

INT. PRISON INTAKE ROOM. TIME UNKNOWN.

MARCUS EDWARDS, an African-American male in his early 20's, stands against a wall with his back facing us. He's dressed in a prison jump suit. His legs are spread, as well as his arms. His hands rest on the wall.

An African-American GUARD 1, in his late 30's and a Caucasian GUARD 2 in his early 40's stand a few feet away from him. A SECONDARY GUARD, a Caucasian male in his late 20's, is going through a clear, plastic trash bag that is filled with Marcus's possessions. The Secondary Guard pulls out a cassette walkman, several cassette tapes, a few PIANO BOOKS, as well as reading books and throws the items in a waste bin.

GUARD 1

Turn around.

Marcus turns and faces the guards. His face is very rough and intimidating. He fixes his eyes on the Secondary Guard that is throwing away his only possessions.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

Show us both sides of your hands.

Marcus shows them both sides of his empty hands.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

Open your mouth.

He opens his mouth.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

Run your index finger through the inside of your lips.

He does as told.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

Stick out your tongue.

He does.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

Clothes off and toss them over.

Marcus gets completely nude. He slides the clothes over to the guards. Guard 2 searches the clothes. The Secondary Guard is now going through photos. We see pictures of a teenage Marcus with friends, a few family photos, etc. The guard sorts through the photos, randomly selecting a handful. The others he discards in the waste bin.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

Arms up.

He lifts his arms up. Marcus takes notice of a PHOTO OF A YOUNG AFRICAN AMERICAN TODDLER in the Secondary Guard's hands. This photo looks somewhat newer than the rest. The guard briefly looks at the photo before tossing it in the waste bin with the others. Marcus cringes.

MARCUS

Can I please keep that one?

The Secondary Guard gives Marcus a piercing look.

SECONDARY GUARD

Quiet!

GUARD 1

Lift up your nut sac.

He does as told.

MARCUS

(pleading)

Please!

SECONDARY GUARD

I said shut the fuck up!

Guard 2 shows a slight look of remorse, as the Secondary Guard continues throwing away photos and other items.

GUARD 1

Bend over and spread.

He bends over and spreads his anus for the guards to inspect.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

Turn around.

He turns back around.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

Lift up each foot one by one and wiggle your toes.

He does as told.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

Clothes back on.

Guard 2 slides his clothes back to him. Marcus gets dressed. His eyes stay fixed on the Secondary Guard.

The guards shackle both his arms and ankles.

CUT TO:

INT. SEGREGATED HOUSING UNIT. MOMENTS LATER.

We see a LARGE STEEL PRISON DOOR directly in front of us. We hear GARBLED SOUNDS of other adjacent inmates. The camera slowly pulls out to reveal that we are inside a segregated housing unit (SHU), otherwise known as a solitary confinement cell. As the camera continues to pull out, we hear the sounds of footsteps and clanging keys. The steel door is unlocked, and opened. The guards escort a shackled Marcus into the unit. He is carrying a jumpsuit and a few sets of shirts, underwear, and socks. The guards unshackle his ankles. They exit the unit, lock the door, and open a food slot. Marcus sets his clothes down.

GUARD 1

Arms in.

Marcus inserts his hands into the food slot. They uncuff him and shut the food slot. The guards leave.

A resilient looking Marcus takes a few steps into the unit. He looks around at the concrete walls and the room's bare furnishings. A toilet, bed, and desk are all he sees. The room is completely white, and very well lit. He turns back around to the unit's door, which is completely solid, except for a small window and food slot. He stares at the door for a few moments before sitting down on the bed.

As he sits quietly accepting his new reality, he can hear the garbled sounds and an occasional scream. He also takes notice of the sounds of the fluorescent bulbs above him. He looks up and stares at the lights for an unusual amount of time. The BUZZING SOUND of the lights is very clear and present. He turns his attention to the crack at the base board of the steel door. There is a slight GUST OF WIND coming through the crack, making a whistling noise. Again the sound is very clear and present.

After soaking in the sounds of the environment, he looks around again throughout the unit. It's clear he's trying to figure out what to do with himself. After a few moments, Marcus stands back up and begins pacing. His eyes are looking down, lost in thought, as he slowly paces back and forth.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHU. LATER.

We see Marcus lying on his back in bed. His eyes are wide open. It's clear that he has been lost in thought. He sits up on the edge of his bed, takes a deep breath, and slowly scans his surroundings for the second time. This time around he notices very minor details on the toilet and desk. He scans the walls and notices the bumpy texture of the concrete and spackled paint job. He takes notice of various dirt and scuff marks on the floor and ceiling. The BUZZING sound of the fluorescent bulbs seems to be a little louder, and so does the wind whistling underneath the steel door and the garbled sounds of other inmates.

Marcus lets out another deep breath. Not sure what to do with himself, he gets out of bed and begins to do push ups. It's clear that he's mastered the art of push ups, as he does a few sets with just one arm.

After doing quite an impressive amount of push ups, he begins to do some sit ups. Again, it's quite clear that he has mastered this exercise as well.

After doing several impressive sit ups in various types of positions, he gets up to catch his breath. Marcus slowly paces around the cell thinking of what he can do next to occupy his time. Each time he paces he takes note of even more details of his surroundings. One of the things he notices is that his toilet paper is unevenly folded. He walks over to the toilet and perfectly folds the toilet paper. He continues pacing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHU. LATER.

Marcus is now sitting at the desk. He has both of his hands rested on the desk. His fingers are playing an imaginary piano. With his eyes shut, he imagines the sounds of the music in his head. The more he plays the more focused he becomes. The music in his head can now be heard. The more he plays the louder the music gets. The music comes close to drowning out the sounds of the environment. Suddenly, Marcus hears footsteps approaching him. GUARD 3 arrives with a tray of food. Marcus turns his attention to the unit door. He immediately stops, and so does the sound of the music. GUARD 3 arrives with a tray of food. Marcus turns his attention to the unit door.

MARCUS

Excuse me.

The guard pays no attention to Marcus as he goes through the standard protocol of placing the food in his food slot.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Again, the guard pays no attention.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I just want to ask you if I can get the photo of my son.

The guard places the food in the slot and shuts it. Again he pays no attention to Marcus. Marcus stands up and walks to the unit door, staring directly at the guard.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(pleading)

I know you hear me!

(beat)

It's probably still in the trash!

(beat)

I need that photo, man!

The guard grabs the food tray cart and walks off to the next unit.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Please! I need that photo!

Marcus can hear the sounds of the food delivery in the adjacent cell. It's clear he is wasting his energy. Anger is slowly building up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHU. LATER.

Marcus again is pacing back and forth. His face is overcome with anger. The food that was delivered earlier rests in the food slot completely untouched. Some bugs have started crawling on his food. Marcus once again hears footsteps approaching. GUARD 4, a rough looking Caucasian male in his late 30's, arrives with a food cart. Marcus stops pacing and turns his attention the guard. The guard takes notice of the uneaten food.

MARCUS

(stern voice)

Can I please get the photo of my kid?

GUARD 4
Looks like you just earned your
first two tickets.

MARCUS
What?!

GUARD 4
Wasting institutional resources.
That's twenty-five more days.
Disobeying a direct order.
(beat)
That's another fifteen.

The guard looks somewhat happy to issue these tickets.

MARCUS
Bullshit! What order?

The guard clearly does not like Marcus's tone.

GUARD 4
You want another ticket?
(beat)
I suggest you change your tone, and
change it quick.

MARCUS
I'm not hungry.
(pause)
I just want the photo of my son.

The guard dismisses Marcus and goes through the process of removing the food tray from his unit. Marcus is getting irritated.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
I'm talking to you!

The guard grabs the food tray and places it in the cart. He never once looks at Marcus.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
I said I'm talking to you!

The guard begins pushing the cart to the next unit.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Fuck you!
(pause)
You hear that! Fuck you!

The sound of the tray cart rolling stops. Marcus hears the footsteps returning to his unit. The guard arrives at his unit door and stares coldly at Marcus. Marcus stares back.

GUARD 4

Cursing at a guard.

(beat)

You should know better, boy.

That's 25 more days.

(pause)

And you're disrupting my work duties.

(beat)

That's another 25.

Marcus clearly wants to rip into this guard.

GUARD 4 (CONT'D)

You wanna earn some more time?

Marcus is filled with anger and rage. The guard gives him a sinister stare. The two intensely stare each other down.

GUARD 4 (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

Marcus does everything he can to bite his tongue. The guard brakes his stare and continues picking up the food trays. Marcus keeps his rage-filled stare in place as if the guard were still present.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE

A very focused Marcus is seated at the desk playing his imaginary piano. The music he creates can be heard throughout the montage.

Marcus is pacing.

Marcus is tracing marks on the concrete walls with his finger.

The water continues dripping from the faucet.

Marcus is playing his imaginary piano.

Marcus does push ups and sit ups.

Marcus is playing tic tac toe. He has created a board made of toilet paper.

He uses small square shaped pieces of toilet paper to represent the 'X' and little balls of toilet paper to represent the 'O'. He connects three in a row, picks up the pieces of toilet paper and begins anew.

He is playing the imaginary piano again.

Marcus paces some more.

Marcus sits on his bed looking off into space. He clenches his hands. His knee keeps anxiously shaking.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SHU. LATER.

Marcus sits on the corner of his bed staring off into space. The camera slowly pushes in on Marcus until we get extremely close up. His eyes are completely blood shot and he continues to stare off into space. His eyes are getting very heavy and eventually shut.

CUT TO:

INT. SHU. LATER.

We see Marcus sleeping from various different angles.

CUT TO:

INT. SHU. LATER.

A food tray is removed and delivered through the food slot. Marcus stays asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. SHU. LATER.

Another food tray is removed and delivered through the food slot. He continues to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. SHU. LATER.

We see Marcus from overhead. He is in a fetal position. The camera slowly pushes in on Marcus as he continues to remain in a long slumber.

FADE OUT.

INT. SHU. LATER.

Marcus, now awake, is staring off into space again. His eyes are still bloodshot, and his vision is now going in and out of focus. His lips are very dry and cracked. The boredom is really beginning to settle in.

After a few moments, he breaks his daze and scans the room, which now appears to be somewhat smaller. He looks up at the buzzing fluorescent lights. They now sound EXTREMELY LOUD.

He glances over at the door and the wind breezing through also sounds EXTREMELY LOUD.

The drips of water from the faucet sound like THUNDER CRASHING.

The garbled sounds and occasional scream have MULTIPLIED.

Marcus tenses up at the sound of each noise. He gets up and begins pacing.

MARCUS
(softly)
I want my photo.

His pacing is speeding up.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
I want my photo.

The pacing keeps getting faster, and the sounds of all the noises in the room are growing LOUDER AND LOUDER.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(louder)
I want my fucking photo!

He begins crying uncontrollably.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(screaming)
I want my fucking photo!

The anger and tears have now merged. His pacing becomes frantic.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(screaming)
I want my photo!

The sounds of the environment continue to get LOUDER. He covers his ears with his hands.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Where's my fucking photo?!

The room noises continue to grow louder. He rushes to the toilet and grabs massive amounts of toilet paper. He frantically begins placing the toilet paper underneath the door so that he can control the sound of the wind coming through. He succeeds, but the faucet, fluorescent lights, and garbles inmate sounds are still so loud they're causing his blood to boil. Marcus stands up. The room begins SPINNING. The sounds get LOUDER. Marcus covers his ears again, but the sounds can still be heard.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(screaming)
I need that photo!

He continues to cover his ears. Tears are pouring down his face.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(screaming)
I need that photo!

The room continues to spin and the sounds continue to attack Marcus, who frantically goes to the sink and begins to tighten the faucet with all of his might. However, the drip will not stop.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Argh!

Marcus begins to repeatedly punch the sink as hard as he can. He punches so hard that his knuckles rip open and begin to bleed. Nonetheless, he keeps punching the sink. After several hard punches, Marcus stops in defeat. His hands are now fully covered in blood, and the faucet is still dripping thunderously.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(screaming)
I need that photo! Give me my
fucking photo!