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by
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(Based on, If Any)

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The Dancehall Bitch

by

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INT. ISAAC'S HOME - DAY

Slowly track down a dark hallway to ISAAC sitting at the kitchen table. Isaac is 30-35, idealistic, lonely and profoundly naïve. His parents cross frame as they speak but we concentrate on him.

MOTHER

It's not that they don't like you
Isaac. The world just ignores...
anyway I like you, don't I?

FATHER

And God likes you.

MOTHER

Keep going to your classes. You'll
see, when our boy becomes a great
writer, they'll all wake up.

Isaac is embarrassed.

FATHER

I'll be a little late today.

ISAAC

Can't I get the bus? Just once?

MOTHER

How many times do you have to be
told?

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

PROFESSOR REEVES is handing out corrected essays to a roomful of students. Isaac stares furtively at JULIE who is unaware that he exists. Julie is 30-40, intensely charismatic, with a quiet pain in her eyes. The professor stops at Isaac's desk.

REEVES

You do know there are many adult
education courses here? Not just
writing. How many times have you
failed?

ISAAC

Six.

REEVES

(gently placing the essay
on Isaac's desk)

Seven.

EXT/INT. ISAAC'S PARENT'S CAR - DAY

Isaac's parents are caught in traffic deadlock. A religious medal hangs from the rear view mirror. Isaac's father honks the horn.

MOTHER

He'll wait.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS STOP - DAY

Julie stands at the bus stop outside the school. Isaac waits for his folks. He keeps glancing at Julie.

JULIE

What are you looking at?

Deeply shy, Isaac quickly turns away.

JULIE

(as the bus arrives)

I read your last piece. If you wrote about something other than religion; something real, you might be a half decent writer.

ISAAC

You don't think Heaven is real?

JULIE

(as she gets on the bus)

Only Hell.

Isaac hesitates at the open bus door.

DRIVER

You getting on or not?

EXT/INT. ISAAC'S PARENT'S CAR - DAY

The car arrives at the school gates.

MOTHER

Where is he?

EXT/INT. BUS - DAY

In between writing the word "real" again and again, Isaac keeps glancing at Julie. She suddenly turns around.

JULIE

You're staring at me again.

Isaac is startled. Julie gets up to disembark. People on the bus stare disapprovingly at Isaac.

EXT/INT. ISAAC'S PARENT'S CAR - DAY

Isaac's father is angry as they drive.

FATHER

We have to exercise greater control
over that boy.

MOTHER

He's not a boy any more.

FATHER

It's our duty to -

He panics and slams on the brakes.

MOTHER

Dear God no...

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Julie enters her apartment, a drab, lonely place. She drops her books, enters the bathroom and wearily picks up a grocery store uniform. She is framed in the door frame in the same way as Isaac was at his home. We slowly track forward as she combs her hair. She winces with pain. She reaches down to reveal a deep scar above her hip. She runs her finger along the thread of the scar then looks at her reflection in the mirror.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

We slowly track towards blue and red lights reflecting off the religious medal swaying in the smashed windscreen of the mangled car.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

There is nobody at the funeral home except Isaac and the priest and his parents' coffins.

EXT/INT. STREET/BANK - DAY

Isaac exits the funeral home. As he walks, one of his shoe laces opens. He bends down to tie it. A gang of masked men silently glide out of a van. The sheer force and speed of their advancement forces Isaac to stumble backwards in through the doors of a bank. The Masked Man puts a gun to the side of the Security Guard's head. Three more masked figures glide in and quietly clamp the doors shut. The Masked Man presses the stopwatch around his neck.

MASKED MAN

Ladies and Gentlemen, your
attention please.

Customers turn around and abject fear descends upon them. The Raiders stand military style, aiming their weapons. The Masked Man slams the butt of the gun into the Guard's face. The Guard collapses. The Masked Man slowly moves over to a mother and her little boy. He looks directly into the Mother's eyes, but he is speaking to everybody. His manner is gentle.

MASKED MAN

This Morning when you awoke, you
didn't think this could be the last
day of your life. Do as I say and I
promise all of you will see
tomorrow.

The terrified Mother nods yes and grips her boy tighter. The Masked Man looks at the boy with great tenderness and winks, then back to the Customers.

MASKED MAN

Does everybody understand?
(a muffled, frightened
murmur from the
customers)
Not good enough. Speak with
clarity. I repeat, does everybody
understand?

The type of obedience that could save lives sweeps through the customers as they answer "Yes." The other raiders jump onto the counters, spray painting the cameras and forcing the staff to join the rest of the customers.

MASKED MAN

Very good, we're moving along
nicely.

The Masked Man looks at the Boy and extends his hand in a gesture of friendship. The boy is frightened but also bewitched by the Masked Man's special treatment of him. He slowly reaches out and takes the Masked Man's hand.

MASKED MAN

What's your name kid?

TOMMY

Tommy.

MASKED MAN

Good to meet you Tommy. I can see
just by looking at you that you're
a good kid, am I right?

Tommy looks to his Mother to see how he should respond. She smiles, pretending the whole thing is an adventure. Tommy nods yes. Isaac watches, fascinated.

MASKED MAN

Well Tommy, I have known you all of one minute and already I like you, I trust you. So I'm going to ask you to help me out. Will you do that for me Tommy?

Tommy again nods yes. His Mother doesn't want to let him go, but the Masked Man gently reassures her. She lets Tommy go.

MASKED MAN

Alright Tommy. A round of applause, I think would be nice.
(nobody applauds)
Folks, don't make me ask you a second time.

People begin to clap softly at first, then louder. Tommy smiles sheepishly. The Masked Man speaks above the applause.

MASKED MAN

Call out his name, Tommy! Tommy!

The raiders, in various parts of the bank, are filling their bags. The Masked Man gestures for the customers to stop.

MASKED MAN

Wonderful, absolutely wonderful.
Let's begin. Tommy, have you heard of a man named Arthur Janov?

Tommy scrunches his face, thinking hard. Isaac is mesmerized, astounded that a thief would know who Arthur Janov is.

TOMMY

Is he a Spaceman?

MASKED MAN

Good guess, but no. Arthur Janov is a psychologist who wrote a book called The Primal Scream, which is what we are about to try. What's the name of the game?

TOMMY

The Scream?

MASKED MAN

That's right, The Scream, The Primal Scream. Tommy, what does a captain do?

TOMMY

Sails a ship?

MASKED MAN

That's right, a captain gives orders. Tells people what to do and they have to do it, because he is the captain. Will you be my captain Tommy?

Tommy, instinctively understanding a thousand years of game playing, smiles gleefully, stands erect and salutes.

TOMMY

Yes sir.

Tommy's mother watches with a mixture of fear and loving pride.

MASKED MAN

I am going to whisper things in your ear and you are going to order these people to do them. Alright, those are the rules. Does everybody understand?

Again there is muffled murmur from the customers. The Masked Man whispers into Tommy's ear. Tommy listens, then stares at the customers with affected menace.

TOMMY

I can't hear you. Does everybody understand?

There's a collective "Yes" from the customers. The Masked Man whispers into Tommy's ear. Tommy listens, then smiles.

TOMMY

Call me Sir. Is that understood?

CUSTOMERS

Yes Sir.

The Masked Man checks his watch, looks to the main entrance and whispers into Tommy's ear. Tommy barks out the order.

TOMMY

Everybody lie on the ground.

MASKED MAN

Face down.

The customers are embarrassed but reluctantly lie down. Isaac positions himself so that he can see Tommy and the Masked Man.

MASKED MAN

Spread out, that's it, give yourselves plenty of room. Very good.

(MORE)

MASKED MAN(cont'd)

Now, I want you to bring your feet up toward your ass and grab your ankles.

The customers do this. Tommy laughs. A woman lying beside Isaac begins to softly quietly cry.

MASKED MAN

There's no need to cry, none at all. Tommy my captain, tell her not to be a cry baby.

Tommy watches the woman cry and suddenly feels uncomfortable.

TOMMY

Don't be a cry baby.

MASKED MAN

I want you to repeat after me, but just whisper, I want you to say the words...

He whispers into Tommy's ear. Tommy reacts to the words, looks at his mother and, seeing her in that vulnerable position, realizes for the first time that something ugly is happening. He tries to free his hand.

MASKED MAN

Tommy my captain, you were doing so well, don't ruin it. Please tell everyone the two words that they have to call out.

He whispers into Tommy's ear. Tommy frowns, then says the words.

TOMMY

Mommy, Daddy.

The Masked Man is delighted. Tommy whimpers and tries to move towards his Mother. She fiercely nods no.

MASKED MAN

That's it folks. Those are the words. I want all of you to whisper, Mommy, Daddy. You too Tommy. And I want you to continue. Don't stop.

The customers whisper the words. Tommy's Mother cries. The Masked Man looks at his stopwatch. Tommy struggles to release his hand, calling out for his Mother.

MASKED MAN

Very good, very good indeed. But I need you to commit to it more.

Everyone, except Isaac, speaks louder. Tommy struggles to free his hand. The sound of the stopwatch increases.

MASKED MAN
Louder, louder, louder.

They chant louder. Tommy frantically tries to free himself, screaming for his mother. As the inevitable effects of Janov's Primal Scream manifest, the customer's cries begin to reach a panic stricken crescendo. The Masked Man is delirious.

MASKED MAN
Louder. Louder. Louder.

Tommy hysterically screams for his Mother. Isaac watches him. Suddenly Isaac realizes the Masked Man is looking at him. The Masked Man releases Tommy's hand and moves toward Isaac. Tommy runs to his Mother and, almost vomiting with relief, she pulls him to the ground beside her. The Masked Man stands in front of Isaac. The sound of the stopwatch gets louder. The rest of the thieves jump back over the counter. Their bags are full. The People are breaking down as the full release of the Primal Scream takes effect. The Masked Man looks deep into Isaac's eyes. The noise of the screams and the ticking is deafening. The Masked Man points the gun at Isaac's head. Isaac closes his eyes. The Masked Man squeezes the trigger. The screaming reaches its crescendo. The ticking is unbearably loud. Isaac waits for the gunshot. Suddenly the ticking stops. Trembling, Isaac slowly opens his eyes to see the stopwatch hanging from the counter, silently swaying in front of his face. There is no gun. The Masked Man is gone. Isaac looks to the door. The clamp is gone. Isaac raises himself to his knees and surveys the room. Some people still chant, but softly now. Others simply lie there exhausted. It looks like the aftermath of a war, yet not a single shot has been fired. Isaac sees the Masked Man's balaclava on the floor and quickly pushes it into his pocket. He reaches across and stops the swaying watch.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

A very nervous Isaac enters. He starts the stopwatch. There is only one other customer in the shop and a camp checkout boy, CLYDE, behind the counter. Isaac moves to the toy section. The customer pays and exits. Isaac takes a toy gun from its packaging, pulls the balaclava over his head and rushes at the checkout boy.

ISAAC
Don't move.

Clyde takes one look at Isaac and promptly faints.

ISAAC
No, that's not what you're supposed to...

Isaac steps behind the counter and tries to lift Clyde. Clyde doesn't stir. Suddenly Isaac hears a whispered voice.

VOICE (O/C)
Don't hurt him, please.

Isaac spins around, pointing the gun. He freezes, shocked to see Julie, the girl from college and the bus, in her grocery store uniform. Isaac panics, but still holds the gun on her. She doesn't recognize him because of the balaclava.

ISAAC
I didn't mean to...don't be
frightened. Your name is...

JULIE
Julie

ISAAC
Yes. It's a lovely name.

JULIE
What?

Awkward silence. Adrenaline pumping through him, Isaac places the stopwatch on the counter and rubs his sweaty palms.

ISAAC
Would you open the cash register,
please?

Julie opens the cash register.

ISAAC
Thank you, Julie, will you put the
money in a bag please.
(as Julie puts the money
in the bag)
You look exhausted.

JULIE
(stops to look at him)
Pardon?

ISAAC
How long have you been working
here?

JULIE
Two years.

ISAAC
What do you do when you're not...I
mean what are your interests...the
things that interest you?

CLYDE
(from behind the counter)
Are you robbing the place or
looking for a date?

JULIE
Shut up Clyde.

ISAAC
Yes.

JULIE
Yes, what?

ISAAC
This is not me. Someday, hopefully,
you'll understand why. And perhaps
we can, after you have forgiven me,
we could have...

JULIE
What are you talking about?
(Isaac takes off his
balaclava. Julie is
confounded.)
You?

ISAAC
I didn't know you worked here...I
wouldn't have if...would you...with
me...have a cup of coffee? I don't
mean now tonight, but after the
book and everything has changed.

JULIE
Book?

ISAAC
Yes. I need to go to prison...like
you said, a "real" book. I know
it's confusing, if we were sitting
having that coffee, I could explain
it to...

CLYDE (O/C)
Is this how you normally hit on
women?

ISAAC
I don't normally talk to...I don't
seem to have...

Julie jolts as a powerful voice barks from behind Isaac.

COP (O/C)
Drop your weapon, do it now, do it.
(Isaac freezes)
(MORE)

COP(cont'd)

If you do not drop your weapon, I will not hesitate to shoot.

(Isaac drops the gun and slowly begins to turn around)

Do not turn around. Do not look at me. Put your hands behind your head. Kneel down.

(Isaac puts his hands behind his head and kneels)

If you move your hands I will shoot.

(keeping his own gun aimed at Isaac's head, the cop reaches down slowly and picks up the toy gun)

Plastic.

He kicks Isaac full force in the stomach and handcuffs him.

JULIE

What was that for?

COP

(dragging Isaac off the floor toward the door)

Lady, five minutes ago you prayed for your life. I'm the answer to that prayer.

CLYDE

(watching them exit)

He can arrest me any day.

As the cop puts him into the car, Isaac looks over his shoulder into the store to see Julie watching him.

INT. POLICE HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Isaac sits in a holding cell with several others. He soaks up every detail, scanning their faces, their tattoos, everything about them. The Cop who arrested him passes the cell.

COP

Greenblatt, you got a lawyer?

Isaac shakes his head. A prostitute is brought past amid catcalls and wolf whistles.

DEVIANT

Hey baby, why don't you come in here and suck my salty scrotum?

PROSTITUTE

If you suck the farts of a dying pig. Fucking nonce.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE PETERS is bored as he listens to Isaac's greasy lawyer.

LAWYER

The gun was a replica. He has no previous, and has expressed genuine remorse.

JUDGE

Fine, I'll take that into account.

ISAAC

(realizing he might get off)

Can I say something your Honour?
I'd like to request, your Honour,
that you...suck the farts of a
dying pig... fucking nonce.

Everybody freezes. The court stenographer stops typing. The Lawyer tries to smile at the Judge, but he feels sick.

INT/EXT. PRISON BUS - DAY

The bus is moving and full of tough looking prisoners. Each one sits staring dead ahead. Nobody speaks, moves, or interacts in any way, except Isaac. He looks like a kid on a school tour. CHRIS, the prisoner beside Isaac, looks scared.

ISAAC

Did you ever hear of Arthur Janov?
(Chris studiously ignores Isaac)

Primal Therapy? Mommy, Daddy?
(Chris doesn't respond)

I don't know if I really liked my Father.

(he doesn't see the approaching Guard)

Or my Mother for that matter.

GUARD

You going to shut your hole, or am I?

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Isaac see the towers, the fences and the walls as the bus pulls in.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Isaac, Chris and the new inmates move along the wall on their way to the processing area. From across the exercise yard the prison population, particularly one group, watches them very closely.

JACK, 44 - 50, sexy, manipulative and cruel, nods across to one of the guards, Hamilton. Hamilton points to Isaac and Jack nods yes. Following the guard's feet and the inmate's feet as they move along the corridor we track with them until they stop outside a cell. We move up to reveal the guard Hamilton, who has been leading Isaac. Isaac enters the cell. As he does Hamilton looks downstairs at a cell. The door is opened and a soft red light emanates from it.

INT. CELL - DAY

Isaac steps into the cell. There are two beds, a toilet and a small sink. On one bed there are articles belonging to another inmate, including a small radio. Isaac breathes deeply and closes his eyes, absorbing the sounds and smells of jail. Jack appears in the doorframe, watching him. Isaac hears music and spins around to see Jack holding the radio.

ISAAC

Oh, hello I'm Isaac.

He offers his hand. Jack ignores it and turns off the radio.

JACK

You've never been in jail before.

ISAAC

Yes. No. How could you tell?

JACK

Listen to me now. This cell is my home. You are a guest in my home. If you disrespect my home, if you take advantage of my home, I will be a bad host. If you respect and appreciate me in my home, I will welcome you as I would a brother into this home. Make it a family home. You got any money?

ISAAC

No. A little.

JACK

Give it to me.

ISAAC

No.

JACK

See what's happening here?

ISAAC

What?

JACK

Here you stand, in this cell, in my home. I try to establish trust. You reject that trust. I offer it. You reject it.

ISAAC

But I don't know you.

JACK

Well I'm getting to know you very quickly.

ISAAC

How do I know I'll get it back?

JACK

You don't.

ISAAC

(taking out the money and slowly handing it to Jack)

This is everything I've got.

JACK

Everything - you wouldn't lie to me?

Isaac nods no. Jack looks him dead in the eye, then slips the money back into Isaac's breast pocket.

JACK

Now I can trust you. Brother.

Jack winks and exits. He passes the massive MEXICANO who has been listening outside, pats his breast pocket and moves away. Isaac, continuing to unpack, takes a book out of his bag. The doorway is suddenly filled by Mexicano. Isaac drops the book. Mexicano picks up the book, takes a step closer and turns the first page. Without looking up from the book, he reaches into Isaac's breast pocket and takes out the money.

MEXICANO

I'm your official welcoming committee.

Suddenly rough hands are dragging Mexicano away. Like some knight in shining armor, Jack has returned.

JACK

What are you doing? This is my friend. My fucking friend! Under my protection. You know what that means.

MEXICANO

I didn't know. I swear. You know I wouldn't. I didn't know. If I had -

ISAAC

He took my -

JACK

Shut up! I'm dealing with this. Just this once I am going to believe you. Once, never again.

MEXICANO

Yes. Yes. Thank you.

JACK

Get out.

ISAAC

But you still have -

JACK

OUT!!

Mexicano scampers out of the cell. Isaac tries to speak.

JACK

Learn to shut your hole first and ask questions later. If you don't, I can't protect you.

ISAAC

He took the money.

JACK

What - why didn't you say something?

ISAAC

You just said I have to learn to shut up.

JACK

Until it's time to speak up like a man.

Jack quickly walks along the landing. He checks over his shoulder and turns the corner. Mexicano is waiting for him, all trace of fear gone. He slips Jack the money.

MEXICANO

What do you think?

JACK

He's going to be the best yet.

MEXICANO

What is it with that "this is my home" speech? It's the fifth time I've heard it.

JACK

A man's response to that speech tells me more about his state of mind than a truckload of psychologists.

INT. PRISON LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Amongst the washing machines SCROUNGER stares at Jack.

SCROUNGER

You want what?

JACK

(extending the money)
You paid to get things or to ask questions?

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - DAY

Isaac nervously cleans the book as Jack enters.

JACK

He got away.

ISAAC

Thanks for trying. Brother.

INT. PRISON SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Next morning. Mexicano dries himself as WEASEL talks. At the end showers two inmates CHARLIE and RON, are watching the guard Hamilton.

WEASEL

You should. Or me. Why is Jack always first?

INT. EXERCISE YARD - DAY

Close up still image of a masturbating naked woman. Quickly replaced by another of a woman in the shower. In the top corner is the ten of hearts. We pull back to reveal Jack dealing two hands of pornographic playing cards.

JACK

You really never played poker?
Second greatest game in the world.

ISAAC

What's the first?

JACK
(flashing one of the
cards)
The mating game. Looking at these
broads makes me realize how ugly
you are.

ISAAC
You're no oil painting yourself.

JACK
I'll have you know, and this is a
fact, there are women out there who
have literally begged me to fuck
them. How many times has that
happened to you?

ISAAC
How many women have you
been...intimate...?

JACK
A lot. A lot more than you.

ISAAC
Wouldn't be difficult.

JACK
(suddenly looking up from
his cards)
I don't believe it. I do not
believe this. Jesus Christ. A bona
fide virgin.

ISAAC
Jack, there are many lonely people
out there. I'm one of them.

JACK
I cannot believe I got me a virgin.

ISAAC
What's it like?

JACK
To fuck a cunt?

ISAAC
No. To be in love. To make love.

JACK
To make love? Let me tell you a
few truths. Women feign
sensitivity. It's all a
protective lie. The fact is they
like being fucked, really fucked
by some big dicked beefcake.

(MORE)

JACK(cont 'd)

Yes, they might say, I feel so guilty, I've never done anything like this before, if my husband knew what I was doing, blah fucking blah. Then you turn them over, fuck them doggy style and boy watch that guilt vanish. Harder. Faster. Deeper. Drill me. Fuck me. Hump me. And the more brutal and animalistic you are, the more they get off. That red flush rises up their titties, onto their neck, and they literally weep with joy. Nothing like a spot of forced entry to get those feminine juices flowing. She'll resist a little at the start. Okay. It's an acquired taste. But, by the end I guarantee you, she'll thank you for it. Maybe even love you.

ISAAC

What does her vulva feel like?

JACK

Her what?

ISAAC

Vulva.

JACK

Wet usually.

ISAAC

Have you ever performed cunnilingus?

JACK

Where did you get these words?

ISAAC

From books. What's wrong?

JACK

People don't use words like vulva and cunni-fucking-lingus.

ISAAC

Teach me the words.

They continue playing poker; images from the pornographic playing cards explode onto the screen during the following.

JACK

Okay. Making love is screwing, fucking banging, you know those.

(MORE)

JACK(cont 'd)

Ball slapping, pussy whipping,
horizontal mambo. Belly on belly,
in the saddle, bunny boogaloo.
Hump, jump, slam. Pretty pom pom
puke. Grind, impale, stab in the
main vein. Put the Devil into
hell, yum yum jig jig, up to your
nuts in guts. Dance the four
legged frolic with your arse on
the ceiling, parallel park the
pink Cadillac, and beat the bitch
with your ugly stick. So many for
vulva; pussy, cunt, twat, snatch.
Flange, beaver, poontang, quim,
hairy donut holiday inn. Main
vein masterpiece, furry hoop fuck
hole. Spasm chasm, pink velvet
sausage wallet. Gash, slash,
quiff, minge. Pink eye, middle
eye, vertical grin. Cunny honey
fruit cup. Butter boat love
muscle. And the second hole from
the back of the neck. Of course
let's not forget cunnilingus. Rug
munching, pussy eating, tongue
wash. Pearl diving, licking out,
slopping at the hog trough.
Fooling in the fish lipped fuck
flaps. Licking little sister's
long eye. Tasting the eye that
weeps when best pleased.
Groveling at the front bum
badger. Sneezing in the stench
trench, and my personal favorite,
chewing the furry burger.

ISAAC

Good God, you're a poet of the
obscene. Have you never fallen in
love?

JACK

Only with every woman alive. What
the hell is a virgin doing in this
place? What are you in for?

ISAAC

Armed robbery.

JACK

You got white collar ponce written
all over you, tax evasion, computer
fraud, not armed robbery. If we're
to be brothers you can't be lying
to me.

ISAAC

Do you swear I can trust you?

JACK

I protect you from that Mexicano skunkfuck. I try to get your money back. What have you done for me lately?

ISAAC

You're right I'm sorry. This is new to me. I'm still learning.

JACK

Well learn faster fuckwit. Spit it out.

ISAAC

This is a sociological experiment.

JACK

Come again?

ISAAC

All my life I've been a coward. Infinite dreams but no courage. Dreamed of being somebody important, doing something important. Dreamed of falling in love with the most beautiful woman. Being her hero. Saving a life by sacrificing my own. Watching my own funeral from above. Dreamed of buying my mother and father a decent place to live. Then they died. Left a son who dreamed of everything and achieved nothing. So, I want to leave something behind. For them. A book. Not just any book, but a great one. A book about the decency and intelligence that can hide within the criminal mind. Good men in a bad place. An insight from inside. Here - my education starts here. This place has everything I need to write that book. Except, maybe, a typewriter. So that's it. It may be armed robbery but I'm not a criminal, I did it to get in here. My right of entry to reality.

JACK

Well spank me pink and call me Miss Piggy. Quite the dark horse aren't you. Not only am I impressed, I'm going to help you realize this dream of yours. Take you under my wing. Be your tutor.

Isaac is thrilled. Jack smiles warmly.

JACK
One more thing.
(BOOM!! Jack punches Isaac
hard in the face)
Welcome to reality.

INT. GUARD'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

SAM, a powerfully built but gentle new guard is brought into the locker room by the WARDEN, where Hamilton is changing.

WARDEN
They're a good team here. You'll fit right in. The boys go bowling on Wednesday nights. I'm not invited, but then I'm too boring. Isn't that right Frank?

HAMILTON
Warden, you know you're welcome anytime.

Warden affectionately punches Hamilton on the shoulder. As he exits he turns to Sam.

WARDEN
Come upstairs when you've changed and we'll get you started.

SAM
He seems decent.

HAMILTON
He's a prick.

INT. COURT BUILDING - DAY

Isaac's Professor stands outside the court. The Professor knocks on Judge Peter's chamber's door.

INT. PRISON CANTEEN - DAY

Mexicano and the cronies are eating breakfast. Jack sits alone. Mexicano reaches across to take food off Weasel's plate but stops in mid reach.

MEXICANO
That's him.

The cronies stop eating and watch Isaac as he joins the queue. His face reddened by Jack's punch, he stands very uneasily in the queue. The CHEF, sweating like a dog, serves the food.

Isaac looks at Chef's filthy fingernails, leaves the queue, takes a plastic glass of water and turns to look for a seat. He sees Jack, hesitates, then snubs him by sitting alone. Jack wipes bread on his plate, a knowing grin on his face.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

Scrounger pushes a laundry trolley. He passes Jack and Isaac's empty cell, takes a package out of the trolley, slips it into a pillowcase and throws it onto Jack's bed.

INT. CANTEEN - DAY

Isaac watches Jack exit. He sips from the glass and balks at the disgusting taste, then sees Mexicano and the cronies smiling at him. He stiffens and stares into the cup.

INT. CELL - DAY

Jack is standing above the parcel on his bed. He slowly pushes back the wrapping paper. We don't see what's in the parcel but Jack is delighted. Then he frowns.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Scrounger writes, on blank paper, with a long sharp pencil. He sees Jack excitedly moving toward him.

SCROUNGER
So, what do you think?

JACK
Perfect, but what about our other items?

SCROUNGER
More difficult to get. Be patient.

JACK
Scrounger, you are an artist.

SCROUNGER
And you Jack are a very strange man.

EXT. EXERCISE YARD - DAY

Isaac, looking vulnerable, sits on his own. From a distance Mexicano and the cronies watch as Jack approaches him.

JACK
Are we having our first argument?
(Isaac ignores him)
What are you all hurt and offended about?

ISAAC
You assaulted me.

JACK
You want to be a writer - exactly
how many pages of this great book
have you written?

ISAAC
None. Yet.

JACK
Have you ever been punched before?

ISAAC
No.

JACK
Now you have page one. I've given
you something to write about. I
didn't assault you, I inspired you.
(Isaac hears a kind of
truth in Jack's words)
And, as if that wasn't enough, I
will provide you with the tools of
the trade.

From behind his back Jack produces sheets of paper and a
pencil. Isaac is deeply touched.

JACK
A little primitive, not a
typewriter, but I did my best.
You're not supposed to have these
in here so keep them well hidden.
And there is one condition - when
you're immortalizing me - make me
beautiful.

INT. MEETING ROOM, PRISON - DAY

A confused Isaac is brought into the meeting room. He sits.
The door opens and his lawyer enters. He ignores Isaac and
sits.

ISAAC
Sorry about the thing with -

LAWYER
You don't get to speak - I talk,
you listen. He's an eloquent man,
that adult education teacher of
yours. Tells Judge Peters you're
just trying to find yourself, all
that. Touching. Pathetic. But the
Judge bought the bullshit and you
are to be released on Wednesday.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

Isaac walks up the stairs. Jack stands at the railings.

ISAAC
It's over.

JACK
What's over?

ISAAC
The adventure. The Judge suspended
my sentence. I'm out on Wednesday.

JACK
Wednesday? But your book?

ISAAC
I know but what can I do?

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM PRISON - DAY

Scrounger explains how to operate a drying machine to two inmates. Jack rushes in and tries to get his attention.

SCROUNGER
The maximum is fourteen kilos but -
excuse me gentlemen.
(turns to Jack)
I'll be with you when I'm ready.
(turns back to the two
inmates)
It's possible to distribute the
weight over six of them instead of
four, which allows you an extra
four kilos.

Scrounger takes off his rubber gloves and moves to Jack.

JACK
Is there a fucking smell off me or
something? Can you get those items
before Wednesday?

SCROUNGER
My pencil.

JACK
Your pencil?

SCROUNGER
My pencil.

JACK
Is that supposed to have some
meaning?

SCROUNGER
You stole from me.

JACK
How could you accuse me of...what
have I stolen?

SCROUNGER
My pencil.

JACK
This insanity is over a pencil?
What would I want with...?
(Scrounger examines every
detail of Jack's face)
I did not steal your pencil. May
God strike me dead if I'm lying.

Scrounger waits for God to strike Jack dead. It doesn't
happen.

SCROUNGER
Wednesday is too early. Three
weeks.

JACK
Shit, Scrounger I thought you were
an artist.

SCROUNGER
An artist Jack, not a magician.

INT. CELL - DAY

Isaac sits on the bed, holding the pencil and staring at a
blank sheet of paper. He smiles warmly when Jack enters.

ISAAC
If I ever write this damn book I'm
going to dedicate it to you.

JACK
What do you mean "if"?

ISAAC
I mean -

JACK
Your whole life, one big if, if
only this, if only that. Now
another if.

ISAAC
You think I want to leave? Being
here, meeting you, it's already
been the most exciting...

JACK
What if writing this book is your
destiny, your one shot at the
title, and you walk away?

ISAAC
What can I do?

JACK
Assault a guard.

ISAAC
What?

JACK
You make a fist and hit that fuck
with everything you got. Judge
suspends your sentence, you
unsuspend it. Assaulting a con will
be meaningless, but a guard will
keep you in jail.

ISAAC
I can't.

Jack picks up the bundle of paper sheets and throws them in
the air. They rain down like giant rectangular snowflakes.

JACK
(holding up the pencil)
I went to a lot of trouble for
this. But just say the word, I'll
snap it and grind it into dust.
Forget about the book.
(Isaac stares at the
pencil)
Is this the day? Is this the hour?
Is this your destiny?

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

Isaac slowly walks down the stairs and moves toward the new
guard Sam. Jack watches from above. As he gets closer Isaac
clenches his fists then stands directly in front of Sam.

SAM
Morning.

Isaac looks at Sam's huge fists, then at his own hands. He
adopts his idea of a boxer's stance. Jack watches from above
and has to choke back a laugh. Sam, feeling in no way
threatened, doesn't move. He is almost tender.

SAM
What is it you're trying to do?

ISAAC
I don't know how to fight.

SAM
Obviously.

ISAAC
I haven't a hope against you. Do I?

SAM
No.

ISAAC
What do I do?

SAM
Walk away.

ISAAC
Okay.
(he makes to move away but
stops)
I can't.

Isaac hesitates, then makes a pathetic attempt at punching Sam. Sam effortlessly blocks the punch.

SAM
My wife throws a better punch.

ISAAC
I'm sorry.

SAM
That's perfectly alright.

ISAAC
This is not fair.

SAM
No.
(Isaac tries another
punch. Again Sam blocks
it with ease)
That was like my four year old
daughter.
(Isaac tries a barrage of
ineffective slaps)
It's also embarrassing. So I'm
going to ask you to stop.

ISAAC
Of course. I'm sorry. And thank
you.

SAM
Have a nice day.

Isaac walks back towards his cell. He looks up and sees Jack watching him. He continues walking, suddenly stops, and winces as he has an idea. He slowly walks back to Sam.

ISAAC
You said your wife has a better
punch than me.

SAM
That I did.

ISAAC
Do you think she could come in
and...
(hesitating, not wanting
to say the words)
...suck my salty scrotum?

Sam reacts slightly. Isaac waits for the punch.

SAM
Probably.

Isaac walks away again but stops. Looking sick, he turns back.

ISAAC
You mentioned your four year old
daughter.

SAM
Don't go there.

ISAAC
Do you think you could bring her in
and she -

BANG!! Sam's fist slams into Isaac's jaw and BLACKOUT. From the BLACKOUT we hear delirious laughter.

FADE UP:

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

Jack laughs as he tries to get Isaac to regain consciousness.

JACK
He's gone to report it to the
warden. There's no way they're
letting you out early now. Today
you earned the right to walk with
men.

ISAAC
I feel sick - what I said to him.

JACK
Wife, daughter, mother? Fuck him.

ISAAC
What am I becoming?

JACK
Today you sprouted balls. Little balls they may be, but balls nonetheless. You're becoming a man.

ISAAC
But what kind of man?

JACK
A man whose life is no longer fiction. Today you earned the right to put our lives down on paper, because today you became one of us. Today is chapter one.

Jack ceremoniously produces the pencil. Isaac smiles and grips the pencil gently but Jack doesn't let go of it.

JACK
Welcome to my world.

The guard Hamilton, holding a visitors clipboard, appears.

HAMILTON
Visitor.

JACK
Yeah, I'll be with you in a minute.

HAMILTON
Not you. Him.

JACK
(surprised and not happy)
I thought you didn't know anybody.

ISAAC
So did I.

INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY

Isaac, nose bleeding, waits at a table. He studies the other people in the room. The door opens to reveal Julie, the woman from the classes and the store. Struggling to appear calm she walks to him.

JULIE
Hello Shakespeare.
(Isaac is speechless.
Julie sits)
Win any Pulitzer prizes lately?

Isaac grins like an embarrassed shy child. Julie takes out the stopwatch.

JULIE

I believe this is yours.

(suddenly faltering)

I'm sorry this is not working. I wanted to. Nothing is going to happen here. Don't ask me to do anything for you. No favours. Nothing like that. I won't. In the shop. The gun. I know you weren't going to hurt me. You said...Your book. I thought about it. There's something, I don't know...I was touched. No. I don't know. This... friendship. No, not even. This conversation, this visit, it's...I wanted to change. Believe again. That's not...But it was a bad idea.

ISAAC

(as Julie stands to leave)
Julie, please.

JULIE

You remember my name?

ISAAC

Yes. It means youngest.

JULIE

How do you know that?

ISAAC

In the class. I heard your name. The library. I looked it up.

JULIE

Why?

ISAAC

I don't know. Please. Sit. Two minutes.

Julie hesitates, sits and stares at Isaac. He doesn't know what to do, so he slides the stopwatch across to her.

ISAAC

A gift. For you.

JULIE

I'm tired. Tired of men who lie. Lie to get what they want, lie some more to keep it. You've got two minutes. Convince me you're not a liar.

ISAAC

(looks at the ticking
stopwatch and is panicked
into truth)

No lies. The truth. Loneliness.
Lonely. Being lonely sucks your
life away. Destroys personality.
Hurts. Like cancer. People smell it
and keep far away. I've been too
lonely too long. I took a risk. One
risk in my entire life. That night
in your shop. I left my world. The
book is my passport to a new one. I
have a guardian angel for a cell
mate. He's my best friend. I never
had a best friend. Then this, here,
now. Every Thursday and Friday I
see everybody being called down for
their visits. Today I was called.
Me. Who would visit me? It must be
a mistake. In or out of jail I've
never had a woman visit me. Yet
here I sit. Talking to you. I would
consider it an honour to be your
friend. And honest to God, I'll
never lie to you.

Julie says nothing, just stares at Isaac. She reaches for the
stopwatch and presses stop.

ISAAC

Did I say something wrong? I don't
know how to talk to women. What did
I say?

JULIE

(stands and stares
straight into Isaac's
eyes)

I might see you tomorrow.

INT. CELL - DAY

Jack sits on his bed turning the radio on and off. Isaac
arrives and stands in a state of delighted shock. Jack eyes
him but says nothing.

ISAAC

Women find you desirable.

JACK

Your visitor was a woman?

ISAAC

Teach me how to be desirable.

JACK

A woman?

ISAAC

Please teach me.

JACK

You do what I tell without question.

ISAAC

Yes. Within reason.

JACK

Fuck reason. What are the three qualities a woman wants most from a man, apart from a big wallet and a bigger cock?

ISAAC

I have no idea.

JACK

One. Make her laugh. Make her laugh and you're halfway to banging her.

ISAAC

I don't want to 'bang' her.

JACK

Shut the fuck up. Two. Dance. Like Gene Kelly. Women love that shit. And, Izzy, not only am I funny as fuck, but I'm a diamond on the dance floor. And today I'm going to impart these two manly skills to you.

ISAAC

(delighting in Jack's contagious enthusiasm)

Bravo.

JACK

Make me laugh. Now. Right now.

ISAAC

What?

JACK

I'm not laughing.

ISAAC

Give me a second. Let me think.

JACK

Still not laughing.

ISAAC

Alright. I think this is right.
There was this man. From Texas. He
was a tall man. With black hair.
And big shoulders. And he had a
dog. Called Shep. And...

Jack bursts into an hysterical, offensive, parody of laughter
then abruptly stops.

ISAAC

Jack. Don't spoil it.

JACK

I'm being cruel? I'm hurting you?
Well boo fucking hoo. Get over it.
Learn to live with it because a
woman will be crueller than you can
possibly imagine. Reveal yourself
as sensitive and she'll savage you.
I'm going to show you how to be
funny. Listen and learn. What's
better than winning silver in the
Special Olympics?

ISAAC

Gold?

JACK

Not being handicapped.

ISAAC

But Jack, that's not funny.

JACK

What do you mean it's not funny?
It's fucking hilarious.
(turning on the radio)
Not funny. Stand up. "There was a
dog from Texas". What the fuck do
you know about funny? I know funny.
You don't. I do.

As Isaac stands, Jack turns the radio up loud and scans
through the stations. He stops on a rousing tango. He stares
at Isaac and assumes the matador stance of a tango dancer.
Isaac has no idea how to respond. Jack grabs him and, as the
music swells, he forces Isaac to dance. In a frenzied display
of movement Jack throws him around like a rag doll. He lets
him go and Isaac slumps to the floor.

JACK

Okay, you're neither Gene Kelly
nor Groucho Marx but you are a
wordsmith. String the right words
together, you'll manipulate her
into doing anything. I'm a woman.
(MORE)

JACK(cont'd)

Waiting for a train. Approach,
and talk to me.

ISAAC

Jack...

JACK

I'm not Jack. My name is Stephanie.
It takes work to become the man you
want to be. Now begin.

ISAAC

No.

JACK

Don't make me go over to you.

ISAAC

(stands beside Jack in
embarrassed silence)

Hello.

Jack, as Stephanie, looks at him bashfully and smiles.
Silence.

ISAAC

You have lovely hair.

JACK

Go on. Think of your visitor.

ISAAC

(closes his eyes and
imagines Julie)

Your mouth. I get lost in your
mouth.

JACK

That's it.

ISAAC

The words. Their tone. The breath.

JACK tentatively reaches out to Isaac's face. He stops just
short of touch, caressing the air in front of Isaac's mouth.

ISAAC

Your lips. They make me nervous.
Shy.

JACK

Now you're making me feel loved.
Continue.

Isaac opens his eyes. Jack swiftly pulls his hand away.

ISAAC

No. That's it. This is not me.

JACK

It's the best part of you. Anybody can be anybody. Remember that. In here imagination is everything. Learn to use it because your visitor probably won't come back. Most are a once off, clear their conscience and never return.

ISAAC

She said she'll be back tomorrow.

JACK

They always do. But a lot of dreams die waiting for tomorrow.

As Jack says this the cell door begins to slide shut. He immediately grabs one of Isaac's sheets of paper, pulls down his trousers and crouches down to defecate. Close in on Jack's grimacing face. Isaac, sucking on the pencil, watches in embarrassment.

JACK

Keep it in all day, now it won't come out.

Jack unintentionally farts.

JACK

How undignified, excuse me.

He pushes harder, the strain causing a louder fart.

JACK

Ow! I think I just gave birth.

Isaac laughs. Jack sniffs the air.

JACK

Why is it do you think that men savor with such relish the scent of their own farts? Hold on, hold on, we have lift off...

Jack defecates. Isaac turns to the wall. We stay on Isaac.

JACK

Too much for you? Don't pretend you don't sneak a peak at the toilet paper after every wipe.

Jack appears behind Isaac, swipes the pencil from his mouth and rummages through the faeces with it. Isaac responds with disgust.

JACK

You can wash it when I'm finished.
Bingo!

Jack has found a cellophane wrap of tablets. He dumps the shitty paper in the toilet, washes the wrap and holds it up in the air.

JACK

Say hello to happiness.

Isaac looks at the tablets and laughs nervously.

ISAAC

I told you, I appreciate it, but
no.

JACK

A good writer would never turn down
new experience, an introduction to
the world of the imagination. Don't
go back to being a coward; the new
you is better.

Camera shoots into tablets, then into the blackness of Isaac's fearful eyeball. Pull out again to reveal Jack and Isaac lying side by side on the floor, staring at the ceiling, high as kites.

ISAAC

Hello happiness.

Jack smiles benignly at Isaac. All we see is the dark concrete of the ceiling but they focus on it as if it were a work of art.

ISAAC

Jack, what are you in for?

Jack laughs. There is a lovely warmth in their interaction.

JACK

Patient no more. Alright, I see you
praying every night. Don't know who
your God is, but I grew up a
Catholic. Priests. Learned the hard
way what kind of greedy degenerate
fucks they were. So for a long time
I believed in nothing. Then I came
across this book about the Buddha.
Damn good book.

We hear the almost inaudible sound of car alarm.

JACK

So every night before I go to bed I read a little more and feel a little better. Across the road there was this car. I'd be reading and the alarm would go off. Whoever owns the car, night after night, does nothing. I'm losing patience. I get up, I get dressed, I'm in a rage, but I see the book and I think - do the right thing here. I write a note, a simple, tender note, and end it with 'God bless you neighbour.'

They still stare at the ceiling, but as Jack continues, a drug induced moving image begins to appear on the dark concrete. The ceiling slowly transforms into a cinema screen.

JACK

I go downstairs to the car.

The image becomes clear. It is Jack walking across the street towards the car. The flickering glow from the image dances on Isaac's wide-eyed face. Jack looks magnificent on the screen.

JACK

I put the note under the wiper. The alarm is still going, the noise deafening, but I don't feel too bad; I overcame my anger; the book was really teaching me something.

On the ceiling Jack strolls along looking calm and happy. He passes people and they give him friendly smiles. As Jack continues the story he watches himself on the screen.

JACK

I go for a walk. The air feels pure. The people I meet look happy. By the time I get home the alarm has stopped. I sleep well. Next night the alarm goes off.

On screen Jack bolts upright in his bed. He is enraged.

JACK

I'm calm, I'll give him time. He got the note, give him time. I wait and I wait. Getting louder and I wait. I get out of bed. I write a second note.

On the ceiling Jack, wearing a bathing robe and bedroom slippers, marches down the steps. The car is parked under a streetlight and the indicators are flashing. He puts the note under the wiper.

JACK

'Fix your fucking alarm or I will.'
Don't sleep well that night. Can't
concentrate on my Buddha book. Next
night the alarm goes off, I wait.
Nothing. Fuck you Buddha.

On the ceiling Jack stands at the top of the steps. As before he wears his bathing robe and bedroom slippers but this time he is holding a baseball bat. He marches down the steps. People stop to look at him. The indicator lights flash as the alarm gets louder. Jack raises the baseball bat, positions himself squarely, takes aim, practices a few swings, shrugs his shoulders, rolls his neck, inhales deeply, and smashes the windscreen. People watching get excited. Jack rolls his neck again and smashes an indicator light. Somebody laughs. He smashes another indicator. Somebody cheers. Jack moves to the rear of the car and smashes the back windscreen. People applaud. With balletic grace Jack smashes each side window. More laughter and cheering. Jack stands back to survey his work. He makes eye contact with an onlooker. Jack holds the bat out for him. The onlooker, reacting as if he has won a great prize, is delighted to take the bat. A little over enthusiastic, he tries to hit every part of the car at once. People laugh and applaud. Jack looks up to see people opening their apartment windows and cheering. An old woman, with a little dog on a lead, watches. The enthusiastic onlooker offers the baseball bat to her. People laugh louder. She takes the bat and hands him the dog lead. She doesn't really know how to use the bat, struggling with its weight, but Jack appears behind her and helps. Together they smash another indicator. People laugh warmly and the old woman is thrilled. Her little dog barks in delight. Jack gestures for everybody to stand back, rolls his neck one last time, and unleashes a frenzied attack on the car bonnet. People are silenced by the ferocity of the attack. Jack stops, the alarm gets louder. Jack raises the bat one last time and everybody watches as he brings it crashing down onto the horribly dented bonnet. The alarm stops, everybody screams laughing, others whistle, others throw toilet rolls out their windows as streamers. Jack rests the bat on his shoulder and smiles. This movie star image of Jack freezes on the ceiling. We move back to the real Jack and Isaac lying on the ground staring at this image.

JACK

I felt closer to God than I had in
a very long time. Buddha books were
good, but this was better.

Jack stands and looks around the cell as he makes his way to bed.

JACK

And it was the first time I was
arrested; a good man in a bad
place.

Isaac stands and stares at the image of Jack on the ceiling.

ISAAC

Movies are made about men like you.
You're a hero, Jack, a people's
hero. There is a God and I thank
him for you.

Isaac watches the image on the ceiling fade away.

JACK

Ask me anything and I'll do it
right now.

Isaac lies down on his own bed and slips under the covers.

ISAAC

Jack, you're pretty much perfect as
you are.

JACK

Anything at all.

ISAAC

Sing to me.

JACK

What?

ISAAC

Sing to me. Sing me 'Silent Night.'

JACK

Silent Night? Fuck Off.

ISAAC

You said anything. My Mother used
to sing it to me. I'd like you to
sing 'Silent Night.'

Jack reluctantly starts to hum the tune to Silent Night.
Isaac lies on the bed smiling. After a few bars Jack farts
loudly.

JACK

Ah! Christ, Isaac, call an
ambulance, I've split my butt-
cheeks.

Isaac is stoned enough to find this locker room humour
hilarious. Jack lifts the sheets and inhales deeply.

JACK

Whoosh! Here, Izzy, why do farts
smell - so that deaf people can
appreciate them too.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Isaac's peals of laughter reverberate around the empty corridors. Frank, sitting in his office playing computer chess, hears the laughter, reaches across and closes the door.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Next morning. Several inmates showering. The guard Hamilton leans against the wall, looking bored. The inmate Ron enters, with a towel wrapped around him. He carefully takes it off, trying to conceal the twine wrapped inside.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

Isaac stands at the railings watching the guard holding the clipboard and going in and out of various cells. Jack stands in the cell doorway.

JACK

Sad to see what a woman can do to a man.

The guard goes into the cell next door, calls out "visitor" then moves past Isaac on up the corridor. Isaac smiles painfully.

JACK

Don't take it personally my friend. It's what women do. All promise, no delivery. Fill you with anticipation, then...

The guard returns and checks the clipboard.

GUARD

You Greenblatt?

Thrilled, Isaac runs down the stairs. Jack is not happy.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Charlie enters. He ignores Ron.

INT. VISITORS ROOM - DAY

Isaac sits down in front of Julie.

JULIE

I was awake all night wondering if I should visit again.

ISAAC

I was awake all night hoping you would.

JULIE

I was going to just leave you a message.

ISAAC

I was going to try to find your number.

JULIE

Stop saying all the right things. It's too...it makes me question your honesty.

ISAAC

Sorry.

Silence.

JULIE

How much of this book have you written?

ISAAC

Half a page.

Julie bursts out laughing. Massive release of tension.

JULIE

That's certainly honest.

She takes his hand and writes her phone number on it.

JULIE

Don't call too early. I work nights.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - DAY

All the inmates have left except for Charlie and Ron. Charlie approaches the guard Hamilton. Like lightning, Ron appears behind Hamilton, slams him against the wall, grabs his arms and, as he wraps the twine around his wrists, Charlie pulls a plastic bag over his head. This happens so fast that by the time Hamilton screams out his voice is muffled by the plastic bag. They drag him to the middle shower, dump him on the ground, rush down both sides, turning on all the showers to drown out the noise, then quickly exit, leaving Hamilton flailing wildly on the ground. He struggles to stand but keeps slipping on the wet tiles, and without the use of his hands to cushion the fall, he smashes his face on the ground.

INT. OUTSIDE SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Isaac is a happy man, looking at Julie's phone number on his hand. Ron and Charlie rush past, knocking him against the wall.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Isaac peers around the corner and sees Hamilton thrashing about on the floor. Terrified, he guiltily scampers away.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - DAY

The water bounces off the plastic bag over Hamilton's face. He tries one last desperate vain attempt to bite through the plastic. Suddenly a pair of hands rip open the plastic. One of the hands has a phone number on it - Isaac. As he sucks in air, Hamilton's face is blue, but he's alive.

INT. GROUND FLOOR AREA - DAY

Isaac, his hands wet, rushes upstairs. Just as he enters the cell, he hears screaming from below.

INT. GROUND FLOOR AREA - DAY

Hamilton runs out, hands tied, bleeding, and screaming. Guards spill out of everywhere. Pandemonium.

GUARD

LOCK DOWN! GET IN YOUR FUCKING
CELLS!

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - DAY

Isaac sits on his bed, terrified. The door is sliding shut as Jack, being pursued by a Guard, comes rushing into the cell. The door slams shut. Jack lies down, laughing, panting.

JACK

Nothing like a little riot to kill
the boredom. How was the divine
Miss Julie?

Isaac looks at his hand and nearly weeps. The water from the shower has washed off Julie's phone number.

INT. CHARLIE AND RON'S CELL - NIGHT

In the darkness Charlie sleeps. There is slight movement in the cell but we can't make out what it is. Charlie stirs, opens his eyes and looks at Ron. Ron looks peaceful. Charlie squints to focus better in the bad light. He frowns slightly as he sees a tiny trickle of dark liquid seeping from Ron's ear. Charlie is confused for a moment. Then he bolts upright in the bed. The cell is full of silent guards. Charlie screams like a child.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Next morning. A guard presses the central locking button. On each level the cell doors slide open. Inmates wander out onto the corridor. Jack steps out, looking confused but pleased.

Behind him Isaac sticks his head out, looking like a man who's expecting to be attacked.

JACK
What happened to the lock down?

INT. CANTEEN KITCHEN - DAY

Inmates bring trays of yoghurt into the kitchen.

CHEF
What's this?

INMATE
Warden's orders.

INT. CANTEEN - DAY

Chef dumps the usual morning porridge onto each inmate's bowl but they respond with surprise when he puts a tub of yoghurt on each tray. Mexicano is at the front of the queue.

MEXICANO
Christmas already?

CHEF
Gift from the Warden. Ron and Charlie attacked Hamilton. He'd be dead if some kind hearted con hadn't helped him. Who the good deed merchant is, nobody knows, so everybody's getting a reward; no lockdown and a tub of yoghurt.

Mexicano holds up the yoghurt tub, examines it and gestures for Weasel to come over to him.

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - DAY

Isaac sits on the bed, his knees pulled up to his chin, watching the doorway. Jack enters, drying his hair.

JACK
Some crazy fuck tried to kill Hamilton.

ISAAC
Jack, I'm in trouble.

INT. CANTEEN - DAY

Weasel stands at the end of the queue, whispering to each new arrival. We move across to JESTER as he tears the lid off his yoghurt tub. He puts a large spoonful into his mouth but freezes when he sees Mexicano looking at him. He looks around and sees other inmates watching too. He slowly spits the yoghurt back into the tub, wipes the spoon clean and places it by the tub.

INT. CELL - DAY

Jack rests a fatherly hand on Isaac's shoulder.

JACK

Tell nobody about this. If it gets out I can't protect you. Charlie and Ron have friends but, so far, nobody knows. Together we can survive this but you must not leave this cell.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

As the Warden plucks his nasal hairs with a tweezers, there's a knock on the door. A Guard enters.

GUARD

Sir, I think you should see this.

INT. CANTEEN - DAY

From behind the Warden's head the camera rises slowly to reveal a huge number of yoghurt tubs spread over the tables, forming some kind of pattern. As the camera rises higher we see, meticulously placed over several tables, the yoghurt tubs, spelling out the words "FUCK YOU WARDEN"

INT. BACK STAIRWAY, PRISON - DAY

Two guards, DAVE and TONY, are bringing a gagged and bound Charlie through a door to the top of a long flight of metal stairs. They are relaxed with each other, and polite towards Charlie as they help him down a few steps.

DAVE

So I ask him what time? He says four o'clock. Seven o'clock I phone. I say it's seven o'clock. He goes, yeah. So, when are you coming? Have to be next week.

Without aggression they let Charlie go. He violently tumbles down the stairs and lands at the bottom. He is screaming in pain but the gag stops the sound.

We hear the sound of another door opening further down. Both guards stroll down after Charlie.

DAVE

Maggie cracks. Have another fight. Next week. Never met a plumber yet who wasn't full of shit.

We track further back to reveal an identical door and metal stairway. Two other guards, MIKE and TRAVIS stand with a bound and gagged Ron.

Ron tries to scream through the gag as he sees Charlie further down.

MIKE

Joe lays down three of a kind.
Fours. Paulie's sweating, sucking
it in. Ray throws down. Paulie's
watching.

They let Ron go and he tumbles down the stairs. The sound of breaking limbs pierce through the air. As Mike takes out cigarettes we hear the gagged pitiful cries of Ron and Charlie.

MIKE

I smile. Slow. Hardly breathing.
And I shit you not. Four aces.

TRAVIS

Bullshit.

MIKE

Waited my whole life for four aces.

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - DAY

Isaac is frantically writing on a sheet of paper, bleary eyed and constantly glancing from the page to the door. Beside him, in a neat pile, are half the sheets of paper, filled with small neat writing. The guard Sam passes the cell door and Isaac flinches.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Jack stands with Mexicano and the cronies, looking up as Sam passes the cell.

WEASEL

Five days is a long time. What if
he just walks out? You've blown
everything.

JACK

Charlie's been transferred with a
snapped spine and Ron's a
vegetable. Nobody gives a rat's
ass about the inbred fuckpigs.
But he doesn't know that. He
thinks the entire prison's out
for revenge. Why would he just
walk out? Asshole. Now cough up.

He takes out one of Isaac's sheets of paper, carefully folded in four, unfolds it and each of the Cronies put a small item of food from their dinner onto the paper. Potato. Piece of meat. Bread. Weasel gives a single pea. Jack picks up the pea, flicks it into Weasel's face and goes up the stairs.

Mexicano and the cronies walk away. Weasel, walking slower than the rest, doubles back, picks the pea off the ground and pops it in his mouth.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

It's bowling night and the teams are in full swing.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Hamilton, in his team uniform, tries to put on his bowling shoes. There are two strips of plaster across his recently broken nose and yellow bruising around his eyes. He closes the locker door and turns to exit, but a wave of panic rushes over him. He sits back down. Sweating. He slowly taps the back of his head against the locker door behind him. Mike, one of the guards who threw Ron and Charlie down the stairs, enters. He starts to take off his prison guard's uniform. Mike looks at Hamilton, opens his locker door and throws a handkerchief to Hamilton who wipes his brow with it.

MIKE

You don't have to do this Frank.
Everyone will understand.

HAMILTON

I'm team captain.
(accepting a cigarette
from Mike)
Mike, what you did with those two.
It helped a lot.

MIKE

(lights the cigarette and
winks)
I'm sure I don't know what you're
talking about.

Hamilton laughs, a desperate, exasperated, happy laugh.

INT. PRISON HOSPITAL - DAY

The guard Sam stands at the end of Ron's hospital bed. Ron, one of the inmates who was thrown down the stairs, is propped up in bed. His eyes are open but his head hangs to one side, a bubbling trail of saliva running down his chin. A beeping sound attracts the NURSE'S attention. The Nurse turns on his drip and pulls the curtain around.

INT. VISITORS PROCESSING AREA - DAY

Julie and the other visitors sign the visitor's clipboard.

INT. GUARD'S OFFICE - DAY

His first day back in work, Hamilton reaches for the visitor's clipboard.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Hamilton moves along the corridor with the clipboard. He stops outside Jack and Isaac's cell.

HAMILTON
Visitor.

Isaac stares at the man whose life he saved.

HAMILTON
What the fuck are you looking at?

INT. HALLWAY TO VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Jack, behaving like a bodyguard, walks with a wretched looking Isaac. They stop at the inmate signing point.

ISAAC
Thanks Jack. For everything.

JACK
Go ahead. I'll collect you in an hour.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM DAY

Julie comes through the visitor's door and is surprised when Isaac wraps his arms around her in an uninhibited embrace.

JULIE
I can't breathe.

Isaac snaps out of his reverie and sits like a child.

JULIE
I was joking. It was nice. I liked it.

ISAAC
Really?

JULIE
In fact I was disappointed you never phoned me.

ISAAC
If you only knew how many hundred thousand times I wanted to.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - DAY

As Jack is going up the stairs, Scrounger passes.

SCROUNGER
Next Thursday.

INT. VISITORS ROOM - DAY

Sam, on door duty, watches Isaac and Julie's tender interaction.

JULIE

It's the bravest thing I've ever heard.

ISAAC

Julie, take my word for it. I'm a coward.

JULIE

Cowards don't save men's lives.

Julie writes her phone number down and hands it to Isaac.

JULIE

Try not to wash it off this time.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Mexicano and Weasel are showering. Jack looks in.

JACK

Weasel, get dressed, I want you.

INT. SEARCH AREA - DAY

Sam searches a grinning Isaac after the visit.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM ENTRANCE - DAY

Isaac walks out, incredibly happy, but winces as he feels tiny drops of water hitting his face. He turns to see Weasel, combing his fingers through his wet hair and flicking the water at him.

WEASEL

(quiet chant)

Charlie's going to get you. Ron's going to get you. Charlie's going to get you.

Isaac panics and rushes down the hallway. At that moment Jack steps from behind the corner and grabs hold of him.

JACK

I'm here.

ISAAC

They know it was me. They know who I am.

JACK

I'm taking care of it. Go quickly.

Weasel watches them go, loudly whispering after them.

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - DAY

Isaac is shocked by something Jack has just said to him.

ISAAC

I can't let you do that. I won't.

JACK

That's the payback deal. The meeting is set for three. They insisted you come, but I said no, just them and me. These are Charlie and Ron's people. What if they get unreasonable? You being there won't help, just provoke. Do you trust me?

ISAAC

Yes.

JACK

With your life?

ISAAC

Yes.

JACK

Then don't jeopardize mine.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - DAY

One of the cronies keeps watch outside. We slowly track past him into the shower room to reveal Jack, Mexicano, and the rest of the cronies. Jack bounces around, rolling his neck and loosening his shoulders. Some of the cronies laugh. Others are nervous.

JACK

Talk about suffering for your art. Right you fucks, you know the drill. Anybody hurts me, breaks a tooth, a bone, anything, me and Mexicano kick the shit out of them. Simple bruising, has to look real, but nothing permanent. Alright. Who's first?

Weasel, like a rabid dog, instantly steps forward. Loud laughter from the rest of the cronies.

JACK

You'll get your turn Weasel. Billy.
(Billy, one of the nervous cronies, steps forward)
Don't be nervous. I won't hit back.
(MORE)

JACK(cont'd)

Just strike me around the face.
Avoid the nose.
(Jack drops his hands and
tenses his body)
Now.

Everyone watches. Billy breathes deeply and slaps Jack's face. Jack strikes back with a stinging punch. Everyone laughs.

JACK
Sorry. Reflex. Billy. I'm sorry.
Instinct.
(Billy is upset and
embarrassed)
We'll try it again. Please, I'm
sorry.
(Billy refuses to
continue)
Alright. Somebody else. Come on.
Step up. I swear I won't hit back.

Jack scans the cronies. Nobody wants to risk it. Suddenly Mexicano steps forward. The Cronies go quiet. Jack whispers.

JACK
What the fuck are you doing?

MEXICANO
Stepping up.

Jack, trying to save face, rolls his neck and takes up the fight position. Weasel can barely contain himself.

WEASEL
Hit him! Hit the fuck!

Everyone laughs. Except Jack and Mexicano. Billy tells everyone to be quiet. Silence. Jack finds it difficult to maintain eye contact. Mexicano just stares at him.

JACK
Right. Before you do anything.
Let's -

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! With lightening speed Mexicano throws a three punch combination. Jack crashes to the ground. The cronies are shocked.

Jack considers getting up but knows his leadership is under serious threat. He looks up at Mexicano and smiles, as if everything were perfectly alright.

JACK
Happy now?

MEXICANO
Very.

Weasel runs over and tries to throw some kicks at Jack. The other cronies crack up laughing and drag him back. Mexicano extends his hand. Jack takes it and Mexicano pulls him up.

WEASEL
(calling after Jack)
What about my turn? Why is it
never my turn?

INT. PRISON LANDING - DAY

Jack walks towards his cell, touching the bruising on his face. He stops outside the cell and pushes the palms of his hands against his eyes. Instant tears.

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - DAY

Isaac watches the doorway. Jack steps in. Isaac covers his mouth in horror and shame.

JACK
I'm alright. Looks worse than it
is.

ISAAC
What happened?

JACK
They said you had to take a
beating. I knew you probably
wouldn't survive it. So I took it
for you. You're free. Debt is paid.

ISAAC
Why are you doing this?

JACK
Doing what?

ISAAC
All this. For me.

JACK
Because, Isaac, you're a decent
person who inspires goodness in
other people. Look at Julie. I
bet you changed her life. The way
you changed mine. She sounds like
an amazing woman. The kind I
never meet. I'd love to meet her.
You think I could? Once? You
could ask her.

(Isaac's response shows
that he wants to say no)
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked
you that. To be honest, I'm not
good enough to meet her. Not yet.
(MORE)

JACK(cont'd)

When I took that beating for you.
It hurt. Hurt bad. But it felt like
a kind of redemption. Being your
protector has made me a better man.
Maybe when I'm a good man I can
meet her. That good man in a bad
place that you talked about.

Isaac hesitates, reaches into his pocket and takes out the
paper with Julie's number on it.

ISAAC
Where's your phone card?

JACK
Isaac. No. Thank you. But no.

ISAAC
Just give it to me.

JACK
(pulls his phone card out
of his pocket)
Are you sure?

ISAAC
What if she's attracted to you?

JACK
You think I'd do that to you?

ISAAC
No.

JACK
Would she?

ISAAC
No. I don't know. No.

JACK
You sure you want this?

ISAAC
Why would I not want the two people
I care most about to meet each
other?

Isaac exits. Jack wipes his crocodile tear as music kicks in.

INT. LANDING CORRIDOR - DAY

Close up on the spinning wheel of Scrounger's trolley.

INT. GUARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Hamilton reaches for the visitor's clipboard.

INT. LANDING CORRIDOR - DAY

The wheel on Scrounger's trolley moves faster.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Hamilton ascends the stairs, carrying the visitor's clipboard.

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - DAY

Jack lies on his bed. Isaac sits, then stands, then laughs.

ISAAC

I'm too nervous. I'm going for a shower.

INT. LANDING - DAY

As he moves along Hamilton turns a page on the clipboard.

INT. LANDING CORRIDOR - DAY

The wheel on Scrounger's trolley suddenly stops spinning.

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - DAY

Jack looks up to see Scrounger standing in the doorway. Scrounger reaches into the trolley, takes out a small parcel, throws it at Jack and exits. Jack delicately opens the parcel. We don't see what it is but we see the delight on Jack's face. Hamilton steps into the doorway. They calmly stare at each other.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Jack passes the cronies and gleefully claps his hands.

JACK

Watch and learn ladies. Tonight's the night.

As Jack continues Isaac comes out from the shower area.

ISAAC

Good luck Jack.

Jack gives Isaac two thumbs up. Mexicano and Weasel watch.

MEXICANO

The man's a genius.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Music ends as Jack enters. He looks around the room. Julie is seated at one of the tables. Jack is pleased by what he sees.

JACK

The divine Miss Julie. Thanks for coming.

JULIE

Thank you for what you did for Isaac.

JACK

Were you nervous about coming?

JULIE

Yes.

JACK

I'm nervous too.

JULIE

Why did you ask for this visit?

JACK

Izzy told me you cut to the chase. Okay. Here it is. I was a lowlife piece of shit until Izzy brought out something better in me. His decency has rubbed off on me. So I get to thinking, maybe some of that goodness, he told me you had, might rub off on me too. Is that naïve?

JULIE

Yes.

Jack laughs. Julie relaxes.

JACK

Appreciate the honesty. Tell me something about yourself.

JULIE

Just your average, ordinary, working stiff.

JACK

Any dreams? Aspirations?

JULIE

Too realistic to dream.

JACK

There must be something you'd like to do. Isaac tells me you go to college. It doesn't have to be real or even possible. Right now, if given the opportunity, anything, what would you like to be?

JULIE
People tend not to ask these
questions.

JACK
Please. I'm genuinely interested.

JULIE
(warming to him)
A concert pianist. See? Just saying
it. Pathetic.

JACK
The day we decide it's pathetic to
dream is the saddest of days.

INT. HALLWAY TO VISITORS ROOM - DAY

The door opens and an inmate walks out. Isaac tries to peer
through the closing door.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Jack listens attentively as Julie opens up to him.

JULIE
And Isaac proved he wasn't a liar.
I'd never done anything like it
before. I picked up the stopwatch
and told him I might see him
tomorrow.

JACK
Izzy never told me this story. What
did he tell you in those two
minutes?

JULIE
The truth.

JACK
What a beautiful story.

JULIE
He also told me you were his best
friend.

JACK
And proud to be. Let me ask you,
with this kind of courage, what
stopped you becoming that concert
pianist?

JULIE
Something called talent. Having
none.

JACK

You must be talented at something.
When was the last time you were
with a man?

JULIE

Pardon?

JACK

A man. The last time.

JULIE

That's a very personal question.

JACK

Come on. Let's not start censoring
our conversation now.

JULIE

Why do you want to know?

JACK

Because, instead of the piano, I
feel your instrument might be the
oboe.

JULIE

The oboe?

JACK

The pink oboe. The meat whistle.
The skin flute. Am I right? I'd say
you'd suck an orange through a
hosepipe and swallow the pips. Am I
right? Like a vacuum cleaner. I'm
right. Aren't I? Bet nothing
pleases you more than chowing down
on some well hung horsemeat. Am I
right? I know I'm right. Come on
cunt, say something. Astound me
with your feminine wit.

Instead of anger, Julie just feels disappointment.

JULIE

Are you well hung Jack?

JACK

Like a donkey.

JULIE

How do you know when a man is well
hung?

JACK

Judging by those lubricated lips of
yours you should be telling me.

JULIE
You know a man is well hung when
you can't fit your little finger in
between his neck and the rope.

JACK
(laughs, a little too
forced)
Good answer. Clever cunt. I'm
impressed.

JULIE
(standing)
Please tell Isaac I'll see him
tomorrow.

INT. HALLWAY TO VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Isaac waits. The door swings open and Jack steps out.

JACK
Have I once lied to you? Deceived
you in any way?
(Isaac nods no)
Because right now Izzy, I'm afraid
to tell you the truth.

ISAAC
What truth?

JACK
Not now. Later.

EXT/INT. VISITOR'S BUS - DAY

Julie, and other women sit on the bus. All silent.

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - DAY

Jack sits on his bed, shuffling the cards. Isaac slowly
enters and stares at Jack. Jack deals two hands of cards.

ISAAC
What happened?

JACK
We'll talk after lock up. How many?

ISAAC
(grabs the cards and
throws down three)
Tell me.

Jack deals three cards for Isaac and two for himself. Isaac
picks up his cards and throws them back on the table.

ISAAC
What happened?

JACK
(reshuffles the cards and
neatly places them on the
table)
You are my friend. I don't want to
hurt you. If I tell you, I will
hurt you. Julie's a con fucker.

ISAAC
A what?

JACK
Women who get turned on by men in
jail. Write letters, arrange
visits, some of the crazy bitches
even marry them. I'm sorry, but
Julie's a con fucker.

ISAAC
That's a ridiculous lie.

JACK
I'm the liar, not Julie. Yeah, it's
better you believe that. Is she due
in to you tomorrow?
(Isaac nods yes)
Ask her then. You've been duped.
We've all been duped. Amongst men
there is loyalty, courage, honesty.
Amongst women? Ask her tomorrow. No
doubt she'll deny it, but look deep
in her eyes, you'll see the truth.

Jack deals the cards. Isaac slaps them out of his hand,
scattering them all over the ground.

ISAAC
You tell me.

JACK
You insist on knowing. Okay. Julie
asked me could she take me in her
mouth. Let me suck your cock. Those
were her words. I try to talk about
you, she says it again -

INSERT:

The screen is filled with a pornographic card with Julie's
face on it - the queen of hearts. She speaks into camera.

JULIE

Let me suck your cock.

END OF INSERT:

JACK

I keep trying to talk about you. She's not listening. Takes out a stopwatch, lays it on the table and says, You've got two minutes. I'll make you come in two minutes. Slip my hand under the table. Two minutes.

Isaac instantly feels sick. Up to this point he thought Jack was lying but he knows that he never told Jack about the stopwatch.

JACK

Now, I've been around the block a few times, but I'm looking at the watch, looking at her, licking her lips, minute and fifty seconds, and I'm shocked. I'm trying to bring it back to you. She's counting, minute forty five, I keep trying, she keeps counting. Minute ten, telling me we still got time. I can do it. Reaching under, touching my leg, come on, come on. I'm saying what about Isaac? Twenty three. Isaac? Ten. Ten seconds left. Nine, eight, seven, six, she stands, picks up the watch, three, two, one. Winks. I might see you tomorrow. I'm shouting what about Isaac? She stops, reaches across, kisses me full on the mouth, horrible cigarette breath, says he doesn't have to know, and out the door.

Isaac sits in sickened silence, staring at the scattered cards. The faces of the women on the cards have all become Julie's.

JACK

Why did you force me to tell you? I so wish it wasn't -

ISAAC

Can I use your phone card?

JACK

(hesitates, then reaches for the phone card)
Of course.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - DAY

Isaac moves along the corridor towards the stairway. Mexicano watches him then looks up at the landing to see Jack gesturing for him to stop Isaac from using the phone. Mexicano rushes over and steps in front of the phone. Jack laughs with relief. Isaac stops in front of Mexicano. They stare at each other. Chris watches from afar. The guard Sam walks around the corner.

SAM
You using that phone?

Mexicano nods no and Sam steps closer to him.

SAM
Then move along.

Mexicano moves away. Isaac looks at Sam as if to apologize for what he said about his daughter earlier. Sam nods and walks away. Jack watches from above, intensely agitated as he watches his plans falling apart. Isaac picks up the receiver and slips in the phone card.

EXT. THE STREET WHERE JULIE LIVES - DAY

Julie walks home. Hearing the phone ring from outside the window, she bounds up the steps, opens the front door and rushes inside.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Julie slams the front door shut and rushes to her apartment door.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Isaac listens to the phone earpiece.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

The key is stuck. Julie struggles to open the door.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - DAY

Jack watches Isaac from above as he listens to the phone.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Julie bursts in through the door and grabs the phone

INT. PRISON - EVENING

Isaac hears Julie say hello. Two cronies push each other as they quickly pass. Isaac turns back and whispers into the phone.

ISAAC

Julie.

The phone is dead. The phone card has been removed. Isaac drops the receiver and runs after the cronies. Chris sees this.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Julie smiles as she speaks on the phone.

JULIE

Shakespeare?

INT. PRISON - DAY

Isaac runs around the corner, rushing at the two cronies.

ISAAC

Give me the phone card.

CRONIE

What's that?

In an uncharacteristically brave move Isaac pushes him.

ISAAC

Give me the phone card.

The cronies are surprised, for about half a second then their retaliation is cold, precise, and brutal.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - DAY

From above Jack watches the two cronies reappearing from around the corner. They slow down as they see the guard Sam.

INT. CHRIS' CELL - DAY

Chris rushes into his cell, reaches behind the sink, takes his phone card, turns, and freezes. Mexicano is standing in the doorway.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Julie replaces the handset and sits by the phone, staring at it.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

Isaac, mouth bleeding, tries to raise himself off the ground. Sam comes around the corner, sees him and rushes to help him.

ISAAC

Don't.

SAM
Who did this?

Isaac wipes blood from his mouth and looks at Sam.

ISAAC
I fell.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Julie, weary and disappointed, still waits by the phone.

INT. PRISON - NIGHT

The lock up siren blares and corridors empty as inmates enter their cells. The guard yawns and holds the central locking button.

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - NIGHT

Isaac finishes praying. Jack, doing push ups, watches the cell door sliding shut. Isaac takes off his shoes. Jack stands, the intense push ups leaving grotesque veins protruding from his body. Isaac turns his back to Jack and takes off his trousers. Jack reaches under the mattress and takes out two parcels. Isaac takes off his vest and pulls back the bed sheet.

JACK
(offering Isaac the
parcel)
Don't. Not yet. I think you're
ready.

ISAAC
What's this?

JACK
The final chapter.

Wearing only underwear, Isaac carefully opens the parcel to reveal a woman's red dress. He unfolds to its full length.

JACK
Try it on.

Isaac laughs but abruptly stops when he sees Jack is serious. He puts the dress on Jack's bed.

ISAAC
Good night, Jack.

Isaac gets under the covers and lies facing the wall. Jack watches him for a few moments, then walks over, drags the bed covers off and steps back into the centre of the room.

JACK
Come over here.

ISAAC
What is wrong with you?

JACK
(pointing to a spot on the
floor in front of him)
Here.

Isaac moves to the spot. They stand very close.

ISAAC
What?

Jack looks at Isaac tenderly, then viciously head butts him. Isaac staggers back against the wall. Jack places the dress on Isaac's bed and sits back on his own bed. Isaac, very frightened, hesitates, then moves towards the dress. Turning his back to Jack he steps into the dress, then slowly turns back around. Jack studies him then reaches inside the second package and takes out a pair of ladies high heel shoes.

JACK
They should be close to your size.
(he kneels down in front
of Isaac)
I promise. Just to see. Nothing
else.

He gently takes Isaac's foot and slips it into the high heel shoe. Then he does the same with the other foot. He stands back and studies Isaac again.

JACK
Something's missing.

Jack reaches inside the parcel and takes out a smaller package. He slides it across the floor to Isaac. Isaac unwraps it to reveal a flimsy pair of white women's panties.

ISAAC
I'll scream for the guard.

JACK
Go ahead, he hasn't come out of
that office in three years.

ISAAC
Guard!!

JACK
Not like that. Like this -
(demonstrates by shouting
much louder than Isaac)
(MORE)

JACK(cont'd)

GUARD!! Now, while we're waiting,
would you put those on please.

ISAAC

Do you swear it's just to see?

Jack nods yes and Isaac slowly steps into the panties.

JACK

Don't be stupid. Take off your own
first.

Isaac takes off his underwear and slips on the panties. Jack reaches into the parcel and takes out a tube of lipstick. He approaches Isaac and delicately applies the lipstick to Isaac's trembling lips. He stands back and studies Isaac again. He turns on the radio and laces up the bodice of Isaac's dress. Al Green's song 'Simply Beautiful' begins on the radio. Jack extends his hand, inviting Isaac to dance. Isaac tries to pacify him by allowing him to take his hand. Jack gently pulls Isaac in closer and they slowly dance. As the song builds Jack pulls Isaac in more forcefully, holding him very tightly. Isaac struggles in vain to free himself. Jack slowly slips his hand down towards Isaac's rear, raising the dress to reveal a glimpse of the panties. Isaac pushes Jack and catches him off balance. Jack stumbles back against the bed, knocking the radio to the ground. The radio aerial snaps. The music dies. Isaac is scared.

ISAAC

Sorry. I didn't mean that. Sorry.

JACK

(picking up the radio)

Don't worry. It's fine. It's over.
Virgins are nervous. It's over.
Mood is gone. You did the right
thing. Don't take shit from nobody.
Never back down. Always fight back.
It's over. Don't worry. You
alright?

Isaac relieved, nods yes, and moves towards his bed.

JACK

Isaac?

(Isaac turns and Jack
throws a stinging slap to
his face)

Always fight back.

(slaps him harder)

Fight.

(slaps him again)

Fight me.

(slaps him again)

Fight me cunt.

(slaps him again)

Fucking cunt. Fucking woman.

(MORE)

JACK(cont'd)

(slaps him again)
You're nothing but a fucking -

BANG!!! Isaac blindly lashes out, punching Jack in the face.

JACK
Wooooaaahh!! Fuck!!

ISAAC
(instantly regretting it)
Oh my God. I'm sorry. Jack. I'm
sorry.

The inside of Jack's mouth is bleeding.

JACK
You hit me. I can't believe you hit
me. Could it be that brave little
Isaac is a man after all?
(spits blood onto Isaac's
face)
Show me your cock. Mister man.
Mister real man.
(spits more blood at
Isaac)
Show me your hole. Is it a hairy
manly hole or a smooth womanly
hole? Now, tell me the truth, no
lies, is there, hidden in those
pretty lady panties of yours, a
cute little cunt?

He spits at Isaac. Isaac screams out for the guard.

INT. GUARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hamilton plays solitaire with pornographic cards. He looks
up, hears Isaac's distant cries for help, reaches across,
clicks on the electric kettle and resumes the game.

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - NIGHT

Jack continues slapping and punching Isaac.

JACK
What good are your college degrees
now, your theories on what I'm
about to do? How's this for a
sociological experiment? I hope
you're taking notes. Stop crying.
Stop me. Be a man and stop me. Stop
me. Whore's piss fuck. Prove you're
not a cunt and stop me. You're no
man. You're a woman. You got no
cock. You got a cunt. Cock or cunt?
Cunt or cock? Tell me. Cunt or
cock? Which? Cunt or cock?
(MORE)

JACK(cont'd)

Cunt or cock? Cunt or cock? Cunt or
fucking cock?

In a last bid to pacify Jack, Isaac reaches into his white
panties and exposes his genitals.

ISAAC

Cock.

JACK

(Stamping his heel into
Isaac's groin)

Cunt.

During the following Jack takes off his trousers but keeps
his underwear on, touching himself through the material,
attempting to make his penis rigid. Isaac whimpers.

ISAAC

Jesus Christ. God in heaven.
Somebody help me.

JACK

Help you? I defy your God to stop
me. Watch this.

(looks to heaven)

Fuck you God. And fuck your
crucified on the cross Son. Now,
listen. You hear that? Silence.
It's all we hear these days. God's
silence. Stand up.

Isaac doesn't move. Jack throws a flurry of frenzied punches
to Isaac's head. Isaac screams crying. Jack steps back.

JACK

Stand up. Facing the wall.

(Isaac, nose badly broken,
drags himself off the
bed)

Don't look at me. Slowly raise the
dress.

(Isaac, sobbing and
mumbling to himself,
slowly raises the dress)

Very slow. Take down the panties.

Isaac takes them down a little but stops. Jack throws a
horribly powerful punch to the back of his head. Isaac
collapses and Jack hikes up the dress. He tears the panties
off and tries to penetrate Isaac, but his penis is flaccid.

JACK

Not again. Of all the fucking
times! Don't move.

ISAAC

Please don't. Please.

JACK
(screaming in frustration
he rips the dress off
Isaac)
Don't look at me. Do not look at
me.
(continues trying to
arouse himself)
Here we go. Here we go. That's it.
(erect, he tries to
penetrate Isaac)
Wet your hole.
(Isaac screams as he tries
again)
Wet your fucking hole or it's going
to hurt.

Isaac spits onto his hand. We close in on Isaac's face. As
Jack succeeds in penetration, Isaac screams out...

ISAAC
Mommiiiiieee!!!

Overlaid, we hear Tommy, the kid from the bank, screaming out
for his mother.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Their combined screams reverberate through the empty
corridors.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Julie, practising for tomorrow's visit, is trying on a dress
in front of the mirror. There is a heap of clothes on her
bed. She smiles at her reflection, changes her stance and
smiles again.

JULIE
Hello Shakespeare.
(she frowns, readjusts the
straps of the dress and
smiles again)
Hello Shakespeare.
(she takes the strap down
and tries a sexy voice)
Hello Shakespeare.

Embarrassed, she laughs at her reflection.

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - NIGHT

A traumatized Isaac sits in the corner, naked, bloodied,
breathing through his broken nose. Jack washes his penis in
the sink.

JACK
Get some sleep. Big day tomorrow.

INT. GUARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Next morning. Hamilton reaches for the visitor's clipboard.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

The visitor's bus arrives. Julie steps off, wearing a beautiful dress.

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - DAY

Isaac has been in the same position in the corner all night. Jack is fully dressed.

JACK
You got ten minutes. Stop feeling
sorry for yourself; clean this shit
up, and get dressed.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

Jack exits the cell, looks down the corridor and sees Hamilton, holding the visitors clipboard. Jack approaches and sees Julie's name, nods no to Hamilton and moves away. Hamilton moves to Jack and Isaac's cell and looks in. Isaac looks back out at the visitors clipboard, full of anguished hope. Hamilton nods no and moves away.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Inmates and their visitors talk. Julie, sits alone, beautiful, happy and full of anticipation.

INT. PRISON - DAY

As the inmates mull around we slowly move toward the cell with the red light. Several of the inmates leer into the camera. Further back some of the weaker ones look on, sympathetic but scared. Jack and Isaac as they make their way toward the red light cell.

JACK
She didn't turn up huh? Don't worry
about it. You'll get used to it. In
the same way as you'll get used to
this. It's not just the clothes.
Becoming a woman is an internal
thing. Welcome to The Oasis.

They step inside the cell. The room has the air of a seedy brothel. There are two bunk beds pushed together with a red blanket. Makeshift purple curtains hang over an artificial window with a picture of a beach view behind it.

The walls are covered with erotic images of women. There are unlit candles, a radio, and a bottle of hooch.

JACK

The boys just want a surrogate. A substitute.

(proudly pointing to the artificial window)

That was my idea. For the rest of your sentence each paying inmate will have, maximum, an hour. Nobody's allowed to do permanent damage and you won't have to take more than five clients on any given day.

(he takes a swig of the hooch and winces at the taste)

My boys are not included in that. They don't get in line, they don't pay, but even with them there's no rough stuff allowed. I know last night was rough but that was just to break you in. You belong to me now and nobody is going to hurt you. Accept your fate, do not fight back, and you'll walk out of here. Understand?

(Isaac is too stunned to say anything)

It's true you might be walking like John Wayne but at least you'll be walking.

(Isaac doesn't respond)

That was a joke Isaac.

(Isaac is confused)

You're being difficult already. I'm trying to teach you here, keep you ahead of the posse, but you insist on learning the hard way.

ISAAC

What am I doing?

JACK

You do what the boys want, always, but to truly satisfy, you must anticipate their needs. I cracked a joke. I thought it was kind of witty, that walking like John Wayne line, and you my surrogate friend did not laugh. You see my point? I'll teach you how to move like a woman. You have to look like five seconds after meeting him you'd fuck a stranger in the bathroom.

(MORE)

JACK(cont'd)

Be totally aware, but don't look, no eye contact, look with your ass, your mouth, your tits, never the eyes. You wont be presented until this evening so we have all day to rehearse. Any questions?

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Julie still waits, trying to conceal her impatience. All around her inmates and visitors talk. Hamilton enters and moves to her.

HAMILTON

You waiting for Isaac Greenblatt?
(Julie nods yes)
He told me to tell you to go home.

JULIE

What?

HAMILTON

Go home.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

Later that evening. An air of expectation as the cronies watch Mexicano step out from behind the shower.

MEXICANO

Ready boys?

WEASEL

Bring her out.

The cronies laugh as Mexicano leads Chris out from behind the shower. Chris is a broken man. He is dressed in women's suspenders, a tacky blond wig, heavy make up, and flimsy lingerie. Jack watches from the other side.

JACK

Amateurs.

Mexicano grins. Jack turns to Isaac. Isaac's hair is greased down, like a sophisticated woman.

JACK

They've got no class.

Mexicano spins Chris around and playfully slaps his rear. The cronies applaud and Mexicano takes a little bow.

JACK

Remember what we rehearsed. Go.

He pushes Isaac out and the cronies burst into delighted laughter. Isaac wears the dress but it hangs off one of his shoulders showing the strap of a stuffed bra.

He wears tights and a pair of high heel shoes. He stands in front of everyone, rabbit in the headlights expression on his face. Jack calls to him from the wings.

JACK
Turn around.

Isaac looks to Chris, confused paralysis etched on their faces.

JACK
What did we rehearse? Turn around.

Isaac slowly turns around.

JACK
Come on, do it.

Isaac bends over slightly, and raises the dress to reveal women's underwear. The cronies are thrilled and as they wolf whistle Jack whispers further instruction to Isaac.

JACK
Walk. Let them see your movements.

Isaac walks a few paces and the cronies start to chant a stripper tune. Mexicano looks over to Jack and concedes defeat. Jack is delighted. Suddenly Isaac slips in the high heels and collapses to the floor. Everyone laughs. Except Isaac and Chris.

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - NIGHT

Isaac is getting undressed. A very contented Jack is in bed.

JACK
You did well today. You should be proud of yourself.

ISAAC
Why are you doing this?

JACK
Because I can.

Isaac pulls back the covers of his own bed and makes to get in.

JACK
Where are you going?

Isaac stops and turns to Jack. He stares at Jack then realization dawns on him. He moves over to Jack's bed and gets under the covers. Like a loving husband with his wife, Jack tenderly puts his arm around Isaac.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Julie watches the video surveillance from the night Isaac got arrested.

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - NIGHT

Later that night. Jack is asleep. Trembling, Isaac slips out of Jack's bed, kneels by his own bed, and tries to pray. He holds the piece of paper that Julie wrote her phone number on. He tears the paper into a thousand pieces.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Julie pauses the video surveillance picture on Isaac's smiling face. She rewinds in slow motion and plays it again. She pauses on the same image of Isaac's innocent, smiling face.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Half awake, Jack glances over at Isaac's empty bed. He closes his eyes to go back to sleep but opens them again. He sees the dress on the ground. He looks to the end of the bed and sees a pool of liquid, yellow and cold, on the grey floor. He looks up.

JACK

No.

Isaac has used the lace cord from the bodice of the dress to hang himself. Urine drips from his trembling foot, splashing into the pool beneath. Jack scrambles out of bed, grabs Isaac's near lifeless body and hoists it up. He jumps on the bed and unties the chord. He falls, with Isaac's body, to the ground. With remarkable tenderness he cradles Isaac and whispers into his ear.

JACK

Breathe. You got life in you yet.
Don't do this. Breathe. This
doesn't have to happen.

Isaac begins to cough up phlegm like a drowned man. Jack grips him tighter, willing him to breath.

JACK

That's it, cough it up. We're going
to get through this. Together.
Breathe.

Isaac is having a spasm, and as the natural will to live takes over, his lungs struggle for breath. He trashes about trying to open his windpipe. Jack's response is like a loving father with his dying son. He shouts at Isaac.

JACK
Breathe you fuck. Breathe.

Suddenly the air finds it's way in and Isaac pants like an hysterical child. Exhaustion takes over and he stops struggling. Jack rocks him gently.

JACK
What were you thinking?

Isaac sobs as he is overwhelmed by the tenderness.

ISAAC
I'm sorry.

JACK
Come on, stand up. That's it. Good man.

Isaac is very shaky on his feet. He tries to sit down.

JACK
Stay standing, your blood needs to circulate.

Isaac is still quietly uncontrollably panting. Jack is beautifully tender with him.

JACK
So you don't want to live this life anymore?

Isaac wells up and nods no. Jack hits him a punch in the stomach.

JACK
You don't get out that easy. Your girlfriend? Julie? You told me what store she works in you fucking idiot. You fight back, or try that suicide shit again, we have friends on the outside who would be only too happy to hear the workplace address of a lively young lady who likes her men criminally inclined. There are things worse than death.

INT. GUARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Next morning. Hamilton reaches for the visitor's clipboard. He scribbles Julie's name off the list.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Jack brings Isaac down. He wears the dress and a pair of high heel shoes. The cronies stand outside The Oasis Cell. Chris and the weaker inmates watch Isaac being led by Jack.

Isaac sees the guard Hamilton inside, his uniform open, exposing his chest. He wears no trousers and has a towel wrapped around his waist. Instantly terrified, Isaac backs off. Jack tries to subtly push him in. Isaac resists. Jack hits him a discreet rabbit punch to the kidneys. Chris steps forward, staring at Jack. Jack moves close to him.

JACK
Walk away now.
(Chris doesn't move)
I said walk away.

JIM, another of the weaker inmates, takes a stance beside Chris and stares at Jack. Jack laughs in disbelief. One of the cronies steps forward and head butts Jim. Jack grabs Chris by the back of the head and slams his face off his knee. Chris collapses.

JACK
Anyone else want to be Spartacus?

Jack steps forward and casually stares at one of the weak inmates.

JACK
Are you Spartacus?

The weak inmate looks away. Jack moves to another one.

JACK
Are you Spartacus?

The frightened inmate nods no. Jack looks around at them all, a collective mass of frightened, silent voices.

JACK
Any of you fucks feel like being
Spartacus?

Each of them, one by one, disperse. Jack grabs Isaac.

JACK
Get in that cell now.

He throws Isaac into the cell. Isaac stumbles to the floor. The burning candles throw shadows along the cell walls as Hamilton stares down at Isaac.

HAMILTON
Crawl to me, and take this towel
off with your teeth.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Visitors and inmates talk. A dignified Julie sits alone.

EXT. EXERCISE YARD - DAY

At one end of the yard Mexicano stands with his arm around Chris, instructing him on the art of war. Isaac looks across at them. Chris looks at Isaac for a second then quickly looks away. Jack throws a lightning fast straight fingered jab to Isaac's throat but pulls back just before contact. Isaac tries to conceal his terror.

JACK

You've no one to blame but yourself. We have to send that signal out to everybody. Otherwise we've got anarchy.

Jack throws an open palmed upper cut to Isaac's nose but again pulls back just before contact.

JACK

Done properly that can kill a man. Drives the bone from the nose through the opening in the skull.

Jack grabs Isaac by the head and imitates biting his ear off.

JACK

I don't care who you are, getting your ear torn off hurts like a bastard. Fish hooking? You ever hear of fish hooking? Open your mouth.

(Isaac is reluctant)

If I wanted to hurt you I wouldn't have to ask permission.

Jack, two fingers like a hook, slips them into Isaac's mouth then slowly drags them along the inside of his cheek.

JACK

Once, fast, with all your strength. Done properly it'll rip the cheek to pieces. Then of course there's gouging.

Jack imitates gouging the eye and dragging the nail along the side of the skull.

JACK

A long dirty thumbnail helps here. If you don't blind him, at least he'll have an infection the next day; make him want to tear his own eyeball out.

(grabs Isaac's nose)

The nose.

(MORE)

JACK(cont'd)

So easy to bite off you may as well be eating a corn beef sandwich. There's a lot of shit talked about the art of war but I don't care if you're Muhammad Ali, you get into a ring with a man who knows how to use his teeth and nails, you're going to lose.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Camera drifts into the shower area as we see the cronies and other inmates in a noisy, crowded circle. Weasel runs around taking bets. In the middle stand Isaac and Chris, both dressed in their female regalia. Jack stands between them, master of all he surveys.

JACK
Everyone back up a step.

Everyone backs up. Always learning, Mexicano closely watches Jack.

JACK
Weasel, you taken all the bets?
(Weasel gives the thumbs
up)
Let the games begin.

Jack steps away. Isaac and Chris are left alone inside the rabid circle of baying men. They look around not knowing what to do next. The cronies scream at them "Hit him, kill the fuck, etc." Isaac and Chris look at each other. They hold each other's gaze for a long time. Jack looks on, becoming impatient. He steps back into the circle, stands between Isaac and Chris, and puts his arms around both men's shoulders.

JACK
I think our warriors are a little shy.

Some of the onlookers laugh, others, wanting blood, get angry.

JACK
Every shy man just needs a little push. Then he blossoms.

Jack casually smashes Isaac and Chris's heads together. The dull thud of skull on skull sends the onlookers into a frenzy. Jack steps back out of the circle. A trickle of blood runs down Isaac's head. Chris is on the verge of tears. He reluctantly steps toward Isaac. The onlookers go insane with anticipation. Isaac nods a dignified no to Chris. Chris stops. He is confused. He backs off. Trying to conceal his anger, Jack steps back into the circle.

JACK

Looks like we need a different kind of motivation. How about this? Tonight the winner gets to sleep with a dry mouth and empty stomach. But the loser, because he lost for whoever bet on him, tonight he has to pay them back, by milking, with his mouth, each and every one of them dry.

The onlookers go nuts, laughing, shouting, screaming.

JACK

Who's going to sleep tonight?

Jack steps back out of the circle. Chris and Isaac look at each other. Scared, Chris moves toward Isaac. One step. Then two. Then he's standing toe to toe. He pushes Isaac. The crowd cheers. Jack laughs. Chris pushes Isaac again. Isaac doesn't respond. Chris slaps Isaac's face. Isaac touches his face and feels the blood from the head wound. He sees the blood on his fingertips. He looks long and hard at Chris, pleading with him not to continue this. Chris reluctantly pushes Isaac again. Isaac doesn't respond. Chris pushes harder. The onlookers who betted for Isaac curse him. The others cheer for Chris. Chris slaps Isaac's face again. The onlookers scream laughing. Isaac is stung. Chris pulls Isaac's hair. Hard. A clump of it comes out in his hand. The onlookers are working themselves into a frenzy. Chris drags Isaac to the ground and, charged with adrenaline, he rains petrified blows down on him. The onlookers who bet on Isaac scream at him to put up a fight. Exhausted by his own brutality Chris collapses and lays on the floor, panting for breath. Jack steps back into the circle and calls out to the onlookers.

JACK

Ladies, I think we have a winner.

Isaac looks up at Jack. He sees the contempt in Jack's eyes. He looks at the cronies, leering at him. One of them makes a gesture of fellatio. Another grabs his crotch.

JACK

Looks like Isaac here is going to be the one servicing you boys tonight. Chris get up. The winner is the one who's standing.

Chris struggles to get up. Isaac stares at him, then rushes across the floor and pulls Chris down. He puts his body weight on top of him and turns Chris's head sideways, exposing his ear. He puts his mouth close to Chris's ear and almost sobs as he whispers.

ISAAC

Forgive me.

He tears into Chris's ear with his teeth. Chris screams. Everyone else goes quiet, watching, amazed voyeurs, as Isaac, like a dog with a rabbit, rips a piece of Chris's ear off. He throws his head back, bleeding flesh in mouth, and stares at the onlookers. There is silence for a moment, then the onlookers burst into explosive cheers as Isaac tries not to weep at what he has become.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Julie sits again, refusing to back down. The guard Sam looks across at her.

THE OASIS CELL - DAY

The red wax pours down the side of a candle. Suddenly the strained face of one of the cronies shoots into frame then shoots back out again. The same thing happens again but it's a different face this time. In quick succession this happens many times, countless strained faces, all on the verge of climax, shooting in and out of frame. Eventually we slow down, settling on one face, one strained face, pumping away.

CRONIE

Tell me I'm a piece of shit

As he approaches climax we pull back to reveal Isaac's face beneath him.

CRONIE

Call it out. Say I'm a piece of
shit.

He pumps faster but what's strange about Isaac's face is the indifference etched on it. There is no pain.

CRONIE

Tell me. Tell me.

As the cronicie screams out in climax, we see something different in Isaac's eyes. Something dead. There is nothing. No hurt. No rage. Nothing.

INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY

Determined, Julie waits again. Sam watches her.

INT. THE OASIS CELL - DAY

Isaac, in his dress and high heels, sits on the bed. One of the cronies, Billy, stares at Isaac nervously.

BILLY
You won't tell anyone I didn't...
will you? I miss my wife. My kid
too. He's seven. Do you mind me
telling you this?

INT. PRISON - DAY

After another day's waiting, Julie exits. Sam catches up with her.

SAM
Miss. They rape him.

JULIE
What?

SAM
His cellmate. And others. Everyday.

Julie tries to assimilate what she just heard.

JULIE
Why are you telling me this?

SAM
Visit tomorrow.

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - NIGHT

Jack is about to climax. Isaac lies beneath him, that same lifeless expression on his face. Jack finishes and rolls off Isaac. Isaac gets out of the bed, moves like a zombie over to his own, and starts writing.

JACK
What are you doing? Every night
it's the same shit. You never want
to lie with me anymore.

Isaac gets back into bed and lies on Jack's chest. Jack puts his arm around him. Jack is suddenly self-conscious.

JACK
Is there anything I can do to make
it better for you?
(Jack waits for Isaac's
response)
You going to answer me?
(Isaac doesn't respond)
Forget I asked. Go to bed.

INT. GUARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Hamilton reaches for the visitor's clipboard but before he gets to it Sam steps in and takes it.

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - DAY

Isaac sits on his bed in his dress and makeup. He holds the pencil and stares at the manuscript. Sam appears at the door.

SAM

Visitor.

(Isaac looks up, his face
registering nothing)

Isaac, you have a visitor.

(expressionless, Isaac
stands and exits)

Don't you want to change your
clothes?

Isaac ignores him and keeps walking downstairs. Sam sees the manuscript on the bed. He picks it up, checks over his shoulder and reads the first page.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Julie waits. The door opens and her face lights up with joy and heartbreak when she sees Isaac in the dress. Others in the room stare at him. Julie is very gentle.

JULIE

Do you want to sit down?

Isaac sits. Julie touches his hands. He doesn't respond.

JULIE

I sat here week after week
wondering why you refused to see me
and now I know why. I know what's
been happening to you. What they've
been doing.

Isaac looks at her for the first time, shocked that she had been visiting all this time. He doesn't speak, just looks long and hard at her. No response. Julie begins to speak with difficulty about what happened to her. She tries to control her emotions.

JULIE

It's not like it is in the
newspapers. Oral. Anal. Vaginal.
Their favourite words. The sexy
words. Dislocated jaw isn't sexy.
Doesn't sell papers.

(touches her stomach)

I didn't feel the knife go in. It's
the blood that tells you there's
something wrong. I remember
thinking, don't fight back, he'll
let you live. I read that once;
don't fight back. He's out now.
Rehabilitated. Needs our sympathy.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Our understanding. We write books about... like the one you want to write. Who writes books about the victims? The people who drag themselves out of bed everyday and rebuild their lives. The nameless faceless ones who don't speak because nobody wants to hear. You can tell their story. Your story. Please fight back. Don't let them win. Not again.

Isaac places the pencil on the table.

ISAAC

I can't.

JULIE

Why not?

Isaac looks at her long and hard. He can't tell her that Jack has threatened to send men around to her if he fights back.

ISAAC

I can't.

Isaac stands and exits, leaving the pencil behind.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

A concerned looking Warden flicks through the manuscript.

WARDEN

Where did you find it?

SAM

Isaac Greenblatt's cell.

WARDEN

Thanks for bringing it to my attention.

INT. JULIE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Julie, expressionless, stares at herself in the mirror. Her eyeliner is smudged. She takes a tube of red lipstick and delicately puts some on her mouth. She stares at herself again. She reaches up with two fingers and drags a track of eyeliner from her eye down her cheek. She does the same to the other eye. She slaps herself hard in the face. Her expression doesn't change. She slaps herself harder. She puts on more lipstick, spreading it over her lip line onto the side of her jaw. She stares at herself. She raises her top and draws lips around the scar on her stomach. She slaps herself harder. She uses the lipstick to write the letter 'C' on the mirror. She slaps herself. She writes the letter 'U.'

She slaps herself. She writes the letter 'N.' She slaps herself. She writes the letter 'T.' She slaps herself repeatedly, then freezes as a trickle of blood slowly runs down from her nose into her mouth. She stares at her image, the eyeliner tracks, the lipstick, the blood, and the lipstick written word CUNT.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The guard Hamilton sits across from the Warden. Hamilton is nervous. The Warden ignores Hamilton as he flicks through Isaac's manuscript. The Warden looks at Hamilton. There is a prolonged silence between them. Something is troubling the Warden. Eventually he sighs.

WARDEN

Can I ask you something Frank? Just between you and me, strictly off the record?

(Hamilton nervously nods yes)

Would you teach me bowling?

(Hamilton is confounded. He was expecting to be fired)

I think I'd be good if I got some help. Of course I'd pay you, but I have to insist on discretion. What do you say?

HAMILTON

I thought I was in trouble.

WARDEN

Because of this?

(Pointing to Isaac's manuscript)

The man has no family, no next of kin. He's a nobody. Who's going to ask questions? Frank, our job is to protect society from them, not them from each other. You do a good job. I know there are certain things you do that might appear, how shall we say, unorthodox, but we all need an outlet, otherwise we'd be running an insane asylum not a prison. So, will you teach me?

INT. THE OASIS CELL - DAY

Isaac is putting on the dress for the day's work.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

Hamilton and Jack are staring at the visitor's clipboard.

INT. THE OASIS CELL - DAY

As Isaac puts on the high heels a delighted Jack enters.

JACK

Guess who has come to visit uncle Jack?

(Isaac doesn't respond)

Go on guess.

(Isaac continues dressing)

The one and only Julie.

(Isaac flinches slightly, then continues dressing)

Now, I wonder what she might want?

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sam enters the Warden's office. The Warden is flanked by the four guards who threw Ron and Charlie down the stairs. Isaac's manuscript lies on the desk.

SAM

You wanted to see me?

WARDEN

(gracious and friendly)

How are you Sam? Come in. Let me ask you, Sam, has anyone else read this?

SAM

Not that I know of.

WARDEN

And can I ask you, Sam, how are you?

SAM

Me? I'm fine.

WARDEN

No. I'm serious. I mean it. How are you?

SAM

I'm fine.

WARDEN

You've a four year old, don't you? Do you like sports? I like sports. Team sports. What about you?

SAM

Some.

WARDEN
(sliding an envelope
across the desk)
Do you know what a team player is?

SAM
(picking up the envelope)
What's this?

WARDEN
(dumping Isaac's
manuscript in the bin)
I'd never ask a man to stay where
he's not happy.
(Sam opens the envelope)
It's not easy to get a job these
days and we all know how expensive
kids are. So a good reference like
that goes a long way. Leave your
uniform in the locker room.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Julie sits with Jack; a magnificent calmness about her.

JULIE
I've been thinking about you.

JACK
Really? In what way?

JULIE
You know.

JACK
Do I?

JULIE
Those kinds of thoughts.

JACK
Oh?

JULIE
Yes.

JACK
Tell me more.

JULIE
I'm embarrassed.

JACK
No need to be. It's perfectly
natural.

JULIE
But I thought I hated you.

JACK
Tell me the thoughts.

JULIE
How did you know I was like that?

JACK
A cunt whore?

JULIE
Yes.

JACK
You're a woman.

JULIE
I'm not wearing any panties.

JACK
Are you shaved?

JULIE
Why do I want you so much?

JACK
Because I know you.

JULIE
Put your hand under the table.
(Jack hesitates slightly)
Do it now.

She puts her hand under the table, takes his hand and slides it between her legs.

JULIE
You like that?

JACK
Your legs are smooth. You shaved up there?

JULIE
Find out.
(Jack slowly moves his hand up her inside thigh)
I want to kiss you.

Jack moves in closer, his hand reaching further up her opening thighs. He opens his mouth for the kiss. Julie clamps his hand between her knees. He smiles, enjoying the game.

JACK
Bet you like it really rough. Don't
you cunt?

JULIE
Kiss me.

Jack moves in for the kiss. She bites his tongue hard and -
BANG - like lightening Julie brings up Isaac's pencil and
stabs him in the face. It punctures right through Jack's
cheek into his mouth. He screams. Blood spurts out of the
hole in his face. The whole place goes crazy, guards and
inmates running, as Jack writhes in agony. Julie looks on,
cold as ice - beautifully cold.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

The Warden comes rushing out of his office to meet the
guards. They rush past Sam in the hallway. Sam watches them
then looks back to the Warden's open office door.

INT. THE OASIS CELL - DAY

Hamilton follows an enraged Jack as he comes rushing in,
blood spilling from his wound. He looks into the cell.

JACK
Where is the cunt?

HAMILTON
You're going to need stitches on
that.

JACK
I want that fuck here! Now! He's
dead. You hear me. Fucking dead.

Everyone is looking over, including the weaker inmates.

HAMILTON
Take it easy.

JACK
Don't tell me to...I provide for
you. You fuck! Fresh meat delivered
by me so don't you tell me.

Panicked Hamilton rushes off to get Isaac. Jack suddenly
realizes the weaker inmates are staring at him.

JACK
What are you looking at? Things are
going to change around here. This
will not be tolerated. Not in this
man's army.

Mexicano watches, fascinated by Jack's behavior. The other cronies are nervous, never having seen Jack like this before.

JACK
(screaming up to the cell)
Bring that cunt down here now.

INT. ENTRANCE TO VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

A dignified Julie stands surrounded by the Warden and several guards. She stares at the Warden.

JULIE
You know this is going on don't
you?

WARDEN
We've decided not to press charges
but you will not be allowed in here
again. Ever again.

As the Warden strolls away Julie looks at the other guards

JULIE
What kind of men are you?

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Isaac, carrying the dress and high heels, stands at the top of the stairs looking at Jack.

HAMILTON
You're in real trouble now pussy
boy. She stabbed him in the face.
(a tiny breath of life
sparks in Isaac's eyes)
Your girlfriend. With a pencil. In
the face.

Isaac moves down the stairs towards Jack.

JACK
(unbuckling his trousers)
There you are cunt. Get in there.

Isaac just stares at the puncture wound on Jack's face. Jack grabs him and shows his face to the weaker inmates.

JACK
You see this cunt? Look at her
face. Study it. Because it's
going to be one of yours. And on
and on, until I'm finished with
all of you. I own you. And the
new inmates coming in tomorrow, I
own them too. Them and you. You
hear me? All of you.

Jack stands panting like a bull, staring the weaker inmates down. Mesmerized Isaac slowly reaches across and touches the wound on Jack's face. Jack screams and punches Isaac. Isaac collapses to the ground. The weaker inmates watch.

JACK
What are you doing?

Isaac stands up again, a bizarre tiny smile on his face.

JACK
Get in there now.

Isaac reaches forward and tries to touch the puncture wound again. Jack punches him twice. Isaac collapses. Mexicano and the cronies watch with increasing curiosity.

JACK
What the fuck? You'd better have
your panties.

Isaac stands again. His nose is bleeding but he looks alive, more alive than he has done in a long time.

ISAAC
Julie did that?

JACK
You think that's funny?

He hits Isaac a succession of punches. Isaac collapses.

JACK
Laugh now.

Isaac struggles to stand. His face might be bleeding but his wry little smile is still intact.

ISAAC
She really did that? With my
pencil?

JACK
Don't push your luck. Get in that
cell.

ISAAC
(looks at the cell door,
then calmly back at Jack)
No.

Jack hits him a horrible head butt in the face. Isaac collapses.

JACK
You do not say no to me.

As Jack looks down at Isaac, someone else appears in front of him. Jack looks up and laughs. It's Chris.

JACK
Not again.

Jack hits him and Chris goes down. Chris stands up again and stares Jack in the eye. Jack hits Chris again, hard. Chris goes down. One or two of the weaker inmates take a few defiant steps forward. Jack discreetly gestures for Mexicano and the inmates to join him then steps forward and taunts the weaker inmates.

JACK
You fucks never learn. Would the real Kirk Douglas please step forward?

He turns and sees that the cronies haven't responded to his command. Slightly undermined, he looks back at the weaker inmates, and points to his puncture wound.

JACK
You see that Fuckos? A hole with blood coming out of it. That's going to be all of you by the time I'm finished. A hole with blood coming out of it.

In the background Isaac struggles to stand. He helps Chris up. Hamilton walks over to Chris.

HAMILTON
Back to your cell. Now.

ISAAC
Leave him alone.

Hamilton is shocked. Jack is furious.

JACK
This fiasco is over.
(grabs Isaac and drags him
to the cell door)
In there now, or you're a dead man.

Isaac struggles and frees himself. Jack is left holding the dress.

ISAAC
Julie's not scared of you. And neither am I.

Several more of the weaker inmates instinctively step forward. Hamilton nervously backs off.

JACK

Who the fuck is running this joint?

Jim, one of the weaker inmates, rushes forward and tries to grab the dress off Jack. Jack pulls the dress back. Another weaker inmate grabs at the dress. As Jack struggles to hold onto it, two of the cronies move to help him but unknown to Jack, Mexicano gestures for them to stay where they are.

JACK

(struggling to hold onto
the dress)

I'm taking names motherfuckers.

This will not be forgotten.

(the weak inmate lets go
of the dress. Jack grabs
Isaac)

See what you're causing here,
ungrateful prick. After everything
I've done for you.

He punches Isaac. Isaac stays standing. He punches him again. Isaac collapses then struggles to stand up. Jack looks around at the weaker inmates. There seem to be more arriving every second. He hits Isaac again. Isaac stays standing. He hits him again. Isaac goes to one knee. One of the weaker inmates rushes forward to help him up. Jack hits the weak inmate. He goes down. Another rushes in. And another. Jack backs into the cell, still hitting out. Two of the weaker inmates grab the dress. Jack raises a fist, a sweating panicked animal, but he doesn't throw the punch. He holds his fist in the air and looks around at the innumerable faces of the weaker inmates. We hold on this for a long time until Jim, the weakest elderly inmate, comes forward and slowly takes the dress from Jack's clutched fist. Looking Jack in the eye, he speaks with a timid childlike voice.

JIM

I'm Spartacus.

We show the face of each weak inmate, one by one as they impassively stare at Jack, a silent mass of noble opposition.

INT. NEWSPAPER EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The newspaper editor is not at his desk. A plaque on the desk says editor. Suddenly a manuscript crashes onto the desk. As we move in closer we see that it's Isaac's manuscript. We move in close enough to read the title for the first time. It reads 'The Dancehall Bitch.'

EXT. BUSY CITY STREET - DAY

It's a beautiful day as the guard Sam, dressed in civilian gear, walks across the street. As we pull back we see that he holds the hand of his beautiful four year old daughter.

As we pull back further we see that he's just left the newspaper building.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

The prison bus moves past the high prison gates as it arrives with the new inmates. Isaac comes out of the entrance. He shields his eyes from the bright light and slowly moves towards the gates. He passes a bin and stops. He gently dumps his bag and it's contents in the bin. He looks up and sees Julie. They say nothing for a long time, standing a distance apart. Then Isaac quietly speaks.

ISAAC
I fought back.

They slowly move towards each other and tentatively embrace. Julie buries her head on Isaac's shoulder and quietly weeps for the first time. The bus with the new inmates slowly passes by. A naïve and scared looking inmate stares out at Isaac. Isaac looks up and their eyes meet. Isaac grips Julie tightly. She grips him right back, like they're never going to let go.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

Just like at the beginning we track alongside the feet of a guard and an inmate. As they move towards a cell we hear the sound of radio music going on and off, on and off. We have a similar shot with a different guard and inmate moving toward a different cell.

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - DAY

Jack, composure regained, sits with the radio. He turns it on, off, on, off. He confidently looks up then does a double take.

JACK
What's this? Where's the new inmate?

INT. CHRIS' CELL - DAY

The naïve inmate from the bus, who made eye contact with Isaac, nervously stands in a cell with Chris. He barely conceals his relief when Chris comes forward and warmly extends his hand.

INT. JACK AND ISAAC'S CELL - DAY

Jack is still staring up from his bed.

JACK
What the fuck is going on?

We reveal who Jack is talking to. It's Mexicano and Hamilton. Weasel appears at the door with Mexicano's gear.

He puts it on the bed and tries to hide his snigger as he and Hamilton exit. Jack and Mexicano are left alone in the cell. They calmly stare at each other. Mexicano begins to speak, slow, laconic, and totally in control.

MEXICANO

Listen to me now. This cell is my home. You are a guest in my home. If you disrespect my home, if you take...

Jack rushes for the door and tries to scream out for help but, before the first syllable escapes his mouth, Mexicano's fist sends him hurtling back across the room. Jack collapses in the corner and as Mexicano calmly finishes his speech we slowly move into a close up of Jack's distraught face.

MEXICANO

If you disrespect my home, if you take advantage of my home, I'll be a bad host. If you respect and appreciate me in my home, I'll welcome you as I would a brother into this home. Make it a family home.

Hold on Jack's face. Then, loud as hell, Frank Sinatra's 'That's Life' kicks in. Camera slowly moves towards the toilet bowl, hovers high above it and at tremendous speed, shoots into the dark, dirty, black water below.

The End.