

**Flipped**

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

A pair of polished black shoes move with stride over a dark and chipped cement floor. Alongside them, a pair of cheap rubber shoes stumble along.

Walking in pairs, two PRISON GUARDS each escort a prisoner. The prisoners carry bedsheets and toilet paper.

The second Guard looks over to his scrawny prisoner, MARCO (25), and gives him a light nod.

Marco keeps his eyes fixed on Guard #1 in front of him as he reaches a cuffed hand deep to the back of his mouth.

Marco pulls a thin string out and gags. He covers his mouth with both hands, almost dropping his sheets and paper, as Guard #1 turns and looks at him.

GUARD #2

Looks like we got a nervous one.

Guard #1 turns his head away.

GUARD #1

The honeymoon hasn't even started yet.

The Guards chuckle and Marco resumes pulling the string. At the end of the string, a knotted bag slides out of Marco's mouth.

Marco fumbles with the bag in his hands as he rips it open. He pulls out a wad of bills from the bag and passes it to Guard #2.

Guard #1 stops at a cell with his prisoner and starts to unlock the cell door.

GUARD #2

(pointing at Marco)

Hey, let's put this one in here.

Guard #1 looks at him for a moment, shrugs then walks away with his prisoner.

Guard #2 unlocks the cell door and slides it open.

GUARD #2

Welcome home.

Guard #2 removes Marco's cuffs. Marco enters the cell. Guard #2 locks the door behind him.

INT. PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

On the top bunk, an intimidating and tattooed MAN (35) watches Marco lay his bedsheets and toilet paper on the bottom bunk.

MARCO  
Hey, I'm Marco.

The man, CLINT, hops off his bunk and moves to the prison bars. He looks out in both directions.

CLINT  
Got anything?

MARCO  
What?

Clint turns to Marco.

CLINT  
Cigarettes, drugs, anything.

MARCO  
Nah, I ain't got shit.

CLINT  
Don't hold out on me. You gotta share that shit.

Marco sits down on his bunk.

MARCO  
I don't really know how to sneak that kind of stuff in.

CLINT  
It ain't that hard.

Clint brushes a hand across Marco's cheek.

CLINT  
You use your mouth or you use your ass.

Marco stares at Clint for a moment, frozen.

MARCO  
I guess I had other things on my  
mind.

Clint turns his head, spits, then looks down on Marco.

CLINT  
Well then, you're useless to me.

Clint climbs up to his bunk.

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Marco sits at the end of a table, eating by himself. Other prisoners start sitting around him.

A bearded and burly man, REGGIE (40) slams his tray down across from Marco and sits.

REGGIE  
How's your meal?

Marco looks down at his food and shrugs. Reggie lifts a chunk of mystery meat off his tray, takes a bite then makes an ugly face.

REGGIE  
I'm more of a fan of fresh meat.

Marco looks up at Reggie. Reggie winks.

REGGIE  
A small guy like you needs someone  
to watch their back. Ya know what I  
mean?

MARCO  
I'll be fine.

REGGIE  
You don't want to be making  
enemies, friend.

Marco's hand tightens its grip on a fork.

MARCO  
We're not friends.

REGGIE  
Then I guess that makes us enemies.

Clint sits down next to Marco.

CLINT  
Move on, Reggie.

REGGIE  
Stay out of this, Clint.

CLINT  
I already have dibbs.

Reggie sighs heavily, stands and exits.

MARCO  
Listen, no one has dibbs on me.

CLINT  
Calm down, I just saved your  
ungrateful ass.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Clint lays down on his bed as Marco leans against the bars.

MARCO  
So, what are you in for?

CLINT  
None of your business.

MARCO  
That bad, eh?

Clint sits up.

CLINT  
If you want to make it in here, you  
need to drop the bad attitude. No  
one's impressed.

MARCO  
I'm not gonna be all passive while  
everyone fights over whose bitch I  
get to be.

Clint slides off his bunk and moves to Marco.

CLINT  
If I wanted you to be my bitch,  
you'd be too busy to be  
complaining.

MARCO  
You better watch your words.

CLINT  
You wanna know why I'm here, tough  
guy?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A MAN and WOMAN, both in their late twenties, walk hand in hand.

Out of a dark alley, Clint emerges. He stands on the sidewalk as the couple get close.

The couple see him and stop. Clint retrieves a handgun from his waistband.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Marco sits on his bed as Clint paces a bit.

CLINT  
If I want something, I take it. If  
she didn't want me, I couldn't  
leave her the same.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Clint's gun fires two shots.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Clint puts his hand out like he's holding the gun.

CLINT  
I could of killed them.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The couple lay on the ground next to each other, both gripping their bleeding legs.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Clint hops up on his bunk.

CLINT  
Now they're a happy couple in  
wheelchairs.

MARCO  
That's awful.

CLINT  
That's life.

MARCO  
You ever regret it?

CLINT  
I regret getting caught but it  
wasn't the worst thing I've ever  
done.

MARCO  
It wasn't?

CLINT  
Well Mister high and mighty, what  
the hell are you here for?

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

On a graffiti covered wall, a hand holding a can of spray  
paint hovers. The paint sprays, covering up the graffiti.

A graffiti TAGGER #1 (20) holds the can as he continues to  
paint.

Out of shadows, Marco appears wearing a hooded sweatshirt and  
a backpack.

MARCO  
Hey, what the fuck?

Tagger #1 stops and looks at Marco. He tosses the can and  
begins to run but Marco tackles him to the ground before he  
can get away.

MARCO  
Who do you think you are?

TAGGER #1  
I didn't know it was your piece.

MARCO  
That's no excuse to flip me.

Marco swings a fist down on the tagger's face.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Clint sits on his bed while Marco leans against the bars.

MARCO

I beat the kid half to death.

Clint laughs.

MARCO

What?

CLINT

You're a writer?

MARCO

So?

CLINT

I use to tag up this whole city.

MARCO

Bullshit.

CLINT

Swear to God. Shit, sometimes I  
fiend for the smell of Montana  
paint in the night air.

MARCO

What did you write?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Clint sprays bright colorful paint on a wall.

CLINT (V.O.)

I used the name 'Royal'.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Marco stands as Clint sits up on his bunk.

MARCO

Royal? You're Royal?

CLINT

Have you seen any of my pieces?

MARCO

Are you kidding me? You're a legend in my neighborhood. I heard you use to bomb like three trains a night.

CLINT

Probably. I use to get up hard. All city.

MARCO

Any punks go over your work?

CLINT

Of course. Everyone tries to take a swipe at the king.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

In the moonlight, TAGGER #2 (25) paints over Clint's artwork.

CLINT (V.O.)

I didn't take that shit lightly. I was out every night, all over the place. Hell, I had to run away from the pigs a few times a month.

Tagger #2 steps back from his piece that reads "OATH ONE". He bobs his head in pride.

Slowly behind Tagger #2's head, a gun gets close.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Clint's hand, in the shape of a gun, jerks back.

CLINT

Pow.

MARCO

I thought I was cold, bro.

CLINT

Like I said, I didn't take it lightly. Graff was my life.

MARCO

I hear ya, it's an addiction.

Clint reaches under his pillow and pulls out a small note pad.

CLINT  
Check this out.

Clint hands the pad to Marco. He flips through it, nodding.

MARCO  
This shit's tight.

CLINT  
What do you write?

Marco smiles then shakes his head.

MARCO  
It doesn't matter. I can't contend  
with this.

CLINT  
Come on.

Marco hands the note pad back to Clint.

MARCO  
I'm a nobody. I didn't get up much.

CLINT  
Trust me, you'll have plenty of  
time to practice.

MARCO  
Maybe you can show me a few things.

CLINT  
Possibly.

MARCO  
I can pay you.

CLINT  
Really?

Marco kneels down and fishes something out of his sock. He stands and holds a tiny folded envelope.

MARCO  
You mess with coke?

Marco unfolds the envelope and exposes a small pile of white powder.

CLINT  
Yes please.

Clint leaps down from his bunk. They move to the far corner of the cell.

MARCO  
Go ahead, start it off.

Marco watches out the bars as Clint huddles into the corner.

CLINT  
You've been holding out.

MARCO  
You got to keep a few tricks up the sleeve, you know?

Clint snorts. He stretches back and hands the envelope to Marco. Marco folds it back up.

CLINT  
Exactly what I needed.

Marco grabs a soap bar off the dull metal sink.

MARCO  
What to see my tag?

CLINT  
Definitely.

Marco glides the soap bar on the cell wall. Clint sniffles a few times and wipes his nose as Marco finishes. They stare at the wall for a moment.

CLINT  
That's not your tag.

The wall shines with a gloss that reads "OATH ONE".

GUARD #1 (O.S.)  
(yelling)  
Lights out!

With a loud click, the lights go out.

MARCO  
No, it's my brother's tag.

CLINT  
You...

MARCO  
How's the coke?

Clint starts panting. Through his eyes, everything gets blurry and slow.

CLINT  
What did you do to me?

Marco shoves Clint lightly and he stumbles to the bed. Marco sits down next to him.

MARCO  
My brother was a godsend to my neighborhood. Our neighborhood, Clint.

Clint lays, gasping for breath.

MARCO  
He turned his graffiti into legit art and worked with kids. He volunteered for our church. He never flipped you. A piece of shit like you, a waste of life. You were just jealous. That's all you are. You're envious and shallow.

CLINT  
How did...

MARCO  
Shut the fuck up.

Clint coughs and gasps harder.

MARCO  
Just let me enjoy this in peace.

Clint's eyes begin to flutter. Marco stands and moves to the bars.

MARCO  
(yelling)  
This guy's having a fucking heart attack!

Two prison Guards rush to the cell door.

GUARD #1  
Against the wall.

Marco puts his hands against the wall as the guards unlock the door and enter.

Guard #1 goes over to Clint as Guard #2 cuffs Marco.

EXT. PRISON CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Guard #2 escorts Marco out of the cell.

GUARD #2  
Stand here, don't move.

Guard #2 returns to the cell.

Marco looks over to a cell and sees Reggie leaning against his cell bars giving him an evil eye.

The Guards exit the cell carrying Clint's body.

Marco and Reggie watch them carry the body down the corridor. With the Guards far enough away, Marco turns to Reggie and smiles wickedly.

MARCO  
You're next, fish.

FADE OUT: