

BLOODLANDS

EPISODE FOUR

March 2020

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1 INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 1

A chrome door handle, still and sterile in the cold air...

But for a single thumb print, accentuated by the light...

The handle drops. The door pushed open --

TOM steps through. Looks down the empty corridor. Foreboding. He looks behind him to JACKIE...

JACKIE covers anxiety. Cold. He doesn't return TOM's eye contact. Steps through the doorway. Past TOM. Shadowed by a nervous BIRDY, and another UNIFORMED CONSTABLE...

JACKIE keeps walking along the window-lined corridor...

TOM closes the door behind them...

JACKIE reaches the MEDICAL ROOM. Stops without instruction. The CONSTABLE skirts round him. Opens the door...

JACKIE glances at BIRDY. BIRDY gives the slightest nod of support. JACKIE's steeliness holds. He steps into the room --

2 INT. MEDICAL ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER 2

A CSI takes samples from under JACKIE'S finger nails...

A sample of his hair is taken with a hair and fibre comb...

The CSI takes a swab from JACKIE's mouth...

He watches her passively...

A CONSTABLE enters holding folded grey sweat pants and a T-shirt. JACKIE knows what's coming.

3 INT. STAIRWELL. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 3

FROM DIRECTLY ABOVE

The spiral of stairs. HEATHER PENTLAND and TWO OTHER PLAIN CLOTHES DETECTIVES climb up the hard stone steps...

HEATHER is the senior officer. Astute. Hard-headed. The other DETECTIVES (2&3) also wear their experience. Collectively they mean business.

TOM descends the stairs towards them. They meet halfway.

HEATHER
How are you, Tom?

TOM
I've been better.

4 INT. STAIRWELL. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MINUTES LATER

4

The bottom of the stairs. TOM stands with HEATHER and the TWO PLAIN CLOTHES DETECTIVES.

TOM
Anything yous want to know that
wasn't in the brief?

DETECTIVE 3 shakes his head. Looks to DETECTIVE 2. They both defer to HEATHER:

She runs a finger round the ill-fitting counter of her heel.

HEATHER
You've still no witnesses, no?

TOM
No.

HEATHER
And so far no forensics connecting
him to the murder, on him or inside
the Adam Corry house?

TOM
No.

HEATHER
Just this postcard with the Adam
Corry finger prints.

TOM
And the photograph of his caravan.

HEATHER
That's right. Your mystery woman's
DNA... It was sent to him in the
post?

TOM nods. She drops her foot to the ground. Applies weight to see if the shoe is comfortable. A niggling thought:

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Is Jackie still married?

TOM

Aye. His wife's in Belfast.

HEATHER

Explain the caravan to me again?

TOM

He's been living in it - for convenience - since he replaced Superintendent McCallister.

She wrinkles her nose.

HEATHER

That was a shame. I liked Diane.

(beat)

And these postcards. Other than the one in Jackie's possession... You've found two so far?

TOM

That's right.

HEATHER

Both around the kidnapping of Pat Keenan?

TOM

Aye.

HEATHER

And is the Forensic Lab looking into to whether this postcard is from the same batch as those two?

TOM

They are.

She thinks. Pulls hair from her mouth.

HEATHER

You think what? That Jackie is this Goliath figure?

She looks at him. TOM is loathe to say.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Either way it resulted in Adam Corry's murder?

TOM nods. Almost rueful. HEATHER heads up the stairs.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

My oh my...

5 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - LATER 5

TOM leads HEATHER and the TWO DETECTIVES towards the BRIEFING ROOM. They're intercepted by BIRDY.

TOM
Birdy. This is the interview team
down from Belfast.

BIRDY
Sir.
(to Heather)
Ma'am.

She smiles.

TOM
Make sure you look after them while
they're here.

BIRDY
Yes, sir.

They walk on.

HEATHER
(quietly)
I do have a soft spot for the funny
looking ones.

A faint smile in TOM's eyes. They keep moving --

6 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 6

CLOSE ON JACKIE

His sad steely expression framed by the yellow wall behind.
His features calm. Mind in perpetual motion. Dressed in the
grey sweat pants and T-shirt. A distant thought...

HEATHER
(muffled)
Do you understand?

JACKIE blinks. Looks across the table at HEATHER and
DETECTIVE 2. He frowns. He hasn't heard properly.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I said you have been cautioned
because incriminating evidence has
been found in your possession that
has the finger prints of a murder
victim on it. Do you understand?

JACKIE'S SOLICITOR sits beside him. Glances his way.

JACKIE

...I do.

7

INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS

7

TOM and DETECTIVE 3 sit in front of a wall-mounted TV. They
watch the live feed of Jackie's interrogation.

DETECTIVE 3 takes notes. TOM watches avidly.

JACKIE (V.O.)

(barely audible)

What else?

HEATHER (V.O.)

Beg your pardon?

JACKIE (V.O.)

What else did they find?

NIAMH enters. TOM flicks a look at her. Back to the TV.

She joins quietly behind them...

8

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS

8

RESUME JACKIE; HIS SOLICITOR; HEATHER and DETECTIVE 2.

HEATHER checks the file in front of her...

HEATHER

Nothing. So far.

Jackie nods. As he expected.

JACKIE

Just prints on a postcard. Does
that seem right to you?

9 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 9

RESUME TOM; NIAMH; DETECTIVE 3. Glued to the live feed.

TOM
She's letting him lead.

DETECTIVE 3
She's very good at this, sir.

TOM chews his lip. He's not so sure.

10 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 10

RESUME JACKIE; HIS SOLICITOR; HEATHER and DETECTIVE 2.

HEATHER
The postcard was found in the pages
of a book...

She slides an image of the book across. Open on the Goliath Postcard. There is a measuring tape for scale in the photo.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
A First World War history --

JACKIE
That is not my book.

HEATHER
It was on your book shelf.

JACKIE
It's not mine.

HEATHER
Whose is it?

He doesn't answer. She slides another image across. A stack of similar books photographed in Adam Corry's house.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Adam Corry had a collection of
similar books. Is it his?

JACKIE
We never crossed paths.

HEATHER
Never?

JACKIE
No.

HEATHER

...Right.

She looks down at her file...

JACKIE looks up at the camera in the corner of the room...

Its blinking green light...

11 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 11

RESUME TOM; NIAMH; DETECTIVE 3. THEY WATCH THE LIVE FEED.

JACKIE seems to look straight at TOM. TOM looks straight back at the screen. The image reflects in TOM's eyes...

As if each man can feel the other's gaze.

12 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 12

RESUME JACKIE; HIS SOLICITOR; HEATHER and DETECTIVE 2.

HEATHER pauses. Changes tack.

HEATHER

So if I was to ask you when the last time you saw Adam Corry was...?

JACKIE

I've only ever seen him dead. As the victim in an ongoing murder enquiry.

HEATHER

Never alive?

JACKIE

...No.

HEATHER

Never?

He sighs. Won't repeat himself. She nods. Narrows her eyes.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Are you aware of a pub called The Dunfolan Arms?

JACKIE

I am.

HEATHER

Have you ever drunk there?

JACKIE

I have.

HEATHER

Did you drink there regularly when you were an RUC officer, stationed in this area, between the years of 1986 and 1999?

JACKIE

I did.

HEATHER

Was it a popular place to drink after work, for the members of RUC Dunfolan?

He pauses a moment. An inkling of where she might be going.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Would you like me to repeat --

JACKIE

It was.

HEATHER

Do you recall why members of the RUC stopped drinking there in 1999?

JACKIE

The pub changed hands. The new owners were deemed a security risk.

She takes two pieces of paper from her file. Puts them on the table in front of him.

HEATHER

These are statements from several former officers at RUC Dunfolan. Each one confirms that Adam Corry was a regular at the Dunfolan Arms and, in the twelve months following his brother's disappearance in 1998, Adam was repeatedly asked to leave by the management for bothering officers drinking there. He was eventually barred. Do you remember that?

JACKIE sighs. He doesn't need to look closer at the papers.

JACKIE

...I do.

HEATHER

But when the pub changed hands in 1999, he was allowed back in. He picked up where he left off; harassing officers about the whereabouts of his brother. So an order was signed stopping officers from RUC Dunfolan from drinking at the Dunfolan Arms. Placing it OOB. The fact they were being identified while off duty was deemed a security risk.

She pulls another piece of paper from her file.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

This is that order.

She pushes it across the table to him.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Do you recognise the signature at the bottom?

He gives it a cursory glance. He knows already.

JACKIE

It's mine.

He looks at her. Lethal. A beat. She betrays no emotion --

13 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 13

RESUME TOM; NIAMH; DETECTIVE 3. THEY WATCH THE LIVE FEED.

NIAMH looks at TOM. His leg jounces up and down. He would climb inside the TV if he could...

His phone vibrates twice in his pocket. A message. He puts a hand on it. His leg stops still --

14 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 14

RESUME JACKIE; HIS SOLICITOR; HEATHER and DETECTIVE 2.

HEATHER

Maybe it's not so strange that in all that time you were not aware of Adam Corry being in the same pub as you.

(re: statements)

But then there's this account, in one of the former officer's statements... In which it says that one night you gave Adam Corry "both barrels", telling him to stay away from your officers.

Jackie looks stunned

HEATHER (CONT'D)

This disagreement, shall we say, is supported by an account in Adam's own journal, where he says you told him his brother got what was coming to him. Do you remember that?

JACKIE

Uh. Maybe...

HEATHER

Maybe?

JACKIE

The man was a nuisance. His brother was a terrorist.

HEATHER

But you did know who he was?

JACKIE

Well, now that I come to think of him...

HEATHER

His dead face wasn't enough of a reminder to you, no?

Jackie looks at her. At the table. Shifty. She looks at the paper in front of her. A touch of theatre.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Let me ask you again, then... When was the last time you saw Adam Corry? Alive.

JACKIE purses his lips. His SOLICITOR looks at him.

JACKIE
...I don't recall.

The SOLICITOR shifts in his seat. Uncomfortable.

She slides another image of the book across: The index.

HEATHER
Let's go back to the book.

JACKIE
Do we have to?

HEATHER
In the index, Frank MacFeale is listed as a Dunfolan war hero. Frank MacFeale was the pseudonym Adam Corry used, that your team think alerted his murderer --

JACKIE
It's not my bloody book.

She knows she's getting to him. The solicitor blanches.

SOLICITOR
I'd like to talk to my client, please.

HEATHER
Go ahead.

JACKIE's face doesn't change. Stubborn to the core.

SOLICITOR
Alone.

15 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS

15

RESUME TOM; NIAMH; DETECTIVE 3. The live feed plays out on the screen: *HEATHER checks the time* --

HEATHER (V.O.)
Interview paused at eleven thirty six. We will resume after lunch --

DETECTIVE 3 mutes the TV. TOM takes the phone from his pocket. Looks to see a message from: **Tori.**

NIAMH (O.S.)
Sir.

He puts the phone quickly back in his pocket. Stands. Looks at NIAMH, who is close by.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
(re. live feed)
Hardly a smoking gun.

He shakes his head. The live feed cuts. The screen goes black. DETECTIVE 3 stands. Stretches.

TOM
Listen. I have to head out. My daughter. She uh... She's upset about something.

NIAMH frowns. An unconvincing reason to leave an interview.

He heads for the door. As he walks he pulls his phone from his pocket. Unlocks Tori's message. Reads. Types...

16 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

16

NIAMH looks through an old file of Adam Corry's. Reads:

...Emma Brannick... aka 'Greenfinch'... embedded in Loyalist operation...

A knock at the door --

BIRDY enters. She looks up. Caught out by the interruption.

BIRDY
Sorry. Dinger's just called. Says he wants to see you.

NIAMH
Where?

BIRDY
Out at the DCS's caravan. He asked if you could make it snappy.

She closes the file. Stands --

17 EXT. BOTANIC GARDENS. BELFAST - DAY

17

TOM and TORI walk together. TOM cagey.

TOM
He was taken into custody this morning.

She exhales a sharp breath. Relief. Anxiety.

TORI
What else did they find?

TOM
Forensics relating to Adam.

TORI
Blood?

TOM
Finger prints.

TORI
Where?

TOM
Inside the caravan.

Her mind races. So close to her objective.

TORI
Just finger prints?

TOM
So far.

TORI
You won't get a conviction on that.

TOM
It's difficult, I'll admit.

TORI
No. You'll need corresponding DNA
in the caravan, on his clothes --

TOM
I know.

TORI
Otherwise they can say it was
planted.

TOM
Look. The team questioning him have
a very good reputation. They will
go through all the evidence we have
and find the holes in his story.
Combined with what they find at the
crime scene, they will be able to
build a solid case that says he is
a murderer.

She absorbs this. A pause. Still unsatisfied.

TORI

What about the other evidence? The stuff Adam sent me?

TOM

It's still being examined.

TORI

The necklace? Adam's note said it had significance. Did they find any DNA on it?

He swallows. Uncomfortable. Losing patience.

TOM

...These things take time

18

EXT. JACKIES CARAVAN - DAY

18

NIAMH walks with DINGER. DINGER in his white overalls. The only other people they can see are investigating the case:

UNIFORMED OFFICERS guard the perimeter. CSIs swarm...

DINGER stops at a distance from the caravan. Watches the scene. Breath clouding in front of his face.

DINGER

It's still only the postcard and the finger prints... Finger prints... Jesus... You must be desperate.

NIAMH

Thought you said he was a good fit for it?

DINGER

On a personal level, aye... I don't care for the man particularly... But if he is responsible for that murder we would have found something by now. Clothing fibres, skin, saliva, blood... An auld fella crumbles like a leper in a bath. Adam Corry would have left something behind.

NIAMH

If it isn't Jackie.

DINGER
It's your Goliath.

NIAMH
Or the person hunting Goliath.

DINGER chuckles. Shrugs.

DINGER
You've too many riddles. Just find
whoever stands to gain the most
from framing Jackie Twomey.

A SHOUT goes up from the caravan. DINGER runs down to attend to it. NIAMH watches on. Concern...

19

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK. BELFAST - DAY

19

TOM enters the car park. Heads across the mass of cars to where he's parked. He passes a LARGE VAN --

OOF. A HARD MAN steps out from behind the van. Sucker punches TOM in the stomach. TOM crumples to his knees. The HARD MAN makes way for PAT, who stands by TOM'S CAR. Casual.

PAT
I know the fella owns this car
park. His wife did the flowers for
my son's First Communion. Talk
about teeth... She could eat an
apple through a tennis racket.

TOM is winded. Struggles to get his breath.

PAT (CONT'D)
C'mon, Tom. It can't be that bad...
Not as bad as being chained to a
radiator for days on end, in
nothing but your Y-fronts.

TOM
...What do you want?

PAT
Chief Superintendent Twomey. Is it
true you arrested him this morning?

TOM grits his teeth. Menace creeps behind PAT's words...

PAT (CONT'D)

He wouldn't have anything to do
with my kidnapping now, would he?

(beat)

A simple 'yes' or 'no'.

TOM

Don't you have a business to run?

A beat. PAT smiles. Cunning.

PAT

So you'll arrest him... But you
still won't grass him up? I admire
that.

(beat)

How's your daughter?

TOM fills with rage.

PAT (CONT'D)

You understand... Eventually...
Someone will answer for what they
did to me? With - or without - your
help.

TOM looks at him. Impenetrable.

PAT reaches into his pocket. Takes out a small piece of card
with a hand written [CLEARED] mobile phone number on it [same
number as scene 94]. Tosses it on the ground in front of TOM.

PAT (CONT'D)

In case you think of anything.

PAT walks away. The HARD MAN falls into step behind him. TOM
looks at the piece of card on the floor. The scrawled number.

He looks at PAT leaving. His rage overflows...

20

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

20

JACKIE alone in the room. He waits.

Two sets of footsteps from the corridor. They grow in volume
as they approach. The low murmur of voices in conversation...

JACKIE looks to the door. Listens. Notices the transfer
grille above the door. How the sound seems to travel through.

The footsteps and voices die away. JACKIE is alone again.

21 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 21

TOM strides back in. Takes off his coat. Sees HEATHER and DETECTIVES 2&3 preparing to leave the BRIEFING ROOM. He cuts straight across. Intercepts them as they walk out the door --

TOM
Can I have a word?

He gestures to HEATHER. Back inside the briefing room. She's caught between coming and going --

22 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER 22

TOM, HEATHER and DETECTIVES 2&3 in a tight huddle. Hushed.

TOM
You need to go with the facts that position him as Goliath.

HEATHER is not keen on being cajoled.

HEATHER
The CSIs out at the caravan have just found something pretty damning. They're bringing it in now, so we can have it in time for questioning.

TOM notices NIAMH answer his desk phone in the OPEN PLAN OFFICE. He's distracted...

TOM
...What is it?

HEATHER
You know I can't tell you that, Tom. We can't risk him being warned.

TOM sees NIAMH talking. Looking over...

TOM
Fine... Go after his work with Special Branch... See if uh...

NIAMH smiles slightly at TOM. Insecure. He does the same in return. Something not right.

TOM (CONT'D)
See how he accounts for running an unofficial IRA source.

23 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - AT THE SAME TIME 23

[RUNS IN PARALLEL WITH SCENE 24].

NIAMH enters from outside. Goes to her desk. She looks across at BIRDY, who pushes back from his computer in frustration.

BIRDY
(re. computer)
The numbers that were on Keenan's
phone. I'm getting nowhere.

The phone rings on TOM's empty desk. NIAMH looks.

NIAMH
Where's he?

BIRDY nods to the briefing room. She can see TOM and the THREE DETECTIVES. Huddled together in discussion...

She goes to his phone. Picks it up:

NIAMH (CONT'D)
(into phone)
DCI Brannick's phone... Oh hi,
Izzy. It's Niamh... You sound like
you're feeling better?... Oh. Just
what your dad said. He was on his
way to see you?

NIAMH's heart misses a beat. She looks over at TOM. Can't hide her frown of alarm...

NIAMH (CONT'D)
(into phone)
...My mistake... I must have
misheard him... I will. No. I'll
pass that on... No bother... Bye.

She hangs up. Seems to hold her breath. Tense.

She looks towards the BRIEFING ROOM. Sees TOM still looking over as he talks. HEATHER takes notes in a NOTE PAD...

NIAMH makes eye contact with him. Forces a smile. Tom smiles back at NIAMH. She turns to her desk. Her smile drops --

24 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MINUTES LATER 24

TOM crosses the office to his desk. Only DETECTIVE 3 left in the briefing room behind. TOM picks up the phone on his desk. Notices BIRDY taking half an interest from his desk nearby.

TOM presses a button on the phone. Waits.

TOM
(into phone)
Call management hub...
(he waits; into phone)
Could you tell me the last number
to call this line?

TOM writes down the number given to him over the phone.
Recognises it immediately.

TOM (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Thanks.

He hangs up. Straightens. Pales.

BIRDY
You OK, sir?

TOM
(distracted)
Aye... aye... grand.

25

INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER

25

NIAMH sits in front of the TV. DETECTIVE 3 beside her, taking notes. They watch the LIVE FEED:

HEATHER and DETECTIVE 2 already underway with their interview of JACKIE [& SOLICITOR].

*HEATHER (V.O.)
We have earlier established that
you joined the R.U.C in 1987. You
passed out of Garnerville,
successfully signed out of
probation and applied for detective
work in C.I.D at, what was then,
R.U.C Dunfolan. You rose through
the ranks quickly, making Detective
Superintendent and heading
Divisional C.I.D, all inside ten
years...*

TOM enters. Stops at the sight of the live feed. Looks to NIAMH. She doesn't look round.

He grabs a nearby chair. Drags it to NIAMH's side. The back legs groaning across the floor...

He sits down by NIAMH. Tries to appear as casual as allows.

TOM

Izzy said she spoke to you?

NIAMH looks at him. Unsure how to react.

NIAMH

...Aye.

TOM

One minute she's crying... the next
she's grand... She won't tell
anyone what's going on...

He looks at the screen. JACKIE being interviewed.

TOM (CONT'D)

All of this... It's taking a toll.

NIAMH keeps her eyes clamped on the screen. Unsure of whether
or not to believe him. He can sense her suspicion.

26

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS

26

JACKIE sits alongside his SOLICITOR. HEATHER and DETECTIVE 2
across the table from them. HEATHER moves from her main set
of notes to an open NOTE PAD. She reads. Leans back.

HEATHER

...Part of your operational duties
in 1998 was as a liaison for
Special Branch at PSNI Dunfolan, is
that correct?

JACKIE

What is this about?

HEATHER

In that time, did you have a post
office box in town that you used
for operational duties?

Silence. JACKIE can sense where this is going --

27

INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS

27

RESUME TOM, NIAMH, DETECTIVE 3. Nothing but the hum of dead
air on the screen. The high treble of atmospheric noise.

HEATHER (V.O.)

Would you like me to --

JACKIE (V.O.)
We all did.

NIAMH leans forward. Trepidation. TOM looks at her. Back at the screen...

28

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS

28

RESUME JACKIE; HIS SOLICITOR; HEATHER and DETECTIVE 2.

Heather consults her note pad again:

HEATHER
What was the number of your post office box? Do you remember?

JACKIE
...2421.

HEATHER
And did you use it to set up meetings with an IRA source?
(checks her notes)
Joe Harkin?

JACKIE
...Yes.

She nods. Studies him.

HEATHER
We weren't able to find any record of that activity. No handler ID. Nothing. Was it approved?

JACKIE
No.

HEATHER
We're talking about a serious breach of security. It even made its way into the pages of Adam Corry's journal.

She slides a photo of Adam's notepad across to him.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
What was the thinking behind it?

JACKIE
I couldn't declare it.

HEATHER

Why not?

JACKIE

I was a Catholic officer working in the R.U.C. I couldn't trust my fellow officers. Not all of them. To them, it didn't matter that I was in the same uniform. A Catholic was still on the other side. The enemy. They didn't trust me and I... certainly couldn't trust them.

HEATHER

Do you trust your fellow officers now?

JACKIE glares at her.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Needless to say, you were working outside the rules.

JACKIE

The rules, in those days, were subject to interpretation.

HEATHER

Huh.

(beat)

Do you remain in contact with Joe Harkin's widow, Siobhan Harkin?

JACKIE stonewalls. HEATHER puts an evidence bag on the table. JACKIE'S burner phone inside. The SOLICITOR shuts his eyes.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Taped under a drawer by the sink in your caravan. Is this how you keep in contact with her?

JACKIE is speechless.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

It's only her number in the call log. When was the last time you spoke to her?

JACKIE

...Recently.

HEATHER

Two days ago. What did you talk about?

JACKIE

I told her... I told her this was likely to come out...

HEATHER

You told her to get out of town?

JACKIE

Yes.

HEATHER

She risks reprisal?

JACKIE

Yes.

HEATHER

Sage advice.

(beat)

But you see... This is where it gets sticky. You know what it's like to not trust your fellow officers. But now they know you're in touch with a woman who has been questioned in relation to an ongoing case.

(beat)

The rules, now, are not subject to interpretation.

JACKIE can barely mask his sense of dread --

29 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS

29

Resume TOM; NIAMH; DETECTIVE 3 in front of the live feed.

NIAMH looks at TOM. The instruction has come from him. He keeps his eyes on the screen. The retribution sits uncomfortably with him...

30 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS

30

Resume JACKIE; his SOLICITOR; HEATHER and DETECTIVE 2.

HEATHER

Did you talk to Siobhan Harkin, about the kidnapping of Pat Keenan?

JACKIE

I did.

HEATHER
In private?

JACKIE
Yes.

HEATHER
Was she the one to tell you her
husband's body had been found?

JACKIE
Yes.

HEATHER
Did you feed that back to your
officers?

JACKIE
They'd have heard about it soon
enough.

HEATHER
And did you use that information to
steer the Goliath investigation, so
that Pat Keenan became a suspect?

JACKIE
No.

HEATHER
The same Pat Keenan who had
allegedly tried to have Siobhan
killed.

He looks at her. Trembles.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Have you influenced police
investigations before, for Siobhan
Harkin?

JACKIE
I did not influence anything --

HEATHER
Would Siobhan Harkin see you as a
trustworthy insider?

JACKIE
No.

JACKIE barks. The anger builds inside him.

31 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 31

Resume TOM; NIAMH; DETECTIVE 3 in front of the live feed.

TOM twists in the wind. Can barely keep watching. He notices DETECTIVE 3 looking at him. Apologetic:

TOM
...I take it back. She's good.

He looks back at the screen. NIAMH aware of the discomfort.

32 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 32

Resume JACKIE; his SOLICITOR; HEATHER and DETECTIVE 2.

HEATHER pulls out the photo of the Goliath postcard in the book, found in his caravan. She taps her finger on the photo.

HEATHER
You never gave Goliath much
credence, did you?

JACKIE
What?

HEATHER
You didn't believe he existed.

JACKIE holds his tongue. Irritation.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Indeed, in the interests of keeping
the peace you encouraged
subordinate officers to not
investigate Goliath, is that right?

JACKIE
That is a gross misrepresentation --

HEATHER
You replaced Superintendent Diane
McCallister, apparently influencing
- there's that word again -
influencing the ACC District
Policing Command's call on whether
she was fit to continue. On the
grounds of... what exactly?

JACKIE
She... She was losing control of
the district.

HEATHER

And how would you grade your own
control of the district?

JACKIE fumes. HEATHER continues to poke and prod.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

This allowed you to position
yourself with an overview of the
Goliath investigation. To hinder
it, if needs be.

JACKIE

You're wrong.

HEATHER

You pushed the manhunt for Keenan
over all other lines of enquiry.
Nothing wrong with that. But you
did it to the detriment of advances
in the Goliath investigation.

JACKIE folds his arms. Punch drunk. A pause. HEATHER studies
the photo of the Goliath postcard in the book. Curious.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Where is your permanent residence,
DCS Twomey?

JACKIE

...Belfast.

HEATHER

And where is your temporary
residence?

JACKIE

The caravan.

HEATHER

Could you be more specific?

JACKIE

(beat)

A static caravan on the shore of
Strangford Lough.

HEATHER

Thank you.

(beat)

Do you take your security
seriously?

JACKIE

Of course.

HEATHER

Does your house in Belfast have an alarm?

JACKIE

Yes.

HEATHER

And d'you always lock your caravan?

JACKIE

I do.

HEATHER

But there was no forced entry.

JACKIE

I'm sorry?

HEATHER

There was no forced entry into your caravan. No trace of anyone else but you.

He shakes his head. Denial.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

You say this book is not yours, but how did it get there without you putting it there?

JACKIE

I don't know.

HEATHER

And how did the postcard get inside the book?

JACKIE

I don't know.

HEATHER

You denied knowing Adam Corry. But you knew him.

JACKIE

Not personally --

HEATHER

You had - still have - an
unsanctioned relationship with
sources inside the IRA. You
influenced an ongoing investigation
in favour of one of those sources --

JACKIE

I didn't influence --

HEATHER

When her husband, Joe Harkin, was
allegedly assassinated by the
individual known as Goliath. An
individual you tried to suppress
the investigation into.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Which is exactly what you did
on the same line of enquiry
over twenty years ago. It's
hard to see any other motive
than covering your own
tracks.

JACKIE

That is an outright
fabrication. I will not sit
here while you draw together
strands of unrelated
information into a tidy bow
of bullshit.

His language punctures the air. A pause.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

When I offer you a way out - a
chance to say someone could have
planted evidence on your property -
you basically tell me that's an
impossibility.

Pause. JACKIE is spent.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Adam Corry, in his journal - in the
pages that aren't missing - comes
to the conclusion that you are the
most likely candidate for Goliath.
And now he's dead. Killed in the
same way as his brother.

He looks at her. On the verge of defeat.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What conclusion are we supposed to
draw from all this?

33 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 33

Resume TOM; NIAMH; DETECTIVE 3 in front of the live feed.

Silence, but for the hum of the speaker. TOM looks pale. Disgusted. He bows his head. It looks like shame.

He gets up. Goes to the door.

TOM

I can't watch any more.

NIAMH watches him leave. A trace of emotion in her eyes.

34 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 34

NIAMH stands over tables full of bagged up evidence, cleared from Adam Corry's house. She stares at one thing in particular: The Frank MacFeale framed picture and medals.

She turns over when she first saw that piece of evidence...

35 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER 35

NIAMH steps out the CASE ROOM. BIRDY passes her. A fresh cup of coffee in hand...

NIAMH

Who's that for?

BIRDY stops. Hesitant --

36 INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MOMENTS LATER 36

THE INTERVIEW ROOM DOOR BUZZES. NIAMH stands in front of it. Holds the fresh cup of coffee. A CONSTABLE on guard opens the door for her. She steps into the room...

The constable lingers on her a beat. Closes the door --

37 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 37

NIAMH stands with the cup of coffee. JACKIE alone at the table. He watches her. She places the cup in front of him...

JACKIE

Thank you.

A half smile. She turns for the door. Sees the camera. No blinking green light.

The corridor outside carries the high pitched echoes of bureaucracy. She can see the guard's shadow under the door. Conscious that she can be heard.

NIAMH

(in Irish; subtitled)

Your file says you're an Irish speaker.

Confusion crosses JACKIE's face. He wrestles with vocabulary:

JACKIE

(in Irish; subtitled)

...That's right...

(in English)

It's been a while.

She turns to face him. Takes the risk:

NIAMH

(in Irish; subtitled)

I have concerns about my boss.

JACKIE

(in Irish; subtitled)

Why?

NIAMH

(in Irish; subtitled)

He's telling lies that cover his tracks.

JACKIE

(doesn't understand)

Uh... That last bit --

She speaks slowly to be understood:

NIAMH

(in Irish; subtitled)

He comes and goes, so I don't know where he is... I don't believe he didn't know about the Frank MacFeale picture at Adam Corry's house.

JACKIE understands. Narrows his gaze.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
(in Irish; subtitled)
*It seems clear to me, sir, that
someone is... framing you... and I
don't understand why the DCI is so
keen to believe it.*
(beat)
I want to help you.

He considers her. A beat.

JACKIE
(in Irish; subtitled)
Take down this phone number.

She pulls out her phone. Readies to type...

JACKIE (CONT'D)
(in Irish; subtitled)
*The person who'll answer owes me
a... a...*
(in English)
A favour.

38 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

38

TOM sits at his desk. His computer on. He stares at Jackie's empty office. Guilt washes over him. His desk phone rings. He picks it up:

TOM
(into phone)
Brannick --

39 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - LATER

39

TOM sits with HEATHER, DETECTIVES 2&3 and NIAMH. He seems almost relieved as he briefs them.

TOM
Forensic analysis of the postcard they found in Jackie's caravan has come back. It's not from the same batch as the other two, found in the Keenan investigation.
(beat)
On closer examination of the caravan lock, it would appear that there are signs it has been forced. Most likely by someone who used a skeleton key that only partially worked.

HEATHER

We have to discount the evidence.

TOM

Yes.

NIAMH breathes a sigh of relief.

HEATHER

There are still substantial
concerns directed at the DCS.

TOM

You should put them in your report.
But in the meantime we need to
focus our attention on who has
tried to frame DCS Twomey.

He looks at NIAMH. Seems to appeal. She is cautious.

40

INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

40

The buzz of the INTERVIEW ROOM door. It opens. JACKIE steps
out into the corridor. A free man. BIRDY steps out after him.

TOM watches from the end of the corridor. They don't see him.
Once he sees JACKIE released. He turns and leaves.

BIRDY

Will I get you your clothes, sir?

JACKIE

You don't like the tracksuit?

BIRDY hesitates. Unsure of the right answer.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Get my clothes, Birdy.

BIRDY dashes away. JACKIE breathes deep. Relief.

41

EXT. BOTANIC GARDENS. BELFAST - DAY

41

TOM with TORI. She is livid.

TORI

This is bullshit.

TOM

It was out of my hands. I did my
best.

TORI

They have so much to go on... A bloody box full of evidence.

TOM

It's not enough.

TORI

Will it ever be? I stuck my neck out for this. What happens to me now?

TOM

I understand. I'm really sorry.

TORI

Sorry?

She's incredulous. Walks away. He watches her go.

42

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

42

NIAMH passes TOM's empty desk. Gets to BIRDY. Stops close.

NIAMH

See when you requested the files of those three officers from HR? Did you request their medical files as well?

BIRDY

No.

NIAMH

Right. Can you do that, please? Just the DCI's.

BIRDY

(nervous)

What are you doing?

NIAMH

Just... Birdy. Come on.

He nods. Picks up the phone.

NIAMH turns. Looks across at JACKIE'S OFFICE. JACKIE sits there. Motionless. Stares into space.

43

EXT. GIBBS ISLAND. STRANGFORD LOUGH - DAY

43

NIAMH walks across the causeway. Hands thrust in pockets --

44 EXT. GIBBS ISLAND. STRANGFORD LOUGH - LATER 44

NIAMH sits on a bench. Faces the causeway. A DOG WALKER throws a ball for his black Labrador. He's mid-60s. Weathered. Looks like a down-at-heel gentleman farmer.

He wends his way towards NIAMH. She ignores him mostly. Keeps her eyes on the causeway. Until he's too close...

She looks at him. He smiles. Nods. Sits beside her on the bench. No one else in sight.

DOG WALKER
I got your message.

She looks at him. Sharp.

DOG WALKER (CONT'D)
If Jackie needs help, I'll do what I can.

NIAMH
...Who are you? I mean... He just gave me your number. Said you owed him one.

The man smiles. She'll get nothing. The dog brings the ball to him. He throws it.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
I need to know the last time Emma Brannick reported to her handler. She worked under the callsign, 'Greenfinch'.

The dog walker's eyes squint. Intrigue. A nod.

DOG WALKER
Gimme a couple of hours.

He stands. Walks away.

DOG WALKER (CONT'D)
(to dog)
C'mon Malachy!

The dog chases after him. NIAMH watches them go.

45 INT. TOM'S CAR [STATIONARY] - DAY 45

TOM looks down a stony track to the OLD BOAT HOUSE. He considers it. Serious. The secret that lies inside...

46 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

46

BIRDY hands a folder to NIAMH.

BIRDY
The boss's medical record.

NIAMH takes it. BIRDY is hesitant. She opens it. Reads.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
...What is it you're looking for?

NIAMH
When Emma Brannick disappeared...
The boss had sick leave for a rugby
injury...

She puts her finger on the page:

NIAMH (CONT'D)
There.
(reads)
19th February 1998. "Sickness
absence for recurring hip injury".

She runs her finger down the page:

NIAMH (CONT'D)
(skim reads)
No... No...
(to Birdy)
No.

BIRDY
...No?

NIAMH
No. It doesn't happen again. He
didn't take medical leave after
that.

BIRDY
So it was cured?

NIAMH snorts. Leans back from the file.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
You do get miracle workers, you
know. My Granda in Portrush has the
number of one. Says she can fix
anything with her hands.

NIAMH isn't sure if BIRDY picked up on the innuendo.

NIAMH

...This isn't a miracle worker in
Portrush, Birdy. It's a doctor in
Dunfolan --

Her phone rings. She answers:

NIAMH (CONT'D)

(into phone)

McGovern.

The person on the other end has her full attention.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Go ahead...

She grabs a pad of post-it notes. A pen. Frantically writes.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Uh huh... uh huh...

(finishes writing)

Thank you.

She hangs up. Tears off the post-it note. Stands.

BIRDY

Who was that?

NIAMH walks to the case board. Stands by the [clearly marked]
TIME LINE OF THE ORIGINAL GOLIATH MISSING PERSONS:

Names and dates by photographs of Joe Harkin (21st February);
Simon Quinlan (24th February); David Corry (26th February)
and Emma Brannick (1st March - all 1998), respectively.

The black and white picture by Emma's name. The date of her
disappearance [**1st March, 1998**], which is also the latest.

NIAMH

The DCI reported his wife's
disappearance on the first of
March, 1998. Making her the last
disappearance attributed to
Goliath, at that time...

NIAMH looks to Joe Harkin's picture. The date underneath is
21st February, 1998.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

Joe Harkin, on the other hand, was
the first.

NIAMH pins the post-it note she just took, preceding it. The new date reads **18th February, 1998.**

NIAMH (CONT'D)

But the last time Emma Brannick reported to her unit... was three days before Joe Harkin went missing.

(beat)

What was the date of the DCI's medical leave, again?

BIRDY

(checks)

19th February.

She gestures for the post-it notes. BIRDY picks up the pad. Throws it. Follows with the pen. She catches both. Scribbles.

She tears off the new note. Places **19th February** between the 18th and Joe Harkin. She looks at it. Makes sense of it.

Finally, she reaches for Emma Brannick's name tag at the end. Unpins it. Moves it. Re-pins it by the 18th & 19th February.

NIAMH

Emma Brannick wasn't the last to go missing. She was the first. And then the DCI went on leave...

(she considers it)

This all started with the boss and his wife.

47

INT. CHANGING ROOM. HOSPITAL. BELFAST - DAY

47

IZZY gets changed out of her scrubs. TORI sits on a bench close by. Not fully engaged.

IZZY

You were missed today.

(beat)

Where are you going?

TORI

The Mournes? I have a place up there.

IZZY

You can't commute?

TORI

I need a bit of head space. Get myself right. Come up with a plan.

IZZY

For what?

TORI laughs. Shrugs.

IZZY (CONT'D)

You want to talk about it?

TORI shakes her head. IZZY pulls off her scrubs top. A T-shirt underneath. The scrubs top hooks the back of her necklace. Pulls it out over the top of her T-shirt...

TORI sees the necklace round IZZY's neck for the first time. The same owl pendant that was among David Corry's possessions. The one given to IZZY by TOM.

TORI

(re. pendant)

What is that?

IZZY looks at it. Instinctively holds it out for TORI.

IZZY

My birthday present. From Dad. My mum had one too. Nice, isn't it?

TORI

...Is that an owl?

IZZY

(smiles)

To help me see in the dark.

The words strike a chord with TORI. Her rage forces her smile. She turns the pendant. Sees the engraved 'T' on the back. She looks at IZZY...

48

INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY

48

NIAMH knocks on the door. Steps in. JACKIE sits at his desk. Stares out the window.

NIAMH

Sir?

JACKIE

They've not finished with me, you know. They'll regather. Come at me again with what they've found out.

NIAMH

But you're in the clear, sir.

JACKIE

Were you not watching that car
crash?

She hesitates. He knows she was.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Give it twenty four hours, I'll be
up in Belfast, for an interview
without coffee.

NIAMH

I followed up on the intelligence
contact you gave me, sir.

He looks at her. Frowns.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

I know they released you, but... I
thought it might still be useful.

He snorts. Shakes his head.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

The way the DCI described his
wife's disappearance is in doubt,
sir. I believe she went missing
nearly three weeks before he
reported it.

JACKIE stops. Serious.

JACKIE

We need to bring Tom in.

49 EXT. CAR PARK. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS

49

TOM gets out of his car. Walks towards the station. His phone
rings. He answers:

TOM

(into phone)

Aye?

50 EXT. LAY-BY. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

50

TORI stands ten yards from her CAR. Looks down a long empty
road. Her phone to her ear. Livid but in control.

TORI
(into phone)
That necklace with the owl on it...
Is that still with Adam's evidence?

51 EXT. CAR PARK. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 51

Resume TOM. The phone to his ear. He slows. Halfway between his car and the station...

TOM
(into phone)
Uh huh...

52 EXT. LAY-BY. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS 52

Resume TORI.

TORI
(into phone)
But where is the evidence? You
never handed it in, did you?

53 EXT. CAR PARK. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 53

TOM stops. The phone to his ear. Says nothing.

54 EXT. LAY-BY. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS 54

Resume TORI. In control.

TORI
(into phone)
Adam said David was given the
necklace by a lover. To help him
"see in the dark". Those same words
were spoken by your daughter, when
I asked her about the necklace she
was wearing. The one with the owl
on it. Your initial on the back.

55 EXT. CAR PARK. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 55

Resume TOM. Panic.

TOM
(into phone)
Listen to me --

56 EXT. LAY-BY. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS 56

Resume TORI. Firm.

TORI
(into phone)
No. That time has passed.

IZZY pokes her head out of the passenger window of Tori's CAR. Her necklace visible over her sweater. Calls out:

IZZY
Everything OK?

57 EXT. CAR PARK. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 57

TOM hears IZZY's voice. His stomach lurches --

TOM
No --

58 EXT. LAY-BY. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS 58

TORI clasps her hand round the phone. Covers the speaker.

TORI
(re. phone)
Sorry. Will you give me a minute?

IZZY
Take your time.

IZZY smiles. Withdraws into the CAR.

59 EXT. CAR PARK. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 59

Resume TOM. Fear descending fast.

TOM
(into phone)
Where are you? Don't you... Don't
you touch her --

60 EXT. LAY-BY. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS 60

Resume TORI. She can see IZZY in the car.

TORI
(into phone)
You have some explaining to do.
(MORE)

TORI (CONT'D)

I'll send you an address. Come alone. Don't call her. Don't message her. And if you were to try something... Well... She could always disappear.

TORI hangs up. Serene satisfaction. She pockets her phone. Walks to the CAR --

61 EXT. CAR PARK. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS

61

Resume TOM. All roads lead to despair --

TOM
(into phone)
Tori?... Tori!...

He looks at his phone like it's broken. A million thoughts...

BIRDY appears in the window. High up inside the STATION. He can see TOM. Stops --

TOM's million thoughts turn to one. He makes a break for his car. Runs --

BIRDY darts from the window to get NIAMH --

TOM yanks open his car door. Gets in --

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

62

TOM drives the Mournes. Scans the winding country road with intent. The rise and fall of the engine as he crunches through the gears...

His phone on the seat beside him. It rings. He looks at it. An incoming call from Niamh. He lets it ring. When she rings off he looks back at the screen. **(9) Missed calls.**

He reaches down. Holds down the phone's power button. Turns it off. He looks back at the road --

SLAMS ON THE BRAKES --

A flock of sheep. They crowd the road in front of him. A TEENAGE GIRL on a quad bike herds them slowly up the road...

He sounds the car horn. The GIRL looks at him. All rosy-cheeked and feral. She holds up her middle finger...

TOM
(mutters)
Fuck sake...

He winds down the window. Pokes his head out --

TOM (CONT'D)
Out the way!

63 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. MOURNES - AERIAL SHOT - DAY 63

TOM'S CAR FROM DIRECTLY ABOVE...

As it clears the flock of sheep...

Drives fast up empty roads into the mountains...

Dry-stone walls line the way. Past fields. Forests.
Reservoirs. The weather grows heavy...

64 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. MOURNES - AERIAL SHOT - LATER 64

TOM'S CAR comes off the road. Turns onto a track. A cottage
at the end of it. The car stops at the mouth of the drive.
Still wide enough for another car to get by --

65 INT. TOM'S CAR [STATIONARY] - CONTINUOUS 65

TOM looks at the cottage at the end of the track. He can see
TORI'S car parked beside it.

He grips the steering wheel with both hands. Calms his
breathing. Grits his teeth...

He turns off the engine --

66 EXT. COTTAGE. MOURNES - MOMENTS LATER 66

TOM walks from his CAR up the rocky track. Along the line of
a dry-stone wall. He is oblivious to the pissing rain...

He examines the cottage: Traditional; cosy looking...

He passes Tori's car. Peers in through the windows. Empty.

Along the side of the cottage he sees a little girl's
bicycle. Propped up against the dry-stone wall. Rusted. A
relic of an '80s childhood.

There are two adult's bikes beside it. Tyres limp. Rusted.

A beat. TOM walks to the front door. Knocks.

He hears the rapid footsteps approach the door. Takes a half step back in anticipation...

The door opens. IZZY stands in front of him. Relaxed clothing. Socks. No shoes. She smiles. Hugs him. Close.

IZZY
(whispers)
Don't fuck this up.

TORI appears in the hallway behind her. Leans up against the wall. Seems relaxed. A little cautious.

TORI
Hi.

TOM looks at her. Tries to get a read on the situation.

TORI (CONT'D)
(casual; friendly)
You look like you need a lie down.
Come on in.

He steps inside --

67 INT. COTTAGE. MOURNES - CONTINUOUS

67

IZZY closes the door behind TOM. He steps gingerly into the house. Stays at the other end of the hall to TORI.

TOM and TORI look at each other. TOM expressionless. TORI with the faintest smile...

IZZY misreads the tension between them as sexual. Smirks.

IZZY
I'll uh... I'll leave you to it.

She passes TORI on the way to the kitchen...

TORI
(to IZZY)
Smells good.

IZZY
It won't for much longer unless I
work my magic...

IZZY enters the kitchen beyond. TOM can see she has pots on the stove. Vegetables to chop. A bottle of white wine on the go. She turns up the radio. Goes to close the kitchen door...

As she closes it, she catches TOM's eye behind TORI's back. Smiles. Thumbs up:

IZZY (CONT'D)
(mouths)
Good luck!

The door closes. She's gone. TOM and TORI alone. A pause.

TORI peels back round the corner. Out of sight.

A beat. TOM follows slowly. Tentatively...

A recent-ish photo on the wall shows TORI with her mother...

A framed collage shows TORI as a little girl:

*With her mother. With Simon Quinlan. One picture of the young
Tori with Quinlan and Joe Harkin. Eating ice creams...*

68

INT. SNUG. COTTAGE. MOURNES - CONTINUOUS

68

TOM stands in the doorway. Sees the lit fire. The beaten up old sofas. An air of smoky comfort. Throws and rugs. TORI by the cold light of the window. She is civil. Alert.

TORI
Close the door.

TOM does. Numb to anything but the conversation that follows.

TOM
You haven't told her anything?

TORI
I said I wanted you here. To...
take our relationship further.

TOM looks crestfallen. TORI looks out of the window. The lashing rain. The deserted fields. The quiet road.

TORI (CONT'D)
It is just you, then?

TOM
It's just me.

TORI
...Are you armed?

TOM

I am.

(off her)

I have to be. But you have nothing
to fear.

TORI

Is that right?

TOM

My daughter's in the next room.

TORI

Otherwise I'd be fair game?

He bites his tongue. Not what he meant. She lets it slide.

TORI (CONT'D)

Funny, isn't it? I always thought
the first person I would invite
here... From outside my family...
Would be someone...

(beat)

Well. Someone else.

She looks out of the window. Nostalgia.

TORI (CONT'D)

You loved your wife.

TOM

I did.

TORI

The pendants... They're uh... A
romantic touch.

He doesn't say anything. She skirts close to patronising.

TORI (CONT'D)

And those words... "To help me see
in the dark"... So intimate.

TOM

I don't care what you think you
know --

TORI

But you do. You're here. Fearful
that your daughter might find out.
That she might learn what kind of
man you are.

TOM looks at her. Caught in the headlights. Fear taking hold.

TORI (CONT'D)
Will I call her in?

TOM
No.

She settles. Knows she has him.

TORI
You took revenge on the man who
stole your wife --

TOM
That's not --

TORI
Maybe you already had a taste for
it... Joe Harkin. My father --

TOM
I'm telling you --

TORI
For God's sake... You had me plant
a piece of evidence to incriminate
your boss. The finger prints they
found... They were already on the
postcard?

TOM says nothing.

TORI (CONT'D)
You had me... with the idea of your
wife. Maybe that was my fault. I
believed we had common cause.

TOM
We do.

TORI
No. We don't.
(beat)
I don't know what it is that makes
you tick. Maybe you're a jealous
man. You could be greedy. There
could be a darkness I don't
understand. But you have killed...
For whatever reason... I know you
have.

TOM folds and refolds his hands. Stares at the rug...

The sound of the kitchen radio, muffled by the wall...

TOM

I came home to find my baby alone
in her crib... She was screaming...
hungry... That's when David Corry
called. He told me he had my
wife... He made it clear that if I
wanted to see her again... If my
child were to have a mother... I
was --

He swallows. Tori is transfixed.

TOM (CONT'D)

...I was to do... Certain things...

TORI

Kill my father.

TOM looks at her. Vulnerable. Helpless.

TOM

...You see, I had no choice.

All this time and now she's facing her father's killer...

TOM (CONT'D)

We had a one year old. She was my
baby. I'd have raised an army to
protect her.

(beat)

David Corry threatened my family.
Your dad... Joe Harkin... They had
no intention of keeping the
peace...

TORI

You don't know that.

TOM

They were waiting on a shipment of
weapons. Two high powered sniper
rifles from America. When I...

He pauses. Not deep enough in the memory to lose himself yet.

TOM (CONT'D)

If it makes any difference... At
the time... All I could think
was... At least neither of them has
kids.

She winces. Holds back the tears. He clenches his hands.

TOM (CONT'D)

...I was best placed to know their whereabouts... They had gone to an island to take delivery of the arms. Only we - the R.U.C - knew where they'd be... And even then only a handful of us...

(beat)

Because Harkin was assisting the R.U.C elsewhere... we were told to leave the delivery well alone.

Pause.

TORI

How did they die?

TOM

Quickly. A gun makes things brief. It's the memory that's...anything but.

She wipes her eyes involuntarily. TOM almost rocks back and forth with the recollection.

TOM (CONT'D)

I told David Corry that I had done what he asked. He told me to leave the weapons. Go home. Wait... and Emma would be returned to me... But I knew those rifles had only one purpose. I couldn't let them onto the streets.

(pause)

So I lay in wait.

(beat)

Eventually... David arrived. With Emma. They didn't know I was there. I watched them... They behaved... Like a couple... I knew straight away she had no intention of coming back to me.

He pauses. Reliving each step.

TORI

You shot them?

TOM

I shot him. Her, I --

He stops on the emotion. Tears in his eyes.

TOM (CONT'D)

I stood over her. I knew I... I was capable of doing it... What she'd done... To me... To all of us... But she was still my wife. Still Izzy's mother.

(pause)

I told her to leave. I knew she could disappear.

TORI

Where is she now?

TOM

I honestly don't know.

TORI eyes him. A strange sympathy. She reminds herself:

TORI

And Adam?

TOM hesitates. More immediate regret.

TOM

Adam worked it out. I pleaded with him... I begged him to tell me who you were... I thought you knew more than you did... I thought you were going to burn my life to the ground.

She watches him. His armour crumbling.

TOM (CONT'D)

Killing him was the worst thing I've done in twenty two years. I thought I'd moved on from that. With each day I have tried to... Each day with Izzy was a step further from that. But now I realise... I'm still the same man.

He cries. Breathes deep.

TOM (CONT'D)

And I don't want to be... I don't want to be.

JACKIE surveys the busy office. OFFICERS man the phones. DETECTIVES come and go. BIRDY sits close by on a computer. A massive man hunt under way.

BIRDY

The last place his phone showed up
was here --

He points at a map on screen: A dropped pin on a minor road
by the Mournes. JACKIE squints to see.

JACKIE

What's he doing there?

BIRDY

Heading South? To the Free State?

JACKIE

He knows that won't make a
difference. The Garda would just
scoop him up and send him back --

NIAMH crosses towards them. Accompanied by the HMSU
COMMANDER. JACKIE sees them. Shakes his hand.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Eddie. How are you?

The COMMANDER nods. JACKIE switches his attention to NIAMH:

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Birdy has his location. Out in the
Mournes.

(to Birdy)

Get Ardmore on the phone --

70

INT. SNUG. COTTAGE. MOURNES - DAY

70

Resume TOM and TORI. The music muffled from the kitchen next
door. TOM has had time to breathe. Recover a little.

TORI

I cared about my Dad... Every step
of the way... Even in death... I
was brave enough to care about what
became of him. To fight for
justice. And you will face justice
for what you've done. You will hand
yourself in. You'll confess.

He knows this is the only option she's leaving him.

TOM

Izzy... It'll destroy her...

She stares at him. Firm.

TORI

In case you decide to back out of it... I'll need proof. Something that shows beyond doubt... That you are Goliath.

(beat)

Otherwise it's your word against...
A terrorist's daughter.

TOM looks at her. Afraid. Cornered. She meets his reluctance with a grounded strength...

She heads for the door. Determined. He stands suddenly.
Blocks her way --

TOM

No. Don't tell her.

TORI

So you can enjoy the life you've no right to?

TOM

Leave me alone with her... Let me talk to her.

She doesn't believe him. Goes to step round him --

TOM (CONT'D)

There's a gun.

(off her)

It ties me to... all of them.

She pauses. Re-evaluates him.

TORI

Where?

He hesitates --

TORI (CONT'D)

Tom --

TOM

You have to promise me. Once you know where it is... You'll leave me to tell Izzy.

TORI scrutinises him. The air tense...

71 EXT. COTTAGE. MOURNES - MOMENTS LATER 71

TORI walks to her car. Each step deliberate. Each step further from death...

She gets to her CAR. Stops. Looks back at the COTTAGE. No sign of TOM. Relief. Determination. She gets in the car --

72 INT. COTTAGE. MOURNES - CONTINUOUS 72

TOM at the KITCHEN door. Terrified about what lies on the other side. He stares at the door handle. Swallows. Musters up the courage. Reaches for it --

Stops. IZZY hums a gentle lilting tune as she cooks. It's beautiful. A sadness to it. But content. Tom can hear it clearly. It pierces him to the core...

His hand trembles over the door handle...

He pulls it away --

73 INT. SNUG. COTTAGE. MOURNES - MOMENTS LATER 73

TOM paces. Alone. Wracked with misgivings. Thinks through the reality of what's on his mind...

He stops. Looks to the KITCHEN door. Makes up his mind. Pulls out his phone. A beat. He turns it on --

74 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS 74

BIRDY at his computer. He watches the map. A pinging blue dot appears in the middle of the Mournes --

BIRDY

Sir!

JACKIE crosses to him. NIAMH follows. Phone to her ear. Other OFFICERS keep working to coordinate the man hunt for TOM.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

His phone is back online. A house about two miles west of the Silent Valley.

JACKIE

Pull everyone available. Let's close the net.

BIRDY has his instructions. JACKIE heads for the door.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Let's go.

NIAMH, the HMSU COMMANDER and OTHER OFFICERS grab their kit --

75 INT. SNUG. COTTAGE. MOURNES - CONTINUOUS

75

TOM is still. His phone to his ear.

TOM

(into phone)

...Repeat it back to me.

(he listens; then)

OK.

He takes the phone from his ear. Hangs up. Pained...

He startles as the kitchen door handle is pulled. The door opens. IZZY stands there with a glass of wine. Sees him standing there. Knows instantly that something's up.

IZZY

What's wrong?

TOM jolts himself. A deep breath.

TOM

She left...

IZZY looks to the front door. Back at him.

IZZY

Go after her.

76 EXT. CAR PARK. PSNI DUNFOLAN - MINUTES LATER

76

JACKIE, NIAMH, the HMSU COMMANDER and OTHER OFFICERS hurry from the building. Head to their vehicles [POLICE CARS, CIVILIAN CARS and MINIVANS for HMSU]. Emergency deployment.

NIAMH is on her phone. Relays the information to JACKIE:

NIAMH

Birdy says the DCI'S signal is on the move. Heading North.

JACKIE pauses. Thinks. To NIAMH.

JACKIE

Alright. I'll take HMSU and stay on his signal.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You take a couple of officers and go to that house. Find out what's there.

NIAMH

Sir.

She marshals several uniformed officers to go with her.

JACKIE

And Niamh?

(she stops)

Don't go taking any risks.

NIAMH

...Sir.

She goes. JACKIE joins the HMSU convoy as they saddle up --

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

77

TOM drives the winding roads down the Mourne. Intent. A hunter on the trail. He thinks of something. Takes out his PHONE. Turns it off --

78 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - CONTINUOUS

78

The blue dot of Tom's signal disappears from BIRDY's screen. BIRDY throws his hands up like a frustrated football fan.

BIRDY

Ah! You cheeky wee...

He notices OTHER OFFICERS looking on. Embarrassed.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

(mutters)

...Detective Chief Inspector.

He picks up his desk phone. Dials --

79 INT. HMSU MINIVAN [MOVING] - CONTINUOUS

79

JACKIE amongst the HMSU TEAM in the dark belly of the van. The TEAM are heavily armed. Clad in bulky black. They prepare. Check their kit...

The COMMANDER is beside JACKIE. Listens to his ear piece.

JACKIE stares at the floor. His mind racing at how it has come to this. A creeping trepidation for this old friend...

80 EXT. BEACH. STRANGFORD LOUGH - NIGHT

80

A full moon. A clear cold night. The waters of the Lough splash loose onto the rocks and boulders of the shore. A wind rises and falls in the trees...

TORI moves fast towards the BOAT HOUSE...

Its outline dark in the moonlight. A haunted silhouette...

She gets to the entrance. Slides her hand between the large wooden doors. Lifts an internal latch. The clunk of metal --

The door swings open. As Tom had told her.

She looks around. Steps inside --

81 INT. DISUSED BOATHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

81

TORI closes the door behind her. Clunks the metal latch back in its cradle. Stands alone in the cavernous dark space. Shafts of moonlight lend vague form to darkness.

She takes out her phone. Switches on the torch. Sweeps the room with its weak glow...

She finds the outline of what she's looking for. Walks slowly to the far corner...

Past an old rowing boat. Part covered. Upside down...

Past a rusting anchor...

A series of dark shiny spots on the floor. Blood? Or oil?...

She makes it to the corner. A pile of oars. A covered object.

She rests her phone on a nearby low stone. Precariously balanced. Angles it so she can work in its light...

She pulls back the cover from the object. The old tarpaulin falls away to reveal a new outboard motor. Recently used.

She moves quickly: Starts lifting the oars away...

She places them gently down nearby. Looks back to the patch she's cleared...

One oar left. It sits on a loose flagstone. She pushes the oar aside. Curls fingers around the edge of the flagstone...

She lifts the flagstone. Heavy. Puts her back into it...

She shifts it. Too heavy to be careful with. She casts it aside. The stone makes a loud thud as it hits a wood post --

The clunk of the metal latch on the boathouse doors.

She freezes. Picks up the torch. Looks to the doors...

They're open. Not by much. But enough.

She looks around. Wild with fear...

TORI

...Tom?

She shines the phone torch back round her. No one else there. Not that she can see...

A gust of wind. The door swings shut. The metal latch clunks.

She looks back. The door swings open a little. The wind builds. The door shuts. She breathes deep. Courage.

She moves back to the corner...

Shines the torch where the flagstone was. A square hollow beneath the floor. Obsidian black. She gets closer...

The angle of her light reveals the full extent of the hole...

Until she can see all of it. Nothing there. Her heart drops --

PAT (O.C.)

Is this what you're looking for?

A beat. She swings the torch to see PAT. Dumbfounded.

PAT (CONT'D)

Maybe you don't recognise me with
my clothes on.

A nasty tone in his voice. A fierce curl in his lip. He holds the old Makarov pistol that TOM had hidden --

82

EXT. DISUSED BOATHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

82

The ominous shadow of the boathouse. Eerie silhouettes of trees and islands beyond. The wind drops to silence --

BANG. The pistol crack breaks the night. The flash like lightning between the part-open doors.

And then nothing.

83 EXT. BEACH. STRANGFORD LOUGH - MINUTES LATER 83

PAT hauls the old rowing boat to the water. Hard work. Heavy work. A long time since he's exerted himself in this way...

His impractical shoes slip on seaweed and wet stones...

He curses as he shunts the vessel to the water's edge...

84 EXT. BEACH. STRANGFORD LOUGH - MINUTES LATER 84

PAT lifts a heavy boulder. The rowing boat is half in the water. He dumps the boulder in the boat. Goes for another...

TORI'S BODY lies in the boat. Boulders strewn around her. Pat drops in another --

85 EXT. BEACH. STRANGFORD LOUGH - MINUTES LATER 85

PAT walks back up the beach from the rowing boat to the BOATHOUSE. Brisk. Industrious --

86 INT. DISUSED BOATHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 86

PAT carries the outboard motor across the stone floor --

87 EXT. DISUSED BOATHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 87

PAT carries the outboard motor down the slipway. Onto the rocky beach...

He catches sight of a figure in the darkness. A man. Standing still. Watching. Pat drops the motor. Doubles back. Falls. Reaches into his pocket. Pulls out the Makarov pistol...

The figure takes a few steps forward. The moonlight allows PAT to see... TOM.

PAT breathes a sigh of relief.

PAT

Fuck me.

TOM looks to the rowing boat in the water. Knows Tori's body is there. His expression tortured.

Pat gets to his feet. Dusts himself off. At ease around Tom.

PAT (CONT'D)

You were right to call me.

He looks to the rowing boat himself. Smiles:

PAT (CONT'D)

Someone has answered for it now.

PAT looks. Notices something behind TOM...

In the trees on the shoreline. Blue lights. Flashing. Getting closer. No noise...

TOM

Not quite.

PAT's expression drops. He realises the awful truth. Swings the Makarov up to point at Tom. But not before TOM swings his own pistol up to aim at PAT --

BANG. TOM fires. PAT drops.

TOM looks to the blue flashing lights. Still time. He walks over to Pat...

PAT is still alive. Just. Gasps for air. A look of complete bafflement in his eyes. TOM looks towards the rowing boat. A moment of emotion. He looks back at PAT. The emotion gone.

TOM looks at PAT's face. His head. Then looks to his central body mass --

BANG BANG. TOM puts two rounds in PAT's chest. Kills him.

He crouches beside PAT's body. Runs a hand over his pockets. Finds PAT's mobile phone. Removes it from his pocket. Drops it into his own.

TOM hears voices --

Takes one last look at the Makarov pistol in PAT's hand...

He sees torches jostling down the beach...

He takes a few steps back from PAT's body. Prepares for the wave of reality to crash into him...

88

EXT. DISUSED BOATHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

88

TOM holds his pistol aloft between thumb and forefinger. Puts both hands in the air. The POLICE draw near...

TOM

I'm a police officer... I'm a
police officer... I'm putting my
firearm down...

AN HMSU TEAM close in. Weapons drawn...

UNIFORMED POLICE follow them. They are cautious as he discards his firearm...

TOM (CONT'D)
My name is Detective Chief
Inspector Tom Brannick. My number
is three, four, Tango, Charlie,
eight. I am one of you.

The officers remain wary...

JACKIE (O.C.)
Tom.

JACKIE emerges from the night. Through the gathering police. TOM looks at him. Pale. Exhausted.

The torches light up PAT. JACKIE steps past TOM to see the dead man closer...

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Pat Keenan? He was armed?

TOM says nothing. Adrenaline pumping.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
The pistol... It's a nine
millimetre... The Goliath firearm.
(beat)
Did you shoot him, Tom?

TOM nods. Breathes. Tries to get hold of himself.

IZZY (O.C.)
Daddy!

IZZY rushes down the beach. NIAMH running after her...

TOM sees IZZY. His emotion bursts forth.

TOM
...Izzy.

She rushes to him. An officer tries to stop her but JACKIE waves him off. IZZY and TOM hug.

The HMSU COMMANDER is at the rowing boat. Sees TORI dead in the hull --

COMMANDER
(calls out)
Body over here!

OFFICERS move fast towards him...

TOM, IZZY, JACKIE and NIAMH, watch the commotion...

TOM
(quiet)
Darling... It's Tori... Tori is the
one in the boat...

IZZY pulls back from him. Looks him in the eyes. Confused.

TOM (CONT'D)
She was using us...

IZZY
No.

TOM
She was using you to get to me.

She wriggles free from his grasp.

TOM (CONT'D)
Izzy --

IZZY
No no.

She runs down the beach toward the rowing boat.

TOM
Izzy.

JACKIE
Chrissake.
(to NIAMH)
Stop her.

NIAMH goes to get IZZY but can't keep up as she pushes
through the unsuspecting HMSU TEAM and sees the body...

IZZY screams in agony as an HMSU TEAM MEMBER lifts her back
from the scene...

NIAMH catches up to her. Gets the TEAM MEMBER to put her
down. Takes her into her arms...

TOM watches his daughter being guided away in tears...

He sees NIAMH hold her tight as her body crumples...

The pain is unbearable. He can look no more.

Jackie looks straight at him. Stern. Emotionless...

SOUND OF WATER LAPPING ON THE SHORE. GROWING LOUDER...

Tom can feel Jackie's eyes burning holes in him. He looks up. Returns Jackie's stare with equal strength...

An ominous foreboding.

89

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - NIGHT

89

TOM sits across the table from JACKIE and HEATHER. Exhausted. Filthy. A styrofoam cup of tea in front of him.

TOM

She was Simon Quinlan's daughter...
He kept them secret out there in
the mountains... She was the one
who kidnapped Pat Keenan... She
knew he was Goliath.

HEATHER checks paperwork in front of her.

HEATHER

We've accessed your communication
history and detected a call made
from your registered mobile phone
at sixteen-o-nine, lasting thirty
two seconds, to an unregistered
mobile phone [cleared phone
number].

TOM

...Yes. Tori gave me that number...
Said it was her spare phone... I
called it when she didn't come back
to the house.

HEATHER

We didn't find it on her.

TOM

She must have got rid of it.

JACKIE watches TOM. Suspicious. TOM's calm. Rational.

90

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAWN

90

NIAMH stands with BIRDY by the window. They watch TOM and
IZZIE walk slowly to their CAR...

They can see JACKIE watching the father and daughter from the
door, before he turns inside...

BIRDY
This is mental.

NIAMH
Aye.

TOM and IZZY get in the car. No words exchanged. Drive away.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
We still don't know why he lied
about his wife's disappearance.

HEATHER (O.C.)
Would that were your only problem.

They turn. See HEATHER in the KITCHEN AREA. She makes coffee.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
The woman Pat Keenan killed... This
Tori Matthews... Her DNA matches
your mystery woman - including the
letter sent to Jackie...

NIAMH
She was the Goliath hunter.

They approach HEATHER.

BIRDY
A priest's daughter, *man*...

NIAMH
We're waiting for ballistics on
Keenan's gun. But they like it for
all those murders.

HEATHER gets a cup. Waits for the kettle to boil.

HEATHER
And Keenan's DNA is on it, of
course.
(beat)
But. You can't prove Keenan
murdered Adam Corry.

BIRDY is confused. Looks to NIAMH. She knows HEATHER's right.

NIAMH
There are no forensics putting him
in Corry's house.

HEATHER nods. Five spoonfuls of instant coffee in her cup.

HEATHER

...Yous need to keep looking.

BIRDY watches as HEATHER pours water into her cup to make a very strong cup of coffee.

BIRDY

(re. coffee)

I'm going to need one of those.

NIAMH agrees. Gets two cups.

91

INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - DAWN

91

IZZY sits alone on the sofa. Knees pulled up to her chest. In a daze. She's cried herself dry. Her eyes red.

She looks out through the large picture window. At the Lough. Distant islands. She's empty.

TOM walks up behind her. Pauses. Concern. He comes round and sits beside her. Pulls her in for a hug. She crumples into him. He holds her tight. Kisses the top of her head...

They sit in that embrace. Entwined together. Both staring out at the Lough in peace...

It is all TOM ever wanted. But not like this.

END