

FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES

A Movie Script
by

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FADE IN:

BLACKNESS WITH WHITE LEGENDS.

LEGEND: THEIR ONLY CRIME WAS FALLING FOR SOMEONE OF
THE WRONG COLOUR

CUT TO:

LEGEND: SHE IS ORANGE - HE IS GREEN

CUT TO:

LEGEND: ... BUT THIS IS IRELAND

CUT TO:

LEGEND: WHERE PROTESTANT ORANGE AND CATHOLIC
GREEN DON'T MIX.

CUT TO:

BLACKNESS.

The elongated swirling intro to a menacing heavy rock track cuts in.

CUT TO:

EXT. A LONDONDERRY, BACK STREET, A FROZEN MOMENT- NIGHT.

A wall of motionless stony faces stares in gritted-teethed anger to the distance. All are set in resentment save the odd twitch of a lip or eyebrow. Small flakes of snow fall.

CUT TO:

INT. A SECOND FLOOR CITY GYMNASIUM. A FROZEN MOMENT- NIGHT.

A pair of quivering young female arms holds a volley ball aloft ready to serve. Light snow swirls outside an old-fashioned sash window encrusted in cobwebs.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATOP CITY FIRE ESCAPE, A FROZEN MOMENT- NIGHT.

A silhouetted male is holding a bottle of sparkling wine to his lips the bright city lights twinkle through the glass. An occasional bubble rises inside the bottle. Snow falls gently.

MONTAGE:

ROCK MUSIC TRACK KICKS IN WITH A VENGEANCE.

- A- A riot kicks off between two rival factions one side waves a British flag one an Irish.
- B- Four scantily clad teenage girls launch into a serious game of volley ball.
- C- Two teenage boys on a fire escape share the bottle. The one without the bottle runs to the top of the roof.
- D- A bird's eye view of the riot reveals one rioter being punched and kicked viciously.
- E- The volley ball playing girls are sweating and screaming in the throes of the game.
- F- The teenage boy on the fire escape launches on to an adjacent pitched roof and slides rapidly down. He deftly swings back to join his friend who runs up.
- G- Birds eye view of the rioters being charged by a huge battalion of riot police. They part and scatter leaving the body of the assaulted man behind.
- H- A blonde-haired, blue eyed volley ball player falls exhausted to her knees.
- I- The second teenage boy tries to repeat his friend's slide but misses and flails about he grabs a gutter, it pulls away leaving him dangling 60 feet up.

MONTAGE ENDS:

ROCK MUSIC COMES TO A SCREECHING HALT.

CUT TO:

INT- GYMNASIUM- NIGHT.

The normal sounds of a busy Gym kick in as another of the volley ball teenagers responds to the gesture of the floored blonde who signals she fancies a cigarette.

EXT- FIRE ESCAPE- NIGHT.

The teenage boy stands mesmerised looking at his mate, the wine held limply in his hand. His friend slips and hangs on the roof gutter mouthing words in fear but no sound comes. Two great double fire doors burst open flooding light on the fire escape. The teenage volleyball playing girls push eagerly through lighting their cigarettes as they come. One is energetically fanning the smoke away as she gasps, with delight, with the first puff.

EXT. GROUND LEVEL, CITY STREETS- NIGHT.

The aftermath of the riot is strewn abroad. The riot squad are examining the body lying on the ground. A teenage boy is trying to fight through them and they endeavour to stop him. He manages to break through and cradles the fallen man in his arms.

1ST COP

You know him?

TEENAGER (gasps)

He's my dad, JACKIE MC
MASTERS. I'm FRANKIE his
oldest son.

2ND COP

You want to take him?

FRANKIE

Fuck you. I want to take the
green Catholic bastards who
did this.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT.

The girls smoke their cigarettes hardly inhaling. Their eyes
become accustomed to the darkness as they blink.

1ST TEENAGE GIRL

LOUISE MC MASTERS. You'll be
the death of both of us.

LOUISE

(Slow and sarcastically)
Aw, come on WANDA FLEMING,
we're only young once.

The sudden appearance of the gaping mouthed teenager makes
them jump in fright. LOUISE MC MASTERS and WANDA FLEMING
instinctively grab one another in fear.

LOUISE

(cont'd)

Jesus Christ almighty, who the
hell are you? You scared the
arse off me.

TEENAGE BOY

I'm D-D-DANNY M-MORRISON and
that's my mate J-J-J...

Danny points shakily to his mate who is hanging on to the
dislodged gutter for dear life.

LOUISE

Holy shit, Wanda, Go and get
Howard and the boys.

SAME- LATER.

Four men, from inside the building drag J-J off the roof
just in time as the gutter crashes to the darkness below.

INT. HOWARD'S OFFICE IN THE GYM- NIGHT.

HOWARD 40 year old club manager, is sitting at his desk and J-J (JAMIE) is on a leather chair still hyper ventilating. Jamie is a rock&roll, teenage (18) band fronting, long haired pretty boy. DANNY, his side-kick, of similar age, is a less flamboyant, more soberly dressed background bass-playing character with harsher features. LOUISE, Jamie's rescuer is a beautiful, blonde haired, blue-eyed 17 year old hippy type, full of life and WANDA, her sports partner is similar age and stature, but slightly more dowdy. The two girls and Danny are standing behind Jamie looking concerned.

HOWARD

Who are you? What were you
doing on our fire escape?

J-J

My name is JAMIE Jamie O'HARA
and my band "FRIDAY'S CHILD"
have just landed the New
Year's Eve gig here. We were
just checking it out.

HOWARD

A funny way to check...

There is a sudden urgent knock on the office door.

HOWARD

Yes who is it ...?

The door bursts open and a breathless youth
rushes in.

YOUTH

Is Lou...?

He spots Louise.

YOUTH
(cont'd)

Ah Lou, it's your Uncle
Jackie, you have to come now!

Howard reacts.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM TRANSFORMED INTO A DISCO- NIGHT.

The hall is filled with revellers; most of them in fancy dress. They are in the final bars of "Auld Lang Syne". All kiss and wish each other happy new year. The band members on the stage are wearing masks, the front man has an acoustic guitar slung behind his back.

FRONT MAN (to audience)
Thank you. You were great!
Welcome to a fresh new year.

He raises his mask to reveal that he is Jamie. He signals the audience to be quiet.

JAMIE
(cont'd)

Hush now I want to ask you a
question.

He nods to one of his band mates who turns up the volume on the P.A. system. It SCREECHES WITH FEEDBACK quietening the crowd immediately.

JAMIE
(cont'd)

Have you ever fallen in love
at first sight?

The crowd look at each other mostly shaking their heads and looking puzzled.

JAMIE

(cont'd)

You know. Just as you were
about to fall into the depths
of despair a life saver
appears from nowhere?

The revellers react, still puzzled.

JAMIE

(cont'd)

Come on I'll play it for you.

He swings his guitar from behind his back and begins to
play a floating acoustic intro. The rest of the band take
it as a cue and leave the stage.

JAMIE (SINGING)

#Angel of the city
With your heart so wild and
free
Let's forget our differences
Come on and capture me
Your hand is on my shoulder
My eyes are on your sheets
Stay with me 'til daybreak
And break the day with me...#

EXT. GARBAGE STREWN ALLEYWAY/ OUTSIDE CLUB- NIGHT.

A ford transit van with the words "Friday's Child"
emblazoned on the side is parked awkwardly alongside a
burnt out chassis of what used to be a car.
Peeling, orange painted, double fire doors burst open and
the band members stumble through carrying the musical
equipment and amps. They throw them into the back of the
van. Jamie fronts the band as they spill into the
blackness.

JAMIE

Some night eh?

Danny lovingly places his Fender Precision Bass guitar into the back.

DANNY

Let's get out of here, it's a real Protestant area. Look even the fire doors are painted orange.

JAMIE

Come off it Danny-boy you are so-o-o paranoid.

Two girls, wearing masks and still in fancy dress step out of the shadows, and gesture to JANGO, the drummer, to come.

DANNY

You're in there Jango-boy.

The girls whisper into his ear.

JANGO

It's you they want Jamie.

Jamie sidles over hesitantly.

C.U.

1ST MASKED GIRL

Did you write that last song about her? Do you fancy her?

JAMIE

(hesitantly)

I don't even know her and besides I have a girlfriend.

The girls both pull off their masks laughing revealing that they are Louise and her friend WANDA (17).

JAMIE

(cont'd)

You two, I should have known
you were up to your old
tricks.

LOUISE

Good job you didn't agree or I
would have skinned you alive.

JAMIE

As if I would. Cheat on the
girl who saved my life. I
would rather die. Come here.

Jamie pulls Louise tightly against him and kisses her
lovingly.

JAMIE

(cont'd)

Thanks for coming, happy new
year.

LOUISE

How could I miss our
anniversary?

JAMIE

A whole year already...

LOUISE

You regret it?

JAMIE

Not one second not one.

PULL WIDER TO REVEAL.

The rest of the band mock them and Jango hungrily kisses
his fore arm in jest. Wanda is pretending to put her
fingers down her throat to make herself sick.

WANDA

There are only two things I
can say to that.

They all look at her...

WANDA

(cont'd)

Free... drinks!

DANNY

Errr... don't know about that.

WANDA

Don't worry, I know them all in
there, you'll be ok with me.

They disappear together into the club leaving Jamie and
Louise cuddling.

LOUISE

I better go in too. Im busting
for a wee! ...

She hurriedly leaves. Jamie opens the back doors of the van
and starts counting something inside. FRANKIE and his
FRIEND step from behind the open door it gives Jamie a
fright.

JAMIE

Sorry man, you made me jump.
Can I help you?

FRANKIE

Have you got the time mate?

JAMIE

Sorry I don't have a watch.

Frankie points horrified at the ground.

FRANKIE

What, the hell, is that?

Jamie immediately looks down and Frankie's friend punches him viciously, from behind, on the side of the temple. He stumbles to his knees and Frankie kicks him in the face knocking him flat on the ground. Frankie hunkers down beside his limp body and grabs the collar of his coat pulling his face up as he spits words at him.

FRANKIE

I, you murdering catholic
bastard, am Frankie Mc Masters
and you are going to leave my
little cousin alone, aren't
you?

A punch comes from off screen and catches Frankie unaware.

PULL WIDE TO REVEAL:

Louise is standing over Frankie as his friend throws her to one side like a rag doll. Frankie springs to his feet and grabs his friend by the throat and holds him against the van where Louise is leaning recovering her breath.

FRANKIE

Leave my little cousin alone
you little shit.

LOUISE(OS)

Fuck you Frankie.

Frankie swings around and stares at her astonished.

FRANKIE

What? I have just saved you.

LOUISE

I said fuck you Frankie, are
you deaf as well as stupid?

FRANKIE

(absolutely livid)

You... you...you! This is all
your fault.

LOUISE

(rubbing her face)

Oh it's my fault that you are
some sort of nutter?

Jamie struggles to get to his feet as Frankie aims his boot at him. Louise jumps between them checking his actions. Frankie is almost in tears with anger as he points directly at her face.

FRANKIE

Those bastards killed my Da,
kicked him to death.

LOUISE

Not him. I was with him the
night it happened.

Jamie is now backed up against the transit, shaking his head to try and clear it.

FRANKIE

(dismissively)

They are all the fucking same
those bastards. Murdering
fuckers...

There is a clatter of running
feet coming from the fire
exit and Frankie and his
friend take to their heels
realising that the rest of
Jamie's band are coming.

Frankie runs momentarily backwards and nearly trips over
some strewn rubbish.

FRANKIE

(calling back)

Mind you back you bastard I
know where you live. I've got
your number.

INT. JAMIE'S FAMILY LIVING ROOM- DAY.

Jamie's family have just finished a meal his brother, two sisters and mother are helping with the dishes. Jamie and his father are confronting each other across the table. Louise is at Jamie's side.

JAMIE'S DAD

Get her out of here. I've been
in this house for years and
never had one under my roof.
I'm not going to start now.

JAMIE

...But Da she is...

DAD

Look I don't care if she's the
Queen of bloody Sheba. I want
her out of my house.

JAMIE

Da you are embarrassing...

DAD

Both of you should be ashamed
of yourselves. What's wrong
with you? Are there not enough
young people of your own
religion?

Jamie turns to his mother.

JAMIE

Ma tell him...

His mother just shrugs, shakes her head and carries on drying the dishes.

JAMIE

(cont'd)

God, you are as bad as each other. No wonder the country is in such a bloody state.

Jamie's dad reaches across the table to grab him but the younger man manages to avoid the grasp.

Louise reacts

DAD

Don't you talk to your mother like that or you can get out and not come back either.

JAMIE

Don't worry we are gone.

Jamie grabs Louise's hand and practically drags her out the kitchen door just as his dad reaches it. He punches his fist down through the air frustrated at missing punching Jamie. He opens the door and shouts through the opening.

DAD

Get yourself a good catholic girl.

Dad comes back into the room and all the family are looking at him, in fear.

DAD

(cont'd)

What are you looking at?

They all rapidly resume their previous activities.

INT. OLD-FASHIONED BAR STALL- DAY.

Louise and Jamie are in an old style bar stall with high sides and all polished wood and gleaming brass.

There is a plaque on the wall which reads, "The Red House, The City's Oldest Inn est: 1604."
They are both toying with their drinks and shooting the odd glance at each other.

JAMIE

I can not apologise enough for my dad. He did have a rough childhood. I know that is no excuse...

LOUISE

It wasn't him. It was you. Why didn't you stick up for me?

JAMIE

My dad Lou., Love, you do not stand up to him.

LOUISE

Why not?

JAMIE

Aw, love, he is old school you say anything against him...

LOUISE

You could've said something.

JAMIE

I thought I had.

LOUISE

Not enough.

There is silence again as they both pick up their drinks, mirroring each other, as they drink deeply.

JAMIE

Look, there are lots of old people, just like him. It is fear.

LOUISE

That was my first time meeting
him and he was so rude. It
makes me wonder about you.

JAMIE

You know I am not like that.

Louise throws him a withering look.

LOUISE

Are you not...? underneath?

JAMIE

Look when we get out of this
dump and go to another
country.

LOUISE

What's with this we? I don't
remember discussing another
country.

JAMIE

Well I thought...

LOUISE

Well you thought wrong... and
besides I happen to love
this...err- dump as you call
it.

JAMIE

You do, but it is a...

Louise waves her hand to stop him in his tracks.

LOUISE

It's my home and I'll have
nothing said against it.

JAMIE

Seriously?

LOUISE

Yes seriously.

Jamie shakes his head.

JAMIE

You never cease to amaze me.

LOUISE

There are lots of things you don't know about me.

JAMIE

You will be telling me next that you agree with the shooting and bombing.

LOUISE

It can be justified under some circumstances.

Jamie is wide eyed and slack jawed in amazement.

JAMIE

No- no- I am not hearing this. Name one...

LOUISE

...To defend your home, your country, your family?

Jamie just shakes his head in utter amazement.

LOUISE

(cont'd)

What about you? I bet you believe in a united Ireland?

JAMIE

Well-l-l eventually it should happen. Why not?

It is now Louise's turn to be completely amazed by Jamie.

LOUISE

Because this is part of
Britain and always will be.

JAMIE

Only because your crowd
decided so, years ago.

LOUISE

My crowd, as you put it,
happen to be in the majority.

JAMIE

A falsely created majority,
created by your crowd at the
same time when they created
this false split province.

Louise suddenly stands up and waves her hands wildly and dismissively in the air.

LOUISE

Well, this member of the crowd
has had enough of this shit.

Jamie stands up confronting Louise as the rest of the imbibers suddenly become aware of the shouting. Louise become aware of their attention and gets highly embarrassed and tries physically to quieten Jamie but he ignores her.

JAMIE

Do you not realise, Louise, if
we went to England we would
not be treated differently,
just two Irish paddies.

LOUISE

...And who is going to
England? You're obsessed. I'm
going home and you can go to
hell.

She storms out the door and Jamie is left dumfounded and he becomes aware that they have a audience. He becomes sheepishly embarrassed and then bows to them and exits.

EXT. OUTSIDE PRIMARY SCHOOL GATES- DAY.

C.U. SCHOOL BOARD READING "ST.AMBROSE R.C.BOYS' SCHOOL"

Frankie and his mate JOHNNY are just below the sign. They have a small collapsible table with a tiny suitcase crammed with "wraps" of cocaine. Johnny looks with amazement.

JOHNNY

Christ, Frankie, where did you get the money for those?

FRANKIE

Billy and I did a wee job...
Here they come, Johnny, I'll tell you later we've got customers.

At that a small gang of schoolboys sidle up to the friends clasp money and checking the surroundings, they surreptitiously slip notes into Johnny's hand as they stroll up to Frankie who passes the wraps in a similar way. There is a lot of nodding and silent gesturing from the boys. A high pitched whistle strikes up and the case and table disappear into a car boot in an instant. They lean against the car checking their nails as Frankie lights up a cigarette and gives Johnny one.

JOHNNY

Christ, Frankie, why so cheap?

Two uniformed police officers in flak jackets, armed with pistols and machine guns appear around the corner as the last of the schoolboys disappear through the gates.

FRANKIE

Get the little Catholic bastards addicted early.

The two policemen walk past the lads and Johnny salutes.

JOHNNY

Good afternoon officers.

Frankie shoots Johnny a disbelieving look. The cops look them up and down.

FRANKIE

(thumbing over his shoulder)
Me ma's car, she can't stand
the smell of smoke in it.

The cops amble on checking over their shoulders as they go. When they have gone the friends flick their lighted cigarette butts over the school wall jump in the car and speed off.

INT. SAME OLD-FASHIONED BAR STALL- NIGHT.

TIGHT C.U. Jamie is staring ahead in a semi-trance, his eyes are tear stained.

DANNY (O.S.)

How did we do then Jamie boy?

Jamie carries on staring he doesn't react at all to the question.

DJANGO (O.S.)

I don't think he's with us.

ANOTHER BAND MEMBER (O.S.)

Is he on drugs, or what?

PULL WIDE TO REVEAL.

All the band members and their girlfriends are crammed impossibly into the stall. They are hell bent on enjoying themselves. Jamie shakes himself out of his trance like state as Danny elbows his ribs.

DANNY

How much?

JAMIE

Ugh!

Danny pulls up close to him and shouts into his ear as if addressing a deaf man.

DANNY

How much did we get?

JAMIE

Where? How? Who?

DANNY

The gig, man, it's time to share out.

He sweeps his hand to the other band members.

DANNY

(cont'd)

They all want their share.

Jamie stuffs his hand into his jeans pocket and pulls out a wad of notes. He throws them in front of Danny.

JAMIE

You do it. I can not be arsed.

DANNY

Still no word?

Jamie just plays with his drink and nods to Danny. Danny starts to count out the money in five piles. a pair of female feet appear by the table, in front of him. He looks up from her feet to reveal a beautiful girl in a nurses' uniform. Her face is not dissimilar to Louise's if not slightly older. She is actually ALISON, Louise's sister.

ALISON
Jamie O' Hara?

They all point to Jamie simultaneously.

DJANGO
There's the culprit.

ALISON
I'm Alison, Louise's sister.
Could I have a quick word?

Jamie's face visibly lights up as Danny nudges him.

DJANGO
Are you a real nurse?

ALISON
(slightly annoyed)
Yes. Why?

He stands up and grabs his crutch.

DJANGO
I've got an awful swelling
here and am wondering if you
could do something to relieve
it?

The rest of the lads laugh drunkenly.

ALISON
Sorry, son, you will have to
take matters in your own
hands.

The crowd laugh again.

JAMIE
You'll have to excuse my
friend but he has got an
excuse. He is a drummer.

Django scratches his head and looks confused.

JAMIE

(cont'd)

Could some body pass my box?

A guitar appears from between the revellers and they pass it along to Jamie. He slings it upside down across his back as before on stage. Alison looks irately at her watch. All the lads jeer and mock with sexual innuendos.

ALISON

I'm running late for my shift.

JAMIE

Shall we talk outside then?

The lads jeer and mock again.

EXT. ALLEY WAY BY RED HOUSE PUBLIC HOUSE- NIGHT.

Jamie stands defensively with his guitar slung behind him. He is about to defend himself but Alison hushes him.

ALISON

Look Jamie I do not agree with your relationship with my wee sister.

JAMIE

Yes but...

ALISON

...Let me finish... I don't agree with it because I think it's doomed but...

JAMIE

But...

ALISON
(checking her watch)
...Just listen. I haven't got
time to bandy words with you.

Jamie just nods.

ALISON
(cont'd)
She is madly in love with you
there's no denying it. Both of
you are mad but who am I to
say?

Jamie looks at her with amazement. He's never heard it
voiced before.

ALISON
(cont'd)
I hope your intensions are
true. How do you feel about
her?

JAMIE
I love her to the very marrow
of her bones, every pore of
her skin and every corpuscle
of her blood.

ALISON
Well I tell you this Mr. O'
Hara if you ever hurt her...

JAMIE
I would rather be sliced to
death with blades, thrown from
a moving helicopter or cut
down in a hail of machine gun
fire, than see harm come to
one hair of her head.

ALISON

I have studied anatomy so I
will know how to hurt you
intensely.

JAMIE

I am a medical student myself.
I hope to be a doctor later
on. We may even work together,
who knows?

ALISON

Her heart is little egg shell.
It's breaking as we speak so
please go to her.

Jamie looks at her in disbelief.

ALISON

(cont'd)

She's on her own. Ma and Da
are away and I'm...

She checks her watch.

ALISON

(cont'd)

...Off.

She rushes to the end of the alley and hails a passing
taxi, jumps in and is gone into the night.

EXT. A LEAFY SUBURB- OUTSIDE LOUISE'S HOUSE- NIGHT.

Jamie is lurking in the bushes with his guitar still slung
behind his back. Louise is leaning on her window sill
looking up at the sky.

Her eyes are tear-filled and the moonlight is reflecting in
them. Jamie lifts a handful of gravel and throws it at the
window, Louise jumps back in horror. She comes to the
window again and squints out to see Jamie. Louise throws
open the window in anger.

LOUISE

Jamie O' Hara, what are you playing at? You almost gave me a heart attack.

Jamie grips his chest.

JAMIE

(loudly)

Better than the broken heart I have after our argument.

Louise waves her hands furiously to quieten him.

LOUISE

(loud whisper)

Quiet, Jamie, you don't need to broadcast it to the neighbourhood.

JAMIE

I will advertise it to the world if you will forgive me.

LOUISE

What do you want anyway?

JAMIE

I want you. I have come to say I am sorry and beg you to forgive me.

LOUISE

You'll have to do better than that.

Jamie who still has his guitar slung up-side-down behind his back deftly swings it around to the playing position.

JAMIE

Come on I'll play it for you.

Louise frantically tries to hush him. Jamie ignores and sings.

JAMIE

(cont'd, singing)

#Lonely the night
When you don't lay on my
pillow
Sadly the sun
Comes to break the morning sky
Coldly the walk
By the river under the willows
If only your love
Could help me to get by
But where are you tonight...

Louise's hands suddenly appears from behind him one covers his mouth while the other stems the sound from his guitar.

INT. LOUISE'S BEDROOM- NIGHT.

Jamie is sitting at the corner of Louise's bed while she is placing his guitar safely in the corner of her room.

JAMIE

Careful...

LOUISE

(almost dismissively)
I am... How did you know?

JAMIE

Know what?

LOUISE

That I would be here on my
own?

Jamie shrugs his shoulder and places his hands in front.

JAMIE

Phychic I guess.

Louise gives him a wary knowing smile and a beckoning nod.

JAMIE

Ok, it was Alison, your
sister.

LOUISE

(almost to herself)
I might have guessed.

JAMIE

I am sure she meant well.

LOUISE

Oh I am sure of that.

JAMIE

...About the other night. I do
not know what got into me.

She gives him a guilt laden look.

LOUISE

No...No... That was me. I
better come clean; I
deliberately tried to finish
it between us.

Jamie reacts.

JAMIE

What? How? Where? Why?

Louise tries to quieten him down again.

LOUISE

Look... look... calm down. A
threat has been issued by the
U.D.A. if I didn't break it up
that they would shoot both of
us.

Jamie is almost dumb struck.

JAMIE

Why us? What advantage would
it be to any cause to kill us?

LOUISE

I know... I know... but that's
just how they are.

JAMIE

...But all we are doing is
loving each other.

LOUISE

...Well I thought I'd rather
have us alive and apart but
now I'll be damned if I let
them pull us apart.

Jamie is bewildered by the enormity of it all.

JAMIE

I know. I don't know.

LOUISE

Well look at the bright side,
we will be leaving this
"dump", as you put it,
together.

Jamie stares at the floor and puts his head in his hands.
Louise slides across the floor and hitches up her night
dress, straddles Jamie's legs and messes up his hair.

LOUISE

Enough of this idle chit-chat,
let's get down to some serious
business.

Jamie responds.

EXT. LOUISE'S HOUSE, LIT BEDROOM WINDOW- NIGHT.

A silhouette of the lovers feverishly removing each others clothes. They hug and kiss vigorously as they eventually fall on the bed together.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAME LIT WINDOW- MORNING.

The stillness is shattered by the screech of a horn. A few lights switch on further down the street.

INT. LOUISE'S BEDROOM- MORNING.

The two lovers, who are entwined in each others' arms, stir from their slumbers.

JAMIE

What was that?

LOUISE

That was the shirt factory
horn calling women to work.

JAMIE

No that was the ships in the
quay blowing their fog horns
it must be a misty night.

Louise sits bolt upright in bed as she hears a car rev outside.

LOUISE

Jesus! I know what that sound
is.

Jamie rolls over as Louise grabs him by the shoulders and shakes him. There is a loud knock at the bedroom door.

ALISON (O.S.)

You two, in there, are
you decent? Hurry the old
couple are back early.
They have just pulled up.

LOUISE

I thought I heard Da's car.

She shakes Jamie vigorously.

LOUISE

(cont'd)

Christ Jamie, get up
quick. My parents are
here...

The bedroom door bursts open and Alison is there tousled
and still in her nurses' uniform. Her dad BILLY is standing
at her side. He is absolutely livid at the sight that
confronts him.

LOUISE

(Stuttering apologetically)

Daddy this is Jamie. J-J-
Jamie this is my da...

Billy points at Jamie, scanning him up and down, he is
initially stuck for words.

BILLY

(shouting)

You...you...you. Up! Out!

Jamie bounds from under the covers revealing the fact that
he is naked. He quickly grabs his clothes and covers his
embarrassment. Louise's dad turns his head away from the
sight.

JAMIE

I am sorry. I...I.

BILLY

I don't want to hear.

JAMIE

I never knew she was your
daughter.

Jamie takes advantage of the fact he isn't looking to push past him into the landing. Billy shakes his head in anger and bewilderment. He realises that Jamie has got by him and swings around to see Alison standing in the doorway.

BILLY

(to Alison)

... And you I am
surprised at you.

ALISON

He was injured and we
were only nursing his...

BILLY

Nursing... nursing is
that what they call it
these days?

Billy realises Jamie has got to the bottom of the stairs and runs out to the landing and shouts down after him.

BILLY

(cont'd)

She's only 17 you know?

JAMIE (O.S.)

I am only a couple of years
older.

BILLY

Count yourself lucky or
the police would be
involved was she younger.

Billy rushes back into the room and lifts his open hand to strike Louise but Alison grabs his arm arresting him.

LOUISE

...But daddy...but daddy...

BILLY

...And you can join...
You can... You are
grounded indefinitely.

Billy suddenly realises his daughter is almost naked and rapidly turns his head towards the wall again.

BILLY

Cover yourself up you
little... I don't want
that little catholic
bastard around here ever
again.

LOUISE

...But daddy, I love him.

BILLY

Love... love... you don't
know the meaning of the
word at your age.

LOUISE

... But...but...

BILLY

Next time I'll pay your
cousin Frankie to murder
him.

The two sisters look at each other stunned and both look at him, in unison and accusingly. Billy shrugs.

BILLY

Well.

EXT. ALLEY AT THE BACK OF THE MC MASTERS HOUSE- DAY.

Jamie is staggering along, bare-assed, trying to dress himself "on the hoof". He trips over his clothes as he goes. He turns, concerned, as he hears Louise sobbing. He leans against a wall as he pulls on his boots.

ALISON (O.S)
Jamie- Jamie- wait.

JAMIE'S P.O.V.

Alison is running towards him holding his precious guitar at arms length. She is still wearing her uniform and her hair is more dishevelled than before.

ALISON
(cont'd)
You've forgotten this.

Jamie has finished pulling his jeans up and is buckling them just as Alison reaches him. He apologises to her with his body at the state of undress he is in. She hands him his guitar.

JAMIE
Heavy.

Alison looks at him puzzled, then at the guitar.

JAMIE
(cont'd)
Back there. Your Da.

Jamie puts the guitar strap around his neck and swings it behind him so it is upside-down in his usual fashion.

ALISON
You can't blame him,
Jamie she's still his
little baby.

JAMIE

...But we are in love.

ALISON

A dangerous occupation in this country at the present time. You are both walking on a knife edge.

JAMIE

We will have to leave this place then.

ALISON

That's between you two. Look I have to get back calm things down.

JAMIE

Will she be alright?

Jamie finishes tucking his clothes in.

ALISON

As I said she's his little baby. Look...

She breaks into a whisper.

ALISON

(cont'd)

I've got a message for you. Meet her at your usual place, on the beach tomorrow at ten.

Jamie puts his hands on her shoulder and gives her a light kiss on the cheek.

JAMIE

Alison. You are a doll.

She gives him an uneasy smile, turns away and runs back towards her house.

EXT. A SANDY NOOK, ON THE BEACH- DAY.

Jamie and Louise are sitting in silence looking into each other eyes. Both are welling up with tears. They are doubly hand in hand. Jamie breaks the silence.

JAMIE

When?

LOUISE

Two days.

JAMIE

From when?

LOUISE

From today.

JAMIE

I can not believe it. You know what this is?

Louise just nods her head as a tear runs down her cheek.

LOUISE

It's for my birthday.

JAMIE

...But your birthday was last month?

LOUISE

My aunt Wendy, my godmother sent the tickets from Australia. They've only just arrived today.

JAMIE

They have orgained this between them to split us up.

LOUISE

No they haven't. My family
wouldn't do that.

Jamie looks away from her intense accusing stare as if something in the distance has captured his attention.

JAMIE

...But Australia? It is half
the world away.

LOUISE

It's only for a month and
besides...

JAMIE

(incredulously)

A month... a month? I
thought it would be a few
weeks. It may as well be
an eternity.

Jamie shakes his head in disbelief and practically ignores what she is saying.

LOUISE

Auntie Wendy is lovely she
hasn't seen me since...

JAMIE

...And she has probably
lined you up with a
couple of Auzzie hunks as
we speak.

LOUISE

My family aren't like that and
besides, what about you?

Jamie reacts quizzically.

LOUISE

(cont'd)

You'll probably have a field day with all your groupies while I'm away.

JAMIE

I would rather die.

Louise puts her finger to Jamie's lips.

LOUISE

Don't ever say things like that even in jest.

JAMIE

Without you I may as well be dead.

LOUISE

Please, Jamie, please.

JAMIE

I have a real bad feeling about this. If anything happens...

LOUISE

...Nothing is going to happen.

Jamie fumbles about in his inside jacket pocket. He pulls out a gold crucifix and hands it to Louise.

LOUISE

(examining it carefully)
What's this, one of your Roman Catholic graven images?

JAMIE

It was my granny's Lucky
Crucifix and she swore by it
said it would keep me safe any
journey, Wear it for me.

LOUISE

I will for you but I hope my
dad doesn't see it. He'll kill
us.

She immediately opens it and fumbles to try and fix the
clasp behind her neck. Jamie physically turns her around
and helps her. He takes over long as he sniffs her hair. He
gives her a long lingering kiss on the back of her neck and
she shivers at his touch. He turns her around and looks
into her eyes.

JAMIE

(cont'd)

Say a little Protestant
prayer for us.

LOUISE

...And you say a little
"Ave" for me.

They cuddle and hug as if this is the last time they will
ever see each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

BLACKNESS AND SILENCE.

Held for a beat. The silence is broken by the sound of a
vehicle engine reluctant to start. It suddenly bursts to
life and the lights come on.

EXT. A CITY SQUARE- NIGHT.

Jamie and Danny are working on the band's transit. The engine dies again. They are beneath a street light. Jamie is under the bonnet as Danny jumps down from the driver's seat and kicks the front wheel. The street is fairly silent but a ruckus can be heard in the distance.

DANNY

What's wrong with the bitch? I told you we needed...

JAMIE

Try her again I think I know.

Danny reluctantly jumps back into the driver's seat and tries unsuccessfully to start the van.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY SIDE STREET- NIGHT.

The noise and sight of a fully blown riot burst on the screen as the stroboscopic sight of rioters throwing stones and other weapons straight at us.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

A close up of the closed doors of an armoured, army personnel carrier is accompanied with the sounds of a riot in full swing.

Missiles sporadically bounce off the sides. The doors suddenly burst open as ten soldiers in full riot regalia dive out ready to encounter anything that confronts them.

SOLDIERS

(IN UNISON)

RAT TRAP! RAT TRAP!

PULL WIDE TO REVEAL:

Five more such vehicles spring open at slightly unsynchronised times and similar clad soldiers spring out. All have attitude in their eyes and faces. They mean business.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

The rioter freeze in their tracks, seem to collectively take stock of the situation, swing around and take to their heels, hotly pursued by the riot squads.

IN THE THICK OF THE RETREATING CROWD.

The rioters are scattering hither and thither as the soldier with their batons are right on their heels. The rioters are jettisoning whatever make-shift weapons as they go. The slower retreaters try to grasp the faster ones jacket tails as the faster ones swing their arms behind them trying futilely to hit them.

SAME: BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE RIOT. (M.O.S.)

The rioters are scattering in different directions splitting and running up various streets. The riot squad are directed by their officers to split and follow them.

PULL HIGHER TO REVEAL:

One of the streets, the rioters are being chased up, leads to the square where Jamie and Danny are messing about with the transit van. Both are frustrated at trying to start it that they jump out and start kicking the wheels. As they do so the riot retreaters arrive upon the square the charging squad tight on their heels. They fan out from the narrow streets.

ANOTHER ANGLE- GROUND LEVEL.

The sound of the battle crashes in as the friends turn around in bewilderment. No sooner have they done so when both are unceremoniously thrown up against the side of their van and quickly frisked.

They are roughly thrown into the hands of a following troop who bundle them into a waiting army personnel carrier with some of the arrested rioters. Their inaudible protests are quietened by the swift smack of riot batons.

INT. BARE STONE HOLDING CELL- DAY.

Jamie is naked and his legs are chained to the stone floor of the cell. He is holding his hands over his bits.

He is soaking wet and steaming. He looks ahead and winces in expectation. His expectation is soon fulfilled as a soldier comes out of left field and throws a bucket of iced water squarely and violently into Jamie's chest. He roars in pain and frustration.

PULL WIDE TO REVEAL.

The bucket wielder returns to his position, flanking his sergeant another soldier at the other flank runs at Jamie and casts another bucket of iced water full force into Jamie's bare chest again. Jamie lets a roar and then a whimper out. Steam rises from him. The sergeant stops the soldiers by a gesture with his arms.

SERGEANT

Names, O' Hara, I want
names or before I'm
finished with you.

He looks Jamie's body up and down with disdain.

SEARGEANT

(cont'd)

Your dick will be so
shrivelled with cold and
fear you won't be able to
find it let alone hide
it.

Jamie mumbles incoherently under his breath as the sergeant indicates to one of his men to go and hear what he is saying.

C.U. JAMIE AND THE SOLDIER'S FACE.

JAMIE

I d-d-d-do not know any names.

SERGAENT (O.S)

What is he saying, Jones?

PRIVATE JONES

He says he doesn't know
any names, sir.

SERGAENT (O.S.)

You mean to say that he
doesn't know the names of
any of the people he was
fighting along side?

JAMIE

(recovering his composure)
I was not fighting and I
do not know why you are
keeping me here.

PULL WIDE RO REVEAL:

The sergeant comes up closer to Jamie and shouts loudly
into his face covering him with spit, lifting up one of his
hands at the same time.

SERGAENT

Off it O' Hara you were caught
fair and square with the smell
of petrol on you.

JAMIE

I was working on my van and,
for your information; the
engine is diesel not petrol.

The sergeant draws back his gloved hand and smacks Jamie
across the face with the back of his hand.

SERGAENT

This is not a game, sonny,
petrol, and diesel, what's the
difference? You had it.

JAMIE

If you know anything you would know, you can not make a bomb with diesel. You would have to throw it wrapped in a bale of hay.

The sergeant moves up intimidating close to Jamie's face.

SERGAENT

Quite the little expert aren't we? For one who claims to be some sort of pacifist.

JAMIE

I-I-I am and-and I heard.

The sergeant swings around and addresses his men.

SERGAENT

We have ourselves, here, a little paddy pacifist.

He parades impatiently up and down smacking a crop into his gloved hand.

SERGAENT

(cont'd)

He'll be telling me next he doesn't drink. Should I believe him?

PRIVATES

(together)

No sarge...

SERGAENT

Shall we take him for a little trip in our honesty machine?

PRIVATES

(together)

Yes sarge...

The sergeant throws Jamie's clothes at his face.

SERGAENT

Come, sonny Jim, your ass is
mine, your destiny awaits...

EXT. THE SKIES OVER DERRY CITY- DAY.

A panoramic view of the snow covered rooftops is suddenly broken by an army helicopter flying across the view. Both of its doors are wide open and four figures are visible three standing and one kneeling.

PULL CLOSER TO REVEAL:

The three standing figures are the sergeant and two privates from the previous scene. Jamie is blindfolded and kneeling on the floor of the helicopter. The noise of the whistling wind and the rotor blades drown out all other sounds and voices.

The sergeant is bent over Jamie and is roaring at the top of his voice into his ear and pointing his finger aggressively at him. Jamie just shrugs and shakes his head.

CLOSER ANGLE:

The three soldiers drag Jamie to his feet and tear the blindfold from him. Jamie gasps almost hyperventilating at the sight below him. The sergeant has a pistol at his temple and is roaring (still inaudibly) into his other ear. Jamie is gasping for breath and feverishly shaking his head. His eyes are virtually popping out of his head at the sight below.

The sergeant waves a command to the privates with his pistol. They man handle Jamie and put the blindfold back on. The helicopter banks and swings off to another location. They all stumble.

CONTINUOUS:

The helicopter is hovering, still with both its doors open. The city's rooftops are in the distance now. Jamie is now flanked on either shoulder by the privates. The sergeant nods to the privates and they swiftly shove Jamie out the open doors. Jamie's arms flail wildly at the air and he disappears. The soldiers aboard the helicopter roll about laughing.

PULL WIDE TO REVEAL:

The helicopter is hovering about two feet above a mountain top. Jamie is lying in the snow on the mountain top and is surrounded by a troop of laughing soldiers. One drags him to his feet and dusts him off. Jamie instinctively grabs at him and hugs him, the rest of the troops laugh and point at Jamie's embrace. They rip off his blindfold.

INT. ARMY BARRACKS INTERVIEW ROOM- DAY.

Jamie and a different army interrogator are sitting opposite each other at an interview desk. Jamie is dishevelled and angry. The soldier is playing with a horse crop.

INTERROGATOR

Come on Jamie. The lads have to have their bit of fun. It's very boring for them around...

JAMIE

Fuck you, fuck them and fuck their bit of fun.

The interrogator slams the crop down on the table scattering bits of paper and stands up leering at Jamie.

INTERROGATOR

Listen me lad, you are not out of the woods yet. I was trying to be nice.

Jamie spreads his arms out in frustration.

JAMIE

Trying to be nice? What are
you like when you are...

The interrogator lifts his crop and virtually pokes Jamie
in the eye with it.

INTERROGATOR

...Trying to be nasty? Keep
this up and you'll soon find
out.

Jamie settles back in his chair as he realise the full
implications of his situation.

INTERROGATOR

(cont'd)

You are in my custody and
legally I can do whatever I
like with you. Your life is
literally in my hands.

JAMIE

What do you want from me? You
must know by now...

The interrogator waves his hand dismissively in the air.

INTERROGATOR

You are not involved, good but
I want you to become involved.

JAMIE

What?

INTERROGATOR

I want you to join the I.R.A.

JAMIE

But...but.

INTERROGATOR
I have on good authority...

JAMIE
Why? what? when?

INTERROGATOR
You say you don't know any
names. I want you to get me
lots.

JAMIE
Never. What do you take me
for?

INTERROGATOR
We will pay you handsomely and
protect you...

JAMIE
Do you realise how dangerous
these people are?

The interrogator holds the palms of both hands upwards and
nods around the room. Jamie looks around. The walls are
hung with photos of the aftermath of bombings.

C.U. OF TWO OR THREE OF THE PICTURES:

SAME:

JAMIE
(cont'd)
Why would they want me? I
would be of no use...

INTERROGATOR
Your medical training, son,
they need as many medical
staff as they can get.

Jamie nervously stands and walks about the office.

JAMIE

That as it may be, I could
never do this, not in a
million years...My family...

The interrogator stands up and indicates for Jamie to sit
down. Jamie complies as the interrogator walks around the
desk.

INTERROGATOR

There is an alternative.

Jamie lets out a visible sigh of relief.

JAMIE

What's that?

INTERROGATOR

There is a list, we compile
every month, of people we
strongly suspect of being
terrorists but have no proof.

JAMIE

What has that to do with
anything?

The interrogator winks at him.

INTERROGATOR

Sometimes an innocent name...

He shrugs and puts his hands skywards in a gesture of
innocence.

INTERROGATOR

(cont'd)

...Don't ask me how, but this
name accidentally appears on
this list. Call it clerical
error, who knows?

Jamie reacts.

INTERROGATOR

(cont'd)

You'll never guess what
happens next?

Jamie is open-mouthed.

INTERROGATOR

(cont'd)

Inexplicably, your name er...
this name...I mean this list
falls into the hands of your
and my mortal enemy...

He holds his hands to heaven and shrugs innocently.

INTERROGATOR

(cont'd)

Strangely, the innocent
name ends a statistic
face down in a ditch
staring blankly at worms.

JAMIE

You can not...

INTERROGATOR

Try me.

He hands him a piece of paper and points towards the door.

INTERROGATOR

(cont'd)

Here's my number. I want
an answer within 24
hours. Now get out.

EXT. OUTSIDE HUGE ARMY BARRACK GATES- NIGHT.

A small gate is opened and Jamie is slung out into the
streets. He practically falls almost as if he is drunk. The
rain is falling hard as he hoists his coat above his head.

He dashes towards the shelter of a doorway almost bumping into Alison as she rushes for the same doorway. They arrive there together.

ALISON

God, Jamie, you're a sight I hardly recognised you.

JAMIE

I was pulled by the army last night.

Alison gives him an accusing look. He points towards the army barracks.

JAMIE

(cont'd)

I was held in that dump for god knows how long.

She gives him another accusing look. Jamie reacts.

JAMIE

(cont'd)

No... no... It is not what you think. Have you heard from Louise.

ALISON

...From Louise. Oh yes she phoned us the other night. Gave me a message for you.

JAMIE

Yes? What did she say? We will have to get a phone.

ALISON

Get a phone...She said to tell you that she may change her mind about moving from Ireland...

Jamie points to a pub, the opposite direction from the army barracks.

JAMIE

I am going for a drink.

He thumbs over his shoulder.

JAMIE

(cont'd)

Care to join me?

Alison opens her coat revealing her nurses uniform.

ALISON

Join me...I'm off to work
again, worse luck; otherwise
I'd love to.

She belts her coat again, swiftly checks her nurses watch
and opens her umbrella, instinctively shaking it out.

JAMIE

Some other time maybe.
You seem to be on
permanent nights.

She leans over and gently kisses Jamie's cheek.

ALISON

Permanent nights...It keeps
the money coming in. I must
dash. She'll be back soon.

They both run off through the rain, in opposite directions.

INT. LIVELY PUBLIC HOUSE- NIGHT.

Jamie virtually bursts through the door of the pub and all
the customers suddenly go quiet. They look Jamie up and
down and start whispering into each other's ears and nod in
his direction.

The walls are lined with tricolour Irish flags interspersed with framed photos of Irish rebels. There is bunting of green, white and yellow hanging all along the bar. In an adjacent back room an unseen young girl is singing "Danny Boy". Jamie soaked from the outside rain and has his guitar slung across his back in his usual manner.

CUSTOMER 1 (O.S.)
Give us a song son. A
rebel one.

Jamie smiles in the direction of the voice and turns away and sneers. He struts contemptuously towards the bar and throws some money down. The drinkers revert back to their normal chatter.

JAMIE
(to the barman)
A pint of stout and a double.

The barman looks him up and down and holds a glass up to the light as if he hasn't heard him.

JAMIE
(cont'd)
I said...

BARMAN
...You old enough son?

Jamie fumbles about in his inside pocket and pulls out a plastic card and throws it on the bar beside the money. The barman picks it up and examines it carefully turning it over a few times, checking Jamie and then the card. Jamie slips up on to a bar stool removing his guitar and placing against the bar.

BARMAN
(cont'd)
...Wouldn't sit there if
I was you son.

Jamie looks at him puzzled. The barman spins around and Jamie has his drinks impossibly quick. He downs the whiskey in one and grimaces.

JAMIE

It's a free country?

The barman gives him his change.

BARMAN

Not any more, son, not any more.

Jamie starts to sip his stout and slides around in his stool examining the clientele.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

Get off my seat, boy.

Jamie doesn't even look to see where the voice has come from.

JAMIE

Piss off.

In an instant Jamie is on the floor with a pistol pointed at his temple. A small bald man and two other meaty heavies are looking down at him.

1ST HEAVY

Say the word boss.

The little bald man has now mounted the bar stool and sits with his fingers at his lips playing with the cherry in a cocktail.

BALD MAN

I'm in the mood for a bit of sport. Take him up the farm. We maybe can use this one.

The two henchmen drag Jamie towards the door as the bald man throws a bundle of money on the bar counter. The barman looks puzzled and scratches his head.

BALD MAN

Damages?

The barman looks around and gestures.

BARMAN

What damages?

BALD MAN

The next time then.

The barman nods knowingly.

EXT. ON TOP OF A MOUNTAIN- NIGHT.

We see a silhouette of Jamie kneeling with a black bag over his head, as the silhouette of the heavies stand guard. The bald man's silhouette is pushing the barrel of a pistol into Jamie's throat. The cities lights twinkle in the distance.

BALD MAN

You know what this is?

JAMIE

(nodding)

Huh.

BALD MAN

You know what damage it can do at this range?

JAMIE

(still nodding)

Huh.

He pulls back the pistol and whacks Jamie at the side of the head. Jamie falls in a heap on the floor.

BALD MAN
(towering over him)
Count yourself lucky then,
that we might need you or you
could have ended up like all
the other poor unfortunate
souls we have left here.

He turns to one of his heavies and gestures towards the distance.

HENCHMAN
Farm?

BALD MAN
(nodding)
Farm.

The henchmen drag Jamie's almost lifeless body to his feet and frogmarch him down the mountain.

INT. FARM HOUSE KITCHEN- NIGHT.

Jamie is strapped to a chair the black hood is still over his head he is slumping heavily and moans in pain.

BALD MAN
(winking to his men)
The hundred knives it is?

He opens a drawer and pulls out a butchers knife and steel and sharpens it up so Jamie can hear it. He wanders around him. Jamie struggles in his chair. He presses the flat of the knife hard against Jamie's face. The bald man slowly ambles around and cuts Jamie's sweat soaked shirt open revealing his bare chest. The heavies pull the remnants down to his waist. Jamie struggles. He semi-whispers into Jamie's covered ear.

BALD MAN
(cont'd)
BFS 175 Know what that is?

JAMIE
(muffled)
I do not have a clue.

BALD MAN
What about QS 3740?

JAMIE
Sounds like some sort of
codes.

BALD MAN
I'm surprised at you. I
thought you'd know them off by
heart.

JAMIE
What?

BALD MAN
Look, boy, you can't fart in
this town without me hearing
about it.

Jamie reacts.

INTERRAGATOR
(cont'd)
They are the numbers of your
little Proddy girl's
connecting flights back from
Australia. A wee reception
committee could be arranged.

JAMIE
Don't you dare?

The bald man starts laughing crazily.

BALD MAN
...And who's going to stop us,
you? (MORE)

(CONT'D)

Bet you're sorry you didn't
give up your seat in the pub
now?

The two heavies laugh too but only out of courtesy to their boss.

JAMIE

You better not touch her.

He cuffs Jamie around the side of the head with his fist.

BALD MAN

We do what we like. Now shut
up we're going next door. The
games are about to commence.

INT. ANNEX ROOM TO THE KITCHEN- NIGHT.

The two heavies are busying themselves ceremoniously.

1ST HEAVY

Hope he doesn't have a heart
attack like the last one.

The first henchman goes to the fridge and pulls out a tray covered in a tea towel. He brings it to his boss pulls away the towel revealing several blunt steel rods. The boss nods.

BALD MAN

He's young but if we lose him,
so what?

2ND HEAVY

Yea, so what?

The boss looks at him with aggravation. He is testing a bowl of water with a thermometer.

BALD MAN

How's the temperature, body
heat yet?

2ND HENCHMAN

Just.

He funnels the warm water into a small watering can and puts it on another tray.

BALD MAN

Right let's go for it.

All three head towards the connecting door carrying their respective instruments.

1ST HENCHMAN

You like your little jokes boss.

The bald man nods with glee.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN- NIGHT.

Jamie is still semi-naked, hooded and strapped to a chair.

JAMIE

You are back?

BALD MAN

Shut up. I want to know who you know in the I.R.A.?

JAMIE

What? You should know I know no one.

The bald man nods to his men.

BALD MAN

Do it men.

There is a clatter of metal as the 1st henchman drops his tray with a clang. The bald man shakes his head in disbelief.

JAMIE

What are you doing?

The henchmen recover their implements stand either side of Jamie as the bald man stands behind him. The previously neatly stacked implements are all in disarray.

BALD MAN

Nothing to worry about, we are just doing a wee bit of blood letting.

Jamie struggles in his chair as heavy 1 touch a cold steel against Jamie's bare chest as heavy 2 pours a slight drizzle of warm water where the steel has just prodded.

JAMIE

Ahhh.

The bald man leans close to Jamie's ear.

BALD MAN

Names we want names.

He nods to the men who repeat the steel and water.

JAMIE

Names, everybody wants names.

They touch him again with the steel bars and water; he reacts in the chair again kicking out with his feet.

JAMIE

(cont'd)

What do you really want?

BALD MAN

What about the U.D.A.?

This time heavy 1 touches him on both sides of his stomach as heavy 2 pours the warm water where they hit again.

JAMIE

Whaaaaat about them?

BALD MAN

Do you know any in their
ranks?

JAMIE

Nooooo.

The bald man rips the hood off Jamie's head and Jamie instinctively looks down in horror. He is baffled to see no wounds and no blood. He looks in bewilderment at each of his captors in turn. They laugh at his bafflement.

BALD MAN

(Through his giggles)

Neat trick huh? Now this...

He reaches out his arm like a circus ringmaster.

BALD MAN

(cont'd)

...Is real.

Two young boys come from behind a curtain. They are both carrying switch blade knives which they flick open simultaneously. Jamie reacts. The heavies rip Jamie's trousers to expose his knees and bind his legs to the chair legs. The young boys come forward and slice Jamie's knees. He recoils in horror.

JAMIE

What the hell do you want?

BALD MAN

Any paramilitaries at all?

JAMIE

No. No. No. No. How many
bloody times do I have to tell
you?

The bald man ceases all their activities with a gesture of both his hands.

BALD MAN

Enough, he has proven himself.

Without further prompting the boys disappear and the henchmen release Jamie. The bald man addresses him.

BALD MAN

(cont'd)

That's it. You've passed.

JAMIE

Passed?

BALD MAN

We'll have you. We want you to become a volunteer.

JAMIE

(laden with sarcasm)

A volunteer, a volunteer?

He stands and his eyes scan the room as he mouths words but none come out. The bald man waves his arms about dismissively.

BALD MAN

We had to make sure you wouldn't talk before we asked you to join us.

JAMIE

(incredulously)

Join you, join you, are you off your heads? Why me?

BALD MAN

We need all the medical people we can get. (MORE)

(CONT'D) We can't actually use the normal hospitals, as you can appreciate.

JAMIE

I would rather die.

BALD MAN

Can easily be arranged.

JAMIE

Bad choice of words.

BALD MAN

You should take this as an honour, serving your country.

JAMIE

Serving my country? All you lot do is serve yourselves.

BALD MAN

Oh I forgot to say. Your wee girl will be arriving at 7.30 on Saturday night. Shame if something happened to her, such a pretty wee thing.

JAMIE

Is this how you recruit all your, ha, volunteers?

The bald man points towards the door and his henchmen virtually frog march Jamie towards it. He brushes himself down and checks his head in a mirror as they go.

BALD MAN

I want your answer in 12 hours time.

EXT. CITY SIDE STREET- DAY.

Jamie and the two henchmen are standing outside a car. The henchmen are jittery and Jamie seems to be calm.

JAMIE

What are we doing here?

Heavy 1 thrusts something black and woollen into Jamie's hands.

HENCHMAN 1

Put this on.

Jamie opens it and examines it just as the two henchmen pull similar garments over their heads. They are wearing balaclavas with eye slits only.

JAMIE

Surely we do not need these.

Heavy 2 pushes something into Jamie's free hand.

HENCHMAN 2

Take this and get in the car.

Jamie looks down to see what he has been given. It is a luger pistol. He stares at it and at the two balaclava clad henchmen in disbelief. Heavy 1 bundles him into the back of the car as heavy 2 jumps into the driver's seat. They speed off.

INT. BACK OF SPEEDING CAR- DAY.

Jamie stares from the balaclava to the pistol on his lap almost in a trance.

JAMIE

I thought I was practicing medicine.

HEAVY 2

More like surgery. We are wiping a pain in the arse off the face off the earth.

HEAVY 1

...And there it is.

The car screeches to a halt and almost dream like Jamie looks up from the articles on his lap to the car window.

JAMIE'S P.O.V.

The dream quality continues as Jamie squints out of the window to see Frankie, Louise's cousin, plying his drugs to the school kids. The hooded henchmen drag Jamie from the car and across the road to where Frankie stands. There is shouting and screaming but Jamie only hears them as a muffled echo. The kids and passing pedestrians scatter as Jamie suddenly realises he is standing pointing the luger at Frankie. Realisation hits both of them hard.

FRANKIE

You?

Frankie holds his hands out in a gesture of submission.

FRANKIE

(cont'd)

L-look, it was nothing personal that night. It was j-just my cousin Lou and my dad and...and, that, nothing personal.

Jamie looks at the gun in his hand then at each henchman in turn and then at Frankie.

JAMIE

I...I...I can't...I can't...I did not.

HENCHMAN 1

Go on do it, earn your wings.

Frankie realises Jamie can't shoot him so he adopts a more confident air.

FRANKIE

Wait till Louise hears about this escapade. She'll run a mile from you... you... You dirty little...

Heavy 1 pulls the pistol from Jamie's hand and shoots wildly in Frankie's direction. The shot goes wide of the mark and splinters the school sign.

Frankie drops everything and runs off through the school grounds.

The two henchmen drag Jamie into the car and speed off.

INT. BACK OF THE SPEEDING CAR- DAY.

Heavy 2 is punching Jamie's ribs using the butt of the gun. Jamie reacts.

HENCHMAN 2

Why didn't you shoot him?
What's wrong with you? He can identify you now we'll have to get him. Why didn't you wear your...

He shoves the balaclava into Jamie's neck.

JAMIE

I thought I was medical only.
If I had realised...

HEAVY 2

We all have to do our bit.

HEAVY 1

(pointing)

There, there, there he is.

HEAVY 2

Pull in close give me a good shot.

Jamie holds the balaclava over his eyes. Henchman 2 winds down the window.

As they drive by Frankie two shots ring out. Frankie is stopped in his tracks and flung against a billboard advertising a police confidential phone number. Frankie crumples down on to the pavement.

INT. PEACE MISSION OFFICES- DAY.

There is a semi-circular roughly painted sign on a wall behind a large reception desk. It reads "The Peace Mission" (An oasis in troubled times).

The office is pretty down at heel with a mishmash of second hand furniture littering the office. There are makeshift shelves holding a profusion of varying sized over-stuffed files.

A middle-aged, anciently dressed, be-speckled ROSEMARY is the receptionist. There are various members of the public sitting in miss-matched chairs some whispering to each other. The place itself is as quiet as a library.

ROSEMARY

Who's next?

A mother and two teenage boys make there unsure way to the desk. Behind them there is a clatter of chairs being pushed aside as Jamie bursts into the office as he pushes past the mother and son almost unbalancing them. He falls on his knees in front of the desk.

JAMIE

You have to help me.

ROSEMARY

(over calmly)

I'm sorry sir but you will have to wait your turn.

JAMIE

I do not have time to wait my
turn. You do not understand.
This is a matter of life and
death.

The receptionist reaches over to an ancient intercom
hushing Jamie as she does so.

ROSEMARY

Aren't they all, son.

(To the intercom)

Howard can you come to the
front desk immediately; we
have another one of those.

Howard speeds out of a side office followed by a bewildered
client he has just been consulting. This is the same Howard
who saved Jamie earlier in the roof incident.

HOWARD

What's going on here?

He looks at Jamie quizzically.

HOWARD

(cont'd)

Don't I know you?

JAMIE

God is it you Howard? You
saved my life last year.

HOWARD

Oh I remember now, the roof
incident? Jamie isn't it?

Jamie nods feverishly and overly shakes his hand as a great
relief creeps over Jamie's face.

JAMIE

You have to help me Howard.
You just have to.

HOWARD

Hold your horses, Jamie, there
are other people here.

He turns away from Jamie leaving him mouthing into thin air. Howard walks over to his previous client and shakes his hand. He whispers into his ear and the man nods in agreement to whatever he has said. The man leaves the office as a young girl rushes over and exits with him. Howard rejoins Jamie. He scratches his head as if wracking his brains. The receptionist interjects.

ROSEMARY

I tried to tell him that all
are clients cases are a matter
of life and...

HOWARD

...Leave this with me
Rosemary.

Rosemary looks completely disgruntled as Howard turns to Jamie.

HOWARD

You are a Roman Catholic
aren't you?

JAMIE

I am a Catholic, in name only.

Howard turns to the rest of the waiting clients.

HOWARD

Do we have any other Roman
Catholics here?

No one answers him. Rosemary looks really annoyed and frustrated. He ignores her and leans over her and talks into the intercom.

HOWARD
(cont'd)

FATHER DAN are you free? I may
have a customer here for you.

An indecipherable cackle of a male voice comes through from the other end.

HOWARD
(cont'd)

Shall I send him through?

Another incomprehensible crackle comes through and Howard nods in approval.

HOWARD
(cont'd)

He'll see you now. We like to
advise clients from our own
religion. It makes it simpler.

Rosemary shoots daggers at both of them, with her eyes.

INT. SMALL BACK OFFICE, SAME BUILDING- DAY

Father Dan is sorting through papers when Jamie bursts into his office.

JAMIE

You have to help me father. I
am desperate Father Dan.

FATHER DAN

Why don't you calm down Jamie?

JAMIE

I have to get out of this
place and I mean now.

FATHER DAN

Please, Jamie, I can't talk with you until I know the facts.

JAMIE

The facts are I have to get out, out of this city, out of this country. I hear you can help.

Father Dan stands up and pours himself a coffee out of a percolator. He holds up the jug offering Jamie some. Jamie shakes his head in refusal. The priest seems to be deliberately slow in making the drink. Jamie fidgets.

FATHER DAN

(with more force)

Look, Jamie, we just help everyone who fancies a change. We have to know why we should help them.

JAMIE

(more to himself)

If it was any other time but now or any other place here this would be the most natural thing in the world.

FATHER DAN

I'm afraid you've lost me now.

JAMIE

(dreamily)

I want to go somewhere where people have freedom. Freedom to love whoever they choose without fear of reprisals.

FATHER DAN

...Jamie...Jamie?

JAMIE

Do these people realise they
are the luckiest people on
earth? They are blessed,
doubly blessed.

FATHER DAN

Jamie...Jamie...Look we deal
in facts here.(MORE)
I need to write down some
facts or I won't be able to
help you.

Jamie stands up and walks around the office picking up
pieces of paper and trying to read some of the various
posters pinned to the wall around the office.

JAMIE

It is love father. I have
fallen in love with someone
from the other side whose
uncle was killed by our
people.

Father Dan stands up takes the papers from Jamie's hands,
and indicates that he wants him to sit down before
replacing the papers.

FATHER DAN

With respect, son, I know I am
a friend of your family but my
role, in this office, is not
an advisory one.

JAMIE

I am in an awful mess, father.
My darling is in Australia and
they are threatening to kill
her when she gets back.

FATHER DAN

Who are? What are you talking
about?

JAMIE

I have somehow become involved
in the I.R.A. and I want out.
I do not want to be involved.
I am a...

FATHER DAN

Now that's a different story.
Sure we can help you if you
want out of the I.R.A. What
can we do?

JAMIE

As I have been saying, I want
a new identity.

Father Dan grimaces.

JAMIE

(cont'd)

In a country like America,
Australia, I hear you can do
this?

FATHER DAN

We certainly can. How deep are
you into it?

JAMIE

They wanted me to kill but...

FATHER DAN

...You couldn't do it?

Jamie nods his head. Father Dan shushes him understandingly
and indicates that he should stay put.

FATHER DAN

Leave it with me.

INT. ANOTHER BACK ROOM OFFICE- DAY.

Father Dan is whispering into Howard's ear and he nods profusely as he casually signs bits of paper as Father Dan presents them to him. The last piece of paper he lays in front of Howard is ceremoniously stamped by him and the priest and he exchanges hastily unheard words as both of them nod to each other.

INT. FATHER DAN'S OFFICE- DAY.

Jamie is sitting alone at the priest's desk. Both his knees are nervously bouncing up and down as he gnaws hungrily at his knuckles. The priest bursts in waving the pieces of paper before him. Jamie sits up bolt upright and immediately ceases his nervous movements.

JAMIE

I was just thinking, father,
if god is suppose to be all
love...

FATHER DAN

... Never mind that nonsense,
now, Jamie.

He waves the signed papers in front of him.

FATHER DAN

(cont'd)

We've done it. I just have to
ask you a few questions(MORE)

(CONT'D)

...and you could be on a plane
to Boston tonight.

Jamie stares at him, as fear and excitement grips him. He seems to awake from a dream.

JAMIE

How? What? When?

FATHER DAN

Firstly, for the sake of believability, we have to cover our tracks and yours.

JAMIE

Now who is talking in riddles?

FATHER DAN

We can't just leave a vacuum or people will start asking awkward questions. We have to give a valid explanation for your disappearance.

JAMIE

How will we do that?

FATHER DAN

We're going to have to kill you off, in a fire or an explosion so we can have a closed coffin funeral.

Jamie is horrified at the prospect and shows it.

FATHER DAN

(cont'd)

Not literally, of course, but it will make a convincing press release.

Jamie is still horrified at the prospect of the finality.

FATHER DAN

(cont'd)

...Besides your family, is there anyone we should tell?

JAMIE

I am not too sure about this.

FATHER DAN

Do you want us to help, or not? I was saying is there anyone else you want to take with you or informed?

Jamie is baffled by the speed things are going.

JAMIE

My girlfriend, Louise, I want her to join me eventually. I want her told as soon she comes back from Australia.

FATHER DAN

As you can appreciate, for security reasons, we can not write or phone her. Do you have anyone you can trust?

JAMIE

My friend, Danny Morrison, I would trust him with my life and he is the only one Louise will believe about this.

Father Dan screws up his face strangely.

FATHER DAN

It may be a bit tricky to get her to join you.

JAMIE

If not, call it all off.

FATHER DAN

Don't worry I'll sort it out.

Jamie eyes him up with doubt.

JAMIE
Are you sure?

FATHER DAN
Sure, on my life.

DISSOLVE TO:

BLACKNESS:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
It was the same back in the
50s. So nothing has changed.
We made the right decision
then.

FADE TO:

EXT. BEAUTIFUL TROPICAL GLADE, AUSTRALIA- DAY.

Louise is sitting at a patio table with her AUNT WENDY, who is similar in looks to Louise and in her early 40s. They are both holding cocktails and dressed in holiday clothing.

LOUISE
You have never regretted
moving?

WENDY
Not for one single day. You
see, back then, when ever
there was any sectarian
trouble, the Catholic police
were put in the front line.

Louise gives her aunt a quizzical look.

LOUISE
Was Uncle Phil a Catholic?

WENDY

He still is and he was a cop
and a good one at that. Didn't
your parents tell you?
We had a mixed marriage.

Louise stares into the ether before she answers. She blinks
her eyes as the sun temporarily blinds her.

LOUISE

They never talk about you
much.

WENDY

Why doesn't that surprise me?
That father, of yours, sorry,
but he always was an
intolerant so and so.

LOUISE

Dad told me he likes Uncle
Phil.

WENDY

Yes as long as there is over
10,000 miles between them. I
don't know what my sister was
thinking about.

LOUISE

He doesn't like my Jamie, one
little bit.

WENDY

He has never liked Roman
Catholics and now with his
brother's death, I am sure he
will be worse.

A tall rugged man comes across the patio holding a jug of
drink. He is like a 40 year old version of Jamie.

UNCLE PHIL

You girls could be doing with
a top up?

He arrives where they are seated. Louise tries to stand up
but UNCLE PHIL beckons for her to remain seated.

WENDY

Nobody has told Louise that
you were Catholic and that we
had a mixed marriage.

UNCLE PHIL

I am sure Louise doesn't want
to hear about our history.

WENDY

...But she and her, Jamie?

She looks at Louise for confirmation of the name and she
nods.

WENDY

(cont'd)

...Her friend, Jamie, are
having the same sort of
trouble we had over there.

UNCLE PHIL

I hear it's got rough over
there again? Why don't you and
your boy come over here away
from that crap?

WENDY

Not a bad idea, Phil.
Yes, why not, you could stay
here with us. Phil could be
doing with willing hands at
the studio.

LOUISE

If only...

WENDY

Why not? We have plenty of room here and I would love the company. Phil's away a lot.

LOUISE

What do you do uncle?

UNCLE PHIL

I am a record producer.

LOUISE

God Jamie would love that. Did I tell you he is a musician?

UNCLE PHIL

Why don't you consider it?

LOUISE

I know Jamie would dive at it. We may well take you up.

EXT. A BUS SHELTER, CITY OUTSKIRTS- DAY.

Danny Morrison is standing in a bus queue and is conspicuous by the fact that he is not dressed for holidays or carrying any luggage. He nervously looks around. A blue bus pulls up to the stop with "Belfast Airport" written on the front.

INT. THE AIRPORT BUS- DAY.

The other passengers are busy stuffing their hand luggage into their overhead lockers as Danny just sits on the edge of a seat looking all around checking each window. He pulls a harmonica box out of his pocket. He opens the box and takes out the instruction leaflet and studies it over seriously. The bus pulls away as the surrounding passenger talk and joke about their forthcoming holidays. Danny just looks around and feels awkward and shifty in their company.

EXT. AN ARMY ROADBLOCK- DAY.

The soldiers at the roadblock wave two cars on but flag the bus down and the driver opens the door to let them in,

INT. THE AIRPORT BUS- DAY.

All the passengers' attention is drawn towards the front door of the bus. The soldiers talk with the driver and show him some papers. He nods.

PASSENGER ONE

What is going on now?

PASSENGER TWO

It's an army roadblock.

PASSENGER ONE

Oh no. Why don't they leave us alone? I'm running late.

PASSENGER TWO

They don't care about us.

Danny gets very shifty and tries to hide his head and look out of the window. The soldiers open the overhead lockers and search through the passengers' luggage. The people who own the luggage tut and look annoyed at the intrusion. They eventually arrive at Danny's seat as he tries his best to ignore them.

1ST SOLDIER

(to Danny)

Excuse me, sir, do you have your identification on you.

Danny turns and looks at the soldier, who is the same one who arrested Danny and Jamie, and searches through his pockets for his I.D. The soldier looks him up and down.

1ST SOLDIER

Do I know you? You look familiar.

Danny finds his I.D. which he hands to the soldier who handles it awkwardly because of his machine gun and the cramped corridor of the bus.

DANNY

I don't think so. I certainly don't know you.

The soldier reads loudly what he sees on the I.D.

1ST SOLDIER

Daniel Morrison of Naylor's Row, Do we know a Daniel Morrison, Sarge?

The sergeant looks into the air concentrating, He clicks his fingers.

SERGEANT

Didn't we pick him up a while back with that Jamie O'Hara?

The sergeant moves up closer to get a better look.

1ST SOLDIER

Oh yea, that bastard I.R.A. scum who blew himself up the other night.

DANNY

Not me.

SERGEANT

With a device he was about to plant outside our garrison.

DANNY

You've got the wrong person.

SERGEANT

As far as I remember you and
he were bosom buddies.

DANNY

I knew him but not that well.

1ST SOLDIER

Weren't they in a rock band or
something together?

DANNY

That doesn't mean anything.

SERGEANT

Bring him in, he's hiding
something.

The private soldier drags Danny to his feet. Danny pulls
his jacket open.

DANNY

Look, look I'm clean, I'm not
hiding a thing.

Danny struggles but the sergeant indicates with his head to
carry on. The soldier pulls a pistol.
Two more soldiers rush into the bus past the sergeant and
drag Danny to the front. The other passengers recoil in
horror.

DANNY

You can't do this. I haven't
done anything.

SERGEANT

That's for us to decide. Not
you.

They frog march him from the bus, He grabs on to safety
bars but they overpower him.

DANNY

But...but...but.

The sergeant swings his machine gun around on his shoulder and indicates to the butt end with a tilt of his head.

SERGEANT

Keep this up, sonny boy, and this is the only butt you'll be concerning yourself with.

He makes a dive back at the door.

DANNY

You don't understand.

Danny is now holding a safety bar in each hand and they are finding it difficult to get him back out of the door.

SERGEANT

Understand this.

The sergeant rabbit punches Danny on the back of the neck which makes him choke and let go of the rails. The rest of the passengers give a collective gasp as Danny addresses them.

DANNY

(breathlessly stuttering)
Could one of you get a message to Louise Mc Masters who is coming home from Australia?

The soldier drives the butt of his rifle into Danny's gut.

DANNY

(cont'd)

Tell her to remember the words to the song "Don't believe a word", by Thin Lizzie.

Through the windows of the bus the passengers see Danny being bundled into the back of an Army personnel carrier.

INT. DINGY BASEMENT, IRISH FARMHOUSE-NIGHT.

Jamie is lying on the floor on a straw mattress with his rucksack beside him. It is almost a prison situation reminiscent of a dungeon of old.

A helper is giving Jamie a bowl full of unrecognisable gruel. Jamie looks at the food and back at the helper.

JAMIE

What should I do with this eat
it or spread it on the walls.
Boston that night he said.

HELPER

I am sorry but it's all we've
got considering the lack of
notice we were given.

JAMIE

If I had known it would have
been this bad, I probably...

HELPER

...You want to count yourself
lucky, the speed the wheels
swung into action for your
benefit.

JAMIE

How long do you think I am
going to be here?

The helper looks at his watch and scratches his head.

HELPER

These things take time. New
paperwork and identity can't
be achieved over night. Then
there's the travel, digs ...

JAMIE

Anyone would be annoyed with this accommodation. Is it always this bad?

HELPER

Look... this is the first safe house that came up. across the border in the Republic in the short bit of time we had.

JAMIE

Call this a safe house? I have seen safer demolition sites.

HELPER

They told me you were a man of many talents. I see what they mean; you are a comedian as well as a pain in the arse.

Jamie settles back on his mattress and attempts to eat.

INT. BELFAST INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, ARRIVALS LOUNGE- NIGHT.

The arrivals board is filled with plane estimated times of arrival. Suddenly the whole board is cleared. Louise is standing beneath the board she is dressed fairly scruffily in jeans, tee shirt and sneakers. She finishes the last page of a book she is reading. Tucks it away in her bag and then crosses over to the carousel to wait for her luggage. A troop of soldiers push through the arrival passengers and almost knock Louise flying. She stands defiant and stares after them. She starts looking through her recently retrieved bag.

MALE VOICE ON INTERCOM SYSTEM(O.S.)

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen, Welcome to Belfast International Airport. (MORE)

(CONT'D) May I remind you to not leave any of your luggage unattended.

FEMALE VOICE ON INTERCOM SYSTEM (O.S.)
Would Louise Mc Masters;
recently arrived passenger
from Australia, please come to
the arrivals desk.

Louise looks up from her rummaging as she suddenly realises it is her name that's being announced.

INT. BELFAST INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, ARRIVALS DESK- NIGHT.

Louise is taking something green from the receptionist who is clad in the British Airways uniform.

LOUISE
Sorry for putting you to so much trouble, I have had a lot on my mind recently.

RECEPTIONIST
No trouble at all, madam, that's what we are here for.

LOUISE
It was so foolish of me to leave my passport with special branch but I am not used to being searched so thoroughly.

RECEPTIONIST
It is understandable; madam, but you cannot be too careful these days around here. A passport in the wrong hands...

Louise struggles to put her passport into her bag with the luggage she is carrying. The receptionist rushes to open the door to her desk as it is stuck.

RECEPTIONIST

(cont'd)

Damn door, you would think
someone would fix things
around here.

Louise shoves her passport into her bag.

LOUISE

It's o.k. now I've got it.
Thanks for all your help.

The receptionist settles back into her desk again.

RECEPTIONIST

No trouble, madam, that's what
we're here for. Have a safe
onward journey.

LOUISE

Thank...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

...Louise, I thought it might
be you when I heard the
announcement.

Louise swings around to see her good friend, Wanda, just
behind her. Wanda is dressed very smartly.

LOUISE

Wanda, what are you doing
here?

Wanda stands back in amazement giving Louise the once over.

WANDA

Is that the way you greet your
best friend? Come here.

She pulls Louise to her and gives her an almighty hug. Louise is taken aback by her exuberance. Wanda's over excitement suddenly gives way to an awkwardly acted seriousness.

WANDA

(cont'd)

I'm off to my cousin, Ann's
wedding in Manchester.

Her voice tone changes completely.

WANDA

(cont'd)

I suppose you are back for the
funeral?

LOUISE

Funeral?

Wanda pulls Louise to her and gives her a comforting hug.

WANDA

He was so young too. You must
be devastated.

Louise pulls away from Wanda and holds her at arms length looking her up and down as she does so.

LOUISE

Who or what are you on about?

Wanda looks to the skies and tears fill her eyes.

WANDA

(to herself)

She doesn't know, Jesus, she
doesn't know. Why me, why the
hell me?

Louise looks at Wanda in complete bewilderment. Wanda looks over her shoulder with such intensity that Louise looks behind to see who she is looking at.

WANDA

(cont'd)

Of course, it was ages ago.
The funeral would be over by
now.

It is now Louise's turn to get serious as she grabs Wanda by the collar of her coat, threateningly.

LOUISE

Wanda Fleming, talk to me. Who
has died?

Wanda doesn't know where to look in her embarrassment.

LOUISE

(cont'd)

Who is it? Is it my dad, my
cousin Frankie?

WANDA

(still to herself)

Oh yes, he's gone too. Some
say Jamie had something to...

Louise's anger starts to boil up as she grabs Wanda even tighter and makes a fist at her.

LOUISE

...So help me god, Wanda, if
you don't spill...

WANDA

(blurts it out)

Jamie... It's Jamie he's
gone...

LOUISE

Gone? Where has he gone? I
hope it isn't too far. I have
got some good news for him.

Wanda shakes her head slowly from side to side and puts her
hand to her forehead.

WANDA

He has gone, Louise, you know
what I mean.

LOUISE

He has gone off with another
girl. If he has I will kill
him.

Wanda screws up her face as if in pain.

WANDA

He's dead, Lou, Jamie is dead.

LOUISE

(brushing it off)

Dead, How could he be he is
only young?

WANDA

He was killed going to plant a
bomb. It blew up on him.

LOUISE

My Jamie, planting a bomb, now
I know you are messing, what
business would he have
planting...?

WANDA

(Crossing her heart)

...I swear on my mother's life
it is true.

LOUISE

Ha. You had me going there,
Wanda, what is it, Halloween,
April fool or something?

Wanda holds her hand in the air as she searches her
shoulder bag with the other hand.

WANDA

Honestly, Lou it was in all
the papers. I am sure I have
some copies...

She retrieves some pieces of newspaper from her bag and
examines it.

WANDA

(cont'd)

...Ah, here they are.

She unfolds three rough pieces of newspaper and checks
them.

She puts the open cuttings in one hand and slaps them with
the palm of her other hand. She hesitates and hands them to
Louise in a bunch.

WANDA

(cont'd)

Here you are The Journal, The
Sentinel and The Telegraph.
It's in them all.

Louise nonchalantly takes the cuttings as if going along
with Wanda's joke. She reads the first one unconcerned the
second one she takes more seriously. She slowly peels them
apart.

Her face goes from mildly amused to serious as a complete
gamut of emotions runs through her features.
She keeps looking away and at Wanda who just nods like some
demented idiot.

Passengers push by oblivious to what she's going through.
She finishes the articles and turns the papers over as if
to check for their authenticity. Turns them back and looks
again, folding them she hands them back to Wanda. (MORE)

(CONT'D) No sooner has she does that when she pulls them off her again opens them and stares. She holds them at arms length in disgust.

LOUISE

This... this... this is some sort of mistake. Jamie, in the I.R.A. who are they trying to kid?

WANDA

It's all there, in black and white. I must admit I was stunned when I read it.

LOUISE

It can't be right. He wouldn't hurt a fly they've got it wrong. Not my Jamie?

SAME. M.O.S.

Wanda makes as if she is going to hug her but Louise turns away. The busy noisy airport suddenly becomes deadly silent as Louise lets out an unheard, blood curdling scream. Tears burst from her eyes. The reactions of the passing passengers show how loud the scream was. Louise falls heavily to her knees on the terrazzo floor as the contents of her shoulder bag spill all over the concourse. Some passengers walk around or step over her trinkets while others try to hand them back to her. She ignores them. She curls into a foetal position. Wanda embarrassedly and gratefully accepts them on her part. Louise uncurls from her position to reveal she is holding the cuttings to her heart.

SAME. SOUND RETURNS.

Louise jumps to her feet and pushes the articles into Wanda's chest. Wanda tries to give her possessions back but Louise puts her hand deep into the bag and pulls out (MORE)

(CONT'D) money then throws her shoulder bag to the floor scattering some more of the contents.

LOUISE

I have to go. I have to see him. I have to tell him I'm carrying his...our baby.

WANDA

I'm so, so sorry, Lou, I'm sorry I was the one...

Louise kisses her cheek tears still streaming down her face.

LOUISE

Bye, Wanda, love you.

Wanda holds her hands out indicating to all Louise's possessions lying on the floor.

WANDA

What about your stuff?

LOUISE

Keep it, throw it away, burn it. I don't care, I don't want it.

Wanda stands open armed dumbfounded looking at Louise's possessions she follows with her eyes as Louise disappears into the crowd and hails a taxi.

EXT. GATES OF ST.AMBROSE'S CATHOLIC SCHOOL- NIGHT.

Johnny (Frankie's side-kick) is plying his drugs to OLDER TEENAGE BOYS outside the gates of the school. He has another friend helping him with his sordid trade. A taxi pulls up alongside them as they show great interest in Louise's ass as she bends down to pay the driver. She stands up and turns around and Johnny recognises her.

JOHNNY

I know you. Frankie's cousin,
Louise, isn't it?

JOHNNY'S FRIEND

Isn't she the one with that
I.R.A. scum who killed
Frankie...?

LOUISE

I want something from you.

JOHNNY

What do you think of your
Catholic bastard of a boy
friend now, killing poor
Frankie?

Louise is shocked but tries her best not to show it to
them.

LOUISE

What have you got?

JOHNNY

They nearly got me but I
managed to dodge them. Still
he got his, so I hear. Blew
himself to pieces, closed
coffin, serves him...

LOUISE

...Look can we do business?

JOHNNY

Depends on what kind of
business you had in mind.

LOUISE

Drugs, can you sell me drugs?

Johnny looks around nervously and indicates physically for her to keep it quiet.

JOHNNY
Shhh, keep it down. I don't
know if I can trust you...

BEAT:

...Still, you are not with him
anymore.

He turns to his friend and laughs.

JOHNNY
(cont'd)
You'd have to divide yourself
into hundreds of pieces.
Apparently he is scattered all
over the city.

LOUISE
(angrily)
Are you going to sell me some
drugs, or what?

Johnny tries to calm her down with his hand again. His
friend sells some wraps to a schoolboy by the gates.

JOHNNY
Look, keep it down. What do
you want anyway?

LOUISE
The strongest you've have got.
My friends are throwing a wild
party and have asked me to...

JOHNNY
How much?

LOUISE

All you've got.

JOHNNY

Do you know how much...?

Louise stops him in mid sentence as she pulls out a huge wad of notes. Johnny physically gulps as he looks at it. He just nods in agreement and indicates to his friend with his head to get them. The friend disappears and is back shortly with a brown paper bag. Louise looks into it and gives a quick insincere smile. She hands Johnny the money. He quickly flicks and checks it and hands Louise some of it back. She peels off some notes and stuffs them into Johnny's top pocket. She turns to go.

JOHNNY

Can we come to the party?

LOUISE

We'll see.

The two friends rub their hands with glee as they pack up.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PRISON GATES -NIGHT.

Danny is unceremoniously thrown out of a smaller door cut into the massive prison gates.

EXT. OUTSIDE A HOUSE, CITY BACK STREET- NIGHT.(M.O.S.)

Danny is really jittery as he checks his watch and has a conversation with Django, the bands drummer. Django's demeanour is the opposite of Danny's. He lays, arms folded against the door jamb.

Danny is irritated and jumps up and down. Django tries to calm him with his body language but to no avail. He slowly ambles into his hall as Danny is bubbling with impatience. Django awkwardly pushes his motor bike out from the hallway as Danny grabs the handlebars. Django teases Danny with the keys and eventually surrenders them. (MORE)

(CONT'D) Danny rapidly jumps on the bike and is gone in a cloud of smoke. Django shakes his head as he disappears.

EXT. BELFAST INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT- NIGHT. (STILL M.O.S.)

Danny parks the motorbike awkwardly as he dashes into the airport arrivals.

INT. A QUIET CITY OFF-LICENCE- NIGHT.(STILL M.O.S.)

Louise, still clutching her brown paper bag of drugs, is paying the shop keeper for an enormous bottle of vodka. He takes her money and tries to give her change but she refuses. He nods in thanks as he puts the vodka into another brown paper bag. She goes to the door but can't open it. The owner rushes to open it for her. She thanks him and is gone into the crowded streets.

INT. BELFAST INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, ARRIVAL LOUNGE- NIGHT.

Wanda is outside the left luggage desk handing over the last piece of Louise's luggage to the attendant. The attendant sticks labels to the handle and stamps a book. She gives Wanda a ticket.

SOUND RETURNS:

ATTENDANT

Now give this ticket to your
friend and tell her she has
two weeks to collect it.

WANDA

(to herself)

I'll have to post it to her. I
hope she has come to her
senses by the time she gets
it.

She nods a thank you to the attendant and turns holding the ticket as if she doesn't know where to put it. Danny runs around the side of the desk and nearly sends her flying. Danny is badly out of breath.

DANNY

My god, Wanda, fancy seeing you here. I am looking for Louise. Have you seen her?

WANDA

You have just missed her. She has just left. I wish you...

DANNY

Which way, where has she gone?

WANDA

You won't catch her she got a taxi. She ran off like a mad thing when I told her about Jamie.

DANNY

Oh no. What did you tell her?

WANDA

I told her what I read in the papers, that he was dead.

DANNY

Did she believe you?

WANDA

Not at first but when I showed her the clippings from the papers I convinced her.

DANNY

Oh no. What shall we do? We'll have to find her.

WANDA

What for?

DANNY

To tell her that it isn't true.

WANDA

Isn't it? I thought...

DANNY

Look, I'll have to vow you to secrecy or we'll blow the whole thing. It's all a ploy. I knew it would go wrong.

WANDA

I don't understand.

DANNY

I'll have to explain it to you later, I haven't got time now. Have you any idea where she may have gone.

WANDA

The last thing she said to me is that she had to see him. Am I missing something here?

DANNY

No time for explanations here we'll have to find her.

A call comes over the intercom announcing the last call for the Manchester flight.

WANDA

Never mind the "we", I am off to Manchester they have just called my flight.

DANNY

Please, please, Wanda, give me some sort of clue where to start.

WANDA

Why don't you try all their old haunts? That's where I'd go. If you find her could you give her this?

Wanda thrusts the left luggage ticket into his hand as she speeds off. Danny looks at the ticket and then back to Wanda as if she is mental. Wanda just shrugs.

WANDA

(cont'd)

Sorry.

MONTAGE:

M.O.S.

- A-** Danny is standing at the door of the Mc Masters house. He is talking to Allison, who keeps checking her watch and pointing up the street, shaking her head.
- B-** He now parks the bike outside THE RED HOUSE pub. He goes in but all the drinkers shake their heads in reply to his questions.
- C-** He stands at the door of the I.R.A. pub squinting through the frosted glass, but does not go in.
- D-** He walks along the beach where Jamie and Louise previously sat. He throws sticks at seagulls as they try to dive bomb him.
- E-** The bike is haring past a troupe of soldiers quizzing some lads. The soldiers laugh as Danny runs out of petrol and starts to push the bike, they mock him as he reacts.

END OF MONTAGE: (SOUND RESUMES)

EXT. CITY ROOF TOPS- NIGHT.

Dramatic poignant music relevant to the scene kicks in.

Rain is belting down on the metal frame of the fire escape where Louise and Jamie first met. It falls in great droplets into the darkness below.

BIRDS EYE VIEW.

A female figure emerges from the shadows below.

EXT. CITY ALLEY, GROUND LEVEL VIEW- NIGHT.

The female figure is revealed as Louise as she swaggers down the alley initially trying to avoid the puddles but eventually splashing through them. She swigs from the half empty bottle of vodka. Her hair is stuck to her face and her make up has run down her cheeks giving the appearance of a later day Alice Cooper. She looks up into the sky. The rain practically blinds her as she shakes her face.

LOUISE
(cont'd)

...Are you listening, you?
Yes you up there. You think
you are so high and mighty...

She takes another swig of vodka. She pulls the brown paper bag from her pocket but the paper is stuck together in the wet. She tries to open it with one hand but fails and drops it on the floor. She stares at it for a while, turns her head to the sky and burst out crying. Her tears mingle with the rain as both cascades down her face.

LOUISE
cont'd)

Why... Why me... Why us?

She falls to her knees into a puddle and grabs the paper bag and tries to open it again.

LOUISE
(cont'd)

What have we done so wrong?

Carefully and deliberately she places the vodka on the ground along side her. She opens the bag very deftly but the contents have become a mass of white gloop. She opens it carefully and holds it flat in one hand and licks a generous lump off the paper. She shudders in disgust at the taste.

She quickly grabs the vodka and sloshes it into her mouth and shakes her head in protest. She looks to the sky again.

LOUISE

(cont'd)

(as if answering a question)
What fall in love? I thought
that's what you were all
about. Didn't you preach about
it?

Her head involuntarily shakes as she downs some more alcohol and sucks up another lump of the congealed drug this is still held flat in her hand. Her hair is stuck to her face and she brushes it away in utter annoyance. She then pulls it back and examines it. She bursts out crying again as she examines it closely and tries to comb it with her fingers.

LOUISE

(cont'd)

This... this...this...

She sweeps her free hand in a curve all around the alley and swings it behind her almost impossibly with an exaggerated drunken gesture bursting the buttons on her sodden shirt. She looks to the skies again, then at her open blouse and cries again.

LOUISE

(cont'd)

This is entirely your fault,
you know? They are fighting
all over here because of you.

She suddenly realises that the drugs are running off the paper so she puts her head under her hand and dribbles it into her mouth, and then throws it away in anger.

LOUISE
(cont'd)

Love? love? You make me sick.

She dry retches.

LOUISE
(cont'd)

You wouldn't know love if it
came up and bit you on the
arse.

She polishes off the rest of the vodka and drops the empty
bottle by her side. She pulls back her jacket revealing her
bare bulging middle. She addresses her belly.

LOUISE
(cont'd)

I am so sorry little baby
Jamie but I couldn't let you
come into this world without
your dad. (MORE)
Anyway I am doing you a favour
sparing you from this godless
hell-hole.

The rain suddenly stops and the full moon lights up the
night. Louise turns her face heavenwards.

C.U. OF HER BEAUTIFUL MOONLIT FACE.

LOUISE
(cont'd)

...And as for you. You have a
lot to answer for. I hope you
are in when I get up there.

She falls flat on her face alongside a moonlit puddle her
mouth and nose are distorted and encrusted in small stones
from the alleyway. Her body rolls over and her face, eyes
still open is reflected in the moonlit puddle.

EXT. LONG SHOT OF THE ALLEY, FROM THE OPENING- NIGHT.

Louise's lifeless form lies face down amongst bins and strewn rubbish. Danny pulls up across the mouth of the alleyway and spots her. He drops the motorbike and runs to her.

DANNY

Louise, Louise. Thank god I
have found you.

CLOSER ANGLE:

Danny has reached Louise and has realised how serious things have become. He kneels down along side her and tries to give her mouth to mouth resuscitation. He tastes the drugs on her lips and spits them out in disgust. He picks up the bag and sniffs it sees the vodka bottle and throws it away in anger. He rocks to and fro nursing her on his lap.

DANNY

(cont'd)

Oh Lou, oh Lou, why couldn't
you have waited? I had to tell
you about Jamie. Why...
why...? Why didn't you?

He holds her head in his hands, smooths down her hair, brushes the stones away from her face and shouts at her lifeless face.

DANNY

(cont'd)

Why...? Why? What will I tell
Jamie? Poor, poor Jamie. He'll
never forgive me.

INT. RED HOUSE PUB, INSIDE A CUBICLE- NIGHT.

Jamie and Danny are sitting opposite each other both have drinks which they haven't touched. A barman lifts them and wipes underneath each one in turn. Neither of the friends reacts. Jamie stares at the floor Danny half smiles at the barman who walks away shaking his head. Jamie still stares at the floor Danny looks him up and down.

DANNY

Jamie I'm s-s...

Jamie puts his hand in the air to quieten him and puts his finger across Danny's lips.

JAMIE

I know.

Jamie stands up and pushes his drink towards Danny.

JAMIE

(cont'd)

Drink these I have to go.

DANNY

Where to?

JAMIE

I have to go and claim what is mine.

DANNY

Don't do anything foolish.

JAMIE

What like pretend to be dead?

DANNY

Do you want me to...?

JAMIE

...No you stay here; the lads will be in soon. Tell them they need to look for another singer.

DANNY

What about you?

JAMIE

I have a feeling I will be out
of it for a long, long time.

Jamie gives Danny the peace sign with his fingers and turns
and walks.

EXT. THE MC MASTERS HOME- NIGHT.

C.U. THE WOODEN PANEL OF THE DOOR.

The door opens and Louise's dad, Billy's ashen face
appears. He reacts in outrage and revulsion and swings a
punch at the person responsible for his daughter's death
stares at him. He is wide of the mark.

BILLY

What the fu...

He puts his hand over his mouth as his eyes fill up. He
turns his into the hall so that Jamie doesn't have the
satisfaction of seeing him cry. He points up the street.

BILLY

(cont'd)

Go. I don't want you murdering
catholic bastard darkening my
doorstep ever again.

JAMIE

I want to see her. I want to
see Louise.

BILLY

(his voice breaking)

Well thanks to you she's not
here and never will be again.

JAMIE

Where is she?

BILLY

My lovely, beautiful little girl is dead because of you and you want me to tell you where she is. I don't think hell will be freezing over too soon.

JAMIE

But...but.

BILLY

My innocent little creature didn't take anything like drugs or drink until she met a creature like you.

JAMIE

She never took drugs while she was with me...never.

Billy has been nursing a piece of paper in his hand which he now thrusts at Jamie.

BILLY

That's what it says here overdosed on drink and drugs.

JAMIE

I do not understand.

BILLY

No. Well understand this.

Billy pulls the paper out of Jamie's hand and punches him square on the chin. Jamie falls backwards into the street and a passing car screeches to a halt just inches from Jamie's head. Jamie looks along the street and realises that the Mc master's neighbours are at their doors.

NEIGHBOUR 1

Is that him Billy?

Billy just nods.

NEIGHBOUR 2
Kill the little shit, Billy;
I'll give you a hand.

The driver of the car helps Jamie to his feet. Jamie staggers off down the street.

NEIGHBOUR 1
(to the driver)
Kill the bastard while you
have the chance.

The driver looks around as if he has staggered across some lunatic asylum, he offers a lift to Jamie who just shakes his head. The driver looks up and down the street, jumps into his car and speeds off.

EXT. NEIGHBOURING STREET- NIGHT.

Jamie is leaning against a brick wall to compose himself when Alison appears wrapped up in a dressing gown. Jamie jumps and cowers slightly, in defence, when he sees her.

ALISON
You'll have to forgive him,
Jamie. He's completely
devastated. She was his little
baby. We all are.

JAMIE
I don't blame him I would do
the same. I am sorry for your
loss, Alison and I do feel...

ALISON
...And your loss too, Jamie. I
know you loved her as much as
the rest of us.

Alison hands Jamie a piece of paper.

ALISON

(cont'd)

Here's the address. She's at
Rose Street Chapel of Rest.

She checks her watch.

ALISON

(cont'd)

If you hurry now you should
just catch them. I've paved
the way for you told them that
you were her husband.

JAMIE

If only, Alison, if only.
Alison you are a saint, an
angel, a treasure.

INT. ROSE STREET CHAPEL OF REST- NIGHT.

Jamie is covering Louise's lifeless head with his own as he gives her a prolonged kiss. The undertaker, who has shown him in, tiptoes out of the door. Jamie pulls away and takes a deep breath as if surfacing from underwater.

JAMIE

If only I could hold my breath
and join you.

He rearranges the cloths around her beautiful face and holds her lifeless hand. Her funeral dress falls to one side revealing the gold crucifix he had given her before she went to Australia. He picks it up and looks at it with loathing.

JAMIE

(cont'd)

Some lucky crucifix.

He examines her hands as if looking at them for the first time. He talks as if to her hands.

JAMIE

(cont'd)

Why, my lovely Louise? Why
could you not have waited?
You were always too impatient.

He shakes his head as the tears gently roll down.

JAMIE

(cont'd)

If only; if only?

The mortician quietly enters the room and gently takes
Louise's hand out of Jamie's.

MORTICIAN

Sorry sir, time's up. I need
to lock up for the night. I
hope you appreciate...

JAMIE

Could I have a couple more
minutes? Please.

MORTICIAN

O.K., sir but literally only
two minutes.

Jamie lovingly undoes the clasp from behind her neck and
releases it, choking and almost being sick as he does so.

JAMIE

Some lucky crucifix.

MORTICIAN

Two minutes, sir.

The mortician tiptoes backward out of the room and leaves
Jamie.

JAMIE
(whispers)
Goodbye my beautiful girl I
will see you in Paradise.

EXT. CITY STREET, OUTSIDE THE UNDERTAKERS- NIGHT.

The mortician locks the door. Jamie falls backwards against the brick wall in floods of tears. He looks to the sky in desperation. He opens his hand revealing that he has a tight hold on the crucifix which he smells and kisses as he slides down the wall to the ground.

JAMIE
(cont'd)
My beautiful girl, my
beautiful girl.

INT. THE I.R.A. PUB -NIGHT.

M.O.S.

The bar is heaving with late night revellers as Jamie bursts through the door. He slightly staggers up to the bar and shouts something into the barman's ear.

The barman dries his hand and disappears out the back. The bald man and his henchmen look Jamie up and down and Jamie roars something back at them. Both henchmen try to go for Jamie but the bald man holds them back. The barman appears again and is holding Jamie's guitar above his head. He hands it to Jamie who slings it behind him upside down in his usual fashion. He goes to leave a customer tries to make some sort of joke with Jamie mockingly strumming a guitar. Jamie rebuffs him giving him a violent stare followed by the finger.

EXT. CITY ARMY CENTRY POST -NIGHT.

SOUND RETURNS;

Two camouflaged soldiers stand on guard duty. One is a young private in her early twenties the other is a middle aged corporal.

CORPORAL

Don't let this quietness and stillness fool you girl. This is how they get you.

PRIVATE

How do you mean, sir?

CORPORAL

How long have you been in the province? ...er...

The corporal parts her flack jacket revealing her ample breasts. He checks her name tag.

CORPORAL

RICHARD. Richard? funny name for a girl.

PRIVATE RICHARD

It's my second name, sir. My first name is Rachael. This is my first tour of duty, sir.

CORPORAL

I know Private Richard. I was making a joke.

Private Richard fakes an unconvincing laugh.

PRIVATE RICHARD

Yes very funny, sir.

CORPORAL

(cont'd)

These Irish bastards play a psychological game with us, girl.

The private contorts her face as if he questions what her corporal is saying.

CORPORAL

(cont'd)

Right, you remember when we first took over two weeks ago they hit us with all they had?

PRIVATE RICHARD

Yes sir.

CORPORAL

...And from then on it has been deadly quiet?

The private twists her face in a questioning way again. The corporal starts to get annoyed.

CORPORAL

(cont'd)

Do you think that was accidental?

PRIVATE RICHARD

Well sort off.

CORPORAL

Well, girl, you and your rookie mates have a lot to learn. It is all planned.

The Corporal points nervously into the distance.

CORPORAL

(cont'd)

They've got your number, girl. So keep on your toes 'cause they'll be ready to strike any time now.

PRIVATE RICHARD

Will do sir.

CORPORAL

I've seen young kids, like you
go off their head and that's
what they want.

PRIVATE

I'll be ready, sir. Don't
worry about me.

EXT. CITY ALLEY WHERE LOUISE DIED- NIGHT.

Jamie is sitting at the bottom of the fire escape slumped
over his guitar tuning it up. He tries to play one of his
songs but doesn't seem to be able to any more. The night
has now turned foggy. Jamie throws his plectrum into the
night in frustration. He stands up shakily and stretches.

EXT. CITY ARMY CENTRY POST-NIGHT.

CORPORAL

There are rumours that there
are snipers about this area
and this fog is an ideal cover
for them.

PRIVATE RICHARD

Don't worry sir I'm ready for
whatever they throw at me.

CORPORAL

I hope so, girl, and you can
bet your life that I am.

PRIVATE RICHARD

(pointing)

What's that?

Jamie walks out of an alley into the dull haze of a street
light, with his guitar slung behind him. The soldiers shine
a torch his way but it fails to light him up properly.

JAMIE

Oh a spot light is it? You
want me to perform for your
military personnel?

SOLDIERS' P.O.V.

They just see an outline of Jamie and his shouting is
muffled.

PRIVATE RICHARD

What did he say?

CORPORAL

I don't know. He's shouting
some sort of abuse. Be ready.

PRIVATE RICHARD

I am. What's behind his back?

Both soldiers simultaneously take the safety catches off
their guns.

JAMIE'S P.O.V.

Jamie sees the shadows of the soldiers standing up and
taking careful note of him.

JAMIE

(shouting)

Tell me this, soldier boys.
Have you ever been responsible
for killing the thing you
loved more than life itself?

SOLDIERS P.O.V.

Jamie comes a bit closer so his echoic voice is slightly
more discernable. The Corporal screws up his face.

CORPORAL

What's he saying, girl?

PRIVATE RICHARD

I don't know, sir, something
about killing and life, sir.

CORPORAL

Keep your eye on him. Does he
have a weapon of some sort
behind him?

PRIVATE RICHARD

(squinting)

Not sure, sir.

JAMIE'S P.O.V.

JAMIE

You haven't, you do not know
what I am talking about, do
you? Come on I'll play it for
you.

Jamie swings his guitar around from his back to play it.

CORPORAL (O.S.)

Let him have it, girl.

There is an almighty clatter of automatic gun fire which
shatters Jamie's guitar and stops him in his tracks. He
falls backwards dead on to a pile of shingle which has been
cordoned off for road works.

The two soldiers look in disbelief when the gun smoke
clears.

SAME, SLIGHTLY LATER:

Private Richard is kneeling down by Jamie's lifeless body;
she holds up the remnants of Jamie's guitar neck and looks
to her corporal shaking her head.

C.U. CORPORAL RICHARD'S FACE.

She turns her face to the sky as the rain starts falling again into her eyes making her blink wildly
#Danny Boy# kicks in as Jamie's blood trickles down through his broken guitar body and runs down the drain.

FLASHBACK;

#But come ye back when summer's in the meadow#

Jamie is outside Louise's window singing up to her.

#Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow#

Jamie is back in the helicopter over the snow covered mountain.

#'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow#

Two images of Louise on the beach with Jamie and then come out of the shadows at the back of the fancy dress ball, unmasking herself.

#Oh Danny-boy, oh Danny-boy I love you so#

There are two different images of the couple hugging each other in wildly different places, her bedroom and the beach.

FADE OUT:

THE END.

The credits run with the second verse of "Danny Boy".