

GRIMMON'S CAIRN

By

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Inspired By:  
The Cairn on the Headland  
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FADE IN:

EXT. CAIRN - DAY

A symmetrical pile of large weather-worn stones sit upon a small hillock near the edge of a promontory that juts out into the sea.

The wind howls through the stones.

Two men stride over a low ridge-line and stand beside the stones; JAMES O'Connor, 30's, stocky redhead, lays his hand gingerly on the stones. JOSEPH BARTELLI, 40's, slender Latin, watches with intense interest.

O'CONNOR

This is what you seek - Grimmon's  
Cairn.

Bartelli's gaze sweeps over the landscape, out to sea, at the islands in the distance and comes back to rest again upon the cairn.

BARTELLI

What a wild, desolate place.

He moves to the cairn, places a hand upon it.

BARTELLI

Who would have thought to find such  
a spot in this vicinity? Except for  
the smoke rising yonder...

He gestures to a lone stone house down the coast.

BARTELLI

... one would scarcely dream that  
beyond that ridge lies Dublin! Here  
there is scarcely even a  
fisherman's hut within sight.

As they watch, SEAN, 30's in a bulky dark overcoat and cap, leaves the stone house. He glances at the two men beside the cairn and walks in a wide arc over the ridge and out of sight.

O'CONNOR

Most people shun the cairn as they  
have shunned it for centuries.

BARTELLI  
Do you know the full reason why?

O'CONNOR  
No. I wonder that they now avoid it  
by habit whereas their ancestors  
avoided it through some knowledge.

BARTELLI  
(snorts)  
Knowledge? Superstition more like!

O'Connor frowns at Bartelli.

BARTELLI  
Northern superstition. I cannot  
imagine a Latin people allowing a  
mystery such as this to go  
unexplored for all these years.

O'CONNOR  
Oh? And why is that?

BARTELLI  
Because the Latins are too  
practical... too prosaic, if you  
will.

O'Connor laughs with derision. Bartelli examines the stones  
more closely.

BARTELLI  
Are you certain of the date of this  
pile of rocks?

O'CONNOR  
Yes. I found no mention of it in  
any manuscript prior to 1014 A.D.  
You know MacLiag?

BARTELLI  
King Brian Boru's poet?

O'Connor nods.

O'CONNOR  
Mm. Well he speaks of the rearing  
of the cairn immediately after the  
battle, and there can be little  
doubt that this is the pile  
referred to.

BARTELLI  
The battle being Clontarf?

O'CONNOR  
Indeed. It is mentioned briefly in  
the later chronicles of the Four  
Masters...

BARTELLI  
(breathless)  
Aha...

O'CONNOR  
...and also in the Book of  
Leinster, compiled in the late  
1150's, and again in the Book of  
Lecan, compiled by the MacFirbis  
about 1416.

Bartelli claps his hands in excitement.

BARTELLI  
Excellent! It is so good to see my  
investment in you was well spent...

O'Connor scowls again.

O'CONNOR  
All connect it with the battle,  
without mentioning why it was  
built.

BARTELLI  
Well, what is the mystery about it?  
What is more natural than the  
defeated Norsemen should rear a  
cairn above the body of some great  
chief who had fallen in the battle?

O'CONNOR  
In the first place, there is a  
mystery concerning the existence of  
it. The building of cairns above  
the dead was a Norse, not an Irish,  
custom.

BARTELLI  
Yes. Like I say, the Norsemen built  
it.

O'CONNOR  
But according to the chroniclers,  
it was not Norsemen who reared this  
(MORE)

O'CONNOR (cont'd)

pile. How could they have built it immediately after the battle, in which they had been cut to pieces and driven in headlong flight from the plain?

BARTELLI

So their chieftains lay where they had fallen to be plundered not buried? You think it was Irish hands that heaped these stones?

O'CONNOR

I do.

BARTELLI

Well, is that so strange? As I recall, the Irish used to pile up stones before they went into battle, each man putting a stone in place; after the battle the living removed a stone each, thus leaving a simple tally of the slain.

O'Connor shakes his head.

O'CONNOR

That custom was from a more ancient time, not at the battle of Clontarf.

BARTELLI

It is the same principle, no matter the period.

O'Connor again shakes his head.

O'CONNOR

No you are wrong. Firstly, there were more than twenty thousand warriors present, and four thousand fell; this cairn is not large enough to have served as a tally of the men killed in battle.

BARTELLI

But the--

O'CONNOR

And in the second place, it is too symmetrically built. Hardly a stone has fallen away in all these

(MORE)

O'CONNOR (cont'd)  
centuries. No, it was erected to  
cover something.

Bartelli waves his arms in the air.

BARTELLI  
And so we return to Nordic  
superstitions.

Anger flares in O'Connor's eyes and he leans forward, his  
lips curl in a snarl.

O'CONNOR  
Cease your mockery. there is  
something tangible behind this!

Bartelli steps back, surprised. His hand reaches inside his  
coat.

BARTELLI  
(quietly)  
Don't threaten me O'Connor.

O'Connor turns away, gestures over the landscape.

O'CONNOR  
The peoples of North Europe had  
gods and demons before which the  
pallid mythologies of the South  
fade to childishness.

O'Connor paces back and forth. Bartelli relaxes a little.

O'CONNOR  
At a time when your ancestors were  
lounging on silken cushions among  
crumbling marble pillars of a  
decaying civilization, my ancestors  
were building their own  
civilization in hardship and  
gigantic battles against human and  
inhuman foes.

Bartelli shrugs, turns back to examine the cairn.

O'CONNOR  
Here on this very plain the Dark  
Ages came to an end and the light  
of a new era dawned on the world of  
hate and anarchy.

BARTELLI

So it was this Brian Boru and his ax wielding kin who broke the power of the grim Norsemen who had held back the progress of your new civilization in a struggle that lasted centuries. But they were just men.

O'CONNOR

It was more than a... struggle... between Gael and Dane for the crown of Ireland. It was a war between Christian and pagan. Between Gods.

O'Connor stubs his toe on a small stone. He stoops and picks it up, absently turns it over and over in his hand.

O'CONNOR

Yes, for three hundred years the world writhed beneath the heel of the Viking, and here on Clontarf plain that scourge was lifted forever. The importance of that battle was underestimated by polite Latinized writers and historians.

Bartelli grins and bows.

BARTELLI

Such as myself.

O'Connor snorts.

O'CONNOR

The polished sophisticates of your civilized Southern cities were not interested in the battles of barbarians in a remote northwestern corner of the world.

BARTELLI

That may be true of most, but not of all.

O'CONNOR

And within a century the wild age of plunder and slaughter had almost been forgotten...

The two stare at each other for a time. Wind snags at their clothes and hair. A lone gull calls.

BARTELLI

So you say there was truth to this superstition; a truth that spanned peoples and their separate beliefs?

O'CONNOR

And their gods. For here in truth the monster that was Odin fell and his religion given its death blow. After Clontarf he was seen no more. The reign of terror was forgotten; the age of the red-handed sea kings passed.

Bartelli's eyebrows raise, his lips smile, but remain closed.

O'CONNOR

Laugh if you will, Bartelli, I chose my words with care. Who knows what shapes of horror have had birth in the cold darkness and whistling black gulfs of the North?

BARTELLI

Oh I see... while in the southern lands the sun shone and flowers bloomed...

O'CONNOR

Exactly so. Under the soft skies men laugh at demons.

BARTELLI

Demons? There you go again... and you chastise me for scoffing?

O'CONNOR

Who knows what elemental spirits of evil dwell in fierce storms? It may well be that from such fiends of the night men evolved the worship of grim gods; Odin and Thor, and their terrible kin.

Bartelli slowly claps his hands and grins

BARTELLI

Well said, my northern philosopher! But we will, argue these questions another time - over supper perhaps. I could hardly expect a descendant of barbarians to escape some trace

(MORE)



BARTELLI (cont'd)  
of the dreams and mysticism of his  
race.

O'CONNOR  
Yes, tonight, at supper.

BARTELLI  
Good. I still believe that this  
cairn covers no grim a secret than  
a defeated Norse chief - your  
ravings concerning Nordic devils  
have no real bearing on the matter.  
Now, help me tear into this cairn.

Bartelli reaches hands about the cairn, fingers probe  
cracks between stones. O'Connor shakes his head.

O'CONNOR  
No, I will not.

Bartelli seems not to hear.

BARTELLI  
A few hours' work will suffice to  
lay bare whatever it may hide. By  
the way, speaking of superstitions,  
is there not some tale concerning  
holly connected with this heap?

O'Connor is sullen.

O'CONNOR  
Yes, an old legend says that all  
traces of holly were cut down for a  
league - five miles - in all  
directions. Holly was an important  
part of Norse magic-making.

Bartelli's eyes sweep the area again.

BARTELLI  
Five miles...

O'CONNOR  
The Four Masters tell that a year  
after the battle, a white bearded  
Norseman of wild aspect -  
apparently a priest of Odin - was  
slain by locals while attempting to  
lay a branch of holly on the cairn.

Bartelli laughs.

BARTELLI

Well, I hope the locals are less inclined to violence these days for I have procured myself a sprig of holly... see?

Bartelli draws a sprig of holly from his inside pocket.

BARTELLI

And I shall wear it in my lapel; perhaps it will protect me against your Nordic devils.

He fixes the holly to his lapel with a pin. O.S. a gull calls again. The wind drops. O.S. a bell tolls. O'Connor watches him with a frown.

BARTELLI

I feel more certain than ever that the cairn covers a hoard of riches, over which clumsy-footed Irish peasants have been stumbling for centuries, living in want and dying in hunger.

O'CONNOR

You should choose your words with care.

Bartelli gives up with the cairn, stares at it hands on hips.

BARTELLI

Pah! We shall return here at midnight, when we may be fairly certain that we will not be interrupted... and... you will aid me at the excavations.

O'Connor stares at Bartelli and weighs the stone still held in his hand. Looks from the stone back to Bartelli.

Bartelli looks over at him and O'Connor quickly shoves his hands into his pockets and turns away.

Bartelli's eyes narrow. He nods to himself. Smiles.

BARTELLI

I've changed my mind; we will not uncover the cairn tonight. Tomorrow night, perhaps. For now I am going back to the hotel. Coming?

O'CONNOR

Not yet.

O'Connor turns on his heels and stalks towards the shore.

BARTELLI

Don't forget our discussion.

Bartelli watches O'Connor for a moment, turns and heads in the other direction, towards the ridge.

EXT. BEACH - DAY.

A rocky beach beside a gray ocean. A dark line on the horizon.

O'Connor looks out over the water. After a moment, he turns to see Bartelli silhouetted against the sky as the sun sets. Bartelli disappears over the ridge.

O'Connor turns back to the shore and is startled.

MARY MCNESSA, 50's, weather-worn face, faded blue shawl, stands beside him.

She looks up at him with suspicion. Her voice is deep, powerful.

MARY

What would you be doing at the  
cairn?

O'CONNOR

Ahh, we were... speculating on the  
mystery surrounding its origin.

Mary shakes her head slowly.

MARY

I like not the dark-haired man who  
was with you. Who are you?

O'CONNOR

James O'Connor. I'm an American  
citizen, though born and raised in  
these parts.

Mary looks at him and raises an eyebrow.

MARY

O'Connor... You are of my clan. I  
was Christened Mary O'Connor. I

(MORE)

MARY (cont'd)  
 married a man of the McNessa clan,  
 but my heart was ever with the folk  
 of my blood.

O'CONNOR  
 You live hereabouts? I cannot place  
 you accent...

MARY  
 Aye, I lived here in my youth, but  
 I have been far away for a long  
 time. All is changed. I would not  
 have returned, but I was drawn back  
 by a call you would not understand.  
 Tell me, would you open up the  
 cairn?

O'CONNOR  
 It is not for me to say. Bartelli -  
 my dark-haired companion - he will  
 doubtless open it and I am...  
 constrained... to aid him. If it  
 was up to me, I would leave it be.

Mary stares deeply into his eyes.

MARY  
 Fools rush blind to their doom.  
 What does this man know of the  
 mysteries of this ancient land?

O'CONNOR  
 A little, to be truthful.

MARY  
 A little knowledge can be a  
 dangerous thing.

O'CONNOR  
 That is true.

MARY  
 Deeds have been done here. Yonder,  
 long ago, when Tomar's Wood rose  
 dark against the plain of Clontarf,  
 and the walls of Dublin loomed  
 south of the river Liffey, the  
 ravens fed on the slain.

O'CONNOR  
 You speak of the battle of  
 Clontarf.

MARY

Aye. There King Brian broke the spears of the North. They came in gleaming mail and their horned helmets cast long shadows across the land. Their dragon-prows thronged the waves and the sound of their oars was as the beat of a storm.

Mary points up to the ridge.

MARY

Beyond the ridge, on yonder plain the heroes fell like ripe wheat before the reaper. There fell Jarl Sigurd of the Orkneys, Brodir of Man, last of the sea kings, and all their chiefs.

O.S. Thunder rolls far out in the ocean.

MARY

There too fell Prince Murrough, his son, Turlogh, and many chieftains of the Gael. And King Brian Boru himself, Erin's mightiest monarch. Heroes, one and all.

O'Connor's eyes are ablaze with excitement.

O'CONNOR

My heart pounds with my imagining that great battle. I can almost see it - like a long-buried memory! The blood of our ancestors was spilled here, and, though I have spent the best part of my life in a far land, there are ties of blood to bind my soul to this place.

Mary nods slowly, solemnly.

From beneath her shawl, she produces a crucifix and offers it to O'Connor.

MARY

Take this, as a token of blood tie, I give it to you freely. I feel the threat of strange and monstrous happenings but this will keep you safe from evil beyond the reckoning of man. It is truly holy.

O'Connor takes the crucifix and examines it. It is worked in gold in a Celtic design and set with tiny jewels that glitter in the faded sunlight.

His eyes and mouth open wide in recognition.

O'CONNOR

Great Heavens! This - this is the  
crucifix of Saint Brandon!

Mary's expression grows grim.

MARY

Saint Brandon the blessed,  
fashioned by the hands of a holy  
man long ago, long before the Norse  
barbarians made Erin a red hell. In  
the days when a golden peace and  
holiness ruled the land.

O'CONNOR

But, I cannot accept this as a gift  
from you. You cannot know its  
value! Its intrinsic worth alone is  
equal to a fortune; as a relic it  
is priceless--

MARY

(with power)

ENOUGH!

O'Connor takes a step back.

MARY

Have done with such sacrilegious  
talk. The cross of Saint Brandon is  
beyond price. Only as a free gift  
has it ever changed hands. I now  
pass it to you to shield you  
against the powers of evil. Say no  
more of its monetary value.

O'CONNOR

But it has been lost for three  
hundred years! How can it be  
here... now?

MARY

A holy man gave it to me long ago,  
I hid it close to my bosom. I have  
come from a far place to give it to  
you, for there are happenings in  
the wind, and it is sword and

(MORE)

MARY (cont'd)  
shield against the beasts of the  
night.

They both look up at the cairn.

A gull lands on the top, screeches and flies off over their heads. It circles, cries again and flies along the coast.

MARY  
An ancient evil stirs in its  
prison, which blind hands of folly  
may break open. But stronger than  
any evil is the cross of Saint  
Brandon, which has gathered power  
and strength through the long, long  
ages since that forgotten evil fell  
to the earth.

O'CONNOR  
But... who are you?

MARY  
I have told you, I am Mary McNessa.

She turns and strides away at a tangent across the field.

O'CONNOR  
But...

She ignores him and soon disappears over the far end of the ridge.

O'Connor blinks a few times, places the cross in a pocket and follows Bartelli's path.

EXT. RIDGE - NIGHT.

O'Connor tops the ridge-line and looks down upon the lights of the city of Dublin.

He sees Bartelli way ahead and looks around for a moment.

A graveyard lies to his right. A shadowy figure in a shawl moves between the gravestones.

O'Connor shivers, fastens up his coat and follows Bartelli.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT.

A well-furnished, sparsely occupied public house dining room.

Bartelli and O'Connor sit opposite each other at a small table. The remnants of a meal between them.

BARTELLI

Quiet this evening; both you and the restaurant.

O'CONNOR

You've given me a lot to think about.

BARTELLI

Was there something of interest on the beach? You took your time returning.

O'Connor shrugs.

O'CONNOR

Not particularly. There is a lot to see between here and the cairn.

Bartelli looks at him over the top of his wine glass as he sips.

O'CONNOR

Well, at least the meal was nice. If you do not object, I think I shall retire for the evening.

BARTELLI

Just remember, if it were not for me, you would not be the successful man you are today.

O'CONNOR

Successful but not wealthy.

BARTELLI

That is the price you chose to pay... it was either that or the gallows.

O'CONNOR

I am an innocent man, you know that.



BARTELLI

The evidence says otherwise. That and my testimony would seal your fate. Be grateful that I had faith in your abilities. I financed your tutoring and research without question. Do not question my methods.

O'CONNOR

You take everything.

BARTELLI

You don't need anything beyond your allowance. Don't push your luck O'Connor; I saved you, but I could still terminate our arrangement.

Bartelli pats the breast pocket of his jacket.

O'Connor drains his glass, dabs his lips with a napkin and stands up.

Bartelli pours himself another glass of wine.

O'CONNOR

Good Night.

BARTELLI

Good Night James. Sleep well.

O'Connor gives Bartelli one hateful look and leaves the dining room.

INT. O'CONNOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Small, basically decorated bedroom.

O'Connor sits on the edge of the bed. He turns the crucifix over and over in his hands.

On the bed lie a number of books. One lies open on a page which shows a drawing of the crucifix.

A flash of lightning illuminates the room. O.S. Thunder.

O'Connor closes the curtains and returns to the bed.

O.S. Footsteps outside his door.

He reaches over, closes the open book.

CLOSE UP: A TREATISE ON THE CROSS OF SAINT BRANDON THE BLESSED. BY MICHAEL O'ROURKE. 1690.

He slips the book and crucifix under his pillow, and lays upon it.

O.S. The footsteps recede. A door opens and closes.

O'Connor stares at the ceiling.

He gets off the bed and goes to his coat hung on the back of the door.

He delves in a pocket and draws out the stone. He feels the weight and grip.

He walks back to the bed and sits down.

He places the crucifix on the cabinet, switches off the bedside light and lays back.

He holds the stone in his fist across his chest, closes his eyes and sighs deeply.

Soon he sleeps deeply.

START OF DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. CLONTARF PLAIN - DAY.

Grey storm clouds over a broad, bare plain.

The plain is fringed by the rough sea on one side and a dark forest on the other. At the far end is a river that marks the start of a great city.

A city of a bygone age; timber buildings within a timber defensive wall. Smoke rises from many houses throughout the city.

Warriors line the walls; helms and spear-tips glint dully.

Dragon-headed longships loom on the horizon and soon beach upon the plain. chain-mail clad warriors with swords and round shields swarm onto the plain.

Warriors from the city pour out to face them.

Battle is joined. It rages back and forth.

The sun crosses the sky.

The roar of battle dies away. Here and there small groups still fight, but most of the vikings retreat.

On the side nearest the forest, fights RED CONNOR. He looks like O'Connor. He wears only a wolf skin loincloth. He carries a blood-stained axe. He is wild-eyed.

He hacks down two enemies.

He pauses and looks around, takes deep breaths. Many small wounds cover his body.

The sun is low over the city.

PADRAIG, 30's, stands nearby. He looks like Sean. His left arm hangs loose, covered in blood. He grins fiercely.

PADRAIG

We have the day, Connor, we have  
the day!

Red Connor nods.

RED CONNOR

But at a heavy cost my friend... on  
both sides. I saw Jarl Sigurd fall  
beneath Prince Murrough's sword.

PADRAIG

Aye, Murrough too died in the  
moment of victory, at the hand of a  
grim mailed giant whose name none  
knew.

RED CONNOR

Brodin and King Brian fell together  
at the entrance of the great king's  
tent.

PADRAIG

Boru? Dead?

RED CONNOR

That he is. It will be a feast for  
the ravens tonight.

PADRAIG

But no more will dragon-ships raid  
from the north.

RED CONNOR

The dead of both sides litter the  
field, but there are more vikings  
in chain than Irish in wolf furs.

PADRAIG  
Well, the slaying is done, let us  
begin the plunder.

The two join other warriors as they search the bodies of the dead.

Red Connor moves to the corpse of a richly clad Norse chief and strips him of the chain shirt and helm, dons them himself.

Padraig approaches. He carries a red cloak - tied to the end of a spear - over his shoulder. The shirt bulges and jingles.

PADRAIG  
Hah, look at you - Red Connor the  
chieftain!

RED CONNOR  
It fits me well, though I am not  
used to the weight. Quite suits me  
would you say?

Red Connor struts around.

PADRAIG  
Aye, so it does... my lord.

Padraig bows. They laugh.

RED CONNOR  
Come, let us walk to the  
center-field, there are plenty more  
dead chieftains over there.

The two men walk through the field of dead and looters, occasionally, they stoop to retrieve a weapon or piece of jewelery.

They walk over a ridge and out of sight of the city.

EXT. HILLOCK - DAY.

A larger pile of bodies lie upon a small hillock.

Red Connor and Padraig walk up to the hillock.

ODIN, ancient, a massive warrior clad in grey mail, is propped up on one elbow. He stares out to sea. He turns his head towards them as they approach.

The men pause in their stride.

Odin stares at them from a single eye; the other is an empty socket. A broken sword lies beside him. His horned helm cast aside. His white hair and beard blow loose in the strong wind.

Blood oozes from a single great rent in his chain shirt. The single eye squints, blinks away sweat and blood.

Red Connor steps forward. Padraig remains where he stands, crosses himself.

PADRAIG

Have care, that is the one who slew  
Prince Murrrough...

Odin's single eye blinks again, Red Connor swims into focus.

Odin speaks. His voice echoes with supernatural resonances.

ODIN

Approach... chieftain. I have a  
request of you.

PADRAIG

Hah, he takes you for one of his--

Red Connor raises a hand to silence Padraig and slowly steps towards Odin. He crouches beside the giant Norseman.

RED CONNOR

Speak on.

ODIN

The Christians have overcome us...  
Doom and shadows stalk upon Asgard  
and here has fallen Ragnarok.

He coughs and spits blood.

ODIN

I could not be in all parts of the  
field at once, and now I am wounded  
unto death. A spear... with a cross  
carved in the blade; no other  
weapon could wound me.

He shakes a huge fist in the direction of the city.

ODIN

White Christ, thou hast not yet  
conquered! Lift me up, man, and let  
me speak to you.

Red Connor helps lift Odin to sit up. A sheen of frost coats Red Connor's chain shirt and he shivers.

RED CONNOR  
What?... who--?

ODIN  
I die as men die. I was a fool, to assume the attributes of mankind, even though it was to aid the people who deify me. The gods are immortal, but flesh can perish, even when it clothes a god.

RED CONNOR  
A god?

ODIN  
Haste and bring a sprig of the magic plant - a sprig of holly - and lay it on my chest.

RED CONNOR  
Holly...

ODIN  
It will free me from this fleshy prison I entered when I came to war with you. I will shake off this flesh and stalk once more among the thundering clouds in my true form.

o.s. Thunder rolls over the sea. The wind drops suddenly.

Padraig looks about himself; wide-eyed, fearful.

RED CONNOR  
There is no holly hereabouts.

ODIN  
Woe, then, to all men who bend not the knee to me! Search further chieftain... I will rest now and await your return...

Odin's head lolls back against a dead warrior. His eye closes, he gives one long sigh and stops breathing.

Red Connor reaches a hand beneath the rent in the chain-mail. Glances over at Padraig.

RED CONNOR  
 No heartbeat. He is dead... as men  
 die.

Padraig strides closer.

PADRAIG  
 He must have been a great chief.

RED CONNOR  
 The greatest. This is Odin. In that  
 body slumbers the spirit of a fiend  
 of frost and darkness.

PADRAIG  
 (whispers)  
 The Grey Man!

RED CONNOR  
 The one-eyed god of the north. He  
 took the form of a warrior to fight  
 for his people. And in doing so, he  
 accepted the limitations.

PADRAIG  
 And consequences. I recall now how  
 he paid little heed to blows that  
 would have felled a mortal man. I  
 should have guessed.

RED CONNOR  
 Nay Padraig, none could have  
 guessed. Only now is it revealed.  
 He requested holly...

PADRAIG  
 The mysterious pagan plant would  
 rouse him to grisly resurrection.  
 What should we do?

RED CONNOR  
 First I must rid myself of this  
 metal skin.

Red Connor removes the chain-mail and helm.

RED CONNOR  
 Find more of our kinsmen. Tell them  
 of this place. Gather stones... Big  
 stones, and lots of them.

EXT. HILLOCK - NIGHT.

The sun sets. Lots of small fires ring the hillock.

Red Connor clears an area of dead and is soon joined by many Irish warriors, each of whom carries a large black stone.

They fashion a rude stone chair upon which they sit Odin.

Around this they build a cairn.

RED CONNOR

Padraig, take men and set to  
burning all trees and bushes  
bearing holly in this region.

PADRAIG

Aye, that I will. And to remind  
those who follow us, this place  
shall no longer be called Drumna's  
Headland, but henceforth be known  
as the Headland of the Grey Man.

RED CONNOR

The Headland of the Grey Man...

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. O'CONNOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

O'Connor sits bolt upright in bed. Books fall to the floor.

O'CONNOR

The Headland of the Grey Man!

He turns on the light and rummages through the books all the while he mutters to himself.

O'CONNOR

Grey Man's Headland... Grey Man...  
Greyman... Grimmon... Grimmon's  
Headland... Great God, the thing is  
under the cairn!... Bartelli.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

O'Connor stands outside a closed door.

He knocks. The door unlatches and swings opens.



O'CONNOR  
(whispers)  
Bartelli?... Bartelli?

There is no answer.

O'Connor pushes the door wide and enters the room, turns on the light.

The room is empty.

O'CONNOR  
Bartelli you greedy fool.

He spins round to the door. O.S. Thunder.

O'CONNOR  
Mary!

Wild-eyed, O'Connor rushes out of the room

INT. O'CONNOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

O'Connor enters the room, grabs his coat, the stone and the cross. He rushes out again.

EXT. CROSSROADS INN - NIGHT.

O'Connor exits the side door of the Inn and runs down the street.

Behind him, the door swings loose in the breeze.

EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT.

O'Connor runs through the darkness.

A figure lumbers out of some bushes.

O'Connor runs into him, glances off and falls to the ground.

Sean sways over O'Connor.

SEAN  
Watch where you're going...

He turns to leave.

SEAN  
Clumsy bas--.

O'Connor leaps to his feet and grabs Sean's coat sleeve.

O'CONNOR  
Wait! I am looking for Mary  
McNessa! Do you know her? Tell  
me...

Sean stares at O'Connor, eyes narrow in suspicion. He pushes O'Connor away.

SEAN  
Get your hands off me man.

O'CONNOR  
Do you know her? Do you know Mary  
McNessa?

SEAN  
You're mad. What would you be  
wanting with a --

O'CONNOR  
Tell me! Where is Mary McNessa?

SEAN  
There! There you'll find Mary  
McNessa, on the edge of the  
graveyard...

Sean's hand shakes as he points into the darkness.

SEAN  
Where they laid her to rest over  
two hundred years ago!

O'Connor stares in the direction Sean points.

SEAN  
Now begone with you. Leave an  
honest man alone.

O'CONNOR  
This cannot be...

O'Connor barges past Sean and rushes away.

Sean staggers away in the other direction, makes the sign of the cross as he goes.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT.

Rusted broken railings border the old graveyard.

O'Connor clammers in and reaches a white stone sarcophagus.

The faded inscription upon the lid reads MARY MCNESSA. 24th  
JULY 1656 - 7th MAY 1740.

He staggers backwards in horror.

O'CONNOR  
No! This is madness. The cross...

He pulls out the cross, stares at it and makes as if to  
throw it away.

MARY (O.S.)  
(ghostly)  
Stop! Bolster your spirit. Get ye  
to the Cairn, release not the  
(fades)  
Grey Man...

O'Connor backs away, falls, gets to his feet and runs out of  
the graveyard.

EXT. RIDGE - NIGHT.

O'Connor stumbles up the ridge on all fours. He pants  
heavily. The cross is still in his hand.

He sees the cairn. The top layers of stone have gone; they  
lie scattered about the hillock.

Bartelli is there, he tears at the stones, pushes them  
aside.

As O'Connor gasps for breath, Bartelli flings aside a stone  
and raises his arms in triumph.

BARTELLI  
(in Italian)  
The treasure is mine!

O'CONNOR  
No... Bartelli... Wait!

O'Connor stumbles and rolls his way down the ridge.

EXT. CAIRN - NIGHT.

O'Connor staggers closer, slows and halts ten feet away.

A radiant gray mist spills out of the cairn and onto the ground nearby. Frost forms on stone and grass.

Odin's helmeted head is.

Bartelli sees O'Connor. He is wide-eyed with frenzied greed and madness.

BARTELLI

Ha ha. The cairn of a king!

The clouds above them suddenly clear and a curtain of aurora gleams in the night sky.

BARTELLI

I was right, and his treasure is  
all mine!

Bartelli leans into the cairn. The sprig of holly in his lapel falls loose and lands on Odin's chest.

Odin's eye opens. The aurora glows brighter.

Odin stands up. Bartelli and many stones fall around him.

Bartelli screams and crawls away.

Odin steps out of the cairn.

His human features fade, the armour falls from his body and crumbles to dust. He changes and grows in size with every step he takes.

He becomes a creature of ice and frost. The aurora shines about him and through him.

Huge clawed hands grasp Bartelli and lift him high. A deep laughter echoes.

Bartelli screams and is dashed against the remnants of the cairn and flung aside - dead.

Laughter like thunder rolls out of Odin and reverberates across the plain. It grows in intensity.

O'Connor staggers backwards, hands to his ears.

The beast turns to O'Connor, moves towards him.

Shadowy tentacles emerge from its body and sway in the air.

The claws and fangs drip black liquid and vapor. The single huge eye glows, casts shadows all about.

O'Connor blinks and in that instant, a serenity descends over him. He grins in fierce confidence. He stands and steps forwards, hands by his side.

O'CONNOR  
I fear you not, Odin... fiend.

Lightning bolts flash to the ground, thunder rolls again. O'Connor staggers, does not fall.

O'CONNOR  
Neither your thunderbolts nor your fangs and claws. I am your doom, Odin... For I am the bearer of the crucifix of Saint Brandon the Blessed... So fear me!

O'Connor holds the crucifix high before him.

From it erupts a single broad shaft of pure white light. It shines straight into Odin's single eye.

With a hideous shriek the demon reeled back, shriveled.

Great leathery wings sprout from its sides and it flaps into the air, higher and higher, screech upon ululated screech. The beam of light shines upon the creature continuously.

The creature slowly fades into the aurora which also fades to blackness as the light from the cross fades too.

O'Connor slumps to his haunches and sits on the grass. He looks at his empty blistered hand.

O.S. A high-pitched screech, approaches, lights flash in the night sky.

O'Connor looks upwards in fear.

The screech becomes a Police siren. Blue flashing lights and bright headlights shine down on O'Connor, the cairn and Bartelli's body.

Car doors creak open.

O'Connor looks up into the light, laughs with relief.

A POLICE SERGEANT, 40's, and Sean look down on O'Connor.

A POLICE CONSTABLE checks Bartelli's body.

SEAN

That's him, Mally. Crazy son-of-a--

CONSTABLE (O.S.)

This fella's well dead Sarge, head  
split open, brains all over the  
place. And he's got a gun - a  
thirty-eight by the look of it.

SERGEANT

Right, leave this to me lads. Now  
sir, what the devil's been going on  
here...

O'Connor laughs again...

FADE OUT.

THE END