

Good Vibrations

by

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Shooting Script
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CAPTION: *Belfast, the Fifties*

A beautiful ordered garden. The colours are fairy-tale bright. Bird song.

On a window an election poster has been taped: *VOTE HOOLEY FOR A GENUINE ALTERNATIVE*

On the grass sits a portable record player. Beside it a small pile of records. CHILD TERRI'S hands pick up 'I Saw the Light' - Hank Williams in his trademark rhinestone suit - and places it on the turntable

A needle is set down on the vinyl. CHILD TERRI smiles, enraptured.

A tomato bursts against the window, obliterating the poster.

CHILD TERRI dives for cover behind a large shrub.

An egg follows the tomato; stones land in the garden along with arrows from a kid's bow. The TWO BOYS doing the throwing and shooting are under ten. BOY 1 wears a tatty sheriff's hat, BOY 2 has 'war paint' on his face.

BOY 1

Fenian Lovers.

An arrow flies overhead. In the shrub CHILD TERRI crouches, holding on to his head: he knows he has to keep it down.

BOY 2 prepares to unleash a final arrow.

BOY 1 (CONT'D)

Commie bastards.

The shrub seems to vibrate with rage. CHILD TERRI pops up.

CHILD TERRI

My da's not a communist, he's a socialist.

His eye widens as the arrow speeds towards it.

Impact.

The music is distorted, becoming the soundtrack as the arrow takes us on an accelerated journey into Terri's world, and through the future, private and public.

MAVIS (O.S.)
Do you think is he going to lose
it?

There are looming faces - DOCTOR, Terri's parents MAVIS and GEORGE - a disorienting rush of lights - suggestive of eye tests, but merging with other lights - city lights, searchlights. There are eye charts, which merge with 60s protest placards - US out of Vietnam - Ban the Bomb - with magazine covers: Ego, OZ

MAVIS (CONT'D)
Is he going to lose it?

The charts, placards, magazines merge with newspaper headlines charting the start of the Northern Irish Troubles, a barrage of surreal images from the 50s to the 70s darker as the headlines change: from agricultural shows to sheep fleeing a bomb blast, from schoolkids dancing at a fete to a line of monks being frisked by British soldiers.

MAVIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(growing frantic)
Is he going to be blinded?

Image and sound reach a crescendo.

GEORGE (O.S.)
(consoling)
He's just going to see things a
little bit differently.

3 INT. HOOLEY FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

3

An explosion fills the TV screen.

TERRI, now in his 20s, rubs his eye. There is, throughout, an open, almost child-like quality to his expression totally at odds with some of what he does, and says.

Beside him sit MAVIS and GEORGE, a man whose bearing, as much as his waistcoat and collarless shirt, marks him as out of his time.

TERRI
What a fucking nightmare.

MAVIS
Mind you your language.

GEORGE
And they call this a revolution?

A poster is on the wall *VOTE HOOLEY STILL A GENUINE
ALTERNATIVE*

4 INT. DARKROOM - DAY

4

TERRI wears a Kodak overall. Sitting on a work bench, knees up, smoking a joint is his mate ERIC - more sixth Stone than fifth Beatle, more Sticky Finger than Satisfaction.

There are photos pegged up to dry. There are also flyers (clearly home-made): *Terri Hooley, Tonight at 8...*

Max Romeo's 'War inna Babylon' plays on a portable turntable. TERRI sings along as he pegs up another flyer.

TERRI

'War inna Babylon, tribal war inna
Babylon, let me tell you, it
sipple out there...'

ERIC

Sssh.

TERRI

What?

ERIC

Do you hear something?

The 'something' is an alarm going off, but it barely registers before TERRI starts singing again.

TERRI

'... tribal was inna Babylon...'

(breaking off)

What baffles me, Jamaica and
Belfast have so much in common.
Cops and soldiers giving you
grief day in day out, armed gangs
running round murdering people
for fuck all. But at least in
Jamaica they have decent music.

A muffled thump. TERRI and ERIC look at the door. ERIC nicks the joint; waves smoke away. TERRI opens door and is face to face with a BOMB DISPOSAL MAN, or bomb disposal blimp as he appears.

BOMB DISPOSAL MAN

(indistinctly)

Get the fuck out!

ERIC jumps down from the bench. TERRI carefully takes the record off before leaving. A second later he returns, grabs a handful of flyers.

5 EXT. KODAK - DAY

5

SOLDIERS herd OTHER WORKERS behind a cordon where news cameras lurk. TERRI and ERIC saunter out

TERRI

So are you coming down tonight?

ERIC

You know me, I'll go anywhere
where there are people, ergo....

TERRI

Jesus, everyone's a defeatist.

ERIC

Here, just to cheer you up.

He passes TERRI a bag of grass.

TERRI

Tell you the truth, I'm a bit
skint at the minute.

ERIC

(brushing it off)
Mates rates.

TERRI spies TWO WOMEN IN KODAK OVERALLS; ERIC spies a YOUNG
BRITISH SOLDIER standing a little apart from the others

TERRI AND ERIC

Catch you later.

They go off in opposite directions, TERRI to the women.

TERRI

The future Mrs Hooley.

KODAK WOMAN 1

Which one of us?

TERRI

Either of you, both

He hands them a flyer.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Come down to this tonight.

KODAK WOMAN 1

In town? Have you a death wish?

She and her friend walk off giggling.

TERRI

(after them, arms spread)
I have a *life* wish.

He turns. MARTY heavy beard, heavy coat, heavy politics,
approaches, red-headed NED skulking in his wake.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Marty. Ned.

MARTY
I'd watch where I shouted that
life-wish stuff. Some people
might take it as a challenge.

TERRI
(nods to Kodak building)
Some people look like they have
enough to keep them busy.

MARTY
That's not one of ours. If it had
been one of ours there wouldn't
have been a warning.

He flicks the CND badge on TERRI's coat.

MARTY (CONT'D)
I'd forgotten about those.

TERRI
No kidding.

MARTY
Does it not get lonely being the
last man standing?

MARTY glances up, sees ERIC passing something to YOUNG
BRITISH SOLDIER, who slips him a banknote in exchange.

TERRI sees MARTY seeing it. He flourishes a flyer an inch
from MARTY's face.

TERRI
Do your feet a favour, take them
out dancing, like you used to.

MARTY balls up the flyer, shoves it back in TERRI's face.

MARTY
See you around.

He and NED move off. TERRI has contrived to stick flyers to
their back.

TERRI
(under his breath)
I fucking hope not.

Deserted, but for TERRI, walking. He stops at length before
a metal cage protecting the front of a bar: the Harp.

A security camera tracks his approach. TERRI takes out his glass eye and thrusts it up to the lens.

A buzzer sounds.

7

INT. HARP BAR - NIGHT

7

The hand that held up the eye now rifles through a box of records: Shangri-las, 13th Floor Elevators, Gladiators. A poster on the wall reads TERRI HOOLEY BELFAST'S NO.1 DJ. Next to it a WAR IS OVER poster ('Love John and Yoko'), another for the Rolling Stones gig at the Ulster Hall, 1966 an outlaws gallery: Hank Williams, Bob Marley, Johnny Cash.

TERRI downs a brandy, lights a cigarette lit, takes a record from its sleeve: 'Soul Rebel' by The Wailers.

He places it on the turntable, closes his eyes and starts to sing along.

TERRI

I'm a rebel, soul rebel

He opens his eyes. He is brought back to earth. The room is empty save for PAT, the Harp's Manager (he has one of those Belfast expressions of permanent doubt: *Two plus two? Is four?*) and an OLD BOY at the bar doing Spot the Ball.

PAT shakes his head slowly, approaches TERRI.

PAT

(handing TERRI £5)

Here.

TERRI

I thought we said ten?

PAT

Ten for the whole night. That's you finished, I'm pulling the plug. In fact you needn't bother coming back.

TERRI

Why?

PAT

Why? Look around you. It's finished. No one wants to come out any more.

TERRI

She does.

A young woman has appeared out of nowhere and is dancing hypnotically alone in the centre of the floor.

This is RUTH. There is something handmade about her; a style so individual it borders on the eccentric.

PAT hands TERRI another £5.

8

INT. HARP BAR - NIGHT

8

RUTH orders a drink. A loud scratch as, mid-song, TERRI changes tack. Dion, 'Born to be with you'. The OLD BOY looks round, confused. TERRI skips down from the stage.

RUTH is putting change in her purse.

TERRI

Are you here on your own?

RUTH

I was out for a walk and heard the music. Thought I'd come in and see if it was as lively as it sounded.

The OLD BOY sneezes. TERRI and RUTH look at him, then at each other, then laugh.

TERRI

It wasn't always like this, there were nights here when you had to queue just to get on the guest list.

RUTH

I don't mean to be cheeky, but you don't look like a man with that many friends.

TERRI

Do you want to know the truth of it? I used to have lots of friends.

9

INT. HARP BAR 1968 - NIGHT

9

TERRI and RUTH are surrounded by the very FRIENDS Terri is invoking: swaying to music, laughing, animated. In the middle of the floor three men clink shorts glasses: MARTY, less heavy (and wearing a CND badge); NED, and ANDY, with a Zapata moustache.

TERRI

Lots of anarchist friends, and Marxist friends, and socialist friends, and pacifist friends, and feminist friends, and friends who were fuck all.

MARTY, NED and ANDY down their drinks. NED's comes back up his nose. The others laugh, pat his back. NED is furious.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Then the first shot was fired

The three shorts glasses smash.

TERRI (CONT'D)

And the first bomb exploded and suddenly I didn't have any more Marxist, or feminist, or anarchist friends.

The room darkens. The FRIENDS are now on opposing sides of the room, MARTY and NED on one side side, ANDY on the other. There is finger-pointing, rancour.

TERRI (CONT'D)

I just had Catholic friends and Protestant friends. And I don't consider myself either. So...

10

INT. HARP BAR - NIGHT

10

Back to the 70s. The room is empty again save for TERRI and RUTH, the PAT and the OLD BOY.

RUTH

So now nobody likes you?

TERRI

Now I'm just a bit more choosy about my friends. Anyway, you're one to talk, where's your gang?

RUTH

They don't like dancing as much as I do.

TERRI reaches over behind the bar for a note pad.

TERRI

Have you a pen?

RUTH

I'm an English student, it's compulsory.

TERRI

Here, stick your name at the top.

RUTH hesitates, shrugs, writes.

TERRI (CONT'D)

(squinting at the page)
Are you Martian?

RUTH
Stop it. It's Ruth. R-U-T-H

TERRI
Well, R-U-T-H, congratulations,
you're the first name on my new
guest list.

11 EXT. HARP BAR - NIGHT 11

RUTH pushes TERRI up against the wire grille over a shop window bearing the sign CLOSING DOWN: EVERYTHING MUST GO.

TERRI
(up for air)
Do you want to go back to my mum
and dad's?

RUTH
No. Do you want to go back to my
mum and dad's?

TERRI
No.

12 EXT. BELFAST STREET - NIGHT 12

RUTH is practically trailing TERRI by the hand.

13 INT. DAVE AND MARILYN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 13

An ancient species of Mimeograph machine sits on a table. MARILYN HYNDMAN - a few years older than Ruth - leans against the wall, smoking, while DAVE HYNDMAN circles it, wrench in his hand, trying to decide which bit to hit.

RUTH drags TERRI through, tossing out perfunctory introductions

RUTH
Dave, Marilyn: Terri. Terri:
Dave, Marilyn.

14 EXT. YARD - NIGHT 14

The yard has room only for a bin, a bicycle, TERRI and RUTH.

RUTH
I was at a party here one night,
it was all getting a bit much, so
I came out here and hid.

TERRI

Where?

He follows the line of RUTH's gaze: the bin.

TERRI (CONT'D)

You're not serious.

He walks over, lifts the lid, looks inside, then turns to RUTH.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Shall we?

Hand in hand they each put one leg over then the other, disappearing as though in a variety show magic act. One hand reappears and replaces the bin lid.

A pause.

TERRI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I've got a glass eye.

RUTH (O.S.)

So shut it.

TERRI (O.S.)

Remind me to tell you my John Lennon story some time.

RUTH (O.S.)

Shut it.

A CAMERA FLASH

15 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - DAY

15

A wedding picture on the hall wall: Terri and Ruth.

Bags and boxes the length of the hallway. TERRI and RUTH are moving in. DAVE comes in through the front door carrying a large carton. TERRI, behind him, carries an ashtray, into which every so often as he rants he flicks ash.

TERRI

I tell you another thing I hate, that word communities. Whenever anybody in Northern Ireland says community what they're really saying is side

DAVE

(from behind the box)
You're dead right, it's false consciousness.

TERRI
Whereas *collective*....

DAVE
... people of all religions and
none working to a common end...

TERRI
Mind your feet there, Dave.

TERRI bends to set his ashtray on the floor. When he stands ERIC has appeared in the front doorway, looking self-conscious, as well he might under a white cowboy hat. TERRI does an exaggerated double take.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Don't tell me, it's Hank
Williams's birthday? Roy Rogers'?
Desperate Dan's?

ERIC is unable to get a word in before RUTH passes.

RUTH
Nice hat, Eric.

ERIC gives up. MARILYN comes into the hallway. She stops by a pile of boxes and reads what's written on the side.

MARILYN
Terri, Terri, Terri, Terri...
(bends to see last one)
Terri.

She looks around, sees TERRI.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Are these all your clothes?

TERRI
(points to a black bag
on the floor)
These are my clothes.
(points to the boxes)
These are my records.

DAVE
(lifts a box)
Where do you want them?

TERRI
Back bedroom for now.

TERRI stands on the doorstep and lights another cigarette.
ERIC joins him.

16

EXT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - CONTINUOUS

16

A For Sale sign is now marked Sold.

ERIC

Listen, I came to tell you, I'm clearing off to London for a while.

TERRI

Don't take it so hard, you're still special.

Eric tries to raise a smile without success. He looks over his shoulder.

ERIC

I got lifted the other night.

The scene behind ERIC darkens. He isn't standing on the doorstep any more, but on a stool, naked and shivering, his hands covering his groin. HOODED MEN stand around him. ERIC, however, continues to talk as though to TERRI.

ERIC (CONT'D)

A couple of our old anti-war pals were there.

TERRI

That fucker Marty?

ERIC

The other crowd.

ANDY whips off his mask with one hand, to reveal a leaner, infinitely meaner-looking version of his 60s self; with the other hand he brandishes a pair of sheep shears.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Except of course they're all a bit more *pro-war* these days.

The other HOODED MEN hold shears too now. They advance on ERIC.

TERRI winces as the shears flash and snap.

One by one the HOODED MEN step back; ANDY is last to go. ERIC is on the doorstep once more.

His hand shakes as he takes off the hat. His hair has been savaged.

TERRI

Fuck me.

ERIC
Told me I was lucky it wasn't a
bullet.

TERRI
For what, dealing a bit of blow?

ERIC leans in and takes hold of TERRI'S wrist.

ERIC
It's not the drugs. It's me, it's
you - they try to pass themselves
off as the school rebels, we show
them up as the prefects.

He puts the hat back on so that RUTH coming downstairs
doesn't see his hair. He smiles at her, then at TERRI.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(in an undertone)
They want us off the streets.

TERRI watches him go.

17 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - LATER

17

TERRI sits on the sofa, with an Exchange and Mart open at
the 'Records' page, a couple of ads circled. RUTH lies
across his lap. TERRI sets down paper.

TERRI
You are everything to me.

RUTH laughs, taken aback by the suddenness of it all.

RUTH
I'll settle for being the most
important.

MARILYN comes into the room carrying a box.

MARILYN
Don't mind me working here.

TERRI
(into RUTH's hair)
Everything.

18 EXT. BELFAST STREET - NIGHT

18

TERRI walks away from Sorting Office opening a package:
records. He walks on past boarded-up shops.

A car appears on the far side of the street, traveling in
the opposite direction.

TERRI pulls his chin down into his collar as it passes him. The sound of the car fades into the distance, leaving only TERRI's footsteps.

Another car appears, moving slower, faces at the windows. TERRI retreats further into his collar. When the car has travelled a few yards beyond him it does a U-turn and before TERRI has time to run pulls up at the kerbside.

A THUG jumps out. He pulls TERRI's coat over his head and drags him towards the car. TERRI resists.

At one stage his head is inside the car. He and the driver, redheaded NED, are eye to eye.

TERRI

Ned?

NED

(lifting a wheel brace)

Here, hit him a whack with this.

TERRI in his panic flails, catching NED's cheek with the record bag. He manages to break free, leaving his coat, sweater, and shirt in the hands of the THUG. Somehow he's managed to hold on to the bag. He runs. THUG gets out and starts to give chase.

Headlights appear further up the street.

NED (CONT'D)

Quick, get in.

(holding a hand to his face)

You're a dead man, Hooley!

19 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

19

TERRI, topless, stands back pressed against the wall, breathing heavily.

20 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

20

TERRI, RUTH's dressing gown over his bare torso, is throwing brandy into him, pacing the floor. Terror has given way to anger. RUTH is trying to get him to sit down.

RUTH

Wait, wait, you say you knew this fella?

TERRI

From the Sixties. He was a prick then and he's a prick now, only now he's a prick with a gun.

He sits finally, lights a cigarette and closes his eyes. RUTH sits on the arm of the chair beside him. Her gaze roams over his face.

RUTH
Do you think maybe it's time we
got out of here?

TERRI
No, that's what they expect -
that's what they want.

He jumps up, knocking over the bag of records. They spill across the floor. He and RUTH start to pick them up.

TERRI stops, straightens. RUTH looks at him.

RUTH
Terri?

21 INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY 21

BANK MANAGER
Say that again.

TERRI
I want to open a record shop.

BANK MANAGER
On Great Victoria Street?

TERRI nods.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)
'Bomb Alley'?

22 EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY 22

A down-at-heel three-storey building in a late-Victorian terrace. TERRI and RUTH, DAVE and MARILYN look up at the frontage.

DAVE
You'll have to use a bit of
imagination.

They go in.

23 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY 23

It's a wreck. There's a dead pigeon on the floor.

DAVE
(climbing the stairs)
So, whole-food shop down here.
(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
 People's printing press on the
 top floor.

They have arrived on the first floor landing.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 And you here in the middle.

24 INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

24

BANK MANAGER
 Do you know how long it's been
 since I've had someone in here
 telling me he wanted to *open*
 something.

He thinks.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)
 I don't suppose you have any
 collateral?

TERRI
 Collateral?

25 EXT. LEAFY SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

25

TERRI, DAVE and RUTH walking at (TERRI's) speed.

DAVE
 I wouldn't get my hopes up.

TERRI
 They got the Nobel Prize, Dave. A
 million pounds to promote peace
 and love! I and I is bringing
reggae to the people of Belfast.

They have stopped before a sign: PEACE PEOPLE.

RUTH
 Good luck.

TERRI hugs her; hugs Dave too.

TERRI
 One love.

TERRI and DAVE go in. RUTH watches the door. Nothing
 happens; nothing happens; nothing happens. Then TERRI comes
 out, DAVE follows.

TERRI (CONT'D)
 Fucking hippies.

DAVE
I don't think the John Lennon
story helped.

TERRI and DAVE walk off. RUTH stands looking after them.

26 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

26

TERRI and RUTH face one another across the table. He is brooding. She reaches under the table for her bag. She takes out an ID card.

TERRI
What's that?

RUTH
I got a job.

TERRI picks the card up and reads it.

TERRI
Truant officer?

RUTH
Don't say anything.

She takes money from her purse and counts it out on the table: ten, twenty, thirty...

27 INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

27

The only thing that has changed is the BANK MANAGER's tie. TERRI is counting out the banknotes RUTH counted out for him: ten, twenty, thirty, and one note more.

BANK MANAGER
(picks up the notes)
Forty pounds?

He is tempted. He is also a bank manager. A moment.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)
You haven't anything a bit
more... substantial?

TERRI hesitates.

TERRI
You mean like a house?

BANK MANAGER's face brightens.

28 INT. PHONE BOX - DAY

28

TERRI

(draws on his cigarette)

No, it was all pretty straightforward. The forty quid swung it.

(runs a finger round the phone's change drawer)

But, here, I might be home a bit late, I just have to go and do something about the, ah, sewers.

TERRI pulls scraps of paper from his pocket; dials the number written on one particularly dog-eared scrap.

A pause. A deep drag.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Marty? Terri Hooley.

29 INT. JUMBLE SALE - DAY

29

TERRI walks up to a stall on which, among the other crap, are two big boxes of records 'Pick of the Pops' to the fore of one. He signals to STALL-HOLDER

TERRI

I'll give you a fiver for the whole lot.

30 INT. HARP BAR - AFTERNOON

30

TERRI enters, the very incarnation of Johnny Guitar Watson's 'Gangster of Love', a box under each arm.

MARTY is there with a group of REPUBLICAN PARAMILITARIES (the FRIENDS from the 1968 Harp Bar), among them NED, bruising still around his eye.

They watch TERRI stop before their table. He looks over his shoulder. ANDY enters with other LOYALIST PARAMILITARIES (more of the FRIENDS). The REPUBLICAN PARAMILITARIES instinctively rise from their seats hands going towards their jackets.

TERRI

Why doesn't everybody sit down?

Both groups do, a wary distance apart. TERRI occupies the space between them.

TERRI (CONT'D)

You know the old saying about the devil and the long spoon?

Everyone is looking at him, wondering where this is going.

TERRI (CONT'D)
I thought for a bunch of cunts
like you a few LPs would probably
do the trick.

He fashions a smile, empties a box on one table, a box on
the other and spreads the records out: jumble sale crap.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Don't all dive at once.

A moment. They all dive at once.

31 INT. HARP BAR - AFTERNOON 31

The tables are closer together. REPUBLICAN PARAMILITARIES
and LOYALIST PARAMILITARIES are looking at their albums.

NED
Wait, I already have *Desperado*.

TERRI takes it back, gives him Leo Sayer's *Endless Flight*,
passes *Desperado* to the Loyalist side.

TERRI
Right, everybody happy?

Nods, murmurs: they're happy.

TERRI (CONT'D)
OK, now, can I ask you something
in return? See when this shop
opens, there's to be no coming
round looking a "donation" for
the Republican Prisoners...
(looks left)
... or the Loyal Orange Widows...
(looks right)
And one other thing, there's to
be no trying to kill me. Anybody.

Silence.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Now what about one for the road?

32 EXT. HARP BAR - LATER 32

TERRI stands at the door, smoking. ANDY comes to stand
beside him.

ANDY
That was some performance you put
on there.

TERRI
I try my best.

ANDY
See those ones in there, though?
They're not the ones you have to
worry about. Even the crazies
remember the times before this
all started. It's the ones coming
up behind them you're going to
have to watch out for.

He nods across the street to where a couple of young
skinheads wait: MUTT and HATCHET (who has a distinctive
spiderweb tattoo on his neck).

ANDY (CONT'D)
It'll take more than a few LPs to
buy them off.

TERRI
You underestimate my record
collection.

ANDY pats TERRI's cheek, without affection. He crosses the
street. MUTT and HATCHET fall in behind him.

33

EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

33

A life-sized hardboard Elvis comes out the door. TERRI is
behind, carrying it. He sets it on the footpath. The words
Good Vibrations are painted in red below Elvis's knees. His
left index finger points the way back up the stairs.

There is a lame pop. Cheers.

The BOD from the Wholefood shop dispenses Elderflower
Champagne to DAVE, MARILYN, RUTH, and TERRI. (TERRI slips a
flask from his pocket and tops up his own 'champagne' with
brandy.) A little sea of celebration in the middle of Bomb
Alley's wrecked shop fronts and steel shutters

A guy with wild hair and greying beard comes down the
street: PUGWASH. He stops and looks.

PUGWASH
You actually open?

TERRI
Yeah, we're open.

PUGWASH raises his arms as though to be searched. TERRI
hugs him.

34 EXT. GREAT VICTORIA STREET - EVENING 34

Night is falling. The street is deserted, the buildings in darkness. There is only one figure in the street: Elvis. There is only one light on: Good Vibrations's.

35 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY 35

A hand (TERRI's) flicks a light switch; presses a button to open a cash register; pours coins into the drawers; flips open a receipt book. Finally the hand removes a record from a sleeve: the Wailers' *Catch a Fire*. Sets it on the turntable; lowers the needle.

The music swells; TERRI is at the counter, the Outlaws gallery from the Harp on the wall behind him; he looks up.

There are all of two customers, PUGWASH and A.N.OTHER

A.N.OTHER lifts an album.

TERRI

(shouts)

Great choice, Too Many Saviours
on my Cross!

A.N.OTHER sets it down and leaves.

PUGWASH

It'd be wasted on him.

TERRI

You're probably right.

TWO RUC MEN enter.

TERRI (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Here we go.

FIRST RUC MAN

See business is going well.

TERRI

Early days.

FIRST RUC MAN

(picks up Wailers
sleeve: Marley toking)

Your old chum Eric has left a bit
of a gap in the market and we
have our suspicions about who's
filled it.

TERRI

What the fuck are you talking
about? It's a record shop!

FIRST RUC MAN

So you say. But see if we so much
as find two cigarette papers in
the same room, it'll be an ex-
record shop.

He sets down the sleeve on his way out. SECOND RUC MAN
follows; FIRST RUC MAN turns at the door.

FIRST RUC MAN (CONT'D)

By the way, is your man out the
front anything to do with you?

TERRI walks to the window getting there just as the track
ends. GEORGE is out on Great Victoria Street, pointing the
same way as Elvis.

GEORGE

Don't let the name fool you. Good
Vibrations? Naked capitalism is
what it is!

TERRI

Fuck sake, dad.

36 EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT 36

It's the end of the day. Elvis is entering the building,
TERRI, as previously, behind.

37 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT 37

TERRI counts the takings. He lifts the cash drawer to see
if he's missed any. He hasn't.

He looks around the empty shop.

38 EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT 38

TERRI locks up. He lights a cigarette. He hears youthful
laughter. His head turns, looks up an alley, at the same
moment as RUTH appears behind him

RUTH

Boo.

TERRI drops the cigarette down his jumper.

RUTH (CONT'D)

I thought I'd walk you home.

TERRI has one hand down his jumper the other hand up. The
up hand retrieves the cigarette, the down hand beats his
chest.

A TV CREW has set up on the footpath. An earnest journalist - DES - delivers a piece to camera.

DES

For the people of Belfast the nightmare continues.

TERRI and RUTH walk through his shot without interrupting their conversation.

RUTH

How was it today?

TERRI

Another few customers wouldn't hurt. One or two under thirty wouldn't hurt either. What about you?

RUTH

I haven't spoken to anyone over the age of twelve.

39

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

39

Another day in the shop. TERRI looks glum.

PUGWASH steps up to the counter with a Shangri-las album.

PUGWASH

Just the one today, Terri.

TERRI

Ah, Pugwash, beehives and teenage suicide... we obviously share the same taste in women. Three pound.

PUGWASH goes. Behind him stands an odd-looking urchin. This is FANGS, a Belfast punk, missing a few front teeth.

FANGS

Have you 'Orgasm Addict'?

TERRI

I think you're in the wrong shop.

FANGS

Buzzcocks?

TERRI

Definitely in the wrong shop.

FANGS

Fuck Off?

TERRI

What?

FANGS

If you don't want to fuck me fuck
off, the Electric Chairs?

TERRI shakes his head. FANGS looks around.

FANGS (CONT'D)

I thought this was supposed to be
a record shop.

They stare at one another. TERRI recognises something in
the kid's attitude. He gets a pen, a piece of paper.

TERRI

I'll order them.

DAVE enters carrying posters, which he gives to FANGS

DAVE

Here you go, hot off the press.

FANGS instantly hands one to TERRI.

FANGS

(not asking, telling)
Stick that up for us.

TERRI unrolls it: *JANUARY 12TH - RUDI AND THE OUTCASTS -
THE POUND, TOWNHALL STREET.*

TERRI

A gig? Who's putting that on?

FANGS

Us.

TERRI looks at the poster again. When he looks up FANGS is
already heading for the door.

TERRI

Here, where are you hearing all
that stuff you were asking me
for?

FANGS

Peel.

TERRI

John Peel? Last time I heard he
was playing Pink Floyd.

He turns to the wall, looking for a space. When he can't
see one he takes down the Rolling Stones Ulster Hall bill.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Sorry, boys.

40 EXT. BELFAST STREET - NIGHT

40

TERRI and DAVE and their echoing footsteps are walking away from the city centre. Sound of an army helicopter overhead.

DAVE

If I'd known you were going to drag me down here I'd never have printed that thing.

He glances anxiously over his shoulder then has to quick-step to catch up with TERRI

DAVE (CONT'D)

You know they used the Pound as a morgue on Bloody Friday.

TERRI

Fuck sake, Dave.

They pass in front of the Albert Clock, round a corner, round another, and there is the Pound, a once-fine bar now barely standing.

41 EXT. POUND - NIGHT

41

DAVE

There'll be nobody here.

42 INT. POUND - NIGHT

42

There are people all right. Young people. PUNKS. It's another city, another world entirely.

The journey from the door to the bar is a crash course in teen vice, 1978 vintage: gropings, playful headbuttings, surreptitious glue-sniffing.

TERRI and DAVE squeeze in at the bar. DAVE takes out a pound note, conspicuous amid the PUNKS counting out their coins so of course the BARMAN makes straight for him.

The PUNKS glare. TERRI turns to look into the room.

On a stage lit by a single fluorescent bulb, four crop-haired teenagers are wrenching out a song (basic even for punk) from their instruments. These are the OUTCASTS.

Lead singer GREG COWAN exercises his snarl. Guitarist GETTY, shirt off, concentrates so hard on his guitar, he doesn't notice the girls concentrating on him.

Suddenly a number of RUC MEN come in and start nabbing anyone who looks underage (and plenty do), taking names, asking for pockets to be turned out.

TERRI pushes his way through the crowd and buttonholes an RUC MAN, writing down the name of a pink-haired PUNK GIRL.

TERRI

Excuse me, officer, I'd like to report a civil war outside.

RUC MAN turns. It's the man who warned TERRI in the shop.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Not you again.

FIRST RUC MAN

Step back, Hooley.

TERRI

No, really, take your time. The bombing, shooting, intimidation, that can all wait while you smell her breath to see if she's been drinking.

FIRST RUC MAN

(to PUNK GIRL)

Stay you there.

(to TERRI)

And, you, I've warned you once: step back.

TERRI steps forward. FIRST RUC MAN's hand moves towards the gun at his hip. Suddenly a single guitar chord sounds. Another band has taken the stage. What they lack in snarls they make up for in cheek. This is RUDI.

Down on the floor TERRI and RUC MAN are still squaring up.

RUDI's singer RONNIE MATTHEWS leans into the mike.

RONNIE

(more spoken than sung)

We hate the cops.

TERRI and RUC MAN finally look at the stage where RUDI are ripping into 'Cops'. The audience have forgotten about the actual RUC MEN among them and are singing along.

PUNKS

We hate the cops, we hate the cops.

TERRI joins in, right in NEAREST COP's face. The atmosphere has changed, the RUC have lost control.

By the door of the bar an RUC SERGEANT gives the signal to withdraw. RUC MAN reluctantly backs off TERRI who is giving it all he has got.

RUDI/PUNKS/TERRI
SS RUC, SS RUC.

When the last cop has gone there is pandemonium. TERRI is in the thick of it, hugging PUNKS, getting head-butted (accidentally? Maybe not, though he appears not to mind).

RONNIE
OK, now that we've cleared the
air a bit... this is 'Big Time'.

At guitarist BRIAN YOUNG's opening riff the crowd surges forward. Suddenly the fluorescent stage-light falls from the ceiling. RUDI play on regardless in the gloom. FANGS grabs the light, still lit, and swings it above his head.

TERRI looks around him - at the kids, at the band, at the waving light - and it is all too much. He starts to cry. Then he jumps up and down with everyone else.

43

INT. POUND - LATER

43

TERRI leans at the bar his head in his hands. DAVE approaches.

DAVE
You all right?

TERRI
(raises his head)
All right? I've lost a tooth,
been drenched in spit, called a
wanker about five hundred times.
(with a nod to barman)
And I hate to tell you, but this
beer tastes like piss... It's the
best night I've had in Belfast in
years.

He turns. His eye is missing. DAVE hands him the pint glass at his elbow. There is the eye, floating in the beer.

TERRI plunges his hand in, shakes the eye dry and pops it back in just as BRIAN and RONNIE of RUDI approach.

TERRI pushes DAVE aside.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Boys, where have you been all my
life?

He hugs each one in turn, unaware quite how little the boys want to be hugged.

BRIAN
Do we know you?

TERRI

Terri Hooley. I run a record shop
and that 'Big Time' song...
(he sings the riff)
I want that in my shop.

RONNIE

You can want all you like.

TERRI

Are you telling me you haven't
recorded it?

BRIAN

Recorded it? Who's going to come
to Belfast to sign us.

RONNIE

That's just the way it is. We
don't care.

TERRI

Fuck sake, raise your
expectations.
(a pause)
I'll do it. I'll put it out.

BRIAN

You're pissed.

TERRI

So what?

DAVE arrives at TERRI's shoulder just in time to hear...

TERRI (CONT'D)

I'll put that record out.

BRIAN

How?

TERRI

I don't know.
(to DAVE)
How hard can it be?

RUDI look at one another and laugh.

BRIAN

Whatever you think, mate.

TERRI

I'll be in touch during the week.
You're making a record, fellas.

TERRI and DAVE head for the exit.

DAVE

You just can't go charging into something like that... Anyway, we're meant to be a collective.

TERRI

We are, you can print the sleeves.

Two OUTCASTS approach, singer GREG, a bottle of cider in his hand, and GETTY, Pink-haired PUNK GIRL hanging on to his... until her BOYFRIEND grabs her back.

GREG

Here, will you record us too?

TERRI

I'm not that fucking pissed.

44 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

44

The bedroom door opens with a bang. TERRI framed by the hall light.

TERRI

You'll never believe what I've just seen.

RUTH sits up in bed, struggling to open her eyes. TERRI pulls back the covers, gets into bed.

TERRI (CONT'D)

These kids... they don't give a shit. You have to hear them.

RUTH

Now? What time is it?

TERRI

I don't know. Four. You have to hear them.

RUTH

Right, right.

TERRI

Everybody has to hear them.

RUTH

Right.

(pause)

Have you still your shoes on?

A thump as one shoe lands on the floor. Another thump.

TERRI

Everybody.

45 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

45

RUTH is asleep. Terri is awake staring at the ceiling. The ceiling is a movie screen; TERRI, in Hank Williams's famous white suit, with rhinestone music notes, is on stage at the Pound with RUDI, the OUTCASTS and a host of PUNKS singing 'I Saw the Light'.

46 INT. WIZARD STUDIO - DAY

46

BRIAN and TERRI enter. Two men are in conversation at a mixing desk, one - in a multi-coloured suede patchwork coat - standing (DAVY SMYTH) the other - lank hair, cheesecloth shirt - sitting (DAVY SHANNON)

TERRI

Which of you is Davy?

Both men look up.

DAVY SMYTH & DAVY SHANNON

We both are.

TERRI

(under his breath)

That's all I need, another two Davys in my life.

(aloud)

I phoned earlier... Terri Hooley?

BRIAN is looking around in wonder. The DAVYS are looking at BRIAN like he's another life form.

TERRI (CONT'D)

So when can you fit us in?

DAVY SMYTH opens a desk diary.

DAVY SMYTH

I don't know, we're pretty full.

TERRI

You're joking me?

DAVY SMYTH

We've a couple of flute bands in next week, and we've a jingle for cheese and onion crisps.

BRIAN has gone for a wander: a kid in a toy shop.

TERRI sidles up and drapes an arm over DAVY SMYTH's shoulder.

TERRI

Come on, is that what you had in mind when you set this place up?

(MORE)

TERRI (CONT'D)
 Flute bands and crisp
 commercials?

DAVY SMYTH
 The times we live in. You have to
 put the dinner on the table
 somehow.

TERRI takes out a spliff, which he lights it, letting the
 smoke out slowly.

TERRI
 And what about your rock'n'roll
 soul, Davy... Davys. How do you
 feed those?

DAVY SMYTH looks again at BRIAN then at DAVY SHANNON and
 finally at the diary.

DAVY SMYTH
 I can give you an hour the
 Tuesday after next. 10 OK?

TERRI
 In the morning? Come on, we're
 music people.

47 INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

47

BANK MANAGER holds a 45: Zoot Sims 'Dream'.

BANK MANAGER
 (a touch of awe)
 This brings back memories.

TERRI
 Amazing isn't it. A bit of
 cardboard and some pressed
 plastic.

BANK MANAGER goes to hand it back. TERRI waves it away.

TERRI (CONT'D)
 All that magic - 14p.

BANK MANAGER
 14p to buy?

TERRI
 14p to make yourself. That's
 recording...

48 INT. WIZARD STUDIO - DAY

48

TERRI stands behind DAVY SMYTH at the desk, watching RUDI.

DAVY points at the clock. Three minutes past the hour.
TERRI slips him another twenty quid.

TERRI (V.O.)
Pressing...

49 INT. PRESSING PLANT - DAY 49

Vinyl being pressed.

TERRI (V.O.)
The sleeves are taken care of.

50 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT 50

A3 sheets fall from DAVE's printing press. TERRI, RUTH,
MARILYN and DAVE lift them as quickly as they come out and
fold them.

51 INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY 51

BANK MANAGER
14p. So how many were you
thinking of doing?

TERRI
Three thousand.

BANK MANAGER's eyebrows go up.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Trust me.

52 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY 52

DAVE, BRIAN and RONNIE watch TERRI remove a piece of vinyl
from a 'Big Time' sleeve and holds it up, like the host.

TERRI
Up your hole, EMI.

DAVE
I thought you were sending it to
EMI and Polydor?

TERRI
I know but up their hole anyway.
We cracked the code, we made it
without them.

BRIAN and RONNIE make a grab for the pile of records on the
counter, turning them over in their hands.

53 EXT. HARP BAR - AFTERNOON 53

TERRI and RUTH enter. RUTH carries a packet of biscuits.

54 INT. HARP BAR - AFTERNOON 54

A few OLD WANKERS dotted around watching a stripper on a stage. XXX film projected on the wall behind her.

TERRI, RUTH, and PAT walk in from the back.

PAT

What - them squirrely-looking bastards you see glue-sniffing in Corn Market?

(lowering his voice)

And doesn't 'punk' mean 'fruit'? I wouldn't want any of that sort of carry-on.

He leans forward to pick up an empty glass and some of the XXX carry-on is briefly projected on to his face.

PAT (CONT'D)

I thought they all hung out in the Pound anyway.

TERRI

One night a week. They need a place of their own.

RUTH stares straight ahead at the STRIPPER

TERRI approaches the stage; bends down for a closer look at it. Above him the stripper carries on, oblivious.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Better stage than the Pound and all.

Turns to RUTH.

TERRI (CONT'D)

What do you think?

RUTH

Those are amazing shoes.

STRIPPER smiles.

TERRI

(to PAT)

How many does this place hold on a good night?

PAT
A good night? I can't remember
the last time we had one of them.

TERRI
I can. It holds three hundred.
Some of these kids are only wee.
I'd say three-fifty once the word
spreads.

PAT's swaying.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Three or four nights a week.

PAT's swayed.

55 INT. HOOLEY FAMILY HOME - EVENING 55

MAVIS opens the door. TERRI and RUTH on doorstep.

TERRI
Sorry we're a wee bit late. We
were...

RUTH
Bomb scare.

She hands MAVIS the biscuits.

56 INT. HOOLEY FAMILY HOME - LATER 56

TERRI, RUTH, MAVIS and GEORGE are having dinner.
Throughout, MAVIS attempts to keep up a hostess's (and
mother-in-law's) politeness.

A VOTE HOOLEY poster is clearly visible in the background.

TERRI
Pass me the salt there.

MAVIS
Please.

TERRI
Please.

RUTH
The potatoes are lovely.

MAVIS
They're George's own. You should
get him to take you round the
garden after dinner.

(MORE)

MAVIS (CONT'D)

You wouldn't think it, all the size of it, but he could feed half the street out of it. And many's the time he has. Haven't you, George?

GEORGE grunts in reply. He has been biding his time.

GEORGE

(to TERRI)

So you're a shop owner *and* a record company boss now too, are you?

MAVIS

(to RUTH)

And how's your job going?

RUTH

It would break your heart, some of those estates. There's kids in their teens have already given up. They think the only way to get themselves noticed is to wrap themselves in a flag and pick up a gun.

GEORGE

(to TERRI)

This is the same lad used to march around town with me shouting...

CHILD TERRI appears on GEORGE's shoulders, a big eye patch, an even bigger placard.

CHILD TERRI AND GEORGE TOGETHER

Property is theft! Property is theft!

TERRI

Catch yourself on, dad.

CHILD TERRI disappears.

TERRI (CONT'D)

It's not like you think. All I've promised these bands is to get them heard. I've sent the record out to every record company in London.

GEORGE

(to TERRI)

And?

TERRI

I'm still waiting on them getting back to me.

GEORGE

Of course you are. It's the most rotten industry there is: bribes, payola, cartels. Get involved in that you'll either end up a crook or you'll go broke.

TERRI

I'll never be a crook.

MAVIS

(to RUTH)

It's the parents need the talking to, not the kids. Kids will only do what they're let get away with.

TERRI

(to GEORGE)

Actually, I'm taking a couple of the groups out on the road next month.

GEORGE, MAVIS, RUTH

(as one)

What?

TERRI

Just a few dates, just to let people see what's going on here.

MAVIS

Are you sure it's wise, driving around this country in a van at night? Those poor fellas who were murdered...

GEORGE butts in.

GEORGE

Aw, don't talk to him. He's an impresario. The Lew Grade of Great Victoria Street.

TERRI's had enough.

TERRI

How many elections is it you've lost? Ten. Did it ever occur to you there might be more than one alternative?

GEORGE is about to come back, but MAVIS has had enough too. She thrusts a gravy boat between them.

MAVIS
More gravy anyone.

57 EXT. HOOLEY FAMILY HOME - EVENING

57

RUTH and TERRI wave to GEORGE and MAVIS.

RUTH
(through a fixed smile)
I'd have to speak to them at work
about taking time off if you want
me to cover at the shop.

TERRI
It's OK, I'll get Pugwash to do
it.

RUTH
Pugwash? Can you afford him?

TERRI
I'm not going to pay him. He
practically lives there anyway.
Fuckers lucky I don't charge him
rent.

TERRI walks on. RUTH stares after.

58 EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

58

GREG and GETTY load equipment into a dilapidated white van.

Rudi's BRIAN arrives carrying a guitar case, as GETTY
staggers out of the shop with an amp.

BRIAN
Are these the Rudi roadies?

GREG passes, carrying a box.

GREG
Ha fucking ha.

TERRI
(to BRIAN)
Meet your new label-mates.

BRIAN
You've changed your tune.

TERRI
Well, I'd have grown old waiting
on them changing theirs.

GETTY walks back towards the shop, rubbing his sides,
feigning laughter.

BRIAN
Anyone else coming on this tour?

TERRI
Tearjerkers...

FANGS and LANKY PUNK stroll up.

FANGS
Can we come?

TERRI
... these two...

BRIAN puts his guitar case in the minibus.

GREG
Uncle Terri, come on!

Laughter. TERRI goes to get into the van. Stops.

TERRI
Wait, does anybody know how to
drive this thing?

GREG
We're your fucking stars, you
can't ask us to drive.

GETTY coming from the shop takes the keys out of TERRI's
hand without a word.

59 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 59

Sheep, cows, army watchtowers.

The van, amps and faces tight against the windows, passes
across the screen.

60 INT. DILAPIDATED VAN - DAY 60

GETTY drives. TERRI, by the passenger window, drinks.

GREG
Where the fuck are we?

TERRI
(a swig from the bottle)
We're on the road to Damascus.

GETTY
That last sign said
Loughbrickland.

- 61 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 61
The van carries on.
- 62 INT. RURAL HALL - NIGHT 62
BRIAN at the mike.
- BRIAN
Hello, Damascus, we're RUDI.
- RUDI play 'I-Spy'. The rest of the GOOD VIBES CREW huddle in front of the stage. The dance-floor is otherwise empty. The walls are lined with LOCAL LADS looking daggers and LOCAL GIRLS looking torn.
- TERRI, watching from beside the band, beckons to someone down the hall. A RURAL PUNK kid comes forward, baited by the LOCAL LADS; when he reaches the front he closes his eyes and pogos like his life depends on it.
- 63 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT 63
More cows, more sheep, more watchtowers. Posters appear: Good Vibes on Tour at Stranocum... Pettigo... Garrison.
- 64 INT. RURAL HALL - NIGHT 64
RUDI still play, RURAL PUNK has been joined by a couple more of the LOCAL LADS
- 65 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT 65
More posters advertising more venues.
- 66 INT. RURAL HALL - NIGHT 66
The dance floor is fuller, pogoing, beer glasses flying.
- 67 INT. RURAL HALL - LATER 67
The floor is a mess: broken glass, tables overturned.
- TERRI has his hand out to the RURAL HALL MANAGER. The RURAL HALL MANAGER jerks a thumb over his shoulder at the mayhem TERRI's bands are leaving in their wake. He puts his hand out to TERRI. TERRI reaches for his wallet...

The van is parked, doors open. The GOOD VIBES CREW are lined up, peeing into a ditch. Only TERRI and GETTY remain in the bus. TERRI is looking for a light. He empties his jacket pockets on to the dashboard: half a dozen cassettes.

TERRI

People keep handing me these fucking things.

RONNIE peeing nearest the bus pipes up.

RONNIE

They wouldn't be doing it if they knew what happened to 'Big Time'.

BRIAN

Or what didn't happen.

TERRI

Hasn't happened yet. I'm still waiting on calls from London. Maybe when we get back...

TERRI pulls out another tape.

TERRI (CONT'D)

I don't even remember where the half of them came from.

There is a rustle in the bushes, then lights, shouts.

SOLDIER 1

Everybody down on the fucking ground! Out! Out! Out!

He trails TERRI out of minibus.

SOLDIERS everywhere, faces blackened, guns poised. TERRI is forced to the ground beside GETTY who has been dragged round from the other side.

TERRI

Whoa! Whoa!

SOLDIER 1

I said fucking *down*.

SOLDIERS are frisking the prone punks. They drag them all up on their feet again.

SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)

What the fuck have we here?
Fucking scarecrow convention?

TERRI
Listen, fellas, we've been
playing some dates. We're on our
way home to Belfast.

SOLDIER 1
And where are you all from in
Belfast?

BRIAN/GREG/FANGS/LANKY PUNK
East - West - South - North.

They look down the line at one another as it registers.

SOLDIER 1
(in BRIAN's face)
Are you taking the mick, Mick?

BRIAN's face says that he wouldn't dream of it.

SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)
(turns to TERRI)
You telling me some of these
cunts are Protestant and some of
them are Catholic?

TERRI
It never occurred to me to ask.

SOLDIER 1
You ever think of setting up a
political party?

TERRI
You don't want to know what I
think of political parties.

SOLDIER 1
You don't want to know what we do
either.
(calls to his patrol)
All right, let them back on to
their bus.

The GOOD VIBES CREW climb on board, cocky again.

69 INT. DILAPIDATED VAN - CONTINUOUS

69

Sound of the soldiers' radio as the engine starts.

SOLDIER 1
(taps TERRI's window)
Just getting reports in on the
radio. You might want to watch
yourselves going West when you
get to Belfast... And North. A
bit of trouble in the East too.

TERRI
What about the South?

SOLDIER 1
You should be OK if you get going
now.

The van pulls off: bare arses pressed against the window.

70 INT. DILAPIDATED VAN - NIGHT 70

The van drives through the streets of Belfast. The mood has changed. Nervous glances. An ambulance passes, siren wailing. There are flames on the skyline.

71 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - MORNING 71

TERRI wakes as RUTH gets out of bed. The clothes we saw him in in the last scene are strewn around the room.

TERRI
Any calls while I was away?

RUTH
Nothing.

TERRI throws himself back on the bed. He looks up at the ceiling. HANK WILLIAMS shakes his head sadly. TERRI squeezes his eyes shut.

TERRI
Don't fucking start.

72 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - MORNING 72

RUTH stands in the living room doorway taking in the scene. Various OUTCASTS and TEARJERKERS are asleep on the floor. RUTH steps over them on her way to the kitchen. GETTY is the only one to wake.

RUTH
Getty.

GETTY
All right, Ruth? Sorry about
this. There was a bit of trouble
last night. He wouldn't let us go
home.

73 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 73

RUTH puts kettle on, takes down a jar of instant coffee. GETTY comes in. Lights a cigarette. She gets an extra cup from the cupboard.

RUTH
How was the countryside.

GETTY
Weird.

RUTH waits for more. There isn't any. They sip their coffee. She sets her cup down.

RUTH
Well, I'll see you later.

GETTY
Yeah.

74 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - MOMENTS LATER 74

RUTH picks her way with care again. Near the door she bends down and shakes FANGS awake.

RUTH
Should you not be at school?

FANGS
(burrowing down again)
Saint's Day.

RUTH gives up. She opens the door.

'This Perfect Day' by the Saints plays, as it does through the next few scenes.

75 INT. BUS - MORNING 75

RUTH sits by the window, reading EMILY DICKINSON.

76 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY 76

TERRI opens the shop door bends to pick up the post. All bills. TERRI walks behind the counter and opens a drawer, which is already full of bills. He closes it quickly.

77 EXT. MOUNTAINY HOUSING ESTATE - DAY 77

Every lamppost has an Ulster flag. THREE ESTATE KIDS - long hair - sit on a wall before a large mural 'Join the Ulster Young Militants'.

RUTH approaches. They start to run. RUTH runs after them, then stops, throws her hands in the air in frustration.

She lifts the windscreen wiper of a nearby car, puts a flyer beneath it: 'Harp Bar, Punk Club'

78 EXT. GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

78

LANKY PUNK running. A few seconds behind and gaining are MUTT and HATCHET.

LANKY PUNK ducks in the doorway of No. 102. MUTT and HATCHET follow and find themselves face to face with TERRI.

TERRI
(arm across the doorway)
You're barred.

MUTT
You can't bar us, we've never
even been in before.

TERRI
Well, for giving me lip you're
definitely barred now.

MUTT
(in TERRI's face)
I know people. I could have you
shot.

TERRI
I know the same people you know.
I could have you sent to bed
without your supper.

MUTT glares a moment longer then knocks TERRI's arm out of the way. Good Vibes CUSTOMERS are massed on the stairs. FANGS, PUGWASH... Even a few of the WHOLEFOOD BODS. MUTT contemplates the odds, thinks better of it, though he can't resist a parting shot.

MUTT
See from now on? You better make
sure you have someone with you
every time you turn your back to
piss, because I'm the fucking
bogeyman and I swear to fuck,
sooner or later, I'm going to get
you.

He turns and floors ELVIS with a single punch. HATCHET lingers for a sneer. ELVIS, rebounding, nearly smacks him in the face as he turns to go.

79 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

79

Cheering from Good Vibes CUSTOMERS as TERRI walks through.

80 INT. HARP BAR - NIGHT

80

The TEARJERKERS do a cover of the Saints track just heard.

RUDI and the OUTCASTS are in the crowd, attracting as much attention as the band on stage.

81 EXT. HARP BAR - NIGHT 81

TERRI at the door watches the PUNKS still queueing up to get in. RUTH appears behind him, wraps her arms around him.

TERRI
You know what this place is
starting to remind me of?

RUTH
What?

TERRI
Itself.

A long-haired KID passes clutching a flyer. He nods at RUTH, who recognises him from the estate; nods back.

82 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT 82

RUTH and TERRI fucking with abandon. This perfect day.

83 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY 83

The shop is practically empty - PUGWASH, a couple of PUNKS, DAVE. TERRI drops Alka Seltzer into a glass. He has a letter in his other hand, an open package on the counter in front of him a returned Big Time 7" sticking out of it.

DAVE
Well?

TERRI
Dear Mr Hooley go fuck
yourself... again.
(he scrunches it up)
I thought making the record was
supposed to be the hard bit.

DAVE
It's Belfast...

TERRI
No, it's *London*. Might as well be
the moon.

DAVE
Maybe we should just stick to
what we know we can do in future.

TERRI

As DAVE leaves, five teens in sports jackets and parkas enter: the UNDERTONES. They are in no mood for idle chitchat. *

TERRI (CONT'D)
Something you're looking for?

FEARGAL
Aye, you. Billy here sent you a tape ages ago... *

BILLY
(interjecting)
The Undertones... *

FEARGAL
We haven't heard a thing. *

TERRI
I have a shop to run. I'm a busy man.

FEARGAL
Have you even listened to it yet?

TERRI hesitates a second.

FEARGAL (CONT'D)
Great. We trek all the way down from Derry and you haven't even listened to it. *

TERRI
I didn't say that. Jesus, you Derry ones.

MICKEY
So, did you like it? *

TERRI
It wasn't bad.

FEARGAL

BILLY
Wasn't bad...? *

FEARGAL
There's no way you listened to it then. Every song on that tape is a hit. *

TERRI
It's too early in the morning for this shit.

He pats his pockets.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Where are my fags?

He can't find any.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Fuck sake. Anyone got any fags?

CUSTOMERS look up and shake their heads.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Call yourself punks.
(to UNDERTONES)
You any fags?

*

FEARGAL
Smoked them all on the bus.

TERRI comes out from behind the counter, shaking his head.

TERRI
Steer the ship while I'm away,
Pugwash.

TERRI leaves. BILLY nods to FEARGAL: go after him.

*

84 EXT. GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

84

TERRI strides along; FEARGAL keeps up the pace, and chat.

FEARGAL
I still think you're bluffing.

TERRI
The thing is - what did you say
your name was?

FEARGAL
Feargal. Feargal Sharkey.

TERRI
Feargal. The thing is, Good
Vibrations isn't really a proper
label...

FEARGAL
If we don't get a record out soon
it'll be too late. We're breaking
up.

TERRI stops dead. He looks *physically* pained.

TERRI
Aw, now don't lay that on me.
Listen, all I wanted was to open
a record shop.

FEARGAL

But you put out Rudi.

TERRI

I know but that was because...

FEARGAL

And the Outcasts.

There's no answer to that. They are at a pedestrian crossing facing a newsagent's.

TERRI

Tell you what. I'm going over there to buy some fags. When I get back I'll give you an answer. OK?

FEARGAL

OK.

TERRI crosses over and goes into the shop. He emerges a few moments later, unwraps the packet, takes out a cigarette, lights it.

FEARGAL on the other side of the street taps his wrist. TERRI can't help himself: he smiles, though does his best to hide it with his cigarette.

He crosses the road again.

TERRI

I must need my head examined.

He walks on, leaving FEARGAL smirking in the street.

85 INT. WIZARD STUDIO - DAY

85

The UNDERTONES sing the opening lines of 'True Confessions': a band transformed. *

*

DAVY SHANNON is hunched over the mixing desk in the control room. TERRI comes in. He unloads beer, crisps, rolls, from carrier bags.

FEARGAL stops abruptly, takes off the headphones.

DAVY SHANNON fades up his voice.

FEARGAL

All I'm getting is echo, echo, echo.

DAVE SHANNON adjusts level.

MICKEY

OK, try it from the top again.

DAVY SHANNON shuts down the studio link. BILLY silently counts the band in and FEARGAL starts to sing again.

*
*

TERRI
Hard going?

DAVY SMYTH
Never been in a proper studio two hours ago, now they're the producers.

*
*

In the studio the band have stopped again.

*

TERRI
What do you think, will we just cut our losses here?

DAVY SHANNON
(suddenly animated)
Cut our losses? You didn't hear them do the track before this. That was the best thing I ever recorded. The best thing *anyone* in this city ever recorded.

*
*

*
*

He hands TERRI headphones.

86 INT. WIZARD STUDIO - DAY

86

The band's side of the glass between the control room and studio proper.

TERRI clutches the headphones to his ears. He walks slowly to the glass. He spreads his hands against it.

FEARGAL
(waving, through gritted teeth)
Stop staring at me like that, you mad one-eyed bastard.

87 INT. WIZARD STUDIO - DAY

87

TERRI takes off the headphones as though afraid of letting the track he's just heard escape.

TERRI
Well I won't be posting this one to London.

88 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT

88

TERRI holds up the A3 'Teenage Kicks' sleeve to an audience of UNDERTONES, OUCASTS, RUDI, DAVE, MARILYN, RUTH, FANGS, PUGWASH.

TERRI

Thank you all for answering the call. Now, are you watching? You line up the record with the top edge, fold along the bottom line, like this, then fold down this side and then this...

(holds it up)

And there you have it. Again?

(repeats routine only faster)

Here, here, here, and here.

Right, now, let's get started.

The mass folding of 'Teenage Kicks' EP sleeves begins. There is beer, there is larking about. Then the door opens and there is GEORGE.

TERRI scrambles to his feet.

GEORGE

I heard what was going on here tonight.

TERRI looks pleased.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Exploiting these kids.

(hands TERRI a cassette)

Play that for them. Loud.

TERRI turns his back to put it on, loud as instructed. It's 'The Internationale': 'Stand up you victims of oppression, for the tyrants fear your might' etc.

GEORGE meanwhile is taking in the scene, the camaraderie. For a moment it looks as though he might be about to smile.

TERRI turns back, catches his eye. GEORGE sets his jaw again, reverting to type. TERRI goes back to turntable, turns the record even louder.

89

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - MUCH LATER

89

Only TERRI, RUTH and PUGWASH remain. Piles of Teenage Kicks all around. TERRI is trying to squeeze just one more copy into a plastic bag...

RUTH

I think you've maybe enough in there.

TERRI

(forcing it)

Just in case...

RUTH
Calm. You'll be grand.

TERRI
I'm glad you think so.

RUTH
They'll never have met anyone
like you. I know I hadn't. Still
haven't.

TERRI
I don't want to give them any
excuse.

RUTH
You won't.
(kisses him)
I've got to get on to work.

She turns to leave, but stops in the doorway.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Just promise me you won't tell
the John Lennon story.

TERRI
(hand on his heart)
Swear to Bob Marley.

90 EXT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE - DAY

90

TERRI knocks at a glossily painted townhouse door. Which is
opened, at length, by ERIC, still the Sixth Stone, only now
more Miss You than Main Street.

He grins.

91 INT. ERIC'S PAD - DAY

91

A huge, white, mirrored palace.

TERRI
Holy fuck.

ERIC
I know. Amazing where charm, know-
how and labyrinthine narcotics
connections can get a young man
these days...

TERRI has stopped to look at the signed photos on the wall.
Sly Stone, Keith Moon, the James Last Orchestra.

TERRI

Have you had a lot of dealings
with music people?

ERIC

That's like asking a vet if he's
stuck his hand up a cow's arse.

He has produced a bag of white powder.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Something to help you on your
way?

TERRI

Better not. I can't afford to
fuck up.

ERIC

You'll fuck up if you're too
tense. You have to go in there
like you mean it.

TERRI

Good point.

92 EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY

92

Terri is flying through London, record bag under his arm.

Children wave. He waves back, throws them records. He
passes some PEARLY KINGS AND QUEENS. They give him the
thumbs up. Terri replies in kind.

93 INT. FIRST RECORD EXEC'S OFFICE. DAY

93

An EXECUTIVE, swivels in his seat. He has a fashionable New
Wave haircut, and an expression that suggests TERRI's not
the first person to fly through his window.

NEW WAVE EXECUTIVE

Where are the guns?

TERRI drops like a lead weight into a chair at the opposite
side of the desk.

TERRI

Sorry?

NEW WAVE EXECUTIVE

The guns? The bombs? The tanks...

TERRI

Tanks?

NEW WAVE EXECUTIVE

The rage? I get told here's a punk band from Belfast. I think, yeah, great, no pissing around here, this should be real darkness, proper darkness.

He lifts a copy of the single.

NEW WAVE EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

But then I get... this. Nihilism? If anything it sounds like they're having too good a time.

TERRI jumps to his feet, grabs his records and storms out.

94 INT. SECOND RECORD EXECUTIVE OFFICE. DAY

94

This guy looks like a schoolboy.

SCHOOLBOY EXECUTIVE

They're no oil-paintings are they? Have they any good looking friends? And we love it when bands sing in regional accents, but could they not pick another region?

TERRI'S knuckles whiten as he grips his chair.

He jumps up, the chair falls.

95 INT. THIRD RECORD EXECUTIVE OFFICE. DAY

95

TERRI sits facing a ROARING DICKHEAD.

ROARING DICKHEAD EXECUTIVE

It's shit.

TERRI

Shit?

TERRI'S head slumps forward. He looks beaten.

ROARING DICKHEAD EXECUTIVE

Yeah, shit.

TERRI looks up, scans the room: the photos, the gold discs.

TERRI

(deep breath; stands)
It's not shit.

ROARING DICKHEAD EXECUTIVE

It is.

TERRI
It's not.

ROARING DICKHEAD EXECUTIVE
Is.

TERRI lifts a disc from the wall. He looks demented.

TERRI
No, this is shit

The EXECUTIVE slowly starts to back away from the table...

ROARING DICKHEAD EXECUTIVE
(shouting)
Cathy, get security up here now.

...just in time to duck as TERRI hurls the disc at him.

He grabs another.

TERRI
And this is shit.

He throws it. Then picks another.

TERRI (CONT'D)
And this is really shit.

96 INT. LOBBY. DAY

96

FOUR PUNKS stand with a soberly-dressed MANAGER, laughing as they wait for the lift.

A ting. The lift doors open. The FOUR PUNKS step back in horror as TERRI is frog-marched out by two SECURITY MEN.

97 EXT. RECORD COMPANY HQ. DAY

97

TERRI is thrown on to the street. His bag of records follows behind.

He gets up, lifts a bunch of Teenage Kicks, shakes them at the SECURITY MEN - at the whole building.

TERRI
What is wrong with you people?

He turns round, glares at the passers-by - tries with little success to hand them copies.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Is there not one person in this city who recognises genius when it's handed to them?

A thought hits him. He runs to the kerb and hails a cab.

98 EXT. BBC PORTLAND PLACE - EVENING 98

An Evening Standard pavement poster reads SCOTLAND YARD IN IRA CELL HUNT.

TERRI gets out of the cab and makes for the entrance.

99 INT. BBC PORTLAND PLACE - EVENING 99

TERRI, hunched over the reception desk, tries to foist an envelope on the RECEPTIONIST who refuses even to touch it.

RECEPTIONIST
It's just that all packages have
to be signed in. Security.

TERRI
It's a piece of vinyl.

RECEPTIONIST
New regulations.

TERRI
Can you sign for it?

RECEPTIONIST
I'm afraid not.

TERRI
I've come all the way from
Belfast and to tell you the truth
I've fucked up a bit today.

RECEPTIONIST, alarmed by 'Belfast', glances towards SECURITY GUARDS over by the revolving door.

RECEPTIONIST
(to TERRI)
Sorry.

TERRI
Please.

RECEPTIONIST
No.

TERRI drops to his knees on the far side of the desk. He moans. SECURITY GUARDS step forward, but before they get to him a BBC employee, DES, comes through the door.

DES
Terri?

The moaning stops.

DES (CONT'D)
Terri Hooley?

TERRI looks up, gets up, as though he had simply been retrieving something from his bag.

DES (CONT'D)
I can't believe it.

TERRI clearly hasn't the first idea who DES is.

TERRI
Me neither.

RECEPTIONIST
(to DES)
Is this man a friend of yours?

DES
I was doing a story in Belfast at New Year and wandered into his record shop. He had a 13th Floor Elevators album...

TERRI
Easter Everywhere, International Artists deleted it the year after it was released.

DES
I'd searched all over London for it.
(to TERRI)
What are you doing here?

TERRI's face brightens.

100 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

100

TERRI's face darkens. He and RUTH sit either side of the radio. JOHN PEEL is coming on air. TERRI stands up.

TERRI
I can't listen to this.

RUTH
It's only been four nights.

TERRI
It's my fault. I should have run up those stairs and handed it over myself. It would have been worth being arrested

He switches off the radio, walks out of the room.

RUTH
 (switching radio on
 again)
 Did it ever occur to you I might
 be listening to that?

101 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT 101

TERRI on the toilet reading Emily Dickinson.
 A sound from downstairs. Again. RUTH is shouting his name.

102 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT 102

Living room. RUTH is rooted to the spot. Her shouts drown
 the radio.

RUTH
 Terri! Terri!

TERRI bursts in as 'Teenage Kicks' ends.

RUTH (CONT'D)
 You missed it.

103 INT. RADIO STUDIO - NIGHT 103

A hand lifts the needle from the run-off groove.

JOHN PEEL (O.S.)
 Isn't that the best thing you've
 ever heard? It's so good I'm
 going to do something I've never
 done before.

The hand sets the needle on the start of the record again

FEARGAL (V.O.)
 A teenage dream's so hard to
 beat, every time she walks down
 the street...

104 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT 104

TERRI and RUTH jump around the living room in celebration.
 The phone rings. RUTH answers.

RUTH
 Hello, Dave. I know, I know,
 isn't it amazing? Twice in a row!

The doorbell rings. TERRI goes to the door. FANGS and two
 other PUNKS are on the doorstep. FANGS has a transistor
 round his wrist. He holds it up like a holy relic.

FANGS
John fucking Peel!

TERRI stands aside, the PUNKS wander in. TERRI goes out on to the street. All the while the record plays

105 EXT. JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT 105

TERRI stands in the street, face tilted towards the sky. There's an army helicopter up there.

A spotlight roves backwards and forward. TERRI's face is by turns lit up and cast in shadow, lit up and cast in shadow.

FEARGAL (V.O.)
Get teenage kicks right through
the night, all right.

TERRI
(murmurs)
I still say it's about wanking.

Inside Number 12 the phone rings again... is answered. A few moments later RUTH appears and calls to TERRI.

RUTH
Terri there's a fella on the
phone says he's from Sire Records
in London.

TERRI continues to look skywards, his eyes slowly closing: another prayer answered.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Terri? The fella's hanging on
here.

He opens his eyes.

TERRI
Tell him if he wants to talk to
me he can come over here and do
it.

106 EXT. AIRPORT CARPARK - DAY 106

In background a plane lands.

The 'fella from Sire' PAUL McNALLY makes his way, across the tarmac. THREE SOLDIERS pass, PAUL McNALLY flinches.

TERRI leans on the dilapidated van from the Good Vibes tour, holding up a placard on which are written two words: 'The Man'.

PAUL
Terri Hooley by any chance?

TERRI tosses away the 'Man' placard.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Paul McNally.

TERRI
Have you any fags? I'm right out.

He opens the passenger door. GETTY is in the driver's seat.

TERRI (CONT'D)
This is Getty, he's driving us to
Derry.

GETTY salutes. PAUL goes to get in the front.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Hold on, you're in the back.

PAUL
(about to get out)
Sorry.

TERRI
Only kidding. I'm in the back.
We'll swap at Bellaghy.

107 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 107

The van passes a sign 'Bellaghy'.

108 INT. DILAPIDATED VAN - DAY 108

TERRI is still in the back.

PAUL
Seymour Stein was knocked out by
'Kicks'.

TERRI
'Kicks'?

PAUL
He turned to me straight away and
said, 'I want that band'. That's
the way he was with the Ramones:
'I want that band.'

TERRI
Wait'll I tell you, Paul, you
don't have to sell Seymour Stein
to me.

(MORE)

TERRI (CONT'D)

This is the man the Shangri-las
phoned when they wanted to go
back into the studio.

PAUL

You know that all came to
nothing?

TERRI

Still, they phoned him. The
Shangri-las.

109 INT. FEARGAL SHARKEY'S HOUSE - DAY

109

The UNDERTONES, TERRI, MRS SHARKEY are in the sitting room,
along with a serious number of holy pictures. PAUL stands
off to one corner, talking on the phone.

PAUL

Seymour? I have the band here.
I'm passing you over to...

MICKEY BRADLEY has been pushed forward.

MICKEY

Mickey.

PAUL

Mickey.

MICKEY

(takes phone)

How are you, Mr Stein? Yes, Paul
has told us the offer...

(listens a moment)

Well, tell you the truth we'd be
hoping for a bit more...

(turns to look at the
others who nod in
encouragement)

A lot more: the same as the Rich
Kids got from EMI...

He pulls his head back to avoid the torrent this unleashes
from the other end of the line.

TERRI lets himself out of the sitting room.

110 INT. FEARGAL SHARKEY'S HALLWAY - DAY

110

TERRI shares the hallway with a Jack Russell, which worries
at his trouserleg. The sitting room door opens again. There
are raised voices. MRS SHARKEY comes out with a tea tray
followed by FEARGAL.

FEARGAL
Should you not be in there
advising us?

TERRI
You boys should be advising me.

The Jack Russell growls.

FEARGAL
Is that dog annoying you?
(before TERRI can say
anything)
Sparky, stand up to be searched!

Sparky adopts the position, paws spread against the wall.
FEARGAL goes back into the sitting room.

TERRI
Down boy.

SPARKY's tail trembles, but he keeps his paws on the wall.

TERRI follows FEARGAL back to the sitting room and the
raised voices.

111 INT. DILAPIDATED VAN - DAY

111

Moorland. Rain. Only one windscreen wiper is working.
Through the cleared part of the window a road sign: *Airport*
45. A scratchy version of Adam and the Ants, 'Young
Parisians' plays. TERRI is in the back again.

PAUL
I thought for a moment back there
the whole thing was off. Never
heard him quite so angry.

TERRI
Well, you got your band, didn't
you?

PAUL
And what about you, Terri?

TERRI
What about me?

PAUL
Well, you recorded 'Kicks'. It's
on your label.

The tape deck cuts out. GETTY thumps the dashboard to get
it going. The sun visor falls off.

TERRI

You've got the wrong idea about me. People who wouldn't piss on me when I was hauling the record around London have been on the phone offering me twenty thousand pounds for it. I told them all to fuck off.

PAUL

Twenty thousand?
(with a glance at GETTY)
Well, we can talk about it later.

TERRI

We can talk about it now. Getty's as much a part of Good Vibrations as I am. They all are.

There is a silence, ended by GETTY noisily changing gear.

TERRI (CONT'D)

How much did you say that van was you were looking at, Getty?

GETTY

(in the mirror)
What's that?

TERRI

The van you were looking at over the road from the shop.

GETTY

That one? Five hundred and fifty, but I'll get him down to five hundred.

TERRI

All right then, Paul. Five hundred quid.

PAUL turns in his seat to face TERRI, trying to decide if he is being serious. GETTY in the mirror is clearly wondering the same thing.

PAUL

Are you sure you don't want to talk about this later?

TERRI

(rising to the occasion)
Five hundred quid *and* a signed photo of the Shangri-las.

PAUL starts to laugh. TERRI starts to laugh. GETTY continues to watch in the mirror.

112 EXT. AIRPORT CARPARK - DAY 112
 PAUL hugs TERRI.

113 INT. DILAPIDATED VAN - DAY 113
 TERRI closes the door. GETTY starts the engine.

GETTY
 I thought at least you'd've held
 out for the five magic beans.

TERRI
 Getty, it's very simple. If they
 can't buy you they can't own you.

GETTY
 What does that mean?

TERRI
 It means you and Rudi are going
 to be even bigger than the
 Undertones anyway, aren't you?

GETTY
 (emboldened)
 Fucking right.

TERRI
 Fucking right.

He looks out the window as PAUL practically skips away.
 TERRI's expression could almost be taken for doubt, but
 only for a second. He takes a bottle of brandy from the
 glove compartment. Looks out the window again.

114 INT. HARP BAR - EVENING 114
 A few months later.

DAVE, RUTH, MARILYN, TERRI sit in a line at the bar
 watching a tiny black and white TV on which the UNDERTONES
 play 'Get Over You', wearing their usual skinner jeans.

RUTH in particular seems subdued.

MARILYN
 Does that make you think a wee
 bit of the Beach Boys?

DAVE
 Makes me think more of a new
 cistern, roof repairs, happier
 bank manager...

TERRI

You're starting to sound like an accountant.

DAVE

You're turning me into one.

BRIAN walks behind them. Pauses.

BRIAN

Look at the state of those trousers. How come they're on the TV and we're not?

TERRI

You write some new songs, I'll get you on.

BRIAN walks off. RUTH looks at her watch.

RUTH

I'd better be getting on here.

MARILYN

Me too.

TERRI

Hold on.

He swallows as much of his pint as he can, but still abandons half.

He stands, ready to leave with RUTH. At that moment a GERMAN JOURNALIST approaches with his PHOTOGRAPHER - the two of them dressed like war correspondents.

GERMAN JOURNALIST

Terri Hooley?

TERRI

Yeah?

GERMAN JOURNALIST

The Godfather of Belfast Punk?

MARILYN laughs. TERRI himself looks abashed. The PHOTOGRAPHER starts taking photographs: flash, flash, flash

GERMAN JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

We would like to make an interview with you.

TERRI glances towards RUTH. She holds up her hands, resignedly, watching from the door as TERRI sits again.

GERMAN JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

So it started for you in 1977, 76?

TERRI

No, no, no, no - way before that.
Here
(retrieves his pint)
Wait till I tell you, see in the
60s...

The camera continues to flash. RUTH leaves.

115 EXT. HARP BAR - MORNING 115

The door opens. A night's worth of cigarette smoke drifts out. GERMAN JOURNALIST and PHOTOGRAPHER emerge, blinking. TERRI brings up the rear. They walk off in opposite directions.

116 INT. BUS - DAY 116

TERRI looks out the window.

117 EXT. MOUNTAINY HOUSING ESTATE - DAY 117

TERRI gets off bus. The flags as before: all red, white and blue. He turns up the collar of his coat and looks about him then lights a fag and strikes out to the right.

118 EXT. MOUNTAINY HOUSING ESTATE - LATER 118

TERRI is still walking and smoking, still holding the brown paper bag. After a few more moments he stops.

RUTH is walking along the street towards him. They meet.

TERRI

(holding out paper bag)
I brought you your lunch.

119 EXT. BUS SHELTER - DAY 119

RUTH and TERRI look out over the city, eating sausage rolls from the brown paper bag. Or at least TERRI is eating.

RUTH bites a small corner off her sausage roll. TERRI watches her slowly chew.

TERRI

Sorry about last night. You know me once I get started.

RUTH

Why do you think I never let you get started?

She lets him put his arm around her. They sit in silence.

RUTH (CONT'D)
(suddenly)
I'm pregnant.

TERRI's mouth opens; nothing comes out.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Well?

TERRI
I'm going to be a daddy.
It's unbelievable.

RUTH is still looking at him. She was hoping for more.

TERRI (CONT'D)
It's brilliant.

RUTH
You remember the day we moved
into the house? You told me I was
everything...

TERRI
And you didn't want to be.

RUTH
That's not what I said. I said...

TERRI
You'd settle for being the most
important thing.

RUTH
Well from now on we'll both have
to settle for being the second
most important.

They sit.

TERRI
Shit, I told those German fellas
I'd take them to see the Pound.

RUTH
I'd better be getting back to
work here anyway.

She brushes pastry flakes from her lap.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Thanks for lunch.

She kisses him. A bus comes. TERRI leaps up to get on.

TERRI
We'll be absolutely fine. I'll
work twice as hard.

RUTH
(as the bus doors close)
Just be there.

The bus with TERRI on it pulls away.

120 INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER 120

TERRI is searching in his pocket. He pulls out his hand: there are half a dozen coppers. He stares at them a moment. Shoves them back in. Searches in the other pocket, pulls out his matches. He tries to light a cigarette, but his hand shakes so much it takes him two matches.

The flags on the lampposts when he looks up have changed from red, white and blue to green, white and orange. TERRI sits forward in his seat. Something has caught his eye. Reflected on the windows a street protest fronted by WOMEN wearing only blankets, carrying pictures of young IRA men above the words 'Political Prisoner'. OTHERS have posters saying 'Smash H Block'. The whole thing is eerily silent.

121 EXT. BELFAST STREET - DAY 121

A wall with a single poster for a Smash H Block rally, 3rd March 1979. TERRI slaps a Harp poster over it and walks away.

To an acoustic guitar accompaniment RONNIE starts to sing.

RONNIE (O.S.)
'Well I won't do that, and I
can't do this, and I tell you
something we hate all this...'

122 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY 122

BRIAN plays guitar and RONNIE sings...

RONNIE
'Every time I see you, makes me
realise, the pressure's on, every
single day...'

TERRI at the counter scrawls something on a piece of paper, which he holds up to them: *Hit!*

- 123 EXT. BELFAST STREET - DAY 123
 Four anti-H block posters: Rally 24th June. Four Harp posters over the top.
 'Pressure's On' goes electric: Brian's solo.
- 124 INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY 124
 TERRI gets up from seat, turns, blows his cheeks out.
- 125 INT. WIZARD STUDIO - DAY 125
 The solo continues
 On one side of the glass RUDI look exhausted, but elated. On the other side DAVY SMYTH finishes writing in black felt pen the words 'Pressure's On - Master' on a tape box, which he then puts in a padded envelope, which TERRI takes from his hand and drops into his record bag.
 He pats DAVY's shoulder.
- 126 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - EVENING 126
 TERRI has the phone wedged against his shoulder, ripping open an envelope as he talks. There's a glass of brandy beside him. The music fades.
 TERRI
 This is Terri Hooley
 (pause)
 Yes, *that* Terri Hooley.
 (another pause)
 That's nice of you to say so.
 He pulls a magazine from the envelope. He's on the cover: 'Der "Godfather of Punk"'. He takes a drink.
 TERRI (CONT'D)
 I've been watching your show some decent bands on. But what about putting on a really great one...?
- He rips the cover off the magazine. The rest of the magazine falls to the floor with a heap of other stuff from the counter.
- 127 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - LATER 127
 TERRI is dialling, unlit cigarette hanging from his lip. The magazine cover is on the wall now, along with Hank and the rest.

The phone is answered.

TERRI

Brian? Got some good news.

128 EXT. BELFAST STREET - DAY 128

A Smash H Block poster: rally 16th September 1977. A Harp poster slapped over the top. TERRI goes to paste up another one, but the whole wall is covered in the Smash H Blocks.

129 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY 129

Dave's workshop. TERRI watches the 'Pressure's On' sleeves roll off the press.

130 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT 130

TERRI and RUTH, heavily pregnant, on sofa. She sleeps, he rifles through a shoebox full of bills.

131 INT. HARP BAR - NIGHT 131

TERRI sits at a table by the door, cashbox open beside him. Pink-haired PUNK GIRL frisks herself in an exaggerated search for money. TERRI stops the pantomime and wearily waves her in.

132 INT. HARP BAR - LATER 132

TERRI is at the bar when he is approached by a couple of CARTOON PUNKS with a Belfast map and a camera. One after the other they pose for photos beside him.

133 INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT 133

RUDI are playing 'The Pressure's On'.

134 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT 134

TERRI and the CARTOON PUNKS are capering around the living room while Rudi play on TV and TERRI hollers along.

TERRI

'The pressure's on me and you,
the pressure's on me and you.'

135 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT 135

RUTH very tired-looking is on the landing, listening to the party below. She turns towards the bedroom then changes her mind and lifts the lid off the laundry basket. She climbs inside on the song's final 'me and you'.

A beat. TERRI walks past and sets a beer can on the laundry basket lid on his way to the toilet.

136 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY 136

BRIAN slaps a pile of unfolded 'Pressure's On' sleeves on the counter. DAVE and the other RUDI members are in attendance.

BRIAN

How did you manage that?

TERRI

What are you crying about, didn't I say I'd get you on TV?

BRIAN

Aye, to promote the record. Where's the fucking record?

DAVE

Did you phone the plant?

TERRI

(vaguely)

Those useless bastards...

BRIAN

When were you thinking of telling us there was a problem? You knew months ago we were going to be on. All you had to do was get the record out on time.

TERRI

All?

(counts on his fingers)

I've the shop, the Harp, you lot, the Outcasts, bank manager breathing down my neck...

He runs out of fingers: on to the other hand.

TERRI (CONT'D)

And a wife who's about to have a baby any day now.

BRIAN

It was our big chance and you fucked it up.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 (to rest of RUDI)
 Come on to fuck out of this.

They leave. TERRI grabs his coat from the back of a chair, pulling the chair over in the process.

DAVE
 Are you going after them?

TERRI
 Am I fuck. I'm going to the
 Siouxsie gig.

DAVE
 It isn't for another six hours.

TERRI
 I didn't say straight to the
 Siouxsie gig.

He heads for the door.

DAVE
 You not be better going home
 first? 'Wife about to have a baby
 any day'?

137 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - EVENING

137

RUTH is reading a book. TV on in the background. Local early evening news. Image of a body under a sheet in the middle of the street.

NEWSREADER (O.S.)
 The prison officer's murder has
 been claimed by the IRA in
 retaliation for what it calls the
 inhuman treatment of their
 comrades in the Maze Prison.
 Loyalist paramilitaries,
 meantime, have threatened to step
 up their attacks on the Catholic
 population...

RUTH starts up. A pain. She feels her stomach.

She crosses the room and picks up the phone.

138 INT. HARP BAR - EVENING

138

PAT picks up the phone.

PAT
 (shouts above the music)
 Terri? You just missed him, love.
 He was here all afternoon.

139 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - EVENING 139

PAT (O.S.)
 He said something about an
 interview.

At that moment RUTH's attention is drawn back to the TV.

NEWSREADER (O.S.)
 Now, two years ago there were
 violent scenes when London punk
 rock band the *Clash* came to the
 Ulster Hall. Tonight the venue
 plays host to another London
 band, Siouxsie and the Banshees.
 Have things moved on in the
 interim? Our reporter David
 Capper is outside the hall with
 Belfast's own 'punk godfather'
 Terri Hooley.

140 EXT. ULSTER HALL - EVENING 140

TERRI is half-cut.

TERRI
 I have to laugh at the great and
 the good when they say the punks
 are a menace to society. Our town
 was dead at night. They've
 brought life back to it. We
 should be thanking them instead
 of hassling them. These kids
 aren't the problem for Belfast.
 These kids are the solution.

141 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - EVENING 141

RUTH watches as TERRI gets claps on the back from the
 solutions to Belfast's problems. Another stab of pain. She
 almost doubles over. Her face registers alarm.

142 INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT 142

TERRI stands in the wings, drinking, listening to the gig.

- 143 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT 143
- RUTH is by the phone, clutching her stomach. She dials a number. It rings and rings and rings.
- RUTH
Oh, please, pick up.
- The phone keeps ringing and, just when she is about to despair, is picked up.
- GETTY (O.S.)
Hello?
- RUTH
Getty? Are you not at the gig?
- GETTY (O.S.)
Well, I went, but I met this girl in the queue and...
- RUTH
You've got to come and get me.
- GETTY (O.S.)
Well...
- RUTH
Getty, this baby's coming.
- Sound of phone being dropped at the other end of the line.
- 144 INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT 144
- After-show party in full swing: noise, LIGGERS, TERRI in the midst of them telling SIOUXSIE a story, which involves him swinging his fist. SIOUXSIE creases up laughing.
- 145 EXT. BELFAST CITY CENTRE - NIGHT 145
- The all-new Outcasts van speeds through the streets.
- 146 INT. OUTCASTS VAN - NIGHT 146
- RUTH is hanging on, just. GETTY looks from her to the road, to her, to the road...
- GETTY
Just another couple of minutes. I can see the gates.
- 147 INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT 147
- TERRI's standing by himself, smiling, swaying.

148 INT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - NIGHT 148
RUTH pushes herself up on her elbows with an enormous yell.

149 INT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - NIGHT 149
Curtains drawn around the bed where RUTH sits sipping a cup of tea. The BABY is asleep in a hospital crib beside her.
A NURSE opens curtains, a look of disapproval on her face.

NURSE
Someone to see you.

She steps aside. GETTY enters, shivering. If RUTH is disappointed she doesn't let it show.

GETTY
Sorry, I fell asleep in the
fucking van.

RUTH puts her finger to her lips. The NURSE frowns. GETTY doesn't quite know where to put himself.

GETTY (CONT'D)
So, was it all, you know, all
right?

RUTH leans over and pulls the crib blanket down a touch.

RUTH
A wee girl.

GETTY peers in at her.

GETTY
What are you going to call her?

RUTH looks at her daughter.

RUTH
I was thinking Anna.

GETTY
(forgetting himself)
Class! Short for Anarchy?

The NURSE tugs the curtains shut.

150 INT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - DAY 150
RUTH sleeps. A moment more; a moment more. She comes awake, startled. TERRI sits in a chair at the side of the bed, wearing the clothes he was wearing the night before.

RUTH
How long have you been here?

TERRI
Ten minutes.

RUTH
You should have woken me.

TERRI
Sleep when the baby sleeps,
that's what my mum says.

The BABY stirs. TERRI and RUTH laugh at the coincidence.
RUTH lifts her.

RUTH
What do you think?

TERRI
She's like her mummy. She's
gorgeous.

RUTH
(to BABY)
This is your daddy. He's an old
charmer.
(to TERRI)
Do you want to hold her?

TERRI
(almost recoiling)
My hands are shaking too much.
I'd be afraid of dropping her.

RUTH tries to disguise her hurt by fussing over the baby.

TERRI (CONT'D)
It's just nerves.

RUTH remains focused on BABY. She's thinking something
over. And then the curtains open and GREG, FANGS and LANKY
PUNK tumble in. GREG holds up a bottle of cider.

GREG
Couldn't get the champagne,
Terri, but if you shake this
it'll pop to fuck.

He starts to shake it. FANGS meanwhile collects glasses
from the lockers of neighbouring beds. The NURSE from night
before reappears, angrier than ever.

NURSE
Right, right, out, all of you.

She shoves GREG, FANGS and LANKY PUNK up the ward.

TERRI has got to his feet. RUTH catches hold of his sleeve.

RUTH
I can't believe you brought them
with you.

TERRI
Sure they're practically family.

RUTH
But they're not, Terri. We're
your family.
(shakes her head)
I can't do this any more. I need
to get out of Belfast for a
while.

TERRI
Out of Belfast?

RUTH
A friend of Marilyn's has a house
in Helens Bay.

TERRI
You telling me you're leaving me?

RUTH
I'm telling you everything's
different now. I love being with
you, but I'm not afraid to do
this on my own if I have to.

TERRI
You won't have to.

From up the ward GREG shouts.

GREG
Terri! Terri!

The NURSE returns.

NURSE
I need you to get those fellas
off the ward this minute.

The BABY is mewling. RUTH opens her nightdress to feed her.

TERRI
(mumbles)
I have to go.

RUTH
You do.

TERRI walks up the ward. Near the end he stops and looks
back at RUTH and the BABY.

BLACK

151 INT. OZ MAGAZINE - DAY 151

1960s-vintage TERRI walks through the door in mid monologue straight to camera.

TERRI

I went to London, 1970, no 69,
fuck it, whenever, tell the
people at Oz they needed a
Belfast correspondent, but they
weren't interested.

Two OZ STAFF in school uniform rutting on a desk. 60s TERRI shakes his head.

152 INT. BELFAST BAR 152

Back in the present a YOUNG FEMALE JOURNALIST holds a microphone under TERRI's nose.

TERRI

And just when I turned to leave
who comes through the door...

As he says the name a TEENAGE GLASS COLLECTOR passes and mimes it in perfect sync.

TERRI (CONT'D)

John Lennon.

TERRI glances quickly over his shoulder. Takes a drink. Carries on.

TERRI (CONT'D)

And here he is to me...

153 INT. OZ MAGAZINE - DAY 153

JOHN LENNON in white suit and long beard stands before 60s TERRI.

JOHN LENNON

Terri, what's going on over there
in Belfast, man?

TERRI (V.O.)

Here's me, 'How long have you
got, John?'

60s TERRI goes into rant mode. JOHN LENNON nods, and nods then he puts his hands on TERRI's shoulders.

TERRI (V.O.)
And then he says...

154 INT. BELFAST BAR - NIGHT 154

Another night. TERRI, the worse for drink, stands at the bar, hands on the shoulders of a YOUNG MALE JOURNALIST, who holds his notebook like a shield as he scribbles the line TERRI delivers straight into his face.

TERRI
(as Lennon)
'I know exactly what the people
there need.'
(hands off the
journalist's shoulders;
himself again)
I'm thinking, brilliant, a load
of free records... *dope!*

155 INT. LOCK-UP GARAGE - AFTERNOON 155

A car boot is opened to reveal a mini arsenal of guns and grenades.

60s TERRI looks up from it in horror and turns to a now crop-haired, denim-clad JOHN LENNON.

TERRI
What the fuck is this?

156 INT. BELFAST BAR - NIGHT 156

Still another night. TERRI slams down a glass on the counter. No journalists now, no one but a MAN PLAYING FRUIT MACHINE, who nods distractedly as he pumps more money in.

TERRI
I mean, what else could I do?

157 INT. WHITE PIANO ROOM TITTENHURST PARK - DAY 157

60s TERRI throws a punch that sends Imagine-era JOHN LENNON sprawling against the white wall.

158 INT. BELFAST BAR - NIGHT 158

Fruit machine lights flash: jackpot. MAN PLAYING FRUIT MACHINE has crouched to catch the coins that tumble out.

TERRI is effectively talking to himself. He turns about, spies the phone on the wall, lifts it and dials a number.

RUTH (O.S.)

Hello?

The beeps sound: TERRI has to put money in. TERRI doesn't have the money to put in. He clicks his fingers at the MAN PLAYING FRUIT MACHINE, who ignores him. The line goes dead.

159 INT. HELENS BAY HOUSE - NIGHT 159

RUTH replaces the receiver. She goes to the bedroom door looking in on the BABY now several-months old: fast asleep.

160 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT 160

TERRI sits on the settee. Then curls up and tries to sleep.

161 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY 161

TERRI looks like shit. There are papers all over the counter. There are open drawers, boxes tipped out on the floor. DAVE watches from the door.

DAVE

Lost something?

TERRI pulls open a drawer. The bills practically fly out.

TERRI

I'd a big order from Sweden the other month.

DAVE

How much?

TERRI

A bit over fifteen hundred quid.
(he spreads out another
bundle of paper on the
counter)
They still haven't paid me.

DAVE

Have you not sent them a
reminder? A solicitor's letter.

TERRI stops searching finally, looks at DAVE.

TERRI

I think I threw out the address.

DAVE

You think?

TERRI

Sort of know.

DAVE
Fifteen hundred quid?

TERRI
Actually, it might have been
closer to seventeen... -fifty.

DAVE at once joins in the search. He pulls out a box, roots around. Pushes it back, pulls out another.

DAVE
What's this doing here?

He turns with a padded envelope in one hand a tape box in the other. He reads the label.

DAVE (CONT'D)
'Pressure's On Master'?

TERRI grabs it with both hands then remembers himself.

TERRI
(unconvincingly)
That's the back-up.

DAVE shakes his head.

DAVE
Fuck sake, Terri.

162 EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - AFTERNOON 162

TERRI and DAVE exit the building. A police land rover is parked at the kerb.

TERRI pulls a fistful of bills from his pocket and throws them at the land rover.

TERRI
Do you think if I was dealing
drugs I'd have all these?

The RUC MEN smirk. DAVE pulls TERRI by the sleeve.

163 INT. HARP BAR - EVENING 163

DAVE and TERRI sit at a table with eight glasses on it: two empty pints, two half-drunk, two just poured, and two brandies.

TERRI swallows one of the half-drunk pints, sets the glass with the other empties (both, it should now be apparent his), pulls a just-poured pint towards him.

DAVE
You're drinking too much.

TERRI

Dave, I always drink too much.
Everybody we know drinks too
much.

DAVE

This is different. There's
something...

TERRI

(reaching for a brandy)
Something what?

DAVE

You're carrying on like one of
Led Zeppelin.

TERRI stares.

TERRI

That's low.

Another huge swallow of beer.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Anything else you'd like to say
while you're about it?

DAVE

I just think we have to try to
keep things together.

TERRI

Do 'we'? And will you tell us
when we can have a piss, *Dave*, or
scratch our fucking arse?
Stalinist.

DAVE looks at him in disbelief.

DAVE

Stalinist? Your dad's right.

TERRI

What are you talking about, 'my
dad'?

DAVE

(a tremor in his voice)
You took too much on because you
loved the glory. You're not a
socialist at all, you're a one-
man fucking show.

(each letter a finger in
TERRI's face)
T-e-r-r-capital-I.

He gets up and leaves. TERRI watches him go then looks down at the table.

TERRI
(half turning)
You didn't drink your brandy!

He moves the glasses so that Dave's brandy and his own are lined up in front of him. He lifts the first.

TERRI (CONT'D)
'From each according to his
ability.'
(drains glass, sets it
down, raises the next)
'To each according to his need.'

The second glass is drained. TERRI looks at his watch. He goes back up to the bar.

164 INT. HARP BAR - MUCH LATER

164

TERRI is still at the bar paying more attention to his pint than what's going on behind him. A band plays. There is the usual melee on the dance-floor, but there's an edge to it now, more aggressive.

Something in the corner of the room catches TERRI's eye. FANGS and LANKY PUNK appear to be going through a pile of coats.

TERRI sets his glass down and walks over.

TERRI
You looking for something?

They turn. LANKY PUNK is clearly hiding something under his jacket

FANGS
No, it's all right.

TERRI
Because it looked to me as if you
were thieving.

FANGS
Swear to God, Terri, we weren't.

TERRI says nothing, but neither does he move. LANKY PUNK has no option. He glances round.

LANKY PUNK
I was trying to hide this

He opens his jacket to reveal a gun butt. TERRI pulls the jacket shut for him.

TERRI

What the fuck are you doing with that?

FANGS

It's not real. It's only to scare people if they try to jump HIM.

TERRI

Listen, I'll give you the money for a taxi home. I'll pay your taxis from now to Christmas, just don't bring that fucking thing out with you again.

FANGS

It's not for getting home.

TERRI looks at the dance-floor, his eye lighting, as though only just noticing them, on one shaved head after another.

165 INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

165

The BANK MANAGER, sterner than he's looked before, is delivering bad news to a clammy, hung-over TERRI.

BANK MANAGER

Your situation is really quite grave. It's not just the overdraft - it's the accrued interest from the original loan, it's your tax return. I can't stress it enough - unless something big comes up very soon you are in real danger of defaulting. Which is why I called you both here today.

RUTH it is now apparent is in the room too, her seat a deliberate distance away from Terri's.

She looks at the BANK MANAGER, perplexed, then at TERRI.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)

Ah.

166 INT. BANK CORRIDOR - DAY

166

RUTH pushes open a door, walking fast. A beat then TERRI appears.

TERRI

Ruth!

She runs. TERRI runs too. He catches up with her as she is about to pull the gate on an antique lift. TERRI steps in.

167 INT. LIFT - CONTINUOUS

167

RUTH

The house?

She presses the button for ground floor.

They are squeezed tightly together: nose to nose. Not much more room than they would have in a bin.

They start their descent.

RUTH (CONT'D)

For god's sake, Terri. Why didn't you tell me? I believed in you. I was there every step of the way. What made you think I wouldn't have gone along with that too?

TERRI

It was one moment. I just did it. I wasn't thinking. I never thought. The same as with Big Time - I just did it. Same as with the tour - I just did it. The Harp, Teenage Kicks - I just did it. It's how I operate. It's who I am. And you know what - I haven't done too badly.

RUTH

Open your eye, Terri.

The lift shudders to a halt: ground floor

RUTH pulls open the door and walks out. TERRI is left contemplating the full-length mirror she was standing in front of: he's an absolute mess.

The lift starts going down. No floors below 'ground', but still it goes down, and down, darker and darker. TERRI stares at his reflection. Grotesque.

168 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT

168

TERRI sits alone staring at the picture of him from the magazine, or it stares at him. Sonny Bono, 'Laugh At Me' on the record player. He is shitfaced.

A noise. He looks up. MUTT and HATCHET stand there.

MUTT

We saw your light on.

TERRI

I thought I told you were barred.

MUTT ignores him. HATCHET is picking up records, looking at them, and tossing them over his shoulder.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Go, on, fuck off, find a couple
of old ladies to frighten.

MUTT
You're very funny. Isn't he,
Hatchet? Isn't he very funny?

HATCHET grunts.

MUTT (CONT'D)
Actually, this is a business
call. Me and Hatchet's in a band
now. Aren't we Hatchet?

HATCHET grunts again.

MUTT (CONT'D)
Tight wee unit.

HATCHET sniggers.

MUTT (CONT'D)
Fuck sake, Hatchet, behave.
(to TERRI)
Thought you might be interested
in our demo tape. We were going
to call it 'The Only Good Wog's a
Dead Wog', then we thought 'The
Only Good *Taig*', but then we
thought 'The Only Good One's a
Dead One' covered pretty much
everything.

TERRI
I'd sooner sell bog rolls than
Nazi shite like that.

For all his bravado, he is scared here. He is edging as he speaks - and as well as someone so shitfaced can edge - towards the door. HATCHET bars the way.

MUTT
You'll sell what I tell you to
sell. I'm used to getting my own
way. Ask the fellas you used to
say would put me to bed.

He sticks the head in TERRI. HATCHET weighs in. A flurry of kicks and punches. When it is finished MUTT leans over TERRI.

MUTT (CONT'D)
You made such a big deal about
not letting me in here.
(MORE)

MUTT (CONT'D)
 And look at it. It's fuck all.
 You're fuck all. You fucking
 lost.

HATCHET pulls a record rack over on top of TERRI, who hasn't moved since the beating ended.

MUTT leaves; HATCHET delivers a final kick to the head.

169 INT. TERRI'S WORLD - NIGHT AND DAY JUMBLED TOGETHER 169

The music is distorted becoming the soundtrack as HATCHET's kick to the head takes us - as in scene 2 - on an accelerated journey into Terri's world, not the future this time, but the past, a collapsing together of many of the moments that have made up the film, as far back as CHILD TERRI, with his turntable, sticking his head above the hedge, interspersed with lights and looming faces - DOCTOR, GEORGE, MAVIS - and a single word, repeated:

MAVIS (O.S.)
 Open your eye.

170 INT. HOOLEY FAMILY HOME - DAY 170

Black.

MAVIS (O.S.)
 Open your eye.

Black, a moment more.

MAVIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Very funny. The other one.

TERRI opens his seeing eye. MAVIS stands before him, a bottle of surgical spirit and a wad of cotton wool in her hand.

TERRI is seated at the table, on the mend, but still battered-looking.

MAVIS (CONT'D)
 That must have been some door?
 What was it, a car ferry?

MAVIS ministers to a few more of his bruises and abrasions.

MAVIS (CONT'D)
 I don't suppose there's any point
 me mentioning the police.

TERRI
 They'd want to buy the door a
 drink.

MAVIS has tilted his face up and is looking into it.

MAVIS

I never knew a wee boy as bad at keeping his head out of harm's way. People used to tell me I was lucky, girls were the hard ones to raise. You caused me more anxiety growing up than a whole hockey team.

TERRI

Well I'd like to meet this hockey team to discuss it...

MAVIS bats him, absentmindedly. TERRI winces.

MAVIS

You're a married man.
(beat)
Supposed to be.

Suddenly irritated she goes to the window. She raps the glass. Hard.

MAVIS (CONT'D)

Where is that man? I told him ten minutes ago his tea was ready. It'll be stone cold.

TERRI gets up takes the cup from the countertop.

171 EXT. HOOLEY FAMILY HOME - DAY

171

The back garden: small but ingeniously planted for maximum yield and colour. GEORGE straightens from a flowerbed as TERRI approaches.

They sit on a small bench.

TERRI

Garden's looking well.

GEORGE

That's what all the dirty work in winter's for.

TERRI looks down at the mug. He's almost forgotten he was holding it.

TERRI

Here.

GEORGE

Did your mother send you out with that?

TERRI

I thought I better offer before she put the window in. She was getting herself worked up about me and Ruth.

GEORGE

She has very strong views on marriage. She wouldn't have stayed with me all these years otherwise.

They sit on a small bench.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Remember that dig you had at me about all those elections

TERRI

Da, I'm sorry...

GEORGE

It wasn't ten, it was twelve. The returning officer used to say if I was a horse they'd have shot me after the sixth. But do you know what? I have friends and comrades living all over his city. And do you know what else? In every election I increased my vote.

TERRI's gaze is locked on his father's face. He looks as though he might hug GEORGE, but GEORGE, unaware of this (or perhaps not so) chooses this moment to empty his tea leaves on to the flowerbed.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Victory doesn't always look the way other people imagine it.

172 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - EVENING

172

RUDI members slouch against the wall nearest the door. DAVE stands only a few feet further in, arms folded tight.

TERRI at moments in this scene is picking things up off the floor, the counter: a physical counterpart to his verbal attempts to set things straight.

TERRI

All right. A few apologies are in order.

RUDI and DAVE look like they agree.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Brian, you want to start?

Expectation turns to confusion on BRIAN's face.

TERRI (CONT'D)
I'm only messing you.
(beat)
Dave?

DAVE opens his mouth to protest. TERRI doesn't let him.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Listen, I'll hold my hand up,
I've taken my eye off the ball,
but we haven't time for arguing.
It's time to focus. We've a gig
to organise.

BRIAN
A gig?

TERRI
A Good Vibrations gig.

DAVE
A fundraiser?

TERRI
Yeah, a fundraiser.

DAVE
No harm to you, Terri, but unless
you're charging a hundred quid a
head I think it's maybe gone
beyond a night at the Harp.

TERRI
Who said anything about the Harp?

DAVE
The Pound then...
(TERRI is smiling: not
the Pound either)
The Students' Union?

TERRI
Try 'Ulster Hall'.

BRIAN
Ulster Hall?

TERRI
Why not?

DAVE
Because the Ulster Hall holds two
thousand people.

TERRI

I know how many it holds, I've been in it often enough.

DAVE takes a deep breath.

DAVE

OK, OK, we call in favours - we get Siouxsie back to headline. Fuck it, we call the Clash, Stiff Little Fingers...

TERRI

Fucking showbands. We don't need them. It's a Good Vibrations gig, it'll be Good Vibrations bands.

DAVE

(whispering)

Terri, we're talking two thousand people. Be realistic.

TERRI

What, like you were realistic when you brought me round this place?

As he speaks, the record racks disappear. DAVE and TERRI stand in the derelict building. They look at one another.

A beat. And they have returned to GOOD VIBRATIONS. TERRI - still setting things straight - pulls the German magazine cover from the wall.

DAVE

How many posters do you think you'll need?

173 EXT. BELFAST STREETS - DAY

173

BRIAN is postering. GREG is postering; so too FANGS, GETTY, RONNIE, LANKY PUNK, and TERRI of course.

He stands before a wall with *NF* and *SHANKILL SKINS* scrawled on it. He slaps a poster over the top. 'Outcasts. Moondogs, Ruefrefex, Rudi, Big Self,' it reads, '24th April 1980, Ulster Hall.'

174 EXT. BELFAST STREET - LATER

174

RUTH is pushing a buggy. She passes a wall with Good Vibrations posters. She stops. Looks. The posters have been pasted up in such a way that they spell out the word LIVE.

175 INT. ULSTER HALL - EVENING

175

A hand flicks a light switch, then another, then another, and another. One by one the lights come up on the Ulster Hall. Which is empty.

TERRI stands on the edge of the stage. He looks worried. DAVE walks out behind him.

DAVE
Where the fuck is everyone?

TERRI
It'll be all right. They'll come.

DAVE
We've hardly sold a ticket.

RONNIE has wandered on stage. He sings into the microphone, to the tune of 'Pressure's On', and mostly tongue in cheek.

RONNIE
(tongue in cheek,
mostly)
Well you fucked up that, and you
fucked up this, so fuck knows,
Terri, why we're doing this...

A door opens at the far end of the hall. A balding, bearded figure in a blazer comes walking towards them. TERRI and DAVE peer at him, looks of recognition and disbelief.

RONNIE has spotted the figure now as well.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
It's John fucking Peel.

TERRI and DAVE get down from the stage.

JOHN PEEL
Always nice to get the full name.

TERRI
I can't believe you came.

JOHN PEEL
You gave me the best two minutes
and twenty-eight seconds of my
life, how could I not come? I'm
just glad I got here in one
piece.

DAVE
Rough journey?

JOHN PEEL

Oh, no, the flight was fine. I mean getting through the doors of this place.

(seeing TERRI and DAVE'S blank looks)

You mean you haven't had a look out the front?

176 EXT. ULSTER HALL - EVENING

176

TERRI, DAVE, and JOHN PEEL at an upstairs window look down on a street thronged with PUNKS and overstretched RUC MEN.

TERRI

Didn't I tell you?

DAVE

(finding the cloud in the silver lining)

Fuck, I hope they're going to let this go ahead.

177 INT. FOYER ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

177

A trickle of PUNKS is being let in. The combined might of the DOOR STAFF and the RUC can barely hold back those still outside. TERRI remonstrates with FRONT OF HOUSE MANAGER.

TERRI

Can you not just throw the doors open?

FRONT OF HOUSE MANAGER

I'd be within my rights to shut them altogether. Half of them are full drunk and the other half are trying to run in without paying.

FANGS forces his way to the fore of the crowd at the door.

FANGS

Terri!

An RUC MAN pushes him back with a hand in the face.

TERRI

Hold on. He's on the guest-list.
(to Fangs)
Come on, move your arse.

FANGS

What about my mates?

TERRI

Hurry up.

TERRI waves them through too: about a dozen in all. Hands shoot up here there and everywhere at the doors.

PUNKS

Terri! Terri! Am I on the list?

TERRI looks at the FRONT OF HOUSE MANAGER; he looks at the BOX OFFICE STAFF, waiting by their tills. He looks back at the doors, the RUC MEN, the waving hands of PUNKS outside.

TERRI

(shouts)

Don't worry, you'll all get in.

The FRONT OF HOUSE MANAGER walks away.

178 INT. BACKSTAGE ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

178

Sounds of Ruefrefex from the stage. RONNIE watches in the wings. BRIAN practices licks on his unplugged guitar.

Nearby JOHN PEEL talks to GETTY, whose interest is torn between PEEL and Pink-haired PUNK GIRL across the room.

JOHN PEEL

What amazes me is that punk has more or less died out everywhere else...

GETTY

You around after the show, John?
(heading for the girl)
I'll buy you a pint.

JOHN PEEL

(to thin air.)
Yeah, buy me a pint.

179 INT. FOYER ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

179

The logjam at the doors has been broken. A few PUNKS are showing tickets at the box office. Many more are walking straight in, past the RUC MEN, past TERRI.

180 INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

180

RUDI leave the stage, elated. GREG waits to go on.

GREG

Cheers for warming them up.

RONNIE scowls.

The hall is so full now there are PUNKS on stage. There are RUC MEN too in the shadows at the very back.

To a huge ovation, JOHN PEEL appears and eventually speaks.

JOHN PEEL
You're a good audience. People
always say Belfast is the best
audience. And now here's your
best band - the Outcasts.

OUTCASTS come running on.

GREG
Right, this one's for everybody's
favourite people in the world.
Rudi's already give you a song
about them. This one's called
'The Bastards are Coming'.

They launch into 'The Cops are Coming' and JOHN PEEL is
right, they do sound finally like the best band in Belfast.

PUNKS on stage bait the RUC who do nothing; nothing at all.

181 INT. FOYER ULSTER HALL - NIGHT 181

'The Cops are Coming' is thudding through the walls. DAVE
and FRONT OF HOUSE MANAGER are deep in conversation.
Neither looks happy.

182 INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT 182

The OUTCASTS are finishing 'Self-Conscious Over You'.
GETTY's shirt is off; GREG's grin is broader than ever.

GREG
And now I'd like to welcome on
stage the man who made all this
possible...

TERRI's name is lost in the roar as he walks out from the
wings 'OUTCASTS' across the back of his leather jacket.
FANGS grabs the mike from GREG.

FANGS
Terri is our leader, Terri is our
leader, na-na-na-na...

TERRI takes the mike from him. He is barely audible above
the stomping and whistling.

TERRI
No leaders! No godfathers!

A kind of quiet returns. TERRI breathes deeply, scanning
the faces.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Thank you for coming. When I look out at you all gathered here it confirms something that I've always felt: New York has the haircuts, London has the trousers, but Belfast has the reason. Good Vibrations isn't a record shop, it isn't a label, it's a way of life.

183

INT. BACKSTAGE ULSTER HALL - MOMENTS LATER

183

Tumult out front. TERRI runs offstage triumphant. DAVE is waiting for him, fuming.

TERRI

Isn't it incredible.

DAVE

It's fucking unbelievable.

TERRI

(oblivious)

The best night ever.

DAVE

Terri, we've made a loss. We've packed out the Ulster Hall and we've somehow made a fucking loss. Your man at the front says you had the longest guest list in the hall's entire history, longer than all the other guest lists put together. And all of it apparently carried in your head.

He has been getting closer and closer to TERRI. His hands suddenly shoot out and grab TERRI by the throat.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Terri, the whole point of tonight was to raise money.

TERRI

(trying to prise open
Dave's fingers)

No, Dave, it wasn't. Not the whole point. Money couldn't buy what we've just done.

He finally succeeds in loosening Dave's grip. Gasps.

TERRI (CONT'D)

We've taken back Belfast tonight.

The chanting is getting louder. Terri's name. DAVE finally hears it. With a flash of the OUTCASTS on his jacket, TERRI goes to run back on stage and runs straight into RUTH. She's heard everything.

RUTH
You and your guest lists.

TERRI looks shamefaced.

TERRI
I'm sorry.

RUTH
About what? The house? Sure it's only bricks.

The chanting from the crowd is louder still.

RUTH (CONT'D)
You're wanted.
(jabs a finger into his chest)
But you still owe me forty quid.

She walks away. TERRI goes to speak, but there is nothing to say. He runs on.

184 INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

184

RUDI and the other bands have joined the OUTCASTS on stage.

TERRI
We're all going to do an old Sonny Bono number, because we fucking can.

And they fucking play 'Laugh at me':

TERRI/OUTCASTS/RUDI
Why can't I be like any guy, why do they try to make me run, son of a gun now, what do they care about the clothes I wear, why get their kicks from making fun...

TERRI's eye lights on RUTH, dancing on her own.

TERRI/OUTCASTS/RUDI (CONT'D)
This world's got a lot of space and if they don't like my face it ain't me that's going anywhere, no. So I don't care, then laugh at me, if that's the fare I have to pay to be free...

GREG drapes an arm around TERRI. TERRI glances to his right and instead of GREG it's HANK WILLIAMS, his rhinestone suit replaced by a studded jacket. TERRI carries on singing.

TERRI/OUTCASTS/RUDI... HANK
Then laugh at me, and I'll cry
for you and I'll pray for you and
I'll do all the things that the
man upstairs says to do, I'll do
them I'll do them all for you...

TERRI looks at HANK, who nods. TERRI dives on to the outstretched arms.

CAPTION: Good Vibrations closed in 1982

CAPTION: Reopened in 1984

CAPTION: Closed in 1991

CAPTION: Reopened in 1992

CAPTION: Closed in 2002

CAPTION: Reopened in 2004

CAPTION: Terri still hasn't had his signed photo of the Shangri-las.