

Super: 1898

The sound of THUNDER fills the kitchen as a sweating man rushes in the back door.

EDMUND PATTERSON (45) who is stocky in jeans and checked shirt, mops his brow with his sleeve.

MARY PATTERSON (35), in a simple cotton dress, stands over the sink, peering out of the window.

EDMUND PATTERSON

(Irish accent)

Quickly, get the baby. We need to get out of here.

MARY PATTERSON

(Irish accent)

Surely not. It has to miss us.

Edmund SLAMS the kitchen door.

The THUNDER grows louder and the kitchen curtains FLAP in the wind.

Edmund looks sternly at his wife.

EDMUND PATTERSON

Where is James?

MARY PATTERSON

I don't know.

Mary collects the baby from its crib beside the table, and places a towel over its head.

Smoke billows around the cottage as Edmund and Mary, carrying a baby, emerge and run down the steps.

The tops of the trees behind the cottage are a mass of flames as the fire ROARS at them.

The couple run into the street and look in both directions.

The rear of the house BURSTS into flames.

As the couple run down the dirt road, their dusty footprints are blown away by the wind.

On the other side of the road, the tops of trees EXPLODE into flames.

As the couple run, with hands over their faces, the flames close over their heads.

Edmund drags Mary towards a ditch by the side of the road.

He kisses her, places the baby in the ditch and pushes her down on top of it.

As the ROAR of the flames converge over his head, Edmund gently lays on top of his family.