her clean carrot for a beat as Declan dumps some more vegetables in the bucket. Anna takes a little NIBBLE on her carrot.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Okay, I picked a really good carrot.

And then a CHICKEN comes waddling up toward Declan.

ANNA (CONT'D)
A chicken!

Declan turns. The chicken scurries over toward Anna. She talks to it in a funny voice.

ANNA (CONT'D)
It's okay, he's not so scary ...

Declan raises an eyebrow. The chicken comes right up to Anna. She's fascinated.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Look how much she likes me!

She starts making KISSING sounds to the chicken.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Hello. Hello pretty chicken. You think she's hungry?

DECLAN
 Don't know, won't matter in a few minutes.

And in one swift move, he GRABS the chicken by the neck and scoops it up. It SQUAWKS. He takes an AXE off of the coop wall.

ANNA
 What are you doing, what are you doing?!

DECLAN
 Killing the chicken.

ANNA
 What?! Why?? Why??

DECLAN
 For dinner. Oh, are you vegetarian?

ANNA
 No ...

DECLAN
 Well, where else are we gonna get chicken?

ANNA
 (wishing)
 At the market, at a KFC, someplace else?

DECLAN
 You're being silly, it all comes from the same place. Now hold the bucket so you can catch the blood.

Anna gasps and runs back to the house. Declan shakes his head.

INT. B&B KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Anna and Declan dump the last of their ingredients on the farmhouse table.

ANNA

Okay. The first thing we should do is make a plan. Who's doing what, what needs to get started first --

DECLAN

Or we could just cook.

ANNA

This isn't two old guys at your bar having snacks. We've got six people to feed a hotel quality dinner, we should organize.

Declan ignores her and takes a large KNIFE out of the block. He plunks a few ONIONS down in front of her.

DECLAN

You know how to dice?

ANNA

Yes I know how to dice.

Declan sets to work on the chicken. Anna peels an onion, not finished with this.

ANNA (CONT'D)

All right, fine. But you know what they say: If you fail to plan, you might as well plan to fail.

DECLAN

Well here's what *I* say: The quickest way to make God laugh is to start making plans.

He brings a cleaver down hard on the chicken. THWACK!

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Better to just let things work out how they work out.

ANNA

You know, you and my dad would get along great.

*
*

DECLAN

Would we now?

ANNA

It's not a compliment.

DECLAN

There's a shocker.

She shoots him a look. Starts to CHOP her onion.

ANNA

Do you know anything about Alpacas?

DECLAN

Can't say I do.

ANNA

And neither did my dad but that didn't stop him from buying one when I was fourteen. He read in a magazine you could make money selling the wool. Didn't matter that he had no idea how to care for it, or even how to shear it or who the hell he was supposed to sell the wool to -- he just had a "good feeling about it." Well turns out Alpacas don't deal with Boston winters very well, and that they're not nearly as easy to housetrain as advertised ...

She shudders at the memory. Scrapes the cut onions to one side as she talks.

ANNA (CONT'D)

And that carnations are actually poisonous to them -- which made it a very bittersweet Valentine's Day that year. And it was the same story with the Amway and the countertop rotisseries and the mobile video store -- though at least none of those will spit goo all over your brand-new red cardigan -- but he had no idea what to do once he maxed out his credit card and the crap belonged to us. It was always "gonna work out", he always "had a good feeling about it" -- until one day the I.R.S. shows up trying to take our house.

(Anna still looks unsettled
by it)

And that is no way to live.

Anna nods, certain. Declan looks at her.

DECLAN

Wait, so you're saying I can make money if I just buy an alpaca?

ANNA

(not all that amused)

Forget it.

He laughs. Tosses some CARROTS in front of her.

DECLAN

Do some carrots.

Anna looks at him pointedly, waiting. Declan realizes...

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Please.

Satisfied, she begins chopping carrots. Declan begins SLICING potatoes beside her. They are silent, but their knives quickly fall into a rhythm.

MONTAGE: Anna and Declan continue cooking together, seamlessly working with and around each other to complete the meal. Stirring pots, melting butter, beating eggs... In the small space, they are constantly reaching past each other, brushing by one another, never actually touching and not needing to speak -- maneuvering around the kitchen in an unexpectedly graceful dance.

INT. B&B DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Anna, Declan, Frank, Eileen and STEFANO and CLARA -- the Italian bike-riders (50's) -- sit around the table finishing up dinner. There are a few EMPTY WINE BOTTLES.

EILEEN

Well. As far as I'm concerned you two can stay here whenever you want.

STEFANO

Delicious, just perfect.

ANNA

(thoroughly enjoying it)

I have to say, I've completely forgotten that this chicken and I had a serious relationship.

She scoops up the last bit of food on her plate.

EILEEN

Frank, you planning on licking that plate clean?

FRANK

I might, woman.

CLARA

You make a good meal, you two. Very good. Especially the chicken.

ANNA

And I usually have a hard time with chicken. Jeremy always complains that I make it too dry. Clara, where did you find this wine?

CLARA

Who is Jeremy?

DECLAN

Jeremy's ... *our next door neighbor.*

Anna looks at Declan. Oops.

ANNA

Right. Sometimes we let him come for dinner.

DECLAN

He's extremely lonely. He's mentally challenged you know.

Anna shoots him a look. Enough.

EILEEN

Poor thing.

DECLAN

Tragic. Anyway, we always joke, '*only an idiot dries out a chicken*'.

He looks at Anna pointedly. She PATS his hand awkwardly.

ANNA

Yep. Ha. Only an idiot.

She takes a sip of wine.

INT. B&B LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Having finished dinner, the group has moved to the small sitting area in the living room. Frank is playing an old tune on a FIDDLE in front of the fire. Clara and Stefano cuddle on a couch together, drinking more wine. Anna enters with Eileen carrying a tray of cookies for everyone.

Anna sets the tray down, and turns to see Eileen sit down in the last empty chair. Anna looks around.

EILEEN

(to Declan)

Hey mister, make some room for the missus!

Declan's sitting in a LARGE CHAIR. Not exactly made for two. But he scoots over and pats the little empty sliver of cushion for Anna. Everybody's watching so she sits down. She's half on the arm -- but slowly slides down into the chair, smooshed up next to Declan. They don't really look at one another. Clara uncorks another bottle of wine. Refills everyone's glass.

CLARA

Stefano bought me cases of this wine for our twentieth anniversary. We had served it at our wedding. There is so much, I give some away, I travel with some...

ANNA

Twenty years. Wow.

EILEEN

We'll be fifty-three years together come September.

DECLAN

Fifty-three! Wow, cheers.

They all raise a glass.

ANNA

To love!

She drinks quite a bit of wine.

ANNA (CONT'D)

That really is good, you must've had a really fun wedding.

She's a tiny bit slurry now.

ANNA (CONT'D)

See the thing that it is, is, it's just more romantic in Europe. Don't you think? That's why you stay married for so long. You're more romantic.

CLARA

Who? This one?

(gestures at Stefano, dry)

Yes, he is *really* romantic.

STEFANO

I bring you *orchidea* on your birthday.

CLARA

(to Anna)

The day after my birthday.

STEFANO

You say you don't want presents, always.

Clara looks at Anna. Who really means that, though?

STEFANO (CONT'D)

Aaah, she is crazy. We drive each other crazy. *C'è sempre un po' di follia nell'amore. Ma c'è sempre anche un po' di ragione nella follia* -- I think that is it, yes? -- There is always some madness in love, but there is also always some reason in madness.

They laugh. True. Clara leans over and they KISS. Frank puts down the fiddle.

FRANK

That's why you stay married, right there. The kissin'. Always kiss. My Da said to me, on our wedding day, he said, "Always kiss your wife like it's the first time and the last time. Every day."

Frank pours himself some more wine.

EILEEN

Frank, that's plenty.

FRANK

Careful or I'll do more than kiss you later.

More laughter.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I have kissed my wife today.

(to Stefano)

You have kissed your wife today.

(to Declan)

Have you kissed your wife today?

Declan and Anna look at one another.

ANNA

Oh yeah.

DECLAN

Definitely.

ANNA

When we were just outside.

DECLAN

At breakfast.

ANNA

There's been loads of kissing. Loads.

Frank swallows some more wine, slams his glass down.

FRANK

Ah, go on and kiss her!

Declan doesn't know what to do. Frank nods his head, intense. Do it. Declan leans in and gives her the world's quickest PECK ON THE CHEEK.

Frank and Stefano groan aloud.

STEFANO

What is that, that is your kiss?

ANNA

That was very nice, just enough.

FRANK

If that's how you kiss her I'm surprised she's still sittin' here!

ANNA

Well you know we're both pretty shy, so --

CLARA

They are shy.

STEFANO

Do not be shy, you are with friends, *con amici! Baciarla!*

FRANK

Shy -- you're in love! Kiss her!

STEFANO

Kiss her like Frank say! Like it is first time and last time!

Declan can't take it any more. He reaches over, takes Anna's face in his hands and KISSES HER. She's shocked at first, but is quickly swept up in what may be the most intense kiss she's ever had.

STEFANO (CONT'D)

Bravo!

FRANK

That's a kiss!

Everyone else at the table toasts to the kiss, which finally ends. Anna and Declan look at one another, breathless. That was something.

EILEEN

My, my.

Anna and Declan both look away and reach for a drink.

INT. B&B GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Crammed in the tiny room. Both, very silently, getting ready for bed. They undress, facing in opposite directions. Declan sneaks a look at Anna, just her bare back as she pulls a nightgown over her head. Anna turns to see Declan, pulling his t-shirt over his head. And he looks damn good shirtless.

She quickly dives under the blankets on her side of the bed.

DECLAN

I uh, don't got any spare clothes, I could just -- I'll keep these on.

Still in his pants, he lies down on top of the blankets, as promised, on his side of the bed. They lie there, the world's largest wall of sexual tension between them.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Good night then.

ANNA

Yeah. Good night.

Neither one of them looks like they'll be able to sleep so soon.

INT. TINY BEDROOM - MORNING

Anna and Declan are asleep. They've managed to get CURLED UP AGAINST EACH OTHER in the small bed. The sound of a CAR STARTING outside WAKES ANNA.

Anna's eyes slowly open. She is face to face with Declan, noses almost touching. She immediately backs up. Looks down, relieved to see she's still fully-clothed. She quickly and quietly scrambles out of bed.

INT. FARMHOUSE B & B - DAY

Anna is in a little PHONE NOOK. Talking on a CORDLESS PHONE.

ANNA

Jer?

INT. THE SHELBOURNE HOTEL - DUBLIN - DAY

Jeremy is eating a beautiful room service BREAKFAST.

JEREMY

Hey!

(INTERCUT)

ANNA

I miss you so much!

JEREMY

Oh? Yeah, I miss you too, sweetie!

INT. TINY BEDROOM - MORNING

Declan wakes up. Sees Anna's side of the bed is empty. He stretches, the slightest hint of a smile on his face.

INT. BED & BREAKFAST - KITCHEN - DAY

Declan enters and grabs an APPLE from a bowl. He glances down the hall and sees Anna in the phone nook. He smiles and grabs ANOTHER APPLE for her.

He walks down the hall to her, apple in hand -- and can now hear her conversation.

ANNA

Honey, I am *so* sorry I'm not there yet. You can't imagine the nightmare that I'm trapped in.

JEREMY

I feel terrible. You came all this way to see me and you're having the worst time. Well I promise when you get here I'll make it all worthwhile.

ANNA

Oh really ...

Declan backs away a bit so Anna doesn't see him. He sets the extra apple down. What was he thinking?

JEREMY

And I've got good news ...

ANNA

You do?

JEREMY

I heard from the co-op board last night.
It's official. We got it! We're moving
into The Waterford!

ANNA

No!

JEREMY

We get the keys the first of the month.
It's all ours. The park and river views,
two fireplaces, maple wood floors, and
walk in closets ... Congratulations, Miss
15B! I'm toasting you right now over the
phone. You hear that?

He toasts his COFFEE CUP against the phone.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Come on! Get a glass of something and
toast me back! I don't hear you ...

Anna smiles. She grabs a nearby souvenir MUG with a photo
of the POPE. She toasts it to the phone. She also notices
Declan, who was trying to back away, unnoticed.

ANNA

Congratulations, Dr. 15B.

Anna turns away from Declan, exaggerating her need for
privacy. He heads into the kitchen.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Well, look I promise I'll be there
tonight. I'm catching the first train
this morning.

(suggestive)

And then we can celebrate in person.

INT. BED & BREAKFAST - KITCHEN - DAY

Anna enters with renewed focus on her mission. Frank and
Declan are there. *

ANNA *

Well? Should we head back to the station?
I don't want to miss the train! *

FRANK *

Well you needn't wait at the station all
day til tomorrow, dear. *

ANNA

Tomorrow? Why would I wait until tomorrow?

FRANK

Because that's when the next train leaves.

Anna stares at him. He can't mean that.

ANNA

No. You said I could stay here and "*catch the next train in the morning.*"

FRANK

Aye. Tomorrow morning. Today's Sunday. The station's closed.

DECLAN

Oh well. Looks like Dr. 15B is gonna have to wait another day.

Anna turns, annoyed. Declan feigns disbelief.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

This is just not your weekend.

He laughs, a cruel edge on it.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Hey I know what, maybe if you pay him he'll open the entire train station just for you.

She glares at Declan, then quickly turns to Frank.

ANNA

Can you actually do that?

FRANK

I can do whatever I want, but I won't do it on the Lord's day. And I certainly won't do it for money.

Declan snorts.

ANNA

Okay how about love, Frank? Would you get me to Dublin for love?

FRANK

Absolutely. Just not on Sunday. Though you needn't worry, your love is right here with you. You both proved that beyond a doubt with that kiss last night.

He whistles. What a kiss. Declan stops smiling. Anna isn't going to give up that easy.

ANNA

All right, where are the Italians? They have a car, right? They can drive us --

FRANK

They left before you two woke up. Oh, they said to say goodbye. And if you two are ever in Bologna to look them up --

ANNA

I'm not going to Bologna, Frank! Now, do you have a car?

FRANK

I do. But I --

ANNA

Won't drive on a Sunday.

FRANK

-- won't drive on a Sunday.

ANNA

Isn't there anyone in this goddamn country who can help me get to Dublin?!!

Silence all around. Frank's eyes narrow to a glare.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Once again, Anna and Declan are walking. Anna pulls her luggage behind her. Declan's now toting one of her bags too.

DECLAN

Well done there.

ANNA

Shut up.

DECLAN

I wouldn't tell the person who's carrying your bag to shut up -- which, by the way, I'm charging you extra for.

ANNA

Of course you are. How about doing what I'm actually paying you for, which is to get me to Dublin -- instead of leading me on Mr. Toad's Wild Ride to hell so you can keep milking me for cash.

DECLAN

Is that what you think I'm doing? Ha! Trust me, Squid. I'll be thrilled to get rid of you in Dublin.

ANNA

And I'll be thrilled to get there. And get as far away from you as possible.

Anna walks on ahead him, but then gets PELTED in the head by something.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Ow! What the --

She turns to Declan, but he didn't do anything. And she watches him get hit too. Declan looks up at the clouds...

... AND HAIL STARTS RAINING DOWN ON THEM.

DECLAN

Hail! Come on!

It's coming down hard. Pelting them hard. They run up the road with the bags. Anna yelps.

ANNA

What's next, a tornado?!

Declan grabs her other bag.

DECLAN

Well you can't blame this one on me!

They continue running down the road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

They are still running in the hailstorm when they spot a CHURCH up ahead. Declan points it out and they make a run for it.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The place is packed -- for a wedding. A young BRIDE and GROOM receive the blessings of a PRIEST.

PRIEST

Paul and Fiona have exchanged their marriage vows and declared their consent before the congregation. Therefore in the name of God, I pronounce them --

BLAM! The doors of the church fly open and Declan and Anna land inside.

DECLAN

Bloody fucking hell!

EVERYONE TURNS. Declan and Anna realize what they've just interrupted. Anna cringes. Announces:

ANNA

It's hailing. Outside. Huge.
(long silence)
Congratulations.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The hail has turned to HEAVY RAIN. We hear a local BAND playing a cover of the Jam's "Town Called Malice".

INT. CHURCH HALL - DAY

The hall is packed with people dancing and drinking and celebrating. It looks like the entire town showed up for this party. We see four SHIRTLESS MEN standing on a table, drunkenly sing/shouting The Spice Girl's "Wannabe" as everyone cheers. One of the guys falls off the table and the rest keep right on singing. We see old folks dancing with young folks, the PRIEST taking a turn on electric bass ... A VIDEOGRAPHER gets it all down. The room is bursting with uninhibited joy.

And in the back, seated at one of the tables, we find Anna and Declan. Anna has a small plate of food and Declan seems to be drinking his meal -- knocking back a SHOT of whiskey and then chasing it with a pint of GUINNESS.

ANNA

It was really nice of them to invite us to stay.

He belches in response. Anna rolls her eyes.

DECLAN

What? I hate weddings. I told you. All this? Pointless.

He grabs a CHAMPAGNE from a passing waiter.

ANNA

Yet somehow you're the one who was engaged.

He doesn't respond. Just downs the champagne. Anna shakes her head. Meanwhile, the BRIDE takes the MIC up on stage.

BRIDE

Oi! OI!! Shut it you drunks, I want to toast my husband!

She seems quite tipsy herself. The Groom is beside her. Everyone cheers and CLINKS THEIR SPOONS ON THEIR GLASSES, demanding that they kiss. She grabs her new husband and they go at it. Everybody whistles.

The Bride steadies herself at the mic.

BRIDE (CONT'D)

All right then. All right. Whoo! Now I'm nervous all of a sudden. Glad I wrote something down.

She hikes up her gown and pulls some notepaper out her garter. The men WHISTLE. The Groom puts his fists up comically, he'll fight them all.

GROOM

Oi! That's my wife you're whistling at!

BRIDE

My hero.

Declan finds this all too cloying. Rolls his eyes. Declan refills his whiskey from a bottle on the table.

BRIDE (CONT'D)

Paul. It's hard to believe we are finally married. When I look at you beside me, I think of all the wonderful memories we've shared in such a short time --

Declan laughs. Whispers to Anna.

DECLAN

Really? She's not gonna mention the shit memories? What a surprise ...

ANNA

Shh.

She moves his whiskey away, he's had enough. He simply moves it back. The bride continues.

BRIDE

... And the thousands more we'll create together. You, me, and the children we've yet to have.

DECLAN

(can't help himself)

That one'll gain four stone after the first and Paul'll never leave the pub.

He laughs. Anna turns to him, aghast. He zips his lip.

BRIDE

And I know lots of people have said this before, but it really is how I feel, so: "My husband, may you never steal, lie, or cheat. But if you must steal, steal away my sorrows. If you must lie, lie with me all the nights of my life..."

Anna looks at Declan, waiting for the snide comment. But he's listening now ...

BRIDE (CONT'D)

"And if you must cheat ... please cheat death," because I couldn't live a day without you.

Declan looks a little pale. He quickly gets up, knocking his chair to the floor in the process. The guests are applauding the Bride's heartfelt toast, so Anna is the only one to notice. Declan rushes out of the room, and Anna quietly follows.

EXT. CHURCH MEETING HALL - DAY

Anna finds Declan up under a chilly old PORTICO, overlooking a small mossy cemetery. There are lush hills in the distance. It's still RAINING.

DECLAN

Ahh, go back inside, would you?

She looks at him, gazing off at the cemetery. He looks tired.

ANNA

Are you ... all right?

DECLAN

I'm fine. Hot as hell in there.

And his voice sounds worse. Sad.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Go on. You wanna be first in line when she throws the flowers.

ANNA

It's a bouquet.

He turns, ready to respond, but just doesn't have it in him.

DECLAN

Who cares.

He looks back out at the rain. And it finally dawns on Anna.

ANNA

So the story was about you.

DECLAN

What story?

ANNA

The one you told at the castle. The princess who ran off with the warrior the night before her wedding? You're Grada.

DECLAN

Grainne.

ANNA

Right.

DECLAN

Wrong. Grainne was the girl.

ANNA

So then you're ...

DECLAN

The one who got left.

ANNA

I'm sorry.

Declan waves his hand. Whatever.

ANNA (CONT'D)

We don't ... have to talk about it.

There's a long silence. He finally speaks.

DECLAN

She's in Dublin.

Anna nods. She understands. *

ANNA *

So you guys were engaged and she just ... *

Declan nods. Yep. *

DECLAN *

Guy with a Range Rover. *

He manages a wry smile. Anna looks embarrassed. *

ANNA *

Have you ...? You must miss her. *

Declan tries to be flip.

DECLAN

Ahh. She's his problem now, right?

He looks off into the cemetery.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Still, I gave her my Ma's ring -- her *claddagh*. You've seen them, with the two hands holding the crowned heart ...?

He puts his hands in the shape of the ring. Anna recognizes it.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

It's tradition to use it as an engagement ring. It was one of the few things I had left from my Ma. Brilliant move there.

He gives a bitter laugh. Full of self loathing.

ANNA

You know ... when we get to Dublin, you could find her. And get it back.

DECLAN

(scoffs)

Yeah, I don't think I'm gonna have much need for that ring again.

ANNA

You don't know that. You've got a lot going for you. You can cook ... wrangle sheep, rescue damsels ... You're not exactly the best wedding date, but it's not like you're a complete...

DECLAN

Bastard who doesn't know his arse from
his elbow?

*
*

He smirks.

ANNA

No.

(beat)

But you said it, I didn't.

He laughs. Finally. Declan looks relieved to have unburdened himself.

INT. CHURCH MEETING HALL - DAY

The BANDLEADER booms into the mic.

BANDLEADER

All right, lassies! Let's get all the
ladies up here for the slip jig!

The FEMALES hoot and RUSH to the dance floor as the band begins a TRADITIONAL IRISH SLIP JIG.

Anna and Declan are walking back into the meeting hall as the BRIDE rushes past on her way to the dance floor -- she stops and looks at Anna.

BRIDE

Oi! It's Hail Girl! C'mon!

She tries to grab Anna and pull her along.

ANNA

No, that's all right, really --

BRIDE

All the ladies! It's unlucky not to
dance!

ANNA

Actually, I don't --

DECLAN

Go on! Don't want to insult the bride
now.

Declan laughs as the bride pulls Anna to the dancefloor.

The Bride joins right in as the women start DANCING. The slip jig is a spirited, high kicking, traditional dance with complicated rhythms (the music is beautiful, but in 9/8 time -- not the easiest to follow).

Anna tries to hide on the edges of the group, but the ladies keep pulling her in, trying to show her the steps.

The men surround the dancers, clapping and cheering. Anna attempts to follow along with some of the women and begins to get some of the moves. She's awkward and off, but the woman encourage her. Anna smiles and keeps trying.

Declan steps up to get a better look. And he sees her, giving it her ungraceful best, laughing at herself while twirling and kicking. And he can't take his eyes off of her.

Anna looks up to see him looking at her. He smiles, warm. She smiles back at him. They hold their gaze for a beat, and then Anna bumps into the girl next to her and has to twirl back around to keep up with the dance.

Eventually every DANCER gets a little solo moment in the circle. When Anna is up she's confident enough to give it a try. She kicks and twirls and everyone cheers. Declan cheers her on too. Getting confident, she kicks her legs even higher, to big cheers. She keeps going, giving an even higher kick -- sending her SHOE FLYING RIGHT OFF HER FOOT ... sailing across the room and THUNK! IT NAILS THE PRIEST RIGHT IN THE HEAD. He drops. Everyone gasps. Anna looks horrified.

INT. CHURCH MEETING HALL - DAY

The PRIEST is now sitting at the table with a bag of ICE on his head. Anna stands next to him, she feels awful.

ANNA

I am sooo so sorry.

The Priest waves her a little closer. She leans in.

PRIEST

You realize now you're going straight to hell.

ANNA

(taken aback)

I -- what?

PRIEST

(laughs)

Ah, I'm just twistin' hay. I'm fine dear, been hit with worse during my sermons.

Anna laughs with him, relieved. Declan comes up with a COUPLE in their 20's, SHARON and ALAN.

DECLAN

Anna, this is Sharon and Alan. They're leaving now.

Anna looks a bit sad for them.

ANNA

Oh, well that's too bad. Did you have a good time?

DECLAN

No, they're -- going to drive us to the bus.

ANNA

Oh! Oh, wow is it --?

(looks around for a clock)

It's over now? We didn't even have dessert.

Declan looks at her curiously.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I mean, it's very, very nice of you. Of course. I'll just get my coat.

EXT. OLD STATION WAGON - DAY

Anna and Declan ride in the back seat, SHARON and ALAN, a YOUNG COUPLE in their 20's (guests from the wedding) drive them. Their TWO YEAR-OLD SON DAVID rides in a car seat between Declan and Anna.

ANNA

You're sure this isn't out of your way.

SHARON

Nah, we're taking David to my parents' house for supper, it's just past the bus depot. I'm surprised he's not sound asleep from all the excitement at the wedding.

ALAN

I think he's too wrapped up in Declan back there.

Declan's holding out his finger for David to grab. Each time he does, Declan pretends that the toddler is incredibly strong, and winces and groans in faux-pain. The child loves it, laughing like crazy. Anna is watching this ...

SHARON

I think he may want to get on the bus
with you, look out.

DECLAN

(to David)

Is that so? You want to go to Dublin, do
you? Well let me tell you something about
Dublin, lad, it's --

He points a finger at David who of course grabs it again,
repeating their routine. Anna keeps her eyes on Declan,
playing with the child. She's smiling.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - DAY

The station wagon pulls off the motorway into the very
quiet bus depot parking lot. A BUS is idling out front; a
few PASSENGERS are boarding.

EXT. STATION WAGON - DAY

Anna's eyes light up when she sees the bus.

ANNA

Oh my god a bus! Look!

(to Declan)

I never thought I'd be so happy to see
public transportation!

She laughs giddily. Declan gives David one last tickle.

DECLAN

See ya, hardman.

Anna jumps out with her bags. Yells to Alan and Sharon.

ANNA

Thank you guys! Thank you so much!

And she RUNS for the depot. Declan gets out and closes
the door. Nods to the couple.

DECLAN

Thanks much. We appreciate it.

He begins to follow after her.

SHARON

Oh wait!

Declan stops.

SHARON (CONT'D)

You forgot your cake!

She reaches onto the floor and pulls out a FAVOR BOX from the wedding. A slice of WEDDING CAKE inside.

DECLAN

Oh ... That's all right.

SHARON

No, you're to put it under your pillow so you dream about the person you'll marry!

(re: her husband)

No use for us. She might like it. *

He hesitates, but she waves him back to the car.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Go on.

He gives in, walks back to the car and accepts the cake.

DECLAN

All right. Thanks very much.

They bid him goodbye and drive away. Declan turns back to the depot in time to see: The bus PULLING AWAY.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Did she --?

The bus pulls out onto the motorway. He looks back at the depot. It's EMPTY. The only other person in there is an EMPLOYEE behind a counter. And a woman running a COFFEE CART. *

Declan looks quite stunned -- and more than a little wounded. She's gone. He stands there, holding the favor box. She didn't even say goodbye.

Declan turns to watch the bus drive away ... Just as Anna walks out of the Ladies Room. HE DOESN'T SEE HER.

But Anna sees Declan. We see him from her POV: He's sullen, watching the bus drive off, looking hurt and abandoned. Anna takes this in for a beat, then picks up a BAG at the coffee cart. Thanks the woman. *

She walks up to Declan, pretending not to have seen his private moment. Takes two wrapped PASTRIES out of the bag. *

ANNA

So apparently we've got one filled with chocolate and the other one with some sort of jam.

He turns to see Anna coming towards him. He looks surprised, and tries to cover.

ANNA (CONT'D)

And I absolutely can't tell which is which. Here.

He takes one, still a little surprised.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Ooh, and we have cake too? Score.

She takes the box of cake.

ANNA (CONT'D)

So our bus won't be here for another twenty minutes.

She holds up TWO BUS TICKETS. Declan is still catching up.

DECLAN

Oh. You want me to go with you then?

ANNA

You don't think I'm getting on that bus myself, do you? After the two days I've had? Who knows what could happen to me? I could get robbed, caught in a flash flood, carried off by a pterodactyl...

She puts the ticket in his hand.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm paying you to get me to Dublin, and you *will* get me to Dublin.

He smiles. Okay. ANNA LOOKS AT THE PASTRY IN HER HAND AND QUICKLY SWAPS IT OUT FOR HIS. He looks at her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What? I bought them.

She smiles and walks back to the depot. He follows.

MUSIC UP: FIONN REGAN / "PUT A PENNY IN THE SLOT"

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

The BUS travels through a lush, green valley. The sun is finally shining.

INT. BUS - DAY

Anna and Declan sit in the half-filled bus. Anna looks out the window, letting the sun warm her face. She turns and looks at Declan, seated beside her. He's ASLEEP. Anna watches him for a minute, thoughtful. She turns back to the window, YAWNS and closes her eyes.

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

The bus passes a SIGN that reads: DUBLIN - 40km.

INT. BUS - DAY

Declan slowly OPENS his eyes. Remembers where he is. Shifts. Realizes that Anna has FALLEN ASLEEP ON HIS SHOULDER. He takes his jacket, which had been on his lap, and drapes it over her sleeping body. He watches her sleep for a while.

END MUSIC.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

Declan stands by the bus, next to Anna's bags. She walks over from a PAY PHONE.

ANNA

I left a message at the front desk for
Jeremy. Let him know I'm here ...

Declan nods.

ANNA (CONT'D)

So.
(holds her hands up)
Dublin!

DECLAN

You're here.

ANNA

I'm here.

DECLAN

With a day to spare, I might add.

Anna looks around at the bustling city station, suddenly out of sorts.

ANNA

Whoa. It's like sensory overload.

DECLAN

Come on, Dublin can't be as crowded as Boston?

ANNA

No. I'm just not ... revved back up to speed.

Anna takes a breath. Reality sinking in. Now what?

ANNA (CONT'D)

So.

DECLAN

So.

They stand there looking at one another. Neither moves.

ANNA

I guess we should ... I should pay you?

Declan doesn't seem ready for this either.

DECLAN

Oh. Yeah ... well I didn't actually get you to the hotel.

ANNA

(quickly, that's right)

No, no you didn't. And I should probably hit an ATM, what with all my extra charges.

DECLAN

Yeah definitely, I'm sure there's one on the way.

ANNA

Good. So we'll walk?

Declan nods. They both look rather relieved.

CUE MUSIC: LA ROCCA / "CAPITOL PILL"

EXT. DUBLIN STREETS - AFTERNOON

The sun is just starting to begin its descent. Declan and Anna walk through the streets together. We see them pass well-known landmarks: Trinity College, street performers by the statue of Molly Malone, Merrion Square and the statue of Oscar Wilde ...

And we find them stopped in the center of Ha'Penny bridge, looking out at the Liffey River.

EXT. THE SHELBOURNE HOTEL - AFTERNOON

A stately Georgian hotel with uniformed DOORMEN outside. From across the street, we see Declan and Anna enter.

INT. THE SHELBOURNE HOTEL - FRONT LOBBY - AFTERNOON

A very formal, high ceilinged European lobby. You have to take the GRAND STAIRCASE up to reception. A PORTER immediately relieves Anna of her bags.

PORTER
Checking in, ma'am?

ANNA
Yes. I mean, meeting someone who's already checked in.

PORTER
I'll bring these up to reception.

He heads across the lobby to the staircase. Anna and Declan follow.

ANNA
I can't believe I'm actually here.

DECLAN
Finally, eh?

ANNA
Yeah.

She looks around. Exhales.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I'm actually a little nervous.
(beat)
You'd think I was about to propose to someone or something.

DECLAN
Ah, you still got one more day.

ANNA
You're right.

They climb the staircase together.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Oh, don't let me forget your money!

She digs in her purse as she walks. She comes up with a wad of bills.

ANNA (CONT'D)

This should probably do it. You should count it though.

Declan regards it for a moment, but doesn't take it.

DECLAN

Keep it.

ANNA

No --

DECLAN

It's okay.

ANNA

No, we had a deal. Come on, two days of misery? We wrecked your car!

Declan shakes his head. No.

DECLAN

You keep it.

Anna's truly puzzled by this.

ANNA

But --

She lets it go. Because they've reached the top of the stairs. That's it, they can't go any further and they know it. They stop there, right at the top step.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I don't know what to say.

Declan shrugs.

DECLAN

Off with you then.

ANNA

I'm off.

But she doesn't move. Neither does he.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Well ... goodbye.

He nods. Looks down into her eyes.

DECLAN

I'd say "good luck" ... but I know you
don't believe in it.

She gazes back up at him.

ANNA

Well ... actually ... I think ...
(softly)
I think I'm lucky I met you.

Neither of them can stop from slowly moving closer
together ... Closer ...

JEREMY (O.S.)

Anna!

Anna turns. There's Jeremy, all the way across the hall.
He turns and impatiently CUES a STRING QUARTET standing a
few feet away. Vivaldi's "FOUR SEASONS, SPRING". He
starts to walk towards her, motions for them to follow.

Anna looks very confused. A CONCIERGE rushes to Jeremy's
side with a MASSIVE arrangement of ROSES. Hands them to
him. Declan takes a step back.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

You made it.

ANNA

What is all this?

He hands Anna the roses.

JEREMY

I missed you.

Anna laughs, a bit taken aback.

ANNA

I missed you too.

They kiss for a moment.

JEREMY

No. I really missed you. And it got me
thinking ...

He sinks down to ONE KNEE. Anna's stunned. Declan looks
surprised. Other hotel guests watch, curious ...

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Why aren't we married?

ANNA

What?

JEREMY

Why aren't we married?

ANNA

Are -- you serious?

JEREMY

Would I have done all this if I wasn't serious? This would be one elaborate and expensive practical joke. I'm down on one knee, I got these guys here ...

He nods at the musicians. Anna is reeling. Jeremy pulls a RING BOX from his pocket.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I want us to get married.

He opens the box and presents it to her. A sparkling DIAMOND RING.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Sorry, it was the best I could do on short notice.

ANNA

Jeremy ...

She looks down at him, beginning to cry now.

JEREMY

Anna. Will you marry me?

ANNA

... Yes. Yes!

He stands, puts the ring on her finger. They KISS. Everyone in the lobby applauds. Except Declan. Jeremy nods at everyone, proud. But then gets to Declan, who's looking at Anna. Stops and looks at him, curious.

JEREMY

Do I know you?

Anna looks up. Gasps.

ANNA

Oh! This is Declan! Declan, Jeremy. Jeremy, Declan. He's the ... He drove me here. From Dingle.

Jeremy immediately warms.

JEREMY

Oh, hey! Jeremy Silver. How are ya, man?

Declan nods. Says nothing. Jeremy tries to break the ice.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Wait, I heard a good Dublin joke, you wanna hear it? "How can you tell if an Irishman's having a good time?"

Declan and Anna both look at him.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

"He's Dublin' over with laughter!" Right?

He LAUGHS. Declan does not. Jeremy decides the guy's humorless. Takes Anna by the arm.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

All right, well thanks for getting her here.

(to Anna)

I ordered some Veuve to the room. Thought you'd want to relax a little before dinner.

He starts leading her to the elevator. She turns, Declan gives her a little WAVE. She smiles at him, a little bit sad. A YOUNG COUPLE staying at the hotel come up to them.

WOMAN

Congratulations!

ANNA

Thank you.

MAN

(to Jeremy)

Yeah, thanks for making us all look bad.

(re: his wife)

"*Why didn't you propose to me with a string quartet?*" I'll be getting that all night!

His wife swats him playfully. They all laugh. But Anna turns around to look at Declan one more time.

HE'S ALREADY GONE.

EXT. DUBLIN STREETS - DUSK

Declan exits The Shelbourne, crosses the street to a PAYPHONE at the edge of a park.

Glancing back up at the hotel, he picks up the phone.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

Anna exits the bathroom, wrapped in a robe. Jeremy is on the bed, scrolling through PHOTOS on his DIGITAL CAMERA.

JEREMY

I gave my camera to the bellboy right before you got here. Look at your face when I got down on one knee! Think you could look more surprised?

Laughing, he holds the camera out to Anna. She looks at the picture. She does look completely stunned. She chuckles. But then she sees him, just at the edge of the frame, looking on ... DECLAN. Anna's smile fades a bit.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Scroll through, look at the others.

She scrolls through a few more. Like slow STOP-MOTION, Declan eventually disappears from the frame, leaving only Jeremy and Anna.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

Declan stands out on the sidewalk, near a bunch of SMOKERS. He waits. Soon, a PRETTY, TIRED-LOOKING BLONDE with a ponytail and an apron emerges from the pub. She steps away from the crowd and leans up against a wall. Takes a cigarette out of her apron and LIGHTS UP.

DECLAN

Kaleigh.

The blonde looks up. It takes a second for it to register, but then she's shocked.

KALEIGH

Decs? What are ya ...?

She straightens, fixes her hair as he approaches her.

KALEIGH (CONT'D)

Look at me, I'm -- I'm gobsmacked. Why didn't you tell me you was coming?

Declan shrugs.

DECLAN

Didn't know I was. And I didn't know where you were anyways. I just called your Ma, she told me.

They both stand there. It's awkward.

KALEIGH

Well you ... you look great.

DECLAN

Thanks.

When he doesn't return the compliment, she laughs softly.

KALEIGH

And I look fantastic.

DECLAN

Well what do you expect me to say?

Kaleigh shrugs. Takes a drag of her cigarette.

KALEIGH

Look at me, my hands are shaking. So ... my Ma must've told you.

Declan nods.

DECLAN

He found another girl to ride in his Rover?

*
*

Kaleigh shakes her head.

KALEIGH

I wanted to call you but I was ... well I was embarrassed, I mean, I was only here a month, and ... I sure as shite couldn't come back to Dingle, what would people say?

DECLAN

They already said it.

She laughs a little. Nods.

KALEIGH

"I'm sorry" doesn't really have the greatest ring, does it? There should be somethin' better.

DECLAN

There should.

KALEIGH

I am though.

DECLAN

I know.

A BURLY LOOKING GUY raps on the glass window of the pub. Kaleigh turns.

KALEIGH

Shit. We're jammers tonight. I gotta...

She steps closer to Declan, hurried and desperate.

KALEIGH (CONT'D)

I miss you, Decs. I miss our life. Come back. Come back when I'm done here tonight. We can talk ...

She touches his face.

KALEIGH (CONT'D)

I hate Dublin. I wake up thinkin' about Dingle, the Caragh ... and you.

Near tears, she leans in and KISSES him.

KALEIGH (CONT'D)

I'm wrecked without you.

Declan gently pushes her away.

DECLAN

Kays ...

KALEIGH

And I still love you.

Declan exhales. Rubs his head, clearly confused. Then something catches his eye. The CLADDAGH RING. On a chain around her neck.

DECLAN

Look at that.

He picks it up gently and holds it in his fingers.

KALEIGH

I didn't wear it with him, I would never. But after, it just made me ... You don't mind, do you?

He looks at Kaleigh, then back at the ring. She looks up at him and smiles.

INT. CHIC RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Elegant, trendy, expensive. We find Anna and Jeremy at a candle lit table, toasting with Champagne.

JEREMY

Miss, I see you're wearing an engagement ring. Would this mean you're off the market?

Anna plays along.

ANNA

Why yes, I am. I'm engaged to a handsome doctor. He's quite dashing.

She puts her hand up by her throat, showing off the ring. Jeremy looks at the ring and frowns.

JEREMY

I should've gotten you a ring in Boston. I could've done a lot better.

He takes a drink.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

All the guy here wanted to do was sell me this ring with two hands holding a heart. You know what I'm talking about ...

He butters a roll.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

He was bordering on aggressive, I almost walked out. The thing didn't even have a diamond.

She looks at him, then at the ring on her hand.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

They're big on lamb here. Can we find something minus lamb ...?

ANNA

Kiss me.

JEREMY

Sure baby.

He leans over and gives her a familiar peck. Looks back at the menu.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

What do we think of haddock? Do I like haddock?

ANNA

No. I want you to -- I want you to kiss me like it's the first time and the last time.

Now Jeremy looks baffled. A WAITER approaches.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Come on. Kiss me like it's the first time you've ever kissed me and like you might never get to kiss me again.

WAITER

Have you had a chance to look at the menu?

ANNA

I'm sorry, we need a minute.

WAITER

Of course.

He leaves.

JEREMY

Auugh, I'm starving.

ANNA

I want you to kiss me like that.

JEREMY

What, like what?

ANNA

Like how I said.

JEREMY

Like the first time and the last time?
(laughs)

What is this some kind of a test?

ANNA

(quickly)
No --

JEREMY

We're in a restaurant full of people.

ANNA
I'm sorry. You're right, it's silly.
Never mind.

Anna nods, trying to hide her disappointment.

JEREMY
No, you know what? *I'm* sorry.

Jeremy leans over and gives her a BIG KISS on the lips.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
How was that?

ANNA
Perfect.

But the delivery and the look on her face seem like it was less than that. Jeremy puts his menu down, resolved.

JEREMY
Salmon.

MUSIC UP: FIONN REGAN / "BE GOOD OR BE GONE"

EXT. HIGHWAY OUTSIDE OF DUBLIN - NIGHT

Declan rides the bus back home. Alone.

EXT. DINGLE - MORNING

Declan walks down the little village street and unlocks the doors to the Aragh.

INT. ARAGH'S TAVERN - MORNING

Declan heads into his tiny office. There's an antique wooden CIGARETTE BOX on the desk. He empties it of receipts and notes. Then he reaches into his pocket and pulls out his MOTHER'S CLADDAGH RING. He PUTS IT IN THE BOX, shuts the cover and puts the box in his desk drawer.

EXT. DUBLIN STREETS - MORNING

Anna and Jeremy walk together.

JEREMY
We need to get you a souvenir before we go. A shillelagh? What *is* a shillelagh?

ANNA
I have no idea.
(holds up her ring)
But I've already got a souvenir.

Anna doesn't realize it, but they're coming up in front of a CHURCH. The CARMELITE CHURCH, where St. Valentine is interred. The only reason one might know this is that MANY WOMEN have chosen this as a place to PROPOSE. And it's happening now. There are quite a few NEWS CAMERAS capturing the event.

JEREMY

Maybe something for the apartment.

Jeremy looks around and sees the goings-on.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

What's all this?

Anna looks. There it is. That could've been her.

ANNA

I -- don't know ...

Jeremy stops a POLICE OFFICER.

JEREMY

What's happening over there?

POLICE OFFICER

February 29th, Leap Day. Women can propose marriage to the men.

JEREMY

You're kidding.

The Officer shakes his head.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

That's great! Look baby! I could've waited one more day and made you propose to me!

He laughs. Anna awkwardly joins in. HE WALKS ON. Anna lingers for a moment.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Anna! Come on!

She turns and follows.

EXT. ARAGH'S TAVERN - DAY

Declan is on a LADDER out in front of the tavern. He's WORKING ON THE BROKEN SIGN.

Seamus and Joe watch him from the street below, curious.

Declan is putting the "C" back at the top of the sign. Fixed, it now reads: "CARAGH'S".

EXT. TAXI - DAY

Anna and Jeremy ride in a cab, following the signs to the AIRPORT. Jeremy is on his phone.

INT. DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Anna and Jeremy are boarding their flight back home. As Anna approaches the GATE AGENT, she HESITATES. Jeremy looks at her. Everything okay? Anna snaps out of it and hands the agent her ticket.

INT. AER LINGUS 747 - DAY

Anna looks out the window as the plane TAKES OFF. Dublin shrinks away, and they are out over the water. Then she LOWERS THE WINDOW SHADE SHUT.

FADE OUT.

EXT. THE WATERFORD - DAY

The streets of Boston are crowded with life. And the Waterford gleams above it all.

INT. THE WATERFORD - 15B - DAY

A HOUSEWARMING PARTY is underway for Anna and Jeremy in their new dream apartment. Expensively dressed COUPLES mingle and admire the expensively decorated apartment.

The doorbell rings. Anna and Jeremy greet LIBBY and her husband RON (40's) and their KIDS.

LIBBY
Congratulations!!!

Libby gives Anna an excited hug.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
(to Ron)
Honey. Look at this place! Did I tell you
it was perfect?

RON
(to Jeremy)
You're making me look bad, man.

Jeremy laughs as they walk past.

INT. THE WATERFORD - 15B - DAY

All the guests admire the new place. We find Jeremy and Anna giving a little tour to their friends, MARGO and DAVID (30's).

JEREMY

And watch this ...

He holds a UNIVERSAL REMOTE. And when he pushes a button, a very large FLATSCREEN TV RISES UP OUT OF WHAT LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY CREDENZA. Magical. David salivates.

DAVID

We need one of these.

MARGO

Fine, as soon as you put in a walk-in closet for me like Anna got.

(to Anna)

Between that and the rock, every woman here will go home sufficiently jealous.

She points out the VERY LARGE DIAMOND on Anna's hand. It seems Jeremy has since upgraded her ring.

MARGO (CONT'D)

That's from Beacon Hill, isn't it?

JEREMY

I upgraded her. Ring 2.0.

He laughs.

MARGO

Well we're so happy for you guys. We were thinking you were one of those "evolved" couples who'd never get married. And then you'd have to register your kids for school and have all those different last names going on -- so messy.

ANNA

We were just waiting for the right time.

DAVID

Uhp -- she gave you the ultimatum, didn't she?

Anna looks shocked. Margo swats at him.

MARGO

David!

JEREMY

Nope. Did it all on my own. It's a funny story. When I was in Dublin, when the board called to tell us we were getting the apartment? Well, they asked if we were planning on getting married. Apparently they prefer to have married couples living here, something about showing them you're taking your commitment to the apartment and the building seriously.

Anna looks at Jeremy, confused. This is news to her.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Anyway next thing I know I just blurted out, "we're getting engaged"! Just like that! I didn't even have to think about it! It was like, 'sure it's kind of crazy but you know what?', it's right!

He holds up Anna's hand with the ring.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Ta-dah!

Everyone laughs, except for Anna.

ANNA

You didn't tell me that.

JEREMY

Sure I did.

ANNA

So -- you proposed to me so we could have the apartment?

JEREMY

We already had the apartment. I proposed to you so we could have everything.

He leans in and kisses her.

MARGO

Awww...

Jeremy leads Margo and David over to see the view. Anna hangs back alone, still processing this.

JIM (O.S.)

Look at this place. I'm afraid to put my drink down anywhere!

Anna turns to see her father.

ANNA

Oh, hey dad! Didn't see you come in.

She gives him a kiss.

JIM

Well! So Grandma Jane was right -- you went all the way to Ireland and you came back engaged! Your mom would've thought that was hysterical...

Anna smiles.

JIM (CONT'D)

At least you can say I gave you one good piece of advice in your life.

ANNA

C'mon, that's not true ...

JIM

Nice try. Remember, I'm the bullshitter in the family. I know I wasn't much of a role model for you girls with all this stuff. I mean, I'm a love at first sight kind of guy -- right or wrong, I can't help myself. That's just the way I'm wired. But thank god you turned out different. You're more sensible. Practical. And now look what you have to show for it.

ANNA

(unsure)

What?

Jim laughs and gestures at the grand apartment.

JIM

Everything you ever wanted, that's all!

Anna nods, but she doesn't look so convinced.

JIM (CONT'D)

Congratulations. You know all I ever wanted was for you girls to be happy.

ANNA

You did your best, dad. I know that.

JIM

That's the scary part, isn't it?

He laughs. Anna still looks a little distracted.

JIM (CONT'D)

You are happy, right?

Anna looks around. Takes a little too long to answer.

ANNA

Yes. I'm happy.

Jim studies her. He's not convinced, but as always, he's all talk.

JIM

Okay, Banana.

He gives her a kiss on top of her head. She hugs him, suddenly emotional, and holds on a bit too long for his comfort. He steps back.

JIM (CONT'D)

Oh hey, I wanna thank you again for that BlackBerry thingie. You know I can get six hundred dollars for it on ebay?

Anna tries to bring up a smile.

ANNA

Good. That's great, dad.

JIM

I'm kidding!

He rattles his empty glass.

JIM (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get a refill.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

Anna sits on the edge of the gorgeous tub, and takes a deep breath. She seems overwhelmed. And conflicted.

She looks at herself: Come on, get it together.

She brushes some wrinkles from her dress and stands.

And that's when she hears the SIRENS.

Anna opens the door. She sees Jeremy hustling into the bedroom.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

Jeremy quickly grabs some items from his night stand. The SIRENS are much louder now. Along with an ALARM SOUND coming from inside the building.

JEREMY

Shit shit shit ...

ANNA

What's going on?

JEREMY

(really annoyed)

The fire department's here. There's a gas leak in one of the apartments so we've all got to evacuate. Unbelievable!

ANNA

(confused)

What?

Jeremy hurries out of the room. Anna follows.

INT. THE WATERFORD - 15B - DAY

As their friends and family hustle out to the stairs, Jeremy starts grabbing some items from various rooms.

JEREMY

They said it should be okay by tonight, but I'm not taking any chances. I got my computer and insurance papers and cash and -- Where's my new laptop??

He rushes into the other room. Anna slowly wanders out into the hall.

JEREMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Grab -- I don't know --- your jewelry, your good bags -- anything else you want just in case it all goes up ...

He crosses back into the hall, arms carrying more stuff.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Where the hell is my Kindle ...?

He goes into the bedroom.

Anna looks around the place. All this stuff. She slowly sits down on a chair in the living room. Can't believe this is really happening.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Anna, they want us out, like, now!

She watches Jeremy scurry around the apartment, grabbing as much as he can.

Anna looks very calm. She just stands up. And slowly walks out.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Hey, could you grab the Bang and Olufsen thingie in the kitchen?

He walks out, arms loaded with possessions.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Anna -- Anna?

She's gone.

EXT. DINGLE - DAY

Caragh's Tavern has been all cleaned up and looks great. It also looks quite busy. Locals crowd the place for lunch.

INT. CARAGH'S - KITCHEN - DAY

Declan is finishing up for the afternoon. Plating the last entrees: a DUCK and a FILET OF COD. Our WAITER enters to pick them up.

DECLAN

These are the last ones, yeah?

WAITER

That's it.

The waiter exits and Declan EXHALES. He begins to CLEAN UP, shut down the burners, return things to the walk-in. The Waiter RETURNS, holding a plate of UNTOUCHED CHICKEN.

WAITER (CONT'D)

'Scuse me Chef, diner sent their chicken back.

DECLAN

What?

WAITER

They says it's dry.

Declan looks at the plate, thoroughly offended.

DECLAN
It ain't dry. It ain't even eaten.

WAITER
(shrugs)
They says they want somethin' else.

Declan scowls. Snaps the plate away from him.

DECLAN
Yeah? I'll give 'em somethin' else.

INT. CARAGH'S - PUB - DAY

Declan bursts through the swinging door to see ... Anna. Seated at a table in the center of the room. He stops, stunned. The CUSTOMERS grow quiet. She waves awkwardly, but can't suppress the smile on her face. She stands.

Declan approaches her. His guard is up. He's gruff.

DECLAN
What are you doing here?

ANNA
I was sort of hoping for "hello".

DECLAN
Hello. What're you doing here?

ANNA
Could you maybe be nice for a second? I did fly three thousand miles to get here. Plus a taxi ride. We didn't run into any sheep though which really did cut the travel time down ...

DECLAN
Oh is Jeremy with you.

ANNA
What? No.

DECLAN
You said "we".

ANNA
I meant me. Just me. Jeremy and I broke up.

Declan relaxes a bit. Looks a bit ashamed.

DECLAN
Oh. I'm -- I'm sorry.

ANNA

Yeah, well. When my sixty seconds came around, I realized ... I had everything I ever wanted ... but nothing I really needed.

The CUSTOMERS are now fixated on the action. Declan opens his mouth to speak, but Anna keeps going.

ANNA (CONT'D)

And this is definitely a little crazy but I've logged about ten thousand miles trying to propose to someone, so that's what I'm going to do. And I know it's not Leap Day but I'm still hoping for a yes.

She takes a breath. Everyone in the place hangs on her words. She looks really nervous. This is a big leap for her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Declan Brady -- and I should probably learn your middle name -- I know it was only two days, but I think what I need is right here. And I came back to see if maybe you might think that too. And if you do, well ... well I don't have anything really planned past that, which is a new one for me.

She smiles.

ANNA (CONT'D)

But I propose we ... *not* make plans. I propose we give this a chance and just let it work out how it works out.

She exhales.

ANNA (CONT'D)

So what do you say? Do you want to not make plans with me?

It's dead silent. Everyone awaits his response. And he just turns and WALKS AWAY. BACK INTO THE KITCHEN. No one says a word. Anna looks like she's been punched, but tries to cover the shame.

ANNA (CONT'D)

So no. Okay.
(attempts a laugh)
I should, uh, go.

She turns and walks quickly out of Caragh's.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A shell-shocked and mortified Anna exits Caragh's and walks out into the street.

ANNA

Oh my god. That was awful, why did I do that ...?

Tears spring to her eyes. She walks faster.

DECLAN (O.S.)

OI!

She stops.

DECLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You call that a proposal?

She turns around to see Declan, in front of the tavern,
DOWN ON ONE KNEE IN THE STREET.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Ten thousand miles and that's all you got?

ANNA

What are you -- ?

DECLAN

What, you're gonna make me crawl over to you on one knee?

ANNA

No, I -- you said no.

DECLAN

I didn't say no. I didn't say anything.

ANNA

You walked away!

DECLAN

I was getting something, will you just get over here already?!

Anna steps closer, tentative.

ANNA

What were you getting?

He holds up what he has in his hand. Anna steps closer -- and see's it's the CLADDAGH RING.

DECLAN

I was getting this, you idiot.

Anna smiles, really?

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Honestly Squid, a couple of days was all I needed. So hell no, I don't want to "not make plans" with you. I want to put this ring on your finger. Right now. Tonight.

Anna beams, near tears.

ANNA

You do?

Declan stands, takes her hand and slips the ring onto her finger. Looks down at her and smiles.

DECLAN

I do.

And they KISS. A most spectacular kiss. They break apart. Declan looks at her, waiting for his answer.

ANNA

I do too.

He sweeps her up into a HUG and then sets her down.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm so relieved. For a minute there I thought I wasn't going to have a place to stay tonight.

DECLAN

What, you think you're staying with me? All right, but it's gonna cost you extra.

ANNA

Add it to my bill.

They kiss again. The crowd gathered on the street CHEERS and APPLAUDS. Joe and Seamus are there too.

JOE

Look at that. And on a Sunday no less. It's good luck to get engaged on a Sunday.

SEAMUS

Aye. And end a journey ...

JOE
And dig a well!

SEAMUS
Eejit! Do they look like they're diggin'
a well?!

JOE
Argh!

SEAMUS
Arrghh!!

And Anna and Declan continue to KISS like it's the first
time and the last time. Like they belong together.

MUSIC UP. THE END.