

BLOODLANDS

EPISODE TWO

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THE SOUND OF SOFT RAIN ON CANVAS...

1 EXT. SALT ISLAND - DAY

1

CLOSE ON THE MESS OF THREE SKELETONS

Three skulls close together. Carcasses entwined and chaotic. Excavated in the mud. Surrounded by the clean white canvas of the forensic tent.

One skull faces us. Upright. A large and jagged hole in the temple. One skull faces away. Angled down. A tidy hole in the rear (Occipital) bone. The third skull lies on its side. A tidy hole in the side of the head...

Round the latter skull's neck, the OWL PENDANT hangs. Dirty. Like long buried treasure. But the owl is still recognisable.

2 EXT. SALT ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

2

Fog. Visibility is low. Trees and rocks loom like macabre shadows in the murky grey. The water laps calm...

NIAMH walks up the beach from a boat on the water's edge. Towards DINGER. He leans against a high rock. Puffs on his vape. White forensic suit unzipped.

DINGER
...Nothing to be done.

SIX CSIs loom in the fog beyond. In a similar state of inactivity. White suits make them ghosts within the ghost.

DINGER looks towards the burial sites. Marked by the domes of the white and yellow forensic tents. They're part open, displaying the dug dirt and bone inside.

DINGER (CONT'D)
Because the bodies have been here a while. Whether or not we can proceed... It's not our decision.

NIAMH
Whose is it?

DINGER
Time Team.

She frowns. He looks at her. Smiles.

DINGER (CONT'D)
You not familiar with the
nicknames, no? "The Independent
Commission for the Location of
Victims' Remains".

NIAMH
I've heard of the ICLVR.

DINGER
No one likes a mouthful of
initials.
(beat)
Anything that predates the peace
agreement is theirs.

NIAMH
Did they stop you working?

DINGER
We've been looking at dead bodies
long enough to know what we've
walked into.

She's puzzled by the obstacle.

DINGER (CONT'D)
We haven't met properly. Justin
Bell. Most people call me Dinger.

They shake.

NIAMH
Niamh McGovern.

DINGER
Tom Brannick's new DS.

NIAMH
About six months, but aye... You
know him?

DINGER
Tom? The great enigma? He and I go
back a wee bit, aye.

She looks to the tent.

NIAMH
Can you tell me anything? About the
bodies? Are they men... women?

He takes a hit of his vape. Exhales --

3 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 3

The top comes off a marker. The marker goes to a strip of paper. Starts writing: "**GOLIATH...**"

BIRDY holds the pen. Writes purposefully. The boards beyond him repopulated with photos of the original victims and the new crime scene...

Beside him the old label: **GOLIATH DISAPPEARANCES**

4 EXT. CAR PARK. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 4

TOM walks from his car towards the building. Tense...

5 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 5

BIRDY pins his newly written label to the top of the boards. Takes a moment to look at the displayed case:

A photo of Pat Keenan; his car; the hotel where he was found. Alongside him photos of Quinlan, Harkin, Corry. A photo of EMMA BRANNICK. In uniform. In her twenties. Photos of the discovered skeletons. The recovered owl pendant.

Above them the label:

GOLIATH MURDERS

6 EXT. CAR PARK. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 6

TOM looks up at the building. Haunted. JACKIE in the window. Looks down at him. The two make eye contact. TOM straightens.

JACKIE bows his head. Disappears into the building.

7 INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - LATER 7

TOM and NIAMH sit across the desk from JACKIE. Waiting. JACKIE glowers. Not the type to eat humble pie.

JACKIE

Due to these... developments --

TOM

The discovery of Goliath's victims,
you mean?

JACKIE

We don't know that yet.

TOM
Come on.

JACKIE bites his tongue. Tries to navigate a best course.

JACKIE
(re. NIAMH)
We have her detective work to thank
for this...

She's not sure if JACKIE is entirely thankful.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Good job, Niamh.

NIAMH
Thank you, sir.

TOM looks at her. A nod of appreciation.

JACKIE
I said it before, and I'm not
wrong: All we can do is go after
the live case. We have someone in
the present who has kidnapped a
former member of the IRA, for
reasons that remain unclear.

NIAMH
It's not unclear to us, sir.

JACKIE looks at her. Questioning.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
We were meant to find these bodies.
The Keenan case has been
orchestrated by someone who wants
us to find Goliath.

JACKIE looks to TOM for confirmation.

TOM
She's right.

JACKIE leans back. Takes them both in. A pause.

JACKIE
Niamh. You'll take charge on the
island until we establish who has
jurisdiction.
(to TOM)
You'll go see Keenan...
(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
See if he can shed any light on
this 'Goliath Hunter' of yours.

TOM looks at him. Determined.

8 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER 8

TOM follows NIAMH across the office.

TOM
Niamh? A word?

He ducks in to the case room. She falters. Follows --

9 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER 9

NIAMH closes the door. TOM passes the evidence boards. Stops dead when he notices the newly pinned photo of Emma. Like a ghost. He takes a beat. Adjusts.

TOM
What did you see? On the island?

NIAMH
...Same thing as you.

TOM
No. You found them. You had a longer look. What did you see?

She looks uncertain. Not sure if she should share...

10 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER 10

CLOSE ON AN IPAD SCREEN

Photographs of the skeletons in the island mud.

NIAMH fluently guides TOM around the relevant details:

NIAMH
Three bodies. Not buried in any particular way... Almost like they were dumped on top of each other.

He nods. Keeps his eyes on the screen.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
With two of the bodies... Contact shots to the back of the head...
(MORE)

NIAMH (CONT'D)

Small entry wounds - look like a nine millimetre - larger exit wounds to the front... From a skilled gunman. The third is different... From what I can tell, shot in the side of the head.

TOM stays on the screen. Transfixed on the pendant round that skeleton's neck. She listens to his trembling breath.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

This person knew what they were doing. These were cold blooded executions.

TOM

Enough.

He puts his head in his hand. Massages his forehead. Eyes glass. Just about holding on.

NIAMH

I'm sorry, sir.

TOM grits his teeth. Sucks the air in.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

...Dinger couldn't tell me if any of them were women.

TOM

We need to know. I need to know.

His voice breaks. He seems confused by it all. A pause.

NIAMH

Do you need a moment?

He builds into a shake of the head.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

Twenty years. I can't imagine what it must have been like.

TOM

...Awful.

He gathers himself. Remains strong.

TOM (CONT'D)

But we're getting closer now...

He looks at her. Direct. Vulnerable.

TOM (CONT'D)

What's that word the Americans
like? Closure. I want some of that.

11 EXT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY

11

TOM drives. Stares straight ahead. His mind turns. Trees reflected in the windscreen morph to passing buildings...

12 EXT. DOWNE HOSPITAL - DAY

12

TOM walks under the angular canopy that crests the modern building. Feet smack rain sodden concrete. He meets BIRDY outside. They enter through a revolving door --

13 INT. CORRIDOR. DOWNE HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

13

TOM leads BIRDY towards a private room. A PSNI CONSTABLE stands on duty by the door. Tom nods to him.

TOM
(quietly; to Birdy)
Wait here.

BIRDY lingers. TOM goes in --

14 INT. PRIVATE ROOM. DOWNE HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

14

TOM closes the door behind him. Looks at --

PAT upright in bed. Pale. Unshaven. Shaken. He looks at TOM.

TOM
They say you're in good health. A
wee bit lighter, maybe... A skelp
to the back of the head... But they
reckon you might be out before the
end of the day.

PAT turns his head to look out of the window. Clenches his jaw. Holds back emotion. Anger and shame.

TOM moves into the room. Stands at the end of his bed.

TOM (CONT'D)
You ready to tell me what happened?

PAT says nothing.

TOM (CONT'D)
We need to find whoever left you in
that hotel room, Pat.

PAT throws a sideways look at TOM. Eyes red. Quickened
breath. He tries to quell rising emotion. Looks vulnerable --

The door opens. BIRDY holds it for CLAIRE as she steps into
the room. Well-dressed. She stops at the sight of Tom.

BIRDY makes eye contact with TOM. Gets the message to leave.

CLAIRE goes straight to her husband's side. Takes his hand.
Grips it tight. PAT can't look at her.

CLAIRE
What are you doing here?

TOM
...We need to know what happened to
your husband, Mrs. Keenan.

CLAIRE
He was kidnapped.

TOM
And if we had more information, we
could find whoever is responsible
much quicker.

She looks at PAT. He shakes his head. She looks back at TOM.

CLAIRE
There's just that small issue of
trust, Mr. Brannick. It will never
exist between you and us.

She's as solid as a rock. PAT raises his eyes to look at TOM.
Together the couple are an immovable object.

15 INT. CORRIDOR. DOWNE HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER 15

TOM steps out of the room. BIRDY sits across from the door on
a plastic chair. He sees TOM and stands. Subtly gestures down
the corridor. Tom looks...

The BURLY MAN from the haulage yard waits at the end of the
corridor. His ponytail marks him out. He watches Tom...

16 INT. LOBBY. DOWNE HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER 16

TOM leads BIRDY towards the revolving doors...

TOM
I've seen him before. He's one of
Pat's men.
(beat)
We'll need a couple more uniforms
down here. Someone on the front
door and another outside Keenan's
room. Have the Intelligence hubs
warn us if anyone so much as
twitches in the area.

BIRDY
Sir.

The door revolves to swallow TOM up --

17 EXT. MOURNE VIEW HOTEL - DAY

17

TOM's feet crunch through the dead leaves and broken twigs of
the forest floor that surround the hotel building...

A UNIFORMED CONSTABLE is with him. She escorts the HOTEL
OWNER. A man in his 30s. Long hair. A Stiff Little Fingers T-
shirt. A kind but worried face.

TOM stops at the corner of one wing of the building. He peers
in through the near window. A voile curtain obscures the
figures of CSIs moving around inside.

TOM looks back towards the hotel front door. Sees the
security camera pointed at the steps to the entrance.

TOM
That the only camera?

OWNER
Yes it is, aye... They've already
looked through the footage. Didn't
see anyone.

TOM
How is that possible?

18 EXT. MOURNE VIEW HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

18

TOM, the CONSTABLE and the OWNER.

They stand by a side door, out of sight of the front. Beside
the door is a wall mounted key safe. TOM flips the small safe
door open with a blue latex gloved finger. The key is gone.

OWNER

The camera only watches the front door... This side door gets used so rarely. Only in the off season. Guests can come and go without me having to be here.

TOM

They book online?

The OWNER nods.

19

INT. OFFICE. MOURNE VIEW HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

19

The OWNER at the office computer. TOM leans over him. Through the window PSNI CONSTABLES and CSIs can be seen. The owner scrolls the mouse down a list of bookings...

The CONSTABLE stands by the door.

OWNER

Here it is. The room was booked on a card registered to P Keenan.

TOM frowns. Leans in for a better look.

OWNER (CONT'D)

...Will I print it out?

TOM

Aye.

The OWNER taps print. The printer hums into life.

20

INT. HOTEL ROOM. MOURNE VIEW HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

20

TOM stands framed by the doorway. He folds the printout with a craftsman's care. Slides it in his inside coat pocket. Keeps his eyes fixed on the inside of the room...

THREE CSIs in the room. One records with a camera. Two examine for finger prints and DNA:

The pile of Pat's clothes at the end of the bed...

The mound of half eaten food by the radiator. The stains from Pat's body in the carpet...

Tom sees bagged-up evidence laid out on one side of the room: iPhone; house keys; a clip of fifty pound notes, a small box of condoms with the receipt (dated the 15th); a small pot of pills; the Goliath postcard. He holds on the postcard...

A CSI walks over. Tom looks to the condoms:

TOM
Where'd you find these?

Looks at the bag. Speaks through her mask:

CSI
Trouser pocket.

TOM picks up the pot of pills. Reads the label:

TOM
Sildavar... Viagra?

CSI
Don't pretend like you didn't know.

He smiles. Takes out his phone. Dials. Waits:

TOM
(into phone)
Birdy?... Go and see Mr. Keenan.
Tell him I've found some things his
wife may not want to know about...

21 EXT. SALT ISLAND - DAY

21

Fog. The crunch of water and pebbles as ICLVR CSIs unload
their equipment from a TSG SPEED BOAT.

NIAMH watches as DINGER talks to JACKIE and TWO OLDER MEN IN
ORANGE HIGH-VIS JACKETS, fifty yards away...

DINGER nods. Shakes hands with the older men. They part. He
and JACKIE walk back along the beach towards NIAMH...

JACKIE
The ICLVR say they'll take it from
here. Head back and join up with
Tom.

NIAMH
Sir.

JACKIE trudges back to the ICLVR. NIAMH and DINGER watch.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
How do we liaise with them?
(off Dinger)
Time Team. How do we find out if
the bodies are on their list?

DINGER
They'll let us know.

NIAMH
And if they're not? We can still
investigate them?

DINGER
That depends. If they were killed
before the peace agreement...

DINGER casts an eye down the beach towards the crime scene.

DINGER (CONT'D)
The History Boys may choose to keep
jurisdiction over them anyway...
That means there's no investigating
them. Evidence obtained by the
Commission is inadmissible in any
criminal enquiry. Remains they
examine aren't allowed to undergo
forensic testing.

NIAMH looks back at JACKIE. An air of suspicion.

DINGER (CONT'D)
...You might assign identities, if
you're lucky.

DINGER follows her eye line. The ICLVR men gather in the fog.

DINGER (CONT'D)
But the circumstances stay between
the Commission and the families.
(off her)
That way no one who comes forward
with information on these events
need fear repercussions.

The ICLVR walk together towards the crime scene...

DINGER (CONT'D)
At some point the past has to die,
DS McGovern.

She frowns. Puzzled by DINGER's apparent nonchalance...

JACKIE is by the water's edge. He too watches the ICLVR. A
hint of a smile. Almost satisfied.

22 INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - DAY 22

ADAM sits on the edge of his bed. Frail. His home oxygen in his right hand. The draw and suck of his failing breath. Alone. He looks out of the window...

A SALOON CAR turns into his drive. Bumps up the track...

ADAM frowns. Slowly - and with difficulty - rises.

23 EXT. SUNNYLANDS CRESCENT - DAY 23

A SALOON CAR pulls up in a middle class residential area. Tidy houses crown a rising crescent...

TWO SUITED ICLVR MEMBERS get out of the car --

24 EXT. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - DAY 24

THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM WINDOW

TWO ICLVR MEMBERS talk to a seated ADAM. They deliver sensitive news. One of them refers to a small box they're holding. Puts it on the coffee table in front of him...

ADAM's mouth opens wide. He looks away from them. Doesn't want them to see his emotion. But he sobs. Uncontrollable.

25 EXT. SUNNYLANDS CRESCENT - DAY 25

A woman who we will come to know as SIOBHAN HARKIN stands in her front door. She holds a cup of tea. The ICLVR deliver the news. She stares at them. Dazed...

She turns indoors. Disappears out of sight...

We hear the cup smashing.

The ICLVR rush in after her --

26 INT. PRIVATE ROOM. DOWNE HOSPITAL - DAY 26

TOM and BIRDY stand in silence. PAT on the edge of his bed, now dressed. They wait. Awkward. TOM checks his watch.

A dishevelled man of middle age bustles into the room. Pat's SOLICITOR. He goes to PAT's bedside. Makes a meal of pulling up a chair. Ready. TOM watches him. Hides irritation.

TOM

I was just saying, Pat is not accused of a crime. You've no need to be here.

SOLICITOR

I'll decide that.

TOM nods. Has a FOLDER in hand. Pulls a document from it. Places the hotel printout on the end of the bed:

TOM

This is the booking for the hotel room.

PAT looks at it. Covers any reaction.

TOM (CONT'D)

It has you arriving on the fifteenth, booked for one night. But then the booking is extended for four more nights until the twentieth.

PAT's eyebrows bat into the smallest frown.

TOM (CONT'D)

Did you make, or know about, either booking?

PAT doesn't answer. Glances at his solicitor.

SOLICITOR

Next question.

TOM purses his lips. Masks impatience. Puts the next piece of paper down. A photo of the condoms with the receipt. A photo of the pot of viagra.

TOM

These were found in your trouser pocket along with a supermarket receipt. Again, dated the fifteenth.

PAT doesn't even look at the photo.

TOM (CONT'D)

You were worried enough about these to get you here without your wife...

(re. Viagra)

You been overdoing these?

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
It's why you're having problems
with your vision.

PAT's eyes widen. His embarrassment builds rage.

TOM (CONT'D)
Were you meeting someone in that
hotel room, Pat? Woman?... Man?

SOLICITOR
Next question.

PAT shifts uncomfortably. TOM leans back. Folds his arms.

TOM
Does anyone have an axe to grind?

SOLICITOR
My client is an upstanding member --

TOM
No pun intended.
(beat)
You in too deep with a rival
business, Pat? Or is it something
older than that? Something you were
involved in, all those years ago?

SOLICITOR
Right. That's enough. Little point
in me sitting down.

The SOLICITOR stands. PAT follows. TOM catches his arm as
they pass towards the door. Opens the folder to show the
final document: THE GOLIATH POSTCARD. A hint of desperation.

TOM
Do you know what this means?

PAT looks at it. Frowns. Unsure.

TOM (CONT'D)
I don't give a shite what you've
been up to, who you've been ridin' -
none of it matters. But I need to
find the person who left you in
that room. I need to know what
they're about.

A glimmer of doubt crosses PAT's face...

SOLICITOR (O.C.)
Pat.

The SOLICITOR hovers at the door. Waits. A beat. PAT shirks his arm from TOM's grip. Goes. TOM has nothing.

27

INT. CORRIDOR. DOWNE HOSPITAL - MINUTES LATER

27

TOM watches from the first floor window...

PAT and his SOLICITOR are met outside by a waiting car. CLAIRE and the intimidating, ponytailed BURLY MAN.

CLAIRE hugs PAT. Perfunctory. She sees TOM in the window. Adjusts. PAT turns to see him too. A look of enmity...

BIRDY (O.C.)

Boss?

TOM turns. BIRDY a few feet away.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

We got what we need from the phone.

TOM

Grand. See you in the car.

TOM looks back out the window. Sees the BURLY MAN close the car doors. Walk round to the driver's side. He glances up at TOM. Casual. Gets in. Drives away.

28

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

28

TOM beside BIRDY at a computer. On the screen is displayed a list of apps; a mirror image of a mobile phone. Birdy talks him through it quietly. All is not entirely above board.

BIRDY

(scrolls through)

Keenan's call logs... messages... I did what you asked and went through everything on the fifteenth...

(beat)

Am I going to get in trouble over this, sir?

TOM

No, Birdy.

He's reassured. Cross references the phone information with a printout in front of him from the service provider.

BIRDY

(re. printout)

This is the service provider's information... He called his wife... an employee at PJK haulage... His text messages follow a similar pattern.

TOM

So nothing off?

BIRDY

[No.]...He uses a separate messaging app but it's thumb print protected.

TOM

That mean he's up to no good?

BIRDY shakes his head. Smiles.

BIRDY

I have the same, so I do.

TOM

And what are you hiding, Birdy?

BIRDY

Nothing.

(beat)

No, seriously, like...

TOM keeps his eyes on the screen.

TOM

Can we make an application for the app's metadata, get the numbers he messaged that way?

BIRDY

We can. But we won't get the message content.

TOM

Is there a way to see where he's been?

BIRDY looks at the screen. Clicks around...

BIRDY

Depends how tech savvy he is... He might have a health or fitness app he doesn't know about...

BIRDY clicks. Brings up a heat map of where Pat's phone has been. Hardly any activity on it. Localised to DUNFOLAN.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
(muttered; impressed)
Fair play...

TOM
Can you bring up the fifteenth?

BIRDY scrolls back through the dates. Clicks. Up comes a line of yellow and red around Belfast, then down to the Mournes.

TOM (CONT'D)
If I asked you to build a list of all the specific places he went on that day, could you do it?

BIRDY
More or less, aye.

TOM looks up. Sees JACKIE waiting for him on the other side of the office. Something on his mind.

29

INT. LOBBY. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

29

TOM and JACKIE stand at the bottom of the stairs. Conscious of their voices carrying up the stairwell.

JACKIE
The ICLVR have taken full control of the dig.

TOM
They shut us out? Shut me out?

JACKIE
As long as the possibility remains that your wife is there...

TOM looks at him. Leaves him hanging.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
No one - especially the ICLVR - would let you anywhere near that investigation anyway.
(beat)
You have to trust me, Tom. I will keep you up to date if something comes my way that I think you should know about.

JACKIE climbs the stairs. Leaves TOM to sit on the steps...

A succession of rapid footsteps from above. BIRDY passes JACKIE on the stairs. Moving fast --

BIRDY (O.C.)
Sir.

JACKIE grumbles at being nearly bowled over. BIRDY makes it to TOM. A piece of paper in his hand.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
Everywhere Mr. Keenan went on the fifteenth.

TOM takes the paper. Reads...

TOM
Is that all?

BIRDY shakes his head. An expression of anticipation.

30 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MINUTES LATER 30

BIRDY back in front of the computer. TOM beside him.

BIRDY
Mr. Keenan went to hospital first that day. Then he went to a café in Sailortown. Then a conference for the rest of the afternoon.

TOM
Where was that?

BIRDY
The Lagan Conference Centre? I asked them to send over the CCTV from that day and they have already...

He clicks on the screen. Up comes footage of the conference. He navigates his way through the footage adeptly:

The screen fills with a suited conference crowd.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
The conference was for haulage associations from both sides of the border. This is them gathering...

BIRDY winds through the footage. Until he gets to:

PAT amongst a group of businessmen. Lanyards round necks.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
And there's Mr. Keenan.

TOM
Good work, Birdy.

Birdy flips between camera angles. Follows PAT's progress:

He talks to many businessmen intently. Files into the conference hall...

BIRDY
I'll wind you forward...

The footage winds forward on the motionless door. Then Pat exits. On the phone --

BIRDY pauses the footage. Searches for a piece of paper on his desk. Finds it:

BIRDY (CONT'D)
(re. paper)
We know from the call logs that at four nineteen in the afternoon he makes a call to an employee.

BIRDY points to PAT on the phone. At the clock in the corner. It reads 16:19.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
The call is twenty seconds long.

BIRDY lets the footage run on:

Pat crosses the conference centre. Hangs up. Heads outside --

BIRDY makes a series of clicks and:

The camera switches to outside. PAT stands at the top of the steps. Sends a text.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
It's four twenty when he sends a message to his wife. The one to say he's off to the Europa.

TOM
OK.

BIRDY
Watch this.

PAT looks up from his phone. Sees someone. Smiles. Puts his phone away. Walks down the steps and under an awning...

We can see PAT's back. We know he's stopped. He interacts with someone unseen. We can see his relaxed gestures.

TOM leans forward.

TOM
He's talking to somebody. Who is it?

BIRDY
(shrugs)
Can't get an angle on it, sir. The next camera is the car park...

BIRDY clicks:

The car park. PAT walks to his car. Buoyant. Turns back to shout something over his shoulder. Smiles. He gets in his car. Pulls out. Drives back towards the building...

PAT's car stops. The back of it just visible. Enough time for someone to get in under the awning. Then he drives away.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
That's all we have. Next stop for him is The Mourne View Hotel.

TOM
(stands)
Alright. Make sure we have explored all CCTV opportunities on that route. See who he has in the car.

BIRDY nods. TOM walks towards the case room --

31 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER 31

NIAMH sits in front of the boards. Stares at the photographs under the GOLIATH MURDERS banner. TOM enters --

TOM
You had lunch?

NIAMH
...Where we going?

TOM
A café in Sailortown.

NIAMH
That's a drive. What do they put in their sandwiches?

TOM
Keenan went there after the
hospital.

Not such an attractive offer. She grabs her coat --

32 EXT. STREET. BELFAST - DAY

32

TOM and NIAMH walk. Glance at PASSERS BY. Duck in to --

33 INT. SANDWICH SHOP - CONTINUOUS

33

TOM and NIAMH enter. The shop is busy. CUSTOMERS queue and sit by the window. The MANAGER takes orders. Two OLDER LADIES make sandwiches behind her like a well oiled production line.

NIAMH joins the queue. Tom looks around.

MANAGER
Next.

The queue shuffles forward. The MANAGER takes the order. Punches it in the till. The ladies' hands slather the bread and grasp the necessary fillings.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Next.

NIAMH shuffles forward. One from the front. TOM joins her. Gestures to a CCTV camera in the corner, watching the shop.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Next.

NIAMH and TOM step up.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Yes?

TOM
We'd like to ask you some
questions.

MANAGER
Enquiries through the website.

TOM takes out his ID. Shows the MANAGER.

TOM
We were wondering if we could have
a wee look at your CCTV footage?

The MANAGER'S eyes dart. She looks shifty. Quietens.

MANAGER
Can... Can this not wait?

TOM shakes his head.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
It's lunch.

TOM and NIAMH stand firm. The MANAGER reddens. Sweats.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Aggie?

One of the women (AGGIE) looks round.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Take over, will you?
(so all can hear)
Yous pick your moments, so you do.
Bloody health and safety...

She gestures for them to follow. They step in behind the bar.

34

INT. STORAGE ROOM. SANDWICH SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

34

TOM and NIAMH with the MANAGER. She sits on a sack of spuds. Looks at a PHOTO OF PAT. A room full of sandwich supplies.

MANAGER
I wouldn't know him. Bear in mind,
we get two... three hundred people
through that door each day.

She hands the photo back to NIAMH.

TOM
You're busy.

MANAGER
I should be retired. My back's
giving me gip and I've seen enough
ham to pave a motorway. But sure,
we've grandkids in university and
someone's got to pay.

NIAMH
And this morning?

MANAGER

...Aye. A big fella turned up
before we opened. Shouted his way
in here like he'd a hernia.

NIAMH

How old, would you say?

MANAGER

Hard to tell through the helmet. He
wanted the security footage from
Wednesday last. Took the lot.

Tom and NIAMH share a look of concern.

NIAMH

You don't have a backup?

MANAGER

A what?

The MANAGER pulls out her phone. Finds a picture.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

My sister's boy was standing
outside. Got a picture of the bike
this fella rode in on.

She shows TOM. TOM looks. Passes it to NIAMH.

NIAMH

Mind if I send this to my phone?

MANAGER

Work away.

(beat)

He took that photo in case I want
to report it. But I don't want to
report it. You understand me?

TOM is sympathetic. Knows this is how it goes.

TOM and NIAMH on the street. Tom on the phone. He reads from
the image on NIAMH's phone:

TOM

(into phone)

...Uniform, Kilo, Zulu, one, seven,
three, three...That's a blue
motorbike... Make unknown...

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
Male rider about six two... I'll be
waiting.

He hangs up. Looks around. Sees an on-street CCTV camera.

TOM (CONT'D)
Let's get that footage. See who we
can see coming and going from here.

NIAMH
You think Goliath is cleaning up
after himself?

TOM looks at her. Concern. He nods.

36 INT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - NIGHT

36

TOM and NIAMH. They talk to BIRDY on speaker phone:

BIRDY (V.O.)
We got access to your CCTV camera
outside the sandwich shop. I have
Keenan leaving on his own, but the
description of the motorbike rider
isn't good enough to pin down a
match.

The police radio bubbles to life between TOM and NIAMH:

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)
Sierra Romeo Four Five from Uniform
Over.

NIAMH picks up the radio. Presses to talk.

NIAMH
Go ahead.

TOM
Alright Birdy. See if you can find
any other persons of interest who
were having lunch at the same time
as Pat Keenan.

BIRDY (V.O.)
Will do.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)
A blue motorbike, registration
number Uniform, Kilo, Zulu, one,
seven, three, three heading South
on the Andersonstown Road --

TOM springs to life. Starts the engine --

37 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - LATER

37

TOM drives. NIAMH beside him. The sharp rise and fall of the engine pitch as Tom moves quickly through the streets. The BLACK MOTORBIKE travels on the road in front of him.

NIAMH has the radio to her mouth:

NIAMH
Uniform from Sierra Romeo Four
Five. Hold off on the surveillance
team, we have the motorbike --

38 INT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - NIGHT

38

TOM behind the wheel. NIAMH beside him. They're parked in SUNNYLANDS CRESCENT. They watch intently as...

Eighty yards in front of them, across the road, the MOTORBIKE has come to a stop. The rider [BURLY MAN] dismounts. Walks towards a well-kept house...

NIAMH
We grab him now?

TOM
Just wait. See who he's visiting.

TOM holds a monocular to his eye. Zooms in to see:

The BURLY MAN gets to the front door. Unrecognisable under his motorcycle helmet. He knocks on the front door. Waits. Slides his visor up to reveal his face to...

The woman who answers the door. She's in her fifties. Blond hair. We have seen her already: SIOBHAN HARKIN.

TOM zooms in on her face --

TOM (CONT'D)
...It's Siobhan Harkin.

NIAMH
Is that --

TOM
Joe Harkin's widow, aye.

The BURLY MAN talks to her. She says something back. The exchange becomes heated...

NIAMH
But... If Joe was one of Goliath's
victims --

The BURLY MAN reaches for the back of his jeans --

TOM
He's going to kill her --

They burst from the car --

39 EXT. SUNNYLANDS CRESCENT - CONTINUOUS

39

TOM and NIAMH rush from the CAR towards Siobhan's house --

TOM
Police! Stand still!

The BURLY MAN pulls the pistol from the back of his jeans and in a fluid movement turns to face TOM and NIAMH --

BANG BANG. He fires two shots. TOM and NIAMH hit the ground as SIOBHAN HARKIN recoils back into her house and slams the front door. The burly man makes a split second decision --

He makes a run for it. TOM and NIAMH are nearer to his bike than he is. He runs away from Siobhan's house. Turns sharp right down the steep hill. The gun waving in his hand...

TOM runs after him as NIAMH rushes back to the car. Phone to her ear:

NIAMH
(into phone)
Sierra Romeo Four Five. Shots
fired. Police in contact.
Sunnylands Crescent. Suspect is on
foot...

The BURLY MAN at speed doesn't see a car from a right hand junction edging into the road. He flips over the bonnet --

The gun goes flying. The BURLY MAN gets up. Leaves it. Keeps running...

TOM sprints round the car. Picks up the gun...

40 EXT. KIDS' PLAY AREA - CONTINUOUS

40

The BURLY MAN runs in to TEENS kicking a football about. TOM hard on his tail.

TOM
(calls out; to teens)
OUT OF THE WAY!

The BURLY MAN pushes his way through the teenagers...

41 EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

41

The BURLY MAN and TOM sprint up an alley...

Round a corner...

42 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

42

The BURLY MAN sprints up a hill. TOM hard on his heels.
Gaining as the burly man flags...

An OLDER WOMAN blocks the burly man's way. He pushes past.
Knocks her down. TOM slows a little as he reaches her.

TOM
You OK?

She nods. Seems fine. He is losing the BURLY MAN from view.
Sets off in pursuit...

43 EXT. BACK OF HOUSES - CONTINUOUS

43

The BURLY MAN is exhausted. Confronted with gates and fences.
His way seems blocked. He spies a cut through between two
gardens. A path out. As TOM rounds the corner --

The BURLY MAN makes for the cut through...

44 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

44

The BURLY MAN emerges from the cut through --

NIAMH stands by the car. Pistol in hand. Pointed at him.

NIAMH
Stand still!

The BURLY MAN stops. Done for. As TOM arrives behind him.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
Take off your helmet.

The BURLY MAN hesitates. Forlorn. Reaches for his helmet.
Takes it off...

Pat's man from the hospital. Ponytail and all.

45 EXT. STREET - LATER

45

Flashing blue lights. UNIFORMED PSNI UNITS have the BURLY MAN in handcuffs. TOM and NIAMH stand by the CAR. Look over.

TOM
He won't talk.

NIAMH
So Keenan is released, orders this fella to remove the CCTV from the cafe, then gets him to knock off Siobhan Harkin, widow of one of the victims.

(beat)
He thinks she took him.

She's right. TOM frowns. Thinks.

TOM
Alright. Let's bring her in.

46 INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

46

TOM, NIAMH and BIRDY walk quickly.

BIRDY
I looked at the on-street camera, outside the cafe. Couldn't see Mrs. Harkin leaving or entering the shop either side of Keenan being there.

They get to the interview room door. TOM peers through the small glass portal. Sees SIOBHAN sitting there. Waiting.

TOM
When her husband went missing...
Allegedly because he owed money...
She took over the operation.

NIAMH
IRA?

TOM
(nods)
At least, that's what it was then...

He looks back at SIOBHAN. A sense of trepidation...

47 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MINUTES LATER 47

TOM and NIAMH sit opposite SIOBHAN and her SOLICITOR. Siobhan is steely. Razor sharp. Raw.

TOM
Did you recognise him?

SIOBHAN
He works for Pat Keenan.

TOM
How do you know that?

SIOBHAN
He asked me several times, why I had Pat kidnapped. Then he pulled a gun. I'd say his loyalties were pretty clear.

NIAMH
I remind you, you remain under caution. Did you have Pat kidnapped?

SIOBHAN
(snorts)
I'll tell you a thing or two about Pat Keenan. He's a liar. He's always said my husband owed him money. But it's the other way round.

NIAMH
Your husband? Joe Harkin?

SIOBHAN
I was only married the once, love.

TOM
How much did Keenan owe him?

SIOBHAN
Enough to start a company.

TOM
Can you prove it?

SIOBHAN
...No. Suppose it's my word against his. Except he's the big man now. And my husband... They just told me that they've found him on an island out in Strangford Lough.
(MORE)

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
Long buried. Murdered.
(beat)
But I suppose yous already know
that.

TOM and NIAMH don't blink. It's news to them.

48 INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - LATER 48

JACKIE stands in his window. BIRDY is with him. They watch SIOBHAN and her SOLICITOR walk to the gates --

JACKIE
Have Belfast put security measures
on her house. An increased patrol
footprint in her area.

BIRDY
And should we keep *her* under
surveillance?

JACKIE
...No...No need.

49 INT. JACKIE'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 49

JACKIE drives. Checks his wing mirrors. Makes sure he's not being followed. A WHITE CAR tails him. He adjusts his rearview. The car turns off the road. He relaxes a little...

50 EXT. JACKIE'S CARAVAN - DAY 50

JACKIE gets out of his car. By a STATIC CARAVAN perched by the Lough. It's seen better days. Browned by the weather.

He walks up the steps. Takes out his keys. Unlocks it --

51 INT. JACKIE'S CARAVAN - MOMENTS LATER 51

JACKIE goes to drawers by the sink. Pulls one out. Reaches underneath. Peels off a BURNER PHONE taped to the underside.

52 EXT. BOARDED-UP CHURCH. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 52

JACKIE walks through the graveyard. Collar turned up to the cold. He stops when he sees SIOBHAN. Waiting for him under the porch of the old church. A familiarity between them.

JACKIE
Hi Siobhan.

SIOBHAN
Hello Jackie.

53 INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

53

JACKIE at his desk. TOM and NIAMH sit across from him.

TOM
The original Goliath investigation thought that Joe Harkin disappeared because he owed money. Siobhan says it's the other way around; she alleges that Pat took Joe's money.

NIAMH
It gives her a reason to kidnap Pat.

JACKIE
It gives Pat a reason to have murdered Joe.

TOM
But she has a solid alibi. She's been in Dublin the last two weeks.

JACKIE chews it over.

JACKIE
So who kidnapped Keenan? And why?

NIAMH
Whoever it was is still out there, sir. But there's no doubt they're the key to unlocking the truth about the past.

TOM
And Goliath.

JACKIE looks at TOM. They share a tense unease.

54 INT. CHANGING ROOM. HOSPITAL. BELFAST - DAY

54

A GROUP OF FEMALE MEDICAL STUDENTS get changed. IZZY among them. TORI stands in the middle.

TORI

I hope you all thought this was an interesting case. My next list is on Wednesday. I look forward to seeing all of you there.

The students file out. TORI goes up to IZZY.

TORI (CONT'D)

I thought you did well today.

IZZY

Thanks. I was nervous, like.

TORI smiles. Feigns a casual interest.

TORI

You've nice instincts. You the only doctor in the family?

IZZY

The first one to go to university.

TORI

What does your mum do?

IZZY hesitates. Awkward but familiar territory to navigate.

IZZY

She died when I was only wee.
During the Troubles.

TORI

I'm sorry.

IZZY

She went missing. While she was looking after me.

TORI

I didn't mean to pry --

IZZY

No, I was like, a year old. My Dad, he uh... They never found her.

TORI stops with the weight of the information.

TORI

If you don't mind me asking... How do you know she's dead?

IZZY

My Dad is in the police. They...
thought she was kidnapped.

TORI

Jesus.

IZZY

I don't remember it, so...
(shrugs)
All I have is an empty space.
(beat)
But it's my dad I feel bad for... I
know he, uh...

She swallows. Emotion rising. Unexpected.

IZZY (CONT'D)

He carries the guilt.

TORI

Seriously. We should talk about
something else. What's the dullest
fucking thing I can ask you a
question about?

IZZY

Golf.

TORI laughs. IZZY too. The tension is relieved.

55

EXT. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - DAY

55

TOM and NIAMH get out of the CAR. ADAM stands at his front door. Waits for them. The home oxygen case in hand. TOM and NIAMH share a look. Approach the old man...

ADAM

Some others came to see me... Name
was a long abbreviation.

NIAMH

ICLVR?

ADAM

[Yes.] They found my brother.

NIAMH looks at TOM. His frown clear. ADAM's eyes water. He looks vulnerable. Haunted by his thoughts.

ADAM (CONT'D)

After so long... And me on the way
out...

56 INT. LIVING ROOM. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 56

TOM leans on a table by the window. Looks through the living room door. He can see the KITCHEN.

NIAMH eases ADAM into his chair. He creaks. Forgets himself:

ADAM
Thanks, pet.

NIAMH
No bother, Mr. Corry.

She takes a seat near him. TOM looks through to the KITCHEN. Notices a teapot on the sideboard. Two unwashed cups. ADAM clocks TOM looking in that direction. A beat. Pointed.

ADAM
You found the witness?

TOM
...The farmer out at Deacon's Farm.
Muriel Busby.

ADAM thrusts his lip. Shakes his head. Doesn't know her.

TOM sees the JOURNAL on the coffee table in front of ADAM. Its cover distinct and recognisable.

ADAM
I should thank her.

TOM
She died. A while back.

ADAM understands. Wipes a drip from his eyes. Tom glances round. A stack of books on the 36th Ulster Division in the First World War. The house telephone.

TOM (CONT'D)
We know they found Joe Harkin in
the same place as your brother.

ADAM
How many bodies all together?

TOM
Three, so far.

ADAM
And did they identify the third?

ADAM looks at TOM. A hint of sympathy. TOM shakes his head.

ADAM (CONT'D)
They told me how my brother died.
Shot in the back at a distance.
Like he'd been running away. Then
finished off up close... His killer
would have been the last thing he
saw.

TOM listens. Unnerved by the reflection. NIAMH notices.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Now we know it was murder. I'll
tell you something... The last time
I saw my brother... He confided in
me...

TOM looks at him. Wide eyed.

ADAM (CONT'D)
He said he was expecting a delivery
of weapons. I didn't want to know
at the time. But I reckon...
Whoever killed him knew who he
was... and what he was up to.

TOM stays tight lipped. A silence.

ADAM (CONT'D)
The faceless bureaucrats from the
ICLV whatnot told me yous can't
investigate these crimes?

TOM
That's right. Too far in the past.

ADAM
You won't do it anyway?

TOM
I have a boss.

ADAM
Aye, so I hear. A new one. Jackie
Twomey. Hmm.

A pause. NIAMH looks at TOM. Curious. But TOM keeps his eyes
on ADAM. As if waiting for him to make a sudden move.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Don't worry. I'm onto it. I'm going
to find the answers. It's all going
to come out.

57 EXT. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

57

TOM and NIAMH walk from the house to the CAR. Tom hunted by a heavy feeling.

NIAMH

I don't know what he thinks he can achieve when he can barely leave the house.

She looks at TOM. He's wrapped up in dark thoughts. It's a worry. He gets to the car. Gets in --

58 INT. LIVING ROOM. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

58

ADAM stands in the window. Watches TOM and NIAMH drive away. The rhythmic growl and hiss of his assisted breathing.

59 INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 59

ADAM shuffles in. A small cardboard box sits on his bed --

ADAM opens the box. A letter rests on top. He unfolds it. An ICLVR letterhead. He reads the words:

Dear Mr. Corry,

Please find enclosed your brother's personal effects... [etc]

ADAM puts the letter aside. Looks inside the box. A small re-sealable bag contains a dirty and worn UVF ring. The words *For God And Ulster* surround an embossed hand.

Another bag contains the OWL PENDANT. He turns it over. The letter 'E' engraved on the reverse. He puts it back.

ADAM closes the box. Sadness. A thought occurs to him.

60 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

60

TOM sits alone. Stares absently at the evidence boards.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. JACKIE enters.

JACKIE

Tom.

TOM

Sir.

JACKIE closes the door gently. Pauses.

JACKIE

They've stopped the search for bodies. Three is all they've found. Closer examination says all three were male.

TOM bows his head. Absorbs the information a moment.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

But you'd have guessed that by now. The fact the ICLVR haven't been to see you.

TOM nods gently.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Tom.

TOM

Adam Corry's been told one of the bodies is his brother.

(off Jackie)

We've just come from there.

JACKIE

Why'd he tell you?

TOM

His way of thanking us, I suppose. For reopening the case.

JACKIE smiles. Like a wince. A reminder of his inaction.

JACKIE

David Corry, then. Along with Joe Harkin. I think we can assume the third one is Father Simon Quinlan.

TOM eyeballs him.

TOM

I'm back on Goliath?

JACKIE

Tom --

TOM

They didn't find a woman's body. That should be grounds enough.

JACKIE hesitates. Something nags him. TOM's appetite is clear. JACKIE can't refuse.

JACKIE

Niamh will remain my point of contact on that investigation... You share everything with her.

TOM nods.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

The press have it now. It'll go public soon enough.

61 INT. TOILETS. PSNI DUNFOLAN - LATER

61

TOM paces. Takes a breath. Pulls out his phone. Dials...

TOM

(into phone)

Hi darlin'... Listen. There's something I need to tell you. It's going to be on the news...

He backs up to the wall. Slides down it. Shaky.

TOM (CONT'D)

(into phone)

They found bodies out here but don't worry, it's not your mother --

62 INT. CANTEEN. HOSPITAL. BELFAST - DAY

62

IZZY and TORI at a table. A wall-mounted TV nearby.

TORI

Did your dad always make time for you?

IZZY

Aye. He was pretty good at that.

They have food in front of them. IZZY takes a drink.

IZZY (CONT'D)

He just... He knew when to give me my freedom, you know? Even though I could see he didn't want to.

TORI

Must be tough.

IZZY
He'd say not, but... I swear...
That man is getting more emotional
in his old age.

A smile. They eat.

TORI
I lost my dad when I was young.
(off IZZY)
He was older... A lifetime of
cigarettes...
(beat)
I miss not having had that
relationship... The mother daughter
dynamic is one of life's great
psychological battlefields.

IZZY smiles.

TORI (CONT'D)
You're lucky... Your dad sounds
like a good man.

IZZY
Och it's cheesy, but... I like him.

TORI
He sounds likeable.

IZZY takes a large bite of her sandwich. A thought:

IZZY
You're not single, are you?

TORI
Ha!

TORI's laugh is infectious. IZZY grins. The BBC NEWS comes on the TV nearby:

*Footage of police boats on the water. A banner headline:
Strangford Lough search. Unconfirmed reports of 3 bodies.*

NEWS (V.O.)
...There's been no official comment
on how many bodies have been found,
but families of the identified have
given permission for their names to
be released...

TORI and IZZY watch closely. TORI more invested than we would expect her to be. She gets a grip of herself. Looks to IZZY.

TORI

You OK?

IZZY

(nods)

Hmm. If I hadn't spoken to my Dad earlier... I'd be worried one of them could be...

Photos of David Corry and Joe Harkin come up on the screen.

IZZY (CONT'D)

But Dad said it wasn't her... They think the third one was a priest.

IZZY keeps her eyes on the screen. Doesn't see TORI'S face fall. The emotion coursing under the surface...

63

INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

63

TOM and NIAMH trawl through documents. BIRDY enters. Printouts in hand. He shows them to Tom and NIAMH:

BIRDY

The ANPR cameras drew a blank, so we had to manually go through the few other cameras that we thought would be on Keenan's route. We got this.

A photo. Taken at night. Grainy. It shows:

Keenan's car. Still with its number plates. Keenan behind the wheel. A woman beside him; hair in a black bob that obscures her face as her head turns.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

A traffic camera on the Kilkeel Road from the fifteenth. It's Keenan's car. Headed towards the Mourne View Hotel.

TOM

Is this the best image we have?

Birdy puts down the other printout:

A still. Taken in the day. From the on-street CCTV camera outside the sandwich shop. It shows:

The same woman. Hair in a black bob. Leaving the sandwich shop. Again her face is obscured.

BIRDY
She left twenty minutes after
Keenan.

TOM looks at BIRDY. A revelation. He looks back at the images. Hard to tell much apart from her gender.

64 EXT. HAULAGE YARD - NIGHT

64

TOM walks from his car to Pat's office. A lamp on inside. TOM bangs on the door. A manila envelope by his side.

A shadow crosses the lamp light. PAT opens the door.

TOM
You need to start telling me what you know. Otherwise it won't be long before I'm back here with a warrant, and we're tearing your life apart.

PAT
I'd like to see yous try.

TOM hands him the envelope. PAT looks intrigued. Opens it. Sees the photos of the woman in his car and outside the sandwich shop. He looks back at TOM. Fuming.

TOM looks to the office where he met CLAIRE. Back at PAT.

TOM
It doesn't need to come to this.

PAT
(re. photos)
Looks like it already has.

TOM
We can work together. The person who kidnapped you --

PAT
Was working for Siobhan Harkin.

TOM
We don't think so. But the kidnapper does relate to the murders of Joe Harkin and Simon Quinlan... old friends of yours. Maybe she knows what happened to my wife.

PAT

So... We form an alliance you and me? Is that what you're suggesting?
(laughs; sarcasm)

If only the people who brokered the peace could see us now. Provo and the Peeler. What a double act.

TOM

You tell me what you know or I will make sure your wife gets these pictures.

PAT seethes. Just about holds it in.

PAT

Good luck with that.

PAT slams the door in TOM's face. TOM is left alone. Frustrated by his failure.

65

INT. THE DUNFOLAN ARMS - NIGHT

65

NIAMH steps into the pub. Looks around...

She passes the quiet bar. Finds DINGER sitting at a booth alone. His jacket still on. A drink in front of him.

DINGER

You having a drink?

She sits.

NIAMH

I won't, thanks.

DINGER

Thanks for coming.

He takes a sip of his drink. She looks nervous.

DINGER (CONT'D)

Don't worry. It's not a date. I'm what the more enlightened like to call a Vagina Decliner.

She tries to relax.

DINGER (CONT'D)

I had to provide signature for the hand over to the Time Bandits. Saw their findings.

(MORE)

DINGER (CONT'D)
It's been confirmed. The third body
is Father Simon Quinlan.

He runs his finger round the rim of his glass.

DINGER (CONT'D)
We're dealing with the Goliath
murders?

She frowns. Hesitates.

DINGER (CONT'D)
C'mon now. More know about that
than you think.

She relents. Something she wants to get off her chest.

NIAMH
Aye. We are.

DINGER looks knowing. Unsurprised.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
...Tom and I went to see Adam
Corry. Adam's convinced the truth
is all going to come out. But Tom
reacted like he didn't want it to.

DINGER
Who could blame him for that?
(beat)
Tom's a private man. Since his
wife... He's kept his world small.
Just him and his daughter. Why
destroy that peace?

NIAMH
But we know now. The third body
can't be Emma.

DINGER
Aye.

He leans back. Folds his arms.

DINGER (CONT'D)
She was the last to go missing, you
know. Emma Brannick. First it was
Harkin... Then Quinlan... Word was
the Loyalists were targeting high
level members of the IRA... But
then David Corry flies the nest in
a similar fashion... And he is a
Loyalist.

(MORE)

DINGER (CONT'D)
That has us all scratching our
heads... Then it was her.

He looks into his drink. Remembers.

DINGER (CONT'D)
The peace talks were at a point
where they couldn't have a
kidnapping story out there... Let
alone four high profile murders...
So boy, did they suppress it. And
there was poor Tom underneath it
all... Trying to find his wife.

NIAMH
Nobody helped him?

DINGER
Not even his old friend.

NIAMH
DCS --

A CUSTOMER walks past them. Close. Dinger leans back

CUSTOMER (O.S.)
Hello there.

DINGER
How are you?

NIAMH waits until the customer has completely passed.

NIAMH
Jackie?

DINGER
Aye.
(beat)
Goliath scares the guts out of
anyone who knows about him. Don't
let them tell you otherwise.

DINGER leans in. Quiet.

DINGER (CONT'D)
There's been markers on your Pat
Keenan case? Postcards? My
investigators tell me it's why we
ended up out on the Lough.

NIAMH doesn't know how to answer. Easy to read.

DINGER (CONT'D)

If Goliath is real... It's over
twenty years since he manipulated
police work to make it look like
people had fled the country...
Twenty years. He's still out there.
Never been caught.

DINGER wipes his mouth. A disturbing thought.

DINGER (CONT'D)

Those bodies might have been better
off left in the ground.

(beat)

And to go after a fellow officer's
wife --

NIAMH

She was more than just the wife.

He pauses. A wry smile at his casual sexism.

DINGER

Indeed... 14 Intelligence Company.

A spook.

(beat)

Chances are you'll never find her.
I imagine she was caught, killed,
and fed to some lucky pigs out in
the country... Maybe someone in
Banbridge, over their Ulster fry
one morning, thought their bacon
tasted unusually sweet... But that
would have been the last trace
there was of Emma Brannick.

DINGER takes a sip. Watches NIAMH's consternation.

66

INT. STAIRWELL. KINGSPAN STADIUM - NIGHT

66

TOM stands alone at the bottom of the stairs. He waits.

THE RHYTHMIC SOUND OF A DISTANT CROWD REBOUNDS DOWN THE
CONCRETE STAIRWELL. THE METAL BANNISTERS SEEM TO VIBRATE.

DISTORTED CHANTS OF "ULSTER! ULSTER! ULSTER!"

He climbs the steps. Reaches the top. The stadium opens up
before him. The massive crowd. The game not yet started...

He soaks it all up. The atmosphere he loves. Memories of a
time gone by. Before the darkness came into his life...

IZZY (O.S.)
Yo!

TOM looks down stairs. Sees IZZY approach. Jogs to meet her.

IZZY (CONT'D)
You been waiting long?

TOM
Fucking donkey's.

A big smile. They hug. He sees TORI over her shoulder.
Suddenly embarrassed.

TOM (CONT'D)
I mean... It's only a few more grey
hairs.

He smiles. Awkward. IZZY enjoys it.

IZZY
(to Tori)
I think you met my dad.

TORI
The hospital. You were lost.

TOM
That's right.

TORI
You had an embarrassing question.

IZZY
What was it?

TOM
It wasn't about me.

TOM puts out a hand. Changes the subject with introductions.

TOM (CONT'D)
Tom.

TORI
(smiles)
Tori.

IZZY
She's taking Larry's ticket. I said
that'd be grand.

TOM smiles. Pleasantly surprised.

TOM
Of course. Will we go?

IZZY grins. Her match-making hardly a secret. She strides up the stairs. Leaves TOM to gesture for Tori to lead the way...

67 INT. HOSPITALITY BOX. KINGSPAN STADIUM - CONTINUOUS 67

TOM leads TORI and IZZY into a throng of people...

The sound of the crowd opens up beyond the glass of the opposite wall.

TOM
You a fan of the game?

TORI
Uh... I'd like to say yes.
(a smile)
Izzy tells me you played for Ulster?

TOM recognises a fellow EX-PLAYER. They shake hands. Smile.

TOM
Hi Gary, how are you?

The EX-PLAYER smiles. Greets TOM. They move on...

IZZY
He could've played for Ireland.

TOM
That's a wee bit of a leap.

TORI
Why only "could've"?

Another EX-PLAYER. TOM smiles. Shakes his hand.

TOM
You're looking well.

The EX-PLAYER greets TOM. A big smile. They move on...

TOM (CONT'D)
It was a long time ago, but... I picked up a hip injury. They advised me to give it up.

TORI
That's a shame.

TOM
Och. The game was turning pro. I
already had a job.

They reach the glass wall. The stadium full. The blast of the whistle. The match under way. The crowd roars...

TOM looks at TORI. She's impressed.

TORI
I'm a fan now.

He smiles. IZZY delighted it's had the desired effect.

68 EXT. MOUNT MERRION AVENUE. BELFAST - LATER

68

TOM, TORI and IZZY walk in the thinning MATCH CROWD. Glowing with the night's excitement. Tom and Tori talk...

IZZY hangs back a little to give them space...

TOM
You always lived in Belfast?

TORI
I came back last year. Was living in London, there, for many years.

TOM
What made you come back?

TORI
I've a sick mum. She's in a home out by Belmont Park.

He nods. Nothing to say.

TORI (CONT'D)
How long have you been in the police?

TOM
...Coming up to thirty years.

He turns. Walks backwards. Tries to see IZZY.

TORI
(impressed)
You must've seen it all?

TOM
And some. Where's Izzy?

She turns. Looks.

TORI
Uh...

TOM
(calls out)
Izzy!

No response from her. Some SMART ARSE in the crowd shouts "IZZY!". Tom begins to rush back against the crowd...

TOM (CONT'D)
Izzy!

TORI follows him.

TORI
Izzy!

Their search becomes panicked. TOM runs back through the crowd. Pushing people aside to see...

TORI (CONT'D)
I'm sure she just stopped or --

TOM
She was just behind us!

TOM reaches a junction in the road. Sees a van screech to a halt the other side of the crowd barricades. Someone is pushed out. A screech of tires. The van speeds away.

It's IZZY. She lies on the side of the road. Still.

TOM (CONT'D)
Oh God oh God...

TOM sprints over to her. TORI follows...

He gets to IZZY. She lies on the ground in tears. Relieved she's conscious, he kneels. Helps her up to sitting.

TOM (CONT'D)
Darling... Izzy... Are you OK?

IZZY
...I'm OK... My wrist...

TORI arrives. Steps in:

TORI
Let me take a look at her.

TOM allows her to crouch in front of IZZY. Check her over. Examine and feel her wrist.

IZZY
I stopped my fall... I don't think
it's broken...

TORI carefully presses into the small depression at the base of IZZY's thumb:

TORI
Does this hurt?

IZZY
No more than it does already.

TORI
And grip my hand?
(IZZY does)
Any worse?

IZZY
...Not really.

TORI
I'd be worried about a scaphoid
fracture. You should still get it x-
rayed.

IZZY tries to put a brave face on it. TOM beside her.

TOM
Tell me what happened.

IZZY
They just grabbed me, like. A
man... He said... He said,
"Threaten my family, I'll threaten
yours".

TOM
Did you see his face?

She shakes her head.

IZZY
No... No...

The emotion too much. He pulls her in to a tight embrace.

TORI
I'll call the police --

TOM
No. It's uh... It's best I get her
home...

He kisses her head. Holds her tight. Fear and rage build.

69 INT. NIAMH'S CAR [MOVING] - DAWN

69

NIAMH is dressed warm. Drives the shore road at first light. The windows steamed to the cold. A strong wind jounces boats on the water. Trees pushed at angles from the Lough...

70 EXT. DEACON'S FARM - MINUTES LATER

70

NIAMH walks towards the COW SHED. She's met by the lame dog. Can see the FARMER inside, pouring feed for the cows...

She stops near the cow shed. Looks back at the Lough. The wind has cleared the fog. The view is blustery but clear...

Out on SALT ISLAND, the SMALL WHITE CLAD FIGURES of the ICLVR rush to pack up...

NIAMH takes out a map of the area. Identifies Salt Island. Runs her finger around the coast line from there.

FARMER (O.S.)
A clear day.

She jumps a little. Turns to see him.

NIAMH
I hope you don't mind?

He shakes his head. Walks up beside her...

FARMER
Take your chances while you can.
There'll be more fog coming.

He looks down at the scene on Salt Island...

FARMER (CONT'D)
Does all that activity mean bodies?

NIAMH
Aye.

He purses his lips.

FARMER
Unfortunate business.
(beat)
A hell of a job getting them out
there in the first place.

NIAMH
(re. map)
And from where would the boat have
come? Seems to me there's any
number of possibilities. Too many.

FARMER
Och no. That's a very tricky
stretch of water. You'd have to
know the tides and the currents, so
you would.

NIAMH
D'you know anybody who might have
that kind of knowledge?

71 INT. LANDING. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

71

TOM gently opens the door to IZZY'S BEDROOM. Peers in. A proper teenager's room. Her curtains are closed. IZZY is curled up in bed. She faces the wall.

Tom closes the door again. Full of concern...

72 INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

72

TOM sits in front of the TV.

We don't see the TV screen but we can hear:

A WOMAN WITH A TINY BABY. GURGLING AND LAUGHING. AND TOM'S VOICE. UNMISTAKABLE. A HOME VIDEO FROM WAY BACK WHEN...

TOM seems to concentrate on something beyond the image...

73 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MORNING

73

BIRDY in jeans and a hood. He sits at his desk. Feet on the table. A skeleton staff of OFFICERS in the office around him. He reads a printout. His email pings.

He leans forward. The subject line of the new email reads:

APP METADATA APPLICATION

He clicks on it to open. Reads:

...the app metadata from our messaging app...

...The phone numbers messaged from this app are...

BIRDY skims a list of about forty phone numbers. He picks up his desk phone. Dials the first one. Listens...

74 EXT. SHORELINE. STRANGFORD LOUGH - DAY

74

NIAMH stands with the FARMER. They watch as a SMALL FISHING BOAT travels in to shore...

A BOATMAN in his late sixties rides the vessel. Hard weathered skin. Close grey hair. Bright yellow waterproofs.

FARMER

This is the man you want. Like an encyclopaedia of these waters.

The FARMER raises a hand in greeting. The boatman waves back.

FARMER (CONT'D)

Be warned, though. I don't think he's ever met a bar of soap.

75 INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

75

TOM cooks. A tea towel over his shoulder. He's handy. His PHONE vibrates on the counter. An incoming message from TORI:

How's Izzy?x

TOM replies:

OK. X-ray all clear. Thanks

He pauses. Puts an **x** on the end. IZZY enters. He deletes the **x**. Presses send. Puts the phone down.

IZZY goes to him. He leaves the cooking. Takes her into a warm hug. Holds her tight. Safe. She wears a wrist support over her injured wrist.

TOM

I've made food. D'you want some?

She nods. Goes to the table. Sits. He plates up the meal he's made. Brings it over to her.

He gives her cutlery. Makes sure she has everything. Sits down beside her. Watches her carefully eat.

TOM (CONT'D)
How you doing?

She takes a mouthful. The taste unable to cheer her. She puts her fork down. Hands to her head. Takes a moment.

IZZY
It's... It's the first time I've
felt... in danger. Because of what
you do.

This is hard for TOM to take.

TOM
I'm so sorry. I thought... I could
always keep you safe.

IZZY
Why can't you arrest them?

TOM
Because I don't know I'd get all
the right people.

Her emotion rises:

IZZY
But you're in the police.

TOM
All it takes is one stone unturned
and...

IZZY
They'd come for me again.

TOM
No.

IZZY
You need to find them all. Lock
them up.

TOM
It's not that easy.

IZZY
Why? Why? I don't understand.

TOM doesn't have the words to comfort her.

IZZY (CONT'D)
I'm terrified, Daddy.

TOM
I know.

IZZY
And I can see that you're scared
too. And... And that just makes it
worse.

He holds her. He knows he's let her down.

76 EXT. DECK. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

76

TOM stands in a warm coat. A hot cup of tea. He leans on the rail of the deck. The Lough in front of him. But he looks down at the earth of the flower bed. Lost in thought.

IZZY steps out of the house. Closes the door. Shrugs her coat on and hugs it tight to the cold. Comes up alongside him. A contented quiet.

IZZY
I used to sit out here in all
weather. Waiting for you to come
home from work.

TOM
I know.
(off her)
Your babysitters would tell me.

IZZY
Those bitches.

They share a smile. She thinks.

IZZY (CONT'D)
The truth is... I've always known
your job was dangerous. I feel
selfish. I never really asked about
that side of it --

TOM
No --

IZZY
Suppose I was just too afraid to
know.

TOM
That's not selfish.

IZZY
 But, like... I also know you'd do
 anything to protect me... And...
 that's enough for me.

He looks at her. An unbreakable bond between them. He smiles.
 A pause. He tosses the remainder of his tea.

TOM
 (re. inside)
 Come on. It's baltic.

She leads the way. Through the door --

77 INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

77

TOM sees his phone on the counter by the door. The phone vibrates. The screen flashes. An incoming call. IZZY walks into the house. He picks up the phone. Answers --

78 EXT. SHORELINE. STRANGFORD LOUGH - CONTINUOUS

78

NIAMH on the beach. The SMALL FISHING BOAT and the BOATMAN twenty yards behind her. She's on the phone:

NIAMH
 (into phone)
 Finbar Dodd, the harbour master...
 He says he was asked about Goliath,
 four months ago... Someone phoned
 him. Said their name was Frank
 MacFeale.

79 INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

79

RESUME TOM. He turns away from IZZY. Confidential.

TOM
 (into phone)
 Did he get a read on the voice?

80 EXT. SHORELINE. STRANGFORD LOUGH - CONTINUOUS

80

RESUME NIAMH.

NIAMH
 (into phone)
 No. Said it was a man. That's it. A
 bad line, apparently.

81 INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 81

RESUME TOM. Something triggers.

TOM
(into phone)
Frank MacFeale... You're sure?...
OK, I'll see you in the office.

He hangs up. Grips the phone. He looks towards the table and IZZY. She looks back at him. Tries to appear strong.

82 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - LATER 82

TOM enters. Hurried. NIAMH is on her desk phone. She listens. Relays the information to Tom:

NIAMH
There's a Frank MacFeale lives out
in Minerstown. No previous. He
sells caravans.

TOM sees BIRDY glued to his computer. Dialling. Listening. Hanging up. Crossing off. A zombie for it.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Thanks very much.

She hangs up.

TOM
What's up with him?

NIAMH
He's cold calling every number
Keenan ever messaged.

TOM understands. Serious. Purposeful:

TOM
Go out to Minerstown. Have a look.
I'll circulate the name to
districts, Int hubs and the Garda.
See what they've got.

She nods. Turns around. Goes. TOM watches her...

83 EXT. GARDEN. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 83

CLOSE ON A PATCH OF SOIL.

A flower bed. Gloved hands shift dirt. Finish clearing the last of a hole. Reveal a metal box. About the size of an ammunition box. The hands open it...

A Makarov pistol wrapped in polythene.

84 INT. SPARE BEDROOM. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - DAY 84

ADAM stands in the window. Sees TOM'S CAR park up outside. Sees TOM get out. Look around. Walk towards the house...

ADAM had a notepad in front of him. He scrawls a note...

85 INT. LIVING ROOM. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - DAY 85

TOM sits opposite ADAM. In a change of clothes. Practical. Non-descript. Dark. Gloves.

The old man's hand is clasped around his home oxygen. Silence but for the clunking mechanism of an old ticking clock. They look at each other in perfect calm.

ADAM
How did you know?

TOM
...My grandfather was at Thiepval.
I remember his tales as a wee boy
of the local lad who was a First
World War hero... "Brave young
Frankie MacFeale".

TOM glances to the stack of books by the phone: The histories of the 36th Ulster Division in the Great War.

TOM (CONT'D)
In fairness, you didn't look far
for your inspiration.

ADAM takes this in with a gentle nod. A half eaten plate of toast in front of him. Cheese. A sharp knife.

TOM reaches inside his jacket. Takes out a GOLIATH POSTCARD in a clear envelope. Places it on the coffee table. ADAM looks at it. Unfazed by its appearance.

TOM (CONT'D)
How did you come to know about
Goliath?

ADAM

...We can blame the drink again.
That, and loose lipped peelers.

TOM

Huh. Who have you told?

ADAM says nothing. Takes a rasping breath. Holds the cough in. His health failing.

TOM (CONT'D)

You find out about Goliath... Since then we've had a... A similar crime. All the hallmarks of the man himself...

(re. postcard)

And that.

(beat)

This all leads us to his past victims. As you know.

ADAM gives little away.

TOM (CONT'D)

So who have you been talking to?

ADAM ignores him. Says nothing. TOM gets up. Heads directly for the SPARE BEDROOM --

ADAM

Where are you going?

ADAM does his best to get up and follow. But he's slow --

86

INT. SPARE BEDROOM. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

86

TOM enters. Looks quickly around. Sees the JOURNAL with a pen, on the chair by the window. He goes to it. Starts flicking through. On the most recent page:

...DCI Brannick has come alone...

TOM flicks back through the previous pages. Skim reads. Sees:

...We talked about possible Goliaths... Jackie Twomey stopped this investigation in 1998, and now he's trying to stop it again - Why?

He turns a page:

Jackie Twomey either knows who Goliath is... or he is Goliath

87 INT. LIVING ROOM. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 87

ADAM moves slowly towards the SPARE ROOM doorway...

ADAM

You leave things well alone in
there...

88 INT. SPARE BEDROOM. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 88

ADAM enters. TOM stands with the JOURNAL. Accusatory.

TOM

(re. journal)
Who is it?

ADAM

Who?

TOM

You don't name them. But it's clear
you've been meeting with the person
who is trying to unmask Goliath.

A pause. A thought occurs to ADAM.

ADAM

Why didn't you ask about the tea
cups when your colleague was here?

TOM

What?

ADAM

I saw you notice them. You could
have just asked.

TOM drops the journal on the bed.

TOM

You're avoiding my questions.

TOM walks past ADAM. Leaves the room.

ADAM

It was my sister...

ADAM darts for a chest of drawers. Quietly pulls out the top
drawer. Finds a digital dictaphone...

ADAM (CONT'D)

In case you were wondering. She has
a wee drop every time she comes
over.

He carefully presses record. Drops the device in his pocket.

89 INT. LIVING ROOM. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 89

ADAM enters. TOM stands in the middle of the room. Agitated.

TOM

Help me, Adam. You know this is
personal for me. I don't know where
my wife is. I have lived in fear
that...

(he pauses; gathers)

Me and you are not that different.
You have lost your brother, me my
wife. But you can go to his
graveside... That's not available
to me.

ADAM

...If only I could go to his
graveside.

ADAM looks at his home oxygen. Its restrictions. Pained.

TOM

I can take you there.

ADAM makes the slightest frown. Looks at TOM. Calm. Takes in
his change of clothes: practical. His gloves: strange. His
hard wearing boots; worn with dry mud.

ADAM notes TOM's manner. Nervy. Unbalanced.

ADAM partly opens his mouth. As if to say something. Pauses.
Seems to change tack:

ADAM

Aye...

TOM nods gently. An apparent act of compassion.

90 INT. NIAMH'S CAR [PARKED] - CONTINUOUS 90

NIAMH sits in her car. Rain thunders on the windows. Hard to
make out what is beyond the glass. She takes out her iPhone.
Plugs earphones in. Presses PLAY:

THE SOUND OF SHUFFLING. A THROAT GENTLY CLEARED.

*BOATMAN (V.O.)
Finbar Dodd, harbour master --*

NIAMH scrubs forward on the recording:

THE QUIET SLURP OF TEA BEING DRUNK.

*BOATMAN (V.O.)
Glasgow? Why did you go there?*

*NIAMH (V.O.)
I felt there'd be more opportunity.*

THE RECORDING POPS AS SHE SHIFTS.

*BOATMAN (V.O.)
And how is it? Now you're home?*

*NIAMH (V.O.)
Better... Better than I expect --*

NIAMH scrubs forward on the recording:

*BOATMAN (V.O.)
-- knew his ma and da well. They
shouldered a lot of the parenting
when the mother did a moonlight
flit... But our Tom raised that wee
girl good and proper...*

NIAMH starts the engine --

91

INT. STORAGE BASEMENT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

91

CONSTABLE SCOTT hands a pile of files over to NIAMH.

SCOTT
Found these.

She nods in thanks. Engrossed in the recording. Walks over to an empty square of desk..

*BOATMAN (V.O.)
...Quare unlucky to lose a mother
that young. And you've your auld
bisoms who say it's a curse.*

*NIAMH (V.O.)
A curse?*

92 INT. STORAGE BASEMENT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - LATER 92

NIAMH at a desk. Earphones in. A file open in front of her: A file on **EMMA BRANNICK**. A black and white photo. The crest of the UDR. Her date of birth. Date of death "**UNKNOWN**".

BOATMAN (V.O.)
Hmm. On account of Emma losing her mother young as well...

NIAMH turns the page. Picks out the words:

"Parents killed by roadside bomb..."

"Recruited for intelligence gathering duties..."

BOATMAN (V.O.)
She was some woman. Tough. I'd see her take a dinghy out at first light on the weekends... Emma could sail these waters like the tide was in the palm of her hand and she --

NIAMH stops the recording. Scrubs back. Plays it again:

BOATMAN (V.O.)
-- could sail these waters like the tide was in the palm of her hand --

Stop. The file open on a black and white wedding photo of Emma with Tom. Her face obscured by the rain of confetti...

93 INT. LOUNGE. OLD PEOPLE'S HOME - DAY 93

TORI stands on the edge of a doorway. Takes a breath. Peers round the architrave to see an old lady. Her mother, VALERIE. A frail, senile woman in her eighties.

TORI crosses the room to her. Crouches beside her. Affectionate. VALERIE stares out of the window.

TORI
 Mum?

VALERIE barely registers her. Her absence like preoccupation.

TORI takes a photo from her jacket. Puts it in VALERIE's hands. The same photo of Simon Quinlan we have seen on the boards at PSNI Dunfolan. He's a grey haired man. In his 50s.

TORI (CONT'D)
 They found him, Mum...

She looks from the photo to her daughter. A switch flicked.

TORI (CONT'D)
Dad... They've found him...

VALERIE takes her daughter's hand. A stutter of breath. Her eyes stream. A gentle moan...

TORI keeps a hold on the emotion. Contained. Very nearly unsentimental. Her mother's moan continues...

94 INT. TORI'S CAR [PARKED] - MINUTES LATER

94

TORI gets in behind the wheel. Takes out her phone. Scrolls to TOM's name. Pauses. She throws her phone down in the passenger seat. Closes her eyes. Breathes to calm herself.

95 EXT. SALT ISLAND. STRANGFORD LOUGH - DAY

95

Thick fog. ADAM takes a few staggering steps towards the now empty grave where his brother lay. He falls to his knees. Closes his eyes to the tears. Speaks into the abyss.

ADAM
I looked for you... I swear... I
did look for you...

TOM stands close. Like the spectre of death in the gloom. Shaking. It could be the cold or the nerves. Anticipation.

TOM
So.

ADAM closes his eyes gently. A sense of what's coming.

TOM (CONT'D)
I brought you here. Now tell me.

ADAM feels for the small digital recorder in his coat pocket. Checking he's prepared. Buys time with confusion:

ADAM
...What's that?

TOM
The woman. She came to your house.
Who is she?

ADAM assesses TOM. None of it feels right.

TOM (CONT'D)
Tell me who she is.

ADAM
No.

TOM
Tell me.

ADAM
Why don't you arrest me? Take me in
for questioning?

TOM doesn't answer. Stares at ADAM. Cold.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Who are you protecting?
(beat)
Jackie Twomey?

TOM's eyes narrow. Curious. ADAM thinks he has a bite.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Jackie blocked this investigation
twenty two years ago. And now he's
at it again. He's using you to do
his dirty work.

TOM
No.

ADAM
Why would you, of all people, cover
for him? You know he's Goliath? He
murdered your wife. Emma was the
last victim of a man who... a man
who...

A thought dawns on ADAM. He falters at the realisation.

TOM
What?

ADAM
...Emma.

TOM looks wide eyed. Fears ADAM has struck some sort of
truth. ADAM looks at him. His life's work falling into place.

ADAM (CONT'D)
'E'.
(joins the dots:)
My brother... He wouldn't say who,
but... He was having an affair with
another man's wife.

TOM
So?

ADAM
She gave him a necklace... a
pendant with an owl on it... They
found it with his body... Out
here... They returned it to me the
other day... There was an initial
on the back... 'E'. Emma.

This strikes a deep nerve. TOM's stomach tied in knots. ADAM glances to his pocket, where the dictaphone hides.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Was my brother sleeping with your
wife, Tom?

TOM
Stop.

ADAM
They loved each other.

TOM
I said, "stop" --

TOM pulls the Makarov pistol from the belt of his trousers.
Points it at ADAM.

ADAM
Tom Brannick. Did you want Jackie
to kill my brother?

TOM takes a few steps forward. His pistol raised. Another
thought dawns on ADAM:

ADAM (CONT'D)
...Or is it you? Are you Goliath?

TOM
Why d'you use my name like that?

ADAM hesitates. Knows he can't hide. Takes the dictaphone
from his pocket. Shows it.

ADAM
When you've wanted the truth for as
long as I have... You take the
risk.

TOM
(re. dictaphone)
No one will ever hear it.

ADAM nods. He knows.

ADAM stays looking at TOM. Strong. He can see the end. They face each other. After a long, foreboding silence.

ADAM
I came here to see my brother.

TOM
You will.

BANG. TOM shoots ADAM in the head. He crumples in a heap
TOM pulls the pistol back. Raises it above his head. Walks back in horror....

The fog envelops them. Two figures lost in the thick white...

END OF EPISODE