

Benji

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Draft

2

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BLACK

Water, lapping - SPLISH! SPLASH! SPLUNK! - it grows to a monstrous, unbearable roar.

EXT. GRAND PARADE - EARLY MORNING

Fountain, lodge between commuters, tranquil and dream like. Scurrying, ÁINE, a twenty-something, carries two take-away coffee cups. Nearing a car, double-parked, she leans in, handing the driver, CIARÁN, a twenty-year-old, the goods.

CIARÁN

What took ya?

ÁINE

You're kidding me? I spent ten minutes looking for a place that had some of YOUR vegan stuff.

CIARÁN

Ah come on, any longer and she might forget to include us in the will.

Maneuvering around, Áine, hops in, slamming the passengers door, CLUNK! Ciarán, like a boy-racer, shifts into first, taking off, booming down the South Mall.

INT. CAR - MONKSTOWN - MORNING

Driving down a long and narrow road, set aside a row of Georgian homes, Ciarán, looking to his left spots a PASSERBY, Áine's window rolls down.

CIARÁN

(yells)

Sorry! Would ya know where number 21 is?

PASSERBY

What?

Ciarán turns off the engine.

CIARÁN

Number 21, Ms O'Donnell's house.

PASSERBY

Yes, yes I do, it's the last one on the left.

CIARÁN

Sound!

Reigniting, the car takes off, the passerby stares on, half confused, half curious. Passing along, panning left, peaking through the thick bushes, a foreboding presence, the house, it gazes down.

EXT. GRANDMOTHERS HOUSE - MORNING

Ascending, pebbled-path, Áine with Ciarán, scrutinises the house's many facades - SWOOSH! - a wind chime, it interrupts their survey.

Pressing on, the duo, passes the side of the house. TARA, an elderly woman, appearing in the front window, tries to catch a glimpse of them.

INT. GRANDMOTHERS HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

CLUNK! THUD! THWAMP! - The back door, it rattles, a silhouette of Tara slowly encroaches the frame.

CIARÁN

(yells from outside)

Grannie! It's me, Ciarán, I've Áine with me.

TARA

It's opened.

Pushing inwards Ciarán and Áine step through, observing the house's elaborate decor, it's their first time here.

CIARÁN

I doubt the pension covered all of this.

Tara looks on, silent and cold. The siblings approach her, gearing up for a hug, but she rejects their empty compassion.

TARA

I'm making tea. The living room is down the hall and to the right.

INT. GRANDMOTHERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Jumping in mid conversation, the duo are seated on a sofa, whilst Tara is submerged into an armchair.

TARA
I don't know what he ever saw in
those relics... no offense.

ÁINE
None taken. But you could at least
tells us what he was looking for.

Tara, biting her lower lip, spews out.

TARA
The Fragarach.

CIARÁN
(inquisitively)
Sorry?

ÁINE
It's the sword that Cú Chulainn used
to killed the Púca.

Ciarán, perplexed, looks over at Áine.

ÁINE (cont'd)
The o.g Mystique! It was the shape
shifter that caused chaos right
across the country during the Iron
Age.

TARA
Well, you don't be long getting your
money's worth from that college of
yours.

ÁINE
Yea, it's a very interesting course.

CIARÁN
Too interesting.

ÁINE
Do you think that Benji ever found
it?

TARA
No, not a chance, by that stage your
grandfather should of been in a loony
bin, his archeologist days were well
gone by then.

Silence fills the air, a moment of hesitation.

ÁINE

Well Ciarán, I guess were going to
Esterial Woods.

Springing to life in a ferocious rage, Tara, juts in.

TARA

You are in my eye!

Lifting off her seat, Tara, hobbles towards Áine,
menacingly.

TARA (cont'd)

I lost my Benji there, and I'm sure
as hell not losing my grandkids there
too. Go in there, and you don't
return.

EXT. ESTERIAL WOODS - ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

Pulling up the decrepit entrance, Ciarán and Áine exit the
car. Opening the boot, Ciarán hoists out a tent then slams
it shut - CLUNK!

EXT. ESTERIAL WOODS - BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Surrounded by trees, the duo, walking a roughened path
embark on a bridge, crossing a stream, halfway there,
Ciarán exhausted halts.

CIARÁN

Stop, stop, stop. My mouth's as dry
as the Sahara.

Ciarán, reaching into his backpack, yanks out a bottle of
water and takes a sip.

ÁINE

Ciarán, I'm going to take a look for
a place to pitch.

EXT. ESTERIAL WOODS - CAMPSITE - LATE AFTERNOON

Presented in a montage, Ciarán and Áine are seen assembling
the tent, gathering sticks and forging a fire.

Áine, seated, fold-up chair, stares into the burning pit,
her eyes, transfixed. Suddenly her expression changes, she
turns to Ciarán.

ÁINE

Whilst I was looking for a place to pitch up earlier I saw an old ruin, I'm going to head up there now.

CIARÁN

Sure I suppose you'll be looking for a strong young stud of a fella to be accompanying you?

ÁINE

Shut up, come on.

EXT. ESTERIAL WOODS - RUIN - LATE AFTERNOON

Approaching the remains of an archaic, gothic church-like ruin, a light glimmers from it's chamber. Nearing, Áine enters, the light suddenly dissipates. Halting, she grabs her phone, turning on it's flash, illuminating the gloomy corridor.

Moving on, her footsteps envelop the soundstage - SKIP! THUD! THWAMP! - CLING! - a metallic noise, Áine looks down, a sword lays on the ground with a rucksack beside it.

Bending down, picking up the sword, Áine briefly examines it. Catching her eye, the rucksack, she kicks it over, revealing an engraved label on its side, 'Benji'.

ÁINE

(worrisome cry)

Ciarán!

No response. Áine, eye-balls popping, audaciously GULPS! Turning, she tears down the corridor and exits. Looking around, she sees a trail of footsteps leading deeper into the forest, she sprints after them.

ÁINE (cont'd)

CIARÁN!

Running, Áine, foolishly, glances down at her phone, she loses her footing, THWAMP! Crashing onto the water soaked ground, immobilised, she yells out in pain.

ÁINE (cont'd)

AHHH!!

Looking back, the culprit, unveiled, a branch. Dragging herself along the ground, Áine, turning to her left feels her right shoulder prod against something.

Whip-panning, we turn to see Ciarán's body, lying on the ground, a knife plummeted into the side of his cranium, his eyes lifeless, his tongue protruding from his mouth.

ÁINE (cont'd)

AHHHH!!!

As Áine screams let out, Celtic music begins to develop, with it crescendoing with the subsequent flashback.

Turning around, Áine, looks and sees some beings footsteps approaching, slowly, maniacally, terrifyingly. Hovering over her, a silhouette of a large, tall, grossly figure, conjures some animal like noises in a repulsive manner.

INT. GRANDMOTHERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

Cutting back to the trios conversation from earlier, we slowly leave the living room and transcend the house in a long uninterrupted take, akin to the one in *Good Fellas* (1990).

Reaching the top floor, we near a white door stained with a bloody hand print. Peering in, we slowly move through the bedroom, it's a mess, tilting down, a body, Tara's body, the real one, on the floor, dead.