

BLOODLANDS 2

EPISODE FOUR

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1 INT. TOM'S BEDROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 7 [06:18] 1
TOM sits in the shadows on a low armchair. Between the window and the corner of the room. The curtains are open. Outside in the soft, grey light are the islands of the Lough.
He is dressed. Sits up straight. Hands clasped. His eyes on the bed. OLIVIA lies there, sound asleep. The picture of innocence. TOM watches her like a riddle to be solved...

2 INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 7 [06:19] 2
TOM enters the room. Stops at the table. Looks down at the pistol that lies where he left it. Picks it up --

3 INT. UTILITY ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 7 [06:20] 3
-- TOM prizes the lid off his washing machine.
-- TOM wraps the pistol in a checked tea towel.
-- TOM slides the wrapped pistol down the side of the washing machine bin. He places the lid back on the machine...

4 INT. KITCHEN. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 7 [06:22] 4
OLIVIA watches in the reflection of the cabinet doors, TOM hiding the pistol...
She sees TOM push the machine back into position with some effort. It makes a metallic thunk. TOM stops --
OLIVIA turns around. Calmly leaves the kitchen.
In the reflection we see TOM look over his shoulder. A beat. He finishes putting the machine back in place.
PRE-LAP THE SOUND OF A PASSENGER JET, COMING IN TO LAND...

5 EXT. BELFAST INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 7 [07:00] 5
A PASSENGER JET on approach to the runway. Wheels down. Lights on. A puff of smoke as the wheels touch the tarmac...
We follow its deceleration on the runway. The terminal building in the haze beyond. *
*

6 INT. PASSPORT CONTROL. BELFAST INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 7 [07:21]

A passport is passed across to the BORDER CONTROL OFFICER. She checks it. The name on it **Jeremy Brooks**. They look up at an American with a shiny disposition. RYAN SAVAGE.

He wears a cap. Tired from his flight but good humoured.

BORDER CONTROL (O.S.)
Are you here for business or
pleasure?

RYAN
Aw, man... Do I have to choose?

RYAN smiles. A smile that oozes a cheeky confidence. He can't resist flirting with the officer.

7 INT. ARRIVALS. BELFAST INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 7 [07:25]

RYAN exits into arrivals with a small case and a set of golf clubs. He sees the CAR HIRE SECTION. Crosses to one of the desks. A CUSTOMER SERVICE AGENT waits.

8 INT. ARRIVALS. BELFAST INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 7 [07:27]

RYAN waits at the CAR HIRE desk. The CUSTOMER SERVICE AGENT hands over keys and a small pamphlet of rental documents.

AGENT
Here is your paperwork... and your
keys.

RYAN takes them.

RYAN
Thank you very much.

AGENT
Have a great trip.

RYAN smiles. Appreciative.

9 EXT. CAR PARK. BELFAST INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 7 [07:34]

RYAN tows his bags past a sign pointing to **Car Hire**. A row of cars. He looks at the car keys in his hand. Presses unlock. The indicator lights of a car in the row flash.

10 EXT. CAR PARK. BELFAST INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 7 [07:35]

RYAN opens the tailgate of the hire car. A small unmarked and sealed cardboard box sits alone in the boot...

RYAN casually looks to his left and right: Checks for no onlookers. He takes the cardboard box from the boot. Puts his bags in the back.

11 INT. HIRE CAR [PARKED] - DAY 7 [07:36] 11

RYAN opens the box in the driver's seat. Conscious that he doesn't want anyone to see. He lifts the flap carefully:

A pistol. He closes the flap again. Puts the box on the seat beside him.

12 EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 7 [07:37] 12

TOM walks OLIVIA to a waiting TAXI. He has his hands in his pockets. Seems relaxed. Affable.

OLIVIA

How will you take the gold from
under your own people's noses?

TOM

That's something I'll have to
figure out. It won't matter as much
if we find more before anyone else
does.

OLIVIA

When we find more.

He looks at her. A smile. A slow nod.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I'll search the house again. Colin
must have left something behind
that can help.

They stop at the car. She moves close to him. As if to kiss
him goodbye. TOM takes a step back. Gestures to the DRIVER.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

...of course.

She opens the TAXI door. Raises her voice slightly.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Thank you, Detective Chief
Inspector Brannick. For everything.

She smiles. He smiles back over pursed lips. Humours her. She gets in. He watches the TAXI drive off on the road...

13 EXT. CAR PARK. QUAY ROAD. QUOILE RIVER - DAY 7 [07:39] 13

JACKIE stands by his car in the empty car park. Alone. He waits. Looks out at the wide rushing river.

A CAR appears at the other end of the car park. Stops. JACKIE looks. Straightens himself to face the car. Expectant...

14 EXT. CAR PARK. QUAY ROAD. QUOILE RIVER - DAY 7 [07:41] 14

FROM A DISTANCE

JACKIE shakes hands with TWO MEN who have got out of the other car. A meeting commences.

15 EXT. STREET. DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [08:17] 15

BIRDY and IZZY walk together on the busy street. BIRDY checks his phone for the time. IZZY sees a cash machine.

IZZY
I have to get some money out.

BIRDY looks at her. Can't hang around. IZZY already on her way to the ATM.

IZZY (CONT'D)
It's OK. You go on ahead. I'll catch up.

BIRDY
Grand.

BIRDY keeps going. IZZY goes to the cash machine. BIRDY gets to some traffic lights. The red man showing. He waits. Checks his phone again. A CAR HONKS ITS HORN --

BIRDY looks up. Sees a POLICE PATROL CAR rolling to a stop at the lights. TINY behind the wheel. JUDITH beside him. JUDITH waves to BIRDY. He waves back. Tentative.

IZZY catches up with BIRDY. Oblivious of JUDITH. She takes his hand. Kisses him on the cheek. BIRDY flushes red --

BIRDY (CONT'D)
Uh...

IZZY
What?

BIRDY nods to the patrol car: JUDITH now waves slowly, mouth open, as she realises who BIRDY's with. It's clear she's muttering to TINY who IZZY is.

Green man. BIRDY and IZZY cross the road. IZZY waves back to JUDITH as they cross. Friendly. Giggly.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Not a secret anymore, then?

BIRDY
We should probably tell your dad
before he finds out on his own.

IZZY
You going to do it at work?

BIRDY looks at her. Horrified.

IZZY (CONT'D)
You are scared.

BIRDY
Hm hmm.

IZZY smiles. Holds his hand tight.

IZZY
Tonight then. After you've
finished. We'll go see him at home.

BIRDY nods. Takes a deep breath.

BIRDY
Aye. That sounds... fun.

IZZY
I better go.

She kisses him. Intimate. Goes.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Bye.

BIRDY
Bye.

He is left alone. Swallows. Trepidation. Then he remembers he's late. Moves fast down the street --

16

INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [08:37]

16

NIAMH stands at a white board. An enlarged photo of the back page of Colin's accounting ledger pinned in the centre:

98-02-21 Au 12.5 x8 SHHS 174

- She circles 98-02-21 and writes 'DATE (FIRST VICTIM)'.
- She circles the **Au** and writes 'GOLD'.
- She pins up a CSI photo of the recovered gold bar.
- She circles the **12.5 x8** and writes '8 GOLD BARS'.
- She circles the **SHHS 174**. Writes 'STORAGE: GOLD & RIFLES'.
- She underlines the whole thing and writes 'GOLIATH'.

Unbeknownst to her, TOM has been watching through the door. He enters. Looks at her work. She continues adding evidence to the boards.

NIAMH

Forensics found gun oil deposits on the gold bar, that are consistent with the oil sampled from the M24 rifle. And there are moulds in the foam interior of the rifle cases that would correspond with the bar's size.

TOM

So the gold and rifles travelled together?

NIAMH

Four bars and one rifle to each case.

(re. date)

I believe they were deposited with Colin Foyle on this date.

TOM

The date of the first Goliath disappearance.

NIAMH

Aye.

TOM takes this in. Sees NIAMH has stuck up some images from the old Goliath case: Adam Corry, Tori Matthews and Pat Keenan. Keenan's photograph has a 'GOLIATH' label attached.

TOM

You really believe Goliath was a client of Colin's?

NIAMH

Lauren Fitzpatrick confirmed it.

She remains still. Stands square to TOM. Direct. TOM nods to the photo of Pat Keenan.

TOM

He's dead, Niamh.

NIAMH

Keenan is, aye.

Her implication clear. TOM covers nerves. Sees JACKIE walking towards them through the OPEN PLAN OFFICE. A piece of paper in hand.

TOM

(re. JACKIE)

Why don't you bring it up with him?

JACKIE enters. Goes to give the paper he's carrying to TOM.

JACKIE

(re. paper)

You need to look at this information request from the FBI.

He hands it to TOM. TOM takes it. Reads. JACKIE looks to NIAMH. Past her. Sees the word 'GOLIATH' on the board. The old case. His jaw sets on edge.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

What's that?

NIAMH

Sir. It's, uh, connections to the Goliath case --

JACKIE

I thought I made myself clear?

NIAMH

If it's come up, I have to --

JACKIE
You have to what? Go against my
orders?

JACKIE looks from NIAMH to TOM. Daring them to argue back.
TOM gives a slight shrug as if to say he agrees with JACKIE.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
The man's dead. End of story.

NIAMH
He's still connected to the Foyle
case, sir. By not looking in to
that we're making a choice that I
don't understand.

JACKIE opens the door for her. Gestures to his office. Terse.

JACKIE
Then let's you and me have a talk.

NIAMH glances to TOM. Takes a breath. Heads for the door.

17 INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [08:38] 17

BIRDY walks with his head down. Hands in pockets. Tries to go unnoticed. JUDITH hurries to catch up with him. Falls into step alongside him.

JUDITH
Birdy.

BIRDY notices her. A flash of panic. She smiles.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
How's it going?

BIRDY
Grand.

JUDITH
That was the DCI's daughter, right?

BIRDY
No.

JUDITH
Aye, it was.

BIRDY stops. Faces her. Desperate.

BIRDY
Seriously, don't tell anyone, OK?

JUDITH
I won't. Just between you and the
boss, I get it.

BIRDY makes a face and a noise: Not the case. JUDITH's expression drops. Her eyes widen.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
Oh my God.

BIRDY
We're going to tell him later.

JUDITH
He is gonna --

BIRDY
I know. I know.

She guffaws. Enjoying it too much. BIRDY walks off. Worried.

JUDITH
Shame. I enjoyed working with you.

She smiles. BIRDY doesn't turn round. Just shakes his head and keeps walking.

18 INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [08:39] 18

JACKIE sits. Has his head in his hands. NIAMH stands in front of him. Chews her cheek. Expecting his temper to flare...

NIAMH
I told you what Lauren Fitzpatrick said, sir.
(beat; risky)
And there's circumstantial evidence to suggest the possibility of an insider.

JACKIE
What?

NIAMH
Knowing the location of our safe house, for one --

JACKIE
Dardis had a phone on him.

NIAMH
Whoever threw the petrol bomb just happened to avoid our cameras --

JACKIE

From what I hear, there was a
bloody great big fence in the way.

NIAMH

The search for Dardis is stone
cold, sir.

JACKIE

Stop right there. Just... stop.

JACKIE's voice raised. Firm. He eyeballs her.

19

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [08:40]

19

BIRDY enters. Spies NIAMH in JACKIE'S OFFICE. Curious.

TOM (O.C.)

Jackie's favourite subject...

BIRDY looks. Sees TOM at his desk. Also looking towards
JACKIE's office. BIRDY's nerves climb. He sits.

TOM (CONT'D)

"Let's work as a team and do things
my way".

(beat)

Where were you?

BIRDY

I was out at the storage facility,
sir. Taking a wee look.

TOM

Find anything?

JACKIE gets up from his desk. Moves fast to his office door.
Opens it. Shouts:

JACKIE

TOM!

TOM gets up from his chair. Gives BIRDY a look as he passes.
Notices his concerned expression.

TOM

Don't worry, Birdy. I'll be OK.

BIRDY humours him. Smiles --

20 INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [08:41] 20

JACKIE is back behind his desk. NIAMH in front of him. TOM enters. Closes the door behind him.

JACKIE

Now listen, the both of yous.
You're as bad as each other.
(to TOM:)
You keep wanting to go after the
paramilitaries --
(to NIAMH:)
And you're on a hunt for the
fucking bogeyman --

TOM

Those are two different things
entirely. Lauren Fitzpatrick could
be lying about the IRA --

JACKIE

She's not.

He's definite. TOM frowns.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I put the feelers out to contacts I
still have on that side of the
fence. I met with them this
morning.

TOM and NIAMH share a look of concern.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

And it's safe to say they're
nowhere near this.

NIAMH

Don't you think you should have
kept us in the loop about that,
sir?

JACKIE

For the love of - I am not working
against you, Niamh.

(beat)

I'm trying to get yous both to
realise that sometimes the most
obvious solution is jumping up and
down in front of your fucking face.
There are two people presenting
themselves as prime suspects in the
murder of Colin Foyle.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Robert Dardis and Olivia Foyle have been filleted, glazed and put on a plate, as far as I can see.

TOM

You're absolutely right, sir. We're just lacking that little thing called evidence.

JACKIE

Don't you be sarky with me.

NIAMH

There's not much we can do about Dardis, if we can't find him.

TOM

But the more Olivia Foyle is out there, the more chance she'll slip up and make a mistake. If she's guilty.

JACKIE

Oh, she's guilty. Don't worry about that.

JACKIE looks at TOM. Firm.

21

INT. KITCHEN. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 7 [08:53]

21

OLIVIA opens packing boxes. Searches through documents and folders that belong to Colin.

She finds a red folder in amongst the others that she doesn't recognise. Black marker scrawled on the cover in one corner:

Castlewellan

She pauses on it. Opens it. Skims the pages...

She takes out her phone. Snaps a photograph of the cover. Attaches it to a message to TOM with a single character:

?

The whoosh of the message as she sends it. She takes pictures of the following pages. Dated accounts. Sends them.

22

INT. CORRIDOR. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 7 [08:54]

22

WE FOLLOW OLIVIA

As she walks towards the bedroom, red folder in hand --

23 INT. BEDROOM. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 7 [08:54]

23

RYAN SAVAGE lies on top of her bed with his eyes shut. Almost like he's been laid out at a funeral parlour. OLIVIA sees him. Jumps. Drops the folder.

RYAN

I didn't mean to frighten you.

OLIVIA

Who are you?

He looks at her. Eyes open.

RYAN

At least, not yet.

In one movement he swings his body up and his legs down, so he's sitting upright on the side of the bed.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I was feeling the effects of the jet lag.

OLIVIA

I'm calling the police --

RYAN

I wouldn't do that, Olivia.

His tone at once playful and menacing. She stops at the mention of her name. Looks at him. Thrown.

RYAN (CONT'D)

They always say it's worse when you come East. The jet lag.

(beat)

This is a nice mattress. Just firm enough. Not the kind that sucks you in. Swallows you. Like you're being buried in concrete.

An unpleasant menace to the image he's conjuring.

OLIVIA

Tell me who you are.

He stands sharply. Straightens himself. Flaps his jacket - just long enough to expose the pistol in his waistband - before he buttons the middle button.

She sees the pistol. Her nerves increase. He proffers a hand.

RYAN
Ryan Savage.

OLIVIA doesn't take it. He holds it there. Too long...

RYAN (CONT'D)
Go on. Shake my hand.

A flash of something scary. OLIVIA now too afraid to do so. A few more moments. RYAN drops the hand.

RYAN (CONT'D)
We can put it down to first date nerves.

OLIVIA
What are you doing here?

He eyeballs her a moment. The nervousness creeps into her expression. He smiles. Delighted by the effect he's having.

RYAN
Well, kid. I'm the guy who owns the gold.

OLIVIA looks concerned. He walks past her. Out the door.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Let's go for a drive. My car's at the bottom of the hill.

24

INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [09:02]

24

NIAMH takes the 'GOLIATH' label off the board...

She takes down the photos of the Keenan case and the photos of the accounting ledger...

BIRDY enters. Sees what NIAMH is doing. Hovers.

BIRDY
Why are you taking all that down?

NIAMH
(muttering)
Because denial is easy.

BIRDY
What?

She stops. Doesn't look at him. The futility of it draining.

NIAMH
Why are we too afraid to talk about
Goliath, Birdy? Is it because we're
worried he'll never go away?

BIRDY
He's dead.

A hesitant beat of doubt. NIAMH's pause betrays her mindset.
BIRDY reads it. Frowns. Concerned.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
Isn't he --

NIAMH
Are you seeing Izzy?

BIRDY
Uh. Wh...
(beat)
Judith told you?

NIAMH
I heard it from Constable Scott in
evidence.

BIRDY can't believe it. Curses under his breath in panic.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
I'm guessing the boss doesn't know?

BIRDY shakes his head.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
Can I be there when you tell him?

BIRDY
...No.

NIAMH cocks her head: Worth a try. A thought. Almost a look
of disappointment. She redirects her focus to the boards.

NIAMH
A word of advice when it comes to
confronting him --

BIRDY
Please, no more jokes --

NIAMH

Be more confident. He knows you're a highly capable officer. He likes you, just... Have faith in yourself.

BIRDY

Oh... Thanks.

She continues to take notes from the board. Puts them in a box. He can't help feel like he's annoyed her. Turns to go --

NIAMH

I'm kidding, you're fucked.

He shudders. Closes the door on his way out. NIAMH smiles.

*

25

INT. BASEMENT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [09:37]

25

NIAMH carries the box of Goliath materials. JUDITH alongside her. They reach the end of a dank corridor. JUDITH hands her a bunch of keys.

JUDITH

This one's empty since the heating on this floor was banjaxed.

NIAMH takes the keys.

NIAMH

Thanks. And keep it to yourself.

She walks off down the corridor. Calls back to JUDITH:

NIAMH (CONT'D)

More than you did with Birdy, please.

JUDITH

Sarge.

JUDITH grimaces. Goes. NIAMH gets to one of the doors. Presses the box up against the wall with her body. Ferrets through the keys to try and find the right one...

26

EXT. TITANIC CENTRE. BELFAST - DAY 7 [09:42]

26

RYAN and OLIVIA stand outside the large jagged building. RYAN looks up at it with something like satisfaction. The huge, yellow Harland and Wolff cranes beyond. OLIVIA distracted.

RYAN

The Titanic Centre. I'm pleased to be ticking this one off, while I'm here. You know what they say about the Titanic, don't you?

OLIVIA

It was fine when it left?

RYAN

(smiles)

I was going to say 'Built by the Irish, sunk by the English', but yours is much better.

He smiles. Gestures to the building.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Shall we go in? My shout.

He walks towards the building. She follows. Reluctant.

27

INT. TITANIC CENTRE. BELFAST - DAY 7 [09:53]

27

RYAN peruses an exhibit. Reads the blurb and looks at the photos. OLIVIA hovers near him. Unsure. In a low voice:

OLIVIA

You really own this gold?

RYAN

My dad does. But I'm here to collect.

OLIVIA

You don't seem in much of a hurry?

RYAN

Because you're going to tell me where it is.

OLIVIA

I... don't know.

He glances at her sideways. Shark-like.

RYAN

I find that hard to believe.

OLIVIA

Honestly. I don't.

RYAN looks at her. Bemused. Quaint that she thinks she can fuck with him.

28 INT. TITANIC CENTRE. BELFAST - DAY 7 [10:01] 28

RYAN leads OLIVIA round the exhibit.

RYAN

My family sent eight bars of gold to this country. The gold never reached the people we sent it to, and the men tasked with receiving it, disappeared.

He walks along the exhibit. OLIVIA follows close.

RYAN (CONT'D)

We always thought they'd cut and run. Put greed before the armed struggle and fled to one of these places where the drinks are more expensive than the rent boys.
But...

He stops at an exhibit. Makes a show of looking at it.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Two years ago, those two men were found in a hole on an island near here. And then, only recently, we get a call to say the gold has turned up in your husband's possession.

OLIVIA

You have to believe me. I don't know where it is.

RYAN

But your husband did.

OLIVIA

He didn't let me in on his secrets.

RYAN

Funny. You strike me as the kind of woman who would know every single thing her husband was up to.

She tries to smile it out but withers under his stare. His eyes unyielding. Hard.

29 INT. TITANIC CENTRE. BELFAST - DAY 7 [10:22] 29

RYAN and OLIVIA by the exhibits. He makes up his mind.

RYAN
Let's go back to the car.

OLIVIA
No.

A beat. He steps closer. Reminds her he carries a gun.

RYAN
You'd really refuse a man like me?

OLIVIA
I can find the gold.

RYAN stops. Comes close to her. Intrigued.

RYAN
How?

OLIVIA
I'm already looking. I have help.

RYAN
From who?

OLIVIA
A detective.

RYAN
You hired a detective?

OLIVIA
Not exactly.

He looks at her sideways. Puzzled.

RYAN
I don't follow.

OLIVIA
He's in the police.

RYAN
(beat; intrigued)
You're working with a dirty cop?

OLIVIA
He's investigating my husband's
murder.

RYAN

Uh huh...

OLIVIA

And... and they found a bar of gold. In a house belonging to one of Colin's clients.

RYAN

A jeweller.

OLIVIA

Yes. How did you know?

RYAN

You know how it is.

(beat)

Keep going.

OLIVIA

Well, this, uh... detective. He expressed an interest in finding more gold... but for himself... I said I could help him do that.

A moment. Then he laughs. Claps his hands in delight.

RYAN

Mrs Foyle, you're trying to seduce me.

OLIVIA

What?

RYAN

You have balls, madam.

He re-evaluates her. His eyes narrow.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What's the deal? When you find the gold?

OLIVIA

Deal?

RYAN

Yeah, what split did you agree on?

OLIVIA

Half each.

RYAN

Are you fucking him?

She doesn't answer. He chuckles. Wags his finger at her.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Olivia... You're smarter than I had
you pegged.

He relaxes.

RYAN (CONT'D)
I can give you and your poontangled
cop 'til the end of the week.

OLIVIA
Why do you need it?

He idly glances over the exhibit.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
You say you're from this big crime
family. In America, that means
you're worth... God knows how much.
So why do you need these eight
bars?

RYAN
A penny less than a million is no
longer a million, Mrs Foyle.
(beat)
I'm here to look after the pennies.

He leans in. Focusses on a chunk of blurb in the exhibit.

RYAN (CONT'D)
"Almost all of the passengers who
ended up in the water died of
cardiac arrest or other bodily
reactions to freezing water...
within fifteen to thirty minutes."
(to OLIVIA)
Can you imagine dying like that?

The cogs turn in OLIVIA's head at the added threat.

30 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [10:44] 30

BIRDY at his computer. NIAMH and TOM stand behind him, one
over each shoulder. They look at his screen as he runs them
through different pieces of CCTV footage.

BIRDY
I looked at every time Colin Foyle
came and went from the storage
facility...

He plays footage of COLIN holding the door for REMOVAL MEN as they carry a large cardboard box in through the doors.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

This is when he first moves his belongings there, around the time they bought the new house...

TOM points at the large box the men are carrying.

TOM

A box like that could easily hide one of the rifle cases.

BIRDY

Sir...

BIRDY clicks on with the mouse. Several different days of COLIN just visiting on his own:

BIRDY (CONT'D)

He visits a handful of other times.
Always on his own...

The next clip shows COLIN leaving the facility, carrying a heavy briefcase.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

This is the sixth of February.

TOM

That briefcase looks heavy.

NIAMH

The bar going to Lauren
Fitzpatrick?

Most likely. They keep their eyes on screen.

BIRDY

The next time he visits is on the ninth.

BIRDY shows the footage: COLIN enters with a large hard shell suitcase on wheels.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

This time he wheels in a suitcase
that looks easy to handle...

BIRDY winds the footage forward to nine minutes later: COLIN exits with the heavy suitcase. Works hard to manoeuvre it.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

And wheels it out again, nearly ten minutes later, except now it looks like it weighs a ton...

NIAMH

He's never going to get that in the car on his own.

TOM

Do we have footage of the vehicle he's using?

BIRDY

Not from their cameras, but...

BIRDY clicks around for a different file.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

I requested the footage for that evening from a neighbouring warehouse, and found this.

BIRDY plays a new piece of footage: The entrance of the SHHS warehouse from another building to the side of it. COLIN and DARDIS can be seen lifting the heavy bag into the back of a silver Mercedes, registration **BDZ 8186**.

BIRDY (CONT'D)

Colin Foyle and Robert Dardis.

NIAMH

Using a different car.

BIRDY

I checked it. It's part of Dardis's employers' fleet. He must have taken it out just for the job.

TOM puts his hand on BIRDY'S shoulder. Grips it hard.

TOM

Very good work, Birdy.

BIRDY is pleased but still nervous of TOM.

TOM (CONT'D)

Let's explore all surveillance opportunities from that warehouse outwards. Try and pick up the direction they're headed in.

BIRDY

Sir.

TOM goes to the CASE ROOM. NIAMH flutters her eyebrows at BIRDY. He squirms. She enjoys his discomfort. Follows TOM --

31 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [10:46]

31

TOM and NIAMH look at the evidence boards.

NIAMH

So Dardis and *Colin Foyle* are in it together?

TOM

Goes against what Jackie's thinking about the wife.

NIAMH

Unless Dardis is working for both of them.

TOM thinks. He searches the board. Finds a still of OLIVIA, leaving the warehouse two days after her husband's murder. He takes the picture down. Puts it on the table.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

So much for the grieving widow. Look at her, she's raging.

TOM

Because she's been cut out of the gold, you mean?

NIAMH

...Aye.

NIAMH's thoughts race. Confused.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

That would give her a motive to kill in the name of revenge.

TOM

She'd argue it gives her deniability. That she couldn't have known what was going on between Dardis and her husband.

TOM considers it.

NIAMH

What is she playing at?

32 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [10:55] 32

BIRDY at his computer. He works on a folder marked 'COLIN FOYLE CLIENTS - PAST'.

He copies and pastes each name in the list into the police database. The first few come up with 'NO RESULTS'; then one name comes up with several name-clash hits...

We recognise the name **Jackie Twomey** in the client list. BIRDY drags it into a separate folder marked 'POI'...

33 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [11:33] 33

BIRDY puts a clump of files on the table. TOM and NIAMH look on as he explains:

BIRDY
A list of Colin Foyle's former clients - that is, the clients he represented from the moment he qualified, who were no longer with him at the time of his murder, due to death or severed connections.
The DCS is in there, obviously...

BIRDY takes the file off the top of the pile.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
And I've separated out those individuals who have been of interest to us at any stage.

TOM puts his hand out. BIRDY hands him the top file.

TOM
Thanks, Birdy. Good work.

BIRDY
Sir.

NIAMH sidles up beside BIRDY. Takes the other files. Mutters in a low voice:

NIAMH
Jesus. There's such a thing as trying too hard...

BIRDY pretends to ignore her. Leaves quickly.

34 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [11:57] 34

TOM and NIAMH read through the files. NIAMH on a page about Jackie. TOM finds something. Sits up. NIAMH looks across.

NIAMH
What?

TOM stands. Furious. Marches out of the room, clutching the piece of paper --

35 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY [11:57] 35

TOM strides from the CASE ROOM towards JACKIE'S OFFICE. He sees JACKIE isn't there. Turns back to the office. Livid --

TOM
Where is he?

JACKIE (O.S.)
Right here.

JACKIE is at the entrance, on the other side of the office. TOM holds up the piece of paper like it's a confession:

TOM
You led us to believe that the reason you were shutting down other lines of enquiry into the Foyle murder was to keep some kind of political status quo, when all the while you had your own agenda.

NIAMH now stands in the doorway of the CASE ROOM.

JACKIE
That's not --

TOM
(re. paper)
Explain this.

A moment. JACKIE realises he's being watched by the OTHER DETECTIVES. BIRDY looks on from his desk...

JACKIE
(to TOM)
In my office.

36 INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [12:04] 36

JACKIE reads the piece of paper. TOM and NIAMH sit opposite him. TOM waits for a response.

NIAMH
What's going on?

TOM
He'll tell you.

JACKIE finishes reading. Puts the paper back on his desk. Takes a pause.

JACKIE
We briefly used Colin Foyle as an intelligence source.

NIAMH
What?

JACKIE
Foyle was a CHIS.

NIAMH
Why weren't we told?

JACKIE
I was working in Belfast. We were investigating a fuel smuggler called Hugo McNamara, who we suspected of moving into human trafficking - this was two thousand and eight, there abouts. We needed a local crooked accountant to push McNamara's way and I put Colin Foyle's name forward.

TOM and NIAMH can't believe it. JACKIE forced to explain:

JACKIE (CONT'D)
We came at him hard with his connections to the Irish Savings Bank raid, and Foyle agreed to work for us. The information he passed us led to McNamara's arrest.

TOM
And you were the arresting officer.

JACKIE
(re. paper)
That's what it says, doesn't it?

TOM

So you didn't sever ties with Foyle
in two thousand and six?

JACKIE

As a client and an acquaintance,
yes I did. As an investigating
officer? No... I was in touch with
him around the time of the McNamara
operation.

NIAMH

And you don't think that had
implications for what we're doing
now?

JACKIE

What does it tell you? That he was
a bent accountant? We already know
that.

TOM

Then why keep it from us?

JACKIE

You protect the source, Tom. Word
gets out that Foyle was an
informant and you risk the lives of
his extended family, you know that.

NIAMH

But we are your detectives, sir.

JACKIE leans in with the frustration.

JACKIE

Look. Once McNamara was arrested,
we knew there would be heat around
Foyle. We agreed to ease back on
using him and, from what I gather,
contact with him dried up in the
years after that. I don't know the
specifics. I was promoted out.

TOM

What about McNamara? What happened
to him?

JACKIE

He had a good lawyer. He only did
six years. Kept a hand in several
businesses around Castlewellan.

TOM hears the name of the place. He sits up. Eyes narrowed.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I don't know where the man is now.

37 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [12:07] 37

The door to JACKIE'S OFFICE opens. TOM exits. Walks with the piece of paper to the CASE ROOM. Past BIRDY. NIAMH follows moments later. She's clearly annoyed --

38 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [12:07] 38

TOM enters. Already has his phone out. Olivia's message with the photo of the red folder and the scrawled label:

Castlewellan

He scrolls through the next few photos she sent: Pages of the folder with dated accounts. Some dates more recent.

NIAMH enters. TOM puts his phone in his pocket. Takes the piece of paper back to the folder on McNamara. Slides it in.

TOM
Can you believe that?

NIAMH
I don't know what to think any more.

TOM
Hard to take orders from someone if there's no trust.

His words strike the wrong chord. She glances at him.

BIRDY enters with urgent news:

BIRDY
The ANPR team found the silver Mercedes on the night of the ninth. On the road to the Royal Down Yacht Club.

BIRDY goes to the map of the district. Finds the location of the camera. Points to it:

BIRDY (CONT'D)
...Here.

TOM and NIAMH move to look closer with him.

TOM
If the gold came in by boat, it
could have gone out by boat.

NIAMH grabs her jacket to go check it out.

TOM (CONT'D)
Take Judith. I'll go out to Olivia
Foyle. See if Colin ever spoke to
her about McNamara.

NIAMH
You checking up on Jackie's story?

TOM
Aye.

NIAMH
(mocking)
Well, you look lovely. I hope she
appreciates the effort you've made.

TOM narrows his eyes at the joke. She exits with a chuckle.
TOM sees he's left with BIRDY.

TOM
...Great job, Birdy.

BIRDY
Sir.

TOM's phone vibrates. He checks it. Reads a message. A shake
of the head.

TOM
(muttering)
Uh oh.

BIRDY
Everything OK?

TOM
Grand... Izzy's bringing a friend
for dinner.

BIRDY goes pale. His gut hollow.

TOM (CONT'D)
I have to be on best behaviour,
apparently.
(beat)
They should be so lucky.

He looks at BIRDY. Smiles. BIRDY tries to smile back.

39 EXT. FOYLE HOUSE. FRONT - DAY 7 [12:35]

39

TOM stands by his CAR. OLIVIA by her front door. Unusually nervous. She tries to cover it but even TOM can tell.

TOM
You ever hear the name Hugo
McNamara?

OLIVIA
No.

TOM holds up the folder he took from the office.

TOM
He was a client of Colin's about
fifteen years ago.
(beat)
He had a few businesses around
Castlewellan.

She takes a step forward. Interested.

*

40 INT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - DAY 7 [13:11]

40

TOM is parked on a hill. He and OLIVIA look down towards a small valley through trees. He looks at a map from the McNamara folder. Points:

TOM
There should be an abandoned iron
mine, just down there. It was one
of McNamara's businesses.

OLIVIA
Colin was claustrophobic. You'd
never have caught him in a mine.

TOM notices she's distant.

TOM
Are we OK?

OLIVIA
Hm hmm.

She nods. Forces a smile.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
May as well have a look. We're here
now, anyway.

Gets out of the car --

41 EXT. DISUSED IRON MINE - DAY 7 [13:12] 41

TOM and OLIVIA look at the entrance. A rusted gateway at the base of the rock face.

TOM goes to the back of his car. Opens the boot. Lifts the cover. Exposes the spare tyre. Rope. A wrench and a jack. Jump leads. CSI gear. And a battery lamp on a folded stand.

He grabs the lamp and the wrench. Lifts them out. Walks towards the entrance.

42 EXT. ENTRANCE. DISUSED IRON MINE - DAY 7 [13:14] 42

The door to the mine is rusted metal and mesh. A new padlock over an old latch.

TOM smacks it with the wrench and the latch comes away, with the padlock still intact.

TOM pulls away a chain from the door. Then he pulls away a panel of tin. Daylight floods in to the entrance.

TOM and OLIVIA step inside. The space is damp and rocky.

TOM sets up the lamp. Turns it on. The light illuminates what lies ahead. Quiet as the grave...

A phone rings. Pierces the silence. Startles both of them. OLIVIA scrabbles for it in her pocket.

OLIVIA

Sorry. I thought I had it on
silent.

She looks at the screen. An incoming call from an American cell phone. TOM sees the number too.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I'm going to take this. It's my
son.

Something doesn't chime for TOM. But he plays along.

TOM

Go ahead.

43 EXT. DISUSED IRON MINE - DAY 7 [13:17] 43

OLIVIA trudges out into the long grass, twenty or thirty yards from the entrance. Her back to TOM, who waits in the shadows. She keeps her voice low:

OLIVIA
(into phone)
Yes?

44 EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY 7 [13:17]

44

RYAN is at the teeing ground for the ninth hole. Leans on his 1 wood. His golf bag behind him. Phone to his ear:

RYAN
Find it yet?

45 EXT. DISUSED IRON MINE - DAY 7 [13:17]

45

RESUME OLIVIA.

OLIVIA
I only saw you this morning.

46 EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY 7 [13:17]

46

RESUME RYAN.

RYAN
I like to stay on top of people.

47 EXT. DISUSED IRON MINE - DAY 7 [13:17]

47

RESUME OLIVIA.

OLIVIA
...You said I had to the end of the week.

48 EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY 7 [13:17]

48

RESUME RYAN.

RYAN
I did. And you did. But, you know?
My old man gets impatient. And so do I, to be honest.

49 EXT. DISUSED IRON MINE - DAY 7 [13:17]

49

RESUME OLIVIA.

OLIVIA
I'm close. I'm... I'm working on
it.

50 EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY 7 [13:17]

50

RESUME RYAN.

RYAN
With your partner in crime?

51 EXT. DISUSED IRON MINE - DAY 7 [13:17]

51

RESUME OLIVIA.

OLIVIA
Uh huh.

RYAN (PHONE)
Hmm.
(beat)
I sure hope he works out, Olivia.

Beep. He hangs up.

*

52 INT. DISUSED IRON MINE - DAY 7 [13:20]

52

TOM and OLIVIA proceed slowly into the darkness of the mine. The lamp lighting their precarious path...

They find several wooden tea chests. Piled on one side.

TOM moves closer. Puts a blue latex glove on one hand. Opens one of the chests: Files. He leafs through them. Sees pages and pages of hand written sales and purchasing documents.

TOM
This is your husband's handwriting,
isn't it?

OLIVIA moves close to him. Looks.

OLIVIA
Yes.

TOM
Good place to keep your illegal
paperwork.

TOM looks at the dark space.

TOM (CONT'D)
He wasn't so claustrophobic, after
all.

OLIVIA irritated by the deception.

OLIVIA
Do you think the gold is here?

TOM looks over the numerous chests. A beat. He and OLIVIA
advance on them. Start opening each one up: Files, files, and
more files... *

53 EXT. ROYAL DOWN YACHT CLUB. WHITEROCK BAY - DAY 7 [14:17] 53

NIAMH crosses the yard towards the main building. JUDITH
walks with her.

JUDITH
No one's been seen who matches
their description. No car, either.

They approach the door where TINY stands.

NIAMH
What about Olivia Foyle? Did you
ask about her?

JUDITH
Not yet. But the club secretary is
inside waiting for us.

TINY opens the door for NIAMH and JUDITH.

NIAMH
Cheers, Tiny.

TINY
Sarge.

NIAMH and JUDITH head inside. *

54 EXT. DISUSED IRON MINE - DAY 7 [14:17] 54

TOM and OLIVIA walk away from the mine. Back up the slope
towards his car. He stops to help her over a tricky piece of
terrain. She marches past him. Annoyed.

He watches her climb the slope. Curious as to what's going on
with her.

55 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 7 [15:03] 55

TOM drives through the gates of PSNI Dunfolan. Shows his ID to the DUTY OFFICER.

56 INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [15:14] 56

NIAMH and TOM climb the stairs together.

NIAMH
Did you find anything out about
Hugo McNamara?

TOM
[No.] Mrs. Foyle's playing her
cards close to her chest.

NIAMH
(cheeky)
Must be losing your touch.

TOM smiles. Enjoys the teasing.

TOM
Hmm.

NIAMH
Or she's lying to you.

TOM glances at her.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
She was at the yacht club two days
ago.

TOM
Did she speak to anyone?

NIAMH
The club secretary. He said she was
looking for a boat for her
boyfriend. But he couldn't help
her.

TOM slightly relieved that there's not much more news than that. They walk on to --

57 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [15:19] 57

JACKIE with TOM and NIAMH.

JACKIE
Her boyfriend? She's talking about
Dardis?

NIAMH
My first thought too. There was
someone with her, but they managed
to stay out of camera view the
whole time.

TOM sits. Quietly relieved.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
Most boats are out of the water at
this time of year and of the two
that have sailed in the last forty
eight hours, neither left the
Lough.

58 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [15:20] 58

BIRDY approaches his desk. JUDITH catches up to him.

JUDITH
Romeo.

BIRDY turns to look at her. Annoyed. She realises JACKIE,
NIAMH and TOM are in the case room.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Sorry...

She hands him a clear bag with a USB stick inside it.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
The officer on duty at the Dardis
house said a neighbour gave him
this. It's footage from the
neighbour's doorbell camera, the
night the petrol bomb was thrown.

BIRDY takes it. Cautious.

59 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [15:22] 59

BIRDY at his desk. JACKIE, TOM and NIAMH in the CASE ROOM
behind him. Visible through shuttered blinds. BIRDY plugs in
the USB. Accesses it.

A separate window opens on screen. A fish eye camera of a front door and a street junction; the alleyway is behind the Dardis's house beyond.

The video is already on the night of the attack. BIRDY wipes through the footage until he sees:

A flash of light (the petrol bomb igniting on the Dardis's shed, out of sight) in the alleyway across the road. A few moments pass. A man in a balaclava emerges from the alleyway. Walks away quickly.

The man keeps to the shadows. Pulls off his balaclava. Passes under the periphery of a streetlight before disappearing back into the shadows...

BIRDY stops: *It can't be?* He leans forward wipes back through the footage. Lets it play again:

The man pulls off his balaclava. Passes under the periphery of the streetlight --

BIRDY hits pause: *It is.* The man in the streetlight is TOM. Grainy, a little out of focus, but it has to be TOM.

BIRDY shuts the window quickly in shock.

He looks around. Checks to see no one has seen. Looks behind him to the conversation between JACKIE, TOM and NIAMH...

TOM talks. Explains something. Oblivious to BIRDY. BIRDY pulls the USB from the computer. Puts it in his pocket. Snatches up his mobile. Leaves his desk. Heads for the door --

60

INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [15:24]

60

BIRDY leaves the OPEN PLAN OFFICE. Punch drunk. He looks at his phone. It shakes in his hand. He dials. Waits. Finds a quiet corner. Gets Izzy's answerphone.

BIRDY
 (into phone)
 Uh... Uh, hi... It's me. I uh...
 I... I didn't want to do this in a
 message, but... We can't tell your
 dad tonight.... We can't.... It's
 it's.... Just that work is super
 stressful, like, and uh... uh...
 it's not the right time, y'know?

He's almost tearful. Afraid.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry... I know I... I
know...
(beat)
Look, I'll talk to you later,
OK?... Bye.

He hangs up. Tries to settle. Looks back towards the office.

61 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [15:25] 61

TOM and NIAMH step out of the CASE ROOM. They go to their desks. NIAMH bothered.

NIAMH
Sir?

TOM stops. Gives her his attention. She keeps her voice low.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
I know we don't have enough
evidence yet but I'm worried that
leaving Olivia Foyle on a long
leash is a big mistake.

TOM
It's all we can do.

NIAMH
I'm getting nervous, sir. What if
she runs or does something else? I
already --

She stops herself. Makes sure no nearby OFFICERS can hear.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
I fucked up with Dardis. Another
mistake and my job's on the line.
Can we please bring her in?

TOM
I understand what you're going
through. Believe me, I do. But we
have to hold firm until we have
what we need. OK?

She hesitates.

TOM (CONT'D)
Your job's not on the line. I won't
allow it.

NIAMH
...Thank you, sir.

He smiles. Reassuring. Goes. But she is still uncertain.

62 INT. BASEMENT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [15:41] 62

NIAMH walks the dank corridor to her cold, secret office. She grabs the handle. Puts her key in the lock but notices the door is already unlocked. She pauses. Enters --

63 INT. BASEMENT OFFICE. PSNI DUNFLAN - DAY 7 [15:42] 63

BIRDY sits on a chair looking at NIAMH's collated 'GOLIATH' notice board, now stuck up and intricately assembled, away from the prying eyes of Jackie or Tom.

BIRDY takes in the images of the buried victims; of Adam Corry, of Tori Matthews and Pat Keenan; Colin Foyle; the gold; the questions around the disappearance of Dardis...

BIRDY seems to be having an out of body epiphany. A folder from NIAMH's collection lies limp in his hands. She's anxious and pissed off.

NIAMH
What are you doing in here?

BIRDY's concentration jogged. He hadn't registered her presence. He's suddenly nervous.

BIRDY
Uh... J-Judith owed me one.

NIAMH
No. You need to go.

A moment. He looks back at the board. Sees NIAMH's writing: **Possible insider** and **Goliath**. A dawning fear...

NIAMH (CONT'D)
Birdy. I'm not mucking about.

He drops the folder down on a nearby desk. Stands. Shuffles quickly to the exit. She watches him. Curious:

NIAMH (CONT'D)
Jackie didn't send you, did he?

BIRDY
...No.

BIRDY's phone vibrates in his pocket. He reaches for it. Sees the caller ID: **Izzy**. He hides it from NIAMH.

NIAMH
Go, Birdy.

A beat. He flees. NIAMH is confused. Looks at the folder of hers he dropped...

It's open on the police file of 'EMMA BRANNICK'. The posted note with her name on it part covers the photograph of her as a young soldier.

NIAMH looks up from the folder to the door and Birdy's exit. Not sure what he was doing there.

64 EXT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [17:13]

64

TOM walks to his car. The end of the working day. His phone rings. He answers:

TOM
Brannick.

It's an American voice. ANDY. Olivia's former employer.

ANDY (PHONE)
Detective Chief Inspector, it's Andy, from Chensey Cohen Associates in New York. I was a colleague of Olivia Deegan's, when she worked here.

TOM
Yes. Hi.

ANDY (PHONE)
Have I got you at a bad time?

TOM
No. Go on. Are you able to tell me anything about her dismissal from your firm?

ANDY (PHONE)
...I'm afraid it's not great news.

TOM
OK...

ANDY (PHONE)
The lawyers say that *officially* I'm still not allowed to discuss any details surrounding her employment or dismissal from the firm.

TOM
Officially?

ANDY (PHONE)
...Uh huh.

TOM stops near his car. A silence on the other end. Realises he's being given an opportunity to ask a question.

TOM
I want to know why you got rid of her. Was she suspected of criminal activity?

ANDY (PHONE)
Uh huh.

TOM
What kind?

A silence.

TOM (CONT'D)
Was it serious?

ANDY (PHONE)
Hmm hmm.

TOM
But you can't tell me what it was?

A silence.

TOM (CONT'D)
I just need to know if I can trust her.

ANDY
No. No you cannot.

The words firm and chilling. Voices in the background at the American's end. A change in tone:

ANDY (PHONE) (CONT'D)
Will that be all, Detective Chief Inspector?

TOM
Thank you.

ANDY (PHONE)
Sorry I couldn't help at all. Take
care, now.

Beep. The line goes dead. TOM puts his phone away. His thoughts turning. He opens his car door --

65 EXT. BIRDY'S HOUSE. DUNFOLAN - DAY 7 [17:24] 65

A small pebble-dashed grey terraced house on a hill. BIRDY goes to the front door. Unlocks it --

66 INT. BIRDY'S HOUSE - DAY 7 [17:24] 66

The front door opens. BIRDY enters. The house is tidy. Cosy. The furniture worn without being shabby.

He tosses his coat and bag down. Moves quickly to his sofa --

67 INT. BIRDY'S HOUSE - DAY 7 [17:27] 67

BIRDY has his laptop open on the coffee table. The USB stick in the side. He watches the video again of TOM leaving the petrol bomb. He pauses the video. Captures a still of Tom.

He clicks and drags the video and still onto the desktop.

68 INT. BIRDY'S HOUSE - DAY 7 [17:34] 68

BIRDY looks at the email which has the ANPR image of Colin and Dardis going to the yacht club attached. He scrolls down the photo and notices the email chain goes back further.

He reads the email sent a few days earlier (by Tom, masquerading as Birdy). He frowns.

BIRDY
(muttering)
I never...

He screenshots the email. Drags it to the desktop.

69 INT. BIRDY'S HOUSE - DAY 7 [17:41] 69

BIRDY looks at the front door. Trepidation. He pats down his hair. Takes deep breaths. A knock.

He goes to the door. Opens it. IZZY is there. She walks past him into the house.

70 INT. BIRDY'S HOUSE - DAY 7 [17:44]

70

BIRDY on the sofa. His closed laptop beside him. IZZY faces him in an armchair. The atmosphere brittle.

BIRDY
I'm sorry --

IZZY
I cancelled dinner.

BIRDY
...Are you mad?

She cocks her head: That's a stupid question.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
It's not that I don't want to tell
him --

IZZY
Birdy --

BIRDY
It's not. I just... I can't right
now.

IZZY
Do I not get a say in this?

BIRDY
It's to do with work.

He unconsciously glances at his laptop. The USB stick in the side. She looks where he's looking.

IZZY
(re. laptop)
Show me.

BIRDY
What?

IZZY
Show me what work means we can't
tell my dad about us.

BIRDY
I... I can't.

BIRDY's nerves grow in parallel with her frustration.

IZZY

For Christ's sake, Birdy. You think
I haven't seen this before?

BIRDY

...What?

IZZY

The toll this job takes on you lot.
The fact yous can't open up about a
thing you do.

BIRDY

It's not that --

IZZY

I thought you and me could be
different... Share more... Talk to
each other - Truthfully, like.

BIRDY

We can, I - I do want to talk to
you --

IZZY

But maybe I'm away in the head. Oh
God. I was already hoping you were
thinking of us as... as an 'us',
you know?

BIRDY

I would - I am.

She puts her hands over her eyes. Tries to keep it together.

IZZY

You have to say if you think it's
moving too fast.

BIRDY

I swear to you, I don't --

IZZY

Enough, Birdy. Enough.

A sharp groan of frustration. She pushes herself up. Walks
out of the flat before she can feel exposed by her own show
of emotion.

BIRDY barely flinches as the door slams. He's shell shocked.

A moment. He looks to his closed laptop... *

71 EXT. BALLYHORNAN BAY BEACH - DAY 7 [18:35] 71

TOM is out for a run. In full kit. Sweat lashing off him. He moves gradually along the beach. A steady pace as the light fades and the sun sets, spectacular in winter sky.

72 EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 7 [18:50] 72

TOM on the last leg of his run. He approaches his house. Sees OLIVIA leaning against her car - a Golf GTi - watching him as he closes in. Her overnight bag by her feet.

TOM slows to a stop. Looks at her car blocking in his car. Looks at her.

TOM
You're not supposed to be driving.

OLIVIA
So arrest me.

He almost smiles.

73 INT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 7 [18:52] 73

TOM shows OLIVIA inside. She has her bag with her.

TOM
To what do I owe the pleasure?

OLIVIA
Do I need a reason for wanting to
see you?

TOM
You weren't so friendly earlier.

She steps close to him. Flirtatious.

OLIVIA
Poor Tom. Are you really that
needy?

He smiles. He set himself up for that. A moment.

TOM
I should take a shower.

He goes. She looks around the room --

74 INT. KITCHEN. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 7 [18:55] 74

OLIVIA stands in the kitchen. She can hear the squeak of the shower being turned on in the bathroom. She moves fast. Fills the kettle. Sets it to boil --

75 INT. UTILITY ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 7 [18:56] 75

OLIVIA puts on a pair of black gloves. Can just about hear the hiss of the shower water from the bathroom. She closes the door. Approaches the washing machine quickly.

She puts both hands on the lid of the washing machine and lifts it away. She looks inside. Sees the secreted pistol. She lifts it out. Puts the lid back on the washing machine --

76 INT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 7 [18:56] 76

OLIVIA stands still outside the bathroom door. The sound of the shower still going. The kitchen kettle building to a boil. The wrapped pistol in her hand.

She looks to the bedroom door --

77 INT. TOM'S BEDROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 7 [18:57] 77

OLIVIA enters the room. Sees the pile of discarded jogging clothes. Crouches by them. Unwraps the pistol. Picks up TOM's sweat soaked running shirt. Rubs it all over the pistol...

She hears the shower go off in the bathroom --

78 INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - EVENING 7 [19:00] 78

OLIVIA sits on the sofa. A cup of tea in front of her. She nonchalantly brushes her hair with her hair brush. Looks out at the view in the fading light.

The bathroom door opens behind her. TOM walks out, towel round his waist.

OLIVIA

I can imagine this view never gets old.

TOM

Hmm.

(beat)

You find everything alright?

She turns to look at him. Smiles.

OLIVIA
I'm grand. Thanks.

He smiles back. Goes to his bedroom to get dressed. Her smile drops. Relief that she timed everything to perfection.

She stops brushing her hair. Looks down at her open bag beside her. The wrapped pistol just visible... *

79 INT. BEDROOM. IZZY'S FLAT - NIGHT 7 [19:12] 79

IZZY sits alone with her phone. Hurting from the fallout with Birdy. She contemplates writing a message. Annoyed with herself, she throws her phone down. Leaves it.

She grabs her laptop from her bag. Opens it.

80 INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT [19:17] 80

TOM, showered and freshly dressed, walks through to OLIVIA. He examines his phone. Reads an email.

TOM
An email from your step children...

OLIVIA
Do they have a new nickname for me?

TOM
They've sent me a document that Colin added to his will the day he died.

OLIVIA
What is it?

TOM uses two fingers to zoom in on an image on screen. A map of haphazard rectangles with numbers in. One of the rectangles, with the number 97, is circled.

He studies it a moment. Hands it to OLIVIA.

TOM
They couldn't make sense of it.
Neither can I.

She takes the phone. Looks at the screen. Zooms more. Pushes the image around until --

OLIVIA

I don't...

TOM

What?

She looks at TOM.

OLIVIA

It's the graveyard where Colin is buried.

TOM

You're sure?

OLIVIA

I had to look at this map enough.

(re. 97)

But this isn't his grave.

(beat)

Why would Colin give this to his solicitor, the day he was...

She looks at him. The penny drops for both of them.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

The gold.

81

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 7 [19:32]

81

TOM steps out of the front door. Followed by OLIVIA. They walk quickly towards the cars.

OLIVIA

We'll take my car.

TOM looks at her. A beat. Agrees. He moves to the side of the house. Goes to a cupboard. Brings out the spade and pickaxe he took from Salt Island, all those years ago.

OLIVIA opens her boot. He puts them in the back of her car.

They get in her car. She switches on the headlights. Drives out of his drive --

82

INT. BIRDY'S CAR [PARKED] - NIGHT 7 [19:34]

82

BIRDY watches from the darkness as OLIVIA'S CAR pulls out into the road from TOM'S HOUSE. TOM beside her. BIRDY has a DSLR camera in his lap. Waits for them to clear...

BIRDY tosses the camera onto the seat beside him. Starts his car. Pulls out into the road and follows them. He keeps his headlights off...

83 INT. OLIVIA'S CAR [MOVING] - NIGHT 7 [19:42] 83

OLIVIA drives. TOM beside her. Both in silhouette as we look towards the tight country roads; the headlights carving through ghoulish rural terrain in the dark...

Both of them keep their eyes on the road ahead. Anticipation.

A POLICE CAR comes the other way down the road. A moment of tension. TOM turns his head away from the headlights as the car passes...

He turns to look behind them, to see if the POLICE CAR stops or turns. It doesn't. Relief. OLIVIA looks in her rearview mirror with a casual smirk. Keeps driving.

84 EXT. GRAVEYARD. ST. THERESA'S CHURCH - NIGHT 7 [20:07] 84

TOM and OLIVIA walk through the grave stones in the moonlight. OLIVIA holds TOM's Maglite. Looks at the grave numbers on small plastic pegs by each grave.

She finds 97.

OLIVIA
(quiet)
Here.

She flicks the light up to the headstone. It's Michelle Foyle's stone. OLIVIA almost rolls her eyes.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Of course it's here.

TOM puts down the tools. He stands astride the grave. Looks down at it. Takes a moment --

85 EXT. GRAVEYARD. ST. THERESA'S CHURCH - NIGHT 7 [20:10] 85

TOM and OLIVIA move quickly and quietly in the night.

-- They carefully remove the decorations from the mound, faded by nine months of weather. They place them together to one side.

-- They heft the top level of earth; large clods of soil with grass on top. Both OLIVIA and TOM get involved, with effort and appetite to find what they know is there...

-- They place the grassy clods together. Until all that's left on the grave is a dark hump of mud.

-- TOM jams his spade into the soil - TINK! He hits metal straight away. Looks at OLIVIA.

He drops the spade. Both he and OLIVIA rush into the mud. Together they dig with their hands...

They pull the earth away until... unmistakably... the shapes of the gold bars emerge...

OLIVIA
One... two...

A third and a fourth appear. Hands move quickly to uncover the remaining three.

TOM
Seven. All of them.

TOM smiles at OLIVIA. Face to face. She lets out a low laugh. Almost a sigh of relief. She rocks forward. Kisses him. Exuberant. A whine of satisfaction. She rocks back. Grins.

She picks up one bar. With effort, she lifts it to the side --

86

INT. BIRDY'S CAR [PARKED] - NIGHT 7 [20:15]

86

BIRDY has a view of the graveyard. The DSLR camera to his eye. He takes pictures as:

TOM and OLIVIA carry objects from the grave that look like blocks, towards OLIVIA'S CAR. They load them into the boot.

BIRDY gets a clear view of the blocks in the boot through his DSLR lens:

Five bars of gold. OLIVIA goes back for another one. Smiling. TOM places a sixth bar in the boot. He stops. Straightens his back. Winces. Stops --

He glances in Birdy's direction. His smile stalls only slightly. A moment. He walks in the direction OLIVIA went.

BIRDY lowers the camera. Frowns. *Did TOM see him? No.* His phone lights up on the seat beside him. A message from Izzy. He picks it up. Reads:

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have walked off.

BIRDY starts to type:

It's OK

Pauses. Deletes it. Glances in TOM and OLIVIA's direction.
Back at the phone --

87 INT. BEDROOM. IZZY'S FLAT - NIGHT 7 [20:15] 87

IZZY sits in low light on her bed. Her phone in her hand.
Messages open. She waits on Birdy's reply. The three moving
dots suggest he's typing. Then they're gone.

Her laptop is open beside her. State Pathologist's Department *
examination notes on screen. *

88 INT. BIRDY'S CAR [PARKED] - NIGHT 7 [20:16] 88

BIRDY lifts the DSLR camera to his eye. Looks into the
graveyard:

He finds OLIVIA. Now putting decorations back onto the grave.
But no sign of TOM --

A knock on the window.

BIRDY goes cold. Lowers the camera. Turns to look behind him,
at the other side of the car from where the knock came...

TOM is there. He looks straight at him. A moment. TOM points
to the window. BIRDY winds down the window. A beat of silence
between the two men.

TOM
What're you doing here, Birdy?

TOM's voice quiet. A calm cover for seismic disappointment.
BIRDY's throat dry. He can barely breathe.

BIRDY
I... I followed you.

TOM still. He glances down at the door in front of him.

TOM
Unlock the door.

BIRDY nervously reaches for the central locking button on the
door beside him. Presses it. The clunk of the unlock. TOM
reaches for the handle. Opens the door. Gets in.

He closes the door. And again they sit in silence. TOM's breathing long and drawn.

TOM (CONT'D)
Why did you follow me?

BIRDY notices TOM's smart watch. Another piece of the puzzle.

BIRDY
I saw a video... of you leaving the
alleyway... behind the Dardis
house... You threw the petrol bomb.

TOM looks at him. His eyes glisten in the dark. Puzzled.

TOM
Why didn't you show anyone else?

BIRDY
How do you know I didn't?

TOM
Because everyone would be here.

BIRDY can't answer. Doesn't want to. Tries to stop shaking.

BIRDY
There's other things... You used my
login to check on the silver
Mercedes two days ago... maybe the
footprints by the safe house...
Things that have seemed strange
or... Like there could have been an
insider...

BIRDY glances to the graveyard.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
(re. graveyard)
This makes sense of all of that.

TOM
Uh huh. And what is 'this'?

BIRDY hesitates. TOM presses. Impatient.

TOM (CONT'D)
Go on, Birdy. What do you think
you've seen here?

A beat. BIRDY grits his teeth. True to himself.

BIRDY
You're... looking for the gold. You
just found it.

TOM
Why would I be looking for the
gold?

BIRDY
Because you think it's yours.

TOM
And why is that?

BIRDY hesitates. Stops short of the words. TOM's irritation
and upset grows. His voice low and desperate. He clearly
sounds out the question again:

TOM (CONT'D)
Why would I be --

BIRDY
I don't know.

TOM
Yes, you do.

BIRDY
I don't want to say.

TOM looks at him. His eyes searching. His anxiety levels
creeping up:

TOM
You need to tell me what's on your
mind.

BIRDY
No.

TOM
What?

TOM surprised by BIRDY's resolution. BIRDY stays firm. He
goes to rub his face --

TOM (CONT'D)
Keep your hands on the steering
wheel, please.

BIRDY
Sir.

BIRDY obediently puts his hands on the wheel. Curses his own deference. Has to keep his hands on the wheel though.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
You... you killed Rob Dardis?

TOM doesn't say anything. Churning through options.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
And Colin Foyle?

TOM
No, that wasn't me.

BIRDY's boyish features only more gentle in the dark. The reality of the situation dawns on him. Fear inches in...

BIRDY
Are you going to kill me?

TOM looks at the younger man. Almost surprised by the question. BIRDY's dignified in his doom. Brave to his fate.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
Because if you are... Let me be found. Don't hide my body. Please.

TOM
Wise up --

BIRDY
Seriously. For... for my Ma', like.

The words catch TOM off guard. He wrestles with the emotion of it all. Faces front. He clenches his fists. Grits his teeth. Tortured by the predicament.

TOM
...I wasn't expecting this... I was not expecting you.

BIRDY tries to swallow his nerves.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'm unarmed. How about you?

BIRDY
I'm unarmed too, sir.

BIRDY can almost feel TOM's anxious mind turning in the dark. Something bothers him:

TOM
Why didn't you tell anyone?

BIRDY
Because... because I had to make
sure, I...
(beat)
I didn't want to believe it.

TOM bites his lip. Nods. Accepts the response. Tries to shake off his anger.

TOM
Fucksake, Birdy. Why'd you have to
be here? What the fuck am I
supposed to do now?

BIRDY
I don't know, sir.

TOM
Birdy... you are...

He shakes his head. Can't find the words for his disappointment.

BIRDY
Are you... going to kill me?

TOM
What do you think I am? No, Birdy.
I'm not going to kill you.

BIRDY swallows his relief.

TOM (CONT'D)
But what happens now? Are you going to arrest me?

BIRDY
...I don't have to.

TOM
Aye. You do.
(beat)
But I can't let you.

BIRDY
I'll... I'll drive away. I won't tell anyone. It'll be like... it never happened.

TOM
Why would you do that?

BIRDY
I'd do it because... because...

BIRDY can't bring himself to mention Izzy. TOM sees it as an admission of Birdy's lack of conviction in the matter.

TOM
You see? You're as trapped as I am.

TOM is bothered by a bleak thought.

TOM (CONT'D)
It's tempting, you know? The fact
that I could just stop. Now. End it
here with you.

He shakes his head. Knows why it's not an option:

TOM (CONT'D)
...But I have Izzy.

BIRDY almost gasps. Shivers a nod.

BIRDY
...Aye.

He looks to TOM. Invested in IZZY. Trying not to make it obvious to her dad:

BIRDY (CONT'D)
What... what would happen to her?

TOM
I don't know.

BIRDY
She's strong, like.

TOM
Aye.

BIRDY
But she... she still needs you.

TOM looks at him. Curious as to where BIRDY's going.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
I mean... you're her da'.

TOM's eyes glass. The emotion close.

TOM
Did you need your da', Birdy?

BIRDY
I wish I had him, sir... When I was
younger...
(MORE)

BIRDY (CONT'D)
(beat)
He was... killed on duty.

The two men face each other. TOM moved.

TOM
I know that, son.

BIRDY nods slightly. The memory painful. A silence.

TOM (CONT'D)
This is us, then? Stuck?

BIRDY nods. Afeard.

TOM (CONT'D)
One of us is going to have to make
a move eventually, you know that?

BIRDY hesitates. The cogs turn.

BIRDY
There's... something I should tell
you.

TOM
What?

BIRDY
I, uh... I...

TOM
What is it?

BIRDY
I've been...

BIRDY swallows. Hesitates. TOM's emotion spills over:

TOM
Jesus, Birdy, spit it out.

BIRDY looks at him. A beat. A slight shake of the head. Resolution. He puffs to steady himself. Reaches for determination --

He turns the car keys. The car starts. TOM's eyes dart.

TOM (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

BIRDY turns on the headlights. Hands grip the wheel. TOM's anxiety climbs again. The chaos builds:

TOM (CONT'D)
Birdy, you turn that engine off.

BIRDY
Tom Brannick. I'm arresting you for
the murder of Robert Dardis --

TOM
No, you're not --

BIRDY
You do not have to say anything --

TOM
Birdy --

BIRDY
But I must caution you that if you
do not mention when questioned --

TOM
Don't do this, son.

BIRDY
Something which you later rely on
in court --

TOM
Detective Constable Bird, I am
ordering you --

BIRDY
Something which you later rely on --

TOM
Birdy, please!

BIRDY
In court. It may harm your defence.

TOM
Don't fucking do this! BIRDY (CONT'D)
Anything you do say --

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG! Five shots explode through the
windscreen in a cloud of glass and chaos --

TOM recoils, arms in front of his head. Several of the rounds
thump into BIRDY, killing him instantly.

TOM'S WORLD SLOWS. BLURS.

As he looks to BIRDY's body aghast, then out in front of the
car...

OLIVIA stands in the headlights. Pistol gripped in two gloved hands. Eyes laser focussed on her dead target. She slowly lowers the pistol...

TOM puts slipping hands to BIRDY'S bloody throat: No pulse. TOM groans. Like a winded father. Devastated. He feels around BIRDY's face.

OLIVIA (O.C.)
(calls out)
It's your gun, Tom.

TOM looks at her through the windscreen. Wild eyed.

89 EXT/INT. BIRDY'S CAR [PARKED] - NIGHT 7 [20:21] 89

OLIVIA holds up the pistol to show TOM.

OLIVIA
It has your DNA all over it.

TOM's numbness turns to rage. His eyes cloud dark with a killer's determination. He grits his teeth in disgust. Lurches for the door handle to get out of the car --

BANG. A shot punctures through the windscreen on TOM's side. He recoils. Lifts his hands up in surrender.

OLIVIA backs away. Pistol pointed at the car. Then she breaks into a run. Gets to her car. Gets in. Starts the engine. A spin of rubber and she speeds away...

TOM is in a state of shock. He doesn't have the gold. He doesn't have the gun. He just has the body of his young DC beside him, covered in blood --

END OF EPISODE.

*