

IN RUMI'S FIELD - (EXCERPT)

INT. A PRISON CORRIDOR. AFTERNOON.

Camera takes us down the corridor. The sounds of inmates and clinking locks.

RUTH (V.O)

"Somewhere between rightness and wrongness there is a field. I'll meet you there..."

A sheet of paper blue-tac'd to a door which reads:

Non-Violent Communication Workshop

INT. ANNEX OF THE PRISON. AFTERNOON.

CLOSE UP ON:

A name badge which reads: "Prof. Ruth Ralston"

PAN OUT SLOWLY TO REVEAL:

RUTH, 40, corporate and professional, sits on a plastic chair in a stark meeting room. Smartly dressed and wearing spectacles. New to the job.

RUTH

What Rûmî was trying to say was that it may not always be important to have someone in the right or someone in the wrong. There's a middle ground we can reach before we...

Four prison inmates sit on plastic chairs, disinterested and disengaged. Two prison guards stand nearby. **Drew, 32**, toothless crack addict, interrupts-

DREW

Shiv the fucker.

RUTH

Quite. Everyone has a bit of right and wrong in them-

JENKINS

I'll put a bit of wrong in ya.

Jenkins, 30, twitchy and criminally insane, grabs his crotch and winks at Ruth.

(CONTINUED)

Davies, 46, a well meaning and well trained prison guard standing close to Jenkins, shoots him a warning glance.

DAVIES

Oi. Pack it in.

DREW

She's too old for you Jenkins.
She's done her GCSEs.

JENKINS

Fuck off.

DREW

Nonce.

McCormack, 27, aggressive prison guard, new on the job, grabs Drew too tightly by the collar and reaches for his handcuffs.

MCCORMACK

You want the cuffs back on, Drew?

Drew is bright red and visibly livid. He eyeballs Ruth and clenches his teeth.

RUTH

That won't be necessary.

MCCORMACK

(To Drew)

Did you hear me?

DREW

Yes.

McCormack releases him.

MCCORMACK

As you were, miss.

Ruth adjusts her glasses and consults her notes.

She looks back up, composed.

RUTH

So...

INT. A BATHROOM. MORNING.

Earlier that morning, Ruth practises in a bathroom mirror.

RUTH

(Sweeping her hair into a chignon)

I think what he meant by that-

She tries again, with a different inflection.

RUTH

I think what he meant by that-

She narrows her eyes at her reflection.

THE ANNEX. AFTERNOON.

RUTH

(With more confidence)

I think what he meant by that is that we each have the option to choose how we respond to situations.

Ruth consults her clipboard and selects a name at random.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Mr... Hallet? What are your thoughts on this?

Hallet, 40, silent but dangerous mountain of a man, shrugs. Davies interjects.

DAVIES

I'll remind you that participation is not optional.

HALLET

(Reluctant)

I agree.

RUTH

With what, Mr Hallet?

HALLET

That we choose how we respond to situations.

(CONTINUED)

RUTH

Fantastic.

She takes off her glasses and hold them by one arm. She goes to say something.

THE BATHROOM. MORNING.

FLASHBACK:

Ruth is in front of the mirror. She practises swinging the glasses round in a circle by one arm. They swing out of her hand and drop into the sink, "Shit".

INT. THE ANNEX. AFTERNOON.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Could you maybe share with us the last time you felt challenged? And how you responded in that moment?

She deftly swings the glasses and returns them to her face.

HALLET

(Wry)

With patience and... kindness.

JENKINS

(Giggles, maniacally)

He's winding you up. I've seen him kill a man with his bare hands.

HALLET

What the FUCK you talking about?

Silence. After a while, Ruth breaks the tension.

RUTH

In moments of anger, is it perhaps wise to *reflect*, in order to find the best course of action?

DREW

Not everyone has the option to plaster over shit with some poxy inspirational quotes.

RUTH

Go on, uh...

She looks at her list.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Mr Drew, is it?

Drew sits back in his chair, his left leg restless. He eyeballs her, with a snarl on his lips.

DREW

Basically, *Darlin'*...

Ruth shifts in her seat.

DREW (CONT'D)

...I'd seen more shit by the age of ten than you'll probably see in your entire life.

RUTH

With all due respect, you have no idea what I've experienced.

DREW

I can just tell. I know who you are.

RUTH

And who am I?

DREW

Privileged.

Jenkins bounces in his seat and joins in.

JENKINS

Poncey...

Drew and Hallet exchange looks. McCormack takes a step towards Jenkins with his hand on his baton.

MCCORMACK

Oi!

HALLET

(Aside to Jenkins)
Watch yourself...

JENKINS
(Stands)
...Bitch!

McCormack lunges at Jenkins, as Drew and Hallet exchange a glance.

Jenkins produces a shiv from his waistband.

INT. RUTH'S HOUSE. MORNING.

FLASHBACK:

Ruth is on the phone.

RUTH
So we won't be in the main prison building? Right, and how tight is the security in the annexe?

INT. THE ANNEX. AFTERNOON.

Jenkins slashes McCormack across the belly, then laughs manically.

McCormack takes a few steps back and clutches his stomach. He looks down as the blood seeps through his fingers.

DREW
What're you playin' at?! That wasn't part of the plan!

JENKINS
I'm improvising.

Davies springs into action and charges at Drew from the side. He knocks him to the floor.

Davies makes his way toward Hallet, who slowly walks towards RUTH like an animal stalks its prey.

DAVIES
Don't be a dick, Hallet. You'll be months in solitary after this.

Hallet grabs Ruth and pulls her in front of him as a shield, and faces Davies with his back to the wall. His forearm crushes her throat.

HALLET

Back the fuck away. I'll kill
her, I mean it.

Davies glances behind him where McCormack lies limp on the floor, unconscious. Drew and Jenkins zip-tie his wrists with rehearsed dexterity.

Jenkins lets out another giggle.

Davies turns back toward Hallet and slowly moves his hand toward his waistband.

HALLET

Move your hand one fucking
centimetre nearer that taser and
I'll break every bone in her
body.

Davies swallows. He senses Drew and Jenkins behind him.

DAVIES

I know you Hallet, you
wouldn't hurt a woman.

Davies starts towards him with the taser. In a flash of action Hallet spins Ruth around and delivers a sharp blow to her face.

She falls to the floor.

The next few shots are seen from Ruth's POV. Her vision blurred, she drifts in and out of consciousness. Muffled sounds, and a constant ringing in her ears.

The three men surround Davies. They punch and kick him.

Hallet puts on a prison guard's jacket.

Jenkins laughs again.

INT. THE CORRIDOR. AFTERNOON.

Ruth is carried out of the room. The three men overhead look around as they make their way down the corridor.

The ringing gets louder. Ruth blinks, then drifts back out of consciousness.

(CONTINUED)

END OF EXCERPT