

T W O   B R O T H E R S  
•   P I C T U R E S   •

# The Tourist

## Series 2

By

Harry and Jack Williams

Episode 1

POST SHOOT MASTER  
31.07.23

**SHOOTING SCRIPT (06.04.23)**

**Pink Revisions (20.04.23):** 22,34,46,52,53,54

**Blue Revisions (04.05.23):** 29,35,59

**Green Revisions (18.05.23):** 46

**Side Revision (31.05.23):** 15

All rights reserved. No part of this script may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system of any nature, or transmitted, in any form or by any means including photocopying and recording, without the prior written permission of Two Brothers Pictures Limited, the copyright owner. Licenses issued by the Copyright Licensing Agency or any other reproduction rights organisation do not apply.

THIS SCRIPT IS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL AND MAY NOT BE DISCLOSED TO ANY PERSON OTHER THAN THE ADDRESSEE WITHOUT THE PRIOR CONSENT OF TWO BROTHER PICTURES LIMITED.

If any unauthorised acts are carried out in relation to this copyright work, a civil claim for damages may be made and/or a criminal prosecution may result.

RECEIPT OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN OFFER OF ANY SORT.

© TWO BROTHERS PICTURES LIMITED 2023

1

**UNDERWATER - DAY X1**

1

A murky green and blue light. We're deep underwater as two SCUBA DIVERS enter frame. Swimming towards us. It's hard to see much of anything with the masks and the murky water.

The camera PANS ROUND to see an old-looking cargo plane which has crashed onto the ocean floor. It's an epic sight. One of the doors is slightly ajar. The divers head towards it.

CLOSER IN - one of them pulls at the door, pushing their feet against the side of the plane to try and get some leverage. Then the other diver joins in. Eventually they pull it open and it falls to the ocean floor.

They swim inside.

2

**INT. UNDERWATER. CARGO PLANE - DAY X1**

2

The DIVERS swim through the plane. It's a cargo plane, so no bodies here, just a lot of bags that have become untethered. They have to push past and through a sea of bags, checking each one.

Finally, the larger diver (DIVER 1) finds it - a BRIEFCASE. As they examine it, DIVER 2 disappears out of shot for a moment.

Then, feeling something tug at their leg, Diver 1 turns to see Diver 2 is fastening a HANDCUFF to their ankle. The other end of which is connected to a railing. Which has been secured firmly to the wall.

*What the fuck are you doing?*

A tussle ensues, the divers lurching towards each other. Diver 2 pulls out a KNIFE, and although they cut their arm in the tussle, they manage to grab the briefcase, and then slashes the other diver's REGULATOR.

They start to swim away. Diver 1 lunges towards them - but is restrained by the cuff around their ankle.

A quiet and terrifying stillness now - as Diver 1 realises death is coming for them. And there's fuck all they can do about it but watch Diver 2 disappear into the distance, holding the briefcase.

CUT TO:

3

**EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 1**

3

An immense view. Australia but green. We can just about see a small café situated in the middle of it all, a beaten-up old country road hidden beside it.

4

## INT. SCLÁTA CAFÉ - DAY 1

4

The OWNER (female) of the café stands behind the till doing the books. The place is pretty empty. We see two feet enter the frame from the ground. We PAN UP as they walk towards the till. Then we reveal - ELLIOT.

He looks very different to the man we saw back in Australia. His beard has grown long. He looks unkempt and tired as fuck. Like he needs a shower and some decontaminating. He has a BANDANA tied around his neck and some knackered looking beads around his wrist.

The owner looks up and smiles.

OWNER

Why hello there.

(beat)

Thought you were a sasquatch for a minute.

ELLIOT

I get that a lot.

OWNER

What'll you be having?

Elliot pauses.

ELLIOT

I'm, uh, I've been waiting for someone outside... No-one's called asking for me, have they? Name of Elliot Stanley?

OWNER

Ah, sorry, nothing like that. I had a call about some free washing up liquid earlier. But I'm 53 per cent sure it was a scam. You've got to watch those when you get to my age.

Elliot smiles.

OWNER (CONT'D)

You've a nice smile.

(beat)

For a sasquatch, you understand.

ELLIOT

Well, we're a misunderstood bunch.

OWNER

Nice buttocks too...

ELLIOT

(smiles broader)

Right. This is getting a bit...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

(beat)

Could I just get one of those...

He points at some SANDWICHES in a fridge.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

What do you have?

OWNER

Just the one type here. Our specialty. Rabbit...

ELLIOT

(intrigued)

Oh, wow...

OWNER

... with salmon.

ELLIOT

(disappointed)

Oh. Wow.

Elliot thinks for a moment.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Uh... One of those then, I suppose?  
Two, actually.

As she gets them for him -

OWNER

Well they do say the sasquatch has an enormous appetite.

ELLIOT

(laughs)

The other's for my girlfriend...

OWNER

Ah, you have a girlfriend.

ELLIOT

(nods)

We're sat outside. Anyone calls in, would you mind...

OWNER

Oh yes. Of course.

(beat)

Tell that girl of yours to watch her back! I bite!

He turns, laughing, and leaves, we follow him outside...

5

## EXT. SCLÁTA CAFÉ - DAY 1

5

We follow ELLIOT outside into some eye-meltingly impressive landscape in the countryside of Ireland. He's carrying the sandwiches and goes over to a bench, where -

HELEN is sat. She, too, looks very different. A deep tan, a few braids in her hair. A tattoo on her wrist. The two of them look like they've been at Glastonbury for a solid year. She's buried her face in a GUIDE TO IRELAND BOOK and looks up in surprise as he throws the SANDWICHES on the table.

ELLIOT

Rabbit...

HELEN

(intrigued)

Oh, wow?

ELLIOT

And salmon.

HELEN

(disappointed)

Oh. Wow.

She puts the guide book in her BACKPACK. Then they both unwrap the sandwiches and take a bite, looking out at the magnificent view. They both pull a face as they eat.

A silence. Elliot looks ever so slightly uncomfortable. Like there's fear there. And she can sense it -

HELEN (CONT'D)

You okay, babe?

ELLIOT

We should just go.

HELEN

We can't.

ELLIOT

It's been an hour already...

HELEN

This is why we came...

ELLIOT

Maybe it's a sign. Maybe we shouldn't be here.

HELEN

We talked about this. I thought we both decided...

ELLIOT

I know, but...

(CONTINUED)

He stops. She looks at him. His mood's turned -

HELEN

What?

ELLIOT

There's someone coming.

Instant tension. A HOODED FIGURE approaches, from a nearby hill. It's hard to make them out...

They get closer and closer. The tension rising.

And then they walk towards them - a large, overweight man carrying a BAG. He walks right up to them. Elliot stands.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

H... Hello?

The man looks at him, then he stops. Fuck. What's going on?? Then -

MAN

(casually)

Morning.

And then the man walks on. Clearly not the person they're waiting for. Just some random guy. The tension completely dissipates. Elliot sits back down. Helen looks at him. Laughs.

ELLIOT

What?

HELEN

You thought it was him.

ELLIOT

It could have been him.

Elliot takes out a battered-looking FLIP-TOP LIGHTER. It's garishly coloured and has the words "VIETNAMESE AND GAY" in large letters on the front. Throughout the scene he flicks it on and off reflexively, a habit he's acquired.

HELEN

Probably good you didn't go in for the hug.

ELLIOT

Poor bastard would've shat himself.  
Being hugged by the sasquatch.

Off Helen's expression -

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

That's what the woman inside called me.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

She's got a point. It's about time to shave that thing. It's like a fungus that's spreading and no one can stop it.

ELLIOT

(cutting in)

I know, I know.

HELEN

You must remember that guy in Thailand...

ELLIOT

Of course I remember that guy in Thailand. I have a fairly limited amount of things I can remember and that guy in Thailand is definitely one of them.

HELEN

Yeah. Who keeps a live hamster in their beard?

ELLIOT

That guy in Thailand, it turns out.

Helen laughs. Elliot leans over and takes her hand.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

See, this is... this is why I'm sitting here wondering if we made the right decision. Right now, we could be out making more memories. That waterfall in Myanmar. The fuckin' baby panda in China, and... remember this?

He holds up the VIETNAMESE AND GAY lighter.

HELEN

No.

ELLIOT

No. Don't think either of us will ever figure out where I got this from. Or why. That's why I love it!

HELEN

We want answers about who you are - we're in the right place.

ELLIOT

Maybe whoever we're meant to meet isn't coming and we're wasting our time here...

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

We didn't exactly have any other  
plans.

ELLIOT

We could be out there. In the...  
wilderness, I don't know,  
somewhere... hot. I'm alive, thanks  
to you. And I'm like this... big  
fucking giant baby of a man ready  
to fill my head with The World...

HELEN

Sexy.

ELLIOT

It sounded better in my head.

Helen smiles. Then, putting the sandwich down -

HELEN

I have no idea why I'm eating this.

Elliot does the same.

ELLIOT

I know. It's so weird.

Then he picks it back up - he's just agreeing with her, some  
strange part of him is really enjoying it. He takes one more  
bite. Puts it down. She looks at him - rumbled. He smiles.

HELEN

Just think of this whole thing as  
closure.

ELLIOT

But are we closing or... opening?  
Y'know? And if we're opening  
then... should we be opening cause  
maybe closed was fine and...

Helen sees he's spinning out. Puts her hand on his.

HELEN

I love you.

He puts the lighter down. Looks at her.

ELLIOT

I love you too.

It's not the first time they've said it, but it's not yet  
reached that reflexive way of saying it either - they  
clearly mean it, and feel it deeply.

HELEN

Come here you big giant baby of a man.

ELLIOT

Sexy.

She kisses him deeply and he reciprocates. When they break apart -

HELEN

Whatever happens...

He looks at her. She's about to say something deep. Except -

HELEN (CONT'D)

... it's probably worth getting rid of that beard. Whoever shows up, you want them to recognise you, right?

ELLIOT

Now?

HELEN

Right now.

ELLIOT

Alright, alright... I'll go get rid.

HELEN

You don't know how long I've waited to hear those words.

He nods, standing and throwing his RUCKSACK over his shoulder. He heads inside. But before he goes in, she calls out -

HELEN (CONT'D)

Hey!

He turns.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I was also going to say... Whatever happens - we'll be okay. The past...

HELEN (CONT'D)

The past is passed.

ELLIOT

The past is passed.

They look at each other. A warm and loaded moment. We get the sense that these two have been through a lot together. And that maybe he doesn't quite believe it. Then she looks at him, squinting -

HELEN (CONT'D)  
Is that rabbit in your beard?

ELLIOT  
It's going, it's going!

And he heads inside -

6 INT. SCLÁTA CAFÉ - DAY 1

6

ELLIOT approaches the OWNER.

ELLIOT  
You don't have a toilet that I  
could use?

OWNER  
Oh yes, out the back and to the  
left.

ELLIOT  
Great. Don't have to... sign for it  
or anything?

OWNER  
Why would you do that? It makes no  
sense.

ELLIOT  
No. Exactly.

He smiles and heads out.

7 EXT. SCLÁTA CAFÉ. ROUND THE BACK - DAY 1

7

ELLIOT heads to the outbuilding with his RUCKSACK. Goes in.

8 INT. SCLÁTA CAFÉ. TOILET - DAY 1

8

ELLIOT enters the toilet, puts his RUCKSACK down and opens it. He digs around for a bit, pulling out various things, shoes, sunglasses, until he finds his WASHBAG. He pulls out an ELECTRIC RAZOR. Looks at himself in the mirror for a moment, razor in hand. Sighs forlornly at his long beard. Then turns on the razor.

9 EXT. SCLÁTA CAFÉ - DAY 1

9

HELEN sits, looking at the landscape. A CHILD runs up to her. Carrying a BAT AND A BALL. He stops, stares at her. A flat expression on his face. She looks confused.

HELEN

Hello.

(beat)

Are you... are your parents around?

He just looks at her.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I like your bat and ball.

He just stares at her.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I'm Helen.

Still staring.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I'm Australian.

Still staring.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Do you know where Australia is?

Nothing.

HELEN (CONT'D)

It's... nice.

Silence. Helen nods awkwardly.

Back with ELLIOT, he's shaved the beard right down so he's got a slightly less than Series 1 level. Looks at himself. That'll do. He looks down at the sink, at the enormous pile of HAIR in it. Winces. Then he grabs some TOILET ROLL and goes back to the sink and leans down, scraping all the hair into the tissue.

As he does this - two FIGURES IN BALACLAVAS enter the room silently and stand behind him. There's a beat as he's bent over, unaware of their presence. It's terrifying.

Then they GRAB HIM, pulling him back, one of their gloved hands underneath his jaw, another covering his mouth to prevent him screaming. He's kicking and flailing but they're too strong for him. It's a brutal and horrific kidnapping.

He rears up, kicking out wildly, and only succeeds in smashing the mirror on the wall he was using to shave with. The figures shove some CLOTH into his mouth, silencing him, tie his hands behind his back with a ZIP-TIE and then DRAG HIM out of the door.

11 **EXT. SCLÁTA CAFÉ / ROAD - DAY 1**

11

The two FIGURES IN BALACLAVAS drag ELLIOT out towards a rusty-looking van. Another FIGURE IN A BALACLAVA is waiting, with the doors open. They throw him in violently.

12 **INT. VAN. BACK OF VAN - DAY 1**

12

From inside the van (with no access to the front seats), we're with ELLIOT as the three terrifying FIGURES IN BALACLAVAS look in at him. He tries scrabbling towards the doors, which is hard with his hands tied behind his back, but they SLAM the doors shut. A second later we hear the sound of the engine. Elliot looks around, terrified.

*WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?*

13 **EXT. SCLÁTA CAFÉ - DAY 1**

13

Back outside the café, HELEN waits. The CHILD still looking at her. It goes on way too long.

HELEN

So... yeah.

(beat)

I used to have a bat and ball.

(beat)

A bat, anyway.

Another silence as the child continues just staring at her.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Come to think of it, it was more of a racket...

Then they're interrupted when there's a call from a hill in the distance -

LOCAL (O.S.)

EUNAN! Come here you little shithole!

The boy runs off. Helen looks momentarily confused by the encounter. Goes back to the SANDWICH, absent mindedly taking a bite. Then remembers, and puts it down.

She checks her watch. He's been ages. Fuck it. She's going in. She stands, heading inside...

14 **EXT. SCLÁTA CAFÉ. OUTSIDE TOILETS - DAY 1**

14

HELEN heads out towards the toilets. Standing outside.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Elliot?

(beat)

How's it going in there? Is Bigfoot  
sad he's lost his widdle beard?

No response. She sighs.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I'm... coming in. Okay?

(beat)

I'm coming in.

She waits a beat longer. Then opens the door.

15 INT. SCLÁTA CAFÉ. TOILET - DAY 1

15

HELEN enters the toilet and sees Elliot's HAIR remnants all over the sink. His RUCKSACK sat on the floor. The back door open. And the smashed mirror. All painting an ominous picture...

HELEN

What the potatoes...?

16 INT/EXT. VAN / ROAD - DAY 1

16

We're looking at the wing mirror of the van. All we can see is a HAND out the window, and the reflection of the road disappearing behind them.

"Don't Get Me Wrong", by Pretenders plays loudly, and we see the hand tap along.

The hand taps become more complex, passionate and involved the longer the song goes on. It's actually kind of amazing. And it goes on way too long.

17 INT. VAN. BACK OF VAN - DAY 1

17

Inside the back of the van, ELLIOT is sitting with his hands tied, writhing against the side. Next to him are THREE CRATES full of WHISKEY BOTTLES. When the van turns, one of the crates slides towards him, nearly smashing into him. A bottle rolls out and smashes on the floor.

Elliot looks at it for a moment. Then slides himself along the floor of the van.

He manages to grab a SHARD OF GLASS between the base of the palms of his hands. And then he starts to scrape at the ZIP-TIE. Trying to cut himself loose.

18 **INT/EXT. VAN / ROAD - DAY 1**

18

We're looking at the wing mirror of the van again. The HAND is dancing its dance.

19 **INT. VAN. BACK OF VAN - DAY 1**

19

ELLIOT is desperately trying to cut himself loose with the SHARD OF GLASS from the WHISKEY BOTTLE. He's cutting himself in the process, and blood is starting to pool on the floor of the van, but it doesn't stop him. He keeps going and going...

And finally he's loose. He gets to his feet. Fuck. What does he do now? Cutting himself loose kind of did nothing really to help him at all...

There's no way of seeing into the front of the van as the two are separated, so, making a split second decision, he CHARGES at the doors of the van.

20 **INT. VAN. FRONT SEATS - DAY 1**

20

The three FIGURES IN BALACLAVAS hear a dull thud in the back but the music is up so loud it just sounds like he's rolling around.

21 **INT. VAN. BACK OF VAN - DAY 1**

21

The doors didn't open. So ELLIOT does another RUNNING CHARGE at the doors of the van, then falls back, cutting himself on one of the SHARDS OF GLASS. Ouch.

But then, hearing a rattling, he looks up at the door. The lock has become slightly loose. There's some give.

Shit. This might be his way out. He steels himself, trying to put the pain to the back of his mind and he gets to his feet.

ELLIOT  
Aaaaarrrgh!

He charges right into the door...

22 **EXT. ROAD - DAY 1**

22

An expansive WIDE as we see the van driving, fast, along the road.

As it tears along, we see the back doors FLY OPEN and ELLIOT's body goes FLYING OUT onto the tarmac.

(CONTINUED)

He rolls and skids and scrapes and looks like one of the most insanely painful things ever.

But it's also, in a strange way... kind of funny.

We go in CLOSE on Elliot, writhing in agony.

23 **INT/EXT. VAN / ROAD - DAY 1**

23

Back with the dancing HAND and 'Don't Get Me Wrong'... the hand suddenly stops dancing. Then a head falls into frame - one of the BALACLAVA FIGURES. In the wing mirror, they - like us - can see ELLIOT lying there, covered in blood.

24 **EXT. ROAD - DAY 1**

24

The van screeches into a handbrake turn.

CUT TO:

Back with ELLIOT. He lifts his head and sees that the van has turned 180 and is now coming towards him. Staggering and dazed, he gets to his feet and starts to RUN.

As fast as he possibly can.

We stay with him. We see his feet pounding against the ground. In the background the van is turning around now.

He's reaching the crest of a hill on the road. Maybe there'll be something the other side. A building. A village. A garage. Someone who can help him.

He sprints towards it, like there's going to be a helicopter and bottomless Bloody Marys the other side of it.

But when he gets there, it's more of the same. More hills and grass and rocks and the single road he's on. More emptiness.

He looks back. The van is going to be with him in seconds, so he tears off the road, and UP THE ROCKY HILL.

25 **EXT. HILL - DAY 1**

25

Desperately trying to navigate the rough terrain, ELLIOT looks back...

To see the van is going off road, awkwardly climbing up the terrain after him. The engine roaring like some frustrated dinosaur.

26

**INT. VAN. FRONT SEATS - DAY 1**

26

We're behind the three **FIGURES IN BALACLAVAS** as they sit with Pretenders still blaring, bouncing around, left and right in the van, in pursuit of ELLIOT up this impossible landscape.

27

**EXT. HILL - DAY 1**

27

ELLIOT runs up the hill, and as he nears the crest, he looks back --

ELLIOT  
Eat shit, you morons!

ELLIOT (ALT)  
That's how you DO it!

And takes a sudden lurch to the right -

And starts rolling down the almost sheer incline, bouncing around violently as he hurtles down, narrowly missing a nasty looking boulder, and then -

Almost as soon as it began it's over. He picks himself up, bruised, bloody, coughing in pain - but alive.

POV - he looks back up at the hill and glimpses **TWO FIGURES IN BALACLAVAS** staring down at him.

Still, he's safe.

28

**EXT. ROAD - DAY 1 - LATER**

28

ELLIOT walks along, looking relieved his ordeal is over. Then - he hears something in the distance - he strains to listen -

Pretenders.

Oh fuck. He quickens his pace just as the van rounds a corner and starts hurtling towards him. He tries to run but he's not quick enough, and the van doors SLAM open as it passes him, knocking him to the ground.

ONE of the **FIGURES IN BALACLAVAS** gets out and drags him to his feet.

ELLIOT  
Who are you!? Did you work for  
Kosta?

A deep accent in a voice like gravel and broken glass -

DONAL  
Why would we work for Costa?

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT  
(beside himself)  
Cause I don't know anyone else  
who'd want me dead!

(CONTINUED)

DONAL

Why would a coffee shop want you  
dead?

A brief moment as he looks at them. What the fuck? He's  
desperate, pleading with them -

ELLIOT

Just tell me what I did to you...

They keep dragging him along. With one almighty wrench he  
manages to pull himself free and turns and runs, but his  
footing's uneven, he's slipping as he goes. One of the  
figures is making ground and leaps at him, tackling him to  
the ground...

On the way down Elliot HITS A ROCK with a sickening THUD.

And he's instantly knocked out.

SNAP TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

29

**INT. GARDA STATION. TOILET / HALLWAY - DAY 1**

29

We're in the disabled toilet of a Garda station. RUAIRI -  
30s, a kind face with a gentle if slightly eccentric manner.  
But right now he's staring into the mirror, and sobbing  
profusely. Trying to keep it quiet and failing. Then,  
there's a knock at the door -

MURPHY(O.S.)

Detective!

He swallows, trying to make his voice sound even.

RUAIRI

Ah... yes? It is he... Him.

(beat)

Me.

A pause.

MURPHY (O.S.)

Are you in the disabled toilets  
there?

RUAIRI

I, uh, yes... I am.

(beat)

No one else in the station has a  
disability, so...

Outside we see another police officer - Sergeant MURPHY  
O'BRIEN. (Intercut if needed).

(CONTINUED)

MURPHY

Kieron used it yesterday. After  
that curry.

RUAIRI

Kieron isn't disabled either!

MURPHY

No. But... the curry...

RUAIRI

And anyway I have that thing don't  
I... With my toes. Remember?

MURPHY

Not sure webbed toes count, pal.

RUAIRI

Was there anything else you wanted  
or...

MURPHY

Ah, right - an Australian lady just  
arrived in the country talking  
about a possible abduction. Scláta  
café.

RUAIRI

Okay. Be right out.

He looks at himself in the mirror. Wiping his eyes. Trying  
to look less like he's been crying profusely. He looks down  
at his WEDDING RING. Takes it off his hand. Takes a deep  
breath... Then turns, throws it into the nearby toilet bowl.

He walks out of the toilets. We stay on the room...

Moments later he returns and reaches into the toilet,  
winching. Fishing it out. In a disappointed and disgusted  
tone -

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

Oh, Kieron, bloody hell...

We're with RUAIRI as he drives up to the area where the café  
bathrooms are. HELEN is standing outside, and turns to look  
at him when he pulls up.

We go in CLOSE on Ruairi. The way he's looking at Helen...  
awestruck. The earlier sadness is gone and suddenly, despite  
himself, he finds a smile on his face.

She waves. Realising he's staring at her, he snaps out of it  
and climbs out of the car.

31

**EXT. SCLÁTA CAFÉ. OUTSIDE TOILETS - DAY 1**

31

RUAIRI emerges from his car. Calls out -

RUAIRI

Never fear, the Garda are here!

We see there are UNIFORMED OFFICERS milling about. As he walks towards HELEN, he casually tosses his KEYS in the air. They fall to the floor and he misses the catch. He awkwardly tries to cover over it and leans down, picking them up. Smiles at Helen, who has other things on her mind and is assessing the scene, distracted.

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

Madam.

HELEN

G'day...

RUAIRI

Ah yes, I hear you've just arrived from down underneath - we are the Garda, or the Guard. Guardians of the Peace really. But... Police. That's what you'd call us in Australian I suppose!

HELEN

(still distracted)

No, I got that. The flashing blue lights and the uniforms were a dead giveaway.

RUAIRI

I'm Detective Sergeant Ruairi Slater at your service.

HELEN

Helen Chambers.

RUAIRI

Who are we looking for now? I hear somebody's gone missing.

HELEN

It's my boyfriend...

RUAIRI

Boyfriend? Right...

He looks visibly disappointed by the mention of a boyfriend, but is doing his best to hide it as he takes out a NOTEPAD and starts jotting down the word 'boyfriend'. Helen's too distraught to notice.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Yeah. We were supposed to be  
meeting someone...

RUAIRI

Who were you meeting?

HELEN

We... I... we don't really know him  
is the thing.

Off his look -

HELEN (CONT'D)

My boyfriend, Elliot, he lost his  
memory. Then a while back we got a  
message - a fella called Tommy,  
said he was his best friend from  
back in the day.

RUAIRI

Amnesia? Crikey, don't get a whole  
lot of that outside the soaps an'  
that...

HELEN

(frowning)

Anyway - Tommy said he could tell  
Elliot about the old days. Even re-  
introduce him to his family. He  
sent a photo, and... we rolled the  
dice, y'know?

RUAIRI

Seems to me maybe 'Tommy' wasn't  
who he said he was. A set-up, like,  
in that it wasn't 'Tommy' at all  
who sent you that message...

HELEN

I know, that's why I'm telling you.

RUAIRI

Long way to fly for a meeting.  
Coming all this way from Australia.

HELEN

(pushing on)

I can give you Tommy's email. I  
know the chances of tracking where  
his message came from are like  
bugger all but...

(CONTINUED)

RUAIRI

You sure he didn't just... I mean, I'll be damned if I understand why anyone would walk out on a beautiful lady like yourself, but there's folk in the world that's a sausage short of a breakfast...

HELEN

He didn't just walk away. He's got... crackers, it's a really, really long story but back in Australia there were some... bad people after him. Wherever he is... I think he's in trouble.

RUAIRI

Okay, I understand you're upset, but right now, without evidence, see...

She sighs, frustrated. She's not going to get anywhere unless she shows him. So she cuts him off - insistent -

HELEN

You should really come and take a look at the scene.

32

**INT. SCLÁTA CAFÉ. TOILET - DAY 1**

32

RUAIRI follows HELEN inside.

HELEN

He came in here to shave...

Ruairi looks at the mound of facial HAIR in the sink.

RUAIRI

Must've been some beard...

HELEN

His bag's still here and the mirror's smashed.

She nods at the cracked mirror. Ruairi nods, thoughtful.

HELEN (CONT'D)

The people who took him must've came in this back door here...

She walks towards it, Ruairi following her outside...

33

**EXT. BACK OF SCLÁTA CAFÉ / ROAD - DAY 1**

33

HELEN leads RUAIRI to the space where the van was parked. On a grassy verge on the side of the road.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Car would've been parked here. A van, maybe, look at the tyre marks. They went this way, onto the road...

She walks off. Ruairi looks at her walking ahead, amazed.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Come on. The longer we take, the less chance we have of finding him.

RUAIRI

Sorry! Have an...  
(she's out of earshot)  
Issue with my toes is all.

He breaks into a reluctant jog.

34 EXT. ROAD - DAY 1 - LATER

34

RUAIRI and HELEN are walking along the road a little while later. Ruairi breathes out heavily.

RUAIRI

Big bag your man left behind. You planning on camping out here for the night, were you?

HELEN

(shaking her head)  
Just hadn't checked into our hotel yet.

RUAIRI

Ah.

He's desperate to get to know her. So -

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

I've often thought about camping out here. Only I live 15 minutes away. So...

(beat)

I s'pose I do really. But with a roof, television and heating and so on!

(beat)

Yeah.

They walk in. Ruairi winces.

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

Maybe we should've taken that car eh?

A silence. Then -

(CONTINUED)

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

So these fellas who were after your boyfriend in Australia. Why? What did he do?

HELEN

Like I said, it's a long story.

RUAIRI

You didn't think it might be them, though? Setting you up, like...

HELEN

The guy they all worked for's... not exactly around anymore. So we figured... maybe it would be okay. And Tommy seemed legit. And... it's Ireland. You know? He's Irish, we just...

She shakes her head.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I don't know, maybe we just wanted to believe it. You ever do that? Where you want to believe something so much, you just ignore everything else in front of you?

RUAIRI

I don't know about that but my friend the tooth fairy does, you should ask her!

But Helen doesn't react because she's not really listening.

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

That was stupid. I'm not friends with the tooth fairy obviously... She's too up herself!

She's talking now, more to herself than to anyone else. She's emotional, and wound up with worry -

HELEN

I say 'we' but it was me. I was the one that said we should come here. We'd been fine. Travelling around, wherever the wind took us, but no, I had to stick my big nose in...

RUAIRI

Your nose is just fine there Helen, it's a great nose...

She starts welling up.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

It's my fault we came back. And now  
he's gone...

She's crying now, and Ruairi's trying to console her.

RUAIRI

(confused)

Listen. I'm sure whatever it is...

But Helen cuts him off. She's seen something -

HELEN

There!

Before Ruairi can ask what it is, she's started running towards it, down the road.

He runs after her, and then catches up when he finds her, beside a pile of BROKEN WHISKEY BOTTLES. One of them is smashed and we see has blood on the jagged edges.

RUAIRI

Don't touch anything, that's...

HELEN

Blood. He must've gotten free from whatever...

She trails off, looking over at the scene. The smashed up-glass on the floor, the tyre tracks.

HELEN (CONT'D)

And they came after him again...

(beat)

Where's the nearest CCTV? Traffic cameras? Anything that could tell us what's been on these roads? We got the window when we know this all happened...

RUAIRI

Jesus. You should be a police officer.

HELEN

I am.

(beat)

Well... I was.

He looks at her, wiping away her tears. Utterly mesmerised by her.

RUAIRI

Hey...

She turns to him.

(CONTINUED)

RUAIRI (CONT'D)  
We'll find your man, okay?

She nods, hoping he's right.

RUAIRI (CONT'D)  
We'll find him.

He pulls out his PHONE, dials a number.

RUAIRI (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Detective Sergeant Slater. We need  
a KLO on a fella by the name Elliot  
Stanley...

As he waits -

HELEN  
Guardians of the Peace, right?

RUAIRI  
Right you are.

And he smiles, nodding, then goes back to his call.

We're CLOSE IN on ELLIOT, his face bloodied and bruised. He opens his eyes, clearly in agony. And he looks around at the space he now finds himself in.

It looks like some underground basement you might butcher meat in. He sits up, wincing as he does, and doing so with great difficulty.

But as he's getting up, he sees something.

There - in the middle of the room - is a DEAD PIG.

He looks at it for a moment, confused. And then looks closer, because something's up with this pig. It's got writing on its belly.

It says 'OPEN ME', written with a black sharpie. And there's stitching below. Like the animal's been cut open then stitched.

He gets up, looking around him.

ELLIOT  
Hello!?  
(beat)  
HELLO!?

Nothing. He looks for an exit, and heads towards the only door. He turns the handle but it's locked.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
What the fuck is this!? Just...  
come out, would you? Let me out.  
Whatever you want with me, I'm sure  
I deserve it. I know I've... I know  
I've done some bad fucking things.  
So just TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT!?

Nothing.

He stands there for a moment. Head against the door, distraught. Then, in a smaller voice -

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
Just tell me.

Then he turns his head. Looking down at the pig. Realising what he has to do.

He walks over to it, kneels down, and starts to tear at the stitching with his hands. Ripping open the skin.

He takes a deep breath and then REACHES IN to the pig carcass, digging around in the entrails, his arms getting covered in blood. He looks repulsed but he pushes on anyway. Then - his expression changes. He's found something. He pulls out -

A KEY.

He stands, urgently walking towards the door and putting the key in the lock. He turns the key and walks into the next room...

36 INT. ANOTHER UNDERGROUND CAVE - DAY 1

36

ELLIOT enters almost the exact same space as the previous one. With two doors now. The one he came through and a rusted metal door at the other end. It's already starting to feel like a nightmare. But there, in the middle of the room is a small table. A solitary light shining down on it.

In the middle of the table is a BABY MONITOR. With pictures of baby dinosaurs and rainbows on it.

Elliot looks at it. The tension and unease mounting and the whole thing creepy as fuck.

Then, a hideous and distorted voice emerges from the baby monitor -

DONAL (V.O.)  
Are you having fun yet?

Elliot looks at it, his mind whirring.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT  
Are you fucking...  
(beat)  
WHO IS THIS!??

He grabs the monitor, pressing the speaker button.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
WHO ARE YOU!??

He lets go of it, but all he hears is the distant hiss of white noise.

37 **EXT. GARDA STATION - DAY 1**

37

Back outside the Garda station where we first met Ruairi.

38 **INT. GARDA STATION. OFFICE - DAY 1**

38

HELEN sits slumped in the corner. She's clearly been waiting a while. Her PHONE beeps and she looks down - a text from a friend. It just says 'When are you coming HOME?' She looks at it for a beat - then another text lands - "Your friends miss you!" Then - "WHY ARE YOU WASTING YOUR TIME WITH THAT GUY??"

Helen's fingers hover over the phone but she doesn't know what to reply - so she doesn't.

She hears a door - and sits up straight - maybe someone's coming for her? Someone with some news? But why are they walking so slowly...

Frustrated, Helen gets to her feet to look round the corner so she can see who's coming, and her shoulders slump as she sees -

It's a CLEANER. Helen goes to sit back down, disappointed. Frustrated. Checks her watch again. And then her phone rings. She's so startled she fumbles the phone as she takes it from her pocket and it drops to the floor.

When she finally picks it up and gets it to her ear -

HELEN  
Hello? Hello?

39 **INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE / GARDA STATION. OFFICE - DAY 1**

39

On the other end of the line is none other than ETHAN KRUM. We're CLOSE on him so it's hard to make out where he is. He's not holding his phone to his ear though, he's wearing a Britney-style radio mic HEADSET.

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN

Helen. It's me. It's...

HELEN

Ethan!?

ETHAN

It's been a minute, right,  
shortbread?

HELEN

I.. uh... Why are you calling me?

ETHAN

The way we left things, Hel... it  
left its mark on me. You told me...

HELEN

No, I remember...

ETHAN

(ignoring her)

To 'go and fuck myself with  
something big and plastic'...

HELEN

Large and ridged but that's...

ETHAN

... and honestly - it was a wake-up  
call. It was my road to Damascus -  
it was the road that led me here -  
I'm not in Damascus, I can see how  
that might've been confusing, I'm  
in the Coal Harbour Community  
Centre...

HELEN

Ethan, now's not a good time...

ETHAN

... giving my NED talk on toxic  
masculinity.

WIDE - we see Ethan is in a shitty community space arranged  
like a miniature theatre. There are about 10 or 15 MEN  
sitting there watching him.

HELEN

You what?

ETHAN

NED talk. It's like a TED talk, bit  
more under the radar at the moment  
but that'll change...

HELEN

No, I mean... are there other people listening to this conversation?

ETHAN

Absolutely. It's part of the process, Hel. I understand now how my behaviour affected you. The gaslighting, the marginalising. I need to make amends, to show you how I've...

He looks surprised.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

She hung up.

COLIN

Fucking women!

ETHAN

That's not really the spirit here, Colin.

40 INT. GARDA STATION. OFFICE - DAY 1

40

HELEN sighs as she puts the PHONE back in her pocket. The sound of a door - more footsteps - and again she looks up hopefully -

And this time it's RUAIRI. Before she can say anything -

RUAIRI

DNA isn't back yet on that bottle. But, ah... There's been, y'know... bit of a development, shall we say?

Curious - and nervous about what this could mean - Helen follows Ruairi.

41 INT. GARDA STATION. HALLWAY - DAY 1

41

HELEN hurries to keep up with RUAIRI.

HELEN

Any chance you could be a bit more specific? 'Development' could be a lot of things, like, is it good, is it bad...

RUAIRI

I haven't spoken to her yet myself, so you'll know when I do...

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

'Her'?

Helen pauses, surprised, wondering what this means as Ruairi presses on and enters the door to the interview room. Helen recovers her composure and scurries after him.

42 INT. GARDA STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 1

42

HELEN enters the interview room to find RUAIRI with a woman in her mid-60s. NIAMH. Northern Irish, she's dressed very primly, which makes her look older than she is.

NIAMH

... and with respect, Detective Slater, it's your boss I came to speak with...

RUAIRI

Superintendent Hanlon's at a conference, but this is my case, you're in good hands with my... hands...

NIAMH

I know Superintendent Hanlon, I don't know you, so...

HELEN

Hi.

Niamh turns to her and frowns.

NIAMH

Who're you?

HELEN

Helen.

RUAIRI

Look, the boss isn't back till next week but I'm right here. The fellas at front desk said it was urgent...

Niamh looks at him and sighs. Takes out her PHONE.

NIAMH

Okay then. I got sent this out the blue. Is it really him?

Helen steps over and takes a look - her eyes widen as she looks at the PHOTOGRAPH on the phone - Elliot. Bleary-eyed, against the wall of the cave where we just saw him wake up.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

That's Elliot! That's him, how did  
you... who sent this to you? Who  
are you?

Niamh sighs as she puts her phone away.

NIAMH

Elliot?

She stops, looking at Helen, confused. Then -

NIAMH (CONT'D)

I'm his mother.

On Helen - Holy Shit.

43 INT. ANOTHER UNDERGROUND CAVE - DAY 1

43

ELLIOT sits on the dank floor, looking exhausted and wrung out. Suddenly there's a shaft of light from the metal door at the far end of the room. A hatch in the bottom has opened, allowing light from the next door room to flood into this dark space. At the same time the BABY MONITOR crackles.

DONAL (V.O.)

Ready for round two?

ELLIOT

What is this? What do you want?

DONAL (V.O.)

You can leave this room. It's up to  
you. You can come right through  
this hatch.

Something wrapped in newspaper clatters through the hatch and falls to the floor. Elliot stands and walks over towards it, curious.

DONAL (V.O.)

But the only way you'll fit  
through...

Elliot unwraps the newspaper -

Inside is a HACKSAW.

DONAL (V.O.)

... is if you cut off both your  
legs.

An ominous silence as Elliot contemplates the horror. And then -

ELLIOT

You fuckin' what?

(CONTINUED)

DONAL (V.O.)  
Cut them off.

ELLIOT  
Cut off both my legs. With this.

DONAL (V.O.)  
It can be done.

ELLIOT  
Or what? What happens if for some reason I don't want to hack off both my legs just because you told me to?

A silence.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
Hello? Can you hear me?

He walks over towards the baby monitor, picking it up to see if it's still on when suddenly it sparks into life again -

DONAL (V.O.)  
Wrong choice.

Another clatter from the hatch. He turns -

And sees it's a GRENADE. Without the pin.

DONAL (V.O.)  
Boom.

ELLIOT  
SHIT.

Elliot runs to the opposite corner of the room and curls up in a ball, knowing it's useless, but with no other choice. We're with him, in CU, as he sweats and tries to control his breathing. For -

Quite a long time.

Just as he's starting to wonder why we hear a door opening and -

DONAL (O.S.)  
You can stop pissin' yourself now,  
ya gobshite.

The sound of guttural laughter. Several voices. Elliot slowly turns -

To see three figures have stepped through the door. The tallest, DONAL, is a bear of a man, the one with the voice like broken glass. Beside him is FERGAL, the polar opposite, slender and quiet. Clearly much younger.

And then ORLA, between the other two in age, with a look that can change from approachable to terrifying in a second.

All have Southern Irish accents and jet black hair - and a family resemblance. Donal and Orla carry guns.

DONAL (CONT'D)  
Look at that. Classic! Catch.

He throws the grenade to Elliot - who reflexively catches it.

DONAL (CONT'D)  
Newsflash: not a real grenade.

ORLA  
Alright, leave off pissin' about...

DONAL  
A man's not allowed to have any fun? Why don't you go fuck a horse?

ORLA  
Already did, fucked your daddy last night.

DONAL  
We have the same Dad...

ORLA  
Forget I said that...

ELLIOT  
Who are you?

Donal looks at him with cruel amusement.

DONAL  
You really don't remember your old pal Donal?

ELLIOT  
I was in an accident, my memory's a mess...

Donal walks right up to Elliot, getting in his face. His GUN casually at his side.

DONAL  
Well isn't that a real fuckin' stroke of luck for you.

He glares at Elliot a beat longer then turns and nods at the others. Fergal approaches Elliot.

FERGAL  
You mind...?

He indicates for Elliot to put his hands behind him. When Elliot obliges, Fergal ties them with a plastic ZIP-TIE. As he pulls it tight Elliot winces in pain.

FERGAL (CONT'D)

Sorry.

ORLA

C'mon.

She leads the way through the open metal door.

44 INT. MAIN CAVE - DAY 1

44

ELLIOT follows ORLA and DONAL into the next room, FERGAL following behind. It's much larger here, and the entrance to the cave system is at the far end, though there's not much of a view to the outside other than a near-sheer rock face.

The rest of the room is like a grown-up den. There's a TV in one corner, permanently showing the sports channel. There are several crates of whiskey bottles - all the same brand as the smashed one that Helen found. A couple of mismatched armchairs and a sofa. And a portaloo against one wall.

DONAL

Take a seat.

He kicks Elliot in the back and he falls to the ground. Painfully, because of course he can't put his hands out to break his fall.

Donal walks over to crack open a BOTTLE OF WHISKEY and drinks straight from it. Orla grabs a BEER. Fergal helps Elliot back to a sitting position.

ELLIOT

Thanks.

FERGAL

's fine.

Fergal doesn't leave. He's still looking at Elliot, wide-eyed.

ELLIOT

What?

FERGAL

So the name McDonnell means nothing to you?

ELLIOT

No.

(beat)

You're the McDonnells I take it?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
Seeing as you're all sleeping with  
your daddy there?

Donal walks over and smacks him round the face. Hard.

DONAL  
What exactly about all this is  
funny?

ELLIOT  
Fuck, I don't know... Your  
moustache maybe? You look like one  
of the Village Peop...

But before he can finish the word, Donal smacks him again  
and walks away to get a drink. Fergal is still there though.  
Looking at Elliot thoughtfully.

FERGAL  
It must be weird. Like your life's  
happened to someone else or  
somethin'. You really don't  
remember?

ELLIOT  
I really don't...

ORLA  
Oi, Fergal.

Fergal looks over at Orla, guilty.

ORLA (CONT'D)  
You want a date, get on the apps.  
This fella's about to get a  
different kind of fucked.

Fergal smiles at Elliot apologetically and walks away from  
him. Elliot looks over at Orla.

ELLIOT  
So - are you going tell me what you  
actually want with me? Apart from  
the whole... getting fucked  
differently thing. Which I'm really  
excited about.

Orla ignores him and keeps watching TV. Donal is outside, on  
the phone, swigging whiskey as he paces. Then, more sincere -

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
Listen, if I've done something to  
you all, I'm sorry, okay? Like I  
said, I don't remember...

ORLA

You've done plenty. Whether you fuckin' remember it or not. So keep your mouth shut or Donal'll shut it for you. And it'll stay shut.

She turns up the TV. On Elliot - frustrated, anxious, but knowing better than to push his luck right now by continuing to talk. But then he realises something -

ELLIOT

Wait. His name's Donal. So he's called... Donal McDonnell?

He starts laughing. Orla PUNCHES him, hard. It looks like it really hurts as he spits out blood, and he's not laughing anymore.

45 INT. GARDA STATION. HALLWAY - DAY 1

45

HELEN is once more waiting - but this time she stands in the hallway, from where she can see NIAMH talking with RUAIRI in the doorway of the interview room. She's watching, hoping to learn something from the body language, when Niamh stands, shakes Ruairi's hand and walks off.

Helen turns to the vending machine and tries to pretend that's what she's interested in. Acting like she's just seen Niamh -

HELEN

Oh, hey, I was just...

She gestures vaguely at the vending machine. Niamh looks at her, confused.

NIAMH

Just what?

HELEN

Okay, I was waiting for you.  
Thought you might want to talk about... your son.

Niamh looks at her shrewdly, as if looking right through her, then nods tightly and starts to walk off. Helen stays rooted to the spot, puzzled. Ruairi has emerged from the interview room.

RUAIRI

I got your number, I'll be givin'  
you a call soon's as I hear  
anything, I can promise you that.

(CONTINUED)

Niamh turns as she nears the exit. Raises an eyebrow at Helen.

NIAMH  
Well are you coming or what?

Helen scurries after her.

NIAMH (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)  
He was 27 years old the last time I  
laid eyes on him.

46 INT. TEA ROOM - DAY 1

46

NIAMH and HELEN are sitting in a chintzy tea-room. Music  
playing quietly on speakers behind them.

NIAMH  
His Dad was in hospital and...  
Christ knows me and John didn't see  
eye to eye, we'd been separated a  
while by then but The End has a  
habit of wiping slates clean,  
doesn't it? So off I went to  
this... toilet of a hospital in  
Limerick. You ever been?

HELEN  
Ah, no. No, first time in Ireland  
actually...

NIAMH  
Well you're in the nice bit.  
Some'll tell you different but  
they're touched in the head, you  
ask me. So I go and say my goodbyes  
and when I leave... there he is.  
Elliot.  
(beat)  
Hadn't seen him in seven years,  
since he upped and left without so  
much as a word.

HELEN  
Why'd he leave?

NIAMH  
(shrugging)  
As I say, it's not like he left a  
note.  
(shaking her head)  
I knew there was something wrong  
before he went though. He was  
paranoid. Always thinking there was  
someone around the corner. Edgy,  
too. Kept starting these arguments.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NIAMH (CONT'D)  
Those ones that put clouds in the sky.

Helen leaves a silence - but Niamh clearly isn't keen to expand upon this any more. So -

HELEN  
And then you didn't see him till his Dad...

NIAMH  
Right. Seven years went by till I found myself in that hospital and... there he was. He looked at me. He hugged me. He told me he was sorry and that he had to go. Then said goodbye to his Da, and that was the last time I saw him.

HELEN  
Crumbs. And, like, nothing since?

NIAMH  
(shaking her head)  
That's why I've wondered if he was even alive. And then this afternoon my phone goes and I get sent this...

She shows Helen the PHOTOGRAPH OF ELLIOT on her PHONE that we saw earlier.

HELEN  
Why would someone send this to you?  
What do they want?

NIAMH  
That, my darling girl, is the question.

She takes her phone back and then her face lights up as she listens to the music.

NIAMH (CONT'D)  
Oh my.

HELEN  
What?

NIAMH  
This song. I remember him dancing to this when he was just nine years old.

HELEN  
Dancing?

NIAMH

Oh yes. When he wasn't in the bollocks, he loved his dancing. Proper ballet stuff, the other kids would take the mick and he'd just laugh it off. He so loved to dance, my boy. He might come home from school with a black eye and a letter from the headmaster but... when you watched him do an Arabesque it was hard to stay angry for long.

HELEN

Elliot... did ballet?

NIAMH

(nodding)

Concert standard.

(beat)

I take it... he hasn't kept up with the dancin' and that?

HELEN

No. I... can't say he has...

(then, remembering)

There was one time in Phuket, but it was the Macarena and it's all a bit fuzzy...

NIAMH

How'd the two of you meet?

HELEN

Ah, that's... uh... Crikey, how do I, uh...

How the hell does she even begin to explain all this to his mother? After wrestling with it a moment longer she decides not to.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Yeah. Internet?

NIAMH

Yes, yes, that's how a lot of you are doin' it now, the younger folks.

HELEN

Totally, just regular sort of internet meeting. Very boring.

NIAMH

I sound like a tragic old woman, but I have to ask... Did he come here... to see me?

She looks so hopeful and eager that it breaks Helen's heart to say -

HELEN

I'm... ah crackers, I wish I didn't have to tell you this but... Truth is, Elliot... he lost his memory.

On Niamh - stunned.

NIAMH

No.

HELEN

I'm sorry. He was in a car crash a year back and... just kind of wiped the old noggin clean.

Niamh nods slowly and bravely. She looks like she's fighting tears which only makes it more sad when she says, in a small, quiet voice -

NIAMH

So he doesn't even remember me.

Helen shakes her head.

HELEN

His head's a ghost town. We were here cause... I got a message. Someone saying they knew him. We were supposed to meet... whoever it was when Elliot...

NIAMH

And you don't know who sent it?

HELEN

No. But it's a good bet it's the same mother flipper who took him and then sent you that photograph.

NIAMH

I would agree.

She looks at Helen - that same piercing look she gave earlier. Like she's looking through her. Then -

NIAMH (CONT'D)

You're not his usual type.

HELEN

Right.

NIAMH

They were screeching harpies, the lot of 'em. And there were a lot of 'em.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NIAMH (CONT'D)

Sometimes several at once, Jesus  
Mary and Joseph, sort of a group  
situation so it was...

HELEN

Okay, I don't really need to know  
about...

NIAMH

It's a good thing, you not being  
his usual. I think I have an eye  
for people, and I'd say you're one  
of the good ones.

(beat)

I'm glad my son found you. And I  
hope you've been happy together.

HELEN

We have.

She opens her PHONE and finds a PHOTOGRAPH OF HELEN AND ELLIOT on a busy road in Koh Samui.

HELEN (CONT'D)

That was just a couple of weeks  
ago, in Thailand. It's been sort of  
a whirlwind...

Niamh smiles. Then puts her finger on the screen and swipes right and -

NIAMH

Oh Christ...

Helen sees that Niamh has accidentally swiped onto a sex photo. (Just for avoidance of doubt, we do not need to see this).

HELEN

Oh-kay, I'll take that, sorry,  
should've said no swiping...

Her phone starts to ring. Grateful for the interruption -

HELEN (CONT'D)

Scuse me...

(answering -)

Helen Chambers?

(beat)

Ah, knickers. Yeah. Well thanks for  
letting me know.

She hangs up, looking dejected. Seeing Niamh's quizzical expression -

(CONTINUED)

HELEN (CONT'D)  
DNA on the whiskey bottle matched  
the clothing from Elliot's bag.  
It's his. So... it's useless.

NIAMH  
Whiskey bottle?

HELEN  
Oh, sorry... we found a whole bunch  
of whiskey bottles at the scene,  
all with the same label. One of  
them had blood on...

NIAMH  
Can I... can I see?

HELEN  
(frowning)  
Uh, yeah. Sure.

She opens the photos on her phone and before she hands it to Niamh -

HELEN (CONT'D)  
If you wouldn't mind... not swiping  
this time.

NIAMH  
Oh I can assure you I will not be  
doing that.

She looks at the PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SHATTERED WHISKEY BOTTLE. Her face doesn't give anything away but there's something about her body language that just tightens up. Helen notices the change.

HELEN  
What is it?

NIAMH  
Nothing. Sorry. Just.. miles away.

She hands the phone back to Helen and then stands, somewhat abruptly.

NIAMH (CONT'D)  
It's been an absolute pleasure,  
Helen, but I have to go. I will see  
you again, I'm sure. And  
hopefully... in happier  
circumstances.

HELEN  
Yeah, course. Maybe I could get  
your...  
(trailing off)  
Number.

But Niamh is already walking away. Helen watches her go, frowning. Something about how that ended, about the way Niamh reacted to that photograph, doesn't sit right with her.

After a beat Helen gets up and walks out, a determined expression on her face.

ETHAN (PRE-LAP)

Love is the greatest gift we can give, and the greatest we can receive.

47 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY 1

47

ETHAN is bowling with a FRIEND (Mike). Or rather, at this particular moment, he's holding a BOWLING BALL and pontificating before taking his shot.

ETHAN

You've probably never known it, very few do, but I have. Helen and I shared a unique bond. And that's why she hung up on me, you see. If she'd just accepted my sincere live-streamed apology, well, that would be that. But by closing the door, she in fact left it open.

He turns and takes two very careful, prissy steps towards the line and bowls. It's a fluid, precise, well-practiced sequence. Like he's done this thousands of times...

Which doesn't help because the ball goes into the gutter and rolls harmlessly away. Ethan turns back to his friend, undeterred.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(muttering to self)

An improvement? Perhaps.

(beat)

What she's saying, when she hangs up on me like that, mid-NED talk, is... "Ethan - you aren't trying hard enough". And I hear her. I've done a lot of work on myself and I am open now, more than I've ever been. She's letting me know I need to go further. Not just to make amends for the kind of man I was, but to show her. "Show me you've changed, Ethan Krum!" is what she's saying. And I am here, I am listening... ready to strike!

He turns dramatically and approaches the lane - does the same elaborate sequence - and lets go of the ball -

(CONTINUED)

Which once again falls into the gutter.

Ethan turns back, not letting his disappointment show.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I happen to know that she is on the fair isle of Ireland at this moment in time. So guess who's got two thumbs and is getting the first flight to Ireland that he can?

(pointing at himself)  
This guy!

The friend stands up awkwardly. Clearly not wanting to be there.

MIKE

So... my friends are here, I'm going to...

He gestures to the next bowling lane.

ETHAN

Oh, right. Right. Thanks for letting me bend your ear, Chad.

MIKE

It's Mike.

And he goes. Ethan grins to himself and starts to sing softly -

ETHAN

(singing)

Oh Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling...

He takes another shot. Once again it goes in the gutter.

A row of suburban houses in a pretty street somewhere. Night is falling as a car drives up and pulls up outside one of the houses. RUAIRI emerges, off-duty, and heads into one of the houses.

Inside a modest house. We hear the sound of a door unlocking and see RUAIRI enter carrying a PLASTIC BAG.

RUAIRI

I'm home!

He closes the door, hangs his jacket up on the hanger by the door. Then heads next door -

50

**INT. RUAIARI'S HOUSE. HALLWAY / LIVING ROOM - EVENING 1**

50

RUAIRI walks down the hallway and into a living room. There, sitting in a large armchair is FIONA. She doesn't move or speak. Just stares at the TELEVISION in front of her. He goes over to her and kisses her on the head.

RUAIRI

Quite the day today Ma.

He reaches into his BAG and pulls out some APPLES.

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

Got you some apples. Didn't have any Golden Delicious so I got you some Pink Ladies...

He puts them on the side. Sits down next to her. Half watching the television.

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

Pink Ladies were bred by this lad John Cripps. He crossed a Golden Delicious with an apple called a Lady Williams, so...

(beat)

That means there's some Golden Delicious in there for you too.

A silence. She doesn't respond. He looks at her.

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

It's buried in there somewhere Ma.

(beat)

Like yourself.

He looks at her, a sad expression on his face. He leans over and kisses her on the cheek. She doesn't move.

After a beat, Ruairi heads out of the room. We stay on Fiona, watching the television. Whether anything is going in or not, it's hard to tell.

51

**INT. RUAIARI'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - EVENING 1**

51

RUAIRI goes into the kitchen and heads towards a curtain, grabbing a KITCHEN KNIFE on the way. He pulls the curtain aside to reveal a hidden door. Then reaches into his pocket and pulls out a KEY. Turns the lock and opens it, he heads inside. The curtain closes behind him, and it's as if the door was never there...

52

**INT. RUAIKI'S HOUSE. BASEMENT - EVENING 1**

52

RUAIRI enters a dark space, it's hard to tell where we are until he switches on the light and we see he's on some wooden stairs, leading down into a basement. He bolts the door behind him and walks down the stairs. Whistling as he goes.

We hear a RADIO playing softly. Ruairi reaches the bottom and turns the dial. Warm upbeat swing music starts. He starts taking things out of the PLASTIC BAG as he heads through the space, which is a surreal thing, in and of itself.

It's like a cosy family kitchen, like something out of the 50's. Nothing like a basement at all. With the music and the way the place is laid out, it'd feel cosy - except it's in some kind of a hidden room with a lock on it.

RUAIRI

I got you pork and beans.

(beat)

Your favourite, right?

He turns, to someone off screen. But we can't see them.

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

Never fails, does pork and beans.

Will keep you up at night, mind.

With the gas and the reflux and  
whatnot...

He pours the BEANS into a pan and places them on the stove. Takes out the FRANKFURTTERS.

Then looks back offscreen -

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

You will eat, won't you?

(beat)

I don't want you wasting away...

And we PAN ACROSS - to see the back of a woman's head, with long blonde hair. But she's completely still.

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

Well okay then.

And he sets about cooking. Whistling along to the music as he does.

53

**EXT. NIAMH'S HOUSE - EVENING 1**

53

NIAMH pulls up outside her house. Wide-shot - we see a taxi pull up on the other side of the road. POV from back of the taxi - we see Niamh get out of her car and go into her house.

(CONTINUED)

Then REVERSE - to reveal HELEN watching her go inside. A silence. Then the driver in the front, PATRICK, frowns -

PATRICK  
So... you getting out or...?  
(beat)  
What's the deal here?

HELEN  
I... I'm not entirely sure, to be honest.

She shakes her head. Trying to put her suspicions out of her mind.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
I think maybe I should just go to my hotel.

54 EXT. HERMANOS HOTEL - NIGHT 1

54

HELEN pulls up in the taxi driven by PATRICK. He hands her his CARD then she gets out, BACKPACK over her shoulders. She reaches the outside of a cheap hotel on the outskirts of town.

RECEPTIONIST (PRE-LAP)  
And you're checking in?

55 INT. HERMANOS HOTEL - NIGHT 1

55

HELEN stands opposite the RECEPTIONIST.

HELEN  
Yeah. Chambers. Helen Chambers.

RECEPTIONIST  
Ah, I got you right here... two of you, four nights?

HELEN  
It's... it's just me. At the moment.

The receptionist looks at her - hears the tone of her voice - and can tell there's a story here. But she doesn't ask.

RECEPTIONIST  
Nothing wrong with that now. We've got you upstairs...

56 INT. HERMANOS HOTEL. ROOM 7 - NIGHT 1

56

HELEN walks into the hotel room and puts her BACKPACK on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

As the door closes behind her, she sits on the left side of the bed and looks over at the right - the side Elliot should be sleeping in if he was here.

She puts her hand to mouth and starts to cry. Now she can't bury herself in the search, the loss and worry is hitting her all over again.

57 **EXT. ISLAND. CAVE MOUTH - DAWN 2**

57

Dawn breaks over the mouth of a cave.

58 **INT. MAIN CAVE - DAWN 2**

58

ELLIOT is asleep against some rocks when WHISKEY is thrown in his face. He wakes up coughing, surprised to see DONAL leaning down, glaring at him. ORLA is in the background watching TV and FERGAL is playing solitaire.

ELLIOT

What the fuck...

DONAL

What does he dream about then? The man who doesn't remember anything?

ELLIOT

Not waking up to creepy fucks with dog breath staring at me, that's what.

Donal just curls his lip as he continues to glare at Elliot.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Something you want to say to me?

DONAL

Oh I got plenty to say to you, you little shit.

Then, leaning in -

DONAL (CONT'D)

Some things I can't say right now and you know why...

ELLIOT

(blankly)

I... have no idea why.

DONAL

You sure? 'Elliot?'

ELLIOT

I really don't. If I did, I'd say.

(CONTINUED)

DONAL

Maybe it's a good thing you forgot  
everything. Means you can't  
remember Tamar.

He laughs, taking a long drink from the bottle. In the  
background, we can see Fergal is listening in, though he's  
pretending not to.

ELLIOT

Scuse me?

DONAL

Tamar...

ELLIOT

Is that... a person? A place? A  
fucking boy band we started  
together? Cause when I say I've  
forgotten everything that's  
literally what I mean...

DONAL

(laughing)

You get to relive the fucking pain!  
There's some comfort in that at  
least...

He smiles.

ELLIOT

What are you, starting your own  
podcast or something? Just get to  
the fucking point and tell me what  
I did.

Donal suddenly throws the whiskey bottle on the floor in a  
violent rage and pulls the GUN from his waistband, advancing  
on Elliot.

DONAL

Still got the same mouth on you,  
don't you?

He slams Elliot with the butt of the gun and he falls to the  
ground.

DONAL (CONT'D)

You haven't changed a bit. But your  
little knock to the head doesn't  
wipe the slate clean, does it?  
Doesn't change what you did...

ELLIOT

Stop with the cryptic shit!  
Whatever you've got to say can't be  
any worse than anything I've  
already heard about myself. So just  
tell me already.

Donal's drunk, getting even more angry and manic, and now  
the gun's in Elliot's mouth. He's grinning, loving every  
moment.

DONAL

Not gonna lie, I've thought about  
this...

But then Orla is at his side, her hand on his gun arm.  
Trying to get him to lower it.

ORLA

Calm down.

DONAL

I don't think I will. I think I'll  
shoot the prick right now and have  
done with it...

ORLA

That wasn't the deal.

Donal doesn't look away from Elliot.

DONAL

I don't give a shit about the deal.

ORLA

You give a shit about Frank at  
least? Remember what we agreed.

Donal looks at her -

ORLA (CONT'D)

You been drinking all night. Put  
the gun down, go for a walk... and  
if you still wanna shoot him when  
you're sobered up, I'll fucking  
help ya an all.

A beat that seems to last forever - Elliot watching on in  
terror, helplessly, and then -

Donal lowers the gun. Glares at Elliot - and turns away and  
walks outside. Elliot looks at Orla gratefully.

ELLIOT

Thank you.

ORLA

Fuck yourself.

ELLIOT  
Well that's nice.

Orla walks over to the portaloo and as she goes we see Elliot watching, spotting the WHISKEY BOTTLES beside her. The germ of a thought starting in his mind...

And then there's just Elliot and Fergal, though we can still see Donal hovering in the background. Fergal is staring at his cards, trying to pretend he can ignore everything that just happened.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
I could use a drink.

Fergal stares at the cards.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
Please?

Relenting, Fergal gets to his feet and grabs one of the whiskey bottles. He walks over to Elliot and puts it in front of him.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
Uh... I can't...

He gestures at his hands. Fergal sighs - then grabs a nearby GUN, the one Orla was holding earlier, and points it at Elliot.

FERGAL  
No funny business.

ELLIOT  
There's three of you, I'm not  
stupid...  
(beat)  
I promise.

Fergal uses a knife to cut the zip-tie.

FERGAL  
Out in front.

Elliot holds his hands in front of him and moving quickly, Fergal ties them with a fresh zip-tie.

ELLIOT  
Thank you.

He picks up the whiskey bottle and drinks deeply from it -  
Then coughs.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
Holy shit...

FERGAL

Ah, this is the strong stuff. We  
keep it under the shelf, like, let  
the tourists buy the regular.

ELLIOT

You make this yourself?

FERGAL

Family recipe.

Elliot takes another sip.

ELLIOT

It kind of grows on you.

FERGAL

That it does.

ELLIOT

'S hot in here.

He pulls at the BANDANA round his neck to loosen it, then  
drapes it over his wrist. Toys with it as he talks.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Might be my imagination but... you  
don't seem to hate me as much as  
the other two?

Fergal just shrugs. But Elliot senses weakness - and  
vulnerability - and keeps pushing -

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Maybe you prefer not to see people  
killed in front of you. Doesn't  
make you weak, Fergal, that makes  
you a normal fucking human being...

FERGAL

You had your drink.

And he turns his back on Elliot. Goes back to his cards. On  
Elliot - disappointed. But then -

He pours some of the whiskey over the bandana. And stuffs  
half of it into the bottle, leaving half outside. Finally he  
nudges the whiskey bottle to the side, concealing what he's  
done behind a rock.

He's not done fighting...

Light streams through the window - we see it's 6am. TRACK  
OVER to the bed - and we see HELEN lying there. Still fully  
clothed and awake. Like she's barely slept at all.

She pulls out her PHONE. It's on the PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WHISKEY BOTTLE - the one that made Niamh react so oddly.

She looks at her internet browser - we see she's googled 'Kilgal Distillery'.

Suddenly decisive, she gets up out of bed. A woman on a mission.

59 **INT/EXT. NIAMH'S CAR / ROAD - DAY 2**

59

NIAMH drives along, slow and cautious, classical music on the radio. She whistles along with it.

60 **INT/EXT. NIAMH'S CAR / STREET - DAY 2**

60

NIAMH'S car comes to a stop at a red light. We see a bit more of the surrounding area - we're in the industrial part of town. And an industry that clearly hasn't been thriving. A HOMELESS MAN holding a HANDWRITTEN SIGN announcing - "POOR - HUNGRY - PLEASE HELP" staggers up towards Niamh's car.

She winds down her window and hands the man a FIVE EURO NOTE.

NIAMH

It's all I've got I'm afraid.

HOMELESS MAN

Thank you, thank you very much.  
Appreciated.

He staggers on to the car behind - a taxi. The driver, PATRICK, just shakes his head at the man and waves him on. Defeated, the homeless man continues to stagger forward -

But we hold on the passenger seat window. Because sitting there -

Is HELEN.

61 **INT. TAXI - DAY 2**

61

HELEN slinks down low in the back seat of the taxi, looking nervously at Niamh's car. PATRICK glances at her, puzzled, in the rear-view mirror -

HELEN

You're too close, she might see  
me...

PATRICK

Right, right, I'll keep me distance  
then. Sorry 'bout that.

(CONTINUED)

The light changes and both cars start to move once more.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
This is a real bit o' cloak 'n  
dagger here, hey? Mind if I ask  
what I'm gettin' meself into?

HELEN  
I'm not entirely sure myself.

A silence. But, relieved to have someone to talk to -

HELEN (CONT'D)  
The name Kilgal Distillery mean  
anything to you?

PATRICK  
They're the people who make the  
whiskey? It's fine enough for what  
it is, but... Why'd you ask?

Helen shrugs.

HELEN  
That woman in the car ahead - I'm  
pretty sure she's lying to me about  
something. Feels like she knows  
more than she's letting on.

PATRICK  
Ahhh.  
(beat)  
What's this a love triangle, then,  
is it?

HELEN  
Not exactly.

PATRICK  
Problematic teacher-pupil  
relationship?

HELEN  
Sorry?

PATRICK  
I might be projecting a wee bit.  
Still. Exciting!

HELEN  
(unsure)  
Sure.

Niamh's car turns into a crumbling, deserted estate. The taxi pulls up outside, but a way back so she can't be seen.

63

**INT. TAXI - DAY 2**

63

HELEN with PATRICK.

PATRICK

You want to get out here?

HELEN

We can't follow her in or she'll  
see us...

PATRICK

This area, is all. Not the  
greatest. Violent bloody shithole  
is what it is, pardon my Spanish.

HELEN

I'll be alright.

PATRICK

You seem like a nice lady. Weird,  
but nice. Honestly, the only reason  
anyone comes here is if they want  
to buy crack or sell crack.

(beat)

You don't strike me as the crack  
buying or selling type.

HELEN

Thanks for the ride.

She hands him some notes and gets out.

64

**EXT. RUNDOWN ESTATE. BRÍAN'S FLAT - DAY 2**

64

NIAMH has got out of her car and is walking towards a man-  
mountain in his late 20s. BRÍAN. Southern Irish.

NIAMH

Hello Brían. You remember me, don't  
you?

Brían sees her and almost double-takes in surprise.

BRÍAN

What the living fuck are you doing  
here?

NIAMH

Taking in the air.

Brían looks around but -

NIAMH (CONT'D)

Just me.

(CONTINUED)

BRÍAN

You got yourself a big set of balls  
on you there. I'll give you that...

NIAMH

I want to know where he is.

BRÍAN

Who?

NIAMH

Don't play dumb, Brían. Or at  
least, dumber than you already are.

Brían just laughs. Utterly unintimidated in any way by this  
kindly-looking woman in her 60s.

NIAMH (CONT'D)

Your cousins have my son. You know  
why. And you know where.

BRÍAN

Okay, let's say I did. Why the fuck  
would I tell you? Of all people?

Niamh sighs.

BRÍAN (CONT'D)

I'd piss off now, if I were you.  
Before you fall and hurt yourself.

Niamh walks towards Brían.

NIAMH

I knew you wouldn't tell me  
anything. Even the village idiot  
isn't so stupid they'd rat on their  
own family.

BRÍAN

Then why are you here?

NIAMH

Cause I'd like you to send a  
message. To your cousins.

BRÍAN

And what's that?

Niamh reaches into her handbag -

And pulls out a BUTCHER'S KNIFE. And before Brían can react,  
she plunges it through his eye. He looks at her in shock and  
disbelief. Then collapses to the floor.

OVER BY HELEN -

She watches, wide-eyed in shock and horror.

65 **INT. RUAIARI'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 2**

65

RUAIRI is finishing his COFFEE, then checks his pocket and realises something's missing. He sighs and goes to the hidden door. Unlocks it and goes downstairs.

66 **INT. RUAIARI'S HOUSE. BASEMENT - DAY 2**

66

RUAIRI heads down the stairs.

RUAIRI

I left my damned phone down here  
all night, I'd forget my head if it  
wasn't screwed on, I really  
should...

But he stops talking when he sees something. His face falls. He goes white.

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Are you okay?

He rushes over to the space he was looking before. Where the woman's head was, and leans down to the floor. He scoops her up in his arms, holding her.

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

My love, I didn't realise you...

And he starts to cry. Like he did in the scene in the Garda toilet.

And then we see who he's holding. A lifelike SEX-DOLL. But it's not funny, because we're watching a man who's scared for his life that something awful has happened to an inanimate object. And he's clearly not okay. We PULL BACK on him, holding her and sobbing, as we -

CUT TO:

67 **INT. MAIN CAVE - DAY 2**

67

Back in the main cave. FERGAL finishes his game of solitaire and turns to ORLA, who is still watching TV.

FERGAL

Want a game?

Orla looks at him, then back at the TV. ELLIOT pipes up -

ELLIOT

I'll play. How about winner walks  
out of here, no harm done...

ORLA

Shut up.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT

For how long? How long are we gonna sit here, with no-one telling me why or what we're...

He falls silent as DONAL strides back into the room. He looks much calmer than he did in the previous scene. A very different energy about him. Orla is on her feet immediately but can see the change right away.

ORLA

Hey, you feelin' better?

DONAL

I am. Got out, had a good lungful of fresh air. You were right. Clears the mind.

ORLA

Good.

DONAL

I needed to think it through. Get my head straight.

(beat)

And I'm still going to kill him.

ORLA

Donal, JESUS...

Donal pulls his GUN out of his waistband and starts walking towards Elliot, and Orla tries to stand in his way but there's no stopping him, he's a man determined...

Moving fast now, Elliot pulls the concealed WHISKEY BOTTLE towards him. And takes out his FLIP-TOP LIGHTER - the GAY AND VIETNAMESE one we saw outside the café - and sets light to the whiskey-soaked BANDANA as we realise -

He's MacGyvered the fuck out of a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL.

FERGAL

Hey, look out...

DONAL

Where'd he fuckin' get...

It's all kicking off at once, people shouting over one another, everyone advancing on Elliot, who launches the molotov straight at Donal -

It hits the wall and bursts into flames, lighting up one side of Donal's face. As he screams in pain and fear, Orla and Fergal reflexively run to him.

Elliot runs like a motherfucker right past them, taking advantage of the confusion, and outside -

68

**EXT. ISLAND. HILLSIDE - DAY 2**

68

ELLIOT takes a right out of the cave and starts running up a steep hill, until his lungs are burning, but he can't slow down. We see he's picked up a PIECE OF GLASS from the whiskey bottle, and he uses it to cut off his ZIP-TIE as he runs.

69

**INT. MAIN CAVE - DAY 2**

69

DONAL is no longer on fire - we get a glimpse of his scorched and charred flesh, and ORLA is tending to him while FERGAL is holding his hand. Orla looks angry, Fergal looks far more tearful and upset.

DONAL

Go.

FERGAL

I'm not leavin' you...

DONAL

Go find the fucker.

ORLA

Shut your trap, he's not going nowhere. You on the other hand need that lookin' at...

She nods at Fergal and the two of them haul him to his feet, an arm round each of their shoulders. Donal winces and groans in agony, the act of moving alone almost too much for him.

As they guide him to the outside, ORLA'S PHONE goes. Answering -

ORLA (CONT'D)

Yeah?

(beat)

Yeah, we got him. I mean... not at the moment, the bastard got away but... there's nowhere for him to go. We'll have him back in no time...

70

**INT. PLANE - DAY 2**

70

Video on a mobile-phone screen:

ETHAN is addressing the camera as he settles into a seat on a wide-body plane.

ETHAN

...okay, here it is, the comfort plus seat.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Now, the key to maximising your miles is on my blog, but here's the proof of that particular pudding - more leg-room for your longer male - that's me - and, ah, look at the storage here, lovely seat pocket...

NORMAL FOOTAGE -

Ethan is addressing his tiny audience on his live-stream.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I'll update throughout the flight and let you all know if the meal service is up to scratch. Fingers crossed for shortrib!

He closes the PHONE and looks out the window. Excited about his adventure. He even takes out a GUIDEBOOK TO IRELAND and starts thumbing through it as we hear -

LENA (O.S.)

... it doesn't fucking matter how it happens, just...

The woman sits down beside Ethan - we don't yet see her face.

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

Find him. You have to find him.

As she hangs up -

ETHAN

Evening. I'm Ethan.

We see the woman put her phone away -

It's LENA PASCAL. She smiles at Ethan.

LENA

Hello Ethan. I don't care.

She puts her HEADPHONES in and closes her eyes...

70A EXT. ISLAND/HILLSIDE - COASTLINE - DAY 2

70A

ELLIOT is continuing to run like crazy. He keeps running and running all the way to the top and comes to a sudden stop -

As he almost runs straight off a cliff-edge.

The camera slowly pulls out as we see Elliot standing on the cliff-edge. Looking smaller and smaller as we see how high up he is, we take in the landscape behind him -

And then we see the raging sea all around.

(CONTINUED)

He's on an island in the middle of nowhere. And there's fucking nowhere for him to run...

CUT TO:

71      **EXT. BEACH - DAY X1**

71

A WIDE of the ocean. An empty beach. Slowly, in the distance, we see a figure emerging from the water. Small at first, then it starts getting closer. The surviving DIVER 2 from the opening sequence. Carrying their FLIPPERS under one arm and the BRIEFCASE in their other hand. They climb out of the sea, and onto land.

Once they're on land they drop the flippers and the briefcase. Then they pull off their SCUBA MASK.

From behind we see it's probably a woman, with short black hair. She lets out a deep sigh, then heads towards a PAIR OF RUCKSACKS. She picks up one of them and carries it to the sea - and hurls it in as far as it'll go. Then she returns to the other and starts to pull out CLOTHES. We don't see her face as she starts to change into them...

72      **EXT. ROAD. PAYPHONE - DAY X1**

72

From behind again, we see the young woman walk along the road carrying her RUCKSACK over her shoulder - which has a PICKAXE hanging from it - and the BRIEFCASE in her hand. She reaches an old-looking PAYPHONE in the middle of the road. Puts the bags down. Puts some money in the payphone. It rings for a moment, then we hear an Irish accent -

YOUNG WOMAN  
Yeah it's me.  
(beat)  
Mm-hm. I did it, yeah.

And then we PAN ROUND to reveal the face of the YOUNG WOMAN. Her expression impossible to read.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Elliot Stanley's dead.

And on her hardened expression, we CUT TO BLACK for the -

**END OF EPISODE ONE**