

# TWO CITIES

TELEVISION

An  Studios Company

GALLAGHER ► FILMS

# BLUE LIGHTS

## SERIES ONE

### Episode Two: 'Bad Batch'

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2/1 **OMITTED** 2/1

2/2 **EXT. SPORTS PITCH - DAY** 2/2

A rural sports pitch, nestled between the Glens of Antrim and the sea. An Irish tricolour flutters above the pitch. A Camogie game is underway. A sharp crack, almost like a gunshot, as the ball leaves a stick, flying high into the air. Playing up front, ANNIE, wearing a standard-issue protective helmet, spins gracefully away from her MARKER and sprints forward, into space. She turns and leaps upwards, her hand outstretched. A perfect catch. She lands, turns, runs forward, to the cheers of the crowd. She scores. Her TEAM MATES run to her and embrace her. Her coach, MONICA, 30s, watches from the sidelines, pleased. BRIDIE, Annie's mother, watches from the crowd.

BRIDIE

Good girl yerself! Good girl.

She turns to a stranger beside her, a supporter from the visiting team, and nudges her.

BRIDIE (CONT'D)

(proudly)

That's my wee one there.

The Woman smiles wanly.

BRIDIE (CONT'D)

(a deep guttural roar)

Go on, ye girl ye!

The Woman shakes her head.

2/3 **EXT. PARK - DAY** 2/3

JP JUNIOR (15) rides his brand new electric scooter to a corner in the park. A UNIVERSITY STUDENT, CONOR, 20, approaches him. He gives JP Junior money, and takes a package. He walks off and JP Junior rides away.

2/4 **EXT. SPORTS PITCH - DAY** 2/4

The whistle blows. Annie removes her helmet. She goes to shake hands with her OPPONENT, who also takes off her helmet.

OPPONENT

Well played.

ANNIE

Cheers.

OPPONENT

So which one's the cop?

Annie is stunned.

ANNIE

What?

OPPONENT

Somebody said youse have a cop on  
your team? Which one is she?

ANNIE

(extemporising)

Oh she...she's not here today.  
Injured.

They walk off. Annie is pale. Bridie and Monica greet her on the sidelines to congratulate her, but she doesn't feel like celebrating.

2/5

**EXT. CORRIGAN HOUSE - DAY**

2/5

JP Junior rides his scooter to the door of a smart house in a leafy suburb. MARTIN (30s) emerges. He gives JP Junior money, and takes a package. JP Junior rides away.

2/6

**INT. CHANGING ROOM - DAY**

2/6

The PLAYERS are now in regular clothes, saying their goodbyes and filing out one by one. Annie is about to leave.

MONICA

Everybody okay for Saturday night,  
then?

They turn.

ANNIE

(uncomfortable)

I have to work.

Some groans and jeers.

MONICA

Ach, Annie. It's our big night out!

ANNIE

(awkwardly)

Sorry, I just...I can't. Sorry.

She leaves. Monica watches her go.

2/7

**INT. POLICE STATION, JONTY'S OFFICE - DAY**

2/7

JONTY sits across the desk from JOSEPH, 52, dapper, trim, but somehow anonymous and grey. Jonty is looking at a photograph.

JOSEPH  
It was taken last night.

Jonty sighs deeply.

JONTY  
Right.

JOSEPH  
Do you have any explanation for this?

Jonty shakes his head.

JONTY  
I'll speak to her as soon as she comes on shift.

JOSEPH  
You need to do more than speak to her. You need to put the fear of God into her.  
(a beat)  
I promise you, Inspector. If you, or any of your people, mess this operation up at this late stage, I will make sure that this is the highest rank you ever reach in this organisation.

Jonty nods.

2/8

**EXT/INT. POLICE CAR - DAY**

2/8

TOMMY and GERRY are on patrol. They're listening to Kris Kristofferson's "Me and Bobby McGee". Gerry is enjoying it.

GERRY  
Do you know that Kris Kristofferson got his first record deal because he landed a helicopter in Johnny Cash's front garden, and asked him to listen to his demo tape? Some balls on him like. Brilliant.

TOMMY  
Is this who we're listening to?

GERRY  
(appalled)  
Kris...Kristofferson? Yeah. Of course? You mean you don't...  
(he sighs, as if the world has gone mad.)

A beat.

TOMMY

And who's the other one? Whose garden he landed on?

GERRY

The other one...?

(utterly astonished)

...Johnny Cash? Oh for God's sake, son!

Tommy shrugs.

GERRY (CONT'D)

What kind of music do you like, then?

TOMMY

Don't really like music.

Gerry shakes his head and looks out the window, in disgust and disbelief.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I like podcasts?

GERRY

(disgusted)

Unbelievable.

A beat. Gerry casts him a sideways glance.

GERRY (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you today?

TOMMY

Huh?

GERRY

You look like you've licked piss off a nettle.

Tommy sighs.

GERRY (CONT'D)

What? Come on. Spit it out.

The radio crackles.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)

Bravo Lima Seven Six, we have a shoplifter apprehended at the newsagents on Woodgrove, proceed with caution, over?

GERRY

(smiling)

Proceed with caution? What's he stolen, Barney, a chainsaw?

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)  
Just sounds like it's kicking off a  
wee bit, Gerry. Over.

GERRY  
Seven Six en route, over.

Gerry turns up the music. He sings along.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
(singing along)  
Good enough for me and Bobby  
McGee...

Blue lights, sirens.

2/9

**INT. POLICE CAR - DAY**

2/9

GRACE and STEVIE are on patrol. Grace is driving. Stevie's  
phone rings.

STEVIE  
Sir.

Grace shoots him a glance.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Yes, sir...when?  
(a beat.)  
Okay. Yes. On our way.

He hangs up. He turns to her.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Jonty wants to see us.

GRACE  
What? Why?

STEVIE  
Didn't say. But it's not going to  
be good.

Out on Grace, confused and worried.

2/10

**EXT. SHOP - DAY**

2/10

Gerry and Tommy arrive to see a SECURITY GUARD holding a man  
in a headlock. The man, HAPPY KELLY, early 50s, is in severe  
distress. They are grappling on the street, outside the shop.  
Gerry runs from the car.

GERRY  
Here, here, here, alright, let him  
go!

The tussle continues.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Let him go, I said!

The Security Guard relents. Happy stands upright, feeling his neck.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
(to Happy)  
Happy. What are you playing at, lad?

Happy is too distressed to answer.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
(to the Security Guard)  
We'll take it from here.

SECURITY GUARD  
We'll be pressing charges.

GERRY  
Is that right?

Gerry looks up at the CCTV camera above the door.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
And if I have a look at that CCTV footage, there's no chance he'd have a claim for the excessive use of force?

A beat. The Security Guard is defeated. He turns to Happy.

SECURITY GUARD  
Don't you ever darken this door again.

The Security Guard walks away. Happy rubs his neck. Then he begins to cry. Gerry looks around, embarrassed.

GERRY  
For God's sake. Come here.

He ushers Happy the few feet to the squad car, and nods to Tommy to open the door.

TOMMY  
Are we arresting him?

GERRY  
(hissing)  
Of course we're not arresting him!

HAPPY  
(distressed)  
I need help, Gerry...I need help...

Happy gets into the back of the car. Gerry addresses Tommy over the roof as they both get in.

GERRY  
(hissing, to Tommy)  
He just needs to get himself together, okay?

Tommy is as bewildered as ever.

2/11

**INT. POLICE CAR/EXT. HAPPY'S FLAT - LATER**

2/11

Gerry and Tommy pull up outside Happy's flat. Gerry looks at Happy in the rear view mirror.

GERRY  
Not like you to be this quiet,  
Happy.

Happy nods.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
And scrapping in the street. That's  
not you either. What's going on?

A beat. Happy's eyes well up.

HAPPY  
(tearfully)  
It's the anniversary, Gerry.

GERRY  
Oh. God. Right. Aye.

HAPPY  
I can't...I need to be somewhere  
with people, you know. Not on my  
own. I thought maybe...if I got  
arrested...

Tommy looks at Gerry.

GERRY  
(gently)  
Can't do that, Happy. No room at  
the inn, I'm afraid.

Gerry rifles in his own wallet and gets out a tenner. He offers it to Happy.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
Promise me you'll buy food with  
that.  
(MORE)



GERRY (CONT'D)

Get some grub, get into the flat,  
get the head down. Just get through  
it, okay?

Happy nods. He takes the note.

HAPPY

Thanks, Gerry.

(brighter)

Will youse come in for a wee cup of  
tea?

Tommy watches Gerry.

GERRY

Can't, mate. Not today.

Happy nods sadly.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Here, Happy, show the young lad  
your trick before we go.

Happy is suddenly brighter.

GERRY (CONT'D)

(to Tommy)

You'll love this one.

Gerry turns and strains his neck to look back up the street.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Okay, Happy, there are four cars on  
this street. Eyes forward now, eyes  
forward. Okay, do your thing.

HAPPY

(with machine gun  
delivery)

Blue Volkswagen Polo MIG 7608.  
Black Kia Ceed DHZ 5281. Silver  
Vauxhall Astra RX21 DFD. White  
Mercedes LV63 UXS.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Tommy looks back up the street.

TOMMY

That's amazing!

HAPPY

(proudly)

That's my trick.

GERRY

All the best, mate.

Happy gets out and goes towards his flat. Tommy opens his  
notebook and begins writing, much to Gerry's annoyance.

GERRY (CONT'D)

What in the name of God are you doing?

TOMMY

Just making a note of the incident...

GERRY

What incident? We didn't even arrest him!

TOMMY

No, but...

GERRY

(interrupting)

Don't be a notebook wanker, son.

(a beat)

Nobody likes a notebook wanker.

They drive off.

2/12

**INT. POLICE STATION, JONTY'S OFFICE - DAY**

2/12

Grace and Stevie, in uniform, are sitting across the desk from Jonty.

JONTY

Are you out of your *mind*?

Grace is floundering. Her breathing is shallow.

STEVIE

Seriously, Grace. What were you thinking?

Grace is annoyed that Stevie seems to have turned on her.

GRACE

(hesitant)

She...she needed a lift. It was raining.

Jonty rubs his eyes with his hand.

JONTY

And so you drove her *home*?

GRACE

Not...the whole way.

A beat. She collects herself.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(defiantly)

But yes. I did. She should never  
have been released.

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

Not in her condition. She should have been referred to psychiatric services.

Jonty shoots a glance at Stevie.

JONTY

That is none of your business.

GRACE

(shocked)

She needs a psychiatric assessment...

STEVIE

(interrupting, quietly)

Grace...

JONTY

(interrupting)

You are aware that the area is double OB?

A beat.

JONTY (CONT'D)

Out of bounds.

GRACE

Yes...yes, I know what it means...

JONTY

(angry)

You clearly don't. If you did, you would not have went near the place. Or her.

(he leans forward)

From now on, all of Carrick View is double OB. Angela Mackle is double OB.

GRACE

An individual can't be double O...

STEVIE

(hissing)

Grace.

A beat. She looks from Stevie to Jonty. She breathes.

GRACE

How did you know?

A beat. Jonty exchanges a glance with Stevie.

JONTY

(caught out)

What?

GRACE

How did you know I gave her a lift?

A beat. Jonty considers this.

JONTY

Well, Constable Ellis. If you want to make it through your probation period, you should add that to the long list of things that are none of your business.

Out on Grace.

2/13

**EXT. POLICE STATION, COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

2/13

Grace strides to the car, seething. Stevie walks beside her, shaking his head.

GRACE

Thanks so much for sticking up for me in there.

STEVIE

You want me to stick up for you being a complete idiot? You drove your own car into Carrick View! Fuck me!

She whirls around.

GRACE

What did he mean, she's double OB?

STEVIE

Out of bounds. Did you miss that lecture at Garnerville?

GRACE

I was at the lecture where they said a street or area could be double OB for security reasons. Never a person. How can you have a person who's off limits to the police?

A beat. He's uncomfortable. She smells weakness.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Stevie. What's going on here?

He shrugs.

STEVIE

It's above my pay grade, Grace. And if it's above mine, it's *definitely* above yours.

His radio crackles.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)  
We have a male, incapacitated, 10  
Cavehill View. Lying in the front  
garden. Seven Two, you out and  
about yet? Over.

Stevie is still looking at her as he speaks into the radio.

STEVIE  
Yeah, Barney, Seven Two responding,  
over.

He gets in the car. She sighs, shakes her head, and gets in.  
They drive off. Blue lights.

2/14

**INT. POLICE CAR - DAY**

2/14

Tommy and Gerry are in a stationary car. Gerry is eating a  
sausage and egg bap with gusto. Tommy is drinking a smoothie.

GERRY  
Any cops in the family?

Tommy shakes his head.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
What do they do, then? Your folks?

TOMMY  
They're academics. At Queens.

A beat.

GERRY  
So you'd be the black sheep, then?

Tommy nods.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
So, why are you doing this?

TOMMY  
I studied criminology at uni. I  
wanted to see if the main academic  
concepts apply to day-to-day  
policing.  
(warming to his subject)  
You know, anthropological,  
sociological. Even psychological.  
Like, can you see the same patterns  
on the ground that the theories  
predict?

GERRY  
You're joking me.

TOMMY  
(bewildered, earnest)  
No?

The radio crackles.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)  
Seven Six, you fellas in the market  
for a noise complaint? 9 Fitzsimon  
Road. Over.

GERRY  
At this moment, Barney, it would be  
most welcome. Seven Six responding,  
over.

Tommy looks out the window as they go, like an interested outsider. Gerry steals a glance at him, as if to say, we've got a real oddball here.

2/15

**INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY**

2/15

GORDY sits watching TV. He's fidgety, distant. ANGELA comes in with a sandwich and a drink on a plate. She's smiling, charming, on her best behaviour. She gives him the food.

ANGELA  
There you are. Bacon and egg. Your  
favourite.

Gordy looks up at her, then back at the sandwich. Angela sits. She smiles. Gordy starts to eat.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
I remember the first time you ever  
had one of those. You were only  
four. Your daddy was having one and  
you piped up and said, "I want the  
same as him!"

Angela smiles at the memory. Gordy keeps eating.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
It was the time we went on holiday.  
Remember that? To the Isle of Man.

Gordy looks at her.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Remember they had that place called  
the Faerie Bridge? Every time you  
crossed it in the car, you had to  
say, "hello Faeries" or you'd have  
bad luck for the rest of the day.  
Your daddy laughed at the man in  
the guest house when he said that.  
(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Anyway, the first time we went over that bridge and didn't say anything, and a mile later, the car broke down, and then it started to lash rain.

Angela laughs.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

For the rest of the holiday, every time we crossed that wee bridge, you and your daddy would shout, "hello Faeries!" as loud as you could.

Gordy has stopped eating. He looks at her.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

This isn't what he would have wanted for you, son.

GORDY

How do you know what he would have wanted? He's been dead for thirteen years.

A beat.

ANGELA

He wouldn't have wanted you to be just...stuck...here. In this place. With these people!

Gordy snorts.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

He wanted more for you. And so do I!

GORDY

Would he have wanted his wife to be standing in the road with two knives in her hand, screaming her head off, and bringing a load of peelers into the estate?

Angela recoils, stung. Gordy reaches into his pocket and takes out a roll of notes. He puts it on the arm of the chair.

ANGELA

What's that?

GORDY

Your allowance. James told me to give it to you.

A beat. She swallows, disgusted.



A beat.

ANGELA  
It's not an allowance...

GORDY  
(smiling cynically)  
Aye right...

ANGELA  
(trying to control this)  
He's only giving us a bit of the  
money your father would have  
earned, if he was still here...

GORDY  
Just take the money. Like you  
always do.

Gordy stands up. She looks at him. She looks at the money.

GORDY (CONT'D)  
So, Ma. If I'm stuck.  
(a beat)  
Then what are you?

A beat.

They are both shaken by the shrill metallic clang of the doorbell. Gordy answers it. It's MO MCINTYRE. Angela walks out into the hall. She looks bitterly at Mo. He shrugs it off and looks back at Gordy.

MO

C'mon. We've got a problem.

Out on Gordy. He leaves immediately. The door slams. Angela looks at the space where her son was standing a moment before.

2/16

**EXT. STUDENT HOUSE - DAY**

2/16

Tommy and Gerry pull up outside a terraced house. A few NEIGHBOURS are gathered outside. The deep bass throb of dance music emanates from within. The door is closed, the curtains drawn. Gerry goes to the window. He looks through a crack in the curtains. He can't see anything. He goes to the door. To his surprise, it's open. He pushes it and enters. Tommy goes to step forward. Gerry holds him back.

GERRY

Take a beat, son. Always take a beat.

A beat.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Hello? Police! Anybody home?

They enter the living room. Gerry goes to the bluetooth speaker and turns it off. The sudden silence is almost a shock.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Hello? Police!

They look in the small kitchen. Lots of empty alcohol bottles, some blue pills on the table.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Blues. Pregabalin.

They move back out into the hall. As they climb the stairs, they see a pair of legs coming out of the bathroom.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Shit.

Gerry moves very quickly. He takes the stairs two at a time. He's kneeling beside the body - a young man, Conor, about 20.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Hello, hello? Son, can you hear me?

(into his radio)

Seven Six, we need an ambulance, over.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)

Seven Six received, over.

Tommy is momentarily frozen, transfixed. Gerry rolls his clenched knuckles over the centre of Conor's chest.

GERRY

Knuckles on chest. If this doesn't  
wake him, it's not good.

It doesn't.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Shit.

Gerry begins checking the young man's airway. Gerry looks up.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Check the bedrooms.

A beat.

GERRY (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Check the bedrooms!

Tommy is jolted out of his freeze. He looks into one bedroom.  
Empty. He looks into the other one and freezes again. Another  
young man, BRIAN, about his own age, lying on his back,  
unconscious. Foaming at the mouth.

TOMMY

(rasping, almost  
inaudible)

There's another...

(he clears his throat,  
manages to speak)

There's another one!

Gerry looks up.

GERRY

(under his breath)

Fuck.

(shouting)

ABC!

In the bedroom, Tommy hears him, but is confused.

TOMMY

What?

GERRY

Airway, Breathing, Circulation. You  
know this! Do it!

TOMMY

(to himself)

ABC.

GERRY (O.S.)

Knuckles on chest.

Tommy kneels down beside the body. He takes a deep, shaky breath.

TOMMY  
(shakily, to himself)  
Okay...okay...okay.

2/17

**INT. THE PALACE, MEETING ROOM - DAY**

2/17

JAMES MCINTYRE sits across a table from Gordy and Mo.

JAMES  
This is a fucking disaster!  
(to MO)  
You got it from the usual place?

Gordy  
The Dublin lads, yeah!

JAMES  
Well, they've properly fucked us.  
(to MO)  
How many batches have gone out?

A beat.

MO  
It's all out, Da. But  
listen...there's something else.

A beat. Mo breathes.

MO (CONT'D)  
Some of it is turning up way out of  
our area. Right down to South  
Belfast. Malone Road. University  
area too.

JAMES  
What? How the fuck?

MO  
I don't know.

JAMES  
We're fucked. We are absolutely  
fucked. The peelers can't ignore  
this. They'll be all over us by  
teatime! This is the last thing I  
need right now. The last fucking  
thing!

He points at Mo.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
We need to get McAllister onto  
this. He needs to be all over this!

MO  
McAllister? The solicitor? What can  
he...

JAMES  
(interrupting)  
Shut your mouth!

A beat.

GORDY  
We can get it back. Some of it,  
anyway.

He has their full attention now.

JAMES  
What?

GORDY  
(nervously)  
I...I keep a record of the drop  
offs and how much goes out. Dates,  
amounts.

JAMES  
You fucking what?

GORDY  
It's alright...no names. It's all  
in code.

JAMES  
In *code*?

GORDY  
It's just to keep me right. In case  
you ever thought...

A beat.

JAMES  
In case I ever thought you were  
nicking any of it.

Gordy nods. A long beat. James and Mo stare at him.

GORDY  
(shrugging)  
It's worth a try?

James nods. Mo looks at Gordy bitterly.

2/18 **EXT/INT. CORRIGAN HOUSE - DAY**

2/18

Grace and Stevie pull up at their blue light call. The house is large and comfortable. Expensive cars in the large driveway. Martin, 30s, wearing jogging bottoms but naked from the waist up, is unconscious.

GRACE

Bravo Lima Seven Two, unconscious  
male, thirties, appears to be  
unresponsive...

Stevie shoots her an impatient look and overrides her radio call by pressing his own button.

STEVIE

(interrupting)

Barney, get us an ambulance right  
now.

Stevie runs to the man. He nods to Grace, and then to the open door of the house.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Go!

She runs through the open door. She runs up the hallway into the kitchen, where CIARA, 30s, is slumped over the table. Grace approaches her and gets down beside her.

GRACE

Hello, hello, can you hear me?

A soft moan. Grace scans the modern, clean kitchen, and spots a pill bottle. A broken capsule. A line of off-white powder. Then she hears something else - a television, on loud, in the living room. She guides the woman down onto the floor, and puts her in the recovery position. She goes to the door of the living room. She opens it. The curtains are drawn and the lights are on. Two little girls, ELLIE, aged 5, and MARY, 3, are watching cartoons. Grace freezes for an instant, completely taken aback.

ELLIE

Who are you?

Grace is speechless, immobile.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Where's Mammy and Daddy?

A beat.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Can we come out now?

Grace gulps.

2/19      **INT. STUDENT HOUSE - DAY**

2/19

Tommy is furiously performing CPR on Brian. Outside in the hallway, Gerry is doing the same thing. Gerry is shouting out the rhythm for both of them.

GERRY

Twenty eight, twenty nine, thirty,  
and breathe. Two breaths...now.

Tommy wipes away spittle and foam from the mouth. He hesitates. He doesn't want to do this. But he does it.

GERRY (CONT'D)

One and two and three and...you  
then!

TOMMY

Four and five and...

Gerry pauses to push the button on his radio.

GERRY

(into his radio)  
Where's that ambulance, Barney!

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)

On the way, Gerry.

He goes back to the compressions. Tommy is compressing the chest with all his strength.

TOMMY

Twelve, thirteen, fourteen....

He's out of breath and sweating.

GERRY

(muttering)  
Come on, come on, come on, come on!

2/20      **OMITTED**

2/20

2/21      **INT. CORRIGAN HOUSE - DAY**

2/21

Through a crack in the closed curtains, Stevie watches the ambulances being loaded. He turns to Grace. She is on the sofa, sitting beside Ellie and Mary. A paramedic, ALAN, stands beside them.

GRACE

Mammy and Daddy are just feeling a  
bit sick, okay?  
(MORE)



GRACE (CONT'D)

But they are going to be fine. The doctors will make them better really soon. This is Alan. He just needs to look into your eyes with his special torch, okay? Can you do that?

Ellie nods. Alan briefly shines a torch in the eyes of the two girls. As he does so, Grace speaks to Ellie.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Look, Ellie, can you tell me...there was some...some stuff out in the kitchen. Little blue tablets and some...

(she pauses)

White powder...can I just make sure that you or Mary didn't touch it.

Ellie shakes her head. Alan finishes his examination, and nods to Grace. All normal.

ELLIE

No. We're not allowed to touch the medicine. It's dangerous.

Grace looks at Stevie.

GRACE

Okay, good girl.

ELLIE

Are Mammy and Daddy going to be okay?

GRACE

Yes, yes. I promise you. They're going to be fine.

The door opens. The girls' aunt, LAURA, 30s, opens the door.

LAURA

Jesus. I came...as soon as I...

ELLIE

Aunty Laura!

Laura hugs the girls.

GRACE

Can we have a word?

Laura stands with Grace and Stevie.

LAURA

Idiots.

STEVIE

You don't seem very surprised. This wasn't their first time?

A beat. Laura sighs. She shakes her head.

LAURA

(bitterly)

They still think they're twenty one year old ravers. Pathetic.

Grace is processing all of this.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Now what?

GRACE

Physically they're going to be okay. There will be criminal charges. And we have to get social services involved. Obviously.

Laura nods.

LAURA

Yeah. Well, if that doesn't stop them, I don't know what will.

A beat. Grace nods. Laura goes back inside. Grace is looking at the house, the manicured garden. The cars in the driveway.

GRACE

You never know, do you?

STEVIE

Nah. You never ever know.

2/23

**INT. STUDENT HOUSE - DAY**

2/23

Sweat is pouring from Tommy's face, dropping onto Brian. The compressions are now extremely physically taxing. Tommy gasps for breath. Gerry, in the corridor, is in a similar condition, still calling out the compressions.

GERRY

Three, four, five, six...

PARAMEDICS come crashing up the stairs.

GERRY (CONT'D)

(through gritted teeth)

Thank Christ...

(instantly)

In there, in there first!

The Paramedics run past him and into the bedroom. Tommy steps back from Brian's body.

PARAMEDIC

No, keep doing it, keep at it until  
we get the monitors on!

Tommy takes a deep breath and goes back to the compressions.  
One of the Paramedics runs back out to the corridor.

2/24

**EXT. STUDENT HOUSE - LATER**

2/24

Tommy and Gerry are leaning against the side of the police car. They have taken off their sweaters and are in short sleeves. They are hot, and flustered, and chugging water. Tommy stares back at the house. There are two ambulances now. Gerry appraises him quietly.

GERRY

Relax. Your first resus is always a  
bit of a headwreck.

Tommy nods, almost imperceptibly. A Paramedic approaches.

PARAMEDIC ONE

Thanks, lads. One of them should  
pull through, thanks to you. The  
other one...he didn't make it, I'm  
afraid.

TOMMY

Which one was...

GERRY

(interrupting)

No!

A beat.

GERRY (CONT'D)

(to the Paramedic)

It's fine. We don't need to know.

The Paramedic nods and walks away. Gerry takes another drink. Tommy looks at Gerry, then back at the house.

2/25

**INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - DAY**

2/25

Annie walks through the main office. She is just coming on shift. She looks pensive, troubled. HELEN notices her from across the room. Helen looks preoccupied, even worried. She beckons Annie over.

HELEN

Jonty wants to see you.

ANNIE  
(surprised, and not in a  
good way)  
Why?

A beat.

HELEN  
(ominously)  
Come on. I'll come with you.

Annie looks at her, baffled, and increasingly concerned.

2/26     **INT. POLICE CAR - DAY**

2/26

Grace stares pensively out the window. Stevie changes the music on the radio. Grace turns it down.

STEVIE  
You don't like The Bonnevilles?

GRACE  
Don't really know them.

STEVIE  
You stick with me, kid. We'll get  
you educated.

He turns the music up and nods his head energetically. Grace turns it off.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Now what?

GRACE  
I'm thinking about those two little  
girls.

Stevie shrugs.

STEVIE  
(insouciantly)  
Could you open that lunchbox and  
get me some of those wee oatmeal  
and graval dax things?

GRACE  
Graval dax? You mean slices of  
salmon.

STEVIE  
I mean graval dax. It's Norwegian.

GRACE  
You're *such* a dickhead.

STEVIE  
(with gravity)  
Don't be jealous of my fish.

GRACE  
(laughing)  
Shut up.

She turns to him.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
You don't care about that? About  
what happens to those kids?

STEVIE  
I care that we got there in time to  
stop their Ma and Da dying. That's  
about it. Because guess what,  
that's my job. I'm a bucket man.

GRACE  
(she has to hear this one)  
A bucket man. Enlighten me.

He looks at her, then back at the road.

STEVIE  
Okay, so. Society is a big olympic  
sized swimming pool, but it's not  
full of water. It's full of shit.

She looks at him.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
And we all live underneath it. But,  
unfortunately, the bottom of the  
pool is all old and cracked and  
broken, and the shit keeps running  
out of it. Now, when the shit  
starts pouring down, I go there,  
catch it in my bucket, and then  
patch up the crack with a bit of  
masking tape, that maybe holds the  
shit in for a wee while, and then I  
run onto the next crack, with my  
bucket, and catch some more shit.

A beat. He shrugs.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
And then they pay me at the end of  
every month.

He smiles at her.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
I'm a bucket man. Not for much  
longer though.

GRACE

What?

Stevie smiles. He opens an email on his phone and shows it to her.

STEVIE

Passed the entrance exam for the close protection course. Third time trying, but I got there in the end.

GRACE

Right, so you're...

STEVIE

Soon I'll be handing my aul bucket over to you.

(a beat)

Assuming they don't fire you first.

She shakes her head and looks out the window. He puts the music back on, loud.

2/27

**INT. POLICE STATION, JONTY'S OFFICE - DAY**

2/27

Jonty is in his chair, facing Annie across the desk. Helen is standing, her back to the wall.

ANNIE

(pale, shocked)

I'm sorry, I...I don't understand.

JONTY

I know this must come as a shock.

Annie looks to Helen, who nods sympathetically.

HELEN

This can happen from time to time.

ANNIE

(stumbling, spinning)

Sorry, when you say...a personal threat...what...I mean...what kind of...

JONTY

This information filters down from our colleagues in the intelligence services...

A beat. Jonty steals a look at Helen. He nods at Annie.

JONTY (CONT'D)

It's usually electronic chatter. Somebody mentions something on a phone, an email, a text...

ANNIE

Mentions they want to kill me? Who?

A beat. Jonty swallows.

JONTY

We don't get that level of information.

Annie shakes her head.

ANNIE

So...what should I do?

JONTY

Take sensible precautions. Continue to check under your car. If stationary in traffic, leave half a car length before the car in front so you can exit at speed, try to vary your route to work...

ANNIE

I'm sorry...that's it?

Jonty nods.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I do all those things anyway. There's nothing else you can offer me? No other protection?

JONTY

If the threat was more specific, and imminent, we'd move you from your house. But for now, we're just saying, be security aware.

A beat. Jonty hands her a booklet.

JONTY (CONT'D)

Here. Most of what you need to know is in here.

Annie takes the booklet. It reads 'Basic Security Precautions'. She looks at Helen, who looks away, embarrassed. Annie can't believe this.

Tommy and Gerry are walking through the station. Gerry sees SANDRA at the custody desk. Tommy is sullen and quiet. Gerry pulls away and walks to the desk. He leans in towards Sandra, smiling.

SANDRA  
(exasperated)  
What?

GERRY  
Just saying hello.

She shakes her head.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Has anybody ever told you, you've  
got an exceptional pair of tits?

SANDRA  
(leaning in)  
Has anybody told you that you're a  
dirty old bastard?

GERRY  
(smiling)  
Just you.

SANDRA  
(smiling)  
Piss off and let me do my work.

Gerry shrugs and walks on. Tommy mopes along beside him.

TOMMY  
Could she not...

GERRY  
What?

TOMMY  
(nervously)  
Report you? For saying things like  
that?

Gerry stops. He bursts out laughing. Tommy is utterly  
confused.

GERRY  
I'd say that's pretty unlikely.

A beat. Tommy looks away.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
Right. What is it? You've a face on  
you like a badger's arse.

Tommy looks away.

TOMMY  
I can't...



GERRY  
You can't what?

Tommy looks at him.

TOMMY  
Shoot.  
(a beat)  
I can't shoot.

Gerry wasn't expecting this.

GERRY  
What do you mean, you can't shoot?  
You have to pass a range test to  
graduate Garnerville don't you?

TOMMY

I got 22 out of 50. I have to sit it again in a few weeks. If I don't get over 40 I'm out.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I'm not going to pass it, Gerry.

(a beat)

I'm going to flunk out.

Gerry considers this.

GERRY

How bad are you?

TOMMY

Really bad.

A beat.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Like, *really* bad.

Gerry nods.

2/29

**INT. POLICE STATION, BRIEFING ROOM - DAY**

2/29

The day shift is ending and the evening shift is beginning. In the minutes before the crossover briefing, OFFICERS are sitting around chatting. Grace comes into the room and sees Annie. She smiles. Annie smiles back, trying to put on a brave face.

GRACE

How's you?

ANNIE

(deflecting)

Good. Great.

Grace, always alert to the emotions of others, notices immediately, but says nothing.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(whispering, nodding  
towards Stevie)

How's Stevie Neil, man of mystery?

GRACE

What do you mean?

ANNIE

Well like, how can you work here for nearly ten years and nobody in the office knows anything about him? How can you not be on social media? Like, what the fuck?

Grace looks at her, then at Stevie.

GRACE

Maybe he thinks people care.

Annie smiles. A knowing look. Helen stands up at the podium. A map flashes on behind her.

HELEN

Quite a few double OBs today.

GERRY

That's all of Carrick View. The whole estate.

STEVIE

It's half of our district.

HELEN

Yeah well, we live in interesting times.

Glances are exchanged. Tommy is studying the map with interest.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Okay. From what I can tell, it looks like we've got a bad batch going around.....

Groans from the experienced officers. They know what this means for their shift.

HELEN (CONT'D)

(raising her voice)

Okay, okay...yes, I know...

(they quiet down)

Pregabalin we think, mixed with God knows what. We've had four unconscious this afternoon, one dead. Gerry?

GERRY

Blue capsules as usual, but the powder inside them is darker than usual, an off-yellow. They're knocking people for six. Bottom line is, if you have an unconscious body, you need to be screaming for the medics ASAP. This stuff is toxic.

HELEN

Stevie?

STEVIE

We had two flake out up on Cavehill  
View from the same tablets. There's  
a lot of them out there.

HELEN

Okay, folks. Have a look over your  
CPR manuals if you're not up to  
speed. Use mouth guards if you can.

She smiles.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Don't want you catching anything  
you haven't already got.

Laughter.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Sharp eyes save lives.

Gerry nudges Tommy.

GERRY

(pleased with himself)  
I came up with that, you know.  
That's one of mine.

Tommy nods uncertainly. They stand up to start the shift.

2/30

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

2/30

JP Junior is riding along on his electric scooter. A car  
pulls up in front of him. Gordy gets out. Then Mo.

GORDY

We need your stuff back.

JP Junior casts a glance at Mo.

JP JUNIOR

Ye wha?

Gordy looks at a notebook in his hand.

GORDY

Twenty-four packets of blues and  
all the coke. We need it back.

JP Junior looks like he's about to faint.

JP JUNIOR

I sold it.

GORDY

Who to?

JP JUNIOR  
Just around.

MO  
Well, tell us who you sold it to  
and we'll go and get it back.

JP Junior gulps.

JP JUNIOR  
I...can't remember.

Mo leaps forward, pulls JP Junior off his scooter, and slams him up against the car.

MO  
It's fucking you, isn't it?

JP JUNIOR  
What's me!?

MO  
Where'd you get that fucking  
scooter? How much did it cost?

JP JUNIOR  
I...I just...

MO  
There's fucking punters keeling  
over all over the place. Way  
outside our patch. Are you selling  
off base?

Silence. JP Junior can't think of a reply.

MO (CONT'D)  
You're in big fucking trouble, lad.

JP Junior begins to cry. Gordy watches him.

2/31

**INT. POLICE STATION, BRIEFING ROOM - DAY**

2/31

The briefing is breaking up. JEN approaches Helen. Breezy, smiley. Helen sees though it instantly.

JEN  
Sarge, I was thinking, I have this  
file to finish for the court...

HELEN  
Which file and which court?

A beat.

JEN

Er...Brennan, the domestic... the mags.

HELEN

(pretends to think)

Brennan...common assault. So let me get this straight. We have the city flooded with a bad batch, we're already short staffed, and you want to do paperwork sitting on your arse in a warm office, on a case that won't even go custodial because the husband refuses to make a statement?

A beat.

JEN

No, it's not that...it's just...

HELEN

Save it for someone who gives a shit. You're Seven Zero with Probationary Constable Conlon.

Jen swallows, nods. She goes to walk away.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Oh and Jen?

Jen turns.

HELEN (CONT'D)

(insincerely, a deliberately false and effusive smile)

Stay safe.

Jen clenches her jaw as she walks off.

2/32 **OMITTED**

2/32

2/33 **OMITTED**

2/33

2/34 **OMITTED**

2/34

2/35     **INT. GERRY'S CAR - DAY**

2/35

Gerry is in his own car, in civilian clothes, on his way home. He notices a figure, sitting on the curb, his head in his hands. It's Happy. Gerry is past him already, then takes another look in the rear view mirror. He slams the steering wheel.

GERRY

Shit!

He turns the car in the next side street, and goes back. He parks up.

2/36     **EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

2/36

Gerry approaches Happy.

GERRY

Happy?

Happy looks up. His face is stained with tears. Gerry sits down beside him.

HAPPY

It's a hard week, Gerry.

Gerry nods.

GERRY

(gently)

Aye. That happens.

HAPPY

Don't think I can get through this one.

GERRY

Ach, come on now.

HAPPY

(tearfully)

Nah, I've had enough this time.

He begins to cry. Gerry sighs.

GERRY

Happy Kelly, I'm arresting you on the charge of being intoxicated in a public place. Anything you say can be used in evidence. Do you understand?

HAPPY

(confused)

What? I don't even drink?

A beat. Happy realises what Gerry is doing.

GERRY  
We'll get you a psychological  
assessment when you're in custody.  
It's not much, but it'll be  
somebody to talk to.

Happy's eyes fill with tears.

HAPPY  
Thanks, Gerry. Thank you.

GERRY  
C'mon, fella. Get in the car. And  
pretend you're pissed, for God's  
sake.

They get up and walk towards the car.

2/37

**INT. POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR - DAY**

2/37

Helen follows Annie down a corridor.

HELEN  
Constable Conlon! Annie!

Annie turns. Helen walks up, and pulls her to one side.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry this has happened so  
early in your career. But you will  
get through this.

ANNIE  
I'm not worried about myself. It's  
my Mum.

Helen nods.

HELEN  
They're not after your Mum.

ANNIE  
I live with her.

Helen sighs.

HELEN  
Maybe it's time you left home.

ANNIE  
What?

A beat.



HELEN

I could stand here and bullshit you. But maybe for your peace of mind...maybe you move somewhere less...exposed.

Annie shakes her head, trying to take this all in.

HELEN (CONT'D)

It's happened to me.

Annie turns to look at her.

HELEN (CONT'D)

They raided a Dissident Republican house in Derry, about six years ago. My name was on a list.

(a beat)

My address too.

ANNIE

Did you move?

HELEN

Yeah.

A beat as Helen considers whether to share more than this. She does.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I...I was married at the time.

Annie looks at her.

HELEN (CONT'D)

My ex...Declan...he...he worked in a bank. Over time it became too much for him to take. That constant worry. Checking under the car every morning. Hyper-vigilance, they call it. It eats away at you.

(a beat)

We split up, eventually.

ANNIE

I'm sorry.

(a beat)

Did you ever...consider leaving the job?

Helen shakes her head. For the first time Annie senses a deep sadness in Helen.

HELEN

I didn't.

(a beat)

And neither should you.

Annie is struck by this. The spell is broken by some radio chatter.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)  
Uniform Uniform, any callsigns  
available, north inner city,  
over...

HELEN  
(to ANNIE)  
Get to work. Constable Robinson is  
waiting for you.

Annie is dismayed. Helen walks away.

ANNIE  
(hissing)  
Shite!

Blue lights.

2/37A **EXT. STREET - DAY**

2/37A

ANTO walks towards a parked car carrying a holdall. He puts the bag into the back seat of the car next to GORDY, who eyes it nervously. MO is driving. He meets Gordy's look. Anto shuts the rear door and moves towards the passenger seat.

2/38 **INT. POLICE CAR - DAY**

2/38

Annie is driving, Jen is in the passenger set. She looks uncomfortable and unhappy. The last place she wants to be. They turn a corner. Annie immediately spots Anto getting into the car. She puts on the blue lights, and pulls the police car in behind Mo's car.

JEN  
(panicking)  
What the hell are you doing!

ANNIE  
He's an op Gulliver nominal. It's  
an automatic stop and search. It's  
on the shift briefing!

Jen recoils.

JEN  
What, no!

ANNIE  
Jen, we have no choice. We have to  
search that car.

2/39

**INT. GORDY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

2/39

Gordy, Mo, and Anto are frozen in place. Gordy glances at the bag beside him.

GORDY  
Shit, shit, shit!

MO  
(hissing)  
Stay calm.

ANTO  
Do we run?

A beat. Mo is looking in the rear view mirror.

MO  
Why aren't they coming?

Anto turns around and looks back at the police car.

2/40     **INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS**

2/40

Jen looks straight ahead at the car. Annie turns to her.

ANNIE  
What are you waiting for?

JEN  
(meekly)  
You do it.

ANNIE  
(astonished)  
What? You're the observer! This is  
*literally* your job!

Jen looks like she wants to strangle Annie. She takes a deep breath and gets out. She walks slowly, reluctantly forward. In the rear view mirror, Mo watches her approach. He and Gordy exchange a glance.

2/41     **INT. POLICE STATION, CUSTODY SUITE - DAY**

2/41

Sandra is putting Happy into a cell. Gerry, in civilian clothes, is watching.

SANDRA  
There'll be a doctor with you  
shortly.

Happy nods. Sandra kneels down beside him.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

You need anything, you ring the bell, yeah?

GERRY

Thanks love.

HAPPY

Yeah, thanks a million.

A beat.

SANDRA

Couple of muppets.

(to Happy)

Go on then.

Happy enters the cell. Sandra shuts the door. She turns to Gerry.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Well you've set another station record. No one has been arrested on a charge of simple drunk in this district in thirty years.

Gerry shrugs and smiles.

GERRY

Especially not when they're sober.

SANDRA

You big, soft eejit.

GERRY

Sure that's why you love me.

A beat.

SANDRA

Seriously, it's great that you look out for him, Gerry. But he needs proper help.

GERRY

And I need a private jet. But neither of those things are happening any time soon are they?

SANDRA

This time, will you try and make it home without any mercy arrests?

GERRY

I'll do my best.

A thought occurs to him.

GERRY (CONT'D)

What do you want for dinner?

SANDRA

Cabernet Sauvignon.

He steals a glance around the station.

GERRY

Giz a kiss.

SANDRA

(pushing him away,  
laughing)

Piss off. I'll see you later, yeah.

He leaves, and she smiles as she watches him go.

2/42

**EXT. POLICE STATION, COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

2/42

Gerry is about to get into his car when he glances through the window back into the office and sees Tommy at his desk. He sighs and goes back into the station.

2/43

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

2/43

Gordy, Mo and Anto are in the car. Jen stands at the driver's window, almost trembling. She is looking at their licences, and handing them back. Mo can sense her fear, and sees an opportunity. Anto, beside him, stares stonily ahead. Jen sees the bag beside Gordy in the back seat.

MO

(smiling)

We're just going for a wee pint.  
I'm the designated driver. Amn't I,  
lads?

GORDY

(nervously)

He is, aye.

A beat.

MO

Is there a reason you're keeping us  
here, Constable...  
(he reads her name badge)  
Robinson?

JEN

(trying to sound  
confident, and failing)

This vehicle is a vehicle of  
interest to the police.

Mo looks back at the car.

MO

Is it?

(a beat, he turns to her,  
danger suddenly flashing  
in his eyes)

That's fucking *mad*.

Everybody notices the swear word, especially Jen. It's a test. She gulps.

JEN

I'm going to ask you to step out of the vehicle.

A beat. Mo looks her steadily in the eye.

MO

Are you?

(a beat)

Definitely?

A beat. Jen steals a glance at Annie, back in the car.

MO (CONT'D)

(truly sinister now)

She's not going to be much help to you.

Jen is fighting waves of panic.

MO (CONT'D)

Constable Robinson. Your bodycam isn't on.

Jen instinctively goes to reach for it.

MO (CONT'D)

No, no! No...

(reassuring, cajoling)

That's a good thing, Constable Robinson. That's a good thing. You don't have to cause a whole nightmare here, over nothing. Do you? You can just walk away - tell your mate there you had a word with us, everything seems to be in order.

A beat.

MO (CONT'D)

(fixing her with a glare)

You just walk away.

A long beat. Jen's breath is quick, her jaw constantly clenching with fear. Jen jumps as her radio crackles to life.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)

All callsigns we have multiple ODs at 4 Gethsemane Drive, multiple ODs at 4 Gethsemene Drive respond over.

Mo smiles.



MO

Look. There you go. Easy.

A beat. Jen is breathing shallowly. Her hand shakes as it goes to her radio.

JEN  
Bravo Lima Seven Zero responding,  
over.

She turns and walks away, wiping a tear from her face.

MO  
(calling after her)  
Well done, Constable Robinson! Well  
done.

2/44     **INT. POLICE CAR - DAY**

2/44

Jen gets into the passenger seat, trying to compose herself.

ANNIE  
What are you doing?

JEN  
(as if she hasn't heard)  
Mmm?

ANNIE  
Why didn't you search the car!?

Jen clears her throat.

JEN  
We have an emergency call.

ANNIE  
Jen, it's an automatic stop and  
search, it doesn't matter what  
you're hearing on the radio....

JEN  
Do you know what a three hundred  
and sixty degree appraisal is?

ANNIE  
What?

JEN  
Before you pass your probation, a  
survey is sent around every  
constable you've patrolled with.  
We're asked to detail any  
reservations we might have about  
you passing out to full constable.  
We're encouraged to be as honest as  
possible.

ANNIE  
You wouldn't.

Jen turns in her seat and meets Annie's eye defiantly. A beat.

JEN  
You never mention this to anybody.  
Ever.

Annie, disgusted, puts the car into gear and drives off. Blue lights.

2/45

**INT. GORDY'S CAR - DAY**

2/45

Gordy breathes, relief coursing through him.

GORDY  
Shit.

Anto laughs. Mo smiles.

MO  
(laughing)  
And that, gentlemen, is how we do  
it round here!

They all laugh.

2/46

**INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - DAY**

2/46

Gerry crosses the room to where Tommy is at his desk.

GERRY  
If you want to look at those dirty  
websites, do it in the comfort of  
your own bedroom.

Tommy is startled.

TOMMY  
Huh?...no...I...I wasn't...

Gerry smiles.

GERRY  
Come on, away home, you're making  
the rest of us look bad.

A beat.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing anyway?

A beat. Tommy considers whether to tell him.

TOMMY  
These...double OBs. It's all the  
streets where the McIntyres live.  
(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

And their associates. Why would they be off limits to us? Aren't they the people we're trying to stop?

A long beat.

GERRY

Close that down.

Tommy looks up at him.

TOMMY

Huh?

GERRY

Close it down. Stop poking around in things that don't concern you.

TOMMY

(confused)

It's just, it doesn't make any sense...

Gerry leans in, serious now.

GERRY

(interrupting)

These are not questions you need to be asking, okay? What you need to be doing, right now, is learning how to shoot a fucking gun, so that you can stay in this police force beyond next month. Yes?

A beat.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Yes?

TOMMY

Yes.

A beat.

GERRY

You remember Happy, from earlier?

TOMMY

Yeah?

A beat.

GERRY

Early nineteen seventies. Happy was eight years old. Went to the fish and chip shop one Friday evening with his Da and his big brother.

(MORE)

GERRY (CONT'D)

Happy stayed in the car, parked down the street. He watched them walk into the chippy. Then watched the car bomb that was outside it blow everybody inside the shop to bits. Including his da and his brother.

Tommy swallows.

GERRY (CONT'D)

That's why he's obsessed with cars and number plates. It's why he's never had much of a life. Maybe there's a part of him that thinks he should be dead. Or wishes he was.

Tommy is listening, deeply moved. Gerry sighs. He leans forward, and presses the button to close down Tommy's screen.

GERRY (CONT'D)

There's enough bad things in life that'll come looking for you, son.

A beat.

GERRY (CONT'D)

You don't need to go looking for *them*.

Out on Tommy.

2/46A **EXT. TINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

2/46A

TINA MCINTYRE, 52, alights from a taxi. She's early 50s, glamorous in a heavily made-up way. The DRIVER lifts out a massive suitcase from the boot and she tips him as she lights a cigarette. She looks up at her house and pulls the suitcase towards the door. She stubs out her cigarette and lets herself in.

2/46B **INT. TINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

2/46B

Tina makes her way into the kitchen, pulling the suitcase behind her. James is sitting at her kitchen table. She shakes her head, goes to the cupboard and begins making a cup of tea, but just for her.

JAMES

How are ye, love?

She doesn't acknowledge him.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Nice holiday? You got a bit of sun  
anyway.

She pours the tea. She places the suitcase on its back and opens it. It's completely full of cigarettes. She takes out one carton, opens it, takes out a box, and a cigarette, all the while looking at him. She stands there, lighter in one hand, unlit cigarette in her mouth, as she sizes him up.

TINA

What the fuck are you doing in my house?

2/47     OMITTED

2/47

2/48     OMITTED

2/48

2/49     OMITTED

2/49

2/50     INT. ANNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

2/50

Bridie comes downstairs in her dressing gown.

ANNIE

Sorry, did I wake you?

BRIDIE

Ach, I wasn't sleeping anyway.

A beat. Annie swallows.

BRIDIE (CONT'D)

(gesturing to the bag)

Give me that, I'll put it in the wash.

She turns.

BRIDIE (CONT'D)

(over her shoulder)

And don't worry, I won't hang it out on the line!

ANNIE

Mum.

Bridie turns, smiling. A beat.

BRIDIE

What?

Annie swallows.

ANNIE

Thanks. For. You know. Everything.

Bridie stops. Annie is being unusually heartfelt.

BRIDIE  
Are you alright?

A beat. Annie nods.

BRIDIE (CONT'D)  
Breakfast?

Annie nods and smiles weakly. Bridie goes to the kitchen.  
Annie looks around her at the house. The pictures. The sofa.  
She smells it, deeply, holding the scent in her nose and  
lungs. She is on the verge of tears.

2/51 OMITTED

2/51

2/52 OMITTED

2/52

2/53 OMITTED

2/53 \*



2/54

**INT. THE PALACE, MEETING ROOM - DAY**

2/54

Gordy, Mo and Anto are staring at various bags, vials, jars and wraps.

GORDY  
That's all of it, then.

MO  
All we could get.

ANTO  
What a fucking night.

GORDY  
Now what?

MO  
Dump this - Lennox has that  
landfill up behind the farm. He'll  
burn it for us.

GORDY  
Me?

MO  
Yeah, you!  
(to Anto)  
The Dubs are arriving at seven with  
the new stuff. Then we get it out  
again.

GORDY  
How are we going to do that? The  
peelers are already all over us!

Mo exchanges a glance with Anto.

MO  
(to Gordy)  
Don't you worry about that. It's  
all sorted.

Anto looks uncomfortable.

MO (CONT'D)  
(to Anto)  
What?

A beat.

ANTO  
This thing. With the wee lad...

MO  
What about it?

ANTO  
I'm not sure about it.

Mo bursts out laughing.

MO  
You're not sure about it? You're  
not sure about it? Do you want to  
go and tell that to my Da?

Anto swallows, clenches his jaw.

MO (CONT'D)  
Nah. Didn't think so.

Anto shakes his head and walks out. Mo watches him go.

2/55

**EXT. CORRIGAN HOUSE - DAY**

2/55

Grace and Stevie are knocking at the door of the house they  
visited earlier. Grace shoots him a wry glance.

GRACE  
Don't fuck this up.

He smiles. The door opens. It's Martin, the man who had passed out from the drugs overdose earlier. He looks pale. Ciara comes running up the corridor.

CIARA

Are you here about the kids? Laura won't bring them back! I need my kids back!

A beat.

GRACE

(to Martin)  
May we come in?

2/56

**INT. CORRIGAN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

2/56

Grace and Stevie are lead into the plush, luxurious living room, in which they are surprised to see solicitor, AODHAN MCALLISTER. Martin and Ciara follow behind.

STEVIE

(astonished)  
What are you doing here?

MCALLISTER

My clients have asked me to be present. Please, take a seat.

Grace and Stevie exchange a glance. They sit.

MCALLISTER (CONT'D)

Okay, Constable Ellis, shoulder number B7244, Constable Neil, B1001. I'm taking notes for an impending complaint to the police Ombudsman, and a personal claim for damages due to emotional stress because of your actions this morning.

Grace looks at Ciara. She seems unsure of this course of action, but bites her lip.

GRACE

On what grounds?

MARTIN

You took our kids away!

GRACE

You were both unconscious at the time.

MCALLISTER

Temporarily incapacitated. And Mrs Corrigan had engaged another appropriate adult, her sister, to come to the house to care for the children whilst they....

(a beat)

Recovered.

A beat.

GRACE

(to Ciara)

Recovered from what?

A beat.

MCALLISTER

My clients....

GRACE

(interrupting)

I'm asking her. And since this is a welfare call linked to a potential child protection case, you don't need to answer for her.

A beat.

CIARA

What do you mean a child protection case?

A beat.

CIARA (CONT'D)

(shouting)

What do you mean, child protection case?!

MCALLISTER

You are so far out of line, it's unbelievable...

STEVIE

Grace...

MARTIN

Now you listen to me, okay? What happened earlier today was...an accident...because of some prescription medication that I take. Unfortunately there was a misunderstanding and my wife and I ingested too much of it.

STEVIE

You both have the same prescription  
for the same meds and you  
both...ingested too much of it...at  
the same time?

A beat.

MCALLISTER

If you'd like a detailed  
description of what happened  
perhaps you could ask your  
superiors to send a detective and  
they can speak to my clients under  
caution?

Stevie smiles. Water off a duck's back. McAllister smiles  
superciliously.

MCALLISTER (CONT'D)

I recommend you go back about your  
business. There must be real  
criminals to catch.

STEVIE

You probably know more about that  
than we do.

A beat.

MCALLISTER

Look. Folks. We all know this is  
going nowhere. Martin here is one  
of the most successful and  
respected businessmen in Belfast. A  
major employer. The Vice-Captain of  
Drumstewart Golf Club...

Grace laughs.

GRACE

Oh for God's sake.

MCALLISTER

(sternly)

This is a small town, Constable  
Ellis. Smaller than you'd think.

STEVIE

Certainly seems that way.

A beat.

MCALLISTER

I think we're done here. I'll make arrangements with Ciara's sister to have the children returned forthwith. We take it that will be the end of the matter.

Grace nods. She breathes. She stands up. She glances at Ciara.

GRACE

None of you know how this works, do you?

She has their attention now.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(looking at Ciara)

Not a clue.

Ciara goes pale. The mood in the room shifts. Stevie is intrigued.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Unguarded class one pharmaceuticals within reach of young children is an automatic referral to Child Protection. It has already been made. Your children will be staying with their aunt until you're interviewed by a social worker on Monday...

CIARA

No!

MARTIN

(to McAllister)

You told me this wouldn't happen.

MCALLISTER

This is outrageous!

Grace talks over them all.

GRACE

The social work decision on the future welfare of the children depends significantly on my statement as the first attending officer on the scene. Not just what I saw, but my inferences from that.

(a beat)

My opinion.

They are all looking at her now.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Anybody want to hear my opinion?

MCALLISTER  
(loud)  
You're going to regret this...

CIARA  
(shouting at McAllister)  
Shut up! Just shut up!

McAllister is shocked.

CIARA (CONT'D)  
(to Martin)  
I should never have let you talk me  
into this!  
(to Grace)  
Go on...go on...please.

GRACE  
(to McAllister)  
Off the record.

Stevie motions to the notebook. McAllister puts it down,  
defeated.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
(to Ciara)  
I think you're both addicted to  
opioids. I think it may have  
started as a prescription, maybe  
for pain, for one of you, but now  
both of you are addicted, and you  
are buying it from the street. It  
has taken over.

Ciara and Martin look at one another.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Money won't be a problem for you.  
Not for a long time anyway. But  
everything else will go before  
that. Your health. Your reputation.  
The children.

A beat. Ciara starts to cry.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
This is your one and only chance to  
get meaningful help. Most people  
who don't try to change now, at  
this point, never do. It's now or  
never.

Silence.

GRACE (CONT'D)

The social worker who will interview you on Monday is a friend of mine. She's going to make some recommendations. Conditions that I have suggested to her. One, you both engage in a narcotics anonymous programme. Two, you'll be randomly drug tested on an ongoing basis. Three, you submit to random unannounced visits from child protection services.

Silence.

CIARA

We can do that. We can do it.

MARTIN

Yes. We can.

McAllister is seething. Graces smiles.

GRACE

Great.

(to Ciara)

Take this chance. There won't be another one.

Grace walks out. Stevie stands there for a moment, staring after her, stunned. Then he turns to Martin.

STEVIE

Played Drumstewart a couple of times. It's shite.

He winks at McAllister and leaves.

2/57

**EXT. CORRIGAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

2/57

Stevie is following Grace to the car.

STEVIE

You don't mess around, do you?

She's silent. She whirls around.

GRACE

Why do they have the same solicitor as Gordy Mackle? And Mo McIntyre?

STEVIE

Like the man said. Small town.



GRACE

Come on! They buy their drugs off the McIntyres, and then McAllister just pops up to advise them?

STEVIE

When I say small town, I mean it in the worst possible way.

She looks at him. He gets in the car.

2/58

**INT. TRAINING CENTRE, SHOOTING RANGE - DAY**

2/58

Gerry is watching Tommy shoot. Behind a glass partition, the Firearms Officer, MCCLOSKEY, is watching, and laughing with some COLLEAGUES. Gerry notices him. It's putting Tommy off.

GERRY

Never mind them. Concentrate. Lock your gun arm out. Grip. Both thumbs forward. No, both thumbs! That's it. Now, stance. Now, get the eyeline. Now, at the bottom of the breath, you're going to squeeze smoothly and slowly. Go ahead.

Tommy shoots. He misses the target completely. Behind the glass, McCloskey laughs again. Gerry breathes deeply.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Finger off the trigger. Place the weapon on the side. Do not touch it. Wait there.

Gerry walks to the door, goes through it, and approaches McCloskey.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Something funny?

MCCLOSKEY

Come on, Gerry.

GERRY

What? What's the joke?

MCCLOSKEY

The kid's a disaster. He's not going to make it. He's not a police officer. You know it. I know it.

A beat. Gerry looks out through the glass at Tommy, who is standing, ashamed, shoulders bowed, wanting all of this to be over.

GERRY

I'm his tutor con. That's my call.

MCCLOSKEY

And it's my call about putting him  
out on the streets with a gun on  
his hip. There's no way.

GERRY

He'll get where he needs to be.

A beat. McCloskey shrugs.

MCCLOSKEY

His test is in two weeks. Knock  
yourself out.

GERRY

Okay, well, we're going to be  
spending a lot of time here. I'd  
appreciate it if you and the lads  
didn't stand around taking the piss  
out of him.

A beat. McCloskey looks ever so slightly shame-faced.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Deal?

McCloskey shrugs. Gerry goes back to Tommy.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Pick up the weapon. On aim.

Tommy nods. He looks over at where McCloskey was, but he's  
gone. He looks back towards the target.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Fire.

2/59

**EXT. ANNIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

2/59

Annie comes out of her house, carrying a black holdall. She  
scans the street, up and down. She walks to her car. She  
looks at it, as if it's an enemy. She swallows, breathes. She  
takes her keys from her pocket, and deliberately throws them  
beside the car. She goes to pick them up, and in doing so,  
bends much further down to look under her car.

MONICA

Annie!

Annie jolts back up awkwardly into a standing position. Shit.  
Monica is across the street, amused.

MONICA (CONT'D)

You lose something?

ANNIE  
(discombobulated)  
My...eh...my keys...

MONICA  
Hope you're not fumbling like that  
on Sunday!

Annie smiles weakly. She gets in the car and drives off. Monica watches her go. Some vague thoughts are beginning to coalesce in her mind.

2/60 **EXT. THE PALACE - DUSK**

2/60

PACKAGES are being unloaded from a white transit van, and distributed into parked cars, Mo and Anto watch on.

2/61 **INT. PUB - NIGHT**

2/61

James sits at the bar. He takes a drink. The landline in the bar rings. The barman answers, and puts it down again quickly. He turns and nods at James. James nods back. He takes out his phone, and goes to a social media site. He goes to Tina's page. He looks at her holiday snaps. One of her, sitting on a sun lounger, drinking from a glass with an umbrella in it. He presses "like" on the picture.

2/62 **INT. TINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

2/62

Tina is watching TV. Her phone sits out on the arm of the chair. It buzzes. A "like". She sighs, gets up, and puts on her coat, which is sitting conveniently on the chair beside her. She lifts a pack of cigarettes, her lighter, and walks out the front door.

2/63 **INT. PUB - NIGHT**

2/63

James drains his pint, nods to the barman, and leaves.

2/64 **EXT. TINA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

2/64

Tina walks out of her house, looks up and down the street, and crosses the road. She lights a cigarette. A car turns into her street. It drives fast, screeching to a halt outside her house. Both the DRIVER and the PASSENGER are masked. The driver nods to her. She nods in return. The passenger gets out and riddles her house with automatic gunfire. He jumps back in and the car speeds off. Lights come on up and down the street. Alarms go off. One or two MEN run out onto the street from their own houses. Tina punches numbers into her phone, and calmly, almost languidly, raises it to her ear.

TINA

Police.

A beat.

TINA (CONT'D)

35 Laganview Parade.

A beat.

TINA (CONT'D)

(calmly)

Somebody just shot my house.

She takes a drag of her cigarette.

2/65

**INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT**

2/65

Grace and Stevie.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)

Shots fired Laganview, shots fired  
Laganview all callsigns! "Call  
signs in attendance advised re  
their personal protection, if  
violence is offered, they are  
advised to contain, negotiate and  
await ARV's, except when there are  
article 2 issues".

STEVIE

Shit!

He spins the car around. Blue lights.

2/66

**INT. POLICE CAR - SAME TIME**

2/66

Helen spins the car around so violently that Annie has to  
hang on to the handle above the window. Blue Lights.

2/67

**OMITTED**

2/67

2/68

**EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

2/68

Angela answers the door. James is there. A beat.

JAMES

How are you, love?

ANGELA

What are you doing here?

JAMES  
(gently)  
Ach. Just thought I'd call in and  
say hello.

He walks past her, into the kitchen, like he owns the place.  
He does.

2/69

**EXT. TINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

2/69

Multiple police cars, blue lights flashing, parked on the street. Helen and Annie, standing guard on the cordon as a crowd gathers outside it. Tina is talking to two PARAMEDICS, who are examining her for shock. The sound of a helicopter overhead, its searchlight traversing the estate. Grace and Stevie stand at their car.

GRACE  
I thought this was double OB.

STEVIE  
Not for shots fired. Then we come.

Grace nods.

GRACE  
Who would shoot up the house of  
James McIntyre's wife?

STEVIE  
Estranged wife. Apparently. But  
yeah. Your point stands.  
(a beat)  
Who would?

He looks over at Tina. As she's talking to the paramedics, she calmly lights a cigarette. There is something about her demeanour that draws his eye. She is preternaturally calm. Stevie begins to smile.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Oh you cheeky, cheeky bastards.

GRACE  
What?

Stevie begins to walk towards Tina. Grace runs after him.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Stevie, what!?

2/70

**INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME TIME**

2/70

James takes a beer from the fridge. He sits at the kitchen table and looks around.

JAMES  
You've the place lookin' well.

Angela swallows.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Gordy told me you didn't take your allowance this month.

ANGELA  
I don't want it anymore.

JAMES  
Love, it's yours. When Rory died...

ANGELA  
(viciously)  
Don't talk about Rory.

She looks at him. He takes a long drink of beer from the can. He burps.

JAMES  
Listen...eh...I just needed to chat to you. About all this shoutin' and roarin' the other day. In the street.

She looks at him.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
It's bad news, love. Bad news. I know things haven't been easy for you, God we all know that. But that kind of thing...bringing the police in here. It's not on.

Silence

JAMES (CONT'D)  
And then...then you take a lift home. With a peeler.

Angela goes pale.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
That's dangerous, love.

ANGELA  
(incredulous)  
How did...how did you...know that?

He stands up. He walks over to her, menacingly.

JAMES  
I know everything, love. People just...tell me things.

He takes the money out of his pocket and puts it on the table.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I've looked after you and the lad, like I promised Rory I would. But even I have my limits, love. Any more of this rubbish from you and I won't be looking after either of you anymore. I'll be doing the exact opposite. Aye?

He walks out. She stares after him, the tears starting to come.

2/71

**EXT. TINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

2/71

Tina is giving an initial statement to a PLAIN CLOTHES DETECTIVE, DS MURRAY CANNING, 29. Stevie and Grace are walking towards them.

STEVIE

Colouring In Department are here quick.

GRACE

Who?

STEVIE

CID. Numpties. Never saw a situation they couldn't make worse.

CANNING

(to Tina)

So you'd popped out for cigarettes?

Tina nods.

CANNING (CONT'D)

But did you see the vehicle as you returned?

STEVIE

Alright, Murray. Got the big crayons today?

CANNING

Do you mind, Constable? I'm interviewing a victim here.

STEVIE

Are ye, aye?

Stevie turns to Tina.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

You a victim here, Tina?

Canning looks at him, shocked. A beat. Stevie smiles at her. She meets his gaze, defiantly, a smile playing on her lips.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Tell us what you saw, then.

TINA

It all happened so fast.

STEVIE

Uh-huh. I'll bet.

Grace is beginning to realise what Stevie has guessed. Tina is completely unfazed. She looks up at her house.

TINA

Look at my hanging baskets.

(to Stevie)

I'll be putting a claim in for this, you know. Full compo.

Stevie nods. A dark, dark chortle at the audacity of it.

2/72

**EXT. FARMYARD - NIGHT**

2/72

A bonfire. Gordy throws another package on the fire. He watches it burn.

2/73

**EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

2/73

Mo exits a car, goes to a house, and rings the doorbell. A DEALER emerges. Mo wordlessly hands him the package. The dealer nods. Mo walks back to the car. Anto is in the car. Mo takes out Gordy's notebook.

MO

Wellington Road. Number 64.

Mo looks happy. He winds down the window and turns the music up loud. The throb of deep bass. Anto nods and they move off. The camera rises high above North Belfast, following the car.

MO (CONT'D)

(roaring)

Yeoooooooooooooooooooo!

The camera rises further, taking in the whole of the area. We move sideways, and down again, so that we notice in one tiny corner, all squeezed together, in one street, a mass of blue lights.

**ENDS**