

The Last Request

Written by

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INT. UNION CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION - NIGHT

SCOTT PAUL (45) rubs his hands over his short hair, looks at GENE (38) with piercing eyes.

SCOTT
A boat ride. I want to feel the wind
and the sun on my face, taste the
salt on my lips. It's something I
have always wanted to do.

His head sags.

SCOTT (cont'd)
That what got me in here. I wanted to
take the boat, found the body. I
panicked.

Gene nods.

GENE
I will see what I can do.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH MARINA - DAY

Scott walks down the pier, feet cuffed together with a short chain, a guard on either side of him. His hands cuffed to a chain around his waist.

He stops, takes a deep breath, savors the fresh air.

GUARD 1
Move along.

Scott walks on. They come to a halt next to a boat.

The SKIPPER, a friendly man with a white beard, pops his head from inside.

SKIPPER
You've made it.
(Extends boarding
ramp)
Come aboard.

They board the boat. Skipper starts the engine. The boat slowly backs out of its spot, exits the harbor, picks up speed.

Scott turns his face into the wind, close his eyes, savors the experience.

They return to the marina, docks the boat.

BANG! BANG!

Three boats away, a man jumps from the boat, tosses a firearm into the water, runs away.

GUARD 1 (26) is the first to react. He jumps from the boat, gives chase, tackles the perpetrator. Cuffs him.

Gene guides Scott down the boarding ramp. Walks behind him, meets up with Guard 1 and PERPETRATOR, who is splitting image of Scott.

SCOTT

You?

PERPETRATOR

Been a while. I thought you were on the inside.

SCOTT

Last request. I'm on death row. Execution coming up.

PERPETRATOR

Damn bro.

He strains against Guard 1's grip on his arm.

Police arrives, takes Perpetrator away. Guard 1 points to boat and area where the firearm was disposed of.

INT. UNION CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION - LATE AFTERNOON

Gene takes the cuffs off his hands and feet.

Scott rubs his wrists.

SCOTT

Thank you. It was... nice.

Gene nods, locks the door behind him, walks away, hesitates.

GENE

Why a boat ride?

SCOTT

Samuel and I, we didn't have it easy growing up.

(MORE)

SCOTT (cont'd)
 Mom died when we were five. Dad was a drunk. The day before the social worker took us, Dad took us out on a boat... I've never felt as free as I did that day.

Scott's hand tightens against the bar. He leans his head against the bars.

SCOTT (cont'd)
 We never saw him again...

Their eyes meet.

GENE
 Is that... Is that why you killed him?

Scott shakes his head, turns away.

SCOTT
 I didn't... It wasn't me.

GENE
 Witnesses saw you...

SCOTT
 I swear, I didn't.

GENE
 (Pensive)
 Or someone that looked like you.

Gene hurried suddenly.

GENE (cont'd)
 I have to go.

SCOTT
 Gene, wait!

INT. DEATH CHAMBER - 11:00 PM

Scott lies on his back on a gurney. A GUARD secures his arms, tightening the leather straps. He ensures the legs are secured.

They insert two needles into his arm as he watches. Tubes are connected, the curtain raised.

Scott faces the WIDOW, dressed in black.

The CHAPLAIN reads from the scriptures, says a few words.

Scott's eyes leaves the crying widow, search for Gene.

CHAPLAIN
Scott...? Scott!

Scott looks at Chaplain.

CHAPLAIN (cont'd)
Anything you want to say to the
family?

Scott clears his throat, looks at Widow.

SCOTT
I am sorry that you have lost your
husband when you did, and that your
children now have to grow up without
a father. If I could change it, I
would... but I can't.
(Swallows the lump
in his throat)
Even if I can go back and do
everything differently, it wouldn't
save your husband... I didn't do it.
I swear... on my life.

Widow wipes tears from her eyes.

Scott turns his head to see the clock. 11:55 pm. His eyes
scans for Gene again.

The chaplain says a last prayer.

GENE O.S
WAIT!

Barges into the room. DETECTIVE (52), file in hand, in tow.

Gene walks up to WARDEN.

GENE
Stop. He is not guilty. Look.

Shows pardon and file to warden.

INT. UNION CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION - MORNING

Scott looks at Gene.

SCOTT
I don't understand.

GENE

Bullets from the firearm that was retrieved from the marina matched your murder victim, proving that your brother was the murderer.

EXT. UNION CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION - DAY

Super: 2 months later

Scott walks out of the door, pauses, looks around. Sees Gene, smiles.

She hugs him. Hesitantly, he hugs her back. Gets into her vehicle.

GENE

The marina?

Scott smiles, nod.

They drive off, smiling.