

WITH MILK

Written by

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INT. DIBBLE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - A BLOCK - DAY

A splayed armpit with a protruding tuft of thick hair. A gloved hand smears on a thick gel coating.

A face noses its way on screen, inching closer, sniffing curiously. The MAN fixes his fogging spectacles then jots down his observations eagerly.

SERIES OF CUTS:

--MENS' mouths pucker and unpucker sporting different shades of lipstick.

--WORKING MAN'S hands rub in dollops of moisturizer.

--Chocolate and vanilla like-milkshakes slosh as they're poured.

--Eyes are held wide as drops fall from a hovering dropper.

--Pills of all shapes and sizes rain down into little paper cups and open mouths.

--A row of MEN lay on tables tanning their backs under sun lamps, sans cucumbers.

WHITE-COATED TECHNICIANS coordinate the whole show.

SUPERIMPOSE: DIBBLE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY, OKLAHOMA, MARCH 1971

In the background, PETER SCHOLZ (mid 30s) sits, back turned. His skin is a patchwork of disfigurements. A large man in a white coat, DR. WILT (late 50s), tears off a square of hospital tape and affixes it to one of the areas.

DR. WILT

Some "discomfiture" was to be expected. If it makes you feel any better, the results are promising.

PETER

Good for them... What's next?

DR. WILT

You know... who.

It's unlike any medical facility any outsider would recognize, still, it's equipped with the most sophisticated medical equipment for its time. A COULTER COUNTER sits off in the distance.

It's a ripe field of blood and skin and tissue.

D BLOCK - NIGHT

The hips of a full-figured midwestern beauty, MAGGIE HILL (28), swing as she walks a dark hallway, a baton swings at her side.

The hallway is lined with a few small glinting mirrors. A cockroach skitters in the distance.

MURMURS swell.

She walks through the smog of dozens of caged MEN layered over with various industrial disinfectants.

SUDDENLY, a HAND shoots from one of the darkened cells.

She pivots quickly, bringing her baton down with full force.

CRUNCH.

Silence...

After a beat, a measure of MUMBLING escapes the cell.

INMATE 1
What in the shit was that now?!

INMATE 2
Goddamn, son!

INMATE 3
Shut it!

Maggie hastens down the hall. Shadowed faces look from behind bars as she goes. Some sneer, some laugh, some stare. She counts them quickly, stone-faced.

ENTRANCE

Maggie rouses REESE MITCHELL (mid 20s) in the booth with a terse knock.

BUZZZZZZZ.

The gate grinds open.

MAGGIE
(to herself, trailing off)
Fuck, fuck, fuck...

HALLWAY

Maggie passes the break room. SERGEANT CARL BECK (mid 30s) stops mid-bite as he watches her walk quickly by, muttering to herself.

ATRIUM

Maggie's moonlit silhouette streaks across the reception area. Her shadow traverses beside her in a wide arc.

MAGGIE
(to herself)
Fuuuuuuuuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,
stupid-fucking-idiot-shit...

A BLOCK

Maggie slams open the last door.

MAGGIE
FUCK!

As the door closes, it reveals a Sharpie'd "WOMEN." sign, complete with a big, red period punctuating it.

The tape keeping it in place fails and it drops to reveal a "Men's" sign.

INT. PRISON LOUNGE - MORNING

SGT. CARL BECK (mid-to-late 30s), a man who seems to be getting softer every day, with an attention-taking chipped front tooth, talks with the first shift.

CARL
None of this around Cap.
Understand? He doesn't go for any
of this nonsense--and y'all
shouldn't either. Stunts like this
put us all at risk. Understand? I'm
getting rid of them. Not a word.

He waves some photos at them, emphasizing his point, then stuffs them in his breast pocket.

Maggie sits on the bench untying her boots, listening with half an ear. She readies to leave. CAPT. LLOYD GILROY (late 40s) enters with a commanding presence.

Everyone quiets down.

LLOYD
Helluva party, Carl. Yard's a
beaut. Now Betty's in my ear about
how we need one. I don't even wanna
know what it ran ya...

LLOYD grabs the pinned list and flips through it.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
You know what I told her, I told
her we'll get it in ten.
(beat)
Know what she said? 'YEARS?!' she
yelled. Nah, I said. I said pounds.
You disappear that, I said, and
I'll make the down payment the day
the needle hits. Any good ones
left? Anything?

Lloyd flips open the box of donuts.

CARL
Quiet... for the most part.
(beat)
Scholz, though.

Lloyd runs his hand through his hair with a scrunched face.

CARL (CONT'D)
Hand was all banged up when I found
him. He said, and I quote, "had a
cave-in at twenty-six feet." I had
Mitchell take him over to get
checked out.

LLOYD
Anything else?

CARL
One loss of rec for Guthrie: extra
sheet. Merv didn't get much sleep,
patch tests this week. Forty-nine
for forty-nine.

Maggie goes to leave.

LLOYD
Aye, Hill, you know anything about
Scholz?

Lloyd walks over to the coffee maker. He looks around the
stacked pile of mugs with consternation.

MAGGIE

No, sir.

He shoots her a hard look.

LLOYD

Happened on your watch.

MAGGIE

Yes, sir.

Maggie heads out.

Lloyd looks up from the coffee maker with fury. He nods to Carl giving him silent orders.

D BLOCK - MORNING

Peter, hair parted to the left, rigs a dropper for his coffee and runs water over his toothbrush. He applies the toothpaste shakily with his newly casted right hand.

The long strips of adhesive tape from his back hang on the wall.

Outside his cell, a bullhorn BLARES, interrupting the Top-40 R&B tunes being piped through. As he puts on his shirt there are pinkish blotches mottling his skin.

GUARD (V.O.)

ON YOUR BUNKS AND BE VISIBLE! BE ON
YOUR BUNKS AND BE VISIBLE! EVERYONE
UP, LET'S GO!

Boots pour into position offscreen. Peter starts to brush and is immediately bum-rushed.

His percolator bubbles clear.

INT. PETER'S CELL

Carl and GOMEZ (mid-to-late 20s) toss Peter's cell checking all the insider spots, making a mess. Peter's cell is filled with various hustles: halved shampoo bottles and copper wire, a radio with its wires hanging out, a carton of smokes, stamp books, etc.

A certificate hangs on the wall.

INSERT: "For risking serious illness to further medical science's fight against infectious disease."

CARL
You guys crack me up.
(beat, looking around)
You sure know how to fill the time,
Scholz. If you weren't such a
degenerate, I'd say you were
interesting.

PETER
Good to have hobbies.

Carl turns to the shelving behind him and rifles through it.

PETER (CONT'D)
Aye, Carl, c'mon, they're in
alphabe--

Carl's ears twitch at the sound.

In one fell swoop, Carl clears the shelf and punches Peter in
the stomach. Carl pulls his punch, but only a little.

Peter falls to the ground.

Carl gets over him and starts patting him down.

GOMEZ
I already--

CARL
(to Gomez)
Forgive me, Gomez, last time you
checked someone we found them
blithely eating an apple in their
cell. Keep looking.

When Gomez turns, Carl slips something into Peter's back
pocket.

CARL (CONT'D)
(to Peter)
You know. anything we find in the
meantime only makes it worse.

PETER
(cough)
Huh? What else is there? I thought
we were good?

CARL
That's really how you want to play
it? Fine, actually--good.
(beat)
(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)
Truth be told... I've always wanted
to do this.

Peter eyes Gomez questioningly.

PETER
Wait. Do what?

Carl snaps, still over top of him. A bunch of arms, seemingly
out of nowhere, hold Peter's cast to the cement floor. A
hammer is inserted into Carl's open hand behind his head.

He taps on the cast, lining up his shot.

CARL
Should I start here?
(tap tap)
Or here?
(tap tap tap)
Sure would hate to ruin the Doc's
handy work.

GOMEZ
Ha. Good one. "Handy" work!

CARL
Thanks. Now go back to being
useless, Gomez.
(beat)
But, really, you should give them a
break.
(beat)
I guess you'll never be anyone's
right-hand man again.

PETER
Wait, wait, wait, I thought we were
good.

GOMEZ
Yeah, yeah--and, after, I'm gonna
put my HanCOCK on it!

CARL
Welp, we were having fun.
(Back to Peter)
So, we clear?

PETER
Hold on! Wait! Wait a minute! Let's
all get something straight...
(beat)
I'm left-handed.

Carl guides the hammer down hard enough to rattle the aching bones but not to damage the cast too much.

Peter YELPS.

CARL

So! Now then. Oooooooooone--

PETER

God damnit! I'll tell ya, I'll tell
ya, man, JEEZ! You all just can't
let it go.

GOMEZ

Up. Let's go. Out.

Carl and Gomez jolt Peter to his feet. The sudden rush makes him lightheaded. At the same time, Gomez shoves him toward the cell door. He gets tangled in the tossed sheets and books on the floor and loses his balance.

Trying to catch himself on the edge of the bed, his cast slips and he faceplates into the bars.

BONGGGG.

Carl is stunned by his absolute stupidity.

CARL

IDIOT! Did you really just--

GOMEZ

Ouchy-wahwah!

PETER

What the hell, man?!

Peter rebounds, as if moving fast will offset the trauma. Blood runs down the front of his shirt.

CARL

That's on you! JESUS!

Carl sits Peter on his bed.

PETER

It's literally the only thing you
didn't toss.

Carl flicks Peter's nose.

CARL

Say it.

PETER

The book, man, damn! On the desk!
(under his breath)
If you even know how to open one.

Carl opens "HELLS ANGELS: A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE SAGA".
Inside is a picture of Peter's parents and a folded piece of
paper behind it.

GOMEZ

Looks like contraband.

Carl throws the polaroid aside and stuffs the paper into his
pocket quickly.

CARL

Looks like trash.

SKRRRR.

Carl tears out a handful of pages from the binding and snaps
it shut.

He drops the torn stack on Peter's floor, then tosses the
shell onto the shakedown trash pile just outside of his cell.

CARL (CONT'D)

These games, Peter, I don't get it.
You just got off keeplock... You're
still in some hot water, from what
I hear. And now... this...

Carl grabs a Dibble Correctional Facility mug sitting near
the percolator and rinses it in the sink.

CARL (CONT'D)

It's like you don't wanna leave.
The last few months can still feel
like years, Scholz, even with you
running off to A Block every chance
you get.

The percolator now bubbles black.

Carl pours a cup.

Peter smiles at them with his blood-streaked face.

GOMEZ

You have something to say, wise-
guy?

Peter takes the toothbrush and gives his teeth a few passes
then spits voluminously.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)
Good... better for your health.

Carl motions to Gomez to move out. Gomez swipes at the bandages on the wall, knocking a few off before following Carl out.

D BLOCK - COMMON AREA

Carl dutifully runs the Dibble Correctional Facility mug to Lloyd.

As Lloyd takes a sip, the other side is emblazoned with "CAPTAIN LLOYD GILROY". He exhales in delight.

LLOYD
AHHHH! Gooooood morning, gentlemen,
it's another glorious day--a
blessing no matter where we may
find ourselves. Remember, act in
HIS holy name or suffer my
government-sanctioned wrath!

The Top 40-R&B hits swell back up as Lloyd finishes.

INT. PETER'S CELL - MINUTES LATER

Twirled toilet paper plugs each of Peter's nostrils. Black eyes form. Sliding his hand into his back pocket, Peter gives a hopeful smile.