

Stanley's Saint Patrick's Day

1 EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING

A man stumbled out of his Uber in a green suit that had clearly seen better days. His coat was stained with food and booze from a wild Saint Patrick's Day. He took a few steps forward before stopping and pulling a flask out of his coat pocket. He took a big gulp of Jameson, burped, and continued. Once at his front door, he swayed back and forth as he fumbled for his keys. Finally, he slid the key in and unlocked the door, almost falling forward into his house.

2 INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

The man took off his green suit jacket and threw it in the general direction of the coat rack. He walked over to the couch, falling on to it. Turning on the TV, he shut his eyes and finally dozed off.

A VOICE WITH AN IRISH ACCENT

PATHETIC!

The man shook himself awake and scanned the room rubbing his eyes.

THE VOICE

Down here Laddie!

(The voiced yelled from
his coffee table)

The man leaned forward to see a
little ginger man in a green suit.

THE MAN

Is that a Leprechaun?

(Wondered out loud)

I must be drunker than I thought.

THE LEPRECHAUN

Oh boy...

(Gulped)

(MORE)

THE LEPRECHAUN (CONT'D)

You're not going to like
me saying this, but
you're as drunk as you
are every other night of
the week.

(Afraid of the man's
response)

THE MAN

What's that supposed to mean?
(Questioning)

THE LEPRECHAUN

It means you've got a bit of a
problem Laddie.
(Gulping again)

THE MAN

Ah what do you know?
(Waving his arm
dismissively)

The man closed his eyes and began
to dose off again. The Leprechaun
wasn't having it. He shimmied down
the leg of the table like a
fireman's poll and gripped pieces
of fabric, slowly pulling himself
up the couch. Once standing on the
man's leg, he took a moment to
catch his breath. He began jumping
up down on the man's leg to get his
attention, but it was no use. After
this failure, the Leprechaun
strolled across the man's chest
until he arrived at his face. The
Leprechaun made a face as the man's
warm breath struck him. He peeled
open one eye lid of the man.

THE LEPRECHAUN

Wake up lad!
(Yelling)
The man shook awake to see
the Leprechaun staring
directly at him.

THE MAN

Ahh!

(MORE)

THE MAN (CONT'D)
(Flicking the Leprechaun
off of him)
The Leprechaun went flying
backwards landing on the
man's lap.

THE LEPRECHAUN
Ow. Jeez lad, pick on someone your
own size.
(Laughing)
The Leprechaun began
making his way back up
the man's chest.

THE MAN
What do you want from me?!

THE LEPRECHAUN
Ugh lad, I'm getting drunk just
from the scent of your breath.
(Joking)
Stanley, I'm here to talk to you
about your drinking.

STANLEY
How do you know my name?

THE LEPRECHAUN
Oh Stanley... I know everyone's name.
I just only reveal myself to those
who need me.

Stanley shook his head and wiped his eyes, hoping this was a
figure of his imagination. It wasn't. The Leprechaun was as
real as could be.

STANLEY
So why me?
(Angry and confused)

THE LEPRECHAUN
Stanley... I'm here to talk to you
about your drinking.

STANLEY
Of course, you are...
(Dismissively)

THE LEPRECHAUN
You see, this isn't just a holiday
occasion, you get this drunk every
night of the week.
(Caringly)

STANLEY

Yeah, Yeah. You're a fuckin'
Leprechaun not my AA sponsor.

THE LEPRECHAUN

But aren't you lonely Stanley?

Stanley didn't reply right away but his face changed.

STANLEY

I've got myself.
(Shaking the expression
off his face like an Etch-
A-Sketch)
The Leprechaun jumped down from
Stanley's chest and slid off the
couch. He walked into another room;
all the while Stanley's eyes
followed him.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Hey wait! Where are you going?
(Yelling after the
Leprechaun)
Stanley got no response. He sat
still for a minute, as if fighting
his curiosity. He finally decided
to see what was going. He dragged
himself off the couch and stumbled
after the Leprechaun.

3 INT. HOUSE, HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

He walked down the hallway, bumping into the wall and a lamp
on his way. Stanley turned into his bedroom to see the
Leprechaun standing on his desk admiring a photo of a very
beautiful young woman.

THE LEPRECHAUN

She's a beauty.

STANLEY

Don't touch that!
(Very angry)
Stanley swiped the picture frame
from the Leprechaun and set it face
down next to him on the desk. About
30 seconds of silence pass.

THE LEPRECHAUN

Do you miss her?

STANLEY

Of course, I fuckin' miss her. She was my wife.

(Yelling)

Stanley slumped into his office chair. A moment goes by.

THE LEPRECHAUN

Tell me about her.

STANLEY

I don't think so...

(Staring straight up at the ceiling)

THE LEPRECHAUN

Come on, it will be good for you.

STANLEY

I said no.

(Loud and firmly)

(A whole minute of silence passes)

We met on the 18th of December at a Christmas party.

(Mumbling)

She had the ugliest sweater on...

(Chuckling to himself as he imagined it)

I was pouring myself a drink and when I turned around, I bumped right into her, spilling the glass of wine I had all over that sweater.

(Now smiling)

She laughed it off, and we got to talking.

(A beat)

She was instantly the most fascinating thing in the world to me. It was like my actual life started that night and everything before was just preparation for meeting this girl.

(A beat)

We were together for ten years.

THE LEPRECHAUN

What happened?

STANLEY

She passed away!
(Begins to cry)

THE LEPRECHAUN

How did she pass?

STANLEY

Car crash.
(A moment passed)
A God damn car crash!
(Yelling furiously)
(A beat)
She wasn't even supposed to go to
work that day. She got called in
last minute.
(Sobbing)
Why couldn't I have been with her?
Maybe there was something I
could've done.

The Leprechaun hopped off the desk table and walked over to Stanley's leg. He grabbed the fabric of his pants and began to climb. He arrived at the top and stood on the man's thigh.

THE LEPRECHAUN

Let it out laddie, I'm here for
you.

STANLEY

No!
(Pushing the Leprechaun
off his leg)
You don't know what it's like to
lose someone.

The Leprechaun picked himself up and dusted himself off. A moment passed before he opened his wallet and pulled out a tiny photograph of his own. He looked down at the photograph depicted a ginger woman and then back up at Stanley.

THE LEPRECHAUN

I lost me misses three years to the
day...
(A beat)
Never been the same since.

STANLEY

What was her name?

THE LEPRECHAUN

Rebecca.

STANLEY

Same name as my wife.

(Sighing)

I just don't know how you go on
without her.

(A beat)

I just feel so... Alone all the time.

(A beat)

I can't control it.

THE LEPRECHAUN

What I do is imagine Rebecca is
watching me from above for
everything I do. Whether she's with
me or not, she deserves to see the
best version of me I can present. I
love her so much, that's why I keep
going.

Stanley smiled at that idea and got into bed. He pulled the
covers over himself and looked up to the sky.

STANLEY

Goodnight Rebecca.

Stanley closed his eyes and began to snore.

THE LEPRECHAUN

I hope this hoped laddie.

The next morning Stanley awoke extremely hungover. He flicked
through the conversation with the Leprechaun in his mind,
wondering if it was real or a dream. For the first time in
years, Stanley took care of himself. (Short montage of him
working out, shower, breakfast brushing teeth)

4 INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Stanley opened his liquor cabinet and meticulously put each
bottle on the counter. He sighed deeply before pouring each
and every bottle out in the sink.

5 INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

He walked to his front door and opened it.

6 EXT. FRONT GARDEN -EARLY MORNING

Stanley stepped outside and took a deep breath. In the
distance he could see a rainbow. He smiled.

STANLEY

I can do this.

(A beat)

For Rebecca.