

THE REAL TRAGEDY

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EXT. WOODLAND AREA - DAY

Two Police Detectives, AMY and NATHAN walk towards an area of WOODLAND cautioned off by police tape.

NATHAN lifts the barrier, and deliberately holds it open for AMY - a cheesy smile on his face.

NATHAN  
Ladies first.

AMY rolls her eyes.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
What?

AMY  
(sarcastic)  
You're such a gent.

NATHAN  
You know me. I try my best.

NATHAN's friendly demeanour is not welcomed by AMY.

AMY pulls a notepad from her top pocket and starts documenting anything she notices about the crime scene.

NATHAN walks up behind her and watches her for a second too long - she notices.

AMY  
Has the dog walker made an official statement yet?

NATHAN  
Err, yeah. I believe so.

AMY  
I want to see it.

She looks away and back towards the crime scene.

NATHAN  
...Why?

AMY  
Because *I* want to. Why is that a problem?

NATHAN  
No- no, I mean. It's just...

AMY waits for the reason.

NATHAN looks down at his watch.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I'm meeting the lads down the Albert to watch the footie, and time is already cracking on a bit, so...

AMY gestures for him to finish off the sentence.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

-if we wait for that statement to be typed up and sent over, I'll probably end up missing the first half.

AMY

(sarcastic)

And wouldn't that be the *real* tragedy? I know, let's just forget about all this, shall we? And enjoy an evening off. Wait a minute, then again, a young girl was found tied to that tree and brutally stabbed to death through the neck not so long ago, so we could try and deal with that... But you reckon we should knock it on the head, eh? Come back tomorrow? Or are Sundays out for you too?

AMY turns away.

NATHAN

Alright, no need to be like that!

AMY

I sometimes- no, *often* wonder how you managed to end up doing this job.

AMY turns away again and wanders over to a tree - presumably where the girl was found.

NATHAN

Right, let's be honest. She was eighteen, it was a Friday night, short skirt, one too many, you know how they get... It doesn't take a genius to work out, does it? Did you even see the photographs?

AMY  
(to herself)  
You have to be fucking kidding me.

AMY runs her hands through her hair, not sure which problem to solve first.

AMY abruptly stands up and turns and faces NATHAN - who immediately knows he has done something wrong.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Why don't you stop with your stone-age bullshit theories about *you-know-how-they-get*, and do as you're fucking told and get me that statement!

NATHAN pulls out his phone and starts typing.