

TWO CITIES

TELEVISION

An  Studios Company

GALLAGHER ► FILMS

BLUE LIGHTS

SERIES ONE

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Written by Declan Lawn & Adam Patterson

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STEPHEN WRIGHT

Executive Producer for Two Cities TV

LOUISE GALLAGHER

Executive Producer for Gallagher Films

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1/1 **INT. GRACE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING** 1/1

GRACE ELLIS, 41, is seated at the kitchen table in a modern comfortable suburban house. It's dark outside. She flicks through a social media app on the tablet balanced in front of her as she eats a bowl of cereal. She's listening to a radio news programme.

1/2 **INT. GRACE'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING** 1/2

CAL, 17, shaven-headed and thin, stands looking at the Glock 17 pistol in his hand. He turns it around, feeling the weight of it. He walks out into the hallway and pauses at the top of the stairs. He hears the vague sound of the radio. He breathes deeply, walking slowly down the stairs. His hand tightens on the gun. His jaw clenches.

1/3 **INT. GRACE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING** 1/3

Grace, oblivious, continues to eat her cereal. Then, in the reflection of the dark glass in front of her, she catches a whisper of movement. She stops chewing. She keeps looking at the window in front of her, giving her a view of the open door a few metres behind her. Now she sees the reflection of a figure emerge and walk into the kitchen. She turns slowly around. Cal is in the room. Her eye is drawn to the gun in his hand. A beat. She looks back at his face. It is blank. She stands up. A beat.

GRACE
(outraged)
What *the fuck* are you doing with that?

CAL
(annoyed)
You left it in the toilet!

She checks the holster on the inside of her jacket.

GRACE
(muttering)
Did I? Shit.

She's up and across the room, and he gives her the gun. She stuffs it in her holster, and then in her knapsack.

CAL
(disgusted, interrupting)
Do you even *know* how *unhygienic* that is?

GRACE
Unhygienic? You could have killed yourself!

CAL

You never even load it!

He has a point.

GRACE

Just...don't ever touch it again,
okay!

CAL

Well then, don't leave it sitting
on top of the bathroom sink!

She bustles out past him.

CAL (CONT'D)

(calling after her)

What do you want for dinner?

GRACE (O.S.)

Gin!

He smiles.

1/4

OMITTED

1/4

1/5

EXT. COASTAL VILLAGE STREET - DAY

1/5

ANNIE CONLON, 23, is walking up the street towards her house. She's wearing her outfit from the night before. The walk of shame. As she approaches her house, she also gets a view of the small back garden. A washing line. A police uniform hanging from it. She picks up her pace, trying to run in heels.

ANNIE

Shit!

1/6

INT. ANNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

1/6

Annie tumbles in through the front door and makes for the kitchen, where BRIDIE CONLON, 48, but looking older than that, sits at the table with a cup of coffee. She looks up and shakes her head.

BRIDIE

State of you.

Annie ignores her. She runs frantically out of the back door and into the garden, pulling the police uniform off the clothes line. She comes back in, angrily, with the uniform in a haphazard ball under her arm. The argument escalates instantly.

ANNIE

What did I tell you about hanging this up outside? The whole country can see it!

BRIDIE

And what?

ANNIE

(angrily)

And do you want to get me shot?

BRIDIE

(just as angry)

Ach wise up!

A beat. They eyeball one another. The heat goes out of things.

BRIDIE (CONT'D)

Are you hangin'?

ANNIE

Dyin'.

BRIDIE

Where were you?

ANNIE

They had a lock in back at the clubhouse.

BRIDIE

Uh huh. And then where?

ANNIE

(smiling)

Ach ye know. Gallivanting.

BRIDIE

(knowingly)

Wee dirtbird. Do you want a sausage bap?

ANNIE

I'd murder one.

Annie puts the uniform on the counter and sighs, struggling with her hangover. She takes a deep breath, closes her eyes, and tries to collect herself.

BRIDIE

Well I hope he was worth it,
whoever he was.

ANNIE

(wryly)

How do you know it was a he? I
mean, I like sausages...
(a beat, looking up)
...but I also like baps.

Bridie bursts out laughing.

1/7

INT. TRAINING CENTRE, SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

1/7

McCloskey is holding a clipboard. He nods at Tommy, who adjusts his ear defenders, raises his pistol, and starts firing. He fires in two-shot bursts, moving from standing, to his knees. McCloskey keeps looking up and then making notes on his clipboard. Tommy finishes firing. McCloskey looks downrange. McCloskey comes and looks over Tommy's shoulder, staring at the target.

MCCLOSKEY

Fuck me.

Cut to a downrange wide shot, and then a close of the target. The paper has six holes in it, but none on the actual target.

MCCLOSKEY (CONT'D)

You are literally the worst shot I
have ever seen.

McCloskey and the other RANGE WARDEN burst out laughing. Tommy walks off shaking his head, as if such shame is second nature to him.

1/8

INT/EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE - DAY

1/8

Grace picks up some post - utilities bills - from the hall table and absently scans them as she walks outside. Grace slams the door behind her. She looks around at the tidy middle class housing estate, mostly semi-detached starter homes. She walks to her car. She gets down on her hands and knees to check under it, lighting a torch to help her see. Then she gets up and climbs into the car. She throws the bills onto the passenger seat. She sits there in silence for a moment. She breathes deeply. She starts the car and drives off.

BLUE LIGHTS: 'THE CODE'.

1/9

INT. POLICE CAR - LATER

1/9

Sirens. Speed. On Grace, in the passenger seat. She's in the uniform of a PSNI Constable, a radio set plugged into her ear. The blue lights are on, the sirens blaring. Her upper body is jolted from side to side as the car she is in takes corners at high speed. Up ahead, a battered Toyota is leading the police car on a high speed chase, first through built up urban streets.

CUT TO: They are now racing through winding country roads, climbing out of the city. Grace does her best not to throw up. Her colleague, Constable STEVIE NEIL, 36, is driving.

STEVIE

Call it in!

GRACE

(flustered)

Okay, okay!

(she presses a button on
the radio fixed to her
body armour)

Uniform, Uniform. Pursuit, pursuit,
pursuit! Bravo Lima Seven Two
southbound approaching Cairntown
Road...

The car jolts. She stifles a scream but perseveres.

GRACE (CONT'D)

...suspect vehicle X-Ray Echo Zero
eight nine one five, repeat, X-Ray
Echo Zero eight nine one five,
over....

The radio crackles.

STEVIE

Backup!

GRACE

(into her radio)

Uniform, uniform. Requesting
assistance...

STEVIE

Just say we need backup!

GRACE

Backup, we need backup, over!

A beat. The radio crackles.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)
Bravo Lima Seven Two from Uniform.
Vehicle is Op Gulliver nominal,
over.

STEVIE
(muttering)
Shit.

GRACE
Does that mean?

STEVIE
Yeah.
(to radio)
What about that backup, Barney?

Grace looks at Stevie. He throws the car around the tight roads with a fierce concentration.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)
I'm all over it, mate.

Up ahead, the Toyota misses a sharp turn, plunges through a hedge, and flips over.

STEVIE
Jesus!

The police car skids to a halt at the recently-opened gap in the hedgerow. A moment of silence. Stevie is trying to pretend he's not shaken. They get out of the car. Stevie nods to the boot of the car.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Rifle.

Grace runs to the boot of the police car and opens it. She looks inside. A H&K G36 assault rifle is nestled in a rack. She takes it out, and quickly attaches a magazine. She looks utterly awkward with it, as if she's trying to remember how it works. (She is). Another beat. Silence. Birdsong. Grace tries to hand Stevie the assault rifle. He looks at it.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
(quickly)
No.

He collects himself. He puts his hand on his pistol but doesn't draw it.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
I'll go. You cover. Yeah?

She gulps and nods. This is so surreal.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Yeah?

Her mind is racing.

GRACE

Yeah, yeah.

Stevie walks towards the upturned car.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(to radio)

Bravo Lima Seven Two, vehicle has overturned, we are approaching, over.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)

Seven Two received. Be careful, over.

A muffled voice calls from inside the car.

GORDY (O.S)

Hey - help me!

*

Stevie and Grace exchange a glance. He walks on. She stands back, the heavy assault rifle pointed at the vehicle, weighing on her arms, and on her soul.

GORDY (O.S) (CONT'D)

Get me out of here!

Stevie is at the car. He bends down. He looks in. He smiles, incredulously. Then he laughs long and loud. On Grace, confused.

STEVIE

(still looking into the car and laughing)

Look who it is!

*

1/10

INT. POLICE STATION, ARMOURY/LOCKER ROOM - DAY

1/10

Annie walks into the armoury in her uniform, and sees JEN ROBINSON, 27 pontificating to Tommy. He's 22 but looks 17. Jen is prissy, punctilious, and extremely self-regarding. She loves dispensing advice as the slightly more experienced officer. The whole situation pisses Annie off immensely. She tries to keep her head down.

JEN

I heard you have to do the firearms test again?

Tommy goes pale.

TOMMY
Who told you that?

Jen just shrugs. Annie looks at her, viciously.

JEN
(smarmily)
I hated my probation period. That
feeling you could just screw up and
be thrown out on your ear at any
moment.

Tommy gulps.

ANNIE
(to Tommy)
You'll be fine.

JEN
(brightly)
Well. Let's hope so!

Annie shakes her head and drinks deeply from a bottle of
Lucozade Sport. Then she burps loudly. Jen is disgusted.

JEN (CONT'D)
Thirsty?

Annie meticulously finishes the bottle and throws it in the
bin. Then she beams, widely and aggressively at Jen.

ANNIE
Very.

JEN
Out drinking the night before a
shift?

Annie belches loudly in response. Jen is disgusted. A beat as
they glare at one another. Jen hates it that Annie takes none
of her shit. Tommy tries to smooth things over. He looks at
the poster on the wall. It's written in black marker. Not
very official. The heading: COLIN'S CODE. A list of threat
levels and a colour code beside them. The highest level is
brown.

TOMMY
Colin's Code. Tell us. Who *is*
Colin? Did he serve here, in this
section? Was he...like, was he...

Tommy swallows the next word.

JEN
(smiling, condescending)
You'll find out. When the time is
right...

Jen leaves. Tommy watches her go.

ANNIE
(mimicking Jen)
When the time is right. God, she
makes me want to puke!
(finally erupting)
If I get through probation without
punching her teeth out, it will be
a flipping miracle!

He clears his throat.

TOMMY
Yeah.

ANNIE
You do know she's only on the fast
track programme because of who her
mother is?

A beat. He thinks about this. He shifts awkwardly.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
I mean, what kind of arrogant
dickhead applies for the fast track
programme anyway?

Tommy is very uncomfortable now.

TOMMY
Yeah. Totally. I know.

He turns away. She eyes him.

ANNIE
Oh for *fuck's sake*. Don't tell me
you're fast track? Seriously?

Tommy shrugs, embarrassed.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Unbelievable.

She walks out.

TOMMY
What?

Annie walks out. He calls after her.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
What?

The door slams shut behind her.

1/11 **EXT. FIELD - DAY**

1/11

Stevie is still kneeling at the car. He's looking into it, barely concealing his mirth.

STEVIE
Gordy Mackle. As I live and breathe.

Stevie looks up at Grace.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
(to Grace)
It's grand.

GRACE
Uniform, uniform. Bravo Lima Seven
Two, stand down back up, over.

Stevie looks back inside the car. GORDY MACKLE, 17, is hanging upside down. He is the very image of an estate hood.

STEVIE
Well?

GORDY
Get me out of here!

STEVIE
First of all, I have to ask, do you have a head injury?

GORDY
I don't think so.

Stevie takes a multi-tool from his belt and reaches into the car. He reaches towards Gordy's waist....

GORDY (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you...?

...and expertly slits the seat belt keeping Gordy in position. Gordy is taken by surprise. He falls and hits the floor, landing on his face, yelping as he does so. Stevie smiles.

STEVIE
How's about now?

GORDY
Wanker.

Gordy begins to crawl out of the car. For the first time Grace gets a good look at him. Hoody. Tracksuit bottoms. Cheap trainers. He's trying to project aggression, but it's coming off a bit forced. Stevie nods to Grace. She approaches Gordy.

GRACE

Sir, I am arresting you under suspicion of taking a vehicle without consent of the owner. You do not have to say anything. But, I must caution you that if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court, it may harm your defence. If you do say anything it may be given in evidence. Do you understand the caution?

GORDY

(interrupting. Bitterly)
Suck my cock.

Grace shakes her head. Stevie ostentatiously opens his notebook.

STEVIE

Hang on a second til I get that verbatim for the judge. S-U-C-K...

GORDY

(bitterly)
Fuck off.

Grace smiles.

STEVIE

(to Gordy)
Do you have any idea whose car you nicked? You're in deep shit, Gordy. Deep shit.

GORDY

(defiantly)
No comment.

STEVIE

(laughs)
Dickhead.

Grace smiles again. Stevie talks into his radio.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Uniform, uniform, Bravo Lima Seven Two, can you task recovery, need to get CSI to check this for prints, over.

He turns to the car.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(to Gordy)
Thanks for the present, by the way.

Stevie turns to Gordy and smiles widely. Gordy shakes his head forlornly. Grace cuffs him. He doesn't resist.

1/12

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

1/12

Tommy is in the passenger seat. His mentor GERRY CLIFF, 48, is driving.

GERRY

What's wrong with you today? You've
a face on ye like a battered
sausage.

TOMMY

I'm fine.

A car pulls out in front of them. Only Gerry pays it any attention.

GERRY

That car.

Tommy immediately looks around, trying to catch up.

TOMMY

Huh?

GERRY

What do you notice about it?

TOMMY

Er...it's...eh...

GERRY

What?

TOMMY

It's...uh...blue?

A beat.

GERRY

Are you serious? I'm not asking you
for a description for the partially
sighted! Jesus wept, son!

TOMMY

(flustered)

I don't...I don't know...

GERRY

What make and model is it?

TOMMY

Uh...a Toyota...something.

GERRY
Corolla. But look, it must be 2009,
2010. Twelve years old at least.
What about the plates?

TOMMY
Uh...oh yeah. It's a newer plate.

GERRY
(nodding)
Only registered two years ago.

A beat.

GERRY (CONT'D)
Which is just a wee bit off.

Gerry sounds the sirens and turns on the blue lights. The car
in front of them pulls over.

GERRY (CONT'D)
All yours, Columbo.

Tommy looks uneasy.

GERRY (CONT'D)
Go on!

Tommy gets out. Gerry starts punching the registration plate
into his work phone handset.

1/13 **EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

1/13

Tommy approaches the car. He notices a baby seat in the back,
but no child. A man, MARK, in his mid-30s is driving, a
woman, RACHEL, is in the passenger seat. Both of them face
forward, barely looking at Tommy.

TOMMY
Good morning, sir. May I see your
driving licence please?

The man turns his head very slowly towards Tommy. His accent
is English.

MARK
I forgot my wallet.

TOMMY
Do you have another form of ID?

MARK
No. I don't.

Tommy is unsettled by the man's demeanour. He leans in to
look at the woman.

TOMMY

Madam, may I see some ID?

She shakes her head, looking straight ahead, never even turning him. This is not going well. Tommy casts a glance look back at Gerry.

1/14 **INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS**

1/14

Gerry is fiddling with the phone handset. It's frozen.

GERRY

Stupid...bastard...thing...

He hits the screen.

1/15 **EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

1/15

Tommy takes a deep breath.

TOMMY

Can I ask you both to step out of the car please?

A beat. Mark steals a look at Rachel.

MARK

No.

Tommy is astonished.

TOMMY

Excuse me?

MARK

(coolly, calmly)

No.

A beat. Tommy looks back to Gerry. He has absolutely no idea what to do.

1/16 **INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS**

1/16

Gerry has finally got the screen to work. It reads: NO RECORDS FOUND.

GERRY

Shit!

He jumps out of the car.

1/17 **EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

1/17

Gerry approaches the car, bends in and speaks to the Mark.

GERRY
Sorry about this, the computer
was...

MARK
(quietly, angrily)
Get your fucking act together, will
you?

He speeds off. Tommy watches him go. Gerry walks back to the car grumpily.

GERRY
Come on!

Tommy watches him, astonished.

1/18 **INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS**

1/18

Tommy gets in.

TOMMY
What was...

Gerry gives him the handset. Tommy reads it.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
No records found? But every vehicle
is on the system.

GERRY
Not every vehicle, no.

A beat. Tommy looks at him, confused.

GERRY (CONT'D)
They're undercover lad!

He drives off, exasperated and annoyed.

GERRY (CONT'D)
(pissed off, resigned)
Sneaky beakies.

Tommy is incredulous.

GERRY (CONT'D)
Sneaky bloody beakies.

They drive off.

1/19

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

1/19

Grace and Stevie are in a stationary car on the edge of a housing estate. Stevie picks up his phone.

STEVIE

My turn.

A song comes on by The Bonnevilles. He drums his fingers vigorously on the steering wheel. It annoys her.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

What?

GRACE

Nothing.

Stevie reaches into a brown paper bag.

STEVIE

Flapjack? Honey and oatmeal. People say these are easy to make, but the consistency is the thing. You need to put in the right amount of honey so that they don't...

Grace shakes her head.

GRACE

No thanks.

STEVIE

In six weeks you haven't eaten a single thing I've made.

Grace smiles.

GRACE

I'm on a diet.

He takes his name badge off and puts it in the glove compartment. Grace is confused.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

STEVIE

You don't want to be wearing a name badge around here.

GRACE

Are you serious?

Stevie nods and crunches happily on a biscuit. Grace sighs. Stevie sees movement in the rear view mirror.

STEVIE
(his mouth full)
Cover's here.

Another police car pulls up beside them, carrying Gerry and Tommy. They open their windows to talk.

GERRY
Here, make this quick, will you? In and out.

STEVIE
Ten minutes tops.

Stevie notices that Gerry isn't happy.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Why, what's up mate?

GERRY
Just had a run in with the sneakies.

A beat. Stevie's bothered by this.

STEVIE
C4?

GERRY
(shaking his head)
Nah, they were English. I'm thinking they're Det. Maybe Box. Either way...

Gerry shrugs. Stevie considers this. Grace looks at him with curiosity.

STEVIE
Right. We'll make this quick.

The police cars move off, slowly, one behind the other. They pass a sign CARRICK VIEW ESTATE, and another sign beside it showing the outline of a sniper against a white background. Underneath it, it says UP THE RA. They drive on, slowly, vigilantly. Tommy bends his neck to read the sign. He breathes deeply to conquer the nerves.

1/20

EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE, ANGELA'S HOUSE - DAY

1/20

Gerry and Tommy stand guard, watching up and down the street. It's the last place they want to be. Grace and Stevie walk towards the front door. Stevie rings the doorbell.

STEVIE
(cheekily)
Don't fuck this up.

GRACE
(sarcastically)
Ha ha.

A figure approaches through the glass. The door is opened. ANGELA MACKLE looks from Stevie to Grace and back. An anxious, bird-like face. A hard life inscribed in it.

ANGELA
He's dead, isn't he?

Stevie exchanges a glance with Grace.

STEVIE
Nah, Angela. If he was dead, I'd have my hat on.

ANGELA
What then?

STEVIE
Can we come in?

Angela looks up and down the street. She opens the door and they go in.

1/21 **EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE, ANGELA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 1/21

Gerry and Tommy stand watch out on the street. Curtains are twitching. Some TEENAGERS pedal up on bikes. They look on with a sullen hostility.

JP JUNIOR
You're a brave wee peeler, aren't ye?

Tommy looks pale and terrified and completely out of his depth.

1/22 **INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER** 1/22

A small but well-kept room. Everything in its place. Stevie takes it all in, his eyes roaming everywhere. Angela sits on the edge of the armchair. Stevie and Grace sit on the sofa.

GRACE
Mrs Mackle, Gordy was in a car accident but he is not injured. Physically, he's fine. However, the car he was driving...

STEVIE
Which he nicked.

A beat. Grace looks irritably at Stevie, who shrugs. She looks back at Angela.

GRACE
Do you know James McIntyre?

A beat. Now Grace has Angela's full attention. Laser focus.
Defensive.

ANGELA
(defensively)
Why are you asking me that?

GRACE
Well, I just...I mean, I'm just
asking if...

ANGELA
(snapping)
Sure everybody knows James
McIntyre.

A beat. Stevie and Grace look at one another.

GRACE
It was James McIntyre's car.

Angela deflates visibly as if struck by a blow. Stevie steals
another glance at Grace.

1/23 **EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE, ANGELA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME** 1/23

Tommy and Gerry are standing their ground as more teenagers
seem to emerge from every side alley. They're intimidating.
JP JUNIOR circles them on his bike, like a shark. Tommy looks
to Gerry, who tries to reassure him with a glance, but he
doesn't look too sure of the situation himself.

1/24 **INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME** 1/24

Angela is staring into space, a million miles away.

GRACE
Mrs Mackle, do you understand what
I'm saying to you? Your son may be
in danger.

Angela looks at her vacantly.

Stevie is observing Angela very closely. A beat.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Angela. Is there something you want
to tell us?

ANGELA
Something...?
(she hesitates)
No. No.

Stevie casts a glance at Grace. Angela looks at her intensely. She shakes her head. Grace nods.

GRACE

Okay. Well. If you notice anything suspicious. If you or Gordy need any help, you can call me.

Grace hands over a card. Stevie glances at her incredulously.

ANGELA

(amazed)

Help?

GRACE

(to Angela)

Yes. Help. Just call me.

Angela looks at her dubiously. Stevie is amazed and annoyed. They get up to go.

ANGELA

Wait...I mean...since you're here...

(struggling with this)

Do you know a place called The Palace?

STEVIE

The Palace? Near The Heights? What about it?

ANGELA

Gordy's there a lot these days.

STEVIE

And?

ANGELA

(evasive and regretful
that she raised it)

And...I don't know.

Suddenly she pulls Grace close, taking her by surprise.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(hissing)

You didn't hear that from me, okay?

A beat, as Grace prises Angela off her.

GRACE

Okay.

STEVIE

(disgruntled)

Come on. Let's go.

They leave. Angela watches her go. She looks at the card in her hand. Then back at Grace as she gets in the car.

1/25 **INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

1/25

Stevie slams the car door. He's pissed off. The teenagers are watching the police closely. The cars move off. Suddenly a half-empty bag of curried chips lands on the bonnet of Grace and Stevie's car. Grace yelps. Stevie acts as if nothing has happened.

1/26 **INT. POLICE CAR - SAME TIME**

1/26

In Gerry and Tommy's police car. Another half-finished foil packet of curry lands just in front of them. They power over and speed off. Gerry shoots Tommy a sideways glance.

GERRY
Enjoying yourself?

Tommy exhales all the stress in his body in one long gasp. Gerry smiles widely. They drive on.

1/27 **INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

1/27

Back in Stevie and Grace's car. He's quietly annoyed.

STEVIE
What did you do that for?

GRACE
(shocked)
Do what?

STEVIE
Give her your contact card!

GRACE
Well....I mean...if she wants to
contact me...if she needs...

STEVIE
They're frequent flyers, Grace!

GRACE
What?

STEVIE
The Mackles. We've been dealing
with Angela and the kid for years.
You can't solve their problems for
them!

GRACE
(taken aback)
Why not?

STEVIE
Are you serious?

GRACE
Explain to me what the problem is?

Stevie shrugs.

STEVIE
If she calls looking for help, what
are you going to do for her?

GRACE
Well, I mean I...whatever I can.

STEVIE
We do what we can *on the day*.
That's it. That's where the job
ends. On the day. You try to do any
more than that and you won't last a
year. You won't even make it
through probation!

They drive along in silence.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
What age are you?

Grace is somewhat mortified.

GRACE
None of your business....

STEVIE
(interrupting)
No, come on, seriously what? Late
thirties?

GRACE
Forty one.

STEVIE
So you had another job before this,
right? What was it?

GRACE
You're my tutor con. You don't
know?

Stevie shrugs.

STEVIE

You think I get paid enough to find out what my probationer used to do for a living?

Grace gulps.

GRACE

I was a social worker.

Stevie bursts out laughing.

STEVIE

Of course you were! Of course you fucking were!

He laughs louder.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Oh my God, of course you were.

1/28

INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - DAY

1/28

Annie is looking up at a board on which are engraved the names of every RUC and PSNI officer from Blackthorn Station who have been killed on duty. There are a lot of names. HELEN MCNALLY, 34, formidable-looking, comes walking up.

HELEN

Tough times. Or so I hear. Not many left here now who served then.

Annie nods.

HELEN (CONT'D)

You're looking for Colin, aren't you?

Annie is sheepish.

HELEN (CONT'D)

He's not up there. The mysterious Colin is not a dead cop.

A beat. Annie looks at her.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Come on. Shift briefing.

Annie sighs and follows her.

1/29

INT. POLICE STATION, CUSTODY SUITE - DAY

1/29

Grace and Stevie are standing with CUSTODY SERGEANT SANDRA CLIFF.

GRACE

I'm sorry...he's been *released from custody*? And we didn't charge him with anything?

SANDRA

There was no complaint.

Grace turns to Stevie, astonished.

GRACE

But he...

(back to Sandra)

We caught him driving a stolen car!

SANDRA

Did you?

A beat. Grace looks at Stevie. Confused.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

It's just, the owner says he was driving it with his permission.

Stevie laughs.

STEVIE

(laughing)

Oh *shit*! No way!

GRACE

But what about...?

Sandra produces two photocopied documents.

SANDRA

(interrupting)

Gordon Mackle passed his driving test three weeks ago. He's even on the vehicle insurance.

Stevie keeps smiling. Grace is astonished.

STEVIE

Magnificent.

SANDRA

So it seems from my perspective, you've caught him in the act of...

(a beat)

...driving without R plates.

A beat.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

So what do you reckon we should have done? Solitary confinement? Thrown away the key?

Grace is squaring up for an argument she cannot win.

STEVIE

C'mon.

He marches off up the corridor. Grace doesn't move.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

C'mon!

Stevie walks off. Grace follows.

SANDRA

(shouting after them,
smiling to herself)

Maybe I should charge you with
wasting police time!

Stevie doesn't turn around but he is smiling as he walks away. Grace is gutted, clenching her jaw.

1/30

INT. POLICE STATION, BRIEFING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

1/30

On Annie's face, bored rigid, as Helen briefs them on the highlights from the previous shift. All of "B" Section - today, twelve officers - are sitting in rows of chairs. So too is Jen. Annie notices this with some disdain. She sighs and tries to concentrate on what's being said. Tommy watches on, still looking entirely out of his depth.

HELEN

We had another domestic on the early at the Brennans' on Oldpark. They have the butcher's shop on the Waterville Road. Wife went for the husband with a knife.

GERRY

She heard he was doing a special offer on his sausage.

General laughter. Tommy laughs too.

HELEN

Yes, yes, thank you. He's not making a complaint but let's keep an eye on that situation.

Tommy gets carried away.

TOMMY

Maybe we could do a steak out?

All faces turn to Tommy. Silence. Complete tumbleweed.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You know. Like steak. Because he's
a butcher...

Tumbleweed. Tommy wants the ground to swallow him up.

HELEN

(interrupting)

Okay, moving on...

The door opens and Grace and Stevie enter. Grace takes the
seat beside Annie and smiles at her as she does so.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Our main incident of interest on
the early shift was Gordon Mackle
caught driving the vehicle of James
McIntyre.

Grace is listening now. They all are. This is the kind of
information that could one day be the difference between life
and death.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Apparently he was doing so with
McIntyre's full permission. So
unfortunately we arrested him for a
non-existent crime. Bit of an
oversight.

She shoots a glance at Grace, who is mortified.

HELEN (CONT'D)

But from an intelligence point of
view, it's interesting.

Helen is taking notes.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Let's put him on the stop and
search list. Make his life
uncomfortable.

GERRY

Any spec on his movements?

GRACE

His mother says he's spending time
in a place called The Palace?

A beat.

GERRY

(looking at Stevie)

That place is a bit out of the way
for a wee lad from the view.

STEVIE
(to Jonty and Helen)
That's what I thought. We'll take a
run over there.

HELEN
Anything else?

GERRY
We came across the sneaky beakies
earlier. Is there anything we
should know?

A beat. Glances are exchanged around the room. Helen is
perplexed.

HELEN
(shrugging)
Not that I'm aware of.

INSPECTOR DAVID 'JONTY' JOHNSTON has been sitting quietly off
to the side this whole time. Gerry looks at him. He looks
away awkwardly. Gerry registers his discomfort.

JEN
I...have that file to prep for the
Crown court. Needs to be done
today. I was wondering if I could
stay back to finish it...

HELEN
No, sorry, we're short-handed as it
is...

JONTY
(to Jen)
We've been falling behind on court
files. Makes sense to get it done.
We'll stand you up in to the shift
pattern if we need you.

Jen looks pleased. Stevie and Helen exchange a cynical
glance. The meeting breaks up.

HELEN
Probation Constables Ellis, Conlon,
and Foster, a word.

Annie and Grace exchange an anxious glance. Cut to: moments
later, the room is empty apart from Helen, Grace, Annie and
Tommy. An awkward, strained silence.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Well, it's been a month. Two more
months of probation left. How do
you all think it's going?

GRACE

Good.

ANNIE

Alright.

TOMMY

Okay, ma'am.

HELEN

Sarge, not ma'am.

Annie smiles. Tommy gulps.

TOMMY

Sorry, ma'am.

(quickly)

Sarge.

HELEN

Do you want to know how I feel it's going for the three of you?

Silence.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Not very well. To put it mildly.

A beat.

HELEN (CONT'D)

(to Tommy)

Your marksmanship is terrible. If you don't fix it, you're not going to make it.

(to Grace)

You arrested someone this morning for a crime they didn't commit.

(to Annie)

And the word is that you came in this morning hungover!

ANNIE

What...no...I-!

HELEN

(interrupting)

It's not good enough. From any of you. Not even nearly. You think I won't fail all three of you if I have to?

Silence.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Constable Ellis, the Inspector wants to see you in his office.

GRACE
(shocked)
The Inspector wants to see...me?

HELEN
Immediately.

HELEN (CONT'D)
You two. Get to your callsigns. And
up your game! Constable Conlon.
You're with me today. Go on. Check
your kit.

They walk off.

ANNIE
(under her breath)
Jen. The wee bitch!

Grace walks out, stricken and anxious.

1/31 **OMITTED** 1/31

1/32 **OMITTED** 1/32

1/33 **INT. POLICE STATION, JONTY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER** 1/33

Jonty beckons Grace into a seat. She's flummoxed and deeply uncomfortable.

JONTY
Constable Ellis.

GRACE
Sir.

JONTY
I got your email.

Grace is completely bewildered.

GRACE
My *email*? What email?

JONTY
(sheepish)
I'm going to step away from my desk
now, and you can come over here and
read the email you sent me
approximately thirty minutes ago.
I'll remind you that my office is
covered by CCTV.

Grace is astonished. Jonty gets up and walks to the corner of
the office, carefully and officiously. Grace goes pale.

She walks over to the screen, and reads the email, her face collapsing in horror and embarrassment.

GRACE

Sir, I didn't...this isn't...

JONTY

Take a seat.

GRACE

No sir, I didn't send...

JONTY

(sternly)

Take a seat!

She goes back and sits down.

JONTY (CONT'D)

As I see it, there are two possibilities here. Either, six weeks into your probation period as a new police officer, and without ever having spoken to me, you have asked me out on a *date*...

Grace is mortified.

GRACE

Sir! No!

JONTY

(interrupting)

Or you left your login open at your desk, and one of your colleagues decided to play a prank.

Grace doesn't know where to look.

JONTY (CONT'D)

If the latter, I would suggest you log off every time you leave your desk.

Grace is speechless. All she can do is nod.

JONTY (CONT'D)

If it's the former, I'm afraid I have to inform you that I am very happily married.

GRACE

Sir, I...

JONTY

Dismissed.

A beat. She's in shock. Grace gets up and leaves. She wants to vomit. Once she's gone, Jonty starts laughing to himself.

1/34

INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

1/34

Grace walks back into the shift office. She looks around, stunned. It's full of her COLLEAGUES, including Stevie. Suddenly, in unison, they all roar....

COLLEAGUES

Yeeeeooooooooooooooooo!

GRACE

You bastards!

Laughter and hilarity.

1/35

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

1/35

Annie is in the car with Helen. She feels under scrutiny, even in the silences. There is no small talk here.

HELEN

The man with the red ski jacket who just walked past. Did he have a backpack?

Annie turns her head to get a better look. She can't see him anywhere.

ANNIE

A backpack? I...uh...

HELEN

I am the driver. You are the observer. Are you observing?

ANNIE

(on the spot)

I uh...

HELEN

What's your role?

ANNIE

(defeated)

In built up areas I scan pedestrians for individuals known to police and also potential threats.

Annie is ashamed, once again.

HELEN

Were you doing that?

A beat.

ANNIE
(quietly)
No.

Helen sighs. Annie feels like opening the car door, jumping out, and running away, forever.

1/36

EXT. THE PALACE - DAY

1/36

Grace and Stevie are looking up at a squat, square, dilapidated block of flats.

STEVIE
The Palace. What a shit hole.

GRACE
Assisted pathway living.

STEVIE
Huh?

GRACE
It's a stepping stone for kids coming out of care. It helps them make the transition into the real world. Although a lot of them never really make it. They just fall through the cracks.

STEVIE
(muttering)
Tell me about it.

They walk towards the door of The Palace. On the way in, KIRSTY, 18, is opening the front door with a key. She has her back turned to them.

GRACE
Hiya.

Kirsty turns, shocked and defensive. She freezes in the doorway.

GRACE (CONT'D)
You alright?

Silence.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I'm Grace. This is Stevie. Do you mind if we come in?

KIRSTY
I'm not sure I...

GRACE

We just want to have a quick look around.

Kirsty steps back. They walk past her into the foyer. They look around. It's silent. Dilapidated. Grace looks down at the key fob in Kirsty's hand. It says 204. Grace smiles.

GRACE (CONT'D)

So how long have you been living here then?

KIRSTY

I'm sorry, I...I...

Kirsty walks off quickly, up the stairs. Grace exchanges a suspicious glance with Stevie. Grace looks at an old ledger, chained to the wall.

GRACE

Visitors' book.

She opens it. Swear words and obscene drawings. Stevie leans in.

STEVIE

(mock-curious)

Is that...Shakespeare?

Grace shakes her head and slams the book closed. She looks around. Something is troubling her.

1/37 **OMITTED**

1/37

1/38 **INT. POLICE CAR - DAY**

1/38

Helen and Annie are driving around.

HELEN

What's an Op Gulliver nominal?

ANNIE

An individual suspected of being involved in paramilitary activity or terrorist-related offences.

Helen nods.

HELEN

When we stop and search an Op Gulliver nominal, what legislative powers do we use?

This is a nightmare. Helen is a nightmare. And Annie hates the legal stuff. Her mind races. Then - sudden relief.

ANNIE
The Justice and Security Northern
Ireland Act 2007.

Helen nods. A beat. Something about Helen's demeanour has changed.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Why?

HELEN
Because you're about to use it.

The car stops suddenly.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Come on.

They jump out.

1/39

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

1/39

Two young men are walking away, their backs turned. Helen nods to Annie.

HELEN
The one on the left is Gordy
Mackle. All yours.

Annie isn't prepared for this, but she manages to get the words out as she moves quickly toward the young men. Standing back, Helen taps her bodycam twice and the red light turns on.

ANNIE
Gordon...Gordon Mackle!

Gordy and MO MCINTYRE turn. Over Annie's shoulder, Helen immediately recognizes Mo, and she is both astonished and immediately much more on edge.

HELEN
(muttering)
Shit!

Discreetly, she talks into her radio earpiece. As she speaks her eyes are scanning both sides of the street. She quickly and quietly unclips her gun without drawing it from the holster. She moves closer to Annie, but not too close.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Uniform, Uniform, Bravo Lima Seven
Four, we are at 235 Limestone Way
and engaged in a search with an op
Gulliver nominal, repeat an op
Gulliver nominal, over.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)
Bravo Lima Seven Four from Uniform
received. ID, over?

HELEN
Mo McIntyre. He's with Gordy
Mackle, over.
(under her breath)
Fuck!

Back on Annie, oblivious to the threat she is facing. She is talking to Gordy, but remains aware of Mo.

ANNIE
Mister Mackle, under schedule two
of the Justice and Security Act
2007 you have been selected for a
stop and search. You're detained
for the purposes of said search.

Mo smiles.

CORDY
Fuck's sake!

ANNIE
Do you intend to comply with this
request?

Helen is breathing quicker now, her eyes locked on Mo. He notices this, and winks at her.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Do you intend to comply?

Gordy shakes his head, but begins to do as he is told. He raises his arms above his head. With some relief, Annie moves towards him. Mo steals a glance at Annie's police bodycam. He notices something about it. He looks back at Gordy.

MO
Put your arms down.

Gordy turns to him, surprised. Annie hears the quiet, intense instruction, and stops dead. Helen bristles. She looks up and down the street again.

MO (CONT'D)
I said put your arms by your side.

Gordy does as he's told. Some ONLOOKERS are slowing down, beginning to notice. She looks back over her shoulder at Helen, who is speaking into her radio again.

HELEN

Uniform, Uniform, Bravo Lima Seven
Four, I need that back up *now*,
over.

Annie remembers her training. "Refusal to comply" calls for quick and decisive physical action. Ninety percent of people shy away from physical confrontation with a uniformed police officer. She breathes, and then walks three steps towards McIntyre.

ANNIE

Sir, I'm going to ask you to step
back...

Helen sees her move too late.

HELEN

Annie...

Mo punches Annie full in the face, with a sickening slap of bone on bone. Blood bursts out of her nose, and she reels back, falling as she does so. There are gasps from pedestrians.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Gordy and Mo begin to run but Helen finds a burst of speed and is on Mo in an instant, dragging him to the ground. They begin to wrestle. Mo has her in a headlock. Gordy, in shock, stops running and turns around. Helen is losing this wrestling match, and quickly.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Annie!

She is being choked now. She is reaching for her CS spray, maybe even her gun, but both of her arms are trapped.

HELEN (CONT'D)

(croaking)

Annie!

Annie is in a world of her own. Of a high ringing sound, obscene dizziness, total disorientation. She is breathing rapidly. She can see what is happening but her body won't respond. She can't even speak. Helen is clawing at the arm around her neck. PEOPLE look on, stupidly, silently, refusing to get involved. Gordy watches, breathing rapidly. Suddenly he turns and runs. Mo sees him go. It's the split second of release Helen needs to elbow Mo in the throat. As he falls backwards she instantly gets to her CS spray, which she deploys liberally into Mo's face. He screams in agony. Annie still stands there, breathing rapidly, blood pouring from her nose, dripping onto the pavement. Mo is on his front now, Helen straddling his back, cuffing him. Annie falls to her knees.

Through glazed vision, she can make out the swirl of blue lights approaching. She vomits on the pavement in front of her.

1/40

INT. THE PALACE, UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

1/40

A bare corridor. Clean but functional. Stevie watches Grace as she assesses what she's seeing.

STEVIE

What?

GRACE

Listen.

They listen.

STEVIE

I don't hear anything.

GRACE

Exactly. I've worked in three places like this. Usually it's chaos. Why's it so dead?

STEVIE

Maybe it's because it's daytime. They're sleeping? You know. Like bats.

GRACE

(shaking her head)

Bats.

Stevie shrugs. The radio crackles. Grace looks up. She sees a door. 204.

GRACE (CONT'D)

This is her room. The girl from downstairs.

STEVIE

How do you know it's her...

GRACE

Her key fob.

Grace walks up and knocks on the door. Kirsty opens it, annoyed, scared and defensive. She looks up and down the corridor.

KIRSTY

(hissing)

I can't talk to you!

GRACE

Why not?

KIRSTY

I just...I can't. I'm busy.

Grace looks at Stevie.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)

Bravo Lima Seven Two, we have reports of a disturbance on Northtown Parade in Carrick View...female brandishing a knife, over.

Grace and Stevie exchange a glance.

STEVIE

Northwood Parade? That's Angela's street...

Grace turns back to Kirsty.

GRACE

Listen to me. I don't know what's going on here, but I need you to know that if you ever feel threatened, or in danger, you call us. We will come immediately. Yeah?

Kirsty looks at her and swallows.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Okay?

Kirsty slams the door. Grace runs out after Stevie.

CUT TO:

1/41 **INT. THE PALACE, RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER**

1/41

Grace and Stevie are running quickly back out through the reception.

1/42 **INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - DAY**

1/42

Jonty is with Annie and Helen. All three of them are gathered around a computer showing bodycam footage. Annie's nose has stopped bleeding, but her face is covered in dried blood. She seems numb.

JONTY

Constable Conlon, you need to turn on your bodycam *every time*.

Annie could barely feel any worse. Helen is looking at the screen, replaying the bodycam pictures.

HELEN

I'm too far back to pick up sound.

JONTY

His solicitor's down there now.
Giving Sandra all the shit of the
day.

ANNIE

Look at it! He assaulted me. And
her!

Helen shakes her head. She guesses at what's coming.

JONTY

You want the bones of it?

A beat. Jonty reads from a sheet of paper in his hand.

JONTY (CONT'D)

"I was approached by a police
officer who did not verbally
provide her shoulder number."

A beat.

JONTY (CONT'D)

(to Annie)

Did you?

ANNIE

I...I quoted the legislation and
I...

JONTY

(interrupting)

The Officer then misidentified the
legislation under which she was
stopping me...

ANNIE

What? No, I...

JONTY

Citing schedule two of the Justice
and Security Northern Ireland Act
instead of schedule three. Is that
right?

ANNIE

I...uh...

(uncertain)

No, I think I said...I'm not...

HELEN

(gently but firmly)

We have to get this right. Every
time.

A beat. Annie shakes her head. She is devastated.

JONTY

"The same officer then entered into an aggressive, verbal altercation with my friend."

ANNIE

(vehemently)

No. I did not.

JONTY

(to Helen)

Did you hear what was said?

HELEN

Not clearly. The traffic was heavy.

Annie sighs. She can't believe this.

JONTY

No-one is doubting your version of events, Constable. But these bastards know the law better than we do half the time. Now his arsehole solicitor is down there pulling at threads, and it's working. He's also making a further allegation here.

ANNIE

(astonished)

An allegation?

Annie puts her head in her hands. Jonty goes back to reading off the sheet.

JONTY

(interrupting)

"The same officer took three steps towards me, putting me in fear for my personal safety, thus assaulting me..."

ANNIE

Assaulting *him*!

JONTY

By putting him in fear for his personal safety, yes, assault. As the law defines it.

Helen sighs.

HELEN

Jesus.

Jonty turns to her.

JONTY

"After defending myself..."

Annie goes to speak. Jonty waves her away with a hand.

JONTY (CONT'D)

(louder)

"After *defending* myself...I turned to escape the situation, only to be violently tackled to the ground by the second police officer, in a second act of unwarranted police brutality. I will be filing a very serious complaint to the police Ombudsman."

Jonty looks from Annie to Helen.

JONTY (CONT'D)

I'll need your statements by the end of the day.

(to Annie)

You make up a single detail, you stretch a single fact, you're out. You tell the truth, I will protect you as much as I can. One tiny lie, you're out.

Annie nods. Jonty becomes more conciliatory. A reassuring smile.

JONTY (CONT'D)

But you know what? I can promise you now, that we'll get Mo McIntyre in the long grass. Not today or tomorrow, but we'll get him in the end.

A beat.

JONTY (CONT'D)

Okay. Get to it.

He leaves. Annie stares into the distance. Her identity seems very fragile to her now. She tries to articulate the truth out loud.

ANNIE

I...froze.

HELEN

It happens.

ANNIE

No but I...I couldn't move...

A beat. Annie's world is falling apart. She becomes tearful.

HELEN

Hey. Believe me. It happens.

A beat.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Now. Colin's Code.

ANNIE

Huh?

HELEN

The threat rating chart. In the
locker room. You want to know who
Colin really is?

On Annie. She wasn't expecting this.

1/43

INT. POLICE STATION, CUSTODY SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

1/43

AODHAN MCALLISTER, 38, walks out of the custody suite with his client, Mo McIntyre. McAllister is dressed for golf, shoes and all. The spikes on the shoes click on the polished floor. He smiles oleagiously at Custody Sergeant, Sandra Cliff.

MCALLISTER

Do you play golf, Sandra?

SANDRA

No. I meet enough arseholes at
work.

Mo smirks. Sandra watches them go, and holds a robust middle finger up to their backs. McAllister doesn't turn around as he replies.

MCALLISTER

Likewise!

Sandra shakes her head bitterly and goes back to her computer.

SANDRA

Wanker.

1/44

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

1/44

Mo gets into the passenger seat of a car. McAllister gets into the back seat. JAMES MCINTYRE is driving. He is in his forties, wiry, and threatening. Mo closes the door. They drive off.

1/45 INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

1/45

Grace and Stevie are speeding through town, blue lights on.

1/46 INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE/SERGEANTS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

1/46

Annie and Helen sit at their work stations writing their reports. A radio sits on the desk between them. They can hear the traffic between Stevie and control. Annie raises her eyebrows to Helen, who just goes back to her screen. Jen enters, breezily, as usual. She's carrying several files.

JEN

Paperwork, eh? Nightmare!

She sits down and begins logging in. Annie and Helen exchange a glance.

1/47 INT. POLICE STATION - SAME TIME

1/47

ANNIE is staring at the radio.

STEVIE (ON RADIO)

Bravo Lima Seven Two responding, over. Can you task police seven-seven, see if any top cover?

ANNIE

They're going to that knife incident? In Carrick View?

A beat.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(to Helen)

They should wait for cover, shouldn't they?

A beat.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Shouldn't they?

Out on Helen, who is listening to the radio with growing concern.

1/48 INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

1/48

On Grace as she is thrown around by the high speeds.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)

Seven Two from Uniform. Be advised we have reduced callsigns.

(MORE)

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY) (CONT'D)
Police helicopter Seven-Seven
tasked elsewhere. No immediate back-
up.

A beat.

STEVIE
(into radio)
Okay, we're en route. Try and get
us that top cover when available,
over.

Grace tries to swallow her apprehension.

1/49

INT. JONTY'S OFFICE - DAY

1/49

Jonty walks into his office and is shocked to see JOSEPH,
40s, well-dressed in an understated way, sitting in his
chair. He tries to hide his surprise.

JONTY
Joseph...what are you...how did
you...?

JOSEPH
(interrupting)
I have a pass for the back door,
remember?

A beat.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Listen, Inspector. We have a
problem. Or rather, a series of
problems.
(a beat)
Today your officers have arrested
not one, but two Operation Farset
Principals. We've had two of your
officers visit the home of another
surveillance target.

A beat.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
It's almost as if we never came to
an agreement on this.

JONTY
Look. I can't stop every single
police operation...

JOSEPH
Yes, you can.
(a beat.)
Yes, you can. And you must.

Jonty shakes his head, deeply uncomfortable. A beat. Joseph's phone beeps. He reads the message.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

(urgently)

Now you have a callsign heading straight back into the middle of it! Call them off!

Jonty is frozen.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Call them off now!

1/50

INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

1/50

Jonty runs into the main office. He finds Helen.

JONTY

Get them out of there! Now!

HELEN

What...who?

JONTY

The callsign going into Carrick View - it's a set-up...it's double OB as of this minute...out of bounds...get them out of there!

Helen runs to the radio. Annie watches, enthralled.

1/51

EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE - DAY

1/51

Grace and Stevie stop the car in the middle of the street, just in front of Angela. Behind her, a cul-de-sac. No easy escape route if this goes wrong. Angela stands there, her hair wild. She is holding two long kitchen knives. She barely notices the arrival of the police car. She is wheeling around, snarling and screaming at the empty street. Raging at the world around her. At the faces peeking out.

ANGELA

Youse fucking cowards! Every one of youse! You let them do whatever they want! To whoever they want! You're nothing but fucking cowards!

NEIGHBOURS stare out their windows. In one or two of the houses, the doors are opening. The police car stops. Grace gets out of the car. She takes a couple of steps forward. Stevie gets out after her.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)
Bravo Lima Seven Two, withdraw
immediately, your location is
double OB, over. Respond.

Stevie is appalled.

STEVIE
(quietly into radio)
What?

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)
Stevie, you're double OB, withdraw
immediately, over.

STEVIE
Grace.

Grace is paying no attention to him.

GRACE
(to Angela)
Angela, it's me. Grace. From
earlier today. Can you put the
knives down?

STEVIE
(fiercely)
Grace.

GRACE
That's it, just breathe deeply...

Stevie walks up to Grace and grabs her arm. She spins around,
astonished.

STEVIE
We're going.

GRACE
What are you taking about?

RESIDENTS are starting to gather. Stevie is scanning high
windows and rooftops as he talks quickly.

STEVIE
We're out of bounds - double OB,
it's a credible imminent threat.
We're going. Come on.

Grace shakes herself free. She looks back at Angela.

GRACE
We can't go! Look at her!

Stevie gets close up to her face and whispers.

STEVIE
(whispering)
This isn't real. It's a set-up.
She's doing this to draw us in.
We're being targeted.

Grace swallows. She looks back at Angela with new eyes.

ANGELA
Leave. Me. Alone!

Grace looks back at Stevie.

GRACE
No.

STEVIE
(astonished)
What?

GRACE
It *is* real.

STEVIE
(through gritted teeth)
It's a fucking set-up, Grace! We're
about to be attacked! Let's fucking
go! Now!

GRACE
(steadily, with clarity)
This is real.

A beat. They eyeball each other. He's the one to blink.

STEVIE
Fuck me!

He walks away quickly to the back of the car, speaking
hurriedly into his radio.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Uniform, Uniform, Seven Two, that's
a negative. We are engaged in an
article two situation, over. You'll
have to override the double OB and
get us some backup, over.

He tries to stay calm. He opens the boot. He looks at Heckler
and Koch G36. Then he looks around. A crowd is gathering.
Some of them are children. He knows that if he takes this gun
out, things could escalate. He sighs, frustrated, and closes
the boot again.

1/53

INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - SAME TIME

1/53

Jonty paces up and down the room. Annie is watching him. Tommy too. So is Jen. He breathes deeply.

JONTY
Tell them again!

HELEN
They can't leave now! It's article two!

A beat.

HELEN (CONT'D)
We can't just leave them there alone!

JONTY
(hissing)
Fuck!
(a beat)
Go get them!

Helen nods. So does Annie. Jen looks as if she has just been punched.

JEN
I have to finish this...

JONTY
Okay, yeah, Constable Robinson...you stay here...

HELEN
(interrupting)
No! We need every driver we can get.
(to Jen)
That means you too.

Jen pales.

JONTY
Okay. Yeah. Okay.

They all jump up simultaneously. Helen winks at Annie as if to say, you can do this. They run for the door, Jen following, horrified. Jonty is left alone, stressed and anxious.

1/54

EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

1/54

Grace stands in front of Angela. By now a hostile CROWD is gathering. A bottle comes soaring overhead, landing at Stevie's feet. Grace ignores it. She focuses completely on Angela.

GRACE
What happened to you?

A beat.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Angela...I need you to put the
knives down. Can you do that?

A car pulls up, Mo and his father James arrive. Angela notices them. Another car arrives. Three BURLY MEN, one of them ANTO DONOVAN, 47, get out and go to join the McIntyres. James looks at Stevie, alone in the street. He smiles.

STEVIE
(muttering)
Oh for fuck's sake.

Stevie whispers into the radio.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Multiple Op Gulliver nominals, the
whole McIntyre gang just turned up.
Over.

More people are emerging from their houses. They do not look friendly. Stevie and Grace are completely alone in a sea of growing hostility.

1/55 **INT. POLICE CAR - SAME TIME**

1/55

Helen and Annie are speeding towards the scene on a blue lights run. They are listening to the radio chatter.

HELEN
Name badge.

Annie removes her name badge and puts it in the glove compartment.

STEVIE (O.S.)
James McIntyre. The son, Mo. Both
here.

HELEN
(hissing)
Shit!

She turns to Annie.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Are you okay with...

Annie nods her head.

ANNIE
Yeah, it's fine. Fuck him.

1/56

EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

1/56

Grace's hands are outstretched towards Angela.

ANGELA

I'll kill you. I'll fucking kill
you and then I'll kill myself.

Grace tries to breathe. She nods.

GRACE

Listen. Angela, listen to me now,
okay? I have a son too. He's the
same age as Gordy.

Angela seems to be listening, for the first time.

ANGELA

They're taking him away from me.

GRACE

Who? Who's taking him?

Angela glances quickly over to James. Grace notices it.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I can help you, Angela. And Gordy.

ANGELA

Bullshit. You can't help me.

GRACE

I...I know people.
There's...there's help out there.
You just have to ask for it.

Angela shakes her head.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Gordy needs you. He needs you alive
and he needs you well. It might not
seem like it but this is when he
needs you most. Now. When he's in
trouble.

Angela begins to cry.

ANGELA

They're taking him from me.

GRACE

Then take him back.

Angela looks at her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Don't give up without a fight. Take
him back.

Stevie turns back to watch the crowd, which is growing larger by the minute. James has his eyes fixed on him.

1/57

INT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE, POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

1/57

Helen and Annie pull up first, immediately spotting Mo standing in front of Stevie. Helen goes to exit the car first. Annie grabs her arm. Helen turns to look at her.

ANNIE

No. It's *my* job.

A beat. Annie gets out. She approaches Mo for the second time today. She never takes her eyes off him. She double taps her bodycam. The light goes red. Behind her, Helen emerges from the car.

1/58

INT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE, POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

1/58

In Jen and Tommy's car. Tommy watches Annie approach Mo. Jen sits there, her hand on the wheel, the engine still running. Tommy gets out and walks towards Annie. JP Junior cycles past very slowly. He looks at Tommy superciliously.

JP JUNIOR

(singing tunelessly)

Somebody's...gettin'...shot...the day.

JP Junior whistles now, still tunelessly. Tommy is terrified. He looks back at the car. Jen is not getting out.

1/59

EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

1/59

Annie walks up to Mo. By now a crowd of RESIDENTS have gathered around him. James is watching intently from his perch on a garden wall, a few meters away. Helen walks up behind Annie. But Annie is in front of them all, taking charge. Mo laughs in her face.

MO

Back for more? You must be the type that likes it rough.

Annie looks up at him, expressionless.

ANNIE

I'm going to have to ask you to move back.

Mo looks around at the assembled gathering. Then at his father. He turns his head very slowly back towards Annie. Then he spits in her face. In the same place that he punched her before. Tommy gasps. Helen bristles. She looks around. This could all go very wrong now.

Globules of spit are dripping down Annie's cheek. But to Mo's surprise, her face doesn't move. She raises her arm very slowly and deliberately, and wipes away the spit. The crowd is watching intently now. So is James McIntyre. Mo is suddenly uncertain about how this is going to turn out.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
(slowly, grimly)
Is that all you can do? Spit in my
face?

Silence, everywhere. Silence. Mo looks like he's about to draw his arm back for a punch.

JAMES
Oi!

Mo turns. So does everyone Annie. So does everyone else.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(to Mo)
Sit down.

A beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(roaring at Mo)
I said sit down here to fuck!

Quickly, methodically, James slaps Mo hard in the face. Mo's shame is complete. He looks murderous.

1/60

EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE - SAME TIME

1/60

Angela is still holding the knives.

ANGELA
It's too late. I've lost him.

GRACE
No. You haven't. He's your son.

A beat. Angela is listening intently.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Listen to me, Angela. It's never
too late, okay? You have to keep
fighting. But not like this. Okay?

Grace can see that she is getting through.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Not like this.

Angela is beginning to melt. She is listening to Grace. For some reason she trusts her.

1/61

EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE - SAME TIME

1/61

Helen, holding the crowd back with Annie, notices that Jen is still in her car.

HELEN

Oh for fuck's sake!

Helen goes to the door of the police car.

HELEN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JEN

Cover.

HELEN

(appalled and astonished)
What?

JEN

The rules of cover are that you
have one driver in the vehicle at
all times...

HELEN

Get out of the car!

Jen looks at the crowd. At Annie, now on her own, standing in front of them. She breathes nervously. She is terrified. She looks straight ahead.

JEN

(quietly)
No.

A beat. Helen, disgusted, walks away, back towards Annie and Tommy, who are both holding the line.

1/62

EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE - SAME TIME

1/62

Grace's eyes are locked on Angela's.

GRACE

If you put down those knives, I
will help you.

Angela begins to cry, tears of frustration, and yet also a hope that she never dared to feel, but somehow feels now.

ANGELA

Do you promise?

Grace nods. For her, too, tears are beginning to come.

GRACE

I promise.

Angela looks at her through her tears. She believes her. She drops the knives. Grace walks to her. They embrace. Stealthily, Stevie runs over and cuffs Angela. Grace is outraged.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Stevie, no! You can't...

STEVIE

Shut up, come on!

Angela is struggling, screaming, but it's too late. Stevie holds her neck, marching her to the car with barely contained violence. The other OFFICERS see that it's over, and retreat quickly to their cars. Suddenly, bottles and bricks are raining down on them.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Okay, let's go!

1/63

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

1/63

STEVIE starts the car. Angela is in the back. They reverse quickly. The dull thud of bricks and bottles on the roof. The other cars are experiencing the same thing, bricks and bottles raining down on them as they turn quickly and retreat.

ANGELA

You lied to me! You lied!

Grace turns to the back seat.

GRACE

(raised voice)

I didn't lie! I'm going to help you, okay! I'm going to help you!

1/64

INT. POLICE STATION, JONTY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

1/64

Joseph is sitting in front of Jonty.

JOSEPH

(benignly)

Do you ever wonder what you would do if you weren't a police officer?

JONTY

Like, what do you mean?

JOSEPH

If you had do something else I mean? I sometimes think I'd like to have been an academic. You know? Just total devotion to a subject. For a whole lifetime.

A beat. Jonty is sheepish.

JONTY

It's silly...

JOSEPH

(with interest)

No, go on.

JONTY

I think maybe, like an outdoors instructor. You know, hiking, abseiling, that sort of thing?

JOSEPH

Yeah. I can see that. Lovely.

A beat.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Although I hear you're already pretty good at showing younger officers the ropes.

Jonty bristles instantly.

JONTY

What? What do you mean by that?

Joseph shrugs and smiles. His superpower is silence. He speaks only when he wants to, and uses awkward silences like a sword. Joseph leans slowly forward and stares directly into his eyes.

JOSEPH

Release Angela Mackle from your custody, get her back into her house, and you get your people to stay away from her. She is, as of this moment, out of bounds to the police.

(a beat)

Or...alternatively...

(a beat)

Go and join the *fucking* boy scouts.

Joseph gets up and walks out. Jonty watches him go. He looks out of his office, where Grace and Stevie are talking. Stevie notices Joseph leave. He watches Joseph with interest.

1/65

INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

1/65

Helen sees Jen leave for the day. She gives her a bitter, hostile glance. Jen walks past as if nothing has happened. Stevie is looking disconsolately into a tupperware box.

STEVIE

(disappointed)

My pâté is too moist.

(he looks up)

Sweating. Did you know pâté can sweat?

She shakes her head as she types on the computer.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

That was pretty impressive.

GRACE

What was?

STEVIE

All that shit you talked to get her
to drop the knives.

Grace looks at him for a beat.

GRACE

It wasn't shit. I meant it. I am
going to help her.

Stevie looks at her. He leans forward.

STEVIE

If you keep doing this job the way
you've started out, you're going to
get yourself in a lot of trouble.

GRACE

Have you ever considered that maybe
there's a different way of doing
this job?

A beat. They eyeball each other. Slowly, he takes another
cracker covered in pate out of his lunchbox, and bites down
on it, noisily. He chews, still loudly, as he looks at her.
Grace stands up. Then she leans down over his desk.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You know. It even *sounds* sweaty.

Stevie smiles. She leaves. He's watching her, closely, as she
goes.

1/66

INT. POLICE STATION, ARMOURY/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

1/66

Annie and Tommy are taking off their ballistic vests. He is
stealing glances at her.

TOMMY

Were you scared?

ANNIE

Of course I was scared.

He shakes his head.

TOMMY

You didn't look scared.

A beat. She shrugs.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Did I look scared?

ANNIE
(earnestly)
You looked fucking terrified.

For a moment he is deeply disappointed, and then he sees that she's smiling. He realises she's joking and he smiles back.

TOMMY
(good-natured)
Fuck off!

A beat. She makes eye contact now. She doesn't give compliments easily, but he deserves it.

ANNIE
(smiling)
You did well, mate.

He's delighted. A beat. She thinks for a moment.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
So. You want to know who Colin is?
From Colin's code?

TOMMY
You *know*?!

Annie smiles and nods. She pauses for effect.

ANNIE
So, he was a new recruit. Three
years ago.

TOMMY
Three years ago? Is that all?

Annie nods.

ANNIE
So anyway, he's six months into his
probation. Doing okay. No major
issues.

Tommy nods.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
He's on patrol on Halloween night
out on the edge of Carrick View.
With Gerry.

TOMMY
Gerry?

ANNIE
Yeah. Gerry.

This lands with Tommy.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Colin's the observer, Gerry is driving. So, some kids manage to sneak up behind the car and throw some fireworks underneath.

TOMMY

Yeah?

ANNIE

They think it's a gun attack. Gerry puts the foot down, obviously.

Grace is nodding.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

But he looks in the rearview mirror and sees the kids running away. He works out pretty quickly what's happened. Just a prank. But then there's this smell.

A beat.

TOMMY

(confused)

A *smell*?

ANNIE

Colin's shat himself.

Tommy bursts out laughing.

TOMMY

No!

ANNIE

Colin has *shat* himself. Because of a firework.

TOMMY

(uncomfortably,
disappointed)

And Gerry told everybody?

ANNIE

Nah, Gerry kept schtum. Partner's rules. But Colin had to get new trousers back at the station. Word got out. It always does.

Tommy nods.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Colin doesn't turn up to work the next day. Or the next. Or the day after that.

TOMMY

No!

ANNIE

He *resigned*. Then he moved to Australia!

TOMMY

No!

Annie nods.

ANNIE

Fucking Australia! They never heard from him again. That's why they call it Colin's Code. And that's why the highest alert level isn't red...

They both look at the poster. The highest level. CRITICAL: BROWN. They burst out laughing.

1/67

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

1/67

Grace is in her car, pulling out onto the main road. It's Raining heavily. She spots a huddled figure, shuffling along the street away from the station. She looks closer. She can't believe it - it's Angela. Grace has a moment of indecision, and then commits. She pulls over, winds down the window.

GRACE

Angela?

Angela is astonished to see her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

ANGELA

Going home.

GRACE

(astonished)

What?

A beat.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Get in.

ANGELA

Wise up.

GRACE
It's lashing, get in!

Angela gets into the car. She lifts the discarded utility bills on the passenger seat, hands them to Grace.

ANGELA
Lough Point. Must be nice up there.

Grace is unsettled at her oversight. She stuffs the bills into the glove compartment.

CUT TO:

1/68

INT. GRACE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

1/68

They sit there in the stationary car, the rain pattering on the windows. Grace is trying to compute this situation.

GRACE
I'm sorry...I don't understand.
You've been *released*?

Angela shrugs.

GRACE (CONT'D)
You haven't had a mental health assessment?

Angela shakes her head.

GRACE (CONT'D)
You weren't charged with anything?

Angela shakes her head. Grace does too, mystified.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Angela, I'm sorry. You should be getting practical help. Support. I don't know what's happened here. I'll follow this up.
(a beat, she resolves something)
And I'll give you a lift home.

Angela laughs, thinking this is a joke, and then realises it isn't.

ANGELA
Are you mad?

GRACE
I'm not letting you walk home in this. Not after today. We'll make it quick.

Angela considers this. She has never met a police officer like this before.

1/69

EXT/INT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE/GRACE'S CAR - NIGHT

1/69

Grace and Angela make their way back into the estate. It feels different now. Dark, desolate, sinister, and still extremely foreboding.

ANGELA

Here.

GRACE

No, it's fine, I'll...

ANGELA

(insistent)

Here!

Grace pulls over. A beat.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(softer)

Thank you.

Grace nods.

GRACE

I'll make some calls....

But Angela is gone, closing the door and walking off into the night. Grace sighs. She pulls a U-Turn and drives off into the night. As she exits the estate, onto a busier road and safer ground, another car pulls out behind her. Grace doesn't even notice.

1/70

INT. GRACE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

1/70

The two undercover officers from earlier, Mark and Rachel are in the car following Grace. Rachel makes a call on the radio. We don't see what she is saying.

1/71

EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

1/71

Grace arrives back at her house. She scans the street before going inside, as she always does. All quiet, nothing out of the ordinary. She turns the key and goes in.

1/72

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

1/72

Grace goes into the kitchen. Cal opens the oven, takes out a plate, removes the tin foil on top of it, puts it on the table.

GRACE

Oh. My. God. Amazing.

She sits down and begins to eat hungrily. At the counter, Cal pours some gin, some tonic, drops a lemon into a glass.

CAL

(smiling)

Your wish is my command.

She looks at it. Remembers. Smiles. She takes a sip of the gin.

GRACE

Cal Ellis. You legend.

CAL

(nodding)

How was your day?

Grace stops chewing. She swallows. Close up on her face.

GRACE

Yeah. You know.

She smiles to herself.

GRACE (CONT'D)

The usual.

She starts eating again.

1/73

EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

1/73

Mark and Rachel's car rolls slowly by the house, and speeds up again after it has passed.

ENDS