The Foreigner

By David Marconi
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)
You like it?
All right.
I need to go.
My dad's here.
I'll see you tonight.
Yeah.

(CAR ENGINE STARTS)
This is the dress.
Do you like it?
We've got to hurry.
Everyone's going.
There's only two left
in my size.
Come on, Dad,
let's go.

(CHILDREN PLAYING)
When do I meet him?
His name's Chappy.
On the football team and very... Chubby?
"Chappy."
You'll meet when he
picks me up for the dance.
Not before?
Dad, you really need
to go faster.
Will he drive you
to the dance?
He's rented a limo.
So, he won't drive you?
Limos come
with drivers.
So, stop worrying.
It's a nice dress.
You'll be very pretty.
I want you to like it.
I'm getting out.
No, no, no.
Wait until I park.
Everyone's already inside.
Fan, careful crossing
the street!

(CAR ENGINE STARTS)
You stupid...
(HIGH-PITCHED RINGING)
(MUFFLED ALARMS BLARING)
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)
(PHONES RINGING)
(PHONE RINGS)
Metro desk, Ian Wood.

**MAN:**
An action wing of the Authentic IRA has just exploded a bomb at the OBT Bank in Knightsbridge. The code word is "Phoenix". Britain's banks are now targets for the Authentic IRA. The bombings will continue as long as Britain's financial criminal institutions persist in their support of the illegal occupation of Northern Ireland.

A bomb just went off, an OBT Bank in Knightsbridge. A group called the "Authentic IRA" just phoned it in. They're claiming credit. Who's the Authentic IRA? No idea. Never heard of them. Christ. There goes the Peace Accord right back in the shit. Listen up. A bank has just been bombed in Knightsbridge. A group calling itself the "Authentic IRA" just phoned it in. I want to know who they are, who's behind them. Call the Met, Sinn Fin, monitor the blogs. Is it the IRA, or is it something else? ISIS? Al-Qaeda? What are you waiting for? Get over there.
REPORTER:
number of police officials
for current estimates on
the dead and injured.
(CONTINUES INDISTINCTLY)
(CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKING)
(WOMAN SOBBING)

FEMALE ANCHOR:
incident that they're treating
as a possible
terrorist attack.
The bomb went off at...
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

...exactly 4:
One theory on the cause
of the blast,
was that it may have been a
gasoline explosion underground.
How many?
How many I get?
Twelve dead so far,
three times as many injured.
The explosion was centered
at the OBT Bank Branch
in Knightsbridge.
There was no warning, and police
were taken completely by surprise.
Fuck warnings.
That'll teach 'em.
Any problems?
No.
We should be moving.
That's normal procedure.
Every cop, hotel,
and landlady in London
is now looking
for the Irishman.
This place is safe,
so long as we stay put.
(CELL PHONE VIBRATING)
Would I go to jail if
I murdered your phone?
Destruction of
government property?
Absolutely.
(CHUCKLES SOFTLY)
Too bad. What's the time?

Almost 10:
Ten more minutes.
I'll miss my flight.
Let's stay here,
 door locked, blinds down...
Room service for a week.
Sound good?
And your work,
Deputy Minister?
An acute case of
food poisoning.
(MAGGIE CHUCKLES)
You need to work
on your excuses, darling.
(CELL PHONE VIBRATES)
Jesus Christ.
There's been an IRA
bombing in London.
Scores dead and injured.
(CELL PHONE VIBRATING)
Yes?
Jesus, Liam. Half the
world's trying to find you.
Do you even know
what's happened?
Yes, yes, yes, I heard.
I've been trying you for
hours. Where've you been?
Meetings.
Meetings?
Aye.
(DOG BARKING)
And last night? You didn't
come home. I was worried.
Came in late, left early.  
Lot of work to catch up on.  
But the guest room  
wasn't slept in.  
Who said I slept?  
Oh, cut the crap, Liam.  
You didn't come home,  
plain and simple.  
And what if I didn't?  
Look, I've got a lot  
to deal with, okay?  
So, don't wait up,  
and don't be worried.  
Sunday is  
the 20th anniversary  
of my brother's death.  
Saint Mary's is dedicating  
a mass to him, so...  
I'll have Beth put it in the  
calendar, okay? We'll talk later.  
Oh, Jesus.  
Yes, I understand the need  
for swift action.  
But until we can identify  
the threat,  
there's not much we can do.  
Well, you have your finger  
on the pulse over there, Liam.  
We're depending on you.  
Anything you can provide,  
anything at all,  
would be a tremendous help.  
I'm meeting the Council now.  
I'll shake the trees as hard  
as I can, and see what falls.  
But, Kate, this is crucial.  
We've managed to keep the  
lid on this for 19 years now.  
But there are new upstarts  
in the ranks  
pressing for the way  
things were.  
I could use something now.  
And you know
what I'm referring to.
The Royal Pardons.
I remember your list,
the 40 On-the-Runs.
Are we really back to that?
My cousin's on that list.
He hasn't even been convicted
of any paramilitary offenses.
These people are suspects
in many things,
including murder.
These people are critical to
holding the peace together now.
A few letters of pardon
would be a small gesture.
(ELEVATOR BELL CHIMES)
We keep it quiet.
But knowing
it's been considered
gives me leeway
to press certain men
for something in return.
As Irish Deputy Minister,
you have served the British
Government honorably,
which hasn't always
been easy,
but appeasement
is a dangerous thing.

**LIAM:**

longstanding issues.
That if addressed now,
would smack of appeasement.
I need something, Kate.
The newer members
haven't lived the bloodshed,
and are easily swayed.
I'm trying to
hold this together.
A gesture is all.
It would make a difference.
I'll consider it.
But I want something first.
Something real.
Understood.
Hello?
(SIZZLING)
We're closed.

**We open at 12:**
Uh, we're looking for the owner, a Mr. Quin Minh?
Quan.
Upstairs.

**LEVETT:**
on site,
not far from
your daughter's body.
Can you positively identify them as hers?
Who did this?
I don't know, sir.
We don't know,
but we're going to find out.
Why my daughter?
Is there someone we can call to come and be with you, Mr. Quan?
I have no more family.
These bombers,
will you catch them?
Yes.
Will they get punished?

**BARRIE:**
they certainly will.

**LEVETT:**
We'll let ourselves out.
(DOOR CLOSES)
(VOICES ECHOING)
Ah, good morning, Hugh.
Thanks for coming.
Been a long time, Liam.
It's been a long time, indeed.
Go on,
take a chair, there.

**MAN:**
Now, that we're all here,
does anyone know
who this Authentic IRA is?
Are they even part of
the IRA?
Some new upstarts, or
something else entirely? Hmm?
They're trying to
undermine everything
we've achieved
over the last 19 years.
Well, I won't have it.
They don't have the support of the
people who said no to the violence.
Our mandate's to uphold
that choice
and maintain the Peace
Accord, no matter what.
Are we in agreement?
There's a lot of support for their
actions amongst the younger ranks.
Hotheads.
Hotheads who don't remember,
or know any better.
You were once one of
those hotheads, Liam.
Aye. Long ago, when it was the
only way. And what did it give us?
More graves
than I care to remember.
This bombing rivals Omagh
with its civilian deaths.
It's unacceptable,
anytime, anywhere!
And do you think the
bombers come from our ranks?
The Brits ID'd the explosive.
Czech-made Semtex
from our dumps.
(ELEVATOR BELL CHIMES) They
also used our code word. Which means they have a contact in our command. Maybe someone in this room. They're trying to divide us, put the Brits back on the streets again, stir up the troubles all over again. Well, I won't have it! I want a complete check of all the arms dumps here and abroad, everything verified, guns, Semtex, the whole fuckin' lot. Jesus, you can't be serious. Never been more so, Patty. We check 'em, and if something's missing, we trace it back to those who knew the location. And then we deal with this internally. Unless someone here's got a better idea. What do we get in return? Peace. Is that so bad, Brennan? Haven't you paid enough in family blood? So, unless you all want to trash what we have, I need your full support and respect. I want a complete list of all the stocks within the week, along with their locations, and everyone who knows where they are. And no fuckin' exceptions! (INDISTINCT CHATTER) Show me. We backtracked 47 minutes.
Clearly anticipated
the CCTV.
He circled London for quite
some time prior to the bombing.
Now, this is the first
CC feed we have on him.
Heading southbound on the A413
near Wendover at 10:53 a.m.
We retrieved the serial number
from the bike's frame.
It was reported stolen
in Reading the night before.
The license plates were also
stolen from another bike in Reading.
What about phone calls?
Assuming that the bomb
was phone-activated,
we've dumped the five closest
towers to the blast zone,
trying to ID any call terminating
at the time of the incident.

(PHONE RINGING)
Sorry. Excuse me.
Yup.
For you.
Bromley.

OFFICER:
He's here again, sir.
The Chinese man.
What?
The Chinaman. It's
five days in a row, now.
Christ. Tell him I'm busy.
I did, and he said
he'd wait, again.

BROMLEY:
this investigation is our
top priority, Mr. Quan.
And we're doing all we can and
pursuing every possible lead
to find those who killed
your daughter.
But they're a difficult people to catch. 
And it may take 
some time. 
I need you 
to understand that. 
You must catch these men, 
Commander Bromley. 
Again, it's our 
top priority. 
Twenty-thousand pound. 
All I have for the names 
of the bombers. 
I'm sorry, 
but we can't take this. 
Then please tell me... 
Just give me the name 
of someone in the IRA. 
To be clear, 
these are vicious men 
who take pride 
in their atrocities. 
Any attempt by you to contact 
them is likely to end very badly. 
This is our work, not yours. 
You need to be patient. 
How long have you been 
in this country, Mr. Quan? 
Since 1984. 
I'm a British citizen. 
You were born 
in Guangxi, China. 
Yes. I'm Chinese Nung. 
I work in Saigon 
after the war. 
We escaped to Singapore. 
Then we immigrate here. 
You had two daughters 
before Fan. 
Both killed 
during the escape. 
And your wife? 
Where is she now? 
(VOICE BREAKING) She died, 
giving birth to Fan.
I'm truly sorry
for your loss.
But you mustn't keep coming
here on a daily basis.
It doesn't help,
and diverts time and resources
from our investigation.
Do you understand?
Yes. I understand.
Thank you for seeing me,
Commander Bromley.

MALE ANCHOR:
weeks of investigations,
there's little in the way of
solid leads that I'm aware of.
The public is looking
for reassurance.
One leading politician
who somberly may have answers,
lies uncomfortably
at the center of this storm.
We go now, to an interview
I recorded earlier in Belfast
with Deputy Minister
Liam Hennessy.
Deputy Minister Hennessy, you've
publicly condemned the bombings.
Yet, as a former leader of Sinn
Fin, and a member of the IRA,
you took part in
similar events years ago.
What's the essential
difference between
those acts
you were involved in then,
and what's happened
in London recently?
Hope.
We had none, just years of
vengeance. (KNOCKING ON DOOR)
We needed to break
the cycle,
so, we committed to a
political path, which led to...
(SPEAKS MANDARIN)

ANCHOR:
why are these IRA men,
who come from your own ranks,
returning to the violence?

LIAM:
reasonable certainty,
that the IRA are not
behind this.
They stand firmly behind the
agreement and the promises...
(SPEAKING MANDARIN)

LIAM:
for opportunists.

ANCHOR:
possibly it's a financial problem,
rather than a political one.
People look for scapegoats,
for a way out.
And for some, they are more
than happy to resort to violence,
to upset the status quo.
Prepared for your signature. They
absolutely must be signed now.
What's the latest reaction
on social media?
Same as before.
Fear and anger.
Anger directed at whom?
From the Prime Minister
on down.
CNN and The Irish Times
want interviews with you.
You can do tonight, or
tomorrow morning at 8:00.
Tomorrow morning by phone.
What else?
You've a call waitin'
on line two.
Waiting?
For 30 minutes, now.
A Mr. Quan from London,
very insistent.
What does he want?
His daughter was killed
in the bombing.
I tried my best
to console him,
but he really just wants
to speak to you.
He saw you on TV.
Oh, Christ, Beth.
Civic duty.
Take it and be done.
(SIGHS)
This is Liam Hennessy.
How may I help you?
(QUAN SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY)
What on Earth makes you think
I know who killed your daughter?
Because, you are
the First Deputy Minister
and the advisor to Sinn Fin,
and a former IRA member.
I am truly sad for your loss, Mr. Quan. I have a daughter myself.
And I condemn these acts of violence, but I can't help you.
Then please tell me someone who might know the names of the bombers,
someone I can talk to.
I don't have any connections to those sorts of people. I'm sorry.
I don't believe you,
Mr. Hennessy.
You are very powerful man.
Well, I work for the government
and our elected officials.
I do not work
for terrorists.
IRA politics and terrorism are different ends
of the same snake.
Whichver end you grab, you still grab a snake. It makes a great deal of difference which end you grab, because one end will bite. Again, I'm sorry for your loss, Mr. Quan. Good day.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)
(DOOR OPENS)
(SPEAKING MANDARIN)
Quan!
(CAR ENGINE STARTS)
(CELL PHONE RINGING)
(SPEAKING MANDARIN)
(ENGINE STARTS)
You have a room?
These are important documents that we must have today.
Yes, I will keep trying the sender, because apparently, there's nothing else I can do, which I find strange, and certainly not the service I've come to expect.
Yes, 329174-N for November.
You tell your supervisor I'll be calling back.
Good day.
Yes? May I help you?
Please, I would like to speak to Mr. Hennessy.
And your name?
Ngoc Minh Quan.

BETH:
who's been phoning.

QUAN:
I phoned many times. I'm afraid the Deputy Minister is busy, and won't be able to see you. I will wait.
No, you must leave.
Best do as the lady says.
He's been phoning up at all hours, asking for Liam. He won't take no for an answer. Just groceries. Go now, before we make you. No. I'm wait.

**KAVANAGH:**

It's the man who's been phoning you from London. He's got a knife on him. One of those Swiss Army types. Well, take it off him. Jesus, how much damage can he do with you two around? Let him be. As I explained before, I don't know who the bombers are. I realize you're angry, but there's not much I can do. It's also very dangerous for you to be here. People in Belfast won't take kindly to your accusations. If you do not know who they are, I would like you to please find out. I haven't been affiliated with the IRA for 30 years. When I was, I fought hard against the violence. I went to prison for what I did, and paid my debt. Now, I serve the politics of both sides, trying to heal the wounds and bridge the divide. Again, my sincere condolences, but there's nothing I can do. What if your wife and
daughter were killed by bomb?
I'd do everything
in my power to get justice.
So, I've chosen you,
Mr. Hennessy.
You will tell me
who killed my child.
Again, I don't know.
You will change your mind.
Thank you for seeing me,
First Minister Hennessy.
(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)
(BLOWS)
I'm sorry, Liam.
He took me by surprise.
(FIRE ALARM RINGING)
You're okay, Beth.
Okay, you're okay.
Take her, take her.
(BETH GASPING)
Murphy, have the boys
check the building. Right.
Jesus.
(INDISTINCT RADIO CHATTER)
(CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKS)
Would you like
a whiskey, Inspector?
No, thank you.
I suppose it would be
a waste of time
asking who might've
done this.
No one comes to mind.
Well, it appears to have been
nothing more than a warning.
Fortunately,
it wasn't a serious bomb.
If it had been, we wouldn't
be here talking, would we?
Feel free to reach out, should
you have the unexpected urge.
I'll feed the press a gas
leak story in the meantime.
Fair enough. Thanks
very much, Inspector.

(PHONE RINGING)

Hello?

It's him.

You come to my office

and plant a fucking bomb?

Have you changed your mind?

Changed my mind?

Are you out of

your fuckin' tree?

You have no idea who you're dealing

with, but you'll soon find out.

Give me the names.

I'll tell you what.

Let's meet face-to-face.

We'll settle...

The fuckin' wanker

threatened me and hung up.

Right. Let's check all the

hotels and guest houses.

He won't be hard to find.

Fuckin' Chinaman.

(CELL PHONE RINGING)

Uncle Liam?

What's up?

I'll be there.

(GRUNTS)

(BREATHING HEAVILY)

(EXHALES FORCEFULLY)

(CELL PHONE CHIMES)

(TIRES SCREECH)

(CAR UNLOCKS)

Stop! Hold it, hold

it, hold it! Don't move!

Don't move!

She's wired to blow!

(EXHALES)

(EXHALES)

KAVANAGH:

10-foot long.

soldered to that light bulb and

covered with ground-up match heads.

Gives an extra kick.
Not needed, but a nice touch.
Crude, effective, and easy to spot.
So, he wanted us
to see it.
Well, it wasn't in the tank,
so, it wouldn't have worked.
He just wants you to know he can
get to you. (CELL PHONE RINGING)
Micky.
We found him.
A B&B in Wellington Park.
They found him.
Grab him.
Drag him out of Belfast.
Discourage him from returning.

KAVANAGH:
I'm on my way.

(CELL PHONE VIBRATING)
(SIGHS) Hello.

DAVIES:
your office was bombed.
(LAUGHS) Hardly. It was
the toilet in the hall.
An Asian man
in his 60s with a grudge.
It's all being
taken care of.
Why'd he do it?
His child died
in the bank bombing.
He thinks I know who did it.
He's not the only one
of that mind.
So, where are we
with the pardons?
Lots of resistance.
But if you give us
something useful,
things might turn
in your favor.
I have a lead.
I'm pursuing it.
Well, let's hope it bears fruit. People here want heads. The dogs won't stay leashed much longer. Top floor, on the right.

(FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)
(MAN GRUNTS)
(GRUNTING)
(BREATHING HEAVILY)
(both grunting)
(SCREAMS)
(GRUNTS)
(GROANS)
(GRUNTING)
(GROANS)
(GROANS)
(GROANS)
(GRUNTING)
(QUAN YELLS)
(ALL GRUNTING)
(SCREAMS, GROANS)
(GROANING)

McMAHON:
(QUAN YELLS)
(GRUNTING)
(PANTING)

LIAM:
are you dumb and blind?
An old man making fools out of the lot of you, and he's still running around out there, for God's sake. You are four men. Four. We had him cornered, then he jumped off the roof and slid down like some fuckin' monkey.

MARY:
Pack your bag.
You're going to the farm.
Go on.
Get your things.
(DOORBELL RINGS)
(DOOR OPENS)
You all right, Sean?
Hi, Christy.
Go on through,
he's expecting you.

LIAM:
Come on in and have a drink,
for God's sake.
Well, look at you.
Jesus, the place looks well.
It's not bad, is it?
No. You're a sight for sore eyes.
So, how is New York
treatin' you?
Ah. It's cold.

LIAM:
Look, Murphy filled me in,
there. That bloody Chinaman.
(CHUCKLES) He set off a bomb
in my office, put one in my Jag,
and beat the bejesus
out of Mick and Jimmy.
Do you want me
to handle him?
No. That's Kavanagh's
problem.
I need your help
with the London bombing.
Any idea
who's behind it yet?
Not at all.
Well, the Yanks aren't
happy, Liam. LIAM: Mmm...
Dead women and kids
all over the news.
Any fundraising now
is impossible.
Yeah, this is not
about fundraising, Sean.
I need you to go to London
and meet someone...
A Richard Bromley in SO15.
SO15?
He needs to know
the bombings aren't ours,
and that we're working
the problem hard,
but we need his help.
Why me?
You're a decorated Ranger
in the Royal Irish Regiment.
Bromley will respect you as much as
he's capable of respecting any of us.
Should anyone find out that
we're talking to the Brits,
to go after one of
our own, rogue or not,
there'll be the devil
to pay.
So, can I count
on you, Sean,
to be discreet?
Of course.

(CAR RADIO PLAYING)

(GRUNTS)

MATRE D:
Right this way, sir.
Thank you very much.
You took your time.
I just had to put out the
odd fire here and there.
I'll be back in a minute.
I'll be right here.

(CELL PHONE CHIMES)
Jesus.

(CELL PHONE CHIMES)
Mr. Morrison.
Commander Bromley.
We're not responsible.
Really?
Forensic evidence and the use of
your code word suggests otherwise.
It's a renegade unit. We don't know who they are yet. You're telling me there's an active IRA unit on the loose you know nothing about? Yes, I am.

BROMLEY:

SEAN:

our dumps. Dumps that were all given up for the Accord? And your code word? They're being helped by someone in our command, Belfast or Dublin. So, what do you want, Mr. Morrison? We've a plan. Different codes will be given to each member of command. When the bombers claim credit for the next attack, you'll tell us which word they use. Then we'll know who gave the orders and then we end it. Who else is involved in this plan? Liam Hennessy. So, you can appreciate the need for discretion. Only Liam knows who will be given which word. So, Hennessy will personally work with us to take out an IRA cell? A rogue cell. Your people, nonetheless. I've one condition. When Hennessy finds the bombers, he tells me directly. Then we take them down. Not you. This is non-negotiable.
We found some plastic bags in his room. Based on what I saw, he's brewed up some nitroglycerin, mixed it with weed killer, packed it into some plastic plumbing pipes. How much damage can he do? I'm guessing he's made four bombs, each enough to blow up a lorry. Jesus. Knows what he's doing. I've half the city looking for him. When he surfaces in Belfast, we'll find him. You'll be safe here. Aye. I wouldn't count on it. (BREATHING HEAVILY) (TIMER BEEPS) Benny! (GRUNTING) (MUFFLED GROANING) (FIRE ALARMS RINGING) (MEN SHOUTING) Jesus Christ!

MAN:
(MEN CONTINUE SHOUTING) Jesus. He roughed up Benny and Sean. They'll be fine. Get more men from Belfast. I've underestimated him. It won't happen again. It's another warning, Liam?

LIAM:
Nothing I can't handle. First Belfast, now here. How in God's name are you handling anything?
The problem's being dealt with.
He is destroying our farmhouse...
Intent on God knows what, and you're calling it a problem?
God, you can be so pompous sometimes.
I'm leaving for London.
Gonna stay at Keri's.
I'm not sure that's a good idea.
Well, I wasn't asking for your permission.
He's hardly likely to know about our daughter's flat, and besides, it's you he's after, not me.
Well, the point is, if he knows about the farmhouse, I assume he knows about Keri's flat. It's not worth the risk.
Well, then, you're just gonna have to handle it, like you said.
I remember a time when you would've dealt with this, properly, and other things, too.
But those days are gone.
(SWITCH CLICKS)
(DOOR OPENS)
Weighs a bit more, but shouldn't be noticeable.
All I'm adding is the Semtex, a micro-chip, and a few inches of wire.
It looks good.
Tricky part will be getting it through the scanner, but we'll find a way.
And if it's turned on? Shorter battery life, but it'll work, no problem.
Any idea which plane yet?
No.
We don't want to hit a
flight with any Irish onboard.
One in the queen's fleet'd
be best.
We just need
the right mule.

(CELL PHONE VIBRATES
AND CHIMES)
Code word has changed
as of tonight.
My news editor's
a complete twat.
Spends as much
on a pair of shoes
as I get for eight hours
writing crap like this.
Makes perfect sense.
Who doesn't like
a new pair of sexy shoes?
You should try
a real whiskey.
Two Jamesons, single malt.
"Wife Attacks Husband's
Transgender Lover."
Some serious news
you're writing there.
Well, if it pays,
I'll write it.
Beats being knee-deep
in a bloody bomb site.
So, what do you do?
Wealth management.
I'm Maggie.
Ian.

(KAVANAGH
SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY)
All right.
I'll call if we need more.
Thanks, Mary.
Six more men are on
their way from Belfast.
When they get here,
they'll relieve the fellas
who've been up all night.
Is it enough to
secure the farm?
Secure as it can be.
It's 20 total
working two shifts.
All right. You're flying
to London today with Mary.
Right, yeah.
That's completely unnecessary.
Get her into Keri's flat,
then move them into a hotel.
I can manage this,
all right?
I'll not be debating this!
Nick's gonna fill up
the Jag.
You're leaving...
(EXPLOSION)
(MEN SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY)

LIAM:
to the hospital.
Get Mary to the airport.
Right.
Go.
(SNIFFS)
Buried nitro bomb,
detonated by remote.
He needed a line
of sight.
Those woods,
that's where he'd be.
Go.
Sean! Mick! Get in the car.
Go, go, go!
Come on. Go, go, go!
(PANTING)
You guys spread out.
I'll take the high ground.
(MAN SPEAKS INDISTINCTLY)
(GRUNTS)
(SCREAMING)
(GROANS)
Names!
(GUNSHOT)
LIAM:
One ol' man running circles around the lot of us.
Why is it so hard?
He's ahead of us every step of the way. We need more men.

KAVANAGH:
100 more men, at least.
And if we did that, we'd have the whole of Belfast against us.
Bring in a tracker, someone who knows the woods, and beat him at his own game.
My nephew?
Aye.
If you can spare him.

(DOORBELL RINGING)
Come on.
How's Keri? Where is she?
Out.
You're a wee bit early, but I'm nearly ready.
Have you a restaurant in mind?
Haven't given it much thought.
So, what urgencies bring my nephew all the way to London?
A few personal matters.
I'm glad I made the list.
Mmm. I think that works.
What do you think?

(BREATHING HEAVILY)
(MARY MOANS)
(CELL PHONE RINGING)
(both breathing heavily)
You've gotta be kiddin'.
Liam?
Tell Bromley
I'll accept his terms.
I'll pass it on.
I've given out the code words. Now, we wait.
Quan hit us again.
Blew up the Jag,
put Billy in the hospital.
Kavanagh and the boys went after him.
The wee shitey injured three more men.
Punji sticks,
if you can believe that.
Liam, it sounds like he's trained.
Maybe Special Forces.
Which brings me to the point.
I need a tracker, Sean.
Can you give us a hand?
I'll take a morning flight.
Good man.
Hey. How'd he sound?
Worried.
He's got a lot going on.
Well, if he doesn't find the bombers, the Accord's dead.
And politically, so's he.
Do you think he'll find them?
Yeah, if there's another blast.
The code word will lead us to who's running them.
He's finished. The code word won't save him.
What the Council needs is new blood,
someone stronger like you.
He's afraid to use his power.
He's just a washed-up
old man
trying to hold onto
whatever he can.
I've never forgiven him
for my brother, Patrick.
Liam found out
who killed him.
A UVF death squad.
Four men.
I told Liam to kill them
before they got to court.
But he said no.
That the time
for revenge is past.
So, my Patrick
is dead and buried,
and they're sitting in
jail now, all four of them,
taking classes
at the open university.
(CRYING) It's not right.
It's not.
(THUNDER RUMBLES)
(FLESH SIZZLING)
(GUNFIRE)
(PEOPLE SHOUTING)
(SPEAKS MANDARIN)
(GUNFIRE CONTINUES)
(WOMEN SCREAMING)
(QUAN GRUNTS)
(GRUNTS)
(GIRLS SCREAMING)
(CRIES OUT)
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)
Hugh McGrath's here.
I heard you're
checking my dumps.
We're checking everyone's.
No exceptions.
Four came up short.
Two were yours.
Ten kilos of Semtex missing.
What in God's name
are you doing?
My dumps were off-limits. We were clear in that. Remember?
You were at the meeting.
If you knew they were short, you should've handled it.
They were in perfect order. I checked 'em myself, and that's a fact.
Christ, Liam, so, the committee knows it's my Semtex?
Don't know who we can trust anymore. Do we?
Trust, or fear?
In your case, mostly fear.
Simple and brutal,
like my dad taught me.
Look, we have an opportunity here, Liam, if you take the lead.
This Chinaman isn't helping matters,
but let me get some locals to hunt him down.
How much do you know?
Plenty.
Bomb in your office.
Your farm. Your car.
Mary and your daughter hiding out in a London hotel.
A bloody mess, it is.
And the men sense weakness,
as do the UVF.
You should be back in Belfast,
out in front,
taking charge.
Look, I'm no politician...
What're you trying to say?
The bombing.
A few quiet words of encouragement would soothe the ranks.
"Encouragement"? They kill civilians by the buckets.
They went a bit far, I know,
but they have given us
real momentum.
The Brits
are on the ropes.
Jesus Christ, I said hit a few
financial targets. That's it.
No one gets hurt. That's what we
agreed to. You gave me your word.
And by God, I kept it.
I don't know who they are, don't
even know who's controlling 'em.
And that's the way
it has to be.
Because if something
goes wrong,
they could trace 'em
straight back to us.
Go wrong? This wasn't
the fuckin' plan.
I needed this
to get our people back.
You and I have spent
our whole lifetime...
You don't give a shit
about those men!
You needed the bombing
to shore up the election,
to prop up your weakness
in the ranks.
Well, guess what?
In the fog o' war,
plans fuckin' change.
Now, I stood by you
when you put fire
into the lads.
M62, Aldershot, Mountbatten.
You were calling for
an escalation then,
right enough.
Those days are long gone!
That's not what I heard
a few months ago.
I heard the old Liam, a man
back on track with a plan.
You haven't forgotten what
we're fighting for, have you?
You question my loyalty?
I buried my brother-in-law, before
that, my da and my two cousins.
We spilt
our fair share of blood
struggling for
united Ireland,
not profiting off
a divided one.
So, don't fucking
go asking me again
if I've forgotten
what we're fighting for.
If there's anyone profiteering
around here, it's you,
sitting in your fancy houses,
cozying up to the Brits.
You're not the Liam
I once knew.
You want
the old me, huh?
The Butcher of the Bogside,
is that what you want?
Well then, hear this.
You reel in those
fuckin' cunts and end it,
or by God,
I'll bury the lot of yas.
Right. I'm going now.
I'll be at my farm
if you need me.
And take care of
that Committee issue.
We don't want them jumping
to the wrong conclusion
about that Semtex.
Do we?
(BREATHING HEAVILY)
Yeah.
Do you
or any of the men know
where Mary's staying
in London?
No. No one, but Murphy.
Hmm. McGrath knows where she's hiding.
I wanna know how.
(SIGHS)
What a day, Charlie.
What a day.
Come on now, let's go.
Come on, Charlie, up you get.
Charlie.
You killed my dog.
Dog's fine.
Just sleeping.
Sit.
I'm wearing a bomb.
Anyone comes in, I touch it one, then we die.
Now, give me the names.
They claim they're the IRA, but I don't know who they really are.
I'm doing everything I can to find out who's responsible.
You're lying!
Who killed my daughter?
I'm sorry.
I truly don't know yet.
The explosives the bombers use, it's Semtex-H?
Yes. Yes.
You know about Semtex?
I know Semtex-H.
During the war, Czechs make for the Viet Cong.
Good for bombs and traps.
In Vietnam?
Yes.
Many American people died by Semtex-H.
Now, IRA use to kill my daughter.
That's ironic.
I've read your history.
We both know about war. We've both tried to put it behind us. You and me, we're alike.

(GRUNTS)

(GROANS)

We are nothing alike. You're nothing!
You kill women and children! Names!
To Almighty God, I don't know! (GUN COCKS)
Wait! Wait.
I've set a trap for them when they use the next bomb.
When they claim responsibility for the next bombing, they'll use a code word, telling the police they're IRA.
I've changed that code word.
So, when they use it, I'll know.
You have one day.
What if they don't set off a bomb by then?
Twenty-four hours.
Oh, Jesus.
Jesus, Sweet Jesus.

MIRA:
the first time.
But ran a reconfiguration through RAPTOR, and the image's anomalies and architecture became more apparent.
Now there, look, the back of his hand.
Hmm. Looks like a burn, or a birthmark.
We're running comparatives now.
So, it's a bit more time, but we'll get it.

(BELL TOLLING)

(PEOPLE SCREAMING)

(BROMLEY PANTING)
Good morning, Sean.
Thanks for coming.

SEAN:
Well, I've been better.
There's been another bombing.
Yeah, I just heard.
Aye, a London bus.
Has Bromley phoned?
No. Not yet.
McGrath's on his way with some locals. They'll give you a hand.
No, I don't need them.
I'll handle it.
Good man.

(CELL PHONE VIBRATING)
Hennessy.
They called, but didn't give a code word. What the hell's going on?
Maybe it wasn't them.
Press Association took the call.
A man with an Irish accent said there'd be no more fuckin' cooperation with the Brits, and no more code words.
He knew exactly which bus, and how much explosive was used.
And it's been ID'd as your Semtex again.
Either someone talked, warned them off, or you're playing me.
Only two people knew what was happening.
Myself and Morrison.
Like I said, one of you can't be trusted.
Send me a number where I can reach you day or night.
I'll call the moment I have something.
It better be soon,
or you'll feel a backlash the likes of which you've never felt before.

DAVIES:
For God's sake, 16 dead, twice that injured.

LIAM:
I had a plan to nail the bastards. Didn't work.
(SIGHS) I've just come from Downing Street.
The PM will consider the pardons, but only if you give up the bombers immediately.
And how in God's name do I do that? Find a way!
Plans are afoot to put the paratroops back on your streets in 48 hours. Belfast will erupt.
You'll give the bombers exactly what they want. Well, it's out of my hands now.
Call when you have something.
I'm heading for a conference in Rome tomorrow.
I'll have my cell at all times.
(LIAM SIGHs)
How was London? Is Mary okay? You said to keep an eye on her, and make sure she and Keri were kept safe.
I spent some time in her hotel lobby, watching the comings and goings, you know?
She had no idea
I was there.
And your nephew turns up.
He spent two hours
in her room.
He spent two hours
in Mary's room?
Aye. And after he goes,
Mary comes down,
and calls Hugh McGrath
on the lobby phone.
(RUSTLING)
(SIGHS)
It's done.
Unless they take it apart, there's
no way to know it's been modified.
Fuckin' brilliant.
What'll set it off?
The internal clock. I'll input
the time once we know the flight.
There's a security conference
in Rome tomorrow.
All the top MPs and security
people are flying there
on three lunchtime flights.
Perfect.
What about our mule?
Sara just confirmed
he's going.
We then ran the burn-mark
through the database.
We got a positive hit on a Patrick
O'Reilly, age 29, from Belfast.
O'Reilly had one prior for a domestic
abuse incident three years back.
Did two months in Hydebank.
We entered O'Reilly into the
facial rec bank for matches.
We got a hit.
(KEYBOARD CLACKING)
That's him in a Dublin pub with
an IRA member four weeks ago.
It's a known
IRA meeting place
we've had
under surveillance for years.

**PRIME MINISTER:**
And the other two with him?

**BROMLEY:**
to them, Minister.
That, and a woman we've just
ID'd at the bus explosion.

(CELL PHONE VIBRATING)
Yes.
Your mole's Hugh McGrath.
Did you hear me, Hennessy?
Are you sure now?
Quite.
We've ID'd
the Knightsbridge bomber
as Patrick O'Reilly
of Belfast.
Three weeks ago,
Mr. O'Reilly was observed
meeting Hugh McGrath
in a Dublin pub.
Where's McGrath
and O'Reilly now?
I don't know O'Reilly.
I haven't seen McGrath.
Let me help you with McGrath.
His phone's GPS puts him
52 meters south of you.
I'm watching him
coming up your drive.
So, let's cut the shit.
There's a Chinook airborne
right now, with a 12-man team.
They'll land on your farm
in 30 minutes
to take McGrath
into custody.
I needn't tell you
how that'll go,
nor how your cozy relationship
with him will sink your career...
This time, for good.
Or?
Question McGrath your way
and get what I need.
Names and locations
of everyone.
You can't save him, but
maybe you can save yourself.
Thirty minutes, get what I
need, I'll turn them around.
Jim.
Send McGrath's men to the trailhead,
see if Sean needs any help.
Give me your phone.
What the hell?
Give me your phone.
Get your ass
in that chair there.
A London bus, for Christ
sake! Now, hold on!
Not even
fuckin' warnings!
Sixteen dead!
You stabbed me in the back
and sanctioned this bloodbath
to get your war back on.
The plan had no balls.
This wasn't
a Bombing Light campaign.
You said hurt 'em,
and hurt 'em, we did.
By killing women
and children?
You can't restrain yourself.
You never could. Well, it's over.
Their names, aliases,
and location!
You know I can't do that!
(SCREAMING)
That's me being nice.
Now, write, and it better
match what I already know.
By God, I'll take you apart
joint by joint!
You used me.
You wanted the pardons for
your own political gain.
You're a disgrace
to the cause!
(BREATHING HEAVILY)
Four men and a woman.
Maggie Dunn?
Aye. You call her that.
Sara McKay's her real name.
She works for you?
Bloody right.
Checks and balances.
(SCREAMING)
An insurance policy, in
case you lose your nerve,
which you have.
So, now,
if they take the lads,
she will lead them
straight back to you.
Not so easy anymore,
now, is it?
SO15 will be here in 20
minutes to take you in.
We both know
that can't happen.
You gave me up
to the Brits?
You tout bastard!
You gave yourself up.
They've got surveillance of you
in an IRA pub with a Pat O'Reilly,
who they ID'd
as the Knightsbridge bomber.
And thanks to your GPS phone,
they tracked you here.
You broke every rule, Hughie.
And now, I'm left
to clean up your mess
as I have
for the past 30 years.
A final thing.
My wife?
What about her?

(GRUNTS)
(SCREAMS)
She hates you
because of her brother.
And so,
she reached out to me.
So, yes, I helped her.
And she helped me.

(GUNSHOT)
(CELL PHONE RINGING)
Yes.

LIAM:
I got your names.
(GRUNTS)
(BOTH PANTING)
Oh, shit, I'm late.
I've got to go.
Did you come?
No. (CHUCKLES)
I'm not a three-second wonder
like you.

(IAN CHUCKLES)
(WATER RUNNING)
(DEVICE BEEPS)
(WATER STOPS)
(GARGLING)
Well, keep wearing that shirt,
I'll be a two-second wonder.
You're gonna have to
get used to it.
Practice, practice, practice.
I'm close.

LIAM:
It was his op all along.
I've got the bombers'
names and location.
I'll text you the info.
You may need it.
The one who killed Quan's
daughter is Pat O'Reilly.
He's got a burn-mark
on his right hand.
Either way, Sean,
you end this, now.
You hear me?
Understood.

(GRUNTS)
(BOTH GRUNTING)
(BOTH GROAN)
(YELLS)
(SEAN YELLS)
(GROANS)
(SEAN BREATHING DEEPLY)

You know why
you're still alive?
You want the names?
They're in the phone.
The last text, code 7741.
Five names and their
location in London.
O'Reilly set the bomb
that killed your daughter.
He's got a burn-mark
on his right hand.
You fought in the army.
Iraq. Royal Irish Regiment.
Two tours,
Special Forces.
You're Catholic, but you
fought for British. Why?
I fought for the regiment.
Out there,
religion didn't matter.
We were all the same.
That's it.
Family?
A brother.
The rest have passed away.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)
(SIGHS DEEPLY)

Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)
Take a seat, Sean.
Aye. You look like you've
been through the wars.
Aye. Quan got the drop on me. I gave him the names, he took my things and let me go. When the bombers called in about the bus, they didn't use a code word, because someone tipped them off. Only two people knew the reason for the code change. You and me. Liam, I didn't tell anyone. I swear. I spoke to Bromley, and that was it. What if I told you I had Murphy stay and watch Mary in London? My own flesh and blood. Liam, I'm so sorry. I don't wanna know what happened in that room. All I wanna know is, what was discussed when your sweet Aunt Mary was with you? Did she say she was involved with McGrath and the bombers? No. Never. She was upset about her brother and kept on about that. When you and I were talking about the code word, she asked about 'em, but she never let on about McGrath. Oh, so, she could hear us on the phone? No, it was only after our call she mentioned the code word. She thought they wouldn't be of use. So, she steered
the conversation?
Well, yes, I guess she did.
Ah. A good manipulator,
she is.
So, she told the bombers?
She told McGrath,
McGrath told them.
Thick as thieves,
they were.
She tricked the information
out of you, Sean.
She used you.
Liam, I...
Shut up!
Bury that pig
in the sow-pen.
And after that, I have
one final task for you.
And when that's done,
go back to New York, son.
Thank you.
Zero, this is Alpha Two.
Echo One toward target house.

ROSS:
toward the target house. Copy.

ELECTRICIAN:
the target house and unsighted to me.
Zero. Echo One is in target
house and unsighted to you. Copy.
Thank Christ for that.
Sierra call signs.
Confirm when Echo One
is complete in target house.
Sierra Two, roger that.
Sierra Three, roger that.
X- Ray One on balcony.

BROMLEY:
approaching front door.
How'd it go?
It's done.
JOKER:
- Ray One and Echo One have left the room.
  All other X-Rays remain.
  (INDISTINCT CHATTER)
Zero, this is Alpha Two.
One unknown Echo
and two children
entering the target house.

ROSS:
He's a slobbering oaf.
It had to be done.
I had to shag him.
It was fuckin' disgusting.
Look, I know what you
went through. All right?
Do ya, Denis?
Do ya really?
Well, maybe,
for the next bomb,
you can set up
a gay Magistrate.
How would that be?
Taking a shower.

GUARD:

JOKER:
entering living room.
All X-Rays now complete
in living room.
All call signs, move to
your final rendezvous.
(DOG BARKS)
X- Rays and Echo complete
in living room.
We've lost visual. Echo
One has closed the blinds.
Fox One, you have control.

JOKER:
control. Standby. Standby.
(DOORBELL RINGING)
Stop, stop, stop!
Wait!
Sierra call signs,
report what's going on.

**MI5 TECH:**

at the front door. Wait.
Sorry for the bother, but there's
a gas leak in the building,
and the gas man needs entry
for an inspection.
Our gas works fine!
There's no problem!
He needs to inspect
all the flats, regardless.
He won't take a moment,
and it is an emergency.
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)
It's quite important,
Mr. Upton.
By law, I'm allowed
to use my own key.
All right. Just a second.
Come down when you're done, and
I'll take you to the next flat.
Thank you.
I will be very fast.
This way.
Can I see
the boiler, please?
Would you mind putting
your bag on the table?
Open it up.
(BAG OPENING)
All right.
(GRUNTING)
All call signs,
standby, standby!
(GROANS)
(GROANS)
(WHIMPERING)
(BOTH GRUNTING)
(SCREAMS)
(CHOKEING)
(GRUNTS, PANTING)
All call signs, go!
 DEVICE BEEPS
 EXPLOSION


JOKER:
Get down! Get down! Get down!
 MAGGIE SCREAMING


JOKER:
 ELEVATOR BELL DINGS
 DOG WHINING
 DOOR OPENS
 X- Rays down.

ROSS:
She's alive, under control.
Who planned this?
Go fuck yourself.
SCREAMING
What's this, eh?
Your next bomb?
Go fuck yourself.
SCREAMING
SOBBING
Talk, you rotten slag!
SCREAMING
SOBBING
It's too late.
Nine minutes, it blows.
No time to land.

JOKER:
A plane? Which plane?
SPITS
Which plane?

RICE:
(ELECTRICITY CRACKLES)
This is how it works.
I ask questions.
You answer.

RICE:
Flight 136 to Rome.
Passenger name Ian Wood.  
Bomb's in his laptop.  
Set to go off  

at 3:  

ANNOUNCER:  
gentlemen, please be advised.  
Flight 136 to Rome  
has been overly delayed.  
We apologize for  
the inconvenience.  
Again, Flight 136 to Rome...  

OFFICER:  
Is there an Ian Wood here?  
Ian Wood! Ian Wood?  
Is there an Ian Wood here?  
Ian Wood?  
Ian Wood! Ian Wood!  
What's going on?  
What's going on?  
They're looking for someone  
named Ian Wood.  
That's me.  
I'm Ian Wood.  

OFFICER:  
I'm Ian Wood.  
(PANTING) Is that your laptop? Yeah.  
Move! Move! Move!  
(PEOPLE SCREAMING)  
Get out! Get out!  
Get out! Get out!  
Get down! Get out!  
Get outta the way! Get out!  
Move here! Get out! (GROANS)  
Move!  
(GRUNTS)  

JOKER:  
a gas man turned up  
with an assault gun,  
a Chinaman.
Started shooting,
killed everyone but her,
and then walked out
the door.
She said he was a Chinaman?
Affirmative.
About 60 years old.

ROSS:
the device is neutralized.
Good work.
Fox Hunt is now terminated.
No loose ends.
Understood.
(DOG BARKS)

BROMLEY:
I need an AP out to all
city-district units
from Wapping High Street
to the A1203.
Suspect's an Asian male, 61
years of age, 5'8", 11 stone.
His name's Ngoc Minh Quan.
He's armed, and has
US Special Forces training.
Use extreme caution.
(SIGHS)
(CELL PHONE VIBRATING)
Yes.
I was on the flight
they targeted to blow up.
Because of your
timely information,
we stopped it.
I wanted to
thank you personally.
Thank God you're okay.
The bombers were neutralized,
even Sara McKay,
whom you called, "Maggie".
She gave a reporter the bomb
that was to have been put
on my flight.
She also carried out
the bus carnage,
and is directly connected
to you, and McGrath.
We have call-pens going to and
from her off the cell towers
by your farm and town homes.
That's 250 precision
locations and activations
consistent with
your mutual activities.
Katherine...
I've spoken to the PM.
He's agreed to keep you
in office for now.
I'm issuing pardons for five
On-the-Runs, one is your cousin.
But make no mistake, Deputy
First Minister, you are ours now.
I say "jump,"
you say "where?"
You're on the next flight
back to London.
Tomorrow, you'll brief SO15 and
myself on everything you know.
All of it.
(LINE DISCONNECTS)
(DOORBELL RINGING)
(SILENCED GUNSHOT)
Good evening, sir.
How did you find me?
I gave you the names,
like I said.
This woman, she's a bomber.
You lie. You plan everything.
For whatever it's worth,
I never intended to
hurt your daughter.
Or any of those people.
Send.
Do it!
(CHIMES)
It's now on the Internet,
you and your mistress.
The whole world will know
you are a terrorist.
Goodbye, Mr. Hennessy.
(GRUNTS)
(PANTING)
(FOOTSTEPS)
(OBJECTS CLATTERING)
(COMPUTER PINGS)

BROMLEY:
It's Landesman, sir, in S-11.
I've got him.
Where?
The Happy Peacock Takeaway. He's
returned. Do I send in a team?
No.
I believe we owe
this chap something.
Keep back for now.
Observe and report only.
Yes, sir.
(EXHALES)