

Transcript of Scotland, Forgive me
A film by Will Clark

A man is on a sandy beach with the sea behind him. He has long hair in a ponytail and is wearing a denim jacket with a sheepskin collar. The wind is blowing strands of his hair. The shot is in black and white and frames the top half of his body. He performs to camera in BSL. Colour shots of the same man walking in rugged windswept landscapes of mountains and long grass are intercut between the BSL.

I've spent my childhood chasing ghosts,
Trying to find something,
that would define me as a person.

Never happened.

That wee feeling of...nothingness.
Nae identity at all.
Just a pure deaf man, nothing more nothing less.

I couldn't connect to anyone
or to the country I was born in.

I felt voiceless.
Languageless.
Countryless.

Escaped to the big smoke in another country,
that big void of a city.
To try to discover myself
and all that cliché pish.

Endless people around me,
yet I felt more isolated
in such a soulless place.

So many different sign languages, accents, cultures
Struggling to find myself
in that mist of confusion.
Something's calling me,
it's time to come home.

Fresh air.

Rugged scenery.
Dreich weather.
Bonnie, so they say.

Scottish Sign Language,
accents,
banter,
people.

Swearing is like
pure poetry here.

There it is, a wee sense of belonging.

Scotland, where were you when I needed you?
You crept up on me just like that,
ya wee beauty.

Scotland.
Hame.

A shot of the man in a rugged landscape looking towards a small white cottage in a valley beneath mountains. With his face to the wind, he closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. The shot fades out to cut and the end credits are shown.

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Writer, John G. MacKintosh
Editor, Will Clark
Stills photographer, Scott Campbell
Performer, Craig McCulloch*

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