

Republic Dread
Pilot

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First draft

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TEASER

INT. MC.BURN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUPER IMPOSE: JULY 1ST, 1972 - NORTHERN IRELAND

A slight ticking noise. In a dark room, tripping over clothes left on the floor is CONNER MC.BURN - (50). He picks up a duffle bag, sweating hands slipping on the zip as he opens it.

We hear the thumps and arguments of Conner's Irish family, outside the bedroom. It's clearly a mother and daughter squabbling over something.

Conner cautiously looking under the bed, and from under there, he pulls out a TIME BOMB. He winds the mechanics of it and it stops and starts ticking again, counting down on a fixed analogue watch.

To Conner's fright the door begins to open, letting in the light. We see a glimpse of Conner's wife - Mary - (50), for just a second.

MARY MC.BURN (O.S.)

(Opening door)

Will you come downstairs, Conn --

CONNER MC.BURN

-- Shut the door, stay out!

MARY MC.BURN

(Closing door)

OK. OK. Don't have a fanny.

(From outside, O.S)

Will you come sort the kids out?

Conner pulls out the bomb again, packs it into the duffle bag, quickly.

MARY MC.BURN (O.S.)

(Drained)

Conner, Conner?... Why did I marry such a useless man?

We hear Mary trail down the stairs, back to arguing.

Conner, resting his head on the bag, exhales with relief.

EXT. MC.BURN HOUSE - FRONT GARDEN - NIGHT

Conner steps out, into the close nit, terrace houses. Lights from other kitchen's illuminate the front garden path. Conner eagerly steps away from the his house, his family can be heard inside, arguing, in a blur through the bricks.

Conner wiping his sweat, ready to climb in his THREE WHEELER banger, but the Mc.burn front door opens.

Mary, standing with a grip on their, wild eyed, sixteen year old daughter - AOIFE.

Conner turns, caught red handed-ly escaping.

MARY MC.BURN

Where do you think you're off to now then, you?

CONNER MC.BURN

I'm going down to the pub, Mary.

MARY MC.BURN

Well, if that's all you're doing you can take Aoife.

CONNER MC.BURN

It's for business, Mary.

MARY MC.BURN

'Bout time she learnt the business, wouldn't you say?

Conner shaking his head, disgusted with his wife, and with himself. He keeps it hidden enough to go unnoticed.

CONNER MC.BURN

C'mon Aoife, let's go for a drive.

Aoife wriggles out of her mother's firm grip of her neck. Tauntingly stepping up to the car.

CONNER MC.BURN (cont'd)

(To Mary)

I'll be back late.

MARY MC.BURN

Good.

INT. CONNER'S THREE WHEELER, COUNTRY ROAD (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

Conner's firm grip on the wheel. The road is bumpy with potholes. Hardly any street lights at all, only a lit building outside can be seen, the three wheeler approaching it.

Aoife hesitates to talk.

CONNER MC.BURN
How are you getting on at school?

AOIFE
OK, I suppose. It's boring though.
(Pause)
You know, mom's right, I have plenty to offer the party.

CONNER MC.BURN
Your mother doesn't know what she's talking about.

Conner pulls into a pub car park. Handbreak on. Music playing from inside and drunken laughs echoing out.

AOIFE
But --

CONNER MC.BURN
-- But nothing. You're my daughter. Your life is worth much more than this... Lost cause. Bullshit revolutions, fake army's, militias. Terrorism.

Conner looks to Aoife, whose looking out the window, watching the rain droplets on the glass.

CONNER MC.BURN (cont'd)
School is an opportunity I never had. Take advantage of it. And don't listen to your mother. She's not right in the head.

AOIFE
Never hear you talk back to her like that.

CONNER MC.BURN
(A beat)
I'm just popping in. Wait in here.

Conner gets out the car, Aoife leans across to his side of the car.

AOIFE
I'm coming too --

-- The car door gets slammed closed on Aoife. Slumping down, miserable in her seat. Conner leans to the car window.

CONNER MC.BURN
(To Aoife)
Wait here.

Grabbing the duffle bag from the boot of the car, Conner steps past the crowds of drunken, British army service men, smoking in the lot. They watch Conner, but don't pay much attention to him.

INT. PROTESTANT PUB - CONTINUOUS

The crowd is lively, singing songs, soldiers of Britain spilling beers over the worn, pub carpet. The Northern Irish barmaids are blushing, flirting and singing along. It's romantic scenery.

Sneaking his way around, casually through the mass, Conner, trying to hide his nerves, carrying through a beer into a back room of the joint.

We follow Conner, as he finally finds who he is looking for: PATRICK DONNELLY - (35) a built, dangerous member of the IRA. He sips his Guinness in the booth.

Conner placing down the duffle bag sitting down, next to Patrick

PATRICK
Relax. You make us look suspicious.
(Sips Guinness)
How's that lovely wife of yours?

CONNER MC.BURN
(Looking over
shoulder)
Mary?

PATRICK
(Dominant)
Mary! With the patriotic heart of Catholics and a fine ass that could make any saint turn into a sex addicted devil.

CONNER MC.BURN

(Hard whispers)

I've got your bomb. Now take it and fuck off.

PATRICK

(Tormenting)

I didn't mean to strike a nerve, boy'O. I only fuck her so that you're kept in check. Mary's my eyes and ears. She does the party a good service.... (Finishes beer) Let's see the goods then.

Conner looks defeated, sliding the duffle bag across the table.

Patrick looks in the bag. We see the bomb, ticking gently away.

PATRICK (cont'd)

(Looking up, smiling)

Good craftsmanship! I want another next week, understood?

CONNER MC.BURN

Yes.

PATRICK

Go on then. Get on your way, I'll keep your seat nice and warm.

Conner sliding out the booth. Finishes his beer and slams it on the table. Patrick amusingly watches, what's supposed to be a display of power. Conner heads out, disgusted with himself.

PATRICK (cont'd)

(Louder)

Oh, and Conner. Ask after the Misses for me, will ya?

Conner pushing through the swinging doors, which slam into the plaster. Patrick loving the torment he can cause. Laughing to himself.

INT. CONNER'S THREE WHEELER, PUB CAR PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Conner aggressively slams the car door shut. Putting on the safety belt, red faced.

AOIFE
Are you alright, dad?

CONNER MC.BURN
No I'm not I -- I need some
cigarettes.

The shitty ignition starts, rumbling the car. Conner pushing the vehicle into gear.

EXT./INT. OUTSIDE/ INSIDE CORNER SHOP - NIGHT

Aoife follows her father into the corner shop. A Wall's ice cream sign blows in the wind. The Mars sign above, all retro.

Inside, Aoife looks up to the T.V screen, displayed above the till. We stay with Aoife, her dreamer eyes fixated to the screen.

TV PRESENTER (O.C.)
Tonight will be the first lottery
draw in the history on the United
Kingdom. The winnings set at
£1,500,000. History in the makings.

Aoife turns to her dad, expecting a reaction.

AOIFE
What would you do if you won, dad?

Conner stops for a moment, looking at his optimistic daughter, with appreciation.

CONNER MC.BURN
(Cups Aoife's cheek)
I'd get you far away from here, far
away from the fear and trouble. A new
life.

Aoife see's the love in her father's words.

CONNER MC.BURN (cont'd)
(To shop keeper)
Twenty Benson and Hedges and a
lottery ticket, for my lucky charm
here.
(Turns to Aoife)

SHOP KEEPER
Numbers Conner?

CONNER MC.BURN

Aoife? --

A large explosion shatters the shop window. Everyone's ears ring. Ducking down, letting a few seconds pass. Clarity slowly comes - to. Outside the shop, ambulances rush down the road, in direction of the protestant pub.

We follow Conner and Aoife running out the shop.

As we come outside, there's a roaring fire.

NEW ANGLE:

Across the valley, the protestant pub is in flames, there's screams and bodies running out on fire.

A fire truck flies down the road, all sirens.

AOIFE

Fucking hell, we were just there.

CONNER MC.BURN

(Monotone, shocked)

Go inside and pick your numbers
Aoife.

AOIFE

Did you do that?

(Nothing)

Dad --

CONNER MC.BURN

(Outraged, focused)

-- GO INSIDE AND PICK YOUR NUMBERS!

Aoife scatters in. Conner's rage stays with him, breathing heavily, the light of the flames, dancing on his face. Watching the after affects of terror.

END OF TEASER

ACT 1

EXT. TAYLOR MANSION, GARDEN - DAY

Music begins : skinshape - left with a gun.

SUPER IMPOSE: JULY 3RD, 1972 - CAMBRIDGE, UK.

Tropical, summer time fruits grow with nutritious amounts. It's a large garden as we drift through it. The sun beating down over the green vegetation.

The sound of water splashing, as we get closer to the source. Voices of young men laughing, with posh accents. We drift past the jungle rain forest - like fruit tree's into the main green. There, revealing a large manor house, the TAYLOR MANSION. It's Georgian columns, made with stone, windows so high, fit for a king.

Looking down from the house, back to the freshly cut evergreen, is a large outdoor swimming pool, with three sixteen year old boys laughing.

ARTHUR and GREG are at one end of the water. They have long hippy - ish hair and clearly on LSD, mesmerized by the shimmering light, reflecting from the pool.

NEW ANGLE: ARIEL OF THE POOL.

Now we're looking down at CHRISTOPHER TAYLOR - (16), a rich kid of Cambridge privileged parents, and who has free ideologies, ready to lead the next generation. He looks up to us from his lilo, isolating himself from his friends. Staring wonderfully at a RED AND BLACK BUTTERFLY flying up ahead.

EXT. TAYLOR MANSION, BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

MILANA TAYLOR - (50), Christopher's mother and stay at home wife, walks out in a sheer white pencil skirt and blouse, with a black designer, leather handbag. Still good looking for her age.

ARTHUR (O.S.)
(Whispers to Greg)
Hey, look it's Mrs. Taylor.

GREG
She's so hot!

Christopher splashes water across the pool, chlorine going over his pervy friend's eyes.

CHRISTOPHER

Hey, mom?

MILANA TAYLOR

Yes, dear?

CHRISTOPHER

Where's dad?

MILANA TAYLOR

He's gone to parliament, I told you that earlier, you would have remembered if you weren't smoking so much grass - all day long.

GREG

(Bobbing up and down)

Oh, come on Mrs. T, you never had a little fun?

MILANA TAYLOR

I used to be able to smoke a lot more than you, nerd trunks.

Christopher, his mom and Arthur laugh at Greg's expense. His STAR TREK TRUNKS visible.

ARTHUR

(To Greg)

She got you good!

Milana walks through the garden, towards to Bentley in the stone shingle drive.

MILANA TAYLOR

(Shouting to Chris)

I'm heading out to meet Jasmine, so Christopher, get your stoner friends out before your father comes home.

ARTHUR/ GREG

Yeah Christopher / Yeah... Chrissy.

CHRISTOPHER

(To friends)

Shut the fuck up.

ARTHUR

Bye, Mrs. Taylor!

GREG
Bye Milana.

ARTHUR
I love you!

Milana rolls her eyes, with a cheeky smile, getting in the car and pulling out the drive.

NEW ANGLE: BACK TO AERIAL VIEW OF CHRISTOPHER, ZOOMING OUT.

INT. TAYLOR MANSION, KITCHEN (SCENE SERIES) - DAY

Christopher walks into the grand kitchen in just his trunks and bare-feet. He's calm in his walk, taking his time. At the fruit bowl, taking one satisfying bite of an apple... Thinking to himself, all alone.

INT. TAYLOR MANSION, LIVING ROOM (SCENE SERIES) - DAY

Christopher does pull ups from a bar, watching the television.

A Spanish cleaner lady comes in, even though the room is immaculately spotless.

She see's Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER
(Pull ups)
Just pretend I'm not here. Keep cleaning.

The thirty something year old cleaner starts on the room, going around with a duster, bending over at the fireplace. She turns to look back, seductively;

Christopher biting his lip, straining his body as he pulls himself up, looking directly into her eye's. She blushes, before moving out of the room.

Christopher jumps down from his pull ups, biting a huge chunk of the same apple. Then, starting to roll a joint on a little coffee table, with a grinder and large rolling papers.

INT. TAYLOR MANSION, CHRISTOPHER'S ROOM - DAY

Christopher lays on his bed, watching crappy day time T.V. Old seventies adverts play with disco music featured in them. Christopher stands up, going to the box and flicks the channel. Adverts keep flashing as he switches. Unigate milk, Topic bars, Readybreak, Cadbury's milk chocolate, ciggarettes.

He stops flicking the channel on a news show, getting fixated on it, with his red, droopy eyes.

The host of the news show looks curiously into the camera lens as he speaks.

ANCHOR (ON TV)

(Filtered)

Lottery history was made last night,
when an unknown winner has wracked up
1,500,000 Great British Pounds.
There's no identity of the winners,
but all we know is they were from
Northern Ireland.

Christopher watching the show closely, sparking a joint, and sitting back down on his bed again. All around him is space, luxury bedroom. But it seems unappreciated as he watches the T.V, curiously.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON, COUNCIL HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

A young mother bounces a new born baby up and down, whilst cooking at the same time. Going between ingredients and appliances in the small, social housing space surrounding her. Pots and pans are everywhere. The mother; SUSAN POOLE, the newly - wed wife of MI5 agent; DANIEL POOLE - a vigilant and hard working secret agent.

The phone begins to ring.

DANIEL POOLE (O.S.)

(From upstairs)

Don't answer it, it's work!

Susan, stopped in her tracks, retracts her hand from the landline.

INT. LONDON, COUNCIL HOUSE - OFFICE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daniel Poole, the newly qualified agent, and intense looking man, swivels his office chair to a pen and paper, grabbing the phone after.

DANIEL POOLE

(On phone)

Hello?

A strange song plays at the beginning of the phone call. It's eerie and vintage, sounding like a nursery rhyme song. But this isn't just a song, it's the start of a MI5 secret transmitted number station - played straight to Daniel's home landline.

AUTOMATED PHONE

(Filtered)

31795. 92028. 784194. 824126. 879--

Poole starts jotting down all the numbers given to him. They all translate to something, trying to gather the numbers as they come. Squibb-ling on the paper like a mad man.

INT. LONDON, COUNCIL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Susan and Daniel Poole on the sofa, their baby boy, wrapped in blankets, next to them sleeping.

The news coverage of the lottery winnings plays again.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

(Filtered)

One million, five - hundred -
thousand pounds.

SUSAN POOLE

Could you imagine? What if we won, we
wouldn't have to live here.

DANIEL POOLE

We're not going to be here forever.
I'm tired of you talking like that. I
got the promotion, I'm trying --

SUSAN POOLE

-- I know you are.

(A beat)

I'm sorry. (Stroking Daniel's hair)
You give everything you have to this
family, Daniel.

(MORE)

SUSAN POOLE (cont'd)
 But I worry, about money, about your
 job, about you getting killed.

DANIEL POOLE
 That's not going to happen.

SUSAN POOLE
 If anything were to happen to you.
 Your son, me, we'd have nothing.

Daniel gets close to Susan, almost comforting her rampant
 mind. Daniel smiling, calmly going in for a kiss.

DANIEL POOLE
 I'm going to be fine.
 (In for a kiss)

The heat builds. Passion growing.

SUSAN POOLE
 (In heat)
 Fuck me, agent Poole --

-- The telephone rings again. Their sleeping son wakes with
 yelping cries. Susan tends to their boy, picking him up and
 comforting him, yet still crying. Susan's eye's watch over
 Daniel as he picks up the phone. Full of hatred despising
 her husbands obsession of work.

DANIEL POOLE
 (Answers phone)
 Hello?

AGENT HAMMOND (V.O)
 (Filtered)
 Agent Poole, your son still alive and
 kicking?

DANIEL POOLE
 (Awkward laugh)
 Yes. He's a wild one.

INTERCUT TO:

INT. MI5 HEADQUARTERS, AGENT HAMMOND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Agent Hammond - (56), an old English gentleman sits in a
 green leather chair, his room filled with maps and pictures
 of IRA members, under investigation.

AGENT HAMMOND

(On phone)

That's good. Take after his father
one day, I suppose.

(Posh chuckle)

I'm calling up because headquarters
have changed their plans. I'm not
going to sugar coat it, they want you
set up for tomorrow. First train to
Cambridge, in the morning.

INT. LONDON, COUNCIL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Susan stands with a bottle of milk, feeding silently their
sleeping son the formula. Susan's eyes stay fixated on
Daniel and the phone conversation, staring down her husband.

DANIEL POOLE

(On phone)

Tomorrow morning? Well that's early
isn't it? I'm not supposed to be
there for another month.

Susan shakes her head, walking out the room pissed off,
still holding their sleeping child into her stressed out
body.

DANIEL POOLE (cont'd)

Susan!

AGENT HAMMOND (V.O)

(Filtered)

It's a hard job, Daniel. Doesn't go
easy on the family. But you have to
take down this IRA scum and the
department will see you as a hero.
Enough money to retire straight after
this operation if you were, to wish.

DANIEL POOLE

(On phone, defeated)

I'll see you tomorrow. Bye.

Daniel puts the phone down, walking head down into an
argument with Susan.

INT. MI5 HEADQUARTERS, AGENT HAMMOND'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Agent Hammond puts down the phone, smoking a cigarette and
stubbing it out. Raising out his green leather chair and
going up to a folder. Opening it we see, in Hammond's hands;

INSERT IN: PROFILE PICTURES OF CONNER AND AOIFE MC.BURN

INT. LONDON, COUNCIL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Susan stands in the doorway, arms crossed, the baby in the other room sleeping.

SUSAN POOLE

(Argumentative)

So that's it. Your summer holiday with your family, your new born son, over, is it?

DANIEL POOLE

(Calmly)

I don't have to leave until the morning.

SUSAN POOLE

Just get out tonight, your letters in the bowl. Fucking ridiculous, Daniel!

Susan strops off, with more stress in her life. Agent Daniel Poole stands alone in the living room, taking a deep breath.

INT. LONDON, COUNCIL HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

In a stack of mail, Poole picks up one with 'Secretary of defense' written on it. He opens the envelope.

POOLE'S POV: NEW ALIAS ID'S.

Driving licenses, passports, national insurance numbers all displaying Daniel Poole's face as well as, his new identity, name :

Peter Reynolds. A social studies teacher at the highly credited LEYS private high school, located in CAMBRIDGE.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

EXT. CAMBRIDGE, LEY'S PRIVATE SCHOOL (ESTABLISHING) - DAY

Flying aerial shots gliding over grass, fences with wide perimeters. It's clear we're in a wealthy neighborhood area.

SUPER IMPOSE: 3 MONTHS LATER

EXT. LEY'S SCHOOL, FRONT COURTYARD - DAY

One girl, standing alone in a red coat watches cautiously, near the entrance. She turns and we see her face. Fish out of water, it's Aoife, nervous as the other school kids are rushing into the school. Her first day of school.

Three boys are heard, coming closer laughing. Christopher, Arthur and Greg come into view, laughing about, giving one another - 'peanuts' by yanking each others school ties. Christopher goes for Greg -

GREG

(Peanut-ed)

Ahhh, why you have to do it so tight?

Christopher glances over to Aoife, everything seems to slow down, the chemistry of young love. She watches back with a slight grin.

Little does Christopher know, Aoife is the daughter of the IRA's finest bomb maker, only there from winning the lottery.

AOIFE

(To Chris)

Excuse me, you wouldn't be able to help me get to my first period, would you?

Arthur and Greg laugh at her Irish accent.

ARTHUR

(Bumps Chris)

Watch out, it's a paddy.

Greg laughs obnoxiously. Christopher's mind only focused on Aoife's beauty.

CHRISTOPHER

(To Aoife)

Yeah.

GREG
Chris here, only has a map to the pot
of gold!

Arthur snorting in a laugh, alongside mucus.

CHRISTOPHER
(Punches Greg)
Back off.

Greg stands back, holding a numb arm. Christopher attention goes straight back to Aoife. Meanwhile, Arthur and Greg walk on ahead.

ARTHUR
Meet you later, Chris.

Chris nods to the, turning to Aoife, who's quite pissed off.

CHRISTOPHER
They can be dicks sometimes.

AOIFE
(Warmly)
I can see.

CHRISTOPHER
But, you are different. Do you mind me asking, this place has a highly credited reputation. And, well, is your dad a business man or something? (Judgmental stare from Aoife)
I know it's non of my business.

AOIFE
No, you're right, it is non of your business.

CHRISTOPHER
I'm sorry, I -- sorry. Can I still walk you in?

Aoife loves the attention, the first time she's had a English gentleman talk to her in such respect. She begins to stroll forward, Christopher besides her. Up the steps of the grand, historic school.

We PAN UP to see the grand characteristics of the entrance. Beautiful architecture.

INT. MR. REYNOLD'S CLASS - DAY

Agent Poole - "Mr. Reynolds", sits at his desk, looking at his students, profiling them and then looking back down to some hidden MI5 photos of Aoife. She's still not arrived in his class.

ARTHUR
Can we start yet, sir?

AGENT POOLE
Not until all students have arrived.

ARTHUR
We're all here.

"Mr. Reynolds" checks his watch.

AGENT POOLE
Not everyone.

Christopher walks Aoife to the open door of the class.

AOIFE
(To Chris)
Thanks for walking me.

CHRISTOPHER
(To Aoife)
Nice meeting you. Christopher, by the way.

ARTHUR
(To class)
Hey, we got the paddy.

A group of kids surrounding Arthur laugh, encouraging him on. Agent Poole walks up to Aoife at the door, intruding the conversation.

AGENT POOLE
Aoife, is it?

AOIFE
Yes, sir.

AGENT POOLE
(Eyes up Christopher)
I'm new too, Mr. Reynold.

AOIFE
Nice to meet you.

CHRISTOPHER

(To Poole)

You look new.

There's an instant distaste between Christopher and Poole. Christopher doesn't back down the frightening stare down from Poole.

AGENT POOLE

(To Chris)

Get to class

Agent Poole closes the door on Christopher.

AGENT POOLE (cont'd)

(To class)

As you all know by now, I'm Mr. Reynolds, your new social studies teacher.

Aoife takes the one empty seat in front of Arthur. Arthur grinning, waiting to tease her again.

AGENT POOLE (cont'd)

So today, we're going to be learning something modern and relevant -
(Scribbles on the chalkboard)
The national/ Unionist Irish conflict.

ARTHUR

(Irish accent)

This little leprechaun would know all about it!

Laughter. Students react, humiliatingly at Aoife. Aoife though, staying bone, cold still. Unnerving.

AGENT POOLE

(Authoritative)

What did you just say?

(Nothing)

Apologize.

Arthur does nothing. Standing his ground. The tension rising, the anger in Poole building to a limit.

AGENT POOLE (cont'd)

Apologize.

(Shouts)

NOW.

ARTHUR
(Swallowing pride)

So--

Before the first syllable of 'sorry' comes out of Arthur's mouth, it gets cut short by Aoife's fist. White knuckles smacking Arthur's face.

Students roaring in shouts of upheavals. Egging on the scuffle. Aoife's a natural, climbing on top of Arthur, pulling his body up by his shirt only to plunge her fist directly to his face. Blood splatters. It's a frenzy.

AOIFE
(Violently flailing)
Privileged (Punches)
Little (Punches)
Cambridge boy (Punches)
Faggot!

Lost in the anger of her trance, Aoife can't stop attacking, Arthur a bloodied and panicked mess. Everyone still crowded around.

Agent Poole, pulling her off Arthur. Aoife's breathing deep and resentful, catching her breath

AGENT POOLE
Outside now!

ARTHUR
(Scared)
She's a psycho. She's nuts!

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dragged out to the hallway. The door slams closed. Aoife struggling to escape "Mr. Reynolds's" grasp.

AOIFE
Get off me!

AGENT POOLE
(Letting go)
First day of school? You've made a mockery of yourself and me!

AOIFE
That Arthur should take a punch better. Even my kid brother could take it better. What a bitch.

AGENT POOLE

Or you should learn to take an insult better. This isn't acceptable, I'm calling your parents.

Aoife glares back with stand offish eyes. Calling "Mr. Reynolds's" bluff. Poole wins the game of chicken, starting to walk of, towards the phones.

AOIFE

Where do you think you're going?

AGENT POOLE

I told you, to call your parents.

AOIFE

That decision may be an expensive one to make.

There's a pause. A threatening pause? Poole's face and body jolting still as a reaction. Turning to look at Aoife, staring him down, arms crossed at the end of the hall.

AGENT POOLE

Was that a threat?

AOIFE

(Confused)

NO? They live in Ireland, I just don't want you getting shafted out of pocket on the landline.

AGENT POOLE

The students that go here are the sons and daughter's of the most powerful people in the country. I don't think a phone call to Australia from this place would make a dent.

Agent Poole begins to walk away again. Aoife's crossed arms showing off the blood in her body boiling. She looks like a woman that could kill, if need be.

AGENT POOLE (cont'd)

(Walking away)

I would say welcome to the wealthy world of Cambridge, but something tells me you don't belong here.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

INT. MC.BURN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The Irish kitchen with a dining table in the middle. Shot rabbits hang by their feet, ready to skin. Herbs grow near the windowsill.

Conner speed walking through the back door, straight into the kitchen. Forehead sweating beads, and slamming the door closed and locked.

CONNER MC.BURN
(Panicking)
KIDS. GET IN THE BASEMENT.

The kids do exactly what he says, running down from upstairs and giving their father a quick look, before going down to the basement. Then, Mary thumps down the stairs into the kitchen, worried sick.

MARY MC.BURN
What the hell is the matter with you?

Conner checks to make sure he's locked the back door again.

CONNER MC.BURN
Down to the basement, now!

Now Mary grabs the basement door handle, going straight down with the kids. We hear her quick footsteps running down the cement stairs, in fear.

We hear a knock from outside the back door. Conner ducks down, trying not to be seen and his beads of sweat drop down to the back door mat.

PATRICK (O.S.)
(Bangs door)
Open up! I know you're in there,
Conner, your shit wagon's parked out
front.
(Pause)
I'm going to knock one more time.
You're going to answer.

Conner sneaks across the kitchen, jumps onto a piano stall (makeshift chair) and grabs from the top shelf; A SHOT GUN. He brings it down, placing it, hidden with the umbrellas at the bottom of the coat hanger.

The door knocks again, shuddering the hinges.

PATRICK (O.S.) (cont'd)
 (From outside)
 That's it.

BANG. Smoke rising, the back door - flung open by the shell of a shot gun fire. Patrick walking in like he owns the place, casually swinging the gun like a pendulum.

PATRICK
 There you are. Where's Mary, where's the kids?

Conner's skin growing white and pale, looks over to the basement door.

PATRICK (cont'd)
 (With boredom)
 Come out of the basement. I know you're in there. Come out or I'll come down there and shoot you one by one.

Mary and the kids slowly come out, Mary begging.

MARY MC.BURN
 Please don't kill them Patrick. You wouldn't!

PATRICK
 Maybe I would.
 (A beat, a laugh)
 There they are, the happy little family. Well sort of happy, right Conner?

Patrick walks behind Mary and the kids, all of them in a row, looking forward, scared to move. Patrick slaps Mary's ass, groping it, so Conner sees.

Patrick steps back, observing them all in shock, amused by it.

PATRICK (cont'd)
 But hold on a minute, someones missing. Hmmm. Yes! That's it! Aoife! I wonder where she is. Brazil... China...Portugal?

CONNER MC.BURN
 Stop intimidating, you clearly already know where she is.

MARY MC.BURN
 (Shaking)
 She's in England, Patrick.

PATRICK
 (Game show - like)
 DING DING DING. Correct! You're the
 winner, Mary. Or should I say Aoife,
 if she was here. Talk about luck of
 the Irish.
 (Slowly, to Conner)
 One point five million.

Conner looking to his wife, disappointed. Mary, starting to
 sob.

PATRICK (cont'd)
 (Callous)
 It's amazing all the secrets you can
 hear when you're inside a woman.
 (Winks to Conner)

CONNER MC.BURN
 You're a piece of shit.

PATRICK
 (Leaning in)
 What did you just say?

Conner keeps his mouth shut, but Patrick's up close with his
 gun, grabbing Conner's neck, pushing him down to his knees,
 keeping his grip on his neck. Holding him steady. The kids
 scream.

PATRICK (cont'd)
 (Aiming down)
 What the fuck did you just say to
 your commanding officer?

The kids keep screaming, Mary pleading for Conner's safety.
 Patrick holds the gun steady, foaming at the mouth, capable
 of blowing Conner's head off right here and now.

PATRICK (cont'd)
 (Mad)
 I ought to tar and feather you
 myself.

MARY MC.BURN
 (Lashing out,
 pleading)
 Stop! Stop, you can't!

PATRICK
 (A beat, laughs)
 Suppose you're right, there Mary. He
 is my chief bomb maker, this fine
 man.
 (Looks Mary straight in eye)
 Suppose it should be you're
 sacrifice.

Patrick letting go of Conner, lunging forward and taking
 Mary's neck in a grip hold. The kids, now screaming. Conner
 looks over to his gun. --

- The phone rings.

INTERCUT TO:

INT. LEY'S SCHOOL - HALLWAY PAYPHONE - CONTINUOUS

Agent Poole stands, leaning over the YELLOW PAGES in the
 empty hall, Aoife in the background, waiting for the
 punishment.

We hear Poole's end of the phone line, waiting for the
 pickup.

INT. MC.BURN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The phone rings again, Patrick's eyes fierce and paranoid.
 He walks to the phone, dragging Mary with him.

PATRICK
 (Picks up phone)
 Hello, Mc.Burn residence.

AGENT POOLE (V.O)
 (Filtered)
 Hello, this is Mr. Reynolds calling
 from Ley's private school.

PATRICK
 (Eye roll to Conner)
 Of-course it is.

AGENT POOLE (V.O)
 (Filtered)
 It's regarding Aoife, is this Mr.
 Mc.Burn I'm speaking with?

PATRICK
 I'll pass him on now.
 (Covers phone mic)
 You're little bitch of a daughter
 wasn't cut out for private school -
 be quick, it's the last time you'll
 speak to your little princess.

Patrick holding up the phone, waiting for Conner to take it.

INT. LEY'S SCHOOL - HALLWAY PAYPHONE - CONTINUOUS

Agent Poole's eye's widen up in shock. The cry of Aoife's mother heard down the payphone.

CONNER MC.BURN (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 Hello, this is Aoife's father. What's
 she done now?

AGENT POOLE
 I'll let you tell her.
 (Shouting to Aoife)
 Aoife, come here, it's your father.

Aoife's eyebrows raise, walking slowly, confused and taking her time. Giving time for Agent Poole to implant a temporary phone bug, with a transmitter. The device is tiny.

AGENT POOLE (cont'd)
 (To Aoife)
 Quickly now - I have a school
 meeting.

Poole drops the phone, making a dash down the hall, leaving Aoife dazed with the phone.

AOIFE
 (Through phone)
 Dad?

INT. LEY'S SCHOOL, ANOTHER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The echo patter of Poole sprinting down the empty hall. Rubber squeaking on the ground of his feet. A drum beats louder and louder, making us feel the tension rising. Poole runs past us, through a door.

INT. LEY'S SCHOOL - TEACHER STAFFROOM - DAY

Agent Poole pushes through the door, looking around everywhere for a phone. Spotted one!

Two other school teacher's eating lunch get disturbed by Poole, picking up their things and trying to leave without making eye contact, as Poole pushes some books out the way to access the line.

As Poole waits for the phone to connect to HQ, he see's the back of nerdy school teacher's head; Eating pasta. The head turns slowly around, looking back to Poole awkwardly.

AGENT POOLE

(To teacher)

Could you give me a minute please?

The teacher goes out the room. We hear the dialing stop, connected. Agent Poole is now alone in the room.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

(Filtered)

Code?

AGENT POOLE

Six - nine - eleven - eight - three - one. Put me through to Hammond. Department 82174 - QUICKLY!

INT. LEY'S SCHOOL - HALLWAY PAYPHONE - CONTINUOUS

Aoife's looking worried, hearing her mother's sobbing cries, disturbing her.

AOIFE

(Into phone)

What's going on? Is mom crying?

CONNER MC.BURN (V.O.)

(Filtered)

I'm sorry, I'm so sorry Aoife.

(Whispers)

I need you to play along --

PATRICK (V.O.)

(Filtered, shouting)

Is that you're daughter, Conner? Tell her how you fucked up. Tell her how you, and your family are going to die for selfish decisions.

INT. LEY'S SCHOOL - TEACHER STAFFROOM - CONTINUOUS

Agent Poole looking somewhat relaxed now that Hammond answers.

AGENT HAMMOND (V.O.)
(Filtered)
Urgent? What is it?

AGENT POOLE
(Nervous)
Patrick, fucking, Donnely. I have
Patrick Donnely on the line right
now, record it!

AGENT HAMMOND (V.O.)
I'm on it!

We hear the beat of Agent Poole's heart start to relax, as he leaves the phone dangling, swinging on the line and leans his back on the wall behind him.

INT. MC.BURN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Conner's sweat is smeared on the phone against his ear. The room gives off a heat to make everyone sweat.

AOIFE (V.O.)
(Filtered)
Is mom crying? Dad?

Conner eyes up his shotgun, taking a step towards it but Patrick clocks him.

PATRICK
Don't you fucking dare. Stay there.

Conner with a hand up, still on the line. Relaxed and somehow in control.

PATRICK (cont'd)
(Gripping Mary)
Aoife, you might want to cover your
ears, it's going to be a loud bang
when your mother's head comes off.

MARY MC.BURN
Please don't. P - p please.

AOIFE (V.O.)
(Filtered)
What the fuck, dad?

CONNER MC.BURN
 (Through phone)
 Take action.

AOIFE (V.O.)
 Put him on, put him on the fucking
 phone!

PATRICK
 (Edgy)
 What is it?

CONNER MC.BURN
 She wants to speak to you.

Surprised, Patrick lowers his shotgun. Staying alert, yet letting go of Mary; She flies into the arms of her children letting out a cry of desperation that's sickening.

PATRICK
 (To Mary)
 Shut up!
 (To Conner)
 Over there, where I can see you.

Conner snatches the phone, raising his gun up to Conner. Ready to fire at a moments notice.

PATRICK (cont'd)
 (Into phone)
 Hello dear.

INT. LEY'S SCHOOL - HALLWAY PAYPHONE - CONTINUOUS

Aoife bites her lip, going all in.

AOIFE
 Is everyone safe?

PATRICK (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 For now.

AOIFE
 Good. You know where I'm at?

PATRICK (V.O.)
 The nice little city of Cambridge.

AOIFE
 Ley's school. The very heart of all
 things cherished.

(MORE)

AOIFE (cont'd)
 Everyone important sends their kids
 here. It's a perfect target. And I'm
 your in.

PATRICK (V.O.)
 Bullshit.

AOIFE
 Set up a meeting. Bring the
 equipment. I'm ready, I've been ready
 for a long time, ask my mother.

PATRICK (V.O.)
 (Thinking)
 Hmm --

AOIFE
 Christopher Taylor. The name won't
 mean much to you. But you know who
 his father is?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MI5 HEADQUARTERS, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dark and secluded in the building. No windows. We see audio
 recording tapes spin round in circles.

Two analysts listen to the phone line with headphones in,
 although it's playing out loud as well, enough so that agent
 Hammond, who's overlooking the analysts, to hear too.

PATRICK (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 Cut the sh--

AOIFE (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 -- Shadow secretary.
 (Nothing)
 That's right, and there's plenty more
 of them. Rich kids with billionaire
 parents. Doctors, who will give you
 access to patients. Politicians kids,
 who I could get close to, who I can
 intercept.

PATRICK (V.O.)
 (Sarcastic)
 So why do you want to help the cause
 all of a sudden? And what would be
 Aoife's master plan?

AOIFE (V.O.)
 I've been wanting to help since day
 one. I'm the daughter of a bomb
 maker, I'm your way in. You're the
 terrorist master mind. I'll leave the
 planning to you.

We hear the phone cut out.

INT. LEY'S SCHOOL - HALLWAY PAYPHONE - DAY

Aoife slams the phone down, takes a breath, starts to cry.

AOIFE
 Oh, God.

INT. MI5 HEADQUARTERS, OFFICE - DAY

One of the analysts spins around with a copy of the tape
 recording, offering it up. Taking off one of his headphones.

MI5 ANALYST
 Happy, sir?

AGENT HAMMOND
 (Takes tape)
 Ecstatic.

INT. MC.BURN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Patrick puts the phone down, looking humbled. Turns around
 and - There's Conner, with his shot gun pointed right at
 Patrick's forehead.

CONNER MC.BURN
 I fucking told you. I told you, I
 told Roy I have a plan. So go back to
 him, with your tail tucked between
 your legs and let him know.

PATRICK
 Relax Conner. I'm going. But I don't
 have to tell Roy a word. I could come
 back --

CONNER MC.BURN
 -- Don't --

PATRICK

-- I could come back, when your sleeping and take you and your family out. No trace.

CONNER MC.BURN

You think I didn't give Roy's contact details to Aoife? Pathetic. Commanding officer, my ass.

Patrick smiles with evil in his eyes. It pierces Conner, painfully. But Conner raises the gun. Finger on the trigger.

CONNER MC.BURN (cont'd)

(Ready)

Feeling tough today?

PATRICK

(Backing off)

I'll be on my way, then. Congratulations Conner. I'm sure this act of loyalty will go very much noticed.

CONNER MC.BURN

Get the fuck out, you freak! Leave the gun here.

Patrick reduces his movement even more, slowly placing down his shotgun, clanking it on the kitchen floor.

He raises up, walking backwards towards the back door and exits. Conner, running to the door and locking it.

CONNER MC.BURN (cont'd)

Mother fucker!

Mary and the kids are destroyed, bellowing in fear.

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4

EXT. LEY'S SCHOOL, FRONT ENTRANCE STEPS - DAY

The school bell rings. Aoife observes, trying to find Christopher in the crowd. There's a tap on her shoulder.

CHRISTOPHER

Hey.

AOIFE

Oh, hey. Creeping up on me?
(Nothing)
I'm kidding.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh haha. Look. I just want to be straight with you. I got a really good vibe from you and I want to ask you --

AOIFE

-- For dinner?

CHRISTOPHER

(A beat)
Yeah. I know this Italian in the city.

AOIFE

Maybe you can do more than take me out for dinner.

CHRISTOPHER

Like come round mine?
(Off flirtatious look)
What's your number?

Aoife pulls out a Biro. Micro - aggressively taking Jack's hand and inks her number on it. There's a moment Jack looks to Aoife with awe.

AOIFE

I'll see you around, Christopher.

She leaves Christopher lost for words.

Greg and Arthur see Christopher is in a trance, running down the steps and smacking him in the head with an exercise book - having a laugh at his sore reaction from his daydream.

EXT. TAYLOR MANSION, GARDEN POOL - DUSK

Christopher finishes off his last lap. The water sloshing as he climbs out, grabbing a towel. The summer sky setting down.

INT. TAYLOR MANSION, CONSERVATORY - DUSK

Christopher heading back inside with his towel in hand, drenched. He slides the door closed again. A smooth rolling noise.

Heading up to a large fridge and opening it, the light making the room a lot clearer. Christopher takes an ice cold desperado from the shelf. Slamming closed the door and opening the bottle.

The cap bounces along the side as Christopher sips, walking out the room.

INT. TAYLOR MANSION, LIVING ROOM - DUSK

We hear two voices chatting away. The door is open, showing the stairs in the background and Christopher walking up them. Still sipping his beer, his flip flops bouncing against the marble steps.

MICHEAL TAYLOR (O.S.)

Christopher, come down here a minute.

Christopher coming back down, coming closer into the room, only in his swimming shorts. Christopher turns his head to see:

NEW ANGLE: AGENT POOLE - MR. REYNOLDS IN HIS LIVING ROOM.

Casually sipping a coffee with Christopher's dad.

CHRISTOPHER

Dad, am I in trouble?

MICHEAL TAYLOR

No, it's not that.

AGENT POOLE

But you will be if you don't cooperate. Sit down, Christopher.

Christopher keeps his back to a couch, slowly slumping down in surprise.

AGENT POOLE (cont'd)
This is going to be blunt but honest.
I'll lay it all down.

(A beat)

We know there's a IRA terrorist plot
against your family. We have reason
to believe that you can help.

CHRISTOPHER
Dad? Why is Mr. Reynolds.... Is he
high?

MICHEAL TAYLOR
He's not a teacher, Christopher. Mr.
Reynolds isn't his real name.

CHRISTOPHER
Then, what is it?

AGENT POOLE
That doesn't matter. It's not
relevant.

MICHEAL TAYLOR
He's with the secretary for defense.

AGENT POOLE
(Showing badge)
MI5, to be precise. The important
information is this. In order to keep
your family and loved ones safe,
we're assigning you an Intel roll.

CHRISTOPHER
(Holding head)
What?

AGENT POOLE
You're to report any information to
me - MR. Reynolds.

Christopher looking mind blown, confused and faded.

CHRISTOPHER
I don't --

Agent Poole pulls out some POLAROID PHOTOS.

INSERT IN: INTELLIGENCE PHOTOS OF AOIFE, HER DAD CONNER AND
PATRICK DONNELLY.

AGENT POOLE
Looks familiar? She's a terrorist.

CHRISTOPHER
This can't be real. Dad?

AGENT POOLE
This is very real, and you're going
to play a crucial roll in the
operation.

There's a pause, Christopher looking into Agent Poole's eyes,
silently begging it to all end.

CHRISTOPHER
Aoife?

AGENT POOLE
The daughter of an IRA bomb maker,
Conner Mc.Burn Along with a comrade
of his, Patrick Donnely. Both of whom
work for one of the leading four
brothers in the group - Roy Murphy.

CHRISTOPHER
The St.Patrick day's bombings?

AGENT POOLE
The very same. We have a tape of
Aoife discussing how she'll be using
you either as proxy or a target in an
upcoming terrorist attack.

CHRISTOPHER
So she doesn't actually - she didn't
actually --

AGENT POOLE
Like you? Don't be so melancholy.
You're what, 16? There's plenty more
girls for your lifetime. She asked
you to be close to you - that's all.

MICHEAL TAYLOR
(Comforting son)
Come on --

CHRISTOPHER
(Shrugs it)
-- Get off. Can I hear the tape
please?

AGENT POOLE
You know I can't show you that. It's
too highly classified. We're trusted.
You're expected to believe in us.

[Pause]

Christopher gives a lost look to his father, but Micheal only turns away, resilient to emotions and back to Agent Poole.

CHRISTOPHER
And if I don't co - operate?

AGENT POOLE
(Defiant)
How does 10-20 behind bars for co-
conspiring on a terror attack sound?

Christopher looks down, gritting his teeth and getting worked up. He gets up, spilling his beer all over the table, ruining the intelligence photos.

CHRISTOPHER
(Walking off)
Fuck you!

MICHEAL TAYLOR
Christopher.

Agent Poole licks his lips in a patient way, drying the photos with his tie and sarcastically facing Micheal.

AGENT POOLE
Pretty resilient one, isn't he?

MICHEAL TAYLOR
He takes after me. Wait here.

INT. TAYLOR MANSION, CHRISTOPHER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Christopher grabs his bathrobe, red eyes that were upset. Micheal steps in the room, blocking Christopher's exit.

MICHEAL TAYLOR
Sit down.

CHRISTOPHER
(Moving around)
You're not going to change my mind.

Micheal shoves his son onto the bed, the strength flinging Christopher with a comfortable landing, still looking shocked.

MICHEAL TAYLOR
(Pointing)
Sit down and shut up!

Micheal takes a seat at the end of the bed, not looking to his son's eyes.

MICHEAL TAYLOR (cont'd)
Now I know hearing those things hurt you. I'm sorry she's not who you thought she was. But it's time to grow up, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER
You think I'll back down to a secret service blackmail.

MICHEAL TAYLOR
(Outraged)
I THINK YOU'LL DO WHAT KEEPS US SAFE.
It's in you're blood.

Christopher backs away, never before seeing his father like this. A tear in Micheal's eye.

MICHEAL TAYLOR (cont'd)
In the war, my friend had a German girl. Unhealthily close. She seemed like a nice girl. 'Just a simple barmaid' we all thought.
(Pause)
One night we were getting briefed on a dangerous mission into Berlin. It was practically a suicide mission as it was. So that night - my friend said his farewells to his German girl.

INSERT CUT: 1945, MICHEAL TAYLOR, YOUNGER DRINKS AND WATCHES FROM THE CORNER OF HIS SIGHT, HIS FRIEND AND THE BLONDE GERMAN WOMAN HEAD UP THE PUB STEPS. GOING UPSTAIRS.

BACK TO SCENE. Christopher watching his father very closely.

MICHEAL TAYLOR (cont'd)
The next day, we were surprised by our success. We managed to get behind the last defense lines and all our men were well. But something unexpected happened. My friend fucked up.

CHRISTOPHER

What did he do?

MICHEAL TAYLOR

The German girl wasn't some clumsy
barmaid. My friends mouth was too
big, and 25 men got wiped out by Nazi
tanks because of his foolishness.

INSERT CUT: MICHEAL TAYLOR SCREAMING. RUNNING IN TERROR.
FRIENDS BLOWN UP AROUND HIM.

MICHEAL TAYLOR (cont'd)

We tracked her down. Shot her in
front of my friend. And I was ordered
to kill my clumsy friend.

INSERT CUT: MICHEAL'S WW2 SCREAMS, TIED AGAINST A POST. A
SHOT TO A NOW LIMP BODY. MICHEAL BREATHING HEAVILY.

Micheal looks over to Christopher, disturbed by the true
tale.

CHRISTOPHER

So the moral of the story?

MICHEAL TAYLOR

(Emphatic)

Nothing comes before country. Do you
understand?

Christopher just looks down, questioning how he see's life.
Micheal semi hardly hits his son's head. Christopher
snapping back into the here and now.

MICHEAL TAYLOR (cont'd)

Understand?

CHRISTOPHER

(With trepidation)

Yes - sir.

INT. TAYLOR MANSION, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Chrstopher gets led down the stairs, his father closely
following behind. Agent Poole waiting at the bottom, ready
to head off.

MICHEAL TAYLOR

He's changed his mind.

CHRISTOPHER
 (To Poole)
 I want to help.

AGENT POOLE
 (Taking out card)
 I'm glad you've come to your senses.
 Here's my - Mr Reynolds contact
 details.
 (Handshake)
 Welcome to the winning team.

Christopher shakes agent Poole's hand lightly, agent Poole looks down.

AGENT POOLE'S POV: AOIFE'S PHONE NUMBER, INKED ON CHRISTOPHER'S HAND.

AGENT POOLE (cont'd)
 (To Micheal)
 A natural informant.
 (To Christopher)
 I'll see you soon. Make contact with her, right away.

MICHEAL TAYLOR
 Have a goodnight.

AGENT POOLE
 (Opening door)
 Thank you for having me.

Micheal makes sure the door is closed properly. Standing their alone with Chris, looking to his son for the first time with admiration.

MICHEAL TAYLOR
 At least you get taught the meaning of responsibility.

Christopher shakes his head, walking back upstairs.

INT. TAYLOR MANSION, CHRISTOPHER'S ROOM - LATER

Christopher's room looks unclear. Laying on his bed, puffing a joint. A record spins playing 'America - Horse with no name'

Christopher lies on his side, putting down the joint in an ashtray and staring at the bright RED PHONE with a cyclinder dial.

Suddenly, Christopher sits up, coughing into his hand and picks up the line. Dialing in Aoife's number from his hand.

Turning the music down, we hear the first call tone - picking up straight away.

AOIFE (V.O.)
(Filtered)
Hello?

Christopher freezes, slams the phone back down and lays on his bed. Plugging in her headphones, turning the music up and sparks up the joint.

INT. AOIFE'S FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Aoife confused, slowly putting the phone down with a disappointed face. The America song playing still.

INSERT CUT: THE SUN RISING OVER THE FIELDS AND APARTMENT COMPLEX.

INT. AOIFE'S FLAT, KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

Aoife grabs a packed lunch from the fridge, her handbag and gets ready for school at the mirror at the front door.

We hear two knocks on the door. Aoife's eyes bewildered, opening the door slowly.

Standing outside is a young Irish man, scruffy and friendly looking stranger - LIAM (25), with three suitcases sitting in the outside corridor.

LIAM
Aoife?

AOIFE
Yeah?

LIAM
(Walking inside)
Good, for a moment I thought I had the wrong place. Grab the other bags, will ya?

Aoife looks offended, staring down this over comfortable stranger, strolling through her flat. Inspecting it.

AOIFE
Who the hell are you?

LIAM
 Liam?... They didn't tell you?
 (Off Aoife's look)
 Let me get the other bags and I'll
 inform you.

INSERT CUT: THE DOOR SLAMMING, LIAM LOOKING AROUND THE FLAT.

LIAM (cont'd)
 How's an Dublin girl like you get a
 place like this anyways? You must be
 really high up in the system.

AOIFE
 (Crossed arms)
 That's non of your business. And are
 you going to answer my question, what
 are you doing here?

LIAM
 I was sent by Patrick Donnelly to
 teach you.

AOIFE
 Teach me what, I need to get to
 school.

LIAM
 You may be a little late for private
 school today. You have a lot to learn
 from me. Today will easily take up
 five hours. You'll learn the values
 of the republic.

Liam reaches down to one of the suitcases, unzipping it and
 unfolding the lid. Inside lay red green and black electrical
 wires, fuses, mechanical timers, nails and explosive
 powders.

AOIFE
 What is that?

LIAM
 (Looking up)
 Today you learn how to make an IRA
 bomb, rookie.

CUT TO:

INT. LEY'S SCHOOL - MATHS CLASS - MORNING

Christopher sits at his desk, almost falling asleep and looking pale. The maths teacher that looks like EINSTEIN teacher explains algebra on the chalk board.

Mr. Reynolds - Agent Poole looks through the door window. Clocking Christopher and entering.

AGENT POOLE

I'm sorry to intrude. Could I please have a word with Christopher?

Everyone turns to Christopher, and Christopher finally looks up, like he had no sleep all night. Dazed and confused.

Christopher grabs his bag, walking across the desks.

ARTHUR

Oh naughty boy.

A few class mates laugh, Christopher walking past Arthur's desk. Not noticing him.

ARTHUR (cont'd)

(To Christopher)

What's the matter with you?

CHRISTOPHER

(Stressed)

I'm sick of hearing your fucking childish voice all the time. Fucking grow up.

A few gasps, Arthur looks seriously hurt by his friend. Mr Reynolds takes Christopher's shoulder.

AGENT POOLE

(Sympathetic to Chris)

Come on.

Christopher brushes off Agent Poole's hand, walking in-front of him to lead their way out the class.

AGENT POOLE (cont'd)

(To maths teacher)

Thank you. Won't be a moment.

INT. LEY'S SCHOOL - HALLWAY PAYPHONE - DAY

Christopher stands numb. Unmotivated to converse.

AGENT POOLE
Have you spoke to her yet?

CHRISTOPHER
No.

AGENT POOLE
Well pick up that phone and call her.
There's been no sign of her all day.
(A beat)
Pick up. The phone.

Christopher jolting, snatching the phone with an aggressive look to Poole. Christopher dials the number, cornered in his options.

AGENT POOLE (cont'd)
Good boy --

CHRISTOPHER
(In face)
Don't test me.

We hear the line pick up. Rustling and rushed on the other side.

AOIFE (V.O.)
(Filtered)
Hello?

CHRISTOPHER
(Through phone)
Aoife! It's me.

AOIFE (V.O.)
Christopher! Hello.

Agent Poole hangs around, trying to listen in to the conversation. Christopher turning away from him.

CHRISTOPHER
(High spirited)
I know you noticed you weren't at school today. Are you feeling OK?

AOIFE (V.O.)
Oh, that virus going around.

CHRISTOPHER
Tell me about it! Well I could come round after? Maybe go out. The movies?

Agent Poole mimics a fisherman pulling in a large fish, slowly on his fishing line.

AOIFE (V.O.)
Oh, you don't have to do that.

CHRISTOPHER
Tell me address, I'll be there in an hour..... (Jotting down) OK... OK... I'll see you soon.
(Hangs up, to Poole)
I hope you're happy.

AGENT POOLE
Saving a dozen lives? Yeah I'm happy.

Christopher places on his backpack, not even looking Poole in the eyes as he walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. AOIFE'S FLAT, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Fuses and soldering irons lay below rising, small waves of smoke. Aoife puts down the phone, Liam takes off his protective eye wear. Putting down his tools and stepping away from the bomb.

AOIFE
I can't do this right now.

LIAM
And why not?

AOIFE
Christopher is coming. The son of the shadow secretary. I need to get ready.

LIAM
If you're off to see the target, you can take this.

Liam presents a recording tape, minuscule in his hands. Aoife snatches it, giving him a dirty look from the blackmail and walking out. Liam shrugging, getting back to work.

END OF ACT 4

ACT 5

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - PUBLIC LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Blackout. A doorbell rings and with the swing of the door, we embrace the light. Christopher in a burgundy shirt. Holding a bunch of flowers, trying to look handsome.

AOIFE

Are they for me?
(Takes flowers)
Thank you Christopher that's so sweet.

CHRISTOPHER

How are you feeling?

AOIFE

Better, thank you for asking.

CHRISTOPHER

Well can I come in?

Christopher tries to move his way around Aoife but she creaks the door a little, blocking his view inside slightly.

AOIFE

-- No! It's - it's not clean. I've just moved in.

CHRISTOPHER

(Stepping forward)
That's OK, don't worry about that --

AOIFE

-- I SAID NO. It's a pigsty.

Christopher backs down a little. Stand offish from Aoife's over reaction.

CHRISTOPHER'S POV: A SHADOW INSIDE, CREEPING AWAY.

Christopher looks into space, a little disappointed but hiding it well.

AOIFE (cont'd)

Look, how about if you take me to a movie?

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah. Sure.

INT. CINEMA, FOYER - AFTERNOON

On the way in, hand in hand but Christopher looking a little lost. Thinking of a recent memory.

AOIFE
What's the matter?

CHRISTOPHER
(Stops walking)
Look, just be honest with me. Are you seeing someone else? I saw the shadow of the guy. At your place.

AOIFE
Oh. My God. Are you serious?

Aoife stares down Christopher, but he keeps the same, dumb onlooking stance.

AOIFE (cont'd)
That was my brother. Liam. He moved here with me.

CHRISTOPHER
Oh.

AOIFE
Yeah! You think I sleep around a lot then?

CHRISTOPHER
(Backtracking)
NO! - It's not - I'm sorry!

Aoife begins walking away into the box office, leaving behind Christopher with his embarrassing guilt. Christopher, now catching up.

INT. CINEMA, BOX OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Waiting in the small line of viewers. The dark red carpet all around and ambient soft sounds of voices chime around. Cracking popcorn and soda machines.

Aoife steps forward to the TICKET MAN.

TICKET MAN
What can I get you?

AOIFE

Yeah. Two tickets to last house on the left.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh, I already booked us in.
(To ticket man)
Christopher Taylor please.

Aoife looks to Christopher a little betrayed.

TICKET MAN

Christopher Taylor. Two tickets to 'what's up doc'. Screen nine. End of the corridor.

CHRISTOPHER

Thank you.

Christopher takes the tickets, moving on. Aoife follows slowly, still stunned by the hit.

INT. CINEMA, SCREENING CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Hardly anybody. A few open doors, echoing soundtracks as Aoife and Christopher walk right to the end. Their footsteps pattering on the floor. Christopher carries an extra large Coca-Cola.

AOIFE

(Freezes)

You didn't even ask me if I wanted to watch it.

CHRISTOPHER

I thought you'd be bored of being in control all the time. Isn't it nice to just let go every once and a while?

Aoife pouts as Christopher searches into his pocket. Pulling out an open palm with two tabs laying in clammy skin.

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)

Let me teach you how to let go. To give in to joy. Lets laugh.

Aoife looking down at the LSD. Taking a tab with a pinch and by degrees, slowly placing it into her nervous mouth. Christopher passing her his drink to help her down it.

AOIFE
 (With trepidation)
 I've never done this before.

CHRISTOPHER
 Don't worry.

Christopher takes his. Sipping on the straw.

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)
 It's worth it.

Aoife's hand is grabbed by Christopher's and they enter the screen nine doors.

INT. SCREEN NINE, MID ROW - AFTERNOON

Aoife snuggles into Christopher. Everything becomes wonky but comforting. Like a hug from the universe. The colors on the screen become enchanted for Aoife.

Aoife raises to her feet in the empty theater. Raising her hands to the projector. The photons changing colors around her hands.

INSERT IN: 'WHAT'S UP DOC' SAN FRANCISCO CAR CHASE SCENE.

Christopher and Aoife piss themselves laughing. Their LSD smiles, showing their canines as they grin.

INT. SCREEN NINE, MID ROW (LATER) - AFTERNOON

Close now. More intimate. Christopher and Aoife's laughs calming down. Holding hands.

Christopher looking down to where Aoife rests her head on his shoulder. The passion in their loving look for one another embraces.

First kiss.

AOIFE
 I don't ever want this to end.

CHRISTOPHER
 (Kisses)
 Then come home with me.

The credits of the movie begin to roll.

We hear the track 'Golden Haze - by Wild nothing' Begin to play.

CUT TO:

INT. TAYLOR MANSION, GARDEN POOL - AFTERNOON

Crickets rattle in the grass around the old wall. Aiofe breast strokes over to Christopher. Disturbing him as she clings onto his back. The water splashing a little.

AOIFE

If I were a thug, you'd be taken out.

CHRISTOPHER

You are a thug. Big Irish hands.

AOIFE

(Laugh)

Make your dick look like a little chipolata.

Aoife leans onto Christopher, but he keeps steady, watching an insect fly.

CHRISTOPHER

(Focused)

Shhhh. Look!

Aoife looks over to the apple tree that Christopher is studying. In the dim light a BUTTERFLY with one half of it's wings black and the other yellow. Not symmetrical at all.

Christopher keeping his eyes gazed as it flies over the pool, above where they high teenagers bob up and down.

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)

It's gorgeous. But no other butterfly will mate with it. It's wings don't match up.

AOIFE

That's a glass half empty approach to looking at it. You know, in Ireland there's an old folklore about them.

Aoife seductively comes over to Christopher, watching her lips move hypnotically.

AOIFE (cont'd)

The myth goes that butterflies are natures messengers.

(MORE)

AOIFE (cont'd)
 Flying between worlds and dimensions
 relaying warnings and messages. The
 bright yellow ones are a hopeful
 sign. And the darker ones....

CHRISTOPHER
 And that butterfly? Go on...

AOIFE
 (Passionately)
 If you really want to know
 Christopher....

Aoife looks into Christopher's eyes. Her pupils staring at him. Her voice clear and sharp.

AOIFE (cont'd)
 ...That butterfly is a sign that
 Christopher Taylor is destined for
 success. But there's going to be a
 whole lot of suffering to get there.

Aoife keeps a distance as Christopher keeps leaning in for a kiss, his grin growing playfully.

CHRISTOPHER
 Don't make me suffer.

AOIFE
 That's the Catholic way.

CHRISTOPHER
 Not here it's not.

Aoife cringes, pulling away blushing.

AOIFE
 Look, get me my cigarettes from my
 bag and you won't be suffering for
 long.

Christopher jumps out, the water trickling down in a chlorine blue.

POOLSIDE.

We hear water dripping and the backdrop of the Taylor mansion looks more brutal in the fading light. Christopher grabs Aoife's changing bag from the deckchair.

CHRISTOPHER'S POV: INSIDE BAG - CARLTON CIGARETTES NEXT TO A TAPE RECORDER. CHRISTOPHER CHECKS THE STATUS: NOT RECORDING.

Still feeling a little uneasy, Christopher shakes it off, climbing back in the pool.

AOIFE (cont'd)
Don't you get those wet! I can trust
you can't I?

In the background, the sliding door opens up again. And Aoife sees the shadow of what only could be Christopher's father: Micheal Taylor.

Christopher swims up close, passing the Carlton packet and beginning to kiss Aoife's neck.

CHRISTOPHER
Of course.

AOIFE
I thought I could.

MICHEAL TAYLOR (O.S.)
(Shouting from front)
C'mon Christopher, It's getting late.
Time to take your friend home.

CHRISTOPHER
(Still kissing)
She's more than a friend.

Aoife almost pushes him off.

MICHEAL TAYLOR (O.S.)
(Shouts)
Keep em' closer. You know what to do.

The door slams shut, we hear it lock.

AOIFE
What's that supposed to mean?

CHRISTOPHER
(Climbing out)
Nothing, come on.

Christopher holds out his silhouette of a hand and Aoife takes his help. Dripping water. A ticking noise rising.

END OF ACT 5