

PADDY'S PUB

by
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WGA registered

FADE IN

EXT. GRAVEYARD IN THE IRISH COUNTRYSIDE-DAY

A wide shot reveals a gathering of about forty mourners witnessing a burial. FATHER PATRICK is standing by a coffin offering a final prayer.

FATHER PATRICK

...ashes to ashes and dust to dust.
God bless your sweet soul Margaret
Moloney, we will miss you.

The mourners watch as DERMOT Moloney, a sturdy older man, throws a handful of dirt on the grave. His sons KIERAN and SEAN, Sean's wife MICHELLE, and their three year old son JACKIE, stand behind him. After a moment Dermot makes his way through the crowd without acknowledging the occasional pat on the back. He continues through the crowd and exits the cemetery.

EXT. VILLAGE-DAY

As Dermot exits the cemetery the entire procession follows him at a respectful distance. They make their way into town and it is apparent that this small village has fallen on hard times. The buildings, while quaint, are in poor condition. A couple of shops are out of business. The village itself is very small, made up of only a handful of buildings. Dermot proceeds to Paddy's Pub, with the rest of the pack following like an obedient herd.

EXT. PADDY'S PUB-DAY

Dermot unlocks the door and enters. The procession waits outside, uncomfortably. No one is quite certain if it is all right to enter the pub. The procession exchanges a few nervous glances. FRANKIE and FERGUS make their way to the front of the pack.

FERGUS

What do you think Frankie, is it
all right if we go in?

FRANKIE

Hold on a second there Fergus, hold
on. I don't know. But you know
how Dermot is.

CROWD
(nodding in agreement with
each other)
Yes, yes, you know ol' Dermot.

FERGUS
I'm starting to develop quite a
thirst.

FRANKIE
As am I Fergus, as am I. All
right, let me take a look.

Finally Frankie, a gregarious leader of the pack as well as a close personal friend of Dermot's takes it upon himself to stick his head in.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY MOLONEY'S-PUB

Paddy's is a beaten up local's only type of pub. Dermot has donned an apron and is busily getting the place ready for business. Frankie's head peers around the doorway.

FRANKIE
Er, Dermot, is it okay for us to
come in?

DERMOT
Sure it is, sure it is. Paddy's is
open for business, same as always.

Frankie nods outside to the crowd and they enter, still somewhat awkwardly. Dermot starts pulling pints as the crowd is finding seats and talking in hush tones amongst themselves. Frankie, a big man with a ruddy complexion who is in his late sixties, sits next to the tap at the bar.

FRANKIE
Dermot, why don't cha let me help
ya with that today? (Referring to
the various pints Dermot is already
attending to)

DERMOT
That's all right Frankie, I'll take
care of it.

FRANKIE
I'm sorry for your loss.

DERMOT
I know you are Frankie.

Kieran, Sean, Michelle, and Jackie enter the pub. They find a table and various patron's make there way over to offer their condolences. Kieran is a handsome bad boy in his mid-twenties. Sean is the more conservative older brother.

EXT. PADDY'S PUB-DAY

The exterior of the Pub is now empty. A new model Jaguar makes it's way through the quiet town and parks outside the pub. It is the only car there. MICHAEL, Dermot's younger brother steps out. He brushes off his tailored suit and opens the passenger door for VICKY, who is noticeably younger than Michael. The two are considerably more cosmopolitan than the villagers. They enter the Pub.

INT. PADDY'S PUB-DAY

Michael and Vicky enter. Dermot's sons take notice.

KIERAN
(to the table)
Well, look who decided to grace us.

Michael offers them a nod and heads for the bar.

MICHAEL
I'll take over for awhile.

DERMOT
I run the pub, that's the way it's
always been.

MICHAEL
I know Dermot, but today?

DERMOT
If I don't run it today, I'll still
have to run it tomorrow. I may
just as well run it today.

Dermot hands Michael a whisky and takes a tray of drinks over to the table occupied by his sons & daughter in law.

Michael follows him, saying hello to all he passes. Dermot sets the tray down and begins handing out drinks.

DERMOT
(to Michelle)
I didn't know what you'd be
wanting now love, I guessed a
Chardonnay.

MICHELLE
Oh thank you.

DERMOT
And a Shirley Temple for the young
man.

Jackie crinkles his nose at his grandfather.

JACKIE
We have a picture of you at our
house.

SEAN
Of course Jackie, that's your
grandfather.

JACKIE
I know.

DERMOT
I'll come and sit as soon as I get
a chance.

KIERAN
I'll help you Da'.

DERMOT
No you won't either. You've just
come home. Relax.

Dermot leaves the table to attend to the other customers.
Michael approaches the table.

MICHAEL
That's a fine lad you've got there
Sean.

SEAN

Thanks Uncle Michael. Michelle,
you remember my Uncle from our
wedding.

MICHELLE

Of course.

MICHAEL

May I say you look even lovelier
today?

KIERAN

(under his breath)

Oh jeez.

Kieran rolls his eyes to Jackie who laughs.

MICHAEL

And what about yourself young
Kieran? Might you be thinking
about settling down some time
soon?

KIERAN

I'm modeling myself after you Uncle
Mike. (Gesturing towards Vicky who
is standing uncomfortably in the
corner, alone.)

MICHAEL

I always knew you were a smart lad.
Cheers. Here's to Ireland's
prodigal sons returned.

They all clink glasses.

MICHAEL

(cont'd)

Boys, I'm terribly sorry about your
mother.

SEAN

Thank you.

MICHAEL

I'm worried about your father as
well.

Dermot is still busy attending to the customers of the pub. They've become more boisterous and less uneasy as the alcohol has made its way.

SEAN

We'd love to get him to come visit us back in the States. Help take his mind off his troubles.

MICHAEL

That's a wonderful idea Sean.

KIERAN

Da'll never leave the pub.

SEAN

The bloody pub. He's never even taken a real vacation that I know of.

MICHAEL

He and your mother went to Dingle once, for three days. They talked about that trip for decades, but they never made it back.

KIERAN

Why don't you run the pub for him for awhile?

MICHAEL

You know he'd never go for that.

KIERAN

Why not? You both own it.

MICHAEL

On paper only my boy, on paper only. Your father wouldn't let me behind that bar if the good Lord himself told him to, and you know that.

SEAN

That's true.

MICHAEL

I've got a bold idea. We've got to convince your father it's time to sell the pub.

KIERAN

For Christ's sakes, why?

MICHAEL

It's the only way to get him out. He can't need the money. He's saved every cent he's ever made.

SEAN

We can't even get him to take a vacation and you think you can get him to sell it?

MICHAEL

Not me my boy, you. You, your brother and your son, with the help of your lovely wife of course. Your son is the ace in the hole on this one you know. I might be able to plant the seed. But you'll have to close the deal.

KIERAN

(sarcastically)

Your charitable nature is to be admired Uncle Mike, but did you ever think that he need's the pub?

MICHAEL

Whatever for?

KIERAN

A reason to get up in the morning. A sense of purpose. That sort of thing.

MICHELLE

Hasn't he worked hard enough? I'd like him to get to know Jackie before it's too late. I'm only sorry that it was too late for your poor mother.

MICHAEL

Aye, may she rest in peace.

KIERAN

He likes the work. Believe me. Go try to pour yourself a glass of wine, you'll never get away with it. Michelle, I'd love to have him come to the States, see our lives. He can spill pints all over New York with me if he likes, but I don't think he'll ever do it and I suspect he'd be miserable if he did.

MICHAEL

Well, give it some thought boys.

Michael leaves the table and glad-hands someone else.

KIERAN

He just wants his half of the money.

SEAN

How much money could we be talking about? I mean look at this place.

A scan of the pub reveals its shoddy condition. Father Patrick approaches the bar and finds an opening next to Frankie and TOM. Fergus, who is obviously on his way to a few pints too many, shouts down the bar.

FERGUS

Dermot, will you please give the Father a whisky on me?

DERMOT

Certainly Fergus.

FATHER PATRICK

Shall I expect to see you tomorrow morning Fergus?

FERGUS

Oh not me Father. I'll be heading home after this one.

FATHER PATRICK
Good for you Fergus, good for you.

TOM
Does Fergus have a habit of going
to church on Mondays?

FATHER PATRICK
On Mondays or any other morning
he's recovering from too much
drink.

TOM
Oh I see.

FRANKIE
Do you think we've got the devil
himself right here in these glasses
Father?

Frankie refers to his drink.

FATHER PATRICK
Only if that's your weakness. The
devil will sit back and find your
weakness Frankie, and that's how he
gets in. Fortunately it's not my
weakness.

Father Patrick drains his drink and goes off to mingle,
bumping into ANGRY BOB as he backs away from the bar.
Frankie and Tom move off and find a spot near a window.

FATHER PATRICK
There you are Bob. Should I look
forward to seeing you in mass next
Sunday?

ANGRY BOB
Don't hold your breath Father.

Angry Bob brushes past.

FATHER PATRICK
Very well Bob, perhaps the Sunday
after that then.

Father Patrick moves off and we find Frankie and Tom by the
window.

FRANKIE

So how is business Tom?

Tom looks out the window and nods to a very run down looking bed and breakfast, visible across the street.

TOM

Not very good if you can believe
it Frankie.

Frankie looks out the window to the vacated B&B. There is not a tourist within miles of this town, and the structure of the B&B is shaky at best.

FRANKIE

Oh, well that's too bad Tom. Why
do you suppose that would be?

TOM

Frankie if I could only answer
that. All you hear is how well
tourism is doing in Ireland and yet
we can't attract a single visitor.
It's a mystery.

FRANKIE

That it is, Tom. Do you suppose
it might have something to do
with your location now?

TOM

What do you mean?

FRANKIE

Well, why did you choose to open
up a bed and breakfast here?

TOM

Because that's where our house is
Frankie.

FRANKIE

Well that's a good and sensible
reason Tom. It's just that, well,
have you ever noticed that there
aren't any other bed and breakfasts
around here.

TOM

That's perfect Frankie, no competition.

FRANKIE

(relenting)

Well, that of course is true Tom. Perhaps you're right. It's a mystery.

TOM

It is indeed Frankie.

The pub is slowly starting to empty. Kieran approaches the bar.

KIERAN

Da', there's a loose floorboard over there.

DERMOT

I know, I know, here.

Dermot reaches below the bar, pulls out an old hammer and hands it to Kieran.

KIERAN

What do you want me to do with this?

DERMOT

Hammer it back it.

KIERAN

Well, do you have a nail?

DERMOT

You don't need a new nail to do it, the old one's still in there. It comes up all the time.

KIERAN

Well, maybe if you put in a new nail it wouldn't come up.

DERMOT

Oh you're a carpenter now are ya? I thought you were studying photography.

(MORE)

DERMOT (cont'd)
Just go nail it in and I'll have a
fresh pint for ya when you return.

Kieran makes his way to the loose board and hammers it back.
The locals step aside but pay no attention to the activity,
as if it happens frequently. Michael approaches Dermot.

MICHAEL
It's wonderful to see your boys
again, eh Dermot.

DERMOT
'Tis, they're fine lads.

MICHAEL
Ah they are Dermot, they are. And
your grandson.

DERMOT
Growing up fast he is.

MICHAEL
That he is. Come and sit with me
for a moment Dermot.

DERMOT
I'd love to Michael, but the
customers.

MICHAEL
Ah Dermot, look around, they're
grand.

The remaining customers in the pub are engrossed in their own
conversations; none of them appear to be wanting anything.
Dermot reluctantly sits with his brother. There is a long
pause.

DERMOT
This is the first moment I've
stopped since she's passed. (He
looks around the pub, as if for the
first time) The world is a
different place for me now Michael,
I don't know what to make of it.

MICHAEL
Maybe it's time for a change.

DERMOT

I've had just about all the change
I care for.

MICHAEL

Dermot, I know it's going to be
hard. You've been very lucky so
far in this life. You know Maggie
loved you.

DERMOT

That she did.

MICHAEL

She'd want the best for you.

DERMOT

Where are you going with this now
Michael?

MICHAEL

Dermot, I think the time has come
to sell the pub.

DERMOT

Jaysus Michael, you picked a hell
of a time to spring that one.

MICHAEL

It's you I'm thinking about here.
I should've encouraged you to do it
earlier. You and Maggie could've
taken another trip to Dingle...

DERMOT

We've already been.

MICHAEL

Thirty years ago Dermot for
goodness sakes, thirty years ago.
Maybe the two of you could have
even flown over to the States one
time, to see your boys.

DERMOT

Maggie and I were not the type to
go hopping on some airplane flying
around the world Michael, you know
that.

(MORE)

DERMOT (cont'd)

We were more than happy enough
right here, the land of our
birth.

MICHAEL

How do you know if you've never
tried? I mean it Derm, the clock is
ticking. You've got no idea how
much time you've got left here on
God's green earth. The boys would
love to see you come to the States,
they told me so themselves.

DERMOT

So you've been talking to my boys
about it now, have ya?

MICHAEL

Yes I have and I don't mind tellin'
ya that they are much in favor of
it.

DERMOT

Really?

MICHAEL

Yes really.

DERMOT

Kieran too?

MICHAEL

Especially Kieran.

DERMOT

You know you have a habit of
stretching the truth a bit Michael.

MICHAEL

All right sure. Sean was more in
favor of it particularly on account
of the lad, but Kieran didn't mind
it a bit. He actually thought you
might miss the pub.

DERMOT

And maybe I would.

MICHAEL

And maybe you wouldn't. That's fear talking Dermot, fear of the unknown. It's time for you to get out there, live a little. Do you know how much pubs are selling for now a days? A pub just sold outside of Dublin for 1 million euros.

DERMOT

Ah, now we're getting to the heart of it, you want your half of the money.

MICHAEL

That's not what this is about at all, but I'm certainly entitled to it.

DERMOT

That you are Michael, that you are. But we are not right outside of Dublin. We're not right outside of anything. We're here, right here. And if you think we are going to get that kind of money for this place, I think you've had too much whiskey.

MICHAEL

Well we certainly won't know until we try Dermot.

DERMOT

A million euros? Michael you're mad.

MICHAEL

No Dermot, I'm hopeful. I'm even optimistic. That's how you get somewhere in this life Derm, you keep positive.

DERMOT

You sound like some new self-help guru, you ought to write a book.

MICHAEL

Tease all you like Dermot, but who would've figured someone like myself would make it all the way to Parliament? I wasn't even able to attend University, but I stayed positive.

DERMOT

Your success has never surprised me Michael.

MICHAEL

Thank you Dermot, you've always been a supportive Brother.
(Michael finishes his drink) It's time Vicky and I head back. Think about what I said Dermot, really think about it. And stay positive, trust me on this one.

Michael gets up to leave. Vicky has been waiting patiently at the door. They all exchange pleasantries and Michael and Vicky exit.

INT. PADDY'S PUB-NIGHT

The pub is now emptying with Fergus the last to stagger out. Dermot sweeps up, collects glasses, and stops occasionally for a good glance around.

CUT TO:

EXT. B&B-MORNING

A taxi is out front and Sean, Michelle and Jackie are preparing to leave. Dermot and Kieran are there to see them off. After Sean and his family are inside the car, Dermot sticks his head in for one last good-bye.

JACKIE

Aren't you coming Grandpa?

DERMOT

What? Oh no Jackie, I've got to stay here.

JACKIE

Why?

DERMOT

Well, I've got to run the pub.

JACKIE

Why?

SEAN

All right Jackie, we'll explain it on our way.

Dermot pulls his head out from the window and the taxi pulls off, leaving Dermot and Kieran waving good bye.

DERMOT

Well Kieran, I suppose that leaves just us bachelors.

Dermot and Kieran head back to the apartment behind Paddy's Pub.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. TOM AND BRENDA MOONEY'S B&B- MORNING

Tom is descending the stairs in his nightclothes. BRENDA is scurrying around the dining room table and then hustles back into the kitchen. She is preparing breakfast, an impressive spread, only no one is at the B&B except for Tom.

TOM

(bewildered)

Morning Brenda.

BRENDA

Morning Tom.

TOM

What is it that you're busying yourself with this morning?

BRENDA

Breakfast isn't exactly going to prepare itself now Tom.

TOM

That's true, that's true. But
Brenda. There's nobody here 'cept
you and me.

BRENDA

(finally slowing down)
I know Tom. It's just that...it
was so nice having Sean and his
family here for those few days. It
was like we were actually doing it,
running a bed and breakfast.

TOM

But we are doing it. We are
running a B&B.

BRENDA

Outside of Sean and his family, we
haven't had a single customer all
year. I'd rather not have to wait
for someone else to die before we
get our next one.

TOM

Well what would you like me to do
about it?

BRENDA

You could fix that sign out front
for starters.

A view out the front window reveals a sign hanging awkwardly
from a single eyelet.

TOM

I'll get right to it, after
breakfast.

BRENDA

You've been saying that for six
months.

TOM

Brenda really. Do you think the
sign is the cause of all our
troubles?

BRENDA

Well I won't know until it's fixed.

TOM

After breakfast.

Brenda pulls the breakfast away from Tom and they engage in a stare down. Tom gives in, pushes away from the table and heads for the door. He throws on a jacket over his nightclothes and exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE STREET-MORNING

Dermot is riding his bicycle through the small village carrying a somewhat used "for sale" sign. He rides past the church and we see a humble Fergus exiting. Father Patrick walks out a few seconds later and gives him a wave, shaking his head. As Dermot rides by people call out to him, offering condolences and well wishes. Dermot arrives at the pub. Leaving the sign outside he enters only to return with a hammer and four mismatched nails. He hangs the sign prominently and re-enters the pub. Tom watches from the lawn of his B&B across the street.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY'S PUB.

The pub begins to fill, Frankie has taken his regular spot near the tap.

FRANKIE

Dermot, I couldn't help but notice the sign out front.

Men order their rounds in and out of Frankie and Dermot's conversation.

DERMOT

Yes Frankie. Michael feels the time has come to sell the pub.

FRANKIE

He does now does he? Funny, I haven't seen him around all that much.

DERMOT

Well, he's got more important things to attend to up in Dublin.

FRANKIE

I'm certain that he has. I got a good look at that new girlfriend of his for starters.

DERMOT

Easy now Frankie, that's my brother you're talking about.

FRANKIE

That he is Dermot, that he is. If you do sell, what're you going to do with yourself?

DERMOT

I don't know the answer to that one Frankie. Michael was suggesting I go visit America. See for myself how my sons are doing.

FRANKIE

That would be nice for you now.

DERMOT

Perhaps it would.

MICHAEL

I'd just hate, I mean I'm sure we'd all hate to see the place change too much.

The crowd quickly concurs. Men continue ordering drinks and paying for rounds. Frankie takes a good gander around the place noticing its lack of TLC.

FRANKIE

Tell me Derm, (interrupting a drink order) what does Michael suppose this place is worth?

DERMOT

(settling up with another customer)

That'll be fourteen euro's.

FRANKIE

(loud enough for all to
hear)

Fourteen euros does he? That
sounds a little high, would he take
twelve?

The men give a hearty laugh.

DERMOT

Ah, nice to see old age hasn't
robbed you of your sense of humor
Frankie. Michael is under the
impression that this place might be
worth, in the range of a million
euros.

The pub falls dead silent. After a long pause the entire pub
erupts in laughter. Shouts of "a million euros" are
sprinkled between laughter and conversation. After a while
men go back to their various conversations with a sense of
relief.

FRANKIE

Ah Dermot, I must say that's quite
a relief. I would hate to lose
you.

DERMOT

I don't blame you for laughing
Frankie, but Michael is a smart
man. He may know something that we
don't.

FRANKIE

That he may Dermot. But who in
this town is going to come up with
that kind of money?

DERMOT

I don't know, but Michael wants me
to stay positive.

FRANKIE

Imagine if you could get that kind
of money Dermot, what would you do
with yourself?

Dermot just shakes his head and shrugs his shoulders at the question.

CUT TO:

INT. DERMOT'S APARTMENT ABOVE THE BAR-LATE AT NIGHT

Dermot's apartment is what you'd expect your grandmother's apartment to be. Old, clean and simple. Two bedrooms and the place where he raised his boys.

DERMOT
Your brother left this video
behind.

KIERAN
That's for you Da'. It's pictures
of Jackie.

Dermot pops the tape in. Images of Jackie come up on the screen, running around his yard. Shots of Sean playing with Jackie. Kieran notices it having a subtle but noticeable effect on Dermot.

KIERAN
Have you thought at all of coming
to the States Da'?

DERMOT
Oh, I can see your Uncle's logic
has gotten to ya'.

KIERAN
I'm just talking about a visit.

DERMOT
I don't want to be disrupting
anybody's lives.

KIERAN
Are you kidding, we'd all love to
see you there.

DERMOT
And what about the pub?

KIERAN
What about it? It'll still be here
when you get back.

DERMOT

What if I don't like running it after I've been away? It might seem simple to you, but not to me. It's a business. It's been my life. I've never looked at running the pub as a job. It's something I do. I enjoy it. I've never once dreaded opening it up. I wouldn't say it's been my dream or anything, but it is what I do.

CUT TO:

EXT. PADDY'S PUB-LATE NIGHT

You can see the flickering light from Dermot's window. The rest of the village is dark.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. GRAVEYARD-MORNING

Dermot affectionately attends Maggie's grave, then sits on a bench facing her grave.

DERMOT

Life is getting awfully confusing without you Maggie. Michael's after me to sell the pub, and I think he means it. The boys are off in America. You should see Sean with that baby. I don't know what I'd do with myself without the pub. I'm not about to go traveling about the country. I'm certain Dingle is not the same as we left it, and I'd like to remember it that way. I wish you were here Maggie, you'd figure a way, you always could.

The wind kicks up. Various debris blows. From over head we see a small piece of paper floating down, tumbling, straight towards Dermot. The paper lands in his hand. He examines it and we see it is a discarded raffle ticket. After a beat, a smile comes to his face.

DERMOT
Thanks Maggie.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. PADDY'S PUB-EARLY EVENING

The "for sale" sign is noticeably more faded than the last we saw it. One of the nails has come out of it leaving it crooked.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY'S PUB

The regular crowd of fifteen or so are there. Dermot is busying himself behind the bar with some type of metal contraption that rotates. He is also hanging up a graph. The men in the pub eye him with a comedic curiosity.

FRANKIE
Dermot, may I have another pint?

DERMOT
(still busy with his
paraphernalia)
Certainly, get it yourself, if you
don't mind.

Frankie surprised, looks around the pub at the other men who are equally surprised. Frankie reaches over the bar and pulls himself another pint.

FRANKIE
Dermot, I've been coming here for
more years than I care to count,
and have always received wonderful
service. But I must say, if my
recollection serves me, this is the
first time that I've been allowed
to pour my own pint.

DERMOT
Well Frankie we just wanted to make
sure you were good and ready before
we bestowed such an honor on you.

FERGUS

What is it that you're busying
yourself with over there?

DERMOT

Well, I have Frankie to thank for
this.

FRANKIE

Is that right?

DERMOT

When I told you the price Michael
hoped to get for the pub...

FRANKIE

Oh I had a good laugh over that
one.

DERMOT

That you did Frankie, that you did.
But you also made an intelligent
observation.

FRANKIE

Did I?

DERMOT

Trust me Frankie, I was just as
surprised as the next man. But
you said who, in this area, would
be able to come up with that kind
of money?

FRANKIE

That I did. And I still stand
by it.

DERMOT

Well, of course you're right. No
one here has that kind of money,
and to be quite honest with you, I
question Michael's belief in what
this pub is worth.

FRANKIE

I'm glad to see you're coming to
your senses Dermot.

DERMOT

So I thought, what if you didn't have to pay for the whole thing yourself? What if everybody pitched in?

FERGUS

You mean that we'd all own the pub together?

DERMOT

No, that would never work. But what if you could buy the pub for lets say, five euros?

FRANKIE

Well, that still may be three too many, but go on.

The bar patrons laugh.

DERMOT

What if you could buy it for five euro's, but Michael and I can still get our million euro's?

FRANKIE

And I suppose it'd be the leprechauns making up the difference there Dermot?

Dermot presents his raffle machine.

DERMOT

I'm going to raffle the pub off. Five euro's a ticket. In six months or so, we'll pull out a winner. Now if in six months we haven't collected at least a million euro's we'll cancel the raffle and everybody will get their money back.

The crowd stands around the bar somewhat stunned and a little confused.

FRANKIE

Brilliant plan Dermot, brilliant.

DERMOT

Thank you.

FRANKIE

There's just one little flaw.

DERMOT

And what would that be now Frankie?

FRANKIE

Which one of these blokes do you think, is going to spend five euro's on a raffle ticket, when he can use that same five euro's to buy his friends a couple more pints?

A tracking shot of the available patrons seems to confirm Frankie's thesis. But now that they're all at the bar, they begin ordering rapidly.

PATRON 1

Two more pints over here if you would...

PATRON 2

A couple more for us Dermot...

Dermot busily attends to their orders. Tom, Fergus, and a few others at the far end of the bar have been trying to get Dermot's attention for some time.

TOM

Five of those raffle tickets down here Dermot, if you don't mind.

The pub goes quiet. Dermot quickly hustles over to him.

DERMOT

Yes sir, Tom. How many was it? Five?

TOM

I'm kiddin' ya Derm, make it 5 pints instead.

The pub erupts in laughter.

PATRON ONE

We'll take two raffle tickets over here...

PATRON TWO

...and five more tickets over here if you please...

The men in the pub continue to laugh as none are really interested in buying raffle tickets. Frankie shakes his head, and returns to reading his "Irish Times" newspaper.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY'S PUB-LATER THAT SAME EVENING.

Most of the crowd has left. Frankie is getting ready to leave.

FRANKIE

Do me a favor Dermot, don't tell anybody, but I'll take one of those raffle tickets.

Frankie hands Dermot the five euro's and is given his ticket. Dermot puts the first notch up on his graph.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD-NIGHT

Dermot is alone, back at Maggie's grave.

DERMOT

Well Maggie, we've sold the first raffle ticket, but I don't know. It doesn't seem as if our patrons are interested in that sort of thing. I'm not giving up, mind ya', but it may take quite awhile to sell enough tickets.

The breeze has been steady throughout the moon lit scene. A page from a newspaper floats down from above and lands in Dermot's lap. He picks it up and we see it is an advertisement page in "The Irish Times".

DERMOT (CONT'D)

Ah Maggie, there never was any quit
in you.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAITLIN'S HOME-DAY

CAITLIN, a pretty women in her early twenties, is painting in
her garden. Kieran approaches.

KIERAN

Hello Caitlin.

CAITLIN

Kieran. I am awfully sorry about
your mother.

KIERAN

Thank you.

CAITLIN

I'm afraid my sister Clara has gone
off to London.

KIERAN

Yes, I've heard. I actually didn't
stop by to see her.

CAITLIN

(stops painting)
You didn't?

KIERAN

No. I thought it might be nice to
have a visit with you.

CAITLIN

(returns to her painting,
with a coy smile)
With me?

KIERAN

Yes.

CAITLIN

Hmm, that's funny.

KIERAN

What's funny?

CAITLIN

Well, when we were younger, Clara is the one you asked out to date.

KIERAN

Well, that's true.

CAITLIN

And now that Clara is unavailable, you've decided it suits you to call on me?

KIERAN

Well, it's not exactly like that Caitlin.

CAITLIN

It isn't?

KIERAN

No. First of all, when Clara and I dated we were only children.

CAITLIN

And you're all grown up now Kieran?

KIERAN

No, well yes, I'm grown up now.

CAITLIN

And what are you doing with yourself, now that you're all grown up?

KIERAN

I'm living in New York, and I've decided to study photography.

CAITLIN

Photography now is it?

KIERAN

Yes.

CAITLIN

I thought it was acting.

KIERAN

Well I did take some acting lessons, but I decided it wasn't for me. How about yourself? I see you're still painting.

CAITLIN

I'm just about to graduate with a fine arts degree. I have an art teaching position lined up for next year.

KIERAN

Wow, for next year already?

CAITLIN

Yes.

KIERAN

Here in Ireland?

CAITLIN

Here in Ireland.

KIERAN

Hmmm. Do you ever feel like you'd like to get out and see the world a little?

CAITLIN

I suppose everyone feels that to some extent, but my time for traveling will come.

KIERAN

Why don't you come and visit me in New York?

CAITLIN

(shocked)
Just like that?

KIERAN

Sure, before your teaching job begins.

CAITLIN

I don't think so Kieran.

KIERAN

Why not?

CAITLIN

Where would I stay?

KIERAN

With me...with one of my
girlfrien...with one of my friends.
I'd find you a place to stay, no
worries.

CAITLIN

I don't think so. That sounds more
like Clara. Perhaps you would like
to invite her. I'll get you her
address in London.

KIERAN

Caitlin, it's you that I'm asking.

CAITLIN

I still don't understand that.

KIERAN

Even way back then, when I asked
Clara out, it was you I that wanted
to date.

CAITLIN

(fierently painting)
Well, that doesn't make any sense.

KIERAN

I was only sixteen. I came over
here to ask you out, but when I got
here...

CAITLIN

You changed your mind?

KIERAN

No, not at all...It's just that...
you can be kind of hard to talk to.

CAITLIN

Hard?

KIERAN

Yes, certainly someone has mentioned this to you before.

CAITLIN

(slightly offended)

No, you're the first.

KIERAN

Really?

CAITLIN

Maybe common manners has stopped others from being as forward.

KIERAN

Well, I don't mean hard so much as...well...Clara...

CAITLIN

Clara?

KIERAN

Yes, she can be easy to talk to.

CAITLIN

I'll get you her address.

KIERAN

No, no, no, that's not what I mean. Agh. By any chance, were you planning on going to the pub tonight?

CAITLIN

The pub?

KIERAN

Yeah.

CAITLIN

By myself? Are you under the impression that I just head over to the pub on some kind of regular basis all by myself?

KIERAN

Well no I mean, why don't I come over and pick you up?

CAITLIN

Come over and pick me up? Kieran,
is this how you asked Clara out?

KIERAN

All right wait, let me...okay.
Caitlin?

CAITLIN

Yes?

KIERAN

Would you care to join me this
evening for a cocktail at the Pub?

CAITLIN

I'm afraid I can't make it tonight.

Caitlin gathers her art supplies and heads into her home. We
can see her smiling, Kieran can not. He watches her
bewildered.

CUT TO:

INT. DUBLIN PUB-AFTERNOON

CU of an advertisement in the Irish Times. It is for a
raffle ticket for Paddy's Pub. Pull back reveals that we are
not in Paddy's Pub, but a trendy Pub in Dublin, frequented by
twenty-somethings. The young man who was reading the
advertisement elbows his friend, who also takes an interest.

INT. COUNTRY PUB-NIGHT

In a pub similar to Paddy's, a few older men have come across
the advertisement and are huddled around it.

INT. PADDY'S PUB

The regulars are there. Dermot is on the phone, as he
simultaneously is reading "The Irish Times".

DERMOT

No offers yet, Michael, no offers
yet...well, of course I've put up
a sign, you should see it yourself.

(MORE)

DERMOT (cont'd)
Right out front...I am thinking
positive...don't worry, I've still
got a couple of ideas left.

Dermot puts down his newspaper revealing an advertisement for
the raffle tickets.

FRANKIE
(noticing the paper)
Now what would this be here Dermot?

DERMOT
It's an advertisement for the
raffle tickets.

FRANKIE
Well I can see that Dermot, a
half page one no less. It's a
shame, throwing good money away
like that.

DERMOT
We'll see Frankie, we'll see.

Kieran approaches the bar, carrying his camera.

FRANKIE
Kieran my boy, I thought you'd gone
back to America.

KIERAN
I'll be here a while longer.
Working on my portfolio. Get some
pictures of the old country, you
know?

Dermot arrives with drinks for all of them.

DERMOT
Here you are gentlemen.

FRANKIE
Well it will be good to have you
back. You should pay a visit to my
niece Caitlin, she's always had an
eye out for you.

KIERAN
Did she tell you that?

FRANKIE

She wouldn't need to tell me my boy, a blind man could see it.

DERMOT

I've always known.

KIERAN

Always? I was over there earlier and she didn't seem interested in my company at all.

DERMOT

Of course she wasn't.

KIERAN

Of course she wasn't?

FRANKIE

Oh Kieran, I'm afraid like most men, you have no intuition when it comes to women.

DERMOT

He never has.

KIERAN

It may surprise you to know that I do pretty well with women, always have.

FRANKIE

Ah, but this is different Kieran.

DERMOT

A girl like Caitlin isn't going to fall for your good looks.

FRANKIE

No Kieran, she wants you to woo her. And she is going to make you pay...

DERMOT

Ay, on account of your dating her sister.

KIERAN

We were just kids. I took her out
that one night and that was it.

FRANKIE

That's all it takes Kieran. But
you'll win her back, you'll just
have to work a little harder.

OWEN, the postman, enters the pub and walks straight to the
bar holding a large handful of mail.

OWEN

Dermot, your didn't pick up your
mail today, it really stacked up.

Owen places the large stack of letters on the bar. Everyone
in the bar is curious. Dermot picks it up.

DERMOT

All this for me Owen?

OWEN

That it is Dermot, I'll have a
pint.

Dermot thumbs through the stack, a close up reveals most of
the letters are from Dublin. After attending to Owen's pint,
Dermot opens one up.

FRANKIE

What is it Dermot?

DERMOT

They want raffle tickets, from
Dublin. They must all want raffle
tickets.

Angry Bob shoots Owen a dirty look.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE-MORNING

Kieran, camera in hand is walking through the village taking
pictures. He catches Fergus exiting the church again with
Father Patrick standing out front. Brenda is in front of the
B&B wedding, which seems futile, with the rest of the B&B
being in such shabby condition.

Tom comes out the front door and Kieran gets a picture of the two of them in front of their establishment. Dermot has a broom and is sweeping the front sidewalk of the pub. Kieran takes his picture. Kieran picks up his suit case, hugs his father and begins walking to the bus stop on the other end of the street. The bus comes, picks up Kieran and heads off. As the bus passes Caitlin's home she comes to the door and gives a wave.

CUT TO:

EXT. PADDY'S PUB-DAYTIME

Frankie, Tom and Fergus are approaching the pub. There is a PHOTOGRAPHER and a newspaper REPORTER interviewing Dermot outside the pub, with their car parked out front waiting. Dermot has puffed himself out proudly for his picture to be taken.

TOM

Now what do you suppose this is
all about?

FRANKIE

I don't know Tom.

The three men, mildly bewildered, approach the scene.

REPORTER

We're doing a story on your friend
Dermot here.

TOM

Whatever for?

REPORTER

Whatever for? (laughs) Raffling off
the pub of course. Tell me, have
you purchased a ticket?

TOM

Not as of yet.

REPORTER

Well do you plan to?

TOM

I'm not sure.

FRANKIE
(seizing the moment for
his friend Dermot)
Of course he's going to buy a
ticket, aren't ya Tom?

Frankie puts his arm around Tom.

TOM
Am I?

FRANKIE
Sure you are. That's why we were
walking along here just now. The
three of us would like to purchase
raffle tickets.

FERGUS
We do?

FRANKIE
That's right.

FERGUS
(earnestly)
Well does a pint come with it?

The men laugh, the Newspapermen think Fergus is kidding, the
others know better.

FRANKIE
C'mon Dermot, that'd be three
tickets. Don't hold out on us
now.

DERMOT
(coming to)
Right, three tickets. I'll get
them right away.

FRANKIE
Ya better make that five Dermot.
I'm sure the gentlemen from the
newspaper want to get in on this.

REPORTER/PHOTOGRAPHER
Sure, sure why not.

Dermot runs inside to get the tickets. Frankie feels very proud of himself while the others are not quite sure what happened. Dermot returns with the tickets.

DERMOT

That'll be five euro's each.

Dermot hands out the tickets. The reporter and photographer quickly retrieve their money. Fergus and Tom absentmindedly dig for theirs.

FRANKIE

Now Fergus, you owe me a pint from last night.

FERGUS

I do?

FRANKIE

You do, not that I expected you to remember. And as I've forgotten my wallet, you'll have to cover for me as well, and we'll call it even.

FERGUS

We will?

DERMOT

That'll be ten euro's Fergus.

Fergus hands the money to Dermot, still not sure of what has transpired.

REPORTER

Let's get a picture of them outside the pub with their new raffle tickets.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Right, right.

The three men gather around Dermot holding up their newly purchased raffle tickets.

CAMERA FLASH. FREEZE FRAME OF THE MEN.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S HOME-NEXT MORNING

Picture of Dermot and friends is full frame in the newspaper, matching the previous scene. The newspaper is put down revealing Vicky (Michael's girlfriend).

VICKY

Michael, you're not going to believe this. It's your brother, he's in the Newspaper.

Michael enters, still tying his tie.

MICHAEL

What?

VICKY

Take a look.

Michael picks up the paper.

MICHAEL

Why ol' Dermot. I didn't know you had it in you.

Michael claps his hands and prepares to exit.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This just may do the trick, this just may do the trick. I've got to get to the office Honey.

VICKY

But it's Sunday.

Michael leaves. As he exits his home through the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM AND BRENDA'S B&B

Tom comes through his bedroom door, match cutting Michael's exit from the previous scene. The phone is ringing. Tom is rubbing his head. He is dressed in his Sunday best. As Tom comes downstairs Brenda is just finishing up on the phone.

TOM

Brenda, who has been calling us all morning, at such an early hour no less?

BRENDA

Tom it's wonderful news, wonderful news. We're booked solid for next weekend.

TOM

All three rooms?

BRENDA

All three rooms.

TOM

Whatever for?

BRENDA

This, can you believe it?

Brenda hands Tom the newspaper; he sees the story of Dermot's pub as well as the picture he's in.

TOM

I don't get it Brenda?

BRENDA

You promised as soon as we got some business you'd paint the outside of the house.

TOM

I did?

BRENDA

You did.

TOM

Very well Brenda you're right. As soon as breakfast is over I'll order the paint.

BRENDA

I already have.

TOM

Already have what?

BRENDA

Ordered the paint.

Knock on the door.

TOM
Now who could that be?

Tom answers the door to find the paint delivery on his doorstep.

CUT TO:

EXT. B&B -MORNING

Tom signs for the delivery and the delivery man leaves. Tom steps out to the front of the house and surveys his task. A shot of the exterior condition of the house reveals a very large task indeed. Brenda steps out to look as well, full of optimism.

TOM
I don't know Brenda, it's an
awfully big job for me alone.

At this point we see Fergus strolling by after his ritual morning meeting with Father Patrick.

BRENDA
Fergus, have you had breakfast yet?

FERGUS
(surprised by the
question)
Why no Brenda, I haven't.

BRENDA
Well c'mon up.

Tom gives Brenda an inquisitive look, which she ignores, Fergus is just happy for the invitation.

CUT TO:

INT. B&B -MORNING

Tom and Fergus are sitting in front of the now customary enormous breakfast spread out on the table. Fergus is surprised by the quantity of food.

FERGUS
(regarding the food)
Who were you expecting?

TOM
Just you Fergus.

Fergus is flattered.

BRENDA
Are you interested in earning some
extra money Fergus?

FERGUS
I could always use a little extra.

BRENDA
Would you like to help Tom paint
the house?

FERGUS
(surprised)
Well I used to do quite a bit of
house painting when I was younger.

BRENDA
I'll make you breakfast and lunch
as well as pay you forty euro's a
day.

TOM
Forty euro's?

BRENDA
You've got to spend money to make
money Tom.

FERGUS
Forty euro's?

BRENDA
Forty euro's. You'll start today.

TOM
But it's Sunday.

BRENDA
We have a full house coming on
Friday, and I want the place
looking presentable by then.

TOM
I think it might be a sin.

BRENDA

I'll say a prayer for the both of
ya'.

FERGUS

Those could be some long workdays.

BRENDA

You're right Fergus, and if you're
not up to it, I'll find someone
else.

FERGUS

No, no, I'm up for it all right.

BRENDA

Good. Now I've got to get to mass.

Brenda quickly clears the table taking full plates from in
front of them, much to their surprise.

EXT. DUBLIN, STREET-MORNING

Michael is walking along the street on a mission. He walks
straight past a trendy Cappuccino shop. Stops. Back tracks.
Sees something in the window and enters.

INT. CAPPACHINO SHOP-MORNING

The shop is populated with yuppies. Michael moves through
the crowd and notices many of them reading the newspaper
story about the pub. As he moves he catches the occasional
bit of conversation.

PATRON 1

...wouldn't that be great...

PATRON 2

...I've always wanted to own a
pub...

PATRON 3

...we should do a day trip...

PATRON 4

...maybe stay the weekend...

Michael can not believe it as he backs up against the counter.

COUNTER PERSON
May I help you?

MICHAEL
Coffee please. Actually, make that
a cappachino.

CUT TO:

EXT. B&B-MORNING.

Tom and Fergus are out painting in their good clothes. Jackets are off, sleeves are rolled up. They look like they've already been at it for awhile, scraping and working up a sweat. The phone rings. Tom puts down his scraper and goes inside to answer it.

INT. B&B-MORNING

TOM
(picking up the phone)
Hello?...no I'm afraid we're all
booked solid this weekend....Next
weekend?...well I suppose we'll
have room by then if you'd like to
come...you would, what ever for?...
To take a look at the pub you say.
(TOM LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW TOWARDS
THE PUB) Well I'm looking at it
right now, and I must say, it's not
all that much to look at...Well I
better take your name and number
and my wife will call you when she
gets back from mass.

Being new to reservations Tom has to look long and hard before he finds either pen or paper. He then takes down the information.

CUT TO:

EXT. B&B-MORNING

Tom and Fergus are still hard at work. Mass has let out and the locals are streaming by, with smiles and laughs at the sight of the older men painting in their Sunday clothes. Brenda walks back to the house, happier than ever.

TOM

A couple called and wanted to reserve a room for the following weekend. I left their number.

BRENDA

That will fill us up for the following weekend too.

TOM

It will?

BRENDA

Isn't it wonderful?

Tom, seeing how happy Brenda is can't help but feel some happiness for his wife.

TOM

It's grand, Brenda, it's grand.

Frankie and Dermot have come strolling along at this point.

FRANKIE

We missed you boys at mass this morning.

TOM

Aye, I'm doing my penance as we speak Frankie.

DERMOT

And what exactly is this all about Tom?

TOM

Be careful what you say Dermot, this is all your doing.

DERMOT

My doing?

TOM

You and that fool newspaper.
Because of that story, we're booked
solid for the next two weeks.

Brenda exits the house with tea for all.

BRENDA

Isn't it wonderful news? (turning
toward Dermot) And I could just
give you a kiss.

Brenda kisses a surprised Dermot.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Are you interested in making a few
extra euros for yourself Frankie?

FRANKIE

What? Oh no Brenda, thank you.
I'm grand right here watching.
(laughs)

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. B&B-EARLY EVENING

All the lights are on in the B&B with a couple of new cars
parked out front. Fergus and Frankie are walking up the
street, and take notice as they enter Paddy's.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY'S PUB-NIGHT

The guests from the B&B are sitting at the bar, filling the
area usually occupied by Frankie, Fergus and Tom.

FERGUS

Would you look at this?

Brenda and Tom enter behind them.

FRANKIE

You've got quite a crowd tonight
Brenda.

BRENDA
(all smiles)
Indeed I do.

Tom rolls his eyes. The group finds a table near a window looking back towards their B&B.

FRANKIE
I believe we were sitting in this very spot Tom, when we spoke of the troubles your business was having.

TOM
It turns out those were the good old days Frankie.

BRENDA
Tom!

Frankie motions through the window towards the B&B. We see the same point of view we saw earlier, when the B&B was in shabby condition and see great improvement. Not done yet but on the way, with hints of the work stashed to the side of the house, paint cans, etc.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
It was long over due, and we're not done yet.

FERGUS
Still quite a bit of work to do if you ask me.

BRENDA
You're right Fergus. Once we've finished the outside, there is still the inside.

At this Tom rolls his eyes, Frankie grins and there is a new liaison between Fergus and Brenda. Dermot has arrived with their drinks. As Frankie goes to pay for it Fergus stops him.

FERGUS
Oh I'll take care of that Frankie.

FRANKIE
(surprised)
Well I'll say, changes are taking
place everywhere.

Michael enters the pub.

BRENDA
'Tis himself.

FRANKIE
To what do we owe the honor?

MICHAEL
Is it so unusual for a man to
come back to his hometown to see
his friends and his brother?

FRANKIE
Yes, in this case I think it is.

Dermot spots Michael across the room.

Michael pulls out a copy of "The Irish Times" with Dermot's
picture.

MICHAEL
I just wanted to congratulate my
enterprising brother. That's
positive thinking Dermot, that's
positive thinking.

One of the guests recognizes Michael.

GUESTS
Excuse me, aren't you Councilman
Michael Moloney.

MICHAEL
Yes, indeed I am.

Michael instinctively reaches out and shakes all their hands,
as would any good politician.

GUEST
I voted for you in the last
election.

MICHAEL

I can always tell when I'm standing
in the presence of an intelligent
man.

The Dubliners laugh, the locals roll their eyes.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Dermot, why didn't you tell me the
newspaper people were coming.

DERMOT

I didn't know you'd be that
interested.

MICHAEL

Not interested? My very own
brother being written up in the
newspaper, I would have loved to
come down.

Frankie has worked his way to the bar to pick up his tables'
next round of drinks.

FRANKIE

That could have bought you some
nice publicity, eh Michael.

MICHAEL

(as if the idea hadn't
occurred to him)

I suppose it could've Frankie, I
hadn't thought of that.

Owen enters the pub, this time carrying a half of a sack of
mail. He plops it on the bar and everyone looks, including
Angry Bob who looks, well, angry.

OWEN

Dermot, you've got to make it a
point to stop by the post office
now and again. You've become quite
popular.

MICHAEL

Don't tell me?

Dermot inspects the letters.

DERMOT
More raffle tickets.

The regulars all exchange glances. As Owen moves away from the bar with his pint he is intercepted by Angry Bob.

ANGRY BOB
You'll stop bringing him his mail.

OWEN
Excuse me Bob.

ANGRY BOB
You'll stop bringin' it to him.

OWEN
But Bob, it's his mail. It's my civic duty.

Bob just eyes him making Owen uncomfortable. Meanwhile, the Guest has crossed to Brenda's table.

GUEST
(to Dermot)
We'll take another round when you have a moment, and a book of those raffle tickets as well.

DERMOT
Sure, right away.

Michael gives Dermot a raised eyebrow.

GUEST
Brenda, our friends have driven in from Dublin, and with you being completely booked, it seems they can't find other accommodations. Any ideas?

BRENDA
(has an epiphany)
Why Love, we just had a last minute cancellation.

Tom furrows his brow.

GUEST
You have?

TOM
We have?

BRENDA
Yes, we have.

GUEST
That'd be lovely.

Guest goes back to his friends at the bar.

TOM
Brenda, I'm afraid the drink has
gotten to you. Where are we going
to put them?

CUT TO:

INT. PANTRY CLOSET-NIGHT

Brenda and Tom have set themselves up to sleep in the pantry
on make shift cots. As they go to sleep...

TOM
This is the last time I'll agree to
this Bren.

BRENDA
Oh hush up.

CUT TO:

EXT. POST OFFICE-MORNING.

Angry Bob is suspiciously hanging around the doorway, peering
in occasionally. Down the street in the background we can
see Fergus exiting the church, humbled once again. Owen
exits the post office with a full, large sack of mail.

ANGRY BOB
Where are you going with that mail
Owen?

OWEN
I'm just performing my civic duty
Bob.

ANGRY BOB
You won't deliver it.

Angry Bob blocks Owens way. Owen gulps, looks around and decides to go back inside. Satisfied with himself Angry Bob begins to saunter up the street. Moments later Owen breezes by on a rickety old bicycle, precariously balancing the bag of mail. Angry Bob is shocked, looks around and "French Connection" style, commandeers another old bicycle and the chase is on.

Owen looks back and sees Bob on his tail, almost loses control of the mail bag, then the bike, but composes himself and continues.

The owner of Bob's bike is now chasing him on foot, but Bob looks determined.

A single letter floats out of the bag and drifts harmlessly in the air. Owen must get it. He turns around, going towards Bob now, after the letter.

They exchange determined glances. Owen reaches the letter, snatches it out of the air, and turns back towards the pub, wobbling as he comes around. Bob continues to gain on him.

Owen reaches a hill and after some strained pedaling, is forced to hop off of his bicycle and push it up hill. Bob sees this as his chance to close in on him. When he hits the hill, try as he might, Bob too has to hop off his ride and push it up. Owen checks over his shoulder as the two of them continue to push their bikes up hill, in one of the slowest chase scenes film has ever seen.

When he reaches flat ground Owen is back on his bicycle and on his way. Bob does the same.

Out of breath but feeling heroic, Owen reaches the pub and delivers the mail to Dermot who is chatting outside with Frankie.

Angry Bob tosses his commandeered bicycle to the ground and moves off disgruntled. The true owner picks it up as if he is about to confront Angry Bob, but thinks better of it and rides back towards the Post Office.

Dermot opens the bag and pulls out a letter.

FRANKIE

More of them?

DERMOT
Would you believe it Frankie, they
just keep coming. More every day.

FRANKIE
Just from the ad in The Irish
Times?

DERMOT
I suspect it's Maggie's doing
Frankie.

FRANKIE
Maggie?

DERMOT
Maggie.

Dermot cinches the bag and the two men leave.

CUT TO:

INT. B&B-DAY TIME

Frankie and Fergus have tracked down Tom and the three are
talking. Brenda is alternately in and out of the room,
cleaning up.

FRANKIE
...so I think the plan of action is
obvious.

FERGUS
It is?

FRANKIE
We are going to have to start
buying raffle tickets, and plenty
of them.

TOM
Whatever for?

FRANKIE
Because if we don't, someone else
will.

TOM
Why would they want to do that?

FRANKIE

I don't know why, but a whole bag full of mail came in from people who want to buy our pub.

TOM

I'm already running a Bed and Breakfast I don't want, I'd rather not add a pub to it.

FRANKIE

Would you rather have an outsider come in and take over our pub?

TOM

I don't suppose I care who takes it over.

FRANKIE

Well what if they change it?

FERGUS

Change it how?

FRANKIE

I don't know, put in a sticky wicket shop or something.

TOM

Maybe one of those cappuccino places?

FERGUS

I should hope not, I prefer tea.

TOM

I'd hate to see the pub ruined like that.

FRANKIE

Exactly.

FERGUS

I think I might like running a pub.

TOM

I'd love it if you won it Fergus.

FERGUS

You would?

TOM

So I could get you out of my house.

FRANKIE

Fine, so it's agreed. Tonight and every night until the raffle, it is our responsibility, our duty to buy a raffle ticket. A man has got to do whatever he has got to do to defend his pub.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY'S-NIGHT

Tom, Fergus and Frankie have reclaimed their usual places at the bar. There are a few other locals at the pub as well as a few more tourists. Dermot's graph showing his current raffle ticket sales is finally starting to show some movement, but is a long way from the hoped one million euro's.

FRANKIE

Dermot, when you've got a moment, we'll have another round over here, as well as three raffle tickets.

Dermot stops short in his tracks, as do other regulars around the pub who all look to Frankie. Frankie tries to act nonchalant and returns to his conversation.

DERMOT

Eh, come again Frankie?

FRANKIE

I said we'll have another round over here, and three raffle tickets.

DERMOT

Three raffle tickets?

At this point the other regulars can not help but notice and be very curious. Tom and Fergus are embarrassed and try to appear as if they are not with Frankie.

FRANKIE

Yes three raffle tickets. Dermot perhaps it's time you had your hearing checked.

DERMOT

Yes, perhaps it is.

Dermot brings them their drinks and their raffle tickets.

B&B GUEST

Yes, we'll have another round and four raffle tickets over here.

DERMOT

Right away, right away.

Frankie, Tom and Fergus exchange nervous glances, as if they've just been out bid. They pull what money they have from their pockets and try to figure out the total number of drinks and tickets they can get out of it.

B&B GUEST

(calling out)

You know what, make that a book of ten tickets if you please, Dermot.

Wider eyes from our three locals. As Dermot brings the table of tourists their drinks Frankie makes his way over to the other locals who are still curious about his purchase of tickets.

We see Frankie explaining his rationale as to why they should all be buying tickets. The locals look back to Fergus and Tom at the bar who return supportive shrugs and gestures, backing Frankie's thesis. Frankie makes his way back to his usual spot.

Dermot notices the locals hunched over deep in discussion. When they notice Dermot watching them conspire, throats clear, backs straighten, while they quickly adopt a more casual tone.

LOCAL PATRON

Eh Dermot, when you get a chance we'll have another round, and... (he checks his money supply)..two raffle tickets.

Dermot looks surprised.

DERMOT
(curiously)
Certainly.

Frankie gives the local a discouraged look.

LOCAL PATRON
Better make that four raffle
tickets.

DERMOT
Right away.

Frankie gives the man a smile who returns it sheepishly.
Whispers move across the pub from local to local.

LOCAL PATRON 2
We'll take another round, and three
raffle tickets if you will Dermot.

LOCAL PATRON 3
Same over here.

Angry Bob approaches the bar.

ANGRY BOB
I'll take a book of ten.

He slaps his money on the table.

LOCALS
(cheer) Here! Here!..well done
Bob...

FERGUS
I don't think I should like it if
Angry Bob wins.

Frankie sits back and smiles, his plan is taking effect.
Dermot moves closer to Frankie, Fergus and Tom.

DERMOT
Another round for you lads?

They check out their money supply.

FRANKIE

Er, I think that'll be enough
for tonight Dermot, thank you.

Dermot looks surprised.

FERGUS

Yes, I've got to get up and get
back to painting tomorrow.

Tom rolls his eyes. Father Patrick overhears the last
comment.

FATHER PATRICK

Fergus, it appears your recent bout
of work has had a favorable effect
on you.

FERGUS

Ah yes Father, it has.

The three men gather their things and leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. PADDY'S-NIGHT

The three men are ambling down the street.

FERGUS

I must say I don't like this raffle
business one bit.

FRANKIE

Nor do I Fergus, nor do I. But
we must stick with it, for the sake
of the pub.

FERGUS

My earnings are spent, I'm leaving
with a pocket full of raffle
tickets and I still have quite a
thirst, if you know what I mean.

TOM

I've never left the pub so thirsty
in my life. It just doesn't feel
right.

FRANKIE

I'm the same, but we must stay strong. Keep up our resolve. Don't let them get the better of ya.

FERGUS

Who's them?

FRANKIE

Everyone else Fergus. Just until this raffle business is over and then things will get back to normal.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY'S LATER THAT NIGHT.

Dermot is calculating up all his raffle sales with an old fashioned calculator. After tallying, he pushes the line a little closer to its goal.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD-NIGHT

Dermot arrives at Maggie's gravestone and sits on a bench nearby.

DERMOT

Well Maggie they've done it. The entire town has lost its collective mind and I think Frankie has something to do with it. As far as the raffle goes, even my brother Michael thinks the plan is a bit of genius. I still don't think we could ever sell enough to make it work and what would I do with myself all day? I need you now more than ever Maggie.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY-DAY

Helicopter shot, zooming towards an unmistakable New York City skyline.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK TIMES BUILDING-DAY

Camera zooms into the building.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEW YORK TIMES BUILDING-DAY

Camera zooms to a glass doorway. The sign on the doorway reads "Travel Section". Inside we see many foreign newspapers, including "The Irish Times". The EDITOR picks up "The Irish Times". He sees the picture of Dermot and company outside Paddy's Pub. He motions over a REPORTER, hands him the article and points to it. The reporter takes it, moves to his desk, picks up the phone and simultaneously starts typing.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET-DAY

The classic shot of a bundle of morning papers hits the street. The wind blows it open to the page with the same picture of Dermot, Tom and Fergus. The headline reads, "WIN YOUR OWN PUB IN IRELAND." A hand comes into frame and snatches the paper.

CUT TO:

EXT. B&B-DAY

Fergus and Tom are painting the exterior of the house. Fergus is working on the first floor and Tom is above him on scaffolding painting the second floor. The paint in Fergus' area is very even and neat; professional. Tom's area has been painted in starts and stops, with runs, bare areas and an overall amateur quality. Fergus steps back to inspect.

FERGUS

Oh no Tom, you're doing it all wrong.

TOM

What are you saying Fergus? It's fine.

FERGUS

No Tom. Long strokes. Keep it even.

Tom rolls his eyes.

TOM

Don't forget whose house it is we're working on Fergus.

FERGUS

All the more reason I thought you'd want to get it right.

TOM

It is right Fergus, it's fine.

FERGUS

All right, if that's how you want to be about it.

TOM

That's how I want to be about it.

FERGUS

All right then.

Fergus goes back to painting underneath Tom. Tom dips his brush into the paint can and intentionally holds the brush over Fergus' head, dribbling paint on him.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Oh, careful with the paint Tom, you're dripping.

TOM

(playfully)

What was that Fergus?

FERGUS

You're dripping. You're being wasteful with the paint Tom.

TOM

Oh. Sorry about that Fergus.

FERGUS

Just be careful with the paint. We don't want to waste it.

Tom picks up the paint can and considers dumping it on an unsuspecting Fergus. Thinks better about it and returns to painting.

EXT. PADDY'S PUB-DAY

The streets have the normal amount of activity. People walking, doing errands, etc. Fergus and Tom are across the street, painting. All of a sudden a tour bus pulls up. Everyone takes notice. People come to windows, children stop their games, etc. This is unusual for this town. The door opens and out walk a bus full of American tourists, as only they can truly look. Bermuda shorts with the black socks, cameras, sunglasses, hats, and clothes that are just too brand new, maybe even a price tag hanging from someone's arm. Dermot, as curious as the rest of the town, comes out of Paddy's.

TOURIST

Look, it's him.

CROWD OF TOURISTS

Oh my God, it is him...get his picture...wow, that's the guy from the newspaper...etc.

Dermot is somewhat alarmed by his celebrity, but agrees to pose for pictures with various members of the tour bus. By this time Tom and Fergus have made their way down to see what all the fuss is about. The crowd recognizes them and pulls them in for pictures as well.

CUT TO:

INT. B&B-DAYTIME

Brenda looks out a window and sees the action.

BRENDA
Thank you Lord.

She checks herself in the mirror, smooths out her dress, touches her hair, etc. She hurries to the door and just before she leaves she grabs a stack of brochures for the B&B.

CUT TO:

EXT. B&B-DAYTIME

Brenda hurries down the walkway smiling, by this time some of the tourists have spread out. She talks to a few, points back to the B&B and hands out brochures.

CUT TO:

EXT. PADDY'S-DAYTIME

Across the street Dermot has brought his raffle tickets outside and he can't sell them fast enough. The bus driver waits patiently leaning against his bus, packing his pipe and occasionally checking his watch.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET-DAYTIME

Many of the tourists are now wandering down the street taking pictures of everything and nothing, including the locals who are both bemused and confused. Shops whose front doors have rarely been used are entered, much to the surprise of the shopkeepers. Transactions transpire, registers ring. Finally there are two quick HONKS from the bus driver and the mass of tourists quickly herded back to the bus, with the help of some local border collies. They get on the bus and the bus leaves, leaving everything and nothing as they found it. Tom, Brenda, Dermot, and various shopkeepers come out of their stores to wave good bye to the bus.

CUT TO:

EXT. PADDY'S PUB

Frankie and Dermot watch them leave.

FRANKIE
Now what do you suppose all that
could have been about Dermot?

DERMOT

That Frankie, was Maggie's work.

Dermot goes back into the pub.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY'S - DAY

Dermot has reentered the pub to be shortly followed by Frankie, Tom and Fergus who are still in their painting clothes. Dermot is organizing his recent bout of sales.

FRANKIE

Perhaps we should have a pint?

FERGUS

Have one if you like Frankie, but Tom and I still have quite a bit o' painting to do before the day is done.

Tom whacks Fergus in the arm.

TOM

There is such a thing as a lunch break.

FERGUS

Oh, I don't know Tom, Brenda...

TOM

(ignoring him)

We'll take three pints if you will Dermot.

DERMOT

Right Tom.

Dermot pulls the pints as the three men exchange nervous glances. Frankie and Tom each take a healthy swig while Fergus, with all the guilt of a kid succumbing to peer pressure, takes a cautious sip. The men notice the SOUND of a truck pulling up.

FRANKIE

Now what could this be?

TOM

Another bus load?

We HEAR the car door slam as well as some sliding metal doors. Two THUMPS sounding like body bags hit the street. They are picked up and we hear footsteps approach the door. The four men stare at the door as if the villain in a slasher movie is about to enter. The door opens revealing Owen the postman. He enters carrying two large sacks of mail.

OWEN

These are all for you Dermot.

DERMOT

Oh thank you Owen, they're all for me?

OWEN

All yours.

DERMOT

Care for a pint? It's on the house for your good deeds.

OWEN

Perhaps I can take you up later on that, I've got to get back to the post office.

Owen exits.

Dermot opens up one of the sacks and pulls a few letters out and scans them.

DERMOT

They're from America.

FERGUS

(hopefully)

Er,...letters from your boys, Dermot?

Tom whacks Fergus in the arm again.

DERMOT

(shocked)

They're wanting to buy raffle tickets, all the way from America. Can you believe it?

TOM

No I can't, Dermot.

Dermot continues to examine the letters.

FRANKIE

That's wonderful news for you,
eh Dermot.

DERMOT

(not sure)
Yes, wonderful news.

The men take a moment of silence. It's serious now, the
Yanks have arrived.

FRANKIE

Boys here's to Dermot. A man not
to be defeated.

TOM, FERGUS. FRANKIE

Cheers Dermot.

The three clink glasses. Fergus, having reacquired his
thirst drains his. The other two put their glasses down half
full and leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. PADDY'S -DAYTIME

Michael's Jaguar and another new model car pull up to
Paddy's. Out climb men in business suits. One of the men is
Michael, who has brought an entourage including JIM, BRIAN,
Brian's ASSISTANT and a PHOTOGRAPHER. Frankie, Tom and
Fergus exit the pub and are surprised to see Michael and
company.

MICHAEL

(to the Photographer)
How about a quick one of the
lads for a little local color.

Michael places himself in the middle of the group and throws
his arms around them. The photographer hustles over for a
quick couple of shots. Frankie and Tom look slightly taken
aback by the situation while Fergus has a wide grin for the
camera. After the shot Michael realizes he has picked up
some paint on his sleeve.

MICHAEL
Thanks Lads, all right gentlemen
inside.

Michael leads the parade inside as Frankie, Fergus and Tom
watch confused.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY'S

Michael leads the charge through the door.

MICHAEL
Here it is gentlemen, the famous
Paddy's pub.

The photographer gets busy while Michael throws his arm
around his brother Dermot, who is uncertain what to make of
the hubbub.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Dermot, I'd like to introduce you
to my campaign manager, Brian
Delaney.

BRIAN
Dermot this whole raffle business
is brilliant, simply brilliant.

MICHAEL
He's got good genes he does, but
that reminds me, this raffle
business...

DERMOT
Yes?

BRIAN
Brian here has quite a few good
ideas too.

DERMOT
Does he?

MICHAEL
He most certainly does. Tell him
Brian.

BRIAN

I'd be glad to. The first thing I've done is taken the liberty of enlisting Caple and Caple.

DERMOT

Who?

BRIAN

Caple and Caple. They're a top flight accounting firm in Dublin.

MICHAEL

Top flight Dermot, top flight.

DERMOT

Oh.

BRIAN

This is Jim Caple right here.

JIM

How do you do Dermot?

DERMOT

I'm not sure.

BRIAN

They'll be taking over the tally of the raffle.

DERMOT

What for?

BRIAN

To avoid any impropriety Dermot, to avoid any impropriety.

MICHAEL

We can't have any impropriety Dermot.

DERMOT

I should hope not.

BRIAN

That's wonderful Dermot. All we need is one bad apple complaining
(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)
about impropriety to spoil the
entire bunch.

DERMOT
I see.

BRIAN
You'll need to turn over everything
you've collect so far, and
continue to direct any future sales
to Caple and Caple.

MICHAEL
Keep it all on the up and up,
Dermot, on the up and up.

JIM
Here's my card Dermot, I'll send a
man down every few days to pick up
any more sales.

DERMOT
Then I'll suppose you'll be wanting
these.

Dermot pulls out the mail bags from America and hands them to
Jim.

BRIAN
What are those?

DERMOT
More sales...from America.

Michael and his men all get wide eyed.

MICHAEL
From America Dermot?

All the men are inspecting the bags.

BRIAN
How would the Americans even know
about the raffle?

DERMOT
A tourist told me they saw an
article in The New York Times?

MICHAEL
The New York Times?

DERMOT
Yes.

MICHAEL
Can you believe it Dermot? An
article about me in The New
York Times.

DERMOT
No I can't.

MICHAEL
Did they say if they used a picture
of us?

DERMOT
Now where would they be getting
a picture of us?

MICHAEL
(dreaming)
A picture of me in The New York
Times.

BRIAN
We'll need to get a copy of that
issue, could be great publicity.

ASSISTANT
Right.

BRIAN
Exactly when is the raffle drawing
Dermot?

DERMOT
I don't know?

JIM
You don't know?

DERMOT
Well, I was supposing I'd wait
until I sold about a million Euro's
worth of tickets before I did a
drawing.

(MORE)

DERMOT (cont'd)
And if we didn't make it in six
months I'd give everyone their
money back.

Michael's men all freeze.

BRIAN
Give everyone their money back?

DERMOT
Yes.

MICHAEL
(alarmed)
Can he do that Jim?

JIM
Highly suspicious.

DERMOT
Highly suspicious?

BRIAN
It has impropriety written all
over it.

JIM
All over it.

DERMOT
It does?

MICHAEL
Certainly. We can't go on giving
people their money back, can we
Brian?

BRIAN
I should hope not.

DERMOT
Well, we won't have too. Judging
by my graph over there and these
new bags (referring to the mail),
we should reach a million soon.

The men look at each other.

BRIAN
 (to one of his assistants)
 Lose the graph.

DERMOT
 Lose the graph?

It has already been removed as well as all other visible
 raffle paraphernalia.

BRIAN
 There is no reason that anyone
 else needs to know exactly how
 much you've made on this raffle.

MICHAEL
 No reason at all.

JIM
 The first thing to do is to set
 a date.

BRIAN
 How about a week before the
 election?

MICHAEL
 Genius. (to Dermot) Isn't he
 unbelievable.

DERMOT
 Unbelievable.

MICHAEL
 All right now that's enough
 business. How about a few more
 shots of me around the pub?

CUT TO:

INT. B&B-DAY

Fergus is passed out on the couch from his lunchtime pint.
 The camera moves past him into the kitchen where Frankie and
 Tom are having a cup of tea and a serious discussion.

FRANKIE
 It's bad news Tom, the whole
 business.

TOM

I can see it now Frankie, it's terrible.

FRANKIE

I've heard stories of pubs in Dublin where you have to pay a cover charge, just to go in and have a pint.

TOM

No.

FRANKIE

I'm afraid it's true Tom.

TOM

Well I certainly won't be paying any cover charge to go into Paddy's.

FRANKIE

We'll boycott 'em if we have to.

TOM

Brilliant plan Frankie, we'll bring 'em to their knees.

Frankie gets up to leave.

FRANKIE

Well I best be letting you get back to your painting.

TOM

Yes, Brenda will be home any second.

Tom and Frankie walk past Fergus, who is sleeping on the couch, to the door. Frankie exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. B&B-DAY

Frankie is walking down the pathway as Brenda arrives back at the B&B. They exchange greetings. Brenda enters the B&B. Seconds later we hear her from inside.

BRENDA
(O.S. Screams)
FERGUS!!!

Fergus hustles out of the B&B and gets back to work.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD-MORNING

Dermot is sitting on his usual bench next to Maggie's grave.

DERMOT
Well Maggie I never would have
believed it. You working through
Michael and those Dubliners.
It's out of my hands now, I'm
just going to have to trust you.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE-DAY

A bus is winding its way through the Irish countryside. Not a tour bus, but a beaten up old Mass Transit bus.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS-DAY

Kieran is gazing out the window. As the bus begins to approach the town there is a noticeable difference in the condition of the homes and their property. People are out sprucing them up. Kieran visibly takes notice. He starts to recognize people and gives out the occasional wave. The bus drives right by Paddy's and the B&B. Fergus and Tom are out painting, mowing, etc. Kieran shakes his head not sure what to make of it all.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN-DAY

The bus stops near the post office. Kieran and another person get out. Kieran has one duffle bag. He takes a good look around and a PAN of the town reveals it's upgraded condition. The empty store fronts have been taken over, and hit with a fresh coat of paint. A couple of tourists pass Kieran with their cameras out. Kieran continues up the street towards the pub.

People are out tending to their property and emoting an undeniably optimistic mood. Kieran is unsure what to make of it all as he continues, passing out the occasional greeting along the way.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUB-DAY

Dermot exits the pub with a new raffle sign. As he hammers it to the wall a tourist bus pulls up and out they come. A scene reminiscent to the earlier scene only this time Kieran arrives in the background. Dermot gets busy selling tickets while Kieran finds a stone wall to sit on and takes it all in, bewildered. While Dermot is preoccupied with the tourists, Frankie walks up behind Kieran carrying two paint cans.

FRANKIE

Did you ever think you'd see anything like it?

KIERAN

I'm not sure what it is I'm seeing.

FRANKIE

The winds of change Kieran. Your Father didn't mention you were coming for a visit.

KIERAN

He doesn't know, it's a surprise.

FRANKIE

Wonderful Kieran. He'll be delighted I'm sure. Care to help me with these paint cans?

KIERAN

Of course.

Kieran grabs both paint cans while Frankie picks up Kieran's bag. The two make their way past the crowd to the B&B.

CUT TO:

EXT. B&B-DAY

Kieran and Frankie arrive. Brenda is answering questions from a couple of tourists when she sees them coming.

Fergus and Tom are busy at work. A new addition to the B&B is visible.

KIERAN

Are you working with them too...
Frankie?

FRANKIE

Ah, I haven't lost all my senses
yet my lad. I just picked up some
more paint for them. It does my
heart good to see them working so
hard.

Dermot has made his way across the street as the tourists
have begun to disperse towards the town. Dermot sees Kieran.

DERMOT

My eyes must deceive me.

Kieran turns to see his father.

KIERAN

Da'.

DERMOT

You'd think a son would tell his
Father when he was planning a
visit.

KIERAN

It was unplanned Da'. There was
a special airfare so I took it.
Just a last minute sort of a thing.

DERMOT

Just a last minute sort of a thing,
what's wrong?

KIERAN

Nothing's wrong, I just wanted
to see what's up.

DERMOT

Have you ever heard of such a thing
Frankie? Someone just up and
flying over an ocean to see 'what's
up'.

FRANKIE

It's not any type of behavior I would be partaking in, I'll promise you that.

DERMOT

Nor I Frankie, nor I.

KIERAN

Well it looks to me like I got here just in the nick of time.

FRANKIE

It's true Kieran, they've all lost their minds.

KIERAN

I can see that.

CUT TO:

INT. DERMOT'S APARTMENT-DAY

Kieran is putting his things away as Dermot watches.

DERMOT

It's your Mother's doing Kieran, I'll tell you that.

KIERAN

Da', she's passed.

DERMOT

Of course she is Kieran, and I wouldn't blame you for having me locked up. But I'm telling you, only she could have pulled this whole thing off.

KIERAN

Uncle Mike has brainwashed you.

DERMOT

Kieran, I know all about your Uncle Michael. He is my brother after all. But your Uncle Michael could not have come up with this plan if he had all of eternity to dream it up.

KIERAN

Da', did you ever think this was your idea?

DERMOT

No Kieran. Your Mother's the only one I know who could have dreamed this one up, no doubt about it.

KIERAN

Well, do you want to sell the pub Da'?

DERMOT

I don't know, but it's too late now. Uncle Michael's people have taken over the whole thing. (noticing his ever present camera is missing) Where is your camera?

KIERAN

Oh, well, I don't know Da', I must've forgotten to bring it. The truth is, maybe this whole photography business isn't for me.

DERMOT

You musn't get discouraged Kieran, so you hit a little slump.

KIERAN

No it's not that. Now that I've been studying it and trying to make a career of it I've lost interest. It's not fun any more.

DERMOT

Work's not always fun Kieran, that's why they call it work.

KIERAN

I know Da', but I just want to find something that I can get excited about, something that feels right and I don't know what that is yet. Don't worry about me Da', I'll be fine.

DERMOT

There's no question in my mind that
you'll land on your feet Kieran,
you've always had that about you.

CUT TO:

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH/PRIEST'S OFFICE-MORNING

Father Patrick is donning his attire for the upcoming mass. A couple of Alter boys are also getting ready. They pick up the cross while Father Patrick grabs the Bible. They exit.

INT. CHURCH-MORNING

As Father Patrick and the alter boys head down the aisle, they can not help but notice that the church is extremely crowded. A quaint country Irish mass apparently is another tourist attraction. One of the tourist even goes so far as to snap a picture.

EXT. MAIN STREET-MORNING

The shopkeepers are sweeping their walks. A new grand opening sign is going up in one of the store windows, and tourist are busily shopping.

INT. B&B-MORNING

Brenda is happily attending to breakfast for a full dining room of guests.

INT. SHOPS-MORNING

Tourist are browsing, cash registers are ringing.

INT. CHURCH PRIEST'S OFFICE-MORNING

Father Patrick's collection baskets are over flowing.

EXT. CHURCH-MORNING

The church's exterior is in rough condition. The paint is chipping away, and the steeple is crooked.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHURCH-MORNING

The church's exterior has been dramatically improved. New paint job, the steeple has been righted, etc.

INT. PADDY'S-DAY

Michael and his band of merry men are there along with a television REPORTER.

DERMOT

What the devil is this?

MICHAEL

This, Dermot is the result of positive thinking.

DERMOT

It is?

MICHAEL

You see, our bit of genius about the raffle, has infected all these great men.

DERMOT

I can see that.

MICHAEL

And the only cure Dermot is to ride it out to the end. See where it takes you.

DERMOT

Very well.

MICHAEL

Brian here approached a television news producer about our story in the papers, and he loved it.

DERMOT

Really?

MICHAEL

And of course the end result will mean more raffle tickets. A little more for you, and a little more for me. He's a genius Dermot, my boy Brian there, He's a genius.

The television crew begins taking shots around the bar, eventually catching the picture of Paddy hanging on the wall.

MICHAEL

(pointing to the picture of Paddy)

There he is, Paddy himself. A fine Gentleman and a friend to all who knew him. Ah, and here is my brother Dermot. The finest brother a man could ask for.

Frankie, Fergus, Tom and Brenda enter along with a few tourists staying at the B&B. The regulars, their spot occupied, find a table while the tourists crowd the television crew hoping for their shot at fame.

MICHAEL

(cont'd to reporter)

This is a part of Ireland that is fading fast my friends, the family pub. We're losing our identity. Big business, corporations, they're taking over. Now I'm not one to stand in the way of progress and prosperity mind you, in fact I'm much in favor of it. But along the way we can not lose sight of where we've been. We're Irish and we mustn't forget it. If you see things the way I do, and I'm sure those of you who love Ireland as

(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)

I do will, then you'll believe we
can have both. Prosperity and
history. A booming economy and
cultural identity. A past, and a
bright, bright future. So be a part
of it. Buy a few raffle tickets
for Paddy's Pub, and vote for me,
Michael Moloney.

The tourists erupt into a cheer, Brian is beaming and the
demand for raffle tickets is at a high. The locals, having
known Michael since birth, roll there eyes. Dermot works
feverishly behind the bar.

TOURIST

We'll take another round as well as
ten raffle tickets.

TOURIST 2

When you get a chance, some raffle
tickets and drinks over here.

DERMOT

Right away, right away.

FRANKIE

Ah gentlemen. I'm afraid the
war has been lost. This pub that
we hold dear to our hearts is
not going to make it.

FERGUS

I'm still holding out hope.
I've left here thirsty too many
a night to give up now.

FRANKIE

Good for you Fergus, good for
you.

BRENDA

You're all gonna have to get over
yourselves.

TOM

And what do you mean by that
Brenda?

BRENDA

If you were any true friend of
Dermot's you'd be happy for him.

TOM

Happy for him?

FRANKIE

But I'm not sure this is what he
really wants?

BRENDA

Look at him.

A shot of Dermot reveals him as all smiles as he busily
attends to his many customers. Even the television crew has
put down their cameras and equipment and joined the madness.

FRANKIE

(after taking a good look)
You may be right Brenda.

TOM

Well, we can be happy for Dermot,
but can't we at the same time be
mourning the loss of our pub?

BRENDA

What loss? We're still here
together. The drink is available
behind the bar, the only difference
is now we have a few more people.
Big deal. It adds some life to the
place, (to Tom) and our place, if
you know what I mean.

FERGUS

That's all well and good, but
what if the new owner changes
the pub into one of them new
fancy...coffee bars?

BRENDA

Come to your senses.

TOM

Could happen Bren.

BRENDA

You all have absolutely no head
for business do you? Look around.
Have you ever seen this place so
crowded?

All three give a sheepish look around.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

This place is worth more now
than ever. No one in their right
mind is going to change this into
anything else but a pub.

The three contemplate Brenda's view.

FRANKIE

She's right lads.

FERGUS

Thank God.

BRENDA

Now which one of you gentlemen is
going to brave their way up
there and get us our drinks?
I'm thirsty.

Frankie gets up from the table and works his way through the
crowd. When he reaches the bar Kieran simultaneously
arrives.

FRANKIE

Ah Kieran, what do you think of the
family business?

KIERAN

If it was always like this, perhaps
I never would have left for
America.

FRANKIE

Well then buy yourself a raffle
ticket my boy, I'd love to see
you win.

Michael works his way over to them.

MICHAEL

I'm afraid that would smack of
impropriety Frankie.

FRANKIE

Impropriety?

KIERAN

I'm sure you'd be the one to know
about that Uncle Mike.

MICHAEL

Ah Kieran, just as cynical as
ever. But where will that get
you? You've got to be positive
Kieran, that's how you get ahead.

FRANKIE

Well I'm positive Kieran should buy
a ticket.

MICHAEL

How would it look if the son of
the owner won the pub?

FRANKIE

It would look pretty good to me,
and I think everyone else in the
town.

MICHAEL

Frankie, this raffle has gotten
much bigger than this town. It
has gone worldwide.

KIERAN

Worldwide?

MICHAEL

If Kieran here won, it would
embarrass the entire town, as
well as the whole of Ireland.

KIERAN

Well I wouldn't want to be guilty
of that.

MICHAEL

Besides, your Father wants to go off to America, spend some time with you boys.

KIERAN

He does?

MICHAEL

Certainly.

FRANKIE

Has he told you that Michael?

MICHAEL

Well, not in so many words, but it's obvious. Why else would he have done this whole raffle business?

KIERAN

Because you pressured him into it.

MICHAEL

I did nothing of the sort my boy, I merely suggested that he should enjoy his twilight years. The raffle was his doing, and let's face it, without the raffle we never would have been able to generate enough money to sell the place.

FRANKIE

So you're sure this is what Dermot wants?

MICHAEL

Absolutely.

Michael walks off.

KIERAN

I don't trust him.

FRANKIE

Well I've known your Uncle for quite some time Kieran, and while
(MORE)

FRANKIE (cont'd)
he may bend the truth, I'm not
sure he is lying.

KIERAN
So you think Da' really wants
to get out?

FRANKIE
I know your Father as well as
anyone, and I have no idea.

With his father being so busy, Kieran has tended to getting
their drinks.

EXT. B&B-DAY

A taxi pulls up to the B&B and out climb Sean, Michelle and
Jackie. Kieran and Brenda are there to meet them. In the
background the work to spruce up the B&B continues. An
addition is being added off the side of the house while Tom
and Fergus continue to find painting projects, fences to
mend, etc.

KIERAN
Welcome to the new Ireland.

SEAN
If the taxi hadn't stopped here
I never would have recognized
the place. The whole town.

MICHELLE
(referring to the house)
Brenda it looks lovely.

BRENDA
Still a long way to go. It's so
nice to have you back, you were
our first guests.

MICHELLE
It looks like you've been busy
ever since.

BRENDA
It's been wonderful Michelle.
Come in, I'll show you.

Brenda and Michelle head up to the house. Sean, and Kieran
get the luggage and Jackie.

KIERAN
There's my little guy.

JACKIE
Karate chop!

Jackie playfully karate chops Kieran who plays along, falling to the ground.

KIERAN
Aww! You pack quite a punch
Jackie, more than your Father ever
had.

SEAN
So what's been going on here?

KIERAN
Progress I suppose. A town that
seemingly hadn't changed in a
century has been reborn. And if
you came any later you might have
missed the motivational force. The
raffle.

Kieran and Sean gather up their bags and follow the others
in.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAITLIN'S HOME-DAY

Caitlin is painting again as Kieran approaches.

CAITLIN
Kieran, you're back.

KIERAN
Had to come back for the big
raffle.

CAITLIN
What a shame, you just missed
Clara.

KIERAN
Did I?

CAITLIN

She's returned to London, I'm sure she would have loved to see you. The two of you would have so much catching up to do.

KIERAN

Yes, well...perhaps next time.

CAITLIN

I'll be sure to tell her you stopped by.

Caitlin begins to head back to her house.

KIERAN

Caitlin wait, please. As it has been each time I've ever visited your house, it's you I've come to see.

CAITLIN

Me?

KIERAN

Yes. I know you'll be starting your teaching assignment soon and I'm not certain when I'll be back this way.

CAITLIN

Yes?

KIERAN

So I've...so I've taken the liberty of purchasing this plane ticket for you.

CAITLIN

Plane ticket?

KIERAN

Yes, you'll see it's open ended. You can fly anywhere with it. You could see Clara in London with it if you'd like.

CAITLIN

Kieran I don't understand.

KIERAN

Well my hope is that you'll use it
to come and visit me in New York.
It's valid for a year.

CAITLIN

Oh Kieran I can't accept this.

KIERAN

I'm afraid you'll have to. It's in
your name and non-refundable.

Kieran hands the ticket to a dumbfounded Caitlin.

KIERAN

(cont'd)

I've included my phone number and
address on the envelope there. I
hope to see you in New York
Caitlin.

Kieran exits, Caitlin is confused and intrigued.

EXT. PADDY'S PUB-EARLY EVENING

Sean, Michelle and Jackie are making their way down the path
of the B&B towards Paddy's Pub. Outside the pub a television
news van is parked as well as several cars. They enter the
pub.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY'S PUB-EARLY EVENING

The pub is packed. News people, the locals, tourists and
Michael's band of merry men are all inside. Sean, Michelle
and Jackie enter and spot Kieran near the door.

The news camera lights go on and SEAMUS, the news reporter
begins making his report.

SEAMUS

For those of you who have been
following the fascinating story
of Paddy's Pub, tonight's the
night.

CUT TO:

INT. DUBLIN PUB-NIGHT

The bar is crowded and all are watching the television with the raffle of Paddy's Pub. The crowd is young and urban.

EXT. DIFFERENT DUBLIN PUB-NIGHT

Through the windows, we see the same scene. This crowd is blue collar.

INT. COUNTRY PUB-NIGHT

A pub similar to Paddy's. The locals are all glued to the raffle coverage. The crowd is mixed but older.

INT. DIFFERENT COUNTRY PUB-NIGHT

The scene is the same.

INT. PADDY'S PUB-NIGHT

The scene continues. Seamus dialogue below can cut between the television's of the various pubs above.

SEAMUS

When the raffle is drawn
we will find out who is the new
proprietor of what has become
one of Ireland's most famous pubs.
Raffle tickets will be sold right
up to the drawing.

Jim Caple and his men are furiously selling raffle tickets as the time dwindles. Dermot, working behind the bar has become an onlooker. Michael approaches him.

MICHAEL

What a day, eh Dermot. Soon, you'll
no longer be slaving away in the
pub. Easy street Dermot, that's
where you'll be.

DERMOT

I suppose.

MICHAEL

Nobody deserves it more than you Dermot, the Lord knows. This raffle business, we've made more money than we could ever have dreamed of with it.

DERMOT

That we have Michael, that we have.

Michael moves on, gladly shaking hands with anyone interested. Frankie takes his place at the bar.

FRANKIE

Have you decided what you're going to do with yourself yet Dermot?

DERMOT

I haven't Frankie. With all the nonsense going on I haven't been able to think.

FRANKIE

Well you'll have plenty of riches to help you think.

DERMOT

That's true Frankie. Perhaps I'll buy another pub.

FRANKIE

(laughs)

You mean it Derm?

DERMOT

I don't know, why not? I've run a pub all my life, why stop now?

FRANKIE

Have you bought yourself a ticket?

DERMOT

Oh no Frankie, I couldn't.

FRANKIE

Well why not?

DERMOT

They'd say it smacks of
impropriety.

FRANKIE

That's nonsense, we know you're
on the up and up.

Frankie stands up and calls for attention. The Television
camera's turn to him.

FRANKIE

Excuse me, excuse me. My good
friend Dermot here is interested in
buying a raffle ticket, would
anyone object?

CUT TO:

INT. DUBLIN PUB-NIGHT

People are watching Frankie on Television. They tend to
shrug there shoulder's to Frankie's question.

INT. COUNTRY PUB-NIGHT

The locals here tend to cheer Dermot on.

INT. PADDY'S PUB-NIGHT

Jim Caple, Brian and Michael all exchange nervous looks. The
television cameras are rolling. Paddy's crowd cheers for
Dermot.

BRIAN

I don't think that would be very
appropriate.

JIM

It smacks of impropriety.

MICHAEL

It certainly does. But it doesn't
matter, Dermot here has no interest
in buying a raffle ticket, do you
Derm?

The crowd quiets, there is a long pause.

DERMOT

Well actually Michael, if everyone else doesn't mind, I'd like to.

FRANKIE

Of course we don't mind, (to the crowd) do we?

CROWD

No!! Of course not...Dermot, Dermot...

ANGRY BOB

I say he can buy a ticket.

This makes Michael, Jim and Brian all swallow hard. Dermot makes his way to Jim, and pulls out some money.

DERMOT

One raffle ticket please.

CROWD

Yeah!!!

INT. DUBLIN PUB-NIGHT

The crowd here also cheers for Dermot.

INT. PADDY'S PUB-NIGHT

Jim very tenuously takes Dermot's money and hands him a ticket. Dermot triumphantly heads back to his station at the pub.

FRANKIE

There you go Dermot, I'll be pulling for ya.

DERMOT

Thanks Frankie.

Jim is putting Dermot's ticket in the drawing as Brian approaches.

BRIAN

Make sure you mix that in there
good Jim, I don't want us pulling
that one out.

Jim pushes it into the middle of the pile.

MICHAEL

Is it time gentlemen? Lets get
this thing over with, I don't
want any more surprises.

Jim looks at his watch.

JIM

We've got five more minutes.

BRIAN

Nonsense, lets go.

JIM

The sign clearly says 8 o'clock.

MICHAEL

This is Ireland, nothing's that
punctual.

BRIAN

Who pulls the ticket?

JIM

I was thinking Dermot should do
it, but with what just happened,
I don't think it would be
appropriate.

BRIAN

I agree.

MICHAEL

How about the newsman?

BRIAN

Brilliant, that way we'll be sure
to get the coverage on TV.

MICHAEL

Ladies and gentleman, if I can
have your attention please.

Michael walks to the center of the bar, the television camera's lights come on and focus on him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Thank you. The time has come.
For those of you who don't know,
I am Michael Moloney, councilman
of the south west district of
Dublin, and the half owner
of this pub with my brother
Dermot.

CROWD

Yeah Dermot!!!

MICHAEL

The time we've all been waiting
for has arrived, it's time to draw
the raffle.

CROWD

Yaaa!

INT. VARIOUS PUBS AROUND IRELAND.

A montage of different people pulling out there raffle tickets. Young professionals, old ladies, a priest, a child, etc.

INT. PADDY'S PUB-NIGHT

MICHAEL

I would like to give the honor
of pulling the winning ticket
to our esteemed guest, Seamus
Quincy of channel Four who was
nice enough to come down and cover
this story. Good luck to all.

Seamus makes his way to the raffle bin where Jim meets him.

JIM

I will roll this bin ten times
and stop. At that point Mr. Quincy
here will pull out the winning
ticket. This is legal and binding.
The name on that ticket will become
(MORE)

JIM (cont'd)
 the legal owner of Paddy's Pub
 as of tomorrow at ten am. Does
 anyone have any questions.(pause
 as no one responds) All right
 then, here we go. (Jim turns
 the handle) One...

CROWD
 Two...three...

As the crowd counts, shots of the various hopefuls in the pub reveal their anticipation. Fergus rubs some of his various tickets for good luck. Angry Bob has quite a few tickets and looks focused. Dermot has his ticket out and Frankie looks to him affectionately.

INT. VARIOUS PUBS AROUND IRELAND.

A montage of the same anticipation plays out in each pub.

INT. PADDY'S PUB-NIGHT

CROWD
 four...five...six...seven...eight...nine...
 ten! (cheers)

SEAMUS
 (to Jim)
 I just reach in here and pull
 one out?

JIM
 That's right.

Seamus reaches into the bin and pulls out a ticket.

SEAMUS
 The winner of the raffle and new
 owner of Paddy's Pub is...Joe Hogan
 (checks the card) of Boston,
 Massachusetts.

JOE HOGAN (O.S.)
 Wicked!!!!

In the back of the crowd we spot Joe Hogan. He is a twenty something "Southie" Bostonian wearing a backward facing Red Sox Cap. He is holding a pint of Guinness, as he high fives his friend who is of similar age and demeanor.

The regular's are silent and somewhat shocked. They exchange glances not sure what to make of the new owner of their beloved Paddy's Pub.

Joe works his way to the front of the crowd high fiving unsuspecting locals along the way. He reaches Seamus.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)
 Congratulations Mr. Hogan.

JOE HOGAN
 Whoooo yayyyy!!!

INT. DUBLIN PUB-NIGHT

The crowd rips up their raffle tickets, but no one seems to be disappointed. They go back to ordering their rounds.

INT. COUNTRY PUB-NIGHT

Similar scene to above. The clientele watch as Joe is interviewed on television.

INT. PADDY'S PUB-NIGHT

As Joe is being interviewed on television, Frankie, Tom, Fergus and Brenda console Dermot.

FRANKIE
 I'm sorry Dermot.

TOM
 I really thought you were going to win.

BRENDA
 I think we all did Dermot, or at least hoped it.

DERMOT
 (dejected)
 That's all right, I guess it
 (MORE)

DERMOT (cont'd)
wasn't meant to be. You've got to
have faith in what the future holds
for you.

Michael walks over triumphantly and puts his arm around his brother.

MICHAEL
Well we did it Dermot. Little ol'
Paddy's Pub. We made it famous.
We were on the tele, in the papers.
Da' would never've believed it.

DERMOT
I'm sure he wouldn't Michael.

MICHAEL
Now you just stay positive old boy,
this is the first day of the rest
of your life. I envy you Dermot, I
really do.

Michael gives him another hug and moves off victoriously.
Dermot looks a bit shell shocked. Kieran, Sean, Michelle and Jackie approach him.

KIERAN
I'm sorry Da'.

DERMOT
Don't be silly, there's nothing to
be sorry about.

SEAN
You know you're always welcome Da',
we've got plenty of room.

DERMOT
Oh, thanks Sean, but I suspect I'll
be pretty busy around here, with
the transfer of ownership and all.

JACKIE
(to Dermot)
Mommy said you're going to come and
live with us for awhile now.

DERMOT
(playfully to Jackie)
Oh she did, did she?

MICHELLE
Yes she did.

DERMOT
Oh, well thank you Michelle.
But...ah...I expect I'll be busy
around here for awhile yet. We'll
see...maybe.

KIERAN
(to Michelle)
Well at least you got a 'maybe' out
of him. That's better than any of
us did.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAGGIE'S GRAVE-NIGHTTIME

Dermot sits by his wife's grave saying nothing. The moon is
out.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. PADDY'S PUB-DAY

A van carrying television satellite equipment pulls up in
front of Paddy's Pub. A WORKMAN climbs out of the van and
begins installing the dish.

EXT. B&B-DAY

Fergus and Tom are busy working on the house. They notice
the van across the street.

FERGUS
Now what the devil is that for Tom?

TOM
I don't know Fergus, perhaps our
worst fears have been answered.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. PADDY'S PUB-MORNING

Dermot, suitcase in hand, is waiting. Frankie is keeping him company while Tom and Fergus continue work across the street.

FRANKIE

So how long do you expect to be gone Dermot?

DERMOT

Long enough to see what that grandson of mine is up too and get a look around New York, then I'll be back.

FRANKIE

You might find it suits you over there Dermot.

DERMOT

Oh Frankie, I'm an old man, this place suits me fine. Are you trying to get rid of me?

FRANKIE

Not at all Dermot, I was hoping to spend some time with you on the other side of the bar.

DERMOT

That we will Frankie, that we will. I'm not one to get in the way of my children.

A taxi pulls up and Dermot climbs in. As the car drives off Frankie watches Dermot leave.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

TITLE: THREE MONTHS LATER

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. PADDY'S PUB-AFTERNOON

Frankie, Tom and Fergus sit on a new bench out side the new, obviously spruced up Paddy's Pub.

Frankie checks his watch.

FRANKIE

Come on lads, game's on.

All three men pull Boston Red Sox caps out of their back pockets and put them on. They enter the pub.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY'S PUB-DAY

The interior has been spruced up considerably, with brass railings, redone floors, etc. Some Red Sox paraphernalia is decorating the pub and the Red Sox game is on the television. A few of the locals actually seem to be interested in it. Joe Hogn is tending bar. He waves the men over to him.

JOE HOGAN

(Boston accent)

Hey boys, how ya doin?

I was afraid you were gonna miss the Sox game.

TOM

(sarcastically)

Good heavens no.

Joe serves them their pints.

ROBERT

I've got a package for you here Frankie. It was sent care of the pub.

Dan hands Frankie the package.

FRANKIE

It's from Dermot.

FERGUS

Dermot?!

TOM

What's it say, what's it say?

FRANKIE

Hold on, hold on. Let me open it.

As Frankie opens the package a picture falls out on the bar. They all look at it. It is a picture of Dermot hugging his grandson Jackie with the Statue of Liberty in the background. Dermot has never looked happier.

JOE HOGAN

Isn't that the guy who used to own this place?

FERGUS

That's Dermot.

Tom hands Joe the picture.

TOM

Joe, hang this up somewhere where everyone can see it.

JOE HOGAN

You got it.

Joe hangs the picture on a post directly behind the bar. Frankie continues reading.

FERGUS

What's he say Frankie, what's he say?

TOM

Is he coming back soon?

FRANKIE

He says he's having a wonderful time. He's not coming back just yet, he wants me to forward him a trunk. He also decided what to do with the money he earned from the raffle. He says the DVD should explain it.

Frankie pulls out a DVD and hands it to Joe.

FERGUS

Put it in, Dan.

JOE HOGAN
But the Sox game...

TOM, FERGUS. FRANKIE
Put it in.

Joe puts in the tape and the televisions go to black.

In a moment Dermot's face appears on the monitor. The pub reacts. He exits a doorway and is on a New York City street. The camera whips around to reveal the exterior of a pub. Kieran is putting up an "Opening Soon" sign. The Paddy's Pub crowd reacts to Kieran. Kieran and Dermot are taking turns being the videographer, while the other is on camera.

The camera pulls out and we see the name of the new bar, Maggie's Pub. Kieran and Dermot take turns pointing at the name. The Paddy's Pub crowd reacts to Maggie's name.

The camera zooms to a plaque by the doorway of Maggie's, Pub. It reads; Proprietor's Kieran & Dermot Moloney. The Paddy's Pub crowd cheers.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAGGIE'S PUB, NYC-SUNSET.

The "opening soon" sign has been replaced with a "Grand Opening" sign. People are just starting to arrive. Kieran is outside, sweeping and meeting new customers.

A taxi pulls up to the pub and stops. Kieran takes notice. After a moment, the door opens and Caitlin steps out. Kieran is shocked, and then they embrace. He picks up her bag and leads her into the pub.

INT. MAGGIE'S PUB-DUSK

Kieran leads Caitlin inside. Dermot is already working behind the bar, but greets Caitlin. Kieran leads her up a back staircase of the pub. The pictures decorating the walls of Maggie's are Kieran's pictures of the transformation of their village.

INT. PADDY'S PUB-NIGHT

The regulars are all gathered around.

FRANKIE
If I could have everyone's
attention.

The pub quiets.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Tonight is the opening night of our
dear friends Dermot and Kieran's
new pub, fondly named after Maggie.

Frankie raises his glass.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Here's to Maggie's Pub.

CROWD
Here, here...

They all toast.

INT. MAGGIE'S PUB-NIGHT

Kieran has returned behind the bar with his father, beaming.
The pub is busy. Dermot hangs the now famous picture of him
with Frankie, Tom, and Fergus, outside Paddy's Pub with their
newly purchased raffle tickets. Kieran smiles, and pulls
them each a small Guinness

KIERAN
Da', here's to Paddy's.

They clink glasses, drain them, and get to work.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

STILL PICTURE MONTAGE:

FRAME 1
The cover of The Irish Times
declaring Michael Moloney as the
winner of an election.

FRAME 2
Dermot playing with his Grandson in
the back yard.

FRAME 3

Cover of an Irish tourism magazine with Brenda and Tom on the front cover with the caption "Best new B&B in Ireland". It is apparent from the picture that the house is now completely done, addition and all.

FRAME 4

A family portrait with Dermot, Kieran, Caitlin with wedding ring, Sean, Michelle, and Jackie. Michelle is pregnant.

FRAME 5

Interior of Paddy's Pub. The regulars are all there, Red Sox hats on and all. The camera slowly zooms to the bar and then the picture, which has now been framed, of Dermot holding his Grandson Ian at the statue of Liberty.

FRAME 6

Inside "Maggie's Pub", Dermot and Kieran with their arms around each other working behind the bar. Slow zoom to a framed picture behind the bar. It is the picture of Dermot and friends holding their newly purchased raffle tickets outside of Paddy's that appeared in the newspaper. We end framed tight on that.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END