

THE CONLON STORY

(WORKING TITLE)

BY

TERRY GEORGE & JIM SHERIDAN

Rewrite V 2.

1/19/93

1 INT. LONG LARTIN PRISON. DAY.

1

A long walkway between two high chainlink fences. A tall dark haired prisoner in his mid twenties, GERRY CONLON, walks in front of two screws, one screw leads a guard dog, the other holds a thick red notebook. Conlon is dressed in the garb of a maximum security prisoner, a yellow stripe down the leg of the trousers and a large A on the back of his denim jacket, otherwise the clothes are perfectly tailored.

Conlon walks defiantly, angrily.

2 INT. VISITING AREA. DAY.

2

Conlon waits at a barred gate, a screw lets him through, he strides on. Thro another gate and on.

3 INT. VISITING ROOM. DAY.

3

An attractive woman, late thirties, GARETH PEIRCE waits behind a table that completely separates the small visiting room. She studies a clock on the wall. It reads 3:00. A door opens, a screw steps in. he smiles. Then Conlon marches in. The lawyer stands up puts her hand out, he ignores it.

GERRY

We're not allowed to touch here, isn't that right, Sam?

GOOD SCREW

Now Gerry, there's nothing I can do about that.

GERRY

(aggressive) Who are you?

GARETH

(friendly) My name's Gareth Peirce. I'm your father's new lawyer.

GERRY

My father needs doctors now not lawyers. The law put him here. Are you a bleeding heart looking to make a big name or are you after the money.

GARETH

(patient) I'm neither, Gerry.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

GERRY

Well we've no money and we've certainly no hope so you can fuck off home.

GARETH

(begins to lose patience) Listen Gerry, I've just come from your father's hospital bed. I've been trying to help him. (pause) From what I know of his case, he's in prison because he tried to help you. I need to know the whole story, from you. So you can agree to help me or as you say, you can fuck off (embarrassed and awkward with the word) back to your cell and wallow in your self pity.

Silence. Gareth takes out her notepad and pen and looks at Gerry.

GARETH

Start at the beginning. Tell me everything. We've got an hour.

SCREEN TYPE; BELFAST 1974

4 EXT. DERELICT BUILDING. DAY.

4

Thro telescopic sights we catch a fleeting glimpse of somebody scaling a building. He goes out of sight.

GERRY V.O.

I wasn't sure what I wanted to be then, maybe a rock star, definitely famous, and rich. What I was sure of was that I didn't want to be like my father. I wanted to get away from him. Truth be told I was just a petty thief, trying to get by. In Belfast that was a dangerous occupation.

Close on; a British Soldier aiming his rifle , intense and alert. Radios tell us that they are watching a building. There is a big army convoy and the black faced soldiers look out of place in this urban landscape.

Alternative opening

1 INT LONDON COURT - DAY

1

Lobby of Old Bailey. A crowd of cheering Jamaicans pour out of the courtroom - jubilation, as three acquitted RASTAS and their loved ones sing Richie Havens "Freedom." Cops and barristers look on in disgust. The three Rasta men try to lift an elegantly dressed English woman onto their shoulders. It is their solicitor GARETT PIERCE. A small Irish woman, mid-fifties, tweed coat, head scarf, tries to push through the crowd. This is SARAH CONLON.

SARAH

(embarrassed) Mrs. Pierce, Mrs.
Pierce?

Garrett hears the voice and pulls away from the crowd.

GARRETT

Yes?

SARAH

My husband's dying in jail Mrs.
Pierce.

The crowd surround Garrett again, pull her towards the great doors. Sarah is swept along.

SARAH

Listen to this please.

Sarah hands Garrett a tape. The Rasta crowd has become impatient, they sweep Garrett out the door, she tries to resist but she's been lifted bodily by the jubilant crowd. Garrett regards the desperate eyes of Sarah. She tries again to break away, finally succeeds, runs down the steps.

2 EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY.

2

Garrett spots the tiny figure of Sarah heading down into the Tube station. A Rasta catches up with her, grabs her. Garrett looks at the tape.

GARRETT

I have to go, Reggie, I'll join you
later.

3 INT. CAR DAY.

3

Garrett sticks the tape into the car stereo. She drives. We hear the pleasant Irish brogue of a young man.

(CONTINUED)

2.

3 CONTINUED:

3

GERRY V.O.

Hello. Hello. I hope this is working.. I can't speak too loud. My name's Gerry Conlon, my father's called Guiseppe. I suppose looking back what I really wanted was to get away from my father because I didn't want to end up like him.

SCREEN TYPE; BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND, SEPTEMBER 1974

INT. BOOKIES SHOP DAY.

An old fashioned Belfast bookmaker's shop, jammed with gamblers. A dark-haired man, in his mid forties stands in front of a huge chalkboard. This is GUISEPPE CONLON.

GERRY V.O.

I wanted to be a rock star, not end up with parttime work in a bookies office. Truth be told I was just a petty thief. In Belfast that was a dangerous occupation.

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING, BELFAST. DAY.
Thro telescopic sights we see a derelict building in Belfast. The sights catch fleeting glimpses of men scaling the building. They go out of sight.

4 EXT. DERELICT BUILDING. DAY.

4

GERRY CONLON, a handsome, twenty-year old with jet black hair, scales a drainpipe on a derelict building with his friend Danny. Below them their friend TOMMO waits anxiously beside a battered child's pram. Danny climbs first. Gerry mimicks Quasemodo as he climbs.

GERRY

Esmerelda, Esmerelda

DANNY

(very nervous) Fuck up, Gerry.

5 EXT. DERELICT BUILDING. DAY

5

Danny crawls across the roof on his belly towards strips of lead flashing. Gerry mimicks the hunchback of Notre Dame, swinging his arm and hopping along.

(CONTINUED)



5 EXT. DERELICT BUILDING. DAY.

5

GERRY CONLON, a handsome, twenty year old with jet black hair, and his friend, DANNY, 19, tough, scales onto the roof of a derelict building. A dangerous climb. Gerry pretends to fall and we see him hang on in mock horror imitating Quasimodo.

GERRY

Sanctuarrry. Sacntuarry.

Danny crawls across the roof on his belly towards strips of lead flashing. Gerry swings his arms and loops along.

GERRY

The Bells. The Bells.

Roving telescopic sights pick up Gerry's head for a split second before it disappears down out of sight.

6 EXT. ROOF. DAY.

6

Gerry ends up on his hunkers beside Danny stripping lead.

7 EXT. ALLEYWAY. DAY.

7

TOMMO, the third member of the gang, smokes a cigarette as he leans against a wall in a filthy alleyway. He is the look-out. Suddenly a great chunk of folded lead flashing drops from the sky into the pram beside him and sets it bouncing on the springs. Close on; Gerry, who leaning over the parapet laughs down at Tommo. He has a piece of pipe in his hand aimed like a gun.

The clay chimney pot beside Gerry explodes. The crack of a rifle shot. Gerry drops like a stone. He and Danny slide across the roof as though they were fired out of a cannon. Tommo is already running the overloaded pram down the alleyway like his ass is on fire.

8 EXT. ALLEYWAY. DAY.

8

Gerry and Danny slide down a drain pipe. Terrified, they flee along the top of an 8 foot high backyard wall between two rows of terraced houses. The scream of Saracens --British armoured vehicles - fills their air as the tanks race in pursuit down the street on the other side of the houses.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

DANNY
You stupid bastard Gerry!

They drop down into a backyard.

9 INT. KITCHEN. DAY

9

through a door, into a tiny kitchen. A shocked mother bathes her child in the sink. Out through the living room.

10 EXT. STREET. DAY.

10

Onto the next narrow street. Kids cheer. A huge six wheeler Saracen roars round into the street. The lads bolt across the street and in through the front door of another house.

11 INT. HOUSE. DAY.

11

The tiny living room is packed with kids.

GERRY
The brits are after us!

MOTHER
Be careful Son.

She steps aside , they rush through.

12 EXT. BELFAST STREET. DAY.

12

Women have emerged from houses all along the street. They are the neighbourhood watch against the invading brits. They are armed with metal garbage bin lids, pots, whistles. They bang and create an enormous din. Gerry's sister BRIDIE, aged 7, stops swinging around a lamppost as her brother Gerry hurdles to apparent safety.

YOUNG GIRL
There's Gerry, Bridie.

She watches in awe as a huge armoured vehicle crashes through a barricade of burned cars. Gerry and Danny retreat. British soldiers in riot gear pour from the armoured vehicle. The women with the bin lids block the soldiers path. They fight. From behind Gerry and Danny stones and bottles start to fly.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

Gerry looks around as a pub on the street empties, young men hurl bottles and bricks at the soldiers. Gerry has started a riot and he loves it, loves being the center of attention.

GERRY

Yahoo!

13 INT. SCHOOL. DAY.

13

A school yard full of teenage boys. They hear sounds of a riot.

14 EXT. BELFAST STREET. DAY.

14

The soldiers, protected by their perspex riot shields are huddled around the door of the Saracen, they fire rubber bullets and gas down the street. Gerry and Danny are now in the middle of the mob who hurl bricks, and bottles.

15 EXT. SCHOOLYARD. DAY.

15

The schoolchildren pour out of the yard, whooping and hollering, ignoring their teacher.

16 EXT. STREET. DAY.

16

A petrol bomb arcs across the street and crashes against an arriving Saracen, another splashes in front of a soldier whose trousers catch fire. His comrades roll him on the ground. Enraged, the soldiers make a baton charge down the street. The crowd retreats racing towards Bridie and her pals. Bridie climbs the lamppost and watches the riot from above.

17 EXT. STREET. DAY.

17

The kids surge round a corner like a huge pack of wild dogs, screaming and cheering. The flow of the battle now changes, the soldiers, outnumbered turn and flee. Bridie cheers.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

BRIDIE

Go on Gerry.

Gerry and Danny lead the charge. People fall wounded from rubber bullets. A soldier too slow to make the cover of the Saracens is felled by a rock. He lies exposed in the middle of the street, bottles and rocks rain around him. Through the middle of the crowd two young men dressed in long rain coats walk slowly and purposefully to the front of the rioters. They grab Gerry and Danny and physically manhandle them down from the crowd. Gerry starts to fight back and another two men grab him and take him upside down out of the crowd.

YOUNG GIRL

They're taking your brother Bridie.

From his upside down position Gerry sees Bridie sliding down the lamppost and run away.

18 EXT. ALLEYWAY. BELFAST. DAY.

18

Gerry is led into an alleyway where Tommo is spreadeagled against a wall. Two IRA men guard him. Gerry looks at Tommo as if he has betrayed him.

19 EXT. STREET. DAY.

19

Bridie runs through the soldiers unafraid, as a young rioter is captured and beaten.

20 EXT. ALLEYWAY. DAY.

20

Gerry, Tommo and Danny are spreadeagled against a wall.

21 EXT. ALLEYWAY. DAY.

21

An elder IRA man walks down the alleyway towards Gerry.

DANNY

Fuck it's Peter, Gerry.

Close on; PETER the IRA leader as he listens to the explanation of what Gerry and Danny and Tommo were up to.

22 INT. BOOKIES. DAY.

22

Bridie runs into a crowded bookies shop. The gamblers are shocked to see her, she pushes to the front. Guiseppe who is marking the odds with chalk on a board spots her as the punters listen intently to the commentary on a close finish.

BRIDIE

Daddy! The IRA have got Gerry.

Guiseppe rushes outside with Bridie.

23 EXT. ALLEYWAY. DAY.

23

PETER, the local IRA leader pulls cash from Danny's pockets.

PETER

You were robbing peoples' houses?

GERRY

We weren't.

Peter holds up the armalite rifle and the pistol.

PETER

I can kneecap you with this (waves rifle) or with this (pistol). If its this, (rifle) there'll be nothing left of your leg, It's your choice, Tell the truth.

Peter puts the rifle to Gerry's leg, looks at Danny.

DANNY

We weren't robbin people's houses.
(terrified) Honestly.

Gerry says nothing, Peter cocks the rifle.

DANNY

We stripped some lead from a roof and we stole a washing machine last week that's all. Peter, honestly Peter.

PETER

All of you.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

DANNY

All of us.

Gerry looks betrayed. Now he is afraid because they are really in trouble.

GERRY

So we stripped some lead, we can't all be big IRA men.

PETER

You're a fuck up Conlon. You'll never amount to anything.
(he hands over the rifle.) Give me the 38. (takes a pistol) (matter of fact)
Drop your trousers.

Danny and Tommo drops their pants instantly. They're wearing white y-fronts. Gerry doesn't move.

PETER

It's for your own good, you'll get gangrene if any cloth goes in the wound.

Gerry doesn't move.

PETER

(severe) Come on.

Gerry finally drops his trousers reluctantly. He's wearing tiger-striped mini-briefs. He cannot see the smirks of the IRA men. Danny shakes uncontrollably.

PETER

(To Danny) Hold steady or you'll do yourself permanent damage.

24 EXT. STREET. DAY.

24

The sound of footsteps. It is Guiseppe. He is completely out of breath. He pushes past the IRA men, in front of Peter.

GUISEPPE

Come on Peter, they're only young.
I'll deal with him.

Guiseppe pulls Gerry out of the group. His trousers make it difficult for him to walk. Everybody laughs. Peter looks at Guiseppe, takes pity.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

PETER

(to all of them) This is your last warning. (pause) You won't be able to save him next time.

GERRY

Wait till I pull my trousers up.

The IRA group hustle Danny and Tommo away.

PETER

Get him out of Belfast for his own sake Guiseppe.

Gerry walks away from Guiseppe.

GUISEPPE

(after Gerry) Come back here you.

Guiseppe runs after him, catches him, hits him a slap on the back of the head.

GUISEPPE

You no-good layabout.

Gerry turns ready to hit him, barely stops himself.

GUISEPPE

We never had a thief in our family.

GERRY

Never had anything in our family.

GUISEPPE

(Tough) You're a petty thief son.

GERRY

I wasn't stealing. I was only stripping lead, trying to get by on my own without begging shite jobs from Bookies.

GUISEPPE

(incensed) at least I've my dignity.

GERRY

Says who.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 2

24

GUISEPPE

Says me, says your mother. That's who
and thats all that matters. (pauses,
calms himself.) We'll have to get you
out of here. Somewhere normal.

GERRY

Where?

GUISEPPE

London.

GERRY

(delighted) Great.

25 INT. CONLON HOME. NIGHT.

25

A small well kept kitchen house. THE GRANNY sits in a big
armchair by the fire. SARAH is in her overcoat.

GRANNY

He'll do no growing up in England.
there's no family life there.

SARAH

All right, Granny.

Gerry comes into the room , he has changed his clothes.

GERRY

How do I look?

SARAH

Fine. You'll miss the boat.

She nods at Guiseppe who has his overcoat on.

GERRY

I'll get on the boat, do you not trust
me?

GUISEPPE

(consiliatory) I'll walk you.

GERRY

I'm going Gran and I'm not coming back
till I'm a millionaire. (He looks at
his mother) Then I'll be able to look
after Ma won't I ma.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

He kisses his mother on the cheek, she looks beyond him at Guiseppe who looks in exasperation to the heavens.

SARAH

The best of luck son.

They go out the door. The Granny looks at Sarah.

GRANNY

He's gone now forever.

SARAH

I'll be surprised if he lasts a month.

GRANNY

I thought you were going to have an easier life when you had his wages.

26 EXT. BELFAST. NIGHT.

26

Gerry and Guiseppe walk in silence through the barbed wire streets of Belfast. They pass another boarded up building.

GUISEPPE

(Nag) Promise me you'll stay out of trouble in England?

GERRY

Yeah.

GUISEPPE

No thieving.

GERRY

Yeah.

GUISEPPE

Is that a promise?

GERRY

Yeah. (meant) I'll work hard in England Da. Honest.

They walk on.

GUISEPPE

Did I ever tell you about the time I jumped ship?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

GERRY

No.

GUISEPPE

I jumped overboard two hundred yards out to sea and swam back to this godforsaken place.

GERRY

Why did you swim back?

GUISEPPE

There was a woman involved. (pause)

GERRY

(Interested despite himself) Yeah?

GUISEPPE

It was when I was healthy, before you were born.

GERRY

(eventually) What was her name?

GUISEPPE

You know her name. You know your mother's name. Sarah. Sarah Maguire it was then. She had the misfortune to change it to Conlon.

They walk on, eventually they stop at the dock.

GERRY

Goodbye Da.

Guiseppe pulls some money from his pocket, counts it carefully.

GUISEPPE

Gerry you'll remember your promise to me.

GERRY

Yeah.

GUISEPPE

And remember honest money goes further.

GERRY

Sure, yeah Da.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 2

26

GUISEPPE

It's a long crossing, buy yourself a drink.

Gerry takes the money.

GUISEPPE

It's all I have. I just want to tell you son, (pause) go and live. Go and live son, that's the best advice I can give.

Gerry goes up the gangplank. We stay with Guiseppe walking away as we hear the voice over of Gerry.

GERRY V.O.

I ran up the gangplank to get away from Guiseppe. When I turned around to wave goodbye my father had gone. It was such a shock that I ran along the deck looking for him. I saw him walking away, I couldn't believe it, I felt abandoned, I wanted to call after him, to call him Guiseppe for the first time in my life. When he was almost out of sight I shouted .

GERRY

(calls out) Watch yourself, Da.

GERRY V.O.

I haven't the words to explain how lonely I felt . And for some strange reason I was worried about him. Worried about him walking home alone in Belfast and worried about his health. Just worried.

27 EXT. BOAT. DAY.

27

As the ferry sets sail, Gerry sits on a bench on the main deck and lights a cigarette. He looks desolate and lost. He goes to throw the match away and notices that people are looking at him. He waves the match out and puts it back into its box. After a second the box ignites and Gerry throws it away. The people laugh. He gets up and walks away.

28 INT. BOMBER'S FLAT. NIGHT.

28

Camera pans across a book entitled "Greater London Business Directory", moves on across four wrist watches, a tiny roll of phone wire, batteries, steak frying on a pan. A neatly dressed short-haired man, mid-thirties cooks. This is IRA bomber JOE Mac Connell. He regards his IRA comrade HARRY DOUGLAS who picks up one of the watches, prises open the clear plastic face with a screwdriver, snips off the minute hand with a pliers.

HARRY DOUGLAS

What time?

Mac Connell looks up from the stove, towards a clock. It reads 7:30.

JOE MAC CONNELL

Set them for eleven. Two hours to plant them and an hour's warning.

Douglas spins the hour hand to seven thirty, clicks the clear plastic face back on. Mac Connell puts out the dinner. Douglas puts a small screw into the plastic face at 11.

29 EXT. FERRY BOAT. NIGHT.

29

Gerry sees somebody leaning over a railing. He goes to advantage point to confirm it is who he thinks it is and then approaches him stealthily. He puts his finger in his back.

GERRY

Paul Hill.

PAUL

Yes.

GERRY

(American accent) Where do you think you're going?

PAUL

Gerry Conlon! Fucksake, that's no joke, no joke, Gerry. Do you hear.

GERRY

(mildly shocked by Paul's reaction).
Relax, fucksake.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

PAUL
(panicked) I'm just going to London
for work.

GERRY
(delighted) Fucksake, so am I. Take
it easy Paul, do you fancy a drink?

30 INT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

30

Guiseppe sits forlornly by the fire.

GRANNY
(Slight barb) You'll have nothing to
do now that Gerry is in London.
(Pause) You'll have to find something
else to worry about.

31 INT. FERRYBOAT BAR. NIGHT.

31

Gerry and Paul lean over the jukebox, arms around each
other's shoulder, pint in hand, drunk out of their heads,
Gerry mimics Dylan's voice as the jukebox plays "Like a
Rolling Stone". It is an anthem to his newfound freedom.

GERRY
How does it feel, how does it feel! To
be on your own, like a complete
unknown, with no direction home. LIKE
A ROLLING STONE!

CUT TO:

32 EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

32

One, two, three huge explosions across the nighttime skyline.

33 EXT. LONDON STREET. NIGHT.

33

A fashionable shopping street, spotlights on a deserted
boutique. 100 yards back, a group of plainclothes and
uniformed police stand behind police cars and vans. Behind
them, the assembled press. Everyone watches in silence. A
well dressed middle-aged man INSPECTOR BOB DIXON, head of
the London police anti-terrorist squad watches. Instead of
an explosion, just a muted crack, then nothing.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

DIXON

That was the detonator, (hopeful) it
didn't blow.

A BOMB DISPOSAL OFFICER, dressed in a space suit of full
body armor stands beside Dixon.

BOMB EXPERT

We'll have to do a controlled
explosion.

DIXON

No we will not, that's a vital clue.

34 INT. SHOP. NIGHT.

34

Two beams of torch light from the visors of two bomb
disposal men, both outfitted in protective armour. One is
the expert, the other is Dixon.

BOMB EXPERT

This is against procedure.

They look inside a wooden crate by the door, it's filled
with papers, in a corner is a woman's handbag, it's side
scorched.

DIXON

There it is, let's get it.

Dixon bends a coat hanger.

BOMB EXPERT

Be careful there might be an
anti-handling device on it.

There's a flash of movement in the darkness of the crate.
The bomb disposal expert and Dixon jump back.

BOMB EXPERT

Jesus Christ!!!

A big tabby cat emerges from behind papers in the crate.
Dixon begins to lift the shoulder strap, the bag begins to
swing in the air. The cat is attracted to it, smells it.

BOMB EXPERT

Fuck off!!

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

The cat begins to paw the bag, catches it claws in it, begins to swing on the bag.

BOMB EXPERT

(louder) FUCK OFF.

Dixon lets out two huge Woof Woof barks of a dog.

35 EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

35

The detectives on the street hear the woofs on their walkie talkies, the cat runs out of the shop, Dixon emerges bag in hand followed by a very nervous bomb disposal man. They put the bomb into a heavy metal safe inside a van. Dixon's detectives cheer as they surge down the street.

36 EXT. LIVERPOOL DOCK. NEXT MORNING.

36

From a distance we watch Gerry and Paul stagger down the gangplank and walk across the quay towards a bus. Two plainclothes detectives and a uniformed policeman stop them. They are frisked, their bags searched, they fill out two cards. They wait, finally the policeman nods for them to go on. They head toward the bus.

37 INT. BUS. DAY.

37

Gerry stares out the window as the bus crosses Westminster Bridge, then past the British Parliament. Paul reads a newspaper. "Bombs in London" "Miraculous Escape". Gerry looks at the newspaper.

GERRY

Anybody hurt?

PAUL

No.

GERRY

Look at that.

He indicates a girl in a mini skirt who walks up the bus.

38 EXT. BUILDING SITE. DAY.

38

Gerry and Paul, dressed in work clothes, stand in the middle of a building site.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

A BURLY FOREMAN listens to them while other workers watch from scaffolding.

FOREMAN

There's no work here Paddy.

GERRY

We were told there was loads of work.

FOREMAN

You'll have to speak up, I'm a bit deaf what with all these explosions going off, know what I mean.

Gerry and Paul go to leave. A bottle smashes beside them. Gerry stops aggressively.

GERRY

I thought we were getting away from all this.

PAUL

Leave it Gerry, leave it.

39 INT. ANNIE'S HOUSE. DAY.

39

This neat living room appears to be a shrine to the British Royal Family, portraits, commemorative plates, busts. Gerry enters, case in hand. Paul enters fascinated and shocked by the royalist decor.

PAUL

Fucksake!

ANNIE MAGUIRE, Gerry's aunt, a solid stern woman, continues a conversation as she enters.

ANNIE MAGUIRE

What can you expect, anymore bombs and there'll be no work for any of us.

PAUL

People are dying in Belfast.

ANNIE MAGUIRE

(Annoyed) If you're staying here there'll be no more talk of Belfast.

Gerry nods to Paul, not to continue the argument.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

GERRY
Auntie Annie, we have to head off.

ANNIE MAGUIRE
You're not staying?

GERRY
I'll be back later.

40 EXT. STREET. DAY.

40

Gerry and Paul walk along a suburban London street.

PAUL
(incredulous) Are you going back to
Annie?

GERRY
Are you mad?

PAUL
Then where are we going?

Gerry winks at him.

41 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET. LONDON. DAY.

41

Gerry and Paul wander through a run-down neighborhood. They stop at formerly grand semi-detached house. Now the windows are boarded, the garden overgrown. Gerry goes up to the door. He knocks. All is deathly quiet. He knocks again. A board moves on a window and a pretty young girl in a floppy, hippy hat looks out. This is CAROLE RICHARDSON.

CAROLE
Yes?

GERRY
Does Paddy Armstrong live here?
Belfast Paddy.

CAROLE
Paddy!

Eventually another head appears through the window. It is PADDY ARMSTRONG, a schoolpal of Gerry's.

GERRY
Is that you Paddy?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

Paddy is a total hippy.

PADDY

Gerry. Gerry Conlon! We thought you
were the drug squad.

42 INT. SQUAT. SAME DAY.

42

Paddy slides back the damaged door.

PADDY

Wait man. You cannot cross the
threshold without the rite of passage.
Carole!

Carole takes a huge joint out of hiding, lights it.

CAROLE

Com'er Gel, open your mouth.

She takes a hit of the joint, then puts her arm around
Gerry's neck in an embrace. Gerry is shocked. He looks to
Paddy for approval. Paddy nods, laughing. Gerry opens his
mouth. Carol leans over, gives Gerry a long, slow kiss,
shotgunning the hash smoke into his mouth. Gerry's eyes
widen in disbelief.

CAROLE

Welcome to Xanadu.

Gerry and Paul follow Carol and Paddy into the dark main
room. Gerry and Paul encounter a totally bizarre scene. Two
other hippies sit on chairs in front of a crackling
fireplace. They are burning a 12 foot long flooring plank.
One end crackles in the fire, the other rests on a box
between them. As the plank burns, they push it further in.
Other than the small patch where the hippies sit, the room
has no floor, merely lines of wooden joists. It has been
stripped for firewood. The stairs have received the same
treatment. Gerry looks around in amazement, then looks up,
the second storey has received similar treatment. Gerry
peers up through the joists to the roof tiles.

GERRY

(shocked) Holy Jesus!

CAROLE

(thick London accent) Neat, ain't it.

43 INT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

43

The contents of the handbag are laid out on a table in a large well-equipped police operations room; computers charts, maps etc. On a drawing board is a diagram of the IRA command structure. Inspector Dixon stands beside the RUC MAN, a big burly detective from Belfast's ROYAL ULSTER CONSTABULARY

DIXON

This is Sergeant Sammy Pavis of the Northern Ireland police. He's an expert in this field.

BELFAST POLICEMAN

Gelignite, smith's combat watch - woolworths job, no chance of tracing it. 6 volt battery, denzo tape, not a finger print to be found, very professional job. I've seen them all and I'm telling you these boys are good. Unfortunately from them the nitro in this stick of gelly had seeped to the side - so it didn't explode. Pure bad luck.

He throws a stick of dynamite to one of the detectives who catches it in terror.

BELFAST POLICEMAN

Show it around, you'll be handling a lot of this stuff.

Close on; the stick of dynamite making the rounds.

DIXON

(lifts the watch) They've clipped off the minute hand which means they're setting the bombs hours in advance, plenty of warning. As long as they keep to that we've a chance.

44 EXT. PARK. DAY.

44

Gerry, Paul, Paddy and Carole are stepping over cracks in the ground. We hear Carole say distant "Whoever stands on a crack will turn to stone". We then see them scale railings to avoid the cracks.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

GERRY V.O.

It was great to be away from home. We were broke most of the time but those were the happiest months of my life.

45 EXT. PARK. DAY.

45

They are at a kiosk in the park and Gerry has his hands on a collection box for The Lifeboat Association.

GERRY V.O.

Sometimes when I was hungry I thought of robbing but my promise to Guiseppe always stopped me.

He lets the box go.

46 INT. BOOKIES. DAY.

46

We see Gerry watch his horse win in the bookies. He collects the winnings.

GERRY V.O.

Guiseppe must have been praying for me because God rewarded me with a few wins on the horses.

47 EXT. SOHO. NIGHT.

47

We see Gerry, Paul, Carole and Paddy walking in Soho a little drunk. They dance a little line dance to Mud's "Tiger Feet".

GERRY V.O.

That was a good start to the weekend. We got back to the flat in the early hours of Saturday October 5th. A day I was to remember for the rest of my life.

48 INT. SQUAT. NIGHT.

48

Gerry and Paul stand on the first floor of the squat looking thro the wooden joists to the fire down below.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

GERRY

Fuck me lads, you burnt me floor.
Where am I going to sleep.

Paddy, stoned out of his head, rises from the fire.

PADDY

Relax man.

HIPPIE

Don't be so territorial, Gerry.

Paddy wanders into a side room, emerges with a long piece of cardboard.

PADDY

Here, try this.

49 INT. SQUAT. NIGHT

49

Gerry is in a fitful sleep on a piece of cardboard resting on the joists. He turns on his side, the cardboard buckles and slides down between the joists. His body slips between the joists. He awakens, screaming, barely manages to grab onto the joists, swings precariously. Below him a man burns a door illuminated by the light of an early dawn.

50 EXT. HOUSE. DAY.

50

We cut to Paul and Gerry leaving the house shivering.

PAUL

We can't stay there for the winter
Gerry.

51 EXT. PARK. DAY.

51

We see them wander into the park and sit down on a bench. Gerry reads his newspaper. The headline reads "Army Shoot Four Dead in Belfast."

PAUL

We're going nowhere Gerry.

GERRY

We'll get there.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

PAUL
I'm serious. We've been here months
and we're no better off.

GERRY
(matter of fact) More shootings in
Belfast. (Pause) Do you miss it,
Paul?

PAUL
Are you joking, Gerry?

GERRY
No.

52 INT. IRA MENS FLAT. DAY.

52

There are now four in the apartment. Joe Mac Connell, Harry Douglas plus another man and woman. Joe Mac Connell reads the same newspaper headline "Army shoots four dead in Belfast".

JOE MAC CONNELL
Fuckin bastards.

Douglas works at a watch at the table. Mac Connell joins him. Douglas prises the face off, is about to snip the minute hand

JOE MAC CONNELL
No. Leave the minute hand on; no
warning. We'll put manners into these
soldiers.

HARRY DOUGLAS
When?

JOE MAC CONNELL
Eight tonight.

53 EXT. PARK. DAY.

53

There is a movement in the bushes behind Gerry and Paddy. They turn around. A dirty emaciated tramp, aged 25 but looking decidedly older, CHARLIE BURKE shuffles out. He stares at Gerry and Paul scared.

Close on; Gerry regarding him intently.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

CHARLIE BURKE

That's my place..

PAUL

What?

CHARLIE BURKE

You're sitting there too long.

Paul laughs good naturedly.

GERRY

Don't laugh.

The tramp regards Gerry . He comes forward and points to initials on the bench.

CHARLIE BURKE

CB - Charlie Burke. That's me.

The tramp points to two letters CB carved in the wood of the bench. Gerry stands up. The tramp sits down.

The tramp opens a discarded bag of Kentucky Fried Chicken. He offers some to Gerry who is surprisingly deferential.

CHARLIE BURKE

You're Irish too aren't you. This is no place for us, London. Could you spare a few shillings?

Gerry starts to root through his pockets. He has two pounds and a few pence. He gives the tramp all his money.

CHARLIE BURKE

I couldn't take all your money.

GERRY

Take it take it.

54 EXT. LONDON STREET. NIGHT.

54

It is dusk, Gerry and Paul wander along a fashionable street.

PAUL

Are you mad Gerry? That was your last few bob.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

Meeting Charlie Burke has depressed Gerry. As they walk a big Daimler limousine pulls up a few yards in front of them. The horn sounds. A very beautiful young woman in long fur coat runs up from a basement apartment. She's in a hurry, the coat blows back, she's wearing a very sexy mini-dress, high heel shoes, her leather bag swings behind her as she rushes. A little leather wallet drops from her bag. Gerry spots it and shouts after her.

GERRY

Hey!

When she reaches the car she turns, looks these two hippie bums up and down with utter contempt, then jumps into the back of the car. It drives off.

Gerry picks up the wallet, It is a keyholder with several keys. Gerry looks down at the basement apartment.

55 INT. HOOKER'S APARTMENT. SAME NIGHT

55

A luxury apartment decorated expensively and very erotically. Gerry rummages through a wardrobe. He finds exotic sex toys, a silver vibrator. He turns it on, pretends to shave in the large mirror with the humming vibrator. He searches under the mattress, inside shoes. He screws the knobs off the brass bed posts and peers down. He spots something, gets a wire hanger from the wardrobe fishes in the bedpost and pulls out a stocking. It is stuffed full with banknotes.

56 EXT. HOOKERS DOORWAY. SAME NIGHT

56

Paul is crouched in the doorway acting as lookout. He does not see the enormous rubber penis that snakes past his ear toward his cheek. He feels it, turns, then jumps with a yelp toward the street. Gerry laughing shakes the stocking of money triumphantly.

57 EXT. LONDON PARK. NIGHT.

57

Gerry runs along towards the park bench where Charlie Burke lies sleeping.

58 INT. BUS. GUILDFORD. NIGHT.

58

A pretty young girl is revealed in the rear view mirror of a bus. The driver watches as she goes to the door of a pub.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

Some off-duty soldiers, still in uniform, enter before her. The driver puts the bus into gear and starts off when the mirror explodes with the pub. Cut wide to see a juke box and the flaming body of the young woman fly through the air. Every window in the bus has exploded. Glass rains down like confetti in eerie slow motion. Silence.

59 EXT. PARK. NIGHT.

59

Gerry spots Charlie Burke on his bench.

GERRY
Charlie, Charlie Burke.

60 EXT. PARK. NIGHT.

60

Charlie Burke counts a handful of banknotes.

CHARLIE BURKE
I couldn't take a hundred pounds son.

GERRY
Take it, take it.

PAUL
There's plenty more where that came from.

61 EXT. GUILDFORD PUB. SAME NIGHT.

61

The smouldering ruins of the pub. The bus conductor looks at the pretty girl lying on the ground totally mutilated. Ambulances, cop cars, emergency workers everywhere. Plainclothes detectives and cops hover around CHIEF INSPECTOR PETER DIXON who walks past five sheet covered corpses. He looks at his watch.

MONTAGE - NEXT DAY: (The Fifth Dimension song; Aquarius/Let the Sunshine plays throughout.)

62 EXT. CARNABY STREET, LONDON. NEXT DAY.

62

Carnaby Street, London. A sunlit saturday, the narrow street, home of glam rock/ hippie fashion, is crammed with young people looking super hip: girls in micro mini skirts, hippies, mods.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

Gerry and Paul stroll along looking extremely pleased but out of place in their Belfast street gear.

63 EXT. HOUSE OF COMMONS. DAY.

63

Dixon walks past a group of demonstrators, not the usual rentacrowd type, these are respectable middle-aged women, elderly men some wearing military medals on their civilian clothes. They carry placards "HANG THE BASTARDS" IRA MURDERERS" "DEPORT THEM ALL" HANG THE BOMBERS" They chant "What do we want? We Want the rope. When do we want it? Now!"

64 EXT. CARNABY STREET. DAY.

64

A very fashionable hippie boutique. Gerry and Paul emerge. Gerry is dressed in full length white afghan coat, t-dyed shirt and hipster jeans. He wears Dr Scholls wooden clogs. Paul also wears an afghan coat, with multi striped pants a tied dyed t-shirt. He is suddenly much taller thanks to his new cream and red four inch platform shoes. They parade along the street.

65 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS. DAY.

65

The bewigged leader of the house bangs his staff on the floor and in a massive show of support the government M.P.s all stand, put their hands up and shout AYE!! Several opposition MPs sit stony faced. Inspector DIXON leaves the public gallery.

CARNABY STREET: Gerry stops at street vendor, buys a large floppy straw hat and a pair of hexagonal shaped sunglasses. He puts them on and strolls on down the street like a peacock on its morning strut.

MONTAGE ENDS.

66 INT. HIPPIE COFFEE SHOP. LONDON. SAME DAY.

66

An abandoned store front converted to a cheap imitation of the set of Rowan and Martin's Laugh In: orange box furniture, psychedelic paintings on walls, Hare Krishna music plays from the jukebox.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

Gerry, decked out in his new outfit bursts through the door, followed by Paul.

GERRY
(sings Gary Glitter song)
Do you want to be in my gang, my gang,
my gang. Do you want to be in my
gang, Ohhh Yeah.
I'm the leader, I'm the leader, I'm
the leader of the gang, OHH YEAH.

Paddy, Carole and the other hippies stare in amazement at Gerry's hilarious performance. Gerry dances to Paddy and Carole and throws down a wad of money.

GERRY
Here, buy yourselves a few floor
boards.

He hands Paddy a wad of notes. He turns to Paul.

GERRY
Come on, we'll go to Belfast, have a
party.

PAUL
(suddenly tense) No.

GERRY
Come on, (waves money) if you've got
it, flash it.

PAUL
(almost angry) No.

GERRY
Just for the weekend, fucksake.

PAUL
I said no.

GERRY
(shocked by Paul's anger) Suit
yourself, I'm off.

67 EXT. FALLS ROAD BELFAST. NEXT DAY.

67

Gerry walks through the same war torn streets, this time dressed in his afghan coat, floppy hat, shades and scholls.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

Elderly women stop and stare, gangs of kids trail behind this exotic creature. Gerry struts on, proud as a peacock past barbed wire and bombed buildings. As an armoured jeep cruises by, two British soldiers standing on the backboard do sheep bleat imitations ridiculing Gerry's sheepskin coat.

68 INT. CONLON HOME. SAME DAY.

68

It is a quiet Saturday morning in the Conlon household. Gerry's granny, braids young Bridie's hair. Guiseppe reads a story to 6 year old MARY. Sarah is in the kitchen. Suddenly the door flies open and Gerry literally jumps into the room, landing on one knee with his arm raised like a lounge singer to his granny, mimicking Elvis, sings.

GERRY

"Baby, won't you be, my loving teddy bear"...

GRANNY

(shock) Oh! Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

GERRY

It's me, Gerry.

His sisters clamber around him laughing. His father and mother suppress smiles at his attire. The granny shouts.

GRANNY

What has he got on?

GERRY

Business is booming Granny so I thought I'd skip home for the weekend. This is for you, Mam. Take a few weeks off work.

He pulls a wad of notes from his pocket, Gerry smiles at Guiseppe who tries to smile back. Gerry then hands a fiver to his two wide eyed sisters

GERRY

Here, go and get yourselves some sweets.

The kids squeal in delight. Guiseppe watches a little perplexed.

SISTERS

(sings) "Gerry's a millionaire,
Gerry's a millionaire"...

69 INT. DETECTIVE'S OPERATIONS ROOM. DAY.

69

On one wall, photos of the bombed Guildford pub, maps showing where the bomb was placed. Dixon sits on a desk in front of another wall where a huge full length cork pin board has been mounted. Dixon addresses his squad of detectives.

DIXON

(claps hands) Right lads, they've given us the powers we need. We know the bombers are hiding among the Irish community, we can search where and who we want, and we can interrogate them for seven days. Now its up to us to get the job done. (he looks at the Belfast policeman). We know enough about how these bombers operate. Their network, safe houses, scouts, suppliers are all here. (slaps map of London). We're going to crack this one. Let's see the whole network up here (slaps empty cork board), right beside the victims, to remind us all, these people are monsters.

Dixon carefully pins five photos, of the victims of Guildford, two smiling girls and three photos of young men in regimental dress uniform, finally and a color photo of a horribly charred corpse, to the board.

70 EXT. MONTAGE. MASS POLICE RAID.

70

It is night. Police squads raid Irish clubs, apartment buildings, Irish shops. At Hope House, a residence for Irish workers, we see police lead several men out. One of them is Paul Hill.

71 INT GERRY'S HOUSE. SAME NIGHT.

71

A great party is going on. Danny hobbles to a chair on crutches.

DANNY

(irate) Of course it fuckin hurt. A bullet in the leg hurts Gerry.

GRANNY

(defending Provos) You shouldn't have been robbin people's houses.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

GERRY

Come back to London with me Danny.
There's a fortune to be made, (he
whispers to Danny) nobody minds
whether you take drugs or not.

Guiseppe watches Gerry who winks back at him.

72 INT. GUILDFORD POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

72

An interrogation room. Paul Hill trembling with cold and
fear sits opposite two detectives. Dixon enters.

DIXON

(holds a telex paper) He's wanted
in Belfast.

The big RUC man enters.

BELFAST POLICEMAN

You're coming with me Paul.

Paul is paralysed with fear. The cops lift him off the
chair.

PAUL

No, no Jesus Christ no.

They drag Paul to the door. He clamps his arms and legs
between the door jams. The RUC man punches him in the ribs,
the other grabs his hair, he still clamps on for dear life.
As they pry his fingers from the door and he knows he's lost
the physical struggle.

PAUL

No, listen, (splutters) I can help
you. (stalling) I can tell you a lot.

Dixon waves them to stop.

73 INT. GERRY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

73

Gerry is fast asleep. Danny is beside him. The 3 a.m.
silence is shattered by the crashing of wood Gerry awakens to
the sight of five British army rifles pointing at him.

GERRY

(fearful) You've got the wrong house.

74 EXT. CYPRUS STREET. NIGHT.

74

The Conlon house is encircled with armoured cars, soldiers shine spotlights up the streets illuminating a large crowd of women bashing bin lids in protest. Within the circle of tanks, Gerry is led out with his hands above his head. Sarah is at the door in her nightgown. Guiseppe pleads with a police man.

GUISEPPE

Tell us what he has done.

BELFAST POLICEMAN

He's being arrested under the Prevention of Terrorism act.

GUISEPPE

But he's not political. He's been in London for months. (shout) Don't worry son we'll get a solicitor.

Gerry is being hustled into an armoured car. The big RUC man gets in behind him.

GERRY

You must have the wrong man.

75 INT. ARMOURED CAR. SAME NIGHT.

75

The armoured car roars along the Falls road, siren blaring, the sound of bottles crashing against the sides fill the spartan interior. Gerry smiles foolishly trying to make human contact. As the siren sounds louder:

GERRY

You'll never sell ice cream at this speed.

Nobody laughs at his joke.

76 INT. ARMOURED CAR. SAME NIGHT.

76

The armoured car travels through quiet countryside. Gerry is panicked, turns to the RUC man.

GERRY

(very frightened) This isn't Belfast, where are we going?

The armoured car screeches to a halt. A loud hissing roar fills the air. Gerry is terrified. The doors fly open and a blaze of floodlights temporarily blinds Gerry. He is dragged from the vehicle.

77 EXT. RUNWAY. NIGHT.

77

As his eyes clear he discovers he is on an airport runway. It is snowing lightly. The loud noise comes from the engines of an RAF C130 cargo plane. Its loading door is open. The Belfast Policeman takes Gerry's arm and leads him toward the plane. As he gets closer to the plane, Gerry begins to drag his feet, resisting.

GERRY

I've never flown before.

BELFAST POLICEMAN

Take a good look around you. The next time you see this place they'll be flying day trips to the moon.

Gerry is led up the ramp.

78 INT. PLANE. NIGHT

78

Inside, the plane is an empty windowless metal shell. The Belfast Policeman handcuffs Gerry to a bench seat. The Policeman sits opposite. As the plane revs up Gerry grips the edge of the bench.

GERRY

Is it safe to fly in this weather?

Policeman just shrugs his shoulders. Who cares? Gerry is terrified. The plane takes off with a roar.

79 INT. PUB. NIGHT.

79

Guiseppe sits with Sarah.

GUISEPPE

Where did he get the money Sarah, tell me that?

80 INT. PLANE. SAME DAY.

80

The plane makes a bumpy landing on the runway. Gerry's eyes are wide with terror. The RUC man picks up a grey blanket and throws it over Gerry's head. Gerry does not know where he is. All the rest of the action takes place from his POV under the blanket:

81 EXT. AIRPORT. DAY.

81

There is snow on the ground. A special track has been made in the snow to the terminal. Is this all for him? Another car. Radios. An army operation. A car. Back seat. Tries to look up his head is pushed down. Out of the car.

82 EXT. COURTYARD. DAY.

82

He is rushed across a courtyard and from the feet marks in the snow we can see that there has been a lot of activity. He hears voices coming towards him but no footsteps he raises the blanket and sees a huge rush of reporters all yelling questions. The police rush him to a yard of virgin snow, no footprints. Up snow covered steps. Everyone slips. For a second Gerry sees dozens of reporters flashing their cameras. Two arms literally grab him and carry him childlike up steps and into a building.

83 INT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

83

Gerry hears a loud cheer and clapping and the blanket is pulled off his head. The lobby is crowded with uniformed policemen. Forming a gauntlet through the lobby, up to the desk.

Inspector DIXON stands in the middle of the floor taking congratulations from all the other police. He is calm and impervious. Policemen take swipes at Gerry as he is led along a corridor.

84 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM. DAY.

84

The operations room is crowded with detectives, coats off, sleeves rolled up. Dixon is back by the corkboard. He has three photos. He turns to the corkboard and pins Paddy's, then Carole's photo beside Paul's next to the banner that reads bombers. He carefully pins Gerry's photo beside them.

DIXON

Now let's see what this one is made of.

85 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. DAY.

85

Two uniform cops guard Gerry. Hate is written over their faces. Gerry is afraid. They stare him out. Gerry cracks.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

GERRY
(frightened laugh) Fucksake lads, who
was she? Look I'm willing to admit I
robbed a hooker.

The two cops look at each other and then stare back at
Gerry.

GERRY
Was she a politician's mistress? This
is getting out of hand.

The door opens several burly detectives enter. The uniforms
leave. The detectives surround Gerry. One slaps a photo of a
five charred corpses on the table.

DETECTIVE #1
Are you proud of that?

Gerry looks at the horror picture in disbelief, then
screams.

GERRY
WHAT!! WHAT!!

Gerry turns into a madman, flailing with his arms, grabbing
at the policemen.

GERRY
No, No, It's a mistake. I want to see
somebody in charge.

An unruly fight breaks out. Gerry is crying, screaming,
totally demented, trying to get into a corner. The cops pick
him up bodily and carry him to a cell, he's still screaming.

GERRY
Please let me see somebody in charge.

86 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM. DAY.

86

Gerry is carried screaming and kicking to a cell.

DIXON
He'll try to get you to knock him out.
Anything not to talk.

The operations room is crowded with detectives, coats off,
sleeves rolled up.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

Dixon shows Gerry's photo.

DIXON

(with great honesty) He's definitely the man in charge. He was obviously back in Belfast setting up the next operation.

Then he carefully pins Gerry's photo above the others.

DIXON

I want to know everything about him, I want to know who his friends are, all about his family, where he stayed over here. The whole network. (points to the photos of the victims) Remember the dead.

87 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. DAY.

87

Gerry sits in a chair. Three detectives approach him very cautiously. Gerry is frightened out of his wits. The detectives are a little scared too of what they think is a high level terrorist.

GERRY

Please, Are you in charge here?
There's been a mistake.

Gerry tries to keep his eyes on all three knowing something untoward is up but they sneak up on him and one grabs him by the hands, pulls him across the desk, the other grabs his feet, the third grabs Gerry's long sidelock and pulls them with all his might. Gerry screams, long, horrendous screams of agony.

88 INT. CELL. NIGHT.

88

The screams continue for an extraordinarily long time. We see Carole Richardson her face smudged with tears bury her face in her hands. In another room, Paddy Armstrong winces.

89 INT. GUISEPPE'S HOUSE. DAY.

89

Sarah is knocking on a door.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

SARAH

Guiseppe come out. (Low) Guiseppe the children know there's something strange going on. They're scared.

Guiseppe unlocks the door.

SARAH

You've been in there three hours.

GUISEPPE

I haven't the strength for it Sarah.

SARAH

Of course you have the strength.

GUISEPPE

If he killed innocent people I haven't the strength for it.

SARAH

You listen to me. I carried your child. I know him. You give up on him, I won't.

GUISEPPE

You think he's innocent.

Sarah looks at Guiseppe.

SARAH

When your son walked through that door looking like a bloody circus clown did you think he had murder in his eyes.

GUISEPPE

I love him, Sarah.

SARAH

There's no time for sentiment. One of us has to get the boat to England, the other has to make the dinner.

Guiseppe looks at her. The mundaneness of her attitude makes him come to a realization.

GUISEPPE

He couldn't have done it Sarah.

SARAH

Who's making the dinner?

90 INT. CONLON HOME. DAY.

90

Sarah is cooking the meal. All is silent, Guiseppe is there with his suitcase.

BRIDIE

When will dad be back?

GUISEPPE

I'll only be a day or two.

BRIDIE

Why is Gerry in jail?

GUISEPPE

It's a mistake. Im going out to bring him home. I'll bring you back a present.

91 EXT. STREET. DAY.

91

Guiseppe looks at Sarah.

SARAH

You have his clothes?

GUISEPPE

I have.

He walks away.

SARAH

Have you your medicine?

Guiseppe calls back.

GUISEPPE

I have.

92 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS. DAY.

92

Inspector Dixon sits waiting in a huge ornate government office. We see him from the far end. A door opens, a tall, well-dressed man, with killer looks, the MINISTER'S AIDE, nods to Dixon. He shows Dixon to another room.

93 INT. ROOM HOUSE OF COMMONS. DAY.

93

A GOVERNMENT MINISTER sits on a desk. He smiles at Dixon and nods at his Aide.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

MINISTER

Great work Inspector. We want these people behind bars for a long time. Make an example of them.

94 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. DAY.

94

Gerry looks totally exhausted. Two detectives leave and two others take over. One walks straight over and picks up Gerry's bent head by the hair.

DETECTIVE #1

We've got six more days of this sunshine, I don't reckon your odds of coming out of this alive.

95 INT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

95

Dixon comes into the Interrogation Room. Men are working furiously all around him. Dixon listens to their briefing.

DIXON

These Maguires live in London?

DETECTIVE #1

Yes.

DIXON

And they are relatives of his?

DETECTIVE #1

His mother's sister.

DIXON

The whole patterns beginning to fit together.. Anything else?

BELFAST POLICEMAN

His father works in Gamble's the bookies. It's a very dangerous area for a Catholic.

DIXON

What does that mean?

BELFAST POLICEMAN

Whatever you want it to mean Inspector.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

DIXON

That's a very Belfast answer.

BELFAST POLICEMAN

We live with these people every day of the week, have to meet fire with fire.

He hands over some photos of Guiseppe. Dixon looks at them.

DIXON

He looks like an ordinary working man.

BELFAST POLICEMAN

They are all ordinary working men until there's a bomb under your car.

An older detective, THE GOOD COP, looks at Dixon, concerned.

GOOD COP

Let's not get carried away.

96 EXT. LONDON STREET. NIGHT.

96

Guiseppe arrives at Annie's door. He knocks. Close on; a man watching him. He writes in a notepad.

97 INT. ANNIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

97

It is well after midnight. Guiseppe sits in Annie and FRANK MAGUIRE'S living room. The ashtrays are full. Cups of tea sit around. They've been playing cards to pass the time. Guiseppe tires of the cards, to the mantelpiece, looks at a picture of himself holding a baby.

FRANK

Doesn't he look innocent there Guiseppe, how long are they holding him now?

GUISEPPE

Four days now.

He puts the photo back on the mantelpiece next to a picture of Annie and her family. Also there is a picture of the Royal family and Annie's photo is a replica of this print.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

ANNIE MAGUIRE
They wouldn't hold him unless he did
something. Gerry is no angel,
Guiseppe.

GUISEPPE
I know that.

ANNIE MAGUIRE
He's no angel. He needs a strong hand.

Guiseppe looks at a picture of Churchill on Annie's wall.

98 INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

98

Dixon is in the corridor with Paul Hill. We hear Gerry
scream "Mammy, Mammy" and "NO, NO , NO, NO", a pause and
then he screams "Mammy , Daddy". He orders Paul to wait and
goes into the interrogation room.

99 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. NIGHT.

99

Gerry is a snivelling, crying wreck. His sideburns have been
pulled out, his face caked with tearlines. Dixon picks Gerry
up.

DIXON
Cut the play acting Gerry.

GERRY
Please make it stop.

DIXON
You're the only one who can do that.

GERRY
I swear I didn't do it. I remember
that night, we robbed the hooker but
we gave the money to the tramp.
Charlie Burke. Ask Paul Hill. Paul
Hill was with me .

Dixon turns to a detective and nods. The door opens. Paul
Hill, enters. He looks wretched.

DIXON
Who is this?

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

PAUL
(looks at ground) That's Gerry Conlon.

DIXON
And what did you two do, Paul?

PAUL
We bombed Guildford.

Gerry is trying to figure out what is going on.

Paul never looks at Gerry. Paul is led from the room.

DIXON
I'll give you time to think it over
Conlon.

100 INT. ANNIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

100

A squad of police led by the good cop enter. They ransack through the house. They make Guiseppe, Annie and Frank hold their hands above their heads. They lead their two children PATRICK and VINCENT from their beds.

GOOD COP
Don't touch anything. Lift your hands
up. Up in the air.

Annie's youngest child the twelve year old Patrick asks a question as they put a plastic bag on his hands.

Patrick starts to look around.

PATRICK
This is candid camera, isn't it?

ANNIE MAGUIRE
(Crying) No son it's not.

Everyone has their hands in the air.

101 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. NIGHT.

101

Dixon grills Gerry.

DIXON
Who was the person who made the bombs
Gerry?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

GERRY
You tell me.

DIXON
Her name was Annie.

GERRY
Fine. Annie.

DIXON
Was it Annie?

Gerry laughs.

GERRY
Yes.

DIXON
What was her second name?

GERRY
What was it?

DIXON
Maguire.

GERRY
What?

DIXON
Annie Maguire.

GERRY
My Aunt Annie?

DIXON
Yes.

Gerry thinks about it, starts to laugh half hysterical and half relief at the outlandishness of it all.

GERRY
That's right Annie made the bombs and
Mother Theresa planted them.

Dixon leaves the room and a policeman grabs Gerry by the hair.

102 INT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

102

Morale is low. Gerry is screaming. Another voice "I didn't do anything".

GOOD COP

"Is this candid camera" he says to me.
Look at this - everybody's statement
is contradictory, it will all fall
apart.

Dixon arrives. Everybody goes quiet.

DIXON

We're almost there men. Just hang in.

103 INT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

103

Dixon is moving diagrams around trying to work out Gerry's movements. Pictures of places we have seen in the film. Squat, bookies, pubs etc. Along the corridor comes a young man in a white coat, breathless, very excited. This is the FORENSIC SCIENTIST. He carries five test tubes in a container. He walks up to Dixon.

DIXON

Well?

FORENSIC

(very excited) They're all positive
for nitroglycerine. All except the
woman.

Loud cheers in the operations room. Dixon, very pleased, pins photos on his board, beside safe house he pins photos of Frank Maguire his two sons and then Annie.

DIXON

She ran the house, we can nail her
test or no test.

Then beside the word "Supplier", he pins Guiseppe's photo.

DIXON

No more fucking about (points to
Gerry's photo). Now get the
ringleader's confession.

104 INT. INTERROGATION. NIGHT.

104

The Belfast Policeman comes in.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

BELFAST POLICEMAN

Is Guiseppe still working in Gambles
Gerry?

Gerry looks at him.

BELFAST POLICEMAN

Very dangerous area that for the
father of a bomber. You don't want to
be responsible for any harm coming to
your father do you Gerry.

GERRY

What are you talking about?

BELFAST POLICEMAN

I'm talking about Guiseppe lying in
an alley, Gerry son, with a bullet in
his head.

Gerry rises from his seat. He is crying .

GERRY

You fucking bastard.

Policemen hold him back.

BELFAST POLICEMAN

I'm going out to make a phone call
home, don't interrupt me if he hasn't
signed.

He leaves, Inspector Dixon comes in.

DIXON

The adolescent game is over Gerry.
Time to grow up, time to be a man.

105 INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM. DAY. PRESENT.

105

We are back on the visit between Gareth and Gerry. Gerry
continues to talk.

GERRY

It was the first time in my life that
I had met people who truly hated me .
With a stroke of the pen I signed away
my innocence.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

GARETH
We're going to have to put these
people behind bars.

GERRY
What?

GARETH
We have to put them behind bars.

GERRY
(sarcastic) Hold on, can you get me
out first.

Gareth laughs, Gerry also.

GERRY
At least get my father out before he
dies.

The PRISON GUARD looks at his watch.

GARETH
There's only a half hour left on this
visit Gerry, better keep going.

GERRY
Then the clothes arrived from my
father. I thought he was over to visit
me.

106 INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

106

Dixon comes to the cell door, opens it.

DIXON
(throws bag on ground) Here?

GERRY
They're my clothes. Great. Great.
Thanks. Is my Da here?

CHARLIE BURKE
He is Gerry.

GERRY
When will I see him.

DIXON
Soon enough Gerry.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

GERRY

(Relaxed) Does he still think this fits me? (holds up boy's jumper from bag).

107 INT. GUILDFORD COURTHOUSE. SAME DAY.

107

Gerry is led from a tunnel up a flight of stairs by Detective #1. An armed police guard opens a door. A great buzz of noise floods around him. Gerry finds himself in the heavily guarded defendants box of a small remand courtroom annex to the police station. He looks around the courthouse.

GERRY

(To Dixon) Where's my father?

DIXON

Stand there.

He points to where Paul Hill is standing in the defendants box. The tiny room, almost a scale model of a regular courthouse, is jammed with policemen and members of the press, frantically taking notes. An elderly judge sits behind his mahogany desk. Several cops have crowded into the box with Gerry and Paul.

GERRY

(Whispers angrily) What's going on?

PAUL

They framed me over the death of a soldier, then they told me they were taking me back to Belfast, so I told them I did the Guildford bombing.

GERRY

Why?

PAUL

It's crazy. (Gerry is wide eyed) Nobody will believe any of it. I just named the four stupidest fuckers I know.

GERRY

Who?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

PAUL

Us fucksake. Us. It'll never stick.

GERRY

Jesus Christ you are mad.

Carole and Paddy come up. Gerry looks at Paddy, great lumps of hair are missing from his long blond locks, he's shell shocked. Carole looks even worse. Her face is lined with long dirty tear mark tracks. She's lost weight and her thin figure now looks pathetically frail. She's sobbing uncontrollably. The judge bangs the gavel and Dixon rises, studies his notebook.

DIXON

Your honor, all four defendants are charged that on the night of October 5, 1974, at or in the vicinity of the Seven Stars public house at 185 Sully Road, Guildford they did wilfully murder Caroline Slater, Private Brian Norris, Corporal Stephen Jenkinson, Gunner Philip King, and Gunner Alan Jones. In addition they are charged with seventy five counts of attempted murder, conspiracy to cause explosions, possession of explosives, possession of firearms, membership of an illegal terrorist organization. Contravention of the firearms act and wilful damage to property.

GERRY

(low) This is no game Paul.

JUDGE

How do you plead Gerard Patrick Conlon?

Gerry is stunned by the audacity of the question. He is still in a state of denial; so are the others. Gerry looks at Dixon who smiles at him for the first time.

GERRY

Jesus Christ, you're not serious?

108 INT. POLICE CAR. SAME DAY.

108

Sirens wail. A large police cruiser is the middle car in a convoy of police motorcyclists and guard cars.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

Dixon sits in the front beside the driver. Gerry is sandwiched in the back between Detective #1 and another burly detective. Dixon lifts the blanket.

DIXON

I thought you might like to see your new home.

Gerry stares out the window, the green countryside is broken by an enormous grey victorian structure, looming in the distance. Its high walls and watch towers are made of great slabs of grey stone. Its parapets and turrets are laced with razor wire.

GERRY

You've made a terrible mistake.

DIXON

I don't think so.

109 INT. PRISON RECEPTION. SAME DAY.

109

Gerry sits naked in an old-fashioned porcelain bath tub, one of five in a row, This is the white-tiled Bathhouse of the prison reception. The bath is empty and has no taps on it, just one large spout at the head. A drill sergeant-type prison guard (screw), supervises. This is PRISON OFFICER (P.O.) BARKER, the head screw.

P.O. BARKER

Water in number three, Mr. Jones please.

Water floods in from the spout. It is obviously cold. Gerry shivers, almost jumps from the bath. The RECEPTION SCREW tosses a large bar of red soap into the water.

P.O. BARKER

Get scrubbed down.

110 INT. RECEPTION. SAME DAY.

110

Gerry, still naked, is marched by the reception screw into another tiled room. A screw clad in white coat and wearing a paper mask is waiting. He holds a spray hose connected to a can of pesticide.

GERRY

What's this?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

P.O. BARKER
De lousing.

GERRY
I don't want that.

P.O. BARKER
Prison policy - you've no choice.

Gerry is meticulously sprayed with white powder. It sticks to his still wet skin giving Gerry the appearance of some painted aboriginal warrior.

111 INT. PRISON RECEPTION. SAME DAY.

111

A large formidable room of old wood and brass, everything polished to a gleaming shine. This is the main room of the Prison Reception, where all new arrivals are processed. A long raised desk runs along one wall. Several screws including Barker stand behind the desk. Gerry Conlon stands facing the desk, six foot back. His toes touch a white painted line on the wooden floor. He is still naked, still covered in white powder, his hands cover his genitals.

P.O. BARKER
Conlon. Nationality?

GERRY
Irish.

P.O. BARKER
Place of Birth?

GERRY
Belfast.

P.O. BARKER
Then you're British.

Gerry doesn't answer.

P.O. BARKER
Occupation?

GERRY
Unemployed.

P.O. BARKER
Religion?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

GERRY
Roman Catholic.

P.O. BARKER
Diet?

GERRY
(puzzled) I'm not on a diet.

P.O. BARKER
Are you trying to be funny?

GERRY
(sheepishy) No.

P.O. BARKER
What kind of food do you eat?

GERRY
(still puzzled) Ordinary food.

112 INT. LOCK-UP BOX. SAME DAY.

112

Gerry in a lockup box. Holding cell. He is wearing regulation clothes, too big for him, he looks like Charlie Chaplin.

GERRY
There's no window in here.

The screw ignores him, closes the door.

Gerry hears Barker giving orders: "Water in number 2, Mr. Jones." He goes to his door and looks through a crack. Another man who stands there naked with the white powder on him answering the same questions. He looks like something out of Belsen. Gerry can barely hear them.

P.O. BARKER
Name.

GUISEPPE
Conlon, Guiseppe Conlon.

Gerry's pulls back from the door. Did I hear right or is this all a mad dream? He thinks furiously. Looks out. Long close up on his eye.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

GERRY

Da. Da. Guiseppe, it's me, your son
Gerry.

Close on; Guiseppe he turns round.

GUISEPPE

Where are you, where are you son?

GERRY

Here Da, here. I'm in the cell.

Guiseppe runs to the cell. He is frantic. Gerry can see him through the crack. The screw blows a whistle. Guiseppe runs along the wall trying to locate Gerry .

GUISEPPE

Gerry, Gerry , Gerry, where are you?

GERRY

Here, here, I'm O.K. Da why are you
here Da?

Guiseppe gets to the door. He tries to talk. The screws are upon him. A hand is put over his mouth. Gerry is horrified.

GERRY

If you harm my father I'll kill you.
Do you hear me I'll kill you.

Guiseppe struggles. They lift him up and drag him away.

GERRY

Don't harm my father.

113 INT. PRISON WING - SAME DAY.

113

Gerry, two escort screws and Barker, march through a series of iron gates and long corridors. Everywhere screws salute Barker.

A large barred gate reads: D WING - TOP SECURITY. Barker roars for everyone to hear:

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

P.O. BARKER

One on to the wing.

A hand marks a tick on paper. A number. The gate opens.

Gerry's P.O.V: The wing is a three tiered rectangle housing cells on all three floors. Gerry goes up the stairs in longshot.

114 INT. CONLON HOME. NIGHT.

114

Sarah sits in the front room with Granny surrounded by neighbours.

SARAH

But why did they arrest Guiseppe?

115 INT. CONLON CELL. SAME NIGHT.

115

Gerry pulls one bed underneath the high window, stands on the metal head frame and looks out the partially broken barred window. It is a dark winter night but Gerry can see a multitude of lights from the cells that dot the wall of another cell block, across the exercise yard. There is a great deal of noisy banter. Then a single booming prisoner's voice cuts through the noise.

PRISONER'S VOICE

Hey, you, the fuckin IRA man, we're going to cut your heart out.

Gerry drops from the window but the chorus of hate builds up, with other prisoners joining in. "You can't hide from us" and "You're going to die." Gerry sinks onto the bed.

116 INT. CONLON CELL. SAME NIGHT.

116

The shouting has subsided, the prison is quieter now. Gerry sits on the bed. The voice of the gate screw fills the wing.

GATE SCREW

One on the wing.

A group of men approach in a jangle of keys and marching feet. They stop outside Gerry's cell, the keys rattle in the cell door. It swings open. Guiseppe is marched in. The cell door bangs hard behind him.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

GUISEPPE

Did you do it son? Did you do it?

GERRY

No, Da, I didn't.

Guiseppe grabs Gerry, hugs him in an embrace that Gerry has never felt from his father before. Tears run down Guiseppe's face. Gerry is totally happy and shocked by his father's reaction. He is emotionally unsure, glad that his father is here but scared that his father needs to hug him so tight.

GERRY

What's wrong ?

GUISEPPE

I'm happy son. I'm happy.

Gerry looks at Guiseppe; he is in denial and does not really want an answer to his question.

GERRY

How did you get here?

GUISEPPE

I came over to your Auntie Annies to get you a lawyer and they arrested everybody in the house. They've charged us all.

GERRY

With what ?

GUISEPPE

Conspiracy to murder.

Gerry is incredulous. Irrational, he explodes.

GERRY

Why do you always follow me?

GUISEPPE

What?

GERRY

You always follow me when I do something wrong. Why don't you follow me when I do something right?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: 2

116

GUISEPPE

What are you talking about?

GERRY

The medal!

GUISEPPE

What medal?

GERRY

What medal? What medal? The medal I won at football! You never said that (clicks his fingers) to me. We won the final, remember? I got a medal, under 13's. You said nothing. All you said was "Did you foul the ball, Gerry?" And I did foul the ball, but what did it matter, the referee didn't see me. You said (imitating Guiseppe) "it was bad sport Gerry". But we won! For once in our lives we won! (screams) We won! We won! We won! (he is at fever pitch) You could only see what I did wrong. I could never do anything good enough for you. And now you have to follow me again and get yourself into trouble. Why are you doing this to me?

Guiseppe is wide-eyed. This is a nervous breakdown.

GERRY

(Madly rational) Why are you doing this to me?

Guiseppe comes toward him. Gerry moves back with his hand out.

GERRY

Stay away from me. Stay away from me you. Let me be on my own.

He crawls into a corner. He starts to bang his head off the wall. Guiseppe is shocked he does not know what to do. Nothing. Gerry is laughing hysterically like his mind is gone. Then he starts to bang his head again.

GUISEPPE

Gerry , Gerry stop, please stop .

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: 3

116

Gerry bangs his head a last time.

GERRY

Now I've got everybody into
trouble.

The spy hole opens . The screws voice breaks Gerry's
hysteria.

P.O. BARKER

Get into bed.

Gerry gets up and gets into bed.

117 INT. PRISON. NIGHT.

117

Guiseppe covers Gerry with a blanket in the cell. He walks
up and down looking on his child.

118 INT. NIGHT CELL.

118

Guiseppe lies awake.

119 INT. CONLON CELL. NEXT MORNING.

119

It is just after dawn. The prison awakens, the first
stirrings of life sound around the hollow tomb: gates clank,
voices shout in the distance, keys jangle, mop buckets
rattle. Gerry wakes up.

GERRY

That's my first sleep since I was
arrested. Did you sleep Da?

GUISEPPE

As sound as a bell son.

Father and son are embarrassed to be on in such close
private proximity of each other.

GUISEPPE

Better get dressed.

Gerry dresses under the blankets. Guiseppe dresses with his
back to Gerry. The cell door opens. P.O. Barker steps in,
stamps his feet to attention.

P.O. BARKER

Step outside for a visit.

120 INT. PRISON WING. DAY.

120

Gerry is led through the wing now it is alive with activity. This is maximum security, a huge caged construction with gates and screws everywhere. Up on the threes, a surreal collection of transvestites, queens and child molesters make up a siren chorus known as The SEXES. They are completely caged off from the rest of the prisoners. The TWOS are a motley collection of Jamaican drug dealers, Hindu gangsters, Middle Eastern hijackers - a microcosm of the British Empire. The ground floor, ONES, are the exclusive domain of the London gangsters. The screws are immaculately dressed in military crisp style, they stamp their feet and salute. They have the discipline and bearing of a military unit. From everywhere prisoners call out insults and threats to Gerry and Guiseppe.

121 INT. PRISON VISITING AREA.

121

Guiseppe and Gerry stand at an iron gate. An escort screw calls out.

ESCORT SCREW

Two on for visits.

The gate slides open, Gerry and Guiseppe are led along a corridor, off the corridor are a series of cubicles. In each a prisoner is having a visit with family or friends in a relaxed atmosphere.

122 INT. VISITING ROOM. DAY.

122

Gerry and Guiseppe are escorted into another small room. It is divided by a long wide table. The screw sits at the end of the table, takes out a notebook and tells them to sit down. A door opposite the table opens. The two girls, Bridget and Anne run in, followed by Sarah. The girls go to run around the table but the screw stops them.

ESCORT SCREW

No touching.

GUISEPPE

Everybody else is allowed to touch.

ESCORT SCREW

The I.R.A. get closed visits. No contact.

Sarah sits. She is mad at Gerry.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

SARAH

Why are you doing this to me?

GERRY

What?

SARAH

What? You have your father locked
up in prison charged with murder
and you ask me what?

GUISEPPE .

Take it easy Sarah.

GERRY

It's not my fault ma.

Guiseppe nods to the guard taking notes.

SARAH

I don't care what he writes down
I've nothing to hide. Have you?

GERRY

No ma. Honest.

Sarah puts her hands to her face.

SARAH

Oh Jesus what are they doing to us?
What are they doing to us.

She sobs. Guiseppe reaches out his hand to her.

GATE SCREW

No touching.

Gerry looks up to the ceiling and screams. His sisters get
upset.

GUISEPPE

Gerry. Stop it.

Gerry stops.

GERRY

I'm sorry, Ma.

Long pause. Anne cries, looks at Gerry.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: 2

122

MARY
Danny is dead, Gerry.

GERRY
What?

Sarah looks at Anne. The child had promised not to say this.

SARAH
They found his body on waste
ground. The IRA said he was an
unrepentant thief. I sent a Mass
card from the family.

Gerry looks up to the ceiling. He is obviously distressed.
Sarah nods toward Mary.

SARAH
(matter-of-fact) This one won't go
to school since you've been away.

GUISEPPE
Go to school for your mammy. I'll
be home soon Sarah.

SARAH
(It's obviously an effort) When
will that be Guiseppe?

GUISEPPE
Everything will work out fine. Have
faith. The boy's done nothing the
truth will save him.

SARAH
Thanks be to God.

ESCORT SCREW
Visit's up.

SARAH
I'll see you, son.

She touches his face.

ESCORT SCREW
No touching. Any breach of
regulations will be reported.

Guiseppe takes Sarah's hand from Gerry's face. He then
squeezes it.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: 3

122

She gets up and takes Mary and Bridget by the hands. The children do not want to go. They start to cry "Daddy". Sarah literally pulls them out the door. Gerry looks at Guiseppe, holds him.

GUISEPPE

Well done son. You held up well.

123 EXT. PRISON WING. NIGHT.

123

Gerry and Guiseppe walk along the wing. A group of screws are at a gate. The prisoners on the wing have been locked up for the night.

SCREW

Oih, you two, you've been granted special exercise.

The screw smiles.

124 EXT. PRISON YARD. NIGHT.

124

Gerry and Guiseppe are let onto the yard, a screw with a guard dog watches them. The yard is marked in colored circles. The largest circle is red, the next blue, the next yellow. Gerry and Guiseppe begin walking on the large red circle.

GERRY

I can't believe Danny's dead. Why did you stay in Belfast Da?

GUISEPPE

Your ma wouldn't leave.

GERRY

Why not?

GUISEPPE

Because she had you. She had all she wanted. (pause) She'll go now. As soon as we get out.

A voice from the prison cells above echoes round the yard.

PRISONER'S VOICE

There they are! Ya murdering bastards.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

A jam jar bursts at the feet of Guiseppe and Gerry. Other voices echo round the yard, hate-filled, venomous. "Fucking murderers, we'll kill you, ya IRA bastards." A litany of abuse fills the air as jam jars, glue pots, tea bags then eggs rain down on Guiseppe and Gerry.

GERRY

Let's get in out of here.

GUISEPPE

No, no hold your ground. We have to hold our ground in here.

They walk in ever diminishing circles, avoiding the barrage until it has driven them into the middle of the yard, just out of the rain of fire. They walk in a tiny circle. Surreptitiously the guard lets the barking dog loose. It races at Guiseppe and Gerry. Gerry flees in terror and Guiseppe knows he cannot make it to the fence. He takes a deep breath. The dog chases Gerry who scales the fence. It tears at his clothes. He goes higher and the dog can't reach him.

GUISEPPE

Call off your dog.

Guiseppe's attitude has quieted the prisoners. They watch in silence as the dog makes for Guiseppe who is afraid but does not flinch. Eventually the guard comes over and calls the dog.

GUARD

Back to your cells.

125 INT. CELL. DAY.

125

Gerry is on his bed. Guiseppe enters.

GUISEPPE

(excited) The evidence is here. The court papers. Give's a hand.

Gerry exits. A screw stands beside a trolley loaded down with scores of volumes of court papers.

GERRY

I didn't know we would see this stuff before the trial.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

GUISEPPE
It's a procedure. That's what
British Justice is built on, the
correct procedures.

126 INT. CELL. DAY.

126

The door is closed for the night. Guiseppe has several
volumes spread out on his bed. He's taking notes, studying
them carefully. Gerry is very agitated.

GERRY
Do we have to read all this?

GUISEPPE
(shocked) Of course. (slaps book)
This is your ticket home. The
contradictions are here. (happy)
All here for the judge to see.

Guiseppe reads on, Gerry paces the floor anxiously.

127 INT. CELL.

127

Guiseppe reads on. He's looking very angry.

GUISEPPE
And you stole from this woman?

GERRY
(deeply ashamed) I was starving.

Guiseppe explodes with anger. He grabs Gerry, shakes him.

GUISEPPE
(shouts) Is there anymore you
haven't told me? Is there? Are you
going to be a liar all your days?

GERRY
I stole from her.

GUISEPPE
You've got to tell the truth in
court, and nothing but the truth do
you understand? The truth's your
suit of armour.

128 INT. PRISON WING GATE.

128

Guiseppe says goodbye to Gerry as he leaves for court.

GERRY

I wish you were coming with me.

GUISEPPE

It'll only be a week or two until
I'm out behind you.

There's an awkward pause. Gerry wants to hug him but he can't expose his emotions. As the gate opens he turns.

GERRY

I'm sorry Da.

With a wave of the hand, Guiseppe dismisses the apology.

129 EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY.

129

The street outside the Old Bailey courthouse is fenced off for the biggest terrorist trial of the decade. Police snipers are on rooftops. Hordes of press behind barriers. The sound of a sirens approaching, a cavalcade screeches down the street and into the underground courtyard.

130 INT. MAIN COURTROOM. OLD BAILEY.

130

This vast mahogany and leather court room reeks of centuries of British jurisprudence. Today it is packed with onlookers, press, and scores of plain clothes and uniformed police. The front rows are filled with barristers and clerks. Along one bench sits DIXON and the other police from Guildford. Behind him, the sinister Minister's Aide. A small door opens and first Gerry, then Paul, Paddy and Carole are led into the accused box. Paul looks fit but nervous. Paddy has lost a lot of his hair and Carole appears to be drugged and out of it. The gavel bangs and the red robed and bewigged judge, LORD DONALDMORE enters. The barristers all rise and bow to him.

131 INT. COURTROOM - NEXT DAY

131

A tall imperious man, in black robe and powdered wig rises quizzes Gerry. He is PROSECUTOR HAGERTY.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

PROSECUTOR HAGERTY

And this man, this tramp Charlie Burke whom you say you met in the park - he is your alibi?

GERRY

Yes.

PROSECUTOR HAGERTY

And why did he not testify in this court on your behalf?

GERRY

He doesn't seem to be in England any more.

PROSECUTOR HAGERTY

Is he not, Mr Conlon, a figment of your imagination. Were you not in fact Mr Conlon in Guildford on that night as you have already written in a sworn statement?

GERRY

That statement was beaten out of me. (He looks at jury) That's the truth.

PROSECUTOR HAGERTY

And that is exactly what I expected you to say. No more questions. My lord, may I first request that I break with procedure and allow several of my witnesses to enter the court together. There are extenuating circumstances for this.

JUDGE DONALDMORE

Proceed.

A side door of the courtroom opens and orderlies wheel in five wheelchairs. In two of the wheelchairs are hideously scarred, young men, in the other three are similarly scarred young women. The last wheel chair contains a formerly pretty young woman who has lost a leg and is now blind. The wheel chairs are wheeled past the jury box. The jury are clearly devastated. One by one they turn their heads in Gerry's direction and stare at him. Gerry is upset at the state of the injured and can't help showing it.

132 INT. MAIN COURTROOM. OLD BAILEY. SAME DAY.

132

The prosecutor is still on his feet. Inspector DIXON is in the witness stand.

PROSECUTOR HAGERTY

The defense counsel have pointed out numerous glaring, indeed foolish inconsistencies in the confessions of all four of the defendants. Have you investigated those inconsistencies?

DIXON

It is my experience that the IRA train their operatives that if they break down and confess they should then lie as much as possible so that when the case comes to court, the confession will appear unbelievable. These jumbled incoherent confessions are in fact the trademark of well trained and committed terrorists.

Gerry's court-appointed counsel rises, a verbose drunkard delivers his speech, its not what he says but how he says it that is so awful.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

If the state can convict these people on signed confessions without any other proof whatsoever where is British Justice headed? Can you reasonably believe I ask you in the wake of the hysteria after the Guildford bombing that the police did not beat these defendants? We are in danger of being polluted by the very methods we have used in the war in Northern Ireland. If Britain is to remain Great it must be based on Justice not revenge.

133 INT. CONLON CELL - SAME DAY.

133

Guiseppe sits on his bed in the cell. He has a portable radio nestled in his lap. He waits. Then on the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

We interrupt for news of the verdicts in the Guildford bombing trial.

134 INT. SCHOOL KITCHEN, BELFAST. SAME DAY.

134

Sarah Conlon stands at the large steel sinks in the school kitchen where she washes. A small radio rests just above the sink. It is tuned to the same news announcement. Sarah's fellow workers have stopped work and gather around her.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

The twelve man jury in this the longest terrorist trial ever in Britain have been found the defendants guilty on all counts.

135 INT. PRISON. DAY.

135

Guiseppe listens.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

It will fall to Judge Donaldmore to pass verdict.

136 INT. COURTROOM. SAME DAY.

136

Gerry, Paul, Paddy and Carole stand in the dock. Across from them Judge Donaldmore addresses them.

JUDGE DONALDMORE

Carole Richardson I recommend that you serve at least 18 years. Paul Hill, Life, with a recommendation that you not be released except for ill-health. Patrick Armstrong life imprisonment with a recommendation that you serve a minimum of thirty years. Gerard Patrick Conlon life imprisonment and you shall serve a minimum of thirty five years. And I feel it is my duty to wonder aloud why you were not charged with treason to the crown, a charge that carries a penalty of death by hanging.

A charge I would have had no difficulty in passing in this case.

Dixon sits stoney-faced listening to the judge, behind him the Ministers Aide leans forward and pats Dixon on the back.

137 INT. CELL. DAY.

137

Guiseppe continues to listen to the radio. Dixon is giving a press conference on the courthouse steps.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
Inspector Dixon, How do you feel
now that these people have been
convicted.

DIXON
Satisfied that we did a good job,
and ready to go fishing. (laughs).

138 INT. PRISON WING. DAY.

138

Gerry stands at the gate to the maximum wing. He wears a uniform with large yellow stripes up the trousers and an enormous A on the back of the jacket. P.O. Barker shows him a red book.

P.O. BARKER
You're a red book prisoner now
Conlon. This book is for lifers.
Everywhere you go outside this wing
we mark your movements and two
officers go with you. This is your
home for the rest of your life, you
and I can do nothing about that, so
accept it and get on with it.

139 INT. PRISON LANDING. DAY.

139

P.O. Barker drops a card into the slot outside Gerry's cell. A Jamacian Rasta prisoner leans against the next cell door. His name is BENBAY, a small time comedian and big time drug dealer serving 20 years. He strolls down, looks at Gerry's door card where his sentence is printed. Benbay jumps back in exaggerated wide-eyed horror.

BENBAY
Whooya, man, 35 years, man, that's
heavy, heavy wack, make my 20 look
like a day at the beach. I'm glad
to have you as a neighbor.

GERRY
Go and fuck yourself.

140 INT. CONLON CELL. SAME DAY.

140

Guiseppe enters the cell and discovers Gerry. He sees his father at the door, says nothing instead clambers into his bed, and pulls the blankets over his head.

GERRY

British Justice?

GUISEPPE

Don't despair all is not lost yet.
We'll fight for an appeal.

141 EXTERIOR. PRISON YARD.

141

Guiseppe is in his cell, he watches out the window. Guiseppe's P.O.V.: A broiling hot summer day. The exercise yard is crowded. Gerry and several Irish inmates walk the tiny inner yellow circle. Most prisoners walk the middle circle. While a few English gangsters walk the wide red outer circle. They're led by RONNIE SMALLS, the leading London gangster and jail godfather. A radio blares Mungo Jerry's "In the Summertime.". Suddenly the song stops. Dramatic staccato notes, the BBC's newsflash jingle, then:

RADIO ANNOUNCER

First reports are coming in of a massive bomb close to Buckingham Palace. We have a live report.
"The scene here is utter carnage. The bomb exploded while the Horseguards parade was passing, there are dead soldiers and dismembered horses all over the road"

All movement on the yard stops. RONNIE SMALLS, the top London gangster who controls the jail stops walking around his wide red circle. Every eye turns to Gerry and a small group of other Irish prisoners. Smalls spits on the ground.

RONNIE SMALLS

Fucking paddies!

The cry goes up "Get the Paddies". Gerry and the Irish bolt for the doorway. They are pursued by hordes of young prisoners. They do not make it. Gerry and the other Irish prisoners are set upon and fall down under a barrage of boots and fists.

Benbay and some of the Rastas intervene and shield the Irish prisoners.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

BENBAY
(shouting) Leave them alone, they
didn't do it. Leave them alone.

Benbay's intervention momentarily halts the violence. Gerry gets to his feet and heads for the door. Then a voice from the crowd.

PRISONER
Paddy bastards.

A gob of spit lands on Guiseppe's face, then another, then a rain of it, but he makes it to the door. The screws stand inside, laughing.

142 INT. PRISON CANTEEN. NIGHT.

142

Gerry, Guiseppe and several other prisoners watch a TV high on the wall. The T.V. shows scenes of the police siege of Balcombe Street. The news commentator delivers commentary as the IRA men surrender in dramatic live coverage on the T.V. A masked IRA man edges out onto a balcony. His hands are above his head. Armed police train machine guns on him. He walks slowly towards them and surrenders.

T.V. REPORTER
The four IRA men were cornered in this apartment after a high speed chase through the center of London. Police officials believe that they are the men responsible for a series of bombings throughout the country. We're witnessing the sensational end to months indeed years of police work.

143 EXT. BALCOMBE STREET. NIGHT.

143

Several armed police surround the captured IRA leader Joe Mac Connell. Inspector DIXON waits by the rear door of his police limosine. He has a pistol in his hand. The armed police slide the IRA man into the rear of the car. The press surround DIXON, filming his triumph. He gets into the car.

144 INT. CONLON CELL. DAY.

144

Guiseppe and Gerry are at the door of the cell.

GERRY
(half-hearted) Good luck da.

145 INT. CELL. NIGHT.

145

It is lock-up. Doors clang shut. Gerry sits on the chair in his now empty cell. Guiseppe is gone, still on trial. His bed is empty, the blankets folded. His jars of Vick vapor rub are stacked on his bedside table.

146 INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM. DAY

146

Dixon and the others have got nowhere with Mac Connell. Dixon looks into the room where Mac Connell sits.

DIXON

Five days he hasn't said a word.
Let's see if he has anything to say
about the Conlons.

147 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. DAY.

147

Mac Connell looks like he has not slept for five days. He stares blankly at the wall.

DIXON

Do you know the Conlons?

Mac Connell breaks out of his trance.

JOE MAC CONNELL

I'm a volunteer in the Irish
Republican Army. I've nothing to
say to you except that you have
innocent people in jail for the
Guildford bomb.

DIXON

The Conlons were part of your team.

Mac Connell looks at Dixon and gives a laugh of pure
ridicule.

JOE MAC CONNELL

Catch yourself on.

Dixon takes a diving punch at Mac Connell sliding across the
table on top of him. He has blown his cool completely.

DIXON

(mad) You're a fucking liar. You
Irish are all the same, all liars.

148 INT. OLD BAILEY COURTROOM.

148

It is the same court room, the same judge, the same group of witnesses as before. This time the defendants dock is even more packed. Annie Maguire stands and her husband Paddy, her 14 year old son Vincent, her 12 year old son Patrick and finally Guiseppe Conlon. Dixon is on the stand.

PROSECUTOR HAGERTY

Chief Inspector Dixon. Do you believe that Vincent Maguire was part of the terrorist network.

DIXON

Yes.

Camera moves down along the defendants as Dixon answers "Yes" to each name by Hagerty. Dixon says Yes, seven times.

149 INT. COURT. DAY.

149

Camera moves down along the defendants again

JUDGE DONALDMORE

Vincent Maguire - 5 years
Patrick Maguire - 4 years
Paddy Maguire - 14 years.
Annie Maguire - 14 years
Guiseppe Conlon - 12 years.

150 INT. CELL. DAY.

150

Gerry smashes his radio off the wall.

151 INT. COURT. DAY.

151

Ahnie Maguire looks at Guiseppe.

ANNIE MAGUIRE.

Why did they do this to me
Guiseppe? I've left four children
now without a mother.

152 INT. BENBAY'S CELL.

152

Benbay, the Jamaican rasta drug dealer's cell is a shrine to Haile Selassie. Several inmates are crowded into his cell. One keeps watch at the door.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

Benbay sees Gerry walking back.

BENBAY

Gerry, man, come on in. You want something for your head, take you out of here man. Sit you right down beside me. I show you how great the British Empire was man.

Benbay holds up a map of the the world.

BENBAY

All this red man that was the British Empire.

GERRY

Why is half of it missing.?

BENBAY

Before my woman send it in here she have it dipped in liquid acid. LSD man. We've been dropping the British Empire for the last six months. You want to fly? Pick a country.

GERRY

Don't give me Northern Ireland, I don't want no bad trip. Give me India.

Benbay tears a piece.

BENBAY

Very big country, man; you'll be flying for days.

Gerry smiles.

153 INT. GERRY'S CELL.

153

Gerry is gone on his acid trip. Benbay and the others listen to him.

GERRY

(spaced) I can see Guiseppe in the light man.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

GERRY (cont'd)
They're going to let him go man. It
doesn't matter. the only prisons
are in our heads man.

BENBAY
(Regretfully) That's really good
acid man.

154 INT. PRISON WING.

154

The gate closes behind Guiseppe. He looks smaller in his new
category A uniform, yellow stripes, red book. He's led into
the wing and up to Gerry's cell.

155 EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND. BELFAST. SAME DAY

155

A Belfast convent school playground at lunch break. The yard
bustles with school girls skipping, shouting, playing ball.
A nun sends a young girl over to a group that are laughing
and giggling together. Gerry's sisters, Bridget and Mary
leave the group and walk towards the nun. The nun puts her
arms around the girls to comfort them.

156 INT. PRISON CELL.

156

Guiseppe looks in his cell, Gerry is not there.

157 INT. PRISON CELL.

157

Benbay hands Gerry a straw. A small amount of white powder
on a table. Gerry bends down.

BENBAY
Catch the dragon by the tail man.

Guiseppe appears at the door.

GUISEPPE
Don't do it Gerry.

Gerry looks at his father, looks at Benbay. They shake their
shoulders and almost in defiance Gerry takes a sniff.
Guiseppe walks away. Gerry sniffs some more.

158 INT. CELL. NIGHT.

Guiseppe lies on the bed with his back to Gerry.

158

GERRY

Dad I'll be older than you are now
when I get out of here. If I get
out. Are you listening to me?

GUISEPPE

I'm not talking to you.

GERRY

Now who is being childish?

GUISEPPE

That stuff will kill you.

GERRY

I'm dead anyway.

159 INT. CELL. NIGHT.

159

Gerry and Guiseppe lie there, not talking to each other.

GERRY

Dad. (Pause) I'm sorry. I'll never
take it so long as you live. Are
you happy now?

GUISEPPE

No.

GERRY

Why not?

GUISEPPE

I don't want you to take it whether
I live or not.

GERRY

Jesus Christ! All right I'll not do
anything to annoy you in your
grave. Are you happy?

GUISEPPE

Is that a promise?

GERRY

Yeah.

GUISEPPE

Good.

160 INT. CELL. LATER.

160

GUISEPPE

There was an odd girlfriend before
your mother all right son but times
was different then. Sarah was
special. The whole of West Belfast
was in love with her but nobody
could beat jumping over the boat to
get back to her. Even if it did
give me pleurisy it was worth it .

GERRY

And what happened to my sister
Theresa.

GUISEPPE

There was a big polio epidemic.
She was never a well child. Still
to see your child die then you
came along and you were as hale and
hearty as Tarzan.

GERRY

Two kids died before I was born?

GUISEPPE

That's right.

GERRY

Da?

GUISEPPE

What?

GERRY

Is it all right if I smoke hash?

Guiseppe lies there thinking.

161 INT. CELL. DAY.

161

GUISEPPE

There's only one way to get
ourselves out of here.

GERRY

How's that?

GUISEPPE

By believing in our innocence.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

GERRY

That's not hard.

GUISEPPE

Time will pass, it will be harder than you think. Becomes easier if you become cynical. We have to start working on an appeal, work up support, write letters, make contacts. We need to contact important people on the outside. Let's get to work.

162 INT. PRISON SHOP.

162

Guiseppe and Gerry stand among a line of prisoners waiting at a half door that acts as the counter for the prisoners shop - a small closet with various prison luxuries, soap, tobacco, honey, tea bags on the shelves. Guiseppe and Gerry are third in line.

SCREW

Next.

Guiseppe leans into the shop hatch.

GUISEPPE

Forty letters and a jar of Vick.

GERRY

(shocked) That's all our money used up.

GUISEPPE

It helps ease my chest.

GERRY

Not the Vick Da, the letters.

Guiseppe gives Gerry a look of total disbelief.

GUISEPPE

You want to stay in here forever?

163 INT. PRISON OUTSIDE OFFICERS QUARTERS.

163

Guiseppe argues with P.O. Barker.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

GUISEPPE

I can see the parcel. There it is.

P.O. BARKER

That parcel cannot be given out until it's passed security.

GUISEPPE

All it is is medicine. I'm in here with my son, I don't want him to see me bent in two.

P.O. BARKER

Should have thought of that before you blew people to pieces.

GUISEPPE

I'm an innocent man, my son is an innocent man.

P.O. BARKER

Very good and that parcel has to clear security.

164 INT. CELL. DAY.

164

Guiseppe and Gerry are back in their cell. Guiseppe is at the table with his pile of letters.

GERRY

This will never work Da.

GUISEPPE

Why not?

GERRY

People get hundreds of letters like this.

GUISEPPE

You have to start somewhere.

Guiseppe begins writing.

165 EXT. PRISON. DAY.

165

A convoy of police cars pull up outside the prison. Dixon gets out. P.O. Barker and several screws are waiting. Mac Connell is taken from the Dixons car in shackles.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

DIXON

(to Barker) I want you to keep me posted on this one, who he talks to what he does, every detail. I've to report to the higher ups, you understand.

Barker nods.

166 INT. PRISON. DAY.

166

Joe Mac Connell is led into the prison. All the prisoners come out of their cells.

167 INT. CELL. DAY.

167

Guiseppe is in his cell. Gerry rushes in, excited.

GERRY

It's him. He's here.

Gerry and Guiseppe emerge and watch P.O. Barker come out onto the middle of the floor to meet Mac Connell.

GERRY

He might know something.

GUISEPPE

(happy) He might.

Barker leans in towards Mac Connell and barks in his best drill sergeant voice.

P.O. BARKER

We run this prison under her majesty's rules. Obey the rules and you'll be treated like everyone else. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

Mac Connell gives a look of tired resignation. He's been through all this before. Instead of answering, Mac Connell head butts Barker, right on the bridge of his nose, breaking it. Blood spurts, Barker collapses. The wing is momentarily silent, then bells ring, and the prisoners cheer. Mac Connell goes down and puts his hands over his head in expectation of the beating he knows will follow. The screws pile on top of the IRA man, beating him and dragging him out. Gerry is puffed up by the IRA man's action. He walks down the landing, a prisoner gets out of his way, he smiles to himself.

168 INT. CONLON CELL. NIGHT.

168

Guiseppe is bent over the table in his cell. His head is covered with a towel. He breathes in the vapors from the Vick steam bath. He hears Gerry and speaks from beneath the towel.

GUISEPPE

Read what the U.S. senator said again.

Gerry picks up a letter, examines it.

GERRY

We intend to raise your petition for an appeal with the British embassy.

GUISEPPE

These are important people giving us some of their time.

GERRY

It's a form letter look, even his signature is printed.

GUISEPPE

It might get us treated with more respect.

Gerry tosses it on the bed.

GERRY

(sarcastic) Respect! why don't you show it to them at the gate and see if they'll let you out. These bastards think we're mass murderers, they won't even give you you medicine never mind respect.

He storms out. Guiseppe sits there in despair.

169 INT. RECREATION. DAY.

169

Gerry and Guiseppe sit all alone.

SCREW

Parcels.

The screws bring in the parcels. One screw stands back with the biggest parcel.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

169

When all the other cons have gotten theirs, the screw comes forward every movement precise in a pre arranged game. The other screws watch. Wink at prisoners. The screw places the parcel down on Guiseppe's table.

SCREW

Your parcel Mr Conlon.

He runs to a corner and puts his fingers in his ears. Everybody laughs. Guiseppe closes his eyes for a moment. Opens them, picks up the parcel, looks at it, grabs it and runs to the screw.

GUISEPPE

I'm no bomber.

He smashes the parcel on the ground in front of the screw.

GUISEPPE

(enraged) I'm no bomber. See. No bomb. (He grabs the screw and then starts to cough he lets him go) I'm a non violent man.

Several other screws run in and grab Guiseppe. He doesn't fight back. Gerry watches in despair as all the cons start to laugh at Guiseppe coughing. Gerry rushes in and starts to lash out in shame at his father's helplessness..

170 INT. PUNISHMENT BLOCK.

170

A dank dungeonlike corridor with a line of cell doors. Beside each cell door a metal bed is propped up on its end along with a thin mattress. Gerry is locked into one cell. Guiseppe into another.

171 INT. PUNISHMENT CELL. DAY.

171

Guiseppe sits alone. A voice breaks the silence

JOE MAC CONNELL

Guiseppe Conlon. Gerry Conlon.

172 EXT. CELLS. DAY.

172

Camera from outside looking at three cell windows. Joe Mac Connell's battered face is at one. Guiseppe's face appears at another. Gerry appears at a third.

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

172

GERRY

We're not supposed to talk.

JOE MAC CONNELL

(laughs) What are they going to do?
Give you life?

GUISEPPE

Do you know who planted the
Guildford bomb?

JOE MAC CONNELL

Yes.

GUISEPPE

Who was it.

JOE MAC CONNELL

Me.

GUISEPPE

Did you tell the police we were
innocent?

JOE MAC CONNELL

Yes.

GUISEPPE

We haven't heard from anyone?

JOE MAC CONNELL

And you're not going to either.

GUISEPPE

But we're innocent for God's sake.

JOE MAC CONNELL

They think its good to have
innocent Irish people in here. It
frightens all the other five
million Irish in England. You were
the perfect scapegoats . They're
terrified to even think about being
Irish. I'm sorry, but nobody cares
Mr. Conlon.

GUISEPPE

It's not true.

JOE MAC CONNELL

I'm afraid it is Mr. Conlon.

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED: 2

172

GERRY

It is fuckin true. Nobody gives a bollox about us. Listen to him.

JOE MAC CONNELL

They'll have to negotiate with the IRA sooner or later. We'll insist you are part of the amnesty.

GUISEPPE

(shouting) I'm not guilty. I don't need an amnesty. I want justice. There must be somebody out there who believes in justice.

JOE MAC CONNELL

It's a war Mr Conlon you're just one of its innocent victims.

GUISEPPE

What was the name of the woman you killed in Guildford?

Silence. More silence.

GUISEPPE

Her name was Caroline Slater. She was the innocent victim I'm just in here suffering on her behalf.

173 INT. PUNISHMENT BLOCK. DAY.

173

Guiseppe and Gerry's cells are opened. They are led back to the wing.

GUISEPPE

Let's get back to work.

GERRY

What?

GUISEPPE

On the letters, the campaign.

GERRY

For what

GUISEPPE

For an appeal.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

GERRY

Fuck the appeal. Mac Connell's right. The only way these people will treat us with respect is to fight fire with fire.

174 EXT. EXERCISE YARD. DAY.

174

Guiseppe's P.O.V. from his regular cell window. He looks out onto the exercise yard as the other prisoners take their walk. All keep to their usual colored tracks. Joe Mac Connell appears. Both his eyes are black, his mouth is busted. Gerry watches him. Mac Connell looks around the yard. Then he walks on Ronnie Smalls exclusive red track. Several London gangsters try to form a wall, Mac Connell stops. Looks at Gerry. Gerry joins him and together they brush past the gangsters. Guiseppe watches all this. Gerry is proud of himself and he walks counter-clockwise, against the flow.

175 INT. PRISON TOILETS. DAY.

175

Joe Mac Connell is washing at a sink, Gerry is beside him, he has a new friend. Ronnie Smalls enters menacingly with two other gangsters. One gangster nods to other prisoners to leave. Mac Connell wipes soap from his eyes, looks around and recognises what is happening.

JOE MAC CONNELL

(to Ronnie) 54 Halsey Road.

RONNIE SMALLS

(shocked) What?

JOE MAC CONNELL

54 Halsey Road.

Smalls turns to his gangster pals.

RONNIE SMALLS

Leave us alone for a minute. I'll sort this out.

Ronnie Smalls looks at Gerry.

JOE MAC CONNELL

He stays. 54 that's your house isn't it?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

175

JOE MAC CONNELL (cont'd)
The house I'm going to have blown
up if you touch anymore Irish
prisoners.

Ronnie Smalls leaves, Gerry looks at Mac Connell, he is even
more impressed.

176 INT. MAC CONNELL'S CELL. DAY.

176

Pictures of Che Guevara, other revolutionary photos decorate
the walls. Gerry sits in the cell with Mac Connell reading
revolutionary stuff. Barker enters.

P.O. BARKER
Take the socks out of the window.

The officer points to a pair of white socks drying from the
window.

JOE MAC CONNELL
There's nowhere else to dry them.

P.O. BARKER
Take them out.

GERRY
We've got our rights.

P.O. BARKER
Not any more. New rules for
security reasons. You might be
signaling.

177 INT. REC. ROOM. DAY.

177

Mac Connell enters. Gerry behind him, Guiseppe watches from
a distance. He talks to various ethnic groups; the
Jamaicans, the Pakistanis, the Greeks. Everyone gets up and
storms out.

178 EXT. PRISON YARD.

178

Camera: from yard, the socks and vests are taken in from the
various cell windows.

179 INT. MAC CONNELL CELL. NIGHT

179

Mac Connell rips his sheets down the middle. Gerry helps.

180 EXT. PRISON YARD. NIGHT.

180

First Mac Connell, then the others put the torn sheets out. The prison wall is now decorated with symmetrical rows of great streaming white banners flapping from every window in the breeze.

181 INT. CONLON CELL. NIGHT.

181

P.O. Barker enters

P.O. BARKER

(conciliatory) This nonsense has to stop, Guiseppe. The outside world can see it. I'm under pressure will you try and talk some sense before its taken out of my hands. Have them take the sheets down and then we'll talk about the socks.

182 INT. MAC CONNELL'S CELL. NIGHT.

182

Guiseppe enters.

GUISEPPE

You're only creating more trouble, Joe. There's room for compromise.

JOE MAC CONNELL

No deals just a written guarantee from the government of better conditions. The Irish are at war Guiseppe. In and out of jail.

183 EXT. YARD. NIGHT.

183

Great spotlights have been placed on the exercise yard and are now trained on the wall. The bright electric lights give a ghostly whiteness to the flapping sheets. Behind the spotlights, Dixon stands with scores of officers and screws clad in riot gear. The Minister's Aide is also there.

184 INT. WING. NIGHT.

184

The air crackles with tension. The last few screws on the wing leave looking very anxious. On the threes the Sexes hang over the blaconys.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

184

Some are crying, others are almost hysterical with fear. Joe Mac Connell watches the screws leave. He stuffs thick magazines down his shirt as body armor, ties his boots. Other prisoners arm themselves with makeshift weapons. Mac Connell marshalls his supporters.

JOE MAC CONNELL

Form a square. Guiseppe, get in the middle where we can protect you.

GUISEPPE

No thanks I'll stand alone for what I believe in.

The prisoners begin singing defiantly.

185 INT. CONLON CELL.

185

Guiseppe paces the floor of his cell. The prisoners singing fills the night. Then Guiseppe hears what sounds like drums. He looks out the windows into the blinding white searchlights. He hears the drum beat louder.

186 EXT. YARD. NIGHT.

186

Then, silhouetted as they advance across the searchlights, marching ranks of riot screws rythmically hammering their riot shields with their long clubs. The prisoners singing continues.

187 INT. WING. NIGHT.

187

Guiseppe rushes toward the wing. Mac Connell stands in front of the phalanx of prisoners.

GUISEPPE

Stop. Stop.

He makes it to the barred gate. He can see Barker standing by the gate to the yard. Guiseppe shouts through the bars.

GUISEPPE

For God's sake, Mr. Barker, stop this before someone is killed.

Mac Connell pushes Guiseppe out of the way, points at Barker.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

184

Some are crying, others are almost hysterical with fear. Joe Mac Connell watches the screws leave. He stuffs thick magazines down his shirt as body armor, ties his boots. Other prisoners arm themselves with makeshift weapons. Mac Connell marshalls his supporters.

JOE MAC CONNELL
Form a square. Guiseppe, get in the
middle where we can protect you.

GUISEPPE
No thanks I'll stand alone for what
I believe in.

The prisoners begin singing defiantly.

185 INT. CONLON CELL.

185

Guiseppe paces the floor of his cell. The prisoners singing fills the night. Then Guiseppe hears what sounds like drums. He looks out the windows into the blinding white searchlights. He hears the drum beat louder.

186 EXT. YARD. NIGHT.

186

Then, silhouetted as they advance across the searchlights, marching ranks of riot screws rythmically hammering their riot shields with their long clubs. The prisoners singing continues.

187~ INT. WING. NIGHT.

187

Guiseppe rushes toward the wing. Mac Connell stands in front of the phalanx of prisoners.

GUISEPPE
Stop. Stop.

He makes it to the barred gate. He can see Barker standing by the gate to the yard. Guiseppe shouts through the bars.

GUISEPPE
For God's sake, Mr. Barker, stop
this before someone is killed.

Mac Connell pushes Guiseppe out of the way, points at Barker.

188 CONTINUED:

188

The screws are upon him beating his back. He scrambles to his feet, slips in someone else's blood, more blows, back on his feet staggering forward.

GUISEPPE

Come on!

A baton cracks on his head. he falls. It's too much for Guiseppe. He runs back flailing into the screws with his arms, fending off blows. He's down on top of Gerry bent over him, shielding him as blows rain on his back, his lungs, his head.

Through the feet of the screws, Guiseppe can see Joe Mac Connell lashing into screws with a table leg, totally fearless, unconcerned about the batons bouncing off him. Guiseppe blacks out.

189 INT. PRISON WING.

189

Gerry crawls out from underneath his semi-conscious father. Chaos everywhere. Riot screws with dogs are pushing and beating people into their cells. Gerry looks to his right and sees Mac Connell on a stretcher. They pull the sheet over his face and the blood oozes through. Gerry helps Guiseppe take refuge in a cell. He pulls the door closed and slumps behind it coughing and choking.

190 INT. CONLON CELL .DAY.

190

Everything has been smashed. A photo of the Conlon family has a large dirty boot mark across it. The floor is covered in water. Guiseppe's chest wheezes terribly as Gerry helps him up on the broken bed. We hear the sound of broken glass being repaired.

191 INT. PRISON. DAY.

191

Gerry P.O.V. through the gap between the cell door hinge and the wall, sees sparks fly from welding torches, hears the hiss of the torches, iron workers hammer steel. Gerry can see Joe Mac Connell being led back to a cell, he is in shackles. His face is battered to a pulp but he stands straight.

At a cell door Barker carefully unlocks his hands and the other screws push him in. Mac Connell turns to Barker.

JOE MAC CONNELL

You're the government's lackey,
Barker, you'll have to accept the
consequences.

192 INT. CELL. DAY.

192

The cell door opens. Barker is there with several riot screws.

P.O. BARKER
Bring your gear, you're being
moved.

193 INT. WING. DAY.

193

Guiseppe and Gerry emerge from the cell. Barker points up the stairs, up towards the threes. The Sexes landing has been divided in two. One side is now a huge fenced cage. A prison within a prison.

GERRY
We can't go up there. My da can't
make the stairs.

P.O. BARKER
I'm sorry there's nothing I can do,
Government orders, son. The Irish
have to be isolated in special
custody.

The riot screws move in threateningly. Barker shrugs his shoulders in resignation. Guiseppe begins to climb the stairs.

194 INT. PRISON. DAY.

194

Guiseppe looks out of his third floor window on a yard covered in snow.

GERRY V.O.
It didn't snow much in 1978, 1979
was no better, but in 1980 it
snowed and snowed until it covered
the entire yard in three feet of
snow.

195 EXT. PRISON EXERCISE YARD.

195

Prisoners play madly in the snow, pelting each other with snowballs. Gerry is in the thick of it. One emerges with a bucket of warm water and throws it over another prisoner. Soon others follow. Gerry is stripped to the waist throwing water and snowballs. The game has a ferocious childlike intensity.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

GERRY V.O.

Somewhere in the middle of that game I realised I had not laughed in years. Guiseppe with his pleurisy could not join us and I looked up to see if he could see me and how happy I was. There he was. I called up to him but he could not hear me. I called and called. I looked around to see what he was looking at.

We see a prison warder feeding a little bird in the snow.

GERRY V.O.

My father was the kind of man who could find good in everybody even a screw.

196 INT. THE CAGE. DAY.

196

The hot sun floods through the glass roof. Everyone in the cage is in shorts, nothing else. Sweat pours from them. Guiseppe, six year older, much greyer, is sitting on his chair outside his cell door watching the antics of the transvestites in the Sexes wing across the landing. One transvestite fixes his boyfriend's hair as he talks across the void to Guiseppe.

TRANVESTITE

You must understand, Guiseppe, he loved Jodie Foster. That's why he shot the President. Everybody kills for love.

Barker arrives with a huge bundle of letters. A respectful friendship exists between the P.O. and Guiseppe.

P.O. BARKER

Here you are Guiseppe, more fan mail.

GUISEPPE

It's good to get it, Jack. People care.

P.O. BARKER

I hope they do Guiseppe. Where did you get that name?

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

196

GUISEPPE

Which name?

P.O. BARKER

Guiseppe.

GUISEPPE

(mildly embarrassed) From an Italian ice cream maker, Guiseppe Fusco. He had a shop on the corner of the street where I was born. My mother named me after him.

P.O. BARKER

Were they..you know?

GUISEPPE

What?

P.O. BARKER

Lovers.

GUISEPPE

Who? My mother and the ice cream man. (he starts to laugh uncontrollably) No , no they were not lovers . She just liked the name. Guiseppe. It was the blight of my life. Other kids tormenting me. Do you have kids?

P.O. BARKER

(blushes) Two. Winston and Regina.

GUISEPPE

They're nice names. It's hard to live with a name that makes you an outsider.

A screw at the gate indicates to Barker that he is needed. He leaves. Joe Mac Connell watches from further down wing. Gerry emerges from the cell, sees Mac Connell staring.

GERRY

What are you talking to Barker for?

GUISEPPE

He's a decent man, doing a job he's been forced to take. We could do worse than him.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED: 2

196

GERRY

You know what Joe and the boys
think of him.

GUISEPPE

(angry) The brits might have put us
in here but by Jesus, Joe has made
our lives hell. I'm glad you've
learnt enough from the riot to stay
away from him.

197 EXT. PRISON WALL. NIGHT.

197

A small can of petroleum cigarette light fluid swings on a
long string against the outside wall. It bumps, swings but
rises higher and higher. The string and the can are pulled
into a third floor window.

198 INT. SPECIAL WING. DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

198

The prisoners are being shown The Godfather on a small
screen pinned to the wall. The room is packed, dark.
Barker and the other screws stand around the projector. On
screen Don Corloene meets his son Michael and passes on the
mantle.

The scene is dark, there's almost no light in the room.

Somebody throws a cloth over the projector. Darkness.
Shouts in the darkness. A hand throws a cup of liquid around
Barker. A match lights, a squirting sound. A hand holds the
lighter fluid can. A thin jet of liquid fire arcs across the
room. Barker's upper body ignites. He runs screaming from
the room. The other screws flee in panic after him.
Pandemonium. Gerry snatches the cloth off the projector runs
after Barker.

199 INT. 3rd LANDING. DAY.

199

On the landing, Barker rolls in flame. Gerry rolls with him,
smothers the fire.

200 INT. DINING ROOM. DAY

200

Joe Mac Connell goes to walk out of the room. Gerry bursts
in, grabs him, almost demented.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

200

GERRY

(screams) Why?

JOE MAC CONNELL

He's the enemy.

GERRY

(frantically shaking him) You're worse than them for Gods sake.

JOE MAC CONNELL

This is a war.

Screws arrive, frightened enraged.

SCREW

GET BACK TO YOUR CELLS!

JOE MAC CONNELL

Stand your ground.

A momentary tense stand off, Guiseppe then Gerry walks forward, defying Mac Connell, out of the room, into his cell, others follow. Mac Connell is left alone.

201 EXT. PRISON WING. NIGHT.

201

A voice in the night. "They're shipping Mac Connell out." Gerry and Guiseppe stand on a bed, looking out onto the yard. A van has been backed into the yard. A large contingent of screws are massed around it. Mac Connell is led away in shackles. He looks up at the wing, shouts.

JOE MAC CONNELL

VICTORY TO THE IRA! TOICFAIDH AR
LA. (our day will come).

202 INT. CONLON CELL, - SAME NIGHT

202

Guiseppe steps down.

GUISEPPE

I don't care how noble your cause is son, it's not worth hurting people for. Everything's lost once you lose your humanity.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED:

202

Gerry is silent, ashamed. He spoons a great dollop of Vick ointment into a bowl then pours the boiling water over it.

GERRY

Come on, you need to do this.

Guiseppe sits, leans his head forward and Gerry places the towel over, shrouding him in the menthol steam vapors. Guiseppe breathes in, deep spluttering gulps.

GUISEPPE

Ahh, that's good.

Gerry fixes the beds, sets out the daily papers.

GERRY

When I was a wee lad, I used to wonder what you were doing under the towel. (laughs) One day when you and my ma were out I got a bowl of boiling water, put some Vick in, put the towel over my head and sat there trying to figure out what it was all about. Nothing was happenin, so I figured you must be drinking it, I stuck my tongue in. Do you remember?

Guiseppe laughs heartily

GUISEPPE

We found you with your tongue, the size of a football. We'd to rush you to the hospital. You were always up to some devilment.

Guiseppe laughs so heartily, he goes into a painful fit of coughing, deep hacking coughs that don't stop. Gerry steers Guiseppe over to the bed, unbuttons his shirt, takes off his vest and lies him on the bed stripped to the waist. Gerry sits beside him and rubs Vick ointment onto his chest then his back. Guiseppe's breath bubbles. Gerry rubs slowly, deliberately with a great deal of care.

GERRY

Was I?

Guiseppe breathing heavily.

GUISEPPE

What do you mean son?

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: 2

202

GERRY

Was I always bad?

Gerry keeps rubbing the vick

GUISEPPE

Not always.

GERRY

But most of the time, you thought I
was a rogue?

His father doesn't answer.

GERRY

I was always a rogue and you were
always sick. (pause)

GUISEPPE

It's great to have your health son.

Guiseppe takes Gerry's hand.

GUISEPPE

You can do all the things, I can't.
You can be strong.Gerry is uncomfortable with the burden that is being placed
on him.

203 INT. CELL NIGHT.

203

Inside the cell Guiseppe is up from his bed, leaning on the
table, trying to suppress the coughs. Gerry is at the door
ready to bang on it.

GERRY

Let me get help.

GUISEPPE

(barely able to speak) No, no,
(gasps) I'll not go to that prison
infirmary to die on my own, it'll
ease.

204 INT. PRISON YARD. DAY.

204

Gerry and Benbay are on the yard walking, the pace of Gerry's walk is frantic, as though walking fast will eventually get him somewhere. Benbay keeps up with him.

GERRY

(despair) I've been a fool, Benbay.
Sick as he was I always thought he was
invincible. Get sick, shake it off,
wave his hand and say 'it'll ease'.
He's fading away in front of me, and
there's nothing I can do.

205 INT. CELL. NIGHT.

205

The cell door is locked. Gerry sits at the table in the cell. It is covered with piles of matchsticks, glue, sandpaper. Gerry is building a very ornate, extremely detailed dolls house out of the sticks. It is a work of art.

GUISEPPE

When's Bridie's child due.

GERRY

Three months.

GUISEPPE

You'll never be done in time.

GERRY

Still a Doubting Thomas, Da

Guiseppe grips his son's shoulder affectionately. Then he shuffles to his bed.
Guiseppe carefully takes off his trousers, lines them up. goes to lift the mattress, its an exertion for him. He puts his trousers under the mattress so that they will be pressed. (This is Guiseppe's nightly ritual)
He puts on his pyjamas, takes a spray from an inhaler, blesses himself, kneels and says his prayers.

206 INT. CELL. NIGHT

206

Gerry cannot sleep. Guiseppe snores deep wracking breaths.

Close on; Guiseppe breathing. Close on ;Gerry asleep.
Guiseppe breaths over. The breathing stops. Hold on Gerry for seconds. His eyes pop open.

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED:

206

GERRY

Are you all right Da? Guiseppe are you
all right?

Silence. Gerry gets out of bed. Goes down to Guiseppe. Takes
his pulse.

GERRY

Dad. Wake up. Dad. Oh Jesus.

He goes to the cell door.

GERRY

Help. 3H. Help. Can you hear me? My
father is dying. Help.

He looks at Guiseppe.

GERRY

Oh no, no, no, no, no.

He goes back to Guiseppe. Takes his pulse.

GERRY

Don't do this to me. God don't do this
to me.

He breaths into Guiseppe's mouth. three four times. Nothing.
He continues giving resuscitation. Now he does not stop.
Eventually he stops and holds for a pulse.

GERRY

Thank you God. Thank you, thank
you. (Shouts) Where are you? My
father's dying.

Voice "Are you O.K Gerry"?

GERRY

No Guiseppe's dying. Get help.

We hear bellowing voices boom out for help as Guiseppe
continues to give his father mouth to mouth. Guiseppe's
eyes open.

GUISEPPE

Son.

GERRY

Don't talk Da.

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED: 2

206

GUISEPPE

It's not your fault I'm in here son.
Don't blame yourself. We've been doing
that for too long.

GERRY

Don't say anything Da.

Guiseppe's eyes close again. Gerry gives mouth to mouth
again.

GERRY

Remember Dad I'll always love you.

The door opens .

GERRY

Get an ambulance.

207 INT. PRISON NIGHT

207

They carry Guiseppe down the stairs. Gerry making sure that
he is O.K. .Off we hear an ambulance siren. They get to the
bottom. A screw appears with an oxygen mask. Puts it on
Guiseppe. They take him into the screws room. The ambulance
men arrive. Load Guiseppe onto a stretcher.

SCREW

You can't go.

GERRY

Why?

SCREW

High security prisoner.

AMBULANCE MAN

Better hurry this man is dying.

The phone rings the screw answers. He turns away from Gerry.
He hangs up.

SCREW

(TO ambulance) Hammersmith Hospital.
(To Gerry) You'll have to make an
official security application.

GERRY

My father's dying.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

207

SCREW

Nothing I can do about it I'm afraid.

The gate slams.

208 INT. CELL DAY.

208

Gerry paces up and down like a caged animal. A screw arrives at the door.

AMBULANCE MAN

There's a lawyer here. It's one of your Dad's supporters.

GERRY

He's not here, tell him to fuck off.

AMBULANCE MAN

It's a woman. She just visited your Dad, she wants to see you now. (reads visit card) Her name's Gareth Pierce.

209 INT. VISITING ROOM. DAY.

209

Return to Gerry and Gareth. He has finished his story. The good screw has allowed the visit to run fifteen minutes over. The clock reads 4:15 the screw is panicked.

GERRY

You'll have to stop, your ten minutes over time.

Gareth closes her notebook, shes almost in tears. Gerry gets up to leave.

GARETH

I'm going to get you out.

GERRY

(laughs, despairingly) Yeah? (pauses)
Get me to see my da and get him out.

Gerry gives Gareth a look of resignation. he believes he has given her an impossible challenge.

210 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS. DAY.

210

Gareth is led into an impressive office. Dixon, now deputy commissioner, is decked out in a smart uniform, laden with gold braid.

DIXON

I've a few moments between appointments. How can I help?

GARETH

I'm the lawyer for the Conlons. Guiseppe Conlon is critically ill sir. I've a petition before the courts for his compassionate parole. They want your clearance.

DIXON

That will be difficult, Mrs Pierce. These people were guilty of horrific crimes. Society demands they serve their time.

GARETH

But they didn't do it, Chief Inspector.

DIXON

Say's who?

GARETH

Say the real bombers. They told you they did it, Mr. Dixon.

DIXON

Gerry told me he did it, Mrs. Pierce. They're liars, liars for a cause Mrs Pierce, the worse kind of liars.

GARETH

But he's dying.

DIXON

Lot's of people have died, this is a dirty war. but I'll see what I can do.

211 INT PRISON. DAY.

211

Gerry stands rock solid in his rage, speaks through the bars to the P.O.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED:

211

P.O. HIGGINS
We can't let you go. He's in an
outside hospital. It's outside our
jurisdiction. Deputy Commissioner
Dixon is in charge.

GERRY
Get my lawyer up here. her name is
Pierce, Gareth Pierce.

212 INT. VISITING ROOM. DAY.

212

Gerry is led into the visiting room area by a particularly
officious screw. Gerry paces up and down, still in a rage,
behind the table. As the door opens and Gareth enters.

GERRY
(angry) I thought you'd get me to see
him!

Gerry's escort screw points at him.

SCREW
Sit down, (notices Gerry's shirt
hanging out) and tuck your shirt in.

GERRY
What did you say?

SCREW
I said tuck your shirt in.

In a blind rage, Gerry tears off his pullover and shirt and
whips the screw with them.

GERRY
Don't fuckin tell me what to do.

Gerry pulls off his boot, hits the screw with it, then the
other, he pulls his trousers off and whips the screw out the
door as alarms bells sound.
Gareth is dragged from the room and a load of screws pile in
on top of Gerry.

213 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

213

He is dragged from the visiting wing back into the high
security, he is carried fighting down into the basement,
while the prison calls out for him to be left alone.

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED:

213

The prisoners make an unholy racket. Barker calls up.

PUNISHMENT WING. SAME DAY - SAME NIGHT.

Gerry is dragged by several screws to a long silent corridor.

SCREW

Put him in the padded cell.

On hearing this Gerry grabs a screw, a wild struggle breaks out. Gerry screams

GERRY

Fuck off, I'm not mad.

214 INT. PADDED CELL. DAY.

214

A screw opens the door of the cell, it is padded from floor to ceiling, otherwise completely bare. Gerry is thrown in. The screws bang the door shut. Gerry continues to shout at them, until he hears their footsteps as they walk away. He opens his hand to reveal that he has snatched a badge from one screw's coat.

215 INT. PADDED CELL. DAY.

215

Gerry is fastidiously cutting the rubber padding with the pin of the badge. He tears off great strips of it, pulls the cotton and foam stuffing revealing the brickwork. He piles up the padding in the middle of the floor.

216 INT. PADDED CELL. DAY.

216

All of the padding from the floor and walls is stacked in a pile on the floor. Gerry has exposed electric wires from the wall, He holds a piece of cotton close to the electric wires then touches them together to generate a spark. after several failed attempts he manages to catch a spark and set the cotton smoldering. He blows on it.

217 EXT. PUNISHMENT BLOCK. DAY.

217

Bells ring, screws run in panic as black smoke belches under from Gerry's cell. The screws open the door and cover the bonfire with foam. Gerry is crouched at the back of the cell.

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED:

217

GERRY

Let me see my da.

218 INT. COURTROOM. DAY.

218

A small procedural courtroom. Gareth Pierce stands in front of the judge's bench. It is completely empty except for one lone man.

JUDGE

Madam, it is highly unusual for a writ of habeus corpus to be filed on behalf of a prisoner in one of her majesty's prisons.

GARETH

I have not seen my client for two weeks. His father who is gravely ill has also not seen him. He has the right to see his dying father.

The judge is presented with several letters.

JUDGE

What are these ?

GARETH

They are several affidavits on Mr Conlon's behalf.

JUDGE

From whom?

GARETH

From politicians and judges around the world.

JUDGE

Where did you get them?

A voice from the back of the court.

U.S. SENATOR

I brought them.

JUDGE

Who are you?

U.S. SENATOR

I'm Bill Simpson U.S. senator.

219 INT. THE WING. DAY

219

The heavy entrance gate to the wing clanks open and the gate screw calls out.

GATE SCREW

Conlon, one on sir.

Gerry walks in through the gate smiling. A screw pulls a cart loaded down with court papers and correspondence behind him. The prisoners sing the Irish football song "Ole, Ole, Ole, Ole". Gerry walks along waving like he was the pope. At the gate on the 3s, Gerry meets P.O. Higgins.

GERRY

I want to see my da.

220 INT. CELL. NIGHT.

220

Gerry paces the floor. The cell door opens, P.O. Higgins and several other screws are there.

P.O. HIGGINS

Come on.

221 EXT. PRISON FRONT GATE. NIGHT

221

Gerry is taken through the prison gates, then handcuffed. A convoy of police vehicles, armed cops and guard dogs wait for him. He gets into the transporter and sets off.

222 EXT HOSPITAL NIGHT

222

The hospital is surrounded by police. Gerry goes inside.

223 INT HOSPITAL NIGHT

223

Gerry is led along corridors, lined with armed police, Dixon stands among them. The Minister's Aide is beside him. He and Gerry stare at each other.

224 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. NIGHT.

224

Gerry is lead into a room. His mother waits there. She has a letter on her lap. Gerry hugs her, then picks up the letter.

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED:

224

GERRY
(elated) They've granted him parole.

SARAH
It's too late son, your father's
dying, Gerry.

GERRY
He can't.

SARAH
He's going to die son.

GERRY
He can't ma. He can't die.

SARAH
We talked about you. You're a good
boy son.

Gerry breaks down crying.

SARAH
Cry all your tears now son cause you
can't cry when you go in to see him.
Listen to me. Sit up and listen to
me. When you were a boy Guiseppe would
follow you everywhere. Up the stairs
down the stairs into the bathroom out
onto the landing. everywhere. He
never stopped. Ever. When you were
born he lifted you up and he said "The
miracle, the miracle" I remember it
well and then he gave his little
cough." Your little miracle, Sarah"
he said to me. I think he wanted you
to be the man that he could never be
again after the pleurisy. I think he
put too much onus on you. But he saw
greatness in you Gerry, he still does.
"Our Gerry is a man" he said to me
yesterday so when you go up to see him
now don't disappoint him.

225 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY. NIGHT

225

Gareth Pierce rushes along a hallway. Dixon sees her,
whispers to a junior detective. The detective approaches
Gareth.

(CONTINUED)

225 CONTINUED:

225

DETECTIVE #1
Sorry maam, family only.

GARETH
I'm their lawyer.

DETECTIVE #1
Family only. Home Office orders.

226 INT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT

226

Gerry and his mother are lead into another room. Guiseppe seems asleep. A nurse checks his pulse, a priest prays.

PRIEST
He's in and out of a coma. We've given him extreme unction.

Guiseppe opens his eyes.

GUISEPPE
Gerry son. I'm going to leave you.

GERRY
No you're not. No you're not Da.

GUISEPPE
I want you to promise me something.

Gerry nods.

GUISEPPE
Don't let them make you hate. They've done everything to us but that.

GERRY
O.K. Da.

GUISEPPE
Do you promise?

GERRY
Yes I do.

GUISEPPE
You're strong Gerry, stronger than me.

GERRY
I don't think so.

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED:

226

GUISEPPE

Yes you are , I know it. Sarah and I talked about it. So when I die I want you to keep your hands in your pockets.

Gerry nods yes.

GUISEPPE

I want you to clear my name. For your mothers sake. Do you understand?

Gerry nods yes. Gusieppe gets up on the pillow as far as he can.

GUISEPPE

Look them straight in the face son and go out the front door.(He whispers to Gerry) Be brave for your mother.

Guiseppe relapses. A screw calls out.

SCREW

We have to go.

Gerry turns around to his mother. Steely eyes. She nods at him , no words. A pact. He goes.

227 INT HOSPITAL CORRIDOR NIGHT

227

Gerry marches down the corridor between armed police. He fights to be strong. Gareth sees him.

GARETH

(crying) I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

He smiles at her.

228 INT PRISON NIGHT

228

Gerry returns to the prison. Eerie quiet, eyes looking at him. He will not show emotion.

229 INT CELL NIGHT

229

Gerry goes into his cell. The door closes. He holds his head up and with great strength prevents himself from crying.

230 INT CELL NIGHT

230

Gerry lies on his bed he hears footsteps. Slow and ominous. He picks up Guiseppe's photo and holds it close to his chest. The cell door opens. P.O. Higgins and a priest stand there. Gerry looks at them.

PRIEST

Your father passed away an hour ago.

GERRY

(resolute) Thanks very much.

231 EXT. WING. NIGHT

231

Benbay's face at a window of his cell. He calls out to the others.

BENBAY

Guiseppe is dead man. They kill
Guiseppe. No man No No No.

Benbay crumbles newspaper into a ball, stuffs it through the bars, lights it. He holds it out the window and shouts "Gerry Gerry". The flaming ball falls along the wall to the ground.

232 INT. CELL NIGHT

232

Gerry goes to his cell window and strains towards Benbay's cell. He can see the lighted paper. He looks across the yard and somebody copies Benbay then another. Close on Gerry looking out the window. High shot from the moon of fireballs falling out of the prison. Close on; A wall of the prison covered in fireballs. Like fireflies in the night.

233 INT. AIRPORT CHECK-IN. NIGHT

233

Gareth and Sarah, both dressed in black, wait by a desk, other travellers look on suspiciously. A meek clerk puts a phone down and returns to the two women.

AIRLINE CLERK

I'm sorry. They're adamant they won't
fly the body back to Belfast.

GARETH

This was a human being not a condemned
carcass.

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED:

233

AIRLINE CLERK

They say he was a terrorist.

GARETH

He was a saint, that's what he was!
(looks around) Where's the Irish
airline? We'll go to Dublin and drive
up.

234 EXT. BELFAST MOTORWAY. NIGHT.

234

In the dead of night a hearse and a limousine travel along the motorway, a huge sign reads "Welcome to Belfast". A graffiti artist has written Gareth looks out the car window at the sprawling cemetery that hangs on a hill. The reflection from the tall lights of the motorway glisten off a thousand marble tombstones like mirrors in a macabre Belfast light show. Gareth is hypnotized by the sight.

SARAH

You won't give up now, will you?

GARETH

Never.

235 INT. PRISON WING. DAY.

235

Gerry's cell is neatly arranged with a library of human rights books. Piles of letters. It is a perfectly arranged library and campaign headquarters for Gerry's writing campaign.

Gerry is on the floor, doing his 100th pressup. He looks fit, impeccably groomed. A screw brings a pile of mail. Gerry sorts it carefully.

236 EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY.

236

Gareth stands outside Paddy and Carol's old squat. She has her notepad in hand. She's checking every detail of Gerry's story. It is barely recognisable, now completely renovated. A real estate sign announces "Luxury Flats". A yuppie emerges and gets into a BMW.

237 EXT. ANNIE MAGUIRES HOUSE

237

Gareth stands in the overgrown garden of Annie Maguire's delapidated house. The front door opens. Annie Maguire's son John, now in his early twenties emerges.

JOHN MAGUIRE

Who are you?

GARETH

I'm the lawyer for the Conlons. Can I come in?

JOHN MAGUIRE

You can fuck off. I spent five years in borstal because of them. My mum and dad are still in, now fuck off or I'll call the police.

238 INT. CELL. DAY.

238

Gerry opens a box . Guiseppe's hand is all over it. There is an old photo of Sarah and Gerry. All his letters are there. it is hard for Gerry to read it. Gerry picks up his father's pen. Gerry sits at the table starring at the blank letter page. Finally he writes, "Dear Sir, I am the son of Guiseppe Conlon"

239 EXT. PARK. DAY.

239

Gareth gets out of the car and walks in the small park, she checks the benches, asking a few people to get up. She works her way round the park, then on a bench close to a park gate she discovers the faint initials CB under layers of paint but still distinguishable. Gareth sits on the bench, and runs her fingers along the Charlie Burke's carving work, overwhelmed by this confirmation of Gerry's truth.

240 EXT. DURHAM PRISON. DAY

240

An old man and two burly young men, mid-twenties stand at the gate of a prison. A sign reads "Her Majesty's Prison for Women. Durham." A small gate opens. Annie Maguire, grey and old emerges. He husband Frank and her two sons, now grown men embrace her. The reunited family walk doen the long driveway.

241 EXT. STEPS OF OLD BAILEY. DAY.

241

DIXON, clad in expensive sheepskin jacket walks down the steep steps of this great old courthouse. He is accompanied by several younger detectives. Gareth Pierce emerges behind him and runs after him, calling his name.

GARETH

Mr. DIXON! Mr. DIXON.

She finally catches up with him as he approaches a black jaguar limosine.

GARETH

Mr. Dixon.

He stops.

DIXON

Mrs Pierce, don't you ever get tired of this? (she hands him a piece of paper.) What's this?

GARETH

It's a court order that I be allowed see the Guiseppe Conlon case files.

DIXON

I've no problem with that. They've all served their time on that case It's closed.

GARETH

Guiseppe Conlon didn't serve his time Mr. Dixon.

242 INT. PRISON VISITS. DAY

242

A cardinal in his red robes sits opposite Gerry. The escort screw who usually takes notes has deferentially moved back.

CARDINAL

We'll say a little prayer Gerry before the visit starts.

GERRY

Never mind the prayers, what about a few pounds for some letters.

CARDINAL

(shocked) Oh, ah yes, how much would you

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED:

242

The cardinal reaches in for his pen and checkbook.

GERRY
Well for a start I don't take
cheques.

243 EXT. POLICE TRAINING ACADEMY, BRISTOL

243

A grand Georgian building with imposing arched gates leading to a vast cobbled courtyard. Inside the gates, uniformed police trainees move about. Garrett paces the sidewalk outside checking her watch. Dixon's black jaguar pulls up. Dixon and one of his accompanying young detectives step out.

DIXON
Detective Jenkins will assist you in
locating any documents you need.

GARETH
I thought this was a job for the
police archivist department?

DIXON
There are national security issues
involved here Mrs. Pierce. We wouldn't
want any police intelligence files
leaked to the IRA now would we?

244 INT. POLICE ARCHIVES, BASEMENT, POLICE ACADEMY

244

A huge cavernous basement room. Endless lines of filing cabinets are divided off from the front of the room by a mesh wire fence, then the police archivists desk. At the front of the room is a small table, a chair and a photocopier. An archivist stands beside the young detective who addresses Gareth.

DETECTIVE JENKINS
Here's the ground rules. Here's a
complete list of the Guiseppe Conlon
case files. You tell me which file you
want. I'll go to the file drawer,
bring it out. You open it in front of
me take a page at a time read it, then
return it. If you want to make a
photocopy, I will do it. It'll be ten
pence a copy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

244 CONTINUED:

244

DETECTIVE JENKINS (cont'd)
And you'll use this pen at all times
for any notes.

He places a pen on the table.

GARETH

Why?

DETECTIVE JENKINS
Because if you deface or alter any
document we'll be able to trace you
through the ink type in this pen.

He smiles a malicious smile at Gareth.

245 INT. POLICE ARCHIVES - A WEEK LATER

245

Gareth gets up from her chair, carefully carries a sheet of yellowed crumbling notepad paper to the Detective. He hands her the next page. It begins to crumble in her hands. She ever so carefully places it on the table. the dust of the decaying paper causes her to sneeze spraying the paper with spittle. She tries to wipe it off the page crumbles further.

GARETH

Sorry.

The old police archivist looks embarrassed for Gareth. The detective does not alter his bored stoney stare.

246 EXT. POLICE ACADEMY GATES

246

It is the early morning rush hour. The rain is pouring down Gareth arrives at the gates of the academy and enters. She wears no raincoat and is soaked.

247 INT. POLICE ARCHIVES

247

Gareth arrives at the Achives desk, still dripping wet. She discovers that only the old police archivist is there.

GARETH

Where's Jenkins?

(CONTINUED)

247 CONTINUED:

247

ARCHIVIST

He phoned in sick? You'll have to come back tomorrow.

GARETH

I can't come back tomorrow, I've a day in court and there's so much to go through.

ARCHIVIST

Well I can't help you.

GARETH

Look I've a court order here. (pulls piece of paper out). You saw what Jenkins did. Bring me the files. I'll take notes and give you them back.

The archivist looks at the pathetic figure of Gareth.

GARETH

Please.

He goes back into the files, then comes back.

ARCHIVIST

There's two Conlon drawers. Is it Conlon G U or Conlon G E.

Gareth supresses a reflex statement of shock, then answers automatically.

GARETH

G. E.

The archivist returns with a thick file. Gareth examines the first page as the archivist waits, then a young police woman enters.

POLICE WOMAN

Hello, Jack, can I have the Fox case files please.

ARCHIVIST

(shocked) All of them?

POLICE WOMAN

I don't know. I'd need to take a look.

(CONTINUED)

247 CONTINUED: 2

247

The archivist wanders off behind the wire mesh screen. Gareth smiles at the policewoman then thumbs through the thick file. Her thumb catches on a paper clip attached to a thin bunch of sheets. She looks down. A small piece of paper between the clip and the first typed sheet has some handwriting on it. Gareth slides the file towards her so that she can see more clearly. The note reads:

NOT TO BE SHOWN TO THE DEFENSE!

Gareth is almost paralysed with shock. But she must remain normal in front of the police woman.

Her heart is thumping so loud she fears the young woman will hear it and all will be lost. She tries to act as though everything she is doing is perfectly routine. her clumsiness is amplified a thousands times. She slides the papers out, is about to lift them when the sound of the archivist returning ring in her ears. The archivist rounds the corner with a large bunch of files, plants them on the table. The young policewoman.

ARCHIVIST

I'll be right with you.

GARETH

Take your time.

The words stick in her mouth.

POLICE WOMAN

Oh, Jack, this is the retrial.

The archivist angrily lifts the flap allowing the policewoman to join him behind the desk.

ARCHIVIST

Come with me and find it yourself.

(turns to Gareth). I'll be right back.

As they walk off down the files Gareth frantically thumbs through the file, finds the paper clip, pulls the papers out and goes to the photocopier. She lifts the flap of the copier, plants the first page down, presses the 'Start' button. Nothing happens. She panics. presses it again. Nothing. She looks around at the paper tray, sees the money slot, and almost squeals with anxiety.

She dashes to her bag, pulls out her purse. She has very little change. She picks it out, slots it into the slot and begins copying the five pieces of paper.

The copier is unbelievably slow, and the tension is killing.

As Gareth gets to the fourth page, she hears the awful sound of the archivists fotsteps.

(CONTINUED)

247 CONTINUED: 3

247

Gareth is panic stricken, almost to the point of fainting. She slaps the last page down, the bright white light of the copier highlights the terror in her face as the footsteps get closer. At last its done. She sticks the copies down her skirt, snatches the papers and bundles them into the file just as the archivist comes through the gate. Then she looks down. The scribbled "not to be shown to the defense" note is lying on the floor!!!! She bends down, grabs it, crumbles it, pushes it into her pocket.

Gareth is trembling like a leaf, her face ashen. The archivist immediately notices her condition.

ARCHIVIST

Are you all right?

GARETH

No. No. I'm very sick. I have to go.

She picks her bag up, walks shakily towards the door, terrified that one of sheets of paper will slip out from under her skirt. The archivist is anxious about her.

ARCHIVIST

Will I help you?

GARETH

No. No.

248 INT. ELEVATOR - POLICE ACADEMY

248

Gareth is in the elevator, surrounded by police cadets. The illicit papers stuffed down her skirt feel as they are burning a hole through her stomach.

249 EXT. POLICE ACADEMY GATE.

249

The security guard stops her, takes her pass, examines her bag, finally nods for her to go.

250 INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM. DAY.

250

Gareth waits at the visitors table. For the first time she is impatient, nervous. Gerry arrives in, he looks very relaxed, almost Zen like . He sits down, smiles.

GERRY

Did you ever read Catcher in the Rye?

(CONTINUED)

250 CONTINUED:

250

Gerry is ready for an intellectual discussion about the book instead he gets a very jittery Gareth. She watches the guard

GARETH

Read that and don't react.

Gerry reads it. Gareth takes it and puts it in her bag.

GERRY

That proves that they covered up the evidence. When will we get out?

GARETH

I obtained it illegally. I now have to get your files opened legally so that I can present it legally at a hearing.

GERRY

How long will that take?

GARETH

Months, maybe a year.

GERRY

And then what?

GARETH

We'll demand an appeal.

GERRY

Will we get it?

251 INT CELL DAY

251

Gerry waits for the sun to come up to his window. It comes through the window. He looks at a mass card of Guiseppe on the wall and sits there thinking. Then he blows smoke into the light. He cuts up little pieces of paper and drops them snow like through the light. Cut to later in the day or another day and he stares up into the sunlight basking in it on his face. Cut to another day and the dusk light sneaks along a wall until it hits a mirror that lies there. It then disappears.

252 INT PRISON DAY

252

Gerry is on the wing watching as Ronnie Smalls is released. All the prisoners watch.

253 INT COURTHOUSE DAY

253

Gerry in normal clothes is lead heavily protected up to meet Gareth. Gerry talks with Gareth. The screws stand off at a distance. Gerry sees Dixon and he gets the look of a stone killer in his eyes

GERRY

You think he knew we were innocent?

Gareth nods. The look of murder deepens in Gerry's eyes.

GARETH

(frightened) Gerry, I want you to remember the promise you made to Guiseppe, that you would keep your hands in your pockets.

GERRY

Look at that hand, Gareth. Seventeen years without ever turning a door handle. Seventeen years without pouring a drink. Seventeen years without touching a woman, and its still as steady as a rock.

He now closes his hand.

GERRY

That's a fist.

Opens it.

GERRY

That's a hand. I know right from wrong Gareth. The truth has to come out.

254 INT. COURTROOM. DAY.

254

A small procedural court room. It is almost empty except for a small group at the front. Dixon sits on one front bench with several other detectives. The Minister's Aide sits behind him. On the opposite bench Sarah Conlon sits on her own. A government lawyer enters, confers with Dixon then sits at his table. Gareth waits at her table. A side door opens Gerry is led in, handcuffed to a screw. He is led past Dixon and the other detectives. Gerry never takes his eyes off Dixon. He is placed in the defendants box.

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED:

254

JUDGE

I have called this judicial hearing to explore claims made by Gerard Conlon's legal counsel that new evidence existed which would merit the granting of a new appeal.

Gareth stands.

GARETH

Your honor, I have only one witness.
Police Commissioner Peter Dixon.

Dixon looks mildly suprised, a half smile across his face.
He takes the stand.

DIXON

I swear to tell the truth, so help me
God.

Gareth is on her feet staring at him.

GARETH

Chief Inspector, Where you in charge
of Guildford Four case.

DIXON

Yes.

GARETH

And the case involving Guiseppe Conlon
and his six codefendants.

DIXON

Yes.

GARETH

Who did you report to on this case?

DIXON

My superior was the chief constable.

GARETH

The job you now hold.

DIXON

(smiles) Yes.

GARETH

And who is the Chief Constable's
superior?

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED: 2

254

DIXON

The Home Secretary.

GARETH

Do you ever receive orders directly from the Home secretary?

DIXON

Yes, occasionally.

GARETH

And who is his superior?

DIXON

The Prime minister..

GARETH

Do you know Mr. Dixon who took the decision to frame these innocent people?

The judge interrupts.

JUDGE

That is an improper question.

GARETH

Did you take the decision to frame these innocent people?

JUDGE

(angry) MADAME!

DIXON

The Guildford Four confessed to their part in the bombings, Mrs. Pierce.

GARETH

Indeed they did, Mr. DIXON. they confessed to every detail of it.

GARETH

Do you know a man called Charlie Burke?

DIXON

No. There were hundreds of names in this case.

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED: 3

254

GARETH

I'll refresh your memory he was Gerry
Conlon's alibi.

Gareth waits, Dixon says nothing. He is completely cool.

GARETH

Could you tell me what this is.

Gareth reaches into her papers, pulls a sheet of paper,
hands it to Dixon who looks at it, then reads.

DIXON

It's a police interrogation record,
made by me of an interview with one
Charles Burke.

The place is deathly silent. Dixon is still completely cool
whereas Gareth is now trembling.

GARETH

When was it taken.

DIXON

(reads) January 23, 1975

GARETH

That was one month after Gerry Conlon
was charged with the Guildford
Bombing.

GARETH

This note was attached to that
statement when I found it in police
files. Read it out(pause) Read it out.

DIXON

"Not to be shown to the defence"

Silence around the court. The Minister's Aide quietly slips
along the bench and leaves the court room. Gerry looks at
him as if to ask "who was that"?

GARETH

Why was it not to be shown to the
defence.

The normally soft-spoken lawyer is seething with righteous
rage. Dixon also loses his cool.

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED: 4

254

DIXON

Because there was war going on against bombers and murderers and it fell on us to stop them and save society. That was my job and that is what I did. I jailed terrorists.

GARETH

Sir, you or your superior, or your superior's superior ordered Gerry Conlon's friends and family to be used as scapegoats to a nation that was baying for blood in return for innocent blood spilled on the streets of Guildford.

(Gareth's voice almost cracks with indignation) And BY GOD THE NATION GOT BLOOD. They got the blood of Guiseppe Conlon, they got the lifeblood of his family and they got 15 years of blood and sweat and pain from my client whose only crime was that he was Irish, he was foolish and he was in the wrong place at the wrong time. And one of your colleagues (she points at judge) who sat on that very bench, would have hanged him for that. I want to put this evidence and the details of what went on in that police station 14 years ago to an appeal.

255 INT. PRISON. DAY.

255

Gerry is shaving getting ready to go out to court. His hair is held back. He notices a grey hair and bends down to check that he is not going bald like his father.

SCREEN TYPE ;NOVEMBER 7TH 1989

Gerry takes his pressed trousers from under the bed, dresses carefully, neatly, just like his father. He has become his father. He leaves the cell.

DAY INT PRISON

All the prisoners are gathered on the landings cheering Gerry. They shout " go for it", "give them hell Gerry" etc. Benbay comes up to Gerry.

(CONTINUED)

255 CONTINUED:

255

BENBAY

The truth has to come out man for all
they did man.

GERRY

I'm just doing it for Guiseppe Benbay.

He heads towards the door.

BENBAY

Don't look back Gerry. Give them
hell.

256 INT. RECEPTION. DAY.

256

Gerry is led into the reception. In a changing box, his
cheap suit of 1976 clothes, last worn at his trial hangs on
a hook.

257 INT. PRISON VAN. DAY.

257

Gerry stares at the tiny window of the van, he watches the
traffic, the young women, a crowd of punk rockers on a
corner. He puts his hand in the pocket of the suit, he finds
the small plastic prayer to St. Jude his father gave him
when he had set out for trial fifteen years before.

258 EXT. LONDON STREET - OLD BAILEY SAME DAY

258

A convoy of police cars and a prison van pull up in front of
the side gates of the Old Bailey.

259 EXT. OLD BAILEY. DAY.

259

A great crowd has gathered on the street outside the
courthouse, this time they are supporters. A cheer goes up
as four police vans enter the underground garage.

260 INT. OLD BAILEY CELLS. DAY.

260

Gerry paces the big holding cell. The door opens. A
emaciated balding man with pale skin and sunken eyes dressed
in a pathetic early seventies suit steps in.

GERRY

Paddy Armstrong?

(CONTINUED)

260 CONTINUED:

260

PADDY

Gerry.

They embrace. The door opens again. Paul Hill steps in. His long hair is grey, his face lined with age and hardship. But he is exuberant, full of life. He rushes to Gerry and Paddy, embraces them.

PAUL

What's going on?

Carole Richardson steps in behind him. She is almost a total zombie, her mind rotted by jailhouse sedatives. Her speech is slurred, her eyes glazed. Gerry takes her in his arms and tears well up in his eyes.

CAROLE

Gerry, are we going home?

Gerry hugs her protectively and kisses her on the forehead.

GERRY

I think we are.

POLICEMAN

Conlon - visitors.

Gerry emerges from the cell, puts his hands out for the handcuffs. The policeman ignores the move and walks on ahead of him.

POLICEMAN

Come on.

261 INT. OLD BAILEY - SAME DAY

261

The policeman leads him along an underground tunnel. They pass through a door and emerge into the crowded main lobby of the Old Bailey. Gerry is stunned. This is his first taste of open society in 15 years. He turns to the policeman.

GERRY

What's going on?

POLICEMAN

Your lawyer and your mother want to see you?

Gerry is almost speechless.

(CONTINUED)

261 CONTINUED:

261

GERRY

Out here? Among all these people?

The policeman doesn't get a chance to answer. Gareth spots Gerry from across the hall waves. Sarah emerges from among a crowd of people, beside her are Bridget and Mary. Mary holds her 14 month old baby in her arms. Gareth leads the Conlons to Gerry. For the first time in 18 years he can see his mother walk in a public place. She is old, grey, frail. His steps are short as she makes her way excitedly towards him. Gerry's hand trembles as he holds her face in his hands and kisses her on the forehead.

GERRY

What's going on, Gareth?

GARETH

There's talk of using the Royal Prerogative of Mercy.

GERRY

Mercy! What does that mean?

GARETH

It means you would be out of here today.

GERRY

But it wouldn't mean we were innocent.

GARETH

No.

GERRY

Tell them to go to hell.

SARAH

Think about it son.

GERRY

Guiseppe never went a day without missing you mother. And when he died he asked me to clear the family name and go out the front door with my head held high. I loved him and I love you- Ma but I can't take their mercy. (to Gareth) The truth must come out.

Gerry turns to the policeman.

GERRY

Take me back.

262 INT. COURT ROOM. DAY

262

A packed courtroom in the Old Bailey. Gareth Pierce, stands in front of three judges who sit high up on the bench. On the right Dixon and several other detectives sit in the front bench. On the opposite front bench, Sarah, Bridie and Anne Conlon. Annie Maguire and her husband. There is utter silence as the defendants are brought in. First Paddy in his seventies clothes then , Paul, Carol, finally Gerry. Gerry stands at the edge of the box, never taking his eyes off Dixon.

263 INT. OLD BAILEY COURTROOM DAY.

263

The main courtroom at the Old Bailey. It is packed. The silence almost crackles. The bewigged judge speaks.

JUDGE

Under the extraordinary circumstances
in which it befalls to the Crown

The camera pans along Paddy, Carole Paul in slow motion and the judges voice also goes into slow motion. Gerry looks at him and his words are totally unintelligable, an upper-crust English garble. It is as if they had no meaning, a machine.

CAROLE

What is he saying Gerry? What is he
saying?

GERRY

I don't believe it.

Gerry squints his eyes at the judge, his face and voice come into focus.

JUDGE

So the State has no alternative but to
declare the verdict QUASHED (this is
the only word we really hear).

Everybody except Gerry Sarah and Gareth are estatic with joy. Gerry slowly gets to his feet.

GERRY

No, no, no, what about the truth. What
about my father. What about Guiseppe.

The judges start to leave the bench.

(CONTINUED)

263 CONTINUED:

263

GERRY

Come back, come back here and tell the truth.

The police start to push the cheering dementedly happy crowd out of the courtroom. Gerry is caught up in the melee. Dixon organizes the police who channel the small group of four and their families. Gerry sees what Dixon is doing.

GERRY

Where are we going?

Gerry disengages from the crowd, pushes forward, refuses to be channelled away. He confronts Dixon.

DIXON

You're free to go now move along.

GERRY

I'm going out the front door.

DIXON

No you're not , security regulations.

GERRY

Only my father told me to keep my hands in my pockets I would tear your tongue out of your lying mouth and I would tear your lying eyes out so you could see the darkness we lived in for fifteen years. Now step aside because you are going to have to kill me to stop me from walking out that front door.

They stare at each other, the crowd behind Gerry stops, the cops wait, Gerry keeps looking, the look in Dixon's eyes is of hate but then a fleeting glimpse of shame and defeat, Gerry pushes past him.

GERRY

Out of my way.

past the other cops, Gerry pushes on, some resist but Gerry continues to push through, the doors are in sight. He is unstoppable. Finally he is there, he pushes open the huge doors.

264 EXT. OLD BAILEY. DAY.

264

He walks out and there is a deafening cheer. he closes his eyes blinded by the sunlight.

Close on; Gerry's POV as he accustoms to the bright sunlight and gradually a huge cheering mass of people are presented to his gaze. He turns around and Sarah and Gareth have followed him out the door, he takes their hands and leads them forward. Some policemen come forward to tell him not to address the crowd and he shoves them aside. He goes forward to the crowd. He addresses the crowd and T.V cameras.

SMASH CUT TO:

265 INT. PRISON. SAME DAY.

265

Benbay runs out from his cell, Gerry's radio held aloft.

BENBAY

He's out man Gerry is free. (he screams) FREE! Go on you boy you.

The prison erupts in mayhem.

266 EXT. OLD BAILEY. DAY.

266

Gerry pushes past him, pulling his mother along.

GERRY

I spent fifteen years in prison for a crime I didn't commit, and these people, these cops, these judges, these politicians covered up the truth with lies. But my father, my father, a decent noble man, said the truth is your armour. And he was right.

267 INT DAY PRISON

267

In the prison the prisoners cheer wildly. Benbay and a few others have tears in their eyes.

BENBAY

Gerry man I love you.

268 EXT. STREET DAY.

268

GERRY

Guiseppe Conlon may have died in prison alone and these people still say he is guilty. But he lives on in the truth. I want to tell them that until my father is proved innocent I will fight on

Gerry waves his fist in the air in a salute of strength and dedication to his father.

GERRY

In the name of my father, and the truth.

(Freeze on the Gerry Conlon's salute, hundreds cheer, thousands, millions.)

FADE OUT.

roll screen type:

GERRY CONLON, PAUL HILL, PADDY ARMSTRONG AND CAROLE RICHARDSON WERE DECLARED INNOCENT ON APPEAL

TWO JUNIOR DETECTIVES WERE CHARGED WITH WITHOLDING EVIDENCE AND CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY IN THE GUILDFORD FOUR CASE. CHIEF INSPECTOR PETER DIXON WAS APPOINTED METROPOLITAN POLICE COMMISSIONER BY MARGARET THATCHER IN 1990. A YEAR AFTER THE GUILDFORD APPEAL.

GUISEPPE CONLON IS STILL CONSIDERED A GUILTY MAN. HIS APPEAL, FOUGHT FOR BY HIS WIFE AND SON, HAS STILL TO BE HEARD.

FADE OUT.