

Ηιβερνια
(HIBERNIA)

By

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FADE IN:

1 INT. VAULT - UNKNOWN 1

SUPER - "6 MONTHS AGO."

Dusty, dimly lit. A walk-in antique.

The SOUND of a heavy door swinging open. Polished shoes step onto worn out carpet. Lights burst to life, do nothing for the overall ambience.

WILLIAM GOULDING strides past aisles of shelves, loaded with a disarray of archive boxes, loose pages and bound books. His round glasses reflect it all as he passes by.

A obviously important scrap of paper is clutched in his manicured hand.

He finds a shelf in a dark corner, confirms it as he folds the note into a wad, pockets it. He removes a box from the shelf, searches the few folders inside. Extracts one.

He scans it quickly, locks his focus on one line. His face contorts, cheeks glow red.

GOULDING

Bastards!

CUT TO:

2 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 2

SUPER - "PRESENT DAY."

QUIET. A house at peace.

A leather duffle bag sits at the bottom of a stairs draped heartlessly in Paisley carpet. On a table to the side, an old PHONE lies in a haze of dust.

FOOTSTEPS. A HAND reaches down, pulls the phone cord up from behind the table. A small BOX with a digital readout is connected to the line. It shows a ZERO. The line is released.

The hand grabs the bag. A door opens, SHUTS.

Quiet again --

The phone RINGS. And rings. And rings.

CUT TO:

3 INT. SMALL COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - UNKNOWN

3

One small desk lamp, low watt bulb, over scattered papers. An unfinished CROSSWORD. A RADIO whispers the shipping forecast.

A rotary dial TELEPHONE sits connected to a small, simple, beige box. An LED readout on one side. A set of headphones on top. The place is like a WW2 bunker. It possibly is one.

Cigarette smoke drifts through the light pool, creates a haze. Below, an old keyboard, like a Telex Machine, is idle. Until --

The phone RINGS.

The radio is switched off.

A WOMAN'S lips twist a cigarette. Manicured hands pick up the headphones, push a button on the box. The readout displays a number, prefixed with "+353".

One hand holds the headphones as the other scribbles the number on a small legal pad. The woman listens intently.

The call ends with an audible click. The woman punches the digits into the keyboard, resets the box, waits. The LED displays a new number, this time prefixed with '+44". It's answered quickly.

WOMAN

Dispatch. I have a tone on a sanctioned number.

(beat)

Once.

The display lights up again.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Wait, no, they're dialing again.

(beat)

Confirmed.

She hangs up. The legal pad is burned with a disposable lighter, dumped in a metal bin.

CUT TO:

4 INT. NIGEL WINTERS HOME - STUDY - DAY

4

The silhouette of NIGEL WINTERS -- tall, broad, elderly -- paces back and forth in front of an oak desk that lies across a large window. He stops occasionally, taps a MONT BLANC pen on his hand, continues.

After a few widths of the room, he pulls the chair out, sits, puts pen to paper --

A dull CRACK, a THUMP --

-- his hair SHOOTs up, pieces of skull rain down.

Nigel is dead before his faces slaps the desk. Blood crawls from his shattered head, flows around numerous books and, seen only now, a metal LOCK BOX.

Nigel bleeds out, muscles twitch, stop.

The lock box is lifted up by an unseen hand, drips blood and brain matter across the table.

Silence. Broken by a key turning in a distant lock.

WOMANS VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Winters? I'm here. Cup of tea?

A pause, shuffling, a door closes.

WOMANS VOICE (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Mr. Winters?

In the background, the blurred figure of a grey haired woman appears, stares into the study.

And she SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

5 INT. UNMARKED SQUAD CAR - DAY

5

A blue light SPINS on the dashboard. Two plain clothes DETECTIVES sit up front, the smaller of the two driving. A damp city whips by through the rain speckled glass.

The dispatch radio gurgles occasionally.

OLLIE COSTELLO, 30's, bounces around the back seat, just about held in by the belt. A war weary reporter. If it bleeds, he's seen it die. And he doesn't like to shout about it. His head is back, eyes shut tight, one hand on his forehead -- the best available compress for a lingering hangover. His clothes are thrown on, a mismatch of styles picked in haste.

The Detective in the passenger seat, FOLEY, turns around --

FOLEY

If you need to vomit, do it in your lap. We're not paid to clean up puke.

Ollie opens one eye, catches the driver smirking in the mirror.

Foley grins, faces front again. Ollie stares at the back of his head. Fucker.

CUT TO:

6 INT. GARDA STATION INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 6

Used table and chairs. An antiquated tape deck. And a bare overhead light with the most annoying hum.

Ollie's fingers wrap around a steaming cup of coffee. His head is held in his other hand. Resting. Or trying to.

The door opens, admits a uniformed GUARD and Detective BURKE, a tree stump with a healthy waistline.

BURKE
Oliver Costello?

Ollie moves only to nod. The door slams as Burke pulls out a chair noisily.

BURKE (CONT'D)
Hell of a way to start a morning
after the night you look like you
had.
(beat)
Bucket?

OLLIE
No. Thanks.

Burke nods to the Guard, who leaves.

BURKE
Sure? You just saw a dead body.
Reactions can be delayed, hit you
with out any warn--

OLLIE
I'm fine. I've seen bodies before.

BURKE
How many were friends?

Now that wakes Ollie up.

BURKE (CONT'D)
He was pretty messy.

OLLIE
I've seen worse than pretty messy.

BURKE
Yeah, you're that war junkie.

OLLIE
I'm recovering.

BURKE
No one recovers from war, but
anyway... You mentioned another
name, in your statement, when
identifying Nigel Winters. Snowman.
Any significance?

OLLIE
Nickname at the paper. He was
always our winter of discontent.

BURKE
Very good. And how many times were
you at Snowman's home, in his
house?

OLLIE
As I said in the statement, none.
Never been there. We nearly done?

BURKE
Somewhere to be?

OLLIE
I've a hangover to service.

Burke carries on --

BURKE
Can you explain this?

The Detective slides an evidence bag toward Ollie, follows it
with a few photos of the crime scene, Nigel's body in a
couple. Ollie doesn't touch them. Stares at the list though.
And we see why...

A blood stained piece of paper, five names, Ollie's at the
bottom.

BURKE (CONT'D)
Last thing he did before he got the
hole in his head was write your
name down. Found it on his desk.

OLLIE
You think I had something to do
with this? I'm not the only name.

BURKE
(gesturing to photo)
He did. So we do. We're talking to
everybody.

OLLIE

You going to get the others to I.D.
the body too?

BURKE

Not a bad idea.

The Guard returns, grotty bucket in hand. Burke waves the now
confused cop away.

OLLIE

Who did this?

BURKE

My next question -- any ideas?
We've been through this with --
(glances at notes)
-- Mrs. Parsons, his housekeeper.
People still have those? Anyway.
She couldn't think of anyone.

OLLIE

Neither can I. He was old school.
Why he had a housekeeper.

Burke draws nearer.

BURKE

Was he working on anything, for the
paper, drugs, maybe?

OLLIE

He was retired. We gave him that
pen.

Ollie stab a finger on one of the photographs.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

He was our editor for Christ's
sake. Not a reporter. All his
enemies are retired geriatrics, or
long dead.

BURKE

Maybe one ate well. This wasn't a
robbery. It was a hit. That's a
clean shot through the head, from a
ways back, out in the garden
apparently.

OLLIE

A hit?

BURKE

Real clean. Had to compensate for
refraction through the glass. I'm
told.

Burke softens, smiles, happy with Ollie's reactions.

BURKE (CONT'D)

I was fishing. You've been around this kind of thing. I was trying to ambush your insight.

OLLIE

Insight's a bit DUI.

Ollie glances at one photo, sees --

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Something's missing. On the desk.

Burke leans in, stares.

BURKE

I'm not seeing it--

OLLIE

--Top book, the line, his eh, blood flowed around something with an edge. Something was there.

Burke snaps the photo up, eyeballs it.

BURKE

I'll be damned.
(to Ollie)
I'm glad you came.

CUT TO:

7

INT. OLLIE'S APARTMENT - HALL - EVENING

7

The door opens in, Ollie stands framed, motionless for a moment, doesn't notice a FED-EX box on the floor. He moves forward, stumbles, drunk. A power shower HUMS nearby. He falls into --

LIVING ROOM

-- and drops his jacket on the couch. He walks across the room, stops at a coffee table covered with the night before -- empty bottles, cans. Ollie finds a half filled bottle of wine, takes a drink. Hates himself immediately.

Ollie swipes away some detritus, drops a folder into the space. He peels it open, sifts through the worn papers inside -- articles, heavily edited with red pen.

Off screen, the shower shuts down.

Ollie finds one page, clean, save for one big red scrawl -- "PRINT THIS!" at the bottom, skewed.

He glances at the wall across from him. A framed newspaper front page, the headline the same as the title of the page in his hand.

WOMANS VOICE (O.S.)

I would have cleaned, I only got here, jumped in the... I'm so sorry.

Ollie looks up from his memories to see --

REBECCA (BECCA) WALLIS, tall, fierce, and guilty, wrapped in a satin nightgown, wet hair streaks her face.

OLLIE

He's dead.

Becca hesitates, puts her hands out to Ollie, awkwardly sits by him on the couch, caresses his head.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

A sniper.

BECCA

(whispering)

Don't. Don't think.

They're lips find each other, explore, kiss. Ollie peels one shoulder off the nightgown, exposes pale skin. Becca opens the waist belt, shrugs off the other shoulder as Ollie lifts and places her down on the couch.

CUT TO:

8 INT. SPARTAN DINING ROOM - MORNING

8

A place mat, laminated victorian landscape, is laid on a table wrapped in a yellow vinal cloth.

A plate and bowl are placed on top, a knife and spoon aside.

The setting is rounded off with a white mug.

CLIVE CRAVEN, 70, looks over his handiwork approvingly. He's thin, gaunt, but looks nothing like his years, dressed impeccably in a decades old wardrobe of shirt, tie, and cardigan.

Clive steps away from the table and into the --

HALL

-- He folds himself into a long coat, picks up a leather duffle bag (we've seen this before) and opens the front door. In fact, it's the same hall from earlier.

9 EXT. DOORSTEP 9

A newspaper, wrapped in waterproof plastic, sits on the mat. Clive picks it up, throws it onto the dining table. It slides to a halt by the place setting, to be read later.

CUT TO:

10 INT. LOCKER ROOM - MORNING 10

Clive folds his coat, places it in a locker at eye level. A nearby locker door slams, Clive jumps. Further down the wall of lockers, a tall muscular GUY turns his head and stares at Clive.

Clive looks away, loosens his tie and top button.

CUT TO:

11 INT. SWIMMING POOL - MORNING 11

Clive butterflies his way up an empty lane. He reaches the edge, takes a breather -- people watches. He notes the same guy from the locker room dive in on the other side of the pool.

Clive watches him breast stroke in the other direction, then climbs from the water himself.

CUT TO:

12 INT. CLIVE'S HOUSE - HALL - DAY 12

The front door closes solidly. Clive places his keys back in his pocket, drops his bag at the base of the stairs, drapes his coat on the banister. He enters the --

DINING ROOM

-- and moves through it to the kitchen beyond. He potters around for a few moments, a kettle boils, clicks. He returns to the table with a pot of tea and a rack of toast.

There's no one in a nightgown waiting for him. But we'd guessed that.

Clive sits at the table, slides a knife into the plastic around the newspaper left there earlier. He fills a cup with strong tea, unfolds the paper, lays it out on the table. He takes a tentative sip from the cup and -- stops.

The cup is eased onto the table, Clive's hand pulls away, his eyes fixated on the front page of the paper --

"FORMER NEWSPAPER EDITOR FOUND SHOT IN HOME."

Clive swallows, clearly affected by the headline.

HALLWAY

Clive grabs the phone cord, pulls. The box comes up, hangs there, swinging like a pendulum.

The ZERO has changed to EIGHTEEN. Now we know where we are.

DINING ROOM

Clive kneels at a dark wooden cabinet, opens the lower door, slides out a box. He lifts the lid -- an envelope, already opened, lies on top of a black cloth. He takes the envelope, returns the box to the cabinet.

At the table, Clive carefully removes the contents of the envelope, analyses it. A generous glass of scotch has replaced the tea. It's a letter, one page, sparse words.

Clive stares at a mobile phone number at the bottom. He holds the page up, ignites a corner with a struck match. He watches it burn, places it on the plate as it approaches his fingers.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. CLIVES HOUSE - DAY 13

Clive steps onto the footpath, strikes out towards a phone box near the corner of the street -- watched the whole time by a MAN inside a WHITE VAN.

14 INT. PHONE BOX - DAY 14

Clive lifts the receiver, dials the number from the envelope. It's answered groggily.

OLLIE (O.S.)

Yep?

CLIVE

Mr. Costello? You sound ill.

OLLIE (O.S.)

You got that from 'yep'?

CLIVE

We need to meet. Ignore your hangover, and remember this location.

15 INT. WHITE VAN - DAY 15

The Man makes a note of the date, time, on a small legal pad. He also notes the number on the phone box.

16 EXT. PHONE BOX - DAY 16
 Clive exits the phone box, glances around, and heads away from his house and the white van.

17 INT. WHITE VAN - DAY 17
 The Man starts the engine as Clive rounds the far corner.

18 EXT. STREET - WHITE VAN - DAY 18
 The van pulls away from the kerb, follows Clive.

CUT TO:

19 INT. PUB - DAY 19
 Ollie nurses a pint at the bar. He stares into the beer, watches the bubbles.

He takes a drink, glances around. A couple of the other patrons look his way, go back to the privacy of their own conversations.

Ollie wipes tiredness from his eyes, drinks again, checks his watch.

Another quick drink nearly empties the glass, as he stands, throws his coat on. a pair of eyes follow him out.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. STREET - WHITE VAN - DAY 20
 Parked tight to the kerb, near a bridge over a picturesque tree-lined river. A pathway snakes along side the water.

A FIGURE strides across the road, slides open the van door, climbs in the back. The Figure nods to the Man in the front. The man places a small ANTENNA on the dashboard, aims it outside at --

Ollie, crossing the bridge and turning onto the path.

21 EXT. RIVER PATHWAY - DAY 21
 Ollie walks head down, hands stuffed in his jacket pockets. The river whispers off to the side. He doesn't see the man on the bench --

CLIVE
 Mr. Costello?

Ollie turns, stares.

OLLIE
Voice on the phone?

Clive nods slightly.

CLIVE
Please, sit.

Ollie takes the far end of the bench.

OLLIE
Nice spot.

CLIVE
Depends on your mood.

OLLIE
You called me...

CLIVE
I was a friend of Nigel's.

OLLIE
You know he's dead then.

CLIVE
It's knowledge I could do without.

OLLIE
You know something more?

CLIVE
Perhaps.

OLLIE
Who?

CLIVE
More of a why.

OLLIE
Go on.

CLIVE
He was in possession of information
other people felt he shouldn't be.

Ollie turns to Clive.

OLLIE
Who are you, Deep Throat?

CLIVE
Clive.

OLLIE
That your real name?

CLIVE
Does it matter?

Ollie shrugs.

OLLIE
So..?

Clive shifts closer to Ollie, exhales.

CLIVE
A few years ago, Nigel sent me something, a note, who to trust should anything happen to him.
(beat)
Your name. Your number.

OLLIE
Second list I've made today.

CLIVE
Do you know why?

OLLIE
No idea. I'd prefer to know who killed Nigel.

CLIVE
One begets the other.

OLLIE
Look, yesterday the cops had me I.D'ing Nigel while what was left of his brain leaked out of his head. I was happy to take a bottle of scotch to bed and let the soft focus memories lull me to sleep. Then you called. Now you tell me why.

Clive composes himself, takes a deep breath --

CLIVE
Nigel unwittingly involved us in something rather larger than any of us could have imagined.

OLLIE
How did you-- what exactly did he do?

CLIVE
He followed a trail, the end of which was his murder.

OLLIE
And you know this how?

CLIVE
I fed him the first bread crumb.

Ollie stands, stares down at Clive.

OLLIE
I've heard a lot of shit in my
time, but you are starting to take
biscuits from all over the place.
(beat)
You're telling me you got him
killed?

CLIVE
No, what he did with the
information I gave him got him
killed. He did something idiotic.

OLLIE
Inadvertently putting his head in
the way of a bullet qualifies, does
it?

CLIVE
No. Making a lazy phone call does.

Clive locks eyes with Ollie. Ollie breaks it, has had enough.

OLLIE
Okay, pal, great. Why'd that get
him shot? One more ridiculous
answer, I'm walking.

CLIVE
What I gave him lead to a bigger
answer than either of us expected.

OLLIE
You used him? What the hell did you
give him?

CLIVE
He discovered, he panicked, he
called someone. He died.

OLLIE
Okay.
(beat)
I'm going back to the police. This
conspiracy shit is insane.

CLIVE
That will get you killed.

OLLIE

And you're any safer?

Clive mulls that over. He raises an eyebrow -- fair point.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Last time -- what did you give him
and why'd it get him killed.

Clive leans forward.

CLIVE

Just after the second world war,
members of the British government
had certain designs on this island;
felt it prudent to draw up plans to
invade, again, control, thus
protecting their western boundaries
to greater effect than your own
state was able to.

OLLIE

A defensive invasion?

CLIVE

It was mothballed--

OLLIE

Good--

CLIVE

--until a decade later, when it was
revived as the Cold War announced
its not inconsiderable presence.

Clive scans Ollie's face for a sign to stop, sees none.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Larger scale operation, bigger
return, collateral perks. Very win-
win for Her Majesty's young realm.
Not so good for the west of
Ireland.

OLLIE

You expect me to believe this?

CLIVE

Not particularly, but you don't
need to believe it to be mixed up
in what it has spawned. Earlier
plan is public knowledge. Your
National Library has copies of it.
The later, however, is classified.

OLLIE

How were they going to invade? Just march right in? Tip their hats as they went by?

CLIVE

Of course not, don't be an idiot.

(beat)

This wasn't some crazy dictators show of force--

OLLIE

You sure?

CLIVE

--It was fear, survival. And it was very well planned.

Ollie waits for more.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

They would stage, or rather create a very real, national disaster in the west, blame it on the Russians and their allies, then offer assistance with the recovery. And, having in the years preceding the event, politically suggested it would be prudent for Ireland to return under the wing of the monarchy --

(beat)

-- Your own government would simply invite them to stay.

OLLIE

Well I think that's enough insanity for one day.

Ollie walks off down the path.

CLIVE

You've seen war, Mr. Costello. What it does to nations. Oh I informed myself of you as soon as Nigel gave me your name.

(stands)

You want to know why he was killed?

Ollie slows his pace, now thirty feet from the bench.

OLLIE

Why?

CLIVE

Best guess is he found out the operation is still active.

Ollie faces Clive.

OLLIE

Really? And what are they going to do? Toxins in the water? Virus? Mad fucking cows disease?

CLIVE

Fifty years ago, they were going to drop a bomb.

Ollie stiffens. What?

OLLIE

What kind of bomb?

But Ollie already knows the answer... Clive sighs, stares at his feet -- looks up at Ollie.

CLIVE

The only kind that mattered during the Cold War.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. LONDON - WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - DAY 22

DEPUTY KYLE TRAVIS steps from the UNDERGROUND into the autumn sun, sprints across the road towards BIG BEN, a leather briefcase tucked under one arm.

23 INT. MINISTERIAL OFFICES - DAY 23

Kyle raps on a polished wooden door as it swings in, allows a mid-forties SECRETARY to exit. She barely glances at him.

VOICE (O.S.)

Enter!

Kyle steps into --

OFFICE

-- opens his briefcase, nods at MINISTER DAVID WILCOT, who paces at his desk, cigar trying to escape his mouth.

KYLE

Sir.

Wilcot sticks a palm out at Kyle.

WILCOT

Here.

KYLE

We have some movement, possibly--

WILCOT

I can read.

KYLE

Sir.

Kyle passes over a couple of bound pages, almost overkill for the amount. The first page states clearly -- 'EYES ONLY'.

Underneath is stamped, "HIBERNIA".

Wilcot flicks through it, stops briefly on page two.

WILCOT

Should have renamed the damn thing.

No one would have found it then.

(beat)

Do we have anyone still in play?

KYLE

I believe the same mechanism is in place.

(beat)

Still deniable. Sir.

Wilcot mulls it over, confirms his thoughts with a nod. Kyle snaps his briefcase shut and leaves.

Wilcot holds his cigar under the pages, watches the growing flame consume them.

CUT TO:

24

INT. SMALL COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - UNKNOWN

24

The Woman sits back in the chair, reads War And Peace. The equipment buzzes, lights up.

She puts the book down, dons the headphones, flicks a switch.

WOMAN

Dispatch.

She listens, punches a long string of digits into the keyboard, waits. A green light blinks once.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Confirmed.

A fax machine CLACKS to life behind, spits out a page. She grabs the ejected sheet, types the names into the keyboard. She glances a couple of times to confirm the spelling of the FIVE names on the sheet --

Oliver Costello is the fifth name.

CUT TO: