

Shadow Dancer

by  
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Based on his novel.

Mark Lucas.

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INT. BELFAST - THE EUROPA HOTEL - NIGHT

A man lies half-naked on a bed. DAVID RYAN is awake, eyes hollow. A phone RINGS. It is RYAN'S police department partner BRIAN ALLEN, a tough cop's cop.

ALLEN (O.S.)  
(Terse)  
You'd better come.

RYAN  
Is it her?

ALLEN (O.S.)  
Just get up here.

INT. BEATEN UP CAR - NIGHT

RYAN tracks the wet tarmac. It's raining hard. It's always raining in this city.

EXT. BLACK MOUNTAIN - NIGHT.

RYAN walks down a path to where ALLEN is standing. The uniforms have pulled a black plastic bag from the wet earth and a body is just discernible inside it.

They stand in silence.

ALLEN turns. His face says; *we both knew it would end like this. What the hell else did you expect?*

HOLD.

FADE TO BLACK.

IN THE DARK, THE SOUND OF A DOOR BEING CLOSED AND A KEY TURNED IN A LOCK.

A beat.

Still in BLACKNESS. Then...

CRASH IN:

CLOSE on COLLETTE MCVEIGH: widow, mother, sister, bomber. She's early thirties and strikingly BEAUTIFUL.

PULL BACK TO:

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE - WINCHESTER - DAY.

COLLETTE pushes the key under a bin. She is carrying a BLACK RUCKSACK.

As we follow her down the hill, we fade up the score and;

REPORTER 1 (O.S.)

John, sources close to the IRA insist they are interested in peace, but it's certainly hard to square *that* with the latest bombing campaign here in London which just seems to run and run...

REPORTER 2 (O.S.)

Security sources have told the BBC that these latest bombs in London are the work of so-called 'clean skins,' IRA terrorists who have no previous criminal record...

REPORTER 1 (O.S.)

The British and Irish governments continue to work on the process John, because they believe that if they can come up with a 'Declaration' that satisfies *both* sides - some are calling it a vision of a joint future - then there is a real chance this conflict could finally be brought to a close...

REPORTER 2 (O.S.)

These bombs are not, security sources insist, the work of a break-away group of hardliners, but they don't deny there are dissidents within the IRA who are hell bent on strangling this peace process at birth...It is a critical time. Pretty much everyone is agreed on that...peace hangs in the balance...

REPORTER 1 (O.S.)

John, the IRA is not going to get a united Ireland. It's not even going to get the promise of one. That is why some of the movement's hardliners view this as nothing more than a sell-out...

A CAR HORN BLARES as COLLETTE, lost in thought, steps onto the road. The departing driver winds down the window.

DRIVER

Are you fucking *blind*?

She walks again.

PUNCH UP; **WINCHESTER, UNITED KINGDOM, DECEMBER 1993**

As COLLETTE approaches the railway station, quick cuts follow her casual glances at:

A YOUTH cleaning windows.

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN sitting at a bus stop.

A YOUNG WOMAN selling flowers.

INT. STATION - WINCHESTER - A MINUTE LATER.

COLLETTE moves along the platform. Quick cuts again as she checks out:

A PRIEST.

A group of MOTHERS with their kids.

A YOUNG MAN doing a newspaper crossword. He's concentrating hard.

NEW ANGLE: A train SMASHES into frame.

CRASH CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN.

COLLETTE'S P.O.V. as she searches for a seat.

DISJOINTED voices and snippets of conversation. KIDS arguing. MOTHERS discussing their day out.

COLLETTE glances over her shoulder at crossword guy.

CLOSE on a discarded newspaper front page, which shouts **TARGET LONDON; EXPECT 'MORE BOMBS, MORE CHAOS'**,

CRASH CUT TO:

EXT. A TRAIN HURTLING THROUGH THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - ALMOST AN HOUR LATER.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN.

COLLETTE sits with the rucksack on her lap.

ON CROSSWORD GUY, two rows back. He's still concentrating hard. Maybe too hard.

COLLETTE moves to the toilet, locks the door, opens her bag.

A beat.

She reaches into her rucksack and fiddles with something, but we can't tell what.

She looks up. She breathes in deep.

Back to her seat.

A conductor inspects tickets. COLLETTE sees him exchange a look with crossword guy.

Something's not right.

EXT. WATERLOO STATION - MINUTES LATER.

COLLETTE's P.O.V. as she steps onto the platform. Something is *not* right: The newspaper seller, the two young men by a stairwell...

Faster. The ticket collector by the gate is not checking tickets, doesn't meet her eye...

Faster still. A shout behind her. Shocked faces as she ricochets through the crowd and bursts out of the station to...

EXT. LONDON STREET - CONTINUOUS.

...where she runs like hell. We hear police sirens, more shouts, whistles. She weaves through the traffic. An oncoming car screeches to a halt -- nearly flattens her -- but she doesn't break her stride...

EXT. NEARBY STREET - CONTINUOUS.

DAVID RYAN stands by the open door of an unmarked car. He has a police radio in his hand, only just audible over the wail of sirens.

VOICE (ON THE RADIO)  
She's going for the bridge...

EXT. BANK OF THE THAMES - CONTINUOUS.

TIGHT ON COLLETTE as she sprints along the bank of the RIVER. All we can hear is her BREATHING.

A helicopter swoops low.

COLLETTE'S P.O.V as she weaves through the throng of sightseers and tears onto Westminster Bridge.

She stops, heaves the rucksack over the side into the water.

Runs again -- around parliament -- as COP cars FLOOD in from all directions.

EXT. NEARBY STREET - CONTINUOUS.

VOICE (ON THE RADIO)  
Millbank.

RYAN  
(into the radio)  
Not there!

EXT. MILLBANK - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE still running. She turns right, left.

Now in a quiet back street...

She SLOWS TO A WALK. Looks for a place to hide.

A beat. Maybe she's going to make it.

A CAR screams down the street towards her. She swings around. Another CAR behind.

Men in raincoats, pistols raised.

DETECTIVE 1  
Get in, Miss McVeigh.

They push her roughly inside. Both cars tear away.

INT. PADDINGTON GREEN POLICE STATION - NIGHT

DAVID RYAN takes a cup of coffee from a machine and walks into the OBSERVATION ROOM. He watches through the glass as two plain-clothes detectives interrogate COLLETTE.

INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS.

One cop sits, another stands.

DETECTIVE 1 (SITTING)  
When did you leave Belfast,  
sweetheart?

No answer. The cop flips open a file on the desk and pushes across a photograph of COLLETTE hugging her two kids in the rear garden of a terrace house. They are MARK, five, and CATHERINE, 3.

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)  
December 8th, you tell your kids  
you have to go away for work.

He smiles bitterly.

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)  
Train to Dublin.

He spins around a picture of her seated in the carriage.  
Then more photos in quick succession;

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)  
The ferry to Fishguard. South to  
a safe house in Oxford. Two days  
to kick your heels. Winchester.  
The courier leaves you a  
rucksack, two kilos of semtex and  
a TPU.

A beat.

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)  
Onto the train. Flick the timer  
and we're ready to go.

One more photograph.

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)  
You want to take a look at who  
you'd have blown to bits,  
sweetheart? Mothers...kids...Or  
you going to tell us the usual  
shit warning would have made it  
all right?

No answer.

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)  
(leaning forward,  
aggressive)  
Look at them!

DETECTIVE 2  
You want to tell us why, Miss  
Mcveigh? Why now?

COP 1 pulls another file from beneath the desk. There's not much to it.

DETECTIVE 1  
Twenty years and this is all  
we've got.

He flips the top.

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)  
1973; the army guns down your kid brother Sean, so Gerry and Paddy sign straight up with the boyos. But not our Collette. A few messages, some gun-running, a coupla' set-ups here and there, but nothing to really get your hands dirty. So the sharp end's boy's work?

No answer.

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)  
Or it was until six months ago when it was your fella' bleeding to death on the tarmac. And even if he was a full-on 'RA captain with an AK in his hand, now it's too fucking much. Now you want blood. Your brother Gerry's the big boss man in Belfast and he's looking for clean skins. So you've got yourselves a deal...

A beat.

DETECTIVE 2  
(quieter)  
Shame no one told the kids. How do you think they're going to get along without their mother?

No answer.

DETECTIVE 2 (CONT'D)  
Twenty-five years; out in eighteen if you keep your nose clean. You'll be lucky if they even remember your name.

Detective 1 stands.

DETECTIVE 1  
I hope you're feeling brave, sweetheart, cos the good dykes of our prison system are going to be licking their lips at the sight of you...

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM OUTSIDE THE POLICE CELL - CONTINUOUS.

The two detectives file out, close the door. RYAN is at the window.

DETECTIVE 2  
Good enough?

RYAN  
You did fine.

DETECTIVE 2  
Shout if you need anything else.

As the two men depart, RYAN watches her through the glass. He's tracked this girl so long he's already inside her head.

He picks up a briefcase, hesitates, pushes open the door.

INT. POLICE CELL - CONTINUOUS.

RYAN takes a seat opposite her. Waits.

RYAN  
Can I get you anything?

No answer.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You want a coffee?

No answer.

He opens the briefcase, takes out two files and places them on the table. The top one has **SEAN MICHAEL MCVEIGH. SHOT 8th JUNE 1973 MINISTRY OF DEFENCE -- CONFIDENTIAL** stamped on the front. He moves it aside. The second is marked **DAVID LIAM MCGRAW SHOT 3rd JANUARY 1993 MINISTRY OF DEFENCE -- CONFIDENTIAL.**

RYAN (CONT'D)  
It's taken me six months to get the internal reports out of the army. You won't find the answers you want, but maybe they'll help.

He closes his briefcase, gets up, leaves.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

He watches from the other side of the glass. She doesn't move a muscle. He walks around the corner, gets a cup of coffee, goes to a desk.

He opens the briefcase again, takes out a tape, fires it into a machine.

The screen flickers into life with GRAINY footage of a riot in 1970s Belfast; shouts, rubber bullets, tear gas. The camera is on two youths trying to light a PETROL BOMB when, in the corner of frame, an eleven-year-old boy can clearly be seen emerging from a side street. He glances about, naive and curious. A SHOT rings out and he falls. For a moment, no one reacts. There's a scream. The film shakes as the cameraman runs and then we are on the boy. He is PALE-FACED, SHOCKED, DYING.

The camera PANS UP to a girl running down the side-street towards him. A young COLLETTE. She screams 'Sean, Sean...' The cameraman is pushed roughly back by the youths.

RYAN hits the pause button.

EXT. DEEP IN SOUTH ARMAGH COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

It's a filthy, windswept evening. Assistant Chief Constable TREVOR LONG stands by the door of a pavilion. Some of his men lurk in the hedgerows. LONG is Northern Ireland's intelligence chief and his every battered feature screams of bitter, hard-fought experience. A car guns down the lane, lights spinning in the darkness. A little rat of a man named GINGY HUGHES steps out.

LONG

You're late.

They step into the pavilion. The wind whistles through the rafters and worries at the windows.

GINGY

To what do I owe the pleasure?

They sit close on the bench, facing out. There's plenty of history between these two men.

LONG

You've been getting difficult, Gingly, and careless.

GINGY

Don't send me out with amateurs.

LONG

Your handlers are the best. It's you that's the problem.

GINGY

I've had enough. You don't own me, you know.

A beat. Yes he does.

LONG  
Don't play games, Gingy. Not with  
me.

GINGY  
(sighs)  
Maybe they're onto me.  
Mulgrew and his scum from  
Internal Security have been in  
town.

LONG  
Doing what?

GINGY  
Watching.

LONG  
They've talked to you?

GINGY  
No, but...

GINGY shivers and LONG grips his hand, suddenly father-figure, superior and friend to this pathetic scrap of a man.

LONG  
It's all right, Gingy. You're  
tired. We've been going a long  
time.

GINGY  
Too long.

LONG  
You've never been more important.

A naked attempt to massage his ego, but GINGY draws strength from it.

GINGY  
If the words in the deal are  
right, maybe the leadership'll  
try and sell it. But the rebels  
aren't pissing about. Gerry  
McVeigh is seeing people. He's  
stirring it up. You've got to fix  
him.

The wind rattles the windows hard and both men look around, but it's nothing. Just a ghost in the night.

INT. PADDINGTON GREEN POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM  
OUTSIDE THE CELL - NIGHT.

RYAN watches through the glass. COLLETTE is reading the files.

INT. GINGY'S HOUSE - SOUTH ARMAGH - BREAKFAST

GINGY kisses his wife and four kids goodbye and heads for the door. Through the window, we see the side of his newly painted van. GINGY HUGHES PLUMBING. Night or day, call 0845 666734.

INT. PADDINGTON GREEN POLICE STATION - CELL - DAY

COLLETTE looks like she hasn't moved. RYAN takes a seat.

RYAN

Collette, my name is David Jenkins. I'm here because we believe your brother Gerry is determined to kill of this peace process before its even begun. We need to read him...to know what he's thinking. If you agree to help us, you walk out of here and go home to your kids, like nothing ever happened.

COLLETTE

Leave me alone, please.

A beat.

RYAN

Two weeks after your boyfriend was gunned down, we got a tip-off. Gerry told one of his adjutants you were hurt and angry enough to think about getting your hands dirty. He said he needed you for something. I got on a plane to Belfast the next day and I've watched you ever since. I know it bugs the hell out of you that your mother won't get the washing machine fixed. I know you worry about Mark's behavior in the playground. I know Paddy's heart isn't really in the struggle any more, even if he'd rather die than admit it. And I know you're so lonely that, on the night before you left Belfast, you slept with a guy you don't even like.

She looks furious.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
He took you back to his place and  
fucked you so roughly that--

COLLETTE  
(on her feet, pushing  
the table back)  
For Christ's sake...

RYAN  
(on his feet also)  
You went home, took the children  
into your bed and cried until it  
was time to go.

COLLETTE  
Leave me alone! (She  
sits again). Jesus...

RYAN  
It'll break their hearts.

COLLETTE  
I want a lawyer.

He takes a video tape from the briefcase, slaps it into the machine, bangs it shut and presses play. We see a grainy undercover shot of COLLETTE and her little boy walking home from school. She PULLS him closer and wraps an arm around his shoulder.

Despite herself, COLLETTE'S eyes are DRAWN TO THE SCREEN. There's an edit point and now we see her with CATHERINE on her lap in the garden.

Another edit and she is kneeling on the ground by the back gate with MARK. The audio has been boosted.

MARK  
How long?

COLLETTE  
Just for a few days, then--

MARK  
That's what Dad said and he's  
never coming--

COLLETTE smashes the VHS recorder from the desk. She slams the chair into the wall and sinks back into the corner.

RYAN comes around to her, squats down.

RYAN  
It doesn't have to be like this.

She puts her HEAD IN HER HANDS.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
They're going to put you in a  
stinking English jail a thousand  
miles from home. Every time you  
want to see the kids, or they  
want to see you, your mother is  
going to have put them on a ferry  
and drive for hundreds of miles.  
You can't do it to them,  
Collette.

She doesn't budge.

RYAN stands ABRUPTLY and grabs another pile of photographs.  
He squats again and HOLDS ONE UP.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Remember him?

He pulls apart her hands.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Look at it!

Her eyes GLISTEN.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Raymond Quinn. You used to work  
for him at the print factory...

No reply.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You told Paddy he was a part-time  
soldier and this was the  
result...

He holds up a picture of a BODY LYING AMIDST KIDS TOYS.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Paddy rang the doorbell and  
gunned him down. His wife found  
the kids crawling all over his  
body, covered in blood. You  
scouted it, Gerry ordered it,  
Paddy pulled the trigger...

She shakes her head.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Yes you did! And now you visit  
his grave every month, without  
fail.

A photograph of her placing flowers in front of a  
headstone.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You want to tell me why?

No answer.

RYAN stands, throws the pictures onto the desk.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
*I'll tell you why. You weren't  
made to take an eye for an eye  
and you're a fool to have put  
yourself in this chair.*

He takes an audio tape, puts it into a machine.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Your Mother and Gerry whilst you  
were making out with that piece  
of shit on the night before you  
came here...

The TAPE Rolls. There is a lot of interference, so that the  
voices are only barely audible.

GERRY (O.S.)  
It's what she wants.

MA (O.S.)  
(angry)  
How can she know what she  
wants...She's in no fit state  
to(inaudible)...what about Mark?  
What about Catherine?  
She...(inaudible again)...

He stops the tape.

Waits.

RYAN  
(quietly)  
Please think about it, Collette.  
You deserve better than this.

EXT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CARRIAGE GATE - NIGHT

A sallow young man, EDDIE MCILHATTON, watches a woman walk  
out of the COMMONS precinct. He follows her around the  
corner and down into WESTMINSTER TUBE STATION. He stands  
behind her as she takes off a security pass and slips it  
into her handbag.

INT. PADDINGTON GREEN POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

RYAN behind the glass. COLLETTE hasn't moved from the floor, her head still in her hands.

INT. TUBE TRAIN - NIGHT

The woman from the House of Commons is reading a newspaper, unaware that MCILHATTON is watching her.

The tube is emptier. Coming to the end of the line.

INT. PADDINGTON GREEN POLICE STATION - CELL - NIGHT

RYAN goes to squat beside COLLETTE again. She hasn't budged from the corner.

RYAN  
Don't be the last victim of this war, Collette.

He touches her arm.

A moment of pure electricity. She doesn't shake him off.

He sits on the floor beside her.

Waits.

COLLETTE  
What do you want me to do?

RYAN  
Tell us what you see, what you hear.

COLLETTE  
They'll kill me.

RYAN  
They'll never know.

COLLETTE  
They always know.

RYAN  
I'll be there, day and night, watching.

COLLETTE  
Have you done this before?

He hesitates.

RYAN

We haven't lost an agent yet. The cops, the army...but not us.

COLLETTE

How long is it for?

RYAN

As long as you can take.

EXT. WEST BROMPTON TUBE STATION - NIGHT

The WOMAN from the House of Commons leaves the tube station and steps onto a dimly-lit street. MCILHATTON closes in on her and flips up the hood of his jacket.

He starts to run, RIPS the handbag from her arm and sprints into the night.

She is too shocked to scream until long after he has gone...

INT. PADDINGTON GREEN POLICE STATION - CELL - NIGHT

COLLETTE is at the desk. She is staring at a piece of paper RYAN has just placed in front of her.

COLLETTE

What is it?

RYAN

Your confession.

COLLETTE

To what?

RYAN

The bomb you tried to plant at Waterloo Station. Just in case you change your mind...

She stares at it again.

Picks up a pen.

Hesitates.

COLLETTE

No one gets hurt?

RYAN

No one.

COLLETTE

You give me your word.

RYAN

Yes.

COLLETTE

Especially not my brothers.

RYAN

No one.

In a hurry now, she signs...

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

MCILLHATTON steps into a phone box, dials. A voice answers.

VOICE (O.S.)

Andersonstown Travel.

MCILLHATTON

Wolfe Tone.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hold on.

MCILLHATTON glances over his shoulder.

GERRY MCVEIGH (O.S.)

What is it?

MCILLHATTON

I've got what we need. I'll take it to the man.

The call is cut. EDDIE MCILLHATTON, a little put out, replaces the receiver. He steps out of the phone box, scopes the street.

This is a lonely calling.

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - THE DEAD OF NIGHT

RYAN is checking the post. He punches the replay button on his telephone answering machine.

RYAN'S MOTHER (O.S)

David, it's Mum here. Do give us a call. Simon and I are very worried about you. I know your work is important, but...Sarah dropped by at the weekend. I understand that you've moved on love, but...

RYAN kills the message.

He glances at a photograph of a handsome man in a military uniform on the mantelpiece; his dead father.

EXT. BATTERSEA PARK - EARLY MORNING.

COLLETTE and RYAN stand by a shed.

RYAN

When you ran from the scene, you came here. It was too dangerous to call in because the whole city was crawling with cops.

RYAN takes her arm and leads her gently away.

INT. THE BACK SEAT OF A CAR - BATTERSEA PARK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

He hands her a sheet of paper.

RYAN

Memorise the number, then burn it. If there's anything, call in. Your code name is SHADOW DANCER.

COLLETTE stares out of the window.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You need this.

He hands over a piece of metal and plastic half the size of a golf ball.

RYAN (CONT'D)

It's an emergency bleep. Hide it well. If you press the button, half the world will come running.

She takes it, but continues to gaze out of the window.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You know this guy?

She turns to face him, looks at the photograph he's holding up.

COLLETTE

Kevin Mulgrew. My Mam used to look after him when he was baby.

RYAN

You know what happened?

COLLETTE

(frowns)

His mother got cancer, but--

RYAN

His father ran away to the south and left him to be taken into care. There were was a group of men who liked to visit his orphanage at night...judges, a few cops, politicians. He's unstable...vicious. You know what he's doing now?

COLLETTE

They just put him in charge of Internal Security.

RYAN

And he's leading a new hunt.

COLLETTE

There's always a hunt.

RYAN

Not like this. At the moment, he's down in East Tyrone. Looks like he might be onto the guy who sold you out at Loughgall. Belfast is next.

COLLETTE

Why?

A beat. This is serious.

RYAN

You've heard the talk; a tout right at the top. In Northern Command...maybe even on the Council.

COLLETTE

So--

RYAN

Mulgrew thinks it comes from close to your brother, to Gerry.

COLLETTE

But that's--

RYAN

He's convinced them it's the common thread going way back. To Gibraltar. To the sell-out on all those arms coming in on the Eksund... Gerry's not a tout, so it'll come to nothing, but we don't want to get caught in the hunt.

She nods.

She stares out of the window again.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You got any idea why Gerry said  
he needed you for something?

COLLETTE  
No.

RYAN  
Has he talked about what he  
thinks should be done?

COLLETTE  
(shakes her head)  
No.

She faces him.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

RYAN  
My code name is Box Man. If you  
call in, you ask for--

COLLETTE  
I mean your real name.

She's vulnerable suddenly.

RYAN  
It's better if you don't know  
that.

COLLETTE  
If you make a mistake, I'm dead.  
I've a right to know your name.

RYAN  
My name is Jenkins. David  
Jenkins.

COLLETTE  
Your real name.

Hesitates again. This is a bad idea.

RYAN  
Ryan. David Ryan.

Shit. That's over the line and he knows it.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 (deliberately business-  
 like once more)  
 I'll see you in two days...

INT. THE FRONT SEAT OF GINGY'S CAR - NIGHT

GINGY HUGHES is spinning down the road to that pavilion again, but he's not pleased about it. He parks ups and bristles as he marches inside.

INT. THE PAVILION - SOUTH ARMAGH - CONTINUOUS.

It sure is dark in here, but nothing assuages GINGY's anger.

GINGY  
 I told you not to use that--

A torch-light flicks on. It illuminates the ghoulish face of KEVIN MULGREW, the IRA's new head of Internal Security.

MULGREW.  
 Good evening, Gingy. You're expecting someone else?

GINGY  
 (stunned)  
 No...no.

GINGY turns to run, but it's too late. MULGREW'S men have the place surrounded.

INT. MI5 HEADQUARTERS - THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

RYAN stands in the centre of the room. His boss ALAN BUCHANAN looks down upon the dark waters of the Thames. He moves behind his desk and pours two tumblers of whisky. He hands one to RYAN and they touch glasses.

BUCHANAN  
 Congratulations.

RYAN  
 Thank you, sir.

BUCHANAN  
 The trap was well set. You travel in the morning?

RYAN  
 Yes.

RYAN waits. He didn't get asked up here for a pat on the back.

BUCHANAN

You're not going to like this,  
but I've had to cut the RUC in on  
this one.

RYAN is dumbfounded.

BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

It's a fifty-fifty split. They've  
assigned a good man; Detective  
Inspector Brian Allen.

RYAN

(tense)  
Why?

BUCHANAN

(tetchy)  
Because we have to deal with the  
local cops just as the FBI does  
in Montana or Idaho or Florida.  
We can't act as if we're fighting  
a different war. And, right now,  
they're getting nervous.

RYAN

About what?

BUCHANAN

Oh, for God's sake David, don't  
be obtuse. About what this peace  
process means for them...are we  
selling them out, are we telling  
them everything. They want any in  
on Gerry McVeigh they can get.  
They guessed we were having a  
tilt at his sister and they went  
above my head.

RYAN

(furious)  
She'll never accept it.

BUCHANAN

Then you'd better bloody make  
her! She didn't come over here  
for a Sunday school picnic...

But RYAN is already out of the door.

INT. IRA SAFE HOUSE - SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

GINGY HUGHES sits in a chair, naked, with a sack over his  
head.

MULGREW.

When, Gingy?

MULGREW doesn't receive an answer, so he yanks GINGY from his chair and drags him to a filthy blood red bath. He smashes his skull against it as GINGY screams in pain. MULGREW plunges his head into the water and holds him down. The rest of the crew watch. They don't share MULGREW's sadism.

He yanks GINGY's head up. We notice he is trying to avoid getting the dirty water on a new pair of BRIGHT RED TRAINERS.

MULGREW. (CONT'D)  
When did you start your touting?

GINGY  
(terrified)  
I'm a patriot. I'm just a  
Volunteer--

MULGREW.  
When, Gingy?

GINGY  
I swear it...

MULGREW.  
Seven dead at Loughgall, Gingy.  
Then Gerard Harte, Dessie Grew  
and all the boys down at  
Coalisland. The cream of East  
Tyrone, shot by SAS bastards  
lying out in the night. And all  
because a filthy, nasty, dirty  
little tout was singing like a  
canary to save his own miserable  
skin...And that tout, Gingy, was  
*you...*

GINGY's P.O.V. as his head goes under.

CRASH CUT TO:

EXT. A FERRY ON THE IRISH SEA - DAY

COLLETTE gazes out across the water. She is on her way home...

CUT TO:

INT. IRA SAFE HOUSE - SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

GINGY is back in the chair. MULGREW has put on a pair of leather gloves.

MULGREW.  
Who signed you up, Gingy?

GINGY  
No one.

MULGREW strikes him hard.

GINGY (CONT'D)  
It's true, so help me God!

MULGREW.  
Gingy, your wife says you're out every Wednesday night. So where is it that you go?

GINGY  
(crying now)  
I don't know. I--

MULGREW.  
So, she's lying is she? It's your wife who's the tout?

GINGY  
No...no.

MULGREW.  
I'm going to ask you once more; who signed you up?

GINGY  
No one signed me. No one.

MULGREW adjusts his gloves.

MULGREW.  
We have time, Gingy. All the time in the world...

EXT. DUBLIN STREET - DAY.

COLLETTE walks along a cobbled street. Attractive shops are full of Christmas decorations. She seems lost in thought as we hear;

RYAN (V.O.)  
Say as little as possible in the debrief in Dublin. They'll run the same questions when you get up to Belfast and cross-check your answers, so don't allow them to draw you out.

We watch through the window as COLLETTE greets a young man inside.

INT. DUBLIN PUB - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE takes a seat opposite him in the corner. Despite herself, she looks NERVOUS...

RYAN (V.O.)  
 You hid out in the park and  
 didn't call in because the whole  
 of London was crawling with  
 cops...

EXT. DUBLIN STREET - CONTINUOUS.

Through the window again. The two are still at their table.

RYAN (V.O.)  
 It'll only be a kid in Dublin, so  
 remember who you are. Make it  
 clear this is beneath you. Tell  
 him to take it up with your  
 brother if he has a problem...

INT. IRA SAFE HOUSE - SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

GINGY has been broken and is sitting in a chair, soaking wet, freezing cold and sobbing audibly.

MULGREW.  
 It's okay, Gingy. We're not going  
 to hurt you any more.

MULGREW sits.

MULGREW. (CONT'D)  
 (sighs)  
 This is shit Gingy, right? Shit,  
 shit, shit. A fine volunteer like  
 you, lovely family...pretty wife,  
 the wee kids...

GINGY is still sobbing.

MULGREW. (CONT'D)  
 So here's what we'll do; you're  
 gonna' cast your mind back to the  
 beginning. And then you're going  
 to tell me everything. And after  
 that, the pain will stop...

SMASH CUT TO:

A TRAIN HURLING THROUGH THE IRISH COUNTRYSIDE

CUT TO:

INT. A TRAIN APPROACHING BELFAST STATION- DAY

COLLETTE is almost home. We watch smudged images of the city pass by through a rain-soaked window. `On the seat beside her a newspaper headline shouts 'PEACE IN OUR TIME? LONDON AND DUBLIN HAIL 'DOWNING STREET DECLARATION'.

EXT. SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

A van guns down a dirt track in the driving rain. The door opens and GINGY HUGHES is pulled out. MULGREW'S men drag him into a nearby field. MULGREW walks behind, trying not to get his trainers muddy. GINGY knows what's coming. He's a mumbling, gibbering wreck.

EXT. BELFAST STREET - DAY

COLLETTE leaves the station. The rain stops. The sun shines. She's close to home now and can't contain herself. She starts to run...

EXT. SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

GINGY is on his knees by a ditch. MULGREW holds a pistol to his head.

GINGY  
(crying)  
Please...for my kids sake...

MULGREW.  
You think we should forgive ye,  
Gingy?

GINGY  
I beg you...

MULGREW touches GINGY's shoulder paternally. This is going to be all right. Even MULGREW'S crew look relieved.

The tension eases.

We're TIGHT on each face in turn, ending with MULGREW.

CLOSE again on the youngest of the crew. He looks barely old enough to be out. He SMILES nervously.

MULGREW pulls the trigger. GINGY slumps forward, dead.

MULGREW turns away. He looks irritated and checks his shoes to make sure there is no blood on them.

EXT. COLLETTE'S STREET - DAY

COLLETTE rounds the corner and slows to a walk. She passes a group of kids playing football in the street and struggles with her key in the lock. She hesitates for a beat and then walks into...

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS.

The house is quiet. COLLETTE'S MOTHER is hunched over the stove. As she turns, the suffering of the years of war is etched indelibly into her face. MA conducts herself with unbearable dignity. They embrace.

COLLETTE'S P.O.V. through to...

EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS.

She stands in the doorway. Her five-year-old son MARK is pushing his sister on a swing. His manner is aggressive and testing; he's a boy with issues. The little girl CATHERINE catches sight of COLLETTE.

CATHERINE

Mammy!

She comes running. COLLETTE wraps her up tight as MARK watches from behind the swing. COLLETTE pulls out a present from her rucksack and CATHERINE unwraps it. It's a doll. They snuggle tighter.

COLLETTE gently places her daughter on the step and approaches MARK.

COLLETTE

Hello, my love.

She hands him another parcel. He unwraps it suspiciously. It's a London double decker bus, which he examines for a moment before hurling the toy at her head and fleeing through a garden gate.

COLLETTE catches him down the ALLEY.

MARK

Go away!

She wrestles with him. After a few moments, he begins to sob and clings to her.

He holds on like he's never going to let go.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

An ordinary family scene. The kids are finishing their tea, whilst COLLETTE and her MOTHER wash up. The door opens and in walk COLLETTE'S two brothers, GERRY and PADDY. GERRY is taller and older. He is brooding and handsome, with cropped hair; naturally a leader. But PADDY got all the emotional intelligence. He is shorter and bulkier with long, unkempt hair and a moustache.

PADDY

We heard a rumour our girl was  
back...

He hugs his sister and then kisses his mother. He is obviously the favorite son. GERRY takes a hunk of bread off the side and wipes some of the left-over gravy from MARK'S plate.

GERRY

(with his mouth full)  
You all right, Collette?

She nods. GERRY switches on the TV. The British and Irish Prime Ministers are giving a press conference

GERRY (CONT'D)

You heard about this?

COLLETTE

Yeah.

GERRY

We're busting their balls and  
they want us to settle for a  
piece of fucking paper.

MA.

Mind your language in front of  
the children please, Gerard.

He looks at her.

MA. (CONT'D)

And who's to say it isn't  
something.

Irritated, Gerry turns up the volume. The British Prime Minister, John Major, is answering a question.

MAJOR.

Of course the document entertains  
the possibility of a united  
Ireland. But it also very clearly  
recognises the right of the  
people of Northern Ireland to  
determine their own future.

(MORE)

MAJOR. (CONT'D)  
 Any process must be based on the  
 consent of ALL communities.

We cut back to the newscaster. He intones gravely;

NEWSCASTER  
 But even as the two Prime  
 Ministers made that announcement,  
 police in Northern Ireland  
 discovered a hooded body on the  
 border.

Now we're looking at shots of GINGY's house. Kids toys lie  
 abandoned in the garden.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 The dead man has been named as Mr  
 Gerard 'Gingy' Hughes. His family  
 deny claims that he was a  
 security force informer.

ANGLE on GERRY as he shakes his head slowly in disgust.  
*Fucking touts.*

BACK on the T.V; the segment ends with shots of kids bikes  
 as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLETTE'S BACK YARD - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

...where PADDY is carrying little CATHERINE upon his  
 shoulders. He's playing football with MARK. He collapses  
 and the kids tumble all over him. COLLETTE watches,  
 smiling.

GERRY joins her on the step. He takes in the scene. Maybe --  
 who knows -- he's a little envious. That isn't his style.

GERRY  
 Glad you made it.

She nods, still watching the kids.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
 They're sending the debrief up  
 from Dublin express dispatch.  
 I'll keep it away from Mulgrew.

If this is supposed to be some kind of concession, she's  
 too tired to react. GERRY gets up again and, for a moment,  
 we think he'll place a hand upon her shoulder, but it's  
 beyond him. He disappears into the house.

PADDY joins her. MARK jumps onto his lap again.

PADDY  
 Aaagh! You little bugger. Go  
 shoot at goal. Man U one nil down  
 with a minute to go. Penalty!!!

MARK trudges off happily. PADDY turns to his sister.

PADDY (CONT'D)  
 He's okay.

COLLETTE  
 Is he?

She watches her son strike the football and then jump onto  
 the swing.

PADDY  
 (quieter)  
 How are you?

COLLETTE  
 I'm here.

PADDY  
 Did they know you were coming?

COLLETTE shrugs.

PADDY (CONT'D)  
 Someone high up is squealing,  
 that's for sure...Maybe that's  
 why they're so keen to pack it  
 in.

COLLETTE  
 Is that what's happening?

PADDY  
 Someone's winding this up. You  
 think the Brits would be on the  
 TV if they thought there was no  
 chance it'd come to anything?

COLLETTE  
 What does Gerry say?

PADDY  
 He thinks our great leaders see  
 this crap on the T.V. as a ticket  
 to fancy receptions at the White  
 House.

COLLETTE  
 What's he going to do about it?

PADDY looks at her, suddenly wary, as if this is something  
 best not talked about even with a sister.

PADDY

We made a promise. All of us.

ANGLE on COLLETTE as she bites her lip. PADDY leans closer.

PADDY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

This'll cheer you up. You remember the peeler who tried to put you away for what happened to your boss at the print-works?

She nods.

PADDY (CONT'D)

He's a big wheel now. But not for much longer. This Friday...

He clicks his fingers. This is a different PADDY.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - IN HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

COLLETTE takes the panic button out of her handbag. She looks around for somewhere to hide it, opts for her underwear drawer. She pushes it right to the back.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - IN HER BEDROOM - A FEW HOURS LATER

We hear a cry in the dark. COLLETTE wakes with a jolt to find MARK beside her.

COLLETTE

(whispers)

Mark, is that you?

MARK

My bed is wet.

COLLETTE

Oh...okay.

COLLETTE gets up, dressed only in a T-shirt. She feels his pajamas in the dark. The bottoms are soaking.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Take these off.

She wraps him in a towel and lays his sleepy head down on her pillow, before going through to...

INT. MARK AND CATHERINE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where she strips his bed as CATHERINE sleeps on.

COLLETTE kisses her daughter and strokes her head, before returning to...

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

...where her mother is waiting.

MA.  
Is he all right?

COLLETTE  
Yeah.

A beat.

MA.  
He hasn't done this for months.

Ma doesn't budge.

MA. (CONT'D)  
You should never have got involved, Collette.

COLLETTE  
Ma, please...you wouldn't say that to the boys.

COLLETTE squeezes past her mother.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
Goodnight Ma.

INT. COLLETTE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She climbs back into bed and snuggles her son in the dark. He puts his arms around her neck.

COLLETTE lies awake, staring at the ceiling.

EXT. BELFAST - ALDEGROVE AIRPORT - DAY

A Chinook thuds in. DAVID RYAN tips out the back and walks to the perimeter wire, where he is greeted by his new PARTNER.

RYAN  
Detective Inspector?

They shake hands.

ALLEN  
Brian Allen.

RYAN

David Ryan.

We follow them to ALLEN's beaten up saloon.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

COLLETTE is in the tiny utility room behind the kitchen, bent over the washing machine, which isn't working.

She puzzles over what's wrong, punches a few buttons and finally gives the door a good KICK. It starts to work again. As she smiles to herself, it springs an alarming leak.

COLLETTE

Shit...Mam!

MA comes in and now the two women fiddle with the dials. Eventually, MA switches it off at the wall and pushes the door shut hard enough to stem the leak.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

You got Paddy to fix it again.

Both women laugh. MA pushes back COLLETTE's hair and kisses her forehead.

INT. ALLEN'S CAR - ON THE ROAD INTO BELFAST - DAY.

ALLEN

Don't tell me; they signed you up at Oxford?

RYAN smiles. Not a lot he can say here. Allen glances at his watch.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Midday, Linenhall Street?

Ryan nods.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Think she'll show? Or was she just taking you for a ride?

Ryan doesn't answer. This guy is going to be a barrel of laughs...

EXT. THE FALLS ROAD IN WEST BELFAST - DAY

COLLETTE is taking MARK to school, an arm around his shoulder. They pass an army patrol routinely deployed to protect Catholics from Protestants and vice versa. In Catholic areas like this, they long ago became the ENEMY.

A soldier suddenly blocks her way. He's an older guy with a rugged face, but he's friendly. Or at least polite.

SOLDIER

(points)

We need to check your bag, Ma'am.

She lets him search it. There's no point in a confrontation.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Your pockets.

COLLETTE

Sargeant, I'm just taking my son to school.

But he's not budging. She spreads her arms.

SOLDIER

Perhaps you'd be kind enough to step into the doorway here.

COLLETTE frowns. But the guy is still being extremely polite, so she complies.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

If you could put your arms against the wall.

She shakes her head, but does so. The LONG RAINCOAT she is wearing is spread wide, like a bat's wings. Or a screen...

The soldier checks her raincoat pockets.

He begins with her right wrist. The search is tight. It is slow.

Too slow.

COLLETTE

I'm just taking my son to school, Sargeant.

No answer.

Elbows.

Shoulders.

Arm-pits.

Waist.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Is this necessary?

Ribs. Slower still.

Breasts.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Jesus!

As she tries to break away, he takes hold of her hair with his left-hand and grips tight.

SOLDIER

Stay there, Miss McVeigh, and take what's coming to you. Or you're in Castlereagh for the night and we'll put your boy down in East Belfast to wander the streets alone.

He puts a hand down her blouse, in her bra, cups her nipple.

TIGHT on COLLETTE's face as she turns away, bites her lip.

CLOSE on MARK. He knows something is wrong.

The soldier slips his hand out.

Back to her waist.

Slower still.

Hips.

Thigh.

Knee.

Inner thigh.

The band of her knickers.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Since your brothers blew his legs off...

Into her knickers.

TIGHT on COLLETTE's face to see a tear roll down her cheek.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

All my friend Joe has to pleasure his wife...

Lower.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Is the little fingers of his right hand...

She breaks away, staggers. She leans against the wall, sobs.

The soldiers move off.

TIGHT on MARK again as he watches her.

INT. ALLEN'S CAR - ON LINENHALL STREET - DAY

ALLEN speaks into a hand-held radio.

ALLEN  
(tense)  
Have you got her?

EXT. NEARBY STREET - CONTINUOUS.

A man selling newspapers speaks into a hidden microphone.

MAN  
Negative.

INT. ALLEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS.

ALLEN checks his watch.

ALLEN  
Where is she Mr. Ryan?

No answer.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
Perhaps you're not as persuasive  
as you'd like to think.

RYAN doesn't dignify that with a response either. They wait.

RYAN  
You want to tell me why you're  
here?

No answer.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You see all the material anyway,  
but your bosses go right to the  
top to get themselves cut in on  
the deal. Why?

No answer.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You don't know or you won't say?

ALLEN  
I don't believe in conspiracy  
theories.

BRIAN ALLEN hasn't got this far in Northern Ireland's shadowy war by giving a straight answer to a straight question. He scans the street one last time.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
(into the radio)  
Let's go!

The driver guns the car away. We are close on RYAN's face to witness his humiliation.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
Time to pull your little friend  
in, Mr Ryan. And she'd better  
have a damned good excuse...

EXT. THE FALLS ROAD - BELFAST - DAY

We pick up COLLETTE as she approaches her son's school...

INT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - A MINUTE LATER

We're CLOSE on MARK's face as he waits for his mum in the classroom and catch his DELIGHT as she arrives. Watching this reunion, the HEADTEACHER approaches. She has a kindly manner.

HEADTEACHER  
Miss. McVeigh, I'm sorry to  
trouble you. Could you spare a  
few minutes?

It's obvious she means without MARK.

COLLETTE  
(touching his shoulder)  
I won't be long.

The head takes her down to an office. She produces a child's picture. It depicts a man with a gun lying in a pool of blood.

HEADTEACHER  
I thought you should see this.  
It's not the first.

COLLETTE stares at the painting. She doesn't look like she really wants to deal with it.

HEADTEACHER (CONT'D)

I know that Mark's father was killed just before he came to us, Miss. McVeigh, but I worry that-

COLLETTE

Mark's father was murdered Mrs. Davies.

HEADTEACHER

(hesitant)

Yes. I understand he was a Volunteer-

COLLETTE

He was a patriot.

HEADTEACHER

Miss. McVeigh, I don't seek to make a judgement. I just want to draw your attention to the fact that your son is struggling to concentrate on his school work.

COLLETTE

(chastened)

I understand.

HEADTEACHER

Your mother said that Mark had been upset by your recent absence, so perhaps that explains it.

The HEAD is making a point here. COLLETTE folds up the painting.

COLLETTE

(frosty now)

Thank you, Mrs. Davies. I appreciate your concern.

EXT. FALLS ROAD - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

COLLETTE walks home with MARK in the gathering darkness. She drapes an arm around him.

COLLETTE

How was school?

MARK

Fine.

COLLETTE

How were your lessons?

MARK

Fine.

COLLETTE

What was the best bit of the day?

He thinks about it.

MARK

When you came to pick me up.

COLLETTE pulls him tighter.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

COLLETTE comes through the door and throws her keys in the pot. Her mother is cooking the kids dinner, but she's tense.

MA.

You have a visitor.

COLLETTE frowns at her mother's demeanor and tone. She walks through to...

EXT. COLLETTE'S BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS.

...where a man is sitting with his back to her, bouncing CATHERINE upon his lap. He turns. It is KEVIN MULGREW.

MULGREW.

Collette; what about you'se?

COLLETTE tries to conceal her fear.

COLLETTE

Hello, Kevin.

MULGREW.

That's a beautiful little girl you have here...

CATHERINE doesn't look too sure. COLLETTE scoops her up. MULGREW stands.

COLLETTE

I have to give the kids tea.

MULGREW.

A Volunteer is never off duty Collette.

COLLETTE

Neither is a mother.

He smiles. It's a repellent gesture. He picks up his coat.

MULGREW.

We need to talk about London. But only when you're ready, Collette.

She stares at him, unsure of how she is expected to respond.

PADDY arrives through the back gate. We sense immediately that he cannot abide this man.

PADDY

What the hell's he doing here?

COLLETTE

It's all right, Paddy. He's just leaving.

MULGREW.

I'm doing my job, Volunteer McVeigh.

PADDY

Then fuck off and do it somewhere else.

MULGREW looks irritated.

MULGREW.

(to Collette, terse)  
We'll talk.

He leaves. PADDY takes his sister's arm.

PADDY

What did he want?

COLLETTE

It's about London.

PADDY

What's the problem?

COLLETTE

I don't know.

PADDY thinks about this a moment and then we FOLLOW as he ducks back through the gate to the alley.

PADDY's P.O.V. as he stalks down the narrow lane to where his brother GERRY is standing in open ground. GERRY is talking to his wife CHRISTY, a slim and attractive brunette. His seven-year-old son LIAM stands patiently by his side. He's a kid always looking for his Dad's attention but rarely getting it.

CHRISTY shoots her brother-in-law a long-suffering -- maybe even barbed -- grin and melts away. When they are out of earshot;

PADDY

Did you see that wanker Mulgrew?

GERRY

No.

PADDY

He's been hassling Collette.

GERRY

He's doing his job.

PADDY

Bollocks. He's a leadership stooge trying to shit in your back-yard.

GERRY

He's just sniffin' around.

PADDY

Our sister.

GERRY doesn't look like he wants to get involved.

GERRY

He smoked out Gingy Hughes in Tyrone, so now he has a free hand up here. That's the right call. It's the way it has to be.

PADDY

You can be a naive bastard, d' you know that? We've been telling them there's a tout high up for years. So how come they decide *now's* the time for another mole hunt?

For a moment -- the briefest of heartbeats -- Gerry looks like he's wondering why his brother is asking these questions. But the shadow passes.

PADDY (CONT'D)

They're shitting their pants there's gonna' be a fight. And you're the guy to lead it. So they'll need a way to stitch you up. That's what Mulgrew is here for.

EXT. STREET - CAMDEN - DAY

EDDIE MCILLHATTON approaches a second-hand book-shop...

INT. BOOK-SHOP - CAMDEN - CONTINUOUS.

A frumpy middle-aged woman in reception nods at him, but he ignores her and plunges down the back stairs to a small basement.

Standard lamps, photographs, the smell of glue...a forgers paradise. On a stool, MAX CAMPBELL; chain-smoking, fifties, half-German, half-Irish. He looks over his half-rimmed glasses.

CAMPBELL  
Your Gerry's man?

MCILLHATTON  
I was told no names.

CAMPBELL rolls his eyes. Kids. MCILLHATTON tips the stolen pass onto the table, along with photographs of GERRY and COLLETTE. CAMPBELL looks at them.

CAMPBELL  
Good lookin' bird. Who is she?

MCILLHATTON  
You don't need to know.

CAMPBELL  
(shaking his head)  
Two days. And make sure you have the cash. You can remind our Gerry that I'm not a bloody charity.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - EARLY MORNING.

COLLETTE lies awake. Both MARK and CATHERINE are snuggled beside her, fast asleep. All is quiet.

We hold it long.

Too long.

There's a distant rumble, then...

CRASH CUT TO:

EXT. COLLETTE'S STREET - A SPLIT SECOND LATER

The dawn calm is broken as a convoy of armored Land Rovers tears around the corner. Armed officers tip out.

ALLEN and RYAN are behind them. They hang back as the uniforms sledgehammer COLLETTE's front door...

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS.

The UNIFORMS' P.O.V. as they charge upstairs...

Screams and shouts from neighbors outside, A helicopter overhead.

COLLETTE is on the landing, dressed only in a T-shirt and knickers.

COLLETTE

What are you doing?

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Get dressed Miss. McVeigh. You are under arrest on suspicion of attempted murder. You have the right to remain silent, but anything you do say may be taken down and later used in court as evidence against you.

ON MARK'S FACE as he emerges from the bedroom.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS.

Officers pile in and fan out to search the ground floor...

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - LANDING - CONTINUOUS.

MA Steps out of her room.

MA.

What the hell do you think you're doing?

UNIFORMED OFFICER

I'd ask you not to get involved, ma'am.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS.

Chaos. Quick cuts as:

Two officers pull a drawer from a desk.

Another sweeps his hand along a kitchen cabinet, tipping everything onto the floor.

A fourth rips the back away from a television.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - LANDING - CONTINUOUS.

MARK looks like he's about to wet himself again.

MARK  
What is it, Mam?

COLLETTE ushers him gently back towards the bedroom.

COLLETTE  
It's okay, Marky.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

She tries to close the door behind her, but the officer follows...

COLLETTE  
Leave us!

He doesn't budge.

UNIFORMED OFFICER (O.S.)  
Get dressed quickly, Miss.  
McVeigh.

MARK and CATHERINE stare as she dresses hurriedly.

MARK  
What's happening? Why are the men  
here?

COLLETTE falls to her knees. She pulls them both to her.

COLLETTE  
(tearful)  
I have to go out. Grandma will  
look after you.

MARK  
Where will they take you?

COLLETTE  
I'll be back before you know it.

UNIFORMED OFFICER (O.S.)  
Now please, Miss McVeigh.

COLLETTE breaks off...

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - LANDING - CONTINUOUS.

She reaches the landing where MA bars the way. Her face is steely.

MA.  
Leave her.

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
Please step out of the way Mrs.  
McVeigh.

MA.  
We've had enough.

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
We've all had enough.

MA.  
She's a mother.

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
And I'm a father, but that won't  
stop you cutting me down.

They stare at each other a moment and then he roughly  
thrusts her aside. The children begin to cry.

MARK  
Mammy!

Quick cuts as they march her out:

COLLETTE'S P.O.V. as she is forced down the stairs.

ANGLE on MARK and CATHERINE'S faces as their grandmother  
pulls them to her side.

CLOSE on the UNIFORMED OFFICER'S grim expression as he  
brings up the rear.

CRASH CUT TO:

EXT. COLLETTE'S STREET - CONTINUOUS.

ANGLE on COLLETTE'S face as she passes RYAN en route to the  
back of the Land Rover. If looks could kill...

CRASH CUT TO:

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - SECONDS LATER.

MA tries to calm the children.

INT. CASTLEREAGH HOLDING CENTRE - DAY

COLLETTE is signed in, marched down a corridor. Detainees'  
clothes hang (concealed by a cloth sack) on a peg outside  
each door. She hears a voice...

VOICE (O.S.)  
 I'm Richard McIlwaine,  
 Republican. If you're Republican,  
 tell 'em nothing!

COLLETTE breaks free and hammers the door.

COLLETTE  
 Richard, it's Collette!

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Hang in there, Collette. Tell 'em  
 nothing!

COLLETTE is roughly man-handled down the corridor and into  
 a cell.

INT. CASTLEREAGH HOLDING CENTRE - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

RYAN takes a seat opposite COLLETTE. He places her file on  
 the desk.

Waits.

RYAN  
 Where were you?

COLLETTE  
 I took the kids to Disneyland.

RYAN thumps the table so hard she jumps.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
 I was looking after them! I...I  
 couldn't get away!

He stands, leans towards her.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
 It's what happened!

RYAN  
 I save you from a lifetime in a  
 stinking prison cell and you're  
 going to sit here and tell me you  
 didn't turn up because you  
 couldn't find a fucking nanny!

She's rattled. His anger is frightening.

COLLETTE  
 I was thinking.

RYAN  
 About *what*?

COLLETTE

About what you asked me to do.  
I thought of running.

RYAN

We'd find you.

COLLETTE

I guessed that.

He sits, shakes his head.

RYAN

You've got one more chance,  
Collette. If I have to pull you  
in again, you're down that  
corridor looking at a charge  
sheet.

She nods slowly. He opens a note-pad.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I need something now, so start  
talking. Have you seen your  
brothers?

COLLETTE

Yeah.

RYAN

What does Gerry think of the  
'Declaration.'

COLLETTE

Not much.

RYAN

What's he going to do about it?

COLLETTE

I don't know.

RYAN

He was round at your house  
yesterday, just after the  
document was signed. It was all  
over the TV news. What did he say  
about it?

She stares at the table top.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Come on, Collette!

COLLETTE

You said they wouldn't be  
hurt...you promised.

RYAN

Of course.

COLLETTE

I don't want 'of course.' I need to know.

RYAN

I gave you my word.

COLLETTE

(hesitates)

There's something tomorrow.

A beat.

RYAN

Go on.

She won't.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Go on, Collette.

COLLETTE

Paddy's going to kill the detective who tried to put me away for the murder of my boss at the print works. Henderson's his name. He's a big shot now.

RYAN

What time?

COLLETTE

He didn't say.

RYAN

Where?

COLLETTE

I don't know. That's all I can tell you.

INT. A CAR IN A CITY CENTRE CAR PARK - NIGHT.

RYAN is in the back with COLLETTE. BRIAN ALLEN is at the wheel.

RYAN

Let's go over it again.

COLLETTE

I've got it.

RYAN  
 (steely)  
 Again.

COLLETTE gazes out of the window.

COLLETTE  
 I was questioned by a detective  
 and by a man from London who  
 called himself Mr...Jenkins. I  
 know...I assumed he was MI5.

RYAN  
 What did he ask you?

COLLETTE  
 He wanted to know why I had been  
 away from Belfast last week.  
 Where was I? What had I been  
 doing?

RYAN  
 Did he know you were in England?

COLLETTE  
 Suspected...constant questions.  
 Wasn't I here? Didn't I do this?

RYAN  
 Mulgrew's a cunning piece of  
 shit. Maybe he won't come at you  
 right away. Don't drop your  
 guard.

They wait.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 It's time to go, Collette.

She continues to gaze at the black night. Seems like she  
 doesn't want to go out there. She shivers.

He reaches out and closes a fist around her's.

A beat. Electric again. She does not meet his gaze.

COLLETTE steps out and walks rapidly away into the  
 darkness. She does not look back.

ALLEN and RYAN lock eyes.

Now the game is dangerous...

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN BELFAST - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE TASKING CO-ORDINATING GROUP - NIGHT.

Through an internal window, we can see a group of men around a table. There are maps of Belfast on all the walls. Police Chief TREVOR LONG, sits at the head. Beside him we pick up a grim-faced BRIAN ALLEN. He looks like he's arguing the toss about something as...

We spin to see RYAN striding down the corridor. He's furious...

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - TASKING CO-ORDINATING GROUP - CONTINUOUS.

He bursts in.

Silence.

RYAN  
Tell me this is bullshit.

LONG  
Close the door, Mr Ryan and, sit down.

RYAN  
I've just got a call to--

LONG  
(sternly)  
Sit down.

RYAN closes the door, but remains standing.

RYAN  
(incredulous)  
You want the SAS hiding out in his *garden*?

SENIOR STAFF OFFICER 1  
Derek Henderson is one of our own. We can't just--

RYAN  
(looks at Allen)  
Then our source is dead.

Silence again.

LONG  
Mr Ryan, Paddy McVeigh has been a thorn in our side since before you were born. We have a chance here to--

RYAN  
We've given our word.

SENIOR STAFF OFFICER 1  
This is murder we're talking  
about!

RYAN  
If you lay an ambush, our source  
is finished.

SENIOR STAFF OFFICER 1  
That's not true.

RYAN  
Of course it is! There'll be a  
witch hunt with damned few  
suspects.

LONG leans forward.

LONG  
Nevertheless, Mr Ryan. There are  
moments--

RYAN  
This is *our* source. You demanded  
to be cut in.

LONG  
I don't think you'll find that's  
a productive line of--

RYAN  
I'll have to speak to London.

LONG  
Go right ahead.

The truth dawns on RYAN slowly. LONG already has.

ALLEN  
(quietly)  
Boss, Mr Ryan may have a point.  
The source has potential. We  
could cut the SAS boys out, take  
the edge off it, give our source  
a chance...

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - IN A CORRIDOR - A FEW MINUTES  
LATER.

RYAN and ALLEN by the coffee machine.

RYAN  
Thanks.

A beat.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You want to tell me what's going  
on?

ALLEN shrugs.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You boys demand to be cut in on  
our deal, but you want to burn  
her the first chance you get.

ALLEN gives him a grim smile.

ALLEN  
When you've been around here as  
long as I have, kid, you'll know  
nothing is ever that simple.

He walks away. ALLEN stops, turns.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
Look on the bright side; at least  
she's not in on the operation...

CRASH CUT TO:

INT. COLLETTE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE on COLLETTE's face as she sleeps. A hand is placed  
over her mouth.

PADDY  
(whispers)  
Ssh...it's me.

COLLETTE  
Christ...Paddy. What time is it?

PADDY  
Six.

COLLETTE  
What's going on?

PADDY  
We need you. Kieran Doherty was  
picked up last night.

COLLETTE  
But...

She works through the implications...

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
I can't...the kids.

PADDY  
They'll be fine with Ma.

COLLETTE  
Why do you need me?

PADDY  
(puzzled)  
Get dressed, Collette.

COLLETTE  
I can't. I--

PADDY  
(annoyed)  
Is something wrong?

COLLETTE  
No...no.

PADDY  
Then get dressed.

This is a Paddy we've not yet seen.

EXT. COLLETTE'S HOME - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

COLLETTE walks out of her front door and gets into a beaten up car. A young thug in a baseball cap is behind the wheel. Paddy sits beside him. They are both wearing leather gloves. We switch to...

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE'S P.O.V. as they wind through the desolate dawn streets.

PADDY  
(turning around)  
Henderson pulls out of a cul-de-sac off the Newtownards Road at 7.30 on the nail. It's a silver Granada. You block. We do the rest from the van.

He waits.

PADDY (CONT'D)  
Have you got that Collette?

COLLETTE  
Yeah.

PADDY  
Are you sure?

COLLETTE

Yes.

The driver pulls up and two more thugs in baseball caps emerge from the shadows of a tower block. They squeeze in beside COLLETTE, but don't bother to introduce themselves. They are young and tense and look like they might be high.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

THROUGH THE WINDOW as the car pulls up and they pile into the house. Three AK-Ms lie on the kitchen table, their butts removed to make them easy to conceal. There's also a heap of balaclavas. PADDY checks his watch.

They wait. CLOSE on each face in turn. Nobody meets anyone else's eye.

COLLETTE excuses herself. She climbs the stairs, finds a toilet, sits on it.

She opens the door, crosses the hall. There is a phone beside the bed in the room opposite.

She dials. The call is answered instantly.

VOICE (O.S.)

Can I help?

COLLETTE

(whispers)

I need to speak to the Box Man.

VOICE (O.S.)

One moment please.

COLLETTE

Quickly.

There are footsteps on the stairs.

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS.

One of the baseball cap THUGS is on the bottom step.

THUG

Collette?

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

A voice on the line.

ALLEN (O.S.)

This is Box Man.

COLLETTE  
It's Shadow Dancer.

ALLEN (O.S.)  
What help do you need?

COLLETTE  
I'm in...I'm in. Don't shoot.

There is a knock. The THUG pushes the door back. He looks suspicious.

THUG  
Everything okay?

COLLETTE  
(flustered)  
Sure. Fine...

She's searching for his name.

THUG  
Declan.

COLLETTE  
Of course.

THUG  
Paddy says we've to go.

INT. COLLETTE'S CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

COLLETTE drives. Next to her sits the same thug, DECLAN WALSH. They have been teamed up together.

They follow PADDY and the other men, who are in a beaten up VAN.

EXT. AERIAL.

We SWOOP across the city as the convoy winds through the streets.

INT. COLLETTE'S CAR - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER.

They wait close to the TARGET.

COLLETTE checks her watch. DECLAN avoids her gaze.

ANGLE on the DASHBOARD CLOCK. 7.25. COLLETTE turns the car into Newtonards Road, pulls up against a curb.

The van speeds past them, swings around. The two vehicles now face each other either side of a cul-de-sac.

INT. HENDERSON'S HOUSE ON THE NEWTONARDS ROAD - DAY.

HENDERSON is at his breakfast table, with his wife and two kids.

They eat in silence.

HENDERSON stands, puts on his uniform jacket and moves to the window.

As he looks out, his wife squeezes his shoulder.

INT. COLETTE'S CAR - DAY.

COLLETTE puts on her balaclava.

CLOSE on the DASHBOARD CLOCK as it flips from 7.28 to 7.29.

A beat, then...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS.

Land Rovers tear out of the cul-de-sac. A megaphone blasts out.

VOICE (O.S.)  
You are surrounded. Put down your  
weapons.

Nobody moves.

INT. COLETTE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Terror, confusion.

Another beat, then...DECLAN tips out of the car...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

He RUNS, but is cut down in a HAIL OF BULLETS.

PADDY's face through the window of the van. He's yelling something.

On COLLETTE as bullets thump into her car and RIP UP its tyres.

PADDY'S VAN roars down between the Land Rovers. He flings open the door.

PADDY  
Collette!

Bullets pepper the rear - the van now rocks from the impact.

PADDY (CONT'D)  
Collette!

She jumps out and dives onto Paddy's lap...

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE'S P.O.V. as they speed down to a junction. The van swings left, smashes into a line of parked cars...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS.

Snap-cuts as...

The van tears away -- pedestrians scatter in panic -- Land Rovers pour down narrow side streets.

A police helicopter SWOOPS LOW.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS.

Shot of the pilot's monitor.

PILOT  
(into microphone)  
North on Hollywood.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS.

Quick cuts again as...

RYAN and ALLEN join the pursuit in a battered saloon car.

The VAN jumps a red light, hits another car side on and careers onto a pavement...

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS.

PADDY  
Left!

COLLETTE'S P.O.V. as the driver guns down a straight.

He hits the rear end of another car and spins. He rights himself, accelerates.

A cop Land Rover pulls out of a street in front and the van slams right into it.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS.

It almost turns over and screeches along a line of cars, out of control.

SMASH CUT  
AGAIN TO:

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE'S P.O.V. as the van is brought to a shattering halt by a tree.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS.

They stagger out.

PADDY crouches down and fires off a burst of ammunition towards the pursuing Land Rovers.

PADDY  
Get out of here!

COLLETTE'S P.O.V. as she limps down a side street. She's out of breath.

She turns into a drive, opens a gate...

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE slips across a lawn, tips over the fence at the back to...

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS.

...where she rips off her balaclava and drops it in a hedge.

She walks down the alley and swings left.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The sun is shining. COLLETTE attempts a smile for an old lady walking her dog.

A car comes around the corner fast. The old woman turns in alarm. COLLETTE looks as if she is about to run, but, as it screeches to a halt, RYAN steps out.

RYAN  
Get in.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS.

ALLEN is driving. RYAN climbs into the back seat with her. COLLETTE is shaking now.

COLLETTE  
You said no one would be hurt!

No answer.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
The boy is dead. You murdered  
him!

She stares at her hands. They're still shaking. He grips her wrists.

But she shivers uncontrollably.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
Jesus...

RYAN  
You have to get back out there.

COLLETTE closes her eyes.

A beat.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Now.

He releases her. She waits a moment more, then steps out...

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS.

...and walks briskly to the corner.

ANGLE on a grim-faced RYAN through the window.

EXT. COLLETTE'S GARDEN - AN HOUR LATER

COLLETTE unlocks the back door.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS.

Inside, all is quiet. She leans against the wall, next to the sideboard with photographs of her kid brother Sean, of Gerry and Paddy, of her Mum and Dad, of Mark and Catherine with their father...

She breaks down, in relief, in despair...

We stay with her as she drags herself back together. She wipes her eyes, walks slowly through to...

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

...where her MOTHER is sitting silently at the table.

COLLETTE puts on the kettle.

MA.

I said I'd pick Catherine up from  
playgroup at midday.

COLLETTE takes down two cups and puts a tea bag in each.

MA. (CONT'D)

Do you want me to say it?

COLLETTE

No.

INT. BELFAST POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

RYAN at his desk, on the phone.

RYAN

Anything?

OPERATIONS OFFICER (O.S.)

No sir. Nobody in or out of the  
house except the mother and kids.  
Paddy's gone to ground up in the  
Ardoyne.

RYAN

Mulgrew?

OPERATIONS OFFICER

No sign yet.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - EVENING

We're CLOSE on MARK's face as he struggles with his  
homework. The shot WIDENS to reveal COLLETTE beside him.  
They're reading a book.

COLLETTE

C - A - T. Now let me cover it  
and you can try.

MARK

(hesitantly)

C - A - T

COLLETTE

Brilliant (she closes the book).  
Once more; how do you spell bat?

MARK  
B - A - T.

COLLETTE  
Mat?

MARK  
M - A - T.

COLLETTE  
Car?

MARK  
C - A  
(thinks about it) R.

She hugs him.

COLLETTE  
Superstar.

COLLETTE stands and ruffles his hair. She puts her head around the door of the kitchen, where MA is cooking their tea.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
Mam, I'll be two minutes.

MA.  
Where are you going?

COLLETTE  
I said I'd get Mark some beans for his dinner.

MA.  
I have beans.

COLLETTE looks embarrassed.

COLLETTE  
I'll just be a few minutes.

EXT. COLLETTE'S STREET - SECONDS LATER.

We follow COLLETTE to a NEWSAGENT on the corner...

INT. NEWSAGENT - CONTINUOUS.

...where she picks up a copy of the BELFAST TELEGRAPH. AMBUSHED! yells the headline. COLLETTE reads the story as she walks towards the counter.

NEWSAGENT  
Looks like he's going to be okay.

She glances up. She has no idea what he's talking about.

NEWSAGENT (CONT'D)

The kid the bastards shot. Declan  
Walshe; he's old Marian's son  
from number seventy-nine. She's  
had a rotten life, what with--

COLLETTE

He's dead.

She points to the article. ANGLE on the headline: One dead  
as IRA unit is 'caught in the act.'

NEWSAGENT

(smiles)

My sister's a nurse up at the  
RVH. Word is he's going to pull  
through...

But COLLETTE has already gone...

EXT. COLLETTE'S STREET - CONTINUOUS.

She shoves the newspaper in the bin and stalks towards a  
phone box on the corner.

She's bloody terrified now...

INT. TELEPHONE BOX - CONTINUOUS

COLLETTE dials, hears...

A VOICE (O.S.)

How can I help?

COLLETTE

It's Shadow Dancer. I need to  
speak to Box Man.

A VOICE (O.S.)

One moment please.

She waits impatiently.

RYAN (O.S.)

Yes, Shadow Dancer.

COLLETTE

David?

RYAN (O.S.)

Yes.

COLLETTE

He's alive.

RYAN (O.S.)  
Who is alive?

COLLETTE  
The kid! Declan...I thought you'd  
killed him. I thought he was  
dead!

RYAN (O.S.)  
Calm down, Shadow Dancer.

COLLETTE  
He saw me! When we were in the  
safe house, I went upstairs to  
make that call...to tell you I  
was in. He heard me.

RYAN (O.S.)  
Are you sure?

COLLETTE  
Yes! If I wasn't Paddy's sister,  
he'd have blabbed right there.  
You have to finish him! You have  
to get to the hospital before  
Mulgrew.

RYAN (O.S.)  
We'll deal with it.

COLLETTE cuts the connection. Her head slumps against the  
glass.

EXT. STREET - SECONDS LATER.

She leaves the telephone box and gets only four or five  
paces before she notices KEVIN MULGREW leaning against a  
wall.

He has been watching her.

MULGREW.  
What about you'se Collette?

COLLETTE  
Kevin.

MULGREW.  
We need to talk.

COLLETTE  
I have to get back for the kids.

MULGREW.  
The kids can wait...

He gestures towards a nearby car.

INT. CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

MULGREW is driving.

MULGREW.  
You got a problem with your  
phone, Collette?

COLLETTE  
No.

MULGREW.  
You usually take a walk into the  
night?

COLLETTE  
(trying hard to smile)  
I live with my mother, Kevin. I  
don't want her to hear everything  
I've got to say.

He smiles back. It's enough to make a girl's stomach turn.

IRA. SAFE HOUSE - MINUTES LATER.

MULGREW and COLLETTE sit either side of a formica table. A  
kettle is boiling.

The place is a dump.

MULGREW.  
You want coffee?

COLLETTE  
No thanks.

He stands, makes one for himself. He's in no hurry.

He sips the coffee, lights a cigarette.

MULGREW.  
Paddy's okay.

COLLETTE  
(sighs)  
Thank God.

MULGREW waits.

Sits down, leans forward.

MULGREW.  
When did you first hear about the  
operation, Collette?

A beat. Is it a trap?

COLLETTE  
This morning. In the car.

MULGREW.  
In the car, this mornin'?

COLLETTE  
Yes.

MULGREW.  
You sure about that?

COLLETTE  
Yes.

MULGREW.  
No one mentioned it before then?

COLLETTE  
No.

MULGREW.  
Paddy drop you a few hints...

COLLETTE  
No.

MULGREW.  
...tip you off they were going to  
take out the guy who tried to put  
you away?

She hesitates.

COLLETTE  
No.

MULGREW.  
What if I told you that's not the  
way Paddy remembers it?

She holds his gaze.

COLLETTE  
Then I'd say you're lying. My  
brother wouldn't give you the  
time of day.

MULGREW stubs out his cigarette, gets up slowly, empties  
the ash tray, washes it and returns to his seat.

MULGREW.  
(with cold, hard eyes)  
See, Collette, it's like this;  
only two men knew the time and  
the place. So is it big Gerry  
who's been squealing to the  
Brits? Is it Paddy?

(MORE)

MULGREW. (CONT'D)  
Or did one of them blab his fat  
mouth off to the sister every man  
in Belfast wants to nail to the  
bed?

Silence.

MULGREW. (CONT'D)  
Maybe it's you, Collette.

COLLETTE  
I don't know what you're talking  
about.

MULGREW.  
We lose you in London, but then  
you come home like nothin' ever  
happened. The peelers break down  
your Ma's door and haul you into  
Castlereagh. But you're out again  
by teatime, like *nothin' ever*  
*happened*.

COLLETTE  
They were trying to show they  
knew I'd been away.

MULGREW.  
Who?

COLLETTE  
There was an Englishman and--

MULGREW.  
What was his name?

COLLETTE  
Jenkins.

MULGREW.  
MI5?

COLLETTE  
I guess so.

MULGREW.  
What did he want?

COLLETTE  
Where was I? What had I been  
doing?

MULGREW.  
What did you say?

COLLETTE  
That I'd been staying with an  
aunt in the south.

MULGREW.  
Without the kids?

COLLETTE  
I told him it was a love affair  
that was none of his business.

MULGREW.  
They have any evidence you were  
over the  
water...pictures...surveillance.

COLLETTE  
No

MULGREW.  
Which one asked about London?

COLLETTE  
(frowns)  
Ryan.

A beat. It's a trick he's used before.

MULGREW.  
Who is Ryan?

COLLETTE  
(trying to retain her  
composure)  
The guy from MI5.

MULGREW.  
You said his name was Jenkins.

She hesitates.

COLLETTE  
Ryan Jenkins.

MULGREW.  
You'se were friendly then, first  
name terms?

He stands.

MULGREW. (CONT'D)  
You're red-lighted, Collette.  
Don't leave Belfast for any  
reason.

CRASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON COLLETTE.

She's running down a rain-lashed street, trying to stem the  
FEAR and PANIC.

INT. BELFAST'S ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - RECEPTION DESK -  
MINUTES LATER.

COLLETTE

Seamus...*Declan*, Declan Walshe.

RECEPTIONIST

You don't sound like a relative,  
Miss...

COLLETTE

Murray.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR.

Cops everywhere. COLLETTE ducks into a room, shuts the door, leans against a wall in darkness.

There's a commotion outside. Through a small window in the door, she sees the cops SWEEP PAST.

She steps into the corridor, walks past an abandoned reception desk. Declan Walshe is on his own, on a life support machine. It's dark, there's no one else around...

She moves closer. She's about to switch it off when she realises...

He's dead.

She checks his pulse.

She just makes it back to the room along the corridor before she is VIOLENTLY SICK.

INT. BELFAST POLICE HEADQUARTERS - TREVOR LONG'S OFFICE -  
NIGHT

Rain hammers the window. LONG is behind his desk. He looks in a whole lot better mood. RYAN and ALLEN are seated opposite.

LONG

Dead.

RYAN

She seemed pretty certain that--

LONG

He's gone. We've just had word.

LONG glances over their shoulders at the main office beyond. He has spotted someone through the internal window. He stands.

LONG (CONT'D)  
Well done gentlemen. It's been a  
good day. Keep it up.

Seems like he wants them on their way. They shake hands.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTER - OUTSIDE LONG'S OFFICE -  
CONTINUOUS.

As RYAN and ALLEN emerge they run into two men waiting  
outside. ALLEN nods at them.

ALLEN  
Barry...Dennis.

They nod back. ALLEN takes a few paces, but he's reluctant  
to go. We follow his gaze and see the pair being  
congratulated by TREVOR LONG.

ALLEN now leads the way out to a CORRIDOR. He stops by a  
drinks dispenser, searches for some change and punches the  
button for coffee. The machine spits it out.

RYAN  
I've met the tall guy before.  
Barry...

ALLEN  
Delavine.

RYAN  
East Tyrone...

ALLEN  
He's back in Belfast now: works  
the same side of the street as  
us.

RYAN frowns. Something is clicking into place...

INT.COLLETTE'S HOME - HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alone in the half-darkness, she opens her underwear drawer  
and takes out the emergency bleeper.

For a moment we think she's going to press it, but she  
HURLS IT AGAINST THE WALL. It doesn't break.

She sinks to the floor and covers her face. Mother, sister,  
fighter, bomber, traitor, *tout*...

INT. IRA CHIEF OF STAFF'S DAIRY BARN - SOUTH ARMAGH - NIGHT

The IRA'S CHIEF is milking a cow as KEVIN MULGREW enters. The older man looks every inch the farmer he's been all his life. Without missing a beat, he says...

CHIEF OF STAFF  
Help me move her.

MULGREW looks down at his new red trainers, but he's got no choice. They move the cow and Mulgrew's trainers end up covered in dung. The CHIEF OF STAFF looks pleased about this as he washes his hands in a giant metal basin.

CHIEF OF STAFF (CONT'D)  
Who is it?

MULGREW.  
One of the McVeighs. Hard to know which, but we're working on it.

CHIEF OF STAFF  
What is it you want?

MULGREW.  
Maybe we should lift them all.

CHIEF OF STAFF  
Jesus! You'd start a war. Every eejit lining up against us would say we'd stitched up Gerry to please the Brits.

MULGREW scowls.

MULGREW.  
(insolent)  
Last time I looked, our volunteers hadn't learned to love a tout.

CHIEF OF STAFF  
Then you'd better make sure that's what you've got!

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

RYAN lies on his bed in the darkness, deep in thought.

Suddenly, he gets up, grabs his coat and heads for the door...

EXT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS.

He checks under his car for a bomb -- a routine procedure for all security officers...

INT. RYAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS.

Punches on the RADIO.

NEWS READER (V.O.)  
Peace hopes are rising in Belfast  
this Christmas as the IRA is said  
to be contemplating its first  
ceasefire in more than twenty  
years...

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

RYAN shows his pass and sweeps in...

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

He sits at a secure computer. We watch him punch Henderson  
into the search engine.

We get; FOILED ATTACK ON CID CHIEF DEREK HENDERSON. Paddy  
McVeigh left his abode at 6.29 and proceeded to his family  
home...

Scrolls. Clicks the BACKGROUND button. Now we see Source  
code 642. Source code 886.

Punches the first -- 642 -- into the engine. It flashes  
Access Denied: clearance level 8 required.

Types in 886. Then a password. We're looking at COLLETTE'S  
FILE; CODENAME SHADOW DANCER.

He returns to the search engine, tries MCVEIGH. Hundreds of  
files.

He clicks on GERRY MCVEIGH. It flashes up: WARNING. Gerry  
McVeigh now presents real and present danger to ongoing  
negotiations. DIRECT SOURCE MATERIAL suggests well advanced  
plans for imminent spectacular designed to smash peace  
process.

Hits the BACKGROUND button again.

Source code 642.

He tries to access 642 once more, but it flashes up; Access  
Denied: clearance level 8 required.

RYAN is trying to work it out...

EXT. MILLTOWN CEMETERY - DAY

A panoramic view of dawn breaking over this iconic graveyard at the heart of republican West Belfast -- the IRA's heartland. We sweep in to pick out two lonely figures winding through the headstones. COLLETTE and her MOTHER walk arm in arm. MA carries two bunches of flowers and a brand new LIVERPOOL scarf.

They stop before a grave. The headstone reads; SEAN MICHAEL MCVEIGH, BELOVED SON, MURDERED BY CROWN FORCES

MA places one of the bunches in the vase and slips the Liverpool scarf around the headstone.

The two women lean their heads together.

They walk, arms still linked, down the line to another grave. DAVEY MCGRAW, BELOVED FRIEND AND FATHER, MURDERED BY CROWN FORCES.

COLLETTE has no flowers to lay here. We watch her face. What would it say on her headstone? *The woman who betrayed them all...*

MA notices COLLETTE's cheeks are damp and brushes the tears tenderly away.

EXT. FALLS ROAD - DAY

A group of men in black leather jackets, white shirts, black ties and black shoes wait to carry DECLAN WALSH's coffin. They're surrounded by a crowd of mourners outside a terraced house.

NEW ANGLE: Cops dressed in riot gear pack the street.

NEW ANGLE: GERRY MCVEIGH waits in the crowd, dressed in a green corduroy jacket.

NEW ANGLE: A helicopter 'eye in the sky' hovers.

NEW ANGLE: a shot from its monitor reveals the cops fanning out into dozens of surrounding streets. It looks like a siege. In a sense, it is.

NEW ANGLE: The RUC -- the police -- commander taps a wooden baton against his leg. As the coffin is brought out of the house, draped in the Irish flag, he steps forward. He approaches GERRY MCVEIGH.

COMMANDER

We agreed there'd be none of this.

GERRY ignores him, nods for the pallbearers to continue. The officer raises his stick.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

No paramilitary displays. You're not going to bury this man as a soldier, McVeigh. Not on my watch.

GERRY

I don't see any sign of a military display.

COMMANDER

That's a colour party.

GERRY

It's a few grieving men.

COMMANDER

Split them up and have others carry it, or this is going nowhere.

GERRY stares at the man. He oozes a visceral, tribal hatred, like those around him. The funeral of an IRA Volunteer killed by crown forces is a moment of huge emotional resonance.

But a confrontation would upset the family. Reluctantly, he nods to the men to indicate he concedes.

INT. CHURCH - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

The coffin has reached the church, but there is no respite. GERRY MCVEIGH sits close to the front of the mourners with COLLETTE beside him.

PRIEST

(from the pulpit)

Whatever message we may wish to give to the massed ranks of the crown forces who besiege this church today, whatever hatred we may tell ourselves it is out right to harbour in our hearts, I must say this to the paramilitary leaders; why did you send this young man to his death?

On GERRY as he tries to retain his composure.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

After so many years of bitterness, what do you hope to achieve with this daily litany of death? Peace, as Yeats once told us, may come dropping slow, *but come it must...*

We're CLOSE again on Gerry. He didn't come here to be lectured by a priest...

INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE - A REPUBLICAN 'COMMUNITY CENTRE' - AN HOUR LATER.

The IRA is using the funeral as cover for a meeting. Perhaps two hundred people are gathered, mostly men. We pick out GERRY, PADDY and COLLETTE in the crowd.

The CHIEF OF STAFF is on his feet.

CHIEF OF STAFF  
If we move now, if we're bold, we  
can isolate the Brits once and  
for all.

ANGLE on an IRA hardliner called FOX. He's another farmer, head of the East Tyrone Brigade.

FOX  
(from the front row)  
How's that, Seamus?

CHIEF OF STAFF  
We've got Dublin on board.  
Washington stands ready. But they  
need something from us.

A moment's silence. The audience is highly sceptical.

ON COLLETTE as she checks out the faces.

ON KEVIN MULGREW. He's watching her.

ON GERRY. The men around him await his intervention. No doubt he's the rebel leader.

GERRY  
(slowly, like this is  
hard to credit)  
You want a ceasefire now?

CHIEF OF STAFF  
We're not there yet, Gerry.

GERRY  
But that's what you want?

CHIEF OF STAFF  
We have to test out--

GERRY  
What's on the table?

CHIEF OF STAFF

The Brits are talkin' about a serious response to any gesture we--

GERRY

What's on the table is the square route of fuck all.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Gerry, it's a different way. We all know that. But the cutting edge of the IRA's sword is always going to be there, always ready...

FOX and GERRY catch each other's eye.

GERRY

What happens if we don't want to ride along with your fancy plan?

CHIEF OF STAFF

We'll persuade you.

GERRY

And what happens if we won't be persuaded?

CHIEF OF STAFF

You will be...

GERRY doesn't like that. He turns to whisper something in PADDY'S ear. There are murmurs of dissent. Someone mutters 'Sell out'. We find COLLETTE as she slips away...

EXT. COLLETTE'S STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

The snow is still falling and Christmas decorations are much in evidence as COLLETTE walks home.

A voice behind her.

MULGREW (O.S.)

You runnin' away Collette?

She spins around.

COLLETTE

Christ! Kevin...you gave me a shock.

ANGLE on his red trainers. They're spotlessly clean again.

MULGREW.

What did you'se think?

COLLETTE  
About what?

MULGREW.  
Back there.

COLLETTE  
(shrugs)  
Errm...I dunno.

MULGREW.  
Looked like you were listening  
hard.

COLLETTE  
It's not good to think of giving  
up.

MULGREW.  
Is that what we're doing?

COLLETTE  
Maybe...(shakes her head)No...

MULGREW.  
There've always been quitters,  
Collette, traitors, touts...

He stares at her.

COLLETTE  
Kevin, I have to--

MULGREW.  
You got plans?

COLLETTE  
Into town. Just the kids'  
presents...

MULGREW.  
Happy Christmas, Collette.

And he turns away.

EXT. BELFAST CITY CENTRE - SHOPPING PRECINCT - DAY

COLLETTE steps off a bus, walks into the pedestrian area.

Looks over her shoulder.

Two young thugs ON HER TAIL.

She goes into a shop. They loiter outside. She looks at  
kids clothes, tries to concentrate...

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

RYAN at the computer again. He has COLLETTE'S file up in front of him, but he is on the telephone to his boss in London.

BUCHANAN (O.S.)

David, you're getting paranoid.  
It happens. I strongly advise you  
to--

RYAN

They've got an agenda.

BUCHANAN

They also have intelligence!  
Trevor Long has just told the PM  
Gerry McVeigh is planning  
something within weeks. I see no  
such specific reporting from our  
source.

RYAN

But she's--

BUCHANAN

Not delivering! Exactly. So I'm  
not interested in whether Mulgrew  
and his jackals are close, or  
whether you think the cops have  
ulterior motives - it would  
hardly be the first bloody time.  
Just get on her back and stay  
there!

BUCHANAN cuts the connection. RYAN looks at the receiver for a moment and then smashes the head clean off on the side of the desk. He nonchalantly puts the remainder in the bin.

EXT. ANDERSONSTOWN TRAVEL AGENT - BELFAST - NIGHT

An attractive YOUNG GIRL is locking up. With a start, she notices GERRY leaning against the wall behind her.

GIRL

Jesus! You gave me a shock.

But it's clearly a pleasant one.

INT. BEDROOM - IRA SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

GERRY and the GIRL fuck vigorously. Afterwards, in the dark;

GIRL  
 Wolf Tone called. The passes are  
 ready. And he has the boat.

GERRY gets up, still buck naked. He lights a cigarette,  
 pulls back the edge of the curtain and looks out.

GIRL (CONT'D)  
 You never relax, Gerry, you know  
 that? Not even when you're doing  
 it to me.

He looks at her like she's from a different planet.

And glances out of the window again...

INT. THE ROCK PUB - ON THE ANDERSONSTOWN ROAD - NIGHT

GERRY and PADDY nurse a pint of Guinness each in the corner  
 of a bar. A band is playing Christmas carols, badly.

PADDY  
 (taken aback)  
 No.

Paddy shakes his head. A beat.

PADDY (CONT'D)  
 Say it.

GERRY  
 They knew the time, the place,  
 the target...

PADDY  
 Say the word and you're a dead  
 man.

They stare at each other.

PADDY (CONT'D)  
 Fuck you!

He stands.

GERRY  
 Sit down, Paddy.

PADDY  
 What the hell has happened to  
 you?

A few other people in the pub have noticed the argument,  
 but are trying very hard to pretend they haven't.

GERRY  
 (quieter)  
 We need to talk.

PADDY  
 I know you like to think you're  
 the conscience of this war,  
 Gerry. But you're gonna end up  
 fightin' it all on your own...

PADDY pushes back his chair and storms out.

INT. ALLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CHRISTMAS EVE in the ALLEN household: a happy family scene. ALLEN has a bottle of port and a box of cigars in his hand and is squiring RYAN through to his study.

As they go, ALLEN'S attractive blonde daughter shoots their guest an ADMIRING GLANCE.

The pair sit in deep arm chairs in front of a roaring fire. ALLEN pours two glasses of port and offers the box of cigars.

RYAN  
 No thanks.

ALLEN  
 Come on. It'll kill you quicker.

ALLEN lights one for himself, sits back.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
 Now you steer clear of her, d'ya  
 hear?

RYAN smiles. Like he'd dare.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
 Bloody daughters. Nothing but  
 trouble.

They stare into the fire.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
 You must be missing your family.  
 (Shakes his head) Tough being  
 away...

RYAN  
 Not really.

ALLEN  
 I'm sorry to hear that.

RYAN doesn't answer. No point in talking about it. But for a moment, he seems lonely...

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
Your old man was in the military?

RYAN allows himself the shadow of a smile. BRIAN ALLEN is a smart enough cop to have done his research.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
He died over here.

RYAN  
Don't worry; they put me through the psych assessments. South Armagh. Some guy who got plugged by the army the following year. Nothing to do with what we're working on.

ALLEN stares into the fire. That wasn't what he was getting at.

ALLEN  
I can see you want to make sense of it. That's only natural.

RYAN  
Which source has the code 642?

ALLEN shrugs, like he doesn't know what RYAN is talking about.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
I was asking myself what Barry Delavine was doing in the Chief's office the other day; why would another agent handler be getting a slap on the back on the same day as us?

No answer.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
But then, it was obvious; another handler means another agent. Close enough to Shadow Dancer to know about the same operation.

ALLEN  
Speculation.

RYAN  
Fact. Source 642. Who is he?

ALLEN  
Code-name Foxglove. That's all I know.

RYAN  
It can't be Gerry.

ALLEN  
It could be anyone.

RYAN  
Paddy.

ALLEN doesn't react.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
That's why you guys demanded to be cut in on the deal. Trevor Long thinks your man is more important than Collette. If Mulgrew gets too close, she'll be thrown to the wolves to protect him.

ALLEN is grim-faced now.

ALLEN  
I've known worse outcomes.

RYAN stares at him. He can't quite believe he heard that. He leans forward...

RYAN  
So you're telling me that--

ALLEN  
Don't make it personal, David.

RYAN  
She's put her life in our hands. How much more personal can you get?

ALLEN puts down his glass.

ALLEN  
Listen to me. When I started out in this game, I was based in a small town in East Tyrone. And my friend Jim introduced me to a bright, funny lad called Joe, who worked with him on a building site. Now Joe was from a large, poor catholic family and often came to work without any lunch. So my friend Jim, who was a big-hearted fella', used to get his wife to make up an extra sandwich every day to share. The two became close; real pals.

(MORE)

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Maybe that's why Jim let slip that he was a part-time soldier. What our friends in the IRA like to call a legitimate target. Three weeks later, Jim heard an explosion outside his house and came out to find Joe bleeding to death on his drive. He'd been trying to plant a bomb under Jim's car.

ALLEN draws on his cigar.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Of course, Joe's pals in the IRA had scarpered: they were real brave fellas'. So it was down to Jim to cradle his old friend as he lay dying.

A beat.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

It's a war, David. And our job is to protect those who have decided not to debase themselves. You of all people should understand that.

RYAN

Even you can't believe it's that simple.

ALLEN

You don't think so? Have you followed her to the grave of the boss she murdered?

RYAN

Yes. And to Milltown, where she buried the little brother we gunned down in the street.

ALLEN

What about her boyfriend? Have you seen her putting flowers by *his* headstone?

RYAN shakes his head.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

That's because he was a filthy little bastard, who used to like to give her a slap. She ever tell you about that? And you know who used to see the bruises and look after her and give her time off work...

RYAN

She only got involved after we--

ALLEN

Aaagh! She's always been *involved*. That's a distinction you Oxford boys like to make. Maybe she only decided to *pull the trigger* after we killed her fella', but she's never been an angel, my friend. You want to know how many IRA men she's lain on her back for?

RYAN doesn't like that.

RYAN

She's vulnerable.

ALLEN

Sure she is. So a good agent, but not a great one. Sometimes, we have to choose...

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

It's Christmas day in the MCVEIGH HOUSEHOLD. COLLETTE is working through a mountain of washing up. Her MOTHER is drying.

ANGLE on a newspaper folded on the side. EXCLUSIVE; IRA HARDLINERS REJECT PEACE BID.

The rest of the family are watching T.V. next door and, as the Queen's annual broadcast, comes on we hear;

GERRY (O.S.)

Switch that stupid bitch off!

The T.V is turned over. MA glances at the washing up still to be done and smiles at COLLETTE

MA

I blame myself. Your father never lifted a finger either.

COLLETTE

Good to see Christy's got her Christmas back again...

MA smiles.

She turns around and steps into the doorway...

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

You could cut the tension in here with a knife. CHRISTY, GERRY and PADDY stare at the T.V.

MA  
Coffee?

PADDY  
(without much  
conviction)  
I'll make it.

MA  
You're all right love. I wouldn't  
want you to tire yourself out.

Nobody smiles. MA shakes her head.

GERRY's son LIAM has been driving a remote controlled car around the floor and at this moment he's so excited he knocks over the table GERRY's glass of beer has been standing on. GERRY leaps to his feet, soaked.

GERRY  
For fuck's sake! What the hell is  
wrong with you?

LIAM is stunned. He was so happy for a moment there. He bursts out of the room and charges up the stairs.

CHRISTY throws GERRY a furious look and follows.

GERRY sets about clumsily cleaning up the mess, but MA pushes him aside. He storms out...

EXT. COLLETTE'S BACK YARD - A MINUTE LATER.

GERRY and MA stand together. It's snowing. GERRY is smoking a cigarette.

GERRY  
(shaking his head)  
Don't start, Ma. Not today.

MA  
Look what it's doing to you.

GERRY sighs, throws away his cigarette.

A beat.

GERRY  
Sometimes, at night, I can feel  
his body in my hands...*What's  
happening, Gerry?*  
(MORE)

GERRY (CONT'D)  
*It hurts, it really hurts...* Like  
 I'm back there...

MA squeezes his shoulder.

MA  
 You've paid your dues.

GERRY  
 Our dues will never be paid.

MA  
 I'd like you to stop using Sean's  
 memory to bully Paddy and  
 Collette. They've had enough.

GERRY  
 (stung)  
 He was our brother.

MA  
 (angry)  
 And my son!

She shakes her head.

MA (CONT'D)  
 He was my son.

With a look of sudden resignation -- even desolation -- MA  
 turns away.

We LINGER on GERRY'S FACE. They're all quitters. Every last  
 damned one of them.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - A BEDROOM UPSTAIRS - A FEW MINUTES  
 LATER.

CHRISTY and LIAM on the bed, both with tear-stained eyes.  
 GERRY sits down, puts an arm around his son.

GERRY  
 I'm sorry.

He pulls LIAM to him. CHRISTY cries again, but whether in  
 happiness or sorrow it's hard to tell.

EXT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CARRIAGE GATE - DAY

MCILHATTON watches from the crowd as the Prime Minister's  
 Jaguar sweeps in. He glances up at Big Ben. It's 3.10  
 exactly.

EXT. A SNOWY HILLTOP FIELD IN SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

GERRY MCVEIGH and the rebel IRA commander DECLAN FOX stand on the edge of a wood. FOX has a shotgun under his arm. He's been killing rabbits. COLLETTE stands nearby, out of earshot.

FOX

It's sedition. You'll get no support here.

GERRY

It's not support I want. I need to know there'll be no witch-hunt when it's done.

FOX raises the shotgun, so that it points at GERRY's stomach.

FOX

You're a traitor, McVeigh, and I ought to blow your balls right back to Belfast...

GERRY

(without flinching)

It's not me who wants to sell us out.

FOX

Our leaders have sweated blood on this. So who do you speak for?

GERRY

All those who can no longer speak for themselves and deserved something better.

FOX

Like what?

GERRY

Like a result that bears a passing resemblance to what we've been fighting for.

FOX smiles slyly and lowers his gun.

He glances at COLLETTE, starts walking. GERRY falls in beside him.

FOX

I'll keep it to myself. I'll give you that much chance, if you've the balls to go through with it. If you act quickly, if it's as big as you say, maybe you'll carry people. *Maybe.*

(MORE)

FOX (CONT'D)

As to afterwards, I'm making no promises.

EXT. COLLETTE'S BACK YARD - DAY

MULGREW slips through the gate and reaches the BACK DOOR. He glances around him before PICKING THE LOCK...

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

He waits until he's sure he's alone.

MULGREW'S P.O.V. as he looks at the photos on the mantel-piece.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

He checks the cereal cupboard, the drawers, the fridge...

INT. GERRY'S CAR - SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

GERRY is driving. COLLETTE sits beside him.

GERRY

Sorry I made you come along.

COLLETTE

That's okay.

GERRY

The Brits don't look so hard with a girl like you in the seat.

She doesn't answer. She knows this. It wasn't why he asked her to come with him.

GERRY (CONT'D)

What time do you have to pick up Mark?

COLLETTE looks at her watch.

COLLETTE

We're okay.

COLLETTE stares out of the window.

GERRY

You ever wonder what Sean would look like now?

Why's he asking this?

COLLETTE

Handsome.

GERRY  
You still think about him?

COLLETTE  
Of course.

GERRY  
(quietly)  
I do. Every day. (Turns to her).  
You're the only one I can trust,  
Collette.

COLLETTE  
What about Paddy?

No answer.

GERRY  
I need your help one last time.

COLLETTE  
With what?

GERRY  
We stood over Sean's body and  
swore we'd go on until those  
bastards had been kicked out. But  
we're nowhere close.

COLLETTE  
(alarmed)  
Gerry, I--

GERRY  
I've had someone in London.

COLLETTE  
Gerry, I can't.

He stops the car.

GERRY  
I need you, Collette. Who's going  
to look at me when I've got you  
by my side?

COLLETTE  
But I--

GERRY  
Your picture is on the other  
pass. It has to be you.

A beat, as the truth -- that she has no choice -- sinks in.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - HER BEDROOM - DAY

MULGREW'S P.O.V. as he enters.

More photographs. MARK in a Manchester United football shirt.

CATHERINE with her doll.

COLLETTE'S MOTHER and FATHER on their wedding day.

MULGREW leans back against a wall. It's beyond creepy seeing him here. He opens a cupboard, rifles through her clothes.

Checks under the bed.

He pulls open her underwear drawer, holds up a bra and a pair of knickers.

He pushes his hand in, turns the pile over...

EXT. THE ALLEY BEHIND COLLETTE'S HOME - DAY

KEVIN MULGREW is waiting as a car pulls up. GERRY and COLLETTE step out.

MULGREW.

The Chief is here. He wants to talk.

EXT. A PARK OFF THE FALLS ROAD - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Three men with collars turned up against the rain; the Chief, Gerry, Mulgrew.

CHIEF OF STAFF

It's not a request, it's an order. We've discussed it with other members of the council: you've a tout. That means everything coming through Belfast could be compromised, in which case we're all fucked.

ANGLE on GERRY as the rain dribbles down his face.

CHIEF OF STAFF (CONT'D)

Kevin wanted to pick your sister up this afternoon.

No answer.

CHIEF OF STAFF (CONT'D)

I say it must be Paddy. It was his operation. You choose...

GERRY

You want me to turn on my own  
flesh and blood?

CHIEF OF STAFF

If you don't co-operate, you'll  
be stripped of your command and  
Kevin gets a free hand. It has to  
be one of them. You choose who  
goes first.

A long silence.

GERRY

(through gritted teeth)  
Paddy.

CHIEF OF STAFF

We'll make it simple: guns into  
Hugo Street the day after  
tomorrow. You tell Paddy, but no  
one else and we need your word  
that you'll play it straight.

They stare at each other, then at MULGREW, the monster  
their war has created.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - IN THE HALLWAY - DAY

COLLETTE wraps up against the cold. She glances at her  
watch. She's late. Her MOTHER comes out of the kitchen.

MA.

Where are you going?

COLLETTE

Out.

MA.

Who's going to look after the  
kids?

COLLETTE glances down the corridor. We can hear them  
playing in the back yard.

COLLETTE

I won't be long, Ma.

MA.

I've a doctor's appointment.

COLLETTE

Can't you take them with you? I--

MA.

Where are you going?

COLLETTE  
Just into town.

MA.  
(steely)  
Then going 'just into town' can  
wait.

COLLETTE  
(getting desperate)  
No it can't Ma. Please...I have  
to go.

She opens the door. Ma blocks her exit.

MA.  
What are you going to do in town,  
Collette?

COLLETTE  
Ma please, I have to go.

MA.  
No one *has* to go into town. No  
one ever has.

COLLETTE  
Please don't do this, Ma. Not  
now.

She pulls the door open and has to more or less force her  
way out.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. COLLETTE'S STREET - CONTINUOUS.

She looks back. Her mother is standing in the doorway,  
watching.

INT. ALLEN'S CAR - CENTRAL BELFAST - DAY.

COLLETTE gets in.

RYAN  
You're late.

ALLEN accelerates away. COLLETTE puts her head in her  
hands.

COLLETTE  
I have to go.

RYAN  
We need to talk.

COLLETTE

(agitated)

I've made it here. You can see me. I've nothing for you. I need to get home.

RYAN

Calm down.

COLLETTE

I don't have anything! I gave you Henderson and now they're watching me. Mulgrew knows.

RYAN

He wants to make you *think* he knows.

COLLETTE

Then he's doing it a good job! Please...stop the car.

They pull up at a set of lights and COLLETTE climbs out. RYAN begins to follow her. ALLEN tries to prevent him.

ALLEN

Don't be a fool.

But he's gone.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Jesus...

EXT. BELFAST STREET - CONTINUOUS.

RYAN catches up with her. They are on a patch of abandoned industrial wasteland.

RYAN

This is unprofessional.

COLLETTE

You're the professional. I'm just a dead girl walking.

He grabs her, pulls her towards an alley, where they are out of sight.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

I don't know anything!

RYAN

We had a report in from East Tyrone this morning that you and Gerry were seen at Fox's house.

COLLETTE

So what?

RYAN

What did you talk about?

COLLETTE

I've no idea. I stayed in the car.

She shakes herself free, but he catches her. Now he forces her roughly into an abandoned factory; cavernous, spooky and damp.

RYAN

You've a job to do.

COLLETTE

My job is to end up in a ditch...barefoot, hooded and begging for my life. You know it and I know it.

RYAN

(steely)

It's not going to end like that.

COLLETTE

How can you be so sure?

A beat.

RYAN

What was Gerry doing with Fox?

No answer.

RYAN (CONT'D)

He's going to destroy everything. Tell me you understand that. In twenty years...your kids and mine will still be fighting the same war!

COLLETTE

I don't know what they talked about. He said he needed my help for something in London.

RYAN

What?

COLLETTE

He didn't say.

RYAN

When?

COLLETTE

I don't know...

RYAN

He wants you to go with him?

COLLETTE

I think so.

RYAN

Say yes. Stay close to him. We have to know...

She breaks free again, runs up a set of stairs and all the way along the first floor. He catches her by a broken window, which affords a panoramic view of the city. She is more distraught than ever, but he is unyielding.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You're running out of road, Collette.

COLLETTE

I made a mistake! Mulgrew pulled me in after the attack on the cop and...I was nervous...I got confused...

RYAN

(alarmed)

What did you say?

COLLETTE

I mixed up your name...he knew...he just *knew*. Last night, when we got back from seeing Fox, he was waiting with the Chief. They wanted to talk to Gerry.

RYAN

(trying to sound reassuring)

Gerry will assume they're trying to stitch him up. He'll claim it's a leadership plot.

COLLETTE's face is a picture of DESPAIR. She does not believe him. Not for a second...

COLLETTE

(quietly)

I'm dead.

RYAN

(angrily)

No you're not! You've got to stay calm. We can take you out of there. With your kids.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

With your mother. Anywhere you  
want to go. As soon as it's done.  
But you just need to hold on...

She shakes her head.

COLLETTE

Where would I go?

RYAN

Anywhere you want.

COLLETTE

This is my home.

RYAN

Collette, there's a better life  
out there. Away from this.

He takes hold of her arm.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Believe me.

She stares at him.

Seismic tension now.

She wants to believe him. My God, this minute, she wants it  
more than anything in the world...

He still has a hold of her wrist. She drifts closer, her  
face only inches from his.

She finds his hand...

They kiss. Suppressed passion explodes and they're all over  
each other. Against the wall. He lifts her coat, her dress.

He's almost in her.

He staggers back.

She stands, clothes dishevelled.

Madness...

He raises his hands.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...

INT. RYAN'S CAR - MINUTES LATER.

RYAN gets in. Through the windscreen, we can see COLLETTE  
walking away up the road.

ALLEN

What in the hell are you doing?

No answer. ALLEN accelerates away past COLLETTE. She does not raise her head.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

I sure hope you're not as stupid  
as you look.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - AN HOUR LATER.

COLLETTE is in the hall. She takes off her coat, unwinds her scarf, closes her eyes and leans against the wall.

She hears voices. The door to the yard must be open. GERRY and PADDY sit on the steps with their backs to her. MA is at a garden table playing with CATHERINE.

COLLETTE approaches, then checks herself. They are having an argument.

GERRY

I don't want Sandy to do it, I  
want you to.

PADDY

What difference does it make?

GERRY

It's a big shipment and we need  
to make sure it comes in okay.

PADDY

(sighs)  
When?

GERRY

Tomorrow, before dawn.

PADDY

Where?

GERRY

The safe house in Hugo Street.  
You'll need to split it up quick.

COLLETTE watches her mother playing with CATHERINE for a moment, then pulls back into the shadows.

INT - TELEPHONE BOX NEAR COLLETTE'S HOME - NIGHT

COLLETTE

Box Man.

She waits.

RYAN (O.S.)  
Yes?

COLLETTE  
It's me.

RYAN (O.S.)  
(business-like)  
How can I help?

She waits. What did she expect?

COLLETTE  
There are some guns coming into  
Hugo Street. I overheard.

RYAN (O.S.)  
When?

COLLETTE  
Before dawn. But you'll be  
careful? I--

RYAN (O.S.)  
We'll take care of it. You know  
what the guns are to be used for?

COLLETTE  
No.

RYAN (O.S.)  
You've done well.

He severs the connection.

COLLETTE replaces the receiver slowly.

INT. BELFAST POLICE HEADQUARTERS - TREVOR LONG'S OFFICE -  
NIGHT.

RYAN and ALLEN sit opposite TREVOR LONG. They are pouring  
over a city MAP.

LONG  
We can cut off the roads into  
Hugo Street, but we'll have to  
cover ourselves with checkpoints  
all the way down the Falls.

Another officer comes to the door to interrupt. It is one  
of the men they saw being congratulated by LONG the other  
day. He's in a hurry.

DELAVINE  
Sir...

He checks himself.

DELAVINE (CONT'D)

We have a report in. Some guns  
into Hugo Street tomorrow  
morning, before dawn. Looks like  
it could be a big shipment.

TREVOR LONG looks shifty. These two sources sure are close  
to each other...

LONG

We're aware of that Barry, but  
thanks.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - NIGHT.

COLLETTE is reading MARK a story: *The Jungle Book*.

COLLETTE

'Thou wilt not forget thou art a  
wolf? Men will not make thee  
forget?' said Gray Brother  
anxiously. 'Never,' said Mowgli,  
'I will always remember that I  
love thee and all in our cave;  
but also I will always remember  
that I have been cast out of the  
pack...'

MARK

Does Mowgli prefer to be with the  
wolves or the humans?

COLLETTE

I'm not sure, love. I think he  
feels his loyalties are divided.  
It's very difficult for him.

MARK

But where is he happiest?

She closes the book.

COLLETTE

You'll just have to wait and see.

MARK wraps his arm around her waist and snuggles against  
her stomach.

CLOSE ON HER FACE before we...

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - BELFAST - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Two youths chewing gum, listening to the radio as they  
drive. The younger of the pair is behind the wheel.

DRIVER'S P.O.V. as they round a corner and spot a police checkpoint up ahead in the half-darkness. A COP waves his light baton in a circle to indicate they should stop.

DRIVER

Fuck!

OLDER YOUTH

Keep going.

DRIVER

But--

OLDER YOUTH

Keep going, or they'll shoot!

The driver slows, winds down his window.

CRASH CUT TO:

EXT. A NEARBY ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

A shot struggling for focus. We see a man spinning around and moving away. All we can see is a dark coat and a pair of BRIGHT RED TRAINERS.

CRASH CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE OVERLOOKING HUGO STREET - CONTINUOUS

GERRY McVEIGH watches. He sees the driver get out and open the boot. The police officer pulls away a hidden floor.

GERRY steps back from the window.

CLOSE on his face in the darkness as the implications sink in.

CRASH CUT TO:

EXT. PADDY McVEIGH'S HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

The camera picks up MULGREW as he gets out of a car and strides towards PADDY'S house.

He knocks hard.

A second time.

A third.

Paddy's face at the window. Frowns.

He opens the door.

PADDY  
What do you want?

MULGREW.  
You'll need to come with us,  
Volunteer McVeigh.

PADDY  
Don't tell me: I've won a free  
holiday.

MULGREW pulls out his pistol and points it at PADDY'S head.

MULGREW.  
You are under arrest on suspicion  
of being an informer for the  
crown forces. If you try anything  
stupid, I'll spread your brains  
all over Belfast.

He takes hold of PADDY, who is naked but for a pair of  
tracksuit bottoms and marches him to the van.

NEW ANGLE: through a window, we catch GERRY sitting in a  
car further down the street, watching.

CRASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON COLLETTE MCVEIGH - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Awake. Staring at the ceiling, the kids asleep beside her.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILLTOWN CEMETERY - AS DAWN BREAKS

GERRY in front of his baby brother SEAN'S HEADSTONE.

INT. COLLETTE'S BEDROOM - HALF AN HOUR LATER

We hold the silence.

Too long.

There's someone here. GERRY has slipped in like a ghost.

COLLETTE  
Gerry--

He has a finger to his lips.

GERRY  
(softly)  
We have to go now Collette.

COLLETTE  
Where?

GERRY  
To London.

She sits up.

COLLETTE  
But--

GERRY  
It's not a request.

She stares at him.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
Get up. Say goodbye to the kids.

COLLETTE  
Gerry--

GERRY  
Get dressed, Collette.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - LANDING - CONTINUOUS.

GERRY'S P.O.V. as he emerges from the bedroom. His mother blocks the way.

MA.  
What are you doing, Gerard?

GERRY  
(softly)  
Go back to bed, Mother.

MA.  
Where are you taking her?

GERRY  
She'll only be gone a few days.

MA.  
Leave her.

GERRY  
It's not for you to decide.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COLLETTE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE stands over MARK and CATHERINE, both of whom are still asleep. Tears in her eyes as she brushes their hair, kisses them.

We follow her out...

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

She joins her brother.

GERRY

We have to go now.

MA.

You don't have to go anywhere.  
You're certainly not going to  
take Collette.

GERRY pushes past her, but MA physically grabs a hold of her daughter.

MA. (CONT'D)

Don't. He's dead to us. He has no  
feeling left.

COLLETTE is too dazed to respond.

MA. (CONT'D)

He's using you.

COLLETTE

Please, Ma.

MA.

I can see how he bullies you,  
Collette. Your father asked you  
to run to the shop and because  
you persuaded Sean to go instead,  
it's your fault...

COLLETTE

That's not how it is Mam...

Now they're grappling with each other. Collette cups her mother's cheeks.

A desperate half-embrace and then she rips herself free.

MA stands at the top of the stairs, tears in her eyes.

She sits down on the steps and begins to sob uncontrollably.

CRASH CUT TO:

INT. COLLETTE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

ON the CHILDREN in turn as they sleep. MARK rolls over, clutches a teddy bear to his mouth. CATHERINE does not stir.

INT. A CAR HEADING SOUTH - HALF AN HOUR LATER

COLLETTE  
Is Paddy coming with us?

No answer.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
What are we going to do?

GERRY  
What we have to. You'll see.

CRASH CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

KEVIN MULGREW and a burly sidekick yank PADDY MCVEIGH from a chair and push his head into a bath full of cold water.

And out again.

MULGREW.  
Shall we start over?

PADDY  
Fuck you, Mulgrew.

HE sighs, shakes his head. Why do they make it so hard on themselves?

CRASH CUT TO:

INT. DUBLIN AIRPORT - DAY

COLLETTE and GERRY walk through security. On the tannoy:

VOICE (O.S.)  
This is the final call for Aer  
Lingus Flight 313 to Paris.

INT. IRA SAFE HOUSE - SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

ON PADDY'S head UNDERWATER

ANGLE on MULGREW as he pulls him up again.

MULGREW.  
This is a grand day Paddy, so it  
is. So where shall we start?

PADDY  
Fuck you, Mulgrew.

Under he goes.

INT. FLIGHT TO PARIS - DAY

GERRY and COLLETTE sit next to each other as the plane takes off.

INT. BELFAST POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

RYAN and ALLEN are sitting at their desks when TREVOR LONG bursts in. BARRY DELAVINE is at his shoulder. Source 642 -- Foxglove -- has come good...

LONG

They're on the move: Dublin,  
bound for London.

INT. PARIS AIRPORT - EVENING

COLLETTE and GERRY look nervous as they approach immigration control.

ANGLE on the their false passports.

They sail through.

EXT. ALDEGROVE AIRPORT - BELFAST - EVENING

ALLEN and RYAN run towards the open door of a waiting chinook helicopter. It immediately takes off and twists skywards.

EXT. CAFE IN PARIS - EVENING

COLLETTE and GERRY sit outside on the pavement. They have just finished dinner. COLLETTE is looking at a couple with young kids at the table next to her.

Gerry glances at them.

COLLETTE

You ever think about a different  
life, Gerry?

GERRY

All the time.

COLLETTE

Will you do anything about it?

GERRY

One day. But no one ever used to  
care about us. And now they do.

She contemplates this. It is undeniably true.

COLLETTE  
What's going to happen tomorrow?

GERRY  
Something to make the world think  
again.

COLLETTE  
What?

GERRY  
You'll see.

COLLETTE  
Will we walk away from it?

GERRY  
I've planned well, Collette.

He glances at his watch.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
Let's turn in. It's an early  
start.

CRASH CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - SOUTH ARMAGH - NIGHT

KEVIN MULGREW swings a punch.

PADDY absorbs it, rocks in the chair to which he is tied.  
He is naked, covered in sweat and blood.

MULGREW.  
We'll get to the truth in the  
end, Volunteer McVeigh.

INT. PARIS HOTEL - NIGHT

GERRY is turning in, still more or less fully dressed.  
COLLETTE lies in the single bed next to him.

GERRY takes out a pistol and puts it under his pillow.

He switches out the light.

GERRY  
Can I trust you, Collette?

COLLETTE  
Of course.

GERRY  
The world's changing. Nobody is  
the same...

He takes out the pistol and places it on his chest.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
I won't sleep tonight.

It sounds like a threat...

INT. MI5 HEADQUARTERS - OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

MI5 CHIEF BUCHANAN is surrounded by men, including RYAN and BRIAN ALLEN.

OPERATIONS OFFICER  
We've worked the manifests. Eight hundred and seventy-seven couples checked into flights to Europe out of Dublin yesterday. No passport aliases we've seen before, but that doesn't mean anything. I've put Maddocks and Hermitage over there to help.

BUCHANAN  
Where did they go?

OPERATIONS OFFICER  
Could be anywhere; Lisbon, Berlin, Madrid. But we've pegged Brussels and Paris, because they offer multiple routes into London. We've alerted the French and the Belgians. They have all the airports and ferries covered.

BUCHANAN half turns.

BUCHANAN  
Anything to add, Mr. Ryan?

RYAN  
No.

BUCHANAN  
Any idea why she hasn't called in?

No answer.

BUCHANAN (CONT'D)  
She is full of remorse, you said, troubled by the immense suffering she has helped create. I believe that's why we authorised you to spend more than a year of your life on her tail. Or did you just fall for a pretty face?

RYAN fights to hold his temper.

INT. PARIS HOTEL - DAWN

GERRY is standing by the window as COLLETTE awakes. She dresses.

COLLETTE  
What is it?

No answer.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
Is Paddy meeting us in London?

GERRY  
Stop talking about Paddy.

COLLETTE  
(frowns)  
Why? What's happened?

GERRY  
He's with Kevin Mulgrew.

COLLETTE  
(confused)  
But--

GERRY  
We set him a test. Guns into Hugo  
Street.

Silence. This can't be happening.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
He's a tout.

COLLETTE  
(horrified)  
He's our brother.

GERRY  
He was our brother.

COLLETTE  
Gerry--

GERRY  
He's not my brother if he's a  
tout.

COLLETTE stands. She's shaking. GERRY turns towards her. His face is a picture of RAGE.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Everything we've ever done; every bastard we've lost, every sod who's gone down for a spell in the Kesh...him. Our brother. He was touting when the peelers gunned down that kid last week. He was touting when they killed your Davey...He's not our brother any more.

INT. MI5 HEADQUARTERS - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

OPERATIONS OFFICER

(shaking his head)

No, she's at Windsor all day. Prince Charles is having lunch with Thabo Mbeki at South Africa House.

BUCHANAN

Ask him to cancel.

OPERATIONS OFFICER

We have. He won't.

BUCHANAN

(shaking his head)

What about the PM?

OPERATIONS OFFICER

Only Prime Ministers questions. Otherwise Downing Street.

BUCHANAN

Who else?

OPERATIONS OFFICER

The Home Secretary is in Ealing. He won't cancel either. The Deputy Prime Minister is giving a speech at the QE2...

EXT. A SPEEDBOAT ON THE ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY

COLLETTE and GERRY with the wind in their hair.

COLLETTE looks SHATTERED.

EXT. THE RIVER HAMBLE - THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND - DAY

A young man is waiting on the quay as the boat docks. He hands GERRY a brown envelope without a word.

GERRY tips it up. We see two HOUSE OF COMMONS staff passes, one for each of them.

GERRY  
Michael has the other boat?

YOUNG MAN  
He'll be waiting.

GERRY nods.

He squires COLLETTE firmly to the car, like a prisoner.

INT. IRA SAFE HOUSE - SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

PADDY is still in the chair, half dead. MULGREW has a pair of pliers in his hand. He yanks PADDY's legs apart and cups his testicles.

MULGREW.  
We're down to the wire here,  
Paddy my friend. I'm tired,  
you're tired. We all want to go  
home. So here's how it goes; we  
put your balls in this wrench and  
if we don't like the answers we  
get, we twist. And we keep  
twisting until they come right  
off.

PADDY is crying in despair, anger and shame.

PADDY  
(shaking his head)  
When Gerry gets a hold of you...

MULGREW.  
Gerry! Relax, my friend. Your  
brother knows you're here! He set  
the trap! Turns out Gerry doesn't  
like filthy, dirty little touts  
any more than the rest of us. So  
let's start again. How long have  
you been working for the British  
Secret Service?

PADDY  
Fuck you, Mulgrew.

MULGREW twists the wrench.

PADDY (CONT'D)  
Aaaaagh! Jesus!

MULGREW.  
Once more; who did you tell about  
the operation on Henderson?

PADDY'S head sags.

PADDY  
Collette.

MULGREW.  
No one else?

He shakes his head.

MULGREW. (CONT'D)  
Who did you tell about the guns  
coming into Hugo Street?

PADDY  
No one.

MULGREW furiously twists the pliers again.

PADDY (CONT'D)  
Aaaaagh!!!!

MULGREW.  
Then it must be you who's the  
tout! Who else could it be. Only  
you knew about BOTH operations.

Twists again.

PADDY  
Aaaagh!!!! Sweet Jesus!! I'm not  
a tout. I'm not a fucking tout!

MULGREW lets go and sits back, frustrated, but genuinely  
perplexed.

Crazy guy. Ballsy. Ha ha.

A thought strikes him.

MULGREW.  
Where did Gerry tell you about  
the guns?

PADDY  
At home.

MULGREW.  
Where *exactly*?

PADDY  
On the back step.

MULGREW.  
And there was no one else around,  
you say?

PADDY

No one.

Another beat. Still turning it over in his mind.

MULGREW.

Where were the kids? Collette's  
wee nippers?

PADDY shrugs in despair.

MULGREW. (CONT'D)

Were they in the house? Were they  
in the yard?

PADDY

In the yard.

MULGREW.

Who was looking after them?

PADDY

Ma.

MULGREW.

Where was Collette?

PADDY

Out.

MULGREW.

So your mother was in the yard?

PADDY

Of course.

MULGREW steps back, turns to his colleagues.

MULGREW.

Get him up.

CRASH CUT TO:

A TRAIN HURTLING THROUGH THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON GERRY AND COLLETTE, WHO SIT SIDE BY SIDE

CUT TO:

INT. MI5 HEADQUARTERS - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

RYAN stares out of the window. BRIAN ALLEN stands beside  
him.

A telephone is on the desk between them. It does not ring...

EXT. A FIELD IN SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

MULGREW and his gang march PADDY to a ditch. He is still naked but for the bag over his head.

They force him to kneel.

MULGREW.  
Last chance, my friend.

PADDY shakes his head.

MULGREW. (CONT'D)  
Admit youse're a tout and I'll spare your worthless life.

YOUTH.  
Boss...

MULGREW.  
Shut up! One more chance, McVeigh, then I'm out of patience.

PADDY  
Fuck you, Mulgrew. I'll see you in hell.

They wait. MULGREW puts a pistol to Paddy's head.

PADDY (CONT'D)  
Pull the trigger, you coward.

MULGREW pushes the pistol down. CLOSE again on the faces of his crew. They're shitting themselves.

TIGHT on MULGREW.

He kicks PADDY into the ditch.

MULGREW.  
Get him out of here. He's not who we're looking for.

INT. WATERLOO STATION - DAY

GERRY takes COLLETTE to a station cafe and parks her at a table. He moves to the phone box in the corner. But he's still watching her...

INT. MULGREW'S VAN - SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

A mobile phone attached to a large unit on the dash rings as PADDY is being loaded into the rear. MULGREW jumps into the passenger seat and answers.

MULGREW.  
Lightning delivery services.

GERRY (O.S.)  
What happened to the package?

MULGREW.  
It hasn't reached its final destination. We're looking at something else. The mother of all packages.

INT. WATERLOO STATION - DAY

GERRY puts down the telephone slowly. He is white with shock.

He goes to the table and takes COLLETTE's arm.

COLLETTE  
What is it?

GERRY  
We have to go.

INT. MI5 HEADQUARTERS - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

The OPERATIONS OFFICER is on the phone.

OPERATIONS OFFICER  
No sir. No word.

He glances at RYAN, still standing by the window.

OPERATIONS OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Nothing.

EXT. WATERLOO BRIDGE - DAY

GERRY marches COLLETTE across the bridge. He puts a HOUSE OF COMMONS PASS around her neck.

COLLETTE  
What's happened, Gerry?

She shakes herself free.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Who did you call? It was about Paddy...

GERRY

Paddy isn't our tout.

COLLETTE

What do you mean?

GERRY

Someone else.

COLLETTE

(terrified)

But--

GERRY

Who's always been with us, Collette? Right from the start...from the day we were born...

He grips her arm again. She grapples with his meaning. It cannot be. He cannot mean...

INT. CAFE OVERLOOKING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY.

GERRY, COLLETTE AND MCILLHATTON sit at a corner table, with a view over Westminster and the Houses of Parliament. Almost alone, they are staring out of the window and MCILLHATTON, in particular, does not like what he sees.

MCILLHATTON

It's crawling with peelers!

GERRY

Give me the bag.

MCILLHATTON

We don't stand a chance!

GERRY rips the bag from his hand and leans forward.

GERRY

(menacing)

Now, you listen to me, you cowardly piece of shit. If they knew we were coming, they'd have sealed the whole damned place off, so we *stick to the plan*.

MCILLHATTON

You'll never make it!

GERRY  
(glancing over his  
shoulder)  
We're going now. Just make sure  
the boat is there...

GERRY takes the bag, puts it over his shoulder and hauls COLLETTE to her feet.

CRASH CUT TO:

EXT. WESTMINSTER TUBE STATION - DAY.

Down the steps.

GERRY puts his arm around COLLETTE, like they are lovers.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
Smile.

A small group of cops is being briefed by a COMMANDER. The security guard glances at them for a moment, examines their passes.

He's distracted by a call from his supervisor behind him...

GERRY and COLLETTE walk on.

They wait to be stopped, but there is no shout...

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CONTINUOUS.

Along the underpass.

GERRY turns left, through to a terrace overlooking the THAMES. He glances about. An official approaches.

OFFICIAL  
This is for members only sir.

GERRY smiles. They double back.

They reach a stairwell and climb. They pass a journalist running down.

JOURNALIST  
Morning.

EXT. DOWNING STREET - DAY

The PRIME MINISTER leaves Number Ten and gets into his JAGUAR. The car accelerates towards giant iron gates.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY

GERRY turns off the stairwell and leads COLLETTE into an empty corridor. He pushes her into the ladies toilet and closes the door.

He unzips the bag, presses a pistol and a balaclava into her hand.

GERRY  
Lock the door. I'll knock three  
times.

He's gone again.

EXT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY

The PRIME MINISTER'S JAGUAR sweeps into the Palace of Westminster. He gets out and disappears inside.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY

COLLETTE is still DAZED.

A beat as she turns it all over in her mind...

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - BELFAST - DAY

MA is feeding the kids. A doorbell goes. She answers.

MULGREW.  
Hello, Mrs McVeigh.

MA.  
Hello, Kevin.

MULGREW.  
I guess you've been expecting me.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY

COLLETTE opens the door and steps into a corridor.

She moves along silently.

A door opposite is ajar.

It's a small office. She steps in, picks up a phone, dials.

Looks over her shoulder. Her hand is shaking.

COLLETTE  
(whispers)  
Box Man.

RYAN (O.S.)  
 (relieved)  
 Colette...it's me...David.

COLLETTE  
 You have to get my mother.  
 They... Something's happened--

RYAN  
 Where are you?

COLLETTE  
 I'm in the House of Commons...You  
 have to get my mother. They think  
 she's me. They'll--

The line is cut.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS CHAMBER - DAY

The Speaker is on his feet.

SPEAKER  
 Questions to the Prime Minister!

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

MULGREW is sitting opposite MA.

MA  
 (shaking her head)  
 There won't be any need for that,  
 Kevin. I'll tell you what you  
 need to know. My code name is  
 Foxglove.

MULGREW.  
 How long have you been working  
 for them?

She glances down the corridor at the kids, still eating  
 their lunch.

MA.  
 (sighs)  
 It began when you were just a  
 kid. They said they had enough  
 evidence to put Paddy in prison  
 for the rest of his life. I'd  
 lost one son. I didn't want to  
 lose another.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY

RYAN pounds the pavement, past startled tourists. Sirens wail. Cops scream in from all directions.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY

GERRY hammers on the toilet door. As COLLETTE unlocks it, he steps in. He is CHARGED UP, CRAZY.

He pulls a balaclava over his head and nods to her to do the same.

COLLETTE

Gerry--

He forces her balaclava roughly on and drags her out of there.

They turn onto the stairs. They pass a pair of startled journalists and begin to descend as....

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CONTINUOUS.

RYAN enters the bottom of the stairwell, a Browning pistol in his hand...

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS.

SPEAKER

The Leader of the Opposition...

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS.

RYAN runs into a large group of officials walking down the stairs...

RYAN

Move!

He smashes through...

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS.

LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION

(getting to his feet)

Could the Prime Minister please tell the house whether he advised the United States Government to grant Mr Gerry Adams a visa to visit Boston, New York and Washington?

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - PRESS GALLERY - CONTINUOUS.

GERRY and COLLETTE closing on the chamber. A startled official steps forward to stop them, but GERRY smashes him to the ground with the butt of his revolver.

He opens the door. We hear the roar of the chamber...

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS.

THE PRIME MINISTER

The right honourable gentlemen knows, as do all members of this house, that the government is committed to the defeat of terrorism in all its forms.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - PRESS BOX IN THE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE has frozen. The hacks, officials...all stunned, paralysed...GERRY is slowly walking towards the front....

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - PRESS GALLERY - CONTINUOUS.

RYAN jumps a desk, slides across a wide central table strewn with press releases and bursts through the door...

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - PRESS BOX IN THE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS.

GERRY raises his gun arm. Someone screams. Shouts, incomprehension...

RYAN tears down towards him...

RYAN

Gerry!

He's still running -- shoots -- McVeigh goes down, falls towards the balcony edge. RYAN on him now, taking him out -- they tip over...

RYAN holds on as GERRY tumbles to the floor.

PANDEMONIUM.

More shouts. Screams. PEOPLE sprinting from the chamber...

RYAN yanks himself up -- climbs back up the balcony -- looks down to check Gerry is dead.

He reaches COLLETTE, has to get her out of here...

EXT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - UNDERNEATH BIG BEN - A MINUTE LATER.

COLLETTE  
My Mam...my mother...

He bundles her into the back of a WAITING CAR.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
They think it's her...

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - DAY

Neither MULGREW nor MA has moved.

MARK runs down the hallway.

MARK  
Who is it, Grandma?

MA.  
It's a friend, Marky. Just a friend.

EXT. MILITARY AIRPORT OUTSIDE LONDON - DAY

RYAN and ALLEN hustle COLLETTE into the back of a chinook that once again twists sky-wards.

EXT. BELFAST STREET - DAY.

Police Land Rovers scream towards COLLETTE's home.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY.

MULGREW.  
I think you should get your coat,  
Mrs McVeigh.

A look of terrible sadness in MA's eyes. She has awaited this moment for so long, has known it was inevitable, but now that it is upon her the agony is unbearable.

She looks down towards the kitchen, where the children are playing...

INT. CAR - BELFAST - DAY.

ALLEN's P.O.V. as he drives at terrifying speed through the damp Belfast streets.

ANGLE on RYAN and COLLETTE as they are thrown around in the back.

They reach the street, already ringed with cops.

EXT. COLLETTE'S STREET - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE'S P.O.V. as she gets out, pounds the tarmac, bursts through the door...

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

...and finds MARK AND CATHERINE sitting at the kitchen table with a policewoman drawing pictures.

COLLETTE  
Where's Grandma?

No answer.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
Where's Grandma, my loves?

CLOSE on COLLETTE.

Desolation.

Despair.

The sound of a beating heart.

FADE TO BLACK.

STILL IN BLACKNESS: THE SOUND OF A SPADE ON WET TURF.

FADE IN:

EXT. BLACK MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

DAVID RYAN turns away from BRIAN ALLEN.

We FOLLOW as he slips and slides down the path. Another car waits there now and COLLETTE and her children are huddled in the back.

INT. CAR - BELFAST - NIGHT

He climbs in.

COLLETTE  
Was it her?

He takes her in his arms.

The car pulls away.

ON COLLETTE as she clings to him for dear life...

ON THE CHILDREN who are frightened, uncertain...

RYAN draws them in. The kids shut their eyes, accept his protective embrace.

EXT. BLACK MOUNTAIN - NIGHT.

On ALLEN as he watches the car make its way down the hill.

He wipes the rain-water from his face.

We FOLLOW as he tracks back to his own car.

INT. ALLEN'S CAR - NIGHT

He starts up, swings away.

CLOSE ON HIS FACE. This is his war.

There are never any winners.

FADE TO BLACK.

BRING UP:

**In August 1993, the IRA called its first cease-fire for more than twenty years.**

**Hard-liners like Gerry McVeigh were defeated and the peace process succeeded.**

**It endures to this day.**

**Security force informers like Collette and her mother played a vital part in bringing the conflict to a close.**

**Many ended their lives in loneliness and squalor in a wet ditch far from home.**

**They were the war's unsung heroes.**

THE END