

TWO CITIES

TELEVISION

An  Studios Company

GALLAGHER ► FILMS

BLUE LIGHTS

SERIES ONE

Episode Four: *'Full Moon Fever'*

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4/1

INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE/SERGEANT'S OFFICE - DAY 4/1
(PRESENT DAY)

A POV shot entering the police station, walking through the main office. We see the whole section scattered around. TOMMY, GERRY, ANNIE, JEN, STEVIE, GRACE and a few OTHERS. They look like they have just been in a battle. The POV continues to a door where the sign reads SERGEANT'S OFFICE. Inside that same office, HELEN is slumped over her desk, her head resting on the surface of it, sleeping soundly. A knock on the door startles her upright in an instant. She pats her hair quickly, trying to gather herself.

HELEN
(croaking)
Come in...
(clearing her throat,
louder now)
Come in!

The door opens, and GERALDINE (40s) enters. She is smiling benignly, almost warmly.

GERALDINE
Sergeant McNally. I'm Geraldine
Gilroy. From the Office of the
Police Ombudsman.

Helen nods.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)
(warmly)
Thanks so much for staying behind
for me. Hopefully this won't take
long.

Helen is suspicious.

HELEN
Can I ask why you wanted the whole
section to be interviewed? This
incident only involved two
officers? My team need to get home.

A beat. Geraldine smiles again.

GERALDINE
(collegiate, open)
Oh I know! Absolutely. Half past
seven on a Saturday morning is a
bit of a nightmare, isn't it? I
want to be out of here in time to
take my boys to their football
practice.

A beat.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)
(pleasantly)
Do you have kids?

A beat. A flicker of something passes Helen's face.

HELEN
We should probably get started.

GERALDINE
(fumbling in her handbag,
taking out a recording
device)
I need to record this.
(looking up and smiling)
You understand.

A beat. Helen shrugs reluctantly in assent.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)
(warmly)
Lovely.
(a beat)
Okay, so, it was a busy shift, I
understand?

HELEN
(nodding)
Full moon fever.

Geraldine raises her eyebrows.

GERALDINE
I'm sorry...full moon what?

A beat. Helen looks at her sceptically.

HELEN
Have you ever been a police
officer?

GERALDINE
No...no...before I took this job I
was a solicitor.

A beat.

HELEN
Ah.
(she understands
something)
Right.

PRELAP TO:

4/2

INT/EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

4/2

A loud howl, imitating a wolf, as a full moon hangs in the sky.

Over this image and this sound, a caption:

12 HOURS PREVIOUSLY

We cut to the inside of the police car, Gerry driving, Tommy in the passenger seat as the observer. Tommy is laughing.

TOMMY

You're not serious!

GERRY

True bill! What, you've never heard of full moon fever?

TOMMY

I mean...no!

GERRY

Every time there's a full moon, call volumes to the emergency services, us, ambulance, even the hose draggers, they all go up by about thirty percent. Not a word of a lie.

Tommy shakes his head in disbelief.

GERRY (CONT'D)

(enjoying himself)

There's one for your criminology class.

Something catches Tommy's eye. Two YOUNG MEN on a street corner. One is handing money to another and taking a package.

TOMMY

Pull over!

Gerry hasn't seen it. He jolts around.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Pull over!

Gerry pulls over, Tommy leaps from the car, and the young men run in opposite directions. Tommy races after one of them. Gerry emerges from the car to see Tommy disappearing at full sprint up a narrow side street.

GERRY

(astonished)

What the fuck!

Gerry's radio crackles to life.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Bravo Lima Seven Six in pursuit of
young male on McGurk's lane towards
the river..."

Gerry doesn't move.

GERRY
Oh no.
(a beat)
No, no, no, no, no!

Gerry gets back into the car and speeds off, blue lights on.

4/3

OMITTED

4/3

4/4

INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT DAY) 4/4

Geraldine is looking at Helen with interest and curiosity.

GERALDINE
So it was busier than usual? Last
night?

Helen nods.

HELEN
It was eh...challenging. Yes.

GERALDINE
Overwhelmingly so?

HELEN
(defensively, looking at
the phone recording her)
As I say, it was challenging. It
happens. No big deal.

Geraldine nods.

GERALDINE
Okay. Right.

Geraldine is looking at a full, cold, undrunk cup of tea at
Helen's elbow. She smiles.

4/5

INT. POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR/SERGEANT'S OFFICE - NIGHT
(FLASHBACK)

4/5

Helen walks up the corridor carrying the same cup of tea. She
turns into her office, puts the tea down, and sits at her
desk. She puts her radio on the desk in front of her. She
looks at the screen, lists of live calls. She glances at her
watch, looking worried. She picks up the desk phone and
punches in a number.

HELEN

Barney. This is a shitshow already.

VOICE ON PHONE (BARNEY)

Tell me about it. They're coming in
thick and fast. I've got callsigns
stuck all over the bloody place.
Seven Six is in a foot pursuit in
the city centre.

HELEN

They're *what*?

4/6

EXT. NARROW STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

4/6

Tommy is chasing a YOUNG MAN, about his own age, down the street. He isn't gaining on him, but he isn't quite losing him either. He can't keep this up for long. Suddenly, up ahead, Gerry arrives in the car, pulling it across the entry to the alleyway, jumping out with surprising speed and agility, and tackling the young man to the ground. Tommy arrives to help him and they wrestle him on to the ground. Tommy cuffs him.

YOUNG MAN

Bastards!

GERRY

(to Tommy)

What was it? What did you see?

TOMMY

(panting)

Drugs. He was buying drugs.

Gerry stands up, in disbelief.

GERRY

He was *what*?

TOMMY

Drugs. He'll still have it on him.

Gerry can't believe he's hearing this. Wordlessly, he searches the young man, and finds a small bag of weed in his hip pocket. Still without saying a word, he walks over, pulls the man onto his feet, and opens the handcuffs.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(confused)

What...what are you...

Gerry tears open the bag and looks at it.

GERRY

(to the young man)

Go on, fuck away off!

The young man runs off up the lane.

TOMMY

What the hell are you doing...he was...!

GERRY

(interrupting)

It was a tenner's worth of weed, son! You think we're going to waste an overnight cell on that? Triage, son! Triage! Like in the hospitals!

Gerry walks off.

TOMMY

Triage?

Gerry takes a deep smell of the weed.

GERRY

God, I love that smell. If I wasn't a peeler, I'd be smoking this stuff non-stop.

TOMMY

You're not serious.

GERRY

Oh aye. Deadly serious.

He empties the weed down the drain. The radio buzzes.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)

Uniform, Uniform, we have reports of a serious assault outside the Bourkes Bar. Maybe a stabbing. Suspect has fled the scene.

GERRY

Seven Six en route, Barney.

(to Tommy)

And that's why we don't arrest young lads for a ten spot of weed. Triage.

Gerry walks quickly off, and Tommy jogs after him.

4/7

OMITTED

4/7

4/8

INT. POLICE STATION, SIDE ROOM/CUSTODY SUITE - NIGHT
(FLASHBACK)

4/8

Stevie is showing Grace how to use the intoxilyser machine. A DRUNK MAN sits in the chair beside it.

STEVIE
(to the drunk man)
Blow.

The man blows. Stevie looks up at Grace.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
How the hell did Angela Mackle get
your address?

The man stops blowing.

GRACE
That time I gave her a lift. In my
own car. There was a gas bill. She
saw the address.

Stevie looks at the machine in frustration.

STEVIE
(to the drunk man)
Again.

The man blows again.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
(to Grace)
Shit. So what did you do?

GRACE
I...I asked her to leave. She left.
(a beat)
But now what? Now she knows where I
live? Who else is she going to
tell? The McIntyres? I need to
report this, don't I? Up the line?

Stevie sighs. He looks at the reading on the machine. The
drunk man leans into Grace.

DRUNK MAN
You know, you're a good looking
girl.

Grace *really* isn't in the mood.

GRACE
(viciously)
You could have killed a *child*. How
do you even contemplate getting in
a car when you're that drunk?

The man thinks about this, and then is overcome with a wave
of guilt and emotion.

DRUNK MAN
I know. I know. I...I have a
problem.

Stevie looks at the initial reading on the machine. He whistles.

STEVIE
Yeah, well. You do now.
(to Grace)
Keep an eye on him.

He gets up and walks out into the bustling, chaotic custody suite. He jumps the queue to talk to Sandra.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Okay, we're ready.

SANDRA
Oh, good for you! Delighted to hear it! Well, as you can see we're all just waiting around here for you to fill in the charge sheet and...

STEVIE
(interrupting)
Sandra, come on, we need to get back out there.

SANDRA
Stevie, wait your turn!

STEVIE
And how long's that going to be?

SANDRA
How drunk is he?

STEVIE
Extremely. He blew eighty eight.

SANDRA
Okay, well, the way things are going here, he'll be sober by the time we can charge him.

Stevie turns away, frustrated, and walks back towards Grace.

STEVIE
(muttering)
Fuck's sake.

Out on Stevie.

4/8B

INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

4/8B

Geraldine is looking at Helen.

GERALDINE

So all of your callsigns were fully committed by what...about 9.30? No capacity in the system?

HELEN

It was a blocked drain.

GERALDINE

(cold and probing)

A blocked drain? What do you mean by that?

Helen notices, for the first time, the harder edge in Geraldine's voice.

HELEN

That's what we call it when the system stops moving. Everyone gets stuck where they are.

A beat.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Which is, usually...you know...right in the shit.

Geraldine peers at her more closely, and Helen doesn't like it.

4/9

EXT/INT. THE PALACE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

4/9

Two cars drive in and park at the back of a squat, square, dilapidated block of flats. MO MCINTYRE and GORDY get out of the first car. SULLY gets out of the second car.

MO

You didn't bring anyone with you?

SULLY

Ah why would I, Mo? Sure, amn't I amongst friends here? No?

MO

C'mon inside.

The glint in Mo's eye makes Gordy nervous.

CUT TO: Inside the Palace, ANTO pats down Sully for weapons. A young woman, KIRSTY (EPISODE ONE), walks towards the group of men. She stops to open her bedroom door. Surprised and intimidated, her hand shakes as she puts the key into the lock. Sully smiles at her.

SULLY

How're yeh.

She looks around. Sully's eyes linger on her. She opens the door and hurries inside, locking the door behind her.

They walk on.

4/10 INT. THE PALACE, KIRSTY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK) 4/10

Kirsty looks through the peep-hole. She sees Sully being frisked by Anto before they go into the room across from hers. She makes a decision. She takes out her phone. She dials 999.

4/11 OMITTED 4/11

4/12 INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT DAY) 4/12

Helen is reading an animosity now behind Geraldine's oleaginous and superficially unassuming smile.

GERALDINE

Okay, let's turn to the incident in question. 2 Waterloo Place. And can you remember when you first heard of an issue at that address?

HELEN

It'll be on the call logs.

GERALDINE

I'm sure it will be. But what's *your* recollection?

Helen stares at her.

4/13 INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT'S OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 4/13

Helen is at her desk. The mood is a little bit more frantic now.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)

We have a call relating to a disturbance at 2 Waterloo Place.

Helen is frantically searching the screen. She steals a glance up at the clock.

HELEN

Any more details?

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)

Neighbours say there's shouting and roaring.

Helen is typing into her computer.

HELEN
(muttering to herself)
Okay, let's see...
(a beat)
Shit.
(a beat)
Yeah, Barney, there's previous at
that address. Domestic assault. No
convictions, but we've been there
before.
(muttering)
Shit.

She looks at a moving map on her computer screen. Police cars
moving about the city.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Okay, do we have any crews on
security patrol? Any nightlife
officers? *Anyone.*

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)
No. Nobody.

Helen sighs deeply.

HELEN
Fuck!

She makes a call.

HELEN (CONT'D)
And nothing from the address
itself? No emergency calls?

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)
No.

Helen sighs. She shakes her head.

HELEN
Keep me across it.

Out on Helen, flustered.

4/14

INT/EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

4/14

Annie and Jen are on a blue lights run speeding through the
city. Jen is driving.

ANNIE
Any more details?

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)
That's all we have, Seven Four.
Some kind of bar fight.

ANNIE
Do you like an aul bar fight?

JEN
Oh, piss off.

Annie smiles. She loves annoying Jen. They drive on.

4/15 **OMITTED**

4/15

4/16 **INT. THE PALACE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

4/16

A bare room with a fluorescent strip. Moulded plastic chairs and a dull, stained formica table. Sully sits opposite Mo and Gordy. He looks cheerful, nonchalant. Anto stands off to the side, surly and suspicious. He hates Sully.

SULLY
So, this is where the magic happens, eh? Bit of a shithole, no?

MO
It's quiet. The way we like it.

SULLY
Who needs luxury wha'? Would you believe it, this is me first time up here in the north. Actually criminal really, isn't it. Me own country, and never set foot in it.

A beat.

SULLY (CONT'D)
Maybe I should go and see the Giant's Causeway, heh? Or the Titanic Museum?

A tense silence.

SULLY (CONT'D)
Yeah, maybe next time.

A beat.

MO
So you eh, wanted to see us?

SULLY
I wanted to see you, Mo.
(to Gordy, and then Anto)
No offence, lads.

GORDY
(eagerly)
None...eh...none taken.

Anto shoots Gordy a withering look.

SULLY
So look, we've had a business relationship for what, the past eighteen months? And it's worked out pretty well from our perspective. Couple of hiccups, and we're sorry about that, but these things happen once in a while.

Mo nods.

SULLY (CONT'D)
Now in that time, we've suggested...twice, I believe...that we might expand that relationship. Go bigger, as they say.

Mo looks at him.

SULLY (CONT'D)
And both times, to my surprise, you've declined the offer.
(a beat)
Why is that?

MO
My Da.

SULLY
Yer Da. Yeah. Tell me about that.

Anto shoots Mo a glance. He doesn't like the way the conversation is going.

MO
Well my Da's philosophy would be, the bigger you get, the bigger your problems get.

SULLY
Mo money, Mo problems wha'?

He bursts out laughing. Nobody else does.

MO
Yeah, like the cops, Ra, UDA. You're on everyone's target list. Keep the operation smaller, in your own area, don't ruffle any feathers. You can go on forever. He's even got a magic figure for it.

SULLY
Yeah, what's that?

MO
Half a million profit in his pocket
a year. That's the upper limit.

Sully nods. Anto doesn't like Mo sharing this level of detail.

SULLY
He's a wise man, your Da.

Mo nods.

SULLY (CONT'D)
But there's another way of looking
at it. Kind of a business maxim, if
I could call it that. I saw it on
LinkedIn.
(Sully leans forward)
If you're not growin'...

A beat. Sully looks Mo in the eyes. A steely, cold, glare.

SULLY (CONT'D)
You're dyin'.

Sully slowly smiles. Mo does not.

4/17

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

4/17

CAL and his friend RYAN (EPISODE THREE) are walking down a busy street in Belfast's Cathedral Quarter. Lots of people and buzz. Cal notices a PSNI foot patrol approaching. He checks quickly to see if it's his mother. It isn't, but it still makes him uncomfortable.

CAL
Come on, let's head down here?

RYAN
Why? I thought we were going to...

CAL
Come on.

He turns down a side street, but one of the POLICE OFFICERS, JOHN FOWLER, notices Cal's change of direction, and nods at his COLLEAGUE, ANDREA BROWN. They set off after Cal and his friends.

4/18

INT. PUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

4/18

A small, dark, neighbourhood pub. It's half-empty. Annie and Jen walk in and are surprised to find it completely quiet.

JEN
(happily)
Fight must be over. We should
probably just head back to...

Annie looks over at the bar. She walks over to a BARMAN who's waving at them from behind the bar. Jen clenches her jaw. As they near the bar they crunch across shards of broken glass on the floor.

BARMAN
I asked him to leave, more than
once. He won't...

Annie and Jen approach a BUSINESS MAN, MICHAEL who's wearing a grey suit with his shirt unbuttoned. His red tie is hanging loosely from his jacket pocket. He's sitting on a stool at the bar, his hand tightly wrapped around a pint.

JEN
Sir...

Michael looks slowly up at Jen. He has a shiner on his left eye which is starting to turn black.

MICHAEL
(blearily)
Alright, gorgeous.

Jen and Annie exchange a glance.

JEN
Sir, I believe you were asked to
leave?

MICHAEL
I already told him. I bought this
pint. I'm going to finish it.

He returns to his pint and takes a sip. Annie looks at the Barman inquisitively.

BARMAN
A wee girl from the top of the road
said he groped her. Kicked off for
a bit and then she ran out.

MICHAEL
(drunkenly)
Bullshit. I didn't grope anybody.

Suddenly the main door to the pub swings open. CHLOE walks in first, followed by three heavy-set, tough-looking men.

CHLOE
That's him there, Daddy!

MAN

You're fuckin' dead, ye bastard!

Michael leaps off his barstool, ready for round two. Before Jen and Annie know what's happening, the fight has started. It's instantly brutal. Annie gets stuck in, trying to break it up. Jen hangs back, frozen to the spot.

4/19

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

4/19

Fowler and Brown approach Cal and Ryan.

FOWLER

Lads...

(louder)

Lads!

Cal and Ryan turn around. Fowler is looking straight at Cal.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

Can I see some ID, please?

Cal looks at Ryan.

CAL

Me?

FOWLER

Yes, you.

A beat. Cal takes out his provisional driving licence and hands it over. Fowler takes it and walks a few feet away, speaking discreetly into his radio.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

Uniform, Uniform, PAPA check on Cal
Ellis, DOB ten eleven oh five...

He shakes his head slightly at Fowler, who is undeterred.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

Okay, Mr Ellis, under Schedule
Three of the Justice and Security
Northern Ireland Act, 2007, you
have been selected for a stop and
search. You are hereby detained for
the purposes of said search.

CAL

(astonished)

Sorry are you...are you joking? I
haven't done anything!

FOWLER

Turn out your pockets.

CAL

I haven't done anything!

RYAN

What about me? Why are you picking on him and not me?

FOWLER

Because he's the one who spotted us and got you both to walk away.

A beat.

CAL

No. He's right. This is because of the colour of my skin.

FOWLER

Wise up, lad. Just turn out your pockets, or we'll do it for you.

RYAN

Don't do it, Cal. This is racist bullshit.

CAL

(defiantly)

Yeah, it is. This is a racist stop and search.

FOWLER

I'm going to give you three more seconds and then I'm doing it for you. Three...

CAL

This is bollocks! You have no reason to stop me...

FOWLER

Two...

CAL

Come on...seriously!

FOWLER

One...

CAL

You can't just...

Fowler pounces on Cal, wrestling him to the ground. But Cal proves surprisingly strong. Fowler manages to get him in a semblance of a choke hold, but Cal instinctively whips his fist up and catches Fowler full in the face. Ryan turns and runs as Brown dives into the fight, and Cal is quickly subdued. Fowler straddles him, and slaps him across the face.

FOWLER

Hit me, would you, you little
prick!

A small crowd is gathering, and phones are emerging.

BROWN

John...
(hissing)
John.

Fowler gets himself under control.

FOWLER

You're under arrest for assaulting
a police officer. You do not have
to say anything, but I must caution
you that if you do not mention when
questioned something which you
later rely on in court, it may harm
your defence. If you do say
anything it may be given in
evidence.

Cal can't believe what is happening to him. He is weeping in
shock and total humiliation.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

Do you understand the caution?

4/20

INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT'S OFFICE - NIGHT
(FLASHBACK)

4/20

Helen is glued to her screen.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)

Okay, that's another noise
complaint at Waterloo. It seems to
be going off over there.

Helen is looking for salvation on her screen. Any available
callsign. There are none.

HELEN

Okay, come on, come on. Seven
Zero...no. Seven Eight...no.
(suddenly, into the radio)
Seven Six? Gerry and Tommy?

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)

Bringing in a GBH suspect.

HELEN

Shit...
(frantically scanning the
screen)
(MORE)

HELEN (CONT'D)

Seven Two? Barney, I'm reading
Seven Two here at base?

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)

Processing a drunk driver. They
have to stay with him until he's
charged. Apparently it's chaos down
there.

Helen scratches her nose, nervously and furiously.

HELEN

But still nothing from the address
itself?

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)

Nothing yet.

HELEN

Okay, hold off on it.
(muttering, her eyes
searching the screen)
Shit.

Helen's radio on her desk CRACKLES. We hear SHOUTING and
SCREAMING and then --

VOICE ON RADIO (ANNIE)

(shouting)

Uniform, Uniform. Bravo Lima Seven
Four requesting immediate back-up,
over.

Helen speaks into her radio.

HELEN

Seven Four, what's your situation?
(a beat)
Seven Four?
(a beat, louder now)
Annie!

4/21

INT. PUB - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

4/21

Annie is in front of Jen and Michael, swinging wildly at the
three men with her baton. Jen looks up and spots an open door
at the end of a corridor.

JEN

Over there!

Annie and Jen look at one another. Jen runs for the door,
looking out for only herself. Annie grabs Michael, and pulls
him towards the door. She bundles Michael through the door,
and Jen manages to close it behind them. She locks the door.

Annie rolls a beer keg in front of the locked door. They look around. They are in a small, windowless store room. Michael slumps against the wall.

ANNIE
(into her radio)
Uniform, Uniform, this is Bravo
Lima Seven Four, we really need
some help down here, over.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)
All callsigns committed, Seven
Four. Doing what we can, over.

Loud banging on the door. Annie rounds on Jen.

ANNIE
You didn't do a fucking thing out
there!

JEN
I found this room, didn't I?

ANNIE
I should slap you myself!

MICHAEL
Girls, girls, settle down.

ANNIE
(to Michael)
Shut up!

JEN
(to Michael)
Shut up!

4/22

INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

4/22

Geraldine looks down at her notebook.

GERALDINE
How do you decide? Which calls get
answered immediately? And which get
dropped?

HELEN
Not dropped. We try to get to them
all.

A beat. Geraldine nods.

HELEN (CONT'D)
There are all sorts of criteria.

GERALDINE
Such as?

HELEN
Are we really doing this?

GERALDINE
(smiling)
Doing what?

HELEN
The call handling guidelines are part of the SOPs. You can literally google them. Are we really going to put me back over my sergeant's exams on a Saturday morning with my section waiting outside wondering when they can go home?

Geraldine smiles.

GERALDINE
I won't keep you too much longer.

Helen rubs her eyes, defeated.

HELEN
Highest priority calls are article two. Right to life.

Geraldine nods. Her smile is now undeniably supercilious.

GERALDINE
And yet...it might be argued. In court, say, if it came to it. That because of your decision-making...
(a beat)
Somebody did in fact die.

She meets Helen's gaze. The pretence is gone. The gloves are off.

4/23

INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT'S OFFICE - NIGHT
(FLASHBACK)

4/23

Helen is both on the radio and the speakerphone.

HELEN
(into her radio)
Annie, we will get someone to you ASAP, okay? Just wait one...
(into the phone anxiously)
Barney...

VOICE ON PHONE (BARNEY)
Helen...it's going to be a while.

HELEN
(standing up)
Fuck!

VOICE ON PHONE (BARNEY)
Okay, we have a call from what
sounds like the wife at Waterloo
now.

HELEN
And?

VOICE ON PHONE (BARNEY)
She says he's attacked her. It's
ongoing.

HELEN
(muttering)
Shit.
(to Barney)
Is she safe? Can he get to her?

VOICE ON PHONE (BARNEY)
Not clear. There's a lot of
shouting in the background.

HELEN
Keep her on the line. Keep talking
to her.

Helen picks up her desk phone. She's punching in numbers.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Sandra, I need Seven Two out of
there *immediately*.

SANDRA (O.S.)
Helen, I can't let them go. The
arresting officer or their sergeant
has to be present for processing.
And right now there is no
processing.

HELEN
(muttering)
Their sergeant....
(into the radio)
Barney, call my mobile. Feed
everything through that.

Helen puts in her mobile headphones as she stands up and runs
out the door.

4/24

INT. POLICE STATION, CUSTODY SUITE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

4/24

Helen runs into the custody suite, to Grace and Stevie.

HELEN
I'll book him in. Get back on the
ground...get out there.

Stevie's radio crackles frantically, a blur of exchanges. Shouting. He looks down at it.

STEVIE
What's the priority? The
domestic...or Annie and Jen?

Helen just looks at him. An impossible choice.

4/25

INT/EXT. PUB STOREROOM / PUB / POLICE CAR - NIGHT
(FLASHBACK)

4/25

Annie wipes sweat from her brow. She stares anxiously at the hinges of the door which are starting to give way because of the amount of KICKS the door is getting from outside.

JEN
That door's about to come off its
hinges!

A beat.

JEN (CONT'D)
Let's just go.

ANNIE
What?

JEN
You heard what they said. He
touched up a young girl. He's a
creep. We have no back up. We can't
deal with this properly. Let's just
get out of here.

ANNIE
Are you out of your fucking mind?
They'll kill him!

JEN
Maybe they'll kill us!

A beat. The door is rattling on its hinges.

JEN (CONT'D)
(angrily, to Michael)
This is all your fault! Do you
usually go around groping young
girls?

Michael sighs.

MICHAEL
(mumbling)
What's the world coming to...

ANNIE

What?

MICHAEL

I said, what's the world coming to
if you can't feel an arse now and
again!

Annie walks up to Michael.

ANNIE

I'm arresting you for sexual
assault. You do not have to say
anything but I must caution you
that if you do not mention when
questioned something which you
later rely on in court, it may harm
your defence. If you do say
anything, it may be given in
evidence.

MICHAEL

What?!

A beat. Annie puts her cuffs on Michael. She turns to Jen.

ANNIE

I'm going out to talk to them.

JEN

Talk to them?

ANNIE

Nobody's coming for us, Jen.

(a beat)

You know it. I know it.

(a beat)

We can't leave him here, no matter
how much of a prick he is. I'll
talk to them.

JEN

No, you can't....

ANNIE

I'll talk to them!

A beat. Jen nods. Annie approaches the door. She pulls back
the keg, opens the lock, and quickly pushes open the door.
She slips through it, much to the surprise of the three
attackers.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Stop it! Enough. Enough. Stop this,
all of you!

The three men stop in their tracks.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
We've arrested this man.

A beat of steely resilience from Annie. She looks each one of them in the eye in turn. The three men seem to acquiesce.

MAN ONE
For what?

ANNIE
Sexual assault.

A beat.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
So you're going to move out of my way now so we can take him down to the station to be officially charged.
(to Chloe)
Can you meet us at the station to give a statement? I will speak to you as soon as I can. Okay?

Chloe nods. A beat.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Okay then.

She knocks the door. It opens. Jen leads Michael out. The three men stand back, looking bitterly at Michael. Annie and Jen lead him out.

MICHAEL
I'm sorry. I don't know why I did that, lads.

Chloe is at the bar, watching on.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Because you're brute fuckin' ugly, love!

The fight starts again instantly.

ANNIE
Go, go, go!

Annie leads the charge, swinging her baton wildly, but now Jen is in the fight too. She's also swinging her baton, and landing some blows, as Annie drags the other two across the room. One of the men swings wildly for Michael, but lands a punch on Jen instead. Jen goes down, but on her way up, with an aggressive roar, she shoves her baton between the man's legs, and he crumples.

Annie steps up, takes out her pepper spray, and sprays the three men. They go down, clawing at their eyes. Jen and Annie, dragging Michael, make it outside the pub. Annie opens the rear door of the car. The three men emerge from the pub, moving towards them, wiping their eyes. Michael is laughing. He pulls away from Annie, trying to annoy them even more.

MICHAEL
(laughing)
Dickheads!

Annie grabs Michael's head and slams his face down towards the car, smashing his nose into the side of the roof. He's stunned, and she uses his shock to push him easily into the back seat.

Jen is startled at what Annie has just done. They are frozen for just an instant until Annie regains control.

ANNIE
Move!

Jen runs for the driver's seat as Annie jumps into the back with Michael who is holding his bloodied nose.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Drive!

Jen starts the car. They move off

4/26 **OMITTED**

4/26

4/27 **EXT/INT. 2 WATERLOO PLACE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

4/27

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP on the front door of a 1950s semi-detached house. It has a brass '2' displayed on the door.

A beat. No answer. Grace rings the doorbell. Stevie appears beside Grace in the porch --

STEVIE
Lights are on, but I can't see much
through the curtains.

Grace moves to knock again. But the front door opens. Standing there is a petite woman with short white hair, VALERIE (mid 70s.) Blood is splattered across her face and beige cashmere jumper.

GRACE
(concerned)
I'm Constable Ellis. This is
Constable Neil. Are you Valerie?

Valerie looks at Grace. Her eyes, lost, like a little child.

VALERIE

Yes.

Grace and Stevie look at the bloodstains.

STEVIE

Is there anyone else in the house?

A beat. Valerie looks from Grace to Stevie --

VALERIE

He's in the living room.

Valerie holds the door open. Stevie moves quickly into the hall, followed by Grace. Stevie goes into the living room. He immediately sees Valerie's husband, ROGER, mid 70s, lying in a pool of his own blood. A kitchen knife is sticking out of his neck. Grace and Stevie look at one another. Then Grace looks at Valerie, who stares quite serenely back.

4/28

INT. THE PALACE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

4/28

Mo is standing now, looking out the window. Anto seems agitated. Sully remains exactly where he was. Gordy looks around him, anxiously.

ANTO

You must be fuckin' jokin'!

SULLY

(calmly)

I wasn't askin' you, I was askin' him.

ANTO

His Da is my boss too.

SULLY

Yeah and how's that workin' out for yeh? What's he pay yeh, five hundred a week?

Anto clenches his jaw.

SULLY (CONT'D)

Less. My God, you nordies are tight arses.

Anto moves forward.

ANTO

You fuckin'...

Sully stands up. He is smaller and slighter than Anto, but somehow utterly unafraid.

MO

Anto!

(to Sully)

What makes you think we even have
what you're looking for?

Sully never takes his eyes off Anto. Then he smiles widely,
warmly, at Anto and the others. He sits back down.

SULLY

(nonchalantly)

You know. Below in Dublin, they
still describe you fellas as
Dissident Republicans. Now I know
better of course. But I also know
this. Ye started out over there,
with the green flag around yez. And
anybody with that background knows
where the guns are buried.

*

A beat.

SULLY (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Am I right?

Sully leans forward.

SULLY (CONT'D)

Listen to me now. You too, Anto.
Genuinely. What I'm proposing here
is only a side deal. That's all. We
do this, under the radar, ye three
and us, and ye get a big payday.

A beat. Sully can see that they are listening.

SULLY (CONT'D)

Yer Da doesn't have to know. And
afterwards, we just go back to the
normal arrangement. But I'll tell
you this. My bosses will see this
as a gesture of goodwill. Serious
goodwill.

(to Mo)

So when the time comes and you're
ready to step up, whenever that may
be. They'll be waiting to help you
in any way you need it.

Mo swallows.

MO

What do you mean when you say a big
payday?

Gordy and Anto look at him.

4/29

INT. 2 WATERLOO PLACE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER
(FLASHBACK)

4/29

PARAMEDICS have arrived at the scene, although there isn't much they can do. Stevie is directing them. Valerie is in the kitchen. Grace is putting a white forensic suit over Valerie's clothes. Valerie is totally calm.

GRACE

(gently)

Valerie, can you just put your foot
in there....

Valerie does.

VALERIE

He was in a bad mood today. He gets
like that, you know. It starts with
him being grumpy, but then it gets
worse and worse. Shouting. Then
pushing. Then punching and kicking.

GRACE

Valerie, you don't need to tell me
this. You can tell the detective at
the station....

Grace nods her head.

VALERIE

I did ring you. I did.

A beat.

GRACE

I know. I know you did.

VALERIE

When I called, the girl on the
phone was nice. But nobody came.

Grace rubs her eyes in shame and defeat.

GRACE

No. I know. I know that.

Valerie nods.

VALERIE

He started slapping me. Around the
side of the head, you know. It was
very sore.

Grace is getting emotional.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

And tonight. I don't know. After
forty years of it, love.

(MORE)

VALERIE (CONT'D)

I couldn't...I just couldn't take it anymore. I got the knife and...well, you know what happened.

Grace nods and sighs.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

He's definitely dead?

Grace nods.

GRACE

Yes.

Valerie nods. Grace nods.

VALERIE

After all this time. He's gone. Just...gone.

Grace zips up the white suit. She and Valerie look at one another.

4/30

INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

4/30

Geraldine is reading through some official-looking documents. Helen is eyeing the pages suspiciously. Geraldine looks up at her.

GERALDINE

So we have...let's see. Three emergency calls from neighbours. One from the address itself, which continued, without any of your officers turning up, for twenty seven minutes, until that call was terminated by the caller themselves, who then, it appears from preliminary enquiries, armed herself with a kitchen knife and killed her husband. What did you do when you heard about what had happened?

Helen is silent. She swallows.

HELEN

I think I'd like a Fed Rep at this point.

GERALDINE

Well, if you're willing to wait for the inevitable four to six hours for one to turn up, and to have your section wait too, then we can do that.

(MORE)

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

But Sergeant McNally, I only really have a few more basic factual questions, and then we're done.

Geraldine smiles warmly again.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

Your call. We can make a day of it. Or you can just tell me what you did when you heard about what had happened?

Out on Helen.

4/31

INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT'S OFFICE / JONTY'S HOUSE - 4/31
NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Helen puts the phone down. She is stunned and appalled. She tries to stay in control. She stands up and starts pacing. Then she stops. She takes out her mobile and calls JONTY. He is at home, on the sofa, his wife, ABIGAIL, beside him. He gets up and walks into the kitchen.

JONTY

Helen. I'm off rota. Whatever this is should go up the line.

HELEN

It can't go up the line.

He's listening now.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I dropped three potential article two calls around a domestic incident. Now...now someone's been killed at the address.

JONTY

(hissing)
You *what*?

HELEN

We were overwhelmed. It was a blocked drain, there were no....

JONTY

Oh for fuck's sake, Helen!

HELEN

What do I do? Can you come in...

JONTY

You need to tell the Ombudsman's office. Immediately. There'll be an investigation. I'll...I'll pick it up in the morning. Anything else?

Helen nods.

HELEN

It's chaos out there. Jen Robinson's taken a blow to the face in a bar fight, so I might have to take her off the ground...

JONTY

(suddenly concerned)
What? Is she alright?

HELEN

Yeah, it was just a punch to the face, but we'll need to get her checked out...

JONTY

I'm coming in...

HELEN

(surprised)
What?

JONTY

I'm on my way.

He hangs up. Helen is surprised, and the first inkling of suspicion is dawning on her. The phone rings. It's Sandra in the custody suite.

SANDRA

Helen, can you come down here?

HELEN

What is it?

SANDRA

This guy Annie and Jen arrested. He wants to make a formal complaint to the police ombudsman.

HELEN

What? Why?

SANDRA

He says Annie broke his nose in the back of the car.

HELEN

Oh for *fuck's* sake.

Jen is in the medical room, holding an icepack to her cheek. A knock at the door. She turns.

JONTY (O.S)
Are you decent?

JEN
(astonished)
David I...
(hastily)
Come in!

Jonty walks in. He closes the door behind him. He walks up to her. He touches his hand lightly against her face.

JONTY
My God. Are you okay?

JEN
I'm...I'm fine. Did you...come in
because of...?

JONTY
Of course I did. As soon as I
heard.
(a beat)
Although I have to admit. It was
also an excuse to see you.

A beat. She lunges at him, and they collapse into a passionate kiss. They lurch towards the door. She reaches out and locks it, then claws at his belt. They have sex.

4/33

INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

4/33

Helen is talking to Annie in hushed tones.

ANNIE
Am I going to be thrown out?

A beat. Helen sighs.

HELEN
This is my fault.

ANNIE
Your fault?

HELEN
You should never have been put in
that situation. As a probationer I
should never have had you with
someone like Jen. Christ, you're
already a better response cop than
she is.

Annie raises an eyebrow.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Okay. I have a plan. But we're going to need Jen on board with this. God knows how we're going to do that. Where is she?

4/34 **INT. POLICE STATION, MEDICAL ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)** 4/34

Jen and Jonty are having sex up against the door of the room.

4/35 **INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)** 4/35

Grace is in the back seat of the police car, beside Valerie in the white forensic suit, who is handcuffed. Stevie is driving. Grace leans forward.

GRACE

Is it really necessary? The handcuffs?

STEVIE

Those are the rules.

Grace sits back and shakes her head in frustration. Her mobile rings. It's an unknown number. She looks around self-consciously.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Take it.

Grace answers.

GRACE

Cal, why aren't you calling from your own phone...

(a beat)

What?

(louder)

Oh My God, what?

Stevie instantly pulls the car over, and turns around in his seat, looking at Grace.

STEVIE

What?

Out on Valerie looking at Grace.

4/36 **INT. POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)** 4/36

Helen walks up the corridor. As she does so, she thinks she hears a noise from the medical room. She stops and listens. Was that a grunt? A groan? She takes a step forward, and the noises get louder. She realises something.

These sounds are unmistakable. She retreats quickly back up the corridor, and rounds the corner. She breathes, and stops, and waits.

4/37

INT/EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

4/37

Valerie, in the back seat, is looking out at Stevie and Grace talking on the street.

GRACE
(panicking)
I have to go. I have to go to him...

STEVIE
Grace we have a fucking *murder suspect* in the back of the car. We have to bring her in.

GRACE
If we bring her in now, I'll be stuck there for hours. I can't do that. Not now. You bring her in.

STEVIE
What, you want me to just leave you here in full uniform and what, ring a taxi?

GRACE
(angrily)
Maybe! Yes!

Stevie shakes his head. This is impossible.

STEVIE
What's he been arrested for?

GRACE
Resisting arrest and assaulting a police officer.

STEVIE
Wow. Right. Okay.

GRACE
This isn't him, Stevie! This isn't Cal! I have to go to him! Now.

Stevie looks at the police car, and then at Grace. He sighs.

STEVIE
Bollocks. Okay.

He walks towards the car.

GRACE
(confused)
What?

STEVIE
Come on!

She runs towards the car.

4/38

INT. THE PALACE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

4/38

Serious negotiations have been ongoing. Everyone has moved position. Empty sweet wrappers and crisp bags are strewn all over the table. Mo and Anto are now leaning over Sully's shoulder as he writes on a page. The page is covered in calculations. In one column on the list, it says "12 pieces". On the right, a series of scrawls and figures.

SULLY
Okay, right, so. We must be there now, are we? All we want are the twelve pieces, in good condition. Can you vouch for that?

Mo looks to Anto, and so does Sully.

ANTO
They've been looked after, don't you worry about that.

SULLY
Ammo?

Anto nods.

ANTO
We could do maybe five hundred rounds with each one.

SULLY
Now these have to be clean pieces, Anto. We can't have any history attached to these things.

ANTO
I told you already, they're unused.

Sully nods and writes 500 on the left of the page.

SULLY
And in return, jeez, yez are drivin' a hard bargain lads. A hard aul bargain. £100K in sterling, untraceable obviously.
(MORE)

*

SULLY (CONT'D)

And on top of the next usual delivery of gear, we hive off another £50k worth of gear for you to distribute as ye like. Not a bad payday, as I say.

ANTO

Fuck's sake. I can't believe I'm doing this.

SULLY

Ah, but ye can, Anto. Ye can.

Out on Gordy.

4/38A **INT. POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

4/38A

Helen is waiting in the corridor. She hears hushed voices. She collects herself, and rounds the corner. Jonty and Jen almost jump out of their skins, but Jonty affects an air of insouciance and confidence that he does not have.

JONTY

Sergeant. I bumped in to Constable Robinson on my way in. She took quite a blow to the face. I'd recommend keeping her in station the rest of the shift.

Helen nods.

HELEN

Of course.

A beat.

HELEN (CONT'D)

(to Jonty)

Could I have a quick word. In your office?

JONTY

(smiling, assured)

Sure.

The three of them walk up the corridor.

4/39 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

4/39

Gerry and Tommy pull up on a residential street. Tommy is driving. They get out of their squad car. Gerry taps his bodycam twice. The red light turns on. He looks up at the full moon and then up and down this quiet street. They walk over to the front door of a terraced two-up two-down house. Gerry hears dramatic MUSIC and gun-shots blaring from a TV inside.

Gerry then moves across and peers through the living room window. The glow of the TV illuminates the outline of someone, sitting in an armchair. No movement. Gerry reaches for his radio --

GERRY
Uniform, Uniform, BL Seven Six
we've arrived at this noise
complaint.

Gerry checks the window, which is firmly locked.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)
Bravo Lima Seven Six, go ahead,
over.

GERRY
(into the radio)
Barney, looks like the racket is
coming from a TV. I'm seeing
someone in the armchair..

Gerry knocks the window loudly. The figure does not move. Gerry shakes his head but then his face lights up and he punches Tommy's arm.

GERRY (CONT'D)
(to Tommy)
If this is what I think it is, then
me and you are going to get a wee
lunchbreak after all.

Tommy is, as usual, utterly baffled by his partner.

4/40

INT. TERRACED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)

4/40

We HOLD on the hall door. The glow of the TV from the living room illuminates the narrow hallway. The volume of the TV is all consuming.

BANG! The front door flies open.

Gerry and Tommy stand in the doorway. They then walk into the living room and see an OLD LADY (95yrs) who's lifeless in her armchair.

GERRY
(shouting above the TV
set)
Check upstairs, will you?

Tommy leaves and goes upstairs. Gerry scans the living room and then walks into the small kitchen. The backdoor and kitchen window are both secure. He walks back into the living room and stands in front of the TV which is blaring. Tommy reappears.

TOMMY
(shouting)
All fine upstairs.

GERRY
(shouting)
Have a check in the backyard, will
you?

Tommy leaves again, through the kitchen. Gerry starts to look around. He finally sees what he's looking for in the old lady's hand. He tries to take hold of the remote control but rigor mortis has set in. He looks up to the heavens.

GERRY (CONT'D)
Sorry.

Gerry peels the old lady's fingers one by one from the remote control points it at the telly. He lowers the volume.

GERRY (CONT'D)
There now.

Gerry talks into his radio.

GERRY (CONT'D)
Barney, yeah. Sudden death alright.
Going to need a sergeant down here
to declare there are no suspicious
circumstances, over.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)
You'll be waiting, Gerry. Sarge is
run off her feet. Over.

Gerry smiles at Tommy.

GERRY
What's my motto?

TOMMY
Sharp eyes save lives.

GERRY
No, the other one.

TOMMY
Take a beat.

GERRY
No, the other one.

TOMMY
If you catch a break, take it.

Gerry sits himself down on the sofa with the remote control.

GERRY
Exactly lad, exactly.

He happily starts switching through the channels. Tommy looks from Gerry to the dead old lady.

4/41

INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE / JONTY'S OFFICE -
NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

4/41

Jonty walks in and sits at his desk. He is smiling, almost cheerful. Helen follows him. She closes the door. Outside in the office, Jen takes a seat, still holding the icepack up to her head. She is watching the closed door.

JONTY
What can I do for you?

HELEN
How long has it been going on? With
Jen Robinson?

JONTY
What on earth are you...

HELEN
Don't bullshit me. I *know*.

A beat.

HELEN (CONT'D)
What were you *thinking*? I
mean...when...how?
(a beat)
No, actually, I don't want to know.

Jonty looks up. He decides to try to brazen this one out. He looks her in the eye.

JONTY
We...love each other.

Helen bursts out laughing.

HELEN
Oh *for fuck's sake*!

JONTY
(defiantly)
I'm going to tell Abigail. It's
time she knew.

Helen leans forward and hisses at him.

HELEN
No, you are *not* going to tell
Abigail. Not in a million fucking
years.

JONTY
(confused)
What?

Helen collects herself, smiling at the craziness of the situation.

HELEN
Okay, listen to me. I'm going to tell you what's going on here, and you're going to listen to me, because it's the truth. Okay?
(shaking her head)
God, I can't believe I have to say this.

He's silent. She takes a breath.

HELEN (CONT'D)
That girl out there is two things, and together, those two things in this particular job are very, very dangerous. First, she's selfish. She doesn't care about the team. She doesn't care about doing a good job. Most of all, she doesn't care about you. She only cares about herself. Nothing else. Second, she's scared. She's fucking petrified, Jonty. She's not meant to be a cop. You know it. I know it. She doesn't have what it takes. She's in this job because that's what her mother does, and she made a huge mistake in following in her footsteps, and deep down she knows it, but she can't admit it to anyone, not even herself.

Jonty is silent.

HELEN (CONT'D)
And then you come along, middle aged, losing your hair, still thinking you're the man, wanting to believe you've still got it, and bingo, some of her immediate problems are solved. Because if she gets you on the hook she knows that you'll protect her. You'll let her have file days when she wants them, you'll stand her down from patrol anytime she asks...you'll make her life as easy as it can possibly be. And you did.
(laughs cynically)
Jesus, why didn't I see it? How could I have missed it?
(MORE)

HELEN (CONT'D)

(a beat)

But no, God, even I couldn't have imagined that....

(she looks at him again,
fiercely, angrily)

She's using you Jonty. And it's fucking pathetic.

He swallows.

HELEN (CONT'D)

What if her mother finds out?

Jonty pales.

JONTY

You wouldn't...

HELEN

No, of course I wouldn't! But what if *she* tells her? And what if she decides not to present it as two consenting adults? What if she makes it look like a senior officer taking advantage of a vulnerable young female, just two years in the job? What then?

Jonty swallows, speechless.

HELEN (CONT'D)

That's the power she has over you now. Can't you see that? How could you not have seen that from the beginning? You fucking idiot. You total, complete, absolute fucking idiot.

He puts his head in his hands. Helen leans forwards.

HELEN (CONT'D)

End it. Any way you can. Blame me. Say if you don't end it, I'll make a complaint. And from this moment on, she takes all of her orders only from me.

Jonty nods. Helen shakes her head. Outside, Jen watches as Jonty leaves the office. He doesn't look at her. It's enough. She knows that Helen knows.

Geraldine looks down at her notes. Helen is tired and exasperated.

GERALDINE

Also, I just have a few timeline queries about the shift.

HELEN

Timeline queries?

Geraldine smiles.

GERALDINE

Yes. A few things just don't seem to add up.

Helen swallows.

4/43

INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT'S OFFICE/ INT. TERRACED HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

4/43

Helen walks into her office. She dials a number on her phone. The ringing wakens Gerry from a doze on the sofa. Tommy, in an armchair, is looking from his own phone to the corpse opposite him.

HELEN

Gerry. I'm not going to make it over there. It's chaos here.

GERRY

Uh huh. Right.

HELEN

But I need you back on the ground ASAP.

GERRY

Yeah. Right. That's a tricky one.

HELEN

Yes. It is.

GERRY

Alright. Say no more.

HELEN

Thank you. In terms of your probationer...

Gerry steals a glance at Tommy.

GERRY

Leave it with me.

Gerry stands up, and beckons Tommy to do the same. Gerry takes out his notebook.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Notebook.

Tommy takes out his notebook.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Take this down. At twenty three thirty eight, Sergeant McNally attended the scene. On examination of the premises she declared that there were no suspicious circumstances surrounding the death.

TOMMY

But...she...

GERRY

If it's in the notebook, that's how it happened. Okay?

Tommy nods his head.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Now. We just wait for the stiffmobile to arrive and off we go.

4/44

INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT DAY) 44

Geraldine is perusing her notes again.

GERALDINE

So the call volume traffic was still incredibly high, as the call logs attest, and yet you found the time to attend the scene of a sudden death at...eleven thirty eight...and declare no suspicious circumstances?

A beat.

HELEN

I understood you only wanted to speak about the Waterloo Place incident.

GERALDINE

(smiling)

It's all part of the overall timeline. Just need to get a full picture. So. You attended the scene?

A beat.

HELEN

Like I said.

GERALDINE
With Constable Cliff and Constable
Foster, is that right?

HELEN
That's right.

GERALDINE
I'll just have to double check the
timings with them, of course. Make
sure their notebooks are in order.

Helen stares at her.

4/45 **INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)** 45

Gerry is now sitting where Helen was. Geraldine is still smiling superficially, but Gerry has her number. He's looking at her notebook, and at his own.

GERRY
Twenty three thirty eight, yeah.
That's what it says.

GERALDINE
Did she stay for long?

GERRY
Ten minutes...not long.

CUT TO:

4/46 **INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)** 4/46

Tommy is now in the seat, and Geraldine is smiling at him.

TOMMY
(totally unconvincing)
Like maybe...half an hour? Or
something?

Geraldine smiles, and writes in her notebook.

4/47 **OMITTED** 4/47

4/48 **INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)** 4/48

Stevie sits awkwardly and impatiently in the car, with Valerie in the back. Total silence.

VALERIE
Is this the police station?

STEVIE

It's a police station. Just not the right police station.

VALERIE

Then what are we doing here?

STEVIE

It's a long story.

VALERIE

Is she okay? Grace, is it?

Silence.

STEVIE

I don't know.

A beat.

VALERIE

What's your name?

STEVIE

Stevie.

A beat.

VALERIE

That's a nice name.

STEVIE

Thanks.

A beat.

VALERIE

It's funny, Stevie, the places you can find yourself in life. I never once thought I'd end up here.

STEVIE

(ironically)

Yeah. It's full of twists and turns.

VALERIE

(pleased)

Exactly! That's it exactly.

A beat. Stevie sighs and shakes his head.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

My father never liked him. Roger, I mean. I think he had a sense of him from day one.

(MORE)

VALERIE (CONT'D)

He actually took me aside the day before my wedding and asked me if I was sure I wanted to go through with it. Even though he'd spent so much money on it, he said it didn't matter. He said it was only money.

(she chuckles)

I was young. Like you are now. I didn't listen. The young never do.

A beat. Stevie is listening now. She has his full attention.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

Can I give you some advice?

Stevie smiles cynically.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

Don't let what's for you go by you.

Stevie turns, suddenly intrigued.

STEVIE

What?

VALERIE

(slowly, enunciating every word)

Don't let. What is for you. Go by you.

She nods at the empty seat beside her where Grace has been sitting. Stevie meets Valerie's gaze.

4/49

INT. POLICE STATION, SIDE-OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

4/49

Jen is walking anxiously up and down the room, speaking forcefully into her mobile.

JEN

Mum, I don't care what time it is!
I don't give a *shit* what time it is!

(a beat)

No, Mum, you listen to me for once.
I need you to get me out of this section, and out of this district, because I can't *fucking* take it any more. Do you hear me? I can't...

Helen walks in. Jen hangs up, and Helen watches her do it.

JEN (CONT'D)

(to Helen)

Whatever you *think* you know...

HELEN

Shut up...okay? This is not about you. And it's not about him. This is about Annie Conlon.

A beat.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Now listen very carefully.

4/50

INT. DIFFERENT POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT
(FLASHBACK)

4/50

Grace is standing in front of Constable John Fowler.

GRACE

Look, please, this is not who Cal is. He has never been in trouble in his life. If you process this it will ruin him!

Fowler points to his swollen eye.

FOWLER

He punched me in the face.

GRACE

Please...

FOWLER

(hissing)

Do you know how many regulations you've broken just turning up here to talk to me about this? Your son punched me in the face, and he's going to be charged for it.

A beat.

STEVIE

Hiya John.

Both Fowler and Grace swing around, astonished, to see Stevie, and standing beside him, Valerie.

FOWLER

Stevie. Jesus. Long time no see.

STEVIE

It is, aye. You keeping well?

FOWLER

(a complete reversal)

Grand, grand.

STEVIE

Listen, mate. I appreciate this is
a bit...unusual.

A beat.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

But if you haven't pressed send on
that file yet, I would consider it
a personal favour if you let this
one slide.

Fowler sighs deeply.

VALERIE

Go on. Please.

Stevie, Grace and Fowler all turn to look at her.

CUT TO:

4/51 **INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

4/51

Stevie is driving, Cal is in the passenger seat, Valerie is
in the back seat, and Grace is beside her. They all drive
along in complete silence.

CUT TO:

4/52 **EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

4/52

The police car pulls up outside Grace's house. Cal quickly
gets out and walks towards the house. Grace jumps out and
goes after him.

GRACE

Cal!

He swings around.

CAL

You need to go. The neighbours will
see you in uniform. They'll find
out what you do.

GRACE

I don't care about that. I just
care about you!

CAL

Oh really?

GRACE

Yes, of course!

He shakes his head in derision.

CAL

You have no idea about my life.

GRACE

(confused)

What? What do you mean?

CAL

You have no idea what I go through,
day after day after day.

GRACE

(amazed)

Well...what? What do you...

CAL

(in a wheedling, annoying
voice)Where are you from? No, I mean
really where are you from? It's so
weird that you have a Belfast
accent! Can I touch your hair? Can
I look in your bag? Can I search
your *fucking* pockets?

GRACE

Why didn't you...I mean, why didn't
you tell me...

CAL

(interrupting)

You have no idea...no *fucking*
idea...*
*Silence. She could barely be any more hurt. He turns and goes
to the door.

GRACE

(emotional)

Cal, please!

CAL

Just go back to work and leave me
alone!

*

He goes to the front door, goes inside, and closes it behind
him. Grace turns.

She looks at Stevie, who is looking at her through the windscreen. He looks away, embarrassed. Grace walks towards the car.

4/53 **INT. POLICE STATION, CUSTODY SUITE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)** 4/53

Grace and Stevie are handing Valerie over to Sandra.

SANDRA
Where the hell were you two?

Grace looks away.

STEVIE
Don't ask.

He turns to Valerie.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
All the best, Valerie. I hope it
all goes alright for you.

VALERIE
Thanks Stevie. You too.

Valerie winks at Stevie. Sandra looks at Grace and Stevie.

SANDRA
(raising her hands)
I don't even want to know, guys.

Stevie nods. He and Grace walk away.

4/54 **INT. THE PALACE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)** 4/54

Mo, Gordy, Anto, and Sully walk past Kirsty's room. She looks through the spy hole, and then recoils back behind her door.

4/55 **INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)** 4/55

Gerry and Tommy are driving along. The radio buzzes.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)
Bravo Lima Seven Six from Uniform.
Got a call from the Palace,
anonymous caller, said there were a
group of men inside. Not exactly
sure what the offence is, but she
sounded worried, over.

Gerry looks at Tommy.

GERRY
When was the call?

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)
Three hours ago, mate. Just getting
to the backlog here.

We'll take a look.

swings the car around.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)
Stand down Gerry, stand down. Just
noticing it's double OB, out of
bounds.

Gerry pulls over.

GERRY
Roger that, Uniform, over.

Gerry pulls out and drives on, towards the Palace.

TOMMY
Didn't he say it was double O...

GERRY
He did, aye.

Gerry pulls the car around the corner, just in time to see a
Dublin car pull out and drive off in the other direction.
Gerry quickly takes out his notebook and jots down the number
plates.

TOMMY
Are we going to stop it?

Gerry shakes his head.

GERRY
Whatever they were doing, it's
done.
(he turns to Tommy)
Next time we'll catch them in the
act.

Gerry turns the car again, and they drive on, into the night.

NOTE: TIMELINES ARE NOW RECONCILED

Stevie is now in the chair opposite Geraldine.

GERALDINE

Look, Constable Neil, if this case goes to trial, your precise movements on the night in question, with the arrestee, will be under the microscope. So please try to explain to me why you went on a fifty three minute detour to the wrong police station.

Stevie considers this.

STEVIE

We thought they might have a spare cell. Ours were full.

GERALDINE

But you neither called ahead to check, nor informed your Sergeant about what you were doing?

STEVIE

Sometimes I act a little bit crazy on a full moon.

Stevie smiles.

CUT TO:

4/57

INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT'S OFFICE - DAY

4/57

Grace is facing Geraldine. She looks absolutely exhausted.

GERALDINE

Constable Ellis. I think we're all very keen, at this point, to get home to our families.

(a beat)

Do you have children?

A beat.

GRACE

One. A boy.

Geraldine nods.

GERALDINE

If you can tell me why you didn't take the arrestee straight back here, we can wrap this up.

GRACE

What age are your kids?

GERALDINE

Eleven and nine. Also boys.

Grace nods.

GRACE
Is there anything you wouldn't do
for them?

GERALDINE
(smiling but thrown
somewhat)
No. Of course not. Nothing.

Grace nods.

GRACE
Unless I'm compelled to stay, then
I'm going to go home now to see my
son.

GERALDINE
I would advise you to answer the
question.

GRACE
(defeated)
Yes. I'm sure you would.

Out on Geraldine, who looks strangely satisfied.

4/57A **INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT'S OFFICE - DAY**

4/57A

Geraldine is sitting in front of Jen, who looks distinctly
uncomfortable.

GERALDINE
How did the arrestee undergo his
injuries?

A beat.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)
He says he was assaulted by
Probationer Constable Conlon. Was
he?

A beat. Jen stands up.

JEN
We were all. In a big. Scary.
Fight.

She walks out the door. Geraldine watches her go.

CUT TO:

4/58 **INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - DAY**

4/58

Grace walks up to Helen, who is also beyond exhausted.

GRACE
Sarge, I need a few days off.

HELEN
What?

GRACE
I need some compassionate leave.

HELEN
Why?

GRACE
It's my son. There's...there's a problem with my son.

HELEN
Grace, we're already so stretched...

GRACE
I'm taking the time. If you have to discipline me, so be it.

Grace walks out. Helen watches her go. So does STEVIE, from his desk.

4/59 **INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - DAY**

4/59

Geraldine walks out of the Sergeant's office. She has her files and notebooks under her arm. NICOLA, Jonty, and Helen are waiting for her.

NICOLA
Geraldine.

GERALDINE
(astonished)
Chief Superintendent Robinson. What are you doing here...

NICOLA
A quick word?

CUT TO:

4/60 **INT. POLICE STATION, JONTY'S OFFICE - DAY**

4/60

Geraldine, Helen and Jonty sit. Nicola stands, her back to the wall.

NICOLA

How has your preliminary investigation gone? You've had all the assistance from our people you require?

Geraldine glances at Helen.

GERALDINE

(self-satisfied)

Oh I think I have more than enough to be getting on with.

NICOLA

Look, Geraldine. It seems we've run into a bit of a procedural hiccup.

GERALDINE

Oh?

NICOLA

Yes. You see Inspector Johnston here was supposed to inform either a Chief Superintendent or an ACC that an Ombudsman investigation was underway in one of our stations. That, I would describe as *his bad*.

(Jonty looks down)

But equally, you were supposed to make sure that you had definitive sign off at that rank before you proceeded.

GERALDINE

But I...it was...

NICOLA

Did you seek or pursue sign-off at either of those ranks?

A beat.

NICOLA (CONT'D)

Because unless you have a piece of paper to that effect, it seems you've been illegally recording my officers, and potentially interfering with the course of their business. And that I would describe as *your bad*.

GERALDINE

This is a cover up.

NICOLA

No. It's a protocol. And one with which you failed to comply.

GERALDINE

You want to know how my investigation is going? I'll tell you. I believe that every one of your officers I spoke to this morning, *every single one of them...from her...*

(she points at Helen)
...down, lied to me. Which is a criminal offence. And I can come back with whatever piece of paper you need and do this all again.

NICOLA

Yes, you can, and I can file a formal complaint against you for what appears to be an egregious abuse of process that materially obstructed my officers in the course of their duties.

(a beat)
Your call.

Geraldine clenches her jaw. Helen stares at her with distaste.

NICOLA (CONT'D)

Inspector Johnston, see to it that the audio files on her phone are deleted before she leaves the building. Unless she wants us to confiscate it.

(a beat)
Let's go home, shall we? It's late. Or early. Or both.

Nicola walks out. A beat. Geraldine takes out her phone, keys in the password, and puts it on the table. Helen looks at her.

HELEN

Can I just ask.
(a beat)
If you were in my position.
(a beat)
What would you have done?

Geraldine, finally, has nothing whatsoever to say.

4/61

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

4/61

JAMES MCINTYRE walks quickly across an empty car park to a large but rather battered campervan. He opens the door and goes in. The MI5 officer, JOSEPH, is waiting for him. He smiles.

JAMES
(pissed off)
What's so urgent? You know I hate
meeting like this.

JOSEPH
(reassuring)
We have eyes all around us. As
usual. It's safe.

JAMES
(irritated)
Well, what do you want? I've enough
on my plate without you breathing
down my neck.

JOSEPH
I understand that. But this is
important.

A beat. James shrugs as if to ask, well then? Joseph sighs,
empathetically and expertly.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
You have always been open and
honest with us. And your honesty
has saved many lives.

JAMES
Aye, well, I'm not holding out for
a knighthood.

JOSEPH
I think it's only right that in
return, I should be honest with
you.

Joseph has his attention.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
It's about Mo.

JAMES
(incredulous)
Mo?

A beat.

JOSEPH
He's doing a side-deal. With the
Ginley organisation.

James can't believe this.

JAMES
A...what?

JOSEPH

He has arranged for the transfer of a number of automatic rifles and ammunition to the Ginleys for a large sum of money, and an extra consignment of pure uncut cocaine.

A beat.

JAMES

No...that's not...he wouldn't...

He trails off. He looks at him. He knows that Joseph is telling the truth.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What guns...?

JOSEPH

The guns you decided not to hand over for decommissioning in '04. There are sixty seven in the dump. Mo, with the help of Anto, and Gordy, has removed twelve, plus ammunition.

James clenches his jaw. His hand is shaking.

JAMES

I'm going to fucking kill them. I'm going to...

JOSEPH

We need you to let it happen.

A beat.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

We need the deal to go ahead.

JAMES

What? But...I don't understand...

JOSEPH

Listen to me...James. Listen. Please. We're going to track the weapons. They're going to take us right to the heart of the Ginley operation in Northern England. Maybe even continental Europe. There's a bigger prize here. Bigger than you. Than me.

JAMES

A prize? Are you fucking...joking?

(a beat)

Why are you even telling me this?

JOSEPH

Because I know you. I know that you're smart. Intuitive. I think you may have found out anyway. And tried to stop it. I couldn't risk that.

JAMES

Of course I would have tried to fucking stop it! You're talking about a dozen AK-47s going back into circulation - and you're handing them to a bunch of fucking psychopaths! You think they won't use them?! People are going to fucking die!

JOSEPH

That's a risk we have to...

JAMES

Oh, fuck off! No! I've had it! I've had enough of this. No more. No! I'm done. There's no way...

JOSEPH

James!...

(quieter)

James. Listen to me. Okay? Please. Listen. We're near the end now, okay? All of this. It's almost over.

JAMES

You people have been telling me that since '98...

JOSEPH

James. Look at me. Look at me.

He does.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

We've been through a lot together, you and I. Too much. But after this deal, we're winding Operation Farset down. Your life is your own again. You've done your bit. You're free.

James swallows, wanting so much to believe him. Joseph leans forward and stares intently into his eyes. This is his trick.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Let the deal happen. And then you and I shake hands and say goodbye.

(MORE)

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Maybe someday, in a bar far away
from here, I'll get to buy you a
drink.

Joseph smiles. He knows that he has done his job.

4/62 **EXT. CAR PARK/INT. CAR - DAY**

4/62

James walks to his car. He gets in. He sits for a moment. Then he roars and begins banging the steering wheel with all of his might.

4/63 **EXT/INT. GRACE'S HOUSE - DAY**

4/63

Grace is with Annie. They are arriving home, in civilian clothes. Grace puts her key in the lock and they go inside. Cal is in the kitchen, drinking a coffee, sitting in silence. Grace and Annie walk wordlessly to the kitchen table and sit down. They all sit there in silence.

ANNIE

Full moon *fucking* fever.

They sit there, staring off in different directions.

ENDS