

G R A B B E R S

by

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Production Draft
November 10, 2010

Production Draft - PINK
Revised, November 16, 2010

Production Draft - BLUE
Revised, November 19, 2010

Production Draft - YELLOW
Revised, November 28, 2010

Production Draft - GREEN
Revised, December 10, 2010

Production Draft - GOLD
Revised, January 28, 2011

FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Across the inky swell, a river of moonlight cuts a path to a lonely fishing tug drifting with the tide. THE MERRY WIDOW.

INT. MERRY WIDOW GALLEY - NIGHT

A light bulb waltzes with the sway of the boat. Three shabby Irish fishermen unwind after dinner, playing cards.

The eldest and scruffiest (the SKIPPER) reveals his hand to a young deckhand (GREG). Read 'em and weep.

GREG

You can't be serious?

Laughing, the Skipper unspools himself from the cramped table as he and ROY, the bloated first-mate, clamber above deck.

GREG

Every bloody night.

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Roy and the Skipper check the hauled in nets, until ...

A SILENT ARC OF LIGHT SLICES ACROSS THE SKY. It careens downwards in a furious trajectory and --

BOOM!! A mile off their port it collides with the sea.

ROY

Did you see that?

SKIPPER

... Yeah.

ROY

A flare?

The Skipper watches the water. Unsure.

Greg leaps on deck brandishing a clutch of cards.

GREG

Ye cheated! There's five aces! I counted 'em!

The Skipper brushes past Greg, distracted.

SKIPPER

Secure the lines.

Greg looks to Roy.

GREG

Not so funny now, huh?

Roy plucks one of the five aces from Greg's hand and flips it over. Its backing is red.

ROY

It's from a different deck, ya muppet.

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

GREG

... Shite.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Foam rises as bubbles crest violently. Closing in, the Merry Widow casts its searchlight across the churning surf.

INT. PILOTHOUSE / EXT. OCEAN

The Skipper steers carefully, holding a radio mic.

SKIPPER

(into mic)

Haven Point. Haven Point. Haven Point. This is Fishing tug Merry Widow. Call sign echo whiskey niner ait fife. Position five nautical miles west of Erin Island. Responding to unknown distress flare. Over.

The Skipper pulls back on the throttle, sloshing to a stop.

He taps the sonar screen. A hazy shadow engulfs the readout.

SKIPPER

Definitely something ...

ROY (O.S.)

Over there!

Roy shines his flashlight over the rail.

ROY

There's something in the water!

Suddenly Roy wheels overboard, yanked into the murky sea.

The Skipper drops the mic and rushes to the rail with Greg.

SKIPPER

Roy!

Roy's glowing flashlight bobs in the water.

SKIPPER

Can you see him?!

A hundred yards off on the opposite starboard side, far behind them, Roy surfaces SCREAMING!

Greg and the Skipper rush to the starboard rail.

Roy's gurgled, tortured cries mist in the air.

The Skipper snaps into action. Seconds count.

SKIPPER

Don't lose him!

Greg points, fixing Roy's position.

The Skipper grabs a lifebuoy, lights it up and throws.

SKIPPER

Roy! Don't panic, mate. Swim for the buoy!

GREG

C'mon, Roy, kick!

Roy's head strains the surface, his arms flailing in agonised spasms ...

... And then silence as he goes under. The sound of water sloshes and laps against the hull.

The Skipper stares hopelessly at the water. Greg's pointed hand trembles. He lowers it.

The Skipper shoves a lifejacket into Greg's chest.

SKIPPER

Put it on.

GREG

What happened?

SKIPPER

Just do it, boy.

Greg does, fumbling.

The Skipper loads a flare gun and aims it overhead -- WHOOSH!
The glowing red beacon graffities the starry sky.

COASTGUARD (O.S.)

(via radio)

Merry Widow. Merry Widow. This is
Coastguard Haven Point. Please
respond. Over.

SKIPPER

Radio a mayday!

(off Greg's hesitation)

Move!

Greg scrambles back to the helm --

INT. PILOTHOUSE / MAIN DECK - INTERCUT

-- and snatches the radio mic.

GREG

(into mic)

Mayday-Mayday-Mayday.

(searches chart)

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

The Skipper scans the glassy sea with a flashlight.

SKIPPER

ROY?! ROY?!

Subtly at first, the buoy's bight of rope twinges. The
Skipper sees it. His eyes narrow --

-- it jerks like a fishing line. The Skipper grabs it and
reels it in.

SKIPPER

C'mon, Roy, mate. Fight.

UNDERWATER

The buoy's rope moves towards the boat.

INT. PILOTHOUSE - NIGHT

Suddenly the trawler keels steeply. Greg grips the fittings
for support as debris rains on him.

GREG

Jesus Christ!

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

Water laps over Greg's feet as the boat rights itself. Greg surveys the flooded deck. The Skipper's gone.

GREG
(into mic)
Please hurry.

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

Greg drops the mic and edges outside.

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

The deck swims with water. Greg holds his breath, listening.

GREG
Skipper?

The abandoned C.B. mic swings to and fro. Almost playfully.

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

Greg rounds the pilothouse, breathing heavily.

Suddenly what looks like a weird, headless black snake feels its way towards his boots. Greg turns and bolts.

He scrambles to the stern amongst the nets and snatches a gutting-knife with both hands.

Trapped against the rail, panting, he prays for help but --
-- HE'S DRAGGED OVERBOARD. His legs round in the air as he cascades into the sea.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Just beyond the Merry Widow, he surfaces gasping.

GREG
Oh Jesus. Oh Jesus. Oh Jes--

He's gone.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

In the moonlight the isolated Merry Widow reposes mournfully.

G R A B B E R S

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

CIARÁN O'SHEA lies face down on a sofa. His bed for the night. He gropes a dry bottle of whiskey as a mobile phone RINGS. He stirs awake. It's no surprise he looks like shite, but to be fair he's not bad looking after a wash.

O'SHEA

Uh ... Yeah?

Someone we'll meet later as SGT KENIFICK replies.

KENIFICK'S VOICE

(via speaker phone)

O'Shea, I take it you've left already because if you haven't, you're late. That ferry gets in at nine.

O'Shea rises, eyes closed. Mouth dry.

KENIFICK'S VOICE

Where are you?

O'SHEA

... On the way.

KENIFICK'S VOICE

So you're in the car?

O'SHEA

... Yeah ...

KENIFICK'S VOICE

So you're driving while on the phone?!

O'SHEA

... No.

KENIFICK'S VOICE

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

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

EXT. O'SHEA'S HOUSE - MORNING

An isolated house at the foothills of a mountain. A white Garda patrol jeep leaves the scene and --

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - MORNING

-- rambles along the sunny coast. At the wheel, O'Shea is a very hungover, droopy eyed Garda.

EXT. ERIN ISLAND - MORNING

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

EXT. MARINA FERRY DOCK - DAY

Colourful crowds of FAMILIES (TEENS, KIDS, PARENTS) file onto the MAINLAND FERRY as it lies moored in the harbour.

GARDA LISA NOLAN hustles through the masses dragging a trolley bag and passing a sign that reads:

OILEÁN ÉIRINN, CÉAD MÍLE FÁILTE
Welcome to Erin Island

Lisa opens a map and wrestles with it in the wind. Soon defeated, it blows out of her hands.

LISA

Shit!

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

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

O'SHEA

Well?

LISA

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

O'SHEA

You're not serious?

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

LISA

Yeah, well. Just being polite.

O'SHEA

Are ya gettin' in or what?

LISA

I have a bag.

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

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Tyres SPLASH and CRASH in the war against potholes.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The jeep follows the mountain road ...

INT. PATROL JEEP - DAY

Wincing, O'Shea hugs the wheel feeling every agonising bump. A locket of Lisa's slick ponytail comes undone. She quickly yanks it back giving herself a face lift in the process.

O'Shea belches under his breath and Lisa flinches. She pulls a packet of mints from her bag.

LISA

Would you like a mint?

O'Shea stares at them, then at her. Barely reading the road.

O'SHEA

Nah thanks, they give me heartburn.

He belches again as they jostle over another pothole. Lisa drops her window and her hair erupts in the sea breeze.

EXT. GARDA STATION - DAY

O'Shea and Lisa arrive at the station. Home from home.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Across the grassy dunes, DR JIM GLEESON walks his dog. For a health practitioner, he just preaches. He flings a stick for his eager collie and it gallops over a dune.

Dr Gleeson follows, rising over the hill and stops cold as he sees across the strand: A POD OF PILOT WHALES LAY BEACHED.

INT. GARDA STATION - DAY

SGT KENIFICK wipes a thumb along his desk. On the verge of retirement he looks more like tourist in his sunshine holiday garb. He rises to greet O'Shea and Lisa.

KENIFICK

Garda Nolan, lovely to have you.
O'Shea, you look like shite. Would
you go way and shave.

O'SHEA

(re. Kenifick's clothes)
A bit eager aren't ya?

KENIFICK

(to Lisa)
Smooth crossing?

LISA

Smoothen than most.

O'SHEA

Coffee?

LISA

That'd be great, thanks.

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

KENIFICK

So what do you think of the place?

LISA

It's gorgeous, isn't it?

KENIFICK

'Tis indeed.

O'SHEA

And quiet as shite.

Kenifick and Lisa glance at O'Shea.

O'SHEA

(to Lisa)
Milk?

LISA

Uhm, what kind?

O'SHEA

Cows.

O'Shea and Lisa consider each other. Lines firmly drawn.

LISA

I'll take it black, thanks.

Kenifick's mobile RINGS and he silences it.

KENIFICK

So you can have my desk while I'm gone. O'Shea will tell you, 'tis mostly administrative, processing permits and that sort. You might catch the odd bit of commotion every now and then but half the island's leaving for the show in Hungary so it'll be dead all weekend.

LISA

I'm sure we can find something to do.

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

LISA

Ta.

She takes it and sits at her desk, feeling her surroundings.

O'SHEA

(whispered to Kenifick)

Is she really necessary?

KENIFICK

You tell me.

Lisa carefully arranges her desk how she likes it. Neat.

O'SHEA

You're only gone two weeks. I can handle two weeks.

KENIFICK

You could. But you wouldn't.

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

KENIFICK

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

His phone RINGS again.

KENIFICK

I'm coming, I'm coming. Right, I'm off.

LISA

Not a bother.

KENIFICK

Rightio. Reports and files in the top drawer, anything you need, O'Shea will be here to show you round. O'Shea?

O'SHEA

You're gonna miss your boat.

KENIFICK

Slán.

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

Kenifick barges back in and O'Shea falls over himself to straighten up, burning himself with his coffee.

KENIFICK

Won't go far with no tickets. See you in a fortnight. Be good.

He snatches them and leaves. O'Shea recovers and notices Lisa stifling a smile. The office phone RINGS and O'Shea sluggishly reaches for it. But Lisa beats him to it.

LISA

Garda Nolan.

EXT. FISHING PORT (BY MAHER'S PUB) - DAY

At the dock PADDY BARRETT sorts his lobster traps. All he's short is a parrot and a wooden leg.

His traps appear empty, some mangled, but before he can protest one of the oblong traps leaps. He watches it and like a magic trick it leaps again.

He squats down and gazes between the seaweed strewn cage. Nothing to be seen thanks to the seaweed. He prods it and lo, it shifts violently. Hopping mad.

Paddy rises, wipes his frowning forehead with his cap and gestures to a fisherman packing ice crates on the dock.

TADHG MURPHY saunters over. An alpha male in a beta body.

PADDY

Take a look at this.

Paddy gently kicks the lobster trap, spurring it. On cue, it haphazardly jumps across the wet dock. Tadhg snickers.

TADHG

He's a biggun.

PADDY

He's not a lobster.

TADHG

Then what is it?

Paddy shrugs. Tadhg kneels down and peers inside.

SPLAT! A GEYSER OF GOO SPRAYS IN HIS FACE! Tadhg staggers to his feet, spitting furiously.

TADHG

Oh ya bastard, Paddy! Ya knew it was gonna do that.

PADDY

I didn't. On me life.

Tadhg wipes away the slime with his sweater.

TADHG

Eurgh, the smell.

PADDY

So what is it?

TADHG

I dunno, it's a feckin octopus or something, it's covered in seaweed. But 'tis no feckin' lobster!

Tadhg stomps off.

PADDY

An octopus?

Paddy considers the lobster trap, eyes flashing.

INT. PATROL JEEP - DAY

Lisa drives safely, under the limit. A turning approaches.

LISA

Do I go...?

O'Shea waits for the last second.

O'SHEA
... Left.

Lisa turns sharply, amusing O'Shea.

O'SHEA
So you're after the sarge's desk?

LISA
What makes you say that?

O'SHEA
Just wondering.

LISA
Well, I'm not. I'd some holidays saved that needed to be taken and this posting came up and I thought sure what harm, why not? Can't hurt with the review board, you know?

O'Shea nods, sussing her out.

O'SHEA
Where are you stationed?

LISA
Dublin Central.

O'SHEA
And how's that working out for ya?

LISA
Great. We got drugs, muggings, murders and rapes. Always on the go.

O'SHEA
Well you can relax, there's none of that here.

LISA
You never know. It's the quiet places where all the mad shit happens. Just open a paper.

O'Shea smirks out his window. Lisa notices.

LISA
What?

O'SHEA

I bet you haven't missed a day of
work in your life.

LISA

And should I be ashamed of that?

O'SHEA

It's just a job.

Arriving at the beach, Lisa parks sharply sending O'Shea
colliding with the dashboard. He recovers, stunned.

LISA

Seatbelt. It is the law.

EXT. BEACH ROAD - DAY

O'Shea and Lisa get out of the parked jeep.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

O'Shea and Lisa trundle past some ONLOOKERS (folks we'll
party with later) and head towards the whales. They plough
forward until they're upon Dr Gleeson.

DR GLEESON

In all me years, never seen
anything like it.

O'SHEA

Lisa Nolan, doctor Jim Gleeson.
Resident physician.

DR GLEESON

Oh hello, love. How are ya?

LISA

Grand, thanks.

O'SHEA

You wouldn't have any Aspirin on ya,
would ya, Jim?

DR GLEESON

I've a few winegums? Would ya like
a winegum?

O'SHEA

You're all right.

Lisa moves deeper down the beach and O'Shea follows.

LISA
I'd prefer it if you'd introduce me
as Garda Nolan.

O'SHEA
Ah, no one minds.

LISA
I do.

Lisa marches on, staggering awkwardly in the soft sand.

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

O'SHEA
What happened?

SMITH
(writing in a pad)
One second.

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

SMITH
Smith.

LISA
Lisa.

O'Shea stares at her. Typical.

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

SMITH
No. It's marine ecology.

O'Shea shrugs, whatever.

LISA
That was quick.

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

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

SMITH

Hold this, please.

O'Shea doesn't have a choice. Smith walks the length of the whales, stepping around Lisa and touching her as he goes.

SMITH

So how long are you here?

LISA

Two weeks.

SMITH

Oh, wonderful. Wonderful. Are you staying nearby?

O'Shea interrupts, deliberately:

O'SHEA

So are they dead?!

SMITH

Hmm? No, they're just sleeping.

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

O'SHEA

Slipped.

O'Shea and Smith trade looks.

LISA

So what happened?

SMITH

Well they're pilot whales. It happens with them from time to time but no one really knows why.

Lisa notes deep spider-vein gashes on the whales' bodies as if they were whipped with a huge cat-o'-nine-tails.

LISA

What are those marks?

SMITH

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

LISA

They didn't beach themselves?

SMITH

No, they died at sea.

O'SHEA

All of them? At once?

SMITH

It's a strange one all right.

O'Shea considers the ocean before him.

EXT. PADDY'S HOUSE - DAY

A charming little shithole.

INT. PADDY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Paddy kicks open the bathroom door. He plugs the bathtub and lets the tap run, filling it.

He shuffles out and returns wearing a welders mask and dragging the lobster trap. He lifts the trap over the bath rim and drops it into the bath water where it BUBBLES.

He removes his mask and peers in at it. What the feck?

EXT. DERELICT SITE - DAY

A dilapidated mill, long since operational. A sign reads "KEEP OUT". The jeep pulls up and O'Shea and Lisa step out.

O'SHEA

Hey, Daly, Cooney about?

On the rim of a demolished "pit" DALY points to a ramp. Years of labouring have turned Daly into one big freckle. O'Shea follows Daly's directions up a ramp towards the demolished frame of a building.

Daly elbows his MATE, ogling Lisa.

DALY

Now that is one arresting woman.

DALY'S MATE WOLF-WHISTLES. Appalled, Lisa whips out her notepad and pencil.

LISA

You, what's your name?

DALY'S MATE

(Polish accent)

Przemyslaw Wojciechowski.

Lisa closes her pad. Forget it.

LISA

Carry on.

In the pit DECLAN COONEY directs Daly. Although it's not possible, Cooney appears pregnant.

O'SHEA

Busy?

COONEY

Nah, just stripping an oil tank.
This place is a death trap sure.

O'SHEA

I've warned the kids to keep out.

Cooney walks along a horizontal ladder towards O'Shea.

Alone and wandering, Lisa steps into the path of a JCB with a big mechanical claw but still gets splashed by chalky muck that stain her polished boots.

LISA

Watch where you're going.

Cooney and O'Shea stroll down the ramp.

COONEY

Where's Kenifick?

O'SHEA

On holiday. Leaving me up the creek.

COONEY

Why? What's up?

Behind O'Shea the JCB Claw grabs some scrap from the "pit".

O'SHEA

Well, remember that favour you owe me? I'm looking for some boys to help move a few things off the beach. An hours work, tops.

COONEY

What kinda things?

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

"BEACH CLOSED" signs jut out of the rain soaked sand as Cooney, Daly and some HELPERS winch the last of the whales onto a JCB DUMP TRUCK, working in the rain.

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

COONEY

That'll do, boys. Pack it up.

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

COONEY

Don't forget the shovels.

DALY

I got 'em.

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

DALY

-- What in the name of...?

Daly rises, shocked by whatever it is he sees until -- BAM! A tentacle grabs onto Daly's foot and whips his weight out from under him. He collides with the wet sand. Winded.

EXT. BEACH PROMENADE - NIGHT

Cooney throws the ropes and tools into the car boot.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

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

DALY

HELP! HELP ME!!

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

INT./EXT. COONEY'S CAR - NIGHT

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

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Cooney scans the shore and finds the mislaid tools.

COONEY

Daly?

INT./EXT. COONEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Cooney sits back at the wheel, one leg resting outside his door, holding out for Daly's return as something moves in on his ankle.

Not a second to spare Cooney pulls his foot inside, shuts the door and drives off. But the car stalls, snagged on something. He steps out, kneels and gazes under the chassis.

BAM! He's dragged under face first, feet thrashing. The car rocks, the RADIO serenading his demise and the AIRBAG DEPLOYS.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

O'Shea leans on the counter, a whiskey before him. Avuncular proprietor BRIAN MAHER watches from behind the counter.

ON A PUB TV: the white helicopter of the Coastguard circles the Merry Widow boat. Footage taken earlier in the day.

RTE REPORTER (V.O.)

(over TV images)

-- search and rescue was called off as a search and recover operation became priority. A telling sign that the missing fishermen are believed to have perished.

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

LISA

Hi, do you have an iron?

BRIAN

We do indeed.

Brian moves to get it and Lisa spots O'Shea, throwing her. Shoeless, she rises up on her toes. Gaining two inches.

LISA

Hi.

An awkward silence.

O'SHEA

Would you like a drink?

UNA MAHER eavesdrops while wiping the counter. Una has a face you could confide in, but shouldn't.

LISA
Another time, maybe.

Brian hands Lisa the iron.

LISA
Thanks.
(to O'Shea)
See you tomorrow.

O'SHEA
Tomorrow's Sunday.

LISA
Oh, right. Well, I have a key so
... see you Monday then.

She walks off and Una moves in, wiping under O'Shea's drink.

UNA
Sparks flying there, huh.

O'SHEA
What?

UNA
Do you like her?

O'SHEA
She's all right. A bit uptight.

UNA
You should talk to her.

O'SHEA
I do talk to her. I talked to her
all day.

UNA
God, ye're all the same.

BRIAN
Ah leave him off, Una.

UNA
Listen to you.
(to O'Shea; about Brian)
Eight years I was waiting for him
to get down on his knee. Have ya
ever heard the like of it? My
family thought I was mad wasting me
time on him.

BRIAN
Ah feck them.

UNA
Ah feck you, Brian.

Una shuffles off.

BRIAN
Same again?

O'SHEA
Go on.

BRIAN
I tell you what though if I
weren't, you know, I'd be up them
stairs like a shot.

Brian feels Una's stare from across the bar. He smiles at her, placating.

Grinning to himself at the far end of the counter, Paddy fixes O'Shea's stare.

O'SHEA
What is it, Paddy?

PADDY
Wouldn't you like to know?

O'SHEA
No, not really.

O'Shea turns back to his drink.

PADDY
But you would, though.

O'SHEA
Nope.

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

O'SHEA
All right, tell us then.

Paddy shuffles closer, all excited.

PADDY
Right, between you and me, I caught
meself a sea monster today.

PADDY (CONT'D)

Swear to God, may he strike me
down.

(off O'Shea)

Ya don't believe me?

O'SHEA

Not a bit.

PADDY

I'm no liar!

Brian snickers in the corner.

BRIAN

Ha!

PADDY

Feck off, you.

O'SHEA

All right, where is it?

PADDY

In me bathtub.

O'SHEA

In your bathtub?

PADDY

Having a bath.

O'SHEA

G'night, Paddy.

O'Shea downs his drink and saunters off.

PADDY

Ignorant gobshite.

O'SHEA

(stops, turns back)

What?

PADDY

Hmm?

O'SHEA

What did you say?

PADDY

Nothin'. Didn't open me mouth.

BRIAN

He called you a gobshite.

PADDY

(to Brian)

You see you, if this wasn't the
only feckin' pub on this shittin'
island I'd piss on it than sooner
come in here.

BRIAN

Fine. You're barred.

Paddy thinks a moment, then cracks a smile.

PADDY

Ah I'm joking, you know that. One
more, huh?

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

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

O'Shea removes a small hip flask from his pocket and drains
it. Coughs. Composes himself and approaches ROOM #3.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa regards her chalk-stained boots. She brushes some of
the dirt off them, sighs and returns to ironing her uniform.
A KNOCK comes to her door and she opens it to find O'Shea.

LISA

Is everything all right?

She glances down the hallway. O'Shea looks too, confused.

O'SHEA

What is it?

LISA

(realises)

What do you want?

O'SHEA

Come on down for a drink.

LISA

I have work tomorrow.

O'SHEA

It doesn't matter out here. No one
will know.

LISA

You're drunk.

O'SHEA

I am not. I'm sober as a judge.

O'Shea slumps against the door, reclining casually. Or so he imagines.

LISA

Is that so? Say the alphabet backwards for me.

O'SHEA

... Zed ... Et cetera.

LISA

I hope you're not driving?

O'SHEA

Course not. I'm taking Johnny's horse.

LISA

You're going to ride a horse while intoxicated?

O'SHEA

Yeah, so? The horse is sober.

LISA

Amazing, and you're in charge here.

O'SHEA

Listen, I think we got off on the wrong foot today.

O'Shea changes weight to his other leg and accidentally kicks over Lisa's side-table.

O'SHEA

Feck.

It clatters to the floor, knocking her toiletries over.

O'SHEA

Sorry.

LISA

It's OK.

He helps her pick them up --

O'SHEA

(notices a 'Stress Ball')
What's that?

Lisa grabs it off him, mortified as he rises with a headrush.

O'SHEA

Whoa, that last drink's gone
straight to me head.

LISA

Just your head?

O'SHEA

Well, other places too.

O'Shea grins suggestively, reading her wrong.

LISA

Do you get this drunk every night?

O'SHEA

Just high days and holidays.

O'Shea rests against the wall. Eyes drooping.

LISA

Let's get you to bed.

O'SHEA

Now you're talking.

EXT. GARDEN PATH - NIGHT

Paddy crashes his bicycle into a fence and staggers in the gate, mumbling something about bastards and fences.

INT. PADDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Paddy pours himself a drink of what looks like homemade potcheen. Still muttering.

THUD! The bathroom door rattles. He looks at it, wide-eyed.

INT. PADDY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The door yawns opens and Paddy creeps in, wearing his welders mask. He gazes into the tub and removes his mask. There just as he left it is the lobster trap, but it's BROKEN.

Paddy leans down and checks the trap as behind him reflected through the slimy residue of his bathroom cabinet's mirror something black and slithery crawls up the wall behind him.

We see it but Paddy doesn't until a HISS. Paddy turns and the GRABBER spits a barbed tongue and whips itself onto his face. Paddy slams against the bathroom mirror, as if leveled by a punch. The mirror shatters, obscuring the scuffle.

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

PADDY

You dirty ...

Paddy stamps on it, whatever it is. Again and again, until out of breath, he staggers from the bathroom. A moment later he returns with a standing lamp and continues beating it. Over and over and over until he's exhausted.

PADDY

Bastard.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

The warm glow of light from within would attract every moth within a mile if it were a dry Summer's night, but it's not. It's raining and it's attracting something far more sinister.

INT. BEDROOM / BUNGALOW - NIGHT

IRENE MURPHY, cocooned in a bathrobe and slippers, snatches a pair of socks and a sweater off the floor. Muttering, she sniffs the sweater and recoils. It reeks.

On a mission she marches through the open plan home passing Fisherman Tadhg gazing at the TV.

IRENE

Tadhg, you're stinking. Would you get in the bath already, I can smell you from here.

TADHG

I'm watching this.

IRENE

(to herself)

What were you doing at all today?

Irene enters the kitchen --

EXT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

-- and dumps it in a wash basket for tomorrow's load --

A BANG against the window. Irene startles. She leans, hands cupped around her eyes pressed up against the glass, staring out into the darkness. Any second now she's going to be pulled through ... only not. She tightens her robe instead.

IRENE
(to herself)
God, 'tis blowing a gale out.

TADHG (O.S.)
What?

IRENE
I said 'tis ... nothing. I don't
know why we had to move here.
There was nothing wrong with me
Mam's house.

*

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT./EXT. BUNGALOW / BEDROOM - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Tadhg scoffs, channel hopping with the remote.

TADHG
(to himself)
Apart from your Mam.

Irene appears behind him.

IRENE
What was that?

Tadhg flicks the TV channel onto a 'TREMORS'. (Alternative:
'FAIR CITY' is on.)

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

THUD! Cooney headbutts the door, his head flopping like a
dolls, jaw slack, eyes shut. He's dead. With arms stretched
above his head, weight supported by his intertwined wrists
and feet barely touching ground, something is swinging him.

THUD! Tadhg rouses and clears his throat.

TADHG
Irene?

Irene blow-dries her hair. She pauses to listen.

IRENE

What?

TADHG

Someone's at the door.

IRENE

I'm not dressed.

THUD! Tadhg glances disapprovingly at the clock.

TADHG

All right, all right.

He peers through the door-window. Cooney seems drunk off his ass dirty dancing with the letterbox. Hips swiveling.

TADHG

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

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

IRENE

Don't give that cowboy any money.
He'll only piss it up the wall.

*

Tadhg opens the door.

TADHG

Cooney, you look like death. What are you doing?

Cooney swings suggestively to Tadhg's open mouthed horror.

IRENE

What does he want?

TADHG

(to himself)
To dance?

Irene joins Tadhg at the door. Suddenly Cooney collapses, crumpling like a pile of wet laundry.

IRENE

Jesus.

TADHG

Cooney? Are you all right, mate?

Tadhg steps over Cooney's broken twisted body.

TADHG

Cooney?

Suddenly Tadhg's pounced upon and whipped up out of sight.

IRENE

Tadhg! Tadhg!

Irene chases after him as roof tiles tumble down on her.
HE'S GONE. She scurries inside and locks the door.

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

The TV flickers as the reception falters. Outside the window the satellite dish bounces onto the driveway.

Irene backs through the bungalow, shaking. The violent SCUFFLE on the roof rattling the ceiling light-shade.

IRENE

Honey? Oh God. Oh God.

A WEIRD, PITCHED ROAR takes Irene's breath away. Whatever snatched Tadhg sounds unnatural, huge and mean.

Soot tumbles down the chimney drawing Irene's attention.

She runs and kneels before the fireplace and receives a blast of black soot to the face. She coughs and sputters and reaches up to close the chimney chute. Fumbling, whimpering.

INSIDE THE CHIMNEY CHUTE

Something descends towards her, gaining speed. Irene grabs blindly at the clasp ...

Her eyes dart open. That's not the clasp! She SCREAMS and flies up the chute like a mouse sucked up a Hoover. And as her CRIES die out all that's left in the open fireplace is a pair of orphaned fluffy pink slippers.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - MORNING

Lisa DINGS the reception bell. Una stumbles to her call.

UNA

Good morning. Sleep well?

LISA

Grand, thanks. Do I have something to sign?

UNA

Oh yeah. The big one.

Una grabs her bill and hands it to Lisa.

LISA
How's the weather looking?

UNA
Oh, there's a storm coming.

LISA
Really? Are the gulls flying low
or something?

UNA
No, it's on the telly.

Una gestures to the TV weather report. Lisa smiles. Of course. She fishes out her credit card.

UNA
So, you're working with O'Shea?

LISA
Temporarily.

UNA
He's a nice fella isn't he? Quite
a catch.

LISA
Depends what you're fishing.

Una hands Lisa her receipt to sign and watches her writing.

UNA
Single?
(off Lisa's nod)
So's O'Shea. Well, widowed.

Lisa looks up.

LISA
Widowed?

UNA
Why do you think he's here? Sure
there's no want for him round this
neck of the woods but I suppose he
wanted the peace. Or his superiors
thought he did. He doesn't say,
God love him.

Lisa smiles uncomfortably and hands her receipt to Una.

UNA

So will you be sticking to the same room all week? Because we have a few doubles. There's more room in those, you know yourself.

Una winks knowingly.

LISA

The single room is fine.

UNA

Are you sure now? You never know if you want to *stretch your legs* later on. Give it a week and we'll be booked solid, so we will.

LISA

I'll think about it.

Lisa hightails it.

INT. CELL, GARDA STATION - MORNING

Panned out on a rubber mattress you'd swear O'Shea was dead if he wasn't SNORING like a Granddad.

The heavy cell door flies open and SLAMS off the wall. Lisa stand in the doorway as O'Shea jerks awake.

LISA

Morning.

O'SHEA

Wha..?

LISA

How much does a place like this go for? I mean it's close to the beach, all mod-cons. It's perfect.

O'SHEA

I ... uh, what happened?

LISA

Section four point one of the Public Order Act. It is an offence for any person to be present in any public place while intoxicated to such an extent as would give rise to a reasonable apprehension that the person might endanger themselves or any other in the vicinity.

O'SHEA
You arrested me?!

LISA
For your own good.

O'SHEA
Let me out of here.

LISA
Relax. You passed out before I
could find your house.

The phone RINGS! Lisa picks it up.

LISA
Garda Nolan.

EXT. MARINE CENTRE - MORNING

Paddy escorts O'Shea and Lisa along the short wooden pier,
past the moored yachts and into the marine research centre.

PADDY
So I get a reward for discovering
it, right? A finders fee?

O'SHEA
We'll discuss it later.

PADDY
But I get something, right?

They enter.

INT. LAB - MORNING

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

O'SHEA
Eurgh.

SMITH
Is that your professional opinion?

Smith removes his surgical-mask revealing an excited grin.

PADDY
A Grabber.

O'SHEA
A what?

SMITH

I told you I'm not calling it that.
It needs a binomial nomenclature,
one identifying its genus and class
and once I've figured that out --

PADDY

I discovered it. I get to name it.

Smith smiles at Lisa.

SMITH

Hi.

Lisa smiles at Smith.

LISA

Hi.

O'Shea smiles at Lisa. Mocking.

O'SHEA

Hi.

Lisa's smile drops. Paddy looks confused.

PADDY

(to Lisa)
Hello.

LISA

What is that thing?

SMITH

I haven't a clue. I've never seen
anything like it. It's a completely
foreign species. I can't even begin
to originate or class it.

PADDY

A Grabber.

Smith sighs.

LISA

And this attacked you?

Paddy pulls his collar back exposing his bandaged neck.

PADDY

Stuck on the ceiling, it was. Like
a pancake. Nearly ripped me throat
out.

O'Shea leans in for a closer look of the creature.

O'SHEA
Is it dead?

SMITH
I'm not sure.

O'Shea leans back, and half-steps away too for good measure.

O'SHEA
You're not what?

SMITH
Well basic tests I've done so far
have shown up nothing usual or
normal. It's beyond mystifying.
Really I can't be certain without
opening it up.

Paddy WHACKS it with his walking stick. Nothing.

PADDY
'Tis dead.

SMITH
Would you stop doing that? It
isn't any wonder it bit you.

Lisa stares at its multi-fanged jaws.

LISA
What's that in its mouth?

SMITH
Its tongue. Check it out.

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

LISA
That's not a tongue.

O'SHEA
It's a weapon.

PADDY
It spits like a frog and strangles
ya. Whippet fast, and sharp.

SMITH
I'm guessing it bleeds its prey
like a leech. Consuming the blood,
like some sort of vampiro toothis.

O'SHEA

Vampiro what?

SMITH

Toothis. It's a rare deep sea squid but this isn't that, not in Irish waters. No, this is something totally different. Something ... alien.

(off their looks)

In that it's undocumented.

PADDY

It's gotta be worth a fortune.

SMITH

But here's the thing...

Smith picks up a sponge, daubs it in a tray of water and --

SMITH

-- When I tried to clean some dirt off of it --

PADDY

I stood on it a few times.

SMITH

-- this happened --

-- he delicately dabs the tip of a tentacle. The Grabber's skin reacts, rehydrating. Smith watches it expectantly.

Suddenly the tip twitches. Smith smiles at them.

SMITH

All this thing needs to survive is blood ... and water.

O'Shea frowns, watching it.

PADDY

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

SMITH

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

O'SHEA

She?

SMITH

Yeah, it's a female from what I can tell.

PADDY

How can you tell?

SMITH

It's got no testicles.

A long silence, Paddy nods. I see.

SMITH

And ... she was pregnant.

He reveals an EGG SPAWN. Gelatine and gooey. Inside is a baby Grabber; a Jack-in-the-box type creature aka a JUMPER.

LISA

That's disgusting.

Lisa recoils: it stinks. Smith toys with it, marveling.

SMITH

We're dealing with something extraordinary here. And if it looks like this when it hatches, then this species nests on land.

O'Shea and Lisa share a look. Uh oh.

INT./EXT. PATROL JEEP - DAY

O'Shea switches gears as they make their way along the coast.

LISA

Do you reckon those things had anything to do with those dead whales?

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

LISA

What is it?

O'SHEA

That's Declan Cooney's car.

EXT. BEACH PROMENADE - DAY

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

O'SHEA

Cooney?!

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

LISA

Where could he be?

O'SHEA

Nowhere without his keys. Do you believe in coincidences?

LISA

Not really.

O'SHEA

Neither do I.

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

O'SHEA

Come on.

LISA

Where are we going?

O'SHEA

When you're looking for answers you gotta go asking questions.

He walks off. Lisa's impressed.

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

Lisa steps over some broken slate tiles and rings the DOORBELL. No one's home. O'Shea spies in the window to the

LIVING ROOM

Lisa copies him. They notice: all the house lights are on.

O'SHEA

All the lights are on.

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

O'Shea turns and bumps into Lisa, behind him. She steps aside. O'Shea smiles.

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

O'SHEA

How come you're not in uniform?

LISA

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

O'Shea smiles to himself.

O'SHEA

It suits you.

Lisa reads him wrong, so just to piss him off --

LISA

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

O'SHEA

Oh he's positively smashing.
(knocks again)

LISA

A proper gentleman. And such
polite company.

O'SHEA

Uh huh. Tadhg? Irene?

LISA

A lovely fella.

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

O'SHEA

He's like you, he's married to his
job.

LISA

I'm not-- I take pride in my work.
Unlike yourself.

O'SHEA

Shush, I'm working.

O'Shea raps on the door and calls in the letterbox.

O'SHEA

Tadhg? Irene?

LISA

You're looking in the wrong place,
Columbo.

She gestures to the fallen roof tiles.

MINUTES LATER

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

LISA
Hold it steady.

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

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

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

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

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

O'SHEA
Could you be a bit more specific?

LISA
It's a --

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

O'SHEA
Well?

LISA
Ugh, it stinks like that thing.

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

LISA
Oh the Divine Mother of Jesus --

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

LISA

Watch out!

O'Shea looks up to see

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

O'SHEA

Aw Jesus Cock!

Lisa looks down at the gaping severed head, sickened.

LISA

You broke its nose.

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

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

O'SHEA

What killed him, Jim?

DR GLEESON

The fact he's just a head!

Dr Gleeson turns back, writing.

DR GLEESON

Jesus what do you think? You bring me someone with a head cold or a headache and I could do something. You bring me just a head and you're taking the piss.

LISA

(into phone)

So when can they get here? ...

(for O'Shea's benefit)

Tomorrow? ... And what about the state pathologist?

DR GLEESON

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

LISA

(hand over receiver)

Doctor, we need to know.

DR GLEESON

I don't know. A tiger?

O'SHEA

A tiger?!

LISA

I can't say that.

Dr Gleeson loosens his tie.

DR GLEESON

I'm telling you his head was torn off. By something big.

O'Shea shares a look with Lisa.

INT. GARDA STATION - DAY

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

LISA

(into phone)

No, no, don't put me through I've already spoken to -- ugh. Thanks.

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

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

PADDY

Holy Christ, wait till I tell ya!

O'Shea chokes on his drink, coughing. He spins to face Paddy, quickly hiding his flask.

O'SHEA

Jesus, Paddy.

PADDY

What? What's wrong with ya?

O'SHEA

What is it?

PADDY

Come look for yourself.

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

INT. PADDY'S BATHROOM - DAY

A demolished wall offers a new entrance to the backyard, where amongst rubble, Paddy's scratched bathtub lays.

PADDY

How am I supposed to wash meself?

O'Shea thinks...

INT. PADDY'S HOUSE - DAY - SECONDS LATER

O'Shea unrolls a map of Erin Island on the living room table. He points at four spots on the map. A zig-zag pattern.

O'SHEA

OK, we're here. Here's where Cooney's car was abandoned. Here's Tadhg and Irene Murphy's house and here's where the whales washed up.

LISA

OK, so what does that mean?

O'Shea stares blankly.

O'SHEA

I have no idea. I was hoping it would show some sort of pattern.

PADDY

It's the letter zed!

LISA

(to Paddy)

Did you show that thing to anyone else before we saw it?

PADDY

Tadhg Murphy got a look of it when I brought it in. It gawked on him, but that was it.

Lisa and O'Shea share a look.

PADDY

Why?

LISA

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

PADDY

Are you serious?

O'SHEA

Yeah. That thing you caught
couldn't have fertilised that egg
by itself, which would mean there's
a male out there big enough and
strong enough to knock a hole in
your bathroom wall.

LISA

(off that)
Smith said it needs water, right?

O'SHEA

He says a lot of things.

PADDY

Mostly bollocks.

LISA

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

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

PADDY

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

O'Shea and Lisa consider this.

LISA

There's a storm due tonight.

PADDY

It'll piss it down.

O'Shea steels, and studies the map intensely.

O'SHEA

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

PADDY

The black rock caves. I caught the
female just beyond there.

O'Shea considers this. He looks to Lisa:

O'SHEA

What do you think?

LISA

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

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Paddy leads O'Shea and Lisa towards the rocky beach where the tide's quickly coming in. (Note: O'Shea and Lisa have taken a pair of flashlights and O'Shea's Garda hat from the jeep.)

PADDY

(talking away to himself)

Ya know what's to blame for all this? Global warming. Ya got your icebergs meltin' and your thingmajigs floodin'. The whole world's drownin' and we don't have the gills for it.

Following a few paces behind Paddy, O'Shea takes a pull off his flask which Lisa notices.

O'SHEA

What?

LISA

I didn't say anything.

O'SHEA

You gave me that look.

LISA

What look?

O'SHEA

The "I feel sorry for you" look.

LISA

No I didn't.

O'SHEA

Yeah you did.

LISA

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

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

O'SHEA
Sure that's worse!

Paddy rounds some rocks and comes upon the cliff face.

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

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

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

LISA
Uh huh. Of course you are.

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

LISA
Lovely.

PADDY
We're here.

EXT. BEACH, CAVE MOUTH - DAY

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

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

O'SHEA
Wait here.

PADDY
You can be sure of it.

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

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

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

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

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

LISA
Are we missing some fishermen?

O'SHEA
(calls out)
Hello!

Lisa jolts, startled by O'Shea.

LISA
My heart! What are you doing?

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

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

A SHADOW rises up stealing the light. O'Shea and Lisa turn. They lift the flashlights and take in the horrifying sight.

O'SHEA
Run!

They take off, running for the slim cave mouth. Their lights dancing in the darkness as they scramble for the exit -- leading onto the beach. The narrow gap allows just one person at a time. And at a push. Lisa edges through first.

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

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

O'SHEA
Lisa! Hurry!

LISA
I'm trying!

O'SHEA
Move your arse!

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

LISA

Get your hands off my arse!

O'Shea shoves harder.

LISA

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

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

O'SHEA

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

LISA

Oh shut up.

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

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

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

LISA

The size of it.

They back up, horrified.

O'SHEA

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

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

O'SHEA

... What?

A THUNDER-CRACK from the ominous rain clouds.

LISA

Leg it!

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Paddy steps out of the way of an oncoming wave and kicks something with his heel. He kneels down and finds an EGG.

PADDY
Mother of God.

Eggs piled high like a fun fare ball pit. He barely has time to process this as O'Shea and Lisa come bounding towards him.

PADDY
The eggs are buried on the beach!
There's feckin' loads of 'em!

LISA
Run!

Paddy regards the egg then takes off after O'Shea and Lisa. And in the gouged out sand beneath their feet more exposed EGGS flutter with life. These things are close to hatching.

INT. LAB - DAY

O'Shea, Lisa and Paddy stumble in, making a beeline for the Grabber female on the table. Smith looks up from his laptop to see O'Shea who has a petrol can and a plan in mind.

SMITH
Good, you're back. I have a theory! Those whales were killed as a food source for their spawn --

O'SHEA
The eggs are buried at the beach.

SMITH
Exactly.

LISA
We know.

SMITH
Oh.

PADDY
Well done.

SMITH
What are you doing?

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

SMITH

You found another one? Where?

O'SHEA

It tried to eat us! And it's HUGE
and looking for her ... but this
will be the last place it looks.

He pours petrol all over it. Lisa hands him the lighter.

SMITH

Are you mad? Don't do that!

Lisa takes a fire extinguisher off the wall.

SMITH

No, stop, you'll --

LISA

Smith, it's for the best.

SMITH

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

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

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

SMITH

-- get it wet.

O'SHEA

Shit.

SMITH

You really are Irish.

Lisa drops the fire extinguisher.

LISA

Shut it off!

PADDY

See ya later, lads.

Paddy scampers out as O'Shea, Lisa and Smith scramble for the
mains under the sink. Six hands fighting to shut it off.
Once they do, every surface drips. A fish-tank overflows.

They rise slowly from the slick floor. It's eerily quiet.
Smith picks up a stool. Lisa grabs a scalpel. O'Shea rolls
up a magazine. They creep forward.

SMITH

Careful. Once it's wet I don't
know what it can do.

O'Shea edges closer. It's unscathed from the fire.

O'SHEA

It didn't burn.

LISA

Is it dead?

O'SHEA

I --

BOOM! It launches to life, sprays O'Shea with goo and dives onto him, wrapping around his face, head and neck.

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

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

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

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

It bears down on its tentacles and springs itself onto the ceiling like an octopus shot out of an air cannon. SPLAT! It hits the fluorescent light and hangs from it, upside down.

Smith blinks, agog.

SMITH

OK, it's an alien.

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

O'SHEA

You vicious little fu--!

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

LISA

Ah! Jesus! O'Shea!

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

O'SHEA
We need to kill it.

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

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

Sweating and in shock, they catch their breath.

SMITH
I think we got it.

O'SHEA
(pats Smith)
Good man.

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

SMITH
It's still moving.

LISA
We need to get help.

O'SHEA
They'll never make it across the
water.

LISA
If those eggs hatch, with no whales
to eat --

SMITH
-- they'll head in land to feed.

O'SHEA
Finishing each other's sentences
now?

LISA
What?

O'SHEA
Nothing.

PADDY
They're hatching.

The trio turn to notice Paddy has joined them looking down at the smooshed Grabber. O'Shea considers Paddy.

O'SHEA
It took three of us to get that thing off me.

PADDY
I woulda helped but I've a bad back, gives me shocking pain, you know yourself.

O'SHEA
How are you still alive?

PADDY
Diet and exercise.

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

PADDY
I was always lucky.

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

SMITH
Mustn't have liked your blood much.

LISA
What have you been eating?

O'Shea stills, hearing that question.

O'SHEA
(to Paddy)
You were drunk!

EXT. MAHER'S PUB - DAY

Storm clouds gather over the idyllic drinking hole as gales jeer and waves pile on the pub's neighbouring harbour.

INT. DR GLEESON'S SURGERY - DAY

Dr Gleeson peers at the Grabber's severed head in a beaker, gawping away like a fish head. He squirms.

DR GLEESON

Grabbers?

SMITH

No, it's a cryptozoological
amphibious sanguivore.

LISA

(to Dr Gleeson)

Not a tiger.

Dr Gleeson removes his glasses to stare at O'Shea.

DR GLEESON

Where are you getting all these
heads?

O'SHEA

Come on.

O'Shea leads the group leaving Dr Gleeson to add --

DR GLEESON

This place has gone to the dogs.

EXT. STEPS TO MAHER'S PUB - DAY

O'Shea, Lisa, Dr Gleeson, Smith and Paddy head for the pub.
O'Shea's setting the pace leaving Paddy hustling to keep up.

O'SHEA

They're like leeches, right? They
feed off your blood. Well when one
of them bit Paddy, it almost died,
why?

PADDY

Slow down for fuck sake.

LISA

Because Paddy was so intoxicated
his blood-alcohol level was toxic.

O'SHEA

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

SMITH

In theory.

PADDY

(to Dr Gleeson)

And you told me to cut back.

Dr Gleeson shrugs.

O'SHEA

We have just one night where we have to deal with this on our own. Tomorrow, we'll be sorted. We'll get off the island, they'll nuke the beaches or whatever they do, but all we have to worry about is tonight. And it's simple. We have a lock-in. We stay out of the rain and we drink.

(turns to face them)

We can't stop them coming but we can be ready.

O'Shea backs into the pub. Lisa, Smith, Paddy and Dr Gleeson look at each other -- wow -- and follow him inside.

INT. MAHER'S PUB KITCHEN - DAY

Brian stares, incredulous.

BRIAN

What?

SMITH

A hostile migra --

DR GLEESON

-- Grabbers.

SMITH

God sake.

BRIAN

Are ye for real?

PADDY

Are we for real? Are YOU for real?
Show him.

Smith plops a beaker covered with a tea cosy on the counter. He raises it just a tad to show Brian.

BRIAN

That? Sure you could kill that with a hammer.

O'SHEA

That's just the tip of the blood sucking iceberg.

Brian considers the four of them; all look gravely serious.

BRIAN
(convinced)
Grabbers.

SMITH
I give up. Yes, a Grabber.

Smith covers the beaker again.

DR GLEESON
But if its allergic to booze can't
we just hose 'em with vodka or some
shit?

O'SHEA
No, that won't work.

BRIAN
How do you know?

SMITH
Because alcohol is a poison. It
needs to be ingested to take
affect. Also to preserve specimens
I keep them in an alcohol based
solution. Just like with this one,
right now.

Smith taps the tea cosy.

BRIAN
It's filled with?

SMITH
Yep.

PADDY
Can you drink it?

DR GLEESON
So what if we sprayed whiskey in
its mouth?

PADDY
Feck that. A waste of whiskey.

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

Una passes with a washing basket. She stops, seeing them.

UNA
What's going on here then?

BRIAN

Just discussing something.

UNA

Looks like you're plotting something.

O'SHEA

No, no. More like planning.

UNA

Huh.

(thinks, smiles)

Carry on.

She leaves, grinning.

BRIAN

Great. It's her birthday next week now she thinks this is something for her.

DR GLEESON

She's in for a shock.

EXT. MAHER'S PUB - DAY

O'Shea, Lisa, Smith, Brian and Dr Gleeson huddle.

O'SHEA

Listen, the only people that know about this are us and it's gotta stay that way or we'll have a panic on our hands.

The group confer, sharing glances.

LISA

How drunk are we talking here?

SMITH

Paddy levels of drunkenness.

They laugh loudly.

DR GLEESON

You're gone off your game, boy.

LISA

No offence but I don't think my body can handle Paddy levels.

PADDY

It takes years of practice.

BRIAN

If those things do come for us,
we'd be lambs to the slaughter if
bombed out of our brains.

LISA

And with everyone hammered there's
no one in a fit state to call the
shots. The non-alcoholic shots.

DR GLEESON

Yeah but single someone out and
they'll be sought as the only meat
on the menu.

LISA

But what's to keep us safe from
ourselves, forget what's outside,
we could fall over and break our
necks trying to conga. Statistics
prove put a large number of people
in a confined space, ply them with
booze and --

PADDY

-- you've got a hooley.

LISA

That's not what it said.

O'SHEA

This will work. And I'll keep
order. I won't be drinking.

Lisa almost steps back to take a closer look of him.

LISA

You? We'll both do it.

SMITH

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

O'SHEA

Thanks.

(to Lisa)

Only one of us need risk it and I
know these people and this island
better than you. It should be me.

SMITH

I agree.

Lisa ushers O'Shea aside (leaving the others talking amongst themselves).

LISA

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

O'SHEA

Lisa, I'm good to no one when I drink. I know that. So do you. I can do this.

PADDY

It's gonna rain any minute.

Lisa looks at him, holding his stare. O'Shea doesn't flinch. Finally --

LISA

OK. But just so you know, I don't drink. I've never even been drunk. I don't know if I can.

O'SHEA

Of course you can. And you'll be the best drunken Guard this country's ever seen. You'll probably get promoted.

LISA

Ah stop.

O'Shea smiles encouragingly. He takes out his flask and hands it to her. Suddenly he seems taller.

SMITH

Right, if we're doing this we'll need a blood test from a healthy subject. Lisa, you're the fittest person here.

LISA

(blushes)

You charmer. It's true, though.

O'SHEA

Brian, I want a table of everything Paddy had last night.

BRIAN

What night was last night?

PADDY
Saturday night.

LISA
Oh you gotta be joking me!

PADDY
Oh it was a big one.

BRIAN
Comin' right up.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - DAY - LATER

The table has six empties on it. Lisa sees double that though as she grips her seat for balance.

LISA
He never liked me as much as her.
She was the talented one, Daddy's
little girl. That bitch!

O'Shea holds her beer hand steady.

O'SHEA
Come on. Three fingers.

LISA
But I got you guys. I love you
all. Even you.
(prods O'Shea)

BRIAN
She's langers.

She downs the dregs and breathes deeply through her nose while stroking her hair as only drunk women do.

O'SHEA
There, that's everything.

Brian, Dr Gleeson and Smith don't know if they should clap. Paddy reaches into his pocket sheepishly.

PADDY
I also had a snifter of ...

A small bottle of what looks like water. O'Shea stares him, knowing the answer before he asks.

BRIAN
What's that?

PADDY
A little home brew.

BRIAN
You bring potcheen into my bar?

PADDY
A bird never flew on one wing.

O'SHEA
When this is over we need to talk.

PADDY
Ah come off it, this could save all
our lives yet.

Paddy pours a drop for Lisa.

PADDY
There ya go, pet.

Brian takes the bottle of potcheen from Paddy.

BRIAN
I'll take that.

PADDY
You will in me shit.

O'SHEA
Paddy.

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

LISA
I need to pee.

INT. DISUSED PUB - DAY

Dr Gleeson draws blood from Lisa. O'Shea, Brian and Paddy watch. Smith marks up a petri dish with his blood.

LISA
Ow.

Smith places his petri dish of blood next to a cage and -- WHIPAH! A tongue shoots out and hoovers up all the blood.

Brian's shocked. Paddy almost chuckles.

O'SHEA
Now the tainted blood.

BRIAN

If you're right, this will kill it?

O'Shea presents Lisa's petri dish of blood and WHIPAH -- it hooovers it up.

The group leans in expectantly and BLEURGH! The Grabber projectile vomits up all the blood, startling and revolting them -- Ugh! And then it warps, withers and shrivels. Dead.

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

O'SHEA

Blow.

(reads)

Point two.

DR GLEESON

Holy Christ!

O'SHEA

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

The group's horrified, except for Paddy.

DR GLEESON

(to Paddy)

You unnatural eejit. You're
what'll kill us. Point two?!

SMITH

How are we going to determine that
based on each person's body mass
index?

DR GLEESON

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

BRIAN

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

O'SHEA

So lets do it.

BRIAN

(a thought)

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

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The patrol jeep parks at the chapel.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Brian, O'Shea and Lisa make their way towards the chapel doors.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

FR POTTS, an incredulous elder statesman, finishes mass. His eclectic congregation of forty or so ISLANDERS bless themselves -- FISHERMEN, HOUSEWIVES, OAPS, Una, etc.

FR POTTS

Mass has ended, go in peace to love
and serve the Lord. Amen.

O'Shea, Brian and Lisa enter the back of the chapel.

O'SHEA

Is this everyone?

BRIAN

It's Fr Potts last mass, so
everyone that didn't leave
yesterday for the thing in Dungary.

O'Shea and Lisa walk up the aisle towards Fr Potts as people rise to leave, some chatting to each other as they go.

O'SHEA

Father, do you mind if I say a few
words?

FR POTTS

Go mad.

O'Shea takes to the pulpit.

O'SHEA

Can I have your attention please?

The congregation looks up, considering O'Shea. MAMIE, a grey haired granny, tuts to her neighbour.

MAMIE

Oh here we go.

O'SHEA

Folks, just a quick announcement,
at Maher's Tavern tonight we're
having a bit of a shindig and
you're all coming to join us for
what will be a great night's craic!

A wall of silence.

UNA

You're throwing a party?

O'SHEA

Yeah.

UNA

Why?

O'SHEA

Who needs a reason to have a laugh?

Lisa gestures to O'Shea, still drunk but she'll field this one.

LISA

It's a welcome party for me.

Lisa seems very proud of herself for coming up with that.

UNA

A welcome party? But you're
leaving in a fortnight.

LISA

So it's a goodbye party. Whatever.

UNA

You only just got here.

LISA

(to O'Shea)
What's her problem?

O'SHEA

What we mean to say is --

A FISHERMAN rises to leave.

LISA

-- Hey bucko! Where are you going?
This party's for *your* benefit. And
all of you are gonna be there too.
It's the law!

LISA (CONT'D)

And I swear to God I'll arrest any
one of you who isn't. Chalk it
down!

Lisa glares at the congregation.

FISHERMAN

Are you coddin' us, love?

LISA

What's your name?

He wilts.

O'SHEA

What Garda Nolan means is we'd love
your company. There's no point
going home to a cold, empty house
in weather like tonight when we'll
be right across the street from
here and we'll have music and craic
and company -- and a FREE BAR!

BRIAN

What?!

HILDA, a stout woman, grabs her coat.

HILDA

Sold!

O'SHEA

That's the spirit! So c'mon, it's
a party and the drinks are on us!

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

The JUKEBOX bellows with The Dubliners "Whiskey in the Jar" as
Brian wades through the forty strong patrons. The drink's
flowing, the merriment's joyous, ignorance is bliss.

INT. PUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

O'Shea, Lisa, Paddy, Smith and Dr Gleeson are gathered over a
table.

O'SHEA

Weapons. What have we got?

Lisa fumbles some skillets, knives and bats.

LISA

Crap.

DR GLEESON
I've got a nail-gun.

THWACK! He nails a board of wood.

DR GLEESON
And a board with a nail in it.

O'Shea nods. OK.

PADDY
I've got a hurley and a pellet gun.

SMITH
What are we gonna do with a pellet gun?

PADDY
Shoot pellets. But I don't have any pellets.

SMITH
Great, well you can just wave it at them then.

O'SHEA
All right, what have you got?

SMITH
I've got a flare gun.

Everyone's impressed, except Paddy.

LISA
I dibs the flare gun.

Brian slams a huge colourful Super-soaker before them.

BRIAN
C.P.S. forty-one hundred pump action twin jet Super Soaker. Shoots twenty feet. The nephew's.

PADDY
A water pistol? This thing likes the water.

BRIAN
It's a water pistol if you use water. Fill it with petrol and you've got a flamethrower.

LISA
I dibs the water pistol.

O'SHEA

Right, well look sharp. You know
your stations: guard each exit and
don't let anyone out. Bottoms up.

They each raise shot glasses and knock them back. Lisa licks
her salted wrist.

LISA

Tequila!

She sucks the lime slice and everyone disperses. Alone,
O'Shea considers the back window as the first drops of rain
pelt against it. The MUSIC builds. *This is it.*

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Lapped by the surf, the detritus of egg spawns litter the
shore as streams of track marks trail inland.

EXT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT - LATER

Rain begins to fall, hard and fast. No turning back now.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

MUSIC belts out of the Jukebox as folks get flustered.
(Something with "rain" in its title.)

EXT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

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

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

Brian tends bar, pouring shots. One for you, one for me.
Mamie from the chapel leans on the counter, pisht.

MAMIE

Two shandies, Brian pet.

Brian knocks up two shandies but spikes both with blinding
double shots of vodka.

BRIAN

How's the heart, Mamie?

MAMIE

Tip top.

BRIAN

(to himself)

Thank Christ for that.

He palms them to her, guilty as sin. She sips one and coughs, teary eyed. The wind knocked out of her.

MAMIE

Perfect.

She staggers off.

INT. PUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

Smith sips his vodka coke, watching the back door and standing by with the walkie talkie.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

Paddy sips his pint by the front door while Una dances with Hilda, Mamie and others.

INT./EXT. PATROL JEEP - NIGHT

O'Shea and Lisa sit on stakeout outside the pub, rain pelting against the windscreen.

LISA

I dunno, you know?

She doubles up, laughing. O'Shea fights off a smile.

LISA

C'mere. Listen. Listen. At the end of the day, you know? I dunno. I'm so into you right now. Joke.
(muffled)
Kinda.

She watches his reaction and stifles a burp.

O'SHEA

How much have you had?

LISA

Not enough to fancy you.

O'SHEA

Then keep drinking.

O'Shea puts the breathalyser in her mouth.

O'SHEA

Blow.

LISA

That's it, is it? You think I think I fancy you. That's the sitchuashun we got, huh?

O'SHEA

(off breathalyser)
No more for you.

LISA

Well I do. So whatcha wanna do 'bout it? Arrest me?

She smiles coyly. Or tries to.

O'SHEA

You know as flattering as it is to hear a beautiful drunk slurring her feelings for me, now's not the time.

Lisa scoffs, then something (slightly) sobers her.

LISA

Why do you drink so much, Ciarán?

O'SHEA

For the craic.

LISA

Yeah right, and I work everyday 'cause I'm driven.

Lisa hears herself aloud. The admission sinks her.

LISA

Always chasing them goals, you know? Always chasing. Always running.

O'Shea considers her, recognising her vulnerability.

O'SHEA

You're too hard on yourself.

Lisa wells up, the drink making her emotional.

LISA

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

O'SHEA

Maybe because I put years onto people.

LISA

... Yeah. That's true.

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

LISA

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

O'SHEA

My what?

LISA

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

O'SHEA

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

LISA

Oh. Ah shite, I'm sorry.

O'SHEA

You're grand.

LISA

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

O'SHEA

I didn't drink back then. No, she
met someone else. It happens.

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

LISA

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

O'Shea smiles. Lisa reciprocates drunkenly.

O'SHEA

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

A moment shared and then...

LISA
Hmm, toast.

O'Shea smiles and grabs the C.B. Radio.

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

INT. PUB - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Smith belches under his breath and clutches a walkie-talkie. Behind him, people are reenacting the 'Siege of Ennis' which involved dancing jigs and holding hands for some reason.

SMITH
Reading you loud and clear. Over.

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

Smith regards the Islanders enjoying the craic.

SMITH
Ignorance is bliss.

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

Smith moves back into the kitchen.

INT. PUB KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUED

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

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

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

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

HILDA
Two pints please, Brian.

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

BRIAN
Both for you?

HILDA

No. Jesus, what'cha take me for?

BRIAN

Right, right. Are you sure?

HILDA

I am!

BRIAN

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

Hilda lights up, delighted with herself.

HILDA

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

BRIAN

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

She stares, gobsmacked.

BRIAN

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

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

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

PADDY

Ya all right?

DR GLEESON

Ugh, bloated.

PADDY

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

DR GLEESON

Hold onto it for me.

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

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

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

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

DR GLEESON
Ah, feck the likes of this.

He abandons the line.

EXT. MAHER'S PUB ALCOVE - NIGHT

Dr Gleeson sneaks out, spots the Patrol Jeep and ducks into the alcove -- out of sight.

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

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

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

DR GLEESON
Whoa, feck off!

Dr Gleeson kicks it like a football and it launches through the air, SQUEALING. With beaks gaping, spiked tongues curling, the rest of the Jumpers move in on him.

INT./EXT. PATROL JEEP - NIGHT

O'Shea tosses a peanut into the air to catch in his open mouth but he misses as he stares, slackjawed at --

EXT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

-- Dr Gleeson staggering blindly in the rain, a Jumper clamped onto his head, swallowing him down to his nose.

DR GLEESON
Christ Almighty, me head!

O'Shea bounds from the jeep, hurley in hand. Lisa flanks him, staggering with a golf club.

O'SHEA
Jim, don't move!

Dr Gleeson stumbles forward as Jumpers maul him and others circle like fat toddlers around an ice-cream truck. He falls to his knees before O'Shea and Lisa.

DR GLEESON

Get it off! Get it off!

Lisa stamps the group as if scaring off a load of stray cats.

LISA

Git! G'wan! Shag off!

The Jumpers keep their distance as O'Shea drags the Jumper off Dr Gleeson's head, like tugging on a wedged welly. He pulls it off and the Jumpers disperse into the shadows.

O'SHEA

You OK, Jim?

Dr Gleeson catches his breath, gasping, his hair stood up on his head like a gelled explosion.

DR GLEESON

I had to piss.

Suddenly the silhouette of a tree behind Dr Gleeson comes alive. They're not branches, they're tentacles. Flashes of lightning reflect off its slick, oily skin as --

A TORNADO OF BLACK FEELERS SLITHER FORWARD. 25 foot of ugly.

Off Lisa and O'Shea's horrified faces, Dr Gleeson turns to meet Medusa on a bad hair day.

The Grabber seizes him, lifts him high and dangles him over its jaws like plucked grapes. Then drops him before he can scream. Devoured like a banana in a blender.

Dr Gleeson's dead. Or at least incredibly injured. The Grabber spits a pip: Dr Gleeson's head. It lands at Lisa's feet. No, he's definitely dead.

LISA

Fuck that.

Lisa bounds for the jeep. The Grabber ROARS! Spittle flying out of its gaping maw.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

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

FR POTTS
Jesus Christ, Una.

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

INT./EXT. PATROL JEEP - NIGHT - INTERCUT

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

LISA
Get in.

She opens the passenger door for him but tears off leaving
him behind. Driving drunk.

O'SHEA
WAIT! Oh Jesus Mary Mother of God.

She slams on the brakes. Skids.

LISA
Shite. Get in.

O'Shea catches up and dives in the backseat.

O'SHEA
Drive! Drive!

Lisa does, but reversing towards the Grabber.

O'SHEA
AHH, THE OTHER WAY! THE OTHER WAY!

They ram into the Grabber, the car jolting violently.

LISA
Shite!

O'SHEA
Let me drive!

LISA
I'm not feeling so good. I need a
drink to calm me nerves.

She reaches for a quick swig but O'Shea bats the bottle away
from her puckered lips.

O'SHEA
Get us out of here!

LISA
I can't drive with you shaking me.

Lisa crunches gears and the tyres smoke and spin, fighting against the drag. The Grabber smothers the jeep, its fetid breath fogging the windscreen. O'Shea SCREAMS! Lisa sobs.

O'SHEA
We're gonna die!

O'Shea grabs at the handbrake, putting them in gear, desperate to get them moving.

O'SHEA
Put your foot on the clutch!

LISA
I am arresting you for the murder of Doctor Gleeson. You are not obliged to say anything unless you wish to do so, but whatever you say will be taken down in writing and may be given in evidence.

BRIAN (V.O.)
Base to Patrol. O'Shea we're running short here. We're dry on four taps and out of spirits and wines. Over.

O'Shea grabs the radio.

O'SHEA
(into radio)
BRIAN, GET THE DOOR, OPEN THE DOOR!

Lisa switches on the PATROL LIGHTS and PALMS THE HORN.

The Grabber leaps back from the jeep and flares up like a huntsman spider, hissing.

LISA
Fuck that.

Lisa bounds from the jeep leaving O'Shea staring in shock. He kicks open his door and scrambles after her as the Grabber leaps onto the jeep and smashes it. Seconds to spare.

Lisa turns to look.

LISA
It's eating the jeep.

O'Shea runs past, grabbing her hand and pulling her along.

O'SHEA
Let it!

EXT. PUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brian opens the side door and stops as he sees the chaos.

BRIAN
Merciful shit.

He turns back and --

INT. PUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

-- grabs his super soaker off the coat rack.

BRIAN
Smith!

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

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

BRIAN
Smith, the lighter!

SMITH
I think I'm drunk, Brian.

BRIAN
Hurry!

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

SMITH
Your floor is broken.

O'Shea and Lisa barrel in. O'Shea looks for stuff to barricade the door.

O'SHEA
Grab the table.

Brian belches, also pissed.

BRIAN
Smith! Light me!

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

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

BRIAN
Nearly. Put the other light away.
... Stall on now. That's it ...

O'SHEA
Brian, forget that help us
barricade the door.

BRIAN
Almost there.

O'Shea and Lisa drag the heavy table into position.

OMITTED

INT. PUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

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

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

BRIAN
Ahh, Christ!

The Grabber ROARS getting closer.

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

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

UNA
(slurred)
What's goin' on?

O'SHEA
Nothing!

BOOM! A bright flash of fire blossoms outside. O'Shea barricades the door with furniture.

UNA
What was that?

BRIAN
What was what?

Brian grabs a glass of wine.

BRIAN
Here, honey, have a drink.

UNA
I have a drink.

BRIAN
Have two.

UNA
I've drunk enough.

O'SHEA
Move back.

THUD! The door rattles.

UNA
(calls out)
Who is it?

BRIAN
It's nobody, honey.

LISA
Who wants toast?

SMITH
I do.

O'SHEA
Is every one all right?

LISA
Grand.

BLEURGH! Smith vomits against the wall.

UNA
Mother of Jesus!

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

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

Lisa stares at him, chewing toast. Eyes swimming.

LISA

You're worse.

O'Shea hustles every one out of the kitchen.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

BRIAN

(to O'Shea)

We're dry.

PADDY

We're what?!

BRIAN

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

Paddy's devastated.

PADDY

No! NO!

He thumps the counter.

PADDY

I was just gettin' a taste for it.

The gang talk over the din. The Islanders still blissfully unaware of what's happening.

For a moment O'Shea's lost in his own world as he notices he's absentmindedly clutching a pint from the counter. He considers it, then pushes it away, grabs a chair and rises.

O'SHEA

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

FR POTTS

Ah now, what kind of party is this?

O'SHEA

It's just a precaution.

UNA

A precaution to what?

O'Shea thinks. Mamie rises with her coat.

MAMIE

(slurred)

I'm goin' home. I'm pisht.

She sits back down again, losing her balance.

O'SHEA

You can't. No one can.

FR POTTS

Why?

LISA

It's raining.

People look, huh?

FISHERMAN

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

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

Panic and confusion spreads through the crowd.

UNA

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

BRIAN

(to Paddy)

You see you! This is your fault.
You brought that thing on the
island.

UNA

What thing?

Smith hangs onto the pub wall, edging towards the front door
as everyone's attention is focused on the commotion inside.

SMITH

(mumbling)

Are these my sausages?!

(pukes)

Kill me.

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

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

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

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

Lisa winks sleepily at the huddled masses as O'Shea gets between Brian and Paddy, separating them.

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

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

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

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

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

UNA
(punching him)
Stop fightin! Stop fightin!

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

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

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

SMITH
We need more alcohol.
(dry heaves)

Smith staggers out the open door.

MAMIE

Thanks be to Jesus, let me out of here!

O'SHEA

No!

O'Shea runs to the door holding people back from trying to follow. Folks jostle to see out windows and over shoulders.

O'SHEA

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

INT./EXT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

Smith staggers out into the rain.

SMITH

It's raining again.

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

O'SHEA

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

SMITH

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

PADDY

Feck your photos, change the kegs!

(off O'Shea)

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

A GROWL in the darkness. A hint of movement in the blackest shadows. O'Shea pales. Smith raises his digital camera.

O'SHEA

Smith, mate! Listen to me!

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

SMITH

Shush, you'll scare it.

INTERCUT SMITH with THE PUB.

UNA

Oh my God!

FR POTTS

What the fuck was that?

PADDY

A Grabber.

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

FLASH! Five feet.

FLASH! Two.

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

SMITH

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

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

SMITH

Sticky.

The Grabber recoils, having tasted his sweat. Yuck!

SMITH

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

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

Folks SCREAM and whimper. Complete shock.

PADDY

He flew?!

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

O'SHEA

Everyone, upstairs! Now!

The pub door collapses and JUMPERS flood in, breaching the fort. No doubt about it now, they're on a sinking ship.

A stampede for the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Islanders clamber into the corridor, petrified.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (SAME LOCATION)

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

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

The upstairs hallway is jammed as Brian opens a door into an OLD DISUSED UPSTAIRS PUB, allowing people to filter in. The ruckus below sounding like a bar brawl.

O'SHEA

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

FR POTTS

And what in the name of fuck were those things?

PADDY

Jumpers.

FR POTTS

Ha?

PADDY

They jump.

THUD! CRASH! BANG! Islanders whimper. O'Shea moves through the hallway, through the crowd.

O'SHEA

Has anyone been bitten?

(no one has)

You haven't been bitten because of the alcohol you've been drinking. They're allergic to drunk people. So there's no need to panic, we're safe up here. Has anyone got a mobile on them?

Everyone takes out a phone, some take out two.

O'SHEA

Call the mainland. Call the Coastguard. Call whoever you can get through to.

They start dialling.

MAMIE

Father, is it the apocalypse?

FR POTTS

Jesus, I hope not.

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

O'SHEA

We'll be fine!

EXT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

The Grabber retreats into the darkness.

INT. DISUSED PUB - NIGHT - LATER

Brian opens the door to a supply closet. O'Shea and Lisa flank him. The closet's full of innocuous cleaning products, blankets, etc.

BRIAN

It's just linen and cleaning stuff.
Nothing we can really use.

FISHERMAN

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

Brian closes the closet.

O'SHEA

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

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

FISHERMAN

We're bolloxed.

BRIAN

Yep.

Brian shuts the door.

INT. DISUSED PUB - NIGHT

O'Shea watches the windows.

O'SHEA
Something's not right. It can't be
that hungry.

Eavesdropping, Paddy chimes in.

PADDY
It's the female. It's following
her scent. Sure didn't she slime
you in the lab? Like with me
bathroom and Tadhg Murphy.

O'SHEA
Tadhg Murphy's dead!

Some hallway people whimper, overhearing O'Shea.

O'SHEA
No, no, Tadhg Murphy's fine. He's
at the festival on the mainland.

LISA
And so's his wife.

The Islanders gasp. Irene's dead too?! Ah fuck.

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

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

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brian peeks out the bedroom window. Brian rounds the corner,
back towards O'Shea et al ...

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

Paddy, Lisa, Una and O'Shea look. THUD! THUD!

LISA

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

PADDY

A mating ritual.

THUD! CRASH! BANG!

O'SHEA

What the hell does that mean?

PADDY

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

O'SHEA

Grand. Ah sure what can ya do.

LISA

Play hard to get.

THUD! The Grabber ROARS and slithers off into the shadows.

HILDA

Oh, God. What does it want?

O'Shea looks at the scared Islanders. He's what it wants.
The sound of WINDOWS SHATTERING. Islander's whimper.

UNA

It's not gonna stop, is it? We
won't survive the night. We're on
a sinking ship.

Brian breathalyses himself sorrowfully.

O'SHEA

What's your reading?

BRIAN

Too drunk to drive a car but not
drunk enough. We're sobering up.
All of us.

O'Shea nods tensely.

Brian consoles Una as another loud THUD shakes the floor and
the ceiling light shade above them.

UNA

We can't just sit here. It'll
bring the walls down around us.

PADDY

What if we threw a bomb at it?

BRIAN

Have you got semtex on you?

PADDY

Not on me, no.

BRIAN

How about we like push it off a cliff or something.

UNA

Or electrocute it? I don't know.

PADDY

I vote we feed it Father Potts.
Unless it eats shit it'll choke to death.

FR POTTS

I beg your pardon.

Fr Potts perks up from the darker corner.

PADDY

Feck, is he in here? I was joking,
Father. I apologise.

Fr Potts disregards him.

UNA

If we can't destroy it, what can we do?

O'SHEA

(to Fr Potts)

What about the phones?

Fr Potts shakes his head. Nothing.

O'SHEA

OK, we know it does two things: it drinks blood and it breathes water. We took away one, we could take away the other.

UNA

What do you mean?

O'SHEA

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

PADDY
(re. the rain)
Look outside.

O'SHEA
There's got to be some way we can
stop it, fight fire with fire.

Lisa notices her police boots from the day before, seeing the chalky stains all along them. An idea!

LISA
The Grabber! Not the Grabber-
Grabber, the mechanical one!
(off their confusion)
The big yoke, with the arm and the
thing and you know? That big aul
whatchamacallit you crush things
with. The feckin' thing at
Cooney's site! What's it called?

PADDY
A Grabber?

LISA
Exactly! With that thing you could
grab it, hoist it up and trap it.
It's raining now but it has to stop
some time right? And when it does
it'd be stuck. Once the sun comes
up it'd cook. That'd dry it out.

O'Shea's eyes brighten, he smiles at Lisa. She smiles back, properly proud of herself.

PADDY
You think you can catch that thing?

UNA
Sure 'tis lepping about all over
the shop.

BRIAN
You'd need some sort of...?

O'Shea clenches the leprechaun key-ring in his fist.

O'SHEA
-- A death trap.

INT. DISUSED PUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

O'Shea moves to a window to clock a white PICKUP TRUCK parked outside in the rain. His purposeful stride instilling confidence in the others. O'Shea's back in charge.

O'SHEA
(to Brian)
Have you got the keys to your
truck?

Brian checks his pockets.

BRIAN
They'd be in the kitchen. On the
table, I think.

O'SHEA
I need them.

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

BRIAN
She's right.

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

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

All eyes fall on Lisa as she licks her dry mouth. Off their looks --

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

PADDY
What? Feck off! Brian should go.

Brian considers it. Una's having none of it.

BRIAN
I could try...

UNA
Not a hope.

LISA
(rises, swaying)
Slow down there. I'll do it.

O'SHEA
No. It's too dangerous.

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

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

INT. TOP OF STAIRS - NIGHT - LATER

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

O'SHEA
If you get in trouble. Pull the
trigger.

She takes it in her hands, drunkenly marveling.

LISA
Oooh, savage.

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

O'SHEA
Careful.

BRIAN
You missed.

Paddy throws Brian a withering look.

O'SHEA
Just get the keys and come right
back. I'll do the rest.

Fr Potts blesses her.

LISA
Got it. Just the keys.

They pull away debris, allowing a gap. Lisa and O'Shea's gaze holds a second longer than necessary. Lisa smiles.

LISA
I'll be all right.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Lisa scrambles through. Una steals a glimpse downstairs.

UNA
Look what they've done to the
carpets!

Brian consoles Una as O'Shea and Paddy seal the gap.

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

Lisa picks herself up.

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

O'SHEA
Shush!! Keep your voice down!

PADDY
She's a goner.

O'Shea looks at Paddy, then at Brian.

BRIAN
How are you gonna get to the truck?

O'SHEA
Run very fast.

UNA
Love, you're not that fast.

FR POTTS
You'll need a decoy.

PADDY
I got it. If its you it wants,
then we give it what it wants. We
fashion a dummy, dress it up like
bait and confuse the shite out of
it. It won't know where to look
when there's two of you.

FR POTTS
And how the hell do we make a
dummy?

O'Shea looks at Paddy, he likes that idea.

O'SHEA
Improvise.

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

Jumpers mill about, tearing the place asunder. One studies itself in a mirror, until it can't stand itself any more. It attacks the mirror and knocks itself out.

Another chokes while trying to eat a pool ball. Lisa rounds a corner, slumping lazily against the wall.

LISA

Focus.

She takes a deep breath and moves in amongst them. She sidesteps over one and dips her hand into a peanut bowl. She palms them into her mouth, chews and scans the room.

A Jumper leaps onto the counter beside her. POP! It collapses back. Another Jumper climbs onto her foot.

LISA

Get off.

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

INT. DISUSED PUB - NIGHT

Brian, Una, Fr Potts, O'Shea and Paddy grab supplies. A mop, a broom, a coat rack, marigold gloves, twine. The MUSIC bleeds upstairs:

UNA

I love that song.

PADDY

What is she doing at all?

They begin assembling something as O'Shea masks his concern:

O'SHEA

Hurry.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. PUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lisa searches for the keys. She scans the floor, finding the full bottle of potcheen Smith drank.

She tucks it in her jacket pocket and continues searching as behind her the back door slowly opens; its lock broken.

Tentacles reach inside, snaking silently towards her as she finds Smith's Zippo lighter and holds onto it.

She spots the keys under a stove and reaches, straining. Her face flush with the floor as the tentacles close in. Suddenly a stray tentacle knocks a dangling skillet --

-- CLANG! Lisa spins and fires the nail gun as tentacles rush towards her.

A hail of nails stab the wall and BLOW OUT the wall mounted fuse box -- BANG!

INT. DISUSED PUB - NIGHT

Sudden DARKNESS is met with SCREAMS!

MAHER'S PUB

Lisa dives into the main bar and flips the Zippo lighter as the Grabber seizes her leg.

The lighter falls beyond reach and takes fuel off the coat rack. Flames crawl high upon the jackets and coats.

LISA
UH FIRE! FIRE!

The Grabber drags Lisa across the pub floor.

INT./EXT. DISUSED PUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Paddy, Brian and O'Shea slot the mop into the coat rack and slide a broom through the horizontal gap, its clear now they're building a scarecrow. O'Shea puts his jacket over it, dressing it. Una sniffs the air in the hall.

UNA
Do you smell smoke?

INT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

PUB KITCHEN

towards the gaping jaws that fill the backyard door frame. She grabs broken bottles off the floor and stabs at the tentacle, glassing them. She grabs Dr Gleeson's board with a nail in it and slams it home. It uncoils around her feet.

Free, she runs for the pub front door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY WINDOW - NIGHT

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

FR POTTS
We're going up in flames!

O'SHEA
Where is she?

BRIAN
You gotta go now.

O'SHEA
I need those keys.

BRIAN
We can't wait, son.

O'Shea opens the hallway window and climbs out. He nods towards Brian awaiting his cue: do it.

INT. DISUSED PUB - NIGHT

Brian flings the window open towards the rain.

PADDY
Yoohoo! Come and get me, you
rotten bastard!

Paddy, Fr Potts, Brian and Una pick up O'Shea's scarecrow decoy and chuck it out the window into the back yard. Brian shuts the window and SPLAT-BANG!

Everyone jumps back! Startled as --

-- the Grabbers's mouth fills the window, kissing glass. It crawls upwards, smudging the window. Folks stare, horrified.

Brian looks back at O'Shea's open window. He runs to it.

EXT. MAHER'S PUB - NIGHT

O'Shea drops onto the back wall and shimmies along it.

BRIAN
Run, O'Shea, run!

O'Shea looks back at Brian and sees pitching itself over the roof of the pub -- the GRABBER. It cascades towards him like a sticky spaghetti slinky, tentacles tumbling.

Suddenly skidding around the corner, spewing up mud, comes Lisa in Brian's old pickup. She parks right below O'Shea.

O'SHEA

Lisa?

LISA

Would ya come on for fuck sake!

O'Shea's never been so pleased to see her behind the wheel.

INT./EXT. PICKUP - NIGHT

THUMP! O'Shea jumps in the pickup.

O'SHEA

GO!

LISA

I'm breaking so many laws.
Drinking on duty. Driving under
the influence. Speeding. Driving
without lights on.

O'SHEA

PUT YOUR LIGHTS ON!

LISA

(she does)
Ah that's better.

They tear off, leaving the Grabber behind. ROARING!

INT. UPSTAIRS WINDOW - NIGHT

Brian, Paddy and Una watch from the window.

PADDY

Good luck, boy.

Brian hands Paddy an axe. (Burying the hatchet.)

BRIAN

Let's bury the hatchet, Paddy...
into the heads of those feekin'
things!

PADDY

Jumpers.

UNA

Come on!

Paddy takes the axe and the trio turn to go to work.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Brian's pickup races along, splashing through a puddle and leaving an empty road in its wake, that is until the Grabber appears over the hill, ripping along and gaining on them.

EXT. DERELICT SITE - NIGHT

Rain dribbles down the "KEEP OUT" sign as the pickup smacks into it, knocking it down. Lisa and O'Shea bail out and regard the empty site. Lisa runs towards the trucks as --

-- O'Shea makes a beeline for the site's gennie. He starts it up and light fills the site from big work lamps dotted about.

O'SHEA

It's following me, so you get the crusher and I'll lure it into position.

Lisa backs into O'Shea, dread painted on her face.

LISA

It's gone.

O'SHEA

What is?

LISA

The crusher, the JCB. It's gone. It's not here anymore.

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

LISA

Ciarán.

O'SHEA

I know.

LISA

What are we gonna do now?

O'SHEA

Fuck knows.

O'Shea takes out and checks the flare gun. Two cartridges. He looks around him, looking for ideas. He sees something --

O'SHEA
I've got an idea.

Lisa clocks something, too. On the other side of them.

LISA
I've got an idea too.

O'SHEA
What's your idea?

LISA
Why, what are you thinking?

O'SHEA
I'm thinking--

The Grabber lurches forward sounding the starter pistol and storms towards them.

LISA
(at the Grabber)
Wait! We're not ready!

O'SHEA
Run!

LISA
Give me the keys!

O'Shea tosses Cooney's leprechaun key-chain at Lisa. She reaches to catch it but it sails past her drunken hands.

LISA
Got 'em. Shit!

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

LISA
Got 'em!

O'Shea runs the incline of the ramp, gunning for the pit.

INT./EXT. BULLDOZER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Lisa slams into the bulldozer and stabs Cooney's keys into the driver's door but they won't open. They're --

LISA
-- the wrong keys. It won't open.
(spots something)

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

LISA

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

INT. DERELICT SITE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

O'Shea just makes the safety of the rim giving him a foothold with a twenty foot drop onto shards of broken barrels and iron girders beyond that. If he slips he's dead.

The Grabber considers him, edging no further. O'Shea sees the oil tanks, he aims the flare gun at the drums. Finger on the trigger, ready and waiting.

O'SHEA

Come on, you langer. Just a little
closer. Move. Hey, you want me,
you're going have to come across
and get --

-- WHIPAH! The Grabber's barbed tongue shoots across the pit and lances the air around him. O'Shea's well within reach.

O'SHEA

Awwwwww bollocks.

WHIPAH! O'Shea jumps left. WHIPAH! He jumps right. Inches to spare each time as O'Shea tries to take aim while ducking.

He fires and the flare misses the oil drum. It strikes an exposed girder and lands in the pit, glowing and smouldering.

He ducks the tongue and reloads, balanced precariously.

INT./EXT. BULLDOZER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Lisa jacks the screwdriver into the ignition and turns. The ENGINE rumbles to life along with the radio. She moves to put on her seat-belt but stops herself. Feck it.

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

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

INT. PIT - NIGHT

WHIPAH! The tongue lashes out and O'Shea ducks it.

O'SHEA
Enough! Piss off!

WHIPAH! The tongue strikes again but this one lances O'Shea's shoulder and spins him like a top! O'Shea smacks off the pit's floor, just missing an iron girder. Ouch!

He lands hard on his shoulder, struck with utter agony.

Tentacles surround, curling towards him. He grabs his strewn flare gun and buries himself in the corner of the pit, rain and mud dribbling down upon him.

He reloads and takes aim at the oil drums. This final shot will certainly kill him. Yet he's willing to do it.

He grips the trigger, summoning all he has ... AS THE SOUND OF AN ENGINE DRAWS CLOSE. Headlights shine over the pit --

INT./EXT. BULLDOZER / RAMP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

LISA
Get away from him, you --!

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

LISA
Cunt. (*Alternative: langer.*)

EXT. PIT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Grabber crashes into the pit as the bulldozer pivots and pins it; its scoop slamming down and severing the Grabber's extended tongue.

O'Shea rises, back to the pit wall, inches from the carnage. He stuffs the flare gun in his belt and climbs the bulldozer's treads towards level ground.

Tentacles whip and flail around him as Lisa clammers from the cabin and grabs his hand.

LISA

I got you.

She helps him climb out and they catch their breath. Elated.

O'SHEA

You took your sweet time.

Lisa reveals Paddy's potcheen bottle.

LISA

I think this calls for a celebration.

O'Shea laughs but then his face drops. He looks down to see a tentacle wrap around his waist.

LISA

O'Shea!

It pulls him off his feet as he grabs Lisa's bottle.

Pulled towards the Grabber's snapping maw, it draws him in, jaws snarling. Almost grinning. It's going to enjoy this.

But at the last moment O'Shea pops the cork and chucks the bottle into its mouth.

O'SHEA

Sláinte.

The Grabber chokes and spasms. A monstrous wail and --
-- O'Shea is flung into the air.

EXT. DERELICT SITE RAMP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

O'Shea lands. He spits up dirt as Lisa runs to him.

O'SHEA

He couldn't handle his drink.

She leans in close as if to kiss him. O'Shea puckers up. But Lisa grabs the flare gun from his belt and runs back to the precipice of the pit.

O'SHEA

... What are you...?

She aims it at the oil drums. The ROAR of the Grabber.

LISA
Oh shut your hole.

She fires!

KABOOOOOM!

The shockwave hurtles Lisa onto her arse beside O'Shea. Both laid out in the mud. Grabber gunk and rain pelts them.

O'SHEA
Jesus, you're dangerous.

LISA
(thrilled)
I know!

They laugh.

EXT. GRASSY HILL OVERLOOKING BEACH - DAWN

No longer raining, O'Shea and Lisa look absolutely filthy as they come walking over the hillside. She hiccups demurely.

LISA
You look like crap.

O'SHEA
So do you.

They shuffle on together. Battle-scarred. Limping. Side-by-side. Lisa takes O'Shea's flask from her pocket.

LISA
Here.

She hands it to him. O'Shea remembers it for a brief moment, then lets it fall away. Lisa smiles. Proud of him.

They stagger on, the beautiful sea panorama before them. Casually they fill the pauses, at ease with the world.

LISA
I think I'll take some time-off.

O'SHEA
You know if you lived here you'd be home already.

Lisa absorbs the vista before her.

LISA
Home of the Erin Island Grabbers.
It's gonna get mental round here.

O'SHEA

I'll need all the help I can get.

O'Shea puts his arm around her, and they seem right together.

LISA

You want to get some breakfast?

O'SHEA

Yeah.

LISA

First, lets get out of these wet clothes.

O'SHEA

Sounds good.

They laugh, and stumble on arm-in-arm into the sunrise.

EXT. SHORE - DAWN

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

FADE OUT.

THE END

OMITTED

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