

PROFOUND & ABSOLUTE

Written by

Timothy Shireman

FADE IN:

EXT. - SUPERMAX PRISON - AFTERNOON

With bars on the mesh-covered windows, a white prison bus pulls through the security gates, past the stacked rolls of razor wire and onto the grounds of an unnamed prison.

A guard cradles a rifle as a line of convicts shuffle out of the bus, cuffed and shackled together. They form a single file line in the concrete yard as the transfer paperwork is finalized.

Several of the prisoners' heads are bandaged, two more are wracked with coughing fits. One is an unhealthy shade of yellow and another moves with a pronounced limp. Only one seems to be healthy or otherwise uninjured.

Still lean and predatory in his mid-fifties, TRAVIS REXFIELD scans the yard, taking note of the numerous CCTV cameras, motion sensors and armed snipers.

As the men are being processed, a scowling corrections official nods to his companion and motions at Rexfield, who is herded along with the others to the entrance of Cellblock A's Medical Unit. At the door of the stark windowless brick monolith, an intake officer recognizes Travis.

SGT. BELLE

Welcome home, T-Rex! Nice to have you back where you belong.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

Fuck you, Belle. How's your jaw?

SGT. BELLE

Better than your prostate.
The Big C's a bitch, ain't it?

TRAVIS REXFIELD

So's your wife.

SGT. BELLE

Don't I know it.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

Give her my best. Your daughter
Kelsey, too.

The officer lowers the clipboard and glares at Travis.

SGT. BELLE

I'm gonna enjoy watching you die.
I hope it's slow and painful.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

Looks like you're gonna get your wish.

SGT. BELLE

After what you pulled in Leavenworth, most of C Block wants you dead.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

They're welcome to try.

SGT. BELLE

You're not a 'shot caller' here anymore.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

I know what I am and so do you.

SGT. BELLE

(rubs jaw)

Oh, I know what you are. You're a dead man walking.

INT. - PRISON SHOWER - LATER

Travis washes up under the watchful eye of armed guards.

His naked body is a muscular patchwork of scars and tattoos. Spiderwebs on elbows, Celtic runes down his calves, two names and dates scrawled in rough prison text down his left forearm, a Sailor Jerry pinup on the other.

A fearsome dragon and numerous skulls dominate his illustrated back, alongside evidence of half a dozen healed stab wounds and three round divots, souvenirs from a trio of gunshots.

He rinses and turns to the guard with his hands raised. A fresh scar covers two-thirds of his chest, as if the skin has been scraped off, effectively erasing it from his flesh.

Aware of his prisoner's reputation, the wary guard steps forward and cuffs Travis. Familiar with the humiliating routine, the convict bends over to be searched for weapons or contraband.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

Take a good look boys. C'mon, give it a little kiss while you're at it, Potter.

OFFICER RICHARDSON

Shut it convict!

OFFICER POTTER

Jesus, why aren't you dead yet?
I say we put him in C Block and get
this over with.

The other guard looks over to Travis with a knowing smirk.

OFFICER RICHARDSON

Funny you mention that. Know what I
heard?

OFFICER POTTER

What did you hear?

OFFICER RICHARDSON

I heard sexy Remy here is terminal.
Doc can't help him and Ad Seg is
full, so Belle's putting him in a
double til one of the beds opens
up.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

Gee, I wonder where?

With a note of sadistic glee, the corrections officers share
a laugh.

Potter produces a torn orange jumpsuit and throws it at the
dripping-wet Travis.

OFFICER POTTER

Looks like T-Rex is going extinct
for a second time.

INT. - C BLOCK PRISON CELL - LATER

Holding his meager belongings, Travis is shoved into a
standard two bunk cell.

On the lower bunk, leaning against the cinder block wall, is
a heavily tattooed Latino man in his late twenties.

The convict lowers the dog-eared car magazine he's been
reading to reveal soulful eyes and a close-cropped
moustache.

The two dangerous men size each other up silently before
Travis nods and enters, walking to the bunk.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

You know who I am?

TEMOSO VERAZ

Everyone in this fuckin' place
knows who you are. You used to run
shit here.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

Not any more. You heard about
Kansas?

TEMOSO VERAZ

Heard you turned on the
Brotherhood, killed a guy, and got
a bunch of hacks fired.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

That about sums it up.

TEMOSO VERAZ

Can't fuckin' believe you quit the
A.B.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

Fuck them. I had my reasons.

Travis pulls open his prison attire to reveal the jagged
scar on his chest, a rough outline of a Nazi Eagle complete
with swastika.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

Gave 'em back their ink, too.

TEMOSO VERAZ

That's fuckin' hardcore. I'm Temo,
but everyone calls me Venga.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

You M.M. or MS13?

TEMOSO VERAZ

Neither. Latin Kings.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

How'd you end up here?

The older man tosses his things onto the top bunk, unfolding
his threadbare sheet and blanket.

TEMOSO VERAZ

Got five for armed robbery. Had
beef with some bitch in the yard.
He came at me and I opened him up.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

And?

TEMOSO VERAZ

And he bled out, so I caught
another fifteen.

The former biker shakes his head ruefully and pauses for a moment before speaking.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

Same thing happened to me over a
fuckin' motorcycle.

TEMOSO VERAZ

My pops used to ride. Rolled with
the Vagos before he split. Fucking
asshole, good riddance. He'd get
loaded and just wail on me.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

My stepdad was a real piece of work
too. Came home from the war all
fucked up.

TEMOSO VERAZ

I didn't really care, but I hated
the way he treated my Mom, y'know?

TRAVIS REXFIELD

Same here, but I put a stop to that
bullshit.

TEMOSO VERAZ

What do you mean?

Tossing his pillow, Rexfield steps down and backs away from the bunk. With a slight grimace, he crouches to address his new cellmate face to face.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

On my eighteenth birthday, the
cocksucker decided to take me to a
strip club.

TEMOSO VERAZ

Uh-huh.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

Well, he got good and drunk, so as
we were leaving I put a thirty-
eight behind his ear and left him
in the parking lot. Problem solved.

Rising and stepping forward, T-Rex grips the metal platform and climbs into the bunk, adjusting to his new sleeping arrangements.

TEMOSO VERAZ

Damn.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

Emptied his pockets and walked home. Just another unsolved robbery gone wrong.

An angry Venga Veraz leans out from his bunk, his voice raised slightly.

TEMOSO VERAZ

What you tellin' me for? Man, I could catch another charge just for knowin' that shit.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

Go ahead and tell Potter, tell Belle, tell whoever the fuck you want. Doesn't matter now anyway.

Temo shakes his head, leans back and returns to his reading.

TEMOSO VERAZ

You lifers are fuckin' weird.

TRAVIS REXFIELD

Don't worry, I won't be here for long.

Temo looks up from his tattered magazine.

TEMOSO VERAZ

You see? That's what I mean. That shit right there.

INT. - PRISON CELL - NIGHT