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Beneath the Waves

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Beneath the Waves

By

Allison Nast

Based on:

Brigid and the Mermaids

by

Allison Nast

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FADE IN.

The production credits roll over a black screen. The instrumental intro of Billy Peddle by Great Big Sea plays.

Slowly the screen lightens until we see...

EXT. SEA - MORNING

The Beggarman Jig by The High Kings plays.

The camera angles low over the water as we zoom across the waves. The camera passes a group of rocks jutting out of the sea and a group of seals throw themselves from the rocks into the water as we pass.

We pass a trio of small fishing boats at a distance, the men pulling in nets and shouting to each other - no words are distinguishable.

As we near a beach the camera slows down, until we look up at a small village, Castlerock, with a hillside and forest behind it.

Castlerock lies on the beach, eighteen buildings in a crooked row a few dozen meters from the shoreline. The buildings are all of a similar size and shape - white-washed stone rectangles with thatch roofs. Small stones hang from twine from the roofs, holding the thatching in place.

One building is slightly larger than the others, and it has a weatherbeaten, wooden sign attached to the top reading "The Shoals".

Mooring posts for boats are scattered along the edge of the sea - three posts stand with no boats attached to them. The boats that are there are small fishing dingies or round, leather coracles.

A seal's head pops up from the waves in front of us, looking at the village as well.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Women are collecting seaweed on the beach. They have large baskets tied to their backs and they throw long strands of kelp over their shoulders. They are in constant motion, never pausing to rest.

The camera lingers on the women for a moment, then moves towards The Shoals. We look into the building through the doorway. The music ends.

INT. THE SHOALS - CONTINUOUS

The Shoals is a combination general store and pub. At the moment, the pub side is deserted, the only figure there is that of the mermaid in the painting behind the bar. She is a beautiful, blond woman with a red seashell bra and a glistening, bright green tail.

JACK MCGUINNESS, the proprietor of The Shoals, stands amid a group of men and women - the women are inspecting a crate of cabbages and turnips and the men are listening intently to Jack's speech. Jack is a darkly tan, sandy haired man of late-twenties, and as he speaks he glances at his customers from the corners of his eyes, as though sharing a dark secret. Like the rest of the villagers, he speaks with a thick Irish accent.

JACK

Did you know, the women of the continent wear pillows under their dresses? Bustles, they call 'em. Makes their backsides stick out so far you could rest a barrel on it.

He sticks out his rear end, placing his hands on his knees and pursing his lips, clearly in what he imagines to be a good imitation of a coquettish woman. The men grin at one another. The women titter.

WOMAN 1

Whatever are they for?

Jack shrugs, winking at the men.

JACK

You know women, always padding something to try to lure us in.

The women glance at one another with raised eyebrows. They wear sensible dresses of canvas and wool, shoes of wood and leather, no jewelry to speak of. They are all of a similar height - somewhere in the vicinity of 5'2" - with wide hips and muscular arms and legs.

All wear their hair in long braids down the centers of their backs. Their hair color is the only truly distinguishing feature - it ranges from light blond to black, although none with red hair.

These are not women used to padding anything to attract the attentions of men. The camera backs out of the doorway and pans around to the beach.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

A woman around the age of fifty, SIOBHAN, with a long blond braid well on it's way to gray, walks along the beach, empty basket held stiffly by her side. Her face has the pinched look of someone who rarely gets enough to eat.

She walks along the beach towards a house with a large herb garden.

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - MORNING

The cottage is one long room: a table and benches at one end, stone oven in the center for cooking and heat, a wooden cabinet across from it, a bed on the other end. The inside walls are whitewashed stone like the outside. The door is wide open to let in the sunlight.

The only remarkable thing about the Connealy home are the bunches of herbs hanging upside down from the ceiling. Ragweed, thistle, cowslip, burdock, alder, comfrey, lavender - each has its own place and each is tied with a ribbon of a different color.

A woman sits at the table knitting, while a child of about one sits on the floor playing with animals and people carved from driftwood. Both the woman and the girl have identical bright red hair. BRIGID, the woman, has hers in a long braid down the center of her back - AOIFE, the baby, has a halo of curls.

A shadow darkens the doorway and Brigid looks up as Siobhan enters the house. When Brigid speaks, it is with an accent more Scottish than Irish.

BRIGID

How is Cathy doing, then? Her cough?

SIOBHAN

(picking up Aoife)

Not quite gone, but far better than last week.

Siobhan holds Aoife, tickling the girl's chin. Brigid takes the small bunch of dried comfrey hanging from the ceiling and breaks off a sprig. She moves to the cabinet and takes down a small box.

BRIGID

Here's more comfrey.
(she trades Aoife for the herb)

(CONTINUED)

Remember, pour boiling water over the leaves, let it steep for ten minutes, then have Cathy drink it while it's still hot.

She hands Siobhan two tablets from the box.

BRIGID

And here are two more Aspirin. See that she takes them with some food.

Siobhan nods in thanks, pinches Aoife's cheek one last time, and ducks out of the house. Brigid puts Aoife on the floor with her toys and rehangs what is left of the comfrey.

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - EVENING

Brigid stands in front of the oven and removes a loaf of bread just as EAMON opens the door and enters the house. Eamon is a handsome man of about twenty five, with curly black hair and bright blue eyes. He is no more than two or three inches taller than Brigid. Beaming at his wife, he holds aloft a large trout, already gutted.

EAMON

More than just soup tonight, loves!

Brigid takes the fish and kisses her husband.

BRIGID

You'll have to wait your dinner if you want this tonight.

Eamon walks over to Aoife, who has been stretching her arms out to her father since he first came through the door. He kneels with one swinging motion, tosses the little girl into the air, catching her as he stands and hugging her tight. Aoife squirms and giggles in his arms.

He turns to Brigid, still grinning.

EAMON

That's alright, my red-haired beauty...

(he kisses Aoife loudly on her neck)

It's worth the wait for some meat.

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - EVENING

Eamon sits at the table playing with Aoife while Brigid wraps the trout in strips of seaweed and puts the package on the embers of the fire. Taking a jar from the shelf above the oven, Brigid places it and the bread on the table. She sits across from Eamon, slowly cutting a thick slice of bread and buttering it.

BRIGID

Still some butter left from last week. No eggs though. I'm going to have Jack trade that shawl for a few chickens. I'm sick of not having them. Could you make me a pen to hold them?

Eamon looks at Brigid's outstretched hand, offering the buttered bread, and smiles.

EAMON

With so sweet a wife, how could I refuse?

He takes a huge bite of bread and chews open mouthed, offering some to Aoife. She takes the bread from him, licks the butter, and hands it back. Laughing, Eamon breaks off a piece and Aoife eats it from his fingers. He turns his attention back to Brigid.

EAMON

What shawl? Not the one you've been working on?

Brigid nods.

BRIGID

I don't need another one, and I'll be able to get two or three good chickens with it.

EAMON

But it's so pretty with your eyes. There's real Irish green in that shawl.

BRIGID

We haven't enough money for me to have any truck with vanities. The fishing isn't what it used to be, and the village has naught to trade to me anymore. This last month, I've gotten nothing for my work. I've no use for anything pretty.

(CONTINUED)

Eamon begins to look petulant.

EAMON

Am I not man enough to keep my wife
with pretty things?

BRIGID

Eamon, that isn't the point. We're
close to starving here - what good
is a shawl if my belly is empty? Or
Aiofe's?

Aoife, looking back and forth between her parents, begins to
whimper at the raised voices.

EAMON

What would you have me do? This is
my home, even if it's not yours. I
won't leave.

BRIGID

I'm not asking you to leave, Eamon.
I've never asked that of you. We
would fare no better in Scotland
than we are here. I'm saying that
we have no money, and I must trade
what I have.

Brigid leans across the table, shushing her daughter's
whimpers and meets her husband's eyes. She studies the face
of her husband. His blue eyes are now darkened by
belligerence. They stare at each other for a long moment and
then Eamon leans back, breaking eye contact and the tension.

Brigid nods, as though they have come to an agreement and
stands, removing the fish from the oven. She lays out two
plates and divides the fish between them, easily removing
the skin after she has unwrapped the seaweed.

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - EVENING

They eat in silence. Aoife plays with her food and babbles
and Eamon consumes his portion of food as though he has not
eaten in days - slurping the seaweed soup loudly. Brigid
looks mildly disgusted at the noises, but after a minute of
this silent eating, she leans across the table and kisses
Eamon.

Eamon brightens instantly.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID
How was the fishing today?

EXT. CONNEALY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We can see through a smoky window into the Connealy house as Brigid and Eamon eat and talk. They smile at each other and take turns holding and feeding Aoife. We cannot hear their conversation, but we can occasionally hear laughter. Other than that, we hear the waves lapping the shore.

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - LATER THAT EVENING

Brigid puts the sleeping Aoife in her crib - a small driftwood contraption more boat than bed, with carvings of sea creatures and inlaid shells all across the top. As she bends over the crib Eamon hugs her from behind, pressing his body to hers and kissing the back of her neck.

She turns to meet his lips, smiling as she kisses him and lets herself be pushed back onto their bed.

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - NIGHT

Brigid lies awake in bed, one arm around Eamon and the other hand stroking his hair as she smiles softly at her sleeping daughter. Her eyes travel to the small table next to the bed. Sitting on it is a small, carved wooden seal. She stares at the seal for a moment, and we hear a seagull scream.

EXT. SEA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A middle aged man and Brigid, at this point only fifteen, stand in a one masted sail boat. Seagulls wheel screaming around the boat. JONATHON MCNABB steers the boat while his daughter hauls in the sail. She is dressed as he is, in a sweater and canvas pants, but with her long red hair unbound, cascading down her back. She finishes tying in the sail and collapses sullenly in a seat. When Jonathon speaks, it is with a thick Scottish brogue.

JONATHON
I know you are tired of these
villages, but we must pass through
Castlerock to get to Coleraine. I
just hope someone here has a horse
and cart.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID

Its not the villages I mind, its
the villagers. With the way these
foolish children laugh, you would
think they have never heard a
Scotsman speak before.

JONATHON

They probably haven't, Brigie.

Brigid scoffs derisively.

BRIGID

Even worse! They are so ignorant.

JONATHON

Can you fish, Brigid McNabb?

BRIGID

I could if I wanted to.

JONATHON

Without being taught?

BRIGID

Probably.

JONATHON

Do not call another ignorant
because they do not have the same
education as you. I've taught you
better than that, I hope.

Brigid sniffs and turns away. She looks at Castlerock, which they are only a few hundred meters from. The sailboat continues to skim across the water and when it is shallow enough, Jonathon leaps from the boat, line in hand, and pulls the boat to shore.

EXT. CASTLEROCK - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

Brigid stands, watching her father tie the line to a mooring post and surveying the village critically before jumping out of the boat as well. The water comes up to her waist and soaks the ends of her hair.

Brigid and her father wade to shore, Brigid taking a cap from her pocket, twirling her hair into a bun and tucking it under the cap, which she pulls down low over her eyes.

Jonathon looks at his daughter, who glowers back, shrugs his shoulders and walks to The Shoals.

INT. THE SHOALS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

An eighteen-year-old Jack stands behind the counter as Jonathon enters, Brigid behind him. She moves to stand by a shelf of sewing and knitting supplies, but listens to the conversation intently. The Shoals is far better stocked than we have seen it earlier - every shelf brimming with goods.

JONATHON

My name is Jonathon McNabb. I am a scientist from Glasgow. We need to make our way to Coleraine. Is there anyone in this village who owns a horse and cart?

JACK

My father does. Will you be paying?

Jonathon reaches into his pocket and removes a gold coin, and hands it to Jack. Jack inspects it closely, bites it, and nods in satisfaction.

JACK

And collateral for the horse and cart?

JONATHON

(pointing towards the beach)
My boat is on the beach.

Jack moves to the window.

JACK

She's a beauty. You came all the way from Glasgow in her?

Jonathon beams with pride.

JONATHON

We built her last winter. This is the Zephyr's maiden voyage. My daughter helped me to sail, as well.

Hearing herself mentioned, Brigid ducks her head so that it looks like she had not been listening. Jack looks surprised.

JACK

Daughter, eh? I took you for a boy when you walked in.

Brigid glares at her father for revealing her secret as she storms to the door, hissing at him as she passes.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID

Ignorant.

She slams out of the shop. Jonathon shakes his head.

JONATHON

Pay her no mind. May I see the horse?

EXT. BEACH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Brigid walks along the beach, hands in her pockets and head bent, kicking a stone methodically along in front of her. She passes a coracle and a voice calls to her.

EAMON

Did you come in that sailboat, then?

Brigid looks around for the source of the voice and sees a teenage Eamon lying in the bottom of the boat, mending a fishing net. Even at sixteen he is handsome and a small smile appears on Brigid's face. She plops down in the sand next to the coracle.

BRIGID

Yes.

(with pride)

I just came from Glasgow with my father.

Eamon looks hard at Brigid, squinting at her face. He sits up so their faces are inches apart. Brigid looks uncertain for the first time, eyes wide and surprised. Eamon reaches up and removes her hat. Her long hair tumbles down her back. Eamon grins.

EAMON

Thought so.

Jonathon calls to Brigid from The Shoals' doorway.

JONATHON

Brigid! Get the bags from The Zephyr, will you? We'll leave in a minute.

Eamon jumps to his feet, springing lightly out of the coracle onto the sand.

(CONTINUED)

EAMON
I'll help you.

Brigid looks happier than she has all day.

BRIGID
Only if you can beat me.

Eamon looks curious for a moment until Brigid takes off running for The Zephyr. He grabs her hat from the bottom of the boat and follows in hot pursuit.

They run along the beach as fast as they can, Eamon gaining on Brigid until they run side by side, both laughing. They reach the sailboat at the same time, each slapping one hand on it's side.

BRIGID
(gasping for breath)
You can still help me. You would
have won if I hadn't cheated.

EXT. THE SHOALS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jack and Jonathon hitch a Clydesdale to the cart. Eamon and Brigid come around the side of the shop, each with a bag slung over their shoulder.

Jonathon raises his eyebrows at the sight of Eamon but says nothing. He turns to Jack as Brigid and Eamon put the bags in the cart.

JONATHON
Will there be a place for us to
spend the night when we return?

JACK
(to Eamon)
Is that house Finn's building done
yet?

EAMON
Usable. Nothing fancy.

JONATHON
That's fine. We'll pay.

EAMON
(winking at Brigid)
No need. Irish charity.

Brigid blushes and looks at her feet. Jonathon looks thoughtful.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHON

Come, Brigid.

(to Jack, as he climbs into
the cart)

Thank you for the use of the horse
and cart. We should return in three
days.

Brigid climbs into the cart and sits next to her father.
Eamon moves to stand next to her, and holds out his hand.

EAMON

Eamon Connealy.

Brigid takes his hand and smiles.

BRIGID

Brigid.

Jonathon clicks his tongue and slaps the reigns against the
horse's back. The horse trots off quickly, Brigid looking
back over her shoulder at Eamon.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

After a moment Jonathon looks at her.

JONATHON

Not all ignorant, then?

BRIGID

I may have been wrong. Stranger
things have happened.

Jonathon chuckles quietly.

EXT. THE SHOALS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jack and Eamon watch the cart disappear over the hill.

JACK

She's pretty, that one.

EAMON

She's smart, that one. I like her.
Who is she?

Jack grins at Eamon.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Oh, little Annie won't be happy to hear you say that.

The two boys walk back to the store.

EAMON

She's a child, she'll get over it. What are those two after?

INT. THORNTHWAITE'S HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Brigid and her father stand in the messy house of an inventor. The room is a disaster area - piles of papers three feet high stand on tables under which are boxes of books and more paper. Tubes, pieces of metal and lengths of yellow rubber are scattered about. Large blueprints line the walls, some for submarines, some for diving suits.

THORNTHWAITE is a man of about 60, with a full head of white hair and a large pipe in his mouth. He gestures wildly with the pipe as he talks and sparks occasionally fly from it, making Brigid and Jonathon cringe, but no fire starts. He has a very posh British accent.

THORNTHWAITE

So then I decided to make a SUIT to dive in. A submarine is the thing if you want to go very deep underwater. But for seeing things up close and personal...

(he shoves his face directly into Jonathon's, making the other man back away)
you need to be mobile.

The inventor scuttles around a pile of equipment and Brigid catches her father's eye, raising her eyebrows at him. Jonathon suppresses a smile and follows the other man.

JONATHON

My... assistant and I are particularly interested in the marine life in the Scottish lochs. You have heard of the monster of Loch Ness, I suppose?

Brigid snorts derisively.

JONATHON (CONT.)

Yes. Well. She is more interested in medicine than fairy tales, but I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JONATHON (CONT.) (cont'd)
would be honored if you would allow
me to help you with your work.

EXT. THORNTHWAITES HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Brigid sits in the cart, the Clydesdale moving restlessly in the busy street. Women hurry by with children and baskets, groups of men talk animatedly with one another. Brigid stares around her and catches the eye of a young man, who winks at her. Brigid turns up her nose and looks away.

Jonathon and Thornthwaite leave the house, Jonathon carrying a folio of papers.

JONATHON
I don't know how to thank you, sir.
This information is invaluable.

THORNTHWAITES
Think nothing of it! But if you do
find that beast in Scotland, name
it after me!
(he laughs uproariously)
I hope I have the pleasure of
seeing you again. And you too,
Brigid my dear!

Jonathon climbs into the cart next to his daughter. She takes the reins.

BRIGID
Good day, Mr. Thornthwaite. Good
luck with your research.

She slaps the reins across the horse's back and it springs happily into action, trotting down the street.

BRIGID
The man is mad, of course.

JONATHON
Of course. But insanity and genius
often go hand-in-hand. That suit
though, fascinating bit of
equipment. I'd love to see him
finish it.

BRIGID
I'll stick to curing colds and
setting bones, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHON

Boring.

Brigid sticks her tongue out at her father and he grins at her.

EXT. THE SHOALS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Brigid and Jonathon steer the horse and cart down the hill towards The Shoals. As soon as the horse slows down Brigid hops out of the cart. She lands on the ground near Jack, who grins at her.

JACK

He's around the other side of the store.

BRIGID

Who is?

Without waiting for an answer she walks in the direction he indicated. As Jack helps Jonathon unload the cart, the older man looks sternly at him.

JONATHON

They should not spend much time together. It will only break her heart more when we leave.

Jack nods but says nothing.

EXT. THE SHOALS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Brigid walks around the back of the store, the sound of a young man singing becomes audible. Brigid smiles to herself and slows her steps so she can listen to the song.

EAMON (O.S.)

I was sick and nigh to death/And I
vowed at every breath/Oh to walk in
wisdom's path/As I sailed./But my
repentance lasted not/My vows I
soon forgot/Oh damnation is my
lot/As I sailed.

Brigid peeks around the side of the building to see Eamon sitting on the ground, back to the store, deftly mending a fishing net as he sings.

He looks up at her, not seeming surprised to see her, and grins as he sings the chorus. He pats the ground next to him and Brigid sits.

(CONTINUED)

EAMON

My name is Captain Kidd/As I sailed, as I sailed/Oh my name is Captain Kidd as I sailed./My name is Captain Kidd/And God's laws I did forbid/And most wickedly I did as I sailed.

BRIGID

I didn't know the Irish knew that song as well. Kidd was a Scot, you know.

EAMON

I won't hold it against him.

Brigid tries to swat him but he ducks, laughing. He takes her hands in his and places them on the net, showing her how to knot the lines to form the latticework of a fishing net.

As they work they sing together, their voices in perfect harmony.

EAMON AND BRIGID

To the execution dock/Lay my head upon the block/The laws no more I'll mock/As I sail./So take warning here and heed/To shun bad company/Or you'll wind up just like me/As I sailed.

EAMON AND BRIGID, AND JACK (O.S.)

My name is Captain Kidd/As I sailed, as I sailed/Oh my name is Captain Kidd as I sailed./My name is Captain Kidd/And God's laws I did forbid/And most wickedly I did as I sailed.

A third voice had joined theirs in the last chorus and Jack walks around the side of the building. He suppresses a smile at the sight of the two, sitting closer together than truly appropriate. When the song ends he turns to Brigid.

JACK

Your father wants you.

Brigid reluctantly stands and walks back around the building, glancing back once at Eamon.

When she is gone Jack sits next to Eamon.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
You know they aren't staying.

EAMON
She may.

JACK
She won't. People like her are too
big for Castlerock.

Eamon grunts but says nothing more.

EXT. FINN'S HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jonathon stands in the doorway of the house as Brigid comes up to it. He looks at her sternly.

JONATHON
We leave in two days. We would
leave sooner, but I wish to study
the sea life here first.

Brigid grins and turns to leave. Jonathon takes a hold of her arm and looks seriously at her.

JONATHON (CONT.)
Do not get attached to this place.
Or anyone in it.

Brigid glares at her father and wordlessly pulls her arm out of his grip and walks into the house.

EXT. BEACH - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Brigid walks over to the coracles tied up on the beach. Eamon is sitting in one, a girl standing next to him, twirling her hair and giggling. ANNIE GILFILLAN is twelve and petite, with long blond hair she keeps flipping over her shoulders.

Eamon speaks with her politely, but grins broadly when he sees Brigid.

ANNIE
(giggling)
But I thought a bowline knot was a
square knot!

Brigid raises her eyebrows at this but says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

EAMON

No. A bowline is a lot more complicated.

(to Brigid)

Do you know what a bowline is, Brigid?

Brigid picks up a piece of rope from the coracle Eamon is sitting in and quickly ties a perfect bowline knot, and hands it to Annie, who looks sour.

ANNIE

My mother says a woman who can do a man's work will never win one.

EAMON

Annie, have you met Brigid?

BRIGID

(holding out her hand)

I haven't had the pleasure.

Annie offers her hand limply, and winces at Brigid's strong grip.

BRIGID

(to Eamon)

I was hoping you could show me the cove over the hill there. My father wants to study the animals living in it.

Eamon stands up excitedly.

EAMON

Of course! But...

(pointing over Brigid's shoulder)

what's that?

She turns to look and he takes off running for the cove. Brigid runs after him as fast as she can.

BRIGID

Cheat!

Annie watches them run away, looking furious.

EXT. COVE - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Eamon and Brigid race over the side of the hill and down into the cove, both splashing knee deep into the water, laughing.

EAMON

What did your father want you for?

BRIGID

Oh, he was warning me not to fall in love with you.

Eamon slips on something in the water and falls hard on his backside. Brigid laughs and helps him to his feet. Eamon looks embarrassed and curious.

EAMON

Oh. Were you... planning on falling in love with me?

BRIGID

I rarely plan anything. Things just happen.

EAMON

He's your father. He doesn't want to see you in pain.

Brigid snorts and kicks up a rock from under the water, catching it in one hand and tossing it back and forth between her right and left.

BRIGID

He's a good father, but since my mother died he's been very distant.

Eamon smiles sadly at her and brushes a strand of hair behind her ear.

EAMON

He still loves you, though. I'm sure of it.

Brigid and Eamon stare into each other's eyes for a long moment.

BRIGID

Do you love me, Eamon Connealy?

Eamon moves closer to her, sliding his hand around the back of her head into her hair.

(CONTINUED)

EAMON

I'm getting there....

They are of such a similar height that their lips meet without any awkward maneuvering. They share a chaste kiss for a few seconds, until a large rock is dropped into the water near their feet.

They both jump, severely startled, and look up to see a young SIMON leering down at them.

SIMON

Who is your pretty friend,
Foundling?

Eamon ignores Simon's statement, and turns to Brigid.

EAMON

Brigid, Simon Baker. Simon, this is
Brigid McNabb. She and her father
are scientists.

Brigid looks proud of this title, but Simon pays no attention to Eamon.

SIMON

What would your father say, young
miss, if he found out you had been
kissing our Eamon?

Eamon begins to show some anger.

EAMON

Simon, why don't you....

BRIGID

(interrupting)

Why not tell him? Do you think I
care? I don't believe I like you,
Simon Baker. Good day.

Brigid turns on her heel and walks away, Eamon staring after her in surprise for a moment, and following her. Simon glares after them, then stomps off in the opposite direction.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

Eamon catches up with Brigid and links her arm in his.

(CONTINUED)

EAMON

Shall we stroll, my lady?

Brigid smiles at him and they walk off across the beach together.

EXT. BEACH - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Jonathon stands by The Zephyr, watching Brigid drag her feet towards the boat. Eamon stands by the fishing boats, looking at her mournfully. She throws her bag into The Zephyr, and turns to Eamon, holding out her hand. She is near tears, but tries not to show it.

BRIGID

I'm glad to have met you, Eamon
Connealy.

Eamon's eyes are also filled with tears, and he does nothing to hide it.

EAMON

And I you, Brigid. I... hope to see
you again, someday.

He shakes her hand, then reaches into his pocket. He pulls out a small carved wooden seal and hands it wordlessly to Brigid. She takes it, stroking the seal's head for a moment before pocketing it.

The few other people on the beach watch with interest, exchanging glances. Annie lurks on the sidelines, looking thunderous.

Brigid, not able to speak any longer, nods her head and begins to walk to The Zephyr.

After a few steps she turns back and throws herself into Eamon's arms and they kiss passionately, tears streaming down Eamon's face.

The other people on the beach gasp and turn away in embarrassment, walking off in small groups and chattering to each other. Annie bursts into tears and runs away. Jonathon looks both angry and sad, and looks away.

Brigid breaks the kiss first, taking a deep, shaking breath, and steps away.

BRIGID

I will never forget you.

(CONTINUED)

She turns and runs for The Zephyr before Eamon can say anything else, vaulting into it and standing in the prow.

BRIGID
(to Jonathon)
Are we ready to cast off?

Jonathon nods and Brigid unfurls the mainsail. It catches the breeze and the boat lurches towards the sea.

Eamon stands watching the boat drift out into the open water, tears still streaming down his face. Brigid never looks back. The camera pans up to the rigging of the boat.

EXT. SEA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The camera pans back down the rigging, and we see that the scene has changed. Brigid, now nineteen, sails The Zephyr single handedly. She is again dressed in a sailor's fashion, hair tucked up under her hat. The wooden seal hangs around her neck, tied to a leather thong.

Brigid has no trouble pulling in the sail as she has roped the tiller into a straight course. After she has secured the sail, we pan around her broadly smiling face to see Castlerock laid out before her.

It is the same as we last saw it, and we can see that all the fishing boats are out for the day.

INT. THE SHOALS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jack stands behind the counter as CATHY sweeps the store. The bell tinkles as the door opens, and Jack looks up, startled and pleased at the sight that greets him.

JACK
Brigid? Brigid McNabb?!

Brigid walks up to the counter, and grinning, pulls off her cap so that her long hair, now contained in a long braid, falls down her back. Jack laughs heartily.

JACK
I'll never understand how I mistook
you for a boy. What are you doing
here? Where is your father?

Brigid's face falls slightly.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID

My father died last year. Angered
an octopus he was studying. So I
came back here. Castlerock was
without a doctor the last time I
was here, is that still the case?

JACK

You're a doctor now?

BRIGID

Well, near enough.

Cathy shifts and Brigid notices her for the first time,
holding out her hand.

BRIGID

Brigid McNabb. And you are?

CATHY

(looking at Jack for approval)
Cathy. Cathy McClaren. I've heard
about you.

Brigid looks surprised, and turns to Jack.

BRIGID

Oh? How?

Jack opens his mouth to speak when a shout is heard from the
direction of the beach. Jack looks out the window and as we
angle in behind him, we can see a young man running at a
breakneck speed towards The Shoals. Jack grins broadly.

JACK

That's how.

Brigid looks confused and then the door bangs open
violently, revealing a panting Eamon.

BRIGID

Oh.

Brigid and Eamon stare at each other for a moment, Cathy
looking taken aback by the heightened emotion and Jack with
a grin still plastered across his face.

Eamon moves forward suddenly, pulling Brigid to him and
kissing her. Cathy turns away, blushing. Jack moves around
the counter and takes her arm.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Let's go see if your mother needs any help.

CATHY

Yes, good idea!

Brigid and Eamon are paying them no attention, Eamon by now having pushed Brigid up against the counter and still kissing her. He breaks the kiss suddenly.

EAMON

Marry me.

BRIGID

Yes.

Brigid leans up to kiss him again.

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Brigid lays in bed, smiling fondly at the seal. Eamon grunts in his sleep, turning to his side so his body is wrapped around Brigid's. Her smile deepens as she cranes her neck to kiss her husband's lips, then she turns back to face Aoife's crib and closes her eyes.

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - MORNING

Brigid makes the bed as Eamon dresses. She is wearing her nightgown, while he pulls on canvas pants and a gray wool cable knit sweater. Aoife still sleeps in her crib. As Brigid fluffs a pillow Eamon wraps his arms around her from behind and kisses her neck. She grins.

BRIGID

Away with you! The Seahawk will be leaving in a minute.

Eamon speaks into Brigid's hair so that his voice is muffled.

EAMON

Aoife will be needing a little brother or sister soon....

Brigid laughs heartily and pushes Eamon away.

BRIGID

After last night, she may yet.

(CONTINUED)

Eamon growls playfully and grabs Brigid, kissing her deeply and bending her backwards in a dip. She squeals and holds out her arms in fear of falling, but Eamon's grip is strong and he has no intention of dropping her.

After a long moment, Eamon stands them both up and releases his wife.

EAMON

Good day, my love, I'll be back
before the sun goes down.

He takes his cap from the back of a chair, bows dramatically to Brigid, snatches the remains of last night's loaf of bread from the table and bangs out the door.

Brigid flinches at the door slamming and glances at her daughter. Aoife is awake and sitting up in her crib, holding her arms out to her mother.

AOIFE

Up!

Brigid swoops her daughter into her arms and carries her to the door, which she opens and walks through, standing on her doorstep.

BRIGID

Wave goodbye to Daddy!

Brigid whistles loudly, two fingers in her mouth. Eamon, who is by the fishing boats, raises his head and waves. Aoife waves back, then sticks her fist in her mouth.

BRIGID

Breakfast?

Aoife nods.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - MORNING

Sunlight shines through the leaves in a forest clearing. Brigid is bent over, picking sprigs of herbs from the ground. A basket sits next to her, already full of vegetation. Aoife sits under a tree, playing happily in the grass.

Brigid slowly straightens her back, putting her hands at the base of her spine and bending backwards to work out the kinks. She sighs, and throws the last handful of herbs in her basket. Brigid walks to the edge of the clearing and picks Aoife up, blowing loudly onto the child's neck. Aoife squeals in laughter and squirms in her mother's arms.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID

What have you been doing, my
beauty? Have you made a new friend?

Brigid carefully opens her daughter's hand to reveal a crumpled and angry faerie. The creature sits in the palm of Aoife's hand, bending its wings back into shape and glaring at them. The faerie is small and brown - with the furry body, large ears and snub nose of a bat and the wings of a moth. It hisses at them as they look at it - Aoife staring unblinking, her other fist in her mouth.

The faerie finishes preening and flaps away, gaining and losing altitude as it adjusts to its mangled wings. Brigid turns her attention to her daughter.

BRIGID

Love, you shouldn't do that to the
little folk.

Aoife smiles and grabs Brigid's necklace in one pudgy hand, trying with all her might to tug the golden locket off her mother's neck. Brigid laughs and again pries her daughter's hand off something she cannot have.

BRIGID

None of that. Shall we be getting
back home now? We still need to go
by the store before Daddy gets
home.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Daughter on one hip and basket on the other, Brigid walks down the footpath out of the woods. Here and there faerie roads glitter tantalizingly. Brigid ignores them, as she ignores the small faces peering at her from beneath logs and bushes. An elf, more fox than human, peeks out from behind a rock as Brigid crosses the tree line and the village becomes visible.

EXT. CASTLEROCK - CONTINUOUS

Brigid shields her eyes with one hand and looks out to sea. Three small, black shapes can be seen off in the distance. Brigid picks her way carefully down the hillside to the village.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Brigid leaves her house, Aoife on one hip and basket on the other. She makes her way down the beach to The Shoals, and as she does she approaches a woman sitting in the sand with two small children: a boy of five, DAVEY, and a toddler of indeterminate sex. FIONA MCKINNON is a small, blond woman a few years older than Brigid. She smiles when she sees the pair and holds her arms out for Aoife. The little girl beams and is happily transferred to the other woman.

Brigid sits down next to Fiona and hugs the other two children to her.

BRIGID

Ahh, my favorite niece and nephew.

DAVEY

(laughing)

We're your only niece and nephew!

Fiona sits Aoife on the sand next to her daughter.

BRIGID

And my favorites.

(to Fiona)

Any sign of the boats yet, Fiona?

The two young girls begin to play silently with each other, inspecting sea shells and passing them back and forth.

FIONA

No. We are having dinner with Mum and Da tonight. I was telling them stories while we watch for the men to come back.

BRIGID

Just as well. I ran out of salt for the bread. We seem to run out of things quickly these days.

(to Davey)

What story was your mother telling you, then?

DAVEY

About mermaids.

Brigid raises her eyebrows at Fiona as Davey runs away to chase some seagulls.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID

You think that's wise? At such a young age?

FIONA

(shrugging)

He asked where his name came from. And anyway, it's been five years since anyone was taken. It may not happen again. The fairies and elves are closer to home, stories of them would only scare the children.

BRIGID

You think the stories about mermaids are true, then?

FIONA

Why don't you? You've seen the creatures in the woods, why are those in the water any different?

BRIGID

I've seen them, yes, but not the way people tell about them. These aren't beautiful little people covered in jewels. They're just animals. I just don't think that women like the one in Jack's bar live in the ocean.

FIONA

What else could make a man willingly abandon his family?

Davey comes running back to the women, waving a long piece of kelp behind him. He swings it over their heads and Brigid catches it, laughing.

FIONA

Davey McKinnon!

BRIGID

Oh Fiona, let him play.

She stands up, brushing the sand from her skirt.

BRIGID

Come, lovely.

(she picks up Aoife)

Give my love to Mum and Da. We need to finish making dinner.

(CONTINUED)

Brigid walks towards The Shoals, while Fiona waves the toddler's hand in her direction.

DAVEY
Bye, Auntie Brigid!

Brigid opens the door to The Shoals, and the bell over the door tinkles.

INT. THE SHOALS - CONTINUOUS

Brigid walks into the store, and Siobhan waves a greeting.

SIOBHAN
Cathy thanks you for the tea.
(She inclines her head in
Jack's direction and smiles)
She wanted to come to the store
herself, but she's still a mite
weak on her feet.

Jack stands behind the counter, leaning on the top and talking jovially with an OLDER WOMAN. Brigid looks at Jack and grins.

BRIGID
Does he know how she feels?

SIOBHAN
Oh, men. What do they know?

They both look at Jack, who has just caught sight of them. He has stood up straight and is running his fingers through his hair, attempting to comb it.

BRIGID
More than we give them credit for,
I think.

Brigid and Siobhan walk over to the counter as the other woman leaves the store, nodding to them as she passes. Siobhan begins taking the items out of her basket and placing them on the counter.

JACK
Brigid. Ms. McClaren. How is Cathy
feeling today?

Brigid turns away slightly so he cannot see her smile.

(CONTINUED)

SIOBHAN

She is doing much better, Jack McGuinness. She should be well enough to come back to work next week.

JACK

Oh! I didn't mean... I was just concerned...

Siobhan stands, smiling slightly, as Jack blushes and begins to count up her groceries.

JACK

Do you want me to add this to your account?

Siobhan glances at the ground, suddenly embarrassed.

SIOBHAN

Yes, you'd better do that. I'm working on a quilt right now that I'll have you sell in town, that should take care of the bill.

Jack smiles kindly.

JACK

I'll keep your account open as long as you need.

Siobhan puts her things back in her basket, and smiles cheekily at Jack.

SIOBHAN

I may just have to sell my daughter into your service to pay off my debts.

Jack, very flustered, chuckles uncertainly and turns to Brigid.

JACK

And for you?

BRIGID

Just some salt. One of the small packets will do. And on my account. Please.

Jack hands her a paper packet from behind the counter, and after Brigid takes it from him, he pinches Aoife's cheek gently.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
More beautiful every day. She looks
just like you, Brigid.

Brigid looks at her daughter.

BRIGID
Really? The hair, certainly, but
there is so much of her father in
her. She has his eyes.
(she picks up her basket)
Thank you, Jack. Good day to you.

Siobhan nods at Jack as the women leave the store. Jack
calls after them.

JACK
Give my word to Cathy!

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

The women giggle as the store door closes behind them.

BRIGID
After you finish that quilt, you'd
best start on a wedding dress for
Cathy.

Siobhan laughs as she walks in the direction of her house.

SIOBHAN
She could do far worse than Jack
McGuinness. Afternoon, Brigid. My
word to Eamon.

Brigid walks back to her house, bouncing Aoife on her hip.

BRIGID
Will you help me make the bread,
sweet one?

Aoife smiles and claps her hands.

AOIFE
Bread!

BRIGID
That's my girl.

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - DAY

Brigid sits at the table, knitting the beginning of a new shawl, this one the light purple of heather. Aoife sits just outside the open front door, playing with her carved toys. She begins to clap her hands, looking out to the shore.

AOIFE

Boat!

Brigid doesn't look up from her knitting.

BRIGID

It's too early for the boats,
lovely.

AOIFE

Boat! Boat!

Brigid continues to knit until voices can be heard from the beach. No words can be made out, but the voices are raised in distress. Brigid freezes. She slowly puts down her knitting, carefully collects her skirt and stands, walking around the table. She picks up Aoife and holds the girl tightly to her, looking out to the beach.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

One boat can be seen pulled up on shore, with a small cluster of people around it. An older woman is crying, her face buried in her hands. A man and woman are embracing, the shoulders of both shaking. The two other boats can be seen some ways off in the bay, also coming to shore.

Brigid shades her eyes with her hand to see, but Eamon is not visible to us or her on the shore. An older man breaks off from the group and begins to walk slowly towards her house.

A look of horrified realization dawns on Brigid's face and she sags against the door frame.

EXT. SEA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The shot is overexposed, the sunlight reflecting too brightly on the water. Everything moves in slight slow-motion, giving the effect of a dream.

Eamon, ANGUS, FINBARR and DAVEY are in the boat, Eamon and Finbarr hauling in a fishnet. Eamon is considerably younger, and we understand that this is a flashback.

(CONTINUED)

Angus is a man in his mid forties, with light brown hair identical to that of both his sons. Finbarr is a few years older than Davey and Eamon, and is tall and thin, where Davey is shorter and more muscular.

Davey suddenly stands and points at the water. When he speaks, his voice sounds distant.

DAVEY

A mermaid! Look! Isn't she beautiful?

Davey stares at the water, entranced. The other men crane their heads to look. A slim figure can be seen beneath the surface, no more than a shadow, but seeming to glow with a light of its own. One hand is outstretched towards Davey, beckoning.

Davey places his foot on the edge of the boat, and Angus, seeing what he is about to do, lunges for him, but too late. Davey dives out of the boat, entering the water with a great splash.

ANGUS

Davey! DAVEY!

We can see the figures of Davey and the mermaid many feet below the surface. The mermaid grasps one of Davey's arms and he appears to struggle as they dive further under the water.

Eamon grabs the end of a line from the bottom of the boat and jumps overboard as well, swimming hard in pursuit. He is eventually lost from view.

Angus and Finbarr stare over the side of the boat in silent horror. Men in the other two fishing boats can be heard yelling to them, but they are too far away for words to be heard.

Eamon suddenly surfaces on the other side of the boat, gasping for air. The other two men grab him and pull him into the boat. In one hand Eamon has a sleeve from the green sweater Davey had been wearing, torn off at the shoulder. The men stare at each other.

EXT. CASTLEROCK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The fishing boats pull up on shore. There is already a small crowd on the beach, villagers curious at the early return of the boats. EILEEN and a teenage Brigid hurry down the beach. Eamon still has Davey's sleeve clutched in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

Eileen reaches the group before Brigid, takes in the situation in a glance and collapses in Angus' arms.

EILEEN

My son!

The crowd gasps and a young woman buries her face in her hands.

EILEEN

Not my son!

Brigid covers her mouth in horror as the rest of the villagers react in similar displays of sorrow. Finbarr walks off across the beach alone, followed at a distance by Fiona.

EILEEN

Why Davey?! Why did they take my son?!

SIMON BAKER, short, stocky and mean, spits in the sand.

SIMON

Taken? Ha! I watched the fool dive over the side. He didn't go anywhere he didn't want to.

Eileen goes after Simon in a fury, slapping him anywhere she can reach. Angus grabs her around the shoulders, pulling her to him and they weep together. The other fishermen move together to exclude Simon from the scene.

Eamon stands at the side, tears sliding down his face. Brigid stands at his side.

EXT. CONNEALY HOUSE - DAY

Angus stands in front of Brigid and they stare at each other for a few moments, she still clutching the door frame, he looking as though he has aged a decade in a day.

BRIGID

Was he taken?

ANGUS

(wincing)

He did not go quietly, Brigid. Taken, most definitely. He clung to the boat best he could, shouting for help. We tried to get... Finbarr even jumped in after him, but there was nothing for it. Merfolk are stronger than us.

(CONTINUED)

Brigid stares silently at Angus for so long that he becomes uncomfortable, looking at his feet and muttering, tears beginning to form in his eyes. Brigid shakes her head.

BRIGID

Angus, I have a favor to ask. If you could send Jack to me, I would be beholden to you. And thank Finn. You raised a fine boy there.

Angus stares at Brigid, waiting for tears, for any sign of emotion at all. When he gets none, he simply nods his head.

ANGUS

Of course. Eamon would have done the same. He did do... for Davey. Two sons...
(his voice breaks and he wipes the tears from his eyes)
I'll send Jack over directly.

Angus turns and leaves. Brigid carefully closes the door behind him. Aoife looks up at her mother.

AOIFE

Daddy?

Brigid covers her eyes with her free hand and collapses backwards against her door, sliding down to sit on the floor. She begins to sob, rocking Aoife back and forth like an infant..

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Brigid, red eyed, bustles around the kitchen. Aoife plays quietly on the floor. She takes two silver candlesticks from the top of the cabinet and puts them in the basket on the table. These are followed by a pocket watch which she pulls from a drawer in the cabinet. The watch might once have been shiny, but now has the dull tarnish of silver too long exposed to sea air.

Brigid removes a large book from the cabinet. She slams the Encyclopedia Britannica onto the table and flips through it until she finds the page she is looking for. She studies the picture intently.

There is a knock at the door and Brigid jumps, hastily wiping her eyes. She hurries to answer the door.

Jack stands there and as he opens his mouth, most likely to express his sympathy, Brigid pulls him in by his arm, closes the door, and begins to speak.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID

I need you to go to town tomorrow
for me. And if they do not have
what I need, you must go to Derry.

She hands the basket to Jack.

BRIGID (CONT.)

You will take these.

She takes off her gold locket, opening it and removing a
small paper packet from inside.

BRIGID (CONT.)

And this.

She puts the locket in Jack's shirt pocket.

BRIGID (CONT.)

You will sell those for the highest
price you can get. You will tell
people my story, and they will give
you more money. And with the money,
you will buy these things for me.

She turns to the table and points at the picture in the book
and looks at Jack. We angle on the book and see an
illustration of a diving suit.

BRIGID (CONT.)

These are used by divers. It lets
people walk on the ocean floor and
breathe. You will get one for me.
There is an inventor who once lived
in Coleraine who owned one of
these. I don't know if he still
lives there, but if you find the
man Thornthwaite, tell him that
Brigid McNabb sent you.

Jack looks at the drawing she is pointing to, with the
heading 'Diving Set'. He looks back at Brigid, prepared to
talk her out of her plan. But the look of determination on
her face stops him and he points at the book.

JACK

Can I take it with me? So I know
what I'm getting?

Brigid nods and tears the page from the book, folds it into
quarters and puts it in his pocket along with her necklace.
Then she gives him a quick hug and kisses his cheek.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID

You're a good man, Jack McGuinness.

JACK

So is Eamon. And if anyone has a chance of diving to the bottom of the ocean to bring her husband home, it will be you. I'll leave in the morning.

Jack leaves the house, and Brigid picks up her daughter, who had been playing quietly in her corner the entire time. Her eyes fill with tears as she looks at Aoife.

BRIGID

I will bring your Daddy home, never you fear. No watery tart can keep what we already have.

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Brigid walks from her house to one two doors down on the left. She carries Aoife on one hip and holds a sack in her other hand. The door opens within seconds of her knock.

EXT. FINN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fiona stands there, a toddler attached to her apron. Her face turns tragic at the sight of Brigid and she immediately pulls her into a hug.

FIONA

Oh Brigid... Finn's been beside himself...

Brigid hugs back as best as she can for a few seconds, then pulls away.

BRIGID

Fiona, I need you to take care of Aoife for a few days. I have things I must attend to.

FINBARR joins Fiona at the door. He has clearly been crying extensively.

FINBARR

Brigie... I tried... I tried to grab him...

(CONTINUED)

Finbarr is overcome with emotion again and turns his back on the women. Brigid looks as though she may cry again but composes herself. She places the sack inside the door of the house.

BRIGID

If you could watch Aoife....

Fiona takes the child from Brigid's arms.

FIONA

Of course. And if there's anything at else, anything at all...

BRIGID

Thank you.

Brigid turns to leave. Aoife begins to whimper as her mother walks away and Brigid quickens her pace. She walks in the direction of the General Store and Pub.

INT. THE SHOALS - NIGHT

Brigid opens the door to the store and pub and the small bell over the door tinkles. Jack, who is behind the bar cleaning a glass, looks up at her in surprise. The only other person at the bar is Angus, who is nursing a pint of dark beer. Brigid glowers at the painting of the mermaid and takes a seat next to Angus at the bar.

BRIGID

I'd like a pint, Jack.

Jack and Angus stare at her in amazement.

JACK

Brigid, you know I don't serve women here...

Brigid stares him directly in the eyes and speaks evenly.

BRIGID

Jack. I've had a long, hard day. I would like a pint. Please.

Jack draws her a pint and places it in front of her. She takes a long swallow and grimaces.

BRIGID

Thank you.

She turns to Angus.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID

What are you doing here, Angus?

ANGUS

Eileen made me leave the house.
Screaming how she's lost two sons
to the sea, and that I could go
down too for all she cares.

Angus drains his glass and pushes it toward Jack, who makes
no move to refill it.

BRIGID

Tell me about Eamon, Angus. Where
did he come from?

Angus looks at her in mild surprise.

ANGUS

I found him in The Seahawk, you
know that.

BRIGID

(She nods impatiently)
Yes, but where did he come from?

ANGUS

Well, he only asked me that once,
and I gave him the same answer I'll
give you: I don't know. But I can
guess, and what I'd guess is he's
the son of a selkie.

Brigid looks from Angus to Jack in confusion.

BRIGID

A selkie?

Jack chuckles softly.

JACK

Brigie, sometimes I forget you're
not from Ireland. Then you go not
knowing something like that and I
don't know how I could forget. A
selkie is part woman, part seal.
Not like a mermaid
(he points his thumb back over
his shoulder at the painting)
but a woman, who can take her
sealskin on and off.

Angus nods.

(CONTINUED)

ANGUS

Beautiful creatures, they are. Long black hair, big dark eyes, the eyes of a seal. But nothing and no one can keep them from the sea - the only way to catch and keep one ashore is to steal their sealskin and hide it.

BRIGID

So how could Eamon be the child of one?

JACK

Well, a selkie can mate as a woman or a seal. If she mates with a seal as a seal, well, she has a pup like you see on the beach here every spring. But if she finds a sailor she fancies, or is caught by a man, and she mates as a woman, it could go one of two ways.

Jack leans onto the counter, resting on his elbows.

JACK

If the child is a girl, then she is a selkie too, and can live as a woman and a seal. But if the child is male, then it is merely human, and is left to humans.

ANGUS

And that, I figure, is what happened with Eamon. I found him, not a day old, wrapped in seaweed in the prow of my boat, screaming like no tomorrow. The only thing with him was a piece of driftwood with a name on it, written in an ancient script. It was just a name, Eamon Connealy. The name of his real father, no doubt. In any case, Davey was just being weened at the time, so Eileen took him to her breast just like she did with our boys and I have never thought of him not as my son since. Especially after Davey... He was such a comfort to us then. Both of them gone, if we didn't have Finn, and the children...

Brigid lays her hand on Angus'.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID

I don't think we have seen the last
of Eamon.

(she leans forward
conspiratorially)

I have a plan.

(she taps the side of her
nose)

Jack takes Brigid's pint from her.

JACK

I think you've had quite enough of
this.

Angus is staring at Brigid in curiosity.

ANGUS

What are you talking about, Brigid?
What plan?

JACK

Pay her no mind, Angus. She's just
had too much to drink.

Brigid glares at Jack.

BRIGID

I haven't! You said you'd help me!

Angus looks sharply at Jack.

ANGUS

Jack, what is she talking about?
What are you two planning?

JACK

I just told her I'd get her some
things from town tomorrow, is all.

Jack turns to Brigid, clearly trying to get her to stop
talking.

JACK

Brigie, I think it's time you went
home and got some rest alright?
I'll leave in the morning.

Brigid nods sagely and slips from her stool.

BRIGID

Safe journey.
(turning to Angus)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID (cont'd)
Go home to your wife. She needs
you.

Brigid pats Angus once more on the hand and leaves the pub.
The men watch her leave, then Angus turns to Jack.

ANGUS
Explain.

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - MORNING

Brigid sits up in her bed, clutches her head and groans.
After a moment she looks to the empty spot in the bed next
to her, then to the empty cradle on the floor. She pulls her
knees up to her chest and rests her forehead on them, arms
wrapped around her legs. She stays in this position for a
few moments.

Suddenly she sits up straight, eyes dry, and flings the
covers from her. She gets out of bed, grabbing her clothes
from a pile on the floor. She dresses quickly - nightgown
coming off to reveal bloomers and a chemise, shirt and skirt
going on over those. A gray shawl is wrapped around her
shoulders to complete her outfit.

Brigid sit on her bed as she laces up her boots and as she
finishes the first and reaches for the second, she notices
something under the bed. She pulls out a sock, much larger
than her own. She stares at it for a moment, then folds it
carefully and puts it under her pillow. She laces up her
other boot and stands, leaving the house.

EXT. THE SHOALS - MORNING

Jack is hitching the same Clydesdale, now considerably
older, to his cart. The horse has a feedbag over its face
and is munching loudly on oats. Cathy is placing various
bundles and boxes in the cart.

CATHY
(moving to stand next to Jack,
checking the straps)
And don't forget the eggs. I don't
know what you're doing for Brigid,
but remember, the rest of us need
you too.

Jack looks at Cathy and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Indeed?

Cathy blushes and goes back to loading the cart. Jack finishes what he is doing and looks up to see Brigid walking up to them.

When Cathy sees her, she moves to her quickly, hugging her around the waist without a word. The women embrace each other for a moment, Brigid with her eyes closed and her hand on Cathy's hair. Cathy is short enough in comparison that Brigid's chin rests on the top of her head.

Brigid opens her eyes and looks at Jack, but makes no move to loosen Cathy's embrace.

BRIGID

I wanted to wish you a swift
journey. And to thank you.

Cathy moves so that both women are facing Jack, their arms still about one another's waists. Jack removes the feedback from the horse, who continues to strain towards the oats.

JACK

I'll do the best I can, Brigie.
Take care of yourself.
(to Cathy)
Watch the shop while I'm gone?

Cathy nods her head, smiling shyly.

JACK (CONT.)

Thank you, girl.

He hops into the cart and swats the reins across the horse's back.

JACK

(to the horse)
Embarr, giddap.

The Clydesdale lurches into motion, plodding along at a fast walk up the hillside. The two women watch Jack bounce in the cart until he reaches the crest of the hill.

BRIGID

(still watching Jack)
Do you love him?

CATHY

(also watching Jack)
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

Jack turns to wave once at them before disappearing over the top of the hill.

BRIGID

He's a good man. I'll be needing
your help too, when he returns.

The women turn to walk back down the beach.

EXT. CASTLEROCK - AFTERNOON

Angus trudges along the beach towards Brigid's house. He looks exhausted and much older than fifty. He reaches the front door and sighs heavily before knocking.

EXT. CONNEALY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It takes a few moments for Brigid to open the door, and she appears distracted and not very interested in talking. When she sees Angus she raises her eyebrows but says nothing, waiting for him to speak.

ANGUS

Brigid, I know how this is for you.
But there's no use in it. Eamon is
gone, and nothing and no one can
get him back. If man was meant to
swim at the bottom of the ocean,
he'd have been born with fins. It
can't be done.

Brigid listens to him wordlessly, arms folded and eyebrows still raised.

ANGUS (CONT.)

(more faltering)

The village knows what you're up
to. They know you mean to take
Eamon back from the merfolk. They
are not happy at the prospect of a
mission that might bring them worse
bad luck than they already have.
They're afraid that if you harm one
of the mermaids, the fishing will
dry up completely.

Brigid continues to stare at Angus, and when it is clear that he has finished talking, she opens the door a bit wider.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID

Would you like some tea, Angus? I was just thinking of putting the kettle on.

Angus looks at Brigid's determined face and sighs in defeat.

ANGUS

No, thank you, dear.

EXT. ROAD - EVENING

Jack rides in the cart down the road. The horse plods along slowly, flicking its tail at flies. The sun sets behind Jack as he leans back in his seat, a straw sticking out of the corner of his mouth.

JACK (SINGING)

In the merry month of June from me
home I started/Left the girls of
Tuam nearly broken hearted/Saluted
father dear, kissed me darlin'
mother/Drank a pint of beer, me
grief and tears to smother/Then off
to reap the corn, leave where I was
born/Cut a stout black thorn to
banish ghosts and goblins/Bought a
pair of brogues rattling o'er the
bogs/Fright'ning all the dogs on
the rocky road to Dublin!

The cart turns around a corner and disappears from view, though Jack's voice is still audible.

JACK (SINGING O.S.)

One two three four five/Hunt the
hare and turn her down the rocky
road/And all the way to Dublin,
whack follol de rah!

EXT. COVE - MORNING

We look over a cluster of rocks at a small, enclosed cove. Ahead of us in the water we can see Brigid - her back is to us and she stands naked in the water washing her hair.

She dives under the water to rinse the soap from her hair and surfaces again, standing waist deep to braid her hair as she stares out to sea.

(CONTINUED)

Once she has finished braiding her hair she dives under the water again and swims towards the camera and is lost to view behind the rocks. We continue to look out to sea, where, after a few moments, a seal head surfaces, then two more. They look in Brigid's direction, and then sink back below the waves.

Brigid climbs into our view, holding a basket with a cake of soap in it and wearing her nightgown. She turns a corner in the path towards the village and comes face to face with a leering Simon.

EXT. CASTLEROCK - CONTINUOUS

Brigid is startled by Simon's sudden appearance and takes a step backward, folding her arms protectively across her chest as she does so.

BRIGID

Simon Baker! How long have you been here?

Simon grins wider and looks Brigid up and down.

SIMON

Not long.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A bonfire burns high on the beach, sending sparks flying into the night sky. A group of women, old and young, dance with linked arms around the fire.

Angus, Eileen, Siobhan and some other older people sit in a circle, talking and laughing.

Brigid, in a long white lace dress and Eamon, in clean pants and a pressed shirt, dance slowly with their arms around one another. They are very close together and Eamon grins as Brigid whispers in his ear.

Simon stands by a table manned by Jack, who has a line of mugs in front of a cask of ale. Simon finishes off a mug and hands it to Jack, glowering in the newlywed's direction.

SIMON

Another.

Jack takes the mug and puts it on the table.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

No. Four is quite enough for you,
Simon. Go have some food.

Simon grabs the front of Jack's shirt and pulls him close.

SIMON

I want more ale!

Cathy, who has been watching the exchange, steps forward, but Jack calmly removes Simon's hand from his shirt.

JACK

You'll get no more. Don't ask
again. This is a happy occasion! Be
happy.

Simon curls his lips and stumbles away, grumbling.

Angle on Brigid and Eamon, who are still dancing. Eamon's hand slowly slides down Brigid's back as he whispers something in her ear and she giggles, sounding more girlish than we have yet heard her.

As one they turn towards the crowd, clearly planning to make their escape. Instead they are faced with the inebriated and angry Simon. He speaks loud enough for the entire beach to hear, the rest of the crowd quieting to listen to him.

SIMON

A toast! To the couple. I'll not
say happy, for I'm still of a mind
what you should have married me,
Brigidie darling.

Brigid's eyes narrow in anger and some of the men in the crowd start moving towards Simon.

SIMON (CONT.)

I captain my own boat, but you pick
a lowly fisherman. The Maidenhead
would have sailed every day with
thought of you to guide it.

Simon pauses in his speech and almost tenderly strokes Brigid's arms from shoulder to elbow. She flinches away, more so when his touch moves from her arm to her side.

SIMON (CONT.)

(squeezing Brigid's hip and
leering)
And how I would have relished
taking yours.

(CONTINUED)

The crowd reacts with outrage at this statement, Brigid with disgust, and Eamon with more anger than we ever see on his normally cheerful face. He punches Simon hard on the jaw, sending the other man stumbling backwards.

Two other men grab one of Simon's arms each and steer him away from the rest of the people. Brigid spits in the sand at Simon's retreating back. Eamon winces and cradles his injured hand in the other.

Jack moves forward, standing between the couple and the rest of the village.

JACK

That's enough festivities, folks.
Let's give this newly made couple
one last hurrah, and call it a
night.

VILLAGERS

Congratulations! Hurrah! Good
fortune!

Brigid and Eamon smile and wave at the crowd, and walk to their house, hand in uninjured hand.

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Brigid bandages Eamon's right hand, muttering angrily to herself. He watches her with a look of pure adoration.

BRIGID

How dare he! At our wedding! He
will be the death of himself one
day....

Eamon tips Brigid's chin up so they can look into each other's eyes. She is still fuming.

BRIGID

What?

EAMON

(whispering)
We are wed.

A slow smile creeps across Brigid's face until they are beaming at each other. Without warning, Eamon kisses Brigid, pushing her up against the wall behind her. She throws her arms around his neck and kisses him back.

Eamon sweeps Brigid up in his arms and carries her to the bed, where he lays her down, kneeling on the floor next to the bed. He slides his hand up her leg, pulling her skirt with it. They stare into each other's eyes and begin to kiss again, slowly and tenderly.

EXT. CASTLEROCK - MORNING

Brigid and Simon stare at each other. Brigid is visibly furious, but contains it.

BRIGID
What do you want, Simon?

Simon leans forward, whispering loudly into Brigid's face. He has already been drinking that day, and Brigid recoils slightly from his breath.

SIMON
I know what you are about, Brigid dear. You want to get Eamon from the mermaids.

Brigid says nothing. Simon is not a patient man, and does not like going unanswered.

SIMON
You can't do it, woman! You know what befalls those who go against the mermaids! You'll bring misfortune to us all, and then you'll be more than a widow, you may be a childless one as well.

Familiar with the way whiskey affects Simon, Brigid is not terribly perturbed by this statement. She simply looks bored.

BRIGID
Are you threatening to harm my daughter, Mr. Baker?

The man throws his hands into the air in mock innocence.

SIMON
Me?! Heavens no, Ma'am. I only means that, should something bring ill will to this village, some sacrifices might need to be made.

He runs his eyes over Brigid's body again, his tongue flicking out to moisten his lips. Brigid backs away slightly, smiling weakly.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID

Well, thank you for the warning, I
will be sure to keep it in mind.
Now, if you'll excuse me....

Brigid moves to walk around Simon, but he catches her upper
arm, dragging his eyes up and down her body.

SIMON

Still so beautiful. I have no
problem with you being impure. I
like my women... experienced.

Brigid's temper snaps and she backhands Simon across the
face. Her fury is frightening enough to make even this
drunken man take a step back.

BRIGID

Never touch me again. So help me
god, I will make your life not
worth living.

Brigid hurries down the path past Simon before he can say
anything else, though we can see him over her shoulder,
staring at her retreating form.

Brigid reaches her house and quickly enters.

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brigid leans back against the heavy wood door and shudders.
She passes a hand across her eyes and sighs heavily.

EXT. COLERAINE STREET - DAY

Jack drives his horse down the same street that
Thornthwaite's house was on in the flashback. He reaches the
right door and hops out of the cart, tying the reins to a
hitching post and knocking on the door loudly. He stares
around him as he waits for it to open, interested but not
impressed by his surroundings.

The door is opened by a prune faced older woman. MS. WALTHAM
looks disdainfully at the horse, and even more so at Jack.

JACK

Good day, Ma'am. I was told that
this is the residence of one Mr.
Thorthwaite. Is that the case?

Ms. Waltham's nose ascends higher into the air.

(CONTINUED)

MS. WALTHAM

Master Thornthwaite's not to be disturbed. Good day, sir.

She tries to close the door but finds it impossible, as Jack sticks his foot in the doorway. She opens it again slowly, looking as though she may breath fire.

MS. WALTHAM

Yes...?

JACK

I'm not sure you understood me. I must see the inventor Thornthwaite. It is quite a matter of life and death. I can make your time here very irritating for the next few days until you give in, or you can allow me to see him now.

The woman glares at him for a moment, then allows him into the house.

INT. THORNTHWAITE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MS. WALTHAM

Wipe your feet. And don't touch anything.

THORNTHWAITE (O.S.)

Ms. Waltham! Who is that?

Ms. Waltham gives Jack an "I told you you shouldn't be here" look, and leads him into the back of the house.

INT. THORNTHWAITE'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Thornthwaite stands in the same study we saw earlier - if possible, it is even more messy now. He looks confused at Jack's presence, but not unhappy about it.

JACK

I've been sent by Brigid Connealy. Brigid McNabb, to you. She sends her regards, and a request.

INT. THORNTHWAITE'S STUDY - AFTERNOON

Thornthwaite and Jack sit at a table, both smoking pipes.

THORNTHWAITE

Mermaids. Interesting. The last I heard, her father was looking for Nessie. Did anything ever come of that?

JACK

Not that I'm aware of. Will you be able to help her?

THORNTHWAITE

It's possible. If it is possible for mermaids to steal her husband, it is possible for her to steal him back.

EXT. THORNTHWAITE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Jack and Thornthwaite load a large crate into the cart. They struggle with the weight of it, and finally heave it into the back. Thornthwaite goes back into his house for a moment and returns with a thin box about three feet long.

JACK

What's that for, then?

THORNTHWAITE

This is for Brigid, and no one else.

JACK

(nodding)

And you're sure you'll take no payment?

THORNTHWAITE

What need have I of more money? No. Tell her that if she finds anything interesting, to name it after me.

JACK

(shaking Thornthwaite's hand)

I thank you, sir, and so would Brigid, were she here.

THORNTHWAITE

Take care, lad.

(CONTINUED)

Jack climbs into the cart and drives it down the street. Thornthwaite watches him leave and shakes his head.

THORNTHWAITE (CONT.)

Monsters. Mermaids. Tosh, the lot of it. I must go back to England. These Celts will believe anything.

INT. THE SHOALS - MORNING

Brigid walks into The Shoals, the bell above the door attracting the attention of the other people in the store. They all stop talking as soon as they see Brigid and turn their backs to her.

Unconcerned, Brigid walks up to the counter, behind which stands Cathy. Cathy looks nervously at the other patrons, and leans forward to whisper to Brigid.

CATHY

They know what you're up to, Brigie, and they don't like it. I'm worried for you. Simon was in here earlier, saying all sorts of awful things.

BRIGID

Yes, he said them to me yesterday. Pay them no mind. He won't actually harm me, and neither will the rest of them. They just fear what they know nothing about.

A woman walks up to the counter and places her basket in front of Cathy as though Brigid is not there. Brigid steps aside and watches the scene with an amused expression.

WOMAN

Hello, Cathy dear. Put these on my account, won't you?

Cathy begins to count the prices of the things in the basket.

WOMAN (CONT.)

You should warn that friend of yours, Cathy. She should remember that she is not from this village, and can easily be removed from it.

Cathy falters in her counting, but hands the woman her basket.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY
I'll... I'll do that.

WOMAN
Good day, Cathy.

The woman glares daggers at Brigid as she turns to leave. Brigid and Cathy watch the woman leave the store.

CATHY
See?! Are you sure you're not in danger?

BRIGID
I'll be fine, Cathy dear. Can I have some flour, please?

Cathy hands her a small bag of flour.

CATHY
Be careful.

BRIGID
Aren't I always?

Brigid leaves the store, the other patrons watching her walk away, and then whispering animatedly amongst themselves. Cathy looks miserable.

EXT. CONNEALY HOUSE - DAY

Brigid opens her front door to find Annie standing there. The other woman looks dreadful, eyes red and swollen. She sniffs dramatically. Brigid is not pleased to see her.

BRIGID
Have you come to talk me out of it too?

ANNIE
Brigid, don't be foolish enough to think that you are the only woman to love Eamon. Lord knows, I thought I'd died too when that boat came back without him, but we must live on. Eamon would not want you to throw away your life and the safety of the village just for him.

Brigid is suddenly right in Annie's face, glaring into the smaller woman's eyes. Brigid points at Annie, her entire body shaking in rage.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID

Don't. Ever. Never presume to know what my husband would want. It was not you, so you clearly do not know him as well as you think. And never think your infatuation gives you the same feelings as me. You could never understand what it is like to have the father of your child....

Brigid's voice cracks suddenly. Annie is looking shocked and hurt, her eyes welling up with tears again.

EXT. BEACH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

It is a very bright summer day, not a cloud in the sky. Brigid walks from The Shoals to her house, carrying a basket. She is hugely pregnant, the already difficult task of walking in sand made even more so by her waddling gait. She fans herself with her free hand, sweat trailing down her temple.

As she passes the boats, her eye is caught by Eamon. He is standing talking with Annie, who is standing slightly too close to him, laughing a little too loud at what he is saying. When Annie puts her hand on Eamon's arm, Brigid's eyes narrow in fury.

As though sensing her gaze, Eamon turns and sees Brigid. He takes a step towards her and she turns on her heel, walking quickly to their house and slamming the door. Eamon says some words of farewell to Annie and runs after Brigid.

EXT. CONNEALY HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A small crowd, Simon and Annie included, stands near the front door, but away from the windows. Angry shrieks can be heard coming from inside the house, punctuated occasionally by breaking pottery. The villagers glance at each other, smirking.

BRIGID

Your child! I'm carrying your child, and I'm as big as a whale, and I'm UGLY and you! You flirt with that... that... Annie!

The other villagers look at Annie with raised eyebrows, and she looks ashamed.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID (CONT.)

She's always loved you, and she
hates me, and this is her chance,
isn't it? You LIKE having her fawn
over you!

Annie backs away slowly from the house and then hurries away while the rest of the villagers snicker. Siobhan approaches then and glares at the other villagers. Shrieks of anger can still be heard from the house.

SIOBHAN

Have you nothing better to do?
Leave them at peace. Maggie...
(to a woman in the crowd)
Do you remember the fits you had
when you were carrying Daniel?

The woman looks embarrassed.

SIOBHAN

All of you, shoo!

The crowd slowly disperses. Another piece of dishware breaks in the house. Siobhan shakes her head and walks away.

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Eamon sits eating at the table. Brigid is no longer pregnant, and an infant Aoife lies sleeping in her cradle. Brigid is taking a pot of soup off the stove when she notices something behind it. She puts the pot down and picks up a piece of pottery the size of her thumb. She chuckles quietly and turns to Eamon.

BRIGID

Look at this.

Eamon stands and walks to her, taking the pottery and shaking his head sadly.

EAMON

Such beautiful plates. Such a
waste.

Brigid looks not in the least remorseful, and Eamon peeks at her through his eyelashes, the hint of a smile making his lips twitch.

EAMON (CONT.)

You know, I would take my fat wife
any day over a young woman who

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EAMON (CONT.) (cont'd)
doesn't know the difference between
a boatswain's knot and a blue fish.

Brigid gasps in mock offense and tackles him, the two grappling playfully for a few seconds before falling laughing into the bed. They smile at each other for a moment and then kiss, their food forgotten.

EXT. CONNEALY HOUSE - DAY

Brigid visibly tries to calm herself, taking a deep breath before speaking again. Annie still looks as though she may burst into tears.

BRIGID
I'm sorry, Annie. It was wrong of me. But I need my husband back. I don't believe those stories about 'bad luck shall befall those who dare disturb the mermaids'. I don't think anyone has tried it before. And I'm willing to risk some mystical retribution for the feel of him lying next to me again.

Annie looks pained at that last statement, but nods.

ANNIE
I understand.

BRIGID
Good day, Annie.

Brigid shuts the door in Annie's face, who turns to walk away.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Annie walks along the beach, tears forming in her eyes.

ANNIE
What I'd give to feel Eamon lying next to me.

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Brigid is compulsively cleaning her house. It is utterly spotless but she is raking a broom violently across the floor. She has clearly been at it for a while, as her face is bright red and shining with sweat. She is working from the bed towards the door, and as she reaches the table a knock comes at the door.

Brigid moves to the door quickly and opens it. Jack stands there, his horse's head hanging down over his shoulder. Brigid practically knocks him down in her hurry to see into the cart.

EXT. CONNEALY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A few people can be seen on the beach, watching Brigid and Jack.

JACK

Everything you need. I found
Thornthwaite, just as you said I
would. He even sent a packet of
instructions.

Brigid starts tugging on the closest end of the crate, trying to pull it out of the cart. Jack moves to help her, and between them they drag the crate into the house.

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jack pulls Brigid's locket out of his pocket and hands it to her.

JACK

He wouldn't take it. The
candlesticks are in the crate as
well. He said to name something
interesting after him.

Brigid's eyes fill with tears as she looks at the locket, and then she throws her arms around Jack's neck.

BRIGID

Thank you, you wonderful man.

Jack extricates himself from the hug and smiles kindly at Brigid.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

You'd best learn how to use all this. Embarr is attracting attention. I'll go put him away. Good luck, Brigid.

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

Brigid sits at the table, the diving suit laid out on the table in front of her. She is studying a stack of papers, all with diagrams on them.

Brigid tries on the suit, practicing attaching the helmet to the neck of the suit.

Brigid tests the air pump, attaching the tubing to it and making sure it actually pumps air.

Brigid leaves the house, wrapping a shawl tightly around her shoulders.

She comes back in as the sky outside begins to lighten, the bottom six inches of her skirt wet.

EXT. CONNEALY HOUSE - DAWN

Brigid closes the door to her house and walks down the beach to the McClaren house. She is dressed in some of Eamon's fishing clothes, canvas pants and a tattered sweater. She shivers in the early morning cold and wraps her arms tighter around her body. When she reaches Cathy's house, she knocks on the door.

EXT. MCCLAREN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

When she gets no answer, she knocks again, louder. After a few moments Cathy opens the door, rubbing her eyes sleepily.

CATHY

Brigid, what on earth? What are you about?

BRIGID

I need your help. I'm going to get Eamon back. I need you to help me take a boat out to the edge of the bay and stay there until I get back.

Cathy continues to rub her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

What?

Brigid takes hold of Cathy's arm and steers her into the house.

INT. MCCLAREN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BRIGID

Get dressed, Cathy. Dress warm, you will be in a boat for much of the day, I think.

Siobhan is awake as well, already putting a kettle on the stove for tea. Brigid sits at the table while Cathy dresses, yawning often, and Siobhan pulls bread and butter from a cabinet. She raises her eyebrows at Brigid's attire, but says nothing.

Cathy sits at the table across from Brigid and Siobhan puts a mug of tea in each of their hands, then sits next to Cathy with a mug of her own. Brigid takes a large gulp of the tea, and begins to butter a piece of bread while she explains her plan.

BRIGID

The mermaids must have a community underwater where they live. I figure if I go down into the center of the bay, I'm bound to see something.

SIOBHAN

You won't get far holding your breath and diving.

A self-satisfied smile appears on Brigid's face.

BRIGID

Years ago, my father knew a man who had developed a suit, one that would let you dive far underwater for long periods of time.

Siobhan nods in comprehension.

CATHY

Is that what Jack brought you yesterday?

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID

Yes. There is a long tube that goes from the helmet to the open air, so I can still breathe.

(to Cathy)

You will need to pump air into it constantly, so the air in my helmet does not stale.

SIOBHAN

And if the mermaids try to stop you?

BRIGID

I have protection.

Siobhan opens her mouth to speak, but Brigid holds up a hand.

BRIGID

I have protection. We will leave it at that.

Siobhan looks seriously at Brigid for a few moments, and leans forward to speak.

SIOBHAN

This is madness, of course, but if it seems right to you, then I will not stop you. But Cathy will wait only until sunset, and if by then you have not returned, she will come back to the village. I pray she does not have to leave you. Aoife should not grow up with both her parents claimed by the sea.

BRIGID

(nodding)

Fit.

The women eat their breakfast in silence after that. After finishing a second slice of bread and her tea, Brigid stands.

BRIGID

I thank you, Siobhan. For the breakfast and your help. I promise, no harm will come to Cathy.

Siobhan stands as Cathy stuffs the last of her bread into her mouth. Siobhan walks to Brigid and embraces her.

(CONTINUED)

SIOBHAN

Take care that no harm comes to you, either. I think of you too as a daughter. I hope this is not goodbye.

Brigid nods and leaves the house, closing the door behind her. Siobhan turns to her daughter and hugs her tightly.

SIOBHAN

Until sunset, no longer.

Cathy kisses her mother's cheek.

CATHY

I know.

Cathy leaves the house as well and Siobhan sits back down at the table, chin on hand.

EXT. CONNEALY HOUSE - DAWN

Jack is waiting at Brigid's house as she and Cathy approach, juggling pebbles as he leans against the front door. As they reach him he stands up straight, tossing the pebbles one by one into the garden.

JACK

I thought you'd be going today. Not one to waste time, are you? Do you need any help?

Brigid opens the front door and leads Jack and Cathy in. Jack sweeps a hand in front of him and lets Cathy precede him.

BRIGID

If you could help me take the suit down to the boat, I'd be much obliged.

Brigid shoulders a huge roll of tube on one arm, and picks up the thin box in the other.

JACK

We'd better take it to the cove. The villagers have an idea what you are to do, and they have a mind it will be today. They won't let you go, Brigid, if they catch you.

Brigid looks grim at this news, but not surprised.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID

I thought they might. That's why I
took The Seahawk over to the cove
last night.

Jack grins.

JACK

Smart woman.

Jack picks up the diving suit, carrying it fireman style over one shoulder. He is a strong man but it is heavy enough that even he struggles with it's weight. Cathy picks up the helmet, it in itself a heavy weight for her. Jack and Cathy leave the house, with Brigid bringing up the rear. She glances around her house on last time before shutting the door.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Brigid, Jack and Cathy walk along the beach towards the cove. Brigid occasionally glances over her shoulder towards the village, but no one stirs.

The three walk across the hill next to the Connealy house, down the other side to the rocky cove kept invisible to the rest of the beach by sand dunes.

The Seahawk is tied to a rock and they lay the equipment into the boat. Brigid puts the box in last. Jack looks at it in curiosity.

JACK

(gesturing to the box)
Did you figure out what it is,
then?

BRIGID

That's not for your mind, Jack.

Jack nods in understanding.

BRIGID (CONT.)

If you could help push the boat
out, that will be all we need.

JACK

Of course.

The three of them push the boat into the water. Jack gives Brigid a quick hug.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Godspeed. Come home safe.

BRIGID
Thank you, Jack McGuinness. For
everything.

Brigid climbs into the boat and takes up an oar. Jack turns to Cathy and moves to hug her as well but stops, awkwardly, patting her on the shoulders instead. She smiles weakly at him.

JACK
Be safe.

CATHY
(ducking her head)
Thank you....

She climbs into the boat next to Brigid and takes the other oar. Jack pushes the prow of the boat and the women begin to row. Jack stands watching them from the shore for a few moments, hands in his pockets. Then he turns and heads back over the hill.

EXT. SEA - CONTINUOUS

When the boat is a few dozen meters out to sea, Brigid glances at Cathy.

BRIGID
You have to tell him sometime.

CATHY
I don't.

BRIGID
You'll wait forever, hoping he says
something first?

CATHY
If I have to. We can't all be like
you, Brigid. You're braver than
most men, never mind women.

BRIGID
I'm not. I'm just too stubborn to
think I won't get my way.

The women grin at each other and continue to row.

EXT. SEA - MORNING

Brigid and Cathy have rowed to the edge of the bay. The sun is now above the horizon but it is still early morning.

The women stop rowing and Cathy helps Brigid don her diving suit. As they finish tightening the bolts on the front of the suit, a faint shout can be heard from the beach. Cathy looks up, startled, but Brigid seemed neither surprised or caring.

BRIGID

It's too late, boys. I'm far ahead
of you.

Cathy and Brigid take great care attaching the helmet to the rest of the suit, and the long hose to the helmet. Brigid flips the faceplate of the helmet open so she can continue breathing normally.

As Cathy attaches the other end of the tube to the air pump, Brigid opens the box Thornthwaite sent her. She loads the spear gun and attaches it to her belt. Cathy stares at it, eyes wide. Brigid sees her expression and puts a hand on Cathy's shoulder.

BRIGID

I told you I had protection.

CATHY

I didn't know you were serious
about that. Its fierce bad luck to
kill a mermaid, Brigid.

BRIGID

It's worse luck to lose your
husband. I'm getting him back, and
I'll do what I must.

Brigid closes the faceplate on her helmet and screws it shut. She jumps feet first out of the boat and into the sea, bobbing in the water for a few moments while she adjusts her helmet. She waves once at Cathy and flips forward, disappearing under the water.

Cathy watches her shadow slowly fade into the sea, and sighs.

CATHY

It's even worse luck to not have
one at all.

EXT. OCEAN - EARLY MORNING

Brigid swims straight down, kicking the awkward flippers attached to her feet. She pauses for a moment to breath deeply, and continues swimming when she is satisfied that she can.

The sea is a deep green, with shafts of light penetrating far down past her, and schools of fish swim past Brigid as though she is not there.

EXT. OCEAN - LATER

A shape comes up behind her without warning, the size of a man. Brigid starts violently and reaches for her spear gun before she realizes that it was only a seal. Dark brown eyes stare into hers for a long moment, then the seal flips and swims down and out of sight. Brigid follows. The water is so dark now that as we see from her point of view, we can only see a few feet ahead.

EXT. OCEAN - LATER

A large squid swims past Brigid, making her scream in fright - we can hear her cry faintly through her helmet. As the squid disappears from sight, we catch sight of a row of lights coming from below. Brigid sees them too and swims faster downwards.

The lights grow brighter and we see that they are large glowing orbs. There are nine of them, and they form a crooked line. As Brigid swims the orbs become brighter and clearer until we can see that they are actually large bubbles attached to the ocean floor. They glow with a pale blue light that comes from the surface of the bubbles themselves.

Each bubble contains a small lean-to - just some pieces of driftwood leaning on some posts. Another post is sunk into the ground in front of each lean-to.

EXT. OCEAN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Brigid reaches the first orb and her feet touch the ground. It is difficult to walk underwater, but she slowly makes her way past the first bubble.

(CONTINUED)

Other than the lean-to and the post, the first bubble is empty. She approaches the next one in line, and at first that one appears empty as well. As Brigid rounds the side of the bubble however we notice that there is a chain attached to the post.

Brigid continues to move around the bubble until we can see the end of the chain - attached to it by the wrist is a decaying human arm. A large tattoo of an anchor is still visible on the shoulder of the arm.

Brigid looks horrified and stops to stare at the awful sight for a moment. After a few seconds she shakes her head and walks on. She passes two more bubbles: the first with a leg, still in it's trouser leg, lying under the lean-to; the second with the full head and torso of a man, both arms and legs gone, lying face down on the ground. The head is covered in curly black hair.

Brigid freezes, staring in utter terror at the remains of this body. She slowly moves towards the bubble.

Angle in on Brigid's face - we can see her eyes filling with tears and she mouths 'Please' over and over.

She reaches the bubble and puts her hand against it. The wall is not solid - it is the consistency of jelly is only a few inches thick. As Brigid presses her hand harder, it breaks through, the bubble wall forming back around her wrist so no water enters the bubble. Brigid moves forward and steps fully into the bubble.

INT. BUBBLE - CONTINUOUS

She stands inside, still staring at the body. She walks towards it, looking sick and terrified. She kneels next to the body and takes hold of the hair, lifting the head so she can see its face.

It is not Eamon. Brigid's body slumps in relief, head bowed to her chest. She lays the man's head back down gently and stands, passing back through the bubble wall.

EXT. OCEAN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

She only takes two steps before the first mermaid swims around the side of the bubble.

It is not a beautiful woman. It is not even clear whether it is male or female. It has the long, thin body of an eel, more tail than body, with long, thin crab-like arms bent at

(CONTINUED)

its sides. Worst of all is its face. It has a huge mouth, its lower jaw jutting out almost half a foot beyond the upper one. It has countless rows of razor sharp teeth, and tiny eyes on the sides of its head. An antenna juts out almost comically from the mermaid's forehead, a tiny light at the end of it. This light makes the mermaid even more horrifying - illuminating every one of its hundreds of teeth.

For a moment Brigid and the mermaid stare at each other, Brigid with a look of utter horror, the mermaid with no discernible expression, tail sweeping slowly from side to side.

Suddenly it advances on Brigid and she takes a few stumbling steps backwards, bringing the spear gun up from her side and shooting the mermaid full in the face.

The spear enters the roof of the mermaid's mouth and pierces its skull, the kick of the spear knocking it backwards. It sinks slowly to the ocean floor, quite dead. Brigid walks up to it, placing her foot against its throat as she tugs the spear out of its mouth. She reloads the spear into her gun and continues walking.

Brigid keeps walking. The next bubble contains a MAN almost entirely intact - this one is missing only his left arm. He sits perfectly still on the ground, back to the post of his lean-to and legs straight out in front of him. The man is in the shadow of his lean-to so we cannot tell if it is Eamon or not.

As Brigid moves towards him we see from her perspective through her helmet and we can hear her breathing. The camera focuses on the man - we can clearly see the empty socket of his shoulder, muscles and skin hanging where they had been torn off.

Brigid moves into his line of vision and the man's head turns; when he sees her he scrambles to his feet, backing as far away from her as the chain attached to his ankle will let him. He looks utterly terrified at this new unidentified horror, and shields his face with his arm. It is not Eamon, and Brigid does not even pause as she walks past the bubble to the next one.

Then we see Eamon. He is lying curled on his side, legs hidden behind his lean-to. He is not moving.

Brigid walks towards him quickly, moving faster when she sees that his body is entirely intact. As she gets in front of him, we can see that he is asleep, one hand pillowing his head. A chain attached to his ankle connects to the post.

Brigid pushes through the wall of Eamon's bubble.

INT. BUBBLE - CONTINUOUS

She takes careful aim with the spear gun at the end of the chain and shoots it cleanly from the post. The noise wakes Eamon and he leaps to his feet, backing up to the wall of his bubble.

EAMON

Back, you beast! You won't take me
alive!

Brigid struggles to remove her helmet while Eamon looks around for something to defend himself with. As he glances back at Brigid he does a double take, peering into the glass faceplate on her helmet. He takes a few steps forward, squinting at her.

Eamon's eyes widen in shock as he recognizes his wife and he lets out a cry, leaping towards her and pulling her into an embrace. In doing so he cracks the side of his head against her helmet and lets her go again, clutching his head in pain.

Brigid finally removes her helmet and drops it to the ground. She wrinkles her nose unconsciously at the stench, but throws herself into her husband's arms. They cling to each other for a long moment, both weeping and whispering endearments to one another.

Brigid pulls back so she can see Eamon's face and they kiss passionately.

Brigid breaks the kiss first and wipes away his tears, then her own. She takes Eamon's head carefully in her hands, inspecting the side of his head that hit her helmet. Finding no injuries she kisses his head gently. He pulls her back into an embrace and they kiss again, this time long and gently. Eamon breaks this kiss, stroking Brigid's hair from her face and smiling at her.

BRIGID

Did they hurt you?

Eamon looks pained.

EAMON

Besides half drowning me? No. You
saw them, then?

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID

(nodding)

I killed one of them already. We must go, love.

EAMON

They eat us. All those stories... all those men... we thought they were taken for husbands. They were food. And Davey....

Eamon turns and pulls something from inside the lean-to. It is a green fisherman's sweater, and it is missing one sleeve. Brigid looks aghast.

BRIGID

Maybe it's not....

Eamon shakes his head sadly.

BRIGID (CONT.)

I'm so sorry, love.

They stand there silently for a moment, each contemplating the murder of so many men. Brigid takes the sweater from Eamon and stuffs it down the neck of her suit, pushing it down around her belly.

BRIGID

We'll give it back to your parents.

EAMON

(nodding)

Knowing is better.

BRIGID

We must go.

Brigid kneels and reloads the spear into the gun. She places the end of it against the shackle on Eamon's ankle and shoots the chain off of it. She reloads the spear yet again, and hands the gun to Eamon.

Brigid reaches to pick up her helmet, and freezes. She looks up at her husband and their eyes meet, realization dawning on his face as well. Brigid's eyes fill with tears again, and Eamon's body sags with defeat.

EAMON

You only have one, don't you?

Brigid collapses into a sitting position, head in hands.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID

I thought of everything!
Everything! I even brought
belladonna in case I couldn't
persuade you to come home with me.

Eamon kneels next to Brigid and puts his arms around her.

BRIGID (CONT.)

I thought of everything to get
here, and now I can't get you back!
I'm so sorry. I failed you.

EAMON

You did not fail me. I don't know
how you did it, but you did the
impossible. It will be alright.
I'll hold my breath. We can't be
that far underwater, right?

Eamon looks outside the bubble and his smile falters when he sees how dark the water is. Brigid reaches for the neck of the suit, preparing to remove it. Eamon sees what she is doing and grabs her hands.

EAMON

No. You wear it. If Aoife needs
either of us, it's you. And the
village needs their healer. I'll
swim behind you as best I can, but
if I... You keep going. OK? At
least I got to hold you one last
time.

Brigid opens her mouth to protest but Eamon takes the helmet from her hands and puts it over her head. He removes it again so he can kiss her and she wraps her arms around his neck, clinging to him. He pulls back and puts her helmet back on, and reattaches it to the neck of her suit. She picks up the spear gun again.

Eamon takes one of Brigid's hands in his, takes a deep breath, and together they step through the wall of the bubble.

EXT. OCEAN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Eamon, not insulated in a suit, is shocked by the cold of the water and gasps, a large air bubble escaping his mouth. Brigid looks at him in fright, knowing he does not have enough breath to do that again.

(CONTINUED)

Brigid and Eamon walk a few feet away from the bubble when there is a flicker of movement off to the side. Brigid turns, lifting the spear gun, expecting another mermaid. The one armed man is straining against his chain, waving at them frantically, mouth open in a scream for help.

Eamon swims toward the man, and Brigid has no choice but to follow, looking around her for any ocean life. There is none. They step into the other man's bubble.

INT. BUBBLE - CONTINUOUS

As soon as Eamon steps inside he takes a deep breath.

EAMON

Lord, that water's cold!

The man stares at the two of them in amazement.

MAN

Who are you?!

EAMON

I'm a fisherman from Castlerock.
This is my wife.

Brigid kneels and tries to shoot the man's chain off the same way she did with Eamon's. This one is more solid than Eamon's had been, requiring a few sharp strikes against it with the butt of the gun. Eventually, more rust than metal, it breaks apart.

MAN

(holding out his hand to shake
Eamon's)
Same, from Portstewart. I thank you
for helping me.

EAMON

Hold your breath and swim as
fast....

Brigid looks up at the two men as Eamon's voice trails off, and she sees why.

Floating outside the bubble is a group of mermaids. Some are almost completely concealed in the dark water, but there are nine little lights visible in the water.

Grabbing Brigid's left hand and the other fisherman's right, Eamon pulls them both backwards. Both men take a deep breath and then they push backwards through the wall farthest from the mermaids.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The three swim upward as fast as possible, Brigid in the lead because of her flippers. The mermaids are faster. Within seconds they are upon the three, grabbing ankles with their claws. Eamon lets go of the hands of the other two so they can defend themselves.

Brigid has time to shoot one, reload the gun and shoot another before a more intelligent mermaid thinks to knock the gun from her hand. The spear gun goes spinning off into the dark water and Brigid clutches her arm in pain, the force of the mermaid's strike having numbed it.

Eamon grabs one mermaid by the face and presses his thumbs into its eyes, making it thrash wildly in pain. It beats his body with its tail and breaks away, eye sockets bleeding. The mermaid swims erratically backwards and is lost in the darkness.

The other fisherman kicks forward, taking hold of a mermaid attacking Eamon. He wraps his arm around its neck and his legs around its body. With a twist of his upper body he snaps the mermaid's neck against his shoulder, letting the lifeless thing float away as he is grabbed by others.

The fisherman turns to look at Brigid and jerks his head towards the sky, mouthing a 'Thank you'. Brigid grabs Eamon's hand and they swim upwards together, looking back at the other man.

He grapples with the remaining five mermaids for as long as possible but is overtaken, each limb grabbed and pulled in a different direction. The man takes a deep breath of ocean water and grows very still. The mermaids pull his body back and forth and eventually separate his remaining limbs from his body.

The mermaids lose interest in the dead fisherman and let the pieces of his body float away, swiveling their large heads around in search of Brigid and Eamon. They are spotted and the mermaids swim upwards, much faster than the humans can ever hope to do.

Brigid's ankles are grabbed again and we can see her scream in fear and anger, beating at the mermaid's face with her gloved hands. Eamon is attacked in the same way and when it appears that they are not going to survive, a dark shape darts past Brigid, colliding forcefully with the mermaid attached to her legs.

More seals shoot past Brigid and Eamon, open mouths clamping down on the bony limbs of the mermaids. Brigid watches in

(CONTINUED)

amazement as the mermaids are driven away by these fish eating mammals, then notices Eamon beginning to lose consciousness. Too long deprived of oxygen, his eyes are rolling back into his head.

Brigid looks around in terror and sees two seals swimming back towards them. She grabs Eamon's arm and pulls him forward - he has enough consciousness left to wrap his arms around the seal's neck.

The seal takes off at an incredible speed, charging towards the surface in a rush of bubbles. Brigid and the other seal stare into each others eyes for a moment, it is possible that this is the same seal she saw on her descent.

Brigid wraps her arms around this seal's neck and it too swims for the surface. The heavy suit slows their progress considerably, but no more mermaids follow them.

We follow Brigid's ascent, the water gradually turning lighter and lighter shades of green until we can see sunlight dazzling through the water.

EXT. SEA - EVENING

The sun is halfway below the horizon and the sunset is a brilliant mix of pink and orange. The sea reflects the colors and makes them sparkle.

Suddenly Brigid's head breaks the surface of the water, sunlight dazzling on her bronze helmet. Only her head and shoulders are kept above the surface of the water by the seal, whose gray head we can see below Brigid's.

Brigid looks frantically around for the boat and sees it off in the distance, halfway between her and the shore. She flips the mask open.

BRIGID

Cathy! Cathy, come back!

The seal begins swimming for the boat. Cathy's head snaps around as soon as Brigid yells and begins rowing back towards them. Eamon is visible in the boat as he sits up in his seat, he hunches forward, breathing heavily.

It takes a few moments for the boat to reach Brigid and the seal, and when it does, we can see that Cathy is almost blinded by tears.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

(holding her hand out to
Brigid)

You found him! Oh my God, I can't
believe it!

BRIGID

Believe it another time and help me
into the boat, won't you dear?

Brigid falls clumsily into the boat, being pulled by Cathy and Eamon and pushed by the seal. She struggles to remove her helmet, needing help from Cathy, and puts it in the bottom of the boat. Brigid turns back to the water and sees not one, but eight seals.

More surprising than that is the beautiful woman swimming in the water with them. She has the same large brown eyes as the seals next to her, and long wavy, black hair that floats around her shoulders like seaweed. She is exactly like the description Angus gave, and we know that this is a selkie.

Cathy gasps when she sees the woman and Eamon becomes very still, staring at the woman's face. Eamon and the selkie look into each other's eyes for a long moment. Brigid looks back and forth between the two of them, and we, like her, see more similarities than just their hair color.

Suddenly the selkie breaks eye contact, reaching into her hair and pulling out a seashell. It is small and brilliantly white. She hands it to Eamon, who takes it carefully, and as he leans forward the selkie strokes his cheek. He closes his eyes for a moment and when he opens them again they are filled with tears.

The selkie sinks below the waves without a ripple and Eamon leans over the side to see where she has gone, but she is no longer in sight. One by one, the seals sink below the waves as well.

The three humans sit in the boat for a few more moments, not saying anything. Cathy, not understanding fully what has just transpired, is the first to move, handing Brigid and Eamon blankets. Eamon has been shaking with cold and wraps the blanket around his shoulders, then takes the oars from Cathy.

Cathy gives Eamon her seat and sits next to Brigid, and while Eamon rows to shore the two women work on removing Brigid from her diving suit. Brigid has great difficulty with the suit, far more than she had in putting it on. She bangs her knuckles sharply on the metal while trying to loosen a wing nut.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID
(sticking her knuckles in her
mouth)
Ouch!

CATHY
Are you alright?

BRIGID
Yea... my fingers must be cold....

Eamon stops rowing for a moment and takes Brigid's hand in his, kissing her injured knuckles lightly. Their eyes meet in an intense look. Cathy glances away, embarrassed.

Eamon continues to row and Brigid removes the rest of her suit, wrapping another blanket around her shoulders just as they reach the shore.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

The sun has set by now and the sky is a dark blue, with stars just beginning to sparkle. The entire village is alight - candles in every window of every house. Angus and Eileen are sitting in the beach and leap to their feet when they see the Seahawk hit the sand.

Eamon jumps out of the boat and pulls it farther up the sand. Cathy and Brigid climb out of the boat as well. Brigid catches her toe on the edge of the boat and almost falls but Eamon catches her, looking at her curiously.

Eamon puts Brigid on the sand and turns his attention to his approaching parents. Eileen lets out a cry when she sees Eamon and rushes to him, clinging to him and sobbing. Angus wraps his arms around both of them. Brigid turns back to the boat and removes Davey's sweater.

A door opens and a man's voice is heard, shouting to the rest of the village.

MAN
They're back! Eamon is alive!

The village comes to life instantly, people streaming out of every house. Fiona and Finn come running down the beach, Aoife in Fiona's arms and their children following close behind.

Aoife catches sight of her father and bursts into tears.

(CONTINUED)

AOIFE

Daddy!

Eamon hears her voice and breaks away from his parents, taking his daughter into his arms. Man and toddler weep together, then Eamon holds his arm out for Brigid and the trio embraces, with the rest of the village surrounding them.

Cathy stands to the side, Siobhan coming towards her. Before Siobhan can reach them Jack appears at Cathy's side. When Siobhan sees him she smiles slightly and changes her course to stand next to Eileen.

Jack puts his arm around Cathy's shoulders and she jumps, just now noticing his presence. He smiles down at her.

JACK

Are you well?

CATHY

Yes. Cold.

(she looks to the Connealys)

Look how happy they are.

Jack wraps his other arm around Cathy as well, rubbing her arms. He does not look away from Cathy.

JACK

Very happy. You're a brave woman,
Cathy.

Their tender moment is broken by Simon's appearance. He is not happy, glaring in Brigid's direction.

SIMON

Stupid woman! She's brought doom to
us all!

Jack turns his gaze on Simon, not letting go of Cathy but now staring fiercely in the other man's direction.

JACK

Just because no woman would risk
herself the same for you. Have a
heart, Simon. Brigid has done the
impossible. There's no telling what
will come of it.

Simon curls his lip at Jack and stomps away. Cathy puts her arms about Jack's waist and he looks back to her, surprised.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY
(whispering)
I would do so for you.

A beaming smile spreads across Jack's face and he bends his head to kiss her.

Brigid sees them and grins, then turns her attention back to the crowd of people around her. She glances down at her hand and notices that she is still holding the sweater.

Brigid goes to Eileen and wordlessly hands Davey's sweater to her. The older woman looks momentarily confused until she looks at the pattern on the front. Her face crumples when she realizes what she is holding, and buries her face in the sweater. Angus put his arms around his wife. Eamon sees the exchange and looks sad, and puts one arm around Brigid's shoulders.

Siobhan goes to Brigid and touches her elbow.

SIOBHAN
There is stew on the stove and
bread in the oven. I thought you
would be hungry when you returned.

BRIGID
Thank you.
(to Eamon)
Come, love. You must be starving.

The crowd parts as Brigid and Eamon walk towards their house, everyone chattering, some clapping quietly, some glaring in Brigid's direction. Eamon still holds tight to Aoife, who is now playing with the seashell given to him by the selkie.

Angus and Eileen walk towards their own house, arms around one another.

Siobhan walks to Cathy, who grins broadly when she sees her mother. Siobhan turns to Jack, whose arms are still around Cathy's waist.

SIOBHAN
Anything I should know?

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - NIGHT

Eamon sits at the table, still with a blanket wrapped around him. Brigid bustles about, unwrapping packages of food and placing them on the table. Eamon grabs a loaf of bread and tears into it, shoving large chunks into his mouth and eating greedily. Aoife sits in her cradle, looking intently at the seashell.

Brigid takes two soup bowls from the cabinet and two spoons from a drawer and places them on the table. She pauses to wrap her arms around Eamon and kiss his hair before taking a soup pot from the stove and serving them both.

They eat in silence for a few moments, too hungry to talk. Eamon starts on the soup, slurping loudly. Brigid, who has gotten up to retrieve the butter, stares at him for a moment, and bursts into tears.

Eamon takes her hand and pulls her into his lap, holding her close and stroking her hair.

EAMON

Sweetheart, what's wrong? It's
OK... I'm OK... why are you crying?

Brigid laughs through her tears, and hugs Eamon back tightly.

BRIGID

I missed your slurping!
(Eamon chuckles)
I missed everything about you.
Please, please never leave me
again.

EAMON

I promise.

He kisses Brigid deeply and their food is quickly forgotten.

EXT. CONNEALY HOUSE - DAY

Eamon sits in the sand with Aoife, repairing a fishing net. The girl is now about two years old and she looks intently at her corner of the net, picking up different ends of frayed rope and touching them together. Eamon works on the other end of the net, expertly tying the rope together.

There is a crash of breaking pottery from inside the house.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID O.S.

Bollocks!

Eamon looks at Aoife to see if she has heard her mother swear, and she points behind her towards the house, eyes still on the net.

AOIFE

Mama needs help.

Standing and dusting the sand off his pants, Eamon goes into the house.

INT. CONNEALY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brigid is sweeping up pieces of broken pottery into a pile. She is heavily pregnant and cannot bend down far enough to sweep the pieces into the dustpan. Eamon jumps to help her, holding the pan while she sweeps. Finished, she sets the broom against a wall and eases herself onto a bench.

BRIGID

That's the second one I've broken this week. Good thing you made those wooden bowls, or we'd have nothing left to eat from.

Eamon throws the pottery into the garden outside and sits at the bench next to her. He leans over and kisses her huge belly.

EAMON

I don't recall you being this clumsy before. Whatever happened to the graceful woman I married?

Brigid looks at him in mock disgust, wets a finger and sticks it in his ear. He gags and falls off the bench, rubbing furiously at the offended ear.

BRIGID

She, dear husband o' mine, swam to the bottom of the ocean for an ungrateful miscreant of a man, who cares for nothing more than a broken plate.

Eamon grins at her and stands up, pulling her with him.

BRIGID

Perhaps if I were to take you back to the mermaids, they would make me graceful again.

(CONTINUED)

A shadow of fear crosses Eamon's face, and Brigid looks abashed. She kisses him softly and puts her arm around his waist.

BRIGID

If broken dishes and some bruises
are the price I must pay for having
you, then I'd say those beasts let
me off easy.

Eamon kisses her in return and they walk out of the house together.

EXT. CONNEALY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Aoife looks up at her parents, happily holding up her corner of the net. She has finished fixing it, with knots so small they are barely noticeable. Brigid and Eamon raise their eyebrows at each other.

INT. THE SHOALS - DAY

Brigid walks into the store, Aoife holding onto one hand. As soon as they are in the door the girl runs off to the bar to look at the painting above it.

The painting is no longer of a mermaid - it is of an equally beautiful woman with long black hair discretely covering her chest and hips. She lies on a group of rocks in the middle of the ocean and she is braiding a rope of seaweed. Next to her on the rock lies a sealskin.

Brigid walks to the counter and waits. A few seconds later Cathy emerges from the back of the store. She too is pregnant, though not as far along as Brigid. Cathy smiles when she sees Brigid and reaches under the counter, bringing out a package.

CATHY

Eamon's new tools. What will he be
making first, then?

BRIGID

Angus wants a figurehead for The
Seahawk, and after that, the cradle
for you.

(she leans across the counter
to pat Cathy's belly)

You have some time left, yet.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

Ha, I feel fit to burst already.
Fancy you doing this more than
once.

Brigid looks to her daughter, who is still staring intently at the painting.

BRIGID

With an angel like that, how could
I not?

Both women look at Aoife for a moment, who, sensing their gaze, walks back to them. She seems far older than two.

AOIFE

I want to find her.

EXT. SEA - DAY

A fishing boat cuts through the water. Three men are in the back, pulling in a net full of wriggling fish. Their scales gleam silver in the strong sunlight. Aoife, now a grown woman, sits at the prow of the boat, shielding her eyes with her hand and looking farther out to sea.

Aoife is dressed like the men, with a thick, gray wool sweater and dark blue pants, but her long red hair tumbles freely over her shoulders, marking her an unmistakably beautiful female.

The men finish pulling the net into the boat and two take up their oars, the third sitting in the back to man the tiller. As the boat passes us, the angle of the shot sinks towards the water, so we pass close by Aoife's face. Her expression is unreadable, and she has a small, white seashell tied in her hair.

As the camera sinks lower, we can see the name of the boat as it passes us - The Selkie. The figurehead is a beautiful woman painted with blue-black hair and large brown eyes. We continue to watch the fishing boat as it is propelled back to the shore.

The head of a seal slowly breaks the surface of the water in front of our gaze, looking in the same direction we are. After a moment, the seal turns to look steadily back into the camera. It shares unblinking for a few seconds, dark brown eyes with long lashes that look very human. The seal slowly sinks back below the water, leaving not a ripple to show where it had been.

FADE TO BLACK

Credits roll while Heart of the Ocean by Gaelic Storm plays.