

Transcript – A Stone’s Throw

KEY:

YJ: Young Jack

J: Jack

GG: Granda George

A: Ant

L: Laura

BA: Big Al

JO: Joe

(CHILD IMITATING AMBULANCE SIREN)

J: This is me, Jack.

GG: Gotcha! C’mon you. Your dinner’s ready.

YJ: One minute.

J: I stayed with my granda a lot growing up. My ma was out a lot. Mostly at the pub. And my da, well. He was in jail.

GG: Jack! Get yourself a chip, son.

J: Thanks granda!

J: What’re we at tonight then?

A: I am skint.

J: My granda George gave me a tenner, like.

A: Yo, lads! Look at that!

(DISTANT SHOUTING)

(POLICE SIREN)

J: We hated the other side, and they hated us. But we both hated the peelers. Ambulances, and Fire Brigades too. It was just like... That enemy in uniform sort of thing.

J: That was your last chance, Mum. You might as well live at the pub. No, no. I've heard it all before. You care more about gargling drugs than you do me.

GG: Jack! Do you want me to talk to her, son? Jack!

L: I can't believe she did that to you again.

J: Thought she was actually going to come this time.

L: Listen. You don't really need her.

A: Well, what's going on between you two over here?

L: Nothing.

A: Aye, aye. Sure what were yous at last night?

L: Just sat in the house.

A: I know. Down here's brutal, nothing to do about, it's wick. Yous hear that? C'mon!

(AMBULANCE SIREN)

(SHOUTING)

(GLASS SHATTERING)

J: It was granda that the ambulance was getting through to. He would've had a chance. We stopped... I stopped it. I was sent to a Young Offenders Centre. Got out on my sixteenth birthday.

A: Dare you to smash that ball against a car.

L: Do one.

J: Leave her alone, will you?

A: Sure yous are both headers. Go round and smash a window over on Terrence Street.

J: What're you on about?

A: You know what I'm on about. You won't do it.

J: You're mad.

A: You've changed.

J: Alright then.

A: Wanna do it? Come back to me when you do it then.

BA: Hey! Drop it! Drop it.

Now come in. Come inside.

Here Joe, can you do us a favour? Can you look after Jack here for us?

Brilliant, thank you, man.

JO: Do you want a shot?

J: Aye, go for it.

J: Big Al. Was in and out of prison. He looks after kids just like me.

That day changed my life. Turns out, my mates weren't my mates after all. I'm volunteering at a youth club, and I'm a role model for all the other ones growing up. We organised a football match. We got to go to a concert in Dublin. I couldn't go to the trip in America because of my record. Tough, but we got to do all sorts of other things.

It's been good.

But I'll never get my granda back. And that's just something I'm going to have to live with.