

Prisoner

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PRISONER

OPENING CREDITS

A black camera bag rests in the cargo hold of a jetliner. Its claim check tag plainly visible. Light washes across it as a

door is opened. Moments later, it's grabbed by an airline worker's hand.

The bag is tossed onto a luggage cart. A moment passes, then the cart begins to move. We follow the cart, still focused on the bag, as it speeds down the airport pavement. The cart stops. A few moments pass. Then the bag is tossed onto a moving baggage claim belt.

We follow the bag as it bumps along the conveyor belt. It passes through cuts strips of hanging plastic and into darkness.

Almost immediately the bag passes into the bright light of the airport's interior. We continue to follow as it takes a ninety-degree turn. A WOMAN'S HAND reaches into the frame and takes the bag next to it. Another ninety-degree turn as the bag on the other side is retrieved.

A man's hand reaches into frame, grabbing it.

END CREDIT SEQUENCE

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

The camera bag sits in the passenger seat. The same hand rests protectively on it. We pull back to see DEREK PLATO, in his early thirties, driving the car. He moves his hand to the steering wheel as he dials the phone and plugs a small ear piece into the phone.

DEREK (O.S.)
Olivia, hey, it's me. Why aren't
you picking up? I'm at the
location. It's perfect.

He stops the car and looks out through the windshield.

We pull back to reveal:

EXT. PRISON - CONTINUOUS

The prison. It is weatherbeaten, massive and gray; of early 20th century construction. Imposing circular towers frame the front. Rusted razor wire tops the walls.

DEREK (O.S.)
It looks like hell.

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Derek talks on his cell phone as he looks out at the prison.

DEREK
You really need to see this. Get

a car and get out here as quick as
you can.
 (he starts to hang
 up, stops)
Call me if you need the directions.

He disconnects, opens the car door.

EXT. PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Derek gets out of the car and takes in the surroundings. The huge building dominates the landscape. A few eroding outbuildings are visible. Otherwise, no signs of civilization anywhere.

He looks back down the dirt road, checks his watch. His phone rings. He looks at the caller ID display and is disappointed with what he sees.

DEREK
Yeah, this is Derek.
 (listens)
No, she's not here. What's up?

In the distance, another car is approaching. Derek notices it.

DEREK
 (continuing)
Who?
 (listens)
No, I got 'em, they're right here.

He opens the back door of the car, leans in and retrieves a bag stuffed with headshots.

DEREK
 (continuing)
Who did you say?
 (finding the
 headshot)
Yeah. Of course, Yeah. No. She's
too... she's too ethnic.

 (listens)
No, she's not waspy enough. We
need whitebread, not, you know,
just-off the-boat.
 (listens)
Tell her I like her work, she's a
great actress, blah blah blah all
that shit, she's just not right
for it.

The other car arrives. BOB SHARON gets out. He's about Derek's age, but larger;. He walks toward Derek. Not noticing the ear piece.

BOB
Derek? Bob Sharon, I'm a big fan
of your....

Derek holds up a hand to shush him.

BOB
(continuing)
Sorry.

DEREK
(into phone)
No. I don't have time to deal with
that. You do it. No, look, I gotta
go.
(listens)
No, she's not here.
(listens)
I don't know where the fuck she is.
(listens)
No. I gotta go.

He ends the call, pockets the phone, sets the bag on the
roof, and starts digging in the car for his camera bag. Bob
watches him.

BOB
Sorry I'm late, I got hung up on
the interstate. I called your
producer, um, Olivia, left a
message.

Derek ignores him.

BOB
(continuing)
Is Olivia meeting us here, or...?

DEREK
When do we lose the light?

BOB
Sorry?

Derek emerges from the car, prepping a digital camera.

DEREK
(with exaggerated
patience)
How much time do we have before
the sun goes down?

BOB
(checking his watch)
Oh, I don't know. Forty-five
minutes, an hour.

DEREK
(looking at him)
Let's make the most of it, shall
we?

Bob is insulted. He puts a brave face on it.

BOB
Sure. Okay.

As Bob starts to lead the way, Derek slings his bags over his
shoulders, and slams the car door.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON ENTRY HALL - LATE AFTERNOON

A pigeon sits on a dung-encrusted windowsill. It cocks its
head, listening to the echoing sound of Bob's voice.

BOB (O.S.)
The state shut it down about
twenty years ago when they built
the new facility across the river.
It's just been sitting here sort
of falling apart since then.

We hear a door on rusted hinges creaking open. The pigeon is
startled. The door slams. The pigeon flies away through the
bars of the window.

Bob leads Derek into the cluttered entrance hall.

BOB
This is where they used to process
new arrivals and check in visitors.
(shivers)
Whew. Cold in here.

Derek checks out the room. It's dusty and decrepit.

BOB
(continuing)
Kind of a mess, huh?
(looking at the
ceiling)
Held up pretty well, though.
Roof's still in good shape. And
it's kinda hard to find, so we
haven't had much trouble with
curiosity-seekers. We check it
pretty regular.

Derek takes out his camera. He flips up the camera's small monitor screen and starts taping, holding the camera chest-high.

HAND-HELD VIDEO POV as Derek scans the room. He speaks softly, making notes to himself. Bob is across the room and can't hear him..

DEREK (O.S.)
Front entrance to the...

BOB
'Course the State is willing to help some with improvements. Depending on what you wind up wanting to use. We're willing to work with you on just about anything.

DEREK (O.S.)
(to himself)
Front entrance. Possibly the opening, the riot sequence.

POV moves slowly across Bob.

DEREK (O.S.)
(continuing)
Yokel patrol.

Bob realizes he's on camera.

BOB
Oh. Hey. I'm on TV.

He starts to laugh, then stops.

BOB
(continuing)
I'll get out of your way.

The POV moves past Bob and over a pile of old prison guard paraphernalia strewn haphazardly against the wall: faded black uniforms, belts, hats, shoes.

BOB
(continuing; pause)
Let me know if you need any help with that or anything. I've had a little bit of experience behind the camera myself.

He pauses expectantly, as if waiting for Derek to say something.

BOB
(continuing)
Kind of surprised you're here by
yourself.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT.RENTAL CAR - DAY - FLASHBACK

Olivia, late 20's, pretty, gets in the passenger side of
Derek's rental car. She is in mid-argument with Derek.

OLIVIA
No no no no no. You are not
ducking this. You look me in the
eye and tell me I'm a traitor.
That I don't fight for you.

He puts the keys in the ignition. She grabs them away from
him.

OLIVIA
(continuing)
I'm serious, damn it. Look at me.

He does.

OLIVIA
(continuing)
Say it.

They look at each other for a long moment. Finally, he
reaches out and touches her face. She starts to speak, stops.
He leans in and kisses her. She kisses him back, then pushes
him away and looks out the window.

OLIVIA
(continuing)
I really love you, Derek. I swear
to God I do. But I can't... You
are so talented. So brilliant.
I've been willing to put up with
a lot of shit because of that, you
know? Honestly. But I can't... you
can't just keep doing this. I
think you need to see somebody.
Get some help. We can even do it
together, if you want. I'll go
with you. It's just... I love you,
you know?

She looks back to him. He is staring into the viewscreen on
his camera. He's been filming her the whole time.

DEREK
That was beautiful.

Olivia is stunned. She looks at him, trying to comprehend how he could do such a thing. She shakes her head, gets out of the car.

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY

Bob and Derek step through the door. Old hospital beds are stacked haphazardly in one corner of the room. Paint is peeling off the walls.

BOB
This is the infirmary. Prison had its own doctor. They did surgery here and everything. Don't know if you'd want to use it or not.

Derek looks around the room. He starts taping.

DEREK
(for his notes)
Infirmary...

BOB
Actually, you know what? That reminds me of something..

DEREK
(under his breath)
Jesus...

BOB
I'm supposed to ask you if we could, um, get a copy of your script.

DEREK
We?

BOB
Well, yes. The Commission.

DEREK
Why?

BOB
Well, I'm...I mean we...the Commission...we're appointed by the governor and... it's really just a formality, we have to...

A low groaning sound echoes in the distance. Bob stops, listens. Derek puts the camera down.

DEREK
What the fuck was that?

They listen as the sound dies away.

BOB

Beats me.

(pause)

It's an old building.

(pause; joking)

Maybe it's haunted.

Derek gives him an eat-shit-and-die look.

BOB

(continuing)

I'm sure it can be fixed, if it's
a problem.

The groaning sound echoes again.

DEREK

"If" it's a problem? Jesus.

They listen for a long moment. Absolute silence.

Derek's phone rings, startling Bob. It's a distinctive ring,
more like a buzz than a chime. Derek puts in his ear piece
and answers it.

DEREK

(continuing; into
the phone)

Derek Plato.

(listens)

Yeah.

(listens)

I'm sorry, what? I...I can't hear
you, can you hear me?

(to himself)

C'mon.

BOB

Reception kinda goes in and out
here. Probably should have warned
you about that.

Derek walks toward one of the room's windows, ignoring Bob.

DEREK

(into phone)

Is that better? Can you hear me
now?

(listens)

Yeah a little, listen, you hear
from Olivia?

Derek's expression indicates the answer is "no".

DEREK
(continuing; listens)
What does he want?
(listens)
What? You went out again.
(listens)
I don't have anything to say to
him.
(listens)
Jesus Christ! All right. Fine,
fine. Whatever. Put him through.

Derek lowers the phone. He walks back to the table, puts down
his camera, and heads back to the window. Bob tries to
pretend he's not listening.

DEREK
(continuing)
Yeah, this is Derek.
(listens)
Listen, you're gonna have to speak
up, I've got a bad connection.
(listens; louder)
You're gonna have to speak up,
I've got a bad connection here.
(listens)
Yes.
(listens)
She's not here.
(listens)
I don't have a problem with him as
an actor. I never said that. He's
perfect. He's not a writer.
(listens)
But he wants to be.
(listens)
Yes he does.
(listens)
He does if he wants to...
(listens)
The fact that he's a gigantic star
does not grant him special powers
of ...understanding a script.

Bob is listening to this with growing concern. Trying to busy
himself, he drifts over to the table where Derek has left his
camera. He picks it up.

VIDEO POV of Derek on the phone.

DEREK
(continuing)
That's not what you said.
(listens)
No no no no no no, you said, you
said...

As Derek listens, he notices that Bob is taping him. He walks toward the camera, and puts his hand comes over the lens.

END VIDEO POV.

Derek snatches the camera away from Bob

DEREK

I'm sorry... did you just call me
pissy?

(listens)

Yeah, I'm fucking pissed. You
would be, too. Jesus. Talk about
being fucked up the ass. Jesus.
The friggin' irony...

(listens)

Well, how would you like it?

(listens)

You wouldn't like it either, would
you? Would you? WOULD YOU, YOU
CHEAP BASTARD!?

Derek ends the call and smacks his phone down on the table.
He turns to Bob. Without missing a beat:

DEREK

(continuing; to Bob)

What the fuck is the matter with
you? What are you, in high school?
Didn't your mother tell you not to
play with other people's shit?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY - FLASHBACK

The shot from the end of the credit sequence. Derek's hand
reaches into frame and grabs his camera bag.

Derek opens the bag. He takes out the camera and inspects it
carefully. It's clear from his expression that he's none too
happy about it. Somewhere nearby, Olivia is talking on a
cellphone.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Uh, yes, hello, Bob, this is
Olivia Frank with Plato Pictures.
We've just arrived here and I
wanted to re-confirm our meeting
today. I got the directions you
faxed me, thanks. So... if I don't
hear from you I'll just assume
you'll be meeting us at the
location in an hour. Thanks.

Olivia steps close to Derek, looks at the camera.

OLIVIA
Is it all right?

DEREK
It better be.

He puts the camera back in the bag, and zips it up. Olivia takes his comment personally.

OLIVIA
I didn't know they changed the
carry-on rules, okay? I'm sorry.
I can file a complaint or
something?

DEREK
(not looking at her)
You're the producer.

He walks away.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK- MINUTES LATER

Derek puts the camera bag into the front seat of their rental car, a late-model Jaguar. He studies a map and a faxed sheet of directions. Olivia stands at the passenger-side door. She looks at him over the top of the car.

OLIVIA
How long are you planning to keep
this up?

Derek doesn't look up.

OLIVIA
(continuing)
I mean, are you gonna be like this
all day? Cause I'd like to know
how to conduct myself.

DEREK
(not looking up)
Traitor.

OLIVIA
What? What did you say?

DEREK
You heard me.

OLIVIA
What are you talking about?

DEREK

You didn't talk to the studio
behind my back?

OLIVIA

No...

DEREK

Don't you do it. Don't you fucking
lie to me.

A pause.

OLIVIA

Yes, I talked to them. Yes, I did,
Derek.

DEREK

I rest my case.

OLIVIA

You know why?

DEREK

I rest my fucking case.

OLIVIA

You know why, Derek? Because if I
told you about Billy there would
have been no meeting. You would
have picked up the phone and
reamed somebody out. Or pulled
your "I'm walking out of the room
now, and I hope you feel like
shit" routine.

Olivia's cell phone starts ringing.

DEREK

My what?

OLIVIA

Oh, please. You did it today.
Perfect example. You don't like
what's happening so you excuse
yourself from the proceedings.
That's why they talk to me, Derek.
'Cause I'm the only one left in
the room.

DEREK

I'm sorry. Is this a professional
argument, or a personal one?

OLIVIA
Is there any difference? With you?

DEREK
(after a pause)
Your phone is ringing.

He gets in the car.

CUT TO:

INT.RENTAL CAR - DAY - FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS

Olivia gets in the passenger side.

OLIVIA
No no no no no. You are not
ducking this. You look me in the
eye and tell me I'm a traitor.
That I don't fight for you.

CUT TO:

INT. DEATH ROW

VIDEO POV of a narrow hallway, a row of cells on one side.
The place is dark and foreboding. The cells are filthy. The
POV passes across Bob, looking subdued.

BOB
Death Row, uh... the execution
chamber is down at the end of the
hall here.

BOB
(continuing)
Something I've always thought was
kinda funny...if you look up top
there...

The POV shifts up. We see spray-painted stencil numbers above
each of the three cells on death row. The cells are numbered
in descending order.

BOB
(continuing)
You'll see they numbered the
cells. The lower the number, the
closer you are to the chair. Kinda
like; three, two, one...

Bob pushes the door at the end of the hall. It screams open
with a metallic groan...not unlike the sound we heard earlier.

BOB (O.S.)

...lift off.

END VIDEO POV.

Derek stops taping. He steps through the door Bob has opened.

INT. DEATH CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Derek steps in. It's small. The floor is dominated by a raised cement platform. Metal brackets and the remains of electrical wiring are clearly visible on it.

BOB

They did the executions right here.
(pointing to the
platform)

They took out the chair when they
shut it down. It was in a museum
for a while. Last year they
auctioned it off on E-Bay.

Derek takes it in. The room is cramped. It has a grim, final, simplicity. Cold and merciless.

BOB

(continuing)
Nothing like the movies, is it?

Something in Bob's voice causes Derek to look at him. Bob returns the gaze without expression: then breaks the moment with a smile. He steps back towards a small alcove.

BOB

(continuing)
Right over here...are the controls.

Derek goes over to the alcove, looks, starts taping.

VIDEO POV of the control panel for the electric chair. We see dials, volt gauges, and the main switch. Two terminal posts with frayed wiring labeled "Head" and "Feet".

BOB (O.S.)

As far as I know, the internal
wiring's still intact. Of course,
power to the facility's been
disconnected for years.

We'd have to get an electrician or
something to make sure this stuff
was all...disabled before we got
cranked up for production.

END VIDEO POV.

Bob follows Derek out of the alcove. Derek lines up another angle of the platform. He starts taping again.

BOB
You need a chair, or...

DEREK
No.
(for his notes)
This room, probably...fifteen by
fifteen. At most. Gonna present
some lighting problems.

Bob stares at Derek. Starts to say something, thinks better
of it. Shifts his weight. Finally:

BOB
Listen...

DEREK
(simultaneously; for
his notes)
And now Bob is talking again.

BOB
I don't want to seem pushy or
anything...and I hope I'm not,
uh... interfering with your
creative process, or whatever,
but...we really are going to need
to see a script at some point.
It's not for me, it's just
the...as I was saying before, the
Commission is appointed by the
governor, and...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT DEATH CHAMBER - LATE

We see Bob sitting in the electric chair. He looks directly
into the camera as a leather strap is being placed on his
head. The switch is pulled and Bob begins to fry.

CUT TO:

INT. DEATH CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

DEREK
Does butt-fucking bother you, Bob?

Derek stops taping and stares straight at Bob. Bob struggles
for a response. Derek reaches into his bag and pulls out a
script.

BOB
I'm married.

Derek keeps staring. Bob noticing the script.

BOB

(continuing)

I don't have a moral problem with it, or whatever. What people do with their own, you know, free time isn't anybody else's business, as far as I'm concerned.

(pause)

Is there some in the script, or...?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT.OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Fade in on Derek's camera bag, resting in his lap. Derek's hand moves into frame and grips the bag, holding it tight.

OLIVIA

Well, what part of the script does he have a problem with?

STUDIO EXEC

I didn't say Billy had a problem with the script. I said he...

OLIVIA

That's what I heard.

STUDIO EXEC

(overlapping)

I said he has concerns.

The three of them are seated in a huge studio office. Framed movie posters adorn the walls. Derek sits on a leather couch beside Olivia. The STUDIO EXEC sits in a chair opposite them. He's youngish, casually dressed.

OLIVIA

Okay then, what are his concerns?

STUDIO EXEC

The opening, primarily.

OLIVIA

Can you be more specific?

STUDIO EXEC

Well, the rape. He doesn't think it's necessary.

OLIVIA

It's a prison film.

STUDIO EXEC

Does that mean there has to be a rape in it?

OLIVIA

No, no, that's the point, that's the whole point of the...

STUDIO EXEC

I'm not saying it doesn't go on, obviously. I mean, obviously it does. But haven't we seen that already? It's been done to death.

OLIVIA

But that's what I'm saying. That's Derek's point. That's the whole point of the film. Let's blow up the cliché. I mean, let's examine this thing.

STUDIO EXEC

Olivia, look, you don't have to sell me, I'm sold. I'm just trying to get you to understand it from Billy's point of view.

OLIVIA

Which is what?

As they continue, Derek gets up, goes to the window, and looks out.

From his POV, we see a pigeon sitting on the ledge outside.

STUDIO EXEC (O.S.)

He thinks if you show a brutal prison rape in the first minute of the film that you're gonna lose your audience, And you won't get them back. Doesn't matter how brilliant the film is. And it's not a comment on Derek's script, or his work as a director. He thinks Derek's brilliant.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Well, he is.

The pigeon stares back at Derek, cocking its head.

STUDIO EXEC (O.S.)

I agree with you. Everybody agrees with you. But this is not an indie film. It's a major motion picture, and Billy is a major star. And Billy thinks the opening is just a little over the top, that's all.

Out of POV.

DEREK

Bullshit.

(pause)

That's bullshit and you know it.

OLIVIA

Look, Derek and I have...

DEREK

He's not concerned about the audience. He's concerned about his career.

STUDIO EXEC

I'm just telling you what he told me. He doesn't want to re-write the script or anything..

DEREK

(moving in)

But he does! That's exactly what he wants.

STUDIO EXEC

It's just the opening, Derek...

DEREK

The opening is the whole movie. It's the whole movie. Don't sit there and tell me it's "Just the opening". Did you even read the script?

OLIVIA

Derek, please sit down.

DEREK

"Over the top". Was "Deliverance" over the top? Did Tom Hanks win an Oscar for Philadelphia?

OLIVIA

Derek...

DEREK

No. Absolutely not. No. The opening stays. Period. End of conversation. We'll get somebody else.

An awkward silence.

DEREK

(continuing)

We'll get somebody else, right?

CUT TO:

INT. DEATH CHAMBER - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

We're back. Bob is still talking. Looking at the script that Derek has put under his armpit.

BOB

It's not a question of censorship or anything like that. I mean, yes, there is a little bit of politics involved, there always is, but it's not going to...it's nothing that can't be worked out, I'm sure.

(pause)

We really want this thing to work, we think there's a lot of upside for everyone involved, and this state has an awful lot to offer.

DEREK

Don't you have something you'd rather be doing?

BOB

(taken aback)

I'm sorry?

DEREK

Let's cut to the chase, Bob. Shall we? You don't want to be here, because I am a prick. I don't want you here, because you are annoying the shit out of me. So why don't you just spare me the sales pitch, get the fuck out of my way, and go wait in the car.

A beat. Derek resumes taping.

DEREK

(continuing)

Better yet, go home. I'll let myself out.

Bob is speechless.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. BOB'S CAR OUTSIDE THE PRISON - DUSK

Bob gets in his car and slams the door. He sits, fuming. He stares through the windshield at the prison, bathed in the blood-red light of the sunset. He makes a decision, opens the door, and starts to get out. He changes his mind.

BOB

Ahhh...

He slams the door closed again. Sits and fumes some more. Digs his keys out of his pocket and puts them into the ignition. He starts the car, and sits with his hands on the steering wheel, trying to decide what to do.

He turns off the ignition.

CLOSE ON his face as he stares through the windshield.

BOB

(continuing)

Asshole.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL BLOCK - DUSK

HAND-HELD VIDEO POV of a huge room in serious disrepair. The room contains a three-story cell-block.

Iron staircases zig-zag up on the corners. We move around the sides of it: flaking paint, dripping water, rusted metal, and pigeon droppings. A few of the cell doors are open.

DEREK (O.S.)

How 'bout this for a little
perspective?

The POV moves around the cell block.

DEREK (O.S.)

(continuing)

Yes, but it's too much fucking
perspective, isn't it?

The POV moves into a dingy, small shower.

DEREK (O.S.)

(continuing)

Probably too small, but I think
the... claustrophobia can work for
us. For the rape.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK CONTINUED

Derek still waits for an answer from the Studio Exec.

DEREK

We'll get somebody else, right?

OLIVIA

Derek, the studio is really high

on you and Billy working together
on this.

(to the studio exec)

Right?

STUDIO EXEC

Definitely.

Another silence.

DEREK

Are you telling me this is a
dealbreaker? Is that what you're
saying?

Derek looks at the Studio Exec, then stares a hole through
Olivia. Olivia has trouble looking him in the eye.

DEREK

(continuing)

I see. I see. I write it, I bring
it to you, BECAUSE I TRUSTED YOU,
and now I'm in the way. You want
me out, don't you?

No reply.

DEREK

(continuing)

Jesus Christ.

Derek grabs his camera bag from the couch and heads for the
door.

OLIVIA

Derek, don't...

DEREK

I have a plane to catch. Do you?

And he's gone. Olivia sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK CONTINUES

Derek walks into an empty elevator, his camera bag on his
shoulder. He leans heavily against the back wall, his face a
mask of silent rage. The doors slide shut.

He starts pounding the wall in frustration. He hits it with
an open hand, then his fist, over and over. He kicks it,
almost losing his balance. he kicks it again, then looks up.

The elevator security camera looks down on him from above,
like an unblinking eye. Caught in the act, he stops. He leans
against the back wall again, trying to look as if nothing has

happened. After he collects himself, he looks back up.

SECURITY CAMERA POV: Derek stares up into the camera, his eyes full of resentment.

OUT OF POV, as he looks away, staring straight out.

CLOSE ON his camera bag, still hanging from his shoulder. His hand grips it convulsively.

A metallic groaning sound is heard. Derek looks up.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CELL BLOCK - DUSK - MOMENTS LATER

End of flashback.

The groaning sound echoes through the cellblock, much louder now. Derek stops taping and looks up. He scans the room with his eyes, waiting, listening.

Dead silence, except for the occasional drip of water. He looks at a door at the far end of the room, half-open on its hinges. Wasn't it closed before?

He goes to the door, stands next to it. He looks through the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

Derek peers down the long hallway. It's completely empty, and so dark that we can't see the end. He contemplates going down it, decides to try the echo.

DEREK

Hey.

The multiple sound of his returning echo indicates the hallway is long indeed.

INT. CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Derek steps back into the big room. He eyes the heavy metal half-open door. He nudges it with his fingers. It swings back an inch or so. He pushes it harder. It moves back with a metallic scrape. He grabs the door and swings it back. It moves slowly, with a long grinding moan that echoes in the room. The moan dies out as the door slowly stops swinging. The sound is similar to the groaning sound we heard before, but not quite the same.

Derek looks back at the cellblock again. As the sun keeps dropping, RED SHAFTS OF LIGHT stream through the broken windows, casting sharp patterns on the three stories of cells. The shot is breathtaking, and stuns Derek.

DEREK

Jesus.

The light is fading fast. He starts filming.

A loud clatter echoes in the room. Derek looks up at the top tier of cells, listens. Silence. Then a scraping sound from the same place, very faint.

DEREK

(continuing; loud)

Are you trying to scare me, Bob?

More silence. Then the scrape again.

DEREK

(continuing; barely
audible)

All right.

Derek grabs his camera and slings his bag over his shoulder. He heads for the metal staircase that leads to the upper level of the tiers.

INT. STAIRCASE - DUSK - MOMENTS LATER

Moving up the stairs, Derek comes to a sudden halt. He sees a decomposing rat in the center of a step. All that's left is fur and a few spiky ribs. And the smell.

Derek stops. The rat makes him a little queasy. He hears the scrape again, from above. Derek steels himself, steps carefully around the rat, and keeps climbing.

INT. TOP cellblock TIER - DUSK - MOMENTS LATER

AT the top of the stairs, he stops and listens. An iron railing, about waist-high, runs around the edges of the walkway. Derek looks over it.

HIGH-ANGLE POV of the cellblock. A long way down.

Standing at a corner of the walkway, Derek looks down one row of cells, listening. The scrape is heard again, but in the other direction. He snaps his head around.

A cell door at the end of the row is slightly ajar. Derek moves towards it.

INT. TOP TIER WALKWAY - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

Derek edges up to the cell door, his back to the wall. He stops, listening. Nothing. He peeps around to get a look at the cell's interior.

INT. TOP TIER CELL AND WALKWAY - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

The cell is trashed. A ripped mattress, stained brown, is crumpled at one end of the cell. Cigarette butts, empty beer cans, and potato-chip bags litter the floor. The remains of a candle, almost melted down, sits near the mattress. Lots of feathers and pigeon shit, but no signs of life.

Derek pushes on the cell door to get a better look. As it opens, there is a sudden burst of flapping wings. A PIGEON flaps out of the darkness, hitting Derek. He is startled, but nowhere near frightened.

The pigeon sits in the middle of the cell, terrified. One of its wings juts away from its body at an awkward angle. It has somehow gotten entangled in a plastic six-ring can holder. A can of beer, now empty, is still connected to it. As the pigeon shifts nervously, the can makes the scraping sound on the concrete floor.

The pigeon flaps its wings in a fruitless attempt to escape, going nowhere.

The sun has dropped even further. One last ray shooting through a broken window has cast a clean, narrow, vertical line of BLOOD-RED LIGHT into the cell. Derek seems mesmerized by it. He raises his hand into it and turns it slowly.

The shadow from his hand falls across the pigeon as it sits still, exhausted from flapping.

CLOSE ON Derek, his eyes narrowing. The image has triggered a flash of memory, but he can't quite grasp it.

Derek looks at the pigeon for a long moment, thinking. But the memory has escaped him. He looks back to the light source. He grabs his camera, adjusts the settings, and starts filming.

VIDEO POV of the pigeon in the slash of red light. Beautiful. The picture widens as Derek backs away a step or two to get a better frame.

OUT OF VIDEO POV, Derek kneels in the cell door, filming.

CLOSE ON Derek, concentrating on the shot. Something large moves behind him and the light is suddenly gone. Derek turns.

DEREK's POV. As he sees the black silhouette of a MAN, light streaming around it. The shape lifts a club and swings it down viciously.

Blackout.

CUT TO:

INT. MIDDLE CLASS HOME - BOLEX FOOTAGE - DAY

A home-made camera slate. The title of the project is "Son of

the Ripper".

BOY'S VOICE

Son of the Ripper. Take one.

The slate drops to reveal a boy's bedroom, circa 1980. Posters on the walls: Star Wars, Kate Jackson (not Farrah Fawcett). The POV stops and holds on a poster of THE OMEN tacked to the back of the bedroom door. The camera operator's hand reaches out and opens it.

We move down a hallway, some stairs. We can just make out the sound of the operator's breathing.

Into a living room. The decor is upper-middle class, simple but tasteful. Cooking sounds come from around the corner: pots and pans, something sizzling.

The POV moves around the corner to reveal a large kitchen. A woman (Derek's MOM) is standing at the stove, stirring something in a frying pan. A box of "Steak-Ums" sits on the counter.

The operator creeps up behind her, like a stalker. The POV gets incredibly close. The operator's hand reaches out and towards the woman's neck. Suddenly she turns, and screams, dropping her spatula.

MOM

Jesus, Derek!

We hear a boy's laughter. Mom tries to gather herself.

MOM

(continuing)

Good Lord. It's not funny. Turn it off.

The operator backs away, but keeps shooting. Mom looks directly into the camera.

MOM

(continuing; warning him)

Derek... One. Two...

The picture snaps off.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Absolute darkness. We hear something heavy being dragged across a floor.

GROUND-LEVEL POV. Dirty walls slide past. A door.

CLOSE on Derek, the floor sliding underneath his head. He blinks, trying to focus.

DEREK's POV, as he tries to see past his feet and make out the details of the shadowy figure dragging him. Derek tries to remain conscious but loses the battle.

BLACK OUT:

CUT TO:

INT. MIDDLE CLASS HOME - BOLEX FOOTAGE

Still in the kitchen. Young Derek is shooting again. Mom has returned to the frying pan, and speaks without looking up..

MOM

If you can't learn how to
prioritize, then I'll have to do
it for you. And don't think I
won't. You are ten years old. And
that is old enough to decide
what's important to you. I
shouldn't have to do that for you.

(pause)

But if I have to, I will. I will
take that camera back to the store
if that's what it's going to take
for you to do your homework.

Our POV backs away from Mom steadily, getting more and more of the kitchen in frame.

The POV jerks as the operator stumbles, then rights himself. A clatter as something falls to the floor. Mom turns.

MOM

(continuing)

Be careful, honey.

(seeing the camera)

Are you still...? Derek. Put that
thing down and watch where you're
going, you're gonna hurt yourself!

The POV jerks wildly. The camera hits the floor, still running. A loud crash. A plastic bowl full of milk splashes its contents across our POV.

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

CLOSE on Derek's eyes. They flutter open.

DEREK's POV as he scans the room. A narrow cell with no windows. The steel frame of a bunk with no mattress. A sink. The POV blurs, then swims back into focus.

The cell door is closed. We can just make out the blurry figure of a MAN standing on the other side of it. The figure moves. Footsteps echo, receding.

FADE OUT:

CUT TO:

INT. MIDDLE CLASS HOME - BOLEX FOOTAGE

The kitchen, sideways. The camera lies on its side where it fell, still running. We see part of a leg - blue jeans, a Nike tennis shoe - soaked in milk along with everything else. Mom's legs walk into frame.

MOM

Well, are you happy? I hope you're happy. Because you have ruined your dinner.

Mom legs disappear. We hear a drawer open and shut. Mom kneels into frame and begins sopping up milk with a dishtowel.

MOM

(continuing)

I...am sick...and tired... of doing everything...by myself.

She smacks the plastic bowl onto the floor. More milk splashes out. She looks at Derek.

MOM

(continuing)

Would you please help me? Clean up your mess?

Her expression abruptly changes.

MOM

(continuing)

Honey, did you...? Oh my God. Oh, honey.

She leans off camera, attending to Young Derek.

MOM

(continuing)

Oh God. Oh my God.

Mom gets up out of frame. The drawer opens and closes. She comes back with another towel and kneels.

MOM

(continuing)

Hold this on your head. Press down
on it. As hard as you can, okay?
Can you press down on it? Okay.
Okay. Don't move. I'm just gonna
get my keys.

She exits frame, her rapid footsteps going down the hall. Our
POV jumps. The operator turns the camera on himself. YOUNG
DEREK, about age ten, gazes into the camera. He is dazed.
Blood streams down one side of his face. The film runs out.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL

Derek's eyes snap open. It's dark. He does his best to take
in his surroundings. Blinks to clear his vision. He turns his
head to one side and winces in pain. He moves a hand and
touches his face, his head.

He tries to lift his head, grunts with pain, gives up. He
takes a second to recover, then rolls onto his side. More
pain. But he can see the cell door now, still closed. He
tries to swallow, manages a dry one.

The groaning sound of a metal door opening echoes. Then
footsteps.

CLOSE on Derek as he listens to them coming nearer. They come
to just outside the cell door, then stop.

Derek looks to the bars, but no one's there. He tries to
speak, but can't muster the energy.

A beat of silence. Then the footsteps walk away.

Derek pushes himself to a kneeling position. Agony. He almost
collapses. He tries to stand. It's a mistake. He goes down in
a heap.

CLOSE on his face as the footsteps recede. Somewhere, a door
slams shut, echoing.

DEREK

(almost inaudible)

Help me.

We track slowly across the floor away from his face, up the
cell door, and to the bars on the door window.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - LATE

The window on the cell door, brighter now, but still dim.

It's impossible to tell what time of day it is. We track down the door and across the floor to

Derek, sitting up now, his back against the wall, a day's growth of beard on his face. He's still in obvious pain, but a great deal more alert. He takes a better look at the room: metal bed frame with no mattress, corroded steel sink, a toilet. No windows. No mirror. The door is closed.

He licks his lips, tries to swallow, but his mouth is too dry. He looks over at the sink.

He tries to stand, using the wall for support. It's an effort. Searing pain. He shuts his eyes and sucks air through his teeth. But he gets to his feet.

He shuffles over to the sink and leans on it for support. He turns the faucet. Nothing. He tries it again. Still nothing. He looks under the sink at the pipes to see if there's another valve. No such luck.

Straightening back up causes his head to throb again. He waits for the pain to subside, breathing through clenched teeth. He looks at the toilet. It's filled with black muck. Not an option.

He turns and sits carefully on the bunk frame. He takes a deep breath, exhales, and takes inventory.

His camera and shoulder bag are nowhere to be seen. No phone. He checks his pockets. Empty. Everything's been taken, except his watch.

He looks at it. It reads: 5:15. But it's stopped, the second hand frozen. He taps it with his thumb, shakes it. He takes it off his wrist and holds it to his ear. He looks at it again. This time he notices his reflection in the crystal. He lifts the watch to his face and manipulates it carefully, trying to see himself.

He doesn't like what he sees. There's some hair standing up on the side of his head.

He maneuvers the watch to try and get a look back there, but it's too dim. He touches it with his hand. Ouch. He touches it again, more gingerly. He pulls his hand back and sees dried blood on his fingers.

DEREK

Jesus.

He stands, adjusting himself to the light, and tries to look at the back of his head again in the watch.

Though the reflection shows only part of it, he can still see a huge lump of his hair thickly matted with dried blood.

He touches it again, looking for evidence of damage, but the angle is bad, and the strain on his eyes is painful. He stops looking, blinks his eyes.

DEREK
(continuing)
Jesus Christ.

The metallic groan of a door opening echoes. Derek stops what he's doing, and listens. Footsteps approach down the corridor. Derek looks to the bars, waiting. The footsteps stop. A long pause. Derek keeps staring, but no-one appears.

The footsteps start walking away. As they recede, Derek goes to the bars. He presses his face against the bars to try and see down the corridor, but the angle is bad. BOOM: the door closes.

Derek takes hold of the bars. He listens to make sure whoever it was is gone. He pushes against the door. He tries again, pushing harder. He shakes the bars with as much force as he can muster, then gives up.

He presses his face against the bars again to try and see where he is. All he can make out is the opposite wall, and part of the hallway. He remembers his watch. He puts his hand through the bars and starts trying to find the right angle.

The reflection shows a long hallway. The door at the left end of the hallway looks familiar. He pivots the reflection up. The number "3" is painted above the door. He realizes where he is.

DEREK
(continuing)
Death Row.

CLOSE on Derek. A long moment. His head is still pounding. He puts his hands to his head and leans his back against the door. He slides down and sits on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - LATE

CLOSE on a roach, perched on the toilet seat. It's antennae twitch in the air.

Derek looks like hell: dark circles under his eyes, three days' growth of beard. His lips are cracked and dry.

He moves toward the bars and puts his face in between the bars.

DEREK
Hello?

The shout has a lasting echo. We continue to hear various decibels of echoes throughout. As we move farther away from Derek the echo is softer. As we move back it's louder. Before each shot the POV moves quickly around a corner and then abruptly stops.

A SERIES OF FLASH INTERCUTS

SHOT of an isolated execution chamber.

SHOT of an empty five story prison cell block.

SHOT of an desolate infirmary with only a small mouse that stopped moving seeming to listen to the echo.

Shot of the front of the prison.

SHOT of the same desolate infirmary with only a small mouse that stopped moving seeming to listen to the echo.

SHOT of the same empty five story prison cell block.

SHOT of the same isolated execution chamber.

SHOT of Derek's face through the bars.

END OF INTERCUTS

Derek's shout echoes back to him. The echo sounds strange, though. Mixed with his own voice, We can just make out the faint sound of someone sobbing, very far away. It fades.

DEREK
(continuing; louder)
Hello?

His voice echoes again, and again the faint sobbing is heard. It lasts for only a second.

DEREK
(continuing)
Anybody there!?

He doesn't hear it this time. He continues to listen for a moment, straining, then gives up.

DEREK
(continuing; loud)
How about some water!
(pause)
I could use something to drink.
(pause)
Some water, whoever you are. Can
you hear me? HEY! I know you're
out there.

He starts pacing the tiny cell.

DEREK

(continuing)

You clearly have no idea who you are dealing with...who you are fucking with. You are in so much shit. You have no idea. They're gonna find me, you know. Yes, they are. A lot of extremely, extremely powerful people are interested in my whereabouts. And if you think for a second they're not gonna have the police, the FBI, the fucking... National Guard down on your ass, then you are sadly mistaken, my friend.

(pause)

You don't think they're gonna find this place? You don't think they're gonna find my car? You don't think Budget Rent-a-Car isn't going to be interested in a missing Jaguar? How many of those can they have? I mean, Jesus Christ, how long can it take?

He stops pacing, disturbed. Why has it taken so long? He looks at his watch again. Still broken, of course. A long beat. He tries to swallow. It hurts. He goes back to the window.

DEREK

(continuing)

I could use some water! PLEASE!
Pretty fucking please.

He looks over at the toilet. After a moment, he walks over to it. He looks down at the black muck.

Derek evaluates his options, looking nauseous. He tries flushing the toilet. No luck. He gets down on his knees in front of the bowl. He leans over to look into it.

CLOSE on his face. Behind him, something is moving on the other side of the bars. He senses it and freezes, turns slowly.

The JAILER stands on the other side of the bars, filming him with Derek's camera. He is about Derek's size and age, wearing a pair of faded jeans, an old t-shirt with a decaying "Star Wars" iron-on logo on it, and a pair of old black hard-

soled shoes. He is unshaven and needs a haircut. A ring of keys and a black baton hang from a guard's belt around his waist.

Derek stands. A long silence as he looks at the Jailer.
Finally:

We see VIDEO POV only as Derek talks. The screen shows the Display as the counter continues to change.

DEREK
(continuing)
What do you want?

No response. The lights on the camera blink.

DEREK
(continuing)
What do you want?
(pause)
You want money? How much? Money's
not a problem. I've got some
connections. No one will ever know.
(pause)
Just give me my phone and I'll
make the arrangements.

The Jailer doesn't respond. He just keeps filming.

DEREK
(continuing)
Somebody put you up to this? This
somebody's idea of a joke?
(pause)
I'm hurt. I need some medical
attention.

No reply.

DEREK
(continuing)
Turn off that camera.
(pause)
That's my camera, you prick.

He takes a step towards the bars.

DEREK
(continuing)
Turn it off, Damn it!

The Jailer hasn't moved. Derek steps back.

DEREK
(continuing)
What do you want?
(beat)

You want me to beg? You want me to
get down on my knees and beg?
Fine. Look.

He kneels.

DEREK
(continuing)
Please let me go. You're a bigger
man than me, all right? You're
more important than I am. You've
got all the power. Let me go.
Please.

No response.

DEREK
(continuing)
I need some water.

The Jailer continues to film for a moment, then stops. He
lowers the camera, his expression blank. He regards Derek
clinically.

DEREK
(continuing)
Could I please have some water?

The Jailer moves away, his footsteps echoing down the
corridor. Derek gets up and goes to the bars.

DEREK
(continuing)
Hey! HEEEEEEYYYYY!!!

BOOM. The door slams.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - LATE

Derek is trashing the cell.

ANGLE ON the cell door as Derek kicks at it.

ANGLE ON the sink as he dislodges it from the wall.

ANGLE ON the bed frame as he kicks a piece of it loose.

ANGLE ON Derek twisting the foot-long piece furiously back
and forth until it comes free.

ANGLE ON the wall as Derek tries to dig into it with the

metal. It barely dents the surface, leaving scratch marks.

Derek uses the piece of metal to lever the toilet away from its moorings. It goes over, spilling muck. He grabs the water pipe outlets. He puts his lips on one, trying to suck moisture into his mouth.

CLOSE ON Derek as he realizes something is behind him.

He turns to see the Jailer, filming him again. He stares at him for a long moment, still breathing heavily from his exertions. The Jailer has put on a faded prison guard uniform shirt. There's a pale patch on the left side of his chest where the name tag has been removed. Derek considers the piece of metal in his hand, decides against throwing it.

He drops the piece of metal and sits on the bedframe. The Jailer follows him with the camera. A long silence.

JAILER

You moved out of your light.

Derek looks at him, trying to assimilate.

JAILER

(continuing)

I can't see you if you sit over there.

DEREK

(after a pause)

Fuck you.

JAILER

Suit yourself. You can do it however you want. I mean, far be it from me to give you direction, but...you just won't be seen. That's all.

A pause as Derek tries to figure his next move.

DEREK

Who are you?

JAILER

I ask the questions. You answer the questions.

DEREK

What?

JAILER

(with overstated
patience)

I ask the questions. You answer the questions.

DEREK

Fuck you.

JAILER

You have a surprisingly limited vocabulary. For such a celebrated artiste.

DEREK

Go to hell, you sick fuck.

JAILER

But that's your, uh...oh, what's the word? That's your idiom, isn't it? Gritty, unsparing, brutally frank. "Almost unwatchable...in the best possible way".

Isn't that what the LA Times said? "Derek Plato's debut as a director is almost unwatchable...in the best possible way. A major new talent has emerged." I thought that was pretty clever.

He has gotten Derek's attention.

DEREK

It was the New...

JAILER

(interrupting)

...the New York Times, the New York Times. Of course it was. How silly of me.

Another long beat. Derek's mind is reeling. The Jailer sighs.

JAILER

(continuing)

This is really static. Do that thing with the toilet you were doing before.

Derek doesn't move.

JAILER

(continuing)

Well, say something, at least. Since we can't see you. The darkness is probably okay, though. Very serioso. Like your films. Stay there.

(pause)

So. Derek. Tell me about your early work.

(pause)

Or is that too heavy to start with? You're right, I should probably loosen you up a little, to start with, like, uh... So Derek: is it true you are related to Dana Plato?

(pause)

You know, "Different Strokes"? Did some soft-porn, got arrested for shoplifting? The E True Hollywood Story chick.

(pause)

No?

Derek's not cooperating.

JAILER

(continuing)

Okay. What's your favorite prison film?

(pause)

Ouch. Sorry. I was shooting for irony.

(pause)

Well, let's talk about your second feature film, "Confessions". Your big breakthrough. Critical acclaim, winner at Cannes, et cetera, et cetera. Generated a lot of controversy. Which you seemed to relish. In particular the Pope's condemnation. I think you said, uh, in one of your typically recalcitrant comments "Shock is good for the system." What exactly did you mean by that?

A small pause.

JAILER

(continuing)

And in your current project, your first major studio film, the story centers on a relationship between two convicts that begins with a brutal rape and culminates in a thirty-year love affair. What do you hope to achieve?

DEREK

You got Bob on his way out, didn't you?

JAILER

I ask the questions. You answer the questions. Let's not drag this thing out any longer than necessary. Yes?

Derek considers.

DEREK

If I answer your questions, you'll let me go?

JAILER

That was a question, Derek. I ask the questions. You...

DEREK

All right, dammit! I heard you the first time.

JAILER

I don't make the rules, Derek. I just enforce them.

DEREK

Who does?

JAILER

(pause; patiently)

I ask the questions, you answer the questions.

DEREK

Can I at least get some water?

The Jailer turns off the camera.

JAILER

I can see we're not getting anywhere today.

He leaves. Derek goes to the bars.

DEREK

I need something to eat and drink, for Christ's sake.

The Jailer's footsteps keep receding.

DEREK

(continuing)
I can't answer your fucking
questions if I'm dead!

BOOM. The door slams.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - BOLEX FOOTAGE

Total black. Then the BOLEX footage jumps to life, showing a wide waist-high angle of Young Derek's bedroom. We see the back of the closed door, a desk and chair. Young Derek looms into view. His forehead is bandaged. He's in a hurry. He looks into the camera, shifting it slightly. He adjusts what appears to be a blanket over it, hiding it and minimizing the sound. A knock.

MOM (O.S.)
Derek, can I come in, honey?

Young Derek finishes his adjustments and steps out of frame.

YOUNG DEREK (O.S.)
Yeah.

The door opens and Mom enters. Her head is out of frame. She closes the door.

MOM
Couldn't tell if you heard me the
first time.

She gets the chair from the desk. She sits and drops perfectly into frame. She looks at Young Derek, who is sitting off-camera right. She is clearly unaware that she is being filmed. She takes a deep breath.

MOM
(continuing)
Okay. Here's what I wanted to talk
to you about. Umm... It's... Okay,
first of all... I want to say I'm
sorry. Parents are not perfect. I
am certainly not perfect.

(she smiles)
Big surprise, huh? Umm... We all
make mistakes. I shouldn't have
yelled at you. If I hadn't done
that, you wouldn't have those
stitches in your head. I'm sorry.
I was just... I was angry about
something else and I took it out
on you and it was wrong of me to
do that, and I'm sorry.

(pause)
I bought you that camera because

you wanted it and I wanted you to have it. And you have no idea how happy it makes me that you have found something you love to do.

I'm very happy about that. I don't think it's a good thing to go around filming people without their knowing, but... and it's not even that I mind you filming me, really. It's just...

(she abandons the thought)

Anyway, the point is...I'm not going to take your camera away from you. And I'm sorry I even said that. But... sometimes I am going to say things that...later on, I will wish I didn't say. And probably so will you. I just want us to be patient, with each other. 'Cause it's just the two of us, now, so we... have to learn how do that. Okay?

(pause)

You know I love you, right? I want you to be happy.

She looks at him for a long moment, about to cry.

MOM

(continuing)

I want you to... I want you to promise me something. Promise me you'll never stop doing what you love. No matter what. Okay?

She struggles to maintain her composure.

MOM

(continuing)

And don't let... don't ever let anyone take it away from you. Or tell you...

She breaks down, sobbing. The camera looks on, unforgiving, unflinching.

MOM

(continuing)

Oh, God. I'm sorry, honey. I'm sorry.

She leaves the room.

A long pause. Then Young Derek comes into frame. His eyes are red. He reaches for the camera.

BLACKOUT.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL

Clang. The sound of Derek's cell door slamming jolts him awake. He is curled up on the floor facing away from the door. He rolls over.

The Jailer stands outside. He's added faded prison guard pants to his uniform. Just inside the door, on the floor, is a plate with some food on it, and a metal cup.

ANGLE ON the plate. Some sort of grilled fowl is on it, nothing else. Maybe a tiny chicken? Derek snatches it, and the cup.

Derek downs the water. He closes his eyes, licking his parched lips. He grabs the bird and tears into it.

JAILER
Meet with your approval?
(pause)
It was easy to catch.

Derek pauses for just a moment. He gags, then pulls a tiny feather out of his mouth.

JAILER
(continuing)
Sorry about that. Looks like I
missed a couple feathers, there.

Derek goes back to eating. He picks up his cup and holds it towards the Jailer.

DEREK
I need some more water.

JAILER
Are we ready to play by the rules?

ANGLE ON Derek's reaction as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - MINUTES LATER

The metal plate sits on the floor, piled with tiny pigeon bones. They have been stripped clean.

Derek sits on the floor, his back against the cell wall, clutching his cup of water.

He watches the Jailer, who is outside the cell, setting up a

tripod.

JAILER

Number One: I ask the questions,
you answer the questions.

(pause)

Number Two: Follow direction.

(pause)

Number Three: Play well with
others.

He has fixed Derek's camera to the tripod, and starts setting
up his shot. Derek glares at him.

DEREK

If I do, will you...

He stops himself, re-states.

DEREK

(continuing)

If I do, you will let me go.

JAILER

(smiling)

Nicely phrased. Unfortunately,
Derek, that is not for me to say.
I don't make the rules. Shall we?

He has finished setting up the camera, and turns it on. The
camera's low hum is barely audible in the silence. The red
recording light blinks.

JAILER

(continuing)

Tell me about your early work.

A long pause as Derek struggles between capitulation and
defiance.

DEREK

I've done two films.

JAILER

And?

DEREK

And now I'm working on my third.

JAILER

Why?

Derek shrugs.

DEREK

Because... because the films did
well. Because I can.

JAILER

Is that sufficient reason to make
a movie?

DEREK

Isn't it?

JAILER

Careful.

Derek shrugs, petulant.

JAILER

(continuing)

Tell me about your early work.

DEREK

What do you mean, you mean film
school, or...?

JAILER

I ask the questions. You answer
the questions.

DEREK

How am I supposed to...?

He stops himself, struggles with how to proceed.

DEREK

(continuing)

Okay. Film school, then. My thesis
film was, was, pretty decent, I
guess. Good enough to get some
interest, anyway. For the first
feature.

JAILER

"Wysteria". A not-too-subtle take
on the Columbine massacre. Right?

DEREK

I wanted to do something no-one
had done. Tell the story from the
kids' perspective.

JAILER

The killers' perspective.

DEREK

The shooters, yeah, whatever.

JAILER

Did you think that was appropriate?

DEREK

I don't know what you mean.

JAILER

Was it appropriate for you to sympathize with a pair of mass-murderers? To place the blame on the parents?

DEREK

I wasn't sympathizing with them. I was just making a statement.

JAILER

I see. So it was about you, not them.

Derek shrugs.

JAILER

(continuing)

What else?

DEREK

Um...

JAILER

Your early work.

DEREK

I messed around in high school some.

JAILER

Messed around?

DEREK

With friends.

JAILER

Doing what?

DEREK

You know...stupid shit. Kid stuff.

JAILER

Such as?

DEREK

Um...you know, little shorts. Practical jokes. Stuff we thought was funny.

JAILER

Like?

DEREK

Like sneaking up on people having

sex in cars. Filming them. Stupid
shit like that.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT PARKING LOT - BOLEX FOOTAGE -NIGHT

We see a a late model Gremlin with fogged windows. Our POV
moves around the windows. There is a young couple making.
They are not aware of the intrusion.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

JAILER

Did you enjoy doing that?

DEREK

We thought it was pretty funny at
the time.

JAILER

Did your subjects think it was
funny?

DEREK

I don't know.

JAILER

Did you think it was funny?

DEREK

I...

It's a good question. He considers it.

DEREK

(continuing)

I don't know. I guess. Most of the
time I was too busy trying to get
the shot to think about anything
else.

JAILER

And you were always behind the
camera?

DEREK

Yeah.

JAILER

Why?

DEREK

(pause)

Because it was my camera.

A pause.

JAILER

So did your early work as a teen-porn documentarian influence your later efforts?

The insult lands, but Derek doesn't respond.

JAILER

(continuing)

I'm thinking in particular of "Confessions", in which you filmed a graphic sex act between a defrocked priest and a Mother Superior that took place on the altar of a Catholic Church.

(pause)

Did your inspiration come from the parking lot behind the football field at East High? Or from someplace else?

Derek blinks. How did he know about that? He rubs his eyes, blinks again.

JAILER

(continuing)

You're not cooperating, Derek.

DEREK

I don't understand the question.

JAILER

That's all right, if it makes you uncomfortable, we can move on to something else.

DEREK

It doesn't...

JAILER

(interrupting)

Do you enjoy making movies?

DEREK

I suppose so.

JAILER

You suppose so?

DEREK

What difference does it make?

JAILER

Careful.

Derek takes a beat. He blinks again, rubs his eyes. Something is bothering him.

DEREK
It's what I do.

JAILER
Why?

DEREK
Why wha...?

JAILER
Why is it what you do?

DEREK
Because it's... because it's what
I'm good at.

JAILER
Why?

DEREK
Because I've been doing it my
whole life.

JAILER
Why?

DEREK
(snapping)
Jesus Christ! Because, all right?

Derek closes his eyes and leans his head back against the wall. His speech is a little slurred.

DEREK
(continuing)
You want my raison d'etre, or
whatever, then that's it. Because.
I don't have a philosophy, or a
mission. I'm not trying to make
the world a better place, or any
of that bullshit.

JAILER
What are you trying to do?

DEREK
I show people the world the way it
is. Not the the way it could be,
or should be. The way it is.

JAILER
Which is?

DEREK

It's the kind of place that breeds
psycopathic sadists who lock
people up and ask them pointless
questions.

JAILER

(after a pause)

That was beautiful. Could you do
that again, and use the room a bit
more? Get up and walk around or
something?

Derek eyes are closed again. He opens them.

JAILER

(continuing)

No? You're probably right. We'd
lose all the spontaneity, anyway.

(pause)

So where were we?

(pause)

Oh yeah. Discussing the role of
the artist in contemporary society.

Derek blinks some more. Is that what they were talking about?
His head rolls back a bit. He's having trouble keeping his
eyes open.

DEREK

I never said.... I never said...

JAILER

What, that you're an artist?
That's what everyone else is
saying. "Premiere" said you have
a "special genius for scripted
voyeurism."

Derek tries to respond, but can't. He's losing consciousness.

JAILER

(continuing)

What are you, then?

From DEREK's POV, we see the Jailer's blurry shape unlock the
cell door.

JAILER

(continuing)

What are you? Besides the critics'
darling. Not entirely, though,
right? They do have a minor
quibble with your work. They say
your films lack resolution. Wonder
why?

Derek's eyes snap open. He squints, trying to maintain focus, struggling with consciousness.

From DEREK's POV, the blurry Jailer steps into the cell and moves towards him.

JAILER
(continuing)
Wonder why that is? Are you afraid
of closure? The final word?
Judgment?

The Jailer fishes something out of his pocket. He grabs Derek's face and leans in until they are face-to-face.

JAILER
(continuing; a
whisper)
Is that what you're afraid of,
Derek

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SECOND CELL

ANGLE ON Derek as he slowly wakes up on the floor of a different cell. He sits up and leans against the wall.

The word "GUILTY" is written in black block letters across his forehead. He takes in the room. There's a toilet and sink mounted on the wall. An intact bedframe. No scratch marks.

JAILER (O.S.)
Tell me about your early work.

Derek rolls over to see the Jailer outside the cell door, filming again. The Jailer is wearing a guard's hat, now, and his clothes, though still faded, have been cleaned and pressed. Another plate of fowl sits on the floor.

DEREK
You drugged me.

DEREK
(continuing; after
a pause)
You put something in the food.
(pause)
What else did you do to me?

He checks himself for any obvious signs of abuse, but finds none.

JAILER
You're not cooperating. Remember

rule number two?

Derek gets to his feet.

DEREK

What else did you do to me?!

JAILER

If you don't cooperate, I'll have to take back the lovely dinner I prepared for you.

DEREK

Come in here and get it.

Derek picks up the plate. The Jailer sighs and turns off the camera. He starts packing it away.

DEREK

(continuing)

Come on. Come on, you piece of shit!

Derek throws the plate of food against the bars. Grilled pigeon goes flying.

DEREK

(continuing)

COME ON!

The Jailer ignores him. He walks away with the camera, his footsteps echoing. BOOM. The door slams.

Derek throws himself against the bars in frustration. He tries to look down the hallway. No luck.

Remembering his watch, he sticks his arm as far as possible through the bars, trying to angle the reflection.

CLOSE ON the reflection in Derek's watch crystal. We can just make out the door at the end of Death Row. It's closer now.

Derek angles the watch-face upward.

CLOSE ON the reflection, revealing a numeral "two" stenciled above the cell. He's one cell closer to the chair.

Derek takes this in as he shifts angles again to check his head.

CLOSE ON the reflection as it reveals the mirror-image of the writing on his forehead.

If there was any doubt before, Derek knows the Jailer's intentions now. He rubs at his forehead, but the ink is permanent. He rubs harder, but it blurs only a little. he starts rubbing furiously as we

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - BOLEX FOOTAGE

Shaky hand-held POV, moving down a hallway in Derek's boyhood home. We see a small table with an arrangement of artificial flowers on it. The POV pauses for just a moment on a family photograph. It's an inexpensive studio shot of Young Derek (about age six), his Mom, and a smiling man with a moustache in a polyester suit.

The POV moves on. It turns up a flight of stairs, moving very slowly now. At the top of the landing, it pauses in front of a window. Red light from the sunset filters through it. Young Derek's hand reaches out, casts a shadow across the camera's POV, and closes the curtains.

The POV turns and heads toward a closed door. A little lacquered wooden sign hangs on the door. Its hand-painted lettering reads: "Please KNOCK". Wisps of steam seep through the cracks. From inside the room comes the sound of music; Dan Fogelberg's mellow "Wysteria".

The door looms larger.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SECOND CELL

Derek sits on the metal bedframe, staring into space, as the sounds of "Wysteria" continue to echo and fade. He now has a full week's growth of beard. His face is haggard, dark circles under his eyes. The writing on his forehead is blurred, but still legible.

He looks down. The empty metal plate sits on the floor, surrounded by dried bones, many broken and split. The cup lies nearby, on its side. Weak with hunger, he grabs one of the small bones and breaks it in half, trying to suck out the marrow. No use. He tries chewing the bone itself.

As he chews, we hear the sound of sobbing again. It's clearer now, but still very far away. It's impossible to tell the age or gender of its source. It's heartbreaking.

Derek goes to the bars, listening. The sobbing subsides.

DEREK
(loud)

Hello?

The echo of his own voice obliterates the sobbing. It fades away to absolute silence.

Derek looks down at the scattered bones. He makes a decision.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND CELL - LATE

ANGLE ON Derek's cup banging on the bars. The sound is earsplitting. He keeps banging.

CLOSE ON Derek, focused, determined.

He bangs away for a few more moments. Then BOOM, the sound of the outside door. Derek stops banging and steps back from the bars. The familiar sound of footsteps approaching, and the Jailer appears, sans camera. The guard's uniform is complete. The shoes and belt have been shined to a high gloss. Though still unshaven, the Jailer's hair has been slicked back. He carries his hat under his arm.

Derek looks at the floor.

JAILER

You rang?

DEREK

(after a pause)

I'm hungry.

JAILER

Maybe you should eat your food instead of throwing it.

DEREK

I did. What I could reach.

JAILER

And how was it?

DEREK

It made me sleepy.

JAILER

(smiling)

And is that such a bad thing?

DEREK

No. I guess not.

(pause)

I need to eat.

JAILER

And?

DEREK

And I will... cooperate.

The Jailer stares at him.

JAILER

Look at me.

Derek does so. He looks beaten.

JAILER

(continuing; smiling)

Yeah. That's better.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND CELL - LATE

ANGLE ON the stripped carcass of yet another grilled pigeon. Derek's greasy hands twist off a wing.

He sits on the floor of the cell and gnaws on it. The Jailer is filming again, outside the cell.

JAILER

Ready?

Derek swallows with difficulty, downs the contents of his cup, and nods.

JAILER

(continuing)

Tell me about your early work.

Derek tapes a deep breath, exhales.

DEREK

My first camera was a Bolex. My Mom bought it for me after my Dad left. Out of guilt or something. Anyway, I used to chase her around with the thing all the time. She was an actress before she met my Dad. He'd made her stop. He was a minister, knocked her up. So I guess to save face, he married her.

JAILER

(looking at the
viewscreen)

You know, this is terrific. Could I get you to slide towards the middle of the cell a little?

Derek does so, still talking.

DEREK

So anyway, I used to bug her all the time about acting for me. She humored me for a while. Till she got tired of it.

JAILER

And then?

DEREK

And then I started filming her
without her knowing. I was
obsessed, I guess. I...

Derek stops talking. It looks like he's choking. He coughs violently, his face turning red. The Jailer watches him without expression.

JAILER

You should drink some water.

Derek can't speak, still coughing. He shakes his head and points to the cup, tears streaming down his face. The Jailer smiles.

JAILER

(continuing)

I suppose you've earned it.

He leaves the camera on and walks down the hall, his footsteps receding, as Derek continues to cough. The door slams.

Derek immediately stops coughing. He goes to the toilet and rams his fingers down his throat. Once. Twice. The third time he vomits into the bowl.

The outside door opens again. Derek wipes away the vomit residue with the inside of his shirt as the footsteps approach. He turns and faces the cell door just as the Jailer reappears.

The Jailer hands the cup through the bars. Derek takes it and drains it down. He resumes his seat on the floor. The Jailer goes back to the camera. Derek eyes him to see if he rewinds it. He doesn't.

JAILER

(continuing)

You were telling me about your
mother.

DEREK

I was telling you about my first
camera.

JAILER

Your mother died, didn't she?

Derek pauses. But he's not surprised the Jailer knows this.

DEREK

Yes.

JAILER

How?

DEREK

She killed herself.

JAILER

Really?

Derek doesn't answer. His eyelids droop. He nods.

JAILER

(continuing)

Why would she do something like that?

DEREK

I guess she decided she didn't have anything to live for.

Derek's eyelids droop again. He blinks, as if trying to stay awake.

JAILER

Are you familiar with the Uncertainty Principle, Derek?

DEREK

No.

JAILER

You had it in college. Physics? Werner Heisenberg? You don't remember?

Derek shakes his head and rubs his eyes again.

JAILER

(continuing)

Well, you did smoke a lot of pot.

No reply from Derek, just increased concentration.

JAILER

(continuing)

It basically states that on a subatomic level, it's impossible to observe things in their natural state. The presence of the observer affects the observed. So one can't trust what one sees. The observer changes things. You follow?

Derek nods.

JAILER

(continuing)

Did you ever see that photograph of the naked Vietnamese girl running away from Saigon. Flames and smoke everywhere behind her. You know that picture?

DEREK

(in a daze)

Yeah.

JAILER

It's an amazing photograph. She's screaming in anguish, burned skin. She's stripped off her clothes because they were on fire. Her face is contorted, she's weeping. And the photograph perfectly captures her little-girl run, toes pointed out, her hands dangling at her wrists. It's stunning. I believe it won the photographer a Pulitzer prize.

Derek's eyes are closed. His breathing becomes regular.

JAILER

(continuing)

Immediately after he took the picture, the photographer went to her aid. And kept in contact with her for years, making sure she survived and lived on, was reasonably happy. Sent her money, and so forth. But he was still wracked with guilt. And the accolades brought him no peace. Because, even though he did help her, his first instinct was to take the picture.

The Jailer opens the cell door and walks toward Derek.

JAILER

(continuing)

If he'd helped her first, he never would have gotten that shot.

(quietly)

Right, Derek?

He is standing over Derek, looking down at him.

CLOSE ON Derek. His eyes snap open. He was faking.

He grabs the Jailer's legs. With a roar, he lifts him up. He slams him to the floor, driving his shoulder into his gut. His hands grope for the club at the Jailer's belt.

He gets the club, but the Jailer's hands wrap around it as well. They struggle for it on the floor of the cramped cell. The Jailer maneuvers his way on top of Derek. Derek brings his hand up under the Jailer's jaw, forcing his head up and away. His fingernails dig into the cheek, drawing blood.

The Jailer tries to twist his face away from Derek's grip, blood running freely. His expression shows no pain. He brings a hand up to bat away Derek's hand, but in doing so, gives Derek some leverage.

They switch positions, Derek on top. Derek moves his hand back to the club, trying to wrench it free. No luck. He whips his forehead down into the Jailer's nose. Crunch. The Jailer brings his hand up to Derek's chin to ward off another head-butt. Derek gets his teeth around the Jailer's hand and bites down hard. The Jailer grimaces, but still doesn't make a sound.

The Jailer yanks his hand free, the other still gripping the club. He snakes it down between their intertwined legs. The hand gone, Derek head-butts the Jailer twice. Then the Jailer's hand finds Derek's crotch and squeezes.

Derek's eyes widen in pain. He tries to lift up, but doesn't want to lose control of the club. He takes a hand off the club and forces it between his body and the Jailer's crotch-grabbing arm. He tries to leverage himself off, pushing up, but the Jailer's got him in an iron grip. Derek screams in agony.

He gets both hands on the club and plants a foot on the floor. Roaring, he gets the other foot planted and lifts the Jailer, twisting him in mid-air and slamming him against the bars. The Jailer's breath explodes out.

Derek twists away again, driving him across the cell and slamming him into the back wall. Both of the Jailer's hands are back on the club now to prevent Derek ripping it away. Derek drives him back across the cell and into the bars again. And back to the wall. Each time Derek grunts with exertion, each time the Jailer remains silent.

Derek drives him back into the bars again, but his energy is flagging. He tries to repeat the move, but this time the Jailer has wrapped his leg around the bedframe and won't budge.

Derek lowers his shoulder and bludgeons the Jailer repeatedly into the bars.

He gets his arm wrapped around the club, Pressing him against

the wall, he pauses, gasping for breath. They look at each other. At the same time, they both realize Derek has a free hand.

Derek punches the Jailer in the face again and again and again. And again. Through the blows, the Jailer smiles. Blood flows from his mouth, turning his teeth pink.

Derek grimaces. He's broken his hand. His punches slow and stop. He's at the brink of exhaustion. The Jailer's grin widens.

Then he whips his head forward and bites into Derek's neck.

Derek screams in pain. He uses the adrenaline boost to spin around, pulling the Jailer's leg free from its bracing. The Jailer's ribs crack into the metal edge of the bedframe, and Derek pulls free.

They wind up on opposite ends of the cell. The Jailer is hunched over his broken ribs, arm pressed into his side. Blood flows from Derek's neck.

ANGLE ON the club lying in the middle of the cell floor, just under the bedframe.

They go for it simultaneously, crashing into each other like a head-on tackling drill. The club skitters under the bedframe. Derek lurches for it, the Jailer trying to hold him back. Derek reaches under the bed, his head above the bedframe, his neck pressed against its edge.

The Jailer leaps on Derek's back, twisting him, pressing his windpipe against the edge of the bedframe. Derek brings his hands up to try to counter the pressure. But the Jailer has grabbed the bedframe. He pulls on it, presses his body against Derek, squeezing Derek's neck against the frame edge, cutting off his air.

Derek tries to twist free. No luck. He turns red. He tries to use his hands but can't get the leverage. Veins pop out in his forehead. Desperate, he drops one hand, feeling for the club.

CLOSE ON Derek, his eyelids drooping.

ANGLE ON his hand as he gropes for the club. He gets it.

He's on the edge of unconsciousness. He takes the club by the crossgrip, pointing the long end up his arm. With the last of his strength, he jerks backwards, sending the club straight into the Jailer's broken ribs.

The Jailer lets go, hissing in pain. Derek falls backwards.

DEREK'S POV, blurry, slowly clearing, as he gets to feet. The Jailer is on his hands and knees, his back to Derek. He

stands up, turns.

OUT OF POV, Derek swings the club with both hands, cracking the Jailer's temple. The Jailer looks confused for a moment, sways unsteadily, and goes down on one knee.

Derek winces, flexing his right hand in pain. He switches the club to his left hand and cracks the Jailer again. He sways and puts his hands on the ground. He tries to get back up. Derek swings again.

Crack. The Jailer's elbows go down. Crack. His knees give way. Derek hits him again and again, each blow to the head, until he lies facedown, unmoving.

Derek stops swinging, gasping for breath, swaying.

ANGLE ON the Jailer's head in a spreading pool of blood.

Derek looks at him, catching his breath. He brings the club down on his head once more for good measure. Crack. No movement.

Derek looks at him, club raised, making sure he's out. He tries to shift the club to his right hand, but he can't grasp it. He kneels down and places the club within easy reach. He unbuckles the Jailer's belt and takes it off. He retrieves the club and steps carefully over him, never taking his eyes off him. He backs out of the cell.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE THE SECOND CELL - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE ON the cell door slamming shut.

Derek stands outside the cell. He tries the bars to make sure they're locked. He puts on the Jailer's belt, favoring his right hand, which he holds awkwardly, like a claw. He looks down to make sure he has the keys. He slides the club into its ring on the belt.

He looks at the camera. With his left hand, he takes it off the tripod and slings it around his neck.

He starts to go, then stops and looks at the Jailer as he lies on the floor of the cell.

CLOSE ON Derek. He's got blood on his mouth and beard. His throat is scraped, and his neck is still bleeding from the bite.

DEREK

Let's see how you like it.

He turns and walks unsteadily down the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. DEATH ROW HOLDING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Derek steps into the large room. Two large holding cells are on either wall. In the center of the third wall is a large metal door. He goes to it, and tries to open it. It's locked.

ANGLE ON the keyring as he picks out a large key. It's tricky business because his right hand is almost useless. He tries the key.

It turns easily. He swings the door open. It groans and hits the wall with a BOOM that echoes down the long hallway beyond it. He steps through.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

From the far end of the hallway, we see Derek approaching out of the darkness.

At the hallway's end is another door. Derek pushes it, and it swings open.

INT. CELL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Derek walks down another hallway lined with cells on one side. He reaches a door at one end. He reaches for the keys.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER CELL HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Derek continues to look for a way out. This area has cells on only one side, and high windows covered with wire mesh. he pauses for a moment, considering, then moves on.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL BLOCK - MINUTES LATER

ANGLE ON a door. Jingling KEYS are heard on the other side of it. It swings open and Derek steps through.

DEREK

Okay.

We swing around to see what he sees: the large Cell Block room where he had his mishap. Derek starts down the stairs onto the floor and heads for a door below.

INT. DARK PASSAGE

Blackness. KEYS jingle. The outline of a door appears, then swings open to reveal Derek's silhouette. He steps in close and squints into the darkness.

MOVING WITH DEREK as he walks in the dark. He is barely visible. We can hear him breathing, but see almost nothing. We hear his foot hit something in the dark, hear him stumble.

We can barely make out some stairs going upward. Derek starts climbing.

INT. DARK STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

MOVING WITH DEREK as he climbs the stairs. Up to one landing. Dim light appears above. Derek keeps going.

At the second landing, the stairs stop at a small door. Derek gets out his keys and tries it. It unlocks and swings open.

INT. SALLY PORT - CONTINUOUS

Derek steps into a wide hallway. Another door is across the hall. And to the right, a massive metal one.

But to the left, at the other end of the hall, is a short flight of steps. And above that, light. Derek jogs toward it.

At the top of the steps, iron bars cross the hallway. Beyond them, the entranceway and front doors to the prison are clearly visible. Dim night-time light filters through them. Derek fumbles with the keys.

DEREK

Yes.

ANGLE ON the lock in the bars as Derek tries the most obvious key. No luck.

ANGLE ON the keys as Derek sorts through to find another one.

ANGLE ON the lock again as Derek tries another key.

CLOSE ON Derek as he furrows his brow in frustration.

A SERIES OF ANGLES on the lock as Derek tries every key to no avail.

DEREK

(continuing)

Come on!

Derek slams the bars in frustration. The sound of the blow seems louder than it should be. It echoes for a long time.

Derek presses his head against the bars and looks towards the doors to the outside.

DEREK

(continuing; to
himself)

Come on.

Somewhere a cell phone rings. Derek listens. It rings again. A distinctive ring. It's his phone. He follows the sound down the steps and to the end of the sally port hallway.

The phone keeps ringing. Derek turns his head toward the sound. It's coming from the door opposite the one he entered. He goes through it.

INT. SHORT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Derek comes into the hallway.

MOVING WITH DEREK as he follows the sound of his cellphone. A left, a right, past a number of office doors. He heads toward a pair of swinging double doors.

INT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Derek throws open the doors.

His cellphone sits on the table where he left it. He sprints across the room and answers it.

DEREK
Hello?

JAILER (O.S.;CELLPHONE)
"Let's see how you like it"? Is
that the best you could come up
with?

CLOSE ON Derek. He instantly recognizes the voice, growing panic in his expression.

The Jailer's voice mixes with the cellphone and becomes plainly audible in the room.

JAILER
That wasn't very neighborly, Derek.

Derek spins to see the Jailer at the far end of the room, talking on a cellphone, looking straight at him. His face is a bloody mess.

JAILER
(continuing)
Rule Number Three. Play nice.

Derek can't believe what he's seeing. His hand goes to the club.

ANGLE ON his hand as he tries to flex it.

CLOSE ON Derek, wincing, looking at the Jailer, weighing his options.

He bolts.

As he sprints from the room, the Jailer starts walking after him.

CUT TO:

INT. SHORT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The double doors slam open as Derek flies through them.

MOVING WITH DEREK as he runs down the hallway, retracing his steps.

INT. SALLY PORT - CONTINUOUS

Derek runs into the hallway, pauses. Looks for a moment at the exit, then at his cell phone. He goes to the door straight across the hall.

INT. DARK STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

MOVING WITH DEREK as he goes down the dark stairs. At the first landing, he pauses.

CLOSE ON his cellphone as he dials "911". The readout flashes "No signal"

DEREK

Shit.

He keeps moving down the stairs.

INT. CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Derek bangs through the upper door and hurtles down the stairs. he starts to head for the lower doors, then stops. He looks up at the massive cell tiers.

He heads towards a small door at the corner of one of the tiers, slips inside, and pulls the door shut behind him.

INT. SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

Derek hides in the shower, trying to to stifle his rapid breathing. The door didn't close completely, and a knife of light from beyond it illuminates his face.

The tiny room is filthy, dark stains cover the walls. Cockroaches skitter in and out of the drain.

Derek waits and listens, peeking through the narrow opening. Nothing stirs except the roaches. A minute longer. Then remembers his cellphone. He looks at its display.

CLOSE ON the cellphone. The readout indicates the faintest of signals. Derek dials "911" again. The keypad tones seem

deafening in the dead quiet.

Just as his thumb touches the "Send" button, the phone rings, shattering the silence. Derek tries to muffle the phone with his shirt and body. Too late.

JAILER (O.S.)
(in a German accent)
Where are you going?

The Jailer's voice echoes in the big room. Derek turns off his phone.

JAILER (O.S.)
(continuing)
Remember that? Rutger Hauer in
Blade Runner? Ridley Scott.

Derek listens to him, gripping the club. He peers through the slit in the door, but can't see anything.

JAILER (O.S.)
(continuing)
But of course you know that.

The Jailer's voice is clear, but with the echoes it's impossible to tell how far away he is. Derek waits.

JAILER (O.S.)
(continuing)
"I have seen ships on fire off the
moons of Orion." Or something like
that. Great scene.
(pause)
But you don't like Ridley much, do
you? Not much at all. Who do you
like, Derek? Who are your
"influences"? Let's see...Early
Scorcese. Coppola; but only
through Apocalypse Now. Jarmusch.
For totally different reasons.
John Cassavetes, for defying the
industry.
(pause)
Who else? Trauffaut? Nah, you
hate that artsy euro-crap, don't
you, Derek? Hitchcock? Another
pansy European with no balls. The
shower scene in Psycho was just a
tease. Right?

Derek reacts to the mention of a shower. He grips the club in
is left hand.

JAILER (O.S.)

(continuing)
Who else? Who am I leaving out?

Somewhere a cell door is swung open with a clang.

JAILER (O.S.)
(continuing)
Hm. I know you're in here, Derek.
I heard your phone. Modern
technology. Amazing.
(pause)
You know, it's just a matter of
time before I find you. You can't
hide from the truth, Derek.
(giggles)
Boy, am I a cliché-machine, or
what?
(big English voice)
I am the mayor of Cliche-ville.

Another cell door clangs open.

JAILER (O.S.)
(continuing)
Say, have you ever noticed how in
the movies the really bad guys
always have foreign accents?
Unless they're serial killers.
They're always American.

A roach crawls onto Derek's face, startling him. He swipes at
it and knocks it away.

JAILER (O.S.)
(continuing)
What is that about? Some kind of
misguided jingoistic subliminal
patriotism?
(pause)
Wait a minute, did I say that, or
did you? No, I think you did, in
your interview with Charlie Rose.
You were talking about formula,
and how it was killing the
American cinema. That's right.
Yeah. And you seemed really angry
about it, too.
(pause)
You got a lot of anger, don't you,
Derek? Yes indeed. Lots and lots
of anger. You, my friend, have
issues.
(pause)
Wonder why that is? Do you, Derek?
Ever wonder why?

Somewhere another door creaks open.

JAILER (O.S.)
(continuing)
Hey, I just realized something. My
talking like this is letting you
know where I am.
(pause)
Well that's just silly, isn't it?
(pause)
I'll shut up now.

He stops speaking, his last words echoing and dying out. Dead silence. Derek strains to hear something, anything.

A long beat as he listens. He shifts his position to get a better view, but his field of vision is too narrow. He waits.

A full minute passes in silence.

Another roach crawls onto Derek's face. He grimaces and disposes of it. He decides to try the door. He places a hand on it and starts to push, but it squeaks. He stops pushing and removes his hand. He waits. He gets an idea.

Derek gets out his cellphone, holding it in his broken hand.

DEREK
(whispering)
Menu, menu...

CLOSE ON the cellphone as Derek scrolls through the options.

CLOSE ON Derek, his face dimly lit by the green readout light.

CLOSE ON the cellphone display. It reads "LAST CALLER", and below that a number: "555-5555"

Grimacing, he dials the number on the cellphone with his right thumb. The pain is excruciating, but he manages to keep quiet. He waits for a moment. Then the clear sound of a phone ringing.

It's right outside the door.

CLOSE ON Derek as he makes a split-second decision.

He throws his weight against the door, driving it open.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

The shower door flies open. It meets no resistance and bangs

against the wall. Derek looks behind it, club ready.

ANGLE ON the Jailer's cell phone sitting on the floor, just behind the shower door.

ANGLE ON Derek, confused. Behind him, the Jailer steps around the corner gripping a metal pipe.

Prepping like Mark McGuire, he slams the pipe into the small of Derek's back. Derek grunts and drops to his knees, then twists around to see

DEREK's POV: The Jailer, stepping up to him.

JAILER

Oh, like we didn't see that coming
a mile off.

The Jailer preps again and swings the pipe directly into the camera.

BLACKOUT.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER CELL

Total darkness.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

(an urgent whisper)

Derek.

(more intense)

Derek.

Derek opens his eyes. He looks at the cell door. Relief floods over his expression.

Olivia stands just outside the door, leaning into the bars. Derek goes to her.

OLIVIA

Oh my God, are you okay?

Derek can't speak. He tries to reach through the bars to stroke her face. She looks at him, shocked at what she sees.

OLIVIA

(continuing)

What's happened to you, honey?

He is weeping with relief. He tries to speak, but can only manage a hoarse whisper.

DEREK

(almost inaudible)

Call for help.

Olivia looks around on the floor.

OLIVIA
Where's the key?

The loud BOOM of the cell block door opening echoes. Echoing footsteps are heard approaching.

DEREK
(louder)
Go. Call for help.

OLIVIA
What?

The footsteps are getting very loud.

DEREK
He's coming. Go!

OLIVIA
Who?

DEREK
Just run! Go! Call for help!

The footsteps are deafening now, surreal in their pounding, overwhelming volume. A light, maybe from an incredibly powerful flashlight, shines on Olivia from the direction of the gigantic footsteps.

OLIVIA
What are you so afraid of? Don't
you have the key?

DEREK
(screaming)
GO!!

Olivia turns to face the light. Her expression instantly changes from confusion to recognition.

OLIVIA
(smiling)
Oh. It's you.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD CELL

Derek jolts awake again, on the floor of a cell. He looks around and realizes where he is.

DEREK
Jesus.

He leans back against the wall. The blood from his wounds has dried, but he has a nasty red lump on his forehead. He touches it gingerly. Ouch. He's awake.

The pounding from his dream continues, however, echoing outside the cell. It sounds like someone hammering.

He drags himself to this feet and goes to the bars. The sound is coming from behind a door to his left, at the end of the hall. It looks familiar. Derek uses his watch to see where he is.

CLOSE ON Derek's watch crystal. Above his cell door is stenciled a numeral "1".

ANGLE ON Derek as he reacts to the realization. The pounding from behind the door to the death chamber stops. A moment of silence, then his face is suddenly lit from above. He looks up.

A bare light bulb suspended from the ceiling glows stark white.

CLOSE ON Derek. The power is on.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD CELL - LATE

JAILER (O.S.)
Tell me about your early work.

Derek is in the shadows at the back of the cell, barely visible. He sits on the floor, elbows on knees, staring at nothing.

The Jailer is filming. His uniform looks great. The colors appear less faded. He is clean shaven, and has a slick, neat haircut. He shows no signs of the beating Derek gave him.

JAILER
No? Hm.
(pause)
You know... I hate to be alarmist
but... you're running short on
time. In case you haven't noticed.

DEREK
Kill me, then.
(pause)
Stop the bullshit and do it.

The Jailer freezes, stares at Derek. Derek doesn't flinch. He has nothing to lose. He leans forward.

DEREK
(continuing)

Kill me and get it over with. You don't want to know about my "early work".

You don't want to know anything. Cause you already know. I don't know how. Doesn't matter. You know everything about me.

(pause)

You don't want to know shit. You just want to watch me suffer.

(pause)

Well, fuck you. You're not getting the satisfaction. I quit. Game over.

Derek leans back into the shadows.

CLOSE ON the Jailer's expression. A shadow of something like empathy passes over his face. He looks at Derek for a long moment.

JAILER

Want to switch sides?

Derek looks at the Jailer. What's he up to? A beat. Then the Jailer turns off the camera and removes it from the tripod. He gets out a key and opens the cell door a crack.

JAILER

(continuing)

Here.

He slides Derek's camera across the floor to him, and closes the cell door.

Derek hasn't moved. He looks at the camera. He leans forward and picks it up, examining it.

JAILER

(continuing)

I've taken good care of it. Been a pleasure working with it. What's something like that set you back?

Derek moves to sit on the bedframe. He checks the camera's settings. He looks up at the Jailer. He brings the camera up and points it at him.

CAMERA POV: The Jailer leans into the bars so his face can be seen.

JAILER

(continuing)

How's this?

DEREK (O.S.)

I ask the questions, you answer
the questions.

JAILER
(after a beat)
Fair enough.

DEREK
Who are you?

JAILER
(very serious)
Puddin' Tane. Ask me again and
I'll tell you the same.

DEREK (O.S.)
Are you going to kill me?

JAILER
Boy, you don't mess around, do you?

DEREK (O.S.)
Was that a question?

The Jailer looks stumped for a second.

JAILER
Yes, it was.
(pause; with a grin)
This is hard.
(pause)
I don't know.

OUT OF POV. Derek presses on.

DEREK
Why are you doing this?

JAILER
I don't make the rules, Derek.

DEREK
Why are you doing this? To me?

JAILER
(after a pause)
Ah. Motive.

He lowers his head, then shakes it, and looks up.

CAMERA POV: CLOSE ON Jailer.

JAILER
(continuing)
I can't believe you don't remember
me.

DEREK

Should I?

JAILER

We went to film school together.

Derek's eyes register a flicker of recognition.

DEREK

Did we?

JAILER

Yeah. We never talked much, but still... guess you were too busy being a superstar.

Derek doesn't reply.

JAILER

(continuing)

And then we finished school, and you became absurdly famous. No surprise, really. Everyone said you were a genius. Even then.

(pause)

And then a couple of years later, I saw your first feature. It blew me away. I remember sitting there, watching those boys murder their friends, their parents. I wanted to stop it, you know? To stop seeing it. But I couldn't. It was so brilliant, and so wrong all at the same time.

(pause)

And then I saw your second, "Confessions". And I had the exact same feeling. I remember thinking: "Why? Why does he do this? All that talent. All that brilliance. For this?" Such a waste.

(pause)

And then, all of a sudden, I realized... it was like being struck by lightning, or something... an epiphany. It wasn't just a waste. It was wrong. Deeply wrong. It was ingratitude.

Selfishness. Evil.

(pause)

Something is wrong with you, Derek. That's why you're here.

Derek's eyes narrow with concentration. The Jailer has given him something he can use. He starts to speak, but then:

JAILER
(continuing)
Of course, that doesn't explain
how I got the keys to the prison.
Or how I got the power on.
(pause)
Nah, it doesn't really work, does
it?

Derek is confused.

JAILER
(continuing)
How about this?
(a southern accent)
I'm Bob's cousin. A Vietnam vet.
Never been right since I got back.
Bob lets me stay here. Him'n me
got a little scheme goin'...
(normal voice)
No, that's dumb. We'd never get
away with it.

Derek lowers the camera, reeling. The Jailer gets more
animated.

JAILER
(continuing)
No, no, yes, I got it. I'm a
psycho-therapist, a really, really
psycho-therapist that Olivia hired
to try an experimental treatment
and..
(pause)
No, see, nobody's gonna buy that.
I don't know maybe I'm just a ...

He is interrupted by the RING of Derek's phone. The Jailer
retrieves it from his shirt pocket, looks at the display.

JAILER
(continuing)
Excuse me, I better take this.
(into phone)
Hey, Olivia.
(listens)
Yeah, but he's kinda busy, you
want me to take a message, or...?

ANGLE ON Derek. A ray of hope. He drops the camera and leaps
to the bars, yelling at the top of his lungs.

DEREK
OLIVIA! OLIVIA, HELP ME!

The Jailer puts a finger in the ear opposite the phone. Derek
starts banging on the bars.

JAILER
(into phone)
What was that?

DEREK
OLIVIA, THIS IS DEREK! HELP ME!

JAILER
(into phone)
I'm sorry, we're in the middle of
an audition, it's kind of loud.
(listens; laughs)
Yeah, it's pretty intense. Let me
get out of this room.

DEREK
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM. I NEED HELP.
OLIVIA, HELP ME.

Derek keeps shouting as the Jailer walks away, still talking
on the phone.

JAILER
(laughs)
Oh God, I'm sorry. Of course you
don't. I'm sort of his assistant.
For a few days, anyway.
(listens)
Yeah, Derek hired me for a couple
of days to help out here. There
were a couple of local actors he
wanted to see, so...
(listens; laughs)
Yeah, well. You know Derek.

DEREK
HELP MEEEEEE!

BOOM. The door slams, echoing. Derek's head and shoulders
sag, his hope crushed.

He sees the camera, snatches it, and starts to smash it
against the wall. He stops himself. He can't do it. Overcome
with despair, he drops to his knees, leaning onto the
bedframe. He rocks back and forth, holding the camera,
tapping it against his forehead.

He stops rocking. Looks at the camera, sees something. He
gets up and sits on the bed.

CLOSE ON the camera's digital readout. The clock on the side
reads "5:15 P.M."

Derek looks at his watch.

CLOSE ON the watch. Still stopped at 5:15.

Derek rewinds the camera. He sees himself sitting in the darkness.

DEREK (O.S.; RECORDED)
...and get it over with. You don't
want to know about my "early
work". You don't want to know
anything. Cause you already know.
You know everything about me.
(pause)
You don't want to know shit. You
just want to watch me suffer.

EXTREME CU of the Camera's playback. The timer in the upper corner reads: "5:15"

Derek looks confused. He rewinds the tape a bit longer.

EXTREME CU of the playback: We see Derek in the cell. The timer in the corner still reads "5:15"

DEREK (O.S.; RECORDED)
(continuing)
My Mom bought it for me after my
Dad left. Out of guilt or
something. So I used to chase her
around with the thing all the time.

Derek looks into the playback, his face dimly lit.

DEREK
(to himself)
Five-fifteen. What the hell?.

He rewinds the camera for a long time, staring at the display. He pushes "Play"

EXTREME CU of the playback: We see Bob talking in the infirmary, but now the time reads "4:49". We hear a low rumble and boom from the playback.

DEREK (O.S.; RECORDED)
What the fuck was that?

BOB (O.S.; RECORDED)
Beats me. It's an old building.
(pause)
Maybe it's haunted.

Derek pauses the image. His eyes widen in comprehension. He rewinds it a bit.

CLOSE ON the playback; same as before.

BOB (O.S.; RECORDED)
(continuing)

Maybe it's haunted.

CLOSE ON Derek. He blinks in disbelief. He forwards the tape, his breathing accelerating. He stops it, pushes "play".

CLOSE ON the playback. The angle is the one shot by Derek just moments before. It clearly shows the bars, but no Jailer. We hear Derek's voice on the playback, but only silence when the Jailer should be speaking.

DEREK (O.S.; RECORDED)
I ask the questions, you answer
the questions.
(pause)
Are you going to kill me?
(pause)
Was that a question?

ANGLE ON Derek squints into the playback, but can't see the Jailer. He adjusts the brightness. Nothing. He turns up the volume.

ANGLE ON The playback. On the recording, Derek has zoomed in for a close up. But there is no one there.

DEREK (O.S.; RECORDED)
(continuing)
Why are you doing this?

CLOSE ON Derek, reeling. What he's seeing is impossible.

JAILER (O.S.)
Spooky, huh?

Derek is startled. He looks up from the playback. The Jailer is sitting next to him. The camera keeps playing.

DEREK (O.S.; RECORDED)
Why are you doing this? To me?

Derek looks at the cell door. It's closed.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE THE SECOND CELL - CONTINUOUS

Immediately Derek is standing outside the cell, looking in. The Jailer sits on the bedframe gazing into the camera playback. He looks up at Derek.

JAILER
How do you suppose I survived that
beating you gave me? Without a
scratch?

Something touches Derek's ear. He spins to see the Jailer standing next to him, outside the cell. Derek's mouth works

without sound, mounting horror in his face.

JAILER
(continuing)
Startin' to get the picture?

Derek backs away, then turns and starts sprinting. The Jailer doesn't move.

CUT TO:

INT. DEATH ROW HOLDING AREA - CONTINUOUS

MOVING WITH DEREK as he runs, terrified. He sprints through the room and out the door, which is open.

INT. PRISON HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Still MOVING WITH DEREK as he sprints down a long hall. He reaches the end, an intersection with another hallway. He doesn't take time to think, just chooses a direction. As he turns the corner, the Jailer stands in his way, expressionless.

Derek stops, backpedals, and heads the other direction. He reaches another intersection, makes another turn. Impossibly, the Jailer is there, waiting, standing in place.

Derek reverses direction again, panting with exertion. Over the sound of his labored breathing, we hear the sound of sobbing.

Derek sees a door at the end of the hall and runs toward it. The sobbing gets louder. He passes a hallway leading off to one side. The Jailer stands there. Derek runs past it. As he gets closer to the door, the sobbing gets louder and louder..

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Derek throws open the door and stops in his tracks. He's in his childhood bedroom.

There's smoke in the room. He sees himself, Young Derek, sitting on the floor below an open window, his face red and twisted with crying. Beside him is a small metal trash can. Flames flicker. The Bolex camera lies open nearby.

Crying, Young Derek drops rolls of exposed film into the flame. He turns and looks squarely at Derek. He reaches out to him.

CLOSE ON Derek. He wants no part of this. He runs from the room.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Immediately, he has entered a bathroom. A woman screams. Derek freezes. The bathroom is mid-sized, decorated in a simple middle class late seventies style. Dan Fogelberg's "Wysteria" plays from a cassette player/radio perched on the edge of the sink near the tub.

Through slightly parted curtains over a small window, the sunset outside throws a clean, stark shaft of red across the tub.

It lights Derek's mother face's with an intense glow. She looks up, startled, trying to cover herself.

MOM

Jesus, Derek! What are you doing!?

Derek stares, transfixed. Something long buried begins to edge its way into his consciousness.

MOM

(continuing)

GET OUT!

He does.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK PASSAGE - CONTINUOUS

MOVING WITH DEREK as he runs down the hallway in slow-motion. He glances back over his shoulder at the shrinking light from the bathroom. Ahead, the dim outline of a door appears.

The only sound we hear is his panicked breathing. The closer he gets to the door, the slower he seems to move. Grimacing with effort, he pushes forward. His speed rapidly increases. He reaches the door and slams through it.

CUT TO:

INT. DEATH CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Derek stops in the small room. Before, where there was only a raised platform, is a shiny new electric chair. It is wired and ready.

JAILER (O.S.)

How convenient.

Derek spins to see the Jailer standing behind him.

We switch to DEREK's POV as the Jailer reaches up, putting his hand over Derek's face.

Blackout.

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

INT. DEATH CHAMBER - LATE

ANGLE ON a leather strap being fastened around Derek's wrist, binding him to the chair. We track slowly up Derek's chest as another strap is tightened, creaking. We reach his face. Derek's eyes droop, half-lidded. A metal cap is fastened to his head. His eyes open wide, focusing on something.

ANGLE ON a television monitor sitting atop a rolling metal cart, the screen glowing blue. Derek's camera, mounted on a tripod is pointing right at him. Wires and cables run everywhere, a tangled mess.

Derek realizes what's about to happen.

DEREK
Please, don't.
(pause)
Please don't do this.

The Jailer is behind Derek, coming in and out of frame as he works on something, humming. He stands up and walks past Derek to the camera.

JAILER
Okay. Let's see....

He goes to the camera, pushes some buttons. He switches the channel on the television set. The blue screen is replaced by the live image of Derek in the chair. Derek looks at himself, aghast.

The image begins to change shape as the Jailer adjusts the zoom.

JAILER
(continuing)
What do we like here, Derek? We
think full-body, three-quarter? We
don't want to go too close, do we?
Or do we? Derek?

Derek can't take his eyes off the screen.

DEREK

Please...

JAILER
How about this?

ANGLE ON the monitor as he goes to a chest-and-head shot.
Derek is about to lose it. He closes his eyes.

JAILER
(continuing)
Yeah. We like, we like.

The Jailer goes to a switch on the wall. The ventilator above the chair hums to life.

Derek struggles to maintain his composure as the Jailer pushes the "record" button on the camera.

DEREK
We don't... we don't have to do this.

JAILER
But we do.

DEREK
I've told you everything. I swear.
Just tell me what you want me to say, and I'll say it. Whatever you want.

JAILER
I'm afraid it doesn't work that way.

DEREK
(desperate)
Please, for God's sake. Tell me.
I've told you everything.

The Jailer steps around the corner to the controls for the chair. Derek can see him through a window.

JAILER
(grim)
I don't make the rules, Derek. I just enforce them.

ANGLE ON The controls. The Jailer twists the knobs marked "head" and "feet". The gauges jump to show peak levels. An electric whine is heard. He grasps the control lever and looks at Derek.

JAILER
(continuing)
This is going to hurt.

DEREK
(looking at the
Jailer)
Please, don't. Please...

JAILER
Tell me about your early work.

DEREK
I don't know what you're talking
about!! Jesus Christ, please....

JAILER
Maybe this'll help.

He snaps the lever down. Derek starts to scream just as the power surges through him: muscles locked, chest thrust out, face horribly contorted. His scream turns throaty and garbled.

A SERIES OF FLASH INTERCUTS - BOLEX FOOTAGE with Derek twitching in the chair:

SHOT of someone thrashing in a tub, a woman screaming.

SHOT of water boiling, steaming.

SHOT of a shower curtain being pulled down.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - BOLEX FOOTAGE

The same hallway, the same Bolex footage we saw earlier.

The closed door with the lacquered sign: "Please KNOCK". Wisps of steam seep through the cracks. From inside we hear Fogelberg's "Wysteria".

Young Derek's hand reaches out for the knob and gently turns it. Slowly, the door is pushed open. The POV moves into the room.

Derek's Mom reclines in the shower/bath, eyes closed, the curtain open. It's very steamy in the room. We move to see a bottle of opened bath oil, a pack of cigarettes and an ashtray, the tape player on the edge of the sink above the tub.

We move closer to look down on Mom.

A clean shaft of RED LIGHT, framed by nearly-closed curtains on a small window, falls across the tub, illuminating her face. Young Derek's hand reaches up into frame, into the shaft of light. He turns it slowly, casting a shadow across his mother's face.

Her eyes open. Startled, she screams, covering herself with

her arms.

MOM

Jesus, Derek, what are you doing!?

She grabs the curtain to hide her body. The POV doesn't retreat.

MOM

(continuing; a
scream)

GET OUT!

She throws the empty bath oil bottle at the camera. The POV dodges, then jerks as the operator trips on something. A splash is heard, and Fogelberg is cut off in mid-note.

The POV rights itself. Mom isn't moving. We move to see the submerged tape player. The surface of the water starts to vibrate. We track back on Mom, her face contorted, frozen in place. Her outstretched hand grips the shower curtain. The weight of her arm finally pulls it down with a clatter, but the arm stays outstretched.

The camera seems paralyzed. Three full seconds pass. The water begins to boil. Smoke rises. The POV begins to shake.

A loud POP sounds as the fuses blow, and the bathroom is plunged into darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. DEATH CHAMBER

ANGLE ON the Jailer's hand as he switches the power off. The electric hum fades.

ANGLE ON the monitor. It shows the end of the Bolex Footage. Derek's horrified expression is reflected on it's surface. The footage shows that the camera, dropped on its side on the bathroom floor, is still recording. We can just make out young Derek's tennis shoes backing away, then running from the room.

We slowly pull back to reveal Derek, staring at the monitor, wide eyed, coming to grips with the truth. His face is wet with tears.

We stay on him as the Jailer unfastens the straps and removes the metal cap. We can see the Jailer's arms, hands, and chest, but not his face.

DEREK

She didn't kill herself.

JAILER DEREK (O.S.)

(after a pause)

No. She didn't.

DEREK

It was my fault. I didn't help
her. I just stood there.

JAILER (O.S.)

We got the shot.

Derek looks up at the Jailer, who turns from his work,
holding a cable. Now we see his face.

He's Derek, wearing the guard's uniform.

The Dereks looks at each other.

JAILER DEREK

(shrugging)

You make the rules, Derek. I just
enforce them.

He unhooks the cable. White static floods the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. TOP TIER CELL AND WALKWAY - DUSK

ANGLE ON Derek's camera, falling through the air, spinning in
slow-motion. It hits the floor of the cell, bounces, and
comes to rest on a tattered mattress, its red light blinking.

ANOTHER ANGLE Derek drops into frame, falling to his knees.
His eyes are wide with shock. Tears stream down his face.

ANGLE ON the pigeon, startled, as it jumps slightly.

We are back in the cell from before, when Derek began his
mental journey. Mere moments have passed. The red slash of
light still illuminates the pigeon perfectly. No one is in
the cell door.

Derek sits on his knees, sobbing, coming to grips with what
he'd buried.

ANGLE ON the pigeon, cocking its head, looking at Derek.

Derek lifts up his hand into the red light. He looks at it,
then at the shadow it casts, still sobbing out of control. He
looks at the pigeon.

SMASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK of Derek's mom lying in the bathtub. Her eyes are
closed and the same red light illuminates her face. We see
a small hand reach into the light.

CUT TO:

INT. TOP TIER CELL AND WALKWAY - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

DEREK

I was there. I was right there.

He breaks down even more.

CUT TO:

INT. TOP TIER WALKWAY

ANGLE ON the pigeon flying away from Derek's outstretched hand.

He stands on the top tier, watching it go. It sails out a window into the last of the day's light. In his other hand, Derek holds the plastic six-ring, one can still attached.

Behind Derek lies the discarded camera on the mattress, the red recording light still blinking.

CUT TO:

VIDEO POV: The angle is slightly askew.

Leaning against the cell door is Derek's discarded shoulder bag, its contents partially spilled. A few headshots are visible. The one on top is the headshot of the actor playing the Jailer. The name at the bottom isn't visible, but across the top, written in black ink, is the word "Jailer".

As Derek walks out of frame, the last light of the sun is just visible through the far window. It diminishes slowly, to a tiny point. And disappears.

The camera's tape runs out.

CUT TO:

INT/ EXT. FRONT OF PRISON - DUSK

We see Derek walking slowly to the front glass doors of the prison. He opens the door and walks down the long steps.

A brick guard point is at the end of the walkway. On the other side of this is Derek's car. Derek continues through and walks to his car. He turns and looks back at the prison, taking it all in.

A sound of a car breaks his moment. Derek turns around and see's a red compact car moving toward him. As the car pulls up Derek's expression turns. He seems frozen. We see Olivia getting out of the car. She stops and looks at Derek, still angry.

Derek doesn't move but tears begin to drop from his eyes.

Almost a smile as we.

FADE TO BLACK:

END