

BODKIN - Ep.1

THREE SCENES

DOVE

~~38 scenes, 134 lines.~~

Dove is in her late 30s/early 40s. Her hair is cut into a severe bob. She seems tough. Sharp. She's dressed androgynously; tailored suit, white shirt. Very curated. Think Donna Tartt.

SCENE ONE

18 AILBHE'S HOLLOW/CLIFFSIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS *Script Page(s): 21-23, Page Count: 1 3/8.*

EXT. AILBHE'S HOLLOW/CLIFFSIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dove is off by herself, speaking furtively into her cellphone.

DOVE

I've got no fucken clue how to make a podcast. What the hell am I doing here?

DAMIEN (V.O.)

It's like any story Dove. Research, interview, report.

DOVE

None of which I'm doing.

DAMIEN

Think of it like a fixer. They need your help with the cultural specifics.

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DOVE

I'm from Dublin. It's the opposite end of the fucken country.

Dove shakes her head.

DOVE (CONT'D)

True crime isn't journalism. It's necrophilia.

DAMIEN (V.O.)

Podcasts are real journalism now. They're a growing source of revenue for us. They're popular. And Gilbert and Emmy couldn't be nicer.

DOVE

Have you met them? They're very... upbeat? It's like they're in a cult.

DAMIEN (V.O.)

Gilbert's a big name in the podcasting world. It's great for our digital push that we get to help produce his new one.

DOVE

He thinks Ireland is some Disneyland.

DAMIEN (V.O.)

Look. Try and enjoy this. It's a break. Do you have any family back there you can visit?

Doves sighs imperceptibly. No, she doesn't.

DOVE

I've got to go Damien. I'm off to enjoy my incredible holiday.

Dove hangs up. She walks off for a few steps and then just lies facedown in the grass.

GILBERT (PRELAP)

Long before trick or treating, before the costumes, before horror films. Halloween had another name. Samhain.

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SCENE TWO

36 FAGAN'S PUB - NIGHT Script Page(s): 42-43, Page Count: 1 5/8.

INT. FAGAN'S PUB - NIGHT

Dove is hammered, watching Gilbert dance in the crowd in the midst of a wild Ceili session. It's playful and fun, the real Ireland that Gilbert's been aching to find.

Mary is at the bar, she gives Dove a flirty smile. She points her fingers to her head and pretends to shoot herself. Dove smiles and nods back. Maybe the first time we've seen her genuinely smile without affectation.

The music gets wilder. We clock the TIN WHISTLE PLAYER and the FIDDLE PLAYER trying to outdo each other on the solos, causing a bit of friction. Gilbert dances over to Dove.

GILBERT

C'mon Dove. Dance!

DOVE

No! Dancing is a weakness.

He drops into a chair, sweaty and tired. Their dialogue here is all good-natured banter.

GILBERT

Sorry, forgot you're far too cool to dance.

DOVE

Yes precisely, you've read me very well Gilbert.

GILBERT

You hate everything!

DOVE

(raising her glass)

Slainte!

GILBERT

You must like something. Tell me one thing you like.

DOVE

Whiskey.

GILBERT

Whiskey's a thing, not a hobby. What do you like to do?

DOVE

Gilbert, what you have just said is blasphemy. Whiskey is an Irishman's number 1 hobby.

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GILBERT

What do you do when you're not working?

DOVE

(shrugging)
Work?

Gilbert rolls his eyes.

DOVE (CONT'D)

Gilbert, I don't know if you've realized this yet. But I'm kind of an arsehole.

Gilbert laughs hard.

DOVE (CONT'D)

See this version of you, wild Gilbert, is way more fun than the sunshiney yank I first met.

GILBERT

I guess that's as close to a compliment as I'm going to get from you...

Then in the background, the whistle player interrupts the fiddle solo with his own. The fiddle player stands and punches him, a fight starts and the mood turns ugly fast.

A flying pint glass comes towards Gilbert's head and Dove pushes him out of the way as it shatters off the wall behind him.

DOVE

Party's over...

Dove grabs the bottle of whiskey and Gilbert and pulls him towards the door.

SCENE THREE

Dove and Emmy, though, are conspicuous by being the only women there. Emmy glances over at Dove as they walk.

EMMY

Was that Damien on the phone before?

DOVE

I'm sorry. Are we friends?

Dove's Eye of Sauron turns on Emmy.

DOVE

Do you want to go to brunch and shovel avocado toast down our gobs while we shoot mimosas up our hoops?

Emmy stares at Dove, clearly hurt. Dove realizes she might have gone too far.

DOVE

Yes. It was Damien. There's some...complications in something we published.

EMMY

The NHS case? With the whistleblower who.../

DOVE

Yes. The guy who hung himself from the fucking rafters.

(looking away)

Let's stick to the work, okay? It's all that matters.

Emmy's tries to clear up her Damien faux pas with Dove.

EMMY

I didn't mean to intrude or anything. I'm sorry...

DOVE

Sure. Fine.

EMMY

I'm just a huge fan of yours?
I really want to do what you do.
One day.

DOVE

I'm stuck here consulting on a true
crime podcast in the arse-end of
nowhere. Big fucking success me.

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