

Good Vibrations

by

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Shooting Script  
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1

EXT. HOOLEY FAMILY HOME - DAY

1

CAPTION: *Belfast, the Fifties*

A beautiful ordered garden. The colours are fairy-tale bright. Bird song.

On a window an election poster has been taped: *VOTE HOOLEY FOR A GENUINE ALTERNATIVE*

On the grass sits a portable record player. Beside it a

MAVIS (O. S.)  
Do you think is he going to lose  
it?

There are looming faces - DOCTOR, Terri's parents MAVIS and GEORGE - a disorienting rush of lights - suggestive of eye tests, but merging with other lights - city lights, searchlights. There are eye charts, which merge with 60s protest placards - US out of Vietnam - Ban the Bomb - with magazine covers: Ego, OZ

MAVIS (CONT'D)  
Is he going to lose it?

The charts, placards, magazines merge with newspaper headlines charting the start of the Northern Irish Troubles, a barrage of surreal images from the 50s to the 70s darker as the headlines change: from agricultural shows to sheep fleeing a bomb blast, from schoolkids dancing at a fete to a line of monks being frisked by British soldiers.

MAVIS (O. S.) (CONT'D)  
(growing frantic)  
Is he going to be blinded?

Image and sound reach a crescendo.

GEORGE (O. S.)  
(consoling)  
He's just going to see things a  
little bit differently.

3 INT. HOOLEY FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

3

An explosion fills the TV screen.

TERRI, now in his 20s, rubs his eye. There is, throughout, an open, almost child-like quality to his expression totally at odds with some of what he does, and says.

Beside him sit MAVIS and GEORGE, a man whose bearing, as much as his waistcoat and collarless shirt, marks him as out of his time.

TERRI  
What a fucking nightmare.

MAVIS  
Mind you your language.

GEORGE  
And they call this a revolution?

A poster is on the wall VOTE HOOLEY STILL A GENUINE  
ALTERNATIVE

4 INT. DARKROOM - DAY

4

TERRI wears a Kodak overall. Sitting on a work bench, knees up, smoking a joint is his mate ERIC - more sixth Stone than fifth Beatle, more Sticky Finger than Satisfaction.

There are photos pegged up to dry. There are also flyers (clearly home-made): *Terri Hool ey, Tonight at 8...*

Max Romeo's 'War in a Babylon' plays on a portable turntable. TERRI sings along as he pegs up another flyer.

TERRI  
'War in a Babylon, tribal war in a  
Babylon, let me tell you, it  
sipple out there...'

ERIC  
Sssh.

TERRI  
What?

ERIC  
Do you hear something?

The 'something' is an alarm going off, but it barely registers before TERRI starts singing again.

TERRI  
'... tribal was in a Babylon...'  
(breaking off)  
What baffles me, Jamaica and  
Belfast have so much in common.  
Cops and soldiers giving you  
grief day in day out, armed gangs  
running round murdering people  
for fuck all. But at least in  
Jamaica they have decent music.

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

BOMB DISPOSAL MAN  
(indistinctly)  
Get the fuck out!

ERIC jumps down from the bench. TERRI carefully takes the record off before leaving. A second later he returns, grabs a handful of flyers.

5 EXT. KODAK - DAY

5

SOLDIERS herd OTHER WORKERS behind a cordon where news cameras lurk. TERRI and ERIC saunter out

TERRI

So are you coming down tonight?

ERIC

TERRI (CONT'D)

Marty. Ned.

MARTY

I'd watch where I shouted that  
life-wish stuff. Some people  
might take it as a challenge.

TERRI

(nods to Kodak building)  
Some people look like they have  
enough to keep them busy.

MARTY

That's not one of ours. If it had  
been one of ours there wouldn't  
have been a warning.

He flicks the CND badge on TERRI's coat.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I'd forgotten about those.

TERRI

No kidding. MARTY (CONT'D)

A security camera tracks his approach. TERRI takes out his glass eye and thrusts it up to the lens.

A buzzer sounds.

7

INT. HARP BAR - NIGHT

7

The hand that held up the eye now rifles through a box of records: Shangri-las, 13th Floor Elevators, Gladiators. A poster on the wall reads TERRI HOOLEY BELFAST'S NO. 1 DJ. Next to it a WAR IS OVER poster ('Love John and Yoko'), another for the Rolling Stones gig at the Ulster Hall, 1966 an outlaws gallery: Hank Williams, Bob Marley, Johnny Cash.

TERRI downs a brandy, lights a cigarette lit, takes a record from its sleeve: 'Soul Rebel' by The Wailers.

He places it on the turntable, closes his eyes and starts to sing along.

TERRI  
*I'm a rebel, soul rebel*

This is RUTH. There is something handmade about her; a style so individual it borders on the eccentric.

PAT hands TERRI another £5.

8

INT. HARP BAR - NIGHT

8

RUTH orders a drink. A loud scratch as, mid-song, TERRI changes tjEi 22



MARTY, NED and ANDY down their drinks. NED's comes back up his nose. The others laugh, pat his back. NED is furious.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Then the first shot was fired

The three shorts glasses smash.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
And the first bomb exploded and suddenly I didn't have any more Marxist, or feminist, or anarchist friends.

The room darkens. The FRIENDS are now on opposing sides of the room, MARTY and NED on one side, ANDY on the other. There is finger-pointing, rancour.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
I just had Catholic friends and Protestant friends. And I don't consider myself either. So...

10 INT. HARP BAR - NIGHT

10

Back to the 70s. The room is empty again save for TERRI and RUTH, the PAT and the OLD BOY.

RUTH  
So now nobody likes you?

TERRI  
Now I'm just a bit more choosy about my friends. Anyway, you're one to talk, where's your gang?

RUTH  
They don't like dancing as much as I do.

TERRI reaches over behind the bar for a note pad.

TERRI  
Have you a pen?

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

TERRI  
Here, stick your name at the top.

RUTH hesitates, shrugs, writes.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
(squinting at the page)  
Are you Martian?

RUTH  
Stop it. It's Ruth. R-U-T-H

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

11 EXT. HARP BAR - NIGHT 11

RUTH pushes TERRI up against the wire grille over a shop window bearing the sign CLOSING DOWN: EVERYTHING MUST GO.

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

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

TERRI  
No.

12 EXT. BELFAST STREET - NIGHT 12

RUTH is practically trailing TERRI by the hand.

13 INT. DAVE AND MARYLYN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 13

An ancient species of Mimeograph machine sits on a table. MARYLYN HYNDMAN - a few years older than Ruth - leans against the wall, smoking, while DAVE HYNDMAN circles it, wrench in his hand, trying to decide which bit to hit.

RUTH drags TERRI through, tossing out perfunctory introductions

RUTH  
Dave, Marylyn: Terri. Terri:  
Dave, Marylyn.

14 EXT. YARD - NIGHT 14

The yard has room only for a bin, a bicycle, TERRI and RUTH.

RUTH  
I was at a party here one night,  
it was all getting a bit much, so  
I came out here and hid.

TERRI  
Where?

He follows the line of RUTH's gaze: the bin.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
You're not serious.

He walks over, lifts the lid, looks inside, then turns to RUTH.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Shall we?

Hand in hand they each put one leg over then the other, disappearing as though in a variety show magic act. One hand reappears and replaces the bin lid.

A pause.

TERRI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I've got a glass eye.

RUTH (O.S.)  
So shut it.

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

RUTH (O.S.)  
Shut it.

A CAMERA FLASH

15 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - DAY

15

A wedding picture on the hall wall: Terri and Ruth.

Bags and boxes the length of the hallway. TERRI and RUTH are moving in. DAVE comes in through the front door carrying a large carton. TERRI, behind him, carries an ashtray, into which every so often as he rants he flicks ash.

TERRI  
I tell you another thing I hate,  
that word communities. Whenever  
anybody in Northern Ireland says  
community what they're really  
saying is side

DAVE  
(from behind the box)  
You're dead right, it's false  
consciousness.

TERRI

A For Sale sign is now marked Sold.

ERIC

Listen, I came to tell you, I'm clearing off to London for a while.

TERRI

Don't take it so hard, you're still special.

Eric tries to raise a smile without success. He looks over his shoulder.

ERIC

I got lifted the other night.

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

ERIC (CONT'D)

A couple of our old anti-war pals were there.

TERRI

That fucker Marty?

ERIC

The other crowd.

ANDY whips off his mask with one hand, to reveal a leaner, infinitely meaner-looking version of his 60s self; with the other hand he brandishes a pair of sheep shears.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Except of course they're all a bit more *pro-war* these days.

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

TERRI winces as the shears flash and snap.

One by one the HOODED MEN step back; ANDY is last to go. ERIC is on the doorstep once more.

ERIC  
Told me I was lucky it wasn't a  
bullet.

TERRI  
For what, dealing a bit of blow?

ERIC leans in and takes hold of TERRI'S wrist.

ERIC  
It's not the drugs. It's me, it's  
you - they try to pass themselves  
off as the school rebels, we show  
them up as the prefects.

He puts the hat back on so that RUTH coming downstairs  
doesn't see his hair. He smiles at her, then at TERRI.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
(in an undertone)  
They want us off the streets.

TERRI watches him go.

17 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - LATER

17

TERRI sits on the sofa, with an Exchange and Mart open at  
the 'Records' page, a couple of ads circled. RUTH lies  
across his lap. TERRI sets down paper.

TERRI  
You are everything to me.

RUTH laughs, taken aback by the suddenness of it all.

RUTH  
I'll settle for being the most  
important.

MARILYN comes into the room carrying a box.

MARILYN  
Don't mind me working here.

TERRI  
(into RUTH'S hair)  
Everything.

18 EXT. BELFAST STREET - NIGHT

18

TERRI walks away from Sorting Office opening a package:  
records. He walks on past boarded-up shops.

A car appears on the far side of the street, traveling in  
the opposite direction.

TERRI pulls his chin down into his collar as it passes him. The sound of the car fades into the distance, leaving only TERRI's footsteps.

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

A THUG jumps out. He pulls TERRI's coat over his head and drags him towards the car. TERRI resists.

At one stage his head is inside the car. He and the driver, redheaded NED, are eye to eye.

TERRI

Ned?

NED

(Lifting a wheel brace)

Here, hit him a whack with this.

TERRI in his panic flails, catching NED's cheek with the record bag. He manages to break free, leaving his coat, sweater, and shirt in the hands of the THUG. Somehow he's managed to hold on to the bag. He runs. THUG gets out and starts to give chase.

Headlights appear further up the street.

NED (CONT'D)

Quick, get in.

(holding a hand to his face)

You're a dead man, Hool ey!

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

He sits finally, lights a cigarette and closes his eyes. RUTH sits on the arm of the chair beside him. Her gaze roams over his face.

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

TERRI  
No, that's what they expect -  
that's what they want.

He jumps up, knocking over the bag of records. They spill across the floor. He and RUTH start to pick them up.

TERRI stops, straightens. RUTH looks at him.

RUTH  
Terri?

21 INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY 21

BANK MANAGER  
Say that again.

TERRI  
I want to open a record shop.

BANK MANAGER  
On Great Victoria Street?

TERRI nods.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)  
'Bomb Alley'?

22 EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY 22

A down-at-heel three-storey building in a late-Victorian terrace. TERRI and RUTH, DAVE and MARILYN look up at the frontage.

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

They go in.

23 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY 23

It's a wreck. There's a dead pigeon on the floor.

DAVE  
(climbing the stairs)  
So, whole-food shop down here.  
(MORE)





DAVE  
I don't think the John Lennon  
story helped.

TERRI and DAVE walk off. RUTH stands looking after them.

TERRI

(draws on his cigarette)

No, it was all pretty straightforward. The forty quid swung it.

(runs a finger round the phone's change drawer)

But, here, I might be home a bit late, I just have to go and do something about the, ah, sewers.

TERRI pulls scraps of paper from his pocket; dials the number written on one particularly dog-eared scrap.

A pause. A deep drag.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Marty? Terri Hoolley.

TERRI walks up to a stall on which, among the other crap,

Everyone is looking at him, wondering where this is going.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
I thought for a bunch of cunts  
like you a few LPs would probably  
do the trick.

He fashions a smile, empties a box on one table, a box on the other and spreads the records out: jumble sale crap.

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

A moment. They all dive at once.

31 INT. HARP BAR - AFTERNOON

31

The tables are closer together. REPUBLICAN PARAMILITARIES and LOYALIST PARAMILITARIES are looking at their albums.

NED  
Wait, I already have *Desperado*.

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

TERRI  
Right, everybody happy?

Nods, murmurs: they're happy.

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

Silence.

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

32 EXT. HARP BAR - LATER

32

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

ANDY  
That was some performance you put  
on there.

TERRI  
I try my best.

ANDY

34

EXT. GREAT VICTORIA STREET - EVENING

34

Night is falling. The street is deserted, the buildings in darkness. There is only one figure in the street: Elvis. There is only one light on: Good Vibrations's.

35

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

35

A hand (TERRI's) flicks a light switch; presses a button to open a cash register; pours coins into the drawers; flips open a receipt book. Finally the hand removes a record from a sleeve: the Wailers' *Catch a Fire*. Sets it on the turntable; lowers the needle.

The music swells; TERRI is at the counter, the Outlaws gallery from the Harp on the wall behind him; he looks up.

There are all of two customers, PUGWASH and A. N. OTHER

A. N. OTHER lifts an album.

TERRI  
(shouts)  
Great choice, Too Many Saviours  
on my Cross!

A. N. OTHER sets it down and leaves.

PUGWASH  
It'd be wasted on him.

TERRI  
You're probably right.

TWO RUC MEN enter.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
(under his breath)  
Here we go.

FIRST RUC MAN  
See business is going well.

TERRI  
Early days.

FIRST RUC MAN  
(picks up Wailers  
sleeve: Marley toking)  
Your old chum Eric has left a bit  
of a gap in the market and we  
have our suspicions about who's  
filled it.

TERRI  
What the fuck are you talking  
about? It's a record shop!

FIRST RUC MAN

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

He sets down the sleeve on his way out. SECOND RUC MAN follows; FIRST RUC MAN turns at the door.

FIRST RUC MAN (CONT'D)

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

TERRI walks to the window getting there just as the track ends. GEORGE is out on Great Victoria Street, pointing the same way as Elvis.

GEORGE

Don't let the name fool you. Good Vibrations? Naked capitalism is what it is!

TERRI

Fuck sake, dad.

36 EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT 36

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

37 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT 37

TERRI counts the takings. He lifts the cash drawer to see if he's missed any. He hasn't.

He looks around the empty shop.

38 EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT 38

TERRI locks up. He lights a cigarette. He hears youthful laughter. His head turns, looks up an alley, at the same moment as RUTH appears behind him

RUTH

Boo.

TERRI drops the cigarette down his jumper.

RUTH (CONT'D)

I thought I'd walk you home.

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

A TV CREW has set up on the footpath. An earnest journalist - DES - delivers a piece to camera.

DES

For the people of Belfast the nightmare continues.

TERRI and RUTH walk through his shot without interrupting their conversation.

RUTH

How was it today?

TERRI

Another few customers wouldn't hurt. One or two under thirty wouldn't hurt either. What about you?

RUTH

I haven't spoken to anyone over the age of twelve.

39

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

39

Another day in the shop. TERRI looks glum.

PUGWASH steps up to the counter with a Shangri-las album.

PUGWASH

Just the one today, Terri.

TERRI

Ah, Pugwash, beehives and teenage suicide... we obviously share the same taste in women. Three pound.

PUGWASH goes. Behind him stands an odd-looking urchin. This is FANGS, a Belfast punk, missing a few front teeth.

FANGS

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FANGS  
If you don't want to fuck me fuck  
off, the Electric Chairs?

TERRI shakes his head. FANGS looks around.

FANGS (CONT'D)  
I thought this was supposed to be  
a record shop.

They stare at one another. TERRI recognises something in  
the kid's attitude. He gets a pen, a piece of paper.

TERRI  
I'll order them.

DAVE enters carrying posters, which he gives to FANGS

DAVE  
Here you go, hot off the press.

FANGS instantly hands one to TERRI.

FANGS  
(not asking, telling)  
Stick that up for us.

TERRI unrolls it: *JANUARY 12TH - RUDI AND THE OUTCASTS -  
THE POUND, TOWNHALL STREET.*

TERRI  
A gig? Who's putting that on?

FANGS  
Us.

TERRI looks at the poster again. When he looks up FANGS is  
already heading for the door.

TERRI  
Here, where are you hearing all  
that stuff you were asking me  
for?

FANGS  
Peel.

TERRI  
John Peel? Last time I heard he  
was playing Pink Floyd.

He turns to the wall, looking for a space. When he can't  
see one he takes down the Rolling Stones Ulster Hall bill.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Sorry, boys.



TERRI pushes his way through the crowd and buttonholes an RUC MAN, writing down the name of a pink-haired PUNK GIRL.

TERRI



TERRI

Terri Hooley. I run a record shop  
and that 'Big Time' song...  
(he sings the riff)  
I want that in my shop.

RONNIE

You can want all you like.

TERRI

Are you telling me you haven't  
recorded it?

BRIAN

Recorded it? Who's going to come  
to Belfast to sign us.

RONNIE

That's just the way it is. We  
don't care.

TERRI

Fuck sake, raise your  
expectations.  
(a pause)  
I'll do it. I'll put it out.

BRIAN

You're pissed.

TERRI

So what?

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

TERRI (CONT'D)

I'll put that record out.

BRIAN

How?

TERRI

I don't know.  
(to DAVE)  
How hard can it be?

RUDI look at one another and laugh.

BRIAN

Whatever you think, mate.

TERRI

I'll be in touch during the week.  
You're making a record, fellas.

TERRI and DAVE head for the exit.

DAVE

You just can't go charging into something like that... Anyway, we're meant to be a collective.

TERRI

We are, you can print the sleeves.

Two OUTCASTS approach, singer GREG, a bottle of cider in his hand, and GETTY, Pink-haired PUNK GIRL hanging on to his... until her BOYFRIEND grabs her back.

GREG

Here, will you record us too?

TERRI

I'm not that fucking pissed.

44 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

44

The bedroom door opens with a bang. TERRI framed by the hall light.

TERRI

You'll never believe what I've just seen.

RUTH sits up in bed, struggling to open her eyes. TERRI pulls back the covers, gets into bed.

TERRI (CONT'D)

These kids... they don't give a shit. You have to hear them.

RUTH

Now? What time is it?

TERRI

I don't know. Four. You have to hear them.

RUTH

Right, right.

TERRI

Everybody has to hear them.

RUTH

Right.

(pause)

Have you still your shoes on?

A thump as one shoe lands on the floor. Another thump.

TERRI

Everybody.

45 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT 45

RUTH is asleep. Terri is awake staring at the ceiling. The ceiling is a movie screen; TERRI, in Hank Williams's famous white suit, with rhinestone music notes, is on stage at the Pound with RUDI, the OUTCASTS and a host of PUNKS singing 'I Saw the Light'.

46 INT. WIZARD STUDIO - DAY 46

BRIAN and TERRI enter. Two men are in conversation at a mixing desk, one - in a multi-coloured suede patchwork coat - standing (DAVY SMYTH) the other - lank hair, cheesecloth shirt - sitting (DAVY SHANNON)

TERRI  
Which of you is Davy?

Both men look up.

DAVY SMYTH & DAVY SHANNON  
We both are.

TERRI  
(under his breath)  
That's all I need, another two  
Davys in my life.  
(aloud)  
I phoned earlier... Terri Hoolley?

BRIAN is looking around in wonder. The DAVYS are looking at BRIAN like he's another life form.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
So when can you fit us in?

DAVY SMYTH opens a desk diary.

DAVY SMYTH  
I don't know, we're pretty full.

TERRI  
You're joking me?

DAVY SMYTH  
We've a couple of flute bands in  
next week, and we've a jingle for  
cheese and onion crisps.

BRIAN has gone for a wander: a kid in a toy shop.

TERRI sidles up and drapes an arm over DAVY SMYTH's shoulder.

TERRI  
Come on, is that what you had in  
mind when you set this place up?  
(MORE)

Flute bands and crisp  
commercials?

DAVY SMYTH

The times we live in. You have to  
put the dinner on the table  
somehow.

TERRI takes out a spliff, which he lights it, letting the  
smoke out slowly.

TERRI

And what about your rock' n' roll  
soul, Davy... Davys. How do you  
feed those?

DAVY SMYTH looks again at BRIAN then at DAVY SHANNON and



DAVY points at the clock. Three minutes past the hour.  
TERRI slips him another twenty quid.

TERRI (V.O.)  
Pressing...

49 INT. PRESSING PLANT - DAY 49  
Vinyl being pressed.

TERRI (V.O.)  
The sleeves are taken care of.

50 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT 50  
A3 sheets fall from DAVE's printing press. TERRI, RUTH,  
MARILYN and DAVE lift them as quickly as they come out and  
fold them.

51 INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY 51

BANK MANAGER  
14p. So how many were you  
thinking of doing?

TERRI  
Three thousand.

BANK MANAGER's eyebrows go up.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Trust me.

52 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY 52

DAVE, BRIAN and RONNIE watch TERRI remove a piece of vinyl  
from a 'Big Time' sleeve and holds it up, like the host.

TERRI  
Up your hole, EMI.

DAVE  
I thought you were sending it to  
EMI and Polydor?

TERRI  
I know but up their hole anyway.  
We cracked the code, we made it  
without them.

BRIAN and RONNIE make a grab for the pile of records on the  
counter, turning them over in their hands.

53 EXT. HARP BAR - AFTERNOON 53

TERRI and RUTH enter. RUTH carries a packet of biscuits.

54 INT. HARP BAR - AFTERNOON 54

A few OLD WANKERS dotted around watching a stripper on a stage. XXX film projected on the wall behind her.

TERRI, RUTH, and PAT walk in from the back.

PAT

What – them squirrelly-looking bastards you see glue-sniffing in Corn Market?

(Lowering his voice)

And doesn't 'punk' mean 'fruit'? I wouldn't want any of that sort of carry-on.

He leans forward to pick up an empty glass and some of the XXX carry-on is briefly projected on to his face.

PAT (CONT'D)

I thought they all hung out in the Pound anyway.

TERRI

One night a week. They need a place of their own.

RUTH stares straight ahead at the STRIPPER

TERRI approaches the stage; bends down for a closer look at it. Above him the stripper carries on, oblivious.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Better stage than the Pound and all.

Turns to RUTH.

TERRI (CONT'D)

What do you think?

RUTH

Those are amazing shoes.

STRIPPER smiles.

TERRI

(to PAT)

How many does this place hold on a good night?

PAT  
A good night? I can't remember  
the last time we had one of them.

TERRI  
I can. It holds three hundred.  
Some of these kids are only wee.  
I'd say three-fifty once the word  
spreads.

PAT's swaying.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Three or four nights a week.

PAT's swayed.

55 INT. HOOLEY FAMILY HOME - EVENING 55

MAVIS opens the door. TERRI and RUTH on doorstep.

TERRI  
Sorry we're a wee bit late. We  
were...

RUTH  
Bomb scare.

She hands MAVIS the biscuits.

56 INT. HOOLEY FAMILY HOME - LATER 56

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

A VOTE HOOLEY poster is clearly visible in the background.

TERRI

You wouldn't think it, all the size of it, but he could feed half the street out of it. And many's the time he has. Haven't you, George?

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

GEORGE  
(to TERRI)  
So you're a shop owner and a record company boss now too, are you?

MAVIS  
(to RUTH)  
And how's your job going?

RUTH  
It would break your heart, some of those estates. There's kids in their teens have already given up. They think the only way to get themselves noticed is to wrap themselves in a flag and pick up a gun.

GEORGE  
(to TERRI)  
This is the same lad used to march around town with me shouting...

CHILD TERRI appears on GEORGE's shoulders, a big eye patch, an even bigger placard.

CHILD TERRI AND GEORGE TOGETHER  
Property is theft! Property is theft!

TERRI  
Catch yourself on, dad.

CHILD TERRI disappears.

TERRI (CONT'D)

TERRI

I'm still waiting on them getting back to me.

GEORGE

Of course you are. It's the most rotten industry there is: bribes, payola, cartels. Get involved in that you'll either end up a crook or you'll go broke.

TERRI

I'll never be a crook.

MAVIS

(to RUTH)

It's the parents need the talking

MAVIS  
More gravy anyone.

57 EXT. HOOLEY FAMILY HOME - EVENING

57

RUTH and TERRI wave to GEORGE and MAVIS.

RUTH  
(through a fixed smile)  
I'd have to speak to them at work  
about taking time off if you want  
me to cover at the shop.

TERRI  
It's OK, I'll get Pugwash to do  
it.

RUTH  
Pugwash? Can you afford him?

TERRI  
I'm not going to pay him. He  
practically lives there anyway.  
Fucker's lucky I don't charge him  
rent.

TERRI walks on. RUTH stares after.

58 EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

58

GREG and GETTY load equipment into a dilapidated white van.

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

BRIAN  
Are these the Rudi roadies?

GREG passes, carrying a box.

GREG  
Ha fucking ha.

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

BRIAN  
You've changed your tune.

TERRI

BRIAN  
Anyone else coming on this tour?

TERRI  
Tearjerkers...

FANGS and LANKY PUNK stroll up.

FANGS  
Can we come?

TERRI  
... these two...

BRIAN puts his guitar case in the mini bus.

GREG  
Uncle Terri, come on!

Laughter. TERRI goes to get into the van. Stops.

TERRI  
Wait, does anybody know how to drive this thing?

GREG  
We're your fucking stars, you can't ask us to drive.

GETTY coming from the shop takes the keys out of TERRI's hand without a word.

59 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 59

Sheep, cows, army watchtowers.

The van, amps and faces tight against the windows, passes across the screen.

60 INT. DILAPIDATED VAN - DAY 60

GETTY drives. TERRI, by the passenger window, drinks.

GREG  
Where the fuck are we?

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

GETTY  
That last sign said  
Loughbrickland.

- 61 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 61  
The van carries on.
- 62 INT. RURAL HALL - NIGHT 62  
BRIAN at the mike.  
  
  BRIAN  
                  Hello, Damascus, we're RUDI.  
  
RUDI play 'I-Spy'. The rest of the GOOD VIBES CREW huddle in front of the stage. The dance-floor is otherwise empty. The walls are lined with LOCAL LADS looking daggers and LOCAL GIRLS looking torn.  
  
TERRI, watching from beside the band, beckons to someone down the hall. A RURAL PUNK kid comes forward, baited by the LOCAL LADS; when he reaches the front he closes his eyes and pogos like his life depends on it.
- 63 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT 63  
More cows, more sheep, more watchtowers. Posters appear: Good Vibes on Tour at Stranocum... Petti go... Garri son.
- 64 INT. RURAL HALL - NIGHT 64  
RUDI still play, RURAL PUNK has been joined by a couple more of the LOCAL LADS
- 65 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT 65  
More posters advertising more venues.
- 66 INT. RURAL HALL - NIGHT 66  
The dance floor is fuller, pogoi ng, beer gl asses fly i ng.
- 67 INT. RURAL HALL - LATER 67  
The floor is a mess: broken gl ass, tables overturned.  
  
TERRI has his hand out to the RURAL HALL MANAGER. The RURAL HALL MANAGER jerks a thumb over his shoulder at the mayhem TERRI's bands are leaving in their wake. He puts his hand out to TERRI. TERRI reaches for his wallet...



68

EXT. RURAL ROADSIDE - NIGHT

68

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

TERRI

People keep handing me these  
fucking things.

RONNIE peeing nearest the bus pipes up.

RONNIE

They wouldn't be doing it if they  
knew what happened to 'Big Time'.

BRIAN

Or what didn't happen.

TERRI

Hasn't happened yet. I'm still  
waiting on calls from London.  
Maybe when we get back...

TERRI pulls out another tape.

TERRI (CONT'D)

I don't even remember where the  
half of them came from.

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

SOLDIER 1

Everybody down on the fucking  
ground! Out! Out! Out!

He trails TERRI out of mini bus.

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

TERRI

Whoa! Whoa!

SOLDIER 1

I said fucking down.

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

SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)

What the fuck have we here?  
Fucking scarecrow convention?

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

SOLDIER 1  
And where are you all from in  
Belfast?

BRIAN/GREG/FANGS/LANKY PUNK  
East - West - South - North.

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

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

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

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

TERRI  
It never occurred to me to ask.

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

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

SOLDIER 1  
You don't want to know what we do  
either.  
(calls

TERRI  
What about the South?

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

The van pulls off: bare arses pressed against the window.

70 INT. DILAPIDATED VAN - NIGHT 70

The van drives through the streets of Belfast. The mood has changed. Nervous glances. An ambulance passes, siren wailing. There are flames on the skyline.

71 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - MORNING 71

TERRI wakes as RUTH gets out of bed. The clothes we saw him in in the last scene are strewn around the room.

TERRI  
Any calls while I was away?

RUTH  
Nothing.

RUTH  
How was the countryside.

GETTY  
Weird.

RUTH waits for more. There isn't any. They sip their coffee. She sets her cup down.

RUTH  
Well, I'll see you later.

GETTY  
Yeah.

74 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - MOMENTS LATER 74

RUTH picks her way with care again. Near the door she bends down and shakes FANGS awake.

RUTH  
Should you not be at school?

FANGS  
(burrowing down again)  
Saint's Day.

RUTH gives up. She opens the door.

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

75 INT. BUS - MORNING 75

RUTH sits by the window, reading EMILY DICKINSON's her Day.

78 EXT. GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

78

LANKY PUNK running. A few seconds behind and gaining are MUTT and HATCHET.

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

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

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

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

MUTT  
(in TERRI's face)  
I know people. I could have you  
shot.

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

MUTT glares a moment longer then knocks TERRI's arm out of the way. Good Vibes CUSTOMERS are massed on the stairs. FANGS, PUGWASH... Even a few of the WHOLEFOOD BODS. MUTT contemplates the odds, thinks better of it, though he can't resist a parting shot.

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

He turns and floors ELVIS with a single punch. HATCHET lingers for a sneer. ELVIS, rebounding, nearly smacks him in the face as he turns to go.

79 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

79

Cheering from Good Vibes CUSTOMERS as TERRI walks through.

80 INT. HARP BAR - NIGHT

80

The TEARJERKERS do a cover of the Saints track just heard.

RUDI and the OUTCASTS are in the crowd, attracting as much attention as the band on stage.

81 EXT. HARP BAR - NIGHT

81

TERRI at the door watches the PUNKS still queueing up to get in. RUTH appears behind him, wraps her arms around him.

TERRI  
You know what this place is  
starting to remind me of?

RUTH  
What?

TERRI  
Itself.

A long-haired KID passes clutching a flyer. He nods at RUTH, who recognises him from the estate; nods back.

82 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

82

RUTH and TERRI fucking with abandon. This perfect day.

83 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

83

The shop is practically empty - PUGWASH, a couple of PUNKS, DAVE. TERRI drops Alka Seltzer into a glass. He has a letter in his other hand, an open package on the counter in front of him a returned Big Time 7" sticking out of it.

DAVE  
Well?

TERRI  
Dear Mr Hoolley go fuck



TERRI (CONT' D)







TERRI

Thank you all for answering the call. Now, are you watching? You line up the record with the top edge, fold along the bottom line, like this, then fold down this side and then this...

(holds it up)

And there you have it. Again?

(repeats routine only faster)

Here, here, here, and here.

Right, now, let's get started.

The mass folding of 'Teenage Kicks' EP sleeves begins. There is beer, there is larking about. Then the door opens and there is GEORGE.

TERRI scrambles to his feet.

GEORGE

I heard what was going on here tonight.

TERRI looks pleased.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Exploiting these kids.

(hands TERRI a cassette)

Play that for them. Loud.

TERRI turns his back to put it on, loud as instructed. It's 'The Internationale': 'Stand up you victims of oppression, for the tyrants fear your might' etc.

GEORGE meanwhile is taking in the scene, the camaraderie. For a moment it looks as though he might be about to smile.

TERRI turns back, catches his eye. GEORGE sets his jaw again, reverting to type. TERRI goes back to turntable, turns the record even louder.

89

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - MUCH LATER

89

Only TERRI, RUTH and PUGWASH remain. Piles of Teenage Kicks all around. TERRI is trying to squeeze just one more copy into a plastic bag...

RUTH

I think you've maybe enough in there.

TERRI

(forcing it)

Just in case...

RUTH  
Calm. You'll be grand.

TERRI  
I'm glad you think so.

RUTH  
They'll never have met anyone  
like you. I know I hadn't. Still  
haven't.

TERRI  
I don't want to give them any  
excuse.

RUTH  
You won't.  
(kisses him)  
I've got to get on to work.

She turns to leave, but stops in the doorway.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Just promise me you won't tell  
the John Lennon story.

TERRI  
(hand on his heart)  
Swear to Bob Marley.

90 EXT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE - DAY

90

TERRI knocks at a glossily painted townhouse door. Which is  
opened, at length, by ERIC, still the Sixth Stone, only now  
more Miss You than Main Street.

He grins.

91 INT. ERIC'S PAD - DAY

91

A huge, white, mirrored palace.

TERRI  
Holy fuck.

ERIC  
I know. Amazing where charm, know-  
how and labyrinthine narcotics  
connections can get a young man  
these days...

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

TERRI  
Have you had a lot of dealings  
with music people?

ERIC  
That's like asking a vet if he's  
stuck his hand up a cow's arse.

He has produced a bag of white powder.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Something to help you on your  
way?

TERRI  
Better not. I can't afford to  
fuck up.

ERIC  
You'll fuck up if you're too  
tense. You have to go in there  
like you mean it.

TERRI  
Good point.

92 EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY 92

Terri is flying through London, record bag under his arm.

Children wave. He waves back, throws them records. He passes some PEARLY KINGS AND QUEENS. They give him the thumbs up. Terri replies in kind.

93 INT. FIRST RECORD EXEC'S OFFICE. DAY 93

An EXECUTIVE, swivels in his seat. He has a fashionable New Wave haircut, and an expression that suggests TERRI's not the first person to fly through his window.

NEW WAVE EXECUTIVE  
Where are the guns?

TERRI drops like a lead weight into a chair at the opposite side of the desk.

TERRI  
Sorry?

NEW WAVE EXECUTIVE  
The guns? The bombs? The tanks...

TERRI  
Tanks?

## NEW WAVE EXECUTIVE

The rage? I get told here's a punk band from Belfast. I think, yeah, great, no pissing around here, this should be real darkness, proper darkness.

He lifts a copy of the single.

## NEW WAVE EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

But then I get... this. Nihilism? If anything it sounds like they're having too good a time.

TERRI jumps to his feet, grabs his records and storms out.

94 INT. SECOND RECORD EXECUTIVE OFFICE. DAY

94

This guy looks like a school boy.

## SCHOOLBOY EXECUTIVE

They're no oil-paintings are they? Have they any good looking friends? And we love it when bands sing in regional accents, but could they not pick another region?

TERRI'S knuckles whiten as he grips his chair.

He jumps up, the chair falls.

95 INT. THIRD RECORD EXECUTIVE OFFICE. DAY

95

TERRI sits facing a ROARING DICKHEAD.

## ROARING DICKHEAD EXECUTIVE

It's shit.

## TERRI

Shit?

TERRI'S head slumps forward. He looks beaten.

## ROARING DICKHEAD EXECUTIVE

Yeah, shit.

TERRI looks up, scans the room: the photos, the gold discs.

## TERRI

(deep breath; stands)  
It's not shit.

## ROARING DICKHEAD EXECUTIVE

It is.

TERRI  
It's not.

ROARING DICKHEAD EXECUTIVE  
Is.

TERRI lifts a disc from the wall. He looks demented.

TERRI  
No, this is shit

The EXECUTIVE slowly starts to back away from the table...

ROARING DICKHEAD EXECUTIVE  
(shouting)  
Cathy, get security up here now.

...just in time to duck as TERRI hurls the disc at him.

He grabs another.

TERRI  
And this is shit.

He throws it. Then picks another.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
And this is really shit.

96 INT. LOBBY. DAY

96

FOUR PUNKS stand with a soberly-dressed MANAGER, laughing as they wait for the lift.

A ting. The lift doors open. The FOUR PUNKS step back in horror as TERRI is frog-marched out by two SECURITY MEN.

97 EXT. RECORD COMPANY HQ. DAY

97

TERRI is thrown on to the street. His bag of records follows behind.

He gets up, lifts a bunch of Teenage Kicks, shakes them at the SECURITY MEN - at the whole building.

TERRI  
What is wrong with you people?

He turns round, glares at the passers-by - tries with little success to hand them copies.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Is there not one person in this city who recognises genius when it's handed to them?





DES (CONT' D)  
Terri Hoolley?

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

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

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

TERRI  
Me neither.

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

DES  
I was doing a story in Belfast at New Year and wandered into his record shop. He had a 13th Floor Elevators album. . .

TERRI  
*Easter Everywhere*, International Artists deleted it the year after it was released.

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

TERRI's face brightens.

100 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

100

TERRI's face darkens. He and RUTH sit either side of the radio. JOHN PEEL is coming on air. TERRI stands up.

TERRI  
I can't listen to this.

RUTH  
It's only been four nights.

TERRI  
It's my fault. I should have run up those stairs and handed it over myself. It would have been worth being arrested

He switches off the radio, walks out of the room.

RUTH  
(switching radio on  
again)  
Did it ever occur to you I might  
be listening to that?

101 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT 101  
TERRI on the toilet reading Emily Dickinson.  
A sound from downstairs. Again. RUTH is shouting his name.

102 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT 102  
Living room. RUTH is rooted to the spot. Her shouts drown  
the radio.

RUTH  
Terri! Terri!  
TERRI bursts in as 'Teenage Kicks' ends.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
You missed it.

103 INT. RADIO STUDIO - NIGHT 103  
A hand lifts the needle from the run-off groove.

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

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

FEARGAL (V.O.)  
A teenage dream's so hard to  
beat, every time she walks down  
the street...

104 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT 104  
TERRI and /Cs1ka/cTc ET BT -0.016700o (FEaGAL rI2.V.O.))Tj 0 Tc ET BT

FANGS  
John fucking Peel!

TERRI stands aside, the PUNKS wander in. TERRI goes out on to the street. All the while the record plays

105 EXT. JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

105

TERRI stands in the street, face tilted towards the sky. There's an army helicopter up there.

A spotlight roves backwards and forward. TERRI's face is by turns lit up and cast in shadow, lit up and cast in shadow.

FEARGAL (V.O.)  
Get teenage kicks right through  
the night, all right.

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

Inside Number 12 the phone rings again... is answered. A few moments later RUTH appears and calls to TERRI.

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

TERRI continues to look skywards, his eyes slowly closing:  
another prayer answered.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Terri? The fella's hanging on  
here.

He opens his eyes.

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

106 EXT. AIRPORT CARPARK - DAY

PAUL  
Terri Hooley by any chance?

TERRI tosses away the 'Man' placard.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Paul McNally.

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

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

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

GETTY salutes. PAUL goes to get in the front.

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

PAUL  
(about to get out)  
Sorry.

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

107 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 107

The van passes a sign 'Bellaghy'.

108 INT. DILAPIDATED VAN - DAY 108

TERRI is still in the back.

PAUL  
Seymour Stein was knocked out by  
'Kicks'.

TERRI  
'Kicks'?

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

TERRI  
Wait'll I tell you, Paul, you  
don't have to sell Seymour Stein  
to me.

(MORE)

TERRI (CONT'D)  
This is the man the Shangri-las  
phoned when they wanted to go  
back into the studio.

PAUL  
You know that all came to  
nothing?

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

109 INT. FEARGAL SHARKEY'S HOUSE - DAY

109

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

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

MICKEY BRADLEY has been pushed forward.

MICKEY  
Mickey.

PAUL  
Mickey.

MICKEY  
(takes phone)  
How are you, Mr Stein? Yes, Paul  
has told us the offer...  
(listens a moment)  
Well, tell you the truth we'd be  
hoping for a bit more...  
(turns to look at the  
others who nod in  
encouragement)  
A lot more: the same as the Rich  
Kids got from EMI...

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

TERRI lets himself out of the sitting room.

110 INT. FEARGAL SHARKEY'S HALLWAY - DAY

110

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



TERRI

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

PAUL

Twenty thousand?  
(with a glance at GETTY)  
Well, we can talk about it later.

TERRI

We can talk about it now. Getty's as much a part of Good Vibrations as I am. They all are.

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

TERRI (CONT'D)

How much did you say that van was you were looking at, Getty?

GETTY

(in the mirror)  
What's that?

TERRI

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

GETTY

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

TERRI

All right then, Paul. Five hundred quid.

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

PAUL

Are you sure you don't want to talk about this later?

TERRI

(rising to the occasion)  
Five hundred quid and a signed photo of the Shangri-las.

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

112 EXT. AIRPORT CARPARK - DAY 112  
PAUL hugs TERRI .

113 INT. DILAPIDATED VAN - DAY 113  
TERRI closes the door. GETTY starts the engine.

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

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

GETTY  
What does that mean?

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

GETTY  
(emboldened)  
Fuckin'g right.

TERRI  
Fuckin'g right.

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

114 INT. HARP BAR - EVENING 114  
A few months later.

DAVE, RUTH, MARILYN, TERRI sit in a line at the bar  
watching a tiny black and white TV on which the UNDERTONES  
play 'Get Over You', wearing their usual skinner jeans.

RUTH in particular seems subdued.

MARILYN  
Does that make you think a wee  
bit of the Beach Boys?

DAVE  
Makes me think more of a new  
cistern, roof repairs, happier  
bank manager...



TERRI  
You're starting to sound like an accountant.

DAVE  
You're turning me into one.

BRIAN walks behind them. Pauses.

BRIAN  
Look at the state of those trousers. How come they're on the TV and we're not?

TERRI  
You write some new songs, I'll get you on.

BRIAN walks off. RUTH looks at her watch.

RUTH  
I'd better be getting on here.

MARILYN  
Me too.

TERRI  
Hold on.

He swallows as much of his pint as he can, but still abandons half.

He stands, ready to leave with RUTH. At that moment a GERMAN JOURNALIST approaches with his PHOTOGRAPHER - the two of them dressed like war correspondents.

GERMAN JOURNALIST  
Terri Hoolley?

TERRI  
Yeah?

GERMAN JOURNALIST  
The Godfather of Belfast Punk?

MARILYN laughs. TERRI himself looks abashed. The PHOTOGRAPHER starts taking photographs: flash, flash, flash

GERMAN JOURNALIST (CONT'D)  
We would like to make an interview with you.

TERRI glances towards RUTH. She holds up her hands, resignedly, watching from the door as TERRI sits again.

GERMAN JOURNALIST (CONT'D)  
So it started for you in 1977, '76?

TERRI

She lets him put his arm around her. They sit in silence.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
(suddenly)  
I'm pregnant.

TERRI's mouth opens; nothing comes out.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Well?

TERRI  
I'm going to be a daddy.  
It's unbelievable.

RUTH is still looking at him. She was hoping for more.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
It's brilliant.

RUTH  
You remember the day we moved  
into the house? You told me I was  
everything...

TERRI  
And you didn't want to be.

RUTH  
That's not what I said. I said...

TERRI  
You'd settle for being the most  
important thing.

RUTH  
Well from now on we'll both have  
to settle for being the second  
most important.

They sit.

TERRI  
Shit, I told those German fellas  
I'd take them to see the Pound.

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

She brushes pastry flakes from her lap.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Thanks for lunch.

She kisses him. A bus comes. TERRI leaps up to get on.

TERRI  
We'll be absolutely fine. I'll  
work twice as hard.

RUTH  
(as the bus doors close)  
Just be there.

The bus with TERRI on it pulls away.

120 INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER 120

TERRI is searching in his pocket. He pulls out his hand: there are half a dozen coppers. He stares at them a moment. Shoves them back in. Searches in the other pocket, pulls out his matches. He tries to light a cigarette, but his hand shakes so much it takes him two matches.

The flags on the lampposts when he looks up have changed from red, white and blue to green, white and orange. TERRI sits forward in his seat. Something has caught his eye. Reflected on the windows a street protest fronted by WOMEN wearing only blankets, carrying pictures of young IRA men above the words 'Political Prisoner'. OTHERS have posters saying 'Smash H Block'. The whole thing is eerily silent.

121 EXT. BELFAST STREET - DAY 121

A wall with a single poster for a Smash H Block rally, 3rd March 1979. TERRI slaps a Harp poster over it and walks away.

To an acoustic guitar accompaniment RONNIE starts to sing.

RONNIE (O. S.)  
'Well I won't do that, and I  
can't do this, and I tell you  
something we hate all this...'

122 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY 122

BRIAN plays guitar and RONNIE sings...

RONNIE  
'Every time I see you, makes me  
realise, the pressure's on, every  
single day...'

TERRI at the counter scrawls something on a piece of paper, which he holds up to them: *Hit!*

- 123 EXT. BELFAST STREET - DAY 123  
 Four anti-H block posters: Rally 24th June. Four Harp posters over the top.  
 'Pressure's On' goes electric: Brian's solo.
- 124 INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY 124  
 TERRI gets up from seat, turns, blows his cheeks out.
- 125 INT. WIZARD STUDIO - DAY 125  
 The solo continues  
 On one side of the glass RUDI look exhausted, but elated. On the other side DAVY SMYTH finishes writing in black felt pen the words 'Pressure's On - Master' on a tape box, which he then puts in a padded envelope, which TERRI takes from his hand and drops into his record bag.  
 He pats DAVY's shoulder.
- 126 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - EVENING 126  
 TERRI has the phone wedged against his shoulder, ripping open an envelope as he talks. There's a glass of brandy beside him. The music fades.  
 TERRI  
 This is Terri Hoolley  
 (pause)  
 Yes, that Terri Hoolley.  
 (another pause)  
 That's nice of you to say so.  
 He pulls a magazine from the envelope. He's on the cover: 'Der "Godfather of Punk"'. He takes a drink.  
 TERRI (CONT'D)  
 I've been watching your show some decent bands on. But what about putting on a really great one...?
- He rips the cover off the magazine. The rest of the magazine falls to the floor with a heap of other stuff from the counter.
- 127 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - LATER 127  
 TERRI is dialling, unlit cigarette hanging from his lip. The magazine cover is on the wall now, along with Hank and the rest.

The phone is answered.

TERRI  
Brian? Got some good news.

128 EXT. BELFAST STREET - DAY 128

A Smash H Block poster: rally 16th September 1977. A Harp poster slapped over the top. TERRI goes to paste up another one, but the whole wall is covered in the Smash H Blocks.

129 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY 129

Dave's workshop. TERRI watches the 'Pressure's On' sleeves roll off the press.

130 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT 130

TERRI and RUTH, heavily pregnant, on sofa. She sleeps, he rifles through a shoebox full of bills.

131 INT. HARP BAR - NIGHT 131

TERRI sits at a table by the door, cashbox open beside him. Pink-haired PUNK GIRL frisks herself in an exaggerated search for money. TERRI stops the pantomime and wearily waves her in.

132 INT. HARP BAR - LATER 132

TERRI is at the bar when he is approached by a couple of CARTOON PUNKS with a Belfast map and a camera. One after the other they pose for photos beside him.

133 INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT 133

RUDI are playing 'The Pressure's On'.

134 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT 134

TERRI and the CARTOON PUNKS are capering around the living room while Rudi play on TV and TERRI hollers along.

TERRI  
'The pressure's on me and you,  
the pressure's on me and you.'

135 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

135

RUTH very tired-looking is on the landing, listening to the party below. She turns towards the bedroom then changes her mind and lifts the lid off the laundry basket. She climbs inside on the song's final 'me and you'.

A beat. TERRI walks past and sets a beer can on the laundry basket lid on his way to the toilet.

136 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - DAY

136

BRIAN slaps a pile of unfolded 'Pressure's On' sleeves on the counter. DAVE and the other RUDI members are in attendance.

BRIAN

How did you manage that?

TERRI

What are you crying about, didn't I say I'd get you on TV?

BRIAN

Aye, to promote the record.  
Where's the fucking record?

DAVE

Did you phone the plant?

TERRI

(vaguely)  
Those useless bastards...

BRIAN

When were you thinking of telling us there was a problem? You knew months ago we were going to be on. All you had to do was get the record out on time.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
 (to rest of RUDI)  
 Come on to fuck out of this.

They leave. TERRI grabs his coat from the back of a chair, pulling the chair over in the process.

DAVE  
 Are you going after them?

TERRI  
 Am I fuck. I'm going to the  
 Siouxie gig.

DAVE  
 It isn't for another six hours.

TERRI  
 I didn't say straight to the  
 Siouxie gig.

He heads for the door.

DAVE  
 You not be better going home  
 first? 'Wife about to have a baby  
 any day'?

137 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - EVENING

137

RUTH is reading a book. TV on in the background. Local early evening news. Image of a body under a sheet in the middle of the street.

NEWSREADER (O.S.)  
 The prison officer's murder has  
 been claimed by the IRA in  
 retaliation for what it calls the  
 inhuman treatment of their  
 comrades in the Maze Prison.  
 Loyalist paramilitaries,  
 meantime, have threatened to step  
 up their attacks on the Catholic  
 population...

RUTH starts up. A pain. She feels her stomach.  
 She crosses the room and picks up the phone.

138 INT. HARP BAR - EVENING

138

PAT picks up the phone.



PAT  
 (shouts above the music)  
 Terri? You just missed him, love.  
 He was here all afternoon.

139 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - EVENING 139

PAT (O.S.)  
 He said something about an  
 interview.

At that moment RUTH's attention is drawn back to the TV.

NEWSREADER (O.S.)  
 Now, two years ago there were  
 violent scenes when London punk  
 rock band the Clash came to the  
 Ulster Hall. Tonight the venue  
 plays host to another London  
 band, Siouxsie and the Banshees.  
 Have things moved on in the  
 interim? Our reporter David  
 Capper is outside the hall with  
 Belfast's own 'punk godfather'  
 Terri Hoolley.

140 EXT. ULSTER HALL - EVENING 140

TERRI is half-cut.

TERRI  
 I have to laugh at the great and  
 the good when they say the punks  
 are a menace to society. Our town  
 was dead at night. They've  
 brought life back to it. We  
 should be thanking them instead  
 of hassling them. These kids  
 aren't the problem for Belfast.  
 These kids are the solution.

141 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - EVENING 141

RUTH watches as TERRI gets claps on the back from the  
 solutions to Belfast's problems. Another stab of pain. She  
 almost doubles over. Her face registers alarm.

142 INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT 142

TERRI stands in the wings, drinking, listening to the gig.

- 143 INT. 12 JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT 143
- RUTH is by the phone, clutching her stomach. She dials a number. It rings and rings and rings.
- RUTH  
Oh, please, pick up.
- The phone keeps ringing and, just when she is about to despair, is picked up.
- GETTY (O.S.)  
Hello?
- RUTH  
Getty? Are you not at the gig?
- GETTY (O.S.)  
Well, I went, but I met this girl in the queue and...
- RUTH  
You've got to come and get me.
- GETTY (O.S.)  
Well...
- RUTH  
Getty, this baby's coming.
- Sound of phone being dropped at the other end of the line.
- 144 INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT 144
- After-show party in full swing: noise, LIGGERS, TERRI in the midst of them telling SIOUXSIE a story, which involves him swinging his fist. SIOUXSIE creases up laughing.
- 145 EXT. BELFAST CITY CENTRE - NIGHT 145
- The all-new Outcasts van speeds through the streets.
- 146 INT. OUTCASTS VAN - NIGHT 146
- RUTH is hanging on, just. GETTY looks from her to the road, to her, to the road...
- GETTY  
Just another couple of minutes. I can see the gates.
- 147 INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT 147
- TERRI's standing by himself, smiling, swaying.

148 INT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - NIGHT 148  
RUTH pushes herself up on her elbows with an enormous yell.

149 INT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - NIGHT 149  
Curtains drawn around the bed where RUTH sits sipping a cup of tea. The BABY is asleep in a hospital crib beside her.  
A NURSE opens curtains, a look of disapproval on her face.

NURSE  
Someone to see you.

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

GETTY  
Sorry, I fell asleep in the  
fucking van.

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

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

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

RUTH  
A wee girl.

GETTY peers in at her.

GETTY  
What are you going to call her?

RUTH looks at her daughter.

RUTH  
I was thinking Anna.

GETTY  
(forgetting himself)  
Class! Short for Anarchy?

The NURSE tugs the curtains shut.

150 INT. ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL - DAY 150  
RUTH sleeps. A moment more; a moment more. She comes awake, startled. TERRI sits in a chair at the side of the bed, wearing the clothes he was wearing the night before.

RUTH  
How long have you been here?

TERRI  
Ten minutes.

RUTH  
You should have woken me.

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

The BABY stirs. TERRI and RUTH laugh at the coincidence.  
RUTH lifts her.

RUTH  
What do you think?

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

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

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

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

TERRI (CONT'D)  
It's just nerves.

RUTH remains focused on BABY. She's thinking something  
over. And then the curtains open and GREG, FANGS and LANKY  
PUNK tumble in. GREG holds up a bottle of cider.

GREG  
Couldn't get the champagne,  
Terri, but if you shake this  
it'll pop to fuck.

He starts to shake it. FANGS meanwhile collects glasses  
from the lockers of neighbouring beds. The NURSE from night  
before reappears, angrier than ever.

NURSE  
Right, right, out, all of you.

She shoves GREG, FANGS and LANKY PUNK up the ward.

TERRI has got to his feet. RUTH catches hold of his sleeve.

RUTH  
I can't believe you brought them  
with you.

TERRI  
Sure they're practically family.

RUTH  
But they're not, Terri. We're  
your family.  
(shakes her head)  
I can't do this any more. I need  
to get out of Belfast for a  
while.

TERRI  
Out of Belfast?

RUTH  
A friend of Marilyn's has a house  
in Helens Bay.

TERRI  
You telling me you're leaving me?

RUTH  
I'm telling you everything's  
different now. I love being with  
you, but I'm not afraid to do  
this on my own if I have to.

TERRI  
You won't have to.

From up the ward GREG shouts.

GREG  
Terri! Terri!

The NURSE returns.

NURSE  
I need you to get those fellows  
off the ward this minute.

The BABY is mewling. RUTH opens her nightdress to feed her.

TERRI  
(mumbles)  
I have to go.

RUTH  
You do.

different no/

BLACK

151

INT. OZ MAGAZINE - DAY

151

1960s-vintage TERRI walks through the door in mid monologue straight to camera.

TERRI

I went to London, 1970, no 69,  
fuck it, whenever, tell the  
people at Oz they needed a  
Belfast correspondent, but they  
weren't interested.

Two OZ STAFF in school uniform rutting on a desk. 60s TERRI shakes his head.

INT. BELFAST BAR

TERRI (V. O.)  
And then he says...

154 INT. BELFAST BAR - NIGHT 154

Another night. TERRI, the worse for drink, stands at the bar, hands on the shoulders of a YOUNG MALE JOURNALIST, who holds his notebook like a shield as he scribbles the line TERRI delivers straight into his face.

TERRI  
(as Lennon)  
'I know exactly what the people  
there need.'  
(hands off the  
journalist's shoulders;  
himself again)  
I'm thinking, brilliant, a load  
of free records... dope!

155 INT. LOCK-UP GARAGE - AFTERNOON 155

A car boot is opened to reveal a mini arsenal of guns and grenades.

60s TERRI looks up from it in horror and turns to a now crop-haired, denim-clad JOHN LENNON.

TERRI  
What the fuck is this?

156 INT. BELFAST BAR - NIGHT 156

Still another night. TERRI slams down a glass on the counter. No journalists now, no one but a MAN PLAYING FRUIT MACHINE, who nods distractedly as he pumps more money in.

TERRI





DAVE  
Fifteen hundred quid?

TERRI  
Actually, it might have been  
closer to seventeen... -fifty.

DAVE at once joins in the search. He pulls out a box, roots around. Pushes it back, pulls out another.

DAVE  
What's this doing here?

He turns with a padded envelope in one hand a tape box in the other. He reads the label.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
'Pressure's On Master'?

TERRI grabs it with both hands then remembers himself.

TERRI  
(unconvincingly)  
That's the back-up.

DAVE shakes his head.

DAVE  
Fuck sake, Terri.

162 EXT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - AFTERNOON

162

TERRI and DAVE exit the building. A police Land rover is parked at the kerb.

TERRI pulls a fistful of bills from his pocket and throws them at the Land rover.

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

The RUC MEN smirk. DAVE pulls TERRI by the sleeve.

163 INT. HARP BAR - EVENING

163

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

TERRI swallows one of the half-drunk pints, sets the glass with the other empties (both, it should now be apparent his), pulls a just-poured pint towards him.

DAVE  
You're drinking too much.

TERRI

Dave, I always drink too much.  
Everybody we know drinks too  
much.

DAVE

This is different. There's  
something...

TERRI

(reaching for a brandy)  
Something what?

DAVE

You're carrying on like one of  
Led Zeppelin.

TERRI stares.

TERRI

That's low.

Another huge swallow of beer.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Anything else you'd like to say  
while you're about it?

DAVE

I just think we have to try to  
keep things together.

TERRI

Do 'we'? And will you tell us  
when we can have a piss, Dave, or  
scratch our fucking arse?  
Stalinist.

DAVE looks at him in disbelief.

DAVE

Stalinist? Your dad's right.

TERRI

TERRI

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

TERRI  
(half turning)  
You didn't drink your brandy!

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

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

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

164 INT. HARP BAR - MUCH LATER

164

TERRI is still at the bar paying more attention to his pint than what's going on behind him. A band plays. There is the usual melee on the dance-floor, but there's an edge to it now, more aggressive.

Something in the corner of the room catches TERRI's eye. FANGS and LANKY PUNK appear to be going through a pile of coats.

TERRI sets his glass down and walks over.

TERRI  
You looking for something?

They turn. LANKY PUNK is clearly hiding something under his jacket

FANGS  
No, it's all right.

TERRI  
Because it looked to me as if you  
were thieving.

FANGS  
Swear to God, Terri, we weren't.

TERRI says nothing, but neither does he move. LANKY PUNK has no option. He glances round.

LANKY PUNK  
I was trying to hide this

He opens his jacket to reveal a gun butt. TERRI pulls the jacket shut for him.

TERRI

What the fuck are you doing with that?

FANGS

It's not real. It's only to scare people if they try to jump HIM.

TERRI

Listen, I'll give you the money for a taxi home. I'll pay your taxis from now to Christmas, just

167 INT. LIFT - CONTINUOUS

167

RUTH  
The house?

She presses the button for ground floor.

They are squeezed tightly together: nose to nose. Not much more room than they would have in a bin.

They start their descent.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
For god's sake, Terri. Why didn't you tell me? I believed in you. I was there every step of the way. What made you think I wouldn't have gone along with that too?

TERRI  
It was one moment. I just did it. I wasn't thinking. I never thought. The same as with Big Time - I just did it. Same as with the tour - I just did it. The Harp, Teenage Kicks - I just did it. It's how I operate. It's who I am. And you know what - I haven't done too badly.

RUTH  
Open your eye, Terri.

The lift shudders to a halt: ground floor

RUTH pulls open the door and walks out. TERRI is left contemplating the full-length mirror she was standing in front of: he's an absolute mess.

The lift starts going down. No floors below 'ground', but still it goes down, and down, darker and darker. TERRI stares at his reflection. Grotesque.

168 INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - NIGHT

168

TERRI sits alone staring at the picture of him from the magazine, or it stares at him. Sonny Bono, 'Laugh At Me' on the record player. He is shitfaced.

A noise. He looks up. MUTT and HATCHET stand there.

MUTT  
We saw your light on.

TERRI  
I thought I told you were barred.

MUTT ignores him. HATCHET is picking up records, looking at them, and tossing them over his shoulder.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Go, on, fuck

And look at it. It's fuck all.  
You're fuck all. You fucking  
lost.

HATCHET pulls a record rack over on top of TERRI, who hasn't moved since the beating ended.

MUTT leaves; HATCHET delivers a final kick to the head.

169

INT. TERRI'S WORLD - NIGHT AND DAY JUMBLED TOGETHER

169

The music is distorted becoming the soundtrack as HATCHET's kick to the head takes us - as in scene 2 - on an accelerated journey into Terri's world, not the future this

MAVIS has tilted his face up and is looking into it.

MAVIS

I never knew a wee boy as bad at  
keeping his head out of harm's  
way. People used to tell me I was  
lucky, girls were the hard ones  
to raise. You caused me more  
anxiety growing up than a whole  
hockey team.

TERRI



TERRI

I thought I better offer before she put the window in. She was getting herself worked up about me and Ruth.

GEORGE

She has very strong views on marriage. She wouldn't have stayed with me all these years otherwise.

They sit on a small bench.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Remember that dig you had at me about all those elections

TERRI

Da, I'm sorry...

GEORGE

It wasn't ten, it was twelve. The returning officer used to say if I was a horse they'd have shot me after the sixth. But do you know what? I have friends and comrades living all over his city. And do you know what else? In every election I increased my vote.

TERRI's gaze is locked on his father's face. He looks as though he might hug GEORGE, but GEORGE, unaware of this (or perhaps not so) chooses this moment to empty his tea leaves on to the flowerbed.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Victory doesn't always look the way other people imagine it.

172

INT. 102 GREAT VICTORIA STREET - EVENING

172

RUDI members slouch against the wall nearest the door. DAVE stands only a few feet further in, arms folded tight.

TERRI at moments in this scene is picking things up off the floor, the counter: a physical counterpart to his verbal attempts to set things straight.

TERRI

All right. A few apologies are in order.

RUDI and DAVE look like they agree.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Brian, you want to start?

Expectation turns to confusion on BRIAN's face.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
I'm only messing you.  
(beat)  
Dave?

DAVE opens his mouth to protest. TERRI doesn't let him.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Listen, I'll hold my hand up,  
I've taken my eye off the ball,  
but we haven't time for arguing.  
It's time to focus. We've a gig  
to organise.

BRIAN  
A gig?

TERRI  
A Good Vibrations gig.

DAVE  
A fundraiser?

TERRI  
Yeah, a fundraiser.

DAVE  
No harm to you, Terri, but unless  
you're charging a hundred quid a  
head I think it's maybe gone  
beyond a night at the Harp.

TERRI  
Who said anything about the Harp?

DAVE  
The Pound then...  
(TERRI is smiling: not  
the Pound either)  
The Students' Union?

TERRI  
Try 'Ulster Hall'.

BRIAN  
Ulster Hall?

TERRI  
Why not?

DAVE  
Because the Ulster Hall holds two  
thousand people.

TERRI

I know how many it holds, I've been in it often enough.

DAVE takes a deep breath.

DAVE

OK, OK, we call in favours - we get Siouxsie back to headline. Fuck it, we call the Clash, Stiff Little Fingers...

TERRI

Fucking showbands. We don't need them. It's a Good Vibrations gig, it'll be Good Vibrations bands.

DAVE

(whispering)

Terri, we're talking two thousand people. Be realistic.

TERRI

What, like you were realistic when you brought me round this place?

As he speaks, the record racks disappear. DAVE and TERRI stand in the derelict building. They look at one another.

A beat. And they have returned to GOOD VIBRATIONS. TERRI - still setting things straight - pulls the German magazine cover from the wall.

DAVE

How many posters do you think you'll need?

173 EXT. BELFAST STREETS - DAY

173

BRIAN is postering. GREG is postering; so too FANGS, GETTY, RONNIE, LANKY PUNK, and TERRI of course.

He stands before a wall with NF and SHANKILL SKINS scrawled on it. He slaps a poster over the top. 'Outcasts. Moondogs, Ruefref, Rudi, Big Self,' it reads, '24th April 1980, Ulster Hall.'

174 EXT. BELFAST STREET - LATER

174

RUTH is pushing a buggy. She passes a wall with Good Vibrations posters. She stops. Looks. The posters have been pasted up in such a way that they spell out the word LIVE.

A hand flicks a light switch, then another, then another, and another. One by one the lights come up on the Ulster Hall. Which is empty.

TERRI stands on the edge of the stage. He looks worried.  
DAVE walks out behind him.

DAVE

Where the fuck is everyone?

TERRI

It'll be all right. They'll come.

DAVE

JOHN PEEL

Oh, no, the flight was fine. I mean getting through the doors of this place.

(seeing TERRI and DAVE'S blank looks)

You mean you haven't had a look out the front?

176 EXT. ULSTER HALL - EVENING

176

TERRI, DAVE, and JOHN PEEL at an upstairs window look down on a street thronged with PUNKS and overstretched RUC MEN.

TERRI

Didn't I tell you?

DAVE

(finding the cloud in the silver lining)

Fuck, I hope they're going to let this go ahead.

177 INT. FOYER ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

177

A trickle of PUNKS is being let in. The combined might of the DOOR STAFF and the RUC can barely hold back those still outside. TERRI remonstrates with FRONT OF HOUSE MANAGER.

TERRI

Can you not just throw the doors open?

FRONT OF HOUSE MANAGER

I'd be within my rights to shut them all together. Half of them are full drunk and the other half are trying to run in without paying.

FANGS forces his way to the fore of the crowd at the door.

FANGS

Terri!

An RUC MAN pushes him back with a hand in the face.

TERRI

Hold on. He's on the guest-list.  
(to Fangs)  
Come on, move your arse.

FANGS

What about my mates?

TERRI

Hurry up.



To a huge ovation, JOHN PEEL appears and eventually speaks.

JOHN PEEL  
You're a good audience. People always say Belfast is the best audience. And now here's your best band - the Outcasts.

OUTCASTS come running on.

GREG  
Right, this one's for everybody's favourite people in the world. Rudi's already give you a song about them. This one's called 'The Bastards are Coming'.

They launch into 'The Cops are Coming' and JOHN PEEL is right, they do sound finally like the best band in Belfast.

PUNKS on stage bait the RUC who do nothing; nothing at all.

181 INT. FOYER ULSTER HALL - NIGHT 181

'The Cops are Coming' is thudding through the walls. DAVE and FRONT OF HOUSE MANAGER are deep in conversation. Neither looks happy.

182 INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT 182

The OUTCASTS are finishing 'Self-Conscious Over You'. GETTY's shirt is off; GREG's grin is broader than ever.

GREG  
And now I'd like to welcome on stage the man who made all this possible...

TERRI's name is lost in the roar as he walks out from the wings 'OUTCASTS' across the back of his leather jacket. FANGS grabs the mike from GREG.

FANGS  
Terri is our leader, Terri is our leader, na-na-na-na...

TERRI takes the mike from him. He is barely audible above the stomping and whistling.

TERRI  
No leaders! No godfathers!

A kind of quiet returns. TERRI breathes deeply, scanning the faces.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Thank you for coming. When I look out at you all gathered here it confirms something that I've always felt: New York has the haircuts, London has the trousers, but Belfast has the reason. Good Vibrations isn't a record shop, it isn't a label, it's a way of life.

183

INT. BACKSTAGE ULSTER HALL - MOMENTS LATER

183

Tumult out front. TERRI runs offstage triumphant. DAVE is waiting for him, fuming.

TERRI

Isn't it incredible.

DAVE

It's fucking unbelievable.

TERRI

(oblivious)

The best night ever.

DAVE

Terri, we've made a loss. We've packed out the Ulster Hall and we've somehow made a fucking loss. Your man at the front says you had the longest guest list in the hall's entire history, longer than all the other guest lists put together. And all of it apparently carried in your head.

He has been getting closer and closer to TERRI. His hands suddenly shoot out and grab TERRI by the throat.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Terri, the whole point of tonight was to raise money.

TERRI

(trying to prise open



The chanting is getting louder. Terri's name. DAVE finally hears it. With a flash of the OUTCASTS on his jacket, TERRI goes to run back on stage and runs straight into RUTH. She's heard everything.

RUTH  
You and your guest lists.

TERRI looks shamefaced.

TERRI  
I'm sorry.

RUTH  
About what? The house? Sure it's only bricks.

The chanting from the crowd is louder still.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
You're wanted.  
(jabs a finger into his chest)  
But you still owe me forty quid.

She walks away. TERRI goes to speak, but there is nothing to say. He runs on.

184 INT. ULSTER HALL - NIGHT

184

RUDI and the other bands have joined the OUTCASTS on stage.

TERRI  
We're all going to do an old  
Sonny Bono number, because we  
fuckin'g can.

And they fuckin'g play 'Laugh at me':

TERRI /OUTCASTS/RUDI  
Why can't I be like any guy, why  
do they try to make me run, son  
of a gun now, what do they care  
about the clothes I wear, why get  
their kicks from making fun...

TERRI's eye lights on RUTH, dancing on her own.

TERRI /OUTCASTS/RUDI (CONT'D)  
This world's got a lot of space  
and if they don't like my face it  
ain't me that's going anywhere,  
no. So I don't care, then laugh  
at me, if that's the fare I have  
to pay to be free...

GREG drapes an arm around TERRI. TERRI glances to his right and instead of GREG it's HANK WILLIAMS, his rhinestone suit replaced by a studded jacket. TERRI carries on singing.

TERRI /OUTCASTS/RUDI... HANK  
Then laugh at me, and I'll cry  
for you and I'll pray for you and  
I'll do all the things that the