

A Bleak November Day

By

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EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A homeless man staggers against a wall. He appears to be in his 50s, but it is hard to tell from his ragged and disheveled appearance. His face is covered by a large unkempt beard. A woolen hat covers most of his long matted hair. He carries a bottle of Buckfast in his hand, and a small silver ring can be seen on his middle finger.

He holds onto the wall for support with one hand, while the other clutches the bottle. He sings to himself loudly, in a Northern Irish accent.

TRAMP

Tis well I do
remember, that bleak
November day
When the bailiff and the landlord,
came to drive us all away

He turns to face the wall and begins urinating, still drinking from the bottle while he does.

TRAMP

They set the roof on fire with,
their cur-sed English spleen

He stumbles backwards and urinates over his shoes. He falls forward and puts his hand against the wall to balance himself.

TRAMP

(Shouting)
And that's another reason,
I left old Skibbereen

A window from a flat above opens, a man sticks his head out

MAN

Shut the fuck up!

TRAMP

Aye, aye

He zips up his trousers and stumbles on down the street.

EXT. PUB - DAY

Traditional looking rundown Irish pub. The streets look neglected and dilapidated. Republican and Pro-IRA slogans can be seen painted on the walls, and Irish Tricolours hang from streetlights.

(CONTINUED)

Passerby's in the street are wearing out of date looking clothes. The area has the clumbling, worn out feel of a council estate in the north of Ireland in the early 80s.

A newspaper stand outside the pub has a headline from the IRISH NEWS, reading;

THATCHER SAYS 'NO' TO BOBBY SANDS TALKS

INT. PUB - DAY

Two men in their early 20s sit around a table, each drinking Guinness. Except for them and the bar man, the pub is relatively empty.

The men sitting closest to the door (GERARD), lifts his pint and takes a large drink. He turns to the man next to him (SEAN). They both talk in stong Northern Irish accents.

GERARD

So, have ye told Mary you're leaving yet?

SEAN

Naw, haven't got round to it. I was gona say something the other night, but I just couldn't bring meself to it, ye know?

Sure, shes gona here sooner or later, like.

GERARD

She's gona miss ye loads, Sean

SEAN

Aye I know, I know.

But sure what can ye do, eh?

GERARD

So, when is it you're heading then?

SEAN

This Friday I'd say. Have to get the boat over from Larne.

GERARD

That leave ye into Glasgow, aye?

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Naw, got to get a train then like.
I'm meeting my cousin at the train
station in Glasgow.

Gona crash with him for a wee while
until I can get meself sorted.

GERARD

Jesus, boy. Can't believe that's
you away for good.

SEAN

Aye, well, there's nothing here for
me is there?

At least I have a job ready for me
over there. Can't stay on the dole
all me life here can I?

GERARD

(Laughing)

It's doing me grand, is it not?

Naw, fair play to ye. Don't say
I'll ever leave this place.

Don't know how yer gona stick it
over there with all them British
though.

SEAN

Sure, ye support Celtic do ye not?

Glaswegians are nearly as Irish as
us like.

GERARD

Aye, fair enough.

Both men laugh and take a drink from their pints.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The tramp walks on down the street as three young teenagers
approach him. They are laughing and shoving each other
about. The oldest looking, around 15, in the middle
(TEENAGER#1) is smoking.

TRAMP

Here, boys. Could ye's spare us a
fag?

(CONTINUED)

TEENAGER#1

Aye, nae problem.

He reaches into his pocket, and the tramp moves in closer, anticipating the cigratte despirately. The TEENAGER pulls out his empty hand from his pocket and takes a swing at the tramp. The punch lands square on the tramps face, his shock causing him to fall backwards.

The tramp falls hard on the ground. The three teenagers crowd around him in a circle. They start laughing and shouting at him.

TEENAGER#2

Come on ya cunt, get up!

The tramp places his hands on the ground and begins to push himself up. Just as he does, the teenager shouting at him kicks him hard in the stomach. He falls face down on the ground, letting out a groan of agony.

INT. FRONT ROOM OF COUNCIL HOUSE - DAY

The room is furnished with decor typical of the 1980's. A picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus is placed above the fireplace, with a small framed photo of Pope John Paul II beside it.

Sean is standing with a large army style rucksack beside his feet. His mother and father are standing in the doorway, as Sean pulls on his jacket.

FATHER

So this is it then, son?

SEAN

Aye, I guess so.

FATHER

Ye got everything? Your money and ticket?

SEAN

Aye, I'm grand. I'll give ye a call once I meet Johnny.

His father puts his hand on Sean's shoulder, and turn and walks out of the room. His mother comes towards him, crying and hugs Sean.

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER

I can believe you're leaving me

SEAN

Aw, ma. I need to. There's nothing here for me. I need to go and do something with my life. I can't stay living here until I'm an auld man.

MOTHER

Aye, I know Sean. But I never thought I'd see the day you'd go off and leave me.

SEAN

Jesus, ma. I'm only going to Scotland not Australia.

I'll keep in touch with ye. And sure I'll be back to see ye before ye even notice I'm gone.

His mother reaches into her pocket and pulls out a small folded handkerchief. She unfolds it to reveal a Irish Claddagh ring.

MOTHER

I want you to have this. It was our Tommy's, God rest his soul. My mother gave it to him when he first moved over to London.

I want you to keep this with you. It'll keep ye safe.

Sean takes the ring from his mother and slips it onto his finger. He looks down at the floor for a few seconds, fighting back tears.

SEAN

Thanks ma. I'll miss ye.

Sean leans in and hugs his mother again.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The teenagers continue to kick the tramp while he struggles on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

NED#1

Here, get that ring!

The other teenager reaches down and grabs the tramps hand, a claddagh ring can be seen on his middle finger. The tramp tries to struggle but the teenager manages to pull the ring from him, but it drops to the ground.

A man walks passed the alley along the street. He looks down and notices the disturbance.

MAN

Hey! What are you doing there?

The teenagers are alarmed by the call, they turn to see the man as he begins to walk towards them.

TEENAGER#1

Come on! Lets go!

The teenagers turn and run off in the opposite direction, laughing as they go.

The man shakes his head,

MAN

Bloody weans

He turns around and walks back onto the street and out of sight.

The tramp rolls over on his back and looks towards the sky, his breath visible in the cold night air.

He turns to lift his discarded bottle of buckfast. He tries to shake any drops left in it, but the bottle is completely empty.

He tosses the bottle aside and looks at the sky again. He lays in silence for some time and then begins to softly cry.

He pulls himself to his feet, with obvious difficulty. He crouches on one knee, beginning to cry more visibly now, but as he looks down he notices his ring. He picks it up and places it back on his finger. He lets out a groan of pain as he stands up.

He starts to walk down the street, continuing to graze towards the sky. He straightens up his back, and rubs his sleeve across his face, drying his eyes. He walks proudly down the street and begins singly loudly again.

(CONTINUED)

TRAMP

I'll be the man to lead the van
beneath the flag of green
And loud and high we'll raise the
cry,
Revenge for Skibbereen

THE END