

# AISHA

Written by Frank Berry

INT. CARRIG NUA DIRECT PROVISION CENTRE, HALL - EVENING

A handmade poster on a bare wall reads '*Solidarity with the Momoh Family*' in large writing. In front of the poster we see the back of a woman's head, covered by a tight, colourful gele headscarf. The woman is AISHA OSAGIE (late twenties) from Benin city, Nigeria. Aisha is applying make-up to a group of RESIDENTS of all ages. One girl, who has a scar across her shoulder, self consciously tries to cover it up with her tee-shirt. Aisha cups the girls face in her hands, and smiles encouragingly.

Beside them an audience of family and friends sit on the floor of a hall.

Caption: *Carrig Nua Direct Provision Centre, Co. Dublin, Ireland.*

From the wings Aisha watches the dancers walk out in front of the audience, and arrange themselves into a starting formation. They are nervous, but excited. They wait, with their heads down. Then two DRUMMERS begin playing a powerful beat.

The dancers start to move. They are well rehearsed and tight. The better dancers at the front lead the way, but everyone shows real expression and attitude. The performance is joyous and empowering. Aisha is transfixed.

Suddenly the door of the hall opens and glaring fluorescent lights are switched on. Two stocky security guards BELTON and CANTWELL enter the room. Aisha looks over to them, her eyes adjusting to the light.

BELTON

Sorry folks. This room is being used.

Slowly the girls stop dancing. A Syrian man HUSSAN NASSAR stands up. He speaks in English.

HUSSAN NASSAR

What are you doing?

BELTON

It's booked for staff. Sorry everyone. Time's up.

HUSSAN NASSAR

We were told we could have this for two hours.

BELTON

By who?

HUSSAN NASSAR

In the office.

(CONTINUED)

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BELTON

Who?

HUSSAN NASSAR

The lady.

Belton smirks, and turns away from Hussan to address the group.

BELTON

Hurry up please. Anyone who doesn't cooperate will have their name taken.

The residents reluctantly start to stand up and leave the room.

HUSSAN NASSAR

How dare you!

Hussan pulls Belton by the arm, provoking a violent shrug from him. Cantwell steps in between them.

CANTWELL

Relax.

Sensing trouble Aisha and others quickly guide the young people to the door.

HUSSAN NASSAR

Show some respect!

Belton turns his back to Hussan once more, and again Hussan grabs his arm. This time Belton swings around angrily and is held back by Cantwell.

Aisha holds the hall door open, urging the children to get out fast. OFFICE STAFF and another SECURITY GUARD pass them urgently, and enter the hall. Aisha follows the children into the lobby as the door closes behind them.

THROUGH HALL DOOR WINDOW: We look back into the hall as more residents and security staff get vocally involved in the altercation. Tension rises, and a brawl threatens to erupt.

Title on Screen - PROVISION

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

The next morning, just before sunrise, Aisha is fast asleep when a low sounding alarm on her phone wakes her up. She turns the alarm off quickly, hoping not to have woken anyone else in the room. Disgruntled groans come from the other beds but they are brief.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, BATHROOM – EARLY MORNING

A few moments later Aisha, dressed in her pyjamas, performs wudu in front of the mirror of the bathroom. She washes her face three times, then her right arm up to her elbow, and her left arm while placing her right hand on the top of her head.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, BEDROOM – EARLY MORNING

Back in her bedroom Aisha, now fully dressed and wearing a headscarf, kneels on a prayer mat in the corner. She flows in her salat prayer moves, bending, standing back and prostrating.

Aisha finishes her prayer by rubbing her hands to her face. Close to her the blurry image of HABIBA MOMOH, a woman from northern Nigeria and a little older than Aisha, comes into focus. Aisha watches Habiba swallow two tablets with a glass of water. They speak in Nigerian-Pidgin English.

HABIBA

You dey work today?  
(Are you working today?)

AISHA

Yes.

We see the room more clearly now, it is a very cramped communal bedroom containing two bunk beds. Clothes are spread out across furniture to dry, and there is very little light. In the top bunks Habiba's daughter RUKAYA MOMOH (or RUKI) (aged seventeen) and her son ABDUL MOMOH (aged twelve) are also waking up.

EXT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE – MORNING

Later in the morning, outside, a Dublin man CONOR HEALY (early thirties) wearing jeans and a rain jacket approaches the Carrig Nua building.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, CORRIDOR – MORNING

Carrying her handbag, Aisha walks through a dark and cramped corridor.

She passes some residents who are standing idly around. Some of them look at Aisha with deep, traumatized stares.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, STAIRS – MORNING

Aisha's hand slides down the bannister of the stairs as she descends the many steps.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, LOBBY AREA - CONTINUOUS

She appears at the bottom of the stairs in the lobby, and enters the canteen area.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, CANTEEN - CONTINUOUS

Aisha enters a busy canteen area and weaves through a grid of tables placed close together. She approaches the counter, places a voucher on it and picks up an apple. A KITCHEN WORKER nods to her, no problem. A YOUNG WOMAN taps Aisha on her arm.

YOUNG WOMAN

I think there is a letter for you.

Aisha responds with an anxious look and nods, thanks.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, LOBBY - MORNING

Aisha arrives back into the lobby, which is now quite noisy with residents on their way into the canteen. She approaches Cantwell who is sitting behind the security desk.

AISHA

Excuse me. I have post.

CANTWELL

Your card?

AISHA

It's upstairs.

Cantwell doesn't reply.

AISHA

I will miss my bus.

CANTWELL

You're supposed to have it with you at all times.

Aisha looks at him, come on.

CANTWELL

What do you want me to do?

AISHA

Can I just have it?

CANTWELL

I need your card.

The doorbell sounds and Cantwell gets up to answer it. Aisha sighs with frustration and walks quickly back towards the stairs.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, STAIRS - MORNING

Aisha's hand goes back onto the bannister of the stairs, and she pulls herself up. She passes Habiba, Abdul and Rukaya on their way out, the children carrying school bags. They speak in English.

ABDUL

Bye Aisha.

AISHA

Bye.

She continues up the stairs.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, BEDROOM - MORNING

Aisha enters her room and searches a drawer of her cupboard which contains mostly legal letters and printed e-mails. Finally she finds her registration card, and shuts the drawer.

Above the drawer, stuck on the wooden head-board, is a photograph of her mother, father and brother. Beside the photo the word 'Abida' is carved into the wood.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, LOBBY - MORNING

Back in the lobby Aisha notices frustratingly that Cantwell is no longer at his post. She decides to stand by the security hatch and wait for him.

Across the lobby a group of residents make their way into the canteen revealing Conor, the man who was stopped outside, standing alone. We see him closer now. Conor has handsome features but his rough skin and pale complexion point to years of substance abuse. He carries a large envelope.

Conor looks at some of the many signs mounted on a wall; 'No pets allowed'. 'No laptops, phone or tablet use from 12am-7am'. 'No visitors allowed'. 'If you change your mind and want to go back, just talk to us. We will help'.

Another handmade poster reads '*Save the Momoh Family. Sign the petition; Change.org/MomohFamily*'.

Aisha looks over at her letter and is tempted to go in and grab it when the door to the manager's office opens near Conor, and Cantwell appears. He is followed by MR MANNING, a by-the-book middle-aged manager. Manning greets Conor with a handshake as Cantwell waits by his side. Aisha watches them, impatiently.

MANNING

Conor.

(CONTINUED)

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CONOR  
How's it going?

MANNING  
You always work with this security  
company?

CONOR  
Since last year.

MANNING  
It's the night shift. Seven to  
eight.

CONOR  
That's grand.

Manning looks at the envelope in Conor's hand, and Conor  
hands it over.

CONOR  
License and CV in that.

MANNING  
Are these copies?

CONOR  
Yeah.

Manning quickly reads the documents, and sizes Conor up for a  
moment.

MANNING  
Could you start tomorrow? One of  
your lads left us last week.

CONOR  
No problem. Yeah I heard about  
that.

MANNING  
Okay good. Cantwell will walk you  
around. See you at seven tomorrow.

CONOR  
Thanks Governor.

MANNING  
I'm not a Governor.

CONOR  
Sorry.

Manning returns to his office. Cantwell smiles as he takes  
Conor across the lobby to the security hatch, where Aisha is  
waiting.

CONOR  
How many are on nights?

(CONTINUED)

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CANTWELL

From seven there's two. One in here  
and one outside.

At the security hatch Aisha holds up her registration card,  
and Cantwell sighs at the distraction.

CANTWELL

(to Conor)  
Hold on, let me just deal with  
this.

Without looking at Aisha or her card, Cantwell hands Aisha  
the letter. She takes it and runs out of the centre.

EXT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE - MORNING

Outside Aisha continues to run down the driveway and onto the  
street.

EXT. BUS STOP, NEAR CARRIG NUA - MORNING

Aisha crosses another street, before reaching a coast road.  
As she approaches the bus stop, the bus drives off. She stops  
running, defeated, and walks over to the stop. While waiting,  
Aisha opens the envelope. She reads the letter and sighs  
heavily with nervousness. She puts it back into her handbag,  
then finds the apple and bites into it.

INT. DUBLIN BUS - MORNING (MOVING)

Aisha sits upstairs on a busy bus, feeling anxious about  
being late for work.

EXT. NEW WAVES SALON - MORNING

THROUGH WINDOW: Through the window of a small city-centre  
hair and beauty salon, we see Aisha arrive looking very  
stressed. The manager CATHERINE, a stylishly dressed woman in  
her late thirties, is not impressed.

CATHERINE

Over half an hour late.

AISHA

Sorry, I missed my bus. I will work  
late.

CATHERINE

I don't need you late. I need you  
on time.

Aisha rushes down to the back of the store while taking off  
her jacket.

INT. NEW WAVES SALON - MORNING

Soon Aisha is standing over a middle-aged customer SANDRA. She puts a towel around Sandra's shoulders and then turns on the tap to test the temperature of the water. She lets it run.

SANDRA

Are you working here long?

AISHA

Three months.

SANDRA

Full time?

AISHA

No, three mornings.

SANDRA

You like it?

AISHA

(smiles)

Yes. I do. Move your head back for me?

Sandra arches her head back and Aisha starts to wet her hair.

SANDRA

Where are you from?

AISHA

Benin city. Nigeria.

SANDRA

Nigeria?

AISHA

Yes.

SANDRA

Your English is good.

Aisha nods, thank you.

SANDRA

Have you been in Ireland long?

AISHA

Over a year.

SANDRA

Did you come here to study?

AISHA

No.

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CONTINUED:

Sandra looks at Aisha curiously, but is too polite to ask any more questions.

INT. CITY POST OFFICE - DAY

Later, Aisha stands at a bench of a post office. She is filling out a Western Union money order form. When she has finished she takes the form over to the counter and hands it to a YOUNG MAN behind the glass, along with most of her wages.

INT. AFRICAN FOOD STORE - DAY

After the post office Aisha walks around a small supermarket and stops at the fresh food counter. She looks behind the glass at what is on offer.

EXT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE - EVENING

Aisha arrives back at Carrig Nua, carrying a plastic shopping bag.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, CANTEEN - EVENING

Aisha arrives at the canteen counter, out of breath. On the other side of the counter is CHRISTINE, a middle-aged over-heated centre worker. Aisha places a plastic container from the African Food store on the counter.

CHRISTINE

You're going to get me into trouble  
one day.

AISHA

I appreciate you, Christine.

Christine glances around her to see if anyone is watching, and she takes the meal into the back kitchen to the microwave.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, RECREATIONAL ROOM - NIGHT

Aisha arrives at the door of the recreation room, which contains a pool table and six computers. The room is currently full of men and is quite intimidating for her. A few of the men look at her, and turn their backs. Undeterred Aisha enters the room, and stands awkwardly among them, waiting for a computer. In her hand is the letter.

Minutes later Aisha sits at a computer. She is Skyping her mother MORAYO OSAGIE, a woman in her late sixties.

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ON COMPUTER SCREEN: Morayo sits in the dark bedroom of a house in Benin city. She has sunken features, thin to the point of the emaciation, reflecting years of hardship.

Aisha holds the letter up to the camera. They speak in Nigerian-Pidgin English.

AISHA  
My interview.

MORAYO  
When e be sef?  
(*When is it?*)

AISHA  
Na six weeks o.  
(*Six weeks*)

MORAYO  
Make sure say you tell dem  
everything, Aishatu.  
(*Make sure you tell them everything,*  
*Aishetu*)

Aisha nods, she knows.

MORAYO  
Dey must know everything wey  
happen.  
(*They must know everything that happened*)

AISHA  
I go call you di day before.  
(*I will call you the day before*)

MORAYO  
No be dis computer I go use. I go  
leave dis place soon.  
(*I won't be using this computer. I have*  
*to move from here soon*)

AISHA  
Why?

MORAYO  
I go send you my new address.  
(*I will send you my new address*)

AISHA  
Wetin happen?  
(*What happened?*)

MORAYO  
I go market on Sunday. Dem been see  
me.  
(*I went to the market on Sunday. I was*  
*seen*)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AISHA

Who?

(*By who?*)

MORAYO

Di older one.

(*The older one*)

The mention of this man sends a chill through Aisha. She takes a moment to regain her composure.

AISHA

Where you go go?

(*Where will you go?*)

MORAYO

Mr Maduka dey help me.

(*Mr Maduka is helping me*)

A TEENAGE MALE RESIDENT stands close to Aisha, imposing himself on her personal space.

MORAYO

You don thin o. You dey chop so?

(*You look thin. Are you eating?*)

AISHA

Yes.

Aisha speaks to the teenager in Nigerian-Pidgin English.

AISHA

Abeg, you fit give me five more minutes?

(*Can I have five more minutes?*)

TEENAGE RESIDENT

No be you book dis. My broda no go wait.

(*You didn't book this. My brother will not wait*)

Aisha moves closer to the screen, away from the young man.

AISHA

You go dey okay?

(*Will you be okay?*)

MORAYO

Yes.

TEENAGE RESIDENT (O.S.)

Make una finish now, please.

(*Finish up now, please*)

AISHA

(to Morayo)

My time don finish.

(*My time is up*)

(CONTINUED)

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MORAYO

We go dey together again soon.  
(We will be together again soon)

AISHA

I miss you.

MORAYO

(smiles)

I know say you do.  
(Of course you do)

Aisha smiles too and becomes emotional. She touches the screen affectionately.

INT/EXT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

THROUGH WINDOW: Through a window we see Aisha walk along an empty corridor. Disturbed by memories the call has stirred in her, she stops and leans against the wall.

INSIDE THE CORRIDOR: Aisha finds herself facing a series of large windows but the night-time blackness only further increases her feeling of incarceration.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, BATHROOM - MORNING

The following morning Aisha's troubled state still lingers. She leans against the bathroom sink, her toothbrush in her mouth, when suddenly there is a loud bang on the door.

MALE RESIDENT (O.S.)

Are you finished, please?

Aisha finishes brushing quickly and unlocks the door. She is met with a MALE RESIDENT dressed only in his underwear. He smiles at her. His smirk is both mocking and salacious. Aisha leaves abruptly, and rushes across the corridor back to her room.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Aisha shuts the door of their bedroom, and leans against it. It takes a few moments for her panic to subside.

RUKAYA (O.S.)

Will you do my make-up, Aisha? I'm going out.

AISHA

Okay, give me a few minutes.

Minutes later, Rukaya sits in front of the bedroom window. She is dressed up to go out. Aisha applies make-up to her. They speak in English.

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AISHA  
Where is it?

RUKAYA  
The village.

AISHA  
This boy, will he be there?

Rukaya smiles.

AISHA  
What's his name?

RUKAYA  
Ciarán.

AISHA  
Nice.

Rukaya doesn't respond, unwilling to be drawn on information.

RUKAYA  
I'm taller than him.

AISHA  
So?

RUKAYA  
It's a negative, Aisha.

AISHA  
Does he know about your  
scholarship?

RUKAYA  
No.

AISHA  
You should tell him.

RUKAYA  
Why?

AISHA  
Being smart is attractive.

RUKAYA  
Are you serious? Oh my God.

Aisha laughs. Habiba is close by, and she smiles. Rukaya opens her eyes and Aisha hands her a small mirror.

RUKAYA  
Thank you.

Rukaya stands up, grabs her jacket and kisses Habiba.

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RUKAYA

Bye Momma.

She leaves, and Aisha watches the smile dissipate from Habiba's face. Aisha taps the chair Rukaya was sitting on.

A little later Habiba sits on the chair by the window, while Aisha applies a cream to her face. Aisha notices tears have appeared in Habiba's eyes, and comforts her with a hug.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, CANTEEN - NIGHT

Later Aisha sits in the canteen, pushing food around her plate.

She notices Conor, now wearing a security uniform, enter the room with Manning and assistant manager MS O'DEA (late forties). It's hard to hear what Manning is saying to Conor but he seems to be delivering a litany of rules starting with the word 'no'. Conor nods diligently.

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EXT. BUS STOP, NEAR CARRIG NUA - MORNING

The next morning Aisha waits at the bus stop. Soon she feels the presence of another person arrive beside her. She glances over and notices that the person is Conor, still dressed in his security guard uniform.

CONOR

Do you know if there's one due?

AISHA

Yes, around eight twenty.

Conor nods, thanks. They wait together for a few moments.

INT. DUBLIN BUS - MORNING (MOVING)

A little later Aisha and Conor sit upstairs on the bus, Conor positioned a few rows ahead of her. A phone on the bus rings loudly, and Conor searches his pockets.

CONOR

(on phone)

Dave. How's it going? Grand.

(Listens) Yeah. Doing nights.

The bus starts to slow down and passengers ready themselves to get off. When the bus comes to a stop, Conor stands up and walks awkwardly down the aisle towards the stairs with his phone to his ear. As he passes Aisha, he nods to her.

INT. NEW WAVES SALON - DAY

A few talkative lunchtime customers makes the salon feel quite busy. In a small booth Aisha is painting the fingernails of LOUISE, a customer in her early twenties.

LOUISE  
You're lovely looking.

AISHA  
Thank you.

LOUISE  
Where are you from?

Aisha sighs to herself, tired of this question.

AISHA  
Nigeria.

LOUISE  
Nigeria?

Aisha nods.

LOUISE  
Why did you leave, or is that..?

AISHA  
No.

LOUISE  
Like, was there something that made you decide?

AISHA  
I didn't decide. I was uprooted.

LOUISE  
Are you an asylum seeker?

AISHA  
Yes.

LOUISE  
From a war?

AISHA  
No.

Louise looks at her, awaiting further details.

LOUISE  
It's good they let you's work now, isn't it?

AISHA  
After nine months only. Very few people work.

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LOUISE  
You're lucky then, aren't you?

Aisha sighs privately. Louise smiles in a condescending manner.

INT/ CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, BEDOROM - NIGHT

Aisha lies in bed awakes - she can't sleep.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, BEDROOM - DAWN

Sunrise, Aisha is fully dressed after praying...

Suddenly the door of the room opens. An imposing armed Garda, GARDA McMAHON enters the room, followed by two other Guards, and Conor. Conor looks out of his depth in this situation, unsure where to stand or how to act.

Aisha quickly stands up. She looks at Conor with confusion.

GARDA MCMAHON  
Are you Habiba Momoh?  
Are you Habiba Momoh?

Habiba gets out of bed, a look of terror on her face. Rukaya also gets out of bed.

HABIBA  
I am Habiba Momoh.

GARDA MCMAHON  
Let me see your registration card.

HABIBA  
There has been a mistake.

GARDA MCMAHON  
Now please.

Habiba opens a drawer, finds their registration card and hands it over.

GARDA MCMAHON  
(to Aisha)  
Wait out there, please.

Aisha doesn't move, and stares defiantly at McMahon. McMahon raises his arm angrily and points to the door.

GARDA MCMAHON  
Move!

This action causes Aisha to flinch, like she is expecting to be hit. A moment of regret registers on McMahon's face.

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Aisha steps quickly into the corridor. Conor follows and stands beside her, both of them watch through the open door.

GARDA MCMAHON

Habiba Momoh, Abdul Momoh and Rukaya Momoh, you have failed to report to the Garda National Immigration Bureau in respect of the transfer under Dublin III regulations issued to you on October 10th. Since you've not done so we're here to execute this transfer. Put your clothes on please. We have to leave in five minutes.

RUKAYA

We have contacted the Minister.

HABIBA

We are waiting to hear from the Minister. There was a petition.

GARDA MCMAHON

You need to do as I say, Miss.

Abdul starts to cry. Rukaya turns to her mother.

RUKAYA

Tell them about my scholarship.

GARDA MCMAHON

There is nothing I can do about that.

RUKAYA

I've been accepted for the 1916 scholarship, sir. I'll get the letter.

GARDA MCMAHON

I'd advise you to start packing. Whatever you don't take gets left behind.

Garda Larkin grabs some empty bags from on top of a wardrobe and drops them to Habiba's feet. Habiba looks at them, frozen for a moment, still in shock. She puts her hands over her face.

HABIBA

No, no, no..

Suddenly Rukaya runs for the door but is restrained by both Garda Quinn and Garda Larkin. She wails uncontrollably. Aisha can only watch, helplessly.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, CORRIDOR - EARLY MORNING

Minutes later Habiba, Abdul and Rukaya are escorted by the guards along the first floor corridor towards top of the stairs. They look hurriedly dressed and are weighed down with their bags. Aisha and Conor follow behind them.

GARDA MCMAHON

Use the back stairs.

They pass a YOUNG NEIGHBOUR standing at his door, who speaks to Aisha in English.

YOUNG NEIGHBOUR

Aisha turn back. It will be bad for you.

Aisha stops walking, he is right. When Habiba sees this she turns away from the Guards, puts down her bags, and hugs Aisha goodbye with tears streaming down her face. Abdul and Rukaya also hug her, and they are led away again.

After a moment a resolve takes over Aisha and she continues after them towards the back stairs.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, COURT-YARD ENTRANCE- EARLY MORNING

Downstairs Aisha watches Conor open the back door for the Guards. They continue out into the carpark.

EXT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, CARPARK - CONTINUOUS

Outside there are two police cars parked with their engines running. Manning appears, annoyed by some residents who have come out the front entrance to watch.

MANNING

Back to your rooms, please. Come on. You's are not meant to be out here.

The residents follow Manning's instructions but Aisha, clearly more emotional, continues towards the police car that Habiba, Rukaya and Abdul are reluctantly getting into. Manning looks at her with irritation.

MANNING

That means you as well.

Aisha takes Abdul's hand in hers.

ABDUL

Where are we going, Aisha?

AISHA

It will be okay.

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CONTINUED:

ABDUL

Goodbye.

AISHA

Goodbye Abdul.

The car door is shut. Manning approaches Aisha.

MANNING

Back inside, please.

AISHA

Why can't I come out here? We are not in prison!

Manning steps closer to her.

MANNING

Keep that up. See where it gets you.

Manning beckons Conor and they go back inside. Soon the police cars drive off, leaving Aisha alone.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, BEDROOM - MORNING

Later, Aisha tidies up the remaining Momoh family belongings; clothes, toys, Rukaya's text books.

Suddenly Cantwell enters the room without knocking and pulls a black bin liner out from a roll.

CANTWELL

Which stuff was theirs?

Aisha looks at him coldly.

CANTWELL

It's going to storage. This?

He points to a desk drawer. Aisha nods. Cantwell opens a drawer and starts to throw items into a bin liner.

AISHA

I can do it if you like?

Cantwell stops, happy to not have to do the work.

CANTWELL

Alright - I'll come back and check.  
Take some stuff for yourself.

He hands the bags to Aisha with a smile, and leaves her alone in the room. Aisha sits on the bed, feeling the harshness of the situation.

EXT. BUS STOP, NEAR CARRIG NUA - MORNING

The next morning Aisha waits at the bus stop. Beside her again is Conor. He glances at her, looking like he has something he would like to say. But Aisha senses this and turns her back to him. The bus approaches, and Aisha is quick to signal it to stop.

INT. NEW WAVES SALON, BACK ROOM - MORNING

In a private area at work Aisha cries silently into tissue. Finally a release. She stays there for a few moments, thinking about Habiba, Rukaya and Abdul.

Minutes later Aisha looks at herself in a mirror and pulls herself together. She touches up her make-up and sighs heavily before going back inside.

INT. NEW WAVES SALON - DAY

Later, as Aisha puts on her coat, Catherine approaches from the back of the salon.

CATHERINE

Aisha, can you hang on a minute?

Aisha waits for Catherine to come over.

CATHERINE

How are you?

AISHA

Okay.

CATHERINE

You're quiet today.

AISHA

I'm sorry. I've had trouble  
sleeping.

Catherine hands her a small brown pay packet.

CATHERINE

Why don't you treat yourself?

Aisha smiles and puts the pay packet into her coat pocket.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, LOBBY - EVENING

That evening Aisha approaches the canteen entrance carrying a small plastic bag containing another purchase from the African Food Store.

Across the lobby Manning instructs Conor where to move some furniture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANNING  
Over there.

Manning notices Aisha enter the canteen.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, CANTEEN - EVENING

Aisha approaches the canteen counter, as residents filter out of the room behind her. Behind the counter Christine is taking off her apron, and stops when she sees Aisha.

CHRISTINE  
Quick. We're closing.

Just as Aisha takes a meal from her shopping bag, Manning enters the canteen with Conor following behind him.

MANNING  
What's that you have there?

AISHA  
I'm just asking to use the  
microwave.

Manning looks at Christine disapprovingly, before addressing Aisha.

MANNING  
Have you a complaint about the  
food?

AISHA  
This is Halal chicken.

Manning takes the meal from her and looks at it.

MANNING  
We serve Halal meat.

AISHA  
We have not seen a certificate.

MANNING  
Sorry?

AISHA  
It is important that we know for  
sure. We have asked to see a  
certificate many times.

MANNING  
Are you saying I'm lying?

Manning hands the meal to Conor, who seems uncomfortable to be a part of this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANNING

This carry on stops now. There's nothing wrong with-

AISHA

I am just asking to use the microwave for three minutes!

MANNING

That's not an option here. You take what's on offer!

AISHA

I've paid for this myself.

MANNING

Good for you!

Aisha sighs heavily, and walks away. Behind her, she can hear Manning deliver more rules to Conor and Christine, again all starting with the word 'no'.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

A short while later we see Aisha getting into her bed. She sighs heavily, and lies there hungry and upset.

.

EXT. BUS STOP, NEAR CARRIG NUA - MORNING

Outside a group of five people wait at the bus stop, including Aisha and Conor who keep a distance from each other. The mood among the waiting residents is buoyant, unaware of the tension between Aisha and Conor.

INT. DUBLIN BUS - MORNING (MOVING)

As before, both Aisha and Conor sit upstairs on the bus. And again Conor sits a few seats ahead of Aisha. Conor stands up to get off, and as he walks down the stairs he stops half way.

CONOR

Come down tonight and I'll let you in the kitchen.

A couple of passengers look at him with mild amusement. Some turn around to look at Aisha.

CONOR

I put that meal in the fridge for you.

Aisha shakes her head, no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONOR  
He's gone after seven.

Unsure how to react, Aisha turns her attention to the street outside. Conor continues down the steps. When he has gone, Aisha thinks about what has just happened.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, LOBBY/RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT

That night Aisha arrives into the lobby, and looks around nervously. She steps into the recreation room and finds Conor switching off the computers. Conor turns around and is surprised to see her. They don't speak for a moment.

CONOR  
Hold on.

Conor shuts down the last computer while Aisha waits.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, SECURITY AREA - NIGHT

A CCTV control system shows various locations inside and outside the centre. One screen labelled 'kitchen', among a display of six, goes blank.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Aisha and Conor enter a reasonably modern hotel-like kitchen. He goes to the fridge, finds the meal and hands it to Aisha. Aisha looks around for the microwave and walks over to it.

She puts it in the microwave, turns the dial to three minutes, and presses go.

Conor glances out into the lobby to make sure no one's coming.

CONOR  
Don't know why he can't get you's  
the right food.

AISHA  
It costs more. Less profit for him.

Conor goes quiet for a moment.

CONOR  
Have you heard from that family?

Aisha doesn't reply.

CONOR  
I just do what I'm told.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA

Could they have done it without  
you?

Conor has no reply.

CONOR

How long were they here?

AISHA

Five years.

Conor is shocked by this, and again can't find an appropriate reply.

CONOR

Where they now?

AISHA

In a detention centre in the UK.

Conor pauses for a moment. He clearly has something to say, and searches for the right way to start.

CONOR

I've asked for a transfer. I didn't know I'd be doing stuff like that. I normally just do offices and warehouses.

Unprepared for this conversation, Aisha abruptly opens the microwave door as if to deliberately stop him speaking. She takes a look at the ready meal, and puts it back in.

Aisha doesn't reply, and seems wary about speaking further.

Conor hesitates before continuing, emotion building in him.

CONOR

The managers aren't trained, did you know that?

He looks to Aisha for a response but she still doesn't offer any.

CONOR

There's a manager in here yesterday from Knockhillen. He worked his way up from the kitchen, he told me. It's unreal.

CONOR

We're told not to talk to you's. I don't know if you's know that.

CONOR

So you's don't try and get us to break the rules or whatever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AISHA

So why you talking to me/ Don't  
talk to me then

Aisha shakes her head, no. They think about her for a moment.

CONOR

I've asked for a transfer anyway. I  
just wanted to say that.

The microwave finishes with a ding. Aisha opens the door and takes out her meal

AISHA

Thank you

She walks out kitchen leaving Conor reeling..

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

THROUGH WINDOW INTO BEDROOM: A short while later we see Aisha eat the ready meal in her room in the dark. She sighs heavily, it tastes good.

INT. DUBLIN BUS - MORNING (MOVING)

The next day Aisha and Conor sit two seats apart on the upper deck of the bus. Conor has turned around in his seat to talk to her.

CONOR

I'm doing an evening course in September in town. Information Technology. If I pass that I can apply to the access courses in the colleges. They do interviews, so you never know. I can talk myself up anyway.

AISHA

Do you live in the city?

CONOR

Yeah I live with me Ma. Just for now.

Conor is not proud of this and looks out the window.

CONOR

What do you think of your job?

AISHA

It's okay.

CONOR

What is it, hairdressing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA

Hair and Beauty. I'm just an  
assistant.

CONOR

You like all that? The treatments  
an' all.

Aisha smiles, Conor clearly has no idea what he's talking about. Conor smiles too.

AISHA

Yes. And people talk in the chair  
sometimes.

CONOR

That's good.

AISHA

I don't like talking about myself,  
but I like listening to people.

CONOR

You're a good listener, I'd say.

Conor looks out the window and realizes he has missed his stop.

CONOR

Shit. See you later.

AISHA

See you.

Conor urgently rings the bell, and rushes downstairs.

INT. CARRIG NUA DIRECT PROVISION CENTRE, HALL - EVENING

The following evening the residents gather for another show. As before from the sidelines, Aisha touches up the make up of some waiting performers. A group of residents are dancing to modern African music. It is high energy and expressive.

The hall door opens gingerly, and Conor enters. He is quickly approached by defensive audience-members, including Hussan Nassar (from the opening scene).

HUSSAN NASSAR

This is booked.

Conor raises his hands non-confrontationally.

CONOR

I'm just here to watch. Take as  
long as you want.

Satisfied, Hussan and the other concerned residents return to their chairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Conor finds a place to stand at the back of the hall. He watches Aisha working on the performers, awkwardly using a small mirror. Suddenly the performance breaks out into expressive, uninhibited solos. This is a joyous moment for the dancers and for the audience. Aisha is invited up to dance, and she joins the group. After a few moments she relaxes and starts to enjoy herself.

Soon she notices Conor at the back of the hall, and becomes too self-conscious to continue and steps away from the group.

EXT. BUS STOP, NEAR CARRIG NUA - MORNING

A couple of days later, Aisha is running for the bus. Ahead of her she can see that Conor is about to get on but he waits for her, holding the bus.

BUS DRIVER (O.S.)  
Take your foot off the bus.

CONOR  
Can you not see her running?

Eventually Aisha arrives, and gets on the bus.

INT. DUBLIN BUS - MORNING (MOVING)

Aisha and Conor now sit beside each other on the upper deck of the bus, which is quite busy on this occasion.

CONOR  
Did you go to college?

AISHA  
I was at University in Benin.

CONOR  
Doin' what?

AISHA  
Geography and Regional Planning.

CONOR  
Sounds good it does. Did you finish it?

Aisha shakes her head. Conor thinks about this, it saddens him.

They don't speak for a few moments.

CONOR  
When's your interview?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA  
March fifth.

The bus slows down and unexpectedly parks in front of another bus. They hear feedback from an intercom system.

BUS DRIVER  
(over intercom)  
This bus is no longer in service.  
Please board the bus ahead of us.  
Thank you. Board the bus in front.

Aisha and Conor stand up with the other passengers and walk downstairs.

INT. OTHER DUBLIN BUS - MORNING (MOVING)

Minutes later Aisha and Conor stand downstairs on the other bus, which is traveling at speed. Passengers from the two buses have been crammed on, and Aisha and Conor are forced to stand a distance apart. Aisha watches Conor, holding the strap for balance. He is deep in thought, still very affected by their conversation.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, BEDROOM - DAY

REFLECTION IN MIRROR: On another day, we see Aisha's reflection of the vanity mirror. She is applying make-up to a YOUNG WOMAN whose has her eyes closed.

A group of young women enter the room led by IDARA from South Africa, who speaks in English.

IDARA  
Look at this! Can you do us next?

Aisha smiles, and nods welcomingly.

AISHA  
Take a seat.

Idara and her friends enter the room and sit down.

EXT. BUS STOP, NEAR CARRIG NUA - MORNING

Minutes later Aisha and Conor wait for the bus again.

AISHA  
"How you dey today?" means how are  
you doing today? Or you can say  
"Wetin dey?"

CONOR  
How you dey?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA

I don't know is "I no know".

CONOR

I know no?

Aisha smiles, yes.

AISHA

I'm fine. "I dey okay" or "I dey fine".

CONOR

I dey fine.

AISHA

What's happening?

CONOR

I've no idea.

Aisha laughs.

AISHA

...is "Wetin dey happen?"

CONOR

Wetin dey happen, Aisha?

AISHA

Get out of here is "Make you dey go" or "Comot!"

CONOR

Comot! That sounds German.

Aisha smiles.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, CANTEEN - MORNING

The next morning Aisha sits in front of her breakfast. She notices something out the window beside her.

OUT THE WINDOW: Conor is playing football with the kids on the grass. He scores, celebrates, and decides to leave them on that high note.

Aisha watches him walk out towards the bus stop.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, BEDROOM - EVENING (MONTAGE)

REFLECTION IN MIRROR: We see the faces of various women from the centre sitting at Aisha's mirror, getting made up by her. The women are of all ages and from different parts of the world. This series of expressive faces creates a moving portrait of the humanity, the support, and the solidarity that exists among the women in the centre.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*{This sequence develops into documentary, where some current residents of Direct Provision centres express their feelings about the system.}*

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

That night Aisha and Conor sit on high stools in the kitchen, eating from bowls. There are used pots and pans beside them. Aisha watches Conor carefully, gauging his reaction to her cooking.

AISHA

Yes?

He shows her his finished plate.

AISHA

But did you like?

CONOR

I don't like hot food. I won't lie.  
Hurts my mouth.

AISHA

Why did you eat all of it?

CONOR

Why not? I dunno.

Aisha smiles, she doesn't understand that at all. She brings her plate over to the sink, and Conor stands beside her holding a dish towel. Aisha takes his plate, and hands him her own to dry.

She notices a small tattoo on Conor's hand, and stops the motion of his hand with her finger to look at it. It reads 'RIP Barry'.

CONOR

My mate.

Conor pulls his shirt sleeve up to show Aisha a substantial tattoo that forms the sentence '*God gives his hardest battles to his strongest soldiers*'. He puts his shirt sleeve back down.

AISHA

How did it happen?

CONOR

He took his life.

Aisha is surprised and saddened to hear this.

CONOR

Fifteen, he was.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA  
Do you know why?

CONOR  
A bloke who played football with us  
took Barry into his garage and  
threatened him. He abused a few  
kids.

AISHA  
Barry told you?

Conor reaches up to put their plates back on the shelf, and  
winces when they make too much noise.

CONOR  
We told each other.

AISHA  
You too?

Conor nods.

AISHA  
I'm sorry.

CONOR  
It's grand. I talked about it in  
treatment.

They continue to work in silence. The unexpected rawness of  
this conversation leads to an awkwardness between them.

CONOR  
Manning was asking about that CCTV  
camera. We probably should go.

Aisha nods, okay. She speeds up her work and smiles politely  
before leaving.

AISHA  
See you.

CONOR  
Yeah.

When she has left, Conor stops what he's doing. He is furious  
with himself.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, STAIRS - NIGHT

On her way back to her room Aisha stops suddenly and grasps  
the stair bannister. Half-way up, she bends over in a state  
of emotional anguish. After a few moments she continues to  
her room.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Later Aisha turns over restlessly in bed, unable to sleep. Disturbing memories have overtaken her, like a fever.

Later again in the night Aisha's agitation doesn't seem to have subsided, and she decides to get out of bed.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, STAIRS - EARLY MORNING

From a distance we see Aisha, wearing pyjamas, running down the stairs of the centre.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, LOBBY. - CONTINUOUS

Aisha rushes into the lobby looking for Conor. She finds him at the security hatch.

AISHA

Conor. Can I talk to you?

CONOR

Yeah.

Alarmed by Aisha's emotional state, Conor opens the door and brings her behind his desk. Aisha sits on a stool and takes a moment, trying to control her emotions. She tries to speak and the more she does so, the more emotional she becomes.

Suddenly they notice the beams of light from Manning's BMW pass them from outside. Out the window, they see him get out of his car. Feeling caught, Aisha stands up abruptly.

AISHA

It's okay.

Aisha rushes back up to her room, but not before Manning has seen her through the office window. Conor is left confused and upset.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, BEDROOM - MORNING

Later in the morning as Aisha finishes getting dressed, there is a knock on the door. She answers it to Conor, and is a little unnerved by his presence.

CONOR

I'm heading home. Are you all right?

AISHA

I'm fine. Did he see me?

CONOR

I said you weren't feeling well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Aisha nods, but still feels uneasy.

CONOR

Look-

AISHA

I don't want to talk about it,  
Conor.

CONOR

Yeah but you can tell me whatever  
you want, yeah?

AISHA

Yes.

CONOR

Okay.

Conor is about to walk away when he has a thought.

CONOR

I play a bit of football. Play for  
a team.

AISHA

Do you?

CONOR

We've a quarter-final on Saturday.  
Do you want to come along and  
watch? It's easy to get to from  
town.

Aisha thinks, unsure.

CONOR

You might see me let in some goals.

This makes her smile and she nods, yes. They look at each other, the connection between them is clearly growing.

CONOR

I'm not in tomorrow.

AISHA

Okay.

Fearful of what is happening between them, Aisha abruptly retreats and closes the door. Inside her room she leans against it.

EXT. SOLICITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Later Aisha, dressed smartly and looking nervous, arrives at the entrance of a Georgian building, and finds a small old sign over a doorbell that reads '*Peter Flood Solicitors, Conveyancing, Personal Injury\** (note - asterix is important), *Divorce, Tax, Commerical, Employment and Immigration*.

She rings the bell.

INT. SOLICITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Aisha sits opposite PETER FLOOD, a solicitor nearing retirement, who likes colorful ties. His framed qualifications are positioned symmetrically on the wall behind him. He turns her back to the interview letter, and reads through Aisha's questionnaire.

AISHA

I didn't understand some of the questions when I filled that out.

PETER FLOOD

Okay but don't change any answers from what you've written here or you could be refused on credibility grounds.

Aisha nods. Flood reads a little more of Aisha's questionnaire.

PETER FLOOD

And whatever you say in the interview, be prepared to go into detail about it.

Aisha nods again.

PETER FLOOD

Okay. So let's start with what led you to seek protection. There was an attack on your home...

AISHA

Yes, my father and my brother were killed.

Aisha stops abruptly.

AISHA

I have done this already.

PETER FLOOD

I know. I do need you to say it again for me now. If you can.

Aisha nods, and takes a moment to compose herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA

The men came into our home with guns. And they killed my father and my brother.

Aisha takes a further moment.

PETER FLOOD

Okay. Try to keep eye contact.

Aisha looks up but finds eye contact difficult.

PETER FLOOD

Who are they?

AISHA

People my father knew.

PETER FLOOD

And you were there?

AISHA

Yes.

PETER FLOOD

Were you hurt in the attack?

Aisha thinks about this. The question is painful for her but she hides it from Flood.

PETER FLOOD

Physically.

Aisha shakes her head.

PETER FLOOD

No?

AISHA

No.

PETER FLOOD

How long did it last?

AISHA

How long?

PETER FLOOD

Yes.

AISHA

I don't know.

PETER FLOOD

You said they were in your house for one hour on your questionnaire.

AISHA

Maybe. I don't remember now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PETER FLOOD

Try not to be vague. They're  
looking for discrepancies from what  
you say now and what you've said  
before.

Aisha nods, okay.

PETER FLOOD

So, how long did it last?

AISHA

One hour.

PETER FLOOD

Eye contact.

Aisha looks at him, which is even harder to do this time.

EXT. SOLICITOR'S OFFICE - EVENING

After the meeting Aisha walks quickly down the street. Tears run down her face.

.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, LOBBY - MORNING

The next morning on her way out the door to work, Aisha is stopped by Cantwell at the security desk.

CANTWELL

There's a letter here for you.

Aish stops and goes to produce her card but Cantwell indicates to her not to worry and hands over the letter. It is a blank envelope with no address. She looks at it with confusion and then at Cantwell, who looks away.

Aisha opens the letter and reads it's contents. She can't believe what she's reading.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, MANNING'S OFFICE - MORNING

Moments later Aisha enters Manning's office to find him on a call, looking out the window. He turns around sharply, annoyed by the intrusion.

MANNING

(to person on phone)

Let me call you back.

The person on the other end of the line keeps talking, creating an awkward wait for Aisha.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANNING

I have to go. (Listening) Yeah.

He hangs up.

AISHA

You can't move me.

MANNING

Yes I can.

AISHA

I have rights.

MANNING

Of course you do.

AISHA

It's illegal for you to transfer me without an opportunity to appeal.

MANNING

Wrong.

AISHA

It's European law.

MANNING

No it's not.

AISHA

It is.

MANNING

You're an expert now are you?

Aisha pauses for a moment to calm down.

AISHA

Why are you doing this?

MANNING

I'm putting a family in that room.

AISHA

Why?

MANNING

We're trying to keep them together?

Aisha is momentarily lost for a response to this.

MANNING

Better get your things together quickly. I've booked a taxi to take you to the bus for three o'clock.

AISHA

Today?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MANNING

Yes.

AISHA

To where?

MANNING

You're going to a centre in  
Glentill. It's down South.

AISHA

I don't want to go to that centre.  
I have friends here.

Manning gets up and walks over to his door. He opens it, and makes eye contact with Cantwell outside.

AISHA

I won't go.

MANNING

That's fine. Just make sure you  
inform the IPO of your new address.  
'Cos you need one for your  
application. And your payments will  
stop as well.

Aisha is again lost for a response.

MANNING

Come on, I've work to do.

AISHA

Then send me to a centre that has  
independent living.

MANNING

They're full.

AISHA

Can you check?

MANNING

I don't need to check. I check all  
the time.

AISHA

I want to go to a centre where I  
can cook for myself!

MANNING

And I said no! Now I have work to  
do.

Aisha glares at Manning on her way out.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, BEDROOM - MORNING

Aisha paces up and down the courtyard, the phone on her ear.

CATHERINE

(on phone)

You could stay here for a while? My son could take the couch.

AISHA

I need a permanent address for my application.

They both go quiet for a moment, realising Aisha has no further options.

AISHA

I'm sorry to let you down. I am embarrassed. Thank you for the opportunity. I enjoyed my job.

Catherine remains quiet down the line, clearly becoming emotional.

CATHERINE

(oh phone)

I'm so sorry, Aisha.

Aisha nods.

Minutes later Aisha now in her bedroom sits on her bed. Her hands are shaking as she dials a number. She waits while it rings. Eventually a voice-mail kicks in.

CONOR

(on phone)

This is Conor. I can't take your call. Please leave a message.

AISHA

Conor I am being moved. I am going to Hill Cross later today. Aisha thinks, and with nothing else to say she hangs up.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, BEDROOM - EVENING

Later, Aisha walks forward and back across the room, packing her belongings. A group of her friends have gathered to say goodbye. The atmosphere is solemn. Aisha peels her family photographs from the headboard of her bed.

Edouard arrives into their room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDOUARD

Your taxi is outside. I will carry  
your bag.

AISHA

You probably shouldn't

EDOUARD

I will carry your bag

Aisha hugs her supportive friends goodbye, and glances around the room for the last time.

INT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, LOBBY AREA - EVENING

Downstairs Aisha appears in the lobby with Edouard. They stop at the main entrance, and hug goodbye.

EXT. CARRAIG NUA DP CENTRE, CAR PARK - EVENING

Before getting into the waiting taxi, Aisha sees Conor exiting another taxi and rushing into the carpark to catch her. When he arrives he finds himself momentarily lost for words.

CONOR

I'll go down with you. Help you  
settle in.

Aisha looks away from Conor, uneasy with this.

CONOR

I was trying to ring you.

Aisha becomes quiet.

AISHA

It's best we say goodbye now.

CONOR

What do you mean?

AISHA

Our friendship is not a good idea,  
Conor.

CONOR

Why?

AISHA

I'm sorry.

Conor takes a moment, briefly lost for words.

AISHA

I'm not what you need.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Aisha hugs him, and gets into the taxi. Conor speaks over the sound of the car door closing.

The car drives away, leaving Conor hopelessly alone on the road.

INT. GLENTILL COACH - EVENING (MOVING)

OUT COACH WINDOW: We see the countryside pass by at speed. Dense hedges darken the window, revealing Aisha's anxious expression reflected in the glass.

EXT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE - EVENING

As the sun goes down, the coach makes a stop outside a trailer park Direct Provision centre, situated remotely off a small country road.

Aisha steps out of the coach carrying her three bags. The coach pulls away behind her.

INT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE, RECEPTION BUILDING - EVENING

Another manager, middle-aged MR CLOSE sits opposite Aisha in a cramped cabin office. He breathes heavily, revealing poor health, reading her report.

CLOSE

'Insubordinate'?

AISHA

Excuse me?

CLOSE

That's what it says.

AISHA

That's not my report.

CLOSE

It has your name on it.

Aisha looks worried by this.

CLOSE

Don't worry about it.

Aisha pauses for a moment to calm down, and collect her thoughts.

AISHA

May I ask a question?

CLOSE

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA

I have a work permit.

CLOSE

Without a car you won't find work here.

AISHA

How will I receive my allowance?

CLOSE

From the post office. It's a ten minute walk up the road.

AISHA

Are there buses into town?

CLOSE

Just coaches but they're expensive.

AISHA

Where do people go?

CLOSE

For what?

AISHA

Anything.

CLOSE

There's a Spar up the road people use.

Aisha nods, okay. Close stands up to close a window, and when he does so he doesn't sit down again.

CLOSE

Shall we go?

Aisha stands up and follows Close out of the reception cabin.

EXT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE, SITE - EVENING

Aisha follows Close through the site, taking in her new environment. The fluorescent lights reveal dirty trailer exteriors on expansive tarmac.

Finally Close and Aisha stop at a trailer situated deep into the site. Close opens the door, and speaks loudly to the person inside.

CLOSE

This is Aisha, she is taking that bed. (to Aisha) She doesn't speak much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE

You're very welcome, Aisha. If you need anything off me, just ask.

Close smiles and walks back. Aisha enters the trailer.

INT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE, TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Sitting in the corner of the small neatly-kept trailer is a middle-aged Korean woman JI-WOO. Aisha and Jo-Woo exchange a smile.

AISHA

What's your name?

JI-WOO

'Ji-Woo'.

AISHA

'Aisha'.

They shake hands and Aisha sighs and looks around. She takes one of her bags over to her bed and starts to unpack.

EXT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE - EARLY MORNING (MONTAGE)

A low Autumn sun rises over the park. This sprawling centre is made up of a grid of run-down trailers, beside office and canteen buildings, is fronted by a security cabin and is surrounded by fences.

INT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE, TRAILER - DAY (MONTAGE)

*(Over a few days we see Aisha settle into life at the trailer park centre...)*

Using a damp cloth Aisha cleans the mould off the walls her room in the trailer.

EXT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE - EVENING (MONTAGE)

On another day she hangs her washing out on a line outside her trailer.

EXT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE - DAY (MONTAGE)

Later she puts out a saucer of milk for some local cats.

INT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE, CANTEEN - EVENING  
(MONTAGE)

On another day Aisha queues for food in the food hall. Sitting down she looks at the plate of fried food, and sighs heavily.

SCENE .

EXT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE, TRAILER - DAY (END OF MONTAGE)

THROUGH WINDOW: Through a small window of Aisha's trailer, we see her sitting idly staring into space. Time passes slowly.

INT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE, TRAILER - EVENING

One evening Aisha is at the cooker, boiling eggs when suddenly her phone rings loudly beside her. She answers and is immediately met with the sound of a car engine. She speaks to Morayo in Nigerian-Pidgin English.

MORAYO

(on phone)

I get your message. Where you dey?

(I got your message. Where are you?)

AISHA

I dey anoda centre now, down south.

(I am in another centre now, down south)

MORAYO

(on phone)

Why?

AISHA

Dem dey move us around sometime.

(They move us around sometimes)

MORAYO

(on phone)

Why?

Aisha doesn't answer.

MORAYO

(on phone)

I never get anything from you.

(I haven't received anything from you)

AISHA

I never get job here.

(I don't have a job here)

MORAYO

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA

Work no dey around. Dem no let us  
drive sef.  
(*There is no work around here. We are not  
allowed to drive*)

Morayo sighs heavily down the line.

MORAYO

(on phone)  
Make I tell dem to take wetin I  
get?  
(*Will I ask them to take what I have?*)

Aisha thinks about this. She doesn't know the answer.

AISHA

Dey careful o, Momma.  
(*Be careful Momma*)

MORAYO

(on phone)  
You no sound like yourself.  
(*You sound different*)

AISHA

Na di the interview dey worry me.  
(*I'm just nervous about the interview*)

Morayo is distracted by the driver, whose voice we hear in  
the background.

MORAYO

(on phone)  
I pray say e go go well. Tell dem  
everything.  
(*I pray it will go well. Tell them  
everything*)

Aisha pauses, dreading the prospect of having to do this.

AISHA

Yes, Momma.

MORAYO

(on phone)  
One checkpoint dey. I go call you  
dis weekend from di village.  
Goodbye my love. We go dey together  
again soon.  
(*There is a checkpoint. I will call you  
this weekend from the village. Goodbye my  
love. We will be together again soon*)

AISHA

Na my prayer be dat. Goodbye Momma.  
(*I pray for that. Goodbye Momma*)

Morayo hangs up the call, leaving Aisha with a heavy heart.

EXT. MAIN COUNTRY ROAD, COACH STOP - MORNING

Later in the morning Aisha waits alone at a Bus Éireann bus stop.

After a few moments an old hatchback pulls up in front of her, containing five young men squashed in - still out from the night before. Dance music is playing loudly. The window goes down, and the front passenger EOIN leans his elbow out.

EOIN  
How you, love?

He looks her up and down in a sleazy manner.

EOIN  
Are you from up the road, you are?

Aisha keeps her head down.

EOIN  
Do you speak English? Lift your head there, lets a have a look at you.

The driver, SIMON leans over.

SIMON  
Say something!

EOIN  
Do you want to earn some money?

SIMON  
Show her the fifty.

The car remains in front of Aisha for a few moments. Aisha decides to glare at Simon and Eoin. Soon her glare unnerves them.

EOIN  
Nah. Come let's go.

The car drives off, and Aisha exhales deeply.

INT. DUBLIN COACH - MORNING (MOVING)

Aisha stares out of the window of the coach. She is frowning, still upset and unnerved by the incident.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL PROTECTION OFFICE, DUBLIN - MORNING

From a distance, we see a row of large city-centre office buildings in Dublin. Aisha enters the main entrance of one of the buildings.

INT. INTERNATIONAL PROTECTION OFFICE, SECURITY AREA - MORNING

Aisha follows an IPO SECURITY GUARD towards an airport style security area. He shouts over to a YOUNGER IPO SECURITY GUARD who is chatting to some colleagues.

IPO SECURITY GUARD

Another one here.

Aisha waits while the younger security guard walks over to the x-ray monitor area. Behind him, Aisha can see a small waiting area.

IPO SECURITY GUARD

Bag. And empty your pockets please.

Aisha hands over her bag, and empties her pockets.

IPO SECURITY GUARD

Phone?

She hands over her phone. Half of a cloakroom-type ticket is sellotaped to Aisha's phone, and she is handed the other half back. She is then handed back her bag.

INT. INTERNATIONAL PROTECTION OFFICE, WAITING ROOM - MORNING

Later in the morning, Aisha sits anxiously in a waiting room among other interviewees. She is facing a large poster on the wall, one she's seen many times before. It reads '*VOLUNTARY RETURN: If you change your mind and want to go back, just talk to us. We will help*'.

A smartly dressed woman MS PAULA NOLAN arrives into the room, holding up a letter.

MS NOLAN

Aisha Osagie?

Aisha stands up with a nervous smile. Ms Nolan beckons her to follow.

INT. INTERNATIONAL PROTECTION OFFICE, INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING

Aisha sits opposite Ms Nolan in an interview room of about twelve square feet. Beside them is an interpreter BES EMENAHYA, a middle aged Nigerian women with a pleasant smile. Ms Nolan also smiles warmly in an effort to relax Aisha.

MS NOLAN

My name is Paula Nolan and I will ask you some questions today regarding your international protection claim.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

I am authorised by the Minister to interview applicants for international protection. This interview is being conducted as part of the examination of your application for international protection. The interview does not cover permission to remain. However I will note down anything that I consider may be relevant to the Minister's decision in relation to permission to remain, in the event that permission to remain were to apply to you.

Ms Nolan looks to her left to introduce Mrs Emenaha.

MS NOLAN

This is Bes Emenaha who will interpret for us today if needed. The interpreter will treat anything you say today as confidential. The interpreter will assist with communications, but has no role in the decision. Please speak in short segments to help the interpreter do their job. Please let me know at any point if you have difficulties understanding each other.

Aisha looks at Mrs Emenaha and smiles.

MS NOLAN

I will be using a computer to record this interview. I will read back what I have recorded so that you can check if the information or content is correct and have an opportunity to make any clarifications or amendments. If you feel the need to take a break at any time during the interview please let me know. If there are any mobile phones in the room could you please turn them off now.

Ms Nolan then turns to Mrs Emenaha.

MS NOLAN

Please can I have your signed Interpreter sheet?

Mrs Emenaha passes her the sheet.

MS NOLAN

I will start the interview now by asking you to confirm your name and date of birth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AISHA

Aisha Osagie. Twelfth of July 1994.

MS NOLAN

And your home address?

AISHA

20C Ekenwan Road. Benin City.  
Nigeria.

MS NOLAN

Could tell me a little about your  
family, Aisha?

AISHA

My mother is Morayo Osagie. Before  
she was married it was Edeki. My  
father's name was Rahim Osagie. He  
was a civil servant, working in the  
Ministry of Housing at Edo State  
Government.

MS NOLAN

Your father is deceased.

AISHA

Yes.

MS NOLAN

What were his earnings?

AISHA

Around 200 euro a month.

Aisha watches Ms Nolan's fingers type quickly, transcribing  
every word.

MS NOLAN

How many siblings?

AISHA

I had one brother.

MS NOLAN

Your brother is deceased.

AISHA

He is deceased, yes.

MS NOLAN

Okay. And what was your brothers  
name?

AISHA

Kabiru.

Aisha fears she will become emotional, and takes a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MS NOLAN  
And where is your mother now?

AISHA  
In hiding, in Lagos. She is trying  
to come here. I send her money.

MS NOLAN  
How did you travel here?

AISHA  
We paid a trafficker.

MS NOLAN  
You had money to do that?

AISHA  
We sold all our belongings.

MS NOLAN  
How much did you pay?

AISHA  
Two million naira.

Ms Nolan nods, continue.

AISHA  
The man got my passport and a  
tourist visa. He told me to go to  
Ireland.

Ms Nolan doesn't say anything for a moment so Aisha  
continues. Ms Nolan nods. Her fingers tap her keyboard  
quickly. It unnerves Aisha.

MS NOLAN  
You are married.

AISHA  
Yes.

MS NOLAN  
To Mr Jaheem.

AISHA  
Yes.

MS NOLAN  
You don't use his surname.

AISHA  
No. He left soon after we were  
married.

MS NOLAN  
Can you elaborate?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

AISHA

How?

MS NOLAN

Where is he now?

AISHA

I don't know.

Ms Nolan frowns, a little unhappy with Aisha's answers.

INT. INTERNATIONAL PROTECTION OFFICE, WAITING ROOM - DAY

Aisha eats a sandwich in the waiting-room. Other applicants are sitting around her but there is a tense atmosphere and not many people speak.

INT. INTERNATIONAL PROTECTION OFFICE, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Soon Aisha and Ms Nolan are back in their seats. Ms Nolan seems subtly different, less willing to smile.

MS NOLAN

How was your lunch?

AISHA

Fine, thank you.

Ms Nolan opens up the file again on her computer.

AISHA

You?

MS NOLAN

Fine. Busy.

Aisha smiles, but is not quite sure what that means.

MS NOLAN

When you arrived you gave us two time-frames for when your father and your brother died. You said 'months' ago, then you said 'weeks'.

AISHA

It was two months. I was tired when I said weeks.

MS NOLAN

(nods)

You're saying you would be in danger if you were to return to Nigeria?

AISHA

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MS NOLAN

What are your internal relocation options?

Aisha doesn't quite understand this term, and looks to Mrs Emenaha.

BES EMENAHA

*Wetin be your option for internal relocation?*

AISHA

I have no options. The men who killed my father and brother are looking for us.

MS NOLAN

Why are they looking for you?

AISHA

They say we owe them money. Four million naira. They were going to force me work on the streets to pay it off. The older man said "You no fit fail for your obligation to us." But I couldn't do it.

MS NOLAN

But you could avail of state protection? The police?

AISHA

No.

Ms Nolan pauses for a moment to type.

MS NOLAN

I'm looking for records of death.

Aisha nods, unsure if this is a question.

MS NOLAN

Did you report the death of your father and brother to the police?

AISHA

No.

MS NOLAN

You didn't report their murders?

AISHA

We were frightened. They would think nothing of killing us.

MS NOLAN

Were you or your mother hurt in the attack on your home?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Aisha doesn't answer.

MS NOLAN  
Were you or your mother hurt?

Aisha takes a further moment, and reluctantly nods. Ms Nolan checks her notes and looks up at Aisha, still waiting for a verbal answer.

AISHA  
Yes.

MS NOLAN  
How were you hurt?

Aisha looks uncomfortable with the question, and doesn't reply.

MS NOLAN  
Any broken bones, bruising?

AISHA  
I had bruising on my arms.

Ms Nolan pauses compassionately before continuing.

MS NOLAN  
I'm going to ask you a difficult question now, if that's okay?

AISHA  
Yes.

MS NOLAN  
Did the attack involve sexual abuse?

Aisha goes quiet for a few moments.

AISHA  
Yes.

Ms Nolan checks her notes again, this is new information.

MS NOLAN  
Would you like to talk about it?

AISHA  
No.

MS NOLAN  
Is there a medical report somewhere?

AISHA  
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MS NOLAN

Might there be evidence elsewhere  
that would help us?

AISHA

No.

MS NOLAN

Would you like to take a break,  
Aisha?

AISHA

No.

Ms Nolan responds with another sympathetic look. They take a moment while she types into her computer.

AISHA

I don't want to leave my country, I  
love my country. But it is not safe  
for me there.

MS NOLAN

Okay lets pause there while I print  
this.

Ms Nolan presses a button on her computer, and the printer kicks into life. Aisha watches the pages as they are spat out. Ms Nolan takes them, and slides them across the table to Aisha.

MS NOLAN

Can you have a read of this, and  
sign each page when you are happy  
it's accurate.

Aisha nods, and starts to read the transcription.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL PROTECTION OFFICE - EVENING

Aisha appears from the main entrance of the IPO, and steps onto the city street. She stops walking after a few steps, and looks as though she might burst into tears. She puts a leaflet for the '*Dublin Rape Crisis Centre*' into her coat pocket.

To her surprise she sees Conor leaning against a wall, waiting for her. He sees her and walks over.

They look at each other for a moment. Conor is about to speak, possibly an explanation for his presence, when Aisha hugs him closely.

INT. CITY CENTRE CAFE - EVENING

Aisha and Conor sit in front of coffee's in a quaint, small coffee shop with not many customers. Aisha sits slouched in her chair. Conor looks around him, feeling unsure how to act.

AISHA

Sorry I don't feel like talking.

CONOR

It doesn't bother me.

AISHA

I just don't want to go back yet.

CONOR

I've me phone here. Don't be  
worrying.

Conor scrolls through his phone.

CONOR

How'd it go?

Aisha smiles, that's good.

AISHA

It went well, I think. They just  
asked a lot of questions.

CONOR

Did they?

AISHA

About my past.

CONOR

Yeah?

AISHA

About my family. My husband.

CONOR

You're married, yeah?

Aisha nods. Conor thinks about this.

CONOR

Are you's still together?

Aisha shakes her head. Conor feigns indifference and continues to scroll through his phone.

Aisha looks back at her coffee, unwilling to talk any more about it. And unwilling to pry, Conor goes back to his phone.

.

EXT. CITY CENTRE - EVENING

From a distance we see Aisha and Conor walk around Dublin city centre.

A group of people bound by their drug-addictions, aged from early twenties up to middle-age, are huddled in a group. One of them PATRICK, a man of similar age to Conor, recognises Conor as he walks past.

PATRICK  
Conor.

CONOR  
All right, Patrick. (to the others)  
All right, yeah?

PATRICK  
(to Aisha)  
All right?

CONOR  
This is Aisha.

PATRICK  
How's it going, Aisha? (to Conor)  
What are you up to?

CONOR  
Working in security.

PATRICK  
Yeah?

CONOR  
How long are you out?

PATRICK  
Since June. Where you living?

CONOR  
Back at me Ma's at the minute.

PATRICK  
Any work going?

CONOR  
I dunno.

PATRICK  
You wouldn't have a few bob, would you?

Aisha watches Conor take out his cigarette box, and give Patrick a handful of cigarettes. Patrick takes them gratefully and puts them into his coat pocket.

EXT. DUBLIN CITY STREET - EVENING

A short while later Aisha and Conor have left the group, and are walking through the noisy city.

AISHA

You were in prison?

CONOR

(nods)

I'd an addiction. But I'm out six years, clean three years.

AISHA

What was it? Your addiction.

CONOR

It's well behind me.

Conor sighs, and chooses to answer in an upbeat way.

CONOR

I'd have a bit of speed to get me going in the morning. Then coke during the day - and cans of beer or whatever. Then valium to get to sleep. Merry-go-round.

Aisha thinks about this but not in a judgmental way. She feels for him. Conor seems happy to have said it.

CONOR

I got a lot of help. Detoxed for eight weeks. Sixteen weeks therapy. I hadn't seen me Ma for nearly a year. Just knocked on her door and she took me back in.

Aisha looks at Conor and smiles. They approach a bus station, and walk in together.

INT. BUS DEPOT. EVENING

Aisha and Conor stand away from a queue of waiting passengers in a crowded evening bus station.

CONOR

When will you know about the interview?

AISHA

A few weeks, I think.

The door of Aisha's coach opens, and passengers start to embark. Aisha takes out her phone and holds it as a camera. Surprised, Conor half smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA

Relax your face.

Conor smiles more, embarrassed.

CONOR

What you mean? Like, don't smile?

AISHA

Yes. Your face is always tense. You don't know you're doing it.

CONOR

Do I not?

Aisha smiles. Conor takes a deep breath, tries to relax, and looks at her. She takes the picture.

AISHA

Thank you for staying with me.

CONOR

No problem, take care yeah?

She returns her phone to her pocket. Conor seems unhappy, wishing he could find the right words for this moment.

CONOR

Can I visit sometime?

Aisha nods, that would be nice. Conor takes Aisha's hand in his. Aisha pulls away and gets on the bus.

INT. GLENTILL COACH - EVENING (MOVING)

On the way back to Glentill Aisha sits near the back of the coach, away from the other passengers. She reaches into her pocket for her phone, and looks at the photo of Conor. The warmth of his natural expression, and the pain in his eyes.

EXT. LANDSCAPE - MORNING

An expansive view of far distant mountains emerges from heavy clouds. Beneath this view is the trailer park centre.

EXT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE - DAY

Some time has passed and Aisha, now more familiar with routine life in the park, is carrying a laundry basket back to her trailer when security guard LLOYD calls over from across the site.

LLOYD

Aisha. There's post for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Aisha receives this news with shock. She puts the basket down and runs to the reception trailer.

INT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE, RECEPTION BUILDING –  
CONTINUOUS

Aisha joins a group of people waiting to take their post. As the group disperses, her eyes scan the post pigeon holes. Her gaze rests on her name, above it she can see a thick envelope waiting for her. She hands her registration card to another SECURITY GUARD.

INT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE, TRAILER – DAY

Sitting at the table in her trailer, Aisha's eyes follow the words of judgement. She focuses on a paragraph titled 'credibility'. It reads "*there were a number of inconsistencies which casts doubt in this regard*".

Further text reads "*There are internal relocation options possible.*" She crunches the letter into a ball.

With shaking hands Aisha makes a call on her mobile phone.

PETER FLOOD  
(on phone)  
Peter Flood. Peter Flood  
Solicitors.

AISHA  
This is Aisha Osagie.

PETER FLOOD  
(on phone)  
Aisha, I've just read the report.  
We can appeal the refugee and  
subsidiary protection refusals.  
There's a couple of things the IPO  
interviewer got wrong, so.. I'll  
use this as a basis for making the  
statement of appeal, okay?

AISHA  
Yes.

PETER FLOOD  
(on phone)  
I'll need your signature on a  
Notice of Appeal, so I'll get that  
out to you.

AISHA  
Will there be another interview?

PETER FLOOD  
(on phone)  
No, it's an appeal hearing.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

You'll be examined, and will have to give evidence.

Aisha thinks about this.

AISHA  
I will speak? In front of people?

PETER FLOOD  
(on phone)  
Yes. We'd need to go over the refusal grounds so I can get instruction on the matters that led to the refusal. I'll call you closer to the hearing.

Aisha goes quiet, the thought of this terrifies her.

PETER FLOOD  
(on phone)  
Aisha?

AISHA  
Uh huh. When will the hearing be?

PETER FLOOD  
(on phone)  
We don't know yet.

AISHA  
Okay, thank you. I have to go.

Aisha hangs up the call.

INT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE, TRAILER - NIGHT

Later Aisha lies in her bed, wide awake again. It is very late, and the park is quiet. She is just about to doze off when suddenly her phone rings loudly beside her. Aisha answers and again is met with the sound of a car engine. She speaks to Morayo in Nigerian-Pidgin English.

MORAYO  
(on phone)  
You get news?

AISHA  
Dem reject me, Momma.  
(*I was rejected, Momma*)

Morayo doesn't speak for a few moments. Aisha can only hear the sound of the car engine. She stands up off the bed.

AISHA  
We go appeal.  
(*We will appeal*)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORAYO  
(on phone)  
Wetin be dat?  
(*What is that?*)

AISHA  
We go try again.  
(*We will try again*)

MORAYO  
(on phone)  
How long dat one go take?  
(*How long will that take?*)

AISHA  
I no know. E no go tey like this  
one sha.  
(*I don't know. Not as long*)

Deep disappointment takes over them both, and they don't speak for a few moments.

MORAYO  
(on phone)  
Okay. Tell me wen dey tell you.  
(*Okay. Let me know when they tell you*)

AISHA  
I go do so.  
(*I will*)

MORAYO  
(on phone)  
Dey well, my love.  
(*Keep going my love*)

Aisha sighs heavily.

EXT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE - DAY

A few days later, Aisha arrives back at the trailer park with shopping bags when she sees something that makes her stop. Conor is standing outside the security cabin, waiting for her. He looks awkward, and a little troubled. Aisha is happy to see him, but also conflicted, and keeps her feelings hidden.

CONOR  
Sorry about this. I tried ringing  
you.

AISHA  
No, it's fine.

CONOR  
I rang in sick this morning. Is  
this okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA

Yes.

Aisha looks into the security cabin.

CONOR

Told him I'm from Carrig Nua. He says I can go in.

Aisha and Conor walk into the park.

EXT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE - DAY

Aisha leads Conor through the trailer park. He looks around, unimpressed with the state of the place. A group of boys kick a ball around a waste area. Close to them Ji-Woo sits on an old bench, playing with two cats.

CONOR

You's allowed pets here?

AISHA

No. They're not ours.

They arrive at the trailer and Aisha opens the door.

INT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE, TRAILER - DAY

Minutes later Conor and Aisha sit at the main table in the trailer. They sip tea quietly for a few moments. Aisha notices that Conor's hands are shaking.

CONOR

There's just something I wanted to say, yeah?

Aisha nods, okay. Conor takes another moment.

CONOR

I've never met anyone like you, Aisha.

These words surprise Aisha, and she responds with a protective stillness. She becomes aware that their hands are close to each other on the table. She dare not move.

CONOR

I can't stop thinking about you.

Again Aisha doesn't respond. Conor smiles, embarrassed now.

CONOR

I'm probably doing this wrong. I haven't, like.. I've not..

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

If you tell me you're not interested, then I'll head off and I won't bother you again. But I just need to know cos I'm going a bit mad with this.

Aisha takes a few moments before speaking.

AISHA  
My application was rejected.

CONOR  
Was it? Sorry. Shit. Are you appealing?

Aisha nods.

CONOR  
Are you alright?

Aisha takes some more time to choose the right words.

AISHA  
I think about you a lot.

Conor listens with hope.

AISHA  
But when I think like this it brings pain, Conor.

CONOR  
Like what?

AISHA  
About the future. And the past.

CONOR  
I was thinking about what.. About what you wanted to tell me-

AISHA  
I can't be with anyone when my life is like this. I have no future here at the moment.

Conor looks out the window, trying to hide his disappointment.

CONOR  
Are you sure?

AISHA  
Yes.

A sad moment follows. They have reached an impasse, and neither of them know what to say next. They remain there in each others company for a few more moments.

EXT. COUNTRY PATH - DAY

Aisha and Conor walk along an enclosed narrow country path that leads to a main road.

EXT. MAIN COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Moments later Aisha and Conor wait at a Bus Éireann bus stop on the main road. The road is quiet. They wait for a few moments without speaking.

CONOR

Thanks for walking me over.

Aisha doesn't respond. Conor looks up the road and sees the Dublin coach appear over the horizon.

CONOR

Here it is, I think. Is it just the Dublin bus that goes by here?

Aisha nods. She says something softly, too quiet to hear.

CONOR

What?

AISHA

Sorry Conor.

CONOR

Don't be sorry, yeah?

Aisha nods, okay. The coach arrives and Conor takes her hand in his, and squeezes it a little.

CONOR

You know where I am. See you, alright?

Conor steps onto the coach. Aisha looks at him through the window and waves goodbye. When the coach has driven off, she remains there at the bus stop.

Aisha faces an expansive landscape. Sheep and cattle are scattered over hills and farmland.

VFX SHOT:

Soon this view starts to change. Aisha witnesses the season change before her eyes; snow soon appears sprinkled across the distant fields.

INT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE, TRAILER - MORNING

Aisha's eyes open from sleep. She reaches for a packet of tablets on a cabinet beside her bed, and swallows one with a glass of water. She sits up and looks weaker with the passage of time.

EXT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE - MORNING

Later in the morning Aisha sits on the steps of her trailer, when she hears her phone ringing inside.

INT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE, TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

She arrives into her trailer and finds her phone quickly.

AISHA

Hello?

Mr Maduka is on the line. They speak in Nigerian-Pidgin English.

MR MADUKA

(on phone)

Aisha, na Mr. Maduka be dis.

(Aisha, this is Mr. Maduka)

AISHA

Yes?

MR MADUKA

(on phone)

I dey sorry, Aisha.

AISHA

For what?

Mr Maduka takes a moment. He sighs heavily down the line.

MR MADUKA

(on phone)

The doctors dem worked hard on am.

(The doctors worked hard on her)

AISHA

Doctors?

MR MADUKA

(on phone)

Her bodi no strong reach.

(Her body wasn't strong enough)

AISHA

I no understand, who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR MADUKA  
(on phone)  
Your mama.

AISHA  
She dey hospital?  
(She's in hospital?)

Aisha listens to Mr Maduka. Her legs weaken, and she sits down.

INT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE, TRAILER - MORNING

Aisha stands in her deep in thought. She makes a decision to call the immigration office. She finds the number and calls them.

IPO ACCOMMODATION OFFICER  
Hello, international protection and  
accommodation services office.

AISHA  
Hello my name is Aisha Osagie, I  
need to go home back to Nigeria for  
a funeral.

IPO ACCOMMODATION OFFICER  
Can you give me your registration  
number?

AISHA  
Yes its 12356817.

IPO ACCOMMODATION OFFICER  
It says here your case is still  
ongoing..

AISHA  
Yes

IPO ACCOMMODATION OFFICER

Your only option is voluntary  
return, do you know what this? We  
will facilitate your travel back to  
Nigeria and we will pay for it but  
it means the your appeal will be  
withdrawn, is that what you're  
asking?

AISHA  
NO

IPO ACCOMMODATION OFFICER  
That's your only option i'm  
afraid...are you ok?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA  
Can I call you back?

IPO ACCOMMODATION OFFICER  
Of course you can

Aisha runs out of the trailer

INT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE, TRAILER - EVENING

Later into the evening, Aisha still sits at the dining table of her trailer. She scribbles erratically onto her notepad with her phone to her ear. Her hands are shaking. She speaks to Mr Maduka in Nigerian-Pidgin English.

AISHA  
If I come back for di funeral, I go  
need to return for good.  
(*If I come back for the funeral, I would  
have to return for good*)

MR MADUKA  
(on phone)  
No do dat. No come back, Aisha. Dem  
find her, and dem go find you.  
(*You must never do that. Don't come back,  
Aisha. They found her, and they will find  
you*)

AISHA  
How dem find her?  
(*How did they find her?*)

MR MADUKA  
She been dey speak with  
traffickers. I no know.  
(*She was speaking to traffickers. I  
didn't know*)

Aisha goes quiet.

MR MADUKA  
(on phone)  
She left the money wey you send.  
(*She left the money you sent*)

AISHA  
I no want am.  
(*I don't want it*)

MR MADUKA  
(on phone)  
I go keep am for you. And you fit  
tell me wetin you want to do with  
am.  
(*I will keep it for you. And you can tell  
me what you want to do with it*)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Aisha nods, okay.

Minutes later Aisha paces the trailer, completely at a loss as to what to do next. Her emotions eventually surface. It is all too much. She starts to kick the cabinets and soon finds herself smashing the Perspex windows with a broom handle. She completely loses it for a few moments, but the short episode ends up causing a lot of damage to the trailer.

INT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE, TRAILER - NIGHT

Later Aisha is curled up on her bed, breathing heavily, surrounded by a destroyed trailer. A caring hand touches her back. She turns to see Ji-Woo.

AISHA

Sorry, Ji-Woo.

Ji-Woo kneels down beside Aisha, and comforts her.

INT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE, TRAILER - MORNING

A man's hand presses a broken window frame. His shoe taps a broken cabinet. Aisha watches Close fearfully as he inspects the damage. He carefully examines every broken item, the windows, the cabinets, the walls. The tension increases with every moment. Aisha and Ji-Woo stand by the door.

CLOSE

Well this place is now uninhabitable. Isn't it? I've only one bed left. (to Aisha) So I've no bed for you. You'll have to get your things together and I'll see if I can find you somewhere.

Aisha's eyes close. This news crushes her.

CLOSE

I know it's a difficult time. I'll do my best to get you in someplace. Probably an emergency centre.

Aisha nods, okay.

EXT. GLENTILL TRAILER PARK CENTRE, TRAILER - DAY

Later, Aisha and Ji-Woo say goodbye with an embrace. They separate and Aisha picks up her bags.

EXT. MOTORWAYS AND SMALLER ROADS - DAY (MONTAGE)

A coach travels a long distance from southern Ireland towards the North. We see the coach on roads of all kinds as the sun drops into the sky and the light fades.

INT. DUBLIN COACH - DAY (MOVING)

Inside the busy coach we find Aisha, pressed close to the window due to a big passenger sitting beside her. She looks out at the passing towns and villages.

EXT. THE WELCOME REST HOTEL - EVENING

At sunset, the coach eventually arrives outside a large, hotel called '*The Welcome Rest*', situated off a main country road.

The coach pulls away, leaving Aisha standing on the side of the road, looking at the hotel.

Closer to the entrance, a group of American tourists dressed up in walking gear have just returned from a day out, and are in good spirits. They smile welcomingly to Aisha.

INT. THE WELCOME REST HOTEL, RECEPTION - EVENING

Inside Aisha walks past more guests of the hotel towards the main reception area. A middle-aged woman MRS KEEGAN greets her with a smile.

MRS KEEGAN

Hello there. May I help you?

AISHA

I was sent here from the Glentill  
Direct Provision Centre.

Mrs Keegan nods, yes.

MRS KEEGAN

One moment, please.

Mrs Keegan picks up a cardigan and puts it on. She signals Aisha to follow her, and leads her through the lobby smiling politely for her guests.

INT. THE WELCOME REST CENTRE, HALLWAY - EVENING

Moments later Aisha and Mrs Keegan walk through the hallway.

MRS KEEGAN

Long journey, Aisha?

AISHA

It was six hours.

MRS KEEGAN

It would be. Maybe more. Where are  
you from?

CONTINUED:

AISHA  
Nigeria.

MRS KEEGAN  
Nigeria. Breakfast is from nine to ten downstairs. And then dinner is five thirty to six thirty. Do you understand?

AISHA  
Yes.

MRS KEEGAN  
This floor is for the asylum seekers only.

She then points back towards the door they just walked through.

MRS KEEGAN  
You're not to use the front entrance at weekends, okay? Or go in the restaurant, or the bar. There's stairs to a door this way you can use. I'll give you a card for the gate.

Aisha nods, although she is unhappy with the way she is being spoken to. Mrs Keegan smiles, good.

.

INT. THE WELCOME REST CENTRE, COMMUNAL BEDROOM - EVENING

They arrive into one of the communal bedrooms, which is cramped and divided into four sections by curtains. Aisha glimpses past the curtains to see lethargic bodies lying on their beds. She notices there is an OLD THIN MAN lying on a bed opposite her.

AISHA  
Is this the mans room?

MRS KEEGAN  
No. Don't worry you won't hear a peep out of that one.

Aisha looks back at him, his presence already making her anxious.

MRS KEEGAN  
That's your bed.

Aisha places her bags on a bed by the window. Mrs Keegan hands her a card to activate the pedestrian gate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS KEEGAN

If you need anything at all, just let me or another member of staff know at breakfast tomorrow.

Mrs Keegan leaves and Aisha sits down on her bed by the window. She sighs heavily, and starts to unpack.

EXT. WELCOME INN CENTRE - EVENING

THROUGH COMMUNAL BEDROOM WINDOW - From outside we see Aisha sitting at the window of the communal bedroom. Behind her the room is crowded. The window frames Aisha in a way similar to how the system determines it's residents; passive, confined, quiet and in fear. Time passes slowly.

INT. THE WELCOME REST CENTRE, COMMUNAL BEDROOM - MORNING

Aisha's eyes open again from sleep. She picks up a packet of tablets next to her, and this time she swallows two of them. In the months that have passed, Aisha looks even weaker than before. Her health is clearly going downhill.

Through a gap in the curtains, on the opposite side of a small room, Aisha sees the old and thin man getting dressed. She sinks back under the covers and waits for him to leave.

EXT. THE WELCOME REST CENTRE, BACK DOOR - MORNING

Aisha emerges from the back door of the hotel.

After a short walk from the pedestrian entrance she meets a country road. Cars pass at great speed, and a bend in the road creates a dangerous blind spot. Aisha carefully looks around the bend before taking a step out onto the road.

INT/EXT. NEWSAGENTS, NEAR WELCOME REST - DAY

Later, Aisha walks around a tiny newsagents with very little selection. Her phone rings and when she sees who is calling, she steps outside into a small village and leans against the wall of the shop.

AISHA

Hello?

PETER FLOOD

(on phone)

Aisha. Peter Flood.

AISHA

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER FLOOD  
(on phone)  
How are you?

Aisha doesn't reply, creating an awkward moment.

PETER FLOOD  
(on phone)  
Just a reminder about your hearing  
this Thursday.

AISHA  
Yes.

PETER FLOOD  
(on phone)  
That's two days. Are you ready?

Again, Aisha doesn't reply.

PETER FLOOD  
(on phone)  
Aisha?

AISHA  
Yes.

PETER FLOOD  
(on phone)  
Okay you'll get to say a few words  
this time. Just remember they're  
looking for proof of 'well founded  
fear' so we need to put across the  
danger you're in. Would be great to  
have more detail on the attack on  
your home - elaborate on the new  
information you gave in your  
interview. I know this will be  
difficult, but when you address the  
hearing if you could try and put  
them in the room...

Aisha nods.

PETER FLOOD  
(on phone)  
Aisha?

AISHA  
Put them in the room, yes.

PETER FLOOD  
(on phone)  
My condolences about your mother.

AISHA  
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PETER FLOOD

(on phone)

Okay see you on Thursday at IPAT,  
before 1pm. Do you know where it  
is?

AISHA

I have the address. See you there.

Aisha hangs up, and it takes all of her energy to not cry.

EXT. WELCOME REST CENTRE - LATE EVENING

Later, in a private spot around the back of the centre, we find Aisha crouched down leaning against a wall. She is deeply affected by the conversation with Peter Flood - the prospect of speaking at the hearing is causing her severe mental anguish.

INT. WELCOME REST CENTRE, COMMUNAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

That night Aisha's eyes are wide open in bed. It seems her anguish has lifted. Calmly she gets out of bed. She puts on some clothes, takes her phone from the table and puts it in her pocket. She looks at the photograph stuck onto the headboard of her bed, of her mother, her father and her brother. All of them are smiling, and all of them but Aisha are now dead. She leaves the room.

EXT. THE WELCOME REST CENTRE, PEDESTRIAN GATES - EARLY MORNING

Aisha holds her access card up to the pedestrian gate but it doesn't work. She tries it a second time, but again no. She sighs, trapped in the centre. She climbs over the wall, and down onto the road below.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - EARLY MORNING

Aisha stands at the edge of the dangerous bend on the main road. She finds her phone in her pocket, and dials a number.

She waits and eventually an answer service kicks in.

CONOR'S VOICE

(on phone)

*This is Conor. I can't take your call. Please leave a message.*

Aisha ends the call and angrily throws her phone into a ditch.

The road is quiet. After a while Aisha hears the sound of a vehicle in the distance. She gathers her resolve, clenches her fists, and looks at the blind spot on the road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the vehicle gets closer, it's becomes clear that it is a large transit van.

Aisha takes a deep breath. The van gets closer. Just as it is about to pass, she takes a step out into the middle of the road. The van speeds around the bend, and Aisha locks eyes with the driver, who swerves. At the very last moment, Aisha jumps out of the way and lands in a ditch.

Once in the ditch, Aisha starts to cry, both from relief and sadness. She stays still for a moment, her face buried in the long grass. She moves and realizes that she has hurt her arm.

She hears the sound of the van slowing down in the distance and stopping. But closer to her she hears the sound of a car pulling in. The car door shuts, and footsteps grow louder.

MS PENDER(O.S.)

Can you move?

Aisha looks up, and sees a middle aged lady MS PENDER get down on her hands and knees to speak to her. Aisha seems disorientated, and speaks in Nigerian-Pidgin English.

AISHA

Leave me alone, I dey fine. I no need help.

*(Leave me alone, I'm fine. I do not need help)*

MS PENDER

Can you speak English?

AISHA

I hurt my arm.

The driver, a polish man named PAWEL BABKA, runs down the motorway from his lorry. He is distraught.

MS PENDER

Is there someone I can contact?

Aisha tries to move her arm, and winces. Mary turns to Pawel.

MS PENDER

What happened?

PAWEL BABKA

She was standing in the middle of the road.

Mary already has her phone to her ear.

MS PENDER

(on phone)

Hello, I need an ambulance. A woman has had a fall and has hurt her arm, I think.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mary rubs Aisha's hand to keep her warm. Suddenly they hear a phone ringing nearby.

MS PENDER  
(on phone)  
Yes. Yes that's fine.

Behind her, Pawel ventures across the road to find the ringing phone. He wades through long grass. Mary puts her hand over her phone to address Aisha.

MS PENDER  
Is that your phone?

Aisha doesn't respond. Pawel picks up Aisha's phone, and answers it.

PAWEL BABKA  
(on phone)  
Hello?

Aisha manages to look behind her, and sees Pawel speaking to Conor on her phone.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - MORNING

Some time later Aisha lies on a stretcher, the pulsing lights of an ambulance cross her face. There is a lot of activity taking place around her.

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)  
Do you know this woman?

MS PENDER (O.S.)  
No, I just pulled my car over.

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)  
Okay. If you'll excuse me.

MS PENDER (O.S.)  
She doesn't speak English.

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)  
Thank you. Okay Nathan.

Aisha winces with pain, as the stretcher rocks with movement. She is being carried onto an ambulance by two PARAMEDICS, and soon finds herself inside a brightly lit ambulance. The doors of the ambulance are closed.

INT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR - DAY

Later that day, from a distance we see Aisha, now with her arm in a sling, filling out a form at a counter of a hospital ward. She smiles to the DOCTOR, thank you and hands him back his pen.

EXT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Aisha walks out of the hospital, she notices Conor waiting for her. She becomes emotional for a moment, and pulls herself together before approaching him. When Conor sees her, he hugs her. They walk off.

OMIT

EXT. THE WELCOME REST HOTEL - EVENING

The taxi drives off leaving Aisha and Conor outside the hotel. They walk around to the back entrance.

INT. THE WELCOME REST CENTRE, HALLWAY - EVENING

Inside, on Aisha's hallway, they meet Mrs Keegan coming out of the laundry room.

MRS KEEGAN

What happened to you?

AISHA

I fell.

MRS KEEGAN

Are you alright?

Aisha nods. Mrs Keegan looks at Conor suspiciously.

MRS KEEGAN

No visitors today.

AISHA

Can he come in for a few minutes?

MRS KEEGAN

He'd need to be cleared. I'm sorry,  
he'll have to leave immediately.

Aisha sighs heavily and she and Conor walk back out the back door.

EXT. WELCOME REST, BACK OF HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Aisha and Conor appear from the back door of the hotel.

CONOR

Aisha?

Aisha turns around.

CONOR

Do you want to talk about it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA

No.

CONOR

Then why am I here?

AISHA

I didn't mean for you to come all this way.

CONOR

Well I did.

AISHA

I'm sorry.

CONOR

Are you?

AISHA

Yes.

CONOR

So am I!

Conor rubs his forehead hard.

AISHA

They want me to talk about things I can't talk about.

CONOR

Do you want me to go with you?

The offer makes Aisha uncomfortable, and again she doesn't answer.

CONOR

Look I better head back.

AISHA

I'm sorry, Conor.

CONOR

I'll ring a taxi, it's fine.

AISHA

I'll wait with you.

CONOR

No don't.

AISHA

It could take a while.

CONOR

Honestly it's grand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AISHA

Thanks for coming to see me.

Conor looks at Aisha, clearly his feelings for her have not changed. He leans in to her and they hug.

CONOR

Call me if you want to, yeah?  
Anytime.

Aisha nods, thanks. Conor walks away slowly back towards the front of the hotel, while searching for a number on his phone. Aisha watches him for a moment, and walks back towards him.

CONOR

(on phone)  
How's it going, can I book a taxi?

AISHA

Will you come with me?

Conor turns around and is momentarily confused.

CONOR

(on phone)  
Hold on. (to Aisha) What?

Aisha doesn't say it again.

CONOR

Tomorrow?

Aisha nods. Conor gathers his thoughts.

CONOR

(on phone)  
Sorry, forget that. Do you know any hostels around Knockhillen?

Aisha manages a smile.

CONOR

(on phone)  
I didn't say you were the tourist office.

AISHA

You could stay here.

Conor looks at her and smiles, yes.

EXT. THE WELCOME REST HOTEL,- EVENING

Moments later Aisha and Conor walk towards the hotel entrance. Aisha stops abruptly, remembering she is not allowed to go any further, and Conor goes in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Aisha waits there and watches through the glass. Conor glances at her as Mrs Keegan takes his card details. They exchange a smile.

INT. THE WELCOME REST CENTRE, COMMUNAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Later Aisha sits on her bed, the curtains pulled around her. She looks troubled and conflicted. She sends a text on her phone and waits. After a moment her phone alerts with a response. She looks at it, and sighs heavily with nerves.

.

INT. THE WELCOME REST HOTEL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Upstairs, Aisha arrives at a hotel room door. She stands before it and knocks. Conor opens the door, still dressed. He notices that Aisha is emotional, and opens the door fully for her to enter.

INT. WELCOME REST HOTEL, CONOR'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Aisha steps into the small hotel room and stands before Conor, feeling very vulnerable.

AISHA

I just want to lie with you. Is that okay?

Conor nods, of course. Aisha sits on the bed. Conor turns off the light. After a moment of uncertainty Aisha takes her arm from the sling and lies on the bed, over the covers. Conor takes Aisha's lead and lies down too, facing her. They put their arms around each other and lay there, in a rested embrace. Aisha closes her eyes.

INT. DUBLIN COACH - MORNING (MOVING)

THROUGH WINDOW: Looking in from outside the coach to Dublin, we see a hand wipe a foggy window. Aisha's face appears through the streaks, looking anxious. She sighs heavily to calm herself. Conor is sitting beside her.

Aisha checks the time on her phone anxiously.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL PROTECTION APPEALS TRIBUNAL, OFFICES- DAY

Aisha and Conor arrive outside the IPAT office, and Aisha abruptly stops running. Conor inadvertently passes her before stopping. He turns around and gives Aisha a moment. Together they walk toward the entrance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Conor pulls on the door and meets an IPAT SECURITY GUARD standing on the other side of a porch area. He notices them, and looking hassled speaks loudly through the glass.

IPAT SECURITY GUARD  
Can I help you?

AISHA  
I am here for my hearing.

The security guard comes out and opens the door for Aisha.

INT. IPAT OFFICES, WAITING AREA - DAY

Aisha and Conor arrive into a small waiting area. They meet a group of people congregated, awaiting the hearing.

Peter Flood is chatting to his assistant case-worker KEVIN FARRELLY, and an IPO Presenting Officer MS MICHELLE CAMPBELL. When Flood notices Aisha, he impatiently beckons her over to them. Aisha looks at Conor, this is it. She walks towards Flood, and Conor takes a seat in the waiting area.

INT. IPAT OFFICES, BOARDROOM - DAY

Inside a boardroom, a group of people sit around a large table. At the top of the table is an authoritative looking man in his early sixties, Tribunal Member MR SEAN COLLINS, and to his left is Ms Campbell. Peter Flood, Aisha and Kevin Farrelly are seated opposite Ms Campbell.

PETER FLOOD  
Tribunal Member we know from the authorities in Benin city that the applicant's mother, Morayo Osagie, was murdered just over three months ago. She was shot and killed in Lagos - a city located 300 kilometers from Benin city. This recent tragedy is evidence of the danger Aisha is in. We argue that every part of the country of Nigeria is a potential risk for her.

TM Collins nods in receipt of this submission, and takes a moment to think about it.

Ms Campbell begins cross examination, and at this moment is addressing TM Collins.

MICHELLE CAMPBELL  
While the death of Ms Osagie's mother is of course tragic, the actual issue here relates to the future risk to the applicant.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's clear from the country of origin information submitted that procedures are in place for her protection should this applicant report her situation to the authorities in Nigeria. Refugee law is intended to meet the needs of only those who have no alternative, primary recourse should always be to one's own state.

TM SEAN COLLINS

Ms Osagie, would you like to tell us a little more about your story?

AISHA

Yes but it is not a story. On January 13th last year, a group of men entered our home. They killed my brother and my father. They shot them. Then they had their way with me. They raped me. This happened. Please don't call it a story.

Aisha takes a moment before continuing.

MICHELLE CAMPBELL

Thank you Ms Osagie.

Aisha looks at TM Collins, and decides to stand up.

AISHA

I am very disappointed. I am angry. I came to this country seeking safety. All I asked for was safety. Nothing else. No handouts. Nothing for free. Just to live in a safe place. Just safety.

Aisha takes a moment and realises she has finished. Aisha watches TM Sean Collins carefully but his expression does not reveal any indication of his deliberation.

INT. BUS DEPOT. EVENING

Later Aisha and Conor sit on a bench at the bus station.

CONOR

What did you tell them?

AISHA

I told them what happened.

CONOR

All of it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Aisha nods. Conor turns quiet for a few moments.

CONOR  
I dunno what to say now.

AISHA  
You don't have to say anything.

CONOR  
Nah, I should be able to.

The coach doors open near them and passengers start to embark. Aisha and Conor stand up. They find themselves standing close to each other.

AISHA  
You could say 'Comot'.

CONOR  
I forgot what that means.

AISHA  
Do you remember any of it?

CONOR  
No.

Aisha smiles.

CONOR  
Why don't you stay longer?

AISHA  
I have to be back by ten.

They hug each other, and almost without thinking they kiss for the first time. They are both struck powerfully by the moment. Aisha walks away from Conor and gets onto the coach.

INT. DONEGAL COACH - EVENING

Aisha leans against the window of the Donegal coach, immersed in the emotions of the day.

EXT. WELCOME REST HOTEL - SUNSET

In golden light of sunset we see the distant mountains. Below this expansive view is the Welcome Rest Hotel. A coach stops outside the hotel and Aisha gets off. She walks slowly towards the main entrance, after an exhausting day. She stops and leans against the wall by the front entrance.

Aisha reaches into her pocket and takes out the leaflet she was given for the 'Rape Crisis Centre'. She finds her phone and calls the number. As the phone rings Aisha looks ahead of her into the expansive farmland.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After a moment we see the season change again. The green trees turn brown and their leaves start to fall to the ground.

INT. THE WELCOME REST HOTEL, PRAYER ROOM - BEFORE SUNRISE

Aisha kneels on a prayer mat in the corner of a small prayer room that is laid out to host a number of people. Again she is fully dressed including a headscarf. Her hands are clasped on her chest as she recites a Salat prayer ritual quietly in Arabic.

INT. THE WELCOME REST CENTRE, COMMUNAL BEDROOM - MORNING

Later that morning, Aisha sits on her bed and takes two tablets with a glass of water.

Suddenly she notices someone standing in front of her curtain. It is the old and thin man who sleeps opposite her.

OLD MAN

There's post for you.

Aisha experiences a bolt of nerves. She nods meekly, thank you.

INT. WELCOME REST CENTRE, BEDROOM - MORNING

A few minutes later Aisha is dressed and walks out of the now crowded bedroom. She passes some CENTRE WORKERS who are bringing an extra bed into the room, making it even more cramped. A YOUNG WOMAN who has just arrived waits by the door, still holding her belongings.

INT. WELCOME REST CENTRE, CANTEEN AREA - MORNING

Later that morning Aisha sits in a over-crowded and noisy canteen area, eating her breakfast. In front of her on the table is an unopened thick white envelope.

.

INT. WELCOME REST CENTRE, LAUNDRY ROOM - MORNING

Aisha steps into the laundry room, rips open the letter and takes out a thick document. Her heart and her mind are racing.

Text on the opening page reads

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*"Having considered your appeal, the Tribunal has affirmed the recommendation of the International Protection Officer that you should be refused a declaration as a refugee and refused subsidiary protection status."*

Other text reads '*...The Tribunal considers that there would be a relocation alternative available to the Appellant in any of the following cities...*' .

She breathes deeply to calm herself. She can't believe it. She lies back on her bed.

EXT. BUS STOP, NEAR WELCOME REST - DAY

Later, Aisha stands alone at the Bus Éireann bus stop. She takes the rejection letter from the pocket of her heavy coat, and reads it again.

INT. DUBLIN COACH - DAY (MOVING)

Aisha sits at the back of the Dublin coach, which is quite empty. She looks out the window, deep in thought, as streaks of sunlight pass over her face.

EXT. DUBLIN CITY FLAT COMPLEX - EVENING

A short while later Aisha and Conor are in a close embrace. They stand beside the stairwell of an expansive inner city flat complex.

AISHA

I don't have much time.

They separate and Aisha notices that Conor has tears in his eyes.

CONOR

Do you have the letter with you?

Aisha nods. They don't speak for a few moments, Conor still absorbing the news.

CONOR

What do you want to do now?

AISHA

I don't know.

She wipes a tear from Conor's cheek.

CONOR

My Ma wants to meet you. But we don't have to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Aisha thinks for a moment, and nods positively.

CONOR

Do you want to come up?

AISHA

Okay.

They walk up the steps of the stairwell.

EXT. DUBLIN CITY FLAT COMPLEX - EVENING

THROUGH FRONT WINDOW INTO FLAT: A little later we see Aisha and Conor sitting on a sofa in the Healy's front room. Conor is sat forward, reading the thick rejection document. Aisha watches him as he runs his finger under the lines.

Conor's mother BERNADETTE HEALY (aged 70) enters with a tray of tea. We don't hear what they say but Bernadette makes Aisha smile with a story she's telling. Aisha reaches for Conor's hand and holds it.

INT. PETER FLOOD SOLICITORS, DUBLIN CITY CENTRE - DAY

Later again, Aisha sits opposite Peter Flood in his office. She seems despondant, still wearing her coat, but she is there and willing to listen.

PETER FLOOD

Some of the reasons given here are not legally sound. I think we can challenge this in the High Court.  
Do you want me to explore that?

AISHA

Yes. How long will it take?

PETER FLOOD

It'll take time. There's a backlog.

Aisha goes quiet.

AISHA

What are my chances, Mr Flood?

Flood thinks about this and sighs heavily.

PETER FLOOD

It's hard to say. It could go either way.

Aisha folds the letter, places it back into it's envelope and then puts the envelope back into her coat pocket. She nods, thank you.

EXT. DUBLIN CITY CENTRE, STREETS - EVENING

With strength and hope Aisha walks through the Dublin city centre crowds back to the train station.

FADE TO BLACK.