

Well.

Painting is it.

Art by name, what.

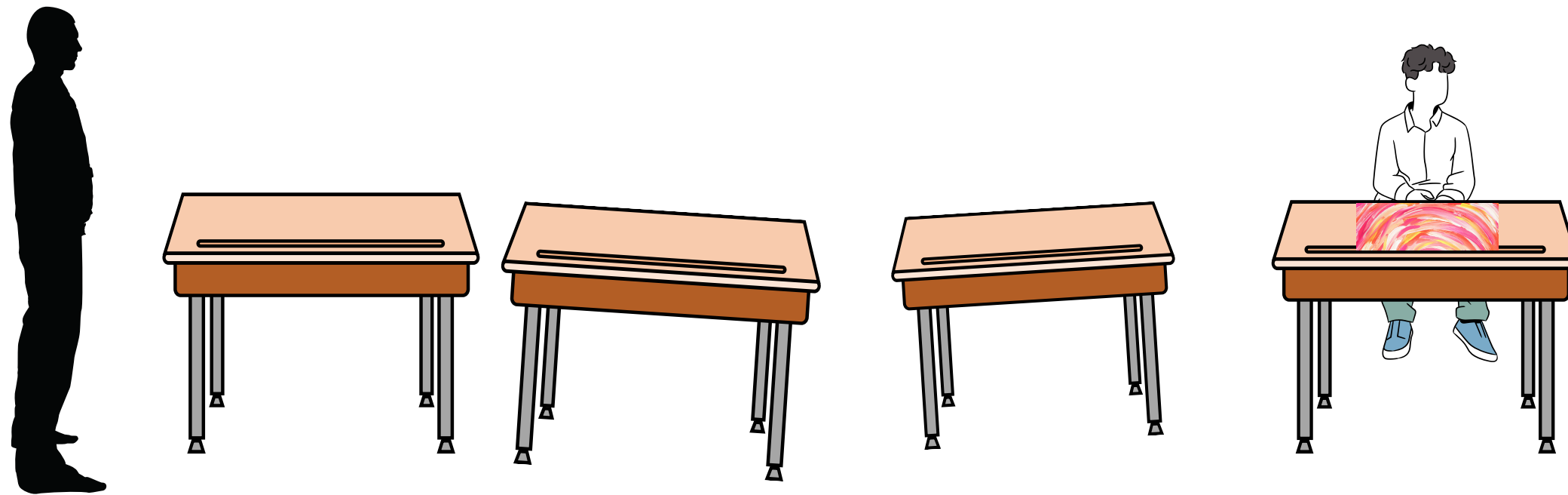
Ah I know. Looks good but.

Well.

Drawing just.

Aye, not heard that one.

Thanks.



And that's the lot is it? Just the
drawing for our Art.

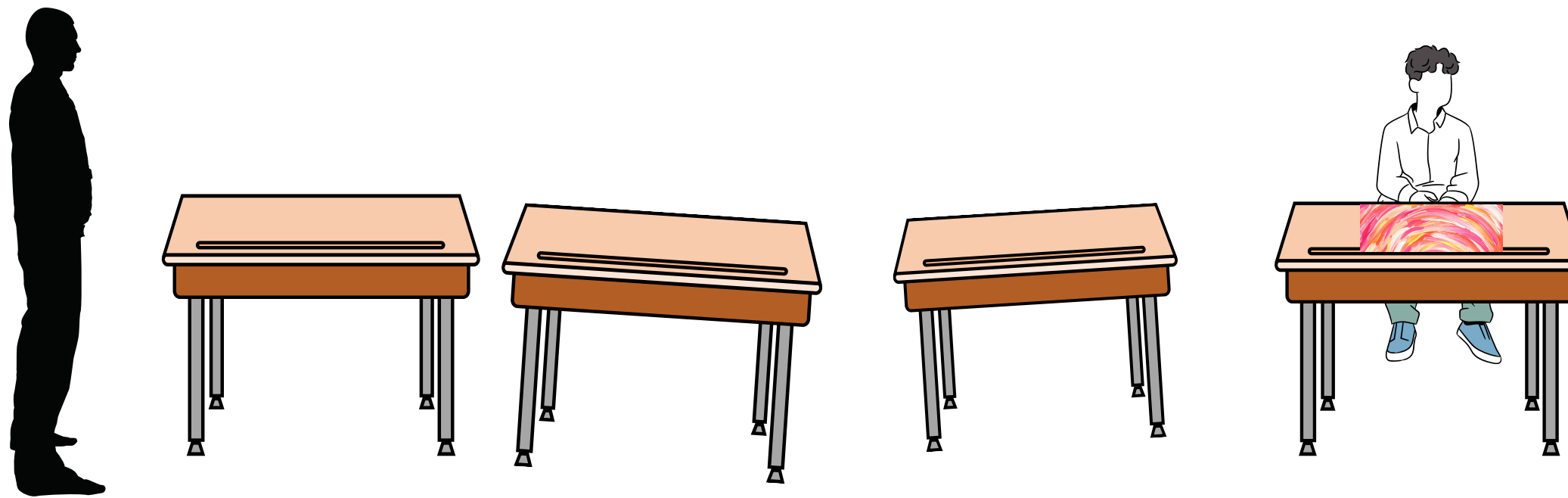
Aye. Rest's balls.

Ever hear themn's o'er the way? Know
what you'd be at that side? O-Levels. Four
classes a day, minimum. Basketball Friday
if you've your lessons done.

So?

So. So what comes after all this here. What do their
wee'ns hear on a visit. History. Poems.

Poems?



It's in here they're building. In here.
Stockpiling the real weaponry.
See us in a few years?
No competition. They'll be out of sight.

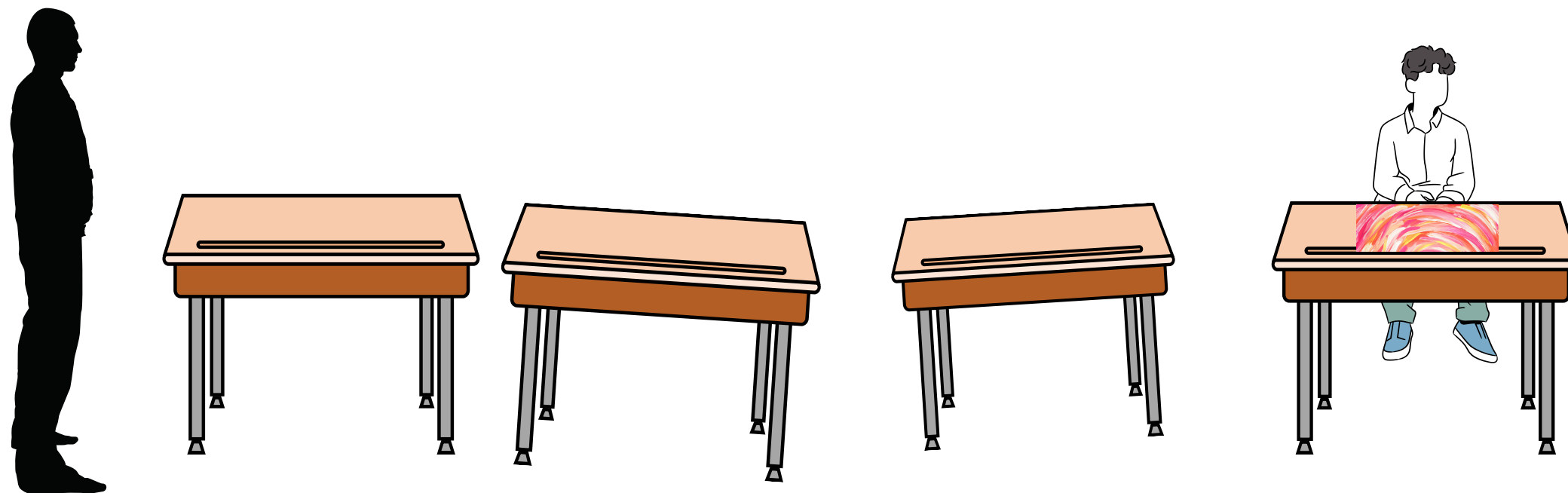
Ask me, we could do with
an OC for that alone.

Me? Naw. Only out
planting seeds.

What if it's just for the look
of it? Keep that OC there
off a fella's back?

You putting
yourself forward?

Well gwan out the garden
so, give off at them.



What's it anyhow?

You like your reds. Is that what you see when your eyes shut?

Right.

Why not what? Burn 'er down?

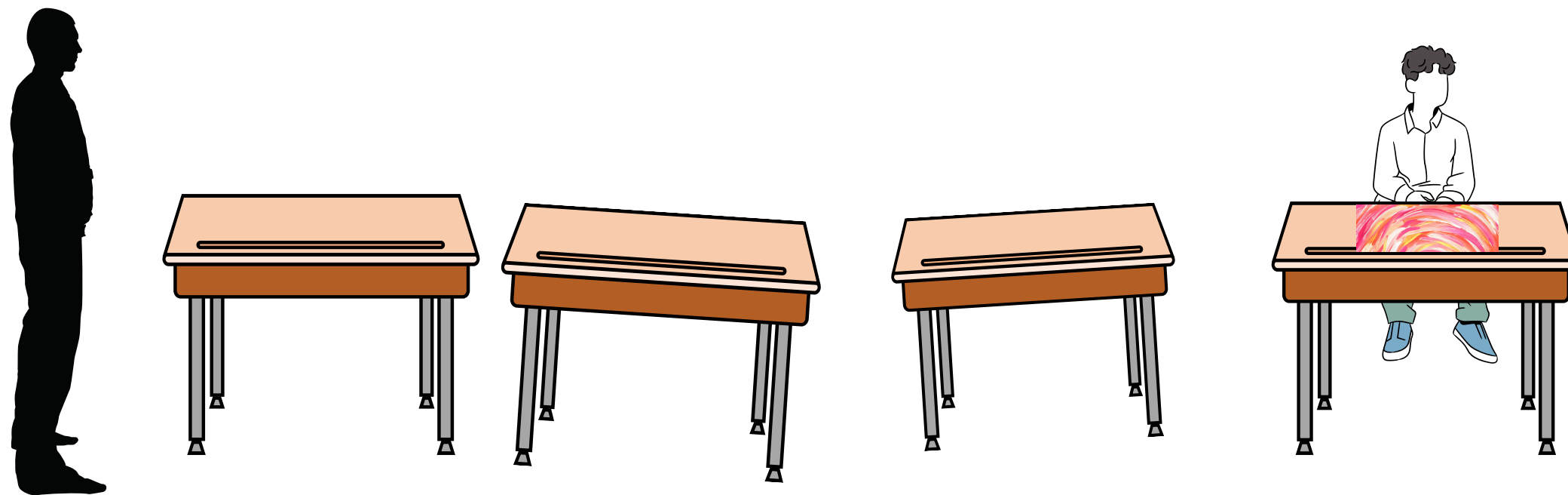
Fuck up and listen.

Nahhin.

Sometimes, aye. Red over this whole fuckin' place.

And why not?

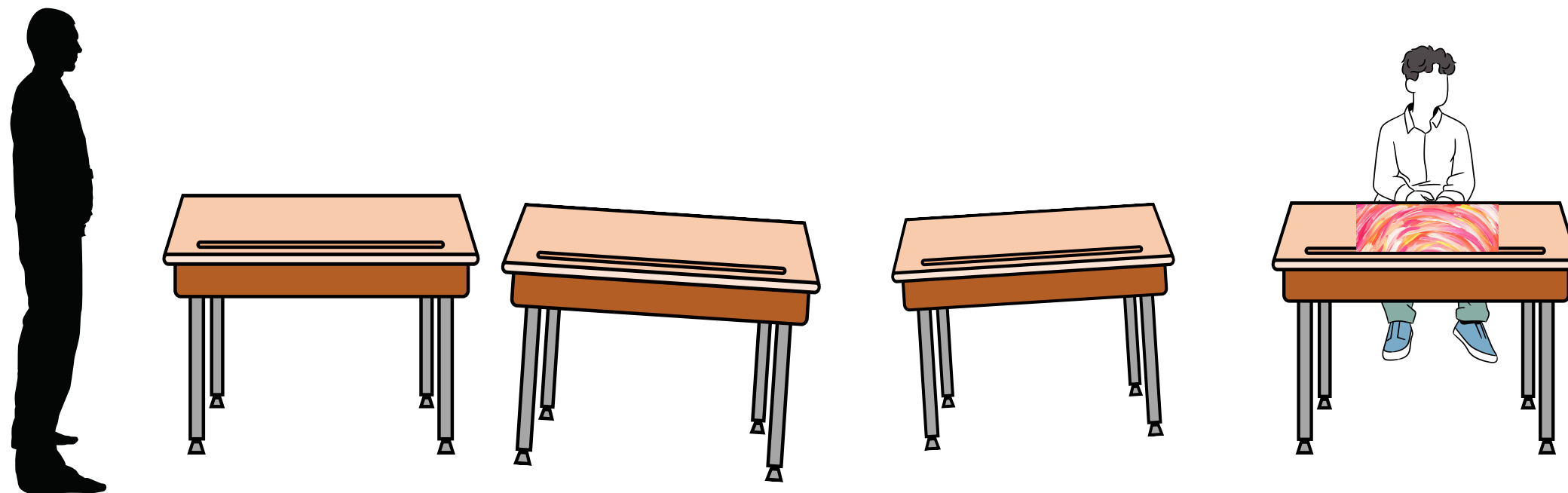
You heard about them ones in Newry? Riot sent the canteen up. You could go big. Get ours out first, spray some...



Even if you burned everything in here,
they've a copy of every form in Belfast.

Forms? What's that got...

Forms, aye, different coloured forms. There's
one that says where you go, one says where
they go, which gate he goes out when he wakens
and collects your drawings. Think that one's pink.



It's not the bars keep us apart from the rest
outside. There's a matter between the bars.
You see it don't you.

Aye. I do right enough.

Aye. I knew you could.



So what then? What's
there to be done, if
there's no levelling it.
Run?

Aye, run. But not the
way you're thinking.

What way?

Run hard enough that
they don't get out of sight.
Keep up, that's your job.

I don't know what...

You're smart, Art. Are Art's a smart'n.
You'll work it out.

