

Shadow Dancer

by  
Tom Bradby

Adapted from his novel of the same name.

27th September 2010

INT. THE FRONT ROOM OF A HOUSE IN BELFAST - DAY.

Twelve-year-old COLLETTE MCVEIGH is absorbed in making a necklace with a bucket of beads. She's listening to 10CC's hit single *Rubber Bullets* on the gramophone.

*Load up, load up the rubber bullets...*

PUNCH UP; **JUNE 1973**

COLLETTE'S father, GERRY SENIOR, puts his head around the door. He has interrupted a call and has his hand over the receiver.

GERRY SENIOR  
Get us some fags love. Your  
mother's run out.

He disappears again. COLLETTE continues with her fun a moment, then stands and walks through to the...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

...where her seven-year-old brother SEAN is eating a bowl of cereal. He's a cute-looking kid, the baby of the family.

COLLETTE  
Dad wants you to get some fags.

SEAN  
He asked you.

COLLETTE  
Doesn't matter. I went last time.

SEAN rolls his eyes. Sisters.

EXT. BELFAST STREET - CONTINUOUS

SEAN emerges into the street, leaving the door open so that 10CC's song comes with us.

He instinctively turns left for the shop, but then checks himself. There's a huge riot at the other end of the street. Curiosity gets the better of him and he heads towards it.

Some kids are playing football. Parents gossip in the doorways; every day life in a city torn apart by civil strife.

EXT. FALLS ROAD - CONTINUOUS

SEAN'S P.O.V. as he steps out into the fringe of the riot. He can just make out his older brothers GERRY and PADDY with masks around their faces, throwing tear gas at the soldiers. The troops are using armoured Land Rovers as barricades.

A bus is burning.

One hell of a playground.

10CC have got to the chorus again. *Load up, load up the rubber bullets...*

Wham!

He's hit.

On the ground.

Silence.

PADDY and GERRY running towards him. A crowd gathering...

Why can't he hear anything? What's happening?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BELFAST STREET - SECONDS LATER.

As the sound CRASHES BACK, GERRY and PADDY are stumbling down the street with SEAN in their arms. They are surrounded by rioters, onlookers, neighbors...

Chaos. Shouts. Voices. *It's Sean. Aye, it's wee Sean. Jesus Christ, it's Sean. Bastards! They've shot wee Sean!*

INT. COLLETTE'S PARENTS HOME - THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

The crowd tumbles in.

GERRY

Ma!

GERRY lays his baby brother gently down on the floor.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Dad!

He bends over him.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Jesus, Sean. Speak to me!

GERRY SENIOR and SEAN'S MOTHER appear in the doorway. MA is white as a sheet as GERRY SENIOR thrusts the others aside.

He takes SEAN'S pulse. Tries CPR.

Nothing.

Tries again.

The room grows quiet. MA falls to her knees.

MA.  
Speak to me Sean.

Silence.

A hand on his cheek.

MA. (CONT'D)  
Speak to me, my boy.

He's dead.

She puts her arms around him and draws him to her chest. She starts to cry.

GERRY SENIOR catches sight of COLLETTE'S stunned face in the throng. He yanks her into the...

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

...where she retreats from his fury.

They stare at each other.

GERRY SENIOR  
(quietly, but with  
visceral menace)  
What happened?

No answer.

GERRY SENIOR (CONT'D)  
I asked you to go.

No answer.

He pushes her into...

INT. FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and slams the door.

The noise recedes.

Silence again.

Until we can just make out her breathing...

FADE TO BLACK.

IN THE DARK, THE RATTLE AND HUM OF A TRAIN BEFORE WE...

CRASH IN TO:

INT. TRAIN SPEEDING THROUGH THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY  
CLOSE ON COLLETTE, now aged 32 and strikingly BEAUTIFUL.

**PUNCH UP; TWENTY YEARS LATER**

She clutches a red shoulder bag between her legs.

We HOLD the shot and HOLD the shot.

As if something is about to happen...

Now we pick up other faces; A GREY-HAIRED MAN doing a crossword. A WOMAN WITH GLASSES, A YOUNG GUY reading THE GUARDIAN newspaper.

And back to COLLETTE.

And the bag.

SWING to a YOUNG MOTHER who reads aloud to her kids across the aisle. She leans on the table, relaxed, unaware of the tension. In the corner of the shot, we see that our FACES are watching.

CLOSE on them again. They're not day-dreaming, or sleeping, or turning over pages...

ON COLLETTE. Maybe it's her paranoia...

ON CROSSWORD MAN.

ON THE WOMAN WITH GLASSES.

ON GUARDIAN GUY.

AND ON COLLETTE once more.

The train draws to a halt. The doors open. More passengers flood on, some forced to stand in the aisle. It's crowded and claustrophobic.

ON COLLETTE.

ON CROSSWORD MAN.

ON GUARDIAN GUY.

The doors close and the train pulls off.

WE'RE ON THE BAG NOW...

AND THEN BACK TO COLLETTE AGAIN.

EXT. WATERLOO STATION - TEN MINUTES LATER

The piercing blast of a whistle and COLLETTE comes out of the train like a champagne cork.

Trying not to move too fast, not to run.

Glances over her shoulder.

CROSSWORD MAN is behind her as she heads towards...

EXT. SUBWAY SYSTEM ESCALATOR - SECONDS LATER

...where he is still on her tail.

She moves faster, tries to lose herself in the crowd.

CROSSWORD MAN spins off left to a different line.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - A MINUTE LATER

A train pulls up. She gets on.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

She's next to TWO BUILDERS looking at bare tits in a lads mag. They're turning the pages.

She picks out more faces; A BUSINESSMAN in a suit and coat. He's staring at the floor. He's not carrying a briefcase.

A young ASIAN man. Not reading anything. Not daydreaming. Not meeting anyone's eye.

A YOUNG WOMAN with her hair pulled back from her face. She's in jeans, sweatshirt, coat.

The train rides to a halt. People get on, get off.

None of our FACES leave.

The train pulls out.

COLLETTE puts the bag between her legs on the floor. The FACES work hard not to be seen to notice.

ON COLLETTE.

Pushes the bag into the corner behind her feet. ASIAN MAN doesn't look up. NEITHER does sweatshirt girl.

COLLETTE checks out more faces down the carriage; A couple of Chinese tourists. A woman with two teenage sons. GUARDIAN GUY.

Fuck. No doubt, it's him. Still not reading his newspaper...

The train stops. She picks up the bag, steps out. Trying not to run...

GUARDIAN GUY out behind her. And ASIAN MAN. And SWEATSHIRT GIRL.

The train pulls off. She looks at their reflection in the glass. They're following her.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MI5 HEADQUARTERS, LONDON - CONTINUOUS

A shot of COLLETTE on a monitor until...

We go WIDER to reveal JOE MACINTOSH -- MAC -- who stands in front of a bank of screens. He's 40s, tall, rugged; a bull of a man.

And he's watching her.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

The train disappears into the tunnel and the platform is almost deserted. COLLETTE's about to swerve into an exit when she sees CROSSWORD GUY coming down the escalator.

She RUNS. There are shouts, hurried footsteps, echoes.

She's at end of the platform. Nowhere to go...

She's onto the tracks and into the tunnel.

JAGGEDY MOTION into BLACKNESS.

SMASH CUT TO;

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MI5 HEADQUARTERS, LONDON - CONTINUOUS.

MAC  
(incredulous)  
What the *fuck* is she doing?

He stares at her disappearing down the tunnel.

INT. SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

Blackness.

The sound of her breathing...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

MAC  
(recovering)  
Get me all platforms...now!

Too slow.

MAC (CONT'D)  
C'mon guys!

Coming up. A subway map. Electronic dots all over the grid. The man at the screen highlights the right section. Clicks it bigger.

There is another train on the line.

INT. TUBE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE still running. A rumble in the distance, a flash of lights.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MAC grabs the telephone receiver off an underling..

MAC  
(eyes glued to the  
screen, voice icy calm)  
Shut it down. Now.

A beat. The guy's trying to argue the toss...

MAC (CONT'D)  
That's a direct fucking order.

INT. TUBE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS.

Thunderous noise and bright lights as the train HURTLES closer. COLLETTE turns back, but too late. It'll smash her to pieces for sure...

A service alcove. She's in.

Train whips past. Thwup, thwup.

Now screeching to a halt...

A beat. Collette tries to recover her breathing. Her face is covered in sweat. Rats screech at her feet. She ducks down a service tunnel to another set of tracks.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

MAC's eyes glued to the screen. The train has stopped. He still has the phone in his hand.

MAC  
Did the driver hit anything?

VOICE (O.S.)  
Hold on.

A beat.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
No...no. He's shaken up. He saw someone running, but he didn't--

MAC slams down the receiver.

MAC  
She can't go back... Where's next on the line? Give me Green Park...

INT. GREEN PARK STATION - DAY.

COLLETTE, accompanied by a few rats, emerges from the tunnel and jumps onto the platform. She walks normally, like it's the most natural thing in the world, past a few startled passengers.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Screens coming up. Nothing on the platforms.

MAC catches a glimpse of her as she slips from view in the station entrance.

MAC  
She's out...

EXT. GREEN PARK TUBE STATION - CONTINUOUS

COLLETTE emerging from the subway onto a crowded pavement. Looks over her shoulder.

EXT. MI5 CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

MAC  
Six come east.

EXT. LONDON SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS.

A helicopter SWOOPS LOW.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS.

CLOSE on the monitor. We can just make out COLLETTE crossing the road. She has started to run again...

EXT. THE MALL - CONTINUOUS.

Cops cars streaming down towards Buckingham Palace, sirens wailing...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

MAC  
Four and five go north, three west.

EXT. NORTH OF GREEN PARK - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE smashes into someone, charges on...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

MAC  
(watching the helicopter feed)  
We need to take her here...this is it guys. Block off Davies Street, Five come down Grosvenor...

EXT. BERKELEY STREET - CONTINUOUS.

CLOSE on COLLETTE. She swings into...

EXT. DAVIES ST - CONTINUOUS.

...where a car blocks the road.

Another screams up behind.

Men in raincoats pour out, pistols raised.

No escape.

DETECTIVE 1

Get in.

They push her roughly into the car. And tear away.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

VOICE (OS)

Package onboard. Inbound.

MAC

(to his colleagues,  
relaxing a little)

Okay, keep the uniform boys out on the ground. The line for the press is that an alert guard heard her accent and called in, but she got away. Give them a blurred grab from the CCTV in Waterloo.

INT. CELL - PADDINGTON GREEN POLICE STATION - NIGHT.

COLLETTE sits alone.

A cop enters. He circles her.

He leans against the side.

He waits.

A second cop comes in. He sits opposite her and puts an audio tape into the device on the table.

DETECTIVE 1 (SITTING)

Interview with Collette McVeigh,  
eleven PM, December 12th.  
Present; DS Linton, DI Jones.

He opens a file, makes a show of reading it.

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)

(still looking at the  
file)

Boy are you in the shit,  
sweetheart.

He pushes across a photograph of COLLETTE hugging her five-year-old son in the rear garden of a terrace house.

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)

Cute kid...did you tell him you  
might not be coming home?

He smiles bitterly.

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)  
Train to Dublin.

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

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)  
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 you're ready to go. But now  
we've got the bag and the bomb  
and you bang to rights. So boo  
fucking hoo.

DETECTIVE 2  
(leaning)  
Shame about your boy, love.

No answer.

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

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM OUTSIDE THE CELL - A FEW MINUTES  
LATER.

MAC has been watching the interrogation through the one-way  
glass. The two detectives file out.

DETECTIVE 2  
Good enough?

MAC  
Yeah.

DETECTIVE 2  
Shout if you need anything else.

MAC picks up a briefcase and enters.

INT. POLICE CELL - CONTINUOUS.

He closes the door.

A beat.

MAC  
You want a cup of coffee?

COLLETTE  
I want a lawyer.

MAC flips open the tape recorder on the desk, removes the cassettes and throws them carelessly into a drawer.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
I have the right to speak to--

MAC  
I know what your rights are, Collette. But you don't want to be here and I can get you out, so do yourself a favour and listen.

He opens the briefcase, takes out a file. It has **SEAN MICHAEL MCVEIGH. SHOT 25th JUNE 1973 MINISTRY OF DEFENCE -- CONFIDENTIAL** stamped on the front.

MAC (CONT'D)  
It won't give you what you want, or what your family's lawyers expect. But maybe it'll help.

He closes his briefcase, leaves.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

He watches from the other side of the glass. She stares at the file like it's a contagious disease.

He walks around the corner, gets a cup of coffee and slips out to the...

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS.

...where he lights a cigarette and leans against the window.

Footsteps. One of his colleagues with a video grab from a CCTV camera in the station. It's too blurred to say definitively that's COLLETTE, which is just what MAC wants.

MAC  
Good. Lay it on thick. Did you feed out the line about--

MI5 OFFICER  
Sure, Mac. We got it.

INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE stares at the file. She breathes in deep and opens it.

Page one; a photo of the riot. GERRY MCVEIGH, PADDY MCVEIGH written in white pen above two figures throwing petrol bombs.

Page two; Sean's naked corpse on the slab. She closes her eyes...

INT. CELL - TEN MINUTES LATER

MAC slips in.

He picks up the folder, puts it in his briefcase, sits.

COLLETTE  
You're wasting your time, mister.

MAC  
I doubt it.

He takes out another file. It's as thick as a fist.

MAC (CONT'D)  
A lot of things you know we know.  
And some you don't.

He holds up a photograph.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Remember him?

She lowers her gaze.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Look at him, please.

She won't.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Look at him, Collette.

No way.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Raymond Quinn. You used to work  
at his print factory.

No answer.

MAC (CONT'D)  
You told Paddy he was a part-time  
soldier and...

He imitates a gun being fired.

He spins around a picture of a BODY LYING AMIDST KIDS TOYS.

MAC (CONT'D)

You scouted it, Gerry ordered it,  
Paddy pulled the trigger.  
Raymond's wife found their young  
children clinging to his corpse.

Nothing.

MAC (CONT'D)

But the family didn't know, so  
you still went to his funeral...

A photograph of her among the mourners.

MAC (CONT'D)

Why?

He waits.

MAC (CONT'D)

You can't run from your  
conscience, can you Collette?

A beat.

MAC (CONT'D)

(shakes his head)  
Two little kids covered in their  
Dad's blood. You signed up for  
Sean, but not for this...

He leans forward.

MAC (CONT'D)

So after that, nothing's the  
same...

A beat.

MAC (CONT'D)

Then your boy comes along. A  
lovely kid. That just makes it  
worse.

A picture of him.

MAC (CONT'D)

You want to tell me where I'm  
going with this, Collette?

No answer.

Another folder.

MAC (CONT'D)  
 (sighs)  
 Provisional forensics.

No response.

MAC (CONT'D)  
 Not one for the boyos back home,  
 eh?

No answer.

MAC (CONT'D)  
 (steely)  
 That would lead to a lot of  
 awkward questions.

No answer.

MAC (CONT'D)  
 (flicking through)  
 So I guess this is how you  
 figured it; you leave the bag,  
 you make the call, they place a  
 warning. A bomb on a train,  
 somewhere on the line. We have to  
 shut down the whole network. We  
 find the bag. We carry out a  
 controlled explosion and that way  
 the boyos never find out, right?

No answer. He leans forward.

MAC (CONT'D)  
 You didn't set the timer,  
 Collette. This thing couldn't  
 have blown up a paper bag.

COLLETTE  
 I have the right to speak to a  
 lawyer.

MAC  
 A terrorist who can't bring  
 herself to arm a bomb. It doesn't  
 take a genius to work out--

COLLETTE  
 (with a flash of anger)  
 I have the right to speak to a  
 lawyer!

MAC 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 five-year-old son MARK walking home from school.

He's a cute-looking boy, not much younger than Sean was when he died.

The tape goes on rolling...and rolling.

We can just make out his voice now, chattering to her.

COLLETTE turns away.

MAC

(quietly)

You know what it's gonna be like;  
an Irish girl in an English jail.  
Every time you want to see your  
boy, every time he wants to see  
you, his grandma's going to have  
to load him onto a ferry and  
drive four hundred miles. It'll  
break his heart.

A beat. COLLETTE'S eyes have been drawn back to the screen.

MAC (CONT'D)

We've talked to our friends in  
the social services. We can take  
the boy into care. Mother's a  
bomber, father took a bullet from  
the SAS. So maybe it's better for  
the kid to...

COLLETTE reaches forward suddenly to stop the tape and MAC seizes her wrist.

MAC (CONT'D)

Tell me you don't believe in  
something better.

She tries to withdraw, but he won't let go.

MAC (CONT'D)

You can have it.

COLLETTE

Let go!

She struggles free. He sits back.

MAC

(sighs)

You know how many people your big  
brother killed last year?

No answer.

MAC (CONT'D)

This year's victims are still  
walking around, Collette;

(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)  
doing the washing, collecting  
their kids from school...You can  
keep it that way.

No reaction.

MAC (CONT'D)  
And now we're all talking peace,  
the word is your leaders think  
Gerry's the problem; Mr Harder-  
than-hardline.

Still nothing.

MAC (CONT'D)  
So, he's not going to let them  
sell out. How far's he going to  
take it, Collette? What's he  
going to do?

He leans forward again.

MAC (CONT'D)  
You agree to watch him and talk  
to us and you're out of here like  
nothing ever happened. Back to  
your Ma. Back to your boy. We'll  
pay you. Well. And one day, if  
you want it, we'll give you a  
life far away from this. Nobody  
dies. Nobody gets hurt. We just  
*talk.*

COLLETTE  
Then I'd like to talk to a  
lawyer.

He pulls another file.

MAC  
Here are the papers to have your  
son taken into care.

He shoves them across.

MAC (CONT'D)  
You want to play dirty, we can do  
that.

She stares at him.

He's in her face now.

MAC (CONT'D)  
You're already on this road,  
Collette. You've just got to keep  
walk--.

COLLETTE  
 (exasperated)  
 You don't know a damned thing!

A beat.

MAC  
 I know it bugs the hell out of you your mother won't get the washing machine fixed. I know you ask yourself why your boy still wets his bed at night. And I know you were so lonely the night before you came here that you went home with a guy who fucked you so roughly that you started to bleed--

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

MAC  
 (on his feet also)  
 You went back to your mother's place, took your son into your arms and cried until it was time to leave.

COLLETTE  
 I want. To speak. To a--

MAC  
 You can have all the lawyers you fucking like. But they won't change a damned thing. We've got you. You're in a steel cage with bars ten inches thick. You're finished. And so is your son.

He gestures at the care home papers.

MAC (CONT'D)  
 We go through with this and he'll be so fucked up he won't know today from tomorrow.

MAC scoops up the files and puts them back in his briefcase.

MAC (CONT'D)  
 Think about it.

He's at the door.

MAC (CONT'D)

You have two hours. After that,  
you're on your own. If you really  
want a lawyer, press the button  
on my side of the desk and half a  
dozen of the cunts will come  
running.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - HALF AN HOUR LATER.

MAC at a desk, typing. The TV is on. Some reporter outside  
Waterloo Station;

REPORTER

Trevor, the government continues  
to insist the IRA is serious  
about peace, but it's hard to  
believe that when they're sending  
young women over here to kill  
innocent commuters. The police  
have not yet identified the  
bomber, but tonight...

Now they bring up the video grab.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

...they issued this image in the  
hope that--

MAC kills the sound.

INT. PADDINGTON GREEN POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM -  
TWO HOURS LATER.

MAC and the DUTY OFFICER watch COLLETTE through the glass  
window. A clock on the wall shows it is just past midnight

OFFICER

Still not touched the button,  
sir. Hasn't moved a muscle.

MAC nods.

He turns away.

INT. PADDINGTON GREEN POLICE STATION - CELL - TWO HOURS  
LATER.

MAC comes in, sits.

MAC

You want a coffee now?

COLLETTE

They'll kill me.

MAC  
They'll never know.

COLLETTE  
They always know.

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

COLLETTE  
Until you don't need me any more  
and then...(clicks her fingers)

MAC  
If you're in, you're in. And so  
am I.

We HOLD the shot as their eyes remain locked upon each other.

INT. PADDINGTON GREEN POLICE STATION - CELL - AN HOUR LATER

Neither MAC nor COLLETTE has moved. He's leaning on the desk, like they're down to business.

MAC  
You have two weeks to convince us you mean what you say. If you don't make the grade, you're back in this chair staring at a charge sheet. Tonight, we put out a blurred grab from the cameras in the subway. Your friends in Belfast will guess it's you, but it's vague enough for us to be excused making an ID. That's your cover. A guard got suspicious, called the cops. There was a chase, but you escaped, went to ground and hid out overnight. We'll go through your movements step by step.

No answer.

MAC.  
Have you got that, Collette?

She nods, but without meeting his eye.

MAC  
Are you sure you want to do this?

No answer.

MAC.

I need to hear you say it.

COLLETTE

(looking up)

I'm sure.

But she doesn't look sure of a damned thing.

EXT. BATTERSEA PARK - EARLY MORNING.

COLLETTE and MAC stand by a shed.

MAC

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

MAC 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.

MAC

This is our number. Memorise it,  
then burn the paper. Your code-  
name is *Kestrel*. We'll meet you  
every Wednesday at midday in  
Ormeau Park. It is imperative  
that you enter the park from the  
Ormeau Road. Keep walking until I  
find you. If you feel you have  
been followed, or suspect you  
might have been, enter via Park  
Road. If something is wrong, we  
will not make contact. If you  
need a meeting at any other time,  
it will be there unless you are  
told otherwise. Do not use the  
phone in the house unless you are  
sure there is no one else there.  
If anyone sees you in a phone  
box, say it's a love affair you  
don't want your mother to hear  
about.

COLLETTE stares out of the window.

MAC (CONT'D)

You need this.

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

MAC (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.

COLLETTE

What's your name?

MAC

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

COLLETTE

I mean your real name.

MAC

It's better you don't know.

COLLETTE

If you make a mistake, I'm dead -- right? I'd like to know your name.

He hesitates.

MAC

My name is Mac.

A beat.

MAC (CONT'D)

I'll see you in Belfast. Make sure you're at the rendezvous. There can be no mistakes.

INT. A TRAIN APPROACHING BELFAST STATION - DAY

Smudged images of the city beyond a rain-soaked window. On the seat beside COLLETTE a newspaper headline shouts 'PEACE IN OUR TIME? LONDON AND DUBLIN HAIL 'DOWNING STREET DECLARATION'.'

EXT. BELFAST STREET - DAY

COLLETTE leaves the station. The rain stops. The sun shines. She's close to home now. She starts to run...

EXT. COLLETTE'S STREET - DAY

She rounds the corner, pounds past a group of kids playing football in the street and struggles with her key in the lock. She bursts 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. They embrace.

MA  
He's out back.

COLLETTE  
Is he...

MA  
He's fine.

COLLETTE'S P.O.V. as she rushes through to...

EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS.

...where MARK is kicking a ball against the fence. He sees her, stares a moment -- then runs.

COLLETTE  
Mark!

COLLETTE sprints after him into...

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS.

Halfway down, she catches up.

MARK  
Go away!

She wrestles with him. He gives in, sobs, clings to her. Tight.

She presses his head to her neck.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

An ordinary family scene. MARK is finishing his 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.

There's a warmth here. They're a family, right or wrong.

PADDY  
We heard a rumour our girl was back.

He hugs his sister and whispers;

PADDY (CONT'D)  
It was all over the news. Ma's  
been in pieces.

He kisses his mother. GERRY takes a hunk of bread off the side and wipes some of the left-over gravy from MARK's plate. He winks at his sister.

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  
I read about it.

He turns back to the TV, which is now playing a clip from an interview with SINN FEIN DEPUTY LEADER, MARTIN HUGHES.

HUGHES.  
Republicans are very disappointed  
with what they've heard today,  
but we will give this document  
serious consideration and stand  
ready to move the process  
forward.

ON GERRY.

We cut back to the newscaster. He intones gravely;

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

Now we're looking at shots of kids toys lying abandoned in a garden.

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

ANGLE on GERRY.

ON PADDY.

ON COLLETTE.

BACK ON the TV as the segment ends with shots of kids bikes in a garden.

GERRY gets up and switches the TV off.

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

PADDY is playing football with MARK. He collapses and the boy tumbles all over him.

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

Were they onto you?

COLLETTE

Don't think so. The guard on the train kept on looking at me after I showed him my ticket. Then I saw them on the platform and ran...

GERRY

Into a tunnel.

COLLETTE

Yeah.

GERRY

Brave. Stupid.

For a moment, we think he'll place a hand upon her shoulder, but he holds back.

GERRY (CONT'D)

You'll need to talk to Kevin.

COLLETTE

Sure.

A beat.

GERRY once again looks as if he will offer some reassurance. But he disappears back into the house. PADDY joins her on the step. MARK jumps onto his lap.

PADDY

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

MARK trudges off. PADDY turns to his sister.

PADDY (CONT'D)  
He's okay.

But they both know it is more complicated than that. She watches her son strike the football and then jump onto the swing.

PADDY (CONT'D)  
(quieter)  
How 'bout you?

COLLETTE  
I'm fine.

He ruffles her hair.

PADDY  
(nodding behind him,  
into the house)  
What did he say?

COLLETTE  
I have to talk to Kevin.

PADDY  
Why?

She shrugs.

Silence.

COLLETTE  
What do you think about this  
stuff on the TV?

No answer.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
What does Gerry think?

PADDY  
You want to be the one to tell  
him it's all been for nothing?

COLLETTE  
What's he going to do about it?

PADDY  
He's talking to people.

COLLETTE  
About what?

PADDY  
About what to do about it.

A beat. He leans closer.

PADDY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

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

She nods.

PADDY (CONT'D)

This Friday...

He clicks his fingers.

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.

EXT. BELFAST - ALDEGROVE AIRPORT - DAY

MAC walks out with a bag over his shoulder and gets into a waiting car.

INT. MI5'S BELFAST HEADQUARTERS - DAY

MAC walks past a glass wall to the situation room and then the main office. Maybe a dozen people in front of screens. It's quiet, business-like. Just another office. He dumps a rucksack on his desk.

INT. MI5'S BELFAST HEADQUARTERS - FLETCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

KATE FLETCHER is at her desk as MAC enters. She's a little younger than him; cool, pretty and in command.

The TV is on in the corner. The same story the MCVEIGHS were watching...

MAC

We lost someone?

The report is on those pictures of Gingy's house.

FLETCHER

The police.

They watch in silence for a moment.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Congratulations.

MAC  
 (shrugs)  
 Your idea.

FLETCHER  
 But your catch. Is she really in?

MAC  
 We'll see.

FLETCHER  
 They'll run her past Mulgrew.  
 They're even more paranoid than  
 normal at the moment.

MAC  
 I'm relaxed. She's smart. She'll  
 be fine.

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. She goes through to...

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where she strips his bed, before returning to...

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

...where her mother is waiting.

MA.  
 He's okay?

COLLETTE

Yeah.

MA.

He hasn't done this for months.

Ma doesn't budge.

MA. (CONT'D)

Neither of us slept while you were gone.

COLLETTE

Ma, please...you wouldn't do this to the boys.

MA.

If you won't tell Gerry that you've had enough, I will.

COLLETTE squeezes past.

COLLETTE

Goodnight Ma.

INT. COLLETTE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

COLLETTE gets back into bed and puts an arm around her son. She stares up at the ceiling.

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)

We need a plumber, Ma. Paddy couldn't fix his own bloody hair!

Both women laugh. MA leans closer and kisses COLLETTE's forehead.

EXT. THE FALLS ROAD IN WEST BELFAST - DAY

COLLETTE is taking MARK to school, an arm around his shoulder. She's stopped to chat to a friend. Just small talk. *He's out of control, so he is. Someone should tell her.* But the friend is in a hurry to move on, like she doesn't want them to be seen together in public.

CLOSE on COLLETTE for a beat as she reads this.

They part. COLLETTE and MARK walk past an army patrol. 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.

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.

She does so.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

If you could put your arms against the wall.

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...or you're in  
Castlereagh for the night and  
we'll kick your boy from here to  
London.

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 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. PAVILION - ORMEAU PARK - DAY

MAC speaks into a hand-held radio.

MAC  
(tense)  
You got her?

INT. CAR PARKED ON THE ORMEAU ROAD - CONTINUOUS.

MAN  
Negative.

INT. PAVILION - ORMEAU PARK - CONTINUOUS.

MAC looks at his watch.

MAC  
(mutters)  
C'mon...

Scans the park again.

No sign of her.

Time crawls by.

MAC (CONT'D)  
(into the radio)  
She's not coming. Let's get  
outta' here!

He leaves the pavilion and strides away.

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 as he waits for his mum in the classroom and catch his DELIGHT as she arrives.

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 closer.

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

COLLETTE comes through the door and throws her keys in the pot. MARK runs out towards the yard. COLLETTE's mother is cooking the kids dinner, but she's tense.

MA.  
You have a visitor.

COLLETTE walks through to...

EXT. COLLETTE'S BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS.

...where a man is sitting with his back to her. He already has an arm around her son. He turns. It is KEVIN MULGREW, the IRA's head of INTERNAL SECURITY. He still wears the same spotlessly clean red trainers.

MULGREW.  
Collette; what about you'se?

COLLETTE  
Hello, Kevin.

MULGREW.  
This is a beautiful wee fella'  
you've got here.

MARK doesn't look too sure. COLLETTE scoops him up. MULGREW stands.

COLLETTE  
I have to give him tea.

MULGREW.  
We need to talk about London.

COLLETTE  
Later.

MULGREW.  
A Volunteer is never off duty,  
Collette.

COLLETTE  
Nor is a mother.

For a moment, he looks like he'll insist. But then he smiles.

MULGREW.  
(nodding)  
Sure. Tomorrow, then. We have  
time, so we do.

He waits, makes her sweat.

PADDY arrives through the back gate.

PADDY  
(to Collette)  
What the fuck's he doing here?

COLLETTE  
He's just leaving.

MULGREW.  
Doing my job, Volunteer McVeigh.

PADDY  
Then fuck off and do it somewhere  
else.

MULGREW.  
(to Collette, unruffled)  
Look after yourself, Collette.

He leaves.

PADDY watches him disappear down the alley. A few seconds later, GERRY rounds the corner. He greets MULGREW with easy familiarity.

PADDY and COLLETTE can't take their eyes of the pair.

PADDY  
(mutters)  
I've told him.

COLLETTE  
Told him what?

But PADDY doesn't answer.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - EARLY MORNING.

COLLETTE lies awake. MARK is snuggled up beside her, fast asleep. All is quiet.

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 armoured Land Rovers tears around the corner. Armed officers tip out.

MAC is behind them. He hangs 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 the hell are you doing?

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
Get dressed, Miss McVeigh. You're 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 as evidence against you.

ON MARK'S FACE as he emerges from the bedroom. COLLETTE ushers him gently back towards the bedroom.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

She tries to close the door behind her, but the officer puts his boot in the gap.

COLLETTE  
For God's sake!

He doesn't budge.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS.

More officers piling in and fanning out to search the ground floor.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - LANDING - CONTINUOUS.

MA Steps out of her room.

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
Don't, Mrs McVeigh. You'll need  
to look after the boy.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARK in her arms. He's crying.

COLLETTE  
It's all right, love. I'll be  
back before you know it.

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.

She's getting the full treatment.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - LANDING - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE steps out of the bedroom. She's behind the officer and trying gently to detach MARK from her leg. MA bars the way.

MA.  
Leave her.

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
Get out of the way, Mrs. McVeigh.

MA.  
We've had enough.

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
We've all had enough.

MA.  
She's a mother for God's sake.

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
And I'm a father. But that  
wouldn't stop you blowing my head  
off.

They stare at each other a moment. And then he roughly thrusts her aside. COLLETTE frees herself from MARK and he begins to cry. He tries to follow her.

MARK  
Mammy!

MA scoops him up. He's screaming now.

On COLLETTE'S FACE as she is forced down the stairs.

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

CRASH CUT TO:

EXT. COLLETTE'S STREET - CONTINUOUS.

ANGLE on COLLETTE as she passes MAC en route to the back of the Land Rover. If looks could kill...

CRASH CUT TO:

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - SECONDS LATER.

MARK still trying to run after his mother. He's hysterical. MA tries to calm him.

CRASH CUT TO:

INT. CASTLEREAGH HOLDING CENTRE - DAY

COLLETTE is dragged down a corridor. Detainees' clothes (concealed by a cloth sack) hang on a peg outside each door. We hear;

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

COLLETTE is seated. MAC steps in, closes the door behind him and drops her file on the desk.

Waits.

MAC  
Where were you?

No answer.

MAC thumps the table so hard she jumps.

COLLETTE  
I was looking after my son! I...I  
couldn't get away!

He leans towards her, hands on the desk.

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

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

He sits.

MAC (CONT'D)  
You have one minute to give me  
something or you're down that  
corridor looking at a charge  
sheet.

A beat. She nods.

COLLETTE  
I'm sorry.

MAC  
Have you seen your brothers?

COLLETTE

Yes.

MAC

What does Gerry think of the  
'Declaration.'

COLLETTE

Not much.

MAC

What's he going to do about it?

COLLETTE

I...I don't know. Really, I--

MAC

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

No answer.

MAC (CONT'D)

Then tell me what's moving.  
Operations, plans...

She stares at the table top.

COLLETTE

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

Brushes her hand nervously across it now.

MAC

Of course.

COLLETTE

I don't want 'of course.'

He's not going through that hoop again.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

(hesitant)  
There's something tomorrow.

MAC

Go on.

She won't.

MAC (CONT'D)

Go on, Collette.

COLLETTE

Paddy's going to kill the man...the detective who tried to put us both away for the murder of my boss at the print works. The cop's a big shot now. CID.

MAC

What time?

COLLETTE

I don't know.

MAC

Where?

COLLETTE

He didn't say. That's all I can tell you.

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

MAC is in the back with COLLETTE. An MI5 DRIVER is at the wheel.

MAC

Let's go over it again.

COLLETTE

I've got it.

MAC

(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 thought...I assumed he was MI5.

MAC

What did he ask you?

COLLETTE

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

MAC

Did he know you were in England?

COLLETTE

Suspected...constant questions.  
Wasn't I here? Didn't I do this?  
But no evidence.

MAC

(sighs)

Mulgrew's a cunning piece of  
shit. He may not come at you  
right away. So don't drop your  
guard.

They wait.

MAC (CONT'D)

It's time to go.

She continues to gaze out at the black night. She shivers.

MAC (CONT'D)

It's time to go, Collette.

She still doesn't move.

He reaches out and closes his hand around her's.

She does not meet his gaze.

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

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.  
A police chief sits at the head, next to KATE FLETCHER. She  
looks like she's arguing the toss about something as...

We spin to see MAC striding down the corridor.

Half-way down, he passes another MI5 officer called BARRY  
DELAVINE.

He slows a moment, half-turns. He's frowning.

Then he hurries on...

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

MAC bursts in.

MAC

Tell me this is bullshit.

FLETCHER  
Close the door and sit down.

MAC  
I've just got a call to--

FLETCHER  
(sternly)  
Sit down.

MAC shuts the door, but remains standing.

MAC  
(incredulous)  
You want the SAS to hide out in  
his *garden*?

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

MAC  
(looks at FLETCHER)  
Tell him.

FLETCHER shakes her head.

MAC (CONT'D)  
If you do that, our player is  
dead.

Silence.

FLETCHER  
Mac, we have a chance here to  
take Paddy McVeigh's entire team  
out of circulation. We *must* take  
it.

MAC  
(to the cop)  
You lay an ambush and there'll be  
the mother and father of all tout-  
hunts. We might as well publish  
our Joe's name in the fucking  
Belfast Telegraph.

SENIOR STAFF OFFICER 1  
That's not true. We can--

MAC  
I'm gonna' call London.

FLETCHER glares at him.

MAC (CONT'D)  
I want everything on hold until  
I've talked to Buchanan.

He turns away.

FLETCHER

I've already spoken to him, Mac.

MAC turns back. He's been out-manoeuvred here, but he's not sure how and why. He glances at a SPECIAL BRANCH MAN in shirt-sleeves at the end of the table. His mate. But the guy won't meet his eye.

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

MAC by the coffee machine. FLETCHER joins him.

FLETCHER

You're too old to be making a fool of yourself like that.

MAC waits as the last of the coffee is spat out. He takes a slug.

MAC

Eight months work. And you're going to blow it in a heartbeat.

FLETCHER

That's not true and you know it. She won't be the only suspect.

MAC

You can tell her kid that at the funeral.

FLETCHER walks away.

MAC (CONT'D)

Do you enjoy playing God, Kate?

She swings around.

FLETCHER

No, Mac. I don't.

Looks at him.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

You want to know why it's me sitting in the glass office? I'm not smarter than you. I'm not tougher than you. And we all know I'm nowhere near as experienced as you.

He's not going to offer an answer.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

I'm sitting there because I'm prepared to make these decisions and you're not. *Somebody* has to. So perhaps you'd like to stop beating me up about it.

She turns to go again.

MAC

I still don't get it.

FLETCHER

Don't get what?

MAC

Kate, you could have cut this a hundred different ways.

True. And she knows it.

FLETCHER

London only cares about the politics, Mac. A chance to send the other side a message that we're on top.

She disappears down the corridor.

Mac waits for his cop friend to round the corner. The guy gives him a world weary shrug as he hits the lift button.

MAC

You want to tell me what that was all about?

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN

How should I know?

MAC

So--

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN

You give us Paddy Mcveigh, we'll take him. The rest of it is your problem.

The lift doors open. He gets in, nods at MAC and is gone.

But MAC doesn't move. He is still working the angles. And he still doesn't get it...

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - LANDING - NIGHT

COLLETTE is just about to turn onto the stairs, when she hears voices below.

GERRY and PADDY arguing...

She draws back. Listens.

Hard to make out what they're saying, but they're talking about someone. *What the fuck would he know?*

They open the front door and disappear out into the night.

INT. COLLETTE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

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

PADDY  
(whispers)  
Sshh...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...I need to look after--

PADDY  
He'll be fine with Ma.

COLLETTE  
Why do you need me?

PADDY  
(puzzled)  
Get dressed, Collette.

COLLETTE  
Paddy, I can't. I--

PADDY  
(annoyed)  
Is something wrong?

COLLETTE

No...no.

PADDY

Then get dressed.

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 is behind the wheel. Paddy sits beside him. They are both wearing leather gloves. We switch to...

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS.

... and 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. He drives a silver Granada. You block. We do the rest from the van.

He waits.

PADDY (CONT'D)

You got that?

COLLETTE

Yeah.

The driver pulls up and two more thugs emerge from the shadows of a tower block. One is wearing a BASEBALL CAP. He's an unattractive, spotty youth.

Both squeeze in beside COLLETTE. They 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.

Shuts her eyes.

Gets up again, crosses the hall. There is a phone beside the bed. She glances over her shoulder.

She dials.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Can I help?

COLLETTE  
(whispers)  
I need to speak to the Box Man.

VOICE (O.S.)  
One moment please.

Checks over her shoulder again.

COLLETTE  
Now!

Footsteps on the stairs...

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS.

The spotty thug is on the bottom step. He's looking for her.

BASEBALL CAP  
Anyone there?

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

A voice on the line.

MAC (O.S.)  
This is Box Man.

COLLETTE  
It's Kestrel.

MAC (O.S.)  
What do you need?

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

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

She puts down the receiver.

He heard. He must have heard...

BASEBALL CAP  
You okay?

COLLETTE  
(flustered)  
Sure. Fine...

A beat. He's going to denounce her...

BASEBALL CAP  
He says we've gotta' go.

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

COLLETTE drives. Next to her sits BASEBALL CAP. They have been teamed up together.

He's nervous, fidgety.

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

EXT. AERIAL - CONTINUOUS

We SWOOP across the city as the convoy winds through the streets. The first commuters are making their way into town.

INT. COLLETTE'S CAR - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER.

They have parked CLOSE TO TARGET.

COLLETTE checks her watch.

ANGLE on the DASHBOARD CLOCK. **7.25.**

COLLETTE drives into Newtonards Road. The van speeds past and swings around, so that they face each other either side of a cul-de-sac.

**7.27.** BASEBALL CAP looks like he's going to shit his pants.

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

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

They eat in silence. The cop they want to kill. Just an ordinary kind of guy...

INT. COLETTE'S CAR - DAY.

COLLETTE puts on her balaclava. BASEBALL CAP does the same.

**7.29.**

A beat, then...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS.

Land Rovers tear out of the cul-de-sac, a megaphone blasting;

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

INT. COLETTE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

They're frozen.

BASEBALL CAP tips out of the car...

COLLETTE  
No!

Too late.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

He RUNS. Blam, blam, blam! He's down. Groaning...

ON PADDY through the window of the van -- he's shouting --  
ON COLLETTE as bullets thump into the rear of her car.

PADDY's moving. The van's roaring CLOSER. A door's flung  
open.

PADDY  
Run!

No way.

PADDY (CONT'D)  
Now!

Christ.

Go.

She jumps out -- dives in. PADDY slams his foot down.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE'S P.O.V. as they speed towards a junction. Too  
fast. They smash into parked cars. Paddy's fighting to keep  
control -- slewing -- sliding -- scraping...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS.

Accelerating again -- pedestrians running -- Land Rovers pouring down narrow side streets -- a police helicopter SWOOPING LOW.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS.

Shot of the pilot's monitor.

PILOT  
(into microphone)  
North on Hollywood.

INT. MAC'S CAR - A NEARBY STREET - CONTINUOUS.

MAC is half out, speaking into a radio.

MAC  
Back off!

Waits. They're not taking a blind bit of notice.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Shit.

He gets into the car. The DRIVER accelerates away.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS.

The VAN pegs it through a red light. PADDY hits a car side on. He veers onto a pavement and shoppers run screaming.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS.

He swings back onto the road -- brakes -- hits another car -- spins -- rights himself -- accelerates until...

A cop Land Rover pulls out of a street in front and the van SLAMS RIGHT INTO IT...

Twists...

Turns over...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS.

Slides (on its side)...

SMASH CUT  
AGAIN TO:

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE'S HORIZONTAL P.O.V as the van hits a tree and comes to a shattering halt. Somebody's groaning in the back.

PADDY

Get out!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS.

They stagger into the street.

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

PADDY

Split up!

ON COLLETTE as she runs, breathing ragged.

She turns left, right. A quiet residential street. Into the drive of a house, opening a gate...

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS.

Across a lawn, over the fence to...

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS.

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

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Walking slowly. Limping.

She breathes in deep.

The sun is shining. She smiles for an old lady walking her dog.

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 with his father...

She breaks down...

Shaking like a leaf...

...until 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 told him you'd gone to see a friend.

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

INT. MI5 HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

MAC at his desk, on the phone.

MAC

Anything?

OPERATIONS OFFICER (O.S.)

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

MAC

Mulgrew?

OPERATIONS OFFICER (O.S.)

No sir. Not yet.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - EVENING

COLLETTE and MARK are reading a book. She is anything but relaxed.

COLLETTE

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

MARK

(hesitantly)

C - A - T

COLLETTE

Great. (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.

Tight.

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

COLLETTE  
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 second.

EXT. COLLETTE'S STREET - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE striding towards a phone box. She shoves the newspaper in the bin.

INT. TELEPHONE BOX - CONTINUOUS

COLLETTE dials, hears...

A VOICE (O.S.)  
How can I help?

COLLETTE  
It's Kestrel. I need to speak to Box Man.

A VOICE (O.S.)  
One moment please.

She waits impatiently.

MAC (O.S.)  
Yes, Kestrel.

COLLETTE  
Is he alive?

MAC (O.S.)  
Who?

COLLETTE  
The boy! The one in the baseball  
cap! The one you shot!

MAC (O.S.)  
He's in the hospital.

COLLETTE  
He saw me! When we were in the  
house...when I made that call. He  
heard.

MAC (O.S.)  
Are you sure?

COLLETTE  
Yes! If I wasn't Paddy's sister,  
he'd have blabbed right there.

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

COLLETTE  
If he's alive, I'm dead!

MAC  
I said, we'll deal with it.

COLLETTE  
If Mulgrew gets to him first, I'm  
finished!

The connection is cut.

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's been watching her.

MULGREW.  
What about you'se Collette?

COLLETTE  
Kevin.

MULGREW.  
We need to talk.

COLLETTE  
I just have to--.

MULGREW.  
Now.

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, but there's no mirth in his eyes.

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 his drink, 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  
Yeah.

MULGREW.  
You sure about that?

COLLETTE  
Uh-huh.

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 he 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 place. And there's no way it can be our Gerry who's squealing to the Brits? So, is it his shaggy-haired brother? Or did he blab his fat mouth off to the sister every volunteer in Belfast wants to nail to the bed?

COLLETTE

(blushing)  
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 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...yeah.

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 your son?

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)  
Mac.

It's a trick he's used before.

MULGREW.  
Who's Mac?

COLLETTE  
(trying hard to retain  
her composure)  
The one...the English guy.

MULGREW.  
You said his name was Jenkins.

She hesitates.

COLLETTE  
Mac Jenkins.

MULGREW.  
You'se were friendly then? First  
name terms an' all?

He stands.

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

CRASH CUT TO:

EXT. BELFAST STREET - DAY

COLLETTE hurries along in the driving rain...

INT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Uniform cops pouring off a ward. MAC holds up some ID.

MAC  
 I'm looking for the kid.

OFFICER  
 Too late. He's making his excuses  
 to our Lord.

As far as the cop is concerned, a piece of IRA scum who got  
 what he deserved...

EXT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - NIGHT

COLLETTE arrives on the pavement opposite, soaked, just as  
 MAC emerges from the hospital entrance.

No one else is about and they eyeball each other a moment.

He nods and draws a finger across his throat.

COLLETTE shakes her head. He hasn't...he could not have...

INT. MAC'S CAR - A MINUTE LATER.

A red traffic light through the rain-soaked windscreen.  
 About to pull off when the door opens and COLLETTE jumps  
 into the passenger seat.

MAC  
 Jesus!

He pushes her head roughly down, so she is out of view, and  
 accelerates away.

He takes a roundabout at sixty. Roars up the hill out of  
 town. As soon as he turns off the main road, onto a dirt  
 track, she PUNCHES him. Smack into the face. Hard.

He raises an arm for protection, slams on the brakes, skids to a halt.

She's going at him now, punching, scratching...

MAC (CONT'D)  
For God's sake!

He takes hold of both her arms.

COLLETTE  
I trusted you!

She tries to break free, but he won't release her.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
I gave you what you asked for.  
You said no one would be hurt!

He lets go.

MAC  
Calm down, Collette.

COLLETTE  
What do you mean *calm down*?  
Mulgrew knows. He's red-lighted me!

MAC  
What did he say?

COLLETTE  
He tricked me. I got mixed up. I said I'd been interrogated by a man called Jenkins, but then I used your name.

MAC  
Mac?

COLLETTE  
Yes. I told him it was a Christian name, but he *knew*.

MAC  
(watching rivulets of  
rain run down the  
windscreen)  
It's his job to make you think he knows.

COLLETTE  
Then he's doing a good fucking--

MAC  
(tougher)  
Calm down, Collette.

She covers her eyes, groans.

MAC (CONT'D)

You made a small mistake. You'll say that I introduced myself as Mr Jenkins, but I was with a colleague who referred to me constantly as Mac.

She thinks about this.

COLLETTE

Did you kill him?

She gestures over her shoulder to indicate she means Baseball Cap back in the hospital.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Did you go in there and kill him?

MAC

No.

COLLETTE

You were going to?

A beat. Of course not, but no harm in having her think he might have done.

A long silence.

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

MAC pulls up on a deserted street. COLLETTE seems reluctant to leave again. Without thinking, MAC puts his hand over her's.

She looks at him.

She gets out and walks rapidly away.

On MAC as he drives off.

ANGLE on her receding figure in the rear-view mirror.

INT. MI5'S BELFAST HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Rain hammers the window. MAC's at a computer, typing up a report. He looks up as a couple of men approach KATE FLETCHER's office. One is BARRY DELAVINE, the guy he passed in the corridor just before that crucial TCG meeting. He watches through the glass as FLETCHER shakes hands and squeezes shoulders.

MAC frowns. He doesn't like the look of this.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

She wraps it in a sock, stands on her bed, lifts a corner panel in the ceiling and stores it in a nook above.

INT. MI5'S BELFAST HEADQUARTERS - FLETCHER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

MAC steps in. FLETCHER is at her desk.

FLETCHER  
You did well today.

A couple of paces closer.

MAC  
You giving Barry Delavine a medal?

FLETCHER smiles, shrugs. She's not going to be drawn.

MAC (CONT'D)  
What's with the love in?

FLETCHER  
You feeling left out, Mac?

He doesn't see the joke.

MAC  
He had another angle?

FLETCHER  
(shaking her head)  
No.

But KATE FLETCHER is lying. For sure. MAC is working it over. What the hell is FLETCHER'S agenda?

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.

EXT. FALLS ROAD - DAY

A group of men in black leather jackets, white shirts, black ties and black shoes wait to carry BASEBALL CAP's coffin. They're surrounded by a crowd of mourners. GERRY MCVEIGH is among them. MARTIN HUGHES, the Sinn Fein Deputy Leader, stands grim-faced beside him. We pick out PADDY, COLLETTE and MA too.

They are surrounded by cops dressed in riot gear. It looks like a siege. In a sense, it is.

BASEBALL CAP's family stand by the doorway waiting for the procession to begin. They look tense. They wouldn't have chosen an IRA 'military' funeral.

Photographers stand alongside television cameras, waiting.

As the coffin emerges, draped in an Irish flag, a police COMMANDER approaches MARTIN HUGHES. He raises his wooden baton.

COMMANDER

We agreed there'd be none of this.

GERRY nods for the pallbearers to continue. The officer raises his stick again.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

(still talking to Hughes)

You know the law, Mr Hughes. You're not going to bury this man as a soldier. Not on my watch.

GERRY

There's nothing here.

COMMANDER

That's a colour party.

GERRY

It's a few grieving men.

HUGHES

Gerry...

HUGHES is looking at the family, who are clearly distraught. GERRY leans into him.

GERRY

(almost inaudibly, but with heavy sarcasm)  
(MORE)

GERRY (CONT'D)  
 Are we fucking up your grand  
 plan, Martin?

For a moment, as GERRY turns back to face the policeman, it is unclear whom he hates more.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
 Better stand in, Martin.

Now it is HUGHES's turn to look furious. He doesn't want to be pictured carrying this coffin.

But he's got no choice now.

He steps in and helps pick it up. The photographers fire off dozens of shots; this is the image they came for. The procession moves off.

INT. CHURCH - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

GERRY and MARTIN HUGHES sit close to the front of the mourners with COLLETTE and PADDY either side of them.

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 our  
 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. He won't look at MARTIN HUGHES.

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...*

On MA. The priest reflects her sentiments exactly. On HUGHES.

Back to GERRY, who really can't stand to listen to much more of this.

EXT. MARTIN HUGHES'S HOUSE - HALF AN HOUR LATER.

COLLETTE approaches. Two IRA thugs guarding the gate let her through with a nod.

INT. MARTIN HUGHES'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

COLETTE'S POV as she enters.

There is noise, smoke, some laughter.

It's a kind of wake.

The kind that gives IRA men the cover to get together and talk business.

There's a makeshift bar, ashtrays all over the place, some plates full of unappetising snacks.

A few people greet her, but she's drifting through...

Listening.

Watching.

PADDY in the corner with two IRA men in leather jackets;  
*Aaaagh. She's not like that! In your fucking dreams...*

Everyone in huddles. Mostly talking politics. *So this is it? C'mon Seamus...That's not how it is...It's only the start...Well, we've got to make them think again...*

More greetings, but she's still not engaging. Like she's looking for someone...

She walks through the hall and then into...

INT. MARTIN HUGHES'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A group of men stand around a table, shrouded in smoke. GERRY and MARTIN HUGHES are clearly having an argument.

GERRY

You've no fucking right!

HUGHES

(menacing in his own way  
now he is away from the  
cameras)

And neither have you!

GERRY

You don't represent us and you  
never fucking have!

The men become aware of COLLETTE'S presence. One nudges GERRY. He turns around, nods.

Silence.

They are obviously not going to continue whilst she is there.

COLLETTE  
You seen Paddy?

GERRY  
He's out the front.

She turns to see MULGREW leaning against a wall. He is watching her.

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

COLLETTE is walking 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. Still spotlessly clean.

A beat.

His eyes on her. She doesn't flinch.

MULGREW.  
Happy Christmas, Collette. I hope you get somethin' nice for the wee fella.

He walks away.

EXT. MAC'S HOUSE - OUTSIDE BELFAST - CHRISTMAS DAY

An isolated cottage. Through the window, we see MAC, who is on the phone.

INT. MAC'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS.

Someone picks up his call

MAN (O.S.)  
Hello.

MAC  
(put out)  
Who's that?

MAN (O.S.)  
It's Derek.

A beat.

MAC  
Is Lucy there?

MAN (O.S.)  
She's just finishing off the cake  
with her mother. I'll get her.  
Who shall I say is speaking?

MAC  
Her father.

MAC waits.

LUCY (O.S.)  
Mum says you're not coming.

MAC  
I told her I--

LUCY (O.S.)  
Why not?

MAC  
Something came up. A new project.  
I've just--

LUCY (O.S.)  
What?

MAC  
I can't talk about it, love. You  
know that. It'll take a few  
months, then--

LUCY (O.S.)  
A few *months*?

A beat.

LUCY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(quieter)  
Will you see Mum when you come?

MAC  
(hesitates)  
I don't know.

LUCY (O.S.)  
Thanks for the present.

MAC  
I'm sorry. It's not very romantic  
giving you money, but--

LUCY (O.S.)  
It's fine. It's what I wanted.

Another phone is ringing. The secure line.

MAC

Hold on a second. Don't go away.

He puts the receiver down on the desk and goes to pick up the other line.

MI5 OFFICER (O.S.)

Sir, Mrs Fletcher wanted you to know that the surveillance reports from the meeting at Hughes's house are back. Not much in it, really. But she said you should have a list of who was there.

MAC

Thanks. Just leave it in the top drawer of my desk. I'll be in later.

MI5 OFFICER (O.S.)

Happy Christmas, sir.

MAC

Thank you. And to you.

He puts down the phone, returns to his daughter.

But she's gone.

MAC looks at the receiver and puts it slowly back onto the cradle.

INT. GARDEN SHED - COLLETTE'S BACK YARD - DAY

It's pretty dark in here as GERRY and PADDY stand with their heads bent over a bench.

They look like they're making something.

A bomb, perhaps. We're on their FACES, so can't say for sure.

PADDY is doing the work whilst his brother looks on impatiently.

GERRY

(barging his brother out of the way)

You'se are fucking useless.

He takes a spanner from PADDY.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Have you got the paper?

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - HALF AN HOUR LATER.

It's Christmas day in the MCVEIGH HOUSEHOLD. The floor is covered in discarded wrapping paper.

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

PADDY walks in carrying the 'bomb' they've just been working on, which is inexpertly wrapped in gold paper.

MARK has been waiting for this. He eyes his present.

COLLETTE  
(with deep affection)  
C'mon love.

He rips off the paper. It's a bike, equipped with the stabilisers his uncles have just attached (badly). He's so happy...

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND COLLETTE'S HOME - MINUTES LATER.

They all watch as GERRY holds MARK and then sets him off down the lane.

PADDY puts his arm around his sister's shoulder and pulls her close.

On MA as she takes it all in.

EXT. COLLETTE'S BACK YARD - LATER THE SAME DAY.

It's snowing. GERRY is smoking a cigarette. MA steps out to join him.

They stand in silence a moment, but he knows what she is thinking.

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

She watches him.

MA  
(quietly)  
I'd like you to let Collette go.

GERRY  
It's her call. Always has been.

MA  
It used to be. But she's changed.  
Now she only stays in out of  
respect for you.

GERRY

You mean you've made her change.

A long silence.

MA

(gently)

Look what it's doing to you,  
love.

GERRY

You want to have the same  
conversation every Christmas till  
we're dead?

MA

If we keep going like this, that  
won't be too long. Another year.  
Then another. Is that all we can  
hope for?

GERRY

If we give up now, it will all  
have been for nothing. Is that  
what you want?

MA

I only know I don't want this.  
Not any more.

GERRY closes his eyes in frustration.

INT. MI5'S BELFAST HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

MAC is sitting at a computer. We see him pull up a SEARCH  
function and type *HENDERSON* into the box.

A raft of files. He clicks on *IRA ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT*.

But it's locked. The screen flashes up; *Clearance level 9.  
Passcode;*

He's confused...

INT. RECEPTION, POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN BELFAST - NIGHT

MAC is waiting for his mate from the Special Branch. As the  
guy emerges from the lift, he doesn't look too pleased to  
see him.

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN

Jesus, Mac. It's Christmas. Don't  
you have a home to go to?

MAC

Listen, I--

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN  
We played it straight. What can I say?

MAC  
Forget about that. I need a favour.

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN  
(sighs)  
You were all out of those a long time ago.

MAC  
They're hunting a tout in Gerry McVeigh's crowd, right?

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN  
(non-committal - nobody shares a damned thing in this war unless they have to)  
Maybe.

MAC  
Have been a while; eight, nine months...

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN  
Something like that.

MAC  
Who?

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN  
The word is the high command thinks it must be someone close to him.

MAC  
(trying not to betray a reaction)  
Paddy?

He shrugs.

MAC (CONT'D)  
What does Gerry say?

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN  
(shrugs again)  
He's got his mind on other things.

MAC  
Like?

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN

Like whether his bosses are  
selling him out.

He starts to walk away, but he's going backwards, still  
facing MAC.

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN (CONT'D)

You know Mulgrew, Mac.  
He won't stop until he's got a  
bullet in someone's head, no  
matter whose head it turns out to  
be.

No answer.

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN (CONT'D)

Happy Christmas to you, too!

EXT. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MAC rings the doorbell. FLETCHER's husband answers. He's  
wearing a stupid hat and looks at MAC with barely disguised  
hostility. Can't her job even be kept at bay for one day?  
KATE emerges from the kitchen. She's removing her apron.

FLETCHER

Who is it, John?

She sees.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Mac. Are you okay?

He nods. She shoves the apron into her husband's hand.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Come in.

The husband retreats in orderly silence. A small boy  
appears in the doorway of the kitchen. He's about the same  
age as Collette's son.

BOY

Mummy, the mince pies are--

FLETCHER

In a minute, Louie.

She shoos him back into the kitchen and closes the door.  
MAC can't help noticing that he goes happily.

INT. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS.

The pair sit in deep arm chairs in front of a roaring fire. She roots around in her husband's drinks cupboard and holds up a bottle of whisky triumphantly.

MAC

No thanks.

FLETCHER

Come on. It's Christmas.

He shakes his head. Like she ever drinks whisky.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

If I'd known you were on your own, I'd have invited you to join us.

No she wouldn't.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Shoot, Mac.

MAC

Why have you locked the Henderson file?

KATE shrugs.

FLETCHER

Maybe it was London.

MAC

It wasn't London.

FLETCHER

Well--

MAC

Barry Delavine works my side of the street. So if you were pumping his hand, it must have been because he had another angle on Henderson. Another angle means another tout.

A beat.

MAC (CONT'D)

Collette McVeigh was your idea. So I'm asking myself; why?

FLETCHER

Mac--

MAC

I spend eight months reeling her in and you're prepared to burn her on day one. Why?

FLETCHER

Mac, please, I--

MAC

I'll tell you why; because you have another agent in place. Someone close to her; bigger, *better*. Mulgrew started hunting for your tout and you needed some meat to throw him.

Silence.

FLETCHER

I've known worse results.

A beat.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

She's a good agent, but not a great one. Sometimes, we have to choose.

MAC

You cannot--

FLETCHER

We can. And *I* do. That's my job. There are no easy choices. It's a war. And we have to win it.

MAC

(leaning forward)

You think we can win anything if we're that cynical?

FLETCHER

Do you think we can win if we're not?

No answer.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Let's not forget the choices she's made, Mac. No one forced a bomb into her hand...

MAC

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

FLETCHER

(irritated)

You gave me the file. It's all there. She goes to her boss's house, smiles at his wife, plays with his kids, drinks his wine. But then she sees a picture of him in a reservists uniform in the bathroom. So what does she do? She goes home and tells her brothers. And what do they do? Oh, one of them comes back and blows his fucking head off. So forgive me if I don't cry for her...

MAC

I want to pull her out.

FLETCHER

That's out of the question.

MAC

They'll assume she was one of ours, so she'll still take the heat off whoever else you have in place.

FLETCHER

That's a fantasy. You know as well as I do the IRA doesn't believe anything it hasn't extracted under torture. Besides, she's only just got started.

MAC

She's done what we asked of her.

FLETCHER

C'mon, Mac; a new identity, a house, protection, an income for life. What are we talking; a million? Throw in eight months work setting her up and we're nearer two. And you think London would buy all that for one good hit on Paddy McVeigh's crew? Forget it...

MAC

We made a deal.

FLETCHER

No. I absolutely forbid it.

MAC

She's got a son.

FLETCHER

Then perhaps she should have thought of that before she tried to blow up a train load of innocent people.

MAC

(angry)

We can't just wait until they put a bullet in her head!

FLETCHER

Then make sure they don't!

He glowers at her.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Is it because she has a pretty face, Mac? Because I thought you were a lot smarter than that.

KATE gets up. This audience is over. But MAC doesn't budge.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

I didn't see a report from you on the meeting at Hughes's house. But she was there, wasn't she?

No answer.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

I heard Gerry went down to South Armagh to see Fox yesterday.

MAC

Are you trying to tell me this is a competition, Kate?

FLETCHER

I'm telling you to make her work for the freedom we gave her.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

COLLETTE enters through the back door to find GERRY and PADDY leaning close over a table with an over-flowing ash-tray and an empty whisky bottle between them. They stare at her a moment, as if shocked to have been interrupted, before she bowls through to the...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

...where her mother is finishing the drying up. COLLETTE doesn't want to hang around here either.

COLLETTE

Night Ma.

Before her mother can reply, she's disappeared up the stairs.

INT. COLLETTE'S BEDROOM - A MINUTE LATER.

She moves to the window. She inches back the curtain and sees...

A man standing in the alley outside, watching. Must be one of MULGREW's crew...

INT. COLLETTE'S BEDROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER.

She stares at the ceiling in the darkness.

She gets up, goes into the roof, takes out the emergency bleeper, puts it into her handbag and stuffs that under the bed.

She lies down again. Wide awake. Like she's going to be all night.

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 Mark?

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

COLLETTE

I won't be long, Ma.

MA.

I've a doctor's appointment.

COLLETTE

Can't you take him 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, like she knows  
 exactly what the score is here.

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

COLLETTE  
 Ma, please...

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

COLLETTE  
 (close to tears now)  
 Don't do this. Not now.

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

EXT. COLLETTE'S STREET - CONTINUOUS.

She looks back. Her mother is still standing in the  
 doorway.

EXT. ORMEAU PARK - DAY.

COLLETTE is walking.

And walking.

MAC is suddenly alongside her.

MAC  
 You're late.

They keep striding out.

COLLETTE  
 I have to go.

A beat.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
 (agitated)  
 I've made it here. You can see  
 me. I need to get home.

MAC  
 In a minute.

COLLETTE  
 My mother is raging. I have to--

MAC  
 Collette--

COLLETTE  
 He's watching me...Mulgrew.

She's walking faster.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
 One of his men was in the alley  
 last night. Standing there.  
 Staring.

MAC  
 We've been through this. If there--  
 -

COLLETTE  
 For Christ's sake!

She runs.

Out of the park and into a patch of industrial wasteland.

Ten swift paces and he catches her.

MAC  
 This is unprofessional.

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

He pulls her into the ley of a building, where they are out  
 of sight.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
 I have to get home!

MAC  
 And I need something. What's  
 Gerry up to?

COLLETTE  
 I don't know.

MAC

Try harder. He was down seeing  
Fox a couple of days ago. What  
about?

She shakes herself free, but he catches her. He forces her  
roughly into what turns out to be an abandoned factory;  
cavernous, spooky and damp.

MAC (CONT'D)

Listen to me; you're his sister.  
Don't tell me you spend your time  
discussing the weather.

No answer.

MAC (CONT'D)

You've a job to do.

COLLETTE

My *job* is to end up in a  
ditch...barefoot, hooded and  
dead. You know it and so do I!

MAC

(steely)

We've been over this. It's not  
going to end like--

COLLETTE

How do you *know* that?

MAC

Collette, you've got to give me  
more than this.

COLLETTE

Or what?

MAC

Or this isn't going to fucking  
work. You made your choice.  
Now...

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.

COLLETTE

(quietly -- she's  
totally petrified)

I'm dead. That's the choice I  
made.

MAC

No, you're not.

He takes hold of her wrist.

MAC (CONT'D)

Listen to me; I'm not going to  
let that happen.

She stares at him.

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

She finds his hand...

Touching.

Linked fingers.

Locked. Tight.

They kiss. He resists, draws back. But she comes at him  
again.

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

Fumbling. Groping. Hushed, urgent, crazy...

He's almost in her.

He staggers back.

She stands, clothes dishevelled.

Madness...

He raises his hands.

MAC (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...

Silence.

He takes a step back, still breathing hard.

MAC (CONT'D)

I need to get you out.

No answer.

MAC (CONT'D)

It's just me. Do you understand?

No answer.

MAC (CONT'D)

My colleagues have their own  
agenda, so if I take you out  
we're on our own. But if I leave  
you in, you'll die.

Still nothing.

MAC (CONT'D)

I'll need a few days. I can take your boy. No one else. You will never be able to see your mother or brothers again. If you try to make contact, they'll find us and they'll kill us all.

A beat.

MAC (CONT'D)

Do you understand, Collette?

No answer.

MAC (CONT'D)

Do you understand that?

COLLETTE

I can't.

MAC

You have no choice.

COLLETTE

They'd never let us go. Gerry McVeigh's sister a tout? We'd always be running and running...

A beat.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

This is my home. I cannot leave.

They stare at each other. They both understand she has just sentenced herself to death.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - NIGHT.

COLLETTE is reading MARK a story: *The Jungle Book*. He is cuddling his favorite toy, which is a furry tiger.

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.

GERRY and PADDY walk in through the back door. They glance  
at their sister and disappear through to the kitchen  
without a word. A few seconds later, GERRY returns.

GERRY

You out tonight, Collette?

COLLETTE

No. Why?

But he's gone already.

INT. MI5 HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

MAC at his desk. Thinking. He picks up the phone.

MAC

Hey Nick. It's Mac.

NICK (O.S.)

Hi Mac.

MAC

I've just got to tidy up some  
paper-work here. You know the  
Henderson operation last week;  
have they put a hard copy into  
library yet?

NICK

Dunno. Why?

MAC

I'm locked out of the computer  
here, but I'm trying to get this  
stuff in tonight. It was my Joe;  
(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)  
any chance you could dig me out  
the agent code?

NICK  
I'll take a look.

MAC waits.

NICK (CONT'D)  
You got a pen?

MAC  
Yeah. Shoot.

NICK  
There's two on the incident  
report.

MAC  
Give me both. I'll work out which  
is mine.

NICK  
6725451/MRU and 5736917/LPN

MAC makes a note.

MAC  
Thanks Nick.

He puts the phone down and pulls himself closer to the desk. He punches in the second code number. A file pops up headed **Shadow Dancer**.

He stares at it.

The other agent.

The file requires a password to access, so he closes it and opens another application headed FINANCIAL CODES. He types in **Shadow Dancer**.

The screen curser immediately comes up with a response.  
ACCOUNT CODE; 7778136/LPN

MAC notes it down on the pad in front of him.

INT. COLLETTE'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE on COLLETTE'S FACE.

For once, she is sleeping peacefully. So it is a shock to find someone else is in the room, sitting in the chair opposite her.

It's a moment before we see that it's GERRY.

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

GERRY  
Three.

She sits up, with sleepy eyes.

COLLETTE  
What's happening?

GERRY  
Get dressed.

COLLETTE  
Why?

No answer.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
Gerry, I--

GERRY  
We need your help.

She's wide awake now.

COLLETTE  
Gerry, I can't do any more. I  
just...I can't.

A beat. He's not a monster. He understands.

GERRY  
We don't have a choice.

COLLETTE  
We do. I do.

GERRY  
They never gave us a choice,  
Collette.

It is said with finality. He stands up, leaves.

COLLETTE pulls on her clothes. She reaches for her handbag,  
takes out the bleeper and stuffs it in her jacket pocket.

INT. MI5 HEADQUARTERS - EARLY MORNING

MAC roams a dark, deserted building.

He's checking there is no one else here.

He goes to his desk, takes out a set of what looks like  
keys.

He approaches FLETCHER's office and picks the lock.

INT. MI5 HEADQUARTERS - FLETCHER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He's in.

He lowers the blinds.

He goes to the filing cabinet. Picks another lock.

Now he's flicking through files. He takes out one marked;  
**Agent Accounts/1992.**

He switches on his torch and takes out the note-pad in his pocket. He checks the financial code he is looking for and then runs the torch-beam down the page.

He finds the right line. There is a neat, hand-written entry detailing a payment of £250 for each month of the year.

He shuts the file and opens the one for 1991...

INT. A CAR - BELFAST - EARLY MORNING

Driving through empty streets. PADDY is at the wheel, GERRY alongside him in the front. COLLETTE sits in the rear.

INT. MI5 HEADQUARTERS - FLETCHER'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

MAC has got to 1977.

He finds the payments to **Shadow Dancer** began in April that year. Before that; nothing.

He closes the file, puts it back, raises the blinds carefully and leaves.

He's found what he was looking for.

INT. CAR - BELFAST - EARLY MORNING

PADDY eases the vehicle to a halt. COLLETTE suddenly works out where they are and what they are doing here.

COLLETTE

Christ, Gerry.

He swings around.

GERRY

I'll go in the back. Paddy will cover the front. You take the wheel.

He puts on a balaclava and pulls out his revolver.

COLLETTE  
Gerry, we can't do this. You'll  
start a war.

GERRY  
Stay here.

He gets out.

COLLETTE  
Paddy--

PADDY  
That's enough, Collette.

EXT. BELFAST STREET - CONTINUOUS

GERRY walks away from the car. He turns into an alley and glides down the back of a row of houses. He opens a garden gate and steps through it.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

COLLETTE  
(with greater urgency)  
Paddy, we can't do this.

PADDY  
It's too late.

COLLETTE  
We can't allow this to happen.

PADDY  
They've left us no choice.

EXT. MARTIN HUGHES'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

GERRY waits. It's eerily quiet.

He moves to the window.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

COLLETTE has pressed the button on her emergency bleeper. We can see it flashing.

EXT. MARTIN HUGHES'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

GERRY is looking at the door. He starts to pick the lock.

INT. MI5 HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

MAC sprints up a set of stairs. His pager is blaring like a fire engine.

INT. MARTIN HUGHES'S HOUSE - HALL - CONTINUOUS

GERRY is in. He waits in the darkness.

Nothing stirs.

CLOSE on a photo frame on the wall. It depicts MARTIN HUGHES being carried on the shoulders of his supporters on the night he was elected to parliament.

GERRY was one of them...

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

PADDY opens the door. He also has a balaclava on now and a pistol in his hand. COLLETTE tries to stop him.

COLLETTE

Paddy, please...

But he shakes her off.

INT. MI5 HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MAC bursts in.

KATE FLETCHER, BARRY DELAVINE and half a dozen other agents are sitting in front of a bank of screens.

They already know...

INT. MARTIN HUGHES'S HOUSE - HALL - CONTINUOUS

GERRY glides up the stairs...

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE MARTIN HUGHES'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS.

PADDY walks towards HUGHES'S front door...

INT. MARTIN HUGHES'S HOUSE - LANDING - CONTINUOUS

GERRY pushes open the door of one of the bedrooms...

INT. MARTIN HUGHES'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A double bed. Shapes under the blanket. GERRY raises his gun arm...

Something hits him. He's on the ground. His head is being pummelled. There is screaming, shouting. The room is full of men dressed in black.

His arm is twisted behind his back. His revolver is ripped off him.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE MARTIN HUGHES'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS.

PADDY hears the shouts.

CLOSE on his face as he gets it.

He turns and sprints back towards the car.

INT. MARTIN HUGHES'S HOUSE - HALL - CONTINUOUS

The place is suddenly crawling with soldiers and cops dressed in black.

INT. MARTIN HUGHES'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE on GERRY's face on the ground, pressed into a dirty carpet.

He's been betrayed...

INT. MI5 HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MAC stands at the back, listening to what is going on in the house through open talk-back.

GROUND COMMANDER (O.S.)  
(over the talk-back)  
As instructed. Subject unharmed.  
Car allowed to get away.

MAC slips away.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

COLLETTE and PADDY turn out of the street a split second before three police Land Rovers roar into the other end of it. They can hear sirens, shouts.

PADDY  
Fucking bastards!

CLOSE on his face as he looks over his shoulder.

He's a very frightened man...

INT. CATTLE BARN AT IRA SAFE HOUSE - SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

PADDY sits tied to a chair. He is in the middle of a large, freezing cold barn.

He is naked but for his underpants.

Two of MULGREW'S THUGS yank him up and push his head into a stone bath full of cold water.

They hold him. He begins to struggle. Then more violently, his lungs giving out.

They pull him up and he gasps for air.

A beat as he recovers.

PADDY  
Fuck you, Mulgrew.

And under again...

MULGREW  
Fuck you too.

INT. COLETTE'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

COLLETTE looks out of the window...

INT. CATTLE BARN AT IRA SAFE HOUSE - SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

ON PADDY'S FACE UNDERWATER

ANGLE on MULGREW as he gestures for him to be pulled out. He's careful to step back so that he doesn't get dirty water on his trainers.

MULGREW.  
Let's try again; did you tell your sister about the attack on the peeler?

PADDY  
Fuck you, Mulgrew.

MULGREW  
Because if you *didn't* tell her about that and you *didn't* tell her about this morning, then it must be *you* who's the tout, right? *Right* Paddy?

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

MA sits at the table.

INT. CATTLE BARN AT IRA SAFE HOUSE - SOUTH ARMAGH

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.

PADDY looks at him. He's a brave bastard, you'd have to give him that.

PADDY  
Fuck you, Mulgrew.

MULGREW twists the wrench.

PADDY (CONT'D)  
Aaaaaaagggggghhhhhh!

EXT. CATTLE BARN AT IRA SAFE HOUSE - SOUTH ARMAGH -  
CONTINUOUS

WIDE of the barns and the farmyard and the hills beyond as we hear PADDY'S blood curdling scream.

But as we go WIDER still, we see we are in the middle of middle of nowhere. Ain't no one going to hear any screams out here...

INT. RUC HEADQUARTERS IN BELFAST - DAY

MAC is waiting in a hallway. His Special Branch friend emerges.

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN  
This better be good.

MAC  
Thanks Kevin.

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN  
There is starting to be some bad talk about you, my friend.

MAC  
I need a favour.

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN  
You always need a favour.

MAC  
It's not a big deal.

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN  
Then why ask for me?

MAC  
I need to look at the records  
from Castlereagh.

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN  
Why?

MAC  
I need to check everyone brought  
in for interrogation or interview  
in April 1977.

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN  
I said; why?

MAC  
I'd rather not talk about it.

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN  
That's not good enough.

MAC  
C'mon Kev. We go back a long way.

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN  
It's still not enough, Mac. Not  
any more.

Silence.

MAC  
We've all got to fight for our  
guy. You know that.

Very reluctantly, the BRANCH man nods. It's an instinct  
they can all recognise.

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN  
I hope you know what you're  
fucking doing.

He leads MAC away down the corridor.

EXT. A FIELD IN SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

MULGREW and two other members of 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.

PADDY  
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 on the faces of his crew.

TIGHT on MULGREW.

He kicks PADDY into the ditch.

MULGREW.  
It's not him.

INT. LIBRARY - BELFAST POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The SPECIAL BRANCH MAN is going through the files. MAC sits at a desk, waiting.

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN  
Who'd do you think you're going  
to find?

MAC  
One of the McVeighs. Maybe Gerry.

He comes back with a file.

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN  
This is it.

He puts it down, a strange expression on his face; this isn't what MAC was expecting.

CLOSE on MAC as he reads it. We cannot see what it says.

He looks up, his face a ghostly pale.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

COLLETTE sits on the bed now. She is playing with MARK's furry tiger, as if a child herself.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MA is still at the table.

EXT. COLLETTE'S HOME - BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Fingers on the door handle. It is opened quietly.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MAC walks in.

MA shows no surprise. He sits down.

Silence.

MAC

I know who you are.

No answer.

Time crawls by.

MAC (CONT'D)

You understand the choice?

She looks at him.

She does.

He stands, leaves.

We hold on MA.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

COLLETTE hasn't moved. She strokes MARK'S furry tiger.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - HALL - CONTINUOUS

MA replaces the telephone receiver.

We can hear a kettle boiling.

She moves slowly through to...

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

And makes herself a cup of tea.

She sits down.

Sips it.

She gazes out of the window.

Looks like rain.

She pours the rest of the tea away.

She tidies the side, puts away some plates.

She wipes the table.

She adjusts a photograph of the family on holiday, which takes pride of place above the cooker.

All of the family.

In happier times.

She moves back to...

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - HALL - CONTINUOUS

Where she takes her coat from the hook.

She walks to the bottom of the stairs.

She looks like she'll call up.

We wait.

She takes a few steps back, leans against the wall to steady herself.

It's not the time for goodbyes.

She moves to the front door.

Through a window, we see MULGREW's car draw up outside.

She breathes in and adjusts her hair.

And then she opens the door and goes out.

EXT. COLLETTE'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

MA walks towards MULGREW's car. He opens the rear door for her.

She climbs in.

He closes the door and gets into the passenger seat.

The car is driven slowly away up the hill.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - SECURITY - DAY

MAC and a young woman - his daughter Lucy - are just picking up their belongings from the security conveyor belt. They're talking and laughing. MAC looks up to see COLLETTE pass in front of him. Her son MARK, now a teenager, is with her. As MAC follows, we punch up TEN YEARS LATER.

LUCY  
Are you all right, Dad?

MAC  
Yeah.

LUCY  
You look like you've seen a ghost.

No answer.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
What is it?

MAC  
Nothing.

But he still has half an eye on COLLETTE, who is weaving through the crowd ahead.

LUCY  
I need some shampoo. See you in a minute. And don't get into any trouble!

MAC follows COLLETTE, who disappears into a book shop. It's large enough for him to wander into the far side unnoticed.

COLLETTE is looking intently at a book with a bright yellow cover. MAC pretends to browse.

COLLETTE takes out a pen, glances across at the checkout. It looks almost as if she is writing in the novel.

MAC walks behind a large bookshelf towards a spot where he will be able to get a closer look at her.

But, by the time he has got there, she has disappeared. He catches a glimpse of her through the window. She's moving fast, MARK trailing behind.

MAC wanders over to the counter she was standing by. He picks up the novel, which is by WILBUR SMITH. He smiles. Hardly what he'd have imagined her reading. He glances at the back, opens the front.

She has written in it. **We were not who we are. Goodbye. C**

He stares at it.

He puts the book down and follows her. He catches up as she turns into a long walkway, which leads to her gate.

He hesitates.

Watches her go.

She must surely turn around, acknowledge him.

But she keeps on walking.

And walking.

She reaches the gate.

She glances over her shoulder.

And then she is gone.

FADE TO BLACK