

TWO CITIES

TELEVISION

An  Studios Company

GALLAGHER ► FILMS

BLUE LIGHTS

SERIES TWO

Episode One: *'This Too Shall Pass'*

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1.1 **EXT. URBAN TERRACED STREET - DAY**

1.1

An armoured police land rover (TANGI) crawls slowly down a narrow terraced street. The street is strewn with debris, but is empty. The front grille on the land rover is up.

1.2 **INT. POLICE LAND ROVER - DAY**

1.2

STEVIE is driving, GRACE in the passenger seat. They are in full riot gear, their visors lifted to reveal their faces.

GRACE

Uniform from Sierra two alpha,
we're on Lindsay's Mill heading
back towards the main line, over.

In the rear of the vehicle, TOMMY and ANNIE sit opposite one another, their visors also up. They look at one another nervously.

Grace notices something up ahead.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Shit. Barricade.

1.3 **EXT. URBAN TERRACED STREET - CONTINUOUS**

1.3

The Tangi stops in front of a makeshift barricade. A beat.

GRACE

(into her radio)

Uniform from sierra two alpha,
Hampton Street is blocked, over.

Grace looks at Stevie. He looks back.

BARNEY (O.S.)

Sierra two alpha from uniform
received, standby, over.

GRACE

(to Stevie)

Standby? For what?

Stevie shakes his head nervously. He looks in the wing mirrors and sees a small crowd running out of rat run alleyways behind them, their faces covered.

STEVIE

(worried)

Shit!

Grace looks in her mirror and sees the same thing.

GRACE

Uniform from sierra two alpha, we
have people gathering behind us,
over...

She is interrupted by a brick hitting the top of the land rover. A loud metallic clang. Grace jumps. In the back, Annie and Tommy look at one another. Stevie shouts back at them.

STEVIE

Eyes on, right and left!

Annie and Tommy twist round, trying to see out the scarred and scratched heavy plastic windows. Annie sees more people emerge from an alleyway closest to her.

ANNIE

There's more!

A cascade of bricks and stones now. The Tangi resounds like a drum.

BARNEY (S.O.)

Sierra two alpha from uniform,
extract immediately, over.

STEVIE

Roger that.

1.4 **EXT. URBAN TERRACED STREET - CONTINUOUS**

1.4

More RIOTERS have emerged from the alleyways, and a small crowd has now gathered behind the Tangi. They are pelting the vehicle with bricks and stones. The Tangi starts to reverse, but the crowd don't part. They stand their ground. They keep throwing missiles.

1.5 **INT. POLICE LAND ROVER - CONTINUOUS**

1.5

STEVIE

(more alarmed)
Bollocks!

GRACE

(into radio)
Uniform from sierra two alpha, we
can't extract, we have a crowd
behind us, over.

A beat. In the back of the Tangi, Annie's eyes widen as she sees a MAN running out of an alleyway carrying a petrol bomb.

ANNIE
Petrol bomb left!

She barely gets the words out before the petrol bomb hits the side of the vehicle, engulfing it in flames. Annie recoils instinctively, jumping back from the window.

GRACE
(into radio)
Uniform, we have petrol bombs
incoming, we need back up, over!

1.6 **INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY** 1.6

INSPECTOR HELEN MCNALLY is glued to a screen, watching the scene unfold from what appears to be drone footage. SERGEANT SANDRA CLIFF stands beside her wearing a headset.

SANDRA
Helen? What should they do?

Out on Helen. She doesn't have any answers.

1.7 **INT. POLICE LAND ROVER - DAY** 1.7

A brick hits the window just in front of Grace. She jumps back, but collects herself.

GRACE
We need back-up now, over!

BARNEY (O.S.)
(instantly)
All call signs committed, sierra
two alpha. Wait out.

Grace turns to Stevie.

GRACE
Wait out?

Stevie tries to reverse again, but the crowd comes closer, emboldened. The Tangi is hit with another fusillade of bricks and bottles.

1.8 **INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY** 1.8

Sandra looks over Helen's shoulder. Then back at the screen.

SANDRA
Should they reverse?

Helen doesn't take her eyes off the screen.

HELEN
Too many people behind them. We
can't risk it.

SANDRA
We can't risk them just sitting
there!

HELEN
(annoyed)
I know, I know!

Helen speaks into the radio.

HELEN (CONT'D)
(to Barney)
Control, how soon can we get to
them?

BARNEY (O.S)
We're committed all over the
place...
(a beat)
No callsigns available.

HELEN
Christ...

1.9 **INT. POLICE LAND ROVER - CONTINUOUS**

1.9

Tommy is looking out of his window. Annie is trying not to
freeze, trying to stay with it.

STEVIE
Annie!

She snaps out of it.

ANNIE
More petrol bombs on the right!

Tommy is straining to look out the other way.

TOMMY
There's an alleyway...it looks
empty. Can we make it on foot?

STEVE
(shouting)
No! We can't leave the vehicle...

A petrol bomb explodes on the bonnet. They all shout in shock. The engine dies.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

No, no, no!

He's trying to start the engine.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Come on, come on! Engine's gone.

Annie is gulping for breath.

1.10 **EXT. URBAN TERRACED STREET - CONTINUOUS**

1.10

The crowd closes in. More petrol bombs are lit. A lone masked MAN steps out of the crowd, just in front of Grace and Stevie. He stands there, nonchalantly. He puts his hand on his hips, cocks his neck to one side. He takes an air horn out of his pocket. He pulls off his mask. It's MCCLOSKEY, the training officer from series one. He sounds the horn.

MCCLOSKEY

End Ex!

Fire extinguishers emerge as if from nowhere, and the petrol bombs are extinguished. Bricks and rocks are put down. Masks are removed. McCloskey beckons them out with his finger.

STEVIE

Shite.

1.11 **EXT. URBAN TERRACED STREET - DAY**

1.11

Stevie, Annie, Grace, and Tommy emerge from the Tangi. They take off their helmets and move forward.

MCCLOSKEY

That's one of the worst public order training performances that I have ever seen. What did you do wrong?

A beat.

STEVIE

We left the main line.

MCCLOSKEY
(looking around)
Oh, so now they get it! Wisdom from
beyond the grave!

GRACE
We were told there was a casualty
down here!

MCCLOSKEY
It doesn't matter! You never get
separated from the other units.
Ever!

Stevie exchanges a glance with Grace. McCloskey looks up at
the drone. He starts waving.

MCCLOSKEY (CONT'D)
Hiya...hello!

He looks back at Stevie and Grace.

MCCLOSKEY (CONT'D)
Come on, wave to the angels. If
this was real life, you'd be
joining them.

McCloskey waves up at the drone again, smiling.

MCCLOSKEY (CONT'D)
(looking up, smiling)
Hello! Everybody's dead!

Out on Grace. She exchanges a dismal look with Stevie.

1.12 **INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT HELEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**.12

Helen and Sandra look at the screen, with McCloskey waving up
at them.

BARNEY (O.S)
End ex confirmed, over.

SANDRA
(slowly, deliberately)
Oops.

On Helen, pissed off. She walks off. Sandra watches her go.

TITLES: BLUE LIGHTS

1.13 **INT. BELFAST CITY CENTRE - MORNING**

1.13

Music montage. A youthful bustling city with a dark underbelly, and both are on view today. BUSINESS PEOPLE walk along carrying reusable coffee cups, as ADDICTS do barely-surreptitious hand-overs at the mouth of alleyways. YOUNG PEOPLE walk along laughing, blissfully ignorant of the HOMELESS WOMAN lying in a dirty sleeping bag in a doorway.

A) An ADDICT sleeps in an alleyway.

B) A YOUNG COUPLE, dressed smartly, look into a shop window.

C) Two HOMELESS PEOPLE emerge from a public toilet.

D) A police car rolls by.

1.14 **INT. POLICE HQ, CORRIDOR - MORNING**

1.14

INSPECTOR HELEN MCNALLY strides down the corridor, looking troubled and solemn. She pauses outside a door that reads "Chief Superintendent Nicola Robinson." She gathers herself for a moment, and takes a deep breath before knocking. A muffled...

NICOLA (O.S.)

Yes!

1.15 **INT. POLICE HQ, CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT NICOLA ROBINSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

1.15

Around the conference table, NICOLA ROBINSON sits with DETECTIVE SERGEANT MURRAY CANNING. Helen wasn't expecting him to be here. She tries to hide her surprise.

HELEN

Ma'am.

NICOLA

Inspector.

Nicola beckons for Helen to take a seat, and she does. Helen turns to Canning with curiosity.

NICOLA (CONT'D)

How was the public order training?

A beat. On Helen.

HELEN

Good. Thanks.

Nicola nods to Canning.

NICOLA

You remember Murray Canning, he was
CID over at Blackthorn until six
months ago?

HELEN

Of course.
(to Canning)
Murray.

Murray nods.

NICOLA

DS Canning is now with the
paramilitary crime task force.

This lands. Helen is curious. She turns to Nicola, looking
for answers. Nicola, in turn, slides a file at Helen.

NICOLA (CONT'D)

Those are the latest crime stats
for the district. Out tomorrow.

Helen flicks through them and raises an eyebrow.

HELEN

Right.

NICOLA

Not pretty.

Helen shakes her head.

HELEN

No.

NICOLA

What's going on, Helen?

HELEN

You know, I lost another response
officer last week. That's the third
one this year.

(a beat)

He left to become a lorry driver.

A beat. Canning looks at her.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Apparently the money was better.

Helen looks back at Nicola.

NICOLA
Inspector, I'm not interested in
hearing excuses...

HELEN
It's not an excuse, ma'am. It's a
fact. Fewer cops, more crime.

Nicola dislikes hearing the truth so succinctly put.

NICOLA
Which is why you're getting a new
response officer today. Constable
Shane Bradley. Transfer. DS Canning
has personally recommended him.

HELEN
(unimpressed)
Is that right?

Canning nods.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Why are the PCTF interested in
crime stats? I didn't think that
was your *thing*.

Canning smiles. Helen looks at him.

CANNING
The drugs supply to the city centre
has increased exponentially over
the last year. That's the main
reason for the rise in the street
crime and overdoses. If we can work
out where the supply is coming
from, we can cut it off and make a
serious dent in those numbers.

A beat.

NICOLA
From now on DS Canning will be
working closely with your section.

HELEN

In what way?

A beat. Nicola casts a glance at Canning. She shrugs.

NICOLA

In whatever way he sees fit.

Canning smiles at Helen. She looks at Nicola, who smiles and shrugs. Helen knows this is a done deal. Canning turns to Helen.

CANNING

So...how much do lorry drivers get paid?

Out on Helen.

1.16 **EXT. BELFAST STREETS - DAY**

1.16

Stevie and Grace approach a shop doorway. RORY (40s) stands in front of the sleeping bag.

RORY

I've the wee shop across the way there.

GRACE

Do you know him?

RORY

Only his nickname. Soupy.

Stevie bends down. We see a head, barely visible. Around the neck is a distinctive patterned Middle-Eastern Shemagh scarf. Stevie puts on some blue surgical gloves. He puts his hand on the sleeping bag. Stevie pulls back the sleeping bag to reveal the face of a man in his thirties. He is deathly white. Stevie tries to take a pulse from his neck. He shakes his head at Grace. She notices something. An exposed arm. Lying Beside it, a syringe. She bends down.

GRACE

Look...

Stevie touches her hand as she begins to extend her own. She darts a look at him.

STEVIE

(urgently)

Careful...syringe.

A beat.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
(conciliatory)
Here. I've got the gloves on.

Stevie leans in and pulls back the sleeping bag more. The syringe is now clearly visible.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
(to Rory)
He's...gone.

A beat. Rory shakes his head.

GRACE
Uniform from seven two. Looks like we have an overdose on Talbot Road. Deceased. Can we task an ambulance, please.

BARNEY (O.S.)
Uniform to seven two, roger that.

GRACE
Did you talk to him much?

RORY
I bring him a wee cup of coffee every morning. He's a nice lad.
(a beat)
Was.
(a beat)
This too shall pass.

GRACE
What?

RORY
That's what he used to say every time we talked. This too shall pass. He said he was in the army once. That's what they used to say when things were going bad.

Grace nods. Stevie is rifling through the pockets of the dead body. He finds a wallet. He opens it. Rory watches on. He shakes his head sourly.

RORY (CONT'D)
You know youse have a lot to answer for.

GRACE
Excuse me?

RORY

What in the name of God are youse
doing all day?

(he looks around)

I mean look at this place. It's
chaos.

GRACE

Sir, we're doing the best we can.

Rory laughs aridly.

RORY

Right. Aye.

Stevie doesn't like this. He stands up. He takes a step
towards Rory.

STEVIE

If you could give us a couple of
minutes here, yeah? I'll come over
and get a statement off you when
we're done.

Rory shakes his head.

RORY

Aye. Right. If it's not too much
trouble.

He walks off shaking his head. They watch him go, then they
look back down at the body.

GRACE

Thing is, he's not wrong.

Stevie shakes his head, frustrated, and then kneels back down
to the body. SHOPPERS walk by, without a care, not even
looking at them. Out on Grace, frustrated.

PRELAP SOUND TO:

1.17 **EXT. STREET - DAY**

1.17

Johnny Cash's version of "One" by U2. A police car drives
down a street. Annie and Tommy are inside.

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

1.18

Tommy and Annie are on patrol. They're listening to Johnny
Cash's version of 'One' by U2.

TOMMY

I actually think his later stuff
was his best. American Recordings.
He knows he's at the end of his
life and...like...all he has left
is...that voice.

(a beat)

You know?

ANNIE

Would you ever shut up about Johnny
fucking Cash?

Tommy smiles. Annie smiles back.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Eejit.

BARNEY (O.S.)

Any free callsigns come in to
uniform, we have a disturbance at
Moylan's pharmacy, Spire Street,
over.

TOMMY

Seven six responding, over.

Tommy puts on the blue lights.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(singing)

We get to carry each other...carry
each other!

Annie shakes her head as the sirens sound.

1.19 **INT. PHARMACY - DAY**

1.19

Annie and Tommy enter the pharmacy quickly, hyper-alert.
EAMONN, late teens, thin and wiry, is at the counter,
screaming at a pharmacist, EMMA, 50s, who is cowering behind
a perspex security screen. Eamonn is banging on the screen.
The shop is otherwise empty.

EAMONN

Give it to me!

Tommy and Annie rush towards Eamonn.

ANNIE

Sir, sir...

Eamonn turns.

EAMONN

She won't fucking give it to me!

ANNIE

Sir, step back!

She walks close to him and puts a hand on his chest.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Now.

Tommy watches on, taking it all in, ready to jump in if needed.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

What's going on here?

EMMA

His prescription hasn't arrived yet. There's nothing I can do.

ANNIE

Prescription for what?

EAMONN

Methadone.

A beat as this sinks in.

ANNIE

How old are you?

EAMONN

None of your business.

ANNIE

Let's make it our business.

Annie casts a glance at Tommy.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Papa check?

Tommy nods. He takes Eamonn off to one side. Annie approaches Emma at the counter.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Are you OK? Did he assault you?

Emma shakes her head.

EMMA

No. That's why I put these screens in. These last six months is just desperate people screaming at me...

ANNIE

(knowingly)

Yeah, I know what you mean. OK, look. We can get rid of him for you. Tell him to go somewhere else from now on.

Emma nods. She looks up at Eamonn, standing beside Tommy, who is talking into the radio. Tommy walks up to Annie and pulls her aside. He speaks quietly so Eamonn can't hear.

TOMMY

Eamonn McSweeney. Drugs and Theft.

(a beat)

He just turned 18.

Annie looks at Eamonn, taking him in. He looks even younger than 18. Out on Annie.

ANNIE

Right. Go.

1.20

EXT. STREET, PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

1.20

Annie and Tommy watch as Eamonn walks away. He suddenly whirls around and flips his middle finger.

EAMONN

Bastards!

He turns and walks. Annie waves at him ironically, as if saying goodbye to an old friend.

ANNIE

All the best!

Tommy smiles dryly.

TOMMY

You know there's a school of thought in criminology called zero-tolerance policing. It says we should be arresting and processing every minor offence, even something like that.

ANNIE

There's another school of thought
that says Sandra would kick your
arse into the middle of next week
for wasting a cell on that.

A beat. Tommy looks at her. She smiles.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Theory versus practice, mate. No
contest.

Tommy shrugs. A beat. Annie looks at him for a moment, sizing
him up.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you?

TOMMY

Nothing.

A beat.

ANNIE

Here. You know what you need?

TOMMY

Huh?

ANNIE

A ride.

TOMMY

(scandalised)

What?

ANNIE

Who's that girl you were texting a
while back...from the training
course...ah, what was her name...

TOMMY

(quietly)

Aisling.

ANNIE

What happened there?

TOMMY

Nothing.

ANNIE

Nothing as in, you had a date,
didn't work out? What?

A beat. Tommy sighs.

TOMMY
No...I mean...nothing.

ANNIE
You should ring her.

Tommy is embarrassed.

TOMMY
I'm not going to *ring* her.

ANNIE
Why not?

A beat. He shrugs.

TOMMY
Maybe I'll text her.

ANNIE
Weak.

TOMMY
Weak?

Annie nods sagely.

ANNIE
Texting weak, calling strong.
Everybody knows that.

TOMMY
Really?

ANNIE
Yup.

Annie smiles and walks to the car. Tommy watches her go.
Perplexed.

TOMMY
How do you know I'm *not* anyway?

ANNIE
What?

TOMMY
You know...

ANNIE
Ridin'?

He nods.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Believe me, mate. It's obvious.

Annie smiles and gets into the car. Tommy shakes his head and walks towards it.

1.21 **INT. MCALEER AND HAMILTON - DAY**

1.21

An open plan office in a busy mid-sized law firm. JOHN DESAI, South Asian heritage, 40s, is working at his desk. A knock at the door. John smiles widely.

JOHN

Jen.

We cut to JEN ROBINSON, standing nervously in front of him.

JEN

John.

John nods to the empty chair in front of him. Jen sits.

JOHN

How are you?

Jen shifts nervously in her seat.

JEN

Good. Thanks.

JOHN

So, we're coming to the end of your training contract. I've been going over your work for us over the last several months, and that of the other trainees.

Jen nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Jen, as you know, we can only keep on one of you. This has been an incredibly difficult decision. All three of you will make fantastic solicitors, I'm convinced of that. And I genuinely wish we had room here for you all. But we don't.

Jen's face falls. She braces for the bad news.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We only have room for you.

A beat.

JEN

What?

John smiles and nods.

JOHN

Welcome to McAleer and Hamilton.

Jen is speechless. All she can manage is a nod.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The partners would like to take you
to lunch.

A beat. Jen's face changes.

JEN

Today?...I...I can't.

JOHN

(surprised)

You...can't?

JEN

I...I've promised to meet
someone...

JOHN

Oh. OK.

A beat. John shrugs pleasantly.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Another time.

Jen stands up.

JEN

Thank you.

JOHN

Congratulations. You deserve this.

Jen smiles and walks out.

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

1.22

Annie walks down the corridor and turns quickly and casually
into the...

1.23 **INT. POLICE STATION, KIT ROOM - DAY**

1.23

...where she is instantly confronted with SHANE BRADLEY, 30,
handsome and athletic and shirtless...

ANNIE

Jesus!

Shane is startled for a moment and then laughs.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I...

Annie turns back out the door into the corridor, slamming it behind her. She walks a few steps and then stops.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Right. OK.

She walks on, astonished, somewhat fascinated. She turns a corner and meets Sandra.

SANDRA

You alright?

ANNIE

Yeah...I just...uh...

SANDRA

You what?

ANNIE

Nah, it doesn't matter.

Sandra pushes open a door into the briefing room.

1.24

INT. POLICE STATION, BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

1.24

The SECTION are waiting for a shift briefing, talking amongst themselves. Stevie and Grace are present. Annie takes a seat beside Tommy. Various other OFFICERS sit around, general murmuring. Sandra takes a podium. Helen watches on.

SANDRA

Alright, alright, come on! Let's get started.

They go quiet.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

OK. Most of you will know DS Murray Canning from PCTF. He'd like a word.

Stevie rolls his eyes glance at Grace. She hits him playfully. Canning stands up and walks to the podium. Silence.

CANNING

Alright.

Silence.

CANNING (CONT'D)

Crime stats in the city centre are off the charts. What's your take on what's happening out there?

A beat.

STEVIE

It's chaos. Street crime, overdoses, robberies. Drugs seizures. You name it.

Canning nods. He presses a button, bringing up a crime stats graph.

CANNING

A year ago, we closed down the McIntyre crime group. You can see here that for about three months, we saw a decline in drugs seizures and a corresponding drop in street crime.

A beat. He presses another button. A massive surge in the graph.

CANNING (CONT'D)

Then, this.

They're all looking at the chart.

CANNING (CONT'D)

Looks like somebody took over the supply, and then turned up the volume.

A beat. Canning pushes another button. Large mugshots of JIM DIXON and DAVY HAMILL.

CANNING (CONT'D)

You all know these two?

TOMMY

Jim Dixon and Davy Hamill?

Canning nods.

CANNING

Yeah. From the Mount Eden estate.
What do we know about them?

ANNIE

They're loyalist gang leaders?

Canning nods.

CANNING

Yeah. Big rivals. They hate each other. So our current intel suggests...that one or possibly both of them is behind all this.

Canning presses a button and a number of faces appear on the screen behind him. WYLIE is one of them.

CANNING (CONT'D)

Here are some of their associates. Again, they should be familiar to you. Keep your eyes open for them. You see them on the move, you come to us. You hear anything about them or their operations - anything at all - you come to me. I need you to be our eyes and ears on the ground.

Stevie shrugs dismissively.

CANNING (CONT'D)

Everything OK, Constable?

STEVIE

Yeah. Super.

The door opens. Shane enters. He nods at the group. Annie looks away, embarrassed. Sandra stands up.

SANDRA

Everyone this is Constable Shane Bradley, transferred here. He's our first replacement in a year, so please don't break him.

Laughter. Various nods and smiles at Shane, with a few curious glances. Shane takes a seat next to Annie. An embarrassed nod passes between them.

A beat. Sandra steps up.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Tommy. DS Canning wants a word
upstairs.

Tommy is puzzled. Canning nods at him.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Constable Bradley, you're now seven
four with Constable Conlon.

They all stand up. General chatter.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Sharp eyes save lives.

The phrase makes her emotional every time she says it.

STEVIE
(muttering to Grace)
Murray fucking Canning. If he was
chocolate he'd eat himself.

Grace smiles. She follows Stevie out. Annie and Shane walk
out together.

ANNIE
Annie.

SHANE
Shane.

They shake hands.

ANNIE
I'm uh...sorry about walking in on
you like that...

Shane smiles and shrugs.

SHANE
At least I had my trousers on.

Annie laughs.

ANNIE
Yeah.

Sandra approaches.

SANDRA
Annie, give him the tour yeah?

Annie looks at Shane. He smiles and shrugs.

SHANE
(conspiratorially)
The *tour*. Sounds like fun.

He follows Annie out. Out on Shane, smiling.

1.24A **EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - DAY**

1.24A

A taxi bearing the sign MOUNT TAXIS is parked.

1.24B **INT. TAXI - DAY**

1.24B

JIM DIXON (50S) is in the back of the taxi. LEE THOMPSON (30s) is driving. Dixon is looking around nervously. Lee looks at him in the rear view mirror.

DIXON
Always fuckin' late.

A beat. They watch as another car pulls in and parks in front of them. Dixon breathes deeply.

DIXON (CONT'D)
Right. Here goes.

He gets out of the car. From inside, Lee watches him walk a few paces forward and stop. He sees the driver's door of the car in front open.

1.24C **EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - CONTINUOUS**

1.24C

A cigarette falls onto the ground beside the open door. A pointed leather boot emerges and expertly stubs it out. The driver emerges. TINA MCINTYRE, in all her finery. She walks over to Dixon.

DIXON
(deferentially)
Alright Tina.

Tina doesn't answer. He eyes drift towards Lee.

TINA
Who's he?

DIXON
He's alright.

Tina looks back at Dixon.

TINA

Well?

DIXON

We can do more next time. Twice as much.

Tina shakes her head and smiles cynically, as if at a wayward child.

TINA

You're getting too big for your boots, Dixie.

DIXON

Ach no, Tina. There's a bit of room in my boots yet.

Tina shakes her head, smiling grimly.

TINA

Like a kid in a sweet shop.

Dixon smiles. A beat.

DIXON

Just tell them we can do it.

Tina's heckles are immediately up.

TINA

What?

DIXON

Just tell them. The Dubliners.

1.24D **INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS**

1.24D

Inside the car, Lee is watching with interest. He winds his window down so he can hear more of the exchange.

1.24E **EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - CONTINUOUS**

1.24E

Tina steps forward, up into Dixon's face.

TINA

(hard)

You wanna watch your fuckin' mouth, Dixie. You don't give me orders.

(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)

Ever. One word from me and the
Dubliners will cut you loose.

A beat. Dixon hates this, but he knows it's true.

TINA (CONT'D)

Apologise.

DIXON

Ah come on Tina, I was only
messin'...

TINA

Apologise.

A beat.

DIXON

(quietly)

I'm sorry, Tina.

A beat. Tina half-turns away.

TINA

I'll pass on the message. Now keep
the fuckin' noise down.

Dixon nods. Tina walks back to her car. She gets in. She
drives away. A beat. Dixon walks back to Lee's taxi and gets
into the back seat.

1.24F **INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS**

1.24F

Dixon is aggressive because he's embarrassed.

DIXON

Some day that bitch will get what's
coming to her.

Lee turns around in his seat.

LEE

Where are you livin' these days,
Dixie?

DIXON

What's it to you?

Lee is all innocence.

LEE
Just wondering where to drop you
off, Dixie.

Dixon sighs.

DIXON
Right. Aye. 12 Glendale Road.

Lee nods. They drive off.

CUT TO:

1.24G **EXT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE - DAY**

1.24G

The taxi comes to a stop.

1.24H **INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS**

1.24H

Dixon opens the door to get out.

LEE
That'll be £14.50.

Dixon chuckles.

DIXON
Aye. Right.
(a beat)
Oh by the way, Lee. I'll be round
to yours later tonight. Make sure
you have everything ready for me.
Looking forward to it actually.
Always like seeing that wee sister
of yours.

He gets out and walks away. Lee looks like he wants to kill him. Because he does. Lee looks into the back seat. A set of keys is lying there. He is about to shout to Dixon that he has left them behind, but then he stops. He reaches into the back seat and takes the keys. He holds them in his hand. He puts them down beside him and drives away. Out on Lee.

1.25 **INT. HAPPY'S SOUP KITCHEN - DAY**

1.25

A church hall with a serving hatch. HAPPY is at the hatch serving soup and bread to HOMELESS PEOPLE. He sees Jen and smiles widely. He comes out to the main hall to see her.

HAPPY
Well?

A beat.

JEN
I got it!

HAPPY
Yesssss!

He hugs her.

CUT TO:

1.25A **INT. HAPPY'S SOUP KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

1.25A

Jen and Happy sit at the small table, eating. Jen looks at Happy.

JEN
You know, Gerry would be proud of
you. For doing this.

Happy shrugs.

HAPPY
I had to do something. Or else...
(he trails off)

A beat. She looks at him.

HAPPY (CONT'D)
I get to see people here, you know?
Talk to them.

HAPPY (CONT'D)
It keeps my mind off things.
(he smiles)
It's better than getting arrested.
They're closing it down soon. Don't
know what I'll do then.

Jen smiles.

HAPPY (CONT'D)
They get a grant from the
government. No money left
apparently. Cutbacks.

Jen shakes her head. The madness of it all. A beat.

JEN
How are you?

Happy keeps eating. He nods. He pauses. He looks up at her.

HAPPY
Good days and bad days. You know?

Jen nods.

JEN
Yeah. I know.

HAPPY
(frustrated)
I keep thinking...if you'd never
met me on the street that day. If I
hadn't mentioned those bloody
number plates...

Jen looks at him.

JEN
Or if I hadn't been on patrol with
him? If I hadn't...

Jen trails off...guilt and trauma etched on her face.

JEN (CONT'D)
It would drive you mad.

A beat.

HAPPY
It does.

Jen looks around.

HAPPY (CONT'D)
I get people hurt, Jen.

JEN
Happy, stop it.

HAPPY
You know.
(he's struggling)
The bomb...that night...in 1978. It
was my idea to go for chips. I said
to my daddy...it's Friday...can we
get chips...
(weakly)
It was my idea.

Jen closes her eyes.

HAPPY (CONT'D)
I do, Jen. I get people hurt. My
Daddy. My brother. Then all those
years later...Gerry.
(he smiles desperately)
One to avoid.

Suddenly an idea comes to Jen.

JEN
Did they ever convict anyone? For
the bomb?

Happy shakes his head.

HAPPY
They looked into it a few years
ago. Did a report.

JEN
What kind of report?

HAPPY
Into unsolved cases. Nothing ever
came of it. Nobody would talk.

On Jen.

HAPPY (CONT'D)
That's the thing about this place,
Jen. Even after all these years
people think the truth is
dangerous.

A beat.

HAPPY (CONT'D)
(shrugging)
Maybe it is.

Out on Jen, looking at Happy. An idea forming in her mind.

1.26 **EXT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE, THE LOYAL PUB - DAY**

1.26

Stevie and Grace look at the bar. He checks the address in
his notebook.

STEVIE
This is the place.

They put their hats on. They go in. A few KIDS watch them
from across the road. One of them, HENRY, 12, is watching
them closely.

1.27 **INT. THE LOYAL PUB, MAIN BAR - CONTINUOUS**

1.27

Stevie and Grace walk into the bar. The bar is spare,
somewhat dated. Old photographs of better times populate the
walls: the shipyards, marching bands. A smattering of daytime
DRINKERS sit at the bar, all of them instantly alert,
bordering on hostile. Grace and Stevie exchange a glance.

MARGARET "MAGS" THOMPSON, 29, behind the bar, looks up. A
flicker of worry on her face. LEE THOMPSON, 30s, instantly
comes out of the store and walks towards them.

LEE
Can I help you?

Stevie nods her towards one end of the bar, where it's quieter.

STEVIE

We're here about someone called Ian Campbell. Do you know him?

Lee looks at Mags. Then back at Stevie.

LEE

Yeah.

MAGS

Why?

STEVIE

Can I ask your names?

LEE

Lee Thompson. This is my sister. Margaret.

MAGS

Mags.

Grace nods to her.

STEVIE

This your place?

Lee nods.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

What's your relationship to Mr Campbell?

LEE

We're friends.

STEVIE

His address is here?

MAGS

Soupy lives here. Upstairs in the flat. Or...he did.

(impatiently)

What's wrong?

Grace looks at Stevie.

MAGS (CONT'D)

Is he alright?

A beat. Grace looks at Stevie, and then back to Mags. Out on Lee.

1.28 **INT. POLICE STATION, INSPECTOR HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY** 1.28

Sandra sits opposite Helen. She's reading Shane's personnel file.

SANDRA
So what's he actually going to do?
Canning?

HELEN
I have no idea. He's taken an
office upstairs. Top security
access.

SANDRA
Oh God.

HELEN
Yeah.

SANDRA
And this new Constable - Shane
Bradley. He was hand picked by
Canning?

HELEN
Seems that way. Apparently
Canning's got his eye on him for
intelligence. Looks like our new
replacement might just be passing
through on his way to somewhere
else.

A beat.

SANDRA
Speaking of which.

Helen sighs. She knows what's coming.

HELEN
Sandra...

SANDRA
Helen, I have to move on. I have
to. I stayed on here because I know
that as soon as I go back to
London...the only person who will
really *remember him* there will be
me. No-one will talk about him.

(MORE)

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Or remind me of his stupid jokes.
Ever.

Helen nods.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

But apart from that... What have I
got here? Nothing.

(a beat)

I've got nothing, Helen.

Helen nods.

HELEN

OK. I wish it wasn't that way.
You're already the best skipper
this section has ever had.

SANDRA

Except for you?

HELEN

Including me.

Sandra smiles.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Write the letter. We'll start the
process.

Sandra smiles sadly, and nods.

1.29 **INT. THE LOYAL PUB, UPSTAIRS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

1.29

Mags sits at a low table on a stool. She is in shock. And something else too. Fear? Lee stands in front of a picture on the wall. Stevie and Grace stand beside him, looking at the picture. A small military squad, holding rifles. A desert background. They are all wearing the same Shemagh scarves that SOUPY was wearing when his body was discovered. Lee and SOUPY (Ian Campbell) are both present.

LEE

2012. Lashkar Gah. That's him
there. That's me.

A beat. Lee points to Soupy.

LEE (CONT'D)

Was he wearing that scarf by any
chance?

GRACE

He was, yes.

Lee smiles.

LEE

Never took it off him. Any chance
we could have it? Something to
remember him like.

GRACE

Sure. We can ask.

Lee nods.

STEVIE

Did you know him before you joined
the military?

LEE

No. We were both from Belfast. But
we only met over there.

STEVIE

And he had no family?

Lee shrugs and shakes his head.

LEE

Grew up in care.

Grace looks at Stevie.

GRACE

What...here in Belfast?

LEE

Yeah. We were all he had.

Lee looks over at Mags and Grace. He shakes his head, full of sorrow.

GRACE

So what happened?

Lee looks back at the picture.

LEE

That happened.

(a beat)

What was it? Heroin?

Stevie nods. So does Lee.

LEE (CONT'D)

Yeah.

A beat.

LEE (CONT'D)

He was on and off the skag for years. A couple of weeks ago I caught him shooting up in the toilet of the bar. I...

(Lee sighs)

I told him he had to get out.

He leans against the wall.

LEE (CONT'D)

I put him out on the street. Jesus.

STEVIE
(gently)
OK. Thank you.

Mags is watching them closely. Out on Grace, who looks back at Mags. She has picked up on her discomfort.

1.30 **INT/EXT. THE LOYAL PUB - MOMENTS LATER**

1.30

Lee and Mags walk Stevie and Grace through the bar.

MAGS
So what happens now?

GRACE
Well assuming the coroner signs it off, there will be a cremation...unless you want to arrange a church burial...

LEE
He wasn't much of a God man. We'll give him a send off here.

Grace looks at Stevie, slightly surprised.

GRACE
OK. Well. Give me a call tomorrow. We'll get that arranged.

Grace gives Lee her card. A beat.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

Lee nods. Stevie and Grace get into the car. They drive away. A beat. Mags wheels around and turns on Lee, furious.

MAGS
Fuck's sake!

LEE
What?

MAGS
I thought they were coming for you!

Lee smiles.

LEE
Me? Don't worry about that.

MAGS

Lee, he died from *drugs*.

LEE

He died from heroin, Mags. Not a
ten spot of weed.

She shakes her head.

MAGS

We should have been there for him.

Lee shakes his head.

LEE

We were. He made his choices.

MAGS

Aw Jesus, Lee. Really?

Lee nods.

LEE

Everybody gets what they want.
(he looks at her)
In the end.

MAGS

For God's sake.

Mags goes back inside. Lee looks down the road in the
direction that the police car has just left. He's thinking.

1.30A **OMITTED**

1.30A

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

1.31

Canning and Tommy are walking through the upper floors of the
station. Canning is pressing his card through various
security locks as he goes. Tommy follows him.

CANNING

I was trying to get my head around
this district. Doing some homework.

Tommy looks at him.

CANNING (CONT'D)

So tell me, Constable Foster. What
are you playing at?

TOMMY

Sorry?

Canning keeps walking. Tommy keeps following.

CANNING

Your arrest reports are twice as long as anybody else's. You're feeding reports up the line at least once a week, unasked for. Talking about patterns in the dealing and seizure spreads...patterns that stand up.

They go through one more security door and into...

1.32

INT. POLICE STATION, PCTF OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

1.32

Canning goes to his desk, logs out of his computer, and starts putting on his jacket.

CANNING

But you dropped out of the fast track programme. Why?

Tommy is silent. Canning smiles. He already knows.

CANNING (CONT'D)

Look, Gerry Cliff was a great peeler. But do you really think this is what he'd want for you?

Tommy flinches. He feels like Canning has read his mind, and he doesn't like it.

TOMMY

(defiantly)

Well...yes. I do.

A beat. Canning walks towards the door.

CANNING

Change into your civvies. We're going for a drive.

TOMMY

Huh?

CANNING

Dump the uniform. I want to show you how this district really works. Come on!

Out on Tommy.

1.33 **EXT. BELFAST - DAY** 1.33

GVs of busy Belfast. SHOPPERS walking through the city centre. Music.

1.34 **INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - DAY** 1.34

Annie and Shane are driving. They are listening to pulsating electronic music.

SHANE
So where you from?

ANNIE
The Glens.

Shane nods.

SHANE
Lovely part of the world. Still
living there?

A beat.

ANNIE
No.

Shane looks at her. She's not playing ball. A beat.

BARNEY (O.S.)
Seven four from uniform, we have
reports of a disturbance at Seven
Flax Avenue, over.

Shane looks at Annie. She's typing the address into her work phone.

ANNIE
Yeah. Frequent flyer. Violence.

Shane smiles and looks at Annie.

SHANE
Showtime.
(into radio)
Seven four responding, over.

1.35 **EXT/INT. BRENDAN'S HOUSE - DAY** 1.35

Shane and Annie enter a house. The sound of anguished cries, smashing glass, pots and pans hitting the floor (NOISES OFF).

Annie ducks into the living room to check for other people.
It's empty.

They reach the kitchen. BRENDAN, 30s, well built and powerful, is standing there, breathing heavily. Shane nods to Annie to check upstairs. She goes. Shane takes a step forward.

SHANE

Sir...

Brendan is pure aggression.

BRENDAN

Get out of my house!

Shane stands there. Brendan takes a step forward, growling, almost maniacal.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

Get to fuck!

Shane stands there, quietly. He takes a step forward.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

Go!

A beat. Shane looks around. He sees an overflowing ash tray on the small kitchen table.

SHANE

What's wrong?

Annie arrives back quickly.

ANNIE

Clear.

Shane nods without taking his eyes off Brendan. Annie reaches for her PAVA spray. He steps forward. Now he leans his back against the counter, half-turned away from Brendan, still, silent. Annie looks at Shane, amazed. Shane looks up at Brendan. He slowly reaches into the pocket on his uniform, unzips it, and takes out a packet of cigarettes. He opens the box and holds it out to Brendan. Brendan is muted. Almost exhausted. Like part of him is no longer even here.

SHANE

Do you want one?

A beat. Brendan's arms drop to his side. Annie looks from Shane to Brendan.

SHANE (CONT'D)

What's your name?

BRENDAN

Brendan.

SHANE

(gently)

Alright, Brendan. Take one of these
and tell me what's wrong.

A beat. Brendan decides how to respond.

1.36 **INT/EXT. MOUNT EDEN ESTATE, UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY** 1.36

A run down estate street. Canning drives an unmarked car.
Tommy sits beside him in his own clothes.

CANNING

Hamill and Dixon hate each other.

Tommy looks around.

CANNING (CONT'D)

Between them they control
everything around here. Drugs, loan
sharking, extortion.

TOMMY

But there's never enough evidence
to arrest them.

Canning smiles.

CANNING

Exactly. They're smart. They keep
their hands clean. That's where I
come in.

TOMMY

You?

CANNING

Intelligence policing. The more I
know about them, the more I can
contain them.

TOMMY

Contain them? How?

CANNING

If they know I'm watching, they're
boxed in.

A beat. Tommy is confused.

TOMMY

They're not boxed in now, are they?
They're doing whatever they want.

Canning is slightly miffed.

CANNING

That's because I don't have the
resources to be up in their faces
all the time.

A beat.

CANNING (CONT'D)

And that...is where *you* come in.

Canning smiles. Tommy looks at him.

TOMMY

What do you mean?

CANNING

Shane Bradley. The new guy? Knows the score. Not your average grunt.

(a beat)

Neither are you.

A beat.

CANNING (CONT'D)

You two are going to be my eyes and ears around here.

(a beat)

Like a couple of fuckin'...*human drones*.

Tommy looks at him. Canning smiles.

CANNING (CONT'D)

Cheer up. This is the good stuff.

Out on Tommy.

1.37

INT. BRENDAN'S HOUSE - LATER

1.37

Annie is in the corridor. She pops her head into the living room, where Shane is deep in conversation with Brendan on the sofa. Brendan has his head in his hands. He has clearly been crying. Annie goes out into the corridor and speaks into her radio.

ANNIE

Uniform uniform bravo lima seven four, that disturbance is resolved. We'll be back on the ground in about ten, over.

BARNEY (O.S.)

Roger that seven four.

Shane emerges. He nods to Annie.

SHANE

I called his brother. He's going to come over and sit with him.

Annie nods.

ANNIE

What was it?

SHANE

He says he's been waiting for a
mental health assessment for seven
months.

ANNIE

For God's sake. Like...is
everything fucked?

Shane shrugs. He looks down at himself.

SHANE

I'm still working OK.

Annie laughs.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I'm going to go back in and sit
with him until his brother comes.

ANNIE
Yeah, OK yeah.

SHANE
You want to join us?

Annie watches Shane go back into the room. She follows. Shane sits down beside Brendan who takes out his own packet of cigarettes and offers one to Shane, who shakes his head.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Funny thing is, Brendan, I don't even smoke.
(a beat)
I just carry a packet around so I don't get the shite kicked out of me by big lads like you.

Brendan starts to laugh. Shane joins in. So does Annie. Out on Annie, looking at Shane.

1.38 **INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - LATER**

1.38

Shane and Annie get into their stationary car outside the house. Shane is quietly pleased with himself.

ANNIE
Sympathy fags? Really?

SHANE
You haven't heard that before?
Always carry sympathy fags. Very good for your health.

Annie laughs out loud.

ANNIE
Right.

Shane smiles.

1.39 **INT. MCALEER AND HAMILTON - DAY**

1.39

Jen sits at her desk. She's googling "BOMB 1978 STUARTS CHIP SHOP". Various images appear, a shattered store front.

Now she picks up a hard copy of a report from her desk - PSNI Historical Enquiries Team Report (2009)

She opens it with interest. She begins to read. Her phone rings. MUM. She hesitates, then answers it.

NICOLA (O.S.)
I got your message.
Congratulations.

JEN
Thank you.

NICOLA (O.S.)
If I ever need a solicitor, I'll
know who to call.

JEN
That would be a conflict of
interest.

1.39A **INT. POLICE STATION, CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT NICOLA'S
OFFICE - DAY**

1.39A

Nicola stands at her desk. She smiles.

NICOLA
Yes. I suppose it would.

Nicola crosses over to the window.

NICOLA (CONT'D)
Perhaps you've finally found your
niche. You were always good at the
more...academic side of things.

1.39B **INT. MCALEER AND HAMILTON - DAY**

1.39B

A beat. Is this a barb? Jen puts the file down.

JEN
Well. We're all different.

NICOLA (O.S.)
We are.
(a beat)
Well done, Jen. Come for dinner
soon.

The phone line goes dead. Jen looks at the phone, then puts
it down. She shakes her head, half-cynical, half
disbelieving. She goes back to reading.

1.40 **INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY**

1.40

Canning and Tommy are driving along. Canning notices two men walking. JIM DIXON (50s) and KEITH WYLIE (30s-40s)

CANNING
OK, here we go.

Tommy looks at him. Canning pulls the car over. They stop.

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

1.41

Canning gets out of the car and approaches Dixon and Wylie. Tommy follows. Dixon is nonchalant and unsurprised.

DIXON
Murray.

CANNING
Dixie. How's tricks?

DIXON
Very best. You?

A beat.

DIXON (CONT'D)
Is there a reason you're stopping me?

CANNING
Just saying hello, mate.

Tommy watches on.

CANNING (CONT'D)
So here, tell me this, why are you making life difficult for yourself?

Dixon and Wylie exchange a glance.

DIXON
What are you talking about?

A beat.

CANNING
You're crossing the line, mate.

DIXON
(defiantly)
Is that right?

Canning nods.

CANNING

You know and I know the city centre
is a mess. The brass in their
wisdom have put me onto it. Want me
all over your shite. Last thing
either of us wants.

A beat. Tommy looks at Canning in astonishment. Dixon shrugs.

DIXON

Fuck all to do with me, mate.

Canning looks at Tommy and smiles. He turns back to Dixon.

CANNING

Who is it then? Wee Davy?

Dixon smiles. He shrugs.

DIXON

I'm just telling you, it's not me.

A beat.

DIXON (CONT'D)

Now like I said, is a reason you're
stopping me here? Or can I go?

CANNING

Course you can, mate.

A beat. Canning smiles. Dixon pushes past Canning and walks
off. Wylie follows him with a mean and supercilious look back
at Tommy.

Canning smiles and heads back for the car. Tommy walks after
him.

1.42 **INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS**

1.42

Canning and Tommy get into the car.

TOMMY

You told him we're investigating him?

Canning nods. Tommy looks at him.

CANNING

Yeah. Like I said. Containment.

They watch as Dixon and Wylie walk away.

1.43 **INT. MCALEER AND HAMILTON, STORE ROOM - DAY**

1.43

Jen goes to a small store full of box files and reports. They are arranged by year. She takes a box labelled "1978" and then hunts on a shelf through a bunch of files. She extracts the one she's looking for.

She carries both back out of the room.

Jen puts the box files and report on her desk. She opens a file. She begins reading.

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

1.44

Stevie and Grace are parked up, listening to music. She takes out a tupperware container. He looks at it. She opens it and holds it up. He takes a tray bake. A Fifteen. He chews with solemnity.

STEVIE

A lot to be said for the humble fifteen.

GRACE

Yeah?

STEVIE

And this is a good one.

GRACE

Good? Not...great?

STEVIE

It just needed a little bit less condensed milk.

A beat. She looks at him. He smiles. She slaps him playfully.

GRACE

Oh piss off. I followed the recipe to the letter.

STEVIE

Yeah. Exactly.

Grace laughs. A beat. She looks out the window, thinking.

GRACE
That poor lad.

STEVIE
Who?

Grace shifts in her seat. Stevie's ability to nonchalantly move on from things still catches her by surprise.

GRACE
Who? The dead body we just found on the street!

STEVIE
Oh him, yeah.

He shrugs.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Grew up in care though, didn't he.

Grace looks at him.

GRACE
So?

STEVIE
So...you know.

GRACE
No. I don't?

STEVIE
Ah, come on, don't get all social worky on me.

GRACE
Social worky? Jesus Christ.

STEVIE
What?

She shakes her head, but she's smiling. She looks at him. He smiles and shrugs. Grace smiles.

GRACE
You really are a dickhead.

Stevie nods.

STEVIE
Thank you.

BARNEY (O.S.)

Bravo lima seven two from uniform,
we have a panic button pressed in
Moylan's Pharmacy in Spire Street,
over.

GRACE

That's just round the corner.

They switch on the blue lights and drive off.

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

1.45

Annie and Shane are driving.

 BARNEY (O.S.)
All callsigns from uniform, we have
an ongoing incident at Moylan's
pharmacy Spire Street, any callsign
can attend come in over!

Annie looks at Shane.

 ANNIE
 (into radio)
Uniform from seven six, are you
sure that's not a duplicate in the
system...we were there earlier
today...

 BARNEY (O.S.)
No, the incident is ongoing, seven
four.

Annie exchanges a worried glance with Shane.

 ANNIE
Shit.

A beat.

 ANNIE (CONT'D)
Seven four responding, over.

She turns on the blue lights.

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

1.46

Stevie and Grace are arriving at the call.

 STEVIE
Uniform seven two, that's arrival.

Grace holds on as they power around a corner. They stop
outside the shop. The alarm is going off.

1.47 **EXT. PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS**

1.47

Stevie and Grace look at the front of the shop. Everything
seems quiet. They walk inside.

STEVIE
Hello? Hello?
(to Grace)
You want to make sure the rear
entrance is secure?

GRACE
(surprised, dubious)
What? But shouldn't I...

STEVIE
(aggressively)
Secure the back entrance, Grace!

Grace wants to object, but this is no time to argue. She runs out through the front door.

1.48 **EXT. PHARMACY/SIDE ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS** 1.48

Grace goes out the front door and around an alleyway to the side. She pushes open a metal gate, which takes her into a small yard. The back door is open. She goes in.

1.49 **INT. PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS** 1.49

In the front of the shop, Stevie walks to the counter at the back. There's a reinforced plastic screen covering it all, and a door to the side. Stevie tries to open the door. It's locked from the inside. Suddenly, Stevie jumps, as the front security shutters on the main shop window drop quickly.

STEVIE
No!

Stevie runs for the shutters, trying to reach them before they get to the floor, but he's too late. He tries to pull them up from the ground, but he can't. He's trapped in the main shop. He goes back to the counter. He sees a pair of legs protruding from an aisle. A pool of blood.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Barney, seven two, get us some
backup now! I'm trapped in the main
shop! Someone's been hurt in the
back!

Stevie runs back to the reinforced plastic and begins hammering it with his baton. It doesn't make a dent.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Fuck!

STEVIE (CONT'D)
(into his radio)
Grace, somebody is in there and
they've locked the shutters, don't
go in, do not go in!

CUT TO:

1.50 **INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - SAME TIME**

1.50

Annie and Shane are speeding to the scene.

SHANE
Left, left, left!

The car swings wildly.

1.51 **INT. PHARMACY, BACK OF THE SHOP - CONTINUOUS**

1.51

Grace walks slowly down an aisle, shelves of medication on each side. She racks her baton. She walks on. Her foot slips. She looks down. Her foot is in a small pool of blood. She freezes. Her radio crackles.

STEVIE (O.S.)
Grace, are you there? Grace!

Grace turns the volume down on her radio. She regroups and edges forward. Just around the next corner, Eamonn is standing, stripped to the waist. He is sweating, animalistic. He has a screwdriver in his hand. Emma is lying on the floor at the end of the corridor, covered in blood, holding the wound in her stomach. Grace, oblivious to all this, edges forward. Suddenly, Eamonn is upon her stabbing wildly with the screwdriver. She sees him coming just in time to jump sideways and back, but in a frenzy, he's coming at her again. The screwdriver connects directly with her stab vest, and bounces out of his hand. He looks down for a second, and she smashes him in the face with her baton. She falls back now, into the aisle where Emma is lying. On all fours but crawling backwards, she pushes herself up towards Emma. Eamonn picks up the screwdriver again. He moves forward slowly now, like an animal. Pure predatory rage.

Stevie catches a glimpse of the fracas through the screen. He's frantic, smashing on the plastic with his baton. No effect.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Grace! Grace! Your gun!

Grace reaches Emma, pulls herself onto her knees, and draws her gun.

GRACE

Stop! Stop! Armed police!

Eamonn keeps coming, slowly, but with total intent. He's smiling. He raises the screwdriver.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Armed police! Show me your hands!

Eamonn keeps coming.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Stay back!

(more panic now)

Stay back!

EAMONN

(growling)

Do it, fucking do it!

Grace's finger is on the trigger now. Eamonn keeps coming. She squeezes through the safety lock on the trigger, onto the main trigger.

EAMONN (CONT'D)

Fucking shoot me you bitch!

Grace's finger squeezes tighter on the main trigger and then...SMASH...Eamonn is hit hard from behind on the head, by Shane's baton. He falls forward, unconscious. Shane leans in on top of the unconscious Eamonn, pulling his arms behind his back, putting on handcuffs. Grace holsters her gun, her hand shaking. She and Annie turn to Emma, trying to stop the bleeding.

ANNIE

Open the shutters, Shane, open the shutters, paramedics are outside!

Shane races to the button on the wall and opens the shutters. Then he runs to the door and lets Stevie in. Stevie runs to the aisle, looks at the scene of blood and chaos. Grace looks up. She meets his eyes. She is shaking.

1.52

INT. POLICE STATION, KIT ROOM - LATER

1.52

Annie, Grace, Stevie, Shane and Tommy are in the main kit room. Grace is washing blood from her hands. They are silent. Tension hangs heavy. Grace passes her finger over the slit in the other fabric, where the screwdriver penetrated. Stevie watches her. Sandra enters.

SANDRA

Make sure your notebooks are in order. Annie, Tommy, I need every detail from that first call earlier in the day. Everyone else. Second by second account of what happened. Don't do it later. Do it now.

GRACE

How is she?

SANDRA

The pharmacist? Stable.

They nod.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

You OK?

Grace nods. Sandra leaves.

ANNIE
This is my fault.

STEVIE
Huh?

ANNIE
We let him walk this morning.

TOMMY
It wasn't an arrestable offence,
Annie.

ANNIE
(angrily)
Only because I decided it wasn't!

GRACE
Hey, hey! Don't be silly. We all do
it. All the time. You weren't to
know.
(a beat)
It's fine. I'm fine. OK?

Grace walks out into the corridor. Stevie follows her.

SHANE
What's the story with those two?

ANNIE
Huh?

SHANE
I mean are they like...you know...

Tommy and Annie exchange a glance.

ANNIE
It's complicated. Just...leave it.
Yeah?

Shane shrugs nonchalantly and continues to remove his kit.

1.53 **INT. POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

1.53

Stevie follows Grace up the corridor.

STEVIE
Are you OK?

GRACE
Well, I almost shot someone, so not
really, no.

He keeps walking after her.

STEVIE

Well do you want to talk about it?

She turns on him.

GRACE

(angrily)

I do actually, yeah.

Stevie is surprised.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Why did you send me round the back?

STEVIE

Because I thought...

GRACE

Because you thought it would be safer.

A beat.

GRACE (CONT'D)

That's it, isn't it?

A beat.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Isn't it, Stevie?

He swallows. Grace looks up and down the corridor.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Do you remember, when...when you asked me...

A beat. Grace looks up and down the corridor. She wants to make sure no-one is approaching.

GRACE (CONT'D)

When we talked about having...
(quietly)
...a relationship.

He looks at her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

And I told you I thought we couldn't do this job together...properly...and do that too. Remember?

He nods.

GRACE (CONT'D)

This is exactly what I meant.

STEVIE

Oh come on...

GRACE

Earlier today, when I went to take the sleeping bag off that dead body, you grabbed my hand...

STEVIE

There was a syringe...

GRACE

Yeah, but you know what I mean. You do!

Stevie shakes his head, but he does know.

GRACE (CONT'D)

There's been loads of other things, dozens of them. You going into houses ahead of me, even though I'm on obs. You stepping in when things get physical. It happens all the time!

STEVIE

Jesus, Grace I...

GRACE

You know, I don't need anyone to protect me. OK? I don't!

STEVIE

OK, OK. It won't happen again.

She walks off. He watches her go, both ashamed and mystified.

1.54 **EXT. POLICE STATION, COURTYARD - NIGHT**

1.54

Tommy walks across the car park wearing plain clothes. He gets into his car.

1.55 **INT. TOMMY'S CAR - NIGHT**

1.55

Tommy sits in his car for a moment. He looks out across the car park.

TOMMY

Screw it.

He takes out his phone, dials a number. It rings. Tommy takes a deep breath.

1.56 **INT. POLICE PATROL CAR, DERRY - NIGHT**

1.56

AISLING, from episode 5 of series one, is in a patrol car. There's another police officer next to her, SHELLEY, also in her 20s. Aisling's phone rings. The name is TOMMY KILL HOUSE. She stops for a moment, surprised, and answers it.

AISLING

Hello?

TOMMY (O.S.)

(awkwardly)

Hi. Aisling. It's Tommy Foster.
From training. Last year. We...I
was in the...

AISLING

(interrupting)

Good to hear from you Tommy Foster
from Training. How are things in
Belfast? Bit mad?

TOMMY (O.S.)

Bit mad.

A beat.

AISLING

What can I do for you?

1.57 **INT. TOMMY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

1.57

TOMMY

Uh...well...it's not work related.

1.58 **INT. POLICE PATROL CAR, DERRY - NIGHT**

1.58

Aisling takes a moment.

AISLING

Right.

1.59 **INT. TOMMY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

1.59

TOMMY

I was just wondering if
maybe...like...and it's fine if you
can't or don't want to...

He gathers himself and pushes on.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

But if you wanted to like...go out
some time?

A beat.

1.60 **INT. POLICE PATROL CAR, DERRY - CONTINUOUS**

1.60

AISLING

Aye why not.

1.61 **INT. TOMMY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

1.61

TOMMY

(deeply relieved)
OK great.

AISLING (O.S.)

OK. You send me some dates when
you're off shift and we'll get it
sorted.

TOMMY

(delighted)
Yeah, yeah I will. Thanks. Talk
soon.

Tommy hangs up and releases all the tension in one massive
sigh.

1.62 **INT. POLICE PATROL CAR, DERRY - CONTINUOUS**

1.62

Aisling hangs up, looking at her phone and smiling.

SHELLEY

Did you just get asked out?

Aisling smiles and nods.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

And he didn't text first? He just
rang you?

Aisling nods.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Strong.

Aisling smiles.

AISLING

Strong.

Out on Aisling.

1.63 **EXT. BELFAST - NIGHT**

1.63

MUSIC MONTAGE - "WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN" COVER BY NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND. THE MUSIC PLAYS OVER ALL OF THE FOLLOWING SCENES, UNTIL THE FINAL ONE AT THE LOYAL, WHERE THE MUSIC FADES OUT BEFORE THE DIALOGUE.

Cars stream along the motorway. YOUNG PEOPLE crowd the CATHEDRAL QUARTER. DINERS eat in a good restaurant. A police car races up a street on a blue lights call.

1.64 **EXT. BELFAST - NIGHT**

1.64

TWO YOUNG MEN do a drug deal, and walk off in opposite directions.

1.65 **INT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

1.65

Stevie walks into his living room. He turns on the lights. His dog runs over to him. He pets it, kisses it. He drops his bag on the floor beside him. He sits on the armchair, still in his jacket. The dog jumps up towards him and he hugs it. He sits there, staring at the carpet.

1.66 **INT. MCALEER AND HAMILTON, MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT**

1.66

Jen is at her desk in an empty office. Everybody else has gone. There is a much larger pile of box files on her desk now, and several reports. She is completely lost in what she is reading.

1.67 **INT. POLICE STATION, KIT ROOM - NIGHT**

1.67

Grace is in her civilian clothes, standing in front of an empty locker. Her gun, in its holster, is in the locker. She takes it out of the locker. She holds it in her hand, looking at it. She takes a deep breath.

She puts the gun back in the locker and closes it. She leans her head on the locker, with her eyes closed.

1.68 **INT. GRACE AND ANNIE'S HOUSE, HALL - LATER** 1.68

Grace closes the door behind her.

GRACE
Hiya! I'm home.

She walks down the hall.

1.69 **INT. GRACE AND ANNIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER** 1.69

Grace walks into the room. Annie sits with an open bottle of wine. Two glasses. Grace stares at a picture of herself and Cal on a side table. Then she sits down beside Annie. She and Annie look at one another. Grace takes a drink. They say nothing. They stare at their glasses, together and alone.

1.70 **INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT SANDRA'S OFFICE - NIGHT** 1.70

Sandra sits alone. She's not working. Just sitting there. She opens her desk drawer. She takes out a pair of Aviator sunglasses. She holds them delicately, staring at them.

1.71 **EXT. THE LOYAL PUB - MUSIC FADES - NIGHT** 1.71

Exterior view, The Loyal. A car pulls up.

1.72 **INT. THE LOYAL PUB, MAIN BAR - NIGHT** 1.72

The bar is closed. RAB is collecting glasses. Lee is helping. A knock on the door. Rab looks at Lee. He walks to the door and opens it. It's Dixon and Wylie. They walk in and perch comfortably at the bar. MAGS walks out from the back room. She looks at Dixon with contempt. She puts an envelope on the bar. He winks at her. Mags leaves. Wordlessly, Rab pours them a drink.

DIXON
(to Rab)
Thanks, big lad. You not having one yourself?

Dixon smiles. Rab walks away and sits down.

DIXON (CONT'D)
How's business?

LEE
Slow.

Lee goes to the bar where Mags has left the envelope. He hands it to Wylie, who opens it and counts the money.

DIXON

What about your wee sideline?

Lee goes to a bag on one of the seats. He takes out two large square wads of cash, tightly bound and wrapped in clear film. He gives it to Wylie.

DIXON (CONT'D)
You know, sooner or later you're
going to have to join us.
Officially like.

Lee shrugs.

LEE
I've already been in one army.
Feels like enough.

On Rab. Looking dead ahead.

DIXON
Aye. See I'm not a fan of
freelancers. Don't trust them. And
I've got Davy Hamill breathing down
my neck here. I need to know who I
can rely on if things get serious.

A beat.

LEE
I'm just trying to keep my head
above water, Dixie. Keep the lights
on in this place. That's all I
want.

Dixon smiles.

DIXON
Well see, that's the thing, lad.
It's not about what you want. You
know?

Dixon takes a belt of his whiskey.

DIXON (CONT'D)
Sorry to hear about your wee
friend. He was always a bit of a
fuck up, wasn't he?

Lee stares at Dixon icily.

DIXON (CONT'D)
Tragic.

A beat. Dixon takes a drink.

DIXON (CONT'D)

They talk a lot, these druggies.

LEE
He didn't.

DIXON
Hope not.

A beat.

DIXON (CONT'D)
Come on.

He finishes his whiskey. He waves the cash at them.

DIXON (CONT'D)
See youse next week.

Dixon and Wylie leave. Rab looks at Lee.

RAB
You can't go on like this. Why
don't you just sell this place to
him? You know that's what he wants.

Lee locks the door.

LEE
This too shall pass.

RABS
Will it though?

Lee walks away towards the back stairs.

LEE
It will!

Out on Rab.

1.73 **INT. THE LOYAL PUB, UPSTAIRS ROOM - NIGHT**

1.73

CRAIG is sitting alone at a small table. Lee sits beside him.

LEE
You good?

Craig nods.

LEE (CONT'D)
OK then.

CRAIG
So look. If we do this, there's no
going back. You know that.

LEE
Yeah, I know.

A beat.

LEE (CONT'D)
Move or die.

1.73A **INT. THE LOYAL PUB, UPSTAIRS ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

1.73A

Lee puts Dixon's house keys on the table in front of Craig.

LEE
12 Glendale Road.

Out on Lee.

ENDS