

# **THE REAPPEARANCE**

**SERIES 1 - EPISODE 1**

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NOTE:

This story takes place in the aftermath of the time in recent Irish and British history known as "The Troubles". During this period it was common for people to go missing; kidnapped, assassinated, *disappeared*. With no idea of what happened and no trace of where they went, there was no closure for the families left behind. The ghosts of a life gone and a death never confirmed, continue to haunt the country to this day.

BLACK:

CUT TO:

**EXT. BELFAST STREET - MORNING - LATE 1970S**

A FUNERAL PROCESSION lines the rain-slicked, terraced streets of 1970s Belfast.

A group of men in damp black suits carry a coffin through the crowd. A solemn-faced procession follows behind.

At the back, the widow. ROSE DOHERTY [18, gaunt, fading] walks heavily. A group of mourners silently offer their condolences. She doesn't respond.

**EXT. MILLTOWN CEMETERY - BELFAST - LATER**

Heavy rain. Mourners stand on mud-soaked grass.

ROSE standing by the graveside, a single tear falls from her eye.

CLOSE ON: A granite headstone reads:

D Á I R E  
D O H E R T Y  
BELOVED SON AND HUSBAND  
1958 - 1979

The coffin is lowered into the grave.

A PRIEST rhythmically swings a thurible over the grave.

PRIEST

Accept the prayers we offer in sadness  
for your servant Dáire. Deliver his soul  
from death and number him among your  
saints. May you accept in lieu of a body  
this coffin as a symbol of his soul and  
clothe him in the robes of salvation.

We see the coffin. There is no lid. It's EMPTY.

ROSE walks to the edge of the grave, holding the flower of her namesake. Languidly she tosses a rose into the empty box.

The rest of the mourners follow, throwing roses into the void of a coffin.

SHOT: From inside the coffin. The roses fill up the empty box, covering the light, until...

BLACK.

TITLE:

T H E R E A P P E R A N C E

BLACK.

MAN (PRE-LAP)

ROSE, ROSE... ROSE...

**INT. SUPERSAVERS BELFAST - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY**

A run-down 24-hour supermarket. Florescent-lit. Faded advertisements hang on lime green walls. Present day.

ROSE (late 50s) sits at a till in an ill-fitting polyester uniform. The years have aged her greatly.

She stares forward, unblinking.

MAN (CONT)

ROSE.

She snaps out of her daze.

ROSE

Sorry, I was in a world there.

The man, MAX HILLOCK, (Late 30s, kind) puts a hand on her shoulder.

MAX

You're meant to be off. Go on, head on.  
I'll finish up.

Rose smiles.

**INT. NIGHT BUS - BELFAST - MOVING - NIGHT**

ROSE sits alone. She puts her head against the window. A rush of lights as the city speeds by.

The driver looks back. The bus drags to a halt.

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - BELFAST - NIGHT**

ROSE stops at the doorway of her apartment. She looks through a stack of post sticking out of her letterbox. Electricity bills, rent, overdue notices.

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY - BELFAST - CONTINUOUS**

ROSE unlocks the door and enters. It's tiny. A shabby, one-room affair.

She throws her keys and the envelopes onto a small table by the door. She opens a few of the envelopes with a small PARING KNIFE.

On the table, a photo frame of her deceased husband. The frame has an inscription that reads:

*"In Loving Memory Dáire"*

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - BELFAST - LATER**

ROSE lies on the sofa, illuminated by the dim light of the television, still wearing her work clothes.

A wildlife documentary about predatory insects plays quietly on the screen. ROSE closes one eye and lifts her thumb, blotting out the television. Her other eye slowly closes of its own accord.

CUT TO:

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - BELFAST - DAWN**

ROSE stirs from her sleep. She looks at her watch. Late for work.

**INT. SUPERSAVERS BELFAST - DAY**

Food, cleaning items, household supplies move through the till. ROSE scans them methodically. A CUSTOMER looks over her.

ROSE

That's forty-seven thirty nine, do you  
have a store card?

CUSTOMER

No.

ROSE

Would you like a store-

CUSTOMER

(Curt)

No.

**INT. SUPERSAVERS BELFAST - BREAK ROOM - DUSK**

ROSE wraps a scarf around her neck and puts on her coat. STACIE [19, colleague, bright, naive] approaches her. Rose continues to get ready to leave.

STACIE

Heading off?

ROSE

Shift's over.

STACIE

Of course, what am I thinking?

Rose smiles at her. Says nothing. After a moment:

STACIE (CONT'D)

Are you coming Saturday?

ROSE

To work?

STACIE

No. Ha. Out like. We're having a few in the Harp. For my birthday. Everyone's going. No one said?

ROSE

I don't think so, Stacie. Sorry.

STACIE

Are you sure? It'll be fun, now. Whole shop's going.

ROSE

Honestly, I wouldn't... I'm fine, thank you. Have fun though.

STACIE

Max is going.

ROSE

And what difference does that make?

STACIE

I didn't mean...

ROSE

I'm busy. I wouldn't be able-

STACIE

What, are you working?

Rose doesn't answer.

STACIE (CONT'D)

Then c'mon, you've no excuse. You have to, for me. You never come out.

Rose bristles at this, furious. She turns her full attention to Stacie.

ROSE

(Vitriolic)

I said no. Do I have to repeat it a thousand times? Or will the four times I've already said it do for you?

Stacie is completely taken aback.

STACIE

I didn't mean... anything by it, I was just... thinking-

ROSE

Thinking, yeah? Well clearly thinking doesn't suit you.

Rose walks away. As embarrassed as she is angry.

**INT. TRAIN - SOUTH IRELAND - MOVING - NIGHT**

A train cuts silently through the countryside. An UNKNOWN MAN (60s, tanned, bearded) leans against the window, watching the landscape pass by.

**EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - SOUTH IRELAND - NIGHT**

The UNKNOWN MAN stands on the train platform. He searches through a small rucksack and pulls out a diary. He opens it, on a page at the back, scrawled hastily the words:

17B PECKINGHAM STREET  
BT7 0HY

The UNKNOWN MAN folds up the map and places it in his breast pocket.

**INT. SUPERSAVERS - NIGHT**

Workers in green overalls unload large crates of stock.

ROSE walks down an aisle, taking notes of stock on a clipboard. MAX approaches from behind.

He puts his hands on her shoulders, she jumps, startled. When she sees it's Max, she relaxes.

ROSE  
Christ Max.

MAX  
Studying?

He grabs the clipboard out of her hand.

ROSE  
Funny.

MAX  
How're things?

ROSE  
Fine. I mean they were better before you scared me half to death, but all things considered...

MAX  
Well I do apologise. I'm just glad you didn't give *me* a bollocking.

ROSE  
Bollocking?

MAX  
Or is it just the till girls that get that treatment?

ROSE  
Oh no...

MAX  
Word does get around.



ROSE

It has a habit of doing that in here.

MAX

Poor girl's shell shocked I hear.

ROSE

Now it wasn't that bad, I just... had a word with her.

MAX

(Laughing)

You have to go easier on people Rose. She's only young.

ROSE

Old enough not to be taking it thick.

MAX

Well you have to go now. To make it up to her.

ROSE

C'mon...

MAX

Hey, those are the rules. You know you might have a bit of fun despite yourself.

ROSE pauses.

ROSE

I'll think about it.

MAX

Very good. Keep this up and they might stop calling you the ice lady behind your back.

ROSE

(Amused)

The what?

**INT. COUNTRY BUS STOP - SOUTH IRELAND - DAY**

A bus shelter in a forested area. It rains heavily.

The UNKNOWN MAN steps out into the rain and closes his eyes. He hasn't seen or felt rain in a very long time.

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON**

ROSE takes a call. Wearing pajamas, half asleep. On the phone, her sister CATHERINE [mid 30s, self-assertive].

CATHERINE (O.S.)

Enough about me, how are you ya?

ROSE

Nothing strange nor startling.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

Still cooped up?

ROSE

(Yawning)

I'm going out tonight, actually.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

You're kidding me. Who with?

ROSE

Work. One of the girls, a birthday. You know the like.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

Well I think that's good for you.

ROSE

Oh don't start this again.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

Start what?

ROSE

You know what.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

What? I'm just asking. What about that Max fella? He sounded nice.

ROSE

He's a friend Catherine.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

Well, maybe he shouldn't be.

Rose lights up a cigarette.

ROSE

How many times? I don't want to talk about this with you.

CATHERINE

It's important. It's not good being on your-

ROSE

(Mocking)

I can think of a rake of things more important than finding a fucking man to share a bed with, and many, *many* worse things than being on my own.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

(Pause)

How long's it gonna be love?

ROSE

Excuse me?

CATHERINE

How long's it been now, forty-?

ROSE

Forty-three. It's been forty-three.

CATHERINE

Rose, do you think this is what he would have even wanted? Locked away, like... I don't mean to be... I know they never found him, but someday, you're gonna have to take on the fact that Daire's-

Rose hangs up the phone.

**INT. BUS CENTRE - SOUTH IRELAND - EVENING**

The UNKNOWN MAN approaches a kiosk in a busy bus centre.

The KIOSK ATTENDANT eyes him.

UNKNOWN MAN

Belfast, please.

Without looking up.

KIOSK ATTENDANT

Single?

UNKNOWN MAN

Aye.

KIOSK ATTENDANT

Name?

UNKNOWN MAN  
Dáire. Dáire Doherty.

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - BELFAST - NIGHT**

ROSE searches through a drawer, pulling out necklaces, bracelets, earrings. She's getting ready.

INTERCUT: MAZ outside a bar, smoking, phone to his ear.

MAX  
It's too late to pull out.

ROSE  
I'm getting ready, aren't I?

MAX  
You never know with you though, you could be standing outside the pub and I still wouldn't be certain you'd show.

ROSE  
Well I am, so you can relax.

ROSE finds her earrings. She struggles to put them in, it's been so long.

MAX  
Fine fine, but if you could hurry yourself up that would be great.

ROSE  
Who's there?

MAX  
Well there's me, and there's Stacie and there's Kevin.

ROSE  
Kevin came?

MAX (O.S.)  
He did indeed.

ROSE  
Who else?

MAX (O.S.)  
So far, no one else.

ROSE  
(Pause)  
Are you having a good time?

MAX (O.S.)

Why do you think I'm on the phone to you?

They both laugh.

ROSE

By the sounds of it I should stay home.

MAX (O.S.)

Don't you dare.

ROSE

Well, if it's as much fun as you're-

MAX (O.S.)

I've only got half a pack of fags left  
and I'm gonna run out of excuses to go  
outside.

ROSE

Well...

MAX (O.S.)

C'mon, save me from my misery.

ROSE

I'll be down soon don't-

A KNOCK at the door. Rose turns round startled, dress  
half on, startled.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Sorry Max, one second.

(Toward the door)

Who's there?

A pause.

UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.)

Rose, it's me.

Rose suddenly turns, shocked. A glint of recognition  
flashes across her face.

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY - BELFAST - CONTINUOUS**

ROSE walks toward the door. MAX'S voice buzzes from the  
phone.

MAX (O.S.)

Rose..?

She hangs up. Continues to the door.

ROSE

Who is it? Who's there?

UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.)

Rose it's me.

(BEAT)

It's Dáire.

The colour drains from her face. There's no way.

It *couldn't* be.

ROSE

This isn't funny.

UNKNOWN MAN

I know it's not sweetheart. Just open the door. I can explain.

ROSE walks toward the door. Frightened.

She reaches out a trembling hand toward the handle. She grasps it. Pauses. Then opens it.

*(NOTE: Though the validity of the UNKNOWN MAN's identity will remain in question throughout, from here on in the script he will be referred to as DÁIRE.)*

In the darkness of the hallway stands the unknown man. DÁIRE. He smiles and stretches out a hand attempting warmth. But in the dark of the hall and in the context, he looks... unsettling.

DÁIRE

Hello Rose. It's good to see you.

ROSE is horrified. She recognizes him. Recognizes the voice. Or at least thinks she does. It looks like Dáire. Looks like the picture on the table. He is older, certainly but there is an undeniable similarity.

ROSE attempts to take it all in. She is unable to.

ROSE

Who are you?

DÁIRE

(Taken aback)

Who am I?

ROSE

What do you want?

DÁIRE

Rose, I'm not-

ROSE

What are you doing here and what do you want?

DÁIRE

Rose c'mon.

ROSE

Stop saying my *fucking* name.

DÁIRE

It's me, look, it's...

DÁIRE comes closer, he tries to hold ROSE. She scrambles back, grabs the PARING KNIFE off the table, and aims it at Dáire.

ROSE

Don't come any closer.

DÁIRE

Rose...

ROSE

Stay back! I'm not joking. I'll have the police here in a minute. I'll shout anything I have to, I'll have this whole fucking street at my door.

DÁIRE

Just calm. It's me. It's Dái-

ROSE

Don't you *dare* say his name again.

DÁIRE moves in closer. ROSE holds the knife toward him and picks up her phone. She dials 999.

DÁIRE backs off. He stares at her, dejected.

DÁIRE

Don't bother. I'll do it myself.

DÁIRE smiles at her. Then walks away. ROSE holds the phone to her ear, still pointing the knife at the empty doorway. She shivers. In total shock.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

"Emergency. Which service?"

She doesn't answer. She stands, frozen in place.

OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Which service do you require?

ROSE doesn't answer. A click is heard on the other line.  
The phone begins to ring out. Ring, ring, ring.

CUT TO:

**INT. LATE NIGHT CAFE - BELFAST - NIGHT**

A mobile vibrates. The contact reads "*Custody and Security - Musgrave*".

DETECTIVE CONSTABLE TREVOR PRICE [Late 30s, Black, Londoner] sits at a cramped table in a cramped coffee shop. He ignores the call. A waitress approaches, pours some filtered coffee from a plastic carafe.

WAITRESS  
Shouldn't you be heading home?

PRICE  
Shouldn't you?

She smiles at him.

WAITRESS  
Not a good drink for an early night.

PRICE  
Don't think I'm getting an early night.

**INT. POLICE CAR - BELFAST - NIGHT**

PRICE sit's in his car outside the coffee shop, looking through a notebook and smoking a cigarette. The phone vibrates again, he ignores it.

Engrossed in his work, he doesn't notice as the cigarette burns down past the butt. The fire hits his fingers.

PRICE  
(Startled)  
Shit.

He flicks it out the window. The police radio crackles into life.



POLICE RADIO (V.O.)  
*Development in historical MP case.  
Request for attention, any units, call  
back to base as soon as possible.*

PRICE close his eyes. Considers whether he should just head home. He can't help himself.

PRICE  
This is 12-10. 15 minutes out.

He puts his car in reverse.

**INT. SUPERSAVERS BELFAST - DAY**

The ring of tills. The high-pitched drone of items being scanned. The shop is busy. Heaving with customers.

ROSE sits at her till, stressed out. She hasn't slept.

She scans items. An AGITATED MAN waits for her to finish. She moves quickly, panicky. The man glances at his watch.

ROSE reaches the end of the man's items, but does not notice. She begins to scan the next customer's groceries.

AGITATED MAN  
Excuse me, those aren't...

ROSE doesn't hear him. She keeps scanning.

AGITATED MAN (CONT'D)  
(Tersely)  
Excuse me, I said those aren't my items.

ROSE snaps out of it.

ROSE  
Oh, shi- I'm sorry. One moment.

AGITATED MAN  
There was no divider.

ROSE  
I'll fix... One minute.

ROSE taps on the till screen.

AGITATED MAN  
Ridiculous. You don't have enough staff  
to deal-

ROSE

Uh-huh...

ROSE taps away at her till screen, trying to fix the wrongly scanned items, barely listening.

AGITATED MAN

And you never have enough dividers-

ROSE

I'm sorry, I'm really trying to focus on fixing-

The customers behind the man are starting to get annoyed at how long this is taken. They tut and mutter.

AGITATED MAN

Every time here it's something. Now I'm going to be bloody late because you don't know how to keep an eye on which...

ROSE stops and turns to him.

ROSE

Can you just. Stop.

The man is incredulous.

AGITATED MAN

Excuse me?

ROSE

I'm trying to fix it. Stop talking.

AGITATED MAN

I won't be spoken to as if-

ROSE

Mister...

AGITATED MAN

What?

ROSE

Shut the fuck up.

The man's jaw drops. The customers behind him gasp.

MAX, who witnessed the interaction, intervenes.

MAX

(To Rose, terse)

Hey. Take a break.

ROSE

I-

MAX

Go. Now.

**INT. SUPERSAVERS BELFAST - BREAK ROOM - DAY**

ROSE looks outside the staff room. Her phone rings. She looks at it:

UNKNOWN CALLER

She hangs up.

Instead of going back to the floor, she picks up her coat and walks out.

**INT. BUS - MOVING - DUSK**

ROSE'S phone rings. UNKNOWN CALLER.

She moves to answer it, decides better, and hangs up.

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY - BELFAST - NIGHT**

ROSE enters, throws off her coat. She turns to the door, locks it. She then latches it, takes a padlock from the table and locks that onto the latch.

She takes a deep breath. Safe.

She turns and walks toward the living room.

SUDDENLY

A KNOCK, at the door.

She closes her eyes. Heart in throat. Not again.

A louder KNOCK.

PRICE (O.S.)

Mrs. Doherty, open up please. It's the police.

ROSE unlocks the padlock and then the door. She opens it, leaving it latched. TREVOR PRICE'S face appears in the crack.

PRICE (CONT'D)

You don't answer your phone?

ROSE

Not if I don't know who's calling.

PRICE

I need you to come with me.

ROSE

ID.

He takes out a wallet and shows her his badge.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Why?

PRICE

Your husband...

ROSE

My husband is dead.

PRICE

Well... that's the problem.

She takes the door off the latch.

**INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

ROSE and PRICE stand in front of a two-way mirror looking into a white-tiled interrogation room. On the other side, sitting at the end of a metal table, is the man who says he is DÁIRE.

PRICE

Is it him?

ROSE

(Pause)

I don't know.

PRICE

How?

ROSE

Been too long.

PRICE

How long?

ROSE

Forty. Forty-Three years.

PRICE

Since he died.

ROSE

Since whatever happened to him, happened to him.

PRICE

Right.

ROSE

Never was a body.

PRICE

(BEAT)

Do you believe that?

ROSE

I don't know.

PRICE

You don't have to be sure. What do you feel?

ROSE

That that man in there could be anyone.

He hands her DÁIRE's tattered passport.

PRICE

What do you think?

ROSE

I think it's seen better days.

PRICE

Is it real?

ROSE

If it's a fake I hope he asked for his money back. You talked to him?

PRICE

Few times.

ROSE

Anything?

PRICE

Unwavering. But he'll crack.

ROSE

Did he have anything else?

PRICE  
A rucksack. Empty.

ROSE  
Search him?

PRICE  
Once over.

ROSE  
So not properly.

PRICE  
He has rights, Mrs. Doherty.

ROSE  
Since when did the PSNI care about  
rights?

PRICE  
(Smiles)  
You're telling me. First year on the job.  
(Pause) Can you talk to him?

ROSE  
Not tonight. Not ready for it.

PRICE  
I understand.  
(BEAT)  
Thank you. You should go,  
It'll be a hard-

ROSE  
I'm not going anywhere.

CUT TO:

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MUSGRAVE STATION - NIGHT**

DÁIRE stares forward in the dim light. PRICE sits opposite. It appears the questioning has been going on for some time.

PRICE  
So that's it then? Back from the dead.

DÁIRE  
Not quite.

PRICE

Legally you were. Technically. And to your wife. You were definitely dead to your wife.

DÁIRE squints at him. Thrown off by Price's tone.

DÁIRE

What is this?

PRICE

Doesn't matter what it is. As I said, you were dead to your wife, to your family.

DÁIRE

I did what I had-

PRICE

Had people after you and you ran away, yeah? That's the story?

DÁIRE

I did what I-

PRICE

Right, right "did what you had to". Left a wife on her own to cover your back.

DÁIRE

I didn't leave her to cover-

PRICE

-And a kid.

DÁIRE

A kid?

PRICE

You didn't know?

DÁIRE

No...

PRICE

She lost it. The stress I reckon. The stress of well... that's probably what did it.

DÁIRE looks at the floor ashamed.

DÁIRE

I didn't know.

PRICE

Why would you? Too busy looking out for her. Isn't that right?

DÁIRE

That's out of order.

PRICE

Why did you do it?

DÁIRE

It wasn't a decision made lightly.

PRICE

No. Why *are* you doing it?

DÁIRE

What?

PRICE

Does she have money? Is that it? Do you get a kick out of it?

DÁIRE

It's not... It's not any of those things.

PRICE

Then what are you?

DÁIRE

What?

PRICE

We have help we can offer you. Support, psychiatric-

DÁIRE

Is this a piss take?

PRICE

No shame in it.

DÁIRE

I know there's no shame... What are you-?

PRICE

What made you pretend to be a dead man?

DÁIRE

I'm not pretending-

PRICE

Who are you?



DÁIRE  
I'm Dáire fucking-

DÁIRE SLAMS his fist on the table. Price keeps his gaze locked. Realising he's over-reacted, DÁIRE tries to relax.

DÁIRE (CONT'D)  
Doherty-

PRICE  
I'm not saying you're not, but it is...  
Interesting.

DÁIRE  
What is?

PRICE  
Well, I attack you as a man, a husband, a father and don't barely flinch. Then I make a suggestion you might not be who you say you're trying to put a dent in the table. I don't know about you but I tend to protest the most when I'm telling a lie.

PRICE stands and walks out.

**INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION.**

Price enters, shuts the door. He speaks at Rose.

PRICE  
I'm sorry you had to see-

He looks up. She's not there.

Instead MARTIN MORRIS [Forties, uniformed officer, uncomplicated] stands in her place. His is the voice we heard on Price's police radio.

MORRIS  
Just left. Give her time. She'll come round.

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

ROSE in her pajamas, sipping a cup of tea.

She closes her eyes, tries to relax, for the first time in a while. Then...

Another KNOCK at her door.

ROSE  
For fuck sake.

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS**

ROSE storms over to the door and swings it open.

ROSE  
Can't you leave me alone for five-  
It's MAX.

MAX  
Oh, I can go if you like.

ROSE  
Oh Jesus, sorry Max, I thought you- come  
in.

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER**

ROSE hands MAX a fresh cup of tea and sits down beside him.

MAX  
Lovely.

ROSE  
Is everything okay?

MAX  
That's what I came to ask you.

ROSE  
(BEAT)  
I'm okay.

MAX  
I just wanted to check, after the other  
night. Since we didn't get a chance-

ROSE  
Something came up.

MAX  
And then, since you haven't been back. To  
work, I mean. I just wanted-

ROSE  
Honestly Max, I'm okay. I'm fine.



ROSE kisses MAX on the cheek.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Bye Max.

ROSE exits, leaving a bewildered MAX on the sofa.

**INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - MUSGRAVE STATION- NIGHT**

PRICE and ROSE stand outside the interrogation room looking at DÁIRE.

ROSE

How did you know?

PRICE

Know what?

ROSE

About the baby.

PRICE is shocked.

PRICE

I made it up. I assumed it would rattle him.

ROSE looks at him. Shakes her head.

PRICE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

ROSE

You want me to go in?

PRICE

He's not happy with us. He'll be happy to see you. Now's the right time. It's the safe move.

ROSE nods.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Are you ready?

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - STATION - MOMENTS LATER**

ROSE walks in and sits at the desk. She stares intently at DÁIRE. PRICE follows behind her. He stands in the corner, keeping watch. Rose keeps her gaze fixed.

ROSE  
 (To Price)  
 Can you leave us be for a moment, Trevor?

PRICE  
 No, I have to-

ROSE  
 You don't.

PRICE  
 For your own safety, Mrs. Doherty.

ROSE  
 Ms. And two people across from each other  
 at a desk. Isn't too much danger in that  
 now, is there?

PRICE  
 If he--

ROSE  
 (To Daire)  
 You're not gonna hurt me, are you?

DÁIRE shakes his head.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
 Good.  
 (To Price)  
 Please. A moment.

PRICE shrugs. He leaves ROSE and DÁIRE alone. For the  
 first time in over forty years.

DÁIRE  
 (Smiles)  
 Still strong-willed.

ROSE  
 Excuse me?

DÁIRE  
 Some things don't change.

ROSE  
 Don't speak like that.

DÁIRE  
 Like what?

ROSE  
 Like you know me.

DÁIRE

I do know you.

ROSE

Fuck off.

DÁIRE

Rose, I'm not pretending to-

ROSE

If that's true. Then that's worse. Then you're the man that abandoned his wife for four decades. Leaving no money, no mortgage, no one. So either way it lands, whether you're what you say you are or you're not. You *do not* know me. So don't speak like you do.

DÁIRE is silenced. She's right.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Why are you here?

DÁIRE

Circumstances allow me to be. Don't think I didn't think, Rose, for all that time-

ROSE

Don't. Don't feed me shite. You had forty years, you could have done something.

DÁIRE

Circumstances changed. I wasn't putting you or anyone else in danger.

ROSE

Why?

DÁIRE

I got myself in trouble. Very bad trouble. You too. You didn't know.

ROSE

And you left me in it?

DÁIRE

I left to get you out of it.

ROSE

What?

DÁIRE

Long story.

ROSE

We've plenty of time.

DÁIRE

There was people. People after me.  
Fucking animals. Would have come for you  
too if I hadn't-

ROSE

For forty years?

DÁIRE

(BEAT)

Believe me.

ROSE

Go on then...

DÁIRE

What?

ROSE

Tell me what happened.

**EXT. DOG TRACK - BELFAST- 1970S - DAY - [FLASHBACK]**

A much younger DÁIRE takes orders behind the bar in an over-crowded greyhound racing track. The BANG of a gun, cheers from the crowd, and most of the patrons rise to their feet and turn toward the race.

A group of FOUR MEN do not.

DÁIRE (V.O.)

It was at Dunmore. A group of men started coming. Four of them. One day you'd never seen them. Next they were regulars.

We get a closer look at the FOUR MEN. Prison-style tattoos, brutal faces and visible scars all infer a paramilitary background.

DÁIRE (V.O.)

It was obvious to everyone. They were *involved*.

As the crowd settles back down we see the LEADER, a bald and brutish man, staring at DÁIRE.

DÁIRE (V.O.)

I didn't agree with them. But I'm not stupid. Kept my head down.

(MORE)

DÁIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If they wanted something. I knew better than to charge for it.

**EXT. DOG TRACK - NIGHT - [FLASHBACK CONT'D]**

Late that night. The dog track is empty, save for DÁIRE and the FOUR MEN. Drained pint glasses crowd their table. It's well past closing time.

DÁIRE

Think that was my first mistake.

The LEADER walks to Daire. Watches intently, as he pours a drink. Daire hands it to him. The LEADER offers Daire an outstretched hand. He shakes it. After he leaves, Daire looks in his palm. There's a wad of crumpled £50 notes.

**EXT. DOG TRACK - PADDOCKS - DAY - [FLASHBACK CONT'D]**

We see SAMUEL [20s, defenseless] as he tends to the injured feet of dogs at the paddocks.

DÁIRE

Was a fella there, a young lad. I probably told you about him. Samuel. Wasn't the full shilling. Looked after the dogs.

The LEADER enters the paddocks and puts a hand on SAMUEL'S shoulder.

DÁIRE (CONT'D)

They got to know both of us. Passed a lot of cash that couldn't turn down. Even if you wanted to. Became friendly. Had to be. Easy to be friendly with a gun to your head.

**EXT. DOG TRACK - TOLE BOOTH - DAY - [FLASHBACK CONT'D]**

DÁIRE takes bets for the races. The gang leader approaches. He talks to Daire for a moment, before letting himself inside the stall.

DÁIRE (V.O.)

A few pound, here and there, turned to more. And a few pints weren't the only favors they were asking.



**EXT. DOG TRACK - PADDOCK - NIGHT - [FLASHBACK CONT'D]**

DÁIRE and SAMUEL, the paddock boy, argue with each other. SAMUEL shakes his head.

DÁIRE (V.O.)  
See there's a way to fix a race. Fairly reliable. Undetectable in an unregulated circuit.

**EXT. DOG TRACK - PADDOCK - NIGHT - [FLASHBACK CONT'D]**

DÁIRE watches as SAMUEL holds a dog firmly under his arm. It winces in fear. He holds it's paw in one hand, a pair of clippers in the other.

DÁIRE (V.O.)  
When you're clipping it's claws, if you go just a bit too deep...

SAMUEL cuts deep into the paw. The dog cries out in pain. SAMUEL tries not to cry.

DÁIRE  
It'll still run. But a few seconds behind pace. Not so much that it's noticeable. But it won't win. The more you cut, the further... Well, it's a way to control the outcome.

**EXT. DOG TRACK - STANDS - DAY - [FLASHBACK CONT'D]**

The FOUR MEN hang over the barrier watching the dogs cross the finish line. They cheer, throw their fists in the air. Embrace each other.

The crowds, most having lost, throw their betting slips to the ground.

DÁIRE watches from the back, worried.

DÁIRE  
But it's not perfect. Do it enough, at a point, like everything. It's bound to fail.

**EXT. DOG TRACK - STANDS - DAY - [FLASHBACK CONT'D]**

Days later. The FOUR cheer their dogs. The starting gun sounds.

DÁIRE

They'd put a lot of money in.

Their dog is in lead. They are euphoric.

DÁIRE (CONT'D)

Got away from themselves

But at the last moment, it stumbles, falls behind.

DÁIRE (CONT'D)

Don't know if it was for laundering.

It **LOSES**.

Their faces turn to shock, then anger.

DÁIRE (CONT'D)

Or just their own.

DÁIRE, watching from the bar, sees what happened. He turns pale.

**EXT. DOG TRACK - RACE TRACK - DAY - [FLASHBACK CONT'D]**

The FOUR MEN hold DÁIRE up to a wall, a knife to his throat. They shout inaudible threats into his ear.

DÁIRE

They lost more than we could get back. I had no access once it went into the safe. And I couldn't tell anyone what happened. No side looks kindly on touts.

They push DÁIRE to the ground and kick him in the stomach. They leave. DÁIRE looks down. He'd wet himself.

**EXT. DOG TRACK - TRACK TUNNEL - DAY - [FLASHBACK CONT'D]**

The next day, DÁIRE walks down the tunnel toward the track.

DÁIRE

I tried to tell them. They wouldn't listen. But when they realised we really couldn't...

At the end of the tunnel, SAMUEL walks out toward DÁIRE. In silhouette, at first.

Slowly it comes clear, that SAMUEL'S face is bloody, disfigured. He has been BEATEN TO A PULP. In his arms, he cradles the body of his dog. It's had it's throat slit.

**INTERCUT WITH:** The dogs preparing to race. Inside the stalls. The crowd waits in anticipation.

Tears stream down SAMUEL'S face.

**INTERCUT:** The starting gun is pointed into the air, the dogs ready themselves. Nuzzling their snouts against the gates.

**AT THE SAME TIME** as the starting gun is shot... So is SAMUEL.

**INTERCUT:** The dogs burst out of the gates, the crowd cheers.

He drops the dog and falls to his knees. A stain of blood forms on his shirt.

The FOUR MEN, unseen until now by DÁIRE come in behind SAMUEL. They fire another bullet into the back of his head. It is unheard in the rapturous noise from the stands.

DÁIRE turns and runs.

DÁIRE (CONT'D)

So I ran. I never stopped running.

HARD CUT TO:

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

DÁIRE" face in closeup. He is pale. Shaken.

ROSE looks sick. His story sounds true.

DÁIRE

I thought they wouldn't come for you. If you didn't know where I was. If word had spread, that I was fixing money for the other side, well... It'd be no surprise if someone was vanished for that. And if I was dead. What good is there in killing a widow?

ROSE stares at him.

DÁIRE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. But you see now.

**INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - MUSGRAVE STATION - NIGHT**

ROSE stands next to PRICE. They look at Daire through the glass. For a few moments, neither speaks.

PRICE

You okay?

ROSE

Okay. Considering.

PRICE

Considering.

ROSE

Not every day someone comes back from the dead.

PRICE

Are you certain?

ROSE

Couldn't be further from certain. Either way.

(BEAT)

What's going to happen to him?

PRICE

We can't hold him. Hasn't really done anything wrong as far as we can tell. They'll give him a couple of days. Try and see what we can find, but... well, after that. He'll be out. Investigation will continue without him in custody.

ROSE

On the street?

PRICE

We put him out. It's up to him where he ends up.

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY - BELFAST - NIGHT**

ROSE enters and throws her keys on the lobby table. She takes off her coat. Stands still. Looks around.

Tonight, her cramped apartment does not appear small. It looks vast, empty, cavernous.

She touches the photo of DÁIRE on the table.

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - BELFAST - LATER**

ROSE lies slumped in front of the television. She has moved the picture of DÁIRE to the coffee table in front of the TV.

She begins to nod off...

CUT TO:

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - BELFAST - DAY**

ROSE'S phone RINGS. She jumps out of her sleep. She answers, in a daze.

ROSE  
Hello?

CATHERINE  
Rose.

ROSE  
Who's there?

CATHERINE  
It's Catherine?

ROSE  
Catherine. What's wrong?

CATHERINE  
Nothing's wrong. I just... After our last call...

ROSE  
Oh.

CATHERINE  
Oh?

ROSE  
Sorry, it's just. It's been... It's been a week.

CATHERINE  
A week?

ROSE  
A strange one.

CATHERINE  
Strange how?

ROSE  
Nothing. I just...

CATHERINE  
Rose.

ROSE  
I'll tell you later.

CATHERINE  
You can tell me now.

ROSE  
It's not- I promise. I'll talk to you  
later, okay?

CATHERINE  
When later?

ROSE  
Soon later.

CATHERINE  
(Pause)  
You sound tired.

ROSE  
(Laughs)  
I'm sure I do.

CATHERINE  
I'm coming over.

ROSE  
No.

CATHERINE  
I have days at work, they have to be  
used.

ROSE  
Catherine. Don't.

CATHERINE  
I'm not hearing any more. You hang up in  
a rage, then you don't tell me anything  
that's going on. I just... how can you  
expect me to-

CATHERINE continues to rant. ROSE stops paying attention.  
Stares at the picture of DAIRE.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Rose? Rose. Are you listening to me? I'll  
book-

ROSE hangs up. She stands. Puts on her coat.

**INT. RECEPTION - MUSGRAVE STATION - EVENING**

ROSE talks to a receptionist.

ROSE

Detective Constable Price.

The receptionist picks up a phone.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I ask why?

ROSE

I'm here to collect a missing person.

**INT. HOLDING CELLS CORRIDOR - MUSGRAVE STATION - LATER**

PRICE and ROSE walk and talk.

PRICE

I would really suggest against-

ROSE

I've made up my mind.

PRICE

Well it's not in my power to stop you.

ROSE

(Sarcastic)

Please, don't sound so positive Trevor.

PRICE

There's very little chance of that.  
Believe me.

They stop outside a cell.

PRICE (CONT'D)

But before you do, for the record. I  
would like to reiterate one more time,  
that this is a completely terrible idea.

ROSE

I know.

PRICE  
This is not the safe move.

ROSE  
I know.

PRICE  
You're still not sure-

ROSE puts a hand on his shoulder and looks him in the eye.

ROSE  
Earlier I asked you to trust me. And you did. And was it the right move?

PRICE says nothing.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
It was.

PRICE nods.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
So please. I'm asking again. Trust me.

Something in ROSE'S expression suggests that she has a plan. PRICE acquiesces.

**INT. HOLDING CELL - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS**

PRICE unlocks the door. Inside, DÁIRE looks up.

PRICE  
It's your lucky day. You've a new place to kip.

ROSE looks at DÁIRE. She smiles, softly.

**INT. TAXI - MOVING - NIGHT**

ROSE and DÁIRE sit in the back of a taxicab. They sit far apart, awkwardly. ROSE sets her hand on the seat. DÁIRE places his hand gently on top of hers. She lets him.

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY - BELFAST - NIGHT**

They enter the apartment. DÁIRE looks around, eyes wide.



DÁIRE  
I can't believe after all these years,  
you're still here.

ROSE  
Where else was I to go?

DÁIRE  
Anywhere.

DÁIRE walks deeper into the flat. Taking it all in. ROSE watches him. Quietly she goes over to the dressing table and picks up the PARING KNIFE. She slips it into her coat pocket, making sure he doesn't notice.

DÁIRE (CONT'D)  
This was meant to be a stop-gap.

ROSE  
I know.

DÁIRE  
'Til we got our footing. Bought a house.  
Had a family.

ROSE  
I couldn't move out. Not after...

DÁIRE shakes his head.

DÁIRE  
I'm sorry Rose. Sorry for it all.

ROSE nods, holding back tears. They stare at each other. DÁIRE breaks the gaze. He's noticed something.

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

DÁIRE  
Is that-?

He goes to the bookshelf, at the bottom, a stack of vinyl records.

DÁIRE (CONT'D)  
You kept them.

ROSE  
I never touched them.

He pulls one out, blows a thick layer of dust off the top.

DÁIRE

Do you-?

ROSE

Not at all.

DÁIRE takes the record out of its sleeve and places it on a small vinyl player on the bookshelf. The record starts to spin. Softly he drops the needle. A warm crackle and then the song "*Nothing compares 2 U*" by Jimmy Scott (period equivalent) begins to play.

DÁIRE

Last time I heard this was, was it New Years? Do you...?

ROSE

I do.

DÁIRE

We had an argument. Didn't we? Something stupid.

ROSE

We were drunk.

DÁIRE

You were drunk.

ROSE smiles.

ROSE

I don't remember what it was about.

DÁIRE

Me neither. Not important I'm sure. Back then I thought I would spend the rest of my life with you.

ROSE

I know.

DÁIRE

I still do.

ROSE nods, tears in her eyes.

DÁIRE walks over, takes her hand.

DÁIRE (CONT'D)

Do you mind?

ROSE

No.

He leads her to the middle of the room. Pulls her close.

They begin to dance, slowly. Gently.

She rests her head on his shoulder.

ROSE (CONT'D)

How do you know all that?

DÁIRE

You do know it's me? Don't you?

ROSE

I don't. But I'm too tired. Tomorrow you can go back to being a stranger, but tonight- It's been long enough.

They dance, in silence.

DÁIRE

I love you rose.

(BEAT)

I'm sorry for it all.

ROSE

So am I.

They dance, quietly, tenderly.

DÁIRE lifts her face. He kisses her.

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

They kiss passionately, they fall onto the bed - and start to make love. And then...

HARD CUT TO:

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING**

ROSE and DÁIRE lie on the bed facing opposite walls. Daire is fast asleep, half-naked.

ROSE is fully awake and fully clothed. She stares forward. She reaches into her pocket and palms the PARING KNIFE.

She turns to check DÁIRE. Fast asleep.

Now is her moment. She slinks off the bed. Quietly she moves to DÁIRE'S side.

He makes a noise. She stops in her tracks. *Is he awake?*  
After an excruciating moment... He turns on his side.

She returns to her pursuit. She grabs his trousers. Going through one of the pockets, she finds nothing more interesting than a pack of chewing gum. She tries the other. Nothing.

She throws the trousers to one side and picks up his jacket. She tries one pocket. A few coins, a ticket stub. Tries the other. A small, inexpensive pre-paid phone. She looks through the texts. There is nothing.

She throws the jacket to one side. Disappointed.

But just as she is about to give up, she notices something. Under the jacket, DÁIRE'S rucksack. It's slightly open.

She checks to see if DÁIRE'S still asleep.

Tentatively she reaches into the bag. She pulls out its contents.

First, the tattered PASSPORT. She throws it to one side.

She continues to rummage inside the bag. She pulls out the rest of the contents. Nothing of importance.

Then she notices a SMALL TEAR on the back lining of the bag. She tries to pull it apart. No luck. She cuts it open with the PARING KNIFE.

She puts her hand inside and pulls out the contents. She finds **MULTIPLE PASSPORTS**. Each with *different identities*, different nationalities, each with the same photo of DAIRE. Names like - "LUIS GARCIA", "GRZEGORZ WÓJCIK", "KOLYA IVANOV".

DÁIRE starts to stir. Panicking, ROSE stuffs the passports back in the bag. Before she can finish, he wakes up. She shoves the last few passports into her pocket and stands up. She pretends she's been looking out the window.

DÁIRE  
(Groggily)

Hey.

ROSE  
Sleep okay?

DÁIRE  
Very. Very okay.

ROSE

Good to be back in your own bed.

DÁIRE

It is. Do you mind if I-?

She touches his face.

ROSE

No, go on. Get some rest. You need it.

He smiles, nods. Closes his eyes.

**INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER**

ROSE stands with her phone to her ear. It rings. She looks over her back. Makes sure DÁIRE isn't watching.

ROSE

Trevor?

PRICE

Rose, I'm not on shift-

ROSE

Listen. I've found something.

PRICE

(BEAT)

What?

ROSE

His bag. In the lining.

PRICE

What is it?

ROSE

Passports. A load of them. Different names. False identities.

PRICE

Can you bring them?

ROSE

Not without him knowing.

PRICE

Pictures.

ROSE

Okay.

PRICE

Quick.

He hangs up. ROSE opens the passports and spreads them on the coffee table.

She opens the camera on her phone and starts to snap pictures.

One of the first. One of the second.

She goes to take a picture of the third, but SUDDENLY, from behind DÁIRE grabs the phone from her hands.

Shocked, ROSE swings round.

DÁIRE

I can't let you do that Rose.

He walks toward her. She takes the PAIRING KNIFE from her pocket.

ROSE

Stop.

DÁIRE continues forward, unaware of the knife.

In fear, ROSE lashes out. She SLASHES, leaving DÁIRE with a RED SLICE across his cheek.

Daire touches his hand to the cut as BLOOD POURS through his fingers.

Instinctively, he SLAPS ROSE with the back of his hand.

She falls to the floor, dropping the PARING KNIFE.

DÁIRE picks it up.

DÁIRE

You shouldn't have done that ROSE.

DÁIRE stands over her, KNIFE IN HAND. They stare at each other. Not sure who will make the next move. ROSE backs up, terrified.

DÁIRE stands his ground. Looking down at her.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE.