



Scripts.com

Grabbers

By Kevin Lehane

Haven Point, Haven Point, Haven Point,
this is trawler Sea Harvester.

Position - Five nautical
miles west of Erin Island.

Responding to unknown
distress flare, over.

That was not a flare.

Sea Harvester, this is
Haven Point Coast Guard.

Can you see the vessel in distress?

Roy! You seeing anything?

No!

Wait!

Oh, Jesus' Stripes!

Roy!

Radio out a Mayday.

Sea Harvester

Echo-Whiskey-Niner-Eight-Five.

Man overboard! Man overboard!

Man overboard!

Roy!

Jesus! Skipper!

Dad!

Sea Harvester, Emergency Rescue despatched. Please respond, over.

Oh, shit.

Hi, O'Shea, isn't it? Ciarn?

My name is Lisa Nolan, Garda Lisa Nolan.

- You are not serious?

- What?

You getting in or what?

- I have a bag.

- Put it in the boot.

- Would you like a mint?

- Hmm?

No, thanks. They give me a heartburn.

Garda Nolan. 'Tis lovely to have you.

- Lovely to be here.

- Lovely to have you.

Oh... coffee.

Oh, that'll be great,

thank you. Here you go.

So...

- What do you think of the place?

- It's gorgeous, isn't it?

- It is, indeed. 'Tis, indeed.

- Quiet as shite.

- Milk?

- What kind?

- Cow's.

- I'll just take a black, thanks.

So, you are gonna have
my desk, when I'm gone.

O'Shea here will tell you, with half the
island leaving for the show on Dungary,
it'll be dead this weekend.

- I'm sure I'll find something to do.

- Sure you will.

- Here you go now.

- Thanks.

- She really necessary?

- Do tell me, boy.

You are only gone two weeks.

I can handle two weeks.

You could, but you wouldn't!

Tadhg, take a look at this.

It's a big 'un.

- That's not a lobster.

- Then what is it?

Feck! You bastard, you! Paddy!

You knew it was going to do that.

I didn't, on me life.

Ugh! The smell!

- What is it?

- 'Tis no fekkín' lobster!

I had some holidays saved,

that needed to be taken, and...

this posting came up and I just thought,
you know, "What harm? Why not?"

Can't hurt with the

Review Board, you know.

Ah... the old Review Board.

- Where are you stationed?

- Dublin Central.

- How's that working out for you?

- Oh, it's great.

We've got our drugs, muggings,

murders and rapes. Always on the go.

Oh, it's exciting. You can relax,

there's none of that here.

You never know. It's always the quiet places where the mad shit happens.

Just open a paper.

In all my years, I've never seen anything like it.

Lisa Nolan. Jim Gleeson, local doctor.

- Hello, love, how are you?

- Grand, thanks.

Wouldn't have any aspirin on you, would you, Jim?

I have a couple of wine gums.

Would you like a wine gum?

- All right.

- Look who's here.

I'd prefer it if you'd introduced me as 'Garda Nolan'.

- Nobody minds.

- I do.

- What happened?

- Yeah... one second.

- Smith.

- Lisa.

- Hi.

- Hi.

Smith's a marine psychologist or something.

- Did I get that right?

- No, it's marine ecology.

Will you hold this a second?

So, how long are you here for?

I'm here two weeks.

Oh, wonderful. Whereabouts you staying?

So... they are dead.

Dead? Oh, no. They are just sleeping.

- So, what happened?

- Well...

They are pilot whales.

It happens with them from time to time, but no one really knows why.

And what are all these deep cuts?

Possible wounds from the rocks, while being washed up here.

- They didn't beach themselves?

- Oh, no. They died at sea.
All of them? At once?
- Yeah, it's a strange one all right.
- Yeah.
- Squeamish?
- No.
- No?
- No.
Good to know.
Okay, there's an orifice...
What's that?
- What is that?
- That.
It's a hand in a claw position?
It's a dead one of those.
That's global, isn't it?
- I don't get it.
- You don't get it?
- No.
- What's not to get?
"What's that? It's a dead one of those"
No.
Don't get it.
You there, what's your name?
Chemisov Wlodzimierz Voychegovski.
Carry on.
Hey, Daly! Where is Cooney?
Put that cigarette out, or I go down and
use your top of your knob as an ashtray.
You busy?
Not at all. Just strip
'em down, and I take 'em.
- Where's the sarge?
- He's away on his holiday.
- Leave me up shit creek.
- Why? What's up with you?
Remember that favour you owe me?
Well, I'm looking for some boys to help
move a few 'things' off the beach there.
It's an hour's work, tops.
What sorta... things?
Let's get outta here.
Whale sandwiches forever, huh?
Daly! The shovels!

- What?
- Don't be leaving things behind, you!
- Going, sir!
- Gobshite (idiot).

Brilliant.

Daly!

Where are you, you gobshite?

Daly!

...last night, but by the time the Coast Guard arrived at the scene, the men...

were no longer on board. With bad weather set to hamper tomorrow's search, the hope of finding the missing fishermen alive, has grown bleaker by the hour.

Officials believe, the crew of the Sea Harvester were washed overboard...

Hi, I'm just looking for an iron.

Yeah, I'll just go and hock it out for ya.

Great, thanks.

- Hiya.

- Hi.

- That's you.

- Thanks.

Now, it gets very hot, so just keep it moving, yeah?

Okay, thank you. See you tomorrow.

As a woman, to a man, now I tell you, O'Shea, there's a twinkle in the eye in there for you.

- What?

- He'll be up in a minute!

You like her?

She's all right. A little uptight.

- You should talk to her.

- I do talk to her.

- I mean, talk to her.

- Ah, leave him off, Una.

Do you listen to him? Eight years, I was waiting for him to go down on his knee.

Have you ever heard the like of it?

My family thought I was mad,

wasting my time on him.

- Ah, feck them.

- Ah, feck you, Brian.

- Same again?

- Pour on.

- What is it, Paddy?

- Wouldn't you like to know.

- Not really, no.

- You would, though.

- No, not really.

- You would.

If you were to know what I know,
you'd want to know.

- All right, tell us then.

- Right, you are.

Between you and me, I caught
meself a sea monster today.

Swear to God, may He strike me down.

- You don't believe me?

- Not a bit.

I am not a liar.

- Huh!

- Feck off, you!

All right, where is it?

- In me bathtub.

- In your bathtub?

Having a bath.

Good night, Paddy.

Ignorant bollocks.

- What?

- Huh?

- What did you say?

- Nothing, didn't say a word.

He called you a bollix (idiot).

If this wasn't the only fekkin'

pub on this shittin' island,

I'd piss in it sooner than come in here!

Fine, you are barred.

Ah... I am joking. Come on now,
another one here now.

They are coming to get you, Barbara.

- They are coming for you.

- Stop it! You are acting like a child!

They are coming for you, Barbara.

Look! There comes one of them now!
- He'll hear you!
- Here he comes now.
Irene! Irene!
- What?
- Someone's at the door!
I'm not dressed!
All right, all right.
That better not be Paddy
and his stinking lobster.
It's the bloody Declan Cooney,
and he's pissed as a fart.
Don't give that cowboy any money. You're
gonna piss it up against the wall!
Cooney, you look like death.
What are you doing?
What does he want?
To dance?
Jesus, Cooney! Are you all right, mate?
Cooney?
Tadhg! Tadhg! Tadhg!
- Tadhg!
- Oh, my God!...
Tadhg! Oh! Tadhg!
Irene!
Tadhg! Tadhg!
Okay... okay... okay...
Okay...
Sweet Jesus Christ, okay...
Okay, okay, this is easy.
Okay, okay, okay, I can do this.
- Hi.
- Come on down for a drink.
No, I have work tomorrow.
You know, it doesn't matter.
Nobody's checking up on you.
It doesn't matter out here.
- You are drunk.
- No, I'm not. No.
Is that right?
Say the alphabet backwards for me.
Em...
Zed...
Et cetera.

- I hope you are not driving.
- I'm taking Johnny's horse, yah...
You are gonna ride a
horse while intoxicated?
Yeah, so, the horse is sober.
- Well, that's just brilliant.
- It's great.
It's great that you are in charge here.
Em, listen, em...
I think we got off on the wrong foot.
It's okay. I'm fine.
It's nothing.
Last drink's gone straight to me head.
Do you get this drunk every night?
Just... high days and holidays.
Let's get you to bed.
Now you are talking.
Brian, ugh...
Oh, ya little... such pa...
Desist herself.
Do I have something to sign?
Oh, yes, the big one.
- Looks like it should be nice out.
- There's a storm coming.
Really? Are the gulls
flying low or something?
No, it was on the telly.
- You are not married, Lise, are you?
- No.
Like O'Shea.
- Well, widowed.
- Widowed?
He wouldn't tell you.
No, he's a very private fella.
With a few drinks and a nog, it might
come up, but not normally, no.
There's no need for him to be
here, really. I think it's...
bit of a sabbatical.
Oh, if you need, at any stage,
a bigger bed, I have a lovely room,
'The Honeymoon Suite', usually we
call it, off the back of the hotel.
- It's very quiet.

- No, thank you.

It has much bigger beds. If there's two instead of one, you know you are salved. Because next week, we have a huge stag party from Dublin, so if you want...

- the bigger room, now is to book it.

- Okay, thank you. Goodbye.

- All right, Lisa, have a great day!

- Thank you!

Morning!

Nice place you've got here.

Close to the beach, all mod cons.

What happened?

Section 4.1 of the Public Order Act:

"It is an offence for any person...

to be present in any public

place while intoxicated...

to such an extent as would give rise

to a reasonable apprehension... "

You arrested me?

You passed out before I

could find your house.

Garda Nolan.

But I get a reward for

discovering it, a finder's fee.

- We'll discuss it later.

- But I get something, right?

Ugh.

Is that your professional opinion?

- A grabber.

- A what?

I've told you, Paddy,

I'm not calling it that.

It needs a name that defines it's genus.

- I discovered it. I get to name it.

- All right. Hi.

Hi.

Hi.

Hello.

- What is that thing?

- I haven't a clue.

I've never seen anything like it before.

It's a completely foreign species.

I can't even begin

to origin it or class it.

- A grabber.
- Paddy.
- It has attacked you?
- Stalked on the ceiling, it was.
- Nearly ripped me throat off.
- It's dead, right?
- Um, I'm not sure.
- You are not what?

The basic tests I've done so far have shown up nothing usual or normal.

It is beyond mystifying.

I mean, really, I can't be sure without opening it up.

'Tis dead.

Would you stop doing that?

Is it any wonder it bit you.

- What's that in it's mouth?
- That... is it's tongue.

Check it out.

Spits like a frog and strangles ya.

Whip it fast and sharp.

So, I'm guessing this creature bleeds it's prey like a leech, consuming the blood like some sort of Vampyroteuthis.

- Vampyro what?
- Vampyroteuthis.

It's a rare deep-sea squid, but no, this is not that, no.

This is something totally different, something alien.

You know, in that it's undocumented, not from...

- It's gotta be worth a fortune.
- Oh, but... here's the thing.

When I tried to clean some dirt off it, Well, I stood on it a few times.

this happened.

- What's that mean?
- All this thing needs to survive... is blood and water.

Could you put it on the eBay?

Do you think?

You are not putting this on eBay.
You are so lucky she didn't kill you.
- She?
- Yeah, it's a... Sorry, excuse me.
Yeah, it's a female,
from what I can tell.
How can you tell?
How can I tell? Well,
it's got no testicles.
- And...
- Takes a scientist to realise that.
Indeed, O'Shea. She was pregnant.
That's disgusting.
Well, a small fly in the
ointment there, Smith.
How did that big egg come out of that?
Mother Nature's a
mysterious woman, isn't she?
Incredibly beautiful. Are you related?
Do you think that grabber thing...
could have anything to do
with those dead whales?
- What makes you say that?
- Just a hunch, you know.
- Oh, you get hunches now?
- No, I watch a lot of Columbo.
- Why have we stopped?
- That's Declan Cooney's car.
Cooney!
- Where could he be?
- Nowhere without his keys.
- You believe in coincidences?
- Not really.
Neither do I. Come on.
One of the light's on. So, how
come you are not in uniform?
- It's Sunday.
- Ah.
Neither are you.
Suits ya. You look nice.
- Smith's a nice fella, isn't he?
- "Positively smashing. "
He's a proper gentleman,
and such polite company.

Yeah, he's like you, married to his job.
I'm not... I take pride in my work.
Unlike you.
Shh... I'm working.
You are looking in the
wrong place, Columbo.
Okay, hold it steady.
You're something else, you know that?
You should have joined
the Army, not the Guards.
Stop talking to yourself,
it's very distracting.
I'm not talking to meself,
I'm talking to you.
Uh-huh.
Great! Something up here.
Could you be a bit more specific?
It stinks like that thing.
It's stuck on something.
Jesus!
Jesus! Crap, me nose!
It's a head!
- What killed him, Jim?
- The fact that he's just a head.
You bring me someone with a head cold or
a headache, then I could do something.
But you bring me just a head,
then you are taking the piss.
Jesus, I could bury him in a shoebox.
Doctor, we need to know.
He was mauled, in some way, by some
animal or something. I don't know.
- A tiger?
- A tiger?
We can't put that on our report.
But I am a country
doctor, for God's sake.
What, am I going to run across stuff
like this, every day of the week?
- Christ! Didn't I tell ya?
- Jesus! Paddy! What is it?
How am I supposed to wash meself?
Okay. Here is where
Cooney's car was abandoned.

Here is Tadhg and Irene Murphy's house.

Here is where the whales
washed up, and we're here.

I was hoping it'll show
us some sort of pattern.

Well, it's the letter 'Z'.

Did you show that thing to
anyone else before we saw it?

Tadhg Murphy got a look of it,
before I brought it home.

It gawked (vomited) on him.

Why?

We think there might be another one
of those things. At least one anyway.

- Are you serious?

- Yeah.

That thing you caught couldn't
have fertilised that egg by itself,
which would mean

there's a male out there,
big enough and strong enough to
knock a hole in your bathroom wall.

- Smith said it needs water, right?

- Pfft, he says a lot of things.

- Mostly bollocks.

- Whatever.

But if it needs water to survive, how
could it be moving about on dry land?

It was raining.

When it's raining,
there's no such thing as dry land.

There's a storm due tonight.

It'll piss it down.

Okay, all of this.

This area must be it's territory.

Which would mean,
it's got to be somewhere with access
to the waters around the west beach.

Black Rock Caves. I caught
the female just beyond there.

You know what's to blame for
all this? Global warming.

You got your icebergs melting,
and your thingamajigs flooding.

The whole world is drowning, and we
have don't have the gills for it.

- What?

- I didn't say anything.

- You gave me that look.

- What look?

The "I feel sorry for you" look.

- No, I didn't.

- Yeah, you did.

No, I gave you the "I feel embarrassed
for you" look. Big difference.

Shit, that's worse.

Listen, I know I'm no

'dandy fop PhD' Smith's type...

What's Smith got to do with
your raging alcoholism?

I'm not a raging alco...

You're some character, you
know that? A real character.

- I'm a social drinker.

- Mhm, I'm sure you are.

Now look, the tide's coming in.

So, another hour and this
place will be underwater.

Brandy McGuire drowned in there,
so be careful now.

- Wait here.

- You can be sure of that.

Wow!

- Are we missing some fishermen?

- Huh?

Oh, my God!

- Hello!

- Geez, my heart!

What are you doing?

Just checking. What? You
know of a better way, hmm?

Hello!

What are you expecting?

"Hello, it's only me"?

Run!

Move! Come with me!

- Lisa, hurry! Hurry!

- I'm trying!

- Would you move your ass!
- Get your hands off my ass!

Go!

Come on, get up!

- You okay?

- The size of it!

We're okay. It can't
get through that gap.

Ooh, Jesus! Whoa...

- Leg it!

- Okay, go! Go!

Paddy! Run! Run! Run!...

Come on!

Haven Point Garda Station, please hold.

No, Regan, wait! No, we've got an
emergency! A real one, huge one!

What? Did you run out
of whiskey, O'Shea, huh?

Give me the phone. We need the ERU now!

Look, there is a storm coming. Coast
Guard's called all boats back to port.

Now whatever it is, it's gonna have
to wait till the morning, all right!

Oh, good. You are back.

Listen, I have a theory.

Those whales were killed as a
food source for their spawn.

- The eggs are buried at the beach!

- Oh, yes, exactly.

- Yeah, we know.

- Oh.

And well done.

What are you doing?

Everywhere this has been,
the other one's followed!

- You found another one? Where?

- It tried to eat us!

And it's huge! And it's looking for her!

Are you mad? Don't do that.

Smith, it's for the best!

No... if he lights
that in here, he'll...!

Get it wet. Yo-u-u... really are Irish.

- Can I shut it off?

- I'll-a... see youse later, lads.
- No, it's that one here!
- No, it's not!
- No, it's not that one!
- It's not that one!

Is it dead?

It think it's just resting...

O'Shea! Oh, my God!

It's trying to fuck me face!

Stand up!

Vicious little fuck!

Oh...

There goes THE scientific
discovery of our time.

Imagine all that we
could've learned. Oh...

Still moving?

We are gonna need to get
help for the mainland.

Oh, they'll never get across the water.

What if those eggs hatch,
there's no whales to eat...

Yes, they will head inland to feed.

Finishing each other's sentences, now?

- What?

- Nothing.

I would've helped,
but I have a bad back.

Gives me shocking pain,
you know, yourself.

- How are you still alive, huh?

- Diet and exercise.

Took three of us to get
that thing off of me.

I was always lucky.

Yeah, it mustn't have
liked your blood much.

What have you been eating?

I had a banana and a
bag of chips yesterday.

You were drunk.

They are like leeches, right?

Feed off the blood.

Well, when one of them bit Paddy,

it almost died. Why?

Because Paddy was so intoxicated,
his blood alcohol level was toxic.
Exactly, if we taint our blood with
booze, we are poisonous to eat.

Uh, yeah, in theory.

You told me to cut back.

Tomorrow we'll be sore, so they'll...
that we will get off the island. They'll
nuke the beaches or whatever they do.

But all we have to
worry about is tonight.

It's simple.

We have a 'lock-in'.

We stay out of the rain, and we drink.

- What?

- Listen, it's a hostile, migratory...

- Grabbers.

- For God's sake.

- Are you for real?

- Show him.

That? Should've killed
that with a hammer.

No... That's just the tip of
the blood-sucking iceberg.

Grabbers?

Okay, I give up.

Yes, it's a grabber. Well done.

But if it's allergic to alcohol,
couldn't we just hose it down
with vodka or some shit?

- No... That won't work.

- How'd you know? Give it a go. Why?

Can't, see because

alcohol is a poison, yes,
but it has to be ingested
to have an effect.

Could we not just spray
some whiskey in it's mouth.

Feck that. Waste of whiskey.

If you want to get that
close to it, good luck.

- What's going on here, then?

- Just discussing something.

- Looks like you are plotting something?

- No, no, no, no, no.

Em, it's more like, em... planning.

Oh, carry on.

Great, it's her birthday next week. Now she thinks this is something for her.

The only people that know about this are us.

It's gotta stay that way, or we'll have a panic on our hands.

- So how drunk are we talking here?

- Paddy-levels of drunkenness.

Have you gone off your game, boy?

Uh, no offence, but I don't think my body can handle Paddy-levels.

Takes years of practice.

And with everyone hammered, there's no one in a fit state to call the shots.

- I'll keep order. I won't be drinking.

- You? Then we'll both do it.

Well, that would put you both at risk.

I suggest it's just O'Shea.

Thanks. Only one of us need to risk it.

And I know these people, this island, better than you. Should be me.

I see what you're doing here. But have you forgotten you are a dependent...

alcoholic organising a piss-up in a brewery? I'll do it. It'll be easier.

Lisa, I'm good to no one when I drink.

I know that. So do you.

I can do this.

- Okay.

- Yeah.

But just so you know, I don't drink.

I've never even been drunk.

- I don't know if I can.

- Of course you can.

And you'll be the best drunken garda this country's ever seen.

You'll probably get promoted.

Right, okay, well,

if we are going to do this, we'll need a blood test from a healthy subject.

- Lisa, you are the fittest person here.
- Oh, you charmer. It's true though.
Brian, I want a table of
everything Paddy had last night.
- What night was last night?
- Saturday.
- Oh, you gotta be joking me.
- Coming up.
He never likes me as much as her.
She was always the talented one.
Daddy's little girl. Bitch!
But, I threw him out, for you guys.
And I love you all.
Even you.
She's langered (drunk).
For the size of her,
she's having her day good.
Yeah, that's the lot.
Hm, it's extraordinary. Well done, you.
Thank you.
- I also had a snifter of...
- What's that?
It's a home brew.
You bring poitn (illegal whiskey)
into my bar?
- A bird never flew on one wing.
- When this is over, we need to talk.
Ah, come off it. This could
save all our lives yet.
- I'll take that!
- Give it back to me! Shit!
Paddy!
Careful.
Up you get. Nice and easy.
Guys, Jim, let's get ready
to do the blood test.
- So if you're right, this will kill it.
- Bottoms up.
Okay.
- It must be a teetotaler.
- Bingo.
Okay.
That's good.
- '.2'.

- Holy Christ.

You unnatural eejit (idiot).

You are what could kill us. '.2'?

You are looking at ten pints each,
depending on height and weight.

We'll have to do shots.

Properly third the yard sound of it.

So let's do it.

The Mass is ended. Go in peace
to love and serve the Lord. Amen.

Father, would you mind if I say a
few words? Hi, folks, how are ya?

- "T go maith" (okay).

- Thanks.

Just a quick announcement.

At Maher's Tavern tonight,
we are having a bit of a shindig,
and you are all coming to join us for
what'll be a great night's craic (fun).
So, tell everybody. Tell your friends,
tell your families. Everybody's welcome.

- You are throwing a party?

- Yeah.

- Why?

- Who needs a reason to have a laugh?

It's a welcome party for me.

Welcome party? But you are
leaving in a fortnight.

- This is a goodbye party, whatever.

- Yeah, well, you just got here.

- What's her problem?

- Em, what we mean to say is that...

Hey, bucko! Where are you going?

This party's for your benefit.

And all of you are gonna be there too.

Is... the law, and it's vertical.

I'll arrest any one of you who isn't.

- You! Sit down.

- What Garda Nolan means...

is that... we'd love your company.

There's no point going home

to a cold, empty house...

when there'll be music,

and company, and craic!

- And a free bar.
- A free bar?
- Oh, you are on, boys!
- That's the spirit!
So come on, it's a party,
and the drinks are on us!
How are you, Bridget?
How are you, Pascal?
How are you, love?
Hey, mate, how are you, love?
They are singing our song and
playing our tune, Father.
All right, weapons. What have we got?
Crap.
I have a nail gun and a
board with a nail in it.
Well, I've got a Harley
and a pellet gun.
What are we going to
do with a pellet gun?
Shoot pellets. But I
don't have any pellets.
Oh, right. Well, you can
just wiggle it at them then.
- All right, what have you got?
- I've got a flare gun!
I have dibs on the flare gun.
CPS 4100 Pump-Action
Twin-Jet Super Soaker.
Shoots twenty feet. The nephew's.
Brian, it's a water pistol.
This thing loves water.
It's a water pistol if you use water.
Fill it with petrol,
you've got a flamethrower.
- Dibs on the water pistol.
- Right, look sharp, folks.
You know your stations. Guard each
exit and don't let anyone out!
- Bottoms up.
- Tequila!
Slinte (cheers).
One! Two! Three!
Whooooo!

- Mamie!
- Two shandies, Brian's best.
Two shandies for Mamie!
- How's the heart, Mamie?
- Tip-top.
Thank Christ for that! Next!
Perfect.
- Come here, come here, listen.
- Okay, I'm here.
At the end of the day, it'll...?
I don't know.
- How much have you had?
- Not enough to fancy you.
Well, then, keep drinking.
Blow.
That's it, is it?
You think, I think, I fancy you.
No more for you.
Well, I do. So what do
you want to do about it?
Arrest me?
As... flattering as it is to
hear a... beautiful drunk...
slurring her feelings for me,
now is not the time.
Patrol to base, patrol
to base, come in, over.
Reading you loud and clear.
How're you doing in there?
Ignorance is bliss.
I have to go and wizz.
- You all right?
- I'm a bit bloated.
You haven't touched your pint.
Are you gonna finish it?
- Oh, hold it for me, will ya?
- Oh, here, right.
Is there some fella in there
doing his make-up or something?
Ah, they can't hold their drink.
- Saviours!
- Wait, you've only had two pints.
That's not Paddy-levels, the two.
- Why do you drink so much, Ciarn?

- For the craic.
Yeah, rite, and I work
everyday 'cause I'm driven.
Always... chasing them goals, you know?
Always chasing, always running.
You're too hard on yourself.
I feel like I've known
you for years, you know?
Don't know why.
I'm sorry about your wife, O'Shea.
- My what?
- Una told me how she died.
Of all the stories. Nobody died.
We just, we didn't work out. That's all.
- Shit, I'm sorry.
- Oh, you're grand (fine).
Did you split because, um...
because of your alcoholic-isis?
No, I didn't drink back then.
She met someone else.
That'll happens.
Feck her, O'Shea! If you want, I'll
find her, and I'll sort her out for you.
A toast, from an alcoholic
to a workaholic.
Get it off me!
Jim!
Jim!
Okay, keep still! Keep still, Jim!
- Drinks for everybody, on the house!
- Yayyyyyy!
Are you okay? Jim? Jesus! Man.
- You okay, Jim? What were you doing?
- I needed to pee.
No, Jim!
Don't! No, Jim!
You big ugly bastard!
Fuck that!
Come on, quickly! Quickly!
Oh, Jesus, Mary, Mother of God!
Quickly! That's it. Start the car! Start
the car! Come on, what are you doing?
- Quick! You should race the car!
- Stop it! Stop...

We are gonna die!
I'm arresting you for
the murder of Dr. Gleeson!
You don't have the right to say
anything, unless you wish to...
No, what are you doing?
You can't arrest a grabber!
...but the kegs are outside.
We're out of spirits...
Brian, Brian, get the door.
Open the door now.
That's it. Quickly, come on.
Merciful shit.
Brian, close the fucking door!
Grab the table!
- Smith!
- I can't feel my face!
Smith! The lighter!
Argh! God damn it, this thing's heavy!
Focus! Push the table toward me.
Uh, your floor... Your floor is broken.
Brian, forget that!
Help us barricade the door!
- Smith!
- Your floor is broken.
- Light me!
- Come on, Lisa, push!
Focus. Look at me. Push.
- You've blown it out.
- Don't climb on the table!
- Okay.
- Get off the table, Lisa.
- I can't do it.
- Brian, man, forget that!
Come and help us do this!
- Brian, what are you doing?
- You did it, Brian.
- You put that down!
- Brian did it!
No, don't be a hero.
Argh! Big ugly bastard!
Have some of this shit!
Die!
Oh, Christ.

Get up now!

- What's going on?

- Um, nothing.

Who's that at the door?

Nobody! It's nobody! Come on,
everybody out into the bar!

I'm gonna go check the booze situation.

Smith, c'mon! C'mon, now! Smith, c'mon!

We're dry.

Unless someone goes outside
to change the kegs,
we're done drinking for the night.

Oh, no, no, no, no, no.

I was just getting a taste for it.

Lisa, could you stop the music.

Folks, folks. Can I have
your attention, please?

Listen carefully, we're
moving this party upstairs.

- I know what kind of party's this.

- Sir, sir, it's just a precaution.

A precaution to what?

- I'm going home. I'm pissed.

- No!

No, because... nobody can. You can't.

- Why?

- It's raining!

This party isn't for me,

Brian, is it? You lied to me!

See, you? This is your fault!

You brought this thing to the island!

Oh, relax. You'll
give yourself angina.

I'll give you angina!

Outside, now! I claim ya!

- Can't go outside!

- Because of the rain!

All right! Put 'em up! Come on!

Right, sir, I've had
enough of your bollocks!

Paddy! Brian! Come on!

Now is not the time for this!

Okay, everyone! Don't worry, it's grand.

We've got it all under control.

There's no one trying to kill you.
- We need more alcohol!
- Yeah!
No! Again, stay back.
Smith, what are you doing?
Smith! Smith!
Smith, listen to me! Listen to me!
It's bigger than you think.
Get back inside now, please.
I'm begging ya!
I need a photograph with it
for National Geographic...
and Facebook.
Feck your photos! Change the kegs!
Paddy!
What? He's sloommed,
sure he'll be fine.
Go on, Smith! Fighting fella, you are!
Smith, listen to me! I'm begging ya!
Get back inside, Smith!
Come on! Smith! Listen to me!
Shush, you'll scare it.
You are beautiful.
Oh, wow.
Steady... You don't want to eat me.
You see? I told you!
It's just an animal.
It doesn't want to hurt you.
Oh, okay, okay.
Jesus.
Everybody, upstairs now!
What the hell is that?
Everybody, stay calm!
What in the name of
fuck were those things?
Everybody okay? Yeah?
Everybo... Stay calm! Stay calm!
Anybody been bitten?
Anybody been bitten? Look at me.
Has anybody been bitten?
No? Good. You haven't been bitten,
'cause of the alcohol
you've been drinking.
This might sound crazy,

but they're allergic to drunk people.
So there's no need to panic,
we're safe up here.
And let's stay away from the windows.
I think it's best.
We're gonna be fine.
It's swinging one of Tommy
Riordan's sheep at the door.
My cat does that, then leaves it
on the doorstep as a present.
It's a bitch. A mating ritual.
The female. It's following her scent.
So didn't she slime you on the lab?
What does that mean?
It'll try to mount ya, somehow.
Failing that, it'll rip ya
limb from limb in frustration.
Grand! Ah, sure, what can you do?
What's your reading?
Too drunk to drive a car, but not
drunk enough. We're sobering up.
- What if we threw a bomb at it?
- Have you got semtex on ya?
Not on me, no.
How about if we like, uh,
push it off a cliff or something?
How you say we feed it Father Potts.
Lest it eats shit, it'll choke to death.
- I beg your pardon?
- Oh, feck.
It was a joke, Father. I apologise.
Okay.
We know it does two things.
It drinks blood and it needs water.
We took away one.
We can take away the other.
What do you mean?
We need to keep it away from
the water. Dry it out, somehow.
Look outside!
There's got to be some
way we can stop it.
Fight fire with fire.
- The thing!

- What?

The fekkin' thing at Cooney's site.

What's it called?

- A grabber.

- Yeah, exactly.

With that thing, you could grab it,
and you could just f'kin' lift it up,
and you could just hoist it up,
and leave it there, and trap it,
and it'll be stuck in the air,
and then the sun will come...
and the sun will come up, and
it'll be dry and that'll dry it out.

Brian, have you got

the keys to your truck?

No, that'll be on the kitchen table.

I need them.

You are sober.

You can't be going down there,
those things will rip the head off ya.

- Yeah, she's right.

- You might not get past them.

But I know someone who could.

Talking about the
drunken-est person we've got.

Absolutely not. No.

- Paddy, you go.

- Feck off, you.

Brian. Brian should go.

Thanks for that, um...

Yup. Yeah... I... suppose I could, yeah.

Your arse, you're going!

You're pickled, you fucking go!

Just... Come on. I'm gonna go.

No, no, it's too dangerous.

Newsflash, I'm gonna go because...

I'm one of the best drunken garda
this country's ever seen, you said.

Didn't you say it?

I'm just gonna get the keys.

This is not gonna take it lightly.

I'm just gonna go, gonna get

the keys. It's gonna be grand.

I'm your shining knight in silver armor.

Right, if you get in trouble,
pull the trigger.
Ho-ho, Savage!
- Oh, careful.
- You missed.
- Brian! Would you ever feck off it?
- Paddy!
Just get the keys, I'll do the rest.
Got it, just the keys.
I'll be all right.
Jesus Christ!
It's okay! I'm all right.
Shush, keep your voice down.
She's a goner.
- How're you gonna get to the truck?
- Well, run very fast.
- Well, you're not that fast.
- No, he'll need a decoy.
I've got it. If it's you it wants,
we give it what it wants.
We make a dummy of you,
dress it up as bait, and confuse
the shite clean out of it.
- How do we make a dummy?
- Improvise.
Focus.
Ewh.
I love this song.
Hurry.
Hey, everybody, stay calm!
Fire! Fire!
I smell smoke.
Lisa! Lisa!
Is there another way down?
- Una, it's lovely.
- I don't think it's scary enough, lads.
It is not a bleeding beauty contest!
Una, it's a scarecrow!
Lisa! Lisa!
Come on, for fuck's sake!
Go, Lisa! Go!
O'Shea, O'Shea, do you read me?
We're evacuating.
You did it, boy! You did it!

Stop now! Lisa, stop anywhere.
Okay, you can stop now.
Lisa? Lisa, stop now! Stop!
- We are here!
- Jesus! You're dangerous!
Come on, quickly! Hey, it's not raining!
How long do you think
it'll take it to dry out?
- I don't know, couple of hours.
- Bollocks, where is the crane?
- Shit!
- What are we gonna do now?
Okay, I'm thinking if
I can get it over there.
- Wait, we are not ready!
- Run! Run! Run!
- Give me the keys!
- What keys?
- Cooney's keys.
- There! Go! Run!
Come on, you...
Just a little closer.
What are you waiting for?
Come on and come and get me!
Come on, you smelly bastard.
Get away from him, you C-U-U-U-UNT!
Yaa-Hoooo!
I think this calls for a celebration.
No!
Slinte (cheers).
Are you okay? You okay?
He couldn't handle his drink.
What are you doing?
Ah! Shut your hole!
That was fun, wasn't it?
- Tell that to Una.
- Ah, she'll be grand.
Would you like a drink?
I wouldn't say no.
Here, I thought you'd run out of drink?
- Have you poitn in your house?
- Is the Pope a Catholic?
Here.
I shouldn't have done that!

Just kidding, I should.

I think I'll take some time off.

- Yeah?

- Mm-hmm.

You know, if you lived here,
you'd be home already.

- Home of the Erin Island Grabbers.

- Uh-huh.

It's gonna get mental around here.

I'm gonna need all the help I can get.

- Wanna get some breakfast?

- Yum! Yes, I do.

I think we should go
and pick up Jim's dog.

- Aw, Dr. Gleasons dog?

- Yeah.

Yeah, she'll be missing her 'dad'.

Aw, I've always wanted a dog.

[Subtopian]