

Good Vibrations  
by  
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BLACK

TERRI (V.O.)  
(coughs)  
Wait, before I tell you all that  
I have to tell you this

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

'English Country Garden' plays.

A terrace of pre-war houses and their small, neat gardens.  
The colours are fairy-tale bright.

TERRI (V.O.)  
(dreamily)  
Once upon a time, in a land far  
away, there lived a boy named  
Terry, with a Y.

One particular house, with a large shrub in the garden has  
a poster in the front window: *VOTE HOOLEY FOR A GENUINE  
ALTERNATIVE*

TERRI (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And everything in Terry's world  
was rosy...

A tomato bursts against the window, obliterating the  
poster.

TERRI (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
... well, nearly everything...

An egg follows the tomato; stones land in the garden along  
with arrows from a kid's bow. The FOUR BOYS doing the  
throwing and shooting are all under ten.

The window of a neighbouring house shuts and 'English  
Country Garden' is replaced by 'I Saw the Light' from a  
Salvation Army band passing the end of the street.

BOY 1  
(throwing an egg)  
Commie bastards

TERRI (V.O.)  
(with an edge)  
... until the day he discovered  
he just couldn't keep his fucking  
head down.

The shrub seems to vibrate with rage. CHILD TERRI pops up.

CHILD TERRI  
My da's not a communist, he's a  
socialist.

An arrow hits him in the eye. The FOUR BOYS run. From inside the house MAVIS HOOLEY screams

TERRI (V.O.)

And then Terry was Terri with an  
I.

A siren.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Commotion. TWO AMBULANCE MEN tend to CHILD TERRI's eye. MAVIS and GEORGE HOOLEY look on helplessly.

AMBULANCE MAN 1

(preparing a syringe)  
I'm just going to give him  
something here, Mrs Hooley, for  
the pain.

MAVIS

(frantically)  
Is he going to lose it? Is he  
going to be blinded?

GEORGE

He's going to be all right.

MAVIS

(rounding on him)  
Are you a doctor now as well as a  
prophet?

GEORGE

I'm only saying.

MAVIS

That's your trouble, what you  
say. That's our trouble. I'm  
tired telling you, this isn't  
England. People here don't give  
tuppence for 'Left' and 'Right'.  
They're happy as they are hating  
each other.

CHILD TERRI

(sings)  
No more darkness, no more night./  
Now I'm so happy, no sorrow  
inside,/ Praise the Lord, I saw  
the light.

MAVIS and GEORGE have stopped arguing to stare at their son.

MAVIS  
What was that you gave him?

AMBULANCE MAN 1  
(shows her the syringe)  
I haven't even given him anything  
yet.

He does now. CHILD TERRI looks beatific.

CHILD TERRI  
(sings)  
I saw the light, I saw the  
light...

CUT TO:

EXT. BELFAST CITY CENTRE - DAY

Ambulance makes its way through the city. CHILD TERRI, Hank Williams and the massed ranks of the Grand Ole Opry sing 'I Saw the Light'

CUT TO:

EXT. HALF-TIMBERED BAR - EVENING

An ambulance stencilled with *Peace* and *Love* pulls up. The rear door opens and TERRI, now twenty, steps out. He has a bag of records on one arm and a bundle of newspapers under the other.

CUT TO:

INT. HALF-TIMBERED BAR - EVENING

TERRI bounds up the stairs to the top room almost getting jammed in the doorway with the barman GERRY, who wears distinctive heavy-framed glasses and who is coming the other way with a tray of empties.

A voice carries from inside the room.

MARTY (O.S.)  
So in conclusion, there is no  
evidence whatsoever that the  
American government is prepared  
to scale down its criminal  
activities in Vietnam.

TERRI and GERRY shuffle past one another. Inside TWENTY OR SO YOUNG PEOPLE are sitting at or on the bar tables. 'STOP THE WAR' banners adorn the walls. MARTY is on his feet.

MARTY (CONT'D)

If anything, recent events in Quang Ngai province point to an escalation in brutality.

Applause, in which TERRI joins, setting the papers on a table occupied by red-haired NED and a HIPPY GIRL.

ANDY hugs MARTY as he takes over from him at the mike.

ANDY

Thank you, Marty. Now before our next speaker, I'd just like to run through the itinerary for next week. Monday...

TERRI sits. The itinerary for the moment is background noise.

NED

The late Terri Hooley... as usual.

TERRI

Ned. Are you not going to introduce me to the future Mrs Hooley?

HIPPY GIRL turns her chair towards NED's.

ANDY is still on the itinerary.

ANDY

... Thursday we'll meet round at mine to sort out the placards for Friday's anti-nuclear march through the city centre.

TERRI's head emerges above the rest of the audience.

TERRI

(on his feet now)  
What about Wednesday?

ANDY

What?

TERRI

Wednesday. I didn't hear anything for Wednesday.

NED has picked up one of the newspapers.

ANDY

Terri, it's the only night of the week we're not doing something.

TERRI

Speak for yourself, Andy. I was going to propose a sub-committee on Laos, but if you lot aren't taking this seriously maybe I'll have to form a splinter group.

MARTY

(sarcastically)

Another one.

NED leaps to his feet, waving the paper.

NED

What's this?

TERRI

(with pride)

The next stage in our campaign.

NED

The group raises £20 for you to do up a newspaper and you give us this? *Ego*?

(turns a page, reads)

'a bumper year for Black Mountain mushrooms'

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

TERRI and his friend ERIC are tripping, looking out over the lights of Belfast.

TERRI

It's like a fallen Christmas tree with all the lights on.

At his side, Eric collapses.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALF-TIMBERED BAR - NIGHT

TERRI

Consciousness-raising.

NED

(turns another page,  
reads)

'The struggle for world peace'

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

The police are dragging Terri away from a CND sit-in

FIRST COP  
You're one squirmy bastard,  
Hooley.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALF-TIMBERED BAR - NIGHT

TERRI  
We all have our part to play.

NED  
(turns another page;  
reads)  
'The Big Interview'

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

TERRI approaches a shock-haired and shaded DYLAN.

TERRI  
Why don't you follow Joan Baez's  
lead and refuse to pay taxes  
until your country leaves  
Vietnam?

DYLAN  
(disbelieving)  
Why don't you fuck off?

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALF-TIMBERED BAR - NIGHT

NED  
You've put yourself on every  
fucking page.

OTHER PEOPLE are grabbing copies of the paper. The noise level goes up.

NED (CONT'D)  
You're a clown, Hooley. A fucking  
clown.

Before TERRI can respond GERRY appears at his shoulder.

GERRY  
(quietly)  
You're wanted downstairs.

TERRI nods at him and hoists the record bag.

TERRI  
You'll have to excuse me,  
comrades, I have some other  
constituency work to attend to  
(bends to whisper to  
HIPPIE GIRL)  
You haven't lived you know until  
you've made love to a one-eyed  
man.

HIPPIE GIRL  
Dream on.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL HALF-TIMBERED BAR - NIGHT

TERRI hands GERRY a copy of *Ego*.

TERRI  
And a copy for you too, friend.

GERRY doesn't even look at it but rolls it into a baton and carries on downstairs. TERRI is in any case distracted by ERIC, who has been conducting some business on the landing with a FURTIVE (and now fleeing) STUDENT.

ERIC  
I've a wee present for you.

He glances round before handing TERRI a miniscule joint.

TERRI  
(looking at it in the  
palm of his hand)  
You're all heart.

ERIC  
Don't underestimate it. Acapulco  
Gold laced with opium.

TERRI  
What'll it do?

ERIC  
Who knows? Just try to pick your  
moment. Don't want to scare the  
locals.



TERRI  
(genuine now)  
Tell you the truth, I'm a bit  
skint at the minute.

They start downstairs together.

ERIC  
Well, you are my most valued and  
recklessly experimental customer.  
Besides, since you and your  
subversive friends started  
meeting up there the cops seem to  
have lost interest in me. So  
enjoy.

They have reached the door to the downstairs bar.

TERRI  
You dancing?

ERIC  
You playing 'Gloria'?

TERRI  
Course.

ERIC  
I'm dancing.

CUT TO:

INT. HALF-TIMBERED BAR - LATER

Beneath a poster saying BELFAST'S NUMBER 1 DJ, TERRI is holding a microphone to a Dansette record player on which 'Gloria' by Them is revolving. ERIC is dancing. The dance floor is compact and crowded.

The record finishes. TERRI dexterously replaces it with the Maytals, 'Do the Reggay'. DANCERS stop and look at him. This is something entirely new. For a moment it appears he could be losing them then one or two shuffle from foot to foot. Soon the rest join in.

CUT TO:

INT. HALF-TIMBERED BAR - LATER

'Hold me tight' by Johnny Nash plays: 'Just think about tomorrow, girl, our future's bright...' DANCERS now include MARTY and ANDY from the meeting. HIPPY GIRL is there too, right at the front. TERRI is in his element. He takes a nip from a hip flask; stacks up five records on the turntable.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The end of the night. HIPPY GIRL emerges from the shadows. She adjusts her clothes, looking not displeased by the one-eyed man experience. TERRI follows, looking fucked, frankly. He stops by rear door of the bar, watching HIPPY GIRL join the throng out on the street.

The door opens. It's NED. He gives TERRI a murderous look then runs down the alley after HIPPY GIRL.

TERRI lights the joint ERIC gave him. He looks at it: *Fuck me*. He takes another very, very deep draw and goes back in.

CUT TO:

INT. HALF-TIMBERED BAR - NIGHT

The room is in semi darkness. GERRY is sweeping up. He has paused to look at the turntable on which the last of TERRI's records has just dropped: the 13th Floor Elevators' warped, droning version of 'It's All Over Now, Baby Blue'.

TERRI  
So what did you think of  
the music tonight?

GERRY  
Not my kind of thing.

TERRI  
What's your kind of thing then?

GERRY  
The old stuff.

TERRI  
(hopefully)  
Hank Williams?

GERRY  
The Irish stuff.

TERRI  
(suddenly looking very  
tired)  
You want to open your ears to  
what's going on around you,  
friend.

TERRI slumps against the wall. The room has got darker, the record even more distorted. GERRY stops sweeping; leans on his brush.

GERRY  
And you, *friend*, want to open  
your eyes.

(MORE)

GERRY (CONT'D)

You and your mates go on and on about Vietnam, but I never hear you mention the problems in your own backyard.

TERRI

(trying to rouse himself)

Don't start that, we've been marching.

GERRY

Of course: marching! Do you seriously think holding hands and singing campfire songs is going to change anything in this country? There's only way to get yourself heard...

TERRI

(closing his eyes, covering his ears)

Man, I don't want to hear this shit.

He opens his eyes and is confronted by a scene of carnage. The floor is littered with dead bodies. GERRY sweeps around them, lifting limbs to get at the dirt underneath.

GERRY

When someone points a gun at you you don't stick a flower in the barrel, you bomb their arsenals, you bomb their banks, you bomb the places where they go for their bread and milk.

As GERRY speaks, TERRI gets to his feet, utterly freaked, grabs his jacket and record bag and backs out of the room. GERRY's voice follows him, undiminished.

GERRY (CONT'D)

You'll all come round to my way of thinking. Wait and see. Wait and see.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELFAST STREET - NIGHT

Still the 13th Floor Elevators. TERRI is disoriented. Smoke and flames everywhere; the Peace and Love ambulance is burnt out. Projected on the walls of buildings are images from the early years of the Northern Irish Troubles: the Battle of the Bogside; troops marching into Belfast; Internment day raids; Bloody Sunday; Bloody Friday;

the blasted interior of the Abercorn bar; the Loyalist Workers' Strike: every turn of the head a new horror.

TITLES

In the course of which TERRI wanders up the path of his parents' house. The shrub from scene 1 is on fire. He walks through the open door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOOLEY FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

TERRI sits down before a television on which the kind of images he has just walked through are being screened. The Elevators peter out as a large explosion fills the TV screen, which for that moment is our entire screen.

The TERRI we see in the next instant is not the TERRI we saw before. He sits in an armchair next to GEORGE. His hair is longer, his trousers wider. He is wearing a brown lab technician's coat with KODAK over the left breast. He stares at the TV a moment longer as though catatonic; shakes himself.

TERRI  
What a fucking nightmare.

MAVIS  
(appearing behind him)  
Mind you your language.

GEORGE  
And they call this a revolution?

TERRI gets up and leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN - EVENING

It's raining. Bleak. The shrub is bare and blasted looking.

THE FINAL TITLE: *GOOD VIBRATIONS*

CUT TO:

INT. DARKROOM - EVENING

TERRI is developing photographs.

TERRI (V.O.)

So here's a question: what do you  
do then when the place you live  
in goes insane?

He walks along a line of photos hanging by pegs. The first shows a schoolboy in knee socks with a Parachute Regiment beret falling over his eyes and an SLR rifle across his lap; the second is of an elderly man in an Orange Sash holding a ceremonial sword, between his teeth; the third is a coffin draped in a Starry Plough flag; the fourth of masked men 'on patrol' in a city street.

TERRI pegs up one final photo. A mother and father sit on a sofa either side of their daughter who wears a black balaclava; the parents grin as though it is the funniest thing they have ever seen.

TERRI pulls the light cord.

CUT TO:

EXT. KODAK LABORATORY - EVENING

TERRI has just locked up. He picks up a bag of records and walks off.

TERRI (V.O.)

I reckoned that as my home town  
was now one big asylum the only  
real rebellion was to stay  
normal.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELFAST STREET - EVENING

YOUNG MOTHER stands on her doorstep calling down the street.

YOUNG MOTHER

Karen, Julie! Your dinner's  
ready.

TERRI nods as he passes her.

TERRI (V.O.)

To carry on as if nothing had  
changed.

KAREN and JULIE run up the street.

At the end of the street SOLDIERS searching a family car have taken all the seats out and set them on the pavement. The MALE OCCUPANTS are spread-eagled against a wall.

TERRI might be a ghost for all the notice anyone takes as he passes.

TERRI (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Not despite what was going on.  
Because of it.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALF-TIMBERED BAR - EVENING

Windows blacked out; a steel cage around the entrance.  
Terri walks towards it and presses a buzzer.

He takes his eye out and holds it up to the security camera. The gate is opened.

CUT TO:

INT. HALF-TIMBERED BAR - EVENING

The banner still says 'BELFAST'S NUMBER ONE DJ'. TERRI, though is playing to a room empty but for the BAR STAFF and an OLD BOY at the bar doing Spot The Ball. He takes a swig of brandy and slaps the next record on. Roxy Music, 'Street Life'.

TERRI (V.O.)  
Which in some people's eyes made  
me the biggest lunatic of the  
lot.

The BAR MANAGER approaches him.

MANAGER  
(handing TERRI £5)  
Here.

TERRI  
I thought we said ten?

MANAGER  
Ten for the whole night. That's  
you finished, I'm pulling the  
plug.

TERRI  
Why?

MANAGER  
Why? Look around you. No one  
wants to come out any more.

TERRI  
(nods)  
She does

A young woman has appeared out of nowhere and is dancing hypnotically alone in the centre of the floor. This is RUTH. TERRI and the MANAGER look on.

MANAGER hands TERRI another £5.

CUT TO:

INT. HALF-TIMBERED BAR - LATER

TERRI watches RUTH order a drink from the bar while the OLD BOY tries to engage the MANAGER in conversation.

OLD BOY  
Come here, that fella used to  
work behind the bar here - know  
the one - glasses - that wasn't  
him I saw on the TV...

A loud scratch as, mid-song, TERRI changes tack. Dion, 'Born to be with you'. The OLD BOY looks round, confused. TERRI winks at him and skips down from the stage.

RUTH is putting change in her purse.

TERRI  
Are you here on your own?

RUTH  
I was out for a walk and heard  
the music. Thought I'd come in  
and see if it was as lively as it  
sounded.

The OLD BOY sneezes.

TERRI and RUTH look at him, then each other, then laugh.

TERRI  
Wait'll I tell you, there were  
nights here when you had to queue  
just to get on the guest list.

RUTH  
(with a glance around)  
I don't mean to be cheeky, but  
you don't look like a man with  
that many friends.

TERRI  
Do you want to know the truth of  
it? I used to have lots of  
friends.

(MORE)

TERRI (CONT'D)

Lots of anarchist friends, and Marxist friends, and socialist friends, and pacifist friends, and feminist friends, and vegetarian friends, and friends who were fuck all. Then the first shot was fired, and the first bomb exploded and suddenly I didn't have any more Marxist, or feminist, or anarchist friends: I just had Catholic friends and Protestant friends. And I don't consider myself either. So...

RUTH

So now nobody likes you?

TERRI

Now I'm just a bit more choosy about my friends.

(realising he should  
lift the mood)

Do you have a pen?

RUTH

(produces one)

I'm an English student, it's compulsory.

TERRI reaches over behind the bar for a note pad.

TERRI

Here, stick your name at the top.

RUTH

Why?

TERRI

I'll tell you once you've written it down.

She shrugs, writes, gives the note pad back.

TERRI (CONT'D)

(squinting at the page)

Are you Martian? Is that even writing?

RUTH

(tries to snatch it  
back)

Stop it.

TERRI

... hieroglyphics? Am I supposed to guess what your name is?



RUTH  
It's Ruth.  
(pointing it out)  
R-U-T-H

TERRI  
Well, R-U-T-H, congratulations,  
you're the first name on my new  
guest list.

He smiles. RUTH smiles back and spins in her seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALF-TIMBERED BAR - NIGHT

RUTH pushes TERRI back against the steel security cage.  
They start kissing.

TERRI  
(up for air)  
Do you want to go back to my mum  
and dad's?

RUTH  
No. Do you want to go back to my  
mum and dad's?

TERRI  
No.

They kiss again.

RUTH  
I think I know where there might  
be a house party.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALONE ROAD VILLA - NIGHT

The house has a deserted appearance. TERRI and RUTH stand  
at the front door ringing the bell.

The door opens halfway, a young woman, MARILYN HYNDMAN,  
peeks out.

MARILYN  
Ruth!

The door swings open.

RUTH  
Marilyn. Thought I'd find you  
here. Davy here too?

MARILYN  
Reluctantly.

CUT TO:

INT. MALONE ROAD VILLA - CONTINUOUS

A huge contrast to the view from outside. The house is full of conversation, music, PEOPLE.

TERRI  
What is this place, a bomb  
shelter?

RUTH  
Belongs to one of my lecturers.  
He calls it the Lifeboat.  
Upstairs is where it's usually  
all at.  
(touching his arm)  
You go on. I'll see if I can get  
us a drink.

So upstairs TERRI goes. He tries a couple of rooms before he finds one that is wall-to-wall vinyl. And deserted.

CUT TO:

INT. RECORD ROOM - NIGHT

TERRI is picking out LPs: Velvet Underground, Gram  
Parsons's, Love, Richard Harris.

A bushy-bearded man in college lecturer casual watches from the doorway like he owns the place. Which he does.

LIFEBOAT OWNER  
You all right there?

Half a dozen other YOUNG LECTURER TYPES drift in, sitting on the arms of chairs, on the floor, the bay-window-sill.

TERRI  
Just admiring you collection.

He holds up a copy of Sonny Bono's *Inner Views*

TERRI (CONT'D)  
A misunderstood genius. Do you  
know 'Laugh at me'?  
(sings)  
'Why can't I, be like any guy...'

The LIFEBOAT OWNER cuts him short, taking the record and replacing it on the shelf.

LIFEBOAT OWNER  
Collector's item. A lot of them  
are.

TERRI  
What good's a record if it's not  
being played? I DJ in town. Come  
down one night. We'll blow the  
roof off the place...

LIFEBOAT OWNER  
I don't think so.

Laughter from some of the other LECTURER TYPES.

TERRI  
Am I missing something here?

LIFEBOAT OWNER  
Only the whole point.

TERRI  
And what's that?

LIFEBOAT OWNER  
People come here so they don't  
have to go out there. They come  
here to forget where they are for  
a night. Spiritually migrate, you  
might say.

TERRI  
Spiritually migrate?

LIFEBOAT OWNER  
Yeah. Spiritually migrate.

TERRI  
Fuck they must love you.

LIFEBOAT OWNER  
Who?

TERRI  
The IRA, the UVF, the Brits, the  
Cops, all those fuckers who want  
us to hide away in our ghettos  
and fucking lifeboats so they can  
keep us under control.

There is silence. The LIFEBOAT OWNER starts a slow  
handclap.

TERRI clenches his fists just as RUTH appears in the  
doorway carrying drinks and accompanied by MARILYN and DAVY  
HYNDMAN.

LIFEBOAT OWNER

So, let's get this clear, we go into town and play some music and lo and behold the darkness lifts, the beasts sleep and peace reigns for ever? I mean if John Lennon can't do it...

TERRI

John Lennon? Wait'll I tell you about John Lennon...

LIFEBOAT OWNER

(not waiting at all)  
... although as you've obviously been dropped in by the United Nations... Or who is it is paying your wages exactly?

TERRI

Kodak.

LIFEBOAT OWNER

Kodak, oh, well...

TERRI glares then walks across the room and pulls the curtains open.

LIFEBOAT OWNER (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing?

He pulls the curtains shut.

TERRI

I was going to open a window.

As he says this TERRI tries to do it again. There's a scuffle. TERRI and LIFEBOAT OWNER fall. Others try to jump in, but DAVY HYNDMAN gets there first and separates them. A glass is dropped, breaks, and TERRI sees RUTH rush from the room.

He gives DAVY the slip and follows.

CUT TO:

INT. MALONE ROAD VILLA HALLWAY - NIGHT

TERRI pushes through the GUESTS who have crowded round to see what the fuss is about.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALONE ROAD VILLA - MOMENTS LATER

TERRI looks this way and that.

TERRI

Ruth?

No answer. And then a bin lid rattles.

TERRI walks up the side of the house and stops before a galvanised bin. He hesitates before reaching out a hand to lift the lid.

CUT TO:

INT. BIN - NIGHT

The lid is lifted. TERRI looks down quizzically.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALONE ROAD VILLA - CONTINUOUS

TERRI is looking at RUTH, curled up tight.

TERRI

I'm taking this as a symbolic agreement with my contention that your man was stinking the place up with the shite he was talking: even a bin smells better.

RUTH

Another minute I'd have swung for him myself. Sometimes I have to hide to stop myself doing something worse.

TERRI

Sometimes it's all I can do to stop myself jumping out a window.  
(pause)  
Is there any room in there?

It should look physically impossible.

RUTH

Afraid not... Wait.  
(lifts a single milk bottle cap)  
Try now.

TERRI puts one leg over then the other. He disappears as though in a variety show magic act. One hand reappears and replaces the bin lid.

TERRI (O.S.)

I've got a glass eye.

RUTH (O.S.)  
So shut it.

TERRI (O.S.)  
Remind me to tell you that John  
Lennon story some time.

RUTH (O.S.)  
Shut it.

Long pause. The bin rocks.

TERRI (V.O.)  
Like I said, sometimes being  
normal is the best rebellion.

CUT TO:

INT. REGISTRY OFFICE - DAY

The lid lifts off a bin in one corner of the foyer and TERRI and RUTH step out, he in a brown, flared corduroy suit, she in a long, 'non-wedding' dress and carrying a bouquet.

RUTH's mother gives RUTH a hug. Her FATHER stands close beside along with DAVY and MARILYN HYNDMAN. ERIC forms a second small group with GEORGE and MAVIS.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE STREET - DAY

TERRI and RUTH leave the registry office under a token shower of confetti. They have to squeeze through a turnstile, passing ANOTHER COUPLE on their way in. TERRI and RUTH get into a waiting taxi.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - DAY

TERRI and RUTH sit in the back as close as two fully clothed people can sit. A little way up the street is an army checkpoint.

TAXI DRIVER  
(affably)  
Yous just married?

TERRI AND RUTH  
(as one)  
Yes.

TAXI DRIVER  
 (frowning, moving off  
 into traffic)  
 Yous aren't wise.

CUT TO:

INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - DAY

Bag and boxes the length of the hallway. TERRI and RUTH are moving in, DAVY and MARILYN HYNDMAN are lending a hand. The front door is open. ERIC appears in it, looking self-conscious, as well he might under a white cowboy hat. TERRI comes into hallway from the other end, does an exaggerated double take.

TERRI  
 Don't tell me, it's Hank  
 Williams's birthday? Roy Rogers'?  
 Sugar Puffs are giving away  
 cowboy hats free with three box  
 tops and an SAE?

ERIC is unable to get a word in before RUTH passes.

RUTH  
 Nice hat, Eric.

ERIC gives up. He picks up a lamp, which he carries, distractedly, through most of the rest of the scene.

MARILYN comes out from a side room into the hallway. She stops by a pile of boxes and reads what's written on the side.

MARILYN  
 Terri, Terri, Terri, Terri...  
 (has to bend to see the  
 last one)  
 Terri.

She looks around, sees TERRI.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
 Are these all your clothes?

TERRI  
 (points to a black bag  
 on the floor)  
 These are my clothes.  
 (points to the boxes)  
 These are my records.

DAVY goes to pick up a box.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
 You OK with that?

DAVY  
I spend half my life hauling  
boxes from one building to  
another. I'm not a printer any  
more, I'm a removal man.

TERRI  
It's our volatile property  
market.

DAVY  
(lifts the box)  
Where do you want them?

TERRI  
Back bedroom for now.

TERRI stands on the doorstep and lights a cigarette. ERIC  
joins him.

CUT TO:

EXT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - CONTINUOUS

ERIC  
Listen, I came to say my  
goodbyes. I'll not be around for  
a while.

TERRI  
Was it something I said?

Eric tries to raise a smile, without success.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Something somebody else said?

ERIC looks over his shoulder.

ERIC  
I got lifted the other night.

TERRI  
Cops?

ERIC  
I wish.

The scene behind ERIC suddenly darkens. He isn't standing  
on doorstep any more, but on a stool. He is naked and  
shivering, his hands covering his groin. HOODED MEN stand  
around him. ERIC, however, continues to talk as though to  
TERRI.



ERIC (CONT'D)  
Your old mate Marty was there,  
you know, from the anti-war  
movement.

MARTY's whips off his mask with one hand, with the other he  
brandishes a pair of sheep shears.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Only he seems a bit more pro  
these days.

The other HOODED MEN hold shears too now. They advance on  
ERIC.

TERRI, very much on the doorstep, winces as the shears  
flash and snap.

TERRI  
Eric!

One by one the HOODED MEN step back; MARTY is last to go.  
The lights behind ERIC change again.

His hand shakes as he takes off the hat. His hair has been  
savaged.

A KID runs up the street laughing.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Fuck me.

ERIC  
Said if I didn't pay their new  
drugs tax it'd be my balls next  
time and the time after that...

TERRI  
Where will you go?

ERIC  
London probably.

He puts the hat back on so that DAVY coming downstairs  
doesn't see his hair.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
You might want to keep under the  
radar yourself for the next while

TERRI  
I'll try.

ERIC  
Do.

TERRI goes to shake his hand, do something, but ERIC clearly wants to keep things low-key. They smile.

TERRI watches him go. DAVY comes out to doorstep.

DAVY  
Fucking hell, it's like a record shop up there. All you need is a till.

TERRI pats him on the shoulder, goes back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. KODAK LABORATORY - DAY

An alarm sounds. WORKERS, sandwiches hanging out of their mouths, rush along a corridor in the darkroom door.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKROOM - DAY

TERRI and a MIDDLE-AGED COLLEAGUE are sharing a lunchtime joint. Max Romeo's 'War in a Babylon' plays on the portable turntable. TERRI sings along.

TERRI  
'War in a Babylon, tribal war in a Babylon, let me tell you, it sipples out there...'  
(talking now to COLLEAGUE)  
I'm telling you, you have to have this, this is the business.

COLLEAGUE  
The wife wasn't so hot on the Lee Perry one you sold me last week.

TERRI  
(shaking his head, banishing the objection)  
This is so good I'm not even going to sell it to you, I'm going to give it to you, and I swear by Monday your wife'll be here pressing the money into my hand telling me how it changed your lives...

A muffled thump. TERRI and COLLEAGUE look at the door. TERRI nicks the joint; waves smoke away; nods. COLLEAGUE opens door and is face to face with a BOMB DISPOSAL MAN, or bomb disposal blimp as he appears.

BOMB DISPOSAL MAN  
(indistinctly)  
Get the fuck out!

TERRI and COLLEAGUE run. A second later TERRI returns,  
grabs the turntable.

CUT TO:

EXT. KODAK LABORATORY - DAY

BOMB DISPOSAL MAN trails a wire as he walks away backwards  
from a suspicious package. TERRI, COLLEAGUE, other WORKERS  
and TV NEWS CREW shelter behind an armoured car.

BOMB DISPOSAL MAN flicks a switch. A dull thud. The sky is  
suddenly spawning leaflets.

DISEMBODIED VOICE  
Hoax!

TERRI jumps and catches a leaflet, which is an advert for a  
revivalist meeting.

TV CAMERAMAN  
Here, you couldn't do that jump  
again?

TERRI stares a moment.

TERRI  
Sure, why not.

He leaps in the air, grinning.

The screen in that instant becomes a hundred TV screens  
showing TERRI leaping; back on the radar.

CUT TO:

INT. KODAK LABORATORY - NIGHT

TERRI is locking up.

CUT TO:

EXT. KODAK LABORATORY - NIGHT

TERRI puts keys in his pocket and turns for home. The  
street is deserted.

A car appears on the far side of the street, traveling in  
the opposite direction. TERRI pulls his chin down into his  
collar as it passes him. The sound of the car fades into  
the distance, leaving only TERRI's footsteps.

Another car appears, moving slower. We see faces at the car windows. TERRI retreats further into his collar. When the car has travelled a few yards beyond him it performs a U-turn and before TERRI has time to run pulls up at the kerbside.

CRONY 1 and CRONY 2 jump out. They pull TERRI's coat over his head and drag him towards the car. TERRI resists.

CRONY 1  
Quit wriggling, will you.

TERRI struggles even harder. At one stage his head is inside the car. He sees NED in the driver seat.

TERRI  
Ned?

NED  
(lifting a wheel brace)  
Here, hit him a whack with this.

Headlights appear further up the street.

CRONY 2  
Car!

NED  
Quick, get in.

CRONY 1 and CRONY 2 give one last tug. TERRI's coat, sweater and shirt come off. His elbow catches NED's cheekbone. He lands on his arse in the street. The car screeches off. After twenty or thirty yards the coat falls to the ground. The shirt and jumper continue to flap from the rear door

NED (CONT'D)  
(holding his hand to his face)  
You're a dead man, Hooley!

CUT TO:

INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

TERRI, in coat but no shirt, is throwing brandy into him, pacing the floor, telling RUTH the story.

TERRI  
Here's me shouting after them,  
'dead man? What am I supposed to  
die of, the cold?'

RUTH is trying to get him to sit down.

RUTH  
And you say you knew this fella?

TERRI  
I knew him all right. He was a  
prick then and he's a prick now,  
only now he's a prick with a gun.

He sits finally, closes his eyes. RUTH sits on the arm of the chair beside him. Her gaze roams over his face. She loves this man.

RUTH  
Do you think maybe it's time we  
got out of here?

TERRI's eyes snap open. He can't seem to get RUTH in focus. Wherever his eye alights there are records. Downstairs now as well as up, the house is, as Davy Hyndman said, like a record shop.

TERRI  
(the idea is taking  
shape)  
I think it's time we did  
something.

He reaches for the phone and pulls it over on to his lap.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
What's Davy Hyndman's number?

CUT TO:

EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

A down-at-heel three-storey building in a late-Victorian terrace. TERRI and DAVY HYNDMAN look up at the frontage.

TERRI (V.O.)  
I didn't know if I was going to  
die that night, but I was fucking  
sure I wasn't going to die a lab  
assistant.

DAVY  
You'll have to use a bit of  
imagination.

They go in.

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

It's a wreck.

DAVY  
So, I've already someone  
interested in a whole-food shop  
down here.

TERRI looks at the dead pigeon on the future whole-food  
shop floor, before following DAVY upstairs.

DAVY (CONT'D)  
I'll be running the community  
printing press out of the top  
floor.

TERRI and DAVY have arrived on the first floor landing.

DAVY (CONT'D)  
And you'll be here in the middle.

TERRI walks the floor.

TERRI  
One big happy family.

DAVY  
I prefer 'loose collective'.

TERRI looks out on to Great Victoria Street: boarded-up  
shops; litter.

TERRI  
Brilliant. Now who's going to be  
mad enough to give us the money?

CUT TO:

EXT. LEAFY SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

TERRI and DAVY walking at (TERRI's) speed.

DAVY  
I wouldn't get my hopes up.

TERRI  
They got the Nobel Prize, Davy. A  
million pounds to promote peace  
and love! I and I is bringing  
reggae to the people of Belfast.

They have stopped before a sign: PEACE PEOPLE.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
(hugs DAVY)  
One love.

They go in. Nothing happens; nothing happens; nothing  
happens. Then TERRI comes out, DAVY follows.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Fucking hippies.

DAVY  
Have you looked in the mirror?

TERRI  
I'm not that sort of hippie.

DAVY  
I don't think the John Lennon  
story reassured them.

TERRI  
I put John Lennon straight on a  
few matters concerning Northern  
Ireland politics... Anyway, those  
people took a million quid from  
the man who invented dynamite.  
Who are they to look down their  
noses at me?

CUT TO:

INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

TERRI and RUTH face one another across the table. He is  
brooding. She reaches under the table for her bag. She  
takes out four £10 notes and lays them on the table.

TERRI  
What's that?

RUTH  
Start-up.

TERRI  
Your mum and dad?

RUTH  
An advance. I got a job.

RUTH takes out an ID card and sets it on the table. TERRI  
picks it up and reads it.

TERRI  
Truant officer?

They look at each other a long moment then TERRI stretches  
out across the table and beats his fist in disbelief.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

BANK MANAGER  
(leaning forward)  
Say that again.

TERRI  
I want to open a record shop.

BANK MANAGER  
On Great Victoria Street?

TERRI nods.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)  
'Bomb Alley'?  
(looks at desk: Ruth's  
four tenners)  
And this is your collateral?

TERRI nods.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)  
Do you know how long it's been  
since I had someone in here  
telling me he wanted to open  
something?

He looks at the tenners again. He is tempted. He is also a  
bank manager.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)  
You haven't anything a bit  
more... substantial?

TERRI  
You mean like a house?

BANK MANAGER's face brightens.

CUT TO:

INT. PHONE BOX - DAY

TERRI  
(to RUTH)  
No, it was all pretty  
straightforward. I think it was  
the forty quid swung it.  
(runs a finger round the  
phone's change drawer  
on the off-chance)  
But, here, I just have a couple  
of other things to do then I'll  
be home.

CUT TO:



EXT. WOOLWORTH'S - DAY

TERRI enters past signs announcing BOMB DAMAGE SALE.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOLWORTH'S - CONTINUOUS

TERRI walks through the store to the record department. He indicates the LP racks to the SALES ASSISTANT

TERRI  
I'll give you twenty quid for the  
whole lot.

CUT TO:

INT. HALF-TIMBERED BAR - AFTERNOON

To the accompaniment of Johnny Guitar Watson, 'Gangster of Love', TERRI enters with a couple of very full Woolworth's bags.

Along one wall are two tables, a wary distance apart: LOYALIST PARAMILITARIES at one (ANDY is there, a twitchy, haunted-looking version of his 1960s self, as is NED, bruising still around his eye); REPUBLICAN PARAMILITARIES at the other (MARTY is head honcho).

TERRI (V.O.)  
They say if you sup with the  
devil you need a long spoon.

TERRI stops before the tables.

TERRI (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
For a bunch of cunts like these  
I'd recommend cut-price LPs.

He empties a bag on one table, a bag on the other and spreads the records out.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Don't all dive at once.

They all dive at once.

CUT TO:

INT. HALF-TIMBERED BAR - LATER

The tables are closer together. REPUBLICANS and LOYALISTS are looking at their albums.

FIRST REPUBLICAN  
 (halfway along table)  
*Desperado?* I already have this  
 one.

TERRI takes it back, gives him Leo Sayer's *Endless Flight*,  
 passes *Desperado* to the Loyalist side.

TERRI  
 Right, everybody happy?

Nods, murmurs: they're happy.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
 OK, now, can I ask you something  
 in return? See when this shop  
 opens, there's to be no coming  
 round looking a donation for the  
 Republican Prisoners...  
 (looks left)  
 ... or the Loyal Orange Widows...  
 (looks right)  
 And one other thing, there's to  
 be no trying to kill me. Anybody.

Silence.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
 Now what about one for the road?

CUT TO:

EXT. HALF-TIMBERED BAR - AFTERNOON

TERRI stands at the door, smoking. ANDY comes to stand  
 beside him.

ANDY  
 That was a great performance you  
 put on there.

TERRI  
 I try my best.

ANDY  
 See those ones in there, though?  
 They're not the ones you have to  
 worry about. Even crazies like  
 Ned remember the times before  
 this all started. It's the ones  
 coming up behind them you're  
 going to have to watch out for.

He nods across the street to where a couple of young  
 skinheads wait: JOHNNY and SKELL (who has a distinctive  
 spiderweb tattoo on his neck).

ANDY (CONT'D)  
It'll take more than a few LPs to  
buy them off.

TERRI  
You underestimate my record  
collection.

ANDY  
(pats TERRI's cheek,  
without affection)  
You haven't changed a bit. I  
don't know if that's a good thing  
or a bad thing.

He crosses the street. JOHNNY and SKELL fall in behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

A life-sized hardboard Elvis comes out the door. TERRI is  
behind, carrying it. He sets it on the footpath. The words  
*Good Vibrations* are painted in red below Elvis's knees. His  
left index finger points the way back up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

TERRI is stacking shelves, the Wailers' *Catch a Fire* on the  
turntable. Footsteps on the stairs. He turns expectantly:  
customers!

A UNIFORMED RUC MAN enters and takes up position to the  
left of the doorway. DETECTIVE SERGEANT DUNLOP follows.

TERRI  
(under his breath)  
Here we go.  
(to Dunlop)  
Detective Sergeant, I haven't had  
the pleasure in a long time.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Continuation of flashback of CND demo from p.6. DUNLOP  
waits by the door of the police van towards which TERRI is  
being dragged. He cuffs back of TERRI's head as he passes.

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

DUNLOP is having a good look around the shop.

DUNLOP

I heard there was a very  
interesting meeting last week.

TERRI

It would destroy my faith in the  
Royal Ulster Constabulary if you  
hadn't.

DUNLOP

You think you're very funny,  
don't you. I tell you what's  
going to make me laugh, though,  
closing you down.

TERRI

(genuinely nonplussed)  
For what?

DUNLOP

(picks up Wailers  
sleeve: Marley toking)  
Drugs. Your mate Eric left a bit  
of a gap in the market and I have  
my suspicions about who's filled  
it.

TERRI

It's a record shop!

DUNLOP

So you say. But see if I so much  
as find two Rizlas in the same  
room, it'll be an ex-record shop.

He sets down the sleeve on his way out; turns at the door.

DUNLOP (CONT'D)

By the way, is your man out the  
front anything to do with you?

TERRI walks to the window getting there just as the track  
ends.

TERRI'S P.O.V. GREAT VICTORIA STREET

GEORGE

(pointing same way as  
Elvis, shouting to  
passersby)  
Don't let the name fool you. Good  
Vibrations? Naked capitalism is  
what it is!

TERRI  
(to himself)  
Fuck sake, dad.

CUT TO:

EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT

It's the end of the day. Elvis is entering the building, TERRI, as previously, behind.

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT

TERRI counts the float.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELFAST CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

TERRI is walking. He stops to light a cigarette. A horn sounds. He starts, drops the cigarette down his jumper. He looks round. It's MARILYN.

MARILYN  
Do you need a lift?

TERRI has one hand down his jumper the other hand up. The up hand retrieves the cigarette, the down hand beats his chest. He gets into the car.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

MARILYN  
Did I scare you.

TERRI puts the bent cigarette in his mouth.

TERRI  
What gives you that idea?

A siren. A police land rover passes at speed, then another. They pull in up ahead, before a Victorian concert hall, the Ulster Hall. There is a melee out front. It's hard to make out what's happening, but between the land rovers odd-looking urchin creatures can be glimpsed: PUNKS

MARILYN  
I wonder what's going on there tonight.

TERRI  
I don't think it's Nana Mouskouri

TERRI looks over his shoulder as MARILYN drives him past.

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

A busy Saturday in the shop. 'Looks is Deceiving' by the Gladiators on the turntable.

At first the customers flicking through the racks will seem to be exclusively in their later 20s or even 30s: a HAWKWIND FAN here, an UNRECONSTRUCTED ROCKER there; and PUGWASH - all wild hair and beard - in a category of his own. Gradually, though, younger customers appear, moving in and out of them: the same urchins as were glimpsed outside the Ulster Hall. The PUNKS have found Good Vibrations.

One SHORT-ARSE punk makes his way to the counter where TERRI stands, a cigarette burn in his jumper from the previous scene.

SHORT-ARSE PUNK  
Have you 'Orgasm Addict'?

TERRI  
(scribbling title on a  
sheet under counter)  
It's coming. This day week.

SHORT-ARSE PUNK departs to be replaced by LANKY PUNK

LANKY PUNK  
Fuck off?

TERRI  
What?

LANKY PUNK  
The Electric Chairs: 'If you  
don't want to fuck me fuck off'.

TERRI  
(writes that down)  
It's coming too.

A third punk, GORDY, approaches.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
You looking 'Fuck off' and all?

GORDY shakes his head and hands TERRI a rolled-up poster.

GORDY  
I was wondering if you'd stick  
this up for us.

TERRI unrolls it. It has clearly been knocked up in  
someone's bedroom: *JANUARY 12TH - RUDI AND THE OUTCASTS -  
THE POUND, TOWNHALL STREET.*

TERRI  
Rudi? Is that you?

GORDY  
Nah, it's a band from here. They  
used to be shite but they're  
class now.

TERRI  
What about the Outcasts?

GORDY  
They used to be class, but  
they're...

TERRI  
... shite now?

GORDY smiles. TERRI looks at the poster again.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
You weren't one of the ones  
rioting outside the Ulster Hall  
the other week?

GORDY  
The Clash gig?

TERRI  
Is that what it was?

GORDY  
The bastards banned it at the  
last minute and we were just  
shouting, you know, 'fuck sake  
let them play' and then the next  
thing the cops came and got tore  
into us.

That settles it for TERRI. He turns to the wall behind him,  
looking for a space. When he can't see one he takes down a  
bill for a Rory Gallagher gig - in the Ulster Hall.

TERRI  
Sorry, Rory.

A throat is cleared behind him. PUGWASH is at the counter.

PUGWASH  
(handing TERRI a Shangri-  
las album)  
Just the one today, Terri.

TERRI  
Ah, Pugwash, beehives and teenage  
suicide - we obviously share the  
same taste in women. That's three  
pound.

PUGWASH pays him, takes the bag from TERRI then just as he  
is about to go turns.

PUGWASH  
Here, you couldn't order me one  
of those Fuck Offs too, could  
you?

CUT TO:

INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

TERRI lies on the living room, a sheet of writing paper on  
his chest, listening to a radio, which plays the Fall.

RUTH comes in.

RUTH  
What are you doing?

TERRI  
(not moving)  
Stock-taking. I finally worked  
out where those kids were hearing  
all the records they were asking  
for.

The Fall end. JOHN PEEL's voice is heard.

JOHN PEEL (O.S.)  
I'm John Peel and that of course  
was the Fall and this is John  
Cooper Clarke.

'Suspended Sentence' starts.

TERRI  
Anything he plays I'm ordering  
ten of.

RUTH lifts the sheet of paper, looks down the list.

RUTH  
'John Willie's Ferret', the  
Oldham Tinkers?



TERRI  
(raises his head)  
What do you think, eight?

RUTH looks sceptical.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Five?  
(takes back paper,  
scribbles on it)  
Maybe just the one ferret.

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT

The shop is closed. TERRI sits at the counter reading by the light off the only bulb left on a punk fanzine, *ALternative Ulster*. DAVY comes in.

TERRI  
(glancing up)  
Did you print this?

DAVY  
(turns his head sideways  
to see)  
Yeah.

TERRI  
It isn't a kick in the arse off  
the things I used to put out.

DAVY  
Although these kids can actually  
spell.

TERRI  
Who's doing it?

DAVY  
Couple of wee waifs from Bangor.  
They're in every week with pages  
and pages of stuff: boredom,  
despair...

TERRI  
well at least they're making a  
magazine out of it.

He stands, nods towards the Rudi poster.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
I was even thinking of going down  
to this. You up for it?

DAVY leans forward to read it then takes a step back.

DAVY  
The Pound? Are you mad?

TERRI  
Davy, if a bunch of kids can go there we should be able to. And like, 'Rudi', that's a proper name for a band. They might be all right.

DAVY  
Is Ruth going.

TERRI  
(lifts jacket)  
Sure it'll only be for an hour.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH STREET - NIGHT

TERRI and DAVY and their echoing footsteps are walking away from the city centre.

DAVY  
You know they used the Pound as a morgue on Bloody Friday.

TERRI  
Fuck sake, Davy.

They pass in front of the Albert Clock, round a corner, round another, and there is the Pound, a once-fine bar now barely standing. (For authenticity the name above the main door should actually be RODDY'S.) TEENAGE PUNKS swarm around the side entrance. They part for DAVY and for TERRI, who recognises GORDY in among them.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
See if these bands actually are shite, you're barred.

CUT TO:

INT. POUND - NIGHT

It's another city, another world entirely, in there: the crush of people, the noise. On a stage lit by a single fluorescent bulb, four crop-haired teenagers are exercising their snarls and wrenching out a song, Justa Nother Teenage Rebel (basic even by punk standards) from their instruments. These are the OUTCASTS.

The journey from the door to the bar is a crash course in teen vice, 1978 vintage: gropings, playful (but still painful-looking) headbuttings, surreptitious glue-sniffing.

TERRI and DAVY squeeze in at the bar. Amid the KIDS counting out their coins their pound notes are conspicuous, so of course the barman makes straight for them.

POUND BARMAN  
What can I get yous?

Resentful looks from the KIDS at the bar, is what.

CUT TO:

INT. POUND - LATER

TERRI and DAVY are standing towards the back of the room as the OUTCASTS finish their set.

DAVY  
What do you reckon then?

TERRI  
I've been here ten minutes, I've been spat on twice, called a cunt four times, the beer tastes like piss and these characters sound like they've been blackmailed into becoming a band. It's the best night I've had in Belfast in ten years.

DAVY  
(points towards door)  
Well it looks like it's coming to an end.

A number of RUC MEN have come in and are nabbing anyone who looks underage (and plenty do), taking names, asking for pockets to be turned out.

TERRI pushes his way through the crowd and buttonholes the NEAREST COP who is writing down the name of a PUNK GIRL.

TERRI  
Excuse me, officer, I know what you're doing here is very important and all, but once you're finished I'd like to report a civil war outside.

NEAREST COP  
Step back, sir.

TERRI  
No, really, take your time. The bombing, shooting, intimidation, that can all wait while you smell her breath to see if she's been drinking.

NEAREST COP  
 (to PUNK GIRL)  
 Stay you there.  
 (to TERRI)  
 And, you, I've warned you once:  
 step back.

TERRI steps forward. NEAREST COP's hand moves towards the gun at his hip. Suddenly a single guitar chord sounds. Another band has taken the stage. What they lack in snarls they make up for in cheek. This is RUDI.

Down on the floor TERRI and NEAREST COP are still squaring up.

RUDI's singer RONNIE MATTHEWS leans into the mike.

RONNIE  
 (more spoken than sung)  
 We hate the cops.

TERRI and NEAREST COP finally look at the stage where RUDI are ripping into 'Cops'. The audience have forgotten about the actual RUC MEN among them and are singing along.

POUND PUNKS  
 We hate the cops, we hate the  
 cops.

TERRI joins in, right in NEAREST COP's face. The atmosphere has changed, the RUC have lost control.

By the the door of the bar DET SGT DUNLOP, who has clearly been in command, gives the signal to withdraw. NEAREST COP leaves reluctantly. DUNLOP makes eye contact with TERRI who is giving it all he has got.

RUDI/POUND PUNKS/TERRI  
 (chanting)  
 SS RUC, SS RUC.

When the last cop has gone there is pandemonium. TERRI is in the thick of it, hugging RANDOM PUNKS, getting head-butted (accidentally? Maybe not, though he appears not to mind).

RONNIE  
 OK, now that we've cleared the  
 air a bit...  
 (the audience cheer)  
 ... this is 'Big Time'.

At guitarist BRIAN YOUNG's opening riff the audience surge towards the stage. Suddenly the fluorescent stage light falls from the ceiling. RUDI play on regardless in the gloom. GORDY reclaims the light, still lit, and swings it above his head.

TERRI looks around him - at the kids, at the band, at the waving light - and it is all too much. He starts to cry. Then he jumps up and down with everyone else.

CUT TO:

INT. POUND - LATER

The end of the night. TERRI makes his unsteady way through the remnants of the crowd. RUDI, at the bar, watch his approach warily.

TERRI

Boys, where have you been all my life?

He hugs each one in turn, unaware quite how little RUDI want to be hugged.

BRIAN

Do we know you?

TERRI

Me? Maybe. Terri Hooley. I run a record shop and that 'Big Time' song...

(he sings the riff)

That's up there with 'Gloria'. I want that in my shop.

RONNIE

You can want all you like.

TERRI

Are you telling me you haven't recorded it?

BRIAN

'Alternative Ulster' were thinking of maybe doing it as a flexi-disc.

TERRI

Flexi-fucking disc? Did 'Be-Bop-a-Lula' come out on flexi-disc? Did 'Leader of the Pack'? Raise your expectations, for fuck sake. That song belongs on vinyl.

RONNIE

We know it does, but no one's ever going to come to Belfast to sign us, so that's just the way it is. We don't care.

TERRI  
(after a pause)  
Well, I'm going to put it out.

BRIAN  
You're blocked... And one of your  
eyes is missing.

TERRI puts his hand to his face. For the first time he (and the audience) realises that during this entire conversation his glass eye has been missing.

TERRI  
None of that matters. I'll put  
that record out. I'll put the  
'Cops' one out and all.

BRIAN  
How?

DAVY arrives at TERRI's shoulder just in time to hear...

TERRI  
I'll set up a label.

RONNIE  
Just like that?

TERRI  
Aye.  
(it dawns on him, he  
can)  
Just like that.  
(to DAVY)  
How hard can it be?

RUDI look at one another and laugh.

BRIAN  
Whatever you think, mate.

TERRI feels a tug on his sleeve. He looks round, then down. The SMALLEST PUNK yet hands him the glass eye.

SMALLEST PUNK  
This yours?

TERRI  
Cheers, kid.

He pops the eye back in, blinks, and sees four wide-open RUDI mouths.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
I'll be in touch during the week.  
You're making a record, fellas.

TERRI and DAVY head for the exit.

DAVY  
I'm not saying you shouldn't, but  
we are meant to be a collective.

Before TERRI can answer GREG COWAN, the Outcasts singer,  
approaches.

GREG  
Here, will you sign us too?

TERRI  
I'm not that fucking drunk.

CUT TO:

EXT. POUND - NIGHT

The crowd outside the bar disperse in different directions  
through the surrounding streets.

CUT TO:

INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

RUTH opens the front door. TERRI staggers past, grinning.

RUTH  
(anger mixed with  
relief)  
Where were you? I've been sitting  
here for the last hour listening  
to the police radio. I thought  
you were lying dead somewhere.

TERRI doesn't answer; his head is elsewhere.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Terri, are you listening to me? I  
asked you where you were.

TERRI shakes his head.

TERRI  
I'm not sure I know how to tell  
you.

RUTH  
(exasperated, heading  
for the stairs)  
Well, I know where I have to be  
at half eight in the morning.

CUT TO:

INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

RUTH is sleeping. Terri is awake staring at the ceiling.

TERRI's POV: the ceiling is a movie screen; TERRI wearing Hank William's famous white suit, with rhinestone music notes, is on stage at the Pound with RUDI and the OUTCASTS and a host of POUND PUNKS singing 'I Saw the Light'.

CUT TO:

EXT. WIZARD BOUTIQUE - DAY

Wizard is the 70s viewed from the wrong end of the telescope, a land of loon pants and tie-dyes, presided over, very visibly from the street, by DAVE SMYTH. TERRI and BRIAN YOUNG enter, becoming part of the window display. Handshakes all round. DAVE SMYTH puts on his coat. They leave and turn down an alleyway.

CUT TO:

EXT. WIZARD STUDIO - DAY

The exterior is unpromising: basic warehouse. DAVE SMYTH unlocks a door. He and TERRI and BRIAN YOUNG enter.

CUT TO:

INT. WIZARD STUDIO - DAY

The interior is a revelation: a proper studio.

TERRI  
What do you think?

BRIAN  
(nods)  
Sound. How soon can we get in.

TERRI looks at DAVE SMYTH who narrows an eye as though consulting an inner diary. An inner blank diary.

DAVE SMYTH  
Let me see now, let me see...  
Tomorrow morning looks free.

TERRI  
Fuck sake, Dave, we're music people.



DAVE SMYTH  
(correcting himself)  
Tomorrow afternoon.

CUT TO:

INT. WIZARD STUDIO - DAY

TERRI stands behind DAVE SMYTH at the desk, watching as RUDI do 'Big Time'.

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

Close up on the 'Big Time' Good Vibrations label as the record spins on a turntable.

TERRI stares mesmerised. On the counter a pile of singles in their Good Vibrations sleeves, PUNKS picking them up and looking at them.

CUT TO:

INT. HOOLEY FAMILY HOME - EVENING

TERRI and RUTH are having dinner with MAVIS and GEORGE. Throughout, MAVIS attempts to keep up a hostess's (and mother-in-law's) politeness.

TERRI  
Pass me the salt there.

MAVIS  
Please.

TERRI  
Please.

RUTH  
The potatoes are lovely.

MAVIS  
They're George's own. You should get him to take you round the garden after dinner. You wouldn't think it, all the size of it, but he could feed half the street out of it. And many's the time he has. Haven't you, George?

GEORGE grunts in reply. He has been biding his time.

GEORGE

(to TERRI)

So you're a record company boss now too, are you? What did you do, leave the Jag round the corner?

MAVIS

(to RUTH)

Those peas are his as well.

TERRI

Catch yourself on, dad. It's not like you think. There are no contracts. Everything's split fifty-fifty.

RUTH looks a little anxious.

MAVIS

(to RUTH)

What about your work?

RUTH

(one ear on TERRI and  
GEORGE)

I'm doing grand. I'm up in Ballysillan mostly.

GEORGE

It's the most rotten industry there is: bribes, payola, cartels. You'll either end up a crook or you'll go broke.

TERRI

I'll never be a crook.

MAVIS

(to RUTH)

It's the parents need the talking to, not the kids. Kids will only do what they're let get away with.

TERRI

(to GEORGE, but with his  
good eye on RUTH)

Actually, I'm thinking of taking a couple of the groups out on the road next month.

GEORGE

(throwing down his fork)

And now he's an impresario! The Lew Grade of Great Victoria Street.

TERRI goes to speak, but doesn't. Ditto RUTH. They eat.

MAVIS  
Anyone for more gravy?

CUT TO:

EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

TERRI is loading up a minibus, aided by GREG and GETTY from the Outcasts, LANKY PUNK and SHORT-ARSE PUNK.

BRIAN YOUNG arrives carrying a guitar case, as GETTY staggers out of the shop with an amp.

BRIAN  
Are these the Rudi roadies?

GREG passes, carrying a box.

GREG  
Ha fucking ha.

TERRI  
(to BRIAN)  
Meet your new label-mates.

BRIAN  
You've changed your tune.

TERRI  
Well, I'd have grown old waiting  
on them changing theirs.

GETTY walkd back towards the shop, rubbing his sides, feigning laughter.

BRIAN  
Anyone else coming on this tour?

TERRI  
Tearjerkers...

SHORT-ARSE PUNK  
Can we come?

TERRI  
(without missing a beat)  
... these two...

BRIAN puts his guitar case in the minibus.

BRIAN  
God help Ulster.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A stylised, almost pop-up rural picture, right out of a Visit Northern Ireland ad. The bassline of 'Public Image' by Public Image starts. The minibus, amps and faces tight against the windows, passes across the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. MINIBUS - DAY

'Public Image' plays. GETTY drives. TERRI, by the passenger window, drinks.

GREG  
(shouting over the  
music)  
Where the fuck are we?

TERRI  
(a swig from the bottle)  
We're on the road to Damascus.

RONNIE  
I could have sworn that last sign  
said Loughbrickland.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The minibus carries on. 'Public Image' too.

CUT TO:

INT. RURAL HALL - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP BRIAN YOUNG

BRIAN  
Hello, Damascus, we're RUDI.

RUDI play 'I-Spy'. The rest of the Good Vibes crew huddle in front of the stage. The dance-floor is otherwise empty. The walls are lined with LOCAL LADS looking daggers and LOCAL GIRLS looking torn. TERRI stands to one side, oblivious to tensions.

Halfway through the song BRIAN beckons to someone down the hall. A RURAL PUNK kid comes forward, baited by the LOCAL LADS; when he reaches the front he closes his eyes and pogos like his life depends on it.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - NIGHT

The TEARJERKERS play 'Love Affair'. Still the glares from the sides of the room, but more kids on the dance-floor.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL FUNCTION ROOM - NIGHT

The OUTCASTS play 'You're a Disease'. The dance-floor is full, although as the song goes on it starts to get a bit rough out there. GREG jumps from the stage and thumps a LOCAL who has been hassling LANKY PUNK.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL CAR PARK - NIGHT

TERRI and the GOOD VIBES CREW pile into the minibus, leaving behind a mini-riot between SAVAGES and CONVERTS. As the minibus pulls away 'Public Image' is again the soundtrack, through to the final echoing lyric: 'Goodbye'.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROADSIDE - NIGHT

The minibus is parked, doors open. The GOOD VIBES CREW are lined up, pissing into a ditch. Only TERRI and GETTY remain in the bus. TERRI is looking for a light. He empties his jacket pockets on to the dashboard: half a dozen cassettes.

TERRI

People keep handing me these  
fucking things. They wouldn't be  
doing it if they knew how broke  
we were.

GETTY

How broke are we?

TERRI

Don't worry, we've enough for the  
petrol home.

GETTY

And paying us?

TERRI

Getty, please, don't insult me.

He pulls out another tape. A handwritten label: the  
Undertones.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
I don't even remember where the  
half of them came from.

There is a rustle in the bushes, then lights, shouts.

SOLDIER 1  
Everybody down on the fucking  
ground!

SOLDIER 2  
(trailing TERRI out of  
the minibus)  
Out! Out! Out!

SOLDIERS everywhere, faces blackened, guns poised. TERRI is forced to the ground beside GETTY who has been dragged round from the other side.

TERRI  
Whoa! Whoa!

SOLDIER 1  
I said fucking down.

SOLDIERS are frisking the prone punks. They drag them all up on their feet again.

SOLDIER 2  
What the fuck have we here?  
Fucking scarecrow convention?

TERRI  
Listen, fellas, we've been  
playing some dates. We're on our  
way home to Belfast.

SOLDIER 1  
And where are you all from in  
Belfast?

FOUR VOICES SIMULTANEOUSLY  
East - West - South - North.

They look down the line at one another as it registers.

SOLDIER 1  
(in BRIAN's face)  
Are you taking the mick, Mick?

BRIAN's face says that he wouldn't dream of it.

SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)  
(turns to TERRI)  
You telling me some of these  
cunts are Protestant and some of  
them are Catholic?

TERRI  
It never occurred to me to ask.

SOLDIER 1  
(relaxing)  
You ever think of setting up a  
political party?

TERRI  
You don't want to know what I  
think of political parties.

SOLDIER 1  
You don't want to know what we do  
either.  
(calls to his patrol)  
All right, let them back on to  
their bus.

The GOOD VIBES CREW climb on board, cocky again. Sound of  
the soldiers' radio as the engine starts.

SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)  
(taps TERRI's window)  
Just getting reports in on the  
radio. You might want to watch  
yourselves going West when you  
get to Belfast. And North. A bit  
of trouble in the East too.

TERRI  
What about the South?

SOLDIER 1  
You should be OK if you get going  
now.

The bus pulls off: two bare arses pressed against the back  
window.

CUT TO:

INT. MINIBUS - NIGHT

TERRI looks at his hand. He has been holding the Undertones  
cassette all through the last scene. He looks at the  
cassettes sliding about on the dashboard and puts the  
Undertones one back in his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

TERRI creeps into the bedroom where RUTH sleeps. He kisses  
her forehead.

RUTH stirs as he exits.

RUTH  
Terri?

She gets up and pulls a mohair sweater over her nightdress.

CUT TO:

INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

RUTH on the stairwell peers over the banister into the living room.

The GOOD VIBES CREW are strewn around, competing for sleeping space, using their coats for pillows. TERRI, in an armchair, has the phone on his lap. LANKY PUNK sits on the floor in front of him.

TERRI  
(to LANKY PUNK, mid dial)  
...4371?

LANKY PUNK  
Aye.

TERRI finishes dialling. Listens a moment.

TERRI  
Oh, hello, is that Mrs...  
(hand over mouthpiece)  
What's your surname?

LANKY PUNK  
Creggan.

TERRI  
Mrs Creggan. Sorry to be ringing you at this time, but my name's Terri Hooley - that's right - no, he's fine, he's sitting here.

TERRI kicks LANKY PUNK

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Say hello to your mother.

LANKY PUNK  
(holds phone like it's been dipped in sewage)  
Hello, ma.

He hands the phone back without waiting for her reply. TERRI shakes his head.



TERRI

Things are a bit rough out there tonight. I told him he could stay here. I'll get him home in the morning.

As he hangs up he notices RUTH on the stairs. He picks his way across.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Sorry, sweetheart, I didn't mean to wake you. It's just...

RUTH

It's OK.

The toilet flushes. GETTY emerges, passes RUTH on the stairs.

GETTY

Ruth.

RUTH

Getty. How was the countryside?

GETTY

Weird.

He carries on downstairs.

RUTH

(to TERRI)

I'd better be getting back to bed. Long day tomorrow.

TERRI

I know, first punk night in the Harp Bar.

RUTH

The what...? Oh, the Harp.

TERRI

Pretty Boy Floyd and the Gems. Should be good.

RUTH

Yeah.

She leans over and kisses him and almost as soon as they break apart TERRI turns back to the living room.

TERRI

(to SHORT ARSE PUNK)

Right, you, number.

CUT TO:

INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - MORNING

RUTH steps over sleeping punks to the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELFAST STREET - MORNING

'This Perfect Day' by the Saints plays, as it does through the next few scenes.

RUTH waits for a bus, reading a book of poetry.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - MORNING

RUTH sits by the window, still reading.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELFAST CITY CENTRE - MORNING

RUTH gets off one bus, gets on to another.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINY HOUSING ESTATE - MORNING

RUTH gets off the bus. Every lamppost has a Union Jack or an Ulster flag. There are ESTATE KIDS sitting on a nearby wall. She walks over to them, starts to talk.

CUT TO:

INT. HARP BAR - NIGHT

PRETTY BOY FLOYD AND THE GEMS are doing (not very well) a cover of the Saints track just heard. TERRI is at the bar, bending someone's ear. RUTH is at the front, in the mix. Some of the KIDS AROUND HER look as young as the estate kids she was talking to earlier.

CUT TO:

INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

RUTH and TERRI fucking with abandon. This perfect day indeed.

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

TERRI straightens the albums by the window. Stops, distracted by a movement outside: LANKY PUNK is running.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

LANKY PUNK running. A few seconds behind and gaining are a gang of SKINHEADS with JOHNNY and SKELL to the fore.

LANKY PUNK ducks in the doorway of No. 102. The SKINHEADS follow and find themselves face to face with TERRI.

JOHNNY and SKELL make as if to go in.

TERRI  
(arm across the doorway)  
You're barred.

JOHNNY  
You can't bar us, we've never  
even been in before.

TERRI  
Well, for giving me lip you're  
definitely barred now.

JOHNNY  
(inches from TERRI's  
face)  
I know people. I could have you  
shot.

TERRI  
I know the same people you know.  
I could have you sent to bed  
without your supper.

JOHNNY glares a moment longer then knocks his arm out of the way. The Good Vibes CUSTOMERS are massed on the stairs. GORDY will be there, PUGWASH etc. Even a few of the WHOLE-FOOD BODS. JOHNNY contemplates the odds, thinks better of it.

JOHNNY  
(parting shot)  
See from now on? You better make  
sure you have someone with you  
every time you turn your back to  
piss, because I'm the fucking  
bogeyman and I swear to fuck,  
sooner or later, I'm going to get  
you.

He turns and floors Elvis with a single punch. SKELL lingers for a sneer. Elvis, rebounding, nearly hits him in the face as he turns to go.

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

Cheering from Good Vibes CUSTOMERS. TERRI walks up the stairs. DAVY, at the top, presents him with his post. All the envelopes are brown.

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - CONTINUOUS

TERRI walks behind the counter and opens a drawer, which is already full of bills. He closes it quickly.

He turns up the volume on the record that's playing: 'Give Him a Great Big Kiss', by Johnny Thunders. He stares at the envelopes DAVY gave him then looks up. The CUSTOMERS are singing along. All of them.

He opens the drawer, crams the new bills under the older ones, turns the volume even higher and joins in.

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

Another day in the shop, but quieter. (PUGWASH is there; PUGWASH nearly always is.) It's like the hangover from the scene before. TERRI indeed looks the worse for wear.

An intense, dark-haired teen in polo neck and parka approaches: FEARGAL SHARKEY. He is in no mood for idle chitchat.

TERRI

Something you're looking for.

FEARGAL

Aye, you.

TERRI

If you want to beat me up I ought to tell you there's a queue.

FEARGAL

I sing with a band called the Undertones. We gave you a tape ages ago, but we haven't heard a thing.

TERRI

I have a shop to run. I'm a busy man.

FEARGAL

Have you even listened to it yet?

TERRI hesitates a second.

FEARGAL (CONT'D)

Great. I trek all the way down from Derry and you haven't even listened to it.

TERRI

I didn't say that. Jesus, you Derry ones.

FEARGAL

So, did you like it?

TERRI

(non-committal)  
It wasn't bad.

FEARGAL

Wasn't bad? There's no way you listened to it then. Every song on that tape is a hit.

TERRI

It's too early in the morning for this shit.

He pats his pockets.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Where are my fags?

He can't find any.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Fuck sake. Anyone got any fags?

CUSTOMERS look up and shake their heads.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Call yourself punks.  
(to FEARGAL)  
You any fags?

FEARGAL

Smoked them all on the bus.

TERRI shakes his head as comes round from behind the counter.

TERRI  
Steer the ship while I'm away,  
Pugwash.

TERRI leaves. FEARGAL follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

TERRI strides along; FEARGAL keeps up the pace, and chat.

FEARGAL  
I still think you're bluffing.

TERRI  
(without turning)  
All right, the wanking one. I  
liked that.

FEARGAL  
Wanking? We've no songs about  
wanking.

TERRI  
Aye, you have. Wanking all night.  
I forget what it's called.

FEARGAL halts a moment, mouthing the words 'wanking all  
night', trying to puzzle this out.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
The thing is - what did you say  
your name was?

FEARGAL  
(in pursuit again)  
Feargal. Feargal Sharkey.

TERRI  
Feargal. The thing is, Good  
Vibrations isn't really a proper  
label. We don't sign bands, we  
just put out singles. I'm going  
to see a band tonight about  
releasing a couple of their songs  
- A side, B side - but after that  
there's no money.

FEARGAL  
All we want is a single out. If  
we don't record it soon it'll be  
too late. We're breaking up.

TERRI stops dead.

TERRI  
Aw, now don't lay that on me.

FEARGAL  
I'm just saying how it is.

They are at a pedestrian crossing. TERRI looks across the road to a newsagent's then back to FEARGAL.

TERRI  
Tell you what. I'm going over there to buy some fags. When I get back I'll give you an answer. OK?

FEARGAL  
OK.

TERRI crosses over and goes into the shop. He emerges a few moments later, unwraps the packet, takes out a cigarette, lights it; puffs away,

Across the street FEARGAL sways from foot to foot.

City centre traffic flashes between them. Finally TERRI flicks the cigarette away. He crosses the road again.

TERRI  
I must need my head examined.

He walks on, leaving FEARGAL smiling in the street.

CUT TO:

INT. WIZARD STUDIO - DAY

FEARGAL, backed by the other four UNDERTONES sings the opening lines of 'Emergency Cases'. He is a man transformed.

DAVE SMYTH listens in the control room. TERRI, who has just come in, unloads beer, crisps, sandwiches, Mars Bars from carrier bags.

FEARGAL stops abruptly, takes off the headphones.

DAVE SMYTH fades up his voice.

FEARGAL  
That's bollocks, that is.

DAVE SMYTH  
It's sounding fine in here.

FEARGAL  
All I'm getting is echo, echo, echo.

DAVE adjusts level.

DAVE SMYTH  
OK, try it from the top again.

He shuts down the studio link. FEARGAL silently counts himself in and starts to sing again.

TERRI  
Hard going?

DAVE SMYTH  
They'd never been in a proper studio two hours ago, now the ugly one thinks he's Phil Spector

TERRI  
Derry ones, they're never satisfied.

FEARGAL has stopped again.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
What do you think, will we just cut our losses here?

DAVE SMYTH  
Cut our losses? Did you hear that first track they did?

TERRI  
The wanking one?

DAVE shakes his head, puzzled, carries on talking.

DAVE SMYTH  
That was the best thing I ever recorded. That was the best thing anyone in this city ever recorded.

TERRI  
(sceptically)  
Better than 'Gloria'?

DAVE looks over his shoulder at TERRI. It is written on his face: 'Better than Gloria.'

TERRI walks slowly to the glass between control room and studio. He spreads his hands against it.

CUT TO:



INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT

TERRI is on the phone, an ashtray and a newly opened packet of cigarettes on the counter beside him, a freshly lit fag in his hand. Beyond that is a bottle of brandy. By his other hand is a pile, several hundred deep, of A3 pages.

TERRI

(mid conversation)

You can? That's brilliant. About seven? Dead on. I'll see you then.

He presses his finger on the black buttons, starts dialling again straight away. He smokes while he waits, takes a drink.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Brian? It's Terri here... Not bad, not bad. Listen, I'm looking a big favour of you...

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - LATER

The ashtray is fuller, the brandy bottle emptier. TERRI is still on the phone.

TERRI

A couple of hours... An hour, even... Half an hour... Whatever you can manage... Good man, I knew I could count on you.

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - LATER

TERRI is fuller than the ashtray. He has become more verbose.

TERRI

It's a special event, like the last session of 'A Day in the Life'. Here in the shop. Fucking everybody's coming. I can't tell you. You'll see when you get here.

Finally he puts the phone down. He lifts an A3 sheet from the pile: the 'Teenage Kicks' sleeve in its unfolded state. He reaches for the cigarette box: empty again.

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT

TERRI holds up the A3 'Teenage Kicks' to an audience of UNDERTONES, OUCASTS, RUDI, REGULAR CUSTOMERS, DAVY, MARILYN, RUTH.

TERRI

Right, are you watching? You line up the record with the top edge, fold along the bottom line, like this, then fold down this side and then this...

(holds it up)

And, up your hole, EMI, there you have it. Again?

(repeats routine only faster)

Here, here, here, and here.

Right, now, let's get started.

To a soundtrack of 'True Confessions' the mass folding of 'Teenage Kicks' EP sleeves begins. There is beer, there is larking about, and then coming in the door in the middle of it all there is GEORGE.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Dad?

GEORGE

Don't take this the wrong way. I'm here to support the people you're exploiting through this piecework.

TERRI

Of course.

(turning to a couple of OUCASTS behind him)

Make a bit of room there for this man.

GEORGE

Sit where you are. I'll find my own wee corner.

TERRI rolls his eye.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I brought you something we could listen to.

TERRI looks at the tape GEORGE has handed him.

TERRI

You're kidding me?

GEORGE isn't. TERRI goes to the sound system, puts in the tape.

'The Internationale' plays: 'Stand up all victims of oppression/For the tyrants fear you might...' GEORGE, in his corner, looks satisfied; everyone else in the shop looks perplexed, but carries on.

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - LATER

Only a few people remain in the shop. George has gone, so has his tape. Johnny Thunders plays again, 'You Can't Put Your Arms Around a Memory'.

The 'Teenage Kicks' EPs are wrapped and packed in boxes ready for dispatch. Behind them TERRI is stretched out. RUTH lies with her head on his chest.

TERRI

Do you notice something about those boxes?

RUTH

What?

TERRI

The addresses?

RUTH lifts her head, looks more closely.

RUTH

(after a moment)

All Northern Ireland.

TERRI

You know what I'm thinking?

RUTH

(lies down again)

I've a pretty good idea.

TERRI

And?

RUTH

What have you got to lose?

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

A very well-scrubbed TERRI is testing the limits of a plastic bag by cramming it with copies of 'Teenage Kicks'. When he has finished that he turns to the suitcase at his feet, which PUGWASH narrowly avoids putting his foot in.

TERRI

Mind where you're walking for  
fuck sake.

RUTH rushes in.

RUTH

I snuck away for half an hour to  
wish you luck.

She takes in his polished shoes, his shirt so new the fold  
marks are still visible.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Could you not at least have run  
an iron over that.

TERRI

I've to be on the boat in an hour  
and a half.

RUTH

Calm. You'll be grand.

TERRI

I'm glad you think so.

RUTH

(lowering her voice)  
They'll never have met anyone  
like you. I know I hadn't. Still  
haven't.

TERRI

(looks about him)  
I don't want to fuck this up.

RUTH

You won't.  
(kisses him)  
Come home to me safe.

She turns to leave, but stops in the doorway.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Just promise me you won't tell  
the John Lennon story.

TERRI

(hand on his heart)  
Swear to Bob Marley.

He bends to put more copies of the record in his suitcase.  
His hair falls over his eyes. He pushes it back then  
straightens up, grabbing handfuls of hair, front, back,  
sides.

He goes round to the till where there's a small mirror.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
 (to no one)  
 Fuck sake, I can't go looking  
 like this.

He roots in a drawer and pulls out a pair of scissors. A  
 PUNK GIRL is looking at the button badges.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
 Come here a second.

PUNK GIRL looks up.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
 I haven't much time. Short back  
 and sides.

PUNK GIRL  
 (folds her arms)  
 Do it yourself.

TERRI plops himself in the chair by the till. He rips the  
 cover off an NME and tucks it into his shirt collar.

TERRI  
 Would you let a one-eyed man cut  
 your fucking hair?

She takes the scissors.

CUT TO:

EXT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE - DAY

A hand lifts the knocker on a glossily painted townhouse  
 door. Which is opened, at length, by ERIC, dressed in a  
 long white kaftan and white sandals. His expression turns  
 in an instant from open and welcoming to absolute horror.

ERIC  
 Shit, they finally got you too,  
 man.

TERRI (whose hand, of course, it was) is scalped. Even with  
 his good eye closed he could have done better himself

TERRI  
 Nah, I volunteered for this. But  
 look at you. I don't know whether  
 to hug you or ask for your  
 forgiveness.

ERIC  
 Forgiveness, this kaftan's just  
 washed, Can I help you with those  
 bags.

He holds out a hand, a little tentatively: rings on every finger. TERRI takes the hand, turns it over. The nails are fabulously manicured. He lets go, picks up the bags himself.

TERRI  
Just lead the way.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S PAD - DAY

A huge, white, mirrored palace.

TERRI  
Holy fuck.

ERIC  
All right, isn't it? Amazing  
where charm, business know-how  
and labyrinthine narcotics  
connections can get a young man  
these days.

TERRI has stopped to look at the signed photos on the wall.  
Sly Stone, Keith Moon, the James Last Orchestra.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Drink?

TERRI  
Only a nip. I'll need to keep my  
wits about me for these meetings.

ERIC  
(disbelieving)  
A nip?

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S PAD - LATER

Van Morrison sings 'Cyprus Avenue'. TERRI and ERIC lie  
blissed-out on the floor either side of an empty brandy  
bottle, passing a very large joint between them.

ERIC  
You know if I didn't think they'd  
murder me the minute I set foot  
in the place, this song would  
make me desperately homesick for  
Belfast.

TERRI  
Remember Them's first American  
tour?

(MORE)

TERRI (CONT'D)

We went to the airport because we thought it would be like the Beatles, hundreds waving them off? We were the only two showed up.

And there indeed they are in *Smash Hits* photo-story style, in the corner of the screen: Van fans on a mission.

ERIC

(laughing)

Yeah

(sits up suddenly; the *Smash Hits* bubble bursts)

No, wait, that wasn't me.

TERRI sits up too.

TERRI

Fuck, don't tell me I went on my own.

He shakes his head.

TERRI (CONT'D)

What time is it?

ERIC

I don't know. Twelve? One?  
(locates his wrist, his watch)

Two.

TERRI is on his feet, looking for his bags.

TERRI

I've got to get going here.

He turns in circles. He's going nowhere at this rate. He slaps his face with both hands.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Tube map, tube map.

ERIC walks nonchalantly to a hat stand from which a familiar white cowboy hat hangs. He puts his hand inside the crown.

ERIC

Why take the tube...  
(produces a small bag of white powder)  
when you can fly?

CUT TO:

INT. OZ MAGAZINE - DAY

It is, cartoonishly, 1969. TERRI is sitting on a giant beanbag being ignored by an OZ SECRETARY. There is the sound of a party somewhere close at hand.

TERRI (V.O.)

(a mile a minute)

Back in the late sixties I was the Belfast correspondent for Oz. I'd send them bits and pieces on the scene there: bands, protests, the stuff they didn't tell you on the news. The truth. Anyway, they seemed to like what I was doing, said if I was ever passing through London... So I was passing through one day. In fact, I took the boat over specially, and I was told the editor was too busy to see me, but maybe if I hung around...

A pause in which the volume goes up again on the party.

TERRI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I was raging, but I'd nowhere else to go. So I waited.

TERRI from his beanbag looks at the clock.

TERRI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And waited. And in the end I thought, fuck it.

He stands up.

TERRI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But just as I was about to leave, who do you think walks in?

OZ SECRETARY practically falls over scrambling to get the door.

TERRI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

John Lennon.

JOHN LENNON, long-haired and bearded, nods hello to OZ SECRETARY and breezes past TERRI towards where the party sounds are coming from.

TERRI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Well, I wasn't having that.

He leaps to his feet.

OZ SECRETARY

Mr Hooley... I mean, man...



JOHN LENNON stops in his tracks, turns.

TERRI (V.O.)  
 And here's Lennon  
 (JOHN LENNON's mouth  
 forms the words as  
 TERRI speaks them)  
 'Terri Hooley? I love your stuff,  
 man.'

OZ SECRETARY is at once on the phone.

TERRI (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 And then he says, 'Terri, it's  
 fucking awful what's happening in  
 Belfast.' 'Tell me about it,' I  
 say and he goes quiet a moment  
 and leans in really close and  
 says 'Come round here tomorrow  
 and I'll have cheque for you for  
 a thousand pounds. I want to buy  
 guns for the people of Ireland.'  
 Here's me...

TERRI (CONT'D)  
 (pulling back from  
 LENNON)  
 Fucking *guns*?

OZ SECRETARY looks up from phone.

CUT TO:

INT. RECORD COMPANY OFFICE - AFTERNOON

TERRI is in a meeting with THREE EXECUTIVES all of whom  
 have copies of 'Teenage kicks' in front of them.

TERRI  
 (caught up in his own  
 story)  
 'It's not fucking guns the people  
 of Ireland need,' I said, 'it's  
 drugs!' And then, I don't know, I  
 just lost it.

CUT TO:

INT. OZ MAGAZINE - DAY

TERRI lands a punch on JOHN LENNON's nose.

TERRI  
 Fucking weekend revolutionary.

JOHN LENNON puts his hand to his face; sees blood; sees red. He lands one on TERRI in return.

CUT TO:

INT. RECORD COMPANY OFFICE - AFTERNOON

TERRI  
Give peace a chance? Give me a  
fucking break.

The THREE EXECUTIVES are stony-faced.

CUT TO:

EXT. RECORD COMPANY OFFICE - AFTERNOON

TERRI is being escorted off the premises.

TERRI  
Wait, wait, I got sidetracked.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND RECORD COMPANY OFFICE - AFTERNOON

TERRI is in full flow, leaning across a table at the other side of which sits a RECORD EXEC, younger than those in the previous scene, but just as stunned. He barely removes his cigarette from his mouth between puffs, and he puffs a lot.

TERRI  
(mid story)  
... so he gives me this address  
and says 'I'll meet you there  
tomorrow at twelve.'

CUT TO:

INT. LOCK-UP GARAGE - DAY

The Sixties again. TERRI crosses the floor to a car beside which JOHN LENNON stands, crop-haired now, beardless. LENNON opens the boot.

TERRI (V.O.)  
Full of fucking guns.

TERRI looks from guns to LENNON. A beat. He punches him.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND RECORD COMPANY OFFICE - AFTERNOON

TERRI is shaking his hand as though the punch had just that moment happened.

RECORD EXEC  
(finally stubbing  
cigarette)  
Excuse me, just a moment.

He leaves the room for an animated conversation, beyond the glass partition, with TWO COLLEAGUES.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND RECORD COMPANY VESTIBULE - AFTERNOON

RECORD EXEC walks towards the door with TERRI, who struggles with his coat and bag of records. The COLLEAGUES are close behind. It all looks amicable, but there can be no mistake (except perhaps to TERRI himself) TERRI is getting the bum's rush.

TERRI  
Did I leave you my number?  
(hands a record to a  
PASSING EMPLOYEE)  
Play that for all your friends in  
the tea break.

Out the door he goes. RECORD EXEC and COLLEAGUES turn and walk away.

CUT TO:

INT. APPLE OFFICE - DAY

The BEATLES and YOKO ONO are in a meeting with ALLEN KLEIN when the door bursts open: TERRI. LENNON tries to climb out the window.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD RECORD COMPANY OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A BEARDED EXECUTIVE holds the door. TERRI picks up 'Teenage Kicks' and walks through it without a backward glance.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET - AFTERNOON

TERRI is attempting to hand out copies of the record to passers-by, who to a man, woman and child shy away.

TERRI  
What's wrong with you? It's a  
*gift*? Is there not one person in  
this city recognises genius when  
it's handed to him?

A thought hits him. He runs to the kerb, hails a cab.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
(opening door)  
John Peel.

CUT TO:

EXT. BBC PORTLAND PLACE - EVENING

TERRI, patting down his hair, gets out of the cab and makes  
for the entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. BBC PORTLAND PLACE - CONTINUOUS

TERRI comes through the revolving door towards reception  
desk, visibly trying to keep himself in check: this is his  
last chance.

RECEPTIONIST  
(brightly)  
Can I help you?

TERRI  
I have a record here for John  
Peel.

RECEPTIONIST  
(takes clipboard from  
under counter)  
Is he expecting it?

TERRI  
No, but he'll understand as soon  
as he hears it.

RECEPTIONIST  
It's just that all packages have  
to be signed in. Security.

TERRI  
(displays it)  
It's a piece of vinyl.

RECEPTIONIST  
New regulations.

TERRI  
Can you sign for it?

RECEPTIONIST  
I'm afraid not.

TERRI  
(low and urgent)  
I've come a very long way and to  
tell you the truth I've fucked up  
a bit today.

RECEPTIONIST  
Sorry.

TERRI  
Please.

RECEPTIONIST  
No.

TERRI drops to his knees on the far side of the desk. He  
moans. In the background SECURITY GUARDS step forward, but  
before they get anywhere near a BBC employee, DES, comes  
through the revolving door.

DES  
Terri?

The moaning stops.

DES (CONT'D)  
Terri Hooley?

TERRI looks up, gets up, as though he had simply been  
retrieving something from his bag.

DES (CONT'D)  
I can't believe it.

TERRI clearly hasn't the first idea who DES is.

TERRI  
Me neither.

RECEPTIONIST  
(to DES)  
Is this man a friend of yours?

DES  
I was doing a story in Belfast at  
Easter and wandered into his  
record shop. He had a Thirteenth  
Floor Elevators album...

TERRI  
(the record at least is  
coming back to him)  
(MORE)

TERRI (CONT'D)  
*Easter Everywhere*, International  
 Artists deleted it the year after  
 it was released.

DES  
 ... I'd searched all over London  
 for it.  
 (to TERRI)  
 What are you doing here?

TERRI  
 I've got a record for John Peel.

RECEPTIONIST  
 It has to be signed for.

DES  
 Not a problem.

DES takes the clipboard and, like that, it's done. He looks  
 at TERRI, shakes his head, still finding it hard to credit.

DES (CONT'D)  
 Terri Hooley.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STUDIO - NIGHT

The very last seconds of 'Teenage Kicks' play and as the  
 record finishes a hand lifts the needle from the run-off  
 groove.

JOHN PEEL (O.S.)  
 Isn't that the best thing you've  
 ever heard? It's so good I'm  
 going to do something I've never  
 done before.

The hand sets the needle on the start of the record again.

The lyrics appear karaoke-style on the screen. The audience  
*will* sing.

CUT TO:

INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

Still 'Teenage Kicks'. TERRI and RUTH jump around the  
 living room in celebration. The phone rings. RUTH answers.

RUTH  
 Hello, Davy. I know, I know,  
 isn't it amazing? Twice in a row!

The doorbell rings. TERRI goes out into hallway, opens door. There are a BUNCH OF KIDS on the doorstep. KID 1 has a transistor round his wrist. He holds it up like a holy relic.

KID 1  
Are you listening to this?

KID 2  
I thought the radio was broke  
when he put it on again.

TERRI stands aside, the BUNCH OF KIDS wander in. TERRI goes out on to the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

Doors are opening. A few LIKE-MINDED NEIGHBOURS appear. No one can quite believe this. TERRI simply stands in the street. TERRI simply stands in the street, face tilted towards the sky.

TERRI  
(murmurs)  
I still say it's about wanking.

Inside Number 12 the phone is ringing again. It is answered. A few moments later RUTH comes out on to the doorstep and calls to TERRI.

RUTH  
Terri there's a fella on the  
phone says he's from Sire  
Records.

TERRI thinks for a moment.

TERRI  
Tell him if he wants to talk to  
me he can come over here and do  
it.

CUT TO:

INT. ALDERGROVE AIRPORT - DAY

SOLDIERS and armed RUC MEN check IDs in the arrivals lounge. The 'fella from Sire' PAUL McNALLY makes his way, nervously, through them.

TERRI holds up a placard on which are written two words:  
'The Man'.

PAUL  
 (sets down bag)  
 Terri Hooley by any chance?

TERRI tosses away the 'Man' placard.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Paul McNally.

TERRI  
 Have you any fags? I'm right out.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALDERGROVE AIRPORT - DAY

TERRI is setting a brisk pace across the car park.

PAUL  
 Seymour Stein was knocked out by  
 'Kicks'.

TERRI  
 'Kicks'?

PAUL  
 (oblivious)  
 He turned to me straight away and  
 said, 'I want that band'. That's  
 the way he was with the Ramones:  
 'I want that band.'

TERRI stops before a dilapidated Transit van.

TERRI  
 Wait'll I tell you, Paul, you  
 don't have to sell Seymour Stein  
 to me. This is the man the  
 Shangri-las phoned when they  
 wanted to go back into the  
 studio.

PAUL  
 You know that all came to  
 nothing?

TERRI  
 Still, they phoned him. The  
 Shangri-las.

He opens the passenger door. GETTY is in the driver's seat.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
 This is Getty, he's driving us to  
 Derry.  
 (to GETTY)  
 Paul McNally.



GETTY salutes. PAUL goes to get in the front.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Hold on, you're in the back.

PAUL  
(about to get out)  
Sorry.

TERRI  
Only kidding. I'm in the back.  
We'll swap at Bellaghy.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELLAGHY - DAY

The dilapidated van passes the 'Welcome to Bellaghy' sign without stopping.

TERRI (O.S.)  
Definitely Dungiven.

CUT TO:

INT. CASBAH BAR, DERRY - NIGHT

The UNDERTONES are ripping through '(She's a) Runaround'. In the crowd PAUL is enraptured. He nods at TERRI, smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. FEARGAL SHARKEY'S HOUSE - DAY

The UNDERTONES, TERRI, MRS SHARKEY are in the sitting room, along with a serious number of holy pictures. PAUL stands off to one corner, talking on the phone.

PAUL  
Seymour? I have the band here.  
I'm passing you over to...

MICKEY BRADLEY has been pushed forward.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
... John.

MICKEY  
Mickey.

PAUL  
(correcting himself)  
Mickey.

MICKEY  
 (takes phone)  
 How are you, Mr Stein? Yes, Paul  
 has told us the offer...  
 (listens a moment)  
 Well, me and the rest of the band  
 have been talking it over...  
 (turns to look at the  
 others who nod in  
 encouragement)  
 And we want the same as the Rich  
 Kids got from EMI...  
 (turns again, sees  
 FEARGAL mouth the  
 figure)  
 Sixty.

He pulls his head back to avoid the torrent this unleashes  
 from the other end of the line.

TERRI lets himself out of the sitting room

CUT TO:

INT. FEARGAL SHARKEY'S HALLWAY - DAY

TERRI shares the hallway with a Jack Russell, which worries  
 at his trouserleg. The sitting room door opens again. There  
 are raised voices. MRS SHARKEY comes out with a tea tray.

MRS SHARKEY  
 Should you not be in there  
 advising them?

TERRI  
 Those boys should be advising me.

SPARKY growls.

MRS SHARKEY  
 Is that dog annoying you?  
 (before TERRI can say  
 anything)  
 Brits, Sparky! Brits!

Sparky adopts the position, paws spread against the wall.

MRS SHARKEY carries on into kitchen. SPARKY doesn't move.

TERRI  
 Down boy.

SPARKY's tail trembles, but he keeps his paws on the wall.

TERRI goes back to the sitting room and the raised voices.

CUT TO:

INT. DILAPIDATED VAN - DAY

Moorland. Rain. Only one windscreen wiper is working. Through the cleared part of the window we see a road sign: *Airport 45*. A scratchy version of Adam and the Ants, 'Young Parisians' plays.

PAUL  
(over his shoulder to  
TERRI, who is in the  
back again)  
I thought for a moment back there  
the whole thing was off. Never  
heard him quite so angry.

TERRI  
Well, you got your band, didn't  
you?

PAUL  
And what about you, Terri?

TERRI  
What about me?

PAUL  
Well, you recorded 'Kicks'. It's  
on your label.

The tape deck cuts out. GETTY thumps the dashboard to get it going. The sun visor falls off.

TERRI  
You've got the wrong idea about  
Good Vibrations. People who  
wouldn't piss on me when I was  
hauling the record around London  
have been on the phone offering  
me twenty thousand pounds for it.  
I told them all to fuck off.

PAUL  
(with a glance at GETTY,  
clearly thinking TERRI  
is negotiating)  
Well, we can talk about it later.

TERRI  
We can talk about it now. Getty's  
as much a part of Good Vibrations  
as I am. They all are. I don't  
blame the Undertones for trying  
to get whatever they can out of  
you, but it was never about the  
fucking money for me.

There is a silence, ended by GETTY noisily changing gear.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
How much did you say that van was  
you were looking at, Getty?

GETTY  
(in the mirror)  
What's that?

TERRI  
The van you were looking at over  
the road from the shop.

GETTY  
That one? Five hundred and fifty,  
but I'll get him down to five  
hundred.

TERRI  
All right then, Paul. Five  
hundred quid.

PAUL turns in his seat to face TERRI, trying to decide if  
he is being serious. GETTY in the mirror is clearly  
wondering the same thing.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
(rising to the occasion)  
Five hundred quid *and* a signed  
photo of the Shangri-las.

PAUL starts to laugh. TERRI starts to laugh. GETTY  
continues to watch in the mirror.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALDERGROVE AIRPORT - DAY

PAUL hugs TERRI.

CUT TO:

INT. DILAPIDATED VAN - DAY

TERRI closes the door. GETTY starts the engine.

GETTY  
I thought at least you'd have  
held out for the five magic beans

TERRI  
Getty, it's very simple. If they  
can't buy you they can't own you.

GETTY  
What does that mean?

TERRI  
It means you and Rudi are going  
to be even bigger than the  
Undertones anyway, aren't you?

GETTY  
(emboldened)  
Fucking right.

TERRI  
Fucking right.

He looks out the window as PAUL practically skips towards the terminal. TERRI's expression could almost be taken for doubt, but only for a second. He takes a bottle of brandy from the glove compartment. Looks out the window again.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - DAY

TERRI (in the overcoat he wore on the night he met Ruth) is looking out the window. This and scenes immediately following replicate Ruth's earlier cross-town journey.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELFAST CITY CENTRE - DAY

TERRI gets off one bus and on to another. He has a brown paper bag in his hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINY HOUSING ESTATE - DAY

TERRI gets off bus. The flags as before: all red, white and blue. He turns up the collar of his coat and looks about him before striking out somewhat arbitrarily to the left.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINY HOUSING ESTATE - LATER

TERRI comes out of a newsagent's opening a new packet of fags; looks about him then strikes out to the right.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINY HOUSING ESTATE - LATER

TERRI is still walking and smoking, still holding the brown paper bag. After a few more moments he stops.

RUTH is walking along the street towards him. They meet.

TERRI  
(holding out paper bag)  
I brought you your lunch.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS SHELTER - DAY

RUTH and TERRI look out over the city, eating sausage rolls. Or at least TERRI is eating.

TERRI  
Of course in my day it was all  
mushrooms round here.

RUTH  
I think whoever designed these  
estates must have had a couple of  
handfuls. They can't have agreed  
with him.

She bites a small corner off her sausage roll. TERRI  
watches her slowly chew.

She replaces the sausage roll on the bag, keeps looking  
dead ahead.

TERRI  
Something the matter with your  
meat slurry sandwich?

RUTH grimaces.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
I feel like I've hardly seen you  
lately.

RUTH  
Maybe I should go to the Harp  
more.

TERRI  
Are you still pissed off about  
the Undertones deal?

RUTH  
Why would I be pissed off? Didn't  
the Outcasts get a new van?  
(softening)  
I'm pissed off that three months  
later they still haven't sent you  
your Shangri-las picture.

She lets him put his arm around her.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
I always loved you in that coat.

TERRI  
Why do you think I wore it?

They sit in silence.

TERRI AND RUTH  
(simultaneously)  
I've got some news.

TERRI  
You first.

RUTH  
No, you.

TERRI  
I got a big order phoned in this morning. A guy in Sweden.

RUTH  
That's great.

TERRI  
So, your news?

RUTH  
(long pause)  
I'm pregnant.

TERRI  
Thank fuck. For a moment there I thought it was something serious.

She thumps him. He rubs her stomach.

RUTH  
You remember the taxi driver who picked us up after the wedding?

TERRI  
Grumpy old fucker?

RUTH  
Told us we weren't wise. I wonder what he'd say to this?

TERRI  
He should be thankful there are still people here want to have kids.

RUTH  
(recites)  
'I am not yet born;  
(MORE)

RUTH (CONT'D)  
 O hear me/ Let not the  
 bloodsucking bat or the rat or  
 the stoat or the/ club-footed  
 ghoul come near me.'

They sit.

TERRI  
 (looks at watch)  
 Shit, I was to pick up posters  
 from Davy.

RUTH  
 I'd better be getting back to  
 work here anyway.

She brushes pastry flakes from her lap.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
 Thanks for lunch.

She kisses him and walks off. A bus comes.

TERRI  
 (shouting after her)  
 We'll be absolutely fine. I'll  
 work twice as hard.

RUTH  
 (turns)  
 Just be there.

The bus with TERRI on it pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - DAY

The flags on the lampposts have changed from red, white and blue to green, white and orange. TERRI sits forward suddenly in his seat. Something has caught his eye.

A street protest fronted by women wearing only blankets and carrying pictures of young IRA men above the words 'Political Prisoner'. Others have posters saying 'Smash H Block'. The whole thing is eerily silent.

CUT TO:

INT. WIZARD STUDIO - DAY

TERRI stands beside DAVE SMYTH, watching RUDI record 'Pressure's On', which runs beneath the next several scenes

CUT TO:



EXT. BELFAST STREET - DAY

TERRI is pasting up posters for the Harp Bar. He hesitates before a wall that already has a poster on it: 'Smash H Block: Support the Blanketmen.' He pastes the Harp poster over it.

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

TERRI is taping up boxes of records addressed to Sweden.

CUT TO:

INT. HARP BAR - NIGHT

TERRI is sitting at a table by the door, a cashbox open beside him. A PINK-HAIRED PUNK approaches, frisks herself in an exaggerated search for money. TERRI stops the pantomime and with a glance over his shoulder waves her in.

CUT TO:

INT. HARP BAR - LATER

TERRI is breaking up a fight. Music down.

TERRI (V.O.)  
I was true to my word. I did work  
twice as hard.

Music up. TERRI makes BELLIGERENTS shake hands, hug.

TERRI (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And I was there, like Ruth asked.

CUT TO:

INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

TERRI and the former BELLIGERENTS, now the best of friends, are at the centre of an impromptu late-night party.

TERRI (V.O.)  
Just not always on my own.

RUDI are singing 'The pressure's on me and you, the pressure's on me and you...'

RUTH, heavily pregnant and very tired-looking, walks upstairs and turns towards the bedroom then changes her mind and lifts the lid off the laundry basket. She climbs inside as the song ends: 'The pressure's on me and you.'

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - EVENING

Sound of a bomb going off. Objects rattle on the counter. TERRI ignores them. He is searching through papers. DAVY HYNDMAN comes in.

DAVY  
Fuck me, that was a big one.

TERRI  
(distractedly)  
Yeah.

DAVY goes to the window.

DAVY  
Looks like it's down around the  
Europa.

TERRI  
Right.

DAVY  
Just when you thought it was safe  
to start hoping they crank it all  
up again. It's these prison  
protests.

Only now does he register that TERRI isn't really listening. He turns from the window. TERRI's search continues.

DAVY (CONT'D)  
Lost something?

TERRI  
(eventually)  
Was I telling you about the big  
order from Sweden?

DAVY  
About fifteen hundred quid's  
worth?

TERRI  
Seventeen.  
(he lifts another bundle  
of paper and spreads it  
out on the counter)  
They haven't paid me.

DAVY

Have you sent them a reminder?

TERRI stops searching finally, looks at DAVY.

TERRI

I think I threw out the address.

DAVY

You think?

TERRI

Sort of know.

DAVY

Seventeen hundred quid?

TERRI

Actually, it might have been  
eighteen... -fifty.

DAVY

Fuck sake, Terri, that order was  
covering your arse. What are you  
going to do?

TERRI thinks.

TERRI

Well, I had been thinking of  
heading to the Siouxsie and the  
Banshees gig later. But, fuck it  
(hits the lights)  
I'm just going to head round now.

He hits the light leaving DAVY in darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - EVENING

RUTH is watching the early evening news.

NEWSCASTER

Now, two years ago there were  
near riots when London punk rock  
band the *Clash* came to the Ulster  
Hall. Tonight the venue plays  
host to another London band,  
Siouxsie and the Banshees. Have  
things moved on in the interim?  
Our reporter David Capper has  
been speaking to Belfast's own  
'punk godfather' Terri Hooley.

CUT TO:

EXT. ULSTER HALL - EVENING

TERRI appears to have found time for a drink, or two, on his way from the shop.

TERRI

(to DAVID CAPPER)

People go on all the time about the Clash gig, but we'd already had nearly ten years of riots then. You won't see any Union Jacks or Tricolours here tonight. These kids aren't the problem for Belfast, these kids are the solution.

CUT TO:

INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - EVENING

RUTH watches as TERRI gets claps on the back from the solutions to Belfast's problems then switches off the TV on her way through to the kitchen. She takes a step towards the sink. Stops. Her face registers alarm.

CUT TO:

INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

TERRI stands in the wings, drink in his hand, listening to SIOUXSIE, out of shot, singing 'Love in a Void'.

CUT TO:

INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

RUTH is by the phone, clutching her stomach, frantically flipping through her address book. She dials a number. It rings and rings and rings.

RUTH

Oh, please, pick up.

She puts the phone down, flips the pages again, dials another number. It's engaged. She bangs the phone on the wall, crying out in pain and frustration.

CUT TO:

INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES have just come off stage. Applause and foot-stamping can still be heard from the auditorium. Bottles are being opened. TERRI is being introduced to the band.

CUT TO:

INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

RUTH wipes her eyes with the back of the hand that holds the address book. The phone at the other end of the line rings and rings and rings and, just when she is about to despair, is picked up.

GETTY (O.C.)

Hello?

RUTH

(her relief verges on  
disbelief)

Getty? Are you not at the gig?

GETTY

Well, I went, but I met this girl  
and...

RUTH

(cutting across him)

You've got to come and get me.

GETTY

Well...

RUTH

Getty, this baby's coming.

Sound of phone being dropped at the other end of the line.

CUT TO:

INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

The after-show party is in full swing. Lots of noise, lots of LIGGERS.

TERRI has cornered SIOUXSIE and is telling her a story; a lip-reader would make out 'fucking guns?'

He clicks his fingers and JOHN LENNON appears, a little bewildered to find himself in the back of the Ulster Hall. TERRI punches him on the nose.

LENNON looks more bewildered, and bloody. TERRI clicks his fingers again. LENNON disappears. SIOUXSIE creases up laughing.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELFAST CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

The all-new Outcasts van speeds through the streets.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTCASTS VAN - NIGHT

RUTH is hanging on, just. GETTY looks from her to the road, to her, to the road...

GETTY  
Just another couple of minutes. I  
can see the gates.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELFAST CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

The van passes under the *Royal Victoria Hospital* sign.

GETTY parks as close as he can to the hospital doors. He runs round and helps RUTH out. TWO NURSES are just leaving. GETTY nabs them. They take RUTH inside.

CUT TO:

INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

The party is still going on. TERRI is no longer with SIOUXSIE. He's standing by himself, smiling, swaying.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL DELIVERY SUITE - NIGHT

RUTH pushes herself up on her elbows with an enormous yell.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - NIGHT

RUTH is propped up in bed, sipping a cup of tea. The BABY is asleep in a hospital crib beside her.

A nurse enters through the curtains drawn around the bed.

NURSE  
(disapprovingly)  
Someone to see you.

She steps aside. GETTY enters. If RUTH is disappointed she doesn't let it show.

GETTY  
(shivering)  
Sorry, I fell asleep in the  
fucking van.

RUTH puts her finger to her lips. The nurse frowns. GETTY doesn't quite know where to put himself.

GETTY (CONT'D)  
So, was it all, you know, all  
right?

RUTH leans over and pulls the crib blanket down a touch.

RUTH  
A wee girl.

GETTY peers in at her.

GETTY  
What are you going to call her.

RUTH looks at her daughter.

RUTH  
I was thinking Anna.

GETTY  
(forgetting himself)  
Class! Short for Anarchy?

The NURSE tugs the curtains shut.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - DAY

RUTH sleeps. A moment more; a moment more. She comes awake, startled. TERRI sits in a chair at the side of the bed, wearing the clothes he was wearing the night before.

RUTH  
How long have you been here?

TERRI  
Ten minutes.

RUTH  
You should have woken me.

TERRI  
Sleep when the baby sleeps,  
that's what my mum says.

ANNA stirs. TERRI and RUTH laugh at the coincidence. RUTH lifts her.

RUTH  
What do you think?

TERRI  
She's like her mummy. She's  
gorgeous.

RUTH  
(to ANNA)  
This is your daddy. He's an old  
charmer.  
(to TERRI)  
Do you want to hold her?

TERRI  
(almost recoiling)  
My hands are shaking too much.  
I'd be afraid of dropping her.

RUTH tries to disguise her hurt by fussing over the baby.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
It's just nerves. If you'd seen  
me last night talking to  
Siouxsie...

RUTH  
Please, Terri, no stories.

RUTH remains focused on ANNA a few moments longer. She is thinking something over. She reaches her decision, looks up

RUTH (CONT'D)  
I think maybe I need to get out  
of Belfast for a while.

TERRI  
Out of Belfast?

RUTH  
My aunt has a house in Helens  
Bay.

TERRI  
Are you telling me you're leaving  
me?



RUTH  
I'm telling you there's still  
time if you want to stop me, but  
things have to change. You have  
to change.

ANNA mewls. RUTH opens the front of her nightdress to feed  
her. TERRI turns his head away.

TERRI  
I'm just going out here for a  
smoke.

RUTH takes no notice of his leaving.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - DAY

TERRI walks along a corridor, past a room in which MEN and  
PREGNANT WOMEN smoke, and out through a set of double  
doors.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - DAY

Shangri-las, 'He Cried'. TERRI leaves the hospital, unlit  
cigarette in his mouth. He keeps walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELFAST STREET - DAY

TERRI walking, cigarette still unlit. He passes the front  
door of a bar. A moment later he returns and goes in.

CUT TO:

INT. HELENS BAY HOUSE - EVENING

RUTH plays with SIX-MONTH-OLD ANNA. The phone rings. She  
ignores it.

CUT TO:

INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - EVENING

TERRI sits in an armchair, glass in one hand, cigarette in  
the other, phone receiver on his chest, ringing tone coming  
from the earpiece.

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

TERRI traipses up the stairs. A couple of would-be customers - IDENTIKIT 1980 MODS - are already waiting.

MOD 1

We were starting to think you weren't opening up today.

TERRI

It's only  
 (looks at watch, is  
 evidently surprised,  
 though he tries not to  
 show it)  
 Twenty to twelve. The real music  
 fan never gets out of bed before  
 half-ten.

He lets them in. They go straight to the Bargain Singles rack. TERRI shakes his head. DAVY HYNDMAN appears.

DAVY

I was starting to think you weren't opening up today.

TERRI doesn't say anything. The MODS don't say anything.

DAVY (CONT'D)

I picked these up for you.

He hands TERRI a bundle of bills. TERRI doesn't even look at them, but automatically goes to put them where he has put all the others. They won't fit.

DAVY has walked towards the window.

TERRI

Don't!

DAVY stops.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Do you not think I've enough  
 troubles without you going  
 looking out there for more?

DAVY laughs, turns and looks out the window. The laughter dies.

DAVY

Oh...

TERRI is already on his way.

TERRI

Didn't I tell you to keep away?  
 Is that my dad?

A police land rover is parked at the kerb before the shop. DET SGT DUNLOP stands by the driver's door talking to the RUC MAN inside.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
That's that fucker from the Drug Squad.

TERRI throws up the sash window.

CUT TO:

EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

TERRI leans out the window, shaking a fistful of final reminders.

TERRI  
Do you think if I was dealing drugs I would have all these?

He slams the window shut. DUNLOP smiles: he's getting to him.

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

TERRI  
(walking away from window)  
Right, shop's shut.

MOD 1  
Sure you've only just opened.

TERRI  
The real music fan doesn't give a fuck.

MOD 1 hands TERRI a 7"

TERRI (CONT'D)  
(in a tone that suggests the band's name says everything about 'real music' fan)  
Merton Parkas? Ten pee.

The MODS depart. TERRI puts the coin straight into his pocket.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
 (to DAVY)  
 In case I need to make a phone  
 call later.

CUT TO:

INT. HARP BAR - AFTERNOON

DAVY sits at a table with eight glasses on it: two empty  
 pints, two half-drunk, two just poured, and two brandies.

At the far end of the bar TERRI hunches over the pay-phone.  
 He hangs up and strides down the floor towards DAVY.

TERRI  
 I don't believe it. She answered.

DAVY  
 And?

TERRI  
 And she's coming up to Belfast  
 tomorrow night. Party up the  
 Malone Road.

DAVY  
 You know where that will be?

TERRI  
 Not that fucking 'Lifeboat'.

DAVY  
 Think 'yacht'.

TERRI takes a drink.

TERRI  
 Do you think I should go?

DAVY  
 Did Ruth say you could?

TERRI  
 She didn't say I couldn't.

DAVY  
 I don't think you should.

TERRI takes another drink.

TERRI  
 I'll go.

DAVY looks at him in disbelief.

DAVY

It doesn't matter what I say,  
does it? Doesn't matter what  
anyone says: you go your own  
sweet wee way. T-e-r-r-capital I.

TERRI

Well, good man, Davy, get stuck  
in there.

DAVY sinks his pint.

DAVY

(a tremor in his voice)  
Your dad's right, you're not a  
socialist at all, you're a one-  
man fucking show.

He gets up and leaves. TERRI watches him go then looks down  
at the table.

TERRI

(half turning, half-  
hearted)  
You didn't drink your brandy!  
(mutters)  
Stalinist.

He moves the glasses so that Davy's brandy and his own are  
lined up in front of him. He lifts the first.

TERRI (CONT'D)

'From each according to his  
ability.'  
(drains glass, sets it  
down, raises the next)  
'To each according to his need.'

The second glass is drained. TERRI looks at his watch. He  
goes back up to the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. HARP BAR - MUCH LATER

TERRI is still at the bar. A band plays. Call them the  
HOPELESS CASES, because that's what they sound like. LANKY  
PUNK is on bass. There is despite their incompetence the  
usual melee on the dance-floor.

Something in the corner of the room catches TERRI's eye.  
SHORT-ARSE PUNK (though from afar unidentified) appears to  
be going through a pile of coats.

TERRI sets his glass down and walks over to SHORT ARSE.

TERRI  
You looking for something?

SHORT ARSE turns, clearly hiding something under his jacket.

SHORT-ARSE PUNK  
No, it's all right.

TERRI  
Because it looked to me as if you were committing the cardinal sin of stealing from a sister or brother.

SHORT-ARSE PUNK  
Swear to God, Terri, I wasn't stealing anything.

TERRI says nothing, but neither does he move. SHORT ARSE has no option. With a quick look round he opens his jacket to reveal a gun butt. TERRI pulls the jacket shut for him.

SHORT-ARSE PUNK (CONT'D)  
I was trying to bury this under all them coats so as I could go up for a bop.

TERRI  
What the fuck are you doing with it in the first place?

SHORT-ARSE PUNK  
It's not real, you know. It's only to scare people if they try to jump me.

TERRI  
Listen, I'll give you the money for a taxi home. I'll pay your taxis from now to Christmas, just don't bring that fucking thing out with you again.

SHORT-ARSE PUNK  
I'm OK going home, it's the Spides who've started coming in here I'm worried about.

TERRI looks at the dance-floor, his eye lighting, as though only just noticing them, on one shaved head after another.

CUT TO:

INT. HARP BAR TOILETS - LATER

TERRI stands at the urinal. Suddenly a nudge in the back.

JOHNNY (O.S.)  
Careful you don't get it all over  
your shoes.

JOHNNY moves into position on his left, SKELL on his right.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Didn't I tell you to watch your  
back in the bogs.

TERRI  
Should you not be out scaring old  
ladies?

JOHNNY  
You're very funny.  
(speaking across TERRI)  
Isn't he, Skell? Isn't he very  
funny?

SKELL grunts.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
I was actually hoping I'd run  
into you. Me and Skell's in a  
band now. Aren't we Skell?

SKELL grunts again.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Tight wee unit.

SKELL sniggers.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Fuck sake, Skell, behave.  
(to TERRI)  
Thought you might be interested  
in our demo tape. We were going  
to call it 'The Only Good Wog's a  
Dead Wog', then we thought 'The  
Only Good *Taig*', but then we  
thought 'The Only Good One's a  
Dead One' covered pretty much  
everything.

TERRI  
I'd sooner sell bog rolls than  
Nazi shite like that.

JOHNNY wags his head.

JOHNNY  
Aw, fuck, Skell, you were right.  
(to TERRI)  
(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Skell here said we should just  
smack you and have done with it,  
but, no, I said, we'll talk to  
him.

The door opens.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
(in an undertone)  
I fucking hate it when I'm wrong.

THREE PUNKS come in. JOHNNY shakes himself.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
We'll see you around.  
(looks down)  
Sorry about the shoes. It's  
Skell, his aim's all over the  
place. I'm the steady one.  
(zip up)  
Ask the fellas you used to say  
would put me to bed.

The THREE PUNKS fill in around TERRI at the urinal. His  
eyes are closed.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALONE ROAD - NIGHT

TERRI wears the coat Ruth has always liked him in. He  
carries a brandy bottle from which he swigs as he walks.

He turns into the driveway of the villa he and Ruth went to  
the night they met. The driveway is packed with cars:  
Mercs, Audis, BMWs.

TERRI looks at himself in a wing mirror. He's a mess.

TERRI (V.O.)  
The worst thing about drinking on  
your own is the loss of  
perspective.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
(murmurs)  
You haven't lived till you've  
fallen back into bed with a one-  
eyed man.

He smiles unconvincingly at his reflection.

CUT TO:



INT. MALONE ROAD VILLA - NIGHT

Janice Ian sings like punk never happened. Hair is long here, knots are Windsor; there is corduroy aplenty. These are the YOUNG LECTURER TYPES from the earlier party, grown older, more affluent.

TERRI moves through them, up a staircase and along a landing. His passage does not go unnoticed; it provokes smirks, the odd catcall.

RANDOM PARTY-GOER  
Your bin-liner at the dry-cleaner's, Terri?

TERRI walks on. He tries a couple of doors before arriving at party central. He sees RUTH sitting on a sofa, looking relaxed, vivacious. He hovers in the doorway. Someone squeezes past: the LIFEBOAT OWNER with whom TERRI clashed all those years ago.

LIFEBOAT OWNER  
My God, Terri Hooley.

RUTH, hearing the name, looks up, sees him. The life seems to go out of her. TERRI is shocked by the transformation; mortified.

LIFEBOAT OWNER (CONT'D)  
I see your plan to bring peace to the city of Belfast really worked.

TERRI turns. RUTH looks as though she will follow, but a WOMAN at her shoulder speaks, distracting her, and the moment is gone.

LIFEBOAT OWNER  
(calling after Terri)  
Here, is it true Frank Ifield and Sid Vicious have done a duet? 'I Remember You... You Fucking Bastard.'

TERRI stumbles through a door.

CUT TO:

INT. MALONE ROAD VILLA - CONTINUOUS

TERRI is in a sparsely-furnished bedroom: double bed, lava lamp. The curtains are open on the sash window.

He sits on the bed. Weird shadows from the lamp and the trees outside. He watches them for a while, swigging from the brandy. Then, very deliberately, he sets the bottle on the floor and stands up.

The music has changed to Michael Jackson, 'Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough'.

TERRI drags the bed frame towards the window. He pulls the sheet off and knots one end to the foot of the bed. He pushes the window up, has another look at the end of the sheet still in his hand then ties it around his neck and climbs on to the windowsill.

TERRI (V.O.)  
Actually, the worst thing about  
drinking on your own is drinking  
on your own.

At the last moment he looks back over his shoulder; the brandy bottle is stranded in the middle of the floor. Fuck it. He jumps.

(Beat)

An exaggerated rip, followed by a soft crumple.

TERRI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oh, for fuck sake.

CUT TO:

INT. MALONE ROAD VILLA - NIGHT

In party central Michael Jackson still sings. A few PARTY-GOERS have started to dance after a long-haired, Windsor-knotted fashion.

RUTH sits exactly where she was when TERRI left the room, turned to talk to the woman at her shoulder.

TERRI appears behind her, leaves in his hair. The expression on the face of the WOMAN suddenly changes. RUTH turns.

RUTH  
Terri! I thought you'd gone.

TERRI  
I thought I had myself.

RUTH is as puzzled by his answer as she is by his appearance, which she is only now fully taking in.

RUTH  
Are you all right?

TERRI  
(the defenestration has  
clearly been sobering)  
I'm fine.  
(MORE)

TERRI (CONT'D)  
 I don't know what I was thinking,  
 leaving without saying goodbye  
 properly.

The unseen person responsible for the turntable has put on  
 Pink Floyd's 'Another Brick in the Wall'.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
 (with a glance in that  
 direction)  
 Now I really have to go.

RUTH  
 I'll maybe see you around.

TERRI  
 I'm hard to miss.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALONE ROAD - NIGHT

TERRI pauses to light a cigarette. He moves off. Behind him  
 is the villa: a bit of bed frame sticking out one window, a  
 ripped sheet flapping. TWO PARTY-GOERS are leaning out,  
 trying to make sense of it all.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

BANK MANAGER is looking through papers. TERRI sits across  
 the table.

TERRI  
 Even just five hundred to tide me  
 over.

BANK MANAGER  
 Sorry, not this time, Terri.  
 You're at the very limit of your  
 credit. And while I'm eternally  
 indebted to you for turning me on  
 to Thelonus Monk  
 (nods towards a pile of  
 'donated' records)  
 I have a head office to answer  
 to.

TERRI nods: this is reasonable.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)  
 In fact, as things stand we would  
 be quite within our rights to  
 call in some of your debt.

TERRI  
I haven't a bean.

BANK MANAGER  
I hardly like to remind you, but  
you have a house.

TERRI  
(unruffled)  
It'll not come to that.

BANK MANAGER  
Oh, good.

TERRI  
I have a plan.

BANK MANAGER  
Oh.

CUT TO:

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - EVENING

The tail end of the day; GREG and GETTY are the only people  
in the shop. DAVY enters, a little apprehensively. TERRI is  
delighted.

TERRI  
Here comes the back-stabber!

DAVY is actually heartened by this: TERRI is being TERRI.

DAVY  
Come on, I didn't even wait for  
you to turn your back. How was  
the party anyway?

TERRI  
Didn't hang around. Other things  
on my mind.

DAVY  
Like what?

TERRI  
Like a gig, a Good Vibrations  
fund-raiser.

DAVY  
No harm to you, Terri, but unless  
you're charging a hundred quid a  
head I think it's maybe gone  
beyond a night at the Harp.

TERRI  
Who said anything about the Harp?

DAVY  
The Pound then...  
(TERRI is smiling: not  
the Pound either)  
The Students' Union?

TERRI  
Try 'Ulster Hall'.

DAVY  
Ulster Hall?

TERRI  
Why not?

DAVY  
Because the Ulster Hall holds two  
thousand people.

TERRI  
I know how many it holds, I've  
been in it often enough.

DAVY takes a deep breath: he came in here to patch things  
up, not have another argument.

DAVY  
OK, OK, we call in favours - we  
get Siouxsie back to headline.  
Fuck it, we try Strummer.

TERRI  
We don't need them.

DAVY  
Really?

TERRI nods towards GREG and GETTY, who have progressed (or  
regressed) to firing peashooters at one another.

TERRI  
It's a Good Vibrations fund-  
raiser, it'll be Good Vibrations  
bands.

DAVY  
(whispering)  
Terri, we're talking two thousand  
people. Be realistic.

TERRI  
What, like you were realistic  
when you brought me round this  
place?

A long pause during which

CUT TO:

102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

TERRI and DAVY stand looking at one another in 102 Great Victoria Street as it was then.

CUT TO:

102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - EVENING

DAVY  
How many posters do you think  
you'll need?

GREG pushes GETTY into a rack of LPs. TERRI lifts an empty cassette case and launches it down the shop at them.

TERRI  
Would you two dickheads quit it  
while there's still a shop here  
for you to save?

GREG  
That hurt.

GETTY  
Sorry, Terri.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELFAST STREETS - DAY

BRIAN YOUNG is out postering. GREG COWAN is out postering; so too GETTY, RONNIE MATTHEWS, LANKY, SHORT ARSE, even SMALLEST PUNK; and TERRI of course.

He stands before a wall with *NF* and *SHANKILL SKINS* scrawled on it. He slaps a poster over the top. Only when he stands back is the poster revealed in all its glory: 'Outcasts. Moondogs, Ruefrex, Rudi, Big Self,' it reads, '24th April 1980, Ulster Hall.' It bears too an illustration of a maniacally grinning face, one eye open, one eye shut in a wink - *missing*, you would nearly think.

TERRI (V.O.)  
Davy didn't charge me a penny for  
the posters.

TERRI tilts his head to one side, looking at that face again.

TERRI (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 He'd forgiven me for whatever it  
 was that had got him so wound up  
 that night in the bar, but  
 something told me he hadn't  
 entirely forgotten.

CUT TO:

INT. HOOLEY FAMILY HOME - EVENING

TERRI is drinking tea at the table. MAVIS is moving around him 'picking up', in between looking out the kitchen window to where GEORGE is working in the garden.

MAVIS  
 (rapping window)  
 This tea will be stone cold.

GEORGE waves then returns to his gardening. MAVIS returns to her picking up.

MAVIS (CONT'D)  
 (muttering)  
 That man would try the patience  
 of a saint.

For all the notice she is taking, TERRI might as well not be there. He watches her a moment or two longer.

TERRI  
 Are you not speaking to me or are  
 you just not talking?

MAVIS has picked up a cushion, which she slaps into shape.

MAVIS  
 I am talking.

TERRI  
 To the window, to yourself.

MAVIS carries on, doing ever smaller tasks, and when she can find nothing else to occupy her goes back to the window, rapping the glass again. TERRI gets to his feet.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
 Here, let me take this out to  
 him.

He lifts a mug from the countertop.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

The garden is small, but ingeniously planted for maximum yield and colour.

TERRI  
It's looking well, dad.

GEORGE  
That's what all the dirty work in  
the winter's for.

TERRI hands him the mug.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Did your mother send you out with  
that?

TERRI  
I thought I'd better offer before  
she put the window in. I'm not  
sure which of us she's more  
annoyed with.

GEORGE  
You, I'd say.

TERRI  
Thanks.

GEORGE  
She has very strong views on  
marriage.  
(beat)  
She wouldn't have stayed with me  
all these years otherwise.

They sit on a small bench.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
After I moved here, have you any  
idea how many times I stood for  
election?  
(doesn't leave TERRI  
time to guess)  
Twelve. And have you any idea how  
often I was elected?

TERRI does, but again doesn't get the chance to say it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Not once. Never even close. The  
returning officer used to say if  
I was a horse they'd have shot me  
after the sixth. But do you know  
what? I have friends and comrades  
living all over his city. And do  
you know what else?  
(MORE)



GEORGE (CONT'D)

In every election I increased my vote. Victory doesn't always look the way other people imagine it, son.

TERRI's gaze is locked on his father's face so it's a moment before he notices that GEORGE has taken out a £5 note and is trying to press it into his hand. TERRI draws the hand back, but GEORGE catches him by the wrist.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

For the fund-raiser.

TERRI

Don't be daft, dad.

GEORGE

Take it.

Reluctantly TERRI does. He looks as though he might hug GEORGE, but GEORGE, unaware of this (or perhaps not so) chooses this moment to empty his tea leaves on to the flowerbed.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'll say this for you, you were true to your word: you didn't end up a crook.

It's back-handed, but it's a compliment. TERRI accepts that too.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(stands)

I hope you get your vote out tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. ULSTER HALL - EVENING

RUDI are completing their sound-check. DAVY is walking around the empty auditorium with notepad and pen. TERRI sits on the edge of the stage, legs dangling, smoking.

TERRI

Davy, come here a minute and have a fag with me.

DAVY

The Council's going to charge us for any damage done tonight.

TERRI

Davy...

DAVY  
 So I'm making a note of what's  
 already broken in case they try  
 to blame it on us.

TERRI  
 (shouting)  
 Davy, come here.

DAVY joins him on the stage, takes a cigarette, and a  
 light. TERRI puts his arm around his shoulder.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
 The Ulster Hall.

DAVY  
 Empty.

TERRI  
 The doors don't empty for another  
 half hour.

DAVY  
 We've hardly sold a ticket.

TERRI  
 Real music fans...

DAVY  
 ... don't buy tickets, I know,  
 they turn up on the night.

A door opens at the far end of the hall. A balding, bearded  
 figure in a blazer comes walking towards them. TERRI and  
 DAVY peer at him, looks of recognition and disbelief.

TERRI  
 (out the side of his  
 mouth)  
 Is this one of my stories?

DAVY  
 Not unless I'm in it too.

RUDI have spotted the figure now as well.

BRIAN  
 (into the mike)  
 It's John fucking Peel.

TERRI and DAVY get down from the stage.

JOHN PEEL  
 (with a nod to RUDI)  
 Always nice to get the full name.

TERRI  
 I can't believe you came.

JOHN PEEL

You gave me the best two minutes  
and twenty-eight seconds of my  
life, how could I not come? I'm  
just glad I got here in one  
piece.

DAVY

Rough journey?

JOHN PEEL

Oh, no, the flight was fine. I  
mean getting through the doors of  
this place.

TERRI and DAVY are nonplussed.

JOHN PEEL (CONT'D)

You mean you haven't had a look  
out the front?

CUT TO:

EXT. ULSTER HALL - EVENING

TERRI, DAVY, and JOHN PEEL at an upstairs window look down  
on a street thronged with PUNKS and overstretched RUC MEN.

CUT TO:

INT. ULSTER HALL - EVENING

TERRI, DAVY and JOHN PEEL at the window.

TERRI

(to Davy)

Didn't I tell you?

He looks out again. The PUNKS give him the fingers. TERRI  
replies in kind then turns his hand around to make a peace  
sign.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

A few minutes to the start of the gig. The noise from the  
auditorium is building.

RUEFREX are in a huddle; BRIAN YOUNG is practising licks on  
his unplugged guitar; JOHN PEEL talks to GETTY whose  
interest is torn between PEEL and the PINK-HAIRED PUNK  
across the room. (PINK-HAIRED PUNK GIRL wins.)

DAVY goes from group to group, asking the same question:

DAVY  
Have you seen Terri? Have you  
seen Terri?  
(he stops, cups a hand  
to his mouth)  
Has anybody seen Terri?

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

The DOOR STAFF can barely hold back the PUNKS still trying to get in. TERRI remonstrates with FRONT OF HOUSE MANAGER.

TERRI  
Can you not just open the doors?  
The first band's about to come  
on.

FRONT OF HOUSE MANAGER  
I'd be within my rights to shut  
the doors altogether. Half of  
them are full drunk and the other  
half are trying to run in without  
paying.

GORDY forces his way to the fore of the crowd at the door.

GORDY  
Terri!

TERRI  
He's on the guest-list.  
(to GORDY)  
Come on, move your arse.

GORDY  
What about my mates?

TERRI waves them through too: about a dozen in all.

TERRI  
Hurry up.

Cheers from inside the hall as RUEFREX take the stage.  
Hands shoot up here there and everywhere at the doors.

VOICES FROM THE CROWD  
Terri! Terri! Am I on the list?

TERRI looks at the FRONT OF HOUSE MANAGER; he looks at the  
BOX OFFICE STAFF. He looks back at the doors, the waving  
hands.

TERRI  
(shouts)  
Don't worry, you'll all get in.

The FRONT OF HOUSE MANAGER walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

Sounds of Ruefrefex, 'Don't Panic', from the stage. RONNIE MATTHEWS watches in the wings. GREG COWAN appears, sporting a Number 1 crewcut, Ben Sherman shirt and red braces.

RONNIE  
(with an edge)  
That's some fucking look.

GREG runs a hand over the crewcut, his attempted snarl defeated by a pleased-as-fuck grin.

GREG  
Why should the fascists have all  
the fun?

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

The logjam at the doors has been broken. A FEW PUNTERS are showing tickets at the box office. MANY MORE are walking straight in, past TERRI.

CUT TO:

INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

RUDI leave the stage.

The hall is so full now there are KIDS ON STAGE. There are RUC MEN too in the shadows at the very back.

To a huge ovation, JOHN PEEL appears and eventually speaks.

JOHN PEEL  
You're a good audience. People  
always say Belfast is the best  
audience. And now here's your  
best band - the Outcasts.

OUTCASTS come running on.

GREG  
(a quick rub of the  
crewcut again)  
Right, this one's for everybody  
who was at the Pound in January  
1978  
(isolated cheers;  
(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)  
 GREG points in the  
 direction of one of  
 them)  
 That's right, you know the night  
 I mean.  
 (smiling)  
 This one's called 'The bastards  
 are coming'.

They launch into 'The Cops are Coming' and JOHN PEEL is right, they do sound finally like the best band in Belfast. The KIDS ON STAGE bait the RUC, who do nothing; nothing at all.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

'The Cops are Coming' is thudding through the walls. DAVY and FRONT OF HOUSE MANAGER are deep in conversation. Neither looks happy.

CUT TO:

INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

The OUTCASTS are finishing 'Self-Conscious Over You'. GETTY's shirt is off; GREG's grin is broader than ever.

GREG  
 And now I'd like to welcome on  
 stage the man who made all this  
 possible...

TERRI's name is lost in the roar as he walks out from the wings 'OUTCASTS' across the back of his leather jacket. One of the KIDS ON STAGE grabs the mike from GREG.

ULSTER HALL KID  
 (sings)  
 Terri is our leader, Terri is our  
 leader, na-na-na-na...

TERRI takes the mike from him. He is barely audible above the stomping and whistling

TERRI  
 No leaders! No leaders!  
 (a kind of quiet  
 returns)  
 Thank you for coming.  
 (MORE)

TERRI (CONT'D)  
 When I look out at you all  
 gathered here it confirms  
 something that I've always felt:  
 New York has the haircuts, London  
 has the trousers, but Belfast has  
 the reason. Good Vibrations isn't  
 a record shop, it's a way of  
 life.

Cheers of confirmation.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
 Do you want Good Vibrations to  
 stay open?

The audience let him know that they do.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
 I said, do you want Good  
 Vibrations to stay open?

They let him know louder.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
 Then we'll stay open...

The loudest roar yet.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
 ... until the money runs out.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE ULSTER HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Tumult out front. TERRI runs offstage triumphant. DAVY is waiting for him.

TERRI  
 Isn't it incredible.

DAVY  
 (fuming)  
 It's fucking unbelievable.

TERRI  
 (oblivious)  
 The best night ever.

DAVY  
 Terri, we've made a loss. We've  
 filled the Ulster Hall to  
 capacity and we've somehow made a  
 fucking loss.

TERRI puts his hands on DAVY's shoulders.

TERRI

We're not going to fight tonight.  
It's OK.

DAVY

The fuck it is. Your man at the front says you had the longest guest list in the history of the Ulster Hall, longer than all the other guest lists put together. And all of it apparently carried in your head. Terri, the whole point of tonight was to raise money.

TERRI

No, Davy, it wasn't. Not the whole point. Money couldn't buy what we've just done.

He turns DAVY to look out at the crowd - to listen to it.

TERRI (CONT'D)

They'll never forget this. None of them. We've taken Belfast tonight.

The chanting from the crowd is getting louder. Terri's name. DAVY's expression has changed, softened. He nods and, with a flash of the OUTCASTS on his jacket, TERRI runs back on stage.

FADE TO:

EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT

The Elvis figure from the front of the shop is ablaze in the back yard, TERRI visible now and then through the flames.

TERRI (V.O.)

Bob Wills and his Texas Cowboys  
said it first and said it best:  
Time Changes Everything.

DET SGT DUNLOP walks past TERRI as though in a trance, straight into the bonfire.

TERRI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It changes drug squad cops...

The flames flare, a picture emerges from them:



INT. LOCAL RADIO STUDIO - DAY

DUNLOP is slouched behind a recording desk, rubbing the bridge of his nose and talking into a microphone.

TERRI (V.O.)  
... into talk-show hosts.

EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT

Elvis burns. GERRY the barman trance-walks into the fire.

TERRI (V.O.)  
It changes barmen...

The flames flare.

EXT. DOWNING STREET - DAY

GERRY is fielding questions outside Number 10.

TERRI (V.O.)  
... into statesmen.

EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT

ANDY and MARTY follow one another into the bonfire.

TERRI (V.O.)  
It changes the restless...

The flames flare.

EXT. TWO CEMETERIES - DAY

Two headstones, one with green, white and orange tributes, one with red, white and blue.

TERRI (V.O.)  
... into the for ever at rest.

EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT

RUTH passes, TERRI puts a hand to stop her, but into the fire she goes.

TERRI (V.O.)  
(downbeat)  
It changes wives...

The flames flare.

EXT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - DAY

RUTH closes front gate, looks up, with an air of finality at the front of the house, where there is a For Sale sign.

TERRI (V.O.)  
... into ex-wives with reason to  
rue the day and hour.

EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT

TERRI drops a photo of the Pound into the bonfire.

TERRI (V.O.)  
And changes a ghost town.

The flames flare.

EXT. BELFAST CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

1999 style: bars, nightclubs, hotels along the strip where the Pound stood.

TERRI (V.O.)  
... into a playground.

EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT

TERRI zips up his jacket. Walks into the flames himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX RECORDS - NIGHT

TERRI (V.O.)  
With the blessing of the Official  
Receiver...

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX RECORDS - NIGHT

The LAST CUSTOMER of the days is leaving. In front of the till a picture of Elvis over packages labelled 'Elvis's Ashes £5 a bag'. Behind the till is TERRI, still in the OUTCASTS jacket, but twenty years older, with glasses.

TERRI (V.O.)  
... it even changes bankrupts  
into going concerns again.

He kills the lights.

TERRI (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Time's mad. Time's on mushrooms.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX RECORDS - NIGHT

TERRI locks the door and pulls down the shutter.

He takes a few steps, bends to light a cigarette, and in that instant he is struck on the back of the head. He goes down in a heap.

SKELL and TWO OTHER MEN lay into him with feet and fists. The beating lasts 10 or 15 seconds. When it is finished JOHNNY emerges from a doorway and leans over TERRI.

JOHNNY  
Boo! you fucking clown.

SKELL laughs big belly laughs as they get into a car and drive away.

TERRI  
(raises his head, speaks  
through broken teeth)  
Bob Wills and his Texas Cowboys  
had never been to Belfast.

He collapses back; lies very, very still.

CUT TO:

INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

It is April 1980 again; TERRI is running on stage for his encore.

TERRI  
We're going to play an old Sonny  
Bono number, because we fucking  
can.

He nods at the OUTCASTS who strike up 'Laugh at me'.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
(sings)  
'Why can't I/ be like any guy?/  
Why do they try to make me run?/  
Sun of a gun now.'

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - NIGHT

TERRI is lying very still in a hospital bed, doctors and nurses working around him. The song carries on.

TERRI (O.C.)  
(sings)  
'What do they care, about the  
clothes I wear?/ Why get their  
kicks from making fun? Yeah.'

CUT TO:

INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

TERRI pours heart and soul into the performance. There seem to be as many KIDS ON STAGE now as there are in front.

TERRI  
(sings)  
'This world's got a lot of space/  
And if they don't like my face/  
it ain't me that's going  
anywhere, no.'

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - NIGHT

TERRI in ward alone: monitors, drips; eye on a kidney dish.

TERRI (O.C.)  
(sings)  
'So, I don't care, let them laugh  
at me./ If that's the fare I have  
to pay to be free/ Then, Baby...'

CUT TO:

INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

TERRI  
(sings)  
'.... Laugh at me,? And I'll cry  
for you, and I'll pray for you,/ and I'll do all the things that  
the man upstairs says to do,/ I'll do them for you, I'll do  
them, I'll do them all for you.'

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - NIGHT

TERRI opens his eye. He looks down the length of himself and starts removing drips etc. He retrieves his clothes and pulls over the Freephone on a stand by the bed.

Shakily he jabs in a number. Waits a moment.

TERRI  
(still thickly)  
I need a taxi from the Royal. The  
name's Terri Hooley. Terri with  
an I.

He puts his eye in.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - NIGHT

TERRI walks along a corridor while TERRI in the Ulster Hall sings on.

TERRI (O.C.)  
(sings)  
'It's gotta stop some place./  
It's gotta stop some time,/ I'll  
make that other cheek mine./ And  
maybe the next guy that don't  
wear a silk tie,/ he can walk by  
and say hi...'

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOYER - NIGHT

A RED-FACED MIDDLE-AGED MAN runs up to the reception desk.

RED-FACED MAN  
I'm here to pick up Terri Hooley.

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST  
Take a seat... if you can find  
one.

The RED-FACED MAN turns and sees that the foyer is already heavily populated by MIDDLE-AGED men.

CUT TO:

INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

TERRI  
(sings)  
'...  
(MORE)

TERRI (CONT'D)  
and say hi instead of why,/   
Instead of why,/ Instead of why,  
baby,/ instead of why.'

CUT TO:

ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOYER - NIGHT

TERRI steps out of a lift and stops, confused, as the MIDDLE-AGED MEN rise as one. Then before his eyes they change into the PUNK KIDS they once were; change back. The RED-FACED MAN (LANKY PUNK, as was) walks towards him.

RED-FACED MAN  
Come on, Terri, we'll get you  
home.

CUT TO:

INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

TERRI is at the front of the stage. He takes a deep breath and launches himself on to the mattress of raised hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - NIGHT

TERRI gets into a taxi. The RED-FACED MAN closes the door behind him. A beat, then a dozen other doors close, one after the other.

CUT TO:

INT. RED-FACED MAN'S TAXI - NIGHT

TERRI looks over his shoulder as the other taxis pull out. A couple overtake his: a motorcade to accompany him home.

He faces front; faces the lights of Belfast city centre.

RED-FACED MAN  
Different city now, isn't it?

TERRI  
(rubbing his false eye)  
Looks the same to me.

The RED-FACED MAN smiles. He pushes a cassette into the car stereo. Sound of the first chord of 'Alternative Ulster', by Stiff Little Fingers.

RED-FACED MAN  
You sorry you never signed the  
Stiffs?

More chords. TERRI sits forward.

TERRI  
I'll tell you a story about the  
Stiffs  
(coughs)  
Wait, before I tell you all that  
I have to tell you this...

CUT TO:

EXT. BELFAST CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

'Alternative Ulster' gets up its head of steam. The  
motorcade rolls on.

CREDITS

In the course of which 'Alternative Ulster' segues into  
'This Town Ain't Big Enough for the Both of Us', Sparks,  
and at the end of which there is one final scene.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOYER - NIGHT

The HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST fills in a form. Shadows fall  
across her. Looking up she sees BOB DYLAN and the THREE  
INCARNATIONS OF JOHN LENNON.

DYLAN  
We're, ah, here to pick up Terri  
Hooley.

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST  
(sighs)  
You missed him.

DYLAN  
Oh, man.

He and the THREE INCARNATIONS OF JOHN LENNON turn back  
towards the door.

CROP-HAIRED LENNON  
I told you we should have taken  
the ring road.

They exit, bickering.

THE END