

Sarah Phelps

DUBLIN MURDERS

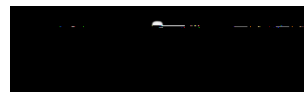
Based on In The Woods and The Likeness by Tana French

Episode 2 Q H

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BE DUPLICATED WITHOUT PERMISSION.



A street of council houses. Some gardens bloom with flowers, some are dusty scrub. There are hardly any cars and the ones that are there are battered, old. There's not much money here. No 80s boom. That's happening in another country. It is high summer, curtains wilt in dusty windows. In front gardens, kids spray each other with hoses or knock a football about the street. Mothers roll their skirts over their knees, show white legs to the sun, smoking. It's too hot to gossip. Reddening men in plastic garden chairs get even more red.

Three kids on bikes. Playing cards clipped to the front forks so the cards whirr and rattle in the spokes. PETER 13, thin as a racing snake, as a whip, sharp and eager. GERMAINE 'JAMIE' 13, slender and mercurial. Her hair caught back from her face by two clips with plastic strawberries. ADAM 13, bigger, slower, plumper, less certain of the world and his place in it. They walk the knife edge between childhood and the adults they will become. They all wear t-shirts, jeans and plimsolls. None of their clothes are new. Adam's t-shirt is bright yellow, he wears a simple Casio watch. Hinged off the handlebars of his bike is a cassette player/recorder. Billy Idol's White Wedding plays, taped off the radio.

They ride through the streets, carving up the hot, heavy air, Adam that little bit behind, not so fast, not so daring. Swooping swift and electric, their tyres hissing on sticky tarmac, faces blank of anything but summer and heat and freedom down the road to the looming green of the dark woods... The playing cards rattling in the spokes of their wheels.

CUT TO

3 INE DUBLIN POLICE STATION RECORDS DEPARTMENT DAY 3
FLASHFORWARD (CHRISTMAS 2006)

A dark, anonymous room We will learn in EPISODE 8 this is the Dublin Police Station Records Department but for now it is a featureless, grey no place. There is a table and chair. A strip light in the ceiling. It is a version of HELL.

Sitting on the side of the table GARDA DETECTIVE SERGEANT ROBERT REILLY (Rob) 33. He is gaunt and unslept, unshaven. His clothes, a good suit, once, are dirty and creased, as if he's slept in them. They sit on him oddly. His eyes are bloodshot. He vibrates with crisis, grief and loss. An ashtray near his hand bulges with cigarette ends. The air is thick with smoke. He stares straight at us. Through us. He speaks with an English accent, no particular inflection to denote a region. His mouth is dry. Words hurt.

After a few moments...

ROB

We always think that the ones who get away are the lucky ones. They must have someone watching over them they're blessed. We're not supposed to think like that, sentimental bullshit, that's not for us jaded bastards but we do knee deep in some kill, breathing in the blood, we think 'unlucky' and if someone still clings to life, a flicker of pulse, we think 'blessed, watched over.'

CUT TO

4 INE. KNOCKNAREE COMMUNITY CENTRE NIGHT 4

Illuminated by the lights, Katy spins and spins and spins-

ROB

(V/O) But what if the killed are the lucky ones?

CUT TO

5 EXT. KNOCKNAREE WOODS. DAY. FLASHBACK 5

Sunlight flickering down into a glade. All is close and green. Birdsong and rustles in the undergrowth. Somewhere, running water. The three bikes are propped in a heap. Just thrown down.

A front wheel revolves slowly, the playing cards catching in the spokes. The cassette player is still playing although we don't hear the music, just see the spindles turning glimpse the label on the cassette written in a round, childish hand 'Top Twenty!'

ROB

(V/O) The brightest, the most golden, the most alive, they're chosen By the gods. And the rest of us aren't lucky at all. Not blessed Not watched over by some kind angel.

In the deep woods, narrowpaths, thick brambles, shafts and prisms of light getting thinner and finer. Adamhurries, he's slow he's not good at running he puffs, his feet are clumsy.

Ahead of him darting and glimpsed, Janie and Peter, so



The incident tape rattles in the breeze, the traffic hushed
The tall white stanchions like tree trunks into the neon lit
canopy. A car still waits at a pump as if abandoned
Disconsolate carnations in a bucket droop in the night's
heat, the susseration of cellophane.

The automatic doors suck open and back on a regular basis,
some ghost in the machine. It sounds like breathing and
distantly, from inside the shop as Rob and Cassie walk
towards it, we can hear a radio playing 'Comfortably Numb' by
Scissor Sisters and the painful, grating high pitched tone
that comes when a phone hasn't been replaced.

Everything eerie, strange, abandoned.. The automatic doors
suck open and Rob and Cassie step through them.

Cut TO

8 **THE PEROL STATION CONVENIENCE STORE NIGHT** **8**

The convenience store is so brightly lit it burns your eyes.
It is silent except for the breathing sounds of the doors
opening closing and the radio playing and the whine of the
phone.

The hum of refrigerators and a freezer, lines of bottles and
cans. An electric bug killer glowing blue in the corner
suddenly buzzes and sparks as a bug lands in it.

The front racks in front of the till are broken as if someone
has trodden on them. Chocolate bars and bars of sweets
strewn everywhere. Lunatically bright jelly beans spilled
from their packs.

Picking their way slowly sparks as aQ vh ezQQi n kos. c

CIAN

Eye witnesses saying they saw
someone like me isn't me though, is
it?

ROB

I know that Cian but we've got to
go through the notions, tick the
boxes, eliminate you from all the
blah blah blah

CIAN

I was with Alannah all night.

ROB

What were you doing?

Cian raises an eyebrow sticks out the tip of his tongue and
waggles it suggestively.

CIAN

Do the English even do that? Heard
all the girls fake it cos you're so
shit and repressed

ROB

Absolutely true. Actual scientific
fact. (beat) Right.

CIAN

I don't even go in that shop. It's
a shit-hole. Food in there is
always out of date. Rotten.
Wouldn't he be seen dead in that kip

CASSIE

As you've mentioned the word 'dead' -

CIAN

She speaks.

CASSIE

- the cashier that got stabbed,
well, he is. Bled out right there.

Cian doesn't miss a beat.

CIAN

Poor fella. I'll light a candle for
him

A beat.

CIAN (CONT'D)

**You know who the real villains are?
The bastards that don't put tape in
the CCIV. Costs too much. Just
there for show. They had tape in
the CCIV, you'd have your man. It's
those fuckers you want to go after.**

ROB
OK Well, give us a few minutes
and we'll get that sorted out. You
want something to eat? Pizza? Fish
fingers and spaghetti hoops?

CIAN
Yeah All of them And tea Two
sugars.

Rob and Cassie leave.

CUT TO

10

INT. DUBLIN POLICE STATION CORRIDOR NIGHT

10

Rob and Cassie head down the brightly lit corridor past an NS
Garda with a mop and bucket cleaning up a pile of vomit or
worse. Another NS Garda hands Cassie a file, Cassie reads as
they walk

CUT TO

ALANNAH

I put it down the grating of the drain outside my flat. I wrapped it in a carrier bag. It still had blood on it.

She puts her hands over her face and cries and cries. Rob and Cassie exchange a look 'fucking YES'. Cassie leaves, glowing with triumph. Rob picks up a handful of tissues, takes Alannah's chin very gently and dries her eyes for her.

ROB

Look at me, Alannah. You're so brave. I'm really proud of you. Superstar. Total superstar.

Alannah looks at him with such hope, trusting him completely. Her voice wobbles.

ALANNAH

Thank you

She bows her head, weeping. Rob checks his watch, already bored. He rolls his head on his neck a little, to stretch it out. We can hear the vertebrae click and shift.

CUT TO

12 INT. CASSIE'S FLAT. DAWN

12

A ground floor apartment. A small kitchenette. One wall taken over by a big wooden cupboard. A bed, an armchair, a sofa, a small tv. Posters and prints. Photos in frames although we don't see what they are. Not yet. It's full of colour and eccentric touches, things picked up and loved and kept. Pebbles and seaglass. Books. Old ornaments. Bright cups and mugs. CDs and records. An old record player. Laptop etc.

Cassie pours black coffee into a thermos, puts mugs, a whiskey bottle, good whiskey and a foil wrapped parcel of sandwiches into a bag.

CUT TO

13 EXT. BLACK ROCK. DAWN

13

Rob sits on a bench on the esplanade. The hush of the sea. There is a row of old tall houses behind him, a light on in one of the top rooms. From the house comes Cassie, carrying the bag. She joins him and unpacks the breakfast. Pours black coffee. Then a whiskey bottle, good whiskey.

A wide entrance hall already crowded with people, some
muttering into mobile phones, some belligerent, some scared

ROB
I've got a partner.

QIGLEY
Yeah but we all know she's only in
Murder because of 'quotas' -

ROB
(low warning) O Kelly.

QIGLEY
What?

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Allowing him any contact whatsoever with his children means a clear and immediate threat to the safety and well-being of both his children and their mother. They must remain hidden. Mr Johnstone may be in prison but he has associates to do the work for him

And we see Johnstone raise his head slightly so he's looking directly at Cassie, from under his brows. A cold, hard, unblinking, blood-freezing look. Cassie ignores him

And up in the public gallery, we see a man. Dark, watchful. He wears the most forgettable and ordinary clothes possible. He looks down at the court, watches the stare from Johnstone behind the Perspex to Cassie on the stand. This is FRANK MCKEY. He barely moves, barely breathes, watching the top of Cassie's head

CUT TO

18

IN: COURTS, CORRIDORS, MORNING

18

Growled with solicitors, families, dismal looking villains, some young, some old, sulking, musing around with phones. Cassie walks briskly through, smiling and slowing as she sees DETECTIVE SAM NEILL, early 30s, serious and sincere. When he speaks he has a strong Galway accent. Even before he speaks, you can tell he's from the country. He looks like he could deliver lanks in a force 9 gale. Something innately unflappable, honourable and decent about him. He's flipping through a file, talking with a solicitor, waiting to be called, the solicitor moves away. Sam beams at Cassie

CASSIE

Wat' ve you got?

SAM

12 year-old scrote drove a stolen car into his mother's front room because he didn't want noodles for his tea

CASSIE

Fair.

A skinny sharp faced boy is marched past them into a courtroom by a Garda, he cuts his eyes at Sam

TEENAGE BOY

Gilchie dickhead

SAM

**Frank comes out of the court onto the steps, watches the car
move away... Then he merges like snake into the crowds and is
gone.**

CUT TO

The road narrows further, grasses pushing up against open windows. Other cars parked up ahead, some dusty, second and third hand, nothing expensive, windscreens snared with insects, so the unmarked vehicles of forensics stick out. Another police car and officer waiting

Rob and Cassie park up. Rob glances at Cassie's face but it's closed. A young uniformed officer HELAN, early mid 20s, rather uncertain, shaken but doing his best to hide it, is waiting for them. Rob heads straight over.

ROB

Rob Reilly and Cassie Maddox

HELAN

Phelan. This way, detectives.

Nods at them to follow

There are a series of portacabins. Some small diggers, parked up and silent. Outside the portacabins, huddles of people, drinking tea, smoking, just waiting. All of them young. Students and grad students. All of them in jeans, combats, shorts, boots. Tanned from being outside. Uniformed officers taking details, names, addresses... All of them still and silent, except one..

MARK HANEY Late 30s. Thin and intense, his sandy hair is caught back in a long ponytail. He fizzes with frustration and temper. Glares at Rob, Cassie and the officer with undisguised hostility. He smokes. He wears something akin to a carpenter's belt, the tools he uses slotted precisely into them. Trowels, tiny picks, brushes of varying thickness.

With Rob and Cassie, taking the scene in

HELAN (CONT'D)

(off their look) Archeologists.
It's a dig. Statements and personal details being taken

Phelan heads away, Rob gestures for Cassie to go first, he looks over at the silent group of people and for a second he meets eyes with gloving Mark. Rob holds the look. Mark turns away.

Watching them go, Mark pulls a shred of tobacco from his lip and spits, tense. He paces.

The woods are suddenly dark and thick. Cassie stumbles on a bramble cable, Rob grabs her elbow to keep her upright.

Cassie blinks to adjust her sight, moves her elbow out of Rob's grasp They go on

CUT TO

24

EXT. KNOCKNAREE WOODS. MORNING

24

Rob and Cassie follow Phelan to a narrow path heading into the trees.

Sunlight filters in dapples and astonishing brief blinding prisms through the leaf canopy. Vibrantly green Velvet moss and lichen on ancient trunks. Tiny stars of flowers. The trundle of beetles and sharp zip of insects. Pulsing with life. Cathedral hushed. There is the chuckle of shallow fast running water somewhere nearby. The path ahead crowded with green so navigating it is like some formal dance, ducking under branches, their clothes being gently snagged and brushed, their feet in the leaf litter barely makes a sound..

HELAN (CONF D)
She lives up on the estate. (a
beat) She lived on the estate.

A moment. Helan's face drawn

HELAN (CONF D)
I've only just come off probation
I've been doing traffic. She's my
first.

ROB
Have her family been contacted?

HELAN
No Sir.

ROB
We'll do that.

HELAN
His son bastard.. You know
been.. at her?

CASSIE
(sharp) Apart from killing her, you
man?

A little moment, Helan's innocent face, he looks like he's
been slapped

ROB
(to Helan) Going to need more
presence on the road. Make sure no
cameras get through before we've
got the tent up. to ml 'arr helan e no

SOPHIE

Alright, yeah Yourselves.

ROB

Yeah, alright. Ready for us?

Sophie gestures with her hand Rob and Cassie pull their masks up and go over to the altar and to poor dead Katy. The other forensics crewstep back for them

Impressions of the victim in retina searing clarity:

Lying on her left side, her back to them

Her pristine trainers scuffed and dusty.

Her lacy socks rucked

The leg of her combats twisted awkwardly from where she's been carried

Her left arm tucked under her head as if sleeping

Dark french plaits. The stark white of the parting in her hair.

Blue cornflowers on the bands holding the plaits, dazzling blue.

Blue cornflowers on her t-shirt.

Purple lividity stains the skin of her left cheek

Her right eye open, a narrow sliver of eye.

Her thick eyelashes and the tiny shadows they cast on her cheek

The arch of her brows.

Her right arm stretched out. Her hand hanging off the edge of the altar. A tiny fine silver ring on one of her fingers.

Her fingernails are short and neat but on her right hand, the fingers and fingernails are bruised as if they've been under pressure, bent backwards perhaps.

The breeze stirs the fine hairs at her temples. The sun making a nimbus around her head as it catches the filaments of hair loosened from plaits.

There is some blood on the back of her head

The delicate bones of her vertebrae on the back of her neck, the fine skin bruised and striated with scratch marks and abrasions.

One plait is not as tidy as the other. The intricate wreaths

SCHE

Some sort of ancient altar. That's why they're doing the dig. All of this is going to be flattened for the motorway. Do you two never watch the news?

ROB

Not if I can help it.

SCHE

You know what everyone's going to ask about, don't you? It was the first thing Cooper said when I called him

ROB

What's that?

SCHE

Is this anything to do with the others. They were the same sort of age, weren't they? 12 or 13?

A silence. One of the forensic officers puts up her hand and

**Even the kids on their bikes or hanging around are muted As
if they know there's bad news coming**

A t-shirt with glitter writing that says 'Princess'. Her hair in bunches, a plastic tiara

And JOHAN DEVLIN arrives at the door. He's 39, pallid face from exhaustion and worry but there's something about him, an energy, a fury at some faceless enemy.

JOHAN

Out the way, Jessica

Her hair is pulled back into a soft chignon, a blouse that makes her look almost matronly, an A line skirt in some kind of acrylic material that has its own static and incredibly for this hot day, tan tights and slippers. It's a strange incongruous effect.

And something in Rob twists, there's the most fleeting sense of recognition, of what it means to wear a costume... but Rosalind doesn't meet his eyes, she ducks her gaze and almost sidles past Rob into the living room

Through a door we can see a kitchen Clean, shiny, clear work surfaces, muted neutral colours.

In the living room a strange tableau Cassie stands and Rob joins her. They are kind, empathetic but on high professional alert, they might not show it but they are watching everything Hearing everything noting everything and filing it away.

Cassie's eyes light on Rosalind and the strangeness of her appearance is immediately noted, it's just a moment, but the glance lands... Rosalind catches the look and Cassie gives her a little smile, meant to be kind, to be friendly. Rosalind drops her eyes, stays standing by the door.

The bright sun comes through the window in strange barred shapes from the posters blocking the light. The room is impeccably tidy. The furniture is warehouse but better end of the range, the sort with a regal name, the sort you'd take out a finance deal to pay for. The tv is pretty moderate, not one that dominates the room. There are some books on the shelves, classics in paperback, the spines uncracked, and children's classics. Hans Christian Andersen Children's Shakespeare and Dickens. Everything hums with self-improvement, be better, get up, get out. The edges of everything are sharp and taut.

The only frayed and loosened thing in the room is MARGARET DEMIN She's 35. There's a vacancy to her, an absence perhaps to do with long term reliance on prescription drugs. Her clothes are loose, her hair a halo of filaments and split ends. Her reaction time is about 5 minutes behind everyone else. She was very pretty once, perhaps she did well at school, forget that now. She gazes uncomprehendingly at Cassie and Rob

On the walls are studio portraits of the family. Idealised and soft focus. Jessica and Katy together. Rosalind alone, looking wistful. Jessica in a white tutu doing a curtsey. Rosalind in orange and red. Rob and the family together,

And a much larger framed photo of Katy, dancing poised elegant, strong she doesn't look at the camera, this is not posed, this is her, focussed, determined, looking to a different future, speaking a different language. She is en pointe. On a shelf, trophies, framed certificates.

The tv is on, some morning cooking show. An enthusiastic chef is doing something to prawns and marinade and Jonathan picks the remote up and switches it off.

Rosalind stands by the door, head down. Jessica leans on her mother's legs, she chews the ends of her hair. Jonathan's hands are fists, he crosses his arms, shoves his fists into his armpits but the tension burns off him in a heat shimmer.

A silence for a moment.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
(abrupt, harsh) Is she dead?

CASSIE
The body of a girl was found this morning in the woods. I'm very sorry to say that we have good reason to believe it's Katy.

A silence. Margaret stares. Jessica sucks her hair. Rosalind makes a tiny whimpering sound and pushes her knuckles against her lips.

JONATHAN
But is she dead?

CASSIE
I'm afraid she is, yes.

Mire frozen stares, the only reaction is Rosalind, her white knuckles pressed against her taut face.

JONATHAN
How? How is she dead?

CASSIE
We can't say, at this moment-

JONATHAN
An accident? Did she fall?
There's a stream, it's deep in places-

CASSIE
It wasn't an accident, I'm sorry.

Cassie comes back in, wipes efficiently and quickly at the carpet.

ROB

But she wasn't there in the morning?

JONATHAN

I thought she'd gone training. She did that.

MARGARET

(to Cassie) That's very kind of you

CASSIE

Not a problem, Ms Devlin

And as she turns away, she and Rob meet eyes briefly, Cassie flashing her look upwards, meaning 'bedroom.'

ROB

Could I look at Katy's bedroom please?

Jonathan's numb nod, his fists balled in his armpits.

JONATHAN

Second door on the left.

Rob leaves.

CASSIE

You said Katy went training most mornings?

JONATHAN

She got in to the Ballet School. In England. She was going there in September. In two weeks. Training and training. We thought she was there.

A long moment.

MARGARET

Is this happening

Go to hallway, Rob going up the stairs. More stylised and posed family portraits. Nothing spontaneous. Happiness carefully arranged and captured

On the landing. Shadowy and spotlessly clean. We can hear running water from a bathroom and Rosalind's low voice soothing Jessica. 'It's alright, find a newt-shirt, no one minds, poor baby, poor darling'.

Rob pushes open the door to Katy and Jessica's bedroom

In Katy and Jessica's bedroom. Sun through the windows, the curtains are open. A set of bunk beds. The lower is made up with childish pink sheets, the top bed with blue and white matching cover and pillowcases. A reading lamp is clipped to the top bunk frame. Some books. History of dance, of ballet. A chest of drawers, a wardrobe. The wall arched doorway. hi'o

He crouches to look at Jessica's lover bunk. Something more permanent, she's not going anywhere. On the wall around her bed, pictures of fairies, stylised and soft. Flower fairies, Arthur Rackhamstyle paintings and more crowded and stranger, Richard Dadd's 'the fairy feller's master stroke'. Rob leans forward to study it, the uneasy tangles, the sad little fat old/young epicene man in the middle and the sharp faced red hatted figures leering in the undergrowth. The room shivers a little, the picture un-nerves... Outside the street is so silent... Rob steps back from the picture, rotates his head a little, that habitual tic. We hear his vertebrae click.

ROSALIND

I got those Q ise Q *

..(utslittle'

Rosalind stares at him for a moment. 'Of course not'. Shakes her head numbly.

And from downstairs a terrible wail, a scream like the universe being rent, it goes on and on Rosalind finches, turns and runs...

Rob leaves the bedroom, closes the door, Jessica looks at him without curiosity, the screaming continues downstairs and Jessica starts wailing too.. No emotion just in emulation or competition.. staring at Rob, her mouth open and this appalling dull wail coming out of it.

And just as abruptly, she stops, goes down the stairs with her unicorn toy.

Rob goes down the stairs behind her, passing her as she plunks herself down on the bottom step

In the living room Margaret's eyes wide and blank, as if she's suddenly realised what's happened, her wide stretched mouth, the terrible scream her ragged breaths and Rosalind holding her, whispering endearments... Jonathan still rigid, his hands still balled in his armpits, his face taut with holding in his own howl, he doesn't look at Margaret...

Rob and Cassie slide sideways looks at each other... And in the doorway, on the bottom stair, Jessica is sitting coiling the unicorn's mane with her fingers. She turns her head and looks straight into Rob's eyes.

JESSICA

Katy's dead

CUT TO

27

EXT. KNOCKNAREE ESTATE DEVLIN HOUSE MORNING

27

Rob and Cassie close the front door and come down the path. Faces studiously and professionally neutral. From inside, we can dimly hear Margaret's wails, diminishing slightly as if exhaustion is setting in.

The street is empty, parents have taken children inside except for:

MRS FITZGERALD About 70. She's on a mobility scooter and is fixing a small bunch of flowers and a prayer card to the Devlin's front gate.

Further up the street, several Garda cars pulled up, officers waiting.

CASSIE
Jessica really threwna. Completely
bloody identical.

ROB
You didn't show it. You did good

Beat.

CASSIE
I'll go and brief them

Cassie heads away, Rob pauses by Mrs Fitzgerald She glances
up at him

MRS FITZGERALD
(of the flowers) I had them ready.
You pray for good news but it's
never likely, is it.

ROB
I'm sure they'll appreciate the
kindness.

Mrs Fitzgerald flashes him a look, noting the accent. A car
screeches hectically up the road and parks skewiff and an
elegant slender woman **SIMONE CAMERON** wearing a dance practise
skirt and flat dance shoes, gets out, her face a ravaged mask
of distress, she is about to run down to the Devlin house and
is stopped by Cassie and officers, they surround her,
consoling and watchful.

MRS FITZGERALD
That's the dance teacher. Simone
Cameron Teaches all the little
girls

ess, l.

MIS FITZGERALD (CONT'D)

She said of course they'd never be found, not hide not hair. They'd gone under the hill with the old ones.

A moment, Rob gives her a look but from inside the house a last desperate, heart rending wail. Mis Fitzgerald crosses herself.

MRS FITZGERALD (CONT'D)

If it's someone on this estate,
they'll rip him with their bare
hands and leave him in little
pieces all over those woods and no
one will feel a feather of guilt.

ROB

We'll find out who did it.

Mrs Fitzgerald gives him a long keen look. It goes on a few heartbeats longer than is comfortable. Under next, we see officers taking Simone Cameron to a Garda car, one driving her away, the other officer taking Simone's own car.

MRS FITZGERALD

I always liked the English
There's enough that don't but not
me. I always liked them. Be
careful of your feet now young
man

She steers her scooter past Rob and slowly drives away. Rob raises an eyebrow goes up to join Cassie. Her closed face. From the Garda car, we see Simone's white face, her hollow eyes.

CASSIE

We need to stop off somewhere
quiet.

ROB

We haven't got time.

CASSIE

Somewhere quiet. It won't take
long

Cassie heads away, Rob follows.

CUT TO

28

EXT. COUNTRY. DAY

28

The car pulled over. Birdsong through the windows. Cassie stares straight ahead through the wind screen, Rob watches her. A few moments pass.

CASSIE

This isn't for us. We can't do
this. Not this one.

A moment.

35

ROB
You know what O'Kelly does to anyone passing on a case? You've seen what he does to Qigley.

CASSIE
I don't care, we're passing on it.

ROB
How

CASSIE
We tell him my head is wrecked from working dead kids. You back me up I'm drinking too much, my concentration's shot, I'm not sleeping. My head is fried from all the rap ~~ROB~~ dead kids.

ROB
But that's not true, Cass.

CASSIE
You think I can't play a psych report?

ROB
What, so we go back and bail on it now?

A moment. Cassie breathes out, the Kellyew

CASSIE

29 OMITTED 29

30 OMITTED 30

31 ONE OLD PEOPLE'S HOME DAY 31

A wide lounge with doors out to a garden. Elderly residents in armchairs, some reading, some staring, some knitting. A huge tv is on, blaringly loud. The news. A woman in her late 50s, CLARE, pushes a tea trolley and biscuits into the lounge.

On the tv, we see the entrance to the dig site. Police tape flapping. Garda cars and uniformed officers. A woman journalist is speaking to camera. The strip at the bottom gives her name GABRIELLE BOLAND.

GABRIELLE

(on screen)... Residents of the Knockree estate are only too familiar with grief and heartbreak as 21 years ago, again, in August, three children disappeared in the same woods-

And on the screen flashes the faces of Peter, Jamie and Adam. School type photos. Peter with a huge grin, Jamie alive with mischief and plump Adam crinkling his nose in a shy smile. Clare goes white, starts searching for the remote control with suddenly clumsy fingers.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

(screen) Nobody in Knockree who remembers that terrible summer has ever forgotten the names Peter, Germaine and Adam and now there is another name to add to that list, that of Katy-

And the news report is cut off suddenly to a quiz show. Clare turns to the residents with a bright smile.

CLARE

We're missing our favourite programme!

She busies herself with tea and biscuits.

CUT TO

32 OMITTED 32

33 OMITTED 33

34 OMITTED 34

35 EXT KNOCKNAREE WOODS. LATE AFTERNOON 35

Golden late afternoon light, shadows getting longer. Journalists still milling at the entrance to the woods, Gardai keeping them back. People are leaving more flowers at the entrance, girls in tears. Mothers and fathers hug their kids to them. Bales of flowers in cellophane, teddies and candles. Photographers swoop in to take photos of weeping children, journalists putting microphones in people's faces, talking to weeping women for reactions. It's a circus. Cassie and Rob drive in, flashing ID. Cassie's face shielded by dark glasses.

CUT TO

36 EXT KNOCKNAREE DIG PORTACABINS. LATE AFTERNOON 36

MRK
Doctor Harley.

ROB
Doctor Harley. No one's going to be
doing anything today.

Mrk's face rigid with frustration

CASSIE
Who found the body?

MEL
We did. Mel Royce and Damien
Donnelly.

DAMIEN

He jabs his finger down at the earth

MRK (CONT'D)

Down there, what's under this, is all that matters to me. And every single day here is precious, every single hour, we can't waste one-

Rob stares at him 'Waste'?

ROB

The only thing you or anyone else is going to be doing for the rest of the day and probably tomorrow is what they're told By us.

MRK

Tomorrow?

But Rob and Cassie have already walked away. Mrk watches them vibrating with anger. Mel glances at him worriedly.

MEL

Dri t. Dri t vind them up

Mrk turns on his heel and walks away.

CUT TO

37

EXT. KNOCKNAREE WOODS. LATE AFTERNOON

37

The white scene of crime canopy is set up over the altar. Lines of police tape leading into the woods. Sophie and her team in their white coveralls. Piles of brown paper evidence bags marked 'GARDÁ'. Sophie walks up to them pushing back her hood, it's hot, her hair is sticking to her forehead

SOPHIE

Someone give me a smoke.

Rob passes her a cigarette, lights it for her.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

OK, so People are using these woods for a crafty shag and to get wasted and dump their dead pets. We've found a pair of knickers, size 16 seen better days, frankly. Trousers, a dead kitten in a bag plastic bottles used for bong, a pipe for either snack or rock, don't know yet and a hypodermic syringe. Used
(MRE)

**A couple of condoms draped
thoughtfully over a branch. Also
used. Some old porno mags, very**

**We can't escape. There's no
escape. We woke him And he rose.**

He holds his arms out either side of him like Christ on the

O KELLY

Getting bollocks off the bloody press. Winking themselves into a frenzy about the dig and this ancient site and is it a satanic ritual, fuck's sake.

ROB

Well, there was no chicken heads or pentangles.

O KELLY

And is it a serial killer who takes 21 years off in between crimes? I hate journalists. I'd set the dogs on every single one of them

ROB

We have a body and there were no bodies recovered back then

O KELLY

Three kids go into those woods and only one comes out alive. You two get across that Peter, Germaine and Adamcase. See if there's anything that got missed last time round. Any detail, any connection I don't care how tiny or random it is. Hurd it down

ROB

We will.

O Kelly directs his gaze to silent Cassie

O KELLY

What's the matter with you, Maddox? If I wanted a female detective to just stand there and look pretty I'd have got one with bigger tits.

Rob winces. Cassie directs a look of such blazing fury at O Kelly that he's taken aback

CASSIE

(quiet) You don't get to speak to me like that and it's Jamie.

O KELLY

What's Jamie.

41 **INE DUBLIN POLICE STATION RECORDS DEPT. LATE AFTERNOON 41**

A gloomy, lowceilinged basement. Shelving stacked with boxes of files and evidence, stretching away. It's claustrophobic, badly lit, sallowpools of light. It has the same feeling as the woods. Oppressive and watchful. Some small muttering noises, fans or faulty lights. Rob walks along peering at the label on boxes and files in the dimlight. He has a manila folder under his arm. Finds what he's looking for.. Evidence boxes. Old labels on them: Knockree, August 1985. Statements, forensics, evidence, maps. He pulls the first box down, a fine shower of dust puffs into the air.

Later, three tables pushed together. The sort of tables you fold away when you don't need them anymore. Rickety. A low strip light hanging above it. Rob has unpacked the boxes, files and files of evidence for the investigation. Pinned to a wall, an old map of Knockree estate and the dark presence of the woods. Coloured lines showing the children's houses, the streets and the direction they took to the woods. Grim scene photographs. The tangle of bikes in a heap. And three old A4 sized photos of the children, the same images that were shown on the news report earlier. Each with the child's name written in black marker. Just the first name. Peter. Janie. Adam. The photos are old, creased, battered.

An evidence bag with the old Casio cassette player/recorder. An evidence bag with the cassette. Written in a round childish hand on the cassette: Top Twenty!!

There is an evidence bag with one item in it. A red novelty hair grip decorated with a plastic strawberry. Rob places it on Janie's table. There is nothing for Peter.

And in one box, clear plastic bags containing clothes. Children's clothes. Very basic. Unisex, impossible to tell if they belong to a boy or a girl. He puts on gloves and opens the bags. Unfolds a bright yellow t-shirt. Scruffy jeans. Socks that were once white and are now dark. Cheap trainers, pale but stains showing through the canvas and eyelets for the laces. On a clear space of table, he lays them out carefully. Pinnalls. Socks. Jeans. T-shirt.

And now we see that the inside of the cheap pinnalls are dark. That the socks are dark, only the cuffs are still pale. That the dark is blood. That the jeans are scuffed and torn down the front of the thigh, the knees.

Rob picks up the t-shirt, the front dirty and scuffed. He turns it round. On the back there are three long slashes, about a couple of inches apart. The cheap material has frayed but the slashes were made by something razor sharp.

Rob lays the t-shirt back down carefully, front up, the slashes hidden

He takes the three photos of the children from the wall, puts them at the head of the tables. Peter and Janie's sharp mercurial mischief at the head of two empty tables and Adams laughing face at the head of the torn, blooded clothing

He sits at the end of the table, contemplating it, disappeared children Lives ended

He stares up the line of clothes... The names in block capitals. Peter and Janie's photos, bright eyed and cheeky. They seem to be watching him

The strip light flickers and buzzes. Rob rolls his neck, the click of the vertebra loud in the quiet.

CUT TO

42

EXT. ROB'S STREET NIGHT

42

Rob drives up Half finished apartments. Harding for MILLIN DAMS CONSTRUCTION Ginracker apartments. Harding shows photos of couples laughing over glasses of wine in beautiful kitchens. One block is still in the process of being built. Rob peers through his windscreen up at a lit window

ROB

(muttered) Go to bed, fuck's sake..

And finally, the light goes off and the flat is in darkness.

CUT TO

43

EXT. KNOCKNAREE ESTATE NIGHT

43

The Devlin's neighbours garden full of flowers and saints, their nalky pious faces. The whirr and discordant melodies of the windchimes. Beyond is the Devlin's house. A Gindy-type ballerina doll has been tied to the fence, her plastic smile, and outstretched arms and pointed plastic toes, the breeze rustles her skirt and the prayer cards, the rosaries left on the gate, the votive candles flickering and the whispering of the cellophane wrappers round flowers left in sympathy, in shock. All left to propitiate the dark in the hope it won't come for other children

CUT TO

47.

Rob is asleep On the bed beside him are folders of interviews and statements from the '85 Knockree case. Rob's wristwatch ticks softly.

And the ticking is picked up elsewhere... a clicking repetitive, click click click..

Rob's eyes roll under his closed lids. He wakes.

And freezes. His heart stops. His blood stops.

Pacing up and down on the laminate flooring watching him a wolf. Its claws clicking Its pelt like raw winter. Its yellow eyes. A hot red mouth Muscles rolling The stink of the wild Pacing pacing Watching him

Rob swallows, opens his mouth but no sound comes out.. The wolf gathers itself and leaps onto his bed.. And slowly, its eyes never leaving Rob's face, its nostrils sniffing out his terror, his weakness, moves up the bed... and just as they are nose to nose

CUT TO

47 INE ROB S PLACE BEDROOM NIGHT

47

The light on Rob's wristwatch ticking softly, the folder of witness interviews and statements and a shout as Rob hits the floor beside his bed, rolling out of some violent dream and a moment, just the sound of his breathing tight, through his teeth, in so much pain.. His neck in spasm.. He crouches on the floor, his head bent round to some unbearable angle, his shoulders taut and stretched.. He's just wearing boxers so we can see the tangled mass of his spine and his head twisted so his chin is tucked into his collarbone.. a familiar agony.. Every single fibre of him taut with pain, his hands claws, cords and sinews standing out, sweat beading. He breathes hard through his teeth.. Fuck fuck fuck fuck.. doesn't want to be heard, be seen like this... And every single movement like knives, inches his way on his belly out of the room..

CUT TO

48 INE ROB S PLACE BATHROOM NIGHT

48

The bathroom is full of woman's toiletries, a pink dressing gown, fairy lights.. the shower hisses, steam billows... Inside the cubicle, Rob is crouched, like early man trying to stand, his back and neck still twisted, propping himself against the tiled wall, his face pressed into it with the shower belting boiling water onto his neck, his spine..

49

so hot we can see his skin turning red.. Eyes tight shut and teeth gritted, he puts the flat of his hand against his jaw where it's pressed against his collarbone.. Gently pushes, gently... Down and across, so gently...

Click, click, click from his neck.. he can move. The relief, the pain of it... His legs give way, he almost sobs... He sits in the shower with his head on his knees, the boiling water pounding on his head, his neck, running down his back. The cubicle fogged with steam

CUT TO

49 OMITTED 49

50 INE ROB S PLACE KITCHEN NGHT 50

A smart, brushed chrome kitchen, although there's something gin-rack about the whole place. Looks the business but would blow away in a strong wind. Again, you get the sense that a young woman lives here. Signs on the walls 'is it nine o'clock yet?' fairy lights, snow globes, souvenirs of holidays past. Rob dressed in t-shirt and trackie bottoms, hair wet, face hollow. He opens the freezer, finds Q eze th

HEATHER

**There is, actually. Can you not
smoke in your room? It really
aggravates my asthma.**

ROB

You have asthma? Oh no.

HEATHER

Yeah.

ROB

**You never told me that. Do you have
a puffer?**

HEATHER

No.

ROB

**Shit, Heather! You should have a
puffer if you're asthmatic! This is
dangerous! You could die! We
should get you to a hospital right
now grab your jacket, I'll drive
you!**

A long beat. No one moves.

HEATHER

**Could you just not smoke in your
room?**

ROB

Sure.

HEATHER

**And that- (orange juice) is mine.
See the IP?**

ROB

**Oh yeah. Thought it was an R. Bit
like how you thought you had asthma
but it was just a bit of a tickly
cough and a good suck on a lozenge
will sort you right out.**

**Heather's face goes blankly tight, this is about more than
asthma and orange juice. She puts her juice back in the
fridge.**

HEATHER

**The cheese you had in there went
green so I chucked it out.
(MRE)**

HEATHER (CONT'D)

It's your turn to buy bleach and
loo roll. And those are my peas
too

She turns on her heel and leaves. The sound of a bedroom door
being closed harder than it needs to be. Rob stays where he
is, rubs a hand across his face. He hates it here. Hates it.

CUT TO

51

INT. CASSIE'S FLAT. NIGHT

51

Low lamp light. The windows are open. We can hear the sea.
Cassie is in a t-shirt, whatever she sleeps in. Her feet are
bare. She and Rob sit on the sofa, glasses of whiskey. The
top for the bottle of whiskey is next to the bottle. The
glasses are mis-matched. Cassie sits sideways on the sofa,
her knees up and her arms round them.

CASSIE

The moral of the story for you here
is don't screw your landlady.

ROB

I didn't think she'd take it out on
the cheddar.

CASSIE

Be thankful that's all she's taking
it out on. (long beat) Let's not
pretend it's been a normal day.

ROB

Alright.

They smoke. Cassie frowns.

CASSIE

Rosalind Devlin

ROB

What about her.

CASSIE

Those clothes Rob. Those fucking
clothes.

ROB
What are you thinking?

Cassie shrugs, not sure. A moment.

ROB (CONT'D)
**Are you changing your mind about
passing on it?**

**Cassie shakes her head. They listen to the sea. Cigarette
smoke twirling up into the ceiling.**

CUT TO

52

EXT. MORTUARY. DAWN

52

**A grim, looming building. A discreet sign for the 'Mortuary
and Examinations'. Cassie and Rob take long drags on**

They head in, Qigley already looking green

CUT TO

53

INE CASSIE'S FLAT DAWN

53

A clock ticking somewhere quietly. The sound of the sea. The top window is open and a curtain stirs in the breeze. Rob and Cassie's glasses. The ashtray. Cassie's pyjamas on the bed. The flat seems empty and still...

And then we realise there's someone there. Frank. So still. So quiet. He studies the room. There's a faint smile on his face. Strange and unreadable. His hands are in his pockets, touching nothing.

He studies the photographs in frames... A man and a beautiful young woman, smiling, laughing with a little girl, aged about 6. Cassie and her parents.

Cassie and Sam at a restaurant with friends, a party, a birthday, pizza and beers, Cassie smiles at the camera, Sam's eyes are turned to her, he loves her. It blazes out of him.

Frank pulls the cuff of his jersey over his fingers, he opens a drawer... Knickers and bras all jumbled up and packed into one side, very neatly, almost no space at all, a man's sponge bag, a pair of socks, spare pants. A folded shirt. The corners of Frank's mouth flicker. He closes the drawer again.

On the table by the sofa, the whiskey glasses and the bottle with its top lying next to it. With his sleeve still pulled down over his fingertips, Frank picks up the top and delicately, deliberately screws it back on.

CUT TO

COOPER

Stomach contents, a meal consisting of beans and toast, a classic dish I enjoy it myself. Advanced digestive process so eaten a good five hours before death and a chocolate biscuit. No digestive process.

ROB

So her killer could have given it to her.

COOPER

Or she could have taken it from her own house. A snack for the walk. Even I have a biscuit tin.

He smirks a little, then snaps back into professional mode.

COOPER (CONF D)

Two blows with an object of considerable weight.

Cooper turns Katy's head, moving the scalp to show matted blood and hair. Qigley fixes his eyes on the gleaming white tiles, breathes hard through his mouth.

COOPER (CONF D)

A lot of blood, but neither were enough to kill her -- are you going to visit Detective Qigley?

Qigley shakes his head, not trusting himself to open his mouth. Cooper glares at him.

ROB

Alright, so what did kill her?

COOPER

(sweetly) There, Detective Qigley, that's how to behave at a postmortem. Professional control. Pertinent questions.

Qigley swallows, he's sweating with the effort of not throwing up. Slides a look at Rob's icy controlled face...

And on Rob's hands clasped behind his back, the nails of one hand are digging into the opposite wrist.

COOPER (CONF D)

This is what killed her.

Cooper tilts Katy's head back, there is a faint broad mark under her chin

COOPER (CONT'D)

Some material, probably a plastic bag was placed over her head, twisted at the back of the neck and held in place. Petechial haemorrhage in the eyes and the surface of the lungs means I can confidently assert that cause of death was suffocation. There is also an elapse of time between the trauma to the head and the suffocation. An hour and a half perhaps where she was unconscious but living.

CASSIE

(so quiet) Did she know what was happening?

COOPER

There are bruising and toothmarks inside her lips consistent with the perpetrator pressing a hand over her mouth.

Silence. She knew.

COOPER (CONT'D)

There's no secondary lividity so the position she was found in was the position she was kept in. Time of death I would say is between midnight and two on the 24th August 2006 meaning she was kept somewhere sheltered before being carried into the woods to be discovered at 7.45 am on the 25th of August 2006.

CASSIE

She wasn't raped. No sign of any violation.

COOPER

No. The child, in that respect at least, is untouched (a beat). She'll be ready for formal identification by mid morning.

Cooper walks away.

QUIGLEY
I'll ring O'Kelly.

And leaves quickly, his hand over his mouth. Cassie and Rob stay by the body. Katy's feet with their bruising callouses and plasters.

CASSIE
(quiet) Oh sweetheart. Your little feet.

CUT TO

55 **EXT. BLACK ROCK CASSIE'S FLAT EARLY MORNING** **55**

Still very early, the street so quiet. Rob parks up. Cassie gets out, comes round to the driver's side. Cassie's face hollow shadows under her eyes.

CASSIE
I'll get a shower and a change of clothes, got to get the smell of that place off me then I'll head in to be there for the Devlins.

ROB
I'll meet you at the office. Cass?

Cassie turns, Rob puts his hand on her cheek for a moment. It's shit. It's just shit.

CASSIE
Get flowers. Make sure you get flowers.

Cassie heads to the house, Rob drives away.

CUT TO

56 **INT. CASSIE'S FLAT EARLY MORNING** **56**

Cassie enters. The flat as she left it. It's almost as if she scopes it quickly as she enters, the quickest check, everything as it should be. She switches on the radio and under next she kicks off her shoes, drags off socks, puts them straight into the washer, empties the pockets of her jeans, coins, a lighter, puts them on the side, kicks her jeans off, sticks them straight into the washer.

RADIO NEWS

...this is not the first time the community has had to cope with shock and grief. Knockree became synonymous with every parent's terror when three children disappeared in the summer of 1985. The case of Peter Savage, Germaine Rowan and Adam

And the voice is cut short as Cassie hits the off button with more force than is necessary. A moment of silence, stillness, then she carries on with what she was doing. She's just about to pull off her t-shirt and she freezes.

Something different. Some tiny change.

Turns very slowly.

The whiskey bottle on the lowtable by the couch with its cap screwed firmly on

She goes very slowly towards it. Looks down at it.

Someone has been here.

Silence except for the clock ticking softly, the sea beyond the windows and the thump of her heart.

CUT TO

57

EXT. 'A' ROAD COUNTRY LANE EARLY MORNING

57

Early morning. Shane lies in the grass at the foot of the construction company hoardings. His hands are black with paint. He stares up at what he's done. We see letters. HE RISES. HE RISES. HE RISES. Dribbles of paint running down

CUT TO

58

EXT. OLD PEOPLE'S HOME MORNING

58

Someone makes an effort with the gardens here. Bright flowers in pots. A bird table. Staff cars, perhaps with the names of nursing agencies on them

Rob pulls up and gets out. He straightens his clothes, his tie. He has a bunch of forecourt flowers. He peels the price label off them. He heads for the door.

CUT TO

58

In the hall, a woman with a pinny is Hoovering. She smiles at Rob and nods with her head across the hall. Rob walks through

A dining room being set up for breakfast, chink of crockery and cutlery. It's plain, functional, no frills but bright and sunny. A radio is playing softly.

Rob heads towards the lounge.