

YOUR JOURNEY HERE

Written by

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EXT. GREAT VICTORIA STREET, BELFAST, 2016 - DAY

A sea of screaming faces, CLAIRE's (38) amongst them, contorted with rage.

INT. FERRY CHECK IN, 2019 - DAY

A small suitcase rolls down a clean corridor.

EXT. GREAT VICTORIA STREET, 2016.

The swell of protesters hold 'LIFE' banners and wave leaflets at the women, flanked by escorts, who exit the Marie Stopes Clinic on the other side the street.

Claire pulls a bottle of holy water from her bag.

INT. FERRY CHECK IN.

The CHECK-IN CLERK can hear the footsteps down the hall. She only looks up when they fall silent.

Claire, a few years older, slides her ticket across the counter.

EXT. GREAT VICTORIA STREET, 2016.

One escorted woman, ALLY (late 20s) looks particularly nervous. Claire throws the bottle of water over her.

Ally is soaked. The crowd jeers. She begins to cry, but she keeps walking.

Claire spits after her.

CLAIRE
Murderer!

Some anti-abortion leaflets spill out of her pockets and fall to the wet pavement...

EXT. GREAT VICTORIA STREET, 2019 - DAY

...where they stay.

The protesters are gone, but their shouting still echoes through the empty street.

The Marie Stopes Clinic is boarded up.

INT. FERRY CHECK IN.

The check-in clerk escorts Claire towards a door.

CHECK-IN CLERK
Walk-on passengers wait in here.
Next bus to the ferry'll be here in
20 minutes.

The clerk opens the door and ushers Claire in.

INT. THE WAITING ROOM.

The room has rows of waiting room chairs, a coffee table of magazines and a television in one corner. In the other corner, a small counter selling food and drink, with no attendant.

Claire takes out her purse and approaches the counter.

The waiting room is almost entirely occupied by women. ZOE (20s) is surrounded by bags, drinking water and watching the tv. AGATA, (30s) is talking on her mobile in Polish. MARK, (late teens) the only man, is staring at his hands.

Claire turns to Zoe.

CLAIRE
How'd you buy that water?

ZOE
The cashier- she went to the
toilet, I think.

Claire stuffs her purse away and sits down. Zoe holds out the water.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Want some of mine?

Claire swipes a tabloid from the coffee table and ignores her.

She tries to focus on the newspaper, but keeps glancing at Agata, who's still talking. She sighs pointedly. Agata keeps talking.

AGATA
Nie mozesz klamac ze jestes chory,
bo cie szef zlapie.

(SUBTITLE)

If your boss catches you lying to
get off work, you're finished.

A man's voice mumbles on the other end of the phone.

AGATA

Nie musisz mnie odebrać, weźme busa
do domu.

(SUBTITLE)

You don't need to pick me up, I'll
catch the bus home.

Claire glares at Agata and hushes her. Agata tries to avoid
eye contact.

AGATA

Powinno być, będzie w porządku.
Kocham Ci-

(SUBTITLE)

I should go, I'll be fine. I love y-

CLAIRE

Do you not understand me? Shut up!

Agata drops the phone to her lap.

ZOE

Don't talk to her like that!

AGATA

Don't worry about it.

Zoe and Agata share a smile. Agata's eyes drop to her phone.

She's googling directions. An advert for maternity wear pops
up and her hand freezes.

INT. A STAFF ROOM - DAY.

FELIKS (30s) puts his phone on the table in front of him. His
screensaver is of him and Agata.

BARRY (30s) bustles in with a bag of baby things, which he
holds out to Feliks.

BARRY

Brought some of Lucy's old baby
gowns for you and Agata.

FELIKS
Thanks, but I can't take them.

BARRY
Of course you can- is everything
alright big fella?

INT. THE WAITING ROOM.

Agata dismisses the advert, choosing 'this advert is not relevant to me'.

FELIKS (O.C.)
Our baby wouldn't survive birth-
and Agata probably wouldn't,
either.

The advert disappears, and a tear lands on the screen where it was. She's searching directions to a family planning clinic in England.

The channels switch on the tv behind her, the volume gets louder.

Claire stops the channel hopping at Good Morning Britain. She watches Piers Morgan and fiddles with her crucifix necklace.