

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

FADE IN

INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

It is a medium sized room with two hospital beds in it. Next to each of the beds is a night stand as well as a metal chair. Only one bed is occupied and that is by JAMES CONNOLLY. He is unconscious and surrounded by three military men, a MAJOR and two PRIVATES.

MAJOR OVERTON taps Connolly's left leg twice with the clipboard he has in his hand.

MAJOR OVERTON  
Connolly.

Connolly jerks to consciousness, letting out a moan.

MAJOR OVERTON (cont'd)  
Do you understand the charges and  
punishment?

Connolly bites down on his lower lip, attempting to hide the obvious pain he is in.

CONNOLLY  
Aye.

MAJOR OVERTON  
Good.  
(BEAT)  
Have you anything else to add to  
your final statement?

Major Overton gestures to one of the privates who hands him a sheet of paper. He then waves it in front of Connolly.

CONNOLLY  
No, nothing. Just...

MAJOR OVERTON  
Yes?

CONNOLLY  
Would you be sure that my daughter  
receives a copy?

MAJOR OVERTON  
(Sighing)  
Certainly.

He hands the sheet back to the private. He then glances down at the bed and notices that there is blood seeping through the sheets.

MAJOR OVERTON (cont'd)  
You've bled through another sheet there, Connolly.

(BEAT)  
ANDERSON.

The other private steps forward.

PRIVATE ANDERSON  
Yes, sir.

MAJOR OVERTON  
Get a nurse in here to change Connolly's bandage. We wouldn't want him bleeding out before he gets to the firing squad.

PRIVATE ANDERSON  
Yes, sir.

Private Anderson leaves the room.

MAJOR OVERTON  
Then again we could use those extra bullets for the Huns.

Major Overton along with the other private head for the door.

MAJOR OVERTON (cont'd)  
(Over his shoulder as he exits)  
See you tomorrow, Connolly.

Connolly pulls himself up in the bed still in obvious pain, sweat beginning to drip down his forehead. He pulls the sheet off to reveal a bloodied and gangrened leg.

A young NURSE enters the room holding a tray containing a syringe, gauze and tape.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
Will you be needing more morphine, Mr. Connolly?

Connolly glances at the syringe on the tray.

CONNOLLY  
I have a feeling they don't want me to be too comfortable.

Nurse Crawford pulls the chair closer to the bed before sitting in it and places the tray on the night stand. She dips a face cloth into the water filled bowl sitting on the night stand.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
(Applying the cloth to his forehead)  
I think it's atrocious the way they have been treating you.

CONNOLLY  
Don't let them hear you say that. Or you may end up standing next to me in front of the firing squad.

She puts the cloth down.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
I don't care what they say. Now do you want some more morphine or not?

He bites down on his lower lip.

CONNOLLY  
Please.

She reaches over for the syringe and injects his arm with it. She then turns her attention to his leg. She peels the bandages away to reveal more of the wound.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
I hate to say this...

CONNOLLY  
What's that?

NURSE CRAWFORD  
This leg...it should have been amputated.

CONNOLLY  
Makes no difference now. I'll be dead by this time tomorrow.

She carefully dabs at the leg in an attempt to clean up some of the blood. Connolly flinches as she does so.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
I'm sorry. I'm trying to be as gentle as I can.

She reaches over for the clean bandages and finishes dressing the wound.

NURSE CRAWFORD (cont'd)  
There all finished. That morphine  
starting to kick in yet.

CONNOLLY  
A bit.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
Good.

She gets up from the chair.

NURSE CRAWFORD (cont'd)  
I'll go and get you a clean sheet.

CONNOLLY  
Don't bother.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
Very well then. Is there anything  
else I can do for you then Mr.  
Connolly?

CONNOLLY  
As a matter of fact you can.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
What would that be?

CONNOLLY  
PADRAIG PEARSE. Can you tell me  
what they've done with him?

Nurse Crawford sits back down in the chair.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
I'm sorry, Mr. Connolly. They've  
already executed him.

Connolly looks away from Nurse Crawford for a moment,  
collecting his emotions, as he crosses himself. He then turns  
his attention back to her.

CONNOLLY  
Do you know when?

NURSE CRAWFORD  
A little over a week ago. The third  
I believe.

CONNOLLY

And the rest?

NURSE CRAWFORD

Most have been executed over the course of the last week or so.

CONNOLLY

Stretching out the agony, eh? Leave it up to the British.

(BEAT)

At least their loved ones can visit their graves with pride. They all died for a great cause.

Nurse Crawford turns her attention to the tray, straighten out the bandages.

CONNOLLY (cont'd)

They have returned the bodies to the families.

She continues to straighten out the bandages. Connolly places his hand on hers.

CONNOLLY (cont'd)

What did they do with the bodies?

She looks at him a moment before answering.

NURSE CRAWFORD

They...placed them in quicklime.

He runs his hand through his hair as a few tears stream down his face.

Nurse Crawford takes hold his hand.

NURSE CRAWFORD (cont'd)

They deserved better than that.

CONNOLLY

Aye.

(BEAT)

I hope they don't believe it will be that easy to bury the Irish spirit of freedom. Because I don't believe it will be.

NURSE CRAWFORD

I have to say Mr. Connolly I do admire you.

CONNOLLY

Me?

NURSE CRAWFORD

Certainly. I don't know if I would have the courage to stand up for my convictions the way you and your men did. It was a brave thing indeed, that you all did, standing up to the British like that.

CONNOLLY

Be careful there, Miss Crawford. They hear you talking that way and they will execute you. And it wouldn't surprise me if they would put a woman in front of a firing squad.

NURSE CRAWFORD

I told you I don't care what they think.

He squeezes her hand.

CONNOLLY

I believe you have more courage than you think Miss Crawford.

NURSE CRAWFORD

Mind if I ask you a question, Mr. Connolly?

CONNOLLY

Certainly. It's not as if I will be going anywhere.

NURSE CRAWFORD

If you knew now how it would have all turned out... would you have done it all over again?

CONNOLLY

Without a doubt.

NURSE CRAWFORD

That's what I thought. If more men like you stood by their convictions, this world would be a much better place.

CONNOLLY

I only wish that I could have done more.

NURSE CRAWFORD

Sacrificing one's life for the love of his country is more than anyone can do.

He looks down at his leg, a slight bit of blood starting to seep through the clean bandages.

CONNOLLY

You don't suppose I'll be able to stand on that leg tomorrow, do you?

NURSE CRAWFORD

I don't doubt, Mr. Connolly, that you have the determination to do so. But I'm afraid physically it will be impossible.

(BEAT)

Perhaps they will wait until you are well enough to stand.

CONNOLLY

No, it will be done tomorrow. You can count on that.

She glances over her shoulder and then leans in towards Connolly.

NURSE CRAWFORD

The world isn't going to look upon England kindly if it is ever discovered that they executed a man in your condition, regardless of the circumstances.

CONNOLLY

Well... That would make for a more powerful death on my part, wouldn't it?

NURSE CRAWFORD

You knew going into this that you would probably not make it out alive, didn't you?

CONNOLLY

Aye.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
And the others?

CONNOLLY  
They knew the cost. And they too  
were willing to pay it.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
But didn't you all want to see  
Ireland free?

CONNOLLY  
Of course. But you can't always get  
what you want in life.

She straightens out his covers.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
That's true.  
(BEAT)  
Is there anything that you want  
now, that I may be able to get you.

CONNOLLY  
Would you mind... Never mind.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
No, go on.

CONNOLLY  
You're at the end of your sift. You  
probably should be heading home.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
Mr. Connolly, what is it that you  
want?

CONNOLLY  
You'll probably think me a fool.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
I doubt that.

CONNOLLY  
(Sighing)  
I really don't want to be alone.

She takes hold of his hand.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
Then you won't be.

CONNOLLY  
 Don't think much of my courage now,  
 do you Miss Crawford?

NURSE CRAWFORD  
 No less Mr. Connolly, no less.

He sighs as he closes his eyes.

CONNOLLY  
 Thank you.

INT. CONNOLLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - VERY EARLY MORNING

Major Overton and his two privates enter the room. Connolly is asleep as is Nurse Crawford, in the chair next to the bed.

MAJOR OVERTON  
 Miss Crawford.

Nurse Crawford slowly wakes up and gets up from the chair when she sees Major Overton.

MAJOR OVERTON (cont'd)  
 Isn't your shift over?

NURSE CRAWFORD  
 Yes.

MAJOR OVERTON  
 Then why aren't you home?

NURSE CRAWFORD  
 I was seeing to the needs of my patient.

MAJOR OVERTON  
 Well you won't be needing to do that any longer.  
 (He motions to his men)  
 Anderson, SMITH get him dressed.

The two privates walk over to Connolly who is now awake.

MAJOR OVERTON (cont'd)  
 If you would like I could have one of my men escort you home, Miss Crawford. A young lady such as yourself shouldn't be walking the streets of Dublin alone at this hour.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
Major could I talk to you for a moment?

She walks over to the door as the two privates are putting Connolly's shirt on. He lets out a slight moan.

MAJOR OVERTON  
What is it Miss Crawford?

NURSE CRAWFORD  
Well Major I would like to...

Major Overton averts his attention back to Connolly and the two privates.

MAJOR OVERTON  
We have to be at Kilmainham in a half hour. Stop treating him with kidd gloves and bloody get him dressed!

NURSE CRAWFORD  
I want to go to Kilmainham with Mr. Connolly.

MAJOR OVERTON  
What? Are you out of your mind? Why in the world would you want to do that? An execution is something that a young lady should not be subjected to, Miss Crawford.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
Major, I'm a nurse. I've seen a lot worse.

Connolly lets out a loud groan and then passes out.

PRIVATE ANDERSON  
Sir, he's passed out.

MAJOR OVERTON  
Well, bloody revive him private!

NURSE CRAWFORD  
Let me take over.

She begins to walk towards the bed but Major Overton grabs her by the wrist.

MAJOR OVERTON

My men can take care of it Miss  
Crawford.

NURSE CRAWFORD

I can make sure he stays conscious.  
You don't want to execute a man  
whose passed out, do you?

MAJOR OVERTON

Frankly, I don't care what his  
state of consciousness is. But I  
suppose it would be easier if he  
were alert.

(BEAT)

Fine if you are so determined to be  
there, you can go.

(To his men)

Is he ready yet?

PRIVATE ANDERSON

Yes, sir.

MAJOR OVERTON

About time. Now go and retrieve the  
stretcher.

The two privates exit the room and Nurse Crawford walks over  
towards Connolly and takes hold of his hand.

NURSE CRAWFORD

Mr. Connolly I'll be going with you  
to Kilmainham.

Connolly, sweating profusely is trying to fight the pain he  
is in.

CONNOLLY

Miss Crawford...

NURSE CRAWFORD

Best you save your energy Mr.  
Connolly, you won't be winning this  
argument.

The two privates reenter the room with the stretcher.

NURSE CRAWFORD (cont'd)

Please try to be gentle.

MAJOR OVERTON

Just get him on the stretcher men.

Among a few moans and groans the soldiers move Connolly onto the stretcher. Nurse Crawford looks on with concern. They then remove him from the hospital room, Nurse Crawford and Major Overton following behind.

EXT. THE COURTYARD AT KILMAINHAM JAIL - A BIT LATER

A DOZEN BRITISH SOLDIERS stand in front of one of the walls as the two privates enter the courtyard with Connolly still on the stretcher and barely conscious. A moment later Nurse Crawford and Major Overton also enter the courtyard.

NURSE CRAWFORD

Major.

MAJOR OVERTON

What is it Miss Crawford?

NURSE CRAWFORD

Mr. Connolly won't be able to stand on that leg. Wouldn't it be best to postpone the execution until he is able to do so?

MAJOR OVERTON

I have my orders Miss Crawford.

NURSE CRAWFORD

Are you planning of having two volunteers prop him up while the others do the deed?

Major Overton gives her a disapproving look.

PRIVATE ANDERSON

Sir. What do we do with him?

Major Overton takes a moment before answering. He turns to one of the soldiers standing at the wall.

MAJOR OVERTON

Retrieve a chair.

NURSE CRAWFORD

Major what are planning to do?

MAJOR OVERTON

He can't stand but he can sit.

NURSE CRAWFORD

I don't know if he has the strength to do that Major.

MAJOR OVERTON

Then get some rope as well Private.

PRIVATE #3

Yes, sir.

MAJOR OVERTON

We'll strap him to the chair if necessary.

PRIVATE ANDERSON

Sir. He's getting heavy.

MAJOR OVERTON

Then put him down.

The two place him down with a slight thud and a moan from Connolly. Nurse Crawford rushes over to attend to him. He is more alert and in obvious pain.

CONNOLLY

Have they decided just to leave me to the elements?

NURSE CRAWFORD

No.

The private reenters the courtyard with the rope and chair.

MAJOR OVERTON

Place it over there. Anderson get him off that stretcher and into the chair.

Private Anderson motions to a few of the other soldiers standing at the wall. Three step forward and they remove Connolly from the stretcher to the chair. He leans towards to the left, failing to fall to the ground only because Private Anderson catches him.

MAJOR OVERTON (cont'd)

Use the bloody rope!

The four tie the rope first around Connolly's legs. His left leg now bleeding profusely. Then they tie it around his chest. He tries his best not to groan.

Anderson walks back to Major Overton and the other three soldiers return to their place at the wall.

Nurse Crawford walks over to Connolly.

MAJOR OVERTON (cont'd)  
Miss Crawford!

NURSE CRAWFORD  
Just one minute Major.

CONNOLLY  
You are determined to get shot by  
that firing squad aren't you?

NURSE CRAWFORD  
Don't worry about me.

CONNOLLY  
I have the feeling you'll be just  
fine.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
Don't worry I won't leave you.

CONNOLLY  
You shouldn't be here.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
Neither should you.  
(Kissing him on the cheek)  
God be with you.

MAJOR OVERTON  
Miss Crawford!

She places her hand on Connolly's shoulder one last time  
before turning and walking to the side of the firing squad.

The men in the firing squad look at Connolly, most with pity  
in their eyes. Connolly looks at the men, a slight smile on  
his face.

MAJOR OVERTON (cont'd)  
Ready!

The men snap to attention. Connolly turns his attention to  
Nurse Crawford still smiling through the pain. She smiles  
back at him.

MAJOR OVERTON (cont'd)  
Aim!

Twelve rifles point in the direction of Connolly. A few of  
them are held unsteadily by the soldiers.

MAJOR OVERTON (cont'd)  
Fire!

The dozen rifles go off echoing in the pre-dawn silence. Connolly's head is slumped forward his chest covered in blood. The blood pours down onto the ground mingling with the blood which has pooled from his leg wound.

Nurse Crawford is staring at Connolly tears rolling down her face.

MAJOR OVERTON (cont'd)  
Anderson you know what to do.

Motioning again to the same three soldiers they approach Connolly's body and place it back on the stretcher.

Major Overton turns to Nurse Crawford.

MAJOR OVERTON (cont'd)  
You chose to be here.

He then exits the courtyard as the four men lift Connolly up on the stretcher. Nurse Crawford walks up to Connolly. She brushes back the hair from his eyes.

NURSE CRAWFORD  
I do hope in the end this was all  
worth it Mr. Connolly.

She steps back and allows the soldiers to take Connolly out of the courtyard.

FADE OUT

THE END

(MORE)