

# BLOODLANDS

## EPISODE THREE

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Rapid shallow breathing...

1 INT. BATHROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1

TOM stands in the middle of the tiled room. Barely more than an hour since he shot Adam.

His clothes and hair are wet. His face pale. He's agitated. Scared. Nauseous. Looks like he's seen a horrific ghost...

2 INT. BATHROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 2

TOM fights to get out of his clothes. Shoves each piece of clothing into a black bin bag. Brushes his hand against the white ceramic of the sink. A smear of blood...

He stops at the sight of the smear. Looks at his gloved hands. Covered in blood. Panic. He pulls the gloves off.

Not even fully undressed, he lunges for the shower. Turns it on. Stands underneath the steaming water. Scrubs himself...

His breathing builds to a rapid climax until he gasps for deep breaths. Wrestles with the trauma. Eyes bloodshot.

He puts a hand to the wall. Steadies himself. Slowly sits in the shower, in his sodden T-shirt and trousers. Shock...

3 EXT. DISUSED BOATHOUSE. STRANGFORD LOUGH - DAWN 3

TOM walks along the beach towards a disused boathouse. He stops at the green wood doors. Slips inside, into the dark...

4 INT. DISUSED BOATHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 4

TOM stands in the damp, dark void. Shafts of light cut dust through the space. He pulls the Makarov pistol from his pocket. Wrapped in Polythene again. His gloved hand tremors.

He looks for a place to hide it.

5 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 5

TOM drives. NIAMH beside him. The silence uncomfortable for her. TOM thinks of nothing else but what's in front of him.

6 EXT. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - DAY

6

TOM and NIAMH get out of the CAR. Walk towards the HOUSE.  
NIAMH on the phone:

NIAMH  
(into phone)  
Frank MacFeale was a war hero. He  
was also Adam Corry's uncle... Aye,  
I know... I tell you what you can  
do for me, Birdy. See if Corry has  
any other family. We may want to  
talk to them as well... Grand.

She hangs up. TOM knocks on the front door. They wait...

He knocks again. Hard. NIAMH steps back. Looks at the house.

NIAMH (CONT'D)  
(calls out)  
Mr. Corry?

7 EXT. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

7

NIAMH peers in the LIVING ROOM window. Can see the half eaten  
plate of toast on the coffee table. Cheese. A sharp knife. It  
looks like someone walked out only moments earlier.

TOM walks round from the other side of the house. They make  
eye contact. He shakes his head.

NIAMH  
He might have fallen. He could be  
in trouble.

8 EXT. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

8

NIAMH takes a brick to the door handle. Smashes it off.  
Reaches in for the locking mechanism. Pulls it out. Applies a  
sharp blow to the door and it opens...

9 INT. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

9

NIAMH and TOM peer inside.

NIAMH  
Mr. Corry?

TOM  
You go upstairs. I'll check down  
here.

She agrees. Rushes into the house. Up the stairs...

TOM steps across the threshold --

10 INT. LIVING ROOM. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 10

TOM steps inside. Looks around. More interested in the finer details - what's been disturbed - than finding a person.

11 INT. KITCHEN. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 11

TOM comes face to face with the teapot on the sideboard. Two unwashed cups. He stares at them. They're the key.

Niamh's footsteps thump down the stairs. NIAMH enters.

NIAMH

Anything?

She sees him looking at the unwashed cups.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

Someone else has been here. He couldn't have gone anywhere on his own.

TOM

Check the hospital. Make sure he hasn't been brought in. If not... This is a missing persons investigation.

He looks back at the tea cups.

TOM (CONT'D)

We need to move outside. Treat this as a crime scene.

12 EXT. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - LATER 12

TOM stands by the cordon tape. Watches as CSIs come and go from the house. White overalls, masks and boot covers make them an eerie sight.

BIRDY (O.C.)

Sir.

TOM turns to see BIRDY approaching. An elderly woman in tow. She has short hair. School teacher style. Looks bewildered by the activity. LINDA CORRY.

BIRDY (CONT'D)  
This is Linda Corry, sir. Mr.  
Corry's sister.

She sees the CSIs. Alarm. Worry.

LINDA  
Who are they?

TOM  
I'm Detective Chief Inspector --

LINDA  
What's happened to Adam?

TOM  
This is a missing persons --

LINDA  
Oh God.

TOM  
We shouldn't jump to conclusions.

She takes a scrunched tissue from her sleeve. Wipes her eyes.

TOM (CONT'D)  
There are people looking for him.

LINDA  
He's not a well man.

She cries. TOM looks to BIRDY. Dismisses him. BIRDY goes.

TOM  
Does Adam get many visitors?

LINDA  
(shakes her head)  
...Just me... He's not one for  
company... He had a companion a  
long time ago... A good friend...  
But he died. Pneumonia.

TOM  
...How often do you visit?

LINDA  
Once a week. I do the messages for  
him... His medication... Make sure  
he has everything he needs.

TOM

You haven't seen anyone else coming  
or going in all that time?

She shakes her head. Takes a deep trembling breath.

TOM (CONT'D)

And Adam hasn't talked about anyone  
else? Someone who might have  
visited him.

LINDA

No.

Tom is vexed. She takes a breath. Gathers herself.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I want to see inside the house.

TOM

Not yet.

She steps towards the house. Determined. TOM puts out a hand  
to stop her. She walks into it.

LINDA

Get your hands off me!

She steps back. Disgusted.

TOM

You can't go in there. It's a crime  
scene.

She's absolutely livid. Points an accusing finger. Her anger  
and upset in unison.

LINDA

I will be making a complaint.

TOM is passive. She turns on her heel. Marches off...

BIRDY waits at the end of the drive. Tries to calm her as she  
passes. She shouts at him. He reels back. She gets in a CAR.

13

EXT. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

13

TOM walks towards the front door. In white overalls. A mask  
over his face. Shoe covers. Purple double gloves.

No sound but the draw and rush of his breath...

14 INT. HALL. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 14

TOM steps in the front door. Stops. Looks each way to the rooms he can see from the hall...

A CSI pores over the chair he last sat in to talk to ADAM. He uses broad sellotape and acetate sheets to tapelift fibres...

A CSI photographs and distinguishes different items in the KITCHEN, using crime scene markers. Another CSI lifts finger prints from both of the tea cups. Takes DNA swabs from the handles and rims of each cup. TOM transfixed.

NIAMH stands at the end of a passageway. Also in white overalls and face mask. Serious.

NIAMH  
This way.

15 INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 15

NIAMH leads TOM into the room. Another CSI present. Dusting bedside books for fingerprints. Adam's journal on the bed.

NIAMH  
(re. notepad)  
He made notes of who visited him.  
Times and dates. What was talked  
about. But there are pages missing.  
The most recent ones especially.

TOM keeps his eyes on the notepad. A familiar adversary.

NIAMH (CONT'D)  
And there's that.

She gestures towards the bedroom wall:

NIAMH (CONT'D)  
Frank MacFeale.

A framed photograph of a First World War soldier in the Royal Irish Rifles. Inset in felt beneath the picture is his Death Penny. Beneath that, the miniature medals of an MM, 1914/15 Star and Great War Medal. His name printed beneath:

**F.J. MacFeale MM**

TOM stares at it. A beat.

NIAMH (CONT'D)  
You didn't come in here before, did  
you?

TOM  
No. Did you?

NIAMH  
No.

Neither moves. The air in the room brittle.

16 INT. PASSAGEWAY. ADAM CORRY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 16

TOM walks from the bedroom. The mask over his mouth inflating and crumpling. His skin moist. His eyes wide...

17 INT. LOBBY. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 17

TOM enters. JACKIE'S voice booms down the stairs.

JACKIE (O.C.)  
Tom!

TOM looks up into the stairwell. JACKIE leans over the banister. Urgent --

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
You're needed.

18 INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER 18

JACKIE and TOM walk. Pressing.

JACKIE  
Just had an update from the CSIs at Adam Corry's. The finger print they lifted from one of the tea cups does not belong to his sister. Nor does it belong to anyone else on the database. They'll let us know as soon as they have a DNA result.

19 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER 19

JACKIE and TOM cross towards the CASE ROOM, where NIAMH waits for them by the open door. TOM uneasy:

TOM  
What's going on?

JACKIE looks at him. Raises his eyebrows. NIAMH disappears into the room. JACKIE and TOM follow --

20 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 20

NIAMH, JACKIE and TOM enter. A screen in the corner shows an ongoing interview:

*A young woman with a short black bob is being interviewed by several female plain-clothes detectives.*

NIAMH

She was brought in about an hour ago. Paramedics gave her the once over.

NIAMH picks up a remote. Turns on the sound:

*The woman has a black eye. Split lip. Tears sting her wounds. Her accent is English.*

PLAIN-CLOTHES DETECTIVE (V.O.)

-- me what happened again?

WOMAN (V.O.)

*I... was coming out of the hospital... They just came up behind me... Put me in a van... Took me... Showed me to someone on their phone...*

PLAIN-CLOTHES DETECTIVE (V.O.)

*When you say "someone"....?*

WOMAN (V.O.)

*A man. I just heard his voice. He said... "That's not her" --*

TOM grits his teeth.

21 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER 21

TOM, JACKIE and NIAMH talk. The screen is off.

TOM

Keenan's looking for the woman who was involved in his kidnapping. Her hair is the same as the woman in the car. Similar age and build.

NIAMH

This one's over from London. She wasn't even here when Keenan was kidnapped.

(beat)

Can we bring him in?

JACKIE

No. You heard yourself, he wasn't there. The best we can do is put him under surveillance.

A thought occurs to TOM. Curiosity.

TOM

Pat's been going over where he's been targeted. He must think the hospital is the place.

NIAMH

You think he's onto something?

He does. He sets his jaw. The clear objective draws him out.

TOM

We need to re-double our efforts in the search for the woman in Keenan's car. I believe she is the Goliath Hunter.

22

INT. OPHTHALMOLOGY RECEPTION. HOSPITAL. BELFAST - DAY

22

TOM arrives at the desk where the RECEPTIONIST fields enquiries. TOM shows his ID. He holds a manila envelope.

RECEPTIONIST

How can I help?

TOM

Hi. I was here on the sixteenth... Speaking to one of the ophthalmologists about a patient. I was just wondering... We're looking for a woman...

TOM takes a copy of the traffic photo from the envelope. The clearest image of the woman with the black bob. He shows it to the RECEPTIONIST, who casts an eye over it.

TOM (CONT'D)

Likely to be in her thirties, forties... average height...

(beat)

Is she familiar?

The RECEPTIONIST thinks. A shake of the head:

RECEPTIONIST

No... no... I'm sorry. We see so many people.

TOM

Agh.

(beat)

No bother. Thanks anyway.

He walks away from the desk. Confounded...

Behind him, the RECEPTIONIST checks the computer. Finds something. Stands. Calls after him --

RECEPTIONIST

Sir? Excuse me... Sir!

TOM stops. Turns around. The RECEPTIONIST beckons him over.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Sorry. You said the sixteenth,  
didn't you?

TOM

Aye.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry. I should have looked.

(scans the screen)

Does this have something to do with  
the questions you wanted to ask  
about a patient... Mr. P.J. Keenan?

(she looks up at Tom)

Only you're in the wrong place to  
speak to Ms. Matthews.

TOM is stopped dead in his tracks.

TOM

I'm sorry?

RECEPTIONIST

Tori Matthews? She's a surgeon.

TOM has trouble processing the information.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

There's a note attached to the  
diary...

She turns the screen for Tom to read.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

She wanted to be alerted when the  
police followed up on Mr. Keenan's  
appointment.

TOM stares. Stupefied in the glow of the screen.

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

23

TOM behind the wheel. Not sure what to do. He stares out at the HOSPITAL CAR PARK around him.

His phone rings. He answers. Puts it on speaker:

TOM  
...Brannick.

JACKIE (V.O.)  
Tom. We've got the DNA back from the tea cup in Corry's house. It's not on the database, but it matches the DNA found in Keenan's car... uh... "on the passenger side seatbelt".

TOM  
Uh huh.

JACKIE (V.O.)  
So the woman involved in Keenan's kidnapping was in Corry's house. She was no doubt talking to Adam Corry about Goliath --

TOM hangs up. Tries to digest the new information. He hammers the wheel in frustration and disbelief --

24 INT. THE OYSTER ROOMS. BELFAST - NIGHT

24

CLOSE ON TOM

A contrast to when we last saw him. A mask of confidence. He puts food in his mouth. Holds up his glass of dark red wine.

TOM  
Cheers.

TORI sits opposite him. Looks to be enjoying herself. The low light of the busy restaurant draws the focus on each other.

She raises her glass:

TORI  
Cheers.

They chink. Hold eye contact. Drink.

TORI (CONT'D)

I won't lie; this is not the sort of place I imagined dinner with a police officer.

TOM

I take no credit. That's what daughters are for. Besides the chipper was booked solid...

She laughs.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm pleased... You agreed to dinner.

TORI

Are you?

TOM

Aye.

He smiles. Cuts his food. A pause.

TOM (CONT'D)

So were you married before, or...?

TORI

There's the police officer I was expecting.

TOM

Sorry. Old habits...

She has the measure of him. Leans back. Relaxed.

TORI

No. Never married. *Too young...*

(a smile; beat)

I moved about a lot.

TOM

How come?

TORI

(shrugs)

I finished my schooling here... University in England... After my training I wanted some excitement, so I became a doctor for a charity. Doctors Without Borders - that sort of thing.

TOM  
Where did that take you?

TORI  
A few places.

TOM  
Like...?

He's curious. She takes a sip of wine. Holds back. Before:

TORI  
I helped set up a trauma  
stabilisation unit in Syria. A town  
that was being fought over by three  
sides at once.

TOM  
Wow... I'd say that was more  
excitement than you'd bargained  
for?

TORI  
...Had its moments.

She swirls her wine. Caught on the memory.

TOM  
I think of Izzy doing that... I'd  
be standing right behind her with a  
Kalashnikov and a packet of  
plasters...

TORI  
(smiles)  
She's still your little girl?

TOM  
Always... I raised her, like. Did  
all the jigsaw puzzles... the  
stories... the taxi rides to  
nightclubs... from nightclubs...  
(beat)  
You thought Syria was tough...

TORI  
Ha. No. I'm from a single parent  
family myself. Gave my mother her  
fair share of grief.

TOM  
So you know what it's like.

She smiles. Takes a mouthful of food. Nods.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Of course, if it was my old man, he  
would have just put me in a cell  
overnight to cool down...

TORI  
He didn't?

TOM smiles. Nods.

TORI (CONT'D)  
So he was in the police too?

TOM  
His whole career.

TORI  
And now you. Thirty years and  
counting...

TOM  
I like to think the rugby gave me  
something else, but... Aye... It's  
been a long time.

She leans back. Relaxes. Intrigued.

TORI  
What is it mostly? Drugs?  
Gangsters? *Homicides*?

TOM  
We like to mix it up. Usually...  
Where I work... You get some pretty  
dodgy pensioners.

A smile. Warmth between them. He frowns. Almost concerned.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Today we had a... a missing persons  
case.

TORI  
Oh?

He's finished his food. Wipes his mouth. Confides:

TOM  
An elderly gentleman. Not very  
mobile. He needs oxygen therapy to  
breathe. He lives on his own on the  
Comber Road.

CLANG. TORI puts her wine glass down on her plate. Nearly spills it. Agitated. She withdraws her hands. Shakes.

TORI  
Shit.

TOM  
You OK?

TORI  
Sorry, I... Yes, I'm fine...

She does her best to hide the emotion. Stands.

TORI (CONT'D)  
(re. bathroom)  
I'll be right back.

TOM  
Of course.

He half stands. Polite. She goes.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Take your time.

She's gone. He sits. Consternation. Folds his napkin. Takes a large swig of his wine. Waits.

25 EXT. STREET. BELFAST - LATER

25

TOM and TORI walk towards her HOUSE. The air is awkward between them. She reaches into her bag for her keys...

TORI  
(re. house)  
This is me.

TOM hangs back a beat. Makes the decision to go for it:

TOM  
How do you know Adam Corry?

She freezes. Looks at him.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Your reaction at dinner. How do you know him?

TORI  
I have no idea what you're --

TOM

You asked to be alerted when the police came looking for Pat Keenan's doctor.

TORI

No I --

TOM

You had access to Keenan's medical records. You knew when he would be at the hospital. You followed him from there. Disguised yourself. A black wig.

TORI

Tom --

TOM

They found a woman's DNA in Pat Keenan's car. They found the same DNA on a cup of tea at Adam Corry's house.

She makes for the front door. Keys out. He pursues --

TOM (CONT'D)

If we asked you for a sample, would you be confident it wouldn't match?

TORI

You're not making sense --

She's at the door. He grabs her arm. Holds tight.

TOM

You manoeuvred yourself to teach on my daughter's course. You knew my district would be small enough that I would be the SIO. You wanted the inside track on the investigation.

TORI

Let me go --

TOM

You abused my trust. And you used my daughter to do it.

TORI

I would never harm Izzy --

A sensitive subject. He pushes. Protective.

TOM

Tori Matthews, I am arresting you  
on suspicion of kidnapping Pat  
Keenan and the abduction of Adam  
Corry --

TORI

Stop!

TOM

You do not have to say anything,  
but it may harm your defence --

TORI

Stop!

TOM

If you do not mention when  
questioned something you later rely  
on in court --

TORI

I'm Simon Quinlan's daughter.

TOM stops. Stunned. Looks at her. Questioning. A pause.

TOM

He was a priest.

TORI

He kept us secret. Me and my mum.  
We lived out in the Mournes...  
(beat)  
Do you know where Adam is?

TOM

I should be asking you --

TORI

He was helping me find my dad's  
killer. I met him when he came to  
ask my mum some questions. He  
couldn't get any sense out of her,  
but... He had time to show me what  
he'd found.

TOM

Jesus.

She pauses. Habit has taught her to conceal the truth.

TORI  
I'm just trying to do what you've  
been doing. I'm trying to find the  
person who killed a member of my  
family.

TOM stares at her. Dumbfounded.

26 INT. TORI'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

26

TORI opens the front door. Steps inside. TOM waits outside.  
She looks back at him.

TORI  
Please.

He hesitates. Steps inside --

27 INT. LIVING ROOM. TORI'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

27

TOM and TORI sit opposite each other. The air tense.

TORI  
He had heard the name Goliath --

TOM  
From where?

TORI  
...Some officer in the Dunfolan  
Arms. Full of drink.

TOM  
Did he say who?

TORI  
No. Adam didn't know what to do  
with the information. If he took it  
to the police... They'd only brush  
it under the carpet.

(beat)  
I suggested something he didn't  
like.

TOM  
Kidnapping Keenan.

She tries to get the measure of TOM. Unused to being so open.

TORI  
It was a while before I landed on  
Keenan as the ideal candidate...  
(MORE)

TORI (CONT'D)

Someone who would link in to the Goliath story. Who would force you to re-open the Goliath case. Go looking for the bodies. Someone who was easy to target.

TOM

Easy how?

TORI

His promiscuity. Plus... He's not a good man.

(beat)

Adam said I was playing with fire.

TOM

I'd agree with him.

TORI

It worked.

She has no regrets. He marvels at her boldness.

TOM

You and Corry... The families of former enemies... You just...

Become friends?

TORI

The families of victims, yes. That includes you.

TOM

We are not the same.

TORI

Your wife was taken from you. From your daughter. Someone deprived you both of a normal family life, just like they did me.

TOM

...I've tried everything.

TORI

And have you ever been closer than you are now?

He looks at her. He hasn't.

TORI (CONT'D)

Adam and I were on to something. You need to find him.

TOM  
You need to stop.

TORI  
We need justice.

TOM  
You can mess around with this all  
you want, but I can - I will -  
arrest you.

TORI  
So why don't you?

He pauses. Sizes her up.

TOM  
I... understand your desire for  
justice. Believe me, I do... But  
you're doing it the wrong way.  
(beat)  
I also know what Pat Keenan's  
people will do to you in prison,  
when they find out.

She's afraid. Knows the truth behind his words.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I've seen the type. Prison officers  
paid off. A stabbing in the shower.  
An overdose made to look like  
suicide. It happens in the way you  
imagine it would.

TORI  
I will not be scared into  
submission --

TOM  
And I will not lose a good person  
to a bloody stupid move.

She sits statue still. Holds her breath.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I'm asking you to think about it.  
Your whole life up in smoke. Maybe  
even cut short entirely. And why?  
So you can manipulate a police  
investigation that may or may not  
get the result you want?

The reality impacts on her. Her will imploding.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Leave it alone. It's my final  
offer.

A long pause. She nods her consent.

They have an understanding. He gets up. Leaves.

28 EXT. TORI'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

28

The front door closes behind TOM. He pulls his collar up to  
the cold. Takes a breath. Almost like relief.

29 INT. KITCHEN. TORI'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

29

TORI takes a bottle of beer from the fridge. Opens it. Takes  
a good few gulps. Leans against the counter. Contemplates  
what's just happened.

30 EXT. UNIVERSITY STREET. BELFAST - LATER

30

The light goes on in the bedroom of Tori's house...

TORI appears in the window. Looks like she's been crying...

TOM watches her. Concealed across the street...

She closes the curtains...

A beat. TOM walks away. Washes his hands of her.

31 EXT. OLD PEOPLE'S HOME - DAY

31

TORI wheels VALERIE around a well tended garden. ELDERLY  
PEOPLE seen through a large window. In front of the TV.

VALERIE's expression is neutral. She is frail. Bird-like. The  
blanket slips from her knees...

TORI stops. Moves round to the front of the chair to put the  
blanket in place. VALERIE watches. Her daughter defeated.

VALERIE  
Bridget?

TORI  
Hi.

VALERIE  
I was just thinking about you.

TORI  
Are you cold?

VALERIE  
I'm not a child.

TORI  
I didn't say you were.

TORI tucks her in. Drained.

32 INT. VALERIE'S BEDROOM. OLD PEOPLE'S HOME - LATER 32

VALERIE sits up in her bed. Pillows behind her back. TORI sits at the other end of the bed. Her feet up. The room is institutional. Cheap carpet and laminate doors.

TORI reads to her mother from an old letter. VALERIE listens as if the air that carries each word is sacred.

TORI  
(reads)  
"I took Bridget for a cycle out  
along Head Road, and down towards  
the Silent Valley. We stopped by  
the long dry-stone wall, it's  
granite heavy and unwieldy, yet  
joined together, seamless, as if  
that were the natural order of  
things. I told her the wall  
stretches over fifteen mountains.  
She laughed and told me I had been  
at the Communion wine. I enjoy this  
stolen company more and more, now  
she is older. A young woman. She is  
her mother's daughter and, for  
that, I am eternally grateful..."

TORI's voice weakens with the emotion. She closes her eyes to the memory. Tears flushed down her cheeks.

VALERIE  
You remember that? I worried about  
him on a bike. His limbs were like  
spaghetti.

TORI folds the letter. Returns it to a large envelope full of letters on the bed.

VALERIE (CONT'D)  
Read another one... Please.

TORI shakes her head. VALERIE runs the sheets between thumb and forefinger.

TORI  
I'm sorry, Mum.

VALERIE  
What for?

TORI  
I can't... um... I'm not able to...

VALERIE looks at her daughter. Exacting.

TORI (CONT'D)  
We'll never have justice.

VALERIE  
I thought you said --

TORI  
I know what I said. But things have changed. I can't continue.

VALERIE  
What things?

TORI puts her head on her knees. Tries to breathe steady. She feels her mother's hand take hers. She looks at VALERIE.

VALERIE (CONT'D)  
Somebody murdered your father. They had no right. You remember that.

TORI  
...I do.

VALERIE  
So you'll never give up looking for him.

TORI is dumbfounded. Defeated.

TORI  
I have to.

VALERIE is wounded. Withdraws her hand. Looks away as the emotion rises. TORI watches the old woman flounder...

THE SOUND OF A COLD RUSHING BREEZE AS --

33 EXT. STRANGFORD LOUGH - DAY 33  
We glide fast and low over calm waters...  
Towards the Gothic spectre of a winter wooded shoreline...  
TSG MARINE RESPONSE BOATS trawl the shallows...

34 EXT. MARINE RESPONSE BOAT - DAY 34  
A hand reaches into the water. An object lurks beneath the surface. The hand grabs it. Pulls...  
A CREW MEMBER recovers Adam's home oxygen pack...

35 EXT. SHORELINE. STRANGFORD LOUGH - DAY 35  
CLOSE ON ADAM CORRY.  
His cold peaceful face. A gunshot wound clear to his head. Matted grey hair ruby dark with congealed blood...  
Blood stagnant in the deep contours of his skin...  
A water logged dictaphone beside him with a crime scene marker...

36 EXT. SHORELINE. STRANGFORD LOUGH - DAY 36  
TOM walks along the beach. Full of dread.  
UNIFORMED OFFICERS man cordons. CSIs search the beach with metal detectors. DIVERS get out of their kit by the water.  
CSIs photograph and document the BODY OF ADAM CORRY, lain on top of a body bag, ready to be zipped closed...  
JACKIE, NIAMH and BIRDY stand in a huddle. Winter coats. Shuffling footsteps. Foggy breath. TOM approaches.  
JACKIE  
Tom.  
TOM nods. Joins them. Keeps his eyes on the body. Distracted.  
NIAMH  
There has to be a witness. He couldn't have got out here alone.  
JACKIE grunts. NIAMH looks to TOM:

NIAMH (CONT'D)

The last words he spoke to us were  
about finding his brother's killer.

JACKIE

Looks like he found him.

NIAMH

You think this is Goliath?

JACKIE

It's a gunshot to the head. What  
more do we need?

(beat)

The nature of the manhunt changes.  
Notify the Intelligence Hubs we're  
now looking for a murderer.

NIAMH

Sir.

JACKIE looks at the UNIFORMED OFFICERS manning the cordons.  
Each one a potential leak...

JACKIE

We thought it was bad with Keenan's  
bunch... We're in the middle of  
this now. About to get it from all  
sides...

(to TOM and NIAMH)

I've no doubt this is directly  
related to the two of you using  
Corry for your investigations.

(beat; rueful)

So much for keeping the peace.

JACKIE looks at TOM. A hint of bitterness.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I hope you're happy.

Beyond, the body bag is zipped closed over Adam...

JACKIE walks away. Up the beach to his car.

BIRDY

(quietly)

What's up with him?

TOM ignores BIRDY. Ploughs on. Almost on autopilot.

TOM

Alright... We look for witnesses, keep on the hunt for the woman who matches that DNA... Let's check any CCTV we can find in this area. Niamh, take charge at Adam's house. Make sure CSIs know the nature of the investigation has changed. And let's box up the work he's done on finding his brother's killer. Bring it to the station.

NIAMH

You think he has something that identifies Goliath?

TOM looks at her. Anxious.

TOM

...Birdy. Go back and man the fort. Get Corporate Comms to prepare a holding line for the press office against enquiry.

BIRDY

Sir.

BIRDY jogs away. Hands wedged in pockets.

TOM

Once the body gets to Belfast, I'll liaise with Dinger.

A pause. They watch as the AMBULANCE on the road absorbs Adam's body. PARAMEDICS shut doors...

NIAMH

It's confirmed, then. Goliath is back.

TOM watches the ambulance drive away...

37 INT. MORTUARY CORRIDOR. HOSPITAL. BELFAST - DAY 37

TOM walks the high-polished tiles of the sterile building. Light filters through fluted blinds...

38 INT. VIEWING GALLERY. MORTUARY. HOSPITAL - MINUTES LATER 38

Through the glass, a PATHOLOGIST can be seen covering ADAM'S BODY on a medical table. He leaves the head visible.

DINGER stands with TOM and JACKIE. Quiet.

DINGER

The pathologist will do a report,  
but I can give you an update right  
now.

JACKIE nods: Go ahead.

DINGER (CONT'D)

The gunshot to the head was made  
from a distance of about ten  
yards... A nine millimetre... The  
round entered above his left eye,  
passed through the brain and exited  
to the back right of his head...

DINGER holds his two fingers together like a pistol. Raises  
them to point at JACKIE's head.

DINGER (CONT'D)

So this kind of angle... The  
shooter was a person of similar  
height.

JACKIE

Don't do that. Please.

DINGER smiles. Drops his fingers. Glances through the glass.

DINGER

His lungs are dry. Which confirms  
he was dead when he went into the  
Lough.

TOM

...Was he dumped in deep water or  
did he wash out?

DINGER

There are ligature marks around the  
ankle... A weighted rope. Whoever  
it was, tried to sink the body in  
deep water... But the weight  
dislocated the ankle. The rope  
slipped loose...

CLOSE ON TOM

The sound distorts...

Something stirs in the dark pools of TOM's eyes --

The sound snaps back.

DINGER (CONT'D)

Now it's just about finding the forensic evidence. In a perfect world we'd find the boat. There'd be blood in that, for sure.

TOM tries to ride out a cold sweat.

39

EXT. MORTUARY. HOSPITAL. BELFAST - LATER

39

TOM and JACKIE step out into the cold air. Jackie rubs his face as if ridding himself of the inside smells.

JACKIE

Anything turned up at the crime scene?

TOM

Nothing further.

JACKIE nods. Exasperated. His fervour builds.

JACKIE

We're going to do everything we can to get Adam Corry's killer. We're going to catch them... and we're going to parade them like a fucking pariah through the streets. No one gets away with this.

JACKIE storms away. TOM watches him go. Filled with dread.

40

INT. LIVING ROOM. LARRY'S FLAT - DAY

40

CLOSE ON TOM

Face etched with concern. He sits on the edge of the sofa. Conscious of every noise in isolation:

*The spitting boil of the kettle, the pour of the water, the clink of stirring teaspoons...*

All amplified by his dread.

The room is open plan. Kitchen to one side. IZZY makes the tea. She puts it in front of TOM. Sits alongside him. Knows something's wrong. Waits.

IZZY

I'm OK now, you know. You don't  
need to worry about me.

Music goes on in the flat above. The dull thump of bass.

IZZY (CONT'D)

When it gets too much you can pay  
for some expensive therapy.

TOM

Don't do that. What happened --

IZZY

I don't want to talk about it. OK?  
Honestly. This is how I'm going to  
deal with it. I may... from time to  
time...

(beat)

But Larry's been great. Really.

A silence. TOM kneads his hands. She tries to lighten him:

IZZY (CONT'D)

How was dinner with my favourite  
consultant?

TOM

...I'm... not the right kind of  
person for her...

IZZY

What?

TOM

If we had continued... She would  
have seen that.

IZZY

You're talking shite, Dad.

TOM

I'm not.

IZZY

They don't get much better than  
you.

TOM

I am not a good man... I'm not what  
you think --

IZZY

What's got into you?

He gets up. Overwhelmed. Does his best to hide his fear.

TOM

Listen... I've got to go. I've just  
remembered I'm meant to be  
somewhere.

(off her concern)

Don't worry about me. It's work...  
I'm sorry. I'll call you later, OK?

He kisses her on the head. Goes. She watches him go. Face  
full of concern. Fear creeping in.

41 EXT. STREET. BELFAST - MOMENTS LATER

41

TOM steps out of the door to the BLOCK OF FLATS. Walks away  
fast. At times almost at a half jog. Disorientated. Urgent  
with no place to go. Anywhere but here.

42 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

42

JACKIE, NIAMH and BIRDY stand at the window. Look out over  
the car park, towards the front gate.

LINDA CORRY marches towards the building followed by a  
DELEGATION OF THREE MEN IN SUITS. Dour looking. Grey.

JACKIE

You can smell the doilies and  
abstinence from here...

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

43

NIAMH and BIRDY sit at their desks. They watch as LINDA rages  
at JACKIE in his OFFICE. Upset. The THREE MEN IN SUITS lined  
up like her backing band.

LINDA's voice can be heard - muffled - through the partition.

LINDA (O.S.)

...I would say you, Detective Chief  
Superintendent Twomey, seem to have  
little interest in finding the  
person who killed my brother...

JACKIE tries to intervene but she won't draw breath. NIAMH  
turns to BIRDY. Sardonic.

NIAMH

I think he might have preferred the  
petrol bombs.

BIRDY nods. Cranes in his chair for a better view.

LINDA (O.S.)

...The Fact you displaced a perfectly good officer to become head of this district smacks of appeasement to your own community...

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

44

TOM drives. His brow carved deep. A man going through all the possible permutations of how the murder case will play out...

45 EXT. CAR PARK. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

45

TOM approaches the station along a row of cars. Almost staggers. Reeling. He looks ill. Emotionally drained.

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

46

JACKIE at his desk. He leans back in his chair. Fingers steepled in front of his mouth.

NIAMH and TOM sit across from him. TOM a pale shadow.

NIAMH

The Frank MacFeale name was flagged by us shortly before Adam Corry went missing. It has to be an active officer who connected it to Corry. The timing's too coincidental otherwise.

JACKIE

Combined with the manner of the execution... This is further proof, if proof were needed, that we are looking for Goliath himself.

NIAMH

The name went to districts, Int hubs and the Garda. By now, maybe five hundred officers will know the Frank MacFeale name.

JACKIE stews. Furious. Looks at TOM.

JACKIE

You as good as killed Adam Corry.  
You didn't think.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
You put this out there. You knew  
Goliath was a possibility.

NIAMH  
Sir --

JACKIE  
(to TOM)  
You're a fucking idiot.

TOM is almost motionless. Takes the beating.

47 INT. TORI'S OFFICE. QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY - DAY

47

TORI sits at her desk. Watches the news on her desktop.

*A photo of Adam in the corner. Footage of his house from a distance. The news ticker reads:*

**Victim has been identified as Adam Corry**

Mail sits on her desk. Several letters and a parcel. The parcel has a posted note on it. She reads it. Tears it off. Opens the parcel...

Pulls out a small cardboard box that we have seen before in Adam's possession. She opens it. Finds a letter on top...

Sees the ICLVR LETTERHEAD. The name and address of Adam Corry. She turns it over. A hand written note from Adam:

**Jackie Twomey is back. The man who stopped me last time. This has to be more than coincidence...**

**There's going to be another cover up...**

**I can feel the noose tightening...**

**If they come for me, I want you to have my collection of leads...**

She pulls small, transparent bags from the box. Holds them to the light...

The UVF RING...

The Athena's owl pendant. The letter 'E' engraved on the reverse. Worn...

She looks back at another of Adam's notes:

**The necklace was given to my brother by his lover...**

**We've never been able to find out who she was...**

**If you can get someone to look at it - DNA?**

She puts them back. Pulls a small black and white photo from the box. FATHER SIMON QUINLAN. Black suit and dog collar. On the back of the photo Adam's written:

**Thought you should have this. A**

A wadge of other documents in the box. Tied up together. She looks back at the letter. Reads the last sentence:

**Why would Jackie Twomey need to cover this up? I can only see one reason. He knows who Goliath is.**

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

48

RESUME JACKIE, TOM and NIAMH. JACKIE's fury at fever pitch.

JACKIE

I mean for God's sake. Officers all over the country may *know* about the Frank MacFeale name. But they don't know we're looking for Goliath.

JACKIE stops. Looks at them. Dawning realisation.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Shite. That's only in this district.

(shouts)

BIRDY!

He waits. Looks at TOM and NIAMH.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Do I have to do all the police work around here?

BIRDY enters.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Build a list of officers in this district who could fit the Goliath profile. All of those who are still serving who were in uniform in '98.

NIAMH

Sir...

JACKIE

At least then we can eliminate them  
from the investigation.

(to BIRDY)

Put a request into HR for a print  
out of serving officers' records  
with permissions. Everything you  
can get.

BIRDY

Sir.

BIRDY turns to go. Stops. Turns back.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

The evidence is arriving from Adam  
Corry's house too, sir.

JACKIE

Good. Get going.

BIRDY jumps to it. Leaves the room. NIAMH looks at TOM. A  
sense of the implications of what JACKIE's asking.

49

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER

49

CLOSE ON TOM

As he walks from JACKIE'S OFFICE. Fear and panic.

His phone vibrates again. He checks it: **Tori**. Keeps the phone  
in hand. Looks for a place to talk...

Two trolleys full of evidence from Adam Corry's house are  
being wheeled in to the office. Tom watches them as they  
pass. Sees Adam's JOURNAL sitting on top...

50

EXT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER

50

TOM ducks out. Phone to his ear.

TOM

(into phone)

What do you want?

51

INT. TORI'S OFFICE. QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY - CONTINUOUS

51

TORI by her window. On the phone.

TORI  
(into phone)  
It's on the news...

52 EXT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS

52

RESUME TOM. He stops. Wracked by having to divulge the news.

TOM  
(into phone)  
...Aye.

53 INT. TORI'S OFFICE. QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY - CONTINUOUS

53

RESUME TORI. She looks at the box from Adam on her desk:

TORI  
(into phone)  
He managed to get a parcel to me  
before he died. I've only just got  
it because of complications with  
our internal mail... He says it's a  
collection of all of the leads he  
has on Goliath.

54 EXT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS

54

TOM stops. Homes in on the information. Senses opportunity.

TOM  
(into phone)  
I can't get away now. I'll come and  
see you later.

He hangs up. Looks back up at the windows of his office.  
Possibility of a way out.

55 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

55

TOM, JACKIE and NIAMH look at BIRDY. He's nervous. Doesn't  
know whether to fold his arms or put them in his pockets.

BIRDY  
HR have said they will send the  
files of the relevant people, as  
soon as possible... But... Just so  
we know... There are only three  
individuals currently serving in  
this district who are still active  
since 1998. Dinger...  
(MORE)

BIRDY (CONT'D)

(to TOM)

You, sir...

(to JACKIE)

And uh... You, sir.

BIRDY clears his throat. Fidgets with his lanyard.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

Others who would be eligible have either moved out of the district or are seconded elsewhere, and they couldn't have any knowledge of our current investigations --

JACKIE

Well, it's not me.

They stop. Look at JACKIE.

NIAMH

Sir?

JACKIE

If the idea is our potential Goliath fits this profile, and he's one of three... Then I'm saying it's not me. So now it's one of two.

(beat)

Carry on.

JACKIE leaves. TOM watches him go. Incredulous.

BIRDY

Does that mean... we don't need his files any more?

TOM

No, Birdy. Keep going.

TOM gets up. Goes after JACKIE --

56

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

56

TOM pushes into JACKIE's office. Angry.

TOM

What was all that about?

JACKIE

I'm just making things easier.

TOM  
By leaving me and Dinger in the  
lurch?

JACKIE  
Do you have something to be left in  
the lurch for?

Pointed. Tom fumes.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Besides. I don't believe they've  
found any trace of me or Dinger at  
Adam Corry's house. Only you. So if  
this line of enquiry was to bear  
fruit... Well. You better work hard  
on finding an alternative  
explanation.

TOM watches JACKIE at his desk. Disbelief.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
That'll be all.

TOM leaves. JACKIE watches him a moment. Thinks.

57           INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - NIGHT           57

The Adam Corry files are spread out everywhere in the room.  
TOM and NIAMH pore over them. A sense of desperation as TOM  
skim-reads pages, turns them over, discards them.

NIAMH  
This man was meticulous...

TOM starts on a new folder.

TOM  
He could have done with going  
electronic.

She smiles. Keeps reading. BIRDY arrives at the open door.  
Knocks. Enters. Files under his arm.

BIRDY  
I have the HR files, sir.

TOM  
Have you looked at them already?

BIRDY  
Aye.

TOM  
Has the DCS seen them?

BIRDY  
...No.

BIRDY is nervous. TOM is curious. Gestures to the table. They clear a space. BIRDY puts the files down. Splays them out. Talks him through them.

BIRDY (CONT'D)  
Both you and Dinger are pretty routine looking, you'll be pleased to know - nearly your birthday, I see.

TOM  
Focus, Birdy.

BIRDY  
But the DCS's file... Well...

TOM  
What?

NIAMH rises. Joins them. Curious.

BIRDY  
(beat)  
When I compare your records for 1998. This is you...

He slides TOM's file across. Open on 1998. A list of dates. Places. Abbreviations as to types of job.

BIRDY (CONT'D)  
This is Dinger...

The same.

BIRDY (CONT'D)  
And this... Is DCS Twomey.

BIRDY slides JACKIE's file across. Open on 1998. Most of the page redacted.

TOM  
Huh.

NIAMH  
Why would it be redacted?

TOM  
I don't know.

NIAMH  
Who did it?

BIRDY  
Special Branch? Intelligence? Some  
monkey further up the tree.

NIAMH turns the pages. Sees what she can glean from other  
sections of Jackie's file.

NIAMH  
Can we talk to the Intelligence  
Services?

TOM  
We can try. Leave it with me.

TOM leaves the room --

58 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 58

TOM walks through the empty office to his desk. Picks up his  
desk phone. Gets the dial tone. Hesitates...

He looks across to JACKIE'S OFFICE. Sees JACKIE lock his  
office. Leaving for the day. Coat and briefcase in hand.

TOM's eyes are dark. His thoughts exacting. Daring.

59 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - LATER 59

TOM, NIAMH and BIRDY sit round the large table. Files stacked  
in different piles. They read in silence...

NIAMH  
Adam uses "D" as shorthand for his  
brother David, right?

TOM  
Uh huh.

NIAMH  
(reads)  
"April 1990. D authorised use of  
Major White code"

TOM  
Let's see that.

She slides it across the table to TOM. He reads.

NIAMH

So Adam Corry has the name  
Goliath... He has the code for  
kidnapping Keenan... You think he  
knew his killer? He was providing  
them information?

TOM glances up at NIAMH. Trepidation.

60 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - LATER

60

TOM crosses the dark office from the tea making area. Carries  
two cups of tea towards the CASE ROOM. BIRDY sits by the glow  
of his computer. The HR files beside him.

NIAMH (O.C.)

Sir!

Her shout comes from the case room. TOM spills tea on his  
hands. Hot --

TOM

Shit.

61 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER

61

TOM puts the tea down. NIAMH shows him a file:

NIAMH

(re. file)

Details of an allegation that a  
police officer unofficially ran Joe  
Harkin as an IRA source.

TOM takes it. Reads.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

He's got a number there. Doesn't  
seem to know what it is.

TOM

(reads)

...2421?

NIAMH

Later on he says the same officer  
was suspected of passing highly  
sensitive information using  
insecure means --

TOM

2421...

TOM darts for the exit --

62 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 62

TOM crosses the empty office to his desk. In haste. NIAMH, confused, follows a few moments behind...

BIRDY is at his desk. Watches TOM approach. Alarmed by the speed of his senior officer...

TOM gets to his desk. Opens a drawer. Full with odds and sods: Staplers; a hole punch; pens; stationary; random artefacts. TOM rummages with a hand. Impatient...

He pulls the drawer out. Empties it on the floor...

BIRDY  
...You OK, sir?

Two notepads sit in the pile of stuff. TOM drops to his knees. Grabs one of them. Opens it. Skims. Puts it back.

He grabs the other notepad. Opens it. Reads. The right one. He runs a finger quickly down the page. Turns it...

TOM  
Come on come on...

He turns another page. And another. Reads avidly. Stops. His finger planted on the page. He looks up at NIAMH, who now stands over him.

He shows her the notepad. Old red pen notes of names beside four digit numbers. Neatly written among them: **TWOMEY/2421**.

TOM (CONT'D)  
We each had a post office box in town. It was useful if we had to store things while in the field.

BIRDY  
Like what?

TOM  
Evidence. Information. Things you wanted to keep safe if you were on the move.  
(beat)  
2421 was Jackie's box.

NIAMH is taken aback. Looks at Tom. His eyes burn.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(to BIRDY)  
Go with DS McGovern. Dig up  
everything you can that places  
where DCS Twomey has been in the  
last forty eight hours.

BIRDY's eyes wide. He can't believe it.

BIRDY  
Uh...

NIAMH  
Sir. Are you sure?

TOM  
You heard him: He was quick to  
exonerate himself from all of this.  
Now look.

NIAMH  
We're talking about the DCS, sir.

TOM  
(impatient)  
Aye.

NIAMH  
We're saying he murdered Corry?  
That he... He might be Goliath?

TOM  
We're saying it's possible.

BIRDY  
(muttering)  
Ah shite.

TOM  
What's the problem?

NIAMH  
That should be obvious.

TOM  
We've suspected from the outset of  
this investigation that there is an  
insider among us. Someone who has  
used their position to commit  
murder. At some point we are going  
to have to face up to who that  
person is.

NIAMH and BIRDY still in a state of misgiving.

63 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - NIGHT 63

TOM drives past the HARLAND & WOLFF CRANES, lit up in the dark like marauding hulks. His face occasionally bathed in the glow of passing headlights...

Long shadows dial over his look of conviction...

64 EXT. TORI'S HOUSE - NIGHT 64

TOM waits. The front door opens. TORI stands in the dark. She steps aside. TOM enters --

65 INT. LIVING ROOM. TORI'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER 65

TOM sits beside TORI on the sofa. They look at the box Adam sent to her. Its contents splayed out across a coffee table.

TOM's eyes on the owl pendant. TORI's eyes on the collation of notes...

TOM  
Have you touched any of it?

TORI  
The documents? Yes.

TOM  
The jewellery?

TORI  
No.

TOM  
Don't. I'll take it away as  
evidence. All of it.

He pulls blue latex gloves from his pocket. Starts placing things back in the box...

She watches him work carefully...

TORI  
I was still a teenager when my dad  
went missing. Eighteen, nineteen...  
But young. Naive...  
(beat)

Every day since then has chipped  
away at that. All I know is... I  
need to find the man who killed my  
father.

(MORE)

TORI (CONT'D)

The man who was supposed to be upholding the law and protecting people. The man who killed your wife.

TOM puts the lid on the box. Removes his gloves.

TOM

You've read Adam's journal?

TORI

I have.

She stops. Paralysed by the information.

TOM

So you know who Goliath is.

She thinks she does.

TOM (CONT'D)

I've suspected him for a while. He is one of us... Someone I've known for... years. A friend... Jackie Twomey.

TORI

Adam mentions Jackie in the documents as well. Allegations that he had IRA connections... That he kept them in the loop with past operations.

TOM

...That's right. Does he say who Jackie's IRA connection was?

(off her)

Joe Harkin.

She leans forward. Enthralled.

TOM (CONT'D)

Jackie headed the investigation into the disappearances in 1998. He was perfectly placed to manipulate the evidence. He was ultimately responsible for shutting the case down. I made the mistake of showing him your Goliath postcard this time around. Before I knew it, he'd come down from Belfast, and installed himself as the SIO at Dunfolan. All so he could suppress a full police investigation. Again.

TORI  
It's what Adam says.

TOM  
I don't think they'll let it come out. It would destroy the service... It could... it could go far beyond that, too...

TORI  
You're a police officer. This is your job.

TOM  
He's my boss. I won't be able to gather evidence against him effectively. Not without him being across it all.

TORI  
You have to.

TOM  
I can't. Not on my own.

TORI  
Then I'll help you.

TOM  
No.

TORI  
It's the only way.

TOM  
I said "no".

TORI  
This is no time for pride --

TOM  
It's not that.

TORI  
Then what is it?

He hesitates.

TORI (CONT'D)  
I'm an outsider. I can move freer --

TOM  
I don't want to endanger you.

He bites his tongue. She is momentarily disarmed.

TORI

You have to let me try. If it's him... We can't let him get away with it.

He doesn't say anything. Thinks.

TORI (CONT'D)

Tom. Justice at all costs. Leave peace to the politicians.

He looks at her...

She looks at him. Hopeful that he will do the right thing...

66

INT. MORTUARY. HOSPITAL. BELFAST - NIGHT

66

DINGER on a high stool. Checks through post-autopsy paper work. Signs off on each page. NIAMH records their conversation. Takes notes.

NIAMH

Adam Corry went missing from his home, some time on the twenty fourth. Where were you that day?

DINGER

Here. We had an inspection.

NIAMH

And in the evening?

DINGER

I made a vegetable lasagne...  
Watched a wildlife programme...  
That was distressing... Went to bed around ten.

NIAMH

Can anyone verify that?

DINGER

My neighbour, maybe? She often says the walls are too thin.

NIAMH

(beat)

Would you say you're in a good position to manipulate evidence?

DINGER

No. My findings are double - in fact, triple - checked.

She looks up from her notes.

NIAMH

Could the DNA at Adam Corry's house be Siobhan Harkin?

DINGER

No. We have her on the system.

NIAMH

So we still have no idea who the woman was?

DINGER

Just that she's at the centre of your investigation.

NIAMH presses stop on the recording. Closes her note book.

NIAMH

We're going after Jackie.

Dinger pauses. Looks at her. A beat.

DINGER

Jackie's a good fit.

(off her)

There are police officers and...

There are politicians in the

police. I suppose I never trusted the latter.

NIAMH swallows. Courage:

NIAMH

What if the woman is Emma Brannick?

DINGER

Are you high?

NIAMH

Is there a way of finding out?

He puts his pen down. Leans back. Studies NIAMH.

DINGER

Her daughter.

NIAMH

Izzy?

DINGER

A sample of her DNA is all you'd need. If there's a fifty percent match with the crime scene DNA... You're onto a winner.

(beat)

You really believe a member of the Intelligence Services has come back to haunt us?

She shakes her head. Doesn't know. Sighs.

DINGER (CONT'D)

Jesus. Just when I thought you weren't having any fun.

67 INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

67

JACKIE strides along the tiles. BIRDY coming the other way.

JACKIE

Birdy.

BIRDY

S-sir.

JACKIE

Have you seen DCI Brannick? I'm after searching high and low.

BIRDY

No, sir.

JACKIE waits for more. None comes.

JACKIE

...Any idea where he's at?

BIRDY

No, sir.

JACKIE

"No, sir". Is that it?

TOM

I don't know where he is, sir.

JACKIE

(on a short fuse)

Walk with me.

BIRDY falls into step behind JACKIE's quick march...

68 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MINUTES LATER 68

JACKIE enters the room. No one there. He steps in. Allows BIRDY to follow him in. Closes the door behind BIRDY.

JACKIE looks over the case board. More populated than the last time he saw it...

He sees the Adam Corry files stacked on a table.

JACKIE

What's the current focus of the investigation?

BIRDY

Sir?

JACKIE

Are you deaf?

BIRDY

No, sir.

JACKIE

Stupid?

BIRDY

No, sir.

JACKIE

Then answer the question.

BIRDY looks around him. Wishes he was anywhere but here.

BIRDY

Uh...

JACKIE

Uh?

BIRDY

Uh...

JACKIE

Are we communicating in vowels?

(losing his temper)

I asked you a simple question. Now answer me, or I'll have you out on your hole.

BIRDY

A police officer in this district... unofficially...

(MORE)

BIRDY (CONT'D)  
and allegedly... ran Joe Harkin as  
an IRA source. Sir.

JACKIE stops. A curve ball.

JACKIE  
Do you know who it is?

BIRDY  
Well it's... They used a post  
office box to communicate, sir.

JACKIE  
Uh huh.

BIRDY  
The box... has a number...

JACKIE  
Go on.

BIRDY  
(swallows)  
2421.

JACKIE  
What?

BIRDY  
2421. Sir.

JACKIE  
And you know whose it is?

BIRDY  
Aye - I mean - yes, sir.  
(off JACKIE)  
It's... you. Yours.

JACKIE raises his chin. Looks down at BIRDY.

NIAMH enters. BIRDY is relieved. JACKIE looks round. NIAMH gets an immediate sense of what's going on.

JACKIE  
Niamh.

NIAMH  
Sir.

He looks like he might explode.

JACKIE  
Don't suppose you've seen DCI  
Brannick, either?

NIAMH  
No, sir.

JACKIE nods. A beat. He walks to the door --

JACKIE  
Man should join the fucking magic  
circle...

He exits past her. BIRDY plants his head on the table.

69 EXT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MINUTES LATER

69

JACKIE walks to his car. Puts on his coat. A pressing matter.

NIAMH stands in the open plan office window on the second floor. Watches JACKIE get in his car and drive away. She takes out her phone. Dials:

NIAMH  
(into phone)  
Sir? Where are you? It's me --

70 EXT. BOARDED-UP CHURCH. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

70

JACKIE hurries up the broken paving towards the church. SIOBHAN shelters in the porch. He starts talking on the move.

JACKIE  
You need to get out of here. Find  
somewhere safe.

SIOBHAN  
What are you talking about?

JACKIE  
You're in danger.

SIOBHAN  
I can handle Pat Keenan.

He gets to the porch.

JACKIE  
No. My officers are looking into  
me... Somehow they've found out I  
was running Joe.

SIOBHAN

...What?

JACKIE

They'll find out you've helped me too. When that gets out, all hell will break loose with your people... You'll be hunted.

She makes a break for the gates. JACKIE follows --

71 INT. TORI'S CAR [PARKED] - CONTINUOUS

71

TORI behind the wheel. On the phone. Parked on the verge of a country lane. Surreptitious enough that she feels she can watch JACKIE with SIOBHAN, leaving the boarded-up church.

TORI

(into phone)

It's as you thought, Tom...

TORI looks in her lap at a photo of SIOBHAN.

TORI (CONT'D)

(into phone)

No, it's definitely her.

72 EXT. JACKIE'S CARAVAN - LATER

72

JACKIE'S car pulls up by his caravan. He gets out --

73 INT. TORI'S CAR [PARKED] - CONTINUOUS

73

TORI watches JACKIE at a distance. As he walks from his car to his caravan...

74 INT. JACKIE'S CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

74

JACKIE stands by the sink. Bends to look out of the window. Across the Lough. A small boat is moored on the beach. It bobs in the rising tide. He takes a deep, tremulous breath.

75 EXT. JACKIE'S CARAVAN - LATER

75

JACKIE locks the door. Walks to his car. Drives away.

76 EXT. JACKIE'S CARAVAN - DAY 76

TORI walks towards the CARAVAN. Looks around to make sure no one sees her. She wears a hoody. A small backpack...

77 EXT. JACKIE'S CARAVAN - MOMENTS LATER 77

TORI wears surgical gloves. She takes a pack of skeleton keys from her backpack. Tries one on the door lock. It doesn't work. She examines the lock closer. Finds another key...

She tries that one in the lock. It turns. The door is stiff. She gently puts her shoulder into it. It pops open --

78 INT. JACKIE'S CARAVAN - MOMENTS LATER 78

TORI moves slowly through the interior. The habitat of a tidy man. She sees his clothes hanging. His washed dishes.

She crouches by a book case, beside a small desk. Opens her backpack. Takes out a book - a history of the 36th Ulster Division - and slides it into the bookcase...

79 EXT. SLIPWAY. STRANGFORD VILLAGE - NIGHT 79

TORI'S car waits. Lit by a single streetlight that reflects on the rippled water beyond.

TOM'S car comes from the opposite direction. Pulls up in front. The engine and lights go off. A pause...

TORI gets out of her car...

TOM gets out of his...

They meet between the cars.

TORI  
It's done.

TOM  
And the caravan?

TORI  
That too. You sure it will lead to other things?

TOM  
I believe it will.

TORI  
And he's the right man?

TOM  
He is.

TORI  
I didn't expect him to be living  
there.

TOM  
It's his holiday home. He's using  
it while he's down here.

She pauses. A noise out on the water.

TORI  
I understand this must be hard for  
you.

TOM  
(wry)  
Like my country... I'm divided.

She understands. Goes to leave. Pauses.

TORI  
...I'm under no illusion as to who  
my father was, you know. I've no  
doubt he deprived many others of a  
loving family.

TOM  
You're not him.

She knows. Steps forward. Kisses him on the cheek. Tender.  
She turns. Goes back to her car.

Tom watches her go. The final piece in place.

80

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

80

CLOSE ON BIRDY

As he walks across the office. A letter in hand. He passes  
TOM at his desk. On his way to Jackie's office...

He gets to Jackie's door. Knocks.

JACKIE (O.S.)  
Aye?

81           INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS           81

BIRDY enters. JACKIE at his desk. NIAMH in front of him.

NIAMH

Dinger's alibi is solid. He was at work and his neighbour vouches for him being at home.

BIRDY hands JACKIE the letter. He takes a letter opener. Slices it open.

JACKIE

Get DCI Brannick in here now please, Birdy.

BIRDY goes. JACKIE pulls a PHOTO OF HIS CARAVAN from the envelope...

JACKIE (CONT'D)

What the...

On the back of the photo, in large letters, is written: **SEARCH THE CARAVAN**. NIAMH sees it before JACKIE does.

NIAMH

Sir.

JACKIE turns the photo over. Reads. His face falls.

TOM enters. BIRDY in tow. TOM looks at the photo in JACKIE's hands. He frowns.

TOM

What's going on?

JACKIE

...It's my caravan... A photo of my caravan...

NIAMH looks at TOM. Confides.

NIAMH

The other side.

TOM steps forward.

TOM

What's on the other side, sir?

JACKIE looks at him. Fear.

TOM (CONT'D)

Show me the other side.

A beat. JACKIE puts the photo face down on the desk. Turns it round for TOM to see the words: **SEARCH THE CARAVAN.**

TOM (CONT'D)

Niamh. Get hold of some CSIs. We need to mark this as evidence.

TOM keeps his eyes on JACKIE. Cold.

82 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

82

JACKIE sits in the room alone. Stares at the evidence boards. Concerned. A knock at the door --

TOM enters with NIAMH. A piece of paper in hand.

TOM

(re. paper)

The DNA on that letter matches the DNA found in Pat Keenan's car. And at Adam Corry's house. It authenticates it as belonging to the individual we suspect of being the Goliath hunter.

JACKIE

But I am not Goliath.

TOM looks at him. Questioning.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

...This is ridiculous... I'm nothing to do with this...

NIAMH

Sir --

JACKIE

This is schoolboy stuff --

TOM

Jackie --

JACKIE

No. I will not allow this. This kind of shite will not happen on my watch.

(stands)

We're putting an end to it. Here and now. I don't care what it takes. Search my caravan. Search my office, my vehicle... Whatever you need to do.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
But I will not stand idly by while  
somebody points the finger at me.

They all stand in silence for a moment.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Well go on then!

NIAMH looks to TOM...

TOM nods gravely --

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

83

CSIs remove the drawers from Jackie's desk...

Meticulously inspect the folders on his shelves...

NIAMH watches from outside the office. Arms folded.

84 EXT. CAR PARK. PSNI DUNFOLAN - LATER

84

CSIs lift the car seats in Jackie's car...

Check the glove compartment and doors...

Use torches to light search for blood stains...

85 EXT. JACKIE'S CARAVAN - DUSK

85

Jackie's caravan sits lonely in the half light.

A convoy of police cars drive up the dirt track towards it...

86 EXT. JACKIE'S CARAVAN - LATER

86

CSIs carry Jackie's belongings from inside. Arrange them on tables under white gazebos. Light search them for blood...

As JACKIE looks on. TOM and NIAMH either side of him...

Darkness descends. OFFICERS set up crime scene lights...

On the beach, CSIs pull the small boat into shore...

87 INT. JACKIE'S CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

87

A CSI goes through the books on a small bookshelf. Pulls them down one by one. Flicks through them...

A generator starts up outside. The inside is suddenly flooded with light as the crime scene lights go on...

The CSI looks up at the light. Back at the book shelf...

He draws down another book. A Great War history of the 36th Ulster Division. He turns through the pages...

Stops on a postcard of the Goliath crane at Harland & Wolff.

88

EXT. JACKIE'S CARAVAN - MOMENTS LATER

88

The CSI shows the POSTCARD IN THE BOOK to TOM, NIAMH and JACKIE. JACKIE shuts his eyes with dread. Shakes his head.

TOM

How do you account for this?

JACKIE

...I can't. Of course I can't.

TOM looks at NIAMH. A mixture of anger and determination.

89

INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

89

CLOSE ON JACKIE

He hasn't slept. Exhausted. Unwashed. His world crumbling.

TOM and NIAMH enter. Stand in front of him.

TOM

They found a finger print on the postcard. It belongs to Adam Corry.

JACKIE

Right.

TOM adjusts. Official.

TOM

Jackie Twomey. You do not have to say anything, but it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence.

JACKIE clenches his jaw. Breathes.

JACKIE  
What a waste of everyone's fucking time.

TOM softens. Still serious.

TOM  
We're about to walk through the station. Please don't make a scene.

90 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER 90

TOM and NIAMH flank JACKIE as he is escorted through...

BIRDY and other OFFICERS stop to watch him pass. Amazed and speechless...

They leave the office. Head into...

91 INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 91

JACKIE walks out in front as TOM and NIAMH stay behind him, either side...

A DUTY CONSTABLE waits at the end, by the door to an INTERVIEW ROOM. She opens it. JACKIE doesn't need prompting. He steps inside. The CONSTABLE closes the door behind him. Walks away.

TOM stares through the viewing window. NIAMH knows there's nothing more for her to do. Leaves TOM watching JACKIE:

JACKIE slowly paces the room...

TOM closes the viewing window. Walks away.

END OF EPISODE