



Episode One
"The Routine"

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| Rev. | 4/02 | blue |
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CAST

LEO GLYNN.....ERNIE HUDSON
TIM MCMAHON.....TERRY KINNEY

TRAVIS BALLARD.....GEORGE E.M. KELLY
MICHAEL HEALY.....STEVE RYAN
FATHER RAY MAKATA.....B.D. WONG
JOSEPH MINEO.....PHILIP SCOZZARELLA
LOUISA NATHAN.....LAUREN VELEZ
SISTER PETER MARIE REIMONDO.....RITA MORENO
DIANE WITTLESEY.....EDIE FALCO

KAREEM SAID.....EAMONN WALKER
AUGUSTUS HILL.....HAROLD PERRINEAU

SIMON ADEBISI.....ADEWALE
EDUARDO ALVAREZ (non speaking).....
MIGUEL ALVAREZ.....KIRK ACEVEDO
TOBIAS BEECHER.....LEE TERGESEN
JOEY D'ANGELO.....GOODFELLA MIKE G
DONALD GROVES.....SEAN WHITESELL
BILLIE KEANE (non speaking).....DERRICK SIMMONS
JEFFERSON KEANE.....LEON
PAUL MARKSTRAM.....O.L. DUKE
RYAN O'REILLY.....DEAN WINTERS
DINO ORTOLANI.....JON SEDA
POET.....MUMS THE SCHEMER
JOHNNY POST.....TIM MCADAMS
BOB REBADOW.....GEORGE MORFOGEN
EMILIO SANCHEZ.....JOSE SOTO
NINO SCHIBETTA.....TONY MUSANTE
VERN SCHILLINGER.....J.K. SIMMONS

GINTARE ORTOLANI.....DESIREE MARIE VELEZ

SETS

INTERIORS

Acura

Em City

Adebisi's Cell

Common Room

McManus' Office

Ortolani's Cell

Said's Cell

Schibetta's Cell

Schillinger's Cell

Shower Room

Oz

Bathroom

Cafeteria

Factory

Hallway

Holding Tank

The Hole

Glynn's Office

Gym

Kitchen

Library

Office of Psychiatric
Evaluation

Post's Cell

Receiving and Discharge

Staff Lounge

Visiting Room

Prison Hospital

AIDS Ward

Examining Room

Office

Ward

EXTERIORS

Street

Suburban Road

Warehouse

FADE IN:

1 CU on AUGUSTUS HILL, twenties, in a wheelchair:

1 *

HILL

Oz... The name on the street for the Oswald Maximum Security Penitentiary. Oswald. Like the freak who whacked the first Kennedy boy... Oz is retro. Oz is retribution. You wanna punish a man? Separate him from his family. Separate him from himself. Cage him up with his own kind.

CUT TO:

2 INT. HOLDING TANK/OZ - DAY

2

The old part of the prison, dark and foreboding. Ten newly arrived INMATES enter, handcuffed together. Among them are: TOBIAS BEECHER, thirty, bespectacled, WASPy, completely out of place; DONALD GROVES, thirty, long hair, Iowa corn-fed, demented; PAUL MARKSTRAM, African-American, forty, mean; and MIGUEL ALVAREZ, Latino, twenty, small but fiery. ALVAREZ is cuffed to a GANGBANGER, who glares at him menacingly. As soon as OFFICER uncuffs them, GANGBANGER stabs ALVAREZ in the chest, with a crudely made shank. ALVAREZ staggers. OFFICERS grab GANGBANGER, wrestling him to floor. ALVAREZ falls, bleeding, at BEECHER's feet.

HILL (v.o.; cont.)

Oz is hard times doing hard time.

On BEECHER, horrified,

CUT TO:

3 INT. GLYNN'S OFFICE/OZ - DAY

3

LEO GLYNN, forties, African-American, has risen through the system from guard to Warden. He's hard, cynical, yet patient. GLYNN sits at desk as TIM MCMANUS enters, carrying a stack of files. Just under forty, MCMANUS has enormous energy and resolve. His major flaw: the righteousness of his vision is bound up in his own ego.

GLYNN

McManus, don't you ever knock?

MCMANUS

I've been through the files of all the inmates who arrived today. I want Tobias Beecher --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

3

GLYNN

Okay.

MCMANUS

Miguel Alvarez.

GLYNN

That'll be tough. He's in the hospital. Stab wound to the chest.

MCMANUS

He gonna live?

GLYNN

Apparently. Who else? *

MCMANUS

Donald Groves.

GLYNN

Groves?

MCMANUS *

Yeah.

GLYNN

Let me ask you something, McManus, and don't take this the wrong way: Are you out of your fucking mind? Donald Groves is a demented sociopath without a skoosh of remorse. *

MCMANUS

Maybe.

GLYNN

He ate his parents. He killed them, carved them up and he ate them. Now what the fuck do you think you can do with him?

MCMANUS

Teach him table manners.

GLYNN

The only thing an animal like that understands is punishment, hard and swift.

MCMANUS *

Every time I come in here, you say that. Every time.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 2

3

GLYNN

Then you'd think by now it would've
sunk in.

MCMANUS

Leo, I know it isn't easy having me
here. You're the Warden, you're
used to being the boss. I got
shoved down your throat, I was
given this autonomy to run cell
block five my way --

GLYNN

No Groves.

MCMANUS

You said yourself, our first
conversation, all we do is recycle.
An inmate comes in, we sit on him,
send him out, he's back with a
vengeance. Unless we do something
different with these guys, try
something radical, we're never
gonna break the chain.

GLYNN

Groves isn't going out, he's in
here 'til God drop kicks him to
Hell.

MCMANUS

Or maybe, if we help the poor
bastard, God'll decide to just
punt.

GLYNN

(exhales)

Fine, take Groves.

MCMANUS

Thank you.
(starts to go)

GLYNN

And Paul Markstram.

MCMANUS

Markstram? He's a petty drug
dealer. I've got plenty of drug
dealers already.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

3

GLYNN
You want Groves, you take
Markstram.

MCMANUS
Why Markstram?

GLYNN
He's my cousin.

As MCMANUS shrugs an okay,

CUT TO:

4 CU on HILL:

4

HILL
Timmy McManus, he's created an
experimental unit inside Oz, a new
approach to the "prison problem" --
some call it Emerald City. To me,
it's a concentration camp. People
think 'cause the building's new,
all sparkly, that life in Em City
is easier. It ain't. Far from it.

CUT TO:

5 INT. HOLDING TANK/OZ - DAY

5

The other INMATES are gone. BEECHER, MARKSTRAM and GROVES
sit facing OFFICER DIANE WITTLESEY. WITTLESEY, thirty, can
handle herself in any situation. She's tough without losing
her femininity. BEECHER listens, intently.

WITTLESEY
In Emerald City, we got rules. A
lot more rules than anywhere else
in Oz. Your cell is your home.
Keep it clean. Spotless. You are
to exercise regularly, attend
classes, go to drug and alcohol
counseling. You are to work in one
of the prison factories. You are
to follow the routine: We tell you
when to eat, when to sleep, when to
piss. There's no yelling, no
fighting, no fucking. Follow the
rules, learn self-discipline.
Because if you'd had any
self-discipline, any control over
yourself at all, you wouldn't be
sitting here now. Questions?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

5

MARKSTRAM

Can I go to the bathroom?

WITTLESEY

Suck it in, tough guy.

WITTLESEY opens door, signals. Entering are: DINO ORTOLANI, twenties, handsome, with the stride of a wiseguy; JEFFERSON KEANE, twenty, ghetto-raised, with the scars of many battles; and BOB REBADOW, age undeterminable, with whimsical eyes.

WITTLESEY (cont.)

Okay, these are your sponsors -- they'll help you get used to the routine.

GROVES

I don't want any fucking sponsor.
I don't want any fucking routine.

WITTLESEY

Listen, Groves, you're inside now. What you want and what is are two distinctly different things.

REBADOW

Hi, I'm Bob Rebadow.

REBADOW extends his hand to shake. GROVES takes REBADOW's hand, licks the palm. REBADOW takes hand back, looks at palm, then at GROVES.

REBADOW (cont.)

Nice to meet you, too.

WITTLESEY

(turns to KEANE and
MARKSTRAM)

Paul Markstram, Jefferson Keane.

MARKSTRAM

Hey.

KEANE gives MARKSTRAM the gang sign of welcome.

WITTLESEY

Tobias Beecher, Dino Ortolani.

BEECHER

(extends his hand)

Hello.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: 2

5

ORTOLANI
(turns to WITTLESEY)
I really have to do this?

WITTLESEY
Cut the shit, it's your turn.

ORTOLANI
(turns to BEECHER)
Beecher, huh?

BEECHER
Yes.

ORTOLANI
I'm guessing you ain't Italian.

BEECHER smiles awkwardly.

ORTOLANI (cont.)
So what're you in for? Shaving
strokes off your golf score?

BEECHER, still trying to smile,

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - DAY

6

Acura SCREECHES around a curve.

INT. ACURA - DAY

7

BEECHER, drunk, drives. He tries to focus, to pay
attention, but his eyes start to close.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - DAY

8

A GIRL, on a bicycle, darts out.

INT. ACURA - DAY

9

BEECHER's eyes widen as he realizes he's going to hit the
GIRL. He pumps the brakes, trying to stop. On the SOUND of
a DULL THUD,

DISSOLVE TO:

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CU on HILL:

10

HILL
Prisoner number 97B412, Tobias
Beecher. Convicted, July fifth,
ninety-seven, driving while
intoxicated, vehicular
manslaughter. Sentence: fifteen
years. Up for parole in four.

CUT TO:

.1 INT. HALLWAY/OZ - DAY

11

BEECHER, MARKSTRAM, GROVES, KEANE, REBADOW and ORTOLANI
being led by OFFICERS through a narrow and oppressive
corridor. The NEW ARRIVALS each carry bedding and towels.

HILL (v.o.)
In Oz, the guards lock the cages
and walk away. Then the predators
rise, take control, make the rules.

They reach a set of bars and enter.

NT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

12

LEGEND READS "9 A.M."

Like the moment in the movie, when Dorothy steps into color,
the transition between the old and the new is startling.
Unlike the rest of Oz, Em City is bright and full of
promise.

HILL (v.o.; cont.)
But in Em City, the guards are with
us twenty-four hours a day.

As the NEW ARRIVALS enter, the other INMATES stare at them
in silence, checking them out. BEECHER steps back, afraid.

HILL (v.o.; cont.)
There's no privacy. Everyone sees
what everyone is doing. Eyes are
everywhere.

ORTOLANI looks at BEECHER, chuckles, moves on. As the THREE
NEW INMATES enter their cells for the first time,

CUT TO:

CU on HILL:

13

HILL (cont.)
McManus' eyes. Y'see, in Em City,
retribution gives way to
redemption. Timmy boy believes he
can save every one of us.

HILL
From each other, from ourselves,
from the system that dumped us
here. The only thing he don't get
is -- you got to want to be saved.

CUT TO:

4 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

14

A line forms by two pay phones, both occupied. Sign reads
"One Call Each. Five Min Max." JOEY "THE ANGEL" D'ANGELO,
twenties, thinks he's smarter than he is, waits in line for
ORTOLANI, who leans against a wall, smoking a cigarette.
BILLIE KEANE, Jefferson's brother, twenty, on one of the
phones, stares at ORTOLANI. BEECHER passes ORTOLANI,
smiles.

BEECHER
How're you doing?

ORTOLANI
Look, pal, I know I'm supposed to
be some kinda Big Bro, but the
headline is: I don't give a shit
about you.

BEECHER
That's fine, Dino... okay.

ORTOLANI
Hey, I'll give you one slice of
advice: Get a weapon. First guy
who fucks with you -- take him out.

BEECHER
Anything else?

ORTOLANI
Don't smile. Ever.

The other CALLER hangs up, goes.

D'ANGELO
Dino. Telephone.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

D'ANGELO hands ORTOLANI the phone. BEECHER gets in line.
ORTOLANI turns to see BILLIE staring at him.

ORTOLANI
What the fuck you looking at?

BILLIE turns away. MARKSTRAM and KEANE approach BEECHER.

MARKSTRAM
You got a code for the phone?

BEECHER
(nods)
M.C.I.

MARKSTRAM
What's the number?

BEECHER
Five-five-five-two-three-seven-four-
six-six-six.

MARKSTRAM
Get outta line.

BEECHER looks at ORTOLANI, then at MARKSTRAM. BEECHER steps
away. ORTOLANI shakes his head, then talks into phone.

ORTOLANI
Ginny, how are ya?... Yeah, baby, I
miss you, too. The kids around?

As BEECHER slinks off,

CUT TO:

15 INT. CAFETERIA/OZ - DAY

15

LEGEND READS "11 A.M."

INMATES sit together based on which group they belong to:
MUSLIMS, GANGBANGERS, LATINOS, WESTIES, ARYAN BROTHERHOOD,
GAYS, BORN-AGAINs, MAFIA. NINO SCHIBETTA, fifties, a capo,
sits with ORTOLANI and D'ANGELO.

ORTOLANI
I got some veal coming in you are
gonna love.

SCHIBETTA
Bene.

BEECHER carrying tray, passes them.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

BEECHER
Can I sit here?

ORTOLANI
No.

BEECHER moves on, approaches REBADOW.

BEECHER
Anybody sitting here?

REBADOW
You.

BEECHER sits, begins to eat. On stage, POET reads a poem out loud.

REBADOW (cont.)
You're right you know.

BEECHER
Beg pardon?

REBADOW
You're right.

BEECHER
About what?

REBADOW
Genevieve. She's thinking about divorcing you. In fact, she's having lunch with your old law partner to talk it through.

BEECHER
Wait. How do you know my wife's name?

REBADOW
God told me.

BEECHER
God told you?

REBADOW
I read your file in the office.

BEECHER
Ah... wait. How did you know what I was thinking?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 2

15

REBADOW

God told me...

BEECHER nods, not sure if he should move. GLYNN enters with bullhorn, which he tests.

GLYNN

Attention --

Relative silence.

GLYNN (cont.)

According to the new state health guidelines, starting the end of the month, smoking will be prohibited inside Oswald Penitentiary.

The room ERUPTS: curses, boos.

GLYNN (cont.)

Quiet down, quiet down.

The NOISE continues. GLYNN yells.

GLYNN (cont.)

Anyone caught with tobacco will be charged with possession of contraband and sent to Ad Seg. That's all.

GLYNN exits. Food and trays start flying through the air. One tray hits ORTOLANI, who rises, crosses to WHITE PUNK. BEECHER watches ORTOLANI slap the shit out of PUNK. As BEECHER cowers in fear,

CUT TO:

16 INT. FACTORY/OZ - DAY

16

LEGEND READS "1 P.M."

INMATES, including HILL in wheelchair, sit at workbenches, cutting cloth. REBADOW and BEECHER enter.

BEECHER

This is where you make the prison uniforms?

REBADOW

Well, actually, no -- our uniforms come from Taiwan. These are prison clothes we make to sell.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

BEECHER

Sell? To who?

REBADOW

(holds up pants)
They're hip or hop, I'm not sure
which.

(indicates fabric on
rolls)

Grab a bolt and pull.

BEECHER

I'm really not used to doing this
kind of work.

(off HILL'S stare)
Not that I think there's anything
wrong with it or demeaning...

HILL

What'd'ya do on the outside?

BEECHER

I was a lawyer.

HILL

(turns away)
I hate lawyers almost as much as I
hate cops.

On BEECHER, yanking on the roll of cloth,

CUT TO:

17 INT. KITCHEN/OZ - DAY

17

LEGEND READS "4 P.M."

BEECHER stands in line. ORTOLANI yells at KEANE, loud.

ORTOLANI

What? You can't count? You come
up short again on the zucchini,
you'll be eating it through your
asshole.

As KEANE moves toward ORTOLANI, SCHIBETTA enters, steps in
between, faces ORTOLANI.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

SCHIBETTA

Ferma.

ORTOLANI backs down, walks away. SCHIBETTA turns to KEANE, hands him pack of cigarettes, then stares at BEECHER. As BEECHER walks away,

CUT TO:

17A INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY -DAY

17A

LEGEND READS "5 P.M."

INMATES hang about, including MARKSTRAM, GROVES, HILL and BILLIE. REBADOW crosses to BEECHER.

REBADOW

Nice watch.

BEECHER

I just bought it at the commissary.

REBADOW

Throw it away.

BEECHER

Why?

REBADOW

The last thing you're gonna wanna be doing is checking the time...

BELL RINGS. MINEO yells out.

MINEO

Count.

BEECHER

What now?

REBADOW

We go to our cells. They do a head count, then lock us in for the night.

BEECHER

(looks at watch)
It's five o'clock. What am I supposed to do 'til -- what time is lights out?

REBADOW

Ten p.m.

(CONTINUED)

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17A CONTINUED:

17A

BEECHER
What do I do for five hours?

REBADOW
Try to keep breathing.

The INMATES go to their cells, stand in doorway. BEECHER looks inside cell.

18 INT. ADEBISI'S CELL/EM CITY - DAY

18

SIMON ADEBISI, twenties, Nigerian, drug dealer, rummages through a box of BEECHER's things. BEECHER enters.

BEECHER
Hey, what're you doing with my stuff?

ADEBISI
What stuff?

ADEBISI takes carton of cigarettes. BEECHER reaches for them.

BEECHER
Those are mine.

ADEBISI
Anything you got belongs to me.
You understand?

BEECHER freezes in fear. ADEBISI holds up carton of cigarettes. BEECHER turns to see other INMATES watching them. OFFICER JOE MINEO enters.

MINEO
Time to count, gentlemen. Come on out.

ADEBISI
Just getting to know my new soulmate, Officer.

MINEO goes. ADEBISI puts carton under pillow, exits.

19 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

19

ADEBISI stands in doorway, BEECHER squeezes past him. As OFFICERS do a head count, YELLING numbers back to OFFICER at Monitoring Desk,

CUT TO:

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20 INT. ADEBISI'S CELL/EM CITY - NIGHT

20

LEGEND READS "10 P.M."

BEECHER lies on top bunk. ADEBISI sits in chair, as BELL RINGS. LIGHTS GO OUT. ADEBISI crosses to bunk, BEECHER flinches. ADEBISI laughs.

ADEBISI
I won't be fucking you, prag.
(gets into lower bunk)
At least not tonight.

ADEBISI laughs again. On BEECHER, starting to pray,

CUT TO:

21 INT. CAFETERIA/OZ - DAY

21

LEGEND READS "7 A.M."

BEECHER sits alone. VERN SCHILLINGER, forty, bald, blue eyes, friendly smile, approaches him.

SCHILLINGER
Hey. Mind if I sit here?

BEECHER shakes head no.

SCHILLINGER (cont.)
Vern Schillinger.

SCHILLINGER extends hand. BEECHER hesitates.

SCHILLINGER (cont.)
I understand. I saw last night
Adebisi giving you shit, taking
your cigs.

BEECHER
This morning he stole my watch.

SCHILLINGER
That sucks. He tried the same shit
with me when I first got here.

BEECHER
What did you do?

SCHILLINGER
Went to McManus, asked to be
switched to another pod.

BEECHER
And he did?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

21

SCHILLINGER
Sure. But don't say it has to do
with Adebisi, 'cause if you get him
in trouble, he'll kill you... In
the meantime, wear armor.

BEECHER
Armor?

SCHILLINGER lifts his shirt -- a magazine is stuffed in his
pants, covering his stomach. As BEECHER looks at the armor,

CUT TO:

2 INT. ADEBISI'S CELL/EM CITY - DAY

22

BEECHER rolls up his blanket as ADEBISI stands to side.

ADEBISI
You rat on me, bitch? Huh?

SCHILLINGER (o.c.)
Shut the fuck up.

BEECHER turns to see SCHILLINGER in doorway.

ADEBISI
Who you telling to shut up?

SCHILLINGER
You, boy.

ADEBISI makes a move toward SCHILLINGER just as WITTLESEY
approaches.

WITTLESEY
Play nice.

SCHILLINGER turns and goes. ADEBISI backs off. BEECHER
takes his stuff, starts to go, turns back to ADEBISI, who
snarls. BEECHER exits, followed by WITTLESEY.

INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

23

WITTLESEY heads off as BEECHER walks to another cell.

INT. SCHILLINGER'S CELL/EM CITY - DAY

24

SCHILLINGER stands by bunks, as BEECHER comes in.

SCHILLINGER
I'm on top.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

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BEECHER nods, starts to unroll blanket.

SCHILLINGER (cont.)
You're not a Jew, are you?

BEECHER
Me? Jewish? I don't even like
Barbra Streisand.

SCHILLINGER laughs, lifts off his shirt. On his chest, a
tattoo of a swastika. On his arm, twin lightning bolts.

SCHILLINGER
What'd'ya think o'my tattoos?

BEECHER nods, noncommittally.

SCHILLINGER (cont.)
We're gonna hafta get you one.

BEECHER
Um, no thanks.

SCHILLINGER
(leans up close)
Oh yeah. I'm gonna brand you
myself.

BEECHER
Livestock gets branded.

SCHILLINGER
Livestock, that's what you are. My
livestock. 'Cause now, Tobias,
your ass belongs to me.

As BEECHER inhales,

CUT TO:

CU on HILL:

25

HILL
They call this the penal system.
But it's really the penis system.
It's about how big. It's about how
long. It's about how hard. Life
in Oz is all about the size of your
dick. And anyone who tells you
different, ain't got one.

CUT TO:

26 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - NIGHT

26

LEGEND READS "10 P.M."

OFFICER sits at Monitoring Desk, talking on phone.

27 INT. SCHILLINGER'S CELL/EM CITY - NIGHT

27

CU on BEECHER's face, in pain. CAMERA SLOWLY PANS DOWN HIS NAKED BODY, revealing SCHILLINGER branding his ass with a Bic lighter and a ballpoint pen. BEECHER flinches, humiliated, as the other INMATES watch. As the BELL RINGS and the LIGHTS GO OUT,

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

28 INT. WARD/PRISON HOSPITAL - DAY

28

ALVAREZ lies in bed, as FATHER RAY MAKATA approaches, with file folder.

MAKATA

Miguel Alvarez? Ray Makata, I'm one of the prison chaplains.

ALVAREZ

McCotter?

MAKATA

Ma - ka - ta. How're you doing?

ALVAREZ

Th'fuck do you care?

MAKATA

According to this file, you're about to become a father. You've got a girlfriend -- Maritza -- who's an inmate at Parker Women's.

ALVAREZ

We got arrested together. Ain't that sweet?

MAKATA

I can arrange for you to be there for the birth.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

ALVAREZ

Naw, I don't give a shit about shit
like that.

MAKATA

Miguel, you'll probably get paroled
in two years. When you get out,
you're gonna wanna to be a father
to your kid.

ALVAREZ

That right?

ALVAREZ points to a forty-year old LATINO inmate, EDUARDO,
working as an orderly.

ALVAREZ (cont.)

See the pendejo over there? He's
my father.

MAKATA turns back to ALVAREZ, surprised.

ALVAREZ (cont.)

And up in some cellblock somewhere
-- is my grandfather. So, man,
don't be giving me none of your
shit, okay?

MAKATA

Okay, you had a miserable
childhood. But the bottom line is
still this: You are responsible for
bringing a new life into this
world. You're responsible. The
same way I'm responsible for you --
for your soul. So get ready,
Miguel, because I'm gonna be over
your shoulder, I'm gonna be up your
ass. Comprende?

MAKATA heads off. On ALVAREZ, unconvinced,

CUT TO:

29 INT. LIBRARY/OZ - DAY

29

Staff meeting in progress. GLYNN stands before EMPLOYEES,
including WITTLESEY, OFFICER MICHAEL HEALY, forties, who
carries his bitterness with a thin smile, and SISTER PETER
MARIE REIMONDO, fiftyish, mischievous.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

HEALY

I'm telling ya, Leo, fucking
McManus is outa fucking control.
He tells me yesterday, he's
thinking of starting a "quiet-time"
-- ya ready for that? An hour
everyday when the cons gotta sit in
silence. I mean, what's next?
Arts and crafts? Milk and
cookies? *

MCMANUS enters.

MCMANUS

Maybe you shoulda listened to what
I was saying, Healy. We gotta make
'em be quiet in here, 'cause when
they get out and get a job, they're
gonna have to sit and do their
work, in quiet.

HEALY

Man, what kinda fairy dust you been
snorting? These stupid fucks
aren't going to work for Microsoft.
It's bullshit.

MCMANUS

Bullshit? You wanna know
bullshit? If an inmate survives Oz,
he's got balls on the street. All
I wanna do is take away the glory,
take away the glamour of that.
Make 'em get a high school diploma,
make 'em learn to fucking read. *

GLYNN

Hey, is everyone done making
speeches? 'Cause I'm moving on.
Next item, the "No Smoking" rule --

MCMANUS

More bullshit. You don't actually
expect us to carry out this ban. *

GLYNN

These are state guidelines.
Recommended by the Board of
Corrections, passed by the
Legislature, signed by the
Governor.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 2

29

MCMANUS

The Governor is an asshole.

GLYNN

Do you mean politically or personally?

MCMANUS

He campaigned on the "No perks for prisoners" platform. He's gonna reinstate capital punishment. Slash our budget. Incite a riot.

HEALY

A riot?

MCMANUS

I heard what happened in the cafeteria. It's only gonna escalate. This joint is fueled by cigarette smoke.

GLYNN

Hey, I know that Marlboros aren't gonna disappear, that they're gonna go underground -- like drugs. I said we have to enforce the new rules, I didn't say I liked them.

MCMANUS

But, Leo --

GLYNN

Next item, Kareem Said. He'll be arriving today. I don't need to tell you what a potential powder keg we have here. And I'm not just saying that because he blew up a white owned warehouse in his community.

HEALY

Is he gonna be in Em City?

GLYNN

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

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21A.*

9 CONTINUED: 3

29

MCMANUS

This is news to me.

GLYNN

Said claims he's not a criminal,
that he's a political prisoner.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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19 CONTINUED: 3

29

GLYNN (cont.)
Until all the appeals and shit are
cleared, Said is to be treated
with kid gloves. After that, we
can bury him in genpop.

MCMANUS
This fucking place.

GLYNN
I got a direct request on this from
your pal, the D.A. You got a
problem, take it up with him.

On MCMANUS, angry but resigned,

CUT TO:

20 INT. HOLDING TANK/OZ - DAY

30

KAREEM SAID, thirties, African-American, charismatic,
strong, intelligent, sits with other new INMATES, as
OFFICERS BARK orders and YELL questions. As SAID remains
emotionless at the verbal abuse,

DISSOLVE TO:

21 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

31 *

The peace of the evening is shattered as the building
EXPLODES.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. RECEIVING AND DISCHARGE/OZ - DAY

32

HILL (v.o.)
Prisoner number 97S444, Kareem
Said, a/k/a Goodson Truman.

As the NEW ARRIVALS, including SAID, are fingerprinted,

CUT TO:

23 INT. EXAMINING ROOM/PRISON HOSPITAL - DAY

33

HILL (v.o.; cont.)
Convicted June sixth, ninety-seven.
Arson in the second degree.

As DOCTOR pokes every crevice on SAID's naked body,

CUT TO:

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4 INT. RECEIVING AND DISCHARGE/OZ - DAY

34

HILL (v.o.; cont.)
Sentence: eighteen years.

As the NEW ARRIVALS, including SAID, are photographed,

CUT TO:

5 INT. HOLDING TANK/OZ - DAY

35

HILL (v.o.; cont.)
Eligible for parole in five.

As the NEW ARRIVALS, including SAID, put on uniforms,

CUT TO:

6 INT. MCMANUS' OFFICE/EM CITY - DAY

36

MCMANUS sits opposite SAID. GLYNN leans on window sill.

MCMANUS
In Em City, we treat each other as
we'd like to be treated. We treat
each other with respect.

SAID
And what happens when one of us
does not respect the other?

GLYNN
There's violence.

SAID
Then prison life isn't all that
different from the outside world.

MCMANUS
I should tell you, your celebrity
status won't get you any extra
advantages. All my prisoners are
equals.

SAID
How ironic. To finally be an equal
in a place where I have no freedom
to enjoy it.

MCMANUS
You do the work you're assigned,
you stay out of trouble, we'll get
along.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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5 CONTINUED:

36

MCMANUS (cont.)
You break the rules once too often,
you go into the general population.
And, Kareem, in the rest of Oz,
no one is treated as they'd
like to be treated.

SAID
I consider myself warned.

MCMANUS studies SAID for a beat.

MCMANUS
I've read a couple of your books.
You are a brilliant writer.

SAID
Thank you.

MCMANUS
I know the kind of influence you
can have on other men... I'm hoping
we can work together to make
everybody's stay here productive.

SAID
I would like to help my brothers
live a full life.

GLYNN
So would we all. Anything else we
can tell you?

SAID
No. I do have one thing I can
tell you.

GLYNN
What's that?

SAID
Seventy-eight percent of the
population at Oswald State
Penitentiary are men of color. The
ratio, at last count, is one
officer for every nine inmates. We
can take over this prison any time
we want to.

GLYNN
You could take it, but you wouldn't
keep it.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 2

36

SAID
That remains to be seen.

GLYNN
Are you saying you intend to start
a riot?

SAID
I am saying: as of today, I run Oz.

GLYNN
Don't fuck with me, my brother.
(calls off)
Officers.

HEAR MUSLIM CHANT. OFFICERS enter, take SAID out.

37 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

37

CHANT CONTINUES. OFFICERS escort SAID, who's carrying
sheets and towels. The other INMATES, including KEANE,
SCHILLINGER, HILL, ORTOLANI, GROVES, SCHIBETTA, D'ANGELO,
ADEBISI, MARKSTRAM and REBADOW, stop whatever they're doing
and watch. They can feel the presence of this man.

HILL (v.o.)
There is always, in Oz, an
undercurrent of fear.

OFFICERS lead SAID to his cell.

38 INT. SAID'S CELL/EM CITY - DAY

38

SAID looks around.

HILL (v.o.; cont.)
Of violence.

He puts the sheets and towels down.

HILL (v.o.; cont.)
Of hate.

He looks up. MUSLIM INMATE stares directly into SAID's
eyes. MUSLIM CHANT FADES. As SAID nods to MUSLIM INMATE,

CUT TO:

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A CU on HILL:

38A

HILL (cont.)
Waiting to explode.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

9 INT. ORTOLANI'S CELL/EM CITY - NIGHT

39

LEGEND READS "10 P.M."

ORTOLANI sits, smoking a cigarette. As the BELL RINGS and the LIGHTS GO OUT,

DISSOLVE TO:

0 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

40

ORTOLANI lurks in doorway, tense. RYAN O'REILY, thirties, Ireland chiseled in his cheekbones, wearing a long leather coat, exits a bar with another WESTIE. ORTOLANI pulls out a snub-nosed .38 and fires at them. O'REILY and the other WESTIE start firing back, but ORTOLANI takes out the other WESTIE with dead-on aim. O'REILY gets ORTOLANI in the shoulder, then ORTOLANI shoots O'REILY in the chest. O'REILY goes down. Silence. ORTOLANI crosses to BODIES. He savagely kicks O'REILY several times, then drops his gun and walks away. Beat as POLICE SIRENS fill the night air. As O'REILY, in pain, opens his eyes,

DISSOLVE TO:

1 INT. ORTOLANI'S CELL/EM CITY - DAWN

41

LEGEND READS "6 A.M."

CU of ORTOLANI, asleep. His eyes slowly open; unsure of where he is.

HILL (v.o.)
Prisoner number 96C382. Dino
Ortolani.

ORTOLANI remembers where he is, peels back covers, plants his feet on the ground.

HILL (v.o.; cont.)
Convicted December twelfth,
ninety-six, one count, murder in
the first degree, assault with a
deadly weapon.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

He rubs his face, waiting to start his daily routine.. He crosses to sink, throws water on his face.

HILL (v.o.; cont.)
Sentence: Life imprisonment without
the possibility of parole.

As ORTOLANI lifts his face up, facing the mirror,

CUT TO:

42 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

42

LEGEND READS "7 A.M."

A lone OFFICER stands at the Monitoring Desk. WITTLESEY enters, nods to OFFICER, who flicks a switch. BELL RINGS. Beat, as the CLICK of METAL BOLTS unlocking ECHOES throughout. INMATES come out and stand by their cell doors. ORTOLANI exits his cell. BILLIE watches him, sighing with longing. HILL comes out of his cell in wheelchair. Also at their cell doors are SAID, SCHIBETTA, D'ANGELO, KEANE, ADEBISI, REBADOW, GROVES and MARKSTRAM. SCHILLINGER exits his cell, turns back. BEECHER, in fetal position, lies under covers.

SCHILLINGER
Beecher, c'mon, breakfast.

BEECHER
No.

SCHILLINGER
Suit yourself...

SCHILLINGER passes SAID, eye-fucks him.

WITTLESEY
Shakedown.

Door BURSTS open: Ten more OFFICERS rush in, led by two GERMAN SHEPERDS, panting and sniffing. The OFFICERS start searching each cell. ONE OFFICER flattens an INMATE against wall, as ANOTHER OFFICER, holding dog leash, holds up a baggie filled with white powder. WITTLESEY signals for the INMATE to be cuffed and taken away. ORTOLANI laughs. As the drug sweep continues,

CUT TO:

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3 INT. HALLWAY/EM CITY - DAY

43 *

MCMANUS talks with GLYNN.

GLYNN

Shakedowns aren't enough. We need more than a few sniffing dogs to stop the flow of drugs.

MCMANUS

We gotta fight the addiction.

GLYNN

We gotta fight the traffic.

MCMANUS

How?

GLYNN

A week-long lock-down. Let's see 'em try and move that shit, sitting in their cells twenty-four/seven.

MCMANUS

Oh, I get it: your big idea is to punish everyone, guilty or not.

KNOCK on door. REIMONDO approaches.

GLYNN

Well, I sure as hell don't hear you coming up with anything better. Hello, Marie.

GLYNN heads off.

REIMONDO

McManus, we've got to talk.

MCMANUS

About?

REIMONDO

Sex.

MCMANUS

Sister, you're insatiable.

REIMONDO

And you're not that funny.

They head into:

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A INT. MCMANUS' OFFICE/EM CITY - DAY

43A *

REIMONDO and MCMANUS enter.

*

REIMONDO (cont.)
Dino Ortolani has requested a
conjugal visit.

MCMANUS
So?

REIMONDO
This'd be the fourth one since
January.

MCMANUS
Oh.

REIMONDO
Part of my job is to arrange for
inmates and their wives to make
whoopie. Part of your job is to
tell me if said inmate has earned
said whoopie.

MCMANUS
Four times this year, huh? I
didn't have sex that often when I
was married.

REIMONDO
That's probably why you're
divorced.

MCMANUS
He can have a six-hour conjugal.

REIMONDO
(turns to go)
Let's hope he's not a premature
ejaculator.

As REIMONDO exits,

CUT TO:

4 INT. KITCHEN/OZ - DAY

44

LEGEND READS "11 A.M."

FLANE, dressed in food service whites, doles out mass
produced meals on trays covered in plastic to INMATES.
JOHNNY POST, African-American, twenties, also in whites,
prepares real breakfasts, carries trays out into:

45 INT. CAFETERIA/OZ - DAY

45

POST brings trays to D'ANGELO, SCHIBETTA and ORTOLANI, sets them down.

SCHIBETTA

Thanks, kid.

SCHIBETTA hands him some cigarettes. POST crosses off. D'ANGELO and ORTOLANI look at GROVES, who sits by himself, hunched over his food.

D'ANGELO

He ate his mother.

SCHIBETTA

Get outa here.

D'ANGELO

This how I heard it: he killed her, then he broiled her head. Smothered it in onions.

ORTOLANI

What? No garlic?

D'ANGELO

He had his father in the freezer.

SCHIBETTA

Sick fuck. What the fuck is wrong with this country? In the old days, murder was murder. You killed someone, it was business. And you sure as Christ didn't eat them.

ORTOLANI

Times change, Nino.

SCHIBETTA

Fuck that, times change. Nothing changes. Nothing ever changes.

ORTOLANI turns to see GROVES stick his fork into another INMATE'S meatloaf. GROVES lifts the meat to his mouth, chews. On ORTOLANI, repulsed,

CUT TO:

46 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

46

LEGEND READS "1 P.M."

ORTOLANI enters smoking, sees SAID talk to three MUSLIM INMATES. KEANE and the other GANGBANGERS, SCHILLINGER and the ARYANS and the LATINOS, are also watching. WITTLESEY sits at Monitoring Desk.

SAID

My brothers, we must dedicate ourselves to a whole different set of principles, to a whole new set of priorities. We must rekindle our natural sense of purity -- the mind and the heart must be cleansed and set free. No drugs, no foul language, no alcohol, no cigarettes, no abnormal sex. These temptations must be replaced with a channeled focus. Not only will our lives here in Satan's house be improved, but our spirits will be renewed. We are not a gang of hoodlums, we are a group of men, rooted in Africa, living in America, proud and strong. We are an entity, a presence, a force that must be dealt with. We are voices that must be heard. The white man may enslave us with his laws, enslave us in his prisons, but he has not, can not, will not enslave the very essence of our immortal souls. Bismillah ar-Rahman ar-Raheem.

SCHILLINGER approaches ORTOLANI.

SCHILLINGER

You hearing this shit? Abba dabba doo.

ORTOLANI

Yeah.

SCHILLINGER

This fuck Said is a threat. You tell Schibetta we gotta stick together on this one.

ORTOLANI

You see me riding a bicycle?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

46

SCHILLINGER

Huh?

ORTOLANI

I'm no messenger boy. You got something to say to Nino, you tell him yourself.

SCHILLINGER

Yeah, yeah.

(looks off)

Oh oh, looks like we may not have to worry.

ORTOLANI turns. As SAID and other MUSLIMS kneel in prayer, KEANE, ADEBISI and MARKSTRAM approach them.

MARKSTRAM

Whatcha doing, Kreme?

ADEBISI

You like being on your knees?

(moves in front of SAID)

While you're down there --

KEANE

You been talking to the brothers about not dealing drugs. You don't stick your nose in my business.

He grabs kofia off SAID's head. The MUSLIMS rise, ready to fight. SAID's raised hand halts them. He rises, calmly, faces KEANE.

SAID

Is this what you want?

KEANE

Huh?

SAID

Is this what you really want?

KEANE

You mean a piece of you? Yeah.

SAID

We Muslims believe in non-violence. We believe in respecting our neighbors.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: 2

46

KEANE

Well, we...
(indicates other
GANGBANGERS)
Don't.

SAID

So be it.

SAID turns to MUSLIM.

SAID (cont.)

Hit me.

MUSLIM reacts, incredulous.

SAID (cont.)

Hit me.

MUSLIM hits SAID with fist.

SAID (cont.)

Harder.

MUSLIM hits SAID harder.

SAID (cont.)

Again.

MUSLIM hits SAID again.

SAID (cont.)

Harder.

MUSLIM hits SAID harder.

SAID (cont.)

Again.

WITTLESEY

What the hell's going on over
there?

KEANE stares at SAID.

KEANE

Man, you are one crazy
motherfucker.

KEANE, MARKSTRAM and ADEBISI cross off. SAID, bloodied,
calls to them.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: 3

46

SAID
Asalaam Alaikum.

As SAID turns, sees ORTOLANI staring at him,

CUT TO:

7 INT. SCHIBETTA'S CELL/EM CITY - DAY

47

LEGEND READS "3 P.M."

ORTOLANI and SCHIBETTA play pinochle, smoking cigars.

ORTOLANI
What day is it?

SCHIBETTA
Friday.

ORTOLANI
Friday? Feels more like Monday.

D'ANGELO enters.

D'ANGELO
You ready for this? Guess who's
checking into Oz tomorrow?

SCHIBETTA
Your uncle Vinnie.

D'ANGELO
Naw. The Feds got Vinnie.
(to ORTOLANI)
Ryan O'Reilly.

ORTOLANI
You're shitting me.

D'ANGELO
I'm shitting you? Why am I gonna
shit you about that scumfuck?

ORTOLANI
They gotta be outa their minds
putting him near me.

SCHIBETTA
Maybe they know exactly what
they're doing. You better be
careful, Dino.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

47

D'ANGELO

O'Reilly's not gonna be in Em City.
He's gonna be somewheres over the
rainbow.

SCHIBETTA

Small time punk like him --
Munchkinland.

ORTOLANI

I'm gonna cap the motherfucker.

SCHIBETTA turns to him, a command:

SCHIBETTA

You ain't gonna do a fucking thing,
unless I say so.

On ORTOLANI, revenge seething in his bones,

CUT TO:

INT. GYM/OZ - DAY

48

ARYANS, LATINOS and GANGBANGERS pump iron. ORTOLANI enters,
crosses to punching bag. ORTOLANI starts punching the bag,
hard. As ORTOLANI works out his fury,

CUT TO:

9 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

49

LEGEND READS "5 P.M."

BELL RINGS. The INMATES, including HILL, GROVES, REBADOW,
SAID, MARKSTRAM, SCHIBETTA, D'ANGELO, SCHILLINGER, BILLIE
and KEANE, walk slowly to their cells, prodded by OFFICERS.
ORTOLANI passes BEECHER's cell.

HILL (v.o.)

Oz is where I live. Oz is where I
will die. Where most of us will
die.

ORTOLANI's POV: BEECHER, under his covers, in fetal
position.

HILL (v.o.; cont.)

What we were, don't matter.

RESUME ORTOLANI as he goes to his own cell. OFFICERS count
heads, YELL numbers back to OFFICER at Monitoring Desk.

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50 INT. ORTOLANI'S CELL/EM CITY - DAY

50

ORTOLANI steps inside. The DOOR closes. LOCKS are heard SNAPPING shut.

HILL (v.o.; cont.)
What we are, don't matter.

As ORTOLANI stands still,

CUT TO:

51 CU on HILL:

51

HILL (cont.)
What we become, don't matter.

CUT TO:

52 INT. ORTOLANI'S CELL/EM CITY - NIGHT

52

LEGEND READS "10 P.M."

BELL RINGS. The LIGHTS GO OUT. ORTOLANI sits in the dark. As he lights a cigarette, the match glowing red,

CUT TO:

53 CU on HILL:

53

HILL (cont.)
Does it?

CUT TO:

54 INT. ORTOLANI'S CELL/EM CITY - DAWN

54

LEGEND READS "6 A.M."

CU of ORTOLANI, asleep. His eyes open slowly; unsure of where he is. Then a beat as he realizes. He peels back covers, plants his feet on the ground. As he rubs his face, waiting to start his daily routine,

CUT TO:

55 INT. HOLDING TANK/OZ - DAY

55

MORE NEW ARRIVALS, cuffed together, are lead in. Among them: O'REILY. As the admitting process begins,

CUT TO:

56 INT. CAFETERIA/OZ - DAY

56

LEGEND READS "7 A.M."

BILLIE passes ORTOLANI, who comes out of kitchen with clipboard. BILLIE stares at ORTOLANI, who sits down with D'ANGELO and SCHIBETTA.

ORTOLANI
That fucking faggot.

ORTOLANI looks up.

ORTOLANI's POV: O'REILY enters with other WESTIES. O'REILY sees ORTOLANI, eye-fucks him.

RESUME ORTOLANI, who starts to rise. SCHIBETTA lays his hand on the crook of ORTOLANI's elbow.

SCHIBETTA
Siediti.

ORTOLANI
I can't let that punk disrespect me.

SCHIBETTA
Maron, you stupid or what? There are cops all over the place.

ORTOLANI, frustrated, sits. O'REILY laughs, exits into:

57 INT. KITCHEN/OZ - DAY

57

O'REILY enters as KEANE and POST hand out pre-fabbed, plastic covered breakfasts on tray.

O'REILY
Who's Keane?

KEANE
Me. So?

O'REILY
I'm O'Reilly.

KEANE
Like I said, "so"?

O'REILY
I heard you can take care of a little business for me.

KEANE
What kind o'business?

(CONTINUED)

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57 CONTINUED:

57

O'REILY
(sotto voce)
Dino Ortolani. I want him
air-holed. And I'm willing to pay.

KEANE
Fuck that, man. We don't kill
Wiseguys. Here.

KEANE hands O'REILY tray.

O'REILY
Yum, yum. Plastic.

As O'REILY tosses the tray away,

CUT TO:

57A INT. HALLWAY/OZ - DAY

57A

HEALY smokes a cigarette as O'REILY approaches.

O'REILY
My brother says hello.

HEALY nods, hands O'REILY a cigarette, lights it.

O'REILY (cont.)
He says you can help.

HEALY
I'm here, ain't I? Who?

O'REILY
Ortolani. The niggers are afraid
to touch him.

HEALY
Ya don't hafta worry about wasting
Dino, he's on self-destruct.

As HEALY heads off,

CUT TO:

58 INT. ORTOLANI'S CELL/EM CITY - DAY

58

LEGEND READS "1 P.M."

ORTOLANI puts towel around his torso, exits.

INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

59

ORTOLANI walks to showers. BILLIE follows. KEANE, MARKSTRAM and ADEBISI watch a basketball game on TV. Each has earphone in their ears. NO SOUND from the TVs. A basket is scored. ALL of THEM jump up, CHEERING. SAID kneels on prayer mats with THREE OTHER MUSLIMS. ANOTHER INMATE puts on lipstick. REBADOW plays solitaire, looking over at BEECHER's cell, concerned. BEECHER lies under covers. SCHILLINGER laughs with other ARYANS. As ORTOLANI enters shower,

CUT TO:

A CAMERA'S POV -- A FIST coming FAST, directly at the FRAME. The FIST HITS the lens and the CAMERA goes spinning, falling down sideways. Water pours over the lens. And blood. As the FIST SLAMS the CAMERA again, REVEAL: 59A

INT. SHOWER ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

60

ORTOLANI stands over BILLIE, pounding him repeatedly with his clenched fist. Two shower heads gush hot water as white steam rises. Both ORTOLANI and BILLIE are naked. BILLIE tries to defend himself, but ORTOLANI is an unbeatable force of strength, anger and speed.

ORTOLANI

You fucking faggot.

Enter two OFFICERS, followed by Officer TRAVIS BALLARD.

BALLARD

Alright, enough, Ortolani, enough.

The two OFFICERS try to grab ORTOLANI, but the bastard's from the streets. He smacks one OFFICER in the head, stunning him. He flattens the other OFFICER against the wall, shoving his face into the spigots. Then he turns the hot water up full blast. The OFFICER yelps in pain. BALLARD takes out a baton and starts hammering ORTOLANI over the head with furious force. BALLARD pummels ORTOLANI as the two OFFICERS grab him again, slipping and sliding on the wet tiles. BALLARD's blows to ORTOLANI's head take their desired effect. He falls. With the one last ounce of strength left in him, he struggles to rise, but BALLARD stomps his foot on ORTOLANI's forehead. Finally, eyes closing, losing consciousness, ORTOLANI surrenders. The OFFICERS stand above him, panting, their uniforms sopping wet. As the water and blood swirl down the drain,

CUT TO:

60A INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

60A

INMATE/ORDERLIES carry BILLIE out on stretcher. KEANE rushes over.

KEANE
What the fuck happened?

INMATE/ORDERLIES say nothing, exit.

KEANE (cont.)
Who did this to my brother?

On KEANE, raging,

CUT TO:

60B INT. E.R./PRISON HOSPITAL - DAY

60B *

DOCTOR GLORIA NATHAN, twenty-eight, beautiful and incredibly smart, crosses to closed cubicle, pulls curtain back, revealing ORTOLANI, sitting on a gurney, his face oozing blood and puss from his wounds.

NATHAN
You better hope they get Billie Keane to City Hospital in time. He flames out, you're up for murder.

ORTOLANI
I'm doing life, Doctor, one more murder ain't gonna matter...
(as she tends to his wounds)
You got an angel's touch.

NATHAN
When you were outside, did you ever get laid with a line like that?

ORTOLANI
Outside, I was faithful to my wife.

NATHAN
Yeah.

ORTOLANI
I was faithful by choice. In here, I ain't got a choice...
(smiles, sexy)
Or do I?

NATHAN
No choice, no chance.

(CONTINUED)

60B CONTINUED:

60B

ORTOLANI

I don't get it. How come a
high-class steth like you wastes
her time treating jamingas like me?

NATHAN

Stay still.

ORTOLANI

Why ain't you volunteering at the
women's prison? Why're you shaking
your tits in front of fourteen
hundred guys?

NATHAN

I'm trying to meet men and I'm
bored with the bar scene.

ORTOLANI

You ain't got a husband?

NATHAN

That's none of your business.

ORTOLANI

I gotta wonder 'bout a guy who'd
let his slice come into a pit like
this. Don't he got concern for
you?

NATHAN

He's got plenty of concern.

ORTOLANI

Ah. So you are married.

ORTOLANI smiles his most charming smile. Then he reaches
his hand around NATHAN's back, laying it open and flat on
her butt. She tugs a little too hard on the suture.

ORTOLANI

Owww.

NATHAN

You happy?

ORTOLANI

Happy? Doctor Nathan, I'm
delirious.

NATHAN continues working. On ORTOLANI, very turned on,

CUT TO:

61 INT. MCMANUS' OFFICE/EM CITY - DAY

61

MCMANUS works at his desk. A cockroach crawls across his desk. He drops a glass over it. KNOCK.

MCMANUS

Yep?

HEALY enters with ORTOLANI.

MCMANUS (cont.)

Ah... Sit down, Dino.

HEALY pushes ORTOLANI into seat. MCMANUS turns to HEALY.

MCMANUS (cont.)

Take the handcuffs off, please.

HEALY

You sure?

MCMANUS

I'm sure.

HEALY reluctantly takes the cuffs off. Beat.

MCMANUS (cont.)

That'll be all, Mister Healy. Wait outside.

HEALY grunts and exits. MCMANUS turns to ORTOLANI.

MCMANUS (cont.)

You put Billie Keane in intensive care.

ORTOLANI

Hey, I don't start fights --

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

MCMANUS

I know, you finish them.

(takes off his glasses)

Look, I'm gonna put this as simply as possible -- From what I can tell, all the officers and all the inmates hate your guts. Or are terrified of you. Or both.

ORTOLANI

Being popular has never been a big concern of mine.

MCMANUS

How about staying alive? Is that a concern? Because, if you keep this up, one of them will kill you.

ORTOLANI

So what? I'm gonna be sitting in that cell 'til they carry my tight little guinea ass out in a body bag. Just put me in The Hole and leave me the fuck alone.

MCMANUS

Do you know why, in Em City, I have lifers mixed in with the rest?

No response.

MCMANUS (cont.)

So that people learn to live together and not just for when they get released. Even if you're gonna be inside 'til you die, Dino, your life can have purpose.

ORTOLANI

McManus, if you're on drugs, stop. If you're not, start.

MCMANUS scans the report on his desk, as ORTOLANI taps glass with cockroach.

MCMANUS

This is your third fight related to some kind of homosexual encounter. You can't go swinging every time some guy makes a pass.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: 2

61

ORTOLANI

What am I supposed to do? He's standing there all faggy, stroking his dick, making it hard in front of me.

MCMANUS

Laugh it off.

ORTOLANI

I don't got that kind of sense of humor.

MCMANUS exhales, then smiles.

MCMANUS

As punishment, instead of putting you in lock-up, I'm assigning you to work as an orderly in the AIDS Ward.

ORTOLANI

What the fuck, are you fucking nuts? I work the kitchen.

MCMANUS

Mister Healy.

HEALY enters. ORTOLANI rises, taps glass, squashes cockroach.

ORTOLANI

He just fucked me up the ass.

As HEALY takes ORTOLANI out,

CUT TO:

62 INT. SCHIBETTA'S CELL/EM CITY - DAY

62

ORTOLANI and SCHIBETTA play pinochle.

ORTOLANI

You gotta do something about this. You gotta get me off this bullshit hospital duty.

SCHIBETTA

Who the fuck you talking to? I don't gotta do a fucking thing.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

ORTOLANI
I don't wanna be touching no
diseased faggots.

SCHIBETTA
Most o'them are junkies.

ORTOLANI
Who the fuck cares how they got it?
I don't wanna get it.

SCHIBETTA
Then be careful --

ORTOLANI
You saying you ain't gonna help me?

SCHIBETTA
That's right.

ORTOLANI
(loud)
I run the kitchen, Nino --

SCHIBETTA
You raising your voice to me?
Stunatu. This is what I'm talking
about. You gotta learn to behave.
Wiseguys have been running these
joints for generations. How? By
this --
(grabs his crotch)
And this --
(taps his brain)
We run the rackets, same as on the
street. But you, Il Arrabbiato,
you're gonna kill O'Reily, you're
gonna kill the faggot. You gotta
learn to think before you act.
Life ain't an icepick. So go be a
nursemaid for a while, go wipe some
asses.

As ORTOLANI heads off, without a word,

CUT TO:

63 INT. CAFETERIA/OZ - DAY

63

LEGEND READS "4 P.M."

O'REILY walks past MUSLIMS, including SAID, eating. One
MUSLIM stands reading the Koran as others eat. O'REILY
exits into:

64 INT. KITCHEN/OZ - DAY

64

KEANE and POST wipe down a steel counter, as O'REILY enters.
ADEBISI and other GANGBANGERS hang out.

KEANE

My brother's lying in a fucking
hospital, half dead, tubes up his
nose, 'cause of that m-f-ing dago.

ADEBISI

(sees O'REILY)

What do you want?

O'REILY

I heard you were having a meeting
about Ortolani.

KEANE

For the brothers.

O'REILY

Yeah, whatever. You don't need my
help, that's cool.

HEALY enters.

HEALY

Hey, what's going on?

KEANE signals POST to go back to work.

HEALY (cont.)

What're you all doing in here?

KEANE

Consoling me 'bout my brother.

HEALY

Your brother's a fag, Keane. They
say it runs in families. You a
fag, too?

KEANE

Suck my dick, you'll find out.

HEALY

You got two minutes to finish your
work. Everybody else out.

HEALY escorts GANGBANGERS out, nods to O'REILY, who stays.
Beat. O'REILY turns to KEANE.

O'REILY

You and me can get the job done.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

KEANE

(turns to POST)

You up, Johnny. I want you to go
into the Hole and whack that wop.

POST nods, happily.

O'REILY

McManus didn't put Ortolani in the
Hole. He's got him doing bedpan
duty in the AIDS ward.

KEANE

No shit.

O'REILY

It'll take a day or two, but, I'll
get your man Post here reassigned
to the AIDS ward.

KEANE

When the right moment comes, he'll
off the fucking douchebag.

As KEANE and O'REILY shake hands,

CUT TO:

65 INT. AIDS WARD/PRISON HOSPITAL - DAY

65

A long, white Room. Fifty beds, each with a MALE INMATE in
various stages of disease. EMILIO SANCHEZ, Latino,
twenties, lies in one bed, thin, pock-marked, dying from
AIDS. ORTOLANI enters, in an orderly uniform, with a tray
of food, wearing gloves and a surgical mask.

ORTOLANI

Okay, chow time.

SANCHEZ

I'm... not... hungry...

ORTOLANI

Doctor Nathan said you'd say that.
Doctor Nathan said to feed you
anyway. So, c'mon.

ORTOLANI puts the tray down, swivels it over to SANCHEZ, who
very fragilely pushes it away.

ORTOLANI (cont.)

Very cute.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

ORTOLANI pushes tray back. SANCHEZ pushes it away again.

ORTOLANI (cont.)
Knock it off.

ORTOLANI pushes tray back. SANCHEZ pushes it away.

ORTOLANI (cont.)
Geez, you're like one of my kids.

SANCHEZ
I want... to die...

ORTOLANI sits by the bed, takes a spoon, digs into food.

ORTOLANI
Open your mouth.

SANCHEZ doesn't. ORTOLANI flares.

ORTOLANI (cont.)
Open your goddamn, mother-fucking,
cock-sucking mouth.

Terrified, SANCHEZ does. As ORTOLANI slips the spoon into
SANCHEZ's mouth,

CUT TO:

66 CU on HILL:

66

HILL
Cock-sucking. Butt-fucking. In
prison, you got three kinds of men:
Sallys, who'd be getting dicks up
their asses whether they were
inside or not. Ralphs, who beat
off. And Genes. Deprived of sweet
pussy, they are looking for love in
all the wrong places. In any hole.
A body is just a body. Any flesh
is fine.

CUT TO:

67 INT. STAFF LOUNGE/OZ - DAY

67

McMANUS sips coffee as NATHAN approaches.

NATHAN
Thanks a lot.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

MCMANUS

Nice to see you, too, Gloria.

NATHAN

Thanks for shackling me with Dino Ortolani. Not only can't he keep his hands off my fanny, he's got the bedside manner of Attila the Hun.

MCMANUS

He gets into a fight, I put him in The Hole. He gets out, he's in another fight. I'm trying to break the pattern.

NATHAN

He's a violent criminal. A thug born to kill. He'll never change.

MCMANUS

Okay. What do you suggest then? Caning? Castration?

NATHAN

Lorazepam. Sedate Ortolani with four milligrams of lorazepam. Put him in a passive state, he gets a great buzz and he doesn't harm anyone.

MCMANUS

Better prison through chemistry.

NATHAN

Grow some balls, Tim.

MCMANUS

You free for dinner tonight?

NATHAN

I'm married.

MCMANUS

You're separated. Do you want to have dinner?

(CONTINUED)

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67 CONTINUED: 2

67

NATHAN

Yes.

MCMANUS

I'll have balls by then.

As NATHAN exits,

CUT TO:

68 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - NIGHT

68

LEGEND READS "5 P.M."

GROVES, SCHIBETTA, REBADOW, D'ANGELO, HILL, KEANE, SAID and MARKSTRAM mingle with other INMATES. SCHILLINGER approaches ORTOLANI.

SCHILLINGER

Dino, my friend, been looking for you.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

ORTOLANI

Yeah, what'd'ya want, Schillinger?

SCHILLINGER

Heard you crippled Billie Keane.
The Aryan Brotherhood is grateful.

ORTOLANI

Swell.

SCHILLINGER

I'm trying to give you a little
jizz here.

ORTOLANI

I don't need your jizz.

SCHILLINGER

Then fuck you.

ORTOLANI

No, fuck you. What went on in
that shower was between me and the
fag-boy. It had nothing to do with
you, you fucking redneck scumbag.
So just get your pure white ass the
fuck away from me.

SCHILLINGER

(gives him the finger)
You stupid greaseball.

BELL RINGS. Another head count.

HILL (v.o.)

Greaseball. Cracker. Mick. Spic.
Kike. Gook. Nigger. Words.
Words are weapons. Though I'd
rather have a Mac Ten anytime.

INMATES step inside cells. On the SOUND of LOCKS SHUTTING,

CUT TO:

69 INT. ORTOLANI'S CELL/EM CITY - NIGHT

69

LEGEND READS "10 P.M."

HILL (v.o.; cont.)

People say violence is the worst
thing we gotta face.

LIGHTS GO OUT. ORTOLANI sits in the dark, in his cell. As
he lights a cigarette,

CUT TO:

70 CU on HILL:

70

HILL (cont.)
For me, what's worse is the Great Yawn. How do you fill day after dull-ass day? We got a routine to follow, that's supposed to give our lives order, meaning. But I am here to testify -- I'm less afraid of getting a shank in my back, then of the routine. 'Cause the routine, man, it'll kill you...

CUT TO:

71 INT. ORTOLANI'S CELL/EM CITY - DAY

71

LEGEND READS "6 A.M."

ORTOLANI wakes up, knows exactly where he is. He peels back covers, plants his feet on the ground, rubs his face. At sink, ORTOLANI throws water on his face. As he lifts his face up, facing the mirror,

CUT TO:

72 INT. AIDS WARD/PRISON HOSPITAL - DAY

72

LEGEND READS "11 A.M."

ORTOLANI finishes feeding SANCHEZ, who has difficulty talking through the drugs and the dementia.

SANCHEZ
I wanna... see my daughter.

ORTOLANI
Daughter? You got a daughter?

SANCHEZ nods.

ORTOLANI (cont.)
Geez, I thought you were a queer.

SANCHEZ
Queers have daughters...

(CONTINUED.)

72 CONTINUED:

72

ORTOLANI

I guess.

SANCHEZ

She's three.

ORTOLANI

Yeah. I got a son that age...

SANCHEZ pulls out pack of cigarettes from a secret hiding place. He offers one to ORTOLANI who says, as he slips one from the pack:

ORTOLANI (cont.)

You're not allowed to smoke.

ORTOLANI realizes he's wearing the surgical mask. He lowers the mask, as he lights SANCHEZ's cigarette.

ORTOLANI (cont.)

Why the fuck did you get AIDS?

SANCHEZ

I loves... loved... heroin... Took me... to another... body... felt -- golden... you?

ORTOLANI

I never like that shit, I sold enough of it, though...

SANCHEZ

Maybe I... got mine from you...

ORTOLANI

I was never out on the street, dealing...

SANCHEZ

Still...

There is an unknowing indictment in SANCHEZ's eyes. ORTOLANI sees it, rises.

ORTOLANI

Listen to me, you stupid fuck. I was in business, pure and simple. I didn't tell you to share no fucking needle.

SANCHEZ holds up a scrawny, scabbed arm. ORTOLANI walks away, stops, comes back, pulls cigarette out of SANCHEZ's mouth.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: 2

72

ORTOLANI (cont.)

You're not allowed to smoke.

As ORTOLANI exits,

CUT TO:

73 INT. HALLWAY/OZ - DAY

73

POST walks along, sees ORTOLANI leaning against wall outside AIDS ward, smoking.

POST

Yo, Ortolani --

ORTOLANI

What'd'ya want Post?

POST

I'm gonna be working in the AIDS Ward witcha. Great news, huh? Got an extra cig?

ORTOLANI

No.

MCMANUS approaches.

MCMANUS

Dino... How goes it?

ORTOLANI turns away from him.

MCMANUS (cont.)

Jesus, I feel like I'm in high school.

ORTOLANI

You think by shoving me in there, you're gonna change me. Lemme tell ya something, coach, even with all your good intentions and reforms and overhauled policies, I ain't gonna change. We ain't gonna change. None of us.

ORTOLANI tosses down cigarette, smashes it into floor with his foot and walks away. POST follows. On MCMANUS, watching them go,

CUT TO:

74 INT. OFFICE OF PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATION/OZ - DAY

74

REIMONDO sits at desk as MCMANUS enters.

REIMONDO

Hey, Timmy, what's up?

MCMANUS

Dino Ortolani's conjugal visit,
cancel it. Tell him instead he can
have family time.

REIMONDO

Family? He's Italian. That could
mean upwards of a hundred people.

MCMANUS

His wife and kids. And I want them
to meet behind the glass. Let him
see them but not be able to touch.

REIMONDO

You'd better be careful, Tim.

MCMANUS

Of what?

REIMONDO

Playing God once too often. If
you're not careful, the real one is
going to get pissed off.

As MCMANUS goes,

CUT TO:

75 INT. OFFICE/PRISON HOSPITAL - DAY

75 *

LEGEND READS "1 P.M."

ORTOLANI plays cards with POST, who lights a cigarette,
takes a long, deep drag.

POST

Some fucking pussy inmate took the
State to court. Says smoke is bad
for his health. Fuck, this whole
fucking place is bad for our
health. Y'know what I'm saying?
But the State, they're pussies,
too. Banning cigs in all the
prisons. I'm thirty more years
without no cigarette? No fucking
way.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

POST (cont.)

They don't even let the brothers on
Death Row puff. Like they're
worried about getting fucking lung
cancer.

ORTOLANI

You like to hear yourself, talk,
don't 'cha?

POST

(holds up cigarette)

You ever wonder what it's like to
burn someone's eye out?

POST laughs. He's nuts. NATHAN walks up, turns to POST.

NATHAN

Put that out.

(to ORTOLANI)

Go take care of Emilio Sanchez.

ORTOLANI

What now?

NATHAN

He had an accident. Change his
sheets and then sponge him.

ORTOLANI

No fucking way. I ain't cleaning
up no diseased turds.

NATHAN

Yes, you are.

ORTOLANI

No, I ain't.

NATHAN

Look, Sanchez hasn't got long. And
he knows. I can't do more for him
than dull the pain. And the
least you can do is not let him
die, lying in his own shit.

ORTOLANI looks at her for a beat, then grabs gloves and
mask, exits. NATHAN goes out the other way. On POST,
relighting his cigarette, sneering,

CUT TO:

76 INT. AIDS WARD/PRISON HOSPITAL - DAY

76

ORTOLANI lifts SANCHEZ out of wheelchair. He holds SANCHEZ in his arms like a baby, then places him in the bed. SANCHEZ stirs, looks up at him.

SANCHEZ

I want... to die...

ORTOLANI

Well, pal, you're gonna get your wish.

SANCHEZ

Please...

ORTOLANI

What?

SANCHEZ

No more life... This way... Bad...
Help me... Help me die...

For a moment, ORTOLANI sees SANCHEZ's pain in all it's horror. ORTOLANI stares into SANCHEZ's pleading eyes, goes to SANCHEZ's secret hiding place. He pulls out cigarettes, offers SANCHEZ one. SANCHEZ turns away. On ORTOLANI, looking at the back of SANCHEZ's head,

CUT TO:

77 INT. VISITING ROOM/OZ - DAY

77

GINTARE ORTOLANI, early thirties, stunning, raven-haired, sits with two small CHILDREN, ages three and six. ORTOLANI enters. A glass partition separates them. GINTARE and ORTOLANI smile lovingly.

ORTOLANI

Hiya.

GINTARE

What happened to your face?

ORTOLANI

I slipped in the shower.

(smiles at his KIDS)

Will you look at these two?

(to his BABY GIRL)

Hey, sweetheart.

GINTARE

(to the CHILDREN)

Get down from there.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

ORTOLANI

Let 'em be, kids shouldn't be
cooped up... How're you, Ginny?

GINTARE

The house is so empty.

ORTOLANI

They taking care of you?

GINTARE

Of course. But, babe, the money,
it don't mean nothin' to me --

ORTOLANI

You can take care of these two.
That's what's important --

GINTARE

(tears welling up)
I miss you.

ORTOLANI

What'd I say to you? You gotta get
on with your life.

GINTARE

I don't wanna hear about that.

ORTOLANI

You gotta get on with your fucking
life, Ginny. You gotta act like
I'm dead, y'understand me? As if I
got shot like Mario and Jake.

GINTARE

What? You want me to find a guy?
Get married again? Have another
guy watch your children grow up?
Call him Daddy?

This is hard for ORTOLANI. He wants to say yes, but he
can't. Finally, re: the children --

ORTOLANI

I don't want you bringin' them back
here ever again.

GINTARE starts to cry. ORTOLANI can't take anymore -- the
crying, his children's voices. He rises, turns to go. He
stops, turns back to her. He places his hand flat on the
glass. She places hers over his. As ORTOLANI turns and
exits,

CUT TO:

78 INT. BATHROOM/OZ - DAY

78

ORTOLANI enters, goes to sink to wash his hands.

O'REILY (o.c.)
Well, fancy meeting you here.

ORTOLANI turns to see O'REILY sitting on toilet with one leg in his pants. He rises, putting other leg in pants.

O'REILY (cont.)
I want you to know, Dino, I got no hard feelings. Your goombah tells you to kill me, you're trying to make your bones, I appreciate that. S'not your fault I didn't die.

ORTOLANI
Yeah, and I guess it's not your fault, you didn't have the balls to come after me. No, you go running to the fucking D.A., rat fuck.

O'REILY
Now, see, you're trying to provoke me into a fight, which'll go on my record, which'll keep me from getting a berth in Em City.

ORTOLANI
You gonna live in Em City?

O'REILY
How great is that? You and me, lasagna boy, side by side, every single day for the rest of our lives. Unless I get paroled in twelve, o'course.

ORTOLANI
You come to Em City, you're dead.

O'REILY
I guess that means I can't use you as a reference.

ORTOLANI
Eat shit.

With one swift move, ORTOLANI slams O'REILY under the chin with the back of his fist. O'REILY falls into the stall. ORTOLANI lifts O'REILY's head and shoves it into the toilet bowl, into the floating feces. He literally makes O'REILY eat shit. ORTOLANI lets go of O'REILY, who gags and sits on floor, leaning against the stall wall.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

ORTOLANI exits stall, catches sight of himself in the mirror. He looks like a raging animal. On ORTOLANI, disgusted with himself, with his life,

CUT TO:

79 INT. HALLWAY/OZ - DAY

79

LEGEND READS "5 P.M."

ORTOLANI walks down hall, passes SAID.

ORTOLANI
You can take a punch.

SAID
When I have to.

ORTOLANI
You got all the answers, huh?

SAID
Not all, some.

ORTOLANI
Too bad you're the wrong color.

SAID moves on. BELL RINGS. OFFICER approaches. On ORTOLANI, ducking into shadows,

CUT TO:

80 INT. POST'S CELL/OZ - DAY

80

POST sits, playing with matches. O'REILY enters, in a rage.

O'REILY
I want that wop fuck dead and I want him dead tonight. The nastier he goes down, the bigger the prize.

POST
I hear ya, cuz.

O'REILY exits. As POST smiles, blows out match,

CUT TO:

81 INT. COMMON ROOM/EM CITY - DAY

81

BELL RINGS. INMATES stand in doorway during head count. OFFICER stops, realizing ORTOLANI is not at his cell. INMATES are locked inside. As OFFICERS start search for ORTOLANI,

CUT TO:

2 OMIT 82

82 *

33 OMIT 83

83 *

34 INT. AIDS WARD/PRISON HOSPITAL - DAY

84

Low lights, SANCHEZ lies in bed, mumbling. ORTOLANI enters, goes to bedside. He takes a pillow from underneath SANCHEZ's head, places pillow over SANCHEZ's face. On ORTOLANI, applying pressure to the pillow,

CUT TO:

35 INT. HALLWAY/PRISON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

85

MCMANUS comes running down, approaches NATHAN, who stands watching. A LOUD CRASH from inside.

MCMANUS

What the hell is happening?

NATHAN

The bastard killed one of my patients. I walked in but it was too late. I called security and --

ANOTHER THUNDERING CRASH.

MCMANUS

Jesus.

NATHAN

He's a monster, Timmy. You've got to do something. You've got to stop him.

MCMANUS

Alright, alright.

BALLARD and the OFFICERS drag an out-of-control ORTOLANI out. BALLARD whacks ORTOLANI with baton.

HILL (v.o.)

People kill people to stay alive.

BALLARD and MCMANUS exchange a look. As BALLARD thumps ORTOLANI again,

CUT TO:

86 INT. THE HOLE/OZ - NIGHT

86

LEGEND READS "10 P.M."

ORTOLANI, his wrists, feet and head in restraints, struggles to get free.

HILL (v.o.; cont.)
That's as true in prison as out.

MCMANUS and NATHAN enter. ORTOLANI gets more violent.

HILL (v.o.; cont.)
But I'm wondering why -- in here --
we fight so hard to stay alive.

NATHAN takes out hypodermic needle.

HILL (v.o.; cont.)
A man gets sentenced to a hundred
years --

NATHAN injects lorazepam into ORTOLANI's arm.

HILL (v.o.; cont.)
He really thinks if he exercises,
gets buffed, stays diesel, he'll
walk out? *

As the lorazepam starts to take affect,

CUT TO:

87 CU on HILL:

87

HILL (cont.)
A judge says, "Life imprisonment
without the possibility of
parole"... without the
possibility. Lifers.

HILL
At some point they realize they
ain't going nowhere. I seen it
happen. A calm comes in their
eyes. They've sorted out something
the rest us'll never see. They are
suddenly free, in a whole other
kind o'way. They are ready to die.
And, maybe, do what they can to
hurry that shit along.

CUT TO:

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60.

88 INT. THE HOLE/OZ - NIGHT

88

ORTOLANI lies absolutely still, eyes open, in a trance. The face of POST appears at the bars. OFFICER appears next to him, unlocks the door. POST pays off OFFICER, who goes. Then POST steps inside the cell. He walks to the bed. He stares down at the unconscious man. A smile comes across POST's twisted face. He takes out a tube, he douses ORTOLANI with fluid. He lights a match. As POST drops the match onto ORTOLANI,

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END