

SPILT MILK: THE PROLOGUE

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  
Cotdamn, 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, 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 (MARCH 1971)

Peter Scholz, thirty-something and spry, 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 you can see 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, 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 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 nostril. Black eyes form. Sliding his hand into his back pocket, Peter gives a hopeful smile.