

BLOODLANDS 2

EPISODE SIX

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1 INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 9 [22:33] 1

Olivia's overnight bag goes down on the table with a thunk.

TOM stands over it. Blue gloves on. He slowly draws back the zip. Looks inside.

He carefully lifts out Olivia's hairbrush. Strands of long blond hair knitted in between the bristles...

2 INT. KITCHEN. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 9 [22:36] 2

TOM holds the hairbrush up to the light of a lamp. He carefully pulls the strands of hair from the bristles...

He deposits the loose strands in a small clear evidence bag.

He seals the evidence bag. Lies it down. Removes his gloves. He looks at the bag a moment. Resolved to what he must do.

Behind him, through the black window, the swing and flash of a distant lighthouse pings across the water...

3 EXT. OLD BARN - DAWN 10 [05:10] 3

TOM walks across the field to the semi-derelict barn with the red tin roof, from where the sniper rifle was recovered. Early morning pink light and birds in the long grass.

His blue gloved hands are by his side. In one of them, he carries the small evidence bag containing blonde hair...

4 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 10 [07:57] 4

TOM drives through Belfast. IZZY beside him. He keeps his eyes on the road. Concentrates.

IZZY glances towards him. Uncertain. Preoccupied.

The giant yellow Goliath crane looms behind him through the window. He looks back at the road.

5 EXT. ESTATE AGENT'S OFFICE. BELFAST - DAY 10 [08:06] 5

TOM and IZZY walk from his car towards a nondescript glass office. He opens the door for her.

IZZY

Do we really have to do this?

TOM
If we don't, we lose the house.

A moment. She enters.

6 INT. ESTATE AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY 10 [08:21]

6

TOM sits alongside IZZY. The estate agent, DENISE, sits across from them.

DENISE
Congratulations. I thought your offer would be accepted. No doubt you'll want to go out and celebrate?

She looks at TOM and IZZY. Two people who look like they couldn't want to celebrate less.

DENISE tempers her cheer. Awkward. Looks at her paperwork.

DENISE (CONT'D)
(to IZZY)
The house will be in your name, Isobel, is that right?

IZZY
Izzy.

DENISE smiles. Hands a document across to IZZY. Points at relevant locations on the form.

DENISE
Grand. If you could just sign here and here, confirm the agreed price, and we can get that off to the solicitors...

IZZY takes a pen. Signs it. Hands it back.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Thanking you...
(beat)
I didn't own a house until I was well into my thirties, so thank God for the Bank of Daddy, hey?

Another attempt to raise a smile, but IZZY barely registers a response. IZZY gets up --

IZZY
Sorry. Do you need me for anything else?

DENISE

Uh... no. I can do the rest with
your dad.

IZZY nods. She leaves the room. TOM looks after where she's gone. Full of concern.

DENISE worried she's put her foot in it somehow:

DENISE (CONT'D)

Did I say something --

TOM

No. She's... not feeling right.

DENISE

Oh. Poor wee thing. Today of all
days.

(beat)

Sod's law, I suppose.

TOM

Hm.

DENISE looks down at her papers. A beat.

DENISE

Now, you're paying for this with a
mortgage and an authorised
overdraft, is that right?

TOM

That's correct.

DENISE looks closer at one of the bits of paper in front of her, detailing Tom's finances.

DENISE

Quite hefty interest payments on
the overdraft, there...

(beat)

You sure you can afford them?

TOM

I'll be grand.

He hesitates. Reassures her:

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm expecting some money in soon.

7 EXT. ESTATE AGENT'S OFFICE. BELFAST - DAY 10 [08:30] 7

IZZY sits on a low wall. Watches the world with detachment. Deep in thought.

TOM exits the building. Stands close to her. Concerned.

TOM
I'm really sorry we had to do that.
But we have to keep going.

IZZY
I don't want you to kill anyone.

TOM
What?

IZZY
I've been thinking about what you said. About what you'd do to someone who's hurt Birdy.

She looks at TOM. Pointed.

IZZY (CONT'D)
I don't want you to.

His expression is guarded.

IZZY (CONT'D)
I know you carry a gun... and you've used it before... but it shouldn't be easy.

TOM
Izzy --

IZZY
You'd do it for me. I know you would. And I don't want you to.

A beat. He tries to diffuse the moment by looking to the car.

TOM
Will we go?

IZZY
Birdy wouldn't want it, either.

TOM looks back at her. Won't get away that easy.

IZZY (CONT'D)
That boy doesn't have a violent bone in his body.

TOM
I know.

IZZY
I mean, what is he even doing in
the police?

TOM's eyes narrow. Struck by the inference.

TOM
Is that what you think of me?

IZZY
You know what I mean.

TOM
The job may be confrontational...
We may see the worst in people...
But... but you have to believe
that... it's people like Birdy,
like Niamh, even Jackie... and
me... We're trying to make things
better.

She takes this in. Tries to reassure herself.

TOM (CONT'D)
He's a natural investigator. That's
why Birdy's one of us. And he's
very good at it.

She gets up and walks towards the car. Any optimism woven
with sadness:

IZZY
I'll tell him you said that.

TOM watches her go. Concerned for his daughter. Concerned for
himself.

8 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 10 [08:48]

8

TOM drives. IZZY beside him. She carries the thoughts of what
might have become of Birdy.

He pulls up beside her apartment building. She reaches for
the door handle without a word.

TOM
Hey.

She stops. Looks at him.

TOM (CONT'D)
I love you.

She smiles. Saddened.

IZZY
Where you going now?

TOM
I have a solicitor to see.

She frowns. Puzzled. The determined spark in his eyes.

TOM (CONT'D)
This one's to do with work.

9 EXT. NOEL TIMONEY SOLICITORS - DAY 10 [09:26]

9

NOEL leaves his office. Shuts the door. His jacket on and briefcase in hand. He fiddles with a bunch of keys...

He finds the right one. Goes to lock the door --

TOM (O.C.)
You done for the day already, Noel?

NOEL looks round to see TOM standing close by. NOEL's surprised. A little nervous.

TOM is relaxed. Checks his watch with curiosity.

TOM (CONT'D)
Pubs don't open for another couple of hours.

NOEL
I've to head to a meeting.

TOM
How about you and me have a wee talk first?

TOM's manner firm. Commanding. NOEL nervous.

TOM (CONT'D)
Did you give Olivia Foyle the will, Noel?

NOEL
...Aye.

TOM

I wasn't aware that probate had
been granted?

NOEL

Uh... No. It hasn't.

TOM

Right.

(beat)

So did Colin Foyle's children agree
to it?

NOEL

...Aye.

TOM fishes for his phone:

TOM

Not something I'd've expected.
Still, I'll give them a call. Iron
this out --

NOEL

You don't need to do that.

TOM pauses.

NOEL (CONT'D)

They, uh... They don't know.

A beat. TOM puts his phone away. NOEL can't meet his eyes.
Uncomfortable. TOM wonders out loud:

TOM

So how did she get you to break the
law?

NOEL

Listen. Anything for an easy life,
you know? She's some piece of work.
I just wanted to get them off my
case --

TOM

Them?

NOEL hesitates. A rabbit in the headlights.

NOEL

What?

TOM

Who's "them"?

NOEL
Uh... no, I didn't mean that.

TOM
Yes, you did.

NOEL hesitates. Flummoxed. TOM drills into him with interrogative focus. NOEL squirms.

10 INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 10 [10:00] 10

NIAMH walks alongside JACKIE. She has papers in her hand. Shows him the top one:

NIAMH
This is what it looks like.

A mugshot photo of **Robert Dardis**. His name printed above it. A yellow box below containing his description. Below that are the words:

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN SINCE SUNDAY FEBRUARY 13th 2022? DO YOU KNOW OF HIS WHEREABOUTS?

Underneath that is the plea to contact PSNI Dunfolan, along with the contact details.

NIAMH (CONT'D)
Are you happy for us to put it out?

JACKIE
You think it'll work?

NIAMH
Honestly? No. But we're not left with many options.

They turn the corner in to the OPEN PLAN OFFICE --

11 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 10 [10:01] 11

JACKIE and NIAMH enter. TOM is there, looking over the evidence boards. He pays particular attention to the photos of the recovered gold bar.

JACKIE
Tom. Did you go and see Noel Timoney?

TOM
I did. He confirmed the will. It's genuine.

NIAMH

Aye, but do we trust him? The man's been Colin Foyle's solicitor for over a decade. He has to have known what was going on.

TOM

I agree.

He has their attention.

TOM (CONT'D)

He said Olivia Foyle came to see him, to ask him to provide the will. But he seemed to suggest she wasn't alone.

JACKIE

What?

TOM

Could have been a simple slip. He used the word "them" instead of "her".

NIAMH

So she took AJ Boyd with her?

TOM

I asked that. And I've checked on Boyd's movements at the time. But he was in court. I also asked about Dardis. But Timoney insisted it was a slip of the tongue. He went to great lengths to stress it was just her.

JACKIE

That sounds like a man trying to cover a mistake.

TOM nods in agreement.

TOM

I've made sure we have a copy of the will. I'll go through it.

JACKIE

OK.

TOM

(to NIAMH)

What are you doing now?

NIAMH
I'm headed to Birdy's house. We're conducting a search of the property, as a precaution.

TOM doesn't bat an eyelid.

TOM
Grand. I'll pay a visit to Mrs Foyle. Maybe she'll reveal who her friend is.

JACKIE
You think she trusts you that much?

NIAMH
(mocking)
I've no doubt he has ways of making her talk.

TOM leaves the room on the note of levity --

TOM
Piss off.

12 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 10 [10:03] 12

As TOM crosses towards the exit from the CASE ROOM, any sign of levity drops to a look of dark intent.

13 INT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - DAY 10 [10:25] 13

TOM sits. Waits. Watches the front gate to the Foyle House, from behind cover. He gets comfortable. Settled in for the long haul.

14 EXT. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 10 [10:27] 14

A Dardis "wanted poster" is put up on the notice board outside the station by a UNIFORMED OFFICER.

15 EXT. FIRE STATION - DAY 10 [12:12] 15

A firefighter in her twenties has a smoke outside the building. SADIE. She idly scrolls through her phone. Skims her screen up through her facebook page:

Posts from friends and family; photos of a party which she 'likes'; her local community message board has posted an e-version of the Dardis poster.

She stops on the Dardis image. Frowns. Zooms in on the image of him. The cigarette burns idly between her lips as her expression shifts to one of curious recognition.

16 INT. BIRDY'S HOUSE. DUNFOLAN - DAY 10 [12:14] 16

NIAMH wanders through the rooms, as UNIFORMED TSG OFFICERS look through Birdy's belongings...

She passes a shelf with framed photographs on it. Pictures of Birdy with various people. One picture of him with Niamh, outside the station together:

He is smiling. Niamh looks a wee bit pissed off the photo's being taken - but it's all in good humour.

The picture gives her pause. A hollow feeling. She looks away. Moves off, through to the living room...

She finds an OFFICER on his hands and knees. Blue gloves on. He looks under Birdy's sofa. Uses his hand to shuffle out small bits of detritus: a battery, a TV controller.

NIAMH

Did Birdy not have a computer at home, no?

The OFFICER barely looks up at her as he continues his work.

OFFICER

Haven't seen one, Sarge.

NIAMH nods. Finds it strange. She looks at the room. The signs of Birdy's existence.

17 INT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - DAY 10 [12:31] 17

TOM waits. He hears the high pitched whine of a fast approaching engine. He sits up. Alert.

He sees OLIVIA'S CAR come into view at the bottom of the drive. OLIVIA behind the wheel.

She drives too fast to notice him. TOM stays low as she speeds past and off down the road.

He sits up. Starts his engine. Pulls out fast to follow.

18 EXT. GLENCORRIE HOTEL - DAY 10 [12:57] 18

OLIVIA'S CAR pulls up outside the grand building.

She parks. Gets out. Moves quickly to the front door...

TOM'S CAR hangs back at the top of the drive --

19 INT. TOM'S CAR [IDLING] - DAY 10 [12:57]

19

TOM watches OLIVIA enter the building. He puts the stick into first. Rolls gently towards the car park...

20 INT. LOBBY. GLENCORRIE HOTEL - DAY 10 [13:02]

20

TOM looks suspiciously at the finery and the GUESTS. He searches for any sign of OLIVIA.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Can I help you?

TOM looks. The RECEPTIONIST stands at the front desk. Looks at TOM like he doesn't completely belong there.

TOM shows his badge. The RECEPTIONIST takes it in with a nod and smile.

TOM
You can, yes.

21 INT. THE LOUGH BAR. GLENCORRIE HOTEL - DAY 10 [13:05]

21

TOM peers through the door to the bar. At the far end he can see OLIVIA, sitting with RYAN, who has his back to us. They have a table by the window.

TOM backs off. Obscures himself from view even more.

CLOSE ON RYAN AND OLIVIA

RYAN eats and talks. OLIVIA attentive. Her meal untouched. She covers nerves.

RYAN
Where is my gold?

OLIVIA
I don't have it yet.

RYAN screeches his knife on his plate. She winces at the unpleasant sound.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
He hasn't brought it to me. He
can't get away from his work.

RYAN doesn't look at her. A face full of everything cruel.

RYAN
I thought he was at your beck and
call.

She's nervous.

OLIVIA
He has to be careful.

RYAN
I appreciate careful. But I have no
time for caution.

She doesn't respond. He picks food from between his back teeth with his tongue.

RYAN (CONT'D)
The reason he can't get away from
his work... Would it have anything
to do with you shooting one of his
boys?

She looks at RYAN. Loathing in her eyes.

RYAN (CONT'D)
The only reason you're not already
dead is because I'd prefer no one
knows I'm here. But that can
change.

OLIVIA
I will get the gold.

RYAN
Hmm.

He eyeballs her. A beat.

RYAN (CONT'D)
And what do you plan to do with
him?

She looks at him.

RYAN (CONT'D)
People who don't get what they've
been promised are seldom
reasonable.

OLIVIA
I'll think of something.

RYAN
I'm afraid that won't cut it. You see, I'd rather not have to worry about an angry Irish cop.

She doesn't answer. RYAN narrows his eyes. Considers her stubborn behaviour.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Four thirty nine, Broomfeld Avenue,
Brooklyn.

She frowns. Looks at him.

OLIVIA
...What?

RYAN
That's where your son lives, right?

Her eyes widen in fear. She swallows. His tone unemotional.

RYAN (CONT'D)
My associates say he's a very good chef. And usually they wouldn't be the kind of men who'd go for... what do you call that? Fusion food?

OLIVIA
Please...

RYAN
They're more meat and potatoes, if you know what I mean? Salty.
(checks his watch)
But they're going there for lunch again today, so...

OLIVIA
Leave him out of this.

RYAN
There's nothing to worry about, Olivia. We've got each other's backs... don't we?

She looks at him. Anxious. He smiles.

RYAN (CONT'D)
There's no loyalty like incentivised loyalty.

She tries to cover her fear.

22 INT. LOBBY. GLENCORRIE HOTEL - DAY 10 [13:21] 22

TOM watches from an obscured position, as OLIVIA crosses the lobby and leaves the building. A look of distress on her.

He carefully steps into her wake. Looks out of the door after her. Sees her get to her car. Get in. Drive away.

He looks towards the Lough Bar...

23 INT. THE LOUGH BAR. GLENCORRIE HOTEL - DAY 10 [13:22] 23

RYAN alone at his table. His lunch finished. Some leftovers on his plate. The bar practically empty. He reads the book 'Normal People'.

TOM appears. Sits down in the chair Olivia sat in. Faces him.

RYAN looks up from his book at TOM. Curious.

RYAN

I think you have the wrong table.

TOM

Who are you?

RYAN

Not your date, clearly.

TOM

How do you know Olivia Foyle?

RYAN pauses briefly. Closes his book. Puts it down carefully.

RYAN

Let's start again, shall we? "Hi, do you mind if I sit down?" "No, not at all. Make yourself comfortable." "Thank you, that's kind. My name is...?"

TOM

DCI Tom Brannick.

Beat. RYAN smiles.

RYAN

Pleasure to meet you, Tom. Your ears must have been burning.

TOM frowns. Unnerved that he's already known.

RYAN (CONT'D)
My name's Ryan Savage.

TOM
(familiar)
Savage?

RYAN nods gently.

TOM (CONT'D)
You're here from America?

RYAN
(sarcastic)
Is it that obvious? I thought I was
blending in.

TOM
And you're controlling Olivia
Foyle?

RYAN
Are you one of these detectives who
does all of his thinking out loud?

TOM
You've come for the gold.

RYAN
Yes, I have. Have you brought it
for me?

TOM
What?

RYAN
You have it. Where is it?

TOM
Says who?

RYAN frowns. TOM hesitates. RYAN sharpens.

RYAN
Do you have it or not?

TOM makes a split second decision. Sees value in the lie:

TOM
...Not here.

RYAN

Hmm.

RYAN suspicious.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I want you to answer me this, Tom:
Are you and the widow planning
something?

TOM

Like what?

RYAN

Do you still believe you can divide
the gold between you? Because it is
not yours to divide.

TOM

Does she have a deal with you?

RYAN frowns. Curious.

RYAN

I'm not the only one who doesn't
trust her, then?

TOM

What's your agreement?

RYAN

We don't have one. She just
understands what's at stake.

TOM

And what's that?

RYAN

The usual: Life... Limbs...
(affects a slight French
accent)
And the pursuit of "a-penis".

RYAN smiles. A beat.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'm kidding, of course. There's
nothing going on between her and I.
But you, on the other hand...
(beat)

She's wild, isn't she? The kind of
woman who'd use the shards of your
broken heart to cut your throat. I
like her.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)
(cheeky; mock concern)
Are you the jealous type, Tom? Is
that why you followed her here?

TOM
I like to know who I'm really
dealing with.

RYAN
Oh no, we don't have a deal. I'll
tell you what to do and you'll do
it. Same as Mrs Foyle.

TOM
Is that right?

RYAN
It is. Because you're a --

RYAN looks around. Makes a show of whispering:

RYAN (CONT'D)
A dirty cop.
(beat)
And the last thing you want is for
people to find that out. So, you
see, that puts me in an
advantageous position. I have the
high ground.

TOM
Makes you a clearer target.

RYAN narrows his eyes. Pleasantly surprised by TOM's bravery.

RYAN
...Right.
(beat)
I had hoped to stay in the
background. Unseen. But now you
have announced yourself... like
this... you should be in little
doubt that were things not to go my
way... I'll ruin your life.
Possibly with death. Whichever's
the more convenient.

TOM bites his tongue. Watches him carefully. RYAN signals to
a WAITER at the side of the room:

RYAN (CONT'D)
Cheque, please.

The WAITER nods obediently. Goes to get the bill.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Now, this latest turn of events means I need to, uh, move a little faster, shall we say? So how about you bring me my gold tomorrow?

TOM hesitates. Decides to play the game.

TOM

I'm not bringing it here.

RYAN

Somewhere more private, then. No chance of being interrupted.

TOM

Just the two of us.

RYAN

You and me and the widow makes three.

(smile)

I'd like you to bring Mrs Foyle. Then we can... talk through any misunderstandings.

TOM chews it over. RYAN smiles as the WAITER arrives with the bill. TOM watches him as he hands the WAITER his credit card.

The WAITER puts it in the card machine. Turns it round for RYAN to enter his pin, which he does...

RYAN (CONT'D)

(to WAITER)

Tell me, do you give the leftover food to the pigs?

(smiles; re. TOM)

Because there's one right here who doesn't look so good.

The WAITER smiles politely. TOM burns. The WAITER sees TOM doesn't see the joke... The receipt prints.

WAITER

...That's all gone through for you, there, Mr Brooks.

TOM frowns at the different name. RYAN smiles at him.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Thank you very much.

RYAN

Thank you.

The WAITER goes. RYAN looks at TOM. In control.

RYAN (CONT'D)

How exciting. I've had Boston cops
in my pocket before, but never a
small town Irish one.

(beat; mocking)

Maybe you can be my lucky charm.

RYAN's having too good a time. TOM can't stand him.

24 INT. LIVING AREA. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 10 [14:16]

24

TOM stands facing OLIVIA. Both strong and rooted. TOM the
more agitated presence.

TOM

Why didn't you tell me?

OLIVIA

I thought I could handle him on my
own.

TOM

Is that why you took my gun?

She hesitates. Clear TOM's right.

TOM (CONT'D)

He's under the impression I have
his gold.

OLIVIA

I was trying to buy myself some
time.

TOM

Time for what?

OLIVIA

To figure out what the hell I'm
going to do about him.

TOM

So you put me in the crosshairs?

OLIVIA

He's already after both of us, Tom.

TOM

I could have told him the truth.

OLIVIA

But you didn't. Because you know
neither of us will see the gold if
he gets his way.

TOM chews it over.

TOM

Is he traveling alone?

OLIVIA

I believe so, yes. Why? Are you
planning something?

A moment. TOM's cogs turn...

TOM

I want half. I want you to agree to
that.

OLIVIA

I'll agree to nothing without
knowing your intentions.

TOM thinks it over.

TOM

I'll frame him for Birdy's murder.
He will be tried or extradited. And
we will be free to split the gold.

OLIVIA

And how will you do that?

TOM

Half. Say it.

OLIVIA

Of course.

TOM

(barks)

Olivia.

She focuses. Realises he won't be fobbed off.

OLIVIA

(serious)

If you can do it... I will give you
half the gold. It's a deal.

TOM is satisfied.

TOM
I need the pistol you used to kill
Birdy.

OLIVIA
[No.] Unh unh --

TOM
Do you want rid of him or not?

OLIVIA
I do.

TOM
Then give me the pistol.

She narrows her eyes. Considers it a beat.

OLIVIA
Not until I know you have a good
enough plan.

TOM grits his teeth. She frustrates him.

25

INT. KITCHEN. FOYLE HOUSE - DAY 10 [14:21]

25

OLIVIA watches TOM walk away from the house to his car. He gets in. Drives away.

Her phone vibrates on the kitchen island: Ryan. She picks it up. Answers:

OLIVIA
Yes?

RYAN (PHONE)
Your cop was following you.

OLIVIA
I've just found that out.

RYAN (PHONE)
I don't like that.

She pauses. Chews it over.

OLIVIA
Then kill him.

A pause. A thought.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Or his daughter.

She hangs up. Thinks about her next move.

26 INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 10 [14:27] 26

JUDITH escorts SADIE towards the OPEN PLAN OFFICE. SADIE is interested in her surroundings.

They get to the door of the office.

JUDITH
Just wait here a minute, OK?

SADIE
No bother. On you go.

JUDITH nods. Walks into the OPEN PLAN OFFICE. SADIE watches as she approaches NIAMH's desk.

JUDITH says something to NIAMH. NIAMH listens. Leans back. Looks past JUDITH to SADIE.

27 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 10 [14:33] 27

NIAMH has her notepad open. Sits across from SADIE, who points to the wanted poster NIAMH has in front of her: The picture of Dardis.

SADIE
Is there a reward or something?

NIAMH
No.

SADIE
Are you sure?

NIAMH
We don't give money for information from the public.

SADIE
A hundred pound.

NIAMH
Did you not hear what I just said?

SADIE
I'm skint.

NIAMH
You're an untested source with uncorroborated information.

SADIE
I don't... I don't know what that means.

NIAMH
You think we have money?

SADIE shrugs. Nonchalant.

SADIE
Either you want to hear what I have to say about this fella, or you don't.

A beat. NIAMH reaches for her wallet. Takes it out. Sees what cash she has. Pulls out two notes. Lays them down.

NIAMH
Forty pounds.

SADIE makes a face. Thinks on it.

SADIE
Aye, alright.

She reaches for the notes. NIAMH holds them back.

NIAMH
Are you sure it was him?

SADIE
Oh aye. I don't forget a face.

NIAMH
Explain what happened.

SADIE
I was driving home, so I was. Maybe... eleven thirty at night? I was stopped at the traffic lights, there, and this car pulls up beside me. I look over... as you do...

(re. Dardis photo)
And I seen this fella looking back at me. He looks all concerned, like. Dead serious. And I recognised him.

NIAMH
You recognised him? From where?

SADIE

I go clubbing with my girl friends,
so I do. We were going to this one
place? Angels. It's in town.

NIAMH leans forward. SADIE has her attention.

SADIE (CONT'D)

Used to go there every Thursday.
Pound a shot. This fella worked the
door. The only bouncer who wasn't a
total smick. He tried it on with
our Jennie, so he did.

NIAMH could almost roll her eyes at the tangent.

NIAMH

Did he recognise you? At the
traffic lights?

SADIE

Don't think so. I smiled, like,
but... he was away with the
fairies, so he was.

NIAMH

Was he driving?

SADIE

No. He was on the passenger side.

NIAMH

Did you see who was driving?

SADIE pauses. Glances down at the bank notes.

SADIE

Am I gonna see that forty pound?

28

INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 10 [15:04]

28

NIAMH stands in the doorway. Her notebook in hand. JACKIE
leans against his desk.

NIAMH

We've had maybe a dozen reported
sightings of him around the
country, but this one feels like
the first credible lead. She
brought up the club he works at
without prompting.

JACKIE

Did she remember anything useful?

NIAMH

She didn't see the driver. She doesn't remember any specifics about the car, apart from it was "big and dark".

JACKIE

Sounds like forty pounds well spent.

NIAMH

She does remember the road she was on and the junction where she saw him.

JACKIE

Any camera footage to back it up?

NIAMH

I've requested it, aye.

JACKIE sees TOM cross the OPEN PLAN OFFICE towards them.

JACKIE

Tom.

TOM enters. Covers agitation.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Any luck with Mrs Foyle?

TOM

...I didn't get a chance to talk to her. I tailed her as she left the house. She was driving her own car.

NIAMH

She has a driving ban.

TOM

I wasn't going to pick her up for a traffic offence. Not when she looked to be making a move.

JACKIE

And was she?

TOM

Hard to say. I followed her to the Glencorrie hotel. She was there for twenty minutes. Then she went home.

JACKIE thinks it through.

JACKIE

Let's get our hands on a list of
who's staying at that hotel.

TOM

Sir.

TOM and NIAMH go.

29 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 10 [15:05] 29

TOM and NIAMH walk to their desks.

TOM

Find anything at Birdy's?

NIAMH

No.

TOM is unsurprised. Covers relief.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

But we do have an eyewitness.
Someone who saw Dardis the night he
went missing from the safe house.

They get to NIAMH's desk. TOM hovers. His throat suddenly
dry. He swallows.

TOM

...Are you sure?

NIAMH

I think so. We're yet to confirm
with any cameras.

TOM

Who's the witness?

NIAMH pushes some relevant paperwork his way:

NIAMH

Sadie McIntyre.

TOM

...Where did she see him?

NIAMH

The Dunfolan Road. He was the
passenger in a car.

TOM
Could she ID the driver?

NIAMH
No.

TOM nods. Short. Skating close to the edge. His anxiety levels climb.

30 INT. CORRIDOR. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 10 [15:06] 30

TOM walks quickly. Looks for an empty room off the corridor. He finds one. Steps in --

31 INT. STORAGE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 10 [15:06] 31

TOM enters. No one there but stacks of office equipment. He takes out his mobile. Urgent. He dials a number. Waits.

TOM
DCI Brannick for the ANPR Team,
please.

He waits. Footsteps past the door. He holds his breath. Anxious. Tries to calm himself.

TOM (CONT'D)
Hi, who's that?... Hello Sarn't, this is DCI Brannick, down at Dunfolan... Aye. You've had a request for any traffic camera footage from the Dunfolan Road, on the night of the thirteenth of February?... That's right...

TOM watches the door. Nervous.

TOM (CONT'D)
Aye, it's connected to another investigation and you need to make sure you send all findings to me only, please, as the SIO...
Indeed... Thank you --

32 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 10 [15:17] 32

TOM at his desk. He has a document in his hands (Colin Foyle's will).

NIAMH is at her desk. She pores over a list of Glencorrie Hotel guests.

TOM

Anyone of interest?

NIAMH

None that I can see. But the hotel
says this is everyone.

TOM

Maybe check them against Colin
Foyle's client list, just in case.

She scribbles a note.

NIAMH

Aye.

(beat)

What have you got?

TOM gets up. Walks to her desk. Holds the will out, for her
to have a look.

TOM

The wording of Colin Foyle's will.
It talks about the house, of
course, but it says it was bought
in two lots - the land around it
sold separately from the house
itself.

NIAMH reads where TOM is pointing.

NIAMH

A hundred and twenty five acres?
Jesus. Why didn't we know about
that before?

TOM

It was on a long lease to the local
farmer. It's only just become
available again.

NIAMH

So it's not currently being used?

TOM

No.

NIAMH

You think there's buildings there
we haven't seen?

TOM shrugs: Possibly.

TOM
You've got to think it won't be
short on places to hide the gold.

NIAMH brings up her internet browser on screen.

NIAMH
I'll get the land information from
the agent who sold it. We can look
at satellite imagery.

TOM
Grand.

She types. Finds the estate agent's website. The phone number. Picks up her phone. TOM watches keenly.

33 INT. IZZY'S FLAT - DAY 10 [15:47]

33

IZZY at her laptop. She scrolls through an old news story about the apprehension and shooting of Pat Keenan.

Detectives from the Police Service of Northern Ireland have confirmed that the man shot dead by Dunfolan officers on 27th January, 2020, was 55 year old Pat Keenan.

She focuses on the words **shot dead**.

Her phone rings. She checks the caller ID: **Daddy**. She hesitates. Silences it. Watches it ring off --

A knock at the door. She sighs. Shakes her head. Walks towards the front door and calls out:

IZZY
My doorbell works, you know? You
don't have to call me.

She opens the door. A man with dark hair has his back to her. Turns around. It's RYAN.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Oh.

Not who she expected. RYAN smiles. Charming. Menacing.

34 EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - EVENING 10 [18:27]

34

OLIVIA waits beside her car. She watches the headlights of TOM'S CAR approach...

He pulls in. TOM gets out.

TOM
Did you bring everything?

OLIVIA
I did. But, Tom, I... I'm sorry...

She looks apprehensive. Something she doesn't want to say.

TOM
What's going on?

OLIVIA
It's Ryan Savage. He has your daughter.

TOM lurches forward --

TOM
No.

OLIVIA
He called me to tell me.

TOM
How did he know about her?

OLIVIA
I don't know.

TOM
You're lying!

OLIVIA
I swear. It's the same with my son.
He has ways of finding things out.

TOM
Fuck!

OLIVIA
I'm sorry --

TOM's emotion rising. He tries to keep hold.

TOM
Jesus Christ.

He can't contain his emotion. Moves past her. Rushes inside.

OLIVIA watches him go. Any sympathy drops from her expression. She knows perfectly well how Ryan knew.

35 INT. BEDROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - EVENING 10 [18:28] 35

TOM enters. Swirling rage and despair. He shuts the door behind him. Paces. Sits. Head in his hands. He curses. His voice reedy under his breath...

He wipes his face. A thought.

36 EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - EVENING 10 [18:29] 36

TOM steps out of the house. OLIVIA still waits by her car. He bears the marks of his emotion but is determined.

TOM
Show me the gold.

She goes to the boot of her car. Opens it. Shows three small black holdalls. Unzips one. Shows him the gold inside. He looks at it. A means to an end now.

TOM (CONT'D)
(re. gold)
Let's bring it inside.

OLIVIA
Why?

He looks at it with intent...

TOM
Change of plan.

37 EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - EVENING 10 [18:30] 37

TOM and OLIVIA carry the very heavy bags from her car into the house...

38 INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - EVENING 10 [18:32] 38

OLIVIA stands by the three bags of gold. TOM opposite her.

TOM
I'll need my pistol back now.

OLIVIA
You're not going to plant it on him any more, are you?

TOM
No.

She narrows her eyes. Takes a step towards him.

OLIVIA

Tom. Whatever you're thinking... He has your daughter. He'll be ready for you. He won't let you near him with a gun.

TOM

I'm a police officer. I'm supposed to be armed.

OLIVIA

And he knows that. He'll make you get rid of it before anything can happen.

A moment. TOM nods. She's right.

TOM

That's why I've thought of something else.

OLIVIA

And what is that?

TOM studies her thoroughly. Trying to search out her motive.

TOM

Are you telling the truth, Olivia?
Are we in this together?

She looks at him. A spark in her eyes.

OLIVIA

This isn't about us. It's about the gold.

39

INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 10 [19:36]

39

TOM sits at the table. OLIVIA takes the wrapped Dardis pistol from her bag. Carries it across the room to him. Hands it to him. He goes to take it. She keeps hold of it...

Their hands are met in the middle. They share a look of purpose. OLIVIA nods, as if to give permission. She lets go of the pistol. TOM takes it. Unwraps it...

He looks at the unwrapped Dardis pistol. A moment. He picks it up. Releases the magazine. Pulls back the slide and ejects the round in the chamber. He catches it.

OLIVIA watches with curiosity as he holds the single round up to the light...

40 INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 10 [19:40] 40

TOM has the Dardis pistol's bullets lined up. Fifteen of them. His hands still gloved.

He has one bullet already in the grip of a pair of pliers. With another pair of pliers, in his other hand, he slowly twists and pulls the projectile from the cartridge...

He separates projectile and cartridge. Puts the projectile down. Carefully pours out the black powder from the cartridge...

OLIVIA watches closely. Enthralled. Excited. She passes him the next cartridge. He takes it. Starts the process again.

41 INT. KITCHEN. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 10 [19:54] 41

A kitchen drawer opens. Odds and sods inside. Elastic bands; carry out menus; pens; various size batteries (with 7 AA amongst them); a box of four mouse traps.

OLIVIA looks back over her shoulder, towards TOM.

OLIVIA
What size batteries?

42 INT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 10 [19:56] 42

TOM opens a utility cupboard. Finds a plastic container. Opens that. Inside is a collection of old wires and chargers.

TOM reaches for a wire that fits his purpose. Pulls it out.

43 INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 10 [20:10] 43

TOM works on an unseen device at the table. OLIVIA stands behind him. Watching. A cup of coffee in her hands. She notices her overnight bag beside the sofa. A thought.

She crouches down by the bag. Puts her coffee down. Quietly unzips it. Looks inside...

Everything is there, as she left it. The hairbrush on top...

She smiles. Reassured. Looks back towards TOM:

CLOSE ON TOM

He sits at the table. Fiddles with the unseen device...

He raises two stripped back wires up in front of his eyes. Touches them together: A small spark.

He's satisfied.

44 EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 11 [08:34]

44

TOM and OLIVIA slowly and carefully carry a heavy holdall each to the back of Tom's car. They both wear gloves...

They place their bags in the open boot. Alongside the third full holdall. They look at all three with trepidation. A sense of combined satisfaction. Resolve.

45 INT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - DAY 11 [08:36]

45

TOM sits outside his house. He looks at the phone screen. There's an email from the **ANPR Team**. He clicks on it. The email loads. The message attached:

Sir, see attached relevant Dunfolan Road ANPR 13/02/22. Best. ANPR Team.

He scrolls to the photo underneath:

Dardis in the front of Tom's car. The driver not obviously TOM (although it is him), but the car is unmistakably his.

TOM comes out of the email. Deletes it. Turns the phone off. Puts it away. He reaches down to the police radio. Switches it off.

He sees OLIVIA approaching the car from his house, her overnight bag over her shoulder --

46 INT. TOM'S CAR [PARKED] - DAY 11 [08:37]

46

OLIVIA gets in. Her overnight bag on her lap. She and TOM look back at the three identical black holdalls, full of gold. Both equally invested. They're in it together, like it or not.

He starts the engine.

47 EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 11 [08:38] 47

TOM'S CAR pulls out of the drive. Leaves OLIVIA'S CAR behind.

48 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 11 [08:39] 48

NIAMH uses a printout of the demarcated Foyle property (from the estate agent) and cross references it against satellite imagery on her computer screen...

She notices something. Zooms in. The red tin roof of an outlying barn building.

JUDITH drops off documents to a desk close by.

NIAMH
Judith? Where's the DCI?

JUDITH
Haven't seen him yet, Sarge.

NIAMH looks towards JACKIE'S OFFICE.

49 INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 11 [08:41] 49

JACKIE's at his desk. Faced with a difficult email:

Dear Mrs Bird,

I want to assure you that we are doing everything we can to find your son, William

He deletes **William**. Not satisfactory. A knock at the door.

NIAMH (O.S.)
Sir?

He looks up. Sees NIAMH standing there.

JACKIE
Yeah.

NIAMH
Tom put me on to something in the Foyle will: Colin Foyle owned further farm land around the house. I've just found a barn on it that we haven't searched.

JACKIE
Do you think anything could be out there?

NIAMH
I think it's worth applying for a
further warrant.

JACKIE nods. Reaches for his phone. Punches in a number --

50 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 11 [08:42] 50

TOM drives with OLIVIA beside him. The three black bags in the folded down boot behind them. They travel along a winding road towards a distant lighthouse...

51 EXT. POINT ROAD - AERIAL SHOT - DAY 11 [08:49] 51

TOM'S CAR moves along the narrow country road to the large black and yellow St John's Point lighthouse...

The lighthouse is nestled in a compound on a barren headland, looking out over the Irish Sea.

52 INT. TOM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 11 [08:50] 52

The road runs from smooth to suddenly bumpy. TOM holds the wheel tight. White knuckles. OLIVIA looks at him. Concerned.

The road runs smooth again. TOM glances in the rearview mirror at the bags...

One or two beads of sweat gather on his forehead.

OLIVIA seems to enjoy the ride...

53 INT. CAR BOOT. TOM'S CAR - DAY 11 [08:51] 53

BLACK.

Keys in a lock. A clunk. The boot opens --

54 EXT. SHELTERED LAYBY - DAY 11 [08:51] 54

RYAN stands over the boot of his car. He looks at IZZY. Who is curled up inside. She blinks against the bright daylight. Her hands and mouth gagged.

RYAN secures the velcro straps on a piece of body armour.

RYAN
We're nearly there.

He pulls a sweater over the body armour. Puts on his coat.

RYAN (CONT'D)
And I wanted to make sure you're
still alive. Which is good that you
are.

She moans. Wriggles. Looks away from him.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Deep breaths. In through the nose
and out through the...

He references his mouth. Realises hers is taped up.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Nose.

He pulls a pistol from his waistband. Checks it. Releases the magazine. Looks at the ammunition inside. Reloads it.

The gun routine makes IZZY wide eyed with terror. He notices.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Your dad's a dirty cop, did you
know that?

He puts the pistol back in his waistband. Covers it. She looks at him. Shakes her head.

RYAN (CONT'D)
I guess not.
(beat)
He's been sleeping with... this
woman - not stepmother material,
I'm afraid, she killed one of his
officers --

IZZY's eyes widen in horror.

RYAN (CONT'D)
And together they've been trying to
divest her dead husband of some
gold. My gold. So now you and I are
going to collect it. You see?

IZZY shakes her head. Vehement denial.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Oh, I know. We grow up thinking our
fathers are... are *giants*... and
then... it's all one hidden secret,
one pathetic excuse away from them
shrinking to nothing.

He reflects a moment. Looks at her. Direct.

RYAN (CONT'D)
But I am telling you the truth.

She keeps looking away from him. Tries to ignore him.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Don't tell me he hasn't been
dreaming big recently? Spending
money he doesn't have?

She glances at him. Recognises the truth in his words. He
shakes his head. Tuts.

RYAN (CONT'D)
There it is.

Her face reddens. Emotion. She fights to keep it together.

He reaches out. Touches her cheek with the back of his hand.
Strokes it as she squirms at the creepiness of his gesture...

RYAN (CONT'D)
Today's going to be tough for you,
sweetheart.

A moment. He withdraws his hand. Stands straight.

He puts a firm hand on the trunk tailgate. Slams it shut --

BLACK.

55 INT. CASE ROOM. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 11 [08:52] 55

NIAMH stands with her phone to her ear. She listens to Tom's
answerphone.

TOM (V.O.)
This is Tom Brannick, please leave
a message and I'll get back to you.

She hangs up. JACKIE enters with a sheet of paper.

JACKIE
PSNI in Belfast have just come to
me with a missing persons case. A
fella we apparently spoke to last
week? Davy Sinclair?

He hands her the piece of paper. She looks at the photo of
Davy in her hands. Her eyes widen...

JACKIE (CONT'D)
His housemates say he's been gone
over forty eight hours. No sign of
him anywhere.

NIAMH
He was the one who connected Rob
Dardis to Olivia Foyle.

JACKIE takes this in. Darkens.

JACKIE
I see.

He turns for the door and goes. Determined.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Let's bring her in, please.

NIAMH picks up her phone --

56 EXT. ST JOHN'S POINT LIGHTHOUSE - DAY 11 [09:20] 56

OLIVIA waits. Looks to the car. Looks to TOM, who walks past
the cottages in the compound, coming back towards her car.
Her expression is cold. Like she's plotting out what's to
come...

TOM looks to the left and right of him. Checks the area.

TOM
No one here.

His tone confirmatory. Unsurprised.

OLIVIA
Wrong time of year for a holiday.

He nods. Closes. OLIVIA hears the distant rumble of an
engine. Turns to see RYAN'S CAR approaching...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Tom.

TOM looks. Sees the car as well. He comes to stand with
OLIVIA by his car.

They watch as RYAN'S CAR approaches slowly. The coastal wind
whips around them...

OLIVIA glances at TOM. Uneasy. TOM only has his eyes on RYAN
behind the wheel.

RYAN'S CAR stops ten metres from them. A pause. RYAN gets out. He looks at them. Smiles...

RYAN
Olivia. Tom.

TOM
Where's my daughter?

A beat. RYAN nods in acquiescence. He walks to the back of his car...

TOM pushes his coat slightly to the side. Ready to reach for his pistol. OLIVIA notices...

RYAN opens the boot. TOM's eyes search, full of concern...

RYAN gruffly lifts IZZY out of the boot of his car, one hand under her arm. TOM sees her. His gut lurches --

RYAN leads IZZY to the front of the car...

TOM takes a step forward. RYAN drops IZZY to her knees in front of his car. Pulls a pistol. Keeps it loose in his hand as he stands over her.

RYAN
(to TOM)
Unh unh. Stay back.

TOM stops himself. His mind and heart racing.

IZZY looks at him pleadingly. Her mouth taped closed. Her eyes glance towards OLIVIA: Anxiety and hatred.

TOM's hand twitches for his side. His holstered pistol. RYAN sees his hand move. Raises his pistol to point at IZZY.

TOM stops in his tracks.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Ditch the gun.

TOM wants to kill RYAN. He reaches for his pistol --

RYAN (CONT'D)
Slowly.

OLIVIA glances to TOM. On edge. TOM slows his hand. Carefully unbuttons the holster. Takes out the pistol...

RYAN (CONT'D)
Put it on the ground in front of
you.

TOM slowly crouches. Places it on the ground. Straightens.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Now kick it away.

TOM does so. Kicks the pistol a few metres in front of him.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Show me you're not wearing a wire.

TOM
I'm not.

RYAN
Do it.

A beat. TOM conscious of the imminent threat to his daughter's life. He lifts his top. Shows his midriff.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Turn around.

TOM turns slowly around. No sign of a wire. RYAN satisfied.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Your turn, Olivia.

OLIVIA
...What?

RYAN
I want to see what you're hiding.

OLIVIA
Don't be stupid --

RYAN
Do it.

A beat. She looks at him with something like a sneer.

TOM
(quiet)
Go on.

She looks at TOM. Senses his vulnerability. Hesitates.

NIAMH catches up with JACKIE, as they head towards the OPEN PLAN OFFICE. The corridor a hive of activity.

NIAMH

A local policing team was near the Foyle house. They say there's no one there. I've spoken to AJ Boyd and he hasn't heard from her, either.

They head into --

58 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. PSNI DUNFOLAN - DAY 11 [09:23] 58

JACKIE and NIAMH walk towards his office.

JACKIE

Where's Tom?

NIAMH

Still don't know.

JACKIE frowns. Not right. JACKIE's phone rings. He takes it from his pocket.

JACKIE

Get a search going on his phone and radio.

NIAMH

Sir.

NIAMH goes to a PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER'S desk to pass on the order. JACKIE answers his phone:

JACKIE

(into phone)

Yeah?

He listens. Stops.

He clicks his fingers towards --

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Niamh!

She looks over. He beckons her towards him. She moves.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Grand, thanks.

He hangs up. Starts walking back towards the exit. NIAMH follows.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
The warrant's come through. Let's
go search the barn on the Foyle
property, at least.

They go. Everyone in motion.

59 EXT. ST JOHN'S POINT LIGHTHOUSE - DAY 11 [09:24]

59

CLOSE ON RYAN

With IZZY at his feet. Facing TOM and OLIVIA.

OLIVIA has finished doing her turn to show she's not wearing a wire. She lowers her top.

RYAN reaches into his pocket with his free hand. Pulls out his phone. Shows it to OLIVIA.

RYAN
If my people don't hear from me in
twenty minutes, your son dies.

OLIVIA
You motherf --

TOM
(quiet; controlled)
Olivia.

She stops herself. RYAN smiles. Puts his phone away.

RYAN
Where's the gold?

TOM
In the car. I'll show you.

RYAN
No, you wont. Go get it.

OLIVIA glances at TOM. TOM hesitates.

TOM
...I need your word you won't harm
my daughter.

RYAN
You give the gold to me. I give her
to you.

TOM
Your word.

RYAN
My word's not worth shit. You
should know that.

TOM hesitates. No idea if his request will be honoured. RYAN gestures with the gun towards IZZY.

RYAN (CONT'D)
I won't ask again.

OLIVIA steps back. As if to lead the way.

OLIVIA
(quiet; to TOM)
C'mon, Tom.

OLIVIA walks backwards to his car. TOM follows...

RYAN watches the couple carefully. Keeps the pistol pointed at IZZY's head. Ready. IZZY has her eyes closed. Dread...

TOM opens the boot. Looks at the three holdalls in the back of the car. Tense. OLIVIA close beside him.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
We're going to give the man his
gold. Save your daughter. My son.

TOM looks at her. Nods to the objective. He carefully picks up two of the bags - one in each hand. He carries them towards RYAN and IZZY...

OLIVIA is determined. She follows suit with the third...

TOM stops a few metres in front of RYAN. Puts his two bags down on the ground.

OLIVIA arrives. Places the third bag alongside.

TOM steps back. OLIVIA does the same.

TOM
There you are. You have your gold.

But RYAN has noticed the almost choreographed action. Narrows his eyes. A beat.

With his free hand, RYAN reaches into his back pocket. Pulls out a small knife...

TOM unsure of RYAN's intention. RYAN moves towards IZZY with the blade. He keeps his pistol pointed at TOM...

TOM watches avidly. Ready to launch at any second...

RYAN leans down with the blade. Slides it between IZZY's wrists. Cuts the tape off that binds her hands...

IZZY rubs her wrists, relieved to free of it...

RYAN keeps his eyes on TOM. Stays close to IZZY's ear:

RYAN
Open the bags.

TOM
No - What are you doing?

RYAN straightens. Moves his pistol to point straight at IZZY's head.

RYAN
There's a good girl.

OLIVIA shoots a look at TOM. Nervous. TOM keeps his eyes on IZZY. Sharp focus...

IZZY, distraught and terrified, climbs to her feet. She moves towards the bags...

TOM and OLIVIA look concerned by the prospect of IZZY having anything to do with the bags.

RYAN points to the bag closest to him:

RYAN (CONT'D)
That one first.

IZZY stops. Keeps her eyes on TOM. He keeps his eyes firmly on her. His jaw clenched. His fingers and legs twitch. Ready to make a sudden move...

She gets to the first bag. Bends down. Takes hold of the zip.

OLIVIA glances at TOM. Nervous about what could happen...

RYAN glances at OLIVIA. Feels like he can read her nerves...

TOM keeps his eyes on IZZY. She slowly begins to pull the zip back on the bag...

She opens it completely...

RYAN (CONT'D)
Show me.

IZZY, still with her mouth gagged, her eyes red and puffy, opens out the bag so they can all see:

Three large gold bars inside; one stacked on top of two.

RYAN smiles at the sight of his gold...

TOM is relieved. OLIVIA lets out a breath.

OLIVIA
What did you expect, Ryan?

RYAN looks at her. Suddenly suspicious by the laissez faire tone in her voice.

TOM watches IZZY, who looks back at him with a look that is both betrayed and afraid...

TOM
Now give me my daughter.

RYAN still has half an eye of suspicion on OLIVIA. He's belligerent.

RYAN
The others.

IZZY looks at him. RYAN encourages her onwards with a flick of his pistol. She moves...

TOM looks to OLIVIA: She's screwed it for them. OLIVIA watches RYAN, with a sense of anticipation...

IZZY takes the zip of the second bag. Pulls it back. TOM again watches her very closely...

Again she opens it up for RYAN: Two bars of gold on show; side by side. RYAN smirks his pleasure.

He gestures her to the third and final bag...

She pulls the zip back on that one. Opens it out. Two bars of gold. She straightens. Stands back.

RYAN looks at the assembled bags' contents with delight. He glances back at OLIVIA, with almost a shrug of victory.

He advances slowly on the gold. Doesn't even look at IZZY...

RYAN (CONT'D)
(to TOM)
She's all yours.

IZZY looks at TOM. TOM stays rooted to the spot.

TOM
Come here, love.

She hesitates. Glances at OLIVIA with disdain. Her mouth still gagged. OLIVIA watches RYAN hungrily, as he moves towards the gold...

RYAN doesn't see TOM flick his eyes to the bags. Or the look of quiet desperation TOM gives to IZZY, that says: *Come here.*

RYAN bends down and picks up the bar of gold from the bag of three bars. He delights in its weight. Then sees underneath the bar he's just lifted --

The snap of a mousetrap. Wires run from it to a pair of AA batteries. A large silver foil burrito-shaped package attached to that --

RYAN's expression drops --

TOM grabs IZZY and they take cover --

OLIVIA takes cover. Shields her face just in time --

BANG! The flash of an explosion like a stun grenade sends RYAN backwards --

RYAN
Argh!

He drops the bar of gold. Scrunches his eyes. Momentarily blinded. His arms flail and his finger pulls the trigger --

BANG BANG. He fires off several shots to the side --

TOM leaves IZZY on the ground and is moving before the smoke can clear...

He strides towards the bar of gold RYAN dropped. Picks it up in one clean swoop. Takes it in both hands. Advances on RYAN.

OLIVIA opens her eyes. Watches with astonishment and fury...

TOM turns his body. Winds the gold bar back behind him. Swings with everything he has --

OLIVIA
No!

THUD. The gold bar connects with RYAN's head and he spins like a KO'd boxer. A spray of blood flecks across TOM's face. He has killed RYAN instantly.

RYAN's pistol flies from his hand. Lands close by. He drops to the ground like a dead weight.

TOM stands over him. Panting. Victorious. A beat.

He looks back to IZZY. She stares at him, wide eyed. Shocked by what she's seen. He has violated the innocence of their relationship. He knows it.

OLIVIA runs up to RYAN's body. Searches his pockets madly. Pulls out his phone. The screen cracked and broken by the blast. She throws it down in rage.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Fuck!

TOM

I'm sure your son will be OK.

OLIVIA looks away from him. Takes a moment. Cold and emotionless - or a furious cover for loss? A pause. She adjusts.

OLIVIA

He was never a particularly good son.

He's surprised by the extent of her ruthlessness. She walks towards the gold...

IZZY pulls the taped gag from her mouth...

OLIVIA stops short of the bags. Hesitates. A moment. She turns back to look at TOM.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

How do I disarm the other bags?

A beat. TOM drops the bar of gold. Gets up. Walks towards the bags...

NIAMH drives fast. JACKIE beside her on his phone. A PATROL CAR rides in front of them, blue lights flashing and siren wailing.

JACKIE
(into phone)
Uh huh... uh huh... Hold on:
(to NIAMH:)
Olivia Foyle met with a guest at
the Glencorrie Hotel. He checked
out this morning.
(beat)
He's an American.

NIAMH looks at him. Eyes wide with trepidation. JACKIE on the same page.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I think he's here for the gold.

She nods. Looks ahead at the road.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yes, I'm still here, Sergeant.
Listen, we need to treat this man
as a suspect in the murder of DC
William Bird --

61 EXT. ST JOHN'S POINT LIGHTHOUSE - DAY 11 [09:29] 61

TOM crouches down beside the bags. Reaches into one of them. Carefully pulls a wire from it. Tosses it to one side...

OLIVIA stands close. Watches him. IZZY stands a few metres away from them. Watches OLIVIA with a growing rage...

TOM gets to his feet.

TOM
That's it.

TOM's kicked-away pistol lies in the dirt between him and OLIVIA. They both notice it at the same time. A pause...

They spring into action. Both trying to get the gun before the other. OLIVIA is closer and faster. She picks up the gun in a flurry of panic --

BANG. She fires off a shot. Hits TOM in the leg --

TOM (CONT'D)
Argh!

He drops to the floor.

IZZY
No!

OLIVIA points the pistol at IZZY. She stops. White. Rooted to the spot in a state of shock.

OLIVIA points her pistol back at TOM --

CLOSE ON RYAN'S PISTOL

It comes into focus in the foreground, to the side of IZZY. Within reach. So far unnoticed.

TOM writhes in pain in the dirt. Clutches his leg. Presses down on the wound.

TOM
Olivia... don't do this...

OLIVIA
I don't need you anymore. My name is clear. Ryan's gone.

TOM grits his teeth against the pain. Groans.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Alive, you'll just come looking for me.

The pain is considerable. He lies on the ground looking up at her. All seems lost.

TOM
Don't...

OLIVIA moves towards him. Stands over him. Raises the pistol to aim at his head.

IZZY (O.S.)
You killed Birdy.

OLIVIA had forgotten IZZY was there. She looks towards her for the briefest moment. Treats her like an annoying distraction. But her eyes widen in surprise --

BANG. A stunned pause. A red dot appears on OLIVIA's chest - the bullet's entry point. It expands. Blood runs.

TOM looks to see IZZY holding the gun. She's fired from a kneeling position. He is wild eyed with surprise.

TOM
No...

IZZY gasps with her own bewilderment. Can't believe she hit her. She lets the pistol swing in her fingers before it falls to the ground. She lets out a howl of horror.

TOM (CONT'D)
Izzy.

OLIVIA drops to the ground. Dead. TOM lies helpless between the two women.

TOM (CONT'D)
Izzy.

IZZY's shock sets in. She's almost numb as she stares at the scene...

TOM tries to get up. He can't. His leg gives way under the pain and stress. He falls back on his arse in the dirt.

He looks at IZZY. Confused and upset. He looks to OLIVIA's dead eyes. His mind flounders.

IZZY stands like a marionette. Uneasy on her feet...

62 EXT. OLD BARN - DAY 11 [09:34]

62

NIAMH, JACKIE, JUDITH and OTHER UNIFORMED OFFICERS cross the field to the semi-derelict barn with the red tin roof...

They wade through the long grass...

63 INT. OLD BARN - DAY 11 [09:36]

63

NIAMH and JACKIE enter together. They look around the largely empty inside...

They move closer to a darker corner...

NIAMH takes a small torch from her pocket. Clicks it on.

She sweeps the beam across the shadows where something could be hidden...

They see nothing to begin with. Then the torch beam glances over an old piece of farm equipment. Sticking out from just behind it is a foot --

JACKIE
There.

NIAMH swings the torch back to it. They move round the farm equipment until they can see in full:

BIRDY's body. Lying in the cold white light of the torch beam.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Birdy...

NIAMH steels herself against the rising emotion. Keeps the beam on him...

They move slowly towards him. The torch beam illuminating his prostrate corpse in greater detail...

They come to a stop, standing over his body. Look down at him. The wounds on him.

NIAMH's eyes shocked wide as she scours every inch of him. Commits the image to her indelible memory.

JACKIE tries to grip his emotion.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry, young man...

NIAMH focusses the torch on long strands of blond hair on his dark shirt. They show up clearly in the artificial light.

JACKIE crouches. Looks closer. His anger builds. Through gritted teeth:

JACKIE (CONT'D)
She fucking left him for the rats.

64

EXT. ST JOHN'S POINT LIGHTHOUSE - DAY 11 [09:37]

64

IZZY walks away from the dead bodies of OLIVIA and RYAN. Away from TOM in the dirt.

TOM
Izzy!

She stops. Turns.

IZZY
You knew Birdy was dead.

He lies there.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Were you there?

He can't answer.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Were you?

TOM
...Yes.

She can barely process the revelations.

IZZY
Did you help her do it?

TOM
No... I was sat beside him... I was
talking to him.

IZZY
But she acted like you were close?

TOM
She was going to kill me.

She staggers with her shock.

IZZY
Who are you?

TOM
What?

IZZY
I don't know you.

TOM
Yes, you do.

IZZY
No...

TOM
It's me, Izzy... It's me...

She looks at him. Her world turned upside down. Horrified.

65 EXT. OLD BARN - DAY 11 [09:39]

65

NIAMH steps out of the barn as other CSIs arrive in white
suits and head inside.

She looks numb. Stunned. She pulls out her phone. Almost on
autopilot. Dials Tom's number. Waits:

TOM (V.O.)
This is Tom Brannick, please leave
a message and I'll get back to you.

She hangs up. Sees a notification for a new email in her work inbox. She opens mail. Sees the new message is from:

ANPR Team

Subject: Dunfolan Road 13/02/22

She opens it. A short note precedes a photo. It reads:

DS McGovern. Concerned that vehicle identified belongs to DCI Brannick, given circumstances you described. Photo attached.

She scrolls down to the photo.

Dardis in the front seat of the car. The driver not fully clear, but the car unmistakably Tom's.

NIAMH stares at it for a moment. Conscious of the words in the email above: **belongs to DCI Brannick**

She closes the screen. Puts the phone in her pocket. Almost like nothing has happened. A beat.

She starts walking quickly towards her car...

JACKIE comes out of the barn behind her. Sees she's nearly at her car.

JACKIE
Niamh!

She ignores him. Gets in her car. Starts the engine. A spin of gravel and she reverses fast away from the barn.

JACKIE watches on. Confused and anxious as the INVESTIGATORS swarm to the scene...

66

EXT. ST JOHN'S POINT LIGHTHOUSE - DAY 11 [09:40]

66

IZZY wrestles with her horror. The multitude of questions that present themselves.

TOM still flounders on the ground. Tries to pull himself up to lean against a nearby post.

TOM
This... all of this... the reason
we're here like this is... it's
about the gold...

She looks to the three open bags of gold. Repelled.

TOM (CONT'D)
It's for you, Izzy... it's yours...

She shakes her head. Disgusted by the idea.

TOM (CONT'D)
Take it...

Is she horrified or tempted?

TOM (CONT'D)
It's yours...

IZZY
...I don't want it.

TOM
You have to.

IZZY
I don't... No, I don't want it.

TOM is confused. Upset. Raw.

TOM
But I've protected it all this
time... for you...

A moment. She rallies. Backs away. He can't believe it.

Anger rises. He reaches for his darker side.

TOM (CONT'D)
You've killed someone now. What are
you going to do about that?

She stops. Pierced by his words. She turns to look at him...

He looks back at her. Direct and stubborn.

She shakes her head in amazement. Upset. He recoils from his
darkness the moment he sees her vulnerability.

TOM (CONT'D)
I can take the blame...

He looks at his wound. Shrugs with blood soaked hands.

TOM (CONT'D)
Look at me... I'll take the
blame...

She hesitates...

TOM (CONT'D)
But please... take the gold...

IZZY
No.

He reaches into his pocket. With trembling hands he takes out his mobile phone. He turns it on. Tosses it on the ground between them.

TOM
Tell them I did it all.

IZZY looks at the phone. Terrified. Hesitant.

67 INT. NIAMH'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 11 [09:41]

67

NIAMH drives. Her jaw set. Determined. Her police radio fizzes into life:

RADIO (V.O.)
Sierra Romeo Four Five, from
Uniform, over. We're showing a new
location for DCI Tom Brannick.

NIAMH looks at the radio. A pause as she drives.

RADIO (V.O.)
Sierra Romeo Four Five, do you read
me? Over.

NIAMH decides. She picks up the handset. Determined. Presses send:

NIAMH
Go ahead.

68 EXT. ST JOHN'S POINT LIGHTHOUSE - DAY 11 [09:41]

68

TOM lies on the ground. Propped up against the post. Exhausted. IZZY almost shakes with the dawning realisation of what has gone on.

TOM
Call it in. Tell them what I've
done... that this was all me...
tell them who I am...

IZZY is torn. Hesitant. Devastated.

TOM (CONT'D)
It's the only way...

IZZY looks past TOM, to OLIVIA's body. RYAN's body. The bags of gold.

TOM (CONT'D)
We can put the gold in the car...
You can be gone before they get
here...

IZZY doesn't know what to do.

TOM (CONT'D)
Call them... tell them
everything...

TOM winces at the pain. Braces his leg. Fading.

TOM (CONT'D)
I love you, Izzy... I did it all
for you.

IZZY faces an impossible choice...

69 EXT. ST JOHN'S POINT LIGHTHOUSE - AERIAL SHOT - DAY 11 69
[09:42]

TOM lies near IZZY. Forlorn and defeated. She looks at her father. A shadow of the giant he once was in her eyes.

70 INT. NIAMH'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY 11 [09:42] 70

NIAMH drives towards Tom's location. Rage in her eyes. Tears stream down her cheeks...

71 EXT. ST JOHN'S POINT LIGHTHOUSE - AERIAL SHOT - DAY 11 71
[09:43]

WE PULL BACK

And take in the scene around TOM and IZZY: The dead bodies of RYAN and OLIVIA; the bags of gold...

The shrinking figures of a father and daughter surrounded by rough seas, uncertain of what's to come...

END OF SEASON

