



**Digital Commons@**

Loyola Marymount University  
LMU Loyola Law School

---

LMU/LLS Theses and Dissertations

---

Spring 2019

## Host City, Inishmore

Jordan Sandfer

*Loyola Marymount University*, [jordansandfer@gmail.com](mailto:jordansandfer@gmail.com)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.lmu.edu/etd>



Part of the [Screenwriting Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Sandfer, Jordan, "Host City, Inishmore" (2019). *LMU/LLS Theses and Dissertations*. 785.  
<https://digitalcommons.lmu.edu/etd/785>

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Loyola Marymount University and Loyola Law School. It has been accepted for inclusion in LMU/LLS Theses and Dissertations by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons@Loyola Marymount University and Loyola Law School. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@lmu.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@lmu.edu).

# Host City, Inishmore

---

A Screenplay

Presented to

The Faculty of the School of Film & Television,  
Loyola Marymount University of Los Angeles, California

---

In Partial Fulfillment

Of the Requirements for the Degree

Master of Fine Arts

---

By

[Redacted Name]


---

This feature length screenplay written by


Jordan M. Sandfer


under the guidance of a faculty committee  
from the School of Film & Television at  
Loyola Marymount University, and approved  
by the members of the committee, has been  
presented to and accepted by the Graduate  
School in partial fulfillment of the thesis  
requirements for the degree of Master of  
Fine Arts in Screenwriting.

Advanced Screenplay Project Committee:

  
Committee Chair, SCWR 690

  
Committee Member: SCWR 691

  
Director of Graduate Screenwriting

  
Dean, School of Film & Television

Date 5-9-19

HOST CITY, INISHMORE

Written by

Jordan Sandfer

Jordansandfer@gmail.com  
(949) 300-1002

FADE IN:

EXT. ISLAND FERRY - MORNING

The DOOLIN FERRY, a floating rust-bucket, plods its way through the cold murky waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

In the distance is its destination: INISHMORE ISLAND.

SERIES OF SHOTS - INISHMORE ISLAND LANDSCAPE

-- DUN AONGHASA -- A prehistoric hill fort resides on the edge of a hundred meter limestone cliff.

-- SEAL COLONY -- The SEALS BARK and lounge on the beach.

-- KILRONAN -- The island's sleepy village harbour.

BACK TO THE FERRY

IAIN PORTER (35), an Irish-born New Yorker, a con artist with a disarming smile, forces the ferry's rusty bow door open.

He heads out onto the observation deck and grabs the railing.

Iain gazes out at what lies ahead of him...

EXT. INISHMORE - UNCLE CHARLIES' HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

A kid's BICYCLE lies in the grass, the front wheel spinning. Beside it, a YOUNG IAIN (6), verges on tears.

His uncle, CHARLIE PORTER (38), comes into focus and bends down to look at Young Iain's injuries.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Shush, shush, it's okay... What do you got there?

Charlie reaches behind Young Iain's ear --

UNCLE CHARLIES

There's something behind your...

He pulls out a 1990 IRISH POUND. The trick amazes Young Iain, so much so, he forgets all about his injury.

Charlie gives the coin to Young Iain.

EXT. ISLAND FERRY - MORNING - BACK TO THE PRESENT

Iain gazes out, his face misted by ocean spray.

The Ferry lurches forward, and plows straight into a wave --

-- Frigid water drenches Iain entirely. He spits out the excess water and shakes his hair like a wet dog.

INT. ISLAND FERRY - CONCESSION STAND - DAY

Iain wipes his feathered hair dry with a towel.

A few FERRY-RIDERS hang their heads as they sip coffee or steal a few winks of sleep.

Iain hands the soaked rag back to the Ferry's less-than enthused CONCESSION WORKER (late 40s).

IAIN

Can I get a coffee as well?

CONCESSION WORKER

Five euro.

IAIN

For coffee? That's seems criminal.

Iain hands the Concession Worker a TWENTY. The Concession Worker RINGS open the REGISTER.

Iain leans closer against the counter dividing them like they're chums, and inspects the register's contents.

Iain reaches into his pocket and fishes out some coins as the Concession Worker hands back his change.

IAIN (CONT'D)

Can I give you change for a ten?

The Concession Worker hands Iain a TEN.

CONCESSION WORKER

Business or visiting?

Iain quickly stashes it away.

IAIN

I recently inherited a house there.

CONCESSION WORKER

Sorry to hear that.

IAIN

I live in New York, so I can't really use the house. If you know anyone who'd be interested...?

The Concession Worker counts out Iain's coins.

CONCESSION WORKER

There's only nine here.

Iain digs back into his pockets.

IAIN

Why don't we just make it a twenty?

Iain gives the Concession Worker additional euro.

CONCESSION WORKER

You're going to have a heck of a time selling that place.

The Concession Worker hands Iain a twenty, bringing a smug grin to Iain's face.

IAIN

I think I'll be okay. I'm pretty confident in my salesmanship.

CONCESSION WORKER

For your sake, I hope your relative left you something other than just a house.

The Concession Worker brews Iain's coffee.

INT. ISLAND FERRY - WAITING AREA - DAY

Iain flaps the five euros he stole like it's a victory flag. The Ferry's HORN BLARES, but it doesn't bother Iain.

INT. NIGEL'S FARM - BATHROOM - DAY

Old PIPES CLANK and SPUTTER. Rusty water streams from a sink faucet. It soon turns to clear-ish water.

NIGEL DONAHUE (72), a callous of a person, washes his single-blade razor.

He dry shaves his white stubble.

INT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - FIRST TENANT'S ROOM - DAY

A pillow gets undressed from its ivory silk pillowcase.

MRS. SIOBHAN MAGEEN (64), no single curly hair in her tight bun out of place, hospital corners the bed sheets.

She carefully smooths out any imperfections in the sheets.

INT. ALEXIS KING'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

An ALARM wakes up the dishevelled ALEXIS KING (33), wispy hair, bulbous-tipped nose, and eyes puffy from lack of sleep.

She swats at the alarm and silences it.

She rests for a stolen moment before forcing herself up.

INT. ALEXIS KING'S HOUSE - TIERNEY'S ROOM - DAY

Alexis switches on the harsh florescent lights.

TIERNEY KING (5) snuggles with a stuffed alligator. Like her mother, she curls further into bed.

ALEXIS

Come on, out of bed.

Tierney buries her head under her pillow.

INT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - HALLWAY - DAY

Mrs. Mageen carries an impeccable tray of breakfast: bacon, sausage, bright red tomatoes, eggs, juice and coffee.

AMELIA, a glowering Maine Coon Cat, saunters behind Mrs. Mageen. She swipes at Mrs. Mageen's legs for attention.

MRS. MAGEEN

Such a hungry girl this morning.

Mrs. Mageen sets down the breakfast tray and delivers Amelia an ice cream bowl with fresh tuna. Amelia laps it down.

Mrs. Mageen takes out a brush and gently strokes her cat.

INT. NIGEL'S FARM - BARN - DAY

Nigel manhandles a SHEEP with the Bowen Technique; holding it so it's almost sitting upright. He shears her.



Nigel hears a BAH from outside the barn --

NIGEL  
Daisy, your sister ain't  
complaining about being sheared.

Nigel glances up at the barn entrance.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
I won't ask again.

Another sheep, DAISY, plods into the barn.

INT. MS. WOOLEY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

An in-home daycare.

Alexis lays a sleeping Tierney onto a quilt-covered couch.

MS. WOOLEY (70s), a mother hen, hands back Tierney's toy alligator to Alexis.

ALEXIS  
I'll write a check later this week.

MS. WOOLEY  
Don't worry about that, just make  
sure you pick up Tierney on time.

Alexis places the alligator underneath Tierney's arm. She kisses on Tierney's forehead goodbye

EXT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - DAY

Alexis jogs up to a sea-salt corroded pub. She brushes past the awaiting patrons, GLEN and DALE (60s), eyes obscured through their constant squinting. Alexis unlocks the door.

ALEXIS  
Morning boys.

GLEN AND DALE  
Morning.

Alexis heads inside and Glen and Dale wallow in after.

EXT. KILRONAN - DOCKS - DAY

Iain sets down his heavy dufflebag. He stretches his arms wide while he admires the docks.

He searches around, as if expecting a warm welcome...

He only finds a bronze plaque, green from corrosion, which reads: "INISHMORE, Home of the 1976 Island Games."

He picks up his bags and carries on.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Nigel urges his heavy cart, full of wool bundles, along the never-ending limestone wall lining the road.

The cart's wheel falls into a pothole as a PEDESTRIAN passes.

PEDESTRIAN  
How's she cutting, Nigel?

Nigel grumbles in reply as he checks out the broken wheel.

EXT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - DAY

A pristine but modest Victorian-style house.

Mrs. Mageen throws open the lace curtains wide. She glowers down at the plain house adjacent to hers.

Mrs. Mageen sees, through the house's open kitchen window --

INT. KAREN FRIDAY'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

-- KAREN FRIDAY (late 40s), crows feet and pink comfortable bathrobe, macks with a shirtless GENTLEMAN CALLER (20s).

Karen, distracted by the throes of passion, presses GC's back up against the window.

GC  
I think I'm falling for you.

GC kisses on Karen's neck.

KAREN  
I'm old enough to know when a boy says, "I love you," what he really means is...

Karen sees Mrs. Mageen watching. She breaks away from GC.

Karen scoops up the toss-about remnants of GC'S clothes: shirt, socks, shoes, etc. She hands the bundle to GC.

Karen shuts the kitchen curtains.

EXT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - DAY

Iain studies a town's bulletin board hanging outside the pub.

He whips out an AD which reads: "House for Sale." It bears a photo of Young Iain, holding up the Irish Pound, next to Charlie. They look happy in front of the HOUSE.

Iain steals a tack from another flyer and sticks his AD to the board.

INT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - DAY

The King's Banquet reeks of misery; only a few stools and ever fewer booths comprise this darkly lit hole-in-the-wall.

The few PATRONS watch a decades old video home cassette of the 1976 Island Games on a tiny television.

Iain sets his bag near an empty stool beside Glen and Dale.

DALE

Watch this, Aronsdottir will go for eight point five metres.

ON THE TV

ARONSDOTTIR (20s), Icelandic, long jumps exactly 8.5 metres.

BACK TO THE SCENE

GLEN

What did he tell you?

IAIN

Are sports fun if you already know the outcome of the events?

GLEN

It's not any sporting event, boyo, it's the Island Games.

Iain shrugs indifferently.

DALE

It's only the biggest sporting event in the world.

IAIN  
I'd imagine that'd be the World  
Championships or the --

GLEN  
-- pretenders, best athletes  
compete in the Island Games.

Alexis wipes down the bar in front of Iain.

ALEXIS  
What are you having?

IAIN  
A hot toddy.

Iain's selection openly offends Glen and Dale. Alexis fixes  
up his drink.

GLEN  
A 'hotty-toddy'? What in God's  
green earth is that?

DALE  
Why not order yourself a pint?

IAIN  
It's whiskey and honey.

DALE  
Then why not order a whiskey?

Alexis serves Iain his drink.

ALEXIS  
Here you are.

IAIN  
Thank you, kindly... Do you think I  
can also exchange some euros?

Iain sets down some coins.

Alexis brings out a bill-fold from her pocket. Removes a ten  
and sets it on the bar.

Iain's hand reaches for the ten, his prize -- Alexis places  
her hand on top the ten, blocking Iain.

ALEXIS  
Keep the quid on the table.

The air is let out of Iain's sails as he retracts his hand.  
Alexis quickly counts up the coins.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
You're short one.

Iain sizes up Alexis.

IAIN  
Do you believe in love at first sight? Or should I walk by again?

ALEXIS  
Okay, Prince Charming, you want to date? I got a kid and a non-stop job. I'm sick of men lacking commitment, so is that what you want? 'Cause you better decide now.

Iain reluctantly takes back his coins.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
Figured as much.

IAIN  
You got a payphone?

ALEXIS  
In the back.

Iain heads toward the bathroom hallway.

DALE  
May I get a... 'hotty-toddy'?

Alexis raises an eyebrow.

INT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - HALLWAY

Iain dials on a payphone hanging outside the restrooms. A PISS DRUNK shuffles past the narrow hallway.

INT. NEW YORK - IAIN AND SHANNON'S APARTMENT - DAY

LORENZO lounges on a busted up couch in a roach-infested New York apartment. He watches a Yankee's game on the TV.

Loud TUBA MUSIC, from another room, forces Lorenzo to adjust the TV's volume.

The LANDLINE RINGS, but goes unnoticed by Lorenzo.

INT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - HALLWAY

Iain, frustrated, puts in more coins.

INT. NEW YORK - IAIN AND SHANNON'S APARTMENT - DAY

The LANDLINE RINGS as the TUBA MUSIC goes quiet. Lorenzo cleans out his ear.

LORENZO

Hun, do you hear that?

SHANNON (36), Iain's foster-home sister, with greasy hair, rushes into the room and picks up the phone.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

IAIN

Finally, why didn't you pick up?

LORENZO

Who is it?

The TUBA MUSIC returns...

SHANNON

(shouting)

We rented out your room to someone who didn't bother to mention also plays the frigging tuba.

IAIN (V.O.)

You rented out my room?!

LORENZO

Babe, who is it?

SHANNON

It's Iain.

(to Iain)

You were gone so we thought we'd pick up some extra cash.

IAIN

I'm only gone for like two weeks.

The TUBA MUSIC hits a crescendo.

SHANNON

You need to speak up. I can't --

IAIN

-- Tell him to be quiet.

SHANNON  
We can't. We tried.

Lorenzo gets up and storms into the other room.

LORENZO (O.S.)  
Shut up! My fiance's on the phone.

The Tuba Music quiets, but yelling takes its place...

TUBA PLAYER (O.S.)  
With who?

LORENZO (O.S.)  
Why do you care?

TUBA PLAYER (O.S.)	LORENZO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
If I'm not going to practice,	Her foster brother. What's it
I need to know it's	matter to you?
important.	

Shannon wads up paper towels, stuffs them into her open ear.

SHANNON  
How's it going so far?

IAIN  
Not bad, sort of a bleak place.

SHANNON  
I meant with finding a buyer?

IAIN  
I only just got here.

Lorenzo returns and hugs Shannon from behind.

LORENZO  
You tell him the big news yet?

IAIN  
What news?

Shannon can't keep herself from smiling.

SHANNON  
I'll tell you when you get back.  
Focus on selling the place. The  
sooner you do the sooner we can --  
(to Tuba Player)  
-- all get out of this hell-hole  
and get some peace and quiet!

IAIN  
I'll get it done, count on it.

SHANNON  
Please, my head is killing me. I'm  
counting on you... Baby Brother.

Iain smiles to himself as he slowly hangs up.

INT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - DAY

Iain snatches his dufflebag and marches out.

Alexis tracks Iain as he leaves.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Iain notes the painted addresses on the wall in front of the houses. He check them against his AD.

IAIN  
Sixteen forty-nine.

Iain crosses the intersection to read the next house number.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
Sixteen fifty... one.

Mrs. Mageen rides by on a bicycle.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
Excuse me, do you know where --

Mrs. Mageen rides by undeterred.

Iain re-examines his AD.

He marches down the intersecting road...

EXT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Iain sprints up the top of the hill, he slows as he finds himself at the site of a burned down house.

Iain checks his AD, but the former house's stone marker confirms: "1650 Main Street."

Iain removes his dufflebag from his shoulder, but still feels the weight as he forces himself closer.



Iain studies the remnants of a fireplace, the only structure left standing amongst the ruins.

He traces his hands down it. Touches the small chalk lines endured from the fire which read "...in, Age Six.:

EXT. NIGEL'S FARM - BARN - DAY

Nigel mends the wheel to his cart.

He spies a ROWING OAR, covered with dust, hiding behind a rolling toolbox. It makes him pause...

He does his best to ignore it and screws the wheel on.

EXT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Iain sequesters himself on the house's overlook.

He flips the Irish pound around his fingers. Sunlight glints off the coin.

Another GLINT, down below the hill, catches Iain's eye...

EXT. HOWARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Iain waits outside the miniscule office. The storefront emblazoned with advertisements of Inishmore houses to sell; many with prices slashed multiple times.

HOWARD (40s), the town's realtor and stressed-out beyond compare, brandishes a ring of keys.

IAIN

Thanks for seeing me on such short notice.

Howard unlocks the door and ushers Iain inside.

INT. HOWARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Iain and Howard rifle through housing documents, zoning maps, and all other sorts of support detail.

HOWARD

I didn't know Charlie well, but found him to be a kindhearted man, helped out wherever he could.

IAIN

No one's told me exactly how he passed away. The will didn't say.

HOWARD

He was the town's only volunteer firefighter... There wasn't much anyone else could do for him.

The details horrify Iain. He finds refuge in the papers.

IAIN

So give it to me straight, what can I expect for the property?

HOWARD

Honestly, putting it on the market and all the expenses needed, will probably set you back more than you'll make selling the place.

IAIN

Truth be told, I was hoping for better news.

Iain plunges his face into his hands.

IAIN (CONT'D)

... And what about the pitch?

HOWARD

The pitch?

Howard rummages through the loose files.

INT. HOWARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT - BACK TO THE PRESENT

Howard removes one DOCUMENT and fervently reads it.

HOWARD

... Interesting.

Iain leans up to try to catch a glimpse at the document.

EXT. WALL OUTSIDE THE FOOTBALL PITCH - AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK

Iain follows the perimeter of the wall.

HOWARD (V.O.)

Good thing you brought it up, otherwise, I would've missed it.

He comes upon a large crevice in the wall; a gateway. He climbs through to the other side.

EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH - AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK

Iain navigates from behind the corroded aluminum bleachers of a STADIUM and discovers an unkept football pitch.

HOWARD (V.O.)

Stadium was built when we hosted the Island Games back in seventy-six, but no one kept up with the maintenance since.

Iain takes it all in the football goals deprived of their nets, the shoddy grass. A ghost of the past.

HOWARD (V.O.)

Apparently, Charlie purchased the pitch and stadium from the town.

Iain climbs up the bleachers. His hand hovers over the rusted out railings.

IAIN (V.O.)

Why would he buy something that no one else wanted?

Iain ascends to the top step, surveys the kingdom of decay.

INT. HOWARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT - BACK TO THE PRESENT

HOWARD

A pet project? Maybe give the kids a place to play? It doesn't say what he intended for it, all it shows is he purchased it.

IAIN

Who else knows he did this?

HOWARD

There would be a public record.

IAIN

And how much might I get with the stadium and pitch included?

HOWARD

Honestly?

Iain cringes.

INT. MS. WOOLEY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tierney sleeps on the couch with the TV still on. Alexis picks her up.

Ms. Wooley shuts off the TV.

ALEXIS

I'm terribly sorry. I won't pick her up late again, I promise.

MS. WOOLEY

It's every night, hun.

Ms. Wooley grabs the forgotten toy alligator and lifts it up near Tierney. Tierney grabs the toy and snuggles it.

MS. WOOLEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but you'll have to find someone else to watch her.

ALEXIS

Please, just one more week to let me figure it out.

MS. WOOLEY

One week.

Alexis readjusts her hold on Tierney.

INT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - LOBBY - NIGHT

Iain yawns as he wades his way to the front desk. Amelia lounges on the desk and leers at Iain's arrival.

IAIN

Hello?

Iain reaches for the bell, which lies directly in front of Amelia, well within her claw's reach. She watches his hand.

Iain DINGS the BELL --

INT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- DINGS across the exquisitely crafted wood floors.

INT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

-- through the study, ensconced with first edition books from only the most heralded and refined authors --

EXT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - TEA GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

-- over the quaint garden, perfectly filled with an artisan tea table and chairs do so perfectly --

INT. MS. MAGEEN'S B&B - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Mageen silences the bell. Amelia paws at the bell.

MRS. MAGEEN

Welcome to Mrs. Mageen's Bed and Breakfast, I'm Mrs. Mageen, manager here. How may I be of service?

IAIN

I need a room.

MRS. MAGEEN

... Obviously. Of course, it's not as simple as, "I need a room." First, I need to ascertain a few --

Mrs. Mageen eyes Iain up and down.

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)

-- details. Number of guests? Room size? Nights staying? Smoking/non-smoking? And the manner of payment.

IAIN

Let's see: one, smallest available, can't say, non-smoking, and card.

Iain hands Mrs. Mageen a credit card.

She inspects the card; name and Iain's other information.

MRS. MAGEEN

You're a Shannon?

IAIN

Iain. That's my foster sister's card, she's letting me borrow it.

Satisfied, Mrs. Mageen sets down the card.

MRS. MAGEEN

Touching. It's two-fifty per night.

IAIN

Eh, I might check somewhere else out then. See if I can't get a room with a more reasonable price.

Iain struts off, his ear ready to hear a counter offer.

MRS. MAGEEN

Sir...

A smile comes to Iain as he stops.

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)

If I may save you the trouble, the Kilronan House with the next best accommodations, closed its door back in January.

IAIN

Are there any other places on this island where I can rent a room?

Mrs. Mageen holds aloft a ring with two keys.

MRS. MAGEEN

This way, Mr. Porter.

Defeated, Iain limps back inside.

INT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - FIRST TENANT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Iain gawks at the auspicious room, the first nice thing he's seen in Inishmore; satin sheets, reading nook, potpourri.

He sets down his bag on the bed. Mrs. Mageen takes the dufflebag and places it on a hand-crafted luggage rack.

MRS. MAGEEN

I'll let you get settled in.

Mrs. Mageen saunters out.

IAIN

Won't take long.

Iain dives back full-press onto the bed.

EXT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - TEA GARDEN - DAY

Iain relaxes in the fairy-like tea garden. Mrs. Mageen sets down a breakfast tray at his table.

A PHONE RINGING O.S.

IAIN (V.O.)

What should I do? I don't know how to play this.

SHANNON (V.O.)  
 Don't try and sell them the land,  
 convince them that they need it.  
 That they can't live without it.

Mrs. Mageen peers down at Iain.

MRS. MAGEEN  
 I'm attending a town hall meeting  
 tonight, so if there's anything you  
 need attended to, there will be a  
 Mrs. Danvers at the front desk.

SHANNON (V.O.)  
 Study the town, get to know them.

Iain watches Mrs. Mageen as she takes her leave.

EXT. KILRONAN - FOOD MARKET - DAY

Iain checks out the few VENDORS and their wares, the dead  
 fish more lively than the even fewer BUYERS walking about.

SHANNON (V.O.)  
 Their wants, their fears.

ROBBIE O'TOOLE (40s), the Town Mayor, spots Iain from afar.  
 He rushes up to Iain and greets him with a handshake.

ROBBIE  
 Robbie O'Toole, Town Mayor.

SHANNON (V.O.)  
 See what makes them tick.

Iain clocks the diver's watch on Robbie's wrist.

IAIN  
 Iain Porter, a pleasure.

Iain enthusiastically shakes with both hands.

ROBBIE  
 Always nice to see new faces.

Robbie matches Iain's charisma and clasps his hands back.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
 What sights have you visited? Tell  
 me you've made it up Dun Aonghasa.  
 Truly a transforming place.

Iain swipes Robbie's watch off his wrist.

IAIN

I'm sort of here on family matters.

Robbie's demeanor deflates.

ROBBIE

You're related to Charlie Porter?

Robbie pulls Iain into a big hug. Iain carefully keeps the watch, still in his hand, out of Robbie's sight.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry for your loss.

Iain stashes the watch into his pocket.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Please, if there's anything I can do for you, let me know.

SHANNON (V.O.)

Then give them a solution to all their problems. Be their savior.

Iain pats Robbie soothingly on the back.

EXT. KILRONAN - FOOD MARKET - MINUTES LATER

Iain exchanges the watch for cash and treks off. He nearly bumps into Nigel lumbering his cart in.

NIGEL

Watch it!

Iain walks on past.

BRENDAN (early 20s), a clerk with cerebral palsy, helps pack-up a TRUCK with a SHOPKEEPER (50s).

Brendan spots Nigel struggling. Brendan hops off the truck to help Nigel wheel in his cart.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

I got it. I got it.

Brendan keeps on pushing.

INT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - DAY

Iain tucks himself away in an empty booth.



He studies Glen, Dale, and the other Patrons, re-watching the same '76 Island Games video.

Glen, sensing he's being watched, glances over at Iain. He WHISTLES and taps a nearby empty seat.

Iain walks over and props himself up like he's sitting amongst chums.

GLEN

You're in for a treat, in about five minutes, Davis is going to win the five hundred breast stroke.

IAIN

You guys just watch the same video?

DALE

Got nothing else better to do.

IAIN

What do you do for work?

DALE

We used to fix cars.

GLEN

Roads kept ruining them.

DALE

So then we tried roadwork.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Townfolk found it easier just to stop using their cars.

IAIN

Why don't you just --

-- On the TV, a SWIMMER wins the meet.

Glen, Dale, and the Patrons erupt into CHEERS.

IAIN (CONT'D)

I still don't get what kind of sports you people like here?

GLEN

We don't watch sports, we watch 'Sport.'

IAIN

Can't say I see the difference.

DALE

Sometimes sport is the only remedy to life's problems.

GLEN

You share a win, share defeat,  
either way, you share the load.

Another Goal -- elicits more cheers, more camaraderie. Iain watches the water polo match more closely.

EXT. KILRONAN - GENERAL STORE - DAY

HAMMERING. Brendan holds the base of a ladder.

The Shopkeeper nails in a sign which reads: "CLOSING," over the store's name. He grabs another nail.

Brendan sniffs and wipes his nose.

INT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY

A GAVEL BANGS at a podium.

The gymnasium court's wood floor is flayed with splinters. The gym's broken lights keep the room forever dark. Only the natural light, seeping in from the windows, light the space.

Iain sneaks in. He finds Robbie banging the gavel to quiet the seated TOWNFOLK'S OUTCRIES.

ROBBIE

People. Please.

Mrs. Mageen waits in the front-most chair with binder ready. She glances back at those most upset.

KAREN

Is it true Phil's also thinking of closing the grocery store?

ROBBIE

He's agreed to keep his store open,  
at least for another year --

-- Robbie gets drowned out by the Townsfolk CLAMORS.

Glen, sitting in the back with Dale and Nigel, spots Iain and beckons him over to sit near them. The scowl on Nigel's face, however, makes the seat far from desirable.

Mrs. Mageen stands up and the Outcries HUSH.

Robbie yields the podium to her.

MRS. MAGEEN  
Seems it falls on me to be rather  
blunt about our town's failings.

Nigel scoffs.

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)  
Until this island becomes more  
alluring to families and tourists,  
our problems will only continue.

Mrs. Mageen props up her binder on the podium and opens it:

INSERT - MRS. MAGEEN'S BINDER PRESENTATION

Page after page, of staged photos of STOCK ACTORS in  
authentic VICTORIAN-era garb.

BACK TO THE SCENE.

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)  
My proposition is to make Inishmore  
the premiere destination for  
Victorian-era enthusiasts.

BRENDAN  
Will we have to wear tights?

MRS. MAGEEN  
Everyone will be expected to keep  
with the aesthetic.

Nigel stands up.

NIGEL  
Get off it, you ain't going to me  
to wear tights.

Glen and Dale shrug, indifferent to the idea.

MRS. MAGEEN  
Nigel, good. My next proposal  
concerns you.

Mrs. Mageen flips to a picture of a red 'X' over a sheep.

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)  
Nigel's rancid animals have been  
kept unchecked for far too long --

Fed up, Nigel waves her off.

Iain tracks Nigel as the latter barges out.

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)  
Once the beasts are adequately  
confined behind a fence --

IAIN  
-- That won't work. I'm sorry, but  
caged sheep? Powdered faces? No  
one's gonna want to see that.

Iain struts up the center aisle.

MRS. MAGEEN  
Mr. Porter, I'm afraid this meeting  
is for home owners only.

Everyone turns their attention to Iain.

IAIN  
What you guys need is something to  
put Inishmore on the map.

Mrs. Mageen doesn't budge from the podium. Iain stands in  
front of the podium and faces the townsfolk.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
You have to make people beg to be  
where you're standing. You need new  
people, new money, and I know just  
how to do it.

Iain's charming smile creeps across his face.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
Inishmore will submit a bid to host  
the next Island Games...

Iain waits for an outpour of support but finds only  
Townsfolk engaged in hushed whispers and chatter.

The Town breaks out into a loud RUCKUS.

Robbie takes the podium and BANGS the GAVEL -- it does little  
to quell the crowd.

Mrs. Mageen and Iain lock eyes...

EXT. KILRONAN - MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A hole-in-the-wall office door apart of a larger building.

ROBBIE (O.S.)  
I don't know how this island can  
feasibly pull off a Games.

INT. KILRONAN - MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

An office space crammed to capacity with loose documents and no filing system, not an office of class or position.

Iain reclines in a chair opposite Robbie. Mrs. Mageen stands looming behind Robbie's shoulder.

IAIN

Inishmore's hosted once before.

Robbie pushes a plate of biscuits towards Iain.

ROBBIE

Fifty years ago, but the Games are different now. Today's hosts are double our size, big islands like Gibraltar or Bermuda.

Mrs. Mageen grips Robbie's shoulder like a vice.

MRS. MAGEEN

With lavish facilities to boot.

IAIN

You have a gymnasium. There's an old stadium off main street.

MRS. MAGEEN

Which no one's used in years.

ROBBIE

(musing)

There is the pool house.

Iain SLAMS a hand on the desk at Robbie's contribution -- which startles them. Mrs. Mageen's grip on Robbie loosens.

IAIN

See, there's even a pool house.

ROBBIE

Mrs. Mageen's right though, they're practically ruins.

IAIN

I'll fix them up.

Mrs. Mageen squints at Iain, measures him for any tell.

MRS. MAGEEN

What's in this for you?

Iain seizes a biscuit and takes a bite.

IAIN

This was my late Uncle's home, I want to see it well off.

ROBBIE

It's just not that easy, there's forms and signatures, and who knows how much all of this will cost?

IAIN

At least one hundred thousand.

ROBBIE

Why's that?

IAIN

To buy back the stadium? From that businessman in Sweden?

Robbie scours an array of loose documents.

MRS. MAGEEN

Please, that amount is absurd.

IAIN

Either way, you'll need to buy it to make Inishmore whole.

MRS. MAGEEN

And what would you know about that?

Robbie tugs a stuck PAPER. He RIPS it loose.

ROBBIE

Here. Iain's right, it got sold. Though it doesn't say who.

Robbie looks back at the pile of papers, it's lost.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Must be on the ripped portion, but if you say it's some Swedish guy...

Iain pushes the plate of biscuits back toward Robbie like he's offering Robbie the inviting treat.

IAIN

Robbie, give this place the chance it deserves to be in the spotlight.

Robbie takes one and eats it nervously. He grabs another.

IAIN (CONT'D)

Think about the tourists and money  
the town will get if we hosted.

More and more biscuits that an indecisive Robbie chews on.

MRS. MAGEEN

And what of my plan? I can't  
possibly fathom we have enough  
resources to pursue both.

Robbie uneasy, shifts in his seat.

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)

You can't possibly be considering  
his ludicrous idea?

Robbie picks up the last biscuit -- and sets it down.

ROBBIE

We'll put this to a town vote. One  
week's time. We in agreement?

Mrs. Mageen storms out in a huff.

IAIN

That's alright with me.

ROBBIE

Now, if you do win the vote,  
there's not much of a budget for  
the full hundred thousand.

IAIN

I guess, we can lowball at seventy  
or- maybe sixty?

ROBBIE

Or you could always raise money  
from the towns people. See if  
they'll give to your cause.

IAIN

... That's a fantastic idea.

Iain shakes Robbie's hand.

EXT. CONFUSED OLD LADY'S HOUSE - DAY

Iain RINGS the DOORBELL to a ramshackle house. Brick walkway  
cracked, the screen door porous and ripped.

A CONFUSED OLD LADY (70s), hearing aids, opens the door.

CONFUSED OLD LADY  
What do you want?

IAIN  
I'm here to inform you of the  
amazing opportunity you'll have if  
you vote 'yes' to the Island Games.

She cleans out her ears as she shuffles out.

CONFUSED OLD LADY  
I'm glad you came. This way.

Iain follows the Confused Old Lady around her house. She  
points up to a broken SATELLITE ANTENNA.

CONFUSED OLD LADY (CONT'D)  
I'm not getting any TV channels.

IAIN  
I'm not here about your antenna,  
I'm here to discuss the Games.

CONFUSED OLD LADY  
I'm not getting the sports either.

Iain runs his hands through his hair but smiles through it.

IAIN  
No. The. Island. Games.

The baffled Confused Old Lady blinks a lot at Iain.

INT. TOWN LIBRARY - DAY

Iain waits at the help desk. He looks around, dismayed at the  
state of the library; dusty and nearly empty of books.

Iain shivers as a termite crawls toward his hand.

The LIBRARIAN (40s) returns with a stack of campaign ADs.

LIBRARIAN  
Here you are.

The Librarian gives them to Iain.

IAIN  
Can you make me fifty more?

The Librarian takes the top sheet. Iain monitors her as she  
walks off --



-- Iain hides ads inside the books.

LATER

The Librarian returns with freshly printed AD to find Iain's former stack now entirely gone.

EXT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - DAY

Iain staples an ad and finishes covering the entire bulletin.

EXT. KILRONAN - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Iain solicits the ads to TOWNSFOLK. They all ignore him, heads low and eyes to the ground, as they walk past.

INT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - LOBBY - NIGHT

Iain slogs in and sees Mrs. Mageen chatting and laughing with an enthused GROUP.

Mrs. Mageen tracks Iain as he heads off to his room.

INT. TOWN LIBRARY - NIGHT

Karen opens up a book and finds Iain's ad. She reads further.

EXT. KILRONAN - REST AREA - DAY

Iain chats with a SCRUNCHED-UP FACE MAN (80s).

IAIN

-- So, what do you think?

Iain waits for the Scrunched-Up Face Man's reply... reaction... anything, but nothing comes.

EXT. KILRONAN - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Iain gives a receptive Brendan an ad.

A huge GUST BLOWS through and sends the ads everywhere. Brendan chases them down and collects a few.

Iain squats down and can only watch as his ads fly away.

EXT. DISMISSIVE MAN'S HOUSE - DAY

A DOOR SLAMS in Iain's face.

EXT. KILRONAN - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A SHEEP chews on a flown away ad.

INT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - DAY

Iain sits in a booth with an eager Alexis and Brendan. He gawks back at the door for more people --

-- Glen and Dale sit in the bar, beyond that, no one else...

IAIN

Guess this is everyone, let's get... started.

Karen reaches next to her and pulls out a notepad and pen.

IAIN (CONT'D)

What's that?

KAREN

Just thought I'd write notes? Why? Do you want the rulebook? I took the liberty of printing it out.

Karen pulls open a thick BINDER and drops it -- THUD.

Iain opens the binder and skims through the endless pages.

IAIN

(reading)

A presentation. Inspection.

KAREN

The inspection happens before the presentation. Presentation would be held at an affiliated office. Says it on page eighty-one.

IAIN

You read all this?

KAREN

Sort of already went through what the library had to offer.

Brendan meekly raises his hand.

BRENDAN

I read the first thirty pages if that helps?

IAIN

It all does. So what sort of beast are we dealing with?

KAREN

The town submits a bid, the Games will then send an inspector here to judge our facilities.

IAIN

When can we expect that?

KAREN

A month after we submit a bid.

IAIN

That doesn't give us much time.

KAREN

Then if we pass that inspection...

Iain forces a smile, despite flinching at each step listed.

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

We'll make them a formal presentation, then they'll convene and decide who hosts the game.

IAIN

Sounds straightforward enough... If you'll both excuse me.

Iain stiffly stands up from the booth.

INT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - WASHROOM - DAY

Iain splashes handfuls of water in his face and pats his cheeks hard to calm down.

He opens his eyes and stares at his reflection. Refocuses.

INT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - DAY

Iain returns to find Karen and Brendan scouring the rulebook binder. Brendan looks up at Iain as he sits down.

IAIN

What are we graded on, exactly?

BRENDAN  
You okay? Your face is wet.

IAIN  
Just keeping my skin hydrated.

Karen flips to a different section.

KAREN  
Infrastructure, Transportation,  
Housing, and Hospitality.

Glen and Dale, still watching the game, scoff.

IAIN  
What? That doesn't sound too bad.

Glen and Dale hold up two fingers each.

GLEN  
One. Our roads are awful. Two. The  
infrastructure's even worse.

Glen sets down his fingers.

DALE  
Three. People round here are about  
as likable as horseradish flavoured  
ice cream --

Dale hacks and spits phlegm into spit-water left in his beer.

IAIN  
We can fix all that. We'll make the  
judges only see the best of what  
Inishmore has to offer.

DALE  
Last but not least, Mrs. Mageen's  
the only lodger on the island.

Iain's confidence falters.

IAIN  
... Right. Guess there's nothing we  
can do about that.  
(to Brendan and Karen)  
Unless it says what kind of  
housing? Like tents or portables?

Brendan and Karen dive back into the binder. Iain gets up and  
takes the stool next to Glen and Dale.

GLEN

We can tell you now, we ain't interested.

IAIN

But, you both want the Games.

DALE

If someone brought to us the Games, we'd for sure watch, but --

IAIN

-- you won't do anything to help make it so...

Iain changes stools to get away from Glen and Dale. He finds a section of the bar Alexis finishes wiping down.

IAIN (CONT'D)

I don't get it, I'm offering to fix everyone's mess, but no one wants to lift a finger to help.

ALEXIS

You're not the first to come in and promise to change everything. Town's been crushed too many times. Dreamers sell words, nothing else.

IAIN

How do I get them to believe me? That I actually mean what I say?

ALEXIS

Inishmorians are stubborn, they'll only listen to their own kind.

IAIN

My uncle's from here.

ALEXIS

Different pond, different water. And you don't really need them to believe in You.

Alexis heads to the end of the bar and takes a decorative memorable PLAQUE, with a photo, off the wall.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

On this island, Nigel Donohue and Mrs. Mageen have the most sway, and since I doubt you'll get Mrs. Mageen to your side --

IAIN

-- I just have to get Nigel's vote.

ALEXIS

Then you'll get the town's support.

Alexis hands Iain the plaque. The photo depicts Nigel posing next to Charlie and a single's scull. The plaque reads, "Olympic Trials - 1976."

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

Nigel's sort of a local hero. Was a big-time rowing coach, was a part of why the island was chosen for the Games.

Iain points to Charlie in the picture.

IAIN

... That's my uncle?

ALEXIS

You're Charlie's nephew. Strange, never said a word about you.

IAIN

I don't actually know much about him either, I only met him once when I was a kid.

Iain hands back the plaque.

IAIN (CONT'D)

Hope I can count on your vote.

ALEXIS

All I'll say is I'm undecided.

EXT. NIGEL'S FARM - NIGHT

Iain tiptoes his way past a sign reading, "No Trespassing."

The few grazing SHEEP stop and unsettling stare at Iain.

Iain reaches the front door and KNOCKS...

Nigel throws open the door and glowers.

IAIN

Hello, I'm Iain Porter --

NIGEL

-- I've been waiting for you.

Nigel pushes out past.

                  IAIN  
          Perfect, so you know why I'm here?

Iain follows Nigel toward the barn.

INT. NIGEL'S FARM - BARN - NIGHT

Nigel searches around his workstation. Iain bobs and weaves about in an attempt to get Nigel's full attention.

                  IAIN  
          -- With the Games, we'll be able to  
          bring Inishmore a wider range of  
          buyers and tourists...

Nigel picks up a box full of junk --

                  IAIN (CONT'D)  
          What do you say? Can I count on  
          your vote?

-- He thrusts the box into Iain's hands.

                  NIGEL  
          Charlie left this at my place.

                  IAIN  
          Okay... But what about the vote?

                  NIGEL  
          What about it?

Nigel stomps out. Iain inspects the box's contents, but it's more trash than treasure.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Nigel lugs his heavy cart.

He comes upon Iain kicking around a football with some local TEENAGERS. They use gaps in the wall as goals.

They block Nigel's path. He grumbles under his breath.

Iain picks up the ball, hands it over to a Teenager, and races to Nigel's side.

IAIN

Kids needed an extra player.  
 Couldn't really say no, specially  
 since they have no other outlet to  
 play sports.

Nigel cuts through the group. Iain sticks with him.

IAIN (CONT'D)

Cool thing, sports. Teaches hard  
 work, teamwork, playing fair. Real  
 necessary life lessons to kids.

Iain sidesteps a large pothole.

IAIN (CONT'D)

Doubt you could look these kids in  
 the eye and deny them the Games.

NIGEL

I don't care about them, they ain't  
 my kids.

Iain stops and lets Nigel trudge on past.

Iain returns to the Teenagers, who form a circle around him.  
 Iain checks behind to see if Nigel's looking --

-- Iain doles out euros to the Teenagers.

They run off and vape, much to Iain's dismay.

EXT. KILRONAN - FOOD MARKET - DAY

Nigel works the uninhabited market, selling unprocessed wool.  
 He bundles together similar scoured wool.

No foot-traffic.

Nigel takes note of the small CROWD gathered around Iain.

Iain presents to them a... PEN.

IAIN

Behold! My magic wand. I'll now  
 need something to disappear.

The Crowd offers Iain objects on their person.

NIGEL

(sotto)  
 Why don't you disappear.



Iain plucks one of Nigel's wrapped bundles.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
Gimme that back.

Iain retreats to the safety of the crowd and shows them all the bundle like a magician: solid, no breaks or tricks.

IAIN  
In my hand, I have this valuable  
wool that Nigel painstakingly made.  
On the count of three...

Iain closes his hand and conceals the bundle. He taps his hand with his pen.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
One.

Another tap.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
Two...

As Iain recoils up his hand, he securely places the pen behind his ear. He taps with his now empty hand...

IAIN (CONT'D)  
Three... wait.

The audience now realizes the missing wand.

Iain searches around, turns his head to show the Crowd where the pen has gone. They CHUCKLE at the idiotic trick.

Nigel observes Iain stashing the bundle into his pocket.

Iain takes the pen out from behind his ear.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
Let's try this again. One... Two...  
Three...

Iain taps his closed hand thrice. He opens his empty hand to the amazement of the crowd.

They applaud. Iain bows.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
Give a round of applaud for Nigel  
for being such a good sport. Check  
out his wares, they're fantastic.

The Crowd disperses and some glance at Nigel's stand.

Nigel marches over and reaches into Iain's pocket.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
Hey! What are you doing?

Nigel takes back his bundle.

NIGEL  
Leave me out of it.

Mrs. Mageen surveys a nearby stand.

IAIN  
I think we got off on the wrong  
foot. Let me buy you a drink --

NIGEL  
I don't want a drink, I don't want  
what you're selling... I don't want  
to know you.

Nigel storms back to his cart.

Iain notices a very smug Mrs. Mageen.

EXT. KILRONAN - FOOD MARKET - LATER

Mrs. Mageen bounds to Nigel's stand. Nigel doesn't glance up  
to acknowledge her presence.

MRS. MAGEEN  
I wanted to impart my gratitude for  
you standing by your principles. I  
think you'll find my plan --

NIGEL  
-- I didn't do you no favors.

MRS. MAGEEN  
Regardless, us Inishmorians should  
stick together.

NIGEL  
Says the spider to the fly.

Mrs. Mageen purses her lips.

MRS. MAGEEN  
You're not dead yet, Nigel. You can  
still do a lot more for this town.

She sets down some coins and buys a bundle. She walks off.

Nigel sours at the sight of Mrs. Mageen's dirty money.

EXT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - DAY

Mrs. Mageen ambles back home. She spots Iain alone outside.

She does her best to hide the grin upon her face.

-- Brendan, Karen, and a few OTHERS emerge from the pub and join Iain. He holds a pen aloft like his earlier trick.

She also sees Ms. Wooley escorting Tierney back to Alexis.

Ms. Wooley heads back -- Mrs. Mageen cuts her off.

MRS. MAGEEN

I need to speak with you.

EXT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - DAY

Iain waves goodbye to Brendan and the Others as he finishes his beverage. Karen stays behind to chat with Glen and Dale.

Alexis beelines for Iain.

ALEXIS

Any clue why Mageen is threatening  
the woman who watches Tierney for  
holding an illegal daycare?

Alexis glances up at Karen.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

Karen, mind watching Tierney.

Alexis drags Iain to his feet.

IAIN

Hey, I wasn't done yet.

ALEXIS

I need to show you something.

EXT. SWIMMING CENTER - DAY

Alexis escorts Iain to an indoor swimming center. The purple and teal paint now cracked and muted.

ALEXIS

It's great that you want to make  
this place better, but you've  
gotten in way over your head.

Alexis opens the door.

INT. SWIMMING CENTER - DAY

Iain navigates the swimming pool, drained except for a nice  
layer of swamp water on the bottom.

IAIN

Good bones.

Iain chokes down some vomit.

IAIN (CONT'D)

Why do want me to back out?

ALEXIS

I'm showing you cause what you want  
is impossible. Go somewhere else,  
fix that place, but Inishmore's  
isn't meant to have what other  
islands have.

IAIN

No, it's not. It's meant for more.

WATER DRIPS from the ceiling and nails Iain's head, but he  
remains unfazed. Another DROPLET hits him again.

INT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Alexis leads Iain into the unlit gymnasium. The FLOORBOARDS  
CRACK with each step.

IAIN

See it's not so bad. I see  
volleyball here. I see basketball  
and table tennis.

ALEXIS

Are you blind?

IAIN

I'm just optimistic.

Iain feels around the wall and finds the light switch.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
Once we get the lights on --

ALEXIS  
Wait! Don't!

He FLICKS on the SWITCH -- SHOWER of SPARKS EVERYWHERE:

-- the roof LIGHTS BURST.

-- The hanging SCOREBOARD falls -- SMASHES against the court.

-- The wall near the light switch catches fire.

Alexis grabs a nearby fire extinguisher and sprays Iain along with dousing the fire.

IAIN  
So it needs an electrician.

Iain coughs out fire retardant.

EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH - DAY

Alexis paces the field as Iain kicks at crabgrass.

ALEXIS  
So, do you get it now?

IAIN  
All it needs is new grass --

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
-- Iain.

IAIN  
Replace parts of the bleachers --

ALEXIS  
Inishmore will never host the Games again. It's a pipe dream.

Alexis treks off alone.

INT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - NIGHT

Iain drowns his problems in drink.

Tierney sleeps soundly in a booth.

Though the 76' Games still play on the TV, Glen and Dale chug the last of their drinks and wobble out.

Alexis takes their empty glasses.

ALEXIS  
Goodnight, boys.

Iain's last to leave.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
Sorry, about earlier.

IAIN  
I needed to I see what I'm dealing  
with. Now I can come up with ideas.

ALEXIS  
You never stop selling, huh?

IAIN  
Nope, I'll see to it that there's a  
movie theater, and a school --

Alexis leans her elbows over the bar.

ALEXIS  
A school would be nice. Tierney has  
to start pre-school next year and  
there isn't one on the island, so  
she'll have to live with my mom.

IAIN  
What about her dad? Couldn't he  
take her to school?

ALEXIS  
He could if he didn't leave soon  
after I told him I was pregnant.

IAIN  
Sorry.. I never knew my dad either.

Iain stares into his beer.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
I think I turned out okay.

Iain stands up to leave --

ON THE TV

A REGATTA.

Five SCULLS, neck in neck, as they row towards the finish  
line. Each Scull takes, and then loses, ground...

Charlie, clad in a racing uni, glances at his COMPETITORS.

The video cuts to Coach Nigel, in his early 40s. He cheers on Charlie with all his energy.

INTERCUT WITH:

BACK TO THE SCENE

Iain's eyes widen seeing Nigel and his uncle.

He sits back down. Alexis joins Iain.

Distracted, they don't notice Nigel walk in.

NIGEL

Glen and Dale, haven't you seen  
that tape enough --

He stops as he sees what they're watching...

Stands full of SPECTATORS. The most-spirited hold signs reading, "Charlie, the Rowing Factory," or "Inishmore Pride!"

IAIN

Who knew this place had such  
passionate people?

Fueled by the crowd, Charlie rows with everything he's got.

The Sculls near the finish line... it's anyone's race --

-- Charlie ends in FOURTH.

IAIN (CONT'D)

He was so close.

Charlie hugs Coach Nigel, their words INAUDIBLE, but their faces full of emotion and support.

The VIDEO turns to STATIC.

IAIN (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Wow.

Nigel leaves and the DOOR SLAMS shut.

Iain and Alexis turn around, unaware of Nigel's presence.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Nigel lumbers back home and RAIN falls and soon pours...

INT. NIGEL'S FARM - BARN - NIGHT

Nigel drinks straight whiskey as he places wool sweaters on his recently-sheared SHEEP.

NIGEL

Feel this, Lucy? Who'd you suppose  
this sweater came from?

LUCY the sheep BAH's in reply.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

That's right, your dear mum.

Nigel pets Lucy.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Do you remember her?

Lucy stampers away. Nigel takes another swig. He stares at the OAR situated in the corner.

EXT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY

The whole TOWN huddles against the cold air. Iain's teeth clatter as he and Mrs. Mageen stand on either side of Robbie.

Robbie holds up a BALLOT BOX for all to see.

ROBBIE

You will cast your vote for either  
Iain's plan, Mrs. Mageen's plan, or  
neither. Now, one by one --

The Townsfolk groan.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

I know it's cold, but --

Nigel labors his way up. Nigel draws everyone's attention away from Robbie.

Glen leans over to Dale.

GLEN

You think he's going with Mrs.  
Mageen or Iain?

DALE

Neither.

GLEN

I'll take the field then.



Glen and Dale shake hands.

ROBBIE

Now, who wants to go first?

Like Moses and the Red Sea, the Townsfolk part, giving Nigel a clear path. He grumbles to himself as he walks up.

INT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY

The gymnasium empty except for Robbie and Nigel. Robbie sets the ballot on the podium, along with paper and pencils.

Nigel snatches paper and pencil, jots down his vote.

He shoves it into Robbie and storms out.

INT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - LATER

Glen and Dale play tug-of-war with Robbie over the ballot.

ROBBIE

No. It's supposed to be a secret.

They yank it from Robbie's hands.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

The whole voting process is now tampered with 'cause of you two.

DALE

Oh, shove off.

GLEN

What's it say?

Dale opens the ballot, seizes the vote and reads it. Dale crumbles up the vote and tosses it to Glen.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Ha! I win again.

Glen opens up the crumbled ballot to read for himself.

EXT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Glen holds up Nigel's vote, like a Golden Ticket, amongst the sea of anticipative Townfolk.

GLEN

I have it! I got Nigel's vote!

TOWNSFOLK 1  
Then read it already.

Mrs. Mageen and Iain glance to one another.

INT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY

One by one, the others cast their votes:

-- Karen -- Brendan -- Glen and Dale -- Alexis with Tierney holding her hand -- Mrs. Mageen -- and Iain...

INT. KILRONAN - HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Iain searches through the cramped spaced aisles, comprised of mostly vermin traps and poison.

He shops while Brendan pushes the cart right behind him. Iain plucks any and every item or tool and tosses them in.

IAIN  
This. We'll get this.

Iain picks out a tree limb cutting saw.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
You think we'll need this?

He throws it in.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
Go buy that for now, and I'll meet you back at the stadium.

INT. KILRONAN - HARDWARE STORE - AISLE - DAY

Iain looks through a few more items.

Iain notices Alexis turn the corner and walk into his aisle. He presses himself against the shelf and makes himself flat.

IAIN  
Come to the pesticide aisle often?

ALEXIS  
My pests are a wee-bit bigger.  
Tierney drew all over the walls.

IAIN  
Let me know if you need help with that, we bought a lot of paint.

Iain squeezes awkwardly past Alexis.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
Let me just --

ALEXIS  
It's fine. I'll- You should --

-- Iain gets stuck. He and Alexis compressed together...  
their faces inches apart.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
You come for epoxy and instead get  
the whole 'Debs' experience.

Iain slinks out and scurries away.

EXT. KILRONAN - HARDWARE STORE - REGISTER - DAY

Brendan rolls out the grocery cart full of tools as Nigel  
drifts by, scoping out the contents.

NIGEL  
Let me see what you bought.

Nigel plucks items out of the cart.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
This is wood stainer.

Nigel searches deeper.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
You don't have any wood in here.

Brendan shrugs. Nigel returns the items to the cart.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
Do you know what you're doing?

BRENDAN  
Iain says he does.

Iain exits with two rotary saws slung over each shoulder.

EXT. PITCH STADIUM - DAY

Brendan helps Iain lug in a heavy work table --

Nigel marches up with Glen and Dale.

-- Seeing them, Brendan drops the table.

NIGEL  
Need any help?

IAIN  
 Good for right now, but I'll  
 definitely let you know.

Iain and Nigel stare down like it's the O.K. Corral.

NIGEL  
 I came 'cause I gave you my vote --

IAIN  
 -- And I thank you for that.

NIGEL  
 I don't take that lightly. To me  
 that means a promise, and I aim to  
 see my promises through --

Nigel gestures back to Glen and Dale.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
 -- And I dragged them along since  
 they ain't got nothing else better  
 to do with their time.

DALE  
 (sotto)  
 Got loads better to do.

Nigel looks around at Iain's poor work set-up.

NIGEL  
 There's still plenty of light left  
 in the day, where should we start?

IAIN  
 Well, if you want to get cracking,  
 I won't stand in your way.

NIGEL  
 Brendan, go to my barn, grab enough  
 goggles and gloves.  
 (to Glen and Dale)  
 See if Mr. Cormick won't check out  
 the gym's electrical grid.

IAIN  
 Hey wait!

Iain can't stop the Others from running off.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
 This is my project.

NIGEL  
 You can't be the captain if you  
 ain't never sailed before.

Nigel trudges around back off the stadium.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
 And you, you're with me.

IAIN  
 (sotto)  
 But... I'm in charge.

Iain begrudgingly follows.

EXT. PITCH STADIUM - LATER

Glen, Dale, Brendan, and Karen; aka the 'OTHERS,' work hard on fixing up the railing.

UNDERNEATH THE STADIUM

Iain sets about replacing any and all rusty nuts and screws on the bleacher posts. Nigel monitors him a few steps back.

Iain battles with a particularly stuck-on nut.

IAIN  
 Isn't there some sort of electric  
 drill that could do this?

NIGEL  
 There ain't no shortcuts to any  
 place worth going.

Iain throws down his wrench.

IAIN  
 Okay, Mother Goose, why don't you  
 go annoy everyone else?

NIGEL  
 Cause the others don't need to be  
 told. Didn't your father teach you  
 how to fix things for yourself?

IAIN  
 No, and there's not exactly shop  
 class in the foster system, either.

Nigel grumbles at himself.

NIGEL

... Here.

Nigel grabs and shows Iain a washer and nut -- he demonstrates how to set the washer and nut back on.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

If you remember anything it's be patient, honest work takes time.

Nigel puts the box of fasteners and the wrench back into Iain's hands.

INT. SWIMMING CENTER - DAY

Iain squirms as he shovels out the swamp growth residing at the bottom of the pool. Above Iain, Nigel supervises.

Iain slips on the slime and falls into the dirty water.

INT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM

Iain lines up to nail a singular piece of wood to nothing. He raises the hammer high above his head --

-- Nigel clasps Iain's wrist and stops him.

NIGEL

Go help rip out the panels, when you're done with that, then you can crush your thumb with a hammer.

Iain trods over to Brendan ripping out wood panels.

INT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - FIRST TENANT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Iain flops down on his bed.

EXT. PITCH STADIUM - DAY

Nigel, with Iain's help, positions a whole new aluminum seat. Iain DROPS his side and jogs down the steps.

NIGEL

Hey!

Nigel watches as Iain races up to assist a struggling Brendan carrying a sheet of aluminium.

Nigel smirks and positions the seat on his own.

INT. SWIMMING CENTER - DAY

Glen and Dale chisel away the old tile while Iain, Brendan, and Karen place new tiles around the pool's topmost border.

It's meticulous, boring work, yet they all do it smiling.

KAREN

-- she packed up all her stuff for the move, but with all the boxes and everything, she accidently set the hamsters' cage teetering right on the edge of a shelf.

IAIN

Did the cage fall off?

KAREN

No, she completely forgot to take the hamsters with her when she moved... When she remembered a week later, she went back to retrieve their bodies. I swear you not, to her horror, she found one had manage to stay alive...

BRENDAN

How did it do that?

It clicks; Everyone, including Iain, laugh at Karen's story.

INT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY

The Committee rips off the last of the wood flooring.

Dale uses a table saw to slice up new planks. Iain picks up two planks and eyeballs their measurements.

Nigel takes stock of Iain handing them back to Dale.

IAIN

They're off, cut 'em again.

Nigel hides his satisfaction

INT. PITCH STADIUM - NIGHT

Nigel wipes the sweat from his brow. He finishes drilling in a guard railing and stands up.

He packs up for the day and sees Iain keep on working.

INT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - NIGHT

Tierney sleeps soundly in a booth while Iain and the Others commiserate nearby.

Iain gets up to assist Alexis bringing a tray of beers over.

Iain accidentally brushes up next to her, he jerks away, and knocks a beer over, drenching the Others.

Glen and Dale wring their shirts to save any and all beer.

EXT. NEW YORK - OUTDOOR RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A lovely family-style Italian restaurant. With their food barely eaten, Shannon sobs as Lorenzo bolts up from his seat.

LORENZO

-- We're done. You hear me. Done.  
I'm sick and tired of this.

Lorenzo storms out.

Shannon shields her tears from the ONLOOKERS. A CONCERNED DINER gets up and hugs the inconsolable Shannon.

CONCERNED DINER

It's okay. Shush. It's okay. Don't  
let that jerk bother you.

The Concerned Diner gestures to the approaching MANAGER.

CONCERNED DINER (CONT'D)

Can we get this boxed up? I'll take  
care of the bill.

SHANNON

No, I can't let you --

The Concerned Diner shushes down Shannon protestation.

INT. IAIN AND SHANNON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lorenzo lounges on the couch. He springs up as Shannon returns home with bags of takeout.

LORENZO

Finally, I'm freaking starving.

Shannon sets down the free takeout on the counter. Lorenzo scrounges through it for his food.



SHANNON

I don't think we can keep doing  
this shtick.

LORENZO

Sure we can, people will give more  
when you're showing, and even more  
when you have the baby.

SHANNON

That will only get us so much.

LORENZO

We'll use the money Iain gets to  
grab anything else we need.

Lorenzo plucks out his food, pecks Shannon on the cheek, and  
returns to his spot on the couch.

INT. IAIN AND SHANNON'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Shannon inspects her flat exposed stomach in the mirror.

INT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - FIRST TENANT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Iain sleeps like a rock through his PHONE RINGING.

The phone CLICKS as it goes to VOICEMAIL.

SHANNON (V.O.)

(filtered)

Must've missed you, Iain. You're  
probably sleeping, just haven't  
heard from you in awhile. Hoping  
everything's going well and that  
we'll see you home soon.

EXT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - DAY

Iain paces about to psyches himself up. Karen waits with him.

SHANNON (V.O.)

(filtered)

-- Anyway, good luck with the  
inspection tomorrow.

KAREN

You nervous?

IAIN  
 Nope. Even if I was, I'm going to  
 sell confidence.

An EXHAUST PIPE BACKFIRES O.S.

Iain and Karen cringe as Glen slowly drives up a ramshackle  
 DUTCH SUZUKI CARRY-TRUCK. The CARRY-TRUCK CREAKS as it parks.

Glen and Dale climb out and find only horror on Iain's face.

DALE  
 A real beaut, ain't she?

IAIN  
 You said you'd get a vehicle that  
 could drive all of us.

GLEN  
 Two in the front, rest in the bed.

IAIN  
 You don't think it looks bad  
 driving people around without  
 seatbelts... or seats?

Iain buries his face in his hands.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
 It's okay, we have some time to  
 find another vehicle before Brendan  
 gets here with the inspector.

Brendan casually struts up to the group.

BRENDAN  
 We ready? Where's the inspector?

INT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - DAY

Iain follows Alexis as she wipes down the bar. Tierney draws  
 with her canyons at a booth.

ALEXIS  
 No.

IAIN  
 Please, we need your truck.

ALEXIS  
 Not my sheep, not my farm.

IAIN

What can I trade for it?

ALEXIS

Thought Prince Charming could talk  
his way through anything?

Iain gives up and heads on out.

Tierney lays down her crayons. She races the paper to Iain.

TIERNEY

Here! I made this.

Tierney hands Iain a drawing of a sport stadium and the happy  
townsfolk. Iain strokes Tierney's head.

EXT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - DAY

Brendan guides QUENTIN LAURENT (50s), inspector for the  
Island Games, a Humpty-Dumpty in a suit, on over.

Iain steps out to shake Quentin's hand.

IAIN

So sorry about the delay.

QUENTIN

Esse Quam Videri, 'To be rather  
than to appear.'

Quentin's phrasing puts Iain off kilter.

Alexis WHISTLES from around the side of the bar. She motions  
Iain to follow her around back.

IAIN

Sorry, this'll only take a moment.

Alexis leads Iain behind her pub.

Quentin pulls out a NOTEPAD and scribbles down scores.

EXT. KILRONAN - ALEXIS'S PERSONAL SHED - DAY

Alexis wrenches an exterior shed's doors open, the contents  
inside remain out of view.

ALEXIS

You sure you about needing this?

Iain hesitates to give his answer...

INT./EXT. CARRY-TRUCK - ROAD - DAY - MOVING

The Carry-Truck putt-putts down the road.

Iain drives while Quentin squishes in the seat next to Karen.

IAIN

All Inishmore vehicles are eco-conscious.

The Carry-Truck's EXHAUST COUGHS up black smoke.

Quentin peeks back behind them --

-- Brendan kicks along a THREE-WHEELED SCOOTER.

Even further behind, Glen pedals Tierney's BIKE WITH TRAINING WHEELS. He pulls along Dale in plastic ROLLER SKATES.

Quentin jots down more notes. Karen peeks at them.

KAREN

Whatcha writing?

Quentin shields his notes with his body to avoid prying eyes.

EXT. SWIMMING CENTER - DAY

Iain wraps his arm around Quentin's shoulder and guides him.

Brendan, Karen, Glen, and Dale sneak to the back entrance.

QUENTIN

Are they not --

IAIN

-- I think you'll find what we have to offer the Games is unlike anything you've ever seen.

Iain opens the door and ushers Quentin inside.

INT. SWIMMING CENTER - DAY

Iain brings Quentin to the pool's edge. A large teal sequined tarp covers the entire length of the empty pool, like water.

Underneath the tarp, the Others drag their hands up along the tarp to create the appearance of ripples.

DALE

This is embarrassing.

GLEN  
Shush, water doesn't talk.

Glen mimics ocean waves crashing.

Iain studies Quentin's stone-faced reaction.

IAIN  
What do you think?

QUENTIN  
The pool does hold actual water?

IAIN  
Yes, we're importing the water from Denmark. Said to be the cleanest in the world.

Quentin scopes out the several lines of painter's tape that run seemingly parallel along the sides of the pool.

QUENTIN  
What are those?

IAIN  
Safety tape, of course.

From the opposite end, the tape lines converge and create a forced perspective optical illusion that the pool is longer.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
Pool is regulation size.

Quentin reaches into his coat pocket.

QUENTIN  
Just to be safe, I think I'll measure the pool myself.

Iain grabs Quentin's shoulders and spins him around.

IAIN  
Did I mention we're installing a state-of-the-art sauna?

Iain quickly leads Quentin away...

KAREN (O.S.)  
Are you guys done up there?

DALE (O.S.)  
Hello?

The Others crawl up from under the tarp.

Iain races back and ushers them to move it.

IAIN  
What are you guys doing? There's no  
time for dawdling.

INT./EXT. CARRY-TRUCK - ROAD - DAY - MOVING

The Carry-Truck sputters by... followed by Brendan... and  
Glen and Dale bring up the rear.

IAIN (V.O.)  
You'll absolutely love the gym.

INT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Iain's turned the gymnasium into a club with flashing lights  
and blaring MUSIC.

Dry ice fog helps cover up the ripped up floorboard.

IAIN  
Basketball, volleyball, any kind of  
ball, can be played here.

QUENTIN  
How many people can it hold?

IAIN  
Quite a bit, like five-thousand.

Iain pivots back and motions Brendan over.

Brendan takes a step to the left and covers up a sign that  
reads, "Maximum Occupancy Two Hundred."

Quentin coughs at the smoke and his eyes tear up.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
Built in --

Quentin HACKS up a lung. He bolts outside for fresh air.

The Others look down as Iain chases after Quentin.

EXT. ROAD VALLEY - DAY

The Carry-Truck creeps down the steep hill, hits the valley.  
It battles back up the opposite hill.

Brendan walks the three-wheeled scooter down.

Glen and Dale hurtle and crash at the bottom.

INT. CARRY-TRUCK - ROAD - DAY - MOVING

With the crummy roads, Karen bumps into Quentin.

KAREN  
Sorry, love.

No response. Karen looks to Iain.

Iain gestures her try again.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Ever read the book never written?  
"The Trials," by Willy Qualify.

Karen and Iain startle as Quentin guffaws at the joke. Quentin dabs at the tears in his eyes.

QUENTIN  
Apologies, I just never heard that  
joke before.

KAREN  
I can tell...

Iain re-grips the wheel and regains vehicular control.

EXT. PITCH STADIUM - DAY

Iain shows Quentin around the pitch.

QUENTIN  
Grass could use some maintenance.

IAIN  
Already being taken care of. Did  
you know that David Beckham was  
born in this very spot?

The Others rifle through the truck's bed as Nigel treks over.

NIGEL  
How's she cutting?

The Others take out pom-poms, a mini trampoline, and other props. Nigel snatches away the items and puts them back.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? You want to  
make a fool out yourselves?

BRENDAN  
Iain told us we had to.

NIGEL  
And if he told you to jump off a  
bloody cliff?

The Other's lack of response doesn't sit well with Nigel.

Nigel glares over to Iain as he strolls back with Quentin.  
Quentin reads over his notes.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
Alright, Iain, you had your go.

IAIN  
Look who showed up, he can tell you  
about our many programs in placed  
that help our senior citizens.

Nigel rolls up a sleeve and steps to Iain --

QUENTIN  
I think I've seen enough.

-- Nigel stops.

IAIN  
Did we qualify?

Iain and the Others wait on pins and needles for the verdict.  
Quentin finally looks up from his notepad.

QUENTIN  
Truthfully, at almost no point --

Quentin shies away from eye-contact with Karen.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
-- did I find a single shred of  
reason why Inishmore would be a  
suitable host for the Island Games.

IAIN  
This has to be a joke, right? Did  
you even see what we showed you?

Quentin checks his list:

QUENTIN  
(reading)  
The roads are dreadful, none of the  
facilities are operational, don't  
get me started on this so called --



IAIN  
-- but, they will be.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
-- sideshow presentation.

IAIN  
Everyone's already put in a  
ton of hard work. You have to  
give us a chance.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
This isn't the kind of venue  
the Island Games would  
associate with.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
If it were up to me, I'd quarantine  
this whole island.

NIGEL  
That's enough!

Quentin and Iain shut up.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
I think we all got the gist.

Quentin shuffles past the crushed group to the truck.

INT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - NIGHT

Tierney tosses scrunched up napkins into glasses.

Iain holds the door open for Quentin, Nigel, and the Others.  
Alexis greets Quentin with a warm smile.

ALEXIS  
What are you having?

QUENTIN  
Just here for your washroom.

Quentin waddles out to the hallway.

ALEXIS  
How'd it go?

Iain plops down hard on the stool.

Nigel and the Others roost next to Iain.

NIGEL  
(to Iain)  
You want to explain what happened?

Iain shoots Nigel daggers.

Karen observes her despondent comrades. She takes a deep  
breath and marches for the washroom.

INT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karen opens the restroom door, the one marked: "Gentlemen."

Inside, Quentin washes his hands. He sees Karen through the mirror's reflection. He gulps.

QUENTIN  
Miss, this is the men's room.

Karen sashays in and closes the door behind her...

INT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - NIGHT

A giddy and shell-shocked Quent staggers over to the group. He leans in to Iain's ear.

QUENTIN  
(whispering)  
You passed.

Iain pivots around, unsure what he's heard.

IAIN  
What?

QUENTIN  
(giggling)  
You passed the inspection. I see  
now I must've missed --

Quentin fumbles with his notepad.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
-- A mark or two in hospitality.

IAIN  
That's -- That's great!

The Others glance over at the hubbub. Quentin holds his arms up like he's Willy Wonka.

QUENTIN  
You all passed!

Iain helps lower down Quentin's arms.

IAIN  
Let me walk you to your ferry.

Iain shows Quentin out --

GLEN

Did I hear him right? We passed?

-- Glen, Dale, and Brendan erupt into celebration.

Nigel smirks and savors his drink.

NIGEL

(sotto)

Can't believe that kid did it.

Karen slinks in -- Brendan nearly tackles her.

BRENDAN

Did you hear? We did it, we passed  
the inspection!

KAREN

... Did we now? That's good.

Alexis sets them up a row of celebratory shots.

EXT. KILRONAN - DOCKS - NIGHT

Iain and Quentin wait as the Ferry refuels.

QUENTIN

You're going to have to make a lot  
of improvements to be competitive.

IAIN

We will, now that the Games and its  
revenue are well within reach, I  
expect a flood of town support.

QUENTIN

I wouldn't promise them revenue.

The FERRYMAN lowers the stepway.

IAIN

What do you mean?

QUENTIN

I've worked for the Games for  
twenty years and never in that span  
did I see anyone turn a profit.

IAIN

Then why host?

QUENTIN

Pride in their community, mostly,  
but definitely not for any profits.

Iain lets go and Quentin waddles up in to the Ferry.

INT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - NIGHT

Nigel bumps by as Iain falters in --

IAIN

What's his deal?

The Others immediately bombard Iain. He feigns excitement.

INT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - NIGHT

Karen plants a peck on Iain's cheek, who sits at the bar. She catches up to Brendan, Glen, and Dale, as they head on home.

Iain tends to his drink, but notices Tierney watching him.

IAIN

What?

Tierney wipes her snotty-nose.

IAIN (CONT'D)

... Wanna see something cool?

Tierney heads over. Iain reaches behind Tierney's ear and brings back the Irish Pound. Tierney's eyes widen in awe.

Alexis watches the magic trick from behind the bar.

IAIN (CONT'D)

Actually --

Iain fishes into his pockets and pulls out a few euro. He swaps the euros with Tierney out for the Pound.

IAIN (CONT'D)

You don't want that, take this.

TIERNEY

Look what was behind my ear, Mommy.

ALEXIS

I saw that. What do we say?

Tierney rushes off with her newfound wealth.

TIERNEY

Thank you.

Iain smiles at the joy he's brought Tierney, but it fades.

ALEXIS

What's with the face?

IAIN

Just thinking about the massive amount of work left. Like, massive.

ALEXIS

Can't do anything about it now, best to clear your mind of it.

Alexis RINGS open her REGISTER. She waves out a ten.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

Got a trick for me? I know you got a few waiting up your sleeve.

Alexis waves it under Iain's nose and gets a smile out of him. He pretends to pull-down his sleeve.

IAIN

What's longer, the circumference of the rim or the height of the glass?

ALEXIS

The rim.

IAIN

You sure? So much confidence.

Iain snatches a handful of nearby paper napkins. He lifts up his glass and stacks a few napkins under it.

IAIN (CONT'D)

How bout now?

Alexis eyeballs it.

ALEXIS

The rim still.

He stacks on a few more napkins, waits --

Alexis hesitates.

-- Iain sticks a wad of napkins under the glass.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

Now it's definitely the height.

IAIN

Nope.

Iain seizes the ten-fold. He uses it to measure the height of the glass and napkins -- roughly the euro's length.

He wraps the euro around the rim -- doesn't touch end to end.

IAIN (CONT'D)

People have terrible judgement with these sorts of things.

Alexis leans in closer to Iain.

ALEXIS

You think I have bad judgement?

IAIN

I think you catch on well enough.

ALEXIS

Up for another wager?

IAIN

Careful, I'll run you dry.

ALEXIS

What's with that coin you always carry in your pocket?

Iain brings out the Irish Pound and lays it flat.

IAIN

It's my Uncle Charlie's.

Alexis fixes Iain a free drink.

IAIN (CONT'D)

It's from the first trick he ever showed me. I was terrified he'd put a curse on me if I ever spent it.

Iain spins the coin.

IAIN (CONT'D)

I never understood, if he was the one doing the trick, why did I get the reward?

ALEXIS

Every magician needs an audience.

Iain glances over to Tierney enthralled with her euros.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
It's a fair deal, trust me.

IAIN  
Soon afterwards, my mom and I moved back to the states, and I never saw my uncle again. He didn't even come to her funeral...

Alexis places her hand over Iain's. The coin ceases to spin and topples flat.

INT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY

The Others finish the wood flooring.

Nigel and Iain oversee the work while sitting on the diminutive collapsible bleachers.

NIGEL  
Be needin' an electrician with the gymnasium's lighting grid.

IAIN  
We're almost out of money.

NIGEL  
Stadium still needin' more work, and someone to tend to the pitch, then, there's the roads --

IAIN  
-- Well, we need to raise money for the stadium, not spend more.

NIGEL  
Don't start something you don't plan on finishing.

Brendan looks up from his work.

BRENDAN  
My cousin would help us. He's a marketer, he could give us ten thousand, no questions asked.

NIGEL  
Not that I don't believe you, but no one outside the island has ever cared about Inishmore's problems.

IAIN

We can't do this alone. Not really  
in a position to turn away help.

Shannon and Lorenzo wade into the gymnasium.

IAIN (CONT'D)

Shannon? Lorenzo?

Iain jogs down the steps and embraces them.

IAIN (CONT'D)

What are you guys doing here?

SHANNON

To see you of course.

The Others look up from their work and gawk at the newcomers.

IAIN

Everybody, this is Shannon, she was  
in a few of the same foster homes,  
and her fiancé, Lorenzo.

Lorenzo touches Shannon's stomach.

LORENZO

You forgot about one more.

IAIN

Shut up. You're not?

Shannon nods. Iain hugs her; half in joy, half in shock.

NIGEL

(to the Others)

Alright, enough standing around. We  
still got a lot left to do.

The Other return to their work.

Iain catches up with Shannon and Lorenzo as they wander out.

INT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - FIRST TENANT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Shannon racks her few clothes up in the wardrobe. She feels  
the softness of the complimentary robes.

Iain sets up his bed on the floor.

SHANNON

Nice digs you got.



IAIN

What are you guys doing here?

Shannon leaves the robes to inspect the toiletries.

SHANNON

We came to see you of course.

IAIN

I thought we agreed we could only afford a ticket for one of us?

SHANNON

Yet, you're in this swanky place.

IAIN

It's just to keep up appearances, what I get for the stadium will easily cover the expenses.

Shannon sees Iain through the bathroom mirror's reflection.

SHANNON

And your little group, is that for appearances too?

IAIN

... What's wrong?

SHANNON

There's just a lot of changes for us on the horizon, I got scared we were losing you a bit.

IAIN

Trust me, I'm doing this for us. You were there for me when no one else was, I don't forget that --

SHANNON

-- we're the family we chose.

Shannon returns to the bedroom. A KNOCK on the DOOR.

Mrs. Mageen opens it with Lorenzo at her side.

MRS. MAGEEN

I found your guest taking batteries out of the remotes.

LORENZO

I was just replacing them.

MRS. MAGEEN

Of course you were.

(to Iain)

I'll send you another guest book,  
perhaps you could review the  
section on, 'added guests.'

Lorenzo struts in and admires the bedroom.

LORENZO

Sweet digs you got here.

INT. SWIMMING CENTER - DAY

A hose fills up the completed swimming pool with water.

The Others and Nigel look up and stand in a circle. A DROPLET  
falls from the ceiling and lands in the middle of them.

GLEN

Told you there was a leaky roof.

Dale hands Glen a few euros.

NIGEL

Have to have someone to repair it.

Nigel looks off and sees Iain with Shannon and Lorenzo.

Nigel marches over and tugs on Iain's arm.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

A word?

Shannon and Lorenzo look to each other with concern.

IAIN

Sure. What's up?

Nigel pulls Iain aside.

NIGEL

You made a commitment to this town  
and gallivanting with your mates  
ain't it.

IAIN

We were just catching up.

NIGEL

Now ain't the time for that. We  
don't have hands to spare.

Iain glances at the Others doing nothing except watching the leaky roof drip. Iain feigns a smile.

IAIN  
 Sorry, I was wrong to selfishly  
 detract from this work environment.

NIGEL  
 Don't need your sass neither.

Nigel storms off. Iain rejoins Shannon and Lorenzo.

SHANNON  
 You alright? He looked serious.

IAIN  
 Just Nigel being Nigel, the grouch.  
 Though, he does have a point --

Iain surveys the Others, a hodge-podge of misfits.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
 -- We desperately need more help...

BEGIN MONTAGE : (SCROUNGING UP SUPPORT)

-- COTTAGE ROAD -- Iain and the Others paint brand new addresses on the stone walls outside the houses.

The HOMEOWNER glares at them.

Iain turns to see -- Teenagers graffiti the wall nearby.

-- FOOD MARKET -- Iain brings a box of lanyards and crafts to sell but finds the whole market empty of Buyers.

-- KAREN'S KITCHEN -- Karen counts the small stack of checks.

-- ROAD -- Brendan ushers in older PEDESTRIANS into a beat-up CHEVY VAN. A sticker on the door reads: "Inishmore Bus."

Iain hands an ecstatic Brendan the keys.

-- TEA GARDEN -- Shannon observes Iain and the Others as they discuss new ideas in the tea garden.

-- KILRONAN -- Iain, Glen, and Dale plant flowers in an exposed dirt section. Mrs. Mageen ambles by.

Dale offers her flowers. She passes by without pause.

-- NIGEL'S FARM -- Iain constructs a cattle fence around Nigel's property. An irate Nigel storms back to his house.

-- ROAD -- Brendan and the Pedestrians huddle around the smoking engine of the broken-down Chevy Van.

-- CAFE -- Shannon and Lorenzo stroll past Iain and the Others drinking coffee outside. Lorenzo waves at them.

But, Iain doesn't notice... Shannon tugs Lorenzo along.

-- PISS DRUNK'S HOUSE -- Iain and the Others recycle beer bottles accrued on Piss Drunk's lawn.

Piss Drunk meanders outside and chucks out another beer can.

Iain lunges for Piss Drunk. The Others hold Iain back.

-- KAREN'S KITCHEN -- Karen counts up even less checks.

INT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - NIGHT

Iain, Nigel, and the Others drink and commiserate their defeat. Iain absentmindedly performs a magic trick with cups and napkin balls for a delighted Tierney.

IAIN

Any ideas to round up more support?

Glen and Dale leave to re-watch the Games video at the bar.

IAIN (CONT'D)

... Anyone else?

NIGEL

You still haven't earned the town's trust yet.

IAIN

How has it not happened yet? I've been here for months, fixing up their mess, and nothing.

NIGEL

And you're going to keep on trying.

Shannon and Lorenzo mosey in.

Iain sees them and hops up from his spot.

IAIN

Guys, come sit.

SHANNON

You keep hanging with your little club, we'll be on our way soon.

Shannon brings Lorenzo to the bar Alexis attends to.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
An orange juice for me.  
(to Lorenzo)  
What do you want, babe?

The nearby Games video easily distracts Lorenzo.

ALEXIS  
Men and their sports. An oil drill  
couldn't get through to them.

SHANNON  
It's like we sound like dog  
whistles... I've seen you around,  
haven't I? With Iain?

ALEXIS  
I've been to a few of his events.

SHANNON  
Are you two friends?

ALEXIS  
A bartender is everyone's friend.

SHANNON  
I didn't mean to pry. He's like a  
brother to me and I want to make  
sure you all are treating him well.

Alexis glances to Iain teaching Tierney to do a magic trick.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
Is that your daughter?

ALEXIS  
She's mine.

SHANNON  
And the father...?

ALEXIS  
Not in the picture, so I have to  
keep her around, this bar acts like  
a pre-ed for most adults, so...

SHANNON  
Must be tough without any support.

ALEXIS  
We get by. Iain's been a real help.

Iain lays his head on the table.

IAIN  
I don't know what else we can do.

BRENDAN  
At least it can't get any worse.

Robbie, out of breath, bursts in.

ROBBIE  
The rec center... it's on fire.

EXT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Everyone finds a singular wall of the gymnasium on fire.  
Black smoke juts out from the windows.

Alexis holds on to Tierney to keep her back.

KAREN/GLEN/DALE  
The gymnasium/someone call for  
help./There isn't any firefighters.

Iain looks back at the frightened and concerned faces of his  
friends... He breaks into a sprint --

-- Nigel grabs onto his arm.

NIGEL  
Kid, it's just a building...

IAIN  
I gave my word, someone once told  
me that means something.

Iain jerks out of his grip and races off.

INT. PISS DRUNK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

BANG, BANG, BANG on the DOOR. Piss Drunk opens it.

PISS DRUNK  
What you think you're doing?

Iain pushes past inside without invitation.

PISS DRUNK (CONT'D)  
Oi, this is my house.

Iain throws open the cabinets below the sink. He jettisons  
useless items and grabs a bucket.

He turns on the sink and fills the bucket.

PISS DRUNK (CONT'D)  
Are you daft or something?

Iain rummages through the cabinets. He pulls out bowls, large beer mugs, anything that can hold water.

IAIN  
Keep the sink going. Fill up as many containers as you can.

Iain seizes the water-filled bucket and bolts out.

EXT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Iain returns and dumps a bit of water on himself.

ALEXIS/SHANNON/NIGEL  
Iain don't!/It's too dangerous!/You stop this nonsense now!

Iain ignores their pleas and rams through the doors.

INT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Smoke fills the air. Visibility at a minimum. Iain squints and finds the fire burning on the wall with the light switch.

Iain dumps his whole bucket on the fire -- It does little to snuff out the fire.

EXT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Shannon witnesses a driven Iain run out for more water.

SHANNON  
Are you crazy? What are you doing?

Iain runs on past... Nigel jogs after him.

INT. PISS DRUNK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Iain tops off his bucket while Piss Drunk yells in his face.

PISS DRUNK  
Will you please explain what in high heavens is --

Nigel snatches the bucket away. Iain and Nigel stare down.

Nigel shoves another container in Iain's hand.

EXT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

More TOWNSFOLK gather to watch. They see Nigel and Iain recklessly run into the burning building.

INT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Nigel and Iain toss their water on the fire. It does little.

EXT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

They quickly run out to re-fill their buckets...

Brendan leaves to follow them.

KAREN

No, Brendan. Not you.

BRENDAN

But, I want to help.

Glen and Dale chug the drinks they've brought from the pub and jog after.

Shannon watches as Karen heads after too.

INT. PISS DRUNK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Karen mans the sink and fills container after container with water. She hands full containers to Glen and Iain.

INT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Brendan chucks the water in his carafe onto the blaze.

He heads back and nearly runs into Robbie. Robbie in turn throws the water inside his decanter.

EXT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The Townsfolk behold Iain and Dale run in as Robbie and Brendan run out. An enormous stand to put out the fire.



INT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Bucket after Bucket of water thrown.

... Their efforts weaken the fire.

EXT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Iain, Nigel, Robbie, and the Others catch their breath. Dale lies on the ground, exhausted...

Alexis claps. The Townsfolk join her in applause.

A smile etches across Iain's face.

INT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Only damp wood and walls where the fire once stood.

EXT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Lorenzo wraps his arms around Shannon.

LORENZO

That was truly something, everyone  
risking life and limb...

She studies the elation on Iain's face as he and the Others accept handshakes and gratitude from Townsfolk.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Iain and the Others recover at a table.

BRENDAN

Now what? Do we rebuild it?

IAIN

Can't imagine there'll be enough  
time. We will just have to pitch  
without the gymnasium included.

KAREN

We barely stood a chance with the  
gym, you want to pitch without it?

IAIN

What choice do we have?

Iain holds out his credit card to the passing Waitress.

WAITRESS

Your drinks were already paid for.

IAIN

... Thank you.

A COFFEE DRINKER drops off a check at their table.

COFFEE DRINKER

It's not much, but I wanted to show my appreciation for what you did.

And ANOTHER leaves a check... And ANOTHER...

EXT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Iain and Others gawk at the plethora of LABORERS as they carry out the damaged wood and material.

An ELECTRICIAN jogs up to greet them.

He shakes Iain's hand.

ELECTRICIAN

Once we clear out the debris, we'll inspect the damage and get this place's electrical grid up to code.

IAIN

How much is that going to cost us?

ELECTRICIAN

My Aunt Susie told me what you guys did. Call it a 'hero's discount.'

INT. KILRONAN - CAFE - DAY

Shannon eyes Iain and Karen sort through a mound of checks. Lorenzo looks at what Shannon is staring at.

SHANNON

Iain's not giving us the money.

LORENZO

He will, he promised you he would.

SHANNON

I'm not sure anymore.

The Confused Old Lady taps Shannon on the shoulder.

CONFUSED OLD LADY  
Are you with the Games committee?

SHANNON  
Actually, that's --

The Confused Old Lady hands Shannon a check.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
We'll do everything we can to bring  
you the Games.

CONFUSED OLD LADY  
Bless your heart.

Iain glances up and notices Shannon and Lorenzo receive a half-dozen checks from other SUPPORTERS.

INT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - FIRST TENANT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Shannon and Lorenzo lie on the bed and watch pay-per-view.

Iain paces in and rips open Lorenzo's suitcase.

SHANNON  
Have you gone insane.

Iain dumps out a dozen checks.

IAIN  
What are you doing with these?

Shannon stands up from the bed.

SHANNON  
What's it matter?

IAIN  
They're meant for the Games.

SHANNON  
No, they're supposed to be for us.  
What happened to you?

Iain searches around the room for Shannon and Lorenzo's belongings. Iain stuffs personal items in their suitcase.

Shannon follows after him.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
They're not your family. You don't  
owe them anything.

IAIN

I want you both gone. I can't have you stealing from these people.

SHANNON

Why? 'cause we remind you that you're lying to them? Some Swedish businessman. You're not some hero, you're a thief.

Shannon grabs the items from Iain, shoves them into her bag.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

I know you better than anyone, you don't steal for money, you never have, you steal to get caught --

Iain deflates...

SHANNON (CONT'D)

-- So, that you keep people from getting to know you.

IAIN

Fine, you want money? How much? Twenty? Thirty thousand?

SHANNON

You're an ass.

Shannon touches her stomach.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

... Forty thousand.

Iain's heart sinks.

IAIN

Fine.

INT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - FIRST TENANT'S ROOM - LATER

Lorenzo lifts the bags to his shoulders.

Iain RIPS Shannon off a check.

SHANNON

Remember, you broke your promise first. We were supposed to be a family, till you came here.

Iain doesn't look either in the eye.

Shannon lifts up to her toes, kisses Iain on the cheek.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
Don't ruin what you got here.

INT./EXT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - LOBBY - NIGHT

Iain observes Shannon and Lorenzo leaving through the window.

He heads to Mrs. Mageen, manning the front desk, lays his room key down.

IAIN  
I'll be checking out.

Mrs. Mageen takes back the keys.

MRS. MAGEEN  
I hoped you've enjoyed your stay.

Iain offers up a slight smile. He treks back to his room.

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)  
I'm truly sorry to see you go.

INT. SWIMMING CENTER - NIGHT

Iain sneaks in with his duffle. The pool water reflects the aqua-colored light onto the walls.

Iain surveys around and plops down his duffle onto the bleachers. He takes clothes out and creates a makeshift bed.

INT. SWIMMING CENTER - LATER

Nigel's hand shakes a sleeping Iain awake.

IAIN  
Hey, Nigel. I was working on the grout and I must've dozed off.

NIGEL  
Anyone else know you're here?

Nigel gestures for Iain to come along.

IAIN  
Where are we going?

NIGEL  
You need a place to stay or not?

Iain brooms his clothes back into his duffle. His head hangs low as he follows Nigel out.

INT. NIGEL'S FARM - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nigel flicks on the lights to his modest kitchen. A bit of dust clouds the air.

NIGEL

It ain't Mageen's or the Taj Mahal.

Iain takes it all in. His hand traces the wooden cabinets, scratched and imperfect from years of use.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

What? Ain't good enough for you?

IAIN

No, it's a great home.

Nigel grumbles and pushes past into the living room.

INT. NIGEL'S FARM - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nigel fixes up the pull-out couch.

Iain tests it out. It SQUEAKS with every slight movement. Iain lies down, his legs dangle past the bed's edge.

IAIN

Could I bother you for --

Nigel shuts off the lights and goes to bed.

Iain rolls over to face the window -- he finds Lucy right outside, staring at him. It spooks Iain upright.

Lucy trots away.

IAIN (CONT'D)

I see now why he didn't want to build a fence.

Iain lies back and closes his eyes. He hears the CLANKS and SPUTTERS of old PIPES as he attempts to sleep...

INT. NIGEL'S FARM - BATHROOM - DAY

Rusty water rains onto Iain's skin in the shower. He shrieks with disgust and irritation.

INT. NIGEL'S FARM - KITCHEN - DAY

Iain and Nigel sit together and drink their coffee.

NIGEL  
How'd you sleep?

IAIN  
... Good.

EXT. DUN AUNGHASA - DAY

Iain yawns as he holds up an outdated Video Camera labeled, "Library Property," to record.

Iain films Glen and Dale at an awe-inspiring sight, ruins built long ago on-top a cliff made even longer ago --

GLEN AND DALE TALKING HEAD

-- the camera films only a small frame.

DALE  
What are we doing this for, again?

IAIN (O.S.)  
It's for the presentation. I wanted to show them what the people here are really like.

GLEN  
Who'd want to know?

IAIN (O.S.)  
The Island Games... Anyway, how long have you lived on the island?

KAREN TALKING HEAD

KAREN  
Ten years, four months, six days.

IAIN (O.S.)  
How do you even know that?

KAREN  
Well, I came over with my mom and two sisters, and I remember swine flu all over the TV.

IAIN (O.S.)  
You should go into accounting.

BRENDAN TALKING HEAD

BRENDAN  
I'd be up for any job, really. I'm  
a problem solver, I'm hard-working.

IAIN (O.S.)  
This isn't a job interview... just  
tell them about yourself and what  
you like most about living here.

NIGEL TALKING HEAD

Nigel glowers.

NIGEL  
Yeah, I ain't doing this.

IAIN (O.S.)  
Tremendous insight as always.

NIGEL  
Piss off.

Nigel walks out on the interview.

ALEXIS AND TIERNEY TALKING HEAD

TIERNEY  
-- I like seals, and puddles in the  
roads when it rains. And the funny  
words Glen and Dale say like --

Alexis covers Tierney's mouth.

ALEXIS  
Get everything you need?

The camera zooms in on Alexis' face. Her face brightens.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
What?

IAIN  
And here's the star of Inishmore,  
ready for her debut.

ALEXIS  
You're an idiot, you know that?



INT. NIGEL'S FARM - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Iain, in bed, fidgets with the coin in his fingers.

EXT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Iain strolls around the ruins of his uncle's former home.

EXT. PITCH STADIUM - NIGHT

Brendan, Karen, Glen, and Dale perch on the top-most bleacher, unable to sleep either.

They see Iain meander onto the field, unaware of them.

IAIN

Iain gets the ball.

Iain pretends he's playing football.

IAIN (CONT'D)

He dekes one defender, then two.

Iain shoots --

The Others CHEER for his imaginary goal. Iain notices them.

IAIN (CONT'D)

Hey guys, couldn't sleep either?

GLEN

We have one more day to get ten thousand dollars. I ain't sleeping, I ain't --

BRENDAN

My cousin will get us the money.

Iain climbs the steps up towards them.

IAIN

Don't stress too much about it.

DALE

Yeah, it's only the thing keeping us from hosting the Games.

Karen slides over, and Iain sits besides her.

KAREN

What are you going to do once all this craziness is over?

IAIN

I haven't really thought about it.

Karen pats him on the leg in reassurance.

EXT. NIGEL'S FARM - NIGHT

Iain treks back. He sees a light from inside the barn.

INT. NIGEL'S FARM - BARN - NIGHT

Iain discovers Nigel with a half-empty bottle of bourbon and tears streaming down his face. He holds on to a SHEEP.

He lifts up shears -- Iain grabs his wrist.

Nigel lets go. The Shears topple to the ground.

NIGEL

He was a real jerk to go and get himself killed, didn't have the decency to say goodbye.

Iain grabs a stool and sits down beside Nigel.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

My father was a bitter man, told me everyday that I was worth nothing. Eventually, you start to believe it. I never won anything, I never did anything of value... not until Charlie asked me to be his coach.

Hearing Charlie's name, Iain stares and kicks at the ground.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

He didn't know it, but he taught me a lot. That bringing those to their absolute best was worth more than any my own achievements. Only thing that means anything to me, really.

IAIN

Yeah, he was so great he abandoned his own family.

Nigel gets up and opens a drawer in his toolbox.

He slaps down a folder on Iain's lap.

NIGEL

Here. Charlie had me keep these.

IAIN  
What are they?

NIGEL  
Adoption paper work. For you. You should know, he did try.

IAIN  
Why would you have these?

NIGEL  
Some memories are painful enough, you don't need added reminders.

Iain holds the folder like it weighs a ton.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
He cared about you a great deal.

Nigel stumbles out of the barn.

Iain opens the folder and discovers the same photo of Young Iain and Charlie in front of the former house.

EXT. PITCH FIELD - DAWN

The sunrise's light reflects off the metal stadium.

EXT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - DAY

Iain, envelope in hand, knocks on the King's Banquet front door. He peeks inside.

He moves over to the bulletin board, takes out a tack from his own pocket to hang the envelope marked, "Alexis."

ALEXIS (O.S.)  
There you are.

Alexis saunters up to Iain.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
Been looking everywhere for you.

She notices he isn't his usual charismatic self.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
Is everything okay?

IAIN  
Here. This is for you.

Iain holds out the envelope.

ALEXIS  
What is it?

Alexis rips it open to find a pre-education pamphlet.

IAIN  
I did some research, and there's a  
pre-school opening up in Doolin,  
it's a bit of trip, but at least  
Tierney wouldn't have to --

Alexis embraces Iain in the deepest of hugs.

ALEXIS  
Just when I thought you were out of  
wonderful surprises...

Iain savors the hug. They break apart.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
Come. I need to show you something.

IAIN  
What is it?

ALEXIS  
You're not the only one with tricks  
up their sleeves...

EXT. ROAD NEAR PITCH FIELD - NIGHT

Iain wavers behind Alexis as they make their way up the hill.

IAIN  
Wait. There's something I need to  
tell you about first.

ALEXIS  
Tell me later? We're almost there.

Iain quiets down.

EXT. PITCH STADIUM - NIGHT

Iain arrives to find FAIRY LIGHTS strewn across awnings and  
the Pitch Stadium like stars in the sky.

Nigel, Tierney, and the Others await Iain's arrival.

IAIN  
What's all this?

ALEXIS  
Town wouldn't be what it is without  
you. Everyone pitched in.

IAIN  
Did we get to a hundred thousand?

DALE  
Almost, Brendan's on the phone with  
his cousin right now.

Brendan, phone to his ear, gives Iain a thumbs up.

Glen and Dale raise their cups of alcohol.

GLEN AND DALE  
To Iain.

Iain forces a smile.

PLATFORM ON THE STADIUM

An IRISH BAND plays FOLK MUSIC. The Others below dance like  
they haven't in years:

- Nigel dances with Tierney standing on feet.
- Glen and Dale battle in a traditional Irish dance.
- Karen spins Iain about.

BLEACHERS

Iain plops down his weary feet to rest.

He observes Alexis running the beer chilly bin. She glances  
up and they lock eyes for a brief moment.

Nigel eases down into the seat next to Iain.

NIGEL  
If you don't go over there and ask  
her to dance, I'll smack you so  
hard your hair will turn grey.

IAIN  
You should've been a poet. Nigel.

Iain climbs up and weaves through the Others over to Alexis. She delves into the chilly bin as he nears.

ALEXIS  
Sorry, all out of 'hotty toddies.'

Nearby, Glen snickers at 'hotty toddy' while Dale frowns.

IAIN  
How about a dance instead?

Before Alexis can answer, Karen positions behind her and bumps her into Iain's arms.

ALEXIS  
I'll be back in --  
(to Iain)  
Ten minutes.

KAREN  
Take all the time you need.

Alexis grabs a hold of Iain's hand...

#### DANCE AREA

Iain leads Alexis to the middle, but fidgets, uncertain how to proceed... The MUSIC changes into a slower romantic song.

IAIN  
Do you think they do requests?

Alexis wraps her hands around Iain's shoulders/ Iain brings his hands to Alexis' waist. They sway.

ALEXIS  
Hard to believe that after all this is done with, you'll be on a plane ride back to New York.

IAIN  
I haven't quite figured that out.

ALEXIS  
If it means anything, I wouldn't mind it if you stayed...

#### BLEACHERS

Mrs. Mageen arrives and measures her way in. She scopes out the festivities; the fun on everyone's face.

Nigel notices her caught up in the atmosphere.

NIGEL

Not many parties where you're  
from... you know, down there.

Nigel points to down below.

MRS. MAGEEN

It's nice to see that things are  
looking up for you for a change.

NIGEL

It's looking up for the whole town.

MRS. MAGEEN

It would appear so...

NIGEL

It must be killing you inside.

MRS. MAGEEN

I thought it would, but no.  
Nigel... I can't help but feel --

Nigel can't help but let out a snort.

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)

Stop it.

NIGEL

... Stop what?

MRS. MAGEEN

You're laughing at my expense.

NIGEL

Sorry, just never thought I'd ever  
see you apologize for something.

MRS. MAGEEN

Oh, shove it, you old git.

NIGEL

Your apology needs work.

Mrs. Mageen huffs.

MRS. MAGEEN

Well?

NIGEL

What?

MRS. MAGEEN

Will you dance with me or not?

Nigel's knees creak as he stands up. He tugs his shirt straight, and offers Mrs. Mageen his hand.

DANCE FLOOR

The Others gape at the sight of Nigel leading Mrs. Mageen. He takes her waist and they slowly sway.

Nigel dips an elated but pleasantly surprised Mrs. Mageen.

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)

Where's that been all these years?

NIGEL

Got a new hip in ninety-eight.

They brush past Alexis and Iain.

Alexis and Iain sway, their eyes entranced with the other's.

IAIN

I think it's been ten minutes.

ALEXIS

Just shut up for once in your life.

Alexis closes her eyes, bridges the gap between them -- kisses Iain. He kisses her right on back.

Glen and Dale CHEER them on.

They break off their kiss and their foreheads touch.

Iain pulls back.

IAIN

I need to tell you something.

ALEXIS

What is it?

BRENDAN (O.S.)

-- You did so say you would!

Iain, Alexis, and the Others look at Brendan hang up and clench his phone. He goes to throw it -- and he deflates.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

My cousin is backing out of giving us the money.



GLEN

I knew it, I knew he'd weasel out.  
Your cousin is all talk.

Karen lifts Brendan's chin up.

KAREN

There's still time.

DALE

How? Everyone in town's given every  
last euro they have.

Nigel focuses on the Others' meltdown. His lack of attention  
to their dance draws the ire of Mrs. Mageen.

She pushes him off.

MRS. MAGEEN

(to Brendan)

How much do you need?

BRENDAN

Ten thousand dollars.

MRS. MAGEEN

I'll write a check in the morning.

(to Nigel)

Now, can we continue without any  
distractions?

Nigel stiffly resumes his dance with Mrs. Mageen.

The Others stand in bewilderment. They burst into excitement,  
and hug and leap on Iain.

GLEN AND DALE

Speech, speech.

Glen and Dale push a reluctant Iain away from Alexis and  
towards the Irish Band's platform.

PLATFORM ON THE STADIUM

The Irish Band yields the microphone to Iain. He takes the  
MICROPHONE and in return gets FEEDBACK.

IAIN

I don't quite have a speech ready,  
not for you guys anyway.

Iain takes in all of the supportive faces down below:

IAIN (CONT'D)  
I guess I am just thankful for all  
the effort you put in.

KAREN  
Are we going to get the Games?

IAIN  
I sure hope so.

DALE  
I say after we get the stadium away  
from that Swede, we rename it after  
Iain, Porter Stadium.

The Others root on Dale's suggestion, all except Iain.

GLEN  
I swear, if I ever meet him,  
thinking he can swindle us from  
what is rightfully ours.

DALE  
You've met him, Iain, what's the  
bloke like? A real snake?

IAIN  
Um...

GLEN  
Doesn't matter, cause I'd take a  
single Iain over a thousand Swedes.

IAIN  
Yeah... I --

Iain focuses in on the hopeful face of Tierney.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
I can't- I can't do this.

Iain takes a deep breathe and lowers his head.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
There is no guy from Sweden. I'm  
the guy who owns the stadium.

His revelation shocks everyone --

Brendan glances about the Others for answers, but none come.

Nigel shakes his head.

NIGEL

(sotto)

What did you go and do now?

ALEXIS

So the money, what everyone put in,  
was all meant for you?

IAIN

I just didn't know what else I  
could do to sell the stadium. I  
didn't know who I was hurting --

ALEXIS

Is that really all we meant to you?  
What we had in our wallets.

IAIN

No. I thought I could --

Mrs. Mageen stiffens up.

MRS. MAGEEN

-- He meant to swindle us blind.

Mrs. Mageen's straightforward words cut to Iain deep.

IAIN

... I'm so sorry. I never meant to  
hurt anyone.

Iain steps down the bleachers towards the Others.

They all look away.

IAIN (CONT'D)

Guys...

Iain reaches out for Brendan -- he jerks his shoulder away  
and storms off.

The Others and Nigel disperse.

Tierney tugs at Alexis' pants.

TIERNEY

Are we not getting a Games anymore?

Alexis glares at Iain as she picks Tierney up to leave.

ALEXIS

No. We're not.

IAIN

Wait. I can explain...

MRS. MAGEEN

I think you've said quite enough.  
Enjoy your --

Mrs. Mageen gestures to the now empty stadium.

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)

I hope it's all worth it, cause  
you won't get a cent from us.

Mrs. Mageen leaves Iain alone to his inheritance as the Fairy Lights flicker off...

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Brendan and Karen mope along the wall.

The Teenagers joke and jostle with one another as they strut up from the opposite direction.

A TEEN bumps hard into Brendan and knocks him down.

KAREN

Hey!

The Teenagers don't pay them heed.

Brendan's arm bleeds from a scrape. Karen grabs hold of him to help lift him up. Brendan shrugs her off.

EXT. KILRONAN - DOCKS - NIGHT

Glen stews on a bench. Dale brings two beers and sits down beside Glen. He hands one to Glen.

Glen takes a sip, and sloshes the liquid in his mouth.

GLEN

You feel like drinking?

Dale inspects the beer. He shakes his head no.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Yeah, me neither.

The two set their beers down at their feet.

INT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - LOBBY - NIGHT

Mrs. Mageen leans over the lobby desk. She plays with the tenant's keys in her hand.

Amelia hops up and garners pets by raking her body across Mrs. Mageen's hand and the keys. Amelia PURRS.

Mrs. Mageen pets Amelia with her other hand.

INT. ALEXIS KING'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alexis puts a tired Tierney to bed. She tucks her in.

TIERNEY

I don't want go to Grandma's. I  
want to stay with you and Iain.

ALEXIS

... I want that too.

Tears form in Alexis' eyes.

TIERNEY

What's wrong, Mommy?

Alexis wipes away the tears and smiles through them.

ALEXIS

Nothing. Now, go to sleep.

INT. NIGEL'S FARM - BARN - NIGHT

Nigel sulks and flicks on the light.

A LAMP SHATTERS O.S.

NIGEL

I swear, if you broke something --

Nigel stomps into --

INT. NIGEL'S FARM - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- finds Lucy, the sheep, trapped inside. She munches on his pull-out sofa.

Nigel grumbles at the sight.

EXT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Iain secludes himself in the ruins of his uncle's house. In his palm, he vanishes the Irish Pound -- Reappears it again.

He repeats the trick over. FOOTSTEPS O.S behind Iain.

Iain turns to see Nigel labor up to him.

Iain springs up and quickly searches around.

NIGEL

What the heck are you doing? Hey!

Iain ducks behind the fireplace.

IAIN

I don't want to fight you.

Iain and Nigel encircle the fireplace, playing cat and mouse.

NIGEL

Stop this. I'm not here to fight you, I only want to talk... and I ain't going to chase you, neither.

IAIN

You swear you're not here to fight?

NIGEL

Get out of there so we can discuss this situation, man to man.

Iain gives himself up. He comes out from around --

Nigel socks him -- Iain hits the ground holding his left eye.

IAIN

I thought you said you weren't going to do that.

NIGEL

I lied, you lied, I think we can both agree you had it coming. Now, easy does it.

Nigel offers a hand and helps Iain back up.

EXT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE - HILL EDGE - DAY

Nigel waits for Iain to recover; the stadium rests below their hill and the emerald rolling hills sprawl out further.

Iain affixes a lamb chop to his puffy red eye.

IAIN  
Where did you get this steak?

NIGEL  
It's actually a lamp chop.

Iain, nauseated at the idea, chucks it away.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
Hey! I bought that at the market.

Iain burries his head in his hands.

IAIN  
... I messed up, big time.

NIGEL  
It was only a lamb chop.

Iain glares at Nigel.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
What do you want me to say? That you can fix this? Well, you messed up. You lied, I guess it was our fault for believing it too, but you gotta make what you did right.

IAIN  
I don't think I can ever face them again after what I did.

NIGEL  
Guess you won't know till you do, but a man who doesn't own up to his mistakes will never fix them.

Nigel lurches up to his feet.

IAIN  
Nigel, what do I do?

NIGEL  
You're a smart kid, you'll figure it out. My only suggestion, try being honest for a change.

Iain chews on Nigel's words as Nigel departs. Iain reappears the Irish Pound in his hand and focuses on it.

INT. KILRONAN - KING'S BANQUET - DAY

Even in the early hours, the Others grieve together.

GLEN

Yep... Yep.

Iain pries open the door and steps inside.

Dale nods, alerting the Others to Iain's presence.

IAIN

Guys, I wanted to apologize for-  
for everything. I lied to you.

BRENDAN

You made us look like fools.

KAREN

Was anything you said the truth?

IAIN

Yes... I truly believe Inishmore  
deserves to host the Island Games.

DALE

Here he goes again. Another lie.

The Others stand, Glen slaps down a few euros. The Others walk out without another word to Iain.

ALEXIS (O.S.)

You hurt them a lot.

Iain turns to see Alexis step out from the hallway.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

We never asked anyone to fix us,  
all we needed was someone to notice  
and see what we go through. We- I  
thought you were that person.

IAIN

I want to be, tell me, how do I  
make things right again?

Iain steps toward Alexis, but she shies back. Iain stops.

ALEXIS

This town's a family, and family  
forgives. If you have to ask for  
it, then you know your answer.



INT. KILRONAN - MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Amy paws at the flashing lights on a landline phone like a game of Whac-A-Mole.

Mrs. Mageen, in Robbie's seat, stares down Iain as he tepidly takes the seat across from her.

IAIN  
Where's Robbie?

MRS. MAGEEN  
He's taken a leave of absence. He felt guilty in the part he played allowing your mess to occur.

Iain notices the numerous waiting calls on the landline.

IAIN  
Don't you need to grab those?

MRS. MAGEEN  
I'm surprised, I figured you'd be on first ferry out of here.

IAIN  
I was planning to, but someone told me a man faces his mistakes.

Iain sets the Irish Pound down in front of Mrs. Mageen.

MRS. MAGEEN  
And how do you plan on doing that?

IAIN  
By making sure you don't make a huge mistake of your own...

INT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY

The ceiling lights turn on.

A TOWN HALL MEETING:

The Townsfolk YELL, SCREAM, point fingers, verging on blows.

VARIOUS TOWNSFOLK  
Is the town going bankrupt?/I want my money back/What about the Games?/Screw the Games.

Glen, Dale, Karen, Brendan, Alexis, and even Nigel observe the absolute mess they've caused.

Mrs. Mageen BANGS the GAVEL, settles the Townsfolk fervor.

MRS. MAGEEN  
We'll get this all sorted out.

Mrs. Mageen studies the Townsfolk's faces: (FEARFUL, ANGERED, PASSIONATE), folks who care, one way or another.

ANGRY TOWNSPERSON  
How could you let this happen?

Brendan shrinks down.

FEARFUL TOWNSPERSON  
I donated a lot of money to bring  
Inishmore the Games, are you  
suggesting I won't get that back?

MRS. MAGEEN  
We will make certain every dollar --

PASSIONATE TOWNSPERSON  
How could you know that?

ANGERED TOWNSFOLK  
I say we put it to a vote. Let's  
stop these Games once and for all.

The Angered Townsperson shoots up his hand. Other Townsfolk raise their up their own hands...

EXT. KILRONAN - DOCKS - DAY

Iain waits down on the docks with his bags and checks his watch. The Ferryman lowers the stepway.

IAIN  
When does the ferry leave?

FERRYMAN  
About twenty minutes to refuel and  
then we'll shove off.

Iain stays on the docks.

FERRYMAN (CONT'D)  
You coming aboard?

IAIN  
I'm just waiting for someone.

Iain scans Kilronan for anyone.

INT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Mrs. Mageen BANGS the GAVEL, but she can't stop the momentum.

Nigel watches as all the Townsfolk raise their hands. Even, Karen, Glen, Dale, Brendan, and Alexis vote along.

Nigel sighs at their decision.

Mrs. Mageen's hand that holds the gavel shakes.

INT. KILRONAN - MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Mrs. Mageen examines the Irish Pound Iain gave her.

MRS. MAGEEN

What's this?

IAIN

A payment, of sorts.

MRS. MAGEEN

What more could you possibly want from this town?

IAIN

I want a lot for this town. There are real, honest, hard-working people here, that you won't find anywhere else, Inishmore should host the Games, they deserve to.

Mrs. Mageen's attention switches to Iain.

MRS. MAGEEN

You've spun a lot of yarn --

IAIN

-- I'm serious. I know the town won't pursue the bid for the Games if I'm in any way connected to it, so I want to give you the stadium.

MRS. MAGEEN

What's your angle in all this?

IAIN

No tricks. All you have to do is slide me back that coin, and I'll consider it bought and paid for.

MRS. MAGEEN

And you'd give up your leverage so that we can pursue some meaningless sporting event?

IAIN

Yep. It's that simple.

Mrs. Mageen stews.

IAIN (CONT'D)

My uncle always wanted to give it back to the community. It's time I finish what he started.

Mrs. Mageen sets down the coin. Iain reaches for it --

MRS. MAGEEN

-- I want Charlie's property too.

Mrs. Mageen slides the coin closer to Iain. He hesitates.

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)

I don't know what trick you're pulling, but I don't want you to have any more connection to my home for you to perch your schemes on.

Mrs. Mageen raises an eyebrow.

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)

Is that a deal, Mr. Porter?

IAIN

... deal. Let me know if you change your mind about the bid?

Mrs. Mageen scoffs as Iain takes his coin back.

INT. REC CENTER - GYMNASIUM - BACK TO THE PRESENT

The gavel drops out of Mrs. Mageen's hand and onto the floor.

MRS. MAGEEN

No. I'm sorry, but I can't.

Mrs. Mageen falters in her speech. She scopes the now silent Townsfolk.

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)

I have lived on this island all my life.

(MORE)

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)

I know this island isn't refined,  
or glamorous, but it means more to  
me than anything, because it's  
where I built my life --

Nigel nods, and urges her on.

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)

I think it's a life to be proud of.

Alexis lowers her hand --

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)

If all it takes is some dumb sports  
event to get recognition for all we  
put in everyday, then so be it --

-- Brendan, Karen, Glen and Dale lower theirs as well.

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)

-- The world deserves the chance to  
know we're here because it's our  
lives and that makes it important --

More and more Townsfolk change their votes.

MRS. MAGEEN (CONT'D)

Let's show them what Inishmore is  
truly made of.

The Townsfolk burst into cheers.

EXT. KILRONAN - DOCKS - DAY

Iain rechecks his watch. The Ferryman grows impatient.

FERRYMAN

Last call.

IAIN

Can't you wait a few more minutes?

FERRYMAN

Even if we don't ferry anyone we  
stick to the schedule, or else- --

The Ferryman spots something in the distance.

Iain swivels back around --

-- He sees Nigel... and Mrs. Mageen... and the entire Town.

Iain smirks and climbs aboard.

EXT. KILRONAN - DOCKS - DAY

The Ferryman and the CAPTAIN marvel at the plethora of Townsfolk boarding the ferry.

EXT. ISLAND FERRY - DAY

The Ferry chops through the harsh waves.

Iain hides his face as he watches Alexis play with Tierney by the ferry's rail edge.

INT. GALWAY - HOTEL - OFFICE MEETING ROOM - DAY

The HEAD GAMES OFFICIAL sits tight with two other OFFICIALS in a small meeting room surrounded by clear glass walls.

The Head Games Official checks his watch.

HEAD GAMES OFFICIAL  
Let's give them five more minutes.

MRS. MAGEEN (O.S.)  
No need. We're here.

Mrs. Mageen, Nigel, Alexis, Tierney and the Others march into the room, followed by Townsfolk until the room is full.

The Head Games Official sees through office glass the massive line of Inishmore Townsfolk arriving for the bid.

HEAD GAMES OFFICIAL  
Well, this is quite the showing.

HALLWAY

Iain watches from the back of the line.

OFFICE MEETING ROOM

The Head Games Official offers anyone the three open seats.

HEAD GAMES OFFICIAL  
Let's get started.

Nigel and Mrs. Mageen hold up their hands to cover their mouths to secretly strategize.

NIGEL  
 (whispering)  
 We don't have anything  
 prepared.

MRS. MAGEEN  
 (whispering)  
 No. We can't.

NIGEL  
 (whispering)  
 We have to.

Nigel and Mrs. Mageen uncover their faces. Nigel leans out the meeting room doorway.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
 Iain, get in here.

Iain marches past glowering looks as heads into the room.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
 It's all you.

IAIN  
 Someone else should present,  
 someone who knows Inishmore.

DALE  
 Yeah...

ALEXIS  
 That's why it has to be you.

MRS. MAGEEN  
 Just get on with it, already.

Iain reaches into his pocket.

IAIN  
 I do have something prepared.

GLEN  
 (sotto)  
 He's actually going to do a  
 freakin' magic trick.

Iain pulls out a flash drive. He hands it to Brendan.

MINUTES LATER

The lights turn off.

From the ceiling, a PROJECTOR HUMS to life, It illuminates onto meeting's room wall.

INTERCUT WITH:

## ON THE PROJECTION

- *The rolling emerald landscape, the CRASH of the WAVES. Seagulls soar near the docks.*

IAIN (V.O.)  
(Fake Irish Accent)  
Inishmore is an island of untold  
hidden treasure.

- *Glen and Dale standing by the cliffs of Dun Aunghasa.*

IAIN (V.O.)  
It may look uncultured on its  
surface, looks are often deceiving.

- *The gymnasium, the swimming pool, the pitch stadium.*

IAIN (V.O.)  
Inishmore sports state of the art  
facilities to rival even the  
biggest cities...

Nigel grimaces.

NIGEL  
(sotto)  
You got to be kidding me.

The Townsfolk, unable to be in the room, jostle to see.

- *An ocean wave on the shore. It recedes and a superimposed message remains, "Inishmore, your next Island Games Host."*

IAIN  
Can someone get the light?

The lights flick back on, but the video continues.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
Brendan, can you stop the video?

Brendan CLICKS at the laptop KEYBOARD. The video plays on:

QUICK FLASHES -- INTERVIEWS AT DUN AUNGHASA

- *Glen and Dale wrap arms around each other's shoulders.*

- *Karen's bright squinty smile.*

Iain works with Brendan to shut off the video...

HEAD GAMES OFFICIAL (O.S.)  
What's all this?



- *Nigel and Brendan read the video camera's manual.*

Iain stops and watches.

- *Alexis twirls Tierney about.*

- *Alexis brushes her the hair back from the blowing wind.*

Brendan CLICKS...

The PROJECTOR and the VIDEO END.

IAIN  
Sorry... about that.

HEAD GAMES OFFICIAL  
That was quite the impressive video presentation.

Iain shakes his head.

IAIN  
No, it wasn't. Sorry, what you just saw, that wasn't Inishmore.

Iain pulls a surprised Karen forward.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
This is Inishmore, Karen Friday.

The Head Games Official and his associates exchange a confused glance.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
She is a bedrock of a person, a bombshell, and a whiz with numbers.

HEAD GAMES OFFICIAL  
Are we talking Inishmore or this Karen person?

Iain leaves Karen and pushes Glen and Dale forward.

IAIN  
Nowhere can say the have a Glen or a Dale, a century of experience and wit between them. Nor a Brendan --

Brendan raises his hand.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
-- I've never met a more selfless passionate person in my whole life.

HEAD GAMES OFFICIAL  
That's all well and good --

Iain gazes about at Alexis...

IAIN  
-- We have the only Alexis --

At Tierney...

IAIN (CONT'D)  
-- and the only Tierney --

Mrs. Mageen lays her head on Nigel's shoulder.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
-- a Nigel and a Siobhan Mageen.  
People who taught me what it means  
to be a man, and a human being.

IAIN (CONT'D)  
You want me to show you Inishmore,  
here it is, it's not a place, it's  
the people who call it, "home."

Iain's speech leaves the Head Games Official impressed.

Dale leans over to Glen.

DALE  
I liked the video better.

INT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - BOILER ROOM - DAY

Iain wrenches a nut on the water heater firmly into place. He wipes sweat and grime from his forehead.

SUPER: "SIX MONTHS LATER"

Iain wipes his hands on a rag.

INT. MRS. MAGEEN'S B&B - LOBBY - DAY

Iain carries along his toolbox and approaches Mrs. Mageen at the front desk. Amelia sleeps soundly on the bell.

IAIN  
Heater all fixed.

MRS. MAGEEN  
What do I owe you?

IAIN

Like always, whatever is fair.

Mrs. Mageen smirks.

MRS. MAGEEN

Let me see that coin of yours.

Iain's brow furrows. He pulls out the Irish Pound.

Mrs. Mageen snatches it and hands him a KEY.

IAIN

What's this?

MRS. MAGEEN

Think of it as a payment of sorts.

Mrs. Mageen walks off.

IAIN

Hey! Give me my coin back.

Iain inspects the coin and pets Amelia with his other hand.

EXT. KILRONAN - DOCKS - DAY

Glen and Dale laze and drink on a bench.

A WORKER swaps out the town plaque with a brand new one that reads, "INISHMORE, Home of the 1968 & 2021 Island Games."

GLEN

Town's going to be flush with  
tourists soon.

Glen and Dale grumble as they sip their beers.

EXT. HOP-ON, HOP-OFF BUS - ROAD - DAY - MOVING

ROAD WORKERS fill in the pot-holes.

A double decker, open-top TOUR BUS drives by.

Riding on top, Brendan guides a tour of the Island.

BRENDAN

(mic)

Coming up is Dun Aonghasa, a pre-  
historic hill fort.

(MORE)

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

It was constructed to guard against  
all of Ireland's foes to the West  
like Iceland and... just Iceland.

EXT. KILRONAN - PRE-EDUCATION SCHOOL - DAY

The pre-school BELL RINGS and lets the KIDS out for the day.  
Tierney runs to the outstretched arms of a waiting Alexis.

EXT. PITCH STADIUM - DAY

Tierney, in a football uniform, kicks the football.

A CHILDREN'S football match plays on the pitch.

Iain arrives at his seat and brings Alexis a soda.

IAIN

They didn't have any 'hot toddie.'

Iain takes the seat on the bleachers next to her.

They watch Tierney pass the ball.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Karen crunches numbers with Robbie looking over her shoulder.

KAREN

If we stick to this budget, we  
should be able to turn a profit.

EXT. NIGEL'S FARM - NIGHT

Everyone, even Mrs. Mageen, gathers around for family dinner.  
They bask and enjoy each other's company.

GLEN

Iain, I got a boat engine that I  
need you to take a look at.

DALE

No, you don't. It works fine.

GLEN

It makes a 'CH-CH-CH' sound.

DALE

That means it's working.

Everyone laughs at Dale and Glen's bickering.

Iain checks out the happiness on Nigel's face, which brings a smile to him as well.

INT. NIGEL'S FARM - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Iain washes dishes. Nigel scrapes off dirt from his boot.

IAIN

I really enjoyed the dinner.

NIGEL

Well, it didn't cost you anything.

IAIN

Nigel, I want to thank you for believing in me, it meant a lot.

Nigel grumbles.

He grips Iain's shoulder -- he shuffles out.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Iain, Alexis, Tierney, and the Others walk home together.

BRENDAN

I am absolutely stuffed.

They arrive at the intersection.

ALEXIS

You all go on ahead. I want to show Iain something.

Dale WHISTLES a WEET WOO.

TIERNEY

I don't get it. Why can't I see what's up there?

KAREN

'Cause it's past your bedtime.

Karen holds Tierney's hand as the rest wave goodbye.

Alexis guides Iain up the intersection road.

IAIN

There's nothing down there.

ALEXIS

You'll see.

Iain blindly follow Alexis up the hill.

EXT. IAIN'S HOUSE FKA UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alexis and Iain reach the top of the hill. Iain discovers a tiny one-story HOUSE constructed where Uncle Charlie's burned down house once stood.

IAIN

Who did all this? You? Nigel?

ALEXIS

Pretty much everyone. We learned a trick or two from you.

Iain marvels at the edifice.

Iain brandishes his key and unlocks the front door.

INT. IAIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Inside, the simple furniture and items fill up the space, with much more room to grow into.

Iain meanders over to the intact fireplace. He traces his hand down and sees the chalk lines still there.

ALEXIS

I know it's not much.

IAIN

No, it's perfect --

Iain walks back over to Alexis.

IAIN (CONT'D)

-- it's home.

ALEXIS

... Guess this means you'll be sticking around.

IAIN

Who in their right mind would ever leave?

ALEXIS

Guess we can now say we have the only Iain Porter.

Iain chuckles at the thought.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
I'll let you get settled in.

IAIN  
After that, and if you're free,  
would you want to- like...

Alexis struts up nice and close to Iain.

ALEXIS  
Wow, I never seen you tongue-tied  
before. What happened to Prince  
Charming?

Alexis wraps her arms over Iain's shoulders.

IAIN  
Trust me, you can't handle --  
-- Alexis and Iain KISS...

EXT. IAIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Iain lingers in the doorway, and sees Alexis out.

ALEXIS  
See you around, neighbor.

Alexis saunters off down the hill.

Iain appears a ENGAGEMENT RING in his palm.

Iain fiddles with it and gazes out...

The stadium floodlights and lights from the houses are like  
the stars in the sky.

The ferry HORN BLARES in the distance.

Iain heads inside and closes the door...

EXT. ISLAND FERRY - NIGHT

The Doolin Ferry wades away for the night, leaving Inishmore  
and all the wonders it holds until it returns again.

FADE TO BLACK.