

FADE IN:

EXT. PRISON- DAY

MONTAGE- DAILY ACTIVITIES IN PRISON

A) Correctional Officers lead inmates towards a large building.

B) Inmates work out on exercise equipment, lifting weights and doing pull-ups.

C) Inmates stand in line in the cafeteria during chow time.

D) Correctional Officers supervise inmate workers doing grounds maintenance.

E) Two inmates fighting in a corridor, a crowd gathering until four Correctional Officers show up to break it up.

F) Inmates sitting at tables with loved ones in a large visiting room.

END MONTAGE

INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY

ARMANDO REYES, shaved head and muscular in appearance, waits anxiously as the guard opens the door and a little boy is lead into the room by an older lady.

DONNIE, an energetic eight year old, catches a glimpse of Armando. He releases the hand of his grandmother, Armando's mom, ERMY. Donnie jumps into Armando's lap and gives him a big hug. ERMY brushes some of the graying hairs from her face and leans over to kiss Armando on the cheek.

DONNIE

When are you coming home, daddy?

ARMANDO

Soon, buddy. So, how's school?

DONNIE

It's OK. This Friday is father-son day. All the other dads are coming.

(MORE)

DONNIE(cont'd)

I wish you were with me..Gramma  
said she would go, though.

Ermy smiles and strolls around the table to sit across from  
Armando.

ARMANDO

That's good. I'll be at the next  
one, Don, I promise.

Donnie jumps down off Armando's lap, and casually strolls  
over to where other kids are playing with toys in the  
visiting room.

ERMY

Mando, your son is growing up so  
fast. He is the smartest one in  
his class. He wants nothing more  
than to have his daddy home again.

ARMANDO

I know, mom, I know. My parole  
hearing is this week. Things are  
looking good.

Ermy, a worried look on her face, looks Armando in the eyes.

ERMY

So you make parole again, then  
what? It's time for you to really  
think about what you're doing,  
Mando. Think about your life.  
Think about your son.

ARMANDO

I know, mom. Things are gonna  
change this time. I promise.

Armando stares at his son playing with the other kids. A  
guard approaches and taps Armando's shoulder.

GUARD

Your time is up, Reyes.

ARMANDO

Just a second.

Armando stands up and gives Ermy a kiss on the cheek. Donnie  
runs over and hugs Armando fiercely.

GUARD

Time to go. Hands in your  
waistband.

The guard pulls Armando by the arm and leads him away, a tear streaming down his cheek.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STUFFY ROOM - DAY

The Parole Board, a group of suits, sits at a long table, shuffling papers.

Armando sits across from them, nervously awaiting their decision.

MR. SMITH, the chairman of the parole board starts to speak.

MR. SMITH  
Mr. Reyes, the board has decided  
that parole will be granted on your  
behalf.

Armando exhales a visible sigh of relief, closing his eyes and resting his head against his two hands clasped together as if he was praying.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Armando is led out of the room by a corrections officer and back to his cell, slowly walking down a long hallway lined with barred windows.

MR. SMITH (V.O.)  
You are required to stay drug,  
alcohol, and crime free, and you  
cannot associate with known gang  
members. You must report regularly  
to your assigned parole officer.

The CO calls for Armando's cell to be opened, Armando walks in, sits down on his bed and looks out the barred window at the recreational yard, lost in thought. A CO's voice sounds over the speaker system to make an announcement.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER (V.O.)  
Block five through eight, yard  
time!

Armando stands up as his cell door and others next to his open up, and other inmates step out into the hallway to line up. A guard takes a quick count and leads the inmates to the exit door out to the recreation yard.

EXT. RECREATION YARD - DAY

Armando and twenty other varying Asians-Filipino, Vietnamese, Laoation, and Guamanian, are gathered by a bench next to a fence. Tension is brewing between two crowds- some black inmates on one side, Mexicans on the other, in the distance. One Asian inmate catches Armando's attention.

ARMANDO'S POV

Two black inmates break off from their little gathering, and start to walk towards ARMANDO and his crew.

BACK TO SCENE

SCRAPPY, Armando's right hand man, is short and stocky, but extremely muscular, tatoos all over his chest and arms. He playfully backhand slaps Armando on the chest.

SCRAPPY

Check it out homey, This is nothing  
but trouble walkin' up on us.

Armando turns to the group.

ARMANDO

You all know where I stand right  
now. I'm short-timin' it like a  
mo-fucker, and I ain't setting  
myself up for failure.

SCRAPPY

Well, if you ain't down, we ain't  
gettin' down either. You're still  
here now, you're still callin'  
shots, na'mean?

The two black inmates walk up. Armando knows the bigger one between the two of them. His name, P-DOGG, is tattooed across his exposed chest.

P-DOGG

What up, Mando? Some shit's 'bout to go down right now, and we're fittin' to get into a little sumthin in a hot minute. I was kinda hopin y'all got our back.

ARMANDO

Naw, Dog, me and my boys decided to sit this one out.

Armando looks amongst his crew, and nobody looks the least bit interested in the conversation.

P-DOGG

Oh, so it's like that? We've had your back in the past against the Aryans, and this is how you do me?

ARMANDO

Hey Dog, I have my reasons. I just don't want no drama for me or my boys right now.

P-Dogg and his companion walk off in disgust. He mutters something as he is walking off.

P-DOGG

A'ight then, it's like that. It's on you then, Mando. It's on you.

Armando shrugs it off. He gets up to walk back towards the entrance to the cell block.

Just as Armando enters the building, the two crowds close in and a riot starts. Several inmates start beating up on singled out individuals, while others are getting shanked and stomped on repeatedly.

A loud, piercing air horn sounds off, and guards come flying out the woodwork with batons and riot gear. A voice comes on over the loudspeaker.

GUARD (V.O.)

LOCK DOWN! LOCK DOWN! INMATES ON  
THE GROUND, NOW! ON THE GROUND AND  
SPREAD 'EM. LOCK DOWN!

More guards enter the yard to start separating the inmates and gain control once again. The sun starts to set in the horizon as the last of the inmates are sorted out and led back to their cell blocks.

Copyright 2004 Al Michael Farin -- All Rights Reserved

For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at  
[info@filmmakers.com](mailto:info@filmmakers.com)