

# BLOODLANDS 2

## EPISODE ONE

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1 EXT. SALT ISLAND. STRANGFORD LOUGH. 1998 - FLASHBACK [22:00]

The back of TOM BRANNICK'S head. Slightly bowed. His breath tremulous. He tries to calm his nerves. A breeze ruffles his dark hair. Troubles the waters of the Lough beyond.

A distant boat engine disturbs him. He lifts his head to the noise. Pulls a balaclava over his head. A breath. He stands.

2 EXT. SALT ISLAND. STRANGFORD LOUGH. 1998 - FLASHBACK [22:05]

SIMON QUINLAN and JOE HARKIN by the shore. The water round their waders.

A small half-cabin Orkney fishing boat with TWO CREW motors towards them...

All watched from a distance by TOM in a balaclava. He hides in the ruins of the bothy. Nervous.

3 EXT. SALT ISLAND. STRANGFORD LOUGH. 1998 - FLASHBACK [22:10]

QUINLAN and HARKIN help unload the boat's cargo. The TWO CREW hand them a long black rifle case. One man to each end. The case is very heavy...

HARKIN and QUINLAN carry it to shore. Businesslike and quiet. They put it down beside another matching rifle case. HARKIN catches his breath. Glances in the direction of the bothy --

TOM ducks behind the bothy wall. Unseen. He crouches against the wall. Pulls a Makarov pistol from his waistband. Carefully checks there's a round in the chamber.

He holds the pistol in two hands between his knees. His breath rapid. He reaches for courage...

4 EXT. SALT ISLAND. STRANGFORD LOUGH. 1998 - FLASHBACK [22:15]

HARKIN and QUINLAN carry a long black case between them, over the horizon of the island. Their silhouettes obsidian against the clear dark night...

5 EXT. SALT ISLAND. STRANGFORD LOUGH. 1998 - FLASHBACK [22:16]

TOM crouches behind the wall of the ruined bothy. Pistol in hand. He looks at a polaroid of a tiny baby girl. Emotional. He puts it back in his breast pocket. Pushes himself up --

6 EXT. SALT ISLAND. STRANGFORD LOUGH. 1998 - FLASHBACK [22:17]

HARKIN and QUINLAN put the case down beside its counterpart. Beside a pick axe and a spade. They pick up the tools. Find the patch they want to dig. HARKIN swings the pick axe.

The shadow of the gunman appears behind them. They don't even notice. TOM raises his pistol.

TOM

On your knees. Both of yous.

HARKIN and QUINLAN look at him. Stunned still by the sight of him. Their tools gripped in their hands.

TOM (CONT'D)

Put down the tools and get on your knees.

They can tell he's nervous. Can hear the fear in his voice.

QUINLAN

Easy, young man.

He steps towards Quinlan. His pistol levelled at his head.

TOM

Do it!

TOM's eyes are wild. The fear makes him unpredictable...

7 EXT. SALT ISLAND. STRANGFORD LOUGH. 1998 - FLASHBACK [22:20]

HARKIN and QUINLAN are side by side. Both shot in the back of the head at point blank range.

TOM, still in balaclava, rifles through their clothes and pockets until he finds what he's looking for: Keys.

He takes the keys to the cases. Finds the right padlock key and unlocks both cases. He opens them...

Each has contents topped with a layer of hessian sacking with a distinctive red stripe. He pulls the sacking back on both. Pauses. Eyes wide and fixed on the cargo of the cases...

TOM

(mutters)

Jesus...

Gold. There's an M24 sniper rifle and four 12.5kg bars of gold in each case. Two rifles and eight bars in total.

TOM's eyes are wide. His breath clouds in quick puffs. He reaches a hand up to his balaclava. Pulls it off --

It's the first time we've seen him clearly. Twenty three years younger. Kneeling by a find that will change his life...

**TITLES: BLOODLANDS**

8

EXT. GIBBS ISLAND CAUSEWAY - DAY 1 [11:13]

8

Present day. TOM approaches the crime scene with purpose. NIAMH flanks him. They're dressed in white forensic suits. Blue gloves. No masks or hoods yet. They look around them:

Numerous parked PSNI AND UNMARKED VANS AND CARS. OFFICERS in small teams being assigned areas to search. A helicopter hovers overhead. Cordon tape flaps in the wind and rain.

CSIs investigate a white Nissan Qashqai, parked on the side of the road. They have the doors open. Take pictures. TOM and NIAMH keep moving forward. Towards:

Privacy screens erected on the island up ahead. Beneath the forest of tall trees and chattering crows.

LEAH HARDY awaits TOM and NIAMH at the end of the causeway. She's in a white forensic suit. Thirties. Businesslike.

LEAH

Sir. Niamh.

TOM

Morning, Leah.

9

EXT. GIBBS ISLAND - DAY 1 [11:15]

9

LEAH, TOM and NIAMH are behind the privacy screens. All masked and hooded.

A body lies face down in the grass in front of them. COLIN FOYLE. He is almost in the recovery position. His head pointed away up hill. A small spread of blood on his back.

Evidence bags with Colin's personal effects along one side.

A CSI takes a plaster cast of a boot print close by.

LEAH

We think he's been here about  
twelve hours.

(MORE)

LEAH (CONT'D)

The round entered through his upper  
back... exited through his chest...

NIAMH notices the small patches of blood soaking through  
COLIN'S socks, where his new shoes have cut into his heels...

TOM

Has his body been moved?

LEAH

Not that we can see.

NIAMH

And the shot itself... Up close or  
from a distance?

LEAH

Doesn't look like a contact shot,  
but otherwise... there's no telling  
how far away they were. Not yet.

TOM looks to the plaster cast of the boot print. LEAH follows  
his eye line.

LEAH (CONT'D)

That's the only other footprint we  
have near him that wasn't his own  
or from the person who discovered  
him.

NIAMH

We'll check it against the  
database.

LEAH

It could just be a gumboot from a  
walker. Made before the shooting.

TOM

Best for us to take a look.

TOM moves to the top of the body. Sees COLIN's face clearly  
for the first time. A beat of recognition. He falters...

The sound swirls. TOM takes a sharp breath in and out.

He looks quickly at NIAMH: She hasn't noticed. A transparent  
evidence bag in her hands. Items from Colin's wallet inside.

He looks at LEAH.

TOM (CONT'D)

...Any sign of the bullet?

LEAH

Not yet.

NIAMH looks among the possessions. Can't see what she's looking for.

NIAMH

No phone on him, no?

LEAH

No.

NIAMH scoops up his driving license, bagged up for evidence:

NIAMH

"Colin Foyle"... an address in  
Lissernabbey.

TOM

Who found him?

10

EXT. SHORELINE ROAD - DAY 1 [11:16]

10

TOM ducks under the cordon tape and walks away from the busy screened off crime scene. As if cold water has been poured down his back. Heart pounding...

He approaches BIRDY, who has a middle-aged couple in hiking gear behind him; MR & MRS FORD.

TOM

Birdy.

BIRDY

Sir.

BIRDY shepherds him to the couple.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

Mr and Mrs Ford.

TOM

How d'you do? DCI Tom Brannick.

MR FORD

Hello.

MRS FORD

Hello, Tom.

TOM

I'm sorry yous had to come across  
this.

MR FORD

(re. MRS FORD)

I wouldn't let her near it. I could see the blood some way off. I've twenty-twenty vision, you see.

TOM

What time was that?

MRS FORD

Nine fifty three. I checked my watch.

TOM

And there was no one else around, no?

MR FORD

(shakes his head)

You don't get many out at that time of the morning.

NIAMH (O.C.)

Boss!

NIAMH walks from the crime scene, her phone to her ear...

TOM

(to BIRDY)

See if you can get Mr and Mrs Ford a wee cup of tea.

BIRDY nods. Heads off towards gathered PATROL CARS.

TOM (CONT'D)

Thank you.

TOM turns for NIAMH:

NIAMH

Colin Foyle is an accountant. We've a Liaison Officer out to his next of kin, but she says he no longer lives at nineteen Craigavel Road. He moved two weeks ago.

TOM is concerned.

TOM

...What about calling his office?

NIAMH

He's registered from home. A sole trader.

TOM

Get out to the estate agents, his  
solicitor - someone has to have a  
forwarding address.

NIAMH

Sir.

NIAMH puts the phone back to her ear. Walks away:

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

Judith, are you there?

(beat)

What company sold the house? You're  
going to need to go to their  
offices --

TOM looks back at the crime scene. His anxiety writ large.

11 EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 1 [11:31] 11

TOM'S CAR speeds along the coast road to his house. Pulls in.  
TOM gets out. Moves with urgency to his house --

12 INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 1 [11:42] 12

TOM hurriedly pulls books from his book shelf. He reaches in  
behind the books. Pulls out a burner phone.

He switches it on. Goes to the message **Inbox**. They are all  
from **COLIN FOYLE**. He goes to the last message received, dated  
**27/07/21**. He clicks on it:

**Builders here. Have had to move gold.**

**Same address. Oil tank.**

13 EXT. CRAIGAVEL ROAD - DAY 1 [12:03] 13

TOM gets out of his car on a quiet road. A hamlet in a rural  
area, where middle class houses are well spaced. He passes  
the street sign for **CRAIGAVEL ROAD**.

He crosses the road to a particular house with an estate  
agent's sign outside. He passes the sign and the large **SOLD**  
sticker slapped over the top. He heads round the side --



14 EXT. SIDE. 19 CRAIGAVEL ROAD - DAY 1 [12:04] 14

TOM approaches a rusting green single skin oil tank for heating, tucked in behind a small outbuilding. He checks no one's around. Knocks the tank: An empty rumble.

He walks round the tank. Looks for some kind of entry. He sees new hinges underneath an edge of one end of the tank. He runs his fingers over the top. Tries to find a lip...

He finds it. Pulls hard. The end of the tank comes away like a drawbridge. Exposes the dark inside...

As the daylight fills it, TOM can see the container is empty. His anger builds. A beat. He slams the secret door shut in a thunder of empty metal container.

He takes a few steps back. Seethes. Tries to work things out.

TOM  
Fuck... Fuck.

15 EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 1 [12:25] 15

TOM'S CAR speeds up. NIAMH waits outside. He stops. She gets in quickly --

NIAMH  
Forwarding address is Curran Isle.

16 EXT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - AERIAL SHOT - DAY 1 [12:32] 16

TOM'S CAR travels along the side of the Lough. Approaches a large modernist house nestled into the landscape...

17 EXT/INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING]/FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [12:34] 17

TOM passes a massive duty constable [TINY] by the gates. Waves. He drives on up the driveway. It curves through well planted acres to a modernist architectural mansion...

NIAMH cranes to look at the house through the window...

NIAMH  
They completed on the house just two weeks back. One point nine million pounds.

TOM  
I should have been an accountant.

The house is substantial but tasteful. It has commanding views out across the Lough. A PSNI PATROL CAR sits out front.

18 EXT. FRONT. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [12:35]

18

TOM pulls his CAR up behind the PATROL CAR. He and NIAMH get out. Look up at the house with admiration. CONSTABLE JUDITH KENNY exits the front door to meet them.

TOM

Constable Kenny. You the FLO?

JUDITH

Am indeed, sir. They shine a spotlight in the sky and I come. How's yourself?

TOM

Not too bad, thanks Judith. What's the situation?

JUDITH

It's just Mrs. Foyle, here. Olivia's her name.

NIAMH

Quite a place for two people.

JUDITH

You're telling me. He has grown kids from the first marriage, but they're both across the water.

TOM

This is wife number two?

JUDITH

[Aye.] Only been married eighteen months. They say she did it with one hand on the Bible, and the other in his wallet.

NIAMH isn't surprised.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

She reported him missing last night. They were supposed to be having dinner but he never showed up.

TOM

Who did she talk to?

JUDITH

The duty officer in Dunfolan. He told her what you'd expect: Wait 'til morning; He's not a missing person for twenty four hours... The usual.

TOM

OK.

JUDITH

I've let her know her husband's been involved in a serious incident. That we're waiting on further information.

NIAMH

(frowns)

Nothing else?

JUDITH

Wasn't told anything else, Sarge. Just to establish contact with the family and make sure everyone was safe.

TOM

Alright. We'll take it from here. How many officers on site?

JUDITH

Me and Tiny, sir.

TOM

Grand. Both of you walk the grounds. Keep an eye out. Where is she?

19

INT. KITCHEN. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [12:38]

19

TOM and NIAMH pass still-packed moving boxes and stacked furniture. They approach a wide wall of glass, silhouetted by the grey outside light...

They can see the back of the property. Acres of verdant gardens rolling to the sea. A woman stands alone, a little way from the house. She has her back to them. OLIVIA FOYLE.

TOM reaches the glass wall. Finds the handle. Slides back a panel and steps out...

20

EXT. BACK. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [12:39]

20

OLIVIA has one arm across her chest. The other holds a coffee mug, limp at her side. Her eyes filled with worry.

TOM and NIAMH close on her from the house.

TOM

Mrs. Foyle?

She doesn't look at them. She watches the back of the property. As if she's waiting for something...

TOM (CONT'D)

Mrs Foyle.

She snaps out of it. Looks at them.

OLIVIA

What news do you have?

TOM and NIAMH stop. A moment.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I don't want to hear any more assurances. If someone could please just tell me what is going on --

TOM

I'm sorry to inform you that your husband is dead.

She sucks in a breath. Tries to steel herself. Stunned.

OLIVIA

...What?

TOM keeps his eyes on her. Knows she heard him.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

How? Tell me. Please.

TOM

He was shot.

OLIVIA

Sh - Shot? Someone shot him?

She looks at TOM. Into his eyes. Arresting. Hers are red. TOM nods gently. She looks confused.

TOM

I'm very sorry, Mrs --

She waves a hand for him to stop talking. Shakes her head. Starts walking towards the house, rigid with despair. She takes a few steps. Drops the mug. Staggeres. Falls.

TOM rushes to her aid. Tries to help her up. But she bats him away. Almost fights him off --

OLIVIA

This is your fault! Your fault! I told you he was missing!

Her struggle weakens. Her body jolts.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I told you...

She falls into his clutches. Sobbing. NIAMH bows her head. Looks away. TOM listens to the widow. His eyes haunted. Her face buried in his shoulder. He holds her firm. Reassuring.

21 INT. KITCHEN. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [12:52]

21

OLIVIA sits in a window seat by the wide wall of glazing. Wrapped in a blanket. Stacked packing boxes nearby. TOM is at the other end of the window seat. NIAMH stands.

TOM

You were meant to be meeting him at dinner, is that right?

OLIVIA

Yes. He said he'd be coming from town and... when he didn't show... That's when I called the police.

NIAMH

Straight away?

OLIVIA

Well, I tried his phone, obviously.

NIAMH makes a note.

NIAMH

And where was dinner?

OLIVIA

Benetti's? It's in Belfast.

NIAMH

I know it.

NIAMH finishes her note. TOM assesses OLIVIA.

TOM

What do you do for a living?

OLIVIA's voice is quiet. Delicate:

OLIVIA

I was in M&A in New York... Mergers and acquisitions. I... haven't worked since I came back to Ireland. Just over eighteen months ago.

NIAMH

Where in the South are you from?

OLIVIA

Dublin.

NIAMH

And your husband was an accountant?

OLIVIA

...Yes.

NIAMH looks around the large house. The packing boxes.

NIAMH

He was successful?

OLIVIA

Uh huh... Yes, he was.

TOM watches her. Intrigued.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Colin isn't - wasn't one for spoiling himself, but... I encouraged him to buy this house.

TOM

How come?

OLIVIA

A new beginning. His first wife died, did you know that? Cancer. I didn't want to live with those memories.

OLIVIA winces at how short-lived the dream was.

NIAMH

And when you moved... Did anything else change or feel different?

OLIVIA  
In what way?

NIAMH  
For example... Did you or your  
husband experience any extra  
attention? Based on your perceived  
wealth, maybe?

OLIVIA  
Not that I can think of, no.

TOM  
Do you know who his clients were?

OLIVIA  
Uh... Not really. But he was  
specialist. There weren't many.  
Local CEOs and executives mainly.

JUDITH (O.C.)  
Sir?

They turn to see JUDITH by the door. Abashed. She points to  
the driveway. JACKIE walks from his car.

JUDITH (CONT'D)  
...The DCS is here, sir.

TOM frowns. Highly irregular. JACKIE arrives at the glass  
front door by the glass sliding window. Confused. His voice  
muffled but still audible:

JACKIE  
Which one's the fucking door?

TOM  
(to OLIVIA)  
...Excuse us a moment.

22 EXT. FOYLE HOUSE. FRONT - DAY 1 [12:56]

22

TOM and NIAMH stand outside with JACKIE. JACKIE has his eyes  
on the house. His nose wrinkled in confusion.

TOM  
What're you doing here, Jackie?

JACKIE  
Int Hub chatter says your victim is  
a man called Colin Foyle?

TOM

We could've given you an update  
back at the station.

JACKIE

Aye, but... Colin Foyle... the  
accountant?

TOM

Do you have an interest in the  
case?

JACKIE is puzzled by the building.

JACKIE

The Colin Foyle I knew wouldn't  
have poked his head above the  
parapet with a house like this.

(beat; shakes head)

I should go in and talk to  
Michelle, the poor woman.

NIAMH

Michelle Foyle died, sir. The new  
wife is called Olivia.

JACKIE

New wife? In there?

23                    INT. KITCHEN. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [12:57]                    23

OLIVIA watches TOM and NIAMH speak with JACKIE. Curious as  
JACKIE points at her house in a state of puzzlement. She  
tries to figure out who he is.

24                    EXT. FRONT. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [12:58]                    24

RESUME TOM, NIAMH and JACKIE.

TOM

How d'you know him?

JACKIE

Uh... I was a client of his. A long  
time ago, now.

TOM (PHONE)

How long?



JACKIE  
...Sixteen years? Two thousand and  
six would've been the last time I  
saw him.

OLIVIA (O.S.)  
Is something the matter?

They look. OLIVIA stands in the doorway. Pale and tired.  
JACKIE takes a half step forward.

JACKIE  
Apologies... Mrs Foyle. My name is  
Detective Chief Superintendent  
Jackie Twomey. I was once a client  
of your husband's.

OLIVIA  
I see.

JACKIE  
I, uh... When I heard the news I  
came to, uh...

OLIVIA  
To see his wife.

JACKIE  
...That is correct.

OLIVIA  
Michelle.

JACKIE concedes. Nods. She gives a bittersweet smile.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry to disappoint.

Before JACKIE can protest she retreats back inside. Closes  
the door. JACKIE looks to TOM and NIAMH for an explanation.

JACKIE  
(mutters)  
For the love of...

TOM keeps his voice low:

TOM  
The shooting looks like a proper  
job, Jackie.

JACKIE  
Right.

TOM

What can you tell us about him?

JACKIE breathes. Raises his eyebrows.

JACKIE

Well... He comes with a story,  
that's for sure.

(beat)

There's a reason things ended  
between us in two thousand and six.

JACKIE hesitates. Coy to reveal for a moment.

25

INT. KITCHEN. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [13:11]

25

TOM watches JACKIE get back in his car and drive away.

He crosses back to NIAMH, who sits with OLIVIA. Her notepad open. She reads from notes taken from Jackie.

NIAMH

Mrs Foyle. In July, two thousand  
and six, an armed gang stole eleven  
million pounds, from the Irish  
Savings Bank, in Belfast. Your  
husband was questioned in relation  
to that robbery? About possible  
laundering?

OLIVIA is momentarily surprised.

OLIVIA

Uh... I believe so. It was...  
before I met him. He said it was  
almost a compliment. That they  
questioned any half-decent  
accountant in the country.

NIAMH

You say you didn't really know his  
clients, though.

OLIVIA

You think my husband worked for  
terrorists?

NIAMH

I didn't say anything about --

OLIVIA

I know enough to know who they  
think that robbery was.

NIAMH

OK.

(beat)

Do you think your husband worked  
for terrorists?

OLIVIA pauses. Thinks. Shakes her head. Denial.

OLIVIA

Colin was an honest, hard  
working... *gentle* person... I can't  
believe that...

(rising emotion)

Detective Chief *whoever* shows up  
and suddenly it sounds like, like  
it's his fault --

She catches a sob in her throat. Looks out of the window. A  
moment. TOM looks to NIAMH. A look she understands.

NIAMH

(quietly; to OLIVIA)

...I apologise. That... wasn't my  
intention.

OLIVIA stays looking out the window. Doesn't acknowledge her.

TOM

Does your husband have an office we  
can take a wee look at?

OLIVIA

Uh, yes... Just off the hall.

TOM nods to NIAMH. NIAMH wants to resist the direction. TOM  
raises his eyebrows. NIAMH acquiesces. Goes.

TOM stands. Takes several steps towards OLIVIA. Sits closer.  
His back to the view. A pause. Intimate.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

This wouldn't have happened if you  
lot had acted sooner.

TOM

Yes it would.

She looks at him. Surprised. Vulnerable.

TOM (CONT'D)

Your husband was in a secluded  
place at night. The likelihood is  
his killer was waiting for him.

OLIVIA  
(re. NIAMH)  
You think she's right, then? Colin  
was involved with terrorists?

He doesn't react. That tells her everything she needs to know. She draws breath. Grasps his hand for comfort. He's caught off guard. She looks away. Her tears close.

26 INT. COLIN'S OFFICE. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [13:15] 26

Colin had barely unpacked into his new office. NIAMH peruses the ornate desk. Checks the paperwork in packing boxes. Framed accountancy qualifications. A desktop computer.

Nothing that immediately draws the eye...

27 INT. HALL. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [13:15] 27

NIAMH stands in the empty space. The open OFFICE DOOR behind her. She looks to the kitchen area:

TOM and OLIVIA, silhouetted in the large window. OLIVIA grasps TOM's hand. NIAMH frowns. Moves off down a corridor.

28 INT. BEDROOM. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [13:16] 28

A large bed. Luxurious bedding. Views looking down the driveway. NIAMH casts her eye over the room...

She sees a smart tan-leather holdall tucked in beside the bed. It's packed. The top is open. She can see an Irish passport and toothbrush on top of folded clothes.

NIAMH checks no one is near. Takes a pen from her pocket. She crouches down. Uses the pen to open the passport on the identity page...

She sees a picture of Olivia. The name **Olivia Catherine Jensen Deegan**. Her date of birth.

29 INT. KITCHEN. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [13:17] 29

TOM sits with OLIVIA in the window. She still holds his hand.

TOM  
Your husband didn't mention anyone  
he might have been afraid of, no?

She shakes her head. Stays looking away from him. Something about her is suspicious. He knows she's hiding something.

TOM (CONT'D)

You're sure? No disagreements? No one who... took against him?

OLIVIA

No.

TOM

Sometimes... people who deal with terrorists... they don't actually meet their clients. Your husband didn't talk about any unusual means of communication? Markers or... burner phones?

She shakes her head. He checks to see if NIAMH is there: She isn't. A pause. He lowers his voice. His tone more focussed:

TOM (CONT'D)

What about code words or... code names?

Her expression flickers. He's touched a nerve.

OLIVIA

...Like what?

TOM

You tell me.

She lets go of his hand. Covers by touching her face. Blank.

OLIVIA

I don't... No, I don't know.

It's enough to confirm TOM's suspicion.

30	INT. BEDROOM. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [13:18]	30
	NIAMH crosses to the window. Sees a Black BMW enter the gates and move slowly up towards the house. Curious, NIAMH makes her way to the corridor that leads back to the hall...	
31	EXT. DRIVE. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [13:18]	31
	The BMW makes its way up the drive. It overtakes JUDITH who patrols the grounds...	

32 INT. CORRIDOR/HALL/KITCHEN. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [13:19] 32

NIAMH looks through the corridor window. Sees the BMW arrive at the forecourt. It swings past the patrol car and Tom's car. Parks pointing back the way it came, engine idling.

The driver (DARDIS) turns in his seat to look towards the house. He's almost a silhouette behind tinted glass.

NIAMH makes her way to the kitchen. TOM already on his feet.

TOM  
Jackie again?

NIAMH  
No.

TOM looks out of the window at the BMW.

TOM  
(to OLIVIA; re. car)  
D'you know who that is?

OLIVIA joins him. Looks. Unsettled. Squints a little to see.

OLIVIA  
No...

He keeps his eyes on her. She looks at the BMW with uncertainty. Shakes her head --

33 INT. DARDIS'S CAR [STATIONARY] - DAY 1 [13:19] 33

DARDIS'S POV

Through the rear window, DARDIS can see TOM point at him. OLIVIA shake her head and look away. NIAMH at the door.

We can hear DARDIS'S breathing. Rapid. Nervous.

34 INT. KITCHEN/HALL. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [13:19] 34

TOM sees OLIVIA looking away. The possibility of something evasive in her manner.

TOM  
Are you sure?

OLIVIA  
Yes.

TOM nods to NIAMH. NIAMH opens the front door. They step outside --

35 EXT. FRONT. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [13:20] 35

TOM and NIAMH approach the BMW. JUDITH is the other side of the car, in the middle of the lawn.

NIAMH

Judith!

JUDITH looks at NIAMH. NIAMH points to the BMW. JUDITH acknowledges. Places her hand on her pistol. Extends the other hand to DARDIS. Advances slowly.

JUDITH

(calls out)

Sir? I'm going to need you to turn off your engine.

36 INT. DARDIS'S CAR [STATIONARY] - DAY 1 [13:20] 36

DARDIS'S POV

DARDIS sees NIAMH and TOM advancing on him. JUDITH advancing from the other side. Hand on her pistol. A pincer movement.

DARDIS is scared. He panics. He shoves the car into gear. Punches the accelerator --

37 EXT. FRONT. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [13:21] 37

A screech of rubber and the BMW accelerates away. It speeds towards the front gate --

NIAMH

Shite.

NIAMH takes hurried steps towards JUDITH. Cups her hands over her mouth. Shouts:

NIAMH (CONT'D)

Judith, stop the car! Stop the car!

JUDITH presses send on her radio:

JUDITH

(into radio)

Tiny. Stop the car, stop the car --

38 EXT. DRIVE/GATE. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [13:21] 38

TINY runs from outside the property towards the gate.  
DARDIS'S CAR speeds towards him. He goes to draw his pistol.  
The BMW accelerates. Forces him to jump out of the way --

The BMW just misses him. Speeds off through the gates and  
away down the road.

JUDITH is with TINY quickly. She helps him get to his feet.

39 EXT. FRONT. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 1 [13:22] 39

TOM moves quickly to his car.

TOM

C'mon.

NIAMH moves quickly to the passenger side. They get in. TOM  
starts the engine. They speed off.

OLIVIA stands in the window. Watches them go. Her face cold  
to the events. All emotion gone.

40 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 1 [13:23] 40

TOM moves fast down the driveway. NIAMH already on the radio:

NIAMH

Index from Sierra Romeo Four Five.  
Vehicle check on a black BMW  
saloon, VRN Uniform Echo Zulu Three  
Two Eight One. Headed south-east  
from Curran Isle. I want the  
details circulated and the vehicle  
stopped on sight. Call me back as  
soon as you have it.

RADIO (O.C.)

Understood Sierra Romeo Four Five.  
Index out.

TOM slows the car. His window open to TINY and JUDITH, as  
TINY brushes himself down.

TOM

You OK, Tiny?

TINY

Aye, I'm grand, sir.



TOM

Good. Both of yous stay with Mrs  
Foyle.

JUDITH

Sir.

TOM accelerates away.

41 EXT. ROAD - DAY 1 [13:28] 41

TOM'S CAR moves fast on a busy road --

42 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 1 [13:28] 42

NIAMH beside TOM. Her phone rings.

NIAMH

(to phone)

McGovern... Uh huh... Okay, grand,  
thanks.

She hangs up. Starts inputting the address into the SatNav on  
her phone

NIAMH (CONT'D)

(to Tom)

Got a Belfast address. The driver's  
called Robert Dardis. He rents the  
car from his employer, Belfast  
Executive Cars.

TOM sees the route plotted on her phone.

TOM

How long?

NIAMH

Thirty minutes.

TOM'S PHONE rings. He answers on the car's speaker phone:

TOM

Yeah?

BIRDY's voice comes over the speakers:

BIRDY (O.S.)

Boss. It's Birdy.

TOM

Birdy, we lost the car we were after. We're headed to an address in Belfast.

43 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 1 [13:28] 43

BIRDY sits at his desk. Phone to his ear. Information on screen in front of him.

BIRDY

Uniform have been on to me. The address you have is for an executive car service in the city --

44 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 1 [13:28] 44

RESUME TOM AND NIAMH.

TOM

We know. The employee is a Robert Dardis. We're headed there now.

BIRDY (O.S.)

Dardis hasn't reported in today --

45 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 1 [13:28] 45

RESUME BIRDY. He traces the driver information with his finger on the computer screen.

BIRDY

The company say it'd be better to try him at home, which is in Dunfolan.

46 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 1 [13:28] 46

NIAMH looks at TOM.

NIAMH

You're sure?

BIRDY (PHONE)

Aye, I've just sent you his address there now.

NIAMH's phone pings. She reads the message from BIRDY.

NIAMH  
(to TOM)  
The Crow Park Estate.

TOM swings the wheel. NIAMH holds on --

47 EXT. ROAD - DAY 1 [13:28] 47

TOM'S CAR U-turns in the road. Speeds back the way it came.

48 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 1 [13:29] 48

RESUME BIRDY. He examines the information on Dardis. A line that reads:

**LCpl - South Ulster Fusiliers 2007-2018**

BIRDY  
There's something else. Robert  
Dardis is an ex soldier.

49 EXT. ROAD - DAY 1 [13:54] 49

TOM'S CAR speeds past a green and purple historic district sign that marks the town's border. It reads:

**DUNFOLAN**

ANCIENT FORT OF DOWN

Please drive carefully.

Towards the hillside suburbs of the large market town...

50 INT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - DAY 1 [14:01] 50

TOM and NIAMH check their pistols. Keep half an eye on a red brick suburban house - THE DARDIS HOUSE - across the road. No car in the drive. The POLICE RADIO fizzes into life:

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)  
Sierra Romeo Four Five from  
Uniform, over.

NIAMH picks up the radio. Presses to talk:

NIAMH  
Go ahead.

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)  
Units inbound, figures one zero  
minutes. Hold your position.

NIAMH  
Understood. Suspect vehicle is not  
visible at this location.

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)  
Received.

She replaces the handset. They holster their pistols. The  
street is quiet. Normal. TOM watches the DARDIS HOUSE keenly.

Her phone rings. She takes it from her pocket. TOM hasn't the  
patience. Reaches for the door handle.

NIAMH  
We should stay put. Sir.

A firmness to her voice. TOM hesitates. She answers:

NIAMH (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
McGovern... Grand, yes, go ahead...

NIAMH takes a pad from her pocket. A pen. Scribbles notes.

NIAMH (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Uh huh... uh huh... Thanks a  
million. Bye.

She hangs up.

NIAMH (CONT'D)  
Olivia Foyle was booked on a flight  
for this morning. City Airport to  
London Heathrow. Then a connection  
to New York.

TOM  
Just her?

NIAMH  
Yep.

TOM chews it over.

NIAMH (CONT'D)  
If we're looking for motive there's  
one right in front of us. The  
reasons spouses kill each other are  
ten a penny.

TOM  
She has an alibi.

NIAMH  
(re. Dardis' house)  
So she had help.

TOM thinks. Hears a sharp crack. He holds up a hand. She listens. Another crack. Like a sledgehammer on wood. She looks around them. Concerned...

He opens the car door. Gets out. Moves quickly towards the house. NIAMH is forced to follow suit --

51 EXT. DARDIS HOUSE - DAY 1 [14:03] 51

NIAMH shuts her door. Follows TOM towards the house.

NIAMH  
Boss. We were told to hold on.

Another crack. NIAMH jogs to catch up. They near the house. He heads for the back gate. Gestures to the front door:

TOM  
Try the doorbell.

NIAMH stops as TOM disappears round the corner. Frustrated, she looks to her holstered pistol. Covers it up. Moves to the front door. Presses the doorbell. A ring comes from within...

52 EXT. SIDE. DARDIS HOUSE - DAY 1 [14:04] 52

TOM closes on the garden gate slowly. A hand on his pistol...

53 EXT. FRONT. DARDIS HOUSE - DAY 1 [14:04] 53

The front door opens. SANDRA DARDIS is in her 30s.

SANDRA  
Yes?

NIAMH takes out her badge. Shows it. An anxious smile --

54 EXT. SIDE. DARDIS HOUSE - DAY 1 [14:05] 54

TOM puts his hands on the gate latch. Lifts it. Careful. He pushes the gate. Steps through --

TOM

Jesus!

A large object flies in front of his face. Just misses him. Cracks into the fence. A football. TOM sees a scrawny eleven year old BOY in the middle of the lawn. Gathers himself.

The boy looks at TOM, wide eyed. Sees his hand on his pistol.

TOM (CONT'D)

Sorry, big man --

The BOY darts inside. Through the back doors. TOM curses. Doubles back through the garden gate --

55

EXT. FRONT. DARDIS HOUSE - DAY 1 [14:06]

55

NIAMH is with SANDRA on her doorstep as TOM arrives. The BOY already at SANDRA's side, wide eyed. They watch TOM come back round the corner. Her face filled with anger.

SANDRA

Who's this?

TOM

DCI Tom Bran --

SANDRA

What're you doing in my garden?

TOM

Sorry, ma'am. I heard the football against the fence and thought --

SANDRA

You thought you'd scare a wee boy out of his wits? He says you've a gun?

NIAMH

Mrs Dardis --

TOM

I'm a police officer.

SANDRA

I don't care who you are. Leave.

A rush of engines and from nowhere, a MINIVAN screeches up to the curb. The side door slides open and ARMED HMSU OFFICERS pour out and move towards the house.

They're followed by SEVERAL PATROL CARS. UNIFORMED OFFICERS disembark and begin to cordon off the street as NEIGHBOURS peer out from their windows and front doors.

SANDRA's face falls. Distress. She looks from TOM to NIAMH.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

What's my Robby done?

56 EXT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 1 [14:59]

56

The front gates. SEVERAL PATROL CARS drive in convoy to the entrance, followed by TOM's CAR. They all pass through...

57 INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 1 [15:06]

57

TOM and NIAMH enter. JACKIE sits at his desk. Glasses perched on his nose. He reads his phone screen.

TOM

We have a lead suspect. We're trying to find him.

JACKIE

This is Robert Dardis?

NIAMH

Sir. His wife, Sandra, says she hasn't seen him since just before five PM last night.

JACKIE makes a disgruntled noise. Holds up his phone:

JACKIE

I'm after getting a message to say her son needs counselling because he was threatened by a PSNI officer with a gun?

TOM

I didn't threaten him.

JACKIE fixes on TOM. A beat. Not a little passive aggressive:

JACKIE

I'm sure you didn't.

He ruffles TOM's feathers. Puts his phone down. Careful.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

FSNI have concluded their search of the crime scene around Foyle's body. They've recovered a bullet. Sent it for analysis. What are your thoughts?

NIAMH

The Foyles had just bought an expensive house, sir. So money is front and centre.

TOM

But the method doesn't chime with a robbery. After what you told us about the Irish Savings Bank investigation, logic would say this is a paramilitary.

JACKIE

It was never proved.

TOM

You still ended your relationship with him.

JACKIE

Because all officers who used his services were warned off him. And I do what I'm told.

Slightly pointed at TOM. NIAMH keeps her eyes front. Awkward.

TOM

What was your impression of him?  
Sir.

JACKIE

...He was as honest as you want an accountant to be.

TOM

Meaning what?

JACKIE

I wasn't looking for a priest.

JACKIE is defensive. The two men needling each other.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Look, it was a professional relationship.

(MORE)



JACKIE (CONT'D)

We did go for dinner a few times,  
and I liked his wife, she was a  
dote, but that was where it ended.  
As I say, it's sixteen years since  
I was a client of his.

TOM keeps his eyes on JACKIE. As if studying him.

NIAMH

I think Mrs Foyle knows more than  
she's letting on, sir.

JACKIE

What's the new one's name again?

NIAMH

Olivia. They've only been married  
eighteen months. She had connecting  
flights booked for this morning.  
First London, then New York. The  
house was bought in both their  
names, so she stands to inherit.

JACKIE

That is interesting.

TOM

If she's involved then it can't be  
the work of one person. We have to  
track down Dardis.

JACKIE

Alright. But look into her  
movements: the flights; her  
finances; anything that places her  
close to a motive.

TOM

I'll look at paramilitaries.

JACKIE

What did I just say? There was no  
proof of that. No. Eliminate her  
from the investigation first. Then  
we can talk alternatives, if we  
have to.

NIAMH

Sir.

TOM

...Sir.

JACKIE gestures for them to go. They obey --

JACKIE  
Niamh.

NIAMH  
Sir?

JACKIE  
Hold on.

TOM catches NIAMH's eye on his way out. Flicks his eyebrows at JACKIE's bad mood. NIAMH purses her lips. TOM goes.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
(quiet)  
Shut the door.

She does.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
What really happened? At the Dardis house?

NIAMH  
The wee boy? I believe it's as the DCI said, sir.

JACKIE  
Is that right?

NIAMH  
Hm hmm.

JACKIE watches her. Curious.

NIAMH (CONT'D)  
A suspect could have been fleeing.

JACKIE  
But they weren't.

NIAMH's will to play an even hand breaks:

NIAMH  
We shouldn't have been in that situation in the first place. I told him several times to wait for support.

JACKIE  
And yet he still behaved like a fucking dinosaur - why doesn't that surprise me?

NIAMH

Once he'd made up his mind, he was  
screwed either way.

JACKIE

What were you doing?

NIAMH

I'm not his minder, sir --

JACKIE

You're close enough. This is about  
damage limitation --

NIAMH

And I thought it was about turning  
a blind eye --

JACKIE stops short of losing his temper. Points at her.

JACKIE

Watch it, you.

A beat. He eases back. Exhales.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Jesus... Only just the other side  
of a lengthy investigation into his  
use of lethal force and yet he goes  
around like this...

JACKIE looks through the office window. Sees TOM talking to  
BIRDY, in the OPEN PLAN OFFICE beyond. Keeps his voice low:

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Keep your eyes on him. And you tell  
me the moment he's out of line.

NIAMH is hesitant. Not the position she wants to be in.

NIAMH

...Sir.

58

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 1 [15:11]

58

NIAMH busy at her desk. TOM walks over. Stops right by her.  
Glances towards JACKIE'S OFFICE. His voice quiet.

TOM

What was that about?

NIAMH

Nothing... Wrong side of bed.

TOM

Hm.

TOM's suspicion lingers. He focuses: Bigger fish to fry.

TOM (CONT'D)

I was thinking --

NIAMH

Dangerous.

TOM

If we're talking about getting to the bottom of what Mrs Foyle's about, it'll be easier if one of us seems more sympathetic towards her.

NIAMH

Ah. I saw you holding her hand.

TOM

She held *my* hand.

NIAMH enjoys him on the back foot. He humours her.

NIAMH

Why not me? I can be sympathetic.

TOM

You really think so?

She frowns. Thinks. He smiles. Goes.

59

INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 1 [15:12]

59

TOM walks away from the OPEN PLAN OFFICE in his coat. He heads for the stairs. JACKIE comes out after him.

JACKIE

Tom.

TOM stops. Looks.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Where you going?

TOM

Following orders, sir. I'm off to talk to Financial Forensics about Olivia Foyle.

JACKIE

Good. And then get back up to that new house of theirs.

TOM

We were only there this morning.

JACKIE

There's something about that woman that's off. I knew the minute I clapped eyes on her.

TOM

Everyone handles grief differently.

JACKIE

No. If ever I saw a prime suspect in a domestic murder... it's Olivia Foyle. Put some pressure on her. See if she blinks.

That suits TOM just fine.

60

INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1 [21:42]

60

TOM sits at his kitchen table in the dark. Only the light of his laptop screen illuminating his face. He moves his mouse to track the mouse pointer on screen:

A gold pricing website (akin to gold.co.uk). A line graph, almost like an ECG to look at, illustrates the price of gold fluctuations against the parameters he has chosen:

**Gold; Kilograms; British pounds.**

It is a clear and massive upward curve over a 25 year time span. TOM holds his mouse over 1998. The scroll bar brings up a dialogue box:

**Gold price**

**Saturday 21st February, 1998**

**£5,858.83**

He moves the mouse pointer through the years and up the upward curve; past the 2011 peak and the 2015 trough to today, where the dialogue box reads:

**Gold price**

**Friday 11th February, 2022**

**£43,410.10**

He writes down on a pad beside him:

**8 x 12.5kgs = 100kgs**

**100 x £43,410.10 =**

He looks at it. Sees the maths is easy. Writes on the pad:

**£4,341,010 TOTAL**

He underlines the amount. Puts his pen down. Stews on his missing fortune.

61 INT/EXT. FRONT DOOR. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 2 [08:05] 61

TOM presses the doorbell. Waits. He checks his surroundings.

OLIVIA appears on the other side of the glass. Dressed in comfortable clothes. Not expecting visitors so early.

TOM looks at her. A reassuring smile. She gets her bearings for the morning after her husband's murder. Opens the door.

OLIVIA  
Detective Chief Inspector Brannick?

TOM  
Good morning, Mrs Foyle. I'm sorry  
to drop round so early.

OLIVIA  
No... I didn't sleep anyway...

He frowns. A quick thought before he gets to the purpose of his visit:

TOM  
I was told you dismissed your  
Family Liaison Officer?

OLIVIA  
That's right.

TOM  
Sure you want to do that?

OLIVIA  
Yes.

He's clearly not going to get much more.

TOM

OK.

(beat)

We've identified the man who was here yesterday. His name is Robert Dardis. He's missing.

OLIVIA

I see.

TOM

He works as a driver for an executive car service out of Belfast. Do you know him?

OLIVIA

No.

TOM keeps his eyes on her. She tries to navigate his questioning gaze.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Uh, my husband used those car services, though... It's quite possible he could've been from one of them.

TOM

You were meant to be taking a flight yesterday morning. Is that right?

OLIVIA

Yes... To see my son in New York.

TOM

You didn't order that car to take you to the airport, no?

The possibility dawns on her. She's embarrassed.

OLIVIA

Ah. Colin might have. I'm sorry.

TOM

That's OK.

TOM lets the moment hang. Wants to see what she does in the silence.

OLIVIA

You're not trying to pick holes in my story already, are you?

TOM

Why would you say that?

OLIVIA

Because I know... I'll be thought of as the easy option.

TOM

There's witnesses who saw you at the restaurant --

OLIVIA

And yet if you can somehow twist it to look like it was just between Colin and me, then your lot can keep the politics out of it. Isn't that right?

A beat. He's not going to answer her question. Instead he pivots. Moves closer to the edge of risk.

TOM

We were interrupted before. When I was asking about the people your husband worked with... Possible codenames... that kind of thing.

OLIVIA

Uh huh.

TOM

Perhaps I was asking the wrong questions. Maybe what I really wanted to know was... Did your husband just do accounts?

OLIVIA

As opposed to...

TOM

Did he buy and sell anything physical? Did he... hold on to valuable items for clients?

He's skirting close to the precipice. She narrows her eyes. Watches him closely.

OLIVIA

Not that I know.

TOM

You never heard anything that might have suggested that?



She's unflinching. Still. A blank page.

OLIVIA  
Where is your partner?

TOM frowns. Thrown by the question. Covers it.

TOM  
She's... she doesn't need to be here.

OLIVIA  
Are you alright?

TOM  
Yes, why?

OLIVIA  
It's just you seem ill at ease. Like you're tiptoeing around something. You don't need to be nervous around me, Tom. I had nothing to do with my husband's death. I'll do anything to help you find his murderer.

He keeps his focus on her. Getting the measure of just how formidable she could prove to be. A beat.

TOM  
Thank you for your time, Mrs Foyle.

OLIVIA  
Olivia.

This gives him pause. Curious.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Please.

He nods. Doesn't release her from his gaze.

TOM  
We'll find who did this. You have my word.

She almost frowns. As if the remark is pointed. *Does he mean her?* She covers it. Smiles a note of tired comfort.

His eyes alive with a sense of cunning and purpose.

62 INT. LIVING ROOM. TERRACED HOUSE - DAY 2 [09:41] 62

TOM looks around the backyard and enters through the kitchen. Stands alone in the small space. He looks at the wood floor. The bare walls. The marks where pictures used to hang.

A young woman enters the room behind him. The ESTATE AGENT. They listen to footsteps coming from the floor above...

ESTATE AGENT

It's on at a very reasonable price.

TOM

Houses round here used to sell for a lot less.

The footsteps travel down stairs...

TOM (CONT'D)

But what is it they say about a fool and his money?

He smiles. She's non-plussed. IZZY enters the room.

TOM (CONT'D)

Seen enough?

She nods. Poker faced.

63 EXT. KIMBERLEY STREET. BELFAST - DAY 2 [09:44] 63

TOM and IZZY stand across the road from the red brick terraced house. They watch as the ESTATE AGENT locks up.

ESTATE AGENT

Just give us a wee call if you have any questions.

IZZY

Will do, thank you.

ESTATE AGENT

Alright then. Bye.

IZZY

Bye.

TOM

Thank you.

They wait as the ESTATE AGENT moves off down the street.

IZZY (CONT'D)

(mutters; to TOM)

You hate it.

TOM  
I don't hate it. I think it's um...

IZZY  
Uh huh?

TOM  
A lot like one of my crime scenes.

She rolls her eyes. Walks away. He smiles. Walks after her.

64 INT. CAFE. BELFAST - DAY 2 [10:42]

64

TOM and IZZY sit at a table by the window. They've finished a light breakfast. A mug of tea in front of TOM. IZZY scans through the estate agent's information on the house.

IZZY  
All we can do is put in our offer.

TOM  
You think it's too low?

IZZY  
She did say, "offers in excess of"...

TOM  
Why not increase it, then?

She looks at him. Unsure. He plays it cool.

IZZY  
We can't... Can we?

TOM  
I think we can.

IZZY  
Daddy, are you sure?

TOM  
I need to look at what I've got  
but, aye...

She grins. A noise of excitement. She leans across and kisses him on the head in thanks. Hesitates.

IZZY  
You're sure?

TOM

I thought we were helping you move  
on in life?

IZZY

...I feel like that's the one thing  
you took from that conversation.

TOM

I agree with you. It's just... you  
know... hard for your poor auld  
Da'.

She sticks out her bottom lip. Mock sympathy.

TOM (CONT'D)

Buy me breakfast and I'll get over  
it.

She smiles. Snatches up her phone. Goes to the till. He  
watches her chat to the OWNER. Present her phone to pay --

A knock on the window: BIRDY stands outside. He points to his  
car. Talks through the window. His voice muffled:

BIRDY

I'm parked just there.

TOM gives him the thumbs up. BIRDY looks past him. Smiles.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

Hi.

TOM looks: IZZY is beside TOM. She gives BIRDY a half wave.  
She looks at TOM. The quiet mutter of embarrassment:

IZZY

...My card's been denied.

TOM

Have you no money?

IZZY

No, I do. Or... I will. I'm just  
waiting on my loan to come through.

TOM stands. Takes out his wallet.

TOM

See you outside.

65 EXT. STREET. BELFAST - DAY 2 [10:45]

65

BIRDY and IZZY stand together by BIRDY'S CAR. BIRDY's a little awkward around her.

IZZY  
How's it going?

BIRDY  
Grand.

IZZY  
I don't think we've... talked  
before.

BIRDY  
No, but I've noticed you - seen  
you. About, like.

He blushes at his slip. She smiles. He points at himself.

BIRDY (CONT'D)  
Birdy.

IZZY  
I do know that.

BIRDY  
Aye.

A pause. BIRDY wrestles his awkwardness.

IZZY  
How come you're driving Daddy?

BIRDY  
I was coming up anyway this  
morning, so I was. Our financial  
forensics office is up here.

She nods. A beat.

IZZY  
What d'yous talk about? In the car?

BIRDY  
Oh... Uh... No. We don't.

IZZY  
You don't talk?

BIRDY  
I mean, aye, about work... stuff.  
But there's no, like... craic.

IZZY

Really?

BIRDY

Well... Your da's... a wee bit  
terrifying?

She laughs. BIRDY worried he's spoken out of turn.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

But you're not.

IZZY

(suddenly serious)  
How do you know?

BIRDY

What?

She laughs. Puts her hand on his arm.

IZZY

I'm having you on, Birdy.

He smiles. She laughs. He likes her. TOM exits the cafe.

TOM

What's going on?

IZZY

(relaxed; smiling)  
Nothing.

TOM not sure what he's missed.

TOM

Will we go?

BIRDY

Yep.

BIRDY dashes to the driver's side. TOM and IZZY get in.

66

EXT. STATE PATHOLOGIST'S DEPARTMENT. BELFAST - DAY 2 [10:58]

BIRDY'S car pulls in. Parks outside the gated perimeter of a  
large, characterless brick building. TOM and IZZY get out.

IZZY

Thanks Birdy.

BIRDY

Good luck.

They share a smile. She walks away from the car with TOM.  
Towards a building with high, large 3D lettering that reads:

**STATE PATHOLOGIST'S DEPARTMENT**

He takes money from his wallet. Puts it in her coat pocket.

TOM

Here. This'll tide you over.

IZZY

(resists gently)

Daddy...

TOM

No. Come on.

She accepts the money.

IZZY

Thank you.

TOM

Stop thanking me. I don't feel like  
I'm being generous. My money is  
yours, as far as I'm concerned.

IZZY

(playful)

I'll remember that one.

TOM smiles. A pause. They stop. Look towards the building.  
JACKIE walks towards them from the entrance. A WOMAN waits in  
the doorway. Holds the door open.

TOM and IZZY talk quietly. Privately.

TOM

(re. JACKIE)

Here he is.

IZZY

You two still at it?

TOM

...It's complicated.

IZZY

You need to sort that out. He's  
gone out of his way to arrange this  
elective for me.

TOM glances at her sideways. JACKIE nears.

JACKIE  
Izzy, love. How are you?

JACKIE gives her a hug. A kiss on the cheek.

IZZY  
Grand, thanks Jackie. And you?

JACKIE  
Och, not too shabby.  
(beat)  
Tom.

TOM  
Jackie.

Instant awkwardness between the two men. IZZY gives TOM a look that he knows: *Make an effort.*

TOM (CONT'D)  
...Thank you. For organising this placement for her.

JACKIE gives TOM a short conciliatory nod and smile.

JACKIE  
(to IZZY)  
Soon as you asked, I knew I could help. It's useful having people who owe you favours.

IZZY  
Thank, Jackie. It means a lot.

JACKIE  
(re. WOMAN)  
Go on in. That lady there runs the office. She'll show you round.

IZZY takes a deep breath. Courage.

IZZY  
OK. See you later.

She kisses TOM on the cheek.

TOM  
See you.

JACKIE  
Bye, love.

She walks off towards the WOMAN. TOM and JACKIE watch her go.



JACKIE (CONT'D)  
They'll look after her, Tom, don't  
you worry.

TOM keeps his eyes on her. Make sure she gets to the door safely. The WOMAN smiles at her. Guides her inside.

TOM  
You using Niamh to keep tabs on me?

TOM looks at him. A beat. Calm but direct. JACKIE keeps his eyes on the building.

JACKIE  
Now why would I need to do that?

JACKIE glances at him sideways.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
See you back in Dunfolan.

He goes. TOM watches him walk away. Creeping resentment.

67

INT. PSNI GARAGE. DUNFOLAN - DAY 2 [11:53]

67

The percussive and pneumatic sounds of an automobile repair shop. TOM is with LEAH. Both suited up. They watch the white Nissan Qashqai being carefully pored over by CSIs.

Pieces of it are laid out across the large space like an air crash investigation...

The back seats entirely dismantled and lined up. The boot has been stripped back. A Velcro-ed flap near the centre of the felt that has been lifted up, to expose a modification to the car: A metal hatch inset in the car's tyre well.

LEAH  
We've found a hidden compartment  
alongside the spare tire casing.  
It's been put in professionally. A  
complex system that would normally  
be opened by a specific sequence in  
the car's electronics.

A CSI approaches the compartment with an angle grinder...

LEAH (CONT'D)  
We're going to circumvent that.

The high whirr of the angle grinder coming to life. The CSI works an edge of the compartment hatch. The sparks of metal-on-metal arc upwards...

68 INT. PSNI GARAGE. DUNFOLAN - DAY 2 [11:55] 68

TOM and LEAH watch the CSI carefully lift the cut section of metal hatch off...

A leather bound accounting ledger, wrapped in polythene, is slowly pulled from the secret compartment...

69 INT. PSNI GARAGE. DUNFOLAN - DAY 2 [11:58] 69

TOM stands over the open accounting ledger on a trestle table at the side of the room. He turns the pages slowly, with blue gloved hands...

Columns of dates, coded descriptions, coded accounts, payment (debit) and deposit (credit) amounts and totals.

TOM reaches a chunk of blank pages. He skims quickly past them. Reaches the final, back page. A single entry:

**98-02-21 Au 12.5 X8**

In a different pen, written beside it (more recently) is:

**SHHS 174**

TOM conscious of LEAH standing close. She watches the CSIs at work on the car. He snaps the book shut.

TOM  
(re. ledger)  
Have this submitted to evidence.

She looks at him. He hands it to her.

LEAH  
Sir.

70 INT. PSNI GARAGE. DUNFOLAN - DAY 2 [12:02] 70

TOM checks the inside of the compartment with a small torch. Nothing there. LEAH stands near him.

TOM  
Let's get this completely checked  
for any contraband it might have  
had inside. Run every test you can.

LEAH  
Sir.

TOM walks to the exit, in the far corner of the garage. He pulls off his face mask. Unzips his suit. Covertly reaches into his pocket for his phone.

TOM googles **SHHS 174** on his phone. Gets nothing familiar. Puts his phone away. Looks around. Exits the building.

71

INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 2 [12:37]

71

TOM and NIAMH look at the evidence board. Pictures of the case so far: Colin, Colin's car, Dardis, Dardis' BMW etc.

NIAMH

So much for a respectable accountant.

TOM

I can guarantee he was moving dirty money.

NIAMH

Aye, but who for?

TOM looks up at her. Shrugs. Puts his phone away. BIRDY enters. Presents a wad of papers on the forensics findings:

BIRDY

Financial forensics on Foyle look legit. The house was bought off the back of a mixture of bonds and ISAs, that he liquidated last month.

TOM takes the relevant printouts from BIRDY. Skims through:

TOM

Are we looking closer at where the money for the bonds and ISAs came from?

BIRDY

Where we can, aye.

BIRDY puts other papers down. TOM nods to a photo of Dardis:

TOM

What about Dardis? Does the company he works for not keep GPS trackers in their vehicles?

BIRDY

They say they do, but they're having no luck finding him.

(MORE)

BIRDY (CONT'D)

The technology they use isn't hard to disable.

NIAMH scrolls through emails on her iPad.

NIAMH

Security Services say he's not on their watch list. His eleven years in uniform is a clean sheet. Two tours of Afghanistan. Two in Iraq.

TOM thinks on the information. A formidable CV. BIRDY checks other papers on Dardis:

BIRDY

...He's also a bouncer a few nights a week. A club in Belfast.

TOM

Which one?

BIRDY

Angels.

NIAMH

(to TOM:)

You should go. I think they do a seniors discount.

BIRDY smirks. Keeps his eyes on the job.

BIRDY

A few of the other bouncers on the payroll have done time.

TOM

Paramilitaries?

BIRDY

(shakes his head)

ODCs. Two charges of GBH and one for robbery.

The last one catches TOM and NIAMH's attention.

NIAMH

What kind of robbery?

BIRDY

Non-domestic burglary.

TOM

(to NIAMH)

That's worth checking out.

TOM and NIAMH grab their coats.

72 INT. GALLERY. STATE PATHOLOGIST'S DEPARTMENT. BELFAST - DAY 2  
[12:58]

JACKIE looks down into the lab at the prostrate body of COLIN. A transparent screen between him and the body.

IZZY enters. Dressed to conduct an examination. She pauses at the sight of JACKIE.

He glances towards her. Back at the body.

JACKIE

Izzy.

She edges into the room.

IZZY

Is Mrs O'Keeffe around?

JACKIE

She'll be back soon. The examination's in an hour.

IZZY

I know. She said she'd take me through it all before everyone gets here.

He nods his understanding. They're both conscious of the dead body. The dark purple wound in his chest.

IZZY (CONT'D)

(re. body)

Is he one of yours?

JACKIE

Your da and Niamh are on it.

She nods. Looks to the body. Hypnotised by the lifelessness.

IZZY

Nasty way to go.

JACKIE

(slight shrug)

Cleaner than some.

A beat. She chooses her words carefully.

IZZY

Is everything OK? Between you and  
Daddy?

JACKIE

Of course. Why wouldn't it be?

She shrugs. He looks at her sideways. Underestimated her.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

We'll be grand. Work is...  
stressful. Just a few things to  
iron out, you know?

IZZY

OK.

A pause. A thought occurs to JACKIE:

JACKIE

But I want you to know you can  
always come and talk to me.  
Whatever happens between me and  
your dad.

IZZY

Why, what's going to happen?

JACKIE shakes his head. A rueful smile.

JACKIE

Nothing.

He walks to the door as casually as possible.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I should be the one giving you a  
job.

He pushes through the swinging door. She watches him  
disappear. Still intrigued to know the truth.

73

EXT/INT. ANGELS CLUB. BELFAST - DAY 2 [13:42]

73

TOM and NIAMH walk from the street into the club.

NIAMH carries a takeaway cup of coffee. Chairs are on tables  
inside. A few STAFF get ready for the night ahead.

The MANAGER at the bar with her laptop. Sees TOM and NIAMH.

MANAGER

You OK?

TOM shows his badge as they near.

TOM

DCI Tom Brannick. This is DS Niamh McGovern. Wondering if we could talk to you about one of your employees? Robert Dardis?

MANAGER

You want to talk to Davy. He knows the security lads better than me.

The MANAGER leans behind the bar. Shouts through an open door: The gateway to the cellar.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

(calls out)

DAVY!

74

INT. ANGELS CLUB. BELFAST - DAY 2 [13:46]

74

DAVY sits with his vape as he talks to TOM and NIAMH, at a table in the corner. NIAMH still holds her takeaway coffee.

DAVY

You think someone here, what? Tried to recruit him?

NIAMH

We're investigating all possibilities.

DAVY

Most of the lads who work the door are thick as champ. And Robbie's only part time. His main job's as a driver for that posh car service... Far as I can tell, he ferries rich people 'round the country.

TOM

Has he ever talked about any of his clients?

DAVY

In what way?

TOM

We're interested in an accountant? Recently moved to Curran Isle?

DAVY

A woman?

NIAMH

Why d'you ask?

DAVY

There's a woman client of his moved  
up there, a few weeks back.

NIAMH and TOM share a look. DAVY notices. Smiles.

DAVY (CONT'D)

The way he talks about her... If he  
hasn't already, I'd say he'd like  
to ride her like a stolen bike.

NIAMH spits her coffee back into the cup in surprise.

75

INT. HALL. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 2 [14:58]

75

OLIVIA opens the front door. She wears glasses. TOM stands on  
the doorstep. Smiles. Nothing out of the ordinary.

OLIVIA

...Inspector Brannick.

TOM

Please... Tom.

OLIVIA

Do you have news?

TOM

Uh, no. Unfortunately not.

(beat)

I wanted to ask if you mind me  
walking round the property? See if  
there's anywhere of concern with  
regards to your security.

OLIVIA

Yes... That's fine.

TOM turns as if to go. Hesitates. A thought:

TOM

Would you come with me?



76

EXT. PATIO. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 2 [15:03]

76

TOM and OLIVIA approach the patio from the garden. A dramatic view of the Lough and the islands behind them.

They get to the patio. Look back at the landscape.

TOM

Why didn't you tell me Robert  
Dardis has been driving you around?

She's surprised. He looks at her. Direct.

TOM (CONT'D)

We had the car company submit their  
client logs. He's been driving you  
for five months.

She hesitates. Nowhere to go.

OLIVIA

I lost my license last summer. Too  
many points for various speeding  
offences and... Well, uh, Colin  
found Mr Dardis - Rob - and got him  
to drive me.

TOM

You said you didn't recognise him?

OLIVIA raises a finger to her glasses:

OLIVIA

...I really didn't.

TOM shakes his head. Disbelief.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I didn't want people to get the  
wrong idea.

TOM

You know you've only made this  
worse for yourself?

OLIVIA

I'm sorry.

TOM

You lied. That's all people will  
see.

He makes it clear he's disappointed. She's defensive.  
Something confident.

OLIVIA  
We all tell lies.

TOM  
Not when you're being investigated.

Her eyes sharpen. She makes her play:

OLIVIA  
Why did you want to know whether my  
husband had a client he'd never  
met, Tom?

She's caught his interest. Her approach artful.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
You know something that you're  
keeping from me.

A pause. TOM suspicious of how loaded the question is.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
What is it?

A beat. Vehicles. Voices. OLIVIA looks through the glass of the house to the front. Sees NIAMH with a team of OFFICERS, unloading from a people carrier to conduct a search.

TOM takes documents from his inside coat pocket:

TOM  
This is a warrant allowing us to  
conduct a search of your property.

He hands it to her. She reads. On the back foot again.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(regretful)  
We have to do our job. I can't help  
you when you make it worse.  
(beat)  
You'll need to call your solicitor.

He bows his head. Apologetic. Slides open the glass doors. Walks through the house to let his fellow officers in.

OLIVIA is alarmed at the sight of the search team.

77

INT. OLIVIA'S OFFICE. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 2 [15:17]

77

TOM stands by the desk. Watches as OFFICERS with gloves on, leaf through packing boxes. One carries Colin's desktop from his office below.

TOM scans the paperwork on Olivia's desk. Sees a stack of unopened letters. Fans them out on the table. Something catches his eye: A logo with the words:

**Safe House and Home Storage**

TOM pauses. Puts his finger to each of the first letters: S-H-H-S. He frowns.

An OFFICER comes to pick up the letters. TOM pushes them back together for her. Covers the logo up. She puts them in a bag. TOM heads to the stairs. NIAMH appears below.

NIAMH  
Will we go, sir?

A beat. TOM nods.

78 INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 2 [16:23] 78

TOM and NIAMH watch OLIVIA being escorted to the interview room by a CONSTABLE. She is accompanied by her solicitor; a suave man in his 50s. AJ BOYD.

NIAMH  
Like a fly to shite. In walks the  
most expensive solicitor in town.

79 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 2 [16:30] 79

TOM and NIAMH sit opposite OLIVIA and BOYD. The air is tense. TOM is businesslike.

NIAMH  
Mrs Foyle. You failed to disclose  
your connection to Robert Dardis.  
In fact, you lied when asked if you  
knew him.

BOYD  
My client had not been cautioned --

TOM  
The reason I didn't caution her was  
because I believed I was talking to  
a witness - someone I took at face  
value to be a bereaved widow.

NIAMH  
But now the enquiry has moved on.

BOYD is ready to respond. OLIVIA stops him with a gentle hand. She looks from NIAMH to TOM.

OLIVIA

Tom went out of his way to make me  
not feel like a suspect.

TOM shifts in his chair. Uncomfortable. NIAMH hasn't got time for this. She pulls another document from the file...

NIAMH

I remind you that you are under  
caution now.

She presents the document: The car service booking log.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

Robert Dardis has driven you from  
both your former and current  
address, for the last five months.  
What was the purpose of these  
trips?

OLIVIA

Pleasure. Mostly.

NIAMH

Pleasure?

OLIVIA

Yes.

NIAMH

A physical relationship?

OLIVIA smiles at the suggestion.

OLIVIA

You have a vivid imagination.

NIAMH

But you're aware Rob Dardis is  
attracted to you?

OLIVIA

He stares at me. But that's not  
unusual.

A glance at TOM. A spark in her eyes.

TOM

Do you encourage it?

OLIVIA

What a very old fashioned question.

TOM looks to NIAMH. Awkward. NIAMH keeps her eyes on OLIVIA.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

The staring became uncomfortable.  
On our most recent trip... I told  
him the next one would be the last.

NIAMH slides a document from her file: Flight booking.

NIAMH

You mean the booking to take you to  
City Airport?

OLIVIA

I do.

NIAMH

You were meant to be on a Flysure  
flight to New York, via London, the  
day after your husband was  
murdered.

OLIVIA

You make it sound like the two  
events are connected.

NIAMH

What was the purpose of your trip?

OLIVIA

To see my son.

NIAMH

For how long?

OLIVIA

Two weeks.

NIAMH

And just you? You wouldn't have  
booked to go with your husband?

OLIVIA

He's not his son.

OLIVIA's manner frays at the edges. Her emotion rises:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Colin and me going for dinner...  
That was meant to be...

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
it was meant to be our last night  
together before I went away...

She wipes her eyes. Breathes. Composes herself.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
I don't know what more I can say.  
I'm telling the truth.

NIAMH  
Are you?

OLIVIA looks at her. Confused by the accusation. NIAMH shrugs; it stands to reason:

NIAMH (CONT'D)  
You lied about Dardis.

TOM locks his eyes on OLIVIA. Her smile covers unease.

80

INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 2 [17:24]

80

TOM and NIAMH stand by the INTERVIEW ROOM door. They stand aside as OLIVIA and AJ BOYD exit the room.

TOM  
We'll have officers drive you home.

OLIVIA  
Uh, thank you. But I'll get a cab.

TOM frowns. Suspicious that she's up to something. She gives him a defensive smile. Walks away with BOYD.

TOM is keen to follow them. JACKIE appears from the OPEN PLAN OFFICE. Looks to see OLIVIA and BOYD going down the stairs.

JACKIE  
How did that go?

NIAMH  
Not great, sir.

JACKIE  
Hmm.

JACKIE not a fan of the new wife. A beat.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
The firearm used to kill Colin  
Foyle was an M24 sniper rifle.

TOM's interest caught.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

CIFEX have confirmed it. American made. Most likely intended for military use.

NIAMH

Did they attach it to any other shootings?

JACKIE

Not yet.

TOM

...Will they share the findings with NABIS, across the water?

JACKIE

We don't expect anything new.

(aimed at TOM:)

This doesn't mean we start looking at paramilitaries. A weapon alone doesn't make for a terrorist attack. Not anymore. And we have a strong financial motive that points at conspiracy to murder. The new wife... the driver... Either or both. Let's wrap this up.

(beat)

Niamh. A word.

NIAMH nods. Follows JACKIE back in to the OPEN PLAN OFFICE.  
Beat. TOM moves fast down the corridor, after OLIVIA --

81 EXT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - EVENING 2 [17:30] 81

TOM rushes to his car. Gets in. Heads for the gate --

82 INT. TOM'S CAR [STATIONARY] - EVENING 2 [17:31] 82

TOM waits at the gates as they open infuriatingly slowly...

TOM

(mutters)

Come on, come on...

83 EXT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - EVENING 2 [17:32] 83

OLIVIA and BOYD exit the building. Approach a waiting TAXI.

BOYD

Go straight home, OK?

OLIVIA  
I will. Thank you.

They get to the taxi. She gets in. BOYD waves. Walks off down the pavement.

The TAXI driver pulls out. His window part open. We hear:

DRIVER  
Curran Isle, is that ma'am?

OLIVIA leans forward so she doesn't have to raise her voice.

OLIVIA  
Actually, could you take me to the  
Whiteside Industrial Estate?

DRIVER  
No bother.

The TAXI moves off.

TOM'S CAR appears from the station gates. We see him look in the direction of the TAXI. He pulls out after it.

84 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - EVENING 2 [17:54] 84

NIAMH is alone. BIRDY is at his desk in the mostly cleared out OPEN PLAN OFFICE beyond. NIAMH glances over an inventory of evidence found in Foyle's car...

She pauses on something. Curious. Calls out:

NIAMH  
Birdy?

BIRDY comes to the door.

BIRDY  
Aye?

NIAMH  
Have you had a look at this  
accounting ledger that came from  
Foyle's car?

BIRDY  
No.

NIAMH frowns. Stands --



85 EXT. WAREHOUSE FLORIST. DUNFOLAN - EVENING 2 [17:58] 85

OLIVIA gets out of the TAXI. Outside a wholesale florist's warehouse. She looks at the display outside. Memorial wreaths stacked together...

The TAXI drives away behind her. She turns to watch it go. Sees it turn onto the main road...

A beat. She walks away from the florist...

Across the car park...

Through a gap in the high fence on the other side...

She crosses another car park to the large SAFE HOUSE AND HOME STORAGE WAREHOUSE as TOM'S CAR rolls slowly to a stop by the perimeter fence beyond...

86 INT. EVIDENCE ARCHIVE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - EVENING 2 [18:04] 86

NIAMH stands at one end of a long line of shelves. AN OFFICER brings the accounting ledger to her in an evidence bag...

87 INT. SHHS SELF STORAGE WAREHOUSE - EVENING 2 [18:04] 87

OLIVIA walks a long corridor of yellow corrugated storage unit doors. Her hands gloved. Footsteps echo. She checks behind her. Makes double sure she's not being followed...

88 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - EVENING 2 [18:07] 88

NIAMH stands with BIRDY at the table. NIAMH has blue latex gloves on. They look down at the accounting ledger. The final page. The inscription that reads:

**98-02-21 Au 12.5 X8 SHHS 174**

NIAMH puts her finger on the first six digits:

NIAMH

What does that look like to you?

BIRDY

A sort code?

NIAMH gets a scrap of paper. A pen. Writes down a flip of the number sequence: **21-02-98**

NIAMH

Or a date. And this date has come  
up before.

She runs her finger along the rest of the line. Her finger  
lands on the **174** --

89 INT. SHHS SELF STORAGE WAREHOUSE - EVENING 2 [18:07] 89

OLIVIA stands outside a particular yellow corrugated door.  
The number beside it: **174**.

She lifts the door with a clatter. Steps inside. Closes it.

90 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - EVENING 2 [18:08] 90

RESUME NIAMH AND BIRDY.

NIAMH

(re. inscription)

Why didn't the DCI flag this?

NIAMH looks at BIRDY. All concern.

91 INT. SHHS STORAGE UNIT - EVENING 2 [18:09] 91

The neon strip lights flicker on. OLIVIA looks at the floor.  
The two hard rifle cases from the beginning lie side by side.

92 INT. SHHS STORAGE UNIT - EVENING 2 [18:10] 92

OLIVIA has both cases open. She pulls back the Hessian  
sacking with the red stripe that covers the contents of one  
of the cases (the other piece of Hessian sacking is gone):

One rifle remains. And no gold. Just cut outs in the case's  
foam where heavy ingots once lay.

OLIVIA's eyes wide. She looks livid. Desperate --

93 INT. SHHS SELF STORAGE WAREHOUSE - EVENING 2 [18:10] 93

The corridor outside Olivia's storage unit. Her shout muffled  
from inside:

OLIVIA (O.C.)

Fuck!

94 INT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - EVENING 2 [18:27]

94

TOM sits in the dark. He looks across the car park at the SAFE HOUSE & HOME STORAGE WAREHOUSE. Watches the entrance.

OLIVIA steps out of the building. TOM takes a burner phone from his inside jacket pocket. Writes a text message:

**I'm alive and I want my gold**

It glows briefly on the green background before he sends it.

He looks up. Watches OLIVIA. She looks to her bag. Takes her phone out. Reads. Recoils. Looks around in a panic...

She dials a number. Half walks, half runs, back towards the florist's, with her phone to her ear. She constantly checks to see who might be watching...

TOM watches her. His message has had the desired effect. A sense of purpose sparkles in his eyes.

END OF EPISODE.