

Screenplay

FADE IN:

EXT. SALLY ANN'S HOME - NIGHT

A sky view shows a heavy downpour clattering against the roof of the old farm house. The environs is dimly lit.

SALLY (PRE-LAP)
Motha...fucka...git...offa...me!

INT. SALLY ANN'S KITCHEN - SAME

SALLY ANN ELLINGTON (30's, petite) stands in the center of the room. She clutches a switch blade high in her clenched fist. Her heavy breasts are almost ready to plop out of her tight-fitting blouse.

She pants as snot spills from her nostrils. She uses her left hand to backhandedly wipe her nose.

The aggressor, a muscular man with an unrevealed face, grabs the blade-brandishing arm of Sally and wrestles it until the blade falls to the floor.

Fear fills Sally's face. The aggressor's strong arm finds her vulnerable neck, clutching it as he pushes her against the wall.

Sally can no longer put up any fight. The unrevealed applies pressure, strangling her until her whole body goes limp.

EXT. SALLY ANN'S HOME

The rain continues to pour. The assailant walks out of the farm house carrying Sally over his shoulder. He carries her towards the BARN.

INT. SALLY ANN'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

MARK (7) walks down the stairs. He has just woken up from sleep.

THELMA LOU (O.C)
Momma! Momma!

Soon, THELMA LOU (15) emerges from the kitchen. She spots Mark as he descends the last stair.

THELMA LOU
I've gone through the house calling
Momma, but she's nowhere to be
found. Maybe she is -

Thelma Lou turns toward the front door. Mark follows her.

EXT. SALLY ANN'S HOME

... Thelma Lou leads the way through the muddy compound to the barn with Mark following behind.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

It's pitch dark. The door opens allowing a small amount of light. Thelma Lou and Mark enter.

Mark twists the old-style light switch on the way - LIGHT.

Immediately, the two siblings' eyes catch something -

- The dismembered body of Sally Ann arranged a perfect order in the pool of her blood. Each piece of her body cut like a piece of jigsaw puzzle, with thousands of fly buzzing around them. Her clothes neatly placed in a corner.

Thelma Lou swallows hard and continuously. Mark's eyes bulge in disbelief and horror. The two siblings embrace one another in solidarity inspired by fear.

THELMA LOU
You see that? That's Momma cut up
like a piece of pork.

Tears trickle down the faces of the siblings.

MARK
Yeah, I see that. What we going to
do? Who would kill Momma? She
didn't mess with nobody. We gotta
call the police. They'll know what
to do.

THELMA LOU
Yeah, I'll begin breakfast and you
can call the police. Then you can
go over and talk to Mrs. Taliferro.
I'll get Summer and Emma ready
after breakfast.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. MRS. BECKER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A modestly furnished living room. MRS. BECKER (late 50's) stands glancing through a magazine.

SUPER: MASSACHUSETTS, 1983.

Crying, Mark stomps in with gigantic tears falling from his eyes. He stops in front of Mrs. Becker.

Mrs. Becker sits on the arm of her ancient living room and cups Mark's chin in her hand.

MRS. BECKER

Now, what is the problem, Mark?

MARK

Mrs. Becker, they didn't put my Nintendo in the box with my things. They probably gave it to Otto. We told them to let Thelma Lou pack the boxes, but they said no. They said that they would take care of it, they did take care of it, they gave my Nintendo to Otto, the one Momma gave me for Christmas.

MRS. BECKER

I see what the problem is. You are saying that they were careless in separating your belongings in Georgia. Ahem. I can see why this is a cause for concern. Even if it was replaced it would never be the same article your mother gifted you at Christmas, would it?

MARK

No, ma'am. It wouldn't.

MRS. BECKER

It's alright. I will put a call across to them and make sure this is rectified.

INT. MRS. BECKER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Becker sits on the couch with her sister, MAMIE RUTLEDGE (mid 50's). They are in the middle of a conversation.

MRS. RUTLEDGE

Margret, no matter what you say,
that boy should be in somebody's
church every Sunday and reading the
Word. The Lord will hold you
personally responsible for the
salvation of this youngin' under
yo' care.

MRS. BECKER

I hear you.

MRS. RUTLEDGE

Ya oughta come on down t' Georgia
fo' the rest of the summer 'til dat
chil' iz ready t' go back t' school
ag'in in September. It would be
good fo' lil' Mark because he could
rip 'n' romp 'til his heart's
content, gul. What y'all got up
here dat we ain't got down thar?

MRS. BECKER

Mamie, you have to be out of your
guord to think that I would trade
all this for one day of snakes,
gnats and the frightful humidity.
Besides, once you get past
Richmond, there's absolutely
nothing to do. And that's being
generous. I can't see myself
sitting up on a porch fanning
myself with one of those cardboard
deals with the fat tongue depressor
handle staple to the back of it
that comes straight from a funeral
home somewhere, nor could I sit up
in a rocking chair drinking a Nehi
grape sode and watching Uncle
Maynard spit tobacco and listen to
him garble his words.

MRS. RUTLEDGE

Gul, they don't sell Nehi no mo',
'n' Uncle Maynard iz daid! He done
been daid since '56!

(laughs and bares her teeth)

Nehi sode! You oughta be 'shamed o'
yo'self!

INT. MRS. BECKER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mrs. Becker lies in her old bed holding a phone to her ear. She appears older and frail.

FEBRUARY, '93

MRS. BECKER

Mamie, I don't know how long I am going to be around.

MRS. RUTLEDGE (V.O)

Gul, hush yo' mauf. Ya gonna br 'roun' a long while.

MRS. BECKER

No, I ain't. I had an MRI done, and I'm waiting for the results now. The child isn't home yet, of course, so I can spare the time. I know I haven't long for this world.

MRS. RUTLEDGE (V.O)

Hush yo' mauf.

MRS. BECKER

Mamie, please, I have come to love Mark as if he were own grandchild. Consequently, I have designated a certain amount of funds for his care once I am no longer here. Mark will inherit a certain mount of property willed to him upon my demise. These properties will be in your care until he becomes twenty-one years of age...

MONTAGE:

- In a hospital ward, Mrs. Rutledge and Mark bid farewell to Mrs. Becker. The latter is emaciated and unconscious at the time.

- At Mrs. Rutledge's home in Georgia, Mrs. Rutledge breaks the news of Mrs. Becker's death to Mark. The boy weeps bitterly.

INT. MRS. RUTLEDGE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Rutledge sits on the couch reading a Christian bulletin. A strap lies beside her on the couch.

Mark (11) comes in through the front door. Mrs. Rutledge gazes up at him.

MRS. RUTLEDGE

Boy, why did you leave the church
before closure?

Mark stands there in silence. Mrs. Rutledge drops the bulletin and picks up the strap.

MRS. RUTLEDGE

Take off them clothes, boy! I ain't
gonna beat you in them clothes I
earned my hard money payin' fo'!

MARK

You ain't paid for shit, old woman!
Miss Margret purchased these
clothes and ibe damned if I stand
naked in front of you and take an
ass-whuppin'. Miss Margret never
touched me and my momma, Sally Ann,
never touched me in her life. So
you ain't gonna start, old woman.
Put a finger on me, and it would
the last time you'd ever do it in
this life, or my name ain't Lance
Mark Hope Jr.

Mrs. Rutledge's mouth falls open in bewilderment.

MRS. RUTLEDGE

Well, mah Lawd. You big 'nough t'
sass mr, you big 'nough to slip
outta mah house? I'm callin' that
there social worker to come take
yo' ass outta here! I won't have a
defiant child under my roof.

Mrs. Rutledge stands up and leaves the room.

INT. MRS. RUTLEDGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Rutledge lies awake in bed staring at the ceiling. Her countenance is filled with worry.

She climbs out of bed and exits the room -

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

- Mrs. Rutledge walks to a door and knocks -

MRS. RUTLEDGE
Chil, are you up? Need t' talk t'
you.

She waits for a response that doesn't come.

MRS. RUTLEDGE (CONT'D)
I'm comin' in, chil.

She opens the door and enters -

INT. MARK'S ROOM

- Mrs. Rutledge flicks on the light bulb. She is surprised as the room is empty. She shakes her head in regret.

INT. TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark and JAVIER MONTTOYA (thirteen, Mexican) sit at a corner smoking cigarettes.

A bunch of Mexicans sit at the other end of the hall.

JAVIER
Mark?

MARK
(puffs some smoke in the air)
Yeah?

JAVIER
Could you accompany to the store. I
need to get some suds.

MARK
Sure.

INT. MRS. RUTLEDGE'S LIVIN ROOM - DAY

The home telephone is ringing. Mrs. Rutledge emerges from the kitchen and snatches up the receiver from the wall.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
Hello.

MARK (V.O)
 Momma!

MRS. RUTLEDGE
 Chil, where you at?

MARK (V.O)
 I'm at this police station.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
 Oh Lawd! What have you done,
 Chil?...

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Mark and Javier sit on a long, wooden bench with manacles on their feet and their hands cuffed. They both wear their Kango caps backward with fear evident on their faces.

Mrs. Rutledge comes booming in. She carries a large Bible in her hand. ELDER WALKER, dressed in a black suit and clerical collar, follows her like a lamb being led by a shepherd.

Mrs. Rutledge walks pass the two boys, nodding but not grinning. She boldly saunters over to the police sergeant's desk, which is separated from the public area by a brass rail.

The Police Sergeant is busy with a ton of paperwork.

POLICE SERGEANT
 Granny, what you want?

MRS. RUTLEDGE
 (points to Mark and Javier)
 Those boys.

POLICE SERGEANT
 Granny, we got 'em here on an investigation. Seems someone has killed a woman who was pregnant and her husband. So now we have three homicides.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
 Why ain't they sittin' in a jail cell then?

POLICE SERGEANT
 Ain't got 'round to it.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
You Mirandize them?

POLICE SERGEANT
(curtly)
Granny, you been reading too many
cheap novels.

Mrs. Rutledge holds up her Bible as:

MRS. RUTLEDGE
Do I look like I read novels?

POLICE SERGEANT
No, Granny. We haven't Mirandized
them.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
What are you charging them with?

The Police Sergeant shoots Mrs. Rutledge and Elder Walker a
glare with frustration. Elder Walker grins.

POLICE SERGEANT
Granny, I don't right know. We'll
think of something.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
(annoyed)
Young man, if you call me Granny
one more time, I might be inclined
to put this Bible down and reach
over that rail and grab you by yo'
neck and choke the living daylights
out of you. I am Mrs. Rutledge -
and this is Elder Walker. If you do
not have any charges on these boys,
if you have no plans to go through
a constitutionally mandated
committal hearing, then you had
better release these children with
the quickness.

POLICE SERGEANT (CONT'D)
(blushing)
Yes, ma'am.

The Police Sergeant picks up the receiver of the telephone
on his desk and dials up a number.

POLICE SERGEANT (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Sir, there's a woman here for the
two boys.

The Police Sergeant sets down the receiver.

OFFICER (O.C)
Would you all wait a minute?

DWIGHT HARRINGTON (mid-40's) steps over the threshold behind the Police Sergeant's elevated desk.

DWIGHT HARRINGTON
I'm Deputy Harrington.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
I'm Mrs. Mamie Rutledge and I am
this child's erstwhile guardian.

DWIGHT HARRINGTON
We have reviewed the film from the
surveillance cameras at the Korean
store. We can now conclude beyond a
doubt that Lance Mark Hope Jr. and
Javier Montoya had absolutely
nothing to do with the shooting or
the burglary. Therefore, we are
releasing them on their own
recognizance.

Relieved, Mrs. Rutledge turns to Elder walker.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
Well, 'bless the Lord, oh my
soul...

ELDER WALKER
... and all that is within me bless
his holy name.'

Mrs. Rutledge turns her attention back to the officers.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
We'll take these boys home.

INT. ELDER WALKER'S CHURCH - DAY

Service is in full swing and the members are dancing and
praising.

Mrs. Rutledge is in the front roll. She jams her TAMBOURINE
against her left palm as she is engulfed in the praise.

Mark passionately plays the piano passionately.

Elder Walker stands behind the pulpit, fully invested in the
praise.

MONTAGE:

- Mark and BERTINA WILSON (14) study in Elder Walker's living room.
- Mark enjoys dinner with Elder Walker, the wife, and Bertina Wilson.
- Bertina Wilson and Mark walk down a sidewalk holding hands.

EXT. A TRAP HOUSE - DAY

Two young black men stand by the entrance smoking.

Mark and Bertina Wilson walks into frame. Mark appears a bit uncomfortable.

MARK

Bertina, do you know anyone here?

BERTINA

(smiles)

Come on, this is one of the Rogue's trap house.

Bertina greets the young men at the entrance with gang-signs. She proceeds to lead Mark into the building.

INT. TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark is kneeling in front of the LEADER of the Rogues, RANK (30's, muscular, etchings of blue-green jailhouse tattoos are on his face and neck). They are surrounded by a bunch of Rogues' members, many of which are smoking, including Bertina.

LEADER

(to Mark)

Now, you are a Royal Rogue. You must now take part in the operation of a trap. We will teach you everything you need to learn -

(brandishes his pistol)

Including how to use this. The Rogues are now your only family.

INT. MRS. RUTLEDGE'S HOME - MARK'S ROOM - DAY

Mark and Bertina are on the bed kissing. The kiss soon turns into love-making.

INT. MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mark (15) lies in bed staring at the ceiling. His countenance is filled with worry.

A knock emanates from the door.

MRS. RUTLEDGE (O.C)
Chil, are you sleeping?

MARK
No, Ma. I'm awake.

Mrs. Rutledge comes in.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
I was hopin' we can have a lil' talk.

Mark sits up. Mrs. Rutledge sits facing him.

MARK
(curiously)
What's up, Momma?

MRS. RUTLEDGE
Chil, I'm worried about how you goin' bout yo' life. You've been dropped from t' school rolls. I think you should sign up fo' a GED program.

MARK
I will do that, Momma.

EXT. MRS. RUTLEDGE'S HOME - DAY

A quiet evening. Javier (older) walks into the compound and heads over to the front door.

He rings the door bell.

Soon, Mrs. Rutledge opens the door. She is surprised to see the guest.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
Javier.

JAVIER
Good evening, Mrs. Rutledge.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
It's been a long time. C'mon in.

Javier follows her into -

INT. MRS. RUTLEDGE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

JAVIER
Is Mark home?

MRS. RUTLEDGE
No, he ain't. You know it's
Saturday and he's teaching the
choir at the church. But you should
stay and wait for him in his room.
He'll be home soon.

JAVIER
Alright.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
I will get you something to drink.

Mrs. Rutledge saunters into the kitchen. Javier heads
upstairs.

INT. MRS. RUTLEDGE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mrs. Rutledge stands in front of a cooking pot, stirring it.
She wears an old bathrobe with her hair in rollers.

MARK (O.C)
Good evening, Ma.

Mrs. Rutledge turns to the door and sees Mark standing
there. Her face wrinkles with sadness.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
Son, you got company.

MARK
Yes, ma'am.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
How did rehearsal go?

MARK
Well, Sister Wilkins still wants to
be lead singer for that song. 'I
Love the Lord, He's Heard my Cry'.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
That's a beautiful song. She'll
ruin it. That woman is tone deaf.
(continues stirring the pot)
Yeah. Go in yo' room, child. I'll
bring y'all some cookies and milk.

Mark turns around and walks off.

INT. MARK'S ROOM - LATER

Mark and Javier sit on the bed. There is a bit of tension as
the duo maintains straight faces.

A knock at the door is quickly followed by the door opening
and Mrs. Rutledge enters carrying some homemade chocolate
chips and large mugs of hot chocolate. She sets it down
between the boys.

MARK
Thank you, ma'am.

JAVIER
Thank you, Mrs. Rutledge.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
(smiling)
It's alright.

The old lady leaves quickly.

Javier and Mark both pick up their mugs and sip from their
it.

JAVIER
Seems like a brother just ain't got
time for me anymore.

Javier picks up a cookie and takes a bite.

MARK
It ain't like that, mah nig. You
feel me? We's always boys.

JAVIER

You just seem too busy to kick it with me anymore.

MARK

Nah, man. Hey, Javier, you're shot the fuck out. You trippin' like a mothafucka.

JAVIER

(annoyed)

No, I ain't trippin'. Ever since you been with Bertina and got in thwe gang you don't have the time of day for me. You quit school. We don't kick it and you got arrogant as fuck. It's all because you're kickin' it with some bimbo that's a Rogue. You didn't have to cut off all your friends. This is your first shot of pussy and you fell the fuck in love. It's your first whiff of pussy and you're fuckin' pussy whupped. I hate to see a brother go out bad like that. You just kicked my ass to the curb.

MARK

So, this is what this shit is all about, huh? You feel abandoned? Well don't. I'm still your friend.

JAVIER

I can't tell.

MARK

Look, it's getting late. Mrs. Rutledge has gone to bed. We can't possibly get her up to drive all the way across town to take your wetback ass home. You can stay with me tonight and we can spend some time.

JAVIER

Yeah.

TIME CUT: LATER

Mark and Javier lie in bed facing the ceiling. The room is dimly lit by the moonlight breaking in through the window.

Javier is clad in a pair of zebra designed thongs. He exhibits muscularity.

JAVIER
(softly)
Bertina ain't good for you, bro.
She just ain't good for you.

MARK
Can't you fuckin' give it a break?
Right now she's my girl. What can
you give me that she can't possibly
give me?

JAVIER
Puedo darle este!

Javier turns toward Mark and places his head on his friend's chest. He brings his face close to Mark's and begins kissing him. Then he holds him closely, and Mark remains stiff, unresponsive, and stunned.

MARK
Espera un momento! What the fuck
are you do-

JAVIER
Shut the fuck up.

Javier lowers his face towards Mark's pubic area and places Mark's flaccid piece in his hand. Then he rubs it - Mark doesn't protest. He just lies there not knowing what to expect.

Javier opens his mouth and teases his friend's organ, stimulating it powerfully within seconds -

Mark lies back, moaning. His mouth falls open, gasping for air, and breathing audibly. His toes crinkle, and his legs stiffen as he climaxes and ejaculates in Javier's mouth. He cradles Javier's head a little while longer.

MARK
You know you got me fucked up, mah
nigga?

JAVIER
Yeah, I know.

MARK
(amazed)
Where did you learn to do that?

INT. MRS. RUTLEDGE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Mark and Javier sit across from each other on the counter eating a breakfast of coffee and cookies. Mark's countenance is filled with rage.

MARK

What went down last night?

JAVIER

You tell me.

MARK

You tried me up on that homosexual shit, didn't you?

JAVIER

Oh, I didn't hear you tellin' me, 'Mag nig, push off to the other side. I don't roll that way', did I? I didn't feel you push me away when I moved closer and closer to you, did I? I did feel you grab the back of my head with one hand and rub the top of it with the other as I gave you head. Oh, but now it's Sunday morning. And you belong to the church and you also belong to those gang-bangers. And the two are different entities, aren't they?

Mark just looks at his friend with confusion and embarrassment.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

Entities you didn't know I knew that word, did you? Coz I was so bright in school and you used to help me a lot. And now a man has just given you head and rocked your world, and got you all fucked up. You enjoyed that 'homosexual shit' a little more than you might care to admit, ese? Yeah.

Mark looks away while he sips on his coffee.

MARK

What am I gonna do?

JAVIER

First, we gonna shower. Then you're going to church because you gotta

(MORE)

JAVIER (cont'd)
play the organ. Music just won't
sound right down there a capella,
would it?

MARK
No, it won't.

The duo both laugh.

INT. GED SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Mark sits staring out the window. The assignment he is
working on lies on the desk in front of him.

The teacher, TIFFANY LOMBARDY (24, Caucasian, brown hair and
blue eyes) sits in front of the hall. She looks up and
catches a glimpse of Mark.

TIFFANY
Ms. Henderson and Mr. Hope, would
you please step up here?

A beautiful, young black girl sitting in the front row gets
up. This is ABIGAIL HENDERSON (19). She steps up to the
teacher with Mark.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
I called you two because of your
pretest results. Mark you can
easily pass science, but that is
not your strongest subject area.
Gail, your scores barely did not
survive the cutoff, but science is
one area you could pass easily. I
suggest that you coach each other
in your weakest subject areas, and
after a few weeks of intense study,
you'll be ready for the exam.

MARK
Alright, ma'am. Thank you.

ABIGAIL
Thank you, ma'am.

INT. ABIGAIL'S FAMILY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Mark and Abigail sit side by side studying.

MELINDA (16) descends from the staircase carrying a toddler.
The toddler is KIMBERY (18-months-old).

MELINDA
(to Abigail)
Your daughter is upstairs crying.
Aren't you goin' to see see about
her?

Abigail's face is flushed with embarrassment. Mark,
surprised, stands up.

Abigail smiles nervously as she takes Kimberly in her arms.
She feeds her with a bottle of expressed milk Melinda had
brought.

Melinda looks at Mark admirably before sauntering back
upstairs.

ABIGAIL
I'm sorry about this, Mark. I
didn't mean to have our session
interrupted by, by -

MARK
(staring at Kimberly in
admiration)
A bundle this precious could never
be an interruption.

Mark beams a smile as he sits down.

INT. RANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Rank and Bertina has just finished having sex. They are both
lying under the sheets catching their breaths.

BERTINA
I need t' to you something?

RANK
What?

BERTINA
I think I'm pregnant.

Rank remains silent, showing no reaction.

BERTINA (CONT'D)
Did you hear what I just said?

RANK
I heard you. I ain't the only one
you fucking, so why you don't go
tell that to that nigga Mark?

BERTINA
(pissed)
I ain't saying that child is yours,
but there is fifty percent
possibilities it is. Could also be
Mark's.

RANK
Whatever.

EXT. ELDER WALKER'S HOME - NIGHT

Mark stands in front of the compound waiting. Anxiousness is
written all over him. Soon, Bertina saunters out of the
house and walks of to him.

BERTINA
What's up? Why didn't ya wanna come
into the house.

MARK
We need to talk.

BERTINA
Yeah, we need to. Got something t'
tell ya.

MARK
Aight. You go first.

BERTINA
I'm pregnant.

Mark's eyes bulges in shock.

MARK
What? No way that's mine.

BERTINA
What do you mean?

MARK
You think I ain't aware you been
fucking Rank?

Bertina falls silent with guilt.

MARK (CONT'D)

Ain't no way that chil in ya belly
is mine.

BERTINA

(pissed)

I've been fuckin' ya as much as
I've been fuckin' him. So this chil
could be yours as much as it can be
his.

MARK

Look, I came here to tell you I
need a break. As for the
possibility of the chil be mine,
we'll see about that when you give
birth.

Mark walks off down the sidewalk. Bertina stands there
glaring.

BERTINA

(to herself)

If you think I'm gonna let you go
freely, then you don't know what's
comin' for ya.

INT. MRS. RUTLEDGE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The door bell rings. Mark dashes down from the stairs and
heads over to the door. He opens it to find -

Abigail stands at the door glowing in her dress. They both
smile to each other.

MARK

Hey, c'mon in.

Abigail steps into the room. Mark turns in the direction of
the kitchen door.

MARK (CONT'D)

Momma!

Mrs. Rutledge emerges from the kitchen, beaming a smile as
she walks over to Mark and Abigail.

MRS. RUTLEDGE

Oh, she's so fine.

MARK
I told ya.

Mrs. Rutledge embraces Abigail.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
You're welcome, chil.

ABIGAIL
Thank you, ma'am.

MRS. RUTLEDGE
Please, make yourself at home while
I finish up in the kitchen.

ABIGAIL
Sure, ma'am.

Mrs. Rutledge flashes another smile before heading back toward the kitchen.

INT. MARK'S ROOM - LATER

Mark and Abigail sit on the bed facing each other.

MARK
- So the night I went over to her
place to tell her I needed a break,
she told me she was pregnant. But
it's fifty percent possibility to
be mine coz she be seein' somebody
else too. Guess I'll never know
'til the baby gets here.

ABIGAIL
It's okay.

MARK
I needed to be straight with you.

ABIGAIL
I like that.

They smile to each other. Abigail leans in and kisses Mark on the lips.

INT. ABIGAIL'S FAMILY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mark and Abigail are watching "*Amadeus*" on TV. They both laugh to amusement of one the scenes. Kimberly sits on the floor playing with her Fisher price toys.

The door rings: Melinda comes running down the stairs of the simple clapboard house. She reaches the door and opens it.

- Rank, dressed in a sagging jeans, bandanna, and timberland boots, stands on the other side of the door. A ton of gold are around his neck and rings on just about every finger. He respectfully slips over the threshold and into the living room.

As soon as Abigail and Mark sees Rank, tension usurps the tranquility in the room.

ABIGAIL

Rank!

Rank steps over and kisses Abigail on the side of her face.

RANK

Gail, I just wanted to bring something for the baby's birthday.

Rank hands her a neatly wrapped gift. He gets down on haunches and reaches out to Kimberly - The little child begins to wail.

Rank moves away from the baby. He nods to Mark acknowledging his presence as if he is pesky pissant.

Abigail moves forward and picks up Kimberly as Rank stands on his feet. Then she moves closer to Rank.

ABIGAIL

She's frightened of people - especially men she does not know.

Kimberly quiets down in her mother's arms. Abigail hands the baby to Rank - He takes the child in his arms and hugs her.

MELINDA

Dat baby is the spittin' image of you!

After a moment of uneasy quietness, Rank hands Kimberly back to Abigail. Then pulls out an envelope containing cash from his back pocket and hands it to his baby's mother.

RANK
Look, Gail, Ah gotta git goin'.
(turns to Mark)
Mark, mah nigga, good seein' ya
agin'. Lemme git t' steppin'.

Rank walks to the door. Melinda opens the door for him.

RANK (CONT'D)
Be easy, mah nig. Melinda.

He steps out of the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Rank continues to his Chrysler Cherokee jeep where - Bertina sits in the passenger sit waiting. Her baby bump is now beginning to show.

RANK (V.O)
*How the fuck did I let that piece
of loveliness slide right through
my hands and wind up with this pig?*

Rank enters the driver's side of - **THE CAR**

RANK
I saw your ol' man up in there.

BERTINA
(curiously)
Who?

RANK
You know who. Mark Hope. I think
that boy's sniffin' up afta Gail
like ah mothafucka.

Immediately, bertina becomes flushed. She shoots an angry look at the house.

Rank turns on the ignition - The car stereo comes alive with the engine - A hip hop song starts to bang.

BERTINA
(assertively)
What are you goin' to do about it?

RANK
What the fuck can I do 'bout it.
What's done is done. It's over now.

Rank grips the steering wheel tightly and sets the car in motion.

INT. RANK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rank and Bertina sit on the same couch. Mark, perplexed, sits on a couch across from the duo. A couple of other Rogues members are in the room.

RANK

- Mark, you are to take building 7A of the Clifton-Hayes projects and work it. You'll work it exclusively and the racks from it would be for the most part yours.

MARK

But Rank, that don't make no kinda sense. You won't be makin' eny bread here. It would be a complete loss to you. I know I gain a fortune, but I already have a gig. I don't need this -

RANK

But we needs t' hold dat building. we need t' keep it from t' Perpetrators o' t' Mexicans. O' course, you'll be delivered da product 'n' you'll work da buildin' Ev'rythang's copeacetic?

MARK

I guess so.

RANK

It be best. One more thang. You bring all mah bread and ask eny questions through mah girl.

Mark shifts his attention to Bertina - She smirks.

MARK

Aight.

EXT. ABIGAIL FAMILY HOUSE - EVENING

Mark and Abigail are sitting on the steps leading to the front door. Abigail is holding Kimberly in her arms.

Mark stares blankly at the street - Abigail notices his countenance.

ABIGAIL
What's wrong with you, Mark?

MARK
I'm clockin'.

Abigail is surprised.

MARK (CONT'D)
It's a long story. If I didn't, you, Kimberly Ann, Mrs. Rutledge and anyone else I love would be in danger. These people are for real and have no qualms about coming by any place where they think I am living and shooting it up. I know what it is to lose somebody. I don't want to lose anybody else in my life.

(sighs)
Bertina apparently is angry because I walked out of her life, and she is determined to punish me for it. Rank, yo' ex, is cosigning her bullshit like ah mu'fucka. So they got me assigned to dealin' and collectin' in one of their traps. I got some young boys workin' when I'm not around. They cook up the shit. I just have to see that it's sold. Rank gets ten percent and the balance I get.

Abigail just stares at him with pity.

MARK (CONT'D)
Let me get up from here, because I have to report to Madame Bertina.

ABIGAIL
Is she still claiming that the child is yours?

MARK
(stands up)
We'll know in five months. This too shall pass. I only had sex with her twice and then I started seeing you. After then I didn't touch her. I really think Rank's the daddy. No matter what, I won't be rushing to sign no birth certificate until I can get some

(MORE)

MARK (cont'd)
confirmation from DNA test. I don't
want to have no child with that
woman, and I be damned if I be
hoodwinked into supporting this
child if it doesn't belong to me.

INT. RANK'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Rank waits at the table. Bertina walks up to him carrying a bowl of pistachio ice cream with chocolate syrup poured over it. Evident changes in her body shows she's had her baby. She sets the bowl down in front him.

MONTHS LATER.

Rank quickly begins to shovel the ice cream into his mouth. Bertina sits next to him.

BERTINA
Rank, honey, remember when you had
that little nose bleed?

RANK
Yeah.

He shovels another spoon of ice cream into his mouth.

BERTINA
I took the cloth handkerchief that
I used to wipe yo' nose down to the
hospital and found out that you are
SIMONE'S father.

RANK
(angrily)
Whud?

BERTINA
I took the cloth saturated with
your blood downtown and found out
that you're the baby's daddy. Mark
had already took the test, and it
was discovered that there was no
way that he could be the daddy. So,
it had to be you. I was only
fuckin' the two of y'all at the
same time. Because if it wasn't
Mark then it had to be you.

RANK

Ah guess ya gonna haul my black ass
downtown befo' dem folks 'n' make a
public spectacle o' yo'self?

Bertina smirks while maintaining eye contact with him.

BERTINA

I won't take you downtown before
the judge. I only want the same
kind of arrangement you have with
Gail.

Rank shakes his head. Glimpses of regret and defeat fill his
countenance.

INT. GED SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Tiffany sits at her desk. Abigail sits across from her with
concern and worry draping her face.

ABIGAIL

Tiffany, I am concerned about Mark.
I don't want fear Rank. He doesn't
have a vindictive bone in his body.
I don't think he does. But Bertina
is another story. If Mark is
anywhere out there they might hurt
him just to get at me, or at least
Bertina has that kind of raw power.

TIFFANY

Gail, have Mark come over here.
(gently touches Abigail's
hand)
Not a soul in the world will
infiltrate out gated community.

ABIGAIL

(delighted)
Oh, thank you so much, Tiffany.

INT. TIFFANY LOMBARDY'S HOME - MARK'S ROOM - DAY

It's a hot afternoon. Mark sleeps in his canopied bed draped
with voile hanging all about him. He is completely naked
except for a white fine Indian cotton sheet partially
covering his nude frame.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

Tiffany, returning from school, enters the room holding a package. She glances around as though she expected someone to be in the room.

She climbs up the carpeted stairs, stops in front of Mark's door, and gently knocks on it - No answer.

She carefully turns the knob not making any noise -

MARK'S ROOM

- She steps in and sees Mark asleep in bed. She edges closer with guilt pricking her.

Barely making a sound, she closes the door. Then she moves across the room sitting on the side of the bed -

Immediately, Mark opens his eyes, instinctively licking a side of his upper lip with the tip of his tongue. He is startled at first as he beholds Tiffany.

TIFFANY

Oh, I'm, so, so, so, so sorry.

MARK

Oh, that's okay.

(turns his head towards her)

You got something for me?

TIFFANY

Oh, yes, Mark.

Tiffany shows him the content of the pack. It consists of felt tip writing implements and a ream of music paper.

Mark stares at her seductively.

MARK

If it wasn't for LEONARDO or Gail,
I would eat you up right now. You
know that don't you?

TIFFANY

Yes, Mark, I know it.

Tiffany looks away.

MARK

I've always loved you, Tiffany.
From that first day. You know that,
don't you?

TIFFANY
 (still staring away into
 space)
 Yes, Mark, I know it.

A few seconds pass between them. Mark moves abruptly, placing his arms around her, exposing his naked back.

Tiffany touches him. Then she leans close enough to smell his skin - A light coating of perspiration radiates all over Mark.

Tiffany leans further into him as he pulls one ribbon and then another which ties together the top of her linen blouse, baring her upper body.

Mark cups her small, well-shaped breasts. He looks up toward her with apologetic eyes, she looks back at him. Then she stands and walks to the door. She turns the key and locks it and returns to the bed.

Mark assists her in taking off her clothes. Tiffany kicks off her black patent-leather pumps, but keeps on a strand of pearls.

Mark kisses her fully; forcefully but not coercive. He kisses her breasts and subsequently nibbles on them. He places his tongue in her earlobe, performing cunnilingus. Tiffany moans subtly as he does.

INT. THE LOMBARDY'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Tiffany's husband, LEONARDO (30's, Caucasian) sits at the breakfast table enjoying a meal and reading a *Wall Street Journal* magazine. Mark sits a couple of sits away from him. The duo eat in silence.

AUGUST, 2002

The housekeeper, HATTIE, stand across the room brewing a pot of coffee.

Soon, Tiffany enters the room and struts to the table and sits. Hattie approaches her with a pot of fresh coffee.

Immediately, Tiffany feels nauseous and vomits violently. Mark and Leonardo are both surprised and confused.

LEONARDO
 (indifferent)
 What have you been eating and where
 have you been eating it? This is
 (MORE)

LEONARDO (cont'd)
possibly a reaction to food
poisoning.

Tiffany cleans herself with Hattie's help. Mark quickly
grabs a mop and a bucket and cleans up the mess.

Leonardo goes back to studying his magazine, but it doesn't
take long before he stands up abruptly and struts out of the
kitchen

Mark finishes cleaning and leaves. Hattie edges closer to
Tiffany.

HATTIE
Missus Lombardy, you aain't sick.
Look, you iz 'n' you ain't.

Tiffany looks at the older lady with confusion.

HATTIE (CONT'D)
You look at yo'self lately 'n de
mirror? Dem ttis iz start' t' bud,
'n' dem hips 'n' thighs iz gittin'
bigger.
(clapsing her hands and
grinning)
Don't dat tell ya somethin', gal?
Oh, Ah sez you pregnant!

Tiffany's confusion capitulates to worry.

TIFFANY
damn! I can't be!

HATTIE
Yes, you iz. Dem titties, lookin'
like cantaloupes and dey look like
dey gittin' readdy t' produce some
milk, honey!

TIFFANY
That can't be.

HATTIE
Dat's whud ya sez, but
congratulations, Missus Lombardy.
You gittin' ready t' birth ah baby!

Tiffany gazes into space momentarily.

TIFFANY
How can that be?

HATTIE
Ah kin drive ya t' de doctors if'n
ya needs somebody t' take ye!

TIFFANY
I'll be all right, Hattie. In fact,
you just take off the rest of the
day. I know you must have things
you need to do do, dear. Here -

Tiffany takes out her pocketbook and writes out a check and
hands it to Hattie.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Take this. You can have the next
two days off with pay

KITCHEN - LATER

Tiffany nervously paces back and forth. Mark comes in and
immediately notices something is wrong.

MARK
We got a problem?

Tiffany turns to him.

TIFFANY
Yes, I'm pregnant.

MARK
(shocked)
Pregnant?

TIFFANY
Pregnant!

MARK
Well, it could be Leonardo's.

TIFFANY
(shakes her head)
No, no it can't!

MARK
Why can't it be?

A glimpse of embarrassment infiltrates Tiffany's
nervousness.

TIFFANY
Because Leonardo's impotent.

MARK
(dazed)
Impo'tant!

TIFFANY
No! Not important. Impotent.

MARK
Damn! You mean big ass Leonardo is
just shootin' blanks?

TIFFANY
No. Big ass Leonardo ain't shootin'
shit! So he'll know that this baby
doesn't belong to him. He's gonna
know right off the bat that you are
the father.

MARK
What are we gonna do?

TIFFANY
Well, we gotta get you to another
location, honey. because quite
frankly this safe house is no
longer safe for you.

MARK
Won't he hurt you?

TIFFANY
No. But that's no guarantee for
you. He can be a vindictive man. He
holds grudges for years. Who could
you call especially since your main
friends and relatives can be
targeted by Bertina and Rank?

Mark drifts away in thoughts.

CUT TO:

INT. JAVIER'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Two gay lovers, LARRY and SIDNEY, lie in bed with Javier,
who is dressed in bathroom. They all have their eyes on -

TELEVISION

A gay porn is on display.

Mark shows up in the doorway looking out of place. He wanders further in. Realizing the trio are watching a gay porn, he angrily leaves the room.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- Mark comes in and sinks into a chair. Javier comes in to the room almost immediately.

JAVIER

Honey, why don't you come on in and join us? You ain't doin' nothin'. In fact, you ain't got shit to do. just come in, sit on the bed, and relax. Come on and watch. It will satisfy your curiosity and voyeuristic proclivities.

BACK TO JAVIER'S BEDROOM

Sidney and Larry are kissing one another with the latter exhibiting some femining traits. Sidney disrobes revealing his muscular frame.

Javier lies on the end of the king-sized bed with his head propped up on the heel of his hand voyeuristically observing sidney and Larry.

Mark sits in a nearby Queen Anne chair with his eyes fixed at the TV. He suddenly repositions himself in the chair with his back against one of its arms and his leg dangling over the other arm.

Sidney reaches and picks up a brown bottle of poppers from the bedside drawer. He sniffs the contents of the bottle. Then he passes it to Larry, who sniffs it and immediately becomes euphoric - Javier grins watching the display of the two lovers.

Sidney mounts Larry as Larry's legs hang loosely over Sidney's shoulders.

Mark's attention shifts from the television to the two lovers making out. He pushes down his pennis which is causing a protrution. He starts to sweat profusely. He puts his hands down his denim jeans rubbing his pennis.

Javier notices Mark's struggles and purses his fulls lips.

JAVIER
 (to Mark)
 Bring it over here.

Sidney delivers rythmic thrusts into larry's anus. larry moans softly.

Javier gets up and heads over to where is seated. He gets on his haunches and eased down Mark's jeans along with his skimpy thongs, pulling them halfway down. He begins to lick the head of Mark's pennis -

Mark surrenders without a fight as Javier sucks on his pennis. He places his hands locingly on Javier's bobbing head. He stands up, undresses, and gets back to the bed with Javier.

Javier loses his robe. Using a condom and K-Y Jelly Mark lubricates Javier and enters him easily...

INT. THE BRIGHT HOUSE - NIGHT

The lights are dim as a sea of dancers swing around the dance floor.

2003

Mark, Javier, Sidney, and Larry are seated at a table enjoy some drinks.

Across the room, SCAR and BULLET, sit with some Rogue's members. Scar spots Mark and nudges Bullet in direction where Mark and his friends are seated. The duo smirks to themselves.

Scar pulls out his phone and dials a number.

RANK (V.O)
 (through phone)
 Whud up?

SCAR
 I'm chilling with the boys at this bar and you won't believe who the fuck is here right now.

RANK (V.O)
 Who?

SCAR
 The desserter, Mark Hope.

RANK
You know what t' do.

SCAR
Yeah.

Scar drops the phone. Then turns to a fairly attractive adolescent Rogue member, DAVID DUNSMORE, and whispers something in his ear.

Mark and his friends continue to enjoy their drinks and have fun - David walks to the table.

DAVID
(to Mark)
Hey bro.

Mark looks up at David.

MARK
Whud up?

DAVID
Don't I know -
(sitting down next to Mark)
You from somewhere?

MARK
I don't think so. Unless you went to Talmont County Community College. There's no way that we know each other.

DAVID
I write music. I can swear I saw you at some seminars at the college.

The music transitions into a wild song that the crowd loves as they all cheer at one and dance energetically.

Mark stands up to join the dance floor.

DAVID (CONT'D)
It's crowded around here. I wonder if I can join you and enjoy your company for a while.

MARK
Well, it's a free country.

DAVID
Thank you very much.

David and Mark join the dancing crowd.

Larry leans into Javier, who has been keeping a straight face all along.

LARRY
Girl, that young ass boy is trying to take your friend. do you see?

JAVIER
Girl, I can see that. So, can Ray Charles. When he gets back I'm gonna tell him about himself.

LARRY
Girl, don't make a scene and embarrass Mark.

Javier sighs and shakes his head.

JAVIER
Yeah, girl, you're right.

SIDNEY
(to Larry)
Will you dance with me, babe?

Larry smiles and stretches his arm out - Sidney takes his hand and leads him to the dance floor.

ENRIQUE, a handsome Rogue's member, steps up to the table and beams a charming smile at Javier.

ENRIQUE
Hey. I can't help but notice how alone yo' feelin'. Wanna dance?

With Javier's eyes on Enrique, another Rogue's member passes by Mark seat and slips something into his jacket that has been hanging at the back of the seat. Then he disappears into the dancing crowd.

JAVIER
No, I'm fine by myself.

ENRIQUE
(smirks)
All right then. Enjoy the rest of your night.

INT. RANK'S LIVING ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Bertina sits on the couch with her toddler in one arm and a phone in the other hand. She looks ecstatic.

Rank sits across from Bertina.

RANK

Are you sure yo' cop coz 'd able t'
git him in time.

BERTINA

WOODWARD needs money and he'd do
pretty much eny thing t' get his
hands on some.

RANK

Now, you got yo' vengeance on that
mothafucka.

BERTINA

I wish they can put him away fo'
life. He don fucked up messing with
the Rogues.

INT. SIDNEY'S CAR - NIGHT - IN MOTION

It's past mid-night and the traffic on the road is minimal.
Sidney fares the car at moderate speed. Larry sits next to
him in the passengers seat.

Javier rests his head on Mark's lap in the backseat.

Suddenly, a the siren from a police car blaers behind them
and everyone is alert.

SIDNEY

Why are the cops stoppin' us?

LARRY

Pull over. Might just be customary
check.

Sidney pulls the car over on the side of the -

ROAD

- The police cars pulls to a stop behind Sidney's silver
BMW.

OFFICER WOODWARD and OFFICER WARDELL alight from the car. They both walk toward the BMW, each to one side of the car and shooting their flashlights at the faces of the occupants.

OFFICER WOODWARD
(to Sidney)
Where y'all comin' from?

SIDNEY
We're just coming from the bar and
we're headed home.

OFFICER WOODWARD
Didn't ask where you're headed.

The two officers burst out laughter, much to the annoyance of the car occupants.

Officer Wardell points his flashlight on Mark for an extended moment.

OFFICER WARDELL
Come out of the car.

Mark obeys and alights from the car.

OFFICER WARDELL (CONT'D)
You got a gun on you?

MARK
No!

Officer Wardell frisks him, putting his hand into Mark's coat pocket, he pulls out a vial of crack.

OFFICER WARDELL
Well, well. Look what we have here.

Officer Woodward immediately walks over to his partner.

Mark is shocked by the discovery and so are his friends.

MARK
I don't know where that came from.

Officer Woodward slams Mark's body against the BMW and starts to put handcuffs on him.

OFFICER WOODWARD
I'm placing you under arrest.

Mark's friends alight from their car, confused about what is going on.

The officer's lead Mark to their to their car and places him at the backseat.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The JUDGE is seated, and so are the rest of the court. None of Mark's family or friends are among the spectators.

Mark, dressed in an elegant three-piece Armani suit with a fancy sound timepiece, stands next to his LAWYER -

CHRISTINE WILKINS, a lady with yellow straw hair on a skinny body. She wears a big, oversized glasses which are too large for her face.

JUDGE

How do you plead in the case of Mark Hope versus the State of Georgia?

CHRISTINE WILKINS

Your honor, my client pleads guilty, and as a result of a negotiated plea arrangement Mark Hope, by agreeing to doing a ten-year sentence, agrees to serve six years in the state prison and do four years of probation.

The black robed Judge shifts his gaze from Christine to Mark.

JUDGE

Is this so?

MARK

Yes, sir.

JUDGE

Were you in any way coerced into making this plea arrangement?

MARK

No, sir.

JUDGE

Were you in any way offered any special previlages, promises or deals in making this plea arrangement?

MARK

No, sir.

JUDGE

Are you at this point taking any special mind-altering medications? are you on alcohol or any narcotics?

MARK

No, sir.

JUDGE

Well, you are hereby sentenced to do six years under the supervision of the Georgia Department of Corrections. Please step to the side and see the clerk of court to handle any pertinent paperwork. Bailiff!

The Judge hits his gravel.

CUT TO BLACK.

MONTAGE:

- Mark in a tiled shower at Quentin State Medical Prison. He removes every stitch of clothing and changes into orange jump suit.
- In the booking section, Mark gets fingerprinted by a woman.
- Mark is led through the jailhouse by the same woman that fingerprinted him.

INT. QUENTIN STATE MEDICAL PRISON - RECREATION ROOM -NIGHT

Mark, with his upper bared in the prison jumpsuit and a gold necklace alongside several inmates are watching the local news on -

TELEVISION

A brief segment showing Mark's mugshot is being televised.

A black inmate standing close to Mark goes -

INMATE 1

Nigga, you shouldn't have pleaded out. You could've beatit in a jury trial.

MARK

That's not true. Them white folks wanted to send me down the road for a hundred years. I better had took ten years with six down the road and four on paper. Especially when they had me 'dead to the right.' If I would've fucked around and got hemmed up in a jury trial, I never would've seen my people again. I never would've seen my people again. I never would've set foot on pavement again. I didn't wanna be like you! Take a jury trial and do a thousand years -

The inmate's face wrinkles with embarrassment.

MARK (CONT'D)

- In that time yo' dick will shrivel the fuck up in your body. Then, you'd look down and won't see shit. You won't even be able to jack that little dried up thing off!

They all laugh uproariously.

MARK (CONT'D)

Nigga yo' parole officer hasn't even been born yet.

SCREEN TO BLACK.

TEXT: AFTER ONLY A FEW DAYS AT QUENTIN STATE MEDICAL PRISON, MARK HOPE JNR. WAS TRANSFERRED TO MILLIGAN STATE PRISON.

INT. MILLIGAN STATE PRISON - BUILDING M - BATHROOM - DAY

Mark rushes in looking uncomfortable. He glances around the empty bathroom and hastily walks to a -

PARTITIONED AREA

A little porcelain attachment with a button is sticking out of the walls. Mark whips out his pennis in a haste and begins to urinate into the basin.

An inmate walks into the bathroom and spots Mark in the act.

INMATE 2
 Goddamn, this mothafucka is pissin'
 in the sink! This mothafucka is
 pissin' in the sink!

Many other inmates flood the the room - Mark quickly
 retracts his pennis.

INMATE 3
 Don't you see the toilets, nigga?

MARK
 My bad, my bad, my bad.

Mark quickly cleans up the sink with water and then leaves.

INT. MARK'S CELL - DAY

Mark is making his bed. One of the men in the next bunk
 stands up and helps him. The man is VINCE (30's).

VINCE
 I'm Vince. See you're just comin'
 in, huh?

MARK
 Yeh, I kinda fucked up already by
 pissin' in the sink!

VINCE
 Oh, that was you. In a few days,
 these niggas would've forgot all
 'bout that shit and would be
 concentrating on some other petty
 ass bullshit.

Mark and Vince finish making their bunks and arrange their
 locker boxes. Vince hands Mark a prison digram -

VINCE
 Yeah, you gotta follow their
 diagram according to this picture,
 or else they'll put your ass in the
 hole. Understand?

Mark nods in agreement.

VINCE (CONT'D)
 They do some fucked-up shit in the
 Georgia chain gang.

EXT. MILLIGAN STATE PRISON - COURT - DUSK

The inmates are playing basket ball. Mark and Vince are on the same team.

Vince scores one hoop after another.

Mark manages to score a one hoop. An inmate flashes gang signal to him - Mark flashes back.

COURT - LATER

Darkness has enveloped the skies. A few inmates are left in the court. Mark and Vince sit next to one another sharing one cigarette, which Mark retrieves from his buddy.

VINCE

Look, man. I was no civilian on the streets. I am down with Perpetrators for life. I'm not apologizing, but it shouldn't mean that mean and you are enemies. A'ight? We can still kick it?

Mark puffs the smoke into the air.

MARK

Yeah, Vince. You're cool. We'll just kick somewhere else away from these lame ass niggas. A'ight?

VINCE

Yeah. That's cool. You wore out?

MARK

Not really.

VINCE

I can't tell.

MARK

How could you tell?

VINCE

No muscles. Yo' chest goes in and not out. And you're weak as a mothafucka.

MARK

(assertively)
I'm not week.

VINCE
Yes, you are.

Vince grabs Mark's wrist - Mark struggles to free himself but couldn't.

VINCE (CONT'D)
(playfully)
I see you're kickin' like a girl.

An OFFICER walks into frame -

OFFICER 1
Yard's closed! Yard's closed!

Vince releases Mark's hand - They both stand to their feet.

VINCE
We're gonna strengthen those muscles. I see I have my work cut out for me!
(mimicking a faith leader)
I have that special touch. Let's come on in and git busy on them water bags, then we can take a shower, okay?

MARK
A'ight.

INT. MARK'S CELL - NIGHT

The light has been cut off. Everyone in the cell is asleep, except for Mark. He lies awake in his bunk with regret written across his face.

Mark pulls a notebook and a pencil from his locker and begins to write.

MARK (V.O)
Dear Mrs. Rutledge, I am embarrassed to be writing you...

INT. MRS. RUTLEDGE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Rutledge sits on the couch reading Mark's letter. Sadness fills her face.

MARK (V.O)
*... I am sorry for becoming a
 disappointment to you. You and
 Elder Walker continuously warned
 me, but I failed to listen. I should
 have given my heart to Jesus.
 Please, find a place in your heart
 to forgive. Mark Hope Jnr.*

A tear falls from Mrs. Rutledge's eye. She shakes her head
 bitterly.

SCREEN TO BLACK.

TEXT OVER BLACKSCREEN: A WEEK LATER, MARK HOPE JNR. WAS
 MOVED BACK TO QUENTIN STATE MEDICAL PRISON.

INT. QUENTIN STATE MEDICAL PRISON - HOSPITAL FLOOR - DAY

VIRGINIA SOMMERS, a middle-aged woman, sits at the nurse's
 station which is elevated on a platform and consists of an
 enclosed counter with desks, file cabinets, office
 equipment, phones and other things behind it. She looks like
 she had had a number of children and has retained the weight
 of pregnancy and childbearing around her hip.

Mark walks in and stands in front of Virginia's desk.

MARK
 You asked to see me, ma'am.

VIRGINIA SOMMERS
 Hope, we got a vacancy. Scoland who
 had been given direct care to
 Solomon in room 17 has been
 shipped. I know we have not
 discussed this patient with you,
 but we are in a tight spot and need
 somebody who can give direct care
 to this young man with special
 needs. Do you think that you can
 handle it?

MARK
 (curiously)
 Well, is it a cancer patient? Is it
 an AIDS patient?

VIRGINIA SOMMERS
 Oh no! No! No! It's nothing of the
 sort. Solomon's not a cancer or
 AIDS patient. Yet, he is challenged
 (MORE)

VIRGINIA SOMMERS (cont'd)
and will be here for the long term.
That I can assure you. They cannot
place him in too many prisons
within the Department of
Corrections. That is certain, so
we're left with him.

Virginia Sommers gives a confused Mark a moment to digest
all the information.

VIRGINIA SOMMERS (CONT'D)
Ya wanna meet him?

MARK
Yeah, why not?

Virginia Sommers walks around the nurse's station and leads
Mark to - ROOM 17.

Virginia Sommers opens the door with one of the large keys
they use to lock and unlock cell doors. Then she pushes the
door open revealing -

SOLOMON'S CELL

- JUDAH SOLOMON, a young, six-foot tall, Caucasian boy with
no arms, sits up in bed with an unsharpened pencil in his
mouth. He is leaning forward using the pencil to turn the
pages of a book on the desk in front of him. A light is on
over his bed, but Virginia Sommers flicks on the fluorescent
ceiling illuminating the entire cell.

Solomon looks up at both Virginia and Mark with sad eyes.

VIRGINIA SOMMERS
And how are you doing today,
Solomon?

SOLOMON
Fine, Mrs. Sommers.

VIRGINIA SOMMERS
Soland has been transferred. This
is your new CNA. His name is Mark
Hope.

Mark enters the room with an element of surprise in his eyes
- Solomon doesn't look too pleased to meet his new
caregiver.

Virginia Sommers holds the open for Mark as they both exit
the room and head back toward -

NURSE'S STATION

VIRGINIA SOMMERS (CONT'D)
 Hope, do you think that you could
 handle Solomon?

MARK
 (tentively)
 Yeah. I believe that I can learn to
 help him just like the other guy
 did.

VIRGINIA SOMMERS
 Good. Let's begin. I will tell you
 what is expected of you. First of
 all, we will have you scheduled for
 the first, second and third
 rotations. You will be on the
 out-count. You have any problem
 with that?

MARK
 No, ma'am.

VIRGINIA SOMMERS
 As you can see he has no arms. A
 lot of people would have had
 difficulties working with him
 because of his disabilities.
 Scoland didn't. He and Solomon
 related well with one another

Mark shoots a glance at Solomon who has his eyes on him and
 Virginia.

MARK
 (curiously?)
 How does he eat?

VIRGINIA SOMMERS
 Just like you. He has a digestive
 system, and it works quite well.

MARK
 You know what I mean.

VIRGINIA SOMMERS
 Yes, well, here's where you can
 help him. He cannot feed himself
 obviously with a knife and fork, so
 you would have to do that for him.
 (patiently)
 That means that you will have to
 hold the knife to his mouth so that
 (MORE)

VIRGINIA SOMMERS (cont'd)
 he can eat. You will have to be
 patient with him. let him have
 ample time to chew his food. and
 you will have to assist him with
 drinking liquids.

Mark stops in front of the nurse's station. While Virginia
 Sommers returns to her desk.

VIRGINIA SOMMERS (CONT'D)
 You'll have to write out a schedule
 for Solomon. Scoland had a schedule
 so that he would work with him
 during the day outside the room,
 and in the evening, he would keep
 him in his room.

MARK
 What could he have done with no
 arms and hands that would make him
 a convicted criminal?

VIRGINIA SOMMERS
 Who knows? They don't mind locking
 you down here in Georgia.
 (chortling)
 Whether you be crippled, crazy, or
 blind, they got a place fo' yo'
 ass!

MARK
 How does he go to the bathroom?

VIRGINIA SOMMERS
 Same way you go. You will have to
 assist him with his use of toilet,
 Hope.

Virginia Sommers goes quiet, allowing Mark to process his
 thoughts.

VIRGINIA SOMMERS (CONT'D)
 Do you still want to work up here
 with Judah?...

INT. SOLOMON'S CELL - DAY

Judah Solomon lies on his bed looking up at the ceiling. He
 looks more decent than the first time we met him.

Mark sits close by on the bed blankly staring into space.

SOLOMON
Would you help me fill out my store
sheet today when they bring the
form around here?

MARK
Yeah, why not?

SOLOMON
Are you good at adding figures?

MARK
Yeah.

SOLOMON
Ronald was always doing my store
sheet for me. He did it every
single week.

MARK
You go to the commissary every
week?

SOLOMON
Yeah, how about you?

MARK
No. I haven't been all fuckin'
year. And nobody sends me anything
except that my foster mother might
send something for Christmas. If
she doesn't send something then
nobody else would send anything.

SOLOMON
You smoke?

MARK
Yeah.

SOLOMON
Well, it would be silly for me to
be smoking and you not have
anything to smoke. Ronald didn't
smoke. He didn't even like the
smell of smoke. But he never
complained of second hand smoke.
You know he was into exercise and
physical fitness pretty much-

MARK
Yes, I could tell because in 11
area, he would run all the time
(MORE)

MARK (cont'd)
 when he wasn't up here working with
 you.
 (faces Judah, boldly)
 You miss Ronald?

SOLOMON
 Yeah, I miss the hell out of
 Ronald.

Mark nods in acknowledgment. Then he turns away.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
 Hey, Mark, I got to take a leak and
 possibly shit.

Mark doesn't respond.

Solomon sits up in bed and stands awkwardly. He leans
 forward, arches forward to gain balance to propel himself
 upright on the floor. Then he shoots Mark an apprehensive
 look -

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
 I gotta go to the bathroom.

Mark looks puzzled, returning a questioning stare to
 Solomon.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
 I need you to pull my shorts down.

BATHROOM

Mark and Solomon enter. Solomon stands in front of a
 watercloset - Mark appears apprehensive to assist.

SOLOMON
 Come on, don't be nervous. Now pull
 out my Johnson before I piss
 myself.

Mark reaches with Solomon's summer bathrobe and with the
 thumb and index fingers of both hands, eases down the
 drawers, pulling it midway the latter's thighs.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
 (encouragingly)
 That's good, Mark. That's very
 good. I need you to do this next
 part. I need you to hold my penis
 while I urinate.

Nervously, Mark reaches out and touches Solomon's penis.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Go around the back of me or stand
on the side so that I can in the
toilet and not on you. All right?

Mark follows the instruction, moving to Solomon's side. Mark finally places his full hand around the latter's penis while takes a leak.

After Solomon finishes, Mark pulls up his drawers and tightens the cloth belt around his robe.

INT. SOLOMON'S CELL - DAY

Solomon lies idle on the bed, while Mark sits across from him.

SUPER: A MONTH LATER

SOLOMON
Hey, Mark, can I ask you something?

MARK
What, mah dawg?

SOLOMON
Why do some inmates Jack a lot?

MARK
Because it feels good to them. It releases pressure.

SOLOMON
Oh, it does?

MARK
Yeah. You ever get a nut?

SOLOMON
Yeah. But of course, somebody has to do it for me.

MARK
Have you gotten off recently? Maybe I shouldn't be so nosy, I-

SOLOMON
That's all right. I haven't gotten off since Ronald was here.

MARK

Damn, that's well over a month ago.
Did Ronald git you off?

Solomon looks away, avoiding Mark's gaze.

MARK (CONT'D)

Judah, did Ronald get you off? Tell
the truth.

SOLOMON

Yeah, he got me off a few times.
(a hint of sadness in his
tone)
He was good to me, Mark. He really
was.

MARK

That's why you almost broke down
and cried when I was introduced as
the new CNA, isn't it? I knew it!

SOLOMON

Could I ask you something personal?

MARK

Go ahead.

SOLOMON

How do you deal with ah-

MARK

(impatiently)

How do I deal with what?

SOLOMON

How do you deal with sexuality in
prison? You're up here and got a
long ass sentence, a whole lotta
time and you don't have a woman.
What do you do?

MARK

Yeah, it ain't none of yo'
business. Seriously, I jack
sometimes. I haven't been with
nobody if that's what you mean.

INT. PRISON LAUNDRY - DAY

Two Rogue members hastily enters the empty laundry room. There are sounds of chaos and disturbance emanating from a distance.

The two quickly move to a shelf, where a wrapped package lay. One of them grabs it and they turn around toward the door.

Suddenly, the lighting is cut off and everything becomes pitch black.

 ROGUE MEMBER 1
What the fuck is going on?

 ROGUE MEMBER 2
Who is hitting me?

From the darkness, sounds of punches and violence is heard.

INT. FAME'S CELL - DUSK

FAME, a muscular, rough-looking man, (30s), sits on a lower bunk bed. He is the prison leader of the Rogues.

An inmate walks in and whispers into Fame's ear - Fame's countenance is overtaken by rage-

INT. PRISON CAFE - DUSK

The inmates are having dinner. Mark sits alone on a bench eating his meal.

TOMMY, a member of the Rogues comes and sits next to Mark, placing his tray of meal on the table.

 TOMMY
 (subtly)
Yo! Fame has declared war on the Perpetrators. We meet on Friday on the yard, near the soccer field. We act like like spectators interested in watching them play and then we strike.

Mark appears discombobulated - Tommy picks up his tray and leaves for another table.

INT. JUDAH'S CELL - DAY

Mark enters and immediately wrinkles his face to the stench in the cell. He quickly approaches the bed, where Solomon lies in self-pity.

Mark strips Solomon of his robe. The pants is soiled in defecation and urine. He finds a new robe and helps the disabled boy into it, then escorts him to -

BATHROOM

- A look of worry is evident of on Mark's face as he follows Solomon into the bathroom. He turns on the spigot but doesn't modulate the water.

MARK
(absentmindedly)
When was the last time they took
you to the shitjack, Judah?

SOLOMON
Last night.

MARK
Did you have breakfast?

SOLOMON
Yeah. They served me some pancakes,
eggs, grits, and some orange
slices. That was it. They fed me so
fast, then he got up and went out
to the nurses' station and never
came back.

Mark undresses the boy, immediately putting the soiled pajamas into a net bag.

MARK
Step up here.

Solomon steps up to a six-inch step before entering into the stone shower basin.

Mark picked up the hose with a little shower head attached to and directed it at Solomon's posterior - Solomon shrieks as the water is too hot.

Mark immedaitely points the hose away from Solomon.

MARK

Oh, God! I'm sorry. I'm sorry!
Goddamn, I've burned you.

Dismayed, tears start to fall from Mark's eyes. Solomon also begins to cry.

Mark modulates the water and resumes washing Solomon carefully.

BACK TO SOLOMON'S CELL

Mark has just finished dressing Solomon up. He turns his patient around so he could face him.

MARK

What can I do to make it up to you,
Judah? I didn't mean to hurt you.

SOLOMON

(with pleading eyes)
Touch me, Mark.

MARK

You want to be fuckin' touched?

Mark positions Solomon in a way no one could see his form from outside the window. He sits on the bed and lifts his arms so that his hands are on the back of Solomon's thigh. He leans his head forward, lifts Solomon's penis with his right hand and licks - Solomon quakes with ecstasy.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Mark sits on a bench on a walkway around the station. Worry is written all over him.

Virginia Sommers sits in her station across from Mark. She enjoys some chicken wings smothered in hot sauce from a bag with aluminium foil linen. In front of her is a large lump of potato salad and a healthy serving of collard green.

VIRGINIA SOMMERS

Whudjawont, Hope?

MARK

Mrs. Sommers, I'm having a problem.

VIRGINIA SOMMERS

(sipping a ginger beer)
Could I he'p ya wid it?

MARK

Well, I'm having a problem in my housing unit.

VIRGINIA SOMMERS

Could I he'p you in any way?

MARK

Nah, I'm just gonna have to get hell out of here. I can't do my time like this.

Virginia Sommers looks at him with both pity and confusion. Silence.

MARK (CONT'D)

There's some guys who want me to do something that I don't I want to, and if I do them, Mrs. Sommers, I'm messed up, and if I don't do them, I'm still messed up. So I figure it's best for me to move the hell on. So, I'm going to have to 'catch out' and 'sign P.C' and go to the hole.

VIRGINIA SOMMERS

(sorrowfully)

I'm sorry you have to do this. That means that we'll be losing you.

MARK

So could you call security so that I can get my shit together and move the hell on?

VIRGINIA SOMMERS

Certainly, but before you go, please go in there and speak with that young boy. Judah needs to know that he's not being rejected because you're being shipped. All right?

MARK

Yeah. Aight.

Mark stands up and walks away from the nurse's station, walking down the hallway housing the cells of people with special needs. He stops in front of "Room 17."

From her station, Virginia Sommers presses the button on the console, releasing the deadbolt on Solomon's door -

- Mark reaches out, turns the knob, opens it, and walks into
-

SOLOMON'S CELL

Solomon sleeps fitfully. Marks settles down on the metal chair near the bed.

He reaches out and light shakes the sleeping boy. Then he leans forward and kisses him almost barely on the lips - Solomon reciprocates the kiss, letting his tongue part in-between his and Mark's lips. The duo closes their eyes and shares a passionate kiss.

MARK
(sits up)
Hey, Judah, I just wanted to come
by here and say good-bye to you,
mah nigga.

Mark swings to the side of the bed, craddling Solomon in his arms.

SOLOMON
(shocked)
Where are you going?

MARK
To the hole. It's not you, mah
nigga. It's just that I got caught
up in some crucial shit, and if I
don't don't move the hell on
they'll probably put my ass in pine
box. So, it got to the point that I
either walk outta this mothafucka,
or they'll carry me the fuck out. I
would rather walk the fuck outta
here, do you feel me?

Tears trickle down Solomon's face.

MARK (CONT'D)
Now this ain't got shit to do with
you, mah nigga. It ain't because
you violated or fucked up. I love
the fuckin' bshit outta yo' ass and
I know that deep down inside, you
feel the same way about me. I ain't
tryin' to reject you. Shit happens.
Some shit we can't control.

Solomon cries uncontrollably in Mark's arms.

MARK (CONT'D)
Stop crying, man. You gonna make me
feel like breaking the fuck down
too!

Mark reaches and snatches some sheets of toilet papers from a roll and holds it to Solomon's nose.

MARK (CONT'D)
Blow, baby! Blow!

Solomon blows his nose on the wad of paper, then continues to cry.

MARK (CONT'D)
Stop crying, man, or I'm gonna hurt
you, man.

Tears fills Mark's eyes as he leans over and kisses Solomon on the forehead.

MARK (CONT'D)
I'm hurtin' man, because I love you
so much, Judah. You've given me so
much. Don't you know mah nigga? I
don't eat one bit food unlesin' I
eat it with you. I don't even taste
one cigarette unlesin' it has
first touched your lips.

Virginia Sommers shows up at the window outside the room. She stands there for a moment staring at Mark and Solomon with sad eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

TEXT ON BLACK SCREEN: MARK SPENT FIFTEEN DAYS IN THE HOLE. HE DID NOT SNITCH ON EITHER TOMMY OR FAME. BUT, HE STILL HAD COMPLICATIONS. HE HAD BEEN GIVEN AN ORDER BY A SET LEADER, AND HE CIRCUMVENTED IT BY SIGNING HIMSELF INTO PROTECTIVE CUSTODY.

MARK WAS TRANSFERRED TO JEFFERSON PRISON AFTER HIS TIME IN THE HOLE.

INT. JEFFERSON PRISON - POD 7 - DAY

An open dorm. Inmates sit on their bunks. A few are in groups chattering.

Mark walks down the aisle holding his belonging. He finds his corner and throws his belongings on-to the top bunk. He takes a look at his locker, then finds a rag and begins to clean it out.

Mark surveys his surrounding noticing the Muslims wearing kufi, and Mexicans that look not friendly. He turns his attention back to cleaning his locker.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Several inmates are having their shower in the open bathroom with their boxer shorts on.

Two new inmates enter the bathroom. They stare at the bathing inmates in surprise. Mark comes in behind them.

NEW INMATE 1

That's some strange ass shit. I've been all the way around the fuckin' world. I been to Germany, and Mexico, and Kenya and Australia. But until I came to prison in Georgia, I ain't never seen a bunch of men take a shower wearing all their clothes. I been in many a YMCA, and the niggas get butt ass naked. I been in the U.S. army and the niggas take off their shit. But here, these niggas are self-conscious as if they got something to hide.

NEW INMATE 2

Probably they think somebody sweatin' them. Like them punks.

Mark takes his things off at a concrete bench in the corner, then he walks almost twelve feet away and enters the open shower and starts to wash himself.

EXT. JEFFERSON PRISON - YARD - DAY

The sun is at the center of the sky mildly heating up the atmosphere. Below, inmates are smoking tops and playing basketball. Some watch from the sideline.

SUPER: FIVE MONTHS LATER

Three Mexicans walk into frame. EDRAS, (30), walks in front of the other two with a small phone in his hand. They approach -

SLUG, (mid-30), Black man, is the in the company of his buddy, BEEFMAN, who is taller and heftier than the formal.

EDRAS

Homie, this phone no work for me.
Take it back and give me a new
phone, homies!

SLUG

How the fuck I know you haven't
tampered with this mothafucka,
esse? How do I know that? Usted
podria haber destrudio los
telefonos usted mismo. No soy
responsable de dar el otro.

Edras's face reddens with rage - Beefman steps in front of Slug in a bid to intimidate their opposition.

EDRAS

Necesita para darme un telefono
nuevo o encontrar un nuevo
campamento de la prision de su
tiempo!

Slug starts to walk away, Beefman follows him behind.

EDRAS (CONT'D)

El entiende nuestro mensaje y
reemplazara los telefonos
puntualmente.

Beefman and Slug continue to move away.

BEEFMAN

What dem damn Mexicans say?

SLUG

He said, 'You need to give me a new
phone or look for another camp in
which to do your time.' That's what
the bastard said. I told that
bastard that he probably fucked up
the phone. Anyway, he brought his
this thing as is. That's how you do
a business transaction.

(taps Beefman on his arm)

That's how you do a fuckin'
business!

Mark leans up against a wall innocently smoking - Beefman and Slug walk pass him. Slug gives Mark a gang sign - He responds.

INT. JEFFERSON PRISON - POD 8 - RECREATION AREA - DAY

ERVIN CLARK, the prison set leader of the Rogues, sits enjoying some alone time. Beefman and Slug approaches them.

SLUG

Them Mexicans are restless. We got a problem.

CLARK

What this we shit? Ain't ah mothafucka 'round here greased mah goddamn palm wit' shit. Y'all been blessed fo' ah mothafucka, Slug, Damn, y'all been blessed. But Ah ain't seen shit happen. Ain't ah mothafucka crossed my palm.

SLUG

Well, what you want? I can call up and get mah peeps to put money on yo' fuckin' account. One phone call, and overnight you would be touched by an angel. Y'all just sleep with me against them Mexicans if they try anything.

CLARK

Look, it's not a question of if they try anything. It's only a question of when they do something.

Slug pulls out his phone and dials up a number.

SLUG

(into phone)

Yo, I need you to bless my man Clark wid' something.

Slug holds the phone to Clark's ear - Clark nods to what the person on the other side of the phone says.

Slug drops the call and slips his phone back into his pocket.

SLUG (CONT'D)

Now, you cool with this shit?

CLARK

Yeah, I got a hundred dollars comin' out in a money order to my account. I'll kick King Kong's ass for that!

Slug and Clark both laugh.

CLARK (CONT'D)

By the way, why didn't you jes give them fuckin' Mex'cans that flop you got in yo hands?

SLUG

There's a principle involved in this thing.

CLARK

Well, I hope we don't get a buncha goddamn boys killed up over principles.

EXT. YARD - DAY

A group of Mexicans sit at a metal table smoking cigarettes and drinking Bombays. Edras walks to table with his buddies. Theirs faces bare testaments of their angers.

Slug, Beefman, Mark, and their comrades are gathered up at an end of the yard. They are all smoking and drinking. Ready to war against the Mexicans, except for Mark who looks like he's forced to be there.

Entrances leading to the yard are suddenly slammed shut.

Edras leads the Mexicans toward Slug and his comrades.

EDRAS

(to Slug)

Mothafucka, where's my goddamn phone?

SLUG

I didn't know that I owed yo' ass aanything, mothafucka.

EDRAS

You know you sold me a fucked-up phone. I'm not gonna take your bullshit. punk ass mothafucka.

BEEFMAN

Who you callin' ah punk ass mothafucka?

EDRAS

You, bitch! Well, come on. Bring it on, mothafucka.

Edras slips out a concealed shank; A short metal that had been sharpened on concrete.

Some members of both gang run to different parts of the yard and excavate their buried shanks.

Edras whips his Shank slashing Slug across the face.

SLUG
Goddamn, you done cut me,
mothafucka!

Slug quickly raises his arms to ward any further attack. At this point, Mark is at the back of the crowd.

The gang collide in a fierce battle - Another Mexcian sticks a Rogue member and severely rips his lung.

CUT TO BLACK.

TEXT ON BLACK SCREEN: AFTER THE CHAOS, MARK WAS RECOGNIZED AS A GANG-BANGER AND WAS PLACED IN THE HOLE. HE WAS LATER SHIPPED OUT TO GILMORE STATE PRISON. THERE HE WAS MADE A LIBRARY AID.

INT. GILMORE STATE PRISON - TOILET - DAY

Twelve inmates line up close to the window collectively masturbating. Mark is one of them. He stands in the company of his buddies; MO, (30's), muscularly built. ERIC, late-20's. And K.B, mid-20's. They are all staring out the window at a beautiful young officer seated thirty feet away from near the front door.

Mark thrusts to the front of the crowd with his pants lowered below his buttocks and clinging to the middle of his thigh. Mo stands directly behind him with his pants and drawers lowered too.

MO
(to Mark)
Goddamn, I had a front line shot,
mah nigga. I would have liked to
have had a good kill shot. That's a
fine ass bitch.

ANTONIO "HERCULES" ALEXANDER, a very dark skinned man with a powerful build, observes everything, sitting on the toilet in one of the latrines.

On the floor in front of Mo is lotion and baby oil, which he is using to jack. He lowers his head staring at Mark's hairless buttocks as he edges closer to climaxing -

Hercules, now standing near the sink, keeps observing the inmates, concealed by the stall he is in. He particularly focuses on Mark and Mo.

Mo steps back to get a better view of Mark's behind.

Hercules, aroused by Mark, starts to masturbate.

Mo slightly bends his knee forward, continuing masturbating rhythmically. He suddenly clutches Mark's waist with his left arm, pulling him closer to himself and skeets on his buttocks.

MARK

Goddamn, mah nigga, whud the fuck?

The other inmates stop masturbating, turning their attention to Mark and Mo - The latter quickly lets go of Mark waist.

MO

Mah bad, mah nigga. Mah bad. I didn't mean to skeet all up in yo' ass.

MARK

Then why the fuck did you reach out, grab maah ass and jack on me, nigga? Mo, I thought we were boys. I thought we were partners. Why the hell did you do that fuck shit?

ERIC

(pissed)

Goddamn, nigga. You skeeted on that? Yeah, you fuckin' skeeted on Mark!

The inmates gather to inspect Mark's ass - Hercules watches on from hiding, stopping his own erotic act midway.

K.B.

That's some foul ass shit, nigga. Mo, I didn't know you were like that, you jacking' on a nigga? You killed fuckin' Mark. You stopped peeping' the honey and started scopin' a nigga's ass. That shit violates.

Mark grabs some toilet papers and starts to wipe the thick, gob of semen Mo all over his ass and legs. His countenance fills with rage.

Hercules gags his mouth to stop himself from laughing. Then he sits on the toilet, continuing peeping the other inmates.

Mo stands there not sure of what to do. Eric gives Mark and intent glare.

ERIC

Now, what you gonna do about it? A nigga looks at your ass, a nigga grabs yo' ass as if you was his bitch, and then the nigga nuts all over you. Look at you! You're wiping another nigga's nut offa yo' ass! What you gonna do? That's some gross ass shit. If I was you I would straighten my business, right fuckin' now. So, what you gonna do?

Mark finishes wiping himself as, HAPPY, mid-20's, makes his entrance into the scene. Aware of the commotion, he walks up to Eric.

HAPPY

What y'all stupid ass niggas doin'?

ERIC

(eyes still on Mark)

Yeah, it is. But somebody's got to straighten it, don't they?

HAPPY

Look, Eric, don't be boostin' up that nigga's nuts, then after you got them niggas at one another's throats you go run in the back and lay up under yo' blankets. That is some bad ass shit.

ERIC

(turns to Happy)

Look, Happy, somebody gotta deal with this shit. A nigga is sprayed by another nigga dead in his asshole. What the fuck? A nigga gotta deal with that fuck shit. Don't they? And Mo violated like a mothafucka. What I'm sayin' is that there are gonna be some fucked-up feelings behind this shit, and they should be dealt with. If the two principals settle it now, then it is over. But if this shit is allowed to go on, then it would get worse.

MARK
I really don't wanna beef with
nobody -
 (pulls his pants up and throws
 the tissue he has been wiping
 with in the toilet)
I know that Mo didn't mean to jack
on my ass. I'm willing to let
bygones be bygones, mah nigga.

Mark turns to Mo, who has been staring at him indifferently.

MARK (CONT'D)
Let's shake hands and forget about
what went down.

A laconic Mo shakes hands with Mark.

INT. GILMORE STATE PRISON - DORM - NIGHT

Inmates are on their bunks. Mark sits on his bunk, which is located in the middle of the open dorm, applying vaseline to a recently tatto.

Hercules spots Mark from his bunk and approaches him.

HERCULES
Mah nigga, whud up?

MARK
Whud up, bro?

HERCULES
I noticed you got a little
irritation with that tattoo, huh?

MARK
Yeah, it itch like a mothafucka.

HERCULES
Well, come on down to my cut, mah
nig. I got some cocoa butter. It
will soothe that irritation, and
you don't want to be scratchin'
like you got tetters.

Hercules begins to walk back towards his bunk - Mark gets down from his top bunk and follows him.

AT HERCULES'S BUNK

Mark sits in Hercules's bunk while Hercules applies the cocoa butter to his arm. Then Hercules sits beside Mark and smiles at him.

HERCULES (CONT'D)
You look hungry fo' ah mothafucka,
aren't ya?

MARK
No, I can't eat yo' food.

HERCULES
(condescendingly)
I ain't ask you that, mah nigga. I
asked you if you were fuckin'
hungry. Are you?

MARK
Yeah, I guess I am.

HERCULES
Git up! Look in my box and pull out
a soup, honey bun, pack of chips
and then git your bowl and drinking
cup.

Mark collects the items from Hercules box.

TIME CUT.

The LIGHTS are now OUT. The inmates are lying in their bunks.

Hercules lays back on the bunk with his back propped up against the corner and his legs are extended outward. Mark sits next to him.

HERCULES (CONT'D)
Now Mark, tell me something about
yourself, and how can something as
lovely as you wind up in a dump
such as this?

Hercules moves closer and places his arm around Mark's waist - Mark doesn't flinch.

MARK
I just had a birthday, Hercules.

HERCULES
How old are you?

MARK
Twenty-three.

HERCULES
You know, I've always thought you
are very sweet.

Mark stays silent. He sits up on his right, and Hercules
places his right hand around his neck.

Hercules allows his face to get closer and closer to Mark's.
Then formal's hand falls to Mark's lower back - Mark doesn't
complain.

Hercule moves his hand to the top of Mark's waistband, then
he allows his fingertips to travel below the latter's
waistband - Mark protests.

MARK
Hercules, I don't feel too cool
with your hand down my ass.

HERCULES
You mean, you come over here, and
eat my food, and drink my shit, and
smoke my tobacco, and I can't be
nice to you?

MARK
(frightened)
Not like that, man. You got your
finger all up in my asshole!

HERCULES
Look, little nigga, I will put my
goddamn hands anywhere I wanna
fuckin' put them. You scary
mothafucka.

MARK
Scary?

HERCULES
Yeah. You a scary mothafucka. You
let that punk ass mothafucka skeet
all over yo' goddamn ass and you
didn't do shit about it.

MARK
Then that's what this is all about?

HERCULES

Let's say I saw him skeetin' inside yo' fat ass. And at one point he grabbed you before he skeeted. I was in the shitjack looking at everything.

(straightens up)

You really don't know who I am. So, let's get up, and go into that closet.

Hercules points to a nearby utility where mobs and broom are kept.

In fear, Mark subconsciously puts his thumb in his mouth.

MARK

Why should I go in the closet with you?

HERCULES

(sternly)

Either you walk in that fuckin' closet with me, or you'll get dragged out of that closet by me! Look at you. You're a little bitch with your thumb stuck in yo' mouth.

(laughs)

Let me put it this way. Either I get some shit on the end of my dick, or I'll get some blood on the end of my shank. Either way it's up to you. Don't let me have to tell you again, bitch. Either you walk in that fuckin' closet or you'll be dragged out brain dead.

Eric, Happy, Mo, and a few other inmates lay awake in their beds in the dimly lit dorm, listening to Hercules and Mark.

Mark stands up from his position, passing Eric's bunk as he ventures ventures into the closet. Hercules follows immediate, he stops before entering the closet as he spots Eric.

HERCULES (CONT'D)

You be look out. If them polices roll-up on me in this mothafucka, then I'm gonna fuck you next!

With that, Hercules disappears into the dark closet.

Soon, loud moans and painful cry emanates from the room.

HERCULES (O.S)
Take this dick, bitch! Take it you
know you want it!

MARK (O.S)
(painfully)
My God, you're tearing me apart.
Aargh! You're tearing me apart!

Shortly, Hercules exits the closet sweating profusely. He wipes his bloody hands with a towel hanging on one of the inmates' bunk.

SCREEN TO BLACK.

TEXT ON BLACK SCREEN: MARK REQUIRED SOME SURGICAL INTERVENTION AFTER HERCULES BRUISED, MANGLED, AND DAMAGED HIS VITAL PARTS. HE KNEW HE WOULD NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN.

AFTER SPENDING TIME IN A FREE WORLD HOSPITAL, HE SAT A WHILE IN THE HOLE UNTIL IT WAS TIME TO SHIP HIM. HE WAS LATER TRANSFERRED TO HOLLIS STATE PRISON.

INT. HOLLIS STATE PRISON - DAY ROOM - DAY

Mark quietly walks through the hall with the aid of a cane. He lowers his face as though he is avoid the gazes of the inmates in the hall. He walks with a discernible limp.

INT. CELL 107 - DAY

DARYL HONEYCUTT "HONEY", a sissy, is making himself up. Mark walks in and climbs into his bed directly opposite Honey's. He looks better than the last time we saw him.

HONEY
Hey, baby, how are you doing?

MARK
I'm okay, thanks.

HONEY
How many more times do you have to visit the medical department before you're finally fine?

MARK
A few more times I guess.

INT. CELL 107 - NIGHT

Mark and Honey both sleep in their beds. Beads of sweat fill Mark's face as he turns from side to side.

MARK (V.O)
(echoing)
Aargh! You're tearing me apart!

HERCULES (V.O)
(echoing)
Take this dick! Take it!

Mark suddenly jerks up to a sitting position with his eyes wide open.

HONEY (O.C)
Another nightmare?

Mark shoots a surprise glance in the direction of Honey's bed - Honey lies there supporting her head with one arm.

MARK
Yeah.

HONEY
You'll be just fine, baby.

INT. CELL 107 - DAY

Mark and several white gay inmates are playing a game of "Dungeons and Dragons."

Honey sits in her bed in the company of some sissies and their "children."

LEMUEL PEARSON, a YOUNG, BLACK inmate shows at the cell door. He is a Rogue member.

INMATE
(to Mark)
Yo! Can I have a word?

Everyone pauses the game play and turn their attention to the young, black inmate - Mark picks up his cane, gets up, and steps up to him.

DAY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- Mark follows Lemuel into the room and they settle at a metal table.

LEMUEL

I see yo' ass is up and about done healed up by now. Ain't it? So, what you gonna now? Play Dungeons and Dragons with them white boys or what?

MARK

Well, don't expect me to be out there playing basketball even on the best of the days. That ain'y my thing.

LEMUEL

Maybe we could take you to see the set leaders around here. We keep things pretty straight. If you need to use a cellphone or something we can always hook you up.

MARK

Well, that's cool, Pearson. But at this point there's nobody in the free-world I need to kick it with that badly.

Lemuel stares at Mark in the eyes with a straight look on his face as if he has something else to say to Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)

Look like you got something else you want to say, so spit it out.

LEMUEL

Mah nigga, ya jes 'round too many goddamn punks. You know the Rogues don't believe in kickin' it wid no punks and dat's all you do, nigga. That white ass punk, Honey, and those boys you see at Rec ain't nothin' but unvarnished punks, mah nigga. Now I personally aain't got nothin' to say if you step to a hen from time to time, but your set leader says that you ain't supposed to be kickin' it wid no sissies, period!

Mark's face highlights his annoyance.

MARK

Look, mah nigga. I have to kick it with the folk that kick it with me. I have to kick it with the niggas that want to be on my team. Y'all don't wanna be on mah team. You will flip the script on me in a moment's notice. Honey, and his friends, have been kickin' it with me since I got in this mothafucka. When my box is empty they step to me and bless me. When I ain't got nothin' to smoke I don't have to go 'round the dorm lookin' for dutts and rollin' them in blue steel to get my smoke on. You feel me? Them niggas you roll with will charge me two-for-one or three-for-one. Honey and them boys will step to me. When I got here they stepped to me. Them punks showed me more love than you hard niggas who flash beau coup gang signs. They didn't make me feel like no goddamn step child. So, what you got to offer, mah nigga, that can top that?

LEMUEL

We got protection!

MARK

Protection? Fuckin' protection?
(chuckles)
I can't believe the bullshit that I'm hearing.

Mark's face losses all sign of civility leaving his countenance to project pain, hate, and regret at the same time.

MARK (CONT'D)

Pearson, move the fuck on before I take this stick and shove it the fuck up yo' ass!

LEMUEL

So, that's what I should tell the set leader and the boys?

MARK

I odn't give a fuck what you tell the fuckin' set leader. I fuck with who I wanna fuck wid. Y'all ain't done shit for me.

Lemuel gets up and walks away.

TIM "POET" LEVERETT, a six-one, light complected Negroe, sitting alone at the next table goes -

POET

Look, mah nigga, I wasn't
ear-hustling', but I couldn't but
hear your conversation with that
weak ass nigga.

Mark studies Poet's face, notcing genuine concern. Some books lay on the table in front of Poet.

POET (CONT'D)

Them gang boys all talk a good
line, but usually they don't follow
through. Pearson has been trying to
recruit niggas in prison for the
longest, only a few boys join up
and they do so because they are
scared.

Mark listens intently.

POET (CONT'D)

They're scared somebody will knock
over they box. Scared somebody will
run up in 'em and take they ass.

Poet picks up his books, moves over to Mark's table, and sits across from him. One of the books Poet is hold is "The Prophecies of Nostradamus."

POET (CONT'D)

I can see you're in pain. I've
noticedyou, 'round here the past
three weeks. You're sitting on an
inflatable donut and walking with
that stick. I see that Honey has
been helping by sticking by you -

MARK

Yeah, if it wasn't for Honey, I
don't know how I would make it. She
makes my bed and helps me get back
and forth. She turns in my net bag
for laundry, and when I fo to chow,
she walks up there with me and
picks up my tray for me. So you see
why I kick it with Honey, don't
you?

INT. SCOTTIE'S CELL - NIGHT

SCOTTIE, a sissy, lays in his bed. She is a hairstylist and one of Honey's partners.

Poet shows up at the cell door holding some crackers and some soup.

POET
Hey, Scottie, whud up?

SCOTTIE
Hey, Poet, what's going down. baby?

They fraternally jam knuckles.

POET
I want you to hook up somebody for me.

Scottie twists his mouth as if guessing.

SCOTTIE
Ahem! That new boy who is down there with Honey, huh? I knew the wolf couldn't keep away from around the hen house.

POET
(smiling)
I can't put a damn thing over on you, can I?

SCOTTIE
Yeah, I see you're aroused for a mothafucka.

Scottie collects the items from Poet and deposits them in his locker.

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)
Chil', I notice yo' dick's as hard as roofin' nails. You got teh hots for that boy. I couldn't believe my own eyes. Then I saw you, Poet, down there scrubbin' clothes like a washerwoman. I couldn't believe my own eyes. How old is he anyway?

POET
Twenty0-three.

SCOTTIE

Twenty-three, huh? At least you
ain't robbin' the cradle, honey.
Let me get my things. I'll be down
to Honey's in a few minutes.

POET

Thanks.

INT. DORM - DAY

Honey and Scottie lie in one bed looking on as -

Poet lies bed, while Mark sits at the edge of his bed with
his walking cane in hand. The duo plays a game of Soduku.

CALVERT "OLD CALVERT" THOMAS (50's) and HARRY "SATCH" CLAY
are the other two gays in the room. They're engaged in a
cards game.

SCOTTIE

(audibly)

Look what the fuck has come in,
girl.

Everyone follows Scottie's gaze and sees Lemuel Pearson
walking the aisle of the dorm.

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)

That ain't nothin' but a hen in a
double breasted rooster suit.

The group all laughs so hard that Mark inadvertently throws his
cane - Poet quickly gets up and retrieves it.

Embarrassed, Lemuel immediately turns around and leaves.

HONEY

Yeah, that boy is shot the fuck
out.

OLD CALVERT

Shot out ain't the word. I know
that piece, Honey. We was at Horton
State Prison together, and he was
always up in the young queens'
faces honey. He's just actin' brand
new because he's here. But this
young queen he was fuckin' wid was
thin as a rail and looked as if she
was fallin' off. Besides, she
looked like a straight gorilla in

(MORE)

OLD CALVERT (cont'd)
the face, honey. I don't know how
Pearson could have fucked with
something that goddamn ugly, girl.

POET
(amused)
You mean Pearson was fuckin' with
an ugly queen who looked like a
gorilla?

OLD CALVERT
Yeah, but she had an ass on her.
Niggas stopped lookin' at the face
nd concentrated on the ass!

SATCH
(lighting a cigarette)
But ain't Pearson affiliated?

OLD CALVERT
Yeah, He's a Rogue. Just like you,
Mark.

POET
Being affiliated doesn't mean shit.
A lot of boys in the chain gang
aren't going anywhere. You have to
remember that one third of them
will die in prison. Listen to that
statistics; one third.

HONEY
Well, explain yourself to us, Poet.
'Cause we don't understand what
you're drivin' at.

POET
What I am saying is there are a lot
of guys who would never sleep with
a boy in the free world. Yet, when
they come to the chain gang they
experiment. When they are paroled
or maxed out then they might go
back to sleeping with women.
Somehow, some people nevr mate.
This transition from fuckin' boys
to fuckin' girls is difficult.
Things don't always return to where
they were. so, in other words, when
a boy just trims around in prisons
its situational homosexuality. When
he fucks around on the streets,
then -

SCOTTIE

- Then he's a butch-bunny.

EXT. HOLLIS STATE PRISON - YARD - DAY

Inmates parade in the yard engage in different activities. Lemuel Pearson stands at a corner, angrily waiting for -

- The Rogues' set leader, BIG MAN, a muscular built young man, jogs toward Lemuel. He stops when he gets to the latter.

BIG MAN

Pearson, they are bringing in the tactical squad tomorrow for a fuckin' shakedown. So, find a punk to suitcase your flop. Some punk down there in building B should be able to put a cell phone up they ass if you give 'im a bag of chips or something off the store. Look, you aren't asking to fuck the mothafucka. Do Honeycutt and Hope ever leave the room and go to chow or pill call?

LEMUEL

Yeah, they do.

BIG MAN

Once they go to eat -

BIG MAN'S IMAGINATION:

INT. CELL 107 - DAY

The cell is empty and the door is left open.

BIG MAN (V.O)

- Put a tab of coke under Hope's mattress. He'll never suspect shit.

Lemuel slips into the cell and quickly plants a tab of cocaine under Mark's mattress. Then he stands there smirking.

BIG MAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

They're going to have them fuckin' dogs up in there. So, they'll sniff it out and the Tac Squad will take your boy out in cuffs.

END BIG MAN'S IMAGINATION.

INT. YARD - PRESENT

BIG MAN
Tomorrow night Hope will be in the
hole. Satisfied?

Lemuel beams a broad smile.

LEMUEL
Yeah, Big Man. We won't fuck up.
And I'll have a punk suitcase my
flop.

BIG MAN
Now, git da fuck outta mah face, so
dat I can finish mah lap.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The hallway to the cells. Inmates stand outside their cells
as the Tactical Squad carry out cell search. Mark and Honey
stand outside their cell.

CELL 107

A Tactical Squad member leads a sniffer dog into the room.
It doesn't take long before the dog sniffs out the miniscule
amount of cocaine hidden under Mark's mattress.

HALLWAY

TIME CUT:

A FEMALE OFFICER is placing Mark in hand cuffs - Poet sees
what's going on from down the hall. He becomes frantic.

POET
I wonder what that is about.

FEMALE OFFICER
They want Honeycutt and Hope locked
down.

MARK
(teary)
I don't know what it can be. I
ain't nowhere. i ain't done
nothing.

FEMALE OFFICER
 Hope, you'll be in segregation
 pending investigation.

POET
 (shocked)
 PI?

The female officer escorts Mark out.

INT. THE HOLE - MARK'S CELL - DAY

The cell is dimly lit as there is no source of light. Mark
 lays on the lower bunk. His cane lays beside him.

Mark's cellmate lays on the top bunk.

A RUNNER shows up at the cell door.

RUNNER
 Yo, Hope. I got a kite for ya.

Mark gets out of bed and collects a piece of folded paper
 from the Runner. He lays back in his bed and reads through -

POET (V.O)
 (letter)
Dear Mark,

Already I am fucked up without you.
I'm fucked up here while you're in
the hole. I love you so much. I'm
fucked up because someone set you
up by putting shit under your
mattress. I hope I can get to see
you once you get out of the hole.
I've loved two people since I've
been here. You and that asshole,
Solo. You loved me and he rejected
me.

Please, come back, baby. I don't
want to love anybody else.

Poet.

At the window, there is a flap that inmates open and close
 manually. A white translucent plastic jar is on the window.

HALLWAY

MRS. BETTY ANN HOLMES, a female officer, walks through the hallway -

MRS. HOLMES
Take the flaps off the window! Take
the flaps off the windows! All
inmates are required to kill the
freakin' flaps!

INTERCUT: HALLWAY / CELL

MARK'S CELLMATE
(pissed)
I hate that fuckin' bitch.

Mrs. Holmes stops in front of a cell.

MRS. HOLMES
Get up out of thoe bunks! There'll
be no laying around on my watch!
Get on up or get cased up!

The inmates in the cell promptly obeys her directives.

Mark's cellmate jumps from off the bunk landing as if he is an airborne ranger. Mark just lies there in bed not minding the commands emanating from the hallway.

The cellmate squats on the floor near the door - Mrs. Holmes shows up in front of the cell. She looks at the log outside the door, which is inside a plastic box attached to the wall. She initials it to show she has made her official visit.

MARK'S CELLMATE
Hey, Mrs. Holmes, can you hear a
brother out?

Mrs. Holmes bends over to look into the cell from an opened metal door flap.

The cellmate reaches over and retrieves the translucent white jar, which Mrs. Holmes can't see.

Mrs. Holmes fat, old face fills the open flap - The cellmate with his right hand raises the small jug and throws the content in the officer's face.

Mrs. Holmes screams, rubbing her eyes hysterically. Soon, her flesh begins to drip to the floor.

The cellmate lays on the cell floor laughing deliriously - Mark sits up in bed in absolute shock.

HALLWAY - LATER

Mrs. Holmes has been removed. Officers carrying wearing riot gears stand in front of Mark's cell as one them tries to unlock the metal door.

Each of the officers carry a baton, and wears black reinforced gloves, and carrying shields.

CELL

As soon as the cell door open, the officers rush in and starts beating Mark and the cellmate unmercifully.

TEXT ON BLACK SCREEN: THE INCIDENT LEFT MRS. HOLMES PERMANENTLY BLIND. AFTER SPENDING A LONG TIME IN ISOLATION, MARK WAS LATER EXONERATED, BUT THAT NOTWITHSTANDING, HE WAS YET ON HIS WAY OUT TO ANOTHER PRISON.

EXT. J.J MORGAN PRISON - DAY ROOM - DAY

It is noisy and rowdy. Inmates move about in and out of the room. Mark stands in a corner holding his belongings. He is fully healed now, but has a troubled look on his face.

A young man in his twenties approaches Mark. This is RONALD BARNES. He is Rogues member.

RONALD

Whud up, young blood? You need a place to start?

MARK

Yeah. I was supposed to be in 106, and a bunch of boys were up there.

RONALD

Well, we'll find you a place. And we'll find it before the count.

INT. J.J MORGAN PRISON - CELL HALLWAY - MORNING

Inmates wait outside their cells. Mark is one of them.

Ronald makes his way through the sea of inmates until he finds Mark.

RONALD
I see you made it through the night. Any difficulties?

MARK
No, it was just hot as hell.

RONALD
You'd get used to it.

MARK
I'm supposed to be on the bottom bunk and be on the bottom rage.

RONALD
Don't worry about it. Amir will get you hooked up right.

MARK
I see Amir is a big dude around here. What's up with that?

RONALD
This is building I and the Avengers control things up in here. See, you ain't in the state camp anymore. Up in here, you can tell a nigga's swag by the way his britches sag. You a Rogue? Find yourself some orange underwear. Orange is what Rogues wear.

At the moment, the OFFICER at the front announces "Chow call."

The inmates file out of the building toward the chow hall. Mark and Ronald continue together.

MARK
So what are you, Ronald?
Perpetrator, Avenger, or Rogue? Or Muslim?

RONALD
I'm none of the above. As soon as you join one group then you find yourself the enemy of another.

The movement to the chow hall is haphazard. Gates are opened, and a massive number of inmates are let in between sets of gates, and they are locked in on either side.

Mark, Ronald, and the rest of the inmates are now locked in between gates, waiting for the female officer at one end of the **wide passageway** to unlock the gate.

MARK

This situation here is dangerous.

RONALD

Tell me about it. They don't give a fuck. If something goes on right here, then there's over two hundred inmates in one enclosure licked in. Anything could go on.

CHOW HALL

A female officer unlocks the entrance to the hall. Inmate push their way through. Some inmates dart through a rail initially meant to keep things orderly, trying to get a closer spot to the serving window.

Mark and Ronald force themselves in through the crowd.'

MARK

They're like a bunch of fuckin' animals.

RONALD

Welcome to J.J. Morgan. Let's move through the line, or they could call count and we won't get to eat.

Ronald and Mark proceed through the line. They take their trays and find a spot where to sit and eat.

RONALD (CONT'D)

You have to get used to the way things are done down here. It's a private prison. They don't follow the rules. See all those buildings?

MARK

Yeah.

RONALD

They want to double the size of the prison and take in more people.

MARK

But that would be a catasrophe. They already can't control these inmaates they. So, how are they going to control more?

RONALD

The gang boys are running the show. Every other week, there is a fatal stabbing.

MARK

How do they get away with it?

RONALD

By lying. They can always cover it up by taking the inmate out to the freeworld hospital and behaving as if the incident happened elsewhere; and, that the death was by natural causes. Nobody cares. Nobody gives a fuck. You know the worst thing to be on J.J. Morgan's compound?

MARK

A Mexican?

RONALD

Hell no. All of them have shanks. Nobody will fuck with them.

MARK

Gay?

RONALD

Hell no. There's plenty of hens in building G and H.

MARK

Old?

RONALD

That can be problematic, but if you're in G or H you can withstand it.

MARK

So what's the problem?

RONALD

Being white. White boys are in the minority. They can't even go to the store unless they come away robbed.

Ronald and Mark press closer to the serving window - A FEMALE OFFICER scan their IDs.

RONALD (CONT'D)
But some of these white boys are
learning to ride the hole, or they
are chillin' out in G and H.

MARK
How do I get to G or H?

RONALD
When you go to classification, try
to get put in education. They will
immediately put you in building G
or building H.

INT. GED CLASS - DAY

Mark sits at desk in front of the class. He is the class
aide.

CHARLES HARDY, a hardened old chain gang, walks in and
approaches Mark.

MARK
You need a book or a study
material?

CHARLES
(straightforwardly)
Yeah. I'd 'preciate that.

MARK
Were you working on word problems?

CHARLES
Yeah.

Mark goes into - **SMALL ROOM**

The room is designated as the media center - Mark looks
through some materials and finds a multistep word handout.

Mark returns to Charles and hands him the material.

Charles sits at a desk not too far away from Mark and begins
to go through the material. He appears uneasy as if having a
hard time understanding the handout - Mark notices.

MARK
You having problem, Mr. Hardy?

CHARLES
(looks up)
I could use yo' help.

Mark heads over and sits with Charles and starts to tutor him.

TIME CUT:

Charles smiles broadly as Mark continues to teach him.

MONTAGE:

- Mark and Charles sit at the same table in the chow hall. Charles give Mark a portion of his food.

- Mark stands in the yard. Charles shows up and hugs him from behind.

- Charles and Mark study together in the GED class. Charles holds his waist and kisses him.

INT. MARK'S CELL - EVENING

Mark's cellmate, JEREMY GIVENS (22), cries hysterically on Mark's laps.

Charles walks into the frame and stands in the doorway - Jeremy sees him.

JEREMY
It's almost time for my detail.
I'll give you two a while.

Jeremy gets up, puts on his rubber boots, which he needs in order to work in the kitchen. He exits the room.

MARK'S CELL - NIGHT

A black plastic manually placed over the window blocks out the light keeping the room dim.

Mark and Charles lay in each other's arms in Mark's bunk.

CHARLES
What's wrong with that young boy?

MARK
The whole world seems to be caving in on him. He lost his grandmother. She's dead.

CHARLES

So, people lose Granny's all the time up in this mothafucka. Why's he takin' it all bad that he gotta be layin' all on top of you?

MARK

Because his granny was his only ticket out of this mothafucka. That's why. And another thing, Charles, my showing affection towards him does not diminish in any way the love I have for you.

Mark takes a flap, a piece of cupboard and attaches it to the window, further blocking out the light.

CHARLES

It's good to know that, baby, because I was getting ready to get jealous and go ape-shit up in this mothafucka.

Charles undresses, and so does Mark.

MARK

It's about time for you to see the counselor, that fat assed, crusty lip, nappy-haid, knocked knee'd Mrs. Richardson and move the fuck in here.

CHARLES

When should I go down there and deal with the Godzilla?

MARK

Do it on Friday. Then we will have some time to stabilize Jeremy. His grandmother's death has knocked him for a loop. I love you, Charles, but I also feel responsible for him.

CHARLES

So, why don't he see a fuckin' counselor?

MARK

That's a stupid ass question. This ain't no hotline in the free-world. This is fuckin' prison. He gets an appointment for three weeks from

(MORE)

MARK (cont'd)
today for shit that's going down
now. Then it might be different
counselors. You can't win for
losing. So let's go when Jeremy
isn't as depressed. A'ight baby?

CHARLES
A'ight. I can eat you up right now.

MARK
What's fuckin' stoppin' you?

The duo begins to kiss passionately.

INT. MARK'S CELL - MORNING

The cell remains dimly lit courtesy of the black plastic at
the window.

A female officer's voice goes -

FEMALE OFFICER (O.S)
Prepare for chow!

Mark sits up in bed and turns toward the aisle. He feels
something beneath his feet.

MARK
What the fuck is that?

Mark shoots a gaze at Jeremy, who's arm hangs as prominently
as Jacque Louis David renowned depiction of the Death of
Marat. Mark's eyes instantly bulges in shock.

MARK (CONT'D)
(screams)
Nooooooooo!

CUT TO BLACK:

TEXT ON BLACK SCREEN: JEREMY ENDED HIS OWN LIFE WHILE MARK
WAS SENT TO THE HOLE. AFTER IT WAS DETERMINED THAT THERE WAS
NO FOUL PLAY IN THE SUICIDE OF JEREMY GIVENS, MARK WAS LET
REINSTATED, BUT HE WAS MOVED TO A DIFFERENT BUILDING IN THE
PRISON.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Mark is alone in the bathroom. He is putting back on his uniform after bathing -

Charles sneaks in - Mark turns to face him.

CHARLES

Nigga, I'm missin' the fuck outta you.

Charles rests his back against the door, with his hand on the door knob.

MARK

And I miss you too, Charles. I want to get back to building H. I can't take it down there. Even though I am a Rogue, I hate being around those stupid ass mothafuckas.

CHARLES

Come here!

Mark moves closer to chance to him.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I miss kissin' these sexy lips.

Charles kisses Mark salaciously until a persistent knock at the door intrudes.

Cracking the door open, Charles looks out and sees the inmate on the other side of the door.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

(sternly)

You better move the fuck on. Find a little cubby hole outside to piss, and leave me the fuck alone.

Inmate hurries off in an instance - Charles closes the door and returns his attention to Mark.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Mark, I think you should speak to DR. BLOSSOM DAWSONS about relocation. She appreciates the good work that you do. She should be able to get you out of that crazy house and put you back in an environment with some real people who ain't always gang-banging.

INT. DR. BLOSSOM DAWSON'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. BLOSSOM DAWSON (60's), sits at her desk busy with work. Her office is filled with so many papers that a legitimate fire department would declare it hazardous.

She looks up as a small knock emanates at the door - It's Mark. She recognizes.

DR. DAWSON
Come on in.

TIME CUT:

Mark is not seated in front of Dr. Dawson's desk.

MARK
Dr. Dawson, you know I teach math in your GED first, second and third rotations. Sometimes I come back and work the last rotation on Wednesday nights.

DR. DAWSON
You are doing a fine job here. Our students are able to pass that math exam because of the work you have done and is doing. How can I help you?

MARK
Dr. Dawson, they put me in the hole pending investigation because my roommate decided to check out.

DR. DAWSON
(confused)
Decided to check out?

MARK
Yeah, he got a bit tired of things and took himself out in the game with a razor blade. So, when they finished with me in the hole they moved me to building K. And I have absolutely no business in that gladiator school.

DR. DAWSON
And I have absolutely no pull with security or classification. You must see your counselor or building officer about that.

Mark appears sad and disappointed.

INT. GED CLASS - LATER

Mark and Charles stand at a corner with Mark appearing depressed.

CHARLES

That bitch could have mountains for you on this mothafucka if she wanted to.

MARK

Why you say that?

CHARLES

This land and everything your eye can see behold belongs to Dr. Blossom dawson. The prison , as a corporate body, merely rents it from her. That bitch is loaded. She can do whatever the fuck she wants to do. She just figures that you ain't worth the political capital. She doesn't want to waste any favors fuckin' around with you. You ain't worth that much to her. But if she wanted to, she could have moved you wherever she wants.

Mark appears even further saddened by the revelation.

TEXT ON BLACK SCREEN: MARK COULD NOT COPE WITH THE LIVING CONDITION OF THE DORM HE WAS PUT IN. HE MADE A HARD DECISION TO LEAVE EVERYTHING BEHIND AND RIDE THE BUS AGAIN.

INT. PRISON DAY ROOM - DAY

Mark sits on a table staring at nothing in particular. Inmates move about their business, while some socialize in groups.

SUPER: CREIGHTON STATE PRISON

BRUCE TANNER, a young black man around Mark's age, approaches him.

BRUCE TANNER

Yo, whud up, mah nigga?

MARK

Good.

BRUCE TANNER

You know Javier is locked up?

MARK

(surprised)

You bullshittin' me. For what, mah nigga?

BRUCE TANNER

Pshaw! A shit load of things, mah nig. He robbed a convenience store

-

Mark is stunned,

MARK

Javier?

BRUCE TANNER

Yeah, old scary-assed, weak-assed Javier robbed some fuckin' Koreans. Then he took one of them hostage. The woman was pregnant. So, he caught off the rip body charges. So, they can shoot the nigga at least two elbows right off the muscle, mah nigga.

MARK

Why the fuck did Javier do that shit, mah nigga? He was always a strong-willed mothafucka who wouldn't hurt a freakin' fly. Plus, he had a way with the honeys, mah nigga. If he was so inclined, he could talk the drawers off of any woman so quick it would make yo' head swim.

BRUCE TANNER

I don't know. But I think that he was dippin' 'n' dabbin' in that shit.

MARK

Javier?

BRUCE TANNER

Yeah. You been out of circulation for a long while. Shit been goin'

(MORE)

BRUCE TANNER (cont'd)
down like a mothafucka. A whole lot
of new boys are out at dem traps,
maah nigga. A whole lotta new boys.
Plus, they got a lot of X out there
and people are hittin' meth like a
mothafucka, mah nigga.

INT. OPEN DORM - NIGHT

Mark lays in his bed. Bored, he climbs out and walks over to
Bruce Tanner's cut, where the letter sleeps sits on his bed
with a towel around his waist, and another one draped around
his neck.

MARK
What they got you doin' here?
What's your detail?

BRUCE TANNER
Oh, they got me working up in the
cannery. They got plenty of people
up there, and they work us from
eight o'clock until three o'clock
in the afternoon. We get a pack-out
in the afternoon and take cigarette
break. But breakfast and dinner are
straight up.

Bruce moves around and goes to his locker, taking out thing
he needs to go to the bathroom with.

BRUCE TANNER (CONT'D)
How much time you lookin' at,
nigga.

MARK
(audaciously)
Shit! I'm lookin' at three more
years. I think I can do it standing
on my head. I just know that the
rest of my life will be a breeze.

BRUCE TANNER
Then what? What are you gonna do
out on the streets?

MARK
Shit. What else can I do? Get a
trap?

BRUCE TANNER

Get a trap! Pshaw! That won't work. First of all, there are too many niggas on the streets dividing up the money. Then there are less people on the streets doin' crack. So, there's less money and more dealers to divide it up with. So, you're fucked. Nah. Yah can't do that anymore. Ya gotta think of something else.

Bruce takes out baby powder, baby oil, soap, shampoo and other cosmetics out of his locker box. He turns around to face Mark.

MARK

(facetiously)

So what are you? A fuckin' career counselor?

BRUCE TANNER

No. I'm not. I'm a realist. How old are you?

MARK

Twenty-three.

BRUCE TANNER

so, you'll be twenty-six when you get out. Do you have a high school diploma?

MARK

(grimacing)

Yeah. I got a GED on the streets.

BRUCE TANNER

I can see you're gittin' pissed wid me talkin' 'bout this shit. But I know from painful experiences that if you fail to plan, then you to fail. I know that is a tired old cliché. But it's valid fo' ah mothafucka, Mark. You gotta start thinking about your future now.

The tension on Mark's face eases up a bit.

BRUCE TANNER (CONT'D)