

KISSING THE STONE

Written by

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EXT. BLARNEY CASTLE (IRELAND) - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DUSK

The castle is lit with blue floodlights from below - an eerie glow in the fading light.

INT. BLARNEY TOWER STAIRS - BLARNEY CASTLE

At the bottom of the stairs stands HILARY - late forties, immaculate, dressed for a hot night out. She is biting her lips, looking up at -

- ALAN, early fifties, clambering up the stairs. He is a keen rambler, complete with hi-tech gadgets, but he is no spring chicken. A heavy-duty torch hangs from his backpack and he's carrying a Blarney Castle guidebook.

HILARY

I'm not sure about this, Alan.  
It's getting really dark.

Torch light shines in her face. From the darkness -

ALAN

For Pete's sake, Hilary, let's just get to the top of the tower. You know legend says if you kiss the stone, it'll give you eloquence.

HILARY

I don't need to kiss it. Besides, you always say I talk too much.

ALAN

What's your problem, Hils? You've been to this castle so many times.

HILARY

That's why I can't believe you brought me here. On Valentines!

Hilary fiddles with her empty left ring finger.

The torch light disappears from her face. Alan shines it on the guidebook.

ALAN

I know. I know. Now, we don't want... Let's not have an Eiffel Tower incident, ok? It says here it's not that high up.

She looks up the stairs. A good-looking athletic MAN, in his mid-thirties, bounds down the stairs, two, three at a time.

GUIDE

Everything alright with the tour now?

Alan ignores the guide's appearance - he continues up the stairs.

GUIDE (CONT'D)

The castle shuts in 15 minutes.

The guide holds out his hand. He grins at Hilary - a wide, reassuring grin. She gives him a tentative smile and puts her hand in his.

EXT. BLARNEY TOWER - BLARNEY CASTLE

The floodlight on the castle has changed to a ghoulish green. Alan arrives first, out of breath. He takes a small black box out of his pocket. He hides it when Hilary and the guide appear. They drop hands but Alan sees. He drifts to the edge - the box held loosely in his hands. Hilary and the guide wander over to the stone.

GUIDE

The stone is below floor level now.  
You need to lie down on your back,  
hold onto the bars and kiss it.

HILARY

Are you sure it's safe? You're not  
going to drop me?

She looks down at the railings, through to the ground - way way below. The castle floodlight turns a blood red.

GUIDE

I won't let you fall.

She hesitates. But she makes a decision - and lies down. The guide helps her. Alan stands over them - intimidating. Hilary leans back and looks up at the guide. His eyes sympathetic. His mouth soft. She goes to kiss the stone - but impulsively kisses the guide instead.

They part. Hilary remembers Alan. She steals a look at him, biting her lips. His face appears menacing in the red light. He throws the black box. It flies through the air - straight into the guide's firm hand.

GUIDE (CONT'D)

I've already spoken to yer brother.

He grins his lovely wide grin at Alan - who mirrors the grin back. The floodlights change to a soft, golden yellow.

GUIDE (CONT'D)

Will you be my wife?

Hilary struggles to speak. The guide opens the box and reveals a gemstone ring. She beams in reply. He slips the ring on her finger and kisses her hand.