

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 gravaldax things?

GRACE
 Gravaldax? You mean slices of
 salmon.

STEVIE
 I mean gravaldax. 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 noting.

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)
Yeooooooooooooooo!

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