

# **THE MCQUEEN PROJECT**

## **SHOOTING SCRIPT**

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FADE IN:

- 1     **TITLE.**     1
- 2     **EXT. STREET. NIGHT**     2     \*
- Close in on a blurred image moving frantically up and down.
- The sound rhythmic, angry, relentless.
- The image begins to sharpen and we see a number of dust-bin lids crashing down against the concrete ground.
- The metal lids, like bullets, shattering the street. Little shards of grey spitting out in all directions.
- The motion slows, as the sound continues unabated, the silver dust-bin lids glinting and cutting into the road.
- CUT TO:
- 3     **EXT. SUBURBAN BACK GARDEN. MORNING**     3
- A small COCKER SPANIEL is barking incessantly at nothing at all and running around a neat back garden.
- A pinched WOMAN (48) hangs out washing **on the line.**     \*
- The woman's husband, **RAYMOND LOHAN** (53), a large man, sits on a small kitchen seat by the sliding doors wearing his pyjamas. **Next to him stands a clothes horse with six identical blue shirts hanging.**     \*  
\*  
\*
- His eyes closed, he warms his face in the early Winter sun.
- A shadow over his face and he opens his eyes.
- One of his **non work** shirts is flickering in the sunlight.     \*
- He watches it indifferently as it dances a while.
- His wife has taken the spaniel in her hands and is giving out to him but he continues barking aggressively.
- RAYMOND** looks at both of them again with indifference.     \*

- 4      **INT. RAYMOND'S BATHROOM. MORNING**      4      \*
- RAYMOND stands in his pyjamas looking into the mirror.      \*
- He stares directly into his eyes. The whites of his eyes yellowing.
- His hands are soaking in some very hot soapy water in the sink, the steam soon clouding the mirror.
- 5      **INT. RAYMOND'S BEDROOM. MORNING**      5      \*
- RAYMOND stands in his vest and underpants.      \*
- He's looking at his pink-clean swollen hands all mottled from their washing. He puts on his wedding ring and a gold signet ring.
- He then looks down on his clothes folded neatly on the bed.
- A pair of slacks, a polo-shirt and golfing jumper.
- 6      **INT. KITCHEN. MORNING**      6
- Two fried eggs are placed onto a white plate where two sausages and two pieces of bacon are. Not one fleck of grease.
- RAYMOND eats his breakfast with real care.      \*
- His wife stands close by watching him.
- He takes up a folded napkin and carefully wipes his mouth.
- Some unwanted toast crumbs on RAYMOND's trousers.      \*
- He flicks them off onto the lino.
- 7      **EXT. FRONT GARDEN/STREET. MORNING**      7
- The morning still crisp. RAYMOND comes out of the house closing the door behind him.      \*
- He passes his Ford Escort in the driveway and walks towards the gate.
- He opens the gate and it squeaks loudly.

He steps out onto the path and looks down the street.

This hour of the morning it's quiet.

He looks in the other direction and there's nothing there.

He goes back to the car.

He lies on the ground and looks underneath it.

He's searching for something but there's nothing.

8      **INT. SITTING ROOM. MORNING**      8

RAYMOND'S WIFE moves from behind the curtain. She stands at the window looking out at RAYMOND.      \*

She rubs her finger down the window and sees that it's dirty.      \*

She frowns a little.

9      **EXT. RAYMOND'S CAR. MORNING**      9      \*

RAYMOND gets into the car and closes the door.      \*

He puts the key in the ignition and turns it.

The engine starts and he releases the hand brake.

10      **EXT. FRONT GARDEN/STREET. MORNING**      10

RAYMOND drives the car slowly out of the driveway.      \*

He stops at the path and again looks up and down the road. He sounds the horn twice.

11      **INT. SITTING ROOM. MORNING**      11

RAYMOND'S wife turns from the window and looks into the spotless sitting room.      \*

The cocker spaniel runs into the room and starts barking aggressively at her.

She just stares at him.

12 INT. RAYMOND'S CAR. MORNING 12 \*

RAYMOND drives his car on the open road concentrating hard on the empty motorway ahead of him. \*

The voice of the Northern Ireland Secretary, HUMPHREY ATKINS is barely audible on the car radio.

HUMPHREY ATKINS (V.O.)  
... that is the dirty protest  
which has been going on for  
years all in support of the  
same demand, political status.  
That is to say different  
treatment for people who  
commit crimes, hideous  
crimes...

The two windscreen wipers, working hard to wash the windscreen. \*

13 INT. H-BLOCK PRISON. CORRIDORS. MORNING 13

RAYMOND walks through corridors that twist and turn through the H-Block like some institutional maze. \*

A series of doors and grilles (metal gates) have to be passed where RAYMOND unlocks and locks them again. \*

His journey is endless, his destination unclear, the sensation unsettling (at least for us).

After a full minute of this he enters through a door off a corridor.

14 INT. PRISON OFFICERS' LOCKER ROOM. MORNING 14

RAYMOND stands in front of his locker and looks momentarily at the other men. \*

A changing room full of PRISON OFFICERS in various stages of getting dressed into their navy coloured uniforms.

RAYMOND opens the locker. \*

His Union Jack key ring hangs from the lock.

He removes his jacket and hangs it inside the locker.



- 17     **EXT. YARD. DAY**     17
- It's freezing cold outside and RAYMOND, without his jacket and in his sweaty shirt, is shivering. \*
- He's calming down by dragging hard on a cigarette.
- On both sides of him the cells look out on the yard.
- All is quiet.
- The sun peeps out from behind dark clouds.
- RAYMOND leans against the wall, settles and warms his face in the heat of the sun, closing his eyes. \*
- Snow flakes begin to fall on his face.
- RAYMOND looks up at them falling. He unfolds his hand and catches some flakes in his palm. \*
- Suddenly a scuffling noise.
- A RAT has found its way into the yard.
- RAYMOND watches it for a bit. \*
- It's frantically running about and trying to get through the fence to the outside.
- 18     **INT. H-BLOCK. CORRIDOR. DAY**     18     \*
- With purpose RAYMOND walks fast down a long corridor lit with fluorescent lights. \*
- There's a loud humming noise coming from the lights.
- RAYMOND looks up as he passes underneath them. \*
- Beneath each one he flinches a little. His head's hurting, his smashed hands wincing.
- 19     **INT. PRISON OFFICERS' COMMON ROOM. DAY**     19     \*
- The canteen's a buzz with chit-chat.
- Prison officers sit in groups having their fag break. \*
- RAYMOND is tucking into a turkey sandwich. There's no joy in this. He eats fast. \*

20 INT. WING. DAY

20

RAYMOND sits inside the wing looking down through the space. \*

All is quiet. The atmosphere like a morgue.

He looks down at his bruised and scabby knuckles. He gently rubs them.

He looks at the nail on his thumb. It's a little long.

He bites it.

He then begins to tear it off with his teeth.

When it's off he spits it onto the floor.

He looks at his thumb.

It's torn and bleeding.

He sucks the blood off a bit.

He hides his hands by folding his arms.

RAYMOND closes his eyes. \*

The sound of a power hose smashing off a wall is suddenly heard loudly.

He smiles to himself.

Moving past RAYMOND and in on the wall behind. \*

Moving past a number of cell doors as the sound of the power hose intensifies.

An open cell.

Inside an ORDERLY, in dark protective clothing, uses a power hose to steam the dried shit off the walls. The noise blistering.

21 INT. DIRTY CELL. DAY

21

Inside the cell and the walls are caked in dark shit.

Through the mist some white appearing as the steam pulverises the wall.

It could be subterranean. Everything dark, wet and hot.



MARGARET THATCHER(cont'd)  
We will not compromise on  
this. There will be no  
political status. Crime is  
crime is crime.

FADE TO:

26 INT. VAN. MORNING

26

The van's engine shuts off.

Rain smashes down on the roof.

A young prisoner, DAVEY GILLEN (22), sits in the back of the prison van with a PRISON OFFICER sitting opposite him.

DAVEY is dressed in his jeans and jumper. \*

The prison officer gets up as the van door is opened by ANOTHER OFFICER.

DAVEY (V.O.)  
I will not wear the uniform of  
a criminal. I demand to wear  
my own clothes.

27 INT. H-BLOCK RECEPTION ROOM. DAY

27

Close in on a lined journal and bad writing slowly scrawls blue ink across the page, "NON-CONFORMING PRISONER. ENTRY DATE DECEMBER 8TH 1980". \*

DAVEY's surrounded by four PRISON OFFICERS. \*

A little embarrassed he's already started to take his clothes off.

The prison officer writing in the journal puts down his pen and looks up.

DAVEY's fully undressed. The prison officer places his clothes in a plastic bag. He seals it with Sellotape. \*

He puts the bag into a cardboard box.

From a shelf he takes a brown blanket.

He hands it to another officer.

Now naked DAVEY looks at the blanket being held out to him some eight foot away. \*

He has to walk towards the blanket.

A prison officer clenches a truncheon in his hand.

Another officer smiles.

28 INT. WING/THE CIRCLE/WING. DAY

28

DAVEY walks in front of a prison officer towards the Circle. \*

He's wrapped himself in the brown blanket.

His feet twitching on the hard floor.

The prison officer stares at the back of DAVEY's head. \*

There's a fresh wound on the back which seeps blood.

DAVEY turns to his right and can see down through a wing. \*

He glimpses TWO PRISON OFFICERS laughing at him. \*

He passes through the Circle with the prison officers seen in an office, chatting to each other over cups of tea.

Down a small corridor he approaches his destination.

He stops.

He stands at the grille staring ahead.

The wing is in complete contrast to the wing we have just seen.

Colourless and everything dead and cold, it resembles a bunker almost.

Suddenly the sound of metal being banged from the inside of the cells over and over.

The grille is opened by RAYMOND LOHAN. \*

DAVEY is escorted towards his cell by RAYMOND and another officer. \*

They stop at a closed cell door.

DAVEY stares at the door as the noise from the prisoners seems to intensify. \*

The cell door is slid open.

DAVEY looks anxiously into the blackness of the cell. \*

He walks inside.

RAYMOND watches as the cell door is locked by his colleague. \*

The noise from the prisoners suddenly stops.

The other officer places DAVEY's information card in a small frame next to the door. \*

It reads, "Prisoner 279. NCP". \*

29 INT. DAVEY AND GERRY'S CELL. DAY 29

DAVEY stands in his blanket looking around the small filthy cell. \*

As before, the walls have been covered in shit.

The windows are barred by four narrow concrete columns.

Behind these bars the glass is broken and filthy. \*

Beyond that the wire mesh is torn and buckled. \*

On the filthy floor are two thick sponge mattresses, sodden and rotting. \*

In one corner is a piss pot heaving with dark piss.

Everything extraordinarily dank and oppressive.

In the other corner, until now invisible, stands a young man GERRY CAMPBELL (23), wrapped in a blanket beside the water gallon container. His hair shoulder length and filthy, his beard a tangled mass. \*

30 INT. DAVEY AND GERRY'S CELL. DAY/LATER 30

DAVEY sits on his mattress and GERRY sits on his mattress opposite him. \*

DAVEY listens intently to GERRY speaking. \*

A block of sunlight is coming into the gloom of the cell.

In it a swarm of bluebottles buzz about.

The noise of the bluebottles intensify.

Below this we hear the voices of prisoners calling to one another in Gaelic.

A VOICE

An glinnin tú mé? (Can you hear me?)

\*

ANOTHER VOICE

Ta. (Yes)

\*

A VOICE

Tá na fir ag briseadh... (The men are breaking...)

In the middle of the bluebottles and then slowly turning towards the bright Winter sunlight until all is white.

31 INT. DAVEY AND GERRY'S CELL. DAY/LATER 31

Close in on the white fluorescent light and the plastic covering over the light.

It's flecked with shit and bits of food.

DAVEY is standing on the two pipes beneath the window.

\*

His cold feet relax and even swell a little on the warm pipes.

Wrapped in his blanket the rest of him shudders a little.

He turns and looks out over the yard.

\*

He reaches out through a small hole in the wire mesh.

\*

DAVEY's hand stretches out and touches the freezing but clean air outside.

\*

\*

32 SCENE NOW DELETED 32 \*

33 INT. DAVEY AND GERRY'S CELL. DAY 33 \*  
\*\*\*\*\*SCENE 33 & 35 CHANGED & SWAPPED\*\*\*\*\* \*

A single thin sheet of rizla paper crammed with tiny handwriting in blocked letters.

\*

\*

GERRY's hands enter the frame and carefully begin to fold it. Through halving the note again and again it is finally reduced in size to 1 centimetre square. He passes it to DAVEY.

DAVEY seals it with a small ribbon of cling film. (These small folded pieces of written communication are called comms.)

GERRY takes a dab of margarine from the cell wall, puts his hand down his trousers and wets his anus.

34 INT. WING/THE CIRCLE. DAY 34

GERRY and DAVEY walk in front of the prison officer through the wing and into the Circle.

35 INT. OFFICE - OFF CIRCLE. DAY 35

GERRY stands naked in the middle of the cell holding a pair of prison uniform trousers.

He is carefully ripping the seam at the backside.

DAVEY sits on a chair looking at him.

GERRY puts on the trousers and shirt.

36 INT. VISITING ROOM. DAY 36

The room is alive with talk and filled with PRISONERS meeting their PARTNERS.

Only about twelve prisoners (BLANKET MEN) on the No Wash Protest can be seen, all in a similar state to GERRY and DAVEY.

A MOTHER comforts her SON who cries, a WIFE gently kisses her HUSBAND, a PRISONER holds his one year old CHILD.

Looking closer and we see a network of comms being carefully passed from the outside to the inside, from the inside to the out.

There's no show about this. It's all done with ease.

GERRY sits opposite a YOUNG WOMAN.

The woman puts her finger in her mouth to moisten it.

Underneath the table she puts her hand up her skirt.

**GERRY** continues to talk to her but is scanning the room and keeping an eye on the PRISON OFFICERS standing around. \*

Her hand is in her knickers now.

When her hand comes out she is holding a small parcel the size and shape of a roll of 35mm film. It is wrapped in cling film.

Beneath the table it is quickly passed to **GERRY**. \*

He takes it and passes it through the hole in his trousers. He pushes it up his anus.

A flash of discomfort in his face.

She smirks.

37 **INT. DAVEY AND GERRY'S CELL. NIGHT**

37

The fluorescent light switches off and everything now in moonlight.

**GERRY** quickly crouches down beside the pile of rotting food and maggots in the corner. \*

He pushes through some of the food until he finds the small parcel.

He carefully unwraps the cling film.

Inside is a tiny mechanism, **red** plastic and wire. It is in fact a radio. \*

He stands by the window and places a long wire against the bar. This acts as an aerial.

He places a small ear piece in his ear.

We momentarily hear a **snippet of the BBC RADIO WORLD SERVICE**. \*

RADIO ANNOUNCER  
the British Government's  
attitude of defiance...

CUT TO:

37a **INT. DAVEY AND GERRY'S CELL. NIGHT**

37a \*

We see DAVEY eating a muddy grey stew with a spoon. He is sitting leaning against the cell wall near the door. \*

In the foreground we see a figure, GERRY. He is moving from left to right obscuring our view of DAVEY. \*

GERRY is busy smearing shit on the wall, similar to a decorator plastering using his left hand as a pallet. \*

DAVEY throws the remainder of his stew into a corner already filling up with the remains of the left-overs. \*



It slowly rots, congeals, and becomes a moving thing.

The maggots fatten and pupation takes place.

Bluebottles are seen breaking out of pupae and taking to the air and the fluorescent light above.

DISSOLVE TO:

42a **INT. CELL. DAY** 42a \*

DAVEY and GERRY walking carefully with pigeon steps up and down their cell in opposite directions. \*

43 **INT. CELL. DAY** 43

A BLANKET MAN, his expression dead and broken, stands facing his wall in his filthy cell.

In his hand he holds some sponge ripped from his mattress. It is covered in his shit.

He begins to carefully smear the shit on to the wall in a perfect spiral.

DISSOLVE TO:

44 **SCENE NOW DELETED** 44 \*

45 **INT. DAVEY AND GERRY'S CELL. EARLY MORNING** 45 \*

A month has passed and DAVEY sleeps. His face is bearded, filthy and prison-worn. \*

Suddenly he sits up fast on his mattress.

Looking under the blanket he can see that the maggots have crawled beneath him for some warmth.

He quickly brushes them off the mattress.

He sits on the mattress and pulls the blanket around him.

GERRY is asleep on his mattress. \*

DAVEY kneels and faces the wall. \*

He rubs his finger over a page pasted and concealed onto the wall beneath the shit.

He spits on his fingers and rubs them where the page is bonded onto the wall.

This seems to loosen up the seal.



**GERRY** places his ear against the door closing his eyes momentarily, \*

CUT TO:

49 **WHITE.** 49

Sound of the keys in a metal lock.

Sound of the gate opening.

The quiet sound of footsteps moving over the hard floor.

50 **INT. A-WING. MORNING** 50

A PRISON OFFICER removes the small information cards beside the cell doors indicating a cell move.

He carefully places **GERRY** and **DAVEY'S** cards into a small blue folder.

51 **INT. DAVEY AND GERRY'S CELL. MORNING** 51

**GERRY** is quickly tying his blanket around his waist so his arms are free to fight back. \*

**DAVEY** does the same but he's visibly petrified. \*

They stand facing the door.

For an interminable time they listen to the screams of other men being dragged from their cells.

Sounds stop suddenly.

GERRY  
**Bi reidh anois.** (Get ready now.) \*

**DAVEY** blinks. \*

The door crashes open.

CUT TO:

52 **BLACK.** 52

FADE IN:

53     **TITLE.**     53

PETER ROBINSON. UNIONIST MP

We hear his voice.

PETER ROBINSON (V.O.)

As far as we're concerned the Human Rights Commission should be looking into the rights denied to the people of Northern Ireland who have been butchered by these IRA thugs and gunmen. Who have been left to live out the rest of their days with the scars of terrorism. We are here to make our protest on behalf of the decent people of Ulster, rather than the thugs behind those bars.

CUT TO:

54     **INT. WING/THE CIRCLE/GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. MORNING**     54

Two prison officers, one of which is **RAYMOND** LOHAN, drag **BOBBY SANDS** (26) down the wing as he fights with them. \*

**BOBBY** filthy, his hair and beard matted. He **spits in RAYMOND's face.** \*  
\*

**RAYMOND** responds by punching him in the head again and again. \*

**BOBBY's** dragged along by the hair. \*

His face inches from the ground.

**BOBBY** glimpses another PRISONER being dragged along by two other officers. \*

Now only the floor but hearing the struggle.

The floor changes to an institutional carpet.

The movement suddenly stops.

Only the sound of **BOBBY** panting hard. \*

A pair of men's shoes step into the frame.

Swooping away and glimpsing the GOVERNOR (63) standing in his office.

- 55    **INT. TOILET BLOCK. DAY**    55    \*
- Three prison officers drag Bobby to a stool.    \*
- BOBBY's struggling hard - he falls off the stool.    \*
- RAYMOND LOHAN grabs and flings him back onto the stool.    \*
- With scissors he starts to hack at BOBBY's head. Clumps of matted hair drop to the ground.    \*
- RAYMOND begins again to hack chaotically, this time at BOBBY's face and beard.    \*
- There's blood on the scissors and BOBBY's face has cuts.    \*
- 56    **INT. TOILET/BATHS AREA. DAY**    56
- The three prison officers hold BOBBY in a bath and scrub him with hard brushes.    \*
- 57    **INT. PRISON TOILET/BATHS AREA. DAY/LATER**    57
- They have BOBBY sitting naked in a seat.    \*
- He's too exhausted to fight back.
- Soapy blood water gathers around the seat beneath BOBBY.
- Suddenly he's up and dragged away.
- The soapy blood water spreads out from the seat.
- RAYMOND LOHAN stands there with the scissors. There is blood and hair on the scissors.    \*
- His hands are shaking. He looks at his knuckles which are smashed and cut. He grimaces a little.
- The adrenaline still pumping through him he fills a sink with water to soak his hands.
- He places the scissors on the sink.    \*

He soaks his hands in the warm water.

58 INT. THE CIRCLE/WING. DAY 58

BOBBY is dragged inches from the ground watching the changing patterns of floor surface once more. He falls in and out of consciousness for an interminable time. \*

CUT TO:

59 INT. VISITING ROOM. MORNING 59

BOBBY is sitting at the table staring blankly ahead, his hair cut, face scarred and heavily bruised. \*

BOBBY'S MOTHER (O.S.)  
Are you all right, Bobby?

Suddenly a low noise of the other voices in the room is faded up.

His parents are visiting and BOBBY is looking at his MOTHER (53) talking. \*

She's a strong woman. Despite the obvious beating of her son she remains focused.

BOBBY looks at his FATHER (57). He sits looking at his wife. \*

BOBBY looks away from his parents and towards a BEARDED MAN (35) visiting DAVEY at a nearby table. DAVEY has also taken a beating. \*

The voices suddenly stop.

The BEARDED man is looking directly at BOBBY. \*

BOBBY stares at the man. In the blink of an eye the BEARDED MAN closes one nostril with his finger, blows out a comm from the other, which DAVEY quickly places in his mouth. \*

60 INT. CANTEEN. MORNING. 60

A PRIEST (50) dresses a simple canteen table.

PRIEST (V.O.)  
The eyes of the Lord are on  
the righteous and his ears are  
attentive to their cry;

He lays a white linen cloth over the table.

He fills one silver cruet with wine and the other cruet with water.

PRIEST (V.O.)  
The face of the Lord is  
against those who do evil, to  
cut off the memory of them  
from the earth.

He places the prepared chalice, filled cruets, washing bowl, towels on the table.

He finally lights two candles.

61 INT. CANTEEN. DAY

61

The priest stands behind the table reading a Psalm.  
Close by two prisoners are standing in as altar boys.

\*  
\*

PRIEST  
The righteous cry out, and the  
Lord hears them; He  
delivers them from all their  
troubles.

Turning from the priest and towards the CONGREGATION of about 40 men.

They are all wearing the trousers of the prison uniform. It is a hive of activity - like a market place.

\*  
\*

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
The Lord is close to the  
brokenhearted and saves those  
who are crushed in spirit. A  
righteous man may have many  
troubles, but the Lord  
delivers him from them all;

Moving through them, their beaten faces exhausted, some men shaved others not, all their bodies bashed and bruised.

\*  
\*

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
He protects all his bones,  
not one of them will be  
broken. Evil will slay the  
wicked;

(MORE)

PRIEST(cont'd)  
The foes of the righteous will  
be condemned.  
The Lord redeems his servants;  
no one will be condemned who  
takes refuge in him.

DAVEY listens intently to the priest, his tongue plays  
with the inside of his upper lip. \*

62 INT. CANTEEN. DAY/LATER 62

"Adagio for Strings" plays on a small cassette machine  
at the side of the 'altar'.

The prisoners mill around the canteen after Mass. \*

BOBBY allows them to drift by him but keeps an eye on  
the prison officer spying through the 'peep' window in  
the door. \*

Comms pass from the hands of the prisoners to BOBBY. \*

Broken, a few of the men simply shake their heads to  
say they've had enough.

Occasionally BOBBY carefully takes a prisoner by the  
arm and whispers in his ear. \*

It's clear he's trying to rally them.

One YOUNG PRISONER (19) walks towards BOBBY in tears. \*

BOBBY takes him firmly by the shoulders and embraces  
the boy. \*

He whispers in his ear and the boy laughs through his  
tears.

BOBBY  
Fear maith. (Good man.) \*

BOBBY sees DAVEY approach. DAVEY removes the comm from  
his mouth and passes it into BOBBY's hand. \*

63 INT. BOBBY'S CELL. NIGHT 63

BOBBY sits on his mattress alone in his freezing cell  
wrapped in his blanket. He's carefully unwrapping the  
comm DAVEY passed to him. \*

It's a small square piece of white paper with words  
written in a black ink. He places it on his lap and  
reads it as he makes a cigarette. \*

He has a page from the Bible and has placed tobacco in it.

He rolls it with great efficiency.

The cigarette finished and BOBBY places it in his mouth. \*

His mood has changed. The contents of the comm have angered him. He simmers.

With a lighter he sets light to the infuriating comm.

On the ground in front of him he has placed the twenty or so comms he received from the prisoners at Mass.

He drops the lit comm on top of the others.

Little embers flit about in the air and about the cell as the comms burn.

In the silence the embers noisily crackle as they evaporate.

64 INT. BOBBY'S CELL. MORNING

64

BOBBY stands beneath his window on the pipes. \*

The pipes offering a little warmth, his cold feet relax on them.

The sound of ROOKS squawking in the distance.

The cell floor is covered in thick frost.

BOBBY is looking intently at something on the floor. \*

The embers of the burned comms are frozen under the thick frost.

He crouches down and rubs his finger over one particular spot.

A torn and burnt portion of the comm written in red ink can be seen beneath the ice.

In very close on the tiny writing and picking out five clear words.

"... IT'S TIME THIS STOPPED. NEGOTIATE... "

The noise of the rooks outside louder now.

BOBBY turns away from the words, gets up and stands in  
the middle of the cell listening to the rooks. \*

65 EXT. WOODS. DAY 65

Trees stand black and skeletal in the frozen stark  
landscape. \*

In their branches a flock of black rooks noisily hop  
about.

Suddenly they take off en masse and swoop onto another  
tree.

66 INT. BOBBY'S CELL. DAY 66

BOBBY stands transfixed by the sound of the birds. \*

67 EXT. WOODS. SEQUENCE 67

For some time we watch the patterns of the birds  
against the white sky offering us an escape from the  
oppressive inside.

Suddenly day and night dissolve into one another again  
and again the birds alternating between sleep and  
raucous activity.

PRISONER (V.O.)  
(calls) Fuaireamar ar gcuid  
eadat ar ais aris! (We got our  
clothes back!) \*

CUT TO:

68 INT. BOBBY'S CELL. EVENING 68

BOBBY stands washed and clean - shaven in the middle of  
his cell facing the door. \*

The loud noise of the door being swung open.

69 INT. WING. EVENING 69

A deathly silence now.

BOBBY stands out from his cell. \*

Four BLANKET MEN only wearing their white tea towels are already standing out from their cells. Spirits seem up but BOBBY looks very tense. \*

The men are led out of the wing. \*

70 INT. CANTEEN/CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CANTEEN. EVENING 70 \*

Again this strange silence as if everything was happening in a vacuum.

The five men are lined up in the corridor outside the canteen. One by one they are led. \*

On a line of two tables placed together are four large cardboard boxes. Inside are trousers, shirts, tank tops and shoes. \*

Around the room PRISON OFFICERS stand by watching.

Most of the prisoners seem pleased but again BOBBY looks tense.

The 19 year old prisoner BOBBY comforted earlier is the first to be led towards the boxes. \*

He works his way down the tables followed by the other prisoners. The first prison officer gives him trousers, the second shirt and tank top, the third a pair of brown shoes. \*

These are new clothes, extraordinarily garish, all yellows, pinks and bright greens.

A prison officer laughs a little to himself.

BOBBY slowly closes his eyes. \*

71 INT. FURNISHED CELL/WING. MORNING 71

The silence continues.

BOBBY stands in the middle of a clean and furnished cell wrapped in his blanket. \*

Folded neatly on a dressed bed is his new uniform; a red shirt and plaid green trousers.

He looks at the small desk and dark grey plastic seat. \*

Through the silence footsteps can be heard. \*

BOBBY looks towards the cell door. The noise is coming from the wing. \*

He looks through the gap at the side of the door.

He looks down the wing. \*

He sees one prisoner after the other being led to their cells holding their new clothes. \*

It's clear they feel demoralised. \*

BOBBY turns back into his cell. \*

Slowly, he ties his blanket around his waist in preparation to fight.

He looks at the plastic seat by the desk. \*

He lifts it up by its legs and holds it above his head.

BOBBY  
(quietly) Anois (Now). \*

He smashes it down on the desk.

CUT TO:

72    **BLACK.**    72

FADE IN:

73    **TITLE.**    73

EAMONN MC CANN. REPUBLICAN ACTIVIST.

We hear his voice.

EAMONN MC CANN (V.O.)  
I don't believe that we can afford to lose this one. Not only because of the possibility of our own people dying in Long Kesh cells but because if we lose this one in a real sense we will have lost everything that was fought for over the last twelve years.

CUT TO:



Stephen is clearly scared but he puts his head down and continues.

The riot squad get to the Circle, **joining another 15.** \*

They immediately form two long lines facing each other from the Circle all the way into the wing.

In these dour surroundings there's something oddly futuristic as the riot squad are all gleaming uniforms, shields and visors.

Everything still now.

Stephen looks at the faces of the other members of the riot squad.

Many are itching with adrenaline. Others are more focused, more hardened and seasoned.

He's trying to get his fear into some control but it's difficult.

A MAN opposite stares over at Stephen and can immediately read him.

He scoffs.

The noise of the orderly's trolley and Stephen looks to his right.

The ORDERLY wheels a trolley full of the bright new civilian-type uniforms through the Circle towards a wing.

Stephen sees the Governor walking fast towards them.

He's all smart pin-stripe suit and black polished leather shoes.

He glances at the riot squad with disregard and walks into an office.

Four other prison officers walk out from another office.

One of them carries a **rectangular** mirror of about **18 inches by 12.** \*  
\*

He stops and the four have a dialogue with each other.

Stephen stares at one of the men.

He wears a pair of **marigold plastic** gloves. \*

In his pocket he has a spare pair of marigolds. \*

Stephen looks down at the man's shoes (bubble boots) \*  
scraped and worn from kicking. \*

Their conversation is concise and all business.

They carry on towards the centre of the Circle as the two lines of prison officers watch them.

One of them places a sponge on the ground about one foot square.

The other one places the mirror on the sponge.

The mirror, a little dirty.

Stephen watches the prison officer stand and reach into his trouser pocket. He takes out a handkerchief.

He crouches back down and begins to polish the mirror.

Stephen again looks at the faces of the other men.

Something's not right. There's a delay. The expressions of the others show that they're eager to get on with what they have to do.

Jaws are clenched.

Hands grasp the truncheons harder.

Everyone 'twitching'.

It is an interminable time with adrenaline simmering and frustration winding the men up even tighter.

Finally a prison officer appears out from an office.

In his hand he is holding a blue folder. He walks through the Circle and towards the wing.

Truncheons begin to smash against riot shields.

They start chanting to pump themselves up.

Stephen relieves his terror by shouting insanely. His scream is lost beneath the noise.

It's time.



The officer has him by the hair and is dragging him towards the mirror.

Beyond the mirror DAVEY can see NAKED PRISONERS running through more shields and truncheons towards the new clean wing. \*

DAVEY is grabbed by three other prison officers. \*

He's held over the mirror.

There's a blow to the back of DAVEY's legs. \*

The prison officer with the marigold gloves on presses down on DAVEY's back. \*

The glove already stained with shit smears on DAVEY's skin. \*

He roughly checks DAVEY's anus for comms or any smuggled items. \*

He turns him around.

He shoves his fingers in his mouth again checking for comms.

DAVEY is kicked forwards. \*

His face smashing against the ground, his nose splitting.

One prison officer whips him on the ground until he gets up. \*

Thankfully all sounds suddenly cut.

Silence.

Now naked and once again DAVEY runs through the other line of shields towards the new wing. \*

Again back into the centre of the beatings.

DAVEY's face succumbs to the violence. \*

Listless, he moves with each blow.

His body turned backwards at one point.

He can see GERRY being held over the mirror and searched. \*

GERRY wrestles free. \*

He grabs one of the prison officers and head-butts him in the face.

The officer smashes GERRY's face down into the mirror. \*

DAVEY watches. \*

Suddenly GERRY receives the full force of a truncheon to the side of his head. \*

As GERRY falls slowly to the ground we come up on Stephen standing above him. \*

His visor is flecked with blood, his eyes pumped with anger, his character already distorted.

A flash of white light.

He smashes the truncheon down on GERRY again and again - arms, legs, back, ribs with one or two to the head - until everything is a pulsating white light accompanied by a deep thud over and over. \*

82 INT. CELL. WING. MORNING

82

An empty clean cell.

The walls quietly crumbling a little.

Silence.

Suddenly the sound of the door opening.

BOBBY is thrown inside. \*

The door is locked behind him.

He seems to hang in the air momentarily, blood dripping from his mouth.

83 INT. TOILET/BATH AREA. MORNING

83

The terrible sounds of the riot echoing off the tiles.

Stephen stands numbed and shaken. His uniform and face are stained with blood. He holds his visor by his side as the violence continues behind him. \*

He closes his bloodshot eyes attempting to turn off the noise.



RAYMOND  
Daisies - your favourite

He gently takes her hand and sits beside her.

There is little or no reaction in the old lady's face. She is lost in her thoughts. As she looks at RAYMOND its as if she's looking through him - there's no recognition of him being her son.

Out of nowhere, a man approaches RAYMOND. He stands above him with an outstretched arm. A loud bang is heard. RAYMOND's head falls into the lap of his mother. Blood has splattered her face and blouse. Her hand reaches up to her face touching the blood with a tentative strange curiosity.

Her eyes again distant, dull. Her dementia hopefully protecting her from this sudden violence. People start screaming.

87     **BLACK.**     87

In the darkness we hear terrible screams of shock and anguish as others approach RAYMOND's body.

FADE TO:

88     **INT. CORRIDOR. DAY**     88     \*

FR. THOMAS MORAN (47) stands at the grille.

A PRISON OFFICER opens it and he enters.

He's escorted to a visiting room.

The prison officer slides open the door.

The priest enters.

The door is closed.

We remain on the closed door for a few moments.

89     **INT. VISITORS' ROOM. DAY**     89     \*

BOBBY sits at a table looking at Fr. THOMAS who stands by the seat opposite BOBBY.

The bruising on BOBBY's face has gone down a little. He has a nasty looking gash over his eye.

He is half naked wearing only the civilian prison  
trousers and shoes.

\*  
\*

The room has two seats in it.

BOBBY  
You can sit down any time you  
like.

FR. THOMAS  
Parish priest etiquette. Never  
sit before you're asked.

BOBBY  
Sit down then.

FR. THOMAS  
Don't want to come over too  
eager.

BOBBY  
Best to hover around the front  
door?

FR. THOMAS sits down.

\*

FR. THOMAS  
You learn that first week in  
the seminary, Bobby.

A pause. He takes out a packet of cigarettes and shows  
them to BOBBY.

\*

FR. THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Cig?

BOBBY takes a cigarette off him.

\*

FR. THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Bit of a break from smoking  
the Bible.

BOBBY  
Aye.

FR. THOMAS  
Anyone work out which book  
makes the best smoke?

BOBBY  
We only smoke the  
Lamentations.

FR. THOMAS smiles.

\*

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
A right miserable cigarette.

FR. THOMAS lights BOBBY's cigarette and his own and the \*  
two men begin to smoke.

A pause.

FR. THOMAS  
Nice room. (*slight pause*) Very \*  
clean.

BOBBY  
Where is it you're from again,  
Tom?

FR. THOMAS  
Born you mean?

BOBBY  
Bally-go-backwards or some  
where?

FR. THOMAS  
Oh the city dog!

BOBBY  
Ballyroberts or...?

FR. THOMAS  
Aye a wee place south of  
Ballymoney. Kilrea.

BOBBY  
I remember a homily you did at  
Mass once...

FR. THOMAS  
You listened to it?

BOBBY  
Sure the men hold you in high  
esteem.

FR. THOMAS  
I can feel a dig coming on...

BOBBY  
You're always very fast.

FR. THOMAS  
Right.

BOBBY

Nah you're respected you know that... but I like all those country stories ya'd tell.

FR. THOMAS

A childhood of poaching, robbing apples, stampeding cattle...

BOBBY

A fine education for a priest.

FR. THOMAS

A priest working West Belfast, it is yeah.

BOBBY

Stampeding comes in handy down the Falls Road?

FR. THOMAS

RUC hate me.

BOBBY

You miss it though?

FR. THOMAS

Hah?

BOBBY

The countryside?

FR. THOMAS

Sure get home to see my wee brother every month or so... but... Aye, I miss the usual, you know. The clean air. The space... all that...

BOBBY

Feels closer to who you are?

FR. THOMAS

Aye well it is, no question. Something like a fish out of water working in a big city like Belfast but you know... a job, isn't it? You stop quick enough looking around at your surroundings, figure your business is the business of the soul and all...

BOBBY  
(*smiling*) "Business of the  
soul"!?

FR. THOMAS  
Ah you know what I mean...

BOBBY  
Learn that in the seminary  
too?

FR. THOMAS  
Aye, you can use it free of  
charge.

BOBBY  
Go on.

FR. THOMAS  
'Spose what I'm saying is...  
is that you get on, basically.  
Kilrea can wait 'til I'm an  
old man.

BOBBY  
Too many scoundrels to be  
saved in Belfast anyway.

FR. THOMAS  
Busy work, aye.

BOBBY  
God will reward you in Heaven.

FR. THOMAS  
And I'll be thankful... once  
there's wine involved.

BOBBY  
So what does your brother do  
back home?

FR. THOMAS  
(*through gritted teeth*) He's  
the parish priest.

BOBBY laughs.

FR. THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Oh he's a right sneaky bastard  
him! You know the sort,  
Bobby...?

BOBBY  
Still goes poaching?

FR. THOMAS  
Poaching jobs! He's younger by  
eight years to me, all right?

BOBBY  
Go on...

FR. THOMAS  
As a cleric I'm working the  
parish beside Kilrea. A wee  
hole of a place. I'm working  
my arse off. House calls to  
the elderly, mobile  
confessions...

BOBBY  
The glamour stuff.

FR. THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Aye! So anyway a position  
comes up in Kilrea...

BOBBY  
Right.

FR. THOMAS (CONT'D)  
... and I'm past over for some  
reason or another. No reason  
probably.

BOBBY  
Taken too much cake off the  
old ladies...

FR. THOMAS  
Probably.

BOBBY  
So?

FR. THOMAS  
So about five years later,  
position again back home in  
Kilrea comes up... the brother  
Michael waltzes right into it.

BOBBY  
(*laughing*) Oh fuck...

FR. THOMAS  
He's made parish priest at 28.

BOBBY  
More spiritual probably. Less  
lippy, than you.

FR. THOMAS  
He worked the Bishop! He's a  
golfer. He's a pushy little  
twirp is what he is!

BOBBY  
At least you're not bitter.

FR. THOMAS  
Aye well I couldn't be that.

BOBBY  
Parish priest at 28,  
fantastic.

FR. THOMAS  
He's two cars. The house he  
has! Massive. He's got a cook  
and a maid. I'm stuck in a two  
up two down with a fat Kerry  
man who drones on and on about  
Gaelic football... Can we stop  
talking about this?

BOBBY  
(*laughing*) Jesus, you're the  
one talking!

FR. THOMAS  
How's your smoke goin'?

BOBBY gestures for another one.

FR. THOMAS opens the pack and offers him one.

FR. THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Filthy habit. Disgusting.

BOBBY  
Aye, awful. Lovely though.

FR. THOMAS  
Aye, praise the Lord.

BOBBY lights it off the end of the one that he's  
finishing. \*

FR. THOMAS lights a fresh cigarette. \*

BOBBY still smiling away to himself. \*

BOBBY  
(to himself) 28? My God!

FR. THOMAS  
Stop it!

BOBBY laughs a little. \*

A long pause.

FR. THOMAS  
What happened your eye, Bobby? \*

BOBBY  
Hah?

FR. THOMAS  
Get a dig for yourself? Your  
eye?

BOBBY  
Difference of opinion.  
Sectarian chit-chat.

FR. THOMAS  
How's the other fella?

BOBBY  
Oh a lot worse, believe me.

FR. THOMAS  
So what did you call me here  
for?

BOBBY  
Is that the idle banter over  
with?

FR. THOMAS  
Parish priest etiquette. Start  
with the small talk.

BOBBY  
Learning lots about the  
priesthood, Tom.

FR. THOMAS  
You'd make a fine priest.

BOBBY laughs. \*

FR. THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Good talker, man of principle,  
leader of men...

BOBBY  
Political terrorist!

FR. THOMAS  
The church love a reformed  
crook.

BOBBY  
Aye I always felt that thief  
next to Jesus got off lightly.

FR. THOMAS  
He recognised his sins.

BOBBY  
Did he though?

FR. THOMAS  
Oh aye. Said as much.

BOBBY  
When you're hung from a cross  
you're going to say anything.  
Jesus offers him a seat next  
to his daddy in a place called  
paradise... you're always  
going to put your hand up and  
have a piece of that...

FR. THOMAS  
Aye, even when it's nailed to  
a cross...

They both laugh.

BOBBY  
(*laughing*) **Jesus Christ**,  
that's sacrilegious!

\*

FR. THOMAS  
Sacrilegious!?

BOBBY  
Aye.

FR. THOMAS  
No it's not! He was a dirty  
thief!

**BOBBY** laughs a little.

\*

FR. THOMAS

So what have you got to tell me? Where ya at? Been driven mad by that Governor yet?

BOBBY

This 'negotiating' lark has been a side show, I'll tell ya that for nothin'.

FR. THOMAS

(*smiling*) You understand why you need to do it...

BOBBY

Because we're no longer good propaganda.

FR. THOMAS

According to who? The leadership?

\*  
\*

BOBBY

The time has come. A decision has to be made.

\*  
\*

FR. THOMAS

You think that's what the leadership think?

\*  
\*

BOBBY

Maybe... I don't know...

\*

FR. THOMAS

A bit paranoid there...

BOBBY

10,000 people marched for the 7 hunger strikers last October, right...

FR. THOMAS

Right.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

... international pressure on the Brits and all that shite.

FR. THOMAS

Busy times...

\*

BOBBY

Right! Even the Pope's having his say and getting involved, the whole world having a go at Maggie Thatcher to back down and give us our demands... but it all came to nothing, right Tom?

FR. THOMAS

Right.

BOBBY

The hunger strike failed. We were and are on the front line. We created the protest. It was our responsibility.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FR. THOMAS

Aye.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

The Leadership have been very clear to me, Tom, 4 and half years of the no-wash protests, as much as it's been good for Republicanism, to some extent, it's also distracted from the wider development of the organisation...

FR. THOMAS

'Cause your needs are specific needs.

BOBBY

Aye of course they are! Some woman bringing up three children in West Belfast shouldn't care about 'civilian type clothing' or whatever the hell they're calling these clown outfits!

\*  
\*

FR. THOMAS

I saw them.

BOBBY

We were promised our own clothes, Tom! Honest to God! It's childish skulduggery!

FR. THOMAS

So **the leadership** have had  
enough of **you**?

\*  
\*

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Aye, I can feel it! Outside,  
I'd be thinking exactly the  
same. In the ideal world we'd  
be fighting our battles but  
we're tied, Tom, right.  
Nothing's changed in here.  
Nothing's moved on and Command  
are stuck with us until  
there's a realistic chance of  
movement towards political  
status. That's the hard truth  
of it. Now to get me to  
negotiate with these lying  
reneging monkeys, where  
there's nothing ever on the  
table is just pure brown  
shite!

FR. THOMAS laughs a little.

\*

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I'm not going to be marched  
into this Governor's office  
and being tied up in some  
pointless dialogue with that  
pompous **bastard**...!

\*

FR. THOMAS

*(smiling)* He's a big fan of  
yours too.

\*

BOBBY

Thick as two short planks,  
Tom! A man-moron!

FR. THOMAS laughs.

\*

BOBBY

*(laughing)* Can you believe  
they made him a Governor  
though?! **An** insult to  
humanity!

\*

FR. THOMAS

*(laughing)* Mother of Jesus,  
where d'ya get your energy  
from?

BOBBY  
Cross country runner as a  
child.

FR. THOMAS  
Could have guessed it. Big  
engine on ya.

BOBBY drags on his cigarette. Momentarily a focus about  
him. \*

FR. THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Cross country running...  
Explains a lot about ya,  
Bobby. \*

A pause.

BOBBY  
I loved it so I did. (*a pause*)  
That's the whole country thing  
to me. Jesus they'd have to  
hold me back at the finish  
line or I'd keep on running.

FR. THOMAS smiles. \*

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Little scraps. Mongrels from  
out of the city frightened of  
cattle and... aw it was a  
funny time.

FR. THOMAS  
(*smiling*) Frightened of  
cattle?

BOBBY  
Oh aye, terrified of them. To  
think you could get milk and  
burgers from them monsters,  
Jesus Christ!

FR. THOMAS laughs. \*

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Next time around I'll be born  
in the countryside,  
guaranteed. Wildlife and  
stuff. Birds, ya know. Love  
all that. Paradise.

FR. THOMAS  
Aye you could learn to relax,  
Bobby.

\*

BOBBY  
Aye maybe. Never know. Never  
tried it before.

A pause. BOBBY stares at the priest as he looks around  
the cell.

\*

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
I'm starting a hunger strike  
on the 1st of March.

A pause.

FR. THOMAS turns and looks at him.

\*

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
That's why you're here.  
(*slight pause*) That's what I'm  
telling ya.

A pause.

FR. THOMAS  
Does your family know?

BOBBY  
I got word out to them, aye.

FR. THOMAS  
You haven't spoken with them?

BOBBY  
I got a visit in two weeks  
time. We'll talk then.

FR. THOMAS  
How do you think they'll take  
it?

BOBBY  
I'm hoping they'll be strong.

FR. THOMAS  
And your wee boy?

A pause.

FR. THOMAS

What will make it different  
from the last one?

BOBBY

The last hunger strike was  
flawed. It became emotional.  
The 7 men started at the same  
time. At the end they were all  
weak and they couldn't let the  
weakest one die. **This left us  
susceptible to being conned by  
the Brits and thats exactly  
what we were - conned.** This  
time out the men will start  
consecutively two weeks apart.  
Somebody dies and they'll be  
replaced. There's no shortage.  
175 men have put their names  
forward...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FR. THOMAS

Oh for **Christ's** sake.

\*

BOBBY

The announcement is being made  
today.

FR. THOMAS

So what makes this protest  
different is that you're set  
to die Bobby?

BOBBY

I know **it may come to that.**

\*

FR. THOMAS

You start a hunger strike to  
protest for what you believe  
in.

(MORE)

FR. THOMAS (cont'd)  
You don't start already  
determined that you will  
die... Am I not understanding  
something here!?

BOBBY  
It's in their hands. The  
message is clear. They're  
seeing our determination.

FR. THOMAS  
It will take a couple of  
deaths do you reckon? Or maybe  
five or six? Aye sure there's  
75 of yee...

BOBBY  
Aye well it won't come to  
that...

FR. THOMAS  
Right maybe the Brits will  
buckle on 20 or so. But what  
should you care 'cause you're  
dead already, right!

BOBBY strains a smile.

\*

FR. THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Have you thought about the  
pressure you're putting on  
these boys? Putting aside what  
will happen to these poor  
men's families... you're going  
head to head with a British  
government who clearly despise  
Republicanism... who are  
unshakeable... who can very  
easily live with the deaths of  
what they call 'terrorists'.  
The stakes are much higher  
this time...

BOBBY  
I know that.

FR. THOMAS  
If you're not even willing to  
negotiate... you're looking  
for them to capitulate is that  
it?!

BOBBY  
Right.

FR. THOMAS

So failure means many dead men, families torn apart, the whole Republican Movement demoralised...

BOBBY

Aye, worst case scenario it might well mean all that... but short term. Out of the ashes...

FR. THOMAS

(*incredulous*) Oh come on!

BOBBY

Guaranteed there'll be a new generation of men and women even more resilient, more determined...

FR. THOMAS

Look who you're talking to!

BOBBY

I thought you might understand there's a war going on! You're talking like a foreigner.

FR. THOMAS

You're talking to me like I'm a foreigner! You don't think I know Northern Ireland? I live here, man!

BOBBY

Then support us!

FR. THOMAS

I supported the first hunger strike on the basis that it was a protest but this pre-design to die and balk at negotiation ... that's ridiculous, Bobby. It's destructive...

BOBBY

What's happened in here for 4 years... the brutality... our basic human rights taken from us... all of this has to come to an end.

FR. THOMAS  
Through talking!

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
So we take their offer, put on  
their uniform 'cause the last  
4 years have meant nothin'!?  
We can do that Tom... or we  
can behave like the army we  
proclaim to be and lay down  
our lives for our comrades...

FR. THOMAS  
Is there not even a small part  
of you beneath this cold  
miscalculation that is hoping  
for a breakthrough? That could  
find themselves negotiating  
again?

BOBBY  
That won't happen...

FR. THOMAS  
Forget about that! I want to  
know whether your intent is  
just purely to commit suicide  
here... !

BOBBY  
I'm not going to start arguing  
the morality of what I'm about  
to do and whether it's really  
suicide or not. You expect me  
to get ecumenical with a  
priest?! For one, you're  
calling it suicide but I call  
it murder and that's just  
another wee difference between  
us two. We are both Catholic  
men... both Republicans... but  
while you were poaching salmon  
in lovely Kilrea, we were  
being burnt out of our house  
in Rathcoole.

FR. THOMAS  
Right...

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Similar in many ways, Tom, but  
life and experience has  
focused our beliefs  
differently, understand me?!

FR. THOMAS

I understand.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I have my belief Tom and in all its simplicity that is the most powerful thing.

FR. THOMAS (CONT'D)

What's your statement by dying? Just highlighting the British intransigence? So fucking what! The world can see what the Brits are like!

BOBBY

Good!

FR. THOMAS

Aye it is good and it's nothing to do with you! The Brit's have been fucking up everything for centuries.

BOBBY

*(smiling)* I can feel your hatred, Tom.

FR. THOMAS

Looking for martyrdom?

BOBBY

No.

FR. THOMAS

Are you sure?

BOBBY

Aye.

FR. THOMAS

I've **l**istened to you eulogising Wolftone, **C**onnolly, Mc Swiney... all them boys.

(MORE)

\*  
\*

FR. THOMAS (cont'd)  
Can't help thinking you're  
writing your name large for  
all them history books.

BOBBY  
'Cause you think that matters  
to me?

FR. THOMAS  
Aye, I know it does!

BOBBY  
You're wrong then...

FR. THOMAS (CONT'D)  
You see you soldiers... it's  
all about 'the freedom' but  
you've got no appreciation of  
a life, Bobby. You no longer  
know what a life is, you men.  
You're 4 years in these  
conditions no one expects you  
to be normal. There's nothing  
normal about yee!

We stay on BOBBY.

\*

FR. THOMAS (CONT'D O.S)  
Right now Republicanism has  
talked itself into the  
corner... you IRA are standing  
right behind it looking into  
that corner. All that history,  
all them dead men and women...  
you're still seeing nothing!  
When your answer's to kill  
everything, you've blinded  
yourselves years ago! You're  
scared to say 'stop'! You're  
afraid of living. Afraid of  
talk and peace. Sure what  
would Ulster be if it wasn't  
tearing itself to shit?!  
Murder your way to glory, aye  
that's the plan all right! And  
this here situation... that  
the future of the Republican  
Movement is in the hands of  
you men who've lost all sense  
of reality?! You think you're  
head's on right? Locked up in  
here for 24 hours a day in  
shit and piss and it's you  
that's making a decision that  
could see so many men die.

(MORE)

FR. THOMAS (cont'd)  
Build a statue to Bobby  
Sands?! You're joking me!  
Freedom Fighter?! They're the  
people out there working in  
the community, man! That was  
you once upon a time, am I  
right? That work you did in  
Twinbrook... that's where we  
need you, Bobby. You know I'm  
right.

BOBBY  
(unsettled) That I'm  
deluded... you want me to  
answer that?!

FR. THOMAS  
They're beating you, Bobby.  
You're playing into their  
hands...

BOBBY  
The strategy's in place...

FR. THOMAS  
You can stop it! Just say  
'stop'!

BOBBY  
You don't understand a  
thing...

FR. THOMAS  
You're in no state to make  
this call!

BOBBY  
It's done. It won't be  
stopped!

FR. THOMAS  
Then fuck it, life must mean  
nothing to ya!

BOBBY  
And God's going to punish me?

FR. THOMAS  
Aye well besides the suicide  
he'd have to punish you for  
stupidity.

BOBBY

Aye and you for arrogance.  
'Cause my life is a real life  
and not some theological  
exercise, some religious trick  
that's got fuck all to do with  
living!

FR. THOMAS

What?!

BOBBY

Jesus Christ had a backbone  
but them disciples, every  
disciple since... you're just  
jumping in and out of the  
rhetoric and dead-end  
semantics. That's the sort of  
waffle you learn in the  
seminary, right Tom?! Well you  
need the revolutionary, you  
need the cultural/political  
soldier to give life pulse, to  
give life a direction...

FR. THOMAS

That's stupid talk! You're  
deluded...

BOBBY

Aye so you say!

FR. THOMAS

How's your wee son going to  
feel?

BOBBY

Fuck you!

\*

FR. THOMAS

Doesn't it interest ya?

BOBBY

You're going to attack me with  
sentiment?! Typical priest!

FR. THOMAS

And what does your heart say  
Bobby?

BOBBY

I thought you had me all  
figured out...

FR. THOMAS

What's it saying tell me!?

A pause.

BOBBY

(*calmly*) My life means everything to me. Freedom means everything. You're seeing me as a sectarian nut, right? Seeing my beliefs as some poison or something or other. I know you don't mean to mock me Tom so I'll let all that pass. (*a pause*) This is one of these times when we've come to a pause Tom. It's a time to keep your beliefs pure. You call it sectarian... I call it faith. (*slight pause*) I believe that a united Ireland is right and just. Now maybe it's impossible for a man like you to understand but having a respect for my life, a desire for freedom, an unyielding love for that belief, means that I can see past any doubts I may have. **Putting my life on the line** is not just the only thing I can do, Tom... it's the right thing.

\*

A pause. **FR. THOMAS** knows that there's no point in proceeding. The argument's over.

\*

FR. THOMAS

This is why you've asked me here.

A pause.

FR. THOMAS (CONT'D)

Needed a sounding board? Not 100% certain of yourself? Been doubting yourself maybe?

BOBBY

Aye well I'm only human.

FR. THOMAS

I've made it clear for you then?

BOBBY

A man of guidance. 'The  
business of the soul', Tom.

A very long pause.

FR. THOMAS finishes his cigarette and stubs it out in  
the ashtray. \*

BOBBY can see that he's fucked off, used maybe. \*

BOBBY

You've been to Gweedore in  
Donegal?

A pause.

FR. THOMAS

Aye.

A pause.

BOBBY

I went there when I was  
twelve. Big race for the cross  
country boys and we're all in  
the back of a mini-bus headed  
towards Derry one morning.  
This is big time, you know.  
This is like... international  
athletics 'cause we're racing  
against boys in the south and  
we have this thing to do  
Belfast proud. Two of the  
young lads are Prods and the  
other four of us are  
Catholics... it's a cross  
community thing and I suppose  
the good people in the South  
think this is great stuff and  
best to get this wee team from  
Belfast over and all that  
patronising shite. So anyway  
we're through the border and  
I'm in the back of the bus,  
the other ones singing pop  
songs and all... but we're  
going through them mountains  
you know where Mount Errigal  
is and everything... and it's  
a beautiful sight, isn't it  
Tom? Donegal has to be the  
most beautiful place in  
Ireland, I reckon. \*

FR. THOMAS  
(*distant*) Aye.

BOBBY  
I'm sticking to myself and  
just looking out the window.  
They can have their pop tunes,  
I don't mind.

He stubs out his cigarette and continues.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
We arrive at Gweedore... what  
a place! And it's hopping with  
about 200 boys getting into  
their gear and running shoes  
and things... limbering up.  
The whole event is run by  
priests... Christian brothers  
probably... and they're  
clipping young fellas around  
the ears and basically trying  
to retain some order. Our team  
takes off for a wee jog to  
shake out the legs. We're  
surrounded by fields of barley  
and they dip down into a wee  
valley where there's all woods  
and a wee stream going through  
it. The woods and stream are  
out of bounds so naturally us  
Belfast boys have to go and  
check them out. Oh aye. Woods  
and a stream, Tom! Sure that's  
like the Amazon to us. We're  
running through the woods and  
we come across these young  
fellas from Cork. There's some  
banter about our accents but  
we could barely understand a  
word they were saying! You get  
the idea that they're lording  
it over us a bit. Looking down  
on us, you know. I'm sensing  
it anyway. We start running  
with them and there's this  
idea to run down towards the  
stream and check it out for  
fish.

(MORE)

\*

BOBBY(cont'd)  
So we're down by the river,  
Tom... stream... half a foot  
of water in there. Little  
silver fish but nothing  
substantial until we hear one  
of their boys call us further  
down. (pause) Lying in the  
water is a wee foal... maybe a  
few days old... he's all skin  
and bone... a grey colour and  
you can see wee bits of blood  
on his coat because he bashed  
himself up real bad on the  
sharp rocks, you know. We're  
standing above him and you can  
see his back leg snapped...  
and he's alive... you can see  
him breathing but just about.  
(pause) So there's this big  
conversation started between  
the boys who reckon themselves  
the leaders suddenly and  
they're deliberating as to  
what we should do... someone  
says put him out of his misery  
and there's talk of dropping a  
rock on his head but I'm  
standing quiet and I can see  
it in their faces that they're  
either scared stiff or  
clueless... it's all bravado.  
The foal's agitated and moving  
around and the poor fella's in  
real pain... and all this chat  
going on, going nowhere. We  
hear one of the priests coming  
through the woods and he sees  
us, sees the foal and shouts  
at us not to move and we're  
done for... we're really done  
for. A group of boys will  
always get the blame for  
hurting a foal... a group of  
Belfast boys will get a  
hammering for sure. So it's  
clear to me in an instant and  
I'm down on my knees and I  
take the foal's head and I  
hold it under the water. He's  
thrashing a little bit to  
start and so I press down  
harder until he's drowned.

(MORE)

BOBBY (cont'd)  
The priest arrives, Tom, and he's grabbing me by the hair, dragging me back and marching me through the woods, yelling at me and promising me a proper beating. (a pause) But I knew I did the right thing by that wee foal. And I could take the punishment for all our boys. And I had the respect of them other boys now... and I knew that.

A pause.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
I'm clear of the reasons and I'm clear of all the repercussions. But I will act and I will not stand by and do nothing.

One of the PRISON OFFICERS stands up from his chair.

PRISON OFFICER  
Time.

FR. THOMAS stands.

BOBBY sees FR. THOMAS about to put his cigarettes away in his pocket.

BOBBY  
You can leave them there if you like. Don't want me rolling up the Letters of Saint John, do you?

FR. THOMAS  
I couldn't have that on my conscience no.

BOBBY smiles as does FR. THOMAS.

FR. THOMAS (CONT'D)  
I don't think I'm going to see you again, Bobby.

BOBBY  
There's no need.

FR. THOMAS turns and leaves.

BOBBY stands beneath the window and watches the door. \*

It slams shut. \*

90 INT. BOBBY'S CELL. NIGHT 90 \*

CU tracking shot of crack in the ceiling. \*

MARGARET THATCHER (V.O.)  
And faced now with the failure  
of their discredited cause,  
the men of violence have  
chosen in recent months to  
play what may well be their  
last card. They have turned  
their violence against  
themselves through the prison  
hunger strike to death.

91 INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY SANDS' CELL. DAY 91

A dandelion pappus (a white seed flower) is floating.

MARGARET THATCHER (V.O. CONT'D)  
They seek to work on the most  
basic of human emotions...  
pity... as a means of creating  
tension and stoking the fires  
of bitterness and hatred.

The pappus floats down.

92 INT. CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER'S OFFICE. DAY 92

BOBBY SANDS' PARENTS sit listening to the yet unseen  
CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER (60).

CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER (O.S.)  
...(fading in).. and from week  
one, there has been a gradual  
deterioration of liver, kidney  
and pancreatic function. Also  
the bone density decreases  
substantially due to calcium  
and vitamin deficiencies.

(MORE)

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER(cont'd)  
The muscle of the heart is  
also undernourished, causing  
impaired function and  
eventually cardiac failure -  
the left ventricle could  
shrink to 70% of its normal  
size.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He will have low blood sugar,  
low energy and muscular  
wasting...

\*  
\*  
\*

Throughout, MRS. SANDS remains focused and stern. She  
looks away from the medical officer and at her husband.

\*

Mr. SANDS listens carefully to each word.

\*

CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER (O.S.)  
He'll be experiencing  
gastrointestinal ulcers with  
the thinning of the intestinal  
wall and submucosal  
haemorrhaging. There will have  
been degenerative changes to  
the mucous membrane of the  
intestines and...

\*

The CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER's voice is suddenly cut. We  
remain on MR. SANDS staring ahead near motionless.

\*  
\*

93 INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. DAY 93

The dandelion pappus continues to float down through  
the air.

As it nears the floor a draft, from beneath the door,  
pushes it back up.

BOBBY lies in bed watching it move slowly through the  
space the air taking it this way and that.

\*

He is well into his hunger strike, his eyes clouded,  
his face, grey and emaciated.

94 INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. DAY/LATER 94

The walls of the neat cell are an insipid pastel blue  
colour. Everything flat with a dull institutional  
sheen.

There's a small window in the middle of the wall facing  
BOBBY's bed.

\*

There's a sink in one corner.

There's a green seat against a wall.

There's a bedside locker.

On top of it there's a plastic jug of water, a large plastic beaker and a small saucer with salt in it.

Everything still.

**BOBBY** is sitting at the edge of the bed stone-still. \*  
His pyjamas are a similar dull blue colour as the \*  
walls. \*

The orderly, **WILLIAM** stands by watching him. \*

**BOBBY** slowly begins to unbutton his pyjama shirt. \*

Through the back of the shirt, blotted in certain areas, a sticky wetness can be seen coming out.

**WILLIAM** looks down on the bed sheet which has been made \*  
wet by what's beneath **BOBBY**'s shirt. \*

He could help him but he allows **BOBBY** the dignity of \*  
taking his own shirt off. \*

The shirt drops. His back is covered in bed sores.

**BOBBY** leans forward. \*

**WILLIAM** unscrews the lid off a jar of Sudocrem. \*

He gently starts to rub the cream into **BOBBY**'s back and \*  
over his sores. \*

It's the same movement every time. The cream applied directly to the sores and then rubbed in a circle, little white spirals with red blisters at the centre.

**BOBBY** turns his head and looks at the barred window in \*  
the wall. \*

He can hear the sound of rooks. \*

94A **INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. LATER** 94A \*

(Moved from Sc 103.) \*

**BOBBY** now sits up in bed propped up with pillows. His \*  
shirt is off and cream has just been applied to him. \*

The sheets are heavily stained. \*

WILLIAM leaves the cell. \*

The door is left open. \*

At the side of the bed is a small table with a tray of food on it. Scrambled eggs on toast and a mug of tea. \*

The tea cold now looks grey, a thin film of dullness on it. \*

The scrambled eggs sit dried and greying. \*

BOBBY listens to the gentle noises of a trolley being wheeled through the wing outside. \*

It stops. \*

A PRISON OFFICER enters the cell, picks up the tray and leaves. \*

He returns with another tray of food. Piping hot stew and potatoes and greens. \*

He places it on the small table and leaves the cell. \*

BOBBY looks blankly at the food. \*

He watches the steam rise from the plate. \*

It wisps about evaporating in the space. \*

WILLIAM enters with clean folded sheets and clean pyjamas. \*

BOBBY's staring at the plastic beaker of water on his locker. \*

He takes it up and drinks it back. \*

He exhales sharply. \*

BOBBY takes a dab of salt. \*

He drinks another beaker full of water. \*



The doctor writes "42.45 kilograms" (6.6 Stones).

He takes his pulse.

He takes his blood pressure.

He watches **BOBBY** standing with his back to him in the corner. \*

**BOBBY** is urinating into a small glass beaker. \*

A needle pierces **BOBBY**'s vein in his arm and the syringe extracts some blood. \*

A small plaster is put over the tiny incision.

**BOBBY** sits in a chair. \*

He looks down at the plaster.

He gently rubs it with a finger. He pulls down his sleeve.

He watches the doctor at his filing cabinet putting away his papers and listens to the Amaryllis Suite quietly playing.

He looks at a framed photograph on the desk of the doctor, his wife and grown up family.

101 **INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BATH. NIGHT**

101

**WILLIAM** and a **YOUNG ORDERLY** (20) are lowering **BOBBY** into a bath of cloudy water. \*

WILLIAM  
(whispers) There we go. Good  
lad.

Now naked his weight loss **is** more alarming, his body skeletal. \*

In real discomfort **BOBBY** sits down in the bath. \*

His spine grinds against the hard enamel as he lies backwards.

The young orderly leaves looking quite shook.

**WILLIAM** sits on a seat by the door to supervise **BOBBY**. \*

**BOBBY** stares down at the silver tap. \*

He watches a drop of water forming and then falling into the water.

He watches another drop slowly forming.

102 INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. DAY 102

BOBBY lies over the edge of his bed vomiting onto the ground. \*

It's a green watery bile steaming with acidity.

He collapses back onto the bed, his forehead drenched with sweat.

He grabs his stomach in pain and curls himself up on the blanket.

Slowly rising above him and looking down on the cell.

WILLIAM quickly enters. \*

He takes a damp cloth and gently places it on BOBBY'S forehead. \*

He holds his hand and tries to calm him.

Slowly rising further above the two men to the ceiling, seemingly to escape, the camera is imprisoned. Moving back down to the ground, the camera then slowly moves left to the side wall and then again to the ceiling, hitting the other side wall and then bouncing off the bed to the door. This motion continues until the picture fades to black. (It's as if the camera is a trapped balloon trying to find its way out.) \*

103 DELETED. - MOVED TO 94A 103 \*

- 104 **INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. WING. MORNING** 104  
Dressed in clean pyjamas **BOBBY** is sitting against the wall outside his cell. \*
- 105 **INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. MORNING** 105  
WILLIAM and the **YOUNG ORDERLY** have stripped the bed and look down at the mattress. \*  
It is heavily stained from previous use.  
They dress the bed in new sheets.  
They lay a small sheep skin rug on it.
- 106 **INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. WING. MORNING** 106  
**BOBBY** remains seated outside in the wing alone. \*  
He puts his hand under his pyjama shirt.  
We see beneath as his fingers gently rub his ribs.
- 107 **INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. MORNING** 107  
WILLIAM lowers **BOBBY** onto the new sheep skin rug on the bed. \*

WILLIAM and the **YOUNG ORDERLY** place a coffin shaped 'cage' over his body. \*

The blankets are then laid on top of the cage so they don't put pressure on him.

108 **INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. NIGHT** 108

**BOBBY** lies in his bed. \*

He's staring at the ceiling and the fluorescent light which is switched off.

He looks blankly at a hairline crack running from the light across the ceiling (**this is the same crack that we've tracked during the Archive VO**). \*

He follows the crack and it reaches the wall.

**BOBBY** follows the crack down the wall from the ceiling. \*

His eyes suddenly stop moving.

A **TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY** is sitting on the small chair against the wall. \*

The two just stare at each other for some time. \*

The boy's expression, interested - unsettled.

**BOBBY** glances down at his own hand and it is clenching the blanket. \*

When he looks up the **TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY** is gone. \*

**BOBBY** is left looking at the chair. \*

It has a simple metal frame and a green leatherette seat and back which stands out from the bluish hue of the wall.

**The image bleaches to white, an electrical humming sound is faded up.** \*

109 **INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. MORNING** 109

The fluorescent light glares and hums loudly.

**BOBBY** is sitting up in bed his eyes hurting from the bright light. \*

He closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

110 **RED.** 110

The hum even louder now.

FADE TO:

111 **INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. MORNING** 111

The hum continues.

**BOBBY** opens his eyes. \*

There's a **BEARDED MAN** sitting in the chair talking to him. All we hear is the noise from the fluorescent light. \*

It is the same man **BOBBY** saw in the visiting room who passed on the comm. \*

**BOBBY** stares blankly at him. \*

The man suddenly stops.

**BOBBY** looks away from him and closes his eyes to escape the noise. \*

112 **DELETED.** 112 \*

112A **DELETED.** 112A \*

112B **DELETED.** 112B \*

113 **INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BATH. DAY** 113

A drop of water slowly forms on the tap.

**BOBBY** lies in the bath gently washing his chest and neck with a bar of red carbolic soap. \*

He looks much weaker now.

**WILLIAM** sits behind at the door watching him.

A large **LOYALIST ORDERLY** (45) enters, wearing a white coat. \*

**LOYALIST ORDERLY** \*

(to William) Right then.

**BOBBY** glances over his shoulder and sees **WILLIAM** leaving and the **LOYALIST ORDERLY** taking his place. \*

114 **INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. DAY** 114

**WILLIAM** walks alone down the corridor.

115 **INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. RECEPTION. DAY** 115

A bland institutional anteroom.

A **PRISON OFFICER** checks **WILLIAM**'s pockets, mouth, hair for any comms.

He opens the door to the outside.

116 **DELETED.** 116 \*

117 INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BATH. DAY

117

The LOYALIST ORDERLY has already moved the seat so that he's closer and can see BOBBY's face as BOBBY remains in the bath.

\*  
\*

BOBBY is staring over at the man's heavily tattooed hands. They're stained with Indian ink, letters glorifying his Loyalism - UDA.

\*  
\*

The LOYALIST ORDERLY stares back at BOBBY.

\*

For some moments the two men hold each other's focus full of unyielding, intense and quiet hatred.

BOBBY gets out of the bath and dries himself with a towel.

\*  
\*

The heat of the bath has effected him and he's feeling faint.

\*  
\*

The LOYALIST ORDERLY is now standing to observe him.

\*

BOBBY dabs the towel against his wet skin slowly. It's taking a huge effort.

\*  
\*

His eyes close, his head slouches to one side, the towel falls from his hand to the ground, his knees buckle as his body falls out of frame.

\*  
\*  
\*

118 DELETED. MOVED TO 117

118

\*

119 INT. HOSPITAL WING. DAY

119

The LOYALIST ORDERLY is carrying BOBBY in his arms, he is still conscious, listless and naked. The orderly glances at him indifferently (as if carrying a bag of potatoes).

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A PRISON OFFICER stands up by BOBBY's cell door and sees them approach.

\*

He opens the door.

The LOYALIST ORDERLY carries BOBBY inside.

\*

120 DELETED.

120

\*

121 DELETED.

121

\*

- 122 INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. NIGHT 122
- BOBBY is sitting up in the bed staring at something.  
The side of his head shows bruising. \*
- THE TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY stands beneath the window  
looking at him. \*
- The sound of rooks in the distance. \*
- The TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY nervously moves a little closer  
to the bed. \*
- BOBBY watches, frightened. \*
- 123 INT. CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER'S OFFICE. MORNING 123
- The CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER takes his pulse, takes his  
blood pressure, pierces the vein in his arm and takes  
some blood. \*
- WILLIAM stands by. \*
- 124 INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. DAY 124
- BOBBY lies in bed beneath the cage and blankets. \*
- A small table with a plate of cold dull mashed potatoes  
and gravy is in the foreground. \*
- Again the gentle sound of a trolley being wheeled  
through the wing outside.
- It stops.
- A PRISON OFFICER enters the cell, picks up the tray and  
leaves.
- He returns with another tray of food.
- Exhausted, BOBBY closes his eyes. \*
- 124A INT. PRISON VAN.DAY 124A \*
- MR and MRS SANDS sit opposite each other in the back of  
a van. They exchange glances. MR SANDS looks down to  
his feet. MRS SANDS looks away towards the front of the  
van. \*
- The van reverses and then suddenly comes to a halt. \*

125 INT. PRISON RECEPTION. MORNING 125 \*

BOBBY's parents step out of the back of a Prison Van. \*

MR. SANDS holds a small suitcase. \*

- 126 **INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. CELL. MORNING** 126
- BOBBY's PARENTS are sitting on two single beds facing each other. \*
- MRS. SANDS leaves the cell. \*
- MR. SANDS stands and opens the suitcase. \*
- He begins to take out his and his wife's bed clothes.
- He takes her nightgown and neatly folds it on the bed.
- He places it under her pillow.
- He puts his pyjamas under his pillow.
- From inside the case he takes a wash-bag out.
- He takes out a plastic shopping bag.
- He leaves his unpacking and sits on the bed, opening the plastic bag - inside are more than a hundred letters. They are all addressed to BOBBY, some marked 'Bobby Sands MP'. Various stamps posted from around the world can be seen. \*
- He neatly organises the envelopes into little piles. \*
- 127 **INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. MORNING** 127
- MRS. SANDS is standing in the middle of the cell looking at BOBBY who is sitting up but asleep. \*
- She bends down and kisses his forehead. \*
- She sits back in the chair and reaches into her coat pocket.
- She takes out her Rosary beads and begins to pray.
- 128 **INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. MORNING/LATER** 128
- BOBBY is sitting up awake looking at his mother sleeping in the chair. \*

In detail he looks at her face, her hands.

**BOBBY** takes a short sudden intake of breath. \*

A cramp pierces his stomach.

129 **INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BATH/TOILET. MORNING** 129

**BOBBY** sits naked on the toilet bent over in terrible pain. \*

He looks up and **WILLIAM** is standing over him looking very distressed.

**BOBBY** goes to stand and steadies himself against **WILLIAM'S** shoulder. \*

Only then does **WILLIAM** notice that the toilet bowl and floor are covered in blood. \*

130 **DELETED.** 130 \*

131 **INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. NIGHT** 131

The colour of the interior clearly more pallid now.

The chair against the wall is empty.

**BOBBY** lies, eyes open, propped up by pillows in the bed. \*

He is very close to death.

He stares at the window.

**BOBBY**  
(whispered) Go on...

131A **INT. WOODS - DUSK** 131A \*

The rooks, a little restless, calling to each other. \*

131B **INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. NIGHT** 131B \*

**BOBBY** closes his eyes. \*

The sound of someone running through long grass. \*

132 EXT. FIELD. DAY 132

A crisp winter's day. \*

Moving fast through a field of long grass. \*

The sound of a boy panting and the whoosh of his feet and body.

In front, three twelve year old BOYS in running gear are running towards a wooded area.

Rooks swoop from tree to tree in a bright blue sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

133 INT. BUS. MORNING 133

At the back of a school bus 5 boys are singing. \*

The TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY turns away from them and looking out the window. \*

A wash of green as the countryside speeds by.

133A EXT. WOODS. NIGHT 133A \*

The rooks in the trees are restless, panicked. \*

134 INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. NIGHT 134

BOBBY turns towards the green chair against the blue wall. \*

The chair is empty. Two figures, out of focus, are present in the room; they appear to be MR & MRS Sands. \*

BOBBY is becoming more agitated. His breath, rasping. \*

His hands clenching the blanket.

135 EXT. WOODS. DAY 135

A POV (of the TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY) - moving fast between trees. \*

Small branches and bushes are click-clacking on either side.

Above and the rooks are noisy and troubled.

The rhythm breathless and hurried.

We see the boy whose eyes we're seeing this through. \*

It's the TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY (the young Bobby Sands). \*  
His expression frightened. He's lost in the woods, he \*  
can't escape. \*

136 INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. NIGHT 136

BOBBY lies, eyes fixed on something.

The TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY is again sitting in the chair \*  
looking at him and we understand that it's BOBBY as a

boy.  
His expression unmoved as he looks at his adult self  
dying.

137 EXT. WOODS. DAY 137

Back in the woods the TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY, moving fast \*  
between trees.

The rhythm increasingly breathless and hurried.

The noises fragmented and violent.

There's no escape.

138 INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. NIGHT 138

BOBBY SANDS lies in the bed, close to death, his eyes \*  
barely open and looking at his TWELVE YEAR OLD self \*  
staring back at him. The same two out of focus figures \*  
of MR & MRS SANDS are present in the room.

BOBBY closes his eyes.

Close in on BOBBY'S face and just hearing his breath.

His breath shallow and even.

Finally his last breath slowly pushes out quietly until everything is still.

DISSOLVE TO:

139 INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. BOBBY'S CELL. MORNING 139

Silence.

THE CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER throws a blanket over BOBBY'S  
dead body. \*

140 INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. WING. MORNING 140

They wheel his body through the wing, the rubber wheels  
squeaking on the floor. \*

ANOTHER PRISON OFFICER opens the grille and they exit.

141 DELETED 141 \*

141A INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. WING. NIGHT 141A \*

We remain in the wing and see the doors opening to the  
outside. A prison van has been backed up into position  
with its back doors open. A PRISON OFFICER stands by. \*

The trolley with BOBBY'S body is pushed into view and  
we see the PRISON OFFICERS place the bed of the trolley  
onto the van floor and push it inside. \*

142 EXT. STREET. NIGHT 142 \*

The sound rhythmic, angry and relentless.

A number of dust-bin lids crashing down against the  
concrete.

The metal lids shattering the street.

Like an alarm clock, the whole street is awake with  
loud banging and house lights flashing. \*

The scene is very animated and graphic with the whole community out on the street: women banging dustbin lids on the street shouting, children standing around in groups scattered throughout the street and young men angrily chanting Bobby Sands' name. We are left with a deafening and intense sound of a single dustbin lid being repeatedly smashed onto the tarmac.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Momentarily we glimpse the face of a YOUNG WOMAN as she smashes the lid against the ground.

Her expression raging and distraught.

143 **THE SCREEN RIPS TO BLACK.** 143

144 **END-TITLE.** 144

END-TITLE

During his protest Bobby Sands was elected a Member of Parliament for Fermanagh and South Tyrone with over 30, 000 votes. A further 9 blanket men died on hunger strike.

Francis Hughes. Raymond McCreesh, Patsy O'Hara, Joe McDonnell, Martin Hurson, Kevin Lynch, Kieran Doherty, Thomas McElwee, Michael Devine.

On the 3rd of October, after 217 days of protest, the hunger strike was called off by the prisoners.

3 days later the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, announced a number of changes in prison policy, one of which would allow prisoners to wear their own clothes at all times.

Over the following 2 years the prisoners' demands were granted.

In 2000, the remaining political prisoners were released under the terms of the Northern Ireland Peace Process.

**THE END**