

BLOODLANDS

EPISODE ONE

March 2020

Written by
Chris Brandon

This script is strictly confidential and may not be disclosed to any person other than this addressee without the prior consent of HTM Television Ltd. HTM Television Ltd will hold liable any person in breach of such obligation for all damages, losses and costs arising as a result. © HTM Television Ltd.



HTM TELEVISION
33 Oval Road
London, NW1 7EA
Tel: +44 (0)20 7184 7777

- 1 CLOSE ON A FRESH DUG HOLE 1
- The soil damp and dark. A SPADE stuck in the ground...
- GLOVED HANDS place an OLD METAL AMMUNITION BOX in the base of the hole. Distressed. Rusting. The hands open it: Empty.
- A MAKAROV PISTOL, wrapped in clear Polythene, is placed in the box. Its shape clear and colour dark...
- A beat. The lid is shut. The spade is plucked from the soil. The hole is filled in, covering the box...
- Until we're left with a patch of soil. As if never disturbed.
- MAIN TITLE: **BLOODLANDS**
- CUT TO:
- 2 BLACK 2
- TITLE: **"I will, to the best of my power, cause the peace to be kept and preserved"**
- TITLE: - **The Police Oath**
- THE SOUND OF A CAR ENGINE...and then
- 3 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - EVENING 3
- CLOSE ON TOM BRANNICK
- As he drives over the M3 LAGAN BRIDGE. Belfast gleams in the evening sun. The Harland & Wolff cranes can be seen through the window. Almost obscured by new buildings, curving glass, modern arenas either side of the river pushing out to sea...
- 4 EXT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - MINUTES LATER 4
- TOM has just parked. He reaches across to the glove compartment. Pops it open. Takes something out. Closes it.
- He drops the unseen object into in his overcoat pocket. Opens the car door --
- 5 EXT. STREET. BELFAST - CONTINUOUS 5
- TOM gets out of his car. Closes the door. Buttons his overcoat to the winter wind. Looks both ways. Sets off...

6 EXT. CATHEDRAL QUARTER - MINUTES LATER 6

WE FOLLOW TOM

As he walks busy cobbled streets. Full of PEOPLE out for a night on the town. Past hidden bars; glowing modern restaurants; the dynamic facade of the MAC...

He knew these streets once. He's a stranger now.

7 INT. LOBBY. ROOFTOP BAR - MINUTES LATER 7

TOM crosses the stylish space. Past SMARTLY DRESSED CLIENTELE. He is self conscious. Feels under dressed. He lightly touches his pocket. Checks the object is still there.

He makes it to the lift. Presses the call button. Waits...

PING. The lift doors open. He steps inside...

8 INT. LIFT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 8

TOM presses for the twenty third floor. The doors close...

He waits as the floor counter climbs. 3, 7, 15...

He seems a little nervous...

PING. The seventeenth floor. The doors open...

A MAN IN A SUIT stands on the seventeenth floor landing. He's in his thirties. Hasn't aged well with the rigours of work. He stops at the sight of TOM. Frowns. Hesitates. *Recognition?*

TOM

Going up?

The MAN shakes himself. Steps into the lift. Not a word of thanks. TOM can feel the man glancing at him --

9 INT. ROOFTOP BAR. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER 9

The lift doors open on TOM and THE MAN IN THE SUIT. The man gives one last half glance at TOM. Walks out into the bar...

TOM steps out of the lift. Into the melee of noise that makes this bar The Place To Be. He scans the room. Sees a young woman across the room...

She's the centre of attention. A small PARTY OF FRIENDS around her. She talks to one young woman in particular. Tom can only see her from the back. But he knows. Approaches...

Touches his pocket for the object again. Closes in...

The young man notices TOM is headed for them. A look of doubt. He mutters something to the young woman. She turns...

Her face lights up in a luminous smile. She's fashionable. Early 20s. Confident. IZZY. She lets out a howl of delight. The friends part as she rushes towards him...

IZZY

Dad!

TOM'S face lights up too. They hug. Close. Fond.

IZZY (CONT'D)

You found it!

TOM

There was an element of luck.

She turns to introduce her to her friends:

IZZY

Everybody, this is my Dad.

They smile. Wave. He smiles.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Come and meet Larry.

He holds back a little. She notices. Goes close. Loving.

IZZY (CONT'D)

You ready for this?

TOM

Can I kill him if I don't like him?

She shakes her head with a sickened smile. Drags TOM back through the group of friends to the young man she was talking to: LARRY. He's the same age as IZZY. Attractive.

IZZY

Larry. This is my dad.

TOM smiles. Steps forward. An outstretched hand for a firm handshake. LARRY takes it...

LARRY

Hey. Hi, Mr. Brannick.

IZZY grins at him. TOM and LARRY shake hands.

TOM
For Godsake, Larry. It's Tom. Call
me Mr. Brannick, I'll be looking
over my shoulder for my old man.

TOM is charming. LARRY smiles. A little more at ease.

10

INT. ROOFTOP BAR. HOTEL - LATER

10

TOM, IZZY and LARRY sit in the low light of the bar. They
drink cocktails. A view of Belfast at night through the
windows. The modern city. The dark hills beyond.

IZZY'S FRIENDS stand around them. TOM takes a swig of his
drink. Winces.

TOM
(re. drink)
Eesh... Two of those and I'll be
tap dancing on the table.

IZZY
They're not that strong.

He smiles at the young woman his daughter has become.

TOM
Are they not?
(beat)
How often do you come here?

IZZY
Us? Never. This place is expensive.

TOM laughs. He should have known better.

IZZY (CONT'D)
You're the first boyfriend my dad
has met.

LARRY
And you're only telling me this
now, because...?

TOM
Wait. How many boyfriends have
there been?

LARRY
Yes?

IZZY raises her hands. Like they're ganging up.

A WAITRESS arrives through the friends with a small dessert. One lit candle in the top. TOM sees it.

TOM

Ah!

(to the friends)

Will we sing?

IZZY

You will not.

TOM pretends he's going to. LARRY too. The dynamic of affectionate ribbing settling in. The friends gather..

11 INT. ROOFTOP BAR. HOTEL - LATER

11

The night wears on. TOM and IZZY alone. TOM sits closer to his daughter. Perfectly content in each other's company.

TOM

He's a nice lad.

IZZY

Really? You like him?

TOM

I do.

A contented pause. She rests her head on his shoulder. He kisses her crown. Paternal. He remembers. Turns away. Stretches for his overcoat. Reaches into the pocket...

He pulls out the object that was in the glove compartment: A small wrapped BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

TOM (CONT'D)

A little something.

She melts. Takes the present.

IZZY

Can I open it now?

He nods. She unwraps it. Finds a smart, small jewellery case. She opens that. Finds a necklace inside. A pendant with an owl on it [Athena's Owl]. Like an ancient gold embossed coin.

An engraved letter 'T' on the back.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Dad... This is yours...

TOM
Your Mum and I both had one.

IZZY
You can't give it to me.

TOM
I want to.
(beat)
Your mum used to say that it helped
her see in the dark.

IZZY drapes the pendant over her fingers. Heavier with the emotional weight. Her eyes glass. Bittersweet. She adores it.

IZZY
Thank you.

She kisses him on the cheek.

IZZY (CONT'D)
I love it.

TOM
Happy Birthday, Izzy.

He helps her fasten it round her neck. LARRY rejoins them. The WAITRESS close behind.

TOM (CONT'D)
(to Larry)
We were just talking about you.

LARRY
...Is that good?

IZZY shows off her necklace. The waitress hands TOM the bill. He looks. Blanches. Looks out the window at the drop.

TOM
Jump... Or pay the bill... It's a
tricky decision.

IZZY and LARRY grin. All innocence. TOM puts his card down on the bill. Gets up to go to the bathroom.

TOM (CONT'D)
(to IZZY; re. card)
You know the number. Back in a
moment.

TOM walks away. LARRY takes his seat beside IZZY.

TOM looks for the toilets. Passes the bar. The MAN IN THE SUIT is there. A few drinks in. He watches TOM pass. Tom tries to avoid the eye contact. Continues on his way...

12 INT. BATHROOM. ROOFTOP BAR. HOTEL - MINUTES LATER 12

TOM stands at the sink. Washes his hands. The bathroom door opens. Briefly brings in the noise of the busy bar.

TOM finishes washing his hands. Turns off the tap. Pauses. Knows someone's joined him. He looks to see the MAN IN THE SUIT blocking the door. Staring at TOM with intent.

TOM
My lucky night?

MAN
You're a peeler.

Not a little malice in the man's voice. He's edgy.

TOM
Hmm hmm.

MAN
You were there when they arrested
my brother. You beat the shite out
of him in the back of a Land Rover.

TOM stays calm. Careful. Squares to the man.

TOM
When was that?

MAN
The Hilltown Estate riots.

TOM
You're talking twenty five years
ago.

MAN
Aye.

TOM doesn't remember but it could be right.

TOM
Those were different times.

The man is enraged. Approaches TOM. Aggressive...

MAN
You should pay for what you did --

TOM thrusts a firm palm thrust into the MAN's chest. Knocks him back. Off balance. The MAN falls on his arse. TOM stands over him. Suddenly intimidating.

TOM
Don't misunderstand me. That was
the way we did things back then.
But not any more.

TOM crouches to his level.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'm here with my daughter. I'm sure
you have kids of your own. Do you
really want to fight old battles?

TOM is sympathetic. Firm. Imposing. The MAN takes a beat. Shakes his head. TOM stands. Straightens himself. Offers a hand to help the MAN up...

The MAN doesn't want TOM's help. Gets up of his own accord. Looks sideways at TOM. Leaves.

A moment. TOM catches sight of himself in the mirror. His mind turns to the memory of what he was. Remorse...

PRELAP A MOBILE PHONE VIBRATING ON GLASS...

TOM can look at himself no more. He goes --

13

INT. LIVING ROOM. LARRY'S FLAT - DAWN

13

THE MOBILE PHONE TREMBLES ON A GLASS COFFEE TABLE --

TOM wakes on the couch in the dark. A blanket pulled over him. Still in his clothes. His neck cricked on an arm rest. His feet over the end. He grasps for his phone. Finds it:

TOM
(into phone)
Aye...

He sits up. Sore.

TOM (CONT'D)
(into phone)
How long ago?

He picks up his watch. Uses the phone to illuminate the dial.

TOM (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I'll be there in an hour.

He hangs up. Rubs his face. The dull glow of the city beneath the window the only thing that lights the modern flat.

14 INT. LIVING ROOM. LARRY'S FLAT - MINUTES LATER 14

TOM holds his coat. Steps carefully through the untidy minefield of student mess towards the door --

IZZY stands in her bedroom doorway. Bleary eyed. A long T-shirt for pyjamas. Tom pauses. Caught. They talk quietly.

TOM
I've to go back. Work.

She nods. Puts her arms out for a hug. He goes to her. Kisses her head. They're close.

IZZY
Do you think Mum would have liked him?

He looks at her. Entirely invested in her wellbeing. A sad smile. He pulls her in tight.

15 INT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - MOMENTS LATER 15

TOM gets in. A beat. He takes his PISTOL from his holster. Removes the full magazine. Cocks the pistol. Checks that the chamber is clear. Pulls the trigger - CLICK - He replaces the magazine. Puts the pistol back in his holster.

He starts the engine --

16 EXT. PORTAFERRY ROAD - AERIAL SHOT - DAWN 16

TOM'S car snakes along the shore road...

Morning sunlight edges over grey mist-washed tree cover on one side. On the other, the cloudy waters of the Lough. A world removed from the city...

WE LIFT IN TO THE AIR TO SEE

The expanse of STRANGFORD LOUGH beyond. Islands aplenty...

17 EXT. STRANGFORD FERRY - DAY 17

TOM looks over the side. Towards STRANGFORD VILLAGE as it looms into view...

He can already see the blue flashing lights of PSNI CARS by the SLIPWAY. A CRANE lowers its hook into the water...

The ferry battles hard against the rushing tide...

18 EXT. SLIPWAY. STRANGFORD - DAY

18

TOM watches a BLUE BMW 5 SERIES being lifted from the water by the CRANE. Water cascades from the vehicle. The car's in good condition. Windows closed. No number plates...

NIAMH McGOVERN beside him. Early 30s. Looks young but carries an experienced head on her shoulders. Nothing impractical about her. They watch DIVERS coming out of the water nearby.

NIAMH

The make and model of the car match those of Pat Keenan. No one saw it being dumped. The ferry crew were the first to notice it as they came to work around 7AM. Then the phone call - to tell us he'd been kidnapped - came in around 7:30. Confirming it's his vehicle will take a little longer without the number plates...

TOM

No bodies? Explosives?

NIAMH

Divers found nothing. Gave us the all clear.

TOM nods. Looks to the PSNI CONSTABLES who form a small cordon around them. SEVERAL PATROL CARS.

TOM

Let me listen to the phone call.

THE TINNY RECORDING OF A PHONE RINGING...

19 EXT. SLIPWAY. STRANGFORD - MOMENTS LATER

19

TOM stands by the open door of his CAR. Earphones in. He listens intently to the recording of the phone call:

THE RINGING PHONE IS ANSWERED:

PSNI OPERATOR (V.O.)

Police emergency?

SHUFFLING. A YOUNG TEENAGER GIGGLES...

*YOUNG TEENAGER (V.O.)
...I have taken Pat Keenan... This
is Major White...*

CLICK. THE TEENAGER HANGS UP THE PHONE.

Tom rewinds it. Plays it again. NIAMH close by.

*BIRDY (O.C.)
Sir!*

NIAMH nudges TOM. He looks up --

20

EXT. SLIPWAY. STRANGFORD - MOMENTS LATER

20

The BMW on the tarmac. It glistens clean and wet. FOUR CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS (CSIs) pore over it. Doors open to the cold. One CSI records with a camera. Two search the car interior. Another records findings - the crime scene manager.

TOM watches a CSI retrieve a VEHICLE LOG BOOK from the glove compartment. Carefully open it. Read. Then show it to a tall, boyish plain-clothes constable: BILLY "BIRDY" BIRD, who stands close by. BIRDY reads. Calls back to TOM.

*BIRDY
It is his, sir. Patrick Jarlath
Keenan.*

TOM steps forward. Intent --

21

EXT. SLIPWAY. STRANGFORD - MOMENTS LATER

21

The blue gloved hand of a CSI peels Gaffer tape from the edge of the driver's side wing mirror. It holds a small, tightly packed flat package in place over the glass...

A CSI PHOTOGRAPHER stands close by. Films as they work. The officer shows the package to nearby TOM and NIAMH:

It's a plastic zip-and-seal clear envelope folded around a postcard. The officer carefully folds out the leaves of the envelope so the postcard's picture is revealed to Tom...

TOM is transfixed. His face falls.

*NIAMH
...Sir?*

TOM

Make sure everyone has a picture of him.

NIAMH

You think the postcard is a clue to his whereabouts? Will I have someone check it out?

He shakes his head. A beat.

TOM

I'll check it out.

NIAMH

Something wrong?

He turns on his heel. Dry throat. His eyes burn. Anger rises.

TOM

Bring everyone in.

22

EXT. SLIPWAY. STRANGFORD - MOMENTS LATER

22

NIAMH briefs the OFFICERS including BIRDY. Holds an iPad. TOM watches on. Anxious to hear every detail...

NIAMH

Pat Keenan. Forty eight. Married. Three children. Runs a successful haulage business.

(beat)

He also has a past as a senior member of the IRA.

The officers lean in.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

His disappearance could well be political. It could also be gang related. Keenan is known to have connections in organised crime.

BIRDY

Could it not just be joyriders, if the call was wee kids?

NIAMH

They used a paramilitary authenticating code, which makes that unlikely. We're looking into it.

TOM

Make no mistake: The people Keenan was involved with in the past and the ones he has been associated with now are an unsavoury bunch. I shouldn't need to remind you that the lines between gang related activities and political paramilitaries are blurred at best. So tread carefully. Whoever his associates are, we'd expect them to be looking for him already.

NIAMH pulls up the photo of the Goliath postcard on the screen. He puts out a hand to stop her showing it to the others. A shake of the head.

TOM (CONT'D)

(quietly; to Marie)

Hold tight on that one.

(beat; to all)

Take his life apart. See what we can find that might point to this. Phone and financial records, personal life, work...

TOM looks around. Sees ONLOOKERS dotted in doorways. Craning from windows.

TOM (CONT'D)

Put an outer cordon on the road in as well. I don't want anyone joining the investigation who's not supposed to be here.

He nods to NIAMH. She dismisses them:

NIAMH

Alright.

They know their jobs. TOM walks to his car...

NIAMH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Birdy, go down the shops and houses. See if there's any CCTV of the road into the village. Be nice.

BIRDY goes. NIAMH catches up with TOM. He knows she's there:

TOM

Get on to the Intelligence Hub. Ask if there's anything relating to Keenan we need to know about.

NIAMH

Boss.

She hurries to keep up with him.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

Is there something you're not
telling me, sir?

TOM stops. Looks at her. His eyes sharp like a hunter.

TOM

Yes.

(beat)

Carry on.

He continues to his car. She's left behind. Frustrated by his honesty. He pulls his phone from his pocket. Makes a call --

23

INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE. PSNI HQ BELFAST - DAY

23

DETECTIVE CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT JACKIE TWOMEY could almost be an executive at his desk. In a sharp suit. His jacket hanging over the back of his chair. His office is modern. Sleek.

He scans through a document as a UNIFORMED CONSTABLE waits for his sign off...

HIS DESK PHONE RINGS --

He signs the document. Passes it to the constable.

JACKIE

OK.

The constable goes. JACKIE picks up the phone:

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

DCS Twomey?... Jesus Christ, Tom
Brannick, talk about a blast from
the proverbial...

(checks his watch)

I can indeed... See you there.

JACKIE hangs up. Pauses. Hand on the receiver. Curiosity. He stands. Slips on his jacket. Calls out to his CLERK:

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I'm going out for an hour.

24 EXT. HARLAND & WOLFF CAR PARK - DAY

24

An empty car park. A concrete hectare. TWO YELLOW HARLAND & WOLFF CRANES tower over the scene. Distant warehouses.

TOM waits by his car. Jackie's car pulls up in front...

JACKIE gets out. Looks at TOM. A smile in his eyes.

A glimmer of a smile in TOM'S eyes. JACKIE approaches him. TOM extends a hand to shake. JACKIE looks at it a beat. Pulls him in for a hug. Pushes back:

JACKIE
How's Izzy?

TOM
She's third year medicine at
Queen's.

JACKIE
You've done a grand job.

TOM relieved to be with an old friend. But there's concern...

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I drove past nineteen pubs on the
way in. Why d'you want to meet
here?

TOM hands his phone to JACKIE. JACKIE looks at the screen.
Tries to focus...

He takes his glasses from his jacket pocket. Puts them on.
Expands the small screen picture of the postcard:

A photo of the large yellow Goliath crane at Harland & Wolff.

Jackie looks at TOM. A chill.

25 EXT. HARLAND & WOLFF CAR PARK - MINUTES LATER

25

JACKIE and TOM lean against the bonnet of Tom's car. JACKIE looks at the real Goliath crane close by.

TOM
The postcard was taped inside the
wing mirror of Keenan's car. In a
waterproof envelope.

TOM presses play on an audio file on his phone:

PSNI OPERATOR (V.O.)
Police emergency?

SHUFFLING. A YOUNG TEENAGER GIGGLES.

YOUNG TEENAGER (V.O.)
...I have taken Pat Keenan... This
is Major White...

CLICK. THE TEENAGER HANGS UP.

JACKIE
Major White?

TOM
It's in the form of a Loyalist
paramilitary code. We're looking
into it.

JACKIE
Are we sure it's Goliath?
(off TOM)
Who else has seen the postcard?

TOM
Niamh and the CSIs at the scene.

JACKIE
Niamh?

TOM
My DS. Niamh McGovern.

JACKIE
How long's she been with you?

TOM
Six months. She was Police Scotland
before that. Glasgow.

JACKIE
Not a bad place to cut your
teeth...

JACKIE looks at him. Firm.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
And who else have you told?

TOM
I'm telling you. Sir.
(off Jackie's concern)
We have to look into it.

JACKIE
It's more complicated than that.

TOM
Why?

JACKIE
The fact that Pat Keenan is your missing person...

TOM
You were on the Goliath case before. The seniors shut you down. Now you're one of the seniors. We can go after it.

JACKIE
You know yourself that as soon as word gets out that an ex-IRA man has gone missing, all hell could break loose...
(re. the picture on the phone)
And you start adding all this?
You'll start a war.

He hands the phone back to TOM.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
(re. phone)
It's in the past. Best left there.

TOM
Not for me.

JACKIE stops. A pause. More considered.

JACKIE
You're right. Easy for me to say. I haven't had the twenty years you've had... Emma's gone, Tom. Nothing's going to bring her back.

TOM looks at JACKIE. Sharp. Something stinging.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Think of Izzy. Medicine at Queen's, you say...

TOM pushes himself up to standing. JACKIE stops him.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Just find Pat Keenan. Don't go down
any other roads. We don't know
where they'll lead.

TOM pauses. Looks at JACKIE. Beyond him to the cranes...

26 EXT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

26

The front gates of PSNI DUNFOLAN. A fenced-in compound in a
quiet backwater. TOM'S CAR drives up to the gates. Slows for
the CONSTABLE on duty. Passes through...

27 INT. MCCALLISTER'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

27

MCCALLISTER at her desk. TOM and NIAMH sit across from her.

MCCALLISTER

Just his car in the water? No sign
of him?

TOM

No, ma'am.

MCCALLISTER

And nothing else?

NIAMH glances to TOM. Has to say.

NIAMH

There was a postcard. Taped onto
the wing mirror. No message.

MCCALLISTER

Did this postcard have a picture?

TOM

The cranes at Harland and Wolff.
I've been up there to check it
out... Nothing.

NIAMH

But the fact the number plates were
missing as well, ma'am - we're into
something here. We just don't know
what it is yet.

MCCALLISTER

So what do you want to do next?

TOM

We'll go and see the wife. Claire Keenan. See if she can shed light on any recent activity that might have put him in harm's way.

MCCALLISTER leans back. Considers.

MCCALLISTER

Has she reported him missing?

NIAMH

Not yet.

MCCALLISTER

Hmm. I suppose even if she wanted to, she wouldn't report it to us. She'd go to her own people.

TOM

I agree, ma'am. But we still need to find out what we can from her.

MCCALLISTER

I know. I'm just aware that we need to mind what we're walking into. We have one side of the community who look at us as the enemy, and the Keenans are very much at the heart of that.

(beat)

But. I realise the clock is ticking. So just...

TOM

Be careful.

She smiles. He's got it.

MCCALLISTER

That's right.

28

INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE. PSNI HQ BELFAST - DAY

28

JACKIE at his computer. He looks at a picture of Pat Keenan on the PJK Haulage website. He pulls up a new screen. Types into the search engine:

Quinlan harkin corry

The top result of the search is a 2018 article from Belfast Telegraph Digital. The headline:

The men who fled justice

Jackie scrolls down the article. Photos of Simon Quinlan, Joe Harkin and David Corry.

He picks up his desk phone. Dials. Waits.

JACKIE

(into phone)

This is DCS Twomey... Yes, our people down in Dunfolan have a missing persons case on their hands... Pat or Patrick Keenan... I would like everything we have on that, on my desk as soon as possible, please.

He puts the phone down. Looks back at his screen. Anxious.

29 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 29

TOM turns off the main road into a haulage yard. NIAMH is sat in the passenger seat beside him. A large sign reads PJK HAULAGE. LONG TRUCKS are parked up in the yard...

30 EXT. HAULAGE YARD OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 30

TOM and NIAMH go to the PORTAKABIN OFFICE. Niamh alert to LINGERING EMPLOYEES in the yard...

CLAIRE (50s) opens one of the doors. Guarded. She is expensively dressed. Out of place in a haulage yard.

TOM and NIAMH show their badges.

TOM

Mrs. Keenan?

CLAIRE

Yes.

TOM

I'm Detective Chief Inspector Tom Brannick. This is Detective Sergeant Niamh McGovern --

CLAIRE

What do you want?

TOM

May we come in?

CLAIRE

No.

She's conscious employees in the yard are watching. TOM purses his lips. Not the way he'd want to deliver news:

TOM

We found your husband's car in
Strangford Lough this morning.

CLAIRE'S eyes widen. She falters back from the door...

31

INT. HAULAGE YARD OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

31

TOM and NIAMH opposite CLAIRE at a desk. Claire distraught.

TOM

When was the last time you saw him?

CLAIRE

Yesterday morning.

TOM

Are there any witnesses to that?

CLAIRE

I'm his wife --

NIAMH

Mrs. Keenan --

CLAIRE

Do we need witnesses to married
life now?

NIAMH

Mrs. Keenan --

CLAIRE

Or maybe just the Catholics do.

NIAMH

Has anyone contacted you about your
husband?

CLAIRE

No. What was his car doing in the
water?

NIAMH

We don't know that yet.

CLAIRE
Is he dead?

TOM
We can't speculate --

CLAIRE
What can you do?!

Her hand trembles. Emotional. She gets up.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Right.

Goes for the door.

TOM
Where are you going?

CLAIRE
I'm not waiting for you lot to
solve this.

TOM
You've a much better chance with us
than you do with anyone else.

CLAIRE
Do you even care?

TOM
Let us control this.

CLAIRE
Do everything you can to find my
husband.

TOM
We're police officers --

CLAIRE
That's what I'm worried about.
(beat)
I want you to break down doors.
Crack heads.

TOM
That is not the way it's done.

CLAIRE
It certainly used to be.

TOM
We need to be cautious --

CLAIRE

Cautious? You wouldn't be cautious
if he was one of you.

NIAMH

(soft)

Mrs. Keenan. In cases such as
these... It's best not to tell
anyone. People could take the law
into their own hands. We risk a
more volatile situation.

CLAIRE looks at NIAMH. Yields a touch. TOM glances sideways
at NIAMH. Senses the opportunity for potential amnesty.

TOM

Uh. Do you have a toilet?

CLAIRE

No, we shit in our hands.

She glares at him. Ready for anything he has to offer. Beat.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Outside. End of the block.

TOM nods an abashed thank you. Gets up --

32 EXT. HAULAGE YARD OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

32

TOM shuts the door behind him. Takes a deep breath of cold
air. Walks along the Portakabin block...

33 INT. HAULAGE YARD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

33

CLAIRE and NIAMH sit in silence. CLAIRE looks out of the
window at the half light. A gentler atmosphere.

CLAIRE

(re. Tom)

Did he say your name's Niamh?

NIAMH

He did.

CLAIRE

Oh.

NIAMH knows the "Oh" is loaded. Her name has allowed her to
be identified. Judged.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

One of us.

(beat)

What are you doing? Working for them?

NIAMH doesn't flinch. Waits with her notepad open.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Well. I hope your detective work is better than your life choices.

CLAIRE softens. Cuts her some slack.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

...He went up yesterday morning for a conference. Sent me a text in the afternoon to say something had come up, he was going to be staying in Belfast.

NIAMH surreptitiously presses RECORD on her phone in her lap.

NIAMH

Did he say where?

CLAIRE

The Europa. He likes it there.

NIAMH writes it down.

34 EXT. HAULAGE YARD - CONTINUOUS

34

TOM exits the portaloo. Heads to the office. Sees another door immediately on his right. A plaque: **PJ KEENAN. OWNER.**

Tom looks round to see if anyone's watching. The coast is clear. He enters PAT'S OFFICE --

35 INT. PAT'S OFFICE. HAULAGE YARD - MOMENTS LATER

35

TOM searches. Tries to stay out of the way of the windows; out of sight from the yard.

He looks in desk drawers. One is locked...

He looks behind pictures. Down low for a safe. Nothing...

A calendar hangs near the door. Different appointments scribbled down. A MEDICAL APPOINTMENT. TOM reads it...

The door opens --

A BURLY MAN stands in the doorway. He has long hair in a ponytail. He looks straight at TOM. TOM is unflustered.

TOM
What about ye?

36

INT. HAULAGE YARD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

36

RESUME CLAIRE AND NIAMH.

NIAMH
He hasn't told you about any recent disagreements, no? Shown any signs that he's worried about something?

She shakes her head. NIAMH anxious about the next question:

NIAMH (CONT'D)
...Is your husband the type of man to keep secrets?

CLAIRE
In what way?

NIAMH
...You understand I have to ask you these questions. I don't mean to be rude.

CLAIRE eyes her more cautiously.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
I mean secrets that might be about his past... other women --

CLAIRE
No.

NIAMH
It could be just the smallest suggestion --

CLAIRE
I said, "no" --

The door opens. TOM steps into the room. Followed by the BURLY MAN, who eyes him suspiciously.

The BURLY MAN goes to CLAIRE'S side. Whispers something. Her eyes widen. The anger returns. Upset. She glares at TOM.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I fucking knew it --

NIAMH

Mrs --

CLAIRE

Can't trust you as far as I can
throw you. Get out. The both of
yous.

NIAMH looks at TOM. Hesitation.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Now.

The BURLY MAN squares up beside her. Ready to enforce her
command. TOM nods to NIAMH in concession.

37

INT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - MINUTES LATER

37

TOM and NIAMH get in. The BURLY MAN watches them. Satisfied
they're in the car, he walks away.

NIAMH

(sarcastic)

That went as well as could be
expected.

TOM

Pat had a hospital appointment
yesterday at noon. The Royal.

NIAMH nods. Looks back at the Portakabin office.

NIAMH

I'd be amazed if she keeps this to
herself.

They know the implications of this. TOM looks out the window.
A moment of hesitation. He pats his pockets.

TOM

Did I leave my phone in there?

NIAMH

I didn't see you take it out.

He gets out.

TOM

Back in a sec.

38 INT. HAULAGE YARD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 38

CLAIRE looks at the office landline. Considers her next move.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR --

It opens. TOM steps in.

CLAIRE
I thought I told you to --

TOM
Leave. Aye, I know.

He reaches into his pocket. Takes out his phone.

TOM (CONT'D)
I just wanted to ask...

CLAIRE
You get off our property before I
have you chased off.

He finds the image he wants. Shows it to her:

TOM
Does this mean anything to you?

She looks: *the photo of the Goliath crane postcard*. Thrown by
the left field question.

CLAIRE
...I know where it is, aye.

TOM
That's it?

CLAIRE
What more d'you want me to say?

He looks at her. Hard. Puts the phone away. Exits --

39 INT. OPHTHALMOLOGY RECEPTION. HOSPITAL. BELFAST - DAY 39

TOM and NIAMH arrive to talk to the RECEPTIONIST. Show ID.

TOM
Wondering if you could help? We've
been sent up here to speak to Mr.
O'Keeffe. We have a few questions
about a patient of his.

RECEPTIONIST

Certainly. Take a seat.

They go to the waiting area. Take a seat. NIAMH gets a text. Reads it. Tom glances over.

NIAMH

A message from a friend in a local policing team. Apparently Keenan has a reputation in the area.

TOM

Oh?

NIAMH

The word is he uses his influence to lure women. Sometimes he pays for it.

TOM

(shakes his head)

Why am I not surprised?

40

EXT. STREET. BELFAST - DAY

40

A lone phone box in a red brick estate. Quiet.

A POLICE CAR speeds up. Slams on the brakes by the phone box. TWO CONSTABLES jump out. One keeps watch while the other, wearing blue latex gloves, goes straight to the phone box, pulls out wire cutters, chops the phone cable and bags the handset in a Tamper Evident evidence bag.

They jump back in the car. Speed off before anyone notices --

41

INT. CORRIDOR. HOSPITAL. BELFAST - LATER

41

TOM and NIAMH walk the corridor. Post meeting. NIAMH scrolls through her phone:

NIAMH

Causes of blurred vision:
nearsightedness, farsightedness,
astigmatism and... presbyopia?
What's that?

TOM

Something to do with Presbyterians?

NIAMH

Can also be caused by dry eyes,
pregnancy, migraines, floaters?
(MORE)

NIAMH (CONT'D)
LASIK, eye drops... I'm none the
wiser.
(beat)
Whoever invented patient
confidentiality wasn't in the
police.

They reach a junction of corridors. Look both ways.

TOM
How do we get out of this place?

42

INT. CORRIDOR. HOSPITAL. BELFAST - MINUTES LATER

42

TOM and NIAMH walk towards the lifts. Niamh presses the call
button. A doctor walks after them. Catches up. It's TORI
MATTHEWS. She's in scrubs. A magnetic character.

The three of them wait in silence for the lift...

TOM looks at her. Smiles.

TOM
Are we going the right way to get
out?

TORI
(smiles)
You are indeed. It gets confusing
downstairs, but I'll walk you out.

TOM
You sure?

TORI
I'm headed that way anyway.

A pause. NIAMH presses the call button again.

TORI (CONT'D)
You visiting?

NIAMH
Uh no. We're police. Just asking a
few questions.

TORI
Police? I apologise in advance...
You've probably come across a few
of my students.

TOM
You at Queen's?

TORI
Just starting. God help me.

TOM
My daughter's third year medicine.

TORI
She's not? Och well... I'll keep an eye out for her. What's her name?

TOM
Izzy Brannick. She'll be the one chewing your ear off.

TORI laughs. Infectious.

PING. The lift doors open. They step in --

43

INT. LOBBY. HOSPITAL. BELFAST - MINUTES LATER

43

TORI leads TOM and NIAMH towards the doors.

TORI
Here we are now.

TOM
Let me ask you something. Why would somebody... a lady's man, say... be suffering from blurred vision? Asking for a friend.

TORI
(shrugs)
It's not my area of expertise. I'm a trauma consultant. But... A lady's man? You sure he doesn't have syphilis? He could also just be taking too much Viagra.

TOM
That affects your eyesight?

TORI nods. Raised eyebrows.

NIAMH
(to Tom)
Let that be a warning to you.

TORI and NIAMH share a smile. TOM embarrassed.

TOM
Thanks very much.

He and NIAMH go. TORI watches them a beat. Turns inside --

44 EXT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 44

The peaceful gates of the large county town station. A barrier. A UNIFORMED CONSTABLE on duty. TWO TEENAGERS passing by. A PATROL CAR approaches the gates slowly --

45 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - CONTINUOUS 45

TOM drives. NIAMH beside him. The hiss and chatter of the police radio between them. They near the gates of PSNI DUNFOLAN. All calm...

They can see the patrol car nearing the gates before them. TOM signals to turn into the station...

WHOOMPH. The patrol car bursts into flames. A swirling ball of fire as it rolls to a halt by the gates. The TWO TEENAGERS leg it from the scene, having just thrown their petrol bombs.

NIAMH grabs the radio:

NIAMH
(into radio)
Uniform from Sierra Romeo Four Five
- over --

TOM hits the brakes. Jumps out --

46 EXT. GATES. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 46

TOM sprints from his car towards the burning fire ball. He reaches the PATROL CAR as TWO OFFICERS bail from inside. One manages to escape unharmed but the other catches fire...

TOM removes his own jacket in one fluid movement...

The other officer shouts at her friend that there are flames on his arm and back. He panics. Just as TOM gets to him and smothers the flames with his jacket. Pats him down...

TOM
You're OK. Get inside. Move.

TOM gestures for NIAMH to bring the car --

47 EXT. CAR PARK. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER

47

NIAMH gets out of the CAR. TOM walks alongside. The blaze at the gates behind them. The TWO OFFICERS head for the building. Another OFFICER runs to them with a medical kit...

OTHER POLICE run to the burning car with fire extinguishers.

STAFF emerge stunned from the building: A hulk of weathered municipality. But no one is standing around for long --

SUPERINTENDENT McCALLISTER gets a grip of the situation. She's early 40s. In uniform. Professional. Barks orders:

MCCALLISTER

Have fire crews clear that away as quickly as possible. I want a TSG on standby for any follow up. Get onto the Tasking and co-ordination centre, let them know what's going on and see if they know what else is coming.

OFFICERS jump to her commands. Shouts go up like echoes.

TOM and NIAMH walk towards the building...

TOM

(to Niamh)

Grab Birdy, find a room with some privacy and let's get to work...

NIAMH peels off. TOM heads for McCALLISTER. She sees him.

MCCALLISTER

Tom.

TOM

Ma'am.

MCCALLISTER

You saw it happen?

He nods. Looks at the fire. The chaos. Back at McCALLISTER.

TOM

It's because of us. Because we went to see Mrs. Keenan.

MCCALLISTER

How do you know?

TOM

She's convinced herself we have no
interest in finding her husband...
(re. fire)
And she's convinced this lot.

MCCALLISTER chews it over. A difficult position.

MCCALLISTER

They may have a point. A former IRA
man goes missing and we still
haven't found him...

(beat)

What are you doing about it?

TOM

Pursuing the leads we do have.
There's nothing concrete yet.

MCCALLISTER

Alright, Tom. Get on with it.

TOM

Ma'am.

She goes to make sure the aftermath is being managed
properly. TOM makes straight for the office --

48

INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - LATER

48

The boards are populated with pictures and notes - a case
being built around a photo of Pat Keenan. NIAMH pins items
up. On a table is the bagged up severed PHONE BOX HANDSET.

Tom at the window. He watches the FIRE BRIGADE dousing the
BURNING CAR. OFFICERS redirect traffic on the road beyond.

BIRDY plays the recording to the room:

YOUNG TEENAGER (V.O.)

*...I have taken Pat Keenan... This
is Major White.*

CLICK. THE PHONE HANGS UP.

TOM

Major White was a code used by a
Loyalist paramilitary in the early-
'90s. The last person to use it is
long dead and the kid whose voice
we can hear was no doubt slipped a
twenty to make the call.

NIAMH

The handset was wiped down. Nothing
on it that we can use.

She picks up a piece of paper. Scans it.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

Keenan told his wife he was staying
in a hotel in Belfast.

TOM

And?

NIAMH

He never booked it.

TOM frowns. NIAMH references the documents on the board:

NIAMH (CONT'D)

We have a copy of his joint account
statement; his personal account...
nothing of note. We know he was IRA
over twenty years ago, but there's
been no overt activity since...
Most of his contacts from those
days have moved into "legit"
businesses anyway. Int Hub have
confirmed he's not on their radar.

TOM frowns. That's odd. To NIAMH:

TOM

CCTV into the village?

She shakes her head.

TOM (CONT'D)

And his hospital appointment raises
the possibility he abuses his
position to further his sex life.

BIRDY points to a picture of Pat. Incredulous:

BIRDY

This guy?

NIAMH

He's known to pay for it.

BIRDY

How much?

NIAMH
(sarcastic)
He gets it half price with his
tenth cup of coffee.
(off BIRDY)
I don't know.

BIRDY shrinks.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
Potentially it could all relate to
his personal life.

TOM
Going on what we know? I doubt it.
(beat)
Birdy, of his organised crime
contacts --

NIAMH
How does the postcard fit?

It's pointed. Directed at Tom. He stops. A pause.

BIRDY
...What postcard?

TOM
(to Birdy)
Give us a few minutes, will you?

BIRDY nods. Heads for the exit.

BIRDY'S gone. TOM and NIAMH alone. An awkward pause.

NIAMH
I need to know what you're not
telling me.

He looks questioning. Momentarily innocent.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
It has everything to do with that
postcard. I want you to bring me up
to speed.

TOM
...It's nothing you need to worry
about.

She eyeballs him. Decides:

NIAMH
Understood.

She starts walking towards the exit --

TOM
Where you going?

NIAMH
To ask McCallister to take me off
this investigation --

TOM
Don't.

She reaches for the door handle --

TOM (CONT'D)
Just...

She stops. Waits. He pauses. Finds the words.

TOM (CONT'D)
In the early part of 1998... The
months leading up to the peace
agreement... A handful of us were
made aware of... a possible
assassin... who seemed to have
access to police intelligence. He
was never identified. But the
suspicion was that it could only
have been an inside man...

TOM finds the printout of the Goliath postcard photograph.
Slides it across the table towards her.

TOM (CONT'D)
We called him Goliath. After the
crane.

NIAMH
How come?

TOM
...'Cause he's big and yellow and
you can't fucking miss him.

He smiles. Sardonic.

NIAMH
So... you think he's still out
there? You think Keenan is dead?

TOM

...In '98... The thing that linked Goliath's victims was that each one was made to look like they had done a runner. Fear, debt, reputation - they all had a credible reason to leave. And that was the version of events that everyone chose to accept.

(beat)

Peace was on the table. If word got out that a member of the police was picking off targets at will...

He shakes his head. Drums his fingers on the desk.

TOM (CONT'D)

No one wanted to risk a return to all out war.

(beat)

No one wanted to listen to me.

Niamh walks back into the room. Sits. Arms folded.

NIAMH

How many targets?

TOM

Four.

NIAMH

And how do you know? That they didn't just... run off?

TOM

Never to be seen again? No.

NIAMH

If they were targets... Didn't both sides usually like to leave their victims in public for all to see?

TOM

That's true. But occasionally - not often - it was more convenient for people to vanish off the face of the earth. Like these four. They were murdered.

NIAMH

So Goliath is a serial killer?

TOM

That makes it sound indiscriminate.
These were targeted assassinations.

49 INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE. PSNI HQ BELFAST - DAY

49

JACKIE goes through the file on the live Pat Keenan case. A list of the day's timings: - Discovery of the car, police alerted, police response etc.

On the TV in the corner, he sees news footage of the burning police car outside PSNI Dunfolan. The ticker reads:

PSNI Dunfolan Petrol Bombing

Jackie picks up the TV remote. Turns up the volume. A politician is being interviewed by phone over the repeated images of the burning car.

POLITICIAN (V.O.)

-- We can not go back to those days of running battles in the streets. We have moved on from that now. But I'm afraid this is another example of why the police do not represent our community. They are responsible here, as much as the perpetrators of the violence. A member of my community has told me her husband is missing and, by all accounts, the police have handled it appallingly --

JACKIE is livid. Looks to his CLERK:

JACKIE

Get me the ACC District Policing Command --

50 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - LATER

50

TOM and NIAMH around the table. Documents in front of them. TOM draws on old photographs of each subject as he talks:

TOM

These are the original Goliath disappearances. The ones that preceded Keenan. David Corry, Joe Harkin, and Father Simon Quinlan --

NIAMH

A priest?

TOM

And an IRA arms dealer. Harkin was an IRA Quartermaster and Corry... He was from the other side - a Protestant Paramilitary Godfather.

They take in the images of the three men.

TOM (CONT'D)

That's what made it all the more puzzling. It wasn't one side or the other. His targets were people who were a threat to the peace process on both sides. He kept it even-handed.

NIAMH

You said there were four targets.

TOM stops. Something he's been holding back for a long time.

TOM

He also murdered my wife.

The news hits NIAMH. An electric thud. The silence is deafening. TOM lets the memory ebb slowly back...

51 INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MINUTES LATER

51

TOM strides on. Determined. NIAMH tries to keep up.

NIAMH

Why is your wife not in the files?

TOM

Because her disappearance is not official.

NIAMH

Was she a threat to the peace?

Tom stops. Eyeballs her. Sharp.

TOM

...She was military intelligence. The nature of her work... At the time they said her cover had been blown. She "went to ground".

NIAMH

But that's not what happened?

He contemplates the memory. Reluctant to share.

TOM

She was kidnapped. Same as Keenan.

He walks on. A beat later she follows.

52

INT. STORAGE BASEMENT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

52

TOM and NIAMH wait at the end of a long archive. Shelves and shelves of files and records. They can hear the heave and grunt of CONSTABLE SCOTT as he searches high and low.

TOM

If we can look at the files of the original victims, we can compare them to the Keenan case.

(beat)

When Joe Harkin went missing, the investigation said it was because he owed money all around the country. There was a list of all the people he is thought to have owed in his file. I remember seeing it... Keenan was on that list. Maybe our possible Goliath, too.

SCOTT leans into the aisle from behind a shelf.

SCOTT

When did you say?

TOM

The last week of February, '98.

SCOTT pulls his head back in.

NIAMH

Did Goliath leave postcards before?

TOM

No.

NIAMH

So is it him? Or is it someone wanting us to think about him?

Tom looks at her. Sharp. Curious.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

Well... Twenty years ago it's anonymous, but now... Whoever it is... They want us in no doubt that Goliath is in play...

(beat)

(MORE)

NIAMH (CONT'D)

To me, that's either the man himself or someone looking to expose him.

SCOTT (O.C.)

There's nothing here.

TOM lifts the flap on the counter. Steps through. Strides down to where SCOTT is. NIAMH follows...

TOM

There has to be. Joe Harkin is the name you're looking for. He was the first of them to disappear.

TOM and NIAMH arrive with SCOTT.

SCOTT

I'm telling you, there's nothing, so there's not.

SCOTT shows them an empty section of shelf.

TOM

How is that possible, Constable Scott?

SCOTT

(shrugs)

Ask me one on Trigonometry.

TOM'S patience frays --

53

INT. MCCALLISTER'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - LATER

53

MCCALLISTER at her desk. TOM and NIAMH stand in front of her.

TOM

Something's going on. Goliath was a name known only inside the police. And now these files have upped and vanished. There's someone... Someone who doesn't want us to get to the truth about the Goliath disappearances. We can't hold back, ma'am.

She leans back. Crosses her arms. Steely.

MCCALLISTER

So don't. Find Pat Keenan. That way we can unlock Goliath.

(MORE)

MCCALLISTER (CONT'D)
Use whatever resources you need.
Pull people from other jobs, if you
have to.

McCallister leans forward. Elbows on the desk.

MCCALLISTER (CONT'D)
You have my backing. Now get this
done.

54

INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DOWNPATRICK - LATER

54

TOM looks at the photos of the Goliath victims on the board.
NIAMH at the computer nearby. TOM focuses on the photo of
David Corry. A thought. He taps the picture.

TOM
The third disappearance... David
Corry.
(beat)
He was a prominent Loyalist
Paramilitary involved in numerous
attacks on the Catholic community.
A nasty piece of work. He has a
brother... Adam. Lives out on the
Comber Road. Adam's never bought
the official version of what
happened - he's worked tirelessly
to disprove it - and if we're short
of information, he could be the one
to fill in the blanks.

NIAMH stands. Picks up her coat.

NIAMH
Alright, then. Let's go.

TOM grabs his coat.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
(re. coat)
That smells like you're a fifty a
day man.

TOM
Aye. The lining's burnt to shite.
But for the money I paid, there's
no way I'm not wearing it.

NIAMH
Jesus. Every pound's a prisoner,
'ey?

She smiles. Heads out the door.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
C'mon then, cheapskate.

55 INT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - DAY

55

TOM behind the wheel. NIAMH in the passenger seat. They stare through the windscreen at ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE. A grey, pebble-dashed farm house. As weathered and permanent as the land.

TOM
This is Adam Corry's house. His brother, David, was Goliath's third victim and a Protestant paramilitary.

NIAMH
Was Adam a paramilitary too?

TOM
No. He was never one for violence. Much happier out here. Ran a bakery in the local village.
(beat)
But he loved his brother. And he's dedicated the last twenty two years to trying to find him...

56 EXT. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

56

The door opens gingerly. ADAM CORRY is in his eighties. Frail. One hand clutches a home oxygen pack; like long-handled airport luggage. A tube feeds to his nose.

He sees TOM. NIAMH. Frowns.

ADAM
...Tom Brannick.

TOM
That's right, Mr. Corry.

ADAM
You still got a good boot on you?

TOM
I don't play any more.

ADAM
(to NIAMH)
Best outhalf these parts have seen.

NIAMH casts an eye at TOM. Curious.

TOM

Rugby.

She rolls her eyes. They look back at Adam.

ADAM

What are you now? Detective Chief Inspector?

TOM

Aye. This is Detective Sergeant McGovern.

ADAM

Is that right?

He pauses on her a moment. The curiosity of her name.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Times change.

(to TOM)

Have you found my brother?

TOM

We're looking again.

ADAM chews this over. Turns. Shuffles back inside. TOM and NIAMH share a look. TOM steps in the open door --

57

INT. DINING ROOM. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

57

ADAM sits at the high polished mahogany dining table. Twee antique furnishings around him. TOM and NIAMH opposite him.

ADAM

If you want a drop of tea, you should have thought of that before you came.

NIAMH

We're grand thanks, Mr. Corry.

An awkward pause. The ticking of the clock. NIAMH takes out her phone. Places it on the coffee table.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

Mind if I record this?

ADAM

(ignores her)

I thought you'd given up.

TOM
...Not all of us.

NIAMH presses record. ADAM fixes TOM with vivid blue eyes.

ADAM
What's spurred you into action,
this time?

TOM adjusts his coat. Changes gear:

TOM
The others who went missing at the
same time as your brother --

ADAM
Joe Harkin, Simon Quinlan, your --

TOM
Aye.
(beat)
We're following a new line of
enquiry.

He laughs. The laugh rides a dry cough.

ADAM
A new line of enquiry? My God.
Twenty two years... Yous lot move
with some urgency.

NIAMH
Mr. Corry. You don't believe the
verdict that your brother ran, just
like the others --

ADAM
He ran from nothing.

His rising anger brings back the cough. His health declining.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Only because of the cease-fire did
everyone swallow that shite. Yous
lot so drunk on the idea of peace,
you stopped doing your jobs.

NIAMH
But look at what the peace has
brought us.

ADAM
Unanswered questions. Where's my
brother?

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

(re. Tom)

His wife? How much peace d'you
think he's known all these years?

TOM

That's enough.

ADAM smarts. The recording counter ticks over...

TOM (CONT'D)

We think the connection between
each of the 1998 missing persons is
credible. Including your brother.
But we're short some information.

A game of poker where nobody blinks. Until ADAM gets up.
Shuffles his oxygen to the door...

ADAM

C'mon then.

58

INT. SPARE BEDROOM. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 58

A small double bed just about fits amidst stacks and stacks
of files. On shelves. Piled high on the floor and on the bed.

ADAM surveys his twenty years' work. A hint of sadness. TOM
and NIAMH marvel at the volume of it.

TOM

Do you have a system?

ADAM

Of course I have a bloody system.
I'm not daft.

TOM

We're looking for the last week of
February, 1998. Anything relating
to that. Joe Harkin, particularly.

ADAM starts searching the files...

TOM notices a JOURNAL, sitting open on a small desk. A pen
rests in the spine. At the top of the page, Adam has written:

16th - Visitors. Tom Brannick + 1

ADAM

...Whenever I called for police
help... Your lot would treat me
like I was sitting in the press
with a tin foil hat...

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Telling yous all that little green
men were footering up the path.

Adam finds the chunky file he's looking for. Pulls it down.

TOM stretches a hand to the JOURNAL. Goes to turn the page
back to previous days --

ADAM snaps the JOURNAL shut. A firm look at TOM. TOM
concedes. Goes to look closer at the rows of files.

ADAM hands the file to NIAMH. She opens it. Skims...

ADAM joins TOM at the files. Classifications tidily marked on
each spine. Date; subject...

ADAM (CONT'D)

...I've not got a great deal on
Harkin, that much is true... They
didn't like a man like me snooping
around his neighbourhood...

ADAM pulls a file. Hands it to TOM. Tom reads the cover.

TOM

This is April '98.

ADAM

Aye.

TOM looks at him like he's lost it. ADAM'S patience frays. He
opens the folder for TOM. Shows him:

ADAM (CONT'D)

The peace deal was struck on the
10th April. On the 11th, a woman
reports suspicious activity on an
island on the Lough. She says it
happened end of February... Around
the time Harkin went off the map.

TOM is shocked. He reads.

NIAMH

Why so long to report it?

ADAM

Maybe she was one of the few
believed the cease-fire might
actually hold.

TOM

Who did she report it to?

ADAM
Your lot.
(off Tom)
You didn't know?

Tom looks up. He did not.

ADAM (CONT'D)
All I did was drink where you boys
were drinking. Eary-wigged on idle
talk.

TOM flicks back and forth through the file. Only sees ADAM'S
scrawled note that supports what he's just said. Questioning.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Oh I don't have the actual
statement. Never did. I just knew
of its existence... And of course I
asked for it many times...

Tom's mind whirs. Adam talks. His words drift into the ether.

59 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - NIGHT

59

TOM drives. NIAMH beside him. He slows the car for a vehicle
check point near the gates of PSNI DUNFOLAN. Shows his ID to
an ARMED CONSTABLE. He is waved through to the main gates...

MORE ARMED CONSTABLES. PSNI Dunfolan more like a fortress...

60 EXT. CAR PARK. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER

60

TOM and NIAMH get out of the car. TOM notices a familiar car
[JACKIE'S CAR] parked by the station.

NIAMH
Boss.

NIAMH looks towards the station. TOM follows her line of
sight. They see McCALLISTER leaving the building. She is
shown to a car by a plain clothes DETECTIVE...

She stops before she gets to the car. Sees TOM and NIAMH.
Nods. Gets in. JACKIE steps out of the building. Watches the
car take McCALLISTER away. He looks at TOM. Authority.

61 INT. MCCALLISTER'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - NIGHT

61

JACKIE sits opposite TOM. Looks seriously at his old friend.

TOM
This is sudden.

JACKIE teases his fingers on the edge of the desk.

TOM (CONT'D)
You in charge now?

JACKIE
I am.

TOM nods.

TOM
McCallister was doing a good job.

JACKIE
It is a delicate situation that has
been mishandled.

TOM
That's not her fault.

JACKIE
Yes it is. She has allowed you to
run amuck.

TOM
I am looking for Pat Keenan.

JACKIE boils.

TOM (CONT'D)
You told me to focus on him --

62 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS

62

JACKIE (O.C.)
Fuck up!

BIRDY outside McCALLISTER'S OFFICE. He hears JACKIE lose his
temper. Looks round the room. OFFICERS pretend to ignore it.

63 INT. MCCALLISTER'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS

63

RESUME TOM AND JACKIE.

Jackie leans forward. Quietens his voice. Talks sharp:

JACKIE

I know perfectly well what you're up to. McCallister filled me in. You're after Goliath.

TOM

It's connected to the Keenan case.

JACKIE

I told you to keep the peace. Every hour of Pat Keenan missing is another hour of problems for this service. Have you seen outside? We don't have time for flights of fancy or going on a hunch.

TOM nearly bites. Stops himself. Frowns.

TOM

It all makes sense now. Why you're here.

JACKIE

Given my knowledge of the area and the fact I previously worked --

TOM

No no. You could've supported McCallister from Belfast. Given her the assistance she needed. But you had to come yourself. To stop me investigating Goliath.

JACKIE

Don't talk shite. I came to make sure you find Keenan and put a stop to the unrest.

(beat)

And obviously it does no harm that I'm a senior Catholic officer. They're more likely to believe I'll move heaven and earth to find him.

TOM crosses his arms. Defensive.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You can start by making peace with the man's wife. I can guarantee all this is because she took a dislike to you... That means she's put the word out against the whole operation.

(beat)

Can you do that?

TOM nods. Gets up. Goes to exit. Stops at the door --

TOM
I came to you because I needed an
old friend's support.

JACKIE
...And you have it, Tom. There's no
reason for you to doubt that.

TOM is reluctant to accept the truth.

64

INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - LATER

64

JACKIE hits the lights. Looks at the boards:

Everything to do with Keenan's disappearance. Lines to an
unknown figure. The names and photos of Quinlan, Corry and
Harkin. A title: **GOLIATH DISAPPEARANCES.**

JACKIE looks out the door at someone:

JACKIE
Come here.

A moment. BIRDY enters.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
(re. boards)
Take all this down. Leave only what
relates directly to Pat Keenan.

BIRDY
Sir.

BIRDY sets to work. JACKIE watches intently. Then exits --

65

INT. LOBBY. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER

65

TOM comes down the stairs. Meets NIAMH by the door.

NIAMH
That's it, then? DCS Twomey's in
charge?

TOM
Aye. He's come back to his old
district... To sit on me.

NIAMH
Well. I think I'll keep out of
that.

She holds up a piece of paper. An old witness statement.

TOM
What's this?

NIAMH
The missing statement Adam Corry
was talking about. Constable Scott
found it in the files for April
'98.

TOM takes it. Hesitant. Reads...

NIAMH (CONT'D)
The witness was Muriel Busby of
Deacon's Farm, on the Banbracken
Road. She says she was out feeding
the cows on a full moon night. She
saw activity on an island. From
that distance it looked like
digging. She identified the
location as being between a bothy
and a tree.

TOM looks up from the statement at her.

TOM
Jesus.

NIAMH
Let's go take a look.

TOM
I don't think we can --

NIAMH
The record shows it wasn't
actioned. They put it to the back
of a file and forgot about it.

TOM looks at her. His throat dry. A possible map to the
bodies after so long.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
If the Pat Keenan and Goliath cases
are linked... We have to go out
there.

TOM knows this is true. He has no choice.

66 INT. LECTURE THEATRE. QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY - DAY

66

Bustle as STUDENTS settle into their seats. IZZY is one of them. LARRY beside her. Open laptops. Ready to begin.

TORI appears through the doors at the front. Running late. Flustered. She clutches papers. A coffee. She glances at the students. A smile. Advances on to the dais. By the lectern.

TORI
Good morning.

The students don't reply. They watch her. Obedient.

TORI (CONT'D)
I'm Tori Matthews. I'm a trauma
consultant over at the Royal,
and... for some stupid reason...
I've agreed to teach you lot from
time to time.

She smiles. Conspiratorial. Some students smile back. She takes a sip of her coffee.

TORI (CONT'D)
(re. coffee)
Don't worry, this is gin.

A low laugh spreads through the students. Her eyes narrow.

TORI (CONT'D)
Aah. You won't be laughing when you
get to know me.

IZZY and LARRY join a bigger laugh.

TORI looks down at her papers. A printout of photos of her class members sits on top. She looks up. Casts an eye over the young faces of the students...

Seems to pause on IZZY. A beat. A smile. IZZY blushes.

TORI (CONT'D)
Right. Let's get started --

67 INT. CORRIDOR. QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY - LATER

67

IZZY and LARRY leave the lecture theatre in a crowd of other STUDENTS. TORI catches up to them.

TORI
You're Izzy Brannick, aren't you?

IZZY smiles. Confused.

IZZY
Uh... yeah, that's right.

TORI
I met your dad the other day. He
was at the hospital.

IZZY
Is he OK?

TORI
Oh yeah, no. He was working.
(beat)
You can tell him if he needs any
other information, I can put him in
touch with someone who can help.

IZZY
OK.

TORI
Just drop me an email.

She smiles at LARRY. He grins back. She walks away. A
nonchalant air of intelligence. IZZY frowns. Ponders:

IZZY
Do you think she fancies my Dad?

LARRY
You're a disgrace.

IZZY
What?

68 EXT. SHORE ROAD - AERIAL SHOT - EVENING

68

TOM'S CAR winds along the road by the blue green waters of
the Lough. It's crystal clear. Rocks speckle the sea bed like
bodies. The water looks cold. Unforgiving.

Tom's car pulls off the road into a farm --

69 EXT. DEACON'S FARM - MOMENTS LATER

69

TOM and NIAMH get out of the car. The view of the Lough
spectacular behind them. The weather blustery.

They have parked by the FARM HOUSE. It's a fully working beef farm. Cows in the fields all round. A FARMER wanders over from the COW SHED. A lame dog in tow.

FARMER
Can I help you?

TOM shows his badge.

TOM
Mrs. Busby here?

FARMER
Och, no. She died maybe... twelve, thirteen years ago.

TOM looks disappointed.

TOM
Are you family?

FARMER
[No.] Place was empty for a wee while before we bought it.

NIAMH
D'you mind if we look around?

FARMER
Work away. Gulder if you need me.

He walks back to the outbuilding with a wave...

TOM and NIAMH look from the farmhouse out onto the water. One island clear to see in the foreground...

The island is short grass with a tree. A RUINED BOTHY. The low tide reveals a quagmire of silt around it. SALT ISLAND.

NIAMH
(points)
There. Between the bothy and the tree. That's where she saw someone digging.

TOM mulls it over. NIAMH takes a picture on her phone.

TOM
Call TSG Ops Hub. See if we can have a couple of boats. I'll give CSI a shout. We'll get a search team ready to go out there on the morning tide.

She nods. Dials a number. His eyes fixed on the island...

70 EXT. TOM'S HOUSE. STRANGFORD - NIGHT 70

TOM walks from his CAR to the front door. Takes out his keys. Opens it --

71 INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE. STRANGFORD - LATER 71

TOM stands by a large picture window. Looks out at the Lough, drink in hand. Its glimmering expanse lit by the moon. He watches lights of a boat crossing the water. So many secrets out there...

The house is tasteful. Charming. A few photos of Tom with IZZY, through the years. A photo of him with his rugby team [Ballynahinch]. Around 1995. Him front and centre...

Photos of him with luminaries of Ulster Rugby at parties. Him muddy after a game. Celebrating victory. Arm around another player. The Ulster Red Hand on his white jerseyed chest.

72 INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE. STRANGFORD - MOMENTS LATER 72

TOM crouches by an old CHEST OF DRAWERS. Pulls out the lowest one. Filled with photograph sleeves from the developers. He takes one from half way down one of the piles...

Pulls out a wedge of 36 photos. Shuffles through them. Photos of an older couple in the '90s [his parents] followed by a picture of three year old IZZY...

The sight of her gives him pause. Emotion of in the past.

He takes his phone. Dials. Waits.

TOM
(into phone)
Hi darlin'. You OK?... Oh. Yeah, no
I'm grand... Everything's fine,
yeah...

But we know it's not. He's holding it together.

73 EXT. SHORELINE. STRANGFORD LOUGH - DAY 73

TOM and NIAMH stand by a slipway by the edge of a cluster of trees. They watch a TSG SEARCH TEAM unload from a minibus. UNIFORMED CONSTABLES set up a cordon...

TWO FISHERMEN stand by TWO SMALL FISHING BOATS in the water.

TOM
TSG can no longer spare the boats.
These were the best I could get
hold of.

A SEARCH TEAM MEMBER approaches.

TEAM MEMBER
(re. boats)
We're not travelling in those.

TOM
You'll travel the way I tell you.

A flicker of resistance crosses the TEAM MEMBER's face. It dies immediately under Tom's stare.

Metal detectors and shovels are unpacked from the vehicles...

74 EXT. STRANGFORD LOUGH - MINUTES LATER 74

The TWO FISHING BOATS slap and splash through the choppy water. Loaded with the SEARCH TEAM and UNIFORMED CONSTABLES.

TOM and NIAMH watch the stark SALT ISLAND. A lone tree and a bothy clear to see...

75 EXT. SALT ISLAND - MINUTES LATER 75

THE FISHING BOATS run aground. TOM jumps ashore. NIAMH not far behind him. The SEARCH TEAM and CONSTABLES unload too.

TOM strides up the beach and onto the land. To the spot between the bothy and the tree. He looks to both. Back to the shore. Can see the farmhouse. Looks at NIAMH.

TOM
Here.

She agrees --

76 EXT. SALT ISLAND - MINUTES LATER 76

SHUCK. The slap of a spade into the soil. A sod is lifted. Removed. The hole is begun...

TOM stands near by. Watches closely as the SEARCH TEAM dig...

77 INT. TOILETS. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

77

JACKIE stands at the sink. Shaves in front of the mirror. A sense he's been living out of his temporary office. BIRDY enters. Phone in hand.

BIRDY

Sir... I've TSG Ops Hub on the phone. They say boats have become available. They can get them down here in two hours if we still want them?

JACKIE looks at BIRDY like he's speaking Dutch.

JACKIE

Boats?

78 EXT. SALT ISLAND - DAY

78

TOM looks at the several parallel trenches that have now been dug in the soil. Small areas gridded off with short lengths of bamboo and string.

NIAMH watches the SEARCH TEAM use long sticks and metal detectors to search the further area round the trenches. A SEARCH TEAM MEMBER goes over the land with a Ground Penetration Radar (GPR).

TOM hears the low rumble of a powerful outboard motor...

He sees the RIGID HULLED TSG MARINE RESPONSE BOAT turn on the water. Kick up wake. JACKIE in the bow. Face like thunder...

79 EXT. SALT ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

79

TOM and NIAMH walk down the beach to where the TSG BOAT has grounded. BIRDY has jumped out. He helps JACKIE down. JACKIE slips. Falls on his knees in the water --

JACKIE

This fucking country.

BIRDY helps him up. He pushes him away.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(to Tom and Niamh)

You two. Over here.

He points aside. They walk --

80

EXT. SALT ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

80

TOM, NIAMH and JACKIE. Their conversation urgent but hushed.

JACKIE

Does Claire Keenan have a holiday home, I don't know about?

TOM

Jackie --

JACKIE

I told you to make peace with the missing man's wife, so we could find the missing man. Yet here we all are, halfway to the Galapagos, checking out a twenty year old tip off.

TOM

DS McGovern identified this burial site and I agreed it had to be --

NIAMH

You know about this place, sir?

JACKIE stops. A beat. He shakes his head. Concedes.

JACKIE

He tell you I used to be stationed here? I was leading the investigation in '98. One of my boys took her statement. That farm over there?

TOM

Why didn't you tell me?

JACKIE

C'mon, Tom. You'd have torn the arse out of the whole thing.

TOM

What else did she say?

JACKIE

It's all in the statement.

NIAMH

Aye, but who else did she tell? This has implications for the Pat Keenan case, sir.

A cloud descends over TOM. A twist in his stomach. He backs off. Walks away. Upset.

JACKIE
(after TOM)
Remember the times we were living
in.

NIAMH
His wife was taken, sir. She could
be here. You could have been here
twenty years ago.

JACKIE
DS McGovern, may I remind you --

Something snaps in TOM. He marches towards the trenches.
Snatches a spade from a CONSTABLE. Climbs in to a trench.
Starts digging like a man possessed. The others concerned.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Tom...

NIAMH
Sir...

With every drop of the spade, TOM's emotions rise.

TOM
What else did you keep from me?

JACKIE
Nothing.

TOM digs. Harder. Wilder.

TOM
You know there's... part of me...
didn't want to... find the
bodies... didn't want to see...

His hands slip on the handle. Clothes and shoes caked in mud.
The hole he digs is hopeless. The sight of him pathetic...

TOM (CONT'D)
But Goliath... Goliath...

The emotion is too much. He digs himself to a standstill.
Slumps to the side of the trench. Spent.

JACKIE and NIAMH look on. Saddened by the sight. A silence.

JACKIE
I promise you there's nothing else,
Tom.

TOM stares at the base of the hole. Numb.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
We are in a live manhunt. Being on
this island is a waste of time and
resources. You know that. We have
to shut it down.

TOM closes his eyes. Nods in agreement.

JACKIE looks at NIAMH. A sense of shame. He bows his head.
Turns. Walks away....

81

EXT. SALT ISLAND - MINUTES LATER

81

TOM still sits on the side of the trench. JACKIE stands with
NIAMH on the beach. SEARCH TEAM and OFFICERS mill around.

JACKIE
Stay and make sure everyone gets
off this island.

NIAMH
(re. Tom)
What about him?

JACKIE
He'll come back with me. I need our
best man on the hunt for Keenan.

They stand in silence for a while. The lapping of the waves.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
DS McGovern. As Catholic officers
in the police, we should be well
aware of the reputation our service
has in our own community. And when
the word is we're not pulling our
weight in finding Pat Keenan... and
that that somehow has a sectarian
motive...

He shakes his head. Almost ashamed.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I know Tom cares little for Keenan.
He's settling a score with the
past.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

But if I find anyone dragging their
heels on this manhunt, I will
personally dump them in the Lough.

They look back at the forlorn sight of TOM. A man with the
weight of the world on his shoulders.

82

EXT. SALT ISLAND - DAY

82

The sky darkens grey. The tide moves out. The BOATS are all
loaded and the SEARCH TEAM climb aboard.

BIRDY waits for NIAMH. She is some way off. Distracted. Looks
to the shore; the FARM...

BIRDY

You coming?

She reaches into her jacket pocket. Pulls out a paper (the
witness statement). Reads. Paces off across the island.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

DS McGovern?

She crests the ridge line. Stops. She is confronted by
ANOTHER TREE. Fuck.

NIAMH

Between the bothy and the tree.

She jogs towards it. Out of sight of BIRDY. He runs after...

BIRDY catches up with her. NIAMH stands between the new tree
and the bothy. Looks back towards the farm.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

You're from a farming family,
aren't you?

BIRDY

You about to make a joke?

NIAMH

No. What did you farm?

BIRDY

Beef cattle.

NIAMH

...You ever go out to the cow shed
at night?

BIRDY
(suspicious)
...All the time?

She looks at him. Exacting.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
What?

She points in front of them.

NIAMH
There's another tree. We should be
here.

BIRDY looks back towards the shore...

BIRDY
I can't see the farm house.

NIAMH
But what can you see?

He can see the COW SHED alone on the edge of the fields.

BIRDY
The cow shed.

NIAMH
Exactly. She says in her statement
she was feeding the cows.

BIRDY
We were digging in the wrong place.

NIAMH
(nods; re. boats)
Ask them if we can borrow the GPR.

BIRDY looks sceptical.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
Come on, Birdy. We may as well look
in the right place before we leave.

TOM watches students file out of QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY. IZZY and LARRY among them. A sadness in Tom's face. Anxiety.

84 EXT. QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY - CONTINUOUS 84

IZZY and LARRY together. She sees TOM. He waves.

LARRY
What's he doing here?

IZZY
(shrugs)
I'll see you at home?

LARRY is fine with that. Kisses her. She runs for TOM...

85 EXT. QUAD. QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY - MINUTES LATER 85

TOM and IZZY walk slowly. Side by side.

TOM
I was in the area. Thought I'd pop
by.

She's alert to his sadness.

IZZY
You OK?

TOM
Aye.

IZZY
Really?

TOM
Things are difficult at work. I
just need a break.

He notices the OWL PENDANT, round her neck.

TOM (CONT'D)
It's nice to see you wear it.

IZZY
Of course.
(beat)
But if you want it back...?

TOM
No.
(beat)
I held onto it all this time
because... I thought that one day
your mother and I...
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

We might still be reunited. But
that's not going to happen.

She looks at him. Vulnerable.

TOM (CONT'D)

We move on. It's important to me
that you have it.

He smiles. Reassuring. She holds his arm tight.

His phone vibrates. He answers it:

TOM (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Brannick --

86

INT. PSNI SUPPORT UNIT VAN [MOVING] - DAY

86

TOM in the dark of the van as they drive. An HSMU COMMANDER
beside him (fit; thirties). They watch several screens.

COMMANDER

The number plates were spotted at a
petrol station on the Dundrum Road,
just outside of Newcastle.

TOM

And we're sure it's them?

COMMANDER

Absolutely. They've been screwed on
to a red Peugeot 207. Male driver.
We've pulled a UAV from another job
and we're tracking him from the
air. Should be getting visual any
time now...

One of the screens fizzles to life near Tom:

AN AERIAL FEED OF A PEUGEOT 206 DRIVING A QUIET ROAD...

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

There we are.

Tom leans in. Watches the feed closely...

87

EXT. SALT ISLAND - DAY

87

The rain comes in horizontal. NIAMH and BIRDY watch as a
SEARCH TEAM MEMBER pushes the GROUND PENETRATING RADAR.

Like an oversized lawnmower with a flat screen display on the handle. The display shows waves and contours - the movement of the ground below.

It's slow work. Methodical.

BIRDY

Won't we get a bollocking from the DCS?

NIAMH watches. Transfixed.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

Oh. I will. You won't because you have an understanding.

She stops. Looks at him. Curious.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

You and Twomey.

NIAMH

Why would we have an understanding?

BIRDY

You're both mackerel munchers.
You're telepathic or something,
aren't you?

She laughs. Shakes her head. Digs.

NIAMH

No, Birdy. We're just
intellectually superior.

BIRDY

...I do feel sorry for poor wee
Kevin, though.

NIAMH

Kevin?

BIRDY

Aye. Superintendent McCallister.

NIAMH

Her first name's Diane.

BIRDY

You never see Home Alone, no?

NIAMH shakes her head. Bemused. They watch the GPR's slow progression --

88 INT. PSNI SUPPORT UNIT VAN [MOVING] - DAY

88

RESUME TOM and the HSMU COMMANDER.

BOTH GLUED TO THE AERIAL FEED OF THE PEUGEOT 206. STILL DRIVING A QUIET COUNTRY ROAD...

An HSMU voice from a tailing unit gives updates via radio:

HMSU (V.O.)
He's turning off the road...

The feed shows the car turn. A long driveway...

HMSU (V.O.)
The sign at the gate is for Mourne View Hotel. Do we follow?

TOM
Hold at the gate.

The commander relays the message down the radio:

COMMANDER
Hold at the gate.

The drone camera follows the car to a stop. A SMALL HOTEL in the trees. Single story wings off a central building.

The driver gets out of the car. This is the HOTEL OWNER. A shopping bag in hand...

TOM
Go.

COMMANDER
(into radio)
Go go go.

The owner takes a few steps towards the hotel. Stops. Looks behind him. TWO MINIVANS screech up the drive. Slam on the brakes either side of the car. Clouds of dust in the gravel --

The minivans' side doors slide open. Heavily armed HMSU OFFICERS pour out of each van. Weapons raised at the owner.

Over the radios, Tom can hear "Armed police/Get down".

The owner drops his bag. Terrified. Kneels. Hands up --

89 EXT. MOURNE VIEW HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

89

TOM walks from the SUPPORT UNIT VAN towards the hotel. He sees the OWNER on his knees. Hands cuffed together. HMSU OFFICERS beside him. A UNIFORMED CONSTABLE asks questions:

CONSTABLE

How long have you been driving
around with the wrong number
plates?

OWNER

I swear to God... I didn't even
notice they weren't mine --

TOM keeps going. In through the front door of the hotel. The HMSU COMMANDER waits for him. Serious. Leads him on...

90 INT. CORRIDOR. MOURNE VIEW HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

90

Armed HMSU OFFICERS stand by the last door on the corridor. All the others have been opened. The rooms searched.

TOM follows the COMMANDER to the last door. Stops. Quietly:

TOM

He says he's alone?

The COMMANDER nods. TOM calls out:

TOM (CONT'D)

Pat Keenan?

PAT (O.C.)

I said don't come in... The door is
booby trapped. I can see it.

TOM looks to the COMMANDER:

TOM

The number plates were bait. They
want to maximise casualties - him
and us. How long until EOD can get
here?

COMMANDER

Twenty minutes.

TOM looks back at the closed door. Impatient.

91 EXT. SALT ISLAND - DAY 91

NIAMH and BIRDY watch the SEARCH TEAM MEMBER push the GPR. The TEAM MEMBER stops. Wipes rain from the screen. Looks closer. Something serious. He looks towards them --

92 EXT. SALT ISLAND - DAY 92

A SPADE cuts into the ground --

MORE SEARCH TEAM are gathered. NIAMH and BIRDY look on as a few of the team dig...

The SEARCH TEAM push soil away. Drop to their knees. Close to excavating something...

They stop. Look to BIRDY and NIAMH. From the looks on all faces, what they've just found is not good at all...

93 INT. CORRIDOR. MOURNE VIEW HOTEL - DUSK 93

An Ammunition Technical Officer [ATO] in a helmet and goggles works at the hotel door. She slides a worm-like fibre optic camera between the door and the carpet... Watches on a monitor beside her as the camera gives her image of the inside of the room...

PAT KEENAN handcuffed to the radiator. Curled up and semi naked. But that's not what she's looking for. She curves the camera up to the door handle...

Sees a BLACK CYLINDRICAL PACK taped by the door handle. She speaks quietly into her radio.

ATO

I have the device... detonator...
Looks like a mechanical trigger
attached to the door handle...

TOM stands at the other end of the corridor with the HMSU COMMANDER. They look on at the ATO's work.

The air is tense. Quiet. The focus on avoiding disaster.

TOM

Why's the hotel empty?

COMMANDER

(shrugs)
Tourists prefer the *summer* rain.

Back with the ATO: She looks at the image on her camera.

ATO
Hang on...

She looks closer at the trigger...

ATO (CONT'D)
This isn't right... The trigger
doesn't lead to anything...

From Tom's end of the corridor: The ATO stands slowly. She reaches for the door handle. Opens the door. Her voice comes over the radio:

ATO (V.O.)
All clear. Device is a hoax.

TOM walks fast down the corridor. Breaks into a jog...

94 INT. HOTEL ROOM. MOURNE VIEW HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 94

TOM rushes into the room. Followed by the HMSU COMMANDER. PAT KEENAN is handcuffed to the radiator in just his underwear. A stack of half-eaten snack food beside him.

Pat's scared. He's soiled himself. He stinks. He cowers...

TOM
It's OK, Pat. My name's Detective
Chief Inspector Tom Brannick.

PARAMEDICS rush into the room. To Pat's side...

TOM sees a GOLIATH POSTCARD on the floor. The weight returns.

95 INT. MOURNE VIEW HOTEL - MINUTES LATER 95

CLOSE ON TOM

His phone rings. He answers it.

TOM
(into phone)
Niamh?

NIAMH (V.O.)
Boss, we're still on the island.

TOM
(into phone)
What?

NIAMH (V.O.)
We've found something.

TOM's face falls as he listens. He is filled with dread...

96 EXT. STRANGFORD LOUGH - DAY 96

TOM in a TSG BOAT as it slices through the water to SALT ISLAND. JACKIE across from him. A look of apprehension.

97 EXT. SALT ISLAND - MINUTES LATER 97

TOM walks up the beach from the BOAT. JACKIE follows. To the spot between the bothy and the tree. They notice NIAMH and BIRDY among the SEARCH TEAM watching from a distance...

A white suited CSI leads them past excavated trenches. They arrive at the final one, sheltered from the elements by a white tent...

Tom and Jackie stop. Arrested by the sight before them...

A MESS OF THREE SKELETONS, UNCOVERED IN THE MUD.

AN OWL PENDANT HANGS ROUND ONE OF THEIR NECKS.

The shock drains the colour from TOM's face.

END OF EPISODE