

INT. CRÁINN ARSA GARDA STATION - LATER

Noah stands in the cramped and decrepit garda station office, a wilting vase of marigolds sits on a table. There are three other occupants: SERGEANT BRADY (50's), a balding, bulbous and bushy-armed man; GARDA FINNEGAN (20's), an elephant-eared man with a crooked nose tossing peanuts into his gob and GARDA HICKEY (20's), a timid mouse of a man cowering in the corner with a sizable birthmark on his neck.

A ringing akin to shell shock buzzes in Noah's ears. Noah is eyeing Brady with expectancy whilst Brady returns one of nonchalance, moving his lips in a robotic way.

SERGEANT BRADY

-So no can do.

Noah is taken aback and his face drops.

NOAH

What do you mean 'no can do'?

Sergeant Brady leans forward and arches his hands.

SERGEANT BRADY

Some of you Yanks speak a bit of Mexican, don't ye? Want me to translate?

Without looking up, Garda Finnegan chimes in while still tossing up peanuts ... and missing.

GARDA FINNEGAN

Think they call it Portuguese, Mick.

A peanut is sent skyward and hits Finnegan in the eye. Dead-eyed, Brady doesn't pay Finnegan any heed.

SERGEANT BRADY

That'll be enough, Garda Finnegan.  
Now as I was yelling ye, Mr. Taylor,  
we can't release any files on ongoing investigations.

(pause)

Even if it is for family.

Distraught and agitated, Noah brushes his hair back and he tries to carefully compose his next sentence.

NOAH

This is my sister. Our *dad* is in critical care and if something goes wrong I can't let the disappearance of his daughter be one of the last things on his mind. Especially when you've yet to provide a single update in two months. You expect me to sit back when she might be trapped in some sick fuck's basement!

Brady's eyes remain hardened and stern but his tone and body language soften.

SERGEANT BRADY

Rest assured, Mr Taylor, we're doing the best we can; searching the woods, neighboring towns, the city. We've put out appeals and taken witness statements. We're spread thin as is but we're trying. No sense in losing your head, running off and getting yourself in a twist. These things take time.

Noah opens his mouth to say something harsh, however, he contains himself and stands up abruptly.

His eyes are filled with acrimony; when his line of sight meets Hickey, Hickey shies away and he returns to his work. Noah's hostility locks onto Brady.

NOAH

(sarcasm)

Thanks. You've all been a great help. I can see you're all hard at work. I have total faith.

Hickey appears pained and Brady is exasperated.

GARDA FINNEGAN

You're welcome.

Finnegan appears to have been barely listening to the conversation.

Frustrated, Noah storms off to the exit.

SERGEANT BRADY

Mr. Taylor!

He stops.

SERGEANT BRADY (cont'd)  
Just 'cause she hasn't been found  
doesn't mean she's dead or lost to  
time.

Without bothering to even face Brady, Noah poises himself.

NOAH  
And if she's never found, she might  
as well be.

Noah leaves, slamming the door behind him.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GARDA STATION - CONTINUOUS

Noah stops just outside the station, grinding his teeth. He pulls out his lighter and a cigarette and attempts to light it to no avail.

NOAH  
STUPID FUCKING-

Whipping around, he goes to toss the lighter but he freezes and his eyes shift to the Garda car parked outside.

Painted in red across the hood of the car is 'THE DEVIL'S WHORE WILL BE BROUGHT TO LIGHT'. Noah checks his surroundings but no one is in the vicinity. A tinge of disquiet in his eyes, he totters off - the cigarette still hanging from his mouth.

INT. NOAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

One towel around his waist and one drying his dripping wet hair, Noah comes out of the bathroom after having taken a shower. Heavy rain is belting down at this stage and the wind is cleaving the air in a fierce howl.

From the window, Noah can see people below filing into the bar - one of which is Fiona accompanied by a cohort of women who rush in from the rain. Noah takes the hair towel, hangs it around his neck and he pauses biting his bottom lip. Drifting downwards, his eyes meet the photo frame from earlier. Snapped from his stupor, he belts himself with a heavy slap. He walks over to his bed and examines a series of correspondences and newspaper clippings.

One reads: 'Search Begins for Cork Woman After Vanishing From Family Home' and is dated October 26th, 1975. There is a photo of a typical middle-aged Irish woman, nothing unusual.

Another article headline from 1977 reads: 'Patient in Our Lady's Hospital Cork Found Dead From Tongue Laceration'. In the accompanying photo, it displays orderlies cleaning spatters of blood on a wall - the blood starkly standing out in the black and white photo.

Knock, knock! Noah jumps and swiftly hides his collection.

MEABH

Hello, Noah? Are you decent?

NOAH

Just a moment.

INT. NOAH'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A clothed Noah answers the door to Meabh. In her hands, Meabh is holding a clasped manila envelope. She presents it to Noah who accepts it.

MEABH

That's for you, pet.

NOAH

What is it?

MEABH

Haven't a baldy. It was left at one of the tables, no name or nothing.

Noah studies and weighs it in bewilderment.

MEABH (cont'd)

(waggish)

Hope you've been keeping your nose clean. Can't be harboring criminals above my establishment - bad for business, y'know.

He cracks a smile and weighs the envelope's contents. He places it on the cabinet.

NOAH

Needn't worry, Meabh. I'm as pure as the driven snow.

MEABH

Good to hear, can't be out gallivanting especially when you have a woman waiting on ya downstairs.

NOAH

A woman? What she look like?

MEABH

You'll have to come down to find that  
out for yourself, pet.

(winks and waves)

See ya in a bit then.

Meabh leaves.

Noah wanders to the mirror to keenly check his complexion and his hair. Noah eyes the materials on the bed. He lightly thumps the wall.

Noah sits down on the bed and opens the envelope. Inside is a series of files with a note attached.

NOTE: "Dead gods are buried in the church. They're ignorance and lies will be the death of us. Signed, Your Friend."

A dumbfounded titter escapes Noah's mouth. Flipping through the files, there is a crumpled community photo from 1975, half-burnt police records, a map with a red circle around a church, and a photocopied case file for Rachael. There are few updates and no indication of progress in her case.

NOAH

(mutters)

Lying bastard.

His jaw slides back and forth. Noah organizes the files in chronological order, his eyes particularly drawn to the c

INT. THE WOODSMAN - LATER

The downstairs of The Woodsman is packed; there is plenty of candlelight, and karaoke machine and monitor set up on a dais in one of the corners. The attendees are boisterous and fuddled - a healthy mix of young and old.

Noah descends as one of the carousers performs a rough rendition of 'The Killing Moon' by Echo & The Bunnymen. His eyes scour over the crowd and there are familiar faces. Elle and Gabriel are in a booth. Gabriel is chatting up a girl in a beret, ANGELA (late 20's), and Elle is awkwardly distanced nursing on her drink; additionally Fiona is at a table accompanied by friends near the dais.

Garda Finnegan is having pints with Padraig, who is dressed in traditional farmer clothing and a paddy cap with a face as hard as stone. The mood of the conversation appears taut, Finnegan's movements are animated but Padraig's in contrast are calculated and sparse.

At the bar, Meabh - along with another bartender - notice Noah. Her head inclines indicating over to one of the tables and she winks. That table is Elle and Gabriel's. A pint slides across the bar over to Noah. Meabh indicates with her index finger to Fiona's table.

Turning his attention from the pint to Meabh to then Fiona, Noah realizes Fiona has been staring at him. She holds one hand up and the other in an L-shape; the former hand twists down ("Later").

Noah nods. He grabs his pint and heads over to Elle and Gabriel. Frankie stumbles into him almost knocking his pint. Someone attempts to stabilize Frankie but he shoves them away. Finnegan seems ready to intervene but Padraig stops him. Frankie haphazardly crosses through the door and when he does a gale-force blast blusters into the pub.

However, the wind doesn't die down, it's almost like it's outside and the strength of the wind is building to a piercing howl.

Passing Fiona, she gives him a coy beam.

Now there's the sound of rain.

A bored Elle becomes elated at the sight of Noah, and Gabriel breaks away from his squeeze to welcome him.

A thunderous roar joins the chorus.

The table is lively. Noah plops down beside Elle and she hugs him. They joke and banter. Noah takes a swig of his pint before Gabriel gives him a shot glass. In unison, they all gulp down shots. The glasses hit the table with a bang.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Rain is pelting down and engorging the streets as Frankie braves the harsh winds. He pulls out a naggin, realizes it's empty and lobs it across the street.

KILLER POV:

The Killer walks down the street in pursuit of Frankie. They're wearing a wine raincoat, black leather gloves and are holding a Bowie knife.

BACK TO SCENE

Frankie, looking akin to a drowned rat, arrives at the edge of town.

A murder of crows swoops in behind Frankie, frightening him. Anxious, Frankie checks his rear where the Killer would be. However, nobody is there.

Walking on, he trips over a pothole and stumbles forward. Prone on the ground, he attempts to get up.

A boot presses on Frankie's back.

Frankie groans in pain. He wriggles out from under the boot and when he flips himself over and the anger on his face melts away to fear. He looks down and sees the knife.

Frankie starts backing away. The Killer pursues and Frankie begins speeding up.

Before Frankie has the chance to stand, the Killer stamps down with full force on Frankie's ankle. Frankie's scream is muffled by a boom of thunder. His ankle is dislocated.

Desperately clambering to his feet, Frankie limps into the forest.

EXT. THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Frankie is brushing past branches and bushes, leaning for support wherever he can. However, the woods are incredibly dark. His breathing is becoming labored, he's coated in sweat and an acute expression of pain marks his face.

Once again he checks behind him - nothing.

He has a misstep and all of a sudden, Frankie is propelled into the air as his injured foot is caught in a rope snare. His broken ankle is snapped back into place and he unleashes a blood curdling scream.

The rain continues to pour and he is choking on the raindrops that are running down his face.

FRANKIE

(blubbering)

You fucking daemons! You whoreson  
dogs all of ye!! God's light will  
make known your black hearts!!!

He reaches for the rope but an arrow shoots out from the darkness and perforates Frankie's hand. He attempts to remove it before another shoots out and hits him in the back. Then another hits him in the leg followed by two in the stomach, one in the shoulder, another in the back then a final one whizzes by and pierces one of his lungs.

In the darkness, it is hard to tell the direction from which they were all shot as Frankie swivels in the trap.

The Killer re-emerges from the pitch black moments after the final arrow. Frankie is gasping for air as blood spews from his mouth; he begins convulsing. The Killer is face-to-face with Frankie and tugs at his face to keep him still.

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
(choking)  
*Mallacht ... Dé ort ...*

They slowly lift the knife to Frankie's cheek. Then the Killer violently jerks the knife into the air.

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
(gasping)  
*Nár chuire ... Dia ar do leas ...*  
*THÚ!*

His hand holds for a moment before plunging the knife.

INT. THE WOODSMAN - MORNING

Noah jerks up his head up off the ground only for it to hit the bottom of a table. Light shines through the pub's windows. It's clean and vacant.

Shielding his eyes, Noah massages his head. When he tries to move, both his hands move to his temples. Licking his parched lips, he cautiously rises from the ground and plops himself on the nearest table and chair. Noah's face sours as he pulls a long hair from his mouth. As he does so, he notices that his clothes are stained in dirt and wrinkled.

A door swings open in the back of the pub and out comes Meabh carrying a plate and a mug.

MEABH  
Awake, O sleeper, and arise from the dead.

Noah raises his head, light hits his eye and he immediately shields them again. Meabh sets the plate and mug at the bar and Noah, half-blind covering one eye, staggers over.

NOAH  
What time is it?

MEABH  
Just after ten o'clock, pet.



Sitting down, Noah looks at the meal of sausage, bacon, fried eggs, toast and coffee then quickly covers his mouth. Meabh sets down a knife, fork plus a glass of water.

MEABH (cont'd)  
You should know that the best cure  
for a hangover is big, dirty fry.  
None of that sugary, processed  
American shite.

Meabh goes to clean some glasses whilst Noah, at first, picks at his food but then digs into it.

MEABH (cont'd)  
Her cuisine is limited but she has as  
good an idea of breakfast as a  
Scotchman.

Noah pauses to take a gulp of coffee.

NOAH  
The Naval Treaty, right?

MEABH  
It's always a pleasure to have  
another Conan Doyle fan under this  
roof. My husband was a lecturer in  
Victorian fiction in Cork Univesity  
so the house is chock full of books.

NOAH  
My mom would read my sister and I  
Holmes as bedtime stories when we  
were young.

MEABH  
Does your ma live here in the West or  
across the pond with ye?

NOAH  
My mom passed from cancer when I was  
in my teens.

MEABH  
My husband went the same way three  
years ago, prostate cancer.

Noah raises his mug.

NOAH  
Cancer's a bitch.

Meabh raises a pint glass of water.

MEABH

Without a shadow of a doubt.

Noah finishes the rest of his coffee.

Meabh stares at him a moment while he eats. Her expression is one of worry and she eyes the door then back to him.

MEABH (cont'd)

Listen, pet, I went to leave fresh towels and bog roll in your room and ... that young lady in that frame is your sister, isn't it?

Noah perks up and his eyes widen.

NOAH

Look if you know anything, please ...

MEABH

She came by here weeks ago. I only caught her for a mo but she was around asking a heap of questions. Asking about skeletons best left in the closet.

Pressing on the table, he launches forward.

NOAH

Why? What happened?

(desperate tone)

If you can tell me anything, anything at all-

She raises a finger to her lips. She pauses.

MEABH

I know ye don't want to be hearing this, but it's for everyone's best interest that this thing be left alone. One week she was here, the next ... I don't know. You don't know what you're getting yourself into, she should've-

Noah jumps from his seat.

NOAH

(aggressive)

Look if you know something-

The entrance to the bar flings open. A woman with an old-fashioned hairstyle and a cardigan as long as her, CATHY (early 60's), stands at the door holding onto the frame, huffing and puffing. Meabh's head jerks back.

MEABH

Cathy, love, what's the matter? You training for Olympics?

The woman named Cathy stands there trying to catch her breath and through ragged breathing says:

CATHY

It's Frankie ... he was ... found dead last night .... Oh Meabh, it's horrible.

Meabh's face turns white.

MEABH

(under her breath)

Jesus Christ.

CATHY

Senan wants all of us down at the town hall in an hour for an emergency meeting ... Meabh I don't-

Cathy begins getting weepy and Meabh rushes to Cathy putting an arm around her shoulder.

MEABH

C'mon, we'll go down now and you can take a breather. Collect your thoughts and compose yourself before the meeting.

Through tearful sobs, Cathy says something to Meabh that Noah can't hear. Meabh's attention turns to Noah.

MEABH (cont'd)

Senan, the town committee leader, says he wants you down there too. D'ya mind meeting us down there?

NOAH

(skeptical)

Of course, no problem.

MEABH

Thanks pet, talk later. Close up on the way out; keys are under the ceramic duck. C'mon now, Cathy.