

EXT. BEACH – SUNSET

A handful of FISHERMEN build a bonfire taller than themselves. A steady drumbeat pounds rhythmically as they work. Altogether, the men sing:

FISHERMEN (O.S.)

*Six days, she lives amidst the sea,
Come Seventh, she turns a maid...
Upon the Eighth, she asks to leave
And I ask her to stay...*

INT. ROOT CELLAR - SUNSET

MAIREAD rushes to the root cellar – scattered inside are six open, empty chests.

FISHERMEN (O.S.)

*The Selkies – wild as wind, they say
A beast that's ne'er tamed*

EXT. BEACH (BONFIRE) – NIGHT

RONAN's chest is set before BALTAR and unlocked. He removes the glimmering sealskin from the trunk and holds it high above the flames.

FISHERMEN (O.S.)

*They always seem to slip away
As quickly as they came...*

A shriek echoes across the water; inhuman agony. The men fall silent and turn to the top of the beach where MAIREAD stands silhouetted, holding a hakapik.

EXT. BEACH – SUNRISE

In hushed, haunting tones, a woman finishes the shanty...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

*My Selch, I'll ne'er let you go
The ocean isn't safe...*

MAIREAD's face is bloodied; flames dance in her wild eyes and sea-salted strands of dark hair lash against her skin. In high definition; pores, grit, and resilience.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

*Instead, I think,
I'll make you mine*

MUIREANN cloaks herself in her sealskin and aligns with the others at the shore. The seven women join hands as they're engulfed by the foggy horizon, evaporating into an exhale.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Take your skin to my grave...