

Folklore

by

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FADE IN

EXT. CILL MHANTÁIN - DAY

Scant lowland vegetation hunkers down between gentle rises and teased long ravines; giving the mountain range the look of a body hiding beneath flowing, whispering silks of gold and muted olive.

There's hints of dusky browns and scintillations of emerald greens.

SUPER: Wicklow mountains, Ireland.

The wind undulates; nature's breath invigorating a rich variety of habitats: alpine heath, mountain cliffs and lakes, blanket bog, dry and wet heath, as well as large, distant conifer plantations.

In the foreground - A patchwork of grasses, herbs and flowers, supported by a stretched animal skin over a wooden frame, forming a makeshift roof, spanning a rocky crevice.

White and gold butterflies alight on their shelter rooftop flowers. We move inside -

EXT/INT. CREVICE HOME - CONT

Below, on two flat rock steps, SHILLEAGH (F 22) and CRANNFORD (M 28), lie sleeping, swathed in wolf furs.

Contained within various rocky compartments is their food store: hazelnuts, berries and sea foods.

Crannford awakes. His face, tickled by his fur blanket. He stretches then looks over at his partner.

CRANNFORD

How do you feel today?

SHILLEAGH

A little better. Well enough to continue.

CRANNFORD

That's good.

SHILLEAGH

The ancestors have waited so long, a few more days can't matter.

Crannford pops his head outside. With a long stick he agitates the embers of a peat pit. Firey specks scamper beneath the sods in a chase to escape the breeze.

CRANNFORD

The weather seems fair. The Gods
are with us.

SHILLEAGH

Not always -

Crannford notices the butterflies feasting above him. He points.

CRANNFORD

The faeries wish us speed.

SHILLEAGH

No more shape shifters?

Crannford returns inside and gathers her up into his arms.

CRANNFORD

Not today. Never again.

EXT. CREVICE HOME - DAY

Packing essentails only, Crannford tenderly lifts a conical fur backpack and passes it to Shilleagh. They commence their journey.

SHILLEAGH

We shouldn't need much.

CRANNFORD

I've packed everything we need. You
can manage your load?

SHILLEAGH

I cannot - yet I have to.

They set their sights upon the mountains and start walking.

Time lapse -

They snack on pocketed supplies. Drink from a water pool.
They walk all day.

They carefully walk together under a starlit obsidian sky.

CRANNFORD
Let's rest here a while. Start
fresh in a few hours.

SHILLEAGH
I don't think I can do it.

CRANNFORD
The Gods expect it.

He looks to the distant rocky Tor construction. Then back at a fearful Shilleagh. Her eyes showing betrayal.

EXT. BURIAL TOR - PRE DAWN

Mists swirl around the ancient mountaintop site. Large standing stones stand sentry, forming a small flat rock topped chamber.

EXT. UPPER MOUNTAINSIDE - PRE DAWN

Crannford looks to the stunningly clear skies, studying the horizon rising stars, acknowledging the folklore of his clan. He draws Shilleagh closer to him.

CRANNFORD
The rising will be soon. The Gods
have favoured our long journey.

SHILLEAGH
It's time to say goodbye.

They trek further up the mountain. The light mists seem to thicken then suddenly part as if permitting Crannford and Shilleagh free passage.

Shilleagh hangs back shuddering, her breath visible in their new found cold corridor.

CRANNFORD
Be brave. Please -

He takes her hand. Shilleagh looks terrified.

SHILLEAGH
I didn't expect this to be so hard.

He hugs her. His hands stray to her leather and fur conical backpack. He soothes this - as well as her.

CRANNFORD
Let's beat the sunrise.

SHILLEAGH
We run for them.

Hand in hand they race upwards towards the Tor.

INT. BURIAL TOR - SUNRISE

A narrow arch entrance. This funnels the first rays of (solstice) sunlight directly onto a small grey pyramid positioned in a focussed recess, high in the back wall.

This pyramid is a dull, smooth grey-blueish metal. It too has travelled far, from beyond time.

Ancient bare, pallid bones lie covering the floor, also strewn upon every ceremonial offering shelf.

PYRAMID POV SFX: It senses/scans Crannford and Shilleagh arriving.

EXT. BURIAL TOR - SUNRISE

Shilleagh is breathing heavily, she falls to her knees. Crannford tenderly lifts her backpack away from her body. He briefly buries his face into its fur, into the contents.

CRANNFORD
The Gods do not permit me to enter.
You must do it.

He passes her the backpack.

SHILLEAGH
I know I must.

She reaches carefully inside, withdrawing a bundle wrapped in woven dried grasses, flowers and herbs. Shilleagh fusses with the bundle, straightening, tucking, adjusting. She refolds, adjusts further - unwilling, procrastinating.

Crannford watches the suns rays strike the now feminine looking Tor entrance.

CRANNFORD
Make the offering.

Shilleagh clutches the bundle to her chest. Extends her other open hand for the backpack. Takes it and turns.

SHILLEAGH
To rebirth.

She enters the Tor.

INT. BURIAL TOR - CONT

Shilleagh moves slowly inside, accustomizing herself to the cramped, sacred surroundings.

PYRAMID POV SFX: It watches/scans her.

SHILLEAGH
Accept my offer for rebirth.

She finds a suitable spot and tenderly sets her bundle down.

SHILLEAGH
The 'Pooka' that caused this.

She reaches inside the backpack, withdrawing a mummified black kitten. She drops it without ceremony - she spits upon it.

SHILLEAGH
I offer the Gods their small faerie souls.

A burst of blue light flashes from the Pyramid.

PYRAMID POV SFX: Its on screen scan reveals a 3D rendering of two palm sized conjoined human twins and the discarded body of a young kitten, too immature to hurt anyone.

SHILLEAGH'S POV

As she squints and blinks to restore her own sight, she sees two small burnished gold and white faeries rise from her bundle.

Flapping, testing their new found wings, they flutter trailing small popping stars around Shilleagh's head, before flying towards the Pyramid.

With a final glance back, they explode into stardust and are gone.

Her sight still blurred, she stumbles back out into the sunlight.

SHILLEAGH
I saw them rise!

EXT. BURIAL TOR - CONT

She collapses into Crannford's awaiting arms.

CRANNFORD

They are at peace now.

SHILLEAGH

I saw two gold faeries. Just before
they left. They will be with us
always.

Crannford soothes her.

She looks up studying his face. She wipes away his tears as
they spill from his bright blue green eyes into his stubbly
red beard.

Despite the sunshine, dancing mists start to swirl around
them.

Hand in hand they walk back down.

FADE OUT.