

Ten: Faerie Tale Ending

Ellen: So now you know it all, Father. You're all caught up. I drug you inside the church, over here to this corner near the confessional, while Saoirse finished off her ma. You never said a word, 'cause what would you say? It didn't take you any time at all to bleed out. You're a skinny thing, and I reckon there wasn't much blood in you to begin with. It'll take some time to clean the floor, I suppose, but it's marble and it shouldn't be too bad. You and me don't have to worry about that though.

Saoirse has gone to clear the way. She said it was "preparing the passage." I don't know what that means, but I trust her.

She's been gone a long time, so it can't be much longer I have to wait on her. I'm almost glad to have had the time, though. I wasn't lying to you when I said it was nice to sit and talk like this. You don't interrupt and you don't judge. You're not going to give me an Our Father or a Hail Mary to say, because I'm way beyond that. I don't want forgiveness anyway. I'd do it all again.

But the church is quiet, and the light through the stained glass is real pretty. I needed time to catch my breath. I know I'm leaving all this behind forever, and I'm glad to have had a little time to prepare my own passage. I don't want you to think I won't miss this city. I loved walking these streets, feeling the bustle and push of the crowds. The lights on the water by the docks. The trees in the park. And I wish I could have said goodbye to Jack. I haven't even talked to him since that day I ran out of Ma's and found my way to the doctor's house. That seems so long ago now. He was a good friend, was Jack, and he couldn't help being sweet on me.

But I know he'll be fine, just like Ma will be fine and Emma and Sinead and Roisin. I can't take care of everybody. I've finally found my path. I'm going to faerieland, or whatever it's really

called. I won't have to come back here, and I'll be with Saoirse forever and all. As soon as she gets back.

[Theme music; opening credits]

I said it felt like freedom to find out the things you believed in weren't true at all. At least I think I said that. And that *is* the way it feels when I think about Ma not being my Ma, and when I think about the things that Dr. DeQuincey kept in his Unseelie Court. The true things are false and the make-believe is real.

I was as wrong about those things as it's possible to be. But I can adjust. One thing I learned growing up in the rag and bone shop was how to stay on my feet when the ground shifted, how to roll and come up standing. I used to think it was like being on one of those spinning rides like they have at the park. You know the ones where you run around and around pushing it faster and faster and then you jump on and try to stay standing while it spins? You've got the best chance of staying up if you get to the center, because the spinning doesn't throw you around as much there. And that's what I felt like I was--the still center point that everything spun around. I don't mean I was more important than anybody else. Just that I knew myself, and I could trust myself to be myself, and if I kept that in my head then it didn't matter how everything else changed or got scattered, I was still me.

But now I don't think I know me as well as I thought I did. I'm not a killer, Father, despite that I killed you. It happened so fast, I didn't even think. But I would have thought I'd feel torn up about it. And since this is a confession, I should give you that final piece. I'm sorry you got killed, Father, but I don't expect I'll hold onto it, if you see what I mean. The main thing I feel is

glad that we made it. You didn't stop us, or call the police. And Dr. DeQuincey is not able to come after us, and that old hag isn't going to trouble us again.

I'm sad about the people O'Donald hurt, and the people Mr. Clutch is going to terrorize. But if I'm being honest, I'd trade every one of them people to make sure Saoirse was safe, and that we could be together.

That's love, I suppose.

Does that make me a bad person, Father? I guess I don't care, one way or the other. The only thing I'm worried about now is when she's coming back. I hope she hasn't gotten caught or hurt or anything. She's very strong, so I'm not too worried. But it has been a long time.

[A pause. Ellen shifts. Sounds of the city faintly through the walls.]

I know she wouldn't leave me here. After I did all this. She wouldn't leave me here, right, Father?

[Another pause.]

Of course she wouldn't.

[Another pause. Then the sound of someone opening the door.]

It's her! **[Quieter, to the priest]:** See, Father? I told you she wouldn't leave me here.

[Louder]: Saoirse! I'm here!

[Footsteps approach.]

Aidan: Well, well, well. What do we have here?

Ellen: Aidan! What are you doing here?

Aidan: I've been looking for you, little sister. Why, I've been worried sick. **[He laughs].**

Ellen: How did you find me?

Aidan: I had some business with your boss, you know. Imagine my surprise when I arrived and found the doors flung open and everything inside...spoiled. Dr. DeQuincey won't be doing any more business.

Ellen: He was a slaver.

Aidan: No. He was a zookeeper. Doesn't matter; he's gone now. Anyway, it was easy work to follow the path here. Your friend O'Donald leaves quite a trail.

Ellen: He's not my friend.

Aidan: No, I suppose not. But that little one's your friend, isn't she? Saoirse? Maybe more than friends, the way DeQuincey told it. You've been a bad girl, haven't you, Ellen?

Ellen: Saoirse isn't here. I don't know where she went.

Aidan: You mean to tell me that you went to all this trouble, breaking her out of jail and all, and you lost track of her already? That hardly sounds likely, little sister.

Ellen: Don't matter what it sounds like. It's the truth. I don't know where she is.

[She moves to the side, trying to get past him]

Aidan: No, no. Why don't we just stand right where we are? Let's get all this figured out before you try and walk out of here. **[A Pause]**. What is...my god, Ellen, what is this? A priest?

Ellen: He...he *was* the priest, I suppose. I didn't meet him proper.

Aidan: My, my, my. And all that blood on your hands. I seem to remember you calling me a...what did you say? "A common killer?" Blackest kettle ever to point a finger at the pot.

Ellen: I didn't mean to...

Aidan: Oh, of course you didn't. My man here tripped and fell onto your knife, dead center in his chest. The same thing has happened to me many a time. Sloppy though. You can't sell 'em when the heart's all punched through like that.

Ellen: I don't want to sell anything. I don't want to be rude, Aidan, but I don't plan on coming home. You're wasting your time here.

Aidan: Well, that's just ungrateful. After everything Ma's done for you? Why, you'll break her old heart.

Ellen: Ma ain't got a heart, Aidan, and we both know that's the truth. You'll all be fine without me.

Aidan: I think you'd better come back with me and let us all talk it over. A massacre at a freak show, murdering an innocent priest? I worry you might not be in your right mind, little sister. You might need medical care. You might need long-term care.

Ellen: I'm not going anywhere with you, Aidan. You're going to get out of my way and I'm going to walk out of this church.

Aidan: You're not in a position to tell me who's going to do what, Ellen. I think I'll decide what happens from here on...

[He is interrupted by the sound of the door opening.]

Ellen: Saoirse! Run!

Saoirse: Ellen. What is happening?

[Aidan moves suddenly and grabs Ellen]

Ellen: Aidan! Let go of me!

Aidan: No, let's all sit right where we are. Look at you. You're even more amazing than the doctor said. No wonder you're smitten, little sister.

Saoirse: You are Ellen's brother.

Aidan: I see my reputation precedes me. I wish I had a free hand to doff my hat.

Ellen: Saoirse! Run! He's here for you!

Saoirse: You will put down your knife, and you will remove your hands from Ellen. We are leaving. This need not trouble you.

Aidan: Oh, it's no trouble. I reckon as long as I have Ellen here, you won't make a move. So we can all be calm and easy.

Ellen: Aidan, I know we haven't always gotten along, but I don't want you to get hurt. If you'll just let me...

Aidan: You don't want *me* to get hurt? You should be worried about your own skin. We're gonna walk out of here together--you, me, and your fairy whore--and we're going back to the rag and bone shop. If you think I have a problem gutting either one of you if you try to stop me, then you'll be...

Saoirse: Of course we'll go with you.

Aidan: What?

Ellen: Saoirse, no! You know what he wants...

Saoirse: I will go with you. You will not need your knife. I am tired of running. If you let Ellen go, I will give myself to you.

Ellen: No! Saoirse!

Aidan: You think I'm simple? I'm not letting her go so you can both run for the door.

Saoirse: Aidan. I will prove myself true. Here is my hand. Take it. And then let her go.

Ellen: No!

[Sounds of shifting. Aidan take Saoirse's hand. He releases Ellen.]

Ellen: Aidan please!

Aidan: God, shut up, Ellen! Go or stay, no one cares about you. I've got what I came for.

Saoirse: You are wicked. And you will never lay your hand on Ellen again.

[She touches Aidan's forehead. He begins to convulse and scream]

Ellen: Saoirse! What have you done? Saoirse you've killed him!

[Aidan continues to scream and thrash. Gradually the sounds decrease and eventually they stop completely]

Ellen: Aidan! You've killed him! He's dead.

Saoirse: He would have stopped us from leaving. He would have hurt you. I prevented that.

Ellen: So much blood. First the priest and now...Oh, Aidan. You should have been better than you were.

Saoirse: It is time to leave Ellen. The passage is ready. We will be together now.

Ellen: Together?

Saoirse: We will lie together beneath the hill of Knocknarea. But we must go now.

Ellen: So much blood.

Saoirse: We must go.

[There is a long pause. Ellen swallows hard.]

Ellen: Oh, Aidan. **[She moves to leave].** Saoirse?

Saoirse: Yes, my dearest?

Ellen: Saoirse do you love me?

Saoirse: Oh my dear one. Believe you are mine. Mine. As surely as the water belongs to the moon. Have no fear.

Ellen: Okay. Okay. I'm ready. You go ahead. I'll be there in two minutes.

Saoirse: Don't be long.

[Saoirse steps out]

Ellen: I suppose this is it, Father. I'm going to miss talking to you. Thank you for being such a patient listener. Things aren't the way I planned them. But that's life, isn't it, Father? And I know I'm going somewhere I'll belong. I know it. All this is worth it. **[A whisper]:** Right?
[Firmer]: This world should have been better to me.

Saoirse (returning): Ellen. Are you coming or not?

Ellen: Yes. Yes, I'm coming. Good night, Father. I hope you found everything you were looking for. I'm coming, Saoirse!

[Theme music; end credits]

