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DUBLIN MURDERS

Based on In The Woods and The Likeness by Tana French

Episode One

'Wolf'

SHOOTING SCRIPT WITH GOLDENRODS (*Starred)

February 1, 2019

**THIS SCRIPT IS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL. NOT TO
BE DUPLICATED WITHOUT PERMISSION.**



1 EXT. KNOCKNAREE ESTATE. LATE AFTERNOON. FLASHBACK

1

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. Hanging 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:

2 INT. KNOCKNAREE COMMUNITY CENTRE. NIGHT

2

A lit stage. An audience watches but we don't see them. We are watching a young girl, about 13 years old, dancing. This is KATY DEVLIN. She wears a white tutu, her hair pulled back tight. She is en pointe. 'White Wedding' plays over, although Katy isn't dancing to that. She pirouettes, her face calm and intent, focused, the face of a girl already seeing a future far away from here... the skirt of her tutu echoing the spinning of the children's bike wheels...

CUT TO:

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

A dank, 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 INT. 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, narrow paths, thick brambles, shafts and prisms of light getting thinner and finer. Adam hurries, he's slow, he's not good at running, he puffs, his feet are clumsy.

Ahead of him, darting and glimpsed, Jamie and Peter, so fast... and suddenly, they're not ahead of him... Just the woods pressing in close, so close that brambles snag on his clothes. Adam is out of breath. He stares around the green. The trees pressing in close. He stares around him. Nearby is some sort of building, ancient, we are only dimly aware of dark stone, it is almost completely covered with emerald moss and the suckering advance of ivy. Hanging from a branch and a shocking electric blue, a nylon rope, knotted at the bottom to make a basic swing. A few moments pass, Adam's heart thumping.

And then ahead of him, there they are. Golden and smiling, flickering with mischief.

And they turn and run. The flag of Jamie's hair as she runs. Adam follows-

And the path veers off round some corner and they disappear from view, Adam follows... Veering after them...

And we follow, the cables of brambles, the low shrubs still trembling with the children's passing, veering on the same path-

And it's a dead end. The tumbled old stones of the ancient building, the ivy, the moss and beetles. Trees as densely packed as a waiting army. The children aren't there. They are... Just gone. The sudden silence and absence like a slammed door. Not even the sound of birds. Everything is still. A strange breeze rustles.

CUT TO:

6 INT. DUBLIN POLICE STATION. RECORDS DEPARTMENT. DAY.
FLASHFORWARD (CHRISTMAS 2006)

6

As before, Rob staring into the camera.

ROB
The ones who get left, the un-
killed, they're just too slow, too
stupid, too muddy, too dull. The
gods don't want them. They're
lumps. They're rejects. We all
are. Rejects.

A long beat.

And we see DETECTIVE CASSANDRA MADDOX (Cassie) sitting opposite Rob. She's 31. Androgynously dressed. Trainers, jeans. A slouchy top that drowns her frame. Everything about her is about being able to move fast, should she suddenly have to and she always anticipates having to move fast and suddenly. She doesn't want to be hindered by anything that might slow her up. Her hair is short, a fringe clipped off her face. She doesn't wear a scrap of make up. No jewellery. She looks younger than she is. Her intelligence burns white hot. She is exhausted. Beyond exhaustion. Her heart carved out. A moment passes. There's no heat to what she says. It's just a desolating fact.

CASSIE
We won't see each other again.

She gets up and leaves quietly, Rob turns to watch her go and it's only as the door closes that he takes a breath as if he's going to say something-

'Titles'

CUT TO:

7 EXT. DUBLIN. STREETS. NIGHT

7

The neon structure of a petrol station and forecourt, all still and strange, incident tape cordoning it off.

A dark saloon car pulls up and stops.

Cassie gets out of the driver's side, Rob from the passenger side. Cassie wears her hair longer in a pony tail, her clothes easy and a gun on her hip. Rob is smart and composed in his suit, his gun in a holster under his arm. This is before the series of terrible events. They are not broken, not yet. They pull gloves onto their hands and walk across the eerily silent forecourt.

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

INT. PETROL 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 through the spilled sweets they approach the till desk.

The whine of the unreplaced receiver gets louder. The automatic doors suck open... and closed.

The cigarette kiosk behind the till has been disrupted, packs have fallen out as if someone has grabbed onto the shelves to stop themselves falling. Shelves of spirits behind the till, some bottles have fallen... some lie on their sides... and we see the first sign of some terrible event. A long red smear of a bloody handprint.

Cassie and Rob look over the desk of the till.

Crumpled behind it, a middle aged man in a convenience store uniform, polo shirt etc. He isn't white. He lies as if he's been dropped from a height. He's struggled. His eyes are open. The phone receiver hangs down, whining shrill.

A small, terrible wound on his neck, under his ear. And blood everywhere. Everywhere. Drenching the man's clothes, puddling and thick around him. Everywhere. Dark and bright and glossy and clotted.

There is smashed glass winking like diamonds from the broken spirit bottles and the man's body and the thick thick blood is carpeted with packets of cigarettes and scratchcard tickets. Terrible patterns from the man kicking and convulsing as he died.

There is a small 'step up' stool nearby, the sort shop assistants sit on while stock taking or shelf filling. Rob fetches it over and Cassie steps on to it. Without speaking or looking at each other, Rob hooks his finger through the belt loop of Cassie's jeans... she leans forward over the desk without touching it, Rob holding on to her. Cassie takes the cord of the phone, pulls it up and replaces it. She turns off the radio. Silence apart from the strange breathing heartbeat of the automatic doors.

Rob pulls her back, puts his hand against her shoulder blades to support her as she steps back and down. Intimate gestures without being sexual. They still haven't looked or spoken to each other.

There are CCTV cameras above the till. Rob and Cassie look up at them.

And the automatic doors suck open and stay there. An eerie stillness. Beyond the doors the sound of the police incident tape whirring in the night breeze. Blue lights flash against the windows.

Caption: Dublin 2006

CUT TO:

9 INT. DUBLIN POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM. NIGHT

9

A generic grim interview room. On one side of the table is CIAN. Self-righteous. Cocksured. Arms folded. Manspreading. He wears a singlet, his arms ripped with muscle and tattoos. A watch, not cheap. White tracksuit bottoms, trainers. His hair close-cropped. 'Scars' carefully scored into his eyebrows. A lady teaser beard and moustache. Some pimples. He wants to be a gangster but he's just a chinny-reckon runt. The best that can be said of him is he's a piece of shit.

On the other side, Rob and Cassie. Rob is unfailingly polite, easy, charming. Cassie watches Cian unblinkingly.

Cian doesn't like that, a woman watching him like that.

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 motions, 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 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 CCTV. Costs too much. Just
there for show. They had tape in
the CCTV, you'd have your man. It's
those fuckers you want to go after.

ROB

O.K. 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:

11 INT. DUBLIN POLICE STATION. SECOND INTERVIEW ROOM. NIGHT 11

ALANNAH SHOREY sits at a table waiting. Over-processed hair
showing dark roots. Jaw jutted with aggression. Resentment
and hostility to authority, to anyone in authority ingrained
in her DNA. She's only early 20s and looks older. Trackies,
not as smart or expensive as Cian's. She's pregnant, about 5
months. A woman Garda officer waiting silently with her.

Now and again she glances at what looks like a mirror taking
up one wall.

Cassie watches her impassively behind it. There is a coffee
and tea machine.

As Cassie watches, Rob enters the interview room. Alannah
straightens up, jaw jutting. The woman officer leaves and
Rob sits down, the kind smile. Not opposite but next to her.
And says nothing, just watches her. Smiling gently. A few
moments pass. Alannah glares at him. Spitting nails with
rage.

ALANNAH

What are you smiling at.

Rob says nothing, just watches her with that smile.

ALANNAH (CONT'D)

Hours I've been here, hours. Should
be at home, should be in bed and
I'm sat here while you lot dick
around, I told you what happened,
over and over-

ROB

He's saying it was you.

Beat of absolute silence.

ALANNAH

...what? What was me?

ROB

Your boyfriend Cian says it was
you.

ALANNAH

...he wouldn't.

ROB

And you've got a conviction.
Possession of an offensive weapon.
A serrated kitchen knife-

ALANNAH

That was years ago and I was just
holding it, I was only 14, fucks
sake, I didn't do anything with it-

Rob so caressingly, sadistically soft, Torquemada twisting
the screws- Alannah getting increasingly uncertain-

ROB

What's a jury going to think when
they look at you?
(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

You're, what, 23 now, already got two kids that don't live with you because of the never-ending car crash of your life, but despite that, you're having another one because you think this time it's going to be the fairy tale with a happy ending and it's not, because a man's dead in a pool of blood, and you're the one with the prior conviction so you'll go to prison and Cian will get someone new because he reckons he can do better and deep down, Alannah darling, you agree with him because you don't think you're worth anything either, why should anyone love you when you're lower than shit, so there is no fairy tale, no happy ending, not for you, not ever, there is only this moment, right here, right now and what you do with it.

Silence, Alannah's eyes filling with tears, Rob sits quietly, waiting. Behind the mirror, Cassie watches. She digs in her pocket for a few coins, feeds the tea machine. It clicks and hums and a plastic cup shuttles down and fills with hot water. She's not even watching but counts down.

CASSIE

Three, two, one-

And an audible gasp as Alannah starts to cry... Cassie gives herself a championship salute. Somewhere in the room, there's a box of tissues, she grabs it, sticks it under her arm.

In the interview room, Alannah is crying, her face crumpled. Rob lets her cry. Her shaking hands with bitten nails pressed over her mouth. Her grief inconsolable, crying for everything, her entire life, the mess and waste of it all. Cassie enters quietly, carrying the box of tissues and the tea. Puts them on the table.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Did Cian leave the flat?

Alannah nods.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Did you get rid of the knife for him?

Alannah nods. Weeping and weeping.

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. Odd 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.

Pours a generous glug in each. Hands one to Rob, they clink mugs and drink. Then opens a hastily wrapped pack of tin foil. Bacon sandwiches. Hands one to Rob who opens it and hands it back.

ROB
That's yours.

Cassie swaps it, takes a massive bite.

ROB (CONT'D)
How can you have two sauces on a
bacon sandwich?

CASSIE
Red sauce one side, brown on the
other. It's the rules.

ROB
You're a monster.

Cassie grins, opens her mouth wide to show the mess of bacon and bread.

ROB (CONT'D)
And now I'm uncontrollably aroused.

And suddenly, they're laughing, the release of the tension of the murder, the triumph of it. Rob watches her, does some strange clumsy 'brotherly' gesture, a hair ruffle or something.

The sky is lit with the new day, the day that will change everything.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. DUBLIN POLICE STATION. MORNING

14

Rob, freshly shaved and suited, heads into the Garda station, smoking. He passes a beleaguered 'No Smoking' sign, pitted and burned, and grinds his cigarette out on it.

CUT TO:

15 INT. DUBLIN POLICE STATION. MORNING

15

A wide entrance hall already crowded with people, some muttering into mobile phones, some belligerent, some scared and sad. Rob threads his way through them as if they don't exist and heads up the stairs.

CUT TO:

16 INT. DUBLIN POLICE STATION. MURDER SQUAD. MORNING

16

Despite the sun outside, the department has a subterranean feel. Windows smeared with accumulated dirt. Strip lights always on. Desks piled high with papers, files, chairs in various states of disrepair, torn covers covered with masking tape, whiteboards stacked against the wall. A couple of desk fans stirring the turgid air. From a light fitting, a left over Christmas decoration dangles forlornly in the draught. A half-dead plant that detectives routinely empty coffee cups into. A fire door propped open to a fire escape.

Around the walls, grisly photos of crime scenes, suspects. Floor plans of houses with red marker crosses to show where bodies were found. Road maps, a thick palimpsest for an over-worked, under-staffed, under-funded department. At various desks, men and they are all men, cluster round their computers, some working, others looking serious but playing computer games.

At Rob and Cassie's desks, QUIGLEY sits on Cassie's chair, rocking it, feet up. He wears cowboy boots and a Spider-Pig t-shirt. He's early 40s, wants so much to be cool and part of the gang it's almost painful.

QUIGLEY

I know that little prick, that
Cian. He's been a twat since he
was in nappies. Good man yourself
though.

ROB

It wasn't just me, was it.

QUIGLEY

Been thinking we should team up
again.

Behind him, SUPERINTENDENT O'KELLY comes into the department, work rate increases exponentially. O'Kelly bristles with cynicism and fury. It's not at anything specific it's just the condition of his life. He heads over to Rob and Quigley.

ROB
I've got a partner.

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

ROB
(low, warning) O'Kelly.

QUIGLEY
What?

Too late, O'Kelly looms over them. Quigley takes his feet off the table, too late, O'Kelly's seen the boots, he shoots Quigley a filthy look but all his attention on Rob for the moment.

O'KELLY
All you did was your job, Reilly.
No call to look smug.

ROB
It's just my face, Sir.

O'KELLY
Where's the other one?

ROB
She's in court this morning. Old
case, before she was on Murder -

O'KELLY
If it's not my squad then I don't
give a bollocks. Get off your arse
and go out to the country, local
Garda called it in, forensics
already attending, piss off.

QUIGLEY
I'll come with you.

O'Kelly turns a glaucous eye on Quigley.

O'KELLY
The fuck are these? (cowboy boots)
You the sheriff now? Riding into
town to make a giant tit-sandwich
out of everything? I'd be more
likely to send you out if you came
in starkers wearing only your
Mammy's pop socks, are you wearing
your Mammy's pop socks, Quigley?

QUIGLEY

No, Sir-

O'KELLY

Go back to your desk and do some
work and I see that t-shirt again
I'll staple your sorry penis to the
wall, Jesus Christ, are you trying
to give me an aneurism?

Quigley slopes off back to his desk, everyone else does a
very good job of not looking up from their desks, perhaps
just grateful it's Quigley who's the whipping boy and not
them.

O'KELLY (CONT'D)

(to Rob) Why haven't you pissed off
yet.

ROB

I will when you tell me where the
body is, Sir.

CUT TO:

17 INT. COURTS. COURTROOM. MORNING

17

Functional court room. A middle aged man in a good suit,
stands behind a perspex barrier. He has prison guards in with
him. His eyes downcast. Very still. Let's call him
JOHNSTONE. Cassie is in the dock, giving testimony. She is
wearing a black suit, white shirt. A lawyer standing.

LAWYER

It was your evidence that helped
secure Mr Johnstone's conviction,
when you were working as an
undercover officer.

CASSIE

That's correct.

LAWYER

Mr Johnstone asserts that while he
accepts his sentence, it is his
inalienable right to maintain
contact with his children from
prison, as any other loving father
would be allowed to do.

CASSIE

What Mr Johnstone wants is to know
where his wife is.

(MORE)

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 MACKEY. He barely moves, barely breathes, watching the top of Cassie's head.

CUT TO:

18 INT. COURTS. CORRIDORS. MORNING

18

Crowded with solicitors, families, dismal looking villains, some young, some old, sulking, messing around with phones. Cassie walks briskly through, smiling and slowing as she sees DETECTIVE SAM O'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 lambs 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

What'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.

Culchie dickhead.

SAM
That's me nailed.

Cassie snorts a laugh. The solicitor calls 'Detective O'Neill' Sam makes to follow him to the court room-

SAM (CONT'D)
See you tonight?

Cassie shakes her head.

CASSIE
Got a body.

Sam nods, understands, briefly touches her cheek with his hand, discreet and light before following the solicitor. Cassie heads out...

And behind, lithe as a cat, Frank Mackey.

CUT TO:

19 EXT/INT. UNMARKED CAR/ COURTS. MORNING 19

Cassie comes down the steps, pulling trainers out of her bag, Rob waiting for her in an unmarked sleek, gleaming police car. Cassie gets in, immediately kicking off her shoes and shoving her feet into her trainers as they talk

ROB
How was Johnstone?

CASSIE
Oh, you know. He'd like my head on a spike. Pretty ordinary, really. Where we going?

ROB
Knocknaree.

And a frozen moment, tight on Cassie, after the bolt of shock at the name, her face studiously neutral.

ROB (CONT'D)
I didn't know where until it was too late.

Cassie doesn't reply. The car pulls away into the traffic.

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

CUT TO:

20 EXT. ROAD/ DUBLIN. MORNING 20

Cassie and Rob's car edges through traffic. Billboards and hoardings line the road. New apartment blocks going up, show flat openings, new cars with exorbitant finance deals, mortgage offers, credit, credit, credit... An economy booming.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. 'A' ROAD. COUNTRY LANE. MORNING 21

An 'A' road slicing through rich green August country. Along the side of the road, a sign for Knocknaree and just beyond it, a series of giant billboards; MALLIN/DAVIS CONSTRUCTION: bringing INVESTMENT, JOBS, INFRASTRUCTURE to IRELAND. All of it boldly capitalised, like someone shouting at you in a pub. Interspersed between them, trying to compete are much smaller home-made placards, red and white 'MOVE THE MOTORWAY'. They are almost hidden in the lush grass and undergrowth.

Cassie's eyes flick over them from the passenger seat as Rob and Cassie's car turns off.

CUT TO:

22 INT/EXT. CAR/ROAD. COUNTRY LANE. MORNING 22

The road narrows. There's music playing in the car but Cassie turns it off to hear the birdsong and summer coming through the open windows. More placards in the hedgerows 'Move the Motorway'... a rash of them, red and white against the green.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. KNOCKNAREE DIG. CAR PARK/ PORTACABINS. MORNING 23

Ahead of them a turning. A marked Garda car and a couple of uniformed officers. Incident tape across the turn off. There is already a crowd of journalists, a few tv cameras waiting, being kept back by the officer. Rob and Cassie show I.D.s and the officer waves them through and replaces the tape.

The road narrows further, grasses pushing up against open windows. Other cars parked up ahead, some dusty, second and third hand, nothing expensive, windscreens smeared 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 PHELAN, 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.

PHELAN

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 HANLEY. Late 30s. Thin and intense, his sandy hair is caught back in a long ponytail. He fizzles 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.

PHELAN (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 glowering 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...

And just as suddenly, a small clearing. And in the centre of it, a stone altar. Dark stone, absorbing light. The edges strangely bevelled and rimmed and an overhang casting a shadow heavy as deep water.

On the altar, a girl is sleeping. Or seems to be sleeping. KATY DEVLIN. The girl we saw dancing. She wears fashion combats, trainers and a t-shirt patterned with cornflowers. Around her, forensics officers shrouded in their white coveralls, like strange priests, moving quietly round the girl, round the altar. Sunlight glints off their tweezers and evidence bags. One of them looks up, SOPHIE MILLER, early 30s, hair and face almost hidden by her white hood and mask.

With Rob and Cassie as they take in the scene. Faces composed and absolutely neutral. Rob shows nothing at all. Cassie closes her eyes for a second, breathes out through her mouth. There are boxes and bags of forensic equipment nearby, Cassie and Rob dig out coveralls, gloves, masks under necks. Phelan shifts on his feet a bit, clears his throat.

PHELAN

Her name is Katharine Devlin.
She's thirteen. She was registered
as Missing at 2.47 pm yesterday. I
ran a check. The photo Missing
Persons sent through, it's her.

He takes his mobile from his pocket, opens it to show a photo of Katy Devlin staring solemnly into the camera. Shows it to Rob and Cassie.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

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

A moment. Phelan's face drawn.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

I've only just come off probation. I've been doing traffic. She's my first.

ROB

Have her family been contacted?

PHELAN

No. Sir.

ROB

We'll do that.

PHELAN

Has some bastard... You know, been... at her?

CASSIE

(sharp) Apart from killing her, you mean?

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

ROB

(to Phelan) Going to need more presence on the road. Make sure no cameras get through before we've got the tent up.

Phelan's relief that he has a job to do.

PHELAN

On it.

He turns to go-

ROB

Phelan. Good job.

Phelan nods, glad he's done something right and leaves. Rob moves over to Cassie, rubs her briefly on the shoulder as Sophie approaches, pulling down her mask, blankly professional.

ROB (CONT'D)

How are you, Sophie.

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 crew step 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 alter. 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 of hair have been pulled and loosened.

Bright, bright dappled sun. She is so terribly still. So white and blue against the matt dark stone.

A long moment.

Distantly, running water.

A bird suddenly shuttles out of the undergrowth, a sharp rattling furious call of trespass. It sounds like mocking laughter.

A snap back to normal. Whatever normal is. Sophie moves forward to join them. The forensic team go back to work, delicate tweezers and intricate tools, removing tiny pieces of evidence.

SOPHIE

This isn't the kill site. No insect activity and no traces of blood on the stone or around it. And she's been dead approximately 24 to 36 hours but don't quote me on that.

ROB

Who found her?

SOPHIE

Two of the archeologists. Well, I say archeologists, they're students, look like babies. The lad leant over her, thought she was asleep. Tried to wake her up.

CASSIE

Has she been raped.

SOPHIE

Can't say at this stage. Cooper's away at some conference, enjoying the sound of his own voice. He'll work through the night on her, says he'll see you first thing in the morning.

CASSIE

(of altar) What is this?

SOPHIE

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.

SOPHIE

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?

SOPHIE

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 snaps her fingers. Found something. Sophie, Rob and Cassie pick their way round the altar. The forensic officer, young eyes above her mask, points under the lip of the altar.

A dark blister of something, it's almost black, you might think it was some sort of vegetation, some piece of the stone itself.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Blood. (approvingly) Sharp eyes.

The young forensic officer smiles behind her mask... gets out a phial and a tiny gleaming blade and carefully scrapes the dark blister into the phial. Infinitesimal flakes of deep red dust float into the sun-bright phial. The lid screwed on tight.

CUT TO:

25

EXT. KNOCKNAREE ESTATE. DEVLIN HOUSE. MORNING

25

Sunshine. There are 'Move The Motorway' posters in some windows. Some houses with shiny paintwork, others looking like there's less money to spend keeping the place up. There are cars on the street, satellites for tvs on houses. People are out in their front gardens, on the street. Some women with buggies, men gathering in knots, all of them quiet.

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

On a house a few doors down, there are some basic CCTV aimed onto the garden and the pavement. The garden is beautiful, with tinkling windchimes, a riot of flowers and decorative statues of saints, milk-skinned and pink cheeked.

Rob and Cassie have parked a little way up the street. The sense that now they have to do the worst job in the world. They smoke silently for a few seconds. Then, Cassie puts her cigarette out. Gets a bottle of water from the car, takes a slug, swills round her mouth then discreetly spits into the verge. Passes it to Rob who does the same. Gets a small pack of antiseptic wipes from the car, wipes her hands, passes them to Rob who does the same. Adjust clothes, tie, etc. Deep breath.

CASSIE

Right. Let's do it.

They lock the car and walk down the street to the Devlin house. The windows of the front have 'Move The Motorway' signs in them.

People go silent as Rob and Cassie approach. Even the kids. People cross themselves, women put their hands over their mouths, hold onto each other's arms. One bold boy says his piece though:

BOLD BOY

Did ya find her then? Did ya find
Katy?

His mother belts him round the back of the head and hauls him away.

Rob and Cassie get to the Devlin house, the windows of the ground floor have the 'Move the Motorway' sign in them. The house is very quiet.

Rob knocks on the door. A beat and the door is opened-

A moment of absolute shock.

Because it's Katy. The world stops turning, everything goes still and so silent, we can hear the windchimes tinkling in the garden a few doors away...

And then the world starts turning again because it's not Katy. Something missing. Something askew, adrift. Something slipped. A twin, obviously. This is JESSICA. Instead of Katy's precise blue and white co-ordination, she's in clothes that are somehow more babyish. Pinks.

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

And JONATHAN 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.

JONATHAN
Out the way, Jessica.

Jessica moves inside, Jonathan stands there staring at them for a moment.

CASSIE
Mr Devlin? I'm Detective Garda
Cassie Maddox and this is Detective
Sergeant Rob Reilly.

JONATHAN
(nods) I heard there was police in
the woods. You've found Katy.

It's not a question, it's a statement.

CASSIE
Can we come in, Mr Devlin?

A long terrible moment. Jonathan knows why they're here. He finally stands aside. They go in and the door shuts and out on the street, we see neighbours with tears in their eyes gathering up their children and ushering them away.

CUT TO:

26 INT. KNOCKNAREE ESTATE. DEVLIN HOUSE. MORNING 26

The hallway is dark, painted in pale colours, the staircase narrow and steep. Cassie follows Jonathan and Jessica into the living room, Rob is about to follow but looks up the stairs.

About halfway down, her face a pale shimmer on the dark stair is ROSALIND. She is about 18. Rob hesitates, leaving a family member outside of the room but Rosalind doesn't move. Her hands twist round each other.

JONATHAN
(O/OV) Rosalind?

And Rosalind slowly comes down the stairs. She's so young and yet dressed strangely, almost middle-aged.

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 DEVLIN. She's 35. There's a vacancy to her, an absence perhaps to do with long term reliance on prescription trangs. 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 curtsy. Rosalind in white tutu, posing. All the girls together, smiling. The family together all smiling.

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.

More 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.

JONATHAN

Did, did, did, did, did, did, did-

He breathes. Tries again.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Did someone hurt her.

CASSIE

I'm afraid so.

Jonathan's face drains with the reality of it. But if anything, he becomes even more tense.

MARGARET

She was such a good girl. She never gave us a moment's trouble.

And she's almost blank, a kind of abstract curiosity, as if talking about a tv programme she doesn't much care for.

CASSIE

Are there any family members we can call? Anyone who can be with you?

JONATHAN

It's just us.

JESSICA

Katy's dead.

And suddenly, shockingly, she vomits down her front, catching it in her Princess t-shirt. It spatters on her feet-

ROSALIND

Oh, Jessica, sweetheart-

She swoops on the little girl, hugs her, and shepherds her away, we hear their footsteps going upstairs. Margaret and Jonathan stare at the small spatter of sick on the carpet.

CASSIE

I'll get a cloth.

Cassie leaves to the kitchen, we hear a tap running.

ROB

You alerted Missing Persons yesterday afternoon, is that right?

JONATHAN

We all went to bed. I looked in on her. She was asleep.

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, Mrs 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 new t-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 pillow cases. 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 around Katy's bunk is covered with clip frames.

A newspaper article from 2006 'Dublin's Tiny Dancer Takes Wing', a photo of Katy serious and older than her years, staring into camera. A framed drawing of some ballet shoes, the ribbons trailing. Photos of Ninette de Valois, Fonteyn, Nureyev defying gravity. Blue-tacked to the wall, the front cover of the prospectus for White Lodge in Richmond Park, home of The Royal Ballet School, gracious pale building, giant oak trees.

Rob puts on gloves, opens the drawer of the bedside table, a few coins, fruit lipsalves.

There's a pink jewellery box, Rob opens it and inside is a small plastic ballerina who revolves to a tinny slightly discordant melody that suddenly pierces the heavy air. There are a few earrings, beads in the jewellery box, Rob closes it again. The silence rings.

In the cupboard, the personalities of the twins sharply delineated. Katy's clothes hanging neatly, pale, almost sophisticated for such a young girl and the bright pinks and glitters of Jessica's clothes.

On a dresser, some tidy little pots and a hairbrush. Rob opens the pots, matching hairbands, the bright sudden blue of the cornflowers, the same as the ones she was wearing. Strips of plaster, tape and binding for feet, powders and creams for blisters, calluses.

He opens drawers, underwear, vests, bralets... everything plain and pale, the occasional burst of Jessica's garish pinks and purples.

Rob stands back a little and studies Katy's side of the room. It's so quiet and enigmatic, as if someone has barely touched down or made the slightest concession to this being their room. What matters, what's important is all portable.. could be packed up in a moment and taken away. A girl who couldn't wait to leave.

He crouches to look at Jessica's lower bunk. Something more permanent, she's not going anywhere. On the wall around her bed, pictures of fairies, stylised and soft. Flower fairies, Arthur Rackham style 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 for her, for Jess.

Rob turns, Rosalind hovers in the doorway, her hands knotted together. Jessica hangs back in the hallway, changed and clean, she has a brightly coloured unicorn stuffed toy with rainbow coloured hair. She combs it with her fingers, hums a little tune.

Rosalind has been crying a little.

ROSALIND (CONT'D)

She likes them. She's much younger than she looks.

There's an understatement.

ROB

Is this how Katy left her bed?

ROSALIND

(shakes her head) I did that. I always do that. So it's ready for her.

ROB

And Jessica didn't notice or hear anything?

ROSALIND

She was in with me. She gets... well, she gets night terrors sometimes. I take her in with me. Katy needs her sleep.

A little moment. Rosalind almost frowns, processing the clash of tenses. Katy will always be past tense now.

ROB

And you didn't hear Katy leave?

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 plonks 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, combing 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 threw me. 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. It was her that got Katy into that school.

ROB

You know everyone.

MRS FITZGERALD

Everyone and everything. It's the curse of the old. (a beat) Nothing to say with Katy that it's like the other poor children.

ROB

No.

MRS FITZGERALD

Well, that's something. My Mammy used to say the old ones took those children.

(MORE)

MRS 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. Mrs 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.

ROB

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

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 raped 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

Not right now. We do the prep. Set it up. Gives you time to have concerns about my erratic behaviour, concerns you take discreetly to O'Kelly. We set everything up, but then we're out. Say yes, Rob because we absolutely can not do this one.

ROB

Yes.

A long moment. Cassie breathes out, the relief.

CASSIE

Are we OK?

ROB

We're always OK, Cassie. Always.

CUT TO:

29 OMITTED 29

30 OMITTED 30

31 INT. 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 BORLAND.

GABRIELLE
(on screen)... Residents of the Knocknaree 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 Knocknaree 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. Piles 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

Forensic vehicles. Uniformed officers still moving round the archeologists. Mark watches Rob and Cassie drive in, his air of bristle now fury. There is a young woman with him, the same sort of clothes as Mark, khaki shorts, long hair, unmade-up, mid 20s. A similar belt with a trowel and some tools hanging from it. This is MEL. And a young man, face blotchy with crying, this is DAMIEN DONNELLY, the same sort of clothes. A couple of girls stand with him, holding his arm, supportive.

Mark starts heading over to Rob and Cassie as they get out of the car.

MARK

When can we get on with our work?

ROB

Who are you?

MARK

Mark Hanley, site director.

ROB

Ok, Mr Hanley-

MARK
Doctor Hanley.

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

Mark's face rigid with frustration.

CASSIE
Who found the body?

MEL
We did. Mel Royce and Damien
Donnelly.

DAMIEN
I leant over her, I'm sorry.

His eyes well up again.

MEL
I told him not to. It was obvious
she wasn't asleep.

DAMIEN
Not to me. I didn't know that, I
thought... I'm sorry for leaning
over her.

He covers his face, the girls with him lead him away. Mark
shoots him a disgusted look, what a wet. Rob's eyes on him.

CASSIE
Have you noticed anything unusual
around the site recently? Anyone
suspicious?

MARK
Yeah, yeah, loads of them, all of
them with signs over their heads
saying 'fucking weirdo'. Did you
pull this out of your policeman's
hat of shit questions?

Rob and Cassie turn and watch Mark unblinkingly. Mel winces.
A frozen moment passes.

MEL
(quietly) Mark.

MARK
I don't notice people. I'm looking
down there.

He jabs his finger down at the earth.

MARK (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.

MARK

Tomorrow?

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

MEL

Don't. Don't wind them up.

Mark 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 'GARDA'. 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 bongos, a pipe for either smack or rock, don't know yet and a hypodermic syringe. Used.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

A couple of condoms draped thoughtfully over a branch. Also used. Some old porno mags, very much used. Haven't found anything much deeper in. And I'm not surprised. It gives me the creeps.

ROB

The creeps? You're a woman of science.

Sophie jerks her head for them to follow her.

37A

EXT. KNOCKNAREE WOODS. LATE AFTERNOON
(FORMERLY PART OF SCENE 37)

37A

They move through the woods, deeper and deeper, thick undergrowth, sudden bird flight. Ivy and thick cables of bramble. The sunlight filtering through. The trees press close. It's dark. The sky seems very distant, it feels like another strange country, a different guttural language. We watch them from high up, in the canopy. They look tiny. Cassie walks behind Rob and Sophie. Sophie stops.

Nearby, what looks like a wall, or the wall of tower, tumbling stones, covered in ivy. And she looks up. Rob and Cassie follow her look.

High in the branches, a knotted rope dangling down. Frayed and old. Blue nylon, the blue standing out incongruous. Creepers twined around it.

SOPHIE

You see?

A silence. Rob's mobile rings suddenly and they all jump. Rob checks the display.

ROB

(to Cassie) O'Kelly.

He moves away a little to answer. Cassie and Sophie stay looking up. The silent, still, hanging rope, the creepers twining round it.

Cassie shivers suddenly.

SOPHIE

Yeah. The creeps.

CUT TO:

38

EXT. DOCKS. LATE AFTERNOON

38

The glass and steel of new developments, adverts in the windows for office space. CATHAL MILLS 39, sleek and groomed, an expensive suit. He's big, strong, good looking and knows it but the jawline is starting to blur. He flourishes his car keys at his expensive gleaming car, beeping it closed and walks towards the offices... And stops. SHANE WATERS, 39 but looks older - drink, drugs, exposure - is waiting for him. He stinks. A heartbeat and Cathal drops his eyes, walks faster, Shane falls in alongside him.

SHANE

It's happened again.

CATHAL

What's happened again.

SHANE

Knocknaree. He rises, he rises.
It's happened again.

Cathal stops, stares at him, he tries to hold on to cold composure but his heart bangs in his chest. He looks at Shane with loathing, the ruined teeth, the hollow eyes, the mess of him.

SHANE (CONT'D)

The evil that we did. We woke him.

CATHAL

Jesus Christ, you stink of shit and piss. Do you ever wash your arse, your dick? It's disgusting, you're disgusting, turning my guts, fucking maniac, take that-

He digs in his pocket and thrusts a bank note at him-

CATHAL (CONT'D)

-buy a toothbrush, buy some wet wipes and fuck off.

Cathal walks fast to the glass and steel building.

SHANE

Cathal?

Cathal turns and looks back.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Our evil. Ours. The three of us.
Me, you and Jonathan.
(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

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 cross. His eyes glitter with tears and madness. Cathal stares at him.

CATHAL

You come back, I'll have you
kneecapped.

He walks swiftly away, as he goes through the revolving doors, he turns back to look at the dark figure of Shane but he's already turned and shuffled away. Cathal breathes out, smooths his hair.

CUT TO:

39 INT. DUBLIN POLICE STATION. O'KELLY OFFICE. LATE AFTERNOON 39

O'Kelly's office. O'Kelly hunches over his desk, glowering. On the table, SoC photos. The altar, the pale girl seemingly asleep, the woods around her. Close ups of skull injuries, matted hair, lividity staining the mouth and cheek. Rob sits opposite him, Cassie leans against the wall, arms folded.

O'KELLY

Is it paedos?

ROB

There's no immediate sign of sexual assault. Cooper's doing the PM overnight, he'll be ready for us at 5am.

O'KELLY

Jesus, that fella. Sometimes he wouldn't give you the steam of his piss and others he gives you the full bladder. Family?

ROB

Door to door says they keep themselves to themselves. Not drinkers, not ones to give a party. Mrs Devlin looks like she's on prescription tranqs, Jessica the twin daughter has some sort of learning difficulty... The estate thought a lot of Katy though. One of their own doing well.

O'KELLY

Getting bollocks off the bloody press. Wanking 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 Adam case. 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. Hound 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.

CASSIE

Germaine. She got called Jamie.
That's what she liked to be called,
so if you're going to talk about
her, have the decency to use the
name she preferred.

Cassie leaves. O'Kelly blinks.

O'KELLY

Jesus. Normally I get some smart
arse comment about no-one could
have bigger tits than me.

ROB

She hasn't been sleeping well.
Drinking a bit too much, if you ask
me.

O'Kelly plays a tiny violin. Jerks his head at Rob to go.
Rob gets up to leave.

O'KELLY

Reilly.

Rob turns.

O'KELLY (CONT'D)

Is she going to complain to HR
about me because it's just craic,
everyone knows it.

ROB

I'll talk to her, Sir.

Rob leaves, O'Kelly puts the photos into a pile, turns them
over so he doesn't have to see Katy's dead face.

CUT TO:

39A INT. DUBLIN POLICE STATION. SQUAD ROOM. DAY

39A

Cassie is sitting at her desk, opening an evidence bag as Rob
comes out of O'Kelly's office, takes his own chair and wheels
it round to sit next to her.

Cassie has a laptop with a DVD/CD-ROM player plugged into it,
she takes a plain DVD box from the bag as Rob sits down next
to her, puts the DVD into the player and under next, an image
comes up on the screen, footage of Katy dancing, quiet music
comes from the speakers, a spotlight picks her out in a white
tutu, her movements elegant and controlled, her face alight,
concentrating, almost other... Rob and Cassie watch.

CASSIE
(of DVD) From the ballet teacher,
Simone... Cavendish?

ROB
Cameron.

CASSIE
Cameron. Right. So. O'Kelly.

ROB
He doesn't give a shit about your
erratic behaviour and heavy
drinking, he's just scared you'll
complain to HR.

CASSIE
I like it when he's scared.

Rob and Cassie watch Katy for a few moments.. The decision
hangs heavy in the air.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
We agreed. It's the right thing.

ROB
I didn't say a word.

Rob gets up and leaves. Cassie watches Katy dancing to the
end, taking her curtsy, beaming at the audience, not a
distant performer but a little girl grinning with pride,
waving and smiling and the quiet clatter of applause.

Stay with Cassie for a moment, Katy so very alive, it punches
the heart.

CUT TO:

40 INT. DUBLIN POLICE STATION. STAIRCASE. LATE AFTERNOON 40

A dingy staircase heading to the basement. Rob goes down,
his feet echoing up the stairwell.

CUT TO:

40A INT. DUBLIN POLICE STATION. RECORDS DEPARTMENT. CONTINUOUS 40A *

The basement in darkness, the light source by the door makes
the shadows even deeper. Rob unlocks the cage and turns on
the lights with flip on down the stacks with a thump and a
hum... Pools of light and dark shadows and the shelves full
of evidence boxes... *

45A.

Rob takes the piece of paper with the case reference number
and goes into the stacks to search and stops. *

The lights buzz, the passages between the stacks stretching
back into the shadows.. So ordinary but taut with
significance. *

And a moment when something flickers tautly across Rob's
face, that once he goes into the sacks and opens these boxes,
there'll be no turning back. This is the Rubicon and he
knows it. *

Hold the moment... *

Rob composes himself, he checks the number on the piece of
paper and heads up the stacks in search of Knocknaree '85. *

CUT TO: *

41 INT. DUBLIN POLICE STATION. RECORDS DEPT. LATE AFTERNOON 41

A gloomy, low-ceilinged basement. Shelving stacked with boxes of files and evidence, stretching away. It's claustrophobic, badly lit, sallow pools 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 dim light. He has a manila folder under his arm. Finds what he's looking for.. Evidence boxes. Old labels on them 'Knocknaree, 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 Knocknaree 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. Crime 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. Jamie. 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 Jamie'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. Plimsolls. Socks. Jeans. T-shirt.

And now we see that the inside of the cheap plimsolls 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 Jamie's sharp mercurial mischief at the head of two empty tables and Adam's 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 Jamie'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. Hoarding for MALLIN/DAVIS CONSTRUCTION. Gimcrack apartments. Hoarding 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 milky pious faces. The whirr and discordant melodies of the windchimes. Beyond is the Devlin's house. A Cindy-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:

44 INT. KNOCKNAREE ESTATE. DEVLIN HOUSE. NIGHT 44

All dark.

In Jonathan and Margaret's bedroom, Margaret is heavily asleep, her face pressed into the pillows. There are blister packs of pills on her bedside table, a glass of water. Jonathan lies awake, staring at the ceiling. After a moment he gets up and pads silently out of the bedroom, the door hushes open, Margaret doesn't stir.

On the landing, he opens the door to Katy and Jessica's bedroom. Streetlight coming through the window, both beds are empty. The stark emptiness of Katy's bed.

And he turns to another door and gently opens it.

Rosalind's bedroom. Too dark for us to see much except for the sense of clinical neatness. Both Rosalind and Jessica are in the same bed, Rosalind with her arm protectively over sleeping Jessica. The multi-coloured unicorn on the bedside table, keeping watch. A small, old fashioned alarm clock ticking softly.

Jonathan stands in the doorway, watching them. Their backs to him, the sound of their breathing.

And on Rosalind, her face turned away from him, her eyes open. Listening, acutely attuned to the extra person in the room, the extra weight on the floor, almost holding her breath...

And Jonathan silently withdraws, the door pulled to. Rosalind hugs Jessica tighter to her.

The blandly watching eyes of the toy unicorn, the little clock ticks louder and louder-

CUT TO:

45 EXT. 'A' ROAD. COUNTRY LANE. NIGHT 45

A few cars hiss by on the road, headlights flashing in the darkness. Trudging along the side of the road is Shane. He carries a tin of paint.

CUT TO:

46 INT. ROB'S PLACE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 46

A lamp on. The room is plain in the extreme, nothing to personalise it or soften its box-like dimensions.

48.

Rob is asleep. On the bed beside him are folders of interviews and statements from the '85 Knocknaree 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 INT. 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 mess 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 INT. ROB'S PLACE. BATHROOM. NIGHT

48

The bathroom is full of women'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 INT. ROB'S PLACE. KITCHEN. NIGHT 50

A smart, brushed chrome kitchen, although there's something gimcrack 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 wine 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 a bag of frozen peas and holds it against the back of his neck. Opens the fridge. There's cartons of milk labelled H or R. Everything in there is labelled. Like a student house. Nearly everything is labelled H. Rob picks up a carton of juice 'H' and shuts the fridge door, jumping a mile-

ROB
Jesus, Heather!

Behind the fridge door is HEATHER, late 20s, pretty, petite, in her cami pjs, hair bundled up.

HEATHER
You woke me up. You know I'm a light sleeper.

ROB
Sorry.

He doesn't mean it and she knows it. Heather keeps watching him. Rob watches her. A silence that goes on a little bit too long.

ROB (CONT'D)
Something you want, Heather?

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. D'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 H?

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.
(MORE)

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, louring building. A discreet sign for the 'Mortuary
and Examinations'. Cassie and Rob take long drags on
cigarettes, psyching themselves up. They look round as
Quigley approaches.

QUIGLEY

O'Kelly wanted me to come. Report
straight back to him. If it's, you
know-

ROB

(imitation of O'Kelly) The feckin'
paedos. Nice that he's let you out
of the building.

QUIGLEY

He wants Cooper to tell him I puked
up so he can laugh at me. He's a
bastard.

Rob and Cassie put their cigarettes out. Head in.

CASSIE

Just breathe through your mouth,
Quigley.

They head in, Quigley already looking green.

CUT TO:

53

INT. 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:

54

INT. MORTUARY. MORGUE EXAMINATION ROOM. DAWN

54

Bright white light bouncing off tiled walls and floors. Steel tables. COOPER, 50s the pathologist, pedantic, fussy. A gallows humour. Cassie, Rob and Quigley, taut, professional faces. Rob has his hands clasped behind his back, Cassie her arms folded, Quigley has his hands in his pockets, face pinched as Cooper points out the injuries. Katy is covered with a sheet but her head and feet are showing. Her scalp is ready to be rolled back to show skull injury. Her feet are a dancer's feet, bony, high-arched, bruised, calloused, precisely placed plasters round blistered toes. Cooper's voice rings in the tiled acoustic, water runs somewhere, sluicing away the fluids that have drained out of Katy.

54.

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 (CONT'D)

Two blows with an object of considerable weight.

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

COOPER (CONT'D)

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

Quigley 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 Quigley, that's how to behave at a postmortem. Professional control. Pertinent questions.

Quigley 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 (CONT'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. Knocknaree 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 low table 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:

59

INT. OLD PEOPLE'S HOME. MORNING

59

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.

In the lounge, Clare in her bright pinny is plumping cushions on chairs. She sees Rob in the doorway with his flowers and smiles. It's a little nervous, hopeful, she loves him so much but perhaps she is a tiny bit scared of him. Perhaps he's a bit scared of her.

ROB

Hello, Mum.

CLARE

Hello, Adam.

CUT TO:

60

EXT. KNOCKNAREE WOODS. NIGHT. FLASHBACK

60

A full, fat August moon. Light ripples down into the dark trees. We hear panicked, harsh breathing.

Adam clings to a tree. His fingertips deep in the bark. His face pressed tight to it, his head and neck at a strained, painful angle. His eyes wide and white with terror, unblinking. He shudders. His plimsolls are darkened with blood that's seeped into the canvas from inside. Blood dribbles and oozes from the laceholes. His yellow t-shirt is tight across his back. Three slashes in the material.

Loping towards him, yellow eyes and questing snout and hot red mouth... A wolf. It pauses, taking him in... Head up to sniff his scent... Pads closer and closer... sniffing him... Adam draws in his breath and screams and screams and screams...

And the wolf sits back on its haunches, raises its head to the moon and howls and bays...

And we see it's not a wolf at all. It's a German Shepherd, a Garda search and rescue dog, wearing its official harness. Adam screams. The dog howls. The woods gather themselves... And wait.

END EPISODE.

59.