

BROKEN

Episode 1

Christina's Story

Written by

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SALMON SCRIPT

November 23rd 2016

1 INT SACRISTY OF SAINT NICK'S DAY 1 09.30 1

Father Michael Kerrigan (fifties) is looking into a mirror, straightening his vestments. He offers up a prayer.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Not this time. Please, God. Amen.

He steels himself, turns and leaves.

2 INT SAINT NICK'S CHURCH DAY 1 CONT. 2

Father Michael Kerrigan enters. There are a dozen or so regulars here and a some parents with children. A local teacher too (Miss Pauline Pickering).

Father Michael bows to the altar and turns and faces the people.

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

ALL
Amen.

He extends his arms. He was BORN for this...

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

ALL
And with your spirit.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
We've some guests today: parents
with children who are making their
first holy communion next week. So
I'm going to stop and explain
things at times. That might make
the mass a little bit longer but...

Christina Fitzsimmons (sitting with her daughter Lisa, aged 8) glances at her watch.

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

A few moments of silence, contemplation...

Christina Fitzsimmons's phone rings. Little Lisa is mortified.

Christina rummaging through her bag, apologising...

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Sorry.

Miss Pauline Pickering looks over and that makes Christina rummage even more poor and little Lisa cringe even more

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

I confess to Almighty God...

All join in.

ALL

And to you, my brothers and sisters, that I have greatly sinned...

She finds the phone and kills it.

ALL (CONT'D)

In my thoughts and in my words, in what I have done and in what I have failed to do through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault; therefore I ask blessed Mary, ever virgin, all the angels and saints, and you, my brothers and sisters, to pray for me to the Lord our God.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

May almighty God have mercy on us, forgive us our sins and bring us to everlasting life.

ALL

Amen.

3 INT SAINT NICK'S CHURCH DAY 1 10.05

3

Time has passed...

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

(to the children)

And it's now that God changes the bread into the body of Christ and the wine into his blood. We ring a bell here and that dates back to the old days when everything was in Latin and no-one knew what was going on so the bell meant "this bit's important."

Back to the mass. He holds the host aloft.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)

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

A bell rings. Older people bow their heads. The kids stare.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)

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

(holding the chalice aloft)

"Take this, all of you, and drink from it: for this is the chalice of my blood..."

On Father Michael as what he was dreading suddenly happens.

4 FLASHBACK INT FATHER MICHAEL'S CHILDHOOD HOME DAY 4

A poverty-stricken, menopausal woman, utterly incapable of controlling her emotions, looms into camera. She is Michael's mother.

MICHAEL'S MOTHER

You dirty, filthy beast! You horror!

Michael is a 13 year old child (circa 1969)

MICHAEL'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Have you got no shame? Have you got no bloody shame, you dirty, filthy beast?!

5 INT SAINT NICK'S CHURCH DAY 1 CONT. 5

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

(struggling)

The blood of the new and eternal covenant which will be poured out for you and for many for the forgiveness of sins. Do this in memory of me."

Again a bell rings.

6 INT NAVE OF SAINT NICK'S DAY 1 10.30

6

The First Holy Communion kids and parents have moved to the sacristy or, perhaps, a room in the school or social club.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
No, that's all gone, thank God. The
idea of a child of nine having
ANYTHING to confess, let alone a
list of things...

Christina Fitzsimmons's phone vibrates. An incoming text...

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)
Well, I find that a bit harsh...

He sees her reading the message. He carries on.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)
What we do now is a general
absolution at the start of the Mass
and that includes everyone, of
course, not just...

She catches his eye...

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I'm sorry...

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
...the children. Everyone. It's
okay, you've obviously got a lot on
your plate.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Yes, I...

It's as if she's at school again. And it makes her snap.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
Oh I'm sorry, I can't do the
naughty little schoolgirl act. Yes,
I have a lot on my plate. And I
wasn't expecting this. I thought
I'd've been out of here an hour
ago. I wasn't expecting an hour
long mass prior to the meeting and
I've got a...
(to an even more mortified
Lisa)
I'm sorry, babe. I'm really sorry.
(to Father Michael)
I run a shop. I should've opened it
forty five minutes ago and I didn't
and the boss has done it for me and
I am in the shit. I...
(to Lisa)
I'm sorry, babe. I'm not starting
swearing, I promise.
(to Father Michael)
I am in deep trouble and that's why
I was checking my phone.

Miss Pauline Pickering's reaction to this.

(to Lisa)
Sorry, babe. Really sorry.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Is your Mum at home?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Yeah. With the boys.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
You could go and we could drop Lisa
off f...

(to Lisa)
It is Lisa, isn't it?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Yes.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
We could drop her off for you.

He looks over to Miss Pauline Pickering who nods back in agreement.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
(huge relief)
You're sure?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Yeah. No problem.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
(to Lisa)
Would that be okay with you, babe,
yeah?

Slightest of nods from Lisa. She just wants her mother to go.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
You're okay with that?

Another nod. Just go, just go.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
(collecting her stuff)
Really sorry, babe. Really, really
sorry.
(kisses her.)
Love y'.
(leaving)
Thanks.

Christina Fitzsimmons walking quickly away from the church,
talking into her mobile.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Christina Fitzsimmons here, Jean,
returning your call. Couldn't
speak, in church, long story. I'll
be there in ten minutes, promise.

She hurries on.

8 EXT ROAD DAY 1 11.15 8

Christina walking quickly, urgently. She enters a betting shop.

9 INT BETTING SHOP DAY 1 CONT. 9

Jean Reid, area supervisor, is pinning up newspapers. She's annoyed.

Meanwhile a man is compulsively playing one of the slot machines.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
(entering)
I'm sorry. I'm really, really
sorry. Lisa's making her first
communion next week and I was ...
I'm sorry: I know it's hard for you
to hear about other people's kids
but...

Jean's reaction to THAT...

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
I was called to a meeting at nine
o'clock, Jean, but what they didn't
say was that would be the start of
a mass and the meeting itself
wouldn't start till ten. I'm really
sorry, Jean. Really sorry.

JEAN REID
(still busy)
What's that?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
What?

JEAN REID
That.

A piece of paper on a shelf next to Jean Reid.

Christina picks it up, reads it. Her face falls.

JEAN REID (CONT'D)
Yeah?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
An I.O.U.

JEAN REID
Sixty quid.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Yeah.

JEAN REID
What's a sixty quid I.O.U. doing in
one of our tills?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I borrowed sixty quid.

JEAN REID
No, you took sixty quid.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I didn't.

JEAN REID
You stole sixty quid.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I didn't.

JEAN REID
You're a thief.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
For God's sake, Jean, I'm no thief.
A thief doesn't...

JEAN REID
You are.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
...take the money and then sign a
note saying she's taken it.

JEAN REID
Would you take ten grand?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
No.

JEAN REID
You wouldn't take ten grand and
sign a note: "I owe you ten grand"?
That would be theft, yeah?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Yeah.

JEAN REID
Then why isn't that theft?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Because it's sixty quid. I couldn't
pay back ten grand but I can pay
back sixty quid.

JEAN REID
Yeah?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Yeah.

JEAN REID
Show me.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
What?

JEAN REID
Show me sixty quid.

Christina's reaction. The man hasn't so much as glanced at
them, by the way - so immersed is he in the slot machine.

JEAN REID (CONT'D)
Show me sixty quid.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I haven't got sixty quid.

JEAN REID
Then when were you thinking of
paying it back?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
(eventually)
Pay day.

JEAN REID
Have you been gambling?

Christina has had enough of this. She decides to fight back.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
No. Stop me if you've heard this
before, Jean, but I've got three
kids to feed and that shitty money
you pay, a pound an hour above the
minimum wage, it's not enough for
me to do that. That's why I
borrowed the sixty quid.

JEAN REID
You're sacked.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
What?

JEAN REID

You're sacked. Now piss off before
I phone the police.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Don't sack me, Jean, please.

JEAN REID

Why not? You've just said it's
shitty money so sod off and find
something better.

Christina's brain can hardly function.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

I'm due two week's wages.

JEAN REID

You'll get them in due course.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

I need it now. I'm skint.

JEAN REID

Halfway through the month and
you're skint already?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Yes.

JEAN REID

So what were you gonna do: take
even more out the till?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

YES. Half the staff who work for
this gang do it, Jean. They're all
borrowing out the till because the
money's shite.

JEAN REID

Then, at the risk of repeating
myself, sod off and find something
better. You and your three bleeding
kids.

Wallop. Christina punches Jean Reid. Jean is stunned. She
recovers. She punches Christina. Christina is stunned. She
too recovers. She goes for Jean Reid and the two women start
wrestling in the middle of the betting shop.

The man's eyes never leave the slot machine...

Christina walking down her street. Her face is bruised, her
eye swollen, her clothes torn perhaps...

She reaches her front door. She goes in.

11 INT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S HOUSE DAY 1 CONT. 11

Christina in. Father Michael Kerrigan is here with Lisa and Nan (Christina's mother). They stare at her, almost open mouthed. Christina wants the ground to open up. Lisa too.

Her two boys (Jimmy aged 10 and Tommy Jnr aged 9) are playing Minecraft on the laptop and they don't so much as glance at her.

NAN

What are you doing here?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

(to a mortified Lisa)

I forgot he was bringing you back.

Lisa leaves. They listen to her running up the stairs and slamming her bedroom door.

NAN

(re her bruised face)

What happened?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Had a bit of a barney with the area manager after she sacked me.

NAN

Sacked you?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Yeah.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

For being late?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Yeah. Well, not quite but if I hadn't been late she wouldn't have opened up and found a sixty quid I.O.U. So basically for being late, yeah.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

I'm sorry.

Christina nods in response.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Why do people go to Mass, Father?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Lots of reasons.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
They get something from it though,
yeah?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Yes.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Well I got this
(the eye))
And this
(the lip)
And the sack. If I go tomorrow
what'll I get? Cystitis?
(moving away)
Scuse me.

And Christina heads for the hall and stairs. She's going
after her daughter.

We will hear her go up the stairs and call out "Lisa" but for
now we stay with Father Michael as he leaves.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Bye, boys.

No response from the boys - they're still hooked on
Minecraft.

NAN
Father Michael is leaving, b...

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
It's okay, Rosie. Honest, it's
fine.

And, in any case, STILL no response from the boys.

Nan follows Father Michael to the front door. Upstairs
Christina is asking Lisa to let her in.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)
If there's anything I can do.

NAN
Have a word.
(with Him upstairs)
Tell him that girl deserves a
break.

Father Michael nods and leaves. Nan closes the front door on
him. We go upstairs to Christina.

12 INT UPSTAIRS, CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S HOUSE DAY 1 CONT. 12

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Move away from the door,
sweetheart.

On the other side of the door, Lisa is sitting on the floor with her back against the door.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
I'm coming in, sweetheart, and I don't want to hurt you so please move away from the door.

Lisa does so. She sits on the bed. Her Mum enters and sits next to her. Lisa won't look at her.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
This'll all be gone by the time you make your communion.

Her bruises she means. Lisa looks at them and doubts it.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
It will. I'll be gorgeous again.

She puts an arm around her. Lisa doesn't resist.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
I'll get you that dress. That one with the veil that you liked.

Lisa can't believe her luck.

LISA FITZSIMMONS
It's too much.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Nothing's too much for you, my darling.

They embrace. Christina's reaction in the embrace: God knows where she's going to get the money from.

12A INT CONFESSIONAL DAY 1 14.00

12A

Jean Reid enters.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Hello, Jean.

He's staring at her bruised face.

JEAN REID
Had a fight.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
With anyone I know?

JEAN REID
Rosie Lunt's daughter.

On Michael as it all clicks into place.

JEAN REID (CONT'D)

I told Stephen it was over work but it wasn't really. I found out it's my fault we can't have kids. Which I think he always knew but didn't say. Which goes to show how good a man he is, how good a father he'd be. Which makes it all the more ...
(searching for the word)
Painful.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Can I let you into a secret?

JEAN REID

Yes.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

I'm not the Virgin Mary's biggest fan.

JEAN REID

No?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

No. I think a few hundred years ago a cardinal went to the pope and said, "Have you seen what this guy Christ actually SAID?" And the pope reads it and goes
(shakes head in
abhorrence, contemplates,
decides)
"Let's start talking about his mother. She said nothing."

Jean Reid manages a smile.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)

But she did find it easy, ridiculously easy, to get pregnant so this is her department, yes?

JEAN REID

Yes.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Shall we pray to her?

JEAN REID

Yes.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Hail, Mary, full of grace...

BOTH

The Lord is with thee. Blessed art
thou amongst women and blessed is
the fruit of thy womb: Jesus. Holy
Mary, Mother of God...

13 EXT MOVING TRAIN DAY 1 18.00 13

Father Michael Kerrigan, lost in thought. In the distance he
sees high-flying birds. It takes him back...

14 FLASHBACK INT GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 1968, DAY 14

*A priest, Father Patrick, stands in front of 11 year old
Michael Kerrigan's class.*

FATHER PATRICK

*I'm going to read you a poem about
a hawk. You will take it home and
write about it. Whoever writes the
best composition wins this
(a book)
Which is also about a hawk.*

It's a shiny hardback edition of A Kestrel For A Knave.

FATHER PATRICK (CONT'D)

*I caught this morning morning's
minion, kingdom of daylight's
dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn falcon
in his riding of the rolling...*

*Father Patrick reads the first eight lines of The Windhover
and 11 year old Michael Kerrigan is transfixed.*

15 EXT MOVING TRAIN DAY 1 CONT. 15

*Father Michael, on the moving train, looking out at the high-
flying birds as we continue to hear the priest's reading of
The Windhover.*

16 FLASHBACK INT CLASSROOM, 1968, DAY 16

11 year old Michael Kerrigan stands and reads his essay.

YOUNG MICHAEL

*I like "caught". "I caught this
morning...". It's as if we've
caught hold of the tail of the hawk
and it's taking us with it,
swooping and soaring. And the m's
are good too - "morning morning's
minion" - because m is the shape of
a bird and "orning, orning's and
inion" are trailing after it and
that could be us hanging on or
smoke or vapour coming out of its
tail. And "kingdom" is split so
that you have to say "king" and go
really high when you say it and
that's because the hawk is at its
highest point...*

For some reason Father Patrick is fuming at young Michael.

YOUNG MICHAEL (CONT'D)

*and then it drops so fast that you
can't say "down" because it's
quicker than "down" so it has to be
"dom". The hawk is low now and it
wants to get back up there so you
get "dapple-dawn-drawn". They're
long words with long beats of its
wings and you can't say words
beginning with d easily, it takes
effort and that's the effort the
hawk is making to climb back up
there...*

(MORE)

YOUNG MICHAEL (CONT'D)
*(breaking off, aware of
Father Patrick's mood)*
Father?

FATHER PATRICK
Who helped you?

That devastates young Michael.

17 FLASHBACK INT CLASSROOM, 1968, DAY 17

Father Patrick brings the ferula (a whale bone bound in leather) crashing down onto young Michael's palm. And again. And again.

18 FLASHBACK INT SCHOOL LAVATORY DAY 18

11-year old Michael sitting on the lavatory, crying. He looks up. Lots of boys, leaning on the top of the cubicle, staring down at him.

YOUNG MICHAEL
It's not the pain.

But they think it IS the pain making him cry.

YOUNG MICHAEL (CONT'D)
It's not the pain!

19 EXT MOVING TRAIN DAY 1 CONT. 19

Back to Father Michael, the train approaching Sheffield...

20 INT SHEFFIELD PUB NIGHT 1 21.00 20

Father Michael (open necked collarless shirt) and three other men (his brothers) are playing cards (Hearts, a bastardised form of Whist). They're drinking pints; he's on water.

There is the grand total of sixty pence at stake but you'd think their lives depend on it.

Lines over lines over lines...

EDDIE KERRIGAN
You're gonna have to save me.

CHRISTOPHER KERRIGAN
What with, you pillock?

EDDIE KERRIGAN
"What with?"

CHRISTOPHER KERRIGAN

Yeah.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Will you stop talking over the table, for God's sake!?

EDDIE KERRIGAN

(to Christopher)

Are you serious?

CHRISTOPHER KERRIGAN

Yeah.

JOE KERRIGAN

(to Michael)

It just gets worse, doesn't it?

The talking-over-the-table he means.

EDDIE KERRIGAN

(to Joe)

You talk over the table.

JOE KERRIGAN

No, I don't.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

I certainly don't. But every time I've got half a...

EDDIE KERRIGAN

Oh shut it, Saint Bloody Michael.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

...chance of winning a hand, you DO.

EDDIE KERRIGAN

(to Christopher)

You must know what I've got.

CHRISTOPHER KERRIGAN

Yeah.

EDDIE KERRIGAN

And it's gonna put me through, isn't it?

CHRISTOPHER KERRIGAN

Yeah.

EDDIE KERRIGAN

So I repeat: save me.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

For God's sake!

CHRISTOPHER KERRIGAN
(to Eddie)
And I repeat: what with?

EDDIE KERRIGAN
You've got the ace of spades.

And that takes talking-over-the-table to ridiculous extremes and Father Michael explodes.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
What IS the point? What's the point of playing cards when you tell...

CHRISTOPHER KERRIGAN
I haven't got the ace of spades.

EDDIE KERRIGAN
What?!

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
...each other what you've got.
What's the point of THAT?

CHRISTOPHER KERRIGAN
The ace of spades went about half an hour ago, you stupid prick.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
We might as well just turn them over if you're gonna do that.
Where's the skill in...

EDDIE KERRIGAN
It hasn't gone.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
...that? Where's the pleasure...

CHRISTOPHER KERRIGAN
It's well gone.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
The whole point of cards is you're not sure what...

EDDIE KERRIGAN
I can't lose the lead then.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
...the others have got.

CHRISTOPHER KERRIGAN
He's home then.

Eddie throws his cards in, face up, in disgust. Father Michael takes his dog collar out, starts fastening it to his neck.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Thank you, gentlemen. I've got to go.

The others throw in their twenty pees.

CHRISTOPHER KERRIGAN
She'll be alright. Beth's there.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Nah, I'll go. Beth's been with her all day and she'll want to get off.
(scooping up the money)
See you, mugs.

20A EXT STREET NIGHT 1 21.00 20A *
Father Michael fastens his collar. *

21 EXT MICHAEL'S MOTHER'S STREET NIGHT 1 21.05 21
Father Michael walking down a street of 70's council houses.
He reaches a door, turns the handle. It opens. He steps in.

22 INT MICHAEL'S MOTHER'S HOUSE NIGHT 1 CONT. 22
Michael's sister Beth is pulling on her coat and picking up her stuff as he enters.

MICHAEL'S SISTER BETH
Hi.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Hi. How's she been?

MICHAEL'S SISTER BETH
Not bad.
(loud)
Michael's here, Mum.

MICHAEL'S MOTHER (V.O.)
Hiya, son.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Hiya, Mam. Be up in a minute.

MICHAEL'S SISTER BETH
She made me do her hair for you.
Tell her it looks nice.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Right.

MICHAEL'S SISTER BETH

Bye.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Bye.

MICHAEL'S SISTER BETH

(loud)
Bye, Mum.

MICHAEL'S MOTHER (V.O.)

Bye, love.

Michael's Sister Beth leaves. Michael locks the front door, climbs the stairs to his mother's room.

23 INT MICHAEL'S MOTHER'S BEDROOM NIGHT 1 CONT. 23

Father Michael enters. His mother is propped up in bed.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Hiya, Mam.

MICHAEL'S MOTHER

How are you, son?

They kiss.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Great. You?

MICHAEL'S MOTHER

I'm great too.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Your hair looks nice.

MICHAEL'S MOTHER

Beth did it.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

It's lovely.

Cut hard to air being pumped into a blow-up single bed. It's Father Michael doing this.

Cut hard to a CD being popped into a player. PLAY is pressed.

NAT KING COLE (V.O.)

Unforgettable, that's what you are.
Unforgettable...

Cut hard to Father Michael getting into the blow-up bed. It's on the floor, next to his mother's.

He takes her hand in his. Nat sings on...

24 EXT MOVING TRAIN DAY 2 07.25 24

Father Michael, lost in thought, heading back to Liverpool.

25

INT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S HOUSE DAY 2 08.15

25

Christina is scraping burnt toast into the sink. Little Tommy is doing homework he should have done last night.

Little Jimmy and Lisa are watching kids' stuff on the telly. It's loud.

Christina never stops DOING, never stops TALKING.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

(to Tommy)

And twelve into sixty?

LISA FITZSIMMONS

(of the toast)

I'm not having it.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

You are.

(to Tommy)

How many twelves make sixty?

LISA FITZSIMMONS

It's black.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

It's fine.

(to Jimmy)

Will you lower that?!!

TOMMY FITZSIMMONS JUNIOR

Five.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Five's right. Next?

LISA FITZSIMMONS

I'll just have some p... (porridge)

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

You're having THIS.

(to Tommy)

Next?

(to Jimmy)

Lower that NOW. Please.

She's now buttering the toast - much to Lisa's disgust.

TOMMY FITZSIMMONS JUNIOR

Five miles at thirty miles an hour.

Nan has entered.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Have you any money?

NAN
Fifteen quid and coppers.

Bad news...

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
(to Jimmy)
You'll have to say you forgot your
dinner money.

JIMMY FITZSIMMONS
What!

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
(to Tommy Jnr)
How many fives in thirty?

JIMMY FITZSIMMONS
Can't he say it?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
No.
(repeating, to Tommy Jnr)
How many fives in thirty?
(giving Lisa the toast)
Eat it!

TOMMY FITZSIMMONS JUNIOR
Six.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
And six into sixty?
(to Nan)
Will you lend me it?

TOMMY FITZSIMMONS JUNIOR
Ten.

NAN
'Course

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
(to Tommy Jnr)
Ten's the answer then. Simple.

JIMMY FITZSIMMONS
Will you give me a letter?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Saying what? You forgot your dinner
money
(pouring boiling water
into the teapot)
but you remembered to bring a
letter telling them you forgot it?
I think they'd smell a... Aaaaah!!!

She's burnt her hand. The rest of the scene is lost in pain and steam and, perhaps, echoes...

26 EXT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S STREET DAY 2 08.55 26

Christina (protecting her burnt hand) and her three kids, hurrying towards our camera, into our camera. Late again...

27 INT JOB SHOP DAY 2 09.45 27

Christina sitting, waiting. Her name is called. Clutching a form, she makes her way across for interview.

JOB SHOP WOMAN
(eyes glued to the screen)
I've got your form up on screen,
Mrs Fitzsimmons.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Right.

JOB SHOP WOMAN
Have you claimed job seeker's
allowance before?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
No. I've worked since I left
school. Crap jobs, all of them, but
always worked.

JOB SHOP WOMAN
You know it's not for me to decide
on the merits of your claim?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Yes. That was explained to me, yes.

JOB SHOP WOMAN
Nevertheless, you've put down here
you resigned.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Yes.

JOB SHOP WOMAN
Well, that's making yourself
intentionally unemployed, Mrs
Fitzsimmons, and that usually means
you can't claim for thirteen weeks.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Thirteen weeks!

JOB SHOP WOMAN
Yes.

Christina flounders a little.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I was sacked.

JOB SHOP WOMAN
You were sacked?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Yes.

JOB SHOP WOMAN
Then why have you put you resigned?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I was ashamed. Of being sacked.

JOB SHOP WOMAN
Why were you sacked?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
It was just a misunderstanding.

JOB SHOP WOMAN
We do check with the employer, Mrs
Fitzsimmons.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I borrowed money out the till.
She'll call it theft, the area
manager, but it wasn't. I was gonna
put it back.

JOB SHOP WOMAN
I see. Anything else?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Yes.

But she stops.

JOB SHOP WOMAN
Yes?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I punched her. But technically I
wasn't sacked for punching her
because I was already sacked by
then.

JOB SHOP WOMAN
I see.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Just as bad as resigning, yeah?

JOB SHOP WOMAN

People might think it worse, Mrs Fitzsimmons, but the penalty might well be the same. Thirteen weeks. But you'll be notified of that by letter.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

I've got three kids.

JOB SHOP WOMAN

I'm sorry.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Is there something else I can claim? Social security, something like that?

JOB SHOP WOMAN

I'm afraid not.

(glancing at Christina's rings)

Is there a Mister Fitzsimmons?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

(utterly dismissive)

He hasn't coughed up a penny since the day I threw him out.

JOB SHOP WOMAN

Maybe you sh...

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

No chance.

JOB SHOP WOMAN

Do you know anyone else who could lend you money?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Bono. McCartney. Elton John.

JOB SHOP WOMAN

Personally I mean. Brother, sister, friend.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

No. I don't know anyone who isn't skint. I've got three kids and no money. This is Britain in the twenty first century; I've worked all my life; there must be something I can claim to feed my kids.

JOB SHOP WOMAN

There might be the possibility of an emergency loan but we'd consider that only after you've made genuine attempts to borrow the money yourself.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

And who decides what's genuine?

JOB SHOP WOMAN

Well obviously a successful attempt must have been genuine.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

But I wouldn't need the money then, would I?

JOB SHOP WOMAN

No.

28 EXT ROAD DAY 2 13.10 28

Christina walking determinedly. She enters a pub.

29 INT A PUB DAY 2 CONT. 29

She enters. There's a man glued to a race on the telly, two drinks in front of him. She sits down at his table.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Hello, Tom.

TOM FITZSIMMONS

How did you know I was here?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Your neighbour.

TOM FITZSIMMONS

(of her bruises)

What happened?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Had a fight with the area manager.

(of the other drink)

Whose is that?

TOM FITZSIMMONS

Did you win?

He never, or hardly ever, takes his eyes off the race.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Yeah. Whose is it?

TOM FITZSIMMONS
Paula's. She's on the toilet.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
In. Ladies are always IN the
toilet, never on it.

TOM FITZSIMMONS
Whatever.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Had a bet?

TOM FITZSIMMONS
No.

Her look says "liar".

TOM FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
Wonderful Winnifred. Only coppers.
What d'you want?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Money.

TOM FITZSIMMONS
Join the queue.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
It can't be that bad: boozing and
gambling, middle of the day.

TOM FITZSIMMONS
She bought them. And my bet's only
coppers, I told you.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I got sacked. And I can't claim
dole for thirteen weeks so they
suggested I see you.

TOM FITZSIMMONS
Can't help. I've had no work for
months.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
You've got three kids, you prick,
and you've never turned over a
penny.

TOM FITZSIMMONS
I gave them money last Christmas.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Forgive me. How could I let that
thirty quid slip my mind?

(beat)

(MORE)

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)

Does she know you've got a wife and kids?

A threat? He tears his eyes away from the race, looks at her.

TOM FITZSIMMONS

Yes.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

I need money, Tom. Jimmy went without his dinner money this morning. Gas, lecky, food, mortgage, and on top of that Lisa's making her First Holy Communion and I've promised her a dress.

TOM FITZSIMMONS

Can't help.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Sell the car.

TOM FITZSIMMONS

I need it for work.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

You've just said you've done nothing for months.

TOM FITZSIMMONS

I need it for when I do.

She's fuming...

TOM FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)

I could find two hundred for you.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

(huge relief)

Thanks.

TOM FITZSIMMONS

If you let me come home.

They're looking directly at each other now.

TOM FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)

Still love you, Christina. Love the bones of you, girl.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

But you love that a little bit more, don't you, Tom?

The gambling, the racing, she means.

He looks back at the screen and, in doing that...

He really hurts her...

His horse falls. He reacts.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)

Made up.

She leaves.

30 INT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S HOUSE NIGHT 2 20.30 30

On Christina, reliving that meeting with Tom. The kids are curled around her, watching telly. Nan is here too. The doorbell goes.

NAN

That's Mariella.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Mariella?

NAN

She's taking you out.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

I can't go out like...

NAN

She's taking you out!

31 INT SAINT NICK'S SOCIAL CLUB NIGHT 2 21.10 31

Christina and Mariella enter.

There's an old fashioned comedian compèring and he's going down a storm.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER

Get that table

Christina does so as Mariella goes to the bar for the drinks.

COMPÈRE

She said, I'd like my boobs to be a bit bigger...

Father Michael Kerrigan is here.

COMPÈRE (CONT'D)

I said, "Right, once or twice a day, get a bit of tissue paper and give them both a wipe with it..."

Christina takes a seat, glances at the bar, sees Mariella ordering drinks.

COMPÈRE (CONT'D)

She said, "How's that gonna make them bigger?" I said, "Well, it worked on your arse."

Laughter. Father Michael Kerrigan sees a woman in the audience with a face like thunder.

The compère continues. Mariella is coming away from the bar with two bottles of tonic.

The compère sees her and rips into her. She gives as good as she gets.

Christina laughing...

The compère resumes his act or finds another target. Mariella produces a half bottle of vodka from her handbag and pours two large ones into the tonic.

Father Michael Kerrigan sees her doing this.

Christina and Mariella chink glasses and drink.

The compère continues but we go back to Father Michael.

32

FLASHBACK INT GENTS' CLOTHING SHOP DAY

32

A tailor is wrapping 11-year old Michael's brand new school uniform. There are quite a few women here buying uniforms for their 11 year olds. But Michael's mother simply won't shut up about the cost of these garments and Michael is squirming...

MICHAEL'S MOTHER

They're half the price in T.J.'s, these blazers. You're trying to tell me these are twice the quality but that makes no difference 'cause he'll have it ripped to bits in no time at all. Football, fighting, off his back in no time at all and I'll still be paying for it. Upto my eyes in debt for this. You want your kids to do well. Of course you do...

We fade her down (see appendix) and we fade Michael up.

YOUNG MICHAEL (V.O.)

Let's just pay and go, Mam. Please, Mam: let's just pay and go.

We fade her back up.

MICHAEL'S MOTHER

You want them to pass the eleven plus, go to a good school, get the best they can but no one cracks on how much it's gonna cost. No one cracks on there's a little deal going on between the school and shops like this and you're gonna get sucked dry by them all...

33 INT SAINT NICK'S SOCIAL CLUB NIGHT 2 CONT. 33

Back to Father Michael and the compère and the laughter.

COMPÈRE

"Whosoever is without sin," shouts Jesus, "let them cast the first stone." And then a big rock hits him right on the head and Jesus looks and goes, "Arr 'ey, Mam."

Laughter. We fade it out and fade in footsteps...

34 EXT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S STREET NIGHT 2 22.30 34

Christina and Mariella walking.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER

Did you try Tom?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Yeah.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER

And?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Said he's skint.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER

Did you believe him?

She shrugs: yes and no. They silently fume about men in general and Tom in particular.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER (CONT'D)

You can't half pick 'em.

Tired, resigned laughter. They reach Christina's house.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Thanks.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER

Welcome.

Mariella walks on. Christina goes into her house, closes the door on us.

35 INT BEDROOM, CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S HOUSE NIGHT 2 00.10 35

Christina in bed. Sleep won't come. The radio is on low.

NINA SIMONE (V.O.)

I get along without you very well.
Of course I do. Except when soft
rains fall and drip from leaves and
I recall the thrill of being
sheltered in your arms. Of course I
do...

35A EXT FOOTBALL PITCHES DAY 2A 10.27

35A

The footie manager (for whom this game is life or death), the cash switchers man, Father Michael (in his collar) and several others are screaming their support for the St Nick's footie team. We hardly ever see the ball.

FOOTIE MANAGER

Press him, John. Foot in! Foot in!
Good lad! Now GIVE. Give and go,
John. Good lad. Good lad. Oh what a
ball! Great ball, John! Take him
on, Harry. Skin that fat bastard,
Harry! Skin him. Skin him. Good
lad. Good lad. Get it over! Get it
over, Harry! Cross it! Cross it,
Harry. Harry, will you cross the
fucking thing! Cross it! Cross it.
And...

He does that Kenny Dalglish thing of jumping and heading an imaginary ball and...

They score!

FOOTIE MANAGER (CONT'D)

Yes!

(punching the air, high
fives, ecstasy)

Yes! Yes! Yes!

(to all)

That's what you get when you press.
Right...

He continues (see below) but we watch a car pull up on the other side of the pitch and three men with baseball bats get out...

FOOTIE MANAGER (CONT'D)

So press them. And, Peter, you
stand up to that bullying bastard.
(MORE)

FOOTIE MANAGER (CONT'D)
You give as good as you get, lad,
'cause he's just a big, fat, ugly,
bullying ballbag...

The three men are running across the pitch in pursuit of one of the St Nick's players.

FOOTIE MANAGER (CONT'D)
Hey! Hey! Hey!

He turns to the sub, a guy in a quilted coat.

FOOTIE MANAGER (CONT'D)
(to sub)
Get on.
(shouting)
Ref! Sub, Ref. Ref!

The referee is way across the pitch and shouts back.

REFEREE
Can't sub a man who runs off.

FOOTIE MANAGER
He's run off 'CAUSE we're subbing
him. We told him he was coming off
and he ran. Ref! Ref!
(pointing to Father
Michael)
Would this man lie? Would a man
like this lie? Ref! Ref!

36 EXT O/S CHRIST OUR LORD PRIMARY SCHOOL DAY 3 08.52 36

Christina and the kids hurrying towards the school. Lots of parents dropping off their children. She sees Michael.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
(to the kids)
Off you go.
(stopping little Jimmy)
Not you.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Hello.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Hello, Father.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
(of her sore hand)
In the wars again?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Yes.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Get it caught in the till?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
What?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Joke.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Oh.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Sorry.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
It's usually Miss Evans on the
gate.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
She won't be in till mid-morning.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Oh.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Is that a problem?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
He's got no dinner money again. He
won't have it all week. He's a bit
embarrassed to tell her so I said
I'd do it.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
I could tell her.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Would you?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Yes.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
(to Jimmy)
You hear that?

JIMMY FITZSIMMONS
Yeah.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
What d'you say?

JIMMY FITZSIMMONS
Thank you, Father.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
You're welcome.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Go on.

Little Jimmy runs off.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Anything else I can do?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Could you lend me a thousand pounds
and I'll pay you it back at ten pence
a week for 200 years?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

No.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

No.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Is that how long it would take: two hundred years?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Roughly. Number's my thing. A pound on a thirteen to eight - two pound, sixty two and a half pee. Fiver on a seven to four, thirteen pound, seventy five.

She's brittle and he knows it.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Can I come and see you some time?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Why?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

I think you're in pain.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

(showing her hand)

Yeah.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Real pain.

He's getting to her and she doesn't like it.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

I'm just skint, father.

She walks away.

37 INT CASH SWITCHERS DAY 3 12.00

37

Christina has removed her wedding ring and now she is struggling with another ring. It's tight and her fingers are still sore from the scalding.

CASH SWITCHERS MAN

Can you look into this please?

He's holding his laptop/phone up to take her picture.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Why?

CASH SWITCHERS MAN
Company policy. Thank you.

A bit more humiliated, she goes on struggling with the ring.

CASH SWITCHERS MAN (CONT'D)
We can only give you the meltdown
value. Nine carat and fat, can't
give them away.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
(dry)
Thanks.

CASH SWITCHERS MAN
I've got some olive oil.

To help remove the ring, he means.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Common occurrence, is it: woman
flogging her rings?

She's bitter and he knows it.

CASH SWITCHERS MAN
Yes.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
What's the meltdown value?

CASH SWITCHERS MAN
Thirty.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I'm selling. I'm not pawning or
anything.

CASH SWITCHERS MAN
It's all the same.

That so annoys her she pulls even harder and at last it comes
off. She gives it to him. She's in real pain now.

CASH SWITCHERS MAN (CONT'D)
Emerald.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
You can blame Frankie for that.

CASH SWITCHERS MAN
Sorry?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Dettori. Third in the 2005 Derby.
If he'd won, I'd've got a diamond.

CASH SWITCHERS MAN

Right.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

How much?

CASH SWITCHERS MAN

I can go to seventy. Seventy,
thirty, a hundred in total.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Hundred and fifty.

CASH SWITCHERS MAN

I'm sorry, we don't bargain. A
hundred and that's it.

She realises he's not bluffing. She hesitates. She scoops up
the rings.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Shove your hundred up your hole.

She leaves.

38 EXT CASH SWITCHERS DAY 3 CONT. 38

She leaves the shop, walks a bit, stops. Angry, impotent.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Shit!

A passer-by hears it, glances at her...

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)

Yes?

But the passer-by is hurrying on. She calls after her.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)

Yes? Yes?

Christina heads back towards Cash Switchers...

39 INT CASH SWITCHERS DAY 3 CONT. 39

Christina enters, approaches.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Don't gloat.

CASH SWITCHERS MAN

I won't.

He slides her a form to read and sign.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Oh God!

(She has just realised!)

You knew I'd come back, didn't you?

CASH SWITCHERS MAN

Yeah.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

How?

He will photograph the two rings with his laptop/phone as he speaks...

CASH SWITCHERS MAN

You didn't put the ring back on.
The ones who tell me to shove it up
my hole AS they're putting the ring
back on, they don't come back. The
others do.

(pause)

And that makes you want to punch me
even harder, doesn't it?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Yeah.

CASH SWITCHERS MAN

I get a lot of that too.

He'll check her signature, count out the money as he speaks.

CASH SWITCHERS MAN (CONT'D)

I've never had a millionaire in
here, love. You come in here,
you're skint. And angry. But
there's no politicians here so they
give it to me. And I don't think
that's fair, love, 'cause I'm skint
too. And though I'd like to give
everyone a break - ten times, a
hundred times what their stuff's
worth - I can't 'cause I'd get
sacked and even though it's a
shitty job that brings me nothing
but grief, it's still a job and I
need it. Right?

40

EXT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S STREET DAY 3 15.30

40

Christina in a moving taxi, surrounded by bags of groceries
(spuds, carrots, pasta - fairly cheap but bulky).

It turns into her street. It stops outside her house.

She's getting out the taxi now with some bags. She dumps them at the front door, rings the bell, and goes back to the taxi for the remainder.

She gets four pound-coins out - awkwardly on account of her scalded hand. She gives them to the driver.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Keep the change. Thanks.

She gets the remaining bags, goes back to her front door with them. She's puzzled as to why no one has come to the door. She opens it, enters.

41 INT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S HOUSE DAY 3 CONT. 41

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
(in)
Hello? Mam?

We go with her into the living room. It's deserted but the television is on.

She's concerned now.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
Mam?

Through the living room now, into the hall, up the stairs. On the landing, a glass lying on its side. She picks it up.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
Mam?

She's really frightened now. The door to her mother's bedroom is ajar. She goes in.

The bedside phone is off its hook, receiver dangling. Her mother is lying on the bed...

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
Mam?

No answer. She goes to her, touches her. The shock of cold skin.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
Oh, Mam. Oh, Mam.
(sobbing now)
Oh, Mam.

She's sobbing and thinking, sobbing and thinking... She comes to a decision.

She picks up the phone, dials...

42 INT FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN'S HOUSE DAY 3 CONT. 42

Father Michael Kerrigan and Father Peter Flaherty have been deep in conversation. They give their brains a rest, and their hearts a break, and listen to the phone ringing.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
It's on answer.

The message kicks in.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (V.O.)
You've reached Father Michael
Kerrigan. I can't get to the phone
at the moment. If...

43 INT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S HOUSE DAY 3 CONT. 43

Christina listens.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (V.O.)
...you'd like to leave a message
and your phone number, I'll get
back to you as soon as possible.

44 INT FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN'S HOUSE DAY 3 CONT. 44

The two priests listen to a woman hesitating. The phone goes dead.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
I hate that. A sane priest would
assume it wasn't important,
otherwise they'd have left a
message but I can't do that. I
assume they didn't leave a message
'cause it was TOO important, too
heart breaking, too gut wrenching
to speak to a bloody answer machine
and what a shitty priest I am to
expect them to do so.

The other priest merely smiles. Father Michael picks up the phone, punches in 1471...

FATHER PETER FLAHERTY
I've given up sugar.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
At last?
(writing a number down)
It's local.

FATHER PETER FLAHERTY
Are you still getting the
flashbacks?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Yes. Do I phone her back or what?

FATHER PETER FLAHERTY
Just as frequent?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
More. And always cringe-making. I
have done one or two decent things
in my life. I really have. But I
never flash back to them.

(beat)
I'll phone her back.

FATHER PETER FLAHERTY
How's your mother?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Why are you asking that?

FATHER PETER FLAHERTY
Sorry?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Why are you asking that in
connection with the flashbacks?

FATHER PETER FLAHERTY
I'm not.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
She's been a good mother.

FATHER PETER FLAHERTY
Of course.

Father Michael stares at him, seeks refuge in the phone.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
(punching in a number)
Excuse me.

45 INT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S HOUSE DAY 3 CONT. 45

Bedroom. The phone rings. Christina answers it.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Hello?

We intercut as we wish.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Father Michael Kerrigan here. You
rang me just now.

Christina, at her mother's side, comes to an enormous
decision.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I dialled the wrong number, I'm
sorry.

She kills the call. She starts sobbing again.

She leaps into action. She opens the window wide. She turns
off the radiator. She leaves the room.

On the bedroom wall, a crucified Christ...

Christina comes down the stairs and, still sobbing, back into
the living room. She rummages in a drawer, finds a piece of
blank paper, writes KEEP OUT! on it. Still sobbing, she
rummages in another drawer and finds some blu-tack. She heads
for the stairs again.

Up the stairs. She pulls her mother's door shut and sticks
the KEEP OUT! on it.

46 EXT O/S CHRIST OUR LORD PRIMARY SCHOOL DAY 3 15.50 46

Christina, walking fast, talking into her mobile.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I thought their Nan was picking
them up and she thought I was. I'm
seconds away. Only seconds away.

She gets to the gate. The playground is empty save for one
teacher on the far side, close to the school, and her three
kids.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
(still into her mobile)
I'm really, really sorry...

But her kids are running towards her. Perhaps Lisa has a
sheet of paper - something to do with her first communion -
to show her. But...

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
I want hugs!

She's almost scooping them all up.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
Your Mum wants hugs. Lovely big
hugs...

LISA FITZSIMMONS
What's wrong?

She's grief-stricken - that's what's wrong. But...

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Nothing. I just want hugs!

47 EXT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S STREET DAY 3 16.05 47

Christina and the kids approaching their house. She stops, just as she is about to open the front door.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Now listen: your nan's ill. She's
in bed and you don't go into her.
Right? I'll tell you when you can
go in and see her. Right?

They agree.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
Right.

She opens the front door. They go in. She closes it on us.

48 EXT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S STREET DAY 3 17.45 48

Father Michael Kerrigan walks down the street...

49 FLASHBACK INT FATHER MICHAEL'S CHILDHOOD HOME DAY 49

Michael's father enters the living room, followed, almost pursued, by the next door neighbour, Mrs Devaney, who's also a moneylender. Michael's mother reacts.

MICHAEL'S MOTHER
*Let him get his coat off, woman.
For God's sake, he's home from work
so let him get his bloody coat
off...*

Michael's father will take his coat off and toss a wage packet onto the table.

MICHAEL'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
(to young Michael)
*This is what it cost. That bloody
uniform of yours. No bank for the
likes of us. It's THIS for the
likes of us. This money lending
bitch sucking him dry before he's
even got his coat off.*

50 EXT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S STREET DAY 3 16.48 50

Father Michael reaches Christina's house. He rings the doorbell.

She opens the door. Her face falls when she sees who it is.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Hi.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Hello, Father.

His reaction when he realises she won't ask him in.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Is your Mum in?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Yeah.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

Can I see her?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

She's sick.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

I know.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

You know?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

She phoned me, said she couldn't make the meeting. I told her I'd bring it all round.

She realises he's holding some papers in a folder.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

I'll give it to her.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

There's stuff I said we'd talk about.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

She's too sick for that, Father.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

I'm a priest. I'm used to seeing sick people.

(mock-confidentially)

Dead ones even.

Her reaction to that. Not what he expected.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)

Sorry again.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

I'll tell her you called.

He has to accept that he's not getting in. He takes something from his folder.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
I brought you these.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
(taking them)
What are they?

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
Vouchers for the foodbank.

Her reaction to this!

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)
I've nothing but respect and
admiration for the way you're...

She just wants him to go - right now - and take his vouchers with him...

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)
...bringing up those children,
Christina, but we all need a bit of
help now and again.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Please go, Father.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
It's not what you imagine,
Christina. They're really good
people. They judge no one; they...

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Please go, Father.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
(taking the vouchers back)
Right. If you change your mind.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I will not be changing my mind.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
You'll tell your Mum I called.

That GETS her.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Yes. She'll be delighted to know
you called, Father.

She's fighting back tears and he blames himself for it.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

I'm sorry I've upset you.
(She acknowledges this)
Bye.

She acknowledges that. He goes. She closes the door on us.

51 INT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S HOUSE NIGHT 3 20.45 51

Christina places her mother's hands one on top of the other and sits with her. She can hear the kids downstairs playing, laughing...

52 INT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S HOUSE DAY 4 08.30 52

Christina is on the phone. Jimmy is searching for his swimming trunks. Tommy Jnr is on his laptop. Lisa is pouring a cup of tea. The telly is on - unwatched

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

(down phone)

But I've just told you: I don't
KNOW how much will go in. It might
be half a month's pay or nothing at
all.

(to Tommy Jnr)

Get off there.

(down phone)

But in either case, there won't be
enough in there to cover the direct
debits so you'll charge me again
and I don't want that.

(to Jimmy who's found his
trunks where he left
them)

Yes, yes, 'cause hopefully, in
future, you'll take them out the
bag and put them in the dirty wash.

(down phone)

I'm sorry, I'm trying to get the
kids out to school...

JIMMY FITZSIMMONS

They're wet.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

I know they're wet.

(down phone)

Excuse me.

(to Jimmy)

You'll just have to wear them wet,
won't you?

(realising something)

Oh no!

Lisa has left the room with a cup of tea. Christina drops the phone and goes after her.

Hall and stairs. Christina comes from the living room and barks up the stairs.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Lisa, at the top of the stairs, freezes.

LISA FITZSIMMONS
What?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
What are you doing?

LISA FITZSIMMONS
I'm taking Grandma a cup of tea.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
You're not. Get down here.

Lisa coming back down the stairs.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
I said to keep out, didn't I? Her head's banging. She needs peace and quiet. Absolute peace and quiet. Right.

LISA FITZSIMMONS
Right.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I'm not blaming you. Go in. Go on. You meant well.

Lisa goes back into the living room.

Christina's reaction. She can't keep this up much longer. She sees a letter on the mat. She picks it up, opens it. Bad news...

53 EXT O/S CHRIST OUR LORD PRIMARY SCHOOL DAY 4 09.00 53

Christina and the three kids hurrying along. Late again.

54 INT JOB SHOP DAY 4 10.00 54

The job shop woman has Christina's letter.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Thirteen weeks before I can claim.

JOB SHOP WOMAN

Yes.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

You said I might get a loan.

JOB SHOP WOMAN

That's unlikely, I'm afraid.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

So what do I do?

JOB SHOP WOMAN

We find you a job.

The job shop woman will, at some point here, check Christina's fingers - much to Christina's annoyance.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

I'm a betting shop manager who stole from her last employer; what chance does that give me?

JOB SHOP WOMAN

There are other jobs.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

(suddenly, of her rings)

Yes, I sold them! You were clocking them last time. I sold them, got a hundred for them, didn't piss it up a wall or spend it down the bingo; I filled the fridge with it.

JOB SHOP WOMAN

Maybe there are other things you could sell.

Christina stands, leaves.

55 INT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S HOUSE NIGHT 4 22.30 55

Nan's bedroom. A dog barks in the distance.

Christina studying her mother's body. She comes to a decision. She starts pulling at her mother's wedding ring.

56 INT/EXT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S HOUSE DAY 5 15.05 56

Christina hovering. The bell goes. She heads for the door.

Hall and stairs. She opens the door. Her face falls...

It's her sister Mariella. In her carer's uniform.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
I forgot you'd be home.

Mariella just steps in, moves past. She has a little paper bag.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER (CONT'D)
I didn't get you a cake

Mariella heading for the living room. Into living room.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER (CONT'D)
Where's Mam?

Again, Christina can't think fast enough.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Out.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
Where?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Don't know. She told me but...

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
It's Wednesday. I always come round on a Wednesday.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
You know what she's like.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
You can have her cake.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Ta.

Mariella will wash her hands thoroughly as she speaks, dry them on a kitchen roll, take a wet-wipe from a small packet and wipe the tap with it, toss the wet wipe into the bin. ..

It's not OCD, this; she's been wiping arses all day...

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
Did she go the doctor?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
(bemused)
No?

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
She said she'd go this morning.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Why?

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
You don't know?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
No.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
(indicating her chest)
She's getting pains.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Why didn't you tell me?

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
You live under the same roof as
her. I thought you'd know.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I didn't. I don't.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
Can I go for the kids?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
(thrown)
What?

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
We usually pick the kids up. Me and
Mam.

Christina wants Mariella nowhere near the kids. Mariella will
fill the kettle as she speaks.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
No.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
Why not?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
They won't let them go with you on
your own. Me or Mam have got to be
there.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
I'll go with you then. Is that a
problem?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
No.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
They like it when I go for them.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Right. Great.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
Is there something wrong?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
No. No, not at all.

57 EXT CHRISTINA'S STREET DAY 5 15.15 57

Christina and Mariella walking to the school - Christina dreading what could very soon happen...

58 EXT O/S CHRIST OUR LORD PRIMARY SCHOOL DAY 5 15.25 58

Lisa, carrying a piece of paper, running from school towards her aunt and her mother. The two boys are already here. Lisa and her aunt embrace.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
(of the piece of paper)
Who's this for?

It's a get-well-soon "card".

LISA FITZSIMMONS
Grandma.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
(to Christina)
She's been sick?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
A couple of days. Over it now.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
What was it?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
A bit of a cold.

LISA FITZSIMMONS
We can't go in her room.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
She went to bed with it?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Yeah.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
A bit of a cold?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
She's fine now.

59 EXT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S STREET DAY 5 15.50 59
Christina, Mariella and the kids approaching the house.
Christina, full of foreboding, lets them all in.

60 INT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S HOUSE DAY 5 CONT. 60
Hall and stairs. They all enter.

LISA FITZSIMMONS
(re her get-well card)
Can I take it up to her?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Your Nan's out. Give it to her
later.

They all, bar Christina, make their way into the living room.
Christina hangs a few coats up (or whatever). Now she glances
up the stairs. Now she follows them in to the living room.

61 INT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S HOUSE DAY 5 16.10 61
Living room. Christina enters. Mariella is holding a handbag.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
Mam's bag.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
She's got the little one.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
(taking out something)
Mam's purse.

Christina has no answer to that.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER (CONT'D)
Where is she?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
In bed.
(to the kids)
You stay here. Right? The three of
you. We're going to see Nan.

Christina leaves. Mariella follows.

62 INT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S HOUSE DAY 5 CONT. 62
Up the stairs. They get to the landing.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
She's dead.

Mariella's reaction. She follows Christina into Nan's room.

63 INT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S HOUSE DAY 5 CONT. 63

Nan's room. Mariella goes to her mother, touches her, holds her hand.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER

How?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

I don't know. I found her like that. Well, not like that. But dead.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER

Did you get her a priest?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

No.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER

She'd want a priest. You know what all that meant to her.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

Yeah.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER

Have you got his number?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

We can't phone him yet.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER

Why not?

(Christina can't answer)

Why not?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

She gets her pension tomorrow.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER

What?!

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

I'm skint, Mariella. No job, no dole, no nothing. I need her pension.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER

Oh, you cow.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS

I've got three kids to feed.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
That's why you lied to me, said she
was out. You weren't even gonna
tell me.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
No.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
For God's sake!

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I don't want the kids to hear.

A horrible thought strikes Mariella.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
When did it happen?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I don't want the kids...

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
How long has she been like this?

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Three days.

Three days!!!!

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
You heartless, scheming, conniving
bitch!

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
I'm sorry.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
Can you leave me with her, please?
Can you leave me alone with my
mother, please?!

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Yes.

Christina walks out of the room.

64 INT CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS'S HOUSE DAY 5 16.30

64

Christina standing, waiting by the front door.

Mariella comes down the stairs.

MARIELLA, CHRISTINA'S SISTER
(even more disgusted)
You took her ring.

But Christina reveals that she is holding it.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Couldn't sell it.

She gives it to Mariella.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)
Please don't tell anyone.

But Mariella simply brushes past her and leaves.

On Christina as the door slams...

65 INT SAINT NICK'S CHURCH DAY 5 21.00

65

Father Michael thinks he's alone in the church and he's lighting a candle.

We discover Christina watching him.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS
Who's it for?

He looks, sees her.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN
My Mam.

She turns, walks away.

Father Michael watches her go.