

BAD BOYS

an original screenplay

by

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05293

The SOLOFILM Company

REV. FINAL DRAFT

April 26, 1982

EMI

"BAD BOYS"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

1. MICK
2. J.C. WALENSKI
3. PACO MORENO (formerly Paco Rubinez)
4. PACITO MORENO (formerly Pacito Rubinez)
5. FELIX ALVARO (formerly Louis Alvaro)
6. CARLOS ORTEGA (formerly Antonio Ortega)
7. MR. MORENO (formerly Rubinez)
8. MRS. MORENO (formerly Rubinez)
9. VICKY O'BRIEN
10. CARL BRENNAN (formerly John Brennan)
11. TERRELL
12. GENE DANIELS (formerly Gene Davis)
13. THOMAS BENDIX
14. WAGNER (formerly Werner)
15. THE VIKING (LOFGREN)
16. TWEETY (WARREN JEROME) (formerly Thomas Jerome)
17. BARRY HOROWITZ (formerly Alan Horowitz)
18. JOHNSON
19. ROBERTS
20. RAMON HERRERA (formerly Miguel Herrera)
21. JOHNNY PERRETTI (formerly Johnny Moscoso)
22. RICKY LEE
23. ROBERT WALENSKI
24. CHIP

BITS

- A. COUPLE "A"
- B. TEEN GUN DEALER
- C. VICKY'S BOYFRIEND
- D. ROSA (3 years)
- E. BLACK KID #1
- F. SCREAMING WOMAN
- G. WOMAN VICTIM
- H. ENGLISH TEACHER (male)
- I. JUDGE
- J. VAN DRIVER
- K. Omit
- L. SQUAD CAR COPS (rape)
- M. DETECTIVE MORAN
- N. Omit
- O. CONCERNED CITIZEN
- P. POLICE WOMAN

"BAD BOYS"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. AN ALLEY - CHICAGO - NIGHT

1*

Silent and dark.

MOVING ALONG a graffiti-scarred wall we come to REST on a wire mesh grill covering a hole on the side of a building. Movement. A moment later the mesh grill is gone and a 19 inch Sony TV rises slowly into the frame, coming to rest on the ledge.

A young teenage boy squeezes past the TV and crawls into the alley, pulling the Sony off the ledge after him. A moment later a second TV set is passed through the hole to the boy in the alley, followed by a 13 year old kid. Then a third and fourth TV appears, wrapped in plastic covering, by a third kid from the basement. 3 kids, 4 boosted TVs.

Suddenly a spotlight hits the trio, freezing them for an instant in a cold, harsh-white circle. A patrol car. The boys pick up the 4 televisions and take off down the alley and out of sight.

The patrol car keeps going, dissolving like some prehistoric slug into the night.

The alley is silent. Returned to darkness.

1A EXT. A CITY STREET - NIGHT

1A*

A Lincoln Continental brakes at the stop light.

1B INT. THE LINCOLN

1B*

A well dressed man in his thirties is behind the wheel, his wife next to him. In the rear is their eleven year old daughter.

Suddenly the car is surrounded by half-a-dozen young teen-age boys; knocking on the windows, waving rags, gesturing to clean the car. They circle the vehicle like pilot fish.

The woman locks her door and looks tensely at her husband. He waves the boys away. One of them runs a filthy squeegee across the windshield. Another hand knocks on the window, demanding money.

(CONTINUED)

1B CONTINUED:

1B

The light changes and as the car takes off one of the boys holds a church-key against the Lincoln, ripping an ugly line along the vehicle's gleaming exterior.

2 EXT. THE BARRIO ON CHICAGO'S NORTHSIDE - NIGHT

2

The street is a garish Kodachrome vibrating with concrete intensity. A honky-tonk smear of Latin record stores, botegas and bars.

Coming straight AT US are four tough-looking Hispanic teenage boys, walking shoulder-to-shoulder.

A patrol car appears, cruising the street behind them.

3 INT. THE PATROL CAR - NIGHT

3

The cops are looking out at the street. Indifferent. Burned-out. Cushioned and secure against the night in their metal and chrome coffin.

4 EXT. LINCOLN PARK - NIGHT

4

Three sterno bums are warming themselves around a trash can fire. The city skyline is etched sharply behind them.

Suddenly out of the dark, running straight AT US come two black teenage boys, breathing hard, excited. They splinter off in opposite directions and disappear.

5 IN THE DISTANCE

5

Near a park bench, an old man is lying face down on the ground. Attached to his wrist is a dog's leash with a terrier BARKING hysterically, running around the man's body in frightened circles.

6 EXT. THE ELEVATED SUBWAY - NIGHT

6

We SEE it from above as the subway blasts through the night.

7 INT. A SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

7

Three hard-looking, 13-year-old black boys are seated together, staring straight ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

7

Four Hispanic boys of the same age enter from another car. Looking for trouble. For an electric, tension-filled moment the two factions eye each other. Then the Hispanics keep going.

EXT. A CITY STREET - NIGHT

8

A Ford station wagon is waiting for the light to change on a deserted stretch of street.

INT. THE STATION WAGON - NIGHT

9*

A pleasant looking, middle-aged woman is behind the wheel listening to classical music on the radio, waiting for the light to change just off affluent Michigan Avenue.

Suddenly the window explodes inwards on the passenger's side, a hand reaches in and snatches the woman's purse from the front seat. A boy's face flashes across the screen for an instant. He takes off running as the woman screams - terrified, her face cut and bleeding.

20
19A
18
OMITTED

10*
thru
18*

19A EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

18A*

A well dressed couple come out of a restaurant heading for the valet parking.

The boy bursts out of the shadows clutching the stolen pocketbook with the SOUND of the woman's SCREAMS trailing after him. He collides with the couple, knocking the woman down, bouncing off her husband, a stocky man in a camel's hair coat. The boy keeps going. The man takes off after him.

19B THE BOY - CLOSEUP

18B*

His name is MICK O'BRIEN. 17. Dark, cropped hair. Wiry and muscular. Dressed in a multi-zippered black shirt, fatigue pants and a combat jacket.

Mick turns the corner and runs into an outdoor parking lot sandwiched between two office buildings with the man in the camel's hair coat closing in.

19 EXT. THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

19

Badly winded and sweating, the man lurches into the parking lot. He stops abruptly and looks around. Nothing. Just half a dozen lines of quietly parked cars. In the b.g. we HEAR the nighttime SCUNDS of the affluent city. The air is still.

The man stands there for a moment pulling himself together, regaining his breath, wiping the sweat from his flushed face.

As he turns and starts walking back towards the street suddenly Mick jumps out of nowhere and punches him in the stomach, kicking him three times, knocking the man to the ground. It happens fast, in a staccato flurry of violence.

Mick pulls the man's wallet from his back pocket, snarling a wad of bills. He drops the empty wallet onto the man's unconscious body and takes off running.

20 EXT. AN ALLEY

20

The SOUND of RUNNING FEET. Mick pushes through the blackness into a blade of light and stops. Out of breath. He pulls a wad of bills from his pocket and thumbs through it fast. His face reflects nothing. Neither triumph or defeat. He stuffs the money back into his pocket and takes off running.

21 EXT. AN ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

21

The SOUND of RUNNING FEET. A moment later Mick appears in the garbage strewn alleyway. He stops in front of a graffitti-riddled iron door, pushes it open and enters.

22 INT. THE BUILDING - NIGHT

22

An empty, barn-like room illuminated by two Coleman lanterns. In the middle of the room is a blanket-covered mattress on the floor, a table covered with a sheet and a filthy, overstuffed arm chair.

Mick looks around the room. A 13-year-old white kid with cropped hair and surplus army clothes, smoking a joint, steps out of the shadows.

Mick approaches the table. The kid snaps back the sheet. On the table are eight handguns. Automatics, semi-automatics and revolvers.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

Mick passes his hand over the selection and stops at a .38 revolver. He picks it up and examines the weapon. He nods at the kid who pulls a box of center fired cartridges out of his jacket. Mick puts the .38 and the box of cartridges into his jacket, pulls out his wad of cash and peels off five twenty-dollar bills to the kid.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

23 A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE GIRL

23

Mick's age. Standing by her bedroom window looking through the curtains at her father getting into a green Plymouth, carrying a bowling bag, framed against the depressing backdrop of a row of brick houses on a lower-working-class street. The car drives off.

The girl is JOYCE CAROL WALENSKI, "J.C.". She turns, her movements languorous.

The MUSIC is LOUD and through it we HEAR her HEART PUMPING SOFTLY.

Then the SOUND of Mick's RUNNING FEET, his JAGGED BREATHING.

Abruptly the bedroom door bursts open. Their eyes hold for a moment.

The MUSIC PEAKS.

They move to each other and embrace. Turning in a circle, they fall backward into the bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

24 INT. J.C.'S BEDROOM - LATER - EVENING

24*

Mick and J.C. are in bed. He's flipping through a copy of Cosmopolitan and stops at a picture of a flame-red Corvette, nodding his appreciation.

MICK

Nice.

J.C. smiles, snuggling closer.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24*

J.C.

Last week it was a Camaro --

MICK

Next week it'll be a Trans Am.

He grins and kisses her forehead, the page. A moment passes.

J.C.

I saw Lisa Patricks today. The one that used to go with Tony Contreras...

He looks at her, trying to remember Lisa Patricks and Tony Contreras.

J.C.

... that guy with the bike.

Mick nods, turning the page.

J.C.

He got killed ripping-off some house in Parkridge last week.

Mick's eyes stay on the magazine.

J.C.

Yeah? That's the way it goes.

He stops, staring at a picture of a full blown Sony stereo sound system. J.C. is watching him.

J.C.

I had this dream that you went away.

MICK

So did I. With you.

J.C.

I'm serious.

The girl sits up, stroking his hair, getting closer.

J.C.

I went looking for you at your house and when I got there your mother opened the door. She didn't say anything. I walked in and there you were. Lying in this coffin in a red suit.

(CONTINUED)

MICK

I don't have a red suit. You
have more weird dreams --

She's watching him closely. Remembering the aftertaste
of the dream. Fear.

J.C.

What were you and Brennan talking
about today?

MICK

Nothin'.

J.C.

Someday you might --

MICK

Here we go again --

J.C.

Yeah, well, you're gonna' busted.
For real.

He tosses the magazine aside. Annoyed.

MICK

Big fuckin' deal. They don't do
shit but give ya lunch, call my
old lady if they can find her and
let me out for supper. An' the
food's a lot better than what she
ever comes up with.

J.C.

I just get scared you're gonna
get killed --

MICK

Look! Nothin's gonna happen to
me. Nothin! Get it?

Abruptly Mick gets out of bed and starts dressing. The
energy running through him like electricity. On his
shirt we glimpse a lapel pin. Some kind of a military
Special Forces ensignia.

J.C.

I love you.

Mick pulls on his jacket, turning away from her dec-
laration of love, feeling J.C.'s eyes trailing him.
She waiting for an answer. Something. Anything.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

24 *

Mick moves to the door, opens it, looking hard at J.C.

MICK

Don't dream.

He exits. J.C. stares at the closed door. A moment later she turns the lamp off and the room is hurled into darkness. We MOVE IN on her face and the overlapping sound of Mick's RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

25 A PORTABLE CASSETTE PLAYER

25

BLASTING OUT Latin dance MUSIC FILLS THE SCREEN.

MOVING BACK we SEE the machine on the window sill of a tenement flat with nighttime Chicago in the b.g.

PACO MORENO, a handsome, muscular 17-year-old Hispanic boy with a medium length Afro wearing a t-shirt and pleated trousers ENTERS the FRAME and turns the volume down, staring out the window. His 8-year-old brother, PACITO, with an identical haircut, is lying on the bed, reading a comic book.

The door opens and two Hispanic boys wearing black, beltless raincoats enter. FELIX ALVARO and CARLOS ORTEGA, 15 and 14. Pee Wees. But hard. It's a moment before we realize how young they are. Felix is carrying a black Samsonite suitcase. Paco looks at it.

PACO

Consiglio todo?

Louis smiles.

FELIX

Everything.

The suitcase is dropped on the bed. The clasps snap, it opens. It's crammed with pills. In jars, in zip-loc baggies. A drugstore. Amphetamines and barbiturates. You name it, it's there. Everyone is looking down at the stash. Paco lets out a long, low whistle.

PACO

Goddamn.

Pacito looks up at him, at his idol. Again we SEE the stash. Then Felix and Carlos. Paco grabs his brother's hair and pulls it affectionately, hugging him.

PACO

We're rich.

26 INT. A STAIRWELL - NIGHT

26

A single light bulb illuminates the shabby interior of the building as Mick takes the steps three at a time. Running. Always running. He pops the key into the door of 2B and steps into the apartment.

27 INT. THE APARTMENT - NIGHT

27

The living room, like the rest of Mick's life, is worn out. He drops his school books on the hall table and as he makes his way to his bedroom he hears voices and muffled laughter coming from the bathroom. Mick approaches the closed door, looking at the sliver of light on the floor.

MICK

Mom?

28 INT. THE BATHROOM

28

We SEE Mick's mother, VICKY O'BRIEN, a woman in her early forties, pretty in a back porch way, in the bathtub with a man. A bottle of scotch and two glasses are on the floor. They turn with glazed eyes to the closed door.

VICKY O'BRIEN

Yeah, honey...

She sees the door knob turning.

VICKY O'BRIEN

I'm with a friend.

29 INT. THE APARTMENT - NIGHT

29

Mick releases the door handle. Angry and sad.

MICK

(to himself)

A friend... fuck --

He turns and enters his bedroom, kicking the door shut. Hard.

30 INT. A TENEMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT

30

The room is clean and sparsely furnished.

(CONTINUED)

Paco's MOTHER is at the sink cleaning up the dinner dishes. Her three-year-old daughter, ROSA, is in a high chair playing with a doll.

The bedroom door opens and Paco exits, followed by his brother, Felix and Carlos who is carrying the suitcase. The Mother looks at her two sons, the other boys, at the suitcase.

MOTHER

Donde se va?

The question is laced with suspicion.

PACO

I have some business to take care of.

MOTHER

Que clase de negocio?

Paco smiles; charming, cobra-like insinuating.

PACO

I have to see my stock broker.
No se preocupe. Todo va bien.

The Mother looks at Pacito.

MOTHER

Donde piensa que se va?

PACITO

Out! With Paco!

MOTHER

You go to bed!

Felix and Carlos snicker.

PACITO

No!

The Mother points to the bedroom.

MOTHER

Vayase a la cama!

Pacito looks at his brother. Paco winks.

PACO

I remos manana. Le Prometo.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

The kid turns and goes back into the bedroom. Sullen, deflated.

The three boys exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

31 EXT. RINCON AVENUE - NIGHT

31

A decaying north side Chicago street oppressed by the iron shadow of the elevated subway.

32 EXT. THE EL RINCON SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

32 *

A Latin "Club House" storefront with a plate glass window covered with venetian blinds looking out onto Rincon Avenue. The front door is open. Latin dance MUSIC LEAKS OUT onto the street.

33 INT. THE EL RINCON SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

33 *

A dozen men are scattered through the shabby, smoke-filled room; talking, playing cards, drinking beer and reading newspapers. All Latin. We SETTLE ON a table by the window where three men are playing cards, COMING TO REST ON RAMON MORENO, Paco's father, a slender, good-looking man in his early forties. As another hand is dealt he looks up. Through the blinds he sees Paco, Felix and Carlos walking down the street. He puts his cards down and stands.

34 EXT. THE EL RINCON SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

34 *

Ramon Moreno steps onto the sidewalk. Felix sees him first.

FELIX

Hey, Paco, your old man.

Now Paco sees his father and smiles, approaching him.

PACO

(in Spanish)

Good evening, father. How are things at the office?

He glances into the El Rincon Felix and Carlos snicker. *

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34 *

RAMON MORENO

(in Spanish)

When are you going to cut this
shit out?

PACO

(in Spanish)

And what? Look for a job? Even
you can't get a job! You haven't
worked in a year!

RAMON

(in Spanish)

I try, smart ass! Every day! I'm
out there!

Paco moves right up to his father. Eye-to-eye.

PACO

(in English)

Hey! I don't want a job! I
want a business!

The three boys turn and walk off. On Ramon Moreno's
face we:

DISSOLVE TO:

35 INT. MICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

35 *

The room is disheveled and cluttered with records. Push-
pinned to the wall is a small flag. A Special Military
Forces banner. The same one as Mick's lapel pin that
we glimpsed in J.C.'s bedroom. Just below it is a
curling photograph of a young man in an army uniform.

Mick is sitting on the bed strumming an old Fender
Stratocaster guitar plugged into a Pignose amp, kind
of playing. On the beside table is a wad of bills.
Through the door we HEAR his mother.

VICKY O'BRIEN (o.s.)

Honey, could you turn it down a
little?

Mick leans forward and turns the amp up, bashing out
the chords with a vengeance.

36 EXT. AN ALLEY - NIGHT

36

Paco, Felix and Carlos enter an alleyway that runs be-
tween two low buildings. Paco lifts the lid off a
garbage can and Carlos puts the suitcase inside. Paco
walks off. Felix and Carlos light cigarettes.

37 EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

37

We SEE a black-and-white patrol car cruising the ghetto streets, slowing down as it passes a group of Hispanic kids standing on a street corner.

38 INT. MICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

38

Just the lamp is on. Mick is lying on the bed smoking a cigarette, staring at the ceiling, idly fingering his guitar, which is unplugged. He looks at the bedside clock: 11:15. At the telephone. Waiting for it to ring.

39 EXT. AN EMPTY LOT - NIGHT

39

A bombed-out ruin encircled by the skeleton of a tenement building. A mean looking, heavy-duty black kid of 15 wearing a basketball jersey is standing in the middle of a lot waiting for someone.

Paco approaches.

Nothing is said.

Then Paco frisks the black kid. The black kid frisks Paco. They're both clean. They walk off.

Now we SEE a white kid of 14 with cropped hair move out of the shadows. He's watching Paco and the black kid as they walk towards the street.

40 EXT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT

40

Felix is squatting against the side of the building, waiting. Carlos is nowhere in sight.

FOOTSTEPS.

Paco and the black kid appear. Felix takes the suitcase from the garbage can and opens it. The black kid's breath is taken away. Paco and Felix are watching him closely, looking up and down the alley. The kid bends down and goes through the stash carefully, fingering the pills, holding up jars. He opens one and spills a dozen biphphetamine spansules into his hand. He stands, nodding his approval. Paco closes the suitcase.

PACO

We deliver Saturday night. Nine o'clock. Parking lot of the Merriam Triplex. You deliver the cash.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

Suddenly four black kids appear at the end of the alley. Mean looking motherfuckers. Two of them with shaved heads, 13 to 15 years old. Before they can take a step Paco moves back and with a clean jerk of his muscular arm throws the suitcase upwards. We SEE Carlos on the fire escape above them. He catches the suitcase and takes off, reaches the roof and disappears before the black kids can move. Felix pulls a .45 automatic from his raincoat and jams it against the kid's head. Paco looks at him like he's lower than dirt.

PACO

Asshole!

Paco kicks him on the knee cap.

PACO

You pull any shit like that
Saturday and I'll cut your balls
off! Comprende!

The kid backs off. Paco and Felix exchange looks.

41 THE WHITE KID WITH THE CROPPED HAIR

41

Moving upwards along the brick wall of the low building over-looking the alley we SEE him on the roof looking at the action that's just gone down.

42 INT. MICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

42

Mick's on the bed. The PHONE RINGS.

MICK

Yeah --

43 INT. A PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

43

On the elevated subway platform. The white kid with the cropped hair is on the line. His name is CARL BRENNAN. A TRAIN is ROARING PAST.

CARL

They got it.

44 INT. MICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

44

His body uncoils.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

MICK

Great.

Mick hangs up and lights a cigarette. Then he turns the lamp off. The cigarette burns a hole in the blackness of his room.

45 INT. THE LUNCHROOM - JOHN CLEVELAND HIGH SCHOOL - DAY 45

The school is multi-ethnic. The noise level unbearable. Mick is at a table with J.C. She's eating, he's staring into the crowd. Carl Brennan comes up and sits down.

CARL

Hey, J.C. --

J.C.

Hi, Carl.

The boys look around. Then they move away from J.C., out of earshot.

CARL

I never saw so much shit in my life. They gotta fuckin' drugstore.

Paco, Felix and Carlos enter the lunchroom and the trio drifts by. Paco sees Mick and stops.

PACO

How ya doin', O'Brien?

The question is a taunt. They've crossed paths before. Paco looks at J.C. with an insinuating leer. Mick stares back, his face like rock.

PACO

Whata' see in this guy?

He flashes J.C. his cobra smile.

J.C.

Fuck off, Moreno.

Felix and Carlos hoot and holler. Paco just keeps smiling.

PACO

Your old lady's got a bad mouth, O'Brien. If she was my old lady --

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

MICK

She's not, asshole.

Paco's smile just keeps going.

PACO

Oh? You mean she never told you
about me an' her?

Felix and Carlos crack up. Paco plays it straight.
Putting Mick on. Taking it to the limit. Mick's
face flushes in anger. He starts to stand. J.C. and
Carl pull him back.

CARL

Don't listen to that stupid fuck.

J.C.

Mick --

Paco winks at J.C. and the trio walks off.

PACO

Adios, douchebag.

J.C. reaches for Mick's hand but he pulls away.

THE BELL SCREAMS TWICE. Lunch is over.

46
and
47

OMITTED

46
and#
47

48

INT. MICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

48

Mick drops a brown paper bag onto the bed. Carl
watches him take out two boiler suits, two pairs of
black leather gloves and two ski masks. Carl's hands
are jammed into his pockets and he's pacing nervously
around the room.

CARL

You sure they won't know who we
are?

MICK

Not if ya do what I say an' don't
open your fuckin' mouth. Okay?

The boy stops pacing. Still nervous. Still not sure.
Mick picks up a boiler suit, a pair of gloves and a
ski mask, handing them to Carl.

MICK

It's gonna work.

49

INT. CARLOS ORTEGA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

49

The suitcase is on the bed. Next to it is the .45 automatic. The suitcase is empty. The gun is not. The stash of drugs is on the table. Everything has been repackaged into glassine envelopes, two dozen pills to each packet. It looks like twice as much. Paco, Felix and Carlos are just finishing the job.

The door opens and Pacito enters. Through the open door we SEE into the living room.

Carlos' mother and four small children are staring at a large color television set, neutralized by the images on the screen, their faces blank. The door closes.

PACO

What are you doing here?

He glares at his kid brother. Felix and Carlos aren't too happy about the kid, either.

PACITO

You promised I could go out with you.

Pacito looks at the drugs. For an instant Paco's face shows anger, then it softens.

PACO

Yeah... but not tonight.

Paco walks up to the kid and bends down, holding him by the shoulders.

PACO

We got somethin' to do and I don't want you in the way. Tomorrow night we go out.

Paco points to the door.

PACO

Now go home.

Pacito doesn't like it but he turns and exits.

The boys start filling the suitcase.

50

INT. A ROOM - NIGHT

50

Another tenement.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

The five black kids from the alley are standing around a table with a large pile of cash on it. Stacks of twenty and fifty dollar bills. The kid from the lot starts pushing the cash into a paper bag. The kid with the shaved head goes into the closet, takes out a cardboard box, puts it on the bed and opens it. We are LOOKING DOWN AT two sawed-off shotguns.

50A EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

50A*

A few cars parked at the curb, among them a late 1960's Valiant. Mick and Carl Brennan stand in the shadows, looking at the selection of cars.

CARL

Hey, look, Mick, there's a Valiant.

MICK

Old reliable. Perfect.

Mick approaches, pulls a widget from his pocket and pops the lock. He whistles and Brennan emerges from the shadows. Mick slides in and Brennan gets behind the wheel. A flurry of movement. A moment later the car roars into life.

51 EXT. A TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

51

The five black kids exit the building. They stop for a moment, looking up and down the street.

One of them is carrying the sawed-off shotgun in the cardboard box, another is holding the cash in a paper bag, a pistol stuck in his belt. They climb into an old Buick sedan and drive off.

52 EXT. CARLOS ORTEGA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

We SEE the building reflected in the side-view mirror of a car as Pacito exits the building, turns left and starts walking east down the block, looking back as he goes.

53 INT. A VALLANT - NIGHT

Carl Brennan is hunched down behind the wheel of an old Valiant parked across the street, watching Pacito as he walks off.

CARL

That Moreno's brother?

We SEE Mick sitting next to him.

MICK

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

Both boys are wearing the boiler suits and black gloves with the ski masks rolled up on their heads like watch caps. The area around their eyes has been blacked up with coal grease. The Valiant has been hot-wired, the ignition wires dangling from under the steering column. Carl puts his hands on the wheel. They're shaking.

MICK

Relax. There's nothin' to worry about. Believe me.

Carl's trying. Mick points.

MICK

There they are.

Paco, Felix and Carlos exit the building. Carlos is carrying the suitcase. The trio starts walking west. Mick pulls out a .22 calibre pistol and his .38 Smith and Wesson. He hands the .22 to Carl.

MICK

Let's go.

Carl turns the engine and heads on and hangs a U-turn as Paco, Felix and Carlos move down the street.

54 INT. A BUICK SEDAN - NIGHT

54

The five black kids are seen straight-on. Three in the front, two in the back. The sawed-off shotguns are on the floor in the rear of the car.

55 EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

55

Pacito is standing at the end of the block leaning against a parked car. He sees Paco, Felix and Carlos moving through the Saturday night crowds away from him. A moment later he starts following them, keeping his distance.

56 INT. A PATROL CAR

56

Through the black-and-white's window we SEE a Chicago street as the patrol car cruises, looking for trouble.

57 EXT. CERMAK

57 *

Paco, Felix and Carlos are walking south on Cermak
Paco looks at his watch: 8:45. On time.

*
*

58 INT. THE VALIANT

58

It's a block behind Paco, Felix and Carlos. Mick is watching the trio closely, the .38 in his hand. He looks at Carl sensing his fear.

59 CLOSEUP - PACITO

59

The kid is walking. He sees his brother, Felix and Carlos disappear around a corner, and he picks up his pace.

60 EXT. THE STREET

60

The Valiant hangs a right on the corner of Meldensis Avenue.

And now we SEE the Buick with the five black kids picking up speed, pulling three cars behind the Valiant.

61 INT. THE VALIANT

61

Through the windshield we SEE Paco, Felix and Carlos on the corner of a four-way intersection jammed with people, waiting for the light to change. Carl glances nervously at Mick as he pulls his ski mask down, covering his face. Then Carl pulls his mask down. In their boiler suits, black gloves and ski masks with their eyes blackened up, they could be anybody.

MICK

Now!

Mick throws the door open and gets out of the car. His arm is straight down, the .38 pressed flat against his thigh, coming up behind the trio, weaving through the Saturday night crowds.

62 INT. THE VALIANT

62

Carl's eyes flick to the rear-view mirror and he sees the Buick with the five black kids directly behind him.

They're watching the ski-masked, boiler-suited figure closing in on Paco, Felix and Carlos. In an instant they realize what's happening.

The two kids with the shaved heads and the sawed-off shotguns jump out of the car. In a panic Carl hits the horn to warn Mick as the kids close in.

AND NOW EVERYTHING COMES APART...

- 63 FELIX 63
- tuns and sees Mick three feet behind him being trailed by one of the black kids with the shotgun and paws frantically for the .45 inside his raincoat.
- 64 A WOMAN 64
- sees the kid with the shotgun and Mick with his .38 and screams, setting off a chain reaction of panic and terrified confusion along the crowded sidewalk.
- 65 MICK 65
- turns and sees Carl jump out of the Valiant with his gun, waving wildly and pivots as the black kid raises his gun. Mick drops to the ground as the kid pulls the trigger. The blast catches Felix full in the chest, ripping him open, lifting him off the ground, killing him instantly.
- 66 THE SECOND BLACK KID 66
- takes aim at Mick. Carl steadies his violently shaking arm and squeezes off a single shot, hitting the kid in the shoulder. He spins around, cursing, and pulls the trigger, five feet from Carl, hitting him square in the face.
- 67 PACO AND CARLOS 67
- bolt across the street in a panic, knocking people over, tripping, dropping the suitcase, vanishing in the throngs.
- 68 THE FIRST BLACK KID WITH THE SHOTGUN 68
- takes off on foot. The wounded black kid jumps into the Buick and the car peels out.
- 69 MICK 69
- gets up and runs over to Carl's body sprawled in the street. Around him pandemonium is tearing up and down the block as people scatter and others start to gather in horrified fascination around Felix Alvaro's mutilated body and Carl Brennan's nearly decapitated corpse.

70 THE CROWD

70

As they begin to close in on Mick, he fires three shots blindly into the sidewalk. Everyone stampedes instantly. Mick leaps over Carl's body, jumps in the Valiant, hangs a sharp U-turn and takes off.

71 THE STREET

71

Pacito hears gunfire and screaming and the sudden WAIL of a POLICE SIREN and starts running in the direction of the bloody Saturday night slaughter, unaware of what's just happened, his eyes fearing the worst.

72 INT. THE VALAINT

72

careening at high speed down the street. Mick rips the ski mask off and throws it out the window with the .38. His face is raw and sweat-slicked, his eyes alive with fear. His hands are shaking so violently that he swerves into a line of parked cars. The impact knocks the Valiant into the middle of the street. As he brings the vehicle under control and hits the accelerator, the lights of a patrol car pop into the rear-view mirror and a SIREN WAILS through the night.

73 MICK

73

swerves left down a one-way street and loses control, again sideswiping half a dozen parked cars, bouncing off them, spinning like a gyroscope into the middle of the street.

74 ANOTHER ANGLE - MICK

74

swings the Valiant around and keeps going, hanging a sharp right at the corner of Meldensis Avenue as the cop car again pops into his rear-view mirror.

75 ANOTHER ANGLE

75

That's when he sees a red traffic light and a line of cars waiting for the light to change just twenty feet in front of him. The speedometer is pushing 75.

76 ANOTHER ANGLE

76

And suddenly from between two parked cars a little kid runs into the street directly in front of the Valiant. Mick punches the brakes, too late. The kid is impaled on the car's grill. It's Paco's kid brother. His pain-smeared eyes are staring right at Mick.

77 THE VALIANT

77

is hurled like a rocket into the rear of a Chevrolet with Pacito still impaled on the grill by the force on the impact. The collision cuts him in half.

78 ANOTHER ANGLE

78

Through the shattered glass and twisted metal and the banshee CRY of the POLICE SIRENS Mick's vision blurs and then DISSOLVES INTO BLACKNESS.

79
thru 82 OMITTED79
thru[#]
82

83 THE EL - DAY

83

as it roars down the middle of the expressway.

CUT TO:

84 A DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS VAN

84

as it moves past, passing the EL going in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

85
thru 88 OMITTED85
thru[#]
88

88A INT. A COURTROOM

88A *

We see the JUDGE CLOSEUP.

JUDGE

Michael O'Brien, you have
committed the crimes of an adult...

88B MICK - CLOSEUP

88B *

As the Judge's speech continues:

JUDGE (V.O.)

... Your previous record of
arrests is extensive and indicative
of a sociopathic personality...

88C THE COURTROOM

88C

Mick's lawyer, his mother, J.C., the arresting officers, bailiffs, and Carlos Ortega.

JUDGE (V.O.)

... However, you are protected by the law. Your status as a juvenile prevents me from imposing the punishment you deserve...

89 PACO - CLOSEUP

89

His face contorted with rage and hatred, being held back by two bailiffs... Behind him are his parents and sister. All dressed in black.

JUDGE

... Until our criminal codes are revised to reflect a realistic attitude towards juvenile offenders...

89A EXT. THE EL - DAY

89A

As it moves down the middle of the Expressway and the Department of Co-rections van moves alongside:

JUDGE

... society will continue to suffer...

89B INT. THE VAN - DAY

89B

We see Mick's battered face looking out the window as the El roars by down the Expressway. Sitting behind him is a 13 year old black kid in handcuffs.

JUDGE

It is the judgement of this court that you be committed to the Rainford Juvenile Correctional Facility until such a time as your rehabilitation is complete...

90 MICK'S MOTHER

90

Crying.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

JUDGE

Michael, nothing can ever change what you've done. But it is my personal hope that you'll use your time at Rainford to build a new and productive life in the aftermath of this tragedy...

91 J.C. CRYING

91

We hear the van's engine and the SOUND of the rain and windshield wipers slapping back and forth.

92 THE COURTROOM ERUPTS

92

The SOUND of the Judge's gavel comes through and we:

FLASH CUT TO:

93 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

93

*

As Mick is being hustled out of the packed courtroom and J.C. fights to reach him, her arms outstretched, screaming.

J.C.

Mick! Mick!

Mick turns, trying to pull away from the bailiffs, looking at J.C.

J.C.

I love you!

CUT TO:

94 INT. THE DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS VAN - DAY

94

And Mick's face, CLOSEUP, staring out the window. His eyes are flat and unblinking.

DISSOLVE TO:

95 EXT. THE RAINFORD JUVENILE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY 95

Through sheets of dark slanting rain and a wire-mesh grill we SEE the RAINFORD JUVENILE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY, an oppressive, red-brick, medieval-like fortress.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

The bleak structure, built in the early forties, presses against a low range of foothills in the countryside of northern Illinois.

96 INT. A DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS BUS

96

Mick is inside the bus, separated from the driver by a wire cage. A 13-year-old black boy is sitting behind him. His name is TERRELL. Both are in handcuffs and streetclothes. Mick's face is healing.

97 EXT. THE COURTYARD - DAY

97

The gates are open and the bus slides into the courtyard. A door opens in the building.

A large, powerfully-built black man in his thirties, looks into the courtyard. His name is GENE DANIELS.

98 INT. THE BUS

98

The Driver unlocks the cage.

DRIVER

Let's go.

Terrell looks scared. Mick's face gives nothing away. They rise.

99 INT. A ROOM IN THE ADMINISTRATION WING - DAY

99

The grey steel door opens. Mick and Terrell enter. They are wearing dark green cotton jackets and pants, white t-shirt and sneakers. They are carrying blankets, towels, and some toilet articles. The door slams shut.

Daniels is sitting behind a desk smoking a cigar. His hard eyes look the boys over for a long moment. Then he motions them forward.

DANIELS

Welcome to Rainford, Gentleman.
You have landed in one of the
state's finest juvenile facilities.

What he's really saying is that they've just landed in the state's worst juvenile facility.

(CONTINUED)

DANIELS

My name is Gene Daniels. I'm one of your Supervisors.

Daniels points to the stenciled t-shirts.

DANIELS

You've been assigned to C, our Special Circumstances dorm for critical offenders.

Daniels' diction is clean and precise. The kind of person who doesn't have to raise his voice to be heard. Or understood.

DANIELS

Your fellow inmates are murderers, rapists, armed robbers and mental defectives. Like yourselves, they have graduated at the top of their class.

Daniels stands, dwarfing Mick and Terrell. A night stick is in a holster attached to his belt.

He looks between the two boys.

DANIELS

You will be treated with respect if you treat others with respect. I suggest you stay cool and follow the rules.

Daniels puts the cigar in the ashtray and folds his thick arms across his barrel chest.

DANIELS

If you think you're hip, you're not. Otherwise you wouldn't be here. Your crime was not in being caught, but the crime itself. Remember that. Hopefully, you will realize that what you have done is wrong. Hopefully, you will never do anything like it again.

Daniels shifts his weight.

DANIELS

This is a juvenile facility. That means you are not in charge of the zoo. We are. Nothing is given. Everything is earned.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2)

99 *

Daniels pulls out a slug and holds it up.

DANIELS

Drugs and money are against the rules. These tokens are the only form of currency allowed. They will get you your soft drinks. and candy bars. Have I made myself understood?

They nod and mumble.

DANIELS

Yes, Mr. Daniels!

MIKE & TERRELL

Yes, Mr. Daniels.

We MOVE IN on Daniels' face.

DISSOLVE TO:

100 OMITTED 100

101 INT. CORRIDOR 101

Daniels, Mick and Terrell stop in front of an iron door with the letter C on it.

Daniels pulls a key ring off his belt and unlocks the door.

Mick and Terrell step into Dorm C.

102 INT. DORM C - DAY 102

DORM C is a four thousand square foot, one-tiered room with grey concrete walls and floors.

The Commons Room is divided by yellow lines.

To the left of the iron doors are two ping-pong tables and a weight bench.

In the center of the room is a large table piled with magazines and books.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

Against the wall is an observation deck where the Supervisor-in-Charge can oversee the activity in the room from behind a wire mesh, cage-like structure. This is called The Cage.

Next to The Cage is a coffee and soft drink machine.

To the right of The Cage are five benches and a dozen chairs angled in the direction of a large television set bolted to the wall.

By the left rear wall behind the weight-lifting area are the showers and head. This is called the Wash-up.

Twenty cells, each with a number painted on the door run the perimeter of the room. The last cell stops ten feet from the television area.

*
=

On the tier are twenty more cells.

The room is low-ceilinged and claustrophobic, illuminated by green, wire-covered fixtures.

Dorm C has the feeling of being underwater, isolated from everything, the air artificial and sluggish.

The noise level is deafening. RADIOS are BLASTING from every cell. The TELEVISION is ROARING.

The volume of bodies for so small a space is staggering. Two to a single cell, times 40 = 80.

That's 40 too many.

The place looks its age Crumbling and not very clean.

*

103 ANOTHER ANGLE

103

Daniels walks Mick and Terrell to The Cage where a sour-looking man in his late thirties with a mustache and the eyes of a chicken hawk is reading a magazine. The chicken-hawk eyes look up.

DANIELS

This is Supervisor Wagner. Sir
will also do.

Daniels points to the boys.

DANIELS

O'Brien and Terrell.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

Daniels looks at both boys.

DANIELS
Enjoy your rehabilitation,
gentlemen.

Daniels walks to the double iron doors and exits.

WAGNER
Can you read?

Wagner taps the POINTS SYSTEM count on the front of
The Cage.

WAGNER
Then read this.

POINTS SYSTEM: FIGHTING 400/SEXUAL HARRASSMENT 800/
GANG ACTIVITY 1000/DRUGS, ALCOHOL 1500/RUNNING FOR
THE FENCE 2000/SMOKING 500/

104 MICK

104

looks back at the room. Everyone is smoking. The air
is clotted and dense.

105 WAGNER

105

WAGNER
O'Brien, take 19. Terrell, 12.

Wagner points them to their cells, lights a cigarette
and goes back to his magazine.

106 ANOTHER ANGLE

106

When they turn around sixty pairs of eyes are on them.
The racial mix is four blacks and Hispanic kids to
every white. The blacks are hanging with the blacks,
the Hispanics with the Hispanics, whites with whites.

The RADIOS are BLASTING but the VOICES have EBBED.

107 MICK AND TERRELL

107

walk. Mick is looking straight ahead. Terrell is
looking at everything.

108 ANOTHER ANGLE

108

A very handsome and muscular 16-year-old with long, blond hair steps up to the rail of the tier and watches Mick as he heads for his cell. On the opposite side of the tier another kid, black, 17, and powerfully built, smoking a cigarette, steps up to the rail. The blond kid is LOFGREN a/k/a/ THE VIKING. The black kid is TWEETY.

109 THE VIKING AND TWEETY

109

look at each other. There's obviously some kind of bond between them because they're clearly the strongest kids in the dorm. And a visible animosity. One is white, the other black.

The Viking smiles, and, as if on cue, they both spit at Mick and Terrell.

110 MICK

110

stops and looks at them both. The Viking gives him the finger. Tweety flips his cigarette butt. Then four more kids start in spitting from the tier and half a dozen kids on the Commons Room floor. Everyone is cheering them on. Terrell bolts for his cell and slams the door. The laughter and applause is deafening.

111 ANOTHER ANGLE - MICK

111

keeps walking as the shower of spit and cigarttte butts rains down on him. Two dozen kids are doing it now. The energy that was burning Mick up in the previous sequences has been sapped from his body. There's barely a flicker of life in his eyes. Not even anger or hatred.

112 ANOTHER ANGLE - MICK

112

Mick looks into the groups of faces spitting at him. To the right, to the left, up at the tier, then straight ahead. Drenched in spit, his pace remains even, his face a blank.

113 THE CAGE

113

Wagner's chicken-hawk eyes are shining at the sight of Micks' baptism-by-spit as he watches the jeering mob from The Cage.

114 CELL 19

114

Mick pulls the door open and enters, slamming it shut without looking back through the mesh-covered slot.

115 INT. CELL 19 - DAY

115

A thin, 15-year-old kid with sharp, intelligent features and a shock of dark hair is lying on the top bunk reading a book. His name is BARRY HOROWITZ.

HOROWITZ

How do you like it so far?

There's something very unsettling about Horowitz. As if his brain could leap from his skull in an instant and what appeared would be better left unseen. The kid starts biting his nails, tearing at the cuticles as he looks Mick over.

HOROWITZ

You got a name?

Mick ignores him and looks at the 12 x 15 cell. There's a desk covered with books, some electronic manuals and several disassembled radios and tape decks. Three wall shelves, an aluminized mirror set into the wall and a window covered with a wire grill. Mick starts wiping the spit off.

HOROWITZ

Can you talk?

Silence. Horowitz stops biting his nails and cuticles, jumps down from his bunk, pulls out a pack of Winstons, and offers one to Mick.

HOROWITZ

Smoke?

Mick takes a cigarette and light from Horowitz.

HOROWITZ

My name's Horowitz. If you don't feel like talking now, that's all right, I understand, but you understand I really don't want a fucking mute in my cell because I like a little conversation. Okay?

His words come out in a rush. Slightly feverish. His eyes punctuating the sentences as he leans into what he's saying. Mick focuses on him.

(CONTINUED)

The boy continues to smoke, tapping his foot against the floor as if his leg is not joined to his body. Then abruptly he stops and starts biting his nails.

HOROWITZ

The last guy that was in here with me killed himself by drinking half a gallon of disinfectant he liked the place so much.

Horowitz smiles. Again the run-on quality to his words.

HOROWITZ

Ouch!

Horowitz has spoken. He drops his Winston into a butt can and hauls himself back onto his bunk. He picks up his book and starts reading, gnawing at his cuticles.

Mick flops onto his bunk and closes his eyes.

MICK

My name's O'Brien.

HOROWITZ

Shit! A fucking mick!

Mick opens his eyes.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

116 INT. PACO MORENO'S BEDROOM - CLOSEUP - PACO - NIGHT 116
sitting on his bed, staring straight AT US.

MOVING BACK, we SEE the room. Empty, save for his baby sister, Rosa, sitting on Pacito's bed playing with a toy.

The closet door is open. Paco's clothes are hanging on one side, the other half is empty. Against the wall are three large cardboard boxes filled with Pacito's belongings. Clothes, toys, comic books, etc. Kid stuff.

Paco's mother enters and looks at Rosa, then at Paco. He meets her gaze for a moment and then looks back at the cardboard boxes.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

PACO
(in Spanish)
I'm going to get him.

MOTHER
(in Spanish)
No! You think being a man means
you have to avenge your brother's
death? That you have to kill
someone?

PACO
(in Spanish)
You don't understand.

His mother slaps him hard across the face. In pain,
frustration and anguish. Sobbing now.

We CLOSE IN ON Paco's dark, unblinking eyes.

PACO
I have to do it.

DISSOLVE TO:

117 INT. DORM C - CELL 19 - MORNING

117

Mick is still in his clothes, asleep on top of his
unmade bunk. The WAKE-UP BELL RINGS and his eyes open.

In a moment the SOUNDS of Dorm C begin to seep into the
cell.

Horowitz is standing in front of the mirror combing
his hair. He turns and looks at Mick as he sits up.

HOROWITZ
So, what's the toke?

MICK
An accident.

HOROWITZ
Oh, yeah? Me, too. I fire-
bombed a bowling alley. Killed
three people.

Mick gives him a look. Like what for?

HOROWITZ
I was goofing around with some
girls. Their boyfriends didn't
like it and beat the shit out
of me.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

Horowitz turns back to the mirror. He looks almost pleased with the memory of it.

HOROWITZ

I went back the next night and totalled the place.

Horowitz stares at himself in the mirror for a silent moment.

HOROWITZ

Only I wasted the wrong three people.

Horowitz flashes a goofy grin.

Mick touches his healing but still puffy face.

MICK

I killed a little kid.

He says it more to himself than to his audience of one.

Horowitz shrugs. Like that's no big deal.

Horowitz opens the cell door and looks into the Commons Room.

HOROWITZ

Time to get counted.

Mick stands and they exit the cell.

118
and
119

OMITTED

118
and
119

120 THE COMMONS ROOM - DAY

120

Daniels is in The Cage watching the body count. Horowitz is standing behind Mick. The Viking walks by and shoves him.

THE VIKING

In line, asshole!

He's in line. The Viking keeps going.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

HOROWITZ

That's Lofgren. They call him
The Viking. I call him shit-
for-brains.

The Viking turns at the sound of Horowitz's voice.

THE VIKING

Shut yer fuckin' mouth, Horowitz.

Horowitz makes a face and flips him the bird, but The
Viking doesn't see it.

THE VIKING

In line!

He shoves Terrell.

Mick looks up at Tweety on the tier.

HOROWITZ

That's Tweety.

MICK

Nice name.

HOROWITZ

Smacks. They keep the rest of the
animals in line and give out the
work assignments. They're going
to put you on Shit House Patrol.

THE VIKING

All accounted for, Mr. Daniels!

TWEETY

All accounted for, Mr. Daniels!

Daniels sounds the bell.

DANIELS

Move it out!

Domm C moves it out.

121 A CORRIDOR - DAY

121

Down the tomb-like, windowless corridor the boys of
Dorm C go. We SEE Mick CLOSEUP, his eyes look dead.

122 INT. THE MESS HALL - DAY

122 #

A bunker-like, grey cinder block room with metal tables
and benches.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122 #

The place is jammed with boys from Dorms A, B, and C. The kids are lined up at the stainless steel serving counter holding pre-formed plastic trays.

The Viking walks over and sits down opposite Mick, staring at him. Tweety is one table down. Daniels, Wagner and six other Supervisors are three tables down eating with some kids from C and A.

THE VIKING

What happened to your face?

Mick ignores him.

THE VIKING

Hey, fuckhead!

Mick looks up. Horowitz is watching.

MICK

What's it to ya?

THE VIKING

I asked you a question.

MICK

I cut myself shaving.

A couple of kids almost laugh but don't, avoiding The Viking's eyes.

THE VIKING

I got news for you, fuckface.

Mick can hardly wait.

THE VIKING

In here, me and him...

The Viking points to Tweety.

THE VIKING

... is It. An' you're on Shit
House Patrol 'til we say different.
Got it?

Mick just shrugs. That really pisses The Viking off. He starts picking his nose, making a real show of it, trying to stare Mick down. He pulls his finger from his nostril and wipes crud on Mick's tray. Everyone at the table is watching. For a moment a flicker of something comes into Mick's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (2)

122 *

His face flushes in anger as The Viking smiles at him defiantly, waiting for him to do something about it. The tension stretches out and then Mick's face goes blank. He pushes the tray away. Mick looks across the room and sees Daniels and Wagner watching him.

123 INT. DORM C - DAY

123

A slender, good-looking Hispanic man in his early thirties, is in The Cage, doing paper work. His name is HERRERA. On the desk is his night stick and a can of Coke. He looks up at the tier, and across the Commons Room. Everything is going on. Ping-pong games, weight lifting, push-up contests, television watching, cigarette smoking, and a lot of kids just staring into space. Herrera takes a sip of Coke and goes back to his files.

124 THE WASH-UP - DAY

124

Eight shower stalls, four sinks and six crappers separated by wood partitions without doors.

Mick is mopping up. The room is empty. Tweety and The Viking enter and stare at him. Mick ignores them and keeps working. Tweety walks up to him and kicks the bucket over.

TWEETY

Clean it up!

The Viking smiles. The duo turns and exits laughing. Mick starts cleaning it up.

125 INT. CELL 19 - DAY

125

Horowitz is at the desk working on one of the radios. Mick enters and flops on his bunk, watching Horowitz hunched over the table. After a while, he walks over and turns on a portable radio sitting on the desk.

HOROWITZ

(annoyed)

Turn it off. I hate music.

Mick shrugs and turns it off. Horowitz lights two Winstons and hands one to Mick.

MICK

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

Two kids enter the cell. A tough-looking Italian kid with a head of gleaming hair and a short Chinese kid. JOHNNY PERRETTI and RICKY LEE. Both 15. Perretti is carrying a large plastic trash bag. He looks at Mick.

PERRETTI

Smokes?

He shakes the bag.

PERRETTI

Winstons, Pall Malls, Salems.
What'll it be?

Mick sits up.

MICK

Pall Mall.

Perretti opens the bag. It's full of cigarette cartons. He pulls out a carton of Pall Malls and throws it on the bed.

PERRETTI

Ten bucks.

Mick can't believe it.

PERRETTI

Take it or leave it.

HOROWITZ

Perretti, you suck.

Perretti gives Horowitz the finger. Horowitz keeps chewing his nails and tapping his foot. Mick takes out a crumpled ten dollar bill. Ricky Lee steps forward and snatches it from his hand, pulling a wad of bills from his jacket, he lays it on top, folds the wad and puts it back in his pocket. The Cashier. Perretti hands over the carton.

PERRETTI

Grass?

Perretti makes a toking gesture. Mick looks interested.

HOROWITZ

Don't waste your money, it's
garbage.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (2)

125

Horowitz takes a ten dollar bill out and throws it at the Chinese kid who catches it and pockets the bread. Perretti throws a carton on Winstons to Horowitz and the duo exit.

HOROWITZ

The Chink killed his father. The Wop snatched a fourteen-year-old girl and raped her for two days straight in a basement.

News from the front. Real nice. Mick gives him a look.

HOROWITZ

They run the action for Tweety and Viking on a 60-40 split.

Horowitz pulls a beautifully rolled joint out of his pocket and throws it to Mick.

HOROWITZ

But I'm the only one who's got the good shit.

Mick stares at the joint.

HOROWITZ

(winks)

Bonsai. Just keep it to yourself, okay?

Mick looks puzzled, then shrugs and lights it.

126 INT. CELL 12 - DAY

126

The door is open. Terrell, the small black kid who was admitted with Mick, is lying on his bed. In the top bunk another black kid is reading a comic book.

Tweety and The Viking approach the cell and look in at Terrell. The kid on the top bunk rolls onto his side, avoiding the duo. Tweety and The Viking stare at Terrell for a moment, giving him the once over. Then they turn and walk off. Tweety's voice drifts into the cell.

TWEETY (O.S.)

Ain't he sweet!

Terrell looks up, looking very worried about the compliment and the attention just paid him.

127 OMITTED

127

128 EXT. CO-OP SUPERMARKET

128

A green Plymouth sedan pulls up in front of the supermarket with ROBERT WALENSKI behind the wheel. He honks twice.

Through the window we SEE J.C. turn and wave at her father. Then she grabs her coat and exits the Co-op, a stack of books under her arm. She climbs into the car and kisses her father.

J.C.

Hi.

ROBERT WALENSKI

How's my girl today?

J.C.

Pissed off.

129 EXT. LINCOLN PARK - LAKE SHORE DRIVE - TWILIGHT

129 *

J.C. and her father are walking along the shore, framed by the backdrop of the Chicago skyline, the wind pushing softly at their backs.

J.C.

I wrote Mick today.

Her father looks at her, hearing the pain in his daughter's voice.

J.C.

I started at least ten times.
You know, how are you? What's
it like there? That kind of
thing.

The words are jammed together in a hollow rush. Her father stops walking, takes her arm and turns J.C. towards him. She's just going on.

J.C.

Everything sounded so dumb --

ROBERT WALENSKI

Honey --

He shakes her out of it.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129 *

ROBERT WALENSKI

Listen to me. He's gonna be gone
for a long time.

J.C.

That's okay. I can wait --

ROBERT WALENSKI

Look, he's a bad kid. He's been
in and out of trouble for years
and now he's finally gone and
killed somebody.

J.C.

No! It was an accident!

The girl shuts her eyes, trying to blot out her father's
words. Trying to run from the demons. He loves her.
She knows it. Robert Walenski hugs his daughter re-
assuringly as the night descends upon them.

129A EXT. THE RECREATIONAL FIELD - DAY

129A

We SEE Daniels CLOSEUP in a bright blue sweat suit
jogging straight AT US. MOVING BACK we SEE he is
leading a line of thirty kids from Dorm C on a forced
run between the double cyclone fences that surround
the Rec Field. He glances back at the line.

DANIELS

Come on! Pick it up!

We SEE Mick, Perretti, Ricky Lee, Roberts, etc. At the
very end of the line is Horowitz, puffing hard, look-
ing very unathletic.

129B ANOTHER ANGLE

129B

We SEE the boys jogging between the double fences from
behind through the window of a chopped down VW Bug
with searchlights mounted on the roof, welded to a bar.

Mick comes up alongside Terrell.

MICK

How ya doin'?

TERRELL

They're gonna get me, Charlie.
I know it.

(CONTINUED)

129B CONTINUED:

129B

Mick looks back at Tweety and The Viking as they pass him and Terrell. The Viking flips Mick the bird.

Horowitz looks back at the guard in the VW. The vehicle is driving very slowly.

129C INT. THE VW

129C

The guard is driving and at the same time flipping through a copy of Playboy which is lying on the passenger seat. He glances up briefly at the jogging boys, then looks back at the centerfold.

130 INT. AN OFFICE IN THE RAINFORD ADMINISTRATION WING - DAY 130

The door opens and Mick enters.

Herrera is sitting at his desk with his shirtsleeves rolled up, doing paper work. He stands.

HERRERA

My name is Ramon Herrera. I'm
a Supervisor in C.

They shake hands. Herrera points Mick to a chair and they sit down. He picks up Mick's file and scans it.

HERRERA

I see you were responsible for
the death of an eight-year-old
boy.

Mick shifts in the chair.

MICK

It was an accident.

HERRERA

An accident, huh?

Herrera stares at the boy scornfully. Mick looks away, blanking the Supervisor out.

HERRERA

What about these other charges?
Driving a stolen vehicle,
assault with a deadly weapon,
attempted robbery...

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

Mick's eyes slide back to Herrera's face.

HERRERA

I suppose they were accidents,
too?

Silence. Herrera flicks the rap sheet with his finger.

HERRERA

Possession of a handgun and
assaulting a teacher at 12...
Four counts of vandalism...
Three counts of breaking and
entering at 13... Assaulting a
70-year-old woman during a
purse snatching at 14... Want
me to go on? How you never
served any time here before is
a miracle... And now you're
telling me what just happened
was an accident? Hey, boy, let
me tell you something. That was
no accident. You would have
killed someone sooner or later,
only it happened sooner, see?
So don't bullshit yourself. And
don't bullshit me.

Mick just stares at Herrera. A moment passes.

HERRERA

How do you feel about what went
down? This so-called "accident"?

The man is pushing the boy, trying to get him to reach
inside of himself and make contact with his feelings.
If he's got any.

HERRERA

I'd like an answer.

Another moment passes.

MICK

I don't got an answer.

Mick looks at Herrera's arm. On his wrist is a fading
gang tattoo. Twin daggers dripping blood and the
name FALCONS. Mick looks up, meeting his gaze.

HERRERA

When you get an answer, let me
know because I'm interested.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: (2)

130

HERRERA (cont'd)

Any time you feel like talking
about this or anything else,
I'm here.

Mick nods. Having listened and heard.

131 OMITTED

131

132 INT. THE WASH-UP - AFTERNOON

132

The room is empty. We SEE the crapper stalls from
the side. Then Horowitz sitting on the can reading
a paperback and biting his nails.

The Viking enters and looks around.

He sees Horowitz, walks up to him and pulls the book
out of his hand.

HOROWITZ

Hey!

He tries to stand. The Viking puts his paw of a hand
over Horowitz's face and shoves him back on the pot.

HOROWITZ

You cocksucker!

The Viking grins and starts ripping pages from the book.
Horowitz tries to stand again. The Viking grabs his
shirt, spins him around and holding him by the neck,
throws the book into the toilet.

THE VIKING

You wanna read? Read!

The Viking sticks Horowitz's head in the toilet and
holds him there. The boy is gagging, trying to scream.
The Viking laughs, flushes the water, kicks him in
the ass and runs from the Wash-Up. *

Horowitz lifts his head out of the bowl. A page of
the book is stuck to the side of his mouth. But
nothing registers on his face. Just something cold
and dark and hateful in the eyes.

132A EXT. THE CO-OP SUPERMARKET - CHICAGO - LATE AFTERNOON 132A*

J.C. exits the supermarket into the parking lot carry-
ing some schoolbooks and a gym bag.

(CONTINUED)

132A CONTINUED:

132A

She walks to the corner, picking up her pace as she crosses over to the entrance to the El.

MOVING BACK we SEE Paco Moreno leaning against a parked car watching J.C. as she disappears up the stairways to the platform. He looks down at his watch, then walks off.

DISSOLVE TO:

133 THE COMMONS ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

133

Daniels in The Cage. The mail call is in progress. Up on the second tier, Terrell is talking very quietly with another black kid. Both of them keep looking around nervously. Then some money changes hands and a knife slips into Terrell's pocket.

Down on the floor, about thirty kids are standing around as Horowitz hands out the letters.

HOROWITZ

Roberts, Gonzales, Johnson,
Perretti --

They all step forward.

HOROWITZ

O'Brien --

Mick comes forward.

HOROWITZ

Fucking miracle. Someone you
know can write.

Horowitz grins. Mick snaps the letter from his hand and checks the envelope. It's from J.C.

134
and
135

OMITTED

134
and
135136 INT. THE RAINFORD JUVENILE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY -
DORM C - CELL 19 - NIGHT

136

Mick is lying on his bunk, his eyes as dull as dish-water. J.C.'s letter is next to him. Horowitz's hand dangles down INTO VIEW, waving a book.

(CONTINUED)

136. CONTINUED:

136

HOROWITZ

Want something to read?

Mick pushes the book away. Horowitz grunts and leaps off his bunk, a Winston between his lips. He takes it out.

HOROWITZ

Hey, Zombie! You haven't said two fucking words since you've been here, you know that? I've got nothing from you! Squat! How 'bout it?!

MICK

Horowitz, fuck off --

HOROWITZ

Fuck you, asshole!

Mick gets up and leaves the cell.

137
thru 142
OMITTED

137
thru
142

143 INT. DORM C - DAY

143 *

Wagner is in The Cage. About twenty-five kids are watching television. Mick approaches the soft drink machine and gets a Coke. He turns around and sees Tweety and The Viking working out at the weight bench, their arms bulging like softballs. They stop, look around the Commons Room and then up at the tier. Something's going on.

144 INT. CELL 12 - DAY

144 *

Terrell is lying on his bunk. His cell mate puts down his comic book, hops off his bunk and EXITS.

145 THE TIER

145 *

As the kid steps into the tier he sees Tweety and The Viking moving towards Cell 12. The Viking stops near the door, leans against the rail and lights a cigarette.

146 MICK

146

He watches from the Commons Room as Tweety approaches Cell 12. Then he looks at Wagner in The Cage. The Supervisor gives a little smile and goes back to his magazine.

- 147 A DOZEN KIDS ON THE TIER 147 #
are smoking and watching Cell 12.
- 148 HOROWITZ 148 #
is leaning against the wall in the Commons Room. He
sees Tweety enter Cell 12 and close the door.
- 149 INT. CELL 12 - DAY 149 #
Terrell sits up as Tweety enters, closing the door.
- TERRELL
What you want?
- Tweety just smirks and moves towards the boy.
- TERRELL
Get the fuck outta here! Leave
me alone!
- Terrell reaches behind him, going for something under
the pillow.
- 149A THE TIER 149A #
Everyone turns in the direction of Cell 12 as a SCREAM
rings out. The Viking smiles.
- 150 THE CAGE 150 #
Wagner looks up from his magazine but makes no move.
- 151 MICK 151 #
Mick looks at the tier, around the Commons Room, as
everyone focuses on Cell 12. Waiting.
- 152 CELL 12 152 #
The door bursts open and Tweety backs onto the tier.
Terrell exits the cell, slicing at him with a home-
made knife. As he lunges at Tweety the boy steps aside,
kicks Terrell in the groin, snaps his wrist over his
knee, lifts him above his head and tosses him off the
tier.
- 153 THE COMMONS ROOM 153
Terrell lands square on his head and dies.

154 THE TIER

154 *

Tweety steps back from the rail. The Viking scoops up the knife and slips it in his waistband. A dozen kids on the tier have seen what's happened. As Tweety and The Viking look into their faces they all turn away and head for their cells.

155 THE COMMONS ROOM

155

Wagner jumps to his feet as a dozen kids run to the center of the room, gathering around Terrell's body. Before he exits the Cage, Wagner pushes a red emergency button under the desk. Mick stares in disbelief at the boy's lifeless form. Then he looks up at the tier.

156 EXT. THE OFFICE OF THOMAS BENDIX - DAY

156

We SEE the nameplate on the door. THOMAS, BENDIX, DIRECTOR.

DISSOLVE TO:

157 INT. THE OFFICE - DAY

157

Tom Bendix is at his desk doing paper work, smoking a cigarette. The ashtray is overflowing. The PHONE RINGS and he answers it.

BENDIX

Yes --

He stands up.

BENDIX

When?!?

The news of Terrell's death coming over the line. His face shows it.

BENDIX

I'll be right there.

He hangs up, and moves to the door. Fast.

158 INT. DORM C - DAY

158

The boys are lined up in the Commons Room. Tweety and The Viking flank the lines, Tweety to the left, The Viking on the right.

Thom Bendix is staring hard into a wall of faces. Right now he doesn't look so pleasant. Behind him are Wagner, Herrera and Daniels.

BENDIX

One way or the other, I'm going to get to the bottom of this.

158A- INT. OFFICES - DAY

158A-

C

C

MONTAGE of Bendix, Daniels and Herrera energetically questioning the boys of Dorm C in their separate offices. We SEE six of the boys who witnessed Terrell's death shaking their heads, denying any knowledge of the boy's murder.

*

The SEQUENCE ENDS, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

159 INT. THOMAS BENDIX'S OFFICE - DAY

159

Mick is sitting opposite Thomas Bendix's desk.

BENDIX

If you saw something that could clear this up, it might knock some time off your sentence.

MICK

I can't help you, sir.

*

Thom Bendix leans back, staring hard at Mick.

BENDIX

That's it?

MICK

Yes, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

160 INT. THE MESS HALL - NIGHT

160

Daniels, Wagner and Herrera are sitting at a table with some kids from Dorms A and C. Mick is sitting apart from a dozen kids from B. Tweety and The Viking sit down opposite him.

TWEETY

What you say to him?

MICK

Not much.

Mick continues eating, ignoring them. Tweety reaches for his tray and pulls it away, grabbing Mick's t-shirt.

TWEETY

Hey, motherfucker, when I ask, you answer.

Mick is staring him down.

(CONTINUED)

160. CONTINUED:

160

MICK

Blow it out your ass.

Suddenly Daniels is standing above them, glaring down at the three boys. The Supervisor points his fork at Tweety, indicating for him to cool it. Tweety lets go of Mick's shirt and shoves his tray back. Daniels walks off slowly, keeping his eyes on them.

DANIELS

(to the room)

Gentlemen, we have seconds for those who want it.

An instant stampede back to the chow line by two dozen boys.

DANEILS

Let's be dignified.

Mick is staring at Tweety and The Viking. Then he does something very strange. He smiles. Mocking Tweety's declaration. His face is telling the duo that he's not worried. That they can go fuck themselves. Tweety and The Viking don't like it one bit. Mick just keeps smiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

161 INT. DORM C - NIGHT.

161

Wagner is in The Cage. Half the ceiling lights are off. About 20 kids watching TV. Mick exits the Wash-Up carrying his mop and pail.

He crosses to the utility closet, puts the mop and pail away, heading for the soft drink machine. He turns and sees Tweety and The Viking looking down at him from opposite sides of the tier. Perretti and Ricky Lee are making their cigarette rounds.

Mick drops a token into the machine and gets a Coke. Then he drops three more tokens and gets three more Cokes, puts all four into his jacket pocket and heads for his cell as Tweety and The Viking continue to stare at him. Something's going on and Mick knows it.

*
*

162 INT. CELL 19 - NIGHT

162

The door is open. Horowitz is working at his desk. Mick is sitting on his bunk trying to write a letter. All he's got is DEAR J.C. He stands, walks to the door and sees Tweety and The Viking coming down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

162

Mick moves fast. He pulls the case off his pillow. On the window ledge are the four full Coke cans. Mick drops them into the pillowcase and ties a double knot so that the cans are held securely, weighted into a ball, like rocks in a sock. Horowitz is watching him.

HOROWITZ

What are you doing?

163 THE TIER - NIGHT

163

Tweety and The Viking are walking down the tier, coming right AT US. As they go, kids move out of their way.

164 INT. CELL 19 - NIGHT

164

Mick looks into the Commons Room as Tweety and The Viking close in.

MICK

Get lost.

Now Horowitz sees Tweety and The Viking and gets the picture. He stands up fast.

HOROWITZ

Hey --

MICK

It's okay.

Horowitz goes.

Mick turns his back to the door, the Coke-can-loaded pillowcase in his right hand, held up against his chest and out of sight.

165 THE CAGE - NIGHT

165

Wagner looks up and sees Tweety and The Viking step inside Cell 19.

Everyone is the Commons Room, and on the tier is also watching.

166 INT. CELL 19 - NIGHT

166

Tweety and The Viking are in the cell. Mick is just standing there with his indifferent back to them.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

166

THE VIKING
Hey, scumbag --

Mick turns around and swings the pillowcase with all his strength, hitting The Viking square in the face. Knocking him up against the wall. Before Tweety can step back he gets it, too. His nose breaks. And Mick just keeps swinging the pillowcase with all his pent-up fury, his arm moving in a vicious arc, turning their faces into pulp.

167 THE COMMONS ROOM - NIGHT

167

Tweety and The Viking stumble into the Commons Room with Mick right behind them. He chops the duo to the floor with the blood-soaked pillowcase, hitting them furiously in the ribs, kidneys and legs. Going for the kill.

We SEE Mick's totally-out-of-control face. It's not nice. But then Tweety and The Viking are not nice, either.

168 THE DORM

168

erupts. Kids rush from their cells, running down the tier, bolting from the Wash-Up, screaming, cheering hysterically.

169 WAGNER

169

casually exits the Cage with his nightstick and crosses the room, jabbing kids out of his way.

170 ANOTHER ANGLE

170

There's not much left of Tweety and The Viking as Wagner steps up behind Mick and cracks him across the base of his skull with the nightstick, knocking him stone cold OUT!

171 INT. THE BOX - NIGHT

171

The Box is a 12 x 12 cell lined completely with mattresses. Floor, door and ceiling. No windows. Just a recessed light bulb in the ceiling.

The door opens and Daniels and Wagner enter carrying Mick. They drop him on the floor and exit. The door SLAMS shut and the light goes off.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

171

SILENCE.

THE SCREEN IS BLACK.

DISSOLVE TO:

172 OMITTED

172

173 INT. HERRERA'S OFFICE - DAY

172

DOWN ON Mick's face. Calm down. His longer hair framing his pale, almost handsome features like a cap. His hands are clasped behind his head and he's talking right AT US, his voice soft and even.

MICK

He was my best friend. I made him think he was a pussy if he didn't go along with me.

We SEE Herrera behind his desk listening to Mick. Then BACK ON Mick's face.

MICK

I had it all worked out. It was gonna be so easy. Nothin' could go wrong. No shooting... I didn't think it would come to that. All I was thinkin' was how much money we were gonna make... All the things I could do... buy some things, an' maybe me an' J.C. could go away someplace nice... An' then the whole fuckin' thing just blew up. Those guys came outta nowhere. An' that kid... stepped right in front of the car, fuckin' Moreno's kid brother. Shit. I mean if only I'd taken another street...

HERRERA

But you didn't...

MICK

I see him starin' at me. I don't think he ever knew what happened.

HERRERA

O'Brien...

Mick focuses on Herrera's face, coming out of his com-fessional trance for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

HERRERA

Life is a choice. You can spend the rest of your life being an asshole. Or you can do something about it. That's the important thing. That's what you have to remember.

The moment stretches out as Herrera's words sink in.

174 INT. THE WASH-UP - NIGHT

174

Mick and Horowitz have just finished showering and are getting into their clothes. Twenty other kids are in the Wash-Up with them. As they start to file out of the room they all look at Mick. Different than before. Mick picks up on the vibe but can't quite suss it. He looks over at Horowitz as the last kid exits, leaving them alone. Horowitz looks amused, almost happy about something. A moment passes.

HOROWITZ

It looks like you're the new Barn Boss, O'Brien.

Mick gives him a questioning look.

MICK

Says who?

Horowitz shuugs.

HOROWITZ

It is what it is.

MICK

Fuck you.

HOROWITZ

What are you afraid of?

MICK

I ain't afraid. I just don't want it.

Mick pulls on his shirt, towel-drying his hair. Not interested.

HOROWITZ

After what you did to Tweety and The Viking... you're it.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

174

Mick waves the information away and moves to exit.

HOROWITZ

Hey, schmuck --

Mick turns.

HOROWITZ

Look at it as a present.

MICK

Some present.

HOROWITZ

The Barn Boss gets forty percent
of the cigarette action.

That stops Mick. His cold exterior begins to soften.

HOROWITZ

You forgot.

Horowitz slides into his shirt, checking his wet hair
in the mirror.

HOROWITZ

The Barn Boss gives out the work
assignments and gets to pick his
own...

Mick is listening now.

HOROWITZ

The Barn Boss gets time off his
sentence if he stays cool and
keeps the Neanderthals in line...

That really snaps Mick to attention.

HOROWITZ

You didn't know that, did you?

Mick suddenly likes what he's hearing.

HOROWITZ

Think you can handle it?

Mick smirks.

HOROWITZ

And as your Lieutenant... I get
some benefits, too. Don't forget
that, schmuck.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED: (2)

174

Horowitz pulls a joint out of his jacket and throws it to Mick.

HOROWITZ

Bonsai.

Exit Horowitz.

DISSOLVE TO:

175 INT. DORM C - CELL 35 - THE TIER - NIGHT

175

Tweety and The Viking are playing cards. Their faces are grotesquely battered and swollen. Tweety's wrist is in a cast.

The door opens. Mick is standing there with two mops and pails. He drops them at their feet and exits the cell.

176 THE TIER

176

As Mick walks down the tier everyone is looking at him. At Dorm C's new top boy.

177 EXT. CHICAGO - NIGHT

177

The big black kid with the shaved head who killed Felix Alvaro exits a liquor store eating a candy bar. He starts walking west down the block.

-178 INT. A CAR - NIGHT

178

Two figures ARE VIEWED FROM BEHIND in the darkened interior of the car's front seat which is parked at the curb, ten feet from the entrance of the liquor store.

We SEE them from the front now. Paco Moreno and Carlos Ortega. Paco is behind the wheel.

CARLOS

That's him. That's the one.

As the black kid walks off, Paco turns the ignition and the car follows behind him. Carlos pulls a revolver out of his raincoat and rolls down the passenger window.

179 EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

179

The sidewalk is crowded. The black kid is moving faster now.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

He passes a knot of people. Then he passes into a clear space, then more people move in front of him. He stops at the corner waiting for the light to change.

180 PACO

180

swings the car sharply into the curb. Carlos sticks the revolver out of the window, aiming the gun directly at the kid's head.

181 SLOW MOTION SHOT

181

We SEE his face register panic as he tries to back off from the curb and run. Carlos FIRES. The bullet catches him in the throat. As he stumbles, clutching his wound, Carlos FIRES three more shots into his chest. The kid drops as people scream and scatter in all directions.

The car speeds off.

DISSOLVE TO:

182 INT. THE RAINFORD JUVENILE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY -
DORM C - CELL 19 - NIGHT

182

Mick is lying on his bunk, smoking and flipping through a magazine. Horowitz is working on a radio, puffing a Winston.

Perretti and Ricky Lee are standing with their sacks of cigarettes.

Mick jumps up, takes a carton of Pall Malls and Winstons out and hands a carton to Horowitz.

MICK

Every week. Two cartons for me an' two for Horowitz. Free. An' another thing. It used to be 60-40.

Perretti backs off a little, Ricky Lee shifts his weight, glancing at Horowitz, then back at Mick.

MICK

It still is. Only now it's 60 for the Barn Boss an' 40 for you. Got it?

DISSOLVE TO:

182A INT. A CLASSROOM IN THE ADMINISTRATION WING OF THE
RAINFORD JUVENILE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

182A*

Twenty boys from Dorm C are in the classroom, moving restlessly in their seats.

Mick is in the front row next to Horowitz. Behind Horowitz is The Viking. Johnny Perretti and Ricky Lee are next to each other.

Daniels enters carrying a battered leather briefcase. The Viking slaps Horowitz on the back of the head as the Supervisor sits at his desk. Daniels catches the move, freezing The Viking with a look.

Daniels picks up a piece of chalk and in a clean, effortless hand writes the following sentence on the blackboard.

WHETHER I SHALL TURN OUT TO BE THE HERO OF MY OWN LIFE
OR WHETHER THAT STATION WILL BE HELD BY ANYBODY ELSE,
THESE PAGES MUST SHOW.

Daniels turns around and faces the class.

DANIELS

Perretti, please read this
sentence to the class.

Perretti hesitates. He looks scared. Everyone is watching. A moment passes.

PERRETTI

(haltingly)

Where... I turn out to be...

His delivery is slow and painful, but no one laughs. We can almost see his brain short circuiting over the words. Daniels holds up his hand.

DANIELS

Thank you. Lofgren --

The Viking twitches. Then tries.

THE VIKING

(haltingly)

Whe-ther I shall... out to be
the...

He stops. He can't do it.

(CONTINUED)

182A CONTINUED:

182A#

The air is alive with fear and embarrassment as if that single simple sentence looking down on the boys of Dorm C is an enemy capable of destroying them. Only Horowitz looks relaxed.

DANIELS

O'Brien.

MICK

(haltingly)

Whether... I shall out to be...
the hero of my own life... turn
out to be...

Mick freezes. It's like a wall that he can't scale. For a single moment the entire classroom seems united in this mutual struggle.

He can't do it. He stops. Ashamed. Defeated. The other boys shift uncomfortably.

DANIELS

Johnson.

Johnson just stares at the words defiantly. He won't even try. Roberts, sitting next to him, suddenly giggles.

DANIELS

This is nothing to laugh about.

The room snaps back into silence.

DANIELS

Maybe some of you wouldn't be
here if you knew how to read.
Did you ever think about that?

He looks around the room, nailing them.

DANIELS

If you think of yourselves as
morons you can't feel very good
about yourselves, can you?

No one says anything. What can they say?

DANIELS

We've evaluated the literacy
level of this class and found
it's that of a third grader.

(CONTINUED)

182A CONTINUED: (2)

182A₄

This breaks the tension. Lots of laugh, applause and pounding on the desks. Daniels opens his briefcase and starts taking out a stack of comic books.

Superman. The Silver Surfer, Batman, etc. He stands and passes them out along with ballpoint pens and sheets of paper.

DANIELS

I want to see if we can do something to improve that.

The kids are puzzled and intrigued by the comic books.

DANIELS

I want you to read the comic book I've given you and write a report on what you've read.

Horowitz looks at his copy of Wonder Woman with contempt.

HOROWITZ

Shit --

DANIELS

Keep it simple. Just describe the characters, and story line. Spelling and punctuation count but what I'm most concerned with is your description of the characters and events.

Horowitz is biting his nails, his left leg pumping up and down.

HOROWITZ

I don't think Lofgren can handle this, sir. It's too advanced.

Everyone laughs except The Viking.

DANIELS

All right, that's enough. Let's get to work.

DISSOLVE TO:

183 INT. THE MESS HALL - CLOSEUP - HOROWITZ - DAY

183

He's behind the food counter dressed in a white hair net and smock with two Latin kids from Dorm A and a black kid from Dorm B, serving lunch. Meat loaf, potatoes, and spinach.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

183

The Viking steps up and thrusts out his tray. His face is still badly swollen. Horowitz serves him.

THE VIKING

More, Jewboy!

Horowitz lifts the meat loaf tray out of the serving table, walks out from behind the counter and dumps the entire load on The Viking's head. Everyone starts screaming and cheering. The Viking stands and turns around. Horowitz kicks him in the balls. Then he runs back to the food counter, grabs the spinach bucket and throws it into The Viking's face. He screams as the hot water and spinach washes over him.

184
thru 185
OMITTED

184
thru 186

187 MICK

187

We SEE Mick now across the room as he watches the place go berserk. All the kids are up, yelling, laughing, whistling. When he looks over at the staff table, Daniels is staring at him. Waiting.

Mick elbows his way through the crush as Horowitz yanks a metal shelf from the counter and smashes it against the food table.

188 DANIELS, WAGNER, HERRERA, TWO OTHER SUPERVISORS

188

punch their way through the screaming kids.

MICK

Horowitz!

Horowitz has jumped onto the table behind the food counter and is swinging the metal shelf wildly as everyone starts pelting him with food, trays, and spoons.

189 MICK

189

grabs his ankle, pulls him off the table, yanking the lethal shelf out of his hands, just as Daniels and Wagner reach him.

190 . DANIELS

grabs Horowitz by the hair and, using him like a battering ram, he plows through the Mess Hall, heading for the exit as the WHISTLES BLOW, the chaos rages and The Viking clutches his balls, dripping tentacles of spinach.

191

191 INT. THE BOX

The door opens and Horowitz is thrown into the room by Daniels.

A moment later the light goes off and Horowitz starts screaming. Very faintly, in the b.g., we HEAR Horowitz's scream as it fades and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

192*

192 INT. NANCY'S PLACE - NIGHT

A quiet, small town bar with Sinatra on the juke box and a dozen locals filling out the room. NANCY is behind the bar.

We SETTLE ON Daniels and Herrera in a booth, drinking beer. Daniels is smoking a cigar, staring at some point on the wall. Herrera is gazing into his glass. An exhausted silence stretches between the two men. In a way, they could almost be at separate tables. Then, Herrera's tired, punched-out voice slices through their mutual exhaustion.

HERRERA

They come in, they go out, they come back. And nothing changes. We don't even make a dent.

He's rambling, painfully.

HERRERA

Even the smarter ones, the few that we get, like Horowitz... Christ... I used to think we could make a difference...

DANIELS

You see the visiting room yesterday? All that love and devotion packed into one hour.

Daniels says it very sarcastically.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

192*

DANIELS

One hour. Maybe once a month.

He smiles at the irony of it.

DANIELS

It's no wonder the kids keep coming back. They never get that much attention at home. And they won't get that much when they get out, either.

Herrera stares into his glass.

HERRERA

I've put ten years of my life into this thing. I've got two suits in my closet that look like shit and I can't even take my own family on a real vacation.

DANIELS

But if we give up, what's going to happen to them?

HERRERA

Fuck 'em! In ten years I can only remember four kids staying in touch with me.

We MOVE IN on Herrera's face. Speckled with his growing anger and frustration.

HERRERA

Only four kids who ever said thanks. You know how that makes me feel? Like I've wasted my life.

The palm of Herrera's hand is pressed flat and hard against the table, as if he's trying to push it all away. Daniels is watching him closely. He reaches across the table and takes hold of Herrera's wrist.

DANIELS

Hey, Compadre. They've got no one but us. No one.

193 EXT. THE RAINFORD JUVENILE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY -
LATE AFTERNOON

193

Winter has settled in. The trees are stripped raw. The sky is a flat dark shadow over the snow-covered fortress. The courtyard is empty.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

194. EXT. CHICAGO - EARLY EVENING. 194
The city is in the hands of spring. The sun is setting behind the Loop.
- 195 EXT. THE CO-OP SUPERMARKET - EVENING 195
J.C. exits the market, pulling on her coat, walking down the street towards the El.
- 196 EXT. THE STREET - EVENING 196
Paco Moreno is standing on the corner watching the traffic. An old Chrysler pulls to the curb and he gets in. Carlos Ortega is behind the wheel. As the car moves off, Paco pulls a 9 mm automatic pistol from his pocket and checks the clip. It's stiff and he has to hit it twice with his palm before it returns to position.
- 197 EXT. THE EL STATION PLATFORM - EVENING 197
The subway pulls in and J.C. gets on.
- 198 INT. THE CHRYSLER - NIGHT 198
Paco and Carlos are watching the street. Paco looks at his watch. In the b.g. we HEAR the SOUND of the El.
- 199 INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT 199
J.C. is reading a paperback. She looks up as the subway pulls into the station and exits onto the platform.
- 200 EXT. EL PLATFORM - NIGHT 200
The train pulls in and J.C. gets off.
- 201 INT. SUBWAY STAIRWAY 201
J.C. comes down the stairs.
- 202 EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE AND STREET 202
J.C. emerges into the night and starts walking off down the street.

203 INT. THE CAR - NIGHT

203

Paco and Carlos are watching J.C. Paco's right hand is on the door handle. In his left is the automatic pistol.

204 THE STREET - NIGHT

204

J.C. is coming right at US. She hears a car's engine, a door open and the SOUND of RUNNING FEET. Before she can turn, Paco is on her. His hand over her mouth, the gun at her head. He drags her to his car, wrestles her into the back seat and Carlos hits the accelerator.

205 EXT. AN EMPTY LOT UNDER THE EL - NIGHT

205

The car pulls under the belly of the ramp and stops. The back door opens and Paco pushes J.C. out, holding the gun on her. Carlos gets out. The boys are staring down at her as she crawls backwards, terrified. Paco smiles.

PACO

You go first.

Carlos jumps on top of the girl and rips her clothes off. J.C. is screaming and clawing at his face. He hauls back and punches her, knocking her semi-unconscious. Then he pulls down his pants and rapes her.

206 CLOSEUP - PACO'S FACE

206

as he watches. A smile lighting up his hard, dark eyes.

ANGLE WIDENS as Carlos stands up, pulling his clothes together, staring at the bruised and bleeding girl. Paco hands him the automatic, pulls down his pants and climbs on top of her. Again the girl tries to struggle. Paco beats her mercilessly. Then he rapes her.

207 ANOTHER ANGLE

207

Paco backs off, zipping up his pants. J.C. is lying naked on her stomach, crying, blood pouring from her ears, nose and mouth. Paco looks at Carlos.

PACO

Do it!

Carlos cocks the automatic, walks up to J.C. and points the gun at her head. He pulls the trigger. It jams.

208 ANOTHER ANGLE

208

As he pulls back a second time on the firing mechanism, a beam of light explodes on the two boys. They spin around. Ten feet away are two rookie cops, their guns aimed at Paco and Carlos, the flashlight blinding them momentarily.

209 CARLOS

209

turns the automatic on the cops. Too late. A single bullet catches him directly between the eyes and he drops.

210 PACO

210

stumbles back and falls. The second cop is on him, his service revolver aimed right at his stomach. Just waiting.

The flashlight beam moves across Carlos' body to J.C., as she claws at the dirt, sobbing and bleeding profusely.

DISSOLVE TO:

211
thru
216

OMITTED

211
thru
216

217 INT. THE 12TH PRECINCT STATION HOUSE -- CHICAGO - DAY

217*

Coming STRAIGHT AT US down the corridor is Detective Lieutenant Leonard Moran and Policewoman Lois Jackson, a black woman in her late twenties.

218 INT. A SQUAD ROOM - DAY

218*

Moran and Jackson's twin-shadows press against the pebbled glass door of the squad room. It opens and they enter. For a moment we HOLD ON their faces.

Then we see J.C. The girl's face is horribly swollen, her eyes almost shut under the deep purple bruises and cuts. Her father is standing behind her. Moran and Lois Jackson approach the girl.

MORAN

We need your cooperation J.C.

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

218*

The girl looks at Moran. Giving him nothing. He feels it. His eyes flick to Lois Jackson. The Policewoman kneels down and touches J.C.'s scarred wrist. The girl pulls her hand away, avoiding the woman's eyes, staring straight ahead.

LOIS JACKSON

I know what this is doing to you.
Believe me.

J.C. looks at Lois Jackson. Oh yeah? Really?

LOIS JACKSON

But if you don't press charges,
he's going to walk out of here.
And I don't want that to happen.
Do you?

J.C.'s eyes swing up to Moran and hold. Her father is waiting, shattered by what's been done to his daughter. A terrible silence fills the room.

MORAN

Don't let that animal get away
with this.

J.C. is looking right through Moran. Then she turns to her father.

J.C.

I want to talk with Mick.

Robert Walenski looks to Moran and Lois Jackson to fix it. The Policewoman stands.

219
and
220

OMITTED

219
and
220

221

INT. THE RAINFORD JUVENILE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY
HERRERA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

221

Herrera is doing paperwork at his desk. The phone RINGS. A moment passes.

HERRERA

Yes, Lieutenant...

A long pause. Herrera stands. His face going through changes.

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED:

221

HERRERA

Uh uh... yes... I see...

He reaches for his pen.

HERRERA

Give me your number. I'll see
if I can arrange it.

He writes.

222 OMITTED

222

222A INT. CELL 19

222A

Mick and Horowitz are lying on their bunks reading.
Mick closes his book with exasperation.

MICK

I don't get this shit.

HOROWITZ

(looking up)

Maybe you got some kind of
reading disability.

MICK

Like what?

HOROWITZ

Like you can't read!

Mick throws the book at Horowitz then suddenly looks
up to see Herrera standing in the door. Silently,
the Supervisor motions him out.

223 INT. HERRERA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

223

Herrera is sitting uncomfortably behind his desk.
He looks up and we FOLLOW his gaze.Mick is standing on the opposite side of the desk
holding the telephone. His hand starts shaking and
he slams the receiver down hard. His face and body
are rigid with fury. Devastated by the news of J.C.'s
rape. *And then it all falls apart for Mick. He kicks the
desk, pivots, grabs the chair, throws it against the
wall and slams his fist into the side of the filing
cabinet. One, two, one, two. And screams. It's just
an animal sound.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED:

223

Mick slumps down against the wall and buries his face in his hands, trying hard not to cry in front of The Man. But he can't.

DISSOLVE TO:

224 OMITTED

224

224A INT. THE LINE-UP ROOM - THE 12TH PRECINCT - CHICAGO - 224A#
NIGHT

Five men enter, forming a line, turning their backs to the camera.

J.C. enters from an adjoining interrogation room, flanked by Moran and Lois Jackson.

MORAN

Number One.

The first man turns.

FIRST MAN

Robert LoBianca. 1540
South Ketterly.

J.C. shakes her head. No.

MORAN

Number Two.

The second man turns.

SECOND MAN

James Kellog. 2611 West 45th
Street.

J.C. shakes her head. No.

MORAN

Number Three.

The third man turns. It's Paco. He stares at J.C.

PACO

Paco Moreno. Six --

J.C. steps forward, cutting him off.

(CONTINUED)

224A CONTINUED:

224A*

J.C.

That's him. He's the one
that raped me.

Their eyes hold. The air is sick with hatred.

225 INT. THE RAINFORD JUVENILE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - 225
DORM C - CELL 19 - NIGHT.

The door is closed. Horowitz and Mick are lying on
their bunks smoking. The silence speaks volumes.
Horowitz breaks it.

HOROWITZ

I'm sorry, O'Brien. I really
mean that.

Mick keeps staring straight ahead. The bell RINGS in
the Commons Room and Wagner's nasty VOICE is HEARD
through the door.

WAGNER (o.s.)

Five minutes! Lights out! Let's
go!

Mick stands, turns the desk lamp off and flops back
onto his bunk.

MICK

I gotta see her. She needs me.

Horowitz hears the desperation in Mick's voice. The
panic and desperation that is coming off him in waves.

HOROWITZ

They're not going to let you
out of here, O'Brien.

CAMERA ANGLES IN to CLOSEUP of Mick's face.

MICK

I'm not asking them.

The moment stretches out, pregnant with intensity.
Then Horowitz smiles, cracking the silence.

HOROWITZ

Want some company?

226 THE RECREATIONAL FIELD - DAY

226

Lots of action on the field. A softball game. Push-up contests. Frisbees, etc. Wagner, the only Supervisor on duty, is by the softball diamond, monitoring the action.

Moving back we SEE Mick leaning against the cyclone fence, smoking. Horowitz approaches and stares through the fence at the dense, low range of hills.

HOROWITZ

If we go straight through --

Mick turns, following Horowitz's gaze as he nods in an easterly direction.

HOROWITZ

Right here... we can make it.

Horowitz lights a cigarette.

HOROWITZ

We'll hit the road in about forty minutes.

Mick looks at Horowitz, then back at the projected escape route.

MICK

How are we gonna get through this thing?

Mick kicks the fence.

HOROWITZ

Leave it to Beaver.

227 INT. THE LAUNDRY - DAY

227

Herrera is behind a desk reading a magazine. Mick is throwing clothes into a dryer. Tweety passes him, pushing a hamper.

TWEETY

I'm outta here next week. Just hope I never see you again, Charlie, cause if I do --

MICK

You can buy me dinner.

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED:

227

Mick turns and walks over to Horowitz who nudges him and nods at a hamper. He lifts a jacket. Underneath is a pillowcase. Horowitz pulls out two sport shirts and two pairs of Levis. He shoves them back into the pillowcase and the boys continue working.

228 INT. THE CARPENTRY SHOP - DAY

228

Twenty kids from Dorms B and C are working in the shop. We MOVE THROUGH the room in a GLIDE, SETTLING ON Horowitz with an electric sander going over a bookcase. He puts the sander down and crosses to a bench where some kids are mixing up several batches of paint. The bench is covered with buckets of paint, spatulas, and assorted brushes in glass jars soaking in turpentine. There are half a dozen mayonnaise jars, empty with the lids still on. We SEE Horowitz's hand as it scoops one of the jars and a spatula off the bench.

229 INT. THE STORAGE SHED - DAY

229

We PAN a row of industrial supplies coming to rest on half-a-dozen AMCO truck batteries.

Horowitz stops in front of the batteries, pulls two of them into a patch of light and kneels down, unscrewing the vent plugs, we glimpse the label. "Danger. ACID. Add distilled water before charging."

He puts an empty jar on the floor, pulls out a screw-driver, inserts it through the vent plugs and starts scraping out the sulphuric acid paste from the battery grid plates into the jar.

230 EXT. THE RAINFORD JUVENILE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

230

A bright blue, low-rider Chevy with three bad-looking black kids inside is in the parking lot, the RADIO BLASTING.

The front gates open and Tweety exits, dressed in street clothes. The Chevy's engine ROARS to life and hangs a U-turn, braking in front of the boy. He smiles as the door is thrown open and he gets in.

The Chevy takes off, burning rubber. Tweety's hand comes out of the passenger window and gives Rainford the finger of farewell accompanied by a lot of laughter and foul, foul words.

231 THE HILLS BEHIND RAINFORD - DAY 231

sharp and green. Then they slide OUT OF FOCUS and the cyclone fence FILLS THE SCREEN.

A moment later a line of bodies passes in front of the fence.

232 ANOTHER ANGLE 232

The boys of Dorm C are being led between the double fences on a forced jog by Herrera. At the far end of the field the chopped VW is slowly picking up the rear.

Horowitz is at the end of the line. He stops and glances back at the VW. He bends down to tie his shoelace, leaning against the first fence.

He pulls a glass jar filled with a dark paste out of his jacket pocket, unscrews the lid and with a spatula starts coating the fence links with the substance in an inverted U pattern from the ground up. Two feet square.

233 INT. THE VW 233

The Guard looks up from his copy of Penthouse on the passenger's seat and sees Horowitz leaning against the second outer fence.

He appears to be resting. The other boys are in the distance. The Guard HONKS his horn.

234 CLOSEUP - HOROWITZ 234

At the SOUND of the HORN Horowitz turns and looks back at the VW, slipping the jar of sulphuric acid paste back into his pocket, dropping the spatula through the links into the dense grass. Then he starts running to catch up to the rest of the boys.

235 INT. DORM C - NIGHT 235

Daniels is in The Cage. Radios are blasting, the television is going, the ping-pong tables are in use. Daniels hits the bell.

DANIELS

Five minutes! Lights out!
Let's go!

236 INT. CELL 19

236

The lights are out. Mick and Horowitz are lying on their bunks, staring at the ceiling.

237 EXT. THE RAINFORD JUVENILE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - NIGHT

237

We SEE it from a VARIETY of ANGLES. OVER the FRAME we HEAR the SOUNDS of Dorm C, settling in for the night.

238 ANOTHER ANGLE

238

Then we SEE the VW with the searchlights mounted on the roof making the rounds, driving slowly between the double fences. OVER the SHOT the racket from Dorm C FADES and Horowitz's voice RISES.

HOROWITZ (v.o.)

We leave tomorrow.

239 ANOTHER ANGLE

239

The lights of the VW hit the portion of the fence that Horowitz coated with the sulphuric acid paste.

MICK (v.o.)

I'm ready.

240 ANOTHER ANGLE

240

As the VW passes and keeps going we HEAR a FAINT BUBBLING SOUND as the corrosive solution does its work.

DISSOLVE TO:

241 INT. DORM C - DAY

241

Daniels is in The Cage.

Horowitz crosses the Commons Room and enters Cell 19, closing the door behind him.

242 INT. CELL 19

242

Mick is sitting on his bunk smoking. As Horowitz enters he stands.

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED:

242

Horowitz reaches under the lower bunk and takes out the pillowcase we saw in the Laundry Room. Mick starts unbuttoning his shirt. Horowitz takes out the two sports shirts and two pairs of Levis.

Both boys strip to their underwear, put the sports shirts and Levis on and then put their Rainford clothes over them. The BELL RINGS through the closed door. Twice. Both boys look at each other, their hearts pounding with excitement.

243 INT. THE COMMONS ROOM

243

Everyone is lined up, ready for Recreational Time.

Mick looks the line over, his eyes stopping on Horowitz.

MICK

All accounted for, Mr. Daniels.

Daniels SOUNDS the BELL.

244 EXT. THE RECREATIONAL FIELD - DAY

244

Lots of action on the field, Daniels dressed in a snappy, red sweatsuit, is throwing footballs to half-a-dozen kids from Dorm C.

Mick and Horowitz are sitting on a dug-out bench watching a softball game being monitored by Wagner. A moment later they stand and move to the fence. No one is paying any attention to them.

Horowitz bends down and with both hands yanks upwards on the fence. A two-foot square section peels back like a flap of skin. Mick stares at it in disbelief, at Horowitz.

HOROWITZ

Move it!

Mick scrambles through the hole.

245 ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD - DAY

245

We SEE Daniels from behind, throwing a football to Johnson. The kid throws it back. On the next toss it bounces off Johnson's chest and the kid just stands there with his mouth open, staring past Daniels.

(CONTINUED)

245 CONTINUED:

245

The Supervisor turns and sees Mick and Horowitz running for the woods. A flap has been cut in the cyclone fence, hanging open like a raw wound.

DANIELS

Shit --

246 EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

246

Mick and Horowitz are charging through the thick undergrowth, sweating like pigs, their jackets and pants cut to hell.

Horowitz stops to catch his breath. Mick looks up at the darkening sky.

MICK

Come on!

Horowitz looks around, turning in a complete circle. Something rustles in the bushes behind them. The SOUND CONTINUES for another beat, then stops. A moment later in the opposite direction, something else is HEARD LOUDER. CRASHING THROUGH the woods, moving in on them. The boys take off.

247 ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS - DAY

247

Daniels and Wagner, carrying nightsticks and flashlights, stop to catch their breath. Daniels' fancy red sweatsuit is in tatters. Wagner's face is badly scratched. The Supervisors are pissed off.

WAGNER

Dirty little fuckers --

Daniels throws up his hand, signaling for silence. Now the men HEAR the two boys fighting their way through the woods. Daniels points in the direction of their retreat and they go.

248
and
249 OMITTED248
and
249

250 ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS - DUSK

250

Peeling off their Rainford clothes as they go, Mick and Horowitz are running through a thicket of trees.

(CONTINUED)

250 CONTINUED:

250

A car's headlights suddenly punctuates the darkness, moving in an arc across their field of vision and then disappears. They've almost reached the road.

A moment later Horowitz screams and falls. Mick stumbles and slams into a tree, the wind knocked out of him. He turns and sees Horowitz thrashing on the ground, tangled up in an old, rusting roll of barbed wire stretched between two trees.

Mick moves forward to help Horowitz just as we HEAR Daniels and Wagner CLOSING IN on them. Both boys freeze.

HOROWITZ

Go!

For an instant Mick hesitates, torn between loyalty to Horowitz and his overpowering need to see J.C.

HOROWITZ

GO!!!

We MOVE IN ON Horowitz helplessly caught in the barbed wire. As the SOUND of Daniels and Wagner BEARS DOWN on him through the darkened forest.

*

251 EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL TOWN - DUSK

251

We SEE an abandoned factory warehouse, a bridge, a river and a two-lane blacktop.

A slow-moving diesel semi-trailer truck appears on the road. As it moves CLOSER TO US Mick emerges from the shadows of a weed-choked ditch, jumps onto the rear fender and vanishes into the blackness. Going home.

252 EXT. THE WOODS - DUSK

252

Daniels and Wagner break through the clearing to see Horowitz fighting to free himself from the barbed wire in the circle of their flashlights. Daniels stops to catch his breath as Wagner walks up to Horowitz.

WAGNER

You dumb little shit!

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED:

252

HOROWITZ

Fuck you, pig --

Horowitz is exhausted and doesn't say it with much conviction but that's all it takes to set Wagner off. He raises his nightstick and starts swinging, again and again. Horowitz screams, defenseless.

For a moment, Daniels freezes at the sight of Wagner freaking out. He can't believe the ferocity of the attack. Then he rushes Wagner, pulling him off, spinning him around.

DANIELS

What the fuck are you doing!?!

It takes Wagner a moment to refocus.

Daniels looks at the badly beaten boy moaning in pain on the barbed wire. He shoves Wagner.

DANIELS

Get an ambulance, you asshole!

253 EXT. J.C.'S HOUSE - NIGHT

253

Mick is running AT US, his face and torn, dirty clothes slick with sweat; darting blindly into traffic, snaking through a line of cars and up the porch steps of J.C.'s house.

Mick RINGS the bell. Robert Walenski opens the door and he pushes past him into the house.

*
*

JUMP CUT TO:

254 INT. POLICE CAR

254

parked on the street opposite the Walenski's house. Two cops are in the front seat, Herrera is in the back. Walenski is still standing in the doorway looking into the house as Mick runs up the stairs.

*

The two cops move fast to get out of the car, but Herrera leans forward and grabs their shoulders, stopping them. Walenski turns and looks at the patrol car as Herrera gets out.

*

JUMP CUT TO:

255 INT. THE HOUSE

255

Mick runs down the narrow hallway on the second floor and flings open the door to J.C.'s bedroom, steps inside and slams the door.

256 INT. J.C.'S BEDROOM

256

We SEE J.C. from behind sitting in a chair. She stands. Then we SEE Mick's face IN CLOSEUP as he stops in his tracks, staring at J.C. Now we SEE her still-swollen and battered face.

MICK

No --

He moves to J.C. and embraces her, pulling the girl against him tightly.

A moment later the door opens and Herrera steps into the room.

257 INT. A STATE OF ILLINOIS STATION WAGON (EXT. JOLIET)
- DAWN

257

Mick is in the back seat next to Herrera, staring straight ahead, the image of J.C.'s swollen face burned irrevocably into his brain.

258 THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

258

We become vaguely aware of a fortress like structure pushing through the grey clotted light of dawn, just on the periphery of our vision.

Herrera leans forward and taps the driver's shoulder, nodding once. Abruptly the station wagon turns left and stops in front of Joliet Prison.

259 EXT. JOLIET GATES - DAY

259

IN A SERIES of CUTS we SEE two interior gate doors of the prison buzzed open. The face of several guards looking right AT US. The SOUND of Mick and Herrera's echoing FOOTSTEPS.

260 ANOTHER ANGLE

260

Then a third door is buzzed open and Mick and Herrera step out into the empty yard of Joliet Penitentiary.

Mick's eyes sweep the yard, his body is coiled with apprehension.

Herrera stares hard at him for a long moment, letting the effect seep in.

HERRERA

This is the next stop. If you want to act like a big man, then we'll treat you like one.

Mick looks at the muscular, suffocating walls of the prison yard. There's something really final about this place.

HERRERA

Like I told you, O'Brien, life is a choice. It's yours. From now on it's up to you.

We see Mick. he gets the picture.

261 INT. SOLITARY CELL - CLOSEUP - MICK - DAY

261

His face FILLS THE SCREEN.

We HEAR Thomas Bendix's voice.

BENDIX (o.s.)

Under any other circumstances, O'Brien, I would add six months to your time.

MOVING BACK we SEE Thomas Bendix leaning against the wall of a solitary confinement cell looking down at Mick sitting on a cot. The cell is incredibly small with a slot cut in the iron door.

BENDIX

But I'm going to give you another chance. Just this once. For this little performance I'm only going to add thirty days to your time. Twelve of that --

(he points to
the floor of
the cell)

-- in solitary. Consider yourself lucky.

(CONTINUED)

261 CONTINUED:

261

He moves to the door and pulls it open, stepping into the corridor. A dozen other solitary confinement cells line the narrow corridor.

BENDIX

Just remember, you're supposed to be some kind of an example. Don't make a fool out of me, O'Brien.

Thom Bendix slams the door and slides the slot shut.

262 INT. THE INFIRMARY - DAY

262

A large, white enameled room in the Administration Wing with ten beds. Four boys occupy it at the moment. Three black kids from Dorm B and Horowitz.

Mick enters the room and approaches his bed, looking down at his friend.

MICK

You look like shit.

Horowitz smiles through a haze of sedatives.

HOROWITZ

So do you.

263 OMITTED

263

264 INT. DORM C - LATER AFTERNOON

264

Wagner's in The Cage reading a magazine. The dorm is very quiet. Not even the television is on. Something soft and wet hits the mesh grill of The Cage. Wagner looks up. Into the Commons Room. Up at the tier. All the kids are looking at him. A voice yells:

FIRST VOICE

Asshole!

SECOND VOICE

Pig!!

THIRD VOICE

Asshole pig!!

Something flies down from the tier and bounces off The Cage. A soda can. Then another one. Then suddenly the entire dorm takes up the chant.

(CONTINUED)

EVERYONE
WAGNER'S AN ASSHOLE, WAGNER'S
AN ASSHOLE, WAGNER'S AN ASSHOLE,
WAGNER'S AN ASSHOLE...

The Supervisor stands as the chant rises in volume and more soda cans, paperbacks and anything the boys of Dorm C can get their hands on, rains down onto The Cage.

EVERYONE
WAGNER'S AN ASSHOLE, WAGNER'S
AN ASSHOLE, WAGNER'S AN ASSHOLE,
WAGNER'S AN ASSHOLE...

DISSOLVE TO:

265 INT. THE MESS HALL - DAY

265

The kids are lined up at the food counter with their trays. The Viking is serving lunch along with three boys from Dorm A. Mick steps up. The Viking looks at him, almost laughs, spooning macaroni-and-cheese into his tray.

THE VIKING
Too bad about your old lady.

Mick freezes. The Viking holds out another spoonful of the slop, leering at Mick.

THE VIKING
More?

He drops it into his tray. Mick flips the tray at The Viking and a wad of the macaroni-and-cheese hits him square in the face. Mick turns and walks off.

265A EXT. THE SALLY PORT - DAY

265A*

A Department of Corrections van pulls up.

265B EXT. THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

265B*

The Corrections van comes to a stop.

The door slides open.

Paco Moreno steps out.

266 OMITTED

266

267 EXT. THE CORRIDOR

267

As the boys file out of the dining room and move down the corridor Herrera comes out of the office and approaches Mick.

HERRERA

O'Brien, I'd like to have a word with you.

268 INT. HERRERA'S OFFICE

268*

Herrera is behind his desk. He motions for Mick to sit down.

HERRERA

Paco Moreno is here.

Mick freezes.

HERRERA

He's being processed right now and he'll be coming into C block. I don't have to tell you we're not exactly thrilled about this but we've had a log-jam in admissions and that's the way it is.

Mick's body is coiled tight.

HERRERA

I suggest you stay cool.

At this moment Mick looks very cold.

HERRERA

Because if you fuck-up, the only one you're fucking-up is you. You've got seven months to go before review. Do your time clean and you'll walk. Any trouble and you could grow old in here.

Herrera is waiting for some response. Zero.

HERRERA

Understand?

Mick's silence is very loud. Then...

MICK

Yes sir.

He says it softly. Herrera leans forward.

(CONTINUED)

268 CONTINUED:

268*

HERRERA

I can't hear you.

MICK

I said, yes sir.

Herrera looks hard at Mick. Nothing is coming off the boy but a very cold vibe.

269 EXT. THE RECREATIONAL FIELD - DAY

269

Crisp with sunshine. Lot's of action on the field.

270 A SOFTBALL GAME

270

is in progress. The Viking is at bat. Ricky Lee is playing First, Horowitz is playing Second, Johnson is on Third, Perretti is Shortstop. Bases are loaded.

271 MICK

271

is doing laps around the track, drenched in sweat, away from it all with his own problems.

272 THE VIKING

272

blasts the ball down the middle and goes. As he rounds First Base Ricky Lee gives him a wide berth. Horowitz stands there, waiting for Perretti to get the ball. As The Viking passes Second he punches Horowitz in the balls and keeps going. Horowitz drops, writhing in pain. No one pays any attention. The Viking slides home as the team cheers and Horowitz tries to stand.

273
thru
277

OMITTED

273
thru
277

278 INT. DORM C - DAY

278

Wagner is in The Cage.

(CONTINUED)

278. CONTINUED:

278

We SEE Paco moving across the floor from a VARIETY OF ANGLES as the boys of Dorm C spit on him, screaming, showering him with cigarette butts in his Rainford issued clothes, carrying a blanket, towel and toilet articles.

FLASH CUT TO:

279 EXT. CELL 19

279

The door slams open and Mick steps into the Commons Room. Abruptly the avalanche of spit and noise stops and everyone looks at Mick.

Paco turns and sees Mick staring at him from across the room. The space between them is compressed in an instant.

FLASH CUT TO:

280 INT. CELL 35

280

The door is pushed open and Paco steps into the cell.

Looking down at him from the top bunk is The Viking. Paco slams the door shut and looks at his new home.

DISSOLVE TO:

281 INT. THE WASH-UP - CLOSEUP - MICK - DAY

281

smoking a cigarette, leaning against the wall.

The place is empty.

Paco enters. The two boys stare at each other in stony silence. Then Paco flashes his cobra-smile.

PACO

Well, well, O'Brien. How's it goin'?

Paco moves closer.

(CONTINUED)

281 CONTINUED:

281

PACO

I hear you're King Shit in this place. Congratulations. Anything I can do to help, let me know.

Mick pushes himself off the wall.

MICK

Listen... Moreno. I'm sorry about what happened to your brother.

Abruptly Paco's grin disappears.

PACO

Oh, yeah? You really break my heart. I'm sorry about your old lady. I'm sorry I didn't get to finish the job. You know?

Mick doesn't like that at all.

The two boys are standing toe-to-toe.

MICK

Stay off my ass, Moreno. I don't want you fuckin' up my good time. Okay?

PACO

Hey, let me tell you something, maricon. You're already dead! Only you don't know it 'cause you're as fuckin' stupid as you ever was!

MICK

Yeah, I killed your brother.
(a beat)
But remember, he's dead 'cause you weren't lookin' out after him.

Paco's face goes scarlet as the truth of Mick's statement hits home.

Mick turns and exits.

282 INT. HERRERA'S OFFICE - DAY

282 *

Herrera's behind his desk, going through Paco's file. The boy is opposite him, arms folded, stone-faced and arrogant.

HERRERA

This facility runs on a points system. Points are time. You get points for doing good, points for screwing up. Doing good means no trouble and copping a positive attitude.

Paco could give a shit about points.

HERRERA

Screwing up is fighting, running for the fence and copping a shit attitude.

Paco's nodding along with Herrera's rap.

HERRERA

Just like you're doing now.

Paco shrugs. Water off a duck's ass.

HERRERA

Moreno, we know all about you and O'Brien.

PACO

Oh yeah?

HERRERA

(in Spanish)

That's right my friend.

(in English)

I don't want any shit from you. I just want that dorm to stay nice and quiet. Comprende?

Paco smiles.

PACO

What makes you think I'm going to give you any trouble?

Herrera leans forward, pointing a finger at the boy.

HERRERA

Hey man, the reason you're here is because there's no room for you anywhere else.

(CONTINUED)

Paco flashes another smile.

PACO

Then why don't you get me a room
at the Hilton?

HERRERA

Why don't you wise up!?! You
know what happens inside here.
Time stands still. Outside
everyone else goes on with their
lives. Working, making money,
getting laid, all those things.
In here time just stops dead.
Stone cold dead.

Paco smirks.

HERRERA

This machismo thing is bullshit.
You know why?

PACO

Tell me.

HERRERA

Because life is precious.

He says this deliberately. But with a softness to
the words. Paco's eyes slide to the fading gang
tattoo on Herrera's wrist. The Supervisor nods.

HERRERA

Yeah. I was into all that gang
shit for half my life. Dumb
fucking nowhere shit.

Each word comes out separately; pointed, barbed with
feeling.

HERRERA

Moreno, in this place everybody
is the same. Everybody. And
until we get you transferred I
expect you to make good time.

Paco's attitude dissolves instantly.

(CONTINUED)

282 CONTINUED: (2)

282 *

HERRERA

That's right. We're having you moved downstate as soon as we get an opening in another facility. It may be a week, a month or a year but until you go, you just better stay cool.

Paco is very unhappy about what he's just heard.

DISSOLVE TO:

283 INT. DORM C - DAY

283

Wagner is in The Cage. The kids are hanging around as Mick gives out the weekly work assignments.

MICK

... Barns, Daniels, Ocampo --
K.P.

Some cheering.

MICK

Johnson, Roberts, Perretti, Lee,
Horowitz -- Agriculture.

Mick turns and looks at Paco leaning against the wall.

MICK

Moreno -- Shit House.

Everyone starts laughing and clapping. Paco's face is a closed book as he pushes himself off the wall, walks up to Mick and spits on the floor.

The kids are waiting for Mick to do something, to answer the insult. Paco keeps staring defiantly at Mick. He turns his back.

MICK

Allesandro, Tolson...

284 EXT. THE FIELD - DAY

284

The Agriculture Detail. The field is a seven-acre vegetable garden behind the main building. About 50 kids from the three dorms are working the garden. Two supervisors on opposite ends of the field are keeping an eye on things.

(CONTINUED)

284 CONTINUED:

284

Roberts and Johnson are digging a drainage ditch. Perretti and Ricky Lee walk up to them, looking at the Supervisor at the end of the field. His back is turned to the boys. Perretti pulls a note pad and pencil stub from his pocket.

PERRETTI

Who's it gonna be.

Johnson and Roberts exchange a look.

JOHNSON

The new one.

Perretti writes in his pad.

JOHNSON

Five bucks.

Perretti looks at Roberts.

ROBERTS

Twice.

They fork over ten bills to Ricky Lee. The Action splits. Roberts and Johnson go back to digging their ditch.

ROBERTS

Yeah. He gonna kill that white boy.

Johnson smiles.

285
and
286

OMITTED

285
and
286

287 INT. DORM C - AFTERNOON

287

Daniels is in The Cage. Mick is drinking Coke by the soda machine. Paco is working out at the weight bench. A lot of kids are checking Mick and Paco out.

288 THE TIER

288

The Viking is leaning against the railing, smoking, looking down into the Commons Room, watching Mick and Paco and watching the kids checking Mick and Paco out.

The Viking is sitting on his bunk with a pencil and a pad of paper. He appears to be writing or drawing.

Paco enters, toweling off his neck and arms, sweating from his work-out. He gives The Viking a long, once over look and nods. Then he picks up The Viking's radio, a small, ratty affair. Paco makes a disapproving face at the inferior sound system, putting it back on the desk. The Viking crumples up the piece of paper he was working on and stuffs it in his pocket.

PACO

I hear O'Brien messed up your face.

Paco stares at The Viking's scar. He jumps down from the bunk, his body rigid at the memory.

PACO

Too bad.

Paco is watching him with interest. The Viking turns.

THE VIKING

And he killed your brother.

The Viking throws it out like a challenge. Paco folds his towel neatly into a square, placing it on the shelf.

PACO

That's right. But he didn't kill me.

Paco looks at himself in the aluminized mirror, happy at what he sees, watching The Viking.

PACO

And he's not getting out of here alive.

THE VIKING

Forget it, Moreno. He's mine.

PACO

Oh, yeah?

The Viking kneels down and pulls at something taped to the leg of the lower bunk. He stands, holding the knife with the white tape handle that he took from Terrell just before he killed the boy.

(CONTINUED)

289 CONTINUED:

289

THE VIKING

Yeah.

Paco takes the knife, testing the blade.

PACO

Very nice.

He gives the knife back to The Viking.

PACO

Looks like me and you got a problem.

DISSOLVE TO:

290 INT. CELL 19 - NIGHT

290

Mick is lying on his bunk reading TREASURE ISLAND. It looks like a struggle. Horowitz is sitting at the desk chewing on his nails, staring at the wall. He lights up a joint.

HOROWITZ

You know, they're betting on who is going to kill who.

Mick stops reading and puts his book down. Horowitz turns. Mick doesn't believe it. Horowitz passes him the joint.

HOROWITZ

Yeah. Moreno is the odds-on favorite.

Mick sits up.

HOROWITZ

Perretti and the Chink are running the Action.

Mick doesn't like what he's hearing.

MICK

Who you bettin' on?

HOROWITZ

You.

Horowitz looks at his chewed-up nails. Then back at Mick.

(CONTINUED)

290 CONTINUED:

290

HOROWITZ

So what are you going to do
about this cunt?

A beat.

MICK

Nothin'. I got six months till
my review. I wanna get the fuck
outta here.

HOROWITZ

But he's going to kill you.

MICK

That's what he says.

DISSOLVE TO:

291
and
292

OMITTED

291
and
292

293

INT. THE KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

293

K.P. The kitchen equipment is going full tilt. Thirty
kids from the three dorms are working. Johnny Perretti
and Ricky Lee are washing pots. The Viking is scrubbing
vegetables. Boxes are coming down the conveyor belt
through the rear door from the back of a truck.

Paco, wearing a black rubber apron and gloves, is
putting the boxes on the long, stainless steel table.
He opens one and looks inside. Whole chickens packed
in ice. He pulls one out and stares at it.

DISSOLVE TO:

294

INT. A CLASSROOM IN THE ADMINISTRATION WING - DAY

294

The boys of Dorm C are at their desks. Daniels enters
with his briefcase, looking around the room.

DANIELS

Gentlemen, you've all been
graded on your latest reports.
I'm happy to say everybody has
finally passed with at least a
C on comprehension.

Everyone cheers.

(CONTINUED)

DANIELS

Only Horowitz got higher than a B for spelling and punctuation.

Everybody boos Horowitz. He stands and waves triumphantly. The racket subsides. A moment passes.

DANIELS

I think you should know there's an artist in this group. Someone with a very special talent that until now not even I have been aware of.

Everybody eyes everybody else. Only The Viking stares straight ahead.

DANIELS

Just for the record I would like to give you my definition of art.

Everybody's waiting.

DANIELS

It is the creation of something out of nothing.

The kids are actually intrigued. Half of them are trying to grasp the meaning of Daniels' words.

DANIELS

Lofgren has added a very interesting footnote to his paper.

Everyone looks at The Viking. His eyes slide to the floor.

DANIELS

Lofgren, would you please stand and show the class the last page of your report. I think it's something you should share with us.

The class is waiting. The Viking stands hesitantly.

He opens his report. On the last page under the closing paragraph is the legend -- THE END -- and a drawing of a dove passing through a set of prison bars, flying towards a bank of clouds through which a portion of the sun is showing. The composition has been rendered in a sort of primitive Art Deco style, surprisingly accomplished in its execution.

(CONTINUED)

For a long moment everyone is 'absolutely silent, awed by The Viking's work. Then almost on cue everyone starts cracking up and hissing at The Viking, showering him with ridicule. All at once.

JOHNSON

Ahh! Ain't that sweet!

ROBERTS

Faggot!

PERRETTI

Hey, Picasso!

GONZALES

The albino's artistic! Kiss me!

RICKY LEE

We didn't know ya had it in ya Viking!

Horowitz is pounding his desk. Only Mick doesn't join in the avalanche of ridicule. Daniels is stunned at the outburst. It's a moment before he recovers. Then he slams his hand against the blackboard. It's like a pistol shot.

DANIELS

Cool it!

Everyone cools it. Daniels glares at the boys as The Viking returns to his desk. Daniels pulls a newspaper clipping from his pocket.

HOROWITZ

Horowitz --

Daniels motions him to the front of the classroom and hands him the clipping.

DANIELS

Read this please.

Horowitz scans the clipping. Not quite sure what's going on.

HOROWITZ

YOUTH KILLED IN ROBBERY ATTEMPT.
A youth died Saturday from gunshot wounds received in an attempted holdup of a liquor store. Police said Warren Jerome, sixteen, of Chicago, was shot twice in the abdomen by the proprietor of the Hi-J Liquor Store on Kedzie Avenue after brandishing a pistol and demanding money.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HOROWITZ (cont'd)

Jerome died undergoing surgery at
Our Lady Queen of Martyrs Hospital.

There's a moment's silence.

PERRETTI

Who the fuck is Warren Jerome?

RICKY LEE

Who the fuck cares --

A few snickers and then everyone starts laughing and cheering. Everyone except The Viking. Daniels stares at the boy as everyone continues to carry on. Suddenly The Viking screams.

THE VIKING

Shut the fuck up!!!

Everyone shuts up. Looking at The Viking as he and Daniels stare at each other.

DANIELS

Go on Lofgren. Tell them who
Warren Jerome was.

The Viking sits there like a block of stone. All eyes are once again on him.

THE VIKING

That was Tweety, you assholes.

BLAM!

295 EXT. CELL 19 - DAY

295

Mick, towel drying his hair, approaches his cell. Before he enters he looks around the Commons Room and up at the tier. About 20 kids are staring at him.

296 INT. CELL 19

296

Mick closes the door and stops. Hanging from the wire mesh grill over the window by a piece of string is a skinned, frozen chicken, dripping water onto the floor. A moment later a chorus of laughter seeps into the cell from the boys outside.

297 INT. THE MESS HALL - NIGHT

297

Dinner. The Mess Hall is full. Mick and Horowitz are lined up at the serving counter. Perretti is serving along with three kids from Dorm B. Paco and The Viking are at a table, eating. Horowitz is served and moves away. Mick sticks out his tray and gets a double portion of mashed potatoes.

MICK

What are the odds on me now,
Perretti?

Perretti gives a sullen nod.

PERRETTI

Three to two against you --
nothing personal.

Mick moves off. As Horowitz passes the table where Paco and The Viking are sitting, Paco nudges The Viking. He sticks out his foot and trips Horowitz. He goes down. Everyone laughs.

Horowitz pulls himself up, looking at the wall of laughing faces. But nothing shows what Horowitz is really feeling. Just the eyes. Cold and dark and hateful.

HOROWITZ

You cocksucker!

Mick puts his tray down and moves between them. Paco and The Viking are trying to keep a straight face. Mick points at The Viking, at the mess on the floor.

MICK

Clean it up!

THE VIKING

Fuck you, O'Brien!

Paco stands.

PACO

Yeah! Fuck you! You clean
it up!

The laughter stops. Paco is challenging Mick. He steps forward. Horowitz lunges at The Viking and Paco slaps him across the face before Mick can pull him back.

Just then Daniels' bulk comes between them. He slaps Mick and Horowitz aside like two flies. Herrera grabs The Viking by the back of the neck. Daniels grabs Paco.

(CONTINUED)

297 CONTINUED:

297

Together the Supervisors push the boys down onto the circle of spilled food, shoving their faces into the mess. Once more the room erupts.

DANIELS

Now clean it up!

298 INT. THOMAS BENDIX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

298

Thom Bendix is standing by the window smoking a cigarette. Staring out the window. A KNOCK on the door. He turns as Herrera enters.

BENDIX

What can I do for you, Ramon?

HERRERA

Give me a raise and a two-month vacation in Hawaii for starters.

Both men smile, shifting, getting into it.

HERRERA

Any word on the Paco Moreno transfer?

Bendix shakes his head.

BENDIX

I haven't heard yet.

Herrera looks at Bendix for a moment.

HERRERA

Thom, I think this thing is ready to blow any minute.

Bendix leans back, turning it over. Then he nods.

BENDIX

I'll see what I can do. In the meantime, we'll just have to keep an eye on them.

299 INT. DORM C - THE COMMONS ROOM - NIGHT

299

Wagner is in The Cage. About 30 kids are watching television. Paco and The Viking are sitting next to each other. A cop show is on. A girl is walking down a deserted street. A man begins to follow her. He runs after her and she takes off. The kids start cheering and yelling.

(CONTINUED)

299 CONTINUED:

299

GONZALES

Get her!

THE VIKING

Come on!

ROBERTS

Stick it to her!

The man gets her and drags the girl screaming into an alley. Everyone applauds.

300 PACO

300

turns. We SEE Mick sitting alone on the last bench. Paco leers at Mick as the girl's screams rise in volume.

301 MICK

301

gets up and heads for his cell, his fists clenched, trying to keep himself under control. He passes Johnson.

JOHNSON

Maybe next time you ain't gonna be so lucky to have Daniels around, man.

302 ANOTHER ANGLE

302

Mick stops. The boy is staring at him mockingly. Mick's face darkens and he moves forward, ready to punch Johnson out. The kid backs off fast. Mick looks up at the tier. A dozen black and Hispanic kids are watching him. Mick heads for his cell.

303 INT. CELL 19 - NIGHT

303

Horowitz is hunched over the desk, working on something. Mick enters, sits on the bunk and lights a cigarette. His hands are shaking.

HOROWITZ

Come here --

MICK

Whatta ya want?

His voice is angry.

(CONTINUED)

303 CONTINUED:

303

MICK

Leave me alone --

Horowitz is totally absorbed in the thing on his desk, oblivious to Mick's mood.

HOROWITZ

Come here!

Mick goes to the desk.

HOROWITZ

Just hold this --

We SEE the stripped down mechanism of a small clock.

HOROWITZ

Put your finger here --

Horowitz indicates for Mick to place his finger on a thin strip of flat wire.

MICK

What is this?

HOROWITZ

Don't move for a second.

Horowitz is holding the clock's winding mechanism stationary with a tiny jeweler's screw driver. The strip of wire is touching the serrated edge of the time wheel. As Mick pushes down on the strip of flat wire Horowitz raises the screw driver, releasing the mechanism. As the wheel turns, the strip of wire softly brushes against the turning wheel. Horowitz pushes back from the desk and puts two fingers on the wire strip.

HOROWITZ

Let go.

Mick lets go of the wire. Suddenly it begins to smoke. Then it flares briefly, turns a dull red, eats its way along the wire and burns out.

HOROWITZ

Shit --

MICK

What're ya doin'?

Horowitz is gone.

(CONTINUED)

303 CONTINUED: (2)

303

HOROWITZ

I almost got it.

He leans back and stares at his work, then up at Nick.

HOROWITZ

What the fuck's eating you?

304 THE TIER - DAY

304

Paco and Perretti are walking along the tier on their way back from wash-up, their towels slung over their shoulders.

PERRETTI

When you do O'Brien, it's fifty-fifty split and two cartons a week, right?

PACO

(smiles)

I'll think about it.

He heads for his cell.

305 EXT. THE FIELD - AFTERNOON

305 *

The Agricultural Detail is in full swing.

305A INT. THE GREENHOUSE - AFTERNOON

305A*

Twenty kids from Dorm C are tending the greenhouse. Watering, pruning, cleaning the windows.

305B ANOTHER ANGLE

305B*

Mick and Horowitz are picking the dead leaves off a cluster of plants. At the far end of the greenhouse Wagner is reading a paperback.

Horowitz nudges Mick. They go to another corner where an assortment of tall plants are grouped in a tight circle.

HOROWITZ

They keep looking for shit in the mail or stuffed inside some sister's bra. They keep looking for big bushes. What the fuck do they know?

(CONTINUED)

305B CONTINUED:

305B*

Horowitz nods at something on the floor. Mick looks down and sees half a dozen miniature marijuana plants in a patch of sunlight surrounded by the camouflage of the other plants.

HOROWITZ

Bonsai. Just like in Japan.

Mick looks puzzled.

HOROWITZ

Mini-plants. They bind the roots.

Horowitz grins. Proud of his secret. He looks around the room, then back at Mick.

HOROWITZ

You know a lot of people are saying you're a pussy.

Mick shoots him a dirty look.

HOROWITZ

Yeah. They think you're scared shitless of Moreno.

Mick steps right up to Horowitz.

MICK

Well I say fuck 'em! Fuck 'em all!

Mick turns and walks off. Horowitz shrugs. A moment passes and then Horowitz moves over to a bag of manure-fertilizer leaning against the planter shelf and picks up a handful, letting it run through his fingers, looking at Wagner at the far end of the room. He takes two handfuls of the fertilizer and puts it in his pocket.

306 ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

306

Paco is tilling the soil with a pitchfork. The Viking walks up and hands him a cup of water. They share the drink, looking around the field. Then Paco places his foot on the outer pitchfork blade and moves it back and forth against the ground. The blade snaps off. Paco bends down and slips the long, broken blade inside his sock as The Viking watches.

307 INT. CELL 35 - LATE AFTERNOON

307

Paco's sharpening the pitchfork blade against the stone floor. He tests it with his finger. The tip has been honed to a fine, sharp point. It resembles an ice pick.

The BELL RINGS.

DISSOLVE TO:

308 INT. DORM C - NIGHT

308

Herrera's in The Cage. Paco and The Viking are working out with the weights. A couple of ping-pong games are going. Mick and Horowitz are sitting on the next to the last bench watching television with 30 other kids.

309 PACO AND THE VIKING

309

finish their work-out, walk to the television area and sit down behind Mick and Horowitz. Paco whispers something to The Viking and they snicker.

THE VIKING

Hey, Lipshitz!

Horowitz flinches. Mick looks straight ahead.

HOROWITZ

The name's Horowitz, asshole.

Horowitz is pissed. He starts biting his nails and cuticles. Mick turns and looks at the duo. Paco ignores him.

PACO

I heard it was Lipshitz.

THE VIKING

An' if your Lipshitz, what does your ass do?

Paco and The Viking crack up.

HOROWITZ

That's really brilliant. Just keep it up.

PACO

What're ya gonna do about it, shit face?

(CONTINUED)

309 CONTINUED:

309

MICK

That's enough, Moreno.

Mick means it. Paco grins.

PACO

It is, huh?

A handful of kids hiss at them to shut up. Another handful are hoping something will happen. Herrera glances over briefly, then returns to his paperback. Paco stops grinning.

PACO

O'Brien, you eat shit.

Mick is ready to swing on Paco. Horowitz grabs his arm.

HOROWITZ

Let's get a smoke.

Mick is not ready for a smoke. The air is electric with their mutual hatred.

PACO

Yeah, get a smoke. It's bad for your health.

The Viking is laughing silently at Mick. Ready for it to happen.

Mick stands and heads for his cell. Horowitz follows. He looks back at the smirking duo and gives them the finger. Paco returns the compliment.

310 INT. CELL 19 - NIGHT

310

Both boys are on their bunks, smoking. The door is closed.

HOROWITZ

It's time you put that piece of garbage away.

Mick smokes in silence.

HOROWITZ

He's going to do it to you.

MICK

Shit --

(CONTINUED)

310 CONTINUED:

310

HOROWITZ

You can't do it, can you?

MICK

Six months and I'm outta here.

For a moment silence and smoke fills the cell.

HOROWITZ

Then, I'm going to get those fuckers.

Through the closed door the BELL RINGS and Herrera screams:

HERRERA (O.S.)

Lights out! Five minutes! Let's go!

HOROWITZ

Yeah. Lights out.

311 OMITTED

311

312 INT. MESS HALL - DAY

312

Breakfast. Mick is in line getting served. When he turns around he sees Paco, The Viking, Johnson and Roberts staring at him. They're smirking. They start to snicker. More kids look up at Mick and laugh. Mick looks over at the Supervisor's table. He sees Daniels, Herrera and Wagner watching his humiliation.

313 OMITTED

313 *

314 INT. DORM C - THE WASH-UP - DAY

314

Paco is combing his hair in front of the mirror. A black kid is taking a leak. The Viking enters, sees the other kid and goes over to the sink next to Paco and starts washing his hands, waiting for the kid to leave. The kid exits.

Paco reaches under the sink and takes out something. It's the sharpened pitchfork blade set into the five-inch block of wood. It's now an improvised ice pick. Mean and lethal.

(CONTINUED)

314 CONTINUED:

314

Paco motions and The Viking follows him to the toilet stalls. Holding the instrument with his left hand, he places the tip of the pick against the wood partition. With his right hand he taps the handle with his palm. The blade passes cleanly through the wood. Paco points to his ear cavity.

PACO

(boastfully)

Right in there. Not even a drop of blood. Nothin'. It's better than a knife.

The Viking stands back.

THE VIKING

Forget it! I told you, that cocksucker's mine. I'm gonna take him out.

Paco's not very happy about this.

PACO

Hey, man, I lost my brother. All you lost is some skin.

He points to The Viking's scar.

THE VIKING

Tough shit.

The Viking starts backing away.

THE VIKING

Either way, O'Brien's dead.

The Viking smiles and exits.

We CLOSE ON Paco's face.

DISSOLVE TO:

315 INT. CELL 19 _ DAY

315

Horowitz is working on the innards of a snappy-looking portable radio, fitting the clock mechanism and a rectangular, dull metal packet between the two speakers. He makes a final adjustment, fits the panel onto the back of the machine, turns it around and stares at it. He tests the ON-OFF VOLUME dial without turning it on. Then he reaches for a Winston and lights up.

316 OMITTED

316

317 THE TIER - DAY

317

Mick is coming down the tier staircase into the Commons Room. He sees Daniels and Herrera enter the dorm and approach Wagner in The Cage. They talk, keeping their eyes on Mick as he heads for his cell.

Herrera moves fast to the staircase, taking the steps two at a time. Daniels goes after Mick.

318 INT. CELL 19 - DAY

318

Mick enters and closes the door. Horowitz is sitting at the desk staring at the portable radio, smoking a Winston. He glances up, then back at the radio.

A moment later the door bursts open and Daniels enters. He grabs Mick by the collar and shoves him out into the Commons Room, motioning for Horowitz to follow.

DANIELS

Outside!

Horowitz gets up. Daniels grabs him impatiently and shoves him into the hall with Mick.

319 EXT. CELL 19 - DAY

319

Daniels lines the two boys against the wall and frisks them. Starting with Horowitz.

320 INT. CELL 35 - DAY

320

Paco and The Viking are lying on their beds, reading comic books. The door bursts open and Herrera enters.

HERRERA

Out! Now!

Paco and The Viking sit up. A little too slow. Herrera grabs them and pushes them out onto the tier. Then he starts turning over the cell. A weapons search.

321 EXT. CELL 19 - DAY

321

Daniels finishes frisking Horowitz and starts on Mick.

322 INT. CELL 35

322

Herrera finds the knife taped to the leg of The Viking's bunk. He goes into the corridor.

HERRERA

Whose is this?

THE VIKING

Mine. I found it.

Herrera gives him a look, puts the shiv in his pocket, shoves Paco and The Viking against the wall and starts frisking them.

Up and down the tier, all along the Commons Room floor, the boys of Dorm C are watching.

323 INT. CELL 19 - DAY

323

Daniels is finished with his weapons search. The cell is upside down. He's found nothing. The two boys enter the cell.

324 DANIELS

324

pushes past Mick and Horowitz, steps into the Commons Room and looks up at the tier. Herrera is leaning against the rail. He holds up the knife.

325 INT. THOMAS BENDIX'S OFFICE - DAY

325

Bendix is behind his desk. The Viking is standing in front of him, flanked by Daniels and Herrera.

Bendix picks up the knife and holds it up.

BENDIX

I'm not happy about this, Lofgren.

THE VIKING

Yes, sir.

BENDIX

In fact I'm very pissed off.

The Viking shifts his weight. Bendix drops the knife back onto the desk.

BENDIX

This is an extremely serious offense and we are going to take disciplinary action.

(CONTINUED)

325 CONTINUED:

325

Bendix moves an overflowing ashtray around, collecting his thoughts.

BENDIX

The only thing in your favor is that you admitted possession of this weapon.

Bendix looks at Daniels and Herrera.

BENDIX

So I'm going to give you a choice.

The Viking is waiting.

BENDIX

Four weeks in solitary confinement --

The Viking turns white.

BENDIX

Or four months added to your time?

THE VIKING

I'll take the four months, sir.

326 EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - CHICAGO - EARLY EVENING 326

We SEE a MONTAGE of the affluent street; hotels, stores, the crowds of well-dressed shoppers.

327 EXT. RALPH LAUREN, A TRADITIONAL MEN'S AND WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE - EARLY EVENING 327 *

328 INT. RALPH LAUREN - EVENING 328 *

MOVING THROUGH the front door, DOWN the leather-and-mahogany-scented aisle, UP TO a fashionable suburban couple as a sales girl hands them a beautifully wrapped parcel. It's a moment before we realize it's J.C. She smiles cheerfully.

J.C.

Thank you very much.

The couple returns a perfect smile and moves off.

(CONTINUED)

328 CONTINUED:

328

We CLOSE IN ON J.C. Her face is completely healed and her cosmetic transformation is startling. Gone is the girl who once worked at the downtown supermarket. She's more assured, well dressed. J.C. glances at the wall clock: 6:30. A tweedy, handsome sales clerk of 20 approaches her. His name is CHIP.

CHIP

So what time are we going out tonight?

He says it lightly, as if this is a routine they've been through before.

J.C.

(brightly)

I'm busy.

She takes her trench coat and purse from behind the counter.

CHIP

I'll pick you up at eight.

Chip smiles. Their eyes hold. J.C. is fighting his easy, confident charm.

J.C.

Chip --

CHIP

Come on.

J.C.

I can't.

CHIP

Of course you can.

Again the flash of his confident smile. J.C. is obviously weakening. She moves for the door, fleeing temptation. Chip trails her, persisting but pleasant.

CHIP

Dinner and a movie. That's all.

J.C.

Thanks anyway.

CHIP

Eight o'clock?

(CONTINUED)

328 CONTINUED: (2)

328

His assured delivery stops J.C. in her tracks. She looks at him, wanting to say yes. It's all over her face.

CHIP

Look, forget about O'Brien.
You'll be an old maid before he
gets out.

She glares at Chip for a long moment, hating herself for wanting to accept the boy-man's advances. Thinking of Mick.

J.C.

Good night.

J.C. pushes the door open and rushes from the store.

329 EXT. THE RAINFORD JUVENILE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - 329
DAY

It's raining. We SEE the front gates, the empty courtyard, the recreational field, the green stretch of the vegetable garden and the hills beyond.

DISSOLVE TO:

330 INT. DORM C - DAY 330

Wagner is in The Cage. Everyone is hanging out.
Listening to the rain. Bored.

331 INT. CELL 19 331

Mick is lying on his bed, smoking and reading THE VALACHI PAPERS. He looks like he's having a good time.

332 THE TIER - DAY 332

The Viking is sitting on the rail, smoking. He looks down into the Commons Room and watches Paco approach the soft drink machine and get a soda.

333 CLOSEUP - PACO 333

He pops open a can of 7-UB, takes a sip and glances at Wagner reading his magazines in The Cage. Then he pulls a length of lead pipe out of the waistband of his pants and quickly stuffs it into the wires at the back of the soft drink machine.

(CONTINUED)

333 CONTINUED:

333

Right next to it is the ice pick. Both weapons are safely out of sight Paco looks up at The Viking, walks over to the television area and sits down.

334 THE TIER

334

The Viking looks down at the closed door of Mick's cell. Then over at the weight lifting area. Leaning against the wall, smoking a Winston and biting his nails, is Horowitz. When The Viking turns and moves lethargically back to his cell, Horowitz is watching him.

335 INT. CELL 35

335

The Viking enters, sighs with boredom, looking around the cell. His eyes stop at a snappy looking portable radio sitting on top of his bunk. He looks over at his own radio, then back at the one on his bed. Curious. It's the same radio Horowitz was working on.

336 INT. CELL 19

336

Mick puts his book down as the door opens and Horowitz enters. His face is slightly flushed. Mick stares at him, sensing something's not quite right.

337 THE COMMONS ROOM - CLOSEUP - PACO

337

watching television.

338 EXT. CELL 35

338

The Viking exits his cell carrying the snappy looking portable radio. Two black kids are sitting on the rail, talking.

THE VIKING

You know where this came from?

The kids look dully at the radio and shrug. Not interested. The Viking turns and enters his cell, examining the radio.

339 INT. CELL 35 - DAY

339

The Viking turns the radio ON. MUSIC comes through, crisp and loud. He starts moving in place, tapping his foot. A moment later it EXPLODES in his face.

The force of the explosion knocks The Viking backwards. He stumbles screaming out onto the tier, clutching his face, falling to his knees.

340 INT. COMMONS ROOM

340

Everyone drops what they're doing and looks at The Viking writhing in agony on the floor. Paco jumps up, runs to the staircase and sees The Viking turn around, groping with one hand for the railing. Wagner exits The Cage, fast.

The Viking reaches for the railing with his other hand, clutching at the air. Paco sees what's left of his face.

PACO

Shit --

341 INT. CELL 19

341

As The Viking's screams fill the dorm, Mick sits up and looks at Horowitz. Horowitz turns to the door, then looks over at Mick. Horowitz smiles. Mick doesn't.

DISSOLVE TO:

342 THE COMMONS ROOM - DAY

342

Everyone is lined up. Wagner and Herrera are standing by The Cage. The iron door opens and Thom Bendix enters with Daniels behind him. Bendix looks at the boys of Dorm C. He walks past the front line. Through his eyes WE SEE Mick, Paco, Perretti, Ricky Lee, Johnson, Roberts and Horowitz.

BENDIX

Horowitz --

343 INT. THOMAS BENDIX'S OFFICE - DAY

343 *

The Director of Rainford is behind his desk. Horowitz is seated opposite him.

(CONTINUED)

343 CONTINUED:

343 *

BENDIX

We identified the material you
used to make that charge with.

Bendix nods in grudging admiration.

BENDIX

Nitrogen from fertilizer. Very
clever. You're lucky Lofgren
didn't die.

Bendix leans back.

BENDIX

Just tell me one thing. Did
O'Brien know anything about this?

HOROWITZ

No. I did it all myself.

Bendix nods.

BENDIX

You will serve the remainder of
your time in this program in
solitary confinement. Starting
now.

HOROWITZ

No way!

He starts to stand.

BENDIX

Barry --

HOROWITZ

Fuck you, I'm not going.

BENDIX

Watch your mouth.

Horowitz grabs a chair. Bendix pushes a button
under his desk.

HOROWITZ

Don't come near me!

BENDIX

Put it down.

(CONTINUED)

343 CONTINUED: (2)

343 *

HOROWITZ

I'm not going. You're gonna
have to kill me first --

BENDIX

Barry, you're just adding more
time.

HOROWITZ

Fuck you cuntface!

He backs into a corner, holding the chair in front
of him. The door opens and two guards enter.

HOROWITZ

(screaming)

Fuck all you cunts!

Bendix nods and the guards rush Horowitz. He swings
the chair wildly. The guards jump him and they all
go down in a heap.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

344 INT. DORM C - CELL 19 - DAY

344

Mick is lying on his bunk. Horowitz's bed has been
stripped of its blanket and pillow, the desk cleared
of his personal belongings. The cell is very quiet.

345 INT. CELL 35 - DAY

345

Paco is pacing his cell. The Viking's bunk is
stripped. His radio and toilet articles are gone.
Paco stops pacing for a moment and looks at the empty
bed, trying to figure out his next move. When he
turns around he sees Roberts and Johnson on the tier,
staring in at him. Paco slams the door.

346 THE COMMONS ROOM

346

Daniels is in The Cage. He looks up from his paper-
work and glances around the room. The dorm is
exceptionally quiet.

347 A CORRIDOR IN THE ADMINISTRATION WING - DAY

347

Johnny Perretti and two black kids from Dorm C are
mopping up the corridor.

(CONTINUED)

347 CONTINUED:

347

Herrera enters the corridor and as he passes Thomas Bendix's office the door opens and Bendix exits. He sees Herrera.

BENDIX

Ramon --

Herrera turns.

BENDIX

I've just received the Moreno transfer.

Herrera is relieved.

BENDIX

We're moving him to Winfield tomorrow.

HERRERA

Thank God.

Johnny Perretti is watching the two men.

348 INT. CELL 35 - LATE AFTERNOON

348

Paco is lying on his bunk. The door is pushed open and Johnny Perretti enters, smoking. He leans against the door.

PERRETTI

Your transfer just got here, Moreno. You're going to Winfield. Tomorrow.

Paco sits up. His face drops. A double whammy.

DISSOLVE TO:

349 THE COMMONS ROOM - NIGHT

349

Wagner is in The Cage. Most of the kids are watching television. The dorm is very quiet.

350 PACO

350

walks over to the soft drink machine, drops a token and gets a 7-UP. He reaches behind the machine, pulls out the ice pick and the length of lead pipe and slips them into his jacket pocket and heads for the tier staircase.

*

351 THE CLOCK IN THE CAGE

351

reads 9:38.

352 THE IRON DOOR

352

opens and Herrera enters. Paco watches him as he relieves Wagner for the night shift. Herrera pulls a newspaper and a paperback out of his jacket pocket and settles in for his watch.

353 INT. CELL 19 - NIGHT

353*

Mick is sitting on the edge of his bunk smoking a cigarette, staring at the floor. Ricky Lee appears in the doorway. Mick glances up.

RICKY LEE

I just heard your buddy Paco's leaving. How 'bout that?

MICK

What are you talking about?

RICKY LEE

Moreno's being transferred to Winfield. First thing tomorrow morning.

Mick stands.

RICKY LEE

You got lucky.

Ricky Lee grins tauntingly and walks off. On Mick's face we:

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

354 INT. CELL 35

354

Paco is sitting on the edge of his bunk sipping a 7-UP. The BELL RINGS and Herrera screams:

HERRERA

Lights out! Five minutes!
Let's go!

A rumble of mild protest from the boys of Dorm C.

Paco turns the desk lamp off and sits back down on the edge of his bunk.

355 THE COMMONS ROOM

355

Herrera starts turning the lights off as the last cell doors close and the dorm settles down for the night. In a moment it's quiet. Herrera looks around the darkened room, takes his nightstick from its holster and places it on the desk. He opens the paperback and starts reading.

DISSOLVE TO:

356 INT. CELL 19

356

Mick is lying on the bottom bunk. Wide awake.

357 INT. CELL 35 - NIGHT

357

Paco is lying on his bunk. Wide awake. He sits up and pulls the lead pipe and the ice pick out from under his pillow. Then he picks the can of 7-UP off the floor and starts pouring it over his face.

358 INT. COMMONS ROOM - NIGHT

358

A BLURRED LINE OF PRINT COMES INTO HESITANT FOCUS ACCOMPANIED by a MUFFLED, CHOKING SOUND.

Herrera looks up sleepily from his paperback. The clock in The Cage reads 2:15.

He squints into the Commons Room. Five feet from The Cage he sees Paco doubled up on the floor, gasping in pain, his face and T-shirt soaked with sweat. Paco's right hand is pressed against his abdomen, his left hand clutching at the air. Herrera reaches for his nightstick and exits The Cage.

PACO

My appendix. I think it broke --

His words are barely heard. Paco folds into himself, moaning louder now. As Herrera bends down cautiously Paco suddenly jumps up and jams the lead pipe into the Supervisor's stomach. Herrera drops to his knees, still holding his nightstick.

Paco cracks him once across the face but Herrera doesn't go down.

He hits him hard across the temple but amazingly the Supervisor stands, dropping his nightstick. Paco hits him again on the left temple and blood spurts everywhere.

As he drops Paco catches him, drags him to The Cage and throws him inside across the top of the desk. Paco exits The Cage and stuffs the length of lead pipe through the mesh grill, jamming the door shut. Then Paco turns and crosses the room to Mick's cell, taking the ice pick from his jacket pocket.

359 INT. CELL 19

359

The door opens. Paco enters with the ice pick in his hand and creeps towards the form in the lower bunk. Suddenly an arm shoots out from behind the door and grabs Paco's hair. It's Mick. He spins Paco around fast, slamming his head against the wall, reaching for the ice pick. Paco tries to break loose but Mick hangs on, clutching at Paco's wrist.

360 THE COMMONS ROOM

360

The boys stumble into the Commons Room and fall; rolling over each other.

(CONTINUED)

360 CONTINUED:

360

Mick gouges Paco's eyes, holding onto his wrist. Paco grunts and breaks free, plunging the ice pick in and out of Mick's shoulder in two swift, savage strokes. Mick screams and rolls away, clutching his bleeding, injured arm.

Both boys scramble to their feet, gasping for breath. Paco moves in, circling Mick.

361 INT. THE CAGE - NIGHT

361

Herrera, covered in blood, his right eye swelling fast, comes to. He sees Mick and Paco circling each other in the Commons Room. He pushes himself off the desk and falls against the door, trying to pull it open. Frantic. Then he sees the lead pipe jammed into the door handle.

HERRERA

(screaming)

Moreno! O'Brien! Don't!

362 THE COMMONS ROOM

362

Paco is closing in on Mick. Herrera's cries pass over them unheard.

363 THE TIER

363

A cell door opens and two kids step sleepily onto the tier in their underwear. Then other cell doors begin to open.

364 INT. THE CAGE

364

Herrera pushes himself off The Cage door, stumbles to the desk, trips on the chair and lunges for the emergency button, fumbling, hitting it. Once, twice, three times.

365 THE COMMONS ROOM

365

Kids are running from their cells. Awake now. Excited by the scent of blood, the two boys circling each other in their final confrontation.

366 THE TIER

366

More kids are pouring out of their cells, scrambling into their clothes... running to the staircase and down into the Commons Room. What everyone was waiting for is happening.

367 PERRETTI AND RICKY LEE

367

halfway down the stairs, see Herrera in The Cage, laying on the emergency button. They exchange a look.

368 ANOTHER ANGLE

368

Hitting the floor, Perretti and Lee run to the Television Area, grab a chair and a bench and jam them under the handle of the door leading to the outer corridor. Six other kids follow and start piling more chairs and benches against the door. Dorm C, like The Cage, is sealed off.

369 THE COMMONS ROOM

369

Paco lashes out at Mick with the ice pick in a fast rush, puncturing his forearm. Once, twice. Both boys jump back, looking at the tightening circle of bodies. Everyone is goading them on. Whistling, shouting, clapping.

370 INT. THE CAGE

370

Herrera, his head still gushing blood, picks up the chair and starts flailing away at The Cage door, trying to break it down. We SEE his face CLOSEUP.

He's screaming with frustration, his voice obliterated by the rising SOUND of the boys of Dorm C as they CHEER Mick and Paco on.

371 THE COMMONS ROOM

371

The air is thick with sweat and smoke as Paco motions Mick forward, as the wall of faces mirrors the pent-up rage and hatred between the two boys.

Mick stands there, swaying, blood oozing from his shoulder and forearm.

372 ANOTHER ANGLE

372

The circle of screaming boys breaks open for a moment and he looks across the Commons Room and sees Herrera in The Cage yelling something at him, shaking his head. The image is a blur. Herrera's voice an aching, silent scream. The circle closes, sealing Herrera from view.

373 EXT. THE OUTER CORRIDOR

373

Running down the corridor toward Dorm C is Thom Bendix, Daniels, Wagner and a guard.

374 INT. DORM C - THE COMMONS ROOM

374

Mick steps forward. Again Paco rushes him with the pick, going for his stomach. At the last moment Mick pivots sideways and Paco slips in a triangle of blood on the floor. As he drops, Mick jams his knee into Paco's face three times, knocking him on his back, jumping onto his chest, pinning him down, fighting to get the lethal weapon from his hand. He doesn't make it.

Paco rams the pick blindly into Mick's outer thigh and it catches in the bone, buried up to the handle. Mick screams and butts Paco's face with his head like a battering ram, breaking his nose in a killing frenzy.

375 ANOTHER ANGLE

375

We FLICK ACROSS the faces of the boys on the tier and in the Commons Room. Cheering and laughing. Everyone is screaming louder. Like hyenas. They don't care who kills who now just as long as someone dies.

376 EXT. THE CORRIDOR

376

Daniels, Wagner, Thom Bendix and the guard are throwing themselves against the door trying to force it open. No luck.

Daniels goes to the Fire Emergency box, pulls it open, grabs the ax, runs back and starts chopping the door down.

377 INT. THE COMMONS ROOM

377

Mick and Paco are pummeling each other in a savage burst of adrenalin, soaked with blood, gouging at each other's eyes. Mick grabs Paco's hair and bangs his head against the floor.

(CONTINUED)

377 CONTINUED:

377

Paco lies there, coughing blood. Mick claws at the pick embedded in his thigh bone. With both hands he pulls it out, screaming in pain. Johnny Perretti steps forward.

PERRETTI

Kill him, O'Brien!

RICKY LEE

Go on!

A DOZEN KIDS

Yeah!

Now everyone joins in.

EVERYONE

(screaming)

KILL HIM! KILL HIM! KILL HIM!

KILL HIM! KILL HIM! KILL HIM!

Like rolling thunder the death chant fills the dorm.

378 INT. THE CAGE

378

Herrera is punching The Cage in desperation, his fists like two bloody knots, screaming NO! NO! NO!

379 ANOTHER ANGLE

379

The circle has broken around Mick and Paco and he has a clear view of the boys. No one is even aware of Herrera.

380 EXT. THE COORIDOR - NIGHT

380

The door caves in and Daniels, Wagner, Bendix and the guard start to fight their way through the wall of chairs and benches.

381 INT. COMMONS ROOM - SLOW MOTION

381

Mick raises the ice pick above his head with both hands.

382 ANOTHER ANGLE

382

The boys of Dorm C scream on.

(CONTINUED)

382 CONTINUED:

382

EVERYONE
(screaming)
KILL HIM! KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
KILL HIM! KILL HIM! KILL HIM!

FLASH CUT TO:

383 HERRERA, THEN DANIELS, BENDIX AND WAGNER

383

as they scramble desperately through the pile of benches and chairs trying to get to Mick.

384 ANOTHER ANGLE

384

With a scream that cuts through the killing chant, Mick plunges the ice pick downwards.

IT COMES RIGHT AT US IN SLOW MOTION.

and at the very last moment, he deliberately moves the pick sideways, jamming it into the floor an inch from Paco's skull. Refusing to kill his mortal enemy.

Mick stands. Through swollen, blackened eyes he looks around at the wall of blurred, screaming faces.

EVERYONE
(screaming)
KILL HIM! KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
KILL HIM! KILL HIM! KILL HIM!

385 ANOTHER ANGLE

385

Mick sees Herrera, Daniels, Thom Bendix and Wagner at the far end of the room. The moment is frozen.

Slowly the death chant ebbs. The circle of bodies widens as Mick reaches down, grabs Paco and starts dragging him across the room.

SILENCE.

Mick stops in front of The Cage. He looks over at Daniels, Bendix and Wagner. Then he turns to Herrera in The Cage. The man and the boy look at each other for a long, bloodied moment and then Mick drops Paco onto the floor and walks away.

(CONTINUED)

385 CONTINUED:

385

The SCREEN goes to BLACK.

The CREDITS ROLL...

and the silence CONTINUES. It's over.

FADE OUT..

THE END