

BROKEN

Episode 1

Christina's Story

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SALMON SCRIPT

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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

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)

Back to the mass. He holds the host aloft.

FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN (CONT'D)  
For on the night he was betrayed he

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

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.

7 EXT SAINT NICK'S CHURCH DAY 1 10.52

7

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



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

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

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 CONFSSIONAL 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

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 Kerrihan, 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 Kerrihan'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)

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	



Bye. MICHAEL'S SISTER BETH

Bye. FATHER MICHAEL KERRIGAN

MICHAEL'S SISTER BETH

(Loud)  
Bye, Mum.

MICHAEL'S MOTHER (V.O.)

Bye, I 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

Hi ya, 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  
Fi fteen quid and coppers.

Bad news. . .

CHRI STI NA FI TZSI MMONS  
(to Ji mmy)

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)

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?





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

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





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.

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  
(i n)  
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

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...

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 Kerriگان 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.*

MI CHAEL' 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.*

MI CHAEL' 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.

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

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



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



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)

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.

But Christina reveals that she is holding it.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS  
Couldn't sell it.

She gives it to Mariella.

CHRISTINA FITZSIMMONS (CONT'D)