

BROKEN

Episode 3

Andrew's Story

Written by
Jimmy McGovern & Nick Leather

SALMON SCRIPT

October 26th 2016

(c) LA Productions 2016

1 EXT MOVING BUS DAY 11 11.45 1
Father Michael and Helen Oyenusi coming home on a bus.

1A FLASHBACK INT CLASSROOM, 1968, DAY 1A
Flashback. A 12 year old Michael Kerrigan in his scarlet blazer. He is reading a poem aloud.

YOUNG MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Move him into the sun—
Gently its touch awoke him once,
At home, whispering of fields
unsown.

Father Matthew swoops on his prey.

FATHER MATTHEW
Stop!
(really close to Michael
now)
Look at it.

Michael does so, dreading what's about to happen.

FATHER MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Last word of the first line?

YOUNG MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Sun.

Father Matthew's hand goes to Michael's bare thigh.

FATHER MATTHEW
Last word of the third line?

YOUNG MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Unsown.

FATHER MATTHEW
Do they rhyme?

YOUNG MICHAEL KERRIGAN
No, Father.

FATHER MATTHEW
Are they supposed to rhyme?

YOUNG MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Yes, Father.

FATHER MATTHEW
Do they LOOK as though they might
rhyme?

YOUNG MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Yes, Father.

Father Matthew frees his hand and straightens up and addresses the whole class.

FATHER MATTHEW

It's called sight rhyme. It LOOKS as though it should rhyme but it doesn't. It's also known as consonantal rhyme because the consonants are the same.

(to Michael)

Continue.

YOUNG MICHAEL KERRIGAN

*Always it woke him, even in France,
Until this morning and this snow.*

Father Matthew's hand grips Michael's thigh again

YOUNG MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)

*If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know.*

FATHER MATTHEW

(to all)

Now and know. Sight rhyme. It adds something, doesn't it. Uneasiness, strangeness, a sense of something being not quite right. Continue.

YOUNG MICHAEL KERRIGAN

*Think how it wakes the seeds,—
Woke, once, the clays of a cold
star.*

Father Matthew's hand moving closer and closer to Michael's genitals...

YOUNG MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)

*Are limbs, so dear-achieved, are
sides,
Full-nerved—still warm—too hard to
stir?
Was it for this the clay grew tall?
—O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?*

Father Matthew's looking down into Michael's eyes, his hand still on Michael's thigh.

FATHER MATTHEW

It is a sweet and wonderful thing.

But Michael doesn't understand, can't understand, can't even THINK.

YOUNG MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Father?

And, at last, Father Matthew removes his hand and moves away from Michael.

FATHER MATTHEW

*Dulce et decorum est. It is a sweet
and wonderful thing. Read it
please, Donnelly.*

*Donnelly starts reading Owen's Dulce et Decorum Est but we
stay on Michael Kerrigan, recovering...*

2 EXT MOVING BUS DAY 11 CONT. 2

Back to Father Michael and Helen on the moving bus.

3 EXT HELEN OYENUSI'S STREET DAY 11 12.15 3

Helen and Father Michael reach Helen's door.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Shall I come in?

HELEN OYENUSI

You've got Mass.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Will you be there?

HELEN OYENUSI

Yes.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

We've got the Catholic Mothers in.
May I tell them about you - about
your loss?

HELEN OYENUSI

Yes.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Thank you.

They embrace. She goes in. He walks away.

4 INT SACRISTY OF SAINT NICK'S DAY 11 13.15 4

Father Michael pulling on his vestments.

5 INT SAINT NICK'S CHURCH DAY 11 13.30

5

Father Michael enters, bows to the altar, turns to face the congregation.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
In the name of the Father and of
the Son and of the Holy Spirit...

ALL
Amen.

He extends his arms.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
The grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ
and the love of God and the
communion of the Holy Spirit be
with you all.

ALL
And with your spirit.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Once again we've got some guests
with us. Women from the U.C.M.
Welcome to Saint Nick's.

Women smiling, thanking him...

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)
Brothers and sisters, let us
acknowledge our sins, and so
prepare ourselves to celebrate the
sacred mysteries.

A few moments of genuine contemplation...

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)
When I was a boy queuing up for
confession, I'd examine my
conscience so fiercely I'd think
the boys behind could read the sins
on the back of my head.

Smiles, further contemplation...

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)
I think, today, it's cowardice with
me. Things I should have done and
haven't done. Things I should have
said and haven't said. All through
cowardice.

Further contemplation. Further soul-searching. P.C. Andrew
Powell in particular.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)
I confess to Almighty God...

All join in.

ALL
And to you, my brothers and
sisters, that I have greatly sinned
in my thoughts and in my words, in
what I have done and in what I have
failed to do through my fault,
through my fault, through my most
grievous fault; therefore I ask
blessed Mary, ever virgin, all the
angels and saints...

We fade into the homily, Father Michael addressing the
congregation.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
There's a woman here who gave birth
to a boy eighteen years ago and
loved and nurtured him and saw him
shot dead in his own street. She
later met two people whom she could
have blamed for his death but she
did not. She embraced them and
absolved them of all blame and
thanked them for the way they cared
for her boy when he was alive. In
doing that, she proved herself a
far better catholic, a far better
Christian, than I will ever be.
Why, then, am I her priest? Why is
she not mine?

(beat)

I think I know why. I think I
understand why our church is so set
against women priests. I think it's
because the old men who run the
church do not want menstrual blood
on the altar. I think it's as basic
as that: fear of, ignorance of,
contempt for the bodies of women.

Some people are loving this; some aren't...

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)
It's okay, you might say, these old
men will soon be dead. The trouble
is they have taught younger men.
And those younger men will, in
turn, teach younger men. And so it
will continue, this fear of,
ignorance of, contempt for the
bodies of women. Female priests,
female bishops, a female pope -
that's what our church needs.

Now Andrew sitting, seemingly alone.

Father Michael, at the entrance to the church, saying goodbye to everyone.

The church now empty. Father Michael joins Andrew Powell. He's near the 14th station of the cross.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
I didn't know there were fourteen.

Father Michael simply nods, waits...

P.C. ANDREW POWELL (CONT'D)
How close are you: you and Helen
Oyenusi?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Quite close.

P.C. Powell digests this.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
I thought there were twelve. It's
always twelve, isn't it? Or forty.
Forty days and nights. Twelves and
forties.

Again Father Michael nods and waits.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL (CONT'D)
How confidential is this?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Utterly.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
No get-out clauses in that?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
None.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
They're going to lie.

6 INT. POLICE STATION POST-INCIDENT SUITE NIGHT 8 01.00 6

Raised voices, pressure, tension. It's five days earlier and Andrew's back at the station in the aftermath of the shooting. Police Constables Dawn Morris and Ian Wakefield are there, along with Police Sergeant Denis Kilcaid.

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD
I'd've stopped you, you stupid
bitch. All you had to do was tell
me what you were thinking and
I'd've stopped you 'cause...

LINES OVER LINES THROUGHOUT THIS SCENE. SIMULTANEOUS
ARGUMENTS...

SERGEANT DENIS KILCAID
(to P.C. Andrew Powell)
What's with the looks?

P.C. DAWN MORRIS
(also to Andrew Powell)
I think I got a lungful.

But she gets scant sympathy from Andrew Powell.

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD
...it was mad. Stark raving mad to
use CS in a room like that. Will
you listen to me!

P.C. DAWN MORRIS
I must've got a lungful 'cause I
can't get enough air in...
(to P.C. Ian Wakefield)
No, I won't listen to you 'cause
I'm sick of listening to you so
just shut it. Right? I did
everything...

SERGEANT DENIS KILCAID
(to P.C. Andrew Powell)
Will you stop that!

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD
I will not shut it, you cracked
cow.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS
...according to the book and if I'd
waited for you to act, you dozy
bastard, we'd both be dead now.

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD
You were totally out of order. And
you, you bloody gobshite...
(He means Sgt Kilcaid)
Shooting a poor bastard like that!

P.C. DAWN MORRIS

I can't...

(gestures: breathe)

SERGEANT DENIS KILCAID

(to Ian Wakefield)

Don't start on me.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

(to Dawn)

Do you get panic attacks?

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD

We were called to sort it out, to calm the bastard down...

SERGEANT DENIS KILCAID

You two sent him out like a raving lunatic so don't even think of blaming me, you knobhead.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS

It's not a panic attack. I can't breathe; I'm a woman; therefore it's a panic attack. Is that...

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD

"Oh I know how to calm a man down: I'll shoot the bastard. That should do the trick." You stupid prick. You stupid, stupid, stupid prick...

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Don't start that, Dawn, please.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS

...what you're thinking, Drew? It is not a panic attack. I got a lungful of CS in the course of protecting me and my colleague...

SERGEANT DENIS KILCAID

I had about two seconds to react. Some maniac coming towards me ranting and raving...

*

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

None of that shite now, please, Dawn.

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD

You're a prick, Sarge!

SERGEANT DENIS KILCAID

And that's all down to you and her.

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD

You're a prick.

Sudden silence because a man enters the room. This is Chief Inspector David McDonald.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD
Principal officer?

Kilcaid nods, and McDonald shakes his hand-

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD (CONT'D)
McDonald. Chief Inspector. Pim of
the pip.
(to P.C. Andrew Powell)
You okay?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
(nods)
I knew the boy, Sir.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS
He wasn't a boy...

Andrew looks at her.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS (CONT'D)
Must've been in his twenties.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD
(to Kilcaid)
Were you the Bronze, Sergeant?

SERGEANT DENIS KILCAID
Sir.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS
He wasn't a boy.

McDonald glances at his notes.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD
He was eighteen.

Almost a cry of pain from P.C. Ian Wakefield.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD (CONT'D)
*Police Constable Powell. First on
the scene?*

Andrew nods. McDonald nods back - proceed.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
*Was following up a burglary -
report of - at 168 Ferndell, when
it came through about 17 Maddison.*

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD
What did you find?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
*Vernon - Mr Oyenusi - he was in a
distressed state. Holding a knife,
saying "they" were going to do him
harm.*

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD
*"They" being... (gestures 'in his
head')?*

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
*That was my impression, sir. I was
outside the house. The door was
open, but the chain was on. I tried
to calm him down, then...*

*McDonald jots down fresh notes, then looks up at him - yes?
And Andrew looks at Dawn and Ian uneasily, until-*

P.C. DAWN MORRIS
(to McDonald)
*We arrived, sir. Myself - Police
Constable Dawn Morris - and Police
Constable Ian Wakefield.*

She glances at Ian, but he just puts his head in his hands.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD
And then?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Mr Oyenusi became more distressed.

He got the knife, and...

P.C. DAWN MORRIS

(interrupting)

*Wielded it in a threatening manner.
So - feeling that myself, Police
Constable Wakefield, and the... the
man's mother were in danger - I
discharged my CS in our defence.*

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD

*The mother - Helen Oyenusi? You
feared for her safety as well as
your own and your fellow officer?*

P.C. DAWN MORRIS

(nods)

Absolutely, Sir.

7 INT SAINT NICK'S CHURCH DAY 11 14.45

7

Back to P.C. Powell and Father Michael.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

You always wanted to be a priest?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

*No. As a teenager, quite the
opposite in fact. You?*

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

*Similar. More chance of me ending
up on the other side of the law.
But then a good copper spent a bit
of time on me. Left a mark.*

A pause. Michael simply waits.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL (CONT'D)

*There's a guy called Collins
investigating all this. I.P.C.C. He
calls it "police contact." Not a
shooting, "police contact." So I
know his game.*

8 INT. POLICE STATION POST-INCIDENT SUITE NIGHT 8 01.40 8

*On Senior Investigating Officer Norman Collins of the IPCC.
He's with P.C. Andrew Powell, Dawn, Ian Wakefield and Kilcaid
- all now in joggers and sweatshirts - along with McDonald.*

NORMAN COLLINS

*Our involvement is a matter of
course in any incident resulting in
serious or fatal injury following
police contact. And believe me,
that's for your own good, as much
as everyone else's. I'm here to
make this difficult process as
smooth as it can possibly be...*

*He starts to hand out sheets with details of what's expected
to P.C. Andrew Powell, Dawn, Ian, Kilcaid and the others.*

NORMAN COLLINS (CONT'D)

*What I'm going to ask now is that
each of you provide Chief Inspector
McDonald with an initial account of
what took place, and then you'll
all be free to go home and...*

P.C. DAWN MORRIS

(well rehearsed)

*We've all been affected by the CS,
Sir, so I request a few days rest
before we produce our initial
accounts.*

NORMAN COLLINS

Certainly. Meanwhile you're not to discuss this amongst yourselves or with anyone else unless I'm present. Clear?

And Andrew, Dawn, Kilcaid and Wakefield nod, then-

9 INT SAINT NICK'S CHURCH DAY 11 15.00

9

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Helen says he was only ever a danger to himself. There was no need to spray him. Even less need to shoot him. Is that right?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

You should ask, "Who wants to carry a gun?" And anyone who says Me, bar him forever from carrying a gun. You give guns to those who don't want them. Give a gun to someone like Kilcaid, he'll use it. Give a spray to someone like Dawn, she'll use it. Dawn sprayed him 'cause she always wanted to spray someone. Kilcaid shot him because he always wanted to shoot someone. End of.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

And will you say that to the IPCC?

A huge question. It's too big for him to answer.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

I don't know.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Me and Peter Flaherty, another priest, we talk to seminarians, trainee priests. I say to them, "Keep these (ears) open, this (mouth) shut; you won't go far wrong." I'm gonna ignore my own advice and TALK. Okay?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Yes.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

You have to tell the truth. It is absolutely essential that you stick to the truth.

(MORE)

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)
If you don't, what are you saying?
That Vernon Oyenusi, gentle Vernon
Oyenusi, intended to stab someone
with that knife. His mother's
heartbroken as it is. That'll kill
her.

That really gets to P.C. Andrew Powell. Moments pass. He
begins to resent what Father Michael has done to him.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)
I know. You were hoping I'd ease
the burden. I've just added to it.
But I'll be here for you. And I'll
be praying for you.

PC Powell stands and walks back down the aisle.

On the priest as the policeman's footsteps echo. Father
Michael doesn't like himself one little bit.

10 OMITTED 10

11 OMITTED 11

11A INT/EXT POWELL HOUSE DAY 11 16.15 11A

Caroline Powell, holding her child, sees her husband pull up
outside in his car. He gets out, enters the house.

He enters. She's tense, waiting for something.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
I'm telling the truth. No matter
what.

Her relief. She goes to him. They hug.

12 EXT P.C. ANDREW POWELL'S HOUSE DAY 11 17.30 12

PC Dawn Morris's car pulls up outside Andrew Powell's house. He's doing something noisy in the front garden: blowing up leaves perhaps, or mowing or feeding twigs and whatnot into one of those little shredding machines.

She approaches without being seen or heard.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS
D'you think I'm a bad copper?

He sees her.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
You shouldn't be here, Dawn. This is totally out of...

P.C. DAWN MORRIS
Do you think I'm a bad copper?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
...order and you know it. Now do one. Do one, Dawn, please.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS
Do you think I'm a bad copper?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
No.

Caroline, aware that the noise from outside has ceased, glances through the window and sees Dawn Morris talking to Andrew.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS
A terrible person?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
No.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS
You think I wanted him to die?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

No.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS

He had a knife.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

I know.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS

He had a knife, and he could've gone for us at any second.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

He didn't.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS

He could have.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

But he didn't.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS

He's got a weapon, and he's gone in the head, and his mum's so scared that she asks for us...

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

She asked for the Crisis Team. They asked for us.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS

She was scared, so scared...

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

For him, not herself. Definitely not for us.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS

He's got a weapon, a weapon, and he made a move - whatever the move was - and you reacted, and I reacted...

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

(interrupting)

I told him he was safe. We wouldn't hurt him. We'd just talk about things. Nice and calm. And then he was blinded. And killed.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS
You're saying it like he was some
ordinary person!

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Well what was he then?

P.C. DAWN MORRIS
Have you seen his record?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
I don't care about his record.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS
We'd been called about him for
years. He'd never been right. He
was an accident waiting to happen.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Blinded and killed.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS
If he was still alive, then maybe I
wouldn't be. Maybe you wouldn't.
Maybe his mum'd be lying dead.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
No! No, Dawn, no...

P.C. DAWN MORRIS
You don't know. None of us know
what would've happened. We can't
know everything, we can't get
everything right, we've just got a
split second to make a judgement,
and I did. And I need you to back
me up.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
I can't, Dawn.

She becomes aware of something. It's Caroline standing at the
door, holding the baby. Dawn tries one last time.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS
Back me up. Please. You don't have
to say anything happened that
didn't, just... don't correct me.
Don't contradict me. Back me up.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Please go.

So Dawn turns to Caroline.

P.C. DAWN MORRIS
If he doesn't watch my back, why
should I watch his? Why should
ANYONE watch his?

That gets to Caroline.

Dawn heads back to her car. They watch her go.

13 INT SENIOR OFFICER'S OFFICE DAY 11 17.30

13

He welcomes Helen Oyenusi and Father Michael.

SENIOR OFFICER
What can I do for you?

HELEN OYENUSI
I'd like to bury my son.

SENIOR OFFICER
I can't begin to imagine how
painful this is for you.

HELEN OYENUSI
Thank you.

SENIOR OFFICER
The Coroner's office explained
about the toxicology reports? Three
to four weeks usually...

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Those tests will be on samples
you've already taken from Vernon?

SENIOR OFFICER
Yes.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
So you no longer need the body. Why
can't we bury him?

SENIOR OFFICER
Toxicology reports can be
challenged. If that happens the
Coroner will need to go back for
further samples.

HELEN OYENUSI
Can I see him?

SENIOR OFFICER
Only through glass I'm afraid.

HELEN OYENUSI
Can I hold him?

SENIOR OFFICER
No.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
How's the investigation going?

SENIOR OFFICER
Well, I believe.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
They're all in agreement?

SENIOR OFFICER
I don't know.

Father Michael just looks at him.

SENIOR OFFICER (CONT'D)
I'm not over the detail.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
White officer shoots black boy on
your watch and you're not over the
detail?

SENIOR OFFICER
That's correct.
(to Helen)
Would you like to see him, Helen?

HELEN OYENUSI
When I can hold him, that's when
I'll see him.

14 INT. POWELL HOUSE KITCHEN NIGHT 11 20.30

14

Andrew Powell and Caroline. They're both frightened.

CAROLINE
Who's got least to hide?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Ian. He didn't spray anyone, didn't
shoot anyone.

CAROLINE
Tell Ian then.

He considers this, decides to do it, picks up his phone,
scrolls down.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
(into phone)
Ian?

Intercut as we wish...

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD
It's late, mate.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
I know. I'm, sorry, mate. Has she
been onto you? Dawn.

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD
No.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Well, she came here, mate. This
afternoon.

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD
She shouldn't have done.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
I know. She made veiled threats.

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD
Yeah?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Yeah. Said if I don't watch her
back, why should she watch mine,
why should anyone watch mine.
That's a veiled threat, yeah?

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD
That's a threat.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
I want you to put it in your
notebook.

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD
(reluctant)
Oh, mate, let's not get...

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
I want you to put in your notebook,
Ian, please.

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD
Okay.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Thanks. Sorry to bother you, mate.

The call finishes. On Ian. He's looking at someone. We reveal
it's Dawn.

Back to Andrew Powell and Caroline.

CAROLINE POWELL
It'll be alright.

But Andrew doesn't respond.

CAROLINE POWELL (CONT'D)
A mother's lost her son. Upsetting
Dawn is nothing compared to that.

15 INT POLICE STATION DAY 12 09.30

15

Andrew, Ian, Dawn, Kilcaid are back in a room together with Norman Collins, and Andrew hands him his brief statement.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
I'm sorry, Dawn, but... he didn't
pose a threat, he just didn't.

And, as Dawn stares at him, Andrew holds her stare, until-

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD (O.S.)
(to P.C. Andrew Powell)
That's not how I remember it.

Andrew looks round. Ian Wakefield is staring at him.

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)
(of Dawn)
She did the only thing she could.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Ian...

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD
(to Collins)
Don't think it made any difference
though, coz he just ran out
screaming blue murder anyway.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
"I'm blind". That's what he was
screaming. "I'm blind".

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD
Don't recall that.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Ian.

And Ian hands in his statement too.

NORMAN COLLINS

It's common for there to be
discrepancies at this stage.
Inevitable. Even the Gospels
couldn't agree.

Collins smiles.

16 INT. / EXT. THE WAKEFIELD HOUSE GARAGE DAY 13 10.00 16

The next morning, an oil-smeared Ian Wakefield crouches next
to an upturned motorcycle. He hears:

P.C. ANDREW POWELL (V.O.)

Why?

Ian turns, sees Andrew Powell..

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD

You shouldn't be here, Drew. We
can't talk about things.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Oh, oh? We can't? But you can talk
to Dawn, that's fine.

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD

I didn't.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Come on, Ian...

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD

I didn't. I wouldn't.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

OK. Text? E-mail? What?

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD

Not one word.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

So what then? What changed?

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD

Nothing.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

She leant on you. Or someone did.

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD

Yeah. Yeah, you're right.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Who?

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD

You, Drew. You're the only one.
Ringing me up in the middle of the
night. Putting pressure on. Well it
didn't work. I don't want to end a
good copper's career.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Neither do I!

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD

Well what then? What do you want?
Hey?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

I want to tell the truth. That's
it. That's all.

P.C. IAN WAKEFIELD

OK. Great. Good for you. Do it
then. There was a knife. Some head-
the-ball. It kicked off. Shit
happened. There was only one person
to blame. And it wasn't one of
ours. But if you think different,
you go for it, pal. Seriously. You
tell your truth. And I'll tell
mine...

17 INT FOOD/CLOTHING BANK NIGHT 13 20.00 17

Father Michael is making up a parcel of food. He hears a
voice he recognises...

18 INT FOOD/CLOTHING BANK NIGHT 13 CONT. 18

Roz Demichelis has called in with a pile of clothes. Pauline
Pickering is sorting through them.

PAULINE PICKERING

...but even by Perth standards it
was hot. Forty, forty one degrees,
something like that.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Hello, Roz.

ROZ DEMICHELIS

(thrown)
Hello, Michael.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

What are you doing here?

ROZ DEMICHELIS
Just saying to..?

PAULINE PICKERING
Pauline.

ROZ DEMICHELIS
Just saying to Pauline I won't be
needing this stuff now.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Why?

ROZ DEMICHELIS
I'm emigrating. I told you.

He knows "emigrating" means "killing myself".

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
I was hoping you'd changed your
mind.

ROZ DEMICHELIS
I'm afraid not.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Where?

ROZ DEMICHELIS
Perth. Western Australia. Hot as
hell so...

She gestures: "getting rid of all this winter stuff".

PAULINE PICKERING
Oh!

She has found a particularly beautiful coat.

ROZ DEMICHELIS
Nice, isn't it?

PAULINE PICKERING
Beautiful.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
When are you going?

ROZ DEMICHELIS
Quite soon.

PAULINE PICKERING
(of the label)
Herno!

ROZ DEMICHELIS
Yes. Hardly worn as well.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
How soon is quite soon?

ROZ DEMICHELIS
A few days.

PAULINE PICKERING
(of the clothes)
These will fly off.

Pauline Pickering moves away to a nearby clothes rail.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
To think of others at a time like
this - you're a truly remarkable
woman, Roz.

You have everything to live for, that's what he's saying.

ROZ DEMICHELIS
I know what it's like to be skint.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Can I see you before... you go?

ROZ DEMICHELIS
I've got a lot on, Michael. A lot
to sort out.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Could you phone me then?

ROZ DEMICHELIS
Yes.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Promise.

ROZ DEMICHELIS
I promise. Bye, Michael.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Bye.

ROZ DEMICHELIS
(walking)
Bye, Pauline.

PAULINE PICKERING
Bye. Thank you so much.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
God bless all those that I love.
And God bless all those that love
me. God bless all those that love
those that I love. And all those
that love those that love me...

She's asleep. He hears a hushed conversation from downstairs
in the hall. He leaves the bedroom.

20 INT. POWELL HOUSE HALL NIGHT 13 CONT. 20

As he gets to the top of the stairs, he sees Police Sergeant
Joe Mason (forties), staring up at him.

JOE MASON
Pint, mate?

Andrew comes down the stairs. Whatever Joe Mason and Caroline
were talking about, it's left her very worried.

Andrew throws on a coat.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
(to Caroline)
An hour, something like that.

CAROLINE POWELL
Fine.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
You okay?

CAROLINE POWELL
(brave smiles)
Fine, yeah.

They kiss. Andrew Powell and Joe Mason leave.

21 INT. GLASS INN BAR AREA NIGHT 13 21.00 21

They enter. It's a coppers' pub and everyone knows what's
going on. Conversations end. Some look at Andrew, others look
away, but not a single one so much as nods in his direction.
When they get to the bar, even the Barman appears to react
against them - immediately busying himself.

They see Kilcaid drinking whisky. He sees them. Kilcaid downs
his drink. He'll have to pass them to leave.

JOE MASON
Sorry, Denis. Didn't know you were
here.

SERGEANT DENIS KILCAID
It's okay. I'm off anyway. Just a
tiny word.

JOE MASON
You can't say anyth...

SERGEANT DENIS KILCAID
It's okay. Nothing to do with the
facts of the case. Just a tiny,
tiny observation.
(to Andrew)
I can take the Great British Public
jumping to conclusions 'cause
that's what the Great British
Public does. But my own mate!

Andrew Powell thinks he can see through all this because -

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
You checked your watch, you prick.
You'd just shot an eighteen year
old boy and you checked your watch,
you prick.

SERGEANT DENIS KILCAID
It's called training, you prick.

Kilcaid leaves.

JOE MASON
(to the barman)
Two lagers.

Andrew looks in the mirror behind the optics, watching
everyone watching him. Joe taps one of the pumps-

JOE MASON (CONT'D)
(to the Barman, firmly)
Two lagers please, bollocks.

Time has passed. They're sitting with their pints...

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Ian's done me in. I thought it was
two against one. And it is. *But the*
one's me. If I'd known I was gonna
be on my own...

JOE MASON
What?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
I'm not a hero, Joe.

JOE MASON
Don't be soft.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
I like drinking here.

JOE MASON
There are other pubs.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Yeah, and we've nicked someone in
every one of them.
(beat)
(MORE)

P.C. ANDREW POWELL (CONT'D)
I wanted to do the right thing. But
I didn't want to do it alone.

JOE MASON
Well then...

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
I've given my initial account now
though, haven't I?

JOE MASON
So?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
If everything I write today
contradicts everything I wrote
yesterday, everyone'll know.

JOE MASON
Know what?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
That I'm a liar. That I've folded.

JOE MASON
Forget about everyone else. This is
about you and Caroline. You do
what's best for you and Caroline.

22 INT. SAINT NICK'S PRESBYTERY LIVING ROOM DAY 14 10.00 22

As Helen speaks, and Senior Investigator Norman Collins takes notes, Father Michael sits on one side of her, and the Liaison Officer on the other.

NORMAN COLLINS
So you phoned the Crisis Team?

HELEN OYENUSI
I phoned Michael first. Vernon
always listens... always listened
to Father Michael. He trusted him
when he didn't trust anyone else.
Even me.

NORMAN COLLINS
Even you?

HELEN OYENUSI
Yes.

NORMAN COLLINS
(to Father Michael)
And what did you say to him?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
I missed the call. I was in bed.

NORMAN COLLINS
That's a pity.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Yes.

HELEN OYENUSI
I left a message, and *then* called
the Crisis Team. I've told you all
this before.

NORMAN COLLINS
I know and I'm sorry but we're
totally committed to doing things
properly. With the thoroughness you
deserve.

HELEN OYENUSI
Thank you.

NORMAN COLLINS
It must've been hard for you over
the years, Helen.

HELEN OYENUSI
Yes.

NORMAN COLLINS
To have a son so paranoid that he
didn't even trust you, his own
mother.

HELEN OYENUSI
Yes.

Father Michael sees where this is going.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
He was never so paranoid that he
would hurt anyone. He was only ever
a danger to himself. Isn't that
right, Helen?

HELEN OYENUSI
Yes.

NORMAN COLLINS
Of course.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Are you a policeman?

Collins looks at him - pardon?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)

I mean, you're investigating the Police, aren't you? But are you a policeman too?

NORMAN COLLINS

No.

LIAISON OFFICER

The IPCC is completely independent of the Force.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Where are you based?

NORMAN COLLINS

Sorry?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

At the moment. Do you have an office?

NORMAN COLLINS

Yes.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Where is it?

NORMAN COLLINS

The Station.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

The... Police Station? The one where everyone involved works?

NORMAN COLLINS

No-one involved is working there at the moment. This is a very traumatic time for everyone.

Father Michael studies him for a moment, then-

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Were you ever a policeman?

And there's a pause, then-

NORMAN COLLINS

A long time ago.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

You'll be on a police pension then?

NORMAN COLLINS

Is that relevant?

22A INT FATHER MICHAEL'S HOUSE NIGHT 14 20.30

22A

Helen Oyenusi and Father Michael sitting in front of the fire and drinking tea.

HELEN OYENUSI

We were happy in Granby. Vernon loved it there. Lots of friends, lots of laughter. But his Dad wanted "somewhere better" and "somewhere better" meant "fewer black faces" so we moved. Here. And conversations suddenly stopped when Vernon got to them. People laughed at jokes and wouldn't repeat them to him. He got sick. His Dad couldn't cope with it. The man responsible for the sickness couldn't cope with the sickness and he left and the sickness got worse. And worse. And now it has killed him.

We fade in "Happy Birthday to you."

23 INT/EXT. POWELL HOUSE GARDEN DAY 15 13.00 23

A toddlers' birthday party. Three candles on a cake. P.C. Andrew Powell, his wife (Caroline), his mother (Barbara), his brother-in-law Joe Mason and his wife Sam are all singing Happy Birthday to little Evie. Other parents and toddlers join in.

Andrew Powell's mobile goes. He checks it, answers it.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Sir?

(beat)

Now?

He enters the house, walks through it to the front door, opens it to Chief Inspector McDonald.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL (CONT'D)

Sir?

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD

It won't keep, I'm afraid.

McDonald enters, file or briefcase in hand. Andrew Powell takes him to a room from which they can see into the garden.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD (CONT'D)

You're a good copper, Andrew. And that's why I wanted to come myself.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Sir.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD

There are one or two issues. I'm absolutely sure we can sort them out between us.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Sir?

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD

On the night of the "incident", you didn't sign out your CS.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

What?

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD

It's a simple mistake, I know.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

I... I did. I'm sure I...

But McDonald produces a logbook. A page is marked, and he holds it open. And Andrew stares at it, then-

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD
(of the logbook)
You didn't.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
It won't happen again.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD
Oh, I know that. I know.
(beat)
But...

P.C. Andrew Powell looks at him - but?

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD (CONT'D)
It *is* a disciplinary matter - a
misconduct offence under discipline
regs - I wish it wasn't, but it *is*
serious. A section five firearm...

McDonald exhales. P.C. Andrew Powell looks at him for a long
moment, then-

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
What's going to happen?

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD
We're within our rights to give you
a formal warning. A written
warning. And I'm sorry, but that
would go on your record.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
But I didn't use it. I've never
actually used my CS spray ever.
D'you know that? Not once.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD
Oh, I'm not happy about it. For
this to go on your record would be
harsh. But there's another matter,
I'm afraid.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Sir?

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD
You remember at the start of all
this, you were told not to discuss
it with other officers?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Sir.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD
You discussed it with Dawn Morris.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
She discussed it with me. She
approached me.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD
That's not what she says.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
She's lying.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD
And you phoned Ian Wakefield late
at night.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Only to tell him not to talk to
Dawn.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD
Again, that's not what he says.

Andrew Powell is on the ropes and McDonald knows it. He goes
in for the kill.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD (CONT'D)
Those two offences on their own are
serious, Andrew, but there's
another issue, I'm afraid, and it's
damning.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Sir?

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD
Why did you force that door?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
To stop Dawn spraying him, Sir.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD
She says if you hadn't forced open
that door, the problem would've
been contained within the house.
Had she KNOWN you were going to
force that door, she would never
have used her CS. She blames you,
I'm afraid, and Ian Wakefield backs
that up.

Andrew Powell can no longer think straight.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD (CONT'D)
I'm telling you this so you've got
the chance to address it all in
your final, definitive statement.
And don't worry if this final
statement's very different from
your earlier ones. It happens.
(MORE)

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD (CONT'D)

And no one's gonna see those early
statements anyway: just your final,
definitive one. So no one's gonna
think you've folded or bottled it
or whatever.

The word "folded" alerts Andrew Powell. He looks through the
window into the garden. Joe Mason is talking to Caroline and
Barbara (Andrew's wife and mother).

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD (CONT'D)
You've got a house full so I'll see
myself out.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Have you been speaking to Joe
Mason, Sir?

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD
No. Bye.

McDonald goes.

24 INT/EXT POWELL HOUSE DAY 15 15.30 24

Andrew Powell is alone in a bedroom. He's looking down into
the street as the last two guests leave with their toddler.

He leaves the bedroom, comes downstairs, through the kitchen
where he grabs a beer...

And into the garden.

25 EXT POWELL GARDEN DAY 15 CONT. 25

Caroline (Andrew's wife), Barbara (Andrew's mother), Joe
Mason (Andrew's brother in law) and Joe's wife (some distance
away) are here as Andrew comes from the house into the
garden.

JOE MASON
What did he want?

Andrew glances at Joe, doesn't answer, checks on little Evie
who's asleep in her buggy.

CAROLINE POWELL
She's shattered.

JOE MASON
I thought we should go out
together. The four of us.

CAROLINE POWELL
Your Mum says she'll babysit...

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
No. No, thanks. Not tonight.

CAROLINE POWELL
Drew...

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Cags, there's things you don't
know.

JOE MASON
She knows.
(of Caroline and Barbara)
I've told them both.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Told them what?

JOE MASON
The situation you're in.

Andrew turns to Caroline.

CAROLINE POWELL
I'm so proud of you for the way
you've stuck to your principles,
Drew, but no one expects you to
sacrifice your job.

Andrew looks at her - what does that mean?

CAROLINE POWELL (CONT'D)
How will we pay the mortgage? I
mean, yeah - do the right thing.
But maybe the right thing isn't...

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Just say what happened, you said -
"simple as that".

CAROLINE POWELL
I didn't know what was going on
then. What was about to.

P.C. Andrew Powell's reaction. Caroline defends herself-

CAROLINE POWELL (CONT'D)
What sort of moral stand is it
that'd make Evie homeless? Don't we
have a duty to her? To put a roof
over her head? You can't change an
entire culture on your own...

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
I wouldn't be on my own...

Andrew looks at Joe.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL (CONT'D)
Would I, Joe?

But there's a pause, then-

JOE MASON

I'll back you up, mate, obviously,
but there's only so far I can go.
You know that.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Have you seen him this week?

JOE MASON

Who?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

McDonald. Has he talked to you?

JOE MASON

Mate. We want to take you out. How
about it?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Has he asked you to do this?

(beat)

Did he tell you to take me for that
pint?

Joe desperately trying to think of a way out of this

P.C. ANDREW POWELL (CONT'D)

(to Joe)

Answer me. What's the problem?
Answer me.

STILL it won't come. Eventually...

JOE MASON

The problem is I can't believe
you'd think such a thing of...

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

You're a liar! He said no one would
see the early statements, no one
would know I folded. That's the
word I used to you, you prick:
folded. You went...

CAROLINE POWELL

Drew!

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

...straight back to him and told
him everything, told him I was
teetering on the brink, only...

CAROLINE POWELL

Drew!

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

...needed a little prod, a little
threat here, a little threat there.

CAROLINE POWELL

Drew!

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

They are playing you. Can't you see that? They're not here to support you. They're here to crush you.

JOE MASON

(snaps)

Oh, come on - you've thought about it, you've weighed things up, you've shown you're a real good man. Now strap on a pair and play for the team, you selfish prick!

Andrew and Joe stare at each other. Caroline and Sam stare at each other. Andrew turns to Barbara-

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

What about you? Mum? This what you think too?

And Barbara stares at her mug of coffee.

BARBARA

(eventually)

Fuck the police.

(of Joe)

And this man.

And his wife.

(of Caroline)

And if yours agrees, fuck her too.

(to Andrew)

If this costs you your job, good. You never should've joined.

CAROLINE POWELL

Oh, so now we hear it...

BARBARA

Yes, we do.

CAROLINE POWELL

Who *is* gonna pay our mortgage then? You? I don't think so seeing as you're round here every day leeching off us.

BARBARA

Not leeching off you, looking after that child of yours 'cause you've always got something better to do.

CAROLINE POWELL

It's called work!

BARBARA

You spent years going on about how much you wanted kids, then the moment one arrives, you can't get rid quick enough.

CAROLINE POWELL

Because I've been trying to earn a living. Something you wouldn't understand.

It continues (see appendix) but we're on Andrew heading back to the house, walking through it, leaving through the front door.

25A INT SAINT NICK'S CHURCH DAY 15 15.45 25A

Father Michael sits in a pew, head bowed, praying silently. He looks up at Christ, perhaps, and bows his head again.

25B FLASHBACK INT SHEFFIELD CHURCH DAY 25B

Young Michael Kerrigan is kneeling in an old fashioned confessional.

YOUNG MICHAEL KERRIGAN

He does things.

PRIEST

Such as?

But Young Michael can't bring himself to say it.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Does he put his hand on your thigh?

YOUNG MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Yes.

PRIEST

And move it upwards?

YOUNG MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Yes.

PRIEST

You mustn't breathe a word about this to anyone. Do you understand?

YOUNG MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Yes.

PRIEST

*For your penance say three Hail
Mary's and then say an Our Father
for Father Matthew.*

YOUNG MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Yes, Father.

PRIEST

*God, the Father of mercies, through
the death and resurrection of his
Son has reconciled the world to
himself and sent the Holy Spirit
among us for the forgiveness of
sins; through the ministry of the
Church may God give you ...*

25C INT SHEFFIELD CHURCH DAY 25C

Young Michael walks down the aisle.

He kneels at the altar rail.

*A globule of blood falls from his nose and shatters on his
clasped hands. And another...*

Young Michael cups his hands to collect the blood.

25D INT SAINT NICK'S CHURCH DAY 15 15.50 25D

Back to Father Michael in Saint Nick's praying silently.

26 EXT STREET DAY 15 16.00 26

Andrew Powell walking, walking. Under massive pressure.

27 INT OFFICE DAY 15 16.30 27

*P.C. Andrew Powell sitting, waiting. He hears footsteps.
Chief Inspector McDonald enters. Andrew stands.*

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Thanks for seeing me, Sir.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD

No problem.

He gestures for them both to sit. They do so.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

(eventually)

How many people can say they knew someone who was shot dead? Nought point nought, nought, nought, one per cent of the population, I suspect. How many can say they were THERE when that person they knew was shot dead? Even fewer. It's mind blowing, Sir. And I think it was that, the fact that I knew the boy, the fact that I was traumatised, it was that that clouded my judgement. Looking back now, I realise that the boy WAS a threat and that Dawn had no option but to use her CS.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD

Thank you.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Sir.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MCDONALD

You'll sign a statement to that effect?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Yes, Sir.

28 EXT STREET DAY 15 16.45

28

P.C. Andrew Powell walking, full of self loathing.

29 EXT FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN'S HOUSE DAY 15 17.00

29

P.C. Andrew Powell rings Father Michael's doorbell and waits.
To his horror, the door is opened by Helen Oyenusi.

HELEN OYENUSI

Hello, Andrew.

Andrew Powell can't speak.

HELEN OYENUSI (CONT'D)

Father Michael's not in.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

(recovering)

I am so, so sorry, Helen. So...

HELEN OYENUSI

I know.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

...so sorry about Vernon.

HELEN OYENUSI

I know. I want to thank you for all you did, Andrew. I know you did everything possible to protect him and I am so grateful for that.

P.C. Andrew Powell wants the ground to open up.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Thank you.

HELEN OYENUSI

I was the black mother of a black teenager, Andrew, and I'm sorry to say I learned not to trust our police.

(MORE)

HELEN OYENUSI (CONT'D)

But I want you to know that for you
personally we had nothing but
respect.

He wants the ground to open up even more now.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Thank you.

HELEN OYENUSI

You've come to see Michael?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Yes.

HELEN OYENUSI

He's in the church. Would you like
to come in and wait or?

There is NO WAY he wants to come in and wait.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

I'll go find him. Bye, Helen.

HELEN OYENUSI

Bye, Andrew.

P.C. Andrew Powell starts walking again. He's falling apart.

30 INT SAINT NICK'S CHURCH DAY 15 17.10

30

Father Michael Kerrigan sitting, praying silently. He hears
footsteps...

Andrew Powell sits alongside him in the pew.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Just knocked at yours. Helen
answered.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

She's doing us a curry.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

How is she?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Didn't you ask her?

Andrew is a seething mess...

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

No.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
She's heartbroken.
(and he can't resist an:)
Obviously.

That "obviously" gets to Andrew.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
We get people in. The last thing
they want to do is confess. With
you it's the first. Why is that?
It's the penance. Confess to us and
it's five years inside. Confess to
you and it's three Hail Mary's and
an Our Father. Ours is the real
world, you see. Yours is God-knows-
what. Yes?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
I'm listening.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
How many for rape? We'd give eight
to ten years. How many Hail Mary's
and Our Fathers for rape?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Have you come here to pick a fight?
To say in anger what you can't say
coolly and calmly?

Spot on. A pause.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Every time I close my eyes, I'm
there. There's a voice shouting,
"I'm blind. I'm blind". And there's
shots, and a body falls, and it's
sort of dead, but not quite.
Twitching. Twitching. And when I
get to it, it isn't Vernon at all.
It's... Evie. My little girl.

Father Michael nods.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL (CONT'D)
I can't tell the truth anymore. I'm
gonna make a statement full of lies
and that way I might get some sleep
- 'cause as much as the last few
days have cost, there's still
nothing I can't get back. Not yet.
I'm a coward, Father. I'm a coward.
But I'm a coward with a conscience.
And that is the shittiest possible
thing to be. Pardon my language,
but it's true. I haven't got the
courage to be good. Really good.
(MORE)

P.C. ANDREW POWELL (CONT'D)

And I'm not sure I can live with
being properly bad but I'm going to
have to try. I'm going to lie
through my teeth, Michael. I'm
going to lie with all the others.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

You keep seeing a body twitching
and when you get there it's Evie?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Yes.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Why d'you think that is?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Because I've been getting grief,
Michael. A hell of a lot of grief.
You don't know the half of it.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Oh for some peace of mind, yes?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Yes.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

But if you lie, will you ever know
peace of mind again?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Maybe not. But my daughter will
have a roof over her head. A guilty
conscience is a small price to pay
for that.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

You think so?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL

Yes. I'm sorry, Michael. Really
sorry.

P.C. Andrew Powell stands and leaves. On Michael again as,
again, the policeman's footsteps echo and fade.

31 INT SAINT NICK'S SACRISTY DAY 15 17.55

31

Father Michael pulling on his vestments.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (V.O.)

For on the night he was betrayed...

He cannot go on.

32 INT SAINT NICK'S CHURCH DAY 15 18.20 32

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
(taking the bread in his
hands)
For on the night he was betrayed...
(struggling)
He himself took bread and giving
you thanks, he said the blessing,
broke the bread and gave it to his
disciples saying, "Take this, all
of you, and eat of it: for this is
my body which will be given up for
you."

33 FLASHBACK INT DAY 33

His mother and Vernon Oyenusi staring at him.

34 INT SAINT NICK'S CHURCH DAY 15 CONT. 34

Father Michael finds himself staring at Helen Oyenusi.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
In a similar way, when supper was
ended, he took the chalice and,
giving you thanks, he said the
blessing and gave the chalice to
his disciples saying...

But, again, he cannot say it...

35 FLASHBACK INT NIGHT 35

*Young Michael Kerrigan (aged 11) wearing only a creased
shirt, is walking slowly from the kids' bedroom to his
parents' bedroom.*

*On the other side of the closed bedroom door, his mother is
crying out in pain.*

Fearful, he eases the door open.

Mrs Devaney is consoling his mother as she writhes.

*There is blood everywhere. And there is something raw and
bloodied in a bucket beside the bed.*

His mother sees him.

MICHAEL'S MOTHER
Get out! Get out!

He starts crying in ignorance and fear.

MICHAEL'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Get out!

He closes the door, turns to go back to the kids' room, glances downstairs...

His father is down there, staring at the lobby floor. He looks up, sees young Michael, looks down at the floor again.

36 INT SAINT NICK'S CHURCH DAY 15 CONT.

36

People are aware that Father Michael is struggling.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Take this, all of you, and drink from it: for this is the chalice of my blood, the blood of the new and eternal covenant, which will be poured out for you and for many for the forgiveness of sins. Do this in memory of me.

We fade in music over this.

37 INT SAINT NICK'S CHURCH DAY 15 18.30

37

Music. People stand and start moving forward to receive communion.

P.C. Andrew Powell would love to. But he can't...

Helen Oyenusi stands and joins the line of people moving towards the altar.

P.C. Andrew Powell watches her.

Father Michael has begun distributing communion.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

The body of Christ.

COMMUNICANT

Amen.

P.C. Andrew Powell's self disgust, self loathing.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

The body of Christ.

COMMUNICANT

Amen.

P.C. Andrew Powell comes to a massive decision. He stands and joins the line of people moving forward.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
The body of Christ.

COMMUNICANT
Amen.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
The body of Christ.

Andrew inching forward, studying Father Michael: Will he refuse him it?

Father Michael glimpses Andrew Powell.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)
The body of Christ.

COMMUNICANT
Amen.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
The body of Christ.

HELEN OYENUSI
Amen.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
The body of Christ.

COMMUNICANT
Amen.

And now it is Andrew's turn. Father Michael hesitates - but only for a second.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
The body of Christ.

Andrew Powell takes the host...

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Amen.

Father Michael continues but we go with Andrew Powell as he walks back to his pew. Never has communion meant so much to him. He gets to his pew and kneels and prays...

38 INT FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN'S HOUSE DAY 15 19.30 38

Father Michael alone. He presses a button on his answer-machine.

HELEN OYENUSI (V.O.)
You're probably fast asleep so
never mind. It's just that Vernon
wanted a word, didn't you,
Vernon..?
(beat)
If you play this in the morning,
maybe you could phone him, Father.
(beat)
You know what he's like. Doesn't
believe a word his mother tells him
but everything you say is gospel.
No pun intended, Father.

The doorbell goes.

39 EXT FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN'S HOUSE DAY 15 CONT. 39

Father Michael opens the door to P.C. Andrew Powell.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Andrew.

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Hello, Father.

An awkwardness.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
You want to come in?

He shakes his head.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)
What is it?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Why did you give me communion?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Why did you come up for it?

P.C. ANDREW POWELL
Because I never needed it so much
in my life.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
That's why I gave you it.

Andrew Powell considers this. It brings tears to his eyes.
Incapable of speech, he nods, turns and starts walking away.

Father Michael watches him go.

40 EXT MOVING TRAIN DAY 16 14.00 40

Father Michael on a hurtling train. He is lost in thought.

In the sky birds hang, hover, swoop.

A sign says Sheffield.

The train is still rattling along. Over this we hear Chattanooga Choo Choo.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (V.O.)
Pardon me, boy, is that the
Chattanooga Choo Choo? Track twenty
nine. Boy, you can give me a shine.

40A INT FATHER MICHAEL'S MOTHER'S HOUSE NIGHT 16 21.00 40A

Michael on the blow-up bed, his mother in her own bed. He's singing (badly) to her and they're both loving it.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
You leave the Pennsylvania station
'bout a quarter to four.
Read a magazine and then you're in
Baltimore.
Dinner in the diner, nothing could
be finer
Than to have your ham 'n' eggs in
Carolina.
When you hear the whistle blowin'
eight to the bar
Then you know that Tennessee is not
very far.
Shovel all the coal in, gotta keep
it rollin'.
Woo, woo, Chattanooga, there you
are. Yeah!!!!

A pause.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)
You okay?

MICHAEL'S MOTHER
Yeah.

He senses she's not.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
What is it?

MICHAEL'S MOTHER
I'm scared, son. I'm scared there's
no Heaven, that death is just the
end. And I'm scared of that end.
(MORE)

MICHAEL'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

To face that end you should be at
your strongest but it comes at your
weakest and I think that's a
horrible trick for God to play on
us.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

There's a Heaven. And you'll be
there. You and Dad.

MICHAEL'S MOTHER

You think so?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

I know so.

MICHAEL'S MOTHER

Give us Little White Bull.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

(giggles)

Once upon a time there was a little
white bull...

41 EXT FATHER MATTHEW'S HOUSE DAY 17 11.20

41

Father Michael is leaning against a wall, waiting...

Father Matthew approaches, carrying a couple of Tesco bags
full of shopping.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Father Matthew?

FATHER MATTHEW

Yes?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Could I talk to you please?

FATHER MATTHEW

Yes.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Could I talk to you indoors please?

FATHER MATTHEW

(now suspicious)

What about?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

I went to Blessed Mary. You taught
me there.

Father Matthew is even more suspicious now.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)
I'd have come years ago only
I assumed you were dead. I remember
you as an old man, you see. Even
then.

FATHER MATTHEW
You were a child. Everyone's old to
a child.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Can we go ins...

FATHER MATTHEW
No!

Father Matthew is torn... He decides he has to hear him out.

FATHER MATTHEW (CONT'D)
I've got ice cream here. Needs to
be in the freezer so we've not much
time, I'm afraid.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
I'm Michael Kerrigan

FATHER MATTHEW
Yes?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
You don't remember me?

FATHER MATTHEW
No.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
You taught me English.

FATHER MATTHEW
I taught lots of boys English.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
But you didn't abuse them all, did you? Only five or six per class, I think.

FATHER MATTHEW
Are you hiding a microphone?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
No.

FATHER MATTHEW
I want you to swear by Almighty God that you are not recording this conversation.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
I swear by Almighty God that I am not recording this conversation.

FATHER MATTHEW
Having sworn such an oath, any recording will be inadmissible in court. You understand that?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
I'm not the first obviously.

FATHER MATTHEW
No.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
How many before me?

FATHER MATTHEW
One or two.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
I'm a priest.

FATHER MATTHEW

I couldn't have been such a bad example then, could I?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Some police officers there killed a young man. They're all colluding, protecting the officers responsible and it's...

(can't find the word)

Infuriating me. But what right have I to be appalled at that when you abused boys for years and every priest in the school knew about it and did absolutely nothing.

FATHER MATTHEW

A rhetorical question, I assume.

Father Michael has to fight the urge to strike him.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Catholic priests - their duty to follow the Path of Christ, watching you doing that and saying nothing. How dare I criticise a few hairy arsed coppers then? Yes?

FATHER MATTHEW

What am I supposed to have done to you?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

You used to put your hand on my thigh and move it up to my genitals.

FATHER MATTHEW

You call that abuse?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Yes.

FATHER MATTHEW

You liked it. I do not know of one single boy who did not like it.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

You believe that?

FATHER MATTHEW

Yes.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

It gave me an erection.

FATHER MATTHEW

There you go.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
It made me think I was gay.
Sheffield, nineteen seventies, I
was suicidal.

FATHER MATTHEW
I'm sorry.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Do you mean that? I'd love you to
mean that. I'd love to be able to
forgive you, you see, and dump all
this...

(searching for the word,
not finding it)
Do you mean it?

FATHER MATTHEW
(eventually)
No. The body's insignificant,
Michael. Whatever it does -
insignificant. It's the soul within
that counts.

Michael can't believe he heard that right. Michael just
stares at Father Matthew as he lets himself in with his key.

FATHER MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Bye, Michael

He goes to close the door but Father Michael prevents it.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
I'm gonna pray for you.

Father Matthew: much less sure of himself now, intimidated.

FATHER MATTHEW
I'll phone the police.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
(still stopping him
closing the door)
I'll pray you realise the enormity
of what you did and the lives you
damaged. I'll pray you suffer for
it and, through suffering, atone
for it. And I'll pray you do so
long enough and hard enough for God
to show you mercy, you old bastard.

Father Matthew manages to close the door on Father Michael.

42 INT MICHAEL'S OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL DAY 17 12.30 42

Father Michael Kerrigan is in his old classroom. It's been abandoned for years. Dust, decay, debris.

He hears an echo from the past.

THE CLASS (V.O.)
Amo, amas, amat, amamus, amatis,
amant.

He looks around, walks around perhaps. Another echo.

THE CLASS (V.O.)
Mensa, mensa, mensam, mensae,
mensae, mensa.

He looks around a bit more. Another echo.

THE CLASS (V.O.)
In nomine patris et filii et
spiritus sancti...

And finally...

THE CLASS (V.O.)
Amen.

*