Ain't No Justice

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. GROOM LAKE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - MORNING

The Groom Lake Complex is surrounded by tall, concrete walls, topped with barbed wire.

A GUARD smokes a cigarette as he watches from a tower.

JOHN WAYNE, a forty something guard who works too hard for too little money, ushers SUNSHINE, a large, shackled convict with features carved from stone and a heart to match.

2 other GUARDS escort them, fingers on triggers, barrels pointed downward as they walk.

They walk across a manicured courtyard to another generic looking building. John Wayne enters a security code and opens the door.

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY BLOCK D

A Steel door slides open. John, Sunshine and the other guards walk into the cell block. The other INMATES stand in silence.

One voice speaks out, JACOB, a strong black man from another cell.

   JACOB
   Dead man walkin’...

   JOHN WAYNE
   That’s enough, boys. Here’s your new home, Sunshine. Try to behave yourself.

The armed guard opens the barred door to Cell 4509.

CRAWFISH JIM, a thin, grey bearded black man who has seen it all but still keeps looking, peers up from a newspaper on the top bunk. He smiles and speaks with a thick ‘Nawlins accent.

   JOHN WAYNE
   How’re you doin’, Crawfish?

   CRAWFISH
   I ain’t complainin’– ain’t never done no good anyways...

   JOHN WAYNE
   Time to meet your new roomie...
The guards remove the shackles from his wrists and ankles. He rubs the red lines left by the cuffs.

JOHN WAYNE
In ya go, Sunshine...

He shoves him into the cell. He falls on the floor in an award worthy performance...

JOHN WAYNE
I’d give that a six...What’d ya think, Fellas?

JACOB (O.S.)
4.5...Maybe less...

The inmates laugh.
The door slams. Tumblers rattle as the key turns.

INT. 4509
Sunshine sighs and sits on the lower bunk. The cell has a toilet, a sink, and little else.
He leans back and fluffs the pillow.
A torn magazine photo of Megan Fox is taped to the bottom of the top bunk.
Sunshine smiles briefly as he studies the picture.
Crawfish hops down and leans against the concrete wall.

CRAWFISH
So what’s your name.

SUNSHINE
My name? It doesn’t matter anymore. It’s 09121994 to you and anyone else who gives a damn.

CRAWFISH
That’s what you think. This is entirely what you choose to make of it.
SUNSHINE
That’s what I make of it. My glass isn’t half full, it is completely dry and empty and shattered on the concrete floor. Now shut the hell up and leave me alone.

CRAWFISH
Suit yourself.

Sunshine dozes off.

DREAM SEQUENCE MONTAGE
- Sunshine is driving an expensive car with a pretty girl.
- Her daughter sits in the back seat, playing with a Barbie.
- Sunshine sneaks a long peek in the rearview mirror.

END DREAM SEQUENCE MONTAGE

John clangs his billy club on the bars.

JOHN WAYNE
(Laughing)
Up and at ‘em Sunshine...

Crawfish hops down.

CRAWFISH
‘Scuze, me, Officer John, but there ain’t no Sunshine in here...Just some convict who thinks he’s a nothin’ but a number...

Sunshine leaps up and grabs Crawfish by his shirt collar, slamming him into the painted block wall.

SUNSHINE
You makin’ fun, old timer?

JOHN WAYNE
Christ, you ain’t so smart, are you Sunshine? Lemme help you out. Don’t screw up. Shit like this is screwing up.

SUNSHINE
I already screwed up! That’s why I’m in here, isn’t it?!
JOHN WAYNE
You want back in Solitary? Is that what your tellin’ me? You can’t handle yourself for five minutes with the general population without acting out like a fuckin’ retard?

Sunshine lets Crawfish down gently. Crawfish smooths out his blue prison shirt. He sighs.

CRAWFISH
You got any extra Snickers, John? You still owe me from last week.

JOHN WAYNE
Jesus, you don’t let anything slip, do you? I’ll bring you one on my next shift... How ‘bout you, Sunshine? It could be your last meal, if you don’t straighten up...

Sunshine lays on his bunk, back to the world.

CRAWFISH
Guess not... Hey, how did Joshie do on his algebra quiz?

JOHN WAYNE
He did real good... Got a himself an B...

CRAWFISH
Lucky he got his momma’s brains, too.

JOHN WAYNE
Damn straight!

John exits. A moment of silence in the cell as Crawfish settles back with his newspaper.

SUNSHINE
So what’d ya do?

CRAWFISH
Chess. Got him in a Back-Rank Mate, which he’ll usually fall for nine times out of ten... Do you play?

SUNSHINE
I ain’t a chess guy. I meant what did you do to get in here?
CRAWFISH
Don’t matter none. I’d rather spend
my life looking forward. To quote
the apostle Paul; “But this one
thing I do, forgetting those things
which are behind, and reaching
forth unto those things which are
before.” Philippians chapter three,
verse thirteen.

Sunshine buries his head in the pillow.

SUNSHINE
I wish I was back in solitary.

CRAWFISH
So are you good with the Lord?

SUNSHINE
I don’t discuss religion or
politics.

CRAWFISH
Why’s that?

SUNSHINE
I end up in here.

Crawfish smiles.

CRAWFISH
Lemme just quote one more verse at
ya and I promise it’ll be the last
one you’ll ever hear from me.

SUNSHINE
You promise?

Crawfish nods. Sunshine covers his ears with his pillow.

CRAWFISH
Let me quote from the second book
of Corinthians...

SUNSHINE
Oh boy...Why? The first book wasn’t
good enough? They needed a sequel?

Crawfish ignores the comment as he recites the verse with the
fire and conviction of a southern preacher.
CRAWFISH
Therefore, if any man be in Christ, He is a new creature: Old things are passed away- Can I get an Amen from the brothers?

JACOB (O.S.)
Amen, Brother!

CRAWFISH
Behold, all things are become new! Hallelujah!

JACOB (O.S.)
Hallelujah!

SUNSHINE
Yahoo. Yippee Kai yay...

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY BLOCK D - NIGHT
John returns with a plastic bag full of candy bars. He dumps them into his desk, positioned next to the main door.
He tosses a few into Crawfish’s cell.

JOHN WAYNE
How’s the new guy?

Sunshine is asleep on the bottom bunk.

INT. 4509
Crawfish leans against the bars, resting his elbows on the steel divider.

CRAWFISH
(Quietly)
Angry, bitter. You sure you got a green light on this?

JOHN WAYNE
Hell yeah. From the top of the food chain. It’s gonna be a party.

CRAWFISH
Alright.

JOHN WAYNE
Which one do you want?
CRAWFISH
King Jimmy.

JOHN WAYNE
There ain’t no school...

CRAWFISH
...like the old school.  

JOHN WAYNE
...like the old school.

John leaves. Crawfish sits on Sunshine’s bunk and opens a his candy bar. He tosses the wrapper at Sunshine’s face.

He wakes up, slightly annoyed.

SUNSHINE
Wha - what’d you do that for, man?

CRAWFISH
Got an extra...Ya want it? Yes or no, cause if you don’t...

Sunshine reluctantly agrees, and accepts it from Crawfish.

Sunshine slowly opens the candy bar.

Crawfish smiles as he has a big bite.

CRAWFISH
That good?

SUNSHINE
Yeah. Been awhile.

CRAWFISH
I stole me a brand new nineteen seventy six Cadillac. Then went and I stole a brand new nineteen seventy nine Cadillac...Then...

Sunshine laughs.

SUNSHINE
Lemme guess...You stole a Caddilac...

CRAWFISH
(Laughing)
Hell no! With price of gas bein what they was, I stole me a thirty mile to a gallon Japanese Toyota!

SUNSHINE
So that’s it. You’re a car thief.
CRAWFISH
Used to be...long time ago.

Sunshine begins to frown.

SUNSHINE
It was her fault, you know. No one ever believes that the child is to blame, but believe me...She wanted it something fierce...I was just giving her what she wanted...What she deserved...God, what a beautiful kid...Loved her like she was my own...

CRAWFISH
But you had to kill her, didn’t you.

Sunshine nods.

SUNSHINE
Unfortunately. Her mom suspected stuff was happening, then one day, I just picked her up from school...

CRAWFISH
That’s how it started...How many was it? Do you even remember?

SUNSHINE
What do you mean? That I got pinched on or that I actually did?

Crawfish shrugs his shoulders.

SUNSHINE
I dunno. I got convicted on three that they could prove with that DNA shit, but there were four or five others that they couldn’t pin on me.

Crawfish stands and looks out of the barred door. He squeezes the bars so tightly his knuckles turn white.

SUNSHINE
(Laughing)
One of them, a girl, I think, they sent up some other dumb schmuck, down in the bayous of Louisiana...
CRAWFISH
Fascinating...

SUNSHINE
Funny thing, too. She might have survived, but by the time a trucker spotted her in the ditch, it was too late...

CRAWFISH
Yeah.

SUNSHINE
I got too sloppy. That's why I got caught. Otherwise, I'd still be livin' the dream. Fortunately I got the memories to last a lifetime, if you know what I mean...

Sunshine yawns, stretches and pulls up the covers.

Crawfish stares at him with fire in his eyes.

A few moments later, John returns with a thick, leather bound King James Bible.

JOHN WAYNE
This is the one, right?

Crawfish nods and takes the book as John slides it through the bars.

CRAWFISH
Yep. Shall we have a moment of silence?

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY BLOCK D

John turns.

JOHN WAYNE
Moment of silence, please.

All inmates stand silently in their cells. A few Catholic ones make the Sign of the Cross.

INT. 4509

Crawfish takes the book and opens it to reveal a hollowed out center.
It contains a thick, flexible wire.
Crawfish takes it out and wraps the ends around his hands.
He approaches Sunshine from behind, putting the wire across his neck.

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY BLOCK D
Sunshine’s screams echo in the hall. The inmates stand silently as the screams diminish, and then stop all together.
They turn and disappear into the interior of their cells.

INT. 4509
Crawfish stoically washes the bloody wire in the stainless steel sink. Blood swirls as it washes down the drain.
He places it back into the Bible and waits as John opens the door.

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY BLOCK D
Crawfish hands the book back to John as they head towards John’s desk.

      JOHN WAYNE
      The boys will be up in a few minutes to take out the trash...

He takes a chess board out of the desk drawer. He sets it on the desk and dumps the pieces on the board.

As they set up the chess pieces, a contingent of guards arrive in hospital scrubs with a stretcher and body bag.

Crawfish sighs.

      JOHN WAYNE
      There ain’t no justice..

      CRAWFISH
      ...like prison justice...

      FADE TO BLACK