

BLOODLANDS 2

EPISODE THREE

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1 INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - EVENING 4 [18:14] 1

BIRDY walks quickly towards the INTERVIEW ROOM. Relevant documents in his hands...

2 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - EVENING 4 [18:15] 2

OLIVIA is at the table. She glances up towards the CCTV camera. Sees the red light on. Knowing.

AJ BOYD is beside her. She looks across the table at TOM --

The door opens. BIRDY enters. Takes his seat quickly beside TOM. Pushes select documents in front of him. BOYD impatient.

BOYD

Are we ready?

TOM looks at BIRDY. A glint in his eye. BIRDY shuffles his seat in. Gets comfortable. Presses 'RECORD' on the tape. Looks to the interview room clock.

BIRDY

The time by the interview room clock is six fifteen pm. I am DC Bird, and the interview is taking place at an interview room at PSNI Dunfolan. Also present are...

BIRDY looks to TOM:

TOM

DCI Brannick.

BIRDY looks to OLIVIA:

BIRDY

For the recording, can you state your full name, please?

OLIVIA

Olivia Foyle.

BOYD

AJ Boyd. Solicitor.

BIRDY gives a sharp nod. Looks back to Olivia.

BIRDY

Mrs Foyle, I remind you that you are not under arrest, you are free to leave the station at any time, you have the right to legal advice and your solicitor, Mr Boyd, is present for that purpose.

(beat)

You are here in connection with the murder of your husband, Colin Foyle, and as explained to your solicitor, we want to speak to you about your movements. Do you understand?

OLIVIA

I do.

BOYD

I should begin by saying you have brought my client here, the day before her husband's funeral... in a clear attempt to catch her in a state of emotional distress --

TOM

She wouldn't be here unless we had reason.

OLIVIA

It's fine. Please. Ask your questions.

BIRDY goes into his folder. Moves CCTV stills across the table to her, of her entering and leaving SHHS Self Storage.

BIRDY

Mrs Foyle. Approximately forty eight hours after your husband was murdered, you were pictured entering this storage facility.

She looks at the images.

OLIVIA

Yes.

TOM

Wee bit strange, isn't it? You find out your husband's killed, and this is one of the first places you go?

OLIVIA

I had my reasons.

She looks at TOM. Intrigued by his alter ego.

BIRDY slides photos over to her: The inside of the storage unit. The unit number. Two cases. One rifle. CSI markers.

BIRDY

Storage unit one seven four. At the time it contained two large rifle cases, one sheet of hessian sacking and one M24 sniper rifle.

TOM

Same as the rifle that was used to kill your husband.

OLIVIA and BOYD look at the photos.

BIRDY pushes another photo across. A man exiting the storage facility with a long object, wrapped in black bin bags and Duct tape. His face and head shrouded by a cap and scarf.

BIRDY

This is two evenings before. When your husband was killed. We believe this man is Robert Dardis. The tracksuit jacket and cap match those we know were in his possession.

(re. long object)

And we think this... is the M24 rifle that went in the other case.

OLIVIA looks. Surprise tinged with annoyance.

BOYD

May I ask how you came by this information?

TOM

No.

BOYD

Right. Well, what you're neglecting to say is that there are three units in that facility, all rented by Colin Foyle --

BOYD checks his papers:

BOYD (CONT'D)

Units one seven four, one seven five and one seven six.

TOM
We're aware.

OLIVIA
I thought there were only two containers. We used them to store things between moving house. Colin did all of the paperwork.
(re. rifle photo)
How could I have known about this?

TOM leans back. Folds his arms. Gauges her response.

TOM
What were you doing there, then?

OLIVIA touches a ring on one of her fingers.

OLIVIA
I keep some of my jewellery in one of the units. When Colin was killed, I... I remembered a ring he gave me, not long after we first met... and I realised I didn't have it on me. So I went to get it.

A beat. TOM takes this in. Shrewd.

TOM
You dismissed your Family Liaison Officer the day before. You don't think that looks suspicious?

OLIVIA
I wasn't thinking of how anything looked.

BOYD
Do you have footage of my client entering unit one seven four?

TOM pauses. Glances at BIRDY.

BIRDY
...The facility only has cameras at the main entrances and exits, and on the perimeter walls.

BOYD
Do you have footage of my client entering or leaving the building with the aforementioned rifle cases?

BIRDY
No.

BOYD
Then I think we're done here.

TOM
Have you any idea why your husband
would keep these sniper rifles?

OLIVIA
I honestly don't. We had only been
married eighteen months and it
seems, unfortunately... that I did
not know everything there was to
know.

She looks to BIRDY for sympathy. He gives her some. Checks
himself. Looks at his documents. She looks at the still of a
masked Dardis. Puts her hand on it...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
It's true, then? Rob Dardis killed
my husband?

TOM
With a weapon your husband knew
about.

OLIVIA looks at him. Chilled.

BOYD
Will that be all?

BIRDY
Actually, if you could help us with
one more thing?

BOYD
I don't think we need to --

OLIVIA
No, it's OK.
(to BIRDY)
Go on.

BIRDY nods his appreciation. Slides a printout from his
folder: Dates, times, locations.

BIRDY
Robert Dardis rented his car, a
black BMW, from his employers.
(MORE)

BIRDY (CONT'D)
They had fitted GPS vehicle
trackers in all of their fleet. We
believe Dardis disabled his. But...

BIRDY points to markers on a printed out map: - petrol
stations that are close to Colin's clients' addresses.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
The fuel card he used on the job
flagged him at several locations
close to clients of your husband's,
when we had been led to believe he
was only driving you...

TOM looks at her.

TOM
Could you tell us who's making
these journeys?

She shifts in her chair. A little uncomfortable.

OLIVIA
...Colin. My husband.

BIRDY
He was being driven by Dardis?

OLIVIA
That's right.

TOM
So he didn't only drive you?

OLIVIA pauses. Glances at BOYD.

OLIVIA
...Not all the time.

TOM leans forward. Direct.

TOM
Why didn't you tell us before?

OLIVIA
You didn't ask.

TOM
Your husband could drive himself.
What's he doing riding with Dardis?

OLIVIA hesitates. Frowns as if trying to remember.

OLIVIA

A few months ago... Colin asked Rob if he would take him on certain trips.

TOM

How come?

OLIVIA

I don't know. I thought... maybe he wanted to look more important, you know? A man with a driver.

TOM appeases her. Her answer logical.

3 INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - NIGHT 4 [19:42] 3

TOM with BIRDY. They watch BOYD walk OLIVIA to the exit.

TOM

Any news from Niamh?

BIRDY

They found a footprint, sir. Out by the safe house. Might be of interest.

TOM nods. A beat.

TOM

You were good in there.

BIRDY

Thank you, sir.

TOM

Not that we were going to make anything stick. Not with a lawyer like that.

BIRDY

Justice is a rich man's game.

(off TOM)

Or woman's. Sir.

TOM smiles. Places a hand on his shoulder as he goes back towards the office.

TOM

I'll see you in the morning. Stay out of trouble.

BIRDY
Uh, I'll try. Sir.

TOM gives a single syllabled laugh. BIRDY writhes.

4 EXT. ST. THERESA'S CHURCH - AERIAL SHOT - DAY 5 [10:32] 4

A small church. Nestled on the shore beside the Lough. Off to one side, a patchwork of squared and tended graves.

A PROCESSION of people in smart dark clothes moves slowly. From the church to the western side of the graveyard...

5 EXT. ST. THERESA'S CHURCH - DAY 5 [10:32] 5

The PROCESSION is led by a PRIEST. Followed by PALLBEARERS, who share the load of the coffin. Behind them, OLIVIA walks alone, in dark suit and hat with a veil...

She holds a scrunched tissue. Dabs her eyes. Tears run...

Near to her, although distinctly separate, walk Colin's children - STEPHEN and LOUISE. They are in their twenties. Their sadness hardened by acrimony...

Further back in the procession, TOM walks with JACKIE. Both men stoney faced. Respectful...

PRIEST (PRE-LAP)
Because God has chosen to call our brother, Colin, from this life to Himself...

6 EXT. GRAVEYARD. ST. THERESA'S CHURCH - DAY 5 [10:37] 6

The MOURNERS are gathered around the grave. Maybe TWENTY or THIRTY. OLIVIA nearest the PRIEST. STEPHEN and LOUISE not far from her. TOM and JACKIE on the other side.

The PRIEST has his Bible open. Uses it for reference.

PRIEST
We commit his body to the earth,
for we are dust and unto dust we shall return.

JACKIE stares into the grave. Looks at the wood coffin. A sense of trepidation. TOM looks across the grave at OLIVIA...

PRIEST (O.C.) (CONT'D)
But the Lord Jesus Christ will
change our mortal bodies to be like
his in glory...

OLIVIA looks back at TOM. Her eyes glass. Her mascara runs
under her veil. A strength in her gaze. Indefatigable will.

CLOSE ON TOM

He looks back at her. Curious. Enthralled.

PRIEST (O.C.) (CONT'D)
For he is risen from the dead...

PRE-LAP THE SOUND OF AN iPHONE ALARM --

7 INT. BEDROOM. IZZY'S FLAT - DAY 5 [10:40]

7

IZZY lies in bed. Bleary eyed. She reaches for her phone on
her bedside table. Dabs her thumb on the screen repeatedly
until it stops. Pulls her arm back under the duvet. A beat.

BIRDY sits bolt upright behind her. Immediate concern.

BIRDY
Shite.

BIRDY scrambles out of bed. Starts madly finding his clothes
that were strewn in a path from the door. He throws them on
over his boxers. She bites her lip. Guilty.

IZZY
Where are you supposed to be?

BIRDY
...Strangford?

He wrestles with the sleeves of his shirt.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
The boss is going to kill me. I
mean your da'. Your dad...

She smiles a little. Enjoys the awkwardness of it all.

IZZY
Want me to have a word?

BIRDY
No. No. Definite - Absol - N-No. He
would uh...

His gesture suggests something terrible. Her expression thin:

IZZY
So... does this mean it won't
happen again?

BIRDY stops. Trousers round his ankles. Looks at her. Clear.

BIRDY
Are you mad?

He moves towards her. Trips on his trousers. Hits the floor --

She puts her hands over her mouth; half shocked, half laughing. He gets up again. Clutches his wrist in pain.Flushed with embarrassment.

IZZY
Are you OK?

He shakes out his wrist. Fine. Can see the funny side.

BIRDY
Aye. I'm uh... I'm grand.

He smiles. A moment. He leans in and kisses her suddenly.

IZZY
You're a buck eejit, Birdy.

He kisses her again. Longer.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Go.

BIRDY
Yep.

And he's up and out the door. Hopping to put his shoes on.

BIRDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Bye.

He's gone. She's sat up in bed. Smiling.

JACKIE and TOM walk slowly and at a distance behind the larger group of MOURNERS, as they leave the church.

JACKIE
(quiet)
If a life is measured in the people
who attend your funeral, Colin
Foyle must be pretty fucked off.

TOM suppresses a smile. OLIVIA some way in front...

JACKIE (CONT'D)
(re. OLIVIA)
Some performance.

TOM glances at JACKIE. Keeps his voice low.

TOM
Maybe.

JACKIE
Still no sign of Dardis?

TOM
No.

They watch OLIVIA. She talks with some of the guests. One of them puts hands on her shoulders. Comforting.

JACKIE
She knew about those rifles.

JACKIE walks on ahead. TOM's eyes narrow. Sharp.

9 EXT. GRAVEYARD. ST. THERESA'S CHURCH - DAY 5 [10:55] 9

A WIDE VIEW OF THE MOURNERS

As they disperse. OLIVIA with the PRIEST. OLIVIA looks to STEPHEN and LOUISE. LOUISE says something to her brother. He shakes his head. They go. Clearly no love lost.

SNAP - They're photographed by a DSLR camera.

STEPHEN and LOUISE stay close to each other. Solidarity. They walk from Colin's grave to another, nearby. Still laden with flowers. The earth on top still not settled.

SNAP - They're photographed again.

10 INT. NIAMH'S CAR [PARKED] - DAY 5 [10:55] 10

NIAMH behind the wheel. Parked across the road from the Church. The DSLR camera to her eye as she takes pictures...

She takes the camera down. Looks to the empty seat beside her. Her iPad open. Copies of Stephen and Louise Foyle's passports on screen. She looks back down the camera.

11 EXT. GRAVEYARD. ST. THERESA'S CHURCH - DAY 5 [10:57] 11

STEPHEN and LOUISE stand by the other grave. TOM crosses to talk with them.

TOM
I'm sorry. Am I interrupting?

They look to him. Unsure of who he is.

TOM (CONT'D)
Stephen and Louise, is that right?

STEPHEN
Aye.

TOM
I'm the Senior Investigating Officer on your father's case. I'm sorry for your loss.

OLIVIA (O.S.)
Tom.

He stops. Looks back. OLIVIA is close to the church. He hesitates. Has to talk to her.

TOM
Apologies. Give me a second?

12 EXT. ST. THERESA'S CHURCH - DAY 5 [10:58] 12

TOM goes to OLIVIA. They talk privately. Everyone else distant; moving out into the road.

OLIVIA
(re. STEPHEN and LOUISE)
Be careful talking to them. You might get the wrong idea of me.

TOM
In what way?

OLIVIA
Isn't it the unspoken rule? No one likes their stepmother.

TOM
And why would that be the case?

OLIVIA
I thought that was obvious. I'm a
gold digger.

A sardonic smile. Beat.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
That was quite the interrogation,
yesterday evening.

TOM
I have to do my job.

OLIVIA
If only you came on that strong all
the time.

She looks at him straight. TOM allows the pause.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Your junior officer, he's a sweet
boy.

TOM
What about him?

OLIVIA
His questions about Dardis driving
for Colin... It made me think...
Whoever Colin went to see a few
days before he was murdered...
something happened at that meeting.

TOM
How do you know?

OLIVIA
He came back looking like the wind
had been knocked out of him.

TOM
Was there any suggestion what it
might have been about?

OLIVIA shakes her head. Can't think of anything.

OLIVIA
There had been tension between him
and Dardis.

TOM
About what?

OLIVIA
Neither would elaborate. But maybe
it came to a head on that trip.

(beat)
It was part of the reason I avoided
naming Dardis to you. It would've
seemed like I wanted to frame him.

TOM's eyes narrow to gauge her tactic. Circumspect.

TOM
Why you telling me this now, then?

OLIVIA
Just in case we have a deal... or
even if we don't... Trust is the
secret to any good relationship,
Tom.

A moment. He takes his card from his pocket. Hands it to her.

TOM
My address. In case you think of
anything else.

She could almost smile. Cunning in both of them --

13 EXT. GRAVEYARD. ST. THERESA'S CHURCH - DAY 5 [11:00] 13

THROUGH THE DSLR LENS

OLIVIA takes TOM's card. Pockets it. Touches him in thanks.
He carefully sidesteps it. Subtly checks to see who's seen...

OLIVIA walks away. TOM looks back to the waiting siblings --

14 INT. NIAMH'S CAR [PARKED] - DAY 5 [11:00] 14

NIAMH lowers the camera. Not sure what she's witnessed.

15 EXT. GRAVEYARD. ST. THERESA'S CHURCH - DAY 5 [11:00] 15

OLIVIA walks away from TOM. Her expression hardens. Eyes full
of intent. The deal sealed.

16 EXT. GRAVEYARD. ST. THERESA'S CHURCH - DAY 5 [11:02] 16

TOM shakes hands with STEPHEN and LOUISE, by the other grave.

TOM
Tom Brannick.

STEPHEN
Stephen Foyle.

LOUISE
Louise.

The headstone: **Michelle Mary Foyle 17.09.1968-13.05.2020**

TOM
Your mother?

LOUISE
That's right.

TOM
I'm sorry. To lose both your
parents within a couple of years...

TOM shakes his head. Saddened by the thought.

STEPHEN
Aye, it's tough.

LOUISE
Olivia telling you all about us,
was she?

TOM
...Only that you don't think kindly
of her.

LOUISE groans. Fed up. Wipes her eyes.

TOM (CONT'D)
I say something wrong?

LOUISE
Not at all. Just that woman and her
lies.

STEPHEN
Easy --

LOUISE
You can't trust her as far as you
can kick her. And I could give her
some boot.

STEPHEN
Louise. The man's a police officer.

TOM
Please. Don't hold back on my account.

STEPHEN tries to smile an appreciation.

17 EXT. GRAVEYARD. ST. THERESA'S CHURCH - DAY 5 [11:04] 17

TOM walks slowly with STEPHEN and LOUISE, through the graveyard, towards the church entrance...

LOUISE
What'd she tell you about her life before this?

TOM
In New York?

LOUISE
Aye. Have you had the same version more than once?

TOM
She says it's where she met your dad.

LOUISE
(skeptical)
Did she?

STEPHEN
They met in a bar in Dublin. He was near the end of caring for our mum. Olivia was glamorous. Offered some escape.

LOUISE
'Glamorous' is one word for it. She knows her effect, that woman. She plays on it. And imagine her ego in a small community like this... She made sure all the men knew who she was, that's for sure. Bunch of retirees looking at her like the last power tool in the shop.

TOM smiles. She looks at him sideways. Stern.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Us women could take a long walk off
a short pier, as far as she was
concerned.

STEPHEN

He did go to New York to see her.
Not long after Mum died.

LOUISE

We thought, "What harm can it do",
you know?

She shakes her head. Rueful.

STEPHEN

Aye. She didn't hang about. We
barely had time to talk to him
before they were married.

TOM

He proposed to her, though?

STEPHEN

He said as much - and maybe it's
true; he was all about doing things
"the right way".... But he was not
the one calling the shots in that
relationship.

They walk on a wee bit.

TOM

She said you're keeping her away
from the will?

STEPHEN

We are. I work in a similar
business to her in London. I heard
something went on around her
departure from her firm in New
York.

LOUISE

We've an investigator looking into
it over there.

TOM

Have they found anything?

STEPHEN

[No.] The whole thing is shrouded
in NDAs.

TOM nods. His suspicion grows. They get to the gate. TOM stops. Direct with them.

TOM

I realise you weren't here when your father was murdered, but I have to ask... Were you aware of his criminal activity?

STEPHEN and LOUISE share a look of nervousness.

TOM (CONT'D)

You're not going to be asked to testify against him now.

LOUISE

...We were aware. Aye.

TOM

Do you know what he was doing?

STEPHEN

Not exactly. But I could guess.

TOM

You never talked about it with him in recent years?

LOUISE

I didn't.

She looks to her brother. He shakes his head.

STEPHEN

No.

(beat)

It's Northern Ireland. We don't talk about what we don't want to talk about.

TOM

Did your mum know?

LOUISE

More than she cared to. But she was like a confessional, Mummy. No idle talk coming out of her.

STEPHEN

Hard to believe when you look at Olivia.

TOM

How so?

STEPHEN

They're just... not alike. In any way.

LOUISE

Dad was usually so good at surrounding himself with people he could trust. Quiet types, you know? People you would lose in a crowd.

(beat)

And then there was *her*...

TOM understands. Building a more accurate picture of Olivia.

18 EXT. ROAD BY ST. THERESA'S CHURCH - DAY 5 [11:13] 18

TOM watches STEPHEN and LOUISE drive away. On his phone.

TOM

(into phone)

Good morning, this is Detective Chief Inspector Tom Brannick from the Police Service of Northern Ireland. I'm hoping to talk to somebody about a former employee of yours, a miss Olivia Deegan?

He checks his watch:

TOM (CONT'D)

We're, uh, five hours ahead of you here, but if you could give me a call back, that would be much appreciated. My number is --

19 INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 5 [11:36] 19

TOM and NIAMH climb the stairs...

TOM

Did you get pictures of everyone in attendance?

NIAMH

Aye... We'll cross check each person against former and active paramilitary members, organised crime affiliations... see if anyone raises a red flag.

TOM

OK.

NIAMH
You think we should treat his kids
with suspicion?

TOM
Neither of them was here.

NIAMH
They could have hired someone to do
it.

TOM
Aye, but why now? They've had all
this time.
(beat)
No. It doesn't feel right. Let's
stick with what we know.

They stride down the corridor into --

20 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 5 [11:38] 20

TOM and NIAMH enter. BIRDY crosses to his desk with a coffee.
He sees them. Can't help blushing. Flustered.

TOM
Where were you?

BIRDY
I'm sorry, sir... I slept in.

NIAMH
Thought you grew up on a farm? Up
with the sunrise, and all that.

BIRDY half smiles. Non-committal. NIAMH goes to her desk.
Sits. TOM sits in Birdy's chair. BIRDY stands beside him.

BIRDY
Sssir?

TOM turns to look at Birdy's computer. Keeps his voice low.

TOM
I need to have a look at the last
time Dardis used his fuel card. How
can I do that?

TOM puts his hands on the keyboard.

TOM (CONT'D)
What's your login?

BIRDY

Uh. It's against guidelines to share your login information with another officer, sir.

TOM

Of course it is, sorry.

TOM stands up. Yields the chair.

TOM (CONT'D)

But can you look into that? See if he refuelled close to any of Colin's clients?

BIRDY

Sir.

TOM takes out his phone. Keeps the screen facing away from BIRDY. Switches his phone video camera on.

TOM

What? Sorry, just reading a message from Izzy...

BIRDY blushes. Looks to his computer. Types in his login as TOM films it --

JACKIE (O.S.)

What's this about a foot print?

TOM shuts the app immediately. Puts his phone away. JACKIE comes from his office. Talks across to NIAMH.

NIAMH

We found it out the back of the safe house. It matches the one found beside Foyle's body.

JACKIE

Is it Dardis?

NIAMH

It doesn't match the footwear he had on. But it might give us an accomplice.

TOM is quietly satisfied.

JACKIE

What size?

NIAMH

Ten.

JACKIE
A man, then? Most likely.

NIAMH nods. Not what JACKIE was after.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Hm.
(gestures to his office)
Tom.

TOM leaves BIRDY to it. Goes into JACKIE'S OFFICE --

21 INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 5 [11:40] 21
TOM closes the door. JACKIE hands him a forensic report:

JACKIE
They've found fragments of bank
notes in Colin Foyle's car. Looks
like he was handling large
quantities of cash. There have been
two high value cash robberies in
Armagh, recently. I've shared the
results with detectives over there,
see if there's any connection they
can make.

TOM reads it. Looks up.

TOM
You don't think we need to look
harder at who Colin Foyle was
working for --

JACKIE
We're not looking to bash the heads
of organised crime here, Tom. It's
a murder investigation, pure and
simple.

TOM bites his tongue.

22 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 5 [11:42] 22
NIAMH at her desk near BIRDY. TOM and JACKIE in JACKIE'S
OFFICE beyond. NIAMH watches BIRDY. He rubs his wrist where
he fell. He gives a fond smile. Her eyes narrow.

NIAMH
Did you get lucky?

BIRDY
Wh - Wha - Why would you say that?

NIAMH
You did!

BIRDY
Shut up. How d'you know?

NIAMH
Good at my job.

She smiles. The door opens to JACKIE'S OFFICE. TOM walks out. Passes between NIAMH and BIRDY.

TOM
(to BIRDY)
Any joy?

BIRDY has the relevant information on screen. Points --

NIAMH
Birdy got lucky, sir.

BIRDY
Wha - No.

BIRDY looks from NIAMH to TOM. Bright red. TOM raises an eyebrow. Intrigued.

TOM
Billy Bird... Do we need to have a talk?

BIRDY
Uh... s-sir?

TOM
Was she family?

BIRDY
What?

TOM
You never know with farmers.
There's laws against that, you know?

NIAMH and TOM smile. BIRDY clears his throat. Points at his screen. Back on task:

BIRDY

The last time Dardis used his fuel card was two days before Colin Foyle was shot.

TOM leans in. Follows BIRDY's finger as he points at the different markers on the map.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

The closest client of Foyle's to there is a Mrs Lauren Fitzpatrick.

TOM

What's her line of work?

BIRDY

She's a jeweller.

NIAMH

I thought Foyle's clients were high ranking business types?

BIRDY

Mostly they are.

(beat)

We don't know if he definitely went to see her. The only way of making sure would be if we had either of Foyle's or Dardis's phones.

TOM

Still no sign of Dardis's replacement phone, no?

BIRDY

Not yet.

NIAMH

A jeweller could easily be a conduit for high value items.

TOM looks to NIAMH.

TOM

Let's go and talk to her.

NIAMH gets up from her desk --

TOM'S CAR travels down a road lined by the dense trees of Tollymore Forest Park. The Mourne Mountains rise up beyond. Towards the village of Tullygarrick...

24 EXT. LAUREN'S YARD. TULLYGARRICK - DAY 5 [12:12] 24

TOM'S CAR pulls in. A small collection of outbuildings. TOM and NIAMH get out. NIAMH notices a NEIGHBOUR in his upstairs window, watching. He sees NIAMH notice. Steps away from view.

NIAMH
(muttering)
We've been spotted.

TOM glances in the direction of the neighbour's house. Nonchalant. Turns to look at the workshop:

A woman in her 60s, with short curly grey hair and well worn workwear steps out. LAUREN FITZPATRICK. She wipes her hands. Curious to know why they're there.

TOM
Hello ma'am. PSNI.

LAUREN
...Come on in.

She steps back inside. TOM and NIAMH share a look. Follow.

25 INT. WORKSHOP. LAUREN FITZPATRICK'S HOUSE - DAY 5 [12:14] 25

The workshop is in an outbuilding, beside the house. TOM and NIAMH step in. LAUREN moves things around, almost oblivious to their presence. She busies herself with her work...

TOM
Mrs Fitzpatrick?

LAUREN
Miss. This about the motorbikes?

TOM
No.

LAUREN
Should be. They fly up and down
here like it's the Ulster Grand
Prix.

TOM
We're here to talk to you about
Colin Foyle.

She glances at him. Picks up a long file. Goes to her lamp-lit jeweller's desk with a half circle cut into it. Sits.

LAUREN

That's a sad business. I've been
one of his clients since the
beginning.

NIAMH

How long is that?

LAUREN

Thirty five years? Older than you.

NIAMH smiles. Looks around the workshop: A kiln, engraving tools, scales. Hammers, pliers and saws hang neatly...

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Someone shot him, is that right?

TOM

Aye.

She exhales. Shakes her head.

NIAMH

You don't seem surprised.

LAUREN

I'm beyond that, love.

(beat; considered)

He was a good man. A good
accountant. He'll be missed.

She carries on. Her eulogy done.

TOM

Did he come to see you? Last week?

LAUREN

He did. Talked me through my books.

TOM

That's it?

LAUREN

I reckon so.

NIAMH

He was driven here by someone from
Belfast Executive Cars.

LAUREN

...Can't say I noticed that.

NIAMH
The driver was a man called Robert
Dardis?

She looks closely at a piece of jewellery.

LAUREN
Right...

NIAMH
Do you know him?

LAUREN
Dardis, you say? No.

NIAMH gets to the end of the run of tools. A small crucible on the work bench. She reaches out to touch it --

LAUREN (CONT'D)
(to NIAMH)
Come away from there, love... I
don't want you touching things.

NIAMH heeds the schoolteacher tone. Steps away obligingly.

TOM
Did Mr Foyle ever buy items of
value from you in cash, or agree to
sell items you had made?

LAUREN
No. He was just my accountant.

NIAMH
You ever make anything for Mrs
Foyle?

TOM looks at NIAMH. Intrigued. He notices something on a shelf near her. Moves slowly towards it...

LAUREN
Which one?

NIAMH
The new one.

LAUREN
Hm. No. I did not.

NIAMH
Really? That's strange.

LAUREN
Why d'you say that?

NIAMH
We heard talk she married him for
his money.

LAUREN
(chuckles)
God forbid the police are relying
on County Down gossip.

TOM is by the shelf. A sheet of hessian sacking with a distinctive red stripe is folded in a neat square. It's familiar to him.

TOM
What's this?

LAUREN
That? Oh it's uh... It's a piece of
material.

TOM
Hessian sacking.

LAUREN
Is that right?

TOM
You don't know?

LAUREN
'Course I know.

TOM
You don't seem very sure?

LAUREN
Och, come on...

TOM takes a pair of blue latex gloves from his pocket. Puts them on...

LAUREN (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

He picks up the hessian sacking. Lets it unfurl. The distinctive red stripe plain to see...

LAUREN (CONT'D)
That's my property.

TOM
That red stripe... distinctive
enough...

She swallows. Uncomfortable. He sees a dark oil mark, in a long line, along the sacking.

TOM (CONT'D)
And this oil mark. What would that be?

LAUREN
I don't know... Whatever tool was wrapped in it - what is this about?

TOM
Two rifle cases were recovered from a storage facility in Dunfolan, yesterday. One of them contained a sniper rifle, covered with hessian sacking just like this. The other rifle was missing.

LAUREN
I don't know anything about that.

TOM nods to NIAMH.

NIAMH
Miss Fitzpatrick. We will be conducting an Article Twenty search of the premises, which is permitted when it has been authorised by an officer of the rank of Inspector, or above.

NIAMH gestures to TOM.

LAUREN
Now hold your horses --

NIAMH
Lauren Fitzpatrick. I'm arresting you for the murder of Colin Foyle.

LAUREN suddenly looks nervous. TOM looks at the sacking.

26 EXT. LEGACY TRAUMA CENTRE. BELFAST - DAY 5 [12:28] 26

IZZY approaches a large Victorian building in leafy gardens. She climbs the stairs to the front door. Passes a plaque for:

LEGACY Trauma Centre

27 INT. LEGACY TRAUMA CENTRE. BELFAST - DAY 5 [12:53] 27

IZZY sits with a COUNSELLOR, who listens attentively. IZZY picks over her thoughts. Emotion close to the surface...

IZZY

He said... us staying was like... a
way for her to find her way home -
Mummy...

COUNSELLOR

Staying in the house?

IZZY

No. In the area, just. I think. The
country.

COUNSELLOR

And that upset you?

IZZY pauses. Nods.

COUNSELLOR (CONT'D)

Do you think that's because you
hold on to hope, like he does?
Because you don't have that
resolution?

WE CLOSE IN ON IZZY

She makes a face: Not sure if that's it at all.

IZZY

I tell you what it is. It's like
home itself has become a weight,
you know? An anchor. And not in a
good way... 'Cause no matter how
hard I try... and I do try... I
can't get away from it.

(pauses; thinks)

It's not like I want to get away
from Daddy... but... at the same
time... my life here - the place -
it won't let me go... It will
always keep pulling me back down...
Like I don't have a choice.

IZZY looks at the COUNSELLOR. A darkness in her eyes.

28 EXT. LEGACY TRAUMA CENTRE. BELFAST - DAY 5 [13:32] 28

IZZY steps out of the large Victorian building. Sees BIRDY waiting by his car. She goes to him.

IZZY
You managed to get away?

BIRDY
I've time for lunch.

IZZY
Thanks. For meeting me here.

BIRDY shrugs: Of course he would. He glances at the small sign that reads **LEGACY Trauma Centre**. Sensitive to the place.

BIRDY
No bother.

IZZY
I wanted you to see it. To know.

BIRDY nods. Thoughtful.

IZZY (CONT'D)
What're you thinking?

BIRDY
I think you're brave. For talking to someone, like.

IZZY
You do?

BIRDY
Aye.

She's comforted. A thought.

IZZY
If Daddy were to find out... about us... could you... not tell him about this? About this place?

BIRDY
Of course.

IZZY
I don't think he'd understand. That I need to speak to somebody else.

BIRDY nods. Gets it. A beat.

BIRDY
We've no plans for him to find out
about us just now, though - right?

He smiles at her. Hopes she agrees. She's uncomfortable.

IZZY
And when would be a good time,
Birdy?

BIRDY
Uh... That's not what I'm saying.

IZZY
Easier for you to get out if my
Daddy doesn't know, is that it?

BIRDY
No. I'm not gonna - I don't want to
get out.

A pause. She looks at him with narrowed eyes. Beat.

IZZY
Hm.

She gets in the car. BIRDY feels like he's made a mis-step.
Gets in the car quickly.

29 EXT. WORKSHOP. LAUREN FITZPATRICK'S HOUSE - DAY 5 [13:37] 29
TOM and NIAMH in white CSI suits. They watch as CSIs come and go from the workshop. One CSI carries the red striped hessian sacking in an evidence bag, ready to be sent for analysis.

LEAH comes out of the workshop. Urgent.

LEAH
Sir.

30 INT. WORKSHOP. LAUREN FITZPATRICK'S HOUSE - DAY 5 [13:39] 30
LEAH shows TOM and NIAMH to a hidden cabinet in the wall, under Lauren's workbench. The panelled door has been moved. A light is fixed on the contents.

The CSI examining, backs off to let them look closer.

LEAH, TOM and NIAMH - all masked up - crouch and look in. A large clamp-like tool. Boxes and containers. Some of which have been opened, displaying the contents.

LEAH

The tool is called a single stage reloading press. The boxes contain primers... the canister contains gunpowder. Your jeweller is making ammunition.

TOM

What kind?

LEAH

Any kind she wants. She just needs the old cartridge and then with the crucible, she has the facility to create a new bullet.

NIAMH

Why would you do that?

LEAH

It's cheaper... It means you don't need a supplier - you can use the same casings again and again. Forensically it can be easier to spot but... if you're good enough, you know what the tell-tale signs will be.

TOM gets a better look at the assembly of tools.

TOM

She's an old pro.

LEAH

Looks like it.

31

EXT. LAUREN'S YARD. TULLYGARRICK - DAY 5 [14:02]

31

TOM and NIAMH, in normal clothes, watch as LAUREN is escorted from her house to a PATROL CAR by UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

NIAMH

She won't give us anything.

TOM

At least we can connect Dardis to the murder. That's not nothing.

NIAMH

But we don't have Dardis. Just dead ends.

She looks pissed off. Annoyed with herself.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
Leah's moving up to the Dardis
house crime scene. I said I'd go
with her.

TOM
Grand.

NIAMH walks off towards the WORKSHOP.

TOM (CONT'D)
Niamh.

She looks back at him.

TOM (CONT'D)
Don't beat yourself up about it.

NIAMH
You would if you were the one who
lost him.

TOM
We shouldn't have let him go in the
first place. Remember that.

She pauses. Goes. TOM has the pieces where he wants them.

32 INT. KITCHEN. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 5 [14:46]

32

TOM opens the kitchen cabinet where Cairns' phone and pistol
are hidden. He takes out the pistol, wrapped in a tea towel.
He unwraps it. Looks at it. Slides it into his waistband.

33 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 5 [14:50]

33

TOM drives. On his way to Olivia's house. Resolved to take
their conspiracy further.

He dials her number from his contacts. It rings. Olivia picks
up. He speaks on hands free.

OLIVIA (PHONE)
Tom?

TOM
I'd like to come and talk to you.
It'll be strictly between you and
me. Do we understand each other?

OLIVIA (PHONE)
Yes, of course. When?

TOM
I'll be there in ten minutes.

He hangs up. Keeps driving.

34 INT. KITCHEN. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 5 [15:03]

34

OLIVIA scours ANPR photos of Colin's car and Dardis' car. She examines maps pinpointing where they've been seen. A list of Colins clients. TOM sits close. Watches her.

OLIVIA
The jeweller?

TOM
Lauren Fitzpatrick. What d'you know about her?

OLIVIA keeps her eyes on the documents. Studies them.

OLIVIA
...Colin wouldn't talk about her. I once asked if she took commissions but he said she wouldn't be interested. I was almost jealous.

A smile as she scours the documents...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
(re. documents)
There's not much to learn from these.

TOM
Because Dardis disconnected the GPS tracker on his BMW. All we have to go off is whatever cameras we were able to pick him up on.

She leans back. Thinks.

OLIVIA
He didn't always drive the BMW, you know?

TOM
What?

OLIVIA
Dardis. The last few times I saw him with Colin, he came in a silver car. A Mercedes.

She looks at TOM. He leans forward to the information.

35 INT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - DAY 5 [15:41] 35

TOM has pulled up outside PSNI Dunfolan station. He looks up at the building. Feels the back of his trousers and pulls Dardis's pistol from his waistband.

He surreptitiously hides it in his glove compartment.

36 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 5 [16:01] 36

TOM sits at his desk in the quiet office. Desk phone to his ear. His voice quiet. Furtive. A pen and pad at the ready:

TOM
(into phone)
Uh huh... uh huh... But could he
have used a different name to take
out another of your cars?... A
silver Mercedes... Aye... OK, give
us the registration number of that
car, would you?

TOM writes down: **BDZ 8186**

37 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 5 [16:04] 37

TOM at Birdy's computer. He watches the video on his phone of Birdy logging in. He copies what Birdy writes...

38 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 5 [16:06] 38

TOM emails the **ANPR TEAM**. He requests hits on registration **BDZ 8186** - a vehicle of interest in the Foyle case. He signs off as **DC Bird**.

39 EXT. FOYLE HOUSE. FRONT - DAY 5 [16:37] 39

Late in the day. OLIVIA walks from her front door to TOM'S CAR. TOM behind the wheel. He talks through the open passenger window:

TOM
He's on an ANPR camera, turning in
to Royal Down Yacht Club.

OLIVIA gets in --

40 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 5 [16:43] 40

TOM drives. OLIVIA beside him. She glances at him. Enjoys the thrill of the chase as they cut through grey country roads...

41 EXT. ROYAL DOWN YACHT CLUB. WHITEROCK BAY - DAY 5 [17:17] 41

Almost evening. The light fades. The wind chimes yacht masts on the water. TOM and OLIVIA walk through the yard, past yachts and dinghies on trailers. A row of bungalows on the shore beyond.

TOM identifies a camera on the building up ahead. Says nothing. Wary of what it can see.

TOM
Did Colin own a boat?

OLIVIA
No.

TOM
What about his clients?

OLIVIA
Oh, I'm sure one of them does...

They stop. Look at the large white Yacht Club building. They see a greying man in a sailing jacket (the SECRETARY) giving an inaudible instruction to a PAINTER in a baseball cap.

The SECRETARY carries on around the building, out of sight. OLIVIA watches him. A growing sense of her mischief.

42 EXT. ROYAL DOWN YACHT CLUB - DAY 5 [17:19] 42

OLIVIA walks up on the SECRETARY as he checks on a small yacht that is out of the water.

OLIVIA
Are you the club chairman?

SECRETARY
Uh, no. No, I'm not. I'm the secretary.

OLIVIA
You look like the chairman. If that's any consolation.

SECRETARY

(smiles)

Can I help you... with anything?

OLIVIA

Well, like a total eejit, I came here because I don't know where else to go - I'm looking to buy a yacht, you see?

SECRETARY

People do sell their yachts here.

OLIVIA

They do? And there was me thinking you'd tell me to go to a yacht... shop... or something - oh God, how stupid do I sound?

SECRETARY

You don't sound stupid.

OLIVIA

You're very sweet.

SECRETARY

What kind of yacht are you looking for?

OLIVIA makes an uncertain face.

OLIVIA

Well, uh - Sorry, I didn't catch your name?

SECRETARY

Tony.

OLIVIA

Tony, lovely to meet you. I'm Suzie.

She oozes charm. He nods his pleasure.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I was hoping to surprise my boyfriend with this, you see. He won't be expecting it at all.

SECRETARY

OK.

OLIVIA

And obviously, being a novice, I'm all about style over substance.

SECRETARY

Nothing wrong with that.

She touches his upper arm in delight. Laughs.

OLIVIA

Tony, you're my new best friend.
(he chuckles)

I think if I were to just know what types of yachts you have here, so I can look them up? Maybe get in touch with the owners directly?

SECRETARY

You could do that, right enough.

OLIVIA

Tony.

She reaches into her wallet in excitement. Takes out a hundred pounds in cash. Presses it in his hand.

SECRETARY

Oh, no, I couldn't --

OLIVIA

You have to. Call it a finder's fee. We're in this together now.

She persuades his uncertainty. A shared smile.

43

EXT. ROYAL DOWN YACHT CLUB - DAY 5 [17:27]

43

OLIVIA comes back round the YACHT CLUB. Approaches TOM. A satisfied look in her eyes.

She stops in front of him. Reaches into her jacket. Takes out the list of yacht club members and boats. A hint of ceremony.

TOM

I'm impressed.

She hands it to him. He goes to take it. She keeps hold of it a beat. Something to add:

OLIVIA

I have my ways.

She looks straight at him. Bold. His eyes spark.

44 EXT. ALLEYWAY BEHIND DARDIS HOUSE - EVENING 5 [18:57] 44

NIAMH and LEAH walk the alleyway that runs around the back of a row of houses, including the DARDIS HOUSE. On the other side of the path is a high bank covered in impassable bushes.

Both of them in CSI suits but not masked. SEVERAL UNIFORMED CONSTABLES stand on guard. Cordon tape demarcates the crime scene. A step ladder stands in the alleyway on the other side of the fence to the shed blaze. LEAH points to it.

LEAH

You get a better view from up there.

NIAMH climbs the ladder. Looks around from her vantage point. She can see the scorched shed. The house beyond. She points to the eaves of the house:

NIAMH

Our camera's position?

LEAH

Aye.

LEAH has walked beyond the step ladder, to a further point in the alleyway. She gestures to the spot where she stands.

LEAH (CONT'D)

Whoever threw the petrol bomb did it from around here.

NIAMH

Multiple routes of escape. Either way down the alley... through any of these gardens... through those bushes, at a push...

(beat)

Still nothing from the surrounding houses? No one saw the petrol bomb being lit, no?

LEAH

No.

NIAMH

And no one else has cameras?

LEAH

Not that we're aware of.

NIAMH traces the imaginary arc of the petrol bomb, from LEAH to the shed. Puzzled.

NIAMH

Let's say the intention of the attacker is to hit the shed...

LEAH

Nice and combustible. Sends out a clear warning.

NIAMH

Why throw it from all the way over there? You might miss.

Something dawns on NIAMH. She realises:

NIAMH (CONT'D)

Unless you knew where the camera was.

45 EXT. STREET. DUNFOLAN - EVENING 5 [19:02]

45

NIAMH walks away from the DARDIS' HOUSE to her car. She's on her phone. Leaves a message:

NIAMH

(into phone)

Birdy, it's me. Can you look again at the concealed camera footage we have from the Dardis' house, when it was petrol bombed? We need to make absolutely sure there's nothing we've missed.

She hangs up. Gets into her car --

46 INT. BEDROOM. IZZY'S FLAT - EVENING 5 [19:02]

46

BIRDY and IZZY lie facing each other in bed. Content. The glow of his phone behind him as it receives Niamh's voicemail. Then the light blinks off.

IZZY

You just got a message.

BIRDY

I can check it later.

She smiles. Enjoys his complete focus on her. A pause.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna hurt you. I swear.

IZZY
You don't know that.

BIRDY
Aye. I do.

He smiles. Gentle. She kisses him --

47 INT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - NIGHT 5 [19:48]

47

TOM and OLIVIA sit in the car outside the FOYLE HOUSE. They read through the printouts under the interior light: Rows of vessel types and their owners.

TOM
...Anyone?

OLIVIA
Yes.

He looks at her.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Not a client of Colin's. His solicitor. Noel Timoney.

She hands him the relevant page.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Why would Colin be coming to see him?

TOM thinks on it. Not sure of the answer.

TOM
I'll look into it.

She smiles. Gets out of the car.

TOM (CONT'D)
See you tomorrow.

OLIVIA
That's the hope.

She shuts the door. TOM starts the engine. Swings the car round the turning circle. Drives away as she watches.

48 EXT. STREET. BELFAST - DAY 6 [10:56]

48

TOM crosses the road to a row of shops. He enters one that's an office for **Noel Timoney Solicitors**.

49 INT. NOEL TIMONEY SOLICITORS. BELFAST - DAY 6 [11:02] 49

A typically bureaucratic office. Stacks of files. House plants. Some generic art. TOM sits across the desk from NOEL TIMONEY, a self-satisfied man in his fifties.

TOM

We've been tracking the movements of Colin Foyle, and it appears he met up with you at the Royal Down Yacht Club, on Thursday the tenth?

NOEL

I can neither confirm nor deny that.

TOM

You're his solicitor. You saw him on the day he died. You might be one of the last people to see him. How do you think that looks to us?

NOEL hesitates. Shifts uncomfortably.

NOEL

Uh... He did come to the yacht club, aye. We had a drink.

TOM

Why haven't you come forward with this before?

NOEL

There wasn't anything unusual about our meeting

TOM

What did you talk about?

NOEL

We caught up. Family... old acquaintances... I'm sure you can imagine.

TOM

So no official business?

NOEL pauses. Clear he's holding something back.

TOM (CONT'D)

Would you prefer to talk about this at the station?

NOEL

He wanted to make an amendment to his will. And a payment to someone.

TOM

To who?

NOEL

I can't disclose that.

TOM frustrated. He watches NOEL closely.

TOM

A man changes his will on the day he's murdered, and you don't think to tell anyone?

NOEL

You have to understand, conversations about Colin's will weren't irregular. He was a very thorough man.

TOM

What was the amendment?

NOEL hesitates. Looks uncertain.

NOEL

I'd certainly need some official documentation if I was going to show you that, DCI Brannick. Until probate is granted, only the executors are allowed to see it.

TOM covers disappointment.

TOM

I understand.

50

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 6 [11:43]

50

BIRDY at his desk. NIAMH with him. They watch the CCTV footage of the petrol bomb being thrown on to the shed.

BIRDY

This is the fire starting on the Dardis' shed... You can see the petrol bomb coming over the fence here...

He manages to slow it down so they see the arc of flickering flame coming over and bursting on the shed roof.

NIAMH

Do you think whoever did this knew
where our cameras were?

BIRDY

What?

He looks at her. Concerned. She keeps her eyes on screen.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

I suppose it's possible... Dardis
would have known where they were...
He could have tipped someone off...

NIAMH

Hmm. Keep looking.

She walks away. BIRDY plays the journey and ignition, again. He spots something. Freezes the image. The petrol bomb in flight. He slowly winds back the journey of the bomb...

He freezes the image. Leans in. The closer he looks, the more pixelated the image becomes but behind the petrol bomb's flight, he thinks he can see a hand.

He rewinds. Watches it again. Sure enough, the bomb appears the same time as a hand - glimpsed briefly - and then it drops behind the fence. He pauses it again. Zooms in...

It's so grainy, it's hard to see exactly, but it looks like there's a black band around the wrist: A watch.

51

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 6 [12:01]

51

TOM and NIAMH sit opposite LAUREN and her SOLICITOR. NIAMH passes an image across the table of the Hessian sacking.

NIAMH

...The hessian sacking found in your workshop has a long oil mark running down the centre. Our analysis shows that oil to be a match for the type of gun oil on the recently recovered M24 rifle.

TOM

It's not the murder weapon, Lauren. But it's the same type of rifle. Do you know where the missing one is?

LAUREN

No comment.

TOM pushes the photo of the masked man leaving the storage facility, across the table. TOM points at the long object:

TOM
Would you say that could be a rifle?

LAUREN
No comment.

TOM
Do you know who that is?

LAUREN
No comment.

TOM
But you do make ammunition.

She looks at him. Surprised.

LAUREN
No...

TOM
No comment?

NIAMH produces images of:

NIAMH
A concealed cabinet in your workshop...

TOM
That's never a good start.

NIAMH
Containing a single stage loading press, primers and gunpowder. Our investigators say that these items, along with the crucible in your workshop, and certain moulds they have found, present enough forensic evidence to suggest you have been casting and reloading ammunition.

TOM
How long were you a member of the Real Republican Youth?

LAUREN looks at him. Surprised. TOM checks his papers in front of him.

TOM (CONT'D)
We have you being let off with a
caution after a demonstration in
nineteen ninety five. You were
sticking up posters saying,
"Disband the RUC"?

NIAMH
Know your audience, Lauren.

LAUREN
No comment.

TOM
Is that where you were recruited as
an armourer?

LAUREN hesitates. Caught.

LAUREN
...No comment.

Their patience frays with the jeweller's unwillingness.

TOM
Do you know who killed Colin Foyle?

LAUREN
No comment.

TOM
Did you kill Colin Foyle?

LAUREN
No comment.

TOM
Did you make the ammunition for the
murder of Colin Foyle?

LAUREN
No comment.

TOM
Did someone come to collect the
ammunition from you?

NIAMH
(re. storage facility
photo)
Did this man leave the piece of
Hessian sacking behind, that
covered the murder weapon?

LAUREN
No comment.

TOM
How many times did you talk with
Robert Dardis?

LAUREN
No comment.

A pause. TOM and NIAMH watch her closely.

TOM
Lauren. Now we have the machinery
you use to make ammunition... how
many other shootings do you think
ballistics will be able to connect
you to? How many murders?

LAUREN looks broken. Defeated.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'd say you're headed to prison,
Lauren. How you answer these
questions, right now, might just
determine for how long.

She takes a long, deep, trembling breath.

LAUREN
...No Comment.

TOM looks at her like a shark on a leash.

52 EXT. SHORELINE. STRANGFORD LOUGH - DAY 6 [14:06] 52

TOM walks with STEPHEN and LOUISE, on a path by the rocky
beach. The wind rises and falls. The islands lie beyond.

TOM
Noel Timoney said your dad
requested something be added to his
will on the day he died. Would you
be able to tell me what that was?

STEPHEN
To be honest, Tom, we haven't
finished going through it. But I'll
let you know if we find anything of
interest.

TOM
Thank you.

LOUISE

We just checked the headlines, so
we did. Made sure she isn't getting
the lot.

TOM

And she isn't?

LOUISE

No, thank Christ.

STEPHEN

Actually, she's uh... She's been
written out of it.

TOM

...Huh.

TOM tries to cover his surprise. LOUISE notices.

LOUISE

Noel says she agreed to it, but
that doesn't sound right.

TOM

Is that why you're having her
investigated? For when she objects?

LOUISE

[Yes.] She's got a move up her
sleeve, we know it. And we need to
be prepared for that.

TOM frowns. Not sure what OLIVIA is up to either.

53

INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 6 [14:28]

53

NIAMH in front of the evidence boards. Examines the case so
far. Her posted notes beside certain images, ask questions:

How did he avoid camera?

Why does Foyle have rifles?

A knock. BIRDY enters. Carries printouts. NIAMH casts an eye
towards him.

NIAMH

Please. Tell me you have something.

She looks at him. Curious. He puts screen grabbed images of
the watch on the table.

BIRDY

The bomber was wearing a watch.

NIAMH

That doesn't narrow things down.

BIRDY

Could be a smartwatch?

NIAMH

Can you track its signal?

BIRDY

No. We'd have to know the phone it was tied to.

NIAMH

Not much use, then?

BIRDY

More luck here, maybe...

He pulls photos of the two boot print plaster casts.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

The matching footprints. A gumboot. One by Colin Foyle's body... a left foot print... one in the field by the safe house Dardis was in... A right foot print...

NIAMH

Uh huh.

BIRDY

We know Dardis' right foot is in a protective brace. He can't have made this print by the safe house.

NIAMH

(re. plaster cast)

This is the accomplice, then?

BIRDY

Maybe...

They compare the photos of both plaster casts. Side by side.

NIAMH

Have you checked DC Ruddy's footwear?

BIRDY

[Yes.] Nothing that matches. He's
in for questioning again, though.

NIAMH chews it over. A nagging suspicion.

NIAMH

There's something we're not seeing
here.

A pause. BIRDY glances at her. Uncertain.

BIRDY

It does look like...

NIAMH

What?

BIRDY

Well. The difference between the
two prints.

(re. island print)

This one's worn away...

(re. safe house print)

This one looks new.

NIAMH

So the accomplice favours a
particular brand... Disposes of the
contaminated boots from Foyle's
murder, buys a new pair to get
Dardis.

A pause. A troubling thought:

NIAMH (CONT'D)

Unless...

She looks at him. Unsure whether to share her suspicion. She
looks back at the photos of the footprints. Mulls it over.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

Doesn't matter.

But the thought is in her head and she can't shift it.

Across the office, we see BIRDY and NIAMH sit down with the
photographs. Close.

55 INT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - DAY 6 [14:44] 55

TOM in the front seat. His phone on speaker. The voice on the other end is middle aged American. ANDY.

ANDY (PHONE)
Detective Chief Inspector Brannick.

TOM
Thanks for calling me back.

ANDY (PHONE)
You wanted to know about Olivia
Deegan?

TOM
That's right.

ANDY (PHONE)
And I'd love to help you. But we
have a lot of legal issues
surrounding her departure from our
firm.

TOM
Any information you can share with
me would be very useful to an
ongoing investigation.

ANDY (PHONE)
What did she do this time?

ANDY has let his guard down a moment. TOM hesitates. Then:

TOM
I can't disclose that --

ANDY (PHONE)
No, of course you can't. I
shouldn't have said that. Please...
forget I said that.

(beat)
Listen, I'll have a word with our
lawyers here and see if there's
anything we can do to help you out.

TOM
Much appreciated. Thank you.

ANDY (PHONE)
No problem. We're always on the
side of law enforcement.

56 EXT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - DAY 6 [14:45] 56

TOM hangs up. A beat. Tricky. He starts the engine --

57 INT. WORKSHOP. LAUREN FITZPATRICK'S HOUSE - DAY 6 [14:53] 57

A CSI moves boxes stacked in one corner of the room. Under which is a large object, covered with a rug. The CSI pulls the rug away to reveal an old, battered safe.

58 INT. WORKSHOP. LAUREN FITZPATRICK'S HOUSE - DAY 6 [15:01] 58

A CSI drills the safe to open it...

The CSI puts the drill down. Opens the safe door. Pauses. Eyes wide and fixed on the contents.

CSI
Boss!

LEAH enters behind the CSI. Looks into the safe. Pauses.

LEAH
Get hold of DCI Brannick.

59 EXT. LAUREN FITZPATRICK'S HOUSE - DAY 6 [15:38] 59

TOM walks towards the workshop in white CSI suit. He masks up. Excitement in his eyes. He nods to LEAH as he nears the door. We follow him in to --

60 INT. WORKSHOP. LAUREN FITZPATRICK'S HOUSE - DAY 6 [15:39] 60

TOM enters. Stops. Arrested by the sight of a 12.5kg bar of gold. It sits on a white sheet on the workbench. LEAH steps in behind him. Also looks at it as if hypnotised.

TOM's mask rises and falls with his anticipatory breath.

He reaches his gloved hands out. Picks it up. Heavy. The gold reflects on his skin...

61 INT. STAIRS. PSNI HQ. BELFAST - DAY 6 [16:48] 61

JACKIE leads TOM and NIAMH down the corridor. They pass UNIFORMED OFFICERS and other STAFF. A pressing urgency...

JACKIE

The gold has American hallmarks on it. Made it very quick to identify. Someone high up got on the phone to the US and now they want us to talk to the FBI.

TOM

FBI?

JACKIE

Don't go all culchie, on us Tom. We don't want to scare them off with our banjos and our buck teeth.

JACKIE looks to NIAMH. She humours him. But she's distracted. They walk in to --

62

INT. BOARD ROOM. PSNI HQ. BELFAST - DAY 6 [16:49]

62

TOM, NIAMH and JACKIE enter. A uniformed CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT greets them. A CONSTABLE stands by the computer, ready to set up the call.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT

Jackie. Come on in. Sit yourselves down. We'll get the call up and running.

JACKIE

Thanks, Niall.

They sit at an overly large table. A panoramic view of Belfast behind them. A large tele-conference screen at one end of the room.

The CONSTABLE brings the image on screen: AGENT PAULA HALCROW is a suited woman in her forties. An office in the US.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT

Assistant Director Paula Halcrow,
this is Detective Chief
Superintendent Jackie Twomey and
his team.

JACKIE

How are you, Paula?

PAULA

I'm fine, thank you for asking.

JACKIE

This is DCI Tom Brannick and DS Niamh McGovern. They're running the investigation that discovered the gold.

TOM and NIAMH both nod or wave.

PAULA

Nice job.

JACKIE

Can you tell us what your interest is here, Paula? It's not every day we get dolled up to sit in front of the FBI.

She smiles. NIAMH gets out her note pad. Starts taking notes.

PAULA

Of course. What you found was one of a consignment of eight four hundred ounce gold bars that were stolen in transit, on their way to the Federal Reserve in Boston, in 1998.

NIAMH frowns. TOM flicks a look at her. Can feel her body language shift.

JACKIE

(quiet; to NIAMH)

Are you OK with ounces?

NIAMH shakes her head.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Sorry Paula, can you give us that in metric, please?

PAULA

Sure. It's twelve and a half kilos a bar. One hundred kilos in total.

JACKIE

In cash terms, how much are we talking about?

PAULA

Current value is six million dollars - four and a half million pounds, I believe.

TOM
Who stole it?

PAULA
They never apprehended the perpetrators, but I spoke to our office in Boston and they believe a criminal organization called the Savage Family are responsible.

JACKIE
Is that their name or reputation?

PAULA
I think they trade off both.

She reads the headlines from a piece of paper in her hand:

PAULA (CONT'D)
They're an Irish American crime family... strong links to your part of the country... used to work closely with the Irish Northern Aid Committee...

NIAMH
(quiet; to JACKIE)
Is that the same as NORAIL?

JACKIE
Aye.

PAULA
But it says here the Savages disagreed with the Committee's support of the peace process.

JACKIE leans forward. Intrigued.

JACKIE
So, do we think this gold was intended for the IRA, Paula? The same as all the other money the American Irish community sent this way to fund terrorism?

PAULA
That's what we believe, yes.

NIAMH
But there's no evidence to suggest whether it ever got to them?

PAULA

According to information we received, it never reached the IRA. It was hijacked in transit.

NIAMH stops writing. The information sets her mind running.

TOM

How d'you learn that?

PAULA

We had an informant.

JACKIE

"Had"?

PAULA

We... *mislaid* him.

JACKIE

Hm. Happens to the best of us.

JACKIE glances at NIAMH.

TOM

And the Savage Family. Are they still active?

PAULA

Absolutely. They've made a name for themselves over the past twenty years.

TOM

Doing what?

PAULA

They have a wide portfolio of interests.

JACKIE

Jesus, you make them sound like an investment bank.

PAULA

They're one of the major players in organised crime in the Northeastern United States. So pretty close.

JACKIE smiles. Points at the screen.

JACKIE

I like this woman.

(beat)

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Can you keep an eye on them for us, Paula? Let us know if anyone is making any noises about us over here?

PAULA

I can put the word out, sure, but beyond that you're talking about a major redistribution of time and resources, neither of which we have right now.

TOM

So what do you want from us?

PAULA

We'd like to know when you find our gold.

JACKIE nods. Fair enough. The CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT gets up from his seat at the side of the room.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT
Is that everything?

JACKIE

Aye. Thanks, Paula. Speak again soon, hopefully.

PAULA

I hope so too. Thank you all.

TOM

Thanks.

NIAMH

Nice to meet you.

The line hangs up. JACKIE looks to NIAMH:

JACKIE

Go back to Lauren Fitzpatrick. Tell her we'll extradite her to the FBI unless she gives us something. Make it sound like we're picking out her jumpsuit for Guantanamo.

TOM

And you had a go at me for using Social Services as a threat?

JACKIE

Yeah, but I'm not bluffing?

JACKIE gives a sly smile. Gets up. Ready to move.

63 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - NIGHT 6 [20:03] 63

LAUREN across from NIAMH and BIRDY. Her SOLICITOR beside her. A photo of the gold - CSI markers and measurements around it - on the table in front of her. She's defeated.

LAUREN

Colin brought it to me, wrapped in the hessian sacking. He asked what I could do with it... whether there was a way I could turn the gold into money. He thought I could melt it down. I looked at it... and I knew straight away what it was. The hallmarks and serial numbers... I was meant to have seen this gold twenty years before. I had been expecting it then, but... it never came.

64 EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6 [20:04] 64

TOM'S CAR swings into the drive. His Lough-side house foreboding in the damp grey light.

He reaches across to the glove compartment. Removes Dardis's pistol. He puts it in his waistband. Gets out of his car --

65 EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6 [20:05] 65

TOM walks towards his front door from the car. He hears footsteps coming from behind his house. He stops.

TOM

Hello?

Nothing. He stays still. Reaches slowly for Dardis's pistol. He curls his fingers around the grip...

Several more footsteps. He can see a figure in the shadows.

The figure makes a few quick steps forward. TOM about to pull Dardis's pistol from his waistband. Then OLIVIA appears from behind the building. A beat.

OLIVIA

I got your message.

TOM relaxes.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

You really found gold?

TOM
One bar.

She smiles. A throwback to the line she used on the secretary of the yacht club:

OLIVIA
We're in this together now.

He smiles. Guarded but enthralled.

66 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - NIGHT 6 [20:07] 66

RESUME NIAMH, BIRDY, LAUREN and her SOLICITOR.

LAUREN
I told Colin... I wouldn't do it.
It wasn't his gold to be selling.

NIAMH
He didn't listen?

LAUREN
He said he knew that. Said the man who owned the gold was a client of his. But... I knew that was nonsense. It was meant for the IRA.

NIAMH
But you didn't tell the IRA?

LAUREN
...No. I didn't.

BIRDY
Why?

LAUREN hesitates a moment.

LAUREN
...Colin was spooked enough. He gave me the bar. Told me to get on with turning it into cash, while he went to check some things out. But after that... I didn't hear from him. Then he was shot.

NIAMH
Leaving you with the gold.

LAUREN
Aye.

NIAMH
And you thought you'd keep it?

LAUREN looks at the table. Ashamed. She nods. A pause.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
This client of Colin's. The one he
said owned the gold. Did he say who
it was?

LAUREN
An assassin.

NIAMH's blood runs cold. She shares a flash of alarm with
BIRDY. Leans forward.

NIAMH
Say that again.

LAUREN
...Colin learned this assassin was
dead... that's why he thought he
could steal the gold...

NIAMH
Who was it? The assassin?

LAUREN
A man named Pat Keenan. Shot by
your lot.
(beat)
Colin said you'd been looking for
him for a long time.

NIAMH's eyes wide. Almost shaking.

67

INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6 [20:09]

67

OLIVIA and TOM stand opposite each other. The tension between them electric. She takes a step closer. They're too close for something not to happen. She kisses him. He kisses her back.

She pulls away. A slight smile. Teasing. She runs her fingers up his front until she has a finger under his chin. She pushes his head up, almost jarring. Then she kisses his neck.

With her free hand she loosens his belt in a swift movement. He gently pushes her hand away from his chin.

TOM
Wait.

He takes Dardis's pistol from the back of his trousers. Places it on a nearby table. A beat. A mutual excitement.

68 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - NIGHT 6 [20:12] 68

A shocked NIAMH crosses the room to JACKIE'S OFFICE. Almost punch drunk from Lauren's revelation --

69 INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - NIGHT 6 [20:12] 69

JACKIE is behind his desk. Working at his computer. NIAMH enters. He looks at her. Can see it's something important.

NIAMH
The gold belonged to Goliath.

JACKIE takes the news stoney faced.

JACKIE
Niamh. I don't know how many times I need to say this, but... Goliath is dead.

NIAMH
I understand that, sir.

She closes the door behind her. A beat. Looks at him.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
But what if we're wrong? What if he's still out there?

The conviction in her eyes hardens.

70 INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6 [20:13] 70

TOM puts his hands to OLIVIA'S neck. Kisses her.

She pushes his hands away. Playful. They undress each other slowly. But each reach for a button, each pinch of a zip or strap is a power play: Who will be subordinate or dominant?

They match each other, move for move, until OLIVIA lifts TOM's top over his head --

As his face is covered by his top, she turns her eyes to the only thing of interest: Dardis's pistol on the nearby table.

His top comes over his head. They enjoy each other. A moment. She takes him by the hand. Leads him towards the stairs, to go to the bedroom. He follows willingly.

But as he passes the table, his eyes also linger on the pistol left behind. Then back at her...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE.