

**SAY NOTHING**

Part Nine

*'The People in the Dirt'*

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Based on the book by  
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## **TEASER**

### **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT (2001)**

The red light in Mackers' digital recorder glows. Recording.

A series of TIGHT SHOTS creates a moment of anticipation:

- The ashtray full of cigarettes, one stub still smoking.
- The lipstick-stained rim of a wine glass.
- The microphone poised and ready.

Finally we cut to --

Dolours. She gazes out the window, staring off. Then she turns towards us, speaking matter-of-fact:

DOLOURS AGE 50

The orders were always simple.

(beat)

I would get a call. I'd be told I  
had a job. Sometimes I knew them.  
Sometimes I didn't.

Mackers stares back in silence, giving her space. Dolours drags on her cigarette. Finally ready to talk about Jean.

DOLOURS AGE 50

I'd never heard of Jean  
McConville. I wasn't there when  
she was taken.

SMASH TO:

### **INT. BATHROOM, MCCONVILLE FLAT - NIGHT (1972)**

The night of the kidnapping.

A door flies open. Two masked men storm into Jean's bathroom. She ducks down, cowering in her bathrobe.

JEAN MCCONVILLE

Stay back --

The intruders roughly haul Jean out.

### **EXT. OUTDOOR HALLWAY, DIVIS FLATS - NIGHT (1972)**

A group of masked men and women escort Jean down the hall. We're aware that many of them are her neighbors.

DOLOURS AGE 50 (V.O.)

She was arrested at Divis Flats,  
and charged with informing to the  
British.

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT (2001)**

Back on Dolours Age 50. Confessing her role.

DOLOURS AGE 50  
That's when I was brought in...

**INT. VAN - NIGHT (1972)**

A photo of JEAN MCCONVILLE slides towards us. Dolours sits in the back of a van, staring down at it in silence.

WEE PAT (O.S.)  
She's to be taken down the South.

Pat McClure sits across from her. A slant of yellow light knifing through the window.

WEE PAT  
Get her over the border, into  
Dundalk. The boys'll handle the  
rest.

Dolours stares at Jean's picture. Heavy silence.

DOLOURS  
Is she one of the Cumann women  
then?

WEE PAT  
She's a civilian. An informer.

Dolours looks up.

DOLOURS  
And -- sorry -- why's it being done  
this way??

WEE PAT  
What d'you mean why?

DOLOURS  
Why not leave her body in the  
street? Put the fear of god into  
people.

WEE PAT  
(bit annoyed)  
I dunno, Dolours. I didn't ask.

DOLOURS  
Surely that's more effective? That  
informants are *seen* to be dead?

WEE PAT  
Look I don't disagree, but --

DOLOURS  
I want to talk to Gerry.

WEE PAT  
You can't talk to Gerry.

DOLOURS  
(soft but firm)  
This isn't the way to be doing it,  
Pat.

WEE PAT  
(resigned)  
Well this is the way it's being  
done, Dolours. So it's the way it's  
being done.

On Dolours. Uttering a little sigh. Following orders.

**EXT. IRISH BORDER / ROAD - NIGHT**

A car WHIPS past the Irish Border. Headlights bobbing down  
the dark road.

**INT. DOLOURS' CAR - NIGHT**

The engine rumbles. Jean McConville sits in back, in near-  
total darkness, staring out at the tall grass.

JEAN  
So, where are you taking me?

Up front, Dolours drives. Unlike our other car rides, she's  
not chatty or bubbly. Now she doesn't want to talk at all.

DOLOURS  
The Legion of Mary.

JEAN  
They'll be taking care of me?

DOLOURS  
Mm-hmm.

They drive in silence.

JEAN  
Will my children be brought to me?

Dolours looks in the rearview. She didn't know Jean had kids.

DOLOURS  
Your children?

JEAN  
Is someone with them?

DOLOURS

Aye.

JEAN

(bit stronger)

Will my children be brought to me?

DOLOURS

I'm sure they'll sort it out.

An awful silence.

Jean starts to cough. A hacking, phlegmy cough.

JEAN

Have ye a handkerchief? My nose is running.

Dolours turns her head. Talking to some UNSEEN PERSON in the passenger seat.

DOLOURS

Have you got a handkerchief?

SMASH TO:

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT (2001)**

Mackers looks at Dolours Age 50. Confused, curious...

MACKERS

Hold on, hold on. Who else was in the car with you?

Dolours deflects, feigning casualness.

DOLOURS AGE 50

Just another volunteer.

**INT. DOLOURS' CAR - NIGHT (1972)**

Back on Dolours, driving. She looks to the passenger seat.

DOLOURS

Marian, give her your hanky.

Marian's sitting beside her. Dolours is protecting her identity.

Marian fishes a handkerchief out. Gives it to Jean.

MARIAN

You can keep it.

**EXT. DOLOURS' CAR - NIGHT (1972)**

The car curves round a bend. Starting to slow down...

**INT. DOLOURS' CAR - NIGHT (1972)**

Dolours slows the car. Her headlights shining on THREE MEN by the roadside. A hill rising beside them, covered in wild grass. We can feel the ocean nearby.

Dolours pulls up and parks. Killing the engine.

**EXT. ROAD - NIGHT (1972)**

No sound but the wind blowing the grass. Dolours steps out of the car and opens the back door. Metal creaks.

Jean emerges. Looking out, seeing the huddle of men. Ominous.

She glances back at Dolours.

Dolours tries to smile, but it doesn't reach her eyes.

DOLOURS  
These men'll be taking you the rest  
of the way.

A tense beat.

Then Jean starts moving. The men ushering her into their car. She looks back one last time. One final ambiguous look.

Dolours holds her gaze. Then Jean gets in the car.

Stay on Dolours, watching in silence as the car drives off.

MARIAN  
She didn't even run.

DOLOURS  
They never run.

Dolours just stands there. Numb.

MATCH TO:

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT (2001)**

Dolours Age 50. Staring at us. She looks forlorn, a mirror of her younger self.

Mackers leans in, pressing for more.

MACKERS  
So you drive Jean over the  
border. Who do you leave her  
with?

DOLOURS  
A gun crew. Four men in a car.

MACKERS  
(softly)  
Can you tell us the names of the  
men who were there that night?

Dolours glances at the tape player.

DOLOURS  
Turn that off, would you.

A tense look between them. A held breath.

Mackers reaches over and -- *click* -- turns off the recorder.

SMASH TO BLACK.

### END OF TEASER

### ACT I

#### **INT. BATHROOM, DOLOURS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

The medicine cabinet swings open. We see the PILL BOTTLES inside. Dozens of them, all lined up like a little pharmacy.

Some have labels scribbled in ink. One bottle marked *Pain*. One marked *Sleep*.

Hold on Dolours. Beginning her pill routine.

#### **INT. KITCHEN, MARIAN'S HOUSE - DAY**

The Proclamation of IRISH INDEPENDENCE hangs on the wall.

NEWS VOICE (O.S.)  
Cold. Blooded. Murder.

Mushrooms SIZZLE in a pan. Marian is frying up breakfast. Wearing a sensible blouse and pearls, now looking more like a school-teacher than a revolutionary.

NEWS VOICE (O.S.)  
Those were the words used by police  
to describe last night's shooting  
at Massereene Army Barracks...

A little TV in the corner is softly playing the NEWS. We see bodies in sheets. The aftermath of some attack.

NEWS VOICE (O.S.)  
The attack, both vicious and sloppy,  
claimed the lives of not only two  
British soldiers, but also a pizza  
delivery man who was caught in the  
crossfire...

ON TV: An image of one of the VICTIMS -- a smiling man in a pizza delivery uniform.

MARIAN  
Girls! Breakfast!

NEWS VOICE (O.S.)  
The IRA splinter group, which  
claimed responsibility stated that  
the longstanding peace agreement --

Marian's teenage daughters burst in. Arguing.

DAUGHTER ONE  
Give it back, you!

DAUGHTER TWO  
Can you please just chill?

DAUGHTER ONE  
Ma, she keeps stealing my black bra  
and getting deodorant on it.

Marian puts their plates down with a shrug.

MARIAN  
That bra's too small for you anyway.

DAUGHTER TWO  
That's what I said!

MARIAN  
(flip)  
You got all the tits in this  
family.

DAUGHTER ONE  
(aghast)  
Mom!

Hey!

DAUGHTER TWO

DAUGHTER ONE  
You can't compare our bodies like  
that. It's shaming!

MARIAN  
I don't think I said anything  
controversial.

Marian puts the hot pan in the sink. Runs it in cold water.  
We rack focus THROUGH THE STEAM to see --

OUT THE WINDOW

Four FIGURES IN BLACK are moving in tight formation across her lawn.

It's the police. Wearing kevlar, holding a battering ram.



Marian gazes out. Lets out a tiny sigh. Not exactly surprised.

MARIAN  
Get you upstairs, girls.

DAUGHTER ONE  
Why? What's wrong?

MARIAN  
(matter of fact)  
I'm going to be arrested.

As the first sounds of the POLICE RAID fill the air -- the door splintering, dogs barking, the police all shouting --

POLICE VOICES (O.S.)  
Down / Down / On the floor --  
(a voice rings out)  
Marian Price?!

We stay on Marian. Standing there in her pearls. Silent.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PARKING LOT, ARMAGH PRISON - DAY**

9am. A shiny Mercedes SUV pulls into the prison parking lot. Through the tinted window, we can make out an ELEGANT FIGURE inside. Wearing a fur coat, big chunky glasses.

The car door opens. One dainty foot steps out. Then the other. The shoes don't match.

Pan up to see Dolours Price (50s). Drunk, tottering towards the prison in fur and mismatched flats.

**INT. VISITING ROOM, ARMAGH PRISON - DAY**

Dolours stares at us. Glasses off, eyes rimmed in black mascara.

DOLOURS  
What the fuck did you do?

Across from her, Marian wears an orange prison jumpsuit. She looks awful. Her hair's sweaty and stuck to her forehead. Flakes of psoriasis creep out from her hairline.

MARIAN  
Nothing.

DOLOURS  
(annoyed)  
Mar...

MARIAN  
(a shrug)  
I bought them the phones.

DOLOURS  
The phones for the job?

MARIAN  
For the gunmen, yeah.

DOLOURS  
(disappointed)  
You fucking eejit.

Marian scratches her neck, frustrated.

MARIAN  
At least *I'm* out there trying to  
fix things --

DOLOURS  
By shooting the fucking Domino's  
guy?? He wasn't even British!

MARIAN  
(firm, robotic)  
Sometimes in war there's collateral  
damage.

Dolours exhales. So frustrated.

DOLOURS  
Except we're not, in actual fact,  
at war, are we?

MARIAN  
(scoffs)  
The war doesn't stop just cause  
Gerry Adams says it does.

Dolours gives her sister a forlorn look. Touches her hand.

DOLOURS  
Marian my love. It's over. We lost.

Frosty silence between them.

DOLOURS  
Anyway...  
(softer)  
If you want to get to Gerry. There  
are better ways, you know...

MARIAN  
The fuck you talking about?

Dolours waits for a GUARD to pass. Lowers her voice, nervous.

DOLOURS  
I've been doing this little  
project. With Brendan Hughes. I'm  
not supposed to talk about it --

MARIAN  
Okay...

DOLOURS  
But I'm telling you.

She MOUTHS the words, very careful -- SWITCHING TO IRISH.

DOLOURS (IN IRISH)  
*I'm recording tapes.*

Marian looks back. Stunned.

MARIAN (IN IRISH)  
*Of what?*

Dolours whispers IN ENGLISH:

DOLOURS  
The truth of what happened.

Marian looks at her sister, suddenly very worried.

MARIAN  
Don't be insane.

Dolours is already emotional. She sounds a little manic --

DOLOURS  
Honestly Mar. It is the most free  
that I have felt in years. We're  
going to take down Gerry Adams,  
Mar, the whole phony lot.

MARIAN  
(frightened)  
Dolours Price, you are going to get  
yourself arrested or shot.

Dolours gives her a faint smile.

DOLOURS  
Nobody knows. That's the brilliant  
bit. Nothing comes out til after  
you're dead...

CUT TO:

**INT. BRENDAN'S FLAT, BELFAST - DAY**

Brendan Hughes, seen in silhouette. Putting on his jacket, grabbing a tool belt. Getting ready for a day's work.

**EXT. BELFAST STREET - DAY**

A MURAL of young Brendan Hughes. Our younger actor gazes down from a gable wall -- heroic, an icon. Below his image are the words: *Soldiers of our past, heroes of our future.*

Brendan (now 60) ambles past. A stooped old man with the tool-belt over his shoulder.

The streets around him, once a war-zone, are swept clean. A Catholic GRANDMOTHER calls out from across the street.

GRANDMOTHER  
Morning, Brendan!

BRENDAN  
(squinting)  
Bout ye, Missus McKissick!

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY**

A jackhammer POUNDS. Brendan comes up a ladder, huffing and puffing, a stack of RED BRICKS on his shoulder. He's a hod carrier, hauling the backbreaking load over a scaffolding.

The aging revolutionary is now working construction.

Brendan starts struggling with his load. Two guys from D-Company follow in hard hats, chattering away. Oblivious.

D-COMPANY MAN  
Should I get a tattoo of a cobra, or a cross? I was kinda thinking I'd go for the cross, dead body and all --

JIMMY  
I got the Virgin on my back. She's got my ex-wife's face on her, but I still get a lot of compliments.

They dump their bricks in a stack. Brendan coughing red dust.

D-COMPANY MAN  
You got any tattoos, Dark?

BRENDAN  
No. But I was tempted once or twice when I was in the navy.

D-COMPANY MAN  
You were in the navy, Dark?

BRENDAN  
The merchant navy. Not the navy navy.

JIMMY  
You wear a British uniform??

All eyes on Brendan. He just shrugs.

BRENDAN  
Aye, I did.

D-COMPANY MAN  
Get to fuck.

BRENDAN  
I was eighteen! I didn't know no better.

JIMMY  
(slagging him)  
Did you have the little brass buttons then --

BRENDAN  
I had buttons. I had the boots.  
(grins, adjusts his hard hat)  
I had a beret I wore at a jaunty wee angle --

D-COMPANY MAN  
This is melting my head.

Brendan lights up a cigarette. Puts his arms on the railing. He's tired, needs a moment before the next load.

BRENDAN  
Those were some of my fondest memories actually...  
(takes a drag)  
Anyway...Grab us a cup of coffee, would you Jim? I'm shattered today.

JIMMY  
You want me to fucking drink it for you as well?

Jimmy walks off, giving him a little salute.

As the men exit, we linger on Brendan. Looking out at Belfast, the streets where he once fought. The peace walls, the rows of red rooftops.

DOWN BELOW

Jimmy trots to the break tables. The scaffolding behind him. He pours two coffees. Takes a sip. Somewhere country music plays.

Behind him -- halfway out of focus -- FOUR BRICKS fall off the scaffolding and tumble to the ground.

Someone SHOUTS. A whistle BLOWS. Jimmy turns -- high up on the scaffolding, someone's fallen down.

JIMMY  
Dark -- ??

He starts to run.

OVERHEAD SHOT

We float above Brendan. He just collapsed. Knocking over a stack of bricks, one arm splayed off the side of the scaffolding. All the men looking up from below and shouting.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Muddy bootprints on a linoleum floor. A heart monitor BEEPS.

Now Brendan's in a coma. Huddled around him are Jimmy and five guys from D-Company. Sitting shiva in their construction gear.

They hear a SOFT KNOCK. Jimmy looks up --

There's Gerry Adams. Awkwardly holding grocery store flowers.

Jimmy eyeballs him. Everyone goes taut. Gerry opens his mouth --

JIMMY

We'll give youse a minute.

Jimmy rises. The men of D-Company follow suit. Filing one by one past Gerry and out of the room.

Gerry stands alone in the stark white room, holding his useless flowers.

He sits down by the bedside and takes Brendan's hand.

He looks down at his old friend, his eyes beginning to water.

CUT TO:

**INT. BRENDAN'S FLAT - DAY (2001)**

Brendan's interview. Brendan Age 50 stands by the window, turning to look at us. Opening up about his former friend.

BRENDAN AGE 50

Do you know what it took to put  
Gerry Adams in power?

(beat)

It's like getting a hundred people  
to push out this big boat, right?  
The boat's stuck in the sand. And  
you get them to push it out. And  
it's sailing off, leaving the  
people behind.

(beat)

That's the way I feel... The boat's  
away, sailing off on the high seas,  
with all the luxuries that it  
brings. And the people who launched  
the boat, they're left behind.  
Sitting in the fucking muck.

(MORE)

BRENDAN AGE 50 (CONT'D)  
And the dirt. And the shite. And  
the sand.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FALLS ROAD - DAY**

Arms clasping shoulders. We're in a huddle of SIX PALLBEARERS.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
One ... two ... *lift*.

The men of D-Company are lifting Brendan's COFFIN. Sending it  
on its last float down the Falls Road.

BY THE ROADSIDE

Dolours wears a black armband. Watching the funeral procession,  
lost in her thoughts. Mackers approaches, forlorn.

MACKERS  
Not a bad turnout today.

DOLOURS  
(solemn little sigh)  
Aye, well. He was loved.

She takes a sip of something from a paper cup.

NEAR THE COFFIN

A car door swings open, and a man steps out, adjusting his  
BLACK ARMBAND. It's Gerry Adams, gazing out at the mourners.

BACK ON DOLOURS

She squints. Sees Gerry pushing through the crowd. Making a  
beeline right for the coffin.

DOLOURS  
(horrified)  
What? ... No. The fucking cheek...

MACKERS  
Okay Dolours. Keep your voice down.

BY THE COFFIN

Gerry approaches the pallbearers. The men glance over, coffin  
on their shoulders, furious. He taps Jimmy on the shoulder.

Gerry is trying to get under the coffin.

Jimmy doesn't move. He keeps carrying his dead friend,  
furious. All the men GLOWER.

GERRY  
(whispers)  
Let's not be causing a scene now.

No one moves. Then Gerry actually squeezes his body under Brendan's coffin. Pushing Jimmy out.

BACK ON DOLOURS. She gasps --

DOLOURS  
This is a fucking hijacking!

Mackers glances around, nervous now. She's too loud.

MACKERS  
Dolours, keep your voice / down --

DOLOURS  
Brendan Hughes wanted that man dead!

People scowl at her, on edge. Mackers takes her by the arm.

MACKERS  
Come on. Let's walk.

**EXT. STAIRS - DAY**

Dolours and Mackers walk up a nearby flight of stairs, finding a quiet secluded spot.

DOLOURS  
It's fucking treason.

MACKERS  
I know.

DOLOURS  
It's *sick*. The way he spits in your face, and then tries to hand you the handkerchief.

MACKERS  
I know.

She leans in close to him, dropping her voice --

DOLOURS  
So em, Brendan's tape comes out tonight, then?

MACKERS  
(taken aback)  
*Oh*. No. Not tonight, Dolours. It's a whole process.

DOLOURS  
(disappointed)  
Ah.



He puts a hand on her shoulder, reassuring.

MACKERS

Nothing is going to be public for a long, long time. What matters is that the truth will come out eventually, yeah?

Dolours nods along, a strange little look on her face --

DOLOURS

(laughing it off)

You know me. I'm just impatient.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, DOLOURS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

A half-empty bottle of vodka. A heavy tumbler beside it.

Dolours' finger jabs at the phone. Calling someone.

**INT. REPORTERS' BULLPEN, IRISH NEWS - NIGHT**

The bullpen is dark and empty. A sign reads: THE IRISH NEWS

Someone's phone RINGS in the dark. An answering machine clicks.

ANSWERING MACHINE VOICE (O.S.)

You've reached the desk of Allison Morris at the Irish News ... Please leave your message after the tone.

DOLOURS'S VOICE (ANSWERING MACHINE)

Hello? Miss Morris? This is Dolours Price.

**INT. HALLWAY, DOLOURS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

Dolours walks, speaking quickly, phone to one ear.

DOLOURS (INTO PHONE)

You don't know me, we've never met, I'm not sure if you're aware of me, I was a member, well a fairly *prominent* member of the Irish Republican Army.

(takes a breath)

I guess you would know me from -- well, I bombed London.

**INT. KITCHEN, DOLOURS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Dolours crosses to the kitchen window, gazing out into the dark garden. Staring at someone maybe.

DOLOURS (INTO PHONE)  
In any case, I'd very much like for  
the two of us to speak...

We reverse to see her garden is dark and empty.

DOLOURS (INTO PHONE)  
It's about Jean McConville.

Hold on Dolours. Crossing the rubicon. Ready to go public.

**END OF ACT I**

**ACT II**

**EXT. DOLOURS' HOUSE - MORNING**

Morning. Joggers, sunshine, big bougie houses. A dented HONDA pulls up, parking next to Dolours' Mercedes.

**INT. BEDROOM, DOLOURS' HOUSE - MORNING**

A clock FLIPS to 10:01AM. Dolours lies passed out in bed.

*KNOCK-KNOCK.* Dolours lifts her head. She has a raging hangover. There are cups of all sizes on her bedside table.

AT THE WINDOW

She peeks out the curtain. Sees a WOMAN IN A BLAZER on her porch. Dolours shuts the curtain -- *What did I do last night?*

DOWNSTAIRS

Dolours opens the door. Sober, lucid, wearing a chenille scarf.

A middle-aged REPORTER (40s) is standing on her doorstep.

ALLISON MORRIS  
Hi, Allison Morris. Irish News.

She extends a hand. Dolours shakes it.

ALLISON MORRIS  
I'm not sure if it's still a good  
time? For the interview.

Dolours gives her a blank look.

ALLISON MORRIS  
You left me a message? Quite a few  
actually...

DOLOURS  
(then it clicks)  
Right! Yes.

ALLISON MORRIS  
But if this isn't a good time...

Dolours hesitates a split-second. Then she opens the door.

DOLOURS  
No no. This is perfect. Come in.

The reporter enters. Dolours shuts the door in our face.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM, DOLOURS' HOUSE - DAY**

Preparations. Tea pouring into cups. A recorder is set down.  
Dolours sits down in an old chair. The wood creaks.  
She looks out at the reporter. A moment of silence.

ALLISON MORRIS  
(friendly)  
So, tell me what you know about  
Jean McConville.

Dolours looks at her. Takes a breath.

DOLOURS  
She was an informer. Before she was  
taken, she'd been spotted at  
Hastings Street Barracks...

SMASH TO:

**INT. BOOKING ROOM, POLICE BARRACKS - NIGHT (1972)**

Days before the kidnapping. A door opens. One of Jean's  
kidnappers enters and steps towards us.

It's Intruder Two, she's in a POLICE LINEUP. A few IRA  
suspects behind her.

Intruder Two stands on a yellow line and looks out.

Hanging in the middle of the room is a long WHITE SHEET.  
Two eyes peering out from two small holes.

We can't tell who's behind the sheet.

DOLOURS (V.O.)  
She was reputed to be behind a blanket.

The kidnapper glances down --

Peeking out from behind the sheet is a pair of RED SLIPPERS.

The Kidnapper's face reveals nothing. She's pushed along.  
The next man steps up...

DOLOURS (V.O.)  
Suspects would be walked past, and  
Jean would say yes or no if they  
were IRA.

On the slippers. Fidgeting behind the sheet.

DOLOURS (V.O.)  
It was those slippers, you see,  
that led to her arrest...

**INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT**

TIGHT ON: Jean's red slippers. One of them has fallen off.  
Her legs are zip-tied to a chair.

INTRUDER FOUR (O.S.)  
Give us the name of your handler.

JEAN (O.S.)  
Me *what*?

Jean's in an abandoned house, interrogated by her neighbors.  
Intruder Four stands behind her. Intruder Two in front.

INTRUDER FOUR  
The fucking Brit, Jean. The one you  
been touting to.

JEAN  
Look, I *told* you --

INTRUDER TWO  
Did he give you money? Is that why  
you did it?

INTRUDER FOUR  
We know you've all them mouths to  
feed.

Jean looks at them, defiant.

JEAN  
I am not a tout.

DOLOURS (V.O.)  
I was told she confessed. That's  
when I was brought in...

BACK TO:

**INT. DOLOURS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)**

Older Dolours confessing to Allison. The reporter scribbling  
down notes as fast as she can.

DOLOURS

I was given orders by my commanding officer, a man called Pat, to take her down south and leave her with a gun crew.

Allison looks up from her pad, confused.

ALLISON MORRIS

And the men you left her with? The ones who pulled the trigger. What were their names?

DOLOURS

Oh, I don't know those men. I never knew those men.

ALLISON MORRIS

(scribbling)

So you finished the job and reported to who? Uh, Pat?

DOLOURS

No not Pat. Pat was no one. The man running the unit, the one giving the orders, that would've been Gerry Adams.

Allison leans forward. Her chair creaks.

ALLISON MORRIS

Can anyone else corroborate this? This man Pat --

DOLOURS

Pat's dead.

ALLISON MORRIS

Anyone else then?

Dolours takes a breath. Deciding to push it even further.

DOLOURS

Brendan Hughes.

ALLISON MORRIS

I don't understand...

Dolours looks at her. Somewhere, a phone starts to RING.

DOLOURS

Have you ever heard of something called The Belfast Project?

IN THE KITCHEN

The landline RINGS in its cradle. Dolours' SON (now 15) picks it up. He's eating take-out from a styrofoam container.

SON (INTO PHONE)

Hello?

INTERCUT. A PRISON HALLWAY.

Marian Price talks into a prison phone. Calling to check on her sister.

MARIAN (INTO PHONE)

Hey Danny. What about ye?

BACK ON DANNY. Listening to her talk for a moment.

SON

Nah she can't right now. She's doing an interview...

(beat, swallows)

Some lady from the Irish News.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

The interview is over, Dolours is showing Alison out. Just before the door opens, Allison turns --

ALLISON MORRIS

Can I ask one last question? Do you mind?

DOLOURS

I don't mind.

ALLISON MORRIS

The slippers that led to miss McConville's arrest? The ones peeking out from under the blanket.

DOLOURS

Yes?

ALLISON MORRIS

How did they know for sure they were Jean's? Was there anything special about them?

DOLOURS

Well they were red.

ALLISON MORRIS

(taken aback)

What do you mean? *Just* red?

DOLOURS

Aye, red, I was told.

ALLISON MORRIS

But couldn't -- forgive me -- couldn't any number of women in Belfast own a pair of red slippers?

(MORE)

ALLISON MORRIS (CONT'D)

I mean...

(she laughs, shocked)

My slippers are red. Truth be told.

DOLOURS

(defensive)

Well I wasn't there, you know, so...

Allison scribbles on her pad. Looks up.

ALLISON MORRIS

You know Miss Price, in other parts of the world, Peru or Chile, for example, the disappearing of people is treated as a war crime.

Dolours nods. Tense.

ALLISON MORRIS

Do you think it's a war crime?

A big beat.

DOLOURS

(slight nod)

I do.

The reporter heads off. Dolours watches her go. Knowing full well she just burned herself down.

HARD CUT TO:

**INT. HALLWAY, ARMAGH PRISON - DAY**

Marian Price WHISPER-SHOUTS into a prison phone.

MARIAN (INTO PHONE)

Are you fucking mental?!?

INTERCUT -- Dolours. In her sun room. Phone to one ear. Confident in her decision.

DOLOURS (INTO PHONE)

(whispers)

Calm down, you.

MARIAN

If you wanted to go public, you should've done it in '98. At least then you'd have got immunity --

DOLOURS (O.S.)

I don't care about immunity --

MARIAN

Well I fucking do!

DOLOURS  
People need to know what really  
happened. History's being rewritten --

MARIAN (O.S.)  
Dolours --

DOLOURS  
That snake in his fucking Armani --

MARIAN  
(exploding)  
This isn't even about Gerry Adams!!  
Fuck's sake. This is about you.  
This sick need for attention --

DOLOURS  
I'm sick??? *I'm* sick --

MARIAN  
(growls)  
Listen to me. *You have no power.*  
You need to get fucking sober, get  
back to St. Patrick's, and get  
over it.

DOLOURS  
(righteous, puffing up)  
I have more clarity now than I've  
had in years.

MARIAN (O.S.)  
Dolours wait --

*Click.* Dolours hangs up. Leaving Marian in a panic.

## **END OF ACT II**

## **ACT III**

### **INT. KITCHEN, GERRY'S HOUSE - DAY**

Hands pour a rich, yellow CREAM MIXTURE through a funnel.  
Reminding us of the force-feeding.

Gerry Adams is making ice cream with his GRANDDAUGHTER (8).  
Holding her up, letting her stir. A lazy Sunday morning.

GERRY  
We want that slushy bit to be  
extra, extra cold. That gives the  
base a rich, creamy / texture...

Gerry trails off.



The noise of the TV is drawing his attention to --

THE LIVING ROOM

Where the TV is softly playing a news report.

REPORTER (ON TV)

Or this morning's article in the Irish News. Which referenced a secret archive of tapes known as The Belfast Project --

On Gerry. Slowly approaching the TV.

REPORTER (ON TV)

A series of confessions by former IRA paramilitaries, the tapes are believed to contain information about the abduction and murder of Jean McConville.

As Gerry stares -- his granddaughter wanders in.

GERRY

Just keep stirring, Luisne.

REPORTER (ON TV)

One participant, former IRA bomber Dolours Price, is believed to have implicated none other than Gerry Adams in the murder of the mother of ten...

On Gerry. Processing that. Figuring out his next move.

LATER

An image of HELEN MCCONVILLE on TV. Giving a press conference. Our footage from episode 8.

HELEN (TV)

Where is my mother? She was completely innocent.

Gerry turns the volume down. He now stands with Marty and an AIDE (40s) from Sinn Fein. Triage mode.

MARTY

The tapes are at Boston College. A place called the Treasure Room. They talked to IRA, UVF --

GERRY

How many of ours talked?

MARTY

Around twenty. Dolours, Brendan, Ivor--

GERRY  
My fan club.

AIDE  
We're crafting a response. These  
are enemies of Sinn Fein --

MARTY  
They want to scuttle the peace  
process.

Gerry turns off the TV. Hurt, angry, feeling betrayed.

GERRY  
And what was said? Do we know?

MARTY  
We don't know. But...

AIDE  
It's twenty hours worth of tape.

GERRY  
(stunned)  
*Each?*

They just look at him. Gerry sits. Losing some color.

AIDE  
We know Dolours Price called you  
out directly for the Disappeared.  
She has you issuing orders.

On Gerry, a flash of scorn.

GERRY  
The woman's away with the faeries.  
No one gives a fuck what she says.

MARTY  
(a nod, uncertain)  
Can Brendan corroborate what she's  
saying? Was he around? How much  
does he know?

On Gerry. His face unreadable.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, HELEN MCCONVILLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

We hear typing. A name entered into a GOOGLE SEARCH ENGINE:

*'D o l o u r s   P r i c e'*

IMAGES AND HEADLINES stream past. Dolours after the London bombing. Dolours and Stephen's marriage announcement. Both of them smiling in the countryside somewhere.

ON HELEN MCCONVILLE

Sitting at her desk, bathed in the light of her computer.  
She reaches for a glass of whiskey, her hand shaking.

Helen turns to see her husband, Seamus, in the doorway.

SEAMUS  
Well? What's it say?

HELEN  
(flat)  
Her husband is a movie star.

He exhales. Helen looks like she's on the verge of tears.

HELEN  
So, I guess she goes to premieres  
and wears stupid dresses and has  
been very happy, Seamus, all these  
years. Oh, and she bombs things.  
(acerbic)  
*There's a big surprise.*

Seamus approaches the computer.

SEAMUS  
Helen, maybe we put it away...

As she reaches for the phone and starts to dial, we cut to --

THE COMPUTER SCREEN

Slowly push in on an image of Dolours. Young and in love.  
Stephen's arm wrapped around her. Over this, we hear:

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)  
Police Service Northern Ireland.

HELEN (PHONE, O.S)  
(emotional)  
Hello, em -- my name is Helen  
McConville. I'd like to press  
charges, formally, against the  
people who took my mother.

HARD CUT TO:

**INT. VISITING ROOM, ARMAGH PRISON - DAY**

Marian sits facing us. Big bags under her eyes. Her psoriasis  
has turned an angry shade of red.

MARIAN  
What the fuck did you do?

Dolours sits across from her, looking unwell. She's skinny.  
Big smeary circles of dark makeup around her eyes.

DOLOURS  
Something had to change.

MARIAN  
Well congratulations. You got  
another fifteen minutes.

Marian glances at a GUARD. Leaning in. They whisper.

MARIAN  
(nervous)  
Dotes, what did you actually say on  
these tapes?

DOLOURS  
Nothing!

Marian looks skeptical. Dolours touches her hand, vulnerable.

DOLOURS  
You do believe me, don't you,  
Marian? I would never. Never ever.

Marian looks at her big sister. How desperate she looks.

MARIAN  
I believe you.

Dolours exhales. Glances at the guard. Beat.

DOLOURS  
You know her kids went on telly...

MARIAN  
Whose?

DOLOURS  
Jean's. The widow's.  
(beat)  
They're saying she didn't do it.  
She was innocent when, uh --

MARIAN  
(can't go there)  
She was a tout, Dotes. She talked,  
she got clipped.  
(in Irish)  
Sin-sin / *That's that.*

A big beat. Dolours, feeling guilty.

DOLOURS  
Still.  
(her mind seeming to  
drift)  
Their faces do come to me from time  
to time.

MARIAN  
Dolours. Don't.

DOLOURS  
Hers. And Joe's.

Marian looks at her. Seeing she needs to talk. So Marian says nothing. Giving approval, in her way, for Dolours to speak.

DOLOURS  
It'll be when I'm driving. It's worse at night...

MARIAN  
(soft)  
Aye.

DOLOURS  
You know, I'll be lying in bed. Asking all the big questions. Could I have done things differently... was it all for nothing?  
(tearful laugh)  
It's like falling in love, isn't it? At first it's so thrilling, and then it changes. In the end, you've said and done so many terrible things. There's no way to fix it...

MARIAN  
(a tender look)  
Love. You need to move on.

DOLOURS  
(emotional)  
I need to move on -- ?

MARIAN  
You're too sensitive. You hold onto stuff too much.

DOLOURS  
You ought to look in the fucking mirror.

MARIAN  
What -- ?

Marian doesn't get it at first. Then she blurts a laugh.

MARIAN  
Oh.

DOLOURS  
I'm the one living in the fucking past? You Fenian cunt...

They're both laughing. Teary-eyed.

DOLOURS  
Pot-kettle.

MARIAN  
Ah, fuck me. We're both like da.

DOLOURS  
We are. Aye.

MARIAN  
Aye, we are.

Their laughter settles. They sit there for a long moment.  
Marian wipes her eyes.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. OFFICE, DOLOURS PRICE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

An image of young Dolours and Marian from their marching days. The sisters smiling, wearing pea coats.

Widen to see our Dolours, in her 50s, sitting up in her dark study. Going through an old shoebox full of photographs.

She's drinking whiskey. Her breath coming out in little wheezes. A half-drunk glass of wine off to the side.

Suddenly -- a NOISE. The sound of a door SHUTTING.

Dolours looks up, anxious. *Is someone in the house?*

DOLOURS  
Hello -- ?

There's no answer. Dolours stares out at the dark doorway.

**INT. SUN ROOM, DOLOURS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

Dolours enters the sun room. No sound but rain lashing the windows.

DOLOURS  
(unnerved)  
Danny -- ?

She hears a rhythmic SMACKING sound somewhere in the house.

*TWHACK...TWHACK...*

Dolours pads across the room, anxious to see --

THE BACK DOOR is hanging open. The wind is kicking up leaves in the dark garden. The screen door SMACKS against the house.

Dolours moves to the door, about to lock it.

She looks out through the screen to see --

A DARK FIGURE standing stock-still in her yard.

A man in a cap. Wind blowing the trees around him.

Dolours opens the screen door, as if in a trance. She stands in the doorway, peering out.

Outside, the man takes off his cap. It's WEE PAT. Her old commanding officer. His eyes glinting in the dark.

Dolours goes pale. Pat looks at her, somber.

PAT

Hi Dolours. I've another one for ye.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DOLOURS' HOUSE, MALAHIDE - MORNING**

The house sits under a wet gray sky. A jogger passes. Everything is quiet.

**INT. HALLWAY, DOLOURS' HOUSE - DAY**

Feet pad softly down the carpeted hallway.

SON

Mom...? It's gone eleven. We're late.

No answer. He knocks gently on her door. Presses it open...

SON

Mom -- ?

**IN THE BEDROOM**

Dolours' son looks out to see her lying under the covers. She's on her side, facing the opposing wall.

We hold on Dolours' body. Lying there unmoving, her mouth agape. Her son out of focus in the doorway behind her.

CUT TO:

**INT. CELL, ARMAGH PRISON - DAY**

In a tiny prison cell, Marian sits on her bed reading a John Grisham novel. A photograph of the two sisters when they were young on a little desk beside her.

The door rattles open, a FEMALE GUARD stands framed in the doorway. A solemn look on her face.

FEMALE GUARD

Miss Price -- ?

WIDE SHOT: We watch THROUGH PRISON BARS as Marian speaks to the guard. We can't hear what they're saying. But we see Marian suddenly heave, putting her head down.

The guard steps forward, putting a hand on her shoulder.

Marian cries, deep in grief.

**INT. ASSEMBLY CHAMBER, STORMONT - DAY**

In an oak-paneled room, under a row of gold columns, Gerry is busy running the country. He sits at a big table -- Sinn Fein on one side, the DUP (Protestant Unionists) on the other.

Gerry scribbles absently in his notebook as the men drone on.

DUP MEMBER

While in Protestant neighborhoods,  
there have been years of  
dereliction and neglect. It's been  
ignored by direct rule Ministers as  
well as the Housing Executive --

Marty enters. Slips Gerry a little note on a red post-it.

*Dolours Price is dead. Overdose.*

On Gerry, anxious. He flips the note over, scribbles back:

*Tapes?*

**END OF ACT III**

**ACT IV**

**EXT. CITY CENTER STREET - DAY**

A horn HONKS. Gerry's armored taxi navigates its way through West Belfast, driving alongside a massive PEACE WALL.

The dividing line between Catholic and Protestant, once made of piled furniture, is now a 20-foot behemoth of steel and cement.

**INT. GERRY'S ARMORED TAXI - DAY**

Gerry's phone sits on the black leather seat. It VIBRATES.

GERRY (INTO PHONE)

Hello?

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)

(plain, bureaucratic)

Gerry Adams please.



GERRY  
This is Mr. Adams.

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)  
Mr. Adams, this is a courtesy call  
from the PSNI. Informing you that  
you're going to be arrested.

Gerry stares out the window. Like he's gone into shock.

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)  
If you'd please report to the  
Antrim Police Barracks --

*Click.* Gerry hangs up on the police.

Up front, Frank shoots him a glance.

FRANK  
Are we alright?

His phone starts BUZZING again. Gerry doesn't answer.  
He stares out the car window, silent, mind working.

**INT. ANTRIM POLICE BARRACKS - DAY**

Through bulletproof glass, we can see a gaggle of REPORTERS  
out front.

The rear doors open. Gerry slips in quietly through the back.  
Approaching a desk with a glass partition.

GERRY  
I'm here for questioning?

The cops eye him, irate. Gerry starts taking off his shoes.

COP BEHIND GLASS  
Mr. Adams, this should've been  
explained to you. You need to go  
outside so that we can arrest you.

Gerry looks out at the press. Puts his shoes in the steel tray.

GERRY  
(matter of fact)  
Lad, you've only one shot at this.  
Don't waste it.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, HELEN MCCONVILLE'S HOUSE - DAY**

A TV topped with doilies and old photos. It's playing the  
NEWS. A stock image of Gerry Adams, giving some speech.

REPORTER (ON TV)  
The arrest, which comes on the  
heels of new allegations made by a  
secret oral history proj --

We hear a WHOOP. Helen and Seamus sit alongside Michael, they're all watching TV. Cheering. Michael clenches a fist.

MICHAEL  
(soft)  
About fucking time.

Helen puts a hand on his back. Finally on the verge of justice.

HELEN  
We've some champagne in the fridge.  
Think we should open it?

SEAMUS  
(guarded)  
Not yet.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, POLICE BARRACKS - DAY**

On Gerry, seen through dirty one-way glass. He sits at a steel table in his tweed coat, sipping tea.

Across the table sit two DIGITAL RECORDERS.

A steel door opens, two DETECTIVES (30s) enter. One is HANNAH HANLON. She has a round face and short, punky bangs.

The other is DETECTIVE STEVENS. A biggish man, arms bulging from his shirt. They're young, children of the troubles.

Each detective carries a unmarked cardboard box.

HANNAH  
Mr. Adams. Pleased to meet you.  
I'm detective Hanlon.

STEVENS  
And I'm detective Stevens.

GERRY  
(cheerfully, trolling  
them)  
A Taig and a Prod.

HANNAH  
Well y'know ... times change.

GERRY  
Indeed.

They put down their boxes and sit.

**IN THE VIEWING ROOM**

We see Gerry's face on a VIDEO MONITOR. He sounds more like a folksy grandpa, not a man covering up mass murder.

GERRY  
How can I be of service,  
detectives?

IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Hannah slides an old PHOTO under Gerry's nose.

HANNAH  
Did you know Joe Lynskey?

It's a picture of a BALDING MAN with a kind face. Joe  
Lynskey. Dolours drove him to his death in Episode Three.

HANNAH (O.S.)  
He was the first to disappear.

Gerry stares down at the picture. His face unreadable.

STEVENS  
He was a neighbor of yours.  
In Ballymurphy.

GERRY  
I knew Joe. I knew his mother...

Hannah slides TWO MORE PHOTOS across the table. Seamus Wright  
and Kevin McKee. Dolours drove them in Episode Four.

HANNAH  
How bout this fellah. Kevin McKee.

Gerry sounds like his brain is foggy.

GERRY  
Did I know Kevin McKee...?

HANNAH  
Ballymurphy lad.

GERRY  
Yeah I know, I know where he's from.  
I know his family. I can't say I  
know him, uh, person-to-person.

HANNAH  
Did you hear what happened to him?  
Back in 72?

GERRY  
Well, there were rumors about.  
There always are.

HANNAH  
Did you not know he disappeared?

GERRY  
(touch of condescension)  
Hannah, nobody knows these things.

HANNAH  
Did it not seem strange --

GERRY  
Well now hold on a second --

HANNAH  
Your neighbors starting to vanish --

GERRY  
Hannah, do you not live in the real  
world? People go off. People  
disappear. People bring back  
reports of having seen such and  
such a person.

He gives her an enigmatic smile.

GERRY  
Besides, I learned a long time ago,  
if you don't ask, you can't tell.

The detectives share a look. Stevens opens his box and pulls  
out a stack of MINIDISCS. Marked:

THE BELFAST PROJECT  
*Participant 'C'*

Stevens pops one in the player and -- *click* -- hits PLAY.

The voice of BRENDAN HUGHES echoes eerily through the room.

BRENDAN'S VOICE (ON TAPE)  
*I knew Kevin McKee. He was a good  
kid. Good craic...*

HANNAH  
Recognize the voice on that tape?

GERRY  
(wry)  
As far as I can tell, it appears to  
be someone called C.

HANNAH  
That's Brendan Hughes.

They turn Brendan up.

BRENDAN'S VOICE (ON TAPE)  
*Kevin McKee, he was taken away. By  
a secret IRA unit...*

MACKERS'S VOICE (ON TAPE)  
*And how did it function, that  
squad, that unit?*

FLASH TO:

**INT. BRENDAN'S FLAT - NIGHT (2001)**

Brendan Age 50. Giving his interview. Speaking right to us.

BRENDAN AGE 50  
They were the headhunters. Anyone  
who needed to be taken away, it was  
Gerry's squad that normally,  
usually done it.

BACK TO:

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, POLICE BARRACKS - NIGHT**

*Click.* Hannah hits STOP on the minidisc player.

Gerry looks at her, placid.

GERRY  
I reject that.

HANNAH  
You and Brendan were friends.

GERRY  
We were friendly. But Brendan --  
(tiny sigh)  
Brendan had his issues. He hated  
the peace process. He thought I  
sold him out.

HANNAH  
And did you?

She's trolling him back. It works, he bristles.

GERRY  
If not for the peace process,  
Brendan Hughes would still be out  
there targeting police officers.

Gerry eyes the big box of tapes.

GERRY  
You heard his whole confession,  
yes, yes? Did he admit to killing  
RUC on that tape?

For once, Hannah goes quiet. Gerry smiles faintly.

GERRY  
He did, didn't he? And you'd take the  
word of a man like that...

HANNAH  
(flat)  
If he was honest about killing  
cops, would he not be honest about  
you?

Off Gerry, suddenly on his back foot --

IN THE VIEWING ROOM

The CHIEF INSPECTOR (50s) watches, allowing himself a small  
smile.

HANNAH (O.S.)  
Jean McConville.

INTERROGATION ROOM

Another PHOTO slides at Gerry. A picture of Jean.

HANNAH  
You two never met.

GERRY  
I met with her daughter...

HANNAH  
Yes. You told her you were in  
prison when it happened.

GERRY  
That's right. I was in Long Kesh.

STEVENS  
But you weren't, Gerry.

HANNAH  
We looked it up. You were released  
two months prior --

She thrusts a sheaf of papers at him.

Gerry stares at it. Cornered.

HANNAH  
Why'd you lie to the family?

GERRY  
I didn't lie. I misremembered.  
(beat)  
Do you remember where you were  
thirty christmases ago?

HANNAH  
Preschool.

IN THE VIEWING ROOM

The Chief cracks a smile. More people gathering to watch.

HANNAH (ON VIDEO MONITOR)  
Let the record state, Mr. Adams has  
no alibi when ten IRA members were  
ordered to kidnap Mrs. McConville.

INTERROGATION ROOM

Gerry stares at the picture of Jean. Uncomfortable. The  
room's getting hotter. Everyone's starting to sweat.

HANNAH  
Gerry, do you think the Troubles are a  
war?

GERRY  
I do.

HANNAH  
I do too. And in that war, we've  
thousands of deaths. Children blown  
to pieces. Grandparents shot in  
front of their families. What makes  
Jean McConville so special? Why did  
she have to disappear?

GERRY  
I couldn't tell you.

HANNAH  
Dolours Price said her body  
should've been left in the street.

GERRY  
I think that attitude's grotesque.

HANNAH  
Why?

GERRY  
A lone woman. Ten children. It  
should've begged compassion...

HANNAH  
You don't think touts should be  
shot?

GERRY  
I don't think anyone should be  
shot.

HANNAH  
So you deny then having any part in  
her murder.

GERRY  
Categorically.

*Click.* Hannah hits play on her minidisc player. We hear  
Dolours' interview. Her voice a ghostly echo.

MACKERS' VOICE (ON TAPE)  
*What happened next, after you drove  
Jean over the border?*

DOLOURS' VOICE (ON TAPE)  
*We reported back to Pat. Pat  
reported it to Gerry.*

FLASH TO:

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, DOLOURS'S HOUSE - NIGHT (2001)**

Mackers interviewing Dolours. Both of them leaning in.

MACKERS  
So there's absolutely no doubt that  
Gerry Adams would have known about  
all of these operations. Given the  
orders, known what happened, and  
been briefed afterwards.

Dolours looks at him. Confident. Sure of herself.

DOLOURS AGE 50  
Absolutely. I have no doubt that he  
knew on every occasion.

BACK TO:

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, POLICE BARRACKS - DAY**

*Click.* Gerry Adams stares at the police. Tension rising --

HANNAH  
You were embarrassed.  
(beat)  
You *knew* she had ten children. You  
were running the world's most  
sophisticated guerrilla army. How  
would it have looked, killing a  
woman like that?

STEVENS  
I believe the word he used was  
grotesque.

GERRY  
That is not / what I --



HANNAH  
You needed her to go away.

STEVENS  
And if this is a war, then that's a war crime.

GERRY  
(defensive)  
None of this is true. Dolours Price was clearly unwell.

HANNAH  
Then why do she and Brendan have the exact same story?

*Click.* We smash to --

**INT. BRENDAN'S FLAT - DAY (2001)**

Brendan looks at Mackers. Corroborating Dolours's story.

BRENDAN  
(clear, strong)  
There was only one man who gave the order for that woman to be executed. That fucking man is now the head of Sinn Fein.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, POLICE BARRACKS - DAY**

Gerry sits, listening. It's damning evidence. But something about it seems to enliven Gerry.

A long beat. Then Gerry leans in --

GERRY  
Dolours and Brendan are entitled to their opinions.

HANNAH  
Not opinions Gerry --

GERRY  
(bit stronger)  
What would you call it? You have an oral history project. Which has no scholarly credentials, which has no fact checking. Which is run by a convicted --

HANNAH  
Anthony McIntyre --

GERRY  
Bear with me. You've a dead woman. An addict --

HANNAH  
You know she was sober --

HANNAH  
-- when she died?

GERRY  
(talking over her)  
Did I give you a chance to  
speak?

GERRY  
(pounces)  
I gave you a chance to speak.  
I'd ask for the same courtesy.

The cops settle. Gerry goes in HARD AND FAST --

GERRY  
You've a dead woman. An unstable  
woman. Saying she got orders from  
some other fellah, again, not me,  
another fellah, also dead, who she  
says spoke to me? By her own  
admission, she's not exchanged one  
word with me about Jean McConville.  
Not a whisper. So when I say *that*  
*woman* is entitled to her opinion,  
I mean 'cause that's what you've  
got. Opinion. Not evidence. Gossip.

Beat.

GERRY  
I could not have given that order,  
detective. Because I have never  
been a member of the IRA.

Gerry sits back in his chair and stares at them.

Silence.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, HELEN MCCONVILLE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Helen McConville, scrubbing dishes at her sink. Staring out  
the window. The radio on the counter softly playing news.

Michael sits at the table, finishing a sandwich.

The phone RINGS. Seamus quickly picks it up.

SEAMUS (INTO PHONE)  
Hello? ... Yeah, she's here. She's  
with me ... No we haven't...

Helen clutches a plate. Looking at her brother, who's stopped  
eating.

They wait.

SEAMUS (PHONE)

Okay.

(face falls)

Okay, thanks for letting us know.

I'll be sure to tell her.

He hangs up. Looks at Helen. She already knows the answer.

SEAMUS

Released without charges.

On Helen's face.

She's spent forty-two years waiting for justice, and it just ended in nothing.

She puts down the plate and walks out of frame.

TRANSITION TO:

**INT. PRICE HOUSE - DAY**

Dolours' body lies in an open casket. Finally at peace.

We're at her wake. The coffin sits in the Price family living room, draped in a tricolor flag. The family pictures, all taken in prison, still rest on the mantle.

THROUGH THE WINDOW --

We see two POLICE CARS approach.

Marian steps out, wearing a black dress, squinting in the sun. Her hands are cuffed at her stomach.

The Policeman pulls keys from his pocket. Uncuffing her.

Marian rubs her wrist and stares out at her family home. Feeling humiliated.

IN THE KITCHEN

Mackers stands alone in a suit and tie. He turns to see Marian enter. Gives her a little nod.

MACKERS

I'm glad they let you come.

MARIAN

Aye, well, I told them I needed to see her body in order to grieve.

Awkward silence. Marian gets a bit of cracker in her mouth.

MACKERS

She was a brave woman.

MARIAN  
(with a wink)  
Ah, she was a wee tout.

MACKERS  
(laughs, uncomfortable)  
Aye, sure...

MARIAN  
(softens)  
I'm joking. She liked talking to  
you.

He hides how much that means to him.

MACKERS  
You think?

MARIAN  
She did ... Though she would've  
talked to the dogs in the street if  
she was let.

MACKERS  
Aye, she would've.

A silence falls. Marian glances out at the TWO COPS chatting  
idly by their car.

MARIAN  
She say anything about me, then?

MACKERS  
She was mad about you. You know  
that.

MARIAN  
(a look)  
That's not what I meant.

Marian glances out the window. Making sure no one can hear.

MARIAN  
(haunted)  
Mackers, is someone gonna come  
knocking at my door?

Mackers takes that in. A big beat.

MACKERS  
She would never say anything to put  
you in harms way.  
(leans in)  
When we got to that part of the story,  
she asked me to turn off the tape.

As Marias stares at Mackers, wheels turning --

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM, DOLOURS' HOUSE, MALAHIDE - DAY (2001)**

The face of Dolours Price. Alive and well. We're back in the interview room. She's staring at camera.

MACKERS (O.S.)  
So you drive Jean over the border,  
and leave her with the gun crew.  
Then what?

Dolours glances down at the recorder. Anxious.

DOLOURS AGE 50  
Turn that thing off, would you.

On Mackers. Slowly, deliberately, shutting off the tape.

Dolours stares at him. Now speaking off the record.

DOLOURS AGE 50  
(spooked)  
This is where it gets dangerous for  
me...

Beat.

DOLOURS AGE 50  
We were called back.

The shrill ring of an old phone. *BRRRIIING!*

**INT. LIVING ROOM, PRICE HOUSE - NIGHT (1972)**

A green ROTARY PHONE hangs in the living room. *BRRRIIING!*

We hear footsteps. A hand picks it up. It's young Dolours.  
We're back in the winter of 1972.

DOLOURS (INTO PHONE)  
Hello?

PAT (O.S.)  
Hello Dolours. It's Pat.

DOLOURS  
(her heart sinks)  
Hi, Pat. What's wrong?

A long pause. Pat sounds anxious.

PAT (O.S.)  
They don't wanna do it.

DOLOURS  
Who -- ?  
(no answer)  
The boys down south?

PAT (O.S.)  
(murmurs)  
Yeah.

Dolours looks across the room, at her sister. She's watching TV.

DOLOURS  
(soft)  
So we have to do it.

PAT (O.S.)  
Aye.

That awful statement hangs there. Dolours takes a breath.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BORDER, COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT**

A car WHIPS past us. Leaving the thin strip of highway and heading off-road, into the wet woodlands.

**INT. DOLOURS'S CAR - NIGHT**

Dolours grips the wheel, guiding the car through a patch of trees. A swarm of white moths in the headlights.

Marian and Pat sit in back. A heavy silence.

Marian reaches down, unzipping a bag at her feet. Hidden under some clothes is an oily black PISTOL and some loose bullets.

MARIAN  
(digging around)  
Where's the rest?

PAT  
We just brought the one pistol.

Marian looks at him. Eyes widening in fear.

MARIAN  
So who the fuck -- ?

PAT  
(realizing)  
I -- I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking --

DOLOURS  
(horrified)  
So which of us is supposed to do it, Pat?

The sisters share a charged look in the mirror. Beat.

PAT  
I'll do it.

On Dolours. Staring out at the trees. Uncomfortable.

**EXT. BEACH, SCRUB - NIGHT**

The car's FRONT TIRE rolls up and down over bumps. Past trees and bits of scrub, until at last --

It hits sand. The car stops. The headlights shine out to sea.

The doors open with a creak. Marian emerges and looks out --

For a moment she can see DIM FIGURES atop a distant berm. Then Dolours kills the headlights and they vanish.

A LEATHER BAG UNZIPS

Pat digs through it, looking for bullets. He loads one in the pistol, but the second one won't fit. It's the wrong size.

Pat's hands shake. He fumbles with the gun. It looks as if he might throw up.

Dolours watches, uncomfortable. She pulls Marian away.

DOLOURS  
It isn't fair for him to do it on  
his own. It shouldn't be on his  
conscience.

MARIAN  
(grim)  
What do you want to do?

BACK TO PAT. Finishing. The cylinder clicks into place. He glances up at the sisters, uncertain.

DOLOURS  
We'll do it together. We'll pass  
the gun around.

Pat gives her a tight nod. Grateful.

THREE PAIRS OF FEET

Trudging through sand. The three volunteers on a grim march towards Jean. Dolours in front, then Marian, then Pat.

They look terrified.

As the path slopes down, three figures appear to rise from the earth.

JEAN MCCONVILLE

Kneels at a freshly dug grave. The silhouettes of two GRAVEDIGGERS in tableau beside her. One man holding a shovel.

ON JEAN. Her hands tied with cord behind her back. The wind whipping sand in her face. Her head is bent, her lips MURMURING something we can't hear.

Behind her, three figures march steadily closer.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Taking positions behind her. Dolours at the left, holding the gun. Marian in the center. Pat to the right.

Pat and Marian turn to look at Dolours. She meets her sister's eye, then lifts the pistol with a shaky hand...

ON JEAN. We can hear her now. She's murmuring a prayer.

JEAN  
(barely audible)  
Robert and Michael and Agnes ...  
Helen and Billy and Jimmy ...

ON DOLOURS. Clutching the pistol. Sweat slick on the handle.

She breathes in and out. The gun trembling in her hand.

Jean's prayer STOPS.

At the last second --

Dolours turns the pistol a fraction of an inch to the left --

BANG.

The CRACK of a gunshot cuts through the air.

ON JEAN. The bullet whizzing past her ear. Hitting sand.

BACK TO DOLOURS

Lowering the muzzle of the revolver. Marian looks at her big sister. Realizing --

Dolours missed. Purposely.

Dolours turns. She and Marian sharing a charged look. Dolours looks lost. Like she has no idea what she just did.

So Marian gently takes the pistol from Dolours's hand... Turning to Jean...beginning to lift it...

ON JEAN

Silent. Waiting.



ON MARIAN

Holding the gun. Jaw clenched. She looks scared.

*BANG.*

Stay on Marian. Hearing the body hit the sand.

She lowers the gun. Dolours takes a step closer to her sister.

The Price sisters gaze down at us.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM, PRICE HOUSE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)**

The Price Sisters, 50 years later. We're back at the wake. Dolours lies in an open coffin.

Marian stares down at her, silent, eyes rimmed red.

She leans over, gently kissing her sister's forehead.

Then she turns and walks out of the house.

We linger on Dolours, lying in her casket. Knowing that this is one secret she took to her grave.

TRANSITION TO:

**INT. PRESS ROOM - DAY**

Camera shutters CLICKING furiously.

Gerry steps up, ready to speak to the press. So many flashbulbs, it looks like he's under a strobe light.

GERRY

Let me be very clear. I am innocent  
in any involvement, in any  
conspiracy, to abduct, kill, or  
bury Missus McConville.

PRESS VOICES (O.S.)

MR. ADAMS! MR. ADAMS --

GERRY

(talking over them)

This was a sustained, malicious,  
untruthful campaign, run by self-  
proclaimed-but-pseudo-republicans.

PRESS VOICES (O.S.)

MR. ADAMS --

He lets one question through.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Miss McConville was one of  
thousands of IRA victims. Do you  
not feel you have any blood on  
your hands?

On Gerry. A final moment. He speaks with total certainty.

GERRY  
Not at all. I am perfectly at  
peace. Absolutely.

With the POP of a flashbulb --

SMASH TO BLACK.

After a long moment in the dark, we once again find --

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY (2001)**

Dolours Age 50. Calm and poised, back in her elegant dining  
room, speaking just to us.

Her final moment, delivered matter-of-factly, with grace.

DOLOURS AGE 50  
When it comes to the things we  
did in those days, for some of us  
it's easier to say nothing, to  
keep our memories locked away.  
(beat)  
You can call me a difficult  
woman. But I couldn't live with  
the silence.

CUT TO BLACK.

A CARD OVER BLACK:

*An investigation by the police ombudsman for Northern Ireland  
found no evidence that Jean McConville was an informant.*

FADE IN:

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Our final moment is a single image of Helen McConville.

She's alone at the beach, standing by the sea.

Still waiting.

FADE TO BLACK.