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Shadow Dancer

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. FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and slams the door.

The noise recedes.

Terror in her eyes. Desolation. Isolation.

Silence again.

Until we can just make out her breathing...

FADE TO BLACK.

IN THE DARK, THE SOUND OF BREATHING AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME URGENT, HURRIED...

CRASH IN:

INT. WATERLOO STATION - DAY

MOTION -- she's running flat out -- cops chasing -- sirens wailing.

This is COLLETTE MCVEIGH aged 31; widow, mother, sister, bomber. And strikingly BEAUTIFUL.

She is weaving through a stunned crowd on the station concourse, carrying a BLACK BAG over her shoulder.

PUNCH UP; DECEMBER 1992

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MI 5 HEADQUARTERS, LONDON - CONTINUOUS.

JOE MACINTOSH -- MAC -- stands in front of a bunch of screens. He's 40s, tall, rugged; a bull of a man. No doubt he's in control here.

DRIVER  
(through an open window)  
For fuck's sake!

EXT. MI 5 CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

MAC  
Six come east.

EXT. WESTMINSTER SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS.

A helicopter SWOOPS LOW.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS.

CLOSE on the monitor. We can just make out COLLETTE running across...

EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

...where she throws her bag over the side.

CLOSE as it HITS THE WATER.

EXT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

(Looking at shot from  
helicopter monitor) The  
bag please, Danny...

EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - NORTH SIDE - CONTINUOUS.

She swings right -- down the steps -- smashing through tourists to...

INT. WESTMINSTER TUBE STATION - CONTINUOUS.

...where she vaults the barrier.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

MAC  
We need all platforms...now...

The screens are slow coming up.

MAC (CONT'D)  
C'mon guys....

The central station monitor pings through -- now we can see undercover cops leaping the ticket barriers.

MAC (CONT' D)  
Hold back...I don't want it done  
here.

Platform cameras on stream. She emerges into sight of one.

MAC (CONT' D)  
Circle line westbound...how long  
'till the next train?

INT. WESTMINSTER TUBE - CIRCLE LINE PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS.

Cops pile onto the platform.

CLOSE on COLLETTE. That haunted, hunted look again. She's not going to be caught.

She stares ahead into the dark tunnel. She's not...she wouldn't...

She's onto the track and in.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

MAC  
Shit! She's on the track...shut  
it down -- all of it...the whole  
network.

INT. TUBE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE running through the dark...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

A screen map of the tube from control on one of the monitors.

There's a train in the tunnel.

INT. TUBE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS.

A rumble in the distance, a flash of lights.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MAC grabs the receiver.

MAC  
(eyes glued to the  
screen, voice icy calm)  
It's Joe Macintosh here.



MAC (CONT' D)  
 We've got a target on the line.  
 Pull the plug!

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

MAC (CONT' D)  
 That's a straight order. Right.  
 Now.

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.

Gone. 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's running again...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

MAC's eyes on the screen. The train has stopped. He takes the phone.

MAC  
 Did the driver hit anything?

VOICE (O. S.)  
 Hold on.

MAC  
 We don't have time to hold on.

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

MAC slams down the receiver.

MAC  
 Where's next on the line?

MI 5 OFFICER  
 St James's Park.

MAC  
 Then let's see it!

INT. ST JAMES' S PARK TUBE STATION - CONTINUOUS.

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. Leaving St James' s  
Park station...

EXT. ST JAMES' S PARK TUBE STATION - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE walks calmly towards a woman who has just started up her Vespa and is adjusting her helmet.

At the last minute, she charges -- thrusts the woman off -- picks up the Vespa, speeds away...

EXT. PARLIAMENT SQUARE - CONTINUOUS.

Cops cars streaming past the Commons, sirens wailing...

EXT. ST JAMES' S PARK - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE bombing across the bridge over the lake...

EXT. THE MALL - CONTINUOUS.

A fleet of sirens tearing down towards BUCKINGHAM PALACE as...

COLLETTE whips across in front of them.

The cop cars SCREECH to a halt and follow into GREEN PARK.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

MAC  
Four and five go north of  
Piccadilly, three west.

EXT. GREEN PARK - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE reaches the pavement at the top of the park -- scattering pedestrians. She skids -- almost falls. Onto the road. Cars screech to a halt.

Into the narrow streets the far side...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

MAC  
We need to take her here... this  
is it guys.

EXT. BERKELEY STREET - CONTINUOUS.

It's a one way street. COLLETTE swings against the traffic and accelerates down the pavement, scattering terrified shoppers.

EXT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

CLOSE on the monitor with the helicopter feed. Go WIDER to see MAC watching the moving electronic dot on the map in front of him.

MAC  
Four block off Davies Street.  
Five come down Grosvenor.

EXT. DAVIES ST - CONTINUOUS.

COLLETTE sees a car across the street ahead. She comes to a halt. Turns around.

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)  
Okay, keep the uniform boys on  
the ground. Tell the press we're  
hunting a clean skin. Make sure  
the picture you put out is  
blurred enough to obscure her ID.

INT. CELL - PADDINGTON GREEN POLICE STATION - NIGHT.

COLLETTE faces two cops. Two audio tapes turn in the  
recording device on the table.

DETECTIVE 1 (SITTING)  
Boy are you in the shit,  
sweetheart.

No answer. Cop 1 flips open a file on the desk and 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 back?

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

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  
 Fine.

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  
 Can I get you anything?

COLLETTE  
 A lawyer.

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

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
 I'm legally entitled to speak to--

MAC  
 I know what you're entitled to,  
 Collette. But you just tried to  
 go head to head with a five  
 hundred ton tube train, so do us  
 both a favour and listen. You  
 don't want to be here. And I can  
 get you out.

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,

Stands, to get a glimpse through the glass.

INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS

COLLETTE'S P.O.V. as she looks at a photograph of two men throwing petrol bombs. Their faces are shielded by scarves, but their names are written in white ink; GERRY MCVEIGH. PADDY MCVEIGH.

SEAN can just be seen emerging from the side street.

INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS.

MAC slips in. COLLETTE closes the file.

He takes it, puts it in his briefcase, sits.

COLLETTE

I don't know who you are, but I  
have nothing to say to you.

MAC takes out another file. He holds up a photograph.

MAC

Remember him?

She lowers her gaze.

MAC (CONT'D)

Look at it, please.

Nothing.

MAC (CONT' D)  
Two months ago at his grave...

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

MAC (CONT' D)  
You want to tell me why,  
Collette?

No answer.

MAC (CONT' D)  
There's no shame in remorse, you  
know. Not for any of us.

Another folder. He drops it onto the desk.

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)  
What were you planning to tell  
them? That their kit didn't work?  
That you were being followed?

No answer. He leans forward.

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

COLLETTE  
I'd like to speak to my lawyer.



MAC

You come all the way over here,  
but you were planning to fire a  
dud. Why?

MAC (CONT' D)

Maybe we can talk to our friends  
in the social services. See if we  
can have him put up for adoption.  
After all, he'd surely be better--

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.

She struggles free. He sits back.

MAC (CONT' D)

(sighs)

Maybe your leaders are serious  
about peace this time. We have to  
believe that. But your brother  
Gerry will kill it off if he  
possibly can. Is that what you  
want?

No answer.

MAC (CONT' D)

You agree to talk to us, to watch  
him, and you're out of here like  
nothing ever happened. Back to  
your Mother. Back to your boy.  
We'll pay you. Well. And one day,  
if you want it, we can give you a  
life far away from this.

COLLETTE

I'd like to call my lawyer now.

MAC

This is the road you took when  
you put flowers on Raymond  
Quinn's grave, Collette. It's the  
road you took when you decided  
not to arm that--

COLLETTE

(exasperated)

You don't know a damned thing!

A beat. He looks at her. Hard.

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. I know you were so lonely the evening before you came here that you went home with a guy you don't even *like*. I know he fucked you so roughly that--

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

Jesus! You people have no sense of irony.

He scoops up the files and puts them back in his briefcase. The interview is over.

MAC (CONT'D)

If you want to take your anger to the grave, be my guest. But you can be fucking sure you'll take your son with you.

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.

EXT. DEEP IN SOUTH ARMAGH COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

It's a filthy, windswept evening. MAC's boss KATE FLETCHER stands by the door of a pavilion. She's extremely attractive, but dresses to hide it. She's calm, focused, a little icy, even. She's considerably younger than MAC.

Some of her officers lurk in the hedgerows. A car guns down the lane, lights spinning in the darkness. A little rat of a man named GINGY HUGHES steps out.

FLETCHER  
(like a mother scolding  
her son)  
You're late.

They step into the...

INT. PAVILION - CONTINUOUS.

...and sit close on a bench. The wind whistles through the rafters and worries at the windows. GINGY squirms, part supplicant, part child, part sutor. He is highly agitated.

GINGY  
They're onto me.

She takes his hand. His mother now.

FLETCHER  
Gingy--

GINGY  
Mulgrew was here.

FLETCHER  
Doing what?

GINGY  
Watching. He came down two days ago.

FLETCHER  
He talked to you?

GINGY  
No, but--

FLETCHER  
Gingy, it's okay.

She leans closer, grips him a little tighter. A woman who is not afraid to use her femininity...

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
We need you, Gingy. More than ever. You know that. If McVeigh and Fox are linking up...

He closes his eyes. He doesn't want to do this.

There is something impressive and, at the same time, completely grotesque about the way she holds him in place.

A hard woman to break free from. In every way.

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

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

MAC and the DUTY OFFICER are watching COLLETTE through the glass window.

OFFICER  
She's not touched the button,  
sir. Hasn't moved a muscle.

MAC nods.

EXT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CARRIAGE GATE - NIGHT

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

INT. TUBE TRAIN - NIGHT

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

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

INT. PADDINGTON GREEN POLICE STATION - CELL - NIGHT

MAC sits.

She's not pressed the button. So they both know she's crossed a line.

MAC  
You want a cup of coffee now?

COLLETTE  
You can't ask me to betray my  
family.

He thinks about this. Betrayal. It's a big word.

MAC  
(sighs)  
We all have our secrets. Little  
lies we tell ourselves, those we  
pass off on others.  
(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)

There's a woman who works at the travel agent on the Andersonstown Road...no more than a girl. You want to see what your brother does to her when Christy thinks he's on IRA business?

He reaches for his briefcase again.

COLLETTE

No...no.

She's a little shocked by that.

MAC

You'll be keeping people alive, Collette. Boys like your son. Women like you. Men like me. So don't talk to me about betrayal.

Silence.

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)

He looks at her long and hard. It's a stare that says; if you cross this line, you're my girl. Period.

EXT. WEST BROMPTON TUBE STATION - NIGHT

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

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

She is too shocked to scream.

INT. PADDINGTON GREEN POLICE STATION - CELL - NIGHT

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 train station. 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. You escaped from the train station, 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.

Hold. The moment of betrayal...but she doesn't look sure of a damned thing.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

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

VOICE (O. S.)

Andersonstown Travel.

MCELLHATTON

Wolfe Tone.

VOICE (O. S.)

Hold on.

MCILLHATTON glances over his shoulder.

GERRY MCVEIGH (O.S.)  
What is it?

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

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

This is a lonely calling.

EXT. BATTERSEA PARK - EARLY MORNING.

COLLETTE and MAC stand by a shadowed tree.



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.

She looks at him, like she's seeing him for the first time. Who the hell is this guy?

MAC (CONT'D)

I'll see you in Belfast. Make sure you're at the rendezvous.

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

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

INT. THE PAVILION - SOUTH ARMAGH - CONTINUOUS.

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

GINGY

What the hell's the problem? I told you--

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

MULGREW.

Morni n' , Gi ngy. You' se expecti ng  
someone el se?

GINGY

(stunned)

No. . . no.

He smashes his skull against it as GINGY screams in pain. MULGREW plunges his head into the water and holds him down. The rest of the crew watch. They don't share MULGREW's sadism.

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

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

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

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

EXT. A FERRY ON THE IRISH SEA - DAY

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

INT. MI 5'S BELFAST HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

FLETCHER on the phone.

FLETCHER  
I want everything you have out there.

She listens.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
No. They have him. We're sure, yes.

INT. IRA SAFE HOUSE - SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

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

MULGREW.  
Who reeled you in, GINGY?

GINGY  
No one.

MULGREW strikes him hard.

MULGREW.  
We have time, GINGY. More time than you've ever dream of.

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. SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

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

EXT. BELFAST STREET - DAY

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

EXT. SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

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

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

MULGREW.  
You think we should forgive ye, Giny?

GINGY  
I beg you...

MULGREW.  
Aye... maybe youse' re right. The quality of mercy should *not* be strained. What about that?

MULGREW touches GINGY'S shoulder paternally, but we see from the faces of his crew that they don't buy the possibility of a reprieve.

CLOSE on the youngest. He looks like he's about to shit his pants.

MULGREW pulls the trigger. GINGY slumps forward, dead.

MULGREW turns away. He looks irritably at his shoes to make sure there is no blood on them.



She listens.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
No, I'll deal with the family.  
They're our responsibility.

Replaces the phone slowly.

There's absolutely no emotion there now.

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

He looks at her.

MA. (CONT'D)  
And who's to say it isn't  
something.

He turns back to the TV and whacks up the volume. The British Prime Minister, John Major, is answering a question.

MAJOR.  
Of course the document entertains  
the possibility of a united  
Ireland. But it also very clearly  
recognises the right of the  
people of Northern Ireland to  
determine their own future. Any  
process must be based on the  
consent of both communities.

We cut back to the newscaster. He intones gravely;

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

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

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

ANGLE on GERRY.

ON PADDY.

ON COLLETTE.

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

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

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

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

GERRY  
Glad you made it.

She nods, still watching her son.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
Were they waiting?



PADDY  
We made a promise. That's what  
Gerry says.

So there it is. GERRY is the self-appointed keeper of the  
flame. And they're all still trapped by that day.

Except that COLLETTE isn't any more. Or maybe she is. ON  
HER FACE as she works the angles. Relief. Guilt. Hope.  
Fear.

She's got no bloody idea where she stands.

He leans closer.

PADDY (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
This'll cheer you up. You know  
the peeler who tried to put us  
away for the guy at the print-  
works?

She nods.

PADDY (CONT'D)  
This Friday...

He clicks his fingers. This is a different PADDY. He's gone  
from fatigued warrior to bigot in a heartbeat.

And although she loves him to bits, he suddenly doesn't  
know her at all.

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

A Chinook thuds in. MAC tips out the back and walks to the  
perimeter wire, where a car is waiting.

INT. MI5'S BELFAST HEADQUARTERS - DAY

MAC walks past the glass wall to the situation room and  
into 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. MI 5'S BELFAST HEADQUARTERS - FLETCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

MAC enters, closes the door. They look at each other. Maybe some personal history here, or the prospect of it being made.

FLETCHER  
Congratulations.

MAC  
(shrugs)  
Your idea.

FLETCHER  
But your catch.

MAC  
I heard we lost one.

He means you lost him.

MAC (CONT'D)  
What happened?

She doesn't want to talk about it.

FLETCHER  
We picked up a phone call from London to that travel shop on the Andersonstown Road. Gerry McVeigh's girl.

MAC  
What did they say?

FLETCHER  
Nothing we could make sense of. But if he's planning something, Northern Command doesn't know about it.

MAC  
He's going freelance?

FLETCHER  
Maybe. So we need your girl up to speed - and fast.

EXT. COBBLED COURTYARD - OUTSIDE BELFAST - NIGHT

Mac drives in, gets out, locks his car and heads for the house in the corner of the yard.

INT. MAC'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS.

The phone is ringing. He picks it up. It's his daughter, Lucy.

LUCY (O.S.)

It's me.

MAC

I know. I'm sorry. I meant to call before I left London.

LUCY (O.S.)

Mum says you might not be coming this weekend.

MAC

I told her I--

LUCY (O.S.)

Why not?

MAC

Something new. 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.)

Will you be here for Christmas?

MAC

I'll try.

He's not convincing. And it's complicated.

LUCY (O.S.)

(quieter)

Will you see Mum when you come?

MAC

(hesitates)

I don't know.

Not the answer she wanted.

LUCY (O.S.)

Thanks for the cheque. I'll get

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.

MI 5 OFFICER (O. S.)

Sir, it's all set for tomorrow. Mrs Fletcher has assigned three surveillance teams. Is that okay?

MAC

Yeah.

MI 5 OFFICER (O. S.)

I checked with TCG. They've no wind of anything. In fact, nothing at all tomorrow.

MAC

Good.

He puts down the phone, returns to his daughter.

But she's gone.

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

This is his life. Married to some fucking agent who would have killed him until yesterday.

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

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)  
(kicking it again)  
Paddy couldn't fix his bloody  
hair!

Both women laugh. MA leans closer and kisses COLLETTE's forehead. A moment of unalloyed warmth. But it doesn't fix the yawning chasm between them.

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 seems kind of 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. Not the first time by any means, but a tiny wound all the same.

They break up. COLLETTE and MARK walk away 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. No point in a confrontation.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

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.

Armpits.

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 stick your boy over the  
other side of the wall.

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. MAC'S CAR - ON LINENHALL STREET - DAY

MAC speaks into a hand-held radio. A DRIVER is beside him.

MAC  
(tense)  
You got her?

EXT. NEARBY STREET - CONTINUOUS.

A man selling newspapers leans into a hidden microphone.

MAN  
Negative.

INT. MAC'S CAR - CONTINUOUS.

He looks at his watch.

MAC  
(mutters)  
C'mon...

Checks again.

Watches the empty street.



No sign of her.

Time crawls by.

Where the fuck is she?

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

The car guns away. And he's furious.

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. Watching this reunion, the HEADTEACHER approaches. She has a kindly manner.

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

It's obvious she means without MARK.

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

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

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

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

HEADTEACHER (CONT'D)

HEADTEACHER  
(hesitant)  
Yes. I understand he was a  
Volunteer-

COLLETTE  
He was a patriot.

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

COLLETTE  
(chastened)  
I understand.

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

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

COLLETTE  
(frosty now)  
Thank you, Mrs. Davies. I  
appreciate your conceT2Yf 000 Tc 120.016cTc ET Q q 1 0 0

COLLETTE pulls him tighter.

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

EXT. COLLETTE'S BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS.

...where a man is sitting with his back to her. He already has an arm around her son. He turns. It is KEVIN MULGREW.

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. We sense immediately that he cannot abide this man.

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

COLLETTE  
He's just leaving.

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

CAMPBELL  
Good lookin' bird. Who is she?

MCILLHATTON  
You don't need to know.

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

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 armored 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  
(shaken, angry)  
What the hell are you doing?

ON MARK'S FACE as he emerges from the bedroom. He looks like he's about to wet himself again. 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. A face of cold fury.

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
Don't get involved, ma'am. 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.

But of course it's not bloody all right. She's got no idea what her status is now and that fear is written all over her face.

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 won't stop you cutting me down.

They stare at each other a moment with worldly, weary eyes. 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 a  
stinking prison cell. And you're  
going to sit here and tell me you  
didn't turn up because you  
couldn't find a *fuckin*g nanny!

She's shocked. His anger is un-nerving.

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. She gets it; she's really screwed up.

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?

She stares at the table top.

COLLETTE

MAC

Go on.

She won't.

MAC (CONT'D)

Go on, Collette.

COLLETTE

Paddy's going to kill the  
guy... the detective who tried to  
put us both away for the murder  
of my boss at the print works.  
Henderson. He'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. A different 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 be ready.

They wait.

MAC EAkoQ Tcsg

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 hiding 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 finished.

Silence.

FLETCHER  
Mac, you know what Paddy McVeigh is like. We have a chance here to take his entire team out of circulation. We must take it.

MAC  
You lay an ambush and there'll be the mother and father of all witch-hunts. We might as well publish the 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 talked to him, Mac.

MAC stares in disbelief. He's angry at them, at himself. He's been out-manoeuvred here and he's not sure how and why.

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.

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 stalks off.

MAC dumps the cup in the trash bin.

INT. COLLETTE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

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

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

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

PADDY  
 Six.

COLLETTE  
 What's going on?

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

COLLETTE  
 But...

She works through the implications...

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

This is a PADDY we don't know; the man a war made ugly.

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 balclavas. 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. Shitting, fucking hell.

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 Shadow Dancer.

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

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

7.29.

A beat, then...

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's trying to collect herself.

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. MI 5 HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

MAC at his desk, on the phone.

MAC

MARK  
(hesi tantly)  
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 hi m.

COLLETTE stands and ruffles hi s hai r. She puts her head around the door of the ki tchen, where MA is cooking thei r tea.

COLLETTE  
Mam, I 'll be two mi nutes.

MA.  
Where are you goi ng?

COLLETTE  
I said I 'd get Mark some beans for hi s di nner.

MA.  
I have beans.

COLLETTE looks embarrassed.

COLLETTE  
I 'll j ust be a second.

EXT. COLLETTE' S STREET - SECONDS LATER.

We fo llow COLLETTE to a NEWSAGENT on the corner...

INT. NEWSAGENT - CONTINUOUS.

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

NEWSAGENT

Looks like he's going to be okay.

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

NEWSAGENT (CONT'D)

The kid the bastards shot. Declan Walsh; he's old Marian's son from number seventy-nine. She's had a rotten life, hasn't she, what with--

COLLETTE

He's dead.

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

NEWSAGENT

(smiles)

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

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

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. He's--

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 cuts the connection. She straightens again, glances nervously over her shoulder.

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 your sister 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. So is it big Gerry who's  
been squealing to the Brits? Is  
it his shaggy-haired brother?  
(MORE)

MULGREW. (CONT'D)  
Or did one of them 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.  
MI 5?

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. Trying to keep the panic from her face now.

COLLETTE  
Mac Jenkins.

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

He stands.

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

CRASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON COLLETTE...

RUNNING down a rain-lashed street. Panic in her eyes...

INT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Uniform cops pouring off a ward. MAC holds up some I.D.

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.

COLLETTE (CONT' D)  
I have to get out of here.

He's stony faced. That's not an option.

COLLETTE (CONT' D)  
We need to go home and pick up my  
my son.

MAC  
Calm down, Collette.

COLLETTE  
What do you mean *calm down*?

Silence.

COLLETTE  
(desolate)  
I said that you'd use me and then... (clicks her fingers). You promised me that wasn't true.

MAC  
And it isn't. 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 consistently as Mac.

She thinks about this.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Remember who you are. Remember where you've come from and what you've done. One mistake doesn't make you a tout.

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.

MAC  
I'm here for you. Day and night. Waiting. Watching. If I think you're at risk, we'll take you out.

A long silence.

CLOSE ON COLLETTE. Doubt. Fear. But a yearning to trust him. To anchor herself.

She didn't know how much she wanted to begin again.

She nods. She accepts. She's his girl now.

COLLETTE  
Okay. I'm sorry.

EXT. BELFAST STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

MAC'S car pulls up on a deserted street. COLLETTE gets out and walks rapidly away.

INT. MAC'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

On MAC as he drives off.

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

INT. MI 5'S BELFAST HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Rain hammers the window. MAC's at a computer, typing up a



The CHIEF grunts in what sounds like derision. Shakes his head.

MULGREW. (CONT'D)  
(insolent)  
Last time I looked, we hadn't  
learned to love a tout.

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

He dries his hands on a towel.

CHIEF OF STAFF (CONT'D)  
Which one?

MULGREW.  
Maybe the sister. I'm working on  
it.

The CHIEF throws the towel irritably onto the side.

CHIEF OF STAFF  
You'd better be right. Or it'll  
be your neck on the block.

INT. MI 5'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. She gets to her feet. Wants to change the subject.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
There's a meeting tomorrow.  
They'll use the boy's funeral as  
cover.

MAC doesn't answer.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
Did you pick up anything more on  
Gerry?

MAC shakes his head.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
London's worried. And so am I.

But MAC is working over the earlier part of their conversation. 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. Twenty years may have passed, but the pain has barely been dulled.

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 outside a terraced house. GERRY MCVEIGH is among them. PADDY and COLLETTE stand either side of him. But we can pick out MA too.

This is the community the IRA wants to believe it represents.

Cops dressed in riot gear pack the street. A helicopter hovers above. A shot from its MONITOR reveals the cops fanning out into dozens of surrounding alleys. 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.

As the coffin emerges, draped in an Irish flag, a police COMMANDER approaches GERRY, who is clearly the ranking IRA man present. He raises his wooden baton.

COMMANDER

We agreed there'd be none of this.

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

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

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

GERRY

There is no display.

COMMANDER

That's a colour party.

GERRY

It's a few grieving men.

COMMANDER

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

GERRY stares at the man. He oozes a visceral, tribal hatred, like those around him.

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

INT. CHURCH - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

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

PRIEST

(from the pulpit)

Whatever message we may wish to give to the massed ranks of the crown forces who besiege this church today, whatever hatred we may tell ourselves it is our right to harbour in our hearts, I must say this to the paramilitary

SPIN AROUND. In the side street where MAC is standing -- barely fifty yards behind him -- a couple of guys in balaclavas are throwing home-made pipe bombs over the top of the cops and into the crowd. They're shouting; *up the UFF! Up the UFF!*

Loyalists. Protestant paramilitaries from the other side of the wall. Men who claim to be fighting a covert war to protect the integrity of the British state against the IRA, which would like this territory to be reunited with the rest of Ireland.

EXT. FALLS ROAD - CONTINUOUS

ON GERRY, at the heart of the mourners.

GERRY  
Loyalists! Get down!

He is still on his feet as everyone drops to the ground around him. PADDY and COLLETTE stay with him. They're soldiers...

EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS.

Cops dressed in riot gear turn away from the IRA mourners to face the loyalist thugs in the street behind them. They begin to charge towards the men, until one opens up with a MACHINE GUN. Now everyone hits the deck, except...

MAC. He is closest to the thugs, half-hidden behind a car.

ON HIM as he pulls out his Browning revolver.

Shouldn't be doing this. Not his gig.

He stands, aims, fires -- misses.

One of the thugs has seen him, swings around...

MAC doesn't flinch. He steps into the road, takes aim again. Blam, blam, blam -- and the guy goes down.

The other two thugs are still shouting. As one of them goes to throw a pipe bomb, MAC CUTS HIM DOWN.

One left. He hasn't got a gun. He's thrown his bombs.

MAC closes in.

The guy raises his hands.

The cops have woken up and are advancing behind MAC, but some of the IRA men have slipped through the lines. They CHARGE towards the loyalist thug. Suddenly it's a race to see who can get there first.

MAC wins, grabs him, turns his gun on the would-be Lynch mob.

MAC

Get back!

They keep coming. Slowly. With menace. The cops are trying to push them away, but they want this guy bad. Voices. *You lookin' after your Proddy friends? Bastards!*

A couple of the men lunge closer.

MAC fires in the air. The men recoil for a moment, but it's complete chaos. The crowd is SWELLING. The cops are trying to BEAT THEM BACK.

The cops REACH THE MAN, take him off MAC and try to get him out. There is pushing, shoving, shouting. MAC loses his hat...

...as he finds himself opposite COLLETTE.

She stares at him.

And at that moment, she sees that MULGREW is watching her...

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

A gathering of anyone who is anyone in the IRA. They're still pumped up by the events outside.

GERRY

Are you out of your mind? Did you see what just happened?

PADDY and COLLETTE flank him. The CHIEF OF STAFF is on his feet on a stage. He looks rattled.

CHIEF OF STAFF

We're all angry, Gerry.

GERRY

Not angry enough!

CHIEF OF STAFF

They're trying to rattle us 'cos they know we're winning. If we move now, if we're bold, we can isolate the Brits once and for all.

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

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

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

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

Snow is falling and Christmas decorations are much in evidence as COLLETTE walks home.

A voice behind her.

MULGREW (O.S.)  
You runnin' away Collette?

She spins around.

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

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

MULGREW.  
You know the guy?

COLLETTE  
Who?

MULGREW.  
The Brit in the crowd. The one who shot our friends back there.

COLLETTE  
No.

He waits, menacingly calm.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
(finding strength in her terror)  
If you don't mind me saying, Kevin, I think you're getting a little paranoid.

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.

INT. PHONE BOX - LONDON - NIGHT.

MCI LHATTON looks pissed off.



Nothing. GIRL (O. S.)

When? MCILLHATTON

GIRL (O. S.)  
(terse)  
You don't need to know that.

MCILLHATTON  
I've got everything ready. I've  
got everything he asked for, so--

She cuts the connection.

EXT. ANDERSONSTOWN TRAVEL AGENT - BELFAST - NIGHT

The GIRL at the other end of the phone is locking up. She's young and attractive. She can hear the phone ringing again,

EXT. MAC'S HOME IN ENGLAND - CHRISTMAS EVE

A light dusting of snow on the drive of a suburban home. A taxi pulls up and MAC gets out. He pays the driver and approaches the house.

The lights are on in the living room window. His WIFE and daughter LUCY are wrapping presents by the tree. We can hear a Christmas carol; 'As shepherds watched their flocks by night...'

MAC manages a world-weary smile. Complicated as it may be, it's good to be home.

He's about to move to the front door when another man appears in the living room. He's carrying a glass of champagne for MAC's wife and she is SMILING AT HIM.

CLOSE ON MAC.

The price he's paid...

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

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

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

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

MA  
Coffee?

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

MA  
You're all right love. You relax  
there.

Nobody appears to detect the note of irony. MA shakes her head.

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

GERRY  
For Fuck's sake! What is wrong  
with you?

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

CHRISTY throws GERRY a furious look and follows.

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

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

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

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

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.  
 Isn't that what you want for all  
 of us?

A long silence.

MA  
 (gently)  
 Look what it's doing to you,  
 love.

GERRY  
 We've been over this. You want to  
 have the same conversation every  
 Christmas till we're dead?

MA  
 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. They're all quitters. Every last one  
 of them.

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

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

GERRY  
 I'm sorry.

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

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. . .

EXT. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MAC rings the doorbell. It's Christmas and FLETCHER's husband answers. He's wearing a stupid hat and looks at MAC with studied disinterest. He knows why he's here. 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.

She's got it all, this one; husband, kids, job.

Suddenly, he understands. What she said the other day was bang on the money. And the contrast with his own life is painful.

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, like she doesn't know what MAC is talking  
 about.

FLETCHER  
 Maybe it was London.

MAC  
 My Dad had an old saying; if it  
 looks like a dog and barks like a  
 dog, it's a fucking dog.

FLETCHER  
 (half smiling, but still  
 as cool as you like)  
 That's a new one on me, Mac.

MAC  
 Barry Delavine works the same  
 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.

KATE FLETCHER looks at him. She really doesn't want to go  
 here.

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--



EXT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CARRIAGE GATE - DAY

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





CHIEF OF STAFF  
Do you agree?

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

INT. GERRY'S CAR - SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

GERRY is driving. COLLETTE sits beside him.

GERRY  
What time do you have to pick up  
Mark?

COLLETTE looks at her watch.

COLLETTE  
We're okay.

COLLETTE stares out of the window, asking herself why she's here.

She's always been wary of her big brother, but never like this.

GERRY  
You ever wonder what Sean would  
look like now?

COLLETTE  
(trying to smile)  
Handsome.

GERRY  
You still think about him?

COLLETTE  
(where's this going?)  
Of course.

GERRY  
You're the only one I can trust,  
Collette.

No answer. What the hell does that mean?

GERRY (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
I need you for something.

COLLETTE  
Gerry, I--

GERRY  
It has to be you.

COLLETTE  
What about Paddy?

He shakes his head.

COLLETTE (CONT' D)

But Gerry, I--

GERRY

(tense now)

Who's going to take any notice of me when they can look at--

COLLETTE

Gerry, I--

GERRY

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

A beat, as the truth -- that she has no choice -- sinks in. The price she paid for asking Sean to go and get those cigarettes. Still.

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.



MAC  
Collette--

COLLETTE  
He's watching me... Mulgrew.

He waits.

COLLETTE (CONT' D)  
He was in the alley last night.  
Standing there. Staring.  
Please... stop the car.

They pull up at a set of lights and COLLETTE dashes out.  
MAC follows her.

EXT. BELFAST STREET - CONTINUOUS.

Ten swift paces and he catches up. They've reached a patch  
of abandoned industrial wasteland.

MAC  
This is unprofessional.

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

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

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

MAC  
We had a report in from East  
Tyrone that you and Gerry were  
seen at Fox's house. He's got his  
own man in London--

COLLETTE  
I don't know about that!

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

MAC  
You were with him at Fox's place.  
Don't tell me they were  
discussing the weather.

No answer.

MAC (CONT' D)  
You've a job to do, Collette.

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? How can you  
*possibly* know?

MAC  
 What was Gerry doing with Fox?

No answer.

MAC (CONT'D)  
 Collette, we're under pressure  
 here. You've got to give me more  
 than this.

COLLETTE  
 Or what?

MAC  
 Or this isn't going to fucking  
 work.

COLLETTE  
 (sighs)  
 I don't know what they talked  
 about. He said he needed my help  
 for something.

MAC  
 What?

COLLETTE  
 He didn't say.

MAC  
 When?

COLLETTE  
 I don't know.

MAC  
 In London?

COLLETTE  
 He didn't tell me anything.

MAC  
 But he wants you to go with him?

COLLETTE

Yes. He said he doesn't trust anyone else.

MAC

What about Paddy?

She shrugs.

MAC (CONT'D)

And you said you would?

No answer.

MAC (CONT'D)

(quieter)

You have to go with him, Collette.

COLLETTE

I can't leave my son again.

MAC

There's no choice. You gave up the right to...

She suddenly breaks free again, runs up a set of stairs and all the way along the first floor. He catches her by a



He takes hold of her arm.

MAC (CONT' D)  
Believe me.

She stares at him.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - AN HOUR LATER.

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

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

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

GERRY

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

PADDY

What difference does it make?

GERRY

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

PADDY

(sighs)  
When?

GERRY

Tomorrow, before dawn.

PADDY

Where?

GERRY

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

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

INT - TELEPHONE BOX NEAR COLLETTE'S HOME - NIGHT

COLLETTE

Box Man.

She waits. What did she expect?

COLLETTE  
I'm sorry about...

Nothing.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
I understand. It's fine.

MAC  
What do you need, Shadow Dancer?

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

MAC (O.S.)  
When?

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

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

COLLETTE  
No.

MAC (O.S.)  
Do you have any more on your brother's plans?

COLLETTE  
No...not yet. I know what I have to do and...I'll do it.

He severs the connection.

COLLETTE replaces the receiver slowly.

INT. MI 5'S BELFAST HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT.

MAC and FLETCHER pour over a city MAP.

FLETCHER  
If we cut off the roads into Hugo Street, we'll have to cover ourselves with checkpoints all the way down the Falls.

DELAVINE

Ma'am...

He checks himself.

DELAVINE (CONT'D)

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

FLETCHER Looks shifty. These two sources sure are close to  
each other...

FLETCHER

We're aware of it, Barry. Thanks.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - NIGHT.

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

COLLETTE

'Thou wilt not forget thou art a  
wolf? Men will not make thee  
forget?' said Gray Brother

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

DRIVER

Fuck!

OLDER YOUTH

Keep going.

DRIVER

But--

OLDER YOUTH

Keep going, or they'll shoot!

The driver slows, winds down his window.

CRASH CUT TO:

EXT. A NEARBY ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

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

CRASH CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE OVERLOOKING HUGO STREET - CONTINUOUS

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

GERRY steps back from the window. He's ashen faced as the implications sink in.

His brother is a tout.

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

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

He knocks hard.

A second time.

A third.

Paddy's face at the window. Frowns.

He opens the door.

PADDY  
What do you want?

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

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

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

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

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

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

CLOSE ON COLLETTE MCVEIGH - A FEW MINUTES LATER

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

EXT. MILLTOWN CEMETERY - AS DAWN BREAKS

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

INT. COLLETTE'S BEDROOM - HALF AN HOUR LATER

We hold the silence.

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

GERRY

Now.

She stares at him.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Get up. Say goodbye.

COLLETTE

Gerry--

GERRY

Get dressed, Collette.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME - LANDING - CONTINUOUS.





PADDY  
Fuck you, Mulgrew.

MULGREW sighs, shakes his head. Why do they make it so hard on themselves?

INT. DUBLIN AIRPORT - DAY

COLLETTE and GERRY walk through security. On the tannoy:

VOICE (O.S.)  
This is the final call for Aer  
Lingus Flight 313 to Paris.

COLLETTE looks highly agitated. She points towards the 'toilet' sign and separates herself from GERRY. She walks into the rest-room and then, after a brief wait, out again, checking that he is nowhere to be seen.

She walks to a telephone box, takes out a couple of coins and dials.

Waits.

GERRY right beside her.

GERRY  
(annoyed, suspicious)  
What are you doing, Collette?

She cuts the connection.

COLLETTE  
(thinking quickly)  
I...just wanted to see how he was.

GERRY  
No calls. We don't know who's listening.

INT. IRA SAFE HOUSE - SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

ON PADDY's head UNDERWATER

ANGLE on MULGREW as he pulls him up again.

MULGREW.  
Where shall we start?

PADDY  
Fuck you, Mulgrew.

Under he goes.

INT. FLIGHT TO PARIS - DAY

GERRY and COLLETTE sit next to each other as the plane takes off.

INT. FLETCHER'S OFFICE - MI 5'S BELFAST HEADQUARTERS - DAY

MI 5 OPS OFFICER  
Leaving the airport...

Clicks to a different screen.

MI 5 OPS OFFICER (CONT'D)  
We found the driver. He took them  
to the Gare de Lyon. We picked  
them up... here...

More CCTV footage.

MI 5 OPS OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Gerry is standing right under the  
camera. He wanted us to clock  
him. A few minutes later they  
disappear. But we worked the  
angles and... bingo... Les Halles  
metro station.

Pictures of the two of them leaving Les Halles.

MI 5 OPS OFFICER (CONT'D)  
They walked off in the direction  
of Ile de la Cite. The French  
have put hundreds of boots on the  
ground, but so far...

MAC  
You think Paris is the  
destination?

The man shrugs.

MI 5 OPS OFFICER  
Maybe.

EXT. CAFE IN PARIS - EVENING

COLLETTE and GERRY have just finished dinner. COLLETTE is  
looking at a couple with young kids at the table next to  
her.

Gerry glances at them.

COLLETTE  
You ever think about a different  
life, Gerry?

GERRY  
All the time.

COLLETTE  
Will you do anything about it?

GERRY  
One day. But no one ever used to

MI 5 OPS OFFICER  
The British Embassy. We've  
discussed that.

Moves on.

MI 5 OPS OFFICER (CONT'D)  
We think the residence is a  
better target. The Ambassador is  
a distant cousin of the Queen and  
the house itself is more--

MAC  
(straightening)  
It's not Paris.

They all look at him, including FLETCHER.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Gerry McVeigh wants something big  
enough to derail the process.  
That ain't the British ambassador  
or any other target in Paris.

FLETCHER  
So?

MAC  
He needs scale or scope. Scale;  
maybe a military barracks. He  
could drive to one of the  
Rhine and bases in a night.  
Scope; we should run a check on  
all the grade one targets and  
their movements over the next 24  
hours; the Queen, Prime Minister,  
Charles. We know Gerry's had his  
own man in London. Stands to  
reason this is why.

FLETCHER  
But we've got every exit covered.  
If they move out of Paris, we'll  
pick them up.

MAC  
Depends how good he is.

INT. PARIS HOTEL - NIGHT

COLLETTE lies awake in the dark. GERRY appears to be asleep  
in the bed next to her.

Very quietly, COLLETTE slips from under the sheets, pulls a  
coat over her shirt and moves towards the door.

GERRY  
Where are you going, Collette?

COLLETTE  
Oh...I can't sleep. I just wanted  
some air.

GERRY  
Stay here. You never know who's  
watching.

She returns to her bed. No doubt she's his prisoner.

INT. PARIS HOTEL - DAWN

GERRY is standing by the window as COLLETTE awakes. She  
dresses.

COLLETTE  
Is Paddy coming here?

GERRY  
No.

COLLETTE  
Is he meeting us somewhere else?

GERRY  
No.

COLLETTE  
Is he okaywhe okaywhe oe2800000 Tc 12 0 0 -12 ET Q q 1 e

This can't be happening.

COLLETTE  
You set him a test?

No answer.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
(horri fied)  
But he's our brother.

GERRY  
He was our brother.

COLLETTE  
Gerry--

GERRY  
He's not my brother if he's a  
tout.

COLLETTE stands. She's shaking. GERRY turns towards her. His face is contorted with RAGE.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
Everything we've ever done; every  
bastard we've lost, every sod  
who's gone down for a spell in  
the Kesh...him. *Our* brother. He  
was touting when the peelers  
gunned down that kid last week.  
He was touting when they killed  
your Davey...He's not our brother  
any more.

Now her world is falling apart...

INT. MI 5 HEADQUARTERS - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAWN

Around the table with MI 5 CHIEF ALAN BUCHANAN sit MAC, KATE FLETCHER, the MI 5 OPS OFFICER and a couple of other SECTION HEADS.

MI 5 OFFICER  
(shaking his head)  
No, she's at Windsor all day.  
Prince Charles is having lunch  
with Thabo Mbeki at South Africa  
House.

BUCHANAN  
Ask him to cancel.

FLETCHER  
We have. He won't.

BUCHANAN  
What about the PM?

MI 5 OFFICER  
Only Prime Ministers questions.  
Otherwise Downing Street.

BUCHANAN  
Who else?

OPERATIONS OFFICER  
The Home Secretary is in Ealing.  
He won't cancel either. The  
Deputy Prime Minister is giving a  
speech at the QE2...

BUCHANAN  
Any word from the French?

MAC  
No.

You can see the tension in every face. The clock is ticking  
and they've got nothing.

BUCHANAN  
We have an agent on the inside?

They look at MAC.

MAC  
Yes sir.

BUCHANAN  
Reliable?

MAC  
Yes.

BUCHANAN  
Any chance she's cut us off?

MAC  
None.

BUCHANAN  
(acid)  
Then how come, Mr Macintosh,  
we're sitting here in the dark?

MAC  
Gerry McVeigh is a careful man.  
He'll be watching her. No phone  
calls. No contact. But she'll  
find a way.

BUCHANAN turns to FLETCHER.



BUCHANAN  
What about our old friend in  
Bel fast; Red Fox?

The code name of the other agent. The first time MAC has  
heard it.

FLETCHER  
Nothing yet, sir. Barry Del avine  
is trying to make contact.

INT. IRA SAFE HOUSE - SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

PADDY is still in the chair, half dead. MULGREW has a pair  
of pliers in his hand. He yanks PADDY's legs apart and cups  
his testicles.

MULGREW.

PADDY  
Collette.

MULGREW.  
No one else?

He shakes his head.

MULGREW. (CONT'D)  
Who did you tell about the guns  
coming into Hugo Street?

PADDY  
No one.

MULGREW furiously twists the pliers again.

PADDY (CONT'D)  
Aaaaagh!!!

MULGREW.  
Then it must be you who's the  
tout, right Paddy? You say it  
yourself; only you knew about  
BOTH operations.

Twists again.

PADDY  
Aaaagh!!!! Sweet Jesus!! I'm not  
a tout. I'm not a fucking tout!

MULGREW lets go and sits back, frustrated, but genuinely  
perplexed.

Crazy guy. Ballsy. Ha ha.

A thought strikes him.

MULGREW.  
Where did Gerry tell you about  
the guns?

PADDY  
At home.

MULGREW.  
Where *exactly*?

PADDY  
On the back step.

MULGREW.  
And there was no one else around,  
you say?

PADDY  
No one.

Another beat. Still turning it over in his mind.

MULGREW.  
Where was the boy? Collette's wee  
nipper?

PADDY shrugs in despair.

MULGREW. (CONT'D)  
Was he in the house? Was he in  
the yard?

PADDY  
In the yard.

MULGREW.  
Who was looking after him?

PADDY  
Ma.

MULGREW.  
Where was Collette?

PADDY  
Out.

MULGREW.  
So your mother was in the yard?

PADDY  
Of course.

MULGREW steps back, turns to his colleagues.

MULGREW.  
Get him up.

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAWN

GERRY and COLLETTE emerge from the hotel. They amble down the side street as GERRY sizes up the cars. He picks one, breaks in.

EXT. A SPEEDBOAT ON THE ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY

COLLETTE and GERRY with the wind in their hair.

COLLETTE looks SHATTERED.

EXT. THE RIVER HAMBLE - THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND - DAY

A young man is waiting on the quay as the boat docks. He hands GERRY a brown envelope without a word.

GERRY tips it up. We see two HOUSE OF COMMONS staff passes, one for each of them.

GERRY  
Michael has the other boat?

YOUNG MAN  
He'll be waiting.

GERRY nods.

He squires COLLETTE firmly to the car, like a prisoner.

CUT TO:

A TRAIN HURTLING THROUGH THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON GERRY AND COLLETTE, WHO SIT SIDE BY SIDE

CUT TO:

INT. MI 5'S HEADQUARTERS - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

MAC stares out of the window. FLETCHER stands beside him.

A telephone is on the desk between them. It does not ring...

EXT. A FIELD IN SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

MULGREW and his gang march PADDY to a ditch. He is still naked but for the bag over his head.

They force him to kneel.

MULGREW.  
Last chance, my friend.

PADDY shakes his head.

MULGREW. (CONT'D)  
Admit youse're a tout and I'll spare your worthless life.

YOUTH.  
Boss...

MULGREW.  
Shut up! One more chance, McVeigh, then I'm out of patience.

PADDY  
 Fuck you, Mulgrew. I'll see you  
 in hell.

They wait. MULGREW puts a pistol to Paddy's head.

PADDY (CONT'D)  
 Pull the trigger, you coward.

MULGREW pushes the pistol down. CLOSE again on the faces of his crew. They're shitting themselves.

TIGHT on MULGREW.

He kicks PADDY into the ditch.

MULGREW.  
 Get him out of here. He's not who  
 we're looking for.

INT. WATERLOO STATION - DAY

GERRY takes COLLETTE to a station cafe and parks her at a table. He moves to the phone box in the corner. But he's still watching her...

INT. MULGREW'S VAN - SOUTH ARMAGH - DAY

A mobile phone attached to a large unit on the dash rings as PADDY is being loaded into the rear. MULGREW jumps into the passenger seat and answers.

MULGREW.  
 Lightning delivery services.

GERRY (O.S.)  
 What happened to the package?

MULGREW.  
 It hasn't reached its final  
 destination. We're looking at  
 something else. The mother of all  
 packages.

INT. WATERLOO STATION - DAY

GERRY puts down the telephone slowly. He is white with shock.

He goes to the table and takes COLLETTE's arm.

COLLETTE  
 What is it?

GERRY  
We have to go.

EXT. WATERLOO BRIDGE - DAY

GERRY marches COLLETTE across the bridge. He puts a HOUSE OF COMMONS PASS around her neck.

COLLETTE  
What's happened, Gerry?

She shakes herself free.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
Who did you call? It was about Paddy...

GERRY  
Paddy isn't our tout.

COLLETTE  
What do you mean?

GERRY  
Someone else.

COLLETTE  
(terrified)  
But--

GERRY  
Someone who's always been with us. Right from the start... from the day we were born...

He grips her arm again. She grapples with his meaning. It cannot be. He cannot mean...

INT. CAFE OVERLOOKING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY.

GERRY, COLLETTE AND MCILLHATTON sit at a corner table, with a view over Westminster and the Houses of Parliament. Almost alone, they are staring out of the window and MCILLHATTON, in particular, does not like what he sees.

MCILLHATTON  
It's crawling with peelers!

GERRY  
Give me the bag.

MCILLHATTON  
We don't stand a chance!

GERRY rips the bag from his hand and leans forward.

GERRY  
 (menacing)  
 Listen to me. They'll have  
 tightened security all over this  
 and every other town. But they  
 weren't on our tail and they  
 don't know we're here. So we  
*stick to the plan.*

MCELLHATTON  
 You'll never make it!

GERRY  
 We're going now. Just make sure  
 the boat is there...

GERRY takes the bag, puts it over his shoulder and hauls COLLETTE to her feet.

EXT. WESTMINSTER TUBE STATION - DAY.

Down the steps.

GERRY puts his arm around COLLETTE, like they are lovers.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
 Smile.

A small group of cops is being briefed by a COMMANDER. The security guard glances at them for a moment, examines their passes.

He's distracted by a call from his supervisor behind him...

GERRY and COLLETTE walk on.

They wait to be stopped, but there is no shout...

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CONTINUOUS.

Along the underpass.

GERRY turns left, through to a terrace overlooking the THAMES. He glances about. An official approaches.

OFFICIAL  
 This is for members only sir.

GERRY smiles. They double back.

They reach a stairwell and climb. They pass a journalist running down.

JOURNALIST  
 Morning.

EXT. DOWNING STREET - DAY

The PRIME MINISTER leaves Number Ten and gets into his JAGUAR. The car accelerates towards giant iron gates.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY

GERRY turns off the stairwell and leads COLLETTE down an empty corridor. He pushes her into the ladies toilet and closes the door.

He unzips the bag, presses a pistol and a balaclava into her hand.

GERRY  
Lock the door. I'll knock three  
times.

He's gone again.

EXT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY

The PRIME MINISTER'S JAGUAR sweeps into the Palace of Westminster. He gets out and disappears inside.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY

COLLETTE is still DAZED.

A beat as she turns it all over in her mind...

INT. MI5'S LONDON HQ - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

BUCHANAN at the centre of an informal huddle. He's looking at MAC.

BUCHANAN  
Still nothing?

MAC shakes his head.

BUCHANAN (CONT'D)  
You hold to your judgement?

MAC  
She'll come through.

BUCHANAN turns to FLETCHER.

BUCHANAN  
What about Red Fox?



FLETCHER

Barry's made contact sir, but she  
can't fill in the missing pieces.  
She's done all she can.

INT. COLLETTE'S HOME IN BELFAST - DAY

MA is feeding the kids. A doorbell goes. She answers.

MULGREW.

Hello, Mrs McVeigh.

MA.

Hello, Kevin.

MULGREW.

I guess you've been expecting me.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY

COLLETTE opens the door of the toilet and steps out into a  
corridor.

She moves along silently.

She's looking for a telephone or an empty office, but  
there's nothing.

She reaches an alcove by the stairs. Waits a moment.

CLOSE on her. A moment of DECISION.

She takes out the emergency BLEEPER.

He bursts out of the door...

MI 5 OPERATIONS OFFICER  
(shouted after him)

He shakes his head in FURY. The final BETRAYAL.

He pulls a balaclava over his head and walks along the corridor to the stairs, past a pair of startled journalists.

EXT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY

MAC charges through the gate holding up his pass. He tears around the yard inside...

EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - DAY

COLLETTE is walking away from BIG BEN, but there are police cars and sirens everywhere now, so she stops and turns back to face the COMMONS.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY.

MAC bursts into the bottom of the stairwell, a Browning pistol in his hand...

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS.

SPEAKER  
The Leader of the Opposition...

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS.

MAC runs into a large group of officials walking down the stairs...

MAC  
Move!

He smashes through...

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS.

LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION  
(getting to his feet)  
Could the Prime Minister please  
tell the house whether he advised  
the United States Government to  
grant Mr Gerry Adams a visa to  
visit Boston, New York and  
Washington?

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - PRESS GALLERY - CONTINUOUS.

GERRY closing on the chamber. A startled official steps forward to stop him, but GERRY smashes him to the ground with the butt of his revolver.

He opens the door. We hear the roar of the chamber...

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS.

THE PRIME MINISTER  
The right honourable gentlemen  
knows, as do all members of this  
house, that the government is  
committed to the defeat of  
terrorism in all its forms.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - PRESS BOX IN THE CHAMBER -  
CONTINUOUS.

Hacks, officials...all stunned, paralysed...GERRY is slowly walking towards the front...

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - PRESS GALLERY - CONTINUOUS.

MAC jumps a desk, slides across a wide central table strewn with press releases and bursts through the door...

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - PRESS BOX IN THE CHAMBER -  
CONTINUOUS.

...as GERRY raises his gun arm. Screams. Shouts.

He's going to shoot the Prime Minister.

The PM looks up...

As MAC tears in...

MAC  
Gerry!

GERRY hesitates a split second -- just long enough for MAC to hit him running at full pelt. They career into the balustrade -- tip over...

Smack into the floor below.

Pandemonium.

MAC wrestling with GERRY.

More shouts. Screams. People sprinting from the chamber.

The Prime Minister's bodyguards charging in -- pulling their man out -- looking for a shot at GERRY. Too many MPs in the way...

GERRY has lost his revolver. But he's on his feet... running...

Out into...

INT. MEMBERS LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

...where he charges a startled cop. Head butts him. Grabs his revolver. Turns back to face MAC.

A shot.

MAC hits the deck. Another cop on the other side of the lobby reacts.

Blam! Blam!

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

A spiral staircase. Pounding up it. Breathing ragged.  
MAC crashes through the door behind him.

MAC  
There's no way out, Gerry.

GERRY fires another shot, but misses. He bursts out onto the...

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

...where he sprints towards Big Ben -- in any other moment the most epic, stellar view of London.

EXT. AERIAL - CONTINUOUS

A swooping circular shot of the pair of them running as MAC emerges onto the roof and gives chase...

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

GERRY reaches the side that overlooks the river. Nowhere

GERRY IN THE AIR, BEFORE HE...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE OF COMMONS TERRACE.

...Smacks into the wall of the terrace below and slumps into the river.

His body slips under the water, then surfaces again, before the tide slowly sweeps it away.

The man in the boat opposite roars off.

EXT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - ROOF.

ON MAC as he looks down.

The end he deserved. But still...

The death of a man. Of an idea.

MAC understood his journey, his choices. But sooner or

INT. TELEPHONE BOX - WATERLOO - CONTINUOUS.

It is COLLETTE who is calling.

MULGREW (O.S.)

Hello.

COLLETTE

It's Collette.

A beat.

MULGREW (O.S.)

What about youse, pet?

COLLETTE

It's me you want.

MULGREW (O.S.)

Is that right?

COLLETTE

I'm the tout. I'll give myself  
up. I'll exchange myself for her.

MULGREW (O.S.)

All right, Pet. A deal's a deal.



They stare.

MAC looks at FLETCHER.

MAC  
You worked out who won yet?

MAC turns away in disgust, walks up a slippery path to the flat parking area of a gravel pit. As he emerges, COLLETTE climbs out of the car in which she has been waiting. She comes towards him. She looks SHATTERED.

COLLETTE  
Is it her?

He doesn't answer. Doesn't have to.

COLLETTE tries to get past, but he catches her.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
Let me go!

MAC  
Stay here, Collette.

COLLETTE  
I said I'd give myself up. I said  
I'd--

She's fighting him, trying to break free.

MAC  
It doesn't work like that.

She's breaking down now. Inconsolable.

Her mother.

Inadvertently but inevitably, she's killed her.

Two touts, too close. One was bound to die.

MAC scoops her up like a child...

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

He gets into the back seat with her, next to MARK, who is waiting there, bewildered.

MAC nods at the driver.

They pull out of the quarry, turn down the hill.

MAC draws COLLETTE and MARK close to him. They do not resist his protective embrace.

His family now...

EXT. BLACK MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE on FLETCHER, who stands at the top of the quarry.

She watches them go.

These people - they made their decisions.

Not her problem.

In war, it only matters that the good guys win.

FADE TO BLACK.