

BACK TO SHAWSHANK

Written by
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FADE IN:

EXT. SHAWSHANK PRISON - DAY

High stone walls topped by loops of barbed wire, set off at intervals by looming guard towers.

A telephone RINGS twice.

WOMAN (OS)

(answering)

Hello, Linda Seger speaking,
yeah...Just a second...

(shouts)

Bob!

The birds twitter, flapping their wings.

A pair of birds begins a strange mating dance on the patio of the prison, as a huge, lazy cat watches them. The cat prepares to pounce.

BOY (OS)

Who is this, mom?

A huge, black Rottweiler appears, moving slowly, and stops.

WOMAN (OS)

This is for your brother...

(shouts again and laughter)

Bob are you there?!

The cat notices the Rottweiler's presence and returns to his position of observation, as the birds continue their explicit mating dance.

WOMAN (OS CONT.)

(whispers to the boy)

Is Frank "whatshisname".He wants
to know about Bob's
screenplay...

(back to Frank "whatshisname".

Okay, okay... I'll tell him.

Bye.

The telephone CLICKS, and is disconnected.

INT. SHAWSHANK PRISON - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

ON THE TV

A show is in progress, one of those shows where couples air their secrets in public, on a little B&W TV. The couple on the show are impersonating Mr. and Mrs. Bush!

BOY (OS)

It was Frank Darabont, mom.

LINDA SEGER, is cooking something on the cooker.

LINDA
Frank Darabont who?

Her attention is focused on a screenplay covered by a blue card stock which she is reading.

HELIO, about 10 years old, small eyes, a huge nose and short for his age, is sitting at the dinner table eating cornflakes.

HELIO
He's a Hollywood celebrity, mom.
He's a rich and famous
screenwriter and director too...

Now and then, she stirs something which is boiling inside a casserole.

LINDA
(reading the screenplay)
I don't know why your brother
writes stuff like this... A
mother killing her two
sons...what a sick mind!
(in disbelieve)
Nobody will buy this from him...
(to Helio)
Do you want more cornflakes,
Helio?

HELIO
Don't, mom, it's okay... You
know, mom...I want to be a
celebrity just like Frank
Darabont...

The chimes at the front door ring.

Linda and Helio look each other.

LINDA
Here he is!
(shouting)
Bob?

Nobody answers.

Linda is staring the TV show.

LINDA (CONT.)
Robert? Is that you?

No answer.

LINDA (CONT.)
(back to reading)

Your brother has become a weird boy...He doesn't talk, just writes, and writes, this sick kind of stuff...

HELIO

(eating)

He told me he's a professional screenwriter...He said he's a close friend of Frank Darabont...

Linda tosses the screenplay onto the table, and switches off the cooker flame.

LINDA

That was all I need...Could you see me cooking for Mr. Darabont, Helio?!

HELIO

No way, mom! By the way, where is that article you wrote?
(trying to remember)
Something about..."Making a good meal great" or whatever it was...

LINDA

(disappointed)

I don't know, my dear, really. I've lost it somewhere...
(beat)

Look, Helio, if anyone wants to cook like a master chef, he'll have to read that article, my son!

HELIO

Okay, mom, but I don't particularly want to be a cook. I want to become a famous actor to play a role like...

LINDA

Like what?

HELIO

(thinking)

Well... Captain Hook!

LINDA

Nonsense!

Linda gets off the kitchen.

THE LIVING ROOM

As Linda enters, she is STRUCK in the face by a baseball bat.
She falls heavily to the floor.

HELIO (OS)

Mom?! Bob?!

Blood flows like a stream from LINDA's head.
LINDA is dead!

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Helio in carmine pajamas WAKES UP afraid.

HELIO

(out of breath)
Oh my God what a horrid dream
that was".

He gets up and dashes out of the bedroom to...

THE CORRIDOR

...he goes downstairs jumping two steps at a time and
reaches...

THE LIVING ROOM

...where there is a boy, about 15, with brown curly hair and
wearing the same carmine pajamas. He is asleep on the couch.

CURLY HAired BOY

(begging)
Bob! Bob! I had a bad
nightmare...
(jerkily Bob raises his head)
Wake up Bob...

THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eyes open, they are wide awake.

The curly haired boy, who is wearing the yellow T-shirt of a
Brazilian football team, jumps up, sweating profusely, from a
rocking chair. He moves towards...

THE KITCHEN

...going to the refrigerator.

He opens it and takes out a bottle of Coke. He closes the
door and drinks the Coke in one gulp, thirsty.

NO AIR!

Recovered, he rests the bottle on the table and moves to...

THE LIVING ROOM

...bumping into something on the floor.

It's LINDA'S BODY!

He jumps over Linda's body and moves towards the boy in carmine pajamas who is lying on the couch.

A trickle of blood is running from the boy's head!

A baseball bat stained by blood is leaning against the couch.

The curly haired boy tugs at the boy in carmine pajamas in order to talk to him...

It is BOB! His face is bloodstained.

CURLY HAIR BOY

(chuckling)

It was, funny, very funny
Bob...I had a nightmare! I
dreamt that you were dreaming
that you were me...It's odd,
isn't it?

The curly haired boy walks towards the front door...

BOB (OS)

(mutters)

Helio...don't leave me,
please.....I'm dying... Can you
help me?

Helio stops...

HELIO

Sorry, Bob...Ask the warden
Samuel Norton...

Helio turns to an anguished Bob...

HELIO (CONT.)

Everybody hates me, you know!

BOB

(begging)

Please, Helio.

Helio mocks Bob, pretending to rub his eyes...

HELIO

Booo, hoo, hoo! Shut your
fucking mouth, silly boy!

As he opens the doors the chimes hanging over the doorway
RING...

Helio chucks them out ANGRILY but is surprised by someone standing on the porch...

HELIO

(startled)

Don Boose!

DON BOOSE adjusts his glasses.

DON BOOSE

I know you, clever boy.

HELIO

What do mean, patsy?!

Don pulls Helio's FACE off!

He was disguised...

DON BOOSE

You can't fool us anymore, SYD
FIELDS!

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A radio-clock alarm is playing ARY BARROSO's song AQUARELA DO BRAZIL. The digital display reads:

6:00 AM...

MALE VOICE (ON RADIO-CLOCK)

Good morning, folks...Wake up!
It's a beautiful Sunday morning
in IPANEMA BEACH, RIO DE
JANEIRO...

Suddenly, a baseball bat SMASHES the radio-clock!

The same blue-covered card stock screenplay that we saw Linda Seger reading at the beginning flies upwards with the bat and lands on the floor with the cover turned upwards. The title reads:

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FADE OUT