

Burning Down The House

Series script

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Adapted from the novel

Burning Down The House

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Initial Draft

Burning Down The House  
Episode One: Independence

FADE IN

The screen is black. A title appears:

Scotland

After a moment, another title joins it:

Mebbe The Day After Tomorrow

After a moment, one more title.

Otherwise, the day after that.

INT. STUDIO ONE---DAY

Television channel advertising klaxons blare.

IVAN Moss, of Glasgow, 60 years old, five foot seven. Except in this instance, he's being news reader IVAN ONE, carefully shellacked brown hair, staring into the camera.

IVAN ONE  
Scotland. Is. Independent.

A pause

IVAN ONE (cont'd)  
Tonight it is official. The results are in from the second referendum on Scottish independence:

Scottish independence, on the way, in the pipeline.

INT. STUDIO TWO---DAY

Ivan is now IVAN TWO and IVAN THREE, chat show hosts in their padded chairs by a big round table, a redhead and a blonde.

IVAN TWO  
How will it go? Independence.

IVAN THREE  
My opinion? Meet the new boss,  
same as the old boss. No  
revolution, just a change of facile  
management.

Ivan Two shakes his head.

IVAN TWO  
Our vote is too close, our  
demographics too fragmented, our  
leadership too cautious for any  
bold radicalism. Besides, we don't  
have a vision.

Ivan Three shrugs.

IVAN THREE  
The only vision we had was to gain  
Independence.

IVAN TWO  
Our vote is too close.

Ivan Three nods along.

IVAN THREE  
Our vote is too close.

INT. STUDIO THREE---DAY

Ivan now has long black hair as female discussion show host  
IVANA. A big studio display behind her reads:

Scotland Independence: The Details.

IVANA  
It'll be a hard divorce. It's not  
going to be overnight, this will  
take a year and half to get the  
details done. Eighteen months from  
now we'll be off-book, the  
Westminster rewrites will all be in  
and we'll be ready for our grand  
opening night.

BLACK

A title appears:

Six Months Later.

Then:

Welcome To  
Warm, Friendly, Glasgow

FADE IN

EXT. GLASGOW STREET---DAY

A ceiling of solid grey cloudy overcast, and then a low flying Chinook helicopter---the big one with the two rotors---rattles overhead, flying just over buildings and just below the clouds.

A squirrel is being roasted on a straightened out wire coat hanger. A cluster of jobless have a makeshift fire next to a large building wall.

Ivan is across the street, watching, and the building is a Waitrose grocery store, with the fire burning by a corner of the store. From the opposite corner of the store a trio of police are energetically meandering towards the fire. A large army truck rumbles by.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT BATHROOM---DAY

Ivan is in the shower.

IVAN  
Ah, Jaysus.

A pause as he stands in the shower.

IVAN (cont'd)  
You're a bad lot. Your life has stalled again. How many times is that now? Don't count. There's work to be done, another book, maybe a play. Are we ready for that? No. Will we ever be ready again? We shall see.

INT. CAFE TWA---DAY

A two story building. The upper story is stonework because it extends from being part of the church behind it. The lower story, with the cafe, is black paint around the four windows, each ceiling to nearly floor. The cafe name is painted over the door, bridging two of the four windows.

Weather permitting, outside the windows, there are tables on the sidewalk.

Inside, all is brown wood, a solitary fern parked in a corner of a bay window, padded chairs at tables, each window with a table.

Ivan and TRISH, she in her fifties or so, five foot five, are seated by one of the windows.

TRISH

I bet you never expected to be going through this again at your time of life?

IVAN

No.

TRISH

And you actually proposed to Emily---the whole bit?

IVAN

Not the whole bit. I proposed.

TRISH

Down on one knee?

Ivan shakes his head.

IVAN

No knees were harmed in the making of the proposal.

Trish circles her spoon in her skinny mocha, licks the froth off it.

TRISH

Why now?

IVAN

I'm a man. We never snap into action till its too late.

TRISH

And even then you do the wrong thing.

IVAN

It felt like the right thing.

TRISH

The right thing at the wrong time.

IVAN

After six years I thought it was what she wanted.

TRISH

It would have been if you'd proposed after three years. Two is ideal, three acceptable, at a pinch.

IVAN

We're family, whose side are you on?

TRISH

It's not about sides . . . I know what you're like.

IVAN

Let's go back. You used the term At a pinch. That means for half our relationship she's been quietly packing her emotional suitcase?

TRISH

Not exactly.

IVAN

Well that's what it sounds like.

Trish's phone buzzes. She looks at it, chuckles, picks it up and taps on it for a moment, looks up, smiling. Ivan stares.

IVAN (cont'd)

Well?

Trish's smile fades.

TRISH

Something must have happened. Did she meet someone?

IVAN

I don't know. How would I tell?

TRISH

Come on, you know the signs. Change of habit. More nights out with the girls. A certain name casually dropped into the conversation, once too often.

IVAN  
I don't think so.

TRISH  
Did you have a fight?

Ivan stirs his coffee.

TRISH (cont'd)  
You're not answering, Ivan. Did you have a fight?

IVAN  
Not technically, no.

Trish stares.

TRISH  
What does that mean?

IVAN  
Put it this way. It takes two to fight and the anger was all located on one side.

TRISH  
So what did you do to piss her off?

IVAN  
Latterly everything, including breathing.

TRISH  
A woman doesn't just bale out after six years for no reason.

IVAN  
You're asking me if there was an inciting incident?

TRISH  
Cut the writers' textbook shite, something happened between you and I'm asking what.

A pause.

TRISH (cont'd)  
Tell me.

IVAN  
Okay . . . Well . . .  
(MORE)

IVAN (cont'd)

Remember when I said we were going on holiday on the Bosphorus and how much she was looking forward to that?

TRISH

Yes.

IVAN

We didn't go to the Bosphorus. We went somewhere else.

TRISH

Where?

IVAN

Cork.

Trish Stares

TRISH

Cork, Ireland?

IVAN

Yes.

TRISH

And did your Turkish lira and 50 SPF sunscreen come in handy in Cork? Not to mention the nice summer dresses Emily would have bought in February anticipating a lovely summer getaway in August?

IVAN

Not really, no.

TRISH

You're a self-sabotaging fool.

IVAN

We both know that, Trish. In my defence we visited a good few places round Cork though.

TRISH

Shoot.

IVAN

Well, lets see. We went to Cobh. Macroom. Bandon. Sam's Cross. Roscarberry. Bantry. A lovely bit of country motoring. So in a sense

(MORE)

IVAN (cont'd)  
I don't see what she was  
complaining about.

Trish stares again.

TRISH  
The key phrase here, is in a sense.  
Look at all these places.

IVAN  
What about them?

TRISH  
Either you're naive and don't see  
it or you're being stupidly  
evasive.

Trish arches an eyebrow

TRISH (cont'd)  
Which is it?

IVAN  
Stupidly evasive.

TRISH  
Bandon. Macroom. Bantry. Sam's  
Cross. Did you go to Clonakilty  
too?

IVAN  
Over there they just call it Clon.  
Yes.

TRISH  
These are all places in West Cork  
that Michael Collins visited. With  
his convoy on the last day of his  
life, in 1922. And I only know  
that because you never stop going  
on about it. And that's where you  
took Emily on holiday?

IVAN  
Just to clarify, Collins didn't  
make it to Bantry. Didn't need to  
go. He bumped into a couple of  
Free State officers in Skibbereen.  
They told him all he needed to know  
about the state of play at the  
barracks there, so he turned back.

TRISH  
Did you go to Bantry?

IVAN  
Yes.

TRISH  
So you're telling me that even Collins, the Commander in Chief of the Free State army, who was paid to go to Bantry, didn't actually go there. But you, a hero worshipping tourist, decided you had to?

IVAN  
I was researching a play.

TRISH  
You'd written the play. It had been performed.

IVAN  
I was making it longer.

Trish lurches back in her chair, shuts her eyes briefly, curses under her breath, springs forward.

TRISH  
So if Collins didn't go there, what was the point in your going?

Ivan leans forward.

IVAN  
Just consider this, Trish---if Collins hadn't met those officers he would have gone on to Bantry, correct?

TRISH  
Correct.

IVAN  
Had he done that it would have been dark by the time he returned to Cork through Beal na Blath looking for the Bandon road. Correct?

TRISH  
Sure.

IVAN

Which means there would have been no ambush by the Anti-Treaty irregulars, none, because by then it would have been too dark. Do you see? In fact, the light was already fading fast by the time the convoy---

TRISH

Let me put it another way. If you hadn't been so obsessed with Michael Collins and the Irish insurrection you might have been planning a wedding and not a trip to the doctor for anti-depressants. Correct?

IVAN

That's a bit harsh.

TRISH

Is it true?

IVAN

Yes.

TRISH

What does that tell you?

IVAN

That the truth hurts.

TRISH

I have no further questions.

Trish does a fast look towards the back to the cafe.

TRISH (cont'd)

There's the Waitress. Mine's a skinny mocha.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT KITCHEN---DAY.

There are two corks on a table. There is an empty bottle of Merlot on its side that has evidently contributed one of the corks. There must be a second empty bottle somewhere, but for the moment, the first empty bottle is kept from rolling somewhere by the two corks.

Somewhere else, GERRY yells.

GERRY  
 (O.S., yelling)  
 You're going the wrong way!

EXT. CLYDE BIKE PATH---DAY

The bike path is lit with irregular bits of sunlight getting past the clouds. Ivan is sitting on a bicycle, his bike and that of BANDANA pretty much lined up tire to tire, her facing Ivan. Gerry and Bandana are a pair of middle aged hipsters, typically badly costumed, him with greying mildewface, her named by her bandana wrapped around her head. Gerry has his bike next to Ivan's. He has a face mask dangling from one ear.

IVAN  
 There's no wrong way, cycling is a free for all.

GERRY  
 (yelling)  
 There are rules. Look at the tracks. If you don't follow them that's how accidents happen.

IVAN  
 I won't cause an accident.

GERRY  
 (yells)  
 You just did. You clown, you barged my partners front wheel.

Ivan practically giggles.

GERRY (cont'd)  
 (yells)  
 I'm waiting.

BANDANA  
 Leave it, Gerry.

Gerry jabs a finger into Ivan's chest

GERRY  
 (yells)  
 I'm still waiting.

BANDANA  
 Let it go, Ger.

Ivan takes Gerry's hand in both of his.

IVAN

You are so right to wait. I have learned such an invaluable lesson here today and I can only thank you, both of you, for providing me with this opportunity for self-improvement moving forward. You've enriched my day and please do have the absolute best of visits here to our very dear green place Glasgow---we've switched the rain off especially for you ha-ha--seriously guys, I hope you both have a wonderful stay.

GERRY

(petulant)  
We live here.

IVAN

In that case, fuck off, I'm busy.

BANDANA

What a horrible man.

Gerry decides to grab Ivan by the lapel with one hand and continue poking with a finger of the other. Ivan leans in, punching Gerry in the mouth from below the lapel arm, knocking the arm loose as he punches. Gerry windmills his arms on the way down, sprawls when he hits the ground. At that point he doesn't even look at Ivan, but instead looks at Bandana. She starts climbing off her bike, drops the bike on the ground.

BANDANA (cont'd)

(shrieks)  
That was assault! My partner has a heart condition!

Bandana starts helping Gerry to his feet.

GERRY

(echoes)  
I have a heart condition.

BANDANA

I'm prosecuting! I want your name.

IVAN

No chance.

Ivan starts pedaling, a little wobbly, but managing speed.

GERRY  
 You're off your head! I'm calling  
 the police!

EXT. GLASGOW GREEN---DAY

Ivan rolls to a stop on the path, gets off the bike, pushes the bike onto the grass. He gets the bike over to a tree, props the bike on the tree, parks on the seat and has a look around. He pulls a rum bottle from a jacket pocket, has a glug.

Off in the distance, PAL tries to get some money from BUD.

PAL  
 (O.S.)  
 Any spare change please, bud?

BUD  
 (O.S.)  
 Sorry, pal.

Ivan glares off into the distance. After another moment,

PAL  
 (O.S.)  
 Jasmine? Jasmine, whits wrang, is  
 it sumhin I said? Ah fucken love  
 yi Jasmine, don't be a mad bitch,  
 man.

Ivan scowls even more, slides off the seat and goes back to pushing the bike across the grass.

EXT. GLASGOW GREEN WEST BOATHOUSE---DAY

Ivan is perched on the bike, near the boathouse fence, peering about. In the river, a dinghy with an outboard motor is tied up to the dock.

Ivan is on the dock with the rope in his hand, and while still holding the rope, very carefully wobbles his way aboard. The boat shakes a bit as he gets himself just so and then plops onto the seat in the middle of the dinghy, facing the stern. With the rope no longer holding the dinghy at the dock, the dinghy starts drifting away from the dock, following the river flow

IVAN  
 Wow.

Ivan looks about quickly, still has no one screaming in objecting pursuit, yet. He looks at the motor, then sees a yellow pair of oars sticking out below the seat. He pulls them out, slots them into the oar locks. A bit of floundered paddling gets him through a couple of circles and then out towards the center of the river.

EXT. RIVER CLYDE---DAY

Ivan is managing to splash the oars in the water as the river current pulls the dinghy down the river.

He looks up the river, sees several rowing TEAMS coming towards him.

The several boats of the male and female rowing teams are now rowing around him. They do not appreciate that Ivan is having a nice day on the river.

TEAMS  
(assorted single  
male and female  
yelling)  
Watch out where you're rowing!  
(Etc.)

The teams go off beyond Ivan and let him get back to a nice paddle of the river . . . . except that the teams have no started coming back up the river, being even louder than before.

TEAMS (cont'd)  
You're going the wrong way  
You've got to turn around!  
Turn around, idiot!  
Etc . . .

The teams continue on past him and back up the river.

IVAN  
(shouts)  
Sod off!

Ivan happily goes back to paddling.

The dinghy slams into the weir. Ivan rolls backwards and does a cartwheel off the bow and past the weir down into the downstream water. He hits the water, goes under, a pause, comes back up. He flounders himself around while also starting to drift down the river. Once facing back upstream, he can see the bow of the dinghy up above him,

poking out over the weir. He flails an arm in the direction of the dinghy, but is too far below it to reach.

Ivan flounders some more as he drifts further down the river.

IVAN (cont'd)  
(shout)  
Help!

Ivan founders a bit more to get onto his back.

IVAN (cont'd)  
(shout)  
Help!

All goes black . . . sort of. Ivan has drifted under the Albert Bridge.

IVAN (cont'd)  
(shout, with echoes)  
Help!

Ivan drifts on further.

IVAN (cont'd)  
(shout)  
Aahh. I will do something . . .  
worthwhile.

No, that's not good enough.

IVAN (cont'd)  
(shout)  
I hereby vow to make a . . . to  
make a . . .

Ivan finally drifts out from under the bridge. A young GIRL calls down from the bridge.

GIRL  
(shout)  
Are you alright?

Ivan tries seeing where the voice is coming from.

GIRL (cont'd)  
(shout)  
Hold on.

IVAN  
(shout)  
Yes.

Ivan flounders some more.

GIRL  
(shout)  
Hold on.

The girl disappears. A boyfriend appears.

IVAN  
(shout)  
Yes, yes.

BLACK

IVAN  
(O.S.)  
For Christ's sake!

INT. HOSPITAL WARD---DAY

A pair of nurses are extremely visible, ROLY POLY and the OTHER.

ROLY  
Calm down, you're alright. You're safe now.

Ivan is a lying in a hospital bed, now wearing pyjamas. The two nurses are with a third woman, Dr. ELLERY. Off beyond them are other beds with assorted other patients.

IVAN  
What are you, angels?

ROLY  
Nurses. It's the same thing.

Ellery leans in.

ELLERY  
How are you?

IVAN  
You're a doctor, do the dead dream?

Ellery smiles.

ELLERY  
Not to my knowledge.

IVAN

In that case I'm alive. I'm fine.  
Am I fine? Why am I here?

Ivan sits up, suddenly.

IVAN (cont'd)

Where is here?

ELLERY

Calm down, Mr Moss, you're in  
hospital, you're fine.

ROLY

Aye, shush Ivan, you're in Sunny  
Govan.

IVAN

How come you know my name?

ELLERY

Your stuff was in your wallet.  
Credit card, debit card, easy to  
trace.

ROLY

Aye. We've all booked a Groupon  
spa deal to Peebles Hydro. Thanks  
very much.

The trio giggle. Ivan peers down his body, counts limbs.  
Ellery frowns, leans in, checks his eyes.

IVAN

Did you pump my stomach?

ROLY

There's a joke in there somewhere.

ELLERY

Not necessary. You find the odd  
seal and the occasional salmon in  
the Clyde these days where you were  
fished out. You're lucky you  
didn't tip yourself in forty years  
ago. How do you feel?

IVAN

My head hurts.

Ellery nods, raises a hand.

ELLERY  
How many fingers am I holding up?

IVAN  
Eight.

ELLERY  
On one hand? I'm not an octopus,  
Ivan.

IVAN  
I was okay when I hit the water.

ELLERY  
You were hit by a lifebelt.  
Someone threw it and it knocked you  
clean out.

IVAN  
Why didn't I drown?

ELLERY  
The rescue launch picked you up.  
It's moored at the bridge. You  
were on the end of a boathook. How  
many heads do I have?

IVAN  
Just the two.

ELLERY  
I'm going to give you something to  
make you sleep. When you wake up  
you'll feel better.

Roly leans in with a pill and shoves it into Ivan's mouth,  
then immediately follows with a glass at his mouth. Ellery  
moves on to a different bed. Everything fades to black.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD---DAY

Hospital ward, somewhere else. Either a different ward, or  
a different bed.

Ivan is in a bed, wearing pyjamas. Dr. CRITCHLEY, NICKY---a  
nurse with pink hair and full sleeve tattoos---, and two  
other nurses, are standing by the bed.

IVAN  
What am I in for?

CRITCHLEY

You're unwell. That's why we moved you.

IVAN

I was unwell before you moved me, so why move me?

CRITCHLEY

You're a different kind of unwell.

IVAN

What kind am I now? Is it a good kind?

CRITCHLEY

We checked your brain. We thought you might have an aneurism, but not so.

IVAN

No need to pull the surgeon off the weekend golf course then?

CRITCHLEY

She's been on duty for twelve hours straight. She's the one who checked your plates. Screens please.

Critchley watches as the nurses yank a set of screens around the bed, then yank the pyjamas off of Ivan. Ivan makes a face. Critchley leans over for a closer look.

CRITCHLEY (cont'd)

You have a rash. It may be shingles or something you picked up in the water.

IVAN

Dolphin piss, possibly.

CRITCHLEY

What?

IVAN

Nothing.

Ivan shifts about as Critchley pokes at something.

CRITCHLEY

When we take your clothes it can  
feel we're taking your identity  
too.

IVAN

Take my identity. It's no use to  
me. Brought me nothing but  
trouble.

Critchley pulls off his Patagonia anorak and pulls on his  
stethoscope.

NICKY

Stop picking a fight with the  
doctor.

After a bit, Ivan is back in pyjamas and the anorak is back  
on. The screens get pushed away.

IVAN

When will I get out?

CRITCHLEY

When you're better.

IVAN

Better than who?

CRITCHLEY

Try to rest.

The four of them head off as a single group.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD---NIGHT

Ivan is lying in the bed, staring into relative darkness.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD---DAY

Critchley is standing by the bed.

CRITCHLEY

The psychiatrist would like to see  
you, are you okay with that?

IVAN

Sure.

CRITCHLEY

She'll see you tomorrow at two.

IVAN  
I'll bring a bottle.

INT. HOSPITAL NURSE STATION---DAY

Ivan is standing by the station with Roly behind the counter. His pyjamas now have a jumper over them, there is a dressing gown over the jumper, and he's carrying an overcoat.

ROLY  
Do you need a wheelchair and a porter?

IVAN  
I'm fine, I'll make my way across the car park.

INT. PSYCHIATRY ANTEROOM---DAY

The room has a round table with some chairs around it, an open laptop computer is on the table by one seat. Over by a wall is a smaller rectangular table with a Russell Hobbs kettle, a scattering of mugs, and assorted tea makings.

The psychiatrist, Mrs. DAWSON-BAIN, is standing near the laptop. She has her coat and zipped up, even though indoors. Peeking out of the coat sleeves, there is a plaster on each wrist. Ivan is now also wearing the overcoat, is seated a bit around the table from her.

DAWSON-BAIN  
How are you feeling today?

IVAN  
I'll bet not as cold as you.

DAWSON-BAIN  
Make yourself comfortable. I've asked for better chairs.

IVAN  
Good move.

DAWSON-BAIN  
Would you like some tea?

IVAN  
No thanks.

She plugs in the Russell Hobbs anyway, sits, crosses her legs, stares at the laptop.

DAWSON-BAIN  
Do you have much recollection of what brought you here?

IVAN  
No. How about you, what brought you here?

DAWSON-BAIN  
We're not talking about me. Which is it, yes or no?

IVAN  
Both.

DAWSON-BAIN  
Meaning?

IVAN  
I remember it all, but it probably didn't happen.

DAWSON-BAIN  
What do you remember?

IVAN  
It'll be in your file. My file.

DAWSON-BAIN  
Those are the facts. But what's your recall, personally?

IVAN  
Pretty much as they say. What do they say?

DAWSON-BAIN  
They say you were raving volubly when you were admitted. Something about Lord Nelson, a woman called Emily and the illegal Irish Dail of 1919.

IVAN  
Sounds like me.

DAWSON-BAIN  
I'm going to be frank. Do you have a problem with reality?

IVAN

Not usually. Reality minds its business and I mind mine.

Dawson-Bain frowns

IVAN (cont'd)

Why do you ask?

DAWSON-BAIN

I'm told that when you sleep, you gibber. Say things. Once or twice you've slept walked. Have you an awareness of that?

IVAN

No.

The plastic kettle is CREAKING its way towards the boil. Dawson-Bain studies the notes.

DAWSON-BAIN

It says here you write for a living.

IVAN

I don't. I write to stay sane.

DAWSON-BAIN

It doesn't appear to be working.

IVAN

I'll be the judge of that.

The kettle reaches its steamy crescendo, clicks itself off.

DAWSON-BAIN

Excuse me.

Dawson-Bain uncrosses her legs, climbs out of the chair, and goes to the kettle. She holds up a mug marked Bawbag.

DAWSON-BAIN (cont'd)

You're sure?

Ivan looks very quizzical. Dawson-Bain shrugs.

DAWSON-BAIN (cont'd)

The cups are communal.

Dawson-Bain pours water onto a tea bag.

DAWSON-BAIN (cont'd)  
I quite literally don't feel human  
till I've had my camomile.

IVAN  
Your earth apple.

DAWSON-BAIN  
What?

IVAN  
Chamomile. Means 'On the ground.'  
From the French and Latin,  
'Khamai.' The word camomile is a  
bastardisation.

DAWSON-BAIN  
You're knowledgeable.

IVAN  
I know that much.

Dawson-Bain sits down and puts the mug on the table, near the laptop. She then types something into the laptop. Then as she's staring at the laptop she picks up the tea and blows on it.

DAWSON-BAIN  
You were lucky the dinghy owner  
didn't press charges.

IVAN  
It was a drunken prank.

DAWSON-BAIN  
Pranks usually involve other  
people. As does drink.

IVAN  
I'm a bit short on other people  
these days. That's why I was  
drinking.

DAWSON-BAIN  
What happens when you drink?

IVAN  
I become a crowd.

DAWSON-BAIN  
What did you hope to achieve by  
drifting down the Clyde?

IVAN  
A fresh perspective.

Dawson-Bain smiles, thinly.

DAWSON-BAIN  
You were hit with a lifebelt then  
bumped on the head by a rescue  
launch. I suppose you can't help  
hitting things when your back is  
against the direction of travel.

IVAN  
Story of my life.

Ivan shifts about.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Are we done here? I'm not sensing  
much in the way of co-presence.

Dawson-Bain looks up, mildly startled.

DAWSON-BAIN  
You're aware of that concept?

IVAN  
Yes.

DAWSON-BAIN  
My aim is to help you to help  
yourself.

Dawson-Bain warms her hands on her cup.

DAWSON-BAIN (cont'd)  
That said you can leave at any  
time.

Ivan stands up.

DAWSON-BAIN (cont'd)  
Pity. I rather hoped you'd have  
the balls to stay.

Ivan sits down.

DAWSON-BAIN (cont'd)  
What's going on with you, Ivan?

IVAN  
Today?

DAWSON-BAIN

Generally.

IVAN

Easy. When I'm working, the contents of my head scuttle onto the page. When I'm not they stay clawing at the walls inside me, clamouring to escape.

DAWSON-BAIN

Ah yes.

IVAN

Ah yes? You know the feeling?

DAWSON-BAIN

Why would I know the feeling?

IVAN

You have plasters on both wrists.

Dawson-Bain rests her elbows on the table. Dawson-Bain and Ivan both look at her wrists.

DAWSON-BAIN

Why aren't you working, Ivan?

IVAN

Next question.

DAWSON-BAIN

Okay, who's Emily?

Ivan sits very still.

IVAN

Why do you ask?

DAWSON-BAIN

You have her down as your next of kin. Yet she hasn't visited. Not once. Who is she?

IVAN

She's my ex.

DAWSON-BAIN

Say her name.

IVAN

Emily.

DAWSON-BAIN

Ah.

IVAN

What do you mean Ah'?

DAWSON-BAIN

You know perfectly well what I mean. Are you still in love with her?

IVAN

Next question.

She raises her mug for a sip, but no sip is forthcoming. She puts the mug back down.

DAWSON-BAIN

Look at me.

Ivan starts to open his mouth.

DAWSON-BAIN (cont'd)

Shut up.

Ivan closes his mouth.

DAWSON-BAIN (cont'd)

Just look at me.

Ivan looks at her.

DAWSON-BAIN (cont'd)

I can't tell you how important it is that we all look at each other.

Ivan and Dawson-Bain stare at each other.

Dawson-Bain and Ivan stare at each other.

Ivan and Dawson-Bain stare at each other.

Ivan puts his head on the table.

IVAN

What's happening to me?

DAWSON-BAIN

It's what you wanted. Co-presence.

IVAN

Yes.

Ivan looks up.

DAWSON-BAIN

Ivan, why do I have the feeling  
you're not telling me everything?

IVAN

Maybe because I don't know  
everything. How about you. Do you  
know everything?

DAWSON-BAIN

I told you, this isn't about me.

IVAN

Maybe it should be.

DAWSON-BAIN

Why?

IVAN

You're crying.

Dawson-Bain finger flicks tears from both eyes, briskly in her manner.

DAWSON-BAIN

How do you feel now?

IVAN

Like I'm falling apart.

DAWSON-BAIN

Like you're trying to find solid  
ground but every now and then the  
floor gives way beneath, leaving  
you falling, back where you  
started?

IVAN

That. Definitely that. How did  
you know?

Dawson-Bain types a note on her computer keypad, turns in her chair.

DAWSON-BAIN

You've work to do.

IVAN

Is that it?

DAWSON-BAIN  
You think I've given you a soft  
option?

IVAN  
I hope so.

DAWSON-BAIN  
There are no soft options. I know  
that and so will you. Your work  
starts the moment you leave this  
office.

IVAN  
My work on what?

DAWSON-BAIN  
Yourself.

Dawson-Bain pulls her coat tight around her. A comfort  
blanket.

IVAN  
Excuse the role reversal, but are  
you okay?

Dawson-Bain gives Ivan an unblinking stare. He stands up,  
turns for the door.

DAWSON-BAIN  
Mr. Moss.

IVAN  
What happened to Ivan?

DAWSON-BAIN  
I'll see you in six months. If we  
have to cancel, I'll let you know.

IVAN  
Why would you have to cancel?

DAWSON-BAIN  
We're riding a constant wave of  
virus and recession, perhaps you've  
noticed?

IVAN  
I'll be alright. I'll find another  
dinghy.

Dawson-Bain doesn't respond, is already hunched over her  
laptop, typing away. Ivan goes out the door.

INT. OUTER ROOM---DAY

A set of mirrors are attached to the walls at right angles. Ivan looks back at two of himself.

IVAN  
Looking good. Hold onto that.

IVAN' REFLECTIONS  
(in chorus, and  
clearly talking  
from the mirrors.)  
We will.

INT. HOSPITAL NURSE STATION---DAY

Ivan is shuffling down the hallway in pyjamas and dressing gown. He's talking on a cell phone as he carefully drifts along the opposite side of the corridor from the nurses. STAN is on the other end of the call.

STAN  
(over phone)  
What did she say?

IVAN  
She said my work starts when I  
leave her office.

STAN  
(over phone)  
You've left her office. You mean  
you're working now?

IVAN  
Like a dog.

STAN  
(over phone)  
What else did she say?

IVAN  
She said I should learn to love  
myself.

STAN  
(over phone)  
Fuck sake.

IVAN  
I know.

Ivan turns, enters the ward.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD---DAY

Ivan shuffles over to his bed. An older man is lying in the next bed.

STAN  
(over phone)  
So what are you doing now?

IVAN  
I'm lying propped on my bed trying  
to suck my own dick.

The old guy in the next bed twitches a little. Ivan sits on his, Ivan's, bed.

STAN  
(over phone)  
Shouldn't you be in a mental ward?

IVAN  
I have physical symptoms.

STAN  
(over phone)  
You're seeing a psychiatrist.

IVAN  
I'm seeing doctors and nurses too,  
Stan. When are you coming up?

STAN  
(over phone)  
That would be difficult. I haven't  
been up to Glasgow since . . . you  
know what.

IVAN  
You don't want to see your mad  
brother, is that it? Scared my  
condition might be contagious?

STAN  
(over phone)  
You want me to be honest?

IVAN  
No.

Stan takes a breath.

STAN  
(over phone)  
Okay, here it is. I'm up for  
promotion.

Ivan gives a sour laugh.

STAN (cont'd)  
(over phone)  
If they know I've a unstable  
brother who might need care along  
the line this could leak to the  
competition and go against me for  
the run in. This is a government  
post.

IVAN  
You think I'm Rochester's mad wife  
in the attic?

STAN  
(over phone)  
You're halfway there, you have an  
attic.

IVAN  
No I don't.

STAN  
(over phone)  
You said you lived in the attic of  
your own imagination.

IVAN  
That was a throwaway phrase.

STAN  
(over phone)  
Yes, you threw it into a book about  
me and our family and it stuck.  
You said you'd pulled up the ladder  
to the real world years ago.

IVAN  
I said that?

STAN  
(over phone)  
Said and wrote. And now you wonder  
why you have problems?

IVAN  
Are you a problem, Stan? Or a  
supportive family member?

STAN  
(over phone)  
My family is down here now, Ivan.  
You're up there. I don't mean to  
sound brutal.

IVAN  
I'll tell that to mother. I see  
her often.

STAN  
(over phone,  
extremely startled)  
What?

IVAN  
She'll be glad to hear you're doing  
well in your career. After all the  
sacrifices she made when you were  
up here.

STAN  
(over phone)  
How do you mean you see her often?

IVAN  
One of the benefits of my  
condition. People appear. Mother  
turned up one day, I discovered her  
over the cooker.

STAN  
(over phone)  
You're saying you saw our mother?

IVAN  
I'd been drawn to the kitchen by  
the spectral aroma of overcooked  
Brussels sprouts.

STAN  
(over phone)  
And you saw her?

IVAN  
Yes.

STAN  
(over phone)  
Don't joke around about this. I  
want to believe you. Can I believe  
you?

IVAN  
You know how it is with us creative  
types, Stan. Genius and madness  
are only a hairsbreadth apart.

STAN  
(over phone)  
Which one are you?

IVAN  
I'm the hairsbreadth. Stan?

STAN  
(over phone)  
I hear you.

Stan gives a meaty sniff. Ivan waits while he discharges a  
couple of sobs.

STAN (cont'd)  
(over phone)  
Sorry.

IVAN  
Don't mention it. She said to say  
hello.

STAN  
(over phone)  
She said hello to me?

IVAN  
Yes.

STAN  
(over phone)  
And. . . Anything else? Was that  
it?

IVAN  
You sound disappointed.

STAN  
(over phone)  
I'd hoped for more.

IVAN

She was busy making dinner, I told you, she was cooking sprouts at the cooker.

STAN

(over phone)  
Of course, yes. That's . . . the kind of way I remember her . . . who for?

IVAN

What?

STAN

(over phone)  
Who was she cooking the sprouts for?

IVAN

Could have been you, Stan. Me. Herself. Eternity works in mysterious ways.

STAN

(over phone)  
I still miss her terribly, don't you?

Ivan twitches and waves the phone in the direction of the rest of the ward. He stage whispers at the back of his hand.

IVAN

Terribly??!?!?

Ivan pulls the phone back in.

IVAN (cont'd)

No.

STAN

(over phone)  
Don't start. Are you starting? If you are I'm putting this phone down now.

IVAN

I'm starting, so you'd better put it down.

The phone flashes as the line drops.

Ivan sits, staring off into the ward.

Ivan keeps holding the phone.

The phone buzzes. Ivan answers.

IVAN (cont'd)

Stan.

STAN

(over phone)

I don't want to fall out with you.

IVAN

Maybe you should, It might be a necessary part of our development.

Ivan mimics his voice.

IVAN (cont'd)

I don't want to sound brutal.

STAN

(over phone,  
getting angry)

I've made my life, Ivan. I love my wife and children. One last promotion would increase my pension pot before I retire. That might sound petty to you but those are my choices.

IVAN

Those.

STAN

(over phone)

What?

IVAN

Another of your irritating class-based Anglifications.

STAN

(over phone)

What should I have said?

IVAN

They're my choices would have sat more naturally in our mother tongue, thanks very much.

STAN  
 (over phone)  
 We're not the same people we once  
 were, Ivan, ragged kids with a  
 skint mother growing up in a  
 tenement on Govan Road. Things  
 change and we change with them.

IVAN  
 I don't.

STAN  
 (over phone)  
 Ivan, look at yourself---you're  
 alone and half mad.

IVAN  
 I was always alone and half mad.  
 Unlike you I'm consistent.

STAN  
 (over phone)  
 Oh, so that's it? You know my  
 views. I embrace the Union. I  
 wish you all well in your  
 progressive, under-funded Nirvana.

IVAN  
 Fuck you, Stan.

STAN  
 (over phone)  
 Fuck you too, Ivan.

IVAN  
 I'll pass on your love to mother.

The phone flashes again as Stan hangs up.

INT. HOSPITAL NURSE STATION---NIGHT

A nurse is behind the counter, staring at a cell phone.

ONE and ANOTHER can be heard from the phone.

ONE  
 (over phone)  
 Ah, there you are Nesbitt.

A bit up the hallway, Ivan peers out of the ward towards the  
 station. After a moment he starts drifting up the hallway.

ONE (cont'd)  
 (over phone)  
 Now remember, McGurn is criminally  
 insane. He's pathologically  
 disturbed and socially alienated.  
 There isn't a decent human being  
 alive who could hope to strike up a  
 decent rapport with him.

Ivan drifts around a corner and out of sight.

ANOTHER  
 (over phone)  
 That's why we're asking you.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD---NIGHT

Ivan is in his bed, lying on one side, sound asleep. NED is  
 SINGING.

NED  
 (singing)  
 So fill to me the parting glass

Ivan wakes up.

NED (cont'd)  
 (singing)  
 And drink a health whate'er befalls

Ivan joins in.

IVAN AND NED  
 (in chorus)  
 Then gently rise and softly call  
 Good night and joy be to you all

Ned wobbles to a temporary halt, stares at Ivan. Ivan  
 stares back, still lying on his side.

NED  
 Where you from?

IVAN  
 Govan, originally.

NED  
 Neptune Street?

IVAN  
 Not far from there.

NED  
 (sings again)  
 Oh, all the comrades that e'er I've  
 had

Ned stops again.

NED (cont'd)  
 Did you know Pat Harkin the writer?

IVAN  
 I did.

NED  
 Pat lived in Neptune Street.

IVAN  
 Yes, he moved to Rothesay.

NED  
 The Irish channel, they called it.

IVAN  
 Yes, they did.

NED  
 Neptune Street that is, not  
 Rothesay.

He starts SINGING again.

NED (cont'd)  
 (sings)  
 Are sorry for my going away . . .

IVAN  
 My mother would take me there to  
 the barber shop in Neptune Street  
 when I was a kid.

NED  
 Kids don't like barber shops.

Ned continues to SING.

NED (cont'd)  
 (singing)  
 And all the sweethearts that e'er I  
 had. . .

IVAN

Ah, but this one in Neptune Street had a rocking horse. You'd sit in it and he would cut your hair.

NED

The rocking horse?

IVAN

No, the barber.

Ned continues to SING.

NED

(singing)

Would wish me one more day to. . .

He stops again . . .

NED (cont'd)

I was born in Sligo.

IVAN

Oh yes?

NED

I've lived in the Gorbals most of my life, almost seventy years.

IVAN

You'll have seen some changes.

NED

My father came here looking for work. He dug your roads for you, laid your railway too, ended up in a shipyard. By the time he could afford to send for us I'd a sister and a brother both dead from TB. Eleven and twelve.

IVAN

Ah, yes.

NED

Dr. Noel Browne was for the poor, a great man but they held him back, those bastards.

IVAN

Which bastards? The church?

NED  
The church and the state.

Ned stares into space for awhile.

NED (cont'd)  
My father met Eamon De Valera, who would go on to be President of Ireland.

IVAN  
Really?

NED  
Oh yes. He was six foot three. My father had to look up to him in more ways than one.

IVAN  
Here's one for you. Why is there no street in Ireland named after De Valera?

NED  
I don't know.

IVAN  
Because they can't find one that's long enough or crooked enough.

Ned looks sidelong at Ivan, with no hint of mirth.

NED  
My father met him right here.

IVAN  
In the hospital?

NED  
No, not right here right here, but in Glasgow.

Ned jabs his forefinger at the floor as a geographical aid.

IVAN  
What, Pre 1916 Glasgow, on a speaking visit?

NED  
Dev wasn't speaking, he was in hiding.

IVAN

In Glasgow?

NED

Yes, after he was sprung from  
Lincoln Jail.

IVAN

I think you're mistaken. A guy  
called Paddy O'Donoghue, head of  
the IRA in Manchester, took him and  
the others to Worksop, where they'd  
a taxi waiting to take them on to  
Sheffield and Manchester.

NED

Are you calling my father a liar,  
my own father?

IVAN

Could it be that your father's  
memory was tricky?

NED

Many a man in the Gorbals had a  
tricky memory. To my absolute  
recollection my father's was the  
least tricky of any man's north of  
Cumberland Street.

IVAN

Could it be then that your own  
memory of his memory is what's  
tricky?

NED

I inherited my father's memory. He  
pledged it to me on his deathbed.  
A great fund of priceless stories  
and baubles of mythology, over  
which I became custodian.

IVAN

And will you pass them on to your  
own son?

NED

I have no son, or daughter. I will  
give a memory to you, for yours is  
the only conversation I've had  
since I came into this place. Are  
you listening?

IVAN

Yes.

NED

Very well. Let me ask you this---  
what is special about this day,  
this very day?

IVAN

I don't know.

NED

I'll tell you. It's the  
anniversary of the day, the very  
day that Dev was sprung from jail.  
A day that changed Irish history.

Ivan nods along.

IVAN

Ah.

NED

Let me ask you this. Do you feel  
at home in this world?

Ivan props himself up on an elbow.

IVAN

Do you?

NED

I've never felt at home in this  
world, not once, not ever.

IVAN

Does that bother you?

NED

No. It's as it should be.

IVAN

That seems pretty conclusive.

NED

Except. . .

IVAN

Except what?

NED

Not what, when. Except when I'm  
part of something that's bigger  
(MORE)

NED (cont'd)  
 than myself, either engaged in a  
 common struggle, maybe for  
 something fair that governmental  
 power can't or won't afford to us .  
 . .

IVAN  
 And the other?

Ned stares at Ivan.

IVAN (cont'd)  
 You said either?

NED  
 Ah yes. Except when I'm alone and  
 frightened and talking to someone  
 like yourself.

IVAN  
 What are you frightened of?

NED  
 Don't be silly now. The fear  
 brings out the best and the worst  
 in us.

Ned looks into space for a moment.

NED (cont'd)  
 Do you believe in the God fella?

Ivan shrugs.

IVAN  
 If he believes in me I'll return  
 the compliment.

NED  
 So what I'm about to tell you is  
 the truth. After being sprung from  
 Lincoln jail, Dev was brought up  
 here, out of harm's way, for one  
 night before he was smuggled back  
 to Ireland. And do you want to  
 know where his safe house was?

IVAN  
 Yes.

NED  
 It was in Portugal Street in the  
 Gorbals, in our very own Gorbals  
 (MORE)

NED (cont'd)  
and he was put up in the church by  
the Father, Father what's his name  
now, St. John's Church, and that's  
a true fact for you right here this  
night.

IVAN  
What's your name?

NED  
Eamonn. I was named after---

IVAN  
Don't tell me. Let me guess . . .

Ivan and Ned look at each other.

NED  
Call me Ned.

IVAN  
Hello, Ned. I'm Ivan.

NED  
Thank you and bless you, Ivan.

Ned looks at Ivan.

NED (cont'd)  
And keep going.

IVAN  
Keep going where?

NED  
I resort now to the vehicle of  
song. The only one of the arts  
that spans the distance between  
this world and the next.

IVAN  
Keep going where?

NED  
(sings)  
Fill to me the parting glass, and  
drink a health whate'er befalls.  
Then gently rise and softly call,  
good night and joy be to you all.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD---DAY

Ivan is lying in his bed, sound asleep. A breakfast trolley RATTLES in the corridor. Ivan's eyes open. Critchley is doing his rounds.

CRITCHLEY  
Good morning. You slept well?

Ivan scratches his head.

IVAN  
(mumbles)  
Yes. I had dreams.

CRITCHLEY  
Well, we have to be alive to dream.

IVAN  
We don't know that.

CRITCHLEY  
(off balance)  
No, we don't know that.

Ivan blinks for a moment.

IVAN  
Are you stuck in this place all day?

CRITCHLEY  
Not unless something turns up.  
I've been on all night. Why, is there something you need?

IVAN  
No.

Critchley steps back to let a porter push a wheelchair up close. JEZ, a gaunt man with spiky blond hair and eye bags like dogs bollocks sits in it gasping. A NURSE kneels to facilitate eye contact.

NURSE  
We won't be a minute, Jez, we're just fixing your bed.

Ivan looks over, where they are next to Ned's empty bed. Jaz nods, gazes around the ward. He's now at the foot of Ivan's bed. Jaz sees Ivan looking at him.

JEZ  
Aye, aye. Jez.

IVAN  
Ivan.

JEZ  
Clocked the hair, already? Guess  
what I do for a living.

IVAN  
Rod Stewart tribute act?

JEZ  
You've won a luxury yacht.

IVAN  
Where's Ned?

CRITCHLEY  
Who?

Ivan points to Ned's empty bed as two two nurses are making  
it up for Jez.

CRITCHLEY (cont'd)  
(sighs)  
Ah. A lapse through the night, I'm  
afraid. We tried to pull him  
round, Dr Ellery, myself and the  
team. He was gone. Did you sleep  
through it all?

IVAN  
Yes.

CRITCHLEY  
That's good at least.

IVAN  
Why good?

CRITCHLEY  
Well, it wasn't pleasant, trying to  
revive him. I'm sure you can  
imagine.

Critchley steps aside to allow a collective nursing effort  
help Jez into his new bed, Ned's old one.

IVAN  
Did anybody see him off, before he  
went?

CRITCHLEY

We tried to find out if there was someone, anyone. The information he had given us was well, let's say sketchy.

A nurse mutters something to Critchley.

CRITCHLEY (cont'd)

Excuse me.

Ivan watches them hurry off out the door of the ward. CHRIS, with a name badge reading Chris, rolls a breakfast trolley from the other direction. He puts a plate of toast and jam on Ivan's tray table.

IVAN

What happened to Ned? I was talking to him only last night.

CHRIS

I know, I saw you. That's the only time I ever saw Ned have an actual conversation. I didn't even know he was called Ned, I was calling him Eamon. He must've known he was for the off. They usually do. Did you know him?

IVAN

I feel like I did.

CHRIS

You'll have been the last person to speak to him. Properly I mean.

IVAN

Was nobody with him when he died?

Chris shakes his head.

CHRIS

They looked. Checked every hospital in Glasgow through the database. Zilch. They kept talking to him. Who's your next of kin? Eventually he managed to whisper something.

IVAN

What did he whisper?

CHRIS  
He said 'I have no next of kin.'

Chris shivers.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
Fair gives you the heebie-jeebies  
doesn't it? You never know the  
minute, do you?

IVAN  
No. You never know the minute.

CHRIS  
Better get on. Say hello to Maggie  
May in the next bed there, why  
don't you? Have a good one.

IVAN  
I doubt it.

Chris leans in close.

CHRIS  
Listen, you didn't hear this from  
me. But you're getting out  
tomorrow.

IVAN  
What?

CHRIS  
You haven't heard?

IVAN  
No.

Chris straightens, beams Ivan a peppy smile.

CHRIS  
You will.

EXT. HOSPITAL FRONT ENTRANCE---DAY

The door opens and Ivan walks out, back in clothing rather than pyjamas. He's carrying a plastic bin bag of some stuff. He looks about for a moment, then walks off.

END EPISODE ONE

BURNING DOWN THE HOUSEEpisode Two: Deke

EXT. THE GORBALS---DAY

Ivan and Trish are walking along the sidewalk, under a solid overcast.

TRISH  
Where are we going?

IVAN  
We're here.

TRISH  
Where?

IVAN  
This is it. Portugal Street. What do you think, Trish?

TRISH  
The Algarve it isn't.

IVAN  
Use your imagination.

Ivan and Trish look around. The oldest building of everything in view might be up to twenty years old.

IVAN (cont'd)  
This would have been a regular hotbed back in the day.

TRISH  
What day? Hotbed of what?

IVAN  
Your da would have loved this place.

Ivan waves vaguely over the horizon.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Ross's Bar was over there, just there. Imagine the craic, Trish, and the skulduggery over the Emergency and before that the lead up to 1916. Yes, your da would have loved it.

TRISH  
Saying it twice still doesn't  
convince me.

IVAN  
St. John's church was in this  
street. Torn down in 1962.

TRISH  
The Council was Protestant. What  
would you expect?

IVAN  
Ah, but it was the Cardinal who  
initiated the destruction, and gave  
his blessing.

Trish glowers, slightly.

TRISH  
Don't sound so smug.

IVAN  
What's the time?

Trish pulls out a cell phone, waves the face of it at Ivan.

IVAN (cont'd)  
We'd better go.

Ivan and Trish head off down the sidewalk.

TRISH  
It'll take about fifteen minutes to  
get there.

EXT. EASTERN NECROPOLIS BY CELTIC FOOTBALL GROUND---DAY

The overhead grey has gotten darker. A huddling cluster of about twenty five people are muddling their way across a section of the graveyard. The grass and occasional patches of mud are very wet. Wind gusts about. The members of the crowd are mixed, but definitely more older than younger.

Rather nearby is a very tall, very long wall of a rather obvious football stadium. A cluster of evident necropolis staff, mostly female, are squelching along, clearly dressed for the weather.

Ivan and Trish are making their way along somewhere with the general collection. All arrive more or less around a hole in the ground, which has a set of large tire tracks leading

away to a digger that is parked off behind and towering over a spindly tree.

SIOBHAN, clearly a group organizer, is giving directions over the wind.

SIOBHAN

Some of you that are going on to the pub after, there's a lift in the motor.

ANE replies from the crowd.

ANE

I canny come, Siobhan, I'm not up to it. I canny feel my feet, I've not felt them since the first Referendum.

SIOBHAN

Alright, tell Lesley and she'll fix you up with a hurl in the van back to the hostel.

ANE

Thanks, sweetheart. Here, settle a pub argument please. Was wee Ned a secret millionaire?

Members of the general crowd giggle and laugh.

SIOBHAN

Just get in the van, Chrissake.

Rain starts falling, in spits at first then in vertical sheets. The mourning group thins of faint hearts. The staff members produce telescopic umbrellas, others improvise with Lidl or Iceland bags for headwear.

Trish is wearing leather shoes.

TRISH

My feet are wringing.

IVAN

You knew it was going to rain. Why didn't you wear your wellies?

TRISH

It's a funeral. You can't wear wellies to a funeral.

IVAN  
Fair enough.

The general crowd stands around, the wind and rain blowing.

TRISH  
(louder than a  
conversational  
level)  
What are they waiting for?

Ivan looks down, watches his shoes sinking into the mud.  
Siobhan looks flustered.

SIOBHAN  
Does anybody want to say a few  
words?

Somewhere in the crowd, TWA is at a loss.

TWA  
How?

SIOBHAN  
The celebrant hasn't turned up.

Much of the crowd shuffle and look around vaguely for  
volunteers. Trish gives Ivan a nudge on the meat of his arm  
with her elbow.

TRISH  
Say something.

IVAN  
What?

TRISH  
Something.

IVAN  
Yes, I got that. But what should I  
say?

TRISH  
You're the last person to have  
talked to him. What would he have  
liked to be said at his funeral?

Ivan thinks for a moment, then announces.

IVAN  
I'll do it.

Siobhan looks in Ivan's direction.

SIOBHAN

There's a guy here wants to say a few words---what's your name again?

IVAN

Ivan.

SIOBHAN

Ivan wants to say something. A wee bit of shush please.

Ivan pulls out his phone.

IVAN

Give me a moment.

The mourners look at Ivan. THRIE, FOWER, and FIVE don't recognize him

THRIE

Who is he?

FOWER

Do we know you?

Ivan is picking through his phone.

FIVE

No offence, Bud, but who are you? Did you know Ned?

IVAN

Yes.

Ivan stops poking at the phone, looks up at the crowd.

IVAN (cont'd)

You ask who I am. Last week I was in hospital. Ned was in the next bed. To my knowledge I'm the last person who ever spoke to him.

SIOBHAN

Shush please.

IVAN

It has seemed right before we turn away from this place in which we laid the mortal remains of Ned. . . of Ned. . .

SIX and SIVEN have contributions.

SIX

Sligo Ned.

SIVEN

Ned Gilmartin.

IVAN

The mortal remains of Sligo Ned Gilmartin, that one amongst us should, in the name of all, speak the praise of that valiant man, and endeavour to formulate the thought and hope that are in us as we stand around his grave. . .

Trish leans in, mutters

TRISH

Is this what I think it is?

IVAN

(mutters back)

Yes. Pearse at the grave of O'Donovan Rossa, year before the Rising. Now shut up.

Ivan goes back to full volume.

IVAN (cont'd)

And if there is anything that makes it fitting that I, rather than some other---I, rather than one of the grey haired men who were young with him, and shared in his labour and in his suffering, should speak here, it is perhaps that I may be taken as speaking on behalf of a new generation that has been re-baptised in the Fenian faith, and that has accepted the programme for carrying out the Fenian programme. I propose to you then, that here at the grave of this unrepentant Fenian we renew our baptismal vows.

Thrie and Fower get enthused.

THRIE

Up the Ra!' C'mon the IRA!

FOWER  
 (Ulster accent)  
 No surrender!

Several people laugh

SIOBHAN  
 This is Ned's passing, show some respect.

SIX  
 Ned was a man for the Ra! He told me his grandpa was an organiser, time of the Emergency!

TWA  
 What's the Emergency?

SIVEN  
 World War Two man, that's what they called it in Ireland, the Emergency, fuck sake.

SIOBHAN  
 (bellows)  
 Can we stick to being language appropriate please?

Siobhan glances at her watch.

SIOBHAN (cont'd)  
 Moving on.

IVAN  
 They think that they have pacified Scotland. They think that they have purchased half of us and intimidated the other half. They think that they have provided against everything; but the fools, the fools, the fools! They have left us our Fenian dead and while Scotland holds this grave, Scotland unfree shall never be at peace.

There is a brief spasm of applause, with one or two of the crowd clapping very energetically. Ivan bows, and coming back up gets nudged by Trish.

TRISH  
 I thought it was Ireland? Pearse's speech.

IVAN  
What do you mean? I said Ireland.

TRISH  
You said Scotland. Scotland unfree  
shall never be at peace.

IVAN  
Did I? Well, it works either way.  
Doesn't it work both ways?

TRISH  
It does now.

From her spot in the middle of the crowd, CONNIE starts  
WOBBLING her way through a song

CONNIE  
(singing)  
Yes, since Cromwell pushed us  
westward to live our lowly lives  
some of us have deemed to fight---

TRISH  
Wait a minute, I know this song.  
You've missed the whole bloody  
intro.

Connie addresses the situation

CONNIE  
Bugger the intro, it's twenty  
verses long, let's get to it.

She continues WOBBLING through the song . . .

CONNIE (cont'd)  
(singing)  
from Tipperary mountains high,  
noble men with wills of iron who  
are not afraid to die---

Um, wait, how does this song go now?

CONNIE (cont'd)  
(singing)  
Who'll fight with Gaelic heads held  
high. . . Rum te tum. . .

Oh, fine, what's the rest?

CONNIE (cont'd)  
What's next?

SIVEN  
I'll take it from here, Connie.

Siven starts SINGING

SIVEN (cont'd)  
(singing)  
Of such a man I'd like to speak,

CONNIE  
Yes, that's it.

SIVEN  
(singing)  
his family dispossessed and  
slaughtered-

Connie wobbles back in again as the CROWD joins in.

CROWD  
(singing)  
They put a price upon his head,  
his name is known in song and  
story---

Ivan and Trish watch as the crowd shifts about, arms get linked across shoulders, the general group becomes a ring around the grave.

CROWD (cont'd)  
(singing)  
his deeds are legends still and  
murdered for blood money---

They steel themselves for the rousing finale.

CROWD (cont'd)  
(singing)  
Was young Ned of the hill!

The members of the crowd laugh, hoot and applaud themselves. Someone pours a drop of cider onto the coffin. One or two others stand separately, wizened men in grime stained droopy anoraks, sombre looking.

A car HORN sounds by the gate.

SIOBHAN  
That's Lesley here with the van.  
If you want a lift, move now,  
pronto!



IVAN

Really? Do you like the song A Nation Once Again?

TRISH

Sure, who doesn't?

IVAN

Thomas Davis wrote that. He was a Protestant. So were Tone, Emmet, Parnell, Yeats, Isaac Butt, need I go on?

TRISH

I'd rather you didn't.

IVAN

Good. I was going to mention Erskine Childers. Michael Collins didn't like Childers.

TRISH

How do you know?

IVAN

He told me. I see him sometimes. He thinks Childers was guiding Dev's hand.

Trish waits for the laugh. There isn't one. She gives Ivan one of her looks.

TRISH

I think you need to check your compass.

IVAN

My heart's my compass.

TRISH

It's your head I'm worried about. How did you know the arrangements for Ned's funeral?

IVAN

The hospital couldn't give me any more info but I knew he lived in a hostel. I rang around all the hostels in the city centre, then outward and kept ringing till I found one in the East End where they could tell me what I needed to  
(MORE)

IVAN (cont'd)  
know. It was hardly a state  
secret.

TRISH  
So you were being obsessive?

IVAN  
If you like.

Ivan shrugs.

TRISH  
I worked with obsessives.  
Gaslighters. Ghosters. Substance  
abusers. Alcoholics.

Ivan gives Trish a look.

IVAN  
It's always the last one on  
anybody's list that's their real  
concern. I haven't had a drink  
since the incident.

TRISH  
Ah, the incident. You still seeing  
double?

IVAN  
When I want to

TRISH  
I think your whole trouble is  
father issues.

IVAN  
You're the one with father issues.  
I have forefather issues.

TRISH  
Just like my Da.

IVAN  
Not quite. Your da was trapped  
like a wasp under a glass. He  
spent his entire life stinging  
himself and everybody around him.

TRISH  
True enough. It's not everybody  
that can sing My Lovely Irish Rose  
(MORE)

TRISH (cont'd)  
of Clare with fresh blood on their  
knuckles.

Trish's phone pings.

TRISH (cont'd)  
I have to go. Ciara's dropping in  
for dinner before band practise.

IVAN  
Flute band?

TRISH  
Is there any other kind round here?  
Republican, of course.

IVAN  
Of course.

Ivan and Trish start to stand, collect their stuff. The  
WAITRESS strolls over and puts the bill on the table.

EXT. CAFE TWA---DAY

Ivan and Trish are outside, zipping up coats, hitching  
shoulder bags.

TRISH  
Sometimes I think it's a pity you  
never had kids.

IVAN  
I'm my own kid.

TRISH  
You been through a shock. You look  
after yourself.

Micheal COLLINS is standing next to Ivan. Collins has a  
bloodstained bandage wrapped around his head. Trish sees  
only Ivan.

IVAN  
I will.

COLLINS  
He will.

## INT. CENTRAL STATION CAFE--DAY

Ivan is sitting by a window, looking out at the street. Outside, it's raining. The rain is heavy, bouncing down horizontally. ALLY, 70 years old, varifocals, wearing a jumper under his jacket, turns up at the table. Ally is Captain Mainwaring from 'Dad's Army.' Ally is Lucas Sergeant from 'All That Jazz'.

ALLY  
Ivan?

Ivan looks up, blinking.

IVAN  
Ally.

ALLY  
I didn't see you. I was sitting over there.

IVAN  
And I was sitting over here.  
Laurel and Hardy time, right?

Ivan and Ally share a mirthless chuckle.

IVAN (cont'd)  
How have you been?.

Ally is about to pirouette in the spotlight of Ivan's attention.

ALLY  
Well, since you ask. . .

Ally sits down on the other side of the table.

ALLY (cont'd)  
Iona, my eldest is a bio-chemist  
and my youngest, Moray is a  
solicitor. In fact he's on course  
to be the youngest partner in the-

COLLINS  
(O.S.)  
Shut the fuck up.

## EXT. CENTRAL STATION CAFE--DAY

Inside the cafe, Ally continues to pontificate for his audience.

Outside in the street, DEKE, late twenties, wispy beard, red sleeping bag wrapped around his shoulders, is maybe the only person left standing in the street. At least he's the only one who isn't running for cover from the downpour. He has a protective soggy sock dangling from a bandaged foot. His crutches are resting on a green street litter-bin. He looks up the street, and then without collecting his crutches, starts up the street, very much step, hop and limp, step, hop and limp.

INT. CENTRAL STATION CAFE--DAY

ALLY  
Remember Bill? Bill Jesse, the  
writer?

IVAN ONE  
Yes, yes, Bill Jesse wrote 'Riff  
Raff'. Ken Loach movie, early  
nineties.

Ally gives a sage nod.

ALLY  
Bill Jesse worked on building  
sites. Never got the chance to see  
his best script made into a film.

IVAN  
I remember. Found dead in his  
bath. Poor guy, RIP. God bless  
you, Bill. Amen.

BILL Jesse appears behind Ally, the straps of a distinctly eighties builder's boiler suit dangling at his waist. Bill is holding a mug with a teabag string and tag hanging over the side, and a spoon sticking up out of the mug. He stands there, staring at Ivan, no particular expression or reaction, just watching, having a recognised tea break negotiated by the Union of Spectral Building Trades and Affiliates.

ALLY  
And on the very day he died . . .  
On that very day a letter arrived  
from Parallax Films to say they  
were going to make---

IVAN  
His movie. His flick. Yes, yes,  
terrible story. Sad and terrible  
story. Moving on.

ALLY

Tragic.

Ivan and Ally each take a sip of coffee. Bill takes the spoon out of his mug and licks it, still watching Ivan.

IVAN

Comic too.

ALLY

Comic?

Ally looks indignant for a moment, but indignant interferes with doing business, so Ally puts indignant away.

ALLY (cont'd)

How so?

IVAN

Remember the old adage, Ally?  
'Comedy is when you fall down a manhole and break your leg. . .

ALLY

Tragedy is when it happens to me.  
And your point?

IVAN

My point is that we could be talking about the real Gods, Ally, the ones up there with the superpowers and the attitude. Not the suburban gods we have to please, the commissioning Mr. Pooters with the cross-over shoulder bags and the spread-sheets on their phone apps, the ones we're all supposed to cower from these days, they're not worth the effort.

Bill is still standing behind Ally, still looking down at Ivan. Ivan looks up at Bill.

IVAN (cont'd)

I'm looking at the crazy Greek Gods on high, unleashing the Furies, up there, with their big, gender neutral hairy cojones. The forces that actually work on us all.

Ally stares at Ivan.

ALLY

The grapevine has it that you've been unwell.

IVAN

I was in hospital. I had a boating accident.

ALLY

I didn't know you had a boat.

IVAN

I don't, I borrowed one so I could have the accident. Infinity, Ally. You asked for my point. Yes, Bill's story is comic. It's tragi-comic. It's in the whole pointless absurdist tradition that we can broadly call, for lack of a better word, life.

Ally frowns. He leans back in his chair, folds his hands across the belly of his sweater. Bill continues to watch from behind Ally.

ALLY

We have to be careful. Warmth is the thing, it's everything. Whatever we do we've got to tick the Warmth box.

IVAN

What do you mean?

ALLY

I'll come to the point, Ivan. You're a writer for whom I've a high regard.

Ivan does a stone face. Bill stands there, watching.

ALLY (cont'd)

The highest regard, the very highest.

Ivan gives a nod of approval.

ALLY (cont'd)

You had a distinctive world view. It was in kilter with the times. You had a wonderful gift, I mean that, you used that gift to create  
(MORE)

ALLY (cont'd)  
a lovely warm, adorable, popular  
success.

Ivan nods, and very definitely otherwise just sits. Bill continues to watch.

ALLY (cont'd)  
Then, like most writers, you had,  
what can I say, a fallow spell.

Ivan stares. Then he carefully repositions his tea-spoon.

IVAN  
I didn't have a fallow spell, Ally.  
I just ran out of my lovely, warm,  
popular success. I outgrew it. I  
was still pumping the work out, it  
just wasn't so adorably successful  
or warm or well paid. Having my  
lovely popular success gave me the  
fuck-it money to write what I'd  
always wanted to write.

Ally nods again, in an approximation of a man who's actually been listening. Bill continues to stand, simply looking at Ivan.

ALLY  
All the same, you might want to  
think about popularity. It can be  
your time again. I still have a  
great number of contacts. Together  
we can make it happen.

IVAN  
Ah yes---It.

Ivan takes a sip from his Americano as Bill takes a sip from his tea, a pause for Ally to continue.

ALLY  
I can lay my hands on development  
money.

Ivan pulls a face.

ALLY (cont'd)  
I know what you're thinking.  
You're thinking---jeez, development  
hell, I've been there before---  
believe me, I get that. But I  
promise you, this time I can fast  
track us. All I need is the right  
(MORE)

ALLY (cont'd)  
 seed. Trust me, Ivan, nobody is  
 more cynical than I am, I remember  
 when . . .

EXT. CENTRAL STATION CAFE--DAY

Inside the cafe, Ally continues to pontificate for his audience.

Ivan is watching Deke over Ally's shoulder and past Bill.

Outside, the rain continues. Deke is still hop limping, is further along the sidewalk, red sleeping bag draped over his shoulders, his crutches still back at the bin. He is going in the direction of a lamppost at the end of the street.

INT. CENTRAL STATION CAFE--DAY

ALLY  
 What do you say?

Ivan switches from watching Deke to actually paying attention to Ally.

Ivan shrugs. A pause. Finally,

IVAN  
 Okay.

Ally's shoulders unclench. He offers Ivan his fist to bump

EXT. CENTRAL STATION CAFE--DAY

Deke continues to hop limp through the rain, towards the lamppost. His bent leg and broken foot hang like an inverted question mark as he battles not to let the foot drag through the puddled pavement. Off behind him, one of his crutches catches a gust and CLATTERS to the ground. Deke limps on.

INT. CENTRAL STATION CAFE--DAY

Ally has shut up and is looking at Ivan.

Ivan blinks, looks back more towards Bill and Ally than Deke.

IVAN  
I'm sorry, I missed that. An army  
truck went by.

ALLY  
A seed and an outline. We'll start  
with that. Followed by a treatment  
. . . .

Ivan frowns for effect.

ALLY (cont'd)  
A short treatment. Page or two.

Ivan grunts his approval, also for effect.

Ally rubs his hands together like people used to do in in  
sitcoms. His wide grin makes him look ten years younger.

ALLY (cont'd)  
This is exciting. Wo-hay. What  
larks we shall have, Pip old chap!  
Excuse me.

Ally gets up and heads off to the back of the cafe. Bill  
moves around Ally's chair and sits down.

BILL  
You happy about this?

IVAN  
About what?

BILL  
You know what.

IVAN  
You think I'm selling out, don't  
you?. Crouched in a comfort zone,  
whoring out my upbringing and my  
origins. Anything for money and a  
quiet life.

BILL  
What money?

Oh, right, that. Ivan can't have sold out with no money.

BILL (cont'd)  
It's not the selling out that  
bothers me.

IVAN  
That's alright then.

Bill gives Ivan a look.

BILL  
It's something worse than that.

Ivan almost flinches.

IVAN  
What's worse than selling out?

Bill's gaze drifts out the window. Outside, the utter downpour continues.

BILL  
Years ago, I was across the street with Ken Loach.

Bill points vaguely down the street. Ivan turns to see where he's pointing.

BILL (cont'd)  
We were casting for 'Riff Raff.'  
Very specific Ken is. We saw about forty actors.

IVAN  
The Central Hotel?

BILL  
Yes. Me, Ken, and Sally Hibbin. It was great doing the casting. My characters, my script. And Ken of course. Think of it. A film I'd written. About the life I'd lead and the people I'd met. Their stories. Struggles. Injustices laid bare. 'Tell the world,' I thought. Tell them, but do it with laughs. This is my home-town, Glasgow. I'd had very little success. Couple of Fringe plays. Suddenly, I felt like I'd been . . .

IVAN  
Validated?

Ivan and Bill look at each other, both of them giving little self-conscious, lop sided smiles.

IVAN (cont'd)  
What's worse than selling out?

Bill looks at Ivan, gently.

BILL  
Giving up.

Ivan blinks, peeks around the café. Yes, people are peering at him. Ally is now seated back in his chair, with no sign of Bill. Ally looks at Ivan oddly. Ivan pats at a pocket.

IVAN  
Conference call.

Ally nods. It's in his interests to let Ivan off the hook.

EXT. CENTRAL STATION CAFE--DAY

Outside, Deke has made it along the street to the corner. Ivan can see him standing in the rain, broken foot dangling, gently and repeatedly banging his head against a lamp-post.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT BEDROOM---NIGHT

Ivan is lying in bed, staring off thataway. Definitely not asleep. The clock on the bedside table reads 2:45. He picks up the phone by the clock. 2:45 and minus two degrees. Ivan throws back the covers and begins pacing around.

IVAN  
What's on your mind, Ivan?  
The events of the day.  
What all of them, or something  
specific? Can't be all of them.  
Were you okay when you rose this  
morning?'  
Yes.

DR. IVAN is now sitting on the side, with tweed suit, monocle, goatee, and laptop. He types into the laptop.

DR. IVAN  
(types)  
Fine this morning.

Ivan is now seated opposite.

DR. IVAN (cont'd)  
So you made it out of bed unaided  
this morning?

IVAN  
Yes.

DR. IVAN  
That's a positive start, well done.  
Give yourself some warm applause.

Ivan claps on cue, albeit rather half heatedly.

DR. IVAN (cont'd)  
As you know, we doctors strive to  
achieve a warm glow among our  
patients of more mature years. How  
old are you, by the way?

IVAN  
Classified.

DR. IVAN  
Fabulous. And tell me, on your  
sixtieth birthday six months ago,  
did you experience any tremors of  
the hand, loss of hope or outbreaks  
of existential wailing?

IVAN  
None.

Ivan shifts slightly in his chair.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Except . . .

Dr Ivan Chekhov leans forward.

DR. IVAN  
Go on.

IVAN  
I upset a table at lunch.

DR. IVAN  
No harm done. Accidents will  
happen.

There is rather a long pause. Dr Ivan adjusts his monocle.

DR. IVAN (cont'd)  
 (quietly)  
 It wasn't an accident, was it?

Ivan shakes his head.

IVAN  
 It was in a local Brasserie. Emily and some friends had bought me a birthday lunch. I was tense, distracted, had a deadline for a series, research to do . . . Lunch and small talk seemed like a torment . . . an imposition. They sang 'Happy birthday to you, happy birthday dear Ivan,' and well, the waste of time, the cringing inanity of that song, the tension . . . I snapped, lashed out, gave a kick and the table went flying. Cake, plates, wine, candles, whole shebang.

DR. IVAN  
 Did they throw you out?

IVAN  
 No. Emily explained it away as an accident.

DR. IVAN  
 I'd have thrown you out. Then written you a prescription for a punch in the face.

IVAN  
 I'd have taken it. I deserved it.

DR. IVAN  
 Good. Give yourself another burst of applause.

Ivan does so, this time with more enthusiasm.

DR. IVAN (cont'd)  
 (types)  
 Agrees he should be punched.

Dr. Ivan closes his laptop.

DR. IVAN (cont'd)  
Now would you please leave my surgery.

IVAN  
I'm not in your surgery. You're in my head.

DR. IVAN  
Let's not split hairs. Send in the next patient.

IVAN  
I'm the next patient. I'm your only patient.

DR. IVAN  
Are you in yet?

IVAN  
Yes.

DR. IVAN  
What can I do for you?

IVAN  
Forget it.

EXT. SAUCHIEHALL STREET---NIGHT

Ivan comes around a corner, stands, looking up and down the street. He is clearly dressed in multiple layers of clothing. After a moment, he continues down the sidewalk, still looking about, scanning doorways.

Deke's crutches are propped up in the doorway of an empty shop space. Over the doorway is the sign of the last shop to be in there:

Linear Image

Ivan spots the crutches, moves closer. Deke is asleep under the sleeping bag, his head sticking out from under it. Ivan stands, looking at Deke. By the door jamb is a pizza box lid and an polystyrene cup. In the corner of the doorway is a pile of three or four very stuffed bin bags

Finally, Ivan digs into his coat and pulls out a couple of sandwiches in cling film and an envelope, crouches. Ivan puts the sandwiches and the envelope by the foot of the sleeping bag. He then pulls out a thermos, and as he places

the thermos by the sandwiches and envelope, the thermos goes DUNK when it touches the ground

Deke's eyes open.

DEKE  
Who are you?

IVAN  
Are you cold?

Deke shakes his head.

DEKE  
The volunteers left me blankets.

Deke nods toward the corner piled high with stuffed bin bags, gives a bewildered chuckle.

DEKE (cont'd)  
Another month and I could open a shop instead of sleeping in one.

Ivan and Deke look at each other. Ivan is out of ideas.

IVAN  
Is there's anything you need?

Deke thinks for a moment. Finally;

DEKE  
I wouldn't mind a coffee.

Ivan quickly points to the flask and the sandwiches.

DEKE (cont'd)  
Ah right, that's great.

Ivan stands up.

IVAN  
How did your foot get broken?

DEKE  
It's not the foot, it's my tibia and my fibula that are broken. If they reset the fibula it'll throw the tibia out of whack and if they reset the tibia it'd throw the fibula out. I'm not high on their list with---

Deke gives a vague arm gesture to encompass everything.

DEKE (cont'd)  
---everything else that's going on.

IVAN  
How come you're here?

Deke smiles.

DEKE  
Domino effect.

Deke pulls the sleeping back up to his neck and tells the whole story, mainly consisting of;

DEKE (cont'd)  
Rent arrears,

DEKE (cont'd)  
State repayment to follow

DEKE (cont'd)  
should then have been well

DEKE (cont'd)  
complications

DEKE (cont'd)  
benefit claim,

DEKE (cont'd)  
by the book and to the letter.

DEKE (cont'd)  
trying to avoid homelessness

DEKE (cont'd)  
Here I am.

Ivan stands there, looking at Deke.

DEKE (cont'd)  
Call me Deke.

INT. CAFE TWA---DAY

Ivan and Trish are sitting at a window.

TRISH  
What is it with you and this homeless guy?

IVAN

I prefer the word beggar.

TRISH

The two terms aren't synonymous.

IVAN

Yes they are. The difference is semantic to sugar the pill. Not for them but for us.

TRISH

You still haven't answered.

IVAN

I don't know. Maybe he reminds me of me.

TRISH

Hmm. Is he real?' You still having those turns?

IVAN

What turns?

TRISH

The funny turns, where you see things that aren't there.

IVAN

You can't see anything that isn't there.

TRISH

You know what I mean.

IVAN

I had one yesterday. It wasn't him.

TRISH

Anybody famous?

IVAN

You wouldn't have heard of him.

TRISH

Try me.

IVAN

Bill Jesse.

TRISH  
Never heard of him. Why can't you  
hallucinate people I actually know?

IVAN  
The people you know are the same  
people I know. Why bother to  
hallucinate when you'll probably  
bump into them in the checkout  
queue at Waitrose.

Trish gives Ivan look. Ivan recalculates neighborhoods.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Home Bargains then.

The Waitress brings two coffees and a veggie cake thing to  
the table and unloads the tray. Ivan splits the veggie cake  
with his fork, puts half on a napkin, and pushes it to  
Trish. She doesn't refuse.

TRISH  
What are you working on?

IVAN  
I need an idea.

TRISH  
That's never been a problem for  
you.

IVAN  
The idea is just the ignition  
switch---the fuel is the enthusiasm  
to see it through to the end.

TRISH  
And the tank is empty?

IVAN  
I'm more interested in what's  
brewing outside of me, not inside.  
Something's coming.

TRISH  
Like what?

IVAN  
A revolution.

Ivan takes a sip of his coffee, slurping a little.

TRISH  
You volunteering?

IVAN  
Why not, Lenin said revolutions  
always start with the middle  
classes.

TRISH  
And telly script writers?

IVAN  
Patrick Pearse wrote poetry.  
Thomas McDonagh was a playwright,  
Eamon Ceannt was an accountant and  
a . . .

TRISH  
You going to rattle off the entire  
sixteen Easter Rising martyrs?

IVAN  
No.

TRISH  
I worked with the homeless. I  
worked in wet and dry units for  
years.

IVAN  
I know you did. You pulling rank  
here?

TRISH  
I'm just saying be careful. It's  
easy to be sucked in to someone  
else's problems.

IVAN  
Let me remind you, I've actually  
been homeless.

Trish rolls her eyes.

TRISH  
So have I.

IVAN  
Yes, you made yourself technically  
homeless so you could land a  
council flat.

TRISH  
 There's nothing technical about  
 bringing up three kids without a  
 roof.

IVAN  
 Fair enough

TRISH  
 You, on the other hand, were  
 romantically homeless.

IVAN  
 Meaning?

TRISH  
 Runaway homeless. Hang around Soho  
 until the money runs out homeless.

IVAN  
 I was fifteen and desperate to get  
 out. My parents had just broken  
 up, so the timing was perfect. I  
 could slope off to London and leave  
 both of them feeling guilty.

TRISH  
 You only lasted a week.

IVAN  
 I like to think I made my point.

Ivan starts to take a sip of his coffee.

TRISH  
 Okay. I'm going to say it---do you  
 think you need help?

Ivan's cup halts halfway to his mouth.

TRISH (cont'd)  
 These funny turns, these delusions.  
 They seem to be happening more  
 often.

IVAN  
 You're religious. You see God's  
 work everywhere, who are you to  
 talk?

TRISH  
 Just don't get sucked in.

Trish cuts a sliver of her veggie cake.

TRISH (cont'd)  
Did you give him money?

IVAN  
I met the guy for a reason. I'm  
not sure what it is yet.

Ivan finally gets back to his coffee, notices his coffee cup is empty. He turn to find the Waitress.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Waitress?

The Waitress turns, smiling, comes over the the table with a pot of coffee, pours into Ivan's cup.

TRISH  
I think you need a break.

IVAN  
What sort of a break?

TRISH  
I'm worried about you.

IVAN  
Don't be. I'm waiting for  
something to sink my teeth into.

TRISH  
So you can lose yourself? Push all  
your problems to the side, instead  
of dealing with them.

IVAN  
If I spent my life dealing with my  
problems I'd never get any work  
done. Anyway, what about you?

TRISH  
What about me?

IVAN  
You're just as bad. Three ex-  
husbands and you keep moving house.  
That's displacement activity.

TRISH  
I disagree.

IVAN  
You're happy where you are now?

TRISH  
Totally. You?

IVAN  
Ecstatic.

Ivan and Trish both scowl into infinity. Ivan pulls out his phone, looks at it. The screen display tells of a missed call, Ally. The phone does not ring, but the sound of Ivan's phone RINGING can be heard.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM---DAY

Ivan is seated at his desk.

On the wall over the desk, in frames undusted, are various pictures of Michael Collins. On the desk are a full cup of coffee and a notebook with a completely blank page. At least one wall has a set of shelves filled with books.

Ivan is on the phone.

ALLY  
(over phone, breezy)  
Ivan, how's work going?

Ivan looks suspicious.

IVAN  
Not bad.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
I have some good news

Ivan looks very suspicious.

IVAN  
Go on, Ally.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Listen. I spoke to Ged at Digital.

IVAN  
Who?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Ged. Ged McCusker.

IVAN  
Digital?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Beeb's Digital channel. Even you  
must have heard.

IVAN  
Ah yes, the bribe from London a few  
years back. Here's a few million  
for a new channel now fuck off and  
don't bother us.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
That's one way of looking at it.

IVAN  
You mean the---This channel will  
last ten years at most but it's  
bought us wriggle room in Portland  
Place till we all move on to  
different media sinecures when  
other Government place persons,  
from some other government,  
probably one that's fully Scottish,  
will sit in these chairs, our  
chairs, facing the purple faced,  
spitting rage from Pacific Quay in  
Glasgow when the next restructuring  
round starts---that bribe?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
That's two ways of looking at it.  
Forgive me, but may I offer a  
third?

IVAN  
Shoot.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
It's an opportunity for you---and  
me, bro. Let's not knock that.

IVAN

A meeting isn't an opportunity.  
It's a meeting. It turns into an  
opportunity when they give you  
commission money.

ALLY

(over phone)  
You have a point.

IVAN

Did they give you that?

ALLY

(over phone)  
Not as such.

IVAN

Oh, no money, so you mean they  
bartered? What did they offer—a  
cow from Dingle market and some  
magic beans in exchange for---what  
exactly?

ALLY

(over phone)  
It's funny you should mention  
Dingle.

IVAN

Why, do they have a development  
fund?

ALLY

(over phone)  
No, but Ged works for Simon and  
Simon is from County Antrim.

IVAN

Dingle is in the south, Antrim's in  
the north. They're two different  
political entities.

ALLY

(over phone)  
I admire your certainty.

IVAN

One's in Northern Ireland, the  
other in the Irish Republic.

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 You might try sharing that with  
 Ged. He's from West Belfast.  
 That's the Catholic side.

IVAN  
 I know that's the Catholic side.

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 You see in 1919 there was a war  
 fought over---

IVAN  
 I know there was a war fought---it  
 was called the fucking War of  
 fucking Independence. It lead to a  
 truce, a Treaty then a Civil War.  
 I wrote a fucking play about it.  
 The Treaty meant Ireland was  
 partitioned.

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 Okay, moving on.

Ivan stays locked on target.

IVAN  
 There was a split in the country,  
 for or against. It was literally  
 brother against brother. People  
 started out with a common enemy---  
 Britain. The war looked won but  
 the Oath of Allegiance to the Crown  
 and partition divided the country.  
 The Irish people fought each other.  
 Same as happened in India after  
 Independence, another Partition  
 booby-trap. You see the potential  
 for a Scottish parallel?

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 Frankly, no. We haven't been  
 partitioned.

IVAN  
 (shouting)  
 Referendums have been our  
 Partition. We're divided.

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 Why are you shouting? Do you want  
 this job or don't you?

Ivan stops in his tracks.

IVAN  
 You didn't say there was a job.  
 You said you had a meeting.

ALLY  
 (over phone, cocky)  
 Yes, I went to a meeting to talk  
 about a job. You mean you didn't  
 put two and two together? Maths  
 not your strong point?

IVAN  
 Okay, you have my attention.

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 Thank you. You know Ged's the  
 gatekeeper for his boss Simon,  
 don't you? I told you that.

IVAN  
 Why does Simon need a gatekeeper,  
 why can't he keep his own gate?

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 Please just listen.

IVAN  
 A conversation is a two way---

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 Just listen.

Ivan waits.

ALLY (cont'd)  
 (over phone)  
 I talked Simon and Ged into doing  
 what you mentioned. A series about  
 the Scottish Irish connection.  
 Remember when we spit-balled?

Ivan waits.

ALLY (cont'd)  
Ivan?

IVAN  
I'm listening. You said to listen.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
I did, didn't I? What do you say?

IVAN  
About what?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
I told Ged you have Irish roots.

IVAN  
I didn't tell you that.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
That's what I told Ged, who told  
Simon. Is it true?

IVAN  
In Glasgow everybody and their  
granny has Irish roots.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
That's very nearly specific, that's  
encouraging.

IVAN  
My great, great, grandfather came  
over here from Belfast to find  
work. He lived eight to a room in  
Blackfriars, then the Gorbals.  
He's buried here, along with his  
wife, children and dead babies.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Dead babies. That's fabulous  
telly. You'll do it then?

IVAN  
Define it.

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 Are you ready? I was coddling you a moment ago. That's Irish for---

IVAN  
 For kidding. I know, Ally. Get on with it.

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 A series. A documentary series. Wait for it---about Ireland. The War of Independence, the Great Famine, the Troubles but with a kilt and a light touch. Some wry humour to take the curse off the gloom.

IVAN  
 I'll need to think about it.

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 Of course.

A silence.

ALLY (cont'd)  
 Have you thought about it?

IVAN  
 Ally---

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 Do you mean you'll need to think about it or you're just being an arse? What is there to think about?

IVAN  
 If I'm going to do it, I want to do it right.

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 Exactly my point.

IVAN  
 No, Ally, that's the opposite of your point. You said there was nothing to think about.

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 Look, Ivan, this could be good for  
 both of us. I've said it before.

IVAN  
 Several times.

A pause.

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 You have a reputation for being  
 tricky.

IVAN  
 It's a tricky game we're in, Ally.

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 And trying to stay in, brother.  
 Don't forget that.

IVAN  
 I hear you.

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 Okay, you're telling me you'll  
 think about it?

IVAN  
 I will. I'll call you.

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 No, you won't. I'll call you.

IVAN  
 No, I'll call you.

A pause. Even in silence, over a phone, Ally is fuming.

IVAN (cont'd)  
 Okay, you call me.

ALLY  
 (over phone)  
 Good,' says Ally, 'I'll be in---

Ivan hangs up before Ally finishes.

INT. TRISH'S APARTMENT---DAY

Ivan has his back to a tall window, has his arms wrapped around a ladder and Trish's waist. Trish has her arms up, holding a set of blinds that she's waving vaguely towards a pole attached to the ceiling next to the window, at least two inches out of her reach.

IVAN

What do you think about Ireland?

TRISH

I think the same about it as you do. We've talked about it often enough. Hold my waist tighter.

IVAN

If I hold you any tighter I'll be hash-tagged.

TRISH

I can't reach the pole. The ladder is shaking. Hold it steadier.

IVAN

If you can't reach the pole how would my holding the ladder steadier help? Step down, I'm taller than you.

TRISH

Barely.

IVAN

Five foot seven. That's rangy for Glasgow.

Trish has her back to the window, has her arms wrapped around the ladder and Ivan's waist.

IVAN (cont'd)

Hold the ladder steady.

TRISH

(mimics Ivan)

If I hold it steady I might get hash-tagged.

IVAN

These the right fixtures on the window pole?

TRISH

Yes.

Ivan is still up the ladder, being held in place by Trish. He has one set of hooks in place, finally manages to get a second in place.

IVAN

There. Now the neighbours won't see you shouting at the telly when 'Homes under the Hammer' is on.

Trish lets go, steps out around the ladder.

TRISH

They'd see a lot more than that without these blinds up.

Ivan wobbles back down the ladder.

TRISH (cont'd)

Do you want a coffee?

IVAN

Yes.

TRISH

Tough. The kettle's not here yet. Put your coat on, we'll go to Round the Corner.

IVAN

You mean we'll go around the corner.

TRISH

(stonily)  
I meant what I said. We'll go to Round the Corner.

INT. ROUND THE CORNER---DAY

Round the Corner is a tiny cafe with only two single white plastic tables that sit in the glare of a large single window. The spring on the front door has worn so that it doesn't so much close once opened, but crash to a shuddering conclusion. Thanks to a brisk takeaway trade, this happens often. Consequently, the owner, a young woman in skinny jeans and Vans trainers speaks in a piercing shout, always. Ivan and Trish are perched on either side of the table that's furthest from the door.

IVAN  
Why'd you keep moving, Trish?

TRISH  
This will be my last move.

IVAN  
That's not what I asked you. You seemed happy enough in your previous place.

TRISH  
Did I tell you the landlord and his wife loved the way I'd done it out? They asked if they could use pictures online before I cleared my things.

IVAN  
Bit of a cheek.

TRISH  
Not to me, I was flattered.

Ivan nods.

IVAN  
You still haven't answered my question.

TRISH  
And you didn't answer mine.

IVAN  
When? What?

TRISH  
Last time I saw you. Did you give money to that Deke fella?

IVAN  
Why do you ask?

TRISH  
I can tell by your face, you did.

IVAN  
So what if I did.

TRISH  
How much? Five? Ten? Twenty?

Ivan doesn't answer.

TRISH (cont'd)  
More?

IVAN  
Alright, more than twenty. So what?

TRISH  
How often?

IVAN  
Couple of times. A few times.

TRISH  
I told you to be careful.

IVAN  
I'll take my chances.

TRISH  
Sure, but when you tempt him with money, you're taking his chances too.

IVAN  
Meaning?

TRISH  
Etizolam.

Ivan looks at her, blankly. Trish pulls out her phone, taps on it for a moment, then turns the phone around.

TRISH (cont'd)  
Look.

Ivan reads the screen for a moment. Ivan looks back at Trish. She puts the phone away.

IVAN  
And your point is?

TRISH  
Also known as Street Blues.

IVAN  
Right.

TRISH  
In other words, fake Valium. Homeless people are told it's diazepam. They're vulnerable and in a desperate situation. Didn't  
(MORE)

TRISH (cont'd)  
you know there was a gang up the  
road in Paisley busted for making  
two million quid worth of these?

IVAN  
No.

TRISH  
Don't you watch the news?

IVAN  
That's not news.

TRISH  
When folk on the streets buy these  
things they've no idea what's in  
them.

IVAN  
Deke wouldn't buy them, he's  
sensible, he's clean.

TRISH  
That's what he told you. Does he  
look clean?

IVAN  
To be fair, no.

TRISH  
He might have believed that  
himself. More than likely, he's  
telling you what he thinks you want  
to hear. But if you're living on  
the streets what would you  
choose---To get out of your face  
and skip through the gates of  
Nirvana for a night or sit in the  
drizzle eating a cold sausage roll?

IVAN  
When you put it like that---

TRISH  
It's the only way to put it. I  
worked with people like him. The  
toxicology in the tabs is  
horrendous. If he mixes blues with  
hard drugs or drink he'll wind up  
as just another stat. His number  
could be up. You're doing him no  
good whatsoever. When did you last  
see him?

IVAN  
Ah, let's see, recently.

TRISH  
Recently?

IVAN  
Possibly. I don't know.

TRISH  
You look troubled.

IVAN  
I know.

TRISH  
You'd better track down that boy  
and make sure he's alright.

IVAN  
I will. I'll do that. Do you  
fancy another coffee?

Trish covers her cup with her hand.

TRISH  
Do it now.

IVAN  
Fuck.

TRISH  
And tell me when you find him.

IVAN  
I will.

EXT. SAUCHIEHALL STREET---NIGHT

Ivan comes around a corner, walks along the street, and then stops, staring. He is again dressed in multiple layers of clothing. After a moment, he crosses the street to a storefront. Over the doorway is the sign of the last shop to be in there:

Linear Image

The recessed entrance is not only empty, it's sealed in its entirety in plasterboard, top to bottom, side to side.

Ivan looks at it for a moment, then goes to the entrance. Ivan presses his fingers to the plasterboard covering, stands there for a moment, then heads back up the street.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM---NIGHT

Ivan is sitting at his computer. He pulls up Google, types in:

Glasgow homeless death

Ivan taps away on the keyboard, doing another search.

Ivan does an additional search, tapping away at the keyboard.

Ivan is on the phone.

IVAN  
I'm still obsessing.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
You need help.

IVAN  
I don't need medication.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
Help finding him.

IVAN  
Oh.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
There's a team of volunteers that you need to talk to. You're going to find them downtown, you need to talk to Mac. They're out every night. They know every nook and cranny in the City centre. If he's still out there, they'll know where he is. Or was.

IVAN  
Thanks a whole lot, Trish.

## EXT. ARGYLE STREET---NIGHT

At the ragged end of Argyle Street amid the piss stains and vomit patches near the Tron clock is a bazaar in progress. There is a line of canteen tables pushed together along the lip of a department store building. There are volunteers in vivid green bibs and yellow hats. They all appear resolutely jolly. A bain marie of hot food is on one of the tables. Homeless throngs wait dutifully. From a line of battered cardboard boxes nearby, people risk tugging items from tangled heaps of dowdy clothes.

Ivan walks up the street towards the tables.

In the area, away a bit from the tables, a MAN and WOMAN are walking in a mazy circle as they engage in a shouting match disguised as a conversation. The man has a bottle, the woman crazy eyes.

MAN

(shouts)

I never said that!

WOMAN

Aye, you did, you disrespected me!

At last, talons flash, the man fends off a blow. Nobody is watching but everyone is aware.

Ivan almost stumbles across a COUPLE sprawled on the flagstones of the precinct as though it were a settee.

IVAN

Very sorry,

COUPLE ONE

No problem, buddy.

COUPLE TWO

Make yourself at home.

IVAN

Thank you.

Ivan gets near the tables and looks around. LORI is at the end of the tables with a huge teapot in her hand and a lapel badge marked 'Saved'. There is a stack of cups and assorted sugar and creamer nearby.

LORI

My name is Lori and I'm a survivor.

Ivan turns to look at her. Lori starts pouring into a cup.

LORI (cont'd)  
Cup of tea for you?

IVAN  
I was looking for Mac.

Lori keeps pouring.

LORI  
Mac! Somebody here for you.

MAC is near the tables and turns around. He is wearing a quilted anorak that shows the homely spread of his gut. He has a mobile phone clamped to his ear. He points at the phone, flashes two fingers, gestures towards the tables. Lori pushes a teacup toward Ivan.

LORI (cont'd)  
Help yourself to sugar.

Mac finishes his call, pocketing his phone,

MAC  
Hiya. You here to volunteer?

IVAN  
No, I'm looking for someone.

MAC  
Family member?

IVAN  
No.

MAC  
Friend?

IVAN  
Not exactly.

MAC  
I see.

Mac looks wary.

MAC (cont'd)  
What then?

MAC (cont'd)  
There was a beggar---

MAC (cont'd)  
A homeless person.

IVAN  
You say potato.

MAC  
The distinction is important.

IVAN  
Alright. Don't get all pious on me.

Mac just looks at Ivan

MAC  
What do you know about him?

Ivan talks as the rest of the activities continue on. At one moment he points off in the distance. After a bit, Mac pulls his phone back out and starts tapping on it, while continuing to listen to Ivan.

MAC (cont'd)  
And give me your number. If I hear anything I'll let you know.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM---NIGHT

Ivan is staring at the computer as the phone rings. Instead of looking at it first, he simply answers.

IVAN  
Hello.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Ivan.

Ivan makes a face.

IVAN  
Hello, Ally.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
What do you want---the good news or the great news?

Ivan definitely looks irked.

IVAN  
The good news.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Here goes---they've confirmed a  
small amount of development money.

IVAN  
Who?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Who, he says. The channel. The  
Digi channel.

IVAN  
What's the great news?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
There is no great news, I thought  
you'd have been too mesmerised by  
the good news.

IVAN  
What if I'd asked for the great  
news first?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Then I'd have told you.

IVAN  
What would you have told me?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
That they've offered a small amount  
of development money.

IVAN  
So the great news was exactly the  
same as the good news.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Wrong. There was no great news. I  
told you that.

IVAN  
You did, you told me that. Ally,  
one of us is clinically insane.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
It isn't me, bro. I'm not the one  
who broke his skull drifting down  
the Clyde playing pirates.

IVAN  
What's your point?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Ged says you have to get on with  
it.

IVAN  
Get on with what?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
The series.

IVAN  
They haven't paid for a series.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Not yet. That's what the  
Development money is for.

IVAN  
If they want a series why are they  
only paying development money? I  
can't make sense of that.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
You're insane, you'll find a way.  
Can I say this to you?

IVAN  
What?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
You have a month or else.

IVAN  
Or else what?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Or else he'll do this.

IVAN

Hello?

The phone flashes and then blanks as Ally hangs up.

BURNING DOWN THE HOUSEEPISODE THREE: MICHEAL COLLINS

INT. CAFE TWA---DAY

Ivan with Trish again, in Café Twa. The Waitress serves their coffee. Ivan barely looks at her.

TRISH  
A show about Ireland?

IVAN  
Not a show. A show, Jesus. A personal viewpoint. The Scots Irish connection. Or disconnection. The schizophrenia of identity.

TRISH  
Haven't you had enough of Ireland? Not long ago you said you'd never go back.

IVAN  
Knowledge is like a garden. It has to be constantly tended or you forget.

TRISH  
You didn't forget---you just didn't want to remember.

IVAN  
Because of the Emily stuff? I'm over all that now.

TRISH  
Are you, are you really?

IVAN  
What do you mean?

Trish takes a breath.

TRISH  
Because I think that time in Ireland with Emily is the reason you're how you are today.

IVAN

Which begs the question, how am I today?

TRISH

A bit, well, broken.

IVAN

You wouldn't put a bit of that down to being hit on the head with a lifebelt?

TRISH

Not unless the bang broke your heart as well as your head.

Ivan looks dubious.

IVAN

No. I was as I was even then. The circumstance with Emily just accelerated the process of turning me into what I am now, which is only a heightened version of then.

TRISH

Only?

Ivan has a sip of coffee, The Waitress places two veggie cakes on the table, gives a shy smile.

TRISH (cont'd)

What will you do?

IVAN

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree.

TRISH

I think you should but first you can pay the bill, it's your turn.

IVAN

You've changed your tune.

TRISH

I didn't have a tune. Just a word of caution.

IVAN

Maybe I won't go.

TRISH  
 Maybe you should go. It'll clear  
 your head.

IVAN  
 I thought you said I went nuts  
 there.

TRISH  
 It'll clear your head relative to  
 how scattered it's about to become  
 here.

IVAN  
 Oh yes? How so?

TRISH  
 Read this.

There's a hiatus while Ivan watches her tug a folded copy of  
 the Metro newspaper from the melee of objects in her  
 handbag. She hands the paper across the table.

TRISH (cont'd)  
 Page six.

Ivan finds the page and folds the paper, reads the article.

IVAN  
 Is it him?

TRISH  
 You tell me.

Ivan reads through the article again.

IVAN  
 It's him. It's Deke.

Ivan puts the paper on the table.

TRISH  
 Mac put the word out. His team  
 found him. Mac says to tell you  
 it's not your fault.

IVAN  
 It feels like my fault.

TRISH  
 This is bigger than you. It's a  
 societal thing. Except there is no  
 society. There's just us.

Ivan looks at her.

TRISH (cont'd)  
Anyway, I told you not to give him  
money.

IVAN  
Yes, only after I'd given him  
money, you didn't warn me in  
advance.

TRISH  
I didn't know you were going to  
meet him, did I?

IVAN  
In all the times we've talked here  
about the homeless you've never  
said be careful of giving them  
money.

TRISH  
So it's my fault?

IVAN  
I didn't say that. I'm saying  
every man's death diminishes me.

TRISH  
No it doesn't, it diminishes him.  
You're still here sipping coffee.  
He's in the mortuary with a label  
round his big toe.

IVAN  
You think I don't know that? I  
know that.

The Waitress hovers close, smiling. Ivan isn't smiling.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Can I have the bill please?

EXT. CAFE TWA---DAY

Ivan and Trish are outside as a blustery wind is blowing  
down Govan Road.

TRISH  
What'll you do now?

IVAN  
I'll go and face my ghosts.

TRISH  
What will you do when you meet  
them?

IVAN  
I'll know when it happens.

TRISH  
Give them my regards.

Trish heads across the road. Ivan goes up the street.

INT. BRECHIN'S BAR---DAY

The BRECHIN'S BARMAN looks up at Ivan from his paper.

BRECHIN'S BARMAN  
What'll you have, the usual?

IVAN  
I haven't been in here for years.  
How do you know what my usual is?

BRECHIN'S BARMAN  
Sorry, pal, I mistook you for  
somebody else.

IVAN  
I am somebody else. I'll have  
whatever you'd give him.

BRECHIN'S BARMAN  
You don't know what he drinks.

IVAN  
Surprise me.

INT. A WEST END CAFE---DAY

A collection of tables, a collection of chairs, a collection of people, some of whom are lines up to get to a counter with a display of pastries in a glass case. A menu with impossible prices is up on a wall. Ivan is in line, looking up at the prices. And Micheal Collins is standing in line next to Ivan, reading a book titled; The Day Michael Collins Was Shot, by Meda Ryan.

IVAN  
Hello, Mick, I have a query.

COLLINS  
Shush, I'm busy.

IVAN  
What are you doing?

COLLINS  
Ruminating. I'm wondering if Dev  
was in on it.

IVAN  
In on what?

COLLINS  
(incredulous)  
In on what? My shooting.

IVAN  
Not that again. You were killed in  
1922. You're obsessed.

COLLINS  
I'm meticulous.

IVAN  
Get over it.

COLLINS  
Really? You think so? Let me tell  
you if you'd taken a bullet to the  
head as I did---

IVAN  
Where?

COLLINS  
Here. Look.

Collins bulls his head forward, drags his hair back from the temple, points.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
You see?

IVAN  
Ah yes. There's an ongoing  
dispute, Mick. Some say there was  
no entry wound at your hairline,  
just an exit wound behind your ear.

COLLINS  
Can you see an entry wound?

IVAN  
Yes.

COLLINS  
And the exit wound exists, yes?

IVAN  
Yes.

COLLINS  
Draw your own conclusion.

The crater behind Micks' right ear is so big if the embalmer's wax was gouged a shout into the crater might cause an echo.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
You see them?

IVAN  
The holes?

COLLINS  
Yes. If some fucker stood on a hillside and fired off one at you that blew the back of your skull off---some say it was a dum dum bullet---do you think it was a dum dum?---they were outlawed you know, dumdums, they say the Irregulars had nuns carry them in the folds of their habits but---

IVAN  
I don't know, Mick.

COLLINS  
No matter---the point is, wouldn't you be obsessed too?

IVAN  
I thought you were meticulous, not obsessed.

COLLINS  
Don't be a smart ass. Unless you want to join me in the land of the eternal winding sheet?

IVAN  
Sonny O'Neill.

COLLINS  
What about him?

IVAN  
He's the leading contender.

COLLINS  
I know that. Always has been.

Collins goes back to reading. Ivan stares at the prices again.

IVAN  
Should I, Mick?

COLLINS  
Should you what?

IVAN  
A cake to go with my coffee?

COLLINS  
Why not, what's stopping you?

IVAN  
It's four quid a slice. I haven't earned in months.

Collins keeps reading.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Mick.

COLLINS  
What!

IVAN  
The four quid cake. To go with my flat white. I mean I'm saying four quid but it's actually 3.95. And 2.70 for the coffee. That's pricey, isn't it?

COLLINS  
Jim Kerragher.

Ivan isn't interested in Jim Kerragher. The cafe ASSISTANT behind the counter is looking back and forth between her latest customer and the empty space beside him.

IVAN

Sure, four quid would have bought  
you a house in your day, Mick,  
would it not?

COLLINS

We built our own houses in Sam's  
Cross. And don't go putting any  
'sures' at the start of a sentence  
in my hearing. You're not Irish.

IVAN

I'm suggestible because you're  
here.

COLLINS

I'm not here.

IVAN

Okay, you're in my head. But  
what's your opinion anyway?

Ivan turns to the Cafe Assistant.

IVAN (cont'd)

So the coffee please and I'll have  
one of the pear frangipane---

Collins surfaces from his book as the assistant grabs a tray  
and starts to assemble the coffee and a pear frangipane.

COLLINS

(a very definite  
wait. a. minute.)  
Wait a minute.

IVAN

Yes?

COLLINS

Did you say four quid?

IVAN

I did.

COLLINS

For a cake?

IVAN

indeed.

COLLINS

You're a blithering fucking eejit fool!

IVAN

I know.

COLLINS

In the War of Independence the cost of a bullet was, what, threepence. A single bullet! There were 240 pence to the pound. Divide that by 3 and multiply by 4. There's 320 British soldiers you could have shot back then for the price of a coffee and a bit of cake.

Ivan turns to the assistant. The assistant has the tray ready to hand off, as soon as Ivan pays for its contents.

IVAN

Excuse me.

ASSISTANT

Yes?

COLLINS

A friend of mine thinks that these cakes are rather on the expensive---

COLLINS (cont'd)

Yerra!

Collins grabs Ivan's shirt collar.

COLLINS (cont'd)

(growls)

That's a misrepresentation of the fact.

IVAN

I thought you agreed with me?

COLLINS

I did. I supported your contention that the cakes were overpriced but I didn't initiate the complaint to this young lady. You alone did that.

Collins lets go of Ivan. Ivan smooths his ruffled collar. People are looking at Ivan. Ivan gestures Collins towards the pastry case. Ivan looks at him, scowls.

COLLINS (cont'd)

Let me have a look at the blessed things.

As Ivan pays for his purchase, Collins looks at the pastries, looks at the menu, looks at the pastries.

COLLINS (cont'd)

You're right. On the face of it these prices are beyond an outrage. I need to get a fix on modern relative values. Ask this young one behind the counter what is the price of a small family house in Glasgow.

Ivan looks at the assistant, then turns back to Collins.

IVAN

I can tell you that. You can pick up a modest two bedroomed semi-detached house in Newton Means for about 300.

COLLINS

300 pounds?

IVAN

Thousand.

COLLINS

Three hundred thousand pounds for a fucken two bedroomed house?

IVAN

With garden.

COLLINS

The garden better be fucken Ayrshire.

ASSISTANT

Excuse my asking, but are you having a problem?

Collins has disappeared. Ivan keeps talking to the Assistant.

IVAN  
No.

ASSISTANT  
It's just that my other  
customers---

IVAN  
Not me. It's my friend, the  
Commander in Chief of the Free  
State Army. He thinks your cakes  
are a little overpriced.

ASSISTANT  
What friend?

IVAN  
This one. Here.

Ivan points a thumb to where Collins had been standing.

ASSISTANT  
Where?

IVAN  
Right here. Michael Collins.

ASSISTANT  
Ah, right . . . Yeah. Okay.

Ivan looks around, checks the floor and ceiling.

IVAN  
He was here a minute ago.

Ivan attempts a disarming smile as he picks up the tray and  
turns to face the rest of the cafe.

At the centre table sits Ally, his cold eyes trained on  
Ivan. Ally has jettisoned his cardigan and adopted a hoodie  
in an effort to blend in as a happening dude.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Ally.

ALLY  
Sit down. Bring your frangipane  
and your coffee.

Ivan walks over to the centre table, puts the tray down,  
sits down.

ALLY (cont'd)  
What the hell is wrong with you?

Ivan aims a thumb at empty air.

IVAN  
Don't ask me, ask him.

ALLY  
Who?

IVAN  
Michael Collins. He's a non-paying  
house guest in my attic right now.

ALLY  
Your attic?

Ally leans back in his chair.

ALLY (cont'd)  
Ivan, you have a serious mental  
problem.

IVAN  
Serious to you, not to me. Anyway,  
what do you care?

Ally leans forward, sensing weakness.

ALLY  
(soothing)  
Of course I care. We've been  
friends a long time.

IVAN  
Point of order. We've known each  
other a long time which is a quite  
different thing.

Ally's eyes narrow, actually narrow.

ALLY  
So that's the way you want to do  
this?

IVAN  
We know how this will play out,  
Ally. You want the job and so do  
I.

ALLY  
I'm glad to hear you say that.  
Here's what I propose . . .

Out through the doorway another Glasgow downpour arrives.  
Ally, for one, doesn't notice.

ALLY (cont'd)  
So that's how I see it, Ivan.  
We're a team, in this together, am  
I right?

IVAN  
Right.

ALLY  
That's why I don't want you at this  
meeting with Simon.

IVAN  
What? You said to meet here, for  
our premeeting, meeting.

ALLY  
Yes, and that's exactly what we're  
doing.

IVAN  
Isn't that a contradiction?

ALLY  
I can see why you might think that.  
But the fact that it's a  
contradiction is not in itself a  
contradiction. It's the near and  
the far, you see. You were a Colin  
Wilson fan, weren't you?

IVAN  
Yes. I loaned you *The Outsider*,  
remember?

ALLY  
And I'll return it, next time I see  
you.

IVAN  
I gave you it in 2006.

ALLY  
The near and the far observes that  
places and ideas can be seen  
differently according to  
(MORE)

ALLY (cont'd)  
perspective. The sea may look dreamy and inviting from a distance but can actually be cold and unpleasant if we plunge into it.

IVAN  
I like plunging into it.

ALLY  
Run with me on this one. I'm asking you to sit this meeting out, purely as a temporary measure, pending your return to what I call, well, sanity.

IVAN  
Since when were writers supposed to be sane?

Ally sighs, raises his finger, points like a primary school teacher at the slow kid who doesn't quite get it.

ALLY  
I'm going to cut to the chase, Ivan---

IVAN  
No you're not. If you were, you wouldn't say 'Cut to the chase', which is a dead wood cliché and waste of time. Moving on.

ALLY  
Moving on, I might argue, is a cliché too.

IVAN  
What's your point?

ALLY  
If you were young and hip, or old and successful, I could work a meeting with what you're giving me, you know, 'the delightfully dotty but deeply talented ingénue' say, or 'the magnificently cranky old genius who lives in a foxes lair because he hates people', that sort of thing. But you're not either of those things, Ivan, you're in the dangerous middle. You're not even autistic. Are you autistic?

IVAN  
No.

ALLY  
Pity. Bottom line then---

IVAN  
Cliché.

ALLY  
Bottom line, fella---at your age  
you can only be cranky if you're  
successful and, at this moment,  
you're not.

Collins is sitting next to Ivan and leans in towards Ivan.

COLLINS  
I'll dig up Liam Tobin and have him  
put two in the back of his head for  
you.

IVAN  
No, you're alright, Mick.

ALLY  
What?

IVAN  
Nothing, Ally.

ALLY  
I've an errand to run. I'm nipping  
into Argos en route to order a  
strimmer. I'll see you in the SBC  
foyer after the meeting. Will you  
be there?

IVAN  
No.

ALLY  
Will you be there?

IVAN  
Yes.

Ally nods, gets up, and strides heroically to the end of the order line.

Ivan has some pastry as he watches, watching a yapping annoyance. Collins also watches, watching dead meat walking.

Ally has finally managed to get a take away mocha. Ivan and Collins watch him fumble to secure the plastic lid. Ally, seeing the mountain to climb, strides further to the door, finally notices the downpour going on outside, and stops. Ally stands hesitantly in the doorway.

COLLINS

Don't wish him luck. He's a bollocks.

Ivan calls out to Ally.

IVAN

Good luck, you bollocks.

Ally doesn't hear Ivan. He finally sidles out into the rain.

EXT. SCOTTISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION BUILDING---DAY

The Scottish Broadcasting Corporation building, SBC, sits prudently just outside Govan like an expensive four by four the owners don't want joy ridden and torched by locals. The new lettering attempts to gleam over the fading tattoo of the old but it's still the BBC and will remain so until the post referendum transition takes conclusive effect.

INT. SCOTTISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION FOYER---DAY

The foyer is not a tiny little room. It is the entire inside of a four story building with a staircase that climbs up through most of the building.

Down on the first floor, a RECEPTIONIST looks frozen--- protocol is not being followed. A computer screen keeps being stared at for clarification. Ivan is trying to look helpful.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you have an appointment?

IVAN

No. I'm waiting for someone who has.

RECEPTIONIST

The foyer is really for people who have appointments. When is he expected?

IVAN  
He isn't expected, he's here.

RECEPTIONIST  
Where?

IVAN  
Upstairs, having the appointment.

RECEPTIONIST  
With whom?

IVAN  
Simon.

RECEPTIONIST  
He's from BBC London?

IVAN  
Ally? No, Ally's from around here  
Glasgow.

RECEPTIONIST  
Simon is meeting with an executive  
from London, the executive was  
running an hour late. The half  
hour meeting after that was  
cancelled, so Simon is running a  
half hour late.

IVAN  
Ally won't have been cancelled or  
he'd be down here, so Ally will be  
meeting with Ged.

RECEPTIONIST  
Do you have an appointment with  
Ged?

IVAN  
No, Ally has an appointment with  
Simon. So he'll be meeting with  
Ged.

Ivan is trying to look helpful.

A bit later, Ivan is sitting in one of a cluster of chairs  
at the street level, staring off out the entrance. Ally  
walks up.

ALLY  
Ivan!

Ivan looks up. Ally is hovering over him with a crossover shoulder bag tucked under his arm

ALLY (cont'd)  
You alone?

IVAN  
Apparently.

ALLY  
Where's Mick?

IVAN  
He's doing a recce of the building.  
I think he's planning to blow it  
up.

ALLY  
Tell him not yet, I have good news.

IVAN  
Good for who, me or you?

ALLY  
If you're going to be like that  
I'll leave. You want to me to  
leave now?

IVAN  
Sit down, Ally.

Ally sits, exhales, man-spreads. Makes a steeple with his fingers. The Vans, the hoodie.

ALLY  
You want to know how it went, Ivan?

IVAN  
Yes.

ALLY  
Couldn't have gone better. You  
want to know what he said about the  
idea?

IVAN  
No, I'm happy to hang around here  
feeling awkward.

ALLY  
He said he loved it. You know how  
much he loved it?

IVAN  
No.

ALLY  
He loves it so much he doesn't want to change a thing.

IVAN  
Doesn't want to but will . . . or doesn't want to so won't?

ALLY  
Both.

Ivan and Ally look at each other.

IVAN  
Let's be clear. You went in there to sell my idea. That idea was to make a documentary about the Irish in Scotland embracing Republican, Unionist and related class-based historical and contemporary standpoints, yes?

ALLY  
Right.

IVAN  
What have you come out with?

ALLY  
All of the above.

IVAN  
Just tell me.

ALLY  
None of the above.

Ivan makes a steeple with his hands and leans back in his chair.

IVAN  
So what do we have?

ALLY  
He didn't bite on Collins, Pearse or Clarke, but he liked Connolly.

IVAN  
That's something.

ALLY  
He wants to make a tweak.

IVAN  
What tweak?

ALLY  
He wants it more Billy Connolly,  
less James Connolly.

Ivan assimilates this transition. Finally,

IVAN  
How much less James?

ALLY  
He doesn't want any. He knew all  
about the Citizens Army in 1916 but  
unless you can turn them into a Hip  
Hop dancing troupe playing tunes on  
trash cans he doesn't want to know.

IVAN  
We don't have trash cans in this  
country, we have wheelie bins.  
It's not even called trash, it's  
rubbish.

A pause.

IVAN (cont'd)  
So you came away with nothing?

ALLY  
Not so. I have a sore arse.

IVAN  
I won't ask.

ALLY  
Face it Ivan, we weren't in a  
strong negotiating position. He's  
decided he wants a travelogue.  
Focus Group tells him that's more  
bang for his budgetary buck.  
Hills, mountains and some much  
loved face spewing out reassuring  
folksy wisdom. They're cheap to  
make and not research intensive.  
You stick a brand name funny guy  
out front and already you have an  
audience. That's the way it works.

IVAN  
I know how it works. It's not how  
I work.

ALLY  
I've heard how you work. That's  
why you're not working.

IVAN  
I'll work, you watch. Maybe not  
with you.

Ally crashes his steeple hands, lets them dangle, uselessly.

ALLY  
Is this where we are now? We've  
stopped being friends?

IVAN  
We were never friends.

ALLY  
My wife died four years ago, Ivan.  
I've rattled around in the house  
ever since.

Ivan just looks at Ally.

ALLY (cont'd)  
I don't mind saying there's been  
many a day when I thought I  
couldn't go on.

IVAN  
You have though, apparently.

Ivan keeps staring at Ally.

IVAN (cont'd)  
I can't do it, Ally. There's an  
umbilical cord between a writer and  
his material and if you snip that  
cord, you don't give the project  
life, you kill it.

ALLY  
Or mutate it. Not all mutations  
are evil, look at Benedict  
Cumberbatch.

Ivan knots his brow, giving the appearance of a fair-minded  
man wrestling with a thorny decision. Over at the

receptionist's desk, Mick is all aglow watching the receptionist operate her computer.

IVAN

It's a 'no' from me, Ally.

ALLY

If that's the way you feel . . .  
You know what this opportunity  
means to me.

IVAN

How did you leave it with Simon?

ALLY

I didn't. Simon had to go so I was  
left with Ged.

IVAN

Okay, so how did you leave it with  
Ged?

ALLY

I said I'd run it past you.

IVAN

And?

ALLY

He gave me forty eight hours to say  
yes or no.

IVAN

He actually said that? Who says  
that? 'I'll give you forty eight  
hours.' I haven't heard that since  
Beverly Hills Cop.

ALLY

Not exactly those words. He said  
he'd give me to the end of the  
week. But where's the drama in  
that?

Ally pulls on the drawstrings of his hoodie as if they're  
old fashioned toilet chains.

ALLY (cont'd)

Ged was savouring his moment, Ivan.  
He's a failed actor turned  
apparatchik. I could understand  
that, having been one myself.

IVAN  
You were an actor?

ALLY  
An apparatchik.

IVAN  
Okay, so here's what we do. He's given you till the end of the week. Now what you need to do is give that time to me and I'll contact you when I've thought things over.

ALLY  
When will that be?

IVAN  
Forty-eight hours.

Ally gives Ivan a rueful look.

ALLY  
End of the week, latest, okay?

IVAN  
Okay.

Ally rises.

ALLY  
You don't have to wait the whole forty-eight hours.

IVAN  
What?

ALLY  
If you decide before the weekend you can let me know. At any time.

IVAN  
I will.

ALLY  
On the other hand, I can't allow any spreading of the time beyond its deadline. You understand that, don't you?

IVAN  
Yes.

ALLY  
Because if Ged---

IVAN  
Stop talking, Ally.

Ally nods, walks away. He has his crossover shoulder bag still tucked under his arm, its strap trailing.

Ivan gets a rude, violent shove at his shoulder. Ivan looks up and sees Collins now hovering over him.

COLLINS  
I'm back!

Ivan stares off thataway.

IVAN  
What sort of cake would you like this time, Mick?

COLLINS  
I don't give a fuck, buy what you want but make sure there's plenty of it.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM---DAY

Ivan is sitting at his desk, staring at a dish with a few crumbs on it. Collins is sitting in a chair with the Meda Ryan book and a pencil. Sometimes he sucks on the end of the pencil, like he is eleven years old and back in Denis Lyon's schoolhouse doing arithmetic.

IVAN  
(a sort of wail)  
Instant gratification.

Collins turns down a page corner of the book he is reading.

COLLINS  
By the time we get something, we often don't want it anymore.

IVAN  
Did that apply to Irish freedom, Mick?

COLLINS  
Worse than a bollocks is a tiresome one.

Ivan notices there are crumbs, of many ages, all over the floor and on the rugs. Ivan goes to the cupboard, returns trundling the vacuum cleaner.

IVAN  
Lift your feet.

COLLINS  
Why?

Ivan displays the cleaner.

IVAN  
Do you know what this is?

Collins shows Ivan a fist.

COLLINS  
Do you know what this is?

Collins returns to studying his book.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
Do it another time, I've a great deal on my mind.

IVAN  
Ah, sure, don't we all have our troubles?

COLLINS  
What have I told you about mimicking my accent?

IVAN  
Sorry, Mick.

COLLINS  
Do it again and I'll fucken flatten you.

IVAN  
I hear you.

COLLINS  
Now get back to pining for your lost love, only do it quietly.

IVAN  
I can pine quietly but silent hoovering is a difficult matter.

COLLINS

Ah, do your worst, I can take it.

Ivan watches as Mick falls silent, makes a note in the margin of Meda Ryan's book on his death.

IVAN

What are you working on, Mick?

COLLINS

You know perfectly well what I'm working on.

IVAN

Figuring out who killed you?

COLLINS

I'll never know that for sure. In the end, it doesn't matter. We were all of us shooting at each other, no blame attaches to an accurate shot, or ricochet, or whatever it was did for me, no, I'm thinking about the topography of the location. I'm thinking I was shot around a hundred yards from where the book says I was.

Ivan starts the cleaner, starts to swipe the crumbs on the floor, sucking them up with a single gratifying action.

COLLINS (cont'd)

(louder, over the cleaner)

The road has changed in the intervening years, of course, widened, as a result its curves are perhaps less tightly wound than they were at the time, which may explain the difference.

COLLINS (cont'd)

(yells)

Turn that fucken thing off!

Ivan keeps cleaning.

IVAN

(over cleaner)

You said it was alright.

COLLINS

I was wrong. I can't stand it!

Ivan turns off the motor. Collins points at him.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
You should hire a housekeeper.

Ivan starts straightening the cleaner.

IVAN  
A what?

The cleaner accidentally starts up again.

COLLINS  
A housekeeper. I said turn that fuckin thing off!

IVAN  
I'm under stress.

COLLINS  
You're cleaning a carpet. I was under stress at the GPO. Pearse was under stress, as were Connolly and MacDiarmada, Tom Clarke and the rest of us. Not once did anyone say, You know what, this stair runner could do with a skim over, let's pause the Rebellion.

IVAN  
You let the women do the cooking though.

COLLINS  
We did.

IVAN  
And the nursing. And the running around Dublin with messages.

COLLINS  
We did, we did. The Brits were less likely to stop a woman.

IVAN  
Tell that to Margaret Skinnider. She was shot three times.

COLLINS  
I didn't say never, did I?

IVAN  
No.

COLLINS

Then don't be some little tight  
arsed word sniper.

Collins throws down his pencil.

COLLINS (cont'd)

You know what I said to Pearse  
once, I said, just for a laugh  
like---

Ivan is watching Collins, and accidentally steps on the  
cleaner power button.

COLLINS (cont'd)

I thought you were done with that  
thing?

Again, Ivan turns off the vacuum.

IVAN

Go on, Mick.

COLLINS

I say to Pearse, 'Sir,' I say, 'me  
and a pal have arranged a date with  
a couple of gals on Grafton Street.  
Do you think we could have the  
night off from the auld rebelling  
so we can meet them for a drink in  
Davy Byrnes?

IVAN

What did Pearse say?

COLLINS

Fuck all. He blinked a bit then  
just said 'No.' Just like that.  
Pearse had many fine attributes but  
he was a stranger to a joke.

Ivan's mobile rings. Unknown number. Ivan holds it up for  
Mick to see.

IVAN

You must think this a marvellous  
instrument.

COLLINS

What is it?

IVAN  
 A telephone. With this, I can talk  
 all the way to people in Australia.  
 And guess what, I wouldn't even  
 have to shout.

Collins looks at Ivan as though Ivan is a sort of eejit.

COLLINS  
 Have you forgotten we took over the  
 GPO? And took control of all the  
 phone lines?

IVAN  
 Of course. Sorry, Mick.

COLLINS  
 (mimics Ivan)  
 You must think this a marvellous  
 instrument?  
 (back to himself)  
 You pith helmeted langer.

IVAN  
 A moment please, Mick.

Ivan answers the phone.

IVAN (cont'd)  
 Hello?

GED  
 (over phone)  
 Ivan Moss?

IVAN  
 Speaking.

GED  
 (over phone)  
 Hi Ivan, it's Ged from the Beeb.

IVAN  
 Ged?

GED  
 (over phone)  
 I hope I'm not interrupting  
 anything.

IVAN  
 No, I was just having a discussion  
 with Mick.

GED  
(over phone)  
Mick?

IVAN  
Doesn't matter. What can I do for  
you?

GED  
(over phone)  
I'll get straight to the point. I'm  
sorry we weren't able to commission  
your version of the idea.

IVAN  
I'm sorry too. Ally explained  
everything.

GED  
(over phone)  
We'd still like to go ahead and  
take it though, do it in another  
form.

IVAN  
(very particular,  
hackles rising)  
I know you would. Ally explained  
that too.

GED  
(over phone)  
I always think it's a terrible  
waste to let a good idea moulder on  
the shelf.

IVAN  
Me too. Especially when it's one  
of mine.

GED  
(over phone)  
Maybe you and I could meet for a  
coffee and talk around this, see if  
there's a way forward for all of  
us.

IVAN  
Who are all of us?

GED  
(over phone)  
You, me, Ally, Simon.

IVAN

All of us didn't want all of us at the meeting, Ged, some of us weren't invited to be all of us. We could have had as much coffee as you wanted this afternoon.

GED

(over phone)

Look Ivan, I was a writer myself, well writer/comedian actually, I'm on your side. You know how producers work, especially Indy Producers and I know how Exec Producers work, especially in-house ones.

IVAN

Ged, you're a company man too.

GED

(over phone)

I can see why you'd think that.

IVAN

How about Simon?

GED

(over phone)

Simon is just as frustrated as we are. Under those Comme de Garcons suits there beats a rebel heart. I know him.

GED (cont'd)

(over phone)

Just you and me, Ivan, what do you say?

IVAN

A coffee?

GED

(over phone)

Yes. A coffee and a bit of a parley.

IVAN

Okay.

Both hang up, Ivan puts the phone down. Collins throws a potato at Ivan and bounces it off his head.

INT. FINNIESTON RESTAURANT---DAY

Ivan strolls in from the direction of the entrance. At a table, Ged is sitting with Ally. Ally is jabbering on a phone. Ged spots Ivan, rises. Ally looks up, gives a brief finger flicker of greeting but remains talking on his phone. The FINNIESTON waitress appears, her notepad ready.

GED  
Ivan, what can I get you?.

IVAN  
Cappuccino.

GED  
(to waitress)  
Cappuccino.

The Finnieston Waitress writes on her notepad and wanders off. Ivan and Ged sit down.

GED (cont'd)  
How are you doing, Ivan?

IVAN  
Alright till now. I thought this was supposed to be a one on one?

Ged looks at Ally.

ALLY  
Tell her thank you. It's appreciated. Just having a cuppa with Ged. . . . And Ivan. Ivan Moss, yes, the very one. Take care. Bye.

Ally chuckles, for no good reason, doesn't keep his phone in his pocket, like Ivan and Ged have done, instead, leaves it on the table. Ivan looks at him then turns to Ged.

IVAN  
This is nice. Just the two of us.

Ged looks unhappy.

GED  
I thought it might be useful for Ally to be here. I should have mentioned.

ALLY  
No worries, Ged, that's fine.

IVAN

Really?

Ged and Ally look at Ivan.

IVAN (cont'd)

I'll say if it's fine or not. This was supposed to be a one on one between me and Ged.

Ally picks up his phone, fiddles with it. Ged looks awkward. Ally starts texting.

GED

As I've said, I should have said. I didn't say.

ALLY

He didn't say.

Ged looks at Ally, then at Ivan.

GED

So?

IVAN

So what?

GED

Is it okay for Ally to be here?

Ivan makes to answer. Ally looks up from his phone.

ALLY

If it isn't fine, I'll go.. I came here because I thought it might be good for all of us, isn't that right, Ged?

GED

(to Ivan)

That's what you said, it's what Ally said, it's what I say too. That's why I'm here. To find something good for you, Ivan. I thought Ally could help.

Ally is all but purring.

IVAN

You say that now. I wasn't asked to the last meeting.

GED  
I know, but . . .

ALLY  
But if it's a problem, I'm happy to  
leave.

Ally doesn't move.

ALLY (cont'd)  
I have other things I could be  
doing.

IVAN  
You're doing them. You've barely  
looked up from your phone since I  
sat down.

Ged and Ally eye each other.

ALLY  
And do you know why?

IVAN  
No.

ALLY  
Because I've been doing us all a  
favour.

Ged nods.

He's been doing us a favour, Ivan.  
You too.

Ged leans forward. Ivan leans back.

GED  
Here's the thing, Ivan.

Now Ally leans in, like a second terrier, and with Ivan as a  
walker in between who doesn't like dogs. Ally looks at Ged.

ALLY  
I'll tell Ivan the thing, Ged, that  
way you're not compromised.

GED  
Okay, you tell him.

Ally looks at Ivan.

ALLY

We want to do the show, Ivan. With or without you. Am I right, Ged?

Ged shuffles uneasily.

GED

We'd rather---I'd rather---it was with you than without you.

ALLY

Me too. But since you're out---are you still out?

IVAN

Yes.

Ally looks relieved.

ALLY

We'll do it ourselves. Co-produce it. I'll produce, Ged will be Exec Producer.

IVAN

It was my idea. You need my say-so.

Ally shrugs.

ALLY

Ideas are the loose change of our culture, Ivan, and since it wasn't on paper.

IVAN

It was on paper. It's still in your bag.

ALLY

I misspoke. I meant to say since it was only on paper. A bare outline.

GED

You'd be surprised how many outlines we receive.

IVAN

Bare ones?

GED  
 Mostly, Ivan, yes. Until they're  
 worked up they don't mean anything.

IVAN  
 If they don't mean anything, why do  
 you insist on them?

Ged and Ally look at each other.

GED  
 (getting impatient)  
 Tell him, Ally.

ALLY  
 Look Ivan. You have mental  
 difficulties at the moment, it's an  
 open secret in the industry.

IVAN  
 It wasn't an open secret till I  
 told you.

ALLY  
 I saw you talking to Michael  
 Collins.

IVAN  
 Then we both have mental  
 difficulties.

Ged looks unhappy. He'd come expecting to find one nut job.  
 Now he's found two.

ALLY  
 Okay, Ivan, here's what I propose.  
 Ged is not a party to this. Are  
 you a party to this, Ged?

GED  
 Like Ivan, I came here for a  
 coffee. Seems like a long time  
 ago.

ALLY  
 Okay.

Ally tugs on his shirt-sleeves so they ride up like he's a  
 real working man. He looks at Ivan.

ALLY (cont'd)  
 You want a pure unadulterated, no  
 holds barred, blood and snot,  
 (MORE)

ALLY (cont'd)  
portrait of the Irish War of  
Independence and the Civil War that  
followed, am I right?

IVAN  
With a Scottish angle. And you  
don't. Ged knows this, I know  
this. Move on, Ally.

ALLY  
What if I came up with something  
that satisfies both our needs?

IVAN  
I'm listening.

ALLY  
A couple of years ago you wrote a  
short play about the subject for  
small theatres that you've dreamed  
about turning into a long play for  
big theatres, right?

IVAN  
Right.

ALLY  
How would you go about doing that?

IVAN  
I'd have to produce it myself, if I  
couldn't find a backer.

ALLY  
And will you?

IVAN  
You kidding? I produced a show at  
the Fringe once. I came home with  
nervous eczema and a four figure  
bill. Never again.

ALLY  
You need funding. Two words.  
Creative Scotland.

IVAN  
Do you want another two words?

Ally does the steeple thing with his hands.

ALLY  
You saw me on my mobile when you walked in, am I right?

IVAN  
Yes.

ALLY  
Forgive me, but I was making a certain call.

IVAN  
As opposed to an uncertain call?

ALLY  
To an associate of mine at Creative Scotland. A deep throat in the organisation.

IVAN  
The organisation doesn't have a throat, just an arse.

ALLY  
It's an arse worth kissing. To do that you have to be within range. I can get you there. I can give you inside info.

IVAN  
From inside the arse?

ALLY  
Yes.

IVAN  
You're the Trojan horse's arse?

ALLY  
You've milked that joke.

IVAN  
Okay, I'm listening.

ALLY  
Not so fast. First, you'll need help. You'll need a company. Then you'll need mentors. Dedicated, experienced, respected producers, with credits, who'll endorse your credentials. Guide you. Make sure the money's well spent.

IVAN  
Still listening.

ALLY  
I have a shell company. It still  
functions. I'll back you. Ged  
will back you too. Right, Ged?

GED  
Will it involve giving money?

Ally turns to Ged.

ALLY  
No. Just compliments.

GED  
Okay, I'll back him.

Ally smiles, turns back to Ivan.

ALLY  
There now. Next step, you need to  
write a proposal applying for the  
funding.

IVAN  
I can do that.

Ally sucks his breath, shakes his head doubtfully.

ALLY  
The funding application is a  
minefield. They all are, but this  
is the biggest so it's the worst.  
You have to know what you're doing.  
One false tick of the wrong box and  
it can blow the balls right off  
your show.

IVAN  
Okay, I might need some help.

ALLY  
No you won't. I've already done  
it. Written the proposal.

Ivan looks to Ged. Ged looks impressed.

ALLY (cont'd)  
Then you have to work out a budget  
for wages, insurance, rehearsals,  
costumes, set, advertising, and a  
(MORE)

ALLY (cont'd)  
myriad of other supplementary  
costs.

IVAN  
(dubious)  
Right.

ALLY  
I've done that too. Prepared a  
budget for a projected tour,  
incorporating Highlands and  
Islands. This is important.  
They're called Creative Scotland  
for a reason, not Jobs for Glasgow.

Ivan looks a bit intrigued. Ged leans in, speaks ardently.

GED  
This is the way forward, Ivan.  
This way we all get what we want.  
We make our easy viewing travelogue  
version for television, you make .  
. . whatever it is you're making  
for the stage. This is what I was  
thinking about when I asked you to  
have coffee.

ALLY  
This is where we came in. It's  
never just coffee, is it, Ged?

GED  
Never.

The place is filling up. The Finnieston Waitress re-  
appears.

FINNIESTON  
Anything else I can get you?

ALLY AND GED  
(together)  
Just coffee.

ALLY  
It's never just coffee.

GED  
Never.

They both laugh. The Finnieston Waitress puts away her  
notebook.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM---DAY

Ivan is closing the curtains as Collins stares at Ivan.

COLLINS  
Is that hand troubling you?

IVAN  
Which hand?

COLLINS  
The one that's shaking. What's going on, you on the hard drugs now?

IVAN  
How would you know about hard drugs?

COLLINS  
I watch the news. Or to put it another way, you watch the news. The contents of your head are the contents of mine. A truly Socialist arrangement.

IVAN  
But the contents of my head are not equal to the contents of yours.

COLLINS  
Ah but I never said I was a Socialist. You're confusing me with Connolly. Sit down and show me that paw.

Ivan sits at his desk. Dr. Collins lifts Ivan's hand, examines it.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
Are you properly hydrated? Do you drink enough Wrassler?

IVAN  
I don't like beer.

COLLINS  
Enough water?

IVAN  
I add coffee.

Collins grunts, considers, throws Ivan's hand back.

COLLINS  
 In that case, I think you're  
 suffering from nervous exhaustion.

Collins lies back on the couch, slings his big booted feet over the frail arm of the two-seater couch, causing the leather to WHEEZE alarmingly.

Collins looks over his shoulder at Ivan from the couch.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
 Would you mind terribly, undoing  
 these boots for me. I'm so  
 comfortable now I can't bring  
 myself to move.

IVAN  
 (gritted teeth)  
 Sure.

Ivan gets up, goes to the boots, gets them wrestled off, goes back to the desk. Collins fidgets. The couch CREAKS

IVAN (cont'd)  
 Are you alright there, Mick?

COLLINS  
 I am uneasy. I don't know why.

IVAN  
 Should I move the couch?

COLLINS  
 What for?

IVAN  
 So it's at an angle. So you can  
 see . . .

COLLINS  
 The door?

Collins glowers.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
 You talking about the John Lavery  
 thing? Me insisting on facing the  
 door when he painted my portrait,  
 that old chestnut?

IVAN  
 Yes.

COLLINS  
I'm dead now, aren't I? What's the  
fucken difference?

A pause.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
Give the couch a little twist---  
sort of two o'clock.

Ivan gets up, goes to the couch, gets it shoved to sort of  
two o'clock. He goes back to the chair.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
Good man. Now you can return to  
your proper work.

IVAN  
You are my proper work.

Collins now has a new book, Gerard Murphy, The Great Cover  
Up.

COLLINS  
Then get on with it.

Collins flicks a languid page.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
Anything I can help you with, I'll  
be right here.

Ivan looks at the book.

IVAN  
What are you reading?

COLLINS  
Gerard Murphy, The Great Cover Up.

IVAN  
Jeez, Mick, that's another book  
about your death.

COLLINS  
I'm aware of that.

IVAN  
You know how it ends, so what's the  
point?

Silence. Ivan scowls at the keyboard.

COLLINS

You've already written a play about me. Why the fuck am I still your proper work?

IVAN

I'm extending it. From one act to two. Adding new elements and layers. Then I'll apply for funding to do a tour. Ireland has a lot to teach Scotland about revolution.

COLLINS

I read your play.

IVAN

I know you did.

COLLINS

It was okay so far as it went.

IVAN

You said it was lamentable. You threw it across the room.

COLLINS

I was vexed. That machine gunner on the convoy, that McPeake fella got an awful big swing of the cat.

IVAN

Poetic licence.

COLLINS

Fine with me but where was the fucken poetry?

IVAN

The language of everyday speech is my poetry.

COLLINS

Just as well. If rhymes were chicken legs you'd die of starvation.

IVAN

I'm trying to work. Would you please be quiet?

COLLINS

My pleasure.

Collins puts a finger to his lips and makes an exaggerated shush noise.

Ivan now moves on of scowling at the screen.

Collins whips the tartan throw from the back of the couch and swishes it about his formidable hips and shoulders.

Ivan walks to the window to draw the curtains. Outside, A pause in the rain. Ivan watches mist gather in the early evening.

IVAN

You smoked once, didn't you, Mick.

COLLINS

I did. I gave it up. I'll be a slave to nothing, including tobacco.

Ivan goes back to the computer, sits.

IVAN

How long will you stay in my head?

COLLINS

You invited me to stay. Now you're asking me to leave, is that it?

IVAN

Invited? Hardly.

COLLINS

Don't give me that. You started poking around in my old gone life and you became obsessed. What was it you wrote to that lady friend of yours---

IVAN

Emily.

COLLINS

Emily. I'm quoting here---I felt drawn to the subject of Collins and waded in till I became immersed, out of my depth, in over my head and gradually you, Emily, I'm heartbroken now to say, disappeared from my life.

IVAN

I was a prick.

COLLINS

Agreed. I tell you one thing about your scribbles--you're too fond of a subordinate clause.

IVAN

Possibly.

COLLINS

What were you thinking? There she was out there, a lovely woman, standing alone, and there you are, adrift in the deep green waters of the mind. You summoned me, at the expense of everything and everyone else in your life.

IVAN

(limply)

I was only writing a play.

Collins makes a scoffing, half-disgusted noise.

COLLINS

There's a whole fucken industry built up around me. If I could have patented my life before I got myself shot I'd have formed the Mick Collins Corporation and left my family on easy street from the dividends and royalties I'd gather from half arsed coffin lid lifters like you.

The volume goes up

COLLINS (cont'd)

(bellows)

Even the fucking Anti Treaty Irregulars were in on the act. O'Connor. Deasy.

Collins settles s bit,

COLLINS (cont'd)

I'm agitated.

IVAN

You're bellowing.

COLLINS

Give me a glass of something.

IVAN  
I've nothing in the house. I  
stopped drinking.

COLLINS  
Nonsense. This is Glasgow. What  
have you got?

IVAN  
There's some beer.

COLLINS  
I thought you didn't like beer?

IVAN  
I don't. That's why I still have  
it. I've no Wrassler though.

COLLINS  
I didn't ask for Wrassler. Go  
fetch. And bring the bottle, I  
like to pour my own.

IVAN  
It's in tins.

COLLINS  
Just bring the fucker.

Collins is holding four cans of beer liked by plastic links. Collins peels off a tin and eyes it as though it were a new puzzle, which, for him, it is. He negotiates the ring and drags a finger around the pull. A little sardonic yap and he tishes the can open. Flecks of foam spray those famous old puttees.

Collins looks at Ivan.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
Emily.

IVAN  
What about her?

COLLINS  
It's at times like these you miss  
her, am I right? The autumn nights  
creeping into winter.

IVAN  
(cracks)  
Yes.

COLLINS

By God, you fucked that one up, big style.

IVAN

We've already agreed on that. How do you know all this? Have you been reading my diary?

COLLINS

Of course, that's what diaries are for, isn't it? Why else record your thoughts?

IVAN

They're personal thoughts.

COLLINS

That's what you think. Every broken love affair reads the same.

Collins tries drinking from the can, is not happy with the results.

COLLINS (cont'd)

I can't drink from a tin. Get me a blessed glass.

Ivan comes back from the kitchen with an old style dimpled pint mug, hands it to Collins. Collins starts pouring. Ivan looks at Collins.

IVAN

Kitty.

COLLINS

What about her?

Ivan retrieves a book from a desk drawer, opens at one of its flagged pages and reads aloud.

IVAN

I want to write to you all day really---but I have many obligations, and don't forget that even in the midst of them, I didn't let two days go by without writing. And I'm not going to be cross any more, and I wasn't able to get to bed till 3 o'clock this morning and I was up at 7.15 to go to the Oratory, and---

COLLINS

Stop!

Ivan stops.

COLLINS (cont'd)

Those are my letters to Kitty. Why are you reading my personal letters?

IVAN

You read my diary.

COLLINS

You can't pretend it's an act of revenge. You'd no idea I was reading your diary. You have those pages already marked. How did you get them?

IVAN

They're not the originals.

COLLINS

Thank God for that.

IVAN

They're in book form.

COLLINS

Book form. They're published?

IVAN

Available for anybody that wants to read them, every last one.

COLLINS

God almighty.

IVAN

I can't believe you didn't know.

Collins' shoulders sag.

COLLINS

Maybe I didn't want to know. I've never heard it, the cadence of my own words in the air to my own Kitty, spoken aloud by another man. Jesus God.

IVAN  
 Don't you worry. After all,  
 doesn't every broken love affair  
 sound the same?

COLLINS  
 (quivers)  
 Our love affair wasn't broken. I  
 didn't break it.

Ivan watches Collins, warily. Collins' body appears to fold in on itself. Ivan half crouches, makes a fist. There's a frozen moment before Collins moves. Collins lurches forward, his palms pressing the hollows of his eyes. He rocks back and forth on the couch. Without looking up Collins continues.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
 Read me another one.

Ivan nods, flicks the page, reads.

IVAN  
 You were not forgotten, and if my  
 letter had not reached you at all,  
 you should know that you were not  
 forgotten and,

Collins starts sobbing freely, like a child.

IVAN (cont'd)  
 if I were in jail---

Ivan stops reading. Ivan looks at Collins for a bit, then turns his chair back around to the computer.

Collins raises his head.

COLLINS  
 What are you doing?

IVAN  
 Working.

Collins takes the hint.

COLLINS  
 I understand.

Ivan stares at the screen for a bit. In time, he raises a finger over the keyboard, pauses. The hand goes back down. Ivan turns to Collins.

IVAN  
Mick?

COLLINS  
What?

IVAN  
Have you composed yourself? I have  
a question.

COLLINS  
What question?

IVAN  
About the convoy and after. About  
Jock McPeake and David Neligan.

Collins shakes his head.

COLLINS  
Not now. I'm too upset.

IVAN  
It won't take long.

COLLINS  
I'm off to bed.

Collins throws the couch cover around his shoulders and  
clumps upstairs.

BURNING DOWN THE HOUSEEpisode Four: Tommy

INT. CAFE TWA---DAY

Trish is sitting a window table. Ivan drapes his jacket across the shoulders of the opposing chair, sits down.

IVAN  
It's been a while

Trish half smiles.

TRISH  
I've been busy. How about you?

IVAN  
Well, Mick has been . . .

TRISH  
Mick doesn't exist, you do still know that, don't you?

IVAN  
Oh yes. He's a total figment of my fevered imagination, I get that. It's just . . .

TRISH  
What?

IVAN  
He's taken over the couch. And my bed. I'm in the spare now. And that's not all.

Trish just sits, looking at Ivan.

IVAN (cont'd)  
And that's not all.

TRISH  
Alright, go on.

IVAN  
He's mastered the remote control for the telly. The man's a quick study.

Trish smiles again, same wan look.

TRISH  
You do know you need to have your  
head examined.

IVAN  
It's been examined. A psychiatrist  
looked me over in hospital,  
remember?

TRISH  
That wasn't exactly an MOT. It  
wasn't even an inventory of the  
damage.

Ivan gives her a look.

IVAN  
There's something cooking with you.  
What's going on?

Trish sips her water, says nothing.

IVAN (cont'd)  
If you'd rather I mind my own  
business then---

TRISH  
I've met someone.

Ivan is taken aback.

IVAN  
Someone? Who?

TRISH  
Never mind.

IVAN  
Where?

TRISH  
Belfast.

The Waitress comes up to the table with a notepad. Ivan and Trish look up.

The Waitress has gone away with their order.

IVAN  
What were you doing in Belfast?

TRISH

I told you last time we were here.  
I asked you if you wanted to come.

IVAN

Come to what?

TRISH

AIL. The Anti-Internment League  
march.

IVAN

You didn't tell me. I'd have  
remembered.

TRISH

I told you. You didn't remember.

IVAN

Internment, is that still a thing?

TRISH

It's been a thing since August  
1971.

IVAN

That wasn't my question. Is it  
still a thing now?

TRISH

Under another name. Look, there's  
internment by remand, people are  
arrested on flimsy evidence and  
denied bail. There's revocation of  
licence. Prisoners can be released  
under licence but that licence can  
be revoked at the whim of the  
authorities if they decide they're  
quote 'a risk to the public'  
unquote.

IVAN

When you say whim---

TRISH

Don't be an arse, you know very  
well the authorities make stuff up  
to suit themselves. That's what  
happened to Tony Taylor. That's  
who the march was about. Him and  
the Craigavon Two.

IVAN

The Craigavon Two. Didn't they sing 'A Bunch of Thyme'?

TRISH

That was Foster and Allen. You're being an arse again and it isn't funny. They've been in jail for over ten years accused of killing a policeman. It took three years for them to be brought to trial and the evidence has always been disputed. That's what we're up against.

IVAN

When you say we---

Trish gives an exasperated sigh.

TRISH

Last time we were in here I told you I was going to Belfast on a march. I told you Mandy from Sioradh would be the main speaker. I said, 'Do you want to come?'

The Waitress places Trish and Ivan's coffee on the table. The timing is fortunate. Trish is oddly puce in the face through some peculiar mix of frustration and tension.

IVAN

Saoradh is a para-military organisation.

TRISH

They would deny that.

IVAN

Deny all they like. You might be marching for Tony Taylor and the Craigavon Two but you're mainly marching for them if they're fronting it.

TRISH

They're in the footsteps of the Easter Rising leaders. Irish Unity, that's the goal. They won't be deflected. They have purity of purpose.

IVAN

Purity and Belfast tend not to go hand in hand.

TRISH

Any deflecting going on, you're the one doing it.

IVAN

How so?

TRISH

Victim blaming. Sometimes the Proddy in you is totally immovable.

IVAN

Only sometimes?

Ian and Trish share a short, glowering silence. Ivan tips the tiny jug of hot frothy milk into his coffee cup and looks up.

IVAN (cont'd)

What's really going on, Trish?

TRISH

That's what's really going on. Are you trying to downgrade my politics as being some sort of diversion, a bit of ideological crochet to keep my emotions in check?

Ivan sits for a bit. Then:

IVAN

How did you meet him?

TRISH

That was easy. He lives a block away from here.

IVAN

Did you go over with him?

TRISH

I hadn't seen him in two years. We had a thing. It ended. I'd no idea he was going on the march.

IVAN

A major thing or a little thing?

TRISH  
Next question.

IVAN  
Major then.

TRISH  
He wants to restart the affair.

IVAN  
I see. What do you want?

TRISH  
I want it and I don't want it. I need to nip outside for a cigarette.

IVAN  
Sure.

Trish fishes around half-heartedly in her bag. Stops fishing, looks at Ivan.

TRISH  
Here's the thing. I love sex, touch, intimacy, watching films on the couch with a snack and a toot, all that stuff. But not at any cost.

IVAN  
What would be the cost?

TRISH  
He's a gadfly, Ivan. Agitating wherever he goes. He won't commit to any relationship. He reminds me of you.

IVAN  
So why can't you accept him for what he is?

TRISH  
I've asked myself that. I don't want to be a slave to my own needs. I don't want to be watching the clock, wondering what he's doing, who he's with. I can't trust a man with my emotions. For me turning my emotions is like turning a battleship. By the time I've managed to do that, he might have  
(MORE)

TRISH (cont'd)  
moved on and it'll take me a  
helluva time to turn them back and  
regain control. And at my age, I  
don't have that time.

Trish glances at her watch.

TRISH (cont'd)  
I'm meeting him in an hour.

IVAN  
What will you tell him?

Trish shakes her head.

TRISH  
I don't know. What would you  
recommend?

IVAN  
What do your instincts say?

TRISH  
My instincts tell me . . . that if  
I win, I lose. And if I lose, I  
win.

IVAN  
Define losing.

Trish smiles.

TRISH  
Having coffee with you, every  
Wednesday.

IVAN  
Define winning.

TRISH  
I can't without blushing.

Trish looks again at her watch.

TRISH (cont'd)  
I'd better go.

IVAN  
What's his name?

TRISH  
Tommy.

Trish gathers her stuff together, pulls on her coat, fluffs artfully her loose patterned scarf.

IVAN

Good luck.

TRISH

I'll let you know.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM---DAY

Ivan is just inside the door, still wearing his coat, is looking around the room. Pages are scattered around the floor. Collins is sprawled on the couch.

IVAN

You read my new script?

COLLINS

And you've read my life, or so you claim. It would be hard to know going by some of the swill you're slopping onto these innocent pages.

IVAN

I take it you have notes?

Ivan starts to pick up and assemble the pages.

IVAN (cont'd)

What's the matter with it, Mick, aside from the fact you plain don't like it?

COLLINS

If I saw that show on stage I'd throw my boot at the playwright.

IVAN

Walking home with a wet sock isn't really an answer, is it? In any case I told you I'm extending the play.

COLLINS

Extending it would just be compounding the offence.

IVAN

Offence against what, literature or the truth?

COLLINS

The truth.

IVAN

What a pity, I'm writing literature, so alas you lose. Thanks for playing, have a very pleasant homeward journey and give my regards to Cork. And the next contestant who wants to play 'Don't fuck with the playwright, right this way please.

COLLINS

You're pushing your luck, Mister.

IVAN

That's what luck is for.

Collins gives a shriek of dissent.

Ivan and Collins are on the floor, Collins with an arm around Ivan's throat, a hand on Ivan's throat. Ivan's flailing left fist bounces from Collins' eye socket

IVAN (cont'd)

(when breath allows)

I put flowers . . . on your grave  
at Glasnevin . . . you mad fucker.  
. . . I am a member . . . of the  
. . . Michael Collins 22 Society.

Ivan rocks and kicks to unsteady Collins, knocking a table lamp to the floor in the doing. The lamp breaks as it hits the floor.

Ivan's free hand thrashes the air, grabs for Collins' head, gropes upwards for the head bandage, gets fingers under the bandage. Collins hand leaves Ivan's throat and clamps itself around Ivan's wrist. Ivan blinks. Collins blinks. Ivan and Collins look at each other. Ivan is breathing in noisy, rasping chords of relief.

Collins starts climbing up off the floor. Ivan stays sprawled on the floor.

COLLINS

That's enough of that now. Either play fair or don't play at all.

IVAN

You were . . . strangling me.

COLLINS

The windpipe is fair game, the cerebral cortex out of bounds. It was only a play fight.

IVAN

It wasn't play---you were trying to kill me.

COLLINS

Ah, if I was trying to kill you, you'd know it, because you'd be dead. Here, give me your hand, I'll help you up.

Collins extends a hand, Ivan reaches up and grabs it. Collins lifts him part way up and then lets go, with Ivan crashing back onto the floor.

COLLINS (cont'd)

Couldn't resist it. I'll make it up to you---I'll put the kettle on. Where is the kettle?

IVAN

It's in the kitchen.

COLLINS

Where's the kitchen? Ah, relax, I'm just messing with you. Any of that cake in the house from that little café?

IVAN

No more cake for you. Sugar doesn't agree with you.

Ivan starts picking himself off the floor.

COLLINS

And I don't agree with sugar but I still let it pile into my gob. That's how we know we live in a democracy.

IVAN

There's two slices of Victoria sponge in the cupboard. One each. Behind the Porridge box.

Ivan finally gets the coat off, drapes it over the chair at the desk, sits down at the desk.

COLLINS

Ah, you sly dog, I knew it. That would be a good title for your memoirs. Behind the Porridge box.

Ivan's phone rings. He looks at it, sees 'Ally' on the screen.

IVAN

Ally.

ALLY

(over phone)  
Is that clicking I hear? Is your phone being tapped?

IVAN

Not to my knowledge.

ALLY

(over phone)  
Okay, listen carefully. I've a meeting with X.

IVAN

X?

ALLY

(over phone)  
My deep throat, remember? From the organisation.

IVAN

What organisation? It's Creative Scotland, Ally, not MI5.

ALLY

(over phone)  
Never say MI5 on a phone, it's picked up.

IVAN

Okay, I'll be careful never to say MI5 on the phone again. How about MI6?

ALLY

(over phone)  
Hilarious. Your voice sounds raw. Have you caught something?

IVAN  
Michael Collins just tried to  
strangle me.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Why?

IVAN  
He doesn't like my play.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
No matter, just make sure you keep  
him away from opening night.

IVAN  
He's dead, Ally.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
That should make it easier. Now  
listen. There's someone I want you  
to meet. Can you be at Fabulous  
Napper 10am tomorrow?

IVAN  
That's rather short notice. I  
might be---

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Yes or no?

IVAN  
Yes. Do you really think there's a  
chance we'll---

Ally hangs up. Ivan stares at the phone.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT KITCHEN---DAY.

Ivan walks in. Collins is sitting at the table.

COLLINS  
Kettle's boiled.

Collins looks guilty.

IVAN  
Where's the cake?

Collins smiles, sheepishly, wipes his tunic.

COLLINS

Ah, that's one I owe you. I still hate your play mind. And I'll tell you why.

IVAN

Not now, Mick. Not now.

INT. FABULOUS NAPPER---DAY

Ivan, MONIQUE, and Ally are sitting at a table. Ally now has Oh So Particular glasses on. Monique is around thirty, might be as much as five feet tall, and is even more frantically costumed than Ally: Dark clothes, Prada shades, stylised, gaudy Doc Marten's. There are maybe a dozen people in the café, including Ivan, Monique, and Ally.

MONIQUE

I'm not sure this is a good place to meet. Too many people know me here.

ALLY

We understand.

Ally tugs in his chair yet again, to let pass a beard with a guy attached.

MONIQUE

I'm not telling you anything that I wouldn't tell anyone else. It's all a matter of record.

IVAN

Then why does Ally call you X?

Monique looks at Ally.

MONIQUE

You call me ex?

ALLY

No, I don't mean ex as in partner, God no, I mean X, letter X, to disguise your identity.

MONIQUE

If you call me X then surely that draws attention to my identity rather than deflects from it.

Monique turns to Ivan.

MONIQUE (cont'd)  
Wouldn't you agree?

IVAN  
I would agree.

MONIQUE  
I have nothing to hide, nothing.  
My name is Monique.

Ivan and Ally nod, dutifully. She continues:

MONIQUE (cont'd)  
But you can call me X.

IVAN  
Thanks.

MONIQUE  
Can I be honest?

IVAN  
Sure, unless Ally's bugged the  
table.

Ally shoots Ivan a glance.

ALLY  
I didn't bug the table, Monique.

IVAN  
X.

MONIQUE  
Good. You know there are people in  
my line of work, in creativity  
funding, good people and true who  
love the arts.

IVAN  
Of course.

MONIQUE  
Having said that, you wouldn't  
believe some of the absolute back  
stabbing fuckers that . . .

Monique cuts herself off, smiles coyly.

MONIQUE (cont'd)  
Put it this way, it's hard to be  
creative in the creative arts.

Ally gives a little knowing chuckle at this insider bon mot. He tilts his new designer specs onto his forehead. Monique glances at the pocket watch in her hand-embroidered waistcoat.

MONIQUE (cont'd)  
I'll come straight to it. My  
honest opinion?

Ally nods enthusiastically.

MONIQUE (cont'd)  
This play won't engage. You'll be  
struggling to gain fiscal traction.

ALLY  
(craven)  
I told him that. Didn't I say  
that, Ivan?

IVAN  
No, you didn't say that, Ally.

Monique holds up her hands, silencing Ivan and Ally. She's a successful, bohemian executive in a hurry.

MONIQUE  
You want to know why?

Ivan and Ally both nod.

MONIQUE (cont'd)  
For a start you say you want  
minimum four characters.

ALLY  
Is that too many?

MONIQUE  
All men.

ALLY  
Ah.

MONIQUE  
Here's my thought. Make them  
women.

IVAN  
Make them all women?

MONIQUE  
Yes, why not? Why wouldn't you?

Ivan looks at Ally. Ally lowers his head, makes a sudden urgent note in his yellow pad. He writes: All women.

MONIQUE (cont'd)  
I think so.

IVAN  
Great idea, X, fab. To clarify, not Michael Collins then but Michelle Collins? You want Michelle Collins not Michael?

MONIQUE  
Perfect. If you want funding, you need to think radically.

Ally nods vigorously, making another note.

ALLY  
Radically. Didn't I tell you that too, Ivan?

IVAN  
No.

ALLY  
I told him that, X. Anything else?

MONIQUE  
At least one of those women should be of colour.

Ally scribbles more in his pad: Woman . . . of . . . colour.

IVAN  
Wouldn't that stand out?

MONIQUE  
God forbid. Surely by now we're all colour blind?

ALLY  
(hurriedly)  
I am. And so is he, you're colour blind too aren't you, Ivan?

IVAN

Yes. I can't see colour, not even black and white. No problem.

Monique's eyebrows arch suspiciously on the word 'problem'.

IVAN (cont'd)

I look forward to embracing the challenge.

Ivan sneaks out his note pad to make it look like he's putting it away.

MONIQUE

I'm not done yet.

Ally leans in, pen poised.

MONIQUE (cont'd)

If funded this work would be expected to play a full tour, as many accessible Scottish venues as possible, including Highlands and Islands, yes?

IVAN AND ALLY

Yes.

MONIQUE

Then we, you, need to cultivate home interest by accentuating the Scottish angle.

ALLY

How would you suggest we do that?.

Monique smiles, thinly.

MONIQUE

Not 'we', you. My role here is strictly as an informal adviser.

ALLY

Oh, understood. Strictly speaking I'm not 'we' either. I'm basically a mentor, my role is CEO rather than Asset Manager. For 'we' read 'him.'

IVAN

Me.

Monique takes a soft cloth from her bag, wipes an invisible smudge from her shades.

MONIQUE

This idea needs to speak to the Scottish people. Unless you speak to them they won't listen.

IVAN

That makes sense.

ALLY

Very true. Forgive my saying so but that sounds almost like you think we---he---will receive the funding, if we comply with your suggestions.

Monique breathes on her shades, eases them back onto the bridge of her nose.

MONIQUE

Not a chance. But that shouldn't prevent you doing it.

Ivan and Ally mull, for a second, the logic of this. Ally looks small in his chair as he speaks.

ALLY

Which do you mean, X? You mean that shouldn't prevent us from applying . . . or from doing the show?

MONIQUE

The first one. Obviously I have no jurisdiction over the second.

Ivan sees a straw and, clutches at it.

IVAN

Does that mean you have jurisdiction over our application?

MONIQUE

Have you made your application?

IVAN

No.

MONIQUE

Then I have no knowledge of its existence.

IVAN

It does exist though, Ally completed it.

Ally gives a statesmanlike chuckle.

ALLY

Forgive Ivan.

Ally lays his hand on Monique's forearm.

ALLY (cont'd)

He's a stranger to the concept of wheels within wheels.

High colour flushes Monique's cheeks. She seethes uncomfortably. Ally snatches the offending article back in horror and grovels immediately.

ALLY (cont'd)

I've a daughter your age. She works in I.T. in Vancouver.

Ally fumbles for a picture in his wallet for corroboration.

MONIQUE

(finally)

I have to go. I have three routines and a formal before lunch.

Monique rises, winds a soft scarf round her neck so long it could have moored the Waverley ferry at Broomielaw.

MONIQUE (cont'd)

Oh, and one last thing.

Ivan and Ally look up at her, dutifully.

MONIQUE (cont'd)

Remember where we are politically. Scotland stands on the threshold of Independence. There are parallels with Ireland in the 1920's.

IVAN

I noticed. That's why I wrote the play.

MONIQUE

So you'll understand that what we need are positive messages that light beacons to guide us into the future.

IVAN

Messages of hope and warmth, yes?

Ally gives Ivan a warning look.

ALLY

Ivan is cool with warmth.

IVAN

Here's a sample scene. The hero has his or her head blown off. The stump of the skull is still smoking last time we see it. That should throw off some light and warmth. And I can offer better messages than hopeful ones, I can give realistic ones. You say we should learn from the Irish experience. I agree. In 1919 The Irish people were united against the Brits. Three years later when the Brits was defeated in the War of Independence, they turned on each other in a Civil War. The same thing could happen here.

Monique mulls this over.

MONIQUE

The hero?

IVAN

Michael Collins.

MONIQUE

(musing . . . )  
I accept he had his head blown off  
Couldn't he perhaps rise from the  
dead, symbolically?

Ally and Ivan look share a look.

IVAN

Funny you should say that.

MONIQUE

I must go.

Monique holds out her arm for an elbow bump. Ivan sticks an elbow into hers. Ally follows suit. Monique heads off and is on her phone and talking before she makes the door. Ally particularly watches, and as soon as she's out the door, he wades in.

ALLY  
I'm going to ask you a straight question, Ivan. Would you rather go it alone with this project?

Ivan doesn't answer.

ALLY (cont'd)  
Because frankly, I don't need this attitude, I'm busy if you haven't noticed, I've had a project of my own commissioned.

IVAN  
A project I gave you.

ALLY  
A project Simon turned down in its existing form. Because, forgive me, he didn't want to leave his audience on suicide watch. What we have here is the old story, creative differences.

IVAN  
Sure. I'm creative and you're different.

ALLY  
Cheap shot. Now all of us have rallied round you, Ivan. We said we'd give you a chance to go your own way with your version of the idea and now you have that chance. Thanks to Monique---

IVAN  
Monica. She's probably from Arbroath.

ALLY  
Thanks to Monique and me. Will you please take that chance you're being offered, will you?

IVAN  
What's it to you?

ALLY  
You're a sick man. You tell me that right this minute a historical figure who's a hundred years dead is eating sponge cake in your

(MORE)

ALLY (cont'd)  
 living room, believe me I feel  
 responsibility toward you.

IVAN  
 He isn't dead, he's a living  
 legend.

ALLY  
 In your head, maybe. And anybody  
 who comes to see the play.

IVAN  
 A play that would have four, maybe  
 five women and one of them a person  
 of colour.

ALLY  
 Forget the person of colour, the  
 audience will be so bamboozled  
 trying to work out why Mick has  
 tits, they won't even notice her.

Ivan and Ally look at each other.

ALLY (cont'd)  
 I have to go

Ally stands up.

ALLY (cont'd)  
 Bye, Ivan. If you bump into it,  
 give my regards to your sanity.

IVAN  
 I will.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM---DAY

A reassuringly sharp ornamental letter opener is on the desk  
 near Ivan's chair, Collins is lying down on the couch. A  
 different and unbroken lamp is on a table.

COLLINS  
 What do mean 'there's too much of  
 me?

IVAN  
 Well, Mick, how can I put this?  
 You know how there's a lot of you  
 in the present story?

COLLINS

Yes.

IVAN

They want less.

COLLINS

They want less of me in my own life story?

IVAN

That's a pucky way of putting it.

Ivan looks around the flat.

IVAN (cont'd)

Something is different.

COLLINS

I've moved a lamp to replace the one you broke.

IVAN

Thank you. Where did you take it from?

COLLINS

The spare room.

IVAN

Right. You mean the spare room that isn't a spare room?

COLLINS

Why do they want less of me?

IVAN

The room I've been relegated to sleeping in? Even though when I say 'sleeping' I actually mean lying awake on a cold mattress, reading under the light of a small bedside lamp because I'm fretting about my mental health and the writing of this play?

COLLINS

Yes.

Ivan points at the new lamp.

IVAN

That bedside lamp?

COLLINS  
Yes, yes. Is there a problem?

IVAN  
No, no problem.

Ivan goes to his knees to unplug the bedside lamp.

COLLINS  
Then just never mind all that.  
Let's return to the real subject.

Collins rises from the couch, bends, the better to bellow into Ivan's ear. Ivan starts winding the cord round the base of the lamp.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
I'm the central character in this true life drama. Yet you're saying I take a long break three quarters through where I go for a pee that takes twenty minutes.

IVAN  
You don't just do that, you also check out the story of Crowley, the shadowy emissary.

COLLINS  
But that's an offstage bit of business nobody sees.

The lamp goes on the desk, Ivan stands by the desk.

IVAN  
When you come back the audience realises how shrewd you've been.

COLLINS  
The other two fellows have a fight when I'm off. In any play I've ever seen an off stage pee doesn't beat an onstage fight. I'm being upstaged.

IVAN  
Depends who's peeing. Anyway, it isn't a fight. There's unresolved tension between these two beta males, Crowley, as I've said, and McPeake the mysterious Scottish machine gunner who's attached to the Convoy. You, the dominant  
(MORE)

IVAN (cont'd)  
 male, break that tension with a  
 joke when you step back in.  
 There's no question you're the  
 alpha male in the room. The Big  
 Fella. The Commander in Chief. El  
 Supremo.

COLLINS  
 Where is this room, by the way?

IVAN  
 The bar of the Williams hotel,  
 Macroom.

Collins blinks.

COLLINS  
 Ah yes, ah yes.

Ivan watches Collins as Collins's chin hits his chest.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
 (singing)  
 Ah, cure the times and sad the loss  
 my heart to crucify, an Irish son  
 with a rebel gun shot down my  
 laughing boy.

Collins sweeps back the cow's lick of his hair as  
 concentration returns.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
 If there's less of me there must be  
 more of someone else. Correct?

IVAN  
 Possibly.

COLLINS  
 Who?

IVAN  
 You needn't ask that question since  
 you already know the answer.

Collins looks irked.

COLLINS  
 McPeake. They've told you to stick  
 a kilt on your play, am I right?  
 Shove in a Scotsman centre stage or  
 they won't give you the funding  
 money.

IVAN

Don't jump on me again, I don't have enough lamps.

COLLINS

You must know surely that this fella McPeake is a bit player, his story is not my story.

IVAN

There are some on both sides of the water who'd disagree. They say he shot you, your own machine gunner.

Ivan's hand fastens discreetly round the letter opener.

COLLINS

He didn't shoot me, I was there, I would know.

IVAN

But you don't. Not for sure.

COLLINS

This sort of misinformation is what exasperates the fuck out of me.

IVAN

Meda Ryan says---

COLLINS

Meda Ryan says, John Feeney says, Gerard Murphy says,---

IVAN

Murphy? You're still reading his book?

COLLINS

Look, I don't know who shot me but in as much as I know anything, it wasn't McPeake.

Collins sinks down full of growling irritation into an armchair.

COLLINS (cont'd)

McPeake deserts from Bandon Barracks not long after I'm shot, correct?

IVAN

December, 1922, correct.

COLLINS

In the process of deserting he steals and hands over to the Anti Treaty forces---

IVAN

The Irregulars.

COLLINS

An armoured car---

IVAN

Slieve na mBan. Named after a beauty spot in Tipperary.

Collins gives Ivan a look.

COLLINS

On the run, McPeake finally escapes back home to Glasgow. And if you tell me the name of the street where he lived I'll punch you in the face.

Collins rises and stands before Ivan, nose to nose.

COLLINS (cont'd)

A man, a certain man, is sent from Ireland to Glasgow, with the task of returning the thief to Cork where he'll stand trial. You know the name of that man, don't you?

IVAN

Yes.

COLLINS

You told me his name before. Now you're dying to tell me again, aren't you?

IVAN

Yes.

COLLINS

But you won't, will you?

IVAN

No.

COLLINS

It's Dave Neligan.

IVAN

Correct.

Collins paces the floor as he speaks.

COLLINS

Neligan worked at Dublin Castle during the War of Independence. He was my spy. Dave was a powerfully built man with a certain reputation. Dave Neligan and his guard travelled from Glasgow to Cork where they apprehended McPeake and brought him back to stand trial for theft. McPeake spent time alone with Dave. Think about that. Yet McPeake walked into that courtroom. Walked, didn't crawl. No man was more loyal to me than Dave. If David Neligan had even a glimmer that McPeake wasn't telling the truth about my killing, he'd have been carried out on a stretcher. 'Shot while trying to escape.' You see what I'm telling you?

IVAN

That it wasn't him?

COLLINS

Exactly.

Collins sighs, flings himself down into his chair.

COLLINS (cont'd)

Jesus, I fight a four year war of independence, appoint myself top dog in the army, get myself assassinated in my own county—my own county---isn't that a script writer's gift? And still, still, the top billing goes to some private from Glasgow who's barely been in the country five minutes.

IVAN

Do you think Dev was in on it?  
Your shooting?

COLLINS

Shut up and make the tea.

IVAN  
Do you though, Mick?

COLLINS  
Dev looked like a priest but he was  
a fucken rascal.

IVAN  
Did you say that to his face?

COLLINS  
Which one?

Collins rises, stretches his back.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
Your chairs are rubbish, fella, no  
lumbar support.

IVAN  
You sound like my granny.

COLLINS  
Did you know Dev kept a picture of  
me above his desk after he became  
president?

IVAN  
I'd heard.

COLLINS  
Not in front of the desk, behind  
it. Think about that. My eyes  
boring into the back of his head  
was a hair shirt he chose to wear.  
You don't do penance unless there's  
guilt.

IVAN  
Or love.

COLLINS  
Don't be such a milksop. He made  
my poor brother Sean jump through  
hoops before the family could have  
a headstone erected for me at  
Glasnevin. Dev personally ran the  
rule over the whole thing, certain  
height only for the stone, bland  
inscriptions, no ceremony. I  
forget a lot but I remember that.

IVAN

You remember even though you were dead?

COLLINS

Death won't stop a determined man.

IVAN

I'll make the tea.'

Ivan rises to do so.

COLLINS

One last thing.

Ivan sits back down.

IVAN

Go on.

COLLINS

Have you any idea how exasperating it is to hear endless know-it-all strangers pull apart every last shred and vestige of your life, till there's nothing left? And what they don't know they make up.

IVAN

Isn't that just the price of fame?

COLLINS

Yerra

Collins walks to the window.

COLLINS (cont'd)

My own true story, even if I could tell it, would be just another discussion document with a tribe of bickering scribes and scholars correcting me on the details of my own life.

Collins looks at Ivan.

COLLINS (cont'd)

The advantage you have, mister, is that your little confection will travel no further than its own Scottish shadow and that's why I won't waste my breath, or yours, or  
(MORE)

COLLINS (cont'd)  
whoever is breathing for the pair  
of us, by opposing it.

IVAN  
Thank you, Mick. Tell you what,  
let me do a penance.

COLLINS  
How?

IVAN  
I'll buy us some cake.

COLLINS  
Good man yourself. I'm on edge,  
cuppa tea with a toffee apple  
crumble from that little café we  
both like.

IVAN  
No problem, Michelle.

COLLINS  
Michelle? Why did you call me  
that?

Ivan sighs.

IVAN  
Mick, you'd better sit down for  
this.

EXT. ELDER PARK---DAY

Ivan and Trish are walking through the Elder park in Govan.

IVAN  
Where are we going? I could murder  
an Americano.

TRISH  
Later. I need to go to Granny's  
house.

IVAN  
What's the point of that? Granny  
won't be in. She's been dead for  
twenty years.

TRISH  
Touchstone. When I'm not sure  
about something, the past puts me  
in touch with myself.

Ivan says nothing. Trish eyes Ivan sidelong.

TRISH (cont'd)  
Of course I don't do it often, just  
when I'm stuck.

IVAN  
Let me guess.

TRISH  
You'll guess right.

IVAN  
Tommy?

TRISH  
Yes. Not a very Irish name.

IVAN  
I disagree. It's very Irish.

TRISH  
I disagree with your disagreement.

IVAN  
Thomas is solid Irish. Thomas  
Kent. Thomas Ashe.

TRISH  
They're Thomas. Mine's just called  
Tommy.

IVAN  
Yours?

TRISH  
You know what I mean.

Trish smiles.

TRISH (cont'd)  
Let's face it. Tommy has a clear  
imperialistic connotation. I mean  
what were the British squaddies in  
both world wars nicknamed? I'll  
tell you, Tommies.

IVAN  
Trish, stop talking.

TRISH  
Why?

IVAN  
We're here.

Ivan and Trish stop, look at the building they've arrived at.

TRISH  
Many's the pound note Granny slipped into my hand when I was on my uppers.

IVAN  
Mine too.

Ivan loiter aimlessly, hanging back to give Trish the time she needs.

TRISH  
This place was a sanctuary for me. A place to go when the fighting in our house was at its worst.

Ivan watches her take in the gate, the garden flowers, the curtained windows.

TRISH (cont'd)  
Sometimes she's so close, I feel she's watching over me.

IVAN  
I know what you mean,

Ivan looks around. Trish lapses into silence.

TRISH  
Okay.

Trish fixes her scarf.

TRISH (cont'd)  
Coffee time. Let's go, I'm done here.

INT. CAFE TWA---DAY

There are two young folk, photo ID on their lanyards, over by the window, at Ivan and Trish's favourite table. Ivan and Trish are in the corner, where Ivan has his back to the draft when the door opens. Now and again glimmers of sunlight draw shadows on the wall behind Trish.

TRISH  
How's the Mick situation?

IVAN  
Still living rent free in my head.

TRISH  
Could be worse, could be Dev.

IVAN  
It could never be Dev. How about you?

TRISH  
What?

IVAN  
Tommy. Thomas. Have you been seeing much more of him?

Trish sips her coffee. After awhile:

TRISH  
He's asked me away for the weekend.

IVAN  
Where to?

TRISH  
It's a surprise.

IVAN  
I thought you weren't sure?

TRISH  
If it goes wrong, I think I can handle it.

Ivan takes a sip of coffee.

IVAN  
So that's what the detour to Granny's was about?

TRISH

Yes. I was reminding myself.

IVAN

Of what, her kindness?

TRISH

Sure, I value that. Mainly, standing there reminds me of how dull her life was. The narrowness of her world, the way the clock tick would echo in the living room, always waiting for the next thing, lunch, dinner, cup of tea, bedtime. The rustle of the curtains if the door knocker sounded at Mrs Craig's next door.

IVAN

Doesn't it go with the territory? You're a granny now yourself.

TRISH

Yes, but I'm not going to be that kind of granny. That's why I'm taking a chance.

IVAN

He burned you before, Trish.

TRISH

I burned myself. I know more now. I realise I have choices.

IVAN

What if he does it again?

TRISH

I'm not afraid of pain.

IVAN

You're not afraid because you've forgotten how it feels.

TRISH

I realise you're speaking from experience.

IVAN

Relax, I'm not going to show you my battle scars.

TRISH  
Thank God for that, we'd be here  
all day.

IVAN  
When are you going?

TRISH  
Tomorrow. I'd better go home and  
pack.

IVAN  
I thought you were going at the  
weekend?

TRISH  
What day is it today, Ivan?

Ivan thinks for a minute.

IVAN  
Thursday.

Trish starts arranging her scarf.

TRISH  
You need to get out more,

IVAN  
Like you?

TRISH  
We shall see.

IVAN  
When do I get to meet him?

Trish doesn't answer, and she isn't smiling.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM---DAY

Outside the window, rain is sprinkling down. Ivan is seated at the computer, staring at the screen. Collins thuds restlessly across the floor as though it were a laminate covered parade ground.

COLLINS  
When can we go out?

IVAN  
It's raining.

COLLINS  
To hell with the rain.

IVAN  
When I've finished the first act.

COLLINS  
What's the problem?

IVAN  
I'm still bedding in the new idea to turn the whole shebang from a one act venture into a full evening.

COLLINS  
I gave you a new idea. Dave Neligan.

IVAN  
You didn't give me the idea. You threw his name at me.

COLLINS  
Big Bad Dave.

Collins prods Ivan's shoulder robustly with a digit.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
He wrote a book too, 'The Spy in the Castle.' Go ahead, reference it.

Ivan half turns in his chair, removes his specs.

IVAN  
(patiently)  
As I explained, this would confuse matters. People think Ned Broy was your spy in the Castle.

COLLINS  
They do? Where'd they get that idea?

IVAN  
From the major feature film. The one all about you.

COLLINS  
Ah yes, I've heard tell. I must watch it some time.

IVAN

Mick, you've watched it four times  
to my certain knowledge.

COLLINS

How do you know?

IVAN

I must show you how to delete your  
viewing history.

COLLINS

Alright, it's a fair cop.

IVAN

As a result people think Broy was  
tortured, killed and dumped in the  
street from the back of a British  
army lorry.

COLLINS

What's the matter with you, Ned  
Broy lived to a ripe old age.

IVAN

I know that, you know that. But  
the perception is---

COLLINS

Fuck the perception.

Collins leans in close to the computer screen.

IVAN

I'm trying to work.

Collins makes a scoffing noise.

COLLINS

I could write twenty letters a day  
before breakfast. All after four  
hours sleep at most. Even then I  
begrudged those four hours.

IVAN

I'm thinking as fast as I can.

Ivan's mobile rings. The screen displays: Ally. Ivan  
answers as Collins wanders back to stand behind a chair.

IVAN (cont'd)

Hello, Ally.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
How are you? Busy I hope.

IVAN  
What do you want, Ally?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
The play script.

IVAN  
You already have the play script.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
That's the old script. I mean the  
new script. I need it now.

IVAN  
That's not what we agreed.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Do you want that funding or don't  
you?

IVAN  
Why now?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
My deep throat---

IVAN  
Monique.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
No names please. Monique's sneaked  
a look at this round of funding  
figures. They've almost reached  
critical mass.

IVAN  
Speak to me in English.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
It means they've almost spent this  
year's budget. You need to move  
fast.

IVAN  
How can that be the case?  
According to Monique---

ALLY  
(over phone)  
No names.

IVAN  
---There was still plenty of time.  
Are you lying to me, Ally?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
No. Yes. Technically. There's  
another factor. Are you listening?

IVAN  
Yes.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
My Irish travelogue show.

IVAN  
The one I gave you.

A SIGH from the other end.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Ged wants it up and running for the  
autumn schedule. You know what  
that means?

IVAN  
Yes. It means your sanitised,  
sugar coated, version of my idea  
will be on screen before the raw,  
real and grittily honest theatrical  
version, my version.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
That's a given. You know what it  
also means?

IVAN  
Go on.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
It means you won't have a producer.  
Neither Ged or I will be available  
to steer the project. I'll be on  
the road with my show.

IVAN  
My show.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Don't start that again. You had  
your chance. And you, mister, have  
exactly one week before everybody  
and their granny wants a piece of  
me.

IVAN  
Especially their granny. A week  
isn't enough.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Can you do it? Can you, Ivan?

Ivan glares into space for a moment. Finally:

IVAN  
Okay.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Okay what? Do I hear a 'thank you  
Ally, for going the extra mile for  
a pal?

IVAN  
Absolutely not.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
One week then.

IVAN  
Yes.

Ally ends the call. Ivan glares at the phone, puts it back on the desk, stares at the screen. Collins is standing poised and alert, hands resting lightly on the back of his chair.

COLLINS  
Was that for me?

IVAN  
Why would it be for you?

COLLINS  
In the old days it as always for me.

IVAN  
Things change. Okay, I'll do it.

COLLINS  
Do what?

IVAN  
I'll do it. Big Bad Dave.

COLLINS  
You've a tone on you like you're doing me a favour. There's nothing in this for me. Is there anything in this for me?

IVAN  
What would you like?

COLLINS  
You owe me---you know that, don't you?

IVAN  
Yes. So what then, what do you want?

Collins hesitates. Finally:

COLLINS  
I'll let you know when the time is right.

IVAN  
How will you know when the time is right?

COLLINS  
Because I'll be asking you the blessed question, are you being a bollocks again?

IVAN  
Alright, Mick. It's a deal.

COLLINS  
Good man yourself.

IVAN  
But when I'm done I don't want to hear any moaning that Big Bad Dave or Sneaky McPeake are stealing centre stage from you.

COLLINS  
You won't.

IVAN  
Thank you.

Ivan turns back to the screen and stoops over the keypad.

COLLINS  
They can't steal centre stage from me.

Ivan looks up.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
Wherever I am will be centre stage. Even when I'm not on stage.

IVAN  
Exactly, Mick.

Ivan does another stoop.

COLLINS  
I loved Dave Neligan.

Ivan looks up again.

IVAN  
I know you did, Mick. He adored you. He lied his life away for you. There can be no finer tribute to his moral probity.

Ivan and Collins look at each other.

COLLINS  
(finally)  
What are you waiting for? Get working on the bloody thing. I'll make us that cuppa tea.

Ivan, in different clothes, is at the door, the walking weary. Collins is nowhere in sight. Ivan looks at the

door, turns, looks at the computer, looks at the door. He pulls out his phone, looks at it, then starts tapping. After a moment he finishes, looks at the text, taps on the phone, the phone screen flashes: Emily. Ivan goes out the door.

INT. ANOTHER CAFE---DAY

Ivan and Ally are seated in a booth. Ally is seated, Ivan is sprawled. Ally has an A4 binder sitting before him. A script is peeking through the hoops.

ALLY  
You're looking tired. You're not taking care of yourself.

IVAN  
You read it?

ALLY  
Yes. It's two acts now. One act bad for business. Two acts good.

Ivan nods.

IVAN  
What did you change?

IVAN (cont'd)  
I added a character. He brings his own twist.

ALLY  
When you say 'he'?

IVAN  
She. His name was Dave, now he's Davina. If you'd read it, you'd know that.

Ally looks very blank.

IVAN (cont'd)  
I said---

ALLY  
Are there songs?' It's always good to have a song, especially at the end, in case the play's a clunker. Not that you'd write a clunker. Not deliberately.

IVAN  
 There's no song. Just a play.  
 Which you don't seem to have read.

ALLY  
 We can add a song.

IVAN  
 When you say 'we'?

ALLY  
 Cumann na mBan.

IVAN  
 What?

ALLY  
 I heard about Cumann na mBan.  
 Women's division of the Irish  
 Volunteers. A song about them.  
 Joyous. Uplifting. Like Les Mis.  
 You like Les Mis?

IVAN  
 This isn't Les Mis.

ALLY  
 How many pages?

IVAN  
 What?

ALLY  
 The play. Remind me.

IVAN  
 Why don't you take a look?

Ally doesn't take a look. He holds the script in his open palms like he's some leather skinned Hemingway character weighing a fish from experience.

ALLY  
 About an hour and a half. 'Not  
 long enough for an interval. We'd  
 need an interval so the house gets  
 the bar.

IVAN  
 I wrote a two act play, Ally. Like  
 you wanted.

Ivan snatches the script from the scales of his hands.  
Throws it down.

IVAN (cont'd)

Tell you what. Why don't you have someone actually read and time the script? Preferably someone who's acquainted with how a clock works and doesn't rely on rune stones. Or at your age gall stones.

ALLY

I've only ten years on you, buddy. And by the look of those eye bags you're catching up fast.

IVAN

What happens now?

ALLY

We submit the proposal.

IVAN

You haven't submitted the proposal?

ALLY

I was waiting to see if you could write the script.

IVAN

I've written the script.

ALLY

Then I'll submit the proposal. What's the matter, you don't you trust me?

IVAN

How did you know about Cuman na mBan?

ALLY

Monique.

IVAN

What about her?

ALLY

Monique will direct. If she likes the script.

IVAN

She's read it?

ALLY  
I pinged it to her.

IVAN  
Is she a director?

ALLY  
She has a short film under her belt.

IVAN  
That's an odd place to keep it.  
Has her short film ever made a  
cinema screen?

ALLY  
Your play isn't for cinema, it's  
theatre.

IVAN  
I've noticed.

ALLY  
Don't be difficult. You need a  
director, don't you?

IVAN  
What happened to 'we'?

Ally leans back, throws his arms in the air.

ALLY  
I'm at full stretch. I told you  
that.

IVAN  
Ally, has she read the script?

ALLY  
Who?

IVAN  
Don't be difficult.

ALLY  
She's read it.

IVAN  
And?

Ally nods toward the door.

ALLY  
Ask her yourself.

Monique is heading toward the booth. No trailing scarf this time-black jacket and jeans, Camo Nike trainers, backpack and bicycle pump. Seeing Ally and Ivan looking, she thrusts her jaw forward and resists the urge to smooth her hair.

MONIQUE  
Sorry I'm late. You know how it is---forming, storming, norming, all that.

Monique offers languid elbow bumps. Ally and Ivan stand, reciprocating awkwardly. Monique tosses her backpack on the seat then reads a text on her phone, says nothing. Ally looks shifty. Ivan doesn't even look at Ally.

IVAN  
You going, Ally?

ALLY  
Running late myself, actually.

Ally makes a show of pulling on his new Levi denim jacket, even though he hasn't actually taken it off. He flicks his hoodie over the collar.

ALLY (cont'd)  
I'll leave you guys to it.

Ally looks at Monique.

ALLY (cont'd)  
Touch base soon, Ivan.

Ivan sits back down. Monique watches Ally bumble out the door before taking her seat. She looks across the table at Ivan, folds her hands in front of her.

MONIQUE  
I've come straight from a meeting.

IVAN  
I got that. What meeting?

MONIQUE  
About your proposal.

IVAN  
Yes, the one Ally wrote.

Monique smiles, wanly.

MONIQUE  
Is that what he told you?

IVAN  
He didn't write it?

MONIQUE  
It was hopeless, it was turned down. I rewrote it entirely. He signed his name to my rewrite.

IVAN  
That sounds familiar.

MONIQUE  
My re-submission was excellent. They said so themselves.

Ivan waits.

MONIQUE (cont'd)  
But it was turned down again.

Ivan glares at her. Monique doesn't flinch. She doesn't even blink. Ivan manages to summon up a response.

IVAN  
Why?

MONIQUE  
They're already funding a similar idea.

IVAN  
Similar? They already have a female Michael Collins and a chorus line of Cuman na Ban singing 'Climb Every Mountain' as they lay a landmine at Beal na Blath?

MONIQUE  
'Climb every mountain' is from the Sound of Music, not Les Mis.

IVAN  
Les Mis? Ally mentioned Les Mis.

Ivan ponders, briefly.

IVAN (cont'd)  
You and he talked it all out behind my back. Every bit of it, am I right?

MONIQUE

Right.

IVAN

It was a carve up all along between the pair of you.

MONIQUE

Not a carve up. I preferred your idea. It wasn't to be. They preferred their similar idea. If you want a seat at the table, don't be the writer, especially in Britain. You know that.

IVAN

I know that. What was the similar idea, not that it matters.

MONIQUE

If it doesn't matter why do you want to know?

IVAN

I'm a moth, you're holding a flame. You know how it goes.

MONIQUE

Mary Barbour. The rent strikes, 1915. World War, cruel capitalists, heroic plucky resistance with a local---

IVAN

Govan.

MONIQUE

National and gender resonance that will illuminate, inform and entertain audiences from yes, Glasgow Govan, to the Lowlands, from the Central belt to the Highlands and Islands about their, which is to say our, collective national heritage from that particular period of history.

IVAN

Revolution?

MONIQUE

Our mythical Scottish Marxist John MacLean will make his last heart rending speech---

IVAN

What if the hearts don't rend?

MONIQUE

They'll rend. His speech will be delivered through the medium of song---

IVAN

That old trick.

MONIQUE

---Before he collapses into harmless and lard choked legend. In other words, box ticked. Any other questions?

IVAN

Why did you prefer my idea?

MONIQUE

I refer you to my previous answer. You were talking about Ireland. In Ireland, something actually happened.

IVAN

Yes, something actually happened.

MONIQUE

Not like here. A referendum doesn't solve anything. It splits the people.

IVAN

Don't think I'm blind to that. What about the kilt---didn't that help?

MONIQUE

McPeake? A solitary Scot just accentuates the tokenism.

IVAN

It isn't tokenism, it's what actually happened.

MONIQUE

It's what happened over there. It didn't happen over here.

IVAN

Over there is over here. Over there is a petri dish for what could happen over here.

MONIQUE

Nice try. Could happen. A hundred years later and still counting.

IVAN

Things are changing.

Monique reaches for her backpack.

MONIQUE

I have to go. I have a meeting.

IVAN

(grim)  
I won't stop.

MONIQUE

That's nice. Wish me luck.

IVAN

Good luck.

MONIQUE

I won't need it.

Monique stands.

MONIQUE (cont'd)

I'll have Mary Barbour singing 'New Rules' by Dua Lipa. It's you who could use the luck.

IVAN

We make our own, right?

MONIQUE

Then what are you waiting for?

Monique picks up her bicycle pump. Ivan watches her go, stares into space, slightly, sniffs, assessing.

BURNING DOWN THE HOUSEEpisode Five: Riot

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT KITCHEN---DAY.

Ivan and Collins are sitting at the table with mugs in front of them, and opened beer cans in the middle of the table.

                  COLLINS  
You watched her go?

                  IVAN  
Yes.

                  COLLINS  
A waft of scent, you say?

                  IVAN  
That's what I said.

                  COLLINS  
What sort of scent?

                  IVAN  
I don't know---how would I know a  
thing like that?

                  COLLINS  
You can tell a lot about a woman by  
her scent. Did you like it?

                  IVAN  
It was interesting and unusual.  
Doesn't matter if I did like it,  
she wasn't wearing it for me, she  
was wearing it for herself.

                  COLLINS  
Is that what she told you?

                  IVAN  
What do you mean?

                  COLLINS  
The perfume a woman wears makes a  
public statement about her. Else  
there'd be sweet bugger all on the  
advertisement hoardings.

IVAN

So what statement was she trying to make? And you can speak with all the authority of one who's never actually met her.

COLLINS

Let's see. Was she a local girl?

IVAN

No. English. Implied French family connections.

COLLINS

But living in Glasgow. No disrespect to your city but anywhere that isn't London over here is the absolute sticks.

IVAN

I know you've no great fondness for our city.

COLLINS

On the contrary. Your city is open, friendly and sectarian to its rotten core. You make nice ships with Irish help but you can't keep accounts for the life of you.

IVAN

Here we go.

COLLINS

I'd to send Joe Vise over to mend your accounts. I told him---

IVAN

I know, I know.

Ivan takes a sip at the beer by way of punctuation, makes faces.

COLLINS

It was only a play.

IVAN

A play about you.

Collins gives a rueful smile.

COLLINS

My name will pant on without any help from you, mister. People like you have too great a reverence for the written word.

IVAN

You wrote a fair few words yourself.

COLLINS

Out of practical aims. I remember Thomas Ashe's body lying in its coffin after he'd been tortured and killed by the British with their cruelty, their bungled forced feeding. An IRB man but a pacifist at heart. ' Few are the tears that will fall for me, ' he wrote. He was wrong. Buried in a Volunteer uniform. I donated the shirt myself. Thirty thousand people attending. Markievitz at the head of them with a revolver in her belt. Tricolours waved, the police taking names. Three volleys fired over the grave. I spoke, did you know that?

IVAN

Yes.

COLLINS

I step forward as the third volley echoes. You'll know this, why don't you say the thing for me?

IVAN

You say it.

COLLINS

Say it with me. Ready?

IVAN

Yes.

Collins clears his throat.

IVAN AND COLLINS

That volley we have just heard is the only speech . . . Which is proper to make over the grave of a dead Fenian.

Ivan's hands are shaking under the table. Collins leans back in his chair.

IVAN  
Words, Mick.

Collins looks at Ivan.

COLLINS  
Followed by deeds, Ivan, not words  
alone. Never words alone.

Collins sips from his mug. Ivan looks at Collins for a moment.

IVAN  
Sure, Mick. But what are deeds but  
the enactment of ideas that have  
been forged in the crucible of  
debate?

COLLINS  
Listen to yourself.

IVAN  
You'll remember the work of WB  
Yeats.

COLLINS  
Don't start.

IVAN  
He and Lady Gregory's play  
'Cathleen Ni Hoolihan'?

COLLINS  
I know where you're going with  
this. Stop right there.

IVAN  
Where am I going, Mick?

COLLINS  
To tell me all about the seductress  
Cathleen sucking the marrow from  
our young men in the name of Irish  
glory,

Mick does old shawlie woman acting, making a wattle of his neck and warbling his windpipe.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
Cathleen and her blood sacrifice,  
Cathleen and her 'four beautiful  
green fields, the provinces of  
Ireland. Am I right?

IVAN  
So far as it goes.

COLLINS  
I'll go further then. The play---a  
lousy play from all accounts---did  
you ever read it? Nobody reads  
it---causes a sensation. Stirs the  
discussion pot. Years later Yeats,  
who can be a right tit, bites his  
knuckles while gazing into the  
shaving mirror one morning and asks  
himself, 'Did that play of mine  
send out certain men in the  
Rebellion that the English shot?

IVAN  
Isn't it a fair question, Mick?

COLLINS  
If the certain men in question had  
been theatre critics, he would have  
had a point and a good one. The  
play centred on the 1798 rebellion.  
The Rebellion was a fait accompli  
for over a century before the damn  
play came out. I grew up hearing  
about Wolf Tone, Holt and McCracken  
before I had teeth enough to suck a  
boiled sweet. The play hijacked  
the idea of rebellion but it didn't  
initiate it, it had no need to, the  
idea had initiated itself in the  
heads of Emmet and countless others  
before them and after, all over  
this island.

IVAN  
I'll remind you, you're not on  
'this' island.

COLLINS  
The other island, pedant. Give us  
another beer for God's sake.

Ivan gets up, goes to the fridge, fishes out a can of beer

COLLINS (cont'd)  
 (shouts)  
 Deeds are the boys, Ivan. You  
 can't deny it.

IVAN  
 What about Pearse? What about the  
 speech for O'Donovan Rossa at  
 Glasnevin?

COLLINS  
 The one you appropriated for that  
 beggar man's funeral? What was his  
 name, Ned?

IVAN  
 You were there at Ned's funeral?

COLLINS  
 I'm always there.

Ivan gives Collins the tin and sits down, watches him fill  
 his glass.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
 Rossa's life was of the deed,  
 otherwise no one would ever have  
 heard of him. O'Dynamite Rossa,  
 remember? His death was timely---a  
 head of rebellious steam was  
 already building.

IVAN  
 And Pearse's speech?

COLLINS  
 Don't get me started on Pearse's  
 speeches. The best of them are  
 inspirational. The worst a triumph  
 of euphony over sense. He acted  
 them well I'll give him that. He  
 acted them because he believed  
 them. His head was in the clouds  
 most of the time.

IVAN  
 That's not what Connolly thought.  
 He said No revolutionary movement  
 is complete without its poetical  
 expression.

COLLINS

Did he now? That's not what he said when we burst into the GPO building that Easter. 'Give that man paper and pencil,' he says, pointing at Pearse, 'and keep him out of the bloody way.'

Collins moves to fill his mug, thinks better of it, takes a swig directly from the tin.

COLLINS (cont'd)

There were times in there with the shells cracking around you and the roof falling in when you'd have killed for a bacon sandwich and a mug of tea. Instead you we'd get three yards of blank verse from Padraig. God rest him.

IVAN

God rest you.

COLLINS

I'm in rude good health for a spectre.

IVAN

Do you ever bump into him? Pearse I mean?

COLLINS

Where would I bump into him?

IVAN

Spectreland. You said yourself.

COLLINS

You have a naive conception of the afterlife. The clouds aren't little boats and heaven isn't some endless sunny day at Dingle Regatta. There's only one reason I'm here and it's because of unfinished business.

IVAN

Why, what have you left to do?

COLLINS

Not me. You.

IVAN

Me?

COLLINS

I'm here because of your issues,  
not mine, remember?

Ivan looks at Collins.

COLLINS (cont'd)

I'll leave you alone for a minute  
with that thought.

Collins disappears. Ivan stares into space for some bit,  
clearly picking through assorted details.

After a while, as Ivan is still at the table, off somewhere  
Collins can be heard pissing straight into a toilet. After  
a moment, the toilet flushes.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT SPARE ROOM---NIGHT

Ivan is in bed, reading. The lamp retrieved from the living  
room is on the bedside table, providing the light. Ivan's  
phone BUZZES. Ivan marks his place with the flap of the  
jacket sleeve and places the book on the bedside table.  
Ivan then smooths the bedclothes. He finally picks up the  
phone and taps the screen. The screen displays a text:

EMILY

(text)  
I'm fine thanks and hope you are  
too. Emily.

Ivan stares at the phone for a while.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT HALLWAY---NIGHT

Ivan is making his way along the corridor in the dark.  
Collins appears in front of him.

COLLINS

What's the matter with you?

IVAN

What'd you mean?

COLLINS

You woke me up doing that moaning  
thing that you do. That sort of an  
'Aahh' number that you have.

IVAN

Sorry.

COLLINS

Very near scared the shite out of me.

IVAN

You're a ghost already, what's left to scare?

COLLINS

Is it the woman?

IVAN

What do you mean?

COLLINS

It's nearly always a woman, one way or another, when a man starts making obscure involuntary noises in inappropriate places.

IVAN

Can I remind you I'm in the spare room while you occupy my bedroom?

COLLINS

That's a herring so red it should have blood pressure checked. A noise like that would be no more appropriate in my room than yours, the location is not the issue here. What's going on? Is it still that Emily?

IVAN

Aren't I allowed to have the odd existential crisis?

COLLINS

Who do you think you are? You're not important enough to be lying on your death bed, croaking 'burn my papers' to your literary executor.

IVAN

You think not?

COLLINS

Not a chance. Your literary executor will be the bin man.

Collins guffaws loudly at his own merry jape. Ivan scowls. Collins looks at him, sighs.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
Alright, let's get to it---do you want to talk?

COLLINS (cont'd)  
I'm a Protestant. Speech is of limited interest to us.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
Is that a yes or a no?

Ivan looks at him.

IVAN  
Do you want to talk, Mick?

COLLINS  
Always.

Ivan nods.

IVAN  
I'll put the kettle on.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT KITCHEN---NIGHT.

Rain is pattering on the windows. Ivan and Collins are at the table, with tea cups, the kettle in between them.

IVAN  
Was it like this for you, Mick, the ups and downs?

COLLINS  
What ups, what downs?

IVAN  
With Kitty.

Collins slams his cup down, sloshing tea on the table.

COLLINS  
That's a subject I've never discussed.

IVAN  
Except in letter form. They're all out there.

COLLINS  
I know, you told me. Jesus.  
That's the one thing I thought  
would be unimportant, except to  
Kitty and me. Private always.

IVAN  
The Cronin family sold the letters  
after Kitty's, you know, passing.

Collins grunts.

IVAN (cont'd)  
They're on display at the Cork  
Public Museum. Would you like to  
see them?

Collins gives Ivan a surly look.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Maybe not.

COLLINS  
It's you we were talking about, not  
me.

IVAN  
You never talk about Kitty.

COLLINS  
Correct.

IVAN  
Will you ever?

COLLINS  
Don't push your luck.

IVAN  
It's your luck too. Maybe you  
should contact her. Like I did  
Emily.

Collins considers.

COLLINS  
Maybe I will. When the moment is  
right.

IVAN  
Yes, take your time. It's only  
been a century. You can't rush  
(MORE)

IVAN (cont'd)  
into these things. Play it cool,  
keep her waiting.

COLLINS  
I said I heard you. When I think  
of it. Her off with that Cronin  
guy.

IVAN  
You were dead.

COLLINS  
That's no excuse. I hear he's  
trouble.

IVAN  
So would you be. If your wife was  
forever measuring you against some  
dead hero.

COLLINS  
I am that dead hero. And I'm  
pissed off that he was bedding my  
girl.

IVAN  
Not any more. And it wasn't a  
happy marriage, her son said so.

COLLINS  
Which one, Rex or Michael?

IVAN  
Both.

Ivan leans forward.

IVAN (cont'd)  
That son, Michael, says you were  
the love of her life. But you know  
that anyway, deep down, don't you?

Collins does his best to keep an expression of cold granite.  
He can't. A big schoolboy smile concertinas across his face  
before he quickly shuts it down, clasps the hasp.

COLLINS  
It's you we're looking at now.

Ivan shrugs.

IVAN

All the same, I think you should contact her again. Take a chance. Find out one way or the other if she's interested.

COLLINS

Maybe I will.

Ivan and Collins look at each other.

COLLINS (cont'd)

And don't ask me when the time will be right. Some things we just know.

IVAN

Yes. Some things we just know.

Ivan and Collins rise.

IVAN (cont'd)

Goodnight, Mick.

COLLINS

Goodnight.

EXT. BORU'S BAR---DAY

Rain is a nagging drizzle. Boru's Bar stands, or rather crouches, in the gap between two tenement buildings. The original building possibly fell down drunk and died through self-neglect or was bombed during the war, which, since Boru's is an Irish bar, we will refer to as the Emergency. Ironically, the Boru building resembles an over-large version of the sort of coastal sentry box you see on old documentaries about gallant Britain during the war years.

Ivan comes barrelling up the street, wet with rain, and breathless.

INT. BORU'S BAR---DAY

There are framed pictures on the wall of Clarke, Connolly and Plunkett, one of Dev, Collins and Boland playing the fool at a hurling match. Even Dev's face cracking into the approximation of a grin. There are obligatory cased and autographed jerseys of Celtic players down the years that glare out garishly on the walls against the quieter more reflective elements of Boru's ethos. Stoical drinkers line the bar, perhaps twenty hard-core solo imbibers with

occasional twos and threesomes at the oblong easy wipe tables.

A rebel SONG starts abruptly as Ivan comes through the door. He looks about for a moment.

Ivan is at the bar, being stared at by a BORU BARMAN.

IVAN  
(mechanically)  
Coffee.

The Boru Barman starts to move

IVAN (cont'd)  
Ah, no, make that a pint of  
Guinness.

The Boru Barman nods and starts moving again.

Ivan is at the bar and has gotten halfway through the pint. Trish enters, stops in the doorway, looks around, then sees Ivan. Trish gets to Ivan, smiling, not quite naturally.

TRISH  
Sorry I'm late.

IVAN  
So am I. That's alright.

TRISH  
There's a story, I'll tell you  
later.

IVAN  
Tell me now.

TRISH  
I can't.

IVAN  
Why not?

Trish does a back flip with her eyes. TOMMY, about twenty five, wearing a 'Remember Bobby Sands' T shirt, with a Bobby Sands tattoo on his upper arm, is standing at the bar behind her.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Ah.

TRISH  
That's Tommy.

Neither Trish or Tommy smile. A glance flickers between them.

TRISH (cont'd)  
Since when do you drink Guinness?

IVAN  
When in Rome. What'll you both have?

TRISH  
Since you're having one, I'll have a gin.

Trish calls over her shoulder.

TRISH (cont'd)  
Tommy, what'll you have?

Ivan looks towards the door, Trish follows the line of sight. Tommy is over by the door talking to VERN, a large guy in a leather jacket, mid forties.

IVAN  
Who's that he's talking to?

TRISH  
(with a tone)  
Don't ask.

Ivan steals a second glance.

TRISH (cont'd)  
And don't look.

IVAN  
Relax, he's gone. And so is Tommy.

Trish doesn't bother turning to look for confirmation. Her shoulders sag slightly.

TRISH  
They'll be outside, talking business.

IVAN  
What sort of business?

TRISH  
What do you think? Why do you suppose we're in here?

BORU BARMAN  
What'll it be, ma friend?

IVAN  
Gin and tonic please. I like this place.

TRISH  
In that case, make it a large one.

Ivan and Trish are sitting at a corner table. There's an elaborately framed range of Connolly quotes on the wall above the table. There's an accompanying picture of the great man himself and his moustache. Ivan looks up at them, read two of them aloud to Trish.

IVAN  
Governments in capitalist societies are but committees of the rich to manage the affairs of the capitalist state.

TRISH  
Covers it for me.

IVAN  
We believe in constitutional action in normal times and revolutionary action in exceptional times.

Ivan looks at Trish.

IVAN (cont'd)  
What say you to that one?

TRISH  
Do ours count as exceptional times?

IVAN  
If they don't, then I don't know what does.

Ivan and Trish each take a sip at their drinks.

IVAN (cont'd)  
So?

Trish is silent.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Did you go away for your romantic weekend?

Trish nods.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Where did he whisk you? Paris?  
Barcelona?

TRISH  
Belfast.

IVAN  
(incredulous)  
Belfast? Again?

Trish gives Ivan a look of resolute defiance.

TRISH  
The hotel was lovely.

IVAN  
Nice. The Platinum Suite at Long  
Kesh?

TRISH  
Not quite.

IVAN  
And was it worth it?

TRISH  
Your question should be 'is' it  
worth it. I'm still on a cloud.  
Look at my face.

IVAN  
Hard to avoid.

TRISH  
I know, I know, but I can handle  
this. Provided I don't allow  
myself hope. Tell me it's  
hopeless.

IVAN  
It's hopeless.

TRISH  
Exactly. This is all about body  
heat and that's exclusively of the  
moment.

IVAN  
Try telling that to your body. It  
has a mind of its own, has needs  
(MORE)

IVAN (cont'd)  
too. Whatever we want doesn't have  
a whole lot to do with us.

TRISH  
That's why you have difficulty with  
women. You're too emotional.

IVAN  
I'm the woman in the relationship?

TRISH  
If the cap fits.

IVAN  
What about you? Are you saying  
you're the guy?

TRISH  
I'm not in a relationship.

IVAN  
Keep telling yourself that, it'll  
keep you off the Valium.

TRISH  
Tommy is a good man.

IVAN  
Therapists offices are full of  
women who've been fucked in the  
head by good men.

TRISH  
You're judging him on a glance, one  
look?

IVAN  
You told me about him in advance,  
remember? You told me you could  
handle the pain you knew would be  
coming.

TRISH  
And I am handling it.

Trish lifts her drink, takes a long un-ladylike pull,  
shudders.

TRISH (cont'd)  
Truth is, this is too much all at  
once. The sex, the drink, the  
flightiness, the being out of  
control.

Trish looks at Ivan.

TRISH (cont'd)  
Normally at this time I'm watching  
Homes under the Hammer with a cup  
of tea and a digestive.

IVAN  
Plain or chocolate?

TRISH  
Plain. Chocolate at weekends only.

CRAIGSY, somewhere else in the bar, starts SINGING very  
loudly.

CRAIGSY  
(singing)  
Here I am Lord, Is it I Lord, I  
have heard you caaaalling in the  
night . . .

BORU BARMAN  
'At's enough, Craigsy. Keep it  
down.

Trish's mood lightens as the booze hits.

TRISH  
There'll be some cloven hoofs in  
this pub under the sports socks and  
the crucifix neck chains. The  
priests won't go short of business.

IVAN  
What did you do in Belfast? Apart  
from the obvious.

TRISH  
Tommy had a meeting with a couple  
of pals.

IVAN  
Republican pals?

TRISH  
No, he went down the Shankhill Road  
in his Celtic top looking to do a  
bit of Irish dancing, what do you  
think?

IVAN  
You didn't go with him?

Trish is quiet.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Where did you go instead?

TRISH  
PRONI.

IVAN  
Let's keep religion out of this.

TRISH  
Public Records office of Northern  
Ireland. In Belfast, near the  
Titanic Quarter. Illuminating.  
Turns out my great grandparents  
came from Drumcliffe, County Sligo.

IVAN  
Yeats country.

TRISH  
That's not all. Your great-greats  
left for Glasgow in 1863.

IVAN  
You know this, you're sure?

TRISH  
Sure I'm sure. Checked the  
records. There's more. Benjamin,  
the brother of your Great, Great,  
grandfather James is buried in the  
City Cemetery off the Falls Road.  
Why are you so excited?

IVAN  
Same reason as you. Anything Irish  
tickles my marrow.

TRISH  
And that's a good thing?

IVAN  
It's what marrow is for. There  
can't be many Scots who don't feel  
the pull of Ireland. We've talked  
about this.

TRISH  
Every week.

Trish smiles. Relaxing at last, she takes another slow sip from her gin.

TRISH (cont'd)  
Drink never tastes better than at this time of the day.

IVAN  
And the after effects are never worse.

TRISH  
Says the man with the empty pint glass before him. Do you want another?

IVAN  
One is enough. What does Tommy do when he's not being mysterious?

TRISH  
He cares. He's good at helping people.

IVAN  
Is he helping you?

Trish takes another sip. Not so slowly this time.

TRISH  
This is nice.

IVAN  
Let me put it another way. Do you suppose you're already living some kind of self-fulfilling prophecy?

TRISH  
Gimme peace.

IVAN  
You expect the worst to happen with Tommy so you're behaving as if it's already happened.

TRISH  
How'd you work that out?

IVAN  
Your hands are shaking and you never take your eyes off the door.

TRISH

The shaky hands might have something to do with the weekend's drink intake. Now relax. I'm well aware love is a drug, that there's always a bill, blah-blah. But why pay the fucking bill if you're not allowing yourself to enjoy the meal?

IVAN

A fair point.

Tommy plants a gin before Trish and nudges Ivan's empty glass aside with a full one. Joe Dolan strikes up with 'Make me an Island' as Tommy pulls a seat closer to Trish. Tommy SINGS along, gazing into her mortified, delighted eyes.

TOMMY

(singing)  
But I'm changed, rearranged, I'm enlightened and how, you have taught have taught me you have caught me and I'm different now.

Tommy turns to Ivan.

TOMMY (cont'd)

My granny used to love that song.

Tommy holds out a hand across the table.

TOMMY (cont'd)

I'm Tommy, how you doing?

IVAN

Ivan.

Ivan and Tommy share a fist bump. Tommy looks at Trish and winks.

IVAN (cont'd)

How was Belfast?

Trish busies herself with her glass.

TOMMY

I won't mess with you. I'd a man to meet and some business to transact. Does that bother you?

IVAN  
What kind of business are you in?

TOMMY  
Ah, distribution, you know.

IVAN  
Trish said you're in the care  
business.

Tommy's momentarily wrong footed, makes a joke of it.

TOMMY  
That's right, I distribute care,  
you could say.

Tommy leans forward, smiles pleasantly.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
How about you?

IVAN  
What do you really distribute?

Trish shuts her eyes. Tommy gives Ivan a look.

TOMMY  
It varies.

IVAN  
I get the feeling talking about  
your work bothers you.

TOMMY  
That's the same feeling I get about  
you.

IVAN  
Does it bother you?

TOMMY  
Only in so much as it might bother  
Trish---

Tommy glances at Trish.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
---You being family.

TRISH  
It doesn't bother Trish,

Trish looks at Tommy.

TRISH (cont'd)  
It's okay, it's safe to talk, Ivan  
likes all that stuff.

IVAN  
I like all that stuff.

TRISH  
Ivan's writing a play.

IVAN  
I'm writing a play.

TRISH  
About Michael Collins.

Tommy takes a sip from his drink.

TOMMY  
'Scuse me just a minute, would you?

Tommy takes out his phone and texts as Trish and Ivan sit looking at each other. A moment later, there's a creak of leather and a tall, broad figure of mature years blocks the only shaft of thin daylight.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
This is Vern.

Vern holds out his hand. No fist bump. Ivan and Vern shake.

IVAN  
I'm Ivan.

TOMMY  
Vern thought you were a cop, didn't  
you, Vern?

Vern ignores this. Tommy doesn't seem to care.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
You know Trish, don't you, Vern?

Tommy lays a tender hand on Trish's shoulder.

VERN  
I do. I knew her father too, God  
rest him. So did some of the  
fossils playing Doms over there in  
the corner. They still have the  
scars to prove it, am I right,  
Trish?

TRISH  
Happy days, Vern.

Trish and Vern both laugh. Tommy only has eyes for Trish.

VERN  
We're having a wee parade tomorrow  
night. Why don't you come along?

It takes a second before Ivan realises Vern is talking to  
Ivan. Trish has a frozen smile.

IVAN  
Yes, I'd love to. What's it about?

Trish, Tommy, and Vern all look at each other. Vern points  
to an ornamental drape on the wall, its tassels beyond  
drunken reach.

VERN  
You see that banner up there?

IVAN  
Yes.

IVAN (cont'd)  
And the big drum in the recess  
behind the bar?

Ivan gives it a dutiful glance.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Yes.

VERN  
And the accordion next to the  
Aeolian harp?

IVAN  
Got it.

All four of them smile.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM---DAY

Ivan is sitting at the desk, the chair turned out to the  
window.

IVAN  
A Republican band parade on a  
Friday night, isn't that a bit odd?

TRISH  
(over phone)  
Why?

IVAN  
These marches are usually on a  
Saturday or Sunday morning.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
And that makes it odd?

Over the phone, the CLINK of glasses in the background.  
MUSIC, a sentimental ballad, someone, maybe Paddy Reilly,  
singing 'Scorn not his simplicity.

IVAN  
There's been trouble in the past.  
A Friday night in Govan. Isn't  
that raising the stakes, asking for  
trouble?

TRISH  
(over phone)  
We have a right to march. The  
trouble is caused by others. We  
can't be intimidated.

TRISH (cont'd)  
(over phone, yells  
over local noise)  
So are you coming?

IVAN  
What?

TRISH  
(over phone)  
On the march.

IVAN  
What time?

Over the phone, more MUSIC, the TISHING cans, the slurring  
chatter.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
I'll see you at the park gates at  
seven.

IVAN  
The park gates?

TRISH  
 (over phone)  
 At seven.

IVAN  
 See you there.

Over the phone, now the opening CHORDS of 'The Auld Triangle.' A CHEER from SINGERS.

SINGERS  
 (over phone,  
 singing)  
 A lonesome feeling came o'er me  
 stealing. And the rats were  
 squealing . . .

Ivan hangs up. After a moment, he looks around.

IVAN  
 Mick? Are you there, Mick?

EXT. GOVAN ROAD---NIGHT

At Govan Cross, Ivan comes out of the subway station, looks around. Small scatterings of people waiting, knots of families, lots of long shorts, hoodies, push-chairs, energy drinks.

Ivan nods to the statue of Mary Barbour, rent rebel and her following brood as he heads up the street.

A few blocks further along Govan Road Ivan is strolling by shops at street level, tenements up to three stories above the shops. Even more scatterings of people waiting, knots of families, lots of long shorts, hoodies, push-chairs, energy drinks.

Up ahead of Ivan the band MUSIC starts to be heard. The Saoradh Irish Unity Banner to the fore, uniformed marchers behind and following on in a mish-mash of trainers and trackie bottoms, the inevitable shuffling bold Fenian selfie faithful.

Hear the APPLAUSE, people, the CHEERING, see the kids on shoulders, Celtic tops, Bobby Sands memorial rosettes.

And then there are SCREAMS. Young children lowered hastily from shoulders. Tears and panic. HOWLS. SOMEONE in panic

SOMEONE  
 Oh my God.

Ivan is running with the others. Flat out. All scattering, the families, the push chairs, the young and old together.

From the other direction of the parade, a solid mass of face covered, hoodie hidden, Brit flag fluttering neo-patriots is hurtling toward us along the route of the parade.

Ivan huddles in the shadow of the nearest doorway. Windscreens SHATTER.

The band of patriots has spotted wheelie bins and are trundling them into the street. Ivan jabs the first button he sees. A nervous IRENE answers.

IRENE  
(over speaker,  
nervous)  
Hullo?

IVAN  
(shouts)  
I need your help. I'm stuck in the doorway. There's trouble in the street.

IRENE  
(a little on the  
frail side)  
I can see that.

IVAN  
Can you let me in please?

Ivan waits. And waits. And waits. And there is a BUZZ and the door entry system CLICKS, and the door opens.

INT. IRENE'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM---NIGHT

Ivan is sitting on a recliner armchair at a high window with a grandstand view of the riot.

In the street below Ivan, the police are mustering in a show of force, many of them handily prepared, pre-prepared, tooled up in full riot gear.

A gathering of the Brit patriots is rushing the police lines in an attempt to gain a free run toward the park gates.

The wheelie bins are in the middle of the street and ablaze now, possibly in an effort to sway fellow democrats to the nobility of the Patriots' cause.

IRENE  
Here's your tea, son.

IVAN  
Thank you, Mrs. McAdam.

IRENE  
How did you know my name?

IVAN  
It's on the door.

IRENE  
Ah, yes.

Ivan takes the mug of tea and a digestive biscuit from the proffered packet. Outside, the CRASH of breaking glass as a bottle hits a tenement wall.

IVAN  
Have you lived here long?

IRENE  
All my life. I was offered a move to sheltered housing but I like the buzz of Govan.

The wheelie bins CRACKLE in the middle of the street. A car joins in, windows smashed, hand brake off, pushed and rolled till it butts a flaming bin like a maddened bull.

IRENE (cont'd)  
Are you from Govan yourself?' Asks Mrs. McAdam.

IVAN  
Greenfield Street. I went to Fairfield Primary, it's long gone now.

IRENE  
Yes, I knew it. I was at St. Constantine's.

The smoking car cracks, sending black plumes billowing skyward.

IVAN  
A few brutes down there. Thanks for letting me in.

IRENE

I could see you were caught in no man's land. It was the least I could do. What's your name, son?

IVAN

Ivan.

IRENE

I'm Irene. Is Ivan an Irish name?

IVAN

My great-great grandfather was from Belfast.

IRENE

Ah.

The police line thickens as they gather for assault. The batons and shields re-position, make ready. A few officers mistime the choreography, stepping too far ahead of their body of colleagues. They shuffle tentatively, marking time. The DIN from the other side is considerable, not a collective wave of sound, as at a football match but a muddle of jagged jarring bellows, full throated and meaning business.

Irene points to St. Anthony's up the street.

IRENE (cont'd)

My father was married in that church.

IVAN

My Uncle Barney had his burial service there.

IRENE

In the church?

IVAN

Yes.

IRENE

Barney? What was his surname?

A SIREN rends the air. More police vans screech to a halt.

IVAN

Barney Rogan.

IRENE

What?

IVAN  
My uncle's name.

The police beat their batons rhythmically against their plastic shields. They ready themselves for the charge.

IRENE  
I don't remember a Barney Rogan.

IVAN  
You're probably too young.

Irene laughs.

IRENE  
I'm not often accused of that.

Ivan looks toward the church.

IVAN  
I remember at the funeral my brother Stan and me leaning against that wall, by the gate.

IRENE  
I see it.

IVAN  
My mother was worried because we weren't Catholic. 'It'll be fine,' I told her. 'When we go into the church, just do what everybody else does. When the people stand, we stand. When they kneel on the running board---

IRENE  
Running board? You mean the hassock?

IVAN  
The hassock. I said 'when they kneel on the hassock, you kneel too. She wouldn't have it though. We file into the church. First thing she does is announce to the priest in this shroud-shredding voice 'We urnie Catholic, Reverend, is that alright?

IRENE  
Aw, God love her. She said that to the father?

IVAN

To the Father. She called him  
Reverend.

A ROAR. Ivan and Irene look down. Running figures fray the edges of the Union Jack waving crowd. The centre is holding. Ever more KLAXONS signal reinforcements are on the way.

IVAN (cont'd)

Is it just you lives here, Irene?

IRENE

I'm widowed. My sister Maureen lived next door until she passed last year. I wondered what to do with all her stuff. I prayed for guidance.

IVAN

Did you get it?

IRENE

I asked myself what she would have wanted.

IVAN

No guidance then?

IRENE

That was the guidance.

IVAN

What happened?

Irene clasps her hands, fingers first, one hand hinged on the other.

IRENE

I thought---'I'll wait'. And sure enough, the following week does this wee lassie not get the keys of Maureen's flat. Turns out she's had a right bad time of it but she's cleaned herself up and got her weans back from care. She has nothing though, no furniture, carpets, hee-haw. I give her everything, towels, television, pots and pans, all my wee sister's white goods, the lot. 'May they bring you luck, hen' I say. The wee soul, you know what she did?

(MORE)

IRENE (cont'd)

She bought me twenty cigarettes and a box of After Eights. 'I know it's not much' says she. I says Hen, I says, it means the world to me.' And I gave her a wee hug.

IVAN

All's well that ends well then.

IRENE

This is Govan. There's always a sting in the tail. Didn't she not go out for her messages the following day and didn't the pair of jakies on the next landing not break in and steal everything off her? Cleared the house, telly, fridge freezer, the lot. Then they got off their mark. Not hide nor hair of them seen since.

The police back-up has arrived. Large, black clad, well-protected figures. The Officers already in position growing visibly in confidence. The Patriots at the front torn now between launching themselves forward into a wave of cracked skulls or preparing to turn and run. The police have their batons drawn, held behind the shoulder for maximum downward force. This is it.

IVAN

You know the old saying. Unless it has an unhappy ending you haven't heard the whole story.

IRENE

There was a happy ending.

IVAN

Oh yes?

IRENE

Sure the two druggies had been spoiling the close for months. Parties all hours, frightened to open your door. When they were away, didn't the whole close get together and give whatever they could to the wee lassie. Fridge, cooker, shoes for the weans, you name it. A Homeless charity up the town gave her all her bedding. That's not an unhappy ending, is it?

IVAN  
Is she still here?

IRENE  
Lives across the landing.

There's a mangled SHOUT from the street. Irene and Ivan watch, peering sidelong for caution.

From other windows, mobile phones present a forest of blooms on arm stalks, obsessively recording everything. This time the Patriots fall back, heading east, taunting the police as they run.

IVAN  
Looks like the show's over.

IRENE  
(sighs)  
Thank God.

Ivan takes out his wallet and folds some notes.

IVAN  
Look. Would you do me another favour? Would you give this to the young woman next door, tell her to get something for the kids.

Irene looks at the notes, then at Ivan.

IRENE  
Are you sure?

IVAN  
You did me a good turn. I pass one on to somebody else. They do the same. That's the way it works, right?

Irene nods.

IRENE  
She'll be grateful. She just lost her brother a wee while ago.

IVAN  
Sorry to hear that.

IRENE  
Maybe you saw it?

IVAN  
What happened?

IRENE  
He was sleeping homeless in town.  
They found him frozen to death  
under a railway bridge. It was in  
the paper.

IVAN  
That's a shame.

A thought strikes.

IVAN (cont'd)  
What was his name?

IRENE  
Deke.

IVAN  
Deke?

IRENE  
Short for Derek. They called him  
Deke. Are you alright?

IVAN  
Yes. Just felt a bit faint.

IRENE  
Would you like some water?

IVAN  
I'm fine thanks. Honestly. Thanks  
again.

IRENE  
Any time, son.

Ivan and Irene look down at the emptying street.

IVAN  
Looks like it's over.

IRENE  
It'll never be over.

EXT. GOVAN ROAD---NIGHT

Ivan is back out on the sidewalk, walking back towards Govan Cross. Out in the street the clear up has already begun.

The streets are awash as the wheelie bins and car wrecks smoulder.

Blackened oblong scorches already mark the scattered spots, ugly bruises on the arms of the road. Bolder souls gather in close, mouths to chew over the events of the evening.

Ivan pulls out his phone, and then it rings. A name flashes its warning onscreen: Ally

IVAN  
Ally.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Have you seen it?

IVAN  
What?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
What. On the news. The riot?

IVAN  
I've seen it.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Your neck of the woods.

IVAN  
I know.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Is there anything we can do with it? Is it big enough?

IVAN  
Big enough for what?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
A special. A documentary. You know the place, the people, you have an in at that, you know, level.

Ivan passes a large garbage truck and its HYDRAULICS.

IVAN

They haven't even cleared the streets yet, Ally.

ALLY

(over phone)

We have to move fast. How do you know about the streets? Are you there? I can hear hydraulics, you're there aren't you? Who are you working for? Let's collaborate, you and I. We can have a proposal on Ged's desk by tomorrow morning, what do you say?

IVAN

I don't think so.

ALLY

(over phone)

Human interest.

IVAN

What about it?

ALLY

(over phone)

It's made for us. We're human. We have interests.

IVAN

We have self-interest.

ALLY

(over phone)

Self-interest gives us a technical pass to humanity. What do you say?

IVAN

You asked me what I say, I say no.

ALLY

(over phone)

If you won't do it, I'll find someone else who will.

IVAN

No you won't.

ALLY

(over phone)

Need I remind you, I have a producer's slate that's active.

IVAN  
Thanks to my idea.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
I'll name check you at the Baftas.  
You hear me?

IVAN  
I hear you. Leave it with me.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Don't say that just to kick it into  
the long grass. My God, is that  
what you are now, a project abuser?

IVAN  
There is no project to abuse. If  
there was, it would go the way of  
our other project. Sanitised and  
pointless.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
For a travelogue, sanitised and  
pointless is a killer pitch. This  
doc, our doc, would be a hard  
hitting expose of sectarian  
tensions in Govanhill.

IVAN  
Govanhill is three miles away.  
This is Govan.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
This is Govan. Killer title. I  
have blood on my teeth already.

IVAN  
They're not your teeth. My idea  
paid for them and your dentist made  
them.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Then they're our teeth, we'll share  
them. I'll lend you the top set if  
you ever find a date. How's Emily?  
Ouch. Touchy subject, right? I  
have to go. I have a family thing  
(MORE)

ALLY (cont'd)  
at Red Onion. You'll get back to  
me?

IVAN  
I'll get back to you.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
By the way, we go into production  
on Monday. The Irish travelogue  
show, remember?

IVAN  
Is that what you're really ringing  
to tell me?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
That doesn't sound much like 'Good  
luck, Ally.' Is this a bad line?  
Hmm, now it's gone silent. You  
still there?

IVAN  
It's irrelevant, Ally.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
What, our show?

IVAN  
Your show.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Strange. It was relevant enough  
when you were part of it.

IVAN  
That's when it had integrity.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Ivan, it was boring. People don't  
want to suck the marrow from the  
dry bones of history. Especially  
Irish history. In Britain that  
just means being punched in the  
face for an hour while Diarmaid  
Ferriter or somebody, tells us what  
a bastard Churchill was.

IVAN  
So instead you'll show them lovely  
pictures of the mountains of Mourn?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
They're on the list.

IVAN  
Tell your audience just to Google,  
they'll see all they want.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
I think you're missing the point of  
remaining employable.

IVAN  
Is that a bad thing?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
You know what, Ivan, you're like a  
man who's been knocked down on a  
zebra crossing, complaining because  
he had the right of way. So you  
did, but what good did it do you?

IVAN  
We're getting old, Ally. We have  
to make a difference before we go.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Tell that to Michael Collins. Is  
he still with you?

IVAN  
That's your first good question.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
If you see him, give him my  
regards. Meanwhile there's a Tom  
Collins on the table with my name  
on it.

IVAN  
Bye, Ally.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Vive la revolution!

Ivan pockets his phone.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT BEDROOM---DAY

Ivan is in bed, asleep. The phone RINGS. After a moment, Ivan manages to wave an arm out, grab at the phone, answer.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
Are you there? Hello?

IVAN  
I'm here, I'm answering aren't I?

TRISH  
(over phone)  
I couldn't hear you. Are you okay?

IVAN  
Fine. You?

TRISH  
(over phone)  
Sure. You got back alright last night?

IVAN  
I'm in bed, so I suppose I must have done.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
Point taken. Got time for a coffee?

IVAN  
Always. Let me just get coffee, then we'll go get coffee.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
An hour?

IVAN  
Sure.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
See you there. Oh, and don't go to Café Twa. Come to Boru's.

IVAN  
Why?

TRISH  
(over phone)  
You'll see.

EXT. BURLEIGH STREET---DAY

Ivan is walking along the street. There's a begging pitch near the Charity shop. The present OCCUPIER simply sits with an open hand out. Ivan puts a pound in her hand.

OCCUPIER  
(croaks)  
Thank you, pal.

IVAN  
That was some bother last night,  
wasn't it?

Occupier looks at Ivan.

OCCUPIER  
Did you see it?

IVAN  
Yes. Who was that mob that gate-  
crashed the march?

Occupier gives Ivan a wary look.

OCCUPIER  
I don't know anything about them,  
pal. All I know is that it was a  
legitimate march.

IVAN  
It's okay, I'm not a cop or from  
the papers.

OCCUPIER  
(croaking voice  
rising)  
I'm not worried about that. I  
don't know who they were but I'll  
tell you this, they're not Govan  
people. Orange and Green, we've  
had all that shite for donkey's  
years, nothing new. This is  
different. There's no such thing  
as a clean march nowadays.

(MORE)

OCCUPIER (cont'd)  
 Fascists. Anarchists. MI5, you  
 name it. Infiltrators are  
 everywhere, a load of carpet-  
 bagging hijacking low lifers. Not  
 Govan people. We're decent. I  
 know I'm begging but you catch my  
 meaning, right?

IVAN  
 Right.

Ivan gives her another pound.

IVAN (cont'd)  
 Have a good one.

OCCUPIER  
 They're all good.

EXT. BORU'S BAR---DAY

There's a crowd on the street outside Boru's. There are  
 cops taking statements, pictures and banners stacked by the  
 gable end of the adjoining tenement building. Ivan comes  
 down the street, looking about. Trish sees Ivan and waves.  
 Tommy is with her.

Celtic tops are out in force, Guys hoist their kids on to  
 shoulders. A couple of 'Up the Ra' CHANTS fail to find  
 traction.

IVAN  
 What's happened?

TRISH  
 Boru's had a fire.

TOMMY  
 Torched.

TRISH  
 You don't know that.

TOMMY  
 It's happened half a dozen times in  
 the last three years so I'd say  
 that narrows the odds wouldn't you?

IVAN  
 Is it bad?

TRISH  
Yes. Boru's will be back though.  
Vern says so.

IVAN  
He's here?

Trish points.

TRISH  
There with the cops. In the  
business suit.

IVAN  
He didn't mention he owns this  
place.

TOMMY  
He wouldn't. He owns lots of  
places.

Trish gives a shiver, stomps her feet.

TRISH  
Between last night and this, it's  
been a helter-skelter ride.

IVAN  
Fancy that coffee?

TRISH  
Sure, let's go.

Trish hitches up her bag.

TOMMY  
I'll come too.

Trish gives Ivan a look that Tommy pretends not to notice.

A lone VOICE strikes up, SINGING shakily.

VOICE  
(singing)  
From the cradle to the grave life  
is tough, from the beginning to the  
end the road is rough . . .

OTHERS join in

OTHERS

(singing)  
But there's something you should  
always keep in mind, take comfort  
in what comforts you can find . . .

Trish looks at the crowd, then at Tommy.

TRISH

(cold, statement)  
Are you sure you wouldn't rather  
stay here?

TOMMY

Okay.

OTHERS

(singing)  
Oh, life without passion I couldn't  
bear, Glasgow Celtic is my passion  
I don't care . . .

Tommy melds back into the crowd. Even singing he looks  
unhappy.

INT. CAFE TWA---DAY

Ivan and Trish are back at their widow table.

IVAN

What's going on?

TRISH

With Tommy? We'll get to that.  
What happened to you last night?

IVAN

I was heading for the park.  
Couldn't get through for the  
trouble. You?

TRISH

Scary. We'd to abandon the march  
and head for the gates, pronto. By  
the time we got there, more and  
more police seemed to be keeping  
bigger and bigger swarms of the  
Union mob away from us.

IVAN

Scared?

TRISH  
I was bricking it.

IVAN  
I wound up in a doorway and pushed  
on a button.

EXT. CAFE TWA---DAY

Ivan and Trish are in the window seat. Mary Barbour still leads her Govan flock, unmolested. There's a queue for sausage rolls at Gregg's and heavily inked guys in scuffed trainers sit by the shopping mall smoking and barking orders to their dogs.

INT. CAFE TWA---DAY

IVAN  
What were the chances?

Trish shrugs.

TRISH  
Actually, quite high. Anywhere else, there are six degrees of separation, but this is Glasgow, so there's only two, your mother then everybody else. Happy ending for his sister all the same.

IVAN  
That's one way of looking at it.

The Waitress arrives with coffee and cake.

IVAN (cont'd)  
I'll ask again. What's going on with Tommy? You're distracted.

Trish nods.

TRISH  
I would be, wouldn't I? One minute I'd settled into granny-hood, the next I'm running around with a guy twenty years younger than myself.

IVAN  
I guessed thirty.

TRISH  
He lied about his age, I lied about mine. Our lies met in the middle.

IVAN  
And he knows the truth now?

TRISH  
Yes. He says it doesn't bother him.

IVAN  
In that case—

TRISH  
It bothers me but not in the way you think. It isn't a question of arithmetic it's about how I feel inside.

Ivan sit, looking at Trish. There's a rap on the window. Ivan and Trish both look. It's Tommy. He looks awkward, sheepish. Trish glares.

TRISH (cont'd)  
Give me a minute.

Trish stands up.

IVAN  
Sure.

Trish goes out the door. Ivan pulls out his phone. He pushes a few buttons, scowls.

The screen displays: Green Light. There's a picture of Ally squaring up to Conor McGregor. Strap line reads:

First day and this guy tries to pick a fight with me.

Followed by:

We're off and running!!!---at least I am!'

There are three exclamation marks after 'running' and a selection of inane emojis.

Ivan does a quick peer out the window. Trish and Tommy are along the pavement away from the cafe. Ivan goes back to poking at the phone

Trish comes in, and then Tommy comes in, rubbing his hands as though it's cold outside which, for him, it undoubtedly was.

TRISH

Sit down.

Tommy does.

IVAN

Would you like a coffee, Tommy?

TOMMY

Thanks, Ivan.

IVAN

Refill, Trish?

Trish shakes her head.

TRISH

I'm fine.

Trish's face is still red from the argument outside.

IVAN

What did happen with the parade last night?

TOMMY

We don't know but Union Patriots attacking the march last night is the consensus view. They've previous form, it's becoming worse year on year, their numbers keep on swelling ranks since the new referendum, more edge too, other groups with their own agendas attaching themselves. The polis were good, I'll give them that.

IVAN

And the pub?

TOMMY

One thing, Vern won't quit, he'll take it in his stride, maybe use it.

IVAN

In what way?

Tommy looks at Trish then at Ivan. He shrugs.

TOMMY

Ireland.

IVAN

He wants to make that move?

Tommy nods.

TOMMY

The irony is he'd probably have done it by now if they hadn't kept torching the place. Every time it happens, he has to strap on his armour and put up a show of defiance. He couldn't live with himself if he let them think they'd forced him out.

IVAN

Vern seems an interesting character.

TOMMY

He's a bunch of characters. Depends which one you're talking to.

IVAN

You make him sound like some kind of shadowy figure. What's he doing here?

TOMMY

He came over here full time after the Brexit Referendum. He saw trouble ahead over the Border issue. Told me the timing was right for him to make a move.

IVAN

Is he still active?

Trish gives Ivan a mildly reproachful look. Tommy smiles.

TOMMY

Vern knows everybody.

TRISH

Now you're being the shadowy figure.

TOMMY

Of course he's active. Vern would like to go home, but he might not have to. Home might move over here.

IVAN

The Irish Unity banner at the front of the march endorsed Saoradh.

TOMMY

And?

IVAN

They've para military links.

TOMMY

As you say, the message was Irish Unity.

IVAN

At any cost?

Tommy fixes Ivan with a look.

TOMMY

You're seem unusually interested in this subject. Any special reason why?

IVAN

To Continuity IRA, to NIRA, the War of Independence has never ended. Is this where Vern thinks we're heading?

TOMMY

Let's not piss around. Scotland's difficulty is Vern's opportunity.

TRISH

Let's hope not.

IVAN

Opportunity for what?

Tommy is surprised.

TOMMY

You saw the mob out there last night. You see the way the wind is blowing. People will have to organise, to defend themselves.

IVAN

And that's where Vern comes in? I doubt it. The barricades tend not to be manned by middle aged businessmen with pension plans and off shore portfolios.

Tommy shrugs.

TOMMY

When enough heads have been broken and the rebuilding needs done, that's when the elder statesmen will step over the bodies to take their seats.

IVAN

To mop up the multi-million pound grants and subsidies?

TOMMY

Your words not mine.

IVAN

Will you be on the barricades, Tommy?

Tommy looks at Trish, then at Ivan.

TOMMY

Who the hell would want to see people killed and injured? Why would anybody want that?

IVAN

People can start out with clean hands and a pious ideology but they don't end up that way. Beliefs are compromised, sensitivities corroded. Remember the old joke: What's the first item on the agenda at the birth of a new left wing party?

TOMMY

Go on.

IVAN

Pencilling in a date for the split.

TOMMY

That's not the way I think.

IVAN

It will be.

TOMMY

Not a chance.

IVAN

Ideological splits occur, civilian damage becomes collateral, an 'unfortunate statistic' on the march to the bright new shining tomorrow. Where do you stand, Tommy?

TOMMY

I stand for a United Ireland. And a socialist Scotland.

Trish sits, cat like, watching Tommy intently. Tommy smiles. He says, '

TOMMY (cont'd)

Maybe this is a conversation for another day.

IVAN

I hope so.

WAITRESS

Two lattes and an Americano?

The Waitress places three cups on the table. Ivan, Trish, and Tommy each pick up their cups and take a sip.

BURNING DOWN THE HOUSEEpisode Six: Kitty Kiernan

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM---DAY

Ivan is just inside the door, closes it. After a moment, he takes a very definite sniff.

IVAN

Mick?

No answer.

IVAN (cont'd)

Mick, are you here?

Still no answer.

IVAN (cont'd)

Mick, I know you're here!

Still nothing. Ivan takes a big sniff.

IVAN (cont'd)

Mick!

There is low MURMURING from across the hall. Ivan looks towards the door. He turns back, looks at the living room, goes to the desk and flips paperwork to be blank side up. He goes back to the door.

INT. CORRIDOR---DAY

Ivan opens his door, crosses the communal hallway, knocks on the opposite door, listens. There is a BUSTLE from within. A pause. The door opens. KITTY peers out, twenty-nine, wearing a frock with flapper frills like an Art Deco lamp, engagement ring on her finger, diamond solitaire, leather glove on the other hand.

Kitty looks Ivan over.

KITTY

Yes?

IVAN

Sorry to bother you, I live across the landing. Strange question, have you noticed a peculiar smell wafting around the building?

KITTY

A smell?

Kitty wrinkles her nose, reaches a lace hanky to her face.

KITTY (cont'd)

What sort of a smell, is it gas or  
. . . is it a pleasant or  
unpleasant smell?

IVAN

It's hard to say. I don't even  
know if it's really there. I might  
be sickening for something.

KITTY

Oh my God, is it another epidemic?

IVAN

No, no, nothing like that. Look,  
would you mind just . . . standing  
in my doorway and telling me if you  
can, you know . . .

KITTY

Stand in your doorway?

IVAN

Yes. I'll leave the door open, of  
course. Tell me if you smell  
anything.

Kitty wavers.

KITTY

Alright. Give me a moment. I just  
have to tell my fiancé where I'm  
going.

IVAN

Of course.

Kitty holds the door handle as she leans into the room and  
MUTTERS a few words. A male voice GRUNTS something in  
reply. Kitty crosses the hall.

KITTY

Alright

Ivan holds his door open.

IVAN

Come on in.

KITTY  
Nice flat. Lots of books.

IVAN  
Yes. I'm Ivan, by the way.

KITTY  
I'm Catherine.

IVAN  
Nice to meet you.

Ivan and Kitty give each other stiff smiles.

KITTY  
Well?

KITTY (cont'd)  
Ah yes.

Kitty takes a deep breath.

KITTY (cont'd)  
Nothing.

IVAN  
Nothing at all? Nothing musty, or earthy?

KITTY  
Earthy?

She looks alarmed.

KITTY (cont'd)  
You think the drains are backing up?

IVAN  
No, no. Just a bit weird. I may be imagining it.

KITTY  
Imagining it?

Kitty looks around the room.

KITTY (cont'd)  
What is it you do yourself?

IVAN  
This and that.

Kitty looks at Ivan's desk.

KITTY  
A lot of papers.

IVAN  
I'm writing a play at the moment.  
Rewriting a play.

Kitty seems amused.

KITTY  
I'd imagine you imagine a lot then.  
Maybe you imagined this smell.  
Imagining for a living must be  
better than a real job---or so I'd  
imagine.

Kitty is amused.

KITTY (cont'd)  
Is that true?

IVAN  
Yes. On a good day I'll have  
breakfast then start imagining  
about nine o'clock. I'll stop for  
an hour's lunch then start  
imagining again for a couple of  
hours till around three. On a very  
good day it's hard to stop  
imagining at all, it drives me  
nuts.

Kitty smiles again, a little coolly.

IVAN (cont'd)  
What is it you do yourself,  
Catherine?

KITTY  
Oh, I don't work. I had a private  
income.

IVAN  
Had? Did you lose it after the  
crash?

KITTY  
Oh no, we got through that. And  
the war too.

IVAN  
The war? What war?

Kitty looks at Ivan as if he is mad. Her nostrils twitch again.

KITTY  
I still can't smell it.

IVAN  
What war, Catherine?

KITTY  
The little one, the year before the War of Independence.

IVAN  
The Great War?

KITTY  
Might've been great to you but it was a big inconvenience to us. They tried to bring conscription to Ireland. It killed Redmond and his party.

IVAN  
You've an interesting dress sense, Catherine. What is that accent? Is it Leitrim?

KITTY  
Longford.

Ivan stares, blinks.

COLLINS  
Don't call her Catherine.

Ivan looks to the door. Collins is standing in the doorway, big muddy boots crossed, arm leaning against the frame.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
You can call her Kitty.

IVAN  
Ah.

Collins looks to Kitty for approval.

COLLINS  
Is that alright, my love?

KITTY

Yes. It's fine. I feel I know him now.

IVAN

Kitty Kiernan?

Ivan looks uncertainly from Kitty back to Mick.

IVAN (cont'd)

You mean you've found each other?

COLLINS

Not exactly. You know how it works. I live inside your head. In the main, it's a nice peaceable kingdom but you know me, I'm not called the Big Fella for nothing, I'm trying to negotiate an independent existence outside the boundaries of your five senses. Now don't get me wrong, I'm grateful for your hospitality and I know you're not responsible for history, even your own, but it was partition helped do for me on the outside world and I can't, won't, accept it on the inside one.

IVAN

So that's why you come and go so much?

COLLINS

Correct.

IVAN

What have you been doing lately?

COLLINS

Well I was missing Kitty awful badly

Collins gives Kitty a bashful look.

COLLINS (cont'd)

Then I had the idea that to reach her I'd need to wait till your memories and regrets could be used to trigger my own. The idea came to me that night you got the message from your own girl, what's her name?

IVAN  
Emily.

COLLINS  
That's it.

He smiles, rests his hands roguishly against his hips.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
So you see we're all in this  
blasted muddled up life and death  
thing together.

IVAN  
So you and Kitty are here, in this  
house?

COLLINS  
Yes. We're next door. We got an  
Airbnb.

IVAN  
Really? How is that even possible?

COLLINS  
Relax, we're still in your head.  
Only we live next door now. It's  
like the Treaty talks in 1921. We  
managed to extend ownership of the  
island that was, is and remains  
naturally ours but the Oath of  
Allegiance and partition ensure a  
deep and ongoing division.  
Likewise the place across the  
landing. We have a settee,  
television, refrigerator, immersion  
heater, bookcase and washing  
machine. Or as I call them, the  
six counties.

IVAN  
I see.

COLLINS  
So it is with your head. We share  
an uneasy peace, your head and I.

Kitty is gazing out the window.

KITTY  
My goodness, that's strange.

IVAN  
What is it?.

She points.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Oh, that's what we call Sainsbury's  
Local, it's a shop.

KITTY  
No, those things in the street,  
with the wheels.

IVAN  
Shopping trolleys.

KITTY  
How quaint. Back home we have  
bicycles.

Kitty points anew.

KITTY (cont'd)  
What's that? It looks strange and  
lovely and impressive.

IVAN  
It's the furnace chimney of the  
Gartnavel hospital. Can I get you  
a tea, or . . .

KITTY  
I'm fine, just enjoying looking out  
the window.

Ivan nods. Lowering his voice, Ivan turns toward Mick.

IVAN  
And Kitty? Are you and she, you  
know . . .

Collins looks wistfully in Kitty's direction.

COLLINS  
No.

IVAN  
Why not?

COLLINS  
She's put up a partition of her  
own. I sleep on the floor.

IVAN

How so? She was in pieces after you died. She went on a pilgrimage to Beal na Blath not long after your murder.

COLLINS

It's a helluva lot easier to worship a fella when he's dead than it is when he's alive. I know she's missed me, I know her sense of loss was unbearable, I'm aware of all that but when she sees me now after splashing the toilet seat or standing at the sink scissoring my nose hair it removes a good portion of my haunting mystery. That's when the old suspicions can be revisited.

IVAN

What suspicions? Lady Lavery?

COLLINS

Keep your voice down.

IVAN

Sorry.

COLLINS

The point is that she won't do it until we're married.

Kitty turns from the window.

KITTY

What are you two whispering about?  
Is it me?

COLLINS

Not at all, my love.

KITTY

How disappointing.

Kitty gives Collins a look. Collins lays a hand on Ivan's shoulder.

COLLINS

It's this poor fella, he has problems of the heart.

KITTY  
Oh dear. Another one.

Kitty stands before Ivan and stares at his face. Finally:

KITTY (cont'd)  
Is it commitment? I'm thinking  
he's a slippery one.

A slit of a smile plays around Collins's lips.

COLLINS  
Are you sure, Kit dear? Let me  
see, I'll take a look myself.

Collins bends his knees slightly so he and Ivan share eye  
level.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
Yes. I'd agree with your  
summation. It's a commitment thing  
alright, in everything. Politics.  
Romance. He's a man without  
conviction. Would you concur, my  
love?

KITTY  
I would.

IVAN  
The romantic stuff I'll give you.  
But you're being unfair over the  
political.

COLLINS  
You think politics is fair?

IVAN  
I met some people this morning who  
definitely don't think so.

COLLINS  
And what will you do about it?

IVAN  
You'll see.

Mick fixes Ivan with a scrutinising scowl.

COLLINS  
Maybe there's hope for you yet.

From her bag, Kitty takes her lace hanky. She wafts it at her nostrils, comments to Ivan

KITTY  
That smell, the one you mentioned.

IVAN  
Yes?

KITTY  
I have it now. Can you smell it too?

Ivan takes a deep, theatrical sniff. ‘

IVAN  
Yes. It's still there.

Kitty turns toward Collins.

KITTY  
Is it you, Michael?

Kitty fingers the coarse fabric of his uniform.

KITTY (cont'd)  
I must have grown so used to it in the other room that I didn't notice any more but here, in a new context  
. . .

She sniffs Mick up and down.

KITTY (cont'd)  
Yes. It's definitely you.

COLLINS  
(a bit lame)  
Me?

Kitty jabs him with a leather-gloved finger.

KITTY  
When is the last time you took a bath?

COLLINS  
Nineteen Twenty Two.

KITTY  
That would account for it.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT BEDROOM---DAY

Ivan is asleep. Collins is standing over him, holding a pan of water. Collins prods Ivan on the shoulder, then dumps the water over Ivans's head. Ivan flinches awake.

IVAN  
What is it, Mick, what's up?

COLLINS  
I'm making tea, do you want some?

IVAN  
Not if I have to wear it.

Ivan sits up and looks around.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Where's Kitty?

Collins doesn't answer.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Where's---

COLLINS  
Gone. Do you take sugar?

IVAN  
No. What do you mean gone?

COLLINS  
I'll tell you when you get your arse up and washed. Lying there scratching your bollocks and they accuse me of stinking the place out.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT KITCHEN---DAY.

Ivan has gotten to the table, digs a spoon into his Weetabix. Collins is pacing the room, clumpetty clump, up and down.

IVAN  
So?

COLLINS  
So what?

IVAN

You were going to tell me about Kitty.

COLLINS

We've had a falling out.

IVAN

Oh, I'm sorry. What about?

COLLINS

When you're angry it's best to avoid speaking the truth.

IVAN

Meaning?

COLLINS

In simple terms, we've been apart for a hundred years. I realise, we're not the same people we were when we wrote those letters to each other.

IVAN

Well, she married another man but she still loved you, that's how the world sees it.

COLLINS

It's not the world that has to live with her. Kitty's not easy.

IVAN

Unlike your legendarily relaxed and sanguine self?

COLLINS

I'll ignore that. Here's the thing. Back then, during the Treaty talks, I thought of her constantly.

IVAN

Only her?

COLLINS

You're vexing me now. Would you leave it with the Hazel Laverty stuff.

IVAN

Oh, it's Hazel now?

COLLINS

Look. Kitty was the great respite, the pulse of my heart, the reward that was waiting for me when the war was over. Except I never saw the war over, did I?

IVAN

Well, here's a quick catch up. Liam Lynch was still leader of the IRA when he was killed at---

COLLINS

I fucken know that now, don't I? I don't need some half assed Scotchman who's studied at the University of Wikipedia trying to tell me the history of my own country.

IVAN

A fair point.

Ivan crunches on something, looks startled. Collins doesn't notice.

COLLINS

Here's the thing.

Collins sits down, clattering his chair noisily under the table. Ivan watches as Collins removes his officer's cap. Successive rims of sweat have stained the headband dark. Collins smooths his hair, leans on his elbows and rests his chin on the shelf of his hand.

COLLINS (cont'd)

This next is a point that might interest you.

IVAN

Go on.

Ivan maneuvers something around in his mouth, then slips it onto a fingertip. It's prune pit. He looks relieved.

COLLINS

I realise with women there is a constant tension of opposites. That the attraction of one lies in direct proportion to the difficulties arising from another. Which is why, at the time of the  
(MORE)

COLLINS (cont'd)  
Treaty talks, my heart ached for  
Kitty.

IVAN  
And Lady Lavery.

Collins sighs. He rises without speaking, his great  
overweight bulk looming over Ivan. Collins reaches into his  
holster, removes his pistol and presses the barrel firmly  
against Ivan's forehead. Ivan raises his hands.

IVAN (cont'd)  
I seem to have offended you in some  
way, Sherriff.

COLLINS  
You always take a step too fucken  
far—but in an odd way that's what I  
like about you.

IVAN  
May I ask you a question, for  
research purposes?

COLLINS  
What?

IVAN  
Your gun, what make is it?

COLLINS  
It's a Colt.

Collins places the pistol carefully back into the holster.  
That done, Collins leans once again toward Ivan, and then  
suddenly bites Ivan's ear. Ivan screams, pitching forward.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
You had that coming.

Collins speaks calmly.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
Here's the thing, Ivan. Last  
night, after we left you, I talked  
with Kitty. We laughed, chatted,  
drank some wine, and yes, we made  
love. Finally. Thrillingly.  
Wonderfully. I am glad we did,  
naturally, there had been so much  
longing and torment leading up to  
that moment. I thank God for it  
and for your delusions that made it  
(MORE)

COLLINS (cont'd)  
 possible. Now here is the point of my observation, which is strictly personal but is applicable as a general principle---a man is never satisfied by a woman, no matter the love he may feel for her. Within moments of our lovemaking as Kitty and I lay in each other's arms, the old restlessness had asserted itself. The call of the wider world, Ivan, the one outside my door and the wrongs in my country that need righted and the things that need built to secure her place in the world.

IVAN  
 What is Kitty's place in your world?

COLLINS  
 A hundred years ago we were 'going out.' Now we've turned modern, it appears we're 'having a relationship.' Yes, you do detect a note of sarcasm.

IVAN  
 Define 'relationship'.

COLLINS  
 I gather it's a rigorous examination of the emotions that one is expected to sit every day.

IVAN  
 Ah, yes. It's a standard requirement with modern women.

Kitty calls from across the hall.

KITTY  
 (O.S.)  
 Michael, stop ignoring me.

COLLINS  
 A moment my love.

Collins lowers his voice.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
 I tried her out with a bag of boiled sweets and a peck on the  
 (MORE)

COLLINS (cont'd)  
cheek, but apparently that falls short of both enchantment and the emptying of the emotional bowels in equal measure.

IVAN  
Be careful, Mick.

KITTY  
(O.S.)  
Michael!

Mick speaks urgently.

COLLINS  
There's too much madness in us, Ivan, to sit by the fire, gently dozing the years away, we crave action. And that's my message to you. Don't settle for happiness, it's over-rated.

IVAN  
Perhaps you're adjusting to each other. Can you cite some examples of dissatisfaction?

COLLINS  
Well, since she learned how to access the Catch Up channels, all she wants to do is watch that box in the corner.

IVAN  
Have you tried taking the remote control from her?

COLLINS  
It would be easier taking the brandy bottle from Churchill.

IVAN  
Hmm.

Ivan stares into space. Collins glares at him.

COLLINS  
Stop that. I know what you're thinking.

IVAN  
What about it?

COLLINS

Don't flatter yourself. We've been lost and found a thousand times. Every time some blinkered obsessive downloads my name from a database there's a chance I'll become a cyber fucken hostage all over again.

Ivan nods.

IVAN

You use the word hostage, Mick. What would it take to free you?

Collins looks at Ivan, eyes popping with incredulity.

COLLINS

Your fucken cure, what else?

The outside door SLAMS.

COLLINS (cont'd)

Kitty?

Mick leaps up, toppling his chair; CLUMPS out onto the landing. There are FOOTSTEPS on the stairs. After a moment, Ivan gets up, follows.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM---DAY

The door is open, Ivan stops short of going out. From outside, there are heartfelt, urgent MURMURINGS.

Ivan's phone pings. Ivan looks at his phone. It shows a Twitter pic of Ally wearing a T-shirt and giving a double-thumbs up. The T-shirt boasts

'I'm with the Big Fella.

Behind Ally can be seen Cork's Everyman theatre on MacCurtain Street

Guess where I am?'

Reads the first part of the message.

The message gushes on, a torrent of self-praise:

(MORE)

'Programme Six in the can! Next  
stop the editing suite! Wow factor  
times 100!

Ivan stares at the phone.

Ivan is seated at the desk. He is staring at the screen,  
leaning back in the chair. The door is closed. Ivan's  
phone RINGS. Ivan looks at it, answers.

IVAN  
Yes?

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
Is that, uh, Ivan?

IVAN  
Yes.

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
It's Tommy . . . from Trish and  
Tommy, you know?

IVAN  
Hi Tommy.

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
Listen, do you fancy a coffee? If  
it's not convenient then . . .

IVAN  
It's convenient.

INT. CAFE TWA---DAY

The cafe is packed. Ivan walks in. Tommy waves to Ivan  
from a table near the back. Once again he's wearing his  
Bobby Sands T shirt.

Trish is sitting with him. Ivan goes over to the table.  
Trish grabs for her bag.

TRISH  
I was just about to go,' she says,  
awkwardly, reaching for her bag,  
'if you two want to blether.

IVAN  
You're alright. Sit where you are.

Ivan is sitting at the table as the Waitress put a cup in front of him.

TRISH  
I owe you an apology

IVAN  
Oh? How come?

TRISH  
I let the cat out of the bag about your mental condition.

IVAN  
My mental condition?

TRISH  
The knock on the head, remember?

IVAN  
What knock on the head? Did I have a knock on the head?'

Ivan watches Trish and Tommy look at each other.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Relax.

They relax.

IVAN (cont'd)  
I don't mind in the least.

Ivan gives a cavalier shrug.

TRISH  
That's good.

She takes a sip of coffee.

TRISH (cont'd)  
And Emily.

IVAN  
What about her?

TRISH  
Tommy knows that was a difficult situation.

IVAN  
It's still a difficult situation.  
When there's a monkey on your back,  
(MORE)

IVAN (cont'd)  
you just have to carry it. Hope  
that one day it finds another back  
to dig its claws into.

TOMMY  
Do monkeys have claws?

TRISH  
I think moneys have nails.

IVAN  
Let's Google it.

Ivan pulls out his phone, taps on it. Trish and Tommy sit nibbling their ginger biscuits.

Ivan gets a result.

IVAN (cont'd)  
We have a winner. Primates, like  
apes and monkeys, have evolved to  
have nails on their fingers and  
toes.

Tommy looks at Trish.

TOMMY  
Well, sleep peaceably tonight.

IVAN  
Gibbons, bonobos, chimpanzees,  
gorillas, orangutans---all these  
primates, including us, evolved  
from a common ancestor that had  
claws.

Tommy leans in.

TOMMY  
We were sort of wondering---

IVAN  
If you want to know about Bonobos,  
you're on your own.

TOMMY  
I don't much care about Bonobos.

TRISH  
How did we get into this?

IVAN  
Claws.

TRISH  
And Michael Collins.

IVAN  
What about him?

TRISH  
I'll come totally clean. I told  
Tommy about your . . . interest in  
Collins.

Ivan shakes his head.

IVAN  
It's a harmless obsession. My  
child psychologist tells me I'll  
grow out of it when I'm older.

TOMMY  
He did, uh, that's a pity.

IVAN  
Really? Why?

TOMMY  
Put it this way. You're  
Protestant, right? You grew up  
thinking in a certain way.

IVAN  
Correct.

TOMMY  
But somewhere along the line you  
challenged your own prejudices.

IVAN  
Beliefs aren't necessarily  
prejudices.

TOMMY  
You still hold the same beliefs?

IVAN  
Let's say I expanded the scope of  
my understanding.

TOMMY  
(to Trish)  
More coffee, hon?

TRISH  
No thanks.

Tommy leans forward on his elbows.

TOMMY

Must've been odd growing up here in Govan back then. Not an ethnic face in sight, just a tangle of pasty skinned Catholics and Proddies.

Ivan toys with his cup.

IVAN

Back then we were world leaders in self-mutilation. Religion's always been a handy tool for keeping people who live in the same slum at each other's throats.

TOMMY

Soaks through us like a stain that can't be shifted, right?

IVAN

That's what its officials would like us to think. The law of the land says you're innocent till proved guilty. Religion says you're guilty till God, or more specifically his gatekeepers down here, tell us otherwise.

TRISH

Or her gatekeepers,' says Trish.

IVAN

Gender is irrelevant.

TRISH

Then why use the masculine as a default setting?

IVAN

If I'd used the feminine as the default it would still be irrelevant.

TRISH

But you didn't.

Trish leans forward. There are now many elbows on the table.

TRISH (cont'd)

The difference between being a Catholic woman in a poor area like this, and a Protestant one, wasn't imagined. It was harder for Catholic men to get jobs and even when they did they would be paid less.

Trish is jabbing the table for emphasis. Tommy is nodding sympathetically.

TOMMY

You're talking about the past. Can we move on to the present?

Ivan smiles.

IVAN

Says the man in the Bobby Sands T shirt.

TOMMY

Bobby in his time was a necessary part of the struggle. Somebody we should never forget. The Belfast Agreement was the next stage. Now we're looking at the coup de grace.

IVAN

United Ireland?

TOMMY

Of course.

IVAN

That's great. Could I remind you that you were born in Scotland.

TOMMY

Says the man obsessed with Michael Collins.

Ivan, Trish, and Tommy have a little mutual chuckle.

TOMMY (cont'd)

We need a change. We need to move away from our obsession with identity politics.

IVAN

I totally agree. You know who loves identity politics? Alt-right  
(MORE)

IVAN (cont'd)  
agitators. They love it because that's how liberals always end up arguing among themselves.

TRISH  
We have protests now. People are active.

IVAN  
Yes, over personal issues. Easily contained.

TRISH  
But necessary. In the end, all we have is ourselves.

Ivan, Trish, and Tommy stop talking while the Waitress clears the table.

WAITRESS  
Anything else I can get you?' she asks.

IVAN  
My usual please.

Ivan turns to Trish.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Look Trish. I haven't lunched with any fascists even though I'm one of the privileged elite who was brought up in a glittering Protestant slum two blocks away from your downtrodden Catholic one but my guess is Fascists love social media. Nice liberals like us register dissent in likes and angry face emojis, it's utterly pointless but it gives us all something nice to do in the evenings.

TRISH  
You on Instagram and Twitter?

IVAN  
Yes.

TRISH  
No further questions.

Tommy smiles, speaks softly.

TOMMY  
So . . . would you agree that when  
peaceful protest fails there's only  
one thing left to do?

Ivan looks very intrigued, looks at Tommy.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
Come and meet Vern.

IVAN  
I've met him.

TOMMY  
Meet him properly.

Ivan gives him a look.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
You'll like him. Relax, he doesn't  
bite.

The Waitress is back. Ivan looks up.

WAITRESS  
Your veggie cake. Enjoy.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM---DAY

Ivan is seated at his desk, back to the computer, staring  
thataway. Collins is using an old carpet sweeper to clean  
the carpet.

COLLINS  
Lift your feet.

Ivan obeys.

You cured yet?

IVAN  
Of what?

COLLINS  
Me.

Ivan puts his feet back down as Collins continues on.

IVAN  
Mick?

COLLINS  
Yes?

IVAN

A question. What are your thoughts on the current Ulster situation?

COLLINS

The same as they were in 1922. Ireland must be re-united. The question is very simple. The answer is damnably difficult. Though not as difficult now as it was then.

IVAN

How so?

COLLINS

May I bore you for a moment?

IVAN

Your time starts now.

COLLINS

In 1922 I signed an agreement with Craig, then Prime Minister of Northern Ireland.

IVAN

Moment's up, you can stop.

COLLINS

Be quiet. The agreement pledged peace and co-operation between Catholics and Protestants. The day after it was signed a Policeman was shot dead in Belfast and reprisals began from their colleagues. They shot Catholics in their beds. I'm not doing the dishes by the way, you're doing the dishes.

IVAN

I did them last night.

COLLINS

I'm doing the sweeping which involves double the labour. Your rugs are a disgrace to humanity.

IVAN

A few crumbs.

COLLINS

Trodden down crumbs, recalcitrant  
crumbs!

Collins shakes the sweeper for emphasis.

IVAN

Sure, isn't each one of us not a  
trodden down crumb on the carpet of  
life, Mick?

COLLINS

You're really pushing your luck.

IVAN

So what you're saying is peace  
needs to percolate upwards, from  
the people, when the moment is  
right?

COLLINS

The people need to be weary of  
killing. Sickened with it. They  
have to go beyond pain and tears.  
Let me tell you, I protested to  
Churchill. Told him if the  
agreement wasn't honoured then the  
Peace Treaty itself had been  
violated and partition was null and  
void. His reply was to grease down  
his gunboats ready for action. My  
own reaction was to supply money  
and guns to the North. Trust  
having been utterly corroded,  
subterfuge was inevitable. Why do  
you ask?

IVAN

I'm meeting a fella about a fella.

COLLINS

You're being cryptic.

IVAN

I can't tell you any more.

COLLINS

Listen to yourself, the Scarlet  
fucken Pimpernel. Don't be getting  
yourself involved with these  
fellas. They'll gobble up  
nincompoops like you.

IVAN

I think you underestimate me.

COLLINS

They're northern boys. You'll be another useful fucken idiot.

IVAN

You said things aren't as hard in the North now as they were in your day.

COLLINS

Not as hard but no less dangerous. History is like a garden, it has to be kept constantly tended or it soon grows over. The Belfast Agreement is in danger of growing over. You have a Westminster government of spivs, blind to anything but its own advancement. Look at me, born of the people, Commander of the Free State Army. Can you imagine any one of them over-promoted bookie's runners sweeping your carpet let alone trimming your privet?

IVAN

Would you apply the same logic to Scotland?

COLLINS

For a lovely moment I forgot I was in Scotland. Teach yourselves some elementary book-keeping then we'll talk. By the way, this came for you, by courier.

Collins hands Ivan an envelope. Ivan's name is hand written on the front.

COLLINS (cont'd)

Who's it from?

IVAN

Dear Ivan, Hope you are well. Please tell Mick I still have the mad hots for him, even though he won't trust me with the remote control. Yours, Kitty Kiernan.

Ivan opens the envelope.

COLLINS

If only. So what is it?

Ivan fishes out and holds up two tickets.

IVAN

These are for an audience screening of a travelogue show about Ireland. The producer, Ally, has invited me to come.

COLLINS

Ally? That slithering, passive aggressive viper?

IVAN

Passive aggressive?

COLLINS

I learned that expression from daytime television. I apply it, with hindsight, to Dev, who was its living embodiment. Will you go?

Ivan tears up the tickets, wordlessly, as Collins watches.

COLLINS (cont'd)

I was hoping that letter might have been Kitty related.

IVAN

I was hoping it might be Emily related.

COLLINS

Looks like we're both fucked.

IVAN

Yes.

COLLINS

But not for long.

Collins bursts into SONG, a gusto filled rendition of 'A Nation Once Again.' The rhythm of the sweeper serves to beat his stirring tempo.

COLLINS (cont'd)

(singing)

And Ireland long a province be, a nation once agaaaain.

INT. VERN'S LIVING ROOM---NIGHT

Vern shows Tommy and Ivan into the living room. Ivan and Tommy sit on a long slither of a leather couch.

IVAN

Nice place.

Ivan looks up to see Jesus hovering above the Victorian mahogany mantelpiece, his arms outstretched in consolation against a missive for a motoring fine that is open and propped under a small brass candlestick. Vern follows Ivan's gaze.

VERN

The old bus lane con. I'm  
contesting it.

Vern places coffee mugs on plastic coasters for Tommy and Ivan, then eases himself into a sprawling armchair. His wife BRENDA bustles in opening a packet of Bourbon biscuits. Brenda looks like a young Mary Barbour, that's if you can conjure Mary in Ugg slippers and butt crushing Lycra pants.

BRENDA

Did he not offer you boys a  
biscuit, what's he like, eh?

Vern sits stony faced as Brenda joshes around, puckering his cheek in an attempt to present him as an exasperating but loveable standard issue dozy husband.

BRENDA (cont'd)

Look at him, sitting there like a  
long streak of bacon grease. What  
are you?

VERN

A long streak of bacon grease.  
Fuck off, Brenda.

Brenda pinches his cheek again, frisking it this time to make a squelching sound. Vern remains stoic. Brenda beams at Ivan and Tommy.

BRENDA

Round about now he's thinking, Ah,  
the curse of the second marriage.  
Isn't that right, Vern?

VERN

Say that again. I married a  
Scottish woman because I thought  
(MORE)

VERN (cont'd)  
you'd be less hard fucken work than  
my ex.

BRENDA  
Better luck next time.

VERN  
There won't be a next time. I  
can't afford it.

BRENDA  
Believe it.

Brenda passes round the bourbons.

BRENDA (cont'd)  
Going upstairs for my workout.  
Leave you boys to it.

There is a cold draught now where Vern sits.

VERN  
Brenda has a home gym. You'll hear  
her thumping away in a minute.

Her cabaret performance over, Brenda slams the door behind  
her.

VERN (cont'd)  
Attention seeking bitch

Vern turns turns to Ivan.

VERN (cont'd)  
Tommy tells me you're writing a  
play.

Vern offers Ivan another biscuit.

IVAN  
Yes, about the last day of Michael  
Collins.

VERN  
That should be easy. Considering  
you share a flat with him.

Ivan smiles.

IVAN  
Word gets around.

Ivan aim a glance at Tommy. Tommy doesn't react.

IVAN (cont'd)  
A lot of people think I'm nuts. Do  
you think I'm nuts?

Vern raises an eyebrow.

VERN  
See that?

Vern jerks a thumb toward the mantelpiece.

VERN (cont'd)  
I share a house with Jesus so I'd  
say we're breasting the self-  
delusion tape together.

IVAN  
Good to know. Anything else you're  
deluded about?

Vern fixes Ivan with a hard-core, steely look. It's a familiar look, the kind showy theatrical agents affect when they want to persuade a potential client of what corporate assassins they are in contract talks.

VERN  
I have the same political objective  
today that I had as a boy of seven  
delivering milk. A United Ireland.

Vern pauses for effect.

IVAN  
You're in Scotland.

VERN  
Exactly. And since I'm living here  
now, and I'm married to the walking  
oxymoron known as a cheerful Scot,  
I adapt my ambitions to the  
changing political situation.

Vern takes a bite at a bourbon and little crumb boulders run down his chest.

IVAN  
And what can I do to help?

VERN  
You're a Scottish Protestant,  
right?

IVAN

Yes.

VERN

One with Republican leanings and Irish sympathies?

IVAN

Correct.

VERN

Good. An opportunist, just like myself. The country will be independent soon. What do you make of that?

IVAN

It's what the country voted for. It's up to all of us to make it work.

VERN

How would you define making it work?

IVAN

Making it better than it was before.

VERN

It was bad before?

IVAN

It's bad now. Bad isn't going away anytime soon.

VERN

Too much division?

IVAN

Not enough action.

VERN

Define action,' says Vern.

IVAN

Anything that doesn't involve sitting on your arse posting Tweets or Facebook updates complaining about how bad things are and doing nothing about it.

Tommy nods.

VERN

The vote was won, now the fight is on. There'll be resistance. There is resistance. What's happening here now is happening everywhere. This is global.

Ivan nods.

VERN (cont'd)

This goes way beyond Union Patriots and so called Patriots waving the Butcher's apron. A brand new template is about to be forged for this country. Large prizes lie ahead. We need to win hearts and minds.

IVAN

And wallets?

VERN

And wallets.

Vern fixes us with the unflinching, idealistic look of a man who's just seen the insurance premiums triple on his commercial premises.

VERN (cont'd)

I have a lot of business interests. Boru's is just one of them. I keep it because that's where I feel most at home. I'm in a fortunate position. A lot of people owe me.

IVAN

Money?

VERN

Favours.

TOMMY

The race is on. People are in it and don't even know there's a race. We need to position ourselves. That's where you come in.

It's Vern's turn to nod.

Ivan lean forward, looking at Tommy.

IVAN

When you say 'we'?

TOMMY

We're done with stoic defiance.  
Standing in a huddle singing about  
Trevelyan's corn just doesn't cut  
it, isn't that right, Vern?

VERN

We need to reach out, broaden the  
argument. Every so often history  
takes a forward lurch. You're  
local, you've a bit of profile, a  
bit dented but dust it off and  
it'll still scrub up.

IVAN

Backhanded flattery. My favourite  
kind.

VERN

We need you to make speeches.  
There's a meeting at the Hall in a  
couple of days. Write. Speak.  
Become a Spokesman for the  
enlightened integration of all  
creeds and colours. Scots are  
naturally all embracing and  
inclusive. It's just each other  
you hate, you've said it yourself.

TOMMY

They've voted for Indy. They need  
to be conditioned for the next  
step.

IVAN

Conditioned?

Tommy is smiling at Ivan.

TOMMY

If you can pull this off you'll be  
the Robert Emmet of Govan Cross.

IVAN

Can I remind you what happened to  
Emmett?

VERN

Hearts and minds. If I can  
encourage the bears to come into  
the bar, maybe they'll stop  
torching it. If Milan and Inter  
(MORE)

VERN (cont'd)  
can share a stadium, these guys can  
share a country.

IVAN  
That's what my play is about.  
Integration.

VERN  
There's no finer cause.

IVAN  
Collins wanted integration.

VERN  
Collins was a treacherous snake.  
Let it lie or you and I will end up  
fighting.

TOMMY  
Vern's a Dev man.

VERN  
I'm a Dev man. You'll have guessed  
by the name of my house.

IVAN  
Yes, Bellevue.

VERN  
Dev drafted the Irish constitution  
in that very house, in Blackrock.

Ivan takes a nibble at his biscuit.

IVAN  
Is that how you'll position  
yourself, as the new Dev?

VERN  
Got it in one.

TOMMY  
We have to act now before things  
settle down. We don't want any  
same shite, different toilet  
routine. We have to be seen to be  
attempting a dialogue.

IVAN  
Why?

TOMMY

Because then, when it all goes wrong we'll be the good guys, everyone will see that we we're the progressives and the Unionists were still digging in their heels.

VERN

Like they always have done.

Tommy nods.

TOMMY

Like they always have done.

IVAN

What if they don't?

TOMMY

They will.

IVAN

Run with me. What if they don't? What if they open up and say, yes, okay we're ready to talk?

Tommy grins.

TOMMY

Well that'll fuck up everything

The ceiling RATTLES in a cacophonous struggle to remain intact. Someone upstairs is apparently SAWING a giant redwood.

VERN

Brenda. On her treadmill.

IVAN

I take it we're talking physical force here, rather than---

Vern doesn't let Ivan finish. He's shouting at the ceiling.

VERN

For fuck's sake, Brenda! Give it a rest!

The noise stops. A moment later, we hear Brenda CLUMP down the stairs. We know she's going to fling the door open. When she does, her hair is bushed into an overtight Alice band. Her eyes are on her forehead, her face thrombosis

red. She thrusts her face into Vern's, yells at him through clenched teeth.

BRENDA  
Do you want to fuck a fit bitch or would you rather hump a big fat hoor like your ex, make up your fucken mind.

Vern is silent.

BRENDA (cont'd)  
I thought so.

She slams the door behind her.

Ivan, Tommy, and Vern look at each other. More CLUMPING on the stairs. The ceiling CREAKS and GROANS anew.

VERN  
More tea, lads?

EXT. COPELAND ROAD---NIGHT

The street lamps twinkle, a faint smir mottles Ivan's specs. Tommy waits while Ivan gives them a wipe.

IVAN  
You driving?

TOMMY  
No. You?

Ivan shakes his head.

IVAN  
Shall we take a bus, or walk?

TOMMY  
Let's walk.

Ivan and Tommy head down the street.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
I like these political meetings. They take my mind off things.

IVAN  
What things?

TOMMY

Have a guess.

IVAN

Trish, right?

Tommy nods.

IVAN (cont'd)

What's going on there?. Is it a grab a granny thing or what?'

TOMMY

This isn't about age. I'm attracted to a woman or I'm not. I don't ask to see their birth certificate, it's not important.

IVAN

Not important to you. Maybe it is to Trish.

TOMMY

There's no maybe about it. We share a bed but not much else. She won't let me in. The more she shuts me out the more I try to break the door down.

IVAN

I take it we're talking emotional doors, otherwise you're looking at a restraining order.

TOMMY

She's the one doing the restraining, I open up, lay myself bare.

IVAN

What does Trish do?

TOMMY

She listens.

IVAN

What a bitch. It's a killer when they do that. Makes you feel like a confused mental patient on Tramadol, not a hairy arsed manly lover.

TOMMY  
Does she ever talk to you about me?

IVAN  
Yes.

TOMMY  
What does she say?

IVAN  
She says don't talk to Tommy about me.

TOMMY  
Okay, hint taken. Let's talk about tonight. Are you interested?

IVAN  
Should I be?

TOMMY  
You wanted in, you're in. Unless you tell me you want out.

Ivan and Tommy walk on further, in silence. Ibrox Underground station is a bit ahead of them.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
You haven't said you want out.

IVAN  
That's because I'm in.

Ivan and Tommy are by Ibrox Underground station.

TOMMY  
Good. Okay, last question. What do you think I should do?

IVAN  
About Trish?

TOMMY  
Yes.

IVAN  
Don't chase her. Don't buy her flowers.

TOMMY  
No flowers? Women love flowers.

IVAN

They're a bunch of bleeding hearts wrapped in cellophane. You might as well buy her coffin nails. Because she's going to nail you down with them. If she wants you, she'll come to you.

TOMMY

What if she doesn't?

IVAN

Emigrate.

Tommy looks unhappy and raw. A rumble under Ivan and Tommy's feet.

IVAN (cont'd)

My train.

Ivan makes a jog for the barrier.

TOMMY

So I can tell Vern you're in?

IVAN

Yes. Tell him he'll make a fine President of Scotland. But Brenda would make a better one.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM---NIGHT

Ivan is sitting in a chair, away from the desk.. Collins is walking in circles around him.

COLLINS

Vern is too old.

IVAN

That's what I was thinking.

COLLINS

Look at the age of him, he's yesterday's man.

IVAN

Exactly.

COLLINS

His nerves are shot. His belly is stuffed with old glories and now he's looking for peace in his old  
(MORE)

COLLINS (cont'd)  
 age so he can retire and play golf  
 at Troon with the rest of the  
 exiled sons and daughters of  
 Northern Irish mayhem. You agree?

IVAN  
 Yes.

COLLINS  
 He wants to kick change into the  
 long grass of community chats and  
 blood sucking committee meetings.  
 He's in it strictly to feather his  
 own nest. Still agree?

IVAN  
 Absolutely, Mick.

COLLINS  
 Then you're an even bigger arse  
 than I thought you were.

Ivan's knuckles turn white as he grips the arms of the  
 chair. Collins turns and leans over into Ivan.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
 That's what he fucken wants you to  
 think. He'll use you as a local  
 Trojan horse. Harness the culture  
 to deliver the politics. Straight  
 out of the IRB playbook, like we  
 did with McNeill.

IVAN  
 It's a bit of a leap from the GPO  
 in 1916 to a community hall in  
 Govan.

COLLINS  
 Fires start in the oddest of  
 places. If the tinder is dry you  
 can start a helluva conflagration.

IVAN  
 How do I know if the tinder is dry?

COLLINS  
 Ask Vern, his place keeps being  
 torched, he seems to think so.

IVAN  
 What can I do to counter him?

COLLINS

Why would you want to counter him?  
All you have to be is aware of what  
he and the other fella---

IVAN

Tommy.

COLLINS

Tommy are doing. You've struck a  
match in the cellar and now you can  
see the moves they make.

IVAN

How does that help?

COLLINS

Because they're the same moves you  
want to make. Only be assured  
there'll be a tickly bit at the end  
when they bump you because you're  
no longer useful.

IVAN

You seem to know more about what I  
want than I do myself.

COLLINS

Listen to me, Ivan. You're tired  
of seeing your country treated as  
England's back garden. You have  
independence but you can see it  
ending up just as Venture  
Capitalism in kilts, right?

IVAN

Right.

COLLINS

And you've seen the limits of the  
written word with your poxy little  
plays, agreed.

IVAN

Yes.

COLLINS

Well now it's time for action. The  
propaganda of the deed.

IVAN

Words are easy. Deeds are  
dangerous.

COLLINS

Dangerous. Yes. That's the point of them.

Ivan and Collins look at each other. He picks up Ivan's laptop, wrenching out the cables en route, drops the machine into Ivan's, appropriately enough, lap.

COLLINS (cont'd)

If you don't like the danger, there's your doodling book. Stick to posting memes about Punk Rock and Thatcher back in the good old days.

IVAN

You have a low opinion of me.

COLLINS

You have big ideas but a low opinion of yourself. Your confidence is shot to hell.

IVAN

Look who's talking. You've cried yourself to sleep every night since Kitty left.

COLLINS

I cry all the time, I don't think it unmanly.

IVAN

Have you heard from her?

Collins shakes his head.

COLLINS

She's probably back home in Granard haunting Mansfield's cake shop just to taunt me.

Ivan rises.

IVAN

Sit down, Mick.'

Collins nods, sits. His shoulders slump.

IVAN (cont'd)

Can I make a suggestion?

COLLINS

Shoot.

IVAN

Write to her.

COLLINS

Write? To Kitty you mean?

IVAN

Yes. Just like the old days. When you were in London. Remember how you couldn't wait to see her?

COLLINS

If you say one word about Hazel Lavery I'll thump you.

IVAN

You and Kitty were apart for a long time. It was natural you'd have to get to know each other all over again.

COLLINS

If I ever really knew her before.

IVAN

Or yourself.

COLLINS

Or myself.

Collins considers for a moment.

COLLINS (cont'd)

What would I write in this letter?

IVAN

You might say you're sorry for what happened. That you'd like to talk, to understand each other's needs better and that you won't throw the television set out the window like you threatened to do before.

COLLINS

Anything else?

VAN

Tell her you're ready to begin a courtship.

COLLINS

A courtship? It's a bit late for that. Her petticoats were hanging from the headboard last time I saw her.

IVAN

I wouldn't make that your opening line.

COLLINS

I'm miserable without her. Writing though, I don't know.

IVAN

Whatever. No flowers though.

COLLINS

I wouldn't be seen dead with flowers.

IVAN

Good, that's what I hoped you'd say.

Collins mulls. Eventually he looks at Ivan.

COLLINS

Alright. Thank you.

Ivan puts his arm on his shoulder. Ivan's phone makes its message noise. It's a text. Ivan picks up the phone and looks at it.

ALLY

(text)

Hope you're coming tonight to the audience showing. Guess what, I've invited Emily! Good luck! See you there.

Ivan looks startled, looks around the room suddenly, heads out the door.

INT. SCOTTISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION AUDITORIUM---NIGHT

Ivan is rather damp from rain as he takes a seat at the back of the auditorium. The WARMUP man is finishing.

WARMUP

Lastly, I have to point out the fire exits. In the event of any  
(MORE)

WARMUP (cont'd)  
trouble just follow me because I'll  
be first out the door. Ha ha.

Ivan scans the darkened rows before him. The dimmed lights  
fade to black. The big screen lights up. A dinky-do penny  
whistle folk TUNE plays.

MONIQUE  
(broadcast  
soundtrack)  
Ireland. A land of beauty. A land  
of welcoming laughter and of  
stirring song . . .

Ivan raises an eyebrow.

MONIQUE (cont'd)  
(broadcast  
soundtrack)  
Above all, a land of perplexing  
contradictions. Ireland . . .  
A beautiful enigma.

CUE 'Women of Ireland' by the Chieftains.

Monique steps into shot. She's wearing dark glasses and  
towering over the camera, all five feet of her.

Ivan raises both eyebrows.

MONIQUE (cont'd)  
(broadcast  
soundtrack)  
I've always been fascinated by the  
Emerald isle . . .

Monique removes her shades. She is wooden, but not so  
wooden that you could use her as a caber at the Highland  
Games. She does very carefully read from the script that is  
clearly being held up by the script prompter standing next  
to the cameraperson.

MONIQUE (cont'd)  
(broadcast  
soundtrack)  
In this series we'll explore the  
mysteries of this endlessly  
fascinating land and its  
unforgettable, irrepressible people  
. . .

INT. SCOTTISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION FOYER---NIGHT

The CHATTERING crowd is echoing through the foyer. Ivan finally comes out of the auditorium, looking about.

ALLY

Ivan!

Ivan turns as Ally congeals out of the crowd.

ALLY (cont'd)

How much are you enjoying the series? How great is it? Fabulous feedback. I was just talking to---

IVAN

Where's Emily?

ALLY

Emily? Isn't she here? I'm sure she's here.

IVAN

Have you seen her?

ALLY

No.

IVAN

Then how can you be sure?

Ally's writhing eyes catch a glimpse of someone over Ivan's shoulder. Ally reaches out, squeezes Ivan's arm and laughs like Ivan's delivered a killer punch line instead of having just asked a simple question.

ALLY

Ged. Simon. Look who's here.

Simon and Ged appear from behind Ivan. Simon looks baffled.

GED

Hi Ivan.

Simon takes his cue.

SIMON

Ivan, thanks for coming.

He says this as though he means it.

SIMON (cont'd)

Must be difficult for you.

Ivan blinks for a moment, looks at Ally.

IVAN  
I try not to think about it.

ALLY  
(laughs)  
That dry humour.

Ally squeezes Ivan's arm again.

ALLY (cont'd)  
We go back a long way. He signed  
the waiver saying he was happy for  
us to go ahead.

Ivan is puzzled. He turns to Simon and Ged.

IVAN  
What waver? I didn't sign any  
waiver.

GED  
We asked for a waiver.

Simon turns to me.

SIMON  
But you're okay with it?. Are you  
okay with it?

He looks only mildly concerned. Ivan glances at Ally.  
Ally's upper lip has stuck to his gum. Ivan lets him sweat.  
After rather a while:

IVAN  
Yes, I'm fine with it.

Ally beams like nothing has just happened. Ally rubs his  
hands.

ALLY  
Time for the second half

SIMON  
I still think this is a marathon.  
Three screenings over two nights  
would have sat better than one  
night of six.

Ally makes a sweeping gesture towards the rest of the foyer,

ALLY  
We've provided an array of snacks  
and refreshments.

Ivan has another very dubious look in the direction of the wave.

SIMON  
(to Ged)  
Let's go in.

Simon and Ged head off. As Ally attempts to follow, Ivan grabs him by the sleeve.

IVAN  
You messaged Emily, right?

ALLY  
I told you I did.

IVAN  
Don't be a weasel. That's not what I asked you.

ALLY  
I find that offensive.

IVAN  
Did you message her or didn't you?

ALLY  
I meant to. I forgot. It's my turn to say sorry. We should forgive each other and move on.

IVAN  
How could you 'mean to'? Do you have her number?

ALLY  
No.

IVAN  
How could you message her?

ALLY  
I thought I'd track the number down, it would have been a surprise. I didn't. I'm really busy. You've no idea. The series. The edit, phew. Moving on.

IVAN  
You're lying, aren't you?

ALLY  
This series means a great deal to me.

IVAN  
You're lying aren't you?

ALLY  
More or less.

A buzzer sounds the end of the interval.

ALLY (cont'd)  
I have to go. Thanks for coming.

IVAN  
You got me here so you could demonstrate to Simon that I wasn't going to make waves in public, right?

ALLY  
As a producer I have to be prudent. Ivan, you know how it works.

Ivan looks at him.

ALLY (cont'd)  
I really have to go.

Ivan finally releases Ally's sleeve. Ally starts toward the studio door, a spring in his step.

IVAN  
Hey.

Ally turns.

IVAN (cont'd)  
I need to update my gossip status on Facebook. Help me out. Are you fucking Monique?

ALLY  
That's a contemptible thing to say. Those ugly sexist days are gone.

IVAN  
Well?

ALLY  
I live in hopes.

BURNING DOWN THE HOUSEEPISODE SEVEN: TWO MAN CELL

INT. CAFE TWA---DAY

Ivan and Trish are seated at the window. Rain spatters on the window.

TRISH  
What's happening with your play?

IVAN  
Nothing, Trish.

TRISH  
You've given up on it?

IVAN  
I didn't say that.

TRISH  
I'd like another wee coffee. Would you like another wee coffee?

The Waitress, passing, hears Trish.

WAITRESS  
Two wee coffees?

IVAN  
Thank you. And a veggie cake

The bulk of coats on backs of chairs has the Waitress crabbing sideways to serve tables.

TRISH  
Go on.

IVAN  
I'm rewriting it. Again. Back to the way I originally wanted. No fund-chasing bells and whistles this time. McPeake, remember him?

TRISH  
Glasgow guy? East end? Gunner with the convoy?

IVAN

He and his brother Frank take opposite sides in the Treaty debate. Dev has walked out of the Dail after a narrow vote accepting the Treaty. His supporters go with him. Rory O'Connor seizes the Four Courts for the Anti Treaty forces. Scottish Republicans head to Ireland. Something is happening, they're not clear what. You see what I'm saying, this is a story for our time, it's revolutionary.

TRISH

And your task exactly is . . .

IVAN

To recount their journey, in an imaginative way.

TRISH

You mean to tell lies?

IVAN

Well, unless you're there at the time then yes, it's always a matter of interpretation.

TRISH

Were you there at the time?

IVAN

No.

TRISH

So you do tell lies.

IVAN

What's this actually about, Trish?

TRISH

Nothing.

IVAN

Don't be such a woman, just tell me.

Trish behaves like she hasn't heard.

TRISH

What will you do with the play?

IVAN

Nothing. Something. It doesn't matter which.

TRISH

If it matters that you write it, why doesn't it matter that it's performed?

IVAN

Because even if you can get one on, plays change nothing. I'm writing about the McPeakes and the others, people who actually did things. Play scripts are redundant. They should be in museums. 1916 at the GPO was street theatre with real consequences and live bullets. It was like the Fringe with cheaper hotels.

TRISH

Since when were Dublin hotels cheap?

IVAN

After the Rising there was a discount for missing roofs.

The Waitress brings Ivan's veggie cake and Ivan and Trish's wee coffees. Trish takes a sip.

IVAN (cont'd)

So how about you?. Everything okay?

TRISH

I didn't say that.

IVAN

Go on.

TRISH

I haven't heard from Tommy. Not for a week.

IVAN

I thought you didn't want to hear from him? I thought he was crowding you?

TRISH  
I know. I realise I like the  
attention. I needed the attention.

Ivan nods, takes a bite at his cake. Chomping heartily while displaying earnest concern is a difficult trick to pull off but Ivan tries.

TRISH (cont'd)  
I miss him.

IVAN  
Okay. I get that. What would you  
say to him if he walked in here  
right now?

TRISH  
I'd say get lost, you're crowding  
me.

Ivan and Trish both laugh.

TRISH (cont'd)  
I don't understand why he hasn't  
been in touch.

IVAN  
Have you been in touch with him?

TRISH  
No. I don't want to look  
desperate.

IVAN  
If you aren't desperate, what does  
it matter how you look?

TRISH  
Who says I'm not?

IVAN  
Are you in love with him?

Trish ignores Ivan.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Is he in love with you?

TRISH  
Yes. I think so.

IVAN  
Are you in love with him?

Trish still ignores Ivan.

TRISH  
I'm concerned he thinks I was  
pushing him away.

IVAN  
Were you pushing him away?

TRISH  
Yes.

IVAN  
Why?

TRISH  
I was testing him. Myself too. I  
wanted to find out how much he  
needed me.

IVAN  
And you him?

TRISH  
I know how much I need him. It's  
two thirds of a tank. Any more  
than that I'll be seriously in  
trouble.

IVAN  
What should I tell him if I see  
him?

TRISH  
Why would you see him?

IVAN  
Just if I do.

TRISH  
Tell him to get in touch.

IVAN  
I will. If I see him.

She takes a sip from her coffee. She grins.

TRISH  
You'd fucken better see him.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM---DAY

Ivan is on the phone.

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
Did you see Trish?

IVAN  
Yes. She says you should get in touch.

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
Why, so she can keep me on a string again?

IVAN  
Don't shoot the messenger.

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
Who should I shoot?

IVAN  
Calm the fuck down, Tommy, you're winning.

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
Easy for you to say.

IVAN  
Why? Why is easy for me? I'm in exactly the same position with Emily as you are with Trish. Worse. Trish at least wants to talk to you.

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
Yes, but---

A fearsome cry and the smash of glass interrupts the discourse of Ivan and Tommy.

COLLINS  
Fucken bitch!

IVAN  
Give me a second, Tommy, Mick is here.

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 Mick who?

IVAN  
 Mick. Michael Collins, Commander  
 in Chief of the Free State Army and  
 former Finance minister and head of  
 Intelligence with the so called  
 illegal---

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 Alright, I get it. I thought he  
 was gone.

IVAN  
 No.

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 He's still around?

IVAN  
 Yes.

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 And he's right there you say?

Ivan looks. Oh, Ivan's suffering existence.

IVAN  
 Yes, he's just smashed a glass.  
 There's beer running down the wall.  
 Farrow and Ball French Grey mixed  
 with Draught Guinness. That  
 stuff's nearly fifty quid a tin.

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 That's hefty for a tin of Guinness,  
 even by West End---

IVAN  
 Ah, you council house boys, you  
 kill me.

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 What's he doing now?

IVAN  
 He's just crumpled up a letter, now  
 he's smoothing it out again. He's  
 weeping.

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 Can I speak to him?

IVAN  
 Speak to Mick? He doesn't exist.

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 Humour me.

IVAN  
 Okay, I'll ask him. Mick? I'm  
 speaking to Tommy, and he'd like to  
 say hello.

Collins is in the comfortable chair. Collins shakes his  
 head.

IVAN (cont'd)  
 He says he's too upset to come to  
 the phone.

A tone from Tommy.

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 No kidding.

IVAN  
 Are you calling me a liar?

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 I'm beginning to believe he doesn't  
 exist.

IVAN  
 I told you he doesn't exist. You  
 still wanted to speak to him.  
 You're talking like I'm hoaxing  
 you. You're hoaxing yourself.

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 Just like you are?

IVAN  
No, Mick is real. For me at least.  
Maybe he'll talk to you another  
time. I think he's had bad news  
from Kitty.

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
Kitty. Kitty Kiernan?

IVAN  
Yes. They took an Airbnb next door  
for a while. It didn't work out.

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
I think we should talk about  
something else.

IVAN  
Me too.

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
Are you still in with the plan,  
with me and Vern?

IVAN  
Sure. But I think the plan may  
have a minor flaw.

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
What's that?

IVAN  
It isn't a plan so much as an idea  
to promote Vern in a popularity  
contest. We're not  
revolutionaries, we're campaign  
workers.

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
I know.

There's a silence.

IVAN  
Tommy?

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 I need to do this. I'm going mad.  
 It'll keep my mind off Trish.

IVAN  
 And it'll impress her. Isn't that  
 what you're hoping?

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 Alright, it'll keep my mind off her  
 and it'll impress her. A  
 contradiction, right?

IVAN  
 And you think I'm nuts?

Cupboard doors start getting SLAMMED open. Ivan covers the  
 mouthpiece.

IVAN (cont'd)  
 Mick, what are you doing?

COLLINS  
 I'm looking for the fucken dustpan.

IVAN  
 Leave it, I'll be right there.

Ivan puts the phone to his ear.

IVAN (cont'd)  
 Tommy?

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 Yes?

IVAN  
 I have to go.

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 Okay, I can tell him you're still  
 in though? Even though we're a  
 pair of sorry assed dupes?

IVAN  
 Yes. Hang on in there, Tommy,  
 you're winning.

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 Yes, you said. I wish it felt that way.

Ivan taps the phone, puts it down.

IVAN  
 What's the matter, Mick?

COLLINS  
 I'm fuming. I told Kitty I was sorry.

IVAN  
 You used that word in your letter?  
 You said sorry?

COLLINS  
 Yes.

IVAN  
 How many times?

COLLINS  
 Just the once.

IVAN  
 Not enough. You're looking at six times minimum. What size was the paper?

COLLINS  
 I used the stuff in your printer.

IVAN  
 For an A4 sheet eight 'sorrays' are industry standard. Otherwise the word gets lost in the general verbiage of self-flagellation. What went wrong?

Ivan pulls his chair closer to the comfortable chair. Collins is back in the comfortable chair Collins is sobbing.

IVAN (cont'd)  
 What did she say?

COLLINS  
 She turned me down flat.

IVAN

For what?

COLLINS

What do you think? Marriage.

IVAN

You asked her to marry you, by post?

COLLINS

What'd you mean 'by post?'' We'd already plighted our troth.

IVAN

I know. I had to wash the troth sheets. Just tell me. How did she come to leave you?

COLLINS

Next morning, the morning after our, you know . . .

IVAN

We've covered that.

COLLINS

Things had changed. She was withdrawn. Cold. When I asked her what was wrong, she said, 'nothing.

IVAN

She's a woman. They always say nothing's wrong. Even though it's glaringly obvious there is something. You're job is to prove yourself caring enough to tease the truth out of her.

COLLINS

Patience is a virtue I've always been a bit short on.

IVAN

What did you do?

COLLINS

I've never handled rejection well.

IVAN

Mick, what did you do? She packed her bags and left, you must have done something.

COLLINS

I shouted at her. And I threw a pan. I said, 'Will you just fucken marry me and be done with it.

IVAN

Anything else?

COLLINS

I set fire to the couch.

IVAN

You threw a pan, set fire to the couch then asked her to marry you?

IVAN (cont'd)

Jeez, it was an accident, you're not making this any easier for me.

Collins propels himself out of the comfortable chair and leans against the window-sill. Ivan sees his chance and reclaims the chair.

IVAN (cont'd)

An accident then?

COLLINS

Yes, I'd been smoking a cigarette and---

IVAN

I thought you'd given up smoking?

COLLINS

I was agitated. One a century isn't going to kill me. Especially as I'm dead already.

IVAN

A fair point.

COLLINS

Like I say, we were arguing, I threw down the cigarette, shout, shout, shout, next thing I know black smoke starts billowing from the cushions. I pick up the pan I'd just thrown, fill it with water, ask Kitty to help. She starts screaming, I'm yelling and, well, that beautiful tender moment of the night before is gone, gone, gone.

IVAN

And you can't work out why she left?

COLLINS

Now that I've spoken the events out loud, I see her difficulty.

IVAN

And if you could relive the whole night again, what would you do differently?

COLLINS

Take my boots off in bed.

IVAN

Apart from that.

COLLINS

Be more patient.

Collins leans forward, speaks softly.

COLLINS (cont'd)

We've been apart a long time, Kitty and I. She needs to untangle her feelings of what has gone before. Take me down off that pedestal she built in her mind.

IVAN

The thrown pan and the flaming couch may have helped with that.

COLLINS

I hope so.

Collins gives Ivan a look.

COLLINS (cont'd)

I need her to fall in love with me, all over again, as a real man this time, not some figment of cherished memory.

Ivan offers some mild applause.

COLLINS (cont'd)

What's that for?

IVAN  
 Know what I think? I think you should write to her again. Saying exactly what you just said to me.

COLLINS  
 I wasn't saying it to you. Don't you be getting ideas.

IVAN  
 What a horrible thought.

COLLINS  
 Send her another letter?

IVAN  
 Yes. And pep up the sorry rate.

COLLINS  
 I'll say it ten times, just to be sure.

Collins shifts away from the window, stands over Ivan, hovering. Ivan looks up.

IVAN  
 Something else?

COLLINS  
 I've a letter to write.

IVAN  
 So?

COLLINS  
 Give me back my fucken chair.

Ivan rises. As he does, the phone sounds. He pulls it out, the screen flashes: Tommy. Ivan taps on the phone

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 Ivan?

IVAN  
 Yes.

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 Vern says thanks. He says you won't regret it.

IVAN  
I regret it already.

Mick, alerted, looks up from his chair.

COLLINS  
Who is that?

IVAN  
Mick, write your letter.

COLLINS  
(shouts)  
Don't sign anything. Don't give  
them money. Is it that young  
idiot, Tommy? Give me the phone.

Collins makes a grab for the phone. Ivan dodges him.

IVAN  
Tommy, Mick's acting up, I need to  
go.

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
You're still in?

IVAN  
Yes!

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
We'll be in touch.

Ivan taps on the phone again and puts it in his pocket.  
Collins stands leaning against the door frame.

COLLINS  
You've done it now.

IVAN  
Yes I have. I've signed up for the  
future.

COLLINS  
No, you've signed up for the past.

IVAN  
It's the same thing.

Collins gives Ivan a look, turns away.

COLLINS

I've a letter to write. And if you'd any sense, you'd take your own advice and write one too.

IVAN

To Emily?

COLLINS

Who else?

IVAN

I haven't the time. I've a speech to write.

COLLINS

God help you.

INT. CAFE TWA---DAY

Ivan and Trish are at the window seat. Ivan has a cup of coffee in front of him lined up with another piece of veggie cake. Next to the two are a loose stack of paperwork that he's scowling at. Trish has a cup of something else in front of her as she stares off at the far wall, clearly having nothing to do with the very small bottle that she empties into the cup, and then drops into her bag. Trish has a sip of the very augmented tea, then looks at Ivan.

TRISH

Are you nervous?

IVAN

Are you?

TRISH

I'm not the one making the speech.

IVAN

Tommy will be there. You okay with that? You haven't seen him in a while.

TRISH

I'll be fine. I'll sit at the back, so as not to distract you.

IVAN

There's no rake to the seating. If you sit at the back you won't see.

TRISH  
If I sit at the front it'll look  
like I'm making a statement.

IVAN  
You'll be showing support for the  
cause.

TRISH  
I can show support from the back.  
I'll sit on a copy of Das Kapital  
and be elevated. Tommy is trouble.

IVAN  
He'd say the same about you.

TRISH  
And he'd be right.

IVAN  
He says you're very good together.

TRISH  
Right again.

IVAN  
Since you met him you dress  
younger.

TRISH  
What do you mean?

IVAN  
Those Costco slipper mules. Don't  
think I didn't notice. You  
upgraded to Birkenstocks.

TRISH  
Is that a crime? They're slippers  
not neglected kids going hungry in  
the dark.

IVAN  
Just saying.

TRISH  
Okay. I'll just say. Have you  
been in touch with Emily?

IVAN  
Yes and no.

TRISH  
What does that mean?

IVAN  
Mick wrote a letter to Kitty.

TRISH  
I see we're still living in  
Mickland.

IVAN  
Do you want an answer or don't you?

TRISH  
Go on.

IVAN  
Mick sent a letter to Kitty.  
They'd rowed and she'd walked out.

TRISH  
They'd taken a flat across the hall  
from you, right?

IVAN  
Yes.

TRISH  
You see how obligingly I still  
enter into your delusions? Go on.

IVAN  
Mick wrote to say sorry. Kitty  
wrote back, very nicely, but  
without accepting his apology.

TRISH  
Of course, why would she?

Trish fishes a hair out of her gin.

TRISH (cont'd)  
Two letters and a follow up phone  
call, that's standard. Which she  
should answer three days later. By  
text. What does this have to do  
with you?

IVAN  
It set me thinking. I have  
unresolved emotions about Emily. I  
still have feelings for her.

TRISH

You had to think to realise that?  
For months I could tell how you  
were feeling by how close your chin  
was to the floor.

IVAN

So I wrote to her.

TRISH

Okay . . .

IVAN

I told myself not to expect  
anything back.

TRISH

Wise. So what did you want?

IVAN

I said I was heading into a new  
chapter in my life and wanted to  
set the record straight in case  
anything happens.

TRISH

Anything happens? You're making a  
speech at the Barbour Hall in  
Govan, you're not Abe Lincoln at  
the Ford theatre.

IVAN

Fires start in the oddest of  
places. I'm quoting Mick here.

TRISH

You have to stop hanging out with  
ghosts.

A shadow falls across Ivan's veggie cake.

VERN

Hello, Trish.

TRISH

Hello Vern.

Ivan looks up at Vern. Vern is wearing a dark linen suit,  
white shirt and peppy green and blue tie. He's gone for the  
face stubble look and the resulting mildewface has come out  
salt and pepper. The costume and the facial bathtub ring  
leave him looking slightly incongruous, like a homeless guy  
who's stripped and robbed a Humanist Celebrant.

VERN  
Are you ready?

IVAN  
I'm ready.

Ivan starts to collect his speech notes..

EXT. GOVAN ROAD---DAY

A very loose crowd is coalescing down the road to the same destination. Ivan and Vern walk down Govan Road, Vern waving to a few local people as we go. There are CHEERS.

VERN  
Thanks for coming, thanks for coming.

Vern half turns to Ivan, still waving.

VERN (cont'd)  
Are you nervous?

IVAN  
Yes.

VERN  
The thing to do is take deep breaths and---

IVAN  
Speak slowly. I know. I'll be fine once I'm up and running.

Ivan and Vern get near the the statue of William Pearce. Gathered around the statue is around a dozen Patriots, each dressed in a black T-shirts with a yellow lightning flash, there to share the joy of staring at passing strangers in a hostile fashion.

VERN  
Ignore them, walk on.

IVAN  
That's what I had in mind.

Ivan and Vern cross the street. There's a crowd at the door of the Hall. Ivan scans the crowd.

Fat bellied men in baseball caps, the cloth cap of the modern era. There are local activists with earnest faces and good intentions, sprinkled among them a few mothers

bribing kids into silence with cheap sweets and bottles of Fanta. Local women in anoraks have their bags cross-shouldered against snatchers. They clutch the arms of their ageing men who wear expressions of bored stoicism.

There's even a camera crew, if a cameraman and a weary blond interviewer puffing on a cigarette while leaning alongside a sound boom can be said to constitute a crew.

At the door, Vern's wife Brenda is handing out flyers. Over the door is a banner reading:

Movement toward Truth and Tolerance

above a graphic showing a cross ply of stacked hands, white, black, beige, blue, green and, last but not least, red.

BRENDA  
(to Ivan and Vern)  
Give them hell. '

IVAN  
Yes.

Ivan looks up at the sign.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Who are the Movement toward Truth  
and tolerance?

Vern is smiling and waving from a step. He is standing tall with his shoulders thrown back for added authority.

VERN  
Me.

IVAN  
And the red hand?

VERN  
The Red Hand is the ancient symbol  
of all Ulster, and its dominion  
cannot be claimed by any one group  
or body.

IVAN  
The Orange Order claim it.

VERN  
(emphatic)  
No one group or body. .I am here to  
heal. I am here to unite.

IVAN

How?

VERN

MTT will be a white screen onto which people of all faiths, colours and classes can project their dearest needs and wishes.

IVAN

Any policies?

Vern has the hint of a smile.

VERN

Don't be vulgar.

The statue guard across the street has added to its ranks. The new recruits are less disciplined, more restless. They are looking towards the hall entrance and Ivan and Vern.

VERN (cont'd)

Let's go inside.

INT. BARBOUR HALL STAGE---DAY

Sitting on the stage in a row of chairs are a minister, a priest, the obligatory local councillor, someone from SOCIAL SERVICES and an 'ordinary working mother' who has brought her baby along as verification of her status.

Out in the audience can be heard the heartbroken HOWLS of a crying toddler and a group of CHATTERING pensioners

Ivan and Vern come out of a side corridor that opens onto the stage. Vern steps purposefully toward a standing microphone while Ivan takes his place with the rest of the chorus line behind Vern.

VERN

Thank you all for coming . . .

The stage looks out over a block of folding chairs on a laminated floor. At the very back to the hall is a set of doors with a few more arrivals coming in.

VERN (cont'd)

. . . giving your time to discuss  
the growing issue of division . . .

Tommy is standing by one of the doors, holding, discreetly, a baseball bat.

VERN (cont'd)  
 . . community that threatens to  
 destabilise our hard won . .

About five feet away from him and far right, Trish is seated in the back row.

VERN (cont'd)  
 . . Ivan Moss.

There is a bit of APPLAUSE as Vern has turned to gesture towards Ivan.

Ivan is peering off to the back of the hall, and then looks at Vern.

Vern heads off back to the corridor as Ivan gets up with his notes, and goes to the microphone.

IVAN  
 It's time for action, not words.  
 I've had it with myopic self-  
 obsessives and their identity  
 politics and I include myself.

Your personal problems. My  
 personal problems. Leave them at  
 the door.

I mean you no harm, I wish  
 tolerance to all you blinkered  
 self-absorbed attention junkies out  
 there. May you know nothing but a  
 joyous life, staring into the  
 mirror at the illusion you've  
 chosen to call You.

But there are many more important  
 things in our existence than how we  
 define ourselves, or which toilet  
 bowl into which we piss.

Man, woman, something in between,  
 something else between the between,  
 the Supreme Being, the seventh son,  
 the eighth daughter, you choose,  
 it's all the same nit-picking,  
 over-complicated problem that is no  
 longer a problem.

Dress as you will, put your dick in  
 whatever willing receptacle will  
 accommodate it, for all I care your  
 (MORE)

IVAN (cont'd)

quim can be a house of refuge and you can all hand around your collective nuts in a bowl at Christmas.

Now can we please talk about something else? What's at stake is bigger than the sum of us.

The direction we're heading, the threats that surround us, the economic implosion, the condition of our planet, the political schisms, the conspiracy channels, the endless viruses, human, natural and chemical that require our collective action.

We have to learn how to scare the big people again, the ones that think they know all our triggers and who shit in our mouths.

The only way we can do that is by trading in our angry face emojis for positive action. Or even negative action---when you're slumped in a torpor any action will do.

The one thing authority fears is the unruly disruptive anger of the mob. And we can start our resistance right here in the petri dishes of our own beautiful, ghastly, nurturing Scottish districts and burghs.

Home, here and now, in Govan, is where we begin the fight. Tonight is the night we take up arms against----

The twin doors burst open, sending Tommy thudding against the wall and the Excalibur of his baseball bat rattling to the laminated floor.

The black T-shirts are spilling in CHANTING, as chairs scrape back and topple.

People run or rush the stage trying to escape. Ivan looks out over the audience.

A woman with a PRAM is shouting up at Ivan. Ivan takes a pushchair from her straining, outstretched arms and hauls it up on to the stage. As they struggle, her child, a kid with sweet stained fingers, sits howling through a mouthful of Skittles.

Ivan takes the woman's hand and heaves her up. She clammers to her feet, a tangle of pop socks and scuffed trainers. '

IVAN (cont'd)  
Follow the corridor.

The woman is already hurtling toward it, the pram acting as a battering ram clearing a path through the jammed mass.

PRAM  
Young lassie with a wean here, let  
her through.

There is a gleam of daylight piercing the gloom of the room as the Minister and Priest are helping elderly folk, and themselves, escape onto the street through an emergency exit.

Ivan looks around. The local councillor has his head thrown back, having taken, or been given, a nose-bleed.

The Social Services woman has gotten onto the floor and is trying to boss the noisy pensioners into an obedient group so they'll act with a single will.

SOCIAL SERVICES  
Everyone hold the hand of the  
person next you . . .

A pensioner pokes her in the throat with an aluminium walking stick. There's some kicking going on and people crouching in balls, like hedgehogs.

EXT. GOVAN ROAD---DAY

Ivan comes out the front door and onto the sidewalk.

Vern is already outside, parked in a showy nook in which to stand, unflappable and distinguished as he's interviewed by the two-person local television crew.

SIRENS are already sounding. Nearby, the T-shirt people are throwing bricks. One brick SHATTERS the rear windscreen of a cab that's been gamely executing a fare pickup across the street.

Ivan pulls his phone out of his pocket. There is a rather definite CRUNCH, Bright Flash, everything tilts, the phone manages to go back into the pocket---

BLACK

INT. HOSPITAL WARD---DAY

Ivan is back in pyjamas, back in bed, back to being very groggy as Nicky with the tattoo sleeve is hovering over Ivan with needle.

IVAN

What are you doing?

NICKY

Trying to find a vein.

IVAN

I had veins when I came in. Help, the nurses are stealing my veins.

She ignores this, keeps checking an arm.

NICKY

Can't keep you away from here, can we? Food must be too good.

IVAN

What happened to me?

NICKY

You were hit on the head. Again. You were in a couple of months back, right? What is it with you? A dozen stitches this time, another concussion and a bald patch.

IVAN

I don't mind the concussion but you can keep the bald patch.

NICKY

Maybe you can do a swop with the guy in the next bed. He has plenty of hair.

Ivan looks. It's Tommy with a substantial dressing across his nose.

IVAN  
Tommy?

NICKY  
He's asleep. They've just fixed his nose.

IVAN  
What happened to him?

NICKY  
Same as happened to you. The riot in the Hall, remember?

Ivan stares into space, notes, looks alarmed.

IVAN  
My clothes?

NICKY  
In your locker.

IVAN  
My phone and wallet?

NICKY  
In your locker. Go to sleep.

IVAN  
What about the vein?

NICKY  
I tapped it while you weren't looking.

Nicky shows the phial. Ivan tries to speak.

NICKY (cont'd)  
Sleep. Please.

Nicky makes for the door. Ivan yells after her.

IVAN  
I'm not tired. Not in the least.

Ivan's eyes cross, and close.

Ivan is sound asleep.

TOMMY  
Ivan?

A hand reaches over and carefully pushes at Ivan's shoulder, pushes a bit more.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Ivan?

Ivan opens his eyes, delighted. Tommy is sitting on the edge of his bed. Ivan looks horrified, closes his eyes again, finally reopens them.

IVAN

I thought you were Emily.

TOMMY

Sorry to disappoint you.

IVAN

Never mind.

Tommy winces.

IVAN (cont'd)

Your nose bothering you?

TOMMY

Right now it's my ribs.

Tommy is feeling them gently.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Cracked a couple. Think they kicked me.

Ivan looks alarmed.

IVAN

Have you seen Trish?

TOMMY

Don't worry. She made it from the Hall. Curled up under a couple of chairs until the tempo dropped and they all fucked off.

IVAN

You've spoken to her?

TOMMY

Vern spoke to her. I spoke to Vern. He was ringing around to make sure everyone was safe.

IVAN

Who is he, Martin Luther King?

TOMMY

Funny you should say that, he quoted MLK on the radio today. The one about freedom never being given voluntarily by the oppressor. You know it?

IVAN

It must be demanded by the oppressed. That one?

TOMMY

That's it.

IVAN

Fuck me.

TOMMY

Exactly. He's never been off TV. Radio too. Two hundred thousand followers on Twitter and growing.

IVAN

Wow.

TOMMY

He's got Brenda doing the ring-rounds now. He's too busy glad handing and planning his strategy.

IVAN

For what?

TOMMY

The MTT. Movement towards Truth and Tolerance. He's talked to a couple of councillors. They'll letterhead it for him.

IVAN

Which ones?

TOMMY

Have a guess. The ones who owe him or that he has something on. He'll rope in a priest for moral authority. There's always some dopey Father who wants to show he still has the auld rebellious

(MORE)

TOMMY (cont'd)  
Fenian spirit. He and Brenda will  
fundraise.

IVAN  
Taking only necessary expenses to  
cover their costs and outgoings?

TOMMY  
And their fact finding missions and  
forward planning. Photo ops with  
downtrodden families in stinking  
favelas don't grow on trees.

A television on a wall is now switched on with Vern front  
and center through a camera. Ivan and Tommy are lying in  
their beds, watching.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
If I was him, I might feel the  
same. He owns sixteen pubs and ten  
of them have been torched at some  
point, it's a head fuck, especially  
at his age.

IVAN  
That's a very specific number.

TOMMY  
It's the one he gave me on the  
flight over to Belfast.

IVAN  
What was he looking for over there,  
Tommy? You can tell me now.

TOMMY  
Protection. He had this idealistic  
vision of paying mad guys with  
tattooed foreheads to come over  
here to scare the shit out of the  
Bears. But those guys are grandads  
now on their third stents, playing  
bowls and watching Guy Ritchie  
movies on Netflix, one or two are  
even in them. The game has  
changed. Alt-Right sites like the  
American ones, you know, like  
Telegram and The Base started  
springing up over here. They can  
organise a mob in no time flat.  
Meanwhile your average roided-up  
Granda in Belfast is still standing  
on the Falls road with a rucksack  
(MORE)

TOMMY (cont'd)  
 at his feet waiting for an Uber to  
 take him to George Best airport.

On the teatime news Ivan and Tommy watch Vern ooze through  
 multiple different interviews.

VERN  
 (over television)  
 . . . simple truths for a complex  
 time' . . .

Yes, we must embrace immigration.  
 Aren't we most of us born of  
 immigrants ourselves?

Yes, we must work together while  
 respecting the beliefs and  
 traditions of others. Yes we must  
 . . .

Look at our streets . . . Look at  
 our education system . . . Look at  
 unemployment . . .'

There's hopelessness all around,  
 always has been, waiting to be  
 plucked off the Hopeless tree,  
 ever-ripe, low hanging, political  
 fruit.

IVAN  
 Mick was right.

TOMMY  
 What?

IVAN  
 Nothing. Turn down the sound.  
 Vern's doing my head in.

Tommy mutes Vern. Ivan and Tommy continue looking at the  
 screen.

IVAN (cont'd)  
 What can we do that matters?

TOMMY  
 You know what matters

IVAN  
 What?

Tommy turns towards Ivan, leans on his elbow.

TOMMY  
Two man cell.

IVAN  
What about it?

TOMMY  
That's how you do things.

IVAN  
What things?

TOMMY  
Just things.

Tommy is smiling. It makes his broken nose hurt. He wipes his eyes, flicks his fingers dry.

IVAN  
You're acting like you think we're bugged.

TOMMY  
You're acting like you think we're not. Which of us is right?

IVAN  
Let's assume I am. If we turn paranoid now we'll have nothing to look forward to later.

TOMMY  
Later? So you're interested?

IVAN  
No Vern?

TOMMY  
No Vern. Just you and me. What do you say?

IVAN  
Tommy, a while back, I was being treated in this same ward. The guy in the next bed made an impression on me. So have you.

TOMMY  
I'm flattered.

IVAN  
Don't be. He's dead now.

Ivan takes out his phone.

TOMMY  
Who are you calling?

IVAN  
I'm ringing Trish.

TOMMY  
Not now, this is important. Can't  
you ring her later?

IVAN  
I'm calling her for you, not me.  
'Hello, Trish? Ivan. I'm fine.  
You? Good. I have Tommy for you.

Ivan hands the phone to Tommy.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Speak to her.

TOMMY  
This is embarrassing.

IVAN  
So it's embarrassing, speak to her.

Tommy gives Ivan a look.

IVAN (cont'd)  
You want to do things, don't you?  
Here's a thing, do it now.

Tommy takes the phone from Ivan.

TOMMY  
Trish?

Ivan goes back to staring at the TV.

After a bit, Ivan looks over at Tommy. Tommy is looking at Ivan.

IVAN  
Well?

TOMMY  
Trish says to put you on.

Tommy hands back the phone.

IVAN  
Hi, Trish?

TRISH  
(over phone)  
I suppose you caught the gist of  
that?

IVAN  
No, I wasn't listening.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
Why break the habit of a lifetime?

IVAN  
I'd hate to disappoint you.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
Did you write to Emily yet?

IVAN  
What are you, Yiddish? Sticking a  
yet on the end of your sentences  
now.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
I'll ask you again. Did you---

IVAN  
No.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
Why not?

IVAN  
The time isn't right.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
When will it be right? When you've  
had your little boys own adventure  
and can pose against the landscape  
like you're Lawrence of Arabia  
liberating Aqaba?

IVAN  
Auda was the leader, Lawrence was  
just the adviser.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
Did he pose against the landscape?

IVAN  
Probably.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
What's this about, Ivan? What's  
going on?

IVAN  
What do you mean? What has Tommy  
said?

Ivan looks at the next bed. Tommy's reading an ancient copy  
of TV Choice.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
Tommy is a gentleman. A gentle  
man, remember them? I don't want  
you messing with his head.

IVAN  
No, I understand, that's your job.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
I didn't ring him, Ivan, you rang  
me.

IVAN  
Exactly my point.

Trish hangs up. Ivan puts the phone away.

TOMMY  
What did she say?

IVAN  
She hung up. What did she say to  
you?

TOMMY  
I told you. She said to put you  
on.

IVAN  
Time for a change?

TOMMY  
I'd say so.

EXT. HOSPITAL FRONT ENTRANCE---DAY

Ivan comes out the front door, again carrying a bin bag of stuff. He goes towards the gate, looks at the consultation block when he gets to it, then turns and goes in.

INT. PSYCHIATRY ANTEROOM---DAY

Ivan walks through the door. A woman CLEANER in an overall is singing into a mop head. There's a bucket at her feet, a CCTV screen above her. Ivan puts down the bag noisily.

IVAN  
Hi.

The Cleaner freezes. Looks round at Ivan, adopts a superior air.

CLEANER  
You a patient?

IVAN  
No. I'm a friend of Mrs Dawson-Bain. Is she in?

The Cleaner lets her shoulders drop, splashes the mop into the bucket.

CLEANER  
You're her friend?

IVAN  
Yes.

The Cleaner eyes Ivan's bin bag.

CLEANER  
And you haven't heard?

IVAN  
Heard what?

CLEANER  
You don't know?

IVAN  
Know what?

CLEANER  
About the car crash.

IVAN  
No.

CLEANER  
There was a car crash. She was  
killed outright.

IVAN  
Jeez. I'm sorry.

CLEANER  
Don't be sorry, it wasn't your  
fault.

IVAN  
Whose then?

The Cleaner drags the bucket closer, makes like she's wringing it out. The Cleaner turns her head away from the CCTV so she's facing Ivan.

CLEANER  
Happened on the motorway. It was  
late at night. A collision. The  
other guy was fine, only a broken  
leg.

IVAN  
He was lucky.

CLEANER  
Yes lucky. You know what the thing  
is?

IVAN  
What's the thing?

CLEANER  
She was driving the wrong way.

IVAN  
Driving the wrong way, on a  
motorway?

The Cleaner nods.

CLEANER  
She's driving up, the traffic's  
coming down. And that's not all,  
it was pitch dark and her lights  
(MORE)

CLEANER (cont'd)  
 were out. What do you make of  
 that?

IVAN  
 I see.

CLEANER  
 Being funny?

IVAN  
 No.

CLEANER  
 You didn't hear any of this from  
 me, okay?

IVAN  
 Okay. I'm confused. Was there any  
 particular reason she---

CLEANER  
 She was a shrink. Who knows what  
 goes on in the heads of these  
 people?

The Cleaner turns back to the CCTV screen again. Ivan picks up his bag and walks out.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM---DAY

Ivan is unpacking his stuff from the bin bag, unloading onto one end of the couch. The telly is on.

Vern is still hot on local news. There's a wide shot of a boom in his face to show they're north of the Clyde opposite Pacific Quay and the SBC building. The camera goes tight on the INTERVIEWER as she follows the obligatory questioning format.

INTERVIEWER  
 With full Scottish independence  
 coming up, how concerned are you  
 about . . .

VERN  
 Very concerned.

Vern obliges before she's even finished her question. They both know the game.

VERN (cont'd)  
Something must be done. Or the  
danger is the situation could  
escalate into . . .

INTERVIEWER  
How worried are you that further  
violence will . . .

VERN  
Very worried. Make no mistake.  
This is a stark foretaste of what  
may be to come when our national  
Independence takes effect. We have  
tried our absolute best to reach  
out to the Unionist and Patriotic  
community. And in so doing . . .

INTERVIEWER  
When you say we . . .

VERN  
We. Us. The people of Glasgow,  
have, as I've said . . .

VERN (cont'd)  
And here I define patriotism as  
being an emotional attachment to  
our country and not any notion that  
it is superior to others.

INTERVIEWER  
How important a distinction is that  
for you?

VERN  
It's very important. As we  
approach full political autonomy,  
we need leaders who can both accept  
and embrace that distinction while  
educating those who need to be  
educated.

I come from Belfast and we have  
learned a great deal, slowly and  
painfully about the conflation of  
identities. I'm proud to say an  
immense amount of progress has  
taken place but much more is  
required.

Mick appears by Ivan. He's watching Vern.

COLLINS

(over Vern)

Look at that gobshite. We do know how to breed them in Ireland. He makes me want to vomit into a bucket.

VERN

The glittering prize that awaits us in Scotland is a renewed definition of national plurality that will be seen to enhance rather than threaten the current . . .

Ivan shrugs, turns off the TV. Mick loosens the top button of his tunic, runs a relieving finger round the reddened mark on his neck. He sees Ivan looking.

COLLINS

The high collar chafes the neck. Didn't Dalton design the Stater's uniform?

COLLINS (cont'd)

He did. He was ex-Army, Emmet. Knew the high collar would save on shirt washing. Which is smart and why I'm wearing it. The downside is that you walk around all day like you're the victim of a botched hanging. Did you buy any beer?

IVAN

In the fridge.

COLLINS

Bring me one. Have one yourself.

IVAN

Good of you, Mick.

Collins is now sitting on the couch with a can of Tennant's in his hand, next to a rucksack that is next to Ivan's pile of stuff. Collins snaps open the can.

COLLINS

How is your head?

IVAN

Still attached to my shoulders. Unlike a good chunk of your own.

COLLINS

Now, don't be naughty or you'll be getting a whack.

Collins sighs.

COLLINS (cont'd)

I don't want to drink alone. Join me.

Ivan looks at Collins for a moment. Another completely DIFFERENT IVAN step out from behind Ivan, looks at Collins, looks at Ivan.

DIFFERENT IVAN

Just do it. You're not Aldous Huxley on a Mescaline trip, it's a can of Tennant's.

John KNOX steps out from behind Ivan from the other side.

KNOX

Ah yes, it may only be one small step for man but ahead is one giant stagger for mankind.

Ivan looks at the two of them, then peers around behind himself for a tie breaker. AGED SEVEN IVAN walks out from behind Knox, taps on Ivan, and looks up at Different Ivan.

AGED SEVEN IVAN

(reminding  
Different Ivan)

I will have a wee drink with you because I must. I am your host and therefore I must pass myself in company.

Ivan is now seated at the desk with a can of Tennant's.

A can is by the computer, and Ivan is holding a second one and staring at it.

Two cans are lined up by the computer, and a third is by the keyboard. The Chieftains are playing on You Tube and Ivan is drumming with both hands on his desk to Brian Boru's March.

The Chieftains continues to play on the computer as Ivan wobbles about standing up, with a fourth can in a hand. Collins looks at him with a cocky sneer on his big round face.

COLLINS

Look at you dancing around the room there. You are an arse.

Ivan wobbles to a halt, gets himself facing Collins.

IVAN

Do you know the etymology of the word arse, Mick?

COLLINS

No, why should I?

IVAN

Because it's Irish.

Collins freezes in place.

IVAN (cont'd)

In ancient Ireland there was once a poor area known as Erse. The tribe who lived there called, unsurprisingly, the Erse, the people at the bottom of the social heap. Sample sentence from the Oxford living dictionary: 'We found her chatting to an Irish monk in Erse.' Scots and Irish Gaelic share a root, as we know. Did you know, Mick?

COLLINS

Don't push your luck.

Collins clenches his near empty can into a mis-shape for emphasis.

IVAN

Now, let's get back to basics. Have you heard any more from Kitty?

Collins shakes his head, gets up off the couch.

IVAN (cont'd)

Good. That's a start. Sit down.

COLLINS

I can't.

IVAN

Go on, sit on your arse. Erse.

COLLINS  
I can't, you've mentioned Kitty,  
I'm restless now.

Collins picks up a towel from Ivan's pile, makes random swishing motions with it.

There's a sizeable moth on the wall within Collins' range.

IVAN  
You have to be calm. You need to  
be patient.

COLLINS  
(a wavering tone)  
I know. Patience.

Ivan and Collins both still watch the moth.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
Were you patient with Emily?

IVAN  
No. The patience was all on her  
side. But you can do more damage  
than good sometimes by trying to  
force things.

COLLINS  
That's sage advice.

Collins isn't looking at Ivan, is moving in close on the moth.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
It's such good advice, I'd hate to  
take it from you. You just keep it  
for yourself.

Collins is over the moth. He does not swat. Instead he slides his hands in a careful engulfing motion around it. He cocoons the moth gently within the warm prison of his hands.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
Open the window.

Ivan goes to the window, opens it.

Collins goes to the window, blows on the moth to set it free. Ivan and Collins look at each other.

COLLINS (cont'd)  
Ah fuckit. It's a sign. I need to  
pack my bag, I'm leaving.

IVAN  
Leaving? For where?

COLLINS  
Ireland, where else? To look for  
Kitty.

IVAN  
She could be anywhere.

COLLINS  
I can be anywhere.

IVAN  
How will you get there?

COLLINS  
To anywhere? Easy.

IVAN  
What if you don't find her?

COLLINS  
What if I do? That's as big a  
question.

Ivan nods.

IVAN  
I understand.

Collins smiles. He lifts his cap from the side table,  
adjusts it on his cratered head.

COLLINS  
I know what you have in mind.

IVAN  
What do I have in mind, Mick?

COLLINS  
I told you to watch out for that  
Vern fella. There's plenty like  
him, shifty and opaque, always  
moving up. He knows that trouble  
is brewing nicely and he's wangling  
himself a nice statesmanlike role  
while keeping his hands clean. Who  
does that remind you of?

IVAN

Dev?

COLLINS

Got it in one. Diplomacy is about the texture of language. I always said Dev sat on every word like a hen on an egg. It was my job to frighten the foxes away from the hen house. Pass me my haversack.

Ivan gives him the bag.

COLLINS (cont'd)

You're out of your depth, Ivan, you know that don't you?

IVAN

Yes.

COLLINS

You're politically illiterate.

IVAN

You say that like it's a negative thing.

COLLINS

But it won't stop you jumping in with both feet?

IVAN

No.

COLLINS

Good man yourself. Give me your hand.

Ivan and Collins shake hands. Collins pulls, leans in and bites Ivan in the ear. Ivan flinches. It will require a generous sized Elastoplast.

Collins leans back, and Ivan and Collins look at each other.

COLLINS (cont'd)

You asked, a while back if there was anything you could do for me.

IVAN

I did.

COLLINS

Don't rent out my room.

IVAN  
Your room is my head. My head is  
your room.

COLLINS  
Exactly. Let's keep it that way,  
alright?

IVAN  
Yes. It's a deal.

Collins disappears. Ivan looks down at his shoes. Blood from the ear drips onto them. Ivan wobbles slightly. He takes a careful step over to the desk, puts the can down, picks the phone up, ignores the bleeding ear as it drips onto his shoulder, taps on the phone.

IVAN (cont'd)  
(drunk)  
Calling for a delivery.

A pause.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Extra large. One half all meat  
with green peppers, onion, and  
garlic, one half Hawaiian.

EXT. BUCHANAN STREET---DAY

Ivan and Tommy are coming out of the Buchanan Street Underground station. They head down Buchanan towards George Street.

IVAN  
Have you seen Trish?

TOMMY  
Yes. We met for coffee.

IVAN  
Where, Café Twa?

TOMMY  
No. In her bed.

IVAN  
And?

TOMMY  
We talked. She thinks you're a bad  
influence on me.

IVAN

Oh yes?

TOMMY

She thinks you're leading me astray. I told her I was already astray or I wouldn't be with her.

IVAN

Good answer.

TOMMY

I thought so too. I had an affair with my English teacher, you know, when I was sixteen. Older women. Maybe it's because I didn't have a mother. I mean I do have a mother, obviously, I lost her somewhere along the line.

IVAN

Does that bother you?

EXT. GEORGE SQUARE---DAY

Ivan and Tommy are crossing the monument encrusted slab that's George Square. Ivan is looking up at the City Chambers, vast Victorian home of Glasgow's City Council. There's a small replica of the Statue of Liberty on the roof, at the very front and center part of the central peaked roof.

TOMMY

It was me or the man she was seeing. She chose him. Walked out to buy pizza for the tea one day and left us sitting at the table. Me and my brother. She never came back. Later on, they both went to Australia.

IVAN

You didn't go?

TOMMY

Australia? I like the other Oz. The one in the movies.

Ivan stops, points up towards the Statue of Liberty

IVAN

There. Look.

What? TOMMY

Liberty. IVAN  
Can you see it?

Where? TOMMY

Up there. IVAN  
Look.

Tommy looks, then sees.

Ah, yes. TOMMY

We'll make our own Oz. IVAN

Yes. TOMMY  
We're off to see the Wizard.

Ivan and Tommy laugh.

BURNING DOWN THE HOUSEEPISODE EIGHT: GAWN YIRSEL

INT. NONDESCRIPT CAFE---DAY

The café is hot and steamy and packed. Ivan and Tommy are crowbarred in between oldies with scones, grimy loners reading the Metro, and at least three mothers with push chairs talking in piercingly loud voices so as to rise over the shrill and constant demands of their squalling kids.

IVAN

This place is rammed. What made you pick here for the meeting?

TOMMY

Because it's rammed. Nobody will remember anyone. Nobody hears anybody but themselves.

IVAN

You're just making that up, aren't you? To sound like a cold eyed professional. You fucked up, didn't you?

TOMMY

It's just a café, relax, gimme peace.

IVAN

Not much of a place to meet a wizard in.

TOMMY

He might not even be much of a wizard. He's getting on, you know.

IVAN

You said you met him in Belfast. You saying you've hired a shit wizard?

TOMMY

I met him through Vern. So he knows what he's doing. Not so loud.

IVAN  
I only said Belfast. I didn't say explosive.

TOMMY  
You just said explosive.

IVAN  
Belfast is cool now. It's still all Game of Thrones. Make believe carnage. The real thing is so last millennium.

TOMMY  
Our man came through the real carnage. That's when he trained.

IVAN  
So come on, what were you and Vern really doing over there?

Tommy looks at Ivan, shrugs.

TOMMY  
Vern wanted protection. He thought if the Unionists kept going after his pubs, it stood to reason he himself could be next. Plus, he likes to jaw about the old days with these ancient monsters.

IVAN  
Which monsters?

Tommy is suddenly very still.

TOMMY  
Ones like this. Don't look round.

PAT, seventy, shaved head, short, shrivelled, turns up next to Tommy. Pat has a fresh tattoo of a young looking Martin McGuinness on his forearm.

PAT  
Tommy?

TOMMY  
Yes, Pat. How you doing? This is Ivan.

PAT  
Ivan, uh? That takes the guesswork  
out of it. No need to play spot  
the Protestant.

Ivan leans over, offers a hand, Ivan and Pat shake hands.

IVAN  
Or the Catholic.

Tommy scrapes his chair along to let Pat sit down. Pat  
sits, grabs a menu, myopic, he peers at the menu close-up.

PAT  
My readers are at the bottom of my  
bag.

The NONDESCRIBT WAITRESS stands with her pad at the ready.

TOMMY  
Coffee.

IVAN  
I'll have coffee.

PAT  
Cup of tea and a wee plain scone  
please.

The Nondescript Waitress goes.

PAT (cont'd)  
I haven't eaten since Stranraer.

IVAN  
You took the ferry?

Tommy gives Ivan a look. Pat ignores Ivan's question.

PAT  
I'm a consultant. I charge five  
grand a day.

TOMMY  
Does that include parts?

PAT  
Parts excluded.

IVAN  
If you're a consultant, what parts  
do you need?

PAT  
Right, that's it. Open your coats.  
Open your fucken coats the pair of  
you.

Ivan and Tommy open their coats.

PAT (cont'd)  
And the shirts.

Ivan and Tommy open their shirts, two men baring their chests for a stranger as Pat inspects them. The Nondescript Waitress appears.

NONDESCRIPT WAITRESS  
Who's the plain scone?

PAT  
That's me.

Pat is in the act of feeling inside Ivan's shirt.

IVAN  
What are you looking for?.

NONDESCRIPT WAITRESS  
Obviously a wire. Butter or jam  
with your scone?

PAT  
Both.

The Nondescript Waitress puts a pair of bowls on the table. She gives Ivan a kindly look, speaks as though to a naive child.

NONDESCRIPT WAITRESS  
The High Court's just over the  
bridge. We see a lot of this.

She turns, goes.

TOMMY  
Do you want to grope me too?.

PAT  
Not unless you'd like me too.  
You're with Vern, right?

Tommy nods.

PAT (cont'd)

It's just in my line of work, I  
have to be careful.

Pat moves on to his scone, selects a sachet of jam. As Ivan buttons his shirt, Ivan watches Pat struggle to lift the corner flap

IVAN

Consultancy must be a dangerous  
business

Pat turns this flippant remark over in his head.

PAT

Just a second.

Ivan and Tommy watch him dive under the table, check for listening devices, resurface.

IVAN

Happy now?

Pat splits his scone with his knife, raspberry jams the top half.

PAT

I know how this looks to you. I know how I look. It wasn't always so. Pick up a cab in Belfast and you'll be driven by ordinary guys who look just like me, happy to help you with your bags and take you to your hotel, or drop you off at St. George's Market, or the Titanic Quarter, or for a wee educational black cab tour of the picturesque horror sites of yesteryear.

Nice ordinary guys with white legs and long shorts and baseball caps from Orlando and pictures of the grandkids on the dashboard. You'll never know how often, back in the day, they might have driven a fare to Cave Hill and pumped a couple of dull ones into the back of his napper, or shot somebody's Da through the kitchen window as he ate his Shredded Wheat.

Pat takes a bite at his scone. Raspberry jam sticks to his teeth.

PAT (cont'd)  
You got some laughs though. I  
remember once . . .

Pat chuckles. His eyes twinkle.

PAT (cont'd)  
Once, on the night before the  
twelfth, I had a score to settle.  
I pick up this . . . Let's call him  
a Protestant gentleman, a thug, not  
a nice man. Not just my judgment.  
Anyway . . . he pays his fare, no  
tip, which for me makes it easier  
to hate him.

As he moves to get out the cab,  
I've already moved smartly and I'm  
at the door to give him a couple of  
dull ones behind the ear. He  
crumples nicely, like a suit  
sliding off hanger. I shove him  
back inside the car with the sole  
of my boot to his face, a quick bin  
bag over his head to save the  
seats, always easy-wipe  
leatherette, never upholstery.  
Tartan rug over his carcass. Wait  
until dark.

What do we do then but lock him in  
this old wardrobe, carry it outside  
and dump it across the street where  
he lives onto one of King Billy's  
own celebration bonfires. Next  
night they're all round the blaze,  
waving their Union Jacks, sniffing  
the air, wondering who's cooking  
chicken. His wife takes it hard.  
But not for long. Six months later  
she's shackled up with some lapsed  
Jesuit priest. Must have been the  
lure of the dark side, eh?

Pat looks at Ivan.

PAT (cont'd)  
What do you think of that?

IVAN  
We weren't envisioning any heavy  
lifting work.

PAT  
Envisioning. That's a nice weight  
of word. Do you like the old  
understatement, do you?

IVAN  
Yes, I like the old understatement.

PAT  
Well you're in the wrong game with  
explosions. Soon as you let  
something off, you've shit in  
church, you've changed the rules.

TOMMY  
It's all in the targeting. And the  
point that's being made.

IVAN  
Even if there isn't a point. Even  
if pointlessness is the point.

Tommy grins, Pat listens. A kid WHINES for another Kit Kat.  
The mother SHOUTS over him. Pat watches.

PAT  
This takes me back. When I was  
younger I put a bomb in a place  
like this.

Ivan and Tommy look at Pat.

PAT (cont'd)  
I was an idealist back then. At  
least that's what I told myself  
when I was sitting in a bus shelter  
pulling bits of entrail off my bell  
bottoms. Are you idealists?

IVAN  
No. We're not idealists.

PAT  
I thought not. What are you then?

IVAN  
Social influencers.

PAT  
 What's that? Is that like a  
 personal shopper or a dog walker?

IVAN  
 No.

PAT  
 And how would you want folk  
 influenced?

Tommy leans forward.

TOMMY  
 It's us should be interviewing you  
 not you us.

IVAN  
 We're not idealists because  
 ideologies polarise. That old  
 trope we grew up with, 'Thesis,  
 antithesis, synthesis doesn't work  
 anymore. Synthesis is creative  
 compromise but compromise has  
 become synonymous with bad faith  
 and failure.

PAT  
 And where do I come in?

IVAN  
 Gesture politics.

TOMMY  
 The propaganda of the deed.

Pat considers these phrases. He nods discreetly toward the families with their kids.

PAT  
 And those people over there. Would  
 you be prepared to blow them up and  
 leave their tripes smearing the  
 walls of this wee café to further  
 your non-idealistic aims?

IVAN  
 No.

PAT  
 Then don't mess with explosives.  
 Things go wrong.

TOMMY

We don't want to mess with them,  
that's why we've come to you. I  
saw you in Belfast. Vern said you  
were good.

Pat looks at Ivan and Tommy, evenly.

PAT

Vern and I go back a long way. He  
knows the right people.

IVAN

If you're telling us Vern's old  
school, we already know that. Vern  
knows people but they're comfy and  
old now, that's why he's moving on  
and moving up, he's smart enough to  
get out and into the politics  
racket, he doesn't want to grow old  
with yesterday's men.

Pat places his scone chunk back on his plate, listens, with  
his seventy-year old ears. Ivan continues.

IVAN (cont'd)

Look around you. You said it  
yourself. There comes a time when  
playing with the grandkids beats  
looking over your shoulder for some  
guy whose life you mangled half a  
century ago. Things have changed.  
We're in the Game generation now.  
Are you a drone man, Pat?

PAT

No. I've a duffle bag, and a box  
of screwdrivers. That's all I've  
ever needed. And by the way, I  
charge ten grand a day, plus  
expenses.

IVAN

You said five grand.

PAT

Surge pricing, I've taken your  
advice and moved with the times.

Ivan looks at Tommy.

TOMMY  
You should have kept your mouth  
shut.

Ivan nods.

IVAN  
It's a deal.

EXT. NONDESCRIP T CAFE---DAY

Ivan, Tommy, and Pat, come out of the cafe. A swarm of Anti-maskers run, SHOUTING and spitting, down the Trongate. A Pound shop receives a shopping trolley full on, shattering the reinforced window into a vast spider's web.

Pat watches Ivan watching them.

PAT  
There are some folk I'd explode for  
nothing

TOMMY  
Let's not get into that. We're all  
set?

PAT  
I'll measure up the job. Bring  
over the stuff from Belfast to my  
garage in Portpatrick and it'll be  
done in forty-eight hours.

IVAN  
Forty-eight hours. Here we go  
again. Like a bad cop show. What  
happened to two days?'

Tommy and Pat look at each other.

PAT  
I could make it seventy-two hours  
if that would remove the element of  
cliché?

IVAN  
Forty-eight is fine.

Ivan and Pat shake hands. There's SHOUTING, SHRIEKING.

Across the street, a young shop assistant, in a nylon company jacket, is victim to an attack. He staggers forward holding his face together.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Good to meet you.

PAT  
You didn't meet me.

IVAN  
How do I pay you if I didn't meet you?

PAT  
Okay, you met me. How will you pay me?

IVAN  
I'm applying for an Explosions Grant from Creative Scotland.

PAT  
Keep your fucken voice down. This isn't a joke.

IVAN  
Cash?

PAT  
My favourite word. And make it English notes.

The Anti-maskers are running up Argyle Street carrying garden furniture and bags of dog food. There's a cop car parked with sloppy urgency across the street. The slashed assistant is sitting weeping on the pavement. Pat disappears into the crowd. Tommy turns to Ivan.

TOMMY  
Well, we're in now.

IVAN  
We're in now.

Ivan and Tommy fist bump.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM---DAY

Ivan is scribbling assorted notes. The phone rings, he answers.

IVAN  
Hello?

TRISH  
(over phone)  
It's Trish. What have you been  
saying to Tommy?

IVAN  
What do I ever say to Tommy?

TRISH  
(over phone)  
There's something going on.

IVAN  
There's nothing going on. Could  
you keep your voice down please?

TRISH  
(over phone)  
If there's nothing going on why do  
I have to keep my voice down?

IVAN  
It's a question of volume, Trish.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
You're saying I'm shouting?

IVAN  
Not shouting. Maybe over generous  
with your vocal level.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
Who's this guy from Belfast?

IVAN  
Fuck sake.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
I asked you a question. Give me an  
answer.

IVAN  
When you say answer---

TRISH  
(over phone)  
Don't you mess with me. I'll get  
to the bottom of this.

IVAN  
Don't hang up. Trish, nothing's happened.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
Yet. It's up to you. Either tell me or---

IVAN  
I know, you'll get to the bottom of this. Meet me at the café in half an hour.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
The café? We're talking in code already?'

IVAN  
No, I just meant---

TRISH  
(over phone)  
Hey, MI5, if you're listening in we've a developing situation at the Wee Scone shop in Govan. Over.

IVAN  
I didn't mean the Wee Scone Shop, I meant Café Twa.

TRISH  
(over phone)  
Hope you got that, M?

IVAN  
Half an hour.

Ivan hangs up.

INT. CAFE TWA---DAY

Trish is sitting at the usual window table as Ivan arrives and sits.

TRISH  
I've ordered lattes. Should you get a takeaway corned beef sandwich for 007?

IVAN

I'm not in the mood, Trish.

TRISH

What's with the tone---because I said Belfast and MI5 in the same sentence?

IVAN

Over the phone. Please keep your voice down.

TRISH

It's this another one of your delusions? Is Mick Collins trying to repeal the Oath of Allegiance and redraw the Partition boundary?

IVAN

No. Mick's gone.

TRISH

Thank God for that.

IVAN

He's over in County Longford trying to track down Kitty.

TRISH

Oh, Christ. On it goes.

IVAN

Don't be so dismissive. The guy's future happiness is at stake.

TRISH

You need help.

IVAN

We've had that conversation. We're here to talk about you.

TRISH

We're here to talk about Tommy and what you're doing to him.

IVAN

He has choices. He's making them. What's your problem?

TRISH

He told me what's going on.

IVAN

That didn't take long. Did he confess under torture or was it under your duvet?

Trish flushes, angrily.

TRISH

Tommy trusts me. I hope you trust me too.

IVAN

Why, who are you, Mata Hari?

The coffee arrives. The Waitress empties the tray, clocks Trish's thunderous face, smiles wanly and leaves.

TRISH

I don't want anything to happen to Tommy. The thing is . . . the high I get from seeing him is less than the torture I go through when I don't see him.

IVAN

You've just defined love. They don't teach you this stuff at school when they're showing you how Daddy's penis slots into Mummy's vagina to make beautiful babies.

TRISH

I want my life back. I'm disgusted with myself. At my age I should have known better than to fall in love.

Ivan takes a sip of coffee.

TRISH (cont'd)

How about you and Emily?

IVAN

Next question.

TRISH

Maybe she'll come around.

IVAN

I don't need any hope today, thank you. That's like trying to cure an addict by showing him a bent spoon.

Outside, a massive army wagon trundles past, shaking the windows, trembling the milk jugs on the tables.

TRISH  
You need to be careful.

IVAN  
I am careful. We're a two man cell, Tommy and me.

TRISH  
Two men and a woman.

IVAN  
And a woman.

Ivan's phone pings. Ivan takes a look. It's an image. It comes with a string of smiley emojis. Ivan shows it to Trish.

TRISH  
What's this?

IVAN  
It's a picture of Semtex.

TRISH  
Who's it from?

IVAN  
Who do you think?

Trish looks at Ivan.

IVAN (cont'd)  
A tight impenetrable cell of two men, a woman, and a fucking WhatsApp group.

TRISH  
Don't blame Tommy, he's---

IVAN  
A Prick. He's a Prick. That's the word you're looking for.

EXT. BOTANIC GARDENS---DAY

Tommy and Ivan occupy the same bench, three metres apart, looking both furtive and awkward. Off in various directions, Offenders in masks are spraying the pathways with cleanser. Ivan also appears beyond livid, glaring.

IVAN  
(speaking very  
carefully, no one  
notice Ivan being  
very careful)  
So, Tommy?

TOMMY  
So what?

IVAN  
Where's Pat?

TOMMY  
He's in his hotel room.

IVAN  
You gave him the list?

TOMMY  
I gave him the list. He'll look  
through it then get back to us.

IVAN  
Then what'll he do with the list?

TOMMY  
He'll work his way through it then  
decide which---

IVAN  
No, the actual physical list,  
what'll he do with that?

TOMMY  
Whatever you like. Give it back to  
me?

IVAN  
Fine. Then what'll you do with it?

TOMMY  
I don't know, burn it?

IVAN  
Not post it all over social media,  
like you did with the Semtex?

TOMMY  
Ah, relax. Semtex is for the  
museums now. It's like having a U2  
T-shirt or drawing a shamrock on  
the foam of your pint.

Ivan is still glaring.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
You don't get it, do you? You  
think I'm stupid.

IVAN  
Why not start a blog page?. With  
enough hits we could sell Ad space.  
We'll call it the 'Two Man Cell-Out  
tour.

TOMMY  
Did you think of that coming over  
on the Subway?

IVAN  
It fits.

TOMMY  
Ivan, I'm on all kinds of protest  
sites. Irish and otherwise. I'm  
known to the Polis. Anything  
happens, they'll start hauling in  
people like me.

A young Sprayer asks us to lift our feet. We're silent  
while we comply and Tommy waits till he moves on to the next  
bench before continuing.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
Much better I hide in plain sight,  
sticking up crazy pics with dopey  
emojis. The best way to go  
unmolested is to start a public  
grumble group. Anything wrong with  
that?

Ivan blinks.

IVAN  
Not as such.

TOMMY  
You wanna join my Instagram group  
too?

Ivan glares at him again. Off beyond Ivan, the SPRAYER is  
drenching a nearby litterbin with fluid. Ivan turns and  
calls out to him.

IVAN  
Is there another curfew coming?

SPRAYER

Haven't heard, just doing my job.  
I don't ask questions.

Ivan turns to Tommy.

IVAN

It's important we know how Pat will  
get what he needs from Belfast.

TOMMY

By boat, like always.

IVAN

It'll be a lot of stuff.

TOMMY

There are a lot of boats. Quit  
worrying. This is comeback time  
for him, the ageing maestro  
stepping onto the park for a final  
twenty-minute flourish that could  
turn the game. He won't blow it.

IVAN

That's what I'm afraid of. When do  
we meet him?

TOMMY

We don't. I left his money like  
you asked me to at the reception  
desk of his hotel. You'll leave  
tomorrow's there yourself, so I  
don't get remembered. Do you have  
the money?

IVAN

Yes. I went to different banks,  
exchanging Scottish notes for  
English, taking no chances.

TOMMY

No kidding. So you'll get to look  
deeply suspicious on every CCTV  
camera in the West End of the city  
when the cops begin their local  
media comb through.

IVAN

There'll only be a CCTV comb  
through if Pat gets caught. Or  
blows himself up.

TOMMY  
Why would he blow himself up?

IVAN  
I don't know. Ennui? The price of scones? I didn't say intentionally.

TOMMY  
We'll meet him after the first job. He'll give us an update. It'll be understandably brief.

IVAN  
Understandably? Since when does anyone understand anything these days?

TOMMY  
You sound like my uncle. And he's in a home.

EXT. ARGYLE STREET---DAY

Tommy and Ivan emerge from St. Enoch station. They're walking east along Argyle Street. The begging homeless are scattered along the pavements.

TOMMY  
How long will you fund this caper?.

IVAN  
It isn't a caper. It's a spark, one that might ignite a bigger fire, a conflagration, out of the ashes of which will arise---

TOMMY  
Stop right there. Start again and speak normally. Much as I love him I don't want to spend a whole evening with a Padraig Pearse tribute act.

IVAN  
A revolution, that's what we're looking for. Not a change in the board of directors.

TOMMY  
And do you really think with a handful of---

There's a BLAST---not a Hollywoodish, echo chamber, just one Splat. A SHATTERING of glass, a moment of silence, then car alarms start up.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
Five minutes early.

Ivan checks his watch.

IVAN  
Four minutes.

People start SCREAMING, Ivan and Tommy look at each other. People are running down Queen Street towards Ivan and Tommy. Ivan and Tommy start running up Queen Street, towards them.

TOMMY  
(shouts)  
If this is what we hope it is,  
running is a bad move.

IVAN  
(pants back)  
It's okay, everybody's running.

TOMMY  
Away from the noise, we're running  
towards it.

IVAN  
We're unsung heroes, rushing to see  
if we can help.

EXT. ROYAL EXCHANGE SQUARE---DAY

Tommy and Ivan are standing breathless on the corner. Sightseers have already gathered, so Ivan and Tommy move further down the pavement for more elbow-room. Shocked hands cover mouths, camera phones, held aloft, record the damage, the carnage, recordings being uploaded as live social media feeds. Some GIRLFRIEND clings to a boyfriends' arm.

GIRLFRIEND  
Oh my God. What a shame. Is emdy  
hurt?

Outside the Glasgow Museum of Modern Art building, is a sundered plinth. On the top is nothing but bronze horse hooves, with anything that may have been above now missing. The rider's bronze head lolls in the gutter. The horse is bronze horse-meat strewn up and down the square.

As curious tourists and the ever-present homeless drinkers, continue to gather and gawp, Ivan raises his phone, ready to take a picture of the plinth's remains.

TOMMY  
Don't do that.

IVAN  
Why not?

TOMMY  
Look.

Ivan looks. Over by the religious book store there's a candy-striped pushchair. It's on its side. A woman's body lies face-down, the palms turned upward having been propelled into temporary flight by the force of the blast. Someone is kneeling over the woman. Her child, a toddler, has spilled from the pushchair. The child's body leans, thrown by the blast, against the wall. The hood of her pink anorak is still up. Blond hair frills the forehead. She looks like a lost doll that a passer-by has left in plain view awaiting the owner's collection. The square base of a traffic cone sits at her feet like a toy she's become bored of playing with. The child is quite still. A cacophony of SIRENS, ambulance and police grows deafeningly close. Tommy grips Ivan by the arm, speaks quietly.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
Let's go. I feel sick.

INT. PAT'S HOTEL ROOM---DAY

Pat's already watching the news from the room's one armchair. The room is dark, lit by the two bedside lights. EIMEAR, a silent young man with long hair and a made up face lolls on one bed, his back against the headboard.

IVAN  
Who's this?

PAT  
My son, Seamus, but we call him Eimear. Say hello, Eimear.

Seamus or Eimear barely looks up from his phone, let alone speaks.

PAT (cont'd)  
He's awkward with strangers. He's a boy but identifies as a woman.

EIMAR  
I'm not a boy.

PAT  
On top of that, he's a Catholic but identifies as a Protestant.

EIMAR  
Fuck the Pope.

PAT  
That's enough.

Pat turns to Ivan and Tommy.

PAT (cont'd)  
I need his help as a lookout, that's why it's fifteen grand now and not twelve.

IVAN  
You said five grand, then ten.

PAT  
People were killed. That raises the stakes for us. The next job will be twenty.

Pat turns to Eimer, who's still playing with her phone.

PAT (cont'd)  
Don't blame yourself, son, you did a good job there.

Eimer GRUNTS.

PAT (cont'd)  
It was an awkward one. Our timer had to be reset. Too many passers-by. The mother was just unlucky, terrible thing, she came out from a lane, maybe taking the child for a pee.

IVAN  
I said no killings.

TOMMY  
I said no killings too.

IVAN  
We both said no killings.

Pat speaks calmly.

PAT  
 In the circumstances, two dead was acceptable collateral damage. I told you, explosives are never kids' stuff. Were those prophetic words or not?

A silence.

TOMMY  
 (quavering)  
 Where do we go from here, Ivan?

Ivan stares into space for a moment.

IVAN  
 O'Donovan Rossa.

TOMMY  
 What about him?

IVAN  
 O'Donovan Rossa killed a boy in an explosion in this very city, in the name of Irish Independence. We need to take this new hit for our own.

Pat frowns.

PAT  
 You already have independence.

IVAN  
 Independence is the stepping stone. We now have the freedom to achieve freedom.

PAT  
 Seems to me I've heard that song before.

IVAN  
 It worked in Collins' time, it can work in ours.

PAT  
 So what's your aim? To plant a revolutionary seed?

IVAN

Yes.

PAT

Do you know what kind of a seed  
you're planting?

IVAN

We'll only find out when it grows.

The television shows reprised bulletin footage,

Glasgow Explosion Horror

reads the rolling text. The chaos flickers round the walls  
of the room, the destruction. The text continues:

Details are unclear.

Passers-by all saw nothing.

TOMMY

This is ugly. We need to put out a  
statement.

Pat turns to Ivan.

PAT

I'll take the extra money for  
tonight by tomorrow afternoon.  
Five grand.

IVAN

It's not what we agreed.

PAT

What we agree in a café and what  
happens in the wild can be two  
different things.

IVAN

You'll get your money.

PAT

I'd better.

IVAN

I'm a fair man.

Ivan turns to Tommy.

IVAN (cont'd)

Aren't I, Tommy?

Tommy looks grim and disgusted at the same time.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Tommy?

TOMMY  
What?

IVAN  
Do you know how many people were killed in the Easter Rising? Four hundred and eighty five. Do you know how many of those were civilians? More than half. Fifty four percent. Do you know what the first one killed did for a living?

TOMMY  
No.

IVAN  
She was a nurse. She was shot tending the injured. Do you take my point?

TOMMY  
I take your point.

IVAN  
Now what are you going to do with my point, Tommy, are you going to ram it up my arse and walk out like a nice humanitarian, or hang around and be a grubby psychopath, like the rest of us, in the hope that we can change our future?

TOMMY  
Hang around and be a grubby psychopath.

IVAN  
Bless you.

Ivan turns to Pat and Eimer.

IVAN (cont'd)  
What about you two?

Pat and Eimear stare at Ivan like he's a simpleton.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Well?

PAT

Well nothing. We're just waiting for you to finish your speech.

Eimer points the remote at the news channel.

EIMAR

Look.

All look at the television. A rolling by-line at the bottom of the screen reads

Glasgow bomb blast woman on life support.

Pat and Ivan look at each other.

IVAN

She's still alive.

A thought strikes.

IVAN (cont'd)

Since that's just the one fatality, it looks like I only owe you an extra two thousand five hundred.

PAT

Give it seventy-two hours. She might have a relapse.

IVAN

Forty-eight hours, and not a minute more.

PAT

Done.

Ivan and Pat fist bump. Ivan looks at Tommy. Tommy has his fingers in his ears.

EXT. ELDER PARK---DAY

Ivan and Trish are walking through Elder Park.

TRISH

What was the point of that?

IVAN

I'll put those words on my tombstone.

TRISH

You know what I mean. A statue. Part of the City's heritage that people loved. Why destroy it?. And that poor woman. Her baby. Have you any idea at all what you've done?

IVAN

Yes. We writers kill our babies all the time. This time I've killed someone else's.

Trish glares at Ivan.

IVAN (cont'd)

Trish, you've asked a two-part question. Part one. If we stick a traffic cone on the head of a general does that makes it loveable? Does it mean we now have ownership over our past? Or is it just a silly, pointless, parochial and ultimately submissive gesture?

TRISH

It's a joke.

IVAN

I've heard it.

TRISH

That's not the point.

IVAN

It's very much the point. They built the gallery behind that statue on slave exploitation. For years we've been asked to share the guilt over that. Why the fuck should we? Where were our mansions? Any Govan weavers or labourers driving around in a coach and four back then? We were slaves too. When that house was built our kids would have been working fifteen hours a day.

TRISH

You don't have any kids.

IVAN

Somebody did or I wouldn't be here. These street names are rubber stamps of authority. George this, Queen that, Glassford, Cochrane, Buchanan, all slave connected, slaves to the great god Capital. Back then, if we'd stepped out of line, the loveable Duke would have ridden right over the top of us, traffic cone and all. And the first regiment to stick bayonets in our ribs would have been a Scottish or an Irish one, up front to take the hit as usual.

TRISH

I think your timeline might be a little wayward.

IVAN

The logic isn't. Time was you'd have agreed with me.

TRISH

Time is I still do or else I'd be sitting in a police station right now telling them everything I know.

Ivan looks at her.

TRISH (cont'd)

When you've stopped justifying yourself, can you calm down? Have a normal conversation?

IVAN

Where's Tommy?

TRISH

You've forgotten part two. Do you know what you've done?

IVAN

Yes. It was a terrible accident. All possible precautions were taken.

TRISH

What's your next platitude, lessons have been learned?

IVAN  
We're issuing a statement.

TRISH  
That'll be a great consolation to a  
mother in a coma.

IVAN  
It's the best we can do. We have  
to move on.

TRISH  
To what?

IVAN  
Watch this space. Now I'll try  
again, where's Tommy?

TRISH  
You should know. You two blew up a  
horse together.

IVAN  
I need to clear our statement with  
him. He isn't answering my calls.

TRISH  
He just needs some sleep.

IVAN  
Sleep? He's at yours?

Trish looks sheepish. Ivan smiles. Ivan's phone rings. He  
answers immediately.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Tommy?

A pause. A voice.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Who's Tommy? Ivan?

IVAN  
Yes.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
It's Ally.

Ivan has to think about that.

IVAN  
Ally.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Did you watch the show last night?

IVAN  
No. I was busy.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
Too busy to watch your own show?  
You got a credit for the idea.

IVAN  
I'm touched. How did it do?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
It'll be a grower.

IVAN  
That bad, uh?

ALLY  
(over phone)  
It was because of that tragic  
bombing. That bomb happened ten  
minutes before our showtime.

IVAN  
That's showbiz.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
It didn't open but I'm bullish.  
Next week we won't have an  
exploding horse to compete with.

IVAN  
Yep. Only one winner. Strictly a  
one horse race.

A very long pause. Ally breaks first.

ALLY  
(over phone)  
I get the feeling you're busy.  
Should I keep in touch?

IVAN  
Do that.

Ivan hangs up. The phone rings again immediately.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Yes Ally.

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
Ivan?

IVAN  
Yes.

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
Who's Ally.

IVAN  
Tommy?

TOMMY  
Yes. Listen. About tonight.

IVAN  
I'm listening.

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
We're ready.

IVAN  
Do we have everything, do we have  
the---

TOMMY  
(over phone)  
Did you hear me? I said we're  
ready.

Tommy hangs up. Ivan pockets his phone. Trish looks at Ivan.

IVAN  
I have to go.

TRISH  
Sure.

Ivan hurries down the path toward the Library at the gate of the park. Trish calls after Ivan.

TRISH (cont'd)  
Lessons have been learned, right?

Ivan raises a hand, runs on.

INT. BRECHIN'S BAR---DAY

On a television, an SBC READER is holding forth, and proolly fourth as well.

SBC READER

Well, Lorna, it's significant that the group, if group they are, is calling itself 'Gawn Yirsel.' The Sinn Fein party in Ireland was of course founded by Arthur Griffith in 1905.

Ivan and Tommy are sitting at the bar, glasses in front of them, watching the news.

SBC READER (cont'd)

Sinn Fein meaning literally 'Ourselves' or Sinn Fein Amhein,' which translates as Ourselves alone. The police and security forces will have noted this with interest and will, I'm sure, be keeping a close eye on any comings and goings between here and Ireland.

IVAN

Sinn Fein isn't Ourselves alone, it's We ourselves.

TOMMY

Does the name matter?

IVAN

Of course it matters. Sinn Fein. Ourselves alone. We ourselves. It's the difference between being seen as a group of self-absorbed nationalists or confident, outward looking internationalists.

TOMMY

Does it matter to us is what I meant. There's two of us. A group is three at least by definition. And that name. Jesus Christ.

IVAN

What's wrong with the name?

TOMMY

Gawn Yirsel?' Too couthy, too jokey, lacks credibility.

Ivan lowers his voice.

IVAN

Tommy. We've just blown up the most popular statue in this city. What was it people loved about it? Ownership. The traffic cone on the head was like a dog pissing on a lamppost, it made it theirs. You might almost say it made it couthy and jokey, right?

Tommy looks at Ivan.

IVAN (cont'd)

We've killed their statue, they'll grieve, question why, then realise we've turned a timid minor subversion into a coherent political statement.

Tommy tries to speak. Ivan doesn't let him.

IVAN (cont'd)

And as for credibility, what's more credible to you than Sinn Fein?

TOMMY

Nothing.

IVAN

Cultural appropriation, Tommy. We've borrowed their values and made them our own.

Tommy gives a grudging smile.

TOMMY

It worked for Elvis.

IVAN

Exactly.

Ivan looks at the clock. His phone pings. Ivan reads the text.

IVAN (cont'd)

It's from Pat. We're ready to rock and roll.

Ivan and Tommy drain their glasses, rise.

EXT. ARGYLE STREET---DAY

The rain spatters down, blown about in the wind as Ivan and Tommy head down the street. The begging homeless have changed rota shifts. New old faces have taken over the pavements, the more enterprising having card machines.

TOMMY  
We should be doing the Scottish  
Stock Exchange.

IVAN  
Sure, Tommy.

A bit of a pause. Lessee, how to put this . . .

IVAN (cont'd)  
There's one big problem with that  
idea, Tommy.

TOMMY  
What's that?

IVAN  
We haven't reinstated a Scottish  
Stock Exchange as yet. We still  
share London's.

TOMMY  
That's what I meant. We should  
have had our own by now.

IVAN  
So that we could bomb it?

TOMMY  
Correct.

Tommy stops Ivan from walking out in front of a taxi.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
Watch.

IVAN  
The Stock Exchange deals in  
capital, Tommy. That's how we buy  
and sell things. Without it we  
couldn't function economically,  
we'd be taking beans and cabbages  
(MORE)

IVAN (cont'd)  
to market. How are your pigs and  
goats doing these days?

TOMMY  
I'm waiting for a bear market.

Ivan smiles.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
Okay, I haven't made a great case.  
I'm just saying I'm not mad about  
your idea for tonight, I liked your  
last one, this one is, well,  
uninspiring.

IVAN  
Doesn't staying alive and out of  
jail inspire you?

TOMMY  
In a bread and butter way.

IVAN  
When do you ever eat bread and  
butter?

TOMMY  
I eat bread and jam.

IVAN  
This job is jam tomorrow. It'll  
tell people exactly what we want  
them to hear.

TOMMY  
Couldn't we just do a leaflet drop  
like every other activist group?

IVAN  
We're artists. Show don't tell.

EXT. GLASGOW GREEN---DAY

Ivan and Tommy are walking along.

IVAN  
This brings back memories,

TOMMY  
Save it, Ivan.

Ivan and Tommy enter through the McLennan Arch.

IVAN

Touch the pillars for luck,

Tommy does as he's told. Ivan and Tommy stop to look at Nelson's Monument. The Nelson Monument is a Category A listed building that stands forty-four metres tall. It's ringed with railings. The base, including the railings, is as square and wide as an oligarch's Hampstead villa and solid all the way through. There's a lipped ledge between the base and the tapering monument itself.

TOMMY

Fuck me, Look at the size of that thing.

IVAN

Indeed.

TOMMY

It'll take a nuke strike to bring that fucker down.

Tommy peers towards the monument, anxious.

TOMMY (cont'd)

They should be just about done by now. Can you see them?

Ivan looks toward the Monument, covering one eye, Nelson-like.

IVAN

I see no bombers.

TOMMY

Then let's get to fuck out of here.

INT. ST. ENOCH UNDERGROUND STATION---DAY

Ivan and Tommy are walking down the stairs in the middle of everyone else in the station. There is a distant FRUMP. Everyone in in the station freezes, looks around suddenly. Ivan and Tommy note the reactions, while carefully still blending in.

INT. PAT'S HOTEL ROOM---DAY

Ivan, Tommy, Pat, and Eimer are in Pat's room at the hotel. Pat's making everyone tea.

IVAN  
Did it fall?

PAT  
I've saved the ginger biscuits from  
last night in my sock drawer so now  
there'll be enough for one each.

IVAN  
After the revolution, there'll be  
ginger biscuits for all.

Pat laughs. Eimer lounges on his bed, keeping an eye on the  
television screen as he turns another phone into a timer.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Did it fall?.

PAT  
To make a thing like that fall you  
need to pack your explosives with  
great precision. So what I had to  
do---

EIMAR  
Shush.

There is a banner at the bottom of the screen.

Breaking news.

Second bomb blast rocks Glasgow.

Admiral Nelson monument damaged.

IVAN  
Damaged?

Ivan turns to Pat.

IVAN (cont'd)  
It didn't fall?

Pat thrusts a cup at Ivan.

PAT  
Drink your tea.

Pat jabs his ginger biscuit at Ivan's stomach.

IVAN  
It was only damaged then, Pat?

Pat composes himself, continues.

PAT  
The size of the charge wouldn't normally work except . . . and this is what I was going to tell you.

Eimer looks up from his timer.

EIMAR  
Tell him about the crack, Da.

PAT  
I'm about to tell him about the crack, Eimer.

Pat turns to Ivan.

PAT (cont'd)  
Except . . . that there's a crack, a fault line running right down the Monument.

Pat draws a crooked line in the air representing the fault line.

PAT (cont'd)  
You see, the Monument was hit by a lightning strike not long after it was built. I was able to exploit that crack, to have Eimer pack it with explosive, otherwise we might only have knocked a chunk out of it.

IVAN  
Otherwise? So it's seriously damaged?

PAT  
It's seriously damaged.

IVAN  
How seriously?

PAT  
In my professional judgement, beyond repair.

TOMMY  
So they'll have to take it down then?

PAT

No.

Tommy and Ivan look at each other.

TOMMY

I don't understand.

PAT

It'll fall down.

Eimer has been skimming the channels.

EIMAR

Da, look.

Eimer has found an outside report from the Green. So hasty and recent the camera wobbles and rain spatters the lens. A young woman with DRENCHED HAIR is doing a piece to camera.

DRENCHED HAIR

As I hope you can see behind me, lit by the searchlights, around three quarters of the monument was fractured and has subsequently fallen.

I can also report that a man, a homeless man, has been killed outright, as he sheltered nearby under a tarpaulin. Paramedics have recovered the body. This means that on successive nights, two people have lost their lives and a third remains critically injured in hospital.

Is this second incident linked to the so-called 'Gawn Yirsel' movement? The name seems to be a satirical play on Sinn Fein 'We ourselves,' that organisation, of course, being the political wing of the I.R.A. This remains conjecture as police enquires continue.

Nobody is quite sure what to say after news of the death.

Ivan starts.

IVAN

This is tragic, on a human level. But in strategic terms it's a win.

TOMMY

How come?.

PAT

I agree with Ivan. It's a better result than last night's. Killing a homeless man is way less damaging to your cause than killing a child.

TOMMY

How about maiming a woman?

PAT

Maiming a woman, especially a mother, is worse than killing a homeless man.

TOMMY

I disagree. Nothing is worse than death.

IVAN

Not if you're just some guy without a roof.

Pat nods agreement.

PAT

A random homeless fella, crushed accidentally by a slab of Admiral Nelson, is quite low down in the Hate league.

IVAN

Pat's right. This isn't a premier league atrocity, it's Championship level. Bristol City or Reading, Fulham at a push.

EIMAR

Reading were relegated from the Championship.

IVAN

You take my point. The trophy itself, the Monument, that's what'll steal the headlines, that's what'll carry the prestige.

Pat nods, beats the table with his hands in agreement.

PAT  
I concur. Having your skull  
crushed by an 1817 statue of  
Nelson's head represents the dying  
fall of an outmoded English  
dominated Union which was  
constitutionally defeated at the  
ballot box and is now symbolically  
laid to rest.

Pat turns to Tommy.

PAT (cont'd)  
You need to catch on to yourself,  
son, if you're going to last in  
this game.

TOMMY  
I don't need any lectures from you.

PAT  
You'll take that one and like it.

Eimer stops working on his timer, he's watching. Ivan pulls  
focus.

IVAN  
That's another one down. We have  
to turn our minds now to the next  
job.

PAT  
The next one will be two hundred  
grand.

I look at Pat.

IVAN  
You don't know what it is yet.

PAT  
I don't need to know. Look, we've  
done two jobs on successive nights.  
There have been fatalities in both.  
Things will be extremely hot for us  
from now on.

TOMMY  
He has a point. This is a wee city.  
People talk.

PAT  
 And when I talk they hear my  
 accent. Two hundred grand or it's  
 not worth the risk. Eimer and I  
 will pack up now and walk. Isn't  
 that right, Eimer?

EIMAR  
 No surrender.

IVAN  
 We will be surrendering, that's the  
 point.

EIMAR  
 A tactical withdrawal is still no  
 surrender.

Pat looks at Ivan.

PAT  
 Two hundred grand.

Ivan admires the ceiling for a moment, then looks at Pat.

IVAN  
 You're on.

Everyone hand shakes all round, even Eimer. Pat offers Ivan  
 his sanitiser in the customary fashion and Ivan offers his.  
 Pat is chuckling to himself. Tommy looks at Ivan.

TOMMY  
 The propaganda of the deed.

IVAN  
 I remember.

INT. CAFE TWA---DAY

Ivan and Trish are seated at the window. Ivan hands her a  
 book.

TRISH  
 What is it?

IVAN  
 The Dark Secret of Beal na Blath.  
 Written by Father Patrick J Twohig  
 in 1991. It's signed, look.

TRISH  
Thank you.

Trish looks troubled as she leafs through the pages, studies the signature.

TRISH (cont'd)  
Why are you giving it to me?

IVAN  
Does there need to be a reason?

TRISH  
Yes.

IVAN  
Put it in your bag, don't spill coffee on it.

As she does so, Ivan looks around.

IVAN (cont'd)  
How are you, Trish?

TRISH  
Accepting. I have a faith. This time has been, let's say, testing.

IVAN  
Of your faith or of yourself?

TRISH  
I never question my faith. It's my faith that gives me the courage to question myself. I know it will always accept me.

She takes a sip of coffee.

TRISH (cont'd)  
I know that's not how you think.

IVAN  
We're not so very far apart. Have you spoken to Tommy?

TRISH  
Every night. Through the night.

Ivan nods.

IVAN

I expect he's told you what we  
both---

TRISH

I don't want to know. I can't tell  
the polis what I don't know.

IVAN

You know enough already to bury us.

TRISH

I don't want you buried. Either of  
you. You're a burden on my heart,  
the pair of you.

IVAN

It's a weight that'll soon be  
lifted.

TRISH

I know.

IVAN

How do you know?

TRISH

Because you've just given me this  
fucking book.

Ivan and Trish smile.

TRISH (cont'd)

Have you heard from Emily?

Ivan shakes his head.

IVAN

Things don't end just because  
they're over.

TRISH

You accept that?

IVAN

I don't only accept it, I welcome  
it. Love gone wrong brings you to  
despair. In turn, despair gives  
you a kind of freedom, a  
recklessness. I don't want to  
spend my life trying to please a  
woman.

TRISH

You told me once producers always wanted mission statements. What's your mission statement now?

IVAN

I thought you didn't want to know?

TRISH

Keep it to broad strokes.

IVAN

The country has its Independence. Everything will change. Nothing will change. The Scottish government spends its time in office building trade links, infrastructure, commercial and governmental, all of that, it's understandable. But it doesn't have a vision.

It functions, yes. But the government doesn't reflect who we are because we don't know yet who we are. The government can't tell us who we are because they're in this story too.

We're all in this together, a single seething organism. Indies, Unionists, Don't Knows, Nutters, Sceptics, Virus Marshalls, Bigots, Fascists, Socialists, Anarchists, all of us writing a first draft on a blank page and we're just discovering our story.

The story isn't about ourselves, it is ourselves, When there's no artistic distance, we have to guide the art.

TRISH

When you say 'we,' you mean you?

IVAN

A story arc, a single myth that will unify and define. That's the seed I want to plant.

Trish gives Ivan a rueful look.

TRISH  
 Good luck with that. If you live  
 to be a thousand you might be in  
 with a shot.

IVAN  
 I don't have a thousand years left.  
 So I'm going to borrow a myth.

TRISH  
 Borrow one? From who?

IVAN  
 Use your imagination.

WAITRESS  
 Can I bring your bill? Two  
 coffees, right?

Ivan hands her a wad of notes.

IVAN  
 This'll cover it Keep the change.  
 Thanks for everything.

Trish gives Ivan a look. They rise.

INT. IVAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM---NIGHT

Ivan is asleep at his desk. The phone rings. Ivan picks up  
 the phone, pushes a button.

IVAN  
 (utterly groggy)  
 Hulloo?

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 I've done it.

IVAN  
 (extremely groggy)  
 Done what?

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 Put the word out on social media.  
 All of it.

IVAN  
 You think we'll draw a crowd?

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 The way I've wound them up? Oh  
 yes, we'll draw a crowd alright.  
 Green. Orange. Black. Brown.  
 You name it. There'll be colours,  
 political colours, and genders we  
 don't even have a name for.

IVAN  
 It'll be lively then.

Ivan and Tommy laugh, then are suddenly quiet.

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 There's no going back now.

IVAN  
 No.

TOMMY  
 (over phone)  
 Goodnight, Ivan.

IVAN  
 Goodnight, Tommy. Good luck.

Ivan's phone is shaking in his hand.

INT. PAT'S HOTEL ROOM---DAY

Ivan and Tommy are with Pat in his hotel room. Ivan looks  
 at one bed, unmade, one still made. Pat sees Ivan looking.

IVAN  
 Do you have everything?

PAT  
 Depends what you mean by  
 everything. I think you've noticed  
 I'm short-handed.

TOMMY  
 Where's Eimer

PAT  
 She met someone, a man or a woman,  
 last night on an App. She didn't  
 come home.

TOMMY  
Can she be trusted?

PAT  
Could you be trusted at her age? I  
couldn't.

TOMMY  
What if she blabs?

PAT  
Why would she blab? It's a hit and  
run she's after, just like myself,  
although not in the same way.

TOMMY  
All the same---

PAT  
(explodes)  
Fuck you. I'm here, I've got what  
you ordered and more besides.  
Isn't that enough?

Ivan says nothing.

TOMMY  
Yes. It's enough.

Pat calms down.

IVAN  
All the same, I'd sooner Eimer was  
here.

Pat gives Ivan a look.

PAT  
I'd be lying if I said I wasn't  
concerned about this job.

Pat throws a window open. Lights a cigarette.

PAT (cont'd)  
It's a big one. She isn't out on  
the pull. I sent her home.

TOMMY  
Home? What about the timer?

PAT  
I've done the timer. Eimer has a  
better touch, but.

TOMMY  
But it'll work?

Pat nods.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
(hushed)  
And the guns, Pat, what about the  
guns?

PAT  
In here.

Pat lays his cigarette on the sill, narrows the open window to a slit. There are two black rucksacks on the floor. He lowers his voice, pats one of them.

PAT (cont'd)  
In here, are a pair of adorable,  
pre-loved .357 Magnum hand guns.

Pat looks at Ivan.

PAT (cont'd)  
Do you know the model?

Ivan is silent. Pat takes a breath.

PAT (cont'd)  
Amongst other things, these were  
issued to the American cops in  
1935, not long after prohibition.  
So you boys will get to feel like  
real gangsters.

IVAN  
I don't want to feel like a real  
gangster.

PAT  
Then stay home and watch Sky sports  
like everyone else.

Pat looks at Tommy.

PAT (cont'd)  
Do you know how to use a whatsit?

TOMMY  
A whatsit?

PAT  
I'm not saying the G word out loud  
again.

TOMMY  
Oh yeah, a whatsit. Vern showed  
me. I gave Ivan an online tutorial  
this morning.

PAT  
Online? You went online to talk  
about whatsits?

TOMMY  
Yes.

IVAN  
Think about the circumstances.  
Does it matter?

Pat shrugs, considers for a moment.

PAT  
I suppose not.

Ivan looks at the second rucksack.

IVAN  
What's in there?

PAT  
Have a guess.

Tommy and Ivan look at each other for a long awkward moment.

PAT (cont'd)  
Sandwiches.

Tommy and Ivan are still looking at each other. Pat  
continues.

PAT (cont'd)  
How long are you expecting to be in  
there?

IVAN  
A week. Like the Easter Rising.  
That's the aspiration.

PAT  
(weary)  
A week. And will you be bringing  
in your own chef?

IVAN

No.

PAT

Then that's what you have.  
Sandwiches. And prunes. Believe  
me, after all that bread, you'll  
thank me.

Pat holds out his hand. Tommy gives him a low five. Pat  
glares. Ivan hands over brown A4 envelopes.

PAT (cont'd)

Thank you

Pat stuffs the envelopes into his bag.

IVAN

These are the dearest sandwiches  
I've ever bought.

PAT

That's Waitrose for you.

INT. GLASGOW CITY CHAMBERS STAIRCASE---DAY

Tommy and Ivan are on a lower section of the splendid marble  
staircase, looking at their splendid watches. Each has one  
of Pat's rucksacks on his back. Ivan has his phone in his  
hand.

TOMMY

It's late. We should go. Should  
we go?

IVAN

No, wait a bit.

TOMMY

We've waited a bit. What if he's  
given us a swerve?

IVAN

What if he hasn't?

TOMMY

You shouldn't have paid him up  
front.

IVAN

He wouldn't have done the job  
without payment up front.

TOMMY  
He hasn't done it now and he's been  
paid.

FOOTSTEPS can be heard coming down the stairs. A male GUARD comes into view.

IVAN  
Shush.

GUARD  
Tour's running slightly late,  
Gents. Be done in five.

IVAN  
Thanks very much.

The guard continues down the stairs.

IVAN (cont'd)  
This is cutting it fine.

TOMMY  
It's been cut fine. Now it isn't  
cutting it at all.

Ivan's phone buzzes, pulsing once, twice.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
That him?

IVAN  
Shush.

Three times.

IVAN (cont'd)  
We're on. Up the stairs, not too  
fast, not too slow.

TOMMY  
Medium then?

IVAN  
Yeh, climb the stairs medium, smart  
arse.

Ivan and Tommy medium up the first staircase and turn. The charge EXPLODES in the external doorway downstairs, sending Ivan and Tommy scrabbling into a tangled heap in the corner. Shrapnel and marble boulders litter the entrance and stairs. Ivan and Tommy are choking, gagging on the dust. The ALARM is sounding.

IVAN (cont'd)

Come on.

Ivan and Tommy hurry up the staircase and run headlong into a tour party and GUIDE as they helter-skelter down.

GUIDE

Please stay together as a group.  
Walk quickly and in an orderly  
fashion, make for the side exit in  
Cochrane Street.

Nobody is listening. They're running toward the gaping hole in the wall that is the main doorway. There's some HOWLING and WAILING as they run out into daylight.

INT. GLASGOW CITY CHAMBERS HALLWAY---DAY

Ivan and Tommy reach a long stretch of doors and offices.

TOMMY

(shouts)  
Do you have the map?

IVAN

It's on my phone, keep going.

TOMMY

Where are we going?

IVAN

I don't know, but we gotta go. We need hostages. And quick before the building empties.

TOMMY

Maybe we should beat it, while we still can. I'm sure we've made our point. We'll say we're innocent tourists.

IVAN

Yes, and then this'll be just one more pointless bang. We've come this far, we need hostages.

TOMMY

Sure. But where from?

Ivan is looking at images of the building's interior on his phone.

IVAN  
Tommy, who's the last person to  
leave when a ship goes down?

TOMMY  
The Captain.

IVAN  
Exactly. Corner room.

TOMMY  
How do we get to it?

IVAN  
There's an ante room.

Ivan and Tommy look for the ante-room. Ivan points off  
thataway.

IVAN (cont'd)  
It's accessed through that.

Ivan and Tommy run for a bit, then stop outside a doorway.

IVAN (cont'd)  
(gasps)  
This is it.

Ivan hands Tommy a gun from the rucksack and takes the  
other.

IVAN (cont'd)  
Look menacing.

TOMMY  
We don't need to when we're  
carrying these.

Ivan opens the door, quietly, and they go through.

INT. GLASGOW CITY CHAMBERS PROVOST'S OFFICE---DAY

At her desk is DOREEN, the Lord Provost, Glasgow's First  
Citizen, Principal Civic Ambassador and Lord Lieutenant,  
fifties, wedding ring, paintings of stodgy past luminaries  
hovering above her head, more recent pics of her with middle  
range celebrities closer to eye level.

Doreen has a phone in her hand. Ivan and Tommy are pointing  
and shaking their adorable pre-loved, Magnum .357's straight  
at her. The Provost's corner windows look directly out onto  
George Square. On a wall is a television.

TOMMY  
Put your phone down please.

She does.

DOREEN  
What do you think you're doing? Do you even know what you're doing? Do you have any idea of the trouble you're in?

IVAN  
Yes, yes and yes. Now do you have any idea of the trouble you're in?

Tommy lets off a shot, shattering a window directly behind the Provost.

DOREEN  
Alright, you've made your point,

TOMMY  
Don't be scared. We won't hurt you.

SIRENS sound in the Square below.

DOREEN  
I'm not scared, it's you two who should be scared. There'll be marksmen on the roofs already, take my word. Leave now, is my advice. Don't make this worse for yourselves. You're not bad people. Go now.

Ivan rams his gun into her ear in the standard television fashion.

IVAN  
The longer we stay here the less we have to lose. And you're staying with us.

Tommy pulls a roll of duct tape from the holdall, goes to work lashing her to the chair. Ivan locks the door from the inside, drags a mahogany cabinet into place. Tommy spins the Provost's chair around.

DOREEN  
What are you doing?

TOMMY

We need a picture for the council's annual fiscal report document. We'll just need your Chain of Office please, oh, and a ball gag.

DOREEN

What?

IVAN

Relax, he's being wacky.

Ivan has a look in an office cabinet, finds the Provost's Chain Of Office. Ivan drapes it over her shoulders. When she's bound and ready to face her public, Ivan and Tommy roll her to the two big corner windows where she can be seen, easily.

Tommy knocks out another pane with a second shot.

IVAN (cont'd)

What was the point of that?' We might have to spend the night in here, it'll be freezing.

TOMMY

It keeps them on their toes.

Outside in the street, there's now a long stretch of blue and white police tape, augmented by traffic cones, pushing the spectators back beyond the War Memorial, leaving the pavement and street outside free for essential services. There are fire engines and police cars everywhere. Laden stretchers emerge from the rubble of the doorway.

Ivan leans out the window for a look. The tailboards of ambulances can be seen on the corners of Cochrane Street. One team is carrying out a zipped up body bag.

DOREEN

What are you going to do with me?

IVAN

I told you to relax, didn't I, what did I tell you?

DOREEN

To relax.

IVAN

You're going to be our nation's saviour. You'll be Scotland's Kathleen ne Hoolihan.

DOREEN

Who's that?

IVAN

You don't know? Kathleen is the mythical mother of the Irish nation. She draws young men to die for the cause of freedom.

DOREEN

I don't want anyone to die for the cause of freedom.

IVAN

Then you'll never have freedom. Freedom needs martyrs.

TOMMY

What's your name?

DOREEN

Doreen. Doreen Clarke. Mrs.

TOMMY

I wasn't asking you for a date.

Tommy turns on the television.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Look at this.

The attack is on rolling news, Tommy and Ivan, both of Tommy's gun shots featuring heavily as does a glimpse of the duct taped Provost at the window. There are television crews right and left of the building, flanking the police line. On screen, a young woman JOURNALIST is doing a piece to camera.

JOURNALIST

(over television)

It's unclear at this point what the abductors want. What is known is that there are at least two of them and that they are armed and highly dangerous. Inside the building Police Firearms Officers have taken up positions on the staircase-

TOMMY

Christ almighty.

IVAN

Open the other rucksack.

TOMMY  
What?

IVAN  
Pat says we've everything we need,  
everything I asked for.

TOMMY  
What did you ask for?

IVAN  
Open it.

Ivan keeps his gun trained on Doreen. Tommy unzips the rucksack.

IVAN (cont'd)  
What do you see?

TOMMY  
Sandwiches. Cheese and chutney.

IVAN  
Under the sandwiches. Anything  
else?

TOMMY  
A box.

IVAN  
What's in the box?

Doreen's twisting her head to see. Tommy grins as he holds up two grenades.

TOMMY  
These. Two of them.

IVAN  
Careful. Do you know how to use  
them?

TOMMY  
Not exactly.

IVAN  
Google it.

Tommy shakes the grenades like maracas.

TOMMY  
Are they okay? The pins are bent.

IVAN

They should be bent. That's for safety.

TOMMY

How do you know?

IVAN

I was in Nam back in the day, I never talk about it . . . How the fuck do you think I know, I Googled it last night same as you should be doing now.

Ivan turns from Doreen, drags the cabinet from the door and turns the key in the lock, softly. There's FOOTFALL among the rubble on the stairs below. Tommy is peering at his phone.

TOMMY

Okay. It's telling me not to cook or milk the grenade, which means don't hold onto it after pulling the pin so as to shorten the time for the explosion and don't fiddle about with the handle. Oh, and don't panic and throw the pin instead of the grenade, which does happen apparently.

IVAN

I'm not a grenade kinda guy but I'd say that's all good advice.

TOMMY

And not to try pulling the pin with my teeth like they do in the movies or I'll lose them and don't count to five before throwing also like in the movies.

IVAN

Okay, that's what's not to do. What's left?

TOMMY

This.

Tommy yanks a pin, without milking or cooking, bowls a grenade underarm like a ten pin. It BOUNCES calamitously down the stairs. There are SHOUTS and BOOTS running like fuck. There's a echoing BLAST. Ivan shuts the door and shoves the cabinet back into place.

Ivan and Tommy pull Doreen's chair through the connecting door to the public address room.

INT. GLASGOW CITY CHAMBERS PUBLIC ADDRESS ROOM---DAY

Doreen looks worried. Ivan and Tommy get her to a microphone. Behind her, Tommy is working with duct tape.

DOREEN  
What are you doing?

TOMMY  
Don't worry, Doreen. I'm just wiring an explosive pack to your back.

DOREEN  
Oh my God.

IVAN  
If it goes off you won't feel a thing.

The back of the chair is now decorated with a couple of tuna mayo baguettes and a can of Irn Bru.

Ivan taps the mic.

IVAN (cont'd)  
One, two. One two.

TOMMY  
Wait.

IVAN  
What?

TOMMY  
I forgot the flag.

Tommy takes a folded Irish Tricolour from inside his jacket and unfurls it as Ivan connects his phone to the public address system. Tommy opens a window and waves the flag in the wind. Through the adjoining door, Ivan can see live pictures on screen of Tommy, waving the flag, and Doreen, looking less than magisterial, taped to her office chair.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
(shouts)  
Play the music.

Ivan pushes a button on his phone. 'The Soldier's Song' by Peadar Kearney blasts out over George Square .

PHONE

(playing music)  
 We're children of a fighting race  
 that never yet has known disgrace,  
 and as we march the foe to face,  
 we'll chant a Soldier's song . .

Down in the square, police, spectators shift about.

The song is over. Ivan hands a copied speech to Doreen.

IVAN

Read this please.

Doreen looks at it, looks up, aghast.

DOREEN

I can't do that.

IVAN

Why not?

DOREEN

It'll cause a riot.

IVAN

And your point is?

Tommy leans in, whispers in Doreen's ear.

TOMMY

That's the last back pack wire in place.

Ivan leans in close, whispers in Doreen's other ear.

IVAN

This is where you say, I'm ready for my close up, Mr. De Mille. Go ahead and say it.

DOREEN

I'm ready for my close up, Mr. De Mille.

IVAN

Thank you. Now read.

Doreen nods, takes a breath. She begins:

## DOREEN

Scottish men and Scottish women.  
 In the name of all our Gods and the  
 dead generations from which she  
 receives her old tradition of  
 nationhood, Scotland, through us,  
 summons her children to her flag  
 and strikes for her freedom . . .

Having organised and trained her  
 man and womanhood through her  
 secret revolutionary organisation  
 known as Gawn Yirsel . . . Having  
 patiently perfected her discipline  
 and having resolutely waited for  
 the right moment to reveal itself  
 she now seizes that moment . . .

We declare the right of the people  
 of Scotland to the ownership of  
 Scotland and to the unfettered  
 control of Scottish destinies.

The Scottish Republic guarantees  
 religious and civil liberty, equal  
 rights and equal opportunities to  
 all its citizens . . .

In this supreme hour, the Scottish  
 nation must, by its valour and  
 discipline and by the readiness of  
 its children to sacrifice  
 themselves for the common good  
 prove itself worthy of the august  
 destiny to which it is called.

Doreen stops speaking. Out the windows there is some  
 BOOING, some CHEERING. Doreen looks at Ivan.

## DOREEN (cont'd)

Do you know what you're doing?  
 You're starting a sectarian war.

## IVAN

Wrong. We're beginning a  
 conversation.

## DOREEN

With guns and explosives?

## IVAN

I refer you again to that great old  
 Dublin stand up comedian, Patrick  
 (MORE)

IVAN (cont'd)

Pearse. 'Blood is a cleansing and a sanctifying thing and the nation that regards it as the final horror has lost its manhood . . . There are many things more horrible than bloodshed and slavery is one of them.

DOREEN

We're not slaves.

IVAN

Yes we are. Servants to our own past. We have to be born now, feel growing pains. We need to learn the hard way before the country can begin to live. Conflict has to hurt us, our hearts have to be broken before the shock of the pain tells us to start again and grow.

DOREEN

That's a very serious mistake.

IVAN

Only to somebody who thinks the way you do.

DOREEN

You're a fool

Helicopter ROTORS start to be heard from out the windows.

IVAN

You're the one who's tied to a chair wearing a chain of office, not me. What's that racket?

TOMMY

Ivan, look.

Ivan looks at the television screen. A military helicopter is hovering over the City Chambers. Paras, presumably Special Services, are lowering on cable lines. The growing Green crowd is booing them.

IVAN

Don't stand too near the windows.

DOREEN

(gleeful)  
You see what you've started.

TOMMY

If I have to, I'll use Doreen as a human shield.

Doreen isn't happy. Ivan is amused. Ivan freezes for a moment, then grabs a pen and paper, scribbles something quickly, hands it to Tommy.

IVAN

Play this, Tom.

Tommy looks at it, looks at Ivan.

TOMMY

You kidding me?

IVAN

Fair shares for all in the new Scotland, I tell him. You'll find it on Youtube.

Tommy goes back to Doreen's desk, collects her laptop, takes it to the public address system.

The television shows a large gathering of Patriots heading along St. Vincent Street. They look like regular guys, trainers, black T shirts but there's a lot of unhip black cargo pants this time and a big drum, Union Jacks and a SHRILL of flutes. There's Republican regalia already in the Square. Tricolours and Celtic scarves, Saltires gathering, blue and white dashes among the Beanie hats and baseball caps.

The crowd is facing the Chambers. Everyone is transfixed for now on the helicopters and Paras above the building.

A BLAST, accompanied by a roar of crashing stone then a mist of dust. A hole has been ripped in the splendid third floor dome and ceiling. A chunk of it has gone and the sky is peeping in.

Tommy has gotten Doreen's laptop attached to the public address system

Ivan's phone bleeps. He looks at it and reads a new text from Pat.

The roof is a going away present from me. Don't reply to this as the Sim Card is nicked and I'm chucking it down the nearest drain. Slainte.

DOREEN

Do you know what you're doing?

IVAN

Yes.

DOREEN

You're systematically destroying a Grade A listed historical building that embodies everything that our City stands for.

IVAN

I agree, Doreen. Isn't democracy wonderful?

TOMMY

Tune's ready.

IVAN

Play it fucking loud.

On the television, the helicopters return, roaring back, their ROTORS at an ear-splitting level now that a slice of the roof has gone. The building is obviously dangerous. They'd just completed the down-lift of the Paras, now it looks like they're back, ahead of schedule, for the uplift.

Tommy PLAYS 'The British Grenadiers' through the Tannoy as the Paras in the building begin their withdrawal and complicated manoeuvre to hoist themselves back on board the swaying helicopter. Down below, there's the sound of FIGHTING.

Ivan seizes the mic from Doreen, SHOUTS through it, above the ROARS, the CHANTS, the YELLS, the SIRENS, the SCREAMS, the hovering COPTERS, the thudding BEAT of batons on riot shields.

IVAN (cont'd)

When they ask you why you're fighting each other, tell them you're not.

You're fighting yourselves, as are we up here, every last one of us!

We're fighting to discover who we are, we half formed schizophrenic bastards!

We are the new owner-occupiers of this country---this septic isle,

(MORE)

IVAN (cont'd)  
 this other midden, this splitting  
 atom, this intensely deep fried  
 Mars Bar---this Us!

This Scotland!

So Gawn Yirsels!

There is a sound like some enormous creature YAWNING. Ivan looks up. A wooden beam has worked loose, is dangling from its supports. Ivan presses against the wall as the wall then topples back away from him and creates a choking billow of dust. There's debris now and tear gas everywhere. The Provost's door is hanging off. Paras in big boots clambering over chunks of fallen plaster and rafter.

DOREEN  
 (coughing,  
 screaming)  
 Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

Automatic, rapid fire, deafening, weapons blasting upwards, mad shouting to scare and confuse..

IVAN  
 Tommy! Drop your gun---Drop it  
 Tommy!

Tommy doesn't drop his gun. He raises it, and then his head bursts open.

BLACK

INT. SCHOTTS MEETING ROOM---DAY

Trish is framed in a heavy-duty Perspex panel.

TRISH  
 There are those in every generation  
 who shrink from the ultimate  
 sacrifice. But there are in every  
 generation those who make it with  
 joy and laughter and these are the  
 salt of the generations, the heroes  
 who stand midway between God and  
 men.

Ivan is on the other side of the panel, with a PRISON OFFICER hovering nearby.

IVAN

That's what you're going to say?

TRISH

That's what I did say. They gave me permission. The funeral was this morning.

IVAN

Oh.

TRISH

They didn't tell you?

IVAN

No.

TRISH

It was good though, right? What I said?

IVAN

Trish, what you said was perfect. It's just you have to be careful with these Pearse quotes. They can beguile the ear but as Connolly said, now and again they're just blithering idiocy.

TRISH

But not that one?

IVAN

Not that one. How are you doing without him?

TRISH

The truth?

Ivan nods.

TRISH (cont'd)

I loved Tommy but Jesus, I'm glad he's gone. He'll be much less trouble to me dead than he was alive. This way I can enjoy him without any angst, tend his grave, leave a wreath, speak a few misty eyed sentiments into the wind, I'm not tormenting myself wondering where he is or who he's sleeping with. It's better this way. At my  
(MORE)

TRISH (cont'd)  
time of life, I don't need turmoil.  
How about you?

IVAN  
Nothing.

TRISH  
How do you feel?

IVAN  
I don't.

TRISH  
And Mick?

IVAN  
I haven't heard from him. The last thing he asked was that I keep his room open for him and I will. I hope he's found Kitty. I hope they work it out. With any luck they'll be cosily ensconced right now in the napper of some other obsessive delusional with an over active imagination.

TRISH  
Is that how you would describe yourself?

IVAN  
It's how Ally describes me. Did I tell you the latest?

TRISH  
Go on.

IVAN  
He wants to do a documentary about me. He sat where you're sitting. I said to him 'How will that work?' He said, 'Well Ivan, if you end up in a loony bin it'll be about the sad rise of mental illness in our uncaring society, if they keep you in Maximum Security for the next thirty years it'll be about the dangerous rise of radical extremism in modern Britain.'

Ivan smiles.

IVAN (cont'd)  
In telly eyes, that's win-win.

TRISH  
And Emily?

IVAN  
Not a word, thank God.

TRISH  
You mean that?

Ivan nods.

IVAN  
She's doing me a favour. Look at me, I've a suite in the Shotts Sheraton, if she suddenly tells me she's made a terrible mistake and she wants me back, what the hell am I going to do about it?

The second BUZZER sounds. Ivan and Trish look at each other. Trish gathers her stuff.

TRISH  
I'll send you my new address.

IVAN  
You're moving again?

Trish nods.

TRISH  
Don't know where yet. But I'm going.

IVAN  
Me too. Soon as I'm sentenced. They say HMP Humber is lovely at this time of year. Maybe Scotland and England could do a prisoner swop at Gretna, one of me for six of theirs. It'd be handy for Stan to visit. Give him a nice moral dilemma about whether or not coming to see me would affect his promotion prospects. How about you, anywhere you fancy?

TRISH  
Maybe Cork Did I tell you, I got my Irish passport?

IVAN  
Good for you. Cork, eh?

TRISH  
Irish grandparents.

IVAN  
Send me a postcard, will you?

TRISH  
I will.

Trish goes.

PRISON OFFICER  
That's that then. Come on.

Ivan rises.

INT. SCHOTTS CELL CORRIDOR---DAY

Ivan is walking between the Prison Officer and a second officer. Vern's VOICE can be heard from somewhere, Ivan pauses outside a cell.

IVAN  
Who's in there?

PRISON OFFICER  
Just a prisoner and his telly.  
Good behaviour. You'll be allowed  
a telly yourself if you keep your  
nose clean.

The Officer peers into the cell.

PRISON OFFICER (cont'd)  
He's watching the news. That  
Belfast guy is on again.

IVAN  
Vern?

PRISON OFFICER  
That's him. He's never off. Some  
talker though, I'll give him that.

A RATTLE of keys.

PRISON OFFICER (cont'd)  
Let's go.

Ivan and the two officers continue on. Ivan comments to them.

IVAN  
 Yes, that's Vern, the moment sensed, his suit pressed, his rhetoric polished, at home in his new arena. The seasoned voice of reason in a world that's lost its head.

EXT. SCOTTISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION BUILDING---DAY

Vern is standing with the Clyde placed Just So behind him.

IVAN  
 (O.S.)  
 He'll say he's been here before and his flossed and softened Belfast accent will carry echoes of the prayer book and the Armalite.

INT. SCHOTTS CELL CORRIDOR---DAY

Ivan and the two officers continue on.

IVAN  
 He'll say he understands the anguished birth pangs of a new independent nation.

INT. STUDIO ONE---DAY

Ivan One, carefully shellacked brown hair, is staring into the camera. Sitting by him is Vern.

IVAN ONE  
 He'll reference Mary Barbour and Margaret Skinnider, he'll reference John Hume and Martin McGuinness, with the elder Paisley and Robert Burns weighed in for sectarian equivalence.

INT. SCHOTTS CELL CORRIDOR---DAY

Ivan and the two officers continue on.

IVAN

He'll list the decades old  
mutilation bombings in his home  
city, pause for effect, then  
elevate all suffering and his own  
prestige with the gravitational  
pull of Seamus Heaney's words, or  
more fittingly John Hewitt's.

INT. STUDIO TWO---DAY

Ivan is now Ivan Two and Ivan Three, chat show hosts in  
their padded chairs by a big round table, a redhead and a  
blonde. Sitting by them is Vern.

IVAN TWO

He will remind you that he's the  
inheritor of a hard fought balance  
and humanity that was paid for in  
blood, some of it his own.

IVAN THREE

He'll quote this from Hewitt:

INT. SCHOTTS CELL CORRIDOR---DAY

Ivan and the two officers continue on.

IVAN

'Bear in mind these dead: I can  
find no plainer words. I dare not  
risk using that loaded word  
remember.

Loaded.

If we listen, we'll be alright.

Ivan and the officers walk on.

FADE OUT

IVAN

(O.S., sings)  
Then gently rise and softly call,  
good night and joy be with you all.

BLACK