



Scripts.com

# **Fifty Dead Men Walking**

By Martin McGartland

His name is Martin McGartland...  
and when I met him, he was an unemployed  
Catholic hood selling stolen goods.  
Now, these are a guarantee for action,  
all for a couple of quid, like?  
-Take yourself off.  
-Well, would you have a dollar?  
See, now, I had you down for  
something a wee bit silky...  
-Oh, not again.  
-Oh, come on, it's sexy...  
Martin helped support his family.  
I liked that about him.  
-We don't want any!  
-Wait, don't go!  
Have any Hugo Boss?  
-Only the entire line at my fingertips.  
-All right.  
No, there's no way, man. No way.  
Please?  
Okay, I'll do you 9 if you take  
the Hugo Boss for 10.  
Done. Do you want to have a look, Lara?  
You know I'm not.  
Oh, thank God there's you and  
the Pope looking after our souls.  
You seem to be under the wrong impression.  
These goods are not stolen.  
They're... manufacturer overruns.  
How about some shoes, Mrs. Flaherty?  
Like, I've got loads of shoes.  
I can get you any shoes you like.  
Anything from this catalogue here.  
There's no point in me looking, love.  
Not that I care where it comes from.  
Well, maybe next month.  
Okay, well...  
-Here, Mummy, can I have another tenner?  
-No, you cannot.  
Oh, please?  
What did you do with that 20  
I last gave you? What did you do?  
I don't know.  
It just adds up.

So if there's anything you need...  
Jobs were generally controlled by  
the Protestants, which meant...  
most of the young Catholic men were  
unemployed, and angry about it.  
Martin and Sean have lived  
on the edge for so long...  
they didn't know any other way.  
No way, man.  
Who'd you kill for this, you wanker?  
and up to 60 in 7 seconds.  
Outrun any peeler in the city.  
The boot's a wee bit small, but it'll do.  
I can get you a deal anytime.  
It's no use.  
I can't afford the petrol.  
And that's where I come in.  
I was a peeler. That's what  
they call the police in Belfast.  
I was a Handler with the Special Branch.  
My codename was Fergus.  
You see, by 1988, Belfast had been  
a battleground for 20 years.  
The Irish Republican Army against  
Unionist Ulster Defense Force.  
Both were illegal armies.  
It was about freedom.  
Police barricaded all  
roads leading to...  
Unionists want Northern Ireland  
to stay as part of the United Kingdom.  
Catholic Republicans want  
free of British rule.  
Both sides were willing to kill  
for their cause.  
By 1969, violence was so bad British  
troops were sent to keep the peace.  
They've been there ever since.  
To the IRA, they were also  
an occupying army.  
B-20. We have a report  
of sniper fire.  
-Thanks, love.  
- 2 officers down.

Send available blue lights  
to Falls Road area.  
This is B-20, out.  
Is everybody all right?  
-Outcome?  
-Result.  
Go on, you mad bastard.  
T ell the boys to pull out.  
I repeat, 2 officers down.  
Send blue lights. Over.  
K-9 response to Falls Road.  
Trying to locate gunman.  
Looks IRA.  
We had real respect  
for the IRA as a military force.  
We sealed the communities.  
Protestants one side of the wall,  
Catholics on the other.  
The reality was we couldn't stop  
what was happening...  
because we didn't have the minds  
of the people.  
In war, truth is the first casualty, and  
information is as powerful as bullets.  
Growing up an Irish Catholic lad in  
a Republican community...  
where police and security forces were  
not trusted, Martin had few choices.  
What are you talking about? You've  
never done a day's work in your life...  
But he was his own man, and that meant  
he had real potential to work with us.  
I really don't think stealing cars  
is what you would call employment.  
-You know what I mean?  
-It depends on how you look at it.  
If the peelers catch you this time,  
that's it, man. You're fucked.  
Sean, tell me you didn't  
steal that car.  
I didn't steal that car.  
I knew someone like him could make  
a real difference.  
All I had to do was convince him.

Where you off to, lads?

Aye, we're just going to the shops,  
you know.

-All right. Name?

-Mickey Mouse.

-Mickey, what street are you from?

-Sesame Street.

No, it's Disneyland. Mickey Mouse  
is Disneyland.

Aye, right, Disneyland, eh?

Yeah, yeah, yeah, where are you going?

Didn't you hear him, man? We're, like  
we're just going to the shops a second.  
Me sister's birthday's coming up. We're  
getting her a present. Is that okay?

-Just a wee bike, aye?

-Name!

You fucking hard of hearing?

Mickey Mouse.

What are you doing? What, are you  
going to shoot him, is that it?

Oh, now you're going to shoot me?

First you, and now it's me?

Go ahead, man.

Shoot.

Go on, man, fire away.

Fucking shoot me, man.

Is someone going to do something  
about this psycho here?

It's all right.

Put it down.

Wait! After them, lads!

Come on, move it!

Peelers!

This way, let's go!

Fuck!

Come on!

After doing 90 on the Shankill,  
your mate Sean spun out...

took off before the officers  
chasing him could say "wanker."

I gather you're in sales.

A bloke like you  
gets around the area.

Not me, man. I make  
it a point to see nothing.  
How about easy cash...  
the kind that doesn't see you going  
to jail for selling stolen goods?  
I show you some faces, you tell us  
what you see them doing.  
What makes you think that  
I would be a tout for anybody?  
The comings and goings of neighbours  
is not exactly being an informer...  
or a "tout, " as you call it.  
A car. No record.  
Not even on police files yet.  
Martin didn't go for any of our usual  
offers or threats.  
He sold stolen goods in Catholic areas  
against strict IRA rules...  
which were brutally enforced.  
Are we done?  
Can I go now, please?  
That meant he wasn't afraid of them.  
All right.  
Thank you very much.  
Which is why I also knew  
I could trust him.  
Well?  
I'll take him out on a road test.  
If he's useless, I'll give him to M15,  
tell them he's bloody brilliant.  
Jeez, Paddy. You watching  
your family videos again?  
Ray here came by to make  
your acquaintance.  
Marty's been working for me.  
Like I say, he's a good lad.  
-Is he?  
-Fuck this.  
Didn't have anything on you, did they?  
Here you go, Paddy.  
Oh, Jesus.  
How you doing, Ray?  
So, Martin, Sean here says  
you're a good man.

Look, man, I didn't see nothing.  
That's true, you didn't,  
and you'll do well to remember that.  
I know your ma.  
She's a good woman.  
-Thanks for what you did today.  
-Aye, no problem.  
We'll not forget it.  
Aye.  
Sean, man, how do you know him?  
He's lRA.  
-Is he now?  
-Yeah, he is.  
Where's me money?  
Paddy, is there any chance of getting  
a pair of these, like, in black?  
Size 8?  
Please, God, no, it's a pipe. It's just  
a pipe! The bathroom's just upstairs.  
Do I look like I shot anybody?  
What reason could you have  
to search my house for guns?  
-I live here, okay?  
-2 officers have just been shot.  
What else do I need know?  
Where were you 2 hours ago?  
I was playing football, man.  
Where were you?  
-Bullshit!  
-Don't! Don't!  
I didn't raise you to be thick  
as a plank!  
Listen. If I find out you were  
anywhere near this trouble...  
I'll drag you to the police myself!  
But I had nothing to do with it!  
Evil can only do its work if decent  
ordinary people turn a blind eye...  
-even if only for a moment.  
-Keep searching!  
He's made an impression on the lRA,  
for sure, right up the line.  
From here on, I'm out.  
Can't figure out what you'd want

with a 10p hood like him.  
What's this? Huh? What's this?  
What, you were heading round your Ma's  
house and doing a wee bit of fixing?  
Wouldn't be for stealing cars,  
would it? Not our Frankie.  
Breaking into people's houses?  
Yeah? Yeah?  
Joyriding their cars?  
Now I'm hearing about drugs?  
These are crimes against the community,  
and you've been found guilty.  
It's not me. I swear.  
What?  
Help, help!  
Fuck!  
What the...  
Fucking shit, is that it?  
Well, you're one lucky fucker, Frankie.  
If I'd have brought my.097, your  
football career would've been done for.  
You want this lying down  
or standing up?  
-Standing.  
-Right.  
No! Fucking leave him!  
Leave him!  
-My jeans!  
-Fuck your jeans.  
The peelers mightn't give a shit  
about our community...  
and how you wankers like you who fuck  
it up for everyone, but we do, so...  
thank God for the lRA.  
Fucking bastard!  
Frankie! That's my brother!  
That's my wee brother!  
Frankie!  
Funny coincidence running  
into you, huh?  
Frankie! Frankie...  
That's for getting involved  
in something that doesn't concern you.  
I'm assuming you have no plans



for this evening...  
because there's somebody  
who wants to meet you.  
Fucking bastards!  
Fred, Fred?  
Do you know that kid, Martin McGartland?  
Well, I've taken a special interest.  
Goddamn it. That's been less  
than 10 minutes.  
Who told you about the meeting  
going down with Mickey Johnson?  
Just lose the file.  
-And not a word to anyone, right?  
-Yeah, right.  
Jesus Christ.  
Sorry about the drama.  
You've got to be careful.  
Would you get us some ice and  
a tea towel there, love?  
I hear the Brits took your ma's  
house apart.  
No warrant, no cause, picked you up  
for questioning.  
Dogs have more rights.  
Here. Thanks, love. Away and make  
yourself a wee cup of tea there.  
I can see you don't partake  
in loose talk...  
or I'd be behind bars now.  
Seems to me like we're  
on the same side.  
You're a go-getter.  
I've been asking around.  
A kid like you deserves  
to work at something, build a future.  
Do you know why you can't get a job?  
Because it makes you easier to beat.  
The Brits underestimate us.  
This war is being fought in our  
own footpaths, in our gardens...  
in our living rooms.  
Makes for a special kind of man who's  
defending his home and his community.  
I am thinking...

maybe you'd want to be part of something that's bigger than your skinny wee arse. It's bigger than mine. It's as big as a country. Well, do you want the job? Okay. Paddy's nothing but a wheeler-dealer. That's a sure way of getting your legs broken. A fence is just a tout in training, so you're finished with him. Okay? You got a car? Aye, I do. Mickey Johnson ran a taxi company. He was also high up in the IRA, and drivers were a perfect way to recruit. I knew Martin would be pissed off by the IRA for taking out Frankie's knees. Maybe he'd see Mickey's job as an opportunity to get a car... and to help us. That was my hook. In my world, timing is everything and occasionally, we get lucky. I've been asking around for you. I'm glad you're okay. I'm fine, no problem. Come here, Frankie, I'll get you in. You okay? Are you okay, man? Look at me, Frankie. I'm sorry, mate, you know? I wish I could have helped you, man. There was nothing I could have done. Okay? Frankie's got an appointment at the Royal. Bloody taxis. We're very late. I'm sure we've completely missed his doctor... and next week he goes on Tuesday and Thursday.

Maybe I can give you a lift, like.

I understand.

-You got a car?

-Aye, definitely. Yeah.

That'd be brilliant, wouldn't it,  
Frankie?

Tuesday would be grand.

I'll pick you up on Tuesday, okay?

**-4:**

-Aye, definitely.

There's a right way and a wrong way  
to do this. He's not in our pocket yet.

Pick him up. Let's see  
what he's made of.

Worst case, he ends up another  
statistic in jail or the morgue.

I don't see a downside.

Aye, he doesn't listen to anybody.

That's his problem.

-That's why he...

-Wanker.

What did you say?

-Would you take him off.

-Come here, love. Come here.

What did you say, man?

-Don't be starting anything, Marty...

-Did you say something to me?

Marty, just walk away.

Move on. Okay, move on.

Good man.

Okay, why would you do that?

Why would you do that?

You're going to point that at me now?

Why would you do that?

What are you sick? Is that it?

-Hey, get off!

-Is that it? Is that it?

And with a wee baby about!

With a baby about!

Against the wall, laddy.

-Ma!

-Marty!

-Fuck off.

-I'm his mother!  
Ma! I swear to God  
I didn't do it!  
He's assaulted an officer and  
now he's got to go to the station.  
Idiots were supposed to pick you up.  
They weren't supposed to start a riot.  
What the hell's going on?  
Are you setting me up?  
A desperate man goes to  
desperate measures.  
I'm Fergus.  
That's a terrible thing happened  
to your mate, Frankie.  
I'm sure the sister, Lara, forgot to  
tell you her mother got the shoes.  
Thinks you're a rock star.  
Hopefully, I've impressed you with  
our thoroughness because...  
I need your help.  
You met with Mickey Johnson.  
Never seen him.  
This is about lives and saving them.  
They'll do to you what they did to  
Frankie, only worse.  
They're terrorists, killers who've  
found a cause to kill for.  
Terrorists?  
Is that what you think, huh?  
Terrorists?  
Well, I don't see anyone tearing up  
your house because you're Irish...  
hauling your arse onto the street...  
getting the shit kicked  
out of you by soldiers for fun?  
The Brits have never been in Ireland by  
invitation, so who's the terrorist?  
I'm offering a job you  
can feel good about.  
They'll offer you a job  
that'll likely get you killed.  
It's harder to live for  
your country than die for it.  
A car's expensive.

My gift to you. No strings.  
You see...  
I'm betting murder isn't in you.  
Memorize this number, then  
flush the card. Call me anytime.  
Tell them your name is John Brown,  
ask for Fergus. They'll find me.  
How do I know that's not  
bugged or something?  
Well, why would we bother?  
One phone call,  
I know where you are.  
You want to give me money  
and a car for nothing?  
That's fine by me.  
-Hop along, Frankie.  
-Give me those.  
-How'd you afford a set of wheels?  
-Because I got a job.  
You did? You got a real job?  
Aye, yeah, it's a real job.  
I'm a taxi driver.  
-Where's your license?  
-Oh, you need a license now, do you?  
I thought we were in Belfast,  
you wee shit.  
This is brilliant.  
Look, don't mind our Frankie.  
Ah, he's fine.  
Listen, I was just wondering if  
maybe I could take you out?  
You know, maybe see a film,  
or some dinner, or something?  
-Sure. Dinner?  
-Okay. Go on, then.  
Look, I think I'm free on Thursday.  
Is that okay?  
-Okay. You're on.  
-Okay.  
Frankie, don't mind him.  
He's got a real job, you know.  
Oh, yeah, I forgot.  
-So where are we going, anyway?  
-The Europa Hotel, man.

I need you to pick my daughter up for school in the morning. Is that okay?

Aye, no problem.

-Nice shirt.

-What, this?

I can pick one up for you, if you like.

Come on, it's not like that.

-So, how do you like driving a taxi?

-It beats working for Paddy.

-No complaints about the hours?

-No, no, I like it.

You're one of my best drivers.

You're reliable, and that counts for everything in life.

You know who you remind me of?

I don't remind you of anybody because I'm not like anybody else.

My ma always said I'm like one in a million.

A million. That's what my ma always told me I was.

Aye, you're full of shit.

-Who do I remind you of?

-Wee Aggie.

Who's Aggie?

I wouldn't trust him with my wife, but I trust him with my life.

I've got a bloody spring in me arse.

No wonder your aunt gave you this shitbox for free.

Up yours, man.

I tell you what, I could have got you a deal on a real car.

What, and end up with the peelers on my tail, man? No thank you.

You're a tube.

-There he is.

-Here he comes.

Sean, where are you going, man?

You'll catch up with Sean later.

If God is good, and we're lucky.

We're going for a spin.

Follow that car.

It's a nice day.  
Go north to the M5.  
Head for Lorne.  
Look, man, I'm sorry, but  
I was pretty much finished my shift.  
-I got a big, big night coming up.  
-You'll be finished when I am finished.  
Fine. I'll just keep  
my mouth shut then, will I?  
Turn left into that parking lot  
there and park.  
Aye.  
Just over there.  
You stay here.  
I'll look and be right back.  
And then you can get  
on with your big night.  
Now, is there a problem?  
-No problem.  
-Good.  
Good enough.  
Let's go.  
Hello, yeah. Could I speak  
to Fergus, please?  
My name? John.  
John Brown.  
So whatever you want to do.  
Like, just wear something slinky.  
It's a really fancy place.  
I'll pick you up at 8:00, okay?  
All right, speak soon. I'll be there

**at 8:**

Sounds like Marty's got a date.  
I do, I do, but I'm sorry, Ray,  
you know, you're just not invited.  
Listen...  
take her...  
take her somewhere nice. Yeah?  
Oh, my God, it's on fire!  
Is it meant to do that?  
It's the chef's signature dish.  
Of course.  
It looks smashing.

Aye, it does. It really does.  
My pleasure.  
-Thank you.  
-Thank you.  
-So you never answered my question.  
-What question was that?  
Don't duck it.  
You have an opinion.  
I'm not ducking. I'm not.  
I don't have an opinion.  
You're lrish, aren't you?  
You were born with an opinion.  
What are you thinking?  
I was thinking whether your ma liked  
them shoes that I got her.  
That's what I was thinking.  
Yes. She practically slept  
with them on.  
-Did she?  
-You achieved sainthood.  
So?  
Look, how did we get from me being  
thrown out of school...  
to suddenly my belief  
in God, anyway?  
Like, I want to know about you, like.  
Like, what's your favourite band?  
Okay, I'm not saying I don't believe  
in God. Like, I do believe in God...  
but He's probably not a Catholic God.  
Right, I don't think God's  
sitting on a cloud...  
trying to figure out whether  
He's Protestant, or Catholic...  
or fucking Buddhist either.  
Everyone's got these big opinions  
about how you should live...  
and who you should love.  
The government, the peelers, the  
Catholics, the Protestants, the Brits.  
Any of them is full of it if they  
think that they know more about you...  
or that they know more about me  
or of God than anybody else.



It seems to me they're more interested  
in killing than living anyway...  
which, I mean, is hard enough to do and  
then keep up with the everyday shit.  
Morrissey, Guns 'n Roses,  
the Pogues, and U2, of course.  
Jimmy Page is probably one of  
the finest guitar players alive...  
and Prince is great for having sex.  
Where are we, anyway?  
We're in Lorne.  
You know, someone told me about  
this pub.  
Do you want to check it out?  
What's going on there?  
-Do you know him?  
-Don't know him. Don't know him.  
Get back.  
You get out of here.  
Come on, move it. Move it.  
Okay. We're moving!  
Move it back now!  
I ever tell you I wanted to go  
to Disney World before I die?  
Aye, you don't stop going on about  
it, you and Minnie Mouse.  
Tell you what, give us a lift home.  
I always give you a lift.  
You rode Lara, didn't you?  
You keep track of her period, or  
else you'll be shopping for nappies.  
Good man.  
What, I'm taking advice from  
the model da now, is that it?  
My kids are beautiful.  
Besides, being a da's not easy.  
It's got its responsibilities and...  
Fuck me. How you doing?  
That's a nice bum.  
What are you sucking on today?  
It's one for our side.  
Look...  
you got to expect a bit of killing  
and a bit of dying in a revolution.

That's the way things work.  
Besides, you're not a man unless  
you've got a cause.  
Give us a lift.  
Look, I didn't see anything.  
Why are you working for them?  
I'm not working for them like that.  
I've been driving Mickey around, they  
asked me to pick up Quinn, so I did.  
-And they trust you?  
-Like I said, it's not like that.  
Why?  
Well, you called me.  
Why? What's different?  
Everything.  
Everything.  
You can move on the inside.  
Dead men will be walking around and  
becoming grandfathers because of you.  
That's my community.  
Like, I know some of these people.  
Memorize this.  
Here's your petrol money.  
-Thanks for the tea.  
-Anytime.  
Fuck! Stop him!  
Hold it!  
-Don't you fucking move!  
-All right, don't shoot!  
Okay, lads! Make sure you're at the  
Upland place by 12:00 noon tomorrow.  
Mickey, you take the back roads,  
dump the cars there and split.  
Johnny will look after things here...  
and lads, make sure no one sees you.  
Okay, let's go!  
-It's an odds thing.  
-What is?  
If the peelers get one of the cars...  
the other 2 are more likely  
to get through if we're in a pack.  
Besides, with a cargo like this,  
it keeps us all honest.  
Shit.

Sean, what are you doing, man?  
Put that away.  
I'm serious, put it away.  
Put it away.  
If this thing blows,  
I'll be Jesse Fucking James.  
Sean, you put that away, man.  
Fucking put it away.  
Put it away.  
-That's quite a car.  
-Yeah, it's my da's.  
Where are you off to today, son?  
We're just, uh, picking him up  
at the airport, like.  
You're a long way out of your way.  
Well, we had to go to my sister's.  
Like, she's moving, so...  
we're just on our way back round.  
-Can I see your license, please?  
-Aye, then.  
I told my da to keep it in there.  
I think he must have forgot.  
May I take a look in the boot, please?  
Aye, no problem.  
You know what's happened?  
This is a spare set of keys.  
My da's got the main set.  
It's not going to work the boot.  
I'll tell you what I'll do.  
If I give you a number...  
maybe you can speak to my sister.  
Have you got a pen?  
I can write it down for you.  
My da'll beat my arse if I'm late,  
you know what I mean?  
If you could just tell him that you're  
calling about Martin McGartland. Okay?  
Here, mate.  
She says she has your keys.  
Okay.  
Thank you.  
That's great, thank you.  
They got nothing on us, they don't.  
So who the fuck's your sister?

It was my ma.  
Fucking, my ma!  
Your ma? Bloody hell.  
Me ma would have let them have me.  
Good work, man.  
Bloody hell...  
An RUC patrol calling me like  
I was your sister?  
Hey, come on, I was brilliant.  
Stupid risks cost lives,  
including yours.  
So you're my da now?  
Just get the guns.  
Today in Belfast, residents  
of a middle class...  
Detectives said it was highly  
significant...  
and certainly it was curious.  
The weapons ranging  
from old hunting rifles...  
A haul of nearly 100 guns  
including Kalashnikov rifles...  
has been discovered by police  
in the boots of 2 cars...  
to have connections with the IRA...  
Come on, let's go.  
-Who is that?  
-He's a target.  
And what are you asking  
questions for?  
Listen, Marty, it could just  
as easily be him...  
scouting you and your family.  
Go.  
It's the Protestant church  
near North Road.  
Our target's got 3 wee girls.  
What else?  
Look, this guy's got a family as well.  
He's just doing his job, you know?  
Okay, Ray O'Brien is the shooter.  
That's it.  
What about Sean?  
I don't know nothing about Sean.

I told you that.  
You don't get to pick and choose.  
This is all in.  
Because I finger you, you're dead.  
You finger me, I'm dead, so...  
there we are.  
I want to show you something.  
He has a kid. A ma, a da.  
-Is he a tout?  
-A tout?  
He saved at least 30 lives, probably  
more. He's a goddamned hero.  
Your mates tortured him for 7 days,  
Sean doesn't get arrested.  
A 400-pound bomb was your mate's  
latest gift to the city of Belfast.  
want him arrested?  
He's my mate. He's got 2 kids  
from 2 different women...  
Aw, give me a hankie.  
No way. I can't do it.  
There's no deal. No way.  
Then there's no deal.  
What if I give you every detail  
of every move he makes?  
You can shut him down, like.  
Come on, I'm into saving my mates  
as much as yours.  
Look at him.  
Can't you just look at him?  
It's a dirty war, and everyone seems  
to think the end justifies the means...  
which is why you and your mate  
are even walking around.  
How do you know I can do it?  
You've got no choice.  
Neither have I.  
I'm not looking for a da.  
Just...  
don't get yourself killed.  
How's it going?  
-How you doing?  
-Yeah, not bad.  
It's cold out, isn't it?

-Aye. That time of year, isn't it?  
-Aye, definitely.  
-Is this all your gang, is it?  
-Yeah.  
-Hi. What's your name?  
-Jane.  
Jane, is it? Hello, Jane.  
I like your jacket, Jane.  
-And what's your name?  
-Catherine.  
Catherine, and what about you?  
You ready?  
You're cheeky, you are, aren't you?  
-See you later.  
-Anyway, take it easy. Have a good one.  
Martin...  
-What?  
-I'm pregnant.  
Are you sure?  
I did a home pregnancy test and  
at the hospital. Yeah, I'm sure.  
That's something, isn't it?  
That's brilliant, then.  
That's fantastic.  
Really?  
Come on, what did you think  
I was going to say?  
I don't know.  
-What about my ma?  
-Oh, shit, your ma.  
Shit, my ma.  
Marty?  
I have the washing,  
but I can't find that blue shirt.  
What were you doing with the blue...  
Lara, love, you can come out now.  
Look, the two of you are adults,  
but if you get yourself pregnant...  
well, don't go expecting your  
parents to treat you any different.  
Oh, my. Well, then, I guess  
a congratulations is in order.  
Your father wasn't much of a man  
to look to, but you're not him.

You'll do the right thing,  
or I'll kill you myself.  
Ma, for Christ's sake.  
Well, I'll leave you to make a plan.  
-Sorry.  
-There's lots to think about.  
Oh, shit...  
I was so worried.  
Me too.  
You okay?  
I'm not going to piss off like  
my own da, man.  
I'm going to stick around...  
give the kid a wee bit of advice  
here and there, you know?  
So it's going down on Friday.  
You going to be ready?  
I'll be ready. You're worse  
than my own ma.  
I just don't want you  
to embarrass me is all.  
You wouldn't embarrass me,  
now, would you?  
Wanker.  
So, lover boy,  
what are you going to do...  
when Lara's ma finds out that  
you knocked up her daughter?  
Don't you worry about that one.  
There's no way we're shacking up.  
I've got it.  
-Who is it?  
-I don't know. I'm just getting it.  
I've nowhere else to go.  
My mummy, she found out.  
Jeez, look.  
We can't live here, really.  
You want to shack up?  
Aye. Aye, definitely.  
Come here.  
We'll be all right,  
right, baby?  
Marty McGartland, you're  
full of surprises.

Aye, I know.  
Now, come on, get inside.  
I've got school every day, so, like...  
Hey, hey, listen, you don't have  
to worry about that.  
I'm fully employed. You know that?  
You know that?  
I love you.  
Me too.  
Okay, look, at the Portsmouth ferry...  
there's a boatload of soldiers going  
to England, right, on the 18th.  
Now, they're going to hit the vans  
waiting in the queue.  
I guess too many civilians for the boat  
itself makes for bad press, you know?  
Now, I know they got a shitload  
of Semtex.  
They've got a load of weapons,  
make sure this really goes off.  
-You know what Mickey said to me?  
-What?  
He said he was so pleased with  
the Upland operation...  
that he's bumping me up  
to B Battalion.  
-Yes!  
-I thought you'd like that.  
-I like that.  
-Yeah, I thought you would.  
-You know what else he said?  
-What?  
-He's sending me to meet McFarlane.  
-Oh, come on, it's bloody brilliant.  
That's bloody brilliant.  
I'm here to prepare volunteers, in case  
you get interrogated by the police.  
They'll come in banging in the middle  
of the night, screaming to confuse you.  
Press this button to get directly  
through to me.  
Punch in a number, I'll call you.  
Okay.  
Appliance of science, that's brilliant.



I like that. Very James Bond.  
Ask the Duty Sergeant to see the doctor,  
before they beat you.  
The harder they hit,  
the harder you hit back.  
Curl up in a ball and protect  
your head. You'll need it.  
Unless, of course, they cuff you,  
in which case you're fucked.  
Aye, I know what I'm doing.  
-Oh, yeah?  
-Aye.  
Do you know they'll hold your head  
under water till your eyes are spinning?  
Again and again, for a couple of hours.  
If they won't let you  
go to the toilet...  
you strip right down in front  
of them and take a shit.  
They'll squeeze your balls with  
a pair of pliers.  
They'll twist your thumbs  
out of their sockets.  
Okay, man, like, I get it.  
You say one thing, they'll  
have you for 7 years.  
You'll say whatever they want  
to hear to make it stop.  
Think. Outsmart them, but never  
underestimate them.  
You admit to anything, you'll end up in  
a ditch with a cattle prod up your arse.  
My car's marked, right?  
You bugged my place.  
I've got this wee buzzer here.  
Look, there's someone on my tail  
Yeah, but it doesn't mean  
I don't worry.  
I would get up there  
if you'd get up there...  
but there's no way  
I'm going on my own. No way.  
The bloody British. They found  
out about the Portsmouth operation.

No shit.

So, ladies, what  
are we celebrating on?

-We just passed our exams, we did.

-Aye, this one got here 2 As.

-And a B.

-2 As and a B.

-Well, cheers to that.

-Cheers.

Don't you worry about this, all right?

I'll go get the next round.

Give us a hand, eh, Marty?

-Sean, I don't drink.

-Give us a hand.

-I know you're not.

-Excuse me, ladies.

There's a fucking leak.

They got everything.

Bloody waste of Semtex, it was.

Brit blood would've spilled.

Aye, Jesus Christ, what a waste.

If we didn't have bad luck,  
we'd have no fucking luck at all.

Fucking peelers, man.

Peeler, yeah.

It's times like this, you know,  
it makes you think about your family...  
and puts it all into perspective.

I want to see  
my damn kids, you know.

Anyway...

-What's with him?

-He's just drunk.

-Feel that?

-Did it kick?

-Is it kicking?

-It's a ballerina in there.

-That is a footballer, I'm telling you.

-It's a ballerina.

It's a footballer.

Let's go home and have  
a fight about it.

Okay, let's fight on it.

Did you know, pregnant girls

are extra horny?

-Let's definitely go home, then.

-Let's go.

You're making me and the whole department look really brilliant. Mickey wouldn't let me dodge this meeting.

The head of security's going to be there.

-You don't think they're onto me?

-No, they're going to test you.

Do whatever they ask.

If they suspect you're not 100% you'll be out or dead, and, well... we have no one moving up the inside like you.

Aye. Okay.

I'll meet you at 5:00 the usual place. Good luck.

Cut him down.

Sean... Sean...

Come on, let's get out.

I want to hear him say it.

Hey, come on, he'll say anything right about now.

-What are you going to do with that?

-Relax, relax, relax.

You're a good lad.

I want to know about the operation on Portsmouth...

what you told the cops.

I don't know anything about the operation.

What did you tell them?

Nothing.

Both teams are being very cautious.

Nobody is taking the chance.

-What's the score, Sean?

-It's nil-nil.

No, no, please! No, no!

How'd the cops get you to talk?

Money?

It's not much good to you now, is it?

What are you going  
to do with those?  
You're a tout.  
What are you?  
I'm not! I'm not!  
What are you?  
Nothing!  
What are you?  
A tout. A tout...  
Sean, Sean, turn that off.  
All right, lads, listen up.  
Speak into that.  
I'm a tout.  
Just tell my mom I said sorry.  
Just tell her I'm sorry.  
Good man.  
Marty...  
Marty, come here.  
He's a tout.  
He's a tout. Stuff him.  
Don't. Don't, please.  
Come on, brother, we haven't all day.  
Come on.  
Do it! Just fucking do it!  
No, don't!  
Don't kill me! Don't!  
What the fuck was that about?  
It's my operation.  
He's my tout.  
Get him out of here.  
You... clean up this mess.  
You knew this was going to happen.  
And you didn't? They completely  
trust you now.  
I had a gun at his head, like.  
You said I couldn't do it.  
You said I didn't have murder in me.  
Well...  
Yeah, well, I was so scared,  
I swear to God, I might have done it.  
I lied.  
We all have murder in us.  
You?  
The hunters become the hunted, yes.

Is that what you  
tell yourself to make it all okay?  
The price of a conscience is death.  
None of us can afford it.  
They're swearing me in.  
I'm going to be a full volunteer.  
Do you have any idea  
what that means...  
to the next person you're going  
to save, and the next?  
I put a block on your house.  
It means it's off limits  
to the peelers.  
Store weapons for the IRA.  
We'll jark them and trace every  
time they're moved.  
There's an RUC officer who's  
going to be hit there Friday.  
They're going to blow him up  
with a car bomb.  
Now, is that it? Because  
I'd like to get out now, please.  
I don't blame the RUC for  
turning my son into an informer.  
I don't blame  
the IRA for killing him.  
I blame me son for the choice he  
made to go against his family...  
and his community.  
It doesn't get any easier, son.  
It's all about saving lives,  
isn't it? It's got to be done.  
I dream that one day we'll walk  
as free men in our own country.  
The British have made us into  
their poor, stupid cousins.  
The IRA is here to show them...  
that an ounce of resistance  
is worth a pound of votes.  
-Do you know who said that?  
-No.  
Bobby Sands.  
He was quoting Vladimir Lenin,  
mastermind of the Russian revolution.

He changed the world,

and built a nation.

You've been through

the lectures and the books.

Aye.

-Have you been green booked?

-Aye.

Then you know volunteers who engage  
in loose talk shall be dismissed.

Volunteers found guilty of treason  
face the death penalty.

I understand.

This is no picnic.

You'll end up dead or in jail.

There's no going back.

Once you're in, you're in.

You understand your responsibility  
in the community?

People look up to you.

Behave accordingly.

You've already passed their security,  
and Mickey here says you're a good lad.

So...

I, Martin McGartland...

promise to promote the objects

of the Oglaiġ na hEireann...

to the best of my knowledge  
and ability...

to obey all orders and regulations  
issued to me by the army authority...

and by my superior officer.

Martin McGartland...

you are now a full volunteer  
of the Irish Republican Army.

-Congratulations.

-Thank you. Thank you.

Come on. Come on.

I'm proud of you, son.

The fucking Brits took  
my son away from me.

I will never let that happen  
to you. Okay?

Sorry.

-Big things next year.

-Aye, okay.  
Don't mess this up, Marty.  
Come on, man, give us my flag.  
You'll have it when you're dead.  
Marty. Hang about.  
There's someone I want you to meet.  
Listen, one of our top operatives  
needs a right hand man, okay?  
Hello, gents.  
This the Marty you've all  
been talking about?  
They call me Grace.  
Hi. I'm Marty.  
It's a pleasure.  
I think Marty's going to enjoy  
this assignment.  
Yeah, okay...  
-Grace Sterrin.  
-Oh, aye.  
-What, you know her, do you?  
-I know Grace, yeah.  
Well, then you'll know she's  
a nice, nice, nice looking lady.  
We've been trying  
to get her for years.  
She's senior intelligence.  
Uses her body like Mata Hari.  
Right, and I would definitely...  
I mean, I would have to be forced.  
I would consider...  
I would definitely give her one.  
You and a few others.  
-Oh, you would as well, would you?  
-Oh... wouldn't you like to know?  
All right, you know what?  
I would like to know, yeah.  
-Wouldn't you like to fucking know?  
-In fact, no, I don't want to know.  
I don't want to know what's going on  
in your dirty mind.  
She's a big fish, which means  
she makes everyone nervous.  
People are idiots when they're nervous.  
That makes them easy.

Okay, stay outside.  
Mickey told me I could  
come in with you.  
He's a worrier. Nothing's going  
to happen that I don't want to happen.  
Mickey said, so I've got  
to do it, okay?  
If I'm not out in 10 minutes, go home,  
because it means I'm dead, okay?

-Hiya.

-Hi.

Cheers.

You've reached the home  
of Lara and Marty.

Please leave a message.

Hey, Lara, it's me.

Just letting you know I'm not going  
to be too much longer.

I'll be home pretty soon, okay?

And I was also wondering if there  
was any chance you could...

make me that special apple  
crumble that you make?

If you could get  
that going for dessert...  
that would make a working  
man very, very happy.

Apple crumble?

Listen, I got to go.

Okay, bye.

You know, you really shouldn't  
knock it till you try it.

I don't cook.

What happened in there?

Like, it didn't take very long.

I got what I came for.

Want to meet me for a drink later?

Purely social.

I'd love to, you know what

I mean, but...

I just don't think it's  
a very good idea.

-Aye, apple crumble.

-Apple crumble.



Look, I really do have  
a pretty serious girlfriend.  
Like, she's pregnant, and we're  
living together and everything.  
Just thought a wee drink  
would be fun.  
Here.  
Take this to Allan in Turf Lodge.  
I told him you'd have it there by 1:00.  
If you're late, he'll be  
thinking you're up to something.  
Jesus Christ!  
Man, were you following me?  
Look here.  
They gave me this.  
When you jumped the ladder to Grace,  
a platoon started following you.  
Next time, take your car.  
I have 12 minutes to make  
it to Turf Lodge...  
before they think I stopped  
to copy that.  
These are prison guards at Maze.  
What's this schedule? Football?  
I don't have time to talk.  
Can we just move on?  
Like, I've got to get out.  
-Lara's water broke.  
-What?  
Don't worry. Her ma's taking her  
to the hospital.  
Shit. Shit, shit, shit.  
Her ma took her?  
Yeah.  
Even mothers forgive when  
it comes to grandchildren.  
Oh, this is not good.  
This is not, not good.  
Oh, man, now I've got to drop this off  
before I can get up to the hospital.  
Look, Fergus, will you come?  
Shit!  
It's about time you showed up.  
Are you ready to be a da?

Oh, that's perfect. Thank you.

That's brilliant.

Listen, Fergus, thank you  
so much for coming.

It means so much to me.

Thank you.

I'm telling you, it's just...

Really, it has just been amazing,  
you know?

Yeah. I remember the day  
my Johnny was born.

Yeah, it's quite something.

We don't see too much  
of each other now.

Casualty of the business.

We've already moved the officers  
off that list...

but don't worry, we've relocated  
all the officers at the prison...  
making it look routine.

You're covered.

Okay, yeah.

Hey.

Oh, okay.

Well, we have to wet the baby's head.

Yes, we do. We absolutely do.

That is a very, very good plan.

I've got a few plans up me sleeve.

God, I need that.

-What's his name?

-He's Patrick. Wee Patrick.

-Patrick.

-Aye.

Well... cheers, Patrick.

You've got one hell of a father.

So does Johnny.

-Hey, Marty!

-Jeez, Sean!

Marty!

-Sean, what are you doing?

-How you doing man?

-Check it out. I'm a da!

-Who the fuck is that?

He's just some happy uncle.

Check him out. Come on.  
Look at that. Aye.  
-What's his name?  
-He's Patrick.  
Patrick. He's got lovely eyes,  
just like mine.  
-Oh, and what are these?  
-They're fucking shoes.  
Well, they're... they're lovely.  
But roughly a third of the consignment  
was intercepted by the police.  
The device was primed  
and booby-trapped.  
A police found it when he spotted  
something suspicious in the...  
A bomb factory equipped  
for a sustained campaign of terror...  
A hundred guns were discovered  
by the police in one of the biggest...  
Come on, hand it over!  
I didn't hear you come in.  
Obviously.  
It's not what it seems, okay?  
Don't bullshit me.  
You think I don't know what you do?  
It's just for a few days.  
That's it.  
It's the RA, and if not them,  
the peelers.  
Between the 2, you'll end up  
either dead or in jail...  
and then what about us?  
What do you mean,  
"What about us?"  
I'm just saying it's just  
for a few days. That's all it is.  
You're going to have to decide, Martin,  
because we're not waiting around...  
for the call that they've found you in  
a ditch with a bullet hole in the head.  
Thank you.  
So what, we've got to go to Scotland?  
Like, for how long?  
a Libyan shipment of weapons.

We're her security.  
So we're meeting a Libyan gun dealer?  
How do we know if they're Libyans,  
anyway?  
-How do we pick them out from the crowd?  
-Usually they shave their heads.  
-What, they're bald?  
-And they're probably eating couscous.  
That's not true.  
It's a fact. You don't even know  
what couscous is.  
It's a curry that's got  
all sorts of shit on it.  
-Who, the Libyans do?  
-Aye, they do.  
That's disgusting.  
It's disgusting.  
They've got awful breath, they do.  
-Is that true?  
-It's a fact.  
Mickey said that?  
He actually said he wanted me to take  
over the entire operation on me own?  
-You're ready.  
-Jeez...  
What about Sean?  
Okay, fair point.  
Fair point.  
They keep not making me say it.  
Did you have something to do with this?  
Did you speak to Mickey?  
Maybe a wee bit.  
Well, thank you for doing that.  
It wasn't my decision, though.  
It was his choice.  
Well, thank you, if you did.  
This is just mad.  
Like, I've never even been out  
of Ireland before, and now all this.  
-I know. I can tell.  
-Oh, you can tell?  
It's cute.  
Oh, great. Now I'm cute.  
Don't be so sensitive.

Cute can be... a very good thing.  
-Well, then I'm sensitive.  
-And cute.  
Look, Grace, I'm sorry.  
I just can't do that.  
You turned her down, didn't you?  
Mickey's good boy.  
Sainthood.  
Is that what you're going for?  
It's going to be a fine trip.  
Sean! Are you coming  
to Scotland or what?  
Come on, man.  
I'm hearing whispers M15 are going  
to step in and poach your star boy.  
He's a damn fine bargaining chip.  
You could jump a few rooms.  
Do you know what the word  
"collusion" means?  
Although, it does have a certain  
romantic ring to it...  
but as words go, it's extremely  
overrated.  
It means we're doing the dirty work  
while those brave souls in London...  
fight a battle from their  
fucking drawing rooms.  
I'm telling you, I like it here.  
It's, like, peaceful. It's nice.  
Look around, right? There's not one  
chopper overhead, nothing.  
It's nice.  
I guess you're nesting. Come on.  
We're late.  
I'm just letting you know, you're  
not going in on your own, okay?  
I'll do what I need to do.  
Grace, good to see you.  
Apologies about the cold boys, eh?  
So why are you wearing  
that naff jumper then?  
What the fuck is wrong with you?  
Bastard!  
I told you no guns.

Are we going to do  
this deal, or what?  
Grace, you're not going in  
on your own, okay?  
For fuck's sake.  
I'll be looking into you.  
You can count on it.  
Lara?  
Lara?  
-Is she here?  
-3 days and nights you disappear?  
I know, I know. Look, can I just  
speak to her, Mrs. Flaherty, please?  
Oh, shame on you!  
I just need to speak to her  
for just a wee second!  
-Keep away from her...  
-Lara! Lara, are you in there?  
-No, please, I was snagged by the RUC!  
-Oh, yes, that's a good one!  
They wouldn't let me near a telephone!  
I swear, Lara, they wouldn't  
let me near a telephone!  
There was nothing I could do!  
If I could have spoken to you, I would!  
Come on, please!  
Will you just come to the window, Lara?  
Please, I just want to see your face!  
Please, Lara!  
Fuck...  
Lara, please.  
I'm so sorry.  
Lara, I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm so sorry.  
I'm so sorry.  
I'm so sorry.  
I'm sorry.  
I love you, okay?  
Look, look, I love you.  
Look at me, please. Look at me.  
Please, Lara, look at me.  
I love you. I do.  
Do you love me?  
I thought you were dead!

I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.  
Come here.  
That's it, eh?  
Come here.  
I'm taking you to Scotland, that's it.  
I'm just going to take you and leave.  
We're going to get away from  
all this political shit.  
You're never going to leave the IRA.  
Oh, no? I'll do whatever you want me  
to do at this point. I'm yours.  
Because you're captured by the anarchy  
of it all, like the rest of them.  
And you love it.  
So we're going to hit the pub afterwards,  
courtesy of the Libyan government.  
Don't go AWOL again.  
It's not healthy.  
I am in charge  
of this entire operation.  
Anyway, look, I've got to get back.  
Like, Lara's not exactly  
buying my excuses anymore.  
Yeah, I was married to a nice girl once.  
She hung in there until 1...  
until I tried  
the alien abduction excuse.  
What's this, the "take care  
of your family" speech?  
Hey, you're so young, Martin,  
you make me envious.  
Life's full of mistakes. I lost  
my family making all the obvious ones.  
There, that was your speech.  
Aye, very moving.  
What are you saying? Are you saying  
that I should quit? Is that it?  
-We've had a good run.  
-Aye, yeah, we have.  
Look, there's going to be a drop.  
It's on Thursday night, on the docks.  
My mate's wee brother's going to be  
there. Don't worry about him.  
He doesn't know anything.

He's just going to be there, all right?  
So leave him alone.  
Go in, get the guns, and then get out.  
Okay. This is it.  
What the fuck's going on?  
Get down on the ground!  
What's going on?  
Ah, Jesus Christ.  
Marty, they're Brits.  
Get it started. Get the fuck out  
of here, come on.  
What the fuck was that all about?  
You said I'd save lives, right,  
and that includes my people...  
you Brit bastard!  
It's a set-up for a bigger fish.  
It was out of my hands.  
It's big boys' rules  
you're playing here!  
"Big boys' rules," is that it, right?  
You're going to hide behind  
"big boys' rules"?  
Okay, well, how about this?  
Like, "Yes, sir," huh?  
"Consider it done, sir!"  
He's just another statistic, sir!  
It didn't even happen, sir!"  
Right?  
You think that shit is going  
to change the fact that you...  
yeah, you... you killed an 18-year  
old fellow who didn't know any better?  
And you're innocent?  
You and your mates are volunteers  
in a volunteer organization.  
Who's making any one of you do anything  
you don't want to do?  
Where does that leave you  
and your mates?  
Aye... Aye, my mates.  
That's exactly what they are,  
they're my mates.  
You know, I know his ma.  
All right, do you understand that?



Is that getting through?  
I know this guy's ma...  
and I know his brothers!  
I told you what I know so you could  
save his arse, huh?  
But no, he's just another paddy  
to you and your big boys, isn't he?  
You know what? Get the fuck out  
of my country.  
We all know  
the lRA aren't terrorists.  
The lRA are freedom fighters.  
Rise up for our help, oh, Lord!  
Strike down our enemies before us.  
An eyewitness maintains one of  
the men pleaded for his life...  
before he was shot.  
This brings to 8 the number  
of IRA members...  
who have been killed  
in the last 3 months.  
Right, stop here.  
Right, remember, lads...  
single shots to head and the body.  
No fucking around, okay?  
Away you go.  
-Well, how's the kid?  
-He's grown.  
-They tend to do that.  
-Yeah.  
-Fuck it!  
-Well?  
-The fucker wouldn't go down.  
-Drive.  
This wee girl was watching.  
We were wearing the balaclavas, for  
Christ's sake. She wouldn't make us.  
Right. Here, get them shirts off.  
I want you to take the car up  
to Hightown Road. Burn it, okay?  
-Did we actually get what we came for?  
-Saturday, 28th of March.  
At least something went fucking right.  
I've not really been sleeping.

That's why God invented sleeping pills.

I take it you've reconsidered?

-The hit on Park Street was...

-Ray?

Aye, and Johnny. And a wee girl  
saw the whole fucking thing.

Yeah. 7 years old.

She was right next to her daddy.

Got covered in his blood, I'm told.

I've got a son...

and there's nobody deserves to grow up  
with that picture in their mind.

Fergus, they didn't give me any  
warning about this one.

I'm starting to, you know,  
think that they're onto me.

You wouldn't be here if they  
were onto you.

I've not got a good feeling about it.

-My car's definitely marked, right?

-Yeah, of course.

Go home.

Hug your wife and baby.

The pub job's going on the 28th.

That's all I've got.

Well, you did well.

Aye.

Make sure you check the timer.

That way it doesn't blow up  
in your face.

It's going to blow up  
the whole city, man.

It seems like whenever  
you're around, nothing blows up.

You want

to shut the door for me?

Yeah, you give it a good kick.

Good man.

There you go.

What'd we get Mummy?

We've got fish and chips, didn't we?

Straight out the deep fat

fryer, we caught this, me and Patrick.

All right, let's get some food.

Your friends Mickey and Grace  
dropped by.

They went on about the new house,  
the fridge, the cooker.

They were extremely interested  
in the new TV.

It's fine. Honestly, I think  
it's nothing.

-They trust me. It's fine.

-We have a child, Martin.

For his sake, I'd leave,  
but I'm pregnant.

Where am I going to go?

Look, let's get married.

I want to get married. Do you?

I do. Let's get married, please?

Come on.

-Why?

-Why get married?

What do you mean, "Why?"

Because I love you, that's why.

Love?

Every time you leave, I wonder if  
it's the last time I'll see you alive.

I have nightmares!

The neighbours are afraid of you,  
and you wear that like a medal.

I heard you were palling with  
the RA nutters!

Are you? Are you?

What exactly does the daddy  
of our wee boy do for "the cause"?

Marty, see you for  
a couple minutes, son?

-Mickey...

-Marty will debrief you later.

Looks like we're all set.

Here's a present.

It's from Mickey.

He wants you to keep it close by.

You know how he worries.

Aye. This is going to make you famous.

By the way, it's only me  
and you know the exact location.

Aye.  
Info finally confirmed.  
Every Saturday, the prison wardens  
play a football match.  
Locations are kept top secret.  
Now, next Saturday, March 28th,  
after the Semis...  
they'll be drinking in the Whale Pub.  
So we have a week.  
This is the big one.  
Did you give her the gun?  
Yes. Look, tonight we do a test run.  
We check the place out,  
we finalize details. No weapons.  
Look, if anything happens, they will  
definitely know that it was me who told.  
Go on the recce tonight.  
We won't do anything till next  
Saturday. That's when we grab them...  
armed and loaded, and when all the  
shit goes down...  
you walk into one of our  
secured vehicles.  
We'll pull your family out.  
Don't tell Lara anything.  
A slip could be costly.  
She's pregnant again.  
Congratulations. I won't let anything  
happen to you or your family.  
M15 just called me.  
-Of course you told them to fuck off.  
-It's done.  
-The pub job?  
-They're running it now.  
What about my source?  
A good handler manages the source.  
He doesn't let the source manage him.  
He's not your source anymore.  
It's shit like this that ends careers,  
so walk away.  
Well, lads, for security purposes...  
most of you are hearing this  
for the first time, so pay attention.  
It's your lives that's at risk

here, okay?  
Martin, it's all yours.  
Okay, we'll have 2 AKs in  
the getaway car.  
All right, escape routes  
are on your maps.  
-How many rounds we got?  
-About 189.  
Spares are in the getaway car.  
-Why, do you think that's enough?  
-Aye.  
Tonight is a dry run.  
We make sure our plan is good to go.  
Next Saturday, on the 28th,  
it's for real.  
Sean, Kieran, you go in the side door.  
Grace, we'll go in the front.  
Check all exits.  
A wee bottle of Guinness.  
Johnny, stay with the getaway car.  
I'll go inside, I'll keep watch on  
the front door.  
Get yourselves a drink,  
do what you've got to do...  
but don't leave any fingerprints.  
Keep the change.  
Aye. Ease up, man.  
For fuck's sake.  
You got the time?  
Code green.  
Code green.  
Shit! You're a dead man!  
You're a dead man!  
You fucking bastard, you.  
You're a fucking tout!  
You fucking bastard.  
I'm going to kill you!  
We've got you now, bitch!  
Hello?  
Lara? Lara, it's me.  
Oh, God. Martin...  
Listen to me.  
Listen to me, okay?  
I need you to kiss Patrick good night

for me, okay?  
We're going to be all right.  
I'm going to go to my mommy's.  
I'm so sorry.  
Martin?  
Aye.  
I got a question for you.  
What's that?  
Will you marry me?  
Aye.  
You promise?  
So we're married?  
Yeah, we're married.  
Great.  
We are man and wife.  
I love you.  
I love you, too.  
I love you, and I love Patrick, okay?  
-But you've got to get out.  
-What's that?  
-So where is he?  
-How the fuck do I know?  
Under the circumstances, I think  
it's a pretty fair question.  
Did you compromise the operation?  
Oh, so that's it, is it?  
That's how this is going to go down?  
M15 step in, screw up,  
and I get to eat the bullshit?  
It's a big picture thing.  
It was supposed to be an easy bait  
and switch...  
and your boy shouldn't have  
walked out of there but he did...  
and now there's a mess to clean up.  
Don't be forgetting,  
you're one of the good guys.  
-A man of the law.  
-Since when?  
Since when did this  
become about the law?  
What the hell happened to you?  
Me and Lara had a fight.  
Oh, Marty...

Ma, no.  
Hello?  
Hello, is Martin there?  
No, I haven't seen him.  
-Tell him it's Fergus calling.  
-Fergus?  
Give me the phone.  
You set me up, man,  
you lying bastard!  
Look, it had nothing to do with me.  
I'll be there in 20.  
I'm your only chance now.  
-Marty, what's going on?  
-It's fine, Ma.  
-T ell me!  
-Listen, it's all right.  
He's a tout, Mrs. McGartland.  
There's no way that's true.  
Marty?  
The Special Branch  
don't want him anymore.  
-Connie!  
-Connie, no!  
No! No!  
If you leave them, look,  
I'll go with you.  
Okay, you leave my family, please.  
Ma... Ma, listen to me.  
I'll be fine.  
I'll be back in 2 hours.  
Okay? 2 hours.  
Let go of me!  
Let go of me!  
Get off him!  
Get off him!  
Oh, Ma...  
Are you all right?  
Christ.  
Oh, Christ!  
Yeah.  
Jesus. Fine.  
We're not going anywhere.  
I'm just getting a bath.  
They won't be here for another hour.

If it was up to me, you wouldn't  
be seeing the end of that hour.  
Piece of shit.  
Get his feet. Come on.  
Oh, shit. Ow, fuck!  
Where's Martin, then?  
You going  
to let them kill your mate?  
He's not my mate.  
You ever wonder why you're  
not behind bars...  
when we've been all over you  
for the past 2 years?  
Your mate, Martin.  
I hear the Special Branch  
have lost interest in you.  
Well, then, that makes me unofficial.  
New rules. You get to live if he lives.  
Broom Park.  
Broom Park, you fucking bastard!  
Yeah, this is a message  
from John Smith, IRA.  
There's a bomb.  
A lot of Samaritans will die.  
Broom Park.  
What is the password?  
Carry Gold.  
What do you have?  
We need to be able to question him.  
Bring him in here.  
Come on.  
Over there.  
Fucking peelers like flies on shit.  
You going to tell me what you did?  
I'm pretty sure the IRA is holding  
my top boy somewhere in there.  
Funny coincidence, that we're looking  
for a bomb...  
in the same place that  
your source is being held.  
Thomas...  
Oh, great delay tactic. Pretty  
much locked the place down.  
Move out!



Come on, man, who are you  
taking orders from?  
Look, I'm just trying to make it  
to retirement.  
Oh, fuck it, then. Fuck it.  
Some stunt.  
Move out!  
Fuck, come on!  
You're going to talk, Marty,  
you know that.  
You know that?  
Keep it shut right now, right?  
Get it.  
-What are you doing here?  
-He was my mate.  
-You're not authorized, Sean...  
-I want to hear him fucking say it!  
-Sean, you're not authorized...  
-Say it!  
Get out, Sean!  
This is an army order.  
I'm your senior officer.  
Get out!  
Sean, are you deaf?  
Get out!  
You'll bring the peelers to the fucking  
door if you're not careful...  
Shut up! I want to fucking  
hear him say it!  
Hey!  
Get an ambulance, now!  
He's a peeler.  
We have no orders for this.  
Jesus Christ.  
Okay, what happened?  
Get him back.  
-Take him to City Hospital.  
-The Royal's closer.  
He won't live if we take him there.  
Take him to the City.  
Get alongside him.  
Get alongside him!  
Right up Jackson Street!  
Jackson Street!

Keep going and ram him.  
Fuck him!  
Shit! Shit!  
Watch the door!  
So, Robbie, I hear the shit's  
going down at Special Branch?  
Bloody hell.  
What is the matter with you?  
Why is the kid still breathing?  
Was it not a simple request?  
If it was, you'd have done  
it yourselves.  
-Fuck off.  
-You asked.  
Yeah, well, clean it up.  
If the RUC don't protect him,  
M15 will leave him exposed...  
a gift to the IRA...  
a bait and switch to deflect  
attention from a plant higher up.  
-What's your stake in this?  
-He was my operative.  
Shit...  
Look, there's no way I can get  
involved in this, for fuck's sake.  
Well, how about I go to the press,  
and we debate this in public?  
You won't live long enough  
to do that, and you know it.  
Martin. That's his name.  
Martin.  
He saved, I'd guess, 50 soldiers,  
RUC officers, prison wardens.  
M15 turns him into a bargaining chip.  
He has a girlfriend...  
a son, and another baby on the way.  
Look...  
we uphold the law and break  
the law in the name of the law.  
Is that why you signed up?  
There isn't a day goes by when I don't  
fulfil my oath to serve this community.  
I know.  
Shit... Why me?

You f...  
You fuck...  
-Where's Lara and the boy?  
-They're at her mum's.  
How long have I been out?  
Long enough for  
the dust to settle.  
You deserted me.  
Well, like it or not,  
I'm your only friend right now.  
My real name's Dean.  
But you can keep calling me Fergus.  
The name's grown on me.  
Is he okay?  
He's okay, yeah.  
-His wife's here to see him.  
-He hasn't got a wife.  
-Where's the RUC officer?  
-I don't know where he is.  
Did you tell her what room he's in?  
This is against my orders.  
Well, he won't last the night  
if he stops here.  
He has a deep internal cut,  
a fractured jaw, a severe concussion...  
and several broken ribs.  
Just pray this is a 9-lives situation.  
So this is pretty cozy for a safe house.  
It's my house.  
So, Dean,  
I hope you have a plan.  
Well, Lara still doesn't know you're alive.  
I've negotiated a deal with Scotland Yard.  
Call Lara.  
See if she'll like the idea  
of getting married in Scotland.  
You know, you look me in the eye, okay...  
and you tell me what kind  
of life you think she'd have.  
No hope, no friends, no community.  
Always looking over our shoulder,  
scared to death for them kids.  
I can't do it.  
I really can't do it. I won't do it.

You know, I thought  
I was saving lives.  
A superhero.  
Do you ever see your kid?  
He's... he's got a lot going on  
right now.  
Okay, let's go.  
Oh, my God.  
Help...  
Help!  
Call an ambulance!  
Stay awake. Help is coming.  
Do you have family?  
Who should I call?  
Dean. Dean McTear.  
Dean McTear.  
-He's family?  
-Yeah. Dean McTear.