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INT. WARDEN BANKS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Prison memories line the walls; photos of Banks with live inmates and photos of him with the evil ones right after they've been executed. A few framed newspaper articles show the success this facility has had in executing inmates.

WARDEN BANKS, sixties, a rotund 250-pound cigar smoking chap. A real cowboy, Stetson and all. He's watching the -- CLOCK reads: 11:25PM

A KNOCK at the door breaks Banks's focus.

WARDEN BANKS

Come in.

Harrison enters, studious, wearing wire-rim glasses and a baggy black suit.

WARDEN BANKS (CONT'D)

You're late. Have a seat.

Banks grabs a file on his desk, reads --

WARDEN BANKS (CONT'D)

Reese Madison Jarrett, thirty-two.

INT. STATE PRISON (DEATH ROW CELL)

A dark, windowless box. Disgustingly hot and humid. The barren walls literally drip perspiration. A corroded crapper sits in the corner, Thomas would dare anyone to use her. This place is not fit for a dog, yet it's the home of REESE MADISON JARRETT.

WARDEN BANKS (V.O.)

Shot a mother of three children in the face during a convenience store robbery. The job netted nine dollars.

JARRETT, African-American, pacing. Doing time has led to muscle mass and exotic body art. He's a walking Peter Max painting and extremely cut, with grotesquely long magenta painted fingernails, wearing only a pair of white Fruit of the Loom briefs -- an Adonis. Manacled at the wrist and ankles, he's sits on the edge of his bunk, thinking, reflecting.

INT. DEATH ROW (CORRIDOR)

A PRIEST enters. He jumps out of his skin when the electromechanical locks CLASH shut behind him, separating those sentenced to death and those one conviction away.

WARDEN BANKS (V.O.)

He was caught fleeing the store with the murder weapon in his hand.

He gains his composure. He's scared to be here, so are we. He opens the 'Good Book' and nervously MUMBLES while taking the long walk to Jarrett's cage.

INT. DEATH ROW (CELL)

Jarrett's laying back with his eyes closed.

WARDEN BANKS (V.O.)
It was a .357 -- ever see the
damage one of those can do?

INT. DEATH ROW (CORRIDOR)

The Priest is standing at Jarrett's cage, watching, wondering.

WARDEN BANKS (V.O.)
You can place your entire fist
inside the exit wound.

INT. DEATH ROW (CELL)

Jarrett notices.

JARRETT
Hey, Father.

PRIEST
Hello, Jarrett.

JARRETT
It's been one year, eleven months,
thirteen days, twenty-two hours
and nine minutes. I'm thirty-two,
Father, and haven't accomplished a
god-damn-thing in my life. I feel
like my life just passed through
one massive haze of shit.

(beat)
And know I have an hour and fifty-
one minutes left to live. Think
about it. You have one hundred
eleven minutes left on earth --
what do you do? What's the one
thing you do that will bring you a
sense of accomplishment?

INT. GUARDS WAR ROOM

SEVERAL GUARDS dressed in prison issued ceremonial execution jumpsuits; no pockets, belts, or collars. They gather for last minute instructions. ONE GUARD, BARROW, stands out among the rest; BIG. BAD. UGLY.

WARDEN BANKS (V.O.)
No one 'round here takes this
kinda thing lightly. Small towns
tend to watch out for their own.

INT. DEATH ROW (CELL)

Something catches Jarrett's eye, WE FOLLOW --

WARDEN BANKS (V.O.)
 This boy Jarrett, I feel, will be
 glad to be put to sleep. He's had
 a pretty rough time of it with one
 of our guards named, Barrow --
 (SNICKERS)
 -- Barrow never let him forget
 what he did.

LARGE COCKROACH making its way toward Jarrett. Its shell
 painted bright yellow and its legs magenta; like its
 owner's fingernails.

WARDEN BANKS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Seems the woman was like a mother
 to Barrow -- baby-sat him when he
 was a kid.

FLASHCUT/MONTAGE of TIME LAPSE SHOTS
 revealing Jarrett's prison life; day of arrival,
 initiation, violated by other inmates, then by guards.
 One guard more than others -- BAD ASS BARROW. Barrow
 rode Jarrett hard -- real hard.

WARDEN BANKS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 There's a bit of history between
 the two

-- a real hatred.

FLASHCUT - PRESENT
 Jarrett smiles and picks the roach up, waving feelers
 seem to be conducting its own symphony of a 'Prayer for
 the Dying.'

WARDEN BANKS (CONT'D)
 So this might get interesting.

Jarrett strokes the underbelly of the roach as he sticks
 out his tongue to --

JARRETT
 Cinderella honey, you've come to
 say good-bye.

JARRETT'S TONGUE, teasing the legs and feelers of the
 roach. It appears as if the roach gives his tongue a
 hug.

The Priest cringes in disgust, needs to hurl.

WARDEN BANKS (V.O.)
 Oh, one last minor thought -- not
 that anything I say matters, but
 personally -- I don't think he
 killed that woman.

Jarrett gently lays the roach on the floor and watches it scurry around between them.

The CLASH of the locks down the corridor and the on-coming FOOTSTEPS announce the party's about to begin. The SHOUTS, TAUNTS and CURSES emanating from the condemned tells us Jarrett's time is up.

Banks and the GUARDS arrive at the door.

One GUARD steps from the back of the pack -- BAD ASS BARROW. He keys the lock, enters.

JARRETT
(freaks)
BARROW!

BAD ASS BARROW
Ready, nigga?

Barrow enters the cell, suddenly notices Cinderella scurrying off. With all the strength he can manage he brings his foot down on Jarrett's sweet Cinderella -- SPLAAAAT!

Jarrett's horrified, he's just lost his only friend. He stares down at what Cinderella's been reduced to -- a puddle.

Jarrett reaches into his 'Looms', pulls out a rumpled white tissue, drapes the tissue over Cinderella as if she's the victim at a crime scene. He steps back, looks down on Cinderella.

BAD ASS BARROW (CONT'D)
(smiling)
You're next.

The Priest GASPS and drops the 'Good Book' -- BAM!

A knee-jerk reaction has Barrow look in the direction of the dropped book -- taking his eyes off Jarrett for just a split second -- a HORRIBLE mistake.

Jarrett using all his rage, and some kinda Matrix move, whips the heel of his foot into the side of Barrow's neck -- CRAAAAACK!

BLOOD and BONE FRAGMENT spit out the side of Barrow neck, the blow is so severe an eye literally pops out of its socket, as Barrow drops like a bag of shit tossed off a high-rise.

INT. DEATH CHAMBER

The hexagonal room, with its puke-colored walls, previously functioned as the resident gas chamber.

The floors slope toward a four-inch diameter drain in the center of the room -- capturing body fluid run-off.

The ceiling's four bright ten-foot fluorescent bulbs allow for none of the action to be missed.

The walls are bare except for a bright red phone that acts as the governor's line, and the one wall that looks out over the witnesses gallery behind the black curtain -- a wall of glass.

A microphone hangs down in the center of the room -- to capture any last minute plea, propaganda or confession.

Harrison's uneasy as he glances up at -- CLOCK reads:
12:05AM

Harrison checks his watch to be sure, it reads the same. Harrison takes off his jacket, glances over to the other side of the room --

An AFRICAN-AMERICAN GUARD, standing straight, wearing the same jumpsuit as the others -- the phone is his sole duty. Their glances meet -- they know something has gone wrong.

Harrison picks up his pigskin medical bag, pulls his stethoscope, drapes it around his neck. He walks over to a small wheeled table, resting next to a stainless-steel gurney -- his tools of death all meticulously laid out like presents on Christmas morning. He looks them over.

WE NOTICE the scissors are not in line with the other items, but barely noticeable -- he notices -- straightens them.

Harrison checks his watch again: 12:07AM

Harrison pulls a tall IV stand on wheels over to the gurney. It's draped in various tubes and clamps, a one-liter saline bag swings freely. He gently squeezes the bag, the fluid level rises and falls accordingly.

Harrison reaches into his bag and pulls out a small brown serum bottle, with a pink rubber corked top -- this is the bad stuff. He closes the bag and places it in the corner of the room.

Harrison checks his watch again: 12:09AM

SUDDENLY the door BURSTS open, a DISHEVELED GUARD rushes in, he leans over to catch his breath.

GUARD #1
(SHOUTING)
He killed Barrow!

The phone guard breaks position for the first time, looks to Harrison as if to say, 'Did he just say what I think he said?'

PHONE GUARD
Who did?

GUARD #1
 Jarrett! After all the two had
 been through, Warden gave Barrow --
 (panting)
 -- the honors of bringing him out.
 Christ, it only took a second.

HARRISON
 How?

GUARD #1
 He snapped his fuckin' neck. Just
 like --
 (SNAPS his fingers)
 -- cleanest goddamn strike I've
 ever seen!

A SMIRK washes over the face of the Phone Guard.

PHONE GUARD
 So the nigga finally accomplished
 something.

HARRISON
 I'll get my bag.

GUARD #1
 Don't sweat it. They've already
 taken Barrow to the infirmary.

Harrison hesitates, then begins to pack up his tools of
 death.

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)
 Don't sweat that either -- Warden
 says Jarrett's still going down.

Harrison freezes.

HARRISON
 Without being tried for Barrow?

The phone guard just shakes his head in disgust.

GUARD #1
 He's already dead according to
 that clock --
 (points to
 clock on wall)
 -- they're helping him along a
 bit. It won't be long.

Banks, SEVERAL GUARDS, disheveled and blood splattered,
 rush through the door DRAGGING -- JARRETT! His head
 down, arms extended with a bloody hood over his head.
 CHAOS.

WARDEN BANKS
 That's one tough sonofabitch!

HARRISON

Take that hood off!

WARDEN BANKS

You want it off, you take it off.

Harrison reaches out and SLOWLY lifts the hood.

Jarrett's unconscious, battered, his face barely recognizable.

HARRISON

Someone get me some towels.

The guards hold Jarrett down, look to Banks for approval.

Banks nods.

One guard scurries off.

WARDEN BANKS

Strap him.

The towels arrive. Harrison saturates one in peroxide, leans over Jarrett. Jarrett's eyes are swollen closed, barely breathing. His battered, split lips slowly begin to move.

Harrison begins to mop the blood from Jarrett's torso, peroxide foams reddish as it hits open wounds. Jarrett recoils.

Harrison takes notice of the unusual artwork running the entire length of Jarrett body; branding and Gothic tattooing, notices his fingernails, several are broken and bloody. He looks at Banks.

WARDEN BANKS (CONT'D)

Lost his manicuring privileges
after he attacked Barrow months
ago.

Harrison dabs Jarrett's face and lips, TEETH CHIPPED -- the lips recoil in pain.

Jarrett HEAVES up a bloody mass, a chunk of something. Harrison wipes it away.

Banks smiles, leaves the room.

HARRISON

(to Jarrett)
Why'd you kill him?

JARRETT

What's your name?

HARRISON

Dr. Michael Harrison.

JARRETT
 Dr. Harrison -- he killed my
 Cinderella. He had it comin' long
 'go.

Harrison steps back and takes an overall look -- not good.

HARRISON
 I've done all I can.

He wipes his hands on a clean towel.

Jarrett is nodding out.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
 Jarrett, can you hear me? I need
 you alert.

Blood trickles from the corner of Jarrett's mouth.
 Harrison dabs it away.

JARRETT
 Am I dead?

HARRISON
 Not exactly, but you will be soon
 enough.

JARRETT
 Tell me something, Doc. Married?

HARRISON
 Sure.

JARRETT
 I had a lady once. She was as
 close as I'll ever get to Heaven.
 (beat)
 She made me feel in ways I never
 had before. Ever have a woman
 like that?

HARRISON
 Listen Jarrett, mind if we didn't
 say much?

Jarrett doesn't respond.

Harrison grabs the adhesive tape and quickly pulls two strips, the sound RIPS through the air like fingernails to chalkboard -- the Phone Guard REACTS. He sticks one strip to each shoulder.

FLOW OF FLUID as WE FOLLOW it SLOWLY making its way through the entire length of the tubing.

Then he grabs the IV's, holds them up to the light, clamps the opposite end of the tubing.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
I'm not looking to get to know ya.

JARRETT
Easier to kill a man that way?

HARRISON
Something like that.

JARRETT
Throw me a bone, Doc. Will ya?

HARRISON
Take a few deep breaths during,
it'll make it easier for you.

JARRETT
Do I get to count backwards?

HARRISON
You won't have time.

JARRETT
Will I have time to tell 'em
Barrow deserved what he got?

HARRISON
I doubt it.
(beat)
Deep breaths will also help you
keep your last meal down.

JARRETT
I'm going down for the wrong thing
tonight.

HARRISON
What's that suppose to mean?

JARRETT
What I'm saying is if they want to
juice me for Barrow -- yeah, I did
him. But they're doing me for the
lady -- and I didn't kill her.

HARRISON
They caught you running from the
scene, gun in hand -- and there's
that little thing called, 'your
confession.'

Jarrett manages a CHUCKLE.

JARRETT
Doesn't prove jack-shit.

HARRISON
Maybe you should of had a better
lawyer.

JARRETT

(LAUGHS)

A man who confesses and waives his appeals might have reason to do so.

HARRISON

Must of had a good one to die for it.

JARRETT

'A thing is not necessarily true because a man dies for it.' Know who said that?

HARRISON

Not a clue.

JARRETT

Oscar Wilde.

HARRISON

Read a bit in here?

JARRETT

All the time in the world to.

(beat)

Ya know what else? I've been taken down for the wrong reasons all my life.

Harrison wishes Jarrett would SHUT THE FUCK UP!

JARRETT (CONT'D)

Play poker much? Ever get dealt a hand that's total shit, then you draw cards and your hand's even shittier?

(beat)

Life's a game of poker, Doc. And the prize sitting in the center of the table is happiness.

Everyone's dealt their cards in life -- and you gotta play those cards whether you like them or not.

HARRISON

And sometimes those dealt a great hand throw it away.

JARRETT

Do I sense you speak from experience?

HARRISON

Possibly.

JARRETT

Wanna talk about it?

HARRISON

Nope.

JARRETT

Suit yourself.

(WEAK LAUGH)

But tonight, tonight, I fuckin' turned the tables on everyone -- Goody, oh boy, oh shit -- yes I did. I leveled the playing field. I was never going to let them take me down for the wrong reason -- Barrow is the reason I'm going down tonight -- yes, he is --

TEARS fill his eyes, he clenches his teeth to fight them back, can't -- they trickle down the side of his face.

JARRETT (CONT'D)

Fuckin' hell, I never got to go to Disneyland.

HARRISON, blank stare.

JARRETT (CONT'D)

Got any kids?

HARRISON

No.

Something about that question makes Harrison reflect --

JARRETT

Don't let 'em see me like this.

Harrison looks at him, grabs a cotton ball and wipes the tears away.

JARRETT (CONT'D)

Do a dying man one last favor? I have a child out there, should be a few years old now. Find 'em and let 'em know that in the end -- I loved 'em.

Harrison is floored by this revelation and request.

HARRISON

What?

JARRETT

I've been in here -- never met my child, didn't want the kid to see me like this. Understand?

The doors whip open, Banks enters.

Harrison busies himself with final preparations.

WARDEN BANKS
Kick-off time yet?

HARRISON
Yeah, sure.

WARDEN BANKS
(SHOUTS to Harrison)
Let's get it on then!

JARRETT
(to Harrison)
Mind if I watch?

HARRISON
They all do.

.16 gauge IV NEEDLE as it SLOWLY slices into Jarrett's vein -- a PINHEAD of BLOOD surrounds the entry wound -- deeper as the needle is painfully buried.

Harrison pulls one of the strips and wraps the needle in place. He walks over to the other side and repeats.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
He's ready.

The Priest enters --

WARDEN BANKS
Finally.

Banks doesn't hesitate. He walks over to the wall and gives it THREE LOUD BANGS --

The drapes shielding the WITNESS GALLERY open.

Banks removes the Stetson and begins to impatiently rock back and forth; heel to toe.

The Priest steps up to Jarrett.

PRIEST
Almighty God --
(makes the Sign)
(of the Cross)
-- with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons. We humbly commend the soul of this thy servant, our dear brother, into thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator, and most merciful Saviour.

JARRETT
Hey, is this it?

HARRISON
Take a few deep breaths.

Jarrett obeys him.

Harrison and Jarrett's EYES CONNECT. Jarrett's eyes are wide, he YAWNS, re-cracking his busted lips. His bloody lips are trying to say something --

JARRETT
How 'bout it? Tell me I can go
out knowing you'll do that for me.

BEAT. Harrison doesn't know how to deal with this, finally --

HARRISON
Sure. Yeah sure, I'll do it.

JARRETT
You've been -- been nicer to me
than -- than anyone has in --

Jarrett's nostrils begin to flare, his breathing is becoming more difficult -- he's going down.

Harrison leans in to hear him better -- closer --

JARRETT (CONT'D)
-- in my whole fuckin' -- whole
fuckin' life.

Jarrett lifts his head as far as the restraints will allow, and PLANTS A KISS ON HARRISON'S LIPS.

Harrison bolts upright, shocked, touches his lips, looks at his fingers -- Jarrett's blood.

The Priest continues but his VOICE FADES as we --

JARRETT'S FACE,

BEADS of SWEAT have formed a ring across his forehead. BLOOD-SHOT WHITES of his EYES, they're WIDE --

POV JARRETT,

EYES dart around the room looking for an escape -- SILENCE. WE SEE the Priest's lips moving but NO SOUND. Banks's smiling, Harrison is still, the guard just wants to get it over with. SURREAL.

JARRETT (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Dear Lord, I know I never really
called on you for anything before.
But all of a sudden I'm scared.
Really fuckin' scared, Lord. I
don't know what I'm suppose to say
right now, but I should probably
ask ya to forgive me for my sins.
Lord, I'm not scared of dying.
I'm scared of going to hell.
(MORE)

JARRETT (CONT'D)

(deep breath)

I've never had a break my entire life, Lord. So I'm hoping to get one now. Don't send me to Hell. I know what Hell's like, I've lived it here on earth since I was born. Gimme a break Lord, deal me a better hand in death than you dealt me in life.

WE FOLLOW as Jarrett makes a 'Sign of the Cross' with his eyes.

PRIEST

May you rest in peace -- Amen.

Banks steps up, pulls a paper from his pocket, reads --

WARDEN BANKS

Reese Madison Jarrett, by order of the Superior Court of the State of Texas, having been tried and convicted of the capital crime of murder in the first degree, and having exhausted all manner of pleas and appeals thereof --

-- he wipes the sweat from his forehead. The room is hot.

WARDEN BANKS (CONT'D)

-- you are at this hour to fulfill the order of that court, whose sentence upon you is that of death, to be accomplished by the introduction of lethal chemicals into your bloodstream, until such time as all life shall cease to inhabit your earthly body. May God have mercy on your soul.

He folds the paper and puts it in his pocket, pulls out another. He looks to Harrison and reads --

WARDEN BANKS (CONT'D)

Doctor Harrison, it is understood that as a member of the medical profession, you are here solely in your humane capacity, to ensure that the condemned man suffers as little as possible during the course of his punishment, to see it's administered with compassion - that you are not here to actually administer this lethal potion to him. This being understood, are you prepared to ready the prisoner for the injection?

HARRISON

I am.

WARDEN BANKS

Reese Madison Jarrett, do you have any last words?

JARRETT

Just play my song.

Banks nods to someone out in the gallery --

WARDEN BANKS

The prisoner has no last words.

-- walks over to his position against the wall. Brenda Lee's, 'I'm Sorry' begins to PLAY OVER LOUDSPEAKERS.

Harrison looks down on Jarrett.

Jarrett gives him a wink, manages the strength to SING --

JARRETT

(SINGS/LOUD with
Brenda)

'I'm sorry, so sorry, that I was
such a fool. I didn't know love
could be so cruel' --

FLOW of FLUID as it SWIRLS toward Jarrett. The tubing immediately turns RED as BLOOD circulates in the mix.

JARRETT (CONT'D)

(SINGS)

-- 'you tell me, mistakes are part
of' --

(MUMBLES then picks
up again)

-- 'but I don't like the wrong
that's been done -- love is blind
and I was too blind'

Harrison looks into Jarrett's eyes, they're drifting -- closing. A SLIGHT SMILE washes over his face -- then his head SLOWLY rolls to the side -- he's gone.