

THE CELL

Written by

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EXT: PRISON MAIN PATH. NIGHT

The path to the main prison gate. It stretches away from us. We can make out some of the wings on our right. Rows of square lit cells. We can hear a mish mash of music.

Two figures with their backs to camera walk away from us. It is raining and they are huddled into their waterproof coats. They stop at a huge metal gate. Unlock it, go through, relock it and then disappear on their way home.

INT: A BLOCK ON THE TWOS. SAMETIME.

Another walkway stretches before us but this is a brightly lit landing. A prison officer walks towards us. He stops at every cell door, looks inside, bangs the door shut, peers through the viewing flap, then moves on.

He reaches the door closest to us and looks inside.

PRISON OFFICER

Alright? Bang up.

He nods at the occupant of the cell in acknowledgement and bangs the door shut. The lock clicks and he looks through the viewing flap before moving on and past us out of shot.

CLOSE UP: cell door that has just been closed. On the right of the door is a metal bracket holding a card. On the card we can see a prison photograph. A man in his late thirties, short black hair, thin face, smiling blue eyes.

We can read the details on the card. The words to the left of the colons are typed, those on the right hand printed.

CELL: A2/47 SURNAME: PRICE FORENAMES: ANDREW JAMES NUMBER:  
RB4077AC

FREEZE FRAME: OPENING CREDITS: THE CELL.

We hear the echo of the next door being banged shut.

INT: CELL. SAME TIME.

We are looking into the cell from the point of view of the door that has just been locked. The cell is sparse. The walls bare. There are two bunks built out like a shelf from the wall on the left. On the right is a desk again moulded from the wall. It has two small shelves at the end. The desk ends two thirds of the way along the wall where there is a partition for the toilet that also has a tiny sink.

In the corner where the partition meets the desk there is a corner shelf high up with a small portable TV on it.

Price is sitting on the lower bunk. There are numerous boxes round his feet. He is staring at the ground. He slowly stands and lifts the small plastic kettle sitting on the desk. He goes through to the toilet and fills it then returns and plugs it in. He rips open a box and takes out a jar of coffee and a plastic cup. Spoons coffee into the cup.

He sits waiting for the kettle to boil. He opens a box and takes out a folder. He opens the folder. There are letters and photographs. The kettle clicks. And he makes his coffee then sits on the edge of the bed with his photos.

He pauses and looks at a picture of a woman sitting in an armchair. She is in her fifties, smiling, dark hair.

Price reaches into a box and takes out a small tube of toothpaste which he opens. He dabs toothpaste onto his fingertip then presses it on the back of the photo, taking care to coat the corners.

He presses the picture onto the wall above the desk. It stays there.

He sits back on the bed, sips his coffee and stares at the picture.

INT CELL. NIGHT.

There is complete darkness. The flap on the door opens and a shaft of light allows us to see the sleeping figure of Price. A face hovers at the flap then disappears. The flap closes. Darkness. Moments pass then a match flares and we can see Price sitting up in bed. He sits smoking.

Eventually he climbs out of bed. He takes his jar of coffee from the desk. He pours all the coffee into a cup then feels around the inside of the jar. His fingers emerge and he is holding a wrap of clingfilm. We can see him smiling in the glow of his cigarette.

INT CELL. DAY.

The cell is neat. Bed made. There are numerous pictures on the walls. A mixture of family pictures and pictures of young women taken from magazines. We can hear rain outside the window.

Close up of cell window. Thick bars. The window is open. We hear the rain loud.

Shot of the cell door as seen from the window. The door opens and Price comes in. He is soaking wet, wearing a floourescent jacket and waterproof trousers.

He puts the kettle on and takes off the jacket. He drapes it over the small plastic chair. The words 'RECYCLING CREW' are stencilled on the back of the jacket.

A man appears at the door.

MORRIS  
Price, any burn?

PRICE  
Yeah, back Friday, yeah?

MORRIS  
Yeah mate.

Price searches his jacket then throws a packet of tobacco at the visitor.

MORRIS (LOOKING AT THE DESK)  
Is that Jaffa cakes?

Price grins then picks up the Jaffa cakes and throws them at Morris. Morris catches them into his chest like a rugby ball.

MORRIS  
Hayden said he'll sort you later.

Price nods.

Another figure appears. He squeezes past Morris who leaves and drops two letters on the bunk.

PRICE  
Ta.

The mailman leaves. Morris pick up the letters. He makes his coffee then sits on his plastic chair. He switches on a radio on the desk.

Another prisoner appears in the doorway and puts a sheet of paper on the bed. Price nods at him as he leaves.

He gets up and closes his door over, stretches out on his bed and takes the letters out of the already opened envelopes.

He glances at the first letter which is some sort of official correspondence. He then starts to read the second letter.

Close up of a photograph taken from a magazine stuck on the cell wall. Female movie star wearing very little.

V/O MUM

Dear Andrew James,

PRICE SMILES.

V/O MUM (CONT'D)

I hope this letter finds you in good health. I'm sorry I haven't written to you before but I have found it hard to put pen to paper.

Close up of a picture on the wall. Price in civilian life, his hair is longer, he is sitting in a bar with his arm round a young woman. They are both smiling for the camera. Another man sits next to them grinning as well.

V/O MUM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

David told me after he saw you that I should write. He said that despite all that has happened you were as you always were. He told me to tell you he was glad you agreed to see him and that the two hour drive to Birmingham had been worth it just to see your ugly face again.

His words not mine.

Price laughs.

Close up, another photograph. A girl in a school uniform aged about six. Smiling at the camera. Classic school picture. She is wearing a dark school polo shirt with the school badge on it.

MUM V/O (CONT'D)

Emma is well. I saw her last Saturday for the afternoon. Me and your dad took her to the park and to McDonalds after. I think Jill has told her you are away working. You know me, I am one for the truth, but I think it is better that Emma doesn't know where you really are.

Close up of the window. Thick bars. Heavy rain.

MUM V/O (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I know what you must think of Jill after what she done and I haven't forgotten all the lies and deceit but she has kept us in contact and allowed us to spend time with our granddaughter which I am truly thankful for.

Close up of Price on the bed.

MUM V/O (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I still can't believe the damage you have caused. I never thought you were capable of such a thing. People tell me that it wasn't you. It was drink.

That you weren't in your right mind. I have thought about it a lot and I've come to see that is the wrong way to look at it. I have to understand and accept that it was you.

Close up of the viewing flap from inside the cell, officer staring through at Price. Flap being closed over.

MUM V/O (CONT'D)

I don't know yet if I can or will come to visit you but you should know that I love you son.

I love you and miss you.

Maybe if you put pen to paper and write we can start again.

Love,

(MORE)

## MUM V/O (CONT'D)

Mum

Price folds the letter and returns it to the envelope. He gets up and sits at his desk. He finds a pad of paper and a pen from a box at his feet.

He sits looking at the page. He puts the pen down. He gets up and picks up a face cloth from the sink in the toilet. He folds it into a strip and puts it over the top of his door and closing the door as he leaves.

INT CELL, NIGHT.

Price is on the toilet in his boxers. He is using a homemade bong from a plastic bottle and a biro. He sucks in the smoke. His eyes glaze as the hit enters his body.

INT CELL, DAY.

Price is sitting at his desk. Blank sheet of paper in front of him. Pen sitting next to it.

The cell door is unlocked and opened.

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
Price, healthcare.

PRICE

I'm not on any list.

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
Piss test.

PRICE

Why me?

OFFICER WILLIAMS

Why not you? Random. Must be  
your lucky day.

PRICE

I don't want to do a piss test.

OFFICER WILLIAMS

That would be relevant if you had a  
choice in the matter. But you  
don't.

PRICE

And if I refuse?

OFFICER WILLIAMS

Then you'll be nicked.

Williams nods towards the landing.

OFFICER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Come on.

Price gets up and slowly walks out. The door is banged shut  
leaving us in the empty cell.

INT CELL. DAY.

There are three officers in the cell. They are spinning it.  
They wear blue latex gloves and are carefully searching  
through everything.

One is on his knees opening boxes from beneath the bed. Another is sitting at the desk looking through books, writing pads and opening unopened boxes of food. The third officer is searching the toilet.

There is silence apart from the chatter on their radios.

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
Here that Gav?

OFFICER ANDREWS (FROM INSIDE THE  
TOILET)  
What's that?

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
Kicking off over on B.

OFFICER DAVIES (AT THE DESK)  
Wild west show on there at the  
moment.

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
New regime innit? Not a happy bunch  
of boys.

OFFICER DAVIES  
Wait til the smoking ban kicks in,  
be even more fun then.

Officer Davies reaches over and switches on a radio sitting on the desk.

Radio 4 comes on.

OFFICER DAVIES  
Radio 4. Must be an intellectual.

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
I listen to Radio 4.

OFFICER DAVIES  
It must be dumbing down then.

OFFICER ANDREWS  
Yeah, to dipshit level.

They laugh.

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
Fuck you too.

Davies opens a jar of instant coffee and pours the coffee onto the desk. He stares into the jar.

Andrews steps out of the toilet.

OFFICER ANDREWS  
Clean, of contraband, filthy as a bog.

Davies reaches into the jar then grabs a biro and starts to jab at the bottom of the coffee jar from the inside. He shakes the jar and flips it upside down. A small packet falls on the desk.

OFFICER DAVIES  
There's the boy

INT: CELL. LATER THAT DAY.

Price is in his work gear. He stands looking at the cell and his worldly goods strewn all over it.

Officer Williams and Officer Davies are standing next to him.

PRICE  
What the fuck?

He steps inside. Some of his pictures have been taken off the wall. He picks up a family picture lying on the floor.

Price looks at Williams.

PRICE  
You didn't have to rip the pictures off the wall.

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
Standard procedures Price. You've done enough time to know the drill. Anyway, down the office, let's go.

PRICE  
What for?

OFFICER WILLIAMS

Illegal substances were found in  
the cell. Suspected drugs. Let's go  
now.

PRICE

You can't prove anything in this  
cell is mine and anyway, I'm not  
taking drugs.

OFFICER WILLIAMS

Yeah, and I'm the product of an  
immaculate conception. Let's just  
get the paperwork done son and get  
you down the block.

PRICE

But I'm not on drugs.

OFFICER WILLIAMS (CLEARLY ANGRY)

Really. Well don't worry we're only  
going to knock you back to basic,  
put you in seg for fourteen days  
and six weeks of closed visits and  
if you feel hard done by just  
remember two things. One we found  
drugs in your cell and two, you  
failed your MDT, so stop wasting  
our time and let's get you  
processed, you're nicked.

Price looks as though he is going to speak but doesn't,  
instead resignation covers his face. He walks out. Williams  
reaches out and bangs the cell shut.

INT CELL. DAY.

The cell is empty. There is a cloth folded over the top of  
the door.

The door flies open and the cloth falls on the floor. Price strides in clearly pumped up. The other inmate Morris follows close behind.

Morris closes the door over.

MORRIS

I told you, you've got the wrong end of this.

PRICE

Hayden said you were the only one who knew I was copping off him.

MORRIS

You were spun man.

PRICE

They knew to look.

MORRIS

Last time, I don't grass on anyone for anything.

Price doesn't answer instead he bounces on his toes as though waiting to spring.

MORRIS

Awright, you want to do it. Let's do it.

Both men launch themselves at each other in a swirl of fists and a clash of heads. They both fall to the floor, landing and taking punches. We can hear them grunting with exertion and in an effort to ignore the pain as they claw at each other. There is a horrible thud as Price smacks Morris's head off the ground. Morris responds by pushing Price against the corner of the bunk. Blood is flying everywhere.

A piercing alarm sounds and we can hear boots running and shouts.

The door crashes open and three officers pile in. Both prisoners are lashing out blindly. The officers drag Morris along the floor and out the cell. As Price tries to stand one officer pushes him onto the bed before rushing out and closing the door.

Price gets to his feet and walks up close to the door. His face is bloodied and his right eye is swollen. His top is ripped. He spits blood onto the ground.

Over the sound of the alarm we can hear the struggle outside.

MORRIS

Get off me... I can't breathe. Get off.

There is the sound of further scuffling. We can hear other prisoners shouting in the distance.

Price bangs his door.

PRICE

Leave him alone. Fucking leave him alone!

V/O FROM BEYOND THE DOOR.

Shut it you.

PRICE

You bastards!

He loses control and starts to boot his door. He picks up his chair and throws it at the door. He does this several times as his anger flows. He picks up his TV and rips it from the socket on the wall and smashes it into the door again and again.

He picks up his chair and smashes it off the bars in the window high up.

The cell door flies open. The Mufti squad have arrived. The officers are dressed in body armour and behind a riot shield. Price braces himself but is helpless as they advance rapidly and he is pinned by the shield into a corner. A struggle ensues but the officers swiftly have him on the ground and arms locked. As he lies there two other riot officers come in. They lift Price off the ground and carry him horizontally out the cell.

For a moment we are left in the empty cell until Officer Williams appears. He glances round at the wreckage a moment before closing the door.

INT CELL: DAY.

Price is lying on his bed, watching TV. His face has bruising from the fight. His door is closed.

The door opens. Price doesn't move. He stares at the officer and the woman who walks into the cell. She is carrying a file.

MISS MORGAN

Mr Price?

Price doesn't reply. She looks at him.

MISS MORGAN

Aren't you going to reply Mr Price?

PRICE

I thought it was obvious it was me.  
I don't know who else you would expect in here.

MISS MORGAN  
I'm Jackie Morgan your OM.

PRICE  
I've been here seven weeks you  
know.

MISS MORGAN  
We're very busy.

PRICE  
Of course you are.

She looks at him sharply.

MISS MORGAN  
You have your yearly review coming  
up. That's when we'll look at  
progress on your sentence plan and  
also review your category.

PRICE  
Great.

She closes the file with clear exasperation.

MISS MORGAN  
It'll be a short meeting though,  
won't it since there's been a  
distinct lack of progress.

Price doesn't respond.

MISS MORGAN  
Yes, well, just wanted to say  
hello.

PRICE (BIG SMILE)  
Hello.

He pauses for effect.

PRICE (CONTINUED)  
Goodbye.

MISS MORGAN  
I should give you a written warning  
for that Price.

She walks out the door, banging it shut.

Price remains on his bed before getting up and going to the toilet.

INT: TOILET. SAMETIME.

Price sits on the toilet. He rubs at his face. He reaches into his trousers and then brings out a wrap of clingfilm. He looks at it unsmiling.

INT: CELL. EVENING.

The cell is empty. There is a radio playing quietly. The door opens and a cloth on the top of the door falls to the ground.

Price walks in and is carrying his canteen. A plastic bag with biscuits, coffee and toiletries. A man walks in behind him and puts a chocolate bar on the bunk.

Price nods at him.

The man leaves.

Another man stands in the doorway. He is around Price's age and very lean.

JOHNS  
Evening.

PRICE  
Awright.

JOHNS  
Just moved in.

PRICE  
Where from?

JOHNS  
Armley.

PRICE  
Fuckin mad there.

JOHNS  
You been?

PRICE

Nah, just what I've heard.

JOHNS

Yeah, well that's pretty spot on.  
Food's good, but it's not much fun  
if you want the quiet life.

PRICE

Cup of coffee?

JOHNS

Cheers.

Johns enters the cell and sits in the chair. Price gets the kettle and fills it in the toilet. Johns stands up and looks at the photographs on the wall. He points to the one of Price and the girl we saw earlier.

JOHNS

That your missus?

PRICE

Yeah, Jill.

JOHNS

Very nice

PRICE  
Glad you approve mate.

Johns smiles. He looks at the picture of the woman in the armchair.

JOHNS  
Who's that?

PRICE  
My mum.

JOHNS  
She's nice an all.

Price laughs.

JOHNS  
It has been eight years mate. You?

PRICE  
Eighteen months.

JOHNS  
You been here long?

PRICE  
Two months.

A figure appears in the doorway holding a cup. It is Morris.  
Price looks at him.

PRICE  
You coming in?

MORRIS  
Last time I was in here someone bit  
my nose.

PRICE  
What?

MORRIS  
I think it was that little blonde  
screw of B block but it was hard to  
be sure at the time.

PRICE  
Coffee?

Morris walks into the cell and hands his cup to Price.

MORRIS  
One sugar and I hope it isn't  
prison shavings.

PRICE  
Kenco mate.

MORRIS  
Oooh very posh.

Price goes through the motions of making coffee. Morris and Johns stare at each other.

JOHNS

Awright?

MORRIS

Yeah, good you? Full Sutton wasn't it?

Johns nods.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Let me think 2003? Must have been around then, it was before I went to Dartmoor.

JOHNS

Would have been I was just starting a ten.

MORRIS

Armed robbery?

JOHNS

Yeah, you?

Morris laughs.

MORRIS

Need a new job.

Price passes Morris a cup of coffee.

MORRIS  
You heard about Hayden then?

Price looks embarrassed.

MORRIS  
Mysteriously D catted and shipped  
to open conditions while half a  
dozen of his customers were  
randomly tested and thrown into  
seg.

PRICE  
I'm sorry man.

MORRIS  
It's ok. Shit happens eh? Although,  
if you're still in the market.

PRICE  
Yeah?

Johns gets to his feet and puts his cup down.

JOHNS  
Time for me to leave boys.

PRICE  
I'm sure we'd be happy to count you  
in man.

JOHNS (SMILING)  
Not my thing mate.

He walks out. Morris sits in the chair as Price sits on the bunk.

PRICE  
What's with him?

MORRIS  
Johns? He's old school, does his time and does it clean, anyway he's IPP, needs to keep his nose clean.

PRICE  
IPP?

MORRIS  
Indeterminate... No release date.  
It's a crime what they've done to people like him.

Price nods and looks out his door where Johns has departed.

INT CELL DAY.

Price enters the cell. He sits there as the door is banged shut. He lifts the kettle and takes it into the toilet and fills it. Plugs it in.

He sits down and rubs at his face. For the first time we can see he is worried. He turns on the TV and makes his tea. He stares at the TV for a few minutes. He gets up and looks up at the window. He sits down at the desk and takes out a pen. He searches a box at his feet and finds a pad of paper.

He lifts it out and places it on the desk. He drinks his tea. He looks at the photograph of his mum on the wall.

He picks up the pen and starts to write.

PRICE V/O

Dear mum,

I saw David this afternoon. It was good to see him and catch up on all the gossip. He said Jen has got engaged to Mike and they are planning a wedding next summer. I am sure you are as pleased as they are. You always liked him and he has proved to be a good steady influence on Jen. David will probably tell you the news that he had to talk to me through a screen. It is called closed conditions and it is because I had a little bit of trouble in the new place but it is really nothing to worry about. It was just something minor, teething problems that you get whenever you move. I am fine and it won't happen again.

I can't tell you how good it was to get your letter mum. It made my day, my week, my month. (Price pauses and sips his tea). I know it was difficult for you to write to me, this has been difficult for all of us including me.

I... (Price stops and stares at the page for a long time)... am sorry. (He doesn't write this. He gets up and paces the cell clearly agitated). He sits back down. Am glad you are seeing Emma. I miss her so much.

David said you hadn't been well and had been to the Doctors a few times. He said you seemed to be tired a lot. Get that lazy old man to help you out more, tell him from me.

Write me mum and let me know you are getting better. It is hard not to worry when you are locked away in here.

(MORE)

## PRICE V/O (CONT'D)

Love,

Andrew James.

Price stares long and hard at the letter.

INT: CELL EVENING.

The door opens and Price walks in with Johns, both are laughing.

PRICE

Here, watch out a sec.

Johns looks at Price then steps to the door and glances out to the landing. As he does this Price takes a package from his trouser pocket. He bends down and starts to open a box under the bed. Johns takes a step over and grabs his hair pulling him to his feet. Price yells. Johns grabs his wrist and prises the package out of his hand.

He stares at the small pack of drugs.

He goes into the toilet, rips open the package and flushes it down the loo. He waits and flushes it again to make sure it is empty.

He steps back into the cell. He stares at Price who is looking at him in shock.

JOHNS

Don't ever knock on my door again.  
You understand me?

PRICE

What the fuck man?

JOHNS

I'm IPP. You could cost me two years.

PRICE

But you knew I dabbled.

JOHNS

Yeah, but I thought you were decent enough to not do it round me.

PRICE

I didn't think.

JOHNS

Didn't think? You know you're walking out of here in eighteen months at most. Me, I don't know if I'll ever leave jail. Do you know how that feels?

Price doesn't respond.

JOHNS

What are you taking that shit for anyway?

Price shuffles on his feet like a schoolboy being told off.

PRICE

It takes me out of here.

Johns laughs.

JOHNS  
That tells me how fucked up you are.

Price sits down on the bunk.

PRICE  
Irony is I never took drugs until I came inside. I was in Bristol on remand, somebody gave me a subby. It helped. I just started from there.

Johns sits down next to Price.

JOHNS  
Why are you here?

PRICE  
Section 18. I found the wife in bed with another bloke. Battered him.

Beat.

I knew something was going on but didn't have any proof but you just get that feeling, don't you. I was supposed to be away for the Saturday night at a mates stag. I had a couple of beers, and something told me to go home, so I did and there she was in our bed. Banging away.

Beat.

PRICE  
Next thing I knew I was sitting on the kerb on our road and the police were there.

Beat

PRICE

It's all a blur until the next morning. I woke up in a cell covered in blood. First thing I asked the officer when he opened up was, did I kill him and he said 'nearly'.

JOHNS

Did you know him?

PRICE

The bloke?

Johns nods

PRICE (CONTD)

Old boyfriend wasn't it. She said it was the first time but how would I know.

JOHNS

You thought something was going on?

PRICE

Suspected but there was nothing concrete for me to believe it.

JOHNS

And you got five?

PRICE

Yeah.

JOHNS  
You were lucky.

Price snorts.

JOHNS  
Premeditated wasn't it. You knew something was going on, you gave her the opportunity and you always knew you were going back to catch her out.

Beat.

JOHNS (CONTD) (CONT'D)  
You set the whole thing up.

Beat.

JOHNS (CONTD)  
You might not have planned to hurt him but you put yourself in the situation where you could.  
But don't worry you're a one hit wonder.

PRICE

What d'you mean?

JOHNS  
That's how a judge sees it. Ever been inside before?

PRICE

No.

JOHNS  
Are you sorry for what you did?

Price smiles.

PRICE

Yeah. In some ways.

Beat.

PRICE (CONTD)  
I miss my daughter

JOHNS  
Tell them you're sorry. Do the courses you need to do and get the fuck out of here as quick as you can. Bin the drugs and everything that goes with them. I've been in and out since I was fourteen, you don't want to make this a habit.

PRICE

What?

JOHNS  
Coming to jail.

PRICE

I'm not.

JOHNS  
You look pretty much in the mix from where I'm sitting mate. Get something straight. This is all a game. The people in here aren't your friends they're just people you share time with.

Johns stands.

JOHNS (CONT'D)  
Funny thing is we're opposites.

PRICE

How's that?

JOHNS

You're trying to be the man you  
were before you came in here while  
I'm trying to prove I'm somebody  
else.

Johns smiles.

JOHNS (CONT'D)  
Hopefully we'll both make it.

Johns walks out. Price stares after him.

INT: CELL. EVENING.

Price is standing at the cell door facing onto the landings.  
An officer is on the landing facing him. Price is clearly  
angry.

PRICE

But I need to call home.

OFFICER WILLIAMS

It's bang up.

PRICE

Look, I just came off a visit with my brother. My mum's ill. She's in hospital.

OFFICER WILLIAMS

I'm very sorry about that but it's bang up.

You can call her in the morning.

PRICE

I need to speak to her now.

He tries to walk out the door. Williams puts his hand on Price's chest and eases him back.

OFFICER WILLIAMS.

You can call first thing. I'll make sure you're open first.

Price steps back and the door is banged shut.

INT: CELL. LATER THAT EVENING.

Price is sitting on his bunk. He stands up and presses the buzzer next to the door and sits back down. He waits as the buzzer sounds continually.

Officer Andrews voice comes over the intercom.

OFFICER ANDREWS

What is your medical emergency?

PRICE

I need to make a phonecall.

OFFICER ANDREWS

Are you taking the piss or what?

PRICE

No, my mother is ill. She's in hospital

OFFICER ANDREWS

Make your call in the morning.

PRICE

Look mate, my brother said she'd been in a couple of weeks and was really frail. I just want to call the hospital and talk to the nurses or something.

OFFICER ANDREWS

First of all, I'm not your mate and secondly you can make the call tomorrow.

PRICE

For fuck's sake can't you show a bit of fucking humanity.

OFFICER ANDREWS

I'm one staff down on a wing of one twenty and I'm run off my arse trying to deal with every lonely soul who presses his buzzer for a bit of attention. So no, sorry, I'm a bit low on humanity. You can make the call in the morning it's not an emergency.

Price stands facing the intercom, clearly pumped up.

PRICE

Fuck.

He punches the intercom on the wall.

INT: CELL. LATER THAT EVENING.

Price is sitting in the chair in the dark smoking a cigarette. He has taken pictures off his wall and put them on his desk. The pictures are of his mother and of his daughter. We can hear a buzzer going off in the distance and a door being repeatedly booted.

INT: CELL. NEXT MORNING.

The cell is empty. The door opens and Price walks in. He stops and stares out the barred window as though composing himself.

Johns stops by and sees him and walks in.

JOHNS

You ok?

PRICE

Mum's ill.

JOHNS

How ill?

Price shrugs and puts the kettle on. He gestures with the coffee to Johns who nods yes.

PRICE

I spoke to a nurse but she didn't tell me much. Said I'd need to talk to her doctor but that's hard to do from here.

JOHNS

What about your brother?

PRICE

He's being cagey. He said she's been losing a lot of

Weight and they're doing tests.

Price pours the coffee.

PRICE

It's cancer.

JOHNS

Yeah? How can you be so sure?

PRICE

She had cancer ten years ago, had to have a mastectomy. They told her then it could always come back.

Johns reaches out and pats Price on the shoulder.

JOHNS

You don't know for sure. It's hard enough dealing with this stuff on the out but being in here makes it twice as hard.

PRICE

I'll call me dad. Maybe he'll tell me more.

Morris pokes his head through the door.

MORRIS

All ok?

PRICE

My mother's ill.

MORRIS

I heard.

PRICE

It's a fucking public broadcasting service in here.

MORRIS

How is she?

PRICE

I don't really know. Trouble is I can only get certain times to call the hospital or my dad. I asked the screw last night to let me make a call and he told me to forget it.

MORRIS

They don't give a fuck.

JOHNS

You need a phone.

MORRIS

I'll sort you.

INT: CELL EVENING.

Price is lying in his bed asleep. An officer is peering at him through the viewer in the door. It snaps shut. Price lies there a moment then slowly gets up. He walks into the toilet cubicle and sits on the toilet. He has a mobile phone in his hand. He dials a number.

PRICE

Hello... Dad, yeah it's me.

Beat

PRICE (CONT'D)

No, they let me have a phone to call 'cause of mum. How is she?

He listens but keeps his eyes on the cell door.

PRICE

And what did the doctor say?

Price holds his free hand over his eyes as though by doing this he might not have to hear the words his dad is saying.

PRICE

But can't they do something?

Beat.

PRICE (CONT'D)  
She got better before.

There is a long pause and Price is rocking back and forth on the toilet.

PRICE  
But I'm in here dad. She can't do this while I'm in here. I'm trying to get them to let me come out to see her. They said they were looking into me visiting.

Beat

PRICE (CONT'D)  
Has she asked to see me?

Beat

PRICE (CONT'D)  
You need to get a solicitor to contact the prison and call them yourself. Tomorrow. Phone them first thing in the morning. Ask to speak to the Governor. Tell them it's urgent.

Beat.

PRICE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Dad I gotta go. If you speak to mum tell her you spoke to me okay? Tell her I'm sorry. Sorry for everything. Tell her I'll be getting out of here and I won't be back.

Beat.

PRICE (CONT'D)  
I know... I know she didn't. Just tell her ok. Bye.

Price sits with his head in his hands.

INT: CELL. DAY.

Price's OM Jackie Morgan sits on a chair. Price sits on the bunk.

PRICE

I don't understand why this is taking so long.

JACKIE

It has to be cleared for you to visit and then we'll arrange an escort but you have to be patient.

PRICE

She'll be dead by then.

JACKIE

We're doing it as fast as we can.

PRICE

Nothing moves fast in here. You put an app in for anything and it disappears into some screws arsehole.

JACKIE

We'll have you there the day after tomorrow latest.

Price nods.

JACKIE

Despite what you think, even the staff have got mothers so we do understand.

Beat

JACKIE (CONT'D)

The important thing is you don't let this knock back the progress you've made.

PRICE

I don't care about that. I care about my mum.

INT: CELL. DAY.

The cell is empty and the door is unlocked. Price enters. He is wearing civvies. He turns back to glance at the officer who has let him in.

PRICE

Thanks boss.

He sits down and starts to roll a cigarette. He switches on the radio. He looks at the picture of his mum on the wall. Johns knocks and walks in.

JOHNS

How did it go?

PRICE

Not good. What about you?

JOHNS

What about me?

PRICE  
Parole hearing wasn't it.

JOHNS  
Same old. We go for release but  
really thinking Dcat which my  
probation support. The psychologist  
pisses all over me and I'm not  
holding out hope.

PRICE  
Wait and see isn't it.

JOHNS  
That's all there is to do in here.

Beat.

JOHNS (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry about your mum.

PRICE  
Thanks man. You know it never  
occurred to me for a second I'd be  
in here and she'd die or even  
anybody would die. I thought they'd  
all be there when I got out,  
waiting.

JOHNS  
It goes so quick in here but the  
world keeps spinning outside, we  
just don't realise it half the  
time. Is she that bad?

PRICE  
She's been ill for months but her  
and the old man kept it quiet. I  
don't know why they didn't tell me  
before.

JOHNS

Maybe they didn't want to worry you  
with you being in here.

PRICE

That's what my dad said. But they  
must have known she wasn't going to  
make it.

JOHNS

Maybe they didn't want to know.

Price nods in agreement.

JOHNS (CONT'D)

I was inside when my brother died.  
Stabbed outside a club in  
Sheffield. He was in a coma for two  
days before he finally passed. I  
was sitting in a cell when I read  
the news report of him being in a  
critical condition. Saw his name in  
print in the local paper. I  
couldn't believe it. I was going  
mad kicking doors, trying to get  
them to take me to see him.  
Governor came and told me the next  
day the life support machine had  
been turned off.

PRICE

That must have been hard.

JOHNS

I was doing four years. They took  
me to the funeral. My dad pretended  
I wasn't even there. I think he was  
embarrassed that I was handcuffed  
to two screws all the way through.

PRICE

When did all this happen?

JOHNS  
Long time ago.

PRICE  
Did they catch the person who  
killed him?

JOHNS  
Yeah, wasn't hard. It was his  
girlfriend. Pissed up, thought he  
had been chatting up some other  
bird. Stabbed him without warning  
as soon as they got out into the  
fresh air.

PRICE  
Jesus.

JOHNS  
She was five foot nothing and  
weighed about seven stone. She got  
seven years.

PRICE  
Seven!

Beat.

JOHNS  
Went as manslaughter, heat of the  
moment and they played on my  
brother being six one and angry.  
  
You know I didn't cry for him, not  
once. Well you can't when you're in  
a place like this you can't show  
any weakness but even now  
throughout all the years, never  
shed a tear. Sometimes I wonder  
about that. How I can be so hard.  
Is that what jail time does to you.

PRICE  
I think it does. I'm not coming  
back though, I'm sure of that.

JOHNS

I wish I could say the same but  
there's no guarantees.

PRICE

What would stop you?

Johns thinks about this then nods as if convincing himself.

JOHNS

Age. I'm thirty-eight now. Too old  
for this. I'm worn out. Just done  
too much time.

PRICE

I told them you know.

JOHNS

Told them what?

PRICE

I told them I was sorry. I told  
them I'd do the courses I need to  
do.

JOHNS

That's good. It's the right thing.

INT: CELL DAY.

The door opens and Price walks in. He is wearing a black suit, white shirt, black tie.

Officer Williams stands in the doorway.

Price looks to his desk. He walks over there is a tray with sandwiches, an apple and a doughnut. He picks up the sandwiches.

OFFICER WILLIAMS

The boys kept that back for you.  
They weren't sure you would have  
eaten.

Price sits in his bed and rubs at his face.

OFFICER WILLIAMS

Long day?

PRICE

Yeah, very long.

He undoes his tie and chuck it onto his chair. Davies is still standing in the doorway.

PRICE

You going to stand there all night?

OFFICER WILLIAMS

There was a meeting about whether  
you should have bedwatch but I said  
you weren't the type to harm  
yourself.

PRICE

I'll take that as a compliment?

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
We'll be checking you more  
regularly than usual though.

Price gets up and grabs his kettle. He fills it and plugs it in.

PRICE  
That's reassuring.

He gets his cup and puts a tea bag into it.

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
There'll be someone by to collect  
the suit in the morning.

PRICE  
I would offer you a cuppa but I've  
only got one cup.

He sits back down.

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
You know my mother died. Five years  
ago. It's hard, very hard.

Price sighs.

PRICE

Is this where you tell me your experiences and I tell you mine and we become friends bridging the gap between officer and inmate?

OFFICER WILLIAMS

No Price, because I'm a screw and you're a con. It's you against me isn't it? I'm telling you this because I think you should be asking yourself the same question I asked myself when my mother died.

PRICE

Oh yeah? What's that then?

OFFICER WILLIAMS

Ask yourself if she would be proud of you.

PRICE

What?

OFFICER WILLIAMS

Look where you are and what you've done and ask would she be proud of what her boy has achieved.

Price looks almost as if he can't believe what he is hearing.

PRICE

Aww fuck...

OFFICER WILLIAMS

What? Getting upset. Feeling aggrieved?

PRICE

I can't fucking believe you'd say that.

OFFICER WILLIAMS

Hurts does it? I'm sick of seeing people like you and all the damage you cause. Twelve years in here, the faces change but you're all the same. So yeah, ask yourself, would your mother be happy looking at you now. Maybe you can still be someone she's proud of.

He slams the door shut. Price stares after him. He gets to his feet and calmly makes his tea. He stretches out on the bed. His eyes close. They snap open. His face is expressionless.

INT: CELL MORNING.

Price is on the bed still dressed as the night before. The door crashes open waking him up. He stares at the officer who stares back.

We can hear the wing coming alive beyond the door.

He sits up. Morris walks in smiling brightly.

MORRIS

Ok?

Price nods.

MORRIS

The boys thought it might be a rough couple of days.

He checks his shoulder before holding something out to Price who takes it.

MORRIS

Help you through the weekend. Come on, shift there'll be nothing but grease by the time you make the servery.

Morris bounces out. Price looks at the little package Morris has passed him. He puts it in his pocket and gets up.

INT CELL DAY

The cell is empty and the door is slightly open. Price walks in with his canteen. He looks a little suspicious but there is nothing amiss. He drops the canteen on his bunk. It is then he sees the roll of paper on the bed with an elastic band round it.

He picks it up and takes off the band. He unrolls the paper and sees it is a drawing from the picture of his mother. He turns and sees the picture is still there. He holds the drawing next to the picture.

JOHNS

Awright?

PRICE

Yeah.

JOHNS

Good innit?

PRICE

Really good.

JOHNS

Young boy, Singh on B2 did it.  
Brilliant artist. He did one of my  
daughter a few weeks ago. Wife  
loved it.

PRICE

What do I owe?

JOHNS

It's from the boys.

Price nods. Johns leaves. Price goes through the motions of putting his toothpaste on the back of the picture and fixing it to the wall. He stands back to admire his work. Morris looks in the door. He doesn't say anything, walks away.

INT CELL DAY

Price is sitting at his desk. He is opening an envelope. He takes out the contents. There is a letter and another envelope.

He takes the letter out of the official envelope.

MALE V/O

Dear Mr Price,

Please find enclosed a letter written by your mother for you before she sadly passed away. It was part of the instructions in her estate that the letter should be forwarded to you upon settlement of her affairs.

I am also instructed to inform you that she has bequeathed you a sum of five thousand pounds.

The money will be held in trust for you until you are released from prison.

Price puts down the letter. He examines the other envelope. His fingers tracing over the edge where it has been razored open.

He takes out the letter and unfolds it.

MUM V/O

Dear Andrew James,

Close up, drawing of his mother on the wall.

MUM V/O (CONT'D)

I am writing because we probably won't have time to speak much. I don't really have a lot to say now that I am sitting here.

(MORE)

MUM V/O (CONT'D)

I thought about what I wanted to write and it could have filled a book but it doesn't seem to matter anymore. I suppose what I want to say is goodbye. To tell you to look after yourself and to be kind to yourself.

You were such a loving boy and I know that boy is still in there. Look after your family, especially Emma. Make her happy. She will only have this time with you once.

Goodbye son. I love you.

Mum

Price folds the letter and returns it to the envelope. He gets up and takes off the sweatshirt he is wearing. He goes into the toilet and rinses his face.

The cell door is swung open.

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
Gym.

Price turns and stares at him.

PRICE  
You didn't have to open the letter.

Officer Williams just stares.

PRICE (CONT'D)  
You didn't have to open my dead  
mother's letter to me!

Davies steps into the cell.

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
All mail except legal mail is  
opened. Security wouldn't have  
known. They would just have  
followed procedures.

Both men continue to stare. Morris appears behind Officer Williams.

MORRIS  
Everything alright?

OFFICER WILLIAMS  
Fine.

He turns and walks away.

MORRIS  
What was that about?

PRICE  
Nothing.

MORRIS  
You ok?

PRICE

Yeah, I'm good.

MORRIS

You heard the news? Johns got  
D'catted.

INT: CELL. NIGHT.

Price is lying quietly on his bed. His radio is playing. He is smoking. Johns is sitting in the chair and Morris is perched on the end of the bunk. We can hear shouting from the wing and doors banging.

Behind your door! Behind your door!

JOHNS

Better make a move.

PRICE

Yeah, you don't want to get a  
nicking tonight.

They all laugh.

MORRIS

Maybe he does. Maybe he doesn't  
want to leave us.

JOHNS

Last thing I want to do is spend  
another day in this shithole.

The three stand and shake hands.

PRICE (TO JOHNS)  
I'll be seeing you man.

JOHNS

Stay good and you'll be following  
me on before you know it.

Price watches the other two leave then quietly closes his door. He goes in to the toilet and takes out a small package. He looks at it briefly, then chucks it down the toilet and flushes.

INT: CELL. DAY.

Jackie Morgan is sitting in the chair while Price is on the edge of his bunk.

JACKIE  
The course will start in two weeks.

PRICE  
What's it called again?

JACKIE  
BBR, Building Better Relationships.

PRICE  
I could do with that.

JACKIE  
Are you writing to your daughter?

Price shakes his head.

JACKIE (CONTD)

But she'll be missing you. You need  
to keep that relationship up.

PRICE

I know. It's awkward though, she  
didn't know I was here until my  
mother's funeral.

JACKIE

Send her a letter. You're her dad.

INT: CELL. EVENING.

Price is sitting at his desk writing a letter. The radio  
plays quietly.

PRICE (V.O)

Dear Emma,

I have been waiting to write to you  
because I wanted you to be the  
first I said this too, so here it  
is love, I am sorry...

He sits back and looks at the letter for a long time.

FADE OUT:

CAPTION. WHITE LETTERS ON BLACK BACKGROUND.

SIX MONTHS LATER.

INT: CELL DAY.

The cell is empty. Rain can be heard. An envelope appears under the door.

INT: CELL. LATER SAMEDAY.

The cell door opens and Price enters. He is wearing a polo shirt that says Peer Partner on the back. He notices the envelope and stops to pick it up. He switches on his radio and sits in the plastic chair.

He examines the envelope before finally opening it. He reads the letter then carefully folds it and puts it back in the envelope.

Morris pops into the cell. He grins at Price.

MORRIS

Look what I've got.

He holds out a packet of chocolate biscuits.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

You can't get Hobnobs on canteen  
mate.

Price doesn't react. He just stares at Morris.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

What?

Price holds out the envelope.

PRICE

I got D cat.

Morris takes the envelope, takes out the letter and reads it.

MORRIS  
Congratulations.

Price shrugs and looks uncomfortable.

PRICE  
Don't know if it's worth it. Three month lie down before I would even get a home visit and I've got a good job here now.

MORRIS  
Don't talk shit, no walls or closed doors. Get out of here.

PRICE  
You'll be next man.

Morris laughs.

MORRIS  
I've got years to get through. Well done, you deserve this. Now, let's open the Hobnobs before anyone else pokes their snout in here.

INT: CELL. DAY.

The cell is bare. All pictures have been taken down and the walls are now just sprayed with little dots of hardened whitener. There is a metal cage in the cell and Price is lifting the final boxes of his belongings into this.

He puts the last box inside and closes the cage door. He gets behind it and has one brief glance before pushing the cage through the door.

The door is slammed shut and we are left in an entirely bare cell.

INT: WING LANDING. SAMETIME.

We are looking down the landing and Price's back as he pushes all his worldly goods away from us. There are shouts from all over the wing. Good wishes and goodbyes.

Close up of the cell door. An officer walks into shot with his back to us and lifts the card with Price's photograph and details out of the metal bracket and walks away.

END CREDITS