

FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD CHURCH - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A perfect day. We hear CHILDREN SING.

CHILDREN (V.O.)
And he will raise you up on eagle's wings

CUT TO:

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD CHURCH - DAY - CONTINUOUS

CATHOLIC SCHOOL KIDS.

TATE SIMONSON, seventh grader, is the only one not looking down at his hymnal.

Instead, he stares at SOPHIA MOESSINGER, an eighth grader a few pews ahead. Caught in a sunbeam, she glows, otherworldly.

Tate is mesmerized.

CHILDREN
*Bear you on the breath of dawn
Make you to shine like the sun*

CUT TO:

A PHOTO OF SOPHIA

as she looked in the church, a wallet-sized photo that has survived years of hell and abuse.

CUT TO:

INT. SHITTY MOTEL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The photo is propped on the night table atop a worn bible, in which multicolored Post-Its mark dozens of pages. In the bathroom, a YOUNG MAN is at the sink --

-- a sink filled with BLOODY COTTON AND BANDAGES, where shady-looking pills and pill bottles are also glimpsed.

Seated on the (closed) toilet, ELLIE wraps clean bandage, and a lot of it, around his left hand.

The other hand, bandage done, is held to his chest in a protective way. Fingers peek out, but these huge bandage mitts render the hands pretty much useless. Ellie, stoner hot, maybe 20, is clearly needed for this work.

The young man is revealed: TATE SIMONSON, just a decade older, but his youth long gone.

CUT TO:

INT. SHITTY MOTEL - MINUTES LATER

Tate, seated on the bed now, hands held high, shoulder-level, as if to keep the blood out of them.

His clothes are bandage-mandated: wife-beater, loose sweatpants. Ellie finishes wrapping his foot, slides on an Adidas pool sandal.

She dumps quite a few pills into her hand and scoops them into his mouth. He dry-swallows.

TATE

Gimme a few more.

ELLIE

There's like two left.

TATE

Check again.

Ellie upends the vial and LIKE TWENTY PILLS tumble out. She gives him a look, huffs.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON ENTRY GATES - SUNDOWN

A junker pulls up to the imposing outer wall of a desert-locale penitentiary.

Tate gets out and the car kicks up dust as Ellie peels away. Tate wears a double-XL overcoat now, sleeves rolled up.

Tate looks at a SUSPICIOUS GUARD way up in the tower. The guard talks into a radio, clearly about him.

Tate ignores him. Waits.

CRACKLY SPEAKER (V.O.)
State your business.

TATE
No.

CRACKLY SPEAKER (V.O.)
I'm sorry?

TATE
I refuse to state my business. I don't,
uhhh -- I don't wanna say. Thank you.

Tate's a little fucked-up -- odd vocal hiccup aside,
though, he seems together, purposeful.

The speaker HISSES AND CRACKLES. Stalemate.

Moments later Tate sees an inner gate open and discharge
an OFFICIAL VAN. It heads his way.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - ADMINISTRATIVE AREA - NIGHT

Tate, stashed in a conference room with a watchful ARMED
GUARD, is viewed through a window by NORRIS (a middle-
aged guard) and EILEEN BOCK, the prison doctor.

NORRIS
No ID, nothin' on him. No contraband but
he seems doped-up on somethin' or other.

BOCK
Did someone check under the bandages?

NORRIS
Naw. Metal detector didn't pick up
nothin' in there though.

BOCK
All right, let's take a look.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Bock enters, murmurs to the guard. He exits but posts
himself at the window, and eyes Tate as hard as before.

She smiles hello to Tate, grabs a chair and places it a measured safe distance away.

BOCK

Would you like a soda or something? Are you hungry?

TATE

No.

BOCK

I'm Dr. Bock. What's your name?

TATE

I prolly shouldn't say.

BOCK

That's cool. Really you're their problem but I do need to check you out and make sure you're not hurt too bad, okay? Do you mind if I examine you? Are you bleeding under there?

TATE

Yeah, but it's fine.

She pulls on medical gloves, kneels to check a bandage.

BOCK

If you're bleeding, that's probably not fine. Did you do this to yourself?

TATE

Sort of.

BOCK

Are you in pain?

TATE

It hurts, yeah, but I'm used to it.

BOCK

Do you know where you are?

TATE

Absolutely. I'm at the [something something] State Correctional Facility.

BOCK

So what brings you here?

TATE

I need to see Lloyd Bankard. He won't answer my letters.

She tenses a little at the name.

BOCK

I see. Are you one of his fans? I know he has a few, um, admirers.

TATE

No.

BOCK

Then why do you wanna talk to him?

TATE

I don't want to. I don't want any of this. And I'm sorry.

BOCK

Sorry for wh --

A gasp, sudden horror, as Tate SLICES INTO HER WRIST with a tape-handled six-inch piece of glass. A deep cut. Lethal.

The guard runs for the door but finds Tate holding the bloody glass to her throat.

TATE

(to guard)

Do not open that door.

He's stuck, sees Bock in tears and the awful, steady blood flow, helpless.

TATE (CONT'D)

(to Bock)

Tell them to get Bankard and bring him here, right now.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - BANKARD'S CELL - NIGHT

Grotesque serial-killery paintings line the walls, along with news articles pertaining to the cell's occupant, LLOYD BANKARD. He'd look harmless, maybe even nice, out of this context. But isn't.

The cell block doors open and SEVERAL SWAT-TYPE OFFICERS tromp down to his cell.

LEAD SWAT

Cuff up.

Bankard stares, confused.

LEAD SWAT (CONT'D)

MOVE!

He hops to.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

There are now DOZENS OF PEOPLE OUTSIDE the window. The ones who aren't blasting Tate with fuck-you stares are busy trying to figure out how to kill him.

Bock is shivering now, in shock. Tate is crouched down, taking cover behind her.

BOCK

Please, just -- I need help --

TATE

It's fine. You'll be fine.

BOCK

I have a d-daughter, she's six --

TATE

Yeah, I got people too, lady. There's no time for that. Just trust me.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - ADMINISTRATIVE AREA - CONTINUOUS

The SWAT GUYS are nearby with Bankard, who looks Tate over.

BANKARD

I've never seen him before. This is not some crazy escape plan.

THE WARDEN is also here, with some SENIOR OFFICER TYPES and Lead SWAT.

WARDEN

Are there any workable countermeasures here?

LEAD SWAT

Yeah, we can wait for her to bleed out and then shoot him. Anything else, we can't set up before that happens. I say send him in. The kid might just want his autograph. And if not, who cares?

WARDEN

I won't knowingly endanger this man, condemned or not. And him being in there sure as hell doesn't improve the situation for Eileen either.

BANKARD

I'll go. I will go willingly.

LEAD SWAT

Why? Wanna see the blood? Get off on a dying woman?

BANKARD

Yes. Also, I want a TV, and cable, and an internet computer in my cell, permanently. A Mac, please.

Warden scoffs.

BANKARD (CONT'D)

I'll talk to him. I'll try to get him to let her go. I can be persuasive.

WARDEN

(to Lead SWAT)

Do it.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The crowd outside parts dramatically, clearing a path for Bankard, who approaches still handcuffed but with an oversized protective vest draped over his jumpsuit.

ANOTHER GUARD reaches for the door to let him in.

TATE

No. Uncuff him and get back.

The guard looks to Lead SWAT for approval. Gets the nod. Bankard is uncuffed and enters. Waits.

BANKARD

Hello. I --

TATE

Shut up, you don't need to talk yet.
There's something I wanna show you. Come
closer so they can't see.

Bankard takes a few steps. From outside, we see him block the spectators' view of Tate and Bock. Tension.

Tate eases Bock's slashed arm away from her body. She whimpers, hyperventilating, but he's gentle with her, and by now she's too weak to resist.

The wound is nasty, difficult to look at.

Tate spits on some paper towels of the public lavatory type and blots the wound a couple times.

When her arm is visible again, it is healed.

Bankard looks more annoyed than anything. What happened wasn't obvious or showy, it takes time to process.

But that passes, and he understands.

TATE (CONT'D)

Now. This is what I need from you.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - ADMINISTRATIVE AREA - CONTINUOUS

The assembled personnel watch Tate and Bankard talk for a few moments.

Then Tate stands, fully calm, and hops up onto the radiator behind him.

HE SMASHES HIS FOREHEAD THROUGH THE WINDOW and continues forward, falling out into space.

The SWAT members swarm in, restrain Bankard. Lead SWAT base-slides right over to Bock.

Who is contemplating her arm, touching the skin, confused. She looks tired but otherwise fine. Looks up at Lead SWAT, perhaps hoping he can explain. He can't.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON - ADMIN BUILDING - NIGHT

Four stories below, Tate is on his back, sprawled in the asphalt parking lot with nasty cuts on his face.

And isn't dead. He groans, forces himself to his feet --

TATE

Oh God. Oh, my God.

-- and shuffles off into the darkness, in horrible pain.

Hold on the pavement under his back, which is concave -- Tate's impact has left it cracked and cratered.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT

Searchlights are heaved into position, ALARMS activated, rifle bolts slammed home.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON GROUNDS - NIGHT

Tate makes his punch-drunk way to the gate, but escape seems impossible.

Ellie is beyond the gate, waiting with the car. Unworried. Eye contact.

Up in a guard tower, a GUARD sees Tate, radios in and yells for his FELLOW GUARD to swing the light over.

Guard brings his rifle up.

CUT TO:

SCOPE POV

The light settles on Tate's position -- or rather, former position. He isn't there. The scope moves, searching.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

The guard pulls back from the scope, looks around. No Tate. What the hell?

At the gate, the car and Ellie are gone.

END OF EXCERPT