

THE RED THIRST

A Play with music
Based on the Celtic Legend of The DEARG DUE

by

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CAST LIST

MAGGIE O'BRAONAIN /DEARG DUE: Fair-skinned, she is the town's beauty and just as loved for her kind heart and the beautiful melodies she plays on her fiddle.

QUINN MARTIN: Brash, hardworking Handsome peasant, whose heart belongs to Maggie and he will do anything to spend the rest of his life with her.

MICHAEL O'BRAONAIN: Maggie's cruel greedy father whose only concern is his own needs. He sees Maggie as his ticket to an early and comfortable retirement.

SHANA MAC BRADIGH: Maggie's best friend who works at the local inn. She is a loyal loving friend who is not afraid to help Maggie fight for her freedom and true love.

RYAN DUFFY: The Village Milkman and friend of Quinn. Shana has a crush on him. He is a loyal friend and looks up to Quinn, like he was his big brother.

BRIAN O'FOGHLADH: A cruel elderly man of great wealth who has his eyes on Maggie to be his next bride. He is a bitter man who uses women for sex and abuses them when they refuse to service his desires.

THE INNKEEPER: The narrator and storyteller who helps spread the word about the local legend of Dearg Due. He plays the Innkeeper in both time periods, 1735 and 2019.

PATRICK KAVANAUGH: A spoiled American traveler who is backpacking the Irish countryside.

ALI MACKENNA: The modern-day waitress at the Village Inn. She cast the curse which starts flashback and the telling of the legend.

ENSEMBLE OF VILLAGERS: (who also play their ancestors in 1735.)

Which also includes the villagers listed below. **THE FIDDLER:** Old fiddler with a wild grey hair and beard. **DRUNK VILLAGER:** Thin middle-aged man. **THE VILLAGE SINGER:** A large man with the voice of an Irish tenor.

Time: The present and the year 1735.

Locations:

The central square of an Irish village.

Forest with Strongbow's Tree.

O'Braonain Farmhouse.

O'Foghladh house

Production notes: *The set to should be stage with a large Strongbow's Tree to one side of the stage and The Village facade on the others side. The Village should have should have, one two story structure to represent O'Foghladh house. The center of the stage can be a neutral playing space, with simple furniture and lighting to represent O'Braonain Farmhouse, The Forest and the Village Square.*

ACT I

Scene 1

The lights slowly fade up on a forest path. Spring is in the air and so are the sounds of the forest at dusk. From one side of the path appears Patrick Kavanaugh, an American tourist hiking the Irish countryside. He stops, takes his heavy backpack off, sets it down, and rests.

From behind a tree, Maggie appears in a traditional Irish dress. Her cheeks blush red and her eyes sparkle. She flashes a wicked smile as she raises a fiddle to her chin and starts to play an Irish reel. Patrick puts his backpack back on and moves slowly towards the music.

A redheaded village girl giggles and bursts out from her hiding place behind a tree and starts running down the path towards the village. She is laughing wildly as she runs. Out of the woods comes a man running full speed towards her. He catches up and swoops her up into his arms. He continues to run while she straddles him, wildly kissing him. His knees weaken, and he goes crashing to one side of the path. They roll around still kissing each other. Patrick continues slowly walking past the kissing couple.

The fiddle music continues to build in pace as a blonde village girl bursts out onto the path and starts to run towards the village. Then from the other side of the path, a man bursts out of the woods and runs up and grabs her mid-stride. As he runs and pulls her close, he swings her around his body and gives her a passionate kiss. They, too, collapse to the side of the path and roll around groping each other. This time as Patrick passes them, he looks away

Suddenly, a woman with short dark hair tied off in a bandanna, Ali Mackenna, pushes past Patrick and starts running down the path towards the village. Patrick regains his balance and looks around and notices that nobody is chasing her. The fiddle music

builds again, as Patrick smiles and drops his backpack to the ground and starts sprinting after her. Ali continues running towards the village without looking back. Patrick quickly gains ground on her, catching up to her just as the woods open up to a village green. He tries to swoop her up into his arms, but they lose their balance sending them crashing to the path, and they roll around on the ground. Patrick ends up on top of Ali as they stop rolling.

He looks at the fire in her eyes. Patrick then leans in and kisses her. The fiddle music comes to an abrupt stop as she slaps him.

ALI

What the hell do you think you're doing?

PATRICK

I thought this was a local game! Kiss the running girl?

Ali slaps him again.

ALI

I was running because I'm late for work!

PATRICK

I'm sorry, I thought...

Ali gets up quickly and starts sprinting down the path towards the village.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

...Wait, What's your name?

She continues to run without looking back and disappears into the village. Patrick picks himself up and walks back to retrieve his backpack. He passes the other couples who are still in romantic embraces near the path and picks up his backpack.

Fade to black

ACT I

Scene 2

The square is alive with locals dancing. It's the local Alban Eiler Festival, "Light of the Earth," celebrating the vernal equinox. In the middle of the square a bearded old man, wearing a small old hat, fiddles and stands on a bench near the old town well. Men and women of all ages twirl around dancing, trying to keep pace with the fiddler. Patrick slowly enters the village and weaves his way through the dancers to a corner table outside the local pub. He sits down and watches the wild antics of the local celebration. Ali comes out of the pub's doorway, balancing a tray loaded with fresh pints of cider.

Ali weaves her way through the crowd, delivering orders around the square. Patrick notices Ali and watches her body move and sway to the music as she maneuvers through the partying crowd. She finishes her deliveries and works her way back, taking refill orders, slowly working her way to Patrick's table.

ALI

Oh, Mr. Fresh Lips.

PATRICK

I'm sorry about that. I'm Patrick.

ALI

Well, what will you be having?

PATRICK

What's that you have been serving?

ALI

Spring Cider.

PATRICK

Cider?

ALI

Made from the spring berries. Fresh, like you.

PATRICK

I'll have a pint.

Ali gives him a nod, then works her way back through the crowd and to the serving window of the Inn's pub. The Irish song ends, and the crowd explodes with applause for the fiddler. Then one drunk villager cries out.

DRUNK VILLAGER

The Rose of Tralee!

The other Villagers join and demanding "The Rose of Tralee."

THE FIDDLER

So, it's the Rose you want?

The crowd rings out a cry of "Yes!" The Fiddler holds his fiddle like a guitar and begins to pluck out the intro of the song. Then an old man with a long wild grey beard, The Village Singer, steps up next to the towns empty stockage and leans on it as he starts to sing along to the fiddler with his mystical voice.

THE VILLAGE SINGER

THE PALE MOON WAS RISING, ABOVE THE GREEN MOUNTAIN, THE SUN WAS DECLINING BENEATH THE BLUE SEA. WHEN I STRAYED WITH MY LOVE TO THE PURE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN, THAT STANDS IN THE BEAUTIFUL, VALE OF TRALEE.

Ali enters with her tray full of another round of ciders for the crowd. She makes eye contact with Patrick and decides to work her way around the other side of the group, so as to serve him last.

THE VILLAGE SINGER (CONT'D)

SHE WAS LOVELY AND FAIR ,AS THE ROSE OF THE SUMMER,
YET 'T WAS NOT HER BEAUTY ALONE THAT WON ME.
OH NO, 'T WAS THE TRUTH IN HER EYES EVER DAWNING,
THAT MADE ME LOVE MARY, THE ROSE OF TRALEE.

An elderly couple, the oldest couple in the village, rises and begins to dance to the music around the village water well slowly. The whole crowd, including Patrick, stops and watches the couple.

THE VILLAGE SINGER (CONT'D)

THE COOL SHADES OF EVENING, THEIR MANTLE WAS SPREADING,
AND MARY ALL SMILING SAT LISTENING TO ME.
THE MOON THROUGH THE VALLEY, HER PALE RAYS WERE SHINING,
WHEN I WON THE HEART, OF THE ROSE OF TRALEE.

Ali slowly slips through the crowd with her eyes on the couple and works her way over to Patrick's table. Still keeping her eyes on the elderly dancing couple, she sets Patrick's cider in front of him. Patrick's attention goes from the couple to Ali. He looks at her hair and then at her ass.

VILLAGE SINGER

SHE WAS LOVELY AND FAIR, AS THE ROSE OF THE SUMMER,
YET 'T WAS NOT HER BEAUTY ALONE THAT WON ME.
OH NO, 'T WAS THE TRUTH IN HER EYES EVER DAWNING,
THAT MADE ME LOVE, MARY THE ROSE OF TRALEE.

PATRICK

What's your name?

ALI

None of your concern.

PATRICK

That's a funny name. Spelled N-u-n? Is that Irish?

Ali gives him a quick smirk and then looks back at the elderly couple dancing.

THE VILLAGE SINGER

ON THE FAR FIELDS OF INDIA, MID WAR'S BLOODY THUNDER,
HER VOICE WAS A SOLACE AND COMFORT TO ME.
BUT THE COLD HAND OF DEATH HAS NOW TORN US ASUNDER,
I'M LONELY TONIGHT, FOR MY ROSE OF TRALEE.

PATRICK

I'm Patrick Kavanaugh. I'm from America.

Ali shoots him another quick smirk.

ALI

And that's supposed to impress me?

THE VILLAGE SINGER

SHE WAS LOVELY AND FAIR, AS THE ROSE OF THE SUMMER,
YET 'T WAS NOT HER BEAUTY ALONE THAT WON ME.
OH NO, 'T WAS THE TRUTH IN HER EYES EVER DAWNING,
THAT MADE ME LOVE MARY, THE ROSE OF TRALEE.

The Fiddler finishes the song, and the elderly couple gives each other a tender kiss as the Villagers all clap for them. Ali starts back to the inn when Patrick grabs her by her arm. She swirls around facing him, threatening him with another slap. He picks up his glass mug and chugs the whole cider down.

PATRICK

I want another round.

He holds the empty mug out towards her. Ali snatches the mug out of his hands and heads back to the inn's pub. The music picks up with another Irish reel and Villagers once again start swinging their dance partners around the village square. Ali storms over to the pub's order window with a tray full of empty glass pints and slams them on the window's counter top in front of the Innkeeper.

ALI

The American would like another pint of your cider.

THE INNKEEPER

And what has you so riled up?

ALI

If that man lays his hands on me one more time today...

THE INNKEEPER

He's making advances?

ALI

I've already slapped the man twice today, and he still grabs my arm.

THE INNKEEPER

Now, Ali!

ALI

It would serve him right if I slapped him a third time on this day.

THE INNKEEPER

Ali Mackenna! Don't you dare joke about such things!

ALI

Just pour me his pint.

The Innkeeper pours the pint of cider and gives it to Ali. The party is raging now. People are drunk and dancing wildly. The Fiddler is making them spin faster and faster around the square. Ali comes from the pub's window and sets Patrick's pint of cider in front of him and starts to walk away.

PATRICK

Where you going, sweet lips?

She reels around quickly.

ALI

Don't call me that!

PATRICK

Well, you won't tell me your name.

Patrick downs the second pint of cider.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'll have another, sweet lips.

ALI

I think you have had enough.

Ali reaches over and grabs his empty mug. As she turns her back to leave, Patrick swats her on the ass with his hand.

PATRICK

I'll have another!

This time Ali spins around and slaps Patrick across the face.

ALI
IN THE NAME OF DEARG DUE, I CURSE YOU!

The music stops abruptly, and the town Villagers freeze in their tracks and let out a loud gasp. The Innkeeper comes out of the inn.

THE INNKEEPER
Ali Mackenna! Get inside! All of you! Get inside!

The festivals breaks-up, and the Villagers all disperse and scurry home. Ali slowly walks away and goes inside the inn. The Innkeeper comes out of the inn and walks over to Patrick.

THE INNKEEPER (CONT'D)
You, American, go!

PATRICK
But I have no place to stay tonight.

THE INNKEEPER
Well, you can't stay here. You need to go!

The Innkeeper starts to pick up all the discarded mugs from the festival, stacking them on a tray. The light dims, leaving only a shaft of light illuminating the wooden table the Innkeeper is cleaning. Patrick walks over to him.

PATRICK
Say, what's this Dearg Due thing, anyway?

THE INNKEEPER
Don't utter that name again. You hear me!

PATRICK
I don't understand. What is it?

THE INNKEEPER
It is not an it. It's a she.

PATRICK
A she? Who is she?

THE INNKEEPER

She was the fairest beauty this village has ever seen.

PATRICK

And that's her name?

THE INNKEEPER

No, my boy. Nobody has spoken her real name for ages, but they have talked about her.

The lights fade up on MAGGIE O'BRAONAIN in a festival dress. It's now the year 1735, and all the villagers dress to reflect that period of time in Irish history. Maggie is standing in a shaft of light by a tree near the forest path. She flashes a little grin and a giggle.

ACT I

Scene 3

THE INNKEEPER (CONT'D)

Her skin was as fair as springtime snow and her lips as red as rubies in the light of the setting sun. Gentle, good-hearted men from all over Ireland loved and adored her. However, her heart belonged to a farm boy peasant.

Maggie lets out another giggle, then bolts from her hiding place and sprints down the path towards the village. QUINN MARTIN jumps out from behind a tree as the lights fade up on the forest.

QUINN

Oh, I got you now!

Maggie laughs and then cuts right off the path into the forest. For a second this confuses Quinn, but he then cuts through the woods in hot pursuit of Maggie. Maggie runs up to the Strongbow's tree, the most massive tree in the woods. She circles around the giant tree, hopping quickly over its giant roots. Quinn approaches, leaping up on top of the tree's giant roots. He makes up ground on Maggie as he leaps across the tops of the tree roots in pursuit. Maggie tries to bolt away from the tree but gets her foot caught which sends her tumbling to the ground. Quinn hops across the roots until he is hovering above Maggie.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Jesus, Maggie! You okay?

Maggie is almost in tears as she holds her ankle.

MAGGIE

It's my ankle. It hurts.

Quinn hops down to her and tenderly attends to her ankle.

QUINN

It's starting to swell up. Here, put your arms around my neck.

She hugs Quinn around the neck as he swoops her up into his arms and starts to carry her, circling the roots of the giant tree.

MAGGIE

The village is in the other direction.

QUINN

I've been coming out to the Strongbow's tree since I was a wee lad. There is a cold brook on the other side of the tree.

Quinn carries Maggie over to the side of the brook and places her gently on the apron or the stage, so she can dip her ankle over the edge.

QUINN

Here, put your ankle in the stream.

She dips it in and immediately pulls it out of the cold water.

MAGGIE

Oh God, it's cold.

He grabs hold of her leg and places it back into the stream. He starts to rub her leg to warm it, but he keeps her ankle in the cold water.

QUINN

It will help with the swelling.

Maggie moves closer to Quinn.

MAGGIE

Will it?

She leans towards to Quinn and kisses him. She breaks away from him and bolts over to the base of Strongbow's Tree and lays down. Quinn runs over to her, and they lay in each in each other's arms. They look up at the sun rays breaking through the tree's giant canopy.

QUINN

Maggie, if you could go to one place in this world, where would it be?

MAGGIE

I'm there right now. Laying in your arms under Strongbow's Tree.

QUINN

No, if you could live anywhere in this world, where would it be?

Maggie gives him a smile.

MAGGIE

Laying in your arms under Strongbow's Tree.

She giggles and laughs, teasing him.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Just where would you want to be, Quinn Martin?

QUINN

Under a giant American Oak tree with you in my arms.

MAGGIE

America?

QUINN

Yes, America. A place where we can start a new life together.

MAGGIE

What about a life right here in our village?

QUINN

I've been thinking about it, Maggie. For us to have a chance, it would have to be in America.

MAGGIE

But, America?

QUINN

It's the only way, Maggie. A clean break. We run off on our own. That's the only way we can be together.

He leans over and gives Maggie a tender kiss. They start to grind on each other and make love under the tree as the lights fade to black.

ACT I

Scene 4

BRIAN O'FOGHLADH, a large old man, sits behind a desk, pulling coins out of a pouch. He stacks the silver coins in stacks of ten and lines them up in straight rows on his office desk. MICHAEL O'BRAONAIN, Maggie's father, stands before him with his hat in hand.

O'FOGHLADH

Mr. O'Braonain.

O'BRAONAIN

Mr. O'Foghladh.

O'FOGHLADH

I want to thank you for coming here today.

O'Braonain looks around his house. It is filled with beautiful, luxurious furnishings.

O'BRAONAIN

Thank you for the invitation, Mr. O'Foghladh.

O'FOGHLADH

Please, call me Brian.

O'BRAONAIN

Only if you call me Michael.

O'FOGHLADH slides his large body behind his desk and plops into his chair.

O'FOGHLADH

Please, Michael, have a seat.

O'Braonain sits down in a small chair across from O'Foghladh. O'Foghladh notices O'Braonain eyeing the coins.

O'FOGHLADH (CONT'D)

I guess you know why I have asked you here today?

O'BRAONAIN

By the looks of it, I'd say that it was for a transaction.

O'Foghladh lets out a little chuckle.

O'FOGHLADH

I like you, Michael. You cut straight to the chase.

O'BRAONAIN

Thank you, Brian. I know you have had your eye on that bit of land I have adjacent to your property near the Whispering Brook.

O'Foghladh lets out a louder chuckle which embarrasses O'Braonain.

O'FOGHLADH

Don't make me to laugh, Michael. It's not your land I want. It's your daughter, Maggie.

O'BRAONAIN

My Maggie?

O'FOGHLADH

I have before you three hundred silver coins.

O'BRAONAIN

Three hundred silver coins.

O'FOGHLADH

And you can have the land on the other side of that brook, clear to the road beyond. O'Braonain leans back in his chair and thinks about the offer.

O'BRAONAIN

All this for my Maggie?

O'FOGHLADH

I think she is worth it.

O'Braonain leans forward and spits in his hand. He extends it across the desk for O'Foghladh to seal the deal. O'Foghladh spits in his hand, reaches over, grasps hold of O'Braonain's hand, and shake on it. Then two men explode into laughter.

ACT I

Scene 5

Quinn carries Maggie up the path to the village square. Her arms are around his neck. They are staring into each other's eyes. O'Braonain and O'Foghladh enter the square together. They are on their way to the inn for a pint, laughing as they walk. They both stop laughing when they see Quinn and Maggie together. They storm across the square to meet the couple.

O'BRAONAIN

Maggie O'Braonain!

Quinn and Maggie see the two men coming toward them.

MAGGIE

It's Father. Put me down.

The two men reach the couple, and O'Braonain addresses Quinn directly.

O'BRAONAIN

Boy, just what do you think you're doing with your hands on my daughter?

MAGGIE

He was helping me, Father.

O'BRAONAIN

Maggie, I'm not addressing you, am I?

QUINN

I found her in the forest. She has a sprained ankle.

O'FOGHLADH

You just found her in the forest?

MAGGIE

Father, it's true. He was just helping me.

O'BRAONAIN

Maggie, get home!

QUINN

She can't walk home on that ankle.

O'BRAONAIN

You heard me! Get home!

As she tries to walk home, Maggie winces in pain with each step. Quinn attempts to get past the men and help her, but Michael O'Braonain raises his walking stick to strike Quinn. Quinn reaches up and snatches it out of his hands, sending O'Braonain to the ground.

QUINN

Maggie!

Quinn throws the walking stick to Maggie. She snatches it out of the air and flashes Quinn a smile. She uses it as a crutch to get home, and she disappears around a corner. O'Braonain gets back to his feet and starts to move towards Quinn. Brian O'Foghladh steps between the two men. He turns to Quinn while he holds O'Braonain back.

O'FOGHLADH

You are never to interact with that Maggie again! Do you understand me, boy?

QUINN

Who are you to make such a demand?

O'FOGHLADH

I'm Maggie's fiancée.

Quinn, shocked at this news, backs down, turns, and slowly walks away.

ACT I

Scene 6

Maggie sits in a chair by the fire. Her leg is propped up on a pillow on a stool when her father bursts into the house.

O'BRAONAIN

You are never to speak with that boy again!

MAGGIE

I told you, my ankle, he was helping me.

Her father kicks the stool out from under her ankle. Maggie's leg crashes to the floor, reinjuring it.

O'BRAONAIN

My ankle! My ankle! Don't you ever disobey me like you did today again! Do you hear me?

Maggie holds her ankle and says nothing to him. O'Braonain then slaps her across the face, sending her to the floor.

O'BRAONAIN (CONT'D)

I said, do you hear me?

Maggie starts crying on the floor.

MAGGIE

I hear you.

O'BRAONAIN

It's shameful the way you were acting. In the middle of the square in front of your betrothed! Maggie, shocked, questions him.

MAGGIE

My betrothed?

O'BRAONAIN

Mr. O'Foghladh, Brian. We have agreed to the terms of your engagement.

MAGGIE

Terms? What terms?

O'BRAONAIN

Your bridal dowry.

MAGGIE

My dowry?

O'BRAONAIN

A certain amount of silver which will remain undisclosed to you?

MAGGIE

That's it? A bribe, is that what my life is worth to you?

O'BRAONAIN

And a plot of land I've had my eye on.

MAGGIE

And that's what you think my happiness is worth?

O'BRAONAIN

Your happiness? What about my happiness? I should have married you off years ago. This deal is good, and I won't have you spoiling it.

MAGGIE

A good deal? To be married off to that old man for a little silver and a plot of land.

O'BRAONAIN

I'm in my rights as your father! It's about time you were married off, and its good land! Adjacent to Strongbow's Tree.

MAGGIE

But, I don't love him.

O'BRAONAIN

Love him?

He lets out a loud laugh.

O'BRAONAIN (CONT'D)

Well, you better learn quick!

MAGGIE

I won't marry him!

He rushes over to her and begins beating her.

O'BRAONAIN

You are going to marry him! You hear me! Or so help me, I'll drag you to the altar black and blue.

He stops hitting her, and Maggie whimpers in the corner of the room.

O'BRAONAIN

Get to your room!

The lights fade to a blackout as Maggie exits to her room.

ACT I

Scene 7

The lights slowly fade in to the glow of a morning sunrise as Mr. O'Braonain sleeps in his chair. He awakens to the sound of knocking at his front door. He gets up from his chair, opens the door, and nods to her.

O'BRAONAIN

What do you want, Shana?

SHANA

I've come to fetch Maggie to help set up for the festival.

O'BRAONAIN

She won't be helping you today.

He starts to shut the door.

SHANA

She volunteered to help with the decorations.

O'BRAONAIN

She is under the weather. She won't be attending the festival.

He slams the door in her face. Shana walks around the house towards Maggie's bedroom window. As she approaches the window, a small folded piece of paper shoots out of a small crack between the windowsill. Shana grabs the paper then looks up at the window and sees Maggie's black and blue face. She gives Shana a sad nod. Shana looks down at the note. It's addressed to Quinn. Shana gives her a nod back, turns, and starts running down the road away from the house.

ACT I
Scene 8

In a pool of light on the apron of the stage, Quinn is hooked up to a plow and mule rig, plowing the spring ground into furrow rows. Shana calls out Quinn's name as she runs over the hill and down to the working Quinn.

Quinn! Quinn!

SHANA

Quinn whips his arms mimicking stopping his mule and takes off his plow harness. Shana comes running with a note in hand. She reaches him and holds the note out for him to read.

What's this?

QUINN

It's from Maggie.

SHANA

Quinn snatches Maggie's note out of her hand, quickly opens, and silently reads it.

SHANA (CONT'D)

You should have seen her, Quinn. Her face was all black and blue.
Quinn finishes the note with tears in his eyes. He looks up at Shana.

Can you get her a message?

QUINN

Yes.

SHANA

You tell her to be ready. I'm coming for her tonight!

QUINN

Quinn, how are you going to get her out? Her window is nailed shut.

SHANA

Are you sure of that?

QUINN

I saw the nails with my own eyes.

SHANA

QUINN

Then you tell her be ready tonight and stay away from the window. You hear me?

She nods yes.

SHANA

Quinn, where are you running away to? There is not a place in this country that they won't track you down.

QUINN

I know that, Shana.

SHANA

Then where are you going to go?

QUINN

I'm going to take her to America.

SHANA

America?

QUINN

He won't be following me there. Now, go write that note and make sure she gets it. I want her ready to go tonight.

She gives Quinn a big hug.

SHANA

You be safe, Quinn Martin.

Quinn give her a nod.

QUINN

Shana, thank you. Now, get her that message.

ACT I

Scene 9

The square is alive with the Alban Eiler Festival. In the middle of the square, a young man wears the same hat that the present's village fiddler wore, but it's untouched by the wear of time. He fiddles as he stands on a bench near the town well. Men and women of all ages twirl around, trying to keep pace with the fiddler. Quinn is playing dice with a bunch of other men who are yelling and placing bets. Quinn sets a few coins down in front of him as his bet, then he snatches up the dice and shakes them in his hand.

QUINN

Come on, for my baby.

He kisses the dice, shakes them in his hand, then flings the dice up against the alley wall. The men all let out a yell. Quinn has won and grins hugely as he reaches out to retrieve the dice. He then collects the other coins and places them all in front of him as a bet. Most of the men drop out. However, Ryan Duffy and another old man matches Quinn's bet. Quinn takes a deep breath and reaches for the dice. He starts to shake them in his hand again.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Just, a few more, baby.

Quinn kisses the dice, shakes them, and again, flings the dice towards the alley wall. The men all roar. Quinn wins again. He relaxes and smiles as he reaches for the dice. QUINN once again kisses his hand and shakes the dice.

QUINN

This is for you, baby!

Then he flings the dice up against the alley wall. The men all let out a yell. Quinn has won and grins hugely as he retrieves the dice. He then collects this round's winnings. He places them in front of him into what has grown into a giant pile of coins. He pushes them forward to make a bet. The old man shakes his head.

THE OLD DICE MAN

Too rich for me. I'm out.

Quinn looks over at Ryan Duffy.

RYAN

I've been in it for this long. I might as well ride it out.

Ryan matches the large pile of money sitting in front of Quinn. The crowd grumbles at the stupidity of the bet. Quinn gives him a nod. He kisses the dice and shakes them in his hand.

For America.

QUINN

He flings the dice across the alley onto the wall. They bounce back and land rolling to a stop. The crowd explodes into noise. Quinn lost. People are slapping Ryan on his shoulders, congratulating him, but all Ryan can do is watch Quinn walk away from the celebration in the village square, defeated to a pool of light on the apron of the stag Shana sees him and starts to run towards him, crying out his name.

Quinn, Quinn!

SHANA

Quinn, ignoring her calls, keeps walking away. Shana runs up beside him and walks along with him.

SHANA (CONT'D)

Quinn, Quinn. I got her your note. She will be ready.

He keeps walking as Shana keeps pace with him.

It's no good now, Shana.

QUINN

Quinn, what's wrong?

SHANA

I've lost the money.

QUINN

Oh, Quinn...she still needs your help.

SHANA

And where are we supposed to run to, Shana? Wherever I go on this Island, her father will have the authorities after us.

QUINN

Behind them, a bag of coins jingles and Ryan Duffy's voice rings out from.

Then run to America!

RYAN

Shana and Quinn turn to find Ryan holding out a pouch full of his dice game winnings for Quinn to accept.

QUINN

I can't take your silver.

RYAN

Take it, you fool! I was going to give it to you anyways. However, I knew you would be too pigheaded and would not accept it. So, I decided to lose it to you. I never wanted to win, Quinn. Now, take the money, and God bless, and safe travels to you and Maggie.

Quinn nods and accepts the money from him.

QUINN

And God bless you, Ryan Duffy.

Quinn shakes Ryan's hand, and Shana hugs Quinn goodbye. Quinn turns and runs down the street. Shana leans over and kisses Ryan on the cheek.

SHANA

You're a good man, Ryan Duffy.

RYAN

Well, Shana Mackenna, I think you're sweet on me.

Shana leans over and kisses his lips. Ryan blushes, and she pulls away after laying a long, wet kiss on him.

SHANA

That I'm, Ryan Duffy.

*They both turn and walk arm in arm back toward the music-filled square. Ryan breaks out into a little jig as they walk. Shana joins in with her own little jig. Soon they are dancing down the street together towards the celebration. They reach the village square and Shana climbs up on a wooden table. Shana who sings out a lead in note for the song; **"THE RATTLIN' BOG."***

SHANA
(crescendo.)

OOO...

The whole village joins in with singing the initial crescendo note:

THE VILLAGERS
(crescendo.)
OOO...

Then they start to beat out the rhythm of the song on the wooden tables. Then offstage, there's the sound of a window being smashed and the voices of Quinn, Maggie, and her father.

Quinn!

MAGGIE (Off Stage)

Quick, Maggie, let's go!

QUINN (Off Stage)

You little bastard!

O'BRAONAIN

THE VILLAGERS
HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.
HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

Shana has one foot up on a bench, leading the song.

SHANA
NOW IN THAT BOG, THERE WAS A TREE,
A RARE TREE AND A RATTLIN' TREE,
AND THE TREE IN THE BOG,
AND THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

THE VILLAGERS
HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.
HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

SHANA
NOW ON THAT TREE, THERE WAS A BRANCH,
A RARE BRANCH AND A RATTLIN' BRANCH,
AND THE BRANCH ON THE TREE,
AND THE TREE IN THE BOG,
AND THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

THE VILLAGERS

HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.
HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

SHANA

ON THAT BRANCH, THERE WAS A TWIG,
A RARE TWIG, A RATTLIN' TWIG,
AND THE TWIG ON THE BRANCH,
AND THE BRANCH ON THE TREE,
AND THE TREE IN THE HOLE,
AND THE HOLE IN THE BOG,
AND THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

THE VILLAGERS

HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.
HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

SHANA

ON THAT BRANCH, THERE WAS A TWIG,
A RARE TWIG, A RATTLIN' TWIG,
AND THE TWIG ON THE BRANCH,
AND THE BRANCH ON THE TREE,
AND THE TREE IN THE HOLE,
AND THE HOLE IN THE BOG,
AND THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

Quinn and Maggie enter on the stage's apron on the opposite of the stage from Strongbow's Tree.

QUINN

It won't be long before your Da and that dog will be coming after us. Let's get going.

MAGGIE

My ankle, Quinn. It's still not strong.

QUINN

Then climb on my back, Maggie.

She climbs on his back, and he lifts her into the air. Maggie's arms wrap around his neck. Quinn carries her bag in his hand as he slowly wades through the bog across the apron of the stage, heading towards the forest while the singing and dancing continues in the village square behind them.

THE VILLAGERS

HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.
HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

SHANA

WELL ON THAT TWIG THERE WAS A NEST,
A RARE NEST AND A RATTLIN' NEST,
AND THE NEST ON THE TWIG,
AND THE TWIG ON THE BRANCH,
AND THE BRANCH ON THE TREE,
AND THE TREE IN THE HOLE,
AND THE HOLE IN THE BOG,
AND THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

THE VILLAGERS

HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.
HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O

SHANA

IN THAT NEST, THERE WAS AN EGG,
A RARE EGG A RATTLIN' EGG,
AND THE EGG IN THE NEST,
AND THE NEST ON THE TWIG,
AND THE TWIG ON THE BRANCH,
AND THE BRANCH ON THE TREE,
AND THE TREE IN THE HOLE,
AND THE HOLE IN THE BOG,
AND THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

THE VILLAGERS

HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.
HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

Quinn and Maggie reach the other side of the stage's apron. They look back in the direction they came from to see if they are being followed.

MAGGIE

He is coming. Quinn, what are we going to do if he catches us?

QUINN

He will never catch up before we make it to the forest.

MAGGIE

But he will catch up with us.

QUINN

I know every tree and hiding place in those woods.

MAGGIE

So, does my Da, Quinn.

They both exit into the wings as the celebration continues in the village square.

SHANA

AND IN THE EGG, THERE WAS A CHICK,
A RARE CHICK A RATTLIN' CHICK,
AND THE CHICK IN THE EGG,
AND THE EGG IN THE NEST,
AND THE NEST ON THE TWIG,
AND THE TWIG ON THE BRANCH,
AND THE BRANCH ON THE TREE,
AND THE TREE IN THE HOLE,
AND THE HOLE IN THE BOG,
AND THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

O'BRAONAIN enters onto the apron and follows Quinn and Maggie's path. He has his lantern hooked on the end of his walking stick. He is looking down on occasion as he walks, tracing Quinn's tracks.

O'BRAONAIN

Heading for the forest, are you?

He lets out a little laugh and picks up his pace, tracking the footprints.

THE VILLAGERS

HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.
HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

SHANA

AND ON THE CHICK, THERE WAS A FEATHER,
A RARE FEATHER A RATTLIN' FEATHER,
AND THE FEATHER ON THE CHICK,
AND THE CHICK IN THE EGG,
AND THE EGG IN THE NEST,
AND THE NEST ON THE TWIG,
AND THE TWIG ON THE BRANCH,
AND THE BRANCH ON THE TREE,
AND THE TREE IN THE HOLE,
AND THE HOLE IN THE BOG,
AND THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

THE VILLAGERS

HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.
HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

SHANA

ON THE FEATHER, THERE WAS A FLEA,
A RARE FLEA, A RATTLIN' FLEA,
AND FLEA ON THE FEATHER,
AND THE FEATHER ON THE CHICK,
AND THE CHICK IN THE EGG,
AND THE EGG IN THE NEST,
AND THE NEST ON THE TWIG,
AND THE TWIG ON THE BRANCH,
AND THE BRANCH ON THE TREE,
AND THE TREE IN THE HOLE,
AND THE HOLE IN THE BOG,
AND THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

THE VILLAGERS

HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.
HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

SHANA

AND ON THAT FLEA, THERE WAS SOME LEGS,
RARE LEGS, RATTLIN' LEGS,
AND THE LEGS ON THE FLEA,
AND FLEA ON THE FEATHER,
AND THE FEATHER ON THE CHICK,
AND THE CHICK IN THE EGG,

AND THE EGG IN THE NEST,
AND THE NEST ON THE TWIG,
AND THE TWIG ON THE BRANCH,
AND THE BRANCH ON THE TREE,
AND THE TREE IN THE HOLE,
AND THE HOLE IN THE BOG,
AND THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

O'BRAONAIN reaches the other side of the bog. He stops and pulls out his pistol and makes sure his powder is dry and it's ready to fire. Then he places it back into his jacket and exits into the wings, following Quinn and Maggie.

THE VILLAGERS

HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.
HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

Shana climbs down from the table and begins to show off the heels of her shoes as she uses them to pound out the rhythm of the song.

SHANA

ON THOSE SHOES, THERE WERE SOME HEELS,
SOME RARE HEELS, SOME RATTLIN' HEELS,
AND THE HEELS ON THE SHOES,
AND THE SHOES ON THE LEGS,
AND THE LEG ON THE FLEA,
AND FLEA ON THE FEATHER,
AND THE FEATHER ON THE CHICK,
AND THE CHICK IN THE EGG,
AND THE EGG IN THE NEST,
AND THE NEST ON THE TWIG,
AND THE TWIG ON THE BRANCH,
AND THE BRANCH ON THE TREE,
AND THE TREE IN THE HOLE,
AND THE HOLE IN THE BOG,
AND THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.
THE VILLAGERS
HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.
HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

The Villagers all stop pounding the beat of the song as Shana slows down the pace of the song's chorus.

SHANA

ON THAT HEEL, THERE WAS A NAIL,
A RARE NAIL, A RATTLIN' NAIL,
AND THE NAIL ON THE HEEL,
AND THE HEELS ON THE SHOES,
AND THE SHOES ON THE LEGS,
AND THE LEG ON THE FLEA,
AND FLEA ON THE FEATHER,
AND THE FEATHER ON THE CHICK,
AND THE CHICK IN THE EGG,
AND THE EGG IN THE NEST,
AND THE NEST ON THE TWIG,
AND THE TWIG ON THE BRANCH,
AND THE BRANCH ON THE TREE,
AND THE TREE IN THE HOLE,
AND THE HOLE IN THE BOG,
AND THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O

THE VILLAGERS

HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.
HO, RO, THE RATTLIN' BOG,
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O.

The crowd erupts into clapping and cheers for Shana as the song ends. The cheers dissolve into the sound of a babbling brook as the lights fade down on the village and cross fade up on the forest and Strongbow's Tree.

ACT I
Scene 10

Quinn enters still carrying Maggie on his back. They work their way around the Strongbow's Tree, downstage to the apron. The moonlight shimmers off the water in the brook. Maggie dips her hand off the side of the apron, scoops up a hand full of water, and takes a sip.

MAGGIE

I think we lost him.

Quinn sits beside her next to the water's edge.

QUINN

I would not be so sure.

Maggie forms a scoop with both of her hands, dips them into the water, and offers her handful of water to Quinn.

MAGGIE

Here, I'll give you a drink of moon water.

QUINN

Moon water?

MAGGIE

May it hold the magic of our love.

She holds out her handful of water for Quinn to take a drink. He drinks it slowly then kisses her hand.

QUINN

That was truly a magical sip of water.

Maggie's hand goes back for another scoop, but the sound of her father's voice stops her.

O'BRAONAIN

Well, don't you two make a lovely pair.

O'Braonain enters from behind Strongbow's Tree.

O'BRAONAIN (CONT'D)

I thought I told you to leave my daughter alone, boy!

Quinn sees O'Braonain raise his walking stick high in the air as he approaches them. O'Braonain takes a reckless swing at Quinn who quickly ducks and dodges the club end of the walking stick. Quinn rolls over on the ground and crawls back towards Strongbow's Tree.

MAGGIE

Da! Leave him alone!

O'BRAONAIN

He's a thief in the night, and I'm going to teach him a lesson.

Quinn grabs a large stick as he climbs to his feet. O'Braonain holds his walking stick raised high, ready to strike a blow, and charges at Quinn. Quinn uses his stick like a quarterstaff, and by grabbing the stick by both ends and using the middle of his staff, he deflects O'Braonain's walking stick.

Quinn cross-checks the blow and pushes back. O'Braonain loses his balance and falls to the ground. Quinn jumps up on a giant tree root and pulls Maggie up with him. O'Braonain gets to his feet and jumps up on a root adjacent to Quinn.

O'BRAONAIN (CONT'D)

It's a fight you want, boy?

QUINN

I want you to leave us alone.

O'BRAONAIN

It's a fight you're going to get.

O'Braonain jumps and swings his walking stick club end first at Quinn's head. Quinn ducks and avoids the blow as O'Braonain lands on the same giant root.

QUINN

Step back, Maggie.

Maggie moves back near the trunk of the tree. O'Braonain strikes a defensive pose, ready for Quinn to make a move. Quinn charges in with his staff and attacks O'Braonain who engages him with this walking stick. They attack and counter then O'Braonain, sweeps at the Quinn's legs. He jumps in the air and avoids the strike. O'Braonain advances up the root, rushing Quinn. Quinn leaps to the next root and then back to the same root as O'Braonain. The two men have exchanged positions. Now Quinn is working his way up the root towards O'Braonain and Maggie. Maggie lunges forward and jumps on her father's back. O'Braonain tries to sling her off him, but she rakes

his face with her fingers. O'Braonain flings up his fist behind his shoulder, and sucker punches Maggie in the face. She falls unconscious under Strongbow's Tree.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Maggie!

Quinn jumps off the root down to Maggie's side. He tries to revive her, but she remains knocked out. O'Braonain takes a cheap shot at the boy with his stick.

O'BRAONAIN

Get away from her.

QUINN

Why won't you let us be?

O'BRAONAIN

It's purely financial, boy. O'Foghladh has paid good silver for his betrothed, and I intend on making good that transaction.

Quinn removes a pouch filled with his traveling silver.

QUINN

How much? I will match it. Only, if you will let us leave for America.

O'Braonain turns away from Quinn and ponders his question.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Well, how, much is she worth to you? I'll pay it. How much?

O'BRAONAIN

Well, boy, it's like this.

O'Braonain pulls the pistol out of his pocket and points it at Quinn.

O'BRAONAIN (CONT'D)

I think I will be taking it all.

BLACKOUT

Scene 11

ACT I

Ryan Duffy is pushing a cart filled with giant clay jars, delivering milk to the villagers. He stops his cart and walks up to the door of a house. An old woman opens the door, and she extends a jug out for Ryan to grab. Ryan takes the jug and walks over to his cart. He uses a large serving jug to fill the woman's jug from the jars. He is walking back to her doorway when he hears his name being called out from down the street.

Ryan! Ryan!

SHANA

Ryan nods to the old lady as he hands back her full milk jug. The woman takes the jug and shuts her door.

And what has you shouting my name so early in the streets?

RYAN

Ryan, have you seen Quinn today?

SHANA

Not yet.

RYAN

He did it! He did it!

SHANA

You mean?

RYAN

Yes, he smashed out her window and took her away.

SHANA

Last night?

RYAN

I saw her window boarded up this morning.

SHANA

Ryan pushes his cart to the next house.

That's odd.

RYAN

SHANA

What?

RYAN

Why would Old Man O'Braonain board up that window so fast?

SHANA

You don't think he caught them?

RYAN

Well, I have not seen Quinn today. I guess if I do, we will have our answer.

Ryan starts to walk up to the doorway of his next delivery.

SHANA

Ryan, look!

He turns to see Mr. O'Braonain dressed in his Sunday best. Maggie is slowly walking a few steps behind him dressed in a wedding dress. Maggie's face is covered in heavy white powder to hide her blackened eyes. She makes eye contact with Shana as her and her father silently pass them and walk into the village church.

RYAN

I guess we have our answer.

SHANA

Ryan, what are we going to do?

RYAN

There is nothing we can do now, Shana.

SHANA

We can find Quinn. He will put a stop to it.

RYAN

Not sure what he could do to stop it.

SHANA

Well, I'm off to find him! Quinn will have a plan.

Maggie and Mr. O'Foghladh stand in the town square when the village priest enters with a small length of rope in one hand and a broom in the other. He hands the broom to Mr. O'Braonain. O'Foghladh extends out his arm. He turns and looks over at Maggie. Maggie looks at her father who is holding the broom like a weapon. Maggie's arm shakes as she extends it next to his, her young hand next to his old wrinkled hand. The Priest takes the rope and lashes the two arms together, tying the knot, and binding them together. Maggie begins to cry and the tears running down her face wash the white powder away, revealing her blackened eyes and bruised face. The Priest steps back and motions to Mr. O'Braonain who lays the broom on the cobblestone in front of the couple. Mr. O'Foghladh jumps over the broom, but Maggie stays behind on the other side. Their arms still bound, he pulls her over to his side of the broom. Mr. O'Foghladh tips his hat to the Priest and hands him a gold coin. He turns to O'Braonain and gives him a small pouch with the balance of the wedding dowry. Still tied to Maggie, he pulls her across the square to his home. Maggie, still crying, looks up and sees Ryan and Shana as she is pulled into the house.

MAGGIE
(Whispering)

Help me.

Ryan knows he can do nothing, ashamed, he looks away. O'Foghladh tries to pull Maggie into his house. Maggie calls back to Shana as she is dragged inside.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Quinn?

Shana calls back to her.

SHANA

I can't find him, Maggie!

O'Foghladh, hands on the rope, pulls hard, dragging Maggie inside.

SHANA (CONT'D)

Maggie!

The door is slammed shut.

SHANA (CONT'D)

Ryan, we have to find Quinn!

RYAN

Shana, I've looked everywhere for him. He must be laying low.

SHANA

Ryan, didn't Quinn talk about a cousin of his in Tipperary?

RYAN

Yeah, from Clogheen.

SHANA

Ryan, do you think you could go to Clogheen?

RYAN

That's a full day's journey.

SHANA

I'll do your milk run in the morning.

She flashes Ryan a smile. He smiles back at her.

RYAN

I'll get started for Clogheen, after my milk run, tomorrow morning.

Shana gives him a big hug.

SHANA

You're a prince, Ryan Duffy. A sure prince.

Shana kisses him on the cheek as the lights fade.

BLACKOUT

ACT II

Scene 1

The third story room in O'Foghladh's house, furnished with just a small wooden stool. O'Foghladh slings Maggie to the floor as he unties her from his wrist. Maggie crawls to the corner of the room, rubbing her swollen wrist.

O'FOGHLADH

Come to get my boots, girl!

Maggie looks up at the old man pointing his boots at her. She crawls over, helps him remove each boot, and then sets them by the bed.

O'FOGHLADH (CONT'D)

Now, get in bed!

MAGGIE

What for?

O'FOGHLADH

My dear Maggie, it's our wedding day.

MAGGIE

Don't go thinking you can just have your way, just because you married me.

O'Foghladh lets out a loud, ugly laugh.

O'FOGHLADH

Get undressed.

He starts to undress and moves toward the bed. Maggie rolls over and kicks him away. She then runs for the bedroom door. O'Foghladh grabs her, pulls her back to the bed, and bends her over the footboard. He rips the backside of her dress off and then drops his pants. With one hand on the back of Maggie's neck, he forces her over the bed and starts to rape her from behind. Maggie screams for help then sees O'Foghladh's arm next to her. She lunges and bites hard into O'Foghladh's arm. He backs away her and grabs his hurt arm. Maggie turns back around to face him.

O'FOGHLADH (CONT'D)

You little bitch!

O'Foghladh lunges for her and Maggie makes a break for the door, but he catches her. He backhands her hard with his hurt arm. Then he grabs her by the neck and pins her up against the wall, almost lifting her off the ground.

O'FOGHLADH (CONT'D)

If you ever try that again, I'll fucking kill you!

He lets her go, sending her crashing to the floor holding her and neck gasping for air.

O'FOGHLADH (CONT'D)

You're going to learn to enjoy your wifely duties.

Maggie gets up, runs, and grabs the wooden stool. She holds it up as a shield from O'Foghladh.

O'FOGHLADH (CONT'D)

What are you going to do with that, little girl?

O'Foghladh moves towards her. Maggie extends the wooden stool in defense. O'Foghladh slaps the stool away sending it flying across the room. Maggie makes a break for the door, but O'Foghladh catches her by the leg. He drags her back into the room. He lays on top of her back with Maggie's head turned to one side pressed to the wooden floorboards. O'Foghladh, whispers in her ear.

O'FOGHLADH (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

Like I said, you're going to learn to enjoy it, my dear Maggie.

MAGGIE

I'll die first.

O'Foghladh laughs.

O'FOGHLADH

Oh, you just might.

He pulls up her skirt and starts to rape her from behind. Maggie struggles and tries to get up, but O'Foghladh keeps thrusting his body, forcing her back to the floor as the lights fade out.

ACT II

Scene 2

The lights fade up on the Village Square. Shana is sitting outside the inn clearing dishes and mugs from a wooden table. O'Foghladh exits his home and walks quickly towards her.

O'FOGHLADH

You girl! You're the Innkeepers daughter?

Shana, nods yes.

O'FOGHLADH

What's your name?

SHANA

Shana, sir.

O'FOGHLADH (CONT'D)

I'm here for a business matter. Go tell your Da, I'm here and fetch him.

SHANA

Yes, sir.

Shana exits into the inn. Then the Innkeeper appears.

THE INNKEEPER

Ah, Mr. O'Foghladh! How can I help you?

O'FOGHLADH

I want to speak to you in private about a matter of business.

THE INNKEEPER

Yes sir, how can I help you?

O'FOGHLADH

Well, you see my new bride needs a bit of breaking in.

THE INNKEEPER

Breaking in? She is not much of a cook?

O'FOGHLADH

Yes, that's it. I need a meal delivered each morning.

THE INNKEEPER

I would be happy to provide such a service for you, sir.

The Innkeeper turns and shouts in the direction of the inn door.

THE INNKEEPER CONT'D)

Shana! Come in here!

Shana follows orders and quickly enters from the inn.

THE INNKEEPER

Shana, you know Mr. O'Foghladh.

Shana nods a yes.

SHANA

Yes, sir.

THE INNKEEPER

Go fix a plate of food and cover it. Then I want you to follow Mr. O'Foghladh. He will give you a set of instructions which you will obey.

Shana again nods yes. She exits quickly into the inn. O'Foghladh pulls out some silver coins and hands them to the Innkeeper.

O'FOGHLADH

I will be needing this same service daily. Here is your payment in advance.

He counts out payment for the next week in silver and hands it over to the Innkeeper.

THE INNKEEPER

Thank you, sir!

Shana enters from the inn carrying a covered plate of food.

O'FOGHLADH

You, girl, follow me!

The Innkeeper exits into the inn counting his money. Shana follows a step behind O'Foghladh as they walk to his house on the other side of the square.

O'FOGHLADH

You're friends with Maggie?

SHANA

We're the same age. Yes.

As they reach the house, Shana notices a basket tied to a pulley system to the third-floor window.

O'FOGHLADH

Well, you see, Maggie is not feeling well. It would not be right for me to have a young lady such as yourself enter my home alone.

SHANA

Yes, sir.

O'Foghladh flashes her a crooked grin.

O'FOGHLADH

You will come each morning and deliver a meal for Maggie.

SHANA

Yes, sir.

O'FOGHLADH

Place the meal in the basket and raise it to the third-floor window.

Shana nods.

O'FOGHLADH (CONT'D)

Well, do it, girl!

Shana nervously moves near O'Foghladh and places the plate of food in the basket. She pulls on the rope and raises the basket to the third story window. She then ties off the rope on a peg in the ground. She looks up to see the swinging basket but no sign of Maggie.

O'FOGHLADH (CONT'D)

That's it, girl. You can retrieve your dirty plate tomorrow when you bring the next meal.

Shana nods yes.

SHANA

Yes, sir. I understand.

She nervously walks past O'Foghladh and back to the inn.

O'FOGHLADH

Shana!

Shana freezes in her tracks.

SHANA

Yes, sir?

O'FOGHLADH

You're cute when you are nervous.

Shana quickly scurries away and down the hill from the house. O'Foghladh laughs. He then yells up to the third story window.

O'FOGHLADH

Eat, you will need your strength tonight!

He laughs his wicked laugh and exits back into the house. Maggie appears in the window. She has a black eye from the night before and a scratch on her cheek. She wipes the blood from her cheek and starts cry.

The lights fade as she disappears from the window.

ACT II

Scene 3

The lights slowly fade up on Strongbow's Tree. It's late at night, and there is a mist on the ground. Ryan enters, returning from his trip to Clogheen. He zig-zags through the trees and around Strongbow's Tree. Ryan then trips in the mist on Quinn's body. He finds a leg and boots exposed. Ryan uncovers the leaves on the body, leading up to the head. He jumps backward in shock.

Quinn!

RYAN

He pulls the rest of the body up from the leaves and sees the gunshot wound, then lays the body back down.

Quinn, I will be back to bury you proper. I need to save Maggie.

RYAN

He rises and continues weaving through the misty forest towards the village.

Scene 4

ACT II

The sound of the pulley wheel turning as Maggie crawls to her feet and makes her way to the window. She looks down to see Shana lowering the basket to the ground.

Shana!

MAGGIE

Shana, startled, looks up.

Maggie!

SHANA

Thank god it's you! Tell Quinn where I'm!

MAGGIE

I've tried, Maggie!

SHANA

Tried?

MAGGIE

Nobody has seen him, Maggie. What happened to you two?

SHANA

We got as far as the forest before my Da caught up to us. Quinn and my Da were fighting, and that's the last thing I remember.

MAGGIE

Do you think your Da scared him off?

SHANA

MAGGIE

Quinn? Scared? He must be laying low.

Shana takes the old plate out of the basket.

SHANA

Maggie? Why have you not eaten?

MAGGIE

I refuse to eat until I'm free from this old man.

Shana places the new meal in the basket and starts to raise it back up to Maggie.

SHANA

Maggie, starving yourself to death is no way to make a point. Now here is a fresh plate of last night's stew. It will be good for you.

MAGGIE

You're wasting your time, Shana. I won't be eating until my love comes and saves me from this old man.

SHANA

Maggie O'Braonain! You're a stubborn one!

MAGGIE

I just don't have a hunger for food, Shana. I have an appetite for my love. Shana, if I should die, bury me at Strongbow's tree.

SHANA

Nobody's dying Maggie. We will find Quinn! You wait and see, Maggie. If you need me I'm only a stone's throw away.

The front door opens, and Mr. O'Foghladh steps out of the house and startles Shana.

SHANA (CONT'D)

Just delivered today's meal, sir.

He looks up and sees just the hanging basket in the air. Maggie has disappeared.

SHANA (CONT'D)

Good day.

Shana turns and quickly runs back to the Village Square.

ACT II

Scene 5

SHANA

Ryan! Ryan!

Shana runs into his arms.

RYAN

What is it, Shana?

SHANA

Ryan, I saw her! I saw Maggie!

She looks into his eyes and sees he has been crying.

SHANA

What's wrong? Could you not find his cousin?

RYAN

Yes, Shana, I found his cousin. Shana, Quinn is dead.

SHANA

Dead? How?

RYAN

I found him on my return trip. Shot dead, laying in a shallow grave under Strongbow's Tree

SHANA

My God, Ryan, what are we going to do?

RYAN

You just came from her?

SHANA

Yes, she is locked away in the third story of that house. O'Foghladh has me delivering her a meal each morning.

RYAN

We can plan tonight and break her out in morning.

SHANA

Ryan, I'm scared.

They embrace and kiss.

RYAN

Now, go about your day. Don't say a word to anyone. I'll meet you tonight by the river near the mill.

SHANA

Till tonight.

He gives her a nod and another kiss. Shana starts to exit into the inn but turns back to Ryan.

RYAN

Tonight.

Shana nods and exits inside the inn. Ryan then hurries away as the lights fade.

ACT II

Scene 6

The door jiggles as it's unlatched from the outside. The door swings open, and drunk O'Foghladh stumbles into the room. He looks around for Maggie. She appears out of nowhere and smashes him in the face with the stool. O'Foghladh smiles as blood spills out of his mouth.

O'FOGHLADH

That's my girl. You like it rough!

She charges him again. He grabs hold of her arm and swings her hard into the wall adorned with the window. He takes her head and bashes it on the windowsill. Blood starts to drip from the side of Maggie's face that impacted the wall. She turns and tries attack him again.

MAGGIE

Bring it on, old man.

She charges O'Foghladh again with her fingernails out like claws. He grabs her and flings Maggie towards the window. Hurt, Maggie gasps for air as the old man comes up from behind her. He starts to rape her as the lights fade.

ACT II

Scene 7

The lights slowly fade up with the sunrise. Ryan and Shana rehash their plan to spring Maggie.

SHANA

Don't you let him intimidate you!

RYAN

I know what I'm doing! When I demand her release, stand back in case there is trouble.

SHANA

You can't take no for an answer!

RYAN

Shana, please!

SHANA

You have to leave with her! She can't spend another night in that house!

As they approach the house, the front door suddenly swings open. Ryan and Shana stop in their tracks. Two men exit the house carrying a sheet-covered body on a stretcher. The men approach them with the body.

SHANA (CONT'D)

Oh my God. No.

Ryan uncovers the sheet, and you see Maggie's dead and beaten face. Dried blood drips from the corner of her mouth, and two broken fanged teeth hang out.

RYAN

She's gone, Shana.

Shana runs over to the stretcher and sees her beaten face and covers her back up with the sheet.

SHANA

I'll prep her body. Ryan, she wanted to be buried by Strongbow's Tree.

RYAN

I'll dig the grave.

Shana starts to cry. (A BEAT IN TIME)

A long line of Villagers, all carrying a rock in one hand and a candle in the other, slowly escorts the stretcher with Maggie's body. As they walk, Shana the Villagers follow her as they recites DO NOT STAND AT MY GRAVE AND WEEP by Mary Elizabeth Frye.

SHANA

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glint on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you wake in the morning hush,
I am the swift, uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the soft starlight at night.
Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there, I do not sleep.
(Do not stand at my grave and cry.
I am not there, I did not die!)

The mourners carry her body, weaving through the forest at magic hour until they reach Strongbow's Tree. They lay her next to Quinn's fresh grave with a pile of stones on top of it. Some villagers unroll a silk cloth that looks like fresh dirt on a grave over her body as the song ends.

Shana is in the front of a long line of villagers all waiting to place a stone on the grave. Shana walks up with her rock and bends down to put it on the dirt.

SHANA

I'm just a stone's throw away. I can't do it!

Shana stands and with a thud, drop her stone into the forest.

RYAN

Shana! You have to place a stone to keep her soul from rising from the dead.

She turns back and shouts to Ryan and the other villagers.

SHANA

Let her soul rise! Maggie loved everyone she ever met. Let her soul rise! May Maggie never die!

One by one, the other villagers walk up to the grave site and then toss their stones into the forest and turn back to the village, leaving Ryan and Shana behind.

SHANA (CONT'D)

I will find you justice, Maggie and Quinn. I will find a way.

The sounds of wind in the woods, then it changes to light rain starting to fall as the lights fade.

ACT II

Scene 8

Shana is putting up clean tankards by the bar with her back to the door, when a dressed up Mr. O'Foghladh enters the Village Square.

O'FOGHLADH

Girl!

The sound of his voice makes her cringe. She turns and nods to him.

O'FOGHLADH

Go! Tell your Da I'm here!

Shana stays silent and gives him a nod. She walks to the inn door and calls the Innkeeper inside.

SHANA

Mr. O’Foghladh is here.

THE INNKEEPER

Already?

SHANA
(Whispering to Dad)

What’s he doing here?

The Innkeeper ignores her question and enters the square to meet O’Foghladh.

THE INNKEEPER

Oh, Mr. O’Foghladh, please, please sit down.

O’FOGHLADH

I thank you. However, I don't have time to sit today.

He looks over at Shana.

O’FOGHLADH (CONT’D)

May we speak alone?

THE INNKEEPER

Yes, of course, come in!

They exit into the inn and close the door in Shana’s face. She nervously paces back and forth in the village square. She walks over to the table, then she closes her eyes and begins to say a prayer. Shana hears laughing. She freezes with her back to the inn door as it opens. Footsteps walk up behind her. She looks down at her hand on the table. It's shaking. Then suddenly a rope is placed around her wrist and quickly tied to the wrist of O’Foghladh.

SHANA

NO!

O'Foghladh yanks her arm, spinning her around. There she finds her father the Innkeeper holding a broom. He drops the broom on the ground at the feet of O'Foghladh and Shana. O'Foghladh steps over the broom and pulls a screaming Shana over to the other side of the broom. O'Foghladh tosses the Innkeeper a small bag of coins, then drags Shana down the street towards his house. O'Foghladh pulls Shana across the square to her house.

SHANA

Please. Please, leave me alone!

Ryan, hearing Shana cry out, runs across the village square and pounds on O'Foghladh's door. Above, O'Foghladh unties Shana and tosses her on the floor. He runs down the stairs as the pounding continues. He opens the door to find an enraged Ryan. He bursts into the house, lunging at O'Foghladh, who takes a step back and raises his pistol to Ryan's forehead.

O'FOGHLADH

I was expecting you, boy.

RYAN

Leave my Shana alone!

O'FOGHLADH

She is my wife now. It's the law of the land. Now back up and start walking towards the square.

Ryan obeys his orders and as they approach the stockade in the square, O'Foghladh pistol whips him to the ground. He then picks Ryan up and puts his head and arms into the yoke of the village's stockade. He is locked into the stockade and left in the village square. Then he goes back to the house and the third-floor bedroom. Ryan awakens to her screams for help as she is being attacked.

RYAN

Please, someone, help her!

Her cries and screams continue.

O'FOGHLADH

Time for your wifely duties!

O'Foghladh stop Shana. He stumbles out the door, locking it behind him. Shana crawls over, her face bloody from the fresh beating. She is crying, whimpering with each step. Shana climbs up on the stool and lifts herself out onto the beam that holds the pulley system. She is scared of the height and lowers herself down to straddle the beam. She cries out and Ryan hears Shana's voice from in the village stockage lights slowly fade up on Strongbow's Tree.

Maggie's hand bursts through the fresh dirt and into a beam of moonlight. She rises and sings as The Dearg Due. She slowly floats through the woods towards the Village Square. She begins moan out and her voice blends with Shana's cries for help.

Shana, in fear, looks back through the open window at the bedroom door. She looks at the ground below her. She slides down to the end of the beam and starts to slowly pull the rope to her. She makes a noose and places it around her neck.

Ryan starts to shout to her from the stockage, still struggling to get free.

RYAN

Shana! Shana!

He looks up to see the glowing blue figure of The Dearg Due floating out of the forest and across the village green towards him. He is fearful as the Dearg Due swoops quickly up to stare face to face with Ryan.

RYAN (CONTINUED)

Maggie?

The Dearg Due reels backward, flinging her arms up in the air. The locks of the stockage unlatch, and the upper yoke flies off, setting Ryan free.

Shana hangs herself from the beam and her body is dangling in the moonlight. The Dearg Due swoops up in the air and pulls her up to the wooden beam above. She strokes the side of Shana's cheek, and Shana takes a deep breath as she comes back to life. Then she hears the familiar sound of the door to the bedroom door unlatching. Her head snaps in the direction of the door. A drunken O'Foghladh unlatches the wooden bar on the door. He swings it open and walks into the bedroom. O'Foghladh walks to the window to look for Shana.

O'FOGHLADH

Time for your wifely duties!

The Dearg Due, floating outside, flashes her fangs in a wicked grin and lunges towards the window. O'Foghladh runs out of the room, slamming the door behind him. He runs to the first-floor doorway. Ryan arrives below. He looks up and sees the empty hangman's noose and Shana alive on the beam above him. O'Foghladh stumbles outside and tries to hold the door shut behind him. The Dearg Due swoops down from the beam above, grabs hold of O'Foghladh, and lifts him off the ground. She flashes her fangs and bites into his neck. Blood drips down his body and off his boot dangling in the air as The Dearg Due sucks the lifeblood out of his body. O'Foghladh's eyes grow lifeless as his blood is completely drained from him. The Dearg Due lets go of his dead body, and it falls to the ground near Ryan. Then she flies away.

ACT II

Scene 8

The lights fade up on the Village Square. The Villagers are all surrounding on of the wooden tables. A woman notices O'Braonain approaching and lets out a scream. The other villagers turn and upon seeing O'Braonain, explode into a frenzied panic. They scatter in all directions, leaving only the drunken Innkeeper and the blanket-covered body on a table.

O'BRAONAIN

What is going on here?

THE INNKEEPER

Are you crazy, O'Braonain?

O'BRAONAIN

What's going on in this village?

THE INNKEEPER

You should not be here, and you will put everyone at risk.

O'BRAONAIN

Risk? Risk, from what?

The Innkeeper points to the covered-up body of O'Foghladh laying on one of the wooden tables in the square. O'Braonain walks over and pulls the covering away to reveal the frozen, horrified face of O'Foghladh. The blood drained from his skin is a dark cold blue.

THE INNKEEPER

Your daughter.

O'BRAONAIN

You are a drunk old fool. My daughter is dead.

The Innkeeper takes another swig from his bottle. Then he gets up and starts to back towards the inn's door.

THE INNKEEPER

She is not dead. Your daughter rose from her grave last night to avenge my Shana. She sought out Old Man O'Foghladh and killed him.

O'BRAONAIN
(Laughing at the Innkeeper)

Killed him?

THE INNKEEPER

It's nothing to laugh at! You're an old fool! She came with a red thirst! She sucked every drop of blood out of O'Foghladh.

O'BRAONAIN

I don't believe you.

THE INNKEEPER

You better believe me, you are a marked man. Beware O'Braonain, she will rise again, and when she does she will be coming for you!

The Innkeeper tosses O'Braonain his bottle of whiskey and slips inside his door and locks it. O'Braonain walks back over to the table and takes another look at the dead body. He then covers it back up with the blanket. He takes a long swig from the whiskey bottle. He then slowly walks across the square to O'Foghladh's house. O'Braonain looks over the damage to the house and sees blood on the steps. Something stirs and startles him. It's the swinging, empty hangman's noose.

A CELTIC DRUM STARTS TO BEAT OUT A RHYTHM OF A HEARTBEAT.

The wind starts to pick up, and there is a crack of thunder. O'Braonain walks back to the center of the square near the dead body. Another crack of thunder and a swoosh as the Dearg Due flies in, landing in the square.

THE DEARG DUE

Da! I'm home!

O'BRAONAIN

Maggie?

THE DEARG DUE

Aw, don't you recognize me?

O'BRAONAIN

Please. Mercy.

THE DEARG DUE

Like you showed my Quinn?

He turns and starts to run towards the woods. However, the Dearg Due flies over him. She lands in his path, cutting off his getaway. The Dearg Due flashes her fangs and grabs hold of her father and strikes into his neck. The life drains out of his eyes as she drains him of his blood. She then drops his lifeless body into his chair. She wipes her mouth,

spits on him, then turns and floats away as the lights fade.

ACT III

Scene 1

Back in the present time, night, in the Village Square. The Innkeeper and Patrick sit at the wooden table as he finishes telling his tale.

THE INNKEEPER

It's said during the moon of the vernal equinox, she walks the land of Ireland, enticing young men with her enchanting dances through the forest and into the mists to the site of her grave. Then before Strongbow's Tree, she grasps her victims, draining them to the last drop.

PATRICK

Is there no way to kill it?

THE INNKEEPER

The only cure is to find the grave of the beast and pile stones atop it as should have been done in the first place. It will hold the Red Thirst at bay, but only for a time.

The Innkeeper looks up at the moon.

THE INNKEEPER (CONT'D)

I think it would be smart for you to be getting on your way boy.

PATRICK

Where to?

THE INNKEEPER

There is another village down that path through the woods about eleven kilometers in that direction. If I were you, boy, I would not even stop. I would keep walking as far as you can. Get away from this village. Walk until the sun rises.

Patrick, scared, nods to the old man, picks up his backpack, and slips it over his shoulders.

PATRICK

Thank you, I will be on my way then.

THE INNKEEPER

God be with you, boy.

The Innkeeper turns and enters his inn, locking the door behind him. Patrick looks around the square. It's so still that it's eerie. He slowly moves across the silent square then down towards the path to the forest. He hears a voice call out from behind him.

MAGGIE

Wait!

Patrick stops and looks back to see Maggie in the state of her original beauty. She runs from the village to him carrying a fiddle bow in her hand. She catches up with Patrick.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Are you going to the next village?

PATRICK

Yes. Is this the right path?

MAGGIE

Yes, it is. Do you mind if I join you?

Patrick hesitates to answer as he looks her over.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I never liked walking through these woods at night.

Patrick smiles.

PATRICK

Sure, I'd love the company.

They both start walking together along the stage's apron, lit by gobos of a forest canopy above.

MAGGIE

So, you're not from around here, are you?

PATRICK

No, I'm from America.

MAGGIE

America? I was going to go there once.

PATRICK

What happened?

The canopy of trees grows thick, and the path gets a little darker. Only shafts of moonlight illuminate the way.

MAGGIE

Things did not turn out as I planned.

PATRICK

I'm sorry.

As they continue walking, he points over to her fiddle.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Do you play that thing?

MAGGIE

My fiddle? Yeah, I can play it. When I'm walking alone in these woods, I play it for the company.

PATRICK

Then don't let me stop you. Play it.

Maggie places the fiddle under her neck and puts her bow on it. She picks up her pace a little to keep her rhythm, and she starts to play an Irish jig. Patrick hunches forward to hold the weight of his backpack as he picks up his pace to keep up with her.

Maggie begins to dance as she plays, prancing from one side of the path to the other. She is dancing in and out of the shafts of moonlight. Patrick, following, struggles to keep up with her as she dances in patterns, jumping from shaft of light to shaft of light. Suddenly, she changes direction, disappearing into the darkness. The music stops. Patrick stops.

PATRICK

Hey! Where are you?

He listens but hears nothing.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Are you there?

Not too far away, he hears Maggie giggle, then she stops. Patrick sprints through the fog to the spot where the giggle came from and stops. However, Maggie is not there. He hears another laugh in a different direction. He darts after the sound through the fog-thick woods. Once again, she is gone, and he stops to listen for her. Maggie lets out another giggle, and Patrick takes off after the sound through the fog. He trips in the mist and falls over a giant tree root. He picks himself up and starts to work his way up the tree root. Patrick climbs up the massive root to the base of the giant tree. He reaches back and pulls his cell phone out of this backpack. Patrick turns on its flashlight mode. He shines the light on to the trunk of the vine-covered tree. He notices a wooden plaque nailed to the tree but buried under the growth of the vines.

He moves over to the plaque and starts to clear the vines so he can read it. He yanks hard on the vines, and he drops his cell phone. He kneels towards his phone's light in the mist. He finds it balancing on an exposed tree root. He grabs his phone then stands back up to read the now exposed sign. He shines his light upon the plaque. It reads "Strongbow's Tree."

In a panic, Patrick backs away from the trunk of the tree and steps off the edge of the exposed roots, sending him crashing back to the ground landing on his backpack. He hears the sound of moving water. He rises to his feet. He uses his flashlight as he follows the sound of the brook through the mist to the apron of the stage and the pool of water. He kneels. Patrick looks back in the direction he came from. He listens but he can only hear the sound of the babbling brook. Patrick dips his hand in the brook, scoops up some water, and splashes it in his face. He wipes his face dry with his shirt sleeve.

THE DEARG DUE

That's my moon water!

He turns to see The Dearg Due just in time to duck as she swoops down to grab him. When she misses, she flies over the audience, hovers, and turns. In a

panic, Patrick tries to crab crawl away from her. His backpack gets in the way. He stumbles over it and rips it off his back as he rises to his feet. He sees the Dearg Due floating after him. He tosses the backpack towards the apron and turns and runs towards Strongbow's tree. He trips and falls face first on top of a mound of dirt. It's Maggie's grave. The Dearg Due lets out a wicked laugh and swoops down at him. She grabs him by the throat by one hand, she swoops him up in the air and pins Patrick against the trunk of the tree.

He kicks and struggles to get free. The Dearg Due lunges forward and sinks her teeth into Patrick's neck. Patrick knocks the plaque off the tree, then his body stops moving. The Dearg Due drops Patrick, and his lifeless body falls to the base of the tree. The Dearg Due swoops to center stage. She lets out a hiss and flashes her bloody fangs. Then, giggling, she places her fiddle under her chin and starts to play a haunting, warning melody.

She floats away through the now moonlit woods.

FADE TO BLACK.

CRUTIAN
THE END