

TWO BROTHERS
• P I C T U R E S •

The Tourist

Series 2

By

Harry and Jack Williams

Episode 1

POST SHOOT MASTER

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1

INT/EXT. CAR / SMALL TOWN. STREET - DAY 2

1

The backseat of a car. FRANK MCDONNELL - late 60s, with a quiet manner yet still radiating authority - sits looking out the window. It's sunny outside as they're passing through the fringes of a small town. [Alt lines in case of weather.]

FRANK	FRANK (ALT)
A good day for it, Connor.	Heavy cloud there, Connor.
They can be thankful for that.	Heavy cloud.

The driver, CONNOR, nods. Speaking quietly as he looks up at the sky, watching the light shine, speckled, through the leaves -

FRANK (CONT'D)	FRANK (ALT) (CONT'D)
The sun has got his hat, his scarf and his feekin' rambling boots on and all.	Sky's wearing the right outfit for a day like this...
Tell you what...	

Looking out the window, lowering his gaze - the LOCALS are standing out on the street - almost like they're standing to attention, with a faraway look in their eyes.

FRANK (CONT'D)	FRANK (ALT) (CONT'D)
... they're coming out in force today.	Doesn't stop them coming out in force today, mind.

People are closing up their shops to come and join the crowd assembling at the roadside. It's an unusual and oddly stirring sight.

FRANK (CONT'D)
We shouldn't be here.

CONNOR
We can turn around if...

FRANK
The procession, I mean. This here -
this is for family.
(beat)
Turn here.

2

EXT. SMALL TOWN. STREET - DAY 2

2

A hearse makes its way down the street, cars trailing behind it. The LOCALS stand on the side of the road to show their respect. The smart-looking car that Frank is in turns down a side road.

FRANK (V.O.)
Tell the boys to follow.

A beat. Then two more cars turn down the same road.

3

INT. CHURCH - DAY 2

3

A church full of PEOPLE assembled for a funeral. A PHOTO OF A SMILING 16 YEAR OLD BOY sits on the coffin. At the back, FRANK stands staring at the coffin intensely as the family start to enter. A woman in her 40s - AISLING - enters. And stops in front of Frank, a look of disgust on her face.

AISLING
What in God's name do you think
you're doing here?

Some nearby MEN step in - protective of Frank. He ushers them away.

FRANK
Leave her be.

Aisling is nearly in tears - the pain of tragedy but also red-hot anger at Frank.

AISLING
He'd be alive if it weren't for
you. Your filth that he stuck in
his arm...

Frank just looks back at her, calm. Aisling glares at him, his composure just making her more upset and angry.

AISLING (CONT'D)
Just business as usual for you,
though, right? That's all it is to
you - business as usual.

FRANK
He was a good boy. He didn't
deserve this.

And he turns and goes, leaving Aisling weeping, her CHILDREN either side of her holding her back from pursuing Frank.

4

EXT. CHURCH - DAY 2

4

FRANK emerges from the church, a few of his MEN in tow, following after. We hear the buzz of a PHONE. He pulls it out of his jacket and picks up -

FRANK
Frank McDonnell.
(beat)
Woah, woah, slow down...

(CONTINUED)

A beat as he takes in what's been said. He pales. He turns to his men, who look at him. One of them, a spindly guy, LIAM, looks back, concerned.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I understand. No, no. I'll be right there.

Frank hangs up.

LIAM

You alright?

FRANK

Brían's been killed.

LIAM

Shit. What happened?

Frank sighs. Then, through gritted teeth -

FRANK

Business as usual.

And, with that, he strides away towards his car.

4A

EXT. ISLAND. COASTLINE - DAY 2

4A

ELLIOT is where we left him. Looking out at the sea, lost. He's out of breath, exhausted. He pulls his PHONE out of his back pocket and holds it out. Trying to get some signal. Trying to call Helen. Because, much like her, he really needs her right now.

ELLIOT

Come on come on come on...

We intercut between Elliot and the phone. But there's nothing - no signal. Then we stay with Elliot as he looks around. With no clue of which way to go, he sets off running down the coastline... Desperately trying to find some help or some signal or some way out.

5

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

5

CU - the dead body of BRÍAN, the man we saw Niamh stab in the eye in Episode 1. Standing a distance away, looking at him, we find HELEN. PHONE to her ear.

HELEN

Hey, yeah, I'm... uh, I hope it's okay I'm calling you, I didn't really, I'm not sure what number to call here, in Australia it's 000, uh...

6

**INT/EXT. RUAIRI'S HOUSE. BASEMENT / RUNDOWN ESTATE. BRÍAN'S 6
FLAT - DAY 2**

RUAIRI sits at a table, PHONE to his ear. (Intercut between here and HELEN).

RUAIRI

No bother, no bother, are you
alright there, you sound...

HELEN

No, I'm not... I'm not really, I...
just witnessed a murder. I saw
Niamh kill a man.

RUAIRI

Oh. And are you sure he's dead?

(CONTINUED)

Looking up at Helen, with the BUTCHER'S KNIFE in the foreground, sticking out of the man's eye. She looks down at the BODY.

HELEN

Yeah. Pretty sure, yeah.

RUAIRI

Okay. Where are you right now?

HELEN

No idea, I just followed her here from her house and... I'm sending my location...

She uses the maps app to send a pin to Ruairi. As she puts the phone back to her ear -

RUAIRI

Are you in danger?

HELEN

I don't... think so.

She looks around - it's deserted.

HELEN (CONT'D)

There's no-one around.

RUAIRI

You should get out of the area anyhow...

HELEN

I can't leave the scene...

RUAIRI

I'm tellin' you, it might not safe.

HELEN

I'll be fine. I'll just... find someplace nearby and wait for you.

RUAIRI

Helen, for the love of...

But she's hung up. Ruairi sighs. He looks over the table dolefully.

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I have to go.

REVERSE - we see the SEX-DOLL is opposite him, wearing the same FLOWERY DRESS it was wearing at the end of Episode 1.

(CONTINUED)

RUAIRI (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I let you fall. But
you'll be alright now. Won't you,
Mary?

He stands and casually pecks the sex-doll on the forehead as
he passes on his way out.

EXT. RUAIRI'S HOUSE - DAY 2

RUAIRI is walking out of his house towards his car when a
tiny and very old woman - DEIRDRE - calls from next door.

DEIRDRE
Ruairi Slater!

RUAIRI
Mornin' Deirdre...

He doesn't break stride on his way to the car but Deirdre has
Something To Say as she marches up to him.

DEIRDRE
What are you going to do about the
smell there?

RUAIRI
Scuse me?

DEIRDRE
That big stink wafting out of your
house. Stinking up my laundry, it
is, like a big stinky cloud!

RUAIRI
I've actually got garda business,
if you don't...

DEIRDRE
If it's the pipes, Ruairi Slater,
you need 'em cleaning. Get the men
in the suits with the long poles to
come do the poking and the
whatnot...

RUAIRI
I'll get right on that...

He's getting into his car now but Deirdre steps closer to him
and grabs his arm before he can. Her tone is softer now, less
hectoring and more sympathetic.

DEIRDRE
Are you not taking care of
yourself?

She looks into his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)

Cause it's alright to ask for help,
Ruairi. You know that?

Ruairi looks away. Embarrassed. Not wanting to talk about this.

RUAIRI

I really got to be going, Deirdre.
I'll make that call. The men with
the poles.

He smiles awkwardly and clambers into his car to drive away.
We stay with Deirdre who takes another sniff and shakes her
head in disgust.

EXT. ROAD / SKETCHY PUB - DAY 2

HELEN walks down a road towards a pub - the only sign of life
she could find. It's a shithole that's seen better days, but
even in those better days it was a shithole. This is a very
poor end of town. There's only one window that isn't boarded
up but - there's absolutely nothing else around. Helen takes
a deep breath and walks towards it.

INT. SKETCHY PUB - DAY 2

HELEN enters. At this time of day, there's only one REGULAR
in there propping up the bar and one grizzled BARMAN (DEREK)
wiping glasses with a dirty dishcloth.

HELEN

Hi.

Derek just stares at her.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Could I get... like a coffee or
something?

(beat)

Actually make that... something
stronger. Like, the top end of
things, strength-wise - I just saw
a man get killed.

Derek laughs.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, is that funny here?

DEREK

No.

HELEN

Then why are you laughing?

DEREK

You tourists are all the same.

HELEN

I'm not a...

(she trails off, wound up)

I'm telling the truth.

DEREK

Right you are.

(beat)

You sound like you're a long way
from home there?

HELEN

(emotional)

Yeah. Yeah I am.

Derek pours a WHISKEY and passes it to her. She takes it and
downs it then sits at a table in the corner. Brings out her
PHONE and looks at it - we see the lock screen is a PHOTO OF
HER AND ELLIOT somewhere exotic. Arms around each other.
Smiling. Happy. It seems like another life. She dials the
number -

HELEN (CONT'D)

Where the hell are you...

But it doesn't even ring... She bites her lip. She really
needs him right now.

Back with ELLIOT. Running down the coastline. A series of
QUICK CUT SHOTS of Elliot making his way through the
landscape, tripping and falling and checking his phone for
signal.

11 **EXT. ISLAND. SHORE - DAY 2**

11

We see ORLA and FERGAL, arm around DONAL on either side, helping him through the island. They reach a different shore. Where their boat is moored, along with a dingy with an engine. There's a small shed nearby. Donal's writhing in pain as they head towards the larger boat. His flesh singed by the fire. He holds up an arm.

DONAL

Wait. WAIT. What are you doin'?
I'll get myself back...

ORLA

Bollocks you will, how you gonna
drive with half your face missin'?

DONAL

(cutting)

I'll be fine. You two need to stay
here and find that little bastard.

Fergal is looking tearful, more emotionally affected than the stoic Orla.

FERGAL

We're coming with you.

DONAL

You're not and that's the whole
fuckin' end of it and all.

ORLA

You're not thinking straight...

DONAL

Oh, but I am. That fuck setting me
on fire's sobered me up more than a
dip at the Forty Foot in December.

He grits his teeth and trudges forward on his own, unsupported, towards the dinghy.

DONAL (CONT'D)

You bring him back. But bring him
back blue, you hear?

ORLA

That wasn't the deal.

DONAL

Bollocks to the deal.

ORLA

And what's Frank gonna say?

(CONTINUED)

DONAL

Frank doesn't need to know.

ORLA

The whole point of all this in the first place...

DONAL

(not listening)

Was a mistake. He needs to be put down.

Seeing their hesitation -

DONAL (CONT'D)

You remember what he did?

Fergal looks at Orla, frowning, but she doesn't look at him.

ORLA

You know I do.

Donal nods. Starting up the engine on the dinghy.

DONAL

Well get to it, then. Hide 'n fucken seek. The prick's got a headstart an' all...

He drives off. Music starts to play as Fergal and Orla walk towards the shed, opening it up. Inside are several quad bikes. Fergal clambers onto one, about to head off. Orla chucks him a HELMET with a knowing look. She puts on her own HELMET.

FERGAL

Really? I'll look stupid...

ORLA

You'll look more stupid drinking beef through a straw like your cousin Oisín.

He puts it on and she hands Fergal a WALKIE TALKIE, then a GUN, pulling out another for herself, as we -

HARD CUT TO:

Music continues playing over a montage of shots as FERGAL and ORLA drive across the island on quad bikes, searching for Elliot.

13

INT/EXT. RUNDOWN ESTATE. BRÍAN'S FLAT - DAY 2

13

We're back at the place we saw Niamh kill Brían at the end of Episode 1. We're looking up through the doorway at FRANK, who's looking down sadly at the body of BRÍAN. There's blood everywhere.

LIAM, one of Frank's men (that we saw in the opening) is behind him, looking down at the body. He looks up at something on the wall of the flat -

LIAM

Jesus. What does that say?

(CONTINUED)

We see the word 'COGADH' written in blood on the wall. Frank shakes his head sadly, a grim look on his face.

FRANK

It says peacetime's over, Liam.
That's what it says.

HARD CUT TO:

ELLIOT sprints across the landscape. Still desperately searching for something - a way out, a weapon, some signal... But there's nothing here.

We feel his desperation growing and growing, and his exhaustion plateauing, as he doubles over. Gasping for breath. He's got nothing left.

And then he hears it - The whir of the quad bikes.

They're getting closer and closer.

Fuck.

He starts running again. We start to build the music as the buzz from the engines of the quad bikes fills the air and he gets more and more panicked.

He turns, running through a line of trees, trying to get lost in the more forested area. He runs and runs, not looking back, just keeping his eyes fixed forwards, until -

ELLIOT stops running. Because he's gone as far as he can go, and he's now stood at the edge of a cliff. The only way is down and down would kill him instantly. He turns back.

The whirring is coming closer and closer. Right to the other line of trees. It's right there, getting closer, until he can see FERGAL appear - driving up on his bike... shit.

He ducks down, out of sight. *Did he see him???*

FERGAL stops the other side of the trees, looking around. We hear ORLA behind him then see her appear on her quad bike. They stop. The engines going dead. Then -

FERGAL

Nothing here.

Climbing off her bike -

(CONTINUED)

ORLA

We should check the coastline.

FERGAL

There's nothing but...

All it takes is a hard stare from Orla to silence him. They climb off their bikes. Start heading through the trees, just where Elliot ran, heading directly towards him.

FERGAL (CONT'D)

What was he talking about before?

"Remember what he did..."

ORLA

Nothing you need to concern yourself with.

FERGAL

But... did he mean it? About... y'know...

ORLA

Killing the fucker? You know the answer.

FERGAL

I've not killed anyone before.

Orla nods. Sensing the question behind what he said.

ORLA

At first. It gets to you. And then... then it doesn't.

FERGAL

Like a song? When you hear it for the first time and you can't get it out of your head. And then... then after a while it becomes just another song?

Orla laughs.

ORLA

Sure. Like a song.

He's so young, he really doesn't have a clue. But she doesn't say as much.

Tension as they step towards the edge of the tree-line. Right towards Elliot...

ORLA and FERGAL step out to the exact spot Elliot was hiding...

(CONTINUED)

But he's no longer there. He's disappeared. Fergal looks out at the view of the sea.

FERGAL

It's beautiful isn't it?

We cut to a WIDE.

ELLIOT is hanging on the cliff edge directly underneath them. He's found a ledge just underneath the precipice of the cliff edge.

He's hanging on by the tips of his fingers which are white from the pressure.

They stand there, in silence, looking out at the view.

Elliot's desperately trying to keep any noises of exertion to a minimum but it's not easy. It's agonising to watch, as Fergal speaks slowly above him -

FERGAL (CONT'D)

I had a dream last night where I was at a dinner party. All these famous people were there. John Legend was serving the wine. So - we're about to start eating - and I look down at my hands to pick up the knife and fork, and I have these... these sausages for fingers.

A pause. Then -

ORLA

What the fuck are you on about?

Back on Elliot - yes, indeed. *What the fuck is he on about.*

ORLA (CONT'D)

Come on. We should go.

On Elliot. Relief. As she turns to go, but then he hears -

FERGAL

I just wonder. What does that mean, you know? Like your teeth falling out or turning up naked at school, I get that, but... sausages for fingers? Should I be going vegan or somethin' because it's something that's occurred to me, like...

ORLA

We need to go. And split up, we'll cover the island faster.

(CONTINUED)

FERGAL
Okay, okay.

A pause. Finally. They both turn. The footsteps moving away at long last... Elliot lets out a long deep sigh. Then breathes in deeply, through his nose, like he's trying to centre himself and ignore the pain and Buddha his way out of this nightmare. And it's nearly over, they're almost gone...

Until he hears -

ORLA (O.S.)
Where are you going?

Then, the footsteps return.

FERGAL
Just can't get over this view.

On Elliot. FUCK FUCK FUCK. Fergal pats his belly.

FERGAL (CONT'D)
You don't think the sausages is
about... putting on weight, do you?
I mean...

ORLA
Fergal.

FERGAL
Right, right.

And finally he leaves with Orla.

Looking out at the view from the ground on the cliff-edge, we stay on the empty frame a while until we hear grunting, and then we see Elliot's hands finally appear, as he pulls himself up onto terra firma.

Once he's up he lies on the ground. Staring up at the sky. He clasps and unclasps his fists, trying to restore some semblance of feeling in his fingers.

We hear the sound of the quad bikes whirl up and they start to drive away again.

He gets up and he starts walking.

18 **EXT. ISLAND. VARIOUS - DAY 2** 18

It's later. ELLIOT's looking around as he walks through the island. He pulls out his PHONE, trying to get signal. A SUCCESSION OF SHOTS of him making his way through the different terrains.

(CONTINUED)

But then we stay on his expression for a moment as he walks through one of the landscapes. It shifts - he's seen something. We see on the phone that one bar of signal has appeared. A flood of excitement as he dials a number.

19 INT. SKETCHY PUB - DAY 2 19

HELEN is sitting waiting anxiously when her PHONE goes. She looks at it - and her eyes widen when she sees who it is.

HELEN
(answering)
Elliot! Oh my GOD where are you,
are you okay!?

20 EXT. ISLAND - DAY 2 20

ELLIOT on the phone to Helen.

ELLIOT
HELEN! Fuck... Helen... I can't
believe it's you...

But there's only silence in reply. The connection is terrible. Desperate -

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Helen, can you hear me?

21 INT. SKETCHY PUB - DAY 2 21

Back with HELEN, phone to her ear, straining to hear. It's really crackly and she can only make out the odd word.

HELEN
Elliot? Hello? Can you hear me?
Where are you?

ELLIOT (V.O.)
Ireland... Ireland...

HELEN
I know we're in Ireland. But where
in Ireland?
(beat)
Elliot?

A long pause. Then, through the crackles -

ELLIOT (V.O.)
Ireland...

HELEN
Stop saying Ireland!

22 EXT. ISLAND - DAY 2

22

Back with ELLIOT -

ELLIOT
No, no, it's an island off Ireland.
I'm on AN island... Helen?
(frustrated; desperate -)
If you can hear me, be careful.
Please. Anyone you talk to, just
don't...

But the line's been disconnected. He checks the signal - gone. As he moves along, trying to rediscover where he might have reception, he hears the sound of a quad bike. Louder and louder. He breaks into a run, seeing the crest of a hill up ahead. We follow him as he makes his way towards it, hoping beyond hope that there'll be some lifeline.

He reaches the top and there's a wave of relief. He's seen something -

POV - a decaying old building. An ABANDONED HOUSE.

23 EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY 2

23

ELLIOT runs towards the abandoned house, the sound of the quad bike getting closer and closer. He rushes towards the front door. It's shut. Fuck. He sees an open window right by it.

24 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 2

24

ELLIOT climbs through the window and quickly ducks behind a wall. The sound of the quad bike really close now.

25 EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY 2

25

We're with ORLA as she passes the abandoned house. She looks over at the window Elliot's just gone through - but sees nothing. She carries on a few beats, like she's going to head inside, but then sees the other quad bike, parked round the back of the house.

Realising Fergal's already there, she drives on.

26 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 2

26

Back in the house, ELLIOT is making is way through this house, which is bizarre and somewhat haunting. On the table is a slice of bread half eaten. Like someone just vanished mid-way through eating it. A newspaper open in front of it from 1964. He wanders out into the hallway -

27 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY 2

27

As he goes, ELLIOT passes a door under the stairs. The door leads to a coal cellar. The door's slightly ajar and something's sticking out the bottom of it. It looks like a gun. Curious, he opens it - recoiling when he sees what's inside -

POV - a SKELETON sat against the wall at the top of the stairs, with an OLD 1950S GUN on the floor beside it. Elliot's staring at this in disbelief when he's snapped suddenly out of his reverie by the sound of a toilet flushing in the room up ahead.

Fuck. Before he has time to react -

The door opens and FERGAL emerges, wearing HEADPHONES plugged into his PHONE and watching the screen. Not noticing Elliot is standing right there.

In between them, on a side table, is FERGAL'S GUN. Next to it, a WALKIE TALKIE.

There's a beat as Elliot looks at the gun, but then, as he looks back up, sees Fergal is now looking at him. About to do up his flies.

Both men CHARGE towards the gun, both getting there the same time. Elliot GRABS Fergal and throws him back into the kitchen, onto the floor.

28 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 2

28

ELLIOT goes into the kitchen, following FERGAL, who's getting up. He grabs a PLATE, throwing it at Elliot (not even looking) and missing spectacularly.

ELLIOT
What the fuck was that?

FERGAL
AAAAARGH!

Fergal charges at Elliot, waving his fists as he goes, but Elliot grabs the top of his head, keeping him at bay as he tries to throw punches at him. His arms aren't long enough and he's just missing. It makes the fumbling Bridget Jones fight look like a Jackie Chan film.

But then he BATS Elliot's hand away and CHARGES at him, pushing him against a wall. Elliot pushes him away, but Fergal keeps going for him, trying anything he can to get the upper hand.

He grabs Elliot's beard, pulling on it with both hands.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT
Ow! What the fuck do you think
you're doing!? Hey now...

And he SLAPS Fergal. Hard. Fergal can't believe it.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Stop it!

They tussle some more and Elliot SLAPS HIM. Again. And again.

FERGAL
Ow Jesus. Why do you keep slapping
me?

ELLIOT
I don't want to hurt you, you're
just a kid...

Then Fergal goes for his beard again. Wincing in surprise and
pain -

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Ow! Stop pulling my fucking beard!
What's the matter with you?

He pushes Fergal off, who then grabs a nearby TOASTER and
hurls it at Elliot, who ducks out of the way, then grabs
Fergal again, picking him up by his collar and HURLING HIM
back out of the room...

29 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY 2 29

ELLIOT follows FERGAL back into the hallway. Fergal's lying
on the floor and he's picked up the 1950S GUN lying nearby.
He's pointing it at Elliot. There's a beat as the two men
look at each other. Fergal points the gun at him --

Click.

It's empty, or not working. Shit. He was going to kill him.
Elliot grabs FERGAL'S GUN from the side and keeps him held
down by kneeling on his chest. He sticks the gun in Fergal's
mouth.

ELLIOT
Okay now I'm willing to hurt you.
(beat)
How do I get off this island?

FERGAL
(unable to talk)
Fna fnaant hawk ick le guh en la
laath.

ELLIOT
What's that?

(CONTINUED)

He pulls out the gun.

FERGAL
I said I can't talk with a gun in
my mouth...

Just before Elliot's about to reply we hear the crackle of a
radio -

ORLA (V.O.)
Fergal - you seen anything yet?

They both look over and see the WALKIE TALKIE on the side. A
beat. Then Elliot gets Fergal to his feet. Gun trained on him
the whole while -

ELLIOT
Go on then.

He nods at the walkie talkie.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Say a word and I'll kill you.

Fergal looks at Elliot. He really fucking means it. He nods.

FERGAL
I won't say nothing.

ELLIOT
Anything.

FERGAL
What?

ELLIOT
Won't say anything. Won't say
nothing's a double negative.

FERGAL
Oh.
(beat; then)
So what's a double negative, then?

ELLIOT
Just answer would you?!

FERGAL
Right.

He goes over to the walkie talkie and picks it up. Looking at
Elliot the whole while -

FERGAL (CONT'D)
Hey. Nothing to report.

ORLA (V.O.)
Where you been?

(CONTINUED)

FERGAL

I was just on the toilet.

ORLA (V.O.)

Again? You need to sort out your diet, Fergal. All those beans will be the end of you.

A crackle and she's out. The two men look at each other. Elliot's gun trained on him, with his hands in the air.

FERGAL

Can I at least do up my flies? Can you give a man that?

A beat. Then Elliot nods. Looks down to check he's not fucking with him, but just as he does, Fergal CHARGES past him, opening the nearby door and running inside - but he trips as soon as he opens it and falls down the stairs. It's the door to the coal cellar. He howls in agony.

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

AAAAARGH!!! I think I've broken my leg!

Elliot looks down into the darkness. He can just about make out a leg, shaking at the bottom of the stairs on the floor. Fergal's clearly in a lot of pain and is no longer a threat.

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

I can't bleedin' walk.

ELLIOT

My heart's breaking. Now how do I get off this island?

FERGAL (O.S.)

You help me and I'll show you.

He groans, then realises something -

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

There's a rowboat! About a half hour from here. I'll take you to it...

(beat)

Please, please, I...

ELLIOT

You think I'm going to trust you? You'll try and probably fail to kill me the first chance you get.

FERGAL (O.S.)

Please please please... I need to get to a hospital...

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT

And I need a fucking deep tissue
massage and a hot dog. World's a
cruel place.

He starts closing the door -

FERGAL (O.S.)

You can't leave me here...

It slams shut, Elliot takes the gun and the walkie talkie and
starts to walk away, when he hears a small and truly
terrified voice -

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

...you can't...

(beat)

I'm afraid of the dark.

It's these words that somehow resonate with him and make him
stop and turn and look at the door.

ELLIOT

(mutters to self)

Ah shit.

30 **EXT. PLANE - DAY 2** 30

A wide-body plane cuts through the skies.

31 **INT. PLANE - DAY 2** 31

We're looking at ETHAN sat at his seat, airline meal in front
of him on a tray. We're looking at him through an IPHONE
(when we cut away we see the TRIPOD in front of him). He's
holding up a BREAD ROLL and looking intense.

ETHAN

The humble bread roll. That's how
this journey's culinary journey
begins. Served with this - a
rectangle of delight, churned from
the udders of a bovine.

He holds up one small rectangular thing of butter.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

The first thing I notice is that
this bread feels cold... like it's
been in a fridge. Maybe it's been
in a fridge - that would explain
the coldness... Hmmm....

(he thinks for a moment;
then)

Right.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Now the plan is to make a small incision in the left-hand rib of the bread bun, and then gently--

Suddenly the plane rocks in turbulence. It's a fairly big drop - and Ethan's so surprised he throws the bread roll in the air and it lands on the lap of his next-door seatmate - LENA.

She opens her eyes and looks down at the bread roll. Ethan turns off the camera and smiles at her apologetically.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, let me just... Grab my roll there.

He reaches over to take the roll, hesitant as it's right by her crotch - he freezes, hand outstretched for a good five seconds, and then, as he decides to go for it, the plane rocks in turbulence again and instead he grabs Lena's hand. The SEATBELT SIGNS ping on.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Oh hot potatoes and gravy we're going down!

Lena looks down at the hand gripping hers. Sighing, she uses her other hand to remove her headphones.

LENA

It is only turbulence.

ETHAN

That's how it starts though, isn't it? "It's just a rash" they say, and then six months later you're in a tropical disease ward covered in pustules wondering if your only legacy to the world will be that EDM song you recorded in college.

The plane rocks again. We hear over the speakers -

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (V.O.)

You'll see the captain has now switched on the seatbelt signs, please ensure your seatbelts are fastened and secure.

ETHAN

Can I talk to you? I find it helps to talk.

Lena looks drily at the phone on the tripod.

LENA

I noticed.

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN

So my name's Ethan. Ethan Krum.

He looks at Lena expectantly. With a sigh -

LENA

Lena.

ETHAN

Good to meet you, Lena. Now strap yourself in because - well, the turbulence - but also I have a tale to tell. I'm going to Ireland for a very special someone. The love of my life. My soulmate. My shortbread. A female woman who goes by the name of Helen.

32 INT. SKETCHY PUB - DAY 2 32

HELEN sits in the pub, dialling and re-dialling Elliot's number hoping to get through, but to no avail. She's overwhelmed and wound up -

HELEN

Come on come on....

As she's trying again the door opens - it's RUAIRI.

HELEN (CONT'D)

He called. Elliot, he called but the signal was terrible. He kept saying he was in Ireland...

RUAIRI

So he's still in Ireland then!
That's good, right?

HELEN

Maybe we could trace it?

RUAIRI

How long'd it last?

HELEN

I don't know, a minute, maybe less...

(realising)

Not enough to get anything. Other than that he sounded scared.

RUAIRI

Look - he called - so he's okay.
That's something.

(beat)

C'mon, shall we... look at this here murder, eh?

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Right.

And she follows him outside.

33 **EXT. ROAD / RUNDOWN ESTATE. BRÍAN'S FLAT - DAY 2** 33

RUAIRI walks with HELEN from the pub to the house.

RUAIRI

What were you doing in this part of town anyway?

HELEN

I got a weird feeling about Elliot's mum yesterday, so I followed her. This has to be connected right, to him going missing...

She stops and looks around, puzzled.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Are you on your own?

RUAIRI

Fraid so. Just little old me.

HELEN

I saw someone die, Ruairi, what about forensics and securing the scene and...

The words die in her throat as she turns the corner and sees something - or rather, doesn't.

HELEN (CONT'D)

What the... Christmas...?

And now we see what she's seeing, which is that the dead body is now gone. As has the word written in blood.

HELEN (CONT'D)

He was here. The body was, it was just here, and there was a word written on the wall...

Just as she says this, FRANK emerges from a room in the house. Looks at them both.

RUAIRI

Frank McDonnell is it?

FRANK

It is.

(CONTINUED)

RUAIRI
You wouldn't happen to have seen
any dead bodes would you now,
Frank?

FRANK

I think I'd have noticed something like that, Sergeant...

RUAIRI

Detective Sergeant. Ruairi Slater. We've met... a few times, actually, but that's okay...

FRANK

Sorry. Never been good with names. I can tell you when the Battle of Aughrim was, but ask me what my barber's called and I go blank.

HELEN

I saw it right here.

She cranes her neck, seeing a BUCKET AND MOP propped up in the hallway -

HELEN (CONT'D)

This man's destroying a crime scene, we need to -

FRANK

You want to take a look around, Detective? Be my guest.

He opens the door to the house and Ruairi nods politely and walks inside. Helen's about to follow, but Frank steps in front of her. It's subtle and he's all smiles, but it's creepy as fuck.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I didn't see your badge there.

HELEN

I'm not... with the police...

FRANK

The Garda. We call them round these parts. And I can see that. So what are you? Well-meaning busybody is it? Sticking your beak in where it's not wanted?

He's getting ever so slightly closer to her, still speaking in his calm, lilting voice, but Helen feels intimidated - as he wants her to be.

HELEN

I'm not scared of you.

FRANK

Then you don't know who you're fucking talking to, Miss.

(CONTINUED)

Before Helen can say anything, Ruairi is stepping back from inside the house. Cheerfully -

RUAIRI
We'll get out of your hair now, Mr McDonnell.

Helen looks at Ruairi in shock.

HELEN
Have you gone troppo, I'm telling you what I saw, this man just...

Ruairi shoots her a look -

RUAIRI
We'll be going now.

And he starts to walk away. Helen takes another look at Frank, at the scene where not so long ago she saw Niamh kill someone. And Frank meets her eye, unwavering. Then - confused, angry, frustrated - she follows after Ruairi.

HELEN
What the heck was that?

RUAIRI
Just get in the car.

34 **EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY 2**

34

We're back outside the abandoned house on the island.

35 **INT. ABANDONED HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 2**

35

FERGAL now sits at a chair in the kitchen. ELLIOT sits nearby with FERGAL'S GUN and the WALKIE TALKIE close by.

Throughout the scene, Elliot is trying to make a splint for Fergal's leg from the various detritus left around the house. He's constructing the thing as they talk, and it's not quite clear what it is until the end of the scene.

ELLIOT
I mean what kind of a house has actual skeletons in the closet?

FERGAL
I think that there's a coal cellar?

ELLIOT
I don't care about what kind of room it is, it's a fucking skeleton.

(CONTINUED)

He looks at Elliot and shakes his head, remembering something.

FERGAL

You really don't know anything?
Like, remember, I mean?

ELLIOT

I really don't.
(beat)
So where the hell are we? What is
this place?

FERGAL

My family have used this as a
smuggling spot since forever. Then
maybe 60 years ago there was a big
old set-to. Proper Western shootout
- the Cassidys came for us and...

(beat)

Well. When it was done, Frank's
uncle said he wanted the bodies to
rest where they lay. As a reminder.

ELLIOT

Who are the Cassidys?

FERGAL

(laughs)

Who are they? They're your family.

Elliot looks up at him, taken by surprise and confused -

ELLIOT

I'm... I'm a Cassidy?

FERGAL

Right down to your bastard bones.

RUAIRI (PRE-LAP)

Why'd you think your man goes by
Elliot Stanley then? Shouldn't he
be Elliot Cassidy...

36

INT. RUAIRI'S CAR - DAY 2

36

RUAIRI is driving. HELEN beside him.

HELEN
(incredulous)
That's what you want to talk about?
I'm more interested in why the
flippers we're driving away from
the person who took him.

RUAIRI
Why would you--

HELEN
Frank McDonnell owns Kilgal
Whiskey, right? Same bottles we
found at the scene. Niamh took one
look at that photo and went white.
That's why I followed her here.

Ruairi looks surprised.

RUAIRI
You're a smart one. Elliot's a
lucky so-and-so landing a unicorn
like yourself...

HELEN
I can google, Ruairi. Why are you
so scared of Frank McDonnell?

RUAIRI
You ever heard of the Hatfields and
McCoys? Montagues and Capulets,
Mitchells and the Beales...

HELEN
Yes. Except the last one.

RUAIRI
Don't get Eastenders over there, do
you not? You're missing out, it's
set in the east end of London, see,
and...

HELEN
(cutting in)
Ruairi.

RUAIRI
Right. Well, that's the McDonnells
and the Cassidys for you. Far back
as anyone can remember, both
families been stepping on each
other's toes. Then stamping on each
other's heads.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

All while they go about their day-jobs buying and selling drugs. Things have actually been quiet between them the past few years, so I don't know why it's all of a sudden got...

HELEN

Wait... Elliot's Mum is... you're telling me she's part of this?

RUAIRI

She's not just part of it. She runs it. The Cassidy side, anyways.

Helen shakes her head trying to process all this.

HELEN

You knew who she was when she came in and you didn't say anything.

(glaring at him)

Are you on the take?

RUAIRI

No! Christ, no. You don't believe me, you should see my house!

He swallows hard, seeing this isn't a time to joke.

(CONTINUED)

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

Really - I'm not. But it's complicated round here, okay? Doesn't matter how many times you arrest them, no-one in either family's ever been convicted of so much as a parking ticket. They wade through mud but their boots sure are shiny.

HELEN

Even if you're not, someone's taking bribes. Your boss maybe? Maybe that's why Niamh was so desperate to talk to him when she came in.

RUAIRI

All I know is - any investigation we open concerning those families gets closed quicker than a restaurant with a kitchen full of badgers.

(beat)

Very quickly, like.

They fall silent as Helen takes this all in.

HELEN

This is a lot.

RUAIRI

I know.

(beat)

But you need to be very careful. If you go round asking too many questions. These people. Both families. They're not messing around.

But she's not really listening, her mind's turning, as she asks -

HELEN

What do the McDonnells want with Elliot?

(CONTINUED)

RUAIRI
I couldn't tell you that. Not
because I don't want to. Just
because, well... I don't know.

FERGAL (PRE-LAP)
They reckon you're lying, you know?

37 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 2 37

We're back with ELLIOT and FERGAL.

FERGAL
Like this whole amnesia thing's
something you've got up your sleeve
there.

ELLIOT
There's nothing up my sleeve.

FERGAL
That's the kind of thing he said
you'd say.

ELLIOT
There's not.

FERGAL
And that.

ELLIOT
Well you can believe it or not, but
it's the truth. I don't remember
anything. So why don't you
enlighten me? Why do you and the
other geniuses want me dead?

FERGAL
You weren't supposed to be dead,
you were supposed to be helping us
get to...

He stops himself. Realising.

FERGAL (CONT'D)
No, no. I'm not saying anymore. I'm
too smart.

ELLIOT
(dry)
Right.

FERGAL
Don't say it like that! Like I'm
not smart!

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT

(flatly)

No, you're obviously too smart for it. I'm very sorry.

FERGAL

I don't feel like you mean that.

A silence.

FERGAL (CONT'D)

Tell you what - I couldn't get some water there, could I?

He nods to the sink behind Elliot. Who turns to grab a GLASS...

...and as he does, Fergal lunges forward, reaching for FERGAL'S GUN. Which Elliot calmly slides towards him with his other hand without blinking.

FERGAL (CONT'D)

Aaaargh!

Clearly hurting himself by moving his leg.

ELLIOT

Fuck's sake you're making this really hard on yourself here.

FERGAL

I was just... stretching.

ELLIOT

For my gun.

FERGAL

No! Like... my triceps and stuff...

Elliot sits back down and hands him the water.

ELLIOT

Are you gonna help me find this boat or what?

FERGAL

I said I would, didn't I? And I meant it. I'm a man of my word.

(shaking his head)

If my family found that I was helping a Cassidy... Christ. You're the enemy, you are.

Elliot looks at him. Deadly serious. Desperate, but trying to hide it -

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT

What did I do that made me the
enemy?

Fergal takes a deep breath. He's saying nothing.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Tell me something. I need to
know...
(beat)
Do I even have family here?

Fergal just looks at him. Nope. Not giving him anything.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
It was you lot that sent me that
note, right? 'Tommy'? There was a
photo of me when I was younger,
so... so you must know something
about me.
(beat)
I'm a Cassidy, right? Is my name
even Elliot?

But Fergal stays still. Not saying anything. Then -

FERGAL
She'll find us. Orla will. Any time
now. And she's meaner than Donal
when it comes to it.

On Elliot, realising he might be right and they need to keep
moving -

ELLIOT
C'mon, let's go.

Lifts the now finished SPLINT up and puts Fergal's leg on it.
Starts taping it up as Fergal winces in pain -

FERGAL
Aaaarrgh.

ELLIOT
Get used to it. Not going to be
easy walking - big guy like you -
with all that extra weight you're
carrying.

He nods at his stomach. Winding him up and remembering a
potential Achilles heel. Fergal is instantly defensive.

FERGAL
What do you mean extra weight?

ELLIOT
Come on...

He limps out of the room with Elliot's help.

38 **EXT. KILGAL DISTILLERY - DAY 2**

38

We're outside an old industrial building by the water's edge. We see a LOGO outside just like the one we saw on the whiskey bottle in Episode 1. FRANK steps out of a CHAUFFEUR-driven car and walks towards the distillery quickly. The heavy doors are shut and there's a CLOSED SIGN on the front.

Frank takes out a KEY and opens up the door.

39 INT. KILGAL DISTILLERY - DAY 2

39

FRANK walks inside the building. There's a large entrance hall which has a gift shop in one corner, and on the other side there's a small museum, with a SIGN above it that reads LOCAL HISTORY. It's somewhat basic and was clearly built in the 80s.

As Frank walks through this section he passes signs, exhibits, and even full-size replicas of people. He doesn't break stride as he keeps walking. We hear -

DONAL (O.S.)

Fucksake!

Frank steps into an empty area where DONAL is sitting up on a chair. A skinny Asian man, ASIM, stands next to him, looking despairing.

ASIM

Can you talk some sense into him...

DONAL

It hurts!

FRANK

Then go to the hospital and see a proper doctor... no offence...

ASIM

Sticks and stones, Frank...

DONAL

Nah, nah, no hospitals, I don't like the looks from those judgmental fucks.

FRANK

What did you expect, knocking that surgeon's teeth out?

DONAL

It was an accident!

FRANK

My arse. You and your temper need to take a long walk. Now stay still and let Asim sort your face. You look like you're fixin' for Halloween.

Donal leans back as Asim continues looking at the wound.

FRANK (CONT'D)

So listen - I just came from your cousin Brían's place.

(CONTINUED)

DONAL

What's he got to say for himself?

FRANK

Not a lot, Donal, on account of the butcher's knife sticking out his eyeball.

DONAL

You're jokin'?

FRANK

You tell me, boy, am I known for my sense of humour?

DONAL

Jesus.

FRANK

Yeah. Niamh Cassidy did it herself. Walked in, bold as brass. Wrote the word 'Cogadh' in your cousin's blood on the wall. You keep up on your Gaeilge?

DONAL

Uh...

FRANK

No. Course you don't. It means war, Donal. And what the fuck else did you expect taking Niamh Cassidy's son? Four good years we've managed, minding our own business, and now this. It's going to be fucking hell to pay, both sides...

DONAL

We did it for you!

FRANK

Bollocks, something happened between the two of you before he skipped town. And whatever it was, you've never let it lie.

DONAL

No, really, it was for you, it's... it was for your birthday, okay? OW!

He winces at something Asim's doing. Asim doesn't seem remotely bothered or sincere as he says -

ASIM

Sorry...

(CONTINUED)

DONAL

We saw an opportunity, getting him back over here. Thought we'd use the bastard to squeeze Mama Cassidy. And maybe she could finally give back what she took from you.

Frank looks at Donal. Genuinely surprised.

FRANK

Is that so?

DONAL

Yes! I tried to tell you on the phone but... FOR THE LOVE OF GOD STOP DOING THAT!

ASIM

I don't put this cream on, it's going to get infected. And that'll hurt a lot more.

Donal sighs and grits his teeth to allow Asim to keep working on him.

FRANK

You really did it for me?

DONAL

We did, yeah. Birthday present.

On Donal - we're not quite sure if this is the whole truth...

DONAL (CONT'D)

That bitch Niamh stole what was yours. I thought she'd listen if we had her son. I didn't... I never meant to start another war...

Frank puts a hand on Donal's shoulder.

FRANK

It's okay.

He looks at the HISTORY DISPLAY around them.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

39

FRANK (CONT'D)

I know you laugh at me. For building all this. People think history's just a bunch of dates and names to cram into your head. That it's just... what happened. But it's more than that. It's everywhere.

DONAL

We never laughed at you...

FRANK

Good, cause what people seem to forget is that history has a real habit of repeating itself.

He gets slowly to his feet.

40

OMITTED- CONTENT MOVED TO SCENE 53AA

40

41 **EXT. ISLAND. FOREST - DAY 2**

41

Back with ELLIOT, who is walking along with FERGAL. Slowly. Limping over the rough terrain and the occasional 'ow' from Fergal, who's not wearing his injury well. They stop when they hear the buzzing of a quad bike. Elliot leans up against a tree with Fergal and they stay quiet. Wait for it to pass, which, it eventually does. As they walk/limp, Elliot looks around, paranoid. Aware that they're on borrowed time and Orla could be anywhere -

ELLIOT

Let's speed it up a bit yeah? I need to get the hell off this island, preferably in one piece...

FERGAL

I'm trying.

ELLIOT

Try harder.

They move on, Fergal trying to speed up.

FERGAL

This won't end well for you.

ELLIOT

Well, right now it's just me against an idiot with a sprained ankle, so I'll take my chances.

FERGAL

It's broke!

(beat)

And that's very rude. Calling me an idiot.

Fergal winces sharply.

FERGAL (CONT'D)

Aaargh. Listen, I need to sit down, honestly. Just for a hot minute. This is killing me...

ELLIOT

We don't have time. We have to go. I need to get back to my girlfriend. She must be going out of her mind...

(CONTINUED)

FERGAL

If I don't sit down, I'm going to
pass out.

And without waiting for an answer, he sits. Elliot sighs,
frustrated.

ELLIOT

Fine. For a minute. That's all.

As they both catch their breath -

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

How far's this rowboat?

FERGAL

Not far, not far...

Fergal bends over, catching his breath - then with his left
hand tries to discretely pick up a nearby ROCK from the
forest floor...

ELLIOT

Honestly if you're thinking about
trying to hit me with that thing,
think again. For fuck's sake, I
thought you were a man of your
word...

FERGAL

I am, I am...

He whacks Fergal's leg with a STICK. He drops the rock.

FERGAL (CONT'D)

OW!!! JESUS!!! WHAT WAS THAT FOR?

ELLIOT

You're doing it to yourself.

FERGAL

I was just going to... look at it.
I like rocks.

ELLIOT

Oh really? What was it about this
particular rock that drew your eye?

Fergal looks at it. It's a deeply unimpressive rock.

FERGAL

Very smooth you see.

ELLIOT

Ah. Smooth.

(CONTINUED)

FERGAL

Yeah. Apart from that bit, which is...

ELLIOT

Flat?

FERGAL

Yeah. Flat.

(beat)

Amazing things rocks, aren't they?

Elliot looks at him, bemused. Semi-impressed at his commitment to the lie. But also semi-worried he might be so stupid he's actually being sincere. Elliot throws the rock into the bushes.

ELLIOT

You forgotten I still have your gun?

FERGAL

(quietly)

I was just lookin' at the rock.

Silence. Elliot looks at him.

ELLIOT

Leg okay?

FERGAL

No. It's broken.

ELLIOT

Right.

FERGAL

Thanks for asking, though.

They both look into the middle distance for a moment, lost in their own thoughts.

ELLIOT

Sorry I called you an idiot.

FERGAL

That's okay. I am. Frank always says I am anyway.

ELLIOT

Who's Frank?

FERGAL

The big man.

(beat)

He's the reason for all of this. Taking you... it was all for him.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT

Why?

FERGAL

Honestly... I dunno. They don't tell me anything important.

ELLIOT

So you can't tell me what I'm doing here? Or what 'Tamar' means?

Off Fergal's frown -

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Whatever it is, that's why your brother seems to hate me. He was going on about it in the cave...

FERGAL

My brother.

He shakes his head. (In the moment, we should read this as him distancing himself from Donal - in retrospect, we realise what it really meant.)

FERGAL (CONT'D)

You know, I'd much rather be lying on the sofa with a nice, ice cold beer and edging one out over Salma Hayek than be here. This whole feud thing bores the living shite out of me, truth be told.

ELLIOT

Well. Take me to this boat and that very... specific dream of yours could become a reality. C'mon. Before your sister finds us.

And, with that, Elliot gets up, lifting Fergal's arm over his shoulder.

FERGAL

OWWW! Farts!

And they limp on...

41A **EXT. GARDA STATION - DAY 2** 41A

RUAIRI pulls up outside the station. HELEN frowns.

HELEN

You said we were going to Niamh Cassidy's house.

(CONTINUED)

RUAIRI

No, you said we should go there. I very deliberately didn't say anything...

HELEN

I thought that was you agreeing...

RUAIRI

That was me being polite, I'm not big on saying 'no' see, I'm a people-pleaser...

HELEN

Elliot's in trouble, we have to do something.

RUAIRI

I am! I'm going to go through that rucksack of his, log his possessions like...

HELEN

And how is that going to help?

RUAIRI

It's... procedure.

HELEN

We both know there's not going to be anything useful inside his flipping bag. If his Mum's who you say she is, she'll know more. She could help...

RUAIRI

You've had a heck of a time of things. Go back to your hotel. Get some rest. Not that you need it, you always look, you know... very fresh.

(beat)

Anything happens, I'll be in touch.

He leaves. Then hesitates. Opens the door.

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

You're sort of in my car...

HELEN

Fine!

She gets out, frustrated, and starts to walk away. Ruairi sighs and goes into the station house.

41B INT. GARDA STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 2

41B

Later.

RUAIRI is looking through ELLIOT'S RUCKSACK, the one he dropped in the café toilets in Episode 1. He's halfway through unpacking it when HELEN enters. He sighs again.

RUAIRI

And you're back I see. You're actually not supposed to be here when I'm--

HELEN

I can't just sit around in a hotel room doing nothing. He needs me.

She's pacing, wound up, frustrated.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Why the heck did I say we should come here?

Ruairi looks at her, wanting to console her as he pulls items out the rucksack - dirty clothes, well-thumbed books...

RUAIRI

My Mam used to say everything happens for a reason.

(beat)

When she got scabies from the DPD guy she stopped saying it but... it's true. Life, there's... a path, see? And the wrong turns, the blind alleys, they're all part of the journey.

(beat)

Maybe coming here was what you needed. And you just don't know it yet. Someone told me once - 'the adventures you haven't been on are the journeys you...' wait, no... what was it?

Helen looks at Ruairi.

HELEN

What are you on about?

RUAIRI

(confused)

I'm not entirely sure. I suppose I just mean... you must've thought coming here was worth the risk. So whatever reason you had... that hasn't changed, y'know? Just cause things went bad, like. You can't change the past.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

That's kind of the problem.

She sits down with a sigh. Off Ruairi's look -

HELEN (CONT'D)

He has no memory of who he is. The rest of us, we learn from the things we do, the mistakes we make. How's he supposed to... move on if he doesn't know where he's coming from?

RUAIRI

You want to know who he is? He's a Cassidy. And those Cassidys are... unpredictable to say the least. While you on the other hand... well, you seem... far too nice for all this.

HELEN

Don't patronise me.

RUAIRI

I don't mean to. You're just... a sweet-hearted, beautiful woman with a smile that I want to just put in my pocket. And... you deserve someone who's going to treat yourself right.

He's stares at her - dewy-eyed. Helen frowns at him, taken aback.

HELEN

I might be way off base here but it sort of feels like... you're hitting on me?

He's embarrassed - because he kind of was. Puts his head down and keeps taking things out of the bag.

RUAIRI

No! God, Jesus and the little ones, no no. Of course not! Hitting on you!? It'd be completely unprofessional and would be a violation of... Oh...

And stops talking when he pulls out a SMALL JEWELLERY BOX.

HELEN

Can I... see that?

She opens it up -

(CONTINUED)

To reveal an ENGAGEMENT RING. Which she looks at in utter shock.

RUAIRI
I, uh... I take it you didn't know
about this...

She stands abruptly and puts the ring down. Not sure how to feel about this and, instead of dwelling on it, wanting to just do something.

HELEN
I have to go.

As she heads out the door -

RUAIRI
Where? Cause these people they're
dangerous, Helen, you need to--

But she's gone.

RUAIRI (CONT'D)
Be careful.

He sighs, exasperated. Then gets back to his work.

ETHAN (PRE-LAP)
You know, Lena, I appreciate your
time...

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43	OMITTED - SOME CONTENT MOVED TO SCENE 48A	43
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(CONTINUED)

44 INT. PLANE - DAY 2

44

ETHAN sits beside LENA, still clasping her hand. The plane is rocking in turbulence, though not spectacularly - and certainly not enough to justify Ethan's level of sweaty wide-eyed terror.

ETHAN

...listening to me ramble on about the love of my life like that, it's really helped me feel so much calmer-- WHAT THE ACTUAL BANANAS IS HAPPENING?

The plane has rocked again, prompting his latest outburst. He's the only one reacting like this, everyone else is either sleeping or reading or generally ignoring it. Including Lena.

LENA

You are hurting my hand.

Ethan looks down to see he's still gripping Lena's hand. He lets it go suddenly.

ETHAN

Oh cripes. I didn't even get your consent to hold it, did I? This is exactly the kind of toxic behaviour Julian talked about in the webinar, because it's a slippery slope, Lena, one day it's your hand, the next it's one of your buttocks and then it's...

(realising)

Why am I talking about your buttocks? Okay. Tell me about you. Why are you going to Ireland? Business or pleasure?

LENA

Both.

ETHAN

Both! Right, right, tell me more...

LENA

I sent a message. Many months ago. It went ignored. And then... an answer. So now there is a man in Ireland. And I intend to surprise him there.

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN

Ah, Lena got a fella! Good on you,
doll - sorry, excuse my
misogynistic vernacular - but good
on you, madam. So how are you going
to surprise this mystery fella of
yours?

LENA

I am going to make him pay for
everything he has done.

Ethan looks at her in horror.

ETHAN

Oh.

Bing. The SEATBELT SIGNS click off - the turbulence is over.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I, uh... I should get some pics of
the toilets. For the trip blog. I'm
going to just... yeah...

And he makes a hasty exit past her to the aisle, and up to
the aircraft toilets.

44A

EXT. ISLAND - DAY 2

44A

ORLA drives along on her quad-bike, keeping her eyes peeled.

45

EXT. ISLAND. FOREST - DAY 2

45

ELLIOT is helping FERGAL limp along through a forested area.
It's slow going and Elliot's still paranoid, looking around
as they go. They look exhausted, both of them.

ELLIOT

How far?

FERGAL

Ten minutes. I think. Maybe thirty.
Or forty.

(beat)

Could be forty-five...

ELLIOT

(impatient)

Tell me you know where you're
going.

FERGAL

Forwards!

(unsure)

Yes. Forwards...

(confused)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FERGAL (CONT'D)

Obviously plants grow and then things look different, and... Jesus, it's not like I come here a whole heap, you can't just get an Uber over here, y'know...

Seeing something, excitedly -

FERGAL (CONT'D)

Yes, yes! I know that bit of water there, we're on the right track...

Elliot follows his gaze.

ELLIOT

Fuck, I'm so thirsty.

He leans Fergal up against a tree, then goes over to the pond/stream and cups some in his hands. He's about to drink when -

FERGAL

STOP!

Elliot stops.

FERGAL (CONT'D)

I wouldn't drink that if I were you.

Off his look -

FERGAL (CONT'D)

My fourth cousin died on a family holiday out here. That plant there, the leaves fall in the water and poison you up good and proper.

Elliot wipes his hands, looking at Fergal. Realising he might have just saved his life. And that things between them may have changed. Before he can ask the question as to why he saved him -

FERGAL (CONT'D)

We had a deal. Like I said - man of my word.

Elliot nods. Then he sighs, lost in thought. Looks at Fergal.

ELLIOT

Whatever it is I did to your family. I'm sure it's awful. Because I've done... terrible things. Things that I...

(beat; with real difficulty)

I still don't know if I can live with.

(CONTINUED)

Fergal doesn't say anything, just lets him talk -

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

I tried. Once. Putting an end to it
all. And my girlfriend. She...
pulled me out of it.

(beat)

It was selfish. Just another way
out.

(beat)

I'm ready to answer for the things
I've done. Whatever they are. But I
want to look them in the eye. Even
if they fucking blind me.

FERGAL

Not being funny but if you are
lying - you're doing a bang-up job
of it.

Elliot smiles, emotional.

FERGAL (CONT'D)

You need to speak to Niamh Cassidy.

(beat)

Your ma.

On Elliot - what the fuck?

ELLIOT

My mother? You... you know my
mother?

FERGAL

Know of her, yeah. She lives in a
village called Clogal. Not far from
where we grabbed you up from.

ELLIOT

Fuck.

(beat)

Fuck.

FERGAL

Yeah.

ELLIOT

So, what, she's... involved in all
this? The whole Cassidy McDonnell
feud shit?

FERGAL

You get out of this, you can ask
her that yourself. Have yourself a
nice family reunion and all.

ELLIOT

Yeah. I think I might do that.

(CONTINUED)

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45 CONTINUED: (3) 45

Elliot nods. Grateful. Finally there's some trust between these two.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Forty-five minutes you say?

Fergal thinks for a moment. Then winces -

FERGAL
Might be more like fifty. On account of my broke ankle.

ELLIOT
It's not...
(beat)
Okay. Fifty.

46 **OMITTED** - SOME CONTENT MOVED TO SCENE 41A 46

47 **OMITTED** 47

(CONTINUED)

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	CONTINUED:	47

48	OMITTED - SOME CONTENT MOVED TO SCENE 41B	48
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(CONTINUED)

48A EXT. NIAMH'S HOUSE - DAY 2 48A

HELEN emerges from a taxi and approaches the house, where two MEN are loitering outside the front door with an air of casual menace. Less formal than the McDonnell's people, more ragtag and down at heel. As Helen approaches, the men group together to block her way.

HELEN
I want to speak to Niamh.

The men don't answer, but neither do they make any attempt to move.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I'm not going anywhere until she comes out and speaks to me.

A tense standoff but Helen isn't conceding any ground. Then, the door opens - and NIAMH steps out. She nods at the men - it's okay - and they part to allow Helen through.

NIAMH
Helen. I don't remember telling you where I live..

HELEN
(cutting in)
I saw you. I saw what you did to that man...

NIAMH
Is that so?

HELEN
The McDonnells took your son and you murdered one of their family. You think that's going to bring Elliot back? You're just making it worse for him...

NIAMH
You seem like a nice girl, Helen. Too nice by half for my lad I should say.

HELEN
Can everyone stop saying that to me?

NIAMH
You're here in my land. Speaking about things you couldn't possibly hope to understand.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

I understand that killing somebody
isn't going to help a flaming
thing.

NIAMH

And what is?

HELEN

Me.

(beat; deep breath)

I'm willing to put aside the pretty
massive issue I have with you
putting a butcher's knife through
some guy's eyeball and work with
you. I used to be a police
officer... Traffic, mainly, but I
was thinking about the detective
exams...

NIAMH

My son and a policewoman. Wonders
will never cease.

HELEN

We want the same thing. We want
your son back. Safe. There's so
much I don't know and if we helped
each other...

NIAMH

You're right. There is a lot you
don't know. Cause if you did you
wouldn't be in here suggesting I
work with the Garda.

HELEN

You were the one who walked into
the police station in the first
place! Why do that if--

NIAMH

I got a photograph of my son out
the blue and I wanted answers from
Superintendent Hanlon.

HELEN

Who's in your pocket.

NIAMH

That moment's passed now. I have
things in hand. You were right when
you said we want the same thing.
Cause I love my son and I'm sure
you do. But you don't know him,
sweetheart. Not really. You don't
even know his real name.

(CONTINUED)

On Helen - shocked, trying to regain her composure, keep pushing for some sense from Niamh, but this has really thrown her -

HELEN

Then... tell me. Why don't you tell me?

Niamh fixes her with a hard look -

NIAMH

I have a lot on my plate, darling.
I don't know if you're aware, but a war just started. So take care of yourself. And let me do what needs to be done.

And she turns, her men, stepping in where she was so no one can follow her back into the house. Helen watches her go, then walks away...

49 **EXT. ISLAND. BRIDGET'S BENCH - DAY 2**

49

We're CLOSE IN on a memorial bench - 'IN MEMORY OF BRIDGET MCDONNELL. WHO USED TO SIT HERE'. We REVERSE looking up at ELLIOT from the bench's POV, who is standing with FERGAL beside him.

ELLIOT

Well it's... to the point, I suppose.

(CONTINUED)

FERGAL

My great great... I want to say
great... aunt. But I can't be sure.
Great woman, though.

(wistful)

She used to sit here, apparently.

Elliot just looks at him. Is this guy for real? (Yes).

FERGAL (CONT'D)

Don't think she'd mind if I did a
little sit down here neither.

Fergal sits down. Elliot does too, detaching the WALKIE
TALKIE from his belt as he does and placing it down beside
him. They look in front of them and let out a sigh.

FERGAL (CONT'D)

Do you think I'll ever be able to
run again?

ELLIOT

I think you'll be able to run
again.

FERGAL

That's something, isn't it?

ELLIOT

It's a sprain. You'll be running in
like a day.

FERGAL

I hope so.

(beat)

Not much of a runner, though, me.

A silence. Elliot sighs. Then he takes out his PHONE to look
at it again - still no signal. He gets up to walk around and
see if he can find even a single bar. As he gets further
away, we stay with Fergal, who looks down at the walkie
talkie.

He looks back at Elliot - way out of sight. There's a grit to
him - a determined look in his eye. Then he picks up the
walkie talkie... Presses the button -

FERGAL (CONT'D)

(into walkie talkie)

Yeah it's me. I'm by Bridget's
bench. He got me.

Fuck. He's turned on him. At the last minute.

ORLA (V.O.)

Coming there now.

A crackle. He puts the walkie talkie down -

(CONTINUED)

We reveal Elliot behind him, returning...

ELLIOT
You told her where we are?

He nods.

FERGAL
I told her where we are.

They look at each other. Tension. Then -

ELLIOT
That's that, then.

Another beat as the two men look at each other. Then Elliot runs and SPRINTS off in another direction, into the nearby tree-line. Fergal lets out a deep sigh.

PILOT (PRE-LAP)
We've reached our destination 15 minutes ahead of schedule...

50 INT. PLANE - DAY 2

50

The plane is coming to a halt. ETHAN beside LENA. Ethan studiously avoiding looking at her as he removes his EARPHONES.

PILOT (V.O.)
...and the local time is 3:52pm.
Thanks for flying with us, please
keep your seatbelts fastened until
we come to a complete stop.

Ethan waits, catches Lena's eye - gives her a tight smile and looks away again. The plane comes to a stop and everyone gets to their feet to start unloading luggage. Lena steps into the aisle, and Ethan steps out beside her.

LENA
Could you give me a hand?

She points at her luggage.

ETHAN
Right. Yeah.

He pulls down her CASE. As he does -

LENA
I am sorry. To make you
uncomfortable before.

ETHAN
No, no, I wasn't, uh...

(CONTINUED)

LENA

You have come a long way. For this Helen to forgive you. But let me tell you this. There is no such thing as forgiveness.

ETHAN

Oh I don't know about that...

She steps towards him. Speaking quietly but intensely -

LENA

You will be happier once you accept this. We cannot escape our past. We cannot escape consequences. That is why there can be no forgiveness. Only revenge.

With that, she turns and walks off down the aisle. Ethan watches her go, confused, and freaked out by this strange and intense woman. After a long pause, he winces -

ETHAN

Yikes.

HELEN walks into the main office. The guard we glimpsed in Episode 1 - MURPHY - is there working. Helen looks around.

MURPHY

Can I help you with something?

HELEN

Is Ruairi... Detective Slater about?

MURPHY

He had to get back home. It's sort of his day off...

HELEN

Oh.

MURPHY

But he did say to help you out with whatever you wanted.

HELEN

Good. Then... I want to see every file you have on the incident at the Scláta Cafe. On Frank McDonnell, on Niamh Cassidy...

MURPHY

(surprised)

We're not exactly supposed to just hand out that kind of information to members of the public...

HELEN

I am sick of everyone telling me how little I know, and how I don't understand and how things are 'done' around here... The man I love is out there, scared, someplace with crappy phone reception apparently, and no-one seems to be doing anything about it. I have to find him.

MURPHY

That all sounds like a pain in the gonads, it really does, it's only... you're sort of... not actually a police officer...

HELEN

I can call your boss Detective Slater if that's what you want. How do you think that'll go? When he finds out you didn't give me what I wanted?

Murphy looks doubtful.

MURPHY

Not well?

HELEN

Not well.

MURPHY

I, uh... I suppose if I happened to leave the files on the desk and you happened to take them, I mean... that's no-one's fault, right? It's an accident, so to speak...

HELEN

Great. Fine. Thank you.

MURPHY

Thank you, is it? Thank you for what?

A pause as Helen thinks. Then -

HELEN

Um... Nothing?

(CONTINUED)

MURPHY

Exactly.

He winks.

52 **EXT. ISLAND. SHORE / BOAT - DAY 2** 52

ORLA is helping FERGAL climb onto the larger boat we saw at the beginning.

 ORLA
Donal gets his fucking face burnt off and takes himself home - but you have to go back with a sprained ankle.

 FERGAL
It's broke!

 ORLA
Just get in...

With a final heave, she gets him onto the boat and goes over to the helm.

 FERGAL
He's not going anywhere.

 ORLA
You don't know that.

She takes out her PHONE.

 FERGAL
Who're you calling?

 ORLA
Who d'you think?

And she starts up the engine...

CUT TO:

53 **EXT. BOAT - DAY 2** 53

We see ORLA driving, with FERGAL in the back. Music plays...

53aA **INT. DIAMOND EXPRESS CARS / KILGAL DISTILLERY - DAY 2** 53aA

A black Frenchman in his 40s sits in a dimly-lit office. MONSIEUR TIOTÉ. He answers the PHONE ringing on the desk.

 TIOTÉ
Diamond Express Cars?

Intercut between him and FRANK -

 FRANK
Monsieur Tioté. Frank McDonnell.

(CONTINUED)

TIOTÉ

Mr McDonnell. To what do I owe this pleasure?

FRANK

Niamh Cassidy's boy is back. We had him, but he slipped away. Think you could help?

There's a beat as Tioté thinks about this. Sensing he's on the fence -

FRANK (CONT'D)

We'll make it worth your while.
More than usual.

Tioté sighs, nodding.

TIOTÉ

We can help.

53A INT. GARDA STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 2

53A

QUICK CUT SHOTS of HELEN as she looks through the POLICE FILES. Looking for something. On the final shot, she's about to put a DOCUMENT down, but then sees something. She starts reading it again. We PUSH IN... Her reaction tells us she's found something. Something big.

HELEN

Holy sh...

HARD CUT TO:

54 EXT. BOAT / KILGAL DISTILLERY. MARINA - DAY 2

54

Later. Back on the mainland, ORLA is tying up the boat. FERGAL sits in the back.

FERGAL

Where's Frank then?

ORLA

In the distillery - with Donal most likely. Come on... here, give me your hand...

She reaches out for his hand. But he doesn't move.

FERGAL

You couldn't get Aoife's old wheelchair for me, could you?

(CONTINUED)

ORLA
You're joking?

FERGAL
It's broken, Orla. I'm terribly
worried I'm not going to be able to
run like I used to.

Orla gives him a flat look -

ORLA
You never run a day in your life
you daft bastard.

And she heads off, towards the distillery. He watches her go.
Once she's a way off, he sidles across the seat he's on, then
lifts the seat up -

Underneath, surrounded by life jackets - is ELLIOT.

FERGAL
Go on then.

As he climbs out -

FERGAL (CONT'D)
Tell anyone this ever happened and
we're both dead you understand?

ELLIOT
I understand.

FERGAL
Now get out of here...

Seeing Elliot hesitate -

FERGAL (CONT'D)
What?

ELLIOT
I heard her saying Frank's at the
distillery... That near here, is
it?

FERGAL
Just round the corner there...
(then; realising what he
means)
But if you know what's good for
you, you'll get the hell out of
here and not come back.

Elliot nods reluctantly.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT

Listen, I might be a Cassidy, and I know I'm supposed to hate you but... Far as I can tell you're not all bad, you McDonnells.

And, with that, he climbs off the boat, checking no-one can see him, and runs off. Fergal lets out a deep sigh. Worrying that he might have just made a huge mistake.

55 OMITTED

55

56 EXT. RUAIRI'S HOUSE - DAY 2

56

HELEN gets out of a taxi (branded with the logo of Diamond Express Cars) and approaches Ruairi's house. She goes to the door and rings the bell. No sound. She presses it again - nothing. So she knocks on the door - and it swings open. Huh.

57 INT. RUAIRI'S HOUSE - DAY 2

57

HELEN leans her head through the door. Clearly there's a smell in the air.

HELEN

Ruairi, it's Helen. I tried calling your phone but you didn't answer. Then I saw a fly-fishing magazine on your desk with your address on. Thought it'd be okay if I... popped round?

No answer. She steps further into the house. Frowns at the unkempt state of it. Pots and pans piled high in the sink. Clothes on the floor. A flickering light in the hallway.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, maybe I should've waited but... I looked at that DNA report in the files. You either missed something or you somehow forgot to tell me something pretty flipping big. Like... really flipping big...

She falls silent as she reaches the living room door. She peers round -

57A INT. RUAIRI'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY 2

57A

HELEN looks inside and sees FIONA in the chair. We just see her leg.

HELEN

Oh, sorry, I didn't realise...

(CONTINUED)

She waits for a reaction. There's not reaction.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I'm uh... looking for Ruairi?

No response.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I'm Helen.

No response.

HELEN (CONT'D)
You're getting that smell, right?
What is it?

No response.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

Nothing.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Listen, I really need to...

But then she turns - distracted by a banging sound from downstairs.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Ruairi? Uh... excuse me...

She goes towards the source of the noise - the door to the basement.

58 INT. RUAIRI'S HOUSE. BASEMENT - DAY 2

58

HELEN walks slowly down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Ruairi, it's Helen. I really need to talk to you, why didn't you tell me what was in that report, why...

When RUAIRI calls back his voice sounds muffled - and incredibly panicked.

RUAIRI (O.S.)

Helen, Jesus, what are you doing here, stay upstairs...

But it's too late. Helen has descended the stairs - and she can see the SEX-DOLL in the FLOWERY DRESS sitting at the table. And beyond the sex-doll, an open door leading to a boiler room. Ruairi has been banging something with a WRENCH - trying to fix it and he's having a hard time getting out in time.

HELEN

What's that smell...

She steps towards the door, and Ruairi for all his effort can't get clear quick enough to stop her -

RUAIRI

No, no, NO --

But too late. Helen's close enough now. Close enough to see into the dark corner of the room -

A decomposing BODY.

HELEN

JESUS!

She takes a step back in horror, just as Ruairi manages to dislodge himself and get free. He steps towards her, firm but apologetic.

RUAIRI

Ah nuts, Helen. I wish you hadn't seen that.

She looks at him, and down at the wrench still in his hand. He clasps his hand around it. His knuckles going white.

RUAIRI (CONT'D)

I wish to God you hadn't seen it.

Helen's PHONE starts to ring. Ruairi just shakes his head. Don't answer.

ELLIOT is on the PHONE, listening to Helen's phone go to voicemail.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN (V.O.)

Leave a message after the bu-bubba-
da-ba-ba-ba-beeeeeeeep!

Beep.

ELLIOT

(into phone)

Helen, it's me. I don't know what
you're... I'm sorry I disappeared,
but look I'm okay, I'm safe.
Hopefully you are too.

(beat)

Just hearing your voice again,
it's...

He trails off, smiling. Then -

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Anyway. Call me. I'll come find
you. Right now - right now I've got
to go and try and find out what the
hell's going on. I love you... and
I can't wait to see you. I've got
so much to tell you. Bye.

He hangs up. Then we reveal he's been hiding in the marina
behind some machinery. He didn't run far at all. He looks up
at the large building in front of him -

The Kilgal Distillery. He heads round the side, looking for a
back entrance or a discreet way in.

A back door propped open with a brick slowly opens and ELLIOT
enters. Stepping quietly as he goes, and checking to make
sure no one's around and can see him. He makes his way down a
corridor, towards what feels like the main distillery. Opens
a door to another area -

And in there he sees a BRIGHT ARROW with a message indicating
that the '*Tour continues this way...*'

He looks at the arrow and heads in that direction, through
another set of double doors. Finding himself in the section
we saw earlier with Frank and Donal. 'The History of Kilgal'.

He walks through the area, now closed but the bits of text
dimly lit around him with various historic items laid out in
glass cabinets. It's moody, slightly creepy and tense as he
makes his way... And then he stops - because he's seen
something. He walks towards the end of the History section.
We're looking down at him from behind something. What looks
like - someone's head.

And then we see it - what Elliot's looking up at.

(CONTINUED)

A LARGE STATUE of a man that looks a lot like him, with the same beard, and the same forlorn and lost expression.

Underneath the statue it reads - 'The Disappearance of Elliot Stanley'. With a large RED BUTTON beneath it.

Elliot stares at it. Unable to help himself, he reaches out and presses the button -

STATUE (V.O.)

My name is Elliot Stanley.

Shit shit shit. Elliot desperately looks around for a way to shut up the recording. Because making a noise right now isn't the best idea. But he can't...

STATUE (V.O.)

Do you know where I went? Because I've been missing for a veeerry long time...

FRANK (O.S.)

Hey!

Elliot stops.

Shit. Slowly, he turns around.

FRANK's expression says it all. His mouth falls open in shock.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Eugene Cassidy. As I live and breathe.

Then - what the fuck -

ELLIOT

Eugene?

HARD CUT TO:

END OF EPISODE TWO