

GOOD FRIDAY

Written by

Kevin Finnerty

Copyrighted

Kfwrote@gmail.com

OPENING CRAWL - BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND, 1983: THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT HAS STRIPPED IRA PRISONERS OF THEIR POLITICAL STATUS. REFUSING TO WEAR THE UNIFORMS OF "COMMON CRIMINALS", REPUBLICAN INMATES HAVE MOUNTED A SERIES OF HUNGER STRIKES ON GOOD FRIDAY. THEY WILL FAST UNTIL THEY ARE ONCE AGAIN RECOGNIZED AS SOLDIERS.

INT. APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Our gaze upon a smoky APARTMENT where a hung over JAMES BURKE (23) sips a morning beer as he hurriedly fries rashers on a grease splattered hotplate.

It's truly a depressing scene, but it's not as depressing as the MORNING NEWS which flashes images of a BOMBED OUT PUB in OMAGH, Northern Ireland.

NEW REPORTER (O.S.)
...It's been four months since the
deadly pub bombing that killed
renowned IRA leader, Mickey
Conway...

Hot grease SPLATTERS across James' hand, but he's too ENGROSSED in the morning news to notice. Sighing, he takes another gulp of beer as a cheesy, low budget COMMERCIAL flashes across the telly's screen.

INSERT - CHEESY COMMERCIAL

BARNEY FITZSIMMONS, a fifty year old man dressed ridiculously as a FRENCH FRY, flashes us a toothy grin.

BARNEY
Make this Good Friday-- a great
one. "A Chip Off the Ol' Dock--
where the *chips* are always *crisp!*"

BACK TO APARTMENT

Grease keeps splattering on James' hand, but he's too out of it to notice when the telephone RINGS. Finally coming back to Earth, James suddenly realizes his hand is burning.

JAMES
Shite! Shite!

He clumsily DUMPS the rest of his beer on his blistered hand and GRABS the telephone on the last ring. We pan across James' forearm where we see a UNION-JACK tattoo (two sticks of DYNAMITE substituting for the St. George Cross.)

JAMES (CONT'D)
 (answering, breathless)
 Yeah. Uh huh. Yep, yep. Sure
 everything's grand. I jus' burned
 me hand. Fryin' feckin' rashers.
 Aye. See ya' later.

Hanging up, James returns to his breakfast, now burned to a crisp. Coughing on the thick smoke, James smiles weakly.

Pushing the dreadful morning out of his mind, he lights a cigarette and stares at a photo that's tacked to the fridge. It's of a pretty, eighteen year old GIRL smiling brightly in her graduation cap and gown.

EXT. IRISH SEA - MORNING

It's a FOGGY morning on the IRISH SEA as a small LAUNCH BOAT whizzes through the mist towards a FISHING BOAT with A CHIP OFF THE OL' DOCK emblazoned across its side.

SUBTITLE - THE IRISH SEA

INT. A CHIP OFF THE OL' DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Three burly GUN RUNNERS haul a dozen UZI submachine guns onto the FISHING BOAT. Their leader, CHARLIE O' MALLEY, a gung-ho Irish American *predictably* sports a U2 T-shirt and a Paddy cap.

Barney Fitzsimmons (yep, the french fry guy from the commercial) steps onto the ship's deck and notices Charlie's U2 shirt.

CHARLIE
 Like that, Barney? They're playing
 Slane this weekend.

BARNEY
 Lovely.

CHARLIE
 Wanna' go? I got a extra ticket.

BARNEY
 'Tanks, Charlie. But it's a busy
 weekend for me.

The Gun Runners continue to load the guns into a wooden fish crate.

CHARLIE

Right. You got your "chipper" to run.

MOMENTS LATER

Barney watches Charlie's launch boat speed off into the fog.

CHARLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(sings loudly like Bono)

"Sunday Bloody Sunday!"

BARNEY

Bloody hell...

Flicking his cig off the boat into the sea, the old timer DUMPS fresh fish onto the Uzis, camouflaging them. Among the flopping fish, we spot a THREE WISE MONKEYS toy that got entangled in the fishing nets.

Finished with his work, Barney gazes longingly at a POSTCARD of a beautiful tropical beach. *It seems a million miles away from the foggy Irish Sea.* Grabbing the wheel, Barney whistles "Escape" (the Pina' Colada song) as he sails back to "beautiful"...war torn Belfast.

TITLE CARD - GOOD FRIDAY