

TUBERS

Written by

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C O N T A C T S

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Tubers

FADE IN:

EXT. FARM IN IRELAND - NIGHT

SUPER "County Roscommon, Irish Free State, 1929"

In a poor farmer's one-room cottage, DA and MUM (late-20s) lay in a straw covered double-bed with son, JIMMY REGAN (5), asleep between them. Da and Jimmy wear long-johns and wool caps beneath two blankets. Ma is fully dressed in an old blue dress and green wool sweater. The parents whisper.

MUM

Worried about Jimmy. How will he do on the ship? Gets seasick in the wash tub.

Da has a worried look.

DA

He'll be grand if we don't forget his book. Get some sleep. Big day tomorrow.

A turf fire burns in the hearth. A crucifix hangs on the wall. On a bedside table sits an oil lamp and a small leather purse.

Two small suitcases are packed at the foot of the bed. Atop the suitcases are Da and Jimmy's church clothes: wool pants, white long-sleeved shirts, and black shoes.

A copy of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island," Jimmy's wooden sword, and a tin "King Brian's" crown glow in the dwindling light of turf fire.

Mum HEARS the sound of a truck rumbling closer. She yells in the heavy Irish brogue the Regan's share.

MUM

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. It's the Black and Tans!

Da leaps from the bed and hurries to get dressed. Mum shakes Jimmy, but he doesn't respond.

DA

Stay calm. They want to harass us one last time before we take the ship!

Jimmy starts to stir.

DA (CONT'D)

Jimmy, will ya ever wake up? You have to bury our money out back, before they take it from us.

MUM

Or we'll never get to America! It's the Black and Tans!

DA

I'll stall them.

Da races out the front door, while Jimmy struggles to wake.

Mum bends down to whisper to Jimmy, as she hands him the small, leather purse.

MUM

No time to dress. Out the back with ya. Corner of the potato crop. Dig a hole the size of your fist, and bury our treasure, so the Black and Tan pirates don't get it.

Jimmy looks half-asleep.

JIMMY

Got it. Fairy tree.

MUM

No! Not the fairy tree! Corner of the potato crop! Understand, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Got it.

Jimmy takes the purse, as Mum and Jimmy hear fist-fighting out the front door.

Mum pushes Jimmy out the back door, and shuts it.

She grabs a fire-poker and races out the front door the help Da.

Jimmy steps back in to grab his tin crown, and races out the back door.

The fighting continues out front, as Jimmy races past the potato crop and to a lone tree in the pasture. He has his crown on his head, the purse in one hand, and a small shovel in the other.

He hears fighting out front as he digs frantically.

He's about to bury his tin crown and purse of coins, when he sees something shiny in the hole -- a large gold bead. He drops in his tin crown and purse, covers the hole with dirt, and runs back toward the cottage with the shovel.

When Jimmy gets to the edge of the potato crop, he hears his Mum scream!

Jimmy enters the dim cottage with the shovel. He shuts the back door, and thinks for second. He trades the shovel for his toy wooden sword, and ready to thrust as he yells.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Let me Da and Mum be!

We see the SHADOWS of two Black and Tans (40s, big men) enter the open front door. They have English accents.

BLACK AND TAN #1

If it isn't the village eejit's son!

BLACK AND TAN #2

Don't ya think the shovel would've been better?

JIMMY

If ye harmed me Da or Mum, I'll kill ye both!

We see the SHADOWS step menacingly toward Jimmy.

Jimmy sees the open front door as a way to escape, but, in an instant, he turns and runs into the closed back door.

Jimmy hears the Black and Tans laughing before he falls to the floor and hits his head, unconscious.

We see Jimmy's wooden sword, and "Treasure Island," burning in the fire.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

SUPER "Hospital, Boston, MA, 2018"

Jimmy Regan (now 94) lays lifeless in a hospital bed with his head bandaged and machines monitoring his vital signs. His son, JOHNNY REGAN (early-50s), in a tweed jacket and tan slacks, holds Jimmy's hand as DR. MADHU SHUDRAS (early-40s), an attractive Indian physician in scrubs, checks the monitors.

A separate reading lamp is beside the bed, shining brightly on Jimmy's finger, which is stuck in a bound notebook.

DR. SHUDRAS

It's time!

JOHNNY

(solemnly)

Pull the plug?

Johnny's cute, and endlessly caring daughter, ERIN REGAN (early 20s), races into the room in a panic. She wears bike-riding gear with her shoulder-length hair pulled back in a ponytail. She carries a bike helmet.

ERIN

No! How can you do that?! Not yet ninety-five, Grandpa! Gonna be okay! I'm here now!

Johnny goes to hug Erin.

JOHNNY

Not Grandpa! His reading lamp! From home!

Erin is stunned.

ERIN

I thought...

DR. SHUDRAS

The hospital insists he uses the built-in lights. No cords to trip on. You understand.

Erin gasps in relief, and smiles and holds her Grandpa's free hand.

ERIN

Yes. Yes, I see.

JOHNNY

Dr. Shudras, this is my daughter, Erin. Erin, Dr. Shudras. I've always called my father 'Da,' so she's always called me 'Duh.' Erin's taken care of Da and me for ten years.

DR. SHUDRAS

Huh! No Mrs. Regan?

JOHNNY

Died when that ferry sank on the way to the airport ten years ago. Rough waves, but the wake was nice.

ERIN

Mum hated planes, trains, and automobiles!

DR. SHUDRAS

We all did. So sorry about your Mum.

(beat)

Erin, wish we could have met under better circumstances.

Dr. Shudras unplugs the reading lamp, and turns on the light above the bed, as she addresses Johnny.

DR. SHUDRAS (CONT'D)

He'll never come out of it.

Erin leaps to hug her Grandpa.

ERIN

What, Duh?

Johnny gently pulls Erin off Grandpa, and points to his finger in the notebook.

JOHNNY

He super-glued his finger to the binding of his notebook.

DR. SHUDRAS

We'll have to cut it off.

ERIN

Not his fing...

DR. SHUDRAS

(interrupting)

The notebook.

Erin looks relieved. She hugs Grandpa.

ERIN

Grandpa? It's Erin! Here to take you home! I love you, Grandpa!

JOHNNY

Then he slipped, fell, and hit his head on the floor.

DR. SHUDRAS
Doesn't remember a thing.

JOHNNY & ERIN
Dementia?

DR. SHUDRAS
Concussion.

JOHNNY & ERIN
Thank God...

Dr. Shudras examines an MRI scan.

DR. SHUDRAS
And a tumor in his brain.

Johnny and Erin gasp.

DR. SHUDRAS (CONT'D)
Size of pineapple.

Johnny and Erin gasp, again.

DR. SHUDRAS (CONT'D)
The brain, that is. Tumor is only
the size of pea. Benign. Nothing to
worry about.

JOHNNY
Jesus, Doctor.

DR. SHUDRAS
Wouldn't call me that yet. Should
have him home by tomorrow. We'll
have to keep him overnight to run
up his bill.
(beat)
Can you tell me why he super-glued
his finger to that notebook?

Erin leans in to investigate the notebook page, and hits her
grandpa's head with her bike helmet. He winces in pain, but
nobody notices.

JOHNNY
Wasn't the smartest cop working the
Boston docks. He idolized Erin's
love of writing. He wrote haikus
about dime-store paperback books he
skim-read.

Erin reads a haiku on the right-hand page in the notebook, bending Jimmy's hand to the left. Jimmy WINCES in pain, but nobody pays attention to him.

ERIN

Treasure Island. Jim Hawkins finds
map, to Captain Flint's treasure
chest. Long Johns are underwear.

Dr. Shudras looks puzzled.

JOHNNY

I remember his haiku for Moby Dick.
Call me Ishmael. Hunt the great
white whale Moby. What a Dick to
read.

Erin and Johnny laugh, as Dr. Shudras rolls her eyes in disgust.

DR. SHUDRAS

Quite the scholar, huh?

Erin is defensive.

ERIN

Grandpa loved reading cheap dime-
store paperbacks! Duh, remember his
one for Don Quixote. Absent-minded
knight, battles social injustice.
Two volumes? No way!

Erin and Johnny laugh. Dr. Shudras glares at them.

Johnny twists his Da's hand to the other side of the notebook, and Jimmy winces in pain, but nobody cares.

Johnny inspects the page, as Erin looks on.

JOHNNY

King Brian's Crown? Not England or
Rome. 'Neath my fairy tree it
rests, with a golden bead?

ERIN

There's no great literary work
called King Brian's Crown!

JOHNNY

So, why did he super-glue his
finger to this page?

Dr. Shudras is staring at the monitors, and mumbles.

DR. SHUDRAS
 Why did the idiot super-glue his
 finger to the notebook at all?!

Johnny and Erin are defensive.

JOHNNY & ERIN
 That's eejit!

JOHNNY
 Da took great pride in being
 nicknamed the "eejit" by his fellow
 police officers at the docks.

ERIN
 Pet name! Famous around Boston.

JOHNNY
 Free pint of Guinness and a
 Jameson's for the eejit in every
 pub in town!

ERIN
 Sometimes more! Much more!

DR. SHUDRAS
 Sorry. Sorry. So, why the super-
 glue.

Johnny and Erin inspect the page more closely.

JOHNNY
 Maybe Da was right all these years.

ERIN
 That buried treasure nonsense?

Johnny becomes euphoric. He sits on the bed (Jimmy grunts, in
 pain, but nobody cares).

JOHNNY
 It's his dying wish!

DR. SHUDRAS
 No, he's going home tomorrow.

Erin and Johnny ignore the doctor.

ERIN
 No way. I'm not traveling! You
 wrote all those travel books! "See
 England and Lose Five Pounds a
 Day!"

Johnny brags to Dr. Shudras.

JOHNNY
My weight-loss travel book.

ERIN
"See Brazil and Get Real!"

JOHNNY
That's their currency. The real.

ERIN
"See the Congo On Less Than Five
Bullets a Day!"

JOHNNY
That was wrong. I know that now.
But "Go to Kuwait Without Dinar"
sold ten thousand copies! People
always want to save money when they
travel!

DR. SHUDRAS
Goodbye Rupee Tuesday?

Dr. Shudras and Johnny share a moment as Jimmy grunts, and
squirms under the blankets for more comfort. No one cares.

ERIN
I'm not going to Ireland! I never
travel! Anywhere! Anyhow! Who'll
watch Grandpa when he gets home?

Johnny pulls Erin next to him and pleads to her. Jimmy grunts
the whole time, but no one cares.

JOHNNY
My Da, your Grandpa, wants you to
find our family's treasure. You can
hunt down our family roots, or
tubers in this case, at the same
time! I'll help you by phone, the
whole time.

ERIN
What about my boyfriend?

JOHNNY
Larry, the banker? He can live
without you for three or four days.

ERIN

Duh! He's a stock analyst. And he's serious about me. I can't just leave him.

JOHNNY

I'll get you a phone with international calling, and you can call him every day. Collect!

Jimmy grunts, but no one cares.

Dr. Shudras checks Jimmy's eyes with a light.

DR. SHUDRAS

Dead.

Erin and Johnny leap from the bed.

DR. SHUDRAS (CONT'D)

To the world. Fast asleep. You didn't let me finish.

Johnny pleases with Erin in a hug.

JOHNNY

Da always said, 'Leave them stories rather than money.'

ERIN

And you always said, 'You can never be as happy as the village eejit, but that shouldn't stop you from trying.' Duh, I'll do it for you and Grandpa.

Johnny and Erin exit the room arm-in-arm.

Dr. Shudras exits behind them. As she shuts off the light and closes the door, we hear Jimmy, mumble.

JIMMY

Eejits!

INT. HOME IN BOSTON

Johnny runs around gathering things: an electric outlet adapter, airplane neck-pillow, a large umbrella, hair dryer, and a travel guide book.

JOHNNY

Everything you need to know is in my book.

ERIN
I'm still not sure...

The doorbell RINGS, and LARRY (30), a nerdish stock analyst in a nice suit, steps in confidently.

JOHNNY
Larry! Glad you're here. Grab her suitcase from upstairs, will ya?

Larry looks sadly at Erin.

LARRY
Can't believe you're leaving me!

Erin hugs him briefly.

ERIN
I'm nervous enough.

LARRY
Given your family's history of...

JOHNNY
Top of the stairs. Big red...

Erin turns confident, amazing Larry and Johnny.

ERIN
Three or four days! I need to know I can do this!

Larry and Johnny step back.

JOHNNY
That's the spirit, Babycakes. Not spirit in the ghostly sense...

LARRY
You have lost a lot of relatives in travel accidents...

Erin pleads with Larry.

ERIN
I'm doing this for Duh and Grandpa. And, I've got to learn to travel, or I'll never finish my Master's degree in creative writing from U-Boston!

JOHNNY
(acts surprised)
I forgot your fellowship required
an extensive trip abroad.

LARRY
I'll earn enough for both of us,
many times over.

ERIN
I'll earn my own way!

LARRY
Three months in a strange,
dangerous country with people who
look like... immigrants!

ERIN
Just a few days in Ireland to see
if I have the right stuff to finish
my degree.

Larry looks around in disgust at the house, then steps in for
a romantic hug with Erin.

LARRY
If I get that job on Wall Street, I
can take you away from this mess,
and you can write full-time.

Erin only half-hugs him back.

ERIN
If I can finish my Master's...

LARRY
(interrupting)
Got you something for the trip.

Erin and Johnny look on with great interest.

ERIN
What?

Larry steps back, and pulls an envelope out of his coat
pocket.

LARRY
Airplane trip life insurance. Two-
hundred-thousand-dollar policy.

Erin is stunned and speechless.

ERIN
 Betting against me?

JOHNNY
 Very... practical. Cousin Michele
 could have used that. And your Aunt
 Maureen, and...

Erin snatches the envelope, and kisses Larry on the cheek.

ERIN
 That's enough, Duh. Thanks, Larry.

LARRY
 Made your dad the beneficiary, so
 they won't blame me if something,
 ya know, happens.

JOHNNY
 Suitcase, Larry. Top of the stairs.

Erin stares at the envelope in disbelief.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Erin sits in a window seat in the back of the plane, as other
 passengers slowly board. She wears a nice pantsuit, with her
 hair pulled back in a ponytail.

She finally fastens her seatbelt, pulls out a book "*See Erie
 on an Erie Budget*," by Johnny Regan.

A big, burly, and rude male PASSENGER (60s) squeezes into the
 middle seat next to Erin.

PASSENGER
 New to airplane travel?

ERIN
 I...

PASSENGER
 (interrupts)
 Trays remain upright and locked
 until well after takeoff. And, that
 travel guide won't help ya!

Erin covers the author's name.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)
 Read it! Author must have been
 deaf, dumb, and blind.

Erin is defensive.

ERIN

See here...

PASSENGER

(interrupting)

And completely devoid of common sense.

ERIN

I see you follow the author's number one tip.

Erin reads from page one.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Step 1: Forego the first-class ticket for first-class drugs and an absorbent diaper.

Erin adjusts her butt in her seat, as the Passenger laughs.

PASSENGER

If you say so.

Erin takes a small bottle of wine (screw top) and prescription meds out her backpack from beneath the seat in front of her.

ERIN

The author says to take only one of these.

(snickers)

But, he doesn't know I'm petrified of flying. Traveling, actually.

The Passenger snickers.

PASSENGER

Terrified of traveling?

Erin takes one pill with a few gulps of wine.

ERIN

My mum died in a freak ferry accident.

The Passenger looks away.

PASSENGER

Sorry.

ERIN

Great-grandpa was killed in a rare
Zeppelin explosion.

Erin sips more wine.

PASSENGER

Jesus.

ERIN

Grandpa on my mother's side, killed
in a motorcycle accident.

Erin takes another pill and a gulp of wine.

The Passengers eyes widen.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Grandma on my mother's side died in
a tourist airboat ride in the
Everglades. All they found were her
shoes.

Erin chugs the last of the wine. She's tipsy and drowsy.

ERIN (CONT'D)

They were Croc's.

(her eyes roll)

I know! Right? I have Larry.

(looks at the Passenger)

Boyfriend for two years. He's a
Kennedy. No relation, but the name
helps. Right? He's angry at me for
leaving. It's just that it's an
awkward time in my life. Like when
you run out of butter on your icky
butter dish, and you have to decide
to toss it in the dishwasher, or
toss on another stick of butter
because it's easier. Know what I
mean?

The Passenger stares, bewildered by Erin.

Erin turns and tries to read the second travel tip.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Step 2: Hire a dependable, local
driver.

(eyes close)

Already... done!

Erin passes out with her head against the window.

The Passenger covers Erin up with a blanket. He shakes his head and smirks.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The plane is empty. Erin is asleep, and fully covered by a blanket.

A female Flight Attendant (30), in uniform, walks from the front of the plane picking up newspapers and cups.

She is shocked to see Erin's blanket move.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Oh, my God. Ma'am, you have to deplane!

She pulls the blanket off Erin, and smells urine. Cringes.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Oh my!

Erin stirs awake, and looks down at her very soggy pants.

ERIN

Step 1: Kill him!

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Can't let you in the bathrooms. Safety regs. You'll have to use the one in the terminal. Across from Gate 11 on the way to baggage claim.

Erin stands, grabs her backpack, and mumbles as she waddles uncomfortably out of the plane.

ERIN

So sorry. I'll kill him.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

A Chauffeur (50), black coat and pants, white pressed shirt, short gray hair escaping from under a black cap, carries a sign reading "E. Regan" at his chest.

He paces and looks at his watch. He mumbles a few Gaelic swear words, tosses down the sign, and exits.

A young, handsome, Irishman, LIAM DOHERTY (24), dressed in slightly worn work clothes, steps up nonchalantly and picks up the sign. He points the sign at several businessmen walking his direction to no avail. He has a strong Irish accent.

LIAM

E. Regan? Ride into Dub? E. Regan?

Erin trudges toward the sign like a zombie dressed in a shabby black sweat suit with a hood, and dragging her huge red suitcase with SQUEAKY WHEELS.

Liam looks around Erin for a businessman. Any businessman.

LIAM (CONT'D)

E. Regan? Ride into Dub?

Erin rips the sign from Liam's hands.

ERIN

Erin Regan. You the driver my Duh hired?

LIAM

You mean, your Da?

ERIN

No. Duh.

Liam begins to walk away.

LIAM

Nobody paid in advance.

Erin pulls his shirt.

ERIN

Travel tip three. Never pay for anything in advance.

Liam turns with a grin.

LIAM

Isn't he the wise one. I'm Liam Doherty. It'll be twenty bob to take you into Dub.

ERIN

Gaalway. First night's in Gaalway.

LIAM

Three hours across the bleedin' country?

(MORE)

LIAM (CONT'D)

With another bleedin' American
trying to turn Irish? Not smellin'
like a horse's stall!

ERIN

Fine. Get my bag. Take me to a
hotel, and I'll shower.

LIAM

It's Galway, not Gaalway, and a
friend of mine has a flat you can
use. But you'll have to throw in
the petrol for my drive back!

ERIN

Two-hundred Euros a day plus
expenses was the deal.

Liam's eyes light up, as his sarcasm begins to show. He grabs
the giant suitcase.

LIAM

My flat is smaller than this! Don't
tell me. Searching for your bloody
roots? Pretend Irish, are we?
Buying a manor house?

Liam drags the massive squeaky suitcase.

ERIN

Three days. Find my grandpa's farm,
and I'm outta here!
(smirks)
Unless I find King Brian's lost
gold crown along the way.

Liam stares at Erin like a crazy woman. He bursts out
laughing.

LIAM

That's why the Irish can't find
work as comedians! Bleeding America
stole our people and our humor. But
for two-hundred quid a day, I'll
drive your arse to Gaalway or Hell
itself!

Erin stares at Liam as they exit the airport.

INT. CAR - DAY

Erin's suitcase barely fits in the back of the tiny car.

Liam drives in heavy traffic with the windows down. Erin is petrified, and punching a number on her phone.

LIAM
Calling for reinforcements?

ERIN
My Duh in Boston.

LIAM
Where it's two A.M.?

JOHNNY (O.S.)
(sleepy)
Babycakes? Call back in eight
hours.

ERIN
(yells)
Sleeping pills and a diaper?! My
driver, Liam, says...

Johnny fakes a crackling sound.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
(interrupting)
Crrrrr. Coming in broken. Crrrrr.
Darn Atlantic cable...

Click. Johnny hangs up.

Erin punches another number, while Liam laughs.

LIAM
Sleeping pills and a diaper?! Rich!
That's what I'm talkin' 'bout.

Erin yells at the phone.

ERIN
Pick up, Larry! Gone to message, my
ass! I'm in Ireland, driving on the
wrong side of the road...

LIAM
Who's Laaaaarry? Story gets funnier
all the time.

Erin glares at Liam.

Larry picks up, as Erin yells at Liam.

ERIN
Will you ever shut up, Liam!

LARRY (O.S.)
 Who's Liam? Such a kidder! It's two
 A.M.! Got to be at the firm in four
 hours! Call back will ya, Princess!

Click!

ERIN
 Darn it, Larry. You better not...

Liam shakes his head laughing, while dodging through traffic.

LIAM
 Babycakes? Princess?
 (sniffs the air)
 That's a good one!

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Liam tiptoes into a messy apartment, putting the keys in his pocket, and pulling Erin behind him. They whisper.

LIAM
 Girlfriend's flat. Mary Riley.

Erin looks around in disgust.

ERIN
 She a grizzly bear?

Liam has a guilt look.

LIAM
 We share it.

They hear MARY RILEY (24), with an English accent, yell from the one bedroom.

MARY
 That you, Lazy Arse?

Liam glances at Erin, embarrassed.

LIAM
 Working for a day or three in
 Galway. Quick shower and I'll be
 off.

Liam pushes Erin toward the bathroom door with her backpack, and whispers.

LIAM (CONT'D)
 I'll make us tea for the road.

Erin enters the bathroom and shuts the door.

MARY (O.S.)
Your half the rent is due last
week!

Erin sticks a naked arm and shoulder out the bathroom with two 100-Euro bills, as Mary enters the room with only a short black T-shirt on. She is beautiful and sexy, but angry at the sight of Erin's shoulder.

Liam has his back to the bathroom door.

LIAM
I'll be leaving it on the counter.

Mary snatches the bills out of Erin's hand, and struts over to Liam in the kitchen.

Erin sees that Mary is the sexiest woman on Earth, and shuts the bathroom door.

Liam, who is making tea, spins around to see Mary.

He grins and moans, as she gives him a wet kiss, then pushes him back.

MARY
What's that bang? Brought a tart
home, did we now?

We HEAR the shower running.

LIAM
It's the smell of bad advice. I can
explain, Mary...

MARY
(interrupting, scoffs)
Unemployed cabinetmakers have to
make the rent somehow.

Liam's face cringes at that remark.

LIAM
Another painfully accurate
observation!
(smiles)
Quit acting the maggot and feck
off. I'm her driver, and flying it.

Mary gets in his face and yells, playfully angry.

MARY

I'm cut to the bone with ya. If you don't have the rest of the rent tomorrow, I'll be throwing ya to the curb.

Mary teases him with a sexy walk, as she exits to the bedroom. Liam's eyes open widely and he smiles.

Erin exits in a cute long sweater and Yoga pants. Her hair is wet and in a ponytail.

She bolts toward the front door with her backpack, whispering.

ERIN

She seems nice.

MARY (O.S.)

I heard that, tart!

Liam grabs two travel mugs of tea, and a small backpack, and begins to exit.

LIAM

Back in a few, Brit.

MARY (O.S.)

Bloody wanker!

They exit, and Liam shuts the door.

INT. CAR - DAY

Liam drives recklessly toward Galway, as Erin toggles between falling asleep and screaming for her life.

LIAM

Gotta stay awake to adjust to the five-hour time difference.

ERIN

Mary says you're a cabinetmaker?

Liam glares at Erin.

LIAM

Says lots of things.

(beat)

Dropped out of secondary school at sixteen to take advantage of the construction boom.

(MORE)

LIAM (CONT'D)
 Made bank, 'til the bust cycle.
 Unemployment checks are my life
 now, lucky for you!

ERIN
 Need all the luck I can get.

LIAM
 Why, exactly?

ERIN
 Creative writing grad student,
 translates to unemployed in
 America.

Erin looks out at the countryside.

ERIN (CONT'D)
 Last requirement of my fellowship
 is to live and write for three
 months in another country.

LIAM
 So, do it!

ERIN
 Duh says I don't need a Master's
 degree to write.

LIAM
 You think you do?

ERIN
 A degree of self-respect!
 (beat)
 But, I don't travel.

LIAM
 Traveling now?

ERIN
 For three days. First time abroad.
 One professor told me my stories
 should be in the Lack-of-Adventure
 section of the library!

Liam laughs, as Erin's phone rings.

LIAM
 My teachers would put a mirror
 under my nose to see if I was still
 breathing. Mary would like to see
 me make big money with my
 cabinetmaking.

(MORE)

LIAM (CONT'D)
That would be my prize, but she
says the rent should come first.

ERIN
Sounds like she has her eyes on her
prize, not yours.

Erin answers the phone.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Duh? Five A.M. your time?

Erin pauses.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Yes. I said Liam. I don't know how
it's spelled.

LIAM
L-I-A-M. Like it sounds.

ERIN
He heard you.

Erin panics.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Stop the car!

Liam pulls off the road to a deserted cow pasture, as Erin
listens with the phone tightly to her left ear.

LIAM
No, his name's not Griffen
McDonald. Not sixty? Not gray?
(beat)
I've been kidnapped?

Erin jumps out of the car, leaving the door open.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Not it at all. I dropped a bloke
off at the airport, and saw your
driver toss your name card down and
take off. I offered you a ride into
Dublin, remember?

ERIN
(yells)
Duh! I'm in the middle of darn cow
pasture, in the middle of the darn
island. And you got me into this
mess with grandpa's dying wish,
tubers,

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 and all that talk of treasure.
 (yells)
 Crrrrr... You're coming in
 broken... Darn Atlantic cable!

Click.

LIAM
 He hung up?

ERIN
 No! I did.

Erin reluctantly gets back in the car.

LIAM
 Your Da is worried about you. I
 would be too. You Americans are
 strung tighter than a pub fiddle.

Erin is angry.

ERIN
 What's this "you Americans" stuff?
 What do you have against us?

LIAM
 (sarcastic)
 Not a thing. We're dependent on
 your tourism like a drug, and we
 like our drugs. Your overwhelming
 love for the Irish keeps us in the
 chips. You call them French fries.

ERIN
 Just take me somewhere I can think.

Erin looks suspiciously at Liam, who is grinning.

LIAM
 Know just the place.

EXT. CLONMACNOISE - DAY

Erin walks slowly around the gravestones, Celtic crosses, and
 monastery ruins at Clonmacnoise.

The Shannon River flows peacefully in the background.

Liam walks several steps behind Erin to respect her space.

Erin looks around, and finally smiles.

ERIN

Never seen so many different shades of green. Having only one or two crayons is an insult to the color.

LIAM

Thought you'd like it. Came here on field trips in primary school.

ERIN

Probably goofed off the entire time!

Liam looks away.

LIAM

I copied symbols on the tall crosses and grave slabs. Later added them to my cabinet work.

Erin turns sad.

ERIN

Sorry.

LIAM

Just having a craic, as we say. A laugh. I get it.

ERIN

Like you, seeing me trudge through the airport terminal with a full diaper.

Liam laughs.

LIAM

You understand.

ERIN

Not my Duh!

LIAM

What's his story?

ERIN

It's my grandpa's story he's after. Grandpa was born in the Tumna Townland by Carrick-on-Shannon.

LIAM

Follow the Shannon for an hour and a half north, and you're there!

ERIN

My family farmed there for five generations, 'til the British accosted them one too many times in 1929.

LIAM

Black and Tans probably.

ERIN

That's right.

LIAM

They took the ship?

Erin sounds skeptical.

ERIN

Great-grandparents did, with my grandpa in tow. But the night before they immigrated, my grandpa buried a small purse with three silver coins in it from the Black and Tans. That's the story, anyway.

LIAM

Don't believe it?

ERIN

Rumor has it Great-grandpa was the village eejit. Is that how they say it?

LIAM

That's how they say it. Eejit.

ERIN

And Grandpa followed in his footsteps. But he was smart enough to become a cop in Boston, where he worked the docks.

LIAM

Watching the tide?

ERIN

Preventing theft and contraband. It was one of the easier assignments.

LIAM

And your Da?

ERIN

My Da always called my Grandpa "Da" so I nicknamed him 'Duh' when I was kid and it stuck ever since.

(looks Liam in the eyes)

Duh is kind and funny, like you. He wrote travel books and made a good living.

(looks away)

Though I don't know why. Not very good.

LIAM

And you need to find the family farm?

ERIN

Take some photos for my Grandpa before he... dies. Gotta find that old farm! Easy day today getting to Gaalway. Busy day tomorrow finding the farm.

Their private conversation is interrupted by a slick-looking Tour Guide, SEAN O'BRIAN (50), followed closely by Six Tourists.

LIAM

For two-hundred a day, and buried treasure, count me in!

Sean bends an ear in the direction of Erin and Liam.

SEAN

Won't find buried treasure here! Since Clonmacnoise was founded in 550 AD by Saint Ciaran, it was attacked and plundered 35 times by Vikings, Irish kings, the Normans, even other monasteries. No treasure here!

ERIN

Treasure's not here, it's in Tumna.

Sean snaps to attention. He ignores his tourists and leaps to Erin.

SEAN

Tumna? That's where they found the Neolithic gold beads.

Sean excitedly spins to the tourists.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Potato farmers in Tumna found
eleven gold beads, hollow, the size
of a small fist, dating from the
Late Bronze Age, 3,000 years ago!

Erin's head drops in disappointment.

ERIN

They found 'em?

Liam pats Erin's back in sympathy.

SEAN

In 1834.

Erin raises her head, and smiles.

ERIN

1834?

SEAN

Nine of gold beads are in the
National Museum. Two went missing.

LIAM

Imagine that!

Sean looks suspiciously at Erin and Liam, before leading the
tour group on. Erin and Liam follow along.

SEAN

The last High King of Ireland, Rory
O'Connor, like most of the High
Kings, was buried here at
Clonmacnoise.

Erin has a bit of sport with Sean.

ERIN

What about High King Brian Boru?

Sean is annoyed by the question.

SEAN

Buried at St. Patrick's Cathedral
in Armagh.

LIAM

Did they ever find his gold crown?

Sean is fiery mad.

SEAN

No! They didn't. Rumors said it ended up in the hands of the King of England or the Pope!

ERIN

But nobody knows?

Sean points to the exit for Erin and Liam to leave.

SEAN

No! Nobody knows!

Erin begins to guide Liam toward the exit as they share a moment. Liam yells.

LIAM

So, it could be buried in Tumna with the two missing gold beads?

SEAN

It certainly could not!

Erin and Liam chuckle as they exit.

Sean shakes his head in disgust. Then, he rolls his eyes as he gets an idea. He addresses his tour group.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me for a moment. I may be able to help that curious couple.

Sean races to the parking lot, where he stops Erin before she gets in Liam's car.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me. I'm sorry. I didn't want to lead the tour group into becoming treasure hunters and digging up fragile archaeological sites. You understand.

ERIN

Totally.

Erin enters the car, but the door is open, so Sean leans in.

SEAN

However, I may be able to help you in your treasure hunt.

ERIN
It's about a few silver coins my
Grandpa buried, if we can even
believe a five-year-old's story
from 90 years ago.

Liam glares at Sean.

LIAM
None of your concern.

SEAN
(whispers)
You'll need a good metal detector.
Got one?

LIAM
No.

Liam starts the car.

SEAN
I do. In the bonnet.

ERIN
The bonnet?

LIAM
(to Erin)
You call it a trunk.

ERIN
What's in it for you?

SEAN
Helping our Irish-American cousins,
is all.

ERIN
We'll need it for two or three
days.

SEAN
I'll give you my card. You can ship
it back to me. Of course, I'll
require identification and a
deposit -- say a hundred Euros?

LIAM
Let's go. Could rent one in Galway
for less.

SEAN

No deposit then. I trust you. I want to help.

Erin looks at Liam, shrugs, and nods her head, 'yes.'

SEAN (CONT'D)

I'll get it.

Sean races to his car, opens the trunk and pulls out a new Metal Detector. He races it to Liam's car, and crams it in the backseat with Erin's giant red suitcase.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Here it is. Just turn it on and check the battery frequently. Charge it well the night before. Charge lasts six to eight hours.

Erin hands Sean her name, Boston address, and phone number.

SEAN (CONT'D)

International phone?

ERIN

Yes.

Sean hands Erin his card. Erin reads it.

SEAN

It's easy to operate, but call me if you have questions.

ERIN

Thanks, Dr. Sean O'Brian. This will settle a family question once and for all.

Sean waves as they drive off.

When they are out of sight, Sean opens an app on his phone. It "tracks" Liam's car on a map.

Sean snickers as he returns to his tour group.

Sean sees a Tourist scratching at the ground with the heel of his boot.

He races up to the Tourist with a smile and a threat.

SEAN
Careful, Sir. They catch you
digging in a heritage site without
a permit, and you could spend three
months in jail!

The tourist looks worried.

Sean looks back at Liam's car driving away, and he sneers.

INT. CAR - DAY

Erin and Liam look suspiciously at each other.

LIAM
Think we can trust him?

ERIN
Think I can trust you?

A highway sign reads, "Galway."

Silence.

LIAM
I need the bob.

Erin is frightened by the drive.

ERIN
I need the driver.
(pauses)
Wish this trip didn't rely on
Grandpa's poor memory, from a day
he got knocked unconscious.

Liam is stunned.

LIAM
Didn't mention that!

ERIN
Not sure exactly where the farm
was.

LIAM
What?

ERIN
Tumna isn't a village or town. It's
a townland. A unit of land...

LIAM

A designation hundreds or thousands of years old.

ERIN

May never find it. Not on today's maps. I checked.

LIAM

Anything else you haven't told me?

Erin's phone BUZZES with a text message.

ERIN

My boyfriend, Larry, got the big job he was after on Wall Street.

LIAM

New York? Thought you lived in Boston?

ERIN

Wants me to check it out. Booked me a return flight for tomorrow at three P.M.

LIAM

Could drive you back to Dub tomorrow morning for two-hundred quid and petrol.

Erin scrolls down in the text. Her anger builds.

ERIN

Will you marry me?

Liam's eyes open, but he remains silent. Erin yells.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Proposed to me by text message?!

Erin looks out at the beautiful scenery.

Liam struggles to speak.

LIAM

Yeah, but Larry makes a killing on Wall Street, right?

ERIN

Duh would be so disappointed if I said no, and it could kill Grandpa.

LIAM

You see? Two good reasons right there!

ERIN

But I couldn't bike to Boston University, for my Master's in Creative Writing.

Erin stares out at the countryside.

ERIN (CONT'D)

I got into the very prestigious Global Writing program, where you go to another country for three months.

LIAM

Doesn't sound bad.

ERIN

They checked my passport that Duh got me nine years ago, and it didn't have a single stamp.

(beat)

Gave me a semester to think about it.

LIAM

You traveled to Ireland!

ERIN

For three days! Maybe Larry's right. Wasn't meant to be.

Silence.

LIAM

Like my cabinetmaking! Ha! I used to think I caused the last great recession here in Ireland by picking that trade.

Erin glances over at Liam and cracks a smile.

ERIN

You said that to cheer me up!

Liam chuckles.

LIAM

Away with ya, now. Tomorrow will we find your family's buried treasure, or not?

Erin pauses.

ERIN
Need some time to think.
(looks out)
'Bout a lot of things.

Erin reads her Duh's guide book.

LIAM
Any more travel tips?

ERIN
Travel tip number four. Pick the
older hotels in the center of towns
to experience the culture.

Liam is suspicious.

LIAM
I don't know. Old hotels are a bit
dodgy in Gaalway.

ERIN
Dah booked two rooms in the
cheapest hotel he could find.

LIAM
Travel tip number four, huh?

They drive on.

EXT./INT. HOTEL - DAY

Erin, wearing her backpack, struggles getting her massive suitcase in the door, with Liam trailing with his small backpack and the metal detector.

ERIN
I can do things myself!

Liam puts his arms up laughing.

LIAM
Just offerin'.

The female CLERK (20) has a grand smile toward Liam, and hardly notices Erin.

ERIN
Name's Erin Regan. My father
reserved two rooms for tonight.

The Clerk winks at Liam.

CLERK

Two rooms? Saving yourself for the
wedding night, are we now?

Erin glares at the Clerk, while the Clerk stares at the metal
detector and flirts with Liam.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Seen a few toys in my day, but
nothin' like this.

LIAM

I'm her driver.

The Clerk snickers with suspicion.

CLERK

I'll give ye adjoining rooms in
case ye change your mind.

The Clerk hands them two keys, and smiles at Liam, annoying
Erin.

CLERK (CONT'D)

302 and 304. Stairs to the left.

ERIN

Where's the elevator?

LIAM

The lift.

Erin glares at Liam.

CLERK

Lift?

INT. HOTEL STAIRWAY - DAY

Erin struggles pulling then pushing the massive suitcase up a
narrow stairway, as Liam holds back laughter.

LIAM

Travel tip number four. Pick the
older hotels...

ERIN

(angry)
I'll kill him!

LIAM
Let me help!

ERIN
I got it!

She trudges along.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Erin surveys the small, modest room with a twin bed.

She hears a knock on the adjoining room door.

LIAM (O.S.)
I'm out for a pint.

Erin unlocks and opens the door. She sees Liam has full-sized bed in his room.

ERIN
We're switching rooms! Now!

LIAM
Whatever you say, Gov.

They switch rooms with some difficulty, but they do not switch keys.

LIAM (CONT'D)
I'll be at the Pub downstairs.

ERIN
It's only three P.M.!

LIAM
(grins)
Me throat is parched from the long
workday.

Erin rolls her eyes in disgust.

ERIN
Join you in a few minutes, after I
scream at my Duh!

LIAM
Suit yourself.

Erin shuts, but doesn't lock the adjoining door, which is noticed by Liam. He smirks and exits to the hallway.

Erin lays down on the bigger bed, reading Duh's travel guide book.

ERIN

Ten A.M. in Boston. Even Duh should be awake!

She phones her Duh, but he doesn't pick up.

Erin's speech slows. She's tired.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Travel Tip Number Five. Limit naps to one during daylight hours, and under thirty minutes to better adjust to the local time...

Erin is asleep.

LATER

Erin wakes suddenly to the sound of loud Irish Music and roaring pub noise.

It's dark in the room. Her phone sounds with a text message.

She glances at the clock: 8:30.

She reads the text from her father: "Travel Tip 5: Hope you're not napping."

Erin is furious, as she grabs her bathroom bag, and heads to the shower.

Steam fills the small bathroom, and Erin doesn't hear or see Liam unlock the door and enter.

Erin shuts off the water, wraps a towel around herself and creeps into the bedroom with the hair dryer as a weapon, as Liam tries to sneak out the door to the adjoining room.

Erin yells at him.

ERIN (CONT'D)

What are you doing in here, pervert?!

Liam shows his key.

LIAM

Only key I had, Gov. You switched rooms, but not keys.

Liam sees sexy Erin in the towel, and with her hair down. He smiles, and almost drops the *Apple MacBook* computer he carries.

Erin, angry, is at a loss for words, and stamps her feet.

ERIN

You'll switch keys right now, if
you know what's good for you.

Liam is angry.

LIAM

If I knew what was good for me, I
wouldn't be here!

Liam switches keys, enters his room through the connecting door (the camera follows him in), and shuts the door.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Seein' if you wanted to get fish
and chips, and pull a pint
downstairs, is all.

ERIN (O.S.)

Pull a pint?

LIAM

A Guinness. You don't get out much,
do you?

ERIN (O.S.)

Larry takes me to nice restaurants,
seven-course meals, with a fancy
wine list.

LIAM

My seven courses would be fish,
chips, and five pints of Guinness!

(beat)

Would ye like to know what I
learned about Tumna?

ERIN (O.S.)

(scoffs)

You learned about Tumna in the pub?

LIAM

They have Wi-Fi!

(mumbles)

Ya bleedin' eejit!

Erin taps on the adjoining door.

ERIN (O.S.)
I heard that!

Liam opens the door, and is shocked at how beautiful Erin looks in a stunning, tight green dress. Erin sees that he's gawking.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Tumna?

Liam fumbles for his computer, and opens it up.

LIAM
No network connection. Wi-Fi in the lobby or pub.

ERIN
Pub. I'm starved. Let me get my iPad.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

In a fun, loud pub, Erin and Liam sit in a back booth (sitting opposite each other; staring at their MacBook and iPad, respectively). They talk over the music from Three Irish Musicians (guitar, drum, and flute or accordion).

Liam shows Erin a MAP of the Tumna farms in the early 1800s.

A Waitress (mid-20s) comes to take their order.

Erin pulls out her Duh's Travel Guide book for a quick read of Travel Tip 6. She fakes an Irish accent badly.

ERIN
Can't wait to see some Leprechauns,
kiss the Blarney Stone, and find me
pot o' gold.

The Waitress stares at Erin, then Liam with a disgusted look.

Liam leans into Erin's face.

LIAM
The hell, ya doing?

Erin is surprised. She points to her Duh's book, still speaking in a fake Irish accent.

ERIN

Travel Tip Six: the Irish people love you to speak in an Irish accent, ask about Leprechauns and fairies, and enjoy their tourist attractions.

LIAM

None of those things are true!

Erin sits back stunned and embarrassed.

ERIN

I'll kill him! I'm so sorry!

Liam charms the waitress.

LIAM

Having a bit of sport. I'll have fish and chips and a pint.

Erin lowers her head.

ERIN

Same, please. So sorry.

The waitress writes down the order. She smiles, and writes four words on a separate piece of paper, and hands it to Erin. It reads: "Whale oil beef hooked."

Erin reads it to herself a few times, but doesn't get it.

The waitress departs to the bar.

Erin slides the note to Liam.

Liam leans forward and whispers it to Erin with a smile.

LIAM

Well, I'll be fucked.

They both laugh, and the tension is eased.

The Waitress returns with two pints of Guinness. Erin looks her in the eyes.

ERIN

Forgive me. Loved your note.

The Waitress smiles warmly.

WAITRESS

Nothin' I hadn't heard before. Seen that travel guide of yours a hundred times.

(beat)

I'm thinking about writing a guide book for America.

ERIN

Ever been?

The Waitress laughs.

WAITRESS

As often as that bloke's been here!

(smiles sincerely)

Fish'll be up shortly.

The Waitress winks at Liam, and exits to the kitchen.

Liam rips the Guide Book out of Erin's hand.

LIAM

Had enough of this, then?

ERIN

I'll kill him! I really will!

LATER

They have finished their fish and chips, and the pints are almost empty.

Erin shows Liam a PHOTO of the golden beads discovered in 1834.

LIAM

True art is sacred. It's more than treasure.

Erin sees that Liam is sincere.

ERIN

This is true. And the Bronze Age necklace was found almost a hundred years before my great-grandparents immigrated.

LIAM

You got into Dr. Sean O'Brian's head about King Brian Boru's crown.

Erin smiles.

ERIN

I know how ridiculous it would have sounded to spend \$3,000 on a trip to Ireland to find a few silver coins.

LIAM

He thinks you're after much more, or he wouldn't have lent you his 500-Euro metal detector.

ERIN

(laughs)
Maybe we're not the village eejits after all.

Liam is smitten with Erin's smile.

LIAM

The smile suits ya.

ERIN

I hope we find the farm, for Duh and Grandpa's sake.

LIAM

(laughs)
And so does Dr. Sean O'Brian.

Liam has a screen-saver on his MacBook that shows beautiful hand-carved wooden cabinets.

ERIN

Can I see that?

LIAM

It's nothing! Past life.

Erin grabs his computer and smiles as she examines the photo.

ERIN

You did this?

Liam smiles.

LIAM

We say, 'Food feeds your stomach, but art feeds your soul.'

Erin snaps a photo of the screen-saver with her phone. Handsome Liam is in the background.

Liam is suddenly perturbed, and shuts the laptop.

Erin's eyes light up, as she sends the photo to Larry.

ERIN

Gotta send this to Larry to show Grandpa. He's talked about replacing our kitchen cabinets since I was a little girl.

LIAM

Treasure hunt early tomorrow morning, then back to Dub! Better get some sleep.

Erin turns to hear the Irish Musicians. She turns to Liam.

ERIN

Don't care about the silver coins. I'm only after my family roots: to see the farm. I want to feel connected with my family's past, even if we were the village eejits! Understand?

LIAM

I understand.

Liam smiles and puts out his hand to shake.

ERIN

Tumna! The old family farm! Another 200 Euros of rent money for you!

Erin smiles and shakes his hand for an extra-long time.

ERIN (CONT'D)

I'd better call Larry tonight, in case we don't make it back to Dublin. You'd better charge up that metal detector!

Erin leaves an extra 20-Euro bill on the table.

LIAM

Tipping isn't required.

ERIN

That waitress taught me an awful lot tonight. I was insulting, and she smiled and laughed. I need to learn how to do that!

LIAM

We all do.

Erin pauses by the band and whispers to Liam.

ERIN

Grandpa said his parents ripped the
Irish blood from our veins by
taking the ship.

LIAM

What'd you think?

ERIN

They gave us a chance to live, and
learn in a good country, but I love
learning about where we came from.

LIAM

The trunk of your family tree?

ERIN

(laughs)

I'm just the tip of a tuber! I've
always dreamed about writing a
family history like Alex Haley's
Roots.

They exit with smiles.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

In Erin's room, she dials her cell phone.

In Liam's room, he plugs in the metal detector. It BEEPS.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

In a parked car, outside the hotel in Galway, Sean O'Brian
sits staring at a MAP on his phone. The location of his metal
detector blinks as a red dot. He smiles, as he looks out the
window, and up to the third floor of the hotel.

SEAN

Another gold-beaded necklace? King
Brian's crown? What will it be,
then?

(smirks)

She didn't come all this way to dig
a few silver coins!

INT. HOME IN BOSTON - DAY

Johnny Regan paces in a messy office. Stacks of books and maps are everywhere. A globe sits on one side of his desk, and an old desktop computer rests on the other side, connected with cables to a modem with blinking green lights.

He hears a knock on the door, and answers it. Larry steps in.

JOHNNY

Larry, you wanted to see me?

Larry clears his throat, several times, to an annoying level.

LARRY

It's about Erin.

JOHNNY

Step into my office.

Larry steps in, looks around, and is unimpressed with the office.

LARRY

Don't know if Erin told you, but I've been offered that lucrative position on Wall Street.

Johnny shakes his hand, and guides Larry back to the door.

JOHNNY

Congrats, Larry. Gonna miss you.

Larry stops.

LARRY

I came to do the honorable thing and ask for your daughter's hand in marriage. Move to New York.

JOHNNY

The honorable thing would be let Erin's hand be engaged in writing.

Larry scoffs.

LARRY

She'd never have to work another day in her life. Could write all she wants!

JOHNNY

Write all she wants?

LARRY

Fulfill that pipe dream of hers
about writing a novel about her
family's history.

Johnny is stunned.

JOHNNY

She... She told you about that?

LARRY

Few minutes ago.

JOHNNY

She's never told anyone else.

Larry looks around and snickers.

LARRY

I laughed, of course, but she
idolizes you for making a living as
a writer.

(condescending)

Even if it was travel books.

Johnny is sad, and turns away.

JOHNNY

Did she say yes? To New York?

Larry is overly confident.

LARRY

She will when she returns in two
days from that old potato farm in
that Godforsaken part of Ireland.

Johnny grabs Larry's shoulders excitedly!

JOHNNY

She found it! Near Carrick-on-
Shannon? She found the farm?!

Larry pushes Johnny back.

LARRY

I have no idea. She found some
kitchen cabinets she likes. I sent
you a photo to show your old man.

(shakes his head in
disgust)

Soon as she gets this silly notion
out of her head the better!

Larry smiles as he turns to exit.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Time to plan a wedding, Mr. Regan!

Johnny smiles insincerely and waves good-bye to Larry. Larry disappears.

JOHNNY
She'll get to write all she wants!
It's a good day, indeed!

Behind Johnny stands Dr. Shudras in a nice salmon-colored pantsuit.

DR. SHUDRAS
You must convince her!

Johnny faces her with a worried look.

JOHNNY
Or she'll never leave her Grandpa
and me?

Johnny paces and thinks.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
You're right, Madhu. But she won't
talk to me on the phone!

DR. SHUDRAS
Go to Ireland and convince her!

JOHNNY
I can't. Who's gonna watch Da!

DR. SHUDRAS
He's resting comfortably in his
room. Nurse is here. You'll be back
in three days. For Erin!

Johnny panics.

JOHNNY
Travel? Me?

DR. SHUDRAS
I'll go with you. We'll catch the
red-eye. Be there in the morning.

JOHNNY
I'm scared, Madhu.

Madhu hugs him, and kisses his cheek. He squirms in delight.

DR. SHUDRAS

To speak honestly to your own
daughter?

JOHNNY

To fly!

Dr. Shudras looks puzzled at Johnny. She pulls his hand.

DR. SHUDRAS

No excuses! The nurse is here for a
week. Your father is out of danger.
Larry can give him his sponge
baths. I'll help us pack!

Johnny's eyes open widely in fright.

INT. CAR - DAY

Liam drives along scenic country roads. Erin remains very uncomfortable in the car. Liam wears the same clothes, but Erin looks for a safari and archaeology dig in new clothes. She's gorgeous, but terrified in the car.

LIAM

Want a blindfold, Gov?

ERIN

No! And what's this 'gov' stuff?

LIAM

Old Irish habit. Sorry. Gov is
short for Governor, landlord,
baroness...

ERIN

(Interrupting)
Boss! I get it!

LIAM

We just passed a town where one of
your American computer companies
pulled out of a billion-Euro
assembly plant.

ERIN

I didn't know.

LIAM

We want high-tech industry
partners, so we can afford to buy
houses, but all we get is bleedin'
tourists!

Erin takes 200 Euros from her backpack and pays Liam.

ERIN
For today.

LIAM
(sarcastic)
Thanks, Gov.

Liam looks out the driver's window.

LIAM (CONT'D)
To be honest, last week I charged
some American only a hundred quid a
day.

ERIN
Ha! I would have given you three-
hundred a day to avoid driving!

Liam and Erin chuckle.

LIAM
But when you fly out tomorrow or
the next day, I'll be short a few
bob for rent for Mary, and you'll
still be afraid to travel! Ha!

Erin looks ahead at the narrow road with a tractor heading
toward them. Erin screams. It's a game of "chicken."

ERIN
Jesus!

Liam pulls safely off the road at a driveway, just in the
nick of time.

LIAM
There ya go, callin' me Jesus
again. Need to stop here anyway and
see some wall paintings at
Abbeyknockmoy.

EXT. ABBYKNOCKMOY - DAY

Liam runs ahead like an excited schoolboy. Erin tries to keep
up.

He finds the wall paintings in the Abbey and freezes in
delight. He takes out a small notebook and sketches.

LIAM
Thirteenth century. I like Abbeys
more than castles.

ERIN
Why?

LIAM
Abbeys depict what the common
villagers were doing. Castles show
what the oppressors were doing.

Erin smiles.

LIAM (CONT'D)
The backdrop to the religious icons
is a hunting scene, praying scene,
and harvesting scene. Simple, poor
and happy.

ERIN
Noticed that about the working
classes here. Flight attendant,
hotel staff, waiters...
(beat)
And you. Tend to be happy, great
sense of humor, content.

Liam stares at Erin.

LIAM
You realize you called them the
"working classes." The peasants?
Caterers to the American tourists!
The working poor!

Erin gets defensive.

ERIN
Look, I made an observation that
they're still happy people. That's
all! Even you're happy when you
relax a little!

Liam grins, and accepts the compliment.

LIAM
'You're a long-time dead,' Grandmum
used to say!

ERIN
My Grandpa and Duh say the same
thing!

LIAM

Means, while you're alive, live a little. Enjoy life!

(points to the wall painting)

These people did!

ERIN

Even if they were going to get plundered by the Vikings, Normans, and Irish clans.

LIAM

Exactly.

(whispers)

It's why the British could never defeat us. Ha!

ERIN

Though they did cause plenty to die or flee.

LIAM

The famine and the three great waves of immigrations.

ERIN

Including my great-grandparents.

LIAM

You have to protect your young. We have to see our genes passed down!

Erin freezes. She turns serious.

ERIN

Continuous growth of the family tree.

Liam looks down and away, sadly.

LIAM

Or it dies.

Erin laughs.

ERIN

Maybe not such a bad thing for some bloodlines: the village eejits.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Dr. Shudras, in a nice blue pant suit helps Johnny out of an empty plane. She's laughing. Johnny isn't. Johnny wears a tweed sport coat, blue shirt and tie, and very baggy and wet tan slacks. Dr. Shudras pulls a tiny carryon suitcase behind her.

JOHNNY

Laughing at me, not with me?

DR. SHUDRAS

Two sleeping pills? Very absorbent diaper?

JOHNNY

That was a mistake. I see that now.

DR. SHUDRAS

You stink, too!

JOHNNY

I survived the flight! Let's focus on the positives.

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

The same Chauffeur (50), black coat and pants, white pressed shirt, short gray hair escaping from under a black cap, carries a sign reading "J. Regan" at his chest.

He paces and looks at his watch. He mumbles a few Gaelic swear words, tosses down the sign, and exits.

A few seconds later, Johnny leads a massive suitcase, and Dr. Shudras rolls a small, light carry-on to the name card that Johnny sees on the ground.

JOHNNY

So much for our driver!

DR. SHUDRAS

Took you forever to change.

JOHNNY

Ever try to get a giant suitcase into a bathroom stall?

Dr. Shudras looks at her small carry-on bag.

DR. SHUDRAS

No!

JOHNNY

What'll we do now? I can't drive here!

DR. SHUDRAS

I drove for ten years in New Delhi. I can drive anywhere!

JOHNNY

You're a saint! Not married, you say?

Dr. Shudras rolls her eyes, and smiles, as they exit.

INT. CARRICK-ON-SHANNON VISITOR CENTER - DAY

Erin charges in the door full of excitement. Liam strolls in after her. Working the desk is MAGGIE CONNORS (60), with gray hair, winged 1950s eyeglasses, and a blue floral-print dress.

MAGGIE

Welcome, child.

ERIN

So excited to be here. Grandpa loved to talk about the big town.

Maggie laughs.

MAGGIE

Big town? More of a village.

ERIN

Grew up in the Tumna area.

MAGGIE

Just northeast of here. County Roscommon?

ERIN

Yes. Yes! You know the land?

MAGGIE

Pretty area beside the River Shannon. Not so good for farming.

ERIN & MAGGIE

You could grow a crop of stones as easy as a crop of potatoes!

Erin flutters with excitement.

ERIN
That's the place.

MAGGIE
Searching for your family roots? We
hear it all the time.

LIAM
This might be a little tough!

ERIN
Family, immigrated in 1929. Joseph
and Delia Doran Regan and their
five-year-old son, Jimmy.

MAGGIE
Your relations, are they?

ERIN
Jimmy is my grandpa.

MAGGIE
Search the church records?

ERIN
Baptisms. Got 'em.

MAGGIE
1901 and 1911 census?

Liam and Erin show maps to Maggie.

ERIN
Down to the one cow, two pigs, and
six chickens.

Maggie laughs.

MAGGIE
Royalty then!

LIAM
The Tumna Townland is less than 200
acres, but we don't know where the
exact farm was located.

MAGGIE
Nobody calls it Tumna anymore.
Looks like a job for me husband.
Town historian.

Maggie gets on the phone.

ERIN

This is great! Thanks so much!

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Dr. Shudras drives toward a roundabout, while Johnny covers his eyes in fright. Her cell phone RINGS. Johnny SCREAMS.

DR. SHUDRAS

Such a baby!

JOHNNY

What are you going, sixty?

Dr. Shudras lifts the phone to her far ear.

DR. SHUDRAS

Sixty kilometers per hour is only
37 miles per hour! It's the nurse.

Johnny uncovers his eyes.

JOHNNY

Why don't they say that? What does
she want?

DR. SHUDRAS

It's your father. He's gone.

Dr. Shudras drives into the roundabout, and Johnny covers his eyes and screams.

JOHNNY

(interrupting)
He died?!

DR. SHUDRAS

No. He's gone... to the bathroom by
himself. You didn't let me finish
again! He's on the mend!

JOHNNY

Just get us to Carrick-on-Shannon,
please, dear!

BACK TO:

EXT. FARMLAND - DAY

Erin and Liam stand beside the car on a thin dirt farm road, surrounded by cattle pastures.

MR. CONNORS (60) rides up in an old pickup truck. He's dressed in wool pants, rain boots, and a rain coat.

MR. CONNORS

My Maggie, bualadh mo chroí, the pulse of my heart, sent you to the right spot.

ERIN

How romantic! Pulse of your heart.

Liam rolls his eyes and smirks. Erin sees this.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Well it is! Thanks for coming out, Mr. Connors. Here's what we know...

They show Mr. Connors the maps and Census reports, and chat and smile.

LATER

ERIN (CONT'D)

So, all we really have is a haiku: King Brian's Crown.

(beat)

Not England or Rome, 'Neath my fairy tree it rests, With a necklace gold.

Liam glares at Erin.

LIAM

You are an eejit, if you think King Brian's crown and another gold necklace are buried here! You lied to me! You were never after just a few silver coins!

Erin is disgusted with Liam's behavior.

ERIN

Knew I shouldn't have told you. Money-hungry heathen! My Grandpa may have dementia, and had a concussion, and drank too much, but if he says he buried treasure here when he was five-years old, I believe him, and I'm gonna find it!

Mr. Connors scratches his head.

MR. CONNORS

Devil of a task. Ya see, in the late 1800s there were twenty ten-acre farms here. Each with a fairy tree, I suppose.

LIAM

The farm owners left one tree in a pasture for good luck, and...

MR. CONNORS

(interrupting)

It was bad luck to remove 'em, because of the fairies. But...

Erin turns sad, and looks down and away.

ERIN

Now they don't believe that nonsense.

MR. CONNORS

Some do, but not many, child. Trees could have died, burned, or been removed.

Erin's depression grows.

ERIN

I know that.

MR. CONNORS

Soil wasn't much for farming. As families, like yours, moved, gave up, or took the ship, it gave way to fewer owners and cattle.

They look out at the cow pastures.

LIAM

Even if we knew the exact location of the farm...

Erin slumps to the ground in despair.

ERIN

(Interrupting)

And we don't.

LIAM

The fairy trees could be gone, or hundred-year-old trees grown somewhere else since.

Mr. Connors looks sadly at the metal detector.

MR. CONNORS

It be a fool's errand, child! Take weeks to scan 200 acres with that contraption!

Erin is defiant, and stands proud.

ERIN

Mr. Connors, Grandpa always said, 'You can never be as happy as the village eejit, but that shouldn't stop you from trying.'

LIAM

We're here. I guess we gotta look.

MR. CONNORS

I'll tell the owners what you're doing, so they don't shoot ya. Before you dig a lick, you'd better call 'em.

ERIN

Will do, Mr. Connors. Thank the pulse of your heart for us.

Erin grabs the metal detector and turns it on.

From an adjacent hill, they are being carefully WATCHED by Sean O'Brian, dressed in camouflage gear. Dressed like a hunter, he has high-powered binoculars, a knapsack, and a second, fancier metal detector.

Sean's phone beeps and a map appears with a blinking red light indicating Erin's location and reading from the metal detector.

Sean spies on them as Erin and Liam take turns scanning the ground around every tree they see.

Erin and Liam don't look happy. They don't pick up any signals of metals.

Sean grows impatient, as he loses sight of Erin and Liam.

He paces back and forth.

Finally, Erin and Liam reappear, and Sean lays down and spies through the binoculars.

WE zoom in to Erin and Liam. Erin holds the metal detector.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Nothing.

LIAM

It's not nothing. It's a good story to tell someday.

ERIN

Suppose so. Eejits search for King Brian's crown!

LIAM

(sarcastic)

And a second Neolithic gold necklace.

ERIN

Not to mention three silver coins. Grandpa told me that his parents hid the rest of their money under a stone in the hearth.

LIAM

But the three silver coins?

ERIN

Grandpa's personal treasure.
(beat)

To keep him interested in the book, Treasure Island, my great-grandparents would hide the small purse around the cottage.

LIAM

They wanted him out back when the Black and Tans came 'round. They were an awful bunch.

ERIN

Did they tell you about them?

LIAM

In Catholic school. You bet! Royal Irish Constabulary Special Reserve. British World War One vets and criminals sent to keep the Irish Catholics in line, and fight the IRA.

ERIN

My great-grandparents let the IRA use their barn as a safe house after they raided army barracks in the north.

LIAM
The Troubles.

ERIN
Yes! That's what they called it.
The Troubles.

LIAM
Mary's British.

ERIN
That bother you?

LIAM
Nobody cares about history when the
sex is great!

ERIN
(mumbles)
Great?

LIAM
Hell, nobody else I know watches
the news today.

ERIN
You do?

LIAM
Think it's pretty funny when your
politicians make complete asses of
themselves on the telly.

Erin detects metal.

ERIN
Got something!

Erin passes the metal detector over the spot a few times and
the machine BEEPS. They get very excited!

On the adjacent hill, Sean spies with great interest.

Liam bends down and inspects the ground.

LIAM
What's this?

ERIN
Supposed to call the land owner
before we...

Liam pulls a half-buried horseshoe from the ground.

LIAM

Your grandpa didn't bury a horse,
did he now?

Sean looks away in disgust.

Erin snickers, as Liam tosses the horseshoe as far as he can
into the bog (while Sean is looking away).

Sean sinks in despair, as the horseshoe sinks into the bog.

Erin and Liam stroll along in the opposite direction.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Close to your Grandpa, then?

ERIN

Closer than my Duh. Grandpa lived
with us, but he really lived!
Danced the jig, read me Irish
folktales from W.B. Yates every
night 'til I was almost eighteen.

LIAM

Ah, the fairies of old. Why'd he
stop, then?

ERIN

Dementia, Parkinson's, and a splash
of drop, says he.

LIAM

Irish whiskey, a love that'll kill
ya, if your wife doesn't first.

Erin gets one foot stuck deep in a bog. She can't break free,
and begins to panic.

ERIN

Stuck! Help!

Liam grabs her arm and begins to pull.

LIAM

Ireland's famous for bog bodies!

ERIN

Bog bodies?

LIAM

Entire bodies stuck in the bogs for
thousands of years. Ritual torture,
human sacrifice. Bit of fun the
good old days before Christianity.

Erin panics.

ERIN
Get me out of here!

Liam pulls and tugs. He's laughing. She's not.

They HEAR the loud, high-pitched scream (or squeal; the Banshee). They look around. Erin is frightened.

ERIN (CONT'D)
What was that? A wild pig?

LIAM
Don't know.

ERIN
(yells)
The Banshee! I quit!

Up on the adjacent hill, we SEE Sean running away as fast as his legs would carry him.

Liam finally frees Erin, as her phone gets a text message.

Erin checks her phone, and collapses to the ground.

ERIN (CONT'D)
It's from Larry. Says my Grandpa died. Didn't wake from a morning nap.

Liam looks around suspiciously, then hugs and comforts Erin.

LIAM
(sadly)
Used to believe we'd hear the Banshee before a loved one passed. Never believed it before.

ERIN
I've got to get home.

LIAM
We'll ship the metal detector to Dr. O'Brian from the Carrick-on-Shannon Visitor Center, and get you to Dub. So sorry.

ERIN
Thanks, Liam.

Erin holds back tears as they trudge to Liam's car.

INT. CARRICK-ON-SHANNON VISITOR CENTER - DAY

As Erin and Liam enter the Visitor Center, they hear Johnny faking an Irish accent while holding a copy of his tour guide book, as Mrs. Connors looks on with bewildered pity.

JOHNNY

Me daughter's already here to see
some Leprechauns, kiss the Blarney
Stone, and find her pot o' gold,
and my Da's old farm...

Dr. Shudras is behind Johnny, sees Erin, and begins tapping Johnny on the shoulder, but he keeps talking.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

My Da's old farm. As fertile as the
crescent moon as far as the eye
could see. Cows and pigs so plump
they could pop like ballons.
Chickens that laid three-egg
omelets...

Erin runs up to her dad, who drops his travel book on the counter for Mrs. Connors to pick up and read.

ERIN

(Interrupting)

Duh? What are you doing here?

Johnny speaks in his regular voice, with his head hung low.

JOHNNY

Couple of things, really...

ERIN

(interrupting)

Hear about Grandpa?!

Johnny's chin drops sadly to his chest.

JOHNNY

Just now. Larry's there. He texted
me.

Erin, bewildered, turns to Liam.

ERIN

Liam Doherty, this is my Duh,
Johnny Regan and his doctor, Dr.
Shudras.

Liam waves politely.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Dr. Shudras? Why are you here?

DR. SHUDRAS
Your father is afraid to travel.

ERIN
Afraid to travel alone?

DR. SHUDRAS
To travel at all.

MRS. CONNORS
Travel Tip Six: the Irish people love you to speak in an Irish accent, ask about Leprechauns and fairies... silliest thing I ever heard.

Erin grabs the travel book from Mrs. Connor's and confronts her dad.

ERIN
You never traveled anywhere!

JOHNNY
Does the library count? I had to watch over you and Da since your mum died. And now Larry is going to take you away to New York.

ERIN
(interrupts)
You faked all those travel books?

Johnny looks away.

JOHNNY
I never actually said I...

She looks away, then back at her dad sadly.

ERIN
Now Grandpa's gone, and you're here instead of Boston where you should be... and I should be.

Erin fights back tears.

Liam goes to comfort her, but she pushes him away.

ERIN (CONT'D)

All you care about is your two-hundred Euros a day for the darn rent money!

Liam shakes his head, bewildered, and mumbles.

LIAM

Craziest family I've ever met!

Johnny steps between Liam and Erin, and shakes Liam's hand.

JOHNNY

Don't know the half of us. Call me Johnny. This is my soul mate, Dr. Madhu Shudras.

ERIN

Soul mate?

LIAM

Liam Doherty. Erin's driver, but I should be heading back to Dublin.

Johnny pulls at Liam's arm, and speaks loudly.

JOHNNY

Nonsense.

(Irish accent)

We'll pull a pint at the pub first.

(Boston accent)

Truth is, the real reason we came all this way was to celebrate the engagement of my darling daughter, the writer, Erin Regan, to the newest Wall Street tycoon, Larry Kennedy! Larry proposed by text message. Erin texted me that she was saying yes, so I wouldn't have to support her. You can't get more romantic than that! And, now, to toast Erin, Larry, and Da.

Liam is silently stunned.

Erin has the look of boiled over anger as she winds up her arm, and shocks her dad with a strong punch in the gut.

Johnny folds in half and grunts in pain, as Liam restrains Erin, and Dr. Shudras comforts Johnny.

When Johnny is finally able to speak, he mumbles to Erin.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
I take it you didn't find the
family treasure!

Erin and Dr. Shudras stare at Johnny in disbelief!

ERIN & DR. SHUDRAS
Eejit!

Liam and Erin gaze into each other's sad eyes.

INT. CARRICK-ON-SHANNON PUB - DAY

In the back booth of a noisy pub, Liam and Johnny sit on one side (Liam in the corner), and Erin and Dr. Shudras sit across from them (Dr. Shudras is in the corner). They all pout in silence.

A copy of Johnny's guide book rests under Johnny's hand.

The cute Barmaid (early-20s) smiles as she delivers four pints of Guinness, and four shots of whiskey.

BARMAID
Guaranteed to cure what ails ya.
(points at the book)
Funny, that one! We read it for a
craic.

Johnny points to the shots of whiskey.

JOHNNY
What are these?

ERIN
What Grandpa drank every night. I
don't blame him!

Johnny is stunned.

JOHNNY
He did?

The Barmaid cheers as Erin chugs a shot of whiskey.

BARMAID
A woman knows what she needs.

The Barmaid turns, and heads away with a giggle.

Johnny tries to chug a whiskey and nearly dies.

Liam slides his whiskey and beer over to Johnny, and motions to get up to leave.

LIAM

Nice meeting you all. Better be getting back to Dub.

Johnny pushes him down.

JOHNNY

Not 'til I've apologized.

Liam sits uncomfortably.

Erin takes a gulp of Guinness, and is already tipsy.

ERIN

Liam has to get back to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Liam stares bewildered at Erin, as she raises a finger angrily at her dad, who looks to Liam as a diversionary tactic.

JOHNNY

Liam the cabinetmaker. Grandpa loved your photo. Been talking about replacing ours for twenty years!

ERIN

Sleeping pills and an absorbent diaper?

(sarcastic)

Forego first-class seats!

DR. SHUDRAS

He did the same! Followed his own advice! Finally know why you call him Duh!

ERIN

Giant suitcase!

(sarcastic)

Take everything you might need for a month!

Johnny takes Liam's whiskey and chugs it. He looks away.

JOHNNY

They don't fit in bathroom stalls, that's for sure! Who knew?

Dr. Shudras slides her whiskey over to Erin and whispers to her.

DR. SHUDRAS
I'm driving, too!

Liam tries to get up and leave. Dr. Shudras yells at him.

DR. SHUDRAS (CONT'D)
Sit down!

Everyone is shocked by Dr. Shudras's outburst, so she chugs down most of her beer!

Erin returns to scolding her dad.

ERIN
Cheap hotels without elevators?!

Erin chugs down Dr. Shudra's whiskey. She's very tipsy.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Speak in a fake Irish accent?! Ask about Leprechauns, fairies, and the Blarney Stone?!

Erin stands and yells in a horrible Irish accent

ERIN (CONT'D)
Another round for me Duh and blokes, Pub-tender.

Liam hides his face. Johnny, Dr. Shudras, and Erin chug more beer.

LIAM
Thought you were all driving back to Dub this afternoon?

The Barmaid hears Liam as she delivers four more pints and shots with a smile and a laugh.

BARMAID
Don't think so!

Erin lifts a shot glass.

ERIN
Engagement to shell-ebrate!

Johnny lifts a shot glass.

JOHNNY
And Da's grand wake to plan!

Dr. Shudras lifts a shot glass.

DR. SHUDRAS
To hell with you all! My first
vacation since med school!

JOHNNY & ERIN & DR. SHUDRAS
Sláinte!

They chug their whiskey, as Liam shakes his head in disbelief.

EXT. FARM IN IRELAND - LATE AFTERNOON

Liam sits on the bonnet of his car, as Erin, Dr. Shudras, and Johnny stumble around drunk searching for Grandpa's treasure. Erin has the metal detector on. They all wear rain jackets.

Johnny turns to yell to Liam.

JOHNNY
Thanks for driving us out, Liam.
You're a good man, indeed!

LIAM
No problem, Mr. Regan. You won't be
long then?

JOHNNY
Call me Johnny.

Erin yells back to Liam.

ERIN
I could've drove. I mean, driven.
(pauses to think)
I shouldn't have drank the whiskey!
I mean, drunk.

Liam laughs, and responds to Erin.

LIAM
You're the first person I met, who
corrects her grammar when drunk!

CUT TO:

EXT. CARRICK-ON-SHANNON VISITOR CENTER PARKING LOT - DAY

Sean O'Brian slumps in his car eating fast-food fish and chips, and drinking a beer, when his phone buzzes.

He tosses the food aside and stares at a map on his phone, with a red light blinking!

SEAN
Gotcha! Back to Tumna!

He starts the car, and peels out of the parking lot.

BACK TO:

EXT. FARM IN IRELAND - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun inches toward sunset, and the light dims.

Erin continues to search with the metal detector in vain. Johnny examines a lone fairy tree.

Dr. Shudras slurs her words a bit, but remains full of extra energy.

DR. SHUDRAS
Losing daylight! Come on people!
Gotta be here somewhere!

JOHNNY
Madhu, dear. You're the
photographer on this expedition!

ERIN
Duh! What was the haiku again?

Johnny poses like a great orator, and yells.

JOHNNY
King Brian's Crown. Not England or
Rome. 'Neath my fairy tree it
rests, with a golden bead.

Johnny bows to no applause, as Madhu runs about wildly.

ERIN
Any other clues?

Johnny ponders like "The Thinker."

JOHNNY
They lived right next door to the
blacksmith! Da told me once.

Erin leaps with excitement.

ERIN
Liam! Where was that horseshoe we
found?

Liam jumps off the car, full of excitement. He grabs a crowbar from his car's bonnet, and takes off running.

LIAM
I'll show you! Follow me. Watch for
the bogs, will ya?!

Liam runs to the spot where the horseshoe was found. The others follow in a tipsy-stumbling way.

Liam examines the landscape.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Here's the spot. I tossed the
horseshoe as far as I could into
the bog.

Erin looks around, still tipsy. She points to a lone tree in the next meadow.

ERIN
There's the fairy tree!

JOHNNY
Would've been next door if these
were ten-acre farms.

DR. SHUDRAS
Hurry! Getting dark!

LIAM
Watch for the bogs, then!

They stroll to the next fairy tree.

Johnny turns away.

JOHNNY
Their one-room thatched cottage
would have been here, closer to the
road.

Johnny sees the remnants of a small foundation, with chimney stones thrown about. He looks around in a 360-degree fashion and smiles. He sobers up instantly.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
This is it! Their cottage! I feel
it!

Erin is busy searching around the fairy tree as Dr. Shudras RUNS and takes photos of Johnny and the cottage ruins.

ERIN
Nothing yet!

Erin smiles, as she sobers up.

Liam scouts the area around the tree.

LIAM
No bog at least.

We HEAR the slight BEEPS from the metal detector.

ERIN
(yells)
Got something!

Johnny and Dr. Shudras come running.

Liam and the others stand behind Erin.

We HEAR louder BEEPS from the metal detector.

ERIN (CONT'D)
This is it! It's gotta be it!

Erin turns off the metal detector, and Liam dives in with the crowbar to dig.

The others watch with great anticipation.

Erin joins in to move dirt back, after Liam loosens it.

Finally, Liam has dug about a foot deep. He stops when he sees the remnants of a small leather coin purse.

LIAM
This is for you, Erin.

Liam stands back a few steps back and Erin recovers the purse. She opens it and looks inside.

She pours three copper pennies into her palm, as Dr. Shudras takes photos.

ERIN
Copper pennies! Not silver!

She squints to read the dates on the back.

JOHNNY
Pennies?

DR. SHUDRAS
You said he was five years old.

ERIN
Pennies. But, Treasure Island to
Grandpa!

Liam bends down to look in the hole. He digs with his hands.

LIAM
Odd that was enough metal to set
off the detector?
(excited)
What's this then?

Liam pulls up a rusty tin crown, bent, folded and muddy.

Erin laughs and smiles.

ERIN
High King Brian Boru's gold crown?
Made of tin. From vegetable cans.

Liam hands the crown to Johnny, who stares at it, as he
glances to the meadow where the horseshoe was found.

Johnny smiles, then laughs.

JOHNNY
I think the blacksmith next door
might have fashioned it for his
favorite little boy in the
neighborhood!

Liam begins to fill in the hole, when he sees the glimmer of
a gold bead. While the others are busy talking, he smiles to
Erin, who peeks in and sees the gold. They wink at each
other, as Liam continues to fill in the hole. Erin shields
Liam and turns to distract the others.

ERIN
And based on his haiku, Grandpa saw
his crown as solid gold.

JOHNNY
Lesson there somewhere.

ERIN
A tin crown that's loved is better
than a gold one that isn't.

DR. SHUDRAS
Anything else in the hole? Gold
beads?

LIAM
Nothing, but a great a story to
tell!

Erin lends an arm to help Liam up.

ERIN
The tin crown says it all. Art
feeds the soul.

Johnny and Erin hold up the crown and smile. Dr. Shudras
takes the photo.

JOHNNY
Da always told me, "It's better to
leave them stories than money."

Erin links arms with her dad, and motions for Dr. Shudras to
join them.

ERIN
Wasn't the village eejit after all.

Liam grabs the metal detector, and walks a few steps behind
them. He smiles at first, then looks toward Erin with a sad
look.

They begin to walk towards the car, when they hear a loud
scream from Sean O'Brian one field away, in the bog where
Liam threw the horseshoe.

They run to his aid with Erin in the lead, followed by Liam,
Johnny, and Dr. Shudras.

SEAN
Help! Help!

As they get closer to the bog, they SEE and HEAR an exhausted
piglet in the mud, with Sean up to his kneecaps in mud and
water further in the bog. Sean is holding another metal
detector in one hand, and a horseshoe in the other.

Erin goes to rescue the pig first, as the others look on.

LIAM
(to Erin)
There was your Banshee!

ERIN
Maybe!

LIAM
What about the other pig?

Erin yells toward Sean.

ERIN

I'm guessing the metal detector you loaned us had a GPS system.

Sean looks away.

ERIN (CONT'D)

You knew right where we'd be digging.

SEAN

Potato farmers did find the late bronze age gold necklace in these fields in 1834, ya know!

LIAM

Yeah! 700 to 900 BC. Heard about it in primary school. So did Erin's Grandpa is my guess!

SEAN

Only a foot below the surface. Could be another one here somewhere, don't ya know?

Mr. Connors arrives on the scene with a shotgun. Erin drops her metal detector, and steps away from it.

Johnny puts the tin crown in his coat, and Erin puts the three copper pennies in her pocket.

MR. CONNORS

Dr. Sean O'Brian. Isn't it nice to see you again?

SEAN

I'm stuck, and these people won't help me.

Mr. Connors puts an arm around Erin and Liam.

MR. CONNORS

These fine Americans, searching for their family roots are no concern of yours, Dr. O'Brian.

He whispers to Erin.

MR. CONNORS (CONT'D)

Did you find what you were lookin' for?

ERIN

And more, Mr. Connors. Thanks to you! This is my Da, Johnny Regan.

Johnny shakes his hand, careful to keep the crown from being seen by Mr. Connors.

JOHNNY

Da?! She didn't call me, Duh!

(beat)

Oh, and this is my soul mate, Dr. Madhu Shudras.

Madhu is exhausted. She snaps photos without looking through the viewfinder.

MR. CONNORS

Nice to meet you.

They hear a police SIREN in the distance.

Liam begins to herd his group to his car. Johnny has to assist the exhausted Dr. Shudras.

LIAM

These folks have a plane to catch in Dub.

MR. CONNORS

Hurry along then. This is Dr. O'Brian's fifth offense. Archaeological digging without a permit. Somebody's gonna lose their license and their freedom for three months!

Erin hugs Mr. Connors, and Liam shakes his hand as they exit.

SEAN

Wait! What about me?

MR. CONNORS

I told the Garda where they'd find you!

They all laugh and giggle as they leave, although Dr. Shudras is crashing fast.

The sun sets.

EXT. CARRICK-ON-SHANNON VISITOR CENTER - NIGHT

Liam pulls up next to Johnny's rental car, a nice BMW SUV with a giant red suitcase in the back, matching Erin's giant red suitcase in the back of his car.

Liam hops out of his car, as Erin and Johnny slowly exit. The three of them look in the car to SEE Dr. Shudras is passed out.

LIAM

Too much excitement.

ERIN

Or whiskey.

JOHNNY

Never saw her take a drop until today. She's my driver!

LIAM

When's your flight from Dub?

ERIN

Morning. Ten AM.

Johnny puts an arm around Liam, smiles warmly, and tries to hand him 200 Euros, while Erin looks on sadly.

JOHNNY

Listen, you've been a great driver for my darling daughter, and the rest of us today. After a night's sleep in a B&B here, Madhu will drive us all back to the Dublin Airport in the morning, so you're free to go.

ERIN

B&B? No old hotel in the middle of town. Travel Tip number...

Johnny turns to Erin, as Liam chuckles.

JOHNNY

(interrupting)

Madhu booked us two rooms. You and she can share one...

Liam politely pushes Johnny's hand away.

LIAM

(interrupting)

Thanks, Mr. Regan, but Erin's paid up for the day. I'll help with the luggage at the B&B and be on my way.

Liam glances at Erin, and they share a moment.

INT. B&B HALLWAY - NIGHT

Erin holds a key, and leads Liam who drags her big red suitcase.

Dr. Shudras follows them with her tiny suitcase, followed by Johnny who drags a big red suitcase. Dr. Shudras and Johnny reach their door first.

Dr. Shudras opens the door, throws her suitcase in, and pulls Johnny in by the necktie.

Johnny's eyes open widely as he whispers to Erin and Liam.

JOHNNY

Travel tip number seven: always distribute earplugs to everyone else sleeping on your floor!

Johnny and Dr. Shudras's door slams shut.

Alone in the hallway, Erin unlocks her door and turns to Liam. Their eyes meet, though they are still a full step apart.

ERIN

I've had a lovely couple of days with you. Special thanks for all you've done.

Erin creeps a quarter-step closer to Liam.

LIAM

Glad you found your family's roots.

Liam takes a quarter-step closer. Their eyes are fixed to each other.

ERIN

Grandpa would've loved you. He loved the photos I sent of your kitchen cabinets.

LIAM

You said that the thing that impressed you most about Ireland, was how happy, humorous, and content the working classes are.

ERIN

Meant it.

LIAM

Doesn't mean we've given up on our dreams! We appreciate art.

(steps closer)

And beauty.

ERIN

(softly)

I know that.

LIAM

Not sure Mary or Larry...

Erin leans in and kisses Liam full on the lips. It's a long, satisfying kiss for them both.

Erin tries to step back from the kiss, but Liam pursues a second kiss right away. Erin's eyes open, then close as she fully commits to the second kiss.

Liam tries to step back from the second kiss, but Erin pursues a third kiss right away. Liam's eyes open, then close as he fully commits to the third kiss.

Finally, Liam steps back.

LIAM (CONT'D)

But, you're engaged.

ERIN

Da said yes, but I didn't. I'll straighten him out on the way to the airport.

Erin pulls Liam into the room.

We HEAR giggling and lovemaking from Johnny's and Dr. Shudra's room.

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

Darn! No earplugs!

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The cabin lights are dimmed in Business Class seats. Erin sits by the window, typing madly into her iPad. The three copper pennies rest on the tray for inspiration.

Johnny is next to Erin, with Dr. Shudras next to him in the aisle seat. They are leaning back in comfortable positions and fast asleep, smiling with their heads touching.

We SEE the title page of a novel: "Tubers" By Erin Regan.

She types as fast as she can.

The same female Flight Attendant (30; from Erin's flight), strolls by with coffee for Erin.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Here you are, Ms.

Erin smiles warmly, and takes the coffee.

ERIN

Special thanks. I needed this!

The Flight Attendant smiles at Johnny and Dr. Shudras.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Do you think these two will want any more wine?

ERIN

(laughs)

I don't think their diapers can hold any more.

The Flight Attendant's eyes open widely in fright.

INT. HOME IN BOSTON - DAY

SUPER: "One month later"

Johnny and Madhu drink Irish tea in the family room, at a small table with two chairs by the window.

Johnny has a stack of his travel books next to him with yellow sticky notes on many pages of each book sticking out. He writes on another sticky note.

Dr. Shudras is examining the three copper pennies with a magnifying glass, and eyeing a photo on her *MacBook Pro* computer.

Erin sits on a small couch with her *MacBook Pro* computer resting on a small pillow on her lap. She glances over at her Da for a few seconds, and begins typing again.

On a small table next to Erin rests Grandpa's notebook of haikus, and two 5x7-inch photo frames. The first photo is of her Grandpa in an open casket, in a police uniform, and wearing his tin King Brian crown rather than his policeman's cap. Johnny and Erin are respectfully looking down at him with smiles.

The second framed photo is the photo that Dr. Shudras took of Johnny at the cottage area and fairy tree in Ireland. Johnny is smiling as if he's found heaven.

We HEAR the sound of a crowbar pulling off a board in the kitchen, but the door is closed.

Johnny stands proudly.

JOHNNY

Title of my next travel guide.

Dr. Shudras and Erin ignore him.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Antarctica Without a Waddle Money.

Dr. Shudras and Erin continue to ignore him.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You see, a group of penguins is called a waddle...

Dr. Shudras interrupts him excitedly.

DR. SHUDRAS

Just as I thought!

JOHNNY

What did you find, Madhu?

Erin looks over to Dr. Shudras with interest.

ERIN

Grandpa's treasure?

DR. SHUDRAS

After careful examination...

Johnny stands, impatient and smiling hopefully.

DR. SHUDRAS (CONT'D)

The pennies are not the rare
Britain Victoria copper pennies of
1860 worth ten thousand dollars
each.

(shrugs)

Ordinary copper pennies worth about
three bucks a piece to coin
collectors.

Johnny shrugs and sits.

JOHNNY

If common pennies are good enough
for the common man, they're good
enough for me.

ERIN

They were a treasure to Grandpa!
They kept his interest up in
reading Treasure Island!

(beat)

In looking for your fortune, you
find what's important.

DR. SHUDRAS

Maybe that's the real treasure.

JOHNNY

Da read every night before bed.
Always in the dark except for a dim
lamp close to his bed. Never talked
about the books he read.

Erin holds up the notebook of haikus.

ERIN

He wrote all these wonderfully
silly haikus.

We HEAR the sound of a crowbar pulling off another kitchen
cabinet in the kitchen, but the door remains closed.

The doorbell RINGS.

Johnny hops up to get it.

JOHNNY

Got it!

Johnny opens the door and accepts a dozen long-stem red
roses.

He tips the delivery person and shuts the door as we HEAR footsteps thumping down the stairs.

We SEE Mary Riley, in a short, and partially opened bathrobe, smiling as she grabs the flowers from Johnny.

MARY

Thanks, Mr. Regan. Be a dear and put those in water. Larry is sending a car to take me to New York.

Erin yells from the family room.

ERIN

Morning, Mary.

Mary pokes her head in the family room.

MARY

Can't thank you enough for introducing me to your fiancé.

ERIN

Not my fiancé, but thank you. He told me he was very, very happy.
(snickers)
And exhausted.

MARY

And thanks, Mr. Regan, for letting me stay here throughout the entire courtship with Larry.

JOHNNY

Our pleasure. Call me J...

DR. SHUDRAS

(interrupting)
One weekend. Shorter than that bathrobe of yours.

Mary looks down and giggles. Erin rolls her eyes, and chuckles sarcastically.

ERIN

I'm quite the matchmaker.

We HEAR the sound of a crowbar pulling off a kitchen cabinet in the kitchen, but the door is closed.

We HEAR Liam's loud voice from the kitchen.

Erin jumps up and races to the kitchen.

INT. HOME IN BOSTON - KITCHEN - DAY

Liam, wearing a tight muscle-T-shirt, slim black jeans, and tool belt, is on a ladder with an old leather-bound book in his hands.

We see that Liam has torn off one of a dozen old, white kitchen cabinets. Near the foot of the ladder rests a beautiful, new, oak-stained kitchen cabinet with Irish symbols carved into the wood.

ERIN

What?

Johnny, Dr. Shudras, and Mary run in behind Erin.

LIAM

It's Treasure Island.

JOHNNY

Where'd it come from?

LIAM

Behind the cabinet. False backing.
It's a hidden bookshelf!

Erin climbs up the ladder with Liam still on it, and Liam gives her an uncomfortably long kiss.

DR. SHUDRAS

May I see the book, when you're
done slobbering over it?

MARY

Never kissed me like that!

Erin chuckles and steps down. Liam hands the book to Dr. Shudras, who examines it closely.

JOHNNY

Any more books?

Liam peels back a thin piece of plywood until it separates from the wall, and we SEE another six books, each wrapped in butcher paper.

They all gasp!

Liam hands them out like Santa Claus.

Erin opens hers first.

ERIN

Don Quixote. Volume 1. Like the haiku...

JOHNNY

Don Quixote. Volume 2. You don't suppose...

MARY

Moby Dick? What are the odds?

DR. SHUDRAS

A Christmas Carol. He collected the classics!

JOHNNY

Never told me. Why?

LIAM

Romeo and Juliet.

Erin jumps up and down in happiness.

ERIN

Young teens fall in love. Families hate each other. So, they kill themselves?

MARY

That's horrible!

ERIN

The haikus! I bet he has them all. He was hiding treasure.

Johnny paces.

JOHNNY

Stories must have been true.

ERIN

What stories?

JOHNNY

Just that he worked the docks, ya know, as a policeman.

DR. SHUDRAS

To stop smugglers?

JOHNNY

Or to be one.

Johnny collapses into a kitchen chair.

ERIN

All those old police officers
winking at you at the Rosary, the
viewing, and the funeral?

JOHNNY

Exactly. All Irish Catholic cops.
All worked the docks.

ERIN

The Boston to Cork Connection?
Heard whispers about them growing
up. Heroes!

JOHNNY

Ran some guns, but mostly funding
from Irish Americans to the IRA.

ERIN

Grandpa was a smuggler?

JOHNNY

No, dear. He'd just look the other
way when certain shipments were
loaded, or when certain freedom
fighters needed a way out of the
old country for their safety.

ERIN

They paid him in rare books.

DR. SHUDRAS

Couldn't give him cash without
someone getting suspicious!

JOHNNY

Including our IRS!

LIAM

Brilliant.

MARY

These worth anything, then?

Dr. Shudras races into the family room to grab her laptop.
Erin grabs her iPad.

Dr. Shudras reads from a website.

DR. SHUDRAS

Let's see. Treasure Island first
published by Cassell of London in
1883.

She turns to the copyright page.

DR. SHUDRAS (CONT'D)
Copyright page blank. True in this case.

She hands the book to Johnny.

DR. SHUDRAS (CONT'D)
Pages 2 and 7 have Dead Man's Chest uncapitalized.

Johnny checks both pages.

JOHNNY
True.

DR. SHUDRAS
Authentic first edition. Worth thirty thousand dollars, give or take.

MARY
Geez. For a lousy old book?

ERIN
That's the book the British Black and Tans burned up in his hearth.

JOHNNY
The night they beat up my grandparents, and they immigrated.

LIAM
He found his way of getting even!

JOHNNY
Certainly not the village eejit!

DR. SHUDRAS
There could be a fortune behind those other kitchen cabinets!

Johnny hugs Erin.

JOHNNY
Erin, Babycakes, that's why Grandpa left the house and the books, to you, our family's real writer!

ERIN
Ahh, Da! That's why Grandpa wanted us to remodel the kitchen cabinets!

Erin hugs Liam.

Johnny winks at Dr. Shudras.

JOHNNY

And he knew I'd marry up.

Everyone chuckles.

Dr. Shudras stares at her computer.

DR. SHUDRAS

First edition of A Christmas Carol
could fetch forty grand!

LIAM

More treasure hunt, anyone?

They cheer.

MARY

Not me. My treasure's on Wall
Street! Larry's gonna teach me to
be a stockbroker!

Mary races upstairs. The others race to the kitchen.

INT. HOME IN BOSTON - NIGHT

The family room is dark, except for a few candles. Erin and Liam nestle into the small couch with glasses of white wine on the coffee table.

We see the 5x7 photos and notebook as before on the small table.

ERIN

You like Boston?

LIAM

I like you.

(beat)

Change that. I love you. You're the
bualadh mo chroí, the pulse of my
heart, like Mr. Connor's says to
his lovely bride.

Erin draws close to him.

ERIN

His lovely bride? They must be
married over forty years!

Liam gets closer, and gazes into her eyes.

LIAM

I'd call you the pulse of my heart
and my lovely bride forever and a
day!

ERIN

Was it love at first sight?

LIAM

Wasn't love at first scent. When
you walked into the terminal at
Dub, smelling...

Erin tickles him in the stomach.

ERIN

(interrupts)

You ever mention that again...

LIAM

(interrupts)

I won't. If you promise me one
thing.

ERIN

What's that?

LIAM

When I finish your kitchen remodel,
I want to take you away to some
faraway land, for say... three
months.

Erin picks up her glass of wine.

ERIN

Oh, I see.

Liam follows suit, ready to toast Erin.

LIAM

I might do a bit more schooling
myself, what with all these old
books to read!

ERIN

Thatched cottage near Tumna? Turf
burning in the hearth? Surrounded
by fifty shades of green. The works
of famous Irish authors, James
Joyce, Oscar Wilde, W.B. Yates...

Erin is interrupted by Johnny walking downstairs, and in front of them in his underwear.

LIAM

Johnny Regan, famous Irish-American writer of Antarctica travel guides?

JOHNNY

(babbling)

Madhu. Glass of warm milk. Won't be a minute. I just didn't want my darling daughter, Babycakes, to be afraid of traveling like I was my entire life. That's all. Carry on. Don't mind me.

Johnny disappears into the kitchen. Liam and Erin ignore him, and gaze into each other's eyes.

LIAM

How about a flat in Dub? Near the pubs? Fifty kinds of beer?

(laughs)

Your call.

Erin snuggles closer, and comes in for a kiss.

ERIN

Thatched cottage it is!

Liam and Erin clink wine glasses.

ERIN & LIAM

Sláinte!

They kiss passionately.

We SEE the two 5x7 photos and the notebook on the small table.

Grandpa appears to be SMILING in his coffin, wearing his tin crown.

FADE OUT.

THE END