

THE HARVEST GUEST

Written by

Roope Rainisto

July 6, 2026
Using BeatBandit

LOGLINE

When a control-freak palliative nurse returns to her remote home island to move her estranged dying father to a mainland hospice, the village traps them before a harvest festival that cannot begin until one of her bloodline freely volunteers as "the guest," forcing her to uncover the ritual's true rules and choose between dragging her father to safety or staying beside him through the night that took her mother.

TREATMENT

Act 1

Before dawn in a mainland hospice, ELIN MORA, a gifted palliative nurse in her thirties, finishes a night shift with exacting efficiency. In a fluorescent room, a dying man whispers hello to someone Elin cannot see. She tightens his drip, folds the visitor chair flat against the wall, and closes the door, sealing off the bedside from anything she cannot measure. Her phone buzzes with a message from the island clinic where her estranged father EAMON MORA is declining fast. A weather report mentions ferry warnings near her home island. In the locker room, Elin stuffs supplies, transfer forms, and medication charts into a bag. A frayed ferry tag from twenty years ago slips from behind her hospital ID. She shoves it away, takes emergency leave, and books passage home with one purpose: extract Eamon, stabilize him, and move him into mainland hospice before the annual harvest festival closes the harbor.

The island receives her with damp wind, polite faces, and too many helping hands. At the harbor, MOIRA KETT, the village matriarch, greets Elin with tea, warmth, and a faded ribbon that belonged to Elin's mother, the woman who vanished the night Elin fled the island as a child. Moira presses the ribbon into Elin's palm and calmly states the village's condition: no Mora leaves before the harvest festival begins, and the festival cannot begin until someone from Elin's bloodline freely volunteers as "the guest." Elin dismisses it as coercive folklore designed to corner a dying man. She refuses to argue in public. She strides past Moira and heads for Eamon's cottage, telling herself that once she has her father assessed and tagged for transfer, village theatrics will fall away.

Inside the cottage, oxygen hisses through a cramped bedroom full of old fabric, medicine bottles, and unattended history. Eamon is frail, lucid in flashes, and still capable of landing a wound with one question. "Did you come because

of me," he asks, "or because of the festival?" Elin answers with procedure. She checks his lungs, counts his pills, snaps a transfer bracelet around his wrist, and strips her mother's old raincoat from a chair as if clearing contamination from a patient room. Moira arrives with tea and terms. By first bell on Saturday, either Eamon or Elin must freely take the guest role. If they refuse, the village will hold the Mora family responsible for what follows. Elin counters with plans for a mainland bed, a dawn boat, and paperwork already in motion. Moira does not raise her voice. She only says the harbor matters less than the house on the cliff.

At dusk, Elin pushes out to find directions, signal, and a way around the village's interference. She nearly smears away a line of salt laid under a doorway before RUARIDH SORN, a retired schoolteacher turned beekeeper, stops her with a sharp warning. He hands her a paper twist of salt and tells her doors matter more here than walls. In his shed, with bees rattling in bad weather, he offers the line that Elin rejects on instinct: "A vigil is just staying when every useful part of you wants the door." To Elin, staying without fixing anything is failure dressed up as wisdom. Still, she keeps the salt. Around them, the island begins its nightly practice. Neighbors salt thresholds. Bells sound at dusk. Phones lose signal. Help arrives before it is asked for.

That night, logistics collapse. Elin tries to call the mainland as Eamon suddenly loses breath. She revives him, but every outgoing line is dead. The radio mast has dropped. Villagers continue their evening work with unnerving calm, salting every entrance while the light fails. Elin doubles down. If she cannot call, she will move him herself at dawn. She secures a medical transfer slot and prepares Eamon for transport. By morning, the island closes its hand. At the harbor she finds the ambulance boat crippled, wet barley jammed into its engine, and the last ferry canceled by storm. The route out is gone. Elin stares at the sabotaged boat and understands that she is no longer arranging a transfer. She is trapped inside a place that has been preparing for her return.

Act 2A

Elin refuses to accept entrapment as fate. She turns Eamon's cottage into a command post, audits his medication, rewrites his dose chart, and maps tide tables against ferry schedules and private boats. The island answers every move with a smaller, quieter obstruction. A fisherman offers a risky run to the mainland after dusk, and Elin takes it. She wheels Eamon toward the harbor, but TOMAS VALE, the village's practical enforcer, blocks the chapel road under cover of post-dusk safety rules. When Elin forces the chair over a

threshold where the salt has been stripped away, Eamon goes into a sudden panic, clawing for breath as if the air itself has changed. She is forced back to the cottage, furious and shaken. For the first time she sees that the island's rules are not decorative customs. They are practiced with the concentration of people who believe the consequences are immediate.

MOIRA sends her granddaughter JUNE KETT with soup, clean sheets, and the kind of help that cannot be refused without looking unstable. June helps wash and resettle Eamon after the failed harbor run. Where Elin gives orders, June asks permission. Where Elin adjusts a pillow mid-sentence, June waits for the answer to a question. In front of Elin, June asks Eamon what he wants before touching him. The correction is gentle but public. Elin bristles, yet she notices Eamon relax under June's slower care. June becomes the story's human counterpoint, blunt enough to challenge Elin and useful enough to keep close. Their alliance forms through irritation, not trust. June offers access to records after dark if Elin wants proof that the guest role is coercion rather than sacred duty.

Elin attacks the problem the way she knows best: by gathering facts faster than anyone can block them. With June's help and Ruaridh's oblique warnings, she raids the clinic storeroom, studies old ledgers, and searches the chapel crypt. She photographs names, dates, and recurring notations tied to the same time every harvest. One place at communal meals is always set wrong, as if for someone expected and unwelcome at once. Wet footprints appear across dry floors. Bells ring when no rope moves. Ruaridh feeds her practical fragments rather than explanations. Do not answer a familiar voice through a closed door. Keep salt where a threshold begins. Do not open an inner room because it sounds lonely. The clues frustrate Elin because they are operational, not rational. She files them anyway, treating each one like data from a hostile environment.

Tomas catches Elin and June trespassing in the crypt. He confiscates Elin's camera card, papers, and spare fuel under emergency authority. Elin lashes out, accusing the village of trapping a dying man, but the accusation lands oddly even on her own ears. She has seen too much practiced fear to dismiss everyone as frauds. Tomas escorts them out, believing order is the same thing as safety. Elin loses evidence, tools, and cover, but she has already copied a run of dates into her own notes. The pattern reaches back farther than any living villager. This ritual system is older than Moira, older than Tomas, and more organized than rumor.

At dawn she reaches the harbor on the strength of one remaining plan: a confirmed ambulance boat and signed

transfer papers. Hope lasts seconds. The medical launch sits half-submerged at its mooring, the stretcher rocking beside it. Wet barley coughs from the engine housing in her hands. Moira appears not with an explanation but with soup and concern, treating sabotage as weather and Elin's outrage as distress. Elin hurls the barley at her and gets almost no reaction. Moira simply says the island has kept worse weather than her. The line confirms what Elin now knows and cannot prove. Leaving is no longer the active fight. Understanding what happened to her mother is.

That night Elin pushes Eamon for the truth. He warns that storms are simpler than people and refuses to explain the guest role or her mother's last night. His silence hardens the old wound instead of protecting it. Armed with June's stolen key and Ruaridh's salt, Elin chooses the one place everyone circles and no one names directly: the abandoned fever house on the cliff. Inside, she searches for proof that her mother was murdered by ritual. Instead she finds the guest ledger ending with her mother's signature and fresh water tracks leading up a sealed stair toward an upstairs room the village pretends does not exist.

Act 2B

June gets Elin through the cliff path gate after curfew and into the fever house, a damp quarantine building that feels less abandoned than withheld. The ledger offers no death record for Elin's mother, only a final signature and a stopped account. Fresh wet prints climb the stair. Before Elin can force the mystery into a murder theory, Ruaridh intercepts them on the upper landing. He is no longer oblique. He shoves salt into Elin's hand and gives rules in plain terms. The thing that comes in harvest fog borrows familiar voices. It wants answer, welcome, or an opened inner door. If you hear someone you love behind a salted threshold, do not answer. Then a woman's voice calls from behind the forbidden door. It sounds first like June, then like Elin's mother. The rule collides with Elin's oldest wound. She breaks the salt line and opens the door.

A soaked woman wearing her mother's face steps forward. Disbelief ends on contact. Ruaridh throws Elin back and tries to reseal the threshold. The Long Guest reaches him before he can finish. His death is swift, shocking, and undeniable. June drags Elin clear as the house echoes with borrowed voices. By dawn, Moira has already framed the disaster for the village as necessary festival danger rather than proof the old script is wrong. When one shaken villager asks if the guest rite should be canceled, Moira answers that delay kills more than obedience ever has. She turns grief into compliance before doubt can organize. Elin, who entered the fever house hunting evidence of human crime, comes out knowing the supernatural threat is real and her

own mistake helped loose it.

Ruaridh's death changes Elin's objective. She stops trying to expose a fraud and starts trying to survive a night with a real entity that took her mother and now circles her father. She relocates Eamon to the abandoned lighthouse and converts the keeper's room into a clinical bunker. Oxygen tubing, morphine, blackout cloth, taped windows, mapped thresholds, salt lines, and a battery radio turn the space into a fortress of care and fear. Yet her confidence is cracked. As she works, she keeps seeing the broken salt line upstairs. Control failed once at the exact moment she needed it most. She acts because action is all she knows, but the act now carries doubt.

June catches her drawing up heavy sedation and laying out transfer straps for the second weather breaks. The argument finally becomes explicit. June accuses Elin of talking about Eamon like freight, not a father. Elin tries to defend sedation as safer than listening tonight and cannot finish the sentence. June walks out, disgusted and hurt, because she hears in Elin's plan another clean abandonment dressed as kindness. The village tightens around them. Moira floods the lanes with casseroles, blankets, and watchful neighbors. Tomas confiscates spare fuel under emergency authority and escorts people by lantern after dark. The island never drops the mask of care. It simply uses care as surveillance.

Elin makes one small but important concession. She sets the loaded sedatives aside and leaves Eamon lucid. That crack in her system arrives too late to stop Moira from reaching him. Left briefly alone, Eamon lets Moira speak through the lighthouse door to his guilt. She offers him a way to spare Elin: one willing choice can end the line's burden. Eamon, who has long mistaken self-erasure for love, asks for the words of volunteering. At the lantern procession in the grain barn, surrounded by villagers, oat sheaves, and the ritual sickle, Elin arrives just in time to watch her father cut his palm and publicly name himself the guest. She lunges to stop him. The Long Guest erupts in her mother's face amid the lantern light and hurls June into the barley bins. In the chaos, Eamon is taken uphill and sealed inside the fever house.

Bruised and frantic, Elin turns immediately to breach. She and a barely conscious June slip through the smokehouse, cross a causeway already taking spray, and time their run through Tomas's search lights. June gives her the stolen inner key. Elin uses the rules this time, ignoring the voices that call her by name from each landing. They reach Eamon's room. As Elin straps him to the stretcher, he finally confesses the truth she has built her life around avoiding: her mother was not dragged away. He left her alone in that house because he could not bear the vigil. Elin's

rescue now mirrors the abandonment she hates. Still she cannot stop forcing action. She sedates him for escape. He wakes, tears free, shoves her outside, and bars the door before the final bell. Through the wood he says he will not leave her to carry this. Then he admits he left Elin's mother alone. Silence follows. Black barley sifts from the frame. Outside in the storm, Elin pounds the sealed door and realizes she has lost both her father and the last version of love she knows how to perform.

Act 3

Tomas finds Elin outside the barred fever-house door, soaked and hoarse from shouting. For the first time he sees clearly that his obedience has locked a dying man away without saving anyone. Elin tells him exactly that. Tomas does not drag her back to the village. He sends his searchers downhill and leaves her enough space to break apart in private. Back in Eamon's cottage kitchen before dawn, Elin reaches for anything that might still be useful and pulls her mother's old nursing satchel from the lining of the raincoat she stripped away on the first night. Inside is a hidden cassette. She listens instead of ripping it apart for one extractable fact. Her mother's recorded voice is calm, practical, and devastating. The guest was never meant to be an offering. The guest was the host of a vigil, someone who stayed with the dying and kept the threshold properly until dawn. Fear and convenience corrupted the practice into sacrifice. The line Ruairidh gave her lands in full force now. A vigil is staying when every useful part of you wants the door.

Elin finally sees the shape of her own life. She has arranged skill, protocol, and transport around one terror: being left with what cannot be fixed. She has called control compassion because control keeps grief moving. The one thing she can still do for Eamon is not save him from death, but save him from dying abandoned. Strategy and self-revelation fuse. The Long Guest obeys hospitality if hosted correctly. It must be given a set place, bounded thresholds, and no invitation beyond the terms of the vigil. Elin stops trying to reopen the rescue story. She tears up the transfer forms in the village square before Moira can declare Eamon's sacrifice complete and publicly names herself the guest. When Moira moves to absorb the declaration into the old script, Elin cuts her off with the truth she has earned: a guest is a host, not an offering.

June meets her in the smokehouse and sees immediately that Elin has changed because she is asking for help, not issuing orders. June tapes Elin's split hands, fills her pockets with fresh salt and rowan, and gives over the inner key. She turns on Tomas and demands he choose a side. Tomas, shaken and ashamed, admits Moira never said the guest could

survive. At first bell, Moira orders him to escort Elin to the cliff and seal the door behind her. Instead Tomas blocks the road with his own body and a flare, holding the villagers back while June sends Elin up the path alone. Moira loses her enforcer in public, and the village sees division where it has always been shown certainty.

Inside the fever house, the climax narrows to pure action and stillness. Elin enters as floodwater starts to creep under the boards. Before she goes to Eamon, she sets the room properly. She lays salt at the threshold, opens the lamp, places a chair and a plate for the Long Guest, and marks the space as a vigil instead of a slaughter pen. Upstairs, Eamon lies weak and frightened. The Long Guest takes the offered place and begins its assault through intimacy, not force. It cycles through her mother's face, dying patients from the mainland, and June's voice. It tells Elin a good nurse would save what she can. Moira pounds from outside, trying to drive the old script through the walls. Elin refuses every false invitation. She names each borrowed voice without answering it across the threshold. She gives medicine to Eamon, adjusts his blanket, and stays in the chair beside his bed.

When Eamon begs to be wheeled out while there is still time, Elin's hand goes to the stretcher straps and stops. She tears the transfer tag from his wrist, pulls the chair tight to the bed, and sits. The action makes her change visible. At high tide Tomas pries open a shutter and shouts that he can still get them out. The opening gives the Long Guest a line toward the village if Elin uses it. This is the final choice in plain terms: drag Eamon out and unleash the thing the island has fed for generations, or remain and let him die where he chose, accompanied. Elin drops the straps, takes Eamon's hand, and stays seated. He dies with a witness beside him. Dawn comes. The Guest remains bound to the terms she kept.

At Eamon's wake in the chapel, the empty chair once reserved for the annual guest is no longer symbolic. June invites the villagers to take turns sitting it. Tomas sits first. One by one, others follow, forced at last to share the burden they outsourced to one bloodline. Moira stands outside the circle, her authority broken because the community has seen a different use for ritual: witness instead of sacrifice. Back on the mainland, in another fluorescent hospice room at dawn, Elin does not fold the visitor chair away. When a family hesitates beside a dying man, she asks what they want. Then she opens the chair, sits down, and keeps vigil through the first light.

CHARACTERS

ELIN MORA

Role: Protagonist

A highly skilled palliative nurse who can organize any crisis except the one that made her. Elin returns home determined to move her dying father like a difficult patient transfer and discovers the island has been waiting for her bloodline, her competence, and her refusal to sit still with grief.

MOIRA KETT

Role: Antagonist

The island's matriarch and ritual keeper, Moira has turned communal dread into a functioning social system. She is caring, useful, and terrifying because she never frames cruelty as cruelty, only as what everyone must quietly accept to keep the island alive.

EAMON MORA

Role: Adversary

Elin's dying father is both the person she came to save and the person most willing to surrender himself. He opposes her not because he wants her harmed, but because guilt has convinced him that one willing death is cleaner than another generation carrying the truth.

TOMAS VALE

Role: Adversary

The harbor master and volunteer constable is the story's hard edge. Tomas is not interested in mysticism or comfort. He believes the island works only when rules are obeyed quickly, and he treats Elin's resistance as the kind of selfish delay that gets other people killed.

JUNE KETT

Role: Ally and thematic counterweight

RUARIDH SORN

Role: Mentor and keeper of buried knowledge

SCENE LIST

Scene 1 -- Fluorescent mainland hospice room before dawn, controlled and airless

Elin clears a hospice room, tightens a dying man's drip, and ignores his whispered greeting. Goal: Restore order and finish her night shift

Scene 2 -- Hospice locker room, sterile routine cracked by old memory

Elin accepts the island call, hiding a frayed ferry tag behind her hospital ID. Goal: Arrange immediate leave and plan Eamon's transfer

Scene 3 -- Wind-lashed harbor quay, communal warmth closing into trap

Moira greets Elin at the dock with her mother's ribbon and a smiling ultimatum. Goal: Reach Eamon and ignore village theatrics

Scene 4 -- Eamon's cottage bedroom, intimate history under oxygen hiss

At Eamon's bedside, Elin fits a transfer bracelet while Moira frames the festival deadline. Goal: Stabilize Eamon and set a mainland departure plan

Scene 5 -- Ruairidh's shed doorway at dusk, practical folklore and sea damp

Ruairidh stops Elin smearing away dusk salt and defines vigil as staying, not fixing. Goal: Get directions and stop being handled by locals

Scene 6 -- Cottage kitchen into bedroom, panic smothered by domestic ritual

Elin's transfer calls fail as Eamon collapses and villagers quietly salt every threshold. Goal: Revive Eamon and secure outside transport immediately

Scene 7 -- Steamy washroom, awkward tenderness under household scrutiny

June helps wash Eamon after the collapse and needles Elin's command-driven version of care. Goal: Help Eamon comfortably and assess Elin honestly

Scene 8 -- Moira's kitchen, preserves gleaming beside keys and brass bell

Moirra organizes festival tasks while privately steering Tomas to seal departures without open force. Goal: Contain Elin without making coercion look coercive

Scene 9 -- Harbor office and rain-swept moorings, hope collapsing into siege

Elin secures a dawn ambulance boat, then finds it sabotaged and the ferry canceled. Goal: Lock transport before village pressure hardens

Scene 10 -- Night bedroom vigil, old hurt muffled by weather and oxygen

Eamon quietly warns Elin storms are simpler than people, then refuses to discuss her mother. Goal: Keep Elin from digging into the past tonight

Scene 11 -- Harbor road by chapel, public rule enforcement under failing light

Elin wheels Eamon toward a charter boat, but Tomas blocks dusk passage at the chapel gate. Goal: Get Eamon past the village before curfew hardens

Scene 12 -- Cottage bedroom after failed run, exhaustion softened by practical kindness

Back inside, June helps resettle Eamon and offers Elin a less brutal way to ask. Goal: Keep Eamon stable and retain June's help

Scene 13 -- Clinic storeroom and chapel crypt, secretive procedural hunt turned uncanny

Elin raids clinic files while June and Ruaridh feed her half-rules, clues, and contradictions. She works to build the coercion case, filing every oddity under fraud, but the ledger keeps refusing her frame. Goal: Prove the guest role is coercive fraud

Scene 14 -- Cold chapel undercroft, authority grinding down private investigation

Tomas finds Elin trespassing in the crypt and confiscates her fuel, papers, and camera card. She lets him take them -- because she has already copied the ledger dates into the one place he can't seize. Goal: Stop Elin destabilizing the island before festival night

Scene 15 -- Sodden mooring at dawn, sabotage disguised by communal concern

At the harbor, Elin finds the ambulance boat sunk and Moira offering soup instead of explanations. Stripped of papers and fuel, she has only her own hands and her own conclusions now. Goal: Confront sabotage and reclaim a route off island

Scene 16 -- Barn loft with oat sheaves, familial tenderness edged by menace

Moira rehearses June for festival duties and quietly forbids any mention of Elin's mother. Goal: Protect Eamon without openly defying her grandmother

Scene 17 -- Abandoned fever house, damp neglect charged with withheld memory

June leads Elin into the locked fever house, where her mother's name ends the guest ledger. Goal: Find proof her mother was murdered by ritual

Scene 18 -- Upper fever-house landing, cramped dread around a salted door

Ruaridh catches them upstairs and urgently teaches Elin the cost of answering familiar voices. Goal: Get Elin out without breaking the threshold rule

Scene 19 -- Forbidden upstairs room, intimate grief detonating supernatural reality

Hearing June in her mother's voice, Elin breaks the salt line and opens the upstairs door. Goal: Rescue June and expose whatever is being hidden

Scene 20 -- Chapel hall, communal mourning sharpened into collective compliance

Moira shepherds the shaken village after Ruaridh's death, recasting it as necessary festival danger. Goal: Keep fear from turning into revolt against the rite

Scene 21 -- Abandoned lighthouse keeper's room, improvised fortress of care and fear

Reeling from watching folklore kill a man, Elin fortifies the lighthouse into a sealed clinical bunker, determined to out-control the ritual night with maps of doors, salt lines, oxygen, morphine, and blackout cloth. But as she works, the memory of the salt line she broke upstairs keeps snagging her hands -- her system failed once already tonight. Goal: Keep Eamon alive and untouched until dawn passes

Scene 22 -- Lighthouse sickroom, moral confrontation amid taped windows and pill trays

June catches Elin drawing up heavy sedation and accuses her of moving people instead of loving them. Cornered, Elin tests her own logic out loud -- argues that sedation is safer than listening tonight -- and hears how hollow it sounds even as she says it. Goal: Stop Elin reducing Eamon to manageable freight

Scene 23 -- Village lanes in gray daylight, oppressive hospitality as panopticon

Moira blankets the lanes with casseroles, watchers, and courtesy until Elin cannot move unseen, and Tomas confiscates her spare fuel under emergency authority. Stripped of the resources her siege depends on, Elin makes a small, deliberate concession -- she sets the sedation aside untouched and leaves Eamon awake, keeping one door of connection open where before she'd have sealed it. Goal: Resupply the bunker without revealing weak points

Scene 24 -- Lighthouse stairwell and sickroom, private temptation wrapped in concern

Eamon, left briefly alone, lets Moira speak to his guilt through the lighthouse door. Goal: Decide whether sacrificing himself will spare Elin

Scene 25 -- Grain barn procession, ritual pageantry collapsing into family catastrophe

At the lantern procession, Eamon cuts his palm and names himself before Elin can stop him. Goal: Keep Eamon from publicly volunteering under pressure

Scene 26 -- Smokehouse shelter near cliff path, triage under storm pressure

Bruised but furious, Elin decides to breach the fever house before the first bell seals it. Goal: Reach Eamon before the ritual locks him away

Scene 27 -- Causeway, oat field, and fever-house stairs under storm assault

Elin and June slip through spray, search lamps, and false voices to reach Eamon's room. Goal: Get inside unseen and recover Eamon alive

Scene 28 -- Upper fever-house chamber, confession pressed by tide and dim lantern

Inside the room, Eamon admits he let Elin's mother stay alone twenty years earlier. Goal: Tell the truth before Elin repeats his failure

Scene 29 -- Fever-house threshold in rising storm, love turning against rescue

Elin sedates Eamon for escape, but he wakes, returns inside, and bars her out. Goal: Force a successful extraction before final bell

Scene 30 -- Cliff path below the fever house, stormlit reckoning for authority

Tomas finds Elin outside the barred door and realizes enforcement has become cruelty without safety. Goal: Restore order before villagers panic at the cliff

Scene 31 -- Dark cottage kitchen before dawn, grief finally allowed indoors

Soaked and hollow, Elin opens her mother's satchel and hears the hidden vigil cassette. Goal: Find any clue that can still save Eamon

Scene 32 -- Village square at storm dawn, private epiphany weaponized in public

Elin publicly tears up the transfer forms and freely claims the guest role before Moira can. Goal: Seize the ritual terms and reframe the role

Scene 33 -- Smokehouse staging room, alliance rebuilt through bruised practicality

June binds Elin's hands, salts her pockets, and finally tells Tomas to choose a side. Goal: Equip Elin for the true vigil and force Tomas awake

Scene 34 -- Cliff road at first bell, communal rupture under lantern light

Tomas blocks the villagers and holds Moira back while Elin walks alone toward the cliff. Goal: Prevent another coerced sacrifice under cover of order

Scene 35 -- Lower and upper fever-house rooms, ritual hospitality under rising tide

Elin enters the flooding fever house, sets a place for the Guest, and rejoins Eamon's bedside. Goal: Host the Long Guest correctly until dawn

Scene 36 -- Upper chamber under storm surge, intimate haunting against external coercion

The Long Guest cycles through familiar voices while Moira pounds outside, demanding the old script. Goal: Refuse every false invitation and keep Eamon accompanied

Scene 37 -- Bedside in half-flooded room, revelation made visible through stillness

When Eamon begs to be wheeled out, Elin tears off his transfer tag and sits. Goal: Choose how to love him in the final moments

Scene 38 -- Flooding fever-house window and bedside, impossible choice under dawn pressure

As Tomas opens an escape route, Elin rejects rescue and remains with Eamon through death. Goal: Decide between saving Eamon's body or the village's souls

Scene 39 -- Chapel wake at dawn, communal order humbled into shared witness

At Eamon's wake, villagers take the once-empty chair while Moira stands outside authorityless. Goal: Make the village share the burden it outsourced

Scene 40 -- Fluorescent hospice room at dawn, same space transformed by presence

Back in hospice dawn light, Elin leaves the chair open and sits beside a patient. Goal: Offer care without seizing control of the room