

BLOODLANDS 2

EPISODE FIVE

April 2022

Written by
Chris Brandon

This script is strictly confidential and may not be disclosed to any person other than this addressee without the prior consent of HTM Television Ltd. HTM Television Ltd will hold liable any person in breach of such obligation for all damages, losses and costs arising as a result. © HTM Television Ltd.



HTM TELEVISION
33 Oval Road
London, NW1 7EA
Tel: +44 (0)20 7184 7777

1 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT 7 [20:57]

1

TOM walks fast and determined. Anger and despair drives him on. His breath heavy.

Car headlights appear behind him. He bows his head. Shrugs up his coat. Wary as the car passes. It continues on its way...

2 EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 7 [21:26]

2

TOM'S CAR sits out front. The house is dark. TOM walks into view. Moves fast. He passes his car. Takes out his keys. Goes to the front door. Opens it.

We watch as a light goes on inside the house. We wait. Silence.

A few moments pass. The house light goes off. TOM exits the house. He carries a large blue tarpaulin. He folds it up. Opens the boot of his car. Puts it in. Closes the boot.

He goes to the front of the car. Gets in. Engine on. Lights on. He drives quickly away.

3 EXT. ST THERESA'S CHURCH - NIGHT 7 [22:07]

3

TOM drags the large heavy weight (of Birdy's body, unseen), wrapped in the blue tarpaulin, to the back of his car and the open boot...

TOM loads the weight into the back of his car. His face full of effort, emotion and anger...

4 EXT. BUS STOP. BELFAST - DAY 8 [06:40]

4

IZZY stands waiting for her bus.

She looks at her phone messages: The conversation between her and Birdy. Since the last message she wrote to him (**I'm sorry. I shouldn't have walked off.**) She has sent more:

You need to reply to this

Birdy?

What's going on?

All unanswered. She's frustrated. Annoyed. The bus comes...

5 INT. BEDROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 8 [06:41] 5

TOM sits and looks at Olivia's overnight bag. It's open. Packed with clothes. Her hairbrush lies on top.

He looks strung out. His eyes bloodshot. His rage bubbles. He stares at the bag...

6 EXT. FOYLE HOUSE. FRONT - DAY 8 [07:02] 6

TOM'S CAR screeches to a halt outside. TOM gets out. Draws his pistol. Marches towards the house.

OLIVIA has seen him from inside. She comes out to meet him. As soon as she's outside the door he levels his pistol at her. Raging.

TOM
Stand still.

She stops. Cool under pressure.

TOM (CONT'D)
Where is it?

OLIVIA
I don't know what you --

TOM
The gun. The gold. You tell me
where it is.

OLIVIA
(beat)
No.

He pauses. Glances past her at the house.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Search the house, all you want. You
won't find it.

Enough. He advances on her. The pistol still pointed at her. With his left hand he pushes her against the glass wall. Searches her roughly. All the while he keeps the gun on her.

When he realises she's not armed and finds nothing on her, he holsters his pistol. Takes handcuffs from his pocket. Cuffs her. Drags her to his car.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

TOM
I'm arresting you.

He opens the back door of the car. Shoves her in. He gets in the front. Starts the engine. Drives off.

7 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 8 [07:05] 7

TOM drives. OLIVIA sits in the back seat. She can see him in the rearview mirror. His jaw set and determined.

They travel in silence for a while. Then:

OLIVIA
Tom. Think about this.

He keeps driving.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Think carefully about what happens next.

He keeps driving. Determined.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
What are you actually going to tell them, Tom? The people you work alongside, day in, day out...

He tries to ignore her.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
How will they react to your deceit?

He changes gear. Accelerates.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Think of the gold.

He flinches. Keeps his eyes on the road

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
What will your forensics find when they look closer? When the gun falls into their possession?

He frowns.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Because it will, you know. If all this goes ahead. I've made sure of that.

He glances at her in the rearview. Can't tell if she's bluffing. She calculatedly moves to another pressure point:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
What about your daughter, Tom?

His resolve cracks. She sees it...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
You wanted the gold for her, didn't you? To secure her future?

TOM almost shakes his head: Tries to stop her getting in his mind.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
What happens to all of that now?
Her prospects... her life without you...

TOM clenches his jaw. Must resist...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I know you're angry. But you're being selfish. You really need to think about Izzy.
(beat)
You need to stop being a policeman and start being a father.

A beat. TOM breaks. Swings the wheel --

8

EXT. LAYBY. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 8 [07:08]

8

TOM'S CAR swings in to the side of the road. He gets out. Opens the back door.

TOM
Get out.

She hesitates. Unsure of what he means to do.

TOM (CONT'D)
Get the fuck out of my car.

She gets out. Steps away from him. Her wrists still cuffed. He slams the door. Looks at her. Full of hate.

OLIVIA
What were you going to do? Let him run away? Let him arrest you?

TOM
I'd've thought of something.

OLIVIA
I did think of something.

TOM
It wasn't your decision to make.

She watches him. Lets his anger unfold.

TOM (CONT'D)
Why are you still here? Why haven't
you left?

OLIVIA
Because I need you, Tom.

TOM
Are you fucking crazy?

OLIVIA
Otherwise I'd have shot you.

A beat. A thought occurs to TOM.

TOM
Birdy wasn't the first, was he?

OLIVIA
What do you take me for?

TOM
You think I believe you?
Your husband had second thoughts
about keeping the gold. You found
out he'd written you out of the
will --

She shifts: News to her.

TOM (CONT'D)
So you killed him.

OLIVIA
Who told you that about the will?

TOM
Don't pretend, Olivia.

She bites her tongue. Knows she can't convince him. A beat.

OLIVIA

Rob Dardis killed my husband. You know that.

TOM

Aye, but you gave the order.

She doesn't react. He demands an answer:

TOM (CONT'D)

Didn't you?

She stares at him. Cold. Emotionless.

OLIVIA

I'm no murderer.

TOM

You killed one of my officers in front of me.

OLIVIA

I did that for us.

TOM

You can tell yourself whatever you like. I've seen who you are.

OLIVIA

Have they found his body?

A beat of hesitation in TOM. A lingering fear that the body might be found.

TOM

...No.

OLIVIA

Good.

She is steely. Strong. Unmoved. A beat.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I need you to do something for me.

TOM

No.

OLIVIA

I'm not giving you a choice.

TOM seethes.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

There's a farm attached to our property. We own the land.

9 EXT. OLD BARN - DAY 8 [07:30]

9

TOM walks slowly towards an old stone barn with a red tin roof. His blue latex gloves on...

OLIVIA (V.O.)

You're looking for an old stone barn with a red tin roof...

10 INT. OLD BARN - DAY 8 [07:31]

10

TOM enters the dark space. Looks around.

OLIVIA (V.O.)

I think you'll be pleased about what you find there...

11 INT. OLD BARN - DAY 8 [07:33]

11

TOM stands on a large foundation stone. Reaches up to a ledge. Pulls out a long thin package, wrapped in black bin bags. He opens the bags. Pulls out the M24 rifle...

OLIVIA (V.O.)

The rifle used to kill Colin.

He looks at it with a sense of trepidation...

12 INT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - DAY 8 [07:35]

12

The door opens. TOM lies the sniper rifle down on the back seat. Careful.

13 EXT. OLD BARN - DAY 8 [07:36]

13

TOM shuts the back door. Walks round to the back of his CAR. Opens the boot. Looks inside at something we can't see...

OLIVIA (V.O.)

Dardis told me where he hid it.

14 EXT. LAYBY. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 8 [07:09]

14

RESUME OLIVIA opposite TOM:

TOM
More like you told him to put it
there.

OLIVIA avoids giving an answer.

OLIVIA
I need you to feed it into your
investigation. Take away the
suspicion of me that I know your
colleagues have.

TOM
It won't work.

OLIVIA
Yes, it will. And when it does, I
can leave. I want to enjoy the gold
without being a fugitive.

(beat)
And you'd be off the hook for your
colleague's murder.

He eyeballs her. Sees the twisted merit in her argument. A
situation he can take advantage of.

TOM
I want the gun. A cut of the gold.

She holds up her handcuffed wrists. He looks at them. Pause.

OLIVIA
Anything's possible, Tom.

A beat. He steps forward begrudgingly. Unlocks them roughly.
She winces as he pulls them away and steps back.

TOM
You need to prove you didn't stand
to gain from your husband's death.

OLIVIA
What do you have in mind?

TOM won't give her the answer to that. He turns and walks to
his car.

TOM
You still need me, Olivia. Don't
ever forget that.

He gets in his car.

OLIVIA

What, you're... just going to leave
me here?

TOM

Walk.

(beat)

I did.

He shuts his door. Starts the engine. Skids away. Leaves her alone on the side of the road.

15 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 8 [07:44]

15

TOM drives fast down narrow country roads. Eyes zeroed on the path ahead...

16 EXT. VALLEY OF THE IRON MINE - DAY 8 [07:50]

16

TOM opens the back seat of his car. Gloves on. The M24 rifle lies along the back seat.

17 EXT. VALLEY OF THE IRON MINE - DAY 8 [07:53]

17

TOM descends the valley towards the mine entrance. The rifle in one gloved hand. He checks the area for anyone else...

18 EXT. IRON MINE - DAY 8 [08:02]

18

TOM stands in the long grass near the entrance. The rifle no longer anywhere to be seen. He takes out Dardis's burner phone. Turns it on. It acquires signal...

19 INT. STAIRS. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [08:27]

19

TOM climbs the stairs. Tries to cover exhaustion. NIAMH catches up with him. Glances at his face.

NIAMH

You look rougher than normal.

TOM

I was here half the night. Trying to work out where Dardis could have gone.

A sensitive subject for NIAMH. She bites her tongue. They head in to the office together.

20 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [08:31] 20

TOM at his desk. Tries to get his computer to work. JUDITH is passing, with documents in hand.

TOM

Judith. Can you get someone to take a look at my terminal? Thing's been acting up and now I'm getting nothing.

JUDITH

Will do, sir.

TOM

Thanks.

JACKIE comes from his office. Gets to Birdy's desk first. Points to the empty chair. Talks to NIAMH:

JACKIE

Where's he?

NIAMH looks at the chair. Glances furtively towards TOM.

NIAMH

...Dunno, sir.

JACKIE glances towards TOM. Not sure what NIAMH's look was for. TOM is sending a message on his phone. Distracted.

JACKIE

Something I don't know about?

NIAMH too nervous to say. She covers:

NIAMH

He might be on task. I'll call him now.

NIAMH takes out her phone. Dials. Waits...

BIRDY's screen lights up, triggered by a notification on his login screen. It catches JACKIE's attention. A flashing **LOCATION ALERT** in the top right hand corner.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

(quiet; into phone)

Birdy, it's me. I don't know what you're doing with...

(coughs; quiet)

Your one...

(beat)

But could you please stop?

(MORE)

NIAMH (CONT'D)
And maybe come and do your job?
Thank you very much.

NIAMH hangs up. JACKIE's attention is caught by the single beep of an alert on Birdy's computer. He looks at the screen:

The PSNI screensaver. Login box. A location notification on the Dardis burner phone number in the top right corner.

JACKIE
Whose location is he tracking?

NIAMH
Why d'you ask?

JACKIE points. NIAMH gets up. Moves to Birdy's desk.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
He had a trace on the burner phone
belonging to Rob Dardis...

She gets to the screen. Looks at the alert.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
Let me see if I can have a look.

NIAMH rushes back to her computer.

JACKIE
Tom. Do you know where he is?

TOM looks over. Distracted.

TOM
Who?

JACKIE
Birdy.

TOM
...No.

NIAMH glances at JACKIE. Nervous. She stands at her computer. Moves her mouse around quickly.

NIAMH
It's grand. I can get into the
location software from here...

A map comes up on her screen. A solid blue dot marks where the phone signal was triangulated. A blue circle around it marks a mile radius.

A label shows Dardis's burner phone number; a grid reference and a time: **08:02**

NIAMH zooms in on the map. Sees the symbol that says:

NIAMH (CONT'D)
The signal came from a location
just outside Castlewellan.

JACKIE
Get out there. Now.

NIAMH grabs her coat. Looks to TOM.

NIAMH
Sir? You coming?

TOM gets up.

TOM
Let's go.

21 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 8 [08:42]

21

TOM drives fast. NIAMH beside him. NIAMH has her phone in her hand. Reads a message:

NIAMH
IntHub say the address we're headed
for belongs to a mining business
called Gemicore.

22 EXT. DISUSED IRON MINE - DAY 8 [08:49]

22

TOM'S CAR skids to a halt. TOM and NIAMH get out quickly, in view of the mine entrance. Draw their weapons. Crouch in cover behind the vehicle.

NIAMH leans round the end of the car. Watches the mine entrance. No sign of life. She keeps her voice low.

NIAMH
The mine has been out of use for a
few years.

TOM
Perfect hiding place, then.

TOM checks his watch. Looks back down the road they've come. No sign of support vehicles yet.

TOM (CONT'D)
Support isn't far away.

NIAMH looks at their surroundings. Back at the mine entrance.

NIAMH
We don't know if this is the only entrance.

TOM
What's on your mind?

NIAMH
We should see if he's there. We're sitting ducks out here anyway.

She looks at TOM. Seeking agreement as well as permission. TOM hesitates.

TOM
If something goes wrong, and Jackie finds out --

NIAMH
I'll have your back, sir. Please.
Don't pick today to be cautious.
(beat)
I can't let him get away again.

A pause. TOM concedes.

TOM
OK.

She nods. Looks forward. Pistol in both hands. She takes a breath. Steadies herself.

NIAMH rises from her crouched position. Moves fast and low in a semi circle to avoid approaching the mine entrance head on. TOM follows close behind. Also crouched. Pistol ready...

They cross the ground quickly and carefully. NIAMH keeps her eyes on the entrance. TOM scans the surrounds but also knows he doesn't have to.

When NIAMH can't see him, he is watching her.

They get to the mine entrance. Press their backs against the wall. NIAMH points at the broken latch. Looks to TOM. He nods: Seen it.

She reaches into her inside jacket pocket. Pulls out a small torch. Clicks it on and holds it over her pistol. A beat.

TOM moves past her. Opens the door for her in one move. NIAMH heads in quickly. Disappears into the darkness.

TOM looks back down the quiet valley a beat. Then follows her in --

23 INT. DISUSED IRON MINE - CONTINUOUS

23

NIAMH's torch beam guides NIAMH and TOM's silhouettes into the mine. Around mysterious corners and jagged edges...

The torch beam lands on the chests full of Colin's documents. The M24 rifle leans against the rocky wall alongside.

NIAMH
Boss.

They stop. Arrested by the sight of the find.

24 EXT. DISUSED IRON MINE - DAY 8 [10:13]

24

CSIs carry the boxes of Colin's files from the mine; investigate the area. A familiar routine.

TOM and NIAMH watch. LEAH joins them.

LEAH
The files belong to Colin Foyle.

TOM
Have Birdy set up a team to go through them.

NIAMH
When he shows up.

TOM and NIAMH watch closely as a CSI carries the M24 rifle from the mine, bagged in an evidence bag...

NIAMH (CONT'D)
You think it's the murder weapon?

LEAH
Wouldn't bet against it.

NIAMH
Then someone else had to know about this place.
(beat)
We've got to talk to Mrs Foyle, sir.

TOM looks at her. Hesitates with his concession.

25 EXT. FOYLE HOUSE. FRONT - DAY 8 [10:47] 25

TOM and NIAMH walk from his car towards the house...

TOM keeps his eyes on the house with a sense of dread.

26 INT. LIVING ROOM. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 8 [10:51] 26

TOM and NIAMH stand. OLIVIA sits. She is the picture of innocence. All concern. TOM's uncomfortable.

NIAMH

Did your husband ever talk about going to Castlewellan?

OLIVIA

I mean, sure - it's nearby.

NIAMH

There's an iron mine there.

OLIVIA

Really?

NIAMH

He didn't mention it?

OLIVIA

As far as I know he didn't own a hard hat and a pick axe.

NIAMH

The mine is disused. We found files there, relating to his illegal activity.

OLIVIA

(hesitates)

Oh. I see.

NIAMH

Also an M24 rifle, we believe to be the weapon used in the murder of your husband.

OLIVIA

...Oh my God.

OLIVIA looks stunned. She glances to TOM.

NIAMH

We found it because Dardis
activated his phone at that
location.

OLIVIA hesitates a beat. Frowns. TOM shifts uncomfortably.

OLIVIA

But... Colin's work and the murder
weapon in the same place... I don't
understand.

NIAMH

Someone else had to have known
about the mine.

OLIVIA gets it now:

OLIVIA

Dardis.

She looks at TOM and NIAMH. Knows that's who they suspect.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

That's the proof you need then,
isn't it? That he was the one who
murdered my husband?

TOM

We've a way to go yet.

OLIVIA looks at TOM with caution in her eyes. NIAMH not sure
what to make of his sharp tone. NIAMH's phone rings. She
reaches for it. Checks the ID.

NIAMH

(re. phone)

Excuse me.

She passes TOM. Makes a face for him to keep his composure.
Leaves the room.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Go ahead, sir...

NIAMH is out of the room. TOM and OLIVIA face each other. An
awkward pause.

OLIVIA glances out of the window. Tries to mask her confusion
by being casual. They keep their voices quiet. Covert.

OLIVIA
So Rob Dardis's phone helps your
lot locate the rifle... But you
were the only person who knew where
the rifle would be...
(beat)
So you have his phone?

TOM says nothing. She takes it as an admission.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Huh.
(beat)
How do you have it?

A beat of hesitation. TOM rooted to the spot.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Where is Rob Dardis?

TOM
I don't know. I recovered it from
his father's house. When we
arrested him.

OLIVIA
You didn't tell anyone else?

TOM
I wanted to see what was on it.
Whether there was a lead to the
gold.

Her surprise darkens. Still seeming casual:

OLIVIA
I see.
(beat)
And what was on it?

TOM watches her suspiciously. Perhaps a touch of insecurity
in her mannerisms.

TOM
Nothing.

OLIVIA's eyes smile her relief. Her brow still fixed in
confusion.

NIAMH re-enters. Puts her phone away. She glances to TOM.

NIAMH
That was Jackie.

She looks to OLIVIA:

NIAMH (CONT'D)

Mrs Foyle. The mine we've been talking about belonged to a former client of your husband's. A Hugo McNamara? I believe the DCI has already spoken to you about him.

OLIVIA

Has he?

She looks at TOM. Playful. He bites his tongue. NIAMH notices something in the air between them.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Oh. Yes. You're right. He has.

OLIVIA keeps her eyes on TOM. A cat with a mouse.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

And I think I remember telling Tom, that I knew nothing about the man. Isn't that right?

TOM holds his eyes on her. Covers his fury. He nods.

27

INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [11:43]

27

TOM and NIAMH debrief JACKIE.

TOM

It's clear Colin Foyle took advantage of a location he knew would be undisturbed.

NIAMH

Hugo McNamara's Alzheimer's is in its late stages. His former COO...

(she checks her notes)

Martin Chepstow, told us all his property is in limbo until after he dies.

JUDITH rushes to the open door. Knocks. They all look at her. She hesitates. Looks like she's seen a ghost.

JACKIE

What?

JUDITH

Birdy's car has been located, sir. It doesn't sound good.

28 EXT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [11:47]

28

CLOSE ON TOM

As he moves quickly to his car. The moment of reckoning has arrived. He is urgent but businesslike. No one yet knows the bad news that awaits.

TOM
...We'll take my car.

NIAMH runs round to the other side and gets in.

29 EXT. ST THERESA'S CHURCH - DAY 8 [12:05]

29

TOM'S CAR screeches to a stop. A PATROL CAR and TWO UNIFORMED CONSTABLES are already there.

One CONSTABLE talks with the shocked CIVILIAN who found the car. The other CONSTABLE comes out to meet TOM and NIAMH, as they get out of the car.

CONSTABLE
Over there, sir.

But their eyes are already on Birdy's car, about fifty yards away. NIAMH sees the bullet holes in the windscreen. TOM can see them too.

NIAMH
No no no no no no...

She runs towards the car --

TOM
Niamh!

TOM runs after her. Catches her before she can get to the car. He holds her back. His arms almost round her.

TOM (CONT'D)
Don't. It's a crime scene.

NIAMH's voice rasps on her breath. She looks at TOM. He's red eyed. Emotional. Her worry rises.

He looks towards Birdy's car. Casts his eyes over the scars of violence that bring the horrors of the night flooding back. The bullet holes. The blood in the front seat.

The awful realisation of seeing it in daylight.

30 EXT. ST THERESA'S CHURCH - DAY 8 [12:37] 30

CSIs pore over Birdy's car. They take photos of it, lay yellow markers in front of the car and by the blood smear on the road, take swabs of the bullet-shattered glass...

TOM, NIAMH and JACKIE stand just inside the cordon tape and watch. All look concerned. JACKIE grinds his teeth. A bad taste he can't get rid of. There's a helicopter above.

NIAMH

What was he doing here?

Neither senior officer has an answer.

LEAH walks towards them from the examination of the scene. Pulls off her mask. Pulls down her hood.

LEAH

(to NIAMH)

The marks on the road look like a body has been dragged from the vehicle. They stop abruptly, suggesting it was then loaded in to another vehicle - but there are no obvious tracks.

JACKIE

And no cameras for miles.

NIAMH

Do you think the body was Birdy?

LEAH looks to NIAMH. Sympathetic.

LEAH

...I honestly don't know. It's his car. No sign of his radio or phone but his belongings are still inside... It doesn't look good.

NIAMH gives an involuntary shudder. Contains the emotion. TOM looks stunned.

JACKIE

(quiet; to NIAMH)

Do you want to take a wee moment?

NIAMH

No I do not.

NIAMH's jaw set. Her eyes on the crime scene. A quiet rage. JACKIE understands. Looks back to LEAH. Nods to continue.

LEAH

All but one of the six shots was fired into the driver's side, from a position in front of the windscreen. Shot number six was fired into the passenger side.

JACKIE

There were two targets in the car?

TOM anxious.

LEAH

Hard to say. Could just be a stray round.

(beat)

Of the six that punctured the windscreen, two are unaccounted for somewhere in the car, and one is in the seat itself. Judging by the blood and tissue, it looks like that one has gone through the driver's body.

NIAMH winces.

JACKIE

You think we'll have enough to identify the weapon?

LEAH

Oh aye, if it's been used before. The rifling on the rounds recovered and the terminal ballistics will tell CIFEX everything they need to know.

NIAMH

Any casings?

LEAH

(shakes her head)
Looks like they've been collected.

NIAMH

A professional job, then?

LEAH

Someone who knows what we look for, at least.

NIAMH's eyes bat into the briefest of frowns. She glances quickly and unconsciously towards TOM. He clicks into gear. Looks to JACKIE. Quiet and urgent:

TOM

We need to shift all the resources we can from the Dardis manhunt over to looking for Birdy. The fact that his body's been moved means he could still be alive.

JACKIE

Do it.

TOM

(quiet; to NIAMH)

Come on.

WE FOLLOW TOM

Towards a group of UNIFORMED OFFICERS. NIAMH a beat behind him. TOM gets to the OFFICERS (JUDITH and TINY among them).

TOM (CONT'D)

Alright. Gather round.

The OFFICERS move in round him. They look concerned. Some upset. NIAMH flanks TOM as he tells them:

TOM (CONT'D)

Some of you may already know that the car back there belongs to DC Bird. As of this moment, we don't know where he is or what state he's in. So drop everything else you might have been on and let's find him. Now. He would do no less for one of us.

The OFFICERS nod. Reassured. TOM is where he works best: In control and ahead of the situation.

31

EXT. LOUGH SHORE. ST THERESA'S CHURCH - DAY 8 [12:47]

31

JACKIE looks out on to the Lough. Watches POLICE DIVERS prepare their kit to dive while others plum the depths. Searching for any sign of Birdy.

NIAMH walks up behind him. He clocks her presence.

JACKIE

It's a long time since I've lost an officer under my command. Dear God, I hope today isn't one of those days.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
(beat)
And Birdy, of all people...

JACKIE takes a deep breath. Tries to calm himself.

NIAMH
Birdy and Izzy are seeing each
other.

JACKIE looks at her. Stunned.

JACKIE
Izzy Brannick?

NIAMH
Uh huh.

JACKIE
Jesus Christ. Does Tom know?

NIAMH
Don't think so.

JACKIE closes his eyes. Bad news upon bad news.

JACKIE
Call her, will you?

NIAMH
Aye.

JACKIE
Spare her the details. Just say
he's missing. That we're looking
for him.

She understands. They watch the divers...

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I hope the person who did this is
dead before I get to them.

NIAMH doesn't need to add to that.

OLIVIA walks quickly across the course...

Towards RYAN and his opponent, another golfer (TED). She seems oblivious to course etiquette. Agitated. Takes the shortest route possible.

RYAN hasn't noticed her as he tees up his first shot --

THWACK. His golf ball flies from the tee. Travels far down the fairway.

He watches it go with admiration. Holds his club at the end of its swing...

He turns to see OLIVIA pacing towards him. Mutters a lewd aside to TED:

RYAN
Ah. Looks like the nineteenth hole has just arrived.

He watches OLIVIA with curiosity.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(to TED)
You go on ahead. I'll catch up.

TED
OK.

TED walks on up the fairway. OLIVIA closes on RYAN.

OLIVIA
Next time you want to meet, you could warn me about the terrain.

RYAN
Did you bring me what I want?

She stops in front of him. Glances at his golf gear. His clubs. Tries to seem casual. Confident.

OLIVIA
There must be some other recreational activity you're in to.

RYAN
I'm not one for pick up lines, Mrs Foyle.
(beat)
Where's my gold?

OLIVIA
...I don't have it.

RYAN
Who does?

OLIVIA
My detective.

RYAN
Why?

OLIVIA
It's safer for him to keep hold of it. I'm under investigation.

RYAN pauses. Examines her.

RYAN
Let me get this straight: You gave a dirty cop all of my gold?

OLIVIA
He'll do what I tell him.

RYAN
Will he?

OLIVIA
I have something on him. That makes him useful to us. For now.

RYAN
You're gambling with *my* gold, Mrs Foyle. I don't like that.

OLIVIA
It'll work.

RYAN
For your sake, I hope it does.

He returns his club to his bag.

RYAN (CONT'D)
So when can you expect to get it back from him?

OLIVIA
We haven't agreed on that, yet.

RYAN
An unknown quantity, with an unspecified amount of time...
(sarcastic)
This only gets better.

OLIVIA
I'm in control.

RYAN
No, Mrs Foyle. I'm in control. You will get me my gold.

OLIVIA

I know. Just give me some time to
arrange that.

A beat. He smiles. Starts walking with his golf bag...

RYAN

You know, there's a local
expression I like, that I feel
would be appropriate in this
moment:

(clears his throat)

You're cruising for a bruising.

(beat; serious)

No.

He picks up the pace.

RYAN (CONT'D)

No more time.

She has to work out a way to persuade him.

33

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY 8 [13:33]

33

RYAN wheels his clubs to the next teeing ground, where TED stands waiting. OLIVIA walks behind him. Persistent.

OLIVIA

I'm not asking for much. I only
need to make sure the police aren't
investigating me while I try to
collect seven bars of gold.

RYAN

This is something you should've
thought about already.

He continues to the teeing ground.

OLIVIA

I'll play you for it.

RYAN

You'll play me for...?

OLIVIA

More time.

RYAN

A little desperate, don't you
think?

OLIVIA

One hole to decide.

RYAN

You're gambling again. Why are you so determined to stall?

OLIVIA

I'm not - the police are interested in me. One wrong move... and no one gets the gold. Is that what you want?

He stops. Looks at the hole ahead of them. Back at her. She can see him consider the wager. She smiles. Mischievous.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Come on. You win, I go and get the gold... and we run the risk of being exposed. Possibly ruined. *I* win... and everything happens smoothly. No one would ever know you were here.

He considers her audacity. A part of him that likes the game.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

(smiles)

What's the matter? Don't like losing?

34

EXT. TEEING GROUND. GOLF COURSE - DAY 8 [13:41]

34

RYAN introduces OLIVIA to TED.

RYAN

This is Ted, the club pro. You can use his clubs.

(to TED:)

Ted, this is Mrs Foyle. She's about to give us a lesson in hubris.

OLIVIA

Hi, Ted.

He smiles at her. Gives her a nod. OLIVIA takes a club from TED'S bag, under RYAN'S watchful gaze. Nervous.

She goes to the tee. Places her ball. Seems out of place in the golf club surroundings in her normal clothes.

RYAN

You know... They say this is the
hardest hole on the course. The dog
leg... bunkers... the water
hazards...

THWACK! She hits it clean and true. The ball flies straight
down the fairway. RYAN watches it go. Quiet surprise.

35 EXT. TEEING GROUND. GOLF COURSE - DAY 8 [13:45] 35

THWACK. RYAN hits his ball off down the fairway. Watches it.
Pleased with his shot. He glances at OLIVIA, who is keen to
press on.

OLIVIA

Come on, Ted.

She leads the way. TED follows her. RYAN watches her go,
quietly amused.

36 EXT. FAIRWAY. GOLF COURSE - DAY 8 [13:58] 36

RYAN lines up his shot. A water hazard in front. A bunker
beyond. Trees either side...

OLIVIA stands close to him. TED, a bit further back.

RYAN

...Where d'you learn to play, Mrs
Foyle?

OLIVIA

My Dad would take me when I was
younger.

RYAN

I know that's not true.

He glances at her.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You never knew your father.

Her expression falters.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I had some people check you out.

She's stunned into silence. He smiles. Smug. Swings. THWACK.
He clips the shot, sends it off towards the trees.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Now look what you made me do.

37 EXT. FAIRWAY. GOLF COURSE - DAY 8 [14:05]

37

RYAN and OLIVIA walk towards the edge of the rough. The green in sight beyond. TED holds back a bit with the clubs.

OLIVIA
What else did you find out about me?

RYAN
You were raised by a single mom in a poor neighbourhood. You worked your ass off to put yourself through school... If we were on a talk show, I'd be crying right now.

OLIVIA
Don't be a dick.

He smirks. Searches for his ball.

RYAN
I forget. In my country, that would be a matter of pride... but here you keep it a secret.

She spots a ball deeper in the rough. Goes to it.

OLIVIA
You're nothing without money in America.

RYAN
Is that why you want the gold, Olivia? So you can go back to New York, to your son, as *something*?

He's right. She gets to the ball. Looks at it. A beat. She notices it's debatably on the line between two white post markers, delineating the course's bounds.

OLIVIA
I'm OK to play this ball, aren't I?
It's in bounds.

RYAN looks at the posts. Looks towards OLIVIA and the ball.

RYAN
No. You're out of bounds.

OLIVIA

What?

RYAN

It's a two stroke penalty.

OLIVIA

Let me play the ball.

RYAN

It's out of bounds. You can't.

OLIVIA

That's not fair.

She looks to TED, who avoids her eye contact. RYAN smiles. A smug shrug.

RYAN

I feel like you might be learning something here.

OLIVIA

Huh.

(beat)

Are you sure?

RYAN

I am.

OLIVIA

Absolutely sure?

RYAN

I admire your perseverance, Olivia. But you need to recognise when you're beaten. That ball is out of bounds.

OLIVIA

Good. Because it's yours.

RYAN is thrown. She points to it:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Taylormade.

(beat)

Mine is the Srixon - it's over there.

She points to a ball in a much more favourable location. Walks off towards it. TED looks at his feet. Suppresses a chuckle.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Two stroke penalty, was it?

RYAN watches her with a mixture of disdain and enjoyment.

38 EXT. PUTTING GREEN. GOLF COURSE - DAY 8 [14:16] 38

OLIVIA sends a long rolling ball into the hole, as RYAN and TED look on, suitably impressed.

She goes to the hole. Retrieves her Srixon ball. She's won. She hands her club back to TED.

TED
Well done, Mrs Foyle.

OLIVIA
Thank you, Ted.

RYAN
Yes, thank you, Ted. I'll see you back at the club house.

TED
See you up there.
(beat)
Mrs Foyle.

He nods to her. She smiles. He walks away.

RYAN walks up to OLIVIA. Offers a hand. They shake.

OLIVIA
Give me more time.
(over confident)
You could use it to improve your game, anyway.

He grips her hand tight. She winces in pain. He holds her there. Watches her with a predator's playfulness.

RYAN
Don't worry, Mrs Foyle. I won't give up my day job.

He keeps a tight grip of her hand. The pain showing itself in her face.

RYAN (CONT'D)
We'll play it your way. You bring me my gold. And no one ever knows I'm here. And if you fail?

He thinks. Lets her sit in the pain of his grip a bit longer.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Well... You're not going to fail,
are you?

She shakes her head. Nervous. He lets go. She almost gasps with relief. She clutches her hand in pain.

RYAN (CONT'D)
That's... that's good.

RYAN takes his golf bag. Wheels it back towards the club house. She watches him go. Loathing and defiance in her eyes...

39 EXT. NOEL TIMONEY SOLICITORS. BELFAST - DAY 8 [14:34] 39

OLIVIA'S CAR skids recklessly to a stop outside. She gets out. Her fear manifesting itself as an urgent rage. She walks towards the front door...

40 INT. NOEL TIMONEY SOLICITORS. BELFAST - DAY 8 [14:35] 40

OLIVIA sits opposite NOEL. She is sharp. Ruthless.

OLIVIA
What was the plan, Noel? Colin writes me out of the will and you get a handsome pay off?

NOEL
He said you agreed to it.

She stews. Watches him.

OLIVIA
I want a copy.

NOEL
I can't. Probate hasn't been granted yet. Stephen and Louise --

OLIVIA
You grabbed my arse at a party four months ago.

NOEL
I never --

OLIVIA
Did you tell your wife, Noel?
Because I was good enough not to.

He stops himself. Composed. Determined. She's on the warpath.

NOEL
I am not afraid of you.

She watches him. Changes tack:

OLIVIA
What about the police, Noel? Don't you think they'd be interested to know what my husband's been paying you for in cash, over the years?

NOEL narrows his eyes. Unsure of how much she knows.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
He kept records. An accounting ledger in his car. The police have it. They just don't know what any of it means. But I do.

Her words purposeful.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Come on, Noel. Better you deal with me than the man who follows in my footsteps.

A threat. She covers her anxiety. NOEL does not.

41 EXT. STREET. BELFAST - DAY 8 [14:50]

41

OLIVIA walks with purpose towards ANGELS CLUB.

42 INT. ANGELS CLUB. BELFAST - DAY 8 [14:51]

42

OLIVIA scans the room. A STAFF MEMBER passes her.

OLIVIA
I'm looking for Davy.

STAFF MEMBER (O.S.)
Just over there.

DAVY is hefting crates of bottles to the bar. He hears his name. Looks over as OLIVIA looks at him. She smiles. Approaches him.

DAVY
How's it going?

OLIVIA
We haven't met, My name's Olivia.
I'm a friend of Rob's.

DAVY
OK.

He's circumspect. Still hasn't placed her.

OLIVIA
He used to drive for me.

The penny drops. DAVY gives her a blatant once over. The hint of a smile. Then concern.

DAVY
Is he OK?

OLIVIA
...I was going to ask you the same thing.

DAVY
We had peelers in here saying he'd gone missing.

OLIVIA
I know. They came to see me, too.

She steps further into an alcove for privacy. Lowers her voice even more.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Rob always said he could trust you.
Was he right?

DAVY
Aye.

OLIVIA smiles slightly. Reassured.

OLIVIA
I'm worried he's fallen foul of...
someone.

DAVY
Who?

OLIVIA
A man who has come here with a large amount of gold.
(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I think Rob took one look at this
gold and... saw an opportunity.

DAVY's eyes narrow. Cogs turning. Curious to know more.

DAVY
How much of an opportunity?

OLIVIA
I don't know. Five million pounds
worth? Maybe more...

DAVY takes this in. Intrigued. OLIVIA sees the opening to appeal to his greed.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
This man... he's an American...

DAVY
Uh huh.

OLIVIA
It's my belief that he's done
something to Rob... because Rob
realised the American is there for
the taking.

She's dangling the carrot. DAVY looks enthralled.

43 INT. STAIRS. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [15:32]

43

OLIVIA walks up the steps. All business. AJ BOYD beside her. A sense of an impending confrontation. Ready to do battle...

44 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [15:33]

44

TOM stands at the map of the area with NIAMH. OFFICERS come and go from the room. Bustle around the OPEN PLAN OFFICE. The station is a hive of urgent activity.

TOM refers to the map as he talks to NIAMH:

TOM
Get Air Support to cover the
coastline... all the way down to
Killard and Ballyquintin.

NIAMH is distracted. Looks to the entrance of the OPEN PLAN OFFICE. Something gives her pause:

NIAMH
Sir.

He turns away from the map. Follows her eye line. He sees JUDITH in the corridor beyond, talking to BOYD, with OLIVIA standing proudly beside him.

TOM steps away from the map. Stares at OLIVIA. His anger and trepidation builds: *What is she doing here?*

45 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [15:36] 45

TOM and NIAMH sit across from OLIVIA and BOYD. The atmosphere tense. Antagonistic. BOYD lays a copy of Colin's will down.

BOYD

I've managed to obtain a copy of Colin Foyle's will, in which you'll find that - with my client's consent - she was written out of any major inheritance. See here, on the twenty ninth of January.

BOYD points at the relevant part of the document. TOM and NIAMH look at it.

NIAMH

(to OLIVIA)

...It says you still stand to gain a hundred thousand pounds.

BOYD

A comparatively small sum, when put alongside Mrs Foyle's own private assets.

BOYD slides a savings account statement across the table to TOM and NIAMH, belonging to OLIVIA. They read. NIAMH bats her eyebrows at the large amount.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Wouldn't you agree?

TOM

Why would you consent to be written out of the will?

OLIVIA says nothing. BOYD talks for her.

BOYD

My client wanted to avoid any conflict with the children of Colin Foyle, and agreed that her husband's estate should be split down the middle and shared between them.

TOM watches OLIVIA suspiciously. NIAMH notices. Shares in it:

NIAMH
You're unusually quiet.

OLIVIA
I've done enough talking in this room. It's time to let my lawyer do what I pay him for.

She looks anxious. Nervous. TOM notices the change.

BOYD produces another piece of paper: A proof of payment.

BOYD
I also have in my possession a payment order from Noel Timoney, to a Mr Robert Dardis, which Mr Timoney paid on his client's behalf.

TOM frowns. Takes it. Looks.

BOYD (CONT'D)
You'll see that Colin had Mr Timoney pay Dardis a considerable sum of money, two days before he died.

TOM hands it to NIAMH. She reads. Intrigued.

NIAMH
A hundred thousand pounds, again.
(beat; to Boyd)
Thought you just said that wasn't a lot of money?

BOYD
I said it was a comparatively small amount for my client. But for a man like Robert Dardis... well, I can only imagine it was life changing.

His tone condescending. A touch of arrogance. NIAMH looks at him with even more disdain.

TOM
Can I ask how you got hold of this information?

BOYD
No.

BOYD smug with his verbal revenge. A beat. He looks to NIAMH.

BOYD (CONT'D)

You're right, though. I don't want to speculate, but perhaps Mr Dardis looked at the hundred thousand pounds bequeathed to him by my client's late husband and thought... he could take more by force.

NIAMH

For someone who doesn't want to speculate, that sounds very specific.

BOYD

The clear inference is that Mr Dardis got greedy and wanted more.

TOM

We have evidence to suggest a considerable amount of illegal gold was in Colin Foyle's possession, at the time of his death.

TOM looks to OLIVIA. Firm. She narrows her eyes. Watches him.

TOM (CONT'D)

The fact that it was illegal and kept a secret, would mean it wouldn't be covered by this will, am I right?

BOYD

This is the first we've heard of any gold.

TOM

Am I right?

BOYD

If it's illegal then yes, it would be outside the parameters of the will.

TOM

So your client still has a pretty substantial motive.

(to OLIVIA)

Unless you have over four and a half million pounds in another account you want to show us?

TOM looks at OLIVIA. Daring her to retort. She looks back at him with quiet venom.

BOYD

But you're assuming my client knew about this gold. Which we've just established she did not.

BOYD spiders his fingers on the will to assert his point:

BOYD (CONT'D)

This document is more than enough to make a compelling case for my client, and remove any motive you might otherwise seek to furnish her with.

NIAMH

So why are we only seeing it now?

OLIVIA

Until recently I thought the idea of me being a suspect was laughable. But I've come to realise you lot don't have a sense of humour.

TOM is irritated by her blasé manner. He knows she's got what she wants. NIAMH watches OLIVIA. Unsatisfied and suspicious.

NIAMH

Where were you last night?

OLIVIA looks from NIAMH to TOM. A glint of malice.

TOM shifts in his chair a little. OLIVIA glides her eyes past TOM. Looks to BOYD.

OLIVIA

I went to Mr Boyd's house.

TOM frowns. Covers his surprise.

NIAMH

Can you prove that?

OLIVIA

Yes, I have a receipt from the taxi ride, there and back.

BOYD

Why do you ask?

NIAMH

One of our officers has gone missing.

(MORE)

NIAMH (CONT'D)
His car was found beside St
Theresa's Church, with six bullet
holes in the windscreen.

OLIVIA
My God.

TOM irritated by how good an actor OLIVIA is.

BOYD
Surely you don't suspect my client?

NIAMH
Your client has been a person of
interest since her husband's
murder. He is buried at St
Theresa's Church.

BOYD
What was your officer doing there?

NIAMH
...We don't know that.

OLIVIA
Do you think it's Dardis again? Am
I safe?

TOM's words almost through gritted teeth:

TOM
Hard to say.

OLIVIA notices.

TOM (CONT'D)
(re. BOYD)
Why did you go to see him, last
night?

OLIVIA
...To supply these documents and
talk about what case I might have.

TOM
Case?

OLIVIA
Yes.
(beat)
I'm considering a harassment case
against the PSNI.
(beat)
(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I think a court would be interested
to hear what I have to say.

OLIVIA's words are pointed. TOM all too aware of the very
thinly veiled threat. She has the upper hand.

46

INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [15:47]

46

TOM leads OLIVIA and BOYD towards the exit. He stops at the door. Holds it open for them. BOYD glances at OLIVIA. Heads out of the door with a nod to TOM.

OLIVIA moves to follow. Pauses close to TOM.

OLIVIA
That's enough, isn't it? To take
the suspicion away from me?

TOM
Maybe.

She nods. Curt. Unusually withdrawn.

TOM (CONT'D)
Do we have a deal?

OLIVIA
Fine.

He's surprised at the ease of her agreement.

TOM
What's going on?

OLIVIA
Nothing.

She smiles at him. Clearly hiding something.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Just make sure your lot stop
investigating me.

She goes. He watches her with suspicion.

47

INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [15:51]

47

TOM, NIAMH and JACKIE. JACKIE taps a photo of the recovered M24 rifle on the board:

JACKIE

Forensics have recovered two finger prints on the M24 rifle, belonging to Robert Dardis. Even with the upmost speed, ballistics will take time to come back with anything. But Leah seems pretty confident the rifle will match the bullet from Foyle's murder.

TOM adheres to Olivia's demands in his own way:.

TOM

Olivia Foyle is entirely self serving.

JACKIE

Oh? What happened to her being misunderstood?

TOM

I still don't know if she's guilty. I mean, when the evidence stacks up, what have we got? What's her motive? She's no inheritance and her husband's driver double-crossed him and did a runner with the gold.

NIAMH

Look at how she's behaved, though.

TOM

Like I say. I don't like her.

JACKIE stews. Shakes his head.

JACKIE

A fucking harassment case? She has some neck.

TOM

I'm not surprised by it.

JACKIE

Jesus, no.

A beat. TOM persists:

TOM

We have to stop treating her as a person of interest in her husband's murder.

NIAMH

She's proved beyond doubt that
there's no reason to trust her.

JACKIE

I'm inclined to agree with Niamh.

TOM

And I don't disagree. But you're
the one who's always on to me about
treading carefully. You know the
right move now is to say we're not
looking for anyone else. That we
only suspect Robert Dardis.

NIAMH

You're not serious?

TOM

She's going after us with this
harassment case.

JACKIE wrinkles his face. TOM is right.

JACKIE

And if we step out of line, we'll
only be giving her more rope to
hang us with.

TOM

Short of checking in with Noel
Timoney, to make sure this is all
legit, there's nothing we can do.

(to NIAMH)

But we will check with Timoney.

A beat. TOM commands the room. JACKIE concedes reluctantly.

JACKIE

Hm. OK --

NIAMH

I can't be the only one who --

JACKIE

What we say and what we do will be
two different things entirely,
though. There's no way we're going
to lay off her if there's the
slightest chance she's involved.

NIAMH's rage is quelled a little.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Agreed?

NIAMH
Sir.

TOM hesitates a beat. Knows there's no other choice.

TOM
...Sir.

TOM's mind already working on how best to turn this new situation to his advantage.

JACKIE (O.S.)
We just have to be smarter in how
we go about it.

48 EXT. GRAVEYARD. ST THERESA'S CHURCH - DAY 8 [16:08] 48

TOM and NIAMH in white CSI suits. They put on their masks. Pull up their hoods. Trepidation in TOM's eyes.

They walk towards Michelle Foyle's grave, where CSIs have already removed the decorations and clods of earth from the top. They carefully study the soil. Photograph it.

LEAH watches on.

TOM
Leah.

LEAH
Sir.

TOM
What's going on?

LEAH
As we searched the graveyard, it became clear that this grave had been disturbed. It belongs to Michelle Foyle.

NIAMH
Disturbed?

LEAH
The top had been removed and something hidden underneath. Judging by the pressure marks left on the top layer of soil...
(MORE)

LEAH (CONT'D)
I'd say we're looking at the place
your missing gold bars were hidden.
At least for a time.

NIAMH looks to TOM.

NIAMH
Birdy was on to it.

TOM looks behind them, towards the water. Takes a few steps.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
What is it?

TOM
If you keep going on the road past
this church, where do you get to?

NIAMH
...The yacht club.

TOM looks at her. The penny drops for NIAMH:

TOM
Dardis and Colin Foyle weren't
going to the Yacht Club, to sail
the gold out. They didn't get that
far. They were coming here, to hide
it.

NIAMH
Then Dardis shot Foyle.

TOM
Hm.

He looks around them. Thinks.

TOM (CONT'D)
There was no rush to move the gold.
Dardis was the only one who knew of
its whereabouts.

TOM looks towards the grave.

TOM (CONT'D)
Birdy must have stumbled on him
trying to recover it last night.

NIAMH looks to the grave as well. Haunted by the thought.

49

EXT. ST THERESA'S CHURCH - DAY 8 [16:10]

49

NIAMH walks quickly towards the car in her white CSI suit. She pulls off her mask as if running out of air. Pulls down her hood. She bends over as if she's about to vomit.

TOM follows her out. Loses his mask and hood too. He stands close by as she tries to compose herself.

NIAMH

If Dardis hadn't've got away, this wouldn't have happened.

TOM

You don't know that.

She looks at him. Raw. Emotional.

TOM (CONT'D)

This isn't your fault. Birdy was taking a risk by being here alone. He should've told us what he was up to.

NIAMH

Then why didn't he? He was no eejit.

TOM

Maybe he didn't realise what he was on to.

NIAMH straightens. Tries to compose herself.

NIAMH

Birdy was good at his job. I might not have told him that, but... Why didn't he let us know?

She looks at TOM. Raw. He shakes his head. A hollowness inside him.

50

EXT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [16:32]

50

TOM and NIAMH walk from his car to the station. TOM slows at the sight of IZZY, standing by the door on her phone.

She looks up. Puts her phone away. Rushes towards him. Purposeful and anxious.

TOM

Izzy, this isn't a good time.

NIAMH
I called her.

TOM
Why would you do that?

IZZY
Have you found Birdy?

TOM
We're looking for him. How d'you know about Birdy?

NIAMH
I think you should have some privacy.

TOM
What?

IZZY
(re. NIAMH)
Hasn't she told you?

IZZY looks to NIAMH. NIAMH shakes her head. Discreet.

NIAMH
(to TOM)
Sir.

She goes. TOM looks from her departure to IZZY. IZZY hesitates:

IZZY
...Birdy and me... we've been seeing each other.

TOM stares at her. Dumbfounded.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Not for very long, like, but... But it's serious, you know?

TOM
...What?

IZZY
We both know it's... that there's something there... We wouldn't have done it if we both didn't feel something...

TOM keeps staring.

IZZY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry you had to find out like
this.

TOM can't stop the sob that splutters out. He puts a hand to his mouth. Tries to hold it back. IZZY confused.

TOM
Why didn't you tell me?

IZZY
We were going to. At dinner last night. But Birdy cancelled - what is it, Daddy?

TOM
Why didn't you tell me?

TOM tries to keep it together. Steps away from her. Rigid with an effort to keep control.

IZZY
Daddy...?

TOM
Birdy's car was found a few hours ago. Bullet holes in the windscreens.

IZZY
No...

TOM
There's no sign of Birdy himself.
It, uh... it doesn't look good.

IZZY looks around her as if the water is rising.

IZZY
No no no...

TOM
Darling... I'm sorry...

IZZY
No, I'm not going to - this is not going to happen.

She turns. Hurries away. A beat before TOM follows --

NIAMH watches them go from the open door of the building. She bows her head. Goes inside.

51 EXT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [16:36]

51

IZZY walks quickly towards the gates. Tries to gather her thoughts. Busies herself with the contents of her bag to distract from the gaping fear. TOM runs after her.

TOM
Izzy.

She keeps walking. Ignores him.

He catches up to her. Turns her round. Her eyes red.

IZZY
Birdy should have been with me. We should have been together... telling you about us... Hoping you'd be happy for us... But he didn't feel he could come because of this fucking job.

TOM
Darling, I didn't --

She gestures to the station around them.

IZZY
How can you keep doing this? When it takes so much from you?

She takes a step towards him. Her tears held back by her seething rage.

IZZY (CONT'D)
I want you to swear to me, that you will find Birdy.

TOM
Izzy. I can't --

IZZY
Yes, you can. Swear it. I will not lose every person who means something to me. I need you to promise... Find Birdy, and bring him back to me...

Her finger almost jabs at him. Her head falls into his chest. TOM stunned as she sobs. Speechless with the devastation he has caused.

52 INT. BASEMENT OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [16:39] 52

NIAMH sits in front of her Goliath investigation board. Despondent. Tears roll silently down her cheeks.

She has to keep going. She wipes her face. Stands. Stops at the sight of something: The file on 'EMMA BRANNICK'. The note with Emma's name on it, part covering her photograph.

NIAMH thinks. Picks it up.

53 INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [16:44] 53

NIAMH sits opposite JACKIE. Direct.

NIAMH
It's my fault.

JACKIE
Don't be stupid.

NIAMH
You said so yourself. After Dardis disappeared. I let it happen.

JACKIE
I... spoke out of turn.

NIAMH
It looks like Dardis attacked Birdy. If we still had him in custody, that wouldn't have happened.

JACKIE
...There were many contributing factors --

NIAMH
I think I'm also responsible for Birdy being in the wrong place.

JACKIE narrows his eyes. Leans in.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
I've been working on something. On my own. In an office in the basement.

JACKIE
Goliath?

She hesitates. JACKIE has skewered it in one.

NIAMH

I found Birdy, in my - looking at
my work.

JACKIE

Why?

NIAMH

Don't know. But I'm well aware how
you feel about it. So I told him to
leave it alone.

JACKIE

I see.

(beat; a thought)

You think he was onto something?

NIAMH

I didn't ask.

JACKIE

And your telling him to go away...
You think that forced him to go off
on his own?

NIAMH looks at him. That's exactly what she thinks.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Where is Goliath in Birdy's
disappearance?

NIAMH

The gold.

JACKIE

But the likelihood is Dardis pulled
the trigger?

She nods. JACKIE gestures towards the OPEN PLAN OFFICE.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Look.

NIAMH turns. Looks:

At Birdy's desk are TWO DETECTIVES. They have his desktop
open. Inspect the files. Write down what they find.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

They've been working on Birdy's
computer for hours and say there's
nothing unusual or out of place.
They haven't found a thing that
points to Goliath.

NIAMH frowns slightly. Seems odd to her.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Birdy was working the case. I'd say he turned up at that church without realising he was in over his head. If he'd suspected that, then there's no way he wouldn't have told us. I know that young man.

JACKIE's emotion in those last words. He gathers. Thinks.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

And if it was Dardis who shot him, then it's our job to find the bastard.

NIAMH barely able to take in the cold comfort.

54 EXT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [16:47]

54

TOM and IZZY sit side by side on a low wall. Close. A COUPLE OF OFFICERS pass in front of them. TOM gives them a nod, but his daughter is his priority.

IZZY

Why is this happening?

TOM doesn't have an answer.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Is it a case Birdy's working on?

TOM

I can't say.

IZZY

Of course you can.

TOM

Izzy. It would be wrong of me to draw conclusions from the little we have.

She kneads her hands. On edge.

IZZY

So what do we do now?

Pause.

TOM

We keep going.

IZZY
...Like you did after Mummy went missing?

TOM
Hmm.

She looks at him. Needs the answer:

IZZY
How do you do that?

TOM
Just... Take it as it comes.
There's no other way.

She trembles. The cold and adrenaline. Her emotion rises.

IZZY
I want to find Birdy.

He pulls her in for a hug.

TOM
We all want to find Birdy, love.

He holds her tight. Comforting. Her tears stream.

TOM (CONT'D)
There are a lot of people working
on this... It won't take long.

She has a thought. Sits up.

IZZY
What about his house? Have you been
there?

TOM
We sent a unit round. There was no
reply.

IZZY
Did they go inside?

TOM
There was no need for forced entry.
His belongings were found with his
car...
(beat)
Blood, as well.

She tries to wrestle with the information. The emotion
buckles her.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, darling.

IZZY
I want to go to his house.

TOM
Izzy --

IZZY
Please.

TOM thinks. Sees a possible opportunity.

TOM
Do you have a key?

IZZY
No, but...he keeps one with his
neighbour.

TOM narrows his eyes. Thinks it through.

TOM
Why d'you want to go there?

IZZY
What if he comes home? He might
have come home.

TOM looks at her. A sense of helplessness.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Please, Daddy.

55 EXT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [16:49]

55

TOM and IZZY walk towards his car. TOM looks up at the station: No one in the windows.

He gets in the car. A purpose to him.

56 EXT. HOTEL CAR PARK - DAY 8 [17:02]

56

RYAN walks towards his hire car. He presses unlock on his keys and the car lights flash. He gets to the door --

DAVY suddenly appears from behind him. He loops a belt over RYAN's head. Pulls it quick around his neck. Heaves it back tight. RYAN chokes --

RYAN struggles. Tries to resist. Tries to pull the belt away. He slams DAVY back against a neighbouring car. But DAVY keeps hold. Keeps pulling. He has the upper hand...

RYAN gasps for breath. It looks like he's done for --

57 EXT. BIRDY'S HOUSE. DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [17:04]

57

TOM'S CAR pulls in. He and IZZY get out.

IZZY walks to the boot of the car --

IZZY

Do you have any bags I can put my stuff in?

Her hand on the handle of the boot --

TOM

No.

He's unusually firm. As if there's something in the boot he doesn't want her to see. She looks at him. Questioning.

TOM (CONT'D)

There's no bags. I cleaned it out.

A beat. She lets go of the handle. Walks towards the neighbouring house to Birdy's...

TOM waits on the pavement. Watches.

IZZY knocks on the door. Waits...

The NEIGHBOUR answers. An older lady --

58 INT. BIRDY'S HOUSE. DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [17:08]

58

The front door opens. IZZY takes the keys out of the lock. She and TOM step inside. TOM looks around the place...

IZZY

Birdy?

No reply. She looks nervous. TOM is a calming presence.

TOM

You want to have a look around?

TOM sees paperwork in the living area. He gestures for IZZY to head towards the bedroom:

TOM (CONT'D)
I'll wait for you.

IZZY nods. Walks through to the BEDROOM.

TOM moves in to the living area. He takes a pair of blue latex gloves from his pocket. Puts them on.

He looks through some paperwork of Birdy's on the kitchen counter. Careful not to touch anything. He moves over to a work area...

An open notepad and pens show where Birdy's been at work. The notepad is blank. The top page torn off. But TOM sees something else:

Birdy's laptop sits nearby. TOM looks in the direction Izzy went. A beat.

He moves to the kitchen. Opens the cupboard under the sink. Finds what he's looking for: A roll of black bin bags. He takes one off the roll. Puts the rest back.

He crosses back to the laptop. Puts it into the black bin bag. Looks for other things worth adding.

Something catches his eye: Birdy's official graduation photo from PSNI training. He's grinning. Looks young and eager.

TOM is haunted by the image...

59 INT. BEDROOM. BIRDY'S HOUSE. DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [17:10] 59

IZZY picks up a few items of her clothing. A jumper and a T-shirt. She looks around his bedroom. A moment. She sits on the end of his bed.

She takes out her phone. Dials. Listens:

VOICE (PHONE)
You have one saved message. Saved message:

A beep precedes:

BIRDY (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?

She wipes her face as she listens.

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

Beep. The message finishes. She plays it again:

VOICE (PHONE)
You have one saved message --

60 INT. BIRDY'S HOUSE. DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [17:13] 60

IZZY enters. Her clothes in one arm. Her eyes red with the emotion. TOM stands in the middle of the room. The weighted black bin bag in his blue gloved hands.

TOM
(re. bag)
Some of Birdy's work. I'm going to take it in. It could be important.

She nods. A moment.

IZZY
Birdy wouldn't be a threat to anyone.

TOM
I know, love.

IZZY
There's no one who'd... Why would they... He has to be a hostage or something. I know it. You just have to find him.

TOM
We're looking.

His words don't sit with her. Her impatience bubbles:

IZZY
Are you sure, 'cause... Right now, we're here.

TOM
Like I said, it's a big operation.

IZZY
Why aren't you on it?

TOM
I'm here with you. Making sure
you're OK.

IZZY
Have you given up on him?

TOM
No.

IZZY
Because you can't.

TOM
I know.

IZZY
I won't let you.

TOM
I know.

IZZY
But it feels like... if you're
here... and he was in your team...
then who's looking for him?

His temper bubbles. Paternal.

TOM
Would you rather I sent someone
else to check on you?

IZZY
I'd rather you were pulling the
place apart trying to find my
boyfriend!

Her voice reeded by emotion. She covers her eyes. A pause.
TOM quickly regrets raising his voice. He moves to her.

TOM
Come on, come on... It'll be OK.

IZZY
How do you know that?

He clenches his jaw. He doesn't. She pushes back from her
dad. Looks at him. Direct.

IZZY (CONT'D)
He loved you. You know that?
Admired you. He thought you were
the best.

TOM finds the words hard to listen to.

IZZY (CONT'D)

When he talked about you, it was
like hearing a wee boy talk about
his hero, you know? And I love
hearing that. Because I love you.
And you will find him.

TOM can barely hold the emotion back. He pulls her in tight.
Shellshocked by her words.

61 EXT. BIRDY'S HOUSE. DUNFOLAN - DAY 8 [17:20]

61

IZZY finishes handing the keys back to the NEIGHBOUR.

TOM at the car. He opens one of the back doors. Puts the
black bin bag with Birdy's laptop and other possessions in
the foot well.

IZZY carries the bag of her stuff to the car. Opens the boot.
Tosses the bag in. A beat. A frown. She can see...

A DSLR camera in the side well. Unusual.

IZZY

That your camera?

TOM walks round. Sees the DSLR camera. A beat. A cold sweat.

TOM

Aye. It's from work. I need to give
it back.

He takes control of the boot door from her. Closes it --

62 EXT. IZZY'S APARTMENT. BELFAST - DAY 8 [17:43]

62

TOM's car pulls in. Comes to a stop.

63 INT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - DAY 8 [17:44]

63

IZZY reaches for the door handle to get out. TOM's mind still
turning over at the wheel. He jogs himself out of it:

TOM

Will I come up?

She looks at him like he hasn't been listening.

IZZY

What?

TOM

Jackie and Niamh have everything under control. They know I want to be with you. Make sure you're OK.

IZZY

I'll be OK.

TOM

I'll be back looking for Birdy, in the morning.

(beat)

It's important I'm with you now.

A pause. She gets out of the car. Neither confirms or denies his request. His usually stoic exterior at risk of crumbling.

64 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - EVENING 8 [19:21] 64

The office has emptied out. A few lamps still light the desks. NIAMH sits at Birdy's computer. The TWO DETECTIVES flank her. They all look at the screen.

NIAMH

No. Run me through it again. You're saying Birdy's computer is "clean"?

DETECTIVE

Yes, Sarge.

NIAMH

So clean, it looks like he never worked on it?

DETECTIVE

He probably used an external hard drive, sarge.

NIAMH

And where is that?

She looks at the DETECTIVE who's been talking. They shrug.

65 INT. BASEMENT OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - EVENING 8 [19:39] 65

NIAMH stands in front of her Goliath evidence board. A piece of paper in her hands. She hesitates. Looks at the paper. Steps forward...

She pins it up. It's a photo of Birdy. Beside Colin Foyle and under Rob Dardis. She sticks a posted across Birdy and Foyle's photos that reads:

Dardis victims?

She looks to a picture beside Dardis, of the gold. Another posted not reads:

Goliath gold.

She looks back at Birdy. Steps back from the board. He's a part of the mystery now.

66 INT. MAIN LIVING AREA. FOYLE HOUSE - EVENING 8 [19:40] 66

OLIVIA enters the dark space with a holdall in one hand. She is packing in a hurry.

She sees her phone charger plugged in by the coffee table. Goes to it. Unplugs it. Stuffs it in the bag.

Something catches her eye: Two packages on the kitchen counter. One small package and one larger box.

She freezes. Looks around. Walks towards the packages slowly...

She gets to the counter. On the smaller package is written:

Open this first

A beat. She starts to open the package. She finds a burner phone inside. A text message shows on the screen. She opens the text, which reads:

Call this number - Davy

She half smiles. A breath of relief. She presses a button to call him back. It rings... and rings... then:

VOICEMAIL (PHONE)
The person you have dialled is
currently unavailable. Please leave
a message.

A beep sounds down the phone.

OLIVIA
Davy. It's Olivia. Where are you?
Did you do it? Call me back.

She hangs up. A beat. She starts to unwrap the larger box...

She pulls tape from the top. Opens the top folds. Looks inside --

She gasps in complete horror. Takes a step back --

The burner phone rings on the counter. Pierces the silence; loud and clear. Makes her jump. She looks at it. Trembling and scared. The phone keeps ringing...

She goes to it. Picks it up gingerly. Beep: She answers it. Puts the phone to her ear carefully.

RYAN (PHONE)
Hello, Olivia.

OLIVIA
R... Ryan...

RYAN (PHONE)
Have you looked in the box?

Her breath tremulous and scared. She can't answer.

67 INT. RYAN'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING 8 [19:43]

67

RYAN sits on the edge of his bed. His shirt open. He nurses his bruised and grazed throat with antiseptic. The phone to his ear.

RYAN
The problem with choosing a body part is your being sure of the person it came from. I need you to take a careful look. I need you to recognise the man you sent to kill me.

68 INT. MAIN LIVING AREA. FOYLE HOUSE - EVENING 8 [19:43] 68

OLIVIA has the phone to her ear. Stares at the box. Trembling. White with fear.

OLIVIA
I'll... I'll do whatever you want.

RYAN (PHONE)
I know you will.
(beat)
And you'll start by telling me everything about this cop of yours.

She has nowhere to hide. She notices the bloody moisture soaking through the bottom of the box, onto the counter...

OLIVIA

He, uh... he has a daughter --

69

INT. BEDROOM. IZZY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 8 [22:41]

69

IZZY is curled up in the foetal position in bed. She faces the wall. The duvet over her.

TOM lies on top of the duvet. Still clothed. On the other side of the bed.

He looks at the ceiling. His eyes open in the dark. No danger of him falling asleep. As if he dare not close his eyes.

IZZY

I've been going to counselling.

TOM

...What?

IZZY

I talk to someone. An hour a week.
It helps.

TOM

We don't need to talk about this
now.

IZZY

I want to. I want you to know.

TOM

Why?

IZZY

Because it means something to me.
Like Birdy does. And I don't want
to keep these things secret from
you.

TOM thinks of what she's told him. Tries to digest it.

TOM

Have I not been there for you?

IZZY

Always. But there are some things
counselling can do that you can't.

TOM
Like what?

IZZY
Help me understand my life...
what's in my head...

TOM listens to her words cut through the dark.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Nearly everything that's good...
has come from you. And I know...
that in so many ways... I'm just
like you...

A silence. Her next words cut straight through:

IZZY (CONT'D)
That means I have your darkness.

He frowns. Alarmed by the revelation.

IZZY (CONT'D)
And I think Birdy could see that...

TOM stunned into silence.

IZZY (CONT'D)
But he made everything better.

TOM lies there. His heart pounding through his chest.

70

EXT. IZZY'S APARTMENT. BELFAST - DAY 9 [07:25]

70

FROM A DISTANCE

TOM exits the building. Walks towards his car...

He stops. Looks back. IZZY is standing outside her apartment door. A pause between them...

CLOSE ON TOM AND IZZY

He hesitates. Chooses his words.

TOM
If something's happened to Birdy...
I'll find who did it... and I'll
kill them.

She's arrested by the weight of his words. He doesn't wait for a response, but bows his head and walks to the car...

FROM A DISTANCE

On a nearby rooftop, RYAN watches TOM leave IZZY. He watches TOM get in the car and drive away...

He turns his eyes back to IZZY. Intrigued...

CLOSE ON IZZY

She looks the way TOM'S CAR went. Her face betrays creeping fear for her father. Anxiety around what's to come.

END OF EPISODE.