



Episode Three
"Great Men"

Teleplay by
Tom Fontana
and
Sean Jablonski

Story by
Tom Fontana

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Barry Levinson
Tom Fontana

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CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

Jim Finnerty

SUPERVISING PRODUCER

Bridget Potter

DIRECTOR

Bob Balaban

CAST

LEO GLYNN.....ERNIE HUDSON
TIM MCMANUS.....TERRY KINNEY
SISTER PETER MARIE REIMONDO.....RITA MORENO

JASON ARMSTRONG.....TIM BROWN
JOE MINEO.....PHIL SCOZZARELLA
FATHER RAY MUKADA.....B.D. WONG
GLORIA NATHAN.....LAUREN VELEZ
DIANE WITTLESEY.....EDIE FALCO

MIGUEL ALVAREZ.....KIRK ACEVEDO
AUGUSTUS HILL.....HAROLD PERRINEAU
VERN SCHILLINGER.....J.K. SIMMONS
TOBIAS BEECHER.....LEE TERGESEN
KAREEM SAID.....EAMONN WALKER
RYAN O'REILY.....DEAN WINTERS

SIMON ADEBISI.....ADEWALE AKINNUOYE-AGBAJ
ZAHIR ARIF.....GRANVILLE ADAMS
SHIRLEY BELLINGER.....
AGAMEMNON BUSMALIS.....TOM MARDIROSIAN
CHARLES COUSHAINÉ.....BRIAN CALLAN
WILLIAM GILES.....
RICHIE HANLON.....JORDAN LAGE
TIMMY KIRK.....
MARK MACK.....LEIF RIDDELL
FRANK MANHARDT.....FRANK SENGER
CHUCKY PANCAMO.....CHUCK ZITO
POET.....MUMS THE SCHEMER
BOB REBADOW.....GEORGE MORFOGEN
PETER SCHIBETTA.....EDDIE MALAVARCA
KENNY WANGLER.....J.D. WILLIAMS

CYRIL O'REILY.....SCOTT WINTERS
SHANNON O'RILEY.....

MARILYN CRENSHAW.....
CLIFFORD SPRAGUE.....
HUGH ZANGER.....

ANCHOR.....
HOMEBOY #1.....
HOMEBOY #2.....
OFFICER.....

SETS

INTERIORS

Bank
Bedroom
Benchley Memorial
 Ardeth's Room
 Operating Room
Em City
 Adebisi's Cell
 Beecher's Cell
 Classroom
 Common Room
 Hallway
 McManus' Office
 Phone Room
 Rebadow's Cell
 Said's Cell
Hole
Oz
 Cafeteria
 Cellblock
 Chaplain's Office
 Death Row
 Glynn's Office
 Gym
 Hallway
 Hallway Outside The Hole
 Hallway Outside Solitary
 The Hole
 Interview Room
 Library
 Mailroom
 Monitoring Room
 Office of Psychiatric
 Evaluation
 Solitary Confinement
 Visitor's Room
 Visiting Room
Prison Hospital
 Doctor's Office
 ER
 Ward
Store

EXTERIOR

Street/1958

FADE IN:

1 CU on AUGUSTUS HILL:

1

HILL

End of the century's coming. End of the millennium. Lots o'lists being printed 'bout who was the greatest person these past thousand years. By great, they mean who had the most impact. Einstein. Edison. Freud. I know one thing for sure -- my name won't be on that fucking list.

CUT TO:

2 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE/PRISON HOSPITAL - DAY

2

RYAN O'REILY sits, waiting.

HILL (v.o.; cont.)

And neither will anyone else's here in Oz.

O'REILY starts reading folders on desk. DOCTOR GLORIA NATHAN enters.

NATHAN

Those files are confidential.

O'REILY

Yeah, well, I have this natural curiosity about my fellow man.

NATHAN sits opposite him.

NATHAN

We got the results back from the needle aspiration.

O'REILY

Don't dance, Doctor, tell me straight.

NATHAN

The lump under your left nipple is stage two breast carcinoma.

O'REILY

Uh huh.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

NATHAN

Stage two means we caught it relatively early, so your chances of survival are good.

O'REILY

Uh huh.

NATHAN

The next step is surgery, then radiation and/or chemotherapy.

O'REILY

Uh huh.

NATHAN

Have you got any questions?

O'REILY

(long beat)

You're married, right?

NATHAN

Yes.

O'REILY

Me, too. You'd like my wife. She's a pisser. We've known each other all the way back to high school. We'd fuck for days and our friends were amazed 'cause we didn't use a condom or nothing and she never got pregnant. Then, just before we got married, she was tested and we found out her tubes or whatever were blocked and she couldn't have kids. I married her anyway, 'cause I knew she felt like shit, she felt like she wasn't a woman anymore... I cheated on her, though... A lot...

(eyes welling up)

I don't wanna die.

O'REILY cries. NATHAN, stunned at first, softens. As she puts her arms around O'REILY, comforting him,

CUT TO:

3 INT. VISITING ROOM/OZ - DAY

3

O'REILY sits at table opposite SHANNON O'REILY, thirties, attractive, if a little world weary.

SHANNON

Breast cancer? That's ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

O'REILY

I know it sounds crazy, but I guess it's true.

SHANNON

Does this doctor know what he's talking about?

O'REILY

She. And yeah, she's gone over it with specialists and shit.

SHANNON

When Ange, my hairdresser, had cancer, they lopped off her breast.

O'REILY

Uh huh, well, they wanna do the same thing to me.

SHANNON

She's got a big, fucking scar where her breast used to be. You gonna look like that?

O'REILY

Uh huh.

SHANNON

Fuck. Ryan --

O'REILY

(helpless)
What'd'ya want me to do?

SHANNON

(touches his chest)
I love your body. I don't wanna see them fuck it all up. There's gotta be some other kind o'surgery they can try. Gimme the name o'this bitch, I'll talk to her.

O'REILY

Will you fucking relax?

SHANNON

Hey, don't get pissy with me, I'm only thinking 'bout you.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 2

3

O'REILY

I know.

They sit in silence for a beat.

SHANNON

I guess I gotta go.

She starts to rise, he takes her hand, rises. They kiss -- long, deep, passionate. They break.

SHANNON (cont.)

— If you die, what're we gonna do about your brother?

On O'REILY, not wanting to face the question,

CUT TO:

4 INT. LIBRARY/OZ - DAY

4

Staff meeting in progress, presided over by LEO GLYNN. Also in attendance: NATHAN, TIM MCMANUS, SISTER PETER MARIE REIMONDO, DIANE WITTLESEY and FATHER RAY MUKADA.

NATHAN

I've scheduled O'Reily to have the mastectomy tomorrow at Benchley Memorial. We'll need transport and an officer.

WITTLESEY

Or two.

MCMANUS

What? You think O'Reily will try to escape?

WITTLESEY shrugs.

NATHAN

I'll be assisting Doctor Sophie Powell. She's the top breast cancer surgeon in the State.

GLYNN

All of this sounds expensive.

NATHAN

Well, it ain't gonna come cheap.

GLYNN

Will our insurance cover it?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

NATHAN

No. The claims adjuster insists that O'Reilly have a lumpectomy.

REIMONDO

You mean remove the tumor but not the breast.

NATHAN

Right.

MCMANUS

If you can spare the breast and save some money, why do a mastectomy?

NATHAN

Lumpectomies aren't always effective and most often have to be followed up with radiation or chemo.

WITTLESEY

The prison is footing the bill for this whole thing --

NATHAN

Yes.

WITTLESEY

How much?

NATHAN

The surgeon, staff, equipment, in all, eighteen thousand dollars.

WITTLESEY

And a lumpectomy costs what?

NATHAN

About half that.

WITTLESEY

Give him the lumpectomy.

MUKADA

A patient should be allowed to choose his own medical procedure.

WITTLESEY

Not at these prices. Not if he's a con.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 2

4

NATHAN

Look, Ryan O'Reily is going through enough shit, dealing with being a man and having breast cancer. His survival depends as much on a positive outlook as on the surgery.

WITTLESEY

We can do a lot with that eighteen grand, Gloria. I don't wanna sound cold, but whether Ryan O'Reily lives another two months or another twenty years means dick to me.

MCMANUS

Leo... ball's in your court.

GLYNN

(to NATHAN)

Do the lumpectomy... Next item.

On NATHAN, rising and going,

CUT TO:

5 INT. WARD/PRISON HOSPITAL - DAY

5

O'REILY lies in bed, eyes wide open. At doorway, see OFFICER escort in CYRIL O'REILY, two years younger than his brother, a little slow. CYRIL approaches O'REILY.

CYRIL

Hey, bro.

O'REILY's eyes light up.

O'REILY

Cyril.

O'REILY gets out of bed, hugs his brother, then steps back.

O'REILY (cont.)

What's the matter? Why're you so tense?

CYRIL

I'm not tense.

O'REILY

Yes, you are. I can feel your body's all stiff --

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

CYRIL
The gates and the guards.
(whispers)
This place is scary.

O'REILY
You got that right.

CYRIL
Why do you live here?

O'REILY
(inhales)
'Cause I was bad, remember?

CYRIL
Oh, yeah.

O'REILY
That's why you're not bad anymore,
right?

CYRIL
Right.
(looks around)
I don't like hospitals neither.

O'REILY
Yeah, I know. You need a haircut.

CYRIL
I like my hair long.

O'REILY
Then at least shave.

CYRIL
When are you gonna come home?

O'REILY
Not for a while yet. Which is why
I wanted to see you, Cyril... I'm,
uh, a little bit sick and I gotta
have an operation.

CYRIL
(panicking)
No, no operations.

O'REILY
Cyril.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 2

5

CYRIL
No operations. Momma died in an
operation. Momma died in a
hospital.

O'REILY
Cyril, stop.

CYRIL calms down.

O'REILY (cont.)
I'm gonna be fine, okay? But if
I'm not... well, y'know, Shannon's
gotta live her own life. And so if
she tells you that you hafta move
into a new home --

CYRIL
I like our apartment.

O'REILY
I know, but you may hafta live with
other people who are more like you.
And so, if she tells you to go, I
don't want you to cry or pout or
give Shannon a hard time. You
gotta be a man. Okay? Cyril?

CYRIL nods, sheepishly.

O'REILY (cont.)
Good boy. Now gimme a real hug.

CYRIL reaches for O'REILY. On the two BROTHERS, hugging,

CUT TO:

6 INT. OPERATING ROOM/BENCHLEY MEMORIAL - DAY

6

O'REILY lies on table, prepped and ready for surgery.
NATHAN enters, gloved and gowned.

O'REILY
Hey.

NATHAN
Hey. You ready?

O'REILY
Sure, let's fucking do it.

NATHAN
Doctor Powell is scrubbing up.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

O'REILY

Been lying here thinking: my life's
in the hands o'a complete stranger.

NATHAN

She's the best.

O'REILY

Yeah, I know, but I'm a guy who
always likes to be in control o'the
situation. I've done a lotta
shitty things in my time -- tricked
people, lied to 'em... gotten a few
killed... all that so I could be
in control... But this... Well...
I feel better knowing you're
around. My guardian angel.

NATHAN

Uh huh. Right.

O'REILY

Seriously. You've gone above the
call o'duty for me and I appreciate
it. I can't figure out why the
fuck you care, but I'm glad you do.
And if I don't make it --

NATHAN

You're gonna make it. You're a
survivor, O'Reily. Just like me.
If you'd been on the Titanic,
you'd've swam to the iceberg and
set up a gelati shop.

O'REILY

Nobody's ever done shit for me my
whole life. So I'm not very good
at saying thanks.

(extends his hand)

I owe you. Big time.

NATHAN takes O'REILY's hand. The other MEDICAL STAFF enter.
The ANESTHESIOLOGIST places the oxygen mask over O'REILY's
mouth. On O'REILY, squeezing NATHAN's hand tight,

CUT TO:

7 CU on HILL:

7

HILL

Now you'd think a doctor or two would be right up on top o' this list o' the greatest person o' the millennium. I mean, doctors do research and discover diseases, syndromes. But no one's gonna put Doctors Epstein and Barr, Doctors Guillain and Barre, Doctor Downs or Doctor Alzheimer on any list. 'Cause, for all their hard work, hearing their names fills us with dread. Their names make us sick.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

8 INT. MCMANUS' OFFICE/EM CITY - DAY

8

MCMANUS sits at desk as WITTLESEY enters.

WITTLESEY

Hey.

MCMANUS

Hey.

WITTLESEY

About to start my new shift.

MCMANUS nods.

WITTLESEY (cont.)

My first day back in Em City.

MCMANUS

Yeah.

WITTLESEY

I was thinking, tonight, I'd let you take me out to dinner to celebrate.

MCMANUS

Oh. Gee. I can't.

WITTLESEY

Got a date?

MCMANUS

Actually, yes.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

WITTLESEY

With Gloria?

MCMANUS

Someone you don't know. Someone who doesn't work here. It's good, sometimes, to spend time with people who don't do what we do.

WITTLESEY

Yeah. Well, have fun.

MCMANUS

Yeah. Welcome back.

WITTLESEY exits. As MCMANUS watches her go,

CUT TO:

9 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

9

POET stands reciting a poem, as WITTLESEY passes. KAREEM SAID, ZAHIR ARIF and MUSLIMS are in prayer. She continues to Command Station, passing TOBIAS BEECHER, MIGUEL ALVAREZ, CHUCKY PANCAMO, KENNY WANGLER, BOB REBADOW, SIMON ADEBISI, RICHIE HANLON, PETER SCHIBETTA, AGAMEMNON BUSMALIS, MARK MACK and TIMMY KIRK. She climbs stairs, nods to OFFICER JOE MINEO. She stands at control panel, looking down.

WITTLESEY'S POV -- FRANK MANHARDT enters with mail cart.

MANHARDT

Said.

SAID ignores MANHARDT, continues praying.

MANHARDT (cont.)

Said.

(no response; taps him on shoulder)

Hey --

SAID

(looks up)

You are disturbing our morning prayer.

MANHARDT

Yeah, well, you got mail.

(drops box in front of him, indicates clipboard)

Sign here.

SAID

I will sign for it later.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

MANHARDT

I don't have time to wait.
Schillinger's still in the Hole and
so we're short staffed in the mail
room. I gotta get back.

SAID stands, looks at box, sees return address, smiles.

SAID

This I will be happy to sign for.
(signs clipboard)

MANHARDT

I'm fucking thrilled.

MANHARDT pushes his mail cart off, as SAID opens box and
pulls out one of many books. He addresses MUSLIMS.

SAID

My brothers.

SAID holds up book.

CU ON BOOK: "OZ/ARAN" Written by Kareem Said.

SAID (v.o., cont.)

Here is proof that the truth cannot
be silenced.

RESUME SAID and MUSLIMS.

ARIF

Your book about the riot.

SAID

(re: box)
Pass these out to each of our
brothers.

BELL RINGS. WANGLER walks by. FOLLOW him to Classroom.

10 INT. CLASSROOM/EM CITY - DAY

10

CHARLES COUSHAINÉ stands at board writing vocabulary list,
as INMATES start filing in. WANGLER enters, strolls by
teacher's desk and stops when he sees Sports Illustrated
on top of desk. Tiger Woods is on the cover. He picks up
the magazine and flips open to article. COUSHAINÉ turns
around and sees WANGLER's eyes moving across the page.

COUSHAINÉ

You looking at the Tiger Woods
article?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

WANGLER

Yeah, you mind?

COUSHAINÉ

No, no. I read it. It's pretty good.

WANGLER

Brother's making some serious cash.

Rest of the CLASS has taken their seats, including POET and KIRK.

COUSHAINÉ

You see what it says there about his parents?

WANGLER

What about them?

COUSHAINÉ

Second paragraph.
(points)
Starts there.

WANGLER

(reading; slowly)
"My biggest in... in..."

COUSHAINÉ

Influence --

WANGLER

"Influence in my life has been my parents."

COUSHAINÉ

That's good, keep going...

CLASS is silent now, watching.

WANGLER

"Their pay... pay..."

COUSHAINÉ

Patience --

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 2

10

WANGLER

"Patience and love have given me
all the re... re..."

COUSHAINÉ

Resources --

WANGLER

"Resources I need to be a
champion."

WANGLER stops, looks up, realizes he's had an audience.

KIRK

Yo, Kenny, that's my man. Little
nigga can read.

WANGLER smiles, embarrassed? Proud?

COUSHAINÉ

You've been practicing.

WANGLER

Yeah...

COUSHAINÉ

(re: magazine)

Why don't you keep that. You can
finish the article later.

WANGLER nods, heads back to his seat, really juiced.

KIRK

What else's in that magazine?

POET

Who cares?

WANGLER

Say what?

POET

Tiger Woods is just another Black
marketing tool.

KIRK

Never mind that, motherfucker,
what's it say?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 3

10

WANGLER

(opens magazine)

It says a lot o'things.

(closes it)

I'll read it later and tell you,
alright?

KIRK

I'm with you after class, cuz.

WANGLER nods.

COUSHAINÉ

Okay. Let's get started.

On WANGLER, sitting up a little straighter in his chair,

CUT TO:

11 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

11

Book in hand, MCMANUS walks along, his eyes searching. He moves to Adebisi's cell and finds WANGLER on his bunk, reading magazine. In b.g., ADEBISI watches MCMANUS enter.

12 INT. ADEBISI'S CELL/EM CITY - DAY

12

MCMANUS approaches WANGLER.

MCMANUS

Kenny --

WANGLER turns.

MCMANUS (cont.)

Coushaine says you did very well today, reading out loud in class.

WANGLER

(shows magazine)

Yeah, he gave me his S.I.

Outside, ADEBISI moves closer.

MCMANUS

I figured you deserve a little something for all the hard work you've been putting in --

MCMANUS hands WANGLER book.

WANGLER

Up From...

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MCMANUS

Slavery. Booker T. Washington.
You know who that is?

WANGLER

Yeah. Booker T. and the MGs.

MCMANUS

No. He was one of the most
influential African-Americans of
his time. He believed that
education was the key to any man's
success in life.

WANGLER

This ain't the guy with the
peanuts, is it?

MCMANUS

No, that's George Washington
Carver.

(stands)

This book influenced my life.

WANGLER

I'm getting a lot o'free shit
today.

MCMANUS

Not free, you've earned it.

MCMANUS turns to go.

WANGLER

Yo, McManus.

MCMANUS turns back.

WANGLER (cont.)

The deal we made: me going to
school instead of working the
kitchen? I don't miss that mop at
all.

MCMANUS nods, heads out.

13 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

13

ADEBISI steps in front of MCMANUS.

ADEBISI

Leave anything in there for me?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MCMANUS

You going to class, Adebisi?

ADEBISI

I got a full schedule right now,
very busy.

MCMANUS

Come by my office later, we'll go
over your records. You should be
getting your GED.

ADEBISI

I'll stop by real soon, you bet.

MCMANUS moves off. ADEBISI enters.

14 INT. ADEBISI'S CELL/EM CITY - DAY

14

ADEBISI studies WANGLER, then:

ADEBISI (cont.)

You suck his dick when I'm not
here?

WANGLER puts book under pillow, turns to ADEBISI.

WANGLER

He's just giving me some shit to
read.

ADEBISI

Read, huh?

(grabs book under pillow)

This?

(smiles)

You maybe read me a little bedtime
story later, huh?

WANGLER ignores him, reads magazine. ADEBISI's smile fades.

ADEBISI (cont.)

That cocksucker does not enter this
cell again unless you ask me, you
got that?

WANGLER

What?

ADEBISI

I said he does not come in here.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

WANGLER

I can't stop him.

ADEBISI

No, you're not listening.
(in his face)
He does not come in here.
(a teacher's rhythm)
Do-you-understand-that?

WANGLER

Sure.

ADEBISI smiles again, hands him book back.

ADEBISI

You really are a smart kid.

As ADEBISI exits,

CUT TO:

15 CU on HILL, holding Wangler's book.

15

HILL

Booker T. Washington, now he
belongs on the list. Born a slave,
he rose up and shook the tree.
Everyone knew who he was. Everyone
all over the world. Even the
President of the United States
asked him for advice. Now how the
fuck did Booker T. do that?

CUT TO:

16 INT. CAFETERIA/OZ - DAY

16

ADEBISI and HOMEBOY #1 work.

ADEBISI

There's some bullshit going on
alright.

HOMEBOY #1

That's really fucked what Glynn did
to us, giving the kitchen to
Schibetta to run. He tell you why?

ADEBISI

He don't have to tell me, I know.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

HOMEBOY #1

You do?

ADEBISI

Yeah. He's trying to start a war
with us and those guineas.

HOMEBOY #1

Glynn?

ADEBISI

Yeah. And he's got one.

HOMEBOY #1

Why would he want to start a war?

ADEBISI

'Cause he hates them, too.

SCHIBETTA walks past counter, with PANCAMO.

ADEBISI (cont.)

Holy shit, it's a little Nino. You
look just like your dad, only
you're breathing.

SCHIBETTA

You trying to tell me something?

ADEBISI

Yeah, I miss your dad.

PANCAMO

Get back to work, you lazy fuck.

SCHIBETTA

(to PANCAMO)

C'mon.

They head into storage area.

PANCAMO

I don't get it -- why we don't
just pop that motherfucker.

SCHIBETTA

We will. In time.

PANCAMO

Okay, but -- why keep him working
the kitchen?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 2

16

SCHIBETTA

I always wanna have one eye on him.
But from now on, Chucky, you
prepare our food.

PANCAMO

Gotcha.

PANCAMO hands him chocolate bar.

SCHIBETTA

My pop, he loved his chocolate.

On SCHIBETTA, thinking of his Dad,

CUT TO:

17 INT. ADEBISI'S CELL/EM CITY - DAY

17

WANGLER reads book. ADEBISI enters, waves drugs.

ADEBISI

C'mon, a little afternoon
titty-fuck --

WANGLER shakes his head, uninterested.

ADEBISI (cont.)

Hey --

WANGLER turns. ADEBISI pushes book down.

ADEBISI (cont.)

What's your problem?

WANGLER

I ain't got no problem --

BELL RINGS. MINEO calls out.

MINEO

Shakedown, shakedown.

ADEBISI

Shit.

ADEBISI takes Wangler's book, folds the bag between the
pages and hands it back to WANGLER. WITTLESEY enters.

WITTLESEY

Outside, let's go.

ADEBISI strolls out, WITTLESEY grabs WANGLER, still holding
book, and pushes him out of the cell. OFFICER JASON
ARMSTRONG enters, begins to rip apart the pod.

18 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

18

Every cell is being searched by OFFICERS and dogs alike. ADEBISI stands, confident, as WITTLESEY pats him down. WITTLESEY moves to WANGLER and pats him down -- but never opens or touches his book.

WITTLESEY (cont.)

They're clean.

ARMSTRONG

So's the cell.

WITTLESEY and ARMSTRONG move off. ADEBISI smiles at WANGLER, goes back into cell. WANGLER follows.

19 INT. ADEBISI'S CELL/EM CITY - DAY

19

ADEBISI sits on bed, as WANGLER holds book.

ADEBISI

Give it to me.

WANGLER hands book over.

ADEBISI (cont.)

I'll tell you what --

ADEBISI opens book and rips out a large handful of pages and hands them to WANGLER.

ADEBISI (cont.)

Now, it's my book. And my book will be the place to keep my tits.

WANGLER stares at torn sheets in his hand, tosses them in ADEBISI's face.

WANGLER

Fuck you --

ADEBISI lunges for WANGLER, pounds him against the wall. He presses his nose up against WANGLER's.

ADEBISI

You're forgetting who you are, little brother. McManus, this book shit, going to class -- you think you can disrespect me now?

(releases him)

Just remember your friends, Kenny. 'Cause if you're not my friend, then you're my enemy. Understand?

WANGLER nods, it's a simple truth.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

ADEBISI (cont.)
So what's it gonna be?

WANGLER
I'm with you, alright?

ADEBISI
Fuck that class shit. And fuck
McManus. You got that?

WANGLER nods, resigned.

ADEBISI (cont.)
Good. I need to get high.

WANGLER
I hear that.

On WANGLER, waiting for the drugs,

CUT TO:

20 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

20

MCMANUS, on a mission, finds WANGLER with headphones on, listening to TV. MCMANUS walks over, taps him on shoulder, points to Classroom. WANGLER takes off headphones.

MCMANUS
Why aren't you in class?

WANGLER
Spring break.

WANGLER puts headphones back on. MCMANUS takes them off again. WANGLER stands and gets in MCMANUS' face. ADEBISI watches from balcony.

WANGLER (cont.)
What's your problem?

Two OFFICERS quickly come over, WANGLER throws up his hands.

WANGLER (cont.)
It's cool, it's cool.

MCMANUS leads him into:

21 INT. ADEBISI'S CELL/EM CITY - DAY

21

MCMANUS shuts door behind WANGLER.

MCMANUS

Why did you stop going to class?

WANGLER shrugs.

MCMANUS (cont.)

You've been doing so well. What happened?

WANGLER

Nothing happened.

MCMANUS

Somebody pressuring you?

WANGLER

Yeah, you.

MCMANUS

Tell me what's going on, Kenny.

BANG, BANG, BANG on the glass. MCMANUS turns and sees ADEBISI behind him, leaning on the glass, smiling.

MCMANUS (cont.)

Is Adebisi giving you shit about going to school?

WANGLER

(getting nervous)

Just leave, awright?

MCMANUS turns and storms out.

22 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

22

MCMANUS gets in ADEBISI's face.

MCMANUS

Get outta here -- we're having a conversation.

ADEBISI salutes MCMANUS and backs away, but not before tapping on the glass to get WANGLER's attention.

23 INT. ADEBISI'S CELL/EM CITY - DAY

23

MCMANUS re-enters, faces WANGLER.

MCMANUS (cont.)
I'll send the bastard to genpop,
how's that?

WANGLER
You kidding? He'll think I asked
you to. He'll kill me the first
chance he gets.

MCMANUS
Then I'll move you to another pod.

WANGLER
No.

MCMANUS
You're going back to school, Kenny,
or I'll have you mopping that
kitchen twenty-four hours a day.
Hell, I'll have you mop the whole
fucking prison, how's that?

WANGLER, caught between that rock and a hard place, kicks
his bunk in frustration.

MCMANUS (cont.)
So, what's it gonna be?

WANGLER
(won't look at him)
Awright. I'll go.

MCMANUS turns, opens door.

MCMANUS
Then move it. You're late.

WANGLER pauses, unsure, finally heads out.

24 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

24

MCMANUS walks with WANGLER. SAID eyes MCMANUS unevenly.

HILL (v.o.)
Mister Booker T. Washington writes
in his book, "I have great faith in
the power and influence of facts.
It is seldom that anything is
permanently gained by holding back
a fact"...

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

ADEBISI leans over railing to watch WANGLER and MCMANUS walk through Common Room.

HILL (v.o.; cont.)
You want some facts? The U.S. Department of Justice reports that the typical prisoner in America is an undereducated young male minority. But, you coulda guessed that.

MCMANUS and WANGLER head into:

25 INT. CLASSROOM/OZ - DAY

25

COUSHAINÉ stands at blackboard, teaching POET, KIRK and the OTHERS. MCMANUS escorts WANGLER to his seat. MCMANUS pulls up a chair, sits.

HILL (v.o.; cont.)
If that undereducated young male minority receives his GED in prison, he is far less likely to come back.

COUSHAINÉ turns to WANGLER, calls on him read.

HILL (v.o.; cont.)
If that same kid manages to go college while he's in prison, he'll almost definitely never come back.

WANGLER crosses his arms, a face of stone. As COUSHAINÉ sighs, calls on someone else,

CUT TO:

26 CU on HILL:

26

HILL (cont.)
Last year, one state -- California -- spent more money on its prison system than on higher education. These are the facts and figures. You don't need to be that smart to add 'em up.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

27 INT. CAFETERIA/OZ - DAY

27

BEECHER, BUSMALIS, REBADOW and HILL sit together, eating.

HILL

I'd fuck Nathan in a second.

BUSMALIS

Me, too.

BEECHER

How about Wittlessey?

HILL

Shit, yes.

BUSMALIS

Me, too.

BEECHER

You know who I think is sexy?
Sister Peter Marie.

HILL

Yeah.

BUSMALIS

That's disgusting. She's a nun.

HILL

She wasn't always a nun.

BEECHER

She was married.

BUSMALIS

What? Nuns can't be married.
They're the Brides of Christ.

BEECHER

Before she became a nun. Her
husband died. She told me once, in
passing.

BUSMALIS

I wonder how he died, her husband.

BEECHER

She didn't say.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

HILL

I heard an accident -- he fell off
the back of a truck, broke his
neck.

REBADOW

That's true. But it wasn't an
accident. Why do you think she
works here? Her husband was pushed
off the truck, he was murdered.

On the OTHER THREE, stunned,

CUT TO:

28 INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT/OZ - DAY

28

WILLIAM GILES, late fifties, sits on floor of cell.

GILES

Peter, peter. Marie. Peter,
peter. Marie.

29 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SOLITARY/OZ - DAY

29

GLYNN stands watching as REIMONDO approaches.

REIMONDO

You wanted me, Leo?

GLYNN

(indicates GILES)
Do you know William Giles?

REIMONDO

No.

GLYNN

We think his mind has snapped. And
we think he's asking for you.

REIMONDO looks inside. GILES does not see her.

GILES

Peter, peter. Marie.

She enters.

30 INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT/OZ - DAY

30

REIMONDO steps in front of GILES, who now sees her. His eyes widen.

GILES (cont.)

Peter, peter. Marie.

REIMONDO

Hello, William. Did you want to speak with me about something?

GILES

Sick...

REIMONDO

You're sick?

GILES

(shakes head no)

Amore.

REIMONDO

Amore? Love?

GILES

(shakes head no)

Broom.

REIMONDO

You want a broom?

GILES

No, no.

He covers himself with blanket.

REIMONDO

William? William?
(touches him)

GILES

No, no.

GILES starts to go ballistic. OFFICERS step in. GLYNN pulls REIMONDO out.

31 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SOLITARY/OZ - DAY

31

GLYNN and REIMONDO watch OFFICERS subdue GILES.

GLYNN

What the hell was he talking about?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

REIMONDO

I don't have a clue.

GILES looks out at REIMONDO.

GILES

Peter, peter. Marie. Peter,
peter. Marie.

On REIMONDO, confused,

CUT TO:

32 INT. OFFICE OF PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATION/OZ - DAY

32

BEECHER works on computer as REIMONDO enters.

REIMONDO

Tobias, would you bring up the file
on William Giles for me? G - I - L
- E - S.

BEECHER

Sure.

(as he types)

We voted you the sexiest.

REIMONDO

Sexiest? Sexiest what?

BEECHER

Woman in the prison.

REIMONDO

Oh come on... Really?

BEECHER

Uh huh.

(re: computer)

Here he is: William Giles.

As she looks at screen,

DISSOLVE TO:

33 EXT. STREET/1958 - DAY

33

GILES, in his teens, breaks into a car. MAN comes running
out, tries to stop him. GILES shoves the MAN, who falls
backwards onto the street. As the MAN is run over by a
truck,

DISSOLVE TO:

34 CU on HILL:

34

HILL
Prisoner number 58G714, William
Giles. Convicted February sixth,
nineteen fifty-eight, second degree
murder. Sentenced to life. Up for
parole in sixty years.

CUT TO:

35 INT. GLYNN'S OFFICE/OZ - NIGHT

35

GLYNN packs briefcase as REIMONDO paces.

REIMONDO
I need you to let him out of
Solitary.

GLYNN
Do you know why he's in Solitary?

REIMONDO
I read the report. In nineteen
sixty-four, he was stealing another
inmate's toothpaste. The guy
caught him and he killed the guy.

GLYNN
He's dangerous and crazy.

REIMONDO
He needs my help.

GLYNN
I'm not putting you in that kind of
situation.

REIMONDO
Leo --

GLYNN
No. Now I'm going to the hospital
to visit my daughter. G'night.

As REIMONDO nods, exits,

CUT TO:

36 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SOLITARY/OZ - DAY

36

REIMONDO walks along, reaches GILES' cell.

37 INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT/OZ - DAY

37

GILES sits rocking, mumbling to himself.

38 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SOLITARY/OZ - DAY 38

As REIMONDO leans her back against door to cell, trying to figure out her next steps,

CUT TO:

39 CU on HILL: 39

HILL

Do you think, when the first millennium ended, back in nine hundred ninety-nine, that they made lists? Did they even know the millennium was ending?

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

40 INT. LIBRARY/OZ - DAY 40

SAID sits at table, reading a thick law book, a stack of law books around him. REBADOW enters, whispers to LIBRARIAN, sees SAID, crosses to him, lifts one book, reads:

REBADOW

"The Annotated Code" -- you giving up God for the law?

SAID

God's laws are clear to me. Those of men are not. I have been studying legal books for the past eight months to see if God's laws and those of the white man have anything in common.

REBADOW

And what have you discovered?

SAID

(holds up book)
These are nothing but words on a page. "The Annotated Code" exists solely to be circumvented.

REBADOW

Without law, we have anarchy.

SAID

Read your morning paper, we have anarchy anyway.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

REBADOW

I would've thought after the riot,
you'd've learned. You can't
overthrow the system.

SAID

Oh, I learned. I have no interest
in seeing more men die. No, I
intend to to use the tools that
have been used against me. I
intend to make the law devour
itself.

As SAID slams book shut,

CUT TO:

41 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

41

HILL and ARIF sit, wearing headphones, watching TV.

ANCHOR (on TV)

Judge Richard Kibler was sentenced
today to sixteen months in prison.
The twelve year veteran of the
State Criminal Court was convicted
of taking bribes in exchange for
leniency in three murder cases he
presided over in nineteen
ninety-five.

HILL

Well, fuck me.

ARIF

What's the matter?

HILL

(takes off headset)

You hear that? Cocksucker Kibler
was the judge at my fucking trial.

ARIF

Seriously?

HILL

Shit, yeah. Man, if I'd'a known
the motherfucker was open to
bribes, I'd'a put my two dollars
down. It's not fair.

ARIF

You're right, it's not.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

ARIF looks up, sees SAID on balcony.

ARIF (cont.)
You know what you oughta do, Hill?

HILL
What?

ARIF
Talk to Said.

As HILL looks up and sees SAID,

CUT TO:

42 INT. SAID'S CELL/EM CITY - DAY

42

SAID sits across from HILL, holds newspaper.

SAID
What month were you sentenced?

HILL
November.

SAID
According to this article, Kibler took a bribe in November. But you weren't approached by him or anyone else about a bribe.

HILL
That's what I'm saying, no one asked me dick.

SAID
Did anyone ask your lawyer?

HILL
If they did, he never said word one to me.

SAID
I think we have a case.

HILL
A case?

SAID
You were denied your right to a fair trial before an impartial judge.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

HILL

You mean I can go back in court and
get the verdict overturned?

SAID

That's right.

(puts his hand on HILL's
shoulder)

Augustus, my friend, you've got a
real shot at going free.

On HILL, as the idea sinks in,

CUT TO:

43 INT. GLYNN'S OFFICE/OZ - DAY

43

SAID stands behind HILL, facing GLYNN and MCMANUS.

MCMANUS

Let me get this straight: Judge
Kibler did not take a bribe in
Hill's case.

SAID

That's correct.

GLYNN

He didn't ask for a bribe either.

SAID

That's correct.

GLYNN

Then what exactly are we talking
about?

SAID

The judge was lenient to those
who did give him bribes. So he
may have been harsher to those
who did not. All we ask is the
opportunity to explore the merits
of the case.

GLYNN

Look, Said, I'm no lawyer. And
neither are you. What
"opportunities" are we talking
about?

MCMANUS

And for how long?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

SAID

As long as it takes for justice to be done. We'll need more time for visitations. I have to talk to the lawyer who originally represented Augustus. And anyone who offered bribes, their lawyers. The prosecution at Judge Kibler's trial. Et cetera.

MCMANUS

(to HILL)

You've been pretty quiet through all this.

HILL

With Kareem Said doing the talking, I'd be an idiot not to keep my fucking mouth shut.

As MCMANUS looks at GLYNN, who shrugs,

CUT TO:

44 INT. VISITOR'S ROOM/OZ - DAY

44

SAID and HILL sit opposite CLIFFORD SPRAGUE, thirties.

SAID

Did Kibler or anyone ever indicate to you that he could be bribed?

SPRAGUE

No.

SAID

Were you aware that he was taking bribes from other guys?

SPRAGUE

No.

HILL

You're lying.

SPRAGUE

I --

HILL

Clifford, I sat beside you through all those hearings, all those days of the trial.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

HILL (cont.)

It got so I could tell when you were lying. You get this little twitch.

SPRAGUE

I do?

HILL

It's probably why you're such a shit lawyer.

SAID

Augustus, please, insults do us no good at all.

HILL

Sure as hell makes me feel better.

SPRAGUE

I did the best I could for you.

HILL

Yeah, I know. That's why I'm saying -- you're shit.

SAID

Can we get back to the point?

(to SPRAGUE)

You knew others were giving bribes?

SPRAGUE

I heard stuff in the courthouse hallways, that's all.

HILL

Why didn't you jump, you motherfucker?

SPRAGUE

Call me naive, I thought I'd get a "not guilty" based on the strength of the case.

SAID

Mister Sprague, if you knew what was going on, why didn't you go to the State Judicial Commission?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 2

44

SPRAGUE

Go to them with rumors? Please.
Do you know what it takes to unseat
a judge? I go to the Commission
and nothing happens, except the
next time I'm pleading a case in
front of Kibler, he cuts off my
balls.

SAID turns to HILL, who stares at SPRAGUE.

SAID

I think we're done.

SAID rises, but HILL keeps staring at SPRAGUE.

SPRAGUE

What? You want me to say "I'm
sorry" for not trying to bribe a
judge?

HILL

No.

SPRAGUE

Then what?

HILL

Y'know, this what'd'ya call it,
litigation shit can get as
addictive as crack cocaine. After
I'm done with Kibler, I may come
after your ass for malpractice.

As HILL wheels out,

CUT TO:

45 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

45

SAID is on the phone. HILL watches him, impatiently. As
SAID hangs up, HILL wheels to door. SAID exits.

HILL

Well?

SAID

Marilyn Crenshaw, the Assistant
District Attorney who prosecuted
Kibler, will meet with us tomorrow.

HILL

Cool.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

SAID

Unfortunately, none of the lawyers who gave bribes will take my phone calls. The secretaries say, "I'll get back to you." And I say, "You can't get back to me"...

HILL

We should check to see if any o'the three murderers are doing their time here in Oz.

SAID

I did. They're not. They're at different prisons.

HILL

What do we do?

SAID

I'll write to each one, but I doubt I'll get any response.

HILL

So we're fucked.

SAID

Good things don't come easy, my brother.

MINEO

Count.

SAID

'Til tomorrow. Asalaam alaikum.

As SAID and HILL head for their cells,

CUT TO:

46 INT. VISITOR'S ROOM/OZ - DAY

46

MARILYN CRENSHAW, thirties, Assistant District Attorney, gets soda out of machine as HILL and SAID sit at table.

SAID

When you were gathering evidence to prosecute Judge Kibler, did you ever hear Augustus Hill's name mentioned?

CRENSHAW

No.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

SAID

In reference to the three murder convictions Kibler was lenient with, did you perceive any sort of pattern?

CRENSHAW

No.

SAID

Nothing about the three men was consistent -- Did they share the same style of murder? The same lawyer? The same skin tone?

CRENSHAW

Sorry, you're not going to be able to turn this into something racial.

SAID

That's not my intention --

CRENSHAW

The only two elements that were similar with the three murders was they were men and they were guilty.

SAID

So the bribes were random.

CRENSHAW

Yes.

SAID

And you'd testify to that in court?

CRENSHAW

I never said I'd testify in court. And if you try to compel me, I'll take you to court.

SAID

Why? You're an Assistant District Attorney, sworn to seeing justice done. Doesn't your definition of justice extend to my client?

CRENSHAW

Your client. Please. The only place that you are a lawyer is in your own head. I see what you're doing. Strutting around.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 2

46

CRENSHAW (cont.)
Flaunting the system. Thumbing
your nose at everything I believe
in. It's not him --
(points to HILL)
I won't help. It's you.
(turns to HILL)
I think you could win this case.
But here's some free legal
advice -- get yourself a lawyer. A
real fucking lawyer.

CRENSHAW-walks out.

HILL
Do you know that woman?

SAID
What makes you ask?

HILL
You two seemed awful familiar.
She's not the bitch who prosecuted
your case, is she?

SAID
Marilyn and I, before I found
Allah, were engaged to be married.

As HILL chews on that news,

CUT TO:

47 INT. MCMANUS' OFFICE/EM CITY - DAY

47

MCMANUS sits at desk, as SAID bears down on him.

SAID
I need more access to the phones.
I need to be able to get calls, as
well as make them.

MCMANUS
Well, why don't we just run a
switchboard into your pod?

SAID
Go ahead, answer a legitimate
request with sarcasm.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

MCMANUS

Legitimate request? You're an inmate in a maximum security prison. If I consent to your request, what's to stop the next guy from asking the same thing?

SAID

These are special circumstances --

MCMANUS

No, they're not. I hate to break the news to you, pal, but, in here, you're not special. You deserve no more than everyone else.

SAID sees his book on MCMANUS' desk.

SAID

What's this about? You don't like what I said about you in my book?

MCMANUS

No. This is about the fact that you always want me to help you, but you never want to do anything for me in return.

SAID

Does there have to be a trade? A negotiation? I would think doing what's right would be enough for you.

SAID heads to door, where OFFICER stands.

48 INT. HALLWAY/EM CITY - DAY

48

SAID crosses down stairs to HILL, who waits at bottom.

HILL

No go, huh?

SAID shakes head no.

HILL (cont.)

What was that you were saying about good things not coming easy? Y'know, man, when I got convicted, I was all fucked up on drugs.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

HILL (cont.)

First street drugs, then the meds from my surgery. Took a long time for the reality o'what I had become to sink into my skull. Life imprisonment. Those are tough words to wrap your mind around. But I did. Like everybody else in this craphole, I settled in, settled down. But when you said the word "free" to me, I... Something inside me stirred. Freedom. I want my fucking freedom.

SAID

You will get it, my brother, I swear to you on everything I consider holy, you will be free.

As they cross into the Common Room together,

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

49 INT. PHONE ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

49

ALVAREZ talks on phone.

ALVAREZ

Pue, Pedro, nos hablamos pronto.
Asta luego.

He hangs up, exits into:

50 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

50

ALVAREZ crosses to where REBADOW sits.

ALVAREZ (cont.)

Okay, Rebadow, I think I finally got you. I think I finally got a piece of information before you.

REBADOW

Really?

ALVAREZ

It's about Glynn and his daughter.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

REBADOW

You mean that she was brutally
raped and is in the hospital?

ALVAREZ

Shit. How'd you know that?

REBADOW shrugs.

ALVAREZ (cont.)

Well, there's one thing I know you
don't know.

REBADOW

What's that?

ALVAREZ

Who raped Glynn's daughter.

REBADOW

You're right, I don't.

ALVAREZ

Well, I do, hah-hah.

REBADOW

How do you know who did it?

ALVAREZ

'Cause I was just talking on the
phone with him.

ALVAREZ crosses off. As he goes, REVEAL HANLON, who has
been listening,

CUT TO:

51 INT. CHAPLAIN'S OFFICE/OZ - DAY

51

MUKADA sits at desk, writing. KNOCK on door.

MUKADA

Come in.

Door opens, HANLON enters.

HANLON

Father.

MUKADA

Richie.

Pause, as HANLON says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

MUKADA (cont.)

What's up?

HANLON

I love to take it in the ass.

MUKADA

Uh huh...

HANLON

Now lots o'people think that's
perverse. But it's my choice, so I
say fuck them, right?

MUKADA

Richie, are we headed somewhere
with all this?

HANLON

I choose to take it up the ass.
But rape, man, that sucks.

MUKADA

Has someone raped you?

HANLON

Yeah, sure, but that's not why I'm
here... I got some information on
another rape. Now, normally, I
don't rat, but rape...

MUKADA

Sit down, Richie.

As HANLON sits,

CUT TO:

52 INT. GLYNN'S OFFICE/OZ - DAY

52

MUKADA sits with REIMONDO.

REIMONDO

Yes, I knew about his daughter.

MUKADA

And you didn't tell me?

REIMONDO

He asked me not to.

GLYNN enters.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

GLYNN
You needed to see me?

MUKADA
Yeah, Leo. It's about Ardeth.

On GLYNN, reacting,

CUT TO:

53 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM/OZ - DAY

53

ALVAREZ sits, waiting. GLYNN enters, followed by MUKADA and OFFICER.

GLYNN
I want you to tell me everything
you know.

ALVAREZ
About what?

GLYNN
My daughter.

ALVAREZ
Your daughter got raped and beaten
and because o' that you took it out
on me. You made me feel like shit,
like a fool.

MUKADA
Miguel, for God's sake, what did
you hear about his daughter?

ALVAREZ
That she's a lousy lay.

GLYNN goes after ALVAREZ again, as MUKADA and OFFICER tear
them apart.

GLYNN
Tell me who raped her.

ALVAREZ
I ain't telling you dick, Glynn.
You got all the power, huh? You
can shit on people and get away
with it, huh. Well, not this time,
mami, not this time. You can go
fuck yourself.

GLYNN, in a rage, exits. MUKADA faces ALVAREZ.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

MUKADA

I thought we talked about this.
About forgiving him.

ALVAREZ

You talked. I wasn't listening.

As OFFICER takes ALVAREZ out, leaving MUKADA alone,

CUT TO:

54 INT. MONITORING ROOM/OZ - DAY

54

Angry, GLYNN stands with OFFICER.

GLYNN

Are you sure? This phone call was
made sometime in the past week from
Emerald City by Miguel Alvarez.

OFFICER

Warden, you know as well as I, we
monitor the prisoners' calls
randomly. We didn't catch that
particular one.

GLYNN

Fuck.

OFFICER

I'm sorry, sir, was it important?

As GLYNN looks up at OFFICER, as if for the first time,

CUT TO:

55 INT. CAFETERIA/OZ - DAY

55

GLYNN walks through, as PANCAMO and SCHIBETTA supervise
ADEBISI and OTHERS cleaning up.

SCHIBETTA

Leo.

GLYNN stops. SCHIBETTA approaches.

SCHIBETTA (cont.)

Sorry about your daughter.

GLYNN

Does everybody know?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

GLYNN
Peter Schibetta could "persuade"
him to talk.

MUKADA
He offered that, Schibetta?

GLYNN
Yeah. And God help me, I almost
said yes.

On MUKADA, understanding,

CUT TO:

57 INT. ARDETH'S ROOM/BENCHLEY MEMORIAL - NIGHT

57

ARDETH lies in bed, asleep.

HILL (v.o.)
Bad men have their impact, too.

GLYNN enters, crosses to bed. As GLYNN takes her hand,

CUT TO:

58 CU on HILL:

58

HILL (cont.)
But you gotta be really bad, like
Ivan the Terrible. Jack the
Ripper. Adolf Hitler. Yeah,
ol'Adolf, he was one evil fuck.
And let's face it, evil is the one
thing that has survived intact
these past thousand years.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

59 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - NIGHT

59

LIGHTS OUT except for Command Station. SAID, ALVAREZ,
ADEBISI, WANGLER, ARIF, MANHARDT, COUSHAINÉ, HANLON,
SCHIBETTA, MACK, KIRK and PANCAMO all lie asleep in their
cells.

60 INT. REBADOW'S CELL/EM CITY - NIGHT

60

REBADOW lies asleep. HEAR CHIPPING SOUND. REBADOW wakes
up, looks over to see BUSMALIS kneeling on floor. As
BUSMALIS looks up at him and smiles,

DISSOLVE TO:

55 CONTINUED:

55

SCHIBETTA

Pretty much.

GLYNN exhales, frustrated.

SCHIBETTA (cont.)

Look, I can "persuade" Alvarez to give up the name of the prick who did this.

GLYNN

No thanks.

SCHIBETTA

Why not?

GLYNN

First, I don't want to owe you any more favors. Second, and I know you won't understand this, it's not right.

SCHIBETTA

Right, wrong, right, wrong, there's such a fine line between them.

GLYNN

Not for me.

As GLYNN keeps going,

CUT TO:

56 INT. GLYNN'S OFFICE/OZ - DAY

56

GLYNN stares out window as MUKADA sits on couch.

GLYNN

I just want to get the bastards who did this, Ray.

MUKADA

That's understandable. Can we force Alvarez to testify?

GLYNN

We could force him to give a deposition, but we can't make him tell the truth.

MUKADA

What are the other options?

(CONTINUED)

61 INT. BANK - NIGHT 61
BUSMALIS sticks money into sack, then drops into hole.

62 INT. HOLE - NIGHT 62
BUSMALIS scurries along.

63 INT. STORE - NIGHT 63
BUSMALIS pops out of another hole, only to find himself
surrounded by POLICE. On BUSMALIS, putting up his hands,

DISSOLVE TO:

64 CU on HILL: 64

HILL
Prisoner number 98B242, Agamemnon
Busmalis, A/K/A The Mole.
Convicted March tenth,
ninety-eight, grand theft larceny.
Sentence, ten years. Up for parole
in four.

CUT TO:

65 INT. REBADOW'S CELL/EM CITY - NIGHT 65
REBADOW looks at BUSMALIS.

REBADOW
Busmalis, what're you doing?

BUSMALIS
I told you -- digging my way out.

REBADOW
You can't. It's impossible.

BUSMALIS
Watch me.

REBADOW
How long do you think it's going to
take?

BUSMALIS
I dunno. But I figure I got four
years 'til my first parole hearing.

REBADOW
You're going to dig for four years?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

BUSMALIS
Only if I have to.

REBADOW
CO's coming.

BUSMALIS scurries into bed. OFFICER shines light inside cell, then moves on.

BUSMALIS
Thanks.

REBADOW
Don't mention it.

BUSMALIS gets out of bed, starts chipping away again.

BUSMALIS
When I'm done, feel free to follow me out.

REBADOW
Good night, Busmalis.

BUSMALIS
G'night.

As REBADOW goes back to sleep,

CUT TO:

66 INT. BEECHER'S CELL/EM CITY - NIGHT

66

BEECHER lies on top bunk, HILL lies on bottom.

HILL
Oh fuck.

BEECHER
What?

HILL
Beecher.

BEECHER
What?

HILL
You farted.

BEECHER
I didn't.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

HILL waves hand in front of face.

HILL
P-fucking-U.

BEECHER
I didn't fart.

HILL
Man, five hours 'til dawn and I'm
trapped in this goddamn glass box
with the King of Stink. I'm gonna
get Gulf fucking War Syndrome.

BEECHER
You farted.

HILL
Me?

BEECHER
Yeah. You're saying I farted to
cover your own tracks.

HILL
Fuck you. You're saying I'm
covering my tracks to cover yours.

BEECHER
Light a match.

HILL
What?

BEECHER
The flame'll burn the fart cloud
away. The sulfur in the match head
sucks up the odor.

HILL
I don't got a match. You got a
match?

BEECHER
No.

HILL
Fuck. I swear, Beecher, you oughta
go see the doctor. Smelly farts
are a sign that you got something
seriously wrong inside.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 2

66

BEECHER

I didn't fart.

Beat, as they lie in silence. Then, the SOUND of a FART.

HILL

Oh fuck.

On the two of THEM, lying in the dark,

CUT TO:

67 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE HOLE/OZ - DAY

67

OFFICER, carrying prison uniform, unlocks door.

68 INT. THE HOLE/OZ - DAY

68

VERN SCHILLINGER stands, naked, as OFFICER enters, offers uniform. As SCHILLINGER takes uniform and starts to dress,

CUT TO:

69 INT. GLYNN'S OFFICE/OZ - DAY

69

GLYNN sits at desk as SCHILLINGER stands before him. MCMANUS paces. OFFICER at door.

MCMANUS

You're being transferred from Em City to Unit B.

SCHILLINGER

I'll miss you.

MCMANUS

Hey, I didn't bribe a CO to kill Beecher. You did.

GLYNN

The District Attorney's Office has decided to charge you with conspiracy to commit murder. There'll be a hearing in two weeks. Would you like me to arrange for a public defender?

SCHILLINGER

Yeah, I really want some bleeding heart pleading my case. I'll get my own lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

MCMANUS

Well, if I were you, I'd trade up
from your last one.

As GLYNN turns to OFFICER,

CUT TO:

70 INT. VISITING ROOM/OZ - DAY

70

SCHILLINGER sits opposite HUGH ZANGER, his lawyer, a
not-too-fancy guy.

SCHILLINGER

You fucking cocksucker.

ZANGER

You ask my advice, I give you my
advice. You call me a fucking
cocksucker.

SCHILLINGER

I don't want your advice. I want
you to make this conspiracy murder
charge disappear.

ZANGER

I'm a lawyer, not the Amazing
Kreskin. The State's case is firm.
The guard you bribed is testifying
against you. And call me crazy: I
think a law officer has more
credibility than you.

SCHILLINGER

What kind o'sentence am I facing?

ZANGER

Ten more years.

SCHILLINGER

Ten? So I'll plead out.

ZANGER

I'm not even sure the D.A.'d be
willing to make a deal.

SCHILLINGER

What 'bout Wittlesey. I saw her
murder Ross.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

ZANGER

I've informed the authorities and demanded an investigation, but, frankly -- that horse won't run.

SCHILLINGER

It's the truth.

ZANGER

Yeah, well, like I said, you have a credibility problem. The Governor's Commission found no evidence of it. And even if she is guilty, that won't get you off the hook.

SCHILLINGER

Fuck... Any word on my sons?

ZANGER

Nope, but they'll turn up.

SCHILLINGER

Yeah, floating in the fucking river. They're doing crystal meth for Christ's sake. Find them --

ZANGER

You got it.
(rises)
I'll be in touch.

SCHILLINGER

I won't hold my breath.

As SCHILLINGER is led off by OFFICER,

CUT TO:

71 INT. MAILROOM/OZ - DAY

71

BEECHER enters with package, goes to MANHARDT.

BEECHER

Sister Peter Marie needs this Fed Ex'd, Saturday delivery.

MANHARDT

You got it.

BEECHER turns, sees SCHILLINGER, sorting mail.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

BEECHER

Hey, Vern, you out of the Hole?

SCHILLINGER says nothing.

BEECHER (cont.)

You're mad at me, aren't you?

No response.

BEECHER (cont.)

Sure, you're mad. I can understand why: I fucked up your chances for parole, you're facing this nasty conspiracy thing. All because of me. Yeah, I manipulated you like the dumb-ass, white trash Neanderthal that you are. You get to know a lot about a man when he's fucking you up the ass.

SCHILLINGER takes a swing at BEECHER, who deftly ducks it.

BEECHER (cont.)

Getting slow there, sweetpea, getting soft.

BEECHER laughs, heads off. On SCHILLINGER, seething,

CUT TO:

72 INT. CELLBLOCK/OZ - DAY

72

SCHILLINGER sits in cell, reading, as HOMEBOY #2 enters, with other AFRICAN-AMERICANS.

HOMEBOY #2

You Schillinger?

SCHILLINGER

Yeah.

HOMEBOY #2

I hear you used to run the Aryan Brotherhood.

SCHILLINGER

Yeah.

HOMEBOY #2

And this guy Beecher, he shit in your face.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

SCHILLINGER stands, goes to exit. HOMEBOY #2 stops him.

HOMEBOY #2 (cont.)
Where you going, whiteboy?

SCHILLINGER
Get your fucking hands off me.

HOMEBOY #2 hits SCHILLINGER. As the OTHERS join in, beating SCHILLINGER repeatedly,

CUT TO:

73 INT. ER/PRISON HOSPITAL - DAY

73

ALVAREZ talks with another LATINO, both wear orderly uniforms. LATINO holds up bottle.

ALVAREZ
No, man, if you're gonna steal this
shit, y'don't steal Valium. S'not
worth dick. You gotta take
Percodan or Percoset.

Gurney blasts in carrying a bloodied SCHILLINGER. NATHAN approaches.

NATHAN
Okay, I need an IV and some oxygen,
stat.

ALVAREZ
(to SCHILLINGER)
Man oh man. What happened? You
cut yourself shaving?

NATHAN
Alvarez, now.

On ALVAREZ, laughing and going into action,

CUT TO:

74 INT. CAFETERIA/OZ - DAY

74

SCHILLINGER, bandaged, eats with ARYANS, including MACK. Suddenly, one ARYAN shoves ANOTHER ARYAN and a fight erupts. OFFICERS rush to pull them apart and drag them off. SCHILLINGER crosses to MACK.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

SCHILLINGER

The Brotherhood's falling apart. Our guys aren't supposed to be fighting each other. When I ran the Brotherhood, it was feared. Now, even the fags look tougher. But, you and me, Mark, we can get things back to where they were -- we can rule Oz.

MACK

Where do we start?

SCHILLINGER

We need a road kill to show everybody we're back in the game.

MACK

So who dies?

SCHILLINGER

The meanest motherfucker we can find.

As SCHILLINGER indicates ALEXANDER VOGEL, forties, grizzled,

DISSOLVE TO:

75 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

75

ELDERLY COUPLE lies asleep. Window opens, VOGEL slides in. ELDERLY WOMAN wakes up, starts screaming. VOGEL hits her in the head, then stabs her in the chest. ELDERLY MAN tries to run, but VOGEL stabs him repeatedly in the back. On VOGEL, bloodthirsty,

DISSOLVE TO:

HILL

Prisoner number 98V238, Alexander Vogel. Convicted June first, ninety-eight, two counts, murder in the first degree, theft, breaking and entering. Sentence, life without parole.

CUT TO:

76 INT. GYM/OZ - DAY

76

GLYNN enters to see the body of VOGEL hanging upside down from the ankles, naked -- the word "Jew" carved onto his chest. As GLYNN exhales,

CUT TO:

77 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM/OZ - DAY

77

GLYNN sits opposite SCHILLINGER. OFFICER stands by door.

GLYNN
So you don't know anything about
Alexander Vogel's murder.

SCHILLINGER
Nope.

GLYNN
If it's not related to the Aryan
Brotherhood, then why was "Jew" on
his chest?

SCHILLINGER
Maybe some gang is trying to lay
the blame off on us. We're not the
only ones who hate Jews, y'know.
Your people do, too.

GLYNN
You're involved in this,
Schillinger, I know you are.

SCHILLINGER
If that's true -- prove it.

GLYNN
I will.
(to OFFICER)
Take him to his cell.

As SCHILLINGER follows OFFICER out,

CUT TO:

78 INT. CAFETERIA/OZ - DAY

78

SCHILLINGER and MACK stand in line to get food.

MACK
Glynn knows it's us?

SCHILLINGER
Glynn suspects, he's got no proof.

MACK
Shit.

SCHILLINGER
Relax.

ALVAREZ approaches SCHILLINGER, with tray.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

ALVAREZ

Hey, nice job on Vogel.

SCHILLINGER doesn't acknowledge him. ALVAREZ goes.

SCHILLINGER

Every inmate knows we did it and
that's what matters.

MACK

So what happens next?

SCHILLINGER

Next, we take care o'him --

He indicates BEECHER, who enters, gets in line.

MACK

We kill Beecher.

SCHILLINGER

Yeah. But first, we make him
suffer. Suffer long, suffer hard.

On SCHILLINGER and BEECHER, eye-fucking,

CUT TO:

79 INT. HALLWAY/OZ - DAY

79

SCHILLINGER, followed by OFFICER, pushes mail cart to door
of Office of Psychiatric Evaluation, looks inside.

80 INT. OFFICE OF PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATION/OZ - DAY

80

REIMONDO sits at desk, as BEECHER types into computer.
KNOCK. REIMONDO looks up, sees SCHILLINGER, signals him to
enter. SCHILLINGER enters with mail.

SCHILLINGER

G'morning, Sister.

REIMONDO

(takes mail)

Thanks.

SCHILLINGER

G'morning, Beecher.

BEECHER

Fuck you.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

REIMONDO

Tobias --

SCHILLINGER

That's okay, Sister. I'm just gonna turn the other cheek.

BEECHER

I'd turn mine, but I got a swastika on it.

SCHILLINGER

You have a nice day, okay?

On BEECHER and SCHILLINGER locking stares,

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

81 CU on HILL:

81

HILL

Y'know, maybe the greatest man of the millennium is a woman. Princess Di, Mother Theresa, Catherine the Great, Elizabeth the First, Madame Curie, Florence Nightingale, Marilyn Monroe. Yeah, Monroe. Say what'cha want about her, the lady had impact. She made her little slice of the millennium a shitload more interesting.

CUT TO:

82 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

82

SAID, HILL, BEECHER, ALVAREZ, ADEBISI, REBADOW, ARIF, MANHARDT, WANGLER, COUSHAIN, SCHIBETTA, PANCAMO, HANLON, MACK and KIRK sit around, some watching TV, wearing headsets.

ON TV:

ANCHOR

Shirley Bellinger, who was convicted for the murder of her eight-year old daughter, was sentenced to death today, the first woman to be executed in this State since eighteen forty-one. She will receive a lethal injection next month at Oswald State Penitentiary.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

PRISONERS react. ALVAREZ, who hasn't been listening, turns to REBADOW, who has.

ALVAREZ

What's going on?

REBADOW

Shirley Bellinger, they're going to execute her here.

ALVAREZ

No shit.

As the word spreads, the air is filled with tension and excitement. On WITTLESEY and MINEO noting the change,

CUT TO:

83 INT. DEATH ROW/OZ - DAY

83

GLYNN enters, followed by OFFICER, leading in SHIRLEY BELLINGER, thirties, attractive. They take her to cell, open door. She enters.

BELLINGER

How comfy.

On GLYNN and BELLINGER, exchanging a glance,

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

84 CU on HILL:

84

HILL

Imagine being remembered for a thousand years. The things you did, when you were alive, reaching across time and touching the lives o'people not yet born. That's some dream. That's why people write books, start religions, find cures, run for President. But me? I don't want to be a great man. I don't care if I'm remembered for the next thousand years. All I ask is -- if we pass on the street -- notice me.

FADE OUT.

THE END