

THE TERROR OF OUR WAYS

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EXT. TOY SHOP - BELFAST CITY CENTRE - DAY

TITLE : BELFAST

A sunny day in Northern Ireland. A well-built, confident man, **EAMON (57)**, Irish, walks out of a toy shop carrying a small carrier bag. He's casually dressed in dark jacket and jeans. He walks with a slight limp. He approaches a young homeless man outside an empty shop and digs into his pocket. As he passes he slips a five pound note into the man's lap.

EAMON
Spend it wisely, brother.

INT. BOOK SHOP BELFAST CITY CENTRE - DAY

Eamon scans the shelves, pausing for a second or so at the section on politics. But he moves on to the religious section and seeks out a paperback copy of the KORAN. He takes it from the shelf, opens it with a quizzical glance and carries it towards the checkout.

EXT. NEWSAGENTS - BELFAST CITY CENTRE - DAY

Approaching a newsagents, Eamon raises his eyebrow as he reads the headline on a copy of The Irish Times displayed outside the shop; "*Former Northern Ireland Secretary Appointed Leader of New UK Party*".

He walks into the shop and then a moment later walks back out. He tucks a newspaper under his arm and crosses the road, where he sits on a bench and takes out a small cellophane covered package. He rips open the package to reveal a mobile phone and puts in a new sim card. He then takes out a small yellow note with a phone number on it and types in the digits.

We stay with Eamon but also hear the other side of the conversation. On Phone:

EAMON
How the devil are ye lass?

ANGELA (V.O.)
Ok, how's yourself?

EAMON
Very good m'dear, top notch, and how's things at the moment?

A **WELL-DRESSED MAN (60s)** walks past Eamon, and looks at him with disdain. The man then sits on an adjacent bench. He pulls out a pocket watch from his waistcoat to check the time. From his coat pocket he produces a tangerine.

He begins to peel it, then eats a segment, whilst watching Eamon talking on the phone. Both men are aware of each other.

ANGELA (V.O.)

I'm at my wits end to be honest. Not handling this too well. You know about the party that Seamus organised for my birthday? Well Liam came home and started spouting all this Muslim stuff about us being a terrible family and that I'm a bad influence on Caitlin. He picked a fight with Seamus's mate and then smashed up my living room.

(Voice quivering)

I don't know what's going on with him, I'm going mad with worry. He's living with the Ahmed's now, that Asian family he works for, at the Restaurant....

EAMON

Woah, woah, slow down. Now don't you worry your little head there. I've cleared my decks this end and just letting you know that I'll be flying into Liverpool this Thursday at 6pm. We'll get this thing sorted.

Angela is quiet for a moment.

EAMON (CONT'D)

(softly)

Angela, are you sure that you're happy for me to do this?

ANGELA (V.O.)

Yes, of course, I can't wait to see you, and you just might be able to talk some sense into Liam. I know I can't.

EAMON

Course I will, you're family... It's about time I got to know my English nephew...

ANGELA (V.O.)

I know, he's a bit bigger than he was last time you saw him, you'll be shocked.

EAMON

Aye. Hey, how's silly bollocks doing anyway?

Angela at last, laughs at this remark. She's cheering up a bit...

ANGELA (V.O.)
Who Seamus? Still a bloody idiot,
and still with Emilia, she's
nearly half his age.

EAMON
Lucky bugger! I wonder if he'll
settle down with this one. Whatcha
doing today, Ange?

Angela falls silent again.

EAMON (CONT'D)
Ange? You okay?

ANGELA (V.O.)
Not really... Anyway I'll pick you
up from the airport if I can swap
shifts, if not I'll ask Seamus to
pick you up.

EAMON
Don't worry about picking me up.
I'll hire myself a car at the
airport, I fancy doing some
sightseeing whilst I'm there.

Eamon hears the voice of a small child on Angela's end of the phone.

ANGELA
Ok, I'll see ya in The Shooters
Thursday night. Love ya Eamon.

EAMON
Love ya too sis.

Eamon puts his phone away and stares at the well dressed man.

EXT. MOHAMMED'S RESTAURANT - DAY

TITLE : EAST LANCASHIRE

Establishing shot of a wide fronted town centre Indian restaurant. The smart facade is marred in a few places by the faint marks of what might be scrubbed-out graffiti. It has not yet opened for the evening.

INT. MOHAMMED'S RESTAURANT, STORE ROOM - DAY

LIAM (18) is a young white man with a short beard and wearing traditional Islamic attire and a taqiya (cap). There is a make-shift bed and a few personal items squeezed in amongst the shelves of the restaurant storeroom. Long shadows flow across the room as the sunlight passes through the thick bars on his small window. He rises from his prayer mat and picks up his large hardback English translation of the Koran. He turns the pages carefully until he finds the Sura he is looking for.

LIAM

(reading aloud)

'Fighting is prescribed for you,
and ye dislike it. But it is
possible that ye dislike a thing
which is good for you, and that ye
love a thing which is bad for you.
But Allah knoweth, and ye know
not.'

There's a KNOCK at the door. Liam tenses. The KNOCK is repeated, urgently. Liam opens the door. **FATIMA (18)**, an Asian girl in smart clothes and hijab, is standing there, breathless from running. She's carrying a bag for her college books.

FATIMA

I think dad is going to ask you to
leave, because of the trouble.

LIAM

Shit, that's all I need.

Liam invites her into his cramped room. He carefully places his Koran on a shelf. There's a long awkward silence. Fatima glances round the tiny room.

FATIMA

You're going to have to go back to
your mum's.

LIAM

No, I'm not. I'll think of
something.

They both fall silent in deep thought.

FATIMA

I told the police about Brian
Buckley. He must have had
something to do with it.

LIAM

What did they say?

FATIMA

(bitterly)

That they would speak to him.

(a beat)

This room is tiny. You have put up with so much lately.

LIAM

It's been a hard path, Fatima, and not just for me, but for your family too and all Muslims.

FATIMA

You've been taking so many risks, Abdul Aleem. Maybe I am too...

Fatima deftly removes her hijab, releasing her long hair. Liam gazes at her in disbelief mingled with desire. She offers her cheek to Liam who kisses her clumsily. She kisses him deeply on the lips. He strokes her hair and pulls her towards him.

EXT. MOHAMMED'S RESTAURANT - EVENING

The Restaurant is now lit up and lively. Fatima comes out through the restaurant's main entrance at the front. She walks purposefully away and down the road. **MOHAMMED (50s)** comes to the door and earnestly watches her walk down the long main road until he can see her no more. A young couple arrive at the entrance, Mohammed's face instantly brightens.

MOHAMMED

Welcome!

EXT. PARK - EVENING

The sun is going down. Fatima walks quickly down a FOOTPATH through the park. The path takes her through a cluster of trees and bushes. There's no-one in the immediate vicinity.

Then **DARREN (18)** and **MARTIN (18)** stroll out in front of her. They are fooling around and are obviously drunk.

DARREN

Hey, Martin, here's that little jihadi bride.

(to Fatima)

When are you off to Syria?

Fatima doesn't react but walks on briskly. Darren and Martin follow.

MARTIN

Maybe she's wearing a suicide jacket.

DARREN

Yeah, to kill more innocent people.

MARTIN

And leave a few more without arms and legs. You're fucking barbaric.

They stop her.

FATIMA

(assertively)

Woah, what are you doing?

Martin starts feeling her body for a "suicide jacket". She pulls away.

MARTIN

Nope, can't feel anything.

Fatima pushes though and increases her pace but Martin and Darren are closing in on either side.

DARREN

I bet you loved what happened in London, didn't you? Burning the infidels alive, like in Syria. I bet you had a big fucking party that night at your fucking mosque.

FATIMA

Piss off.

MARTIN

(half-joking)

I wonder what she's got in that bag?

Despite Fatima's resistance Martin grabs the BAG and empties it. A purse, a few text books and a KORAN fall to the ground. Darren picks up the KORAN.

DARREN

Hey, it's her bomb-making manual. We don't want that!

FATIMA

Get away you bastards!

Darren hurls the book in the direction of a litter bin. Fatima is physically shaking now and struggles to pass but Martin blocks her path. He thrusts a can of lager in front of Fatima's face.

MARTIN

Now we're trying to be nice. Come on - drink up. We haven't finished our little chat yet.

Fatima turns her head away abruptly so the beer spills over her headscarf and splashes across Martin's Jacket.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Fucking messy cow! Look what you've done...

Martin grips Fatima hard across the face. She flinches and starts to struggle as Darren grabs her by the shoulders.

DARREN

Not the only thing you've done, is it?

FATIMA

(struggling for breath)
What?

DARREN

You talked to the pigs.

Fatima looks shocked.

DARREN (CONT'D)

You told them that Buckley did the graffiti on your Dad's Indian.

Fatima shakes her head but Martin makes a grab for her scarf which unravels. She tries to twist out of Darren's grasp. Martin pushes her so hard, she flies backwards and tumbles across the tarmac path. She screams.

MARTIN

Now fuck off back to Paki-land.

Darren hasn't finished with her and takes a run at her, kicking her in the stomach full pelt, then starts punching her in the face. Martin grabs Darren and pulls him off her. Fatima's face is now bleeding while her clothes are dishevelled. She writhes around on the ground screaming.

DARREN

Up the NAP!

Darren kicks her again. She groans incoherently.

DARREN (CONT'D)

And that's one more, just for London!

Darren gets another blow in before they run off, leaving Fatima lying on the ground.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Eamon emerges from passport control at the airport, picks a car up from the on-site car hire depot and drives out of the Airport.

EXT/INT. EAMON'S HIRE CAR - DAY

Eamon begins his journey from Liverpool, passing signs for M6, Preston, M65, Blackburn, Burnley etc. On the car radio we hear a radio presenter (James Whale style) talking :

RADIO PRESENTER (VO)

In the run up to the forthcoming general election, Simon Sedgefield, the former Northern Ireland secretary was recently appointed leader of a 'NEW' UK political party, SOCIAL CONSENSUS. What? A NEW PARTY? Anyway, he's promising regeneration of the manufacturing industries and a tougher approach to national security. Really? I mean who is this Sedgefield character? Wasn't he the guy who introduced enhanced interrogation to the Internments in Northern Ireland, during the Troubles...

Eamon smiles, tight-lipped. But his eyes narrow.

EXT. THE MOORS - EVENING.

Liam is standing, looking out over the Moors. He is with his friend **ALI (18)**, a British Asian. Ali sits on an outcrop of stone.

ALI

(subdued)

The court will throw the book at them - assault, ABH, hate crime.

LIAM

(distracted)

I need to see her, Ali.

Ali looks at Liam slightly surprised.

ALI

Mum says no visitors... They'll get slaughtered in court.

LIAM

(snapping)

Oh yeah, the British 'Crown' court. It will all be covered up. This would never happen under Sharia.

ALI

There'll be no Sharia here in our lifetime.

LIAM

Not as long as Muslims are weak. 'And be not weak hearted in pursuit of the enemy; if you suffer pain, then surely they too suffer pain.' You have to strike fear and terror like the brothers did in London.

ALI

It was a little cinema, man, not a missile bunker!

LIAM

It was a decadent art-house. They were showing a blasphemous film. So the brothers were severe - but just.

ALI

They killed some Muslim guy who was just walking past.

LIAM

There's always collateral damage in war. And he is with the bomber in Paradise, inshallah. Ali, what's happening to us is nothing compared with the martyrdom of Muslims world-wide. It's not enough to fast and pray like Dr Shaheed. We need to play our part in true jihad.

ALI

(incredulously)

What?

LIAM

You've got skills. And we both have our faith.

Ali looks disturbed.

INT. THE SHOOTERS ARMS PUB - EVENING

The pub is quiet, only a dozen people are in the saloon bar. **ANGELA (42)**, Northern Irish, a world-weary mother, perhaps dressing too young for her age, and **SEAMUS (47)**, an unshaven builder, also Northern Irish, are sitting in the corner on a bench, drinks on table. Seamus is knocking back a pint of Guinness, Angela anxiously sips red wine and looks at her watch. There's an uneasy silence.

ANGELA

He must've got held up on the motorway.

SEAMUS

(knowingly)

Relax woman. He'll be here, if he said he would be.

Seamus stands up and walks off to the toilet. Angela, takes her phone out and checks her messages. She puffs on her vape then starts to send a text message. She's aware of a person, whom she presumes is Seamus, sitting down and she turns to speak to him. It's not Seamus, it's Eamon.

ANGELA

(shocked)

Oh My God!

EAMON

Well... not quite.

Eamon gives a big warm smile and leans in to give her a kiss on the cheek. Seamus returns and stands on the other side of the table.

SEAMUS

(quietly)

Here he is, the old bastard. Teems of times and happy returns!

Eamon smiles. Seamus sits. Seamus puts an arm around Eamon and whispers closely into his ear.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

(whispering)

'And we're all off to Dublin in the green, in the green. Where the helmets glisten in the sun. Where the bayonets flash and the rifles crash. To the rattle of the Thompson Gun...'

Angela is amused. However, Seamus falters.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

'I'll leave aside me pick and spade, I'll leave aside me plough. I'll leave aside me horse...' .
Jesus Christ, I've forgotten the rest. Now help me out, Eamon, come on...

EAMON

Well, it's been a long, long time. I think I've forgotten it too.

Seamus looks disappointed. Eamon smiles at Angela. Seamus stands.

SEAMUS

What ya having?

EAMON

Mineral water will do me fine.

Seamus heads to the bar.

SEAMUS

(over his shoulder to Eamon)

What's wrong with you? I thought we were going to have some good craic tonight.

(to the Barman)

Hasn't seen us in years and all he wants is fucking mineral water.

Angela now seems embarrassed by Seamus's behaviour. Eamon holds her hand and smirks at Seamus's banter.

ANGELA

I can't stop long, I need to pick up Caitlin.

EAMON

Yeah, sorry for the delay. Couldn't be helped I'm afraid.

(a beat)

What's the latest with Liam? You speaking yet?

ANGELA

I thought he'd come back next day, after he'd kicked off at the party. He's been with them for two weeks now.

Angela looks terribly guilty.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Supposing he goes to Syria?

Eamon continues holding her hand.

EAMON

Wherever there's pain and conflict
- in society, in a family -
everybody has to feel guilty. You
have to let go of that Angie, if
we're going to get anywhere.

Seamus returns from the bar with the drinks. Eamon
extracts a small pill-box from his pocket and takes a
tablet with a sip of water.

SEAMUS

You're gonna sort out our Liam?

EAMON

I'm gonna try. I've added a
qualification to my CV. Like I
said I've become a
psychotherapist.

Angela is intrigued. Seamus looks disgruntled.

EAMON (CONT'D)

I've swapped fixing cars to fixing
people's minds.

ANGELA

You always were the bright one!

EAMON

Clients are usually ex-Volunteers,
people who've seen active service.
Post-traumatic stress disorder,
identity crisis, family break-up.
It's not the prerogative of the
British Army.

SEAMUS

Well, I suppose you're doing a
good job there.

ANGELA

I'm sure you can help Liam.

SEAMUS

It'll be hard work turning round
the little scrote now he's living
with 'em . But we'll do it
together, Eamon. For Angie and
Liam and Caitlin together, right?
Let's drink to that!

Angela finishes her wine and kisses them both on the
cheek.

ANGELA

I'm gonna get back for Caitlin now. She's with Mick and Lynne.

EAMON

And you've not said a word about me coming over to them?

SEAMUS

The scrawny bitch can't keep her mouth shut.

Angela isn't impressed with Seamus's outburst.

ANGELA

I expect you two have a lot of catching up to do. I'll see you back at the house, Eamon. I've made up Liam's room for you.

She hands him a key to the house.

INT. EAMON'S HIRE CAR, THE SHOOTERS ARMS CAR PARK - NIGHT

The car is parked. Eamon and Seamus talk.

EAMON

Nice is she? This Emilia.

SEAMUS

Don't you try to drop the hand on her. She's with me, and she's happy with it.

EAMON

And she's working at the 'Miners', too.

Eamon stares hard at Seamus.

EAMON (CONT'D)

The 'Miners', hey. That takes us back, doesn't it?

Seamus seems un-nerved. He doesn't reply but lights a cigarette and stares out of the side window.

SEAMUS

What time do you wanna go to the yard tomorrow? I'm there all day.

EAMON

I'll call you.

The car pulls out of the car park.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, LIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eamon dumps his suitcase on Liam's bed. He studies the Islamic texts on the wall and notes the bookshelf with an Arabic /English dictionary, together with commentaries on the Quran. He pokes inside Liam's desk and pulls out various books and magazines. One of them is an English-language ISIS/DAESH propaganda magazine. He starts flipping through it.

EXT. CANAL BRIDGE - DAY

Atop the small humped bridge, Liam and Ali. The boys are hunched over an iPad controller. They are flying a small DRONE. Liam is peering over Ali's shoulder.

LIAM

That's it, 'The Star Club'. Move closer.

The DRONE descends over the main road near the town centre and circles above a working men's club.

LIAM (CONT'D)

That's where they're meeting for the rally a week on Saturday. They'll march straight down Manchester Road and on to the mosque.

ALI

They've got balls to go down Manchester Road.

LIAM

There'll be tons of police. Maybe a counter demo. They won't get far.

Ali looks shocked as the route sinks in.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(nodding towards the controller)

Fly over the route of the march, from the club to the mosque?

Ali navigates the DRONE. From its POV we move down the main road that runs straight through the town centre, past St. Mary's church, into the Asian shopping district, past the Conference Centre.

LIAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Simon Sedgfield's having his meeting there as well.

ALI(O.S.)

Simon who?

LIAM (O.S.)

You know. That MP...that Social Consensus Party?

ALI (O.S.)

Oh, yeah...

LIAM (O.S.)

The National Alternative Party bastards won't give a toss about Sedgefield. They're having their own little Nuremburg Rally in the park.

(Still reviewing the Sedgefield NAP/Buckley NCP threads)

The POV of the DRONE moves towards the mosque.

ALI (O.S.)

Do you really think Buckley will be marching with them?

LIAM (O.S.)

Of course he will be. He'll want to be seen up there on the stand with all his NAP mates. Calls himself their 'Youth Leader'...

ALI (O.S.)

This could be be a major kick off, they're just gonna stir up shit here with both communities.

LIAM (O.S.)

These fascist shits are evil.

(a beat)

Can't you weaponise this?

ALI (O.S.)

(Sarcastically)

Sure. I can add a cruise missile and a cluster bomb. In your dreams, Abdul Aleem.

LIAM (O.S.)

There's stuff online - I've seen it. You're the techie one...

Liam moves his eyes from the screen to look directly at Ali.

LIAM (CONT'D)

When it comes to it, you won't take any risks.

Ali ignores the statement.

ALI
Don't distract me.

LIAM
You don't understand jihad.

ALI still studiously ignores him as the DRONE stabilises and the lads see a dramatic high angle shot of the brightly coloured mosque.

EXT. CANAL BANK - DAY

Eamon, a few hundred yards further up the canal from the bridge, watches silently. Two female Asian college students pass him. He smiles at them, they don't smile back.

INT. ALI'S CAR - NIGHT

Ali is driving Liam to the restaurant. The atmosphere is uneasy as Liam persists in trying to persuade Ali into joining his mission, whilst Ali tries to deflect him, unsure as to how serious he really is.

LIAM
If you flew it straight at the rally, with a small bomb fastened to it, that would work.

ALI
(laughs)
That drone won't carry a bomb you nutter.

LIAM
Well, get a bigger one.

Ali shakes his head and laughs.

LIAM (CONT'D)
You need to be strong for our brothers, Ali. 'Against them make ready your strength to the utmost of your power - to strike terror into the hearts of the enemies of Allah.'

ALI
(suddenly angry)
Well maybe if our 'brothers' hadn't struck terror in London, my sister wouldn't have had her face kicked in.

Liam stares at him.

LIAM

Really? You're gonna blame them for what those bastards did to Fatima? You keep finding excuses, don't you? Call yourself a Muslim?

ALI

You could ask yourself that, Liam fucking Casey.

Liam falls silent.

EXT. MOHAMMED'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ali drops Liam off outside the restaurant, which has closed for the night. Liam quietly gets out of the car. They part without a word.

INT. MOHAMMED'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Liam walks through the empty lobby and climbs the stairs to the storeroom. He slumps on his makeshift bed and removes his cap. He reaches for the KORAN.

INT. MOHAMMED'S HOUSE, ALI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ali, grim-faced, is at his desk, typing a TEXT on his phone. He sends the message, then turns to his laptop, which displays a screen-saver of an attractive white girl, **MELISSA (18)**. He deletes it.

ALI

(whispering)
I'm sorry babe.

INT. GREASY-SPOON CAFE - DAY

MEETING 1 : Eamon and Liam sit facing each other at a window table in a shabby cafe which is almost empty except for the sullen-faced **WAITRESS (40s)** behind the counter. Liam is nervous but curious about this meeting with his mythic uncle.

EAMON

Well, you've grown. And outgrown Father Brennan's catechism lessons from what I hear.

Liam is caught off-guard by Eamon's direct approach.

LIAM

You know that I've - converted?

Eamon knowingly nods in recognition of Liam's beard and attire. Liam now feels silly.

EAMON

It took guts for you to come along today.

(a beat)

Your ma's worried sick about you.

(a beat)

What ya having?

LIAM

Just an apple juice or something. Thanks.

Eamon signals to the waitress.

EAMON

Apple juice please. And a cup of tea.

(a beat)

Believe me, Liam, I'm not here to get all avuncular with you.

LIAM

(self-consciously)

It's Abdul.

EAMON

Of course, Abdul. We must respect our different cultures. You know, I was really shocked to hear about the attack on that poor Asian girl. Did you know her?

LIAM

Yeah, I know her, she's a really nice girl.

(a beat)

My mate's sister. Well actually, maybe not my mate any more.

EAMON

(sincerely)

Ouch! That sounds rough.

Liam is beginning to feel more at ease.

LIAM

You have to make sacrifices.

EAMON

Indeed.

(a beat)

Your Mam's really worried, you know. If I hear your side of things, it might get you both around a table, if you follow me.

Liam looks at his drink in silence.

EAMON (CONT'D)
 (encouragingly)
 Your Mam said you were upset by
 what the government were doing to
 manipulate society and the various
 organisations that are supposed to
 be behind it all.

Liam looks up from his drink and stares at his uncle.

EAMON (CONT'D)
 (voice only)
 She also said that you were
 terribly unhappy about the state
 of affairs in the middle east.

FLASHBACK 6 MONTHS EARLIER

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - EVENING

The room is neat and tidy, but the TV and stereo are cheap and the furniture is worn. Liam (clean-shaven pre-conversion) stares at the TV: a BOMBER flies over a Middle Eastern city. The NEWS REPORT cuts away to scenes of devastation and dead civilians. Liam, mesmerised, is kneeling in front of the TV, trying to listen to the REPORTER.

REPORTER
 (VO on TV)
 According to local sources at
 least thirty six people were
 killed in the raid. Many were
 women and children who had sought
 refuge in the hospital. Meanwhile
 ISIS claims responsibility for
 yesterday's explosion at a market
 in which seventeen people died...

CAITLIN (8), Angela's mixed-race daughter and Liam's half-sister, sits on the sofa playing a game on her Nintendo.

Angela enters from the kitchen. She wears the uniform of a care assistant. She looks very tired. She brings in takeaway dinners. Caitlin seizes her meal eagerly but Liam is still squatting in front of the TV.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
 (VO on TV)
 ...which some viewers may find
 distressing...

ANGELA

Liam! Put something else on.

She eye-nods towards Caitlin.

LIAM

I need to know what's going on.

Liam switches the TV channel to Russia Today which shows similar Middle Eastern war footage.

Angela stares incredulously at Liam.

ANGELA

LIAM!

Liam gets the message. Mechanically he stabs at the remote control until a children's channel pops up.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I'm on evening's all week. I'll need someone to keep an eye on Caitlin. What are your hours this week?

LIAM

I'm seeing Ali tomorrow... I'll ask him.

Angela begins walking back to the kitchen to collect her own meal. Caitlin jabs at her Nintendo.

CAITLIN

Yay! I've killed an enemy!

In her excitement, she spills food on the carpet. Angela turns round.

ANGELA

Caitlin, will you put that thing down and eat properly! Have you done your homework yet?

Caitlin pulls a wry face and shakes her head.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Well go and get your schoolbag, and I'll help you.

Liam gets up, and hands an open writing pad to Angela. She proceeds to read the handwritten heading at the top of a blank sheet.

LIAM

Fancy helping me with this then?

ANGELA

'How does the structure of the British Parliamentary system deliver effective democratic government in the United Kingdom?'

She stares at it as if to be re-reading the title in her head.

LIAM

Yeah, exactly...
(mutters)
Fucking load of nonsense...

ANGELA

Come on boy, stick with it, it'll pay off in the long run.

Liam takes the pad and nonchalantly leaves the room.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, LIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Liam sits hunched up on his bed looking at his LAPTOP. He flicks wearily through his politics textbook and a clutch of scribbled notes, then pecks at the keyboard in a desultory way, before pushing the textbook away and closing the document.

He opens a BROWSER and googles: 'Vapour trails - chem-trails'. His cursor hovers. Then, at random, he picks a link. It connects him to a Youtube VIDEO. It's a slide show of images: stills of high-flying airliners/military aircraft/elaborate vapour trails and cloud formations/insignia of the CIA and FBI/The Masonic Eye-in-the-Triangle motif/Royal Family crest/Pentagram.

The VIDEO displays a TITLE: WATCH THE SKIES - RAPHAEL KLEIN. An AUDIO COMMENTARY is delivered in a husky bass. But there's also soul MUSIC thumping through the floor from downstairs so Liam struggles to concentrate.

KLEIN

(VO)

The global elites and their tame scientists are selling you a story about global warming. And soon their fake media are going to sell you an even bigger story - that there's a miracle solution - to this problem that doesn't exist. You see, these aren't ordinary vapour trails - they're chem-trails. Big government will tell you they're a new technology to reflect solar radiation.

(MORE)

KLEIN (CONT'D)
 But their real purpose is to turn
 us into tools of the elite and -

Liam, exasperated by the noise, looks at the time, pauses the playback and strides indignantly to the landing.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Liam heads downstairs to the front room where he confronts Angela and Caitlin who are dancing around the coffee table. Caitlin is very excited.

LIAM
 (shouting)
 I'm trying to study up there!

Angela and Caitlin freeze at the anger in his voice.

ANGELA
 For Christ's sake, Liam!

CAITLIN
 (angry)
 That's my Dad's music!

LIAM
 (calms down in reaction
 to Caitlin)
 Yeah, I know...

ANGELA
 Don't worry, Cait, Liam's right,
 it's getting late. Go on, up to
 bed, I'll be up in a minute.

Caitlin leaves the room.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 (shouting up the stairs
 to Caitlin)
 Face and teeth!

LIAM
 Why do you play her that CD? It
 only makes her think that her Dad
 will come back.

ANGELA
 Dexter'll be back. You'll see...

Liam gives Angela a 'whatever' look, turns and goes upstairs, leaving Angela alone in silence.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, LIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's now 3 AM. Liam stares at the laptop. He's wearing headphones now and scribbling notes furiously on a pad.

INT. COLLEGE CAFE - LUNCHTIME

There's a mix of students. Liam and Ali share a table. They talk privately.

ALI

Come on, man. You don't really believe all that conspiracy shit?

LIAM

It's New Science. And it's happening to us! There's a global conspiracy to fill the skies with poisons that will scramble peoples' brains so that they're all passive and weak and ready to be controlled.

Ali picks up one of his physics textbooks and waves it in front of Liam's face.

ALI

So where's your evidence?

LIAM

They have seen it for themselves....

ALI

(interrupts)

Who's 'they', Liam? Chemists? Doctors? Aerospace engineers?

LIAM

Alternative researchers. Who've seen barrels of chemicals smuggled onto planes. And the trails don't disperse in the usual way.

ALI

A vapour trail is just that - mostly water vapour. And atmospheric conditions change all the time. There's no 'usual way'.

LIAM

What about all the mental illnesses? The self-harming, suicides, sex abuse. It's young people who are most vulnerable.

(MORE)

LIAM (CONT'D)

It's already turning them into dumb robots. I mean, just look around.

Liam gestures at the chattering students. At an adjacent table one of them, **BRIAN BUCKLEY (18)**, is holding court with his mates Darren and Martin, who seem to be hanging on his every word. His smart suit contrasts with their skinhead fashion sense. He is showing them a leaflet.

BRIAN

(to Darren and Martin)

Of course you're pissed off with what's happening to this country. That's why you should join.

MARTIN

But it's all boring meetings and stuff, isn't it?

DARREN

Where's the action?

BRIAN

(lowering his voice)

There'll soon be action all right. Heavy-duty action, know what I mean?

Darren nods as Martin grins.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

And yes, we're recruiting girls too...

Brian turns to a student at an adjacent table. It's Melissa, the girl we saw being deleted from Ali's laptop earlier. She's reading her Media Studies coursebook on 'Race and Representation in the Media'. Ali's now paying attention to the unfolding scene.

Brian leans across and grabs it out of her hand, thrusting his leaflet in front of her.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Your pretty little head shouldn't be brainwashed by that lefty crap. Your country needs you, Melissa!

Melissa, annoyed, pushes the leaflet away and grabs her book back.

MELISSA
 Oh, sod off and play toy soldiers
 somewhere else!

Brian scowls. It's an ugly moment. Ali half-rises, as if he might intervene.

DARREN
 (to Brian)
 Stuck-up bitch. Not worth your
 time.

Brian grunts in agreement. Melissa gets up to go.

ALI
 (focussing on Melissa)
 Hey! Never mind them. Over here!

Melissa smiles but shakes her head.

ALI (CONT'D)
 We're talking about the End-Times.
 Very dramatic. And you're such a
 great actress.

Melissa, despite herself, is intrigued and flattered. She joins them. Buckley watches, angry but silent. Liam, clearly impressed with Ali's extroverted social confidence, smiles diffidently but Melissa pays him little attention.

MELISSA
 How do you know I'm doing drama?

ALI
 I saw you walk out of the drama
 studio yesterday.

Melissa laughs.

ALI (CONT'D)
 I'm a man of science. Gonna be the
 first Muslim on the moon! And
 you're gonna be a star.

MELISSA
 (to Liam)
 So are you doing like, Advanced
 Nerdology or something?

Liam doesn't know how to take this kind of banter from a pretty girl.

LIAM

I'm researching the way in which a new world order could be using advanced technologies to manipulate us, psychologically - and physically. It's affecting our health, our minds, even our sexuality.

Liam blushes, realising what he just said.

MELISSA

Oh yeah?

Liam feels awkward, but pushes on.

LIAM

Check out Raphael Klein on Youtube
-

MELISSA

Sorry, not my idea of fun.
(turning to Ali)
Anyway, you Muslim guys don't like people having too much fun.

ALI

You are misinformed. I am the Caliph of Fun!

Fatima arrives at their table. She senses Ali's interest in Melissa and seems uneasy.

MELISSA

I'd better check with your girl friend.
(to Fatima)
Is he really the Whatsit of Fun or whatever?

Fatima looks back in mock-amazement. She doesn't notice Liam gazing at her.

ALI

Ah, this is my sister.

Fatima avoids eye contact with Melissa and Liam.

FATIMA

(to Ali)
Did you get my text?

Ali nods then looks at Liam.

ALI

He thinks we're all in terrible danger - isn't that right?

Liam is about to speak but Fatima cuts in.

FATIMA
(assertively)
Dad needs you in the restaurant
tonight.

Ali sighs, exasperated. He shrugs.

ALI
Likes to keep me busy, doesn't he?

LIAM
What about me, Fatima?

FATIMA
Yes, you too. And Ali, keep your
phone on. You don't want Dad
freaking again.

MELISSA
(to Ali)
Anyway, I'll catch ya later.

Melissa heads for the exit. She turns and gives Ali a little wave. Liam is still trying to make eye contact with Fatima.

FATIMA
Who's she?

ALI
Jennifer Lawrence!

Fatima frowns, as if about to say something, then hesitates.

FATIMA
(to Ali)
I'll see you at home.

Fatima moves away, Liam can't take his eyes off her. Ali glances at his watch, scoops up his books and Liam picks up his bag.

ALI
Right then, let's go and change
the world!

They head off, followed by Buckley and his cronies.

INT. MOHAMMED'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is a hive of activity. Liam, holding a motor cycle helmet, stands at the counter waiting to collect the next batch of takeaway deliveries. **HISHAM (20s)** and **OMAR (20s)** are waiting to be seated.

Ali in waiter's jacket hurries out of the kitchen with a large insulated box and a handful of chits and receipts.

ALI
 (to Liam)
 Some of them have been waiting a while so get cracking...

Ali's father Mohammed strides through from the restaurant area where he's been meeting and greeting with his guests. He's a big dignified man, bearded, in a smart business suit.

MOHAMMED
 (To Ali)
 Hey, I want to check that before it goes out.

Mohammed checks the order.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)
 How come you've got Mr Harrison a double order of chicken vindaloo when he ordered one lamb biriani?

ALI
 (confused)
 Er... Sorry, Dad, not sure what's happened there.

MOHAMMED
 (not happy)
 Wants to be a rocket scientist and he can't even cope with a basic take-away order!

Ali looks sullen.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)
 (in Ali's ear)
 Now get a move on! We have a reputation you know.

Ali rushes back to the kitchen. Liam is over-awed by Mohammed's stern reaction.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)
 (to Liam)
 Is he like this at college?

LIAM
 (defensive)
 Er no, he's... er.... very good. He did really well with all his exams.

Mohammed looks at him sideways.

MOHAMMED

The pair of you need to get your heads down, this is your last chance to get yourselves on your own two feet.

A blind British Asian man, **BILAL (30s)** enters, using a cane, and carefully makes his way to the counter.

HISHAM

Hi Brother Bilal! What's happening?

OMAR

You OK there? Need a hand?

BILAL

It's all fine, guys. I'm getting a new flat near the mosque.

HISHAM

Cool!

OMAR

Hey, old Dr Shaheed be keeping an eye on you now!

BILAL

Don't worry, I'll be keeping an ear out for him!

They all laugh, although MOHAMMED looks slightly affronted at this disrespectful reference to the new Imam at the mosque. However he composes himself.

MOHAMMED

(to Bilal)

Salam Aleikum. Your usual is ready.

Ali appears and Mohammed motions Ali back to the kitchen for Bilal's order.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

And how are your studies going?

BILAL

Coming along. I think Dr Shaheed will be pleased with me. I have a good memory.

Ali returns with two bags, which Mohammed intercepts, checks and hands one bag to Bilal and the other to Liam.

MOHAMMED

Now enjoy this. I hope Anwar has surpassed himself this evening.

BILAL
 Many thanks. As always. Salam
 Aleikum.

Ali disappears into the kitchen again. Bilal leaves the restaurant. Liam is putting on his helmet.

LIAM
 (sheepishly)
 Mr Ahmed, you didn't charge him?

MOHAMMED
 (shocked)
 This is one of the Five Pillars of Islam. Zakat! Charity to the poor and disabled. 'O you who believe, you shall give to charity from the good things you earn.'

LIAM
 It's a kind of communal thing?

MOHAMMED
 We are all part of Allah's family.
 Even my idiot of a son.

As Liam starts heading for the door, Mohammed pats him on the shoulder.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)
 Take care out there.

Liam turns and smiles as he leaves.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Liam on his MOPED with takeaway deliveries. He speeds around local town hall/Masonic hall/Conservative office/Labour Club/Catholic church/mosque and other public buildings.

Throughout there are CUs or ZOOMS from LIAM'S POV on SYMBOLS on the buildings: Masonic signs; political posters; the Cross; the Crescent.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, LIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Liam sits at his desk preparing to watch another Raphael Klein video on YouTube. He has pad and pen at the ready. Ali sits on the bed, bored and deeply sceptical.

The video begins. **KLEIN (late 40s)** in dark suit. His speech is measured but intense, delivered with absolute conviction.

His VIDEO is illustrated with Power Point SLIDES, plus MONTAGES of stills and brief clips to a sound track of sinister electronic MUSIC that runs throughout.

KLEIN

(to camera)

Last time we talked about chem-trails. But they are only one weapon in the arsenal that the Illuminati are using in their plan to impose a New World Order.

A fast MONTAGE shows: UFOs/drones/Roswell Aliens/music and film stars/oil wells/front page of The Sun newspaper/BBC TV news presenter/the Vatican Swiss Guards/a corridor of computer servers/Google logo/Twin Towers

KLEIN (CONT'D)

(to camera)

But who are the members of this shadowy elite? They operate at many levels. It's like a pyramid.

An IMAGE of the Eye-in-Pyramid symbol flashes on the screen and fades.

More images; NSA/CIA/FBI/GCHQ/PENTAGON/NATO/LOCKHEED MARTIN/BRITISH AEROSPACE. Liam is hurriedly drawing up a list on his pad. Ali's curiosity has been aroused.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

(VO)

At the base of the Pyramid, you have the Western military industrial complex who execute Illuminati projects like chem-trails or carry out false flag and covert operations, for geopolitical ends - control of oil and water, expediting regime change. They all thrive on military spending and a state of permanent conflict - hence those colourful wars of 'liberation' in the Middle East and elsewhere.

Rapid MONTAGE of stills: Wrecked buildings in Falluja/Aleppo/Tripoli/troops firing on crowds on Bloody Sunday in Belfast/aftermath of a car bomb in Baghdad.

ALI

Pause it!

Liam pauses the video.

ALI (CONT'D)

So he believes these so-called
Illuminati are behind all the shit
going down in Iraq and Syria?

LIAM

Exactly!

ALI

But why is he allowed to broadcast
it, Google owns YouTube, so why is
it allowed if Google are in on it?

LIAM

(excitedly)

There's more.

Liam restarts the playback. There's a MONTAGE of stills:
Murdoch/Koch Brothers/Federal Reserve Building /
Rothschild/Morgan Chase building/RBS Logo/Canary Wharf
buildings/Lord Mayor's procession/Bilderberg conference
building under:

KLEIN

(VO)

Now let's go higher up the Pyramid
where we find the bankers, the
Corporation of the City of London,
the Federal Reserve, CEO's of the
major corporations and media
networks

Liam is trying to keep up with this, now hastily drawing
a FLOW-CHART.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

(VO)

They liaise via the Bilderberg
Conferences, scheming to conserve
precious resources by controlling
population growth - culling people
in wars if necessary. Their 'soft
power' is orchestrated by
political groups like Social
Consensus

Quick STILL: WEB PAGE of SOCIAL CONSENSUS displaying a
LOGO 'Blue Sky Thinking' and a PHOTO of smiling Chairman
SIMON SEDGEFIELD (60s).

ALI

Haven't I seen him on telly...?

LIAM

He's an MP, would you believe!

KLEIN

(to camera)

Men like Simon Sedgefield are all part of the Plan to create a world government implementing strategies devised by higher grade Illuminati who have been preparing for decades

MONTAGE: STILLs of: HM the Queen; men in Masonic regalia; Logo of the OTO (Order of Oriental Templars); Swastika; Baphomet; NASA logo; Aleister Crowley; L.Ron Hubbard; the Archbishop of Canterbury; Bill Gates; Margaret Thatcher; Heinrich Himmler

KLEIN (CONT'D)

(vo montage)

But above them, there are even more sinister forces. Follow my Twitter feed for the next update.

The VIDEO fades to black. Liam shuts the laptop, looking to Ali for a response.

ALI

Really? I'm not sure about all this. It's going to do your head in if you're not careful.

LIAM

The truth's always complicated.

ALI

Some of this stuff is crazy. I mean, film stars and aliens. Come on...

LIAM

You're just brain-washed by the mainstream media. Can't you see the threat to your people?

ALI

(hesitant)

I don't know... Look, mate, I'm tired, I've got an assignment to finish for first thing. I'm off.

LIAM

I just wanted you to know about it..

Ali gets up to go.

ALI

See you tomorrow?

Liam doesn't reply as Ali leaves the room.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Ali goes downstairs. As he goes through the hallway, the living room door is open and we can see Angela slumped in a chair finishing a glass of wine. She looks worn-out.

ALI

Night!

ANGELA

(smiling)

Send my best to your family.

EXT. STREET NEAR CAITLIN'S SCHOOL - MORNING

Caitlin, with satchel and lunch box is trotting along beside Liam who is carrying his college back pack.

Liam is looking up at the sky and wisps of vapour trails. Caitlin tugs his sleeve and says goodbye as she turns off towards the SCHOOL GATES but he hardly notices.

EXT. THE MOORS - DAY

POV of a CAMERA mounted on a DRONE we see a panorama of the Lancashire Moors and the outskirts of the town. Below, Ali and Liam. Ali is controlling the DRONE with an iPad.

ALI

Better than kites, this!

Liam nods, his glance alternating between the DRONE in flight and the camera feed on the screen.

ALI (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Let's check out some chem-trails...

Liam turns to Ali, expectantly. Suddenly Ali gets serious...

ALI (CONT'D)

What's that?

Ali points at the screen. Liam looks closely.

ALI (CONT'D)

Is it..... It's..... Fuckin' 'el - it's Beyonce in a UFO!

(laughing uproariously)

She's off to a top-secret meeting at Buckingham Palace.

LIAM
Don't laugh at what you don't understand.

ALI
OK, take it easy. You're SO easy to wind up.

Ali steers the DRONE into a steadier flight path.

LIAM
I'm just sorry you don't get it. Muslims are being targeted!

ALI
That's what Dr Shaheed says.

LIAM
Who?

ALI
Our new imam, from Saudi. Very strict, but Dad's becoming a big fan. He's talking about not serving alcohol at the restaurant... big mistake.

LIAM
Not such a bad idea, if you look at how it screws people up.

The DRONE approaches the outskirts of town. It swoops lower over Seamus's YARD - a huddle of sheds, old caravan, portakabin, steel container, portaloo and rusting builders gear. The yard is securely fenced. It's halfway up a long track which runs upwards on a gradual slope, finishing at the edge of the moorland where Ali's CAR is parked. A chained-up large dog stares up at the DRONE.

ALI
(interrupting)
Hey, what is this place? I've never noticed it from this angle.

LIAM
My uncle Seamus's yard. Calls it his country estate.

ALI
He lives there?

Liam nods, looking slightly embarrassed.

ALI (CONT'D)
Ok, let's bring it back, I want to get down town to catch Melissa.

Ali brings back the DRONE and lands it a few yards away. They walk over to retrieve it.

ALI (CONT'D)

You need a bird. Karen Whitehouse is in your politics class, with Melissa. Shall we all go somewhere together?

LIAM

Nah, not at the moment. I've got stuff needs doing, more research and that.

Liam walks away. Ali follows, pensive, towards the CAR.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

A whiteboard displays a complex FLOW CHART of the UK Electoral Process.

The lecturer **MS FIONA CHAFFEY (30s)** could almost be a candidate herself. Her earnest but sometimes patronising manner is not holding the attention of this large and restless group of students.

Liam in the front row is staring hard at the FLOW CHART while Fatima in the row behind makes notes. Melissa and her ditzy friend **KAREN WHITEHOUSE (18)** are at the back, giggling and googling. Buckley is reading the Daily Mail.

MS. CHAFFEY

Everything I've covered this afternoon is relevant to each one of you.

Karen, now studying Twitter, stifles a snort of laughter. Ms Chaffey glares.

MS. CHAFFEY (CONT'D)

You all have the responsibility of voting for the first time in the General Election next summer. And that includes you, Karen.

Karen hasn't even noticed. Some of the CLASS laugh. Ms Chaffey picks up a sheaf of handouts.

MS. CHAFFEY (CONT'D)

Right, next week's assignment. 'Our current "First Past the Post" system or Proportional Representation, which electoral process is best suited to delivering democratic government to Great Britain?' Are there any questions?

A few students have started packing away. Ms Chaffey desperately surveys the room. Then Liam raises his hand. Ms Chaffey looks relieved.

MS. CHAFFEY (CONT'D)

Yes, Liam?

LIAM

It isn't really relevant to us, is it, Ms Chaffey? Your 'democracy'...

MS. CHAFFEY

What do you mean, Liam?

The CLASS are focusing now on this challenge to Ms Chaffey's authority. Their excited murmuring increases as the following develops.

LIAM

I mean it's a farce really. All your MPs and ministers are puppets. The bankers pull the strings. And we're distracted by the show.

MELISSA

(aside to Karen)

Oh my god... Chaffey under nerd-attack!

KAREN

(to Melissa)

But he's kind of quirky...

MS. CHAFFEY

This is not appropriate for a class discussion.

Ironic 'tut-tuts' and head-shaking from the CLASS.

LIAM

It's appropriate because we're controlled by their media.

MS. CHAFFEY

We're not doing media studies. Whatever your point was, you've made it.

The CLASS make mock noises of disappointment and are clearly hoping for more sport.

VOICES

Go, Liam!/ We were enjoying that/ Give us a lesson then!

BRIAN BUCKLEY
 (jeering)
 It's show-time, with Liam Casey!

Liam suddenly gets up and walks to the front of the room, as if on auto-pilot. Fatima is clearly surprised but impressed. Ms Chaffey is shocked into immobility.

LIAM
 (addressing the whole class)
 The elites will use anything. Mind bending via so-called climate control, false flag ops like 7/7 or 9/11, terror games in Iraq and Syria. You heard of the Illuminati?

MS. CHAFFEY
 This course is about politics, Liam, not fantasy. Can you please sit down!

LIAM
 There's no politics. Only power.

MS. CHAFFEY
 That's nonsense, Liam. We have the rule of law. We have the party system. We can choose our representatives to debate the choices facing society and arrive at a decision for the common good. And in doing so we have a right to free speech. Which you are now exercising.

The CLASS are now engaged.

LIAM
 Does anybody here feel free? To 'choose' between a few equally fake institutions set up to fool us with false promises in their fake reality show.

MS. CHAFFEY
 Liam, you're just making wild assertions without a shred of proof.

LIAM
 While you try to stick our heads in text books, the truth is out there, all over the web.
 (Appealing to class)
 Am I right or what?

A few of the CLASS nod in agreement.

KAREN

Hey, Miss, you ought to give up
and get a Youtube channel.

The CLASS laugh.

MS. CHAFFEY

(on the edge of losing
it)

Let me remind you all that I am
still in charge here.

LIAM

And that's it, another strategy
for mass mind manipulation. The
education system. But the people
who deliver it can't see the
overall plan. They're tools of the
elite. So I guess you're their
tool, Ms Chaffey...

The CLASS cheers and applauds uproariously. Liam stands
impassive.

MS. CHAFFEY

(totally losing it.)

Right! That's It. Come on everyone
out.

Liam doesn't move. He stares her down.

Ms Chaffey stares back, then snatches up her things and
strides from the room. The CLASS is suddenly quiet. They
can't quite believe what they've witnessed.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, LIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Liam is sitting at his desk, once again totally focused
on his LAPTOP. There is a knock at the door. He hastily
closes the LAPTOP. Angela enters with a cup of tea.

ANGELA

Cup of tea, love?

LIAM

Cheers.

Angela sits down on the edge of the bed.

ANGELA

You not got a girlfriend yet?

LIAM

Nah, what about you and Dexter?

She smiles.

ANGELA

I just want a little loving, Liam.

LIAM

You had Dad. Until he buggered off.

ANGELA

(softly)

You know I did what I could, and he's never tried to get in touch with us. It's a long time ago now, long before Dexter.

Angela looks genuinely sorry and concerned for Liam's feelings.

LIAM

(quietly - almost to himself)

Yeah. My disappearing Dad... and Bloody Dexter coming and going... Ali's people look out for each other all the time you know. In his family everyone knows where they stand.

ANGELA

(offended)

If you think the Ahmeds are so wonderful, why don't you go off and live with them!

Liam heads for the door. Angela is penitent.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - EVENING

The front room is decorated for Christmas. Seamus holding a can of beer, settles back on the sofa. He's in grimy work clothes, smoking. Angela sits beside him, trying to make him pay attention.

ANGELA

I can't connect with him at the moment. Maybe you can?

SEAMUS

You know I'd do anything for our Liam. I gave him that moped, didn't I?

ANGELA

But I was thinking more like - you know - man-to-man stuff. His only friend is Ali Ahmed.

SEAMUS

Well, he needs to watch his back working with that lot.

ANGELA

What do you mean by that?

Seamus smiles, knowing he is annoying his sister. Angela, losing patience.

SEAMUS

You want me to kind of take him in hand, is that it?

ANGELA

Please,
(a beat)
anything.

SEAMUS

OK. I could take him on as my apprentice, so he'd learn the trade, do real work.

ANGELA

And what about his education?

SEAMUS

He should quit that college nonsense for a start. That's what's screwing him up. It's probably where he's getting his stupid ideas from.

ANGELA

But he could go to university!

SEAMUS

Yeah, and spend the rest of his life paying it off. At least he'd be mixing with his own kind, one of the lads. I could use him.

ANGELA

Are you getting enough work to take him on?

SEAMUS

Yeah! I've probably got another driveway in Trawden to do next week, I gotta finish Mrs O's patio, I'm quoting for a kitchen extension in Colne. I've got big plans. Liam could be part of the plan!

ANGELA
Just have a word with him will
you?

SEAMUS
So my job offer's no good?

Angela looks at him with sorry eyes.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)
OK, I do a little drinking
sometimes, but so do you. You're
the one that needs sorting.

ANGELA
How can you sit there and say
that?

SEAMUS
Just forget Dexter, he's no good
for any of you.

ANGELA
Piss off...

Angela gets up and moves towards the kitchen.

SEAMUS
I just want the best for you!

She stops in the kitchen doorway.

ANGELA
What's that supposed to mean?

SEAMUS
You need to move on, Angie. Find
someone new.

ANGELA
Really? I do, do I?

SEAMUS
Yeah, I've got a belter right now.
Emilia.

ANGELA
So where did you meet her?

SEAMUS
The Miners.

ANGELA
(wistfully)
That was where Jim was working on
the night he left.

SEAMUS

(briskly)

That was a long time ago lass.
Anyway you're well shut of the
bastard.

(a beat)

Emilia's a great bird. She'd make
Eamon stand up and take notice.
I've got plans for her too.

ANGELA

You planning to show her off to
Eamon then?

SEAMUS

Well maybe not. You know what a
shifty bastard he is...

ANGELA

That's as maybe. Now are you going
to help me with Liam?

SEAMUS

Sure. As long as you stop moping
around and get me another cold
one.

Angela goes to the KITCHEN. Caitlin enters from upstairs
in her night clothes.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

Say hallo to your Uncle Seamus
then!

Caitlin totally ignores him, picks up her Nintendo and
returns to the stairs.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

Charming! You're as daft as your
brother...

INT. NIGHT CLUB, MEN'S TOILET - NIGHT

Liam is standing in a stall, peeing, while Ali is perched
on the edge of the sink.

ALI

Why don't you just get in there?

Liam doesn't reply but goes to wash his hands. He does
this very thoroughly.

ALI (CONT'D)

Come on, Karen's your typical
kuffir totty, smashed out of her
head.

(MORE)

ALI (CONT'D)

It's your moral duty as a good Christian boy to take care of her. Now Melissa, she's a lady. She needs to be courted, according to my scientific strategy.

Liam is still silent. Then he shakes his head and makes for the door. Ali watches him leave.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A melee of drunks and surly bouncers spills out on the STREET. Ali is still chatting up Melissa while a very intoxicated Karen has pushed through the crowd and grabbed Liam's arm.

KAREN

What you up to now?

LIAM

I'm off home.

Karen, staggering, pulls herself closer and attempts to put her arm around him. Liam tries to extract himself.

Liam finally shakes her off.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(thinking out loud -
audible)

Stupid bitch!

A few people nearby catch Liam's comment and exchange glances. Meanwhile Karen, enraged, lurches forward. She SLAPS Liam hard and then wobbles off the edge of the curb, ending up sprawled on the floor. Liam steps back.

A CROWD forms around them, and the mood is ugly. Melissa emerges from the mob, with Ali trailing behind. Buckley, glowering at both Liam and Ali, is trying to butt in. Melissa kneels beside Karen.

MELISSA

(to ALI)

Your mate needs to get a fucking grip.

Ali tries to smooth things over.

LIAM

She fell. I didn't touch her. I'm sorry, but...

BRIAN BUCKLEY

You will be, dickhead...

Buckley is muscling in now, looking for trouble. Ali grabs Liam and pulls him away. They start walking quickly down the street.

BRIAN BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Fuckers!

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - NIGHT

It's after midnight and Liam and Ali are sitting on a BENCH. The streets are quiet.

LIAM
 I hope I've not screwed it up for you and Melissa.

ALI
 It's OK. You're not the only one.

LIAM
 You mean Brian Buckley?

ALI
 Nah. Mum and Dad have her on their radar. Mum's game plan is arranging a nice marriage to a good Muslim girl, once I've finished uni and got the right job. And Dad has this dream of me as a youth imam, now that Dr Shaheed's got him all fired up.

LIAM
 (smiling)
 I guess your imam wouldn't approve of slags like Karen then.

They laugh.

ALI
 Anyway, she's not really your type. She's as thick as two short planks!

LIAM
 I just want... someone quiet and serious.

ALI
 (curious)
 Any particular someone?

LIAM
 No.

ALI
 (laughing)
 Get a nice Muslim girl, you'll
 have to convert and marry her.
 That's the Sharia, man.

INT. MOHAMMED'S HOUSE, ALI'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The room - better furnished than Liam's - is adorned with Islamic texts and family pictures. A laptop rests on Ali's DESK. The DRONE sits on a table nearby.

Ali is slowly waking up. His mother **AZRA (40s)** is standing over the bed, arms folded.

AZRA
 Just as well your dad didn't hear
 you come in last night.

ALI
 Liam was upset. We had to talk.

AZRA
 You were seeing that girl, weren't
 you?

ALI
 She was just there.

AZRA
 At that night club. With all the
 drink and drugs.

Ali sits up abruptly.

ALI
 It's not what you're thinking.
 Anyway, I've got a right.

AZRA
 In this house, you earn
 privileges, not rights. You're
 lucky your father is so
 progressive. A computer in your
 room, music. Even your own car.
 But we won't have you chasing some
 empty-headed atheist.

ALI
 (unconvinced)
 Well, Liam's not a believer. And
 I've known him since primary. You
 don't mind him.

AZRA

He comes from a Christian family.
They are People of the Book. He
shows more respect than you do.
What would Dr Shaheed think if he
knew about this girl and you?

Mohammed shouts for Azra from downstairs. Azra sighs and leaves, leaving Ali sitting dejected on the edge of the bed. Then he opens his laptop, to reveal the screen saver of Melissa. He googles for 'Raphael Klein Youtube'. As a video starts he plugs in headphones and stares at the screen, both appalled and yet intrigued.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, LIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bolt on the inside of the door is locked. An elaborate FLOW CHART now covers the inside of the bedroom door. Liam, referring to his notes, is adding new entangled linkages of arrows, boxes and symbols linking the CIA, GCHQ, the Freemasons, the BBC, Hitler, JFK, NASA etc to the VATICAN and the JESUITS which in turn links with THE ILLUMINATI and AREA 51.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Christmas Eve : Liam is on his MOPED on his way back to Mohammed's restaurant to collect another batch of deliveries.

He is riding very fast and erratically, a car beeps at him.

The blind man Bilal who has just left the restaurant is starting to cross the road, holding his takeaway in a bag and tapping his white cane.

Liam swerves to avoid him, loses control and skids.
BLACK-OUT.

FLASH FORWARD

INT. GREASY-SPOON CAFE - DAY

MEETING 2 : Another day in the cafe, a different table, another conversation between uncle Eamon and Liam (Liam with Islamic attire, beard and cap). They are finishing up their lunch. Close-Up on Liam's face.

LIAM

I know I was angry but sometimes
anger is good.

EAMON

Yep - I'll drink to that.

LIAM

Mum will probably never get it.

EAMON

Parents never understand. Not understanding is part of their job description. Just tell me why you've converted, and I'll explain it to her.

LIAM

Islam gives us a purpose, to fight injustice and establish righteousness...

Eamon listens carefully. Liam pauses to think.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(beat)

It's like a sword to cut through the deceits of the media and the unbelievers. It's a simple truth. One God, one Prophet.

The WAITRESS delivers the drinks. She emanates hostility towards Liam as she departs. Eamon sips his tea. He takes out his pillbox and swallows a pill.

EAMON

Like a sword, eh?

Liam nods.

EAMON (CONT'D)

(continuing)

I like that spirit in a young man. Takes me back...

LIAM

You've fought for what you believe.

EAMON

I've fought alright. But that's as maybe. Easy enough to fight on your own turf, in your own back yard.

(beat)

It's harder to take the fight outside your comfort zone.

He gives Liam a quizzical look. And laughs.

EAMON (CONT'D)

You're not thinking of taking a nice package tour to the Middle East, by any chance? I'm sure Easyjet will have cut-price flights to Raqqa!

Liam doesn't recognise this as a joke - or a probe.

LIAM

It would be a brave thing to do.

EAMON

It would be fucking lunacy, lad. But a whole load of fun...

LIAM

I don't think I'm ready for it yet.

EAMON

No, I think you need to practice a bit more. Do a few press-ups in the morning maybe...

Liam looks hurt.

LIAM

I'm serious about all this, you know.

EAMON

I'm sorry, just your old uncle taking the piss. Please forgive me.

LIAM

Yes. I know you understand really.

EAMON

But what do I say to your ma?

LIAM

I still pray for her... I'm gonna have to head back to college now.

Liam gets up to leave.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Thanks...

EAMON

No worries son. I'll buy you lunch again?

LIAM

Sure.

Eamon ponders as Liam heads for the door.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Angela and Eamon sit on the sofa, drinking tea and talking in low voices. Angela is in her work clothes. In the background Caitlin is staring blankly at the TV.

ANGELA

You're sure about that?

EAMON

We never mentioned Syria, I'm sure he's not thinking about that.

ANGELA

You keep hearing about these crazy kids going off and getting killed.

EAMON

He's got his feet on the ground. I tell you, this Islam obsession will wear off and he'll begin to see sense.

Eamon's look seems to convince her.

EAMON (CONT'D)

I told him that you loved him.

ANGELA

Yes... I must be bloody mad...

EAMON

But he'll need more time. He's in pretty deep.

ANGELA

In 'what' pretty deep?

Eamon changes tack.

EAMON

I mean he's angry deep down. He wants to hit out. He's got a load of rage inside, like a lot of young men these days.

ANGELA

I just want to know he's not gonna do anything stupid.

EAMON

Give me a bit more time, Ange.

INT. MOHAMMED'S HOUSE, ALI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ali, dejected, sits at his desk. A knock at the door.
Azra enters.

AZRA
You shouldn't be up so late, Ali.
Ramadan starts tomorrow.

ALI
I've done it.

AZRA
What?

ALI
Broken up with Melissa. It
wouldn't have worked.

AZRA
We can maybe get on with our lives
now. I was so worried. You've done
the right thing.

Azra embraces Ali.

ALI
It was a kind of jihad, I guess.

AZRA
Your father will be so proud of
you.

Azra leaves Ali, now slumped on his bed.

INT. GREASY-SPOON CAFE - DAY

MEETING 3 : Eamon and Liam sit at a corner table in the
back room.

EAMON
Your mum does a fine job with the
both of you.

LIAM
I know, but I sometimes felt...

EAMON
Felt what, son?

LIAM
She seemed to pay more attention
to Caitlin than to me. Whatever
Caitlin wanted...

EAMON

You felt just a little bit jealous maybe?

Liam gives a resigned look.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Maybe I can help there, try to make her see your side of things.

LIAM

It's just helpful to have someone who listens.

(beat)

I guess it's to do with the big thing she had with Dexter. She won't accept it's over.

EAMON

(beat)

You don't remember your dad, do you?

LIAM

Nah. Not much.

EAMON

Do you feel bad about your dad?

LIAM

I don't know, sometimes I think about him. He was a stand-up comic you know.

EAMON

Aye. He was a good laugh on stage.

LIAM

Do you know why he left so suddenly?

EAMON

I always thought that maybe he had to make a quick exit.

LIAM

Had he done something bad?

EAMON

Well, he used to get into a fair bit of debt round here. With the bookies. So he scarpered. People go missing on purpose all the time, you know.

LIAM

I guess so, but -

EAMON
 (drawing a firm line
 under the discussion)
 I think your mum was better off
 without him back then. Me and
 Seamus used to worry about her a
 lot.

Liam seems to be placated momentarily.

EAMON (CONT'D)
 So why did you convert to Islam? I
 know you're not a fan of our
 wonderful government but that's a
 bit of a leap, isn't it?

Liam looks down at a folded newspaper on the table and
 plays with the corner of it. He then looks up to address
 the question.

FLASHBACK 3 MONTHS EARLIER

INT. COLLEGE CANTEEN - DAY

Liam (clean-shaven/pre-conversion) is sitting at a cafe
 table, deeply engrossed in a BOOK. At the other side of
 the canteen, Ali has arrived with Melissa, his hand on
 her arm. With a turn of his head, he indicates Liam's
 presence, as if to suggest that they join him. But
 Melissa clearly doesn't want to, although she smiles and
 gives Ali a peck on the cheek as she goes off. Ali is
 obviously pleased and strolls cheerfully over to sit down
 opposite Liam.

ALI
 How's the neck today?

LIAM
 Hardly notice it, I've been so
 busy.

ALI
 Are you up for a drone mission
 this weekend?

LIAM
 Maybe. But I need to find some
 part-time work. Unless I want to
 end up working for uncle Seamus.
 And I'm not doing a job that
 involves riding a bloody moped.

ALI
 Listen, I'll talk to Dad. You
 could wash up. Or be a waiter.
 (MORE)

ALI (CONT'D)
 Our token kuffir waiter! There's nothing against employing kuffir waiters in the Koran.(laughs)

LIAM
 You ought to take your religion more seriously, Ali.

ALI
 (stung)
 Have you ever seen me touch a drop of alcohol? Don't ever say I'm not serious about Islam.

LIAM
 But you're all under threat from the War on Terror. The Illuminati.

ALI
 Oh no, not them again.

LIAM
 (abruptly)
 This is bigger than ordinary politics, Ali.

Liam gets up, leaving Ali staring at him anxiously.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, LIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's late. Liam sits at his desk holding a glossy new paperback BOOK - THE IBLIS CONSPIRACY by RAPHAEL KLEIN. The cover depicts a UFO hovering over the Vatican.

Ali sits nearby. He's making an effort to humour Liam but finds it difficult to control his unease.

Liam flicks through pages of the BOOK to display an ILLUSTRATION of demonic MALE and FEMALE FIGURES.

LIAM
 They exist. Demonic aliens. Klein's seen them through astral viewing.

Ali listens silently but his expression indicates growing anxiety and scepticism.

LIAM (CONT'D)
 You're drugged by the mainstream media. The alien project is to create a new race of super beings through cross-breeding with humans, girls - like Melissa or Fatima.

Ali is now clearly disturbed by what he is hearing. Liam is in his own world.

ALI

This isn't funny any more, Liam...

LIAM ignores him.

LIAM

It's going to happen. The alien hybrids will take over a world that's been cleansed of its swarming millions, apart from the Illuminati elites who will be rewarded for their co-operation. The Warriors of Iblis.

Ali is struggling to make sense of this latest assertion.

ALI

(puzzled)

But that's Arabic for the Devil - according to our scholarly Dr Shaheed.

LIAM

You see, there's a strong Islamic connection. Muslims believe that The Warriors of Iblis will defeat the West at Dabiq in Syria and that this battle will prepare the way for their final conquest.

ALI

(finally losing patience)

You've no idea of what Muslims believe. I can't take much more of this, Liam.

LIAM

I need you to understand. I want to help you.

Ali snatches the book and points to the cover.

ALI

Anyone can see this is a Photoshop job. It's as fake as the rest of the book. There's not one single piece of evidence to back any of this up.

LIAM

We don't need your petty 'evidence' when we've got vision.

ALI

First you insult my religion. Then
you insult my intelligence.

(shaking the book)

This whole thing is just a scam to
scare people like you into buying
his fucking book.

Ali tosses the book onto the floor. Liam is aghast.

LIAM

(shouting)

What do you mean - 'people like
me'?

Ali gets up and heads downstairs, he passes the lounge,
an empty sofa. He exits through the FRONT DOOR.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF ANGELA'S HOUSE, - NIGHT

Ali is walking towards his car as Liam bursts out of the
house. He shouts as he catches up with Ali.

LIAM

You're accusing me of being soft
in the head, is that it? Well, I
can face the truth even if it's
too complicated for you to get
your head round.

Ali raises both hands.

ALI

Sorry, I can't cope with you like
this.

LIAM

You're supposed to be my friend
and all you do is take the piss.

ALI

You need help.

(a beat)

Big time.

LIAM

Perhaps you just don't care about
Islam, about anything. It's all a
big laugh to you. Even your thing
with Melissa. It's just another
game.

Liam has hit a raw nerve.

ALI
 (Snaps)
 Oh, fuck off back to your
 bullshit!

Ali starts to climb into his car. Liam's anger with Ali erupts. Liam grips Ali by the throat and tries to force him to the ground, in a whirlwind of kicks and punches. Ali is shocked by this display of violence. But he is heavier and stronger than Liam so eventually gets the better of him.

They both lie sprawled between the parked cars, breathing heavily. But Ali is the first to pick himself up.

ALI (CONT'D)
 (out of breath)
 I've nothing... to say to you...
 any more...

Ali staggers to the CAR, opens the door and manages to sit down and start the engine. He pulls away from the kerb and starts to accelerate down the road. Liam, distraught, runs in front of the car and forces Ali to make an emergency STOP.

They both stare at each other determinedly.

INT. ALI'S CAR - NIGHT

Ali is driving towards the edge of the MOORS. Liam is half-asleep. Both are drained, exhausted. For a while they don't speak.

ALI
 So what the fuck was all that
 about?

LIAM
 Sorry - I don't know, I just don't
 know... I'm so confused.
 Everything's chaos. All random...

Ali looks very concerned for Liam who is now staring out of the front window.

ALI
 You've got to get help...
 (thinking)
 How about your mum or Seamus or
 your priest or whatever?

LIAM
 I haven't been to church for a
 year. They're all useless.

ALI
 You still think they are part of
 the global conspiracy?

LIAM
 (solemn)
 I don't know what to believe.

ALI
 You need spiritual help... To make
 sense of it all... Maybe you need
 to submit.

Liam turns to Ali.

LIAM
 Submit?

ALI
 Yeah. To the will of Allah the All
 Merciful. To find some peace,
 peace of mind.

Liam is silent and turns back to look out of the
 windscreen.

ALI (CONT'D)
 Young guys like you and me need
 discipline. A few simple rules and
 the knowledge there's a higher
 power. Islam gives you clarity.
 I'm starting to realise that more
 and more.

LIAM
 (sorrowful)
 I feel like I'm losing control...

ALI
 There's a way out.

LIAM
 Raphael Klein had some answers.

ALI
 Come on man... that stuff is
 absolutely crazy. Alien Sex-Gods,
 what the fuck?!

Liam looks absolutely shattered. They sit in silence for
 a moment.

ALI (CONT'D)
 'There is but one holy Prophet,
 Peace be Upon Him'.

Liam turns to Ali again.

LIAM
I've read some of the Koran. But
it need years of study.

ALI
Stop making excuses.

LIAM
Listen, I support the struggles of
your brothers. But I don't think
I'm ready yet.

ALI
We're never ready for the Message.
But it's so simple.

Liam doesn't answer. Yet it's clear Ali's words have made
an impression.

EXT. THE MOORS - DAWN

Ali and Liam leave the CAR and walk to a high point on
the MOORS.

Ali faces Liam and holds him firmly by the shoulders.

ALI
(quietly)
I bear witness...

LIAM
(quietly)
I bear witness...

ALI
That there is no God worthy to be
worshipped but Allah...

LIAM
That there is no God worthy to be
worshipped but Allah...

ALI
And I bear witness that Muhammad
is the Messenger of Allah...

LIAM
And I bear witness that Muhammad
is the Messenger of Allah...

Liam kneels, prostrating himself on the ground. As he
slowly rises, Ali embraces him.

EXT. MOSQUE - DAY

A shot of the MINARET of a mosque against the sky. The Call to Prayer echoes over the rooftops.

EXT. MOSQUE - DAY

DR SAIF SHAHEED (60s) stands at the entrance to the mosque, welcoming the people who are gathering for Friday Prayers. Dr Shaheed is bearded, wearing traditional Islamic dress. His English is accented but fluent.

Mohammed, Ali and Liam approach Dr Shaheed.

MOHAMMED

Dr Shaheed, let me introduce our new member, Liam Casey. He has professed the Shahadah.

Shaheed scrutinises Liam and Mohammed carefully.

SHAHEED

(to Mohammed)

I hope your son's good example set him on the path of righteousness.

Mohammed beams. Ali smiles awkwardly. His body language is uneasy.

SHAHEED (CONT'D)

(to Liam)

And what name have you chosen?

LIAM

Abdul Aleem.

For the first time, Liam's face expresses pride and confidence.

SHAHEED

'Servant of the Omniscient.' A wise choice for a young scholar. Welcome...

People start filing into the mosque. Fatima is going in via the women's entrance. Liam catches her eye, and she smiles.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING

Liam comes in carrying his back pack. Angela is preparing an evening meal.

ANGELA

So how was college?

LIAM
OK. What are we eating?

ANGELA
Sausage and mash.

LIAM
I've kind of gone off, er,
processed meat.

ANGELA
Really?.. Well, what you see is
what you get.

Liam starts heading upstairs.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Uncle Seamus is coming over
tomorrow night to see us.

Liam turns back dolefully.

LIAM
I can't, Mum. I've got to do more
overtime.

ANGELA
You've done overtime for the last
two Saturdays, haven't you?

LIAM
They're short-staffed.

Angela reaches into a kitchen cupboard and produces
Liam's copy of the KORAN.

ANGELA
You left this on your desk.

LIAM
And?!

ANGELA
It's just a book, isn't it?

LIAM
No, it's NOT 'just a book'!

Liam wrenches the KORAN from her grasp. She's shocked by
his violence and vehemence.

ANGELA
(vexed)
I don't believe this...

Liam is uneasy and seems to regret his outburst.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

You don't really know anything about them. I mean, you don't even know the language.

LIAM

I'm under instruction.

ANGELA

Instruction for what? Liam, I don't understand. I know you stopped going to Mass but -

LIAM

(resentfully)

Catholicism is a Crusader religion oppressing the Middle East. And Father Brennan is an infidel.

Angela is bewildered and affronted.

ANGELA

Well, I may not be the best Catholic girl, but I believe in the Church. It was the priests working behind the scenes who helped to end the Troubles.

Liam quickly rises to the challenge.

LIAM

Yeah, they did a lot behind the scenes. Especially with little boys.

ANGELA

Depends who you believe, doesn't it? Let me tell you, it was the priests who visited your Uncle Eamon in the Maze, who stood by him when he got out.

LIAM

What you on about? The Maze?

A pause. Angela continues.

ANGELA

The Maze prison in Belfast. And Eamon stood by us when the Proddies tried to burn us out of our houses. He was a Volunteer.

LIAM

(intrigued)

Volunteer for what?

ANGELA

Oh, never mind. I'm more interested about where we go from here. Am I going to have to cook special food just for you?

LIAM

I'll cook it, no worries.

ANGELA

Yeah right. Are you going to scowl at me every time I drink a glass of wine?

Anger rises in Liam, he snaps.

LIAM

We'd all be happier if you didn't drink!

Angela is taken aback by the rebuke.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Looks like I'll have to make my own arrangements.

As Liam storms out of the room, the implications of this sink in for Angela.

INT. COLLEGE CANTEEN - DAY

Liam is now wearing the traditional Taqiyah (cap) and is starting to grow a beard. He's sharing a table with Fatima and Ali.

Ali catches sight of Melissa. Liam and Fatima, don't notice her. Ali quickly rises and picks up his bag.

LIAM

I'm a different person now. I know who I am. I've found peace.

ALI

What about your mum?

LIAM

Mum doesn't understand. But I'm praying she will, inshallah.

Ali looks at his watch then gets up to leave.

ALI

I shouldn't really be leaving my sister alone with you.

Liam starts getting up, suddenly aware that he might be transgressing strict Islamic convention. Fatima scowls at Ali.

ALI (CONT'D)
Just kidding. Our Brother Abdul Aleem is a man of honour.

Fatima shakes her head and Liam relaxes as Ali briskly walks off to intercept Melissa.

FATIMA
(shouting at Ali)
You're an idiot.
(then back to Liam)
It's the Debating Club next week.
Are you going?

LIAM
(uncertain)
I'm supposed to be having a session with Dr Shaheed but...

FATIMA
It's a hot topic. 'Should there be any limits to freedom of speech?'

LIAM
Oh yeah... that. True freedom is with Islam.

FATIMA
But I've heard Brian Buckley's going to speak.

LIAM
He'll just talk crap.

FATIMA
Evil crap, Abdul. We ought to go.

LIAM
Do you really think I should be sharing a platform with him?

FATIMA
(quietly)
Look, you were brave to take on Ms. Chaffey that time. Even if it went a bit crazy.

LIAM
Well, it had to be said
(a beat)
Well, maybe not all of it.

They laugh.

FATIMA

Listen, Buckley's probably going to use it to say all Muslims should carry special identity cards and no more should be allowed to enter the UK. Jihad is not just memorising the Koran, Abdul. We've got to make a stand.

Liam looks grim-faced. He's going to rise to the challenge.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Seamus sits with his head in his hands, Angela sits across from him on the sofa. After a brief silence Seamus looks up. He is obviously unsettled.

SEAMUS

(sombre)

You shouldn't have called him. I can handle this Liam business myself...

Angela is quiet.

ANGELA

Come on, it'll be fine. We haven't seen him in years.

Seamus is in deep thought.

SEAMUS

He called me this morning you know.

ANGELA

Really?

SEAMUS

Yeah.

ANGELA

And?

SEAMUS

He just wanted to chat, get re-acquainted.

Seamus shakes his head in disbelief.

ANGELA

(uneasy)

What? Eamon's your hero. You can go on the town with him, get as hammered as you like, just like old times.

SEAMUS

(muted)

Sure. Like old times.

(getting louder)

Better for us all that he's been
back in Belfast for donkeys years!

More silence. Then Angela perks up a little.

ANGELA

It's looking like he'll miss my
birthday do. Not that there's much
to celebrate though.

SEAMUS

Stop thinking about Dexter. Get a
life.

ANGELA

I'll keep it low-key. Just the
girls from work.

SEAMUS

You need to party. Meet new faces,
let your hair down. And if Liam
doesn't like it, tough shit...

Seamus puts on his coat and gives Angela a kiss on the
cheek.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

I'll talk to ya later.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Angela sits at the kitchen table with a glass of wine. In
front of her there's a TAROT PACK. There is also a BOOK
about the Tarot. Caitlin is watching curiously as Angela
shuffles and cuts the PACK. She fans it in front of
Caitlin smiling mysteriously. She speaks in a faux-gypsy
vernacular.

ANGELA

Pick a card, darling. Any card.
Put it there, face-down.

Puzzled but interested, Caitlin pulls a CARD from the
PACK.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Now - what's in store for us?

Angela turns over the card. It's Number VI - The Lovers.
She studies the mysterious imagery of the naked male and
female figures.

CAITLIN
 (pointing to the female
 figure)
 Is that meant to be you?

ANGELA
 (excited)
 Let's find out. The cards are
 going to tell us a story.

Angela replaces the LOVERS card in the PACK and cuts into four STACKS. She quickly fans each one. When she finds the LOVERS card, she places it face up on the table and picks ELEVEN CARDS from the stack which she arranges on either side of it.

She turns them over, revealing: XVI - The Tower Struck By Lightning; X- VI - The Devil; Eight of Discs - Prudence; Seven of Discs - Failure; Six of Wands - Victory; Five of Wands - Strife; XVIII - The Moon; XXI - The Universe; Five of Discs - Worry; XI - Lust; XIII - Death. Caitlin stares at the skeletal figure on the Death card, puts out a hand as if to touch the card and then quickly withdraws it.

CAITLIN
 I don't like that one.

Angela is un-nerved. She hastily consults her Tarot book.

ANGELA
 It's all explained here...

While she fumbles through the pages, Liam (now with a much fuller beard) enters quietly and stands behind his mother and half-sister, surveying the table.

LIAM
 Stop it, Mum. Stop right now...

Angela turns around, shocked.

ANGELA
 It's just a bit of fun, that's
 all.

LIAM
 You don't know what you're playing
 with, dabbling with those. You
 could be inviting djinns and
 afrits into the house, demons...

ANGELA
 Oh, go on, what are ya talking
 about. It's harmless fun.

Angela starts to take in what Liam has just said. Caitlin is frightened. Angela sighs deeply and looks at Liam pitifully, then to Caitlin.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 (to Caitlin)
 Take no notice of him Cait. He's talking rubbish.

LIAM
 You need to get rid of them.

Liam moves towards the table to pick up the cards but Angela grips his arm.

ANGELA
 (sternly)
 If you ever get your own house, Liam, you can do what the hell you like. But while you're in my house, I'll do things my way and you can like it or lump it.

Liam looks subdued for a moment.

LIAM
 'Whoever goes to a soothsayer has disbelieved what was revealed to Mohammed, peace be upon him.'

Angela looks at him confused and taken aback.

ANGELA
 Ah, go on you little twit.

Angela tries to change the subject for the sake of Caitlin whilst packing away the cards.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, LIAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Liam sits at his desk. He is writing a MESSAGE in a greeting card with ornate Islamic calligraphy on the front.

The MESSAGE reads: 'Happy Birthday, Mum. I'm sorry things have been difficult between us. But I pray every day that you'll find peace with me in Islam' "And we have enjoined upon man goodness to parents." (Quran 29.8) Love, Liam.'

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, FRONT STREET - MORNING

Liam leaves the house and walks down the street. A couple of lads, similar age to Liam, stare as he passes them. They have a brief conversation with each other, then decide to follow Liam.

LAD 1
Why you dressed like that Casey?

Liam continues walking.

LAD 1 (CONT'D)
Oi Paki!

Liam stops, the lads catch up to him. Liam is still facing forward with his back to them. The first lad grabs him by the shoulder. Liam spins around and eyes the lad intensely.

LAD 1 (CONT'D)
Eh, why you dressed like a Paki?

Liam continues to stare fiercely and starts to recite lines from The Koran slowly.

LIAM
When the Unbelievers see thee,
they treat thee not except with
ridicule. Soon enough will I show
you My Signs; then ye will not ask
Me to hasten them!

The lads are shocked, confused and fearful of the strange and powerful retort.

LIAM (CONT'D)
If only the Unbelievers knew the
time when they will not be able to
ward off the fire from their
faces, nor yet from their backs,
and when no help can reach them!

A brief stand-off.

LAD 2
Let's go.

Both lads turn and walk away. Liam continues to recite.

LIAM
Closer and closer comes their
Reckoning, yet they heed not and
turn away...

LAD 1
(shouting from down the
road)
You fucking weirdo.

Liam stops his recital, turns and carries on.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Liam, carrying his college bag, has just entered the hall. There's the sound of a PARTY with loud MUSIC in progress in the LIVING ROOM. He grimaces and drops his bag.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

The BIRTHDAY PARTY is in full swing. There is a mixture of Angela's NEIGHBOURS, her CO-WORKERS and Seamus's MATES - **GREENY, TONY and BAZ (40s)**, as well as Seamus's glamorous girlfriend **EMILIA (20s)**. They scarcely register Liam's arrival.

The stereo is playing. Everyone's drinking and some are dancing, notably Angela, who's attracting the attention of both Tony and Baz. Tony joins her in the confined space. Seamus notices.

SEAMUS

(shouting over the music)

Hey, now you behave with my sister, understand? She's a respectable lady...

Tony slyly gestures a rude move. Seamus slaps Baz on the back and laughs. Angela, lost in the music, doesn't notice but Liam does. He glances at the other side of the room, where Emilia is dancing with Caitlin, who's very excited to be partying with the grown-ups. Liam strides over to the STEREO and turns it off, to the shock of the dancers, especially Greeny.

GREENY

(Annoyed)

Woah, woah, woah, what's up? Get that music back on mate.

There's a short ugly silence. Angela is instantly concerned.

SEAMUS

Never mind him. It's Angela's lad. Thinks he owns the place.

(to Liam)

Go upstairs and get your prayer mat out.

Seamus heads over to the stereo. Liam is incensed.

LIAM

(wildly shouting)

You fill our house with this kuffir music and alcohol. It's haram - it's forbidden...

Everyone in the room is stunned. Angela confronts Liam head-on.

ANGELA

Liam, you're out of order. I can't believe what I'm hearing.

LIAM

I can't believe I'm watching my own mum making an indecent exhibition of herself... and in front of Caitlin.

SEAMUS

Now you watch your tongue, boy.

Emilia holds Caitlin close. Liam scans Emilia's tight skirt and low-cut top, emanating both disapproval and fascination.

LIAM

(to Emilia)

So, who are you? Her child-minder?

EMILIA

(not quite understanding)

No, no. I'm a dancer.

Seamus briskly moves towards Liam and gets in his face.

SEAMUS

I said watch it boy!

Emilia nervously smiles at Caitlin, not really knowing what's going on. Angela grabs Caitlin by the arm and swoops her out of the room. Liam is outraged. He turns on Seamus.

LIAM

You bring this whore into our home, you prostitute my mother to that scumbag...

(gestures towards Greeny)

...You turn the house into a brothel...

Seamus grabs Liam by the scruff of the neck and forces him to the floor, twisting his arm behind his back.

SEAMUS

(in Liam's ear)

Another word from you and I'll break your fucking neck. I don't know why I ever bothered with you, you fucking freak.

Seamus drags Liam into the corner, down the side of the settee, slightly out of view of the others.

GREENY

(sternly)

Seamus, that's enough, you're gonna break his arm.

But Seamus tightens his grip and bangs Liam's head rhythmically against the settee as he speaks.

SEAMUS

(quietly)

Are you going to apologise, then? One big one for your mother, yes? Another one to my mates, OK? And everybody here, right? And a special one.....

Greeny moves in and reaches out to grab Seamus. Seamus turns abruptly with menace in his eyes. Greeny raises his hands and backs off. Angela returns and starts to quickly usher her guests out.

LIAM

(Through gritted teeth)

This is the time of The Reckoning.

ANGELA

(upset)

Please, Liam, just stop it! Stop it! SEAMUS!

SEAMUS

I'm gonna get your holy book and ram it up your arse...

With an enormous effort, Liam breaks out of Seamus's grasp, wrong-footing him. Seamus tumbles to the floor. Liam grabs a bottle from the coffee table. It appears that Liam is going to bring it down on Seamus's head.

ANGELA

Liam, NO! For God's sake!

But Liam instead sweeps the bottles and glasses off the table. Everybody is alarmed. He manages to kick the STEREO before Seamus rushes him and pushes him into the kitchen. Greeny follows quickly behind. Liam breaks free and kicks open the back door and runs. Total silence, except for the heavy laboured breathing of Seamus and the sound of Caitlin crying loudly upstairs.

INT. MOHAMMED'S RESTAURANT, STORE ROOM - NIGHT

Ali and Liam, carrying a sleeping bag, enter a tiny room. Its shelves are packed with restaurant supplies.

LIAM

Your dad's a good man.

ALI

He said that him and Mum want to speak with your mum. I didn't say anything about you trashing the place!

LIAM

Just tell them that mum knows where I am and she's ok with it.

ALI

OK.

LIAM

This is all part of the struggle, I guess.

ALI

(smiling)

Sure. Anyway you got your own cell now!

As we hear Ali driving off, Liam gazes out of the small window. He unwraps his Koran and starts reading.

INT. COLLEGE MEETING ROOM - DAY

The room is almost full. Buckley sits with a bunch of his SUPPORTERS including Darren, Martin and **GARY (18)** in the front row. He wears a small badge on the lapel of his suit. The audience includes Melissa and many of Liam's classmates. There are several BRITISH ASIANS including Ali and Fatima. They applaud while Buckley's contingent sit stony-faced as Liam takes the podium. He is more poised and confident than he was in his encounter with Ms Chaffey. Ms Chaffey sits at the back, watching him intently, pen poised over a clip-board. An older male **LECTURER** sits beside her, looking worried.

Liam looks at his notes, then addresses the audience.

LIAM

Brian Buckley has spent the last fifteen minutes using his precious 'freedom of speech', trying to persuade you that Islam threatens the British way of life.

MUTTERS of agreement.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Some people might tell you that he's wrong, because in the British 'liberal democracy' people have the right to follow different faiths and a few Muslims aren't going to change anything very much. But I don't believe in your so-called 'liberal democracy', and its fake freedom.

MELISSA

(from the back)

So what are you doing in a debate then?

There's LAUGHTER but Ms Chaffey and the Lecturer look uneasy.

LIAM

Britain needs Islam and the Sharia - to purge its judicial corruption, its sexual perversions, its usury, its national plagues of alcoholism and drug addiction. You need to change your ways. You need us, in our hundreds of thousands, to establish the Caliphate and save you from yourselves!

The room ERUPTS. Some of the BRITISH ASIAN students start cheering, while others disagree, there's a chorus of boos and jeers from Buckley's SUPPORTERS. Fatima is clearly enraptured by Liam's performance.

A FEMALE VOICE FROM THE BACK

What about those perverts in Rochdale and Bradford - gang-raping young girls?

MALE VOICE

AND their drug dealing!

LIAM

A few have been led astray by your decadent society. And they will be punished with the unbelievers when Islam rules!

The room erupts. The Lecturer marches towards the front.

LECTURER

Can we have some order, please?

At the back, Ms Chaffey is frantically making notes. Fatima turns to Buckley's group with rage in her eyes.

BUCKLEY

(to Liam)

You know what you are, Casey? A
fucking traitor! Wait until the
NAP rules!

The tumult intensifies.

INT. MOHAMMED'S RESTAURANT, STORE ROOM - DAY

Liam is kneeling on the floor, gazing intently at his laptop with headphones plugged in. We can't hear what he's listening to but as the camera pulls back we get a glimpse of a WEBSITE headed *Rumiyah - Voice of the Islamic State*.

He is fascinated...

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF ANGELA'S HOUSE - DAY

Seamus is on his mobile phone.

SEAMUS

... and your mum wants to see you.
She's worried. Caitlin too, she's
missing you so much. Come on boy,
water under the bridge. Uncle
Eamon's over from Belfast on
Thursday. Let's make an effort for
the family. Call me when you get
the message.

Seamus ends the call and gets into his rusty VAN.

EXT. THE MOORS - NIGHT

In Ali's CAR, parked in a lay-by on the edge of the MOORS, Ali and Melissa have been making love. They are somewhat dishevelled. Melissa kisses Ali and strokes his cheek. The radio plays music quietly. Melissa snuggles up to Ali. The MUSIC fades abruptly under the ANNOUNCER.

ANNOUNCER

We have some breaking news. There
are reports of an explosion at the
National Film Theatre at London's
South Bank. Emergency responders
are at the scene where we
understand there have been
fatalities. More on this story as
we get it.

Both Ali and Melissa are deeply shocked.

ALI

Oh shit - you know what everyone's thinking.

The RADIO returns to playing MUSIC.

ALI (CONT'D)

(concerned)

You know how this story is going to run? 'A witness stated that the bomber shouted "Allahu Akbar!'" And 'ISIS claim responsibility' - so blame all the Muslims in Britain, kick them all out and give them a good kicking while you're at it. I'm sick of it.

Ali turns on the ignition, revving the engine. He is visibly disturbed. He pulls out of the lay-by. Melissa, troubled, stares ahead.

MELISSA

I really think you should keep your distance from Liam.

ALI

(incredulously)

Why?

MELISSA

(carefully)

He's getting worse lately.

ALI

I know, he's sounding like he's heading to the dark side... but he's not, he's just a bit mixed-up.

MELISSA

Maybe so, but you know how people think. He'll be getting questioned the next time there's any signs of... trouble.

Ali turns away.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

He's got problems in his head.

ALI

It's not hard to understand when you hear the kind of racism being spouted by Buckley's lot.

MELISSA

What are you talking about? Racism against Liam? He's white, what is he doing?

ALI

He's chosen another path, he feels more connected to Islam.

MELISSA

Yes, that's all fine, but it's obvious he's just turned his focus from conspiracy to... well, to like - radicalisation.

ALI

They make it sound like some weird industrial process. Like cars on a conveyor belt. Mass-produced Muslims getting a coating of warrior jihad. It's bullshit. Anyway, he's a good lad.

Melissa turns her head away from Ali. Ali accelerates into the night.

EXT. NEWSAGENTS - DAY

Liam in his Islamic cap and fully grown beard, walks past an A-BOARD outside the newsagents: **ISIS CLAIM LONDON BOMB HORROR. Two WOMEN SHOPPERS (50s)** look at him suspiciously. He stares back at them confused, not noticing the headline.

INT. MOSQUE, MEETING ROOM - DAY

Dr Shaheed, Mohammed, and **TWO ELDERS (60s/70S)**, in a mix of formal Western dress and traditional Islamic attire sit around a table covered in paperwork. They speak in a mix of Urdu and English.

SHAHEED

So we now have funds for a bursary that will enable us to send one of our young men to study full time at the madrassa in Manchester.

MOHAMMED

It's been an honour to contribute, Dr Shaheed.

SHAHEED

(ignoring MOHAMMED)

Most of the funding has, of course, come from our benefactors in Jeddah. Now we need to choose a worthy candidate.

MOHAMMED

Now I know that you like my son. He is good at studying, a fluent speaker. They say he gets on with everybody. He has many British friends. I believe he could even become an imam one day.

ELDER 1

An imam is not there to be popular.

ELDER 2

They say your son mixes too much with the unbelievers.

SHAHEED

There cannot be even the smallest rumour of haram practices. I am sorry, Mohammed. You should think on this, as a father.

Mohammed is crushed by the implied criticism. He slumps in his chair.

ELDER 1

Bilal Siddiqui is a determined young man. He has worked hard to overcome his blindness.

SHAHEED

Or we could consider Abdul Aleem.

The Elders look surprised.

MOHAMMED

(sour)

You mean Liam Casey...

SHAHEED

His conversion has cost him his family, who have cast him out. He is making rapid progress with his studies while his piety sets a good example.

MOHAMMED

But he's been in trouble at college.

SHAHEED

He has been outspoken, maybe strident in his proclamation of faith against those who scorn it.

ELDER 2

He is at least not afraid to speak out.

ELDER 1

Does he understand true jihad? The young are sometimes unwise...

SHAHEED

I'm certain he understands that it is a path of prayer and self-discipline - nothing else...

ELDER 1

We must trust your judgement.

SHAHEED

With the right kind of mentoring he could make a fine candidate ...and in these times could maybe help to build bridges.

The ELDERS, persuaded, nod in agreement.

MOHAMMED

With the greatest respect Dr Shaheed, I know this boy, he is troubled. I am sure he is not ready. Please think further on this matter, I urge you.

Shaheed glares at Mohammed to imply that the conversation has now ended.

EXT. MOHAMMED'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is closed, in darkness. The street is silent and empty. In the shadows we can just see a **MAN IN A BALACLAVA** who is urinating through the front door letterbox while a **SECOND MAN IN A BALACLAVA** sprays graffiti across the frontage. ISLAM GO TO HELL / FUCK OFF PAKIS.

EXT. MOHAMMED'S RESTAURANT - MORNING

Mohammed, Ali and Liam are scrubbing the graffiti from the front of the shop. Mohammed is solemn. Ali looks very uneasy, and cowers each time someone passes by. Liam is furious.

MOHAMMED
 (quietly to Liam)
 What time did you go to sleep?

LIAM
 Er.... About 1am, I think.

ALI
 (quietly)
 It must have been later than that
 then, if you didn't hear anything.

LIAM
 (totally vexed)
 Yes... I would have heard the
 bastards if I'd been awake.

ALI
 (to Liam)
 You go and get ready for college,
 no need for us both to miss it.

MOHAMMED
 Yes boy, you go.

Ali is relieved that Liam is off the street.

INT. MOHAMMED'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - DAY

Mohammed's living room is spacious, comfortable and brightly furnished. Mohammed and Ali enter the room and remove their soggy coats. Azra, seated, looks mortified, Fatima defiant. Mohammed is stern-faced.

AZRA
 Put your coats in the kitchen.

They do then return and sit. A brief silence. Suddenly...

MOHAMMED
 Your affair with that girl has
 caused this trouble. You must have
 flaunted it to provoke them.

ALI
 Don't blame ME!

MOHAMMED
 (enraged)
 We can't be put under this kind of
 attack... You must prove that
 you're committed to your family -
 and your faith.

ALI

(snaps)

I AM committed! But this didn't just happen because of me. People are doing stupid things because of what happened in London. Maybe it's because Liam is staying there. We were right to help him but -

AZRA

I told you Mohammed, that is why it's happened. You should not have listened to Ali!

MOHAMMED

We try to help and be charitable. But I never expected anything like this. People must think I am a fool.

FATIMA

Dad, it's not your fault, or anybody's fault...

MOHAMMED

SHUT UP FATIMA!

ALI

Dad, please, calm down. This is not getting us anywhere.

Mohammed's look silences Ali.

FLASH FORWARD

EXT. STREET NEAR CAFE - DAY

Liam is hurrying towards the CAFE and steps off the pavement at a pedestrian crossing. But a fast-moving CAR fails to stop, forcing him to jump back, lose his balance and fall heavily. As the car roars on he slowly picks himself up and clutches his bruised knees and elbow. Passers-by stare at him as he staggers away, but no-one wants to get involved.

INT. GREASY-SPOON CAFE - DAY

MEETING 4 : Eamon and Liam (Muslim attire and beard). Liam lurches in, still shaken by his encounter with the car. Eamon gets up from a seat by the window and moves over to him.

EAMON

What's up with you, lad?

Liam grabs Eamon's shoulder for balance.

LIAM
(whispering)
I think someone's just tried to
kill me. There was this car...

EAMON
Easy now. Let's just find
somewhere quiet and calm down.

Eamon shepherds Liam towards a table in the far corner,
well out of earshot of the other customers.

EAMON (CONT'D)
Are you sure you didn't just
wander across the road with your
head full of noble thoughts?

Liam looks hurt and annoyed. He shakes his head.

EAMON (CONT'D)
Did you get a look at the driver?

LIAM
It happened so fast... I'm not
sure who - but I've been getting a
lot of aggro on the street. It's
getting scary, Eamon.

EAMON
I know the feeling, son.

LIAM
Perhaps those guys who were giving
me lip a while back. But -

EAMON
Or buddies of that Buckley
character?

Liam ponders the implications of this.

LIAM
(worried)
How long are you staying here?

EAMON
Oh not long, another week or so.
(a beat)
How are you doing at the Ahmed's?

LIAM
Well.
(a beat)
I'm having to move out, like very
soon.

(MORE)

LIAM (CONT'D)

They've been getting pressure from the NAP about mixing with whites. And I'm being lined up for a hit-and-run...

Eamon is unfazed.

EAMON

Don't worry about any of that now, I've got somewhere safe for you to stay.

LIAM

Where?

EAMON

I just need to make a call to a pal, he's got a place where you can stay, just outside town.

LIAM

You sure?

EAMON

Yeah.

Liam is beginning to feel re-assured

LIAM

So why did you go to prison?

EAMON

If you're seven years old and men with bowler hats and orange sashes call you the 'spawn of Satan', if you get your head kicked in for taking a short cut down the wrong street, if your neighbourhood gets burned down like ours did in sixty-nine - that sets you straight on the war-path. The day after Bloody Sunday was my birthday, and I celebrated with my first Molotov cocktail.

Liam looks confused.

EAMON (CONT'D)

A petrol bomb.

LIAM

(impressed)

Did you hit your target?

EAMON

(laughing)

No, it missed the damn patrol and set fire to a rubbish bin but that wasn't the point. I'd acted, I'd taken control of my own destiny.

LIAM

And then?

EAMON

I wanted an engineering apprenticeship, but that was a no-go for Catholics. I had to settle for mechanic. But I read and read. Marx and Lenin for starters. I volunteered in seventy-seven. I had the skills an IRA quartermaster would find handy.

LIAM

Did you actually... er?

EAMON

I was in a few operations. Some DIY surgery on a few checkpoints and members of the Royal Ulster Constabulary. In seventy-nine the organisation pulled off two spectaculars on the same day. The South Armagh brigade killed eighteen Paras at Warrenpoint, while Her Majesty's cousin was killed when his sailboat was blown up on a lake in the Republic. I was in Belfast minding my own business. But some bastard double agent in the unit grassed on me, tried to link me with the Mountbatten thing. They couldn't make it stick but I got six years just for being 'a member of a proscribed organisation'. They put me into Cage 11 at the Maze. And then the fun began.

Liam is intrigued. Eamon knows he is impressing Liam.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Your bog-standard RUC interrogators loved their truncheons. And they liked using shoulders as ash-trays. But the more sophisticated fellas that might have been on some CIA program, they'd pump up the white noise all night and then try out the latest pharmaceuticals.

LIAM
Like Guantanamo Bay. But you
survived.

EAMON
And never let a word slip either.
I'd memorised The Green Book.

LIAM
The Green Book?

EAMON
The IRA Training Manual, with the
sections on how to cope with
torture through silence and mind
control. Another learning process.

LIAM
I've been learning.

EAMON
But turning book learning into
action is the challenge. It's a
real struggle, isn't it?

LIAM
I'm up for it.

Eamon raises his eyebrows thoughtfully. Suddenly an acute
spasm of pain crosses his face.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Are you OK?

EAMON
It's nothing. I took a battering
when I was inside and I still get
the odd twinge, even now. Don't
worry about me.

Eamon smiles at Liam.

EAMON (CONT'D)
Your mother's planning a little
family get-together tomorrow
night.

A laboured exhalation from Liam.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING.

Eamon, Angela, Seamus and Emilia are sitting around the
coffee table. They have finished eating and are now
drinking. Caitlin sits on the floor, playing on her
Nintendo.

ANGELA

(to Eamon)

I know you're doing your best for us Eamon.

EAMON

He'll come round in time. But it would probably be good if it were just you and him at some point, one-to-one.

SEAMUS

I would have given him a kick in the arse myself. Save all this talking.

Emilia scowls at Seamus.

EAMON

Show some respect. I hope he shows you proper respect as a lady.

Emilia is obviously flattered and does a terrible job of trying to hide it. Seamus gives Eamon a warning look. Angela tries to provide a distraction.

ANGELA

There's more pudding in the kitchen, Caitlin. Want seconds?

Caitlin is mute. Angela prods her and she shakes her head.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

OK, let's see what's on telly.

Angela switches on the TV. It's the news. Seamus crawls over to the TV and mutes it. Caitlin stares at the flickering images.

SEAMUS

They're all lying gob-shites.

ANGELA

Seamus, No!

Angela motions towards Caitlin.

EAMON

Leave it out, Seamus...

Seamus grunts and settles back on the sofa and closes his eyes.

EMILIA

(to Caitlin)

Come and sit with me, darling.

Caitlin brightens up and jumps on to the sofa and snuggles close to Emilia.

CAITLIN

Look what Uncle Eamon gave me!

She holds a new toy. It's a NERF gun, that fires little foam bullets. Angela looks at Eamon in disbelief. Eamon smiles.

EMILIA

(smirking)

It's very nice. You have a good uncle.

Emilia plays a little game with Caitlin who is soon absorbed.

ANGELA

Maybe it's best not to watch the news any more. Those poor people in London...

SEAMUS

(suddenly livening up)

Suppose the IRA became like ISIS! All the Brits have to go to Mass, speak Gaelic and support Celtic. How about that!

Eamon and Angela look incredulously at Seamus.

EAMON

Go back to sleep. You're becoming a bore.

EMILIA

You drink too much too.

SEAMUS

Could be the other way round. ISIS take over the IRA, close every pub in the Six Counties, burn down the churches, make the birds dress like fucking nuns!

ANGELA

Oh shut the f...frig up Seamus.

SEAMUS

(laughing)

They could make the Pope wear a burka!

Angela loses patience, gets up and leaves the room. Eamon leans in to Seamus's ear and says quietly.

EAMON
 (emphatic)
 Bad joke, Seamus. About the level
 of the erstwhile Jimmy Casey.

Seamus is temporarily sobered.

EAMON (CONT'D)
 And we don't want to go there, do
 we?

SEAMUS
 (surly)
 You can sod off, and let me be.

Seamus collapses on the sofa again, to Emilia's distress.
 Eamon offers a comforting/knowing smile to Emilia.
 Caitlin fires off a round of NERF bullets directly at
 Seamus's head.

EXT. EMILIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Eamon's car stops outside a SHOP. Emilia gets out,
 followed by Eamon who is steering a staggering Seamus
 towards a door beside the shop front. The CAB pulls away.

EMILIA
 I'll go ahead and put the fire on.

Emilia opens the door and goes up to her FLAT. A light
 goes on in an upstairs window.

EAMON
 Listen up. I'm going to get Liam
 out of that balti house and bring
 him over to your place for a few
 days.

SEAMUS
 (barely coherent)
 What for?

Eamon looks him in the eye and realises that there is no
 point in talking, considering Seamus's state.

EAMON
 Come on ya piss-head

Eamon pushes Seamus through the front door.

INT. EMILIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Eamon drags Seamus up the stairs into the cramped LIVING
 ROOM. He guides Seamus around the sofa towards the tiny
 BEDROOM. He is semi-conscious, mumbling incoherently.

EAMON

It's alright, little brother. Time
for bed... Easy now...

Eamon deposits Seamus on the bed. Emilia throws the duvet
over him. He rolls over onto his side and begins to
snore.

EMILIA

(muttering)

He makes noise like a big pig.

Eamon starts to laugh but Emilia puts a finger to his
lips and hushes him as she gestures to him to leave the
room. She closes the door carefully. In the lounge she
turns the main light off, leaving only a table lamp on.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

We must be quiet. Last time I wake
him up... he hit me.

EAMON

Really?

Emilia adjusts her top to reveal a bruise on her
shoulder. Eamon lays a gentle hand on her arm, then
touches the bruised tissue.

EAMON (CONT'D)

He did this when he was drinking?

EMILIA

Always when he drinks. Tell me, is
he really a property developer?

EAMON

(laughs)

Our Seamus will tell himself
anything. What else has he told
you?

EMILIA

He said he knows people who will
get me a job. But it's always
someone he met in a pub. He says
it is good money.

(knowingly)

But it is not just dancing. So I
am not sure.

EAMON

You should stick with the dancing.

EMILIA

But if I make money I can go back
to Budapest and learn to be a Vet.

EAMON
 You'll be the finest vet in
 Hungary. And the prettiest.

Eamon kisses her lightly on the lips. Emilia smiles but disengages herself and goes into the kitchen.

EMILIA
 (from kitchen)
 You like a drink?

EAMON
 Aye, go on.

While Emilia is busy in the kitchen Eamon settles back on the sofa and pulls out a tatty paperback, Brendan Behan's 'Confessions of an Irish Rebel', and starts reading. A faint grin - or is it another rictus of pain? - crosses his face. Emilia comes out with a bottle and two small glasses. She fills a glass and hands it to Eamon.

EMILIA
 This is Pálinka! Brandy from
 mountains of Carpathia.

Eamon takes a swig before knocking back the whole glass.

EAMON
 Jesus, it's got more kick than
 Connemara Single Malt!

Emilia grins and joins him on the sofa.

Emilia snuggles up to Eamon who puts an arm round her. She picks up his paperback.

EMILIA
 You are a proper man. What is this
 book you reading?

EAMON
 It's about a man who fought to get
 British soldiers out of his
 country. A great story teller, a
 true rebel.

Emilia scans her collection of framed photos. Her eye rests on a faded B&W snap of a smiling young man in a 50s sports jacket (UNCLE MIKLOS).

EMILIA
 I know about a rebel.

EAMON
 And how would that be, Emilia?

EMILIA

In 1956, Russians came to Budapest. In tanks and big trucks. To take away our country. My father's Uncle Miklos was just a student. But he made bombs out of petrol in bottles and threw them at the tanks. One went in top of the tank - in the little door you know - and that tank exploded, pfff! But three days later a soldier on a roof shot him dead.

Emilia gets up, takes the photo of UNCLE MIKLOS and hands it to Eamon as if it were a holy ikon.

EAMON

You must be proud.

EMILIA

He was very brave.

Emilia reverently replaces the picture on the shelf and settles down close to Eamon.

EAMON

I'm proud to know you, rebel girl.

Eamon touches Emilia's cheek and strokes her hair. They kiss with increasing intensity. Emilia pulls back briefly.

EMILIA

So... are you still fighting for your country's freedom?'

Eamon puts a finger to her lips.

EAMON

Shsh...

Eamon kisses her again. She responds.

EMILIA

So I will give you secret dance.
My best dance for the brave
fighter...

Emilia wriggles out of her clothes and pulls Eamon's T-shirt off. His back is scarred with old wounds - blisters and welts. He kisses her neck and strokes her body as she folds her legs around him.

INT. EMILIA'S FLAT - MORNING

THURSDAY : In the BEDROOM the clock indicates 10.45am. We hear faint sounds of a RADIO playing pop music in another room. Seamus, still dressed, peers out from under the blanket. He tries to rise, but slumps down again.

SEAMUS
Emilia? Emilia...

Seamus stares at the door. Finally he musters the energy to get up.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)
Oh for fuck's sake...

He opens the door and surveys the empty LIVING ROOM. He slowly prowls around it. He lurches into the empty kitchen where the RADIO is playing. Flinching at the noise he turns it off.

Emilia emerges from the bathroom in a dressing gown, her hair wet. She's trying to mask her nervousness.

EMILIA
Good morning.

Seamus grabs her by the shoulders and tries to kiss her but she turns away.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
First I do my hair.

Emilia grabs her hair dryer and begins drying her hair in front of a mirror.

SEAMUS
(shouting over the whine
of the hair dryer)
Did you have fun last night?

She motions that she can't hear him.

Seamus grips Emilia around the waist, forcing her to drop the hairdryer, and starts to fondle her. He kisses her roughly on the neck. Emilia resists.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)
Come on, let's have it.

EMILIA
Stop it, Seamus. I need to get to
hairdresser very soon. Anyway, you
smell bad.

SEAMUS
(tightening his grip)
Did we get a taxi home last night?

EMILIA
Eamon dropped us off here.

SEAMUS
Did he come in?

EMILIA
Just to get you into bed.

Seamus looks at her, not knowing whether she is lying.

SEAMUS
Did he say what he was doing
today?

EMILIA
Said he had important things to do
and that he needed your help.

Seamus relaxes his grasp, then picks up his phone and makes a call to Eamon.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF EMILIA'S FLAT - DAY

Eamon and Seamus (hung over) sit in the front seats of Eamon's car.

EAMON
OK, now for some quality time with
Liam. I hope you're as ready as
you say you are... Or else there
could be consequences. Got that?

SEAMUS
(Troubled)
Yeah.

EAMON
And not a fucking word to Angela.
As far as she's concerned, Liam
will still be at the Ahmed's for
the time being. So keep your damn
gob shut. Got that?

SEAMUS
OK, comrade.

EXT. GREASY-SPOON CAFE - DAY

There are people inside the cafe but there's now a large Union Jack on display. Liam, carrying his backpack, is staring at it from outside, obviously angry. Eamon arrives and pulls Liam back as he's about to go in. Eamon looks at the flag and spits on the ground.

EAMON

Don't waste your energy. You could make yourself a target. Have you remembered to bring your laptop?

Liam nods.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Good man! Right, let's go.

Eamon points across the street where Seamus's VAN has drawn up. Liam looks slightly perturbed but follows Eamon to the van.

LIAM

What's he doing here?

I/E. SEAMUS'S VAN - DAY

Seamus is driving fast along a country road. Eamon and Liam are sitting in the rear section of the van.

LIAM

Are we going to be long? I want to catch up with Ali later. We've still not talked.

EAMON

(Smiling)

Do you need a negotiator? I can help ya there.

Liam reaches for his iPHONE. But Eamon snatches it away. The atmosphere changes.

LIAM

What are you doing?

EAMON

You won't be needing it.

LIAM

I want it back!

Liam tries to grab the PHONE but Eamon twists his arm behind his back. They struggle but Eamon quickly overpowers him. Liam cries out in pain and anger.

EAMON

Now you might have it back later. But right now you need some pacification... Seamus!

Seamus pulls up, and climbs through to the back. Eamon and Seamus grip Liam's arms and tie his wrists with cable ties. Liam is shaking with rage and shock.

Eamon cuffs him round the head and clenches a fist under his nose. Seamus climbs back into the drivers seat and drives on.

EAMON (CONT'D)

And Master Abdul Aleem isn't going to say a fucking word. As the Christian Brothers used to tell me, it's for your own good.

Liam is about to speak - but thinks better of it. They drive on.

EXT. SEAMUS'S YARD, COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The van pulls up to a locked gate, outside Seamus's YARD in a field on the edge of the Moors. Its centrepiece is a weatherbeaten PORTAKABIN adjoining a large battered static CARAVAN/MOBILE HOME, surrounded by a cluster of ramshackle SHEDS, a GENERATOR, a PORTALOO and a LARGE RUSTY 40FT STEEL CONTAINER. The YARD is also a dumping ground for his BUILDING GEAR.

INT. SEAMUS'S YARD, CONTAINER - DAY

Seamus and Eamon hustle Liam into the CONTAINER. Its interior is empty apart from a thin mattress and blanket, a TV set with a radio perched on top. There are no windows.

Eamon and Seamus remove Liam's trainers. Liam is passive, too frightened to put up a struggle. Eamon pushes Liam hard across the full length of the container, he falls in a heap at the far end.

Seamus goes across to Liam and prods him.

SEAMUS

Now you behave - or there'll be more of your uncles' tough love...

Liam, deeply shocked, is handcuffed to a short length of chain, securely attached to the container floor/wall. He watches Eamon and Seamus leave.

EXT. SEAMUS'S YARD, CONTAINER - DAY

Eamon and Seamus talk in low voices outside the container.

EAMON

OK, you're on guard duty. In the meantime, I got things to do -

SEAMUS
Bollocks to that.

EAMON
You do as I say. As we agreed.

SEAMUS
Did you fuck her or didn't you?

EAMON
She's out of my league, Seamus.
You said so yourself. We had a bit
of cultural exchange and then I
left.

SEAMUS
If you're lying -

EAMON
- there will be consequences, is
that it? We can't waste any more
time arguing about your fantasies.

Seamus is on the defensive now.

SEAMUS
I'm trusting you, Eamon. You
better not be messing me around.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - AFTERNOON

Eamon walks down a town centre street towards the
CONFERENCE CENTRE. He walks around the back of the CENTRE
and pauses beside what appears to be an empty house
opposite the rear CAR PARK.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - AFTERNOON

Eamon is now emerging from a BANK. He's walking briskly
but checking out every detail of the streets around the
CONFERENCE CENTRE. He passes NAP posters fly-posted on
street lamps and empty shop fronts, as well as
campaigners for SOCIAL CONSENSUS handing out leaflets.
Eamon takes one.

INT. MOHAMMED'S RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Mohammed and his STAFF are preparing for the evening
shift. Ali in his waiter's uniform is coming out of the
kitchen when Mohammed intercepts him.

MOHAMMED
Where's Abdul?

ALI
He's not in the store room?

MOHAMMED
He should be here. Get hold of
him!

Ali, worried, pulls out his phone and calls. He waits for Liam to answer. Mohammed catches up with him.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)
Well?

Ali shakes his head.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)
I told Shaheed there was something
not right about your so-called
convert. I hope he listened...

ALI
What do you mean, so-called?

MOHAMMED
I think Abdul could become the
crazy kind that thinks jihad is
about fighting non-believers.

ALI
I'm straightening him out, Dad.

MOHAMMED
You'd better.

Mohammed stares sternly, as Ali turns and walks away.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - AFTERNOON

Eamon walks down the main street in the TOWN CENTRE. It is a mainly ASIAN shopping area, with restaurants and clothes shops etc

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - AFTERNOON

Eamon stops at a POST BOX and inserts a letter.

INT. SEAMUS'S YARD, CONTAINER - NIGHT

Liam is lying on the mattress. His wrist is still secured to the floor. The TV is now on, untuned, displaying static / white noise, the radio is cross-tuned to two channels, both impossible to hear clearly. Outside the GENERATOR is throbbing away.

The door suddenly opens, momentarily letting a little extra light in from a small yard light. An imposing silhouetted figure enters. It's Eamon, holding Liam's backpack. Liam has dried blood around his nose and mouth.

Liam, disoriented, watches as Eamon stands above him. Eamon goes through the contents of his backpack in front of him. He holds up Liam's Koran then drops it on the floor.

Eamon produces Liam's iPhone from his pocket and shows it to him. Eamon picks up Liam's cap and places it on Liam's head.

LIAM

What the fuck are you doing? ...I'll never give up my faith if that's what you're after.

EAMON

It's part of learning warcraft, Abdul Aleem. Being kidnapped, beaten up and given a shit time, that's basic SAS training. We might have you yomping on the Moors yet.

Eamon holds up the iPhone again and studies it carefully.

EAMON (CONT'D)

iPhone 6. Fingerprint activation. Neat.

Eamon suddenly grabs Liam's forefinger and presses it onto the button. The phone screen comes to life. Eamon checks out the apps, files, messages etc. Then, from Liam's bag removes his laptop.

EAMON (CONT'D)

OK, I've got access to all the info I need now. But don't worry, sleep tight. Uncle Seamus might be over later to see you. He'll give you the toilet drill.

(walking away)

We don't want any dirty protests now do we?

Eamon turns up the RADIO and TV's white noise to full volume and throws a towel over the TV screen - total darkness. He leaves and locks the door.

INT. SEAMUS'S YARD, PORTAKABIN - NIGHT

Eamon sits at the table watching BBC News on Liam's laptop. A studio discussion (or location interview) is in progress.

Eamon stares into space, concentrating on every word. Seamus is asleep on a settee.

TV PRESENTER

...and to discuss the latest developments in the police investigation into the National Film Theatre bombing, we have the Leader of the Social Consensus Party, Simon Sedgefield. Thank you for being with us. Is enough being done to protect the public?

SEDFIELD

From my days in the Northern Ireland Office in the eighties I've learned one thing. To be ahead of the game you've got to get right into the enemy's mind-set and as far as possible pre-empt his actions.

TV PRESENTER

So we need better intelligence?

SEDFIELD

Better intelligence and quicker response times. There are new technologies which I've been following. For security reasons I can't say more. But they would really give us the edge in preventing these attacks and when elected we would implement them immediately.

TV PRESENTER

You've consistently emphasised security throughout the campaign. But there's relatively little about the economy in your manifesto...

Eamon shuts down the laptop and takes a look out of the portakabin windows. He then reaches behind a locker to grab a SHOTGUN, which he takes to the table. He starts to check out its moving parts.

INT. SEAMUS'S YARD, CONTAINER - MORNING

FRIDAY : In the container the TV is pumping out white noise at a distressing level. The garbled noise of the radio is also adding to the mental discomfort being forced upon Liam. Exhausted and confused, he is curled up in a ball. He is sobbing.

The DOOR swings open and in walks Eamon. Eamon is holding the SHOTGUN. Seamus follows.

EAMON

Morning, Abdul. I hope you slept well.

(to Seamus)

I'm taking Mr Aleem over to your office for a little Q&A session, OK?

Seamus grunts his agreement. Eamon, cradling the SHOTGUN, pushes Liam out to cross the YARD.

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MORNING

Ali is hesitating about ringing the bell. He goes for it. On the second ring, Angela opens the front door.

ALI

I was just wondering if you know where Liam is. He didn't come home last night. Perhaps -

Ali breaks off, seeing the anger in Angela's eyes.

ANGELA

Home! Home you call it, his 'home' - making him sleep in some bloody cupboard while he works for you. You stole him from our home, you fucking Ahmeds, he's changed the name he was born with, you poisoned his mind with your sly ways and your evil religion that's destroyed his education.... I don't know where he is now, off to Syria I expect thanks to you...

Caitlin appears in the doorway, dressed for school.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(to Caitlin)

Go indoors, love.

Caitlin quickly gets the message and walks hastily back into the house.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(Quietly to ALI)

There's filth outside - we know what you Muslim boys are like...

Ali is shaken by Angela's outburst. She slams the door in his face.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Angela is sitting on the sofa, anxiety written all over her face. She is on the phone. Eamon answers.

EAMON
(filter)
Angie?

ANGELA
What the hell's going on? Where's Liam? He was supposed to be at the Ahmeds'.

EAMON
(filter)
Don't get mad, I'm making a breakthrough. Seamus and I have taken him up to the Lakes for a long weekend, for some camping and walking. Just what he needs to clear his head.

ANGELA
Well, you could have told me last night. I've been worried sick.

EAMON
(filter)
It's been a last minute thing. Signals are crap where we are.

ANGELA
Are you really getting somewhere with sorting him out?

EAMON
(filter)
Making progress, Angie, making progress. But I gotta go. The pair of them are making a right mess of putting up the tent...

Angela smiles and is about to reply. But Eamon's phone has already cut off.

INT. SEAMUS'S YARD, PORTAKABIN - DAY

Eamon guides Liam to one of the chairs and draws up a chair for himself.

LIAM
I'm desperate for a drink.

EAMON

It's Ramadan, remember. Time for some straight answers. What's your connection with the London bombing?

LIAM

Er.... None.

EAMON

How long have you been a member of ISIS?

LIAM

No. Never. How could I be? I've had no contact with anyone...

EAMON

Big mistake! If you're serious about protecting your cause you remain silent throughout, not one word. You're already showing weakness. Next question for five points: you're obviously close to that Ali character - are you two a gay item?

LIAM

No, no. What you on about?

EAMON

Personally I couldn't give a fuck if you were. Are you in this game to get a leg over the seventy two virgins in paradise? Or maybe one at your local mosque?

LIAM

No, no way. It's not like that...

EAMON

If I were a lie detector, my stylus would be off the page by now. But I won't tell your imam. You're one of his ace students, I gather. Did he put you up to this?

LIAM

Dr Shaheed is my spiritual mentor. He teaches us the true meanings of jihad.

EAMON

Now that's a slippery answer, Mr Abdul Casey. Worthy of a Jesuit.

LIAM

Dr Shaheed has nothing to do with the Jesuits.

EAMON

That's a relief, we can all sleep easy in our beds tonight. But moving right along, what are you going to do about the National Alternative Party Rally on Saturday?

LIAM

I...don't know yet...

EAMON

You don't know! They want to deport all Muslims and their thugs beat up Muslim girls. They're holding a rally in your town. And you don't know what to do about it... Bad answer, Mr Abdul Aleem. Here's something you don't know. I was head-hunted by the Nutting Squad after coming out of the Maze. We interrogated Volunteers suspected of betraying the Organisation, scum like that. And I always got a good answer - one way or another.

LIAM

I needed the right technology.

EAMON

Yeah, your mate's drone. Was thst supposed to be your stealth bomber?

Liam looks confused.

EAMON (CONT'D)

I've been scoping you out, you little eedjit. Surprised?

Liam's confusion turns to anger. Eamon goes in hard.

EAMON (CONT'D)

You know what? You're just a dreamer. You can't focus on a target, you've got no guns, you don't even encrypt your emails. Your brothers behind the London attack wouldn't waste their time with an amateur like you.

Eamon suddenly gets up and grips Liam by the face, staring into his eyes. Under the banter, Eamon's frustration and anger is coming to the boil.

EAMON (CONT'D)

(shouting)

What the holy fuck am I going to do with you? Maybe your mum's right. You've been in la-la land. Even your precious Islam is just another fantasy trip.

LIAM

Jihad is my life now.

EAMON

Then fucking live it!

Eamon strikes Liam hard across the face. Liam is in tears. Eamon walks around the cabin, apparently deep in thought. He suddenly turns and switches to a 'good cop' persona.

EAMON (CONT'D)

But you know what?

(beat)

I'm going to give you the benefit of the doubt. I'm going to give you a chance. Chance of a lifetime...

LIAM

What do you mean?

EAMON

A one-off opportunity to prove yourself. To prove your manhood. Deeds not words. That's what young women like...

Liam looks confused.

EAMON (CONT'D)

But I want you to use that brain of yours too.

Liam is surprised but pleased by Eamon's apparent affirmation of his worth.

LIAM

How? What for?

EAMON

To live the dream. Actually fight for your faith - strategically.

LIAM

You'd help us? In jihad?

EAMON

With professional tactics. Big boys' kit...

LIAM

I don't get it - aren't you a British citizen?

EAMON

I'm a Celt, actually. Oppressed by the British. Just like you and your Muslim brothers. Let's face it, lad, we're both outsiders in this country.

(beat)

We could go on a mission, you and I...in solidarity, right?

Liam is struggling to come to terms with this change in Eamon's attitude.

EAMON (CONT'D)

(beat)

Well, are you going to be a wannabe warrior for the rest of your life?

Liam ponders, reflects and slowly shakes his head. Eamon stares deep into his eyes.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Just trust me, OK?

He grips Liam's arm and smiles.

INT. COLLEGE CAFE - DAY

The cafe is quiet. Melissa is sitting at a table, reading Shakespeare's 'Othello'. Ali approaches and tries to sit down next to her.

MELISSA

Go away!

ALI

Sorry, Melissa. I only want to -

MELISSA

You're such a user, Ali. Had your fun with a 'white girl' and then dumped her - in a text!

ALI

I didn't mean to -

MELISSA

I thought we had something good going there. But obviously not good enough for the Caliph...

ALI

I'm really sorry.

MELISSA

You're going to tell me it's for the best, aren't you?

ALI

I just want to know if you've seen Liam this morning.

MELISSA

I expect he's been chucked out. Perhaps you should be as well. And not another word. Or I'll report you for sexual harassment.

Melissa rises and strides out of the cafe.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - DAY

Angela is hunched on the sofa. The coffee table is cluttered with empty cups and an overflowing ashtray. The DOORBELL rings. Angela looks towards the door.

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Angela opens the door to reveal **DC HARRISON** - FEMALE DETECTIVE CONSTABLE (30s) and **SARAH JAMES** (SOCIAL WORKER - 40s) who is smartly dressed. They show ID.

DC HARRISON

Mrs Angela Casey?

Angela is uneasy and suspicious.

ANGELA

What's this all about?

SARAH

I'm Sarah James from the Council. This is Detective Constable Harrison. Can we come in?

Angela is now clearly anxious.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - DAY

The three women are now seated.

DC HARRISON
We'd like to speak to your son,
Liam. Is he in?

ANGELA
No, no. He's - away on a camping
trip. With his uncles.

DC HARRISON
His uncles...?

ANGELA
Yes - Eamon and Seamus...

Seamus's name seems to ring a bell with DC HARRISON.

SARAH
Do you know when he'll be back?

ANGELA
I'm waiting to hear. I'm not quite
sure where -

DC HARRISON
It's very important that we get in
touch with him.

ANGELA
But what's he done?

SARAH
It's more about what he might do.

Angela now senses what could be behind this visit.

SARAH (CONT'D)
You see, Angela, we've had
referrals from his college - and
elsewhere. He could be vulnerable.

ANGELA
Vulnerable to what...?

DC HARRISON
To becoming radicalised.

ANGELA
(getting tearful)
You're going to arrest him, aren't
you? My son's a criminal...just
because of his stupid crazy talk.

SARAH

No, not at all. I'm the local liaison person for the government's 'Prevent' Initiative to steer young people away from terrorist ideology. Liam meets the criteria to be placed on the Channel Program.

ANGELA

(sceptical)

And what's that?

SARAH

He'd receive one-to-one counselling from a psychotherapist, participate in workshops, have mentoring from an Islamic scholar on interpreting the Koran correctly, maybe sessions of family therapy. Things that the home can't always provide.

ANGELA

(beat)

Are you telling me I don't know how to bring up my own son? It's not my fault that he's been brainwashed with that Islamic nonsense... and now you want to give him more of it?

SARAH

We're here to help, Angela!

ANGELA

I know when people like you are talking down to me...

SARAH

No, no...

ANGELA

We're taking care of this as a family, we've got our own therapist on the case, so we don't need your help thank you very much. You can see yourselves out.

DC Harrison keeps her cool, but Sarah is disturbed. She leaves a card on the coffee table as they leave.

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, FRONT STREET - DAY

DC Harrison takes out her phone.

DC HARRISON

I'd like you to run a check on an Eamon Casey. The family's from Belfast. His brother's already got form around here.

EXT. SEAMUS'S YARD - DAY

Ali drives up the long track towards Seamus's YARD. He stops a short distance away and walks up to the GATE which is heavily chained. The fence has barbed wire. The VAN and the HIRE CAR are parked a little way inside the property.

ALI

(shouting)

Liam! Liam! ... LIAM!

The large DOG chained up near the GATE snarls and growls. Ali hastily retreats a few feet.

ALI (CONT'D)

Liam! ... LIAM!

The DOG on its long chain is trying to jump the GATE, snarling and snapping at Ali. It is straining the post holding the chain and looks ready to break away and attack. Ali edges away towards his CAR.

INT. SEAMUS'S YARD, PORTAKABIN - DAY

Eamon stands, looking through a dirty window as Ali drives away down the track. Eamon sits at the table, calmly browsing through various sites on Liam's Laptop - the National Alternative Party, Social Consensus, and a local map. Seamus lolls on a chair, half asleep. The DOG is still barking.

INT. SEAMUS'S YARD, CONTAINER - DAY

Total darkness. We hear the voice of Liam echoing around the container.

LIAM

Oh Allah! If in Your knowledge,
this act is good for my religion
then ordain it for me, make it
easy for me, and bless it for me.

Suddenly a loud metallic clatter, as the door opens and a widening sliver of light illuminates Liam who is kneeling and praying. Liam is shocked. Eamon enters and watches his nephew thoughtfully. Then Liam turns and rises, on the defensive.

EAMON

Not having second thoughts, are you?

LIAM

No, no way... I was thanking Allah. For inspiring my family to help me. For your training.

EAMON

Sorry if I was a little hard on you.

LIAM

Discipline is good. Now we are in the struggle together...

Eamon pats him on the shoulder.

INT. MOHAMMED'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - DAY

Ali enters, followed by Mohammed.

MOHAMMED

(furious)

You'll have to cover for him until we can find someone else. He's let us down badly.

Ali is about to reply but thinks better of it. Raising his hands in frustration and despair, he walks out.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

(shouting after him)

And he can clear his stuff out of my store room.

INT. SEAMUS'S YARD, PORTAKABIN - EVENING

Eamon and Seamus sit at the table. Seamus opens a can of beer and offers one to Eamon but he shakes his head and takes a tablet with a glass of water instead. Seamus lights a cigarette and attempts a joke.

SEAMUS

Will Mr Abdul be joining us for a few beers this evening?

EAMON

It's not party time, Seamus. We're not having one of your Sinn Fein karaoke nights.

Seamus shuts up, like a reprimanded schoolboy.

EAMON (CONT'D)

This is a council of war, little brother. We'll be talking strategy and tactics.

SEAMUS

What do you mean?

EAMON

Do you think we dug up my gear just to give it a bit of spit and polish?

SEAMUS

(beat)

I guess I knew you'd be up to some caper.

EAMON

It's not a little caper, Seamus. It's a plan. And you're part of the action.

SEAMUS

Look, you know I've always supported the struggle. But I've already put my ass on the line looking after your fucking kit all these years. Do you really expect me to -

EAMON

I've got great expectations.

Seamus's face clouds over.

EAMON (CONT'D)

I need you, Seamus. And the kid of course.

SEAMUS

Liam? Are you sure?

EAMON

Our nephew's a brave young man. Abdul Aleem's on side alright.

SEAMUS pauses to let the implications of Eamon's comments sink in.

SEAMUS

This is really about you and that bastard Sedgefield, isn't it? OK, I get that. But why three people?

EAMON

It's an evolving plan. You'll see.
Attack on two fronts. Two targets.
But not a word to Liam yet...

SEAMUS

That's crazy. You'll never get
away with it.

EAMON

What you actually want to say is
'WE'LL never get away with it.'
But we will. You gotta have faith,
man..

SEAMUS

Are you so sure? I want to help,
Eamon, but...

Seamus ponders for a moment, caught between conflicting emotions.

EAMON

OK, relax. Maybe it's time for a
drink after all.

Eamon produces a bottle of whisky from his bag and grabs a couple of dirty glasses from the table. He pours a small measure for himself and a large double, which he hands to Seamus, who is relieved by Eamon's apparent willingness to drop the subject.

SEAMUS

You told me you were easing off
the hard stuff.

EAMON

Ah, fuck the doctors!

SEAMUS

Slainte chugat! Good health to
you, brother!

EAMON

And you, brother. And how about a
toast for our fighters who died in
prison?

SEAMUS

Aye - to Bobby Sands!

They drink.

EAMON

Yeah... Bobby Sands... But the
struggle goes back a long way. Way
before that. Just like you and me.

Eamon smiles as he refills Seamus's glass.

INT. FATIMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fatima sits quietly alone. Ali enters, in his waiter's jacket from his evening shift.

FATIMA
Any news?

ALI
I know where he might be. His
uncle's yard.

FATIMA
Where?

ALI
Up Friar's Lane, over the top of
town. I checked it out today.

FATIMA
Did you see anyone?

ALI
It's all fenced off and locked.
And a guard dog.

FATIMA
But why would he be there?

ALI
I'm going back tomorrow. First
thing.

FATIMA
I'll come with you.

ALI
No way.

FATIMA
I'm coming!

In the face of her intransigence Ali retreats.

INT. SEAMUS'S YARD, PORTAKABIN - NIGHT

The whisky is taking effect. Seamus also seems under the influence of something else, for his eyes are mostly closed. Eamon's voice is close.

EAMON
You only hear one voice. My voice.
Trust my voice.

Seamus's face is relaxed. His eyes occasionally flicker open and he's breathing deeply.

EAMON (CONT'D)
 We're taking a time trip. Easter
 2001.
 (smiling)
 It's good to revisit the old
 times.

Seamus makes an affirmative grunt.

EAMON (CONT'D)
 But we need to sort out some
 issues, don't we? We don't want
 trouble, do we?

SEAMUS
 (uneasy)
 No trouble.

EAMON
 But there was big trouble...

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: YOUNGER SEAMUS AND EAMON IN ANGELA'S LIVING ROOM. YOUNGER ANGELA IS CRYING ON EAMON'S SHOULDER.

CUT BACK:

EAMON (CONT'D)
 Remember that bastard Jim Casey?

SEAMUS
 (restless)
 Bastard. Fucking show-off.

EAMON
 You knew all about Jim's affairs.
 But you never did anything about
 it. You liked to play the hard
 man, you'd slapped a few people in
 your time but you did nothing.

SEAMUS
 Nothing... I did nothing...

EAMON
 You finally knew what you needed
 to do, didn't you? It's a good job
 that I agreed to keep watch for
 you the night you straightened him
 out, isn't it?

SEAMUS
 Yes.

EAMON
You made me proud Seamus.

SEAMUS
Yes.

EAMON
You did it all for Angela.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: A COMEDIAN PERFORMS ON A LOW STAGE TO AN AUDIENCE OF ABOUT 40 IN A WORKING MANS CLUB.

CUT BACK:

EAMON (CONT'D)
Jim Casey who'd married our Angela, who'd been cheating on her and beating her and treating her like shit, and her with a little boy too, little Liam.

SEAMUS
(slurred)
Yeah, little Liam.

EAMON
In West Belfast the fellas kneecap a man like that. So you had to be vigilant. Keep tabs on him.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: NIGHT. THE BACK OF THE MINERS CLUB, SEAMUS AND EAMON WITH BASEBALL BATS LURKING IN THE SHADOWS. **JIM CASEY (30S)** EMERGES FROM A DOOR MARKED PRIVATE. HE IS VERY DRUNK, STILL IN HIS STAGE GEAR, CARRYING A PLASTIC SHOPPING BAG.

CUT BACK:

EAMON (CONT'D)
(VO)
You're about to give Jim Casey a slap or two, plus a lecture on marital responsibility. You're on his case.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK CONTINUES: JIM STARTS WANDERING TOWARDS THE STREET LIGHT AT THE END OF THE ALLEY. SEAMUS STALKS HIM ON ONE SIDE, EAMON STAYS BACK KEEPING WATCH.

CUT BACK:

EAMON (CONT'D)
(VO)
Stop him before he reaches the
light.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK CONTINUES: BEFORE JIM CAN REACH THE STREET,
THEY STRIKE.

CUT BACK:

EAMON (CONT'D)
(VO)
Let him have it.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK CONTINUES: SEAMUS IS NOW DIRECTLY BEHIND JIM.
HE SAYS SOMETHING. JIM TURNS TO FACE HIM. SEAMUS BRINGS
DOWN THE BAT HARD ACROSS JIM'S LEGS. JIM STAGGERS AND
FALLS BUT MANAGES TO PULL A BOTTLE OF WHISKY FROM HIS
BAG. HE SMASHES IT ON THE GROUND, HALF-RISES AND LUNGES
AT SEAMUS AIMING TO GLASS HIM. SEAMUS BLOCKS JIM'S MOVE
AND HITS HIM OVER THE BACK OF THE HEAD WITH THE BAT.

CUT BACK:

EAMON (CONT'D)
(VO)
Dirty trickster messed around your
sister. You're beating the shit
out of him.

CUT TO:

JIM GOES DOWN ONCE MORE. SEAMUS HITS HIS SKULL AGAIN AND
AGAIN.

CUT BACK:

EAMON (CONT'D)
(VO)
You can't stop now.

CUT TO:

EAMON STAYS IN THE SHADOWS. SEAMUS IS OUT OF CONTROL.
BLOOD SPILLS ACROSS THE GROUND. AFTER A FINAL BARRAGE OF
BLOWS JIM NO LONGER MOVES. THE FLASHBACK FADES.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Now's a chance to redeem yourself
Seamus. You'll become a Republican
hero - and Emilia will love you to
pieces.

(beat)

And I will be proud of you. You
know what you need to do.

SEAMUS

I know what I need to do. You'll
be proud of me...

EAMON

(beat)

Time for your wake-up call. One -
two - three - four - five.

Seamus stirs. His speech is slurred and anguished. It's
an effort to speak.

SEAMUS

You know it was an accident.

(a long pause)

I never meant to kill the bastard.

EAMON

Well, that's a matter of legal
opinion, isn't it?

SEAMUS

I had to do something for Angie.

EAMON

So Jim Casey became a missing
person. Came to rest under a car
park in Barrowford. You put in
some late night over-time on that
one..

SEAMUS

Why... all this old shit?

EAMON

It's your shit, Seamus. It's
called therapy.

SEAMUS

Let things be, Eamon. For God's
sake.

EAMON

That depends on whether you're
gonna help me or not.

SEAMUS

You love this, don't you?

EAMON

You owe me. You know what you need to do.

SEAMUS

But two targets - it's insane...

EAMON

So you haven't the guts to take on the new British Fascists?

SEAMUS

The National Alternative lot?

EAMON

One of their foreign policies is to seize back the Irish Republic - by force if necessary.

SEAMUS

Those nutters will never get into power.

EAMON

People said that about the Nazis.

(beat)

You know, you're a tough cookie. And your heart's in the right place. If we do this together, you can walk proud again. Think about it.

SEAMUS

We could get killed...

EAMON

Then they'll make up songs about you. Anyway you get to do the safe bit. It's a no-brainer, Seamus...

EXT. SEAMUS'S YARD - NIGHT

Liam emerges from the PORTALOO near the CABIN. Seamus is standing guard nearby with a torch. He takes Liam's arm. They walk towards the CONTAINER

LIAM

You don't need to do this any more, you know. Don't you trust me?

SEAMUS

Just keeping an eye on you. For your own protection.

LIAM
We're supposed to be family,
right?

SEAMUS
(hesitant)
Yeah, we're family all right,
Liam.

LIAM
A family of fighters...

SEAMUS
Well, we've had our scrapes.

LIAM
I meant fighting for a cause.
Together.

SEAMUS
I guess so...

LIAM
So can you tell me what Eamon's
really planning?

SEAMUS
(laughs)
He's the brains, lad. I just
shovel the shit. But I'll tell you
one thing. You've survived all his
shit. It's almost made a man of
you.

They pause outside the container. Liam is surprised and pleased by this unexpected validation.

LIAM
Good night...

He enters the container. Seamus locks it.

25/02INT. MOHAMMED'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

SATURDAY : Mohammed, Azra, Ali and Fatima are finishing breakfast. Fatima gets up and picks up her bag. Ali joins her at the door.

AZRA
(to Fatima)
Please don't go into town today.
It'll be full of thugs, like those
devils who hurt you. They might be
out on bail.

FATIMA

They're on remand, mum. Anyway
Ali's going to look after me.
We're not going near the rally.
Just catching up with our mates.
I can't stay in the house for
ever...

AZRA

Supposing that mob marches on the
mosque...

FATIMA

There'll be police everywhere.
Anyway, we'll be inside with our
friends.

MOHAMMED

(to Azra)

She is a brave girl. She will show
everyone that Muslims are not
going to be intimidated.

(to Fatima & Ali)

Any problems, you call me right
away. I'll come and get you.

AZRA

(still uneasy)

Well, take good care of your
sister.

Fatima and Ali leave the house.

INT. SEAMUS'S YARD, CONTAINER - DAY

Liam gets up stiffly from a sleeping bag. He is no longer
handcuffed but Eamon is standing behind him with the
shotgun. Seamus, still looking worried, stands beside the
door.

EAMON

Straighten up there, soldier!
We're going to work.

Liam obeys, holding his head high.

LIAM

(nervous)

Are we off on the mission?

EAMON

One thing at a time. Go give
Seamus a hand with the van.

INT. ALI'S CAR - DAY

Ali and Fatima drive up the narrow track towards Seamus's yard. They pass the locked gate and continue up the track.

EXT. SLOPE AT THE END OF TRACK - DAY

Ali has parked the car. The drone is airborne. Fatima watches the drone's POV as it ascends and heads toward the yard.

ALI
I'm gonna stay high up. Don't want
anyone to hear it.

It travels beyond the container and portakabin, over a patch of ground covered in rubbish and weeds. Ali and Fatima can see three people outside.

FATIMA
Woah, get higher, they're gonna
hear it!

Ali, adjusts the height.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
That's Abdul... what's he doing?

Ali and Fatima look at each other confused.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Get a bit closer.

Ali pushes the joystick forward.

Liam is walking towards the white van with a fuel container.

EXT. SEAMUS'S YARD - DAY

Liam is filling up the van with Diesel. Eamon is still holding a shotgun by his side. Seamus is sat watching.

EAMON
(to Seamus)
Go and get a brew on.

Seamus gets up and as he walks towards a hut away from the humming of the generator his ears refocus on the whirring of something overhead. He looks up gormlessly at the DRONE.

SEAMUS
(realisation)
Shit! EAMON! LOOK!

Eamon spins around and sees the drone.

EX. SLOPE AT THE END OF TRACK - DAY

Ali and Fatima freeze for a second. Terrified.

ALI

Fuck!

He tugs at the joystick and hits the 'return home' button.

ALI (CONT'D)

Get in the car.

Fatima jumps in the passenger seat.

FATIMA

(screaming)

COME ON!

Ali wants to jump in the car, but also wants to retrieve the drone when it arrives. A tense 30 seconds or so. The drone is nearly with him. He grabs it from the air when it's low enough and jumps in the car. The car speeds off down the track.

INT. ALI'S CAR - DAY

Ali is driving fast, head down concentrating. Fatima says nothing.

ALI

What the fuck!

EXT. GATE OF SEAMUS'S YARD - DAY

Eamon is standing across the track, blocking the path of Ali's car as it comes towards him. Quite calmly, he fires the shotgun, aiming for the road in front of the car. Ali makes an emergency stop.

EAMON

Unlock the back door.

Eamon gets in the back with the shotgun.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Drive it into the yard.

EXT. SEAMUS'S YARD - DAY

The car is driven in and parked out of sight of the road. The three of them get out of the car.

The big dog stares at the new arrivals excitedly.

Seamus gives Ali and Fatima a hard look. Eamon covers them with the shotgun.

SEAMUS

Don't try anything clever.

Eamon looks toward Seamus with a wry smile. He motions them all to start walking towards the portakabin.

EAMON

I've heard a bit about you two.

Liam looks towards Fatima and is about to speak but is silenced by a gesture from Eamon.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Before we get all cosy, let's have your phones and car key.

Ali and Fatima hand over their phones and the drone. Eamon gives Seamus a nod. Still emanating hostility, especially to Fatima, Seamus pulls out the sim cards and grinds them underfoot. He gives the drone a suspicious glance. Meanwhile Eamon is studying the siblings thoughtfully.

EAMON (CONT'D)

Now let's go inside for a chat, shall we?

He gestures towards the caravan with his gun.

INT. SEAMUS'S YARD, CARAVAN - DAY

EAMON

My nephew seems to think you might have hidden talents. Even some shared interests. I'm not so sure.

SEAMUS

You can't trust these people an inch.

EAMON

(to Seamus)

Simpler to give them the chop?

Fatima is unmoved. But Ali's face displays his sudden fear.

ALI
 (to Liam)
 What's going on?

EAMON
 Let me put it this way - are you
 two ideologically sound, so to
 speak?

LIAM
 (to FATIMA and ALI)
 My uncle is a fighter.

ALI
 Fighting for what?

EAMON
 Truth, justice, self-
 determination...

LIAM
 He fought against British tyranny
 in Ireland. And he will help us in
 our struggle here.

FATIMA
 Why should we trust an unbeliever?

EAMON
 This unbeliever has the know-how,
 sister. And the munitions.

FATIMA
 After what I've been through I
 would fight for Islam with my bare
 hands.

EAMON
 I like that. Not just a pretty
 face then.

ALI
 Look, we need to go and talk
 through this among ourselves.

SEAMUS
 You're not going anywhere, kid.

ALI
 Perhaps we should pray for
 guidance...

FATIMA
 Allah will guide us in our hearts.

Fatima looks Liam straight in the eye.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Abdul Aleem, do you trust this
man, your uncle?

LIAM
(beat)
Yes, I trust him.

FATIMA
Then perhaps we really can be
warriors together.

LIAM
It was meant to be. I know it.

Fatima grips Liam's hand but Ali looks anxious.

ALI
Not so long ago you thought we
were gonna be taken over by
aliens. You don't know what you're
getting us into...

SEAMUS
See what I mean? He's a wuss. And
she's just a girl.

Fatima scowls and immediately turns on Seamus. She slaps
him hard across the face and tries to claw his cheek with
her nails until he forces her arm back.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)
(angry)
For fuck's sake...

For a split second it looks as if he is going to hit
Fatima but Eamon, laughing, intervenes.

EAMON
Come on, Seamus. You got to admit
the girl's got spirit.

SEAMUS
(morose)
Well, if you say so...

EAMON
Brother Ali could do with some of
that. A bit of commitment maybe?

Ali is embarrassed. Liam and Fatima look at him
reproachfully.

ALI
(to Liam)
I've always tried to help you
but...

FATIMA

You put Abdul Aleem on the right path. Now you should follow him...

ALI

(beat)

Look, it's not as simple as that...

LIAM

Your sister needs you by her side.

Fatima places a hand on Ali's shoulder. She whispers in his ear.

FATIMA

Remember the Hadith on Martyrs:
'Those killed in the way of Allah
are alive in Paradise in the
presence of the Throne...'

ALI is deep in thought. He sits, head in hands. Eamon watches impassively, sizing up the situation. His finger still rests on the trigger of his gun. Ali is all too aware of this. Fatima turns to Eamon.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

We're putting our trust in you.
Now show us what an unbeliever can
bring to the fight.

EAMON

Show them, Seamus.

Seamus looks uncertain.

EAMON (CONT'D)

(gesturing to Liam and
Fatima)

Just these two for now.

Seamus still seeks reassurance.

EAMON (CONT'D)

It's OK. They can help you sort
the gear. Brother Ali and I are
going to take some time out.

SEAMUS, still wary, gestures in the direction of the Portakabin. Liam and Fatima follow.

INT. SEAMUS'S YARD, CARAVAN - DAY

Ali sits nervously on the bunk, while Eamon sits on a stool opposite him, quite close, still holding the gun. Eamon offers a canned soft drink to Ali.

Ali takes it, opens the can, swigs a mouthful and then abruptly puts the can down.

EAMON

So you've almost forgotten it's Ramadan?

ALI

I should have remembered.

EAMON

For my lot it was fish on Fridays, no sweets for Lent and no lewd thoughts about Britt Eklund. Thank God I'm an atheist.

ALI

You must believe in something..

EAMON

We're more interested in what you believe.

(beat)

Anyway how do you feel today, Ali?

ALI

I don't know any more. This is surreal...

EAMON

Well I know exactly you feel today. And how you felt the day before that.

ALI

What do you mean?

EAMON

I guess today's just another 'Punish a Muslim Day' isn't it? But it's eight days a week. Groundhog Day. Every day there's a Darren or Martin, some pigs out to smash a brown face. And they're getting organised, Ali. Brother Abdul Aleem can see the pattern. Why can't you?

ALI

It will change...

EAMON

Get real, Ali. It's changing for the worse.

(MORE)

EAMON (CONT'D)

Across the world Muslims are being oppressed - Palestinians in Gaza, Rohingas in Myanmar, refugees in Eastern Europe. Look at the bloody mess the elites have created - Irag, Libya, Syria!

ALI

Yeah, I hear what you're saying. But what am I supposed to do about it? I'm just one person...

EAMON

(beat)

OK, let's get personal. How would you feel if those bastards had raped or killed your sister! How would you feel then? Have you thought about that?

ALI is silent but the question has hit him hard.

EAMON (CONT'D)

You're a clever lad, Ali, with all that scientific rationalism. But you're losing touch with your feelings. Be true to your real self, to the core of that anger, that righteous anger. And act on it.

ALI

Look, I'd be useless as a fighter -

EAMON

Who said anything about fighting?

ALI

(in sudden panic)

You want me to go and blow myself up, don't you? That's it, that's what this is all about...

EAMON

Oh, spare us the high drama. I'm talking about making yourself useful. You could do some intelligence gathering with that drone of yours. I can't trust Brother Seamus to get his head round it.

ALI

I'm still not sure...

EAMON

Let me put this as delicately as I can. I'm not taking any fucking passengers on this trip. If you follow me.

Ali emanates fear and uncertainty.

INT. SEAMUS'S YARD, PORTAKABIN - DAY

On the table, laid out are two assault RIFLES, two machine PISTOLS, GRENADES, AMMUNITION.

Eamon handles one of the PISTOLS.

EAMON

Prezzies from the late Colonel Gadaffi. Your friend and mine.

Eamon hands the PISTOL to Fatima and wraps her hand around it.

EAMON (CONT'D)

(continuing)

This Beretta's right for a beginner. It's almost point-and-click.

FATIMA

Allah will guide me.

Fatima holds the PISTOL with confidence. Seamus looks uneasy but hands another PISTOL to Liam who takes it eagerly.

----- **THE FINALE TBC** -----

INT. SEAMUS'S YARD, CARAVAN - DAY

Eamon and Seamus sit facing each other. For the first time Eamon seems to be on edge.

SEAMUS

I'm ready for anything, comrade.

EAMON

That's good - because there's been a slight change of plan. I need a minder for Ali.

SEAMUS

Fuck that!

EAMON

He'd be dead weight as a performer
and I don't trust him anyway.

SEAMUS

Maybe you should...

Seamus mimes placing a gun to his head.

EAMON

Don't be a fucking idiot, Seamus.
That would only complicate things.
Especially with his sister, who's
totally up for this.

SEAMUS

It was his idea to poke his nose
in!

EAMON

(beat)
He's only a kid. Wrong place,
wrong time...

Seamus reflects on this.

SEAMUS

Our Liam's only a kid, too.
Perhaps we shouldn't -

EAMON

It's his choice, Seamus, he needs
it. If I stop him going now, it'll
be the ruin of him. A man needs
his pride, doesn't he?

SEAMUS

(beat)
Yeah, I guess so. So what am I
doing with Mister Ali?

EAMON

You get to do the easy bit, like I
said. I'm gonna tell him that
he'll stay here with you as our
eye in the sky until we get back.
Then he'll be released, on the
understanding he doesn't grass.
Because we know where he lives...

SEAMUS

Then I just sit here on my ass?

EAMON

No way. Because after we've gone
you're taking him in the van.

(MORE)

EAMON (CONT'D)

And when the fun's over, you'll make a rendez-vous with us at the park. We'll keep each other in the loop.

Seamus reluctantly accepts his new role.

SEAMUS

OK, brother...

EXT. SEAMUS'S YARD - DAY

The YARD GATE is open. Eamon checks his watch before ushering Liam and Fatima into the HIRED CAR. They are wearing their normal clothes but each carries a small shoulder bag. Eamon is wearing combat gear, a small pack and a black beret.

EAMON

This is it. You're gonna make history, people.

FATIMA

What's happening with my brother?

EAMON

No worries. He'll be safe indoors with Uncle Seamus.

FATIMA

(bitterly)

I never thought he'd let us down...

Eamon starts the car and moves off. Ali closes the gate behind them, overseen by Seamus, who now has the shotgun. Fatima gives Ali a reproachful look while Liam turns his head away.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE, MANCHESTER ROAD - DAY

CROWDS are gathering. A group of NAP SUPPORTERS are marching with banners and placards in the direction of the PARK. Bulky STEWARDS protect the flank of the march. Some are in para-military uniform. Brian Buckley is among them, making a speech through a megaphone.

But it's hard to hear what he's saying because of the noise from a chaotic COUNTER DEMONSTRATION that is gathering around them, consisting of a mixture of white and British Asian people of varying ages. POLICE try to monitor and control the situation, but they're already struggling.

INT. CONFERENCE CENTRE - DAY

The STAGE features a large backdrop with pictures of Sedgefield and posters with the party strap line: SOCIAL CONSENSUS - for Peace and Prosperity! The AUDIENCE are mostly older, well-dressed, with a few young faces. A **PARTY OFFICIAL** (m or f, about 40) goes to the PODIUM.

PARTY OFFICIAL

Now let's welcome Simon
Sedgefield, who's come to share
the Social Consensus vision for
our community!

There's rapturous applause as Sedgefield emerges,
flashing his famous smile.

INT. EAMON'S CAR - DAY

Eamon is driving fast along the main road towards the town centre. Fatima and Liam are sitting in the back seats. They are nervous and hyped up.

FATIMA

(to Eamon)

So we're going straight to the
park, right?

EAMON

Get in the enclosure around the
bandstand. You can take out
Buckley and his buddies from
there, no problem.

LIAM

(alarmed

I thought - I thought you were
coming with us.

EAMON

Got a rendez-vous at the
Conference Centre. My old friend
Simon Sedgefield.

Liam is taken aback, as is Fatima.

FATIMA

What's going on? You said you were
supporting us and now -

EAMON

He's an enemy of Islam. Just as
much as those NAP donkeys.

FATIMA

I don't understand.

EAMON

Listen up! Simon's on the board of Typhon Avionics.

Liam and Fatima look blank.

EAMON (CONT'D)

The Dark Galaxy programme. An AI controlled drone network. Monitors internet traffic, relates it to intelligence databases, facial recognition, CCTV records.

Liam can't cope with this unexpected information overload.

LIAM

What's that got to do with anything?

EAMON

It's not your Raphael Klein nonsense. Send a dodgy encrypted email to Syria and ten minutes later as you walk down the street a drone can snuff you with a laser. It's gonna be Sedgefield's unique selling point to the electorate. And he'll get his ten percent. On the killing of your Muslim warriors.

FATIMA

(beat)

Yes, you must stop him... 'They plot and plan. But the best of the planners is Allah.'

EAMON

Glad you take my point, Sister Fatima.

LIAM

(still shaken)

So we're - just a side-show?

EAMON

It's strategic planning, Abdul Aleem.

Liam is silent. They drive on.

EXT. VICTORIA PARK - DAY

The National Alternative marchers are now arriving in the PARK. They're gathering inside the ENCLOSURE around the BANDSTAND, where Brian is supervising the erection of banners as a makeshift PA plays loud Nazi Brit-punk.

But angry members of the PROTEST DEMO are surging on, too, trying to force their way into the ENCLOSURE, despite the efforts of the NAP STEWARDS to keep them out. Minor scuffles are starting while both factions hurl stones and bottles.

POLICE are arriving in VANS and PATROL CARS. They try to form a human chain to hold the protesters back and create a gap around the enclosure. It seems a riot is imminent.

EXT. SEAMUS'S YARD - DAY

Seamus is pacing the yard. He's clutching his phone and checking his watch. Ali sits on the ground, one eye on the gate, the other on Seamus.

SEAMUS
Why hasn't he called?

Ali shrugs.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)
Get off your ass and make yourself useful. Get that fucking drone up.

Reluctantly, Ali gets up and goes to his CAR. Seamus is following his every move with the shotgun. Ali removes the drone and the iPad from the back seat. He's trembling as he switches on the iPad and places the drone on the ground. Seamus moves in closer and peers over his shoulder.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)
No clever tricks now. Just fly it towards town.

The drone takes off. They both peer at the drone's POV via the iPad as it gains height, wobbling a little as it swerves towards the lane. It flies erratically down the lane towards the turnoff to the main road.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)
Keep the bastard steady, can't you... I'm trying to - omigod!

The iPad displays two vehicles turning off towards the lane - an UNMARKED SALOON CAR followed by a police PATROL CAR.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)
 We're fucked. Got to get out
 before they block us in. Open that
 damn gate!

Ali abandons the iPad and moves towards the gate. Seamus rushes to the van and starts the engine.

The iPad still displays the drone's POV. It's now looping wildly over the approaching vehicles.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

A uniformed **OFFICER** (male, 40s) drives. DC Harrison sits beside him. They're both tense.

DC HARRISON
 Remember we've got back-up - in
 case it gets tricky.

The officer nods and accelerates.

EXT/INT. HATCHBACK - DAY

At a ROAD JUNCTION Eamon turns in the direction of the PARK.

Inside the CAR, a CU on Liam. His eyes are closed but his lips are moving as he prays. He grips Fatima's hand.

EXT. THE LANE AT THE ENTRANCE TO SEAMUS'S YARD - DAY

Seamus is trying to exit the yard in his VAN but Ali is struggling to open the GATE. Seamus gestures with the shotgun. Ali at last succeeds.

SEAMUS
 Now get in!

The VAN emerges and turns on to the LANE, sideways on.

But the SALOON CAR and the PATROL CAR are already stopping only yards away, blocking Seamus's only escape route.

Seamus edges the VAN forward a few feet but then stops, realising that it's now a stand-off. However, he leaves the engine running. He aims the shotgun at the nearest car. Two **FIREARMS OFFICERS** (m, 30s) quickly get out, crouching behind the car doors, rifles ready.

FIREARMS OFFICER
 Armed police! Throw out the gun
 and get out of the vehicle.
 (MORE)

FIREARMS OFFICER (CONT'D)

One at a time, hands on head. On the ground!

Ali tries the handle on the van door but Seamus holds him back. DC Harrison gets out of the patrol car and comes forward.

DC HARRISON

Come on, Seamus. Do the sensible thing. Drop the gun and come out. We can talk.

Seamus is mute, gripping the gun. Ali is terrified.

DC HARRISON (CONT'D)

It's your brother we really want talk to. Do you know where he is?

Seamus remains silent. Then he angles the barrel of the gun underneath Ali's jaw.

SEAMUS

Back off and let me through! Or our Paki friend gets it...

Ali closes his eyes, waiting for the worst.

EXT. VICTORIA PARK - INSIDE THE ENCLOSURE - DAY

The POLICE are managing, with difficulty to keep the chanting PROTESTORS outside the BANDSTAND ENCLOSURE, where the NAP RALLY is now in progress. There's much excitement.

NAP SUPPORTERS

NAP! NAP! NAP RULES!

The BANDSTAND is crowded with burly NAP stewards, a guard of honour for more respectable looking figures in suits, like Brian Buckley who takes the microphone. He signals for calm. The shouting diminishes.

BRIAN

Now you all know me as Youth Leader...

MARTIN

(from the crowd)
Yeah, go for it, Brian!

BRIAN

Now it's time to introduce our new candidate.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 Who's served our community well...
 And she's a woman! -

There are expressions of surprise and uncertainty on some faces in the crowd.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 Never let them say NAP isn't
 progressive. And like another lady
 you might remember, this is a
 woman of iron underneath her
 charm. Let's welcome - Marion
 Chaffey!

Ms Chaffey, smartly dressed, emerges from the rear of the bandstand and regally takes the microphone. Brian gives her an awkward kiss and presents her with a bouquet of flowers. The NAP supporters dutifully cheer.

MS. CHAFFEY
 Thank you, Brian. Until a few
 months ago I believed in politics.
 The old muddled liberal politics
 of compromise and weakness - that
 oppresses the patriotic instincts
 of our decent young men...

The NAP youth are listening now, a few murmuring in agreement.

MS. CHAFFEY (CONT'D)
 Now I've learned there's a new
 politics, another way. The
 National Alternative Way!

The NAP crowd cheers and chants.

NAP SUPPORTERS
 NAP! NAP! NAP!

EXT. VICTORIA PARK - OUTSIDE THE ENCLOSURE - DAY

Fatima is near one of the ENTRANCES to the ENCLOSURE, caught between the FENCE and the POLICE LINE kettling the PROTESTERS.

Ms Chaffey is still speaking but it's impossible to distinguish what she's saying over the general uproar.

Fatima tries to force her way in, but a steward takes one look at her skin colour, mouths an obscenity and pushes her away. She staggers into the arms of a policeman who grabs her arm and shoves her behind the police line into the scrum of the protesters. She scans the enclosure desperately, trying to locate Liam.

On the other side of the enclosure, Liam has managed to get past the stewards and is making his way through the crowd towards the front.

His POV focus switches rapidly between Brian and Chaffey but can't settle on one or the other. Distorted fragments of her speech are intelligible through the din and resonate through his brain like echoes from a Nazi rally.

MS. CHAFFEY

....that's diluted our national
blood-identity ...and nurtures
the alien terrorists among us...

Liam stops behind a group of big youths in elaborate Nazi-fetish military gear, with steel helmets, SS badges, big daggers. He tries to pull out his gun surreptitiously but one of the youths turns and gives it an appreciative glance.

NAZI FETISH YOUTH

That's some cool replica... Hey,
look at this guys!

All eyes in the group are now on Liam. He tries to move away but his progress is slowed by the density of the crowd. The Nazi Fetish Youth, curiosity aroused, is on his trail and closing in.

In a blind panic, Liam fires in the general direction of the bandstand, emptying his magazine on a volley of random bursts.

For a second everyone around him freezes in shock. Then a woman screams. Liam pushes through a cluster of terrified older people and starts running towards an exit.

EXT. THE LANE AT THE ENTRANCE TO SEAMUS'S YARD - DAY

Seamus is still holding the gun to Ali's throat. But he's wavering.

DC HARRISON

He's just a boy, Seamus. Like your
nephew Liam. Are you fond of Liam?

SEAMUS

(beat)
What's that to you?

DC HARRISON

Is he with your brother Eamon? On
that camping trip? Or somewhere
else, maybe?

Seamus is sweating now.

DC HARRISON (CONT'D)
Is he safe, do you think?

SEAMUS
(breaking down)
It's all a fucking mess...

DC HARRISON
We can sort this, Seamus. Just drop the gun and let him go. Then we can talk.

SEAMUS
(snapping)
Ah, fuck your talk!

Seamus pulls the gun away from Ali's face and fires wildly through the van window, catching DC Harrison in the shoulder. The firearms officers respond, hitting Seamus in the head. He lolls back in his seat, lifeless.

Ali tumbles out of the van and crawls across the ground, to lie there shivering and sobbing. The uniformed officer handcuffs him.

INT. CONFERENCE CENTRE - DAY

Sedgefield is on the podium in full flow.

SEDFIELD
....New Consensus can transform this town into a hub for hi-tech industries. When we're elected, fifteen hundred skilled jobs will become available at a new state-of-the art facility, to be built right here in Nelson, as part of a deal we're making with an international partner - to reinforce our national security.

The audience applauds enthusiastically.

EXT. OUTSIDE TERRACE HOUSE - DAY

Eamon pulls up outside a dilapidated terrace **HOUSE** in a side street. There's an estate agent's sign outside: FOR RENT. It's close to the CONFERENCE CENTRE CAR PARK. He gets out, quickly forces the lock and goes inside.

EXT. PARK BANDSTAND ENCLOSURE - DAY

There's CHAOS in front of the bandstand - screams, shouts and fury as some of the crowd surge towards the stand, where a steward leans over a blood-stained figure in a dress slumped on the floor. A middle aged man is also down, staring in disbelief at the blood flowing from his thigh. Brian grabs the microphone.

BRIAN
 (to crowd)
 For chrissakes, let the paramedics
 through!

But the rest of the mob ignore him as they STAMPEDE towards the exits, crushing and stumbling over each other. Some try clambering over the fence, to face the POLICE LINE, now falling apart, and turmoil among the PROTESTERS. Some protesters push forward, fighting the NAP boys escaping the enclosure. Others turn and run, adding to the congestion and confusion.

Fatima, trapped in the melee, is searching desperately for Liam.

But Liam is already out of the enclosure. A furious posse of NAP paramilitaries are chasing him.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - DAY

Eamon enters a dusty empty room, overlooking the CONFERENCE CENTRE. A sudden jolt of pain crosses his face and he coughs. But he opens his pack and starts assembling his ASSAULT RIFLE.

EXT. PARK - PATH TO TUNNEL - DAY

The NAP group are catching up with Liam as he runs towards the TUNNEL that leads to the far side of the park. We follow POVs switching between the NAP pursuers and Liam.

Soon, at the entrance to the tunnel, they catch him. In the semi-darkness, we see him go down in an onslaught of kicks and punches.

EXT. PARK BANDSTAND ENCLOSURE - DAY

Fatima is being swept away from the enclosure by the momentum of the crowd trying to escape. She's jostled by a tangle of NAP folk and counter-demonstrators, some fighting each other with fists, broken placards and bottles. Children are embroiled in the fracas. POLICE with RIOT SHIELDS are moving in.

From Fatima's POV we see Brian, still on the bandstand trying in vain to control the situation. Still struggling to get closer she pushes forward - and produces her GUN.

There's shock and awe on the faces of both protesters and NAP fans. They pull back as she forces her way through the scrum into the enclosed area which still holds NAP followers who've been unable to get out. This includes a **YOUNG MOTHER and YOUNG FATHER** (20s) with a **CHILD** (f, 8) who clutches a Union Jack flag. Fatima aims her gun at Brian. We see her shaky POV down the barrel of the gun.

FATIMA
(shouting)
Allahu Akbar!

YOUNG MOTHER
(screaming)
She's got a bomb, she's got a
bomb!

Fatima FIRES but the shot goes wide and ricochets against a pillar on the bandstand.

The Young Father hurtles forward and tackles her as she staggers from the weapon's recoil. Off-balance she FIRES again and again, missing both Brian and the Father, but spraying the area with bullets.

The Young Mother screams. One of the stray shots has caught the Child, who is bleeding profusely from a stomach wound.

Fatima falls to her knees in shock, suddenly confronted by the brutal reality of what she has done. She lets the gun drop.

The Young Father stops struggling with Fatima and sees his daughter cradled in his sobbing wife's arms. He grips Fatima by the throat. The CROWD closes in on Fatima, although some have conflicting priorities.

VOICES IN THE CROWD
Ambulance! Where are the fucking
cops? Kill the bitch! KILL THE
BITCH!

Brian has left the bandstand and is staring at Fatima whose arms and legs are now pinned down by the girl's Father and NAP Stewards. POLICE OFFICERS are now approaching.

BRIAN
(to the CROWD)
Let the cops take her. She'll rot
in jail for life.

NAP STEWARD
 Stay out of it, mate! This is
 People's Justice...

Even Brian is shaken by what ensues. The police officers are too late to restrain the fury of the mob. Fatima, rolling on the ground, is overcome by a hail of blows from fists, boots - and knives.

INT. CONFERENCE CENTRE - DAY

Sedgefield is on the podium.

SEDGEFIELD
 ...the State has a duty to protect
 you. And we'll do what is
 necessary -

The Party Official runs across the stage and whispers urgently in his ear. Sedgefield nods and goes back to the microphone

SEDGEFIELD (CONT'D)
 (calmly)
 We've just heard there's been some
 kind of incident in Victoria Park.
 Allegedly shots have been fired.

Murmurs of anxiety from the audience. A few rise in their seats.

SEDGEFIELD (CONT'D)
 No need to be alarmed. The police
 have advised us to remain here as
 the Centre is now under lock-down
 and all entrances are guarded.
 They'll tell us when it's safe to
 leave.

EXT. PARK - DAY

An overview of the Park. The police now seem to have more control over the situation. They are breaking up groups and making arrests. Ambulances are leaving, sirens blaring.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - DAY

Eamon is checking his phone for messages. He checks the time.

EAMON
 (close)
 Ah, for fuck's sake, Seamus. Come
 on...

Eamon checks his gear, scans the view from the window and ponders for a moment. Then he picks up his phone again. He flicks through pictures - the Irish tri-colour flag, a pic of Angela, a selfie of Emilia. Then he calls.

EAMON (CONT'D)

This is the IRA. Code-word
Connolly. You have five minutes.
We've left a calling card in your
centre.

INT. CONFERENCE CENTRE CORRIDOR - DAY

Sedgefield, his **PA** (f. 30s) and two **MINDERS** (m, 30/40s) hurry along a passage. Anxious members of the audience follow him.

MINDER

Limo's round the back, sir.

They break into a run.

EXT. CONFERENCE CENTRE CAR PARK - DAY

Sedgefield and his entourage emerge from an EXIT at the rear of the building. The LIMO swings into the pick up area.

But Eamon runs towards them, firing as he goes, shooting out

On a signal from Eamon, Liam shoots the front tyres of the LIMO. The PA, screaming, kneels on the ground with hands up. Liam shoots her in the ankle.

The MINDERS head for a LAND ROVER parked nearby, dragging a petrified Sedgefield with them, but Eamon kills one of them. The other cowers behind the vehicle.

Sedgefield himself is immobilised by Eamon who shoots him in the knee.

T

Sedgefield lies on the ground moaning, in a pool of blood.

Now Eamon crouches and leans over Sedgefield only inches away from his face.

SEDFIELD

Please... We can have a deal...
I'm a peace-maker...

EAMON

Yes, it's always peace for you and
your kind. Not for the rest of us.

A CAR arrives, disgorging DC Harrison and the two
Firearms Officers, who take aim at Eamon.

DC HARRISON

(to Firearms Officers)
Hold your fire! (to Eamon,
shouting) It doesn't have to end
like this, Eamon!

Eamon is staring into Sedgefield's eyes. He moves closer.

EAMON

(Quietly)
You're hoping your 'trained
negotiators' are going to sort
this. Before you run out of blood.
But I've had enough of your
negotiations. You see, Simon, I
don't believe in your version of
peace. I don't believe in Jesus or
Mohammed. That's all about power
and keeping people in their place.
So no more little talks, eh?

SEDFIELD

There have to be ways... A deal...

EAMON

What am I gonna do with a deal?

Eamon opens his combat jacket. He takes a GRENADE from
his belt and pulls the pin.

EAMON (CONT'D)

This one's for Bobby Sands - and
all the lads who died for the
cause.

Eamon releases the lever. The screen flares into
whiteness.

EPILOGUE (PROBABLY WON'T USE THE FOLLOWING)

INT. EMILIA'S FLAT - EVENING

Emilia is watching a TV NEWS REPORT with increasing
anxiety.

The REPORTER(m/f 30s) is doing a PIECE TO CAMERA in another NEARBY STREET. Police tape has cordoned off the end of the road.

REPORTER

(on screen)

...this is the closest we can get to the area where the two attacks took place. Police still haven't confirmed the number of casualties at Nelson Conference Centre but we believe that at least six people have died including MP Simon Sedgefield and two of the three attackers...

INT. MOHAMMED'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Mohammed and Azra are watching the same REPORT, deeply shocked.

REPORTER

(on screen)

The explosion of the van in xxx Street nearby has killed at least thirteen people, two of whom are believed to have been children. A warning was given but police were still clearing the area when the bomb went off...

Azra hurriedly switches off the TV.

AZRA

They should have been home by six.

MOHAMMED

I must call the police.

AZRA

You should have done that a long time ago...

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - DAY

The STREET is full of POLICE VEHICLES. In the distance we can see a cordon of police tape and beyond that photographers and camera crews.

I/E. ANGELA'S HOUSE, LIAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

FORENSIC OFFICERS (M or F, 30s) in white overalls sift through Liam's books, papers and clothes.

The OFFICERS bag up many items, including external hard drives, memory sticks, notebooks, magazines and Liam's flow-charts, before carrying them out to a police van.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Mohammed and Azra face a plain clothes **DETECTIVE** across a table. Mohammed is shattered. Azra is sobbing, out of control.

DETECTIVE

I'm sorry Mrs Ahmed. But the evidence is on CCTV.

AZRA

That wasn't my lovely Fatima.

MOHAMMED

I have seen the bodies. Both our children.

AZRA

How can Allah permit this to happen?

Mohammed tries to comfort her.

MOHAMMED

'We try you with evil as a test and unto us you shall be returned.' We must pray.

AZRA

I don't want preaching. I want my kids back...

DETECTIVE

Your daughter was armed. She'd killed two people in cold blood. Unfortunately the officers had to respond.

AZRA

Your people murdered her. Like you always do.

DETECTIVE

The Independent Police Complaints Commission can investigate, of course. But honestly -

MOHAMMED

Our dear Ali was sometimes foolish but he had a pure heart. Everyone liked him. He had great plans. Why should he become a terrorist?

DETECTIVE

I hope you can both help me to find out. In recent weeks did either of you notice anything strange about his behavior?

MOHAMMED

No... No...

DETECTIVE

Absolutely certain?

MOHAMMED

I would not have put Ali's name forward for training at the mosque if I thought he was some ISIS fanatic! You can talk to Dr Shaheed.

DETECTIVE

I have, Mr Ahmed. I gather your son was instrumental in converting Liam Casey to Islam.

MOHAMMED

I don't know... We took that boy into our family, helped him when he was made homeless for his faith.

AZRA

(to Mohammed)

You should never have done it.

DETECTIVE

But Ali obviously had a big influence on Liam.

AZRA

The thug Seamus Molloy must have forced him into that van.

MOHAMMED

To bring shame on Muslims.

DETECTIVE

That's an interpretation, Mr. Ahmed. But we don't know for certain.

AZRA

We brought them up to respect the English law. Everything was good until Ali met that Melissa girl.

DETECTIVE

Girl?

AZRA

She didn't share our values. So Ali broke it off. Then the horrible things began.

DETECTIVE

The assault on your daughter was terrible. But she was obviously deeply traumatised. And very angry.

AZRA

Angry at the way your youths treat women...

DETECTIVE

Isn't it just possible that she wanted some kind of revenge on society?

AZRA

I want revenge.

Mohammed is shocked.

AZRA (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Not just on your cops and MPs. On all men, like stupid old men in mosques and madrassas who dictate our lives.

Mohammed is stunned. The detective doesn't know how to respond. After a minute he gathers his papers and gets up.

DETECTIVE

Thank you both for coming in. I think it would be appropriate to end the interview here. We do of course have counselling services, if you'd like to avail yourself of them. Mrs Ahmed, perhaps you would

-

MOHAMMED

Thank you, officer. But we will seek spiritual consolation with our imam.

AZRA

(to Mohammed)

You can. I'm going to my sister in Birmingham.

Azra walks quickly out. Mohammed tries to follow her out into the CORRIDOR.

MOHAMMED

Azra, please..

Azra quickens her pace.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - DAY

Angela is curled up on the sofa, moaning. She clutches the PHOTOS of young Eamon and Seamus. The ROOM is a wreck, empty bottles and half-finished meals piled up. Flowers and condolence cards are scattered over the floor.

INT. EMILIA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emilia stares, bewildered at a thick brown ENVELOPE hand-addressed to her. Very warily she opens it. She pulls out a thick wad of bank notes. A scribbled note flutters to the floor. Perplexed she picks it up.

EAMON

(vo, processed)

Hope this will be enough to fly
you back to Budapest and start you
off in the animal repair trade.
Have a drink for me and Uncle
Miklos.

Emilia breaks down in tears.

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - DAY

A **WPC** and **SOCIAL WORKER** hold Caitlin's hands as they guide her towards a Council vehicle.

SOCIAL WORKER

(to Caitlin)

Don't worry, Caitlin, dear. It's a
really nice place.

Caitlin looks numb.

EXT. THE OLD BAILEY, LONDON - DAY

A shot of the famous STATUE OF JUSTICE on the roof.

JUDGE

(VO, courtroom acoustic)

Liam Casey, you were at the centre
of a confluence of evil. I have
taken into account your youth and
the fact that you were manipulated
by others.

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Nevertheless you will serve a life sentence with a minimum term of twenty-six years. Take him down.

INT. PRISON CELL. NIGHT

The CELL is absolutely bare. Liam's only possession seems to be his KORAN. Wearing prison garb he sits on the edge of his BUNK, watching a small TV. On the SCREEN the REPORTER who covered the bombing is standing in a field in a remote part of Lancashire. In the sky behind we can see faint VAPOUR TRAILS.

REPORTER

(to camera)

It was on July 22 last year that the body of Edgar Mulberg, a forty-seven year old ~~American~~, was discovered in this remote spot by two local youths. Mulberg had suffered severe skull fractures and spinal injuries. He had been blindfolded. In today's inquest at Manchester Coroner's Court, pathologist Malcolm Munro stated he was puzzled by the lack of DNA evidence on the body or signs that a weapon like a club had been used. He had however seen similar injuries in parachuting accidents when chutes had failed to deploy. Coroner Stephanie Collins recorded an open verdict. Mulberg, who'd lived in the UK for many years, was better known to some as Raphael Klein, the author of popular books on conspiracy theory and alien possession...

Liam leans forward and turns off the TV. He pulls a tiny sliver of paper and a pencil out of his KORAN and starts making notes...

TITLE : The investigation of the 18 year old man who helped engineer the killing of MP Simon Sedgfield outside the Conference Centre in Nelson has been dropped after it was decided that much of the evidence gathered could not be presented because of national security concerns.

Detectives said on Tuesday they believed they could identify those responsible for the 2015 murder of Sedgefield, but that the evidence prosecutors would be able to present to a court would not be enough to get a conviction.

FADE TO BLACK -
END CREDITS

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