

# TWO CITIES

TELEVISION

An  Studios Company

**GALLAGHER ▶ FILMS**

# BLUE LIGHTS

SERIES TWO

Episode Two: 'Iceberg'

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Final Shooting Script

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2.1 **INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - MORNING** 2.1

ANNIE and SHANE are on a blue lights run, speeding to a call. Shane is driving, hurling the car around corners. Annie is calm. Shane swerves again, and accelerates. They pass under a Union Flag, hanging limply from a lamp post.

ANNIE  
Uniform from Seven six, one minute  
out, over.

Shane is totally focused on the road. They turn into a street to see a terraced house on fire, smoke billowing from the downstairs windows.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Barney, where's the fire service?

BARNEY (O.S.)  
Seven six from uniform, ten minutes  
out.

SHANE  
Bollocks!

A small crowd is gathered outside. It's early. They are all wearing night clothes.

2.2 **EXT/INT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE, NATALIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 2.2

Annie and Shane jump out of the car and run towards the house. The front door is open. Two MEN are beside it, trying to get in, but are beaten back by the smoke. We can hear muffled screaming from the house.

MAN  
There's people upstairs!

SHANE  
(to Annie)  
I'll go...you wait for the fire  
service...

ANNIE  
(interrupting)  
I'm coming too!

A beat. Shane nods. The smoke is billowing from the hallway. Shane begins taking off his flak jacket.

(to Annie)  
Take off your flakker.

Annie instantly responds, imitating him. Shane then takes off his jersey, leaving only his undervest. Annie looks at him, confused.

SHANE  
Come on. Do it!

Annie follows his lead, though she doesn't know why.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Stay low. Stairs will be straight ahead. Don't breathe in until we're upstairs. Hold on to me...

Shane ties the garment around the lower part of his face. Annie does the same. He gets down and starts to crawl into the house.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Stay low!

Annie follows him, grabbing his belt from behind.

2.3 INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE, STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

2.3

The smoke is thick. They turn on their torches, sending beams of white into the thick smoke. They crawl forwards into the darkness. Shane reaches the stairs, and begins to crawl, almost flat, up them. The screams are louder. They crawl up the stairs, the smoke so thick now as to render them just as two forms against impenetrable darkness. Annie breathes in, and starts to splutter and cough. They keep going up.

2.3A INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

2.3A

They emerge onto the landing. The smoke is still thick. The screams are now louder. They crawl towards a closed door, and open it.

2.3B INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

2.3B

It's a bedroom. Crouched in the corner are NATALIE (30s) and JORDAN (8). They are terrified. Shane and Annie crawl in.

ANNIE  
It's OK, it's OK!

NATALIE  
Oh my God, get us out of here!

SHANE  
Is there anybody else in the house?

NATALIE  
(panicking)  
No!

SHANE  
Stay down!

Natalie looks at Annie in terror. He crawls to the door. He turns to Annie.

Natalie screams.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
Go, go, go!

Annie grabs Jordan and slithers forwards, pulling him out the door. The darkness is almost complete now. They reach the stairs and begin to slide haphazardly down. Jordan begins to scream in terror, and then starts to cough uncontrollably. He tries to break free, back towards the relative safety of the bedroom.

ANNIE  
No!

She grabs him. Now they're both coughing. She pulls him, almost violently, forward and down. At the bottom of the stairs, half the wall next to the living room is on fire. Annie sees it, but keeps going.

JORDAN  
No! Mammy! Mammy!

ANNIE  
Come...  
(she tugs him)  
On!

Annie drags Jordan past the flames, coughing and gasping, and finally, suddenly, out into the light.

2.3C **EXT. NATALIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

2.3C

They are grabbed by multiple hands and dragged forwards to safety. Annie and Jordan are covered in soot. Annie is on her hands and knees. She rips off her face covering. It's the only part of her that's not covered in soot. She is coughing and spluttering. The sound of approaching sirens. Then, Annie looks up at the door. No one is coming out it. Seconds go by. She tries to speak.

ANNIE  
(croaking)  
Shane...  
(louder)  
Shane!

A beat. She tries to stand up but is consumed by coughing.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
(panicking)  
Shane!

Suddenly, Shane emerges on his hands and knees, dragging Natalie behind him, coughing uncontrollably. They move away from the house just as the hallway behind them explodes into flame. Natalie gets up and runs to Jordan, hugging him tightly and crying. Shane stumbles over to Annie, taking off his mask as he does so. They crumble onto the ground, coughing and spluttering. JIM DIXON races along the street.

DIXON  
Natalie, Natalie!

He runs over to Natalie and Jordan, enveloping them in a desperate hug.

DIXON (CONT'D)  
Oh God, oh God...are youse OK?

Jordan hugs his father.

DIXON (CONT'D)  
What happened, what happened?

Dixon looks over at Shane and Annie, spreadeagled on the ground, still coughing. They lie side by side, completely covered in soot. Only the lower half of their faces are clean. The camera hovers above them, a tableau of post-adrenaline exhaustion. Annie reaches out to Shane. He grabs her hand and squeezes it.

**TITLE: BLUE LIGHTS**2.4      **EXT. RURAL DINER - DAY**      2.4

AISLING sits in her small car in the car park. She scans the car park. She looks at the façade of a run-down service station, attached to which is a small diner. She sees TOMMY getting out of his car. She watches him. He walks towards the diner. He notices a plastic bottle on the ground. He picks it up and puts it in the bin. He walks on. Aisling smiles.

2.5      **INT. RURAL DINER - DAY**      2.5

Tommy's face lights up when he sees Aisling walk across the diner to the booth he's sitting in. He stands up awkwardly. He doesn't know whether to greet her with a hug, a kiss, or just a nod. He just nods. She detects his awkwardness and enjoys it. He beckons her to a booth. She sits down. He sits. She looks around.

AISLING  
Exactly half way between Derry and Belfast.  
(a beat)  
I must say. You really know how to show a girl a good time.

He smiles, embarrassed.

TOMMY  
Sorry...it's just...

AISLING  
Yeah. Terrible shift patterns. I know.

The WAITRESS approaches. Aisling motions to Tommy to order. She scans the menu.

TOMMY  
Uh...do you have any avocado on toast?

A beat. The waitress looks at him, deeply circumspect.

WAITRESS

I can give you mushy peas and you  
can pretend it's avocado.

Aisling laughs, delighted at this response.

TOMMY

Just some scrambled eggs. No toast.

The waitress shakes her head.

AISLING

I'll have the large fry. And I'll  
take the toast that he's not  
having.

WAITRESS

(pleased)

Now we're talking.

She walks away. A beat. Aisling sizes up Tommy.

AISLING

You look different. The gym?

Tommy nods, delighted.

TOMMY

I started doing a bit of  
kickboxing.

Aisling is highly amused.

AISLING

Kickboxing. Right.  
(she leans forward,  
whispering)  
Robocop.

Tommy smiles awkwardly. A beat.

TOMMY

And you...you've...

AISLING

Grew my hair out. Aye.

A beat.

AISLING (CONT'D)

So I'm glad you rang me.

Tommy brightens.

TOMMY

Are you?

Aisling smiles.

AISLING

Aye. Just ringing out of the blue  
like that, no text, no messing  
about. Strong.

Tommy smiles.

AISLING (CONT'D)

You definitely took a beat though,  
didn't you?

Tommy smiles. Out on Tommy.

2.6

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW SUITE - DAY

2.6

GERALDINE is sitting opposite GRACE.

GERALDINE

When you drew your gun, did you  
shout a warning?

GRACE

Yes.

GERALDINE

What did you say?

Grace takes out her notebook. She reads it.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

(looking at the notebook)  
I'd rather you told me as you  
recall it.

A beat. Grace puts down the notebook.

GRACE

I said, stop. Armed police. Show me  
your hands.

GERALDINE

And how did the assailant respond?

GRACE

He said, fucking shoot me you  
bitch.

A beat. Geraldine nods.

GERALDINE

Do you believe you would have fired  
your gun? Had your colleagues not  
overpowered him?

A beat. Grace looks at Geraldine.

GRACE

You know that the Glock-17 doesn't have a traditional safety catch, right?

Geraldine nods.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You have the trigger safety, in front of the trigger. You press down on that first, squeeze it down until you reach the trigger.

Grace is demonstrating with her index finger. Geraldine looks down at it.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Then you pull the trigger itself.

(a beat)

And it fires.

Geraldine nods.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I had the trigger safety fully depressed. I'd started to apply pressure to the trigger itself.

A beat.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Just...waiting for the bang.

(a beat)

I uh...I've never felt so calm.

Geraldine looks at her, surprised. Out on Grace.

2.6A OMITTED

2.6A

2.6B OMITTED

2.6B

2.6C OMITTED

2.6C

2.7      **INT. POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER**      2.7

Geraldine emerges into the corridor to find HELEN leaning against the wall waiting for her.

GERALDINE  
Inspector McNally.

HELEN  
Geraldine. Got everything you need?

GERALDINE  
Yes. Everything's in order.  
(a beat)  
Keep an eye on Constable Ellis,  
yes?

HELEN  
I keep an eye on all of my people.

Geraldine smiles wanly. They begin to walk. Silence.  
Geraldine steals a glance at Helen.

GERALDINE  
You don't much like me, do you?

HELEN  
(offhand)  
I think you're the hindsight  
police.

Geraldine smiles.

GERALDINE  
Haven't heard that one before. Very  
good.

Geraldine stops walking.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)  
In my report to the Policing Board  
I'll be saying that the reason your  
officers were placed in such a  
terrible situation is because a man  
who should have been arrested  
earlier in the day was not  
arrested...

HELEN  
Hang on...

Geraldine holds a hand up...

GERALDINE  
And the reason he was not arrested  
is because there simply were not  
enough police cells available in  
the city to justify his arrest.  
I'll be saying that frontline  
police officers are currently  
operating in an almost-impossible  
situation.  
(a beat)  
And that they deserve better.

Helen raises her eyebrows.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)  
Inspector. I hope that some day you  
come to realise that you and I are  
actually on the same side.

Geraldine walks off. She doesn't turn around.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)  
I can show myself out.

Out on Helen.

2.8      **INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - DAY**      2.8

We're on Grace's shoulder as she walks into the office. The only person there is STEVIE. She stops.

GRACE  
(awkwardly)  
Hiya.

STEVIE  
Hi.

Grace sits, her back to Stevie. The pop of a tupperware container. Grace smiles, but doesn't yet turn around. Stevie meticulously unpacks the food. He theatrically clears his throat. She smiles. The ice is broken. She turns around.

GRACE

What have you got there then?

STEVIE

Here...oh nothing.

GRACE

(nodding indulgently)

Nothing.

STEVIE

(casually)

Just some...pork belly sausage  
rolls with capsicum and chili jam.

A beat.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(offhand)

Would you like one?

A beat.

GRACE

Well. Maybe just the one.

He holds one out to her in a napkin. She smiles and takes it.  
She eats it.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Wow. God.

She nods. Stevie smiles.

STEVIE

Sorry. About...you know.  
Everything.

A beat.

GRACE

Yeah. Me too.

Grace shakes her head, smiling, and turns back around to her computer screen. Out on Stevie, smiling. Both relieved.

STEVIE

Still want to be friends?

Grace bursts out laughing.

GRACE

Eejit.

Stevie smiles.

2.9      **INT. MCALLEER AND HAMILTON, JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY**      2.9

JOHN is at his desk, leaning over several files. He picks up a report. He looks up. Jen is sitting opposite him.

JOHN  
You did all of this *last night?*

Jen nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
God. You really love paperwork,  
don't you.

On Jen. She's heard that before. JOHN'S ASSISTANT enters.

ASSISTANT  
Your appointment is here.

John nods.

JOHN  
Two minutes.

A beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
OK, so just...talk me through it  
again?

Jen gets up and joins John at his side of the desk.

JEN  
The 1978 Stuart's fish and chip  
shop bombing. Six people killed.

John nods.

JEN (CONT'D)  
There have been questions about it  
for years. Rumours. In the press.

JOHN  
What do you mean?

JEN  
That the investigation was flawed.  
Deliberately flawed. Some kind of  
cover-up.

JOHN  
Look, Jen. Ten years ago we might  
have pursued a case like this, but  
not any more. They're a  
nightmare...

JEN

(interrupting)

OK but here's the thing. In 2006 a former RUC special branch officer called Robin Graham tried to sue the government for PTSD acquired during the Troubles.

JOHN

That was one of our cases I think?

Jen nods.

JEN

Yes. I dug out his witness statement. From the files...

JOHN

(sceptically)

Right...

JEN

It mentions this specific bombing!

JOHN

And what does it say?

JEN

(uncertain)

Just...that it was a case he worked on that caused him distress.

JOHN

Nothing else?

Jen shakes her head. Jen passes the statement to John. He scan-reads it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Remind me what happened with this?

Jen shakes her head.

JEN

The case just...disappeared.

Withdrawn.

John shrugs.

JOHN

Why are you interested in this?

JEN

I have a potential client. Alan Kelly. Lost his father and his brother in the attack.

John shakes his head.

JOHN

OK. I admire your initiative here. But honestly, we have better things for you to do.

JEN

I could look into it on my own time?

John sighs. He looks at her.

JOHN

Have you always been this tenacious?

A beat. Jen thinks about this.

JEN

Not exactly, no.

A beat. John smiles.

JOHN

Ok. Well. If you insist.

Jen smiles. She nods, pleased. Out on Jen.

JOHN

But I'm warning you, Jen. In this place...the past...it's a nightmare.

A beat.

JEN

Yes. I know that.

John looks at her with sudden sympathy.

JOHN

Yeah. I suppose you do.

Out on Jen.

2.10 **INT. TITANIC MUSEUM - DAY**

2.10

Close on TINA MCINTYRE. She is walking through the exhibition. She stops at a display showing a model of the Titanic. She's taking it all in.

2.11 **EXT. TITANIC MUSEUM - DAY**

2.11

A wide shot reveals the museum and surrounding buildings. We cut in closer as LEE walks across the plaza. He looks up at the museum. He walks on.

2.12 **INT. TITANIC MUSEUM - DAY**

2.12

The museum is fairly empty, one or two tourists moving around. Tina is looking at the Titanic model exhibit. Lee comes round the corner. He looks around the room, making sure there are no other people to overhear them. He walks up and stands beside her.

TINA

Always amazes me that we have a museum for something we just... fucked up.

Lee shrugs.

LEE

It was the iceberg.

Tina turns to him.

TINA  
(sardonically)  
Always somebody else's fault.

A beat.

LEE  
You heard that somebody went after  
Dixie this morning? Petrol bomb?

Tina nods.

TINA  
So?

LEE  
Feels like the start of something.  
(a beat)  
Something bad.

TINA  
What's it to you?

LEE  
I have to live there. Me and my  
family.

TINA  
You know where's lovely? Spain.

Lee smiles.

LEE  
I don't run away, Tina. Neither do  
you.

Tina looks at him.

LEE (CONT'D)  
Nine months, give or take.

She looks at him.

LEE (CONT'D)  
That's how long those two muppets  
have had the connection with you.  
And what have they done in that  
time? Covered the city in drugs.  
Got far too greedy. Got the peelers  
interested.

A beat.

LEE (CONT'D)  
That's bad for business. Bad for  
the Dubliners. Bad for you.

She looks at him.

LEE (CONT'D)  
You bet on the wrong horses. These  
things happen.

TINA  
Look. *Son*. You don't know me. Or my  
business.  
(a beat)  
Let's keep it that way.

LEE  
Oh I dunno. I think we're very  
similar you and me.

Tina chuckles.

TINA  
Do ye aye?

Lee looks at the model of the Titanic on display.

LEE

First class, second class, third class. You and me wouldn't have been in any of those.

Tina looks at him. Lee keeps his eyes on the exhibition.

LEE (CONT'D)

We would've been down in steerage, packed in like animals. And when the boat started sinking, they would've locked the doors.

They look at one another.

LEE (CONT'D)

Dixon and Hamill would have gone down with the ship, piss running down their legs, screaming like babies.

She looks at him. She knows he is right.

LEE (CONT'D)

But you and me, Tina. We would have found a way out, wouldn't we? Somehow.

(a beat)

That's what people like us do. We survive. No matter what.

A beat.

LEE (CONT'D)

You have my number.

He walks away. Out on Tina, watching him go. A grudging respect. She's beginning to think that maybe he is different.

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

2.13

Annie is walking along the corridor with Shane. Both of them are covered in soot and dust. Annie is vainly trying to clean her face with a wet wipe.

SHANE

You're making it worse.

A beat.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Here.

He hands her another wet wipe.

ANNIE  
Thanks.

He smiles and shrugs. They walk into the...

2.14 INT. POLICE STATION, BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 2.14

...and a low sardonic cheer goes up from everyone present.

GROUP  
Yeeoooooooo!

The SECTION are all present - Stevie, CANNING, Tommy, Grace and several OFFICERS. HELEN is observing. Stevie has a toy fireman's helmet. He comes over and puts it on Annie's head. She laughs. SANDRA is at the lectern. She smiles too, but then becomes serious.

SANDRA  
Alright, settle down, everyone. The address that was attacked this morning was one of multiple properties in Mount Eden used by Jim Dixon. His girlfriend and their son just moved in there last week. Dixon was staying elsewhere.

A large mugshot of Jim Dixon on the screen behind her, and several other MUGSHOTS underneath it.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
So. Good work, Constables Conlon and Bradley. If you hadn't been there we would almost certainly be looking at the murder of a woman and a child.

A beat. They all consider this.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
(to Shane and Annie)  
Observations?

Shane shakes his head.

SHANE

The partner says she locked the front door before going to bed. Somebody must have had a key. They used it to get in, chucked a petrol bomb into the living room, legged it.

HELEN

Any CCTV?

Shane shakes his head. Sandra looks around the room.

SANDRA

OK, so it looks like the Dixon-Hamill rivalry has just escalated into a full-blown loyalist feud.

Groans of consternation. Canning steps forward. He presses a button on the laptop. Several faces pop up.

CANNING

OK, today we're flying the flag in Mount Eden. If you're not on another specific call, you're patrolling the estate. High visibility. Dixon, Hamill, everyone else on this list are automatic stop and searches. Anything of interest, you feed it to me immediately.

HELEN steps forward.

HELEN

Just to be clear. Tensions are high...only stop and search if it feels viable. Don't start something we can't finish.

CANNING

Don't hold back though. We'll get back up to you quickly if it escalates.

Canning and Helen look at one another. Everyone can feel the tension. Everyone is confused.

Stevie leans over to Grace.

STEVIE

Well that's crystal clear.

She smiles. Sandra steps forward again.

SANDRA

Tommy, I'm with you on seven six.

Tommy nods. On Helen, a little surprised by this.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
(to Shane and Annie)  
You two been checked out by the  
FMO?

They nod.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
Then get cleaned up and back on  
seven four. Stevie, Grace, seven  
two. Sharp eyes save lives.

They break up. Helen approaches Canning.

HELEN  
What the fuck are you doing?

CANNING  
What?

HELEN  
You don't give operational orders  
to a response section!

Canning smiles and shrugs.

CANNING  
Sorry.

A beat. Helen storms off. Canning watches her go, and smiles.  
He gets a dirty look from Sandra. He walks off.

2.15

**INT. THE LOYAL PUB, MAIN BAR - DAY**

2.15

MAGS is playing chess with HENRY at the bar. He is in school  
uniform. He is eating a sandwich. She checkmates him.

HENRY  
Balls.

MAGS  
Oi. Watch your language. And stop  
being so aggressive with your  
opening.

Lee walks into the empty pub. He's carrying an urn and the  
Shemagh Afghan head scarf. He puts them on the bar.

MAGS (CONT'D)  
(to Henry)  
Go on. Get back to school.

HENRY  
Can I go down the town later?

MAGS  
Absolutely not.

HENRY  
Ma! Everybody's going!

MAGS  
Everybody except you.

Henry shakes his head and goes to the door.

MAGS (CONT'D)  
(cloying, ironic)  
Love you!

HENRY  
(embarrassed)  
Shut up!

Henry turns to Lee.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
Alright, Uncle Lee!

LEE  
Right, fella.

HENRY  
What's that?

Lee looks down at the urn.

LEE  
Remember Soupy?

Henry nods.

LEE (CONT'D)  
That's him.

MAGS  
Lee! Jesus!

Lee shrugs.

LEE  
No point telling lies.

MAGS  
(to Henry)  
Go to school!

Henry leaves.

MAGS (CONT'D)  
(to Lee)  
For God's sake!

Lee shrugs. He puts the urn and the scarf on the counter. They both look at all that remains of Soupy. On Mags. She's very uncomfortable. She tears her eyes away from the urn.

MAGS (CONT'D)  
You heard about the petrol bomb?

Lee nods. She looks at him.

MAGS (CONT'D)  
There's gonna be war now.

Lee nods.

LEE  
Not our war.

MAGS  
Lee. We have to live here though.  
Henry has to live here.

Lee nods.

LEE  
Do you ever wonder why we do?

MAGS  
What do you mean?

LEE  
Why we stay? I mean, Dixon wants  
this place. Do you ever think, why  
don't we just sell it to him, go  
somewhere else?

She looks at him, puzzled.

MAGS  
Because it's *home*.

A beat. Lee nods.

LEE  
Home is somewhere you're supposed  
to feel safe. Happy. Do you feel  
either of those things?

She knows this mood of his. Reflective. Philosophical. It  
always means trouble.

MAGS  
What are you saying?

LEE

I don't want to leave either. But I don't want to live like this. So why do we accept it? Da accepted it and the stress killed him. Soupy there accepted it. He's not looking too great either.

Mags is confused.

MAGS

What choice have we got? We have to accept it.

LEE

Nah. See that's the thing. You have a choice. You always have a choice. It's just...most people try to convince themselves they don't. Because they're scared.

MAGS

Have you been at the self help books again?

Lee laughs. She still has the capacity to make him laugh. A beat.

MAGS (CONT'D)

Lee...they're *right* to be fuckin' scared. Because it's *real*.

LEE

What's *real*?

MAGS

Fuckin'...

(she waves her hands around)

This. Life. Men with guns who can fuck up your life or end it any time they want. That's all *real*.

Lee shakes his head.

LEE

We can change it.

MAGS

No. You can't.

A beat. He nods.

I can.

What? MAGS

LEE  
You just have to trust me.

A beat. She realises it's too late.

MAGS  
Oh shit. What have you done?

Lee shakes his head.

MAGS (CONT'D)  
Lee...what the *fuck* have you done?

LEE  
Just trust me, OK?

A knock at the door. Lee goes to open it. Several MEN walk past Mags towards the back of the pub.

MAGS  
What are they doing here? It's not  
marching season?

Lee smiles.

LEE  
It is now.

Out on Mags.

2.16 EXT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE, STREET - DAY

2.16

Tommy and Sandra are walking towards their patrol car.

They notice two LOCALS across the road pointing at something down a side street. The locals seem exercised and concerned. Tommy and Sandra look at each other. They walk quickly to the corner, following the line of vision of the LOCALS. They look down the street. A YOUNG MAN (17) is lying in the middle of the road, being mercilessly kicked and punched by WYLIE who is wielding a metal baton.

SANDRA

Shit!

They sprint towards the attacker and his victim.

2.17 EXT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE, STREET - CONTINUOUS 2.17

Wylie sees them and runs off. Sandra reaches the victim on the ground. The face of the young man who has been beaten is a bloody mess. He makes a spluttering, gurgling sound.

SANDRA

OK, OK...

2.18 EXT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE, STREET - CONTINUOUS 2.18

Tommy sprints down the street after WYLIE. Weighed down by his heavy gear, Tommy struggles to keep up, but he stays in the race.

2.19 EXT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE, STREET - CONTINUOUS 2.19

Sandra is on the radio.

SANDRA

Seven six, I need an ambulance on  
Jarlath Street, over. Make it  
quick!

A beat.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

And we need immediate back-up,  
over, Tommy's on foot pursuit of  
two suspects, junction of Jarlath  
Street and Marchand Street!

BARNEY (O.S.)

Received, seven six.

People are starting to emerge from their houses.

2.20

EXT. STREET/INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

2.20

Tommy is still running. Wylie is beginning to tire, and Tommy is closing in. On the right, an older WOMAN is sitting outside her house in a chair, drinking tea. The front door is open. Wylie runs through it. Tommy comes sprinting close behind him.

WOMAN

Get out of that, yis bastards!

Wylie tries to slam the door behind him, but Tommy gets a shoulder to it, forcing it open. Wylie runs straight through the narrow hallway and into the small kitchen, Tommy now almost within touching distance. Wylie is now out the back door, into a tiny yard. He jumps up the concrete wall, pulling himself up. Tommy tries to grab him, but gets a kick in the face, which knocks him onto his back. But he's up again, dragging himself up and over the wall. Just as Tommy drops into the narrow alleyway behind the wall, he is met with a flurry of punches to the head. Wylie has chosen to stand and fight. Tommy is pushed back against the wall, his hands round his head, trying to defend himself. Now, Wylie goes for his gun, reaching down, trying to pry it out of its holster.

TOMMY

(struggling)

No!

The struggle continues, leaning against the wall, Wylie restraining Tommy, getting his hand onto the handle of the pistol. Summoning everything he has, Tommy throws one almighty elbow upwards, almost taking Wylie off his feet.

His head snaps back and he falls to floor, rolling away, groaning. He's out almost cold. Tommy slides down the wall onto his haunches, red-faced, breathing deeply, trying to collect himself. He looks up. In the alleyway two BOYS, 11 and 12, are on bikes, watching on.

BOY

Alright there, Carl Frampton.

Tommy shakes his head grimly, still trying to get his breath. He gets his handcuffs out and moves to the back of Wylie, who is now groaning and moving around. He begins putting on the handcuffs.

2.21

**INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - DAY**

2.21

Tommy sits in the back right seat of the car beside Wylie, who is handcuffed behind his back. The left rear passenger door is open as a PARAMEDIC shines a light in Wylie's eyes.

PARAMEDIC

He's OK for custody.

The paramedic closes the door, leaving Tommy and Wylie sitting there alone. Wylie turns to him, looking at his face closely. Tommy turns to him.

TOMMY

What?

WYLIE

Just remembering your face. For the next time I see you.

Tommy smiles.

TOMMY

Right. OK.

Wylie shrugs. The driver's door opens and Canning gets in. He turns around and smiles at Wylie.

2.22

**EXT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE - DAY**

2.22

Sandra is standing with Shane and Annie. She sees Canning getting into the car. It bothers her, but she dismisses it. She turns back to Annie.

SANDRA

The injured lad is just 17.

She looks down at a wallet in her hand.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
Gareth Hamill.

SHANE  
Davy Hamill's son. So it's a  
reprisal attack?

SANDRA  
Looks that way.

SHANE  
You go after my kid. I'll go after  
yours. Scumbags.

SANDRA  
Hey. Watch how you talk when you're  
wearing that uniform.

Shane nods.

SHANE  
(apologetically)  
Skipper.

Annie glances at Shane, a glint in her eye. He smiles back,  
playing the guilty schoolboy. Annie smiles.

2.23 **INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - DAY**

2.23

Canning watches the ambulance drive away. He turns to Wylie.

CANNING  
For God and Ulster, eh Keith?

WYLIE  
Go fuck yourself.

Canning looks at Tommy.

CANNING  
Keith fancies himself as a bit of a  
scrapper. Goes around the place  
saying he's never lost a fight.  
(to Wylie)  
You lost today though didn't you,  
big lad?

A beat. Canning smiles. Just as quickly, the smile  
disappears.

CANNING (CONT'D)  
So what's going on here? Why are  
they going to war? Why now?

Wylie shrugs.

CANNING (CONT'D)  
Don't worry Keith. I'm not going to  
push you. Even if you did tell me  
something, I wouldn't put much  
store by it. Do you know why?

Tommy is astonished. Wylie looks at both of them.

CANNING (CONT'D)  
Because you're a thick bastard and  
nobody tells you anything.

Wylie looks at him. Tommy is trying hard to pretend that he  
is not even here. Canning is staring at Wylie. He smiles.

2.24 **EXT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE, STREET - DAY** 2.24

Canning walks away from the PATROL car. Sandra walks past him  
going towards the car. She gets in.

2.25 **INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS** 2.25

Sandra sits in the driver's seat. She looks at Wylie in the  
mirror. He's staring at her, a supercilious smile on his  
face.

SANDRA  
What?

WYLIE  
Nothing.

Wylie keeps staring at her, and then looks down at his arm.  
Sandra turns around. She looks down at his tattoos. Combat  
18. A swastika. She decides not to react.

SANDRA  
Let's get you into a nice warm  
cell, shall we? Where you belong.

She starts the car. Wylie looks at Tommy, who looks the other  
way.

2.26 **EXT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE, STREET - CONTINUOUS** 2.26

Annie and Shane watch the patrol car drive away. A small CROWD - FIVE OR SIX YOUNG MEN - has gathered.

SHANE  
Alright, lads!

YOUNG MAN  
Fuck off!

Shane gives them a wide smile and a thumbs up.

SHANE  
Happy to, mate!

They start walking towards the car. Annie coughs. Shane looks at her.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
You OK?

ANNIE  
Yeah, just the smoke. From earlier.

SHANE  
You know the best thing for smoke inhalation?

Annie looks at him with curiosity.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Beer inhalation.

Annie smiles.

ANNIE  
Really.

SHANE  
Yep. So do you fancy it?

ANNIE  
What?

SHANE  
A drink? After work?

ANNIE  
Are you serious?

SHANE  
Extremely.

A beat.

ANNIE  
I dunno. Maybe.

SHANE  
(smiling)  
Maybe as in...yes?

Annie laughs. She walks towards the car. He watches her go, smiling. He knows it's a yes.

2.26A INT. THE LOYAL PUB, MAIN BAR - DAY

2.26A

Rab walks into the bar. He goes up to the counter, where Mags is standing.

RAB  
I'll have a triple whiskey.

She pours him a glass of lemonade from a bottle. He looks at it and drains it.

RAB (CONT'D)  
That's good whiskey.

MAGS  
Thirty two year old scotch.  
Glenbullshit.

He smiles.

MAGS (CONT'D)  
Why is your flute band upstairs in  
my bar?

RAB  
That's what I'm about to find out.

He smiles and walks off. She watches him go, smiling.

2.27 INT. THE LOYAL PUB, UPSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

2.27

Lee walks into the upstairs room. TWENTY BAND members are sitting around, holding instruments. They are not wearing uniform. The odd drum beat, followed by a discordant flute tune. Rab enters. He pulls Lee aside urgently. He has his phone in his hand.

RAB  
So what are we doing here?

Lee looks at Rab. He steps forward in front of the gathering.

LEE  
Alright lads, listen up. That's  
Soupy in there.

General murmuring and glances.

LEE (CONT'D)  
He fought for his country.

CRAIG nods.

LEE (CONT'D)  
Stood up for what he believed in.  
And now there he is. In a flower  
pot.

Everybody looks at the urn. A beat.

LEE (CONT'D)  
We'll give him his send off march  
tonight. 6 o'clock.

A beat. Rab is astonished.

RAB  
Ye what?

Lee turns to him.

LEE  
Three or four tunes. Once around  
the estate.

Rab is astonished. They all are.

RAB  
Lee, we can't march tonight. We  
haven't filled in an application.

Lee shakes his head.

LEE  
An application?

He walks over to the walls, where various pictures of the band from years gone by are on the walls. The pictures go back decades. Lee looks at one of the pictures, sepia-toned and grainy.

LEE (CONT'D)  
1920. They're the ones that  
survived the great war.

The band are looking at him. Lee turns.

LEE (CONT'D)  
Do you think they filled in a form  
to ask permission to march?

Rab is astonished.

LEE (CONT'D)  
Did they?

Various answers, some more convinced than others.

BAND  
No!

A beat.

LEE  
Six o'clock. Starting here.

Rab comes closer to Lee. He pulls him aside. He whispers.

RAB  
(quietly)  
Lee, there's a feud going on. You march tonight, people come out to see it, the whole place could explode. Have you asked Dixie if it's alright?

Lee smiles.

RAB (CONT'D)  
Lee, you have to ask Dixie!

Lee looks at the band. Then back at Rab.

LEE  
Soupy gets his send off. OK?

He walks out. Rab is mystified and worried. He looks at Henry, who is twirling the baton with excitement.

2.28 **EXT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE - DAY** 2.28

Drone footage passes some Union flags fluttering on lamp posts from up high, looking down across the estate. A lonely police squad car passes underneath.

2.29 **INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - DAY** 2.29

Stevie is driving. Grace is observer.

STEVIE  
Your first loyalist feud. Now you're a real peeler.

She smiles. A car pulls out quickly from a side street into their path. Grace gets out her phone, opens up the NICHE app, and puts in the car reg. A result comes back immediately.

GRACE  
Shit. It's Jim Dixon!

GRACE (CONT'D)  
(into her radio)  
Uniform from bravo lima seven two,  
we're on Stanforth Gardens, we're  
pulling over Jim Dixon.

BARNEY (O.S.)  
Seven two from uniform received.

Stevie puts on the blue lights. The car in front pulls over.  
Stevie moves to get out of the car.

GRACE  
Hey.

She looks at him to say, this is not your job. He pauses.  
Acquiesces.

Grace gets out of the car quickly and starts walking towards  
the car in front. Stevie watches her go anxiously. Some  
YOUTHS come around the corner. They start to watch what's  
happening. Stevie shakes his head. He gets out of the car and  
takes a few steps forward. He stops.

2.30 INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - DAY 2.30

Shane and Annie are driving to the stop.

SHANE  
Seven two from seven six, heard  
your last, we're in the area, we'll  
take a drive past.

Annie is driving. Shane puts on FEEL THE STEEL by MUSCLE.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Yeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

Annie shakes her head, smiles, and puts her foot down.

2.31 EXT. POLICE PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS 2.31

We see the car from above, screeching around corners. The  
music gets louder.

2.32 EXT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE, STREET - CONTINUOUS 2.32

The music stops abruptly. Grace walks slowly to the driver's  
window.

RESIDENT  
Fuck off!

Grace knocks on the driver's window. Jim Dixon winds it down. He keeps looking straight ahead.

GRACE  
Sir, can I see your driving  
licence?

A beat. Now Dixon turns to her, pure malevolence in his eyes.

DIXON  
Why?

GRACE  
OK, sir, under the Justice and  
Security Act Northern Ireland 2007  
Schedule Three, I am detaining you  
for the purposes of a search. Do  
you intend to comply with said  
search?

A beat. Dixon reaches into his pocket and hands her his  
licence. Grace looks at it.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Can I ask you to step out of the  
car?

Dixon doesn't move. Stevie is getting more nervous.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Sir? I want you to step out of the  
car now, please.

Dixon laughs loudly.

DIXON  
Is that right, love? OK, no  
problem.

He smiles indulgently, and opens the door. He clammers  
awkwardly out of the car and takes a step toward Grace. Too  
close. She takes a half step back. Stevie is hyper-alert to  
Dixon's bearing. He doesn't like what he sees.

DIXON (CONT'D)  
(to Grace)  
What do you want to do now? You  
want to strip me?  
(a beat)  
Only if you do it too.

GRACE  
You need to watch it. OK?  
(a beat)  
Please raise your hands. My  
colleague will search you.

Dixie doesn't move. He just smiles. Stevie knows this is going wrong. He begins walking towards them, quickly. Grace raises her hand to stop Stevie. He does. Dixon notices it. He's trying to see how he can use this disagreement to his advantage.

DIXON  
Your mate wants to help you out  
here.

GRACE  
Sir, put your hands...

DIXON  
What...are youse fuckin' or  
somethin'?

Grace is infuriated.

GRACE  
(snarling)  
Hands. Up. Now.

Grace puts her hand on Dixon's arm.

DIXON  
(darkly)  
Get your fucking hands off me.

STEVIE  
Grace!

GRACE  
Stevie. Leave it!

Stevie whirls around, frustrated beyond belief.

STEVIE  
Fuck's sake!

Dixon violently sweeps away Grace's hand from his body and pushes her back with all of his force. She stumbles backwards.

Stevie runs forward and is on Dixon in an instant. His hand is instantly wrapped around Dixon's throat, forcing him to arch back onto the roof of the car. Dixon is taken completely by surprise, but he recovers quickly and regains the momentum. In an instant Dixon and Stevie are struggling on the ground. Grace is back on her feet and joins the fray.

A police patrol car comes racing around the corner. Shane and Annie are inside.

2.33 **INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS**

2.33

Shane and Annie see the struggle.

SHANE  
(astonished)  
Shit...!

CUT TO:

2.34 **EXT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE, STREET - LATER**

2.34

THREE PATROL CARS and SEVERAL OFFICERS are now at the scene. Dixon's car sits with the doors and the boot open. Shane and Stevie are searching it. Annie stands guard. SEVERAL OTHER OFFICERS are keeping the crowd back. The atmosphere is tense.

2.35 **INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - DAY**

2.35

Dixon is handcuffed in the back of Stevie and Grace's squad car. Grace sits beside him, silently seething. Dixon is moving his head from side by side, assessing the injury to his neck.

DIXON  
Is your boyfriend OK?

A beat.

GRACE  
(angrily)  
Just shut up, will you?

Dixon smirks.

2.36 **EXT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE, STREET - CONTINUOUS** 2.36

Shane emerges from the back seat of Dixon's car. He takes in the gathering crowd. Some HARD-LOOKING men are arriving to join the crowd.

SHANE  
Car's clean. So....what happened?

STEVIE  
(coldly)  
Just....got out of control.

SHANE  
Started something you couldn't finish.

STEVIE  
(angrily)  
What?

SHANE  
Mate. Relax.

A beat.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
He says he's going for an assault  
complaint here.  
(nodding to the crowd)  
And he won't be short of witnesses.

STEVIE  
He went for her first.

SHANE  
(wryly)  
Is that right?

Stevie is pissed off.

STEVIE  
What?

Shane shrugs and holds his hands up. Totally serene. A beat. Stevie shakes his head. He knows he has screwed up.

SHANE  
Here. I'll have a word with him.  
(a beat)  
Yeah?

Stevie shrugs, defeated.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Gimme the cuff keys.

Stevie gives him the keys to the handcuffs. He shakes his head, deeply annoyed with himself. Shane walks up to the car. He beckons Dixon out. Dixon climbs out, and Shane opens the cuffs.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
You recognise me?

Dixon shrugs and shakes his head. Shane nods to Annie.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
What about her?

Dixon is confused.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Last time you saw us we had a bit  
of soot on our faces. Saving the  
lives of your missus and kid.

Dixon nods. He gets it now.

DIXON  
Aye. Well. Hope you get a medal.

Shane smiles.

SHANE  
Look. If you don't file some  
bullshit complaint here, we can  
call it evens.

DIXON  
Is that right?

Shane smiles and nods. Dixon is unreadable.

SHANE  
Yup.

Dixon laughs. He walks back to his car, smiling. The men in the crowd are watching closely. Shane and Annie return to their car. Grace has moved to the passenger seat in her car. Stevie gets in. The police cars move off.

2.37

INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

2.37

Annie is driving, Shane observing.

SHANE  
Well that was a textbook stop and  
search, wouldn't you say? Someday  
they'll be teaching that at  
Garnerville.

Annie smiles.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Come on, seriously. What is the  
story with those two?

ANNIE  
(indulgently)  
None of your business.

SHANE  
(smiling)  
It's my new section, Constable  
Conlon. Everything is my business.

Annie relents.

ANNIE  
He's into her and told her about a  
year ago. She's obviously into him  
but she thinks doing something  
about it would be a mistake.

SHANE  
And so the compromise is that they  
just spend ten hours a day together  
in a car?

ANNIE  
Pretty much, yeah.

SHANE  
Messy.

ANNIE  
Yup.

Shane smiles. Annie returns it. They drive on.

2.38 INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - DAY 2.38

Grace and Stevie drive along in silence, both of them  
seething.

2.39 INT. THE LOYAL PUB, MAIN BAR - DAY 2.39

Rab walks up to the bar.

RAB  
Pint of stout.

Mags pours him a glass of lemonade. He takes a drink.

RAB (CONT'D)  
That's a good pint.

Mags shakes her head.

MAGS

Are you ever going to stop doing  
that?

RAB

Well if I can't drink it, I might  
as well order it, love.

Mags smiles. A beat.

RAB (CONT'D)

Your brother's gone buck daft.

Mags is instantly concerned.

MAGS

What do you mean?

RAB

He wants to hold an illegal march  
in the middle of a loyalist feud.

MAGS

You're joking.

RAB

I wish.

A beat.

MAGS

Henry's in the band!

Rab nods.

MAGS (CONT'D)

There's no way he's marching!

RAB

Aye well. Good luck telling him  
that. He's out the front  
practising.

MAGS

Oh for fuck's sake!

Mag runs towards the front door.

2.40 INT. POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR - DAY

2.40

We are on Helen's shoulder as she moves quickly down the corridor. She turns into...

2.41 INT. POLICE STATION, NICOLA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

2.41

...where Canning leans casually against the wall, talking to NICOLA who is at her desk. Nicola whirls around to Helen.

NICOLA

For the love of God, Helen, a  
loyalist feud? Why didn't we see  
this coming?

HELEN

There's always been tension there,  
ma'am. But this is a surprise. Yes.

Helen shakes her head.

NICOLA  
(to Canning)  
Isn't intelligence gathering your job?

A beat. Canning shifts awkwardly.

CANNING  
We don't have any current intelligence assets in Mount Eden, ma'am.

NICOLA  
Oh for Christ's sake!

A beat. Helen exchanges a glance with Canning. Nicola is thinking.

NICOLA (CONT'D)  
What about the neighbourhood policing team? They must know the ground there?

An awkward silence.

NICOLA (CONT'D)  
Well?

HELEN  
They no longer exist ma'am. They were cut when Blackthorn and Mayfield amalgamated.

NICOLA  
Please tell me you're joking.

A long awkward beat.

HELEN  
So we have nothing? No insights, no assets? Nothing?

Helen shrugs. Nicola is shaking her head in disbelief. Helen decides to jump from the high diving board.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
There is one person, ma'am. He knows the ground. But he...well, he's no longer with the section.

Canning looks at Helen with interest, wondering who she's talking about.

NICOLA  
Still a serving officer?

Helen casts a quick glance at Canning, who smirks.

HELEN  
Yes, ma'am.

NICOLA  
Then bring him back. Immediately.  
I'll sign off a temporary transfer.

A beat. On Helen.

HELEN  
Ma'am. That might be...problematic.

NICOLA  
(confused, and annoyed)  
Why?

Out on Helen.

2.42      INT. GARNERVILLE TRAINING ACADEMY, GYM - DAY

2.42

INSPECTOR DAVID "JONTY" JOHNSTON is watching police recruits do bodyweight squats. Like them he is wearing a shapeless grey tracksuit. He looks lost in the monotony of the task at hand.

JONTY  
Fourteen...fifteen...right the way  
down!...sixteen...

A TRAINING OFFICER walks up to him.

TRAINING OFFICER  
Sir.

Jonty's eyes remain on the recruits.

JONTY  
(grouchily)  
What?

TRAINING OFFICER  
Visitor for you.

JONTY  
I'm taking a class here.

The training officer looks over her shoulder.

TRAINING OFFICER  
Apparently it's urgent, sir.

This gets his attention. Jonty follows her gaze. Helen is standing at the door to the gym.

The colour drains from his face.

JONTY  
OK everyone, ten minute break!

The class breaks up. Jonty and Helen are staring at one another.

2.43 **INT. MCALLEER AND HAMILTON, JEN'S DESK - DAY** 2.43

Jen is looking at a witness statement. She goes to the back page, where it has been signed and dated. The name on the page is Robin Graham. Underneath it is an address. She sits back, considering this. She writes the address down in a notebook.

2.44 **INT. GARNERVILLE TRAINING ACADEMY, GYM - DAY** 2.44

The gym is empty apart from Jonty and Helen.

HELEN  
This place brings back a few memories.

A beat. He looks at her.

JONTY  
What do you want, Helen?

HELEN  
We're looking at a loyalist feud.  
In Mount Eden.

Jonty nods.

JONTY  
Dixon versus Hamill?

Helen nods, interested.

JONTY (CONT'D)  
Well that was just a matter of time.

Canning leans forward.

HELEN  
How so?

JONTY  
Mount Eden's never been big enough  
for both of them.

Helen nods.

HELEN  
You worked that patch.

Jonty nods.

JONTY  
Ran the neighbourhood policing unit  
there for five years.

A beat.

HELEN  
You still have contacts there?

Jonty shrugs.

JONTY  
A few. Maybe. Look...  
(a beat)  
What exactly are you asking me  
here?

HELEN  
We need to get a lid on this thing,  
fast. I have Nicola Robinson  
breathing down my neck... I have  
Murray Canning trying to run the  
section...

JONTY  
So?

A beat.

HELEN  
I need you to come back in. For a  
few days. To help us get a handle  
on this.

A beat. Jonty smiles.

JONTY  
Aye. Right. I don't think so.

HELEN  
Jonty...

JONTY

Are you wise? Me? Back there? After what happened?

HELEN

I know it's not ideal...

JONTY

Not ideal? Not *ideal*? Fuck *me*...

HELEN

Are you telling me you'd rather be here?

JONTY

Yes! That's exactly what I'm telling you.

HELEN

You *owe* us.

JONTY

Oh here we go...

A beat. Jonty leans forward.

JONTY (CONT'D)

You think that because you petitioned for me to keep my job – sorry a job – that I should be grateful to you?

HELEN

I didn't say you *owe me*. I said you *owe us*. The section.

This silences him. He clenches and unclenches his jaw.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Do they still hate you for what happened? Yeah, they do. But we're up against it now, Jonty. Big time. I have a young team. We're policing an area that could explode at any minute. And we're flying *completely* fucking blind.

He shakes his head.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I'm not saying it will be easy. I know it won't be. But you *owe* them, and now's the time to settle the bill.

Jonty shakes his head.

JONTY  
Nicola Robinson will never allow me  
back there after what happened.  
She'll never clear it.

HELEN  
She already has.

A beat.

JONTY  
Aw bollocks.

Out on Helen.

2.45 **EXT. LAGAN RIVER - DAY**

2.45

Drone footage following a quartet of rowers as they slide  
effortlessly up the lagan. It suddenly pulls back and up  
revealing the two towering cranes of SAMSON & GOLIATH in the  
background.

2.46 **INT. THE LOYAL PUB, MAIN BAR - DAY**

2.46

Mags is restocking the bar. Lee enters. HENRY is with him,  
also in uniform. Mags turns and sees them.

MAGS  
No. No. I said no!

LEE  
Listen! Listen! Mags!

MAGS  
No!

LEE  
Mags. Listen! I'll do you a deal.  
OK? You and me walk alongside. If  
there's even a hint of trouble,  
Henry goes straight home with you.  
Yeah?

HENRY  
Ma, please. Please!

Out on Mags, pissed off with Lee.

2.47 **EXT. ROBIN GRAHAM'S HOUSE - EVENING**

2.47

Jen knocks the door. ROBIN, late 70s, answers. He looks at her.

JEN  
Robin Graham?

Robin nods.

JEN (CONT'D)  
I'm Jen Robinson. I'm a solicitor with McAleer and Hamilton.

Robin looks at her.

JEN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry I didn't call first. All I had was an address.

A beat.

JEN (CONT'D)  
I...uh. I'm looking into an incident during the Troubles. In 1978. I think you might have been involved in investigating it. The Stuart's chip shop bomb?

Robin keeps looking at her. Jen has run out of things to say. Robin is grappling with this. A huge internal struggle.

ROBIN  
I'm sorry. No.

JEN  
Mr Graham...

ROBIN  
We need to leave the past alone.

He shuts the door. Jen stands there. She takes a notebook and a pen out of her bag. She scribbles something. She slides it under the door. She leaves.

Inside the house, Robin picks up the page.

EASIER SAID THAN DONE

JEN - 07700 900814

Out on Robin.

2.48      **EXT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE - EVENING**      2.48

The BAND are in full uniform, including Rab. They are lining up to take their positions. Lee is holding the urn.

RAB  
Lee, this is madness.

Lee turns to him.

LEE  
If you don't want to march at the head of the band, don't.

RAB  
I haven't missed a march for thirty years.

LEE  
OK, well. Your choice.

Rab shakes his head and goes to take his position at the front of the band.

LEE (CONT'D)  
Rab.

Lee nods at the urn in his hands. Rab shakes his head.

RAB  
Fuck's sake.

He walks over and takes the urn. He goes to the head of the band. Henry is there, excited. He assumes authority instantly.

RAB (CONT'D)  
(bellowing)  
Right lads, once round the block.  
This is for Soupy.

A small CROWD has gathered. It's growing by the moment.

RAB (CONT'D)  
Fall in!

The band take their final positions.

RAB (CONT'D)  
Company attention! Band by the left. Quick. March!

The drum starts thumping. The band march on the spot for four beats, and then move off. Now the flutes join in.

2.49    **EXT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE, STREET - MOMENTS LATER**    2.49

The band is in full chorus. Lee and Mags walk along beside. He's watchful, cat-like. The crowd coming out to see the band is growing. Some of them are cheering.

2.50    **INT. POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR - LATER**    2.50

Sandra and Helen are walking quickly down the corridor.

HELEN

It started a few minutes ago. We don't know where they're going.

SANDRA

Do we have any back up?

HELEN

What do you think?

2.51    **INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**    2.51

Helen and Sandra enter. Grace, Stevie, Shane, Annie and Tommy are standing, ready to go.

SANDRA

OK everybody. Just follow my orders to the letter and keep your heads.  
Yes?

A beat.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Let's go.

They all go.

2.52    **EXT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE - EVENING**    2.52

Lee walks along beside the band. The music is loud. They march proudly, their heads high. The CROWD around the band has now grown significantly. Jim Dixon emerges from the crowd and approaches Lee. They walk on the footpath.

DIXON

What the fuck do you think you're doing?

LEE

Marching.

DIXON  
I didn't give permission for this!

LEE  
Sorry. I forgot to ask.

DIXON  
You what? Oh you're fucked, son.  
You're really fucked now.

Lee nods and walks on. On the other side of the street, Davy Hamill and several MEN emerge from a side street. They are watching the parade with surprise. Hamill spots Dixon from across the street. He nudges the man beside him, who nods. Suddenly, several POLICE CARS pull across the road in front. Helen, Sandra, Grace, Stevie, Annie, Shane and Tommy jump out quickly. The band stop marching, but continue to play. Helen looks around at the growing crowd. She speaks urgently into her radio.

HELEN  
Barney, where the hell are the TSG?

BARNEY (O.S.)  
Tasked and inbound, Helen.

HELEN  
*Fuck...*

The band stop playing. A significant crowd has gathered to support them. There's some jeering at the police. Mags walks out from the crowd and grabs Henry.

MAGS  
Come on...

HENRY  
Ma!

MAGS  
Now!

Mags drags Henry away. She puts her arm around him and marches him away through the crowd.

STEVIE  
Oh *shit...*

GRACE  
What?

Stevie points to one side of the street.

STEVIE

Look...Dixon. And over there is  
Hamill. This could go off.

Grace tries to take in the whole scene. It's almost overwhelming. Helen is standing beside Sandra. She takes a deep breath.

HELEN

Right, OK.

Helen is about to step forward, but Sandra goes first.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Sandra!

Sandra keeps walking. She turns for a second.

SANDRA

I'm the section skipper.

Helen can't believe this. Sandra walks forward, up to Rab.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Are you leading this assembly?

RAB

(to Sandra)

I am.

SANDRA

This parade has not been notified.  
It's therefore an illegal assembly  
under the Public Processions Act of  
Northern Ireland 1998. I am  
therefore asking you to disperse  
immediately.

Silence. Everyone in the crowd is waiting for some sort of eruption. It feels like there's a thin veil between this absolute quiet, and instant total chaos. Lee steps forward. All eyes, police and crowd, turn to him.

LEE

Can I have a word...

Sandra looks at Lee.

SANDRA

Who are you?

On each the side of the street, DIXON and HAMILL are looking at one another murderously, surrounded by their MEN. The tension is mounting.

LEE

This band is associated with my pub. We're just having a wee memorial march for our friend.

SANDRA

You don't have permission.

LEE

I know. I'm sorry. Do you think we could just march back the way we came and leave it there?

A beat.

SANDRA

Straight back?

Lee nods. Sandra looks around.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Off you go.

Lee nods to Rab, who turns to the band.

RAB

Alright, lads. About turn. Back to the Loyal.

A low cheer. The band turns and strikes up their instruments. They march away. Left behind, facing each other, across the street, are Dixon and Hamill, and some of their MEN. A stand off. Helen watches it intently. Dixon and Hamill are acutely aware of the police presence.

HAMILL

You're fucking done, Dixie - dead man walking!

A beat. Hamill turns and walks away. His men follow. Dixie smiles.

DIXIE

Any time, Davy!

Dixie turns and walks in the other direction, followed by Wylie and the other men.

A beat. A wave of relief washes over the police. Helen looks at Sandra and nods.

Grace and Stevie exchange a relieved look. Shane turns to Annie.

SHANE

So is it a maybe or is it a yes?

Annie looks at Shane. Out on Shane, smiling.

2.53

**INT. BAR, BELFAST - NIGHT**

2.53

Annie snakes back from the bar carrying a tray. Two pints of beer and two shots. A box of matches. Shane looks up, delighted. She lights the top of the shots. Two orange flames.

SHANE

Thought I'd seen enough flames today.

Annie smiles.

ANNIE

These are the good kind.

SHANE

Until tomorrow...

ANNIE

We'll worry about tomorrow, tomorrow.

Shane laughs.

SHANE

Sounds like a plan.

They down their shots.

ANNIE

So, quick question. Hope you don't mind.

SHANE

Fire away.

ANNIE  
Married? Girlfriend?

Shane laughs uproariously. He counts out the answers on his fingers.

SHANE

No and No.

ANNIE

How come?

SHANE

I could ask you the same thing.

ANNIE

Too busy being a peeler.

SHANE

Same.

They drink. A song plays.

ANNIE

So. Can you dance?

SHANE

Nobody else is dancing.

ANNIE

So?

Annie shrugs. Shane smiles.

SHANE

Of course I can dance.

They get up. They start to dance.

2.54 **INT. POLICE STATION, CANTEEN - NIGHT** 2.54

Grace and Stevie are in civilian clothes, but instead of going home, they have come here. They are too exhausted to argue, or even to speak much. Stevie opens a lunch box. Stevie nods. She takes one. He takes one too. They sit there, eating, in the empty canteen. Just one light above them, the rest in darkness.

2.55 **INT. BAR, BELFAST - NIGHT** 2.55

Annie and Shane are dancing...closer now.

2.56 **EXT/INT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE, THE LOYAL PUB - NIGHT** 2.56

The bar is closing. LEE is washing glasses. Two MEN are finishing drinks at a table. Dixon enters, alone. The urn sits on the end of the bar.

DIXON  
(to Lee)  
That march. Who put you up to it?  
Hamill? Are you on his side now?

Lee shakes his head. He nods towards the urn.

LEE  
No Dixie...I just...I just wanted  
to...

Dixon walks up to the urn and sweeps it off the bar onto the floor. It shatters. Ashes go everywhere.

DIXON  
Your wee sideline operation. The  
weed. That's over. Finished. And  
this place pays double from now on.

Lee stands up. He walks slowly up to Dixon. He reaches into his pocket. He takes out a set of keys. He puts them on the counter.

DIXON (CONT'D)  
What's that...

He stops. He recognises the keys. He looks up at Lee.  
Everything dawns on him.

DIXON (CONT'D)  
No. No fuckin' way...

Lee looks at him. Pure ice.

DIXON (CONT'D)  
No...you didn't...you didn't...

LEE  
I didn't know Natalie and the wee  
lad were there. I'm sorry about  
that. I thought it was you.

Dixon shakes his head. The two MEN stand up and look at Dixon. He suddenly realises that they are more then just random drinkers. He is alone, outnumbered. He looks at Lee.

LEE (CONT'D)  
Nowhere's safe for you now.

A beat. Dixon suddenly feels a wave of fear.

Dixon looks around. He backs away, then turns and hurries to the door. It's locked. Dixon is starting to panic. Lee walks towards him, slowly. He leans in to Dixon. He speaks almost gently.

LEE (CONT'D)  
Nowhere.

Dixon looks at him, stricken, and flees into the night.

2.57 **INT. BELFAST BAR - NIGHT**

2.57

Annie and Shane are on an empty dance floor. He pulls her closer. They kiss.

2.58 **EXT. DIXON'S HOUSE - LATER**

2.58

Dixon parks his car. He gets out, looking around anxiously. He scrabbles for his keys. He lets himself into the house.

2.59 **INT. DIXON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

2.59

Dixon bolts the doors behind him. A moment of relief. He switches the lights on as he goes. He goes into the living room. He switches the light on. Craig is there. No balaclava.

CRAIG  
Close your eyes. It's easier.

He raises his gun. Dixon sees the last thing he will ever see in his life. Then he closes his eyes.

From outside the window, we see a brief flash and hear a shot.

Black screen.

**ENDS.**