

DEATH ROW

The Impact: 50

Suggested Act: Act Two

(Draft 4 -- Post Producers' Notes)

Written by

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INT. PRISON - DEATH ROW CELL BLOCK - CELLS / CORRIDOR - DAY

ROY (60s), worn but resolved, glasses held together by tape, reads a Thailand travel book. Old family photos on the wall. Books line a shelf. He leans towards the bars of his cell.

ROY

Nobody passed by to do the count.

The neighboring cell is sparse, no photos, abstract drawings of an injection table with straps and an IV needle in an arm. JOHNNY (30s), resigned, tattooed, self-proclaimed tough guy betrayed by a baby face, sits against their shared wall.

JOHNNY

Shit must be goin' down in D block.  
Got all the bulls on hand.

ROY

There goes yard time. My skin  
thirsts for some sunshine.

Faint sounds of a SIREN and COMMOTION cause Johnny to look up from skillfully drawing a child's portrait in a notebook.

JOHNNY

Yo, you hear that?

ROY

Hear my stomach growling. So much  
for three squares a day. They  
forget we're actual human beings.

JOHNNY

Ain't human to them. Just animals  
to be put down. Maybe something big  
is poppin' out there. Terrorism?  
Virus outbreak? Alien invasion?

ROY

Hope not. Too much to see and do  
yet. Once they retest the DNA...

They hear A DOOR UNLOCK, OPEN. FAST FOOTSTEPS. A burly guard, BISHOP, disheveled, panicked, appears in front of Roy's cell.

ROY (CONT'D)

What in the devil is going on?

BISHOP

Go die a free man.

He opens Roy's cell. Roy, confused, grasping his Thailand book, steps out. Johnny grabs Bishop through his cell bars.

JOHNNY

Hey! What about me?

Bishop pulls his heavy-duty flashlight from his belt with a wild look in his eyes.

BISHOP

Piece of shit. You deserve far worse than to be blasted to death by a giant space rock.

Roy's eyes widen, mouth slightly agape. Johnny barely stifles an incredulous laugh. Bishop tightens his grip on the flashlight. Roy steps between Bishop and Johnny's cell.

ROY

You'd be just as bad as you think he is.

Bishop spits at Johnny and hurries off. Roy gazes at the wide open door at the end of the cell block and back to Johnny.

JOHNNY

The hell you waitin' for? Go! Feel the sunshine. I was gonna die alone here anyway.

Roy glances at the Thailand book in his hand. Johnny, trying to remain stoic, motions for him to go.

ROY

You've been a damn good friend.

Roy sits on the corridor floor facing Johnny. Johnny shakes his head in disbelief, but with a slight smile. He sits and notices Roy wringing his hands on the other side of the bars.

JOHNNY

Used to sing to my kid when she was scared. Hope she ain't scared now.

Johnny sings "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" while looking at his drawing of his daughter. Roy opens his book to look at a scenic beach photo with the sun shining and joins Johnny.

JOHNNY & ROY

"When the blazing sun is gone, when he nothing shines upon, then you show your little light, twinkle, twinkle, all the night..."

CUT TO:

Roy reaches his slightly trembling hand to Johnny through the cell bars. Johnny reaches out his hands, "GAME" "OVER" tattooed across his knuckles, and takes Roy's hand in both of his own, steadying it.

ROY

What were you going to say for your  
last words?

JOHNNY

Set me free.

The two men hold each other's gaze, squeezing each other's hands as the blast wave hits.