

“LIFE, WITHOUT”

A SCREENPLAY

by

W. B. MARTIN

Pebble Mountain Productions

(Prisons Foundation Submission 4/2014)

A story, shifting from fiction to fact, where our judicial system, a few years or months into the future, is becoming automated in ways not always in our best interest. Meanwhile, a very popular police drama has taken control of society's entertainment attention, creating a 55 minute approach to Due Process given to those in the criminal trial jungle. A number of bizarre side trips along the way makes for an entertaining and thought provoking visit. What happens when the Department of Corrections runs out of room but still needs the money for operational costs, at a time the Federal Government is too busy with its own problems. Watch what you're eating. You don't know where, or who, it's been.

Author enrolled in a UCLA sponsored screenwriter's class at a prison facility in Lancaster. Actors and directors from the industry would visit our small class monthly to talk shop and review our scripts. I produced 18 scripts in the 3 year period, 4 won first place in their annual competitions. I teach screen writing from time to time in prison to interested groups. I find it's very therapeutic for the participants.

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(As of 4/2014)

Note: Author is currently in Federal Court for appeal review of state trial holding 14 causes of action for release from custody due to illegal wiretap, fraudulent extradition warrant, no dates, past due legislative out date by 12 years, trial caused by an HBO documentary, not by a criminal complaint. HBO withdrew the program for defamation.

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HOW TO READ A SCREENPLAY

If you are reading a screenplay for the first time, there are some things you need to know to follow along. A screenplay is a recipe card to make a movie. The wide text is the location and time of day, what the crew sets up, what the camera sees or FRAMES, and the action that takes place.

The narrow text down the center of the page is the speaking character, and what that character speaks. Sometimes, right under the character name in parenthesis, is a suggestion by the author to the actor to speak a special way at this point. After the first few pages, the flow will pick up and create visual images in your head just like watching a movie. Each page is a minute of film time. The main crew code words are as follows:

FADE IN: or FADE OUT: The beginning and end of the entire movie.

EXT. or INT. The scene is set up EXTERIOR, or INTERIOR, requiring different equipment for each.

INT. could be a bedroom, cave, car, etc. EXT. – City Park

After EXT. or INT. is the basic location; EXT. BASEBALL FIELD INT. BUSY OFFICE IN HIGH RISE

Next is DAY or NIGHT. The time the scene takes place for the story to happen.

Day or Night is omitted if it's obviously a few moments later in a nearby area, like moving from a kitchen to a living room in the same house. Try this:

INT. MOTORHOME – NIGHT – TRAVELING Know where you are? Good.

Then the events of that scene are laid out for the actors to move within, camera to follow, special effects to be added.

Other CAPITAL words alert various crew to special needs for the story. HORN BLARES. BELL RINGS.

SPFX= Special Effects (visual), SFX= Sound effects or Foley.

New characters are capitalized to introduce them into the story. MR. SMITH enters the room, laughing.

V.O. Is Voice Over, like a narrator introducing a scene like Richard Dryfuss in Stand By Me, or an internal thought within the character's head before making a move.

O.S. Is Off Screen. A spoken part or noise, nearby or in another room, out of FRAME. BILL(O.S.) HELP ME !!

B.G. Action or visual seen in the Back Ground. Crowd gathers in B.G.

POV Point Of View. POV: Car driving into tunnel. POV: Bill is looking over the cliff to the river.

(BEAT) A short pause, usually in speech to denote thought or hesitation. I THINK (BEAT) I'LL GO ANYWAY.

(PAUSE) A long beat. Same purpose.

INTERCUT or MATCH CUT Focuses on a certain item which appears in the next scene, or conversation of two people back and forth on a phone call for example.

INSERT: and RETURN: A close up on an object, like character looking at his watch to establish time.

Music cues are identified as suggestions to back up the scene to establish mood, message, or era.

Editing cues or camera angles are usually left to the editor and director unless a specific need arises by the author.

Hope you enjoy the experience. Feedback always helps the author fine tune the story before production.

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FADE IN:

EXT. LARGE HOTEL CONVENTION CENTER, LARGE CALIFORNIA CITY - MORNING

MIKE BUTLER, about 27. Owner of a small convention services company, is setting up for a conference of the Governors of the 50 states.

Mike brings in a briefcase of microphones, cables and equipment from his van to the audio booth.

INT. CONTROL ROOM OF HOTEL CONVENTION MEETING AREA.

JEFF WILLIAMS, an assistant, is patching cables to the mixer boards.
Some video projection equipment in place.

JEFF

Hey Mike, are they gonna want a master disc of the meeting?

MIKE

I'm told no recordings. They have their own steno.
Something screwy about the whole set up.
... and we are supposed to stay away from the press afterwards.

JEFF

What do I know?

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - SAME GENERAL LOW RENT AREA - DAY

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM

GREG BUTLER, Mike's younger brother, mid 20's in and out of jail, is in bed, thinking about getting up.

SUZIE Q, half hooker, half drug runner for Greg, is standing at the window in a long T-shirt, having a smoke.

SUZIE

What time can you get the shit?

GREG

I'll call. Where you gonna be?

Suzie hears a car outside the window and looks through the curtain edge.

SUZIE

Greg! There's a car pulling up that doesn't belong in this neighborhood!

Greg jumps out of bed and grabs his jeans and T-shirt.
Grabs a roll of bills on the nightstand and jams it in his pocket.

WE SEE his wallet on the floor in the shadows where his jeans were.

GREG

What's the plate say Suzie?

SUZIE

Blanco ! Greg? You still owe these guys?
You can't keep doing this!
You'll have a target on your back big as
New York City!

GREG

Stall them...

Greg dashes into the bathroom as Suzie continues to look out the curtain.

EXT. MOTEL LOT – DAY

A Jaguar Sedan V-12, tinted windows, pulls up slowly. Looking for the right room number.

INSIDE: Suzie puts her smoke out. She's nervous.

We HEAR the tinkling of breaking glass from the bathroom.

The car pulls up in front of Greg's motel room.

DI AMATO gets out of the passenger side.

A very large hit man from DANILO BLANDON'S GROUP. Sharp suit, dark glasses.

Di Amato scans the area from behind his sunglasses.

Walks up to the motel door. Tests the knob. It's locked.

He gets a grip on the knob with his bone-crusher hand and twists the knob off the rotting door, walking in and shuts the door behind him.

DI AMATO (O.S.)

Where is he !

SUZIE Q (O.S.)

Who? I don't ask my customers' names.

There are TWO HARD SLAPS heard.

SUZIE Q (O.S.)

FUCK YOU !

Two muffled shots are heard.

EXT. BACK AREA BEHIND MOTEL

Greg runs from the motel back lot towards other multi-story buildings.

EXT. LARGE CONVENTION COMPLEX - DAY

Limos and state cars of GOVERNORS are arriving through valet parking.
SECURITY OFFICERS blocking the press frenzy. They sense an emergency brewing.
POLITICIANS quickly exiting cars, heading for the entrance with files, briefcases.

INT. ENTRANCE DOORS TO MEETING ROOM.

Governors of the states are walking into the room.

I.D. Being checked thoroughly at the single door entrance.

MEMBERS OF THE PRESS are turned away in protest.

AD-LIB spins on the reasons for the emergency meeting. The press are desperate.

INT. MEETING ROOM

Mike and Jeff are in the control booth, equipment at ready. Mike reaches for a mixing board fader as:

A SPOKESMAN comes up to the podium and adjusts the mic.
The room grows quiet.

SPOKESMAN

You've all been briefed.
Each state governor has been given an outline
for our emergency procedure for separation
and financial independence from the
District of Columbia.

The hall swells with a murmur of angry agreement.

SPOKESMAN

Yes, Governor Roberts.

GOV. ROBERTS

Will the separation threshold remain at
fifteen trillion?
That won't change at the last minute.

SPOKESMAN

It will hold at fifteen trillion.
As you know, the Federal budget has risen to
Twelve point one trillion as we speak.
(beat) Yes, Governor Carson.

INSERT: MIKE AND JEFF IN SOUND BOOTH

MIKE

Separation? What from what?

JEFF

The states wanna cut loose from the Federal mafia is what I'm hearing. It started with that group that claimed there was no law for the IRS to collect personal tax on wages, which is different from income. I checked. There isn't. An income is a corporate profit, whereas a wage is not considered income, by legal definition. The word 'voluntary' is used a number of times in the 1040 form. But this is big ! The debt ceiling just blew off the house of Congress !

RETURN TO MEETING ROOM:

GOV. CARSON

...IF that's the case, the Federal Emergency Management Act includes the execution of all Federal prisoners as a result of our succeeding from the Union. - - - What are the plans for the states' prisoners in this emergency protocol?

INSERT: Mike looks at Jeff with surprise.

RETURN:

SPOKESMAN

At present, it depends on the State's financial priorities and social reactions. FEMA becomes the enemy to the states. (beat) Governor Browning, you had your hand up?

GOV. BROWNING

**Will the state's borders be monitored?
Or will free passage be maintained?**

SPOKESMAN

Since this is a financial emergency and not a civil one at this point of the game, I believe interstate travel will remain open. Interstate roads will be maintained by each state for now.

(reading from a memo)

We have received a plea from the attorney general's officer to reconsider this action. But personally...

INSERT: BACK OF MEETING ROOM

TWO GOVERNORS speak to each other softly.

SPOKESMAN'S SPEECH HEARD in B.G.

GOVERNOR #1 (sotto)

I've got a nephew in the federal penitentiary.
I don't like the direction this is moving.

GOVERNOR #2 (sotto)

When we make shackles, we must also
be prepared to wear them.

GOVERNOR #1

Plato?

GOVERNOR #2

Lincoln.

INSERT: MIKE AND JEFF IN BOOTH:

MIKE

I can see why they didn't want this taped.

C.U. ON a small digital recorder Mike is checking in a utility bag, a tiny cable up to an output jack.

EXT. COMMERCIAL - INDUSTRIAL STORE FRONTS

The Jaguar pulls up to "BUTLER'S AUDIO/VIDEO SERVICES".

Di Amato gets out. Approaches storefront.

INT. SECRETARY'S DESK

DIAMATO

Is Mike Butler in? I need to see him immediately.

EXT, CONVENTION HALL - DAY

The Governor's meeting is over.
They are hustled into their limos as the press close in, wanting news.

INT. BOOTH

Mike is switching the equipment off. Jeff unplugging cables.

MIKE

I'm gonna step out for a smoke.
Back in a minute.
I can't believe what I just heard.

EXT. LONG ALLEY – DAY (A Day in the life of an alley...)

The alley is narrow, long, windowless, tall brick walls with a service door and dumpster half way down. **HOLD** on this angle.

Mike exits the service door and it **SLAMS** behind him before he can catch it. He lets it go and leans against the wall to light up.

INT. ENTRANCE AREA OF CONVENTION HALL

Di Amato walks towards the hall the Governors just left from.

EXT. MIKE IN ALLEY

All is quiet, peaceful.

Mike's cell phone twittles. Mike reads the message on the screen.

INSERT: SCREEN: "TROUBLE - HIDE QUICK!"

RETURN: Mike looks back and forth, stunned. Jumps in the dumpster, closes the lid. All is quiet and peaceful in the alley.

Di Amato's tinted window Jaguar **ENTERS** the far end of the alley, comes towards our POV.

It slows at the dumpster, stops.

The window opens on the passenger side and a gun with a silencer points at the dumpster.

At the far end of the alley, behind Di Amato's car, two police cars come screeching in.

Di Amato's car takes off out of frame. One squad car follows, the other stops.

OFFICER DAVE gets out of the car, gun drawn and scans the area. Walks towards the dumpster.

OFFICER DAVE

ALL RIGHT! You in the dumpster.

Lift the lid slowly, both hands in view and empty!

Step out, nice and easy now.

Mike starts to lift the lid.

MIKE

Boy am I glad you guys are here, I think...

Can you tell me what's going on?

OFFICER DAVE

Just step out and come down to the

station with us. Slowly !

Mike's clothes are stained with wet liquid from the dumpster.

Officer Dave notices the smell.

MIKE

Okay man, don't shoot!
I haven't got a weapon to throw out.
I haven't done anything, have I?

OFFICER DAVE

Walk over to the car, spread 'em!

Dave pats Mike down, puts the cuffs on him and sets him in the car.

The squad car drives off out of FRAME. The alley is quiet again.

At the far end, Di Amato's car drives slowly by, backs up and enters the alley again.

It pulls up to the dumpster and fires four rounds into the side.
His car speeds off out of FRAME. The alley is quiet again.

A HOMELESS MOTHER in raggedy clothes comes into frame. Pushing a cart full of possessions.

A BOY of about 7 close behind. Miss-matched shoes, dirty shirt, mopy haired, hungry look.

They scuffle up to the dumpster and open the lid.

She pokes around and finds a large paper bag and pulls it out, sets it on the ground. It's wet.

She peels the paper back to reveal a pile of restaurant meat scraps about a week old.
Crawling with maggots and slime. The meat is covered with greens and grays of decay.

The homeless mother gags at the smell and turns away for air.
The boy pokes at the maggots with a stick.

Mother pulls the boy away and they walk off to the far end of the alley and turn the corner.
The alley is quiet again...

A stray DOG chases a TOM CAT down the length of the alley and around the far corner.

The alley is quiet again...

A rope-end falls into FRAME against the wall near the dumpster.
An ACTOR dressed as a super hero climbs down the rope and into the alley.
Guarded stance, looks around, then,

MOVIE DIRECTOR (O.S.)

CUT! We need more light.
Go back up Ted, we'll try the other side.

The rope is hauled back up. Actor, frustrated, heads back towards entrance to 'take two'.

INT. POLICE CAR – TRAVELING – DAY

Officer Dave, and his partner OFFICER REECE, driving, and Mike in the back on the way to the station.

OFFICER REECE
(into rear view mirror)
When's the last time you showered mister?

MIKE
This morning, as a matter of fact.
I think I landed on something that was
still moving in the dumpster.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM

Mike, Officer Dave, And SGT. SPHINCTER are seated.
Sgt. Sphincter is an aged, grumpy, has-been who's marking the days to retirement.

They are drilling Mike for answers.

SGT. SPHINCTER
Look son, when we took you into custody,
you did the right thing by giving us the
description of your brother Greg.

MIKE
No ! Stop right there !
I THOUGHT I was doing the right thing.

OFFICER DAVE
Mike, it's not on you anymore by
giving it over to us.

MIKE
You guys are full of shit !
I have nothing more to say.
Take me to my cell or let me the hell out !

Mike stands up in anger.

Sgt. Sphincter stands just as quick and pushes Mike back in to the chair.

SGT. SPHINCTER
Look, you dumb fuck !
You might have information that would enable us to
locate your brother before Danilio Blandon's group does.
An address, phone number. Something !

MIKE
I don't have anything to do with him !
I don't need his problems.
I'm his brother, not his MOTHER.
That's all ! So don't try and hang
HIS problems on ME !

SGT. SPHINCTER

**We hear he's burned everyone in town.
What's he owe you?**

MIKE

**Did anybody ever tell you how
FUCKING UGLY YOU WERE ?! HUH ? !
Was your Ma short on coat hangers what, sixty years ago ??**

SGT. SPHINCTER

You fucking bastard ! I don't need... !

OFFICER DAVE

**WHOA ! Calm down ! Both of you.
Fucking cool it a minute.
Mike, the Sarg wasn't insinuatn' that you don't
love your brother. It's just – why don't you want to
save his life? You hold the cards right now.
Where is he ?**

Officer Dave looks at Sgt. Sphincter to 'keep cool' .

OFFICER DAVE (con't)

**That's better. Mike, these people,
they will step on anything and anybody that's
even remotely connected to the person
who burned them.**

MIKE

**I haven't heard from him in over a year I tell you !
I DON'T KNOW !! (beat)
It seems all you wanna do is hang some
piddly-ass shit on him to run him back to the joint.
He's not your city's problem !**

SGT. SPHINCTER

(to Officer Dave)

**Let's go for some coffee.
This guy's just straight-out irritating !**

They leave Mike in the room and head towards the vending area.

INT. SNACK ROOM AT STATION

OFFICER CATHY BUTAY is bending over at the candy machine, making a choice and vigorously pulling the vending knob. She's about 22, "Bimbo Type". Huge breasts. Curves like a mountain road.

Her gyrating posterior is to the FRAME. We see her elbow repeatedly YANKING on the stuck selection knob which is just out of our view.

OFFICER DAVE

(wide eyed)

She could give eyesight to the blind, and
half a dozen more musical verses come to mind.
Damn ! If she don't paint that uniform on
in the morning ! I hear she put out to over
twenty guys at the last rookie staff party !

SGT. SPHINCTER

Shouldn't believe everything you hear.

(beat, watching her)

I'm wondering what the hell she's doin'
to that machine?! Can I get somma that?

OFFICER DAVE

AA-HHHEMMM... Officer Butay?

May I be of some help?

MUSIC CUE: David Rose' "The Stripper" plays as she turns in SLO-MO.

CAMERA PANS FROM HER FEET SLOWLY TO HER FACE as Officer Butay turns to **FRAME.**

A knock-out face. Blond. Soft lens effect. Playing helpless.

OFFICER BUTAY

Oh ! It seems to be stuck.
It's never been this hard.

OFFICER DAVE

(to the rescue)

How much did you put in ?
All of it ?

OFFICER BUTAY

As much as I usually do.
It should have dropped after a good yanking.
I hope I didn't damage it.
This isn't the first time this has happened.

Officer Butay knows she's arousing Officer Dave and plays it up.

OFFICER DAVE

Did you hear it go in?
Maybe you need some more.
I mean, it's higher now.
It's gone up... The good stuff costs more. Cripes?
It's up to 75. See here?
(Points to Icon)

OFFICER BUTAY

How stupid of me. Thanks.

Officer Dave puts the extra quarter in from his own change.
Pulls the knob once and the item falls into the tray.

OFFICER BUTAY

Oh ! Oh ! Here it comes ! Here it comes !
Fell right into my hand. Thanks Dave.
I love working under a strong man who knows his
equipment and how to work it just right.
(about to leave)

Oh Dave? I've heard from several of the
other girls in the office that you're not married.
(uses her baby eyes to confirm)

I'm having lots of problems with my roommate.
We like the same guy and...
well it seems we fight about it all the time.
It's just getting unbearable living with her.
I need a secure place where I can take a nice
long bath, relax after a stressful day at work and
not worry about who's around. Know what I mean ?

OFFICER DAVE

(choking on words)

I... I...

OFFICER BUTAY

-- Oh, I'd pay my share of the rent.
What do you think? How bout this weekend?

Officer Dave and Sgt. Sphincter just look at each other.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Mike is pacing. Sits at the table and pounds his fist.

MIKE

DAMMIT GREG !
Where the hell are you !

INT. HALLWAY OF POLICE STATION

Sgt. Sphincter and Officer Dave head back to the interrogation room.

OFFICER DAVE

Look Sargent, You know we're not any closer to
closing the books on the Blandon group.
He's getting some grease from high up.
Let me have Mike a bit longer if you know
what I'm trying to say here.

SGT. SPHINCTER

Yeah, go ahead. I might do something
I'd regret later.

OFFICER DAVE

What's eatin' you?

SGT. SPHINCTER

I've been having problems with my oldest daughter,
Debby. You've met her.
My wife and I can't seem to come to terms with her.
She's been screwing around with drugs,
then we find out she's been dating
GIRLS INSTEAD OF BOYS !
Can you believe that god damned shit !?
You spend your whole career building a base for
your kids to grow from, and now...
All she wants to do is blow her mind and suck pussy !
A god damn dizzy muff diver is all I've got to show for
twenty years ! A friggin' dyke from the Pike !

OFFICER DAVE

Yeah, it's a thankless job.
Parents break their backs for their kids,
only to be kicked in the stomach as a gesture of thanks.

SGT. SPHINCTER

The chief wants something this week.
Butler's our only thread.
We just don't have the manpower to chase new leads.

OFFICER DAVE

If this federal budget fails...

SGT. SPHINCTER

We lose half our force off the top.
Then deal with the phobias erupting on the streets.
Christ, I hope I'm outta here by then.
It's gonna be every man for himself.

Dave heads into the room while Sgt. Sphincter goes down the hall.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

OFFICER DAVE

Look Mike, Blandon's led a charmed life.
For the last five years he's brokered massive amounts
of cocaine to the gangs in Southern California without
being arrested. (contined)

OFFICER DAVE (cont'd)

Hell, his supplier, Menesses, owns properties in San Francisco and was even brassy enough to register his cars under his own name.

Last October, the FBI, IRS, and the local sheriff raided more than a dozen connections tied to Blandon. He and his wife were convicted to prison on drug and weapons charges. The department of Justice dropped the charges against Blandon. We need to cut off his fuel ! I think personally the Sargent is biting off more than he can chew on this one

Sgt. Sphincter sticks his head in the door.

SGT. SPHINCTER

Dave, Let him go. I think we found Greg.

EXT. ALLEY OF AN OLD BRICK APARTMENT COMPLEX – ABOUT 5 STORIES TALL – DAY

Greg is hanging off a fire hose draped to the ground. He's about half way down.

A couple of squad cars down below, guns drawn on Greg above.

Greg LOOKS UP into the shadows of the 5th floor where the hose comes from. Di Amato is looking down at Greg. Smiling behind the expensive sunglasses. Now what !

EXT. COUNTY JAIL – DAY

INT. COUNTY JAIL – BOOKING AREA / HOLDING CELLS

Greg Butler is seen in a holding cell with TEN OTHER INMATES, waiting to be fingerprinted.

"BUBBA" WILLIAMS, late 20's, big Hispanic/black, bad son of a bitch, knife scar from temple to center of his chin. Likes to chew on broken glass for a snack.

We move into the cell with them. Everyone's quietly on guard, sizing each other up just in case.

Bubba's looking at Greg, recalling a thought in the sludge of his mind.

BUBBA

Hey, what's up Greg ?!

The other inmates tense on the challenging tone of the question between the two.

Greg's expression is one of "You talkin' to me?" raised eyebrows, puffy chest.

BUBBA

(more intense)

Hey man, you don't remember me or what !

Me, I never forget a face.

Sometimes a name...

But never a face.

(leaning forward)

Wanna know why ?

GREG

(stone cold sober)

No. But I got a feeling I'm fixin' to find out anyway.

The watching inmates laugh at the comeback.

Bubba hates the smart-ass answer. He's cocked and ready to go off.

The laughing inmates cut and look away from eye contact with Bubba.

Bubba stands showing his full bulky size and strength. The Hell's Angels kicked him out for being too rough !

BUBBA

What's so funny, HUH !!?

(looking intently at the other four)

You-alls wanna clown a muthafucker?

Who's first. Don't make me pick.

Greg stays cool, looks at the petrified others.

GREG

Yeah Bubba, I remember you man.

How could a n y b o d y forget a hell of a guy like you.

In fact, you outta be on television.

-- Just so I can change the channel !

BUBBA

(thrown off guard)

What's that 'sposta mean?

Greg re-adjusts his posture to talk.

GREG

Nothin' ... 'cept I can remember a time
when you had a heart of gold.

When was it ... (thinking) Ten years ago?

Greg lays on a bit of dramatics for effect.

GREG (cont's)

What branded your heart so dark to cause
such a drastic change in you man?

Bubba doesn't like the story unfolding.

BUBBA

Shut the fuck up man !
You sound like my sweet Mary's social worker.!

The four inmates chuckle nervously.

BUBBA (cont's)

And you don't even /

GREG

(cutting him off)

I KNOW you Bubba ! I guess this shit don't matter.
Ain't none of my business anyway.

It doesn't matter because I heard what went down.

(pacing the cell slowly)

... and the homeboys on the streets
I'm sure has caught the word by now.

(pointing at Bubba)

And that word is, you're through !
After what you done, these cops are NEVER
gonna let you out !

Bubba cowers a bit, softens.

BUBBA

That was my baby sister, man...

An intrusive clack of the door being unlocked stops the conversation. All look.

BOOKING OFFICER has a clipboard.

OFFICER

Okay, Mr. Butler and Mr. Williams,
time to be printed. Let's go.

The other inmates AD-LIB the usual stupid jail questions until the unresponsive officer shuts the door after Bubba and Greg exit.

INMATES

- * When can I call my public defender?
- * Any more shit paper ?
- * How much longer will we be here ?
- * Will I be in court tomorrow ?
- * I take meds. I need my meds man.
- * The air's too cold in this cell.
- * You got a spare sack lunch ?
- * I didn't get one either. I'm hungry man !
- * How much is my bail. Do you take checks or green dots?

CUT TO: FINGERPRINT COUNTER

Booking Officer is rolling Greg's last finger on the print reader.

OFFICER

Okay Butler, take a seat over there.
In fact, since you're both done, take it to that
empty cell number 3. There's a phone.
It'll be about an hour till we get those others done.
(beat)
You two have any problems celling together
in the housing unit?

IN JAIL HALLWAY:

The Officer shuts the LOUD metal door behind Greg and Bubba as they enter the empty holding cell. Sitting...

BUBBA

You know man, you're probably right about what
you said back there.
I'll probably NEVER see daylight again.
(gets intense with memory)
But at least I have the SATISFACTION of knowing
the son of a bitch that raped and sodomized my
baby sis is pushing up flowers !
(standing, angry)
I have NO regrets !
I'd do it the same again !
You know what I'm saying man?
Greg? You'd do the same, wouldn't you ?
(pacing - reliving the memory)
I mean you should have heard that piece of shit
CRY like a bitch when I SHOVED the rake handle
up his pussy. (upward punching with his fist)
Poked right through his belly button !
Let'm stroke THAT on his way to hell --
(punching the wall)
the little pansy !

Bubba pulls his bloody knuckles away from the wall.
There is a satisfied smile on his face, oblivious of the injury, his scar highlighted by the grin.

GREG

You're a sick puppy Bubba.
You need help man!

Bubba comes back to reality. Gets serious.

BUBBA

Greg, you're the one that needs help, bro.
YOU got problems...
When Blandon's boys find you, and get ahold of you,
in ways you'll never expect ... (moving in close)
you'll PRAY for death ! You're in over your head !

Another pair of inmates are placed in the cell. The two head for the phones to call out.
Greg gets a drink from the faucet, thinking...

GREG

Bubba, peep this...That don't bother me one bit.
They're only human and they bleed just like anybody else.
Besides, you got to bring ass to get ass.

BUBBA

(lying down to nap)

Greg, a word to the wise, and you:
You best watch your ass when ya get
back to the pen. You sure picked the wrong
hole to shit in !

GREG

Bubba ! Wait. I got an idea.
You can plead insanity.
Come over here. I got the number for a
shrink hot line I saw on TV. --
Get them off the phone.

Bubba gets up and shows his bulk to the two youngsters on the phone.

BUBBA

SAY - GOOD - BYE

The one by Bubba hangs up and backs away.

Greg gets to the phone and dials.

GREG

Let's see, it's one, five five five, H-E-L-P-Y-O-U

He punches in the number and listens for the recorded operator. They share the ear piece:

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Hello, you have reached the state psychiatric
hot line. To talk with a counselor, please indicate
your specific problem by pressing the correct number
as follows:

For obsessive compulsive behavior, press one, twelve times.

For bi-polar depression, press one and nine.

For multiple personality disorder, press three, four, five, and six.

For schizophrenia, please wait and the little
voice will tell you what to do next.

For the disillusioned, please hang on the line and your
call will be transferred to the mother ship for a representative.

For the co-dependent, have someone press two for you now.

(continues)

OPERATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

For paranoia, hang up. We know what you want and will call you back after tracing your call.

For pedophilia, press in the age of your best friend.

For kleptomania, please bring the phone back and press seven.

For the narcoleptic, WAKE UP !! ... and press eight.

If you are manic-depressive, it doesn't matter which number you press, no one will ever answer your questions.

For M D S O, please press six and nine.

If you are tweaking, just fiddle with the hash tag button.

If you think you have amnesia, press 8, then state your full name, last name first, address, 9 digit zip code, date of birth, social security number, and mother's maiden name.

If you have low self esteem, all our operators are too busy to deal with your problems.

If you think you have Alzheimers, please press

--- ---
--- ---

Greg hangs up.

GREG

**Bad idea.
Anyway, I'll be out in a month.
Di Amato won't find me.**

BUBBA

(quietly to Greg)

Shh ! This place may have an A T M.

GREG

A what !?

BUBBA

**An Automatic Teller Machine !
A snitch ! A cheesy rat !
Watch what you say man. Loose lips eat ships.**

INT. ATTORNEY / INMATE VISITING ROOM IN JAIL

**Various partitions with inmates and attorneys in discussion.
Greg and his parole officer MISS SWITZER are in conference at a partitioned table.
She's good looking, but worn out from the job.**

MISS SWITZER

Look Greg, I can only do so much.
My supervisor doesn't believe a word you told her.
She thinks you're lying.
What ever the case, as you are aware,
if you are convicted of the charge,
the sentence imposed will eat up the violation time
on parole, plus the zero tolerance law passed
in January will kick in.

(beat)

On the other hand, IF... you are NOT convicted,
which I personally can't see happening,
we will pick up this conversation again later.

GREG

Well check this out /

MISS SWITZER

(cutting him off)

NO ! I'm not willing to check no more out.
I have a busy schedule today with twelve more
violators, and no place to put them.
Plus this rumor about FEMA being put into action
has everyone on edge.
It doesn't look good my friend.
- - Look Greg, I care a lot about you.

They are interrupted by an announcement.

P. A. SYSTEM (O.S.)

Attorney Johnson, your client has
been transferred to another facility.
Please check at reception.

MISS SWITZER

You know it's against the rules for us
to become personally involved with any parolees.
Let alone sexually involved.
It would mean my job. Okay?

Greg looks away in frustration. Then...

GREG

Cindy. I know you'd help if you could.
I'm gonna remember this all the way to the joint.
You're radiating sex right now baby !
I'm gonna miss those lips ...

MISS SWITZER

Greg ! Stop it !

GREG

What do you mean stop it?

MISS SWITZER

I really must go.

We HEAR a heated conversation between an inmate and his attorney that interrupts Greg.

INMATE (O.S.)

Don't I fuckin' pay you enough money
to keep me out of this place? You're Fired !!

Greg stands with Miss Switzer. Makes on last attempt.

GREG

You know Cindy, What you COULD do is quit your job,...
then we'll get married and practice safe sex
on our conjugal visits. Cool idea, huh ?

She smiles in contempt at the idea. Holding eye contact...

MISS SWITZER

You aren't THAT good ...

She walks away towards the door, not turning back. Greg watches her walk. Disappointed.

INT. JAIL CELL AREA – TWO MAN CELLS

Greg and Bubba have been placed together.

The LIGHTS in the other cells work. Greg's appears to be burned out with an occasional flicker. Greg is pasting newspaper over the glass of the fixture with dabs of toothpaste to hide the flickering.

Bubba's reading a worn paperback on the lower bunk.

INT. JAIL HALLWAY TO VIDEO CONFERENCE ROOM WITH COURT

A line of INMATES is against the wall, walking under escort.
They file into a ROOM with a TV MONITOR and CAMERA on the far wall. FEET painted on floor.

The inmates file in order filling the front rows.

This two-way video system allows the inmates to speak to the Judge in court without the cost of transporting them to and from the jail facilities.

(SPFX): The cable system has intermittent SHORTS AND STATIC.

The monitor shows a TITLE CARD: COURTROOM #37, JUDGE JACKMAN PRESIDING.

The screen switches to a LIVE picture of an older JUDGE sitting at his bench, facing camera, arranging today's files and his microphone to begin the proceedings.

Then, looking into the camera:

JUDGE

**People verses Hector Rodriguez.
Please stand on the mark (static).**

(beat)

**You are charged with (static) counts of
Penal Code four five nine point seven 'B'.
How do (static) plead?**

INMATE #1

Guilty, your honor.

JUDGE

**Very well. Sentence (static) set in (static) weeks.
Please be seated.**

Hector sits.

JUDGE (cont's)

**People verses (static).
Please stand on the mark.**

INMATE # 2, next in line, looks around and figures it's him.

He stands and moves to the painted feet outline on the floor, facing the camera and monitor.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS – INTERCUT:

We SEE the Judge watching the inmates on his monitor as he speaks with them for preliminary hearings. Court clerk entering data on nearby keyboard, cell phone propped on her shoulder. Splitting attention between court minutes and a personal call.

JUDGE

People verses Richard Peese.

INT. JAIL VIDEO ROOM – INMATE # 2 STANDING

JUDGE (on monitor)

**Mister Peese, you are charged with twelve counts
of Penal Code two eighty six point five.
(Static) with a farm animal. How do you plead?**

A REACTION from the seated inmates to the charge.

INMATE # 2

Guilty your honor.

JUDGE

**Very well. Your sentence will be set in two weeks.
Please be seated.**

Inmate # 2 sits. The inmates on either side of squirm away from him.

JUDGE (cont's)

**Next, (static) verses Paul Lopez.
You are charged with six counts of
Penal Code one eighty seven, attempted murder.
(static) do you plead ?**

Inmate # 3 is standing on the mark.

INMATE # 3

Guilty your honor.

JUDGE

Thank you. Sentence set in two weeks.

Inmate # 3 sits.

JUDGE (cont's)

**People verses (static) Butler.
Please stand on the mark.**

Greg rises and stands on the painted feet.

JUDGE (cont's)

**You are charged with one count of (static) .
Penal code (static) eighty nine. How do you plead?**

GREG

NOT Guilty. (smiles)

**All the inmates GASP and look at him in honest shock.
Greg looks around at them, can't understand the reaction.**

The Judge is shocked too.

JUDGE

Are you sure of your plea Mr. Butler.

GREG

Yes. Not Guilty. You got nothing on me.

The Judge looks long and hard, then makes some marks on the case file.

JUDGE

**Trial set for four weeks.
An (static) will be assigned if you can't afford one.
Be seated. (beat) People verses John Behrman**

INMATE # 4 stands on the painted feet.

JUDGE

**You are charged with 23 counts of prostitution.
(static) code two six six. How do you plead?**

INMATE # 4
Guilty your honor.

JUDGE
Very well. Sentence will be set in (static).

EXT. PARKING AREA AT JAIL FOR SERVICE TRUCKS – DAY

We FOLLOW a SERVICE MAN as he locks up his truck. A handful of equipment and testers.
The side of the truck shows company name:

"ILLUMINATED SUB – NOLOGIES INC. (sub-title) "LET US DO THE THINKING FOR YOU"

He brings his tool kit through the security sections of the jail.

INT. JAIL HALLWAY

The inmates from the video court room are in line being escorted back to the housing area.
The SERVICE MAN is waiting for them to pass, then he moves on.
WE FOLLOW him to a set of doors marked:

"HIGH VOLTAGE – AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY"

The Service Man unlocks the door and goes in. Door shuts behind him.

INSIDE: The room has a number of electrical breaker panels.
He checks his work order sheet, then moves to a numbered panel.

Close by is a rack of computerized audio equipment, LED meters showing activity of a spoken voice.

The Tech pulls out his test amplifier which includes indicator lamps.
He begins to test some points on the panel.

We HEAR a piped – in subliminal message in the playback.
A soft sexy woman's voice alternating with a stern man's voice.

WOMAN'S VOICE

You will plead guilty in court.
You will plead guilty in court.
Do it for me, hhhmmmmm?? oooo yeah!

Then ...

MAN'S VOICE

This is your father. Do as I say !
You WILL plead guilty !
Do you understand me?
You will plead guilty as charged.
No. Arguments. Understand ?

WOMAN'S VOICE

You will plead guilty in court for me, won't cha?..
You know how that turns me on baby...

The breaker modules are marked with different cell numbers.
At Cell A – 11, the tech gets a RED light reading indicating defective circuit module.
He pulls a new module out of his equipment bag and begins to replace the faulty unit.

(SPFX) We MOVE IN on the conduit that exits from the top of the control panel as the different pipes take off different directions in the jail. Moving through the system until we end up in Greg and Bubba's cell fixture.

DISSOLVE TO: Greg and Bubba's cell: A – 11. The overhead fixture comes to life.

As we DOLLY BACK from the light fixture, we HEAR the subliminal "Guilty" dialog the module imbeds in the operational buzz and subtle flicker of the lamp fixture affecting the occupants of each cell at the facility. Now Greg & Bubba are "with the program".

GREG

Shit ! Let there be light.
Now I can see your ugly face !

BUBBA

You make me feel guilty Greg.
I can't help the way I look !
What happened in pre-lim today at court?
You pled guilty didn't you. Avoid the hassle?

INT. MIKE BUTLER'S OFFICE – DAY

INTERCOM (V.O.)

Mike, your brother, I believe, on line two.

Mike hesitates before he picks up. Knows what the call is about.

MIKE

Greg? How'd I know it was you.

GREG

Hi big bro ! Can you do me a small favor?

MIKE

Let's cut to the chase.
You're in jail and you want your
money grubbing brother to post bail ?
What do I win, a migraine?

GREG

Oh ... You heard ?

MIKE

Oh, I've done more than heard,
little brother. I was given the grand tour !

GREG

So... You're not coming down ?

- -

What would Ma say ?

MIKE

Not only is she turning over in her grave right now,
she's achieved a rate of high rotation !!

INT. DAY ROOM AREA OF JAIL CELLS – TV & GAME TABLES – SHOWERS

About **FOURTEEN INMATES** are in various recreational activities.

Bubba and Greg playing pinochle with two other inmates.

BUBBA

You postin' bail ?

GREG

My brother's a little pissed right now...

ONE INMATE looks up at the clock, then walks over to an unwatched TV and turns the channel.
(CLOCK SHOWS: 6: 55 PM)

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This is **K S O F TV Three**.
Bringing you the best programs from
around the nation, in this state,
down our streets and **UP YOURS !**
Stay tuned for ... **THE DETECTIVE DAN SHOW !**
Right after this word.

Most inmates all stop what they're doing and gather around the set.
One **SOAPY INMATE** in the shower grabs a towel and comes out to watch, dabbing the soap off.

INMATE # 1

(from card game)

If you guys are gonna watch this crap,
I'm going back to my cell and do something
more constructive like **BANG MY HEAD AGAINST THE WALL !!**

Bubba stands to full height, towering over inmate # 1.

BUBBA

SHUT UP !
Detective Dan's on.

Bubba waits for his decision.

Inmate # 1 maintains eye contact as he feels behind him for his chair. Slowly sits.

Bubba sits to watch the program. A trance - like state comes over the viewers, smiles all around.

ON THE TV: COMMERCIAL AD STARTS:

INT. NEUTRAL STUDIO BACKDROP (TV BROADCAST)

A "Hollywood Cowboy" is standing in FRAME. Fancy boots with spurs.
Gaudy western shirt, fringe chaps, ten gallon hat, camera friendly horse with saddle.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In New Tucson, you don't need spurs, chaps,
a fancy hat, or a smart horse ...

The DISCOURAGED COWBOY surprised, walks OFF SCREEN with his horse, defeated.

A SEDUCTIVE FEMALE RODEO MODEL walks into FRAME. Very tight designer "New Tucson"
Jeans on. She is holding a tether of something just OFF SCREEN which soon comes into
FRAME, following the model. A BURRO with side-packs.

NARRATOR (cont's V.O.)

BUT IT HELPS TO HAVE A NICE ASS !

She stops to get a drink from a designer canteen, letting the water dribble down her chin
seductively, getting her thin cut - off T-shirt wet down the front. She wipes her brow.

NARRATOR (cont's V.O.)

Goin' prospectin' ?

The MODEL turns to FRAME, NODS: 'YES'

NARRATOR (cont's V.O.)

New Tucson Jeans?

The model gets a sexy smile, nodding again.

AD FADES TO BLACK over "NEW TUCSON" logo.

A leather patch with a sheriff's star in the middle.

The area between the points is cut out to expose bare skin underneath causing the skin to tan
with the star LOGO. "New Tucson" branded across the leather star.

TV: FADE IN: DETECTIVE DAN SHOW: INTRO:

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

Crime has grown to epic proportions.
Overwhelming the justice system.
One man has risen to this challenge.
More than a defender. He's a doctor,
He's a coroner, He's a criminologist, Psychologist,
Prosecuting Attorney, and a true - blue
law enforcement officer of the people.
He's - - DETECTIVE DAN ! (SFX: FANFARE)

Meanwhile, across the country, viewers tune in:

EXT: EXPENSIVE HOUSE IN GATED COMMUNITY - DUSK

Two Mercedes in the driveway. Probably more in the garage.

We GLIDE UP to the living room window to see what they're watching.

The same Detective Dan theme is HEARD from the television as we go INSIDE.

INT. LAVISH LIVING ROOM

J.P. SMITH, a suited executive, about 50 years old. Tie off, shoes off, stocking feet up on the hassock. Drink in one hand. A goofy smile on his face as he watches the Detective Dan show. We PAN the immaculate room to see a large entertainment system.

INT. DINING ROOM:

J.P.'s WIFE, Nora, nicely dressed, attractive, is at a dining room table set for two. Crystal glassware, lit candles, elegant dining experience. Waiting for her husband J.P.

A MAID brings two plates of food and sets them at their settings. One in front of Nora.

NORA

DEEEAAAR ! J. P. !!
Your dinner is getting cold !

IN LIVING ROOM: J.P. IN FRONT OF TV

J. P. (V.O.)

(inner thoughts)

Not half as cold as you were last night, dear.
Now, put a sock in it !
God, I wish Detective Dan worked for me ...

(spoken)

In a minute Nora.
Detective Dan is on.

DINING ROOM:

NORA

Perhaps Detective Dan will warm it for you !

The Maid and Nora exchange an "oh well" look. The Maid hurriedly returns to the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN:

The maid hops up on a stool with a plate of food, watching Detective Dan on a small counter top TV.

IN THE LIVING ROOM:

J. P. enjoying his drink, increasing the volume as we JOIN the episode.

INT. POLICE STATION, SGT WANKER'S OFFICE – DAY (TV SHOW SET)

DETECTIVE DAN is a Clint Eastwood type, perfect cop. Independent, by the book, courteous to the point of nausea.

SGT. WANKER, his supervisor, behind the desk stacked with files.

DETECTIVE DAN enters, stands at the Sergeant's desk.

DETECTIVE DAN
You wanted me sir ?

SGT. WANKER
Yes, Detective Dan, I'd like to assign you to the Richard Tews case. It's a tough one Dan

DAN
Yes sir. I'm already on it.

SGT. WANKER
But... how'd you know ?
I just got the call.

DAN
I'm Detective Dan. It's my job to know.

SGT. WANKER
You're a good man Detective.
I see a promotion in your future.

DAN
Sergeant Wanker, you know my philosophy,
Everyone is a potential criminal.
It is the duty of we chosen few to catch and punish
all we can. For the good of the people.

EXT. WELFARE APARTMENTS, INNER CITY – DUSK (REAL TIME)

We GLIDE up to one apartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF LOW RENT APARTMENTS

MOTHER JONES is front-row-center on the couch. 300 pounds of fun.
She is intently watching the Detective Dan show on her television. A smaller 13" color set on top of a non-working older console model. NOISE of kids in b.g.

MOTHER JONES
HEY !! HOLD IT DOWN IN THERE !!

INT. CROWDED CHAOTIC KITCHEN / DINING AREA

SIX KIDS, four years old to twelve, are setting a worn table in a noisy haphazard manner.

One looks in the empty pots on a cold stove. Worried. He looks into the living room for Mom.

LIVING ROOM: MOTHER JONES: We JOIN Detective Dan on the TV set: