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Picking up on elements hinted at in *Dead Meat*, two films finally advanced the cause of a specifically Irish mode of horror movie, albeit within familiar sub-genres. Director-writer Patrick Kenny's *Winter's End* (2005) is an entry in the 'captivity' cycle of psycho-thriller (cf: *The Collector*, 1965, *Misery*, 1990, *Calvaire*, 2003). Slacker photographer Jack Davis (Adam Goodwin) attends an open-air concert the film can't afford to depict, gets completely drunk, has a brief argument with his more responsible married best friend Ben (Donie Ryan) and returns to the field to find his car has been stolen. Farmer Henry Rose (Michael Crowley) lures him down a country road so he can use the phone and knocks him out, then chains him up in the barn. Gradually, it emerges that the cracked villain's plan is to have the victim impregnate Amy (Jillian Bradbury), his half-sister, so that his family's 150 year-long tenancy of the failing farm can continue. Henry says he'll let the lad go with a cash pay-out, but Jack is smart enough to realise from the outset that the farmer has to kill him to have a hope of getting away with it. The set-up at the farm is interesting, with Henry given a bit of range and depth in his crazy schemes, and an uneasy balance between the meek, dependant girl and her other brother Sean (Paul Whyte), a simpleton Henry keeps threatening to have put in an institution. Jack has to tell the girl, who has been cut off from TV and newspapers, that Ireland doesn't have 'institutions' in that sense any more, and hasn't for years. All stories like this follow a similar pattern – with the victim going from disbelief to pleading to desperate trying to escape via bogus cooperation and the captor trying to hold together a scheme which keeps stumbling over the human element – but *Winter's End* is well-enough written and acted to get past familiarity. There's a clever surprise late in the day, as the captive cannily gets the farmer to send out for an especially poncey Italian meal as a last supper – which turns out to be a signal to his best friend, the chef in the restaurant. The climax is protracted, with running about and hiding behind hedges plus shotgun-waving and an obvious casualty – but the coda, which finds captive and 'wife' together four years later, with a young daughter, is surprisingly affecting with a minor undertone of creepiness.