

IMPRISONED

by

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OVER BLACK

"And whosoever will not do the law of thy God, and the law  
of the king, let judgment be executed speedily upon him,

whether it be unto death, or to banishment, or to confiscation of good, or to imprisonment."

EZRA 7:26

FADE IN

EXT. WALES GRIM- HALLWAY- NIGHT

An old prison sits in the black of night surrounded by a lifeless landscape.

It's too quiet. Something is happening.

INT. WALES GRIM- NIGHT

A YOUNG PRISON GUARD (21) proceeds hastily through a poorly-lit hallway. CHANTING IN AN UNKNOWN LANGUAGE haunts the building and its halls from deep within.

The other guards on staff watch from their post as the young man walks by. They show no signs of joining him.

The young guard comes to a hallway that stretches onward, deeper into the prison where the lights end.

The CHANTING grows louder here.

INT. WALES GRIM- CELLBLOCK- NIGHT

The CHANTING ECHOES throughout a dark cellblock.

Inmates can be seen clinging to their bars in wondrous-fear. Others lie in bed with wide eyes, or whispering prayers.

INT. WALES GRIM- HALLWAY- NIGHT

The young guard stands outside a door that reads "WARDEN THADEUS HACKSON". The faint glow of candlelight burns inside the room.

He listens with open ears. The CHANTING louder and more sinister than ever. Reluctantly, he reaches for the doorknob.

INT. WALES GRIM- HACKSON'S OFFICE- NIGHT

The guard staggers backward at the SATANIC atmosphere before him.

Candles burn all over the office. A SLAUGHTERED INMATE in the shadows with his blood smearing into the form of NON-LEGIBLE WRITING.

In the center of it all kneels a MAN wearing a BLACK HOODED ROBE, CHANTING the unknown language. Under him lies a second incapacitated INMATE (we can't see the inmates faces).

The guard draws his pistol. His hands quiver. The robed man halts his CHANT and pulls a CEREMONIAL DAGGER from his sleeve with a GOLDEN HANDLE and RUBY-encrusted butt. He places it to the inmate's throat.

The guard aims carefully --

The robed man drags his dagger slowly across the inmate's throat. Blood pours from the wound.

BANG!

The guard FIRES into the back of the robed man's head, causing flesh and bone to discharge from his face.

The guard crouches over the inmate -- His EYES WIRED OPEN. He checks the inmate's pulse. Dead. The guard places his hand over the inmate's eyes to shut them --

The robed man SPRINGS to life and GRABS the guard's wrist.

ROBED MAN  
(Beastly)  
Don't close his eyes.

His hood falls, exposing an old man (70) with DEAD EYES.

The guard frantically pulls his arm free and falls backward onto the floor. He regains his balance and takes aim with less steadiness than before.

The robed man slowly plants his feet to rise, CRACKING EVERY LIMB in the process to finally stand in an unnatural position -- THE HOLE IN HIS HEAD and VACANT EYES are an image that grips the young guard with paralyzing fear.

ROBED MAN (CONT'D)  
(Beastly)  
Death is not a punishment.

EXT. WALES GRIM- NIGHT

A GUNSHOT rings out into the lifeless landscape. An ominous silence follows.

INT. HOPE HAVEN REHAB CENTER- DAY

MR.FINLEY (60), wearing rounded glasses and a GOLD WATCH, sits at the head of a large circle of recovering addicts in a meeting room.

MAN

...And that's when I knew. It was time to get my life together.

Mr.Finley rallies applause to which the group joins in.

MR.FINLEY

Thank you for sharing. I'm overjoyed to see so many new, open faces. As you embark on this journey of sobriety, I introduce to you a special guest. His name is Simon Craig...

Mr.Finley holds out his hand with pride to the man sitting next to him. SIMON CRAIG (40), terribly thin with dark circles under his eyes.

MR.FINLEY (CONT'D)

Simon is near completion of our program. He's here today to give his testimony.

MR.FINLEY turns his entire chair to face Simon.

MR.FINLEY (CONT'D)

Simon, if you'd please.

Simon looks upon the faces in the group. Some hopeful, others could care less.

He clears his throat.

SIMON

Yes, well, my name is Simon Craig. I've been in this program for sixteen months, that's sixteen months sober. I was addicted to crack, heroin, the hard stuff...

Mr.Finley nods in subtle approval of Simon's willingness to

share.

SIMON (CONT'D)

This program was a part of my sentencing. Instead of locking me up for my third offense, the system finally did something right and decided I needed help. I did need help, support, a reason to carry on my life clean. So, I didn't come here of my own free will, like some of you, but I'm glad I had a chance to be here anyway.

Simon looks to Mr.Finley who appears to be coaching him.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I won't go into detail about what I would've done just to get high, but stealing from my own mother was on the list. I can also tell you that with willpower, you can overcome any addiction, but you have to want to change. Doesn't matter how much support you have if you're not willing to put in the work to change. I'm guessing you all came of your own free will? That's a major step to breaking the habit.

Mr.Finley turns to the group and observes their reactions. They seem to be engaging now.

SIMON (CONT'D)

And if someone like me can break such a habit and change, so can you.

No applause, but it looks like they've been given a lot to think about.

MR.FINLEY

Thank you, Simon. Very insightful.

Mr.Finley checks his GOLD WATCH and turns his chair to the group.

MR.FINLEY (CONT'D)

We have a few minutes. Does anyone have any questions for Simon and how he willed his way to success?

A hand goes up. A SHADY MAN.

MR.FINLEY  
(to man)  
Yes?

SHADY MAN  
(to Simon)  
You said the program was a part of  
your sentencing?

SIMON  
Yeah.

SHADY MAN  
What'd you do?

The group awaits Simon's response. Simon looks to Mr.Finley who then nods in approval.

SIMON  
I robbed a gas station with a buddy  
of mine. At gunpoint.

SHADY MAN  
How much time were you given?

SIMON  
Uh, two and a half years, a year  
and a half served here at Hope  
Haven.

SHADY MAN  
So it wasn't so much "your" will  
that got you through this so much  
as the judges?

SIMON  
That's --

MR.FINLEY  
What's the point to your line of  
questioning, sir?

SHADY MAN  
He said he didn't come here of his  
own free will. It was either here,  
or more jail time. I don't know  
about y'all, but I'm not taking the  
word of someone with a knife to his  
throat.

MR.FINLEY  
That's enough. Everyone's journey  
is different. It doesn't matter how

we got here, what matters is the steps we take to sobriety. Understand?

Simon's gaze meets the shady man. The long eye contact turns SINISTER.

INT. HOPE HAVEN- HALLWAYS- DAY

The group exits the room and breaks off into the halls. Simon exits last with Mr.Finley at his back.

MR.FINLEY  
You did well in there.

Simon stops and turns.

SIMON  
Did I really?

MR.FINLEY  
You did. I know how hard public speaking is for you. So in exchange for your testimony, I'll honor our agreement and sign off on your early release.

SIMON  
That'd be nice.

MR.FINLEY  
I'll email the paperwork straight away. You can be out as soon as today.

Simon looks far from enthusiastic.

MR.FINLEY (CONT'D)  
(hand on Simon's shoulder)  
You did it. You're ready.

SIMON  
Did I do it for me, or because I was ordered to?

MR.FINLEY  
Do not let mere words shake your faith. Stay strong. I've worked with you, I know you're capable of great things.

Simon isn't moved.

Mr.Finley digs into his breast pocket, retrieves a business card, and writes on the back of it.

MR.FINLEY (CONT'D)  
 (holding out card)  
 Here...

Simon takes the card. On the back, a telephone number and address.

MR.FINLEY (CONT'D)  
 If ever you need encouragement or  
 feel you'll use again, please, give  
 me a call, or stop by.

SIMON  
 Thank you, Mr.Finley

Mr.Finley gives a warm nod. They shake hands.

INT. HOPE HAVEN- PATIENT'S ROOM- DAY

Simon stands in a window with open blinds. The sun shines in on a small living space. Two twin-sized beds with matching dressers, bland paint, no decorations.

An old man slides his feet into the room. DANNY (60), sits on his bed with a newspaper in hand.

DANNY  
 (to newspaper)  
 I ain't never seen you open that  
 window in all my time being here.  
 Today must be the day...

SIMON  
 (to the window)  
 Yeah.

DANNY  
 Well, congratulations to ya. Walk  
 on outta here with the lord and  
 he'll see to it you stay clean.

Simon turns away from the window to Danny.

SIMON  
 Think I can really make the change?

Danny sets down the newspaper.



DANNY

You can. I know how bad you want to turn things around. It's in God's will.

SIMON

God doesn't want anything to do with me.

DANNY

Course he does. All you gotta do is let em in and he'll cover you. We all make mistakes, Simon. Nobody's perfect. Everything can be forgiven.

SIMON

you know I don't believe that stuff.

DANNY

Bout time you started. Who you think got you through all this? You could be rotting in a cell on your third strike. Or dead with a needle in your arm. Recognize a second chance when you see one, son.

Simon turns back to the window.

SIMON

Thanks, Danny.

DANNY

I'll be praying for you...

Simon ignores him.

A RECEPTIONIST enters the room with a clipboard in hand.

RECEPTIONIST

C'mon, Mr.Craig. let's get you sighed out.

Simon moves over to the door where he takes one more affectionate look at his roommate. Danny looks at him with a blank stare.

Simon leaves the room.

Danny holds the same position. Lifeless. As still as a MANNEQUIN.

INT. HOPE HAVEN- MAIN HALL- DAY

Simon stands in a quiet hall at the front desk. His eyes focusing on the receptionist writing up his paperwork.

A NURSE approaches from down the hall, pushing along a WHEELCHAIR-BOUND PATIENT. They pass behind Simon.

RECEPTIONIST  
(Holding out clipboard)  
OK, Mr.Craig. Sign here, and you're  
free to go.

He scribbles on the clipboard and hands it back.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
Alrighty, Mr.Craig. It was a  
pleasure having you. Good luck.

He nods.

Simon walks through the front door.

The receptionist, along with the nurse and wheelchair-bound patient, turns to mannequins, FROZEN IN ACTION. The moderately busy noise comes to dead silence.

EXT. HOPE HAVEN REHAB CENTER- DAY

Simon walks down a path next to a stone-slab display with "Hope Haven" inscribed in it. A HANDSOME MAN in a suit walks by Simon with a SMILE. Simon looks over his shoulder. He looks familiar.

EXT. MS.CRAIG'S HOUSE- EVENING

The sun sets on a middle-class neighborhood. Homes stretching down the block, but not a soul present.

Simon enters the yard to a single-story home with wind chimes dangling above the porch. The chimes lie STILL with no wind to stir them. Simon steps onto the porch in front and looks through the screen door. Darkness.

INT. MS.CRAIG'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- EVENING

The sound of soft GOSPEL MUSIC plays from a radio in a modestly decorated living room. An assortment of knick-knacks, furniture wrapped in thick plastic, and an old dial TV in the middle of it all.

Atop the TV lies several framed photos that capture Simon's attention. All photos of him. Photos with a baby-Simon sitting on the Easter bunny's lap. Another where he and a young woman (his mother) are posing with a sandcastle on the beach. Simon takes a frame in hand, a graduation photo from Army boot camp with an American flag in the background.

He looks at these pictures fondly.

Behind him, in the shadows of the next room, HALF A FACE, peeking from behind a wall.

MS.CRAIG (O.S.)

Simon?

He turns to see his mother. MS.CRAIG (70), a woman with silver hair and some strength left in her bones. She approaches him with a sweet smile and open arms. They embrace for a few moments. They part. Ms.Craig looks upon Simon with a heart filled with joy.

MS.CRAIG

My boy...

SIMON

Hey, ma.

MS.CRAIG

I thought you had another four months?

SIMON

Well, I've been clean for over sixteen months. Worked something out with my P.O. and the counselor.

MS.CRAIG

(love tapping Simon)

I wish you'd call. I could have prepared something for you.

SIMON

I wanted to surprise you...

MS.CRAIG

(walking to next room)

Well, color me so.

Simon watches Ms.Craig move into the kitchen.

MS.CRAIG (CONT'D)

Well, go on, dear, wash up. I'll

make your favorite and we can talk.

Simon looks down the hall.

MS.CRAIG (CONT'D)

Your room is still there. Kept it  
the exact same.

She disappears into the kitchen.

Simon breathes a sigh of relief. He's home.

INT. MS.CRAIG'S HOUSE- SIMON'S ROOM- NIGHT

Simon turns on a light in a room that belongs to a teenager. A small bed in the corner next to a cluttered desk with a broken computer monitor on top.

He plops down on his bed, taking a few moments to admire his old space --

A door CREAKS open.

His eyes drift over to a CLOSET DOOR slightly ajar. Simon watches.

He opens the closet to reveal a messy pile-up of clothes. Above him, a shelf containing several shoe boxes. He retrieves a box buried beneath the others and sits with it on the bed.

He removes the top and rummages through, removing a rubber tube, syringe, old spoons, lighter, and a handful of empty plastic baggies. He holds one baggie in his hand where a fair amount of brown powder has collected in the corner.

INT. SIMON'S ROOM- LATER

Simon lies in bed (he's too big) in perfect darkness. He holds the plastic baggie up to his face. The brown powder standing out to our eyes. He's deciding something.

A DARK SILHOUETTE stands in the doorway to Simon's room, watching him. It goes unnoticed.

MS.CRAIG (O.S.)

Supper's ready.

INT. MS.CRAIG'S HOUSE- KITCHEN- NIGHT

Simon sits across from Ms.Craig at the dining table with bowls for each of them. An old radio on a countertop plays soft GOSPEL HYMNS. Simon observes.

Old piles of wet newspapers merge in the corner. A broken refrigerator with rust. A pile of dirty dishes stacked near the sink. A full trash can with another full garbage bag sitting beside it.

MS.CRAIG

It's your favorite. Crawfish gumbo.

Simon looks into his bowl where the deliciously prepared broth steams. He looks closer. A dead ROACH floats on the surface.

SIMON

(removing roach )

I'll have to clean up a little around here.

MS.CRAIG

Oh, don't fret over that. I've just been behind on my chores lately.

Simon digs in with a spoon full.

MS.CRAIG (CONT'D)

Ah, Ah. Grace first.

Ms.Craig closes her eyes and bows her head. Simon stealthily continues eating.

MS.CRAIG (CONT'D)

We thank you, lord. For this meal, for this reunion. Bless us as we nourish our bodies and ask that you nourish our souls. Amen.

Ms.Craig opens her eyes to Simon.

SIMON

What?

MS.CRAIG

You're skin and bones. What did they feed you there?

SIMON

(eating)

Nothing as good as this.

They enjoy the gumbo for a few moments.

MS.CRAIG

I've been speaking to your uncle. He said that when you got out, you can have your position back at the warehouse. If you were really clean.

SIMON

(eating)

That's good news. I can get back on my feet.

MS.CRAIG

You do plan on leaving those needles alone?

Silence.

SIMON

Yes, ma.

He looks up from his bowl. Ms.Craig hangs her head.

SIMON (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

She wipes the moisture from her eyes.

MS.CRAIG

It's just that... when I got the call that you'd robbed that store with Bowie, I thought for sure you would be put away for good.

Simon places his hand atop hers.

MS.CRAIG (CONT'D)

I thought I failed as a mother by letting you leave home and use drugs.

SIMON

You didn't let me do anything. I'm a grown man who has to carry the burden of his own mistakes. You can't think you're accountable for anything I've done.

MS.CRAIG

Yes, well, what mother doesn't blame herself for her child's mistakes.

Simon continues to hold her hand.

MS.CRAIG (CONT'D)  
I prayed that they didn't simply  
just throw you away in some cell...

SIMON  
They didn't, and I got the help I  
needed. I'm not going back to that.

Ms.Craig smiles and pats Simon's hand.

MS.CRAIG  
I have faith in you, son. I'll pray  
that God watches over you. I  
couldn't bear to watch you burn.

Simon retracts his hand and the statement.

INT. MS.CRAIG'S HOUSE- KITCHEN- LATER

Simon washes the dishes elbows deep in the sink. He rinses, dries, and drains the water. He listens. A DOOR CLOSES down the hall.

INT. MS.CRAIG'S HOUSE- MS.CRAIG'S ROOM- NIGHT

Simon cracks open the door and peaks inside. Observes. He hears Ms.Craig in her bathroom.

He slithers in between the door and slides over to the dresser. He carefully opens a drawer and sifts through the clothes. A small stash of CASH. He holds it tight in his grip. He thinks for a moment. Shaking his head. Simon returns the money and SLAMS the drawer shut.

EXT. MS.CRAIG'S HOUSE- NIGHT

A starless sky. Moonless. A void above the neighborhood.

Simon carries the trash to the side of the house where a miniature landfill awaits him. He GRUNTS at the smell.

The SQUEAL of bad brakes catches his attention. A van emerges from the depths of the street and parks across from Ms.Craig's house. A tall and round man with hair hugging the sides of his head crosses the street and enters the yard. BOWIE ROBICHAUX (45), a vulgar man and Simon's partner in crime.

Simon watches as Bowie enters the yard and stands before him with a goofy grin. He's drunk.

BOWIE  
Well, ain't you going to greet me?

SIMON  
How did you know I was home?

BOWIE  
You called me, asshole...

SIMON  
When?

Bowie takes out his phone and shows it to Simon.

BOWIE  
Earlier. See?

Simon looks at the phone confused.

BOWIE (CONT'D)  
What type of shit they had you on  
in there?

SIMON  
The whole point of rehab is to not  
be on anything.

BOWIE  
Sorry to hear that. By the way, I  
got something for you.

Bowie pulls a joint from his pocket and presents it to Simon with a smile.

SIMON  
You're fucking nuts? I just got  
out.

BOWIE  
Yeah, but not for no weed, dude.  
It's not like I brought you a spoon  
full of heroin. C'mon, you love  
herb after doing some time.

SIMON  
You haven't changed...

BOWIE  
(lighting joint)  
You neither, mother fucker.



Bowie INHALES and holds the joint out to Simon. Simon doesn't entertain the idea.

BOWIE  
How long ya been clean now?

SIMON  
Sixteen months.

BOWIE  
You got lucky. If you weren't so much of a smackhead, you might have done some real time.

SIMON  
How did you get away?

BOWIE  
I slipped out the back. Thanks for being solid, too. You never flip on me.

Bowie raises a SILVER FLASK to his mouth and drinks.

SIMON  
Still on the sauce, huh?

Bowie wipes his mouth in satisfaction.

BOWIE  
It's the only thing that keeps me warm...

Simon fidgets. Bowie notices his anxiousness.

BOWIE (CONT'D)  
What about you? Looks like you itch'n for a stick'n.

SIMON  
Nah, man...

A DARK SILHOUETTE watches them from the window inside the house. It goes unnoticed.

BOWIE  
Got any money out your mom?

SIMON  
...No.

BOWIE  
Know where we can get some cash?

SIMON

I'm not doing any illegal shit,  
either.

BOWIE

Since when do you consider breaking  
and entering illegal, brother?

SIMON

I got a job waiting for me.

BOWIE

You never liked slow money.

Simon takes a few moments. He digs in his pocket. Takes out  
Mr. Finley's business card, tapping it in his palm.

SIMON

I'm trying to change, man.

BOWIE

Change? Dude, you're forty years  
old. You never married, hell, you  
never even found love. You've been  
addicted to this shit your whole  
life.

SIMON

Yeah? And how's your fantastic  
marriage been going?

BOWIE

Bitch divorced me.

Bowie sips from his flask again.

SIMON

I just feel like... I've been at  
this too long. I'm exhausted. I  
want better.

Bowie finishes off the flask, letting the remaining drink  
drip on his tongue.

BOWIE

I know you're not hung up on the  
last job going sour, and I know  
prison was a breeze for you. It was  
that damn Hope Haven shit that got  
you bitch'n up like this.

Bowie draws closer to Simon.

BOWIE (CONT'D)  
I got a plan and it's foolproof --

The front door opens. Ms.Craig pops her head out.

MS.CRAIG  
I'm locking my door, son.

SIMON  
OK, ma. I'll be right in.

BOWIE  
(waving)  
Hey, Ms.Craig

Ms.Craig ignores him.

MS.CRAIG  
(to Simon)  
You can get yourself into trouble  
again if you want...

Ms.Craig SLAMS the door shut.

Bowie glares at her disrespect. Simon follows up to the door.

SIMON  
Well, the street lights are on. I  
gotta go.

BOWIE  
Call me when that itch gets worse.

Bowie leaves, slightly staggering. Simon looks uninterested in Bowie's proposal.

INT. MS.CRAIG'S HOUSE- SIMON'S ROOM- NIGHT

Simon lies in bed holding the plastic baggie up again. The collection of brown dust standing out to our eyes.

INT. BOWIE'S VAN- NIGHT

Simon sits on the passenger's side as the van SQUEALS to a stop. They prepare, dressed in all black with matching ski-masks.

Bowie sips from his flask. The sound of his satisfied-EXHALE draws Simon's attention.

SIMON  
Can't you stop sucking that for  
five minutes?

BOWIE  
If you're gonna nag, stay in the  
car.

They look across the street.

BOWIE (CONT'D)  
(pointing out window)  
That's it.

Across the street, a two-story house, blending in with the  
black of night.

SIMON  
And there's just a woman that lives  
here?

BOWIE  
One woman. No one else. I've sat on  
this house for weeks. She's usually  
asleep by now.

Simon looks ready.

BOWIE (CONT'D)  
Here...

Bowie uses his GLOVED hands to hold out a REVOLVER. Simon  
takes the gun with his BARE HANDS.

SIMON  
What's this for?

BOWIE  
For the broad. You never know, she  
may have a piece, too.

SIMON  
(giving gun back)  
Listen, I'm only here to collect my  
half. I got things I need to do  
around the house. I'm not touching  
anything, I'm not doing anything.  
And after this, we go our separate  
ways.

Bowie tucks the gun under his belly and in his pants.

BOWIE

Yeah, OK, you're a changed man, but  
not changed enough to turn down  
easy money...

Bowie exits the van. Simon looks on as Bowie walks around  
and crosses the street to the dark house.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD- DARK HOUSE- NIGHT

Shadows shroud the block in all directions. Only the house  
sticks out.

Bowie leads Simon across the street. Bags over their  
shoulders. Ski masks pulled over their faces. Simon looks  
in both directions. Not a single light pierces this night.

INT. DARK HOUSE- NIGHT

A slow CLICK of a latch on a pair of patio doors, prompting  
Bowie and Simon to slither inside.

INT. DARK HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Flashlights on. A sizable treasure trove of items. Bowie  
breaks away with his bag open.

Simon looks on as Bowie unhooks a game-system at the base  
of a TV center and throws it in his bag. A laptop, digital  
camera, all things of value go into his bag.

Simon moves over to a coffee table where his flashlight  
reveals a purse. He opens it and sifts through the insides.  
A woman's driver's license. The face looks too obscured to  
make out.

Bowie marches over and SNATCHES the purse from Simon's  
hand. Throws it in the bag.

Simon's light catches something near his leg. It's a TOY  
DOLL. One of many toys at his feet.

SIMON  
(whispering)  
Bowie!

Bowie turns.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
I thought you said only one person

lives here.

Bowie notices the toys.

BOWIE  
(whisper)  
So?

SIMON  
(whisper)  
We should go now. We got more than  
enough.

BOWIE  
(whisper)  
We can't. We gotta go upstairs,  
too.

SIMON  
(whispers)  
Upstairs? You're drunk. What if a  
kid --

CREAKING from wooden steps.

Both men swing their lights on a staircase where a LITTLE  
GIRL (8) stands, holding an empty glass.

Simon and Bowie hold their positions with no solution.

The stairs CREEK again.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
C'mon, baby. Scared of the dark?

A WOMAN descends from the stairs and joins the little girl  
at the bottom. She spots Simon and Bowie.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Oh, God. Please, no --

Bowie charges into action, SNATCHING the woman by her hair  
and holding her hostage.

GIRL  
Mommy!

BOWIE  
(to Simon)  
Get the girl.

Simon follows up with Bowie's command and takes the girl  
under his control.

SIMON  
That's it, man. We can still go.

BOWIE  
No. Not until I do what I came here  
to do.

SIMON  
What?

A DARK SILHOUETTE stands in the kitchen, WATCHING the  
struggle. It goes unnoticed.

WOMAN  
Please, let us go!

SIMON  
(to Bowie)  
We're done here --

BOWIE  
Shut up...

The deadlock goes on. the WAILS from the little girl grows  
increasingly loud.

Bowie reaches his breaking point.

SIMON  
Let's go!

WOMAN  
Take anything, just don't hurt her.

BOWIE  
(whispering to woman)  
Don't worry. You won't live long  
enough to see her hurt.

Bowie pulls the revolver from his pants and places it on  
the woman's head.

SIMON  
NO!

BANG!

The room lights up.

The woman drops dead to the floor.

Bowie turns the gun on Simon --

BANG!

The room lights up again.

The little girl goes limp in Simon's arms. He lies her down gently.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
Bowie, what have you done?

BOWIE  
We can take whatever we want now.

Simon approaches Bowie violently. Bowie raises the gun to Simon's forehead, stopping him.

BOWIE (CONT'D)  
(pointing gun)  
Don't be stupid. you want to fight  
me here and get caught?

Simon relaxes at the end of the barrel. Bowie lowers his gun and retrieves his bag. He runs out the back door.

Simon takes the time to crouch over the little girl. Her EYES WIRED OPEN. He reaches for her face --

The woman SPRINGS to life and GRABS his wrist.

WOMAN  
(beastly)  
Don't close her eyes!

Simon turns to the woman's body and finds DEAD EYES focusing on him --

A terribly sinister LAUGH comes from under him. He looks down. The little girl's eyes -- DEAD.

Simon stumbles back in terror. He looks ahead. The back door left open. Darkness beyond it.

He frantically dashes for the exit and enters the void.

INT. OLD CELL- NIGHT

Simon falls into a badly corroded cell with a rusted bunk bed and a toilet in shambles.

He stands. Observes himself. A PAIR OF DECAYED HUMAN HANDS, CUFFS HIS WRISTS. He can't shake them off.



Atop the bunk bed lies an INMATE (dead?) with his back turned to us. Simon walks to the back of the cell to a barred window. A wall of darkness outside.

FOOTSTEPS echo from a distance. Simon tracks the sound to the cell door. The same darkness lingers outside it.

The FOOTSTEPS drag to a halt just outside the cell.

SIMON  
Someone there?

Slow CHANTING IN AN UNKNOWN LANGUAGE fills the cell.

Simon backs away. His back reaches the end of the cell, leaning against the wall.

The chanting CUTS. An ominous silence falls over the cell. Not even Simon hyperventilating makes a sound --

AN UNNATURALLY LONG, DECAYED ARM, STRETCHES FROM THE DARKNESS THROUGH THE BARS AND GRABS SIMON BY THE NECK. He tries to break free, but the human hand-cuffs allow no movement. He loses strength as the hand chokes him to death. He goes limp -- the arm YANKS Simon across the cell at high speeds.

BASH!

Simon's head collides with the cell bars. He collapses to the floor.

He blacks out.

INT. POLICE STATION- INTERROGATION ROOM- NIGHT

Simon stares with his eyes WIRED OPEN. He snaps out of his trance with a gasp of air.

He sits at a table in a dim, empty room. A two-way mirror across from him. He sees his reflection. Still wearing the same thing from the robbery with the exception of a painfully visible GASH on his forehead. He checks his wrists. He's handcuffed to the table by real, metal cuffs.

INT. POLICE STATION- VIEWING ROOM- NIGHT

Simon can be seen on the other side of the two-way mirror, hanging his head.

The room lies completely abandoned. No one watches him from

this side.

INT. POLICE STATION- INTERROGATION ROOM- NIGHT

The door opens and detective JASON WALT (35) enters with a folder and zip lock bag in hand. His tie loosened and his 5 o'clock shadow blooming.

Walt sets down the zip lock bag containing a REVOLVER on the table.

WALT  
Hello, Simon. I'm detective Walt.

Simon keeps silent, clearly confused.

WALT (CONT'D)  
Are you on anything right now? You were spaced out for a while.

Still confused.

Walt takes a closer look.

WALT (CONT'D)  
You seem confused about something?  
Is it because of the head wound?  
How's you get that?

SIMON  
How did I get here?

WALT  
Well, we picked you up. Found you on the floor next to the people you murdered.

It all dawns on him.

SIMON  
Wait, I didn't kill anybody.

WALT  
You're right, you didn't kill just anybody: You killed a mother... and her child.

SIMON  
(shook)  
No, no that wasn't me.

Walt sits in his chair, analyzing Simon.

WALT  
You know, you saved us a lot of  
work. Being unconscious like that.

Walt opens the folder.

WALT (CONT'D)  
(to folder)  
I guess that's what happens when a  
drug addict needs his fix. You  
weren't even out of rehab an entire  
day, Simon.

SIMON  
I didn't kill anyone.

WALT  
Oh?

Walt taps the revolver in the bag.

WALT (CONT'D)  
You'd sound quite convincing if it  
wasn't for this little piece of  
evidence. Can you tell me who this  
belongs to?

Simon stares at the gun.

SIMON  
That --

WALT  
Don't bother answering. You see, we  
know who this is for, and so do  
you.

SIMON  
That gun belongs to Someone else. I  
wasn't the one who pulled the  
trigger.

WALT  
Someone else? That's hard to  
believe. There's no evidence  
supporting that, but there's plenty  
on you. Your fingerprints are all  
over the house, and ultimately, on  
the weapon.

SIMON  
(to self)  
I didn't touch anything.

The door opens again. This time, it's Walt's partner ROGER. He folds his arms and listens in.

SIMON (CONT'D)

There was someone else with me.

WALT

I don't think the trial will be longer than a week.

SIMON

Listen, His name's Bowie Robichaux. He came to my house tonight --

WALT

I don't care. I got you. I got the weapon, why waste any more manpower?

SIMON

Because I'm innocent. Just please, go talk to my mother. I was with her before Bowie showed up. She saw us together.

Silence.

WALT

So, let's say this "Bowie" was there. How am I to determine who's the shooter when your fingerprints are on the weapon?

SIMON

I don't know. Detective work?

ROGER

I wouldn't be such a smart ass if I were you...

Simon looks over his shoulder to Roger.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Your record, your prints, that gun. Why look for anyone else? Hell, might be the fastest slam dunk of our careers.

Walt smiles at Roger. Looks sternly to Simon again.

WALT

We got you in custody. If there's a chance someone else played a role

in this, I'll look into it. But the moment this turns into a goose chase, the needle is yours.

SIMON

Am I allowed to make a phone call now, detective?

WALT

Sure. Call your mama.

Simon looks Walt in the eye.

INT. POLICE STATION- HOLDING CELL- DAY

Simon sleeps on a bench in an ordinary holding cell. The sound of approaching FOOTSTEPS wakes him. He hurries to his feet and backs into the corner. The last episode fresh on his mind.

We clearly see Simon's lawyer, PAUL, standing outside the cell.

PAUL

God, man.

Simon approaches the bars.

SIMON

Paul. I'm innocent.

PAUL

I got you off the hook with probation, even got you a reduced sentence and a cushioned spot like Hope Haven. But now... all you had to do was stay clean. I don't think there's anything I can do for you now.

SIMON

You can do your fucking job and prove I'm Innocent.

PAUL

Innocent? How?

SIMON

I was with Bowie. He shot those people.

PAUL

Bowie? Wasn't he with you last time?

SIMON  
(hopeful)  
Yes, that's right.

PAUL  
Then where is he now?

SIMON  
I -- They're supposed to be investigating it.

PAUL  
Well, that's news to me. The DA is talking like there will be no further investigation.

SIMON  
Why? He was there. I'll serve him up and even testify if I have to, but I can't go down for this.

PAUL  
The only thing we'll be able to plead is insanity. At least then they may keep the needle off the table.

SIMON  
Insanity? But Bowie...

PAUL  
Do you know what you're being labeled? A worthless junkie who's been given too many chances. A woman and child are dead, Simon, and your fingerprints are all over the fucking place. I don't think they'll believe you if he walked in here with a signed confession. Either plead guilty or insanity.

Simon averts his eyes.

SIMON  
I just wanted money to clean my mother's house.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Have you called her?

SIMON  
Yeah. She's not picking up.

PAUL  
I'll do what I can for you.

SIMON  
Do you believe me?

PAUL  
Not my job to believe you. My job  
is to keep you off that table, and  
hopefully avoid a life sentence,  
but that...

SIMON  
We can do that with Bowie.

PAUL  
It's time to accept responsibility  
for your actions. Maybe you'll find  
solace in that.

Paul turns and leaves. His footsteps fading away down the  
hall.

Simon angles his head behind the bars, watching Paul leave  
the building.

INT. CAR- NIGHT

Walt sips his coffee. His phone rings. He answers.

WALT  
(on phone)  
Go, Roger.

ROGER (V.O.)  
Hey. I'm on my way to the hospital.

WALT  
(on phone)  
Erection lasting too long?

ROGER (V.O.)  
It's Simon's mother.

Walt looks to the phone.

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM- NIGHT

A DOCTOR parts the sheets revealing Ms.Craig in a bed with her head and jaw wrapped entirely in a tourniquet. Her closed eyes visible.

WALT  
What happened to her?

DOCTOR  
She triggered her PERS...

Walt and Roger look to each other.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Her Personal Emergency Response System. The button worn around the neck.

They nod.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
It's a good thing, too. Someone tried to kill her. Multiple blows to the head and jaw. Her skull might be fractured, but I can't be certain yet. We had to wrap her head to keep it together.

Walt walks around the bed to see the other side of Ms.Craig's head. A Blood-soaked tourniquet.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
She's responsive as of now, but I don't know how long. Please keep your questions short and concise. It's easier to answer that way.

ROGER  
Thank you.

The doctor nods and exits the room.

Walt draws closer to Ms.Craig's side. She looks unconscious.

WALT  
Ms.Craig?

Silence.

WALT (CONT'D)  
Ms.Craig, I'm detective Walt, I'm here with my partner Roger. We have your son Simon.



Ms.Craig moans.

WALT (CONT'D)  
Can you tell me who did this to  
you?

She moans again.

Walt looks to Roger. Roger nods.

WALT  
Did Bowie do this to you?

Ms.Craig GRABS Walt's arm. Her eyes OPEN. She nods slowly.  
She lets go and gets weak again. The heart monitor BEEPS  
rapidly. Doctor and staff flood the room.

DOCTOR  
She's coding. You need to leave!

INT. POLICE STATION- INTERROGATION ROOM- DAY

Simon sits at the table in cuffs with Paul at his side.

Walt enters.

SIMON  
Have you found him?

Walt looks distracted.

WALT  
No, but I believe he's involved.

SIMON  
Did he leave any evidence?

WALT  
Yeah. An eyewitness.

SIMON  
You spoke to my mother, then?

WALT  
Simon, I'm the worse person to tell  
you this. Your mother is in  
critical condition.

Simon keeps silent.

WALT (CONT'D)  
She's in Intensive Care. My partner

and I saw her the other night after she was attacked. She named Bowie. We also recovered this from your home.

Walt places a zip-lock bag on the table with a silver flask inside.

PAUL  
I'll move to have these charges dropped immediately.

WALT  
While Bowie is indeed a player, it doesn't prove that he was there that night, or that he's the shooter of that woman and child.

SIMON  
(to self)  
That bastard.

PAUL  
So, what does that mean for my client?

WALT  
Unfortunately, he's still looking at a life sentence. The DA won't back down. Another case has already been opened up for Simon's mother, but unless I can find Bowie in time and get him to confess to the two murders, Simon is going down for this.

Silence.

SIMON  
I was trying to change. Can I call her at all?

WALT  
You can't. I wish I could help you.

PAUL  
Help him by finding the real killer,

Walt looks up to the challenge.

WALT  
I'll find him.

EXT. GRAVEYARD- DAY

A large gathering centered around two caskets (one shorter than the other) hovering above twin holes in the ground. A PRIEST stands between the coffins, reciting a word from the bible.

ALICE (50), the mother and grandmother of the victims, sobs in the arms of her family.

The caskets lower into the holes.

Walt approaches a group of women surrounding Alice.

WALT

Alice?

They all notice him.

WALT (CONT'D)

We spoke a few days ago. I'm the detective who worked their case...

Alice nods away her support group.

ALICE

Do you attend all the funerals of the deceased?

WALT

I can't know what you're going through, and I know it's a bad time, but it's about the case.

ALICE

What about it? Didn't you catch the son-of-a-bitch?

WALT

Yes, well, that may have been premature.

ALICE

What do you mean?

WALT

There may be someone else involved. Do you know a Bowie Robichaux?

ALICE

No, I don't. I gotta go --

Alice turns her back and escapes.

WALT

Alice!

INT. CAR- DAY

Walt jumps in the passenger's side of the car to find Roger on the phone. As he waits, he looks on at the funerals end.

ROGER

(to phone)

Thank you.

Roger slaps his cell shut.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Anything?

WALT

No. You? Tell me this dummy's flask gave us something.

ROGER

We tracked it. Wasn't bought recently, or from this generation, for that matter. The manufacturer went out of business twenty years ago. He must've got it from his pop-pop.

WALT

Prints?

ROGER

All dead ends. From probation officers to employment. Nobody knows where this guy is or has been.

Walt looks to the twin-grave sites in the distance. A HANDSOME MAN stands over the graves paying his respects.

ROGER (CONT'D)

We'll find him.

Walt looks on at the handsome man. He seems familiar.

EXT. COURTHOUSE- DAY

SUPER: "2 months later."

Bright and early, the trial wraps up.

INT. COURTROOM- DAY

A moderately attended trial.

Simon sits in orange and chains. He awaits the verdict next to Paul. He looks over his shoulder to the seats. He sees Walt in attendance.

A regal JUDGE sits high on the bench with no mercy in his eyes.

JUDGE

Jury, have you reached a verdict?

A WOMAN stands tall from the jury box.

JUROR

We have your honor. We find the defendant, Simon Craig, guilty.

JUDGE

And the 2nd count?

JUROR

Guilty.

Simon lowers his gaze. Paul tries to console him.

JUDGE

Due to the nature of your crimes, and your long history of drug abuse, the insanity plea was CUT. I have no doubt that you are indeed sane, and I have no choice but to sentence you to life in prison, without the possibility of parole...

Walt exits the courtroom.

EXT. BUS- DUSTY ROAD- DAY

Simon peers out of the window from inside a bus as it makes its way down a lone desolate road.

JUDGE (CONT'D)(V.O.)

I generously removed death row. You owe much debt to society. I'm placing you in one of our oldest programs in what is arguably the

worst prison in our system...

The bus closes in on an OMINOUS PRISON in the distance.

JUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
At Wales Grim, you will live out  
the rest of your days with not a  
luxury or comfort.

A sound of the gavel BANG.

EXT. WALES GRIM- DAY

Simon exits the bus in shackles linking him to a line of other prisoners. They move in a single file line into the gate, supervised by guards.

Simon looks over to the rec yard. Inmates drag their heels and stare off into space like zombies.

Simon enters the building. The inmates FREEZE in mid-action like mannequins.

INT. WATCHTOWER- DAY

Inside the tower looks like it hadn't been used in many years. The entire rec yard can be seen along with the mannequin-like inmates.

INT. WALES GRIM- DAY

The newbies shuffle into a large cold space. Pipes leaking, cracked walls, the whole building looks as though it's been abandoned for decades.

The guards in attendance direct the newbies to line up shoulder to shoulder in a horizontal line.

In the distance, approaching them from the depths of the prison, a handsome man dressed in a suit. Behind him, an older more intimidating man with a muscular build. They are WARDEN HACKSON (35) and MAD JACK (50).

Hackson stands only a few feet away from the newbies with hate in his eyes.

HACKSON  
Good day, gentlemen. I suppose I'll  
get the formalities underway. I am  
Thadeus Hackson IV. I will have the

pleasure of controlling you for the rest of your lives.

The newbies do not like Hackson's words.

Simon caught eye contact with the warden. Hackson SMILES. He looks familiar (the man from outside Hope Haven?).

HACKSON (CONT'D)

The fine man behind me is the head of corrections, Mad Jack.

Mad Jack stands stoic. No response.

HACKSON (CONT'D)

You'd do well to mind yourselves around him.

(pacing)

Now, a little bit about this place. Wales Grim was founded by Thadeus Hackson the first many years ago, and it only served one purpose: Make the remainder of your lives a living hell. The justice system has forgotten about this place, and you. I am free to do with you as I wish...

An INMATE steps out of line.

INMATE

(scared)

What the FUCK kind of place is this?

Hackson slowly turns his gaze upon the inmate.

Mad Jack pulls a steel baton from his hip and CRACKS the inmate in the mouth, collapsing him to his knees, spitting out a few TEETH with a thick run of blood.

HACKSON

You will find that I am not fond of challenges. Remember, you have no rights. You were sent here to die. Whether it be of old age, or by my hand.

Simon watches in terror as the inmate WHIMPERS on all fours, holding his blood-soaked mouth.

Hackson looks disgusted.

HACKSON (CONT'D)

Please escort our new guest to the infirmary.

Two guards lift the inmate on either side of his arms and drag him away, leaving several teeth at Simon's feet.

HACKSON

With that, I ask that you all follow me to where you will rot.

Hackson turns his back on the newbies and proceeds down the hall.

MAD JACK

(to newbies)

Move.

INT. WALES GRIM- HALLWAY- DAY

The hallway and all adjacent corridors lie in ruin. Everything looks the same and seems to lead nowhere.

Hackson leads the newbies in a single file line deeper into the prison. He stops abruptly, keeping his back turned to the group

HACKSON

Ah, yes. Turn your attention to these doors...

Hackson points to a pair of worn DOUBLE DOORS.

HACKSON (CONT'D)

Do not enter these doors. Beyond it lies the older wings of this prison. Hasn't been in use for a long time.

Simon can't help but focus on the double doors. They're stained by a BLACK SUBSTANCE.

HACKSON (CONT'D)

Avoid these doors at all times. They are quite bad for your health.

Hackson resumes his lead.

Simon gave the double doors one last look (did they move?).

INT. WALES GRIM- CELL- DAY



A guard violently shoves Simon onto the floor of a cell. The bars shut behind him.

Simon stands, takes in the cell. A MAN sleeping on a top bunk with his back turned to us. A fractured toilet and a small barred window in the back.

It dawns on him. He's in the SAME CELL FROM HIS NIGHTMARE.

The man stirs awake and notices Simon. HAROLD (40), a poor product of Wales Grim with colorless skin. Harold carefully climbs down from the rusty bed to greet Simon. He looks weak.

HAROLD  
(holding out hand)  
Harald...

Simon notices a large fleshy scar running horizontally across Harald's neck. He shakes his hand.

SIMON  
Simon.

HAROLD  
Sorry to meet you under these  
circumstances, Simon.

Simon moves around Harold to the small barred window in the back, still trying to accept his reality. The inmates can be seen through the bars in the yard. They're moving again.

SIMON  
(to the window)  
What's happening here? Why does it  
all look so --

HAROLD  
Forsaken?

SIMON  
(to Harold)  
Not the words I'd use, but yeah.

HAROLD  
Well, everyone here is either  
serving a life sentence or on death  
row. The way they see it, why pay  
for maintenance, or proper human  
recourses?

Simon gently slides a chunk of the toilet to the side with his foot.

SIMON

But there's got to be some kind of law against this. A man was blatantly assaulted out there and just got dragged away.

HAROLD

(climbing into bed)

A bit late to worry about laws.

Harold returns to his same position with his back turned.

Simon takes a seat on the bottom bunk, prompting a rickety SQUEAK from the bed frame. He buries his head in his hands. Still in disbelief.

HAROLD (O.S.)

What did you do?

SIMON

What?

HAROLD (O.S.)

You had to do something detestable to earn a spot here.

Simon lies back in his bed in an attempt to get comfortable.

SIMON

I was wrongfully convicted.

Silence.

HAROLD (O.S.)

Maybe in a few years, you'll tell me.

SIMON

There's nothing to tell other than I didn't do it and I'm sixteen months sober. There's a detective right now trying to clear my name. Who, by the way, I need to keep in contact with. Do we get phone privileges?

Silence.

HAROLD (O.S.)

No.

SIMON

Mail?

HAROLD (O.S.)

No.

SIMON

Then there's no way to contact anybody? I've got calls to make. My mother... I need to know if she's alright.

HAROLD (O.S.)

You sound pathetic. No one who's ever been condemned to this place has ever made it out alive. So just give up now.

SIMON

The system will work for me.

HAROLD (O.S.)

It worked for me...

(whisper)

When I killed all those people.

Silence.

SIMON

How many?

HAROLD (O.S.)

You lose count. Bodies fly when you're having so much fun.

SIMON

You enjoy what you've done? I've seen people killed right before my eyes. Made me sick.

HAROLD (O.S.)

Killing made me feel alive. It was the only time I could feel at all. I like to be close up too. Strangulation. I got addicted to that snap, you know? When the trachea collapses under the pressure. Boy, when you hear that snap, you just know they're helpless to fight back then.

Simon tries to figure out where he's heard that before.

SIMON

Where'd you you were from?

HAROLD (O.S.)  
Augusta, Maine.

SIMON  
Are you Harold Reager? The fucking  
serial killer?

Harold lets out a quiet, SINISTER laugh.

SIMON  
Christ.

Simon adjusts himself again, concerned for his safety.

INT. WALES GRIM- CELL- NIGHT

Perfect dark. Simon lies in bed, staring off into space (for hours?). He snaps back with a GASP of air. He rises from the bed, prompting another rickety SQUEAK that rang out louder than before. He seems unaware of the lapse in time.

He stands over the fractured toilet and pees in the missing section of the bowl. The piss hits the ground.

SIMON  
(adjusting his aim )  
Shit.

Simon reaches for the sink built into the toilet and turns the knob. Bone dry. He wipes his hands on his clothes.

He looks out the barred window. The night sky void of the moon and stars and acts as a black backdrop that covers the entire property. He spots something in the night. He Squints. In the yard were the same inmates from earlier that day, STANDING STILL, FROZEN.

He backs away from the sight and draws closer to Harold's body. This time, Harold FACES US, staring directly at Simon with DEAD EYES and black liquids trickling from his mouth.

Simon slowly turns to face him --

Harold SNAPS his head back in an unnatural position, RIPPING the fleshy scar open, allowing the black substance to flow from his throat.

INT. WALES GRIM- CELL- DAY

Simon JUMPS out of his sleep.

HAROLD (O.S.)  
Do I smell that bad?

Simon looks over to find Harold angeling himself above the fractured toilet, shitting.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
You should have been there when I was passing the human parts.

SIMON  
I think I need to go infirmary.

HAROLD  
Infirmary? There's no such thing here. If you're hurt or something, you better hope it mends itself.

Simon looks to Harold with confusion.

EXT. DUSTY RODE- DAY

A car speeds down the road. Wales Grim lingers in the distance.

EXT WALES GRIM-DAY

A TIMID MAN with a suit and briefcase exits his vehicle and shuffles along the front gate. MORT stands outside the gate, waiting for it to open.

Two guards stand on the other side of the gate peering off into the distance. Mort awaits them to open it.

Nothing.

MORT  
Uh, hey guys. How ya doing?

The guards stare through the gate with no words or movement.

MORT (CONT'D)  
Um, hey! Can you open the gate, please?

Still no response.

A FLY hovers around to finally land on a guard's eyeball.

He doesn't blink. Mort looks disturbed.

A loud BUZZ sounds off. The gate rolls open. Mort walks by the frozen guards confused.

INT. WALES GRIM- DAY

Mort walks through the empty labyrinth, lost.

MORT  
(to self)  
I swear, this place gets more and more confusing and creepy with every visit.

Mort walks down a hall leading into the depths of the prison.

INT. WALES GRIM- 2ND FLOOR- DAY

Mort moves through halls with no light. Only sunshine through the windows guides him.

He reaches an office that reads "Warden Thadeus Hackson".

INT. WALES GRIM- WARDEN'S OFFICE-DAY

The door CREEKS open on a dark room. Mort has troupe seeing. On the office floor, a trail of blood leading to a SLAIN INMATE in a pool of blood. A golden dagger, lodged in the inmate's neck, stands out to us.

Mort steps backward in horror. Behind him, WARDEN HACKSON!

CLICK.

Hackson turns on the light to his office, erasing the image of the slain inmate. The floor looks clean.

HACKSON  
Mr.Mort. I haven't seen you in some time. Tell me, what brings you here.

Hackson walks around to his desk and takes a seat. Mort approaches reluctantly.

MORT  
Um, yeah, you haven't heard from me because things have been

satisfactory. I've been trying to contact you -- Doesn't this place have a phone? Email?

Hackson stares silently.

MART (CONT'D)

Well, warden, frankly I have bad news.

HACKSON

Oh?

MORT

I spoke with the board. They're no longer willing to play ball.

HACKSON

Is the money no longer enough?

MORT

Money can only bury so much. There is a code of ethics. They want to know what's happening to the people they send here.

HACKSON

How absurd. They're dying. It's what they were sent here to do.

MORT

Yes, and at an alarming rate...

Mort puts his briefcase on Hackson's desk. He opens it and retrieves documents.

MORT

(to paper)

Says here, Wales Grim has received over one-thousand admits last year. This facility can hold approximately twelve-hundred men. The questions they pose are: How is it you had room for so many new people in only a year? Permits, inspections, all outdated by years. We also can't find a single resume for anyone who works here, which has become apparent to me as I don't see a single soul walking around...

HACKSON

Why is my operation under the scope now?

MORT

That's the trouble, it hasn't been under any scope for years. They want to know what goes on here!

HACKSON

And so?

MORT

The board will be making an appearance. I don't know when, but if this place is what they'll find, I don't think Wales will be operating much longer.

HACKSON

What do I pay you for?

Mort keeps silent.

HACKSON (CONT'D)

Not a trick question, Mort.

MORT

I'm paid to keep this place legitimate. Keep the inmates flowing this way and manipulate the numbers...

HACKSON

So, the usual six figures aren't enough now? Greed is a sin.

MORT

Keep the money. I've held up my end for years. I did my part by extending you the courtesy of insight into their plans. Had I not been on your payroll, there would have been no warning.

Mort packs up his briefcase.

MORT (CONT'D)

I do hope things work out for you Warden. I'll see myself out.

Mort turns and runs into Mad Jack standing in the doorway. Mort weasels by.



MAD JACK  
What will you do?

HACKSON  
Finish what I started. But there  
are a few stragglers still clinging  
to what's gone.

INT. WALES GRIM- KITCHEN- DAY

A filthy kitchen. Food stains on the tables. Dust coating  
the walls. Roaches!

Simon awaits instruction wearing a stained apron and hair  
net.

A STARVED MAN creeps into the kitchen with a large bowl in  
hand. He sets the bowl on the table and retrieves several  
white packets from his pockets. JOSEPH, the prison cook.

Simon observes Joseph and his lifeless behavior. He acts as  
though Simon isn't even there.

SIMON  
Hey...

JOSEPH  
(mumbling)  
You have to mix.

Joseph rips open a few square packs and pours a powder-like  
mix into the bowl.

Simon looks at it. There's discoloration inside.

SIMON  
What is this?

JOSEPH  
Supposed to be oatmeal.  
(mumbling)  
Expired. Everything's expired.

Joseph retrieves a dirty whisker utensil from a rack and  
hands it to Simon. Simon notices a FLESHY SCAR running  
along the front of Joseph's neck.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
Add water and mix.

Simon takes the bowl over to a sink and turns the knob. The  
piping RUMBLES and spouts a few liters of brown waste

before turning clear.

Simon frowns.

JOSEPH (O.S.)

Mix it.

He follows orders.

INT. WALES GRIM- KITCHEN- LATER

Joseph enters the kitchen dragging a pig carcass across the floor. He SLAPS it on the table, alerting Simon.

Simon looks closer. The pig carcass looks halfway eaten by vultures.

JOSEPH

(pointing)

Veggies...

Simon walks over to a pantry. He sees a pair of DOUBLE DOORS a few feet away. He opens the pantry. A few roaches fall out onto the floor. Roaches crawling all over the cans inside, too.

The sound of GREASE CRACKLING fills the air.

Simon turns and finds Joseph submerging the entire carcass in a deep fryer.

SIMON

How are any of us supposed to eat  
this shit?

Joseph stares lifelessly at the crackling carcass.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Hey, uh...

Joseph slowly comes back to life.

JOSEPH

Joseph...

SIMON

I'm Simon -- We can't be made to  
eat this, can we?

Joseph keeps his eyes on the frying carcass.

JOSEPH

No one's making you, but if you want to keep up your strength, you'll have to eat something.

Simon gives Joseph a good look. He's skin and bones.

SIMON  
Do you even eat?

JOSEPH  
No. There's no point. We're all going to die in here anyway. Besides, there's something in the mix...

Simon draws closer.

SIMON  
What's in the mix?

Joseph checks out again, watching the pig fry.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
Well, can you at least tell me if there's a phone around here?

Joseph keeps his eyes on the carcass and points. Simon follows Joseph's finger. He's pointing to the double doors.

INT. WALES GRIM- CAFETERIA- DAY

Simon stands behind a hot food line, serving inmates as they shuffle along with distant eyes.

He PLOPS a helping of gray-goop onto an inmate's tray next to slimy vegetables and what looks like a slice of a fried pig carcass.

The next inmate in line. A man that appears to be more alive than any other. FATHER CONNOR (45), a man with a youthful face, salt and pepper beard, and strong faith. Simon can't help but stare at the CRUCIFIX fashioned out of twigs dangling from father Connor's neck. He notices.

FATHER CONNOR  
In search of faith?

Simon replies with a PLOP of gray-goop.

Father Connor moves his tray along.

INT. WALES GRIM- KITCHEN- DAY

Simon stands in front of a sink again. Dozens of filthy trays surround him. He turns on the water. The fixture RUMBLES.

Elbow deep in dishes. He takes a moment to reflect.

SIMON  
(wiping hands)  
I have to call her.

He steps away from the sink --

HACKSON (O.S.)  
Working hard?

Simon looks over his shoulder. Hackson. Right behind him.

He wasn't there before.

SIMON  
(nervously washing)  
Um, yes.

HACKSON  
You're Simon. You're serving a life sentence, no parole, for three counts of murder.

SIMON  
I'm --  
(turns to Hackson)  
Three? It was only two.

HACKSON  
My mistake. I understand that the investigation isn't a closed one. You may be innocent?

SIMON  
(excited)  
That's right. I hope to be cleared of this soon.

HACKSON  
It wouldn't do any good. Never in the history of this place has anyone entered and been set free, and it certainly won't start with you, Simon.

Simon washes on. Hackson lingers over his shoulder in a

bizarre silence. He's holding the golden dagger in his hand.

SIMON

Was there something that you needed me to do?

HACKSON

No. I just like to see how my new tenants are settling in. Were their eyes open?

SIMON

'Scuse me?

HACKSON

The victims, post-murder, were their eyes open?

SIMON

I don't -- Why are you asking me this?

HACKSON

There are many theories as to why one dies with their eyes open. Is it that they weren't at peace? Maybe they slipped into death unaware, like falling into a dream. Or maybe...

Hackson draws closer from behind. Simon holds his breath.

HACKSON (CONT'D)

They saw something. Something in the distance just before death's embrace. An angel? A demon? If their eyes are closed, they can't see the beauty hidden in death.

Hackson draws closer. He's in Simon's ear.

HACKSON (CONT'D)

Don't close their eyes.

Simon slithers away from Hackson. Hackson gives a sinister grin, approaching Simon with the dagger in hand. Simon backs away into the DOUBLE DOORS.

INT. WALES GRIM- OLD KITCHEN- DAY

Simon enters a dark space, keeping his eyes on Hackson

through the door glass. As the doors swing, Hackson vanishes. He's gone.

Simon pushes against the double doors. SEALED tight. He turns to investigate.

This kitchen looks older and in way worse condition than the other. Stray pots thrown about. A layer of decaying food coating the entire floor. This space is an EXACT REPLICA of the other kitchen.

Simon buries his nose in his arm to avoid the smell. In the back of the kitchen, a PHONE.

INT. POLICE STATION- OFFICE- DAY

It's the end of the day. Walt stays behind late on the computer.

Roger enters with food and sets it down near Walt.

ROGER

Which one we're working on now?

WALT

We're back to the woman and child. Seems like we'll have a better chance of catching Bowie if we focus on that.

ROGER

Hit a wall with Simon's mother?

WALT

Yeah.

ROGER

Just got to track him down.

WALT

And we're that much closer. Take a look at this...

Walt turns the computer monitor to Roger.

WALT (CONT'D)

Look at the names of the victims.

ROGER

(to computer)

The mother, Lisa Leblanc. The daughter, Mary Leblanc. We know

this.

WALT

Bowie didn't strike me as someone that just graduates to murder. He had a purpose. All his priors are petty compared to that: Public drunkenness, domestic violence, DWIs...

ROGER

So this wasn't a burglary gone wrong?

WALT

No. Bowie went there to kill those people.

ROGER

How'd you arrive there?

WALT

Check out the domestic violence case.

Walt points and clicks on a report. Roger reads for a moment.

ROGER

He slapped up his ex-wife.

WALT

Look at the name.

Roger looks on.

ROGER

I'll be damned. Alice Leblanc!

WALT

The victims are Alice's daughter and granddaughter. This move was revenge, and he used Simon as a patsy.

ROGER

Why did she say she didn't know him?

WALT

Not sure...

Walt jots down an address from the monitor.

WALT (CONT'D)

I've got the address. It's best we head there now. If Bowie's consistent, he may go after Alice to wipe his tracks.

ROGER

That's damn good, Walt. Any contact with Simon?

WALT

No. It's strange. I've tried to reach the warden to set up some kind of visitation, but there doesn't seem to be a working number. No Email, not even an address. And it seems like no one knows where it is.

ROGER

We'll have to find it.

Walt clicks a tab in the web browser. An old article pops up on the screen. A black and white photo of Wales Grim is featured.

Roger squints.

WALT

This is the only thing I can find... It's from the 1950s.

The article's headline reads "Missing Inmates." And "Warden cleared of all suspicion."

Walt scrolls down further. A black and white photo of an old man. "Warden Thadeus Hackson."

INT. WALES GRIM- OLD KITCHEN- NIGHT

Simon picks up the old phone stationed on the wall. A DIAL TONE.

SIMON

Yes!

He dials. Holds the phone up. It's ringing.

SIMON

C'mon, ma... Pick up.

No answer.



SIMON  
Walt, Walt...

Simon hangs up and lifts the phone again. He taps his forehead to remember the number. He dials. It's ringing.

No answer.

SIMON  
(slamming phone)  
Fuck...

He hangs his head on the phone.

RING! RING!

Simon picks his head up.

RING! RING!

He picks up.

SIMON  
Hello?

MR.FINLEY  
Simon? Is that you?

SIMON  
Mr.Finley?

MR.FINLEY  
It's a little late, isn't it? Can't  
you be strong till morning?

SIMON  
I didn't --

Chanting in an unknown language fills the line.

MR.FINLEY  
(beastly)  
OK, then, Simon. Come see me.

CLICK! The line goes dead. No dial tone.

Simon looks over to the double doors. Gone. Only a wall there. He looks ahead. A hallway leading deeper into the prison.

INT. OLD HOPE HAVEN- NIGHT

Simon emerges from the dark into a building identical to HOPE HAVEN. It looks similar, but with a sinister air.

He stops at an. It's his old room. DANNY sits inside on his bed, frozen in the same position Simon left him in beginning. This time, a black substance oozing from the eyes and mouth.

Simon moves on.

Down the hall lies the same nurse and receptionist, frozen. A black substance staining their clothes and trickling down from their faces --

MR.FINLEY (O.S.)

Simon...

Simon looks to the dark room across from him.

INT. HOPE HAVEN- MEETING ROOM- NIGHT

A dozen people sitting, forming a circle. Only their LEGS can be seen sticking out of the shadows.

Simon enters and stands in the middle of the circle. At the head, a pair of legs wearing slacks and dress shoes (Mr.Finley?).

MR.FINLEY (O.S.)

How disappointing. So much progress. Wasted.

SIMON

Finley?

MR.FINLEY (O.S.)

I worked closely with you, invested my time. I was your only real friend, and you...

A silence falls over Mr.Finley

SIMON

Finley?

Simon reaches out -- Mr.Finley collapses from his chair and lands on his face in plain sight. A huge HOLE in the back of his head.

Simon stands over the body --

Mr.Finley's head SNAPS a 180 motion, looking directly up at

Simon. The hole in his forehead oozing the black substance. Mr.Finley slowly crawls towards Simon CRACKLING every bone in his body.

MR.FINLEY  
(beastly)  
You are not innocent. You are not  
innocent.

The sitting bodies in the shadows stand to their feet, CHANTING AN UNKNOWN LANGUAGE. Mr.Finley joins the CHANT.

Simon covers his ears and shuts his eyes. The circle closes in on him. The CHANTING becomes louder than ever --

Simon breaks through the bodies and through the door --

INT. WALES GRIM- KITCHEN- DAY

Simon blasts through the double doors and onto the floor. He looks up. Mad Jack and Joseph stand over him.

Simon stands trying to catch his breath.

SIMON  
(wheezing)  
What is this place?

Joseph looks to Mad Jack.

MAD JACK  
You were told never to enter those  
doors.

SIMON  
Well, I did. And I've seen what's  
in there. So you better fucking  
explain.

Joseph slowly backs away until he slips out of the kitchen.

MAD JACK  
(approaching Simon)  
Come with me.

SIMON  
Where? To the infirmary? I don't  
think so.

Simon turns to escape. Two guards walk out of the double doors. They block Simon's path. Mad Jack sticks a syringe in Simon's neck.

SIMON

No...

Simon falls limp to the ground.

INT. WALES GRIM- CELL- DAY

Father Connor sits in his bed reading a tattered bible.  
FOOTSTEPS grab his attention.

Two guards drag Simon across the cellblock into a pair of double doors.

Father Connor kisses his crucifix.

INT. WALES GRIM- OLD CELL BLOCK- DAY

The cell block looks identical to the original but older.  
Broken glass coats the floor. Cells rusting beyond the point of being useful.

The guards come to a good cell. They throw Simon's limp body inside and flee as fast as they came.

INT. WALES GRIM- OLD CELL- DAY

Simon lies on the floor of a cell in worse condition than his own. The bunk bed broken down into a pile of iron and a hole in the floor where the toilet should be.

Someone's eye fills a crack in the wall from the other cell.

INMATE (O.S.)

Hey. You OK?

Simon struggles to turn his body. He's barely conscious.

INMATE (O.S.)(CONT'D)

That's some good shit they hit you with, huh? Don't worry, it'll wear off soon.

SIMON

How... long have you been here?

INMATE (O.S.)

Shit, I don't know. About as long as you have. I remember you came here with me.

Simon picks himself up and leans against the wall under the eye.

SIMON

I remember you. You got your teeth knocked out. Have you been here the whole time?

Silence.

INMATE (O.S.)(CONT'D)

You must've seen it. You've seen what dwells within these walls...

SIMON

I don't know what I've seen. It's evil, no doubt.

INMATE (O.S.)

They say the old prison is haunted by the souls slain by the warden. All those souls of men condemned to die here.

SIMON

None of that can be real, right? This is just a shitty prison.

INMATE (O.S.)

What you saw was real. Brought upon by a curse. This was never meant to be a prison, but some kind of hellish grounds for sacrifices.

SIMON

Sacrifices for what?

INMATE (O.S.)

Simon... the evil is here with us now...

Simon crawls from under the crack to the other side of the cell. He can see the crack, but no inmate.

SIMON

How do you know my name?

The eye returns. A dead eye.

INMATE (O.S.)

(beastly)

We all know your name, Simon.

EXT. ALICE'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Walt and Roger step out of the car and make their way to the front door.

Walt knocks.

Silence.

ROGER  
The lights are on...

Walt knocks again, louder.

WALT  
(to door)  
Ms.Alice?

Nothing.

Walt steps around to the window. Through the drapes, He sees Alice on the floor unconscious. He rushed back to the door, ready to kick it in.

WALT  
Secure the back door!

ROGER  
What's wrong?

WALT  
He got to her!

Roger swings around the back of the house.

Walt KICKS in the door.

INT. ALICE'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Walt comes to the aid of an unconscious Alice. He checks her pulse. She's alive. He begins CPR.

Roger enters from the back door.

ROGER  
Is she alive?

WALT  
(pumping Alice's chest )  
Barely...

Roger hastily dials 911.

ROGER  
(to phone)  
Yes, we need EMS...

Roger walks by a table containing an empty bottle of prescription medications. He picks it up and reads the label with his free hand.

INT. ALICE'S HOUSE- LATER

Alice sits on the sofa, drinking tea. EMS finishing up with her.

Walt approaches the first responders as they leave.

WALT  
How is she?

RESPONDER  
She was close to OD. The prescription meds are for anxiety and depression. She might have taken one too many and sedated herself. She's refused to take a ride.

WALT  
Thank you. We'll take it from here.

EMS leaves.

Walt and Roger stand in front of Alice. She looks depressed.

WALT  
Are you feeling OK?

ALICE  
I tried to kill myself...

Walt and Roger look to each other.

ROGER  
I can't imagine what you must be going through. I have a little girl of my own...

ALICE  
Why are you stalking me? I told you I don't know anything.

WALT

But that would be a lie.

Alice sips her tea.

WALT (CONT'D)

Bowie. He's your ex-husband.

Alice looks up from her cup fully attentive.

ALICE

Bowie?

WALT

Why didn't you tell me from the beginning?

ALICE

Because... I didn't want to know if he had something to do with this.

ROGER

He did. And may very well in fact be the killer.

Alice's emotions swell.

WALT

The man we sent to prison, Simon Craig, may be innocent.

Alice shakes her head with disbelief.

ALICE

Oh my God. I knew he was crazy, but to hurt my girls...

WALT

Are they his?

ALICE

No. Bowie never had any children. I had Lisa from a previous marriage. She never liked him.

ROGER

How long since the divorce?

ALICE

Almost a year now. The split-up was nasty. I had to file for a restraining order on him. He would pop up at Lisa's house trying to play "handy-man". She was creeped



out. But why would he wait so long?

WALT

Could be that he was plotting. We think when Simon entered the picture again, he saw an opportunity for a fall guy.

ALICE

And I'm in danger?

WALT

We believe so. We'll keep a close eye on you until he's apprehended. In the meantime, can you tell us where he might be located?

ALICE

He's always lived here with me. I don't think I know of any other places he's stayed.

ROGER

Anything. Anyplace other than here, no matter how far back.

She thought for a moment

ALICE

I met him at a bar. He took me to his apartment a couple of blocks away from there where we hooked up. But that was almost twelve years ago.

WALT

Remember the street?

INT. WALES GRIM- OLD CELL- DAY

Simon lies in the fetal position across from the crack in the wall.

Mad Jack approaches the bars.

MAD JACK

Craig... Simon Craig.

Simon looks erratic.

SIMON

(to Mad Jack)

Do you see it?

MAD JACK  
Come out. Your week is up.

SIMON  
A week?

Simon looks over to the crack in the wall as Mad Jack pulls him out of the cell.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
What about the other guy?

Mad Jack leads Simon away.

MAD JACK  
There's no one else here.

EXT. WALES GRIM- YARD- DAY

A guard escorts Simon outside. A familiar scene. Inmates dragging their heels aimlessly while others stare off into the distance.

Simon looks no different now with tired eyes and no energy.

He spots father Connor across the yard sitting atop a table. He heads in that direction.

Father Connor looks up from his bible to Simon.

FATHER CONNOR  
Hello again, friend. I didn't catch your name in our last meeting?

SIMON  
...Simon.

FATHER CONNOR  
I am father Connor. Well, Connor now.

SIMON  
You were a priest?

FATHER CONNOR  
Ages ago. Although, I will always consider myself a man of the cloth.

SIMON

What does a priest do to go to prison?

FATHER CONNOR  
Nothing that God hasn't already forgiven me for.

Simon looks to the yard. Father Connor can see the obvious exhaustion on his face.

FATHER CONNOR (CONT'D)  
How is your spirit?

SIMON  
I'm not well if that's what you're asking.

FATHER CONNOR  
But you do seem to have some vigor left. Not for long. This place... it does strange things to you.

SIMON  
I know, but I can't understand it.

FATHER CONNOR  
It's quite simple: This place is the devil's playground. And we? His toys.

SIMON  
How do you know?

FATHER CONNOR  
I know because he stalks me.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. WALES GRIM- CELL- NIGHT

Father Connor holds on to his bible in bed with his eyes focusing on something outside the bars. We see a wall of darkness lingering outside the cell with a dozen pairs of decayed hands clinging onto his cell bars. They lie dormant.

BACK TO PRESENT

Simon listens attentively.

FATHER CONNOR (CONT'D)

Were it not for my faith, I suspect I would have withered away a long time ago. The warden here, Hackson, he's made it his business to break me.

SIMON

But how can that be real?

FATHER CONNOR

Something happened here a long time ago. In the old prison. That's where the evil resides, and it's seeping into other areas of the prison.

SIMON

You sound sure.

Father Connor looks Simon in the eye.

FATHER CONNOR

Before I was sentenced, I dealt in exorcisms. I've encountered many faces of evils, but this... this goes beyond anything I've ever experience.

SIMON

What do you mean?

FATHER CONNOR

There are moments where I catch myself in a daydream, only to realize I've lost several days. Sometimes I sleep, and I'm unsure if I've ever even awakened. My past has manifested into a tangible enemy, each time it gets closer to robbing me of my soul. Whatever is here, It's slowly consuming this place and everyone in it.

SIMON

I felt the same way. How do we protect ourselves?

FATHER CONNOR

God. God is the only one who can shield us.

SIMON

God?

FATHER CONNOR

If Satan's presence corrodes this place, then God's might must be tenfold.

SIMON

I'll be honest, father, I went my entire life without religion. I've never felt the hand of some "divine" presence, but for the past few -- I don't how long, I've felt things that made me feel vulnerable. Like more than my life was at stake. I feel weak.

Father Connor nods with sympathy.

FATHER CONNOR

It is never too late. God's mercy is not a finite one. Come to him bare, and he will blanket you in his light.

Father Connor removes the stick-fashioned crucifix from around his neck and places it in Simon's hand.

FATHER CONNOR (CONT'D)

Would you care to pray with me?

Simon nods anxiously.

FATHER CONNOR (CONT'D)

Bow.

Father Connor bows his head. Simon bows too.

FATHER CONNOR (CONT'D)

Glory be to the Father, and the son, and the holy spirit. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. World without end. Amen.

Simon looks to father Connor for further instruction.

FATHER CONNOR (CONT'D)

It will be better if you start out clean. Confess your sins. Here and now.

Simon looks cooperative.

SIMON  
Where do I start?

FATHER CONNOR  
What weighs the heaviest?

Simon nodded.

SIMON  
Seems like all my life I've been a screwup. Too lazy to work, too lazy to find what I was good at. Even as a kid, all I did was smoke pot and lift shit from stores. I can live with my mistakes, the drug abuse, but my ma. All she did was try and save me. It's my fault I'm here. I hope she can forgive me.

Father Connor looks intrigued.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
If there was anything to confess, it's that I was a burden to my mother. My entire life.

FATHER CONNOR  
I can see that you love her very much. And I'm sure she, you.

SIMON  
I wish I could have seen her one more time. If I'm cleared soon, I won't ever make another mistake.

FATHER CONNOR  
I see. So you are an innocent man?

Simon looks to father Connor silently.

FATHER CONNOR (CONT'D)  
If Something isn't done about this place, no one's innocence will matter.

INT. WALES GRIM- CELL- DAY

The crucifix given to Simon now hangs on the cell wall. Harold stares at it, lying in bed.

HAROLD (O.S.)  
What is that?

Simon lies in the bottom bunk, shuffling through pages ripped from father Connor's bible.

SIMON

It's a cross.

HAROLD (O.S.)

I know what it is. Why is it on my wall?

SIMON

Your wall? Don't you think we need protection?

DANNY (O.S.)

Protection? You met that clown Connor, didn't you?

SIMON

Yeah, so.

HAROLD (O.S.)

You're going to let a child molester convert you? I didn't take you for a sheep.

Simon sits silent.

SIMON

Say whatever you want. I figure now is a better time than any to start believing in something. The cross stays.

HAROLD (O.S.)

I just got a thing about crosses and the Lord.

SIMON

Is it because you're apart of this place?

Silence.

HAROLD (O.S.)

Bold now, aren't we? Religion is nothing more than false hope. Something to believe in to make death easier to process. Well let me tell you something: Nothing can save your soul from this.

Simon tunes out Harold and shuffles through his scriptures.

INT. WALES GRIM- DAY

Hackson leads a group of SUITS down the hall. Mad Jack follows closely behind.

HACKSON  
(to suits)  
You will find that here at Wales Grim, it is a hell on earth.

Water drips from a leaky pipe above. It lands on Mort's head. He doesn't look confident.

HACKSON (CONT'D)  
The conditions are less than humane. There is no heat, and the plumbing only works for about a third of the cells.

Hackson stops in front of a door and turns to the group.

HACKSON (CONT'D)  
The inmates sleep only five hours, work a minimum of ten. Making Wales the ideal prison for the scum you wish to discard.

The group looks displeased. They jot down negative notes.

Hackson carries on.

INT. WALES GRIM- CAFETERIA- DAY

The group follows Hackson through an empty cafeteria. They take in how dirty it is.

HACKSON  
Here, our inmates get a taste of our fine cuisine. We serve them once daily, well. Whatever it is we find around here, packed with medications.

SUIT #1  
What is the medication for?

HACKSON  
It numbs them. Keeps them docile. Strips them of their will to fight. I'm sure you can imagine the complaints we get about the conditions. We had to remove our



suggestion box.

Mort and the rest of the group are not amused.

Hackson presses on.

They pass an INMATE mopping the same spot aimlessly, oblivious to their presence. Once out of sight, the inmate FREEZES.

INT. WALES GRIM- CELLBLOCK- DAY

Their footsteps echo throughout the cellblock.

The cells look empty. All the inmates appear to be hiding from plain sight as Hackson makes his way through.

SUIT #2

It's quiet in here.

HACKSON

My head guard rules these halls  
with an iron fist.

The group turns to Mad Jack's stern face. He doesn't flinch.

They continue through the cellblock until they reach the end near a pair of OLD DOUBLE DOORS.

SUIT #2

Warden, What's through these doors?

Hackson SMILES with his back turned.

HACKSON

(Turning to the group)  
That's my favorite question.  
Through here leads to the original  
prison.

SUIT #1

Is it being utilized at all?

HACKSON

In some sense, yes.

SUIT #1

Can we see it? --

MORT

Warden, a word?

Hackson looks into Mort's eyes.

INT. WALES GRIM- HACKSON'S OFFICE- DAY

Hackson sits behind his desk as Mort approaches.

HACKSON

What is it? We were getting to the best part.

MORT

Are you trying to get this place shut down?

HACKSON

It doesn't matter. They can't stop me.

MORT

Did you even make an effort to clean the place up? And allowing them to see the old prison? What are you thinking?

HACKSON

I've been in this place too long. It's time to move on.

MORT

And the best course of action is to show the justice system the worst place they've ever seen? You're responsible for this. There could be charges.

Hackson smiles.

HACKSON

You're a slimy little worm, Mort.

Mort looks surprised.

HACKSON (CONT'D)

One who gambles, lies, and cheats... I've let you roam these halls so long as you served your purpose. And you've done so... until now.

Mort gets nervous.

HACKSON (CONT'D)

I know they were on to me, and the part you played in this. The irony. You were paid to keep a prison off the books, and now you face prison. How much time did they reduce if you exposed it all?

MORT

How- how do you know about that?

HACKSON

Doesn't matter. You're doing me a favor.

Hackson stands and walks around his desk to a nervous Mort.

HACKSON (CONT'D)

Well, I don't like to keep my guest waiting.

INT. WALES GRIM- OLD ELECTRIC CHAIR ROOM- DAY

Hackson turns on a light in an old room with layers of dust coating the surfaces. The suits pile inside.

A dirty two-way mirror in front of them. On the other side, Mad Jack straps JOSEPH into an old-fashioned electric chair.

Hackson stands in front of the group.

HACKSON

I have a little treat in store for you all. The inmate being prepped in the chair was sentenced to death ten years ago. He kidnapped three children, one of which was found buried in his backyard. The other two, well, they gave up that search.

The suits watch as Mad Jack secures Joseph with chair-belts across his wrists and torso.

HACKSON (CONT'D)

I ask you: Would you have a man like this be catered to with three meals a day? Entertainment privileges?

Mad Jack drapes a black bag with two eyeholes over Joseph's head. He secures it with the chair's helmet.

HACKSON (CONT'D)  
 Man has judged his flesh, and God  
 has condemned him to eternal  
 punishment.

Mort looks concerned.

Mad Jack stands with his hand on a lever.

SUIT #1  
 Are electric chairs still legal?

HACKSON  
 No.

Mad Jack pulls the lever, BLOWING the lights out above them. The chair POPS and SPARKS, lighting up the dark room in rapid flickers.

Joseph YELLS in agony as the flashes light up everyone's faces.

SUIT #2  
 My God. Is he suffering?

Mort looks for Hackson within the group. He's gone.

Within the flickering of lights appears a group of INMATES WEARING BLACK BAGS, Standing around the sparking chair --

The power cuts.

Silence.

Perfect darkness.

The suits panic.

SUIT #1 (O.S.)  
 What is happening here?

SUIT #2 (O.S.)  
 (Fearful)  
 Where did those people come from?  
 Is this a joke?

Mort steps closer to the mirror. Only the terrifying expression on his face can be seen in the glass. He looks closer --

A DECAYED ARM BREAKS through the mirror and grabs Mort's throat -- His neck SNAPS under the pressure.

More arms stretch out from the glass, SNATCHING the other suits into the darkness of the other side of the glass.

The sound of bones CRACKING and SCREAMS of agony can be heard as a hurricane of darkness mangles the bodies, swirling around the room --

The lights come on. The room looks spotless. Not a single sign of anyone ever being there.

INT. WALES GRIM- CELL- NIGHT

Simon lies in bed, staring off into space (for hours?). He gasps, blinking his eyes and shaking it off.

He turns to the crucifix on the wall. It's UPSIDE DOWN. He gets up to remove it. It doesn't budge.

Simon looks to the top bunk. No Harold. He's GONE.

A soft voice chants an unknown language. Ms.Craig?

Simon stands in front of the cell door. A wall of darkness lies beyond it

The CHANTING stops.

MS.CRAIG (O.S.)

My, boy...

SIMON

Ma?

Ms.Craig's face sticks out of the wall of darkness, floating. Her body lies in shadows.

Simon backs away.

MS.CRAIG

It's OK. I came here searching for you. I wanted to see you before I moved on, but I got lost... What is this place? Why is it so dark?

Simon tries to catch his breath.

MS.CRAIG (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

I can't leave. Why can't I leave? What's happening to me? There used to be light, now it's so dark.

SIMON  
Are you... dead?

MS.CRAIG  
(sobbing)  
You left me alone. I was buried  
alone. They put me in a PINE BOX.

Ms.Craig's face turns twisted with dead eyes.

MS.CRAIG (CONT'D)  
A pine box. A pine box. A pine box.  
A PINE BOX --

Hackson's hands appear from the darkness and grab  
Ms.Craig's head, silencing her. Her face goes slack.

HACKSON (O.S.)  
(holding Ms.Craig's head)  
Well, don't get many visitors like  
her here. She came to see you, on  
her way to a better place. She's  
mine now. And soon, you will be  
too!

Hackson BREAKS Ms.Craig's neck and pulls her into the  
darkness.

Simon drops to his knees. Sobs. He looks over. Sees Harold  
stuffed underneath the bunk in an unnatural position.

The cell door creaks open --

INT. SHABBY APARTMENTS- NIGHT

Walt creeps up a flight of stairs. His hand on his holster.  
He comes to a door that reads room "305". He listens.

Silence.

He takes out a key.

INT. BOWIE'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Walt light turns on the light to expose a mess. Countless  
beer bottles and takeout plague the room. No decorations,  
no furniture.

He puts on latex gloves. Searches for clues.

INT. BOWIE'S APARTMENT- BEDROOM- NIGHT

Walt walks in on a single stained mattress surrounded by clothes. He does a sweep of the mattress, reluctant to touch it. He lifts the mattress. He finds a crowbar. He brings it closer to his eyes. There's BLOOD on it.

Walt spots a bag in the corner. He searches it. Pulls out a laptop, camera, and finally a purse. He searches the purse. Finds Lisa Leblanc's license. He digs further. A GOLD WATCH.

INT. CAR- NIGHT

Walt drives down the road, dialing numbers on his phone. Rings. Goes to voice mail.

WALT

(to phone)

Roger, I need you to pick up. Bowie wasn't home, but I found the weapon likely used on Simon's mother and enough evidence to put him at the scene. I'm headed back to you now.

EXT. ALICE'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Walt walks up to the driver's side of Roger's car. No one's inside. He looks at Alice's house. No lights on.

INT. ALICE'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Walt enters the dark house with his weapon drawn. He clears the front area and moves on.

INT. ALICE HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

He enters to find Roger in a pool of blood (dead?). Walt crouches over him.

Roger COUGHS.

WALT

What happened?

ROGER

I Saw the son-of-a-bitch breaking in. I tried to sneak in behind him, but well...

WALT

Gun?

ROGER

Knife... He's upstairs. About  
twenty minutes.

Walt hands Roger his cell.

WALT

Can you call it in?

Roger takes the cell.

Walt stands to his feet --

ROGER

Walt... Do we really need him  
alive?

Walt thinks for a moment.

INT ALICE'S HOUSE- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY- NIGHT

Walt creeps from behind the corner into the hallway. The  
only light in the house comes from a door down the hall.

Walt put his ear to the door. CRIES can be heard. He turns  
the knob. Locked.

He takes a step back --

INT. ALICE'S HOUSE- MASTER BEDROOM- NIGHT

Walt KICKS the door open.

Alice tied up by her arms and legs to the bedpost, silenced  
by a ball-gag. Her face poorly painted by a bad makeup job.

She points to the bathroom.

Walt aims.

BOWIE (O.S.)

OK, dear. Ready for the 2nd  
honeymoon?

Bowie emerges from the bathroom shirtless in tighty-  
whities. A butcher knife in one hand. A bottle of alcohol  
in the other. He notices Walt.



BOWIE

Who the hell are you and what are you doing in my house?

WALT

(aiming)

Put the knife down, Bowie. You're under arrest.

BOWIE

For what? I have been home with my wife this entire time. Is it a crime to be with my wife?

WALT

(aiming)

She's not your wife. And you murdered her daughter and granddaughter. You're also going down for the death of Simon Craig's mother. Then there's my

Bowie looks confused.

BOWIE

You got the wrong guy. I'm just here trying to role play with my wife.

WALT

(aiming)

With a man bleeding out downstairs?

BOWIE

What can I say? She's a kinky bitch.

Bowie tilts his head back and sucks from the bottle.

Walt FIRES. Destroys the bottle in Bowie's hand, drenching him in alcohol. Bowie licks the sides of his face.

WALT

The next one's going in your brain if you don't lay on the ground.

Bowie smiles.

He CHARGES at Walt with the knife raised high. Walt holds his fire. Bowie closes in.

He can't shoot.

Bowie goes for Walt's neck with a wild strike. Misses. Walt evades all Bowie's drunken attempts.

Walt slips behind him and puts him in a chokehold. Bowie struggles. Falls unconscious and flops to the floor.

Walt unties Alice, removing the ball-gag and helping her up out of the bed.

WALT

Are you hurt anywhere?

ALICE

No. Is Roger?

WALT

He's alright.

ALICE

I was in the shower when I heard the commotion downstairs. I saw him stabbing your partner over and over. All I could do was draw his attention to me...

Alice reaches under her bed and comes up with a taser gun.

ALICE (CONT'D)

(holding taser)

I hit him once with this when he came through the door, but it didn't work --

Alice's eyes widen. Walt looks over his shoulder to find Bowie back on his feet. He charges. Walt's too slow to react.

Alice FIRES the taser gun, sticking two-pronged wires into Bowie's chest. He stops. Unaffected. The wires crackle. A spark POPS from the wire. The alcohol coating Bowie's body IGNITES into flames.

Walt takes hold of Alice as Bowie slowly approaches with cries of agony as the top half of his body burns.

He drops to his knees. Falls dead.

WALT

It worked that time...

Walt looks to Bowie's body. Small fires dance on his body.

WALT (CONT'D)

I hope I have enough without him.

ALICE  
I've got something.

Walt looks surprised.

Alice pulls her cell from atop a nightstand. Walt takes it.

SIRENS blare in the distance, closing in on the house.

INT. WALES GRIM- OLD CELL- NIGHT

Simon awakens flat on his back. The same eye watches from the crack in the wall. Simon sits up and drags himself away.

Mad Jack stands outside the cell.

SIMON  
Please... please don't leave me here.

MAD JACK  
I'm not going to leave you.

SIMON  
Then take me out of this cell.

MAD JACK  
I brought you here to speak with you. It's of grave importance.

SIMON  
What could you want with me?

MAD JACK  
To help stop the darkness swelling in these walls.

SIMON  
darkness? What is it?

MAD JACK  
It's something born from the farthest reaches of hell. It binds the souls of the dead, like flies to a trap.

SIMON  
Why is this happening here?

MAD JACK  
Thadeus Hackson IV.

Eerie LAUGHTER kicks up from the other cell where the eye watches. Simon looks over to it.

SIMON  
What did he do?

MAD JACK  
I was a young man when this prison was founded generations ago. I worked directly under the first warden.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. WALES GRIM- NIGHT

The FIRST WARDEN THADEUS (70) turns to a younger Mad Jack (21) with more evil in his eyes than any other successor after him.

MAD JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The old warden was a retired politician. His influence inspired a program for criminals that society had disposed of. The idea of recycling trash appealed to the justice system.

INT. WALES GRIM- CELL BLOCK- NIGHT

Warden Thadeus stands in the middle of the cellblock as the inmates RIOT in their cells. Mad Jack approaches and observes the scene.

MAD JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The government funded him to create a prison for the worse men convicted. No maintenance, no staff. Only correctional officers. The inmates were to be the ones to staff the prison, maximizing the profit. With this, he could legally work them for hours until they dropped dead. I didn't like the idea.

Mad Jack continues watching the riot.

INT. WALES GRIM- HACKSON'S OFFICE- NIGHT

Warden Thadeus writes at his desk. He looks up. Mad Jack places a sheet of paper in front of him. Thadeus reads it.

MAD JACK (V.O) (CONT'D)  
A few years into this program, the inmate count decreased drastically. At the time, I thought it was due to poor living conditions.

Warden Thadeus balls up the paper and tosses it on the floor.

MAD JACK (V.O) (CONT'D)  
Sickness, starvation, suicide. The warden showed no compassion, no remorse for the hundreds of lives lost as a result of his makings.

Warden Thadeus looks up again from his papers and dismisses Mad Jack.

MAD JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And then things got strange.

Mad Jack reluctantly turns to leave.

INT. WALES GRIM- CELL- NIGHT

Two detectives examine an empty cell where inmates should be.

MAD JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The inmates began disappearing. Inmates that have occupied their cells for years, vanished. Leaving no evidence of anyone ever being there.

The detectives exit the cell, giving up.

Mad Jack enters the cell and stands in disbelief. He looks up. Warden Thadeus stands outside the cell SMILING.

MAD JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Eventually, the investigations were called off, and the inmates continued to vanish.

INT. WALES GRIM- HALLWAYS- NIGHT

Mad Jack approaches warden Thadeus' office. CHANTING in an unknown language comes from inside.

MAD JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
One faithful night, his plans  
became painfully clear.

Mad Jack opens the door.

INT. WALES GRIM- HACKSON'S OFFICE- NIGHT

The same scene from the beginning: Warden Thadeus CHANTING on his knees, wearing a black robe.

Mad Jack draws his pistol.

MAD JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The warden had been slaying inmates  
in satanic rituals for years. And  
that night, he'd finally realized  
some goal that could no longer be  
hidden.

Warden Thadeus slices the inmate's throat, spilling blood onto the floor.

Mad Jack FIRES. Hits Thadeus in the head.

He kneels over the inmate -- Thadeus springs to life and grabs Mad Jack's hand.

The blood opens up a deep hole floor. A BLACK FOG rises and lashes outward throughout the room.

MAD JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Whatever unholy thing the warden  
was working on, it came to pass  
that night.

The black fog WHIPS from the depths and swallows warden Thadeus whole --

The fog blows by Mad Jack at great speeds. His back folds in half while standing on his feet.

INT. WALES GRIM- HALLWAYS- NIGHT

The darkness burst through Hackson's office and swallows the guards standing outside.

INT. WALES GRIM- CELL- NIGHT

An inmate lies in bed praying to himself as an ominous sound swells from outside the cell. He looks up. A wall of darkness outside --

A pair of decayed arms STRETCH out of the darkness and TEARS off the cell door. The arms SNATCH his body into the darkness.

INT. WALES GRIM- CELL BLOCK- NIGHT

SCREAMS as dozens of inmates swirl around in a storm of perfect darkness.

END FLASHBACK

Simon keeps silent.

MAD JACK (CONT'D)

I don't know how much time has passed since then.

SIMON

Hackson. Who... what is he?

MAD JACK

I don't know. You cannot find him if you searched these grounds. It's as though he's never here, but I can feel his presence constantly. He comes and goes... I don't know if he's even a man. But I know one thing for certain: There is no original founder. No Thadeus the first. Hackson is the same then, as he is now.

SIMON

But what does all this shit have to do with me?

MAD JACK

You are one of the last souls that haven't been consumed yet. You and father Connor. The two of you are the only ones that may be able to stop him.

SIMON

How? Why now?

MAD JACK

He's been planning something. A step beyond his first ritual. This prison slowly feeds on new souls and allows the old ones to fester. He's been drawing power from you. Today, the prison was exposed for the unnatural amount of deaths that occur here annually. Wales may be shut down within the month. Hackson won't let that happen. He'll take us all before that.

SIMON

What can I possibly do?

MAD JACK

Go to his office deep within the prison. There you will find a dagger that he's used since the beginning. Father Connor may be able to destroy it, and it might release his hold on this place.

SIMON

How will I be able to help a priest? Shouldn't he go alone?

MAD JACK

Because you believe in him and God. That's what slowed the process of your soul being consumed.

SIMON

You're his henchman. How can I trust you?

MAD JACK

Before this, I was a God-fearing man, too. I walked the straight and narrow path and prayed often. I can no longer hear God's voice or feel his warmth. Now, when I reach out with prayer, all I can feel is the darkness taunting me...

Eerie LAUGHTER kicks up again from the eye in the other cell.

Simon ignores it.

MAD JACK (CONT'D)

If you don't act soon, being



innocent won't matter, and you'll  
never be able to escape these  
walls. Not in flesh, nor in death.

Simon seriously considers what must be done.

INT. WALES GRIM- CELL- NIGHT

Simon prays on his knees.

HAROLD (O.S.)  
You know, that's insane... talking  
to yourself like that.

Simon continues his prayer silently.

HAROLD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
If you're going to pray, pray to  
Hackson. He's the only one who can  
grant you mercy, here.

Simon looks up, ignoring Harold

SIMON  
Amen.

Simon sits on his bed. The crucifix hanging from his neck.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
When was the last time you prayed  
to God?

HAROLD (O.S.)  
Are you trying to piss me off? I  
told you, I don't believe in that  
shit.

SIMON  
I know what happened here. I know  
you're not alive.

Silence.

HAROLD (O.S.)  
You don't know anything yet. Just  
as sure as you're here, you'll be  
just like me.

SIMON  
Not with faith, I won't

HAROLD (O.S.)  
You still don't get it? You've been  
condemned to this place. God has  
abandoned you...

A dark fog slowly appears outside the cell door,

HAROLD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And cast you into the lake of fire.

The cell falls into the darkness of Simon's nightmares.

Harold SHOOTs from the top bunk and under Simon's bed like  
a man-sized insect.

Simon hops up. He slowly crouches to look under the bed --

BOWIE (O.S.)  
Still a follower...

Simon turns. BOWIE stands in the corner of the cell wearing  
tighty-whities. His head and chest suffer from 3rd-degree  
burns.

Simon faces him and stands tall.

BOWIE (CONT'D)  
Whatever you're thinking about  
doing, forget about it. You belong  
here...

SIMON  
No, you're the one who belongs in  
hell.

Bowie smiles.

BOWIE  
(beastly)  
I'll see you there.

Bowie SNAPS and CRACKS his bones onto the floor in an  
unnatural position. He resembles an insect -- He shoots by  
Simon's feet, retreating under the bed.

Simon crouches down to look. Harold and Bowie appear  
MANGLED together, hiding.

The cell door slowly CREAKS open. Simon looks up, awaiting  
more danger.

Out from the wall of darkness comes FATHER CONNOR.

Simon looks pleased.

SIMON

Father!

Father Connor reaches out and pulls Simon to his feet.

FATHER CONNOR

There's no time. I feel something  
growing deep within this place.

Father Connor starts to leave.

SIMON

Hey...

He turns to Simon.

SIMON

Did you molest children?

FATHER CONNOR

No. I murdered the men who did.

INT. WALES GRIM- CELLBLOCK- NIGHT

Simon and father Connor run through the cellblock. Simon  
Looks into the passing cells. The inmates all HIDE under  
their beds.

They stop to catch their breath in front of a pair of  
double doors in the corner.

FATHER CONNOR

This is it. Inside is the true  
nature of this prison.

SIMON

What do we do?

FATHER CONNOR

We locate the office within these  
accursed wings. And keep a clear  
mind. It's the only way to survive

SIMON

A clear mind?

FATHER CONNOR

Demonic energies act as a sort of  
overwhelming anxiety. Its presence  
can feed on your every fear and

impact your heart rate and mental stability. If you let it consume you, you could perish almost instantly.

Simon takes a deep breath.

FATHER CONNOR (CONT'D)  
The feeling oozing from these doors... No matter what you see, or how you feel, keep your faith.

Simon holds on to the crucifix around his neck. Father Connor holds up his bible.

FATHER CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Bow.

INT. WALES GRIM- OLD CELL BLOCK- NIGHT

Father Connor leads the way into the shadows with Simon shortly behind.

Simon winces in pain. Father Connor, too. They look down. Decayed hands cling to their wrist. Like human-hand-cuffs.

Simon looks to father Connor for answers.

FATHER CONNOR  
This is what binds us.

Simon turns to a cell. An inmate looking through the crack in the wall into a cell that was once occupied by Simon. The inmate holds this position. Like Simon is still there.

INT. WALES GRIM- OLD HALLWAYS- NIGHT

They come to a four-way intersection of halls Each leading into an abyss. Father Connor chooses the hall ahead.

As they traverse through the abyss, they maneuver through inmates frozen in mid-action. It looks like they were running from something.

They come to a pile of debris leading to an upper floor. A giant hole in the ceiling lingers above them.

Father Connor climbs the pile first. Simon follows behind.

INT. WALES GRIM- OLD BATHROOM- NIGHT

Father Connor helps Simon climb through the hole in the ground. Simon sees INMATE'S FEET occupying the bathroom stalls. Father Connor notices Simon's wandering eyes.

FATHER CONNOR  
Keep moving.

SIMON  
You know where we're going?

FATHER CONNOR  
No, I'm following a terrible  
feeling.

Father Connor carries on. Simon brings up the rear, but gives the bathroom another look --

The inmates PEAK out of the stalls, watching.

INT. WALES GRIM- OLD 2ND FLOOR HALL- NIGHT

Simon exits the bathroom sickly, holding his head.

Father Connor turns to him.

FATHER CONNOR  
What's wrong?

SIMON  
(holding head)  
I'm hearing voices. My head...

CHANTING in an unknown language fills the hall.

Father Connor can't hear it.

Simon panics. Hyperventilating and staggering.

FATHER CONNOR  
Breath, Simon. Clear your mind.

The CHANTING gets louder. Simon can't take anymore. It subsides. He catches his breath and looks to father Connor in despair.

FATHER CONNOR  
Keep your eyes down. We're already  
saturated in this darkness. Don't  
go sightseeing and making it worse.

Simon calms himself and nods.

Down the hall. In the distance. A door sticking out in the darkness. The door reads "Warden Thadeus Hackson".

They reach the door, looking more sickly than before.

FATHER CONNOR  
How are you feeling??

Simon holds his hand over his heart trying to steady his breathing.

FATHER CONNOR (CONT'D)  
We can't stay here any longer.  
We're withering away.

Simon nods. Out of breath.

FATHER CONNOR (CONT'D)  
May God help us...

Father Connor opens the door.

INT. WALES GRIM- HACKSON'S OFFICE- NIGHT

The office looks unlike any other version seen before. Hardwood floor and a desk in the back of the room. No walls. Darkness encloses the space in all four directions.

Father Connor goes for the desk. Simon looks to the door. Gone.

Father Connor rummages through the desk drawer and retrieves a ceremonial dagger with a golden handle and ruby-encrusted butt. Father Connor angles the dagger in his grip and CUTS the human-hand cuffs. It disintegrates into a black liquid.

FATHER CONNOR  
(to dagger)  
This is it. The dagger has the  
power to free us.

Simon looks hopeful --

A decayed arm SHOOTS from the darkness and SNATCHES father Connor into the black.

SIMON  
Father!

Simon waits for father Connor to resurface. The sounds of struggling in the shadows.

Silence.

Simon looks on, waiting for something to happen.

Father Connor backs out of the shadows and into plain sight again, stained in a black substance. The dagger ready in his hands.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Father...

Father Connor hastily turns to Simon and cuts his cuffs.

FATHER CONNOR

He's here. Stay back. I'm going to attempt an exorcism.

Simon nods. He looks over father Connor's shoulder. HACKSON stands across the room.

Father Connor turns to face Hackson. His tattered bible in his hand.

LIGHTNING flashes in the distance, exposing the room and its entirety(GIANT MASS OF TANGLED ARMS behind Hackson). Darkness again.

Father Connor opens his bible.

HACKSON

Connor. Oh, how I've waited to see you burn.

FATHER CONNOR

Your domain over this place ends here, demon.

HACKSON

Do you have any idea what it is you are holding?

Simon looks to the dagger in father Connor's hand.

FATHER CONNOR

A tool of damnation that slew countless men.

HACKSON

You're holding a precious artifact. A dagger forged by the first worshipers of the devil. It has been used in sacrifices for millenniums. No mere man and his

"faith" can undo what has been done  
with it.

Father Connor glares.

FATHER CONNOR  
(to bible)  
God, I ask that you aid me in  
commanding this --

A decayed arm stretches from the darkness, barely grazing  
Hackson's face. Father Connor SLICES the arm before it  
grabs him. It turns to black liquid.

FATHER CONNOR (CONT'D)  
-- Demon into banishment back to  
hell.

Several arms stretch from the darkness on either side of  
Hackson. One hand COVERS father Connor's mouth. The others  
restrain his hands at his side. Father Connor still clings  
to the bible and dagger.

Hackson stands in front of the restrained father Connor. He  
takes the dagger from his hand.

HACKSON  
You have failed. Like all of the  
men of the cloth before you.

Hackson SLICES clean across father Connor's neck. Black  
liquid pours from him.

Father Connor drops to the floor. Dead. His bible scatters  
in the wind. His eyes WIRED OPEN.

Simon looks terrified.

HACKSON  
Don't look that way. Surely you  
didn't think faith alone could free  
you?

Simon backs away.

Hackson advances.

HACKSON (CONT'D)  
(to dagger)  
You thought that by the grace of  
God, you could "destroy" this?  
Destroy me?



Simon halts his retreat at the wall of darkness. He's cornered.

HACKSON (CONT'D)  
Simply amazing what a little religion can do. Even a cowardly man like you was given the strength to waltz in here, but why?

Hackson stops in front of Simon.

HACKSON (CONT'D)  
I'm beginning to believe that you think you don't belong here.

SIMON  
I don't. I never hurt anybody.

HACKSON  
You are wrong.

SIMON  
I made mistakes, but I was trying to change.

HACKSON  
And that simply isn't true.

SIMON  
Then tell me, Hackson, what did I do to deserve this?

Hackson smiles.

HACKSON  
There's still time. I'll give you a peek behind the veil.

A pair of arms stretch from the darkness and drags Simon into the deepest depths of the abyss.

INT. MS.CRAIG'S HOUSE- SIMON'S ROOM- NIGHT

Simon stands in the doorway to his room. He sees his doppelganger sitting in bed, tying a rubber tube around his arm.

HACKSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You don't remember it this way, do you?

The Simon-doppelganger readies a syringe and sticks it into

his vein.

A DARK SILHOUETTE stands in the doorway, watching. It's SIMON.

HACKSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Do You think you found that old  
poison and refused it?

Simon stands in the doorway as his doppelganger passes out from ecstasy.

HACKSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
When your supply ran out. You stole  
from your mother and called your  
partner.

EXT. MS.CRAIG'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Simon's doppelganger embraces Bowie delightfully.

A DARK SILHOUETTE watches from the window.

INT. MS.CRAIG'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Simon watches from behind the window while his doppelganger passes a joint around with Bowie.

Simon turns and finds Ms.Craig peeping through the door, watching the same activity with concern. She hastily opens the door.

MS.CRAIG (O.S.)  
I'm locking my door, son.

Bowie and the doppelganger move to the van.

HACKSON (V.O.)  
You willingly followed him.  
Intoxicated, you made your first  
stop.

Simon watches the van peel off.

INT. MR.FINLEY'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Mr.Finley comes downstairs in a robe. He opens his front door --

Simon jumps him. Fully dressed to burglarize.

HACKSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 You contacted Finley. Asking for  
 help. He opened his home up to you.

Mr.Finley picks up a golf club and cracks Simon across the  
 head. Bowie comes from behind and pistol whips Mr.Finley,  
 dropping him to the floor.

Simon recovers. Grabs the gun --

BANG!

INT. MR.FINLEY'S HOUSE- MASTER BEDROOM- NIGHT

The Simon-doppelganger searches Mr.Finley's room with one  
 hand. He holds his head with the other hand. He spots a  
 GOLD WATCH. Swipes it.

HACKSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 You murdered your counselor that  
 night. It did not stop there.

INT. DARK HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

A DARK SILHOUETTE watches from the kitchen. Bowie and the  
 Simon-doppelganger struggle with a woman and child.

BANG!

BANG!

The flash from the gun lights up the SILHOUETTE. It's  
 Simon's shocked face.

HACKSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 You knew Bowie's plan. You knew he  
 went there to harm those people.  
 You tried to reap the spoils.

Bowie waits at the door as the doppelganger hastily gathers  
 as much as he can in the bag. His head killing him. He  
 looks woozy. The doppelganger passes out on the floor near  
 the two victims.

Bowie retrieves the bag and flees the scene.

HACKSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Finley left you concussed. And you  
 were found this way.

Simon looks on as the police flood the home and stands over

his doppelganger's body --

Hackson stands directly behind Simon's back.

Simon turns --

SLASH!

Hackson slices Simon's neck clean across with the dagger. He falls backward with a black liquid seeping from his neck.

INT. HACKSON'S OFFICE- NIGHT

Simon hits the floor in a candlelit office. Father Connor's body lies not too far away.

Warden Thadeus Hackson stands over Simon in a black robe. His face older, now.

HACKSON (CONT'D)

Couldn't you feel it? Not a soul was present in your deluded reenactment. Every person you encounter was a hollowed shell of a being, born to maintain the rouse.

A young Mad Jack enters the office and draws his gun.

HACKSON (CONT'D)

You've been entangled in this web of lies for many years. The detective working on your case has died of old age long ago. You've relived this so many times, that you fabricated, altered your action to believe that you are innocent. Even turned to God for mercy. It never mattered what course of action you took, or will take, you will forever end up here. But the truth is...

CHANTING IN AN UNKNOWN LANGUAGE fills the room as Hackson kneels over Simon's body. Simon tries desperately to stay conscious as the blood flows from his neck.

HACKSON (CONT'D)

If all could be forgiven, and God's mercy had no limit, there would be no hell...

BANG!

A bullet pierces Hackson's head.

OVER BLACK

A cell phone ringing.

INT. WALT'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

The ringing continues as Walt sits on the sofa signing a pile of papers.

He answers and tucks the phone between his ear and shoulder.

WALT  
(to phone)  
Walt...

Silence.

SIMON (V.O.)  
(low)  
I'm sorry.

Walt takes the phone in hand.

WALT  
(to phone)  
Simon?

SIMON (V.O.)  
(low)  
I'm sorry.

WALT  
(to phone)  
Simon, listen, Bowie's dead. But I have a cell recording of him admitting to the murders. I can have you outta there in the next few days. But there are some things we need to talk about. Finley, your counselor, he was found dead. You're not a suspect yet, but when I come to get you, we'll have to go directly to the station.

SIMON (V.O.)  
(whisper)

It's too late --

The call ends.

Walt looks to his cell. The call time reads "0 seconds"

EXT. DUSTY ROAD- DAY

Walt speeds down the road leading to a police scene in the distance.

EXT. WALES GRIM- DAY

Walt jogs onto a site filled with police, firefighters, and charcoaled remains.

Wales Grim looks like a pile of black debris.

A DETECTIVE steps in front of Walt to halt his advances.

DETECTIVE

Hold it...

WALT

(Flashing his badge)

What happened here?

DETECTIVE

Well, looks like this old place  
just caught fire and burned down.

WALT

When did this happen?

DETECTIVE

Forensics are saying a few days  
ago.

WALT

That can't be right. I got a call  
from an inmate the other night

DETECTIVE

You didn't get a call from here,  
pal. We've been here the whole  
time.

Walt scans the wreckage. A group of detectives turn stones and take notes.

WALT  
Any survivors?

DETECTIVE  
No, and we've yet to recover a  
single body.

Walt turns to the detective in shock.

WALT  
This prison was filled with  
inmates. There's no way in hell  
they're just all gone.

DETECTIVE  
I'm just as shocked as you are.  
We've worked hours on end to find  
evidence, there's nothing. Not so  
much as a tooth.

Walt stares. Lost for words.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)  
That's not the damndest part:  
Forensics has yet to determine what  
caused this. It's like the flames  
were just conjured up out of mid-  
air. The only reason we're  
classifying this as a fire is  
because of the appearance, but  
nothing is consistent with one. If  
a fire didn't do this, then --

OFFICER (O.S.)  
(shouting from afar)  
We've found something!

The detectives, officers, and firefighters rush to the  
middle of the wreckage.

Walt makes his way through the crowd into the center.

A CEREMONIAL DAGGER lies in the center of attention. It  
looks in pristine condition.

DETECTIVE  
(to crowd)  
Who found this?

OFFICER (O.S.)  
I did...

Walt along with everyone else looks over to the officer.

It's HACKSON in a police uniform SMILING.

FADE OUT