

Netflix

CENTRAL PARK
PART FOUR

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OVER BLACK

COURT CLERK (PRE-LAP)

In the matter of the state of New
York vs. Korey Wise, as to the
count of rape...

1 INT. GALLIGAN'S COURTROOM - KOREY'S TRIAL - 1990

1

KOREY WISE, 16, stands behind the defendant's table listening with a neutral expression. COLIN MOORE, Korey's lawyer, has a hand on his shoulder.

COURT CLERK

...Not guilty.

The audience in the gallery cheers, but we don't see them. We stay on Korey, slowly moving into his captivating eyes.

He's staring at the words "IN GOD WE TRUST" on the wall behind the judge, putting his fate in God's hands.

COURT CLERK (CONT'D)

As to the count of assault in the
first degree... guilty.

Exasperation and incredulous groans from the gallery. Angry voices demand *JUSTICE!* Colin's grip on Korey's shoulder is tighter. Korey's face twitches, trying to stay strong.

He can hear himself breathing and his heart pounding over the cacophony of noises rattling in his head. A baby crying. A mother in anguish. A gavel banging. It's all too much.

He shuts his eyes to escape. It works. The noise stops.

He opens his eyes to find himself in a dream, alone in the courtroom. No yelling from the gallery, no faces in the jury box judging him. Only silence.

His eyes find IN GOD WE TRUST again. Then, a whisper-

OLDER KOREY (O.S.)

Korey.

Korey turns to the jury box where a lone, 30-something man stands, OLDER KOREY. Korey seems to recognize him, but he's not sure. The man is dressed like it's 2019, not 1989, standing strong and proud. Ambient sound begins to rise as Korey's dream fades. The sound drowns out the man's words.

OLDER KOREY (CONT'D)

Somebody loves you.

Sound returns. Ruckus in the courtroom. Korey is pulled away by a bailiff. SLO-MO as he looks over his shoulder at his mother.

DELORIS stands still amid the chaos. Eyes glassy as she looks upon her son.

Korey's face begs for help, but there's nothing Deloris can do. She knows that and it's killing her. Korey turns away and walks toward the interior courtroom door.

As he walks, Korey's face is a cocktail of anger and confusion, as A MAN in the gallery stands and shouts:

MAN

This ain't justice! This is madness!

MATCH CUT TO:

2 OMITTED 2

A3 INT. RIKERS - DAY A3

Korey stands against a wall, seemingly staring at us.

WOMAN GUARD (O.S.)

Hold it higher.

Korey raises his mugshot card with his name and prison number into frame. The photo snaps. The FLASH makes him blink.

WOMAN GUARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Turn profile.

KOREY

Huh?

WOMAN GUARD (O.S.)

Profile.

KOREY

I don't know what that means.

WOMAN GUARD (O.S.)

Stand sideways. Keep the card facing me.

Korey does as told. FLASH. The photo is snapped.

Timid, he looks to his left where FIVE GROWN MEN do the same.

A big guard named SIMON enters, eyeing the men. He recognizes PORTER, 30s, comfortable, a charming smile.

SIMON

Damn, Porter, you back already?

The big guard keeps moving down the line as he talks, looking each inmate dead in the eye, a show of strength.

PORTER

Be it ever so humble, ain't no place like home. Make sure you put your boy on that kitchen work.

SIMON

You know what it takes.

PORTER

You ain't sayin' nothin', big homie. I got you.

SIMON

You got me?

PORTER

Don't even trip.

Simon stops in front of Korey who has been listening, but not necessarily understanding. Korey averts his eyes. Simon sizes Korey up. He's seen a thousand kids just like him.

SIMON

Okay everybody. I'm going to assume that you are all familiar with the game "Simon Says". Well, my name is Simon. And Simon says get butt-ass naked and lift your nutsacks.

The men take off their clothes. Korey, unsure, follows suit.

3 OMITTED 3

4 INT. RIKERS - CELL BLOCK/KOREY'S CELL - DAY 4

Korey, holding a rolled-up mattress and some toiletries, is led down the catwalk by Simon. The musty stench of 80-plus years of unwashed sweat covered by chlorine bleach rumples Korey's nose. They stop at Korey's cell.

SIMON

This is you. Cool?

KOREY

Yeah. Thank you.

Simon unlocks the cell door. Korey is about to step in, but Simon stops him, gripping his shoulder with his large hand.

SIMON

Let me know if you can do anything for me.

KOREY

(thinks he misheard)

Huh?

SIMON

I said let me know if you can do anything for me.

KOREY

What you mean?

SIMON

I mean what I said. Ain't that hard to figure out.

KOREY

Man, I don't know what you mean.

(looking for empathy)

I'm not even supposed to be here.

Simon just looks at him, then lets out a dismissive chortle as he walks off.

Korey looks into the CELL. An 8'-by-11' concrete and steel box featuring a small bed and a rusty toilet.

Korey stands there like he's unsure what to do next, just holding his things. Hard noises fill the air. Heavy doors clanging. Inmates yelling. The low hum of machines echoing.

He closes his eyes to escape into a dream again. It doesn't work this time. The noises never fade. This is his reality. And when he opens his eyes, a rat scurries across his bed.

5

INT. RIKERS - KOREY'S CELL - LATER

5

Korey sits on the edge of the bed, flipping through the Department of Correction Inmate Handbook. He moves his lips when he reads and struggles with some words, but manages.

The lights in the prison house go dark. Korey, confused and scared at first, butterflies in his stomach, sets the book down, lies on his back and stares at the ceiling. He wants to be anywhere in the world but here.

Then, a voice cascades through the prison house singing Elton John's "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road" and it's pretty good. But other inmates didn't ask for a concert so they start screaming for him to "*Shut the fuck up*" and threats like "*I'm a kill yo ass!*" The voice just sings louder, prouder.

Korey nervously steps to the small window of his cell door to listen just as Simon walks by, giving Korey an ominous smirk. Korey is shaken. The singing continues.

6

INT. RIKERS - MESS HALL - NEXT MORNING

6

Korey wears the heavy eyes of an insomniac, but the uneasy vibe of his surroundings keeps him alert. His eyes fall on DEJUAN and MEL, two gigantic, unkempt inmates staring at him from a different table.

Korey turns his eyes to his food, at the end of a table with other men, shoulder-to-shoulder but still alone in the world. The guy he's sitting next to is humming the Elton John song from last night. He's the SINGING INMATE.

ANGRY INMATE (O.S.)

Nigga, you still singin'? Didn't I tell you to shut the fuck up?

Korey turns, looks up at the ANGRY INMATE who is ready to fight the Singing Inmate. Singing Inmate ignores the angry inmate, keeps humming with a smirk.

ANGRY INMATE (CONT'D)

Oh, you think I'm playin'?

WHOP! The Singing Inmate CRACKS the Angry Inmate across the head with his tray of food and a brawl erupts, elegantly scored to "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road".

SLOW MOTION fists and fury. Pent up hostility unleashed on anybody near the ruckus.

Guards get in formation, clearly having practiced for such an event. They try to break up the fight using pepper spray and batons.

Korey backs into a corner, eyes a young inmate, LONNIE, a small Puerto Rican kid who is cowering in another corner, just as afraid, as the fight continues.

7

INT. RIKERS - DAYROOM

7

Korey sits in a folding chair watching KRS-1 on Yo! MTV Raps.

Korey instinctively nods to the song. He hears a voice muttering the lyrics behind him. He turns and sees young Lonnie rapping along a couple of rows back.

LONNIE

Mad respect. Queensbridge holdin'
it down.

Korey nods in agreement.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

(then)

Aye, I'm Lonnie.

KOREY

Korey.

LONNIE

Yeah I know. Everybody know.

A beat as Korey wonders where this is leading.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

I seen you in the news and
everything. Crazy, man.

KOREY

(a beat)

Yeah. Crazy.

LONNIE

Where they put them other four
dudes who did the rape with you?

Korey gives Lonnie a stern look.

KOREY

We didn't do that.

LONNIE

Shit. No doubt. I didn't mean it
like that. Just wondering what
happened.

KOREY

They went to juvie. Somewhere. I
don't even really know. I just know
they ain't here. I hate it here.

LONNIE

You could ask for a transfer.

KOREY

(this is news)

I can do that?

LONNIE

All you gotta do is write a letter.
I hear it takes a year or two
sometimes or something. But. Hey.
Somebody at the library helps with
it.

Before he can utter another word, A SHARP WHISTLE cries out. They look toward the door where Simon stands. The scattered few file out. Simon gives Lonnie a look like, "Get out". Lonnie turns back to Korey.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

Peace. I'll get with you.

Lonnie leaves. Korey gets up and hurries toward the door but is cut off by DEJUAN and MEL.

MEL

Whoa, little man. Where you goin'?

KOREY

(stuttering)

I- I was just-

MEL

You was just what?

Korey can't find his words. These dudes are big and intimidating. He doesn't even realize that he's backing away.

DEJUAN

Yo, you can kick it with us. You
wanna kick it with us?

MEL

Where you from, money?

KOREY

Schomburg. In Harlem.

MEL

Word? I heard Schomburg niggas
hard. You hard, Korey?

DeJuan turns the TV all the way up as Korey is backed into a corner, the two men looming over him. He averts his eyes and tries not to cry.

KOREY

I ain't got no problems with ya'll.

MEL

What?

KOREY

I don't got no problems. Y'all don't have to hurt me.

A tear sneaks out of Korey's eye. He wipes it away fast.

DEJUAN

You right. We don't have to.

Korey tries to run but the men grab him. He screams for help.

8

INT. RIKERS - OUTSIDE DAYROOM

8

Simon stands guard, nodding to the music blasting from the TV, Korey's pleas faintly heard. An inmate tries to enter.

SIMON

It's closed right now. Come back in uh... two, three minutes.

The inmate keeps it movin' and Simon keeps on groovin'.

9

INT. RIKERS - INFIRMARY

9

Korey sits on the examination bed. A female NURSE puts Ibuprofen and topical cream in a paper bag near him.

Korey's face is swollen and his shirt is ripped. He's angry, and embarrassed. The apathetic nurse hands him the bag.

NURSE

Apply the anesthetic twice a day. Or you'll be back here with an infection and I ain't nothing much for that.

KOREY

(hurts to talk)

They can't just do that. I need to talk to a guard or the warden or somebody.

NURSE

(a warning)

And the next time I see you you'll
need a lot more than medicine.

It takes a moment, but Korey gets it.

KOREY

Then what am I supposed to do? Just
let them -- just let them do what
they wanna do?

NURSE

What the fuck do you want me to
say?

KOREY

I just need some help.

NURSE

I helped you. I did my job. Now
you're free to go.

Korey heads for the door, broken physically and emotionally.

10 INT. RIKERS - OUTSIDE OF INFIRMARY

10

Korey steps out holding his bag of medicine. He sees Simon
standing in the shadows, biting into a candy bar.

SIMON

Central Park.

Korey turns his glower to Simon.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Let me know if there's anything you
can do for me.

And Simon walks away, leaving Korey thinking.

PRELAP: An ELECTRIC BUZZ and a HEAVY DOOR CLICKING OPEN.

11 OMITTED

11

12 OMITTED

12

13 INT. RIKERS - VISITING ROOM

13

Korey, wearing a Department of Corrections jumpsuit, sits with his mom, Deloris.

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It's not strength she projects. It's exhaustion. A general exhaustion with her lot in life.

DELORIS

How are you?

KOREY

Surviving, you know. Was hoping to see you before now.

DELORIS

I been trying. It's not easy for me to make it here. There's a lot going on. It ain't easy, okay?

KOREY

I know. It's all good. I'm glad you're here now. I miss you. How you holding up?

DELORIS

I... I been better.

KOREY

Anything I can do?

She can see that he is being sincere. It softens her.

DELORIS

No, baby. There's nothing you can do.

Deloris looks around at the other families visiting inmates.

DELORIS (CONT'D)

What's it like in here for you?

KOREY

I don't know. It's weird. People be in their cells singing and talking to theyselves all night. Like full conversations. One guy had an argument with Prince.

(off her shock)

Said Prince stole the idea for "Purple Rain" from him. The movie and the album.

Deloris laughs a little.

KOREY (CONT'D)

I like when you smile.

DELORIS

(blushes)

You sure you, okay? Nobody tried to hurt you, have they?

KOREY

(changing the subject)

They said if I'm good I can get out on parole.

DELORIS

Then be good.

KOREY

I am.

DELORIS

I know you are.

A beat of understanding and acceptance between them.

DELORIS (CONT'D)

Your brother been to see you?

KOREY

Which one?

DELORIS

The only one that would. You know who I mean.

KOREY

Nah. Marcy ain't come. How is he?

DELORIS

(with some sadness)

I wouldn't know.

KOREY

Next time you come will you try and bring him with you? Tell him I asked.

DELORIS

You know that ain't happening.

KOREY

Well, what about Yusef? I was gonna ask if you could have Yusef write.

DELORIS

I'll look into it. I'm not exactly best friends with his mother, but maybe they'll let him do it from his little bootcamp.

Deloris doesn't even try to hide her resentment. They sit in quiet for a moment. He knows what he's about to ask is tough.

KOREY

(then, hesitant)

I'm sorry to ask you this, but could you put a little something on my commissary account? Any little bit would help. Ten, twenty dollars. Anything you can put on my books.

Deloris is on the verge of tears but holding strong.

KOREY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. That's okay.

DELORIS

I ain't got nothing to give. But I'll try to come up with it.

KOREY

I'ma try to make it easier. I'm gonna try to write a transfer. I'ma get help in the library. I'ma make it easier for you to see me.

Korey watches his mother wipe away her tears.

14 INT. RIKERS - COMMISSARY / COMMONS

14

Korey buys two candy bars.

Then, walks with a slightly more confident stride, passing inmates including Lonnie, DeJuan and Mel. He steps over to Simon, gives him the candy bars.

SIMON

You cool?

KOREY

You tell me.

They both notice DeJuan and Mel looking at them.

SIMON

I do what I can. They haven't been fuckin with you, right?

KOREY

Nah, but they're looking hungry.

SIMON

Next time - and there will probably be a next time despite me looking out - ask for solitary. Don't go to the infirmary. That's for snitches.

(re: candy bars)

Keep 'em comin' and let me know what you need.

Korey nods, walks away.

A15 INT. RIKERS TO ATTICA - CELL BLOCK/KOREY'S CELL - DAY

A15

Korey enters his RIKERS cell.

Moments later a buzz, then the cell doors slide open. Inmates step out, stretch and yawn.

The door to Korey's cell is open, when he steps out he is OLDER KOREY in ATTICA.

B15 INT. ATTICA - LAUNDRY ROOM

B15

Korey sweats it out in a room filled with men washing the facility's laundry. Hot, stinking work.

As Korey works, other inmates knowingly step aside. We watch Korey be RUSHED by REDNECK INMATES.

CHYRON: ATTICA, 1991

REDNECK INMATE #1
Grab his arms.

Korey yanks free then backs away from THREE THIRSTY REDNECK ATTICA INMATES. Skinheads. Swastika tats.

REDNECK INMATE #1 (CONT'D)
I don't know what you fightin' it for, boy. This is happenin'. It's what they call inevitable. Consider it our friendly welcome.

KOREY
It don't even have to go down like this, man.

REDNECK INMATE #2
Yes, it do. We know what you done to that white woman in the park. You fucker.

REDNECK INMATE #1
You gettin' a taste today, nigger. Today and everyday til you dead or you gone.

Off Korey, devastated. He struggles to break free, still on his feet and fighting back when the group around him hears a general warning.

VOICE (O.S.)
Guard!

The men remove their hands from Korey but stay close.

ATTICA GUARD ROBERTS spies the group, but plays it even-keeled like he sees it everyday - because he does. The three inmates don't try to hide their malicious intent, keeping Korey cornered.

ROBERTS
Newbie. You need help?

KOREY
(reluctant)
Nah. I'm good, I'm good.

Roberts hesitates for a beat, sizing up the situation. Korey is telepathically begging for help but Roberts misreads it, turns away and continues on.

Korey looks at the three men. There's no getting out of this. He's resigned to his fate. He sighs, closes his eyes.

He's KNOCKED OUT COLD in one uppercut. Then the rednecks pull his limp body in and begin the washing machines.

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15 OMITTED 15

16 OMITTED 16

17 OMITTED 17

18 INT. ATTICA - KOREY'S CELL - LATER 18

Korey sits in the shadows of the cell, on the floor against the wall, catching his breath. JET Magazine "Beauty of the Week" images are in a collage taped to the wall.

A POUND-POUND on the door. The door creaks open spreading a shaft of light over Korey. We couldn't see it in the dark, but the light reveals that he's badly beaten and his clothes are torn off of him.

Even the guard didn't expect to find him like this.

ROBERTS

Fuck me. Jesus. Let's get you to the infirmary.

Korey shakes his head and pleads through a bloody lip.

KOREY

No...
(beat)
The hole.

ROBERTS

What was that?

KOREY

They're going to kill me. Put me in solitary.

Korey spits blood. The guard helps him to his feet.

19 INT. ATTICA - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT 19

Korey sits alone in the tiny cell, a battered mess but safe. He looks around, then extends his arms. The room is so small that he can touch two walls at the same time.

Later, Korey lies on his bed, in pain, just trying to breathe. He can hear someone outside saying "Chow!" every few seconds, getting closer until a small door on the main door of the cell slides open.

CHOW GUY (BEHIND THE DOOR)

Chow!

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Korey, body aching, slowly makes it to the tray of food, takes it as the small door slides closed. Korey sits there and eats it as "Chow" continues to echo into his cell.

20 INT. ATTICA - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - DAYS LATER 20

Korey is sitting on his bed, ruminating. His wounds are healing slowly but surely. If not for the occasional blinks, he could be a statue. A grin suddenly comes to his face.

KOREY

That would be funny, though. They would be like, "Whhaattt???" And it's like, "Yep, I'm here, baby! I'm back!"

He's talking to himself and may not even realize it.

21 INT. ATTICA - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - LATER 21

Korey stands on the bed, desperately trying to look out of a window that is not meant to be looked out of. He can hear birds chirping in their freedom and he is frustrated.

KOREY

Why would a bird want to spend time in Attica when he can fly anywhere on Earth?
(then)
Dumb-ass birds.

Korey continues to listen to the birds chirp. Then, one of the legs on the bed snaps and Korey tumbles.

22 OMITTED 22

23 INT. ATTICA - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - LATER 23

Korey stands by the door, naked.

KOREY

Hey! Hey, guard! I'm burning up in here! It's hot!

ANOTHER INMATE (O.S.)

Me, too! I'm dying in here!

GUARD (O.S.)

We'll put in an order!

KOREY

Huh? You said that already! You
been saying that! I need air! Get
me some air! Guard!

He pounds on the door with his fist, seemingly on the verge
of going crazy. Other inmates join in, screaming for air.

24

INT. ATTICA - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - A WEEK LATER

24

Korey is asleep nude, wounds almost completely healed, his
hair longer and face growing some stubble.

ROBERTS

Wise... Wise, you okay in there, kid?

Korey stirs awake.

KOREY

Huh? Who's that?

ROBERTS

Roberts. The white one. With the
mustache.

KOREY

My friend the guard. How are you?
You bring me a nice, cool air
conditioner?

ROBERTS

Something better. Bought you some
stuff to read. That okay?

KOREY

(appreciates it)
Yeah. That's cool. Maybe you can
bring me a TV and a Nintendo, too.

ROBERTS

(jokingly)
Video games are robbing our youth of
their ambition. Stick with books.

The little door slides open. Books and magazines are pushed
through. Korey takes them.

KOREY

Roberts. Any letters or phone calls
or anything like that for me?

ROBERTS

I'll check and let you know.

KOREY

Thank you.

Off Roberts for a beat, considering this rare thanks from an inmate before he heads out.

25 OMITTED 25

26 INT. ATTICA - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - DAYS LATER 26

Korey, sweating, uses balled-up pages of books and magazines to play basketball, using the sink as the basket. His hair is noticeably longer now.

KOREY

All tied up. Five seconds left.
Starks passes it to Ewing. *Four...*
Three. Ewing back to Starks. *Two...*
One. Starks shoots it...

Korey shoots the paper. It lands on the floor next to a bunch of other balled up pages. He missed. He takes a moment, his deadpan expression staring at the crumbled papers, then a burst of excitement!

KOREY (CONT'D)

HE WAS FOULED! STARKS WAS FOULED!
TWO FREE THROWS!

Roberts' voice booms from behind the door.

ROBERTS

Special delivery.

The door slides open. A deck of cards.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)

You know how to play Solitaire.

KOREY

Huh?

Roberts knowingly pulls a folded piece of paper out of his pocket. He's drawn instructions for the game. He looks up the hall to make sure no one is looking, then slips the paper inside the cell door.

ROBERTS

It's a game. Card game. You can play by yourself.

KOREY
(opening the cards)
Thank you, thank you.
(beat)
No letters or calls yet?

ROBERTS
Nothing yet, kid.

KOREY
(disappointed)
Okay.

ROBERTS
You been readin'?

KOREY
Trying. I saw in one of the
magazines that chia seeds are good
for you.

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ROBERTS
(where is this going?)
... Okay.

KOREY
One day I'ma get one of those Chia
Pets.

ROBERTS
...What?

KOREY
A Chia Pet.

ROBERTS
The thing from the TV commercials?

KOREY
(singing the commercial)
"Cha-cha-cha Chia." That thing.

ROBERTS
(chuckling as he leaves)
Okay, kid.

KOREY
(then)
Yo, Roberts.

ROBERTS
Yeah?

KOREY
I like it when you call me "kid".
I'ma bless you when I'm done in
here. I got you. I promise.

ROBERTS
Nah, kid. None of that.

Roberts heads away. Off Korey, trying to figure him out.

27

INT. ATTICA - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - DAYS LATER

27

Korey is sitting on his bed, zoned out, staring at the wall.
Sweat glistens on his face.

Drip... Drip...

From Korey's POV, we see he's staring at cracks in the wall
that form two Picasso-like abstract faces.

Korey steps to the wall and traces the faces with his fingers.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Lil' bro.

Korey looks over his shoulder, sees his brother NORMAN sitting on the bed. But Korey talks to him like he's not surprised at all.

KOREY

Hey Norman.

NORMAN

I was just thinking about that time
I caught you skipping school.
Remember that?

KOREY

(smiling)
Yeah. I remember. Like it was
yesterday.

NORMAN

I mean you just walked out of the
store like-

28

EXT. BODEGA - HARLEM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

28

Young Korey steps out holding a bag of chips and drinking a soda.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Korey.

Korey turns to Norman who has a look of disappointment on his face. Korey is busted. Everything Norman says and does has a tinge of femininity to it.

KOREY

(mutters to himself)
Damn.
(then)
Oh, hey big bro.

NORMAN

Don't "Hey big bro" me. You know
you supposed to be at school.

KOREY

I know, I know.

Norman smirks and shakes his head at him, but that's his little bro. He loves him...

NORMAN

Gimme some of those chips.

Korey and Norman share the bag of chips as they walk. On occasion, people walk past them and give the openly effeminate Norman funny looks, shameful head shakes, and just genuine curious glares.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

I'm worried about you, Korey.

KOREY

Me? Why?

NORMAN

When you were a little, little boy, you know what you told me you wanted to be?

KOREY

Yeah, I remember.

NORMAN

What?

KOREY

A police officer. I liked the uniform and badge.

NORMAN

Most kids start out wanting to be doctors, teachers, football players, police, whatever. But when they don't learn the discipline it takes they end up doing some job they hate or worse, end up on the street. You wanna end up flipping burgers forever or begging people to let you sleep on their couch?

KOREY

No.

NORMAN

Then take care of yourself, Korey. Go to school, pay attention to the world. It's bigger than Harlem. You deserve to see it.

Korey nods. Norman is bothered by something.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Sometimes people have to grow up
faster than other people.
Unfortunately, you might be one of
those people. But guess what?

KOREY

What?

NORMAN

You can do it.

A couple of guys walk by in the other direction and
derisively snort at Norman's effeminacy. Norman rolls his
eyes. Korey doesn't like it, but also doesn't get it.

KOREY

Why people always look at you like
that?

NORMAN

They're blind to beauty, baby boy.
That's all. They're blind.

(then)

So you been hearing me?

(off Korey's nod)

You gonna do better?

KOREY

I promise.

NORMAN

Shake on it.

Korey and Norman do a ritualistic, multi-layered handshake
and end it in a hug.

29 OMITTED

29

30 INT. ATTICA - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT (PRESENT)

30

Older Korey sits alone on the bed, finishing the conversation
with himself.

KOREY

Love you, big bro.

KOREY (AS NORMAN) (CONT'D)

Love you, too.

31 INT. ATTICA - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - DAYS LATER 31

Korey plays the card game on the floor like a pro, shirtless, still too hot. He can faintly hear the Chow Guy coming his way. His door slides open.

CHOW GUY

Chow!

He slides a tray of food to Korey. Korey takes it. Then he slides a box to Korey.

KOREY

What's that?

CHOW GUY

From Roberts.

Chow Guy slides the door shut, keeps moving.

Korey sits on his bed and opens the box. He pulls out a Chia Pet that is molded to look like MR. T. Korey does a subtle fist pump. A small victory.

32 INT. ATTICA - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - DAYS LATER 32

The Mr. T Chia Pet has grown green, edible hair. Korey, hair also growing, picks off some hair, eats it as a snack.

He hears the screech of a lock unlatching, turns to the door and watches Roberts step in, a hint of sadness in his eyes. He hands Korey a towel and toiletries, including a razor.

ROBERTS

Clean up, put your shirt on.

KOREY

Everything cool?

ROBERTS

The Chaplain is waiting to talk to you.

KOREY

Oh, okay. I could use some prayer.

Korey deep down knows this isn't about that. He slides on a wrinkled but clean shirt.

KOREY (CONT'D)

How long I been in here, anyway?

ROBERTS

It's been awhile, kid. A good while.

They head out of the cell together.

33 INT. ATTICA - CHAPEL - RAINY DAY

33

Soft rain hits the windows. Korey, freshly shaved, stands with the CHAPLAIN near the cross-bearing dais.

CHAPLAIN

We regret to inform you that your brother has passed away.

(beat)

Norman.

(beat)

I'm afraid he was murdered last Tuesday.

Roberts, watching from a distance but from within earshot, feels for Korey.

KOREY

I should probably talk to my mother, huh? Make sure she's okay.

CHAPLAIN

We're here to make sure that you're okay, Korey. Anytime you need us.

KOREY

Me?

CHAPLAIN

Yes. We are here for you.

KOREY

You're here for me? I been here forever, sir. So I'm not sure what you mean.

CHAPLAIN

If you need anything-

KOREY

(getting hot)

I've been in here, sir! I've been living in a hell, sir! You're telling me you're here for me?!

The chaplain tries to put a comforting hand on Korey, but Korey violently swipes it away.

KOREY (CONT'D)

Don't touch me!

Roberts rushes over.

KOREY (CONT'D)

Don't pretend like you care about
me! Don't nobody give a fuck about
me! Nobody!

Korey fights off tears, fist clenched, nowhere to unleash his
fury but a scream.

KOREY (CONT'D)

Fuck!

ROBERTS

Come on, kid. Let's go.

Korey can't fight the tears anymore. He turns to Roberts and
cries into his shoulder. Too much pain to hold inside. *
Roberts lets him.

The guard holds onto the young man as he cries. *

Over Roberts' shoulder, Korey finds a startlingly beautiful
sight. It's who the world called Norman. But to Korey, it's
Marci. Looking back at him with a sincere smile. Looking
gorgeous. And happy. And free.

She blows him a kiss. He looks upon her with tears of joy in
his eyes. And smiles back at her.

34

INT. ATTICA - VISITING ROOM

34

Korey sits with Deloris. There are conversations with other
visitors and inmates going on around them, but they sit in
silence.

Korey spies a guard eyeing him, then looks at his mother. Her
eyes are lifeless. Her spirit is glum.

The wheels turn in Korey's head. He makes a decision. He
slowly reaches across the table toward his mother's hand. The
guard watches him, squinting.

VISITING ROOM GUARD

Wise.

Korey ignores the guard, keeps his hand going toward his
mother who sees what's happening.

VISITING ROOM GUARD (CONT'D)

Wise, don't do it.

Korey holds his mother's hand.

DELORIS

Korey...

He holds her hand tighter, then he is violently YANKED out of his chair and dragged away. All heads snap to him.

Netflix Creative Distro

KOREY

I'm sorry, Momma! I'm sorry!

Deloris watches her son taken away.

35 INT. ATTICA - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

35

The Mr. T Chia pet is dry and cracked, lying askew in a corner. Korey listlessly flips through a magazine.

Roberts unlocks Korey's cell door. He has a mop, bucket, broom and other janitorial supplies on a push cart.

KOREY

What happened? You get demoted?

ROBERTS

This is the stuff you'll need for your new job. You'll be cleaning the dayroom and areas around it.

KOREY

What? I can't go up there, man. Them Nazis wanna hang me.

ROBERTS

You don't have to worry about that. Not as long as I'm here.

KOREY

(beyond grateful)
Man. I don't even know what to say.

ROBERTS

Don't say anything. Just don't make me regret it.

Korey looks at Roberts, questioning.

KOREY

Why you nice to me, man?

ROBERTS

(a beat)
I got a son. And if what happened to you happened to him, I'd want to know somebody was treating him like a human being.

Korey nods in acknowledgment. Then, goes to look over the push cart as if it was a new car.

36 INT. ATTICA - DAYROOM 36

Korey mops the floor in the empty dayroom. Rap videos are on the TV. This is as happy as he's been in a very long time.

37 INT. ATTICA - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT 37

Korey takes off his clothes and splashes water over his face.

He fans himself with an old magazine, trying to bring some relief. Then, he hears a buzz and turns to a vent.

He steps over to the vent, puts his face right in front of it, the cool breeze chilling the beads of water on his face, the comfort washing over him.

KOREY

Thank you.

38 INT. ATTICA - COMMON AREA 38

Korey wipes and cleans tables. A guard approaches.

ATTICA GUARD

Wise.

Korey looks up as the guard hands Korey an envelope. It's addressed from the New York State Parole Board.

Korey takes a seat, opens the letter fast.

Roberts is watching him from a distance.

Korey reads as quickly as he can...

KOREY

Hell yeah. I'm up for parole!

A couple of inmates laugh. Korey doesn't get the joke.

ROBERTS

Back to work.

Korey nods, gets back to cleaning.

39 INT. ATTICA - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT 39

Korey paces back and forth, talking himself through his parole hearing.

KOREY

I have never been in trouble in my life, and when I get out of here I don't plan on starting to get into no trouble. I'm a good guy. I don't have any hard feelings for anyone or this situation. I just want to go home.

He picks up his parole hearing letter.

KOREY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Yeah. Say it just like that.

40 OMITTED

40

41 INT. ATTICA - DAYROOM

41

Korey is alone, feeling free as he sweeps the floor and listens to Wu Tang on YO! MTV Raps. The volume is loud.

He doesn't see another inmate walk right past him, up to the TV and turn the volume down. Way down.

KOREY

Yo, my man.

The inmate turns around. A young dude wearing a cocky smirk. MATIAS REYES. He has a mischievous aura, a devil-may-care attitude.

KOREY (CONT'D)

Turn it back up.

MATIAS

Nah. I'm good.

Korey stomps over to the TV, cranks the volume.

MATIAS (CONT'D)

You deaf or somethin'? Shit's too loud, B.

KOREY

Don't touch it again.

MATIAS

What? Man, fuck you!

Matias shoves Korey. Korey shoves him back and it's on. It's a street fight, wild punches, grabbing, no skill, just adrenaline.

BOP! Korey takes a lick to the eye.

Roberts and two other guards rush into the room, grab the boys and separate them. Matias is grinning. He loves it.

ROBERTS

What's this about?

Korey's not saying a thing. He knows the rules.

MATIAS

This dude just went off. All I did was ask him to turn the TV down.

Roberts looks at the boys, making a quick decision. He turns to Matias.

ROBERTS

Leave.

Matias struts out. Roberts turns back to Korey who is holding his eye.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Let me see.

Korey moves his hand. Roberts takes a look. He's seen worse.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)

When's your parole hearing?

KOREY

Tomorrow.

ROBERTS

You're going to be a lot uglier by then. But I guess it's not a beauty pageant. Just put some ice on it. Get some ibuprofen.

42

INT. PAROLE HEARING

42

The parole board panel, two middle-aged white men and a middle-aged white lady, sit behind a table, staring with unreadable faces.

Korey sits in a chair on the other side, sporting a black eye and a hopeful, earnest (and anxious) demeanor.

KOREY

Honorable members of the parole board, thank you for seeing me. I never been in trouble. Ever. In my life. And when I get out of here I don't plan on starting to get into no trouble. I'm -- I'm a good guy. I don't have hard feelings for no one or this situation. I just want to go home. Please.

The three board members look at Korey for a beat.

PAROLE BOARD WOMAN

Are you prepared to take full responsibility and admit to the crimes of which you have been found guilty?

Korey is genuinely baffled, then horrified.

43

INT. ATTICA - DAYROOM

43

Korey, despondent, leans on a mop outside the dayroom. He's not moving, just standing there thinking. Roberts walks up.

ROBERTS

That floor isn't going to mop itself.

KOREY

Ain't no library here. How do I do a transfer request?

ROBERTS

You want a transfer?

KOREY

I need to be closer to my mother. She don't come no more. It's hard for her.

ROBERTS

You can ask for a transfer but it's a crapshoot. You might end up closer, you might end up twenty five minutes further away at Wende.

KOREY

No way. All my bad luck been used up.

Roberts isn't so sure. This kid breaks his heart.

Korey stands strong, but the weight of prison, constant disappointment, and loneliness is starting to show on his young face.

CHYRON: WENDE, 1993 (25 minutes further from home)

44 INT. WENDE - MESS HALL 44

Thunder growls outside. Korey, face harder than we've seen, tired eyes, keeps his head down as he finishes dinner -- buses his tray -- walks through the prison passing glaring inmates and guards -- goes into his:

45 INT. WENDE - KOREY'S CELL 45

As Korey enters, a BEADY-EYED INMATE creeps from out of the cell next door, gives a sign like a 3rd base coach to TALL INMATE reading a Daily News with a picture of Trump and Marla Maples headlined: CHICKEN! (Baby's 3 months away but Donald still won't say 'I do') in the COMMON AREA who nods back and clears his throat loudly to a group of SEVEN INMATES at a table. The toughest dudes at Wende. Mara Salvatrucha. Also known as MS-13.

The seven look up at Beady-Eye who points at Korey's cell, indicating that Korey is in there.

46 INT. WENDE - KOREY'S CELL 46

Korey splashes water on his face, wipes it clean. When he looks up, he sees the seven tough inmates filing into his cell, malicious intent on their faces. The lights in the cell blink from a lightning strike as thunder rumbles.

Korey, desperate, runs for the door, plowing through the men.

They pull at him, punch him, stab him with shivs as he battles with a much stronger inmate for control of the door. Korey wants it open, this other dude wants it closed. He knows this is life or death.

47 INT. WENDE - OUTSIDE KOREY'S CELL 47

Correction officer DOBBINS, a mountainous black man with a Just For Men dyed goatee strolls by, sees the struggle. Korey is fighting for his life, Korey's white-knuckled grip on the door slipping. *

Dobbins reaches his hand toward Korey. To help him? No. He pries Korey's hand off the door. Korey gives him a shocked look as the door slams closed and Dobbins saunters away.

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48 INT. WENDE - INFIRMARY

48

Korey is a bloody pulp as doctors and nurses work on mending him. This would make any man of any stature cry. Korey, underneath the swelling, is scowling, angry.

Dobbins watches from near the door.

DOBBINS

How long you figure he's out for?

DOCTOR MURRAY

If this kid is able to walk and chew food without pain in a month you'll know God is on his side. This is attempted murder among other things.

DOBBINS

Okay. We'll launch an investigation. But let's be clear about one thing. He ain't no kid.

Dobbins leaves. The doctors and nurses keep working.

49 INT. WENDE - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - A MONTH LATER

49

Korey is alone in his new but familiar surroundings. His wounds have healed from his last violation, but he wears the psychological scars on his sleeve.

The door opens. In walks Dobbins like an Old West cowboy.

DOBBINS

How you doin', Wise? Healing up, I see. Doc said it would take divine intervention for you to be walking in a month and look at you now. A goddamn miracle!

*
*

Korey doesn't even bother to look at Dobbins.

DOBBINS (CONT'D)

I have a confession. When I heard the famous man from the Central Park Five thing was comin' to Wendé, I couldn't contain my excitement. I couldn't wait to meet you. I even had a welcome committee ready for you. You know, the gentlemen you met back in your old cell.

Dobbins ominously pulls out his baton.

DOBBINS (CONT'D)

Anyway, now that I've had the pleasure, I want to let you know that we don't have stars here. We don't care how famous your case is or if you're on TV. We don't take to uppity niggers in here. So there are a lot of people who don't feel you should be around here at all. You bring too much attention. But Wende is not governed under apartheid. This is not South Africa or Jim Crow America. Wende is a democracy. As long as a man follows the laws of our correctional facility, he will maintain his rights.

(beat)

With that said, Mr. Wise, you have the right to leave segregated confinement. You are not being forced to stay here as you have not violated any of our laws. You do have a choice.

(beat)

I hope for your sake - you make the right one.

Korey has yet to look up from the floor. He is beaten.

DOBBINS (CONT'D)

So, Mr. Wise. You staying here or coming with me?

KOREY

(beat)

Staying here.

DOBBINS

Wise choice.

Dobbins exits. The sound of the slamming door echoes though the halls as his footfalls fade. And Korey just sits there, staring at nothing, mumbling to himself.

KOREY

I'm staying... I'm staying...

LISA

Don't tell me.

Korey looks at the corner of the room where LISA, adorably nerd-chic before nerd-chic was a thing, stands.

LISA (CONT'D)

Tell them.

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YUSEF'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)
Yo, Polo! Let's go to the park!

We hear a knock-knock on a glass window and WHIP PAN TO:

50 INT. KENNEDY FRIED CHICKEN - DUSK - (FANTASY)

50

Young Korey and Lisa standing in the restaurant turn to Yusef and Eddie, outside the window, waving Korey to come out.

KOREY
I'm staying. Get with me later.

Lisa smiles at Korey.

YUSEF
For real? It's like that?

Yusef and Eddie throw their hands up.

KOREY
I'll see y'all tonight. Keep ya
head up.

YUSEF
(playfully/smiling)
Aww, whatever. You fell in love and
now you're forgetting about your
boys. Whatever man. Peace out.

KOREY
Peace.

Yusef and Eddie disappear into the park.

LISA
Wise choice. Get it. Korey Wise.

KOREY
Wow. Never heard that one before.

LISA
(playfully hits him)
Shut up. So what's the plan?

She puts her arm in his.

KOREY
What's the plan? The plan is me and
you, little lady. Whatever you
wanna do.

BACK TO: Young Korey and Lisa at Coney Island. The lights extra bright and saturated behind them in Korey's dream. He softly kisses her on the lips as the Ferris Wheel spins behind them. He breaks the kiss and they share a smile.

LISA

I never want this to end.

KOREY

Me too.

The rollercoaster rumbles by, wood knocking on metal, getting louder and louder. KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK until:

54

INT. WENDE - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - YEARS LATER

54

Korey, newly grown hair on his head and face a mess, is startled awake by a pounding on his door. Dobbins enters.

DOBBINS

Get up.

Korey gets to his feet.

KOREY

Can I get cleaned up first?

DOBBINS

What for? Just tuck your shirt in, get the boogers out of your nose, and let's get this over with.

Dobbins is a fucking asshole.

55

INT. PAROLE HEARING

55

Korey, unkempt, has made himself look as presentable as possible. The parole panel is the same three people from Korey's time in Attica.

PAROLE BOARD WOMAN

Are you prepared to admit your guilt in the crimes of which you have been found guilty?

Korey collects his thoughts. He doesn't have a prepared speech this time, just a story he wants to share.

KOREY

I was hanging out on my block. It was around ten o'clock.

(MORE)

KOREY (CONT'D)

It was just a regular night, nothing really going on. I happened to look up at my building, all the way up to the top floor. I saw a man climbing over the railing of his balcony. Right away I knew something wasn't right. I ran upstairs to my mother's apartment, went to the balcony and, you know, just talked to him. Then firetrucks show up, the police, people are watching. It's getting crazy but I keep talking to him. There's a knock at the door. It's the police. They're not there to harass me. They want me to keep communicating with the man. So I do. That night, I convinced that man not to jump. When it was done, the cops were telling me how well I did and patting me on the back. Call them and ask them. It's the truth. It made me feel good. That was on April 18th, 1989. Does that sound like the kind of kid that would go out the very next night and hurt somebody?

The panel stays stone-faced, staring back at Korey. Their eyes give nothing away.

56

INT. WENDE - CORRIDOR/SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

56

Dobbins walks a handcuffed Korey down the hollow, cinderblock corridor to his cell. *

The guard uncuffs Korey and shoves him inside. *

DOBBINS *

Guess you're going to be staying with us for a while, huh? And they say justice is dead. *

Dobbins closes the heavy door. Solitary confinement. *

Furious, Korey attacks the door with kicks and punches.

KOREY

Fuck you! Fuck! You!

(then)

Fuck all y'all! Fuck this prison and everybody in it! Fuck the police, fuck the judges, fuck the liars that put me in here! Fuck the world! Fuck the whole goddamned world for not giving a fuck about me!

The camera SWINGS to Deloris in a corner. She seems high. *

DELORIS

Get the fuck out my house!

The camera SWINGS to Norman in another corner. He is wearing make-up and his hair is longer, ears are pierced.

NORMAN

You think I wanna be here?!

Camera SWINGS to Korey but now we are-

57

INT. WISE APARTMENT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

57

Young Korey stands in the doorway.

KOREY

What are you fighting about now?

DELORIS

Your brother belongs in a crazy house. Your brother wants to be your sister.

(laughs mockingly)

Your fucking sister! You're out of your mind, you hear me? You're sick!

NORMAN

I'm leaving.

KOREY

Wait, why?

DELORIS

Because I don't let him run in and out of here whenever he wants looking any kind of way? Look at him. You're a FUCKING JOKE to everybody. People laugh behind your back AND in your face.

(MORE)

DELORIS (CONT'D)

I'm done with it. I'm not gonna lose business and friends and everything because of your twisted ass. Go! This is my house, *Norman!*

NORMAN

Denise.

DELORIS

Fuck you'll ever hear me call you that! Ever! Norman! Norman! Norman!

KOREY

Y'all just need to settle down and talk this out.

DENISE

(hurt)

Nothing to talk about. I'm through.

(to Deloris)

You're a sad woman.

DELORIS

Don't tell me what I am. You don't know what it's like to be me! What do you know about being a mother with no help! Nobody, but yourself to depend on in the whole world. You ain't know shit.

DENISE

I know you're sad, *momma*. Everybody can see it. I know nobody made you sad. You gave that to yourself. And guess what. You have to be the one to take it away. It's on you.

DELORIS

Go somewhere with the psychoanalysis.

DENISE

You the one dealing out the house.

DELORIS

(quietly; warning)

Shut up. Shut your filthy mouth, you demon.

NORMAN

Like I said, a sad woman.

DELORIS

Well, at least, I'm a real woman.

She might as well have stabbed with a knife. The pain.

Korey watches the exchange, afraid. Hurt too.

After a tense beat, Denise recovers. She kisses Korey on the forehead.

DENISE

I'll see you later, okay.

(really means it)

Take care of yourself. Promise?

Denise walks to the door off Korey's nod, without a bag or one personal belonging.

KOREY

What about your stuff?

DENISE

Take what you want. Throw away the rest. I'm done with everything in this house, except you.

Norman looks at his mother one last time.

NORMAN

When you find your way out of whatever hell you're in, forgive yourself for today. You love me. I know that.

Denise says this to Deloris' turned back. Then, exits.

Korey watches the door close and love walk out.

58

INT. WENDE - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT (PRESENT)

58

Deloris standing in the corner, Korey staring at her.

KOREY

I know you try to be a good mother.

DELORIS

(heartbroken)

Thank you for saying that.

KOREY

Sometimes all you can do is your best.

DELORIS

I'm sorry I wasn't what I should have been.

(MORE)

DELORIS (CONT'D)

I wanted to be - a lot of things.
But I could never reach any of it.
Drugs was easier. Ignoring you boys
and real life, that was easier.
Wasn't until you were arrested that
I came off of the fog. Being scared
for you gave me something to ask
God for. And mean it. And He saved
me.

KOREY

That's good, Momma. That's so good.

Korey steps toward Deloris to hug her, but before he gets there her apparition fades away, so he just stands there as we FADE TO BLACK.

CHYRON: AUBURN, 2001

59

INT. AUBURN - COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - RAINY DAY

59

A middle-aged white COUNSELOR in a plastic chair. Raindrops fall from the sky, seen through a window behind the counselor.

COUNSELOR

Here's how this is going to work.
Whenever you are in this room, you
will be completely honest with me.
Before we can start you on the road
to rehabilitation, and your
eventual freedom, you will have to
be open about everything that
you've done sexually. From your
first experience to your last.

Korey, late 20s now, on the couch, deadpan.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

At times I may ask you to put
yourself in your victim's shoes,
the person or persons you have
violated. It won't be easy. But it
is necessary in order for us to
help you change your thinking and
behavior. Any questions?

KOREY

Yeah. Do you know what "irony"
means?

60

INT. AUBURN - DAYROOM - RAINY DAY

60

Korey and a few other inmates watch music videos. A guard hustles past them and changes the channel on the TV. The guard is Roberts, from Attica.

KOREY

Roberts?

ROBERTS

You're going to want to see this, kid.

ON TV: TRISHA MEILI at a podium during a press conference taking place on the steps of the courthouse. Meili's face is beaten up, identical to the photos that Korey saw of her.

Korey sits up, rapt, as Meili begins to speak.

MEILI

Good afternoon. My name is Trisha Meili. I've called this press conference to inform everyone that my memory has returned.

Korey now stands from his seat, hopeful.

MEILI (CONT'D)

I can now say, without a shadow of a doubt, that Antron McCray, Kevin Richardson, Yusef Salaam and Raymond Santana are innocent.

Older Antron, Kevin, Yusef and Raymond join Meili at the podium. Korey, shocked, plops back down in his chair.

KOREY

What about me? They forgot about me! Don't forget about me! Don't forget about me!

A FRIENDLY INMATE puts a hand on Korey's shoulder.

FRIENDLY INMATE

Hey. Wake up.

Korey startles awake in the dayroom. He looks at the TV. Roberts is not there. IT WAS A DREAM. He gets his bearings.

FRIENDLY INMATE (CONT'D)

You were mumbling in your sleep. Having a bad dream or something.

KOREY

I'm *living* a bad dream.

FRIENDLY INMATE

Look at this shit. Man.

ON TV: Footage and news coverage from September 11, 2001.

FRIENDLY INMATE (CONT'D)

It's all a bad dream. We gotta stay awake, man. Just stay living and stay awake.

Close on Korey.

Something like Bob Marley's "Redemption Song" begins over the following MONTAGE:

61	OMITTED	61
62	INT. AUBURN - LIBRARY	62
	Korey plays chess against another inmate.	
63	OMITTED	63
64	INT. AUBURN - COMMISSARY	64
	Korey buys a can of soda, gives it to a guard who nods.	
65	OMITTED	65
66	INT. AUBURN - MESS HALL	66
	Korey eats lunch at a table for six, interacting with other inmates. He has found as much comfort as one can in prison.	
	END MONTAGE	
67	INT. AUBURN - KOREY'S CELL	67
	Korey does push-ups. His cell door is open. A WEARY GUARD steps inside.	

WEARY GUARD

Wise. Time for your parole hearing.
Let's move.

KOREY

No, thank you. I'm good.

WEARY GUARD

What do you mean "I'm good?"

KOREY

No need to go.

WEARY GUARD

You're saying "no" to going to your
hearing?

KOREY

Tell 'em I'm maxing out. They don't
want to hear my truth and I don't
want to waste the energy trying to
convince 'em.

The guard kinda shrugs, (*it's your life*), walks off. Korey
keeps doing his push-ups.

68

EXT. AUBURN - PRISON YARD - 2001

68

Korey stands alone watching men lift weights, smoke, laugh.
He hears a bird squawk, looks up and squints into the bright
sun, watching the bird fly away.

MATIAS

Yo, Wise!

Korey turns to the voice. Matias Reyes stalks toward him.
That devil-may-care smile, those mischievous eyes.

Korey instinctively balls up his fists. Butterflies flutter
in his stomach. He's ready to fight.

But the closer Matias gets, the less threatening he seems.
His smile is warmer, his eyes more honest. But Korey stays on
guard.

MATIAS (CONT'D)

You Korey Wise, right?

KOREY

Who wanna know?

MATIAS

You don't remember me?

Korey remembers, but is not about to let him know that.

MATIAS (CONT'D)

Matias Reyes, from Attica.

KOREY

Yeah, Attica... it's been a minute.

MATIAS

You still tellin' the world you're innocent?

KOREY

What's this about, man?

MATIAS

Nothin'. I wanted to apologize, that's all. For the TV thing in the dayroom thing and all that.

Matias' apology is sincere. His face no longer has a demonic glow like it did all those years ago.

KOREY

It's all good. I ain't got no problems with you.

MATIAS

Thank you. Your acceptance means a lot to me.

(then)

Are you religious, Korey?

KOREY

Religious? That's what this is? You trying to convert me?

MATIAS

Nah, man. But God did change my life. I wanted to share that with you.

KOREY

Good for you, man.

MATIAS

You have hope and truth in you and you held onto both. Good for you.

Matias walks off leaving Korey a bit baffled.

69

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

69

Grand office suite of the District Attorney of New York City.
NANCY RYAN, 50s now, checks in with an ASSISTANT.

NANCY RYAN

He called me out of a discovery
hearing. Said it's urgent.

The assistant is already on his feet and ushering her into an
inner office. She enters to find MORGENTHAU, still the
picture of put-upon authority.

MORGENTHAU

Ms. Ryan.

NANCY RYAN

Mr. Morgenthau.

He walks around his desk and straight up to her in the center
of the room. With some distress, he hands her a file.

MORGENTHAU

A con named Matias Reyes requested
an appointment with authorities at
the facility where he's serving
life for the rape and murder of
Lourdes Gonzales. She was pregnant
at the time. He poked her eyes out
with a butterknife. Her kids were
in the next room listening.

(beat)

He just admitted to brutalizing a
jogger.

(beat)

It's the jogger case, Nancy.

NANCY RYAN

(thinking)

The jogger case.

MORGENTHAU

In the Park.

Her face changes. It's the case that got away.

MORGENTHAU (CONT'D)

Trisha Meili. 19...

NANCY RYAN

... 89.

MORGENTHAU

It's yours now.

70 INT. AUBURN - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

70

CLOSE ON Matias Reyes. He's eerily matter-of-fact, even cordial, as he relays the facts of what he has done.

Nancy sits across a long table listening carefully, while her partner, PETER CASOLARO, 40s, is beside her following along.

MATIAS

When I first saw her, I decided, I just decided to attack her. To take everything she had and to rape her. I followed her, stalked her, I guess they call it.

NANCY RYAN

Did you beat her?

MATIAS

Yes.

NANCY RYAN

Did you rape her?

MATIAS

Yes.

NANCY RYAN

Did you leave her for dead?

MATIAS

Yes. I thought she was gonna die.

NANCY RYAN

(beat)

Let's start at the beginning.

MATIAS

Okay.

71 EXT. CENTRAL PARK NORTH (FLASHBACK - APRIL 1989)

71

The park at night. Moonlight illuminates a path with far too few streetlights. A couple of people walk along. A guy on a bike rolls by. But foot traffic is generally low. Then, TRISHA MEILI enters the frame, jogging.

MATIAS (OVERLAP)

Wasn't a lot of people out on that one path. I saw her coming by and I saw her body and her spandex she had on. She wasn't jogging that fast. Nobody else was going by.

Matias watches her while huddled in the crowded brush. He tears a large branch off a tree.

MATIAS (OVERLAP CONT'D) (CONT'D)

It was pretty big. She passed by where I was and I grabbed it with both hands and ran up behind her and struck her over the head.

We see it happen. Trisha falls forward from the branch clashing with her skull. Hard. Her Walkman is knocked off, skittering across the pavement. He then drags her into the bushes.

CLOSE on the track marks he leaves. Hers and his.

72

INT. NANCY RYAN WORK ROOM

72

Nancy and Peter pore over crime scene photos.

PETER

(reading a report)

In the earliest hours of this whole thing, Fairstein acknowledged the track marks being where one person pulled in another. "This is where he pulled her in," she said.

NANCY RYAN

Because clearly those aren't the marks of five people.

PETER

(beat)

When did the theory change?

A troubled look from Nancy. She knows when it changed - during her fight for the case with Fairstein. Determined, she continues to hunt for clues through photos and reports.

73

INT. AUBURN - INTERVIEW ROOM

73

Nancy listens, digesting it all while tempering her disgust.

MATIAS

I beat her with my fists. Then she was trying to run away so I got a rock. Then I ripped off everything she had on. The spandex was hard to get off, but I did. Then I raped her while I was still beating on her.

Peter covers his rage. Nancy powers through with laser focus.

NANCY RYAN

Was she conscious?

MATIAS

Barely. You know when somebody's nostrils, their nose or something might be broken and blood might be trickling out. It's like a hard sound. Hard to breath. She was making that sound when I left her there. It was cold and she was bad. I thought she was barely breathing like that. I thought she was gonna die any minute. So I left.

74 EXT. CENTRAL PARK (FLASHBACK)

74

Matias walks away from Trisha, naked and bleeding amidst wild shrubs and leaves and darkness. She's barely moving. And we hear the HARD SOUND he describes.

He walks onto the path. There's no one around. But he sees something on the ground ahead. TRISHA'S WALKMAN. He picks it up, looks it over, puts it on and continues walking.

75 EXT. BRONX HOME - DAY (PRESENT)

75

A simple one-story home with a small stoop. The garage door is up and inside is DET. SHEEHAN leaning against his car, talking to Nancy and Peter.

NANCY RYAN

The real perp is walking through the park with her Walkman on and drenched in blood. No cop looking for the other kids brings him in. You believe that?

DET. SHEEHAN

That's what he's telling you.

NANCY RYAN

Yeah, that's what he's telling us. Are you telling me that you really believe this guy is making it all up?

DET. SHEEHAN

(shrugs)

Prison gets boring. These people make up things for attention.

NANCY RYAN

(beat)

Trisha Meili was violated in April 1989. That summer, you'll remember, there were a series of rapes that terrorized the city. Four. Matias Reyes was arrested in August 1989. Confessed to those straight out.

Sheehan listens reluctantly.

NANCY RYAN (CONT'D)

That case and the jogger case shared the same Detective. The same prosecutor. Even the same judge. And you never made the connection, that the MOs were identical? No one even asked him about the jogger. If they had, he would have admitted to that one too.

Sheehan stares her down.

NANCY RYAN (CONT'D)

Instead, you let the statements you got out of the five boys stand. Even though they knew no details, no locations. Even though the track marks didn't match. The timeline didn't match. Nothing matched.

DET. SHEEHAN

They gave statements that I believe were true.

PETER

You squeezed statements out of them after 42 hours of questioning and coercing. Without food, bathroom breaks. Withholding parental supervision. The Reid Technique has been universally rejected. That's truth to you?

DET. SHEEHAN

I don't know what the fucking Reid Technique is. I know what I was taught. I know what I was asked to do. And I did it. They knew something. You don't confess to something you don't know about. They knew something. They put themselves there. They paid the price. That guy who confessed?

(MORE)

DET. SHEEHAN (CONT'D)

He's just the sixth guy. We missed a guy, okay? Why do you think Wise and Matias Reyes had a squabble all those years ago? They were fighting over this. Who was gonna take the fall. Reyes is only talking now because he wants a better cell assignment. He wants the perks of attention. Don't let these animals fool you. Justice was fucking served.

He walks into his garage, leaving Nancy and Peter outside, as the door SLAMS behind him.

76 INT. AUBURN - INTERVIEW ROOM

76

Nancy gathers her thoughts, looks Matias squarely in the eye.

NANCY RYAN

Is everything you've told me today true?

MATIAS

Yes.

NANCY RYAN

And for all of the events as you've described them in detail from start to finish, were you alone?

MATIAS

Yes.

NANCY RYAN

Were you aided by anyone?

MATIAS

No.

NANCY RYAN

Was anyone with you in preparing for the assault in question?

MATIAS

No.

NANCY RYAN

Was anyone with you during the assault in question?

MATIAS

No.

(beat)

I did this. We all have to pay for our sins. I sinned. Bad. I deserve everything. I deserve the time. I deserve anything that happens.

77 INT. AUBURN - CLINIC - DAY

77

ECU: Physical specimens being collected from Matias' body. Blood is drawn. Hair is clipped. Skin samples are taken.

MATIAS (OVERLAP)

Test me. Hook me up to machines.
Take my blood whatever, you need to
do. I'm ready to pay for mine.

78 EXT. AUBURN - PRISON YARD - DAY

78

Korey is working out. Keeping to himself as usual. He looks over across the yard to find Matias watching him.

MATIAS (OVERLAP)

You got somebody else paying for
mine. Nobody else should be paying
for mine.

Matias nods respectfully. Korey doesn't nod back. He doesn't know what this guy wants from him, and doesn't want to find out.

79 INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DAY

79

Nancy sits at a white linen covered table, focused on the door. She's not fidgeting. Not eating the breadsticks. She's waiting. Patiently.

Then, the doors opens and in walks LINDA FAIRSTEIN, breezing by the host with a familiar wave. Fairstein takes her seat.

FAIRSTEIN

Well. I'm certainly surprised by
this invitation.

NANCY RYAN

I'm surprised to be making it.
(beat)
I'm here as a courtesy.

FAIRSTEIN

Courtesy is the last thing you're
here for. You're here to gloat. But
it doesn't matter. You've simply
identified a sixth rapist. I always
said there may be more.

NANCY RYAN

You said that to cover because you
knew you coerced those boys into
saying what they did.

FAIRSTEIN

They said what they said freely.
They confessed.

NANCY RYAN

I actually think you've really convinced yourself that you didn't alter the timeline. Forget the fact that Antron McCray couldn't even tell you where the Reservoir was, let alone know how to get there, rape someone and get back. Nevermind that Raymond Santana's grandmother was escorted out of the room and his interrogation was almost over when his father was finally let in. Who cares that Kevin Richardson was being forced to sign his statement alone while his sister who was of age was stalled outside. And Korey Wise? He wasn't even on the fucking list of potential suspects. But so what? He's weak, he's vulnerable and he looks the part. So you pounce on him, all of them, and congratulate yourself on a job well done.

Fairstein stares back at Nancy, just smiling a frozen smile. Nancy doesn't hold the eye contact, keeps going.

NANCY RYAN (CONT'D)

I think you were so desperate for me not to have the case, that you said what you had to say to secure it, then did what you had to do to justify it all.

FAIRSTEIN

Are you finished?

(beat)

It doesn't really matter what you think. There's a Police Commission Report coming out in a matter of days that maintains that the five did it. And that Reyes is simply the one who got away. It's a 43 page report, compiled by three lawyers named by the Commissioner.

NANCY RYAN

It's the police department investigating itself.

(beat)

Linda, we pored over your confession tapes. We reconstructed the events of that night minute by minute. I know what was done.

FAIRSTEIN

You know nothing.

NANCY RYAN

I know that we have a DNA match on Reyes.

A darkness falls across Fairstein's face.

NANCY RYAN (CONT'D)

His DNA was all over every article of clothing and physical sample we had of her. Under fingernails where she fought him. The blood on her was from him. It was him. Only him.

Fairstein thinks fast and replies with confidence.

FAIRSTEIN

That simply confirms that Reyes ran with that pack of kids. He stayed longer when the others moved on.

Nancy reaches for her purse, then places books on the table.

NANCY RYAN

"Final Jeopardy." "Likely To Die."
"Cold Hit." And the newest one:
"The Deadhouse."

Fairstein glares at Nancy.

NANCY RYAN (CONT'D)

While you were writing crime novels, Kevin, Antron, Yusef, Raymond and Korey were serving time for crimes they didn't commit. I'm not here to gloat, Linda-

FAIRSTEIN

Oh, I know. I see that now. This isn't about me. It's not even about those boys. It's about you and your sudden crisis of conscience.

Nancy can't retort because Fairstein's not wrong.

FAIRSTEIN (CONT'D)

I watched more than 30 detectives conduct a brilliant investigation. We got justice for a woman who was violated in the most gruesome way. We got justice for a woman who was used and thrown away like garbage.

(MORE)

FAIRSTEIN (CONT'D)

Those boys did that. And we, you and, me. WE helped make sure they got what they deserved. And I'll be damned if I lose a wink of sleep because of it.

Fairstein rises to go.

FAIRSTEIN (CONT'D)

And thanks for buying the books. Enjoy.

Off Nancy as she watches Fairstein go.

80 OMITTED 80

A81 INT. AUBURN PRISON - KOREY'S CELL A81

The cell door opens, hitting Korey, in bed, with a swath of light. A guard steps in, shakes Korey awake.

GUARD

Hey. Get dressed. Come with me.

B81 EXT. AUBURN PRISON B81

The guard marches ahead of Korey who sees that they are headed for the chapel then stops.

KOREY

Hold on.
(guard faces Korey)
... who died?

The guard ignores the question, walks on.

C81 INT. CHAPEL - OFFICE C81

A chaplain is sitting behind his desk. He holds out a phone for Korey who hesitantly takes it.

KOREY

Hello?

DELORIS

Korey?

KOREY
(sighs/relieved)
Hey momma. What's goin' on?

Deloris is crying, trying to right herself.

DELORIS
Somebody loves you.

KOREY
Huh?

DELORIS
Somebody loves you. You're getting
out.

The guard is scowling at Korey, not happy.

KOREY
Momma, what are you-

DELORIS
He confessed, Korey. The one who
actually did it confessed. You're
coming home, baby. You're free.

Korey is STUNNED, mouth agape. He suddenly loses the feeling
in his legs and leans on the desk to stay upright.

81 INT. ANTRON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - BALTIMORE - MORNING 81

ANTRON MCCRAY drags home from his night shift in his work
overalls.

He tiptoes into the house. Then, removes the work overalls
and puts them in the washer.

He opens a door to find three SLEEPING CHILDREN. His. A smile
at their peaceful slumber.

He then looks in on a WOMAN sleeping in the master bedroom,
before heading into the bathroom. Just then, his CELL PHONE
RINGS.

ANTRON
Hey, Cousin. It's early.

COUSIN (V.O.)
(excited)
Man, you home?

ANTRON
Yeah, just got home.

COUSIN (V.O.)
Trinisha home?

ANTRON
She sleep. What's up?

COUSIN (V.O.)
Turn on CNN, man!

Netflix Creative Distrito

82 INT. GERIATRIC CLINIC - HALL/GUEST ROOM - DAY 82

KEVIN RICHARDSON works as a janitor, emptying a small wastebasket into a larger one. A mop and bucket are nearby.

He's about to start to clean the floors, when his coworker, a NURSE, sticks her head out of a patient's room, whispers loudly to get his attention.

NURSE
(urgently)
Kev... Kev... Kevin!

She does a hard head jerk like "Come here now!" then ducks back into the room.

Kevin looks around suspiciously, cautious not to be somewhere that he's not supposed to be. He then peers into the room. There's an OLD MAN asleep on a bed, but that's not what he's looking at. He's looking at the TV. A NEWS REPORT discussing his case.

NURSE (CONT'D)
This about you, right?

He enters the room as if in a trance. We hear the words "confession" and "exoneration proceedings."

He loses his balance and plops on the bed next to the sleeping old man who luckily is a heavy sleeper. Kevin's eyes glued. The unbelievable is happening before his eyes.

83 INT. STARBUCKS - DAY 83

YUSEF SALAAM stands near the register in his green apron, entranced by a newspaper.

CLOSE ON the article's headline: NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN CENTRAL PARK JOGGER CASE, MORGENTHAU REPORTS.

His eyes scan back and forth. He reads as if his life depends on it. And in fact, it does.

YUSEF
Is this -- is this for real?

84 INT./EXT. AUBURN - DAY 84

RAYMOND SANTANA has his handcuffs removed at the edge of a processing office by a GUARD. Ahead is RAYMOND SANTANA SR. side by side with his new lawyers, MICHAEL WARREN, AND ROGER WAREHAM. Smiles all around.

WARREN

You wanna go out the back? There's
a lot of cameras out front.

Netflix Creative Distro

RAYMOND

Nah. I'm walking out the front door.

Raymond exits a free man. REPORTERS yell his name. He just smiles and walks out into the world, with his head finally held high.

85

EXT. SCHOMBURG PLAZA - DAY - 2014

85

A community press conference. News vans with camera crews. Photographers. Print reporters. Activists. Community members.

Korey, donning a fantastic new outfit complete with gold chain, the flyest kicks and a custom t-shirt emblazoned with a lion mid-roar, waits anxiously behind a raised platform. His lawyer JANE BYRIALSEN, 30s, white, protective, is with him. He's looking for someone.

Raymond, Yusef, Antron and Kevin stand on the side of the platform as community leader and activist, NOMSA BRATH, speaks from the podium centerstage.

NOMSA

These men, and their families, and this community have been wronged. Betrayed by this city, these men were just boys when they were wrongly accused and wrongly convicted. They were finally freed, not because justice was pursued, but because someone finally came forward with the truth.

(gaining steam)

If the police had done their jobs at any point in the last twelve years, not only would five young lives not have been destroyed, but many other women would have been spared the violence perpetrated by the real rapist. The real criminal went on to rape and even kill others while the police and prosecutors and puppets like Donald Trump patted themselves on their fat backs.

(crowd reacts, applause)

(MORE)

NOMSA (CONT'D)

But we did not give up on these men:
This community did not give up,
Reverend Al didn't give up,
Congressman Perkins didn't give up,
Michael Warren and all the attorneys
did not give up, my late husband
Elombe Brath and I didn't give up,
these families NEVER gave up!

The crowd erupts with pride. Offstage, Yusef smiles at his mother, SHARONNE.

SHARONNE

I knew this day would come.

He squeezes her hand. Next to him, Antron whispers to his mother, LINDA.

ANTRON

I wish he was here.

LINDA MCCRAY

(a confident beat)

Bobby's here. He's watching over us
right now. He's here.

Off Antron's warm nod, we find Kevin with one arm proudly around his mother GRACE and the other around his sister, ANGIE.

ANGIE

(whispers)

Love you, kid.

KEVIN

Love you too.

He kisses her on the forehead as SANTANA exchanges a proud look with his son.

SANTANA

Nice crowd.

RAYMOND

(wonderfully overwhelmed)

Yeah. I can't even believe it.

SANTANA

Believe it. For you, *mijo*. For you.

Korey spies his mother DELORIS walking toward him. He meets her with a hug.

KOREY

Hi Momma.

DELORIS

(beaming)

Hi Baby.

KOREY

I'm about to go up, okay?

DELORIS

Yes, you go up there. Let them see you. Let them see you all up close and personal.

They laugh at that. Then a serious beat between them.

DELORIS (CONT'D)

Let them see a survivor up close and personal.

He grips her hand, nods, then heads over to the platform.

We are back with Nomsa onstage as she finishes her speech.

NOMSA

And today, we are proud to welcome these men, as they are finally awarded the proper settlement for their damages...

(cheers)

... as their records are cleared and they are fully exonerated of the lies told about them...

(cheers)

... as they step forward into the light of their lives despite what this city, what this country, has done to them and millions like them for generations.

(cheers)

Help me, family. Help me give a Harlem welcome, you know how we do... a Harlem welcome to Korey Wise, Antron McCray, Kevin Richardson, Raymond Santana Jr. and Yusef Salaam.

Cheers from those gathered.

YUSEF

(to the other men)

We're up, brothers.

Yusef, Raymond, Antron and Kevin climb the stairs to the platform from one side. Cheers.

Korey enters from the other side of the platform. Louder cheers.

A burst of beautiful energy. Pride and relief and the feeling of freedom on the faces of the five boys turned men - at last. It's the first time we see the "Central Park Five" together in the entire series.

The men look upon each other. They hug one another and pat each other on the back. They smile, faces close.

Their interactions are caring and meaningful. A fragile brotherhood, fortified in trauma. But today, triumph.

86

EXT. HARLEM STREET - ANOTHER DAY

86

The hoopla has died down. It is a normal day in Harlem.

Kids play in the street as Korey walks by. His gait is slow and deliberate. He's savoring each and every step. Taking everything in.

A couple of people wave and nod. He acknowledges them kindly.

Korey observes all the things he's missed. The red bricks of the buildings. The sway of the trees. The laughter of the children. The ability to follow his own mind and heart and go where he pleases.

On this day, he saunters toward KENNEDY FRIED CHICKEN. He stops in front of the place. It hasn't changed.

He grips the handle to the door, takes a moment, then goes inside.

The CAMERA stays outside as we watch him approach the counter through the window.

We hear him.

CASHIER

Can I help you?

KOREY

Yes.

(beat)

I'd like to have some lunch please.

The CAMERA PULLS back and high into the air. Showcasing this corner, this community on the edge of Central Park, which sits green and regal and welcoming on this day.

FADE TO BLACK.