

# TWO CITIES

TELEVISION

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GALLAGHER ▶ FILMS

# BLUE LIGHTS

SERIES ONE

Episode One: '*The Code*'

Written by Declan Lawn & Adam Patterson

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STEPHEN WRIGHT  
Executive Producer for Two Cities TV

LOUISE GALLAGHER  
Executive Producer for Gallagher Films

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1/1      **INT. GRACE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING**      1/1

GRACE ELLIS, 41, is seated at the kitchen table in a modern comfortable suburban house. It's dark outside. She flicks through a social media app on the tablet balanced in front of her as she eats a bowl of cereal. She's listening to a radio news programme.

1/2      **INT. GRACE'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING**      1/2

CAL, 17, shaven-headed and thin, stands looking at the Glock 17 pistol in his hand. He turns it around, feeling the weight of it. He walks out into the hallway and pauses at the top of the stairs. He hears the vague sound of the radio. He breathes deeply, walking slowly down the stairs. His hand tightens on the gun. His jaw clenches.

1/3      **INT. GRACE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING**      1/3

Grace, oblivious, continues to eat her cereal. Then, in the reflection of the dark glass in front of her, she catches a whisper of movement. She stops chewing. She keeps looking at the window in front of her, giving her a view of the open door a few metres behind her. Now she sees the reflection of a figure emerge and walk into the kitchen. She turns slowly around. Cal is in the room. Her eye is drawn to the gun in his hand. A beat. She looks back at his face. It is blank. She stands up. A beat.

GRACE  
 (outraged)  
 What *the fuck* are you doing with  
 that?

CAL  
 (annoyed)  
 You left it in the toilet!

She checks the holster on the inside of her jacket.

GRACE  
 (muttering)  
 Did I? Shit.

She's up and across the room, and he gives her the gun. She stuffs it in her holster, and then in her knapsack.

CAL  
 (disgusted, interrupting)  
 Do you even know how *unhygienic*  
 that is?

GRACE  
 Unhygienic? You could have killed  
 yourself!

CAL  
You never even load it!

He has a point.

GRACE  
Just...don't ever touch it again,  
okay!

CAL  
Well then, don't leave it sitting  
on top of the bathroom sink!

She bustles out past him.

CAL (CONT'D)  
(calling after her)  
What do you want for dinner?

GRACE (O.S.)  
Gin!

He smiles.

1/4

OMITTED

1/4

1/5

**EXT. COASTAL VILLAGE STREET - DAY**

1/5

ANNIE CONLON, 23, is walking up the street towards her house. She's wearing her outfit from the night before. The walk of shame. As she approaches her house, she also gets a view of the small back garden. A washing line. A police uniform hanging from it. She picks up her pace, trying to run in heels.

ANNIE  
Shit!

1/6

**INT. ANNIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

1/6

Annie tumbles in through the front door and makes for the kitchen, where BRIDIE CONLON, 48, but looking older than that, sits at the table with a cup of coffee. She looks up and shakes her head.

BRIDIE  
State of you.

Annie ignores her. She runs frantically out of the back door and into the garden, pulling the police uniform off the clothes line. She comes back in, angrily, with the uniform in a haphazard ball under her arm. The argument escalates instantly.

ANNIE  
What did I tell you about hanging this up outside? The whole country can see it!

BRIDIE  
And what?

ANNIE  
(angrily)  
And do you want to get me shot?

BRIDIE  
(just as angry)  
Ach wise up!

A beat. They eyeball one another. The heat goes out of things.

BRIDIE (CONT'D)  
Are you hangin'?

ANNIE  
Dyin'.

BRIDIE  
Where were you?

ANNIE  
They had a lock in back at the clubhouse.

BRIDIE  
Uh huh. And then where?

ANNIE  
(smiling)  
Ach ye know. Gallivanting.

BRIDIE  
(knowingly)  
Wee dirtbird. Do you want a sausage bap?

ANNIE  
I'd murder one.

Annie puts the uniform on the counter and sighs, struggling with her hangover. She takes a deep breath, closes her eyes, and tries to collect herself.

BRIDIE

Well I hope he was worth it,  
whoever he was.

ANNIE

(wryly)

How do you know it was a he? I  
mean, I like sausages...  
(a beat, looking up)  
...but I also like baps.

Bridie bursts out laughing.

1/7

**INT. TRAINING CENTRE, SHOOTING RANGE - DAY**

1/7

McCloskey is holding a clipboard. He nods at Tommy, who adjusts his ear defenders, raises his pistol, and starts firing. He fires in two-shot bursts, moving from standing, to his knees. McCloskey keeps looking up and then making notes on his clipboard. Tommy finishes firing. McCloskey looks downrange. McCloskey comes and looks over Tommy's shoulder, staring at the target.

MCCLOSKEY

Fuck me.

Cut to a downrange wide shot, and then a close of the target. The paper has six holes in it, but none on the actual target.

MCCLOSKEY (CONT'D)

You are literally the worst shot I  
have ever seen.

McCloskey and the other RANGE WARDEN burst out laughing. Tommy walks off shaking his head, as if such shame is second nature to him.

1/8

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

1/8

Grace picks up some post - utilities bills - from the hall table and absently scans them as she walks outside. Grace slams the door behind her. She looks around at the tidy middle class housing estate, mostly semi-detached starter homes. She walks to her car. She gets down on her hands and knees to check under it, lighting a torch to help her see. Then she gets up and climbs into the car. She throws the bills onto the passenger seat. She sits there in silence for a moment. She breathes deeply. She starts the car and drives off.

**BLUE LIGHTS: 'THE CODE'.**

1/9

INT. POLICE CAR - LATER

1/9

Sirens. Speed. On Grace, in the passenger seat. She's in the uniform of a PSNI Constable, a radio set plugged into her ear. The blue lights are on, the sirens blaring. Her upper body is jolted from side to side as the car she is in takes corners at high speed. Up ahead, a battered Toyota is leading the police car on a high speed chase, first through built up urban streets.

CUT TO: They are now racing through winding country roads, climbing out of the city. Grace does her best not to throw up. Her colleague, Constable STEVIE NEIL, 36, is driving.

STEVIE

Call it in!

GRACE

(flustered)

Okay, okay!

(she presses a button on  
the radio fixed to her  
body armour)Uniform, Uniform. Pursuit, pursuit,  
pursuit! Bravo Lima Seven Two  
southbound approaching Cairntown  
Road...

The car jolts. She stifles a scream but perseveres.

GRACE (CONT'D)

...suspect vehicle X-Ray Echo Zero  
eight nine one five, repeat, X-Ray  
Echo Zero eight nine one five,  
over....

The radio crackles.

STEVIE

Backup!

GRACE

(into her radio)

Uniform, uniform. Requesting  
assistance...

STEVIE

Just say we need backup!

GRACE

Backup, we need backup, over!

A beat. The radio crackles.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)  
Bravo Lima Seven Two from Uniform.  
Vehicle is Op Gulliver nominal,  
over.

STEVIE  
(muttering)  
Shit.

GRACE  
Does that mean?

STEVIE  
Yeah.  
(to radio)  
What about that backup, Barney?

Grace looks at Stevie. He throws the car around the tight roads with a fierce concentration.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)  
I'm all over it, mate.

Up ahead, the Toyota misses a sharp turn, plunges through a hedge, and flips over.

STEVIE  
Jesus!

The police car skids to a halt at the recently-opened gap in the hedgerow. A moment of silence. Stevie is trying to pretend he's not shaken. They get out of the car. Stevie nods to the boot of the car.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Rifle.

Grace runs to the boot of the police car and opens it. She looks inside. A H&K G36 assault rifle is nestled in a rack. She takes it out, and quickly attaches a magazine. She looks utterly awkward with it, as if she's trying to remember how it works. (She is). Another beat. Silence. Birdsong. Grace tries to hand Stevie the assault rifle. He looks at it.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
(quickly)  
No.

He collects himself. He puts his hand on his pistol but doesn't draw it.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
I'll go. You cover. Yeah?

She gulps and nods. This is so surreal.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Yeah?

Her mind is racing.

GRACE

Yeah, yeah.

Stevie walks towards the upturned car.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(to radio)

Bravo Lima Seven Two, vehicle has  
overturned, we are approaching,  
over.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)

Seven Two received. Be careful,  
over.

A muffled voice calls from inside the car.

GORDY (O.S)

Hey - help me!

\*

Stevie and Grace exchange a glance. He walks on. She stands back, the heavy assault rifle pointed at the vehicle, weighing on her arms, and on her soul.

GORDY (O.S) (CONT'D)

Get me out of here!

Stevie is at the car. He bends down. He looks in. He smiles, incredulously. Then he laughs long and loud. On Grace, confused.

STEVIE

(still looking into the  
car and laughing)

Look who it is!

\*

1/10

INT. POLICE STATION, ARMOURY/LOCKER ROOM - DAY

1/10

Annie walks into the armoury in her uniform, and sees JEN ROBINSON, 27 pontificating to Tommy. He's 22 but looks 17. Jen is prissy, punctilious, and extremely self-regarding. She loves dispensing advice as the slightly more experienced officer. The whole situation pisses Annie off immensely. She tries to keep her head down.

JEN

I heard you have to do the firearms  
test again?

Tommy goes pale.

TOMMY  
Who told you that?

Jen just shrugs. Annie looks at her, viciously.

JEN  
(smarmily)  
I hated my probation period. That  
feeling you could just screw up and  
be thrown out on your ear at any  
moment.

Tommy gulps.

ANNIE  
(to Tommy)  
You'll be fine.

JEN  
(brightly)  
Well. Let's hope so!

Annie shakes her head and drinks deeply from a bottle of Lucozade Sport. Then she burps loudly. Jen is disgusted.

JEN (CONT'D)  
Thirsty?

Annie meticulously finishes the bottle and throws it in the bin. Then she beams, widely and aggressively at Jen.

ANNIE  
Very.

JEN  
Out drinking the night before a  
shift?

Annie belches loudly in response. Jen is disgusted. A beat as they glare at one another. Jen hates it that Annie takes none of her shit. Tommy tries to smooth things over. He looks at the poster on the wall. It's written in black marker. Not very official. The heading: COLIN'S CODE. A list of threat levels and a colour code beside them. The highest level is brown.

TOMMY  
Colin's Code. Tell us. Who is  
Colin? Did he serve here, in this  
section? Was he...like, was he...

Tommy swallows the next word.

JEN  
(smiling, condescending)  
You'll find out. When the time is  
right...

Jen leaves. Tommy watches her go.

ANNIE  
(mimicking Jen)  
When the time is right. God, she  
makes me want to puke!  
(finally erupting)  
If I get through probation without  
punching her teeth out, it will be  
a flipping miracle!

He clears his throat.

TOMMY  
Yeah.

ANNIE  
You do know she's only on the fast  
track programme because of who her  
mother is?

A beat. He thinks about this. He shifts awkwardly.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
I mean, what kind of arrogant  
dickhead applies for the fast track  
programme anyway?

Tommy is very uncomfortable now.

TOMMY  
Yeah. Totally. I know.

He turns away. She eyes him.

ANNIE  
Oh for fuck's sake. Don't tell me  
you're fast track? Seriously?

Tommy shrugs, embarrassed.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Unbelievable.

She walks out.

TOMMY  
What?

Annie walks out. He calls after her.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
What?

The door slams shut behind her.

1/11    **EXT. FIELD - DAY**

1/11

Stevie is still kneeling at the car. He's looking into it, barely concealing his mirth.

STEVIE

Gordy Mackle. As I live and breathe.

Stevie looks up at Grace.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(to Grace)  
It's grand.

GRACE

Uniform, uniform. Bravo Lima Seven Two, stand down back up, over.

Stevie looks back inside the car. GORDY MACKLE, 17, is hanging upside down. He is the very image of an estate hood.

STEVIE

Well?

GORDY

Get me out of here!

STEVIE

First of all, I have to ask, do you have a head injury?

GORDY

I don't think so.

Stevie takes a multi-tool from his belt and reaches into the car. He reaches towards Gordy's waist....

GORDY (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you...?

...and expertly slits the seat belt keeping Gordy in position. Gordy is taken by surprise. He falls and hits the floor, landing on his face, yelping as he does so. Stevie smiles.

STEVIE

How's about now?

GORDY

Wanker.

Gordy begins to crawl out of the car. For the first time Grace gets a good look at him. Hoody. Tracksuit bottoms. Cheap trainers. He's trying to project aggression, but it's coming off a bit forced. Stevie nods to Grace. She approaches Gordy.

GRACE

Sir, I am arresting you under suspicion of taking a vehicle without consent of the owner. 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. Do you understand the caution?

GORDY

(interrupting. Bitterly)

Suck my cock.

Grace shakes her head. Stevie ostentatiously opens his notebook.

STEVIE

Hang on a second til I get that verbatim for the judge. S-U-C-K...

GORDY

(bitterly)

Fuck off.

Grace smiles.

STEVIE

(to Gordy)

Do you have any idea whose car you nicked? You're in deep shit, Gordy. Deep shit.

GORDY

(defiantly)

No comment.

STEVIE

(laughs)

Dickhead.

Grace smiles again. Stevie talks into his radio.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Uniform, uniform, Bravo Lima Seven Two, can you task recovery, need to get CSI to check this for prints, over.

He turns to the car.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(to Gordy)

Thanks for the present, by the way.

Stevie turns to Gordy and smiles widely. Gordy shakes his head forlornly. Grace cuffs him. He doesn't resist.

1/12 **INT. POLICE CAR - DAY**

1/12

Tommy is in the passenger seat. His mentor GERRY CLIFF, 48, is driving.

GERRY

What's wrong with you today? You've  
a face on ye like a battered  
sausage.

TOMMY

I'm fine.

A car pulls out in front of them. Only Gerry pays it any attention.

GERRY

That car.

Tommy immediately looks around, trying to catch up.

TOMMY

Huh?

GERRY

What do you notice about it?

TOMMY

Er....it's....eh...

GERRY

What?

TOMMY

It's....uh....blue?

A beat.

GERRY

Are you serious? I'm not asking you for a description for the partially sighted! Jesus wept, son!

TOMMY

(flustered)

I don't...I don't know...

GERRY

What make and model is it?

TOMMY

Uh....a Toyota...something.

GERRY

Corolla. But look, it must be 2009,  
2010. Twelve years old at least.  
What about the plates?

TOMMY

Uh...oh yeah. It's a newer plate.

GERRY

(nodding)

Only registered two years ago.

A beat.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Which is just a wee bit off.

Gerry sounds the sirens and turns on the blue lights. The car in front of them pulls over.

GERRY (CONT'D)

All yours, Columbo.

Tommy looks uneasy.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Go on!

Tommy gets out. Gerry starts punching the registration plate into his work phone handset.

1/13

**EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

1/13

Tommy approaches the car. He notices a baby seat in the back, but no child. A man, MARK, in his mid-30s is driving, a woman, RACHEL, is in the passenger seat. Both of them face forward, barely looking at Tommy.

TOMMY

Good morning, sir. May I see your driving licence please?

The man turns his head very slowly towards Tommy. His accent is English.

MARK

I forgot my wallet.

TOMMY

Do you have another form of ID?

MARK

No. I don't.

Tommy is unsettled by the man's demeanour. He leans in to look at the woman.

TOMMY

Madam, may I see some ID?

She shakes her head, looking straight ahead, never even turning him. This is not going well. Tommy casts a glance look back at Gerry.

1/14

**INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS**

1/14

Gerry is fiddling with the phone handset. It's frozen.

GERRY

Stupid...bastard...thing...

He hits the screen.

1/15

**EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

1/15

Tommy takes a deep breath.

TOMMY

Can I ask you both to step out of the car please?

A beat. Mark steals a look at Rachel.

MARK

No.

Tommy is astonished.

TOMMY

Excuse me?

MARK

(coolly, calmly)

No.

A beat. Tommy looks back to Gerry. He has absolutely no idea what to do.

1/16

**INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS**

1/16

Gerry has finally got the screen to work. It reads: NO RECORDS FOUND.

GERRY

Shit!

He jumps out of the car.

1/17    EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

1/17

Gerry approaches the car, bends in and speaks to the Mark.

GERRY

Sorry about this, the computer  
was...

MARK

(quietly, angrily)  
Get your fucking act together, will  
you?

He speeds off. Tommy watches him go. Gerry walks back to the car grumpily.

GERRY

Come on!

Tommy watches him, astonished.

1/18    INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

1/18

Tommy gets in.

TOMMY

What was...

Gerry gives him the handset. Tommy reads it.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

No records found? But every vehicle  
is on the system.

GERRY

Not every vehicle, no.

A beat. Tommy looks at him, confused.

GERRY (CONT'D)

They're undercover lad!

He drives off, exasperated and annoyed.

GERRY (CONT'D)

(pissed off, resigned)  
Sneaky beakies.

Tommy is incredulous.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Sneaky bloody beakies.

They drive off.

1/19 **INT. POLICE CAR - DAY**

1/19

Grace and Stevie are in a stationary car on the edge of a housing estate. Stevie picks up his phone.

STEVIE

My turn.

A song comes on by The Bonnevilles. He drums his fingers vigorously on the steering wheel. It annoys her.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

What?

GRACE

Nothing.

Stevie reaches into a brown paper bag.

STEVIE

Flapjack? Honey and oatmeal. People say these are easy to make, but the consistency is the thing. You need to put in the right amount of honey so that they don't...

Grace shakes her head.

GRACE

No thanks.

STEVIE

In six weeks you haven't eaten a single thing I've made.

Grace smiles.

GRACE

I'm on a diet.

He takes his name badge off and puts it in the glove compartment. Grace is confused.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

STEVIE

You don't want to be wearing a name badge around here.

GRACE

Are you serious?

Stevie nods and crunches happily on a biscuit. Grace sighs. Stevie sees movement in the rear view mirror.

STEVIE  
(his mouth full)  
Cover's here.

Another police car pulls up beside them, carrying Gerry and Tommy. They open their windows to talk.

GERRY  
Here, make this quick, will you? In and out.

STEVIE  
Ten minutes tops.

Stevie notices that Gerry isn't happy.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Why, what's up mate?

GERRY  
Just had a run in with the sneakies.

A beat. Stevie's bothered by this.

STEVIE  
C4?

GERRY  
(shaking his head)  
Nah, they were English. I'm thinking they're Det. Maybe Box.  
Either way...

Gerry shrugs. Stevie considers this. Grace looks at him with curiosity.

STEVIE  
Right. We'll make this quick.

The police cars move off, slowly, one behind the other. They pass a sign CARRICK VIEW ESTATE, and another sign beside it showing the outline of a sniper against a white background. Underneath it, it says UP THE RA. They drive on, slowly, vigilantly. Tommy bends his neck to read the sign. He breathes deeply to conquer the nerves.

1/20

EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE, ANGELA'S HOUSE - DAY

1/20

Gerry and Tommy stand guard, watching up and down the street. It's the last place they want to be. Grace and Stevie walk towards the front door. Stevie rings the doorbell.

STEVIE  
(cheekily)  
Don't fuck this up.

GRACE  
 (sarcastically)  
 Ha ha.

A figure approaches through the glass. The door is opened. ANGELA MACKLE looks from Stevie to Grace and back. An anxious, bird-like face. A hard life inscribed in it.

ANGELA  
 He's dead, isn't he?

Stevie exchanges a glance with Grace.

STEVIE  
 Nah, Angela. If he was dead, I'd have my hat on.

ANGELA  
 What then?

STEVIE  
 Can we come in?

Angela looks up and down the street. She opens the door and they go in.

1/21      EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE, ANGELA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS      1/21

Gerry and Tommy stand watch out on the street. Curtains are twitching. Some TEENAGERS pedal up on bikes. They look on with a sullen hostility.

JP JUNIOR  
 You're a brave wee peeler, aren't ye?

Tommy looks pale and terrified and completely out of his depth.

1/22      INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER      1/22

A small but well-kept room. Everything in its place. Stevie takes it all in, his eyes roaming everywhere. Angela sits on the edge of the armchair. Stevie and Grace sit on the sofa.

GRACE  
 Mrs Mackle, Gordy was in a car accident but he is not injured. Physically, he's fine. However, the car he was driving...

STEVIE  
 Which he nicked.

A beat. Grace looks irritably at Stevie, who shrugs. She looks back at Angela.

GRACE

Do you know James McIntyre?

A beat. Now Grace has Angela's full attention. Laser focus.  
Defensive.

ANGELA

(defensively)

Why are you asking me that?

GRACE

Well, I just...I mean, I'm just  
asking if...

ANGELA

(snapping)

Sure everybody knows James  
McIntyre.

A beat. Stevie and Grace look at one another.

GRACE

It was James McIntyre's car.

Angela deflates visibly as if struck by a blow. Stevie steals  
another glance at Grace.

1/23

EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE, ANGELA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

1/23

Tommy and Gerry are standing their ground as more teenagers  
seem to emerge from every side alley. They're intimidating.  
JP JUNIOR circles them on his bike, like a shark. Tommy looks  
to Gerry, who tries to reassure him with a glance, but he  
doesn't look too sure of the situation himself.

1/24

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

1/24

Angela is staring into space, a million miles away.

GRACE

Mrs Mackle, do you understand what  
I'm saying to you? Your son may be  
in danger.

Angela looks at her vacantly.

Stevie is observing Angela very closely. A beat.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Angela. Is there something you want  
to tell us?

ANGELA

Something...?  
(she hesitates)  
No. No.

Stevie casts a glance at Grace. Angela looks at her intensely. She shakes her head. Grace nods.

GRACE

Okay. Well. If you notice anything suspicious. If you or Gordy need any help, you can call me.

Grace hands over a card. Stevie glances at her incredulously.

ANGELA

(amazed)

Help?

GRACE

(to Angela)

Yes. Help. Just call me.

Angela looks at her dubiously. Stevie is amazed and annoyed. They get up to go.

ANGELA

Wait...I mean...since you're here...

(struggling with this)

Do you know a place called The Palace?

STEVIE

The Palace? Near The Heights? What about it?

ANGELA

Gordy's there a lot these days.

STEVIE

And?

ANGELA

(evasive and regretful  
that she raised it)

And...I don't know.

Suddenly she pulls Grace close, taking her by surprise.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(hissing)

You didn't hear that from me, okay?

A beat, as Grace prises Angela off her.

GRACE

Okay.

STEVIE

(disgruntled)

Come on. Let's go.

They leave. Angela watches her go. She looks at the card in her hand. Then back at Grace as she gets in the car.

1/25      **INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER**      1/25

Stevie slams the car door. He's pissed off. The teenagers are watching the police closely. The cars move off. Suddenly a half-empty bag of curried chips lands on the bonnet of Grace and Stevie's car. Grace yelps. Stevie acts as if nothing has happened.

1/26      **INT. POLICE CAR - SAME TIME**      1/26

In Gerry and Tommy's police car. Another half-finished foil packet of curry lands just in front of them. They power over and speed off. Gerry shoots Tommy a sideways glance.

GERRY  
Enjoying yourself?

Tommy exhales all the stress in his body in one long gasp. Gerry smiles widely. They drive on.

1/27      **INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER**      1/27

Back in Stevie and Grace's car. He's quietly annoyed.

STEVIE  
What did you do that for?

GRACE  
(shocked)  
Do what?

STEVIE  
Give her your contact card!

GRACE  
Well...I mean...if she wants to  
contact me...if she needs...

STEVIE  
They're frequent flyers, Grace!

GRACE  
What?

STEVIE  
The Mackles. We've been dealing  
with Angela and the kid for years.  
You can't solve their problems for  
them!

GRACE  
(taken aback)  
Why not?

STEVIE  
Are you serious?

GRACE  
Explain to me what the problem is?

Stevie shrugs.

STEVIE  
If she calls looking for help, what  
are you going to do for her?

GRACE  
Well, I mean I...whatever I can.

STEVIE  
We do what we can *on the day*.  
That's it. That's where the job  
ends. On the day. You try to do any  
more than that and you won't last a  
year. You won't even make it  
through probation!

They drive along in silence.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
What age are you?

Grace is somewhat mortified.

GRACE  
None of your business....

STEVIE  
(interrupting)  
No, come on, seriously what? Late  
thirties?

GRACE  
Forty one.

STEVIE  
So you had another job before this,  
right? What was it?

GRACE  
You're my tutor con. You don't  
know?

Stevie shrugs.

STEVIE

You think I get paid enough to find out what my probationer used to do for a living?

Grace gulps.

GRACE

I was a social worker.

Stevie bursts out laughing.

STEVIE

Of course you were! Of course you fucking were!

He laughs louder.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Oh my God, of course you were.

1/28

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

1/28

Annie is looking up at a board on which are engraved the names of every RUC and PSNI officer from Blackthorn Station who have been killed on duty. There are a lot of names. HELEN MCNALLY, 34, formidable-looking, comes walking up.

HELEN

Tough times. Or so I hear. Not many left here now who served then.

Annie nods.

HELEN (CONT'D)

You're looking for Colin, aren't you?

Annie is sheepish.

HELEN (CONT'D)

He's not up there. The mysterious Colin is not a dead cop.

A beat. Annie looks at her.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Come on. Shift briefing.

Annie sighs and follows her.

1/29

**INT. POLICE STATION, CUSTODY SUITE - DAY**

1/29

Grace and Stevie are standing with CUSTODY SERGEANT SANDRA CLIFF.

GRACE

I'm sorry...he's been released from custody? And we didn't charge him with anything?

SANDRA

There was no complaint.

Grace turns to Stevie, astonished.

GRACE

But he...

(back to Sandra)

We caught him driving a stolen car!

SANDRA

Did you?

A beat. Grace looks at Stevie. Confused.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

It's just, the owner says he was driving it with his permission.

Stevie laughs.

STEVIE

(laughing)

Oh shit! No way!

GRACE

But what about...?

Sandra produces two photocopied documents.

SANDRA

(interrupting)

Gordon Mackle passed his driving test three weeks ago. He's even on the vehicle insurance.

Stevie keeps smiling. Grace is astonished.

STEVIE

Magnificent.

SANDRA

So it seems from my perspective, you've caught him in the act of...

(a beat)

...driving without R plates.

A beat.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

So what do you reckon we should have done? Solitary confinement? Thrown away the key?

Grace is squaring up for an argument she cannot win.

STEVIE

C'mon.

He marches off up the corridor. Grace doesn't move.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

C'mon!

Stevie walks off. Grace follows.

SANDRA

(shouting after them,  
smiling to herself)

Maybe I should charge you with  
wasting police time!

Stevie doesn't turn around but he is smiling as he walks away. Grace is gutted, clenching her jaw.

1/30

**INT. POLICE STATION, BRIEFING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

1/30

On Annie's face, bored rigid, as Helen briefs them on the highlights from the previous shift. All of "B" Section - today, twelve officers - are sitting in rows of chairs. So too is Jen. Annie notices this with some disdain. She sighs and tries to concentrate on what's being said. Tommy watches on, still looking entirely out of his depth.

HELEN

We had another domestic on the early at the Brennans' on Oldpark. They have the butcher's shop on the Waterville Road. Wife went for the husband with a knife.

GERRY

She heard he was doing a special offer on his sausage.

General laughter. Tommy laughs too.

HELEN

Yes, yes, thank you. He's not making a complaint but let's keep an eye on that situation.

Tommy gets carried away.

TOMMY

Maybe we could do a steak out?

All faces turn to Tommy. Silence. Complete tumbleweed.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You know. Like steak. Because he's  
a butcher...

Tumbleweed. Tommy wants the ground to swallow him up.

HELEN

(interrupting)

Okay, moving on...

The door opens and Grace and Stevie enter. Grace takes the seat beside Annie and smiles at her as she does so.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Our main incident of interest on  
the early shift was Gordon Mackle  
caught driving the vehicle of James  
McIntyre.

Grace is listening now. They all are. This is the kind of information that could one day be the difference between life and death.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Apparently he was doing so with  
McIntyre's full permission. So  
unfortunately we arrested him for a  
non-existent crime. Bit of an  
oversight.

She shoots a glance at Grace, who is mortified.

HELEN (CONT'D)

But from an intelligence point of view, it's interesting.

Helen is taking notes.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Let's put him on the stop and search list. Make his life uncomfortable.

GERRY

Any spec on his movements?

GRACE

His mother says he's spending time in a place called The Palace?

A beat.

GERRY

(looking at Stevie)

That place is a bit out of the way for a wee lad from the view.

STEVIE

(to Jonty and Helen)

That's what I thought. We'll take a run over there.

HELEN

Anything else?

GERRY

We came across the sneaky beakies earlier. Is there anything we should know?

A beat. Glances are exchanged around the room. Helen is perplexed.

HELEN

(shrugging)

Not that I'm aware of.

INSPECTOR DAVID 'JONTY' JOHNSTON has been sitting quietly off to the side this whole time. Gerry looks at him. He looks away awkwardly. Gerry registers his discomfort.

JEN

I...have that file to prep for the Crown court. Needs to be done today. I was wondering if I could stay back to finish it...

HELEN

No, sorry, we're short-handed as it is...

JONTY

(to Jen)

We've been falling behind on court files. Makes sense to get it done. We'll stand you up in to the shift pattern if we need you.

Jen looks pleased. Stevie and Helen exchange a cynical glance. The meeting breaks up.

HELEN

Probation Constables Ellis, Conlon, and Foster, a word.

Annie and Grace exchange an anxious glance. Cut to: moments later, the room is empty apart from Helen, Grace, Annie and Tommy. An awkward, strained silence.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Well, it's been a month. Two more months of probation left. How do you all think it's going?

GRACE

Good.

ANNIE

Alright.

TOMMY

Okay, ma'am.

HELEN

Sarge, not ma'am.

Annie smiles. Tommy gulps.

TOMMY

Sorry, ma'am.

(quickly)

Sarge.

HELEN

Do you want to know how I feel it's going for the three of you?

Silence.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Not very well. To put it mildly.

A beat.

HELEN (CONT'D)

(to Tommy)

Your marksmanship is terrible. If you don't fix it, you're not going to make it.

(to Grace)

You arrested someone this morning for a crime they didn't commit.

(to Annie)

And the word is that you came in this morning hungover!

ANNIE

What...no...I-!

HELEN

(interrupting)

It's not good enough. From any of you. Not even nearly. You think I won't fail all three of you if I have to?

Silence.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Constable Ellis, the Inspector wants to see you in his office.

GRACE  
 (shocked)  
 The Inspector wants to see...me?

HELEN  
 Immediately.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
 You two. Get to your callsigns. And  
 up your game! Constable Conlon.  
 You're with me today. Go on. Check  
 your kit.

They walk off.

ANNIE  
 (under her breath)  
 Jen. The wee bitch!

Grace walks out, stricken and anxious.

1/31 OMITTED

1/31

1/32 OMITTED

1/32

1/33 INT. POLICE STATION, JONTY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

1/33

Jonty beckons Grace into a seat. She's flummoxed and deeply uncomfortable.

JONTY  
 Constable Ellis.

GRACE  
 Sir.

JONTY  
 I got your email.

Grace is completely bewildered.

GRACE  
 My email? What email?

JONTY  
 (sheepish)  
 I'm going to step away from my desk  
 now, and you can come over here and  
 read the email you sent me  
 approximately thirty minutes ago.  
 I'll remind you that my office is  
 covered by CCTV.

Grace is astonished. Jonty gets up and walks to the corner of the office, carefully and officially. Grace goes pale.

She walks over to the screen, and reads the email, her face collapsing in horror and embarrassment.

GRACE

Sir, I didn't...this isn't...

JONTY

Take a seat.

GRACE

No sir, I didn't send...

JONTY

(sternly)

Take a seat!

She goes back and sits down.

JONTY (CONT'D)

As I see it, there are two possibilities here. Either, six weeks into your probation period as a new police officer, and without ever having spoken to me, you have asked me out on a date...

Grace is mortified.

GRACE

Sir! No!

JONTY

(interrupting)

Or you left your login open at your desk, and one of your colleagues decided to play a prank.

Grace doesn't know where to look.

JONTY (CONT'D)

If the latter, I would suggest you log off every time you leave your desk.

Grace is speechless. All she can do is nod.

JONTY (CONT'D)

If it's the former, I'm afraid I have to inform you that I am very happily married.

GRACE

Sir, I...

JONTY

Dismissed.

A beat. She's in shock. Grace gets up and leaves. She wants to vomit. Once she's gone, Jonty starts laughing to himself.

1/34

**INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

1/34

Grace walks back into the shift office. She looks around, stunned. It's full of her COLLEAGUES, including Stevie. Suddenly, in unison, they all roar....

COLLEAGUES

Yeeeeoooooooooooo!

GRACE

You bastards!

Laughter and hilarity.

1/35

**INT. POLICE CAR - DAY**

1/35

Annie is in the car with Helen. She feels under scrutiny, even in the silences. There is no small talk here.

HELEN

The man with the red ski jacket who just walked past. Did he have a backpack?

Annie turns her head to get a better look. She can't see him anywhere.

ANNIE

A backpack? I...uh...

HELEN

I am the driver. You are the observer. Are you observing?

ANNIE

(on the spot)

I uh...

HELEN

What's your role?

ANNIE

(defeated)

In built up areas I scan pedestrians for individuals known to police and also potential threats.

Annie is ashamed, once again.

HELEN

Were you doing that?

A beat.

ANNIE  
(quietly)  
No.

Helen sighs. Annie feels like opening the car door, jumping out, and running away, forever.

1/36 **EXT. THE PALACE - DAY**

1/36

Grace and Stevie are looking up at a squat, square, dilapidated block of flats.

STEVIE  
The Palace. What a shit hole.

GRACE  
Assisted pathway living.

STEVIE  
Huh?

GRACE  
It's a stepping stone for kids coming out of care. It helps them make the transition into the real world. Although a lot of them never really make it. They just fall through the cracks.

STEVIE  
(muttering)  
Tell me about it.

They walk towards the door of The Palace. On the way in, KIRSTY, 18, is opening the front door with a key. She has her back turned to them.

GRACE  
Hiya.

Kirsty turns, shocked and defensive. She freezes in the doorway.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
You alright?

Silence.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I'm Grace. This is Stevie. Do you mind if we come in?

KIRSTY  
I'm not sure I...

GRACE

We just want to have a quick look around.

Kirsty steps back. They walk past her into the foyer. They look around. It's silent. Dilapidated. Grace looks down at the key fob in Kirsty's hand. It says 204. Grace smiles.

GRACE (CONT'D)

So how long have you been living here then?

KIRSTY

I'm sorry, I....I....

Kirsty walks off quickly, up the stairs. Grace exchanges a suspicious glance with Stevie. Grace looks at an old ledger, chained to the wall.

GRACE

Visitors' book.

She opens it. Swear words and obscene drawings. Stevie leans in.

STEVIE

(mock-curious)

Is that...Shakespeare?

Grace shakes her head and slams the book closed. She looks around. Something is troubling her.

1/37

OMITTED

1/37

1/38

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

1/38

Helen and Annie are driving around.

HELEN

What's an Op Gulliver nominal?

ANNIE

An individual suspected of being involved in paramilitary activity or terrorist-related offences.

Helen nods.

HELEN

When we stop and search an Op Gulliver nominal, what legislative powers do we use?

This is a nightmare. Helen is a nightmare. And Annie hates the legal stuff. Her mind races. Then - sudden relief.

ANNIE  
The Justice and Security Northern  
Ireland Act 2007.

Helen nods. A beat. Something about Helen's demeanour has changed.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Why?

HELEN  
Because you're about to use it.

The car stops suddenly.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
Come on.

They jump out.

1/39    **EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

1/39

Two young men are walking away, their backs turned. Helen nods to Annie.

HELEN  
The one on the left is Gordy  
Mackle. All yours.

Annie isn't prepared for this, but she manages to get the words out as she moves quickly toward the young men. Standing back, Helen taps her bodycam twice and the red light turns on.

ANNIE  
Gordon...Gordon Mackle!

Gordy and MO MCINTYRE turn. Over Annie's shoulder, Helen immediately recognizes Mo, and she is both astonished and immediately much more on edge.

HELEN  
(muttering)  
Shit!

Discreetly, she talks into her radio earpiece. As she speaks her eyes are scanning both sides of the street. She quickly and quietly unclips her gun without drawing it from the holster. She moves closer to Annie, but not too close.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
Uniform, Uniform, Bravo Lima Seven  
Four, we are at 235 Limestone Way  
and engaged in a search with an op  
Gulliver nominal, repeat an op  
Gulliver nominal, over.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)  
Bravo Lima Seven Four from Uniform  
received. ID, over?

HELEN  
Mo McIntyre. He's with Gordy  
Mackle, over.  
(under her breath)  
*Fuck!*

Back on Annie, oblivious to the threat she is facing. She is talking to Gordy, but remains aware of Mo.

ANNIE  
Mister Mackle, under schedule two of the Justice and Security Act 2007 you have been selected for a stop and search. You're detained for the purposes of said search.

Mo smiles.

GORDY  
Fuck's sake!

ANNIE  
Do you intend to comply with this request?

Helen is breathing quicker now, her eyes locked on Mo. He notices this, and winks at her.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Do you intend to comply?

Gordy shakes his head, but begins to do as he is told. He raises his arms above his head. With some relief, Annie moves towards him. Mo steals a glance at Annie's police bodycam. He notices something about it. He looks back at Gordy.

MO  
Put your arms down.

Gordy turns to him, surprised. Annie hears the quiet, intense instruction, and stops dead. Helen bristles. She looks up and down the street again.

MO (CONT'D)  
I said put your arms by your side.

Gordy does as he's told. Some ONLOOKERS are slowing down, beginning to notice. She looks back over her shoulder at Helen, who is speaking into her radio again.

HELEN

Uniform, Uniform, Bravo Lima Seven  
Four, I need that back up *now*,  
over.

Annie remembers her training. "Refusal to comply" calls for quick and decisive physical action. Ninety percent of people shy away from physical confrontation with a uniformed police officer. She breathes, and then walks three steps towards McIntyre.

ANNIE

Sir, I'm going to ask you to step back...

Helen sees her move too late.

HELEN

Annie...

Mo punches Annie full in the face, with a sickening slap of bone on bone. Blood bursts out of her nose, and she reels back, falling as she does so. There are gasps from pedestrians.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Gordy and Mo begin to run but Helen finds a burst of speed and is on Mo in an instant, dragging him to the ground. They begin to wrestle. Mo has her in a headlock. Gordy, in shock, stops running and turns around. Helen is losing this wrestling match, and quickly.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Annie!

She is being choked now. She is reaching for her CS spray, maybe even her gun, but both of her arms are trapped.

HELEN (CONT'D)

(croaking)

Annie!

Annie is in a world of her own. Of a high ringing sound, obscene dizziness, total disorientation. She is breathing rapidly. She can see what is happening but her body won't respond. She can't even speak. Helen is clawing at the arm around her neck. PEOPLE look on, stupidly, silently, refusing to get involved. Gordy watches, breathing rapidly. Suddenly he turns and runs. Mo sees him go. It's the split second of release Helen needs to elbow Mo in the throat. As he falls backwards she instantly gets to her CS spray, which she deploys liberally into Mo's face. He screams in agony. Annie still stands there, breathing rapidly, blood pouring from her nose, dripping onto the pavement. Mo is on his front now, Helen straddling his back, cuffing him. Annie falls to her knees.

Through glazed vision, she can make out the swirl of blue lights approaching. She vomits on the pavement in front of her.

1/40

**INT. THE PALACE, UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER**

1/40

A bare corridor. Clean but functional. Stevie watches Grace as she assesses what she's seeing.

STEVIE

What?

GRACE

Listen.

They listen.

STEVIE

I don't hear anything.

GRACE

Exactly. I've worked in three places like this. Usually it's chaos. Why's it so dead?

STEVIE

Maybe it's because it's daytime. They're sleeping? You know. Like bats.

GRACE

(shaking her head)

Bats.

Stevie shrugs. The radio crackles. Grace looks up. She sees a door. 204.

GRACE (CONT'D)

This is her room. The girl from downstairs.

STEVIE

How do you know it's her...

GRACE

Her key fob.

Grace walks up and knocks on the door. Kirsty opens it, annoyed, scared and defensive. She looks up and down the corridor.

KIRSTY

(hissing)

I can't talk to you!

GRACE

Why not?

KIRSTY

I just...I can't. I'm busy.

Grace looks at Stevie.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)

Bravo Lima Seven Two, we have  
reports of a disturbance on  
Northtown Parade in Carrick  
View...female brandishing a knife,  
over.

Grace and Stevie exchange a glance.

STEVIE

Northwood Parade? That's Angela's  
street...

Grace turns back to Kirsty.

GRACE

Listen to me. I don't know what's  
going on here, but I need you to  
know that if you ever feel  
threatened, or in danger, you call  
us. We will come immediately. Yeah?

Kirsty looks at her and swallows.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Okay?

Kirsty slams the door. Grace runs out after Stevie.

CUT TO:

1/41

INT. THE PALACE, RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

1/41

Grace and Stevie are running quickly back out through the reception.

1/42

INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - DAY

1/42

Jonty is with Annie and Helen. All three of them are gathered around a computer showing bodycam footage. Annie's nose has stopped bleeding, but her face is covered in dried blood. She seems numb.

JONTY

Constable Conlon, you need to turn  
on your bodycam *every time*.

Annie could barely feel any worse. Helen is looking at the screen, replaying the bodycam pictures.

HELEN

I'm too far back to pick up sound.

JONTY

His solicitor's down there now.  
Giving Sandra all the shit of the  
day.

ANNIE

Look at it! He assaulted me. And  
her!

Helen shakes her head. She guesses at what's coming.

JONTY

You want the bones of it?

A beat. Jonty reads from a sheet of paper in his hand.

JONTY (CONT'D)

"I was approached by a police  
officer who did not verbally  
provide her shoulder number."

A beat.

JONTY (CONT'D)

(to Annie)

Did you?

ANNIE

I...I quoted the legislation and  
I...

JONTY

(interrupting)

The Officer then misidentified the  
legislation under which she was  
stopping me...

ANNIE

What? No, I...

JONTY

Citing schedule two of the Justice  
and Security Northern Ireland Act  
instead of schedule three. Is that  
right?

ANNIE

I...uh...

(uncertain)

No, I think I said...I'm not...

HELEN

(gently but firmly)

We have to get this right. Every  
time.

A beat. Annie shakes her head. She is devastated.

JONTY

"The same officer then entered into  
an aggressive, verbal altercation  
with my friend."

ANNIE

(vehemently)

No. I did not.

JONTY

(to Helen)

Did you hear what was said?

HELEN

Not clearly. The traffic was heavy.

Annie sighs. She can't believe this.

JONTY

No-one is doubting your version of  
events, Constable. But these  
bastards know the law better than  
we do half the time. Now his  
arsehole solicitor is down there  
pulling at threads, and it's  
working. He's also making a further  
allegation here.

ANNIE

(astonished)

An allegation?

Annie puts her head in her hands. Jonty goes back to reading off the sheet.

JONTY

(interrupting)

"The same officer took three steps  
towards me, putting me in fear for  
my personal safety, thus assaulting  
me..."

ANNIE

Assaulting him!

JONTY

By putting him in fear for his  
personal safety, yes, assault. As  
the law defines it.

Helen sighs.

HELEN

Jesus.

Jonty turns to her.

JONTY

"After defending myself..."

Annie goes to speak. Jonty waves her away with a hand.

JONTY (CONT'D)

(louder)

"After defending myself...I turned to escape the situation, only to be violently tackled to the ground by the second police officer, in a second act of unwarranted police brutality. I will be filing a very serious complaint to the police Ombudsman."

Jonty looks from Annie to Helen.

JONTY (CONT'D)

I'll need your statements by the end of the day.

(to Annie)

You make up a single detail, you stretch a single fact, you're out. You tell the truth, I will protect you as much as I can. One tiny lie, you're out.

Annie nods. Jonty becomes more conciliatory. A reassuring smile.

JONTY (CONT'D)

But you know what? I can promise you now, that we'll get Mo McIntyre in the long grass. Not today or tomorrow, but we'll get him in the end.

A beat.

JONTY (CONT'D)

Okay. Get to it.

He leaves. Annie stares into the distance. Her identity seems very fragile to her now. She tries to articulate the truth out loud.

ANNIE

I...froze.

HELEN

It happens.

ANNIE

No but I...I couldn't move...

A beat. Annie's world is falling apart. She becomes tearful.

HELEN

Hey. Believe me. It happens.

A beat.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Now. Colin's Code.

ANNIE

Huh?

HELEN

The threat rating chart. In the locker room. You want to know who Colin really is?

On Annie. She wasn't expecting this.

1/43

**INT. POLICE STATION, CUSTODY SUITE - MOMENTS LATER**

1/43

AODHAN MCALLISTER, 38, walks out of the custody suite with his client, Mo McIntyre. McAllister is dressed for golf, shoes and all. The spikes on the shoes click on the polished floor. He smiles oleaginously at Custody Sergeant, Sandra Cliff.

MCALLISTER

Do you play golf, Sandra?

SANDRA

No. I meet enough arseholes at work.

Mo smirks. Sandra watches them go, and holds a robust middle finger up to their backs. McAllister doesn't turn around as he replies.

MCALLISTER

Likewise!

Sandra shakes her head bitterly and goes back to her computer.

SANDRA

Wanker.

1/44

**EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

1/44

Mo gets into the passenger seat of a car. McAllister gets into the back seat. JAMES MCINTYRE is driving. He is in his forties, wiry, and threatening. Mo closes the door. They drive off.

1/45 INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

1/45

Grace and Stevie are speeding through town, blue lights on.

1/46 INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE/SERGEANTS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 1/46

Annie and Helen sit at their work stations writing their reports. A radio sits on the desk between them. They can hear the traffic between Stevie and control. Annie raises her eyebrows to Helen, who just goes back to her screen. Jen enters, breezily, as usual. She's carrying several files.

JEN  
Paperwork, eh? Nightmare!

She sits down and begins logging in. Annie and Helen exchange a glance.

1/47 INT. POLICE STATION - SAME TIME

1/47

ANNIE is staring at the radio.

STEVIE (ON RADIO)  
Bravo Lima Seven Two responding,  
over. Can you task police seven-  
seven, see if any top cover?

ANNIE  
They're going to that knife  
incident? In Carrick View?

A beat.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
(to Helen)  
They should wait for cover,  
shouldn't they?

A beat.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Shouldn't they?

Out on Helen, who is listening to the radio with growing concern.

1/48 INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

1/48

On Grace as she is thrown around by the high speeds.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)  
Seven Two from Uniform. Be advised  
we have reduced callsigns.  
(MORE)

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY) (CONT'D)

Police helicopter Seven-Seven  
tasked elsewhere. No immediate back-up.

A beat.

STEVIE

(into radio)

Okay, we're en route. Try and get  
us that top cover when available,  
over.

Grace tries to swallow her apprehension.

1/49

INT. JONTY'S OFFICE - DAY

1/49

Jonty walks into his office and is shocked to see JOSEPH, 40s, well-dressed in an understated way, sitting in his chair. He tries to hide his surprise.

JONTY

Joseph...what are you...how did  
you...?

JOSEPH

(interrupting)

I have a pass for the back door,  
remember?

A beat.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Listen, Inspector. We have a  
problem. Or rather, a series of  
problems.

(a beat)

Today your officers have arrested  
not one, but two Operation Farset  
Principals. We've had two of your  
officers visit the home of another  
surveillance target.

A beat.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

It's almost as if we never came to  
an agreement on this.

JONTY

Look. I can't stop every single  
police operation...

JOSEPH

Yes, you can.

(a beat.)

Yes, you can. And you must.

Jonty shakes his head, deeply uncomfortable. A beat. Joseph's phone beeps. He reads the message.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

(urgently)

Now you have a callsign heading straight back into the middle of it! Call them off!

Jonty is frozen.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Call them off now!

1/50

**INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

1/50

Jonty runs into the main office. He finds Helen.

JONTY

Get them out of there! Now!

HELEN

What...who?

JONTY

The callsign going into Carrick View - it's a set-up...it's double OB as of this minute...out of bounds...get them out of there!

Helen runs to the radio. Annie watches, enthralled.

1/51

**EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE - DAY**

1/51

Grace and Stevie stop the car in the middle of the street, just in front of Angela. Behind her, a cul-de-sac. No easy escape route if this goes wrong. Angela stands there, her hair wild. She is holding two long kitchen knives. She barely notices the arrival of the police car. She is wheeling around, snarling and screaming at the empty street. Raging at the world around her. At the faces peeking out.

ANGELA

Youse fucking cowards! Every one of youse! You let them do whatever they want! To whoever they want! You're nothing but fucking cowards!

NEIGHBOURS stare out their windows. In one or two of the houses, the doors are opening. The police car stops. Grace gets out of the car. She takes a couple of steps forward. Stevie gets out after her.

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)  
Bravo Lima Seven Two, withdraw  
immediately, your location is  
double OB, over. Respond.

Stevie is appalled.

STEVIE  
(quietly into radio)  
What?

VOICE ON RADIO (BARNEY)  
Stevie, you're double OB, withdraw  
immediately, over.

STEVIE  
Grace.

Grace is paying no attention to him.

GRACE  
(to Angela)  
Angela, it's me. Grace. From  
earlier today. Can you put the  
knives down?

STEVIE  
(fiercely)  
Grace.

GRACE  
That's it, just breathe deeply...

Stevie walks up to Grace and grabs her arm. She spins around, astonished.

STEVIE  
We're going.

GRACE  
What are you taking about?

RESIDENTS are starting to gather. Stevie is scanning high windows and rooftops as he talks quickly.

STEVIE  
We're out of bounds - double OB,  
it's a credible imminent threat.  
We're going. Come on.

Grace shakes herself free. She looks back at Angela.

GRACE  
We can't go! Look at her!

Stevie gets close up to her face and whispers.

STEVIE

(whispering)

This isn't real. It's a set-up.  
She's doing this to draw us in.  
We're being targeted.

Grace swallows. She looks back at Angela with new eyes.

ANGELA

Leave. Me. Alone!

Grace looks back at Stevie.

GRACE

No.

STEVIE

(astonished)

What?

GRACE

*It is real.*

STEVIE

(through gritted teeth)

It's a fucking set-up, Grace! We're  
about to be attacked! Let's fucking  
go! Now!

GRACE

(steadily, with clarity)

This is real.

A beat. They eyeball each other. He's the one to blink.

STEVIE

Fuck me!

He walks away quickly to the back of the car, speaking hurriedly into his radio.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Uniform, Uniform, Seven Two, that's  
a negative. We are engaged in an  
article two situation, over. You'll  
have to override the double OB and  
get us some backup, over.

He tries to stay calm. He opens the boot. He looks at Heckler and Koch G36. Then he looks around. A crowd is gathering. Some of them are children. He knows that if he takes this gun out, things could escalate. He sighs, frustrated, and closes the boot again.

1/53

INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - SAME TIME

1/53

Jonty paces up and down the room. Annie is watching him. Tommy too. So is Jen. He breathes deeply.

JONTY  
Tell them again!

HELEN  
They can't leave now! It's article two!

A beat.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
We can't just leave them there alone!

JONTY  
(hissing)  
Fuck!  
(a beat)  
Go get them!

Helen nods. So does Annie. Jen looks as if she has just been punched.

JEN  
I have to finish this...

JONTY  
Okay, yeah, Constable Robinson...you stay here...

HELEN  
(interrupting)  
No! We need every driver we can get.  
(to Jen)  
That means you too.

Jen pales.

JONTY  
Okay. Yeah. Okay.

They all jump up simultaneously. Helen winks at Annie as if to say, you can do this. They run for the door, Jen following, horrified. Jonty is left alone, stressed and anxious.

1/54

EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

1/54

Grace stands in front of Angela. By now a hostile CROWD is gathering. A bottle comes soaring overhead, landing at Stevie's feet. Grace ignores it. She focuses completely on Angela.

GRACE  
What happened to you?

A beat.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Angela...I need you to put the  
knives down. Can you do that?

A car pulls up, Mo and his father James arrive. Angela notices them. Another car arrives. Three BURLY MEN, one of them ANTO DONOVAN, 47, get out and go to join the McIntyres. James looks at Stevie, alone in the street. He smiles.

STEVIE  
(muttering)  
Oh for fuck's sake.

Stevie whispers into the radio.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Multiple Op Gulliver nominals, the  
whole McIntyre gang just turned up.  
Over.

More people are emerging from their houses. They do not look friendly. Stevie and Grace are completely alone in a sea of growing hostility.

1/55

**INT. POLICE CAR - SAME TIME**

1/55

Helen and Annie are speeding towards the scene on a blue lights run. They are listening to the radio chatter.

HELEN  
Name badge.

Annie removes her name badge and puts it in the glove compartment.

STEVIE (O.S.)  
James McIntyre. The son, Mo. Both here.

HELEN  
(hissing)  
Shit!

She turns to Annie.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
Are you okay with...

Annie nods her head.

ANNIE  
Yeah, it's fine. Fuck him.

1/56 **EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER**

1/56

Grace's hands are outstretched towards Angela.

ANGELA

I'll kill you. I'll fucking kill  
you and then I'll kill myself.

Grace tries to breathe. She nods.

GRACE

Listen. Angela, listen to me now,  
okay? I have a son too. He's the  
same age as Gordy.

Angela seems to be listening, for the first time.

ANGELA

They're taking him away from me.

GRACE

Who? Who's taking him?

Angela glances quickly over to James. Grace notices it.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I can help you, Angela. And Gordy.

ANGELA

Bullshit. You can't help me.

GRACE

I...I know people.  
There's...there's help out there.  
You just have to ask for it.

Angela shakes her head.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Gordy needs you. He needs you alive  
and he needs you well. It might not  
seem like it but this is when he  
needs you most. Now. When he's in  
trouble.

Angela begins to cry.

ANGELA

They're taking him from me.

GRACE

Then take him back.

Angela looks at her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Don't give up without a fight. Take  
him back.

Stevie turns back to watch the crowd, which is growing larger by the minute. James has his eyes fixed on him.

1/57

**INT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE, POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS**

1/57

Helen and Annie pull up first, immediately spotting Mo standing in front of Stevie. Helen goes to exit the car first. Annie grabs her arm. Helen turns to look at her.

ANNIE

No. It's *my* job.

A beat. Annie gets out. She approaches Mo for the second time today. She never takes her eyes off him. She double taps her bodycam. The light goes red. Behind her, Helen emerges from the car.

1/58

**INT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE, POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS**

1/58

In Jen and Tommy's car. Tommy watches Annie approach Mo. Jen sits there, her hand on the wheel, the engine still running. Tommy gets out and walks towards Annie. JP Junior cycles past very slowly. He looks at Tommy superciliously.

JP JUNIOR

(singing tunelessly)

Somebody's...gettin'...shot...the  
day.

JP Junior whistles now, still tunelessly. Tommy is terrified. He looks back at the car. Jen is not getting out.

1/59

**EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE - CONTINUOUS**

1/59

Annie walks up to Mo. By now a crowd of RESIDENTS have gathered around him. James is watching intently from his perch on a garden wall, a few meters away. Helen walks up behind Annie. But Annie is in front of them all, taking charge. Mo laughs in her face.

MO

Back for more? You must be the type  
that likes it rough.

Annie looks up at him, expressionless.

ANNIE

I'm going to have to ask you to  
move back.

Mo looks around at the assembled gathering. Then at his father. He turns his head very slowly back towards Annie. Then he spits in her face. In the same place that he punched her before. Tommy gasps. Helen bristles. She looks around. This could all go very wrong now.

Globules of spit are dripping down Annie's cheek. But to Mo's surprise, her face doesn't move. She raises her arm very slowly and deliberately, and wipes away the spit. The crowd is watching intently now. So is James McIntyre. Mo is suddenly uncertain about how this is going to turn out.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(slowly, grimly)

Is that all you can do? Spit in my face?

Silence, everywhere. Silence. Mo looks like he's about to draw his arm back for a punch.

JAMES

Oi!

Mo turns. So does everyone Annie. So does everyone else.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(to Mo)

Sit down.

A beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(roaring at Mo)

I said sit down here to fuck!

Quickly, methodically, James slaps Mo hard in the face. Mo's shame is complete. He looks murderous.

1/60

**EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE - SAME TIME**

1/60

Angela is still holding the knives.

ANGELA

It's too late. I've lost him.

GRACE

No. You haven't. He's your son.

A beat. Angela is listening intently.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Listen to me, Angela. It's never too late, okay? You have to keep fighting. But not like this. Okay?

Grace can see that she is getting through.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Not like this.

Angela is beginning to melt. She is listening to Grace. For some reason she trusts her.

1/61    **EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE - SAME TIME**

1/61

Helen, holding the crowd back with Annie, notices that Jen is still in her car.

HELEN

Oh for fuck's sake!

Helen goes to the door of the police car.

HELEN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JEN  
Cover.

HELEN  
(appalled and astonished)  
*What?*

JEN  
The rules of cover are that you  
have one driver in the vehicle at  
all times...

HELEN  
Get out of the car!

Jen looks at the crowd. At Annie, now on her own, standing in front of them. She breathes nervously. She is terrified. She looks straight ahead.

JEN  
(quietly)  
No.

A beat. Helen, disgusted, walks away, back towards Annie and Tommy, who are both holding the line.

1/62      **EXT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE - SAME TIME**

1/62

Grace's eyes are locked on Angela's.

GRACE  
If you put down those knives, I  
will help you.

Angela begins to cry, tears of frustration, and yet also a hope that she never dared to feel, but somehow feels now.

ANGELA  
Do you promise?

Grace nods. For her, too, tears are beginning to come.

GRACE  
I promise.

Angela looks at her through her tears. She believes her. She drops the knives. Grace walks to her. They embrace. Stealthily, Stevie runs over and cuffs Angela. Grace is outraged.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Stevie, no! You can't...

STEVIE  
Shut up, come on!

Angela is struggling, screaming, but it's too late. Stevie holds her neck, marching her to the car with barely contained violence. The other OFFICERS see that it's over, and retreat quickly to their cars. Suddenly, bottles and bricks are raining down on them.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Okay, let's go!

1/63

**INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS**

1/63

STEVIE starts the car. Angela is in the back. They reverse quickly. The dull thud of bricks and bottles on the roof. The other cars are experiencing the same thing, bricks and bottles raining down on them as they turn quickly and retreat.

ANGELA

You lied to me! You lied!

Grace turns to the back seat.

GRACE

(raised voice)

I didn't lie! I'm going to help you, okay! I'm going to help you!

1/64

**INT. POLICE STATION, JONTY'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

1/64

Joseph is sitting in front of Jonty.

JOSEPH

(benignly)

Do you ever wonder what you would do if you weren't a police officer?

JONTY

Like, what do you mean?

JOSEPH

If you had do something else I mean? I sometimes think I'd like to have been an academic. You know? Just total devotion to a subject. For a whole lifetime.

A beat. Jonty is sheepish.

JONTY

It's silly...

JOSEPH

(with interest)

No, go on.

JONTY

I think maybe, like an outdoors instructor. You know, hiking, abseiling, that sort of thing?

JOSEPH

Yeah. I can see that. Lovely.

A beat.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Although I hear you're already pretty good at showing younger officers the ropes.

Jonty bristles instantly.

JONTY

What? What do you mean by that?

Joseph shrugs and smiles. His superpower is silence. He speaks only when he wants to, and uses awkward silences like a sword. Joseph leans slowly forward and stares directly into his eyes.

JOSEPH

Release Angela Mackle from your custody, get her back into her house, and you get your people to stay away from her. She is, as of this moment, out of bounds to the police.

(a beat)

Or...alternatively...

(a beat)

Go and join the *fucking* boy scouts.

Joseph gets up and walks out. Jonty watches him go. He looks out of his office, where Grace and Stevie are talking. Stevie notices Joseph leave. He watches Joseph with interest.

1/65

**INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT**

1/65

Helen sees Jen leave for the day. She gives her a bitter, hostile glance. Jen walks past as if nothing has happened. Stevie is looking disconsolately into a tupperware box.

STEVIE

(disappointed)

My pâté is too moist.

(he looks up)

Sweating. Did you know pâté can sweat?

She shakes her head as she types on the computer.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

That was pretty impressive.

GRACE

What was?

STEVIE

All that shit you talked to get her to drop the knives.

Grace looks at him for a beat.

GRACE

It wasn't shit. I meant it. I am going to help her.

Stevie looks at her. He leans forward.

STEVIE

If you keep doing this job the way you've started out, you're going to get yourself in a lot of trouble.

GRACE

Have you ever considered that maybe there's a different way of doing this job?

A beat. They eyeball each other. Slowly, he takes another cracker covered in pate out of his lunchbox, and bites down on it, noisily. He chews, still loudly, as he looks at her. Grace stands up. Then she leans down over his desk.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You know. It even *sounds* sweaty.

Stevie smiles. She leaves. He's watching her, closely, as she goes.

1/66

**INT. POLICE STATION, ARMOURY/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT**

1/66

Annie and Tommy are taking off their ballistic vests. He is stealing glances at her.

TOMMY

Were you scared?

ANNIE

Of course I was scared.

He shakes his head.

TOMMY

You didn't look scared.

A beat. She shrugs.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Did I look scared?

ANNIE  
(earnestly)  
You looked fucking terrified.

For a moment he is deeply disappointed, and then he sees that she's smiling. He realises she's joking and he smiles back.

TOMMY  
(good-natured)  
Fuck off!

A beat. She makes eye contact now. She doesn't give compliments easily, but he deserves it.

ANNIE  
(smiling)  
You did well, mate.

He's delighted. A beat. She thinks for a moment.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
So. You want to know who Colin is?  
From Colin's code?

TOMMY  
You *know*!?

Annie smiles and nods. She pauses for effect.

ANNIE  
So, he was a new recruit. Three years ago.

TOMMY  
*Three years* ago? Is that all?

Annie nods.

ANNIE  
So anyway, he's six months into his probation. Doing okay. No major issues.

Tommy nods.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
He's on patrol on Halloween night out on the edge of Carrick View.  
With Gerry.

TOMMY  
Gerry?

ANNIE  
Yeah. Gerry.

This lands with Tommy.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Colin's the observer, Gerry is driving. So, some kids manage to sneak up behind the car and throw some fireworks underneath.

TOMMY

Yeah?

ANNIE

They think it's a gun attack. Gerry puts the foot down, obviously.

Grace is nodding.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

But he looks in the rearview mirror and sees the kids running away. He works out pretty quickly what's happened. Just a prank. But then there's this smell.

A beat.

TOMMY

(confused)

A *smell*?

ANNIE

Colin's shat himself.

Tommy bursts out laughing.

TOMMY

No!

ANNIE

Colin has *shat* himself. Because of a firework.

TOMMY

(uncomfortably,  
disappointed)

And Gerry told everybody?

ANNIE

Nah, Gerry kept schtum. Partner's rules. But Colin had to get new trousers back at the station. Word got out. It always does.

Tommy nods.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Colin doesn't turn up to work the next day. Or the next. Or the day after that.

TOMMY

No!

ANNIE

He *resigned*. Then he moved to Australia!

TOMMY

No!

Annie nods.

ANNIE

Fucking Australia! They never heard from him again. That's why they call it Colin's Code. And that's why the highest alert level isn't red...

They both look at the poster. The highest level. CRITICAL: BROWN. They burst out laughing.

1/67

**EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

1/67

Grace is in her car, pulling out onto the main road. It's Raining heavily. She spots a huddled figure, shuffling along the street away from the station. She looks closer. She can't believe it - it's Angela. Grace has a moment of indecision, and then commits. She pulls over, winds down the window.

GRACE

Angela?

Angela is astonished to see her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

ANGELA

Going home.

GRACE

(astonished)

What?

A beat.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Get in.

ANGELA

Wise up.

GRACE

It's lashing, get in!

Angela gets into the car. She lifts the discarded utility bills on the passenger seat, hands them to Grace.

ANGELA

Lough Point. Must be nice up there.

Grace is unsettled at her oversight. She stuffs the bills into the glove compartment.

CUT TO:

1/68

**INT. GRACE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

1/68

They sit there in the stationary car, the rain pattering on the windows. Grace is trying to compute this situation.

GRACE

I'm sorry...I don't understand.  
You've been released?

Angela shrugs.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You haven't had a mental health assessment?

Angela shakes her head.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You weren't charged with anything?

Angela shakes her head. Grace does too, mystified.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Angela, I'm sorry. You should be getting practical help. Support. I don't know what's happened here.

I'll follow this up.

(a beat, she resolves something)

And I'll give you a lift home.

Angela laughs, thinking this is a joke, and then realises it isn't.

ANGELA

Are you mad?

GRACE

I'm not letting you walk home in this. Not after today. We'll make it quick.

Angela considers this. She has never met a police officer like this before.

1/69

**EXT/INT. CARRICK VIEW ESTATE/GRACE'S CAR - NIGHT**

1/69

Grace and Angela make their way back into the estate. It feels different now. Dark, desolate, sinister, and still extremely foreboding.

ANGELA

Here.

GRACE

No, it's fine, I'll...

ANGELA

(insistent)

Here!

Grace pulls over. A beat.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(softer)

Thank you.

Grace nods.

GRACE

I'll make some calls....

But Angela is gone, closing the door and walking off into the night. Grace sighs. She pulls a U-Turn and drives off into the night. As she exits the estate, onto a busier road and safer ground, another car pulls out behind her. Grace doesn't even notice.

1/70

**INT. GRACE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

1/70

The two undercover officers from earlier, Mark and Rachel are in the car following Grace. Rachel makes a call on the radio. We don't see what she is saying.

1/71

**EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

1/71

Grace arrives back at her house. She scans the street before going inside, as she always does. All quiet, nothing out of the ordinary. She turns the key and goes in.

1/72

**INT. GRACE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

1/72

Grace goes into the kitchen. Cal opens the oven, takes out a plate, removes the tin foil on top of it, puts it on the table.

GRACE

Oh. My. God. Amazing.

She sits down and begins to eat hungrily. At the counter, Cal pours some gin, some tonic, drops a lemon into a glass.

CAL

(smiling)

Your wish is my command.

She looks at it. Remembers. Smiles. She takes a sip of the gin.

GRACE

Cal Ellis. You legend.

CAL

(nodding)

How was your day?

Grace stops chewing. She swallows. Close up on her face.

GRACE

Yeah. You know.

She smiles to herself.

GRACE (CONT'D)

The usual.

She starts eating again.

1/73

**EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

1/73

Mark and Rachel's car rolls slowly by the house, and speeds up again after it has passed.

**ENDS**