

Boo Hoo Flanagan

by

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FADE IN:

INT. A FUNERAL HOME SOMEWHERE IN PHILADELPHIA - DAY

CW GAVIN sits in the front row of a packed viewing room fidgeting with his collar and tie, obviously uncomfortable wearing a suit. He stares at a casket in front of him which is occupied by a man decades older. Both are African American.

A WOMAN appears and offers condolences without words. She hugs CW then moves to the lady next to him, RENEE, CW's wife, and expresses condolences to her as well, then leaves. Renee appears to be more than just grieving. Anger perhaps.

RENEE

(to CW)

I'm going to get some fresh air.

She rises, turns up the aisle and runs into WARDEN SMITH.

RENEE

Do something. He's a nervous wreck.
He's going to have a heart attack,
or a nervous breakdown.

The Warden nods then walks over to CW and takes a seat.

WARDEN SMITH

Take the next couple of weeks off.

CW reaches into his pocket and hands the Warden two photos. The Warden studies them, smiles and hands the photos back.

WARDEN SMITH

Hard to tell whose more beautiful.
Your wife or your daughter.

CW

I received these in the mail. Just
these. Nothing else.

WARDEN SMITH

I don't ... understand.

CW

Warden, don't do that. Don't pretend
you don't know what's going on. You
know my father was a good cop. He
committed suicide because he lost his
good name due to nothing he did.

(MORE)

CW (CONT'D)

My dad was going to turn them in.
That's why he was framed. I received
these in the mail because I asked too
many questions to the wrong people
... or the right people.

WARDEN SMITH

They're threatening your family?

CW

Yes. Yes. They are. Can't you see?

CW waves the pictures. The Warden gets up to leave.

WARDEN SMITH

I don't know what to tell you, CW.
If you love your family then keep
quiet. Take a couple of weeks off.

A WOMAN comes up to CW and offers her hand.

WOMAN

I'm so sorry, Mr. Gavin. Mr. Gavin
... are you okay.

CW falls over and collapses.

SUPERIMPOSE "THREE MONTHS LATER"

INT. A RITZY HOTEL SOMEWHERE IN PHILADELPHIA - MORNING

WILLIAM PRINGLE appears at the check-in counter and confronts
the RECEPTIONIST.

WARDEN

I'm William Pringle, the warden for
Longhorne Correctional Institution,
and I'm here to see the Governor.

The Governor's SECURITY MAN appears from behind.

SECURITY MAN

He's been waiting for you. Please.
Right this way.

INT. GOVERNOR'S HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER occupies a predominate spot on the
table. The GOVERNOR reads the paper while he eats breakfast.

The Security Man walks in and escorts the Warden to the table then leaves. The Governor points to a chair opposite him.

The Warden struts while standing. The Governor struts while sitting. The Warden takes a seat.

GOVERNOR

Thanks for coming on such short notice, Warden. Coffee?

WARDEN

Glad to oblige, Governor. Black.

The Governor pours the Warden a cup of coffee and then continues with his breakfast.

GOVERNOR

I have a meeting with the Mayor of this fine city this morning. Don't want to keep him waiting too long. Do you know why I'm seeing him?

The Warden eyes the newspaper.

INSERT HEADLINE - GOVERNOR/MAYOR MEET ON POLICE CORRUPTION

BACK TO SCENE

WARDEN

You're going to help him set up a commission on police corruption.

GOVERNOR

I lost allegiance of important people over this issue, William. They said I dragged my feet with the Mayor. Should've pressured him into doing this six months ago.

WARDEN

What do you want from me, Governor?

GOVERNOR

Need a favor. You know I got a lot of heat from my constituents from what happened to Gavin, SENIOR. You know his son's a correctional officer at Bucks County. He had a nervous breakdown over what happened to his father.

(MORE)

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

He's okay now. He's coming back from medical leave and will work in your prison as Activity Specialist.

WARDEN

I don't think that's a good ...

GOVERNOR

Aren't you having the annual basketball game between your guards and Philly's 'finest' pretty soon?

WARDEN

Yes, but ...

GOVERNOR

I got an experiment I'd like to try. Before you play our 'men in blue', your guards will play the inmates. Sort of like 'The Longest Yard', but in basketball. We'll invite the public. The media, too. If it works like I think it will, we might make it a yearly thing. Next year's the election, you know?

WARDEN

Yes, sir.

GOVERNOR

I want the heat off, and I think this will help. I told Warden Smith from Bucks County to have Gavin report to you this morning instead of him. His new assignment will be to coach your inmates in basketball.

WARDEN

I don't see any good coming from this. Gavin's got a chip on his shoulder. Thinks his father was a good cop. Come on. We all know ...

GOVERNOR

It's done deal, William. He's one of your Activity Specialists, and that's that. People need to see Gavin is treated kindly. Capiisce? He was an All-American at Temple, a natural for this job.

(MORE)

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

And there'll be many people who'll applaud this move. His father ... the whole family wasn't exactly treated, well. Get my drift?

(slight pause)

Now, out. Go process him in. He's probably in your office right now.

The Warden gets up to leave, but before he gets to door,

GOVERNOR

Oh, by the way, as good PR as this is, I'd hate to see the inmates win. My constituents might think we're running a sports club.

WARDEN

Don't worry about that, Governor. I have some 'new' guards coming in who are very good players.

GOVERNOR

That might help you beat the inmates, but Longhorne has lost five years in a row to the police department. Good luck on that one.

WARDEN

It'll be different this year. You can count on it.

EXT. LONGHORNE CORRECT'L INST. COURTYARD - LATER

In the recreation yard, two INMATES shove each other in a minor dispute, while other INMATES play basketball.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE

HENRY, a black guard with an attitude, and PHILIP, a white guard chewing tobacco, sit at desks next to each other. Their work stations have a clear view of the yard from the window.

Philip spits tobacco juice into a cup just as Warden William Pringle walks in.

WARDEN

That's repulsive, Philip.
(waiting for a response)
It's contraband. Get rid of it.

The Warden stares Philip down. Philip tucks the wad somewhere in his mouth and appears to spit the tobacco in the cup.

CW, dressed in a uniform, waits by the Warden's office. He appears unimpressed with his surroundings.

JEREMY, a rather large white man in uniform walks in behind the Warden. He smiles and nods to Gavin. CW smiles back.

RAMSY, a small, fidgety inmate in a jumper suit saunters in and begins sweeping the floor.

The Warden walks past JUDITH, his secretary, and then walks into his office without acknowledging CW at all.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

The Warden sits down at his desk. A signed photograph of the Governor fishing with the Warden hangs in a prominent position on the wall behind the desk.

Judith walks in and tosses CW's folder on the desk.

JUDITH

Mr. Gavin is here to see you.

Henry bursts into the office and almost collides with Judith as she leaves. He stands at attention in front of the desk.

HENRY

What the hell is HE doing here?

WARDEN

HE is going to coach the inmates in basketball. And the team YOU are coaching will play them in a public relations game in six weeks.

HENRY

Says who?

WARDEN

(goads Henry)

Says the Governor. And you have to be dainty with him, because he's coming off a nervous breakdown.

Henry starts to leave but stops at the door and looks at CW. He then leans back inside the room and ratchets up his voice an octave for CW's benefit.

HENRY

Oh, that's just great. Now we got two Boo Hoos in this hell hole.

OUTSIDE OF WARDEN'S OFFICE

Henry tosses CW a cold glance as he walks by, establishing tension between the two. Judith waves for CW to go in.

INSIDE THE WARDEN'S OFFICE

The Warden is reading CW's folder when CW walks in. The Warden motions for CW to sit. CW takes a seat.

WARDEN

What does CW stand for, Gavin?

CW

They're my initials. CW is what most people call me.

WARDEN

But what does it stand for? C for Chip, what? Your folder doesn't say.

CW

Just CW. Like BB King, CW Gavin.

WARDEN

Fine. Listen. You're here to coach basketball to the inmates ...

CW

Yes, I know. Warden Smith told me.

WARDEN

Well, Warden Smith is not your boss anymore. It says here you know your basketball and the inmates at Bucks County respect you. What are you, a liberal or something?

(laughs; self-amused)

I know this is your first job back since ... you know. Are you okay? Fit for work, I mean? The doctor's statement here says you're okay.

CW

I'm fine.

Jeremy pokes his head in.

JEREMY

Bill. There's a squabble in the recroom. I'll be back shortly.

Jeremy exits as quickly as he entered.

WARDEN

Let's go over some things. You're a Specialist for now. That means the personnel files are off limits, except for those inmates you coach. No contraband allowed. No smoking anywhere in here. No fraternizing with the inmates, and be on time for work every day. Any questions?

CW shakes his head.

WARDEN

Okay, now the officers here are playing the Philly police pretty soon. We've gotten our asses kicked the past few years. Not this year. I guarantee it. Anyway, the Governor likes the idea of having the inmates scrimmage the guards beforehand. Good publicity, I guess. And he specifically asked for you to coach the inmates.

CW

I can do that.

WARDEN

Yes. I believe you can. But can you teach them to win?

The Warden chuckles then retrieves the fishing picture off the wall and hands the photo to CW.

WARDEN

That's the Governor and me. We've been buddies for a long time, you know, and he told me this morning he doesn't want the score to be too close, if you know what I mean?

CW shrugs and shakes his head in one motion.

WARDEN

Look. It's nice to have growth opportunities for the inmates, and all that happy horseshit. That's what rehabilitation is all about, I guess. But at the same time this place is where we punish people for doing bad things. If the inmates play good, if the score's close, I mean, the Governor's constituents might think we're running a country club here. Catch my drift?

CW

Not exactly. Are you saying you want me to shave points?

WARDEN

Oh, good-God no. NOOOOO!

CW

How can I coach them to win if ...?

WARDEN

Listen. I'm just saying the guards will be impossible to beat. The inmates can't win, so don't build their hopes up so they come crashing down and become more unmanageable than they already are. That's all I'm saying. You coach the inmates the best you can. Okay? Forget I said anything.

The Warden grabs the picture from CW, puts it back on the wall, gets up, and walks to the door. He opens it.

WARDEN

Is Jeremy back?

PHILIP (O.S.)

Nope.

The Warden waves Philip in.

Philip walks into the room chewing tobacco and holding a cup. The Warden throws an icy look at him and Philip quickly spits the wad in the cup and hides it behind his back.

WARDEN

Philip, this is CW Gavin. Don't ask him what CW stands for 'cause he won't tell you.

(to CW)

Philip will show you around until Jeremy, your supervisor, gets back.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE

Philip walks CW into the office. Judith, Henry, and DARRIN, an unassuming guard, are sitting at their desks.

PHILIP

Hey, everybody. This is CW Gavin. You met Judith already. That's Darrin over there, our office administrator. Henry here is our basketball coach.

Henry stands and attaches his billy cub to his belt and then walks over to CW. They shake hands.

HENRY

What does CW stand for?

CW

CW.

Henry stares at CW for a bit, sizing him up.

HENRY

We'll talk later, Bro.

Henry leaves and Philip guides CW to an empty desk suggesting this is his station.

CW sits at his desk and checks the drawers, etcetera, as Jeremy returns and walks right over to CW.

JEREMY

Hi, Mr. Gavin. I'm Jeremy Watkins.

They shake hands.

JEREMY

Sorry. We had a tiny skirmish down in the recroom. No big deal. Come. I'll show you around.

INT. IN ROUTE TO THE GYMNASIUM - SECONDS LATER

While walking, the CLANGING doors and the off-screen CHATTER of the guards and inmates establish the interior of the correctional institution. They talk while walking.

JEREMY

Welcome to Longhorne, Mr. Gavin, or shall I call you CW.

CW

CW's fine. Who's Boo Hoo?

JEREMY

Where did you hear about him?

CW

Henry. He compared me to this Boo Hoo character.

JEREMY

Well, Boo Hoo is one of the more sedate characters around here. We'll see him in the gym.

They turn a corner and,

JEREMY

I knew your Dad. He came to the house a few times. Our fathers were partners for a while there.

CW fields the words but remains silent. Stoic.

JEREMY

My Dad told me what happened. He never believed what they said about your father.

They pause at a gate manned by a GUARD. Jeremy rattles the gate door and the guard hits a button. The gate opens and Jeremy and CW continue walking. Then, suddenly, Jeremy stops and summons a very serious demeanor.

JEREMY

I want you to know that my father wasn't one of the cops that turned on your dad. And I heard what happened to you. I'm so ... disgusted with the whole thing.

CW

Jeremy, thanks, but if you don't mind, I'd rather not talk about it.

Jeremy nods then turns and opens the door to the gym.

INT. GYMNASIUM

At near end of the court, some INMATES shoot baskets while INMATES at the other end are engaged in a half-court game.

CW and Jeremy watch a handicapped INMATE shooting three-point shots at the near end of the court. He has a walking cane on the floor next to him. Jeremy points and,

JEREMY

That's Boo Hoo. The one and only,
Brendon H. Flanagan.

They watch BOO HOO sink a 3-point shot. Boo Hoo picks up another ball, shoots and sinks that shot. Then another. He looks up at CW and stops briefly and stares. CW nods and they have their moment of introduction, albeit from far away.

Boo Hoo shoots again. Swish!

CW

Does he ever miss?

JEREMY

Rarely.

Boo Hoo gets a ball, shoots and sinks it. He receives three balls in quick succession, and just as quickly he tosses them at the hoop. All three, rimless scores.

CW

Holy smokes! Did you see that? Gees ... what the hell's his story?

JEREMY

According to his records, he killed his wife. Got twenty years for second-degree murder. He came here about ten years ago. All he did was cry for the first few days.

CW

That's why they call him Boo Hoo?

JEREMY

Yup. Then, one day he turned the spigot off and just clammed up. Stopped talking. Go figure.

CW

He stopped talking altogether?

JEREMY

He only talks to an inmate in the cell next to him. Occasionally, he mumbles when he misses a shot. He doesn't bother anyone. No one bothers him. You should catch his cell.

CW

Why?

JEREMY

Just check it out.

CW spots SACH, an inmate playing in a half-court scrimmage. He seems to play the game much better than anyone else.

CW

(pointing)

Who's the guy with the braids?

JEREMY

Sach Brewster. All-American at St. John's. Could've been a pro, but...

CW

Yes. I remember him.

JEREMY

... his sister was being abused by a boyfriend. Sach confronted him. One thing led to another, and ...

CW

Yes. Manslaughter. I remember.

They watch a little while longer in silence.

INT. BOO HOO'S CELL - LATE AFTERNOON

Boo Hoo's cell has an elaborate setup of three makeshift hoops and ten small basketballs.

A funnel under each hoop catches the ball and guides it back to Boo Hoo so he has access to the balls for continuous shooting.

Boo Hoo sits on the floor with a bandanna pulled over his eyes. He tosses the balls into the hoop while blindfolded.

As CW pitches (O.S.) to the inmates to come to his basketball tryouts tomorrow, his voice gets louder and louder as he travels from one cell to the next.

INT. CELL BLOCK NEXT TO BOO HOO

LESTER, a black man in his 40s, holds a mirror between the steel bars, trying to catch a glimpse of CW.

Philip suddenly appears and smacks Lester's hand with his billy club. Lester howls in pain as the mirror skids away from his reach.

BOO HOO

pulls his bandanna up and looks out of the cell. He spots the MIRROR SPINNING in the hallway.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Keep your hands in the cell.

As the sound of Philip's footsteps fade down the hall, Boo Hoo catches a glimpse of CW's arm picking up the mirror. Presumably, CW hands it through the bars to Lester.

LESTER (O.S.)

Thanks.

CW (O.S.)

We're having tryouts tomorrow ...

LESTER (O.S.)

I heard. I'll be there.

Boo Hoo aims the ball as CW's shadow appears over him.

CW (O.S.)

Basketball tryouts tomorrow. We're forming a team to play the guards. Wow! Nice setup.

A long SOUND of silence lays way for the hollow SOUND of CW's footsteps. Boo Hoo shoots. Swish.

INT. CW'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CW picks up a medal from the fireplace mantle. An inscription on the medal reads: "MEDAL OF VALOR, Clarence W. Gavin, Sr." He puts the medal back, then looks at a photos of his family. He picks up a picture of his father and stares at it.

Renee walks into the room. CW measures her silence.

CW

What ... what?

RENEE

Every time you look at his picture you get that sappy look.

CW

Please. Not now, Renee.

RENEE

What more can you do, CW? You've given your pound of flesh to him. If he were alive he'd be the first to tell you that you need to let go.

CW hugs her, then leads her to the couch. They sit.

CW

I've worked all that stuff out with the doctor. Besides, I wasn't even thinking of him.

RENEE

What were you thinking about then?

CW

I met this inmate today. A white guy who makes 3-point shots like no one I've ever seen. He's inhuman. And he doesn't speak to anyone.

RENEE

He doesn't talk to anyone? I see.

CW

You see what, Renee?

RENEE

Your father? He didn't talk to anyone towards the end, did he?

CW

Yeah. So?

RENEE

So, you can't save the world, CW.

CW gets up from the couch.

CW

I'm not trying to save anyone.
Forget about it, Renee. I'm going
up to check on Susanna.

INT. CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION MESS HALL - MORNING

We follow Boo Hoo on the breakfast line. Inmates around him are engaged in conversation while he keeps to himself.

Boo Hoo takes his tray of food and goes to a vacant table.

CW walks into the mess hall. He looks around and spots Boo Hoo sitting by himself. After a beat he spots Philip walking around pounding his billy club in the palm of his hand.

Jeremy enters behind CW and notices him looking at Boo Hoo.

JEREMY

I lied before. Boo Hoo did talk to me one time. He asked me how his children were doing. I went to see them. They want nothing to do with him. That was four years ago. Hasn't said anything to me since.

CW

How old are his children?

JEREMY

Late twenties. One had a little boy a month after Flanagan got in here. Boo Hoo's never seen his grandson.

INT. GYMNASIUM

Twenty INMATES play basketball. Most just shoot the ball. Sach and another pair-off and go one-on-one. Boo Hoo shoots baskets at the three-point line.

CW enters. He watches Sach sink a jump shot. CW eyes a smaller, but extremely quick inmate, JUAN.

He spots Ramsy, the Admin Office cleaner, sitting on the bench next to a pile of towels. Ramsy runs up to him and -

RAMSY

Ramsy's the name. You need an assistant coach, or something?

CW quickly sizes Ramsy up and down and then focuses on the inmates. After a long pause -

CW

You can be my assistant. That's not the same as the assistant coach. It's more like a gofer.

RAMSY

I accept. Gofer it is.

CW moves to the center of the gym and blows on his whistle.

CW

All right. Anyone who's not trying out for the team, off the court.

Two inmates leave the court while Boo Hoo picks up his walking cane and starts to hobble off the court.

Ramsy heads for the chair with the towels. He picks them up and starts handing them out to Lester and the other inmates who are waiting for instructions from CW.

CW

Ramsy, not now. You do that last. When we're finished.

Ramsy puts the towels down and CW walks over to Boo Hoo.

CW

Mr. Flanagan ...

LESTER

His name is Boo Hoo, Coach. He's the best shooter in town.

(chanting, respectfully)

Boo Hoo ... Boo Hoo ... Boo Hoo ...

CW

Mr. Flanagan, you may shoot at the other end of the court. I just need this end for the time being.

CW pulls Ramsy into the conversation.

CW

Go get some balls and take Mr. Flanagan to the other end.

RAMSY

Want me to carry him? He can walk.

CW

Go and retrieve the balls for him.

Ramsy relents, and slowly walks towards the other end of the court with Boo Hoo. CW turns to the other inmates.

CW

Listen up, you lugheads. We're having two tryouts. One today. One Monday.

SACH

Lugheads? Oh, no. I don't want to be a lughead. Sachmo's the name.

LESTER

Please. You should be called pig 'cause you hog the ball so much.

The inmates toss wise cracks at each other (AD-LIB). As the name-calling starts to get out of control,

CW

SHUT UP!!!!

Everyone freezes.

CW

Let's get something straight now. My sole reason for being here is to teach you to play basketball and, as unlikely as that may be, to help you beat the guards in a scrimmage.

JUAN

Why are we playing the guards anyway? What's their angle?

CW gives a hard stare at Juan - a query for his name.

JUAN

Name's Juan.

CW

Well, Juan, it seems we are helping the guards get ready for their important game with the Philadelphia Police Department.

SACH

So, if we beat the guards, we get to play the cops?

CW

No. Just the guards.

MOOSE

Name is Moose. I think we're ready to play the screws now.

DREYFUS

Yeah. We can kick their sorry asses, and it'll all be legal.

Some other inmates give Dreyfus the high-five.

CW

You guys think you're pretty good? Well, I've watched you twice now, and I'm not impressed. You ...

(points to Moose)

... when you go for lay-up, you always go to the right side and use your right hand. It won't take a good defensive player long to pick up on that. In fact, your last two lay-ups were blocked.

(points to Dreyfus)

What's your name?

MOOSE

Doofus is his name.

DREYFUS

Shut your hole.

(to CW)

Dreyfus. You can call me Dreyfus.

CW

Well, Dreyfus, kicking opponents' asses is not what I'm going to teach you. You'll be learning how to play basketball.

(MORE)

CW (CONT'D)

(to Juan)

Juan, you are fast, but you're not a shooter. So, don't hog the ball. Draw them in. Pass. Be a playmaker.

SACH

Pass to me. I'm the hog, remember?

CW

Sach, you have more talent than any two guys put together here.

Sach struts, sticks his chest out.

CW

But you're too passive on defense. If you only care about scoring, you're not a complete player, and you won't play first string.

SACH

But I played aggressively when I was in college, and I fouled out too many games. The coach wanted me to be laid back on defense.

CW

You can be aggressive without fouling. I'll teach you how.

MOOSE

(to Sach)

You're foul, all right.

Moose pinches his nose and everyone laughs, except CW who stares them down until they all fall silent. The power of CW's will is strong.

CW

Do any of you really know what team play is about? I think you all have lived in the survival mode for so long that you haven't got the slightest clue on how to be givers. You're all takers.

BOO HOO

watches this encounter from the far end of the court. He appears impressed at the respectful way the inmates treat CW.

He turns and shoots. Swish! Ramsy retrieves the ball.

BACK TO CW

CW

Share more. Pass the ball.

RICHARD

Richard's the name. You can't share around here, Coach. Stick your neck out, man, it'll get chopped off.

SACH

(to CW)

Come on, man. You're a guard. We're inmates. You know what that means around here. We're the shit and the stink all rolled in one.

CW

I don't want to hear that crap. I'm talking about what happens here on this court. I'm talking about basketball, and while I'm coaching you, I'm your coach, not a prison guard. Can we get that straight?

The inmates weigh in on CW's words. CW eyes them all until he gets a consensus.

CW

Okay. Now, listen up. Learn how to set up pics. Know what an assist is. Move out of a zone to create paths for the ball handler. If you want to beat the guards, you need to do this, and much more. And you can't begin to do any of it unless you respect each other.

CW lets them digest this point for a beat.

CW

While you're playing on my team, I don't want anymore 'doofus' remarks. In fact, I don't even want foul language used. You will not be on this team if you can't respect yourselves and your teammates.

(MORE)

CW (CONT'D)

Get used to it, and get disciplined, gentlemen. It starts with verbal respect. If you can't do that, then leave the court right now, and don't waste my time.

Everyone looks at one another. Richard silently mouths an expletive. But no one is walking.

CW

Good. Now I want to tell you a secret. I want to beat the guards. Everyone in this institution says you can't beat them. I can't think of a better reason to reach down deep into your soul and play this game the way it's supposed to be played and win simply because they think you haven't got the stuff that makes heroes out of men.

(long pause)

All right. Form two lines. Come on. Go ... go ... go. Two lines.

The inmates form two lines, and CW hands the ball to Juan.

CW

Now, Juan, I want you to respectfully offer the ball to ...

CW pulls Richard closer.

CW

... Richard. I want you to be polite. I want you to accept the ball, then verbally offer the ball back to Juan, politely.

Some inmates cover their mouths to keep from laughing. Others bite their lips to keep from laughing.

CW

When I blow the whistle, I want whoever has the ball to go for the basket. Do a lay-up, shoot from wherever you are. I don't care how you do it, just score. The one who does not have the ball, your job is to make sure he doesn't score. It's a contest. One-on-one.

The inmates nod. They begin to understand.

CW

Okay, Juan. Offer Richard the ball.

Juan pauses to take in the snickers, then turns to Richard. Juan holds out the ball but Richard doesn't take it.

JUAN

You want the fuckin' ball, or what?

CW blows the whistle loudly at Juan. Juan clutches his ears.

CW

Don't test me, Juan. You'll not be on this team using that language. Now, offer the ball nicely, like you're trying to impress a lady.

JUAN

(to Richard)

May I interest you in this ball?

CW

Better. Much better.

RICHARD

I'd be delighted.

Richard takes the ball, hesitates, and looks to CW.

CW

Offer the ball back.

RICHARD

Do you want this ball back?

The inmates laugh at Richard but stop at CW's bullish stare.

CW

Respect!

Juan and Richard continue to offer each other the ball (AD-LIB) until CW blows a quick spurt on the whistle. Richard has the ball and runs to the hoop. Juan is caught blinking and Richard completes the lay-up unobstructed.

CW

Okay. Good, Richard. Juan? He caught you flat-footed, didn't he? Pay attention. NEXT.

BOO HOO

seems to be more interested in what is going on in the tryouts than his shooting. He stops shooting and hobbles over to the stands to watch.

SERIES OF SCENES:

More basketball. This series ends showing the men, and CW, having and earning respect for themselves and each other -- the birth of a prison basketball team is emerging.

1) Another pair of inmates 'offer' the ball to each other. CW blows the whistle and an inmate commits to a jump shot.

2) CW looks to Boo Hoo. Their eyes meet. CW nods and Boo Hoo offers a tiny - but perceptible - nod back.

3) CW has the team doing lay-ups, jump shots, etc.

4) Boo Hoo watches a full-court scrimmage from the stands.

5) Sach makes several great shots, establishing himself as the best offensive player of the inmates.

6) On defense, CW instructs Sach to stand his ground and to wave his hands in the offensive player's face.

7) CW substitutes inmates frequently and watches the men carefully. He substitutes Sach with another player.

SACH

Why are you taking me out?

CW

It's a tryout. Not a game.

Sach rapidly fans himself with his hand. He's tired.

8) CW takes Juan out of the game.

CW

Good hustle, Juan.

END OF SERIES

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - LATER

CW opens a file cabinet and thumbs through the folders.

He picks out the Juan Gonzales' folder, reads it for a beat then puts it on top of the cabinet. He sees Boo Hoo's folder and pulls it. He reads for a beat and then notices a name.

CW

Bensen!

Philip passes by and sees CW reading Boo Hoo's folder.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - BY CW'S DESK - LATER

Philip and CW work at their desks. Philip spots a ROACH on the floor and gets up and stomps on it. The crunch SOUNDS like a potato chip breaking. He kicks to the corner where it lands next to four other roaches that had similar fates. Philip turns his attention to the window and looks outside.

OUTSIDE RECREATION YARD - MUTED

TWO INMATES talk. One puts his hand on the other's shoulder. It gets pushed away rather quickly and vigorously.

PHILIP (O.S.)

You can't figure these assholes.

Close by, an INMATE bends down. Another CONVICT slips behind and gives him a rather robust goose. The two inmates wrestle harmlessly to the ground.

PHILIP (O.S.)

They're animals. Less than animals.
They're like insects.

BACK TO CW AND PHILIP

CW

Insects are animals.

Philip sees the Warden approaching.

PHILIP

Yeah, well, I would just as well step on one. I love the little crackling noises they make.

(whispering; leans in)

By the way, the Warden didn't exactly appreciate you reading Boo Hoo's private file. Bye now.

Philip leaves and the Warden appears in front of CW's desk.

WARDEN

I thought I told you not to read anyone's folder except those inmates trying out for the team.

CW

I was just trying ...

WARDEN

What? Trying to get to know Flanagan better? I'm gonna say this one more time. The private files are off limits. Do you understand me?

(sarcastic)

CW?

CW nods. The Warden leaves. As Philip walks by ...

PHILIP

Yes, indeed. I do love those crackling noises.

INT. CELL BLOCK - LATE AFTERNOON

As CW walks down the cell block, the inmates' AD-LIB comments indicate CW has been given the name of 'Coach'. CW stops in front of Boo Hoo's cell. He shoots baskets while CW talks.

CW

When we use the full court, you won't be able to use the gym.

He waits for a response, but none is given.

CW

But most of the time we'll be half-court. You can shoot baskets at the other end during those times.

We follow CW as he turns and walks away. After a few steps...

BOO HOO (O.S.)

Thanks.

... CW stops. This moment of recognition of Boo Hoo speaking freezes CW for a beat. He starts to go back, but decides against it.

CW
 (to himself)
 Don't push your luck.

Lester waits for CW to be out of hearing range.

LESTER
 Hey, Boo Hoo. Gavin seems to be
 okay. You think?

BOO HOO
 Yeah, he's okay.

LESTER
 Sorry about before when I was
 chanting your name. Seemed funny at
 the time. Not so funny now.

After a beat.

BOO HOO
 Shut up, Lester.

INT. CW'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Renee, SUSANNA (seven year-old daughter), and CW are eating
 dinner. Susanna plays with her food.

CW
 Come on, Sweet Pea. Eat.

SUSANNA
 I'm full.

CW
 You see what I mean now? I let you
 eat those cookies because you
 promised me you would eat dinner.

Susanna starts eating.

RENEE
 (to CW)
 You didn't answer my question.

CW just continues eating without answering.

RENEE
 How does Bensen know the white
 inmate?

He mumbles through a mouthful of food.

CW

He's the District Attorney. He knows everything that goes on ...

(pause; chews)

He was the Prosecuting Attorney at his trial. He wasn't a DA then.

SUSANNA

Daddy, no talking with food in your mouth.

CW chews in a clowning way and swallows hard forcing a gulping sound. He opens his mouth to Susanna for inspection.

RENEE

Bensen's going to be at the barbecue tomorrow, isn't he?

CW nods.

RENEE

I suppose you'll be a pest and ask him all sorts of questions?

CW

I don't know, Renee. I'll ask him some questions. I'm not going to be a pest, though.

CW smiles at his daughter. Renee grits her teeth.

CW

(to Renee)

What?

RENEE

Correct me if I'm wrong. This Boo Hoo guy professes his innocence and he doesn't talk. Your father didn't talk for the last 3 months of his life, either. Hmm. Now, let me see. Are there any similarities here?

CW slams his hand down on the table frightening Susanna.

CW

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. My hand slipped. It has a mind of it's own.

(MORE)

CW (CONT'D)

(to his hand)

You stop doing that, you hear?

While holding his wrist with his other hand, he makes believe his hand can talk. With a high-pitched voice,

CW

Okay. I'll stop if you put me in your pocket.

Susanna giggles as CW puts his hand in his pants pocket. But CW's glance at Renee reveals his anger.

CW

I never said he professed his innocence.

RENEE

You shouldn't be getting so emotionally involved with this guy.

Renee gets up and brings her plate to the kitchen sink. CW smiles at Susanna. Susanna smiles back.

SUSANNA

I like it when your hand talks, Daddy. That was funny.

Renee comes back to clear the table.

RENEE

Your father is a barrel of laughs.

EXT. PATIO OF A FRIEND'S HOUSE - DAY

CW and BENSEN are already engrossed in a conversation by the barbecue pit. Bensen has his plate over the pit and the COOK puts a hamburger on Bensen's bun. CW already has a hamburger.

BENSEN

Thanks.

COOK

Come back soon.

CW and Bensen walk away and find a private spot.

CW

He didn't even defend himself at his own trial. Why?

BENSEN

Because he couldn't remember details. I remember his case well. I mean, he did kill his wife and that was indisputable. The hard part was determining the motive.

CW

He thought his wife was committing adultery, no? Crime of passion.

BENSEN

The defense attorney was trying to establish that. But a neighbor heard them arguing the night before. So, I argued anger as motive. I mean, that's what my boss wanted me to do. So I did.

CW

Weak. Very weak.

BENSEN

I suppose. If I remember right, Flanagan comes home late from a convention on his wife's bridge night, hears a noise, thinks it's a burglar, grabs a gun from the den, goes upstairs, and finds his wife with the tennis coach. See, I still have a good memory.

CW

Like I said, a crime of passion.

BENSEN

The tennis guy was fully clothed.

CW

But the wife had a night gown on.

BENSEN

Listen, Charles Petzinger, the tennis pro, says Flanagan took aim, shot his wife in the head, and Flanagan didn't deny the shooting. He said his recollection was *fuzzy*.

CW

You remember Petzinger's full name?

BENSEN

He looked like Charlie Brown and my doctor's name is Petzinger.

(shrugs)

So, Flanagan shoots his wife and Petzinger comes at him after that. They struggle. The gun goes off a few times. A bullet hits Flanagan in the hip. Another hits Petzinger in the knee which ruined his tennis career. He wanted to turn pro but couldn't after that. Petzinger was one pissed-off character. Hmm. Anyway, Flanagan's attorney didn't counter very effectively.

CW

Why was Petzinger in the bedroom?

BENSEN

The window. Petzinger said he was asked to go up to the bedroom by Mrs. Flanagan to unjam the window.

CW

While she waited in a nightgown. Feeble. Very circumstantial.

BENSEN

It established why he was there. Not unreasonable.

CW looks over Bensen's shoulder and catches Renee's eye. CW moves a foot or two to block himself from Renee's view.

CW

Was the window jammed?

BENSEN

No.

CW

So, you go after him with a second degree murder charge?

BENSEN

Yes, I did. Those were my orders. He got a fair trial, CW. He was convicted, and he got twenty years. A tough sentence, but ...

CW

Did they have sex, Petzinger and Flanagan's wife, I mean?

BENSEN

No semen in the autopsy report. I doubt whether there would've even been a trial if it was present.

CW

So, you just gave me Petzinger's rendition. What's yours?

BENSEN

Flanagan killed his wife, okay?

CW

In cold blood?

BENSEN

Look. This was my first murder case. I looked at the facts, and I prosecuted the guy based that.

CW

But you thought there was reasonable doubt then, and you reluctantly did what you were told. You still have doubt. I can tell. It's in your voice. In your eyes.

Renee interrupts them.

RENEE

Is my husband boring you, Harold?

BENSEN

Not at all, Renee. Boring he is not. Headstrong, maybe.

RENEE

That's a good choice of words.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF FRIEND'S HOUSE - LATER - DAY

CW and Renee walk to their car. Parked behind them are Bensen and his wife, LESLIE, waiting for CW to move.

Renee gets into the car. CW is about to get in when Bensen waves for CW to come over. CW walks over to Bensen's car.

BENSEN

I haven't thought about this case in ages. Did we have all the facts? Now, speaking rhetorically here ...

CW

Sure. How else should we talk after nine years?

BENSEN

If Petzinger lied, now that would establish grounds for a mistrial. Could even get a Governor's writ to release Flanagan. But a notarized confession is needed. I just don't see that happening, CW.

CW

Thanks, Harold.
(leans in)
Bye, Leslie.

LESLIE

Bye, CW. Tell Renee not to be a stranger. Tell her to call me.

CW nods and walks back to his car

INT. CW'S CAR

CW gets in. Renee remains silent. There is a chill about her.

BOO HOO'S DREAM SEQUEANCE - TEN YEARS EARLIER

INT. PADDY WAGON, MOVING - AFTERNOON

Brendon H. Flanagan, early stage of middle age, unshaven, stoically gazes out a dirty window. The end of town scoots by fast and images of the landscape whistle by him. He makes no effort to focus on anyone or anything.

Other CONVICTS are more animated. One chews gum while he pretends to sleep. Another sings a song unrecognizable in tune or lyrics. One man starts to cry but holds it in.

EXT. LONGHORNE CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION - DREAM

The convicts step off the paddy wagon and into a self-contained fortress.

Armed SENTRIES stand atop two picket posts as they watch the convicts walk past a cold, stone wall topped with barbed wire.

INSTITUTION'S SHOWER - STILL IN THE DREAM

Wet from a shower, Brendon and the other new convicts dry themselves with towels. TWO GUARDS abruptly escort Brendon to a DOCTOR in a white coat.

DOCTOR

Bend over.

Guard One grabs Brendon's head and forces him to bend over.

GUARD ONE

Spread 'em, Flanagan.

ON BRENDON'S WIDE-EYED FACE

GUARD ONE (O.S.)

Listen up, everyone. We're looking for contraband. The sooner you understand we mean business, the better off you'll be.

ON THE DOCTOR

He pulls a rubber glove over his hand and flutters his fingers in the air.

BACK ON BRENDON'S FACE

He squinches at the SNAP sound of the rubber glove.

GUARD TWO (O.S.)

Cough!

Brendon coughs. He squinches, groans loudly at the intrusion.

BACK TO SCENE

While the doctor removes the glove and tosses it in the garbage, Brendon's demeanor is one of submission now.

DOCTOR

Next.

Guard One escorts Brendon to a supply bin close by.

Sach, the Supply Trustee, tosses Brendon a set of jumpers. Then Sach puts a blanket on Brendon's outstretched arms.

A bar of soap flies out, hits Brendon in the chest and falls onto the blanket. Then a face cloth flies out; then a hair brush, a toothbrush, and a comb. Guard One monitors them.

GUARD ONE

Don't lose these. The only time
we're handing these out for free.

INT. CELL BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Guards One and Two escort Brendon (dressed in his jumper suit) from behind as they slowly walk down a cell block. Henry and another guard, GUARD THREE, are ahead of them escorting Inmate One to his cell.

A resident inmate, a PEDOPHILE, grips the bars of his cell as Brendon walks by. Their eyes meet.

PEDOPHILE

I shouldn't be caged in like this.
I hardly touched that little girl.
I just gave her a piece of candy.
What are you looking at?

Brendon's head snaps forward. He walks past another cell and sees an INMATE reading a magazine.

Juan, in an orange jumper suit, pushes a laundry cart from behind Brendon. Juan begins handing out laundry.

Brendon continues walking and passes an INMATE who is rocking back and forth on his mattress. Their eyes meet, but the inmate continues rocking and remains silent.

Brendon approaches a CRAZY INMATE who comes out of the shadows of his cell like a stalker at night. He appears at the bars of his cell and ignites a match. He puts the flame to his hand.

CRAZY INMATE

They say I'm crazy. If I'm crazy,
then I don't belong here. I am
crazy, don't you think? Tell them
I'm crazy.

In front of Flanagan, Inmate One starts breathing hard and quick. His eyes bulge. Anxiety!

INMATE ONE

I don't belong here. Get me outta here.

Guard Three puts his hand on Inmate One's shoulder. Inmate One bites the hand and Guard Three howls from the pain.

The RESIDENT INMATES in the surrounding cells incoherently howl while banging metal cups against the bars.

All four guards begin beating Inmate One while Brendon's knees buckle and he falls. His comb and toothbrush fall to the floor as well. He leans against the cell door.

Juan sneaks over and casually picks up the TOOTHBRUSH and puts it in his shirt pocket.

JUAN

Possession is nine-tenths of the law around here. Hey, you must be Brendon H. Flanagan.

Brendon looks up. Terrified!

JUAN

Oh, we get to know the newbees before you even check in. Sounds like you're a banker or something with a name like Brendon H.

MEANWHILE, as the guards continue to beat Inmate One, the Crazy Inmate hops from one foot to the other.

CRAZY INMATE

Fight back, you wimp.

Henry looks at the bite on Guard Three's bleeding wrist.

GUARD TWO

Get back to your work, Juan.

JUAN

(to Brendon - English)
Hey, catch you later man.
(to Guard Three Spanish;
subtitled)
You big ignorant, stupid shit.

A handful of GUARDS appear at the end of the cell block.

HENRY

Don't sound the alarm. Smitty got bitten, that's all. He needs to be taken to the infirmary.

Brendon is still on the floor in shock. A HAND from inside the cell appears and takes Brendon's comb from the floor.

Guard Two appears and snaps his fingers and the Crazy Inmate reluctantly hands the comb over to the Guard. The Guard puts the comb in Brendon's pocket and then helps him to his feet and leads him into his cell.

Brendon's body responds to the hard icy SOUND of the steel cell doors SLAMMING shut. He sits on the bed, his body folding up into a ball, while in the next cell, Lester, a black man in his mid-thirties, peers through the cell bars.

LESTER

Hey man, don't worry. This doesn't happen often.

(pause)

Word has it you're some kind of Corporate puke. Brendon H. Flanagan. What's the 'H' for?

Lester hears sobbing noises coming from Brendon's cell.

LESTER

Hey man, don't do that. That's not so good around here. Shh!

INMATE'S VOICE (O.S.)

I know what BH stands for. BH for 'Boo Hoo'. Boo Hoo...Boo Hoo...

Other inmates join in on the chant.

INMATES CHANT (O.S.)

Boo Hoo ... Boo Hoo ... Boo Hoo ...

INT. BRENDON 'BOO HOO' FLANAGAN'S CELL

He tries to control himself. He leans up against the wall on his bed, but falls face down on his pillow, still sobbing.

INT. BOO HOO'S CELL - MORNING - END OF DREAM

Boo Hoo wakes up with a jolt.

He realizes where he is and he gets up, sits bedside, puts on a bandanna over his eyes and begins tossing basketballs at his makeshift hoops. A shadow appears over him. CW hovers from outside the cell.

CW

Flanagan, I saw the DA yesterday.
Downtown. Bensen ... he was the
prosecuting attorney at your trial.
We discussed your case.

BOO HOO gets up and pushes his bandanna from his eyes.

BOO HOO

You can call me Boo Hoo. Everybody
else does.

CW's jaw drops. And then he breaks out in a broad smile.

CW

I'll be a monkey's uncle.

BOO HOO

Why did you go see Bensen?

CW

We were at a barbecue together, and
we talked about your case. He's a
friend of mine.

BOO HOO

So, did Bensen tell you that I shot
my wife in a fit of anger?

CW

Sort off ... care to tell me your
side of the story.

Boo Hoo moves close to the cell bars and talks softly.

BOO HOO

One rule from now on. And that is
... don't get too close.

(pause)

No story from me today. But you can
tell me yours. I'm all ears.

CW

My story?

BOO HOO

You can't expect me to expose myself if I don't know you. Why are you interested in my case?

CW

I'm just asking questions, is all.

BOO HOO

You're not like the other guards.

CW

I've been to hell and back, if that's what you mean.

A long pause has both men sizing each other up.

BOO HOO

I've been in hell. Don't think I've ever returned, actually. Don't change the subject. What's your story?

CW sighs deeply, as if debating whether to tell it.

CW

My dad once told me there's two ways of shedding light. One's to be the candle. The other is to be the mirror that reflects it. He taught me basketball. Was a decorated cop. But he had a fault. He was too honest. His candle was too bright for some cops who had reason to be threatened. There was a drug bust. My dad was set up and was suspended for suspicion of skimming money at a crime scene, although he never took anything. But others did. They feared he might talk, so they struck first and planted money in his locker. He didn't talk to anyone for three months. Then he ... he ...

BOO HOO

Killed himself?

CW

Yeah. His most cherished possession was his reputation.

(MORE)

CW (CONT'D)

I set out to clear his name. Seems I approached the wrong people. They threatened my family. The thought of losing them was unbearable, but I couldn't stop inquiring. I broke down. The doc said I was having an unresolved conflict.

BOO HOO

Couldn't restore your father's rep, so now you want to save me! Very dramatic, I must say. Bet your wife gets pissed during your *let's save the world* conquests.

LESTER

leans against the cell bars and he is all ears.

CW (O.S.)

Yeah. She sure does. But she doesn't understand.

BOO HOO (O.S.)

Pity pot can kill ya around here.

(pause)

Listen. I don't need to be saved.

Lester whispers loudly to the next inmate.

LESTER

Boo Hoo's talkin' to the coach.
Pass it down.

MONTAGE

To create a sense of how news travels in this institution:

-- The words "CW has Boo Hoo talking" travels from cell to cell until,

-- the GUARD at the end of the cell block hears the news and passes it on to another GUARD, and

-- that guard passes the news on to a GUARD walking by and,

-- the news continues to spread until it reaches Darrin.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - CONTINUOUS FROM END OF MONTAGE

Darrin pokes his head in the office and sees the Warden, Jeremy and Henry.

DARRIN

CW has Boo Hoo talking.

JEREMY

(to himself)

Well, how do you like that?

Warden, stone-faced angry, looks at Henry and nods to him, as if to say, 'check it out'.

BACK TO CW AND BOO HOO

BOO HOO

I don't want to be a crusade of yours, Coach. You can't help me. You can't bring back my wife or make my children love me again. So, find another windmill to blow on.

Boo Hoo turns his back to CW. Icy.

CW

I'm not your savior. I don't want to be your savior.

BOO HOO

(sarcastic)

Yeah, you're just a concerned citizen. This conversation is over.

Boo Hoo pulls his bandanna over his eyes and throws his makeshift basketballs in the hoops as Henry enters the scene.

HENRY

(to CW)

The Warden wants to see your ugly, black ass. Now.

CW

(to Boo Hoo)

You're not a crusade of mine, Boo Hoo. Can't someone just care.

CW exits, leaving Henry and Boo Hoo by themselves.

HENRY

(to Boo Hoo)

Listen to me, you dried-up piece of manure. I've been easy on you because you've kept your mouth shut. You start any trouble and you'll wish you were never born.

Henry leaves and he hurries to catch CW.

HENRY

You better start understanding one thing around here, Gavin. This is not like the country club over at Bucks County. These people are not human beings. They're street garbage, and the white ones are less than that. They're particles of vomit.

INT. OUTSIDE THE ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

Henry and CW approach the administration office. As they turn the corner, Henry stops.

HENRY

Your name should be UT for Uncle Tom. You light-skinned niggas are all the same. You think you can trust the white folk around here but you can't. Sooner or later you're gonna have to define your roots, Gavin.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - LATER

At his desk, Jeremy can hear the Warden yelling at CW.

A look of anxiety crosses Jeremy's face as the door flings open and CW walks out with the Warden close behind.

WARDEN

That's strike two. Consider yourself warned, Gavin.

Jeremy walks over to CW in full view of the Warden.

JEREMY

You didn't do anything wrong, CW.

INT. GYMNASIUM - AFTERNOON

CW studies the inmates doing lay-ups. Boo Hoo watches the action from the stands.

CW

Okay, folks. This is the last day to show me what you got.

LATER

CW AD-LIBS instructions while a full court scrimmage takes place between the inmates.

He makes a substitution and watches intently. Some inmates appear unskilled, passing the ball to no one, tripping, throwing airborne shots, etc.

CW casually glances up and sees Boo Hoo sitting alone in the stands. Their eyes meet. Boo Hoo looks away. Sach, making a fantastic play, pulls his attention back to practice.

CW

Okay, Sach. That's the way to do it. Juan, you gotta do more than run. Swipe that ball away.

Juan runs two steps faster than anyone else and catches up to the ball handler. He swipes at the ball, commits a foul.

CW

NO. NO. Swipe when he's bouncing the ball. Down low, like this.

CW swipes at an imaginary ball just a couple of inches off the floor. Frustrated, he takes a deep breath and sits down.

Juan makes another try at swatting the ball. This time he catches the Richard's sneaker and trips him. Richard gets up and chases Juan, but Juan is too fast and gets away. CW buries his face in his hands.

EXT. DOORSTEP AT THE HOME OF KIMBERLY FLANAGAN - NIGHT

CW knocks on the door. KIMBERLY FLANAGAN answers.

CW

I'm CW Gavin. I'm a prison guard at Longhorne. You Kimberly Flanagan?

Kimberly nods.

CW

I would like to talk to you about
Brendon ... your father.

KIMBERLY

(As she closes the door--)
I'm sorry. My father is dead.

EXT. DOORSTEP OF KOLLEEN CASTANANO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CW knocks on the door. KOLLEEN CASTANANO answers.

CW

Hi, I'm CW Gavin from Longhorne.
Are you Kolleen Castanano?

KOLLEEN

Yes.

CW

Kolleen, I'd like to talk to you
about your father if you'll let me.

KOLLEEN

Is he okay?

CW

Oh, yes. He's fine.

KOLLEEN

What do you want to talk about?

CW

For one, I'd like to know if you
think your father is innocent.

KOLLEEN

Sometimes I think he is, but most
of the time ... I don't know.

CW

There's a lot pointing to his
innocence, you know.

KOLLEEN

I'm sorry. My sister called and she
warned me you might be coming. I
shouldn't be talking to you.

Kolleen politely starts closing the door.

CW

I believe your father is innocent.

KOLLEEN

I'm sorry.

Kolleen closes the door.

INT. CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION SHOWERS - DAY

Inmates huddle by a list on the wall. Juan and Sach seem happy as they read the list while others walk away dejected.

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER

CW addresses Richard, Juan, Sach, Dreyfus, Lester, Moose and several others while sitting in the bleachers.

CW

Based on the past two tryouts, you're the players I want. Some of you have speed. You have tons of it, Juan, but we need to work on your passing and defense.

LESTER

He can't shoot for crapola, Coach.

JUAN

At least I know who my father is.

CW

Gentlemen, please! Can we just respect each other? At least while you're playing basketball?

SACH

Yeah, you piss-heads. Be a little more considerate, will ya.

CW takes a slow, silent breath in, and exhales more loudly.

JUAN

Come on, Coach. We're cool. We're changing in the right direction. You can't expect us to change our stripes overnight, though.

Lester and Juan do a 'high-five' while CW makes eye contact with each and every player. They appear sincere and macho and vulnerable all at the same time. CW surrenders a smile.

CW

You're right, Juan. I guess this is going to be a learning process for all of us.

CW turns to Ramsy who has a armful of red jerseys. CW takes them, one by one, and throws a jersey to a specific player.

CW

Okay. Reds against non-reds. Get out there. Let's see what you got.

LATER - While Juan guards SACH, Dreyfus sets a pick-and-roll on Juan. CW blows the whistle. The play stops.

CW

You can't be moving on a pic, Dreyfus. You gotta be set.

CW positions himself to show him what he means. Play resumes. Dreyfus sets up a good pic, but Juan barrels through it and commits a foul. CW blows his whistle again.

CW

No, no! You have to anticipate the pic. You just can't knock him over.

JUAN

Why not, Coach. In baseball, if he blocks my path while I'm running the bases I can run 'em over.

CW

This is basketball, Juan. The rule is just the opposite. If you establish your position with two feet firmly on the ground, the offensive player can't run through you. Does everyone understand that?

Everyone nods.

JUAN

Okay, Coach. If you say so.

CW blows his whistle and they continue the scrimmage.

INT. BOO HOO'S CELL - MORNING

Boo Hoo tosses makeshift basketballs in the hoop while his eyes are covered with a blindfold. CW approaches and Boo Hoo stops throwing, sensing someone by his cell.

CW

Would you like to join the team?

(waits a beat)

You could stand at the top of the three-point key during strategic times. Maybe make a quick six, nine points for the 'gipper'.

Boo Hoo continues to throw without responding.

CW

Listen, I'm sorry if I said anything that might've been offensive.

(silence)

I saw your daughters yesterday.

Boo Hoo stops throwing and lifts the bandanna off his eyes.

CW

They're very charming, especially Kolleen. She seems very sensitive, like you. And Kimberly? Wow! She's got a mind of her own, doesn't she?

Boo Hoo bolts to his feet and stands nose to nose with CW with only the bars separating them.

BOO HOO

You saw my daughters? How are they?

CW

They seem fine.

After a long pause ...

BOO HOO

You win, Gavin. You want to hear my story? Ten years ago, I came home early from a business trip on my wife's bridge night. She never missed bridge, so I expected the house to be empty.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SCENE

EXT. BOO HOO'S DRIVEWAY - TEN YEARS AGO - NIGHT

The VO fades as Boo Hoo turns his car in the driveway. He exits the car with his attaché case and enters the house.

INT. BOO HOO'S FOYER

He closes the front door. He hears a noise coming from upstairs. He looks at his watch, then rushes into the den and comes out seconds later with a revolver in his hand.

He rushes to the stairs and gingerly walks up to the bedroom door. He hesitates a beat, then opens the door and sees CHARLES PETZINGER standing half-naked.

IN THE BEDROOM

At bedside, CW's WIFE, in a nightgown, starts to AD-LIB an excuse, but stops as if she knows she can't hide her indiscretion. A loving, tender look crosses her face.

WIFE

I'm so sorry, Brendon. Oh, my God!
What have I done?

She sits on the bed, her hand covering her mouth.

A SPFX moment: A white light encircles Boo Hoo's vision, as if in shock, and his vision becomes blurred, a surreal image of reality.

The gun dangles from Boo Hoo's hand and Petzinger lunges at him. They struggle. The gun fires repeatedly. A bullet enters the wife's head killing her instantly, and stray bullets find their way into Petzinger's knee and Boo Hoo's hip.

END OF FLASHBACK

BACK TO CW AND BOO HOO

Boo Hoo's head hangs. Remembering the past requires effort.

BOO HOO

I loved her. And the odd thing is,
I still do. The memory of her.

(pause)

(MORE)

BOO HOO (CONT'D)

I indulge myself in these thoughts
about once or twice a year.

CW

It must be painful.

Boo Hoo chuckles at the understatement.

BOO HOO

I must be careful. One can't expose
himself this way around here.

(pause)

When I was found guilty, I turned
to the only people in my world I
loved. But my daughters believed I
killed their mother intentionally.
One of them yelled 'I hate you. I
never want to see you again'. You
know, after all this time, I don't
even know which one said it.

(pause)

I cried every day. I couldn't stop
until Petzinger came to see me.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SCENE

INT. VISITING AREA AT LONGHORNE - NINE YEARS AGO

Petzinger sits in a glass-partitioned booth. While an inmate
in the next booth talks to a loved one, Boo Hoo enters the
room and takes a seat across from Petzinger.

BOO HOO

What do you want?

PETZINGER

Don't get many visitors, do you?

BOO HOO

What do you want?

PETZINGER

I wanted to be a tennis player. I
was ready to turn pro when ... you
shot me in the knee. It's still
quite sore, you know.

BOO HOO

What do you want?

PETZINGER

I want to see your face while I
show you something.

Petzinger holds three Polaroids in his hand. He puts the
first one up against the glass so Boo Hoo can see.

PETZINGER

That's your daughter, Kolleen.
Recognize her? Hard to tell, all
bruised up like that.

He takes out another picture and slaps it to the glass.

ON BOO HOO

His face shows the anguish as Petzinger speaks.

PETZINGER (O.S.)

She didn't recognize me. How could
she? I had a mask on. Oh, she put
in a good fight. You'd be proud. In
the end ... Oh, delightful. A real
good, how should I say it ...
experience?

There's a slight pause, then there's the sound of another
picture being slapped up against the window. The sound causes
Boo Hoo's face to twitch, as if stuck by a needle.

PETZINGER (O.S.)

I had to hit her real hard to pose
for this one.

Boo Hoo's eyes fill with tears. His face turns pale. Stoic.

ON PETZINGER

his face fills with energy. A crazed look of a madman.

PETZINGER

That's so perfect. That's so
beautiful. Keep them tears flowing.
Oooh! Yes. A little consolation for
taking away my life. You bastard.

END OF FLASHBACK

BACK TO BOO HOO AND CW AT LONGHORNE

BOO HOO

He raped her and took those pictures while she sobbed on the floor. He told me that if I ever mentioned this to anyone he would kill her and her newborn son. But that was a long time ago.

CW

I won't say anything.

Boo Hoo's mind drifts for a beat. He comes back.

BOO HOO

I lost my soul. I wanted to die.

CW

So, you retreated into basketball.

BOO HOO

After Petzinger's visit I wandered around. Somehow I ended up at the gym shooting basketballs. Then an odd thing happened. My mind went blank for a few minutes. So, that night, to keep me from falling off the edge, I thought of shooting basketballs. It was the only way I could sleep. It was the only way I could stop crying.

(picks up a ball)

From that day on all I thought about was throwing a ball in the basket. No thoughts about birthdays, or Christmas trees or Easter bunnies. The moment I stopped thinking about balls falling through a hoop, my wife's bloody face would come back, and those photos of my daughter's bruised body would haunt my mind.

(squares off with CW)

And then you come along dredging up these memories. Well, thank you Father Theresa, but I was doing just fine before you arrived.

(MORE)

BOO HOO (CONT'D)

Butt out. Stay away from my daughters before you get them killed.

Boo Hoo sits down, puts the bandanna over his head, and goes back to shooting baskets. He misses.

CW

But it's too late now, isn't it? You've told me your story. You've come out of your cocoon.

CW takes a couple of steps in his departure, but then stops, changes his mind, and returns.

CW

Your daughters don't know the truth, and you have a grandchild you've never seen. That's just not right. That's just not right.

Boo Hoo stops shooting baskets.

BOO HOO

It's none of your business.

CW

Have all the excuses you want, Flanagan. Just because you've given up doesn't mean I have to.

Boo Hoo jumps to his feet and stands nose to nose with CW.

BOO HOO

Hey. Don't let my bubbly and zealous facade fool you. I don't hang on to dreams that don't have a chance of making it to the front door.

CW

At the risk of sounding trite, I learned a long time ago that it doesn't matter if you succeed. The tragedy is not making the effort.

CW leaves and walks past Lester's cell.

LESTER

Sits up against the cement wall and appears to have heard the entire conversation. Reflective.

BOO HOO

Sits up against the cement wall. Reflective.

INT. CW'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

CW appears somber while eating dinner with Renee and Susanna.

Susanna looks back and forth between her parents. She senses tension. She looks at CW and smiles. CW smiles back.

SUSANNA

May I please be excused?

CW nods and then watches Susanna leave for the living room which is next to the kitchen. CW continues watching his daughter as she turns on the TV and plops herself down in the middle of the room. CW turns to Renee and,

CW

What do you want me to tell you,
that I shouldn't be concerned? I
see somebody who has been wronged
and I should look the other way?

Renee bangs the table.

RENEE

Don't do this, CW. Not again. You
want to spend another twenty-eight
days in the hospital.

CW stands up and storms over to the living room roll-top desk and fishes through some papers. He finds a handful of photographs wrapped in protective paper and brings them back to the kitchen table.

He slaps down the first picture in front of Renee.

CW

Here's a photo of Susanna in the
school yard.

(slaps down another)

Here's Susanna getting on the bus.

(MORE)

CW (CONT'D)
(and another)
You at the grocery store.

CW throws the rest of the pictures down and pulls up a chair next to Renee while she takes her time looking at the photos. Renee's face transforms into a look of horror. CW looks at her squarely in the eyes.

CW
Renee, this was their way of saying if I didn't stop asking questions about my father, if I didn't give up my little quest to clear his name, something terrible was going to happen to you and Susanna.

RENEE
My God. Why didn't you tell me this?

CW
Why? I don't know. Could it be I didn't want to frighten you?

CW rises from his seat as does Renee. She holds him.

RENEE
I'm sorry about being a nag, but I'm your wife, honey. You're suppose to confide in your wife about important matters like this?
(they hug)
If something happens to you, Clarence Williams, I don't know what I'd do.

CW
Clarence Williams? You must be upset.

FROM SUSANNA'S POV

CW cups Renee's face in his hands.

RENEE
I don't want anything to happen to you, you knucklehead.

CW
What could possibly happen to me if I pursue Flanagan's case?

RENEE

I don't know. You tell me. I don't
have a crystal ball.

CW

Nothing's going to happen to me.

ON SUSANNA

She smiles and turns back to the TV.

EXT. OUTSIDE PETZINGER'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

CW walks up to an apartment building that has slightly gone
to seed. He follows the name tags on the mailboxes. He sees
the word "PETZINGER" on one of the tags for apartment "3A".

INT. PETZINGER'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

CW walks up to apartment door "3A". He knocks.

PETZINGER

(muffled)

Who's there?

CW

CW Gavin from Longhorne. I would
like to talk to you.

A long silence, then ...

PETZINGER

The door's open.

CW opens the door and slowly walks into a shabby studio
apartment. Messy. A PICTURE on a desk. CW picks it up. It's a
framed photo of a college student, a boy wearing a Villanova
University sweatshirt. He puts the picture back.

PETZINGER sits on a recliner holding an oxygen mask to his
face. An oxygen tank stands upright on the floor next to him.
A stack of books sit on a night table within his reach.

PETZINGER

Surprised, are you?

NOTE: during this conversation, Petzinger will be putting the
mask to his face to breath, and removing it to talk.

PETZINGER

Something tells me you're going to make my already shitty day worse than it is.

CW

Petzinger???

PETZINGER

Who the hell do you think I am, black boy, the goddamn house pimp? What's your name again? Gavel ...

CW

My name is Gavin. And I'm here on behalf of Brendon Flanagan ...

He takes an extra long breath in the mask.

PETZINGER

I haven't thought about him in at least ... oh, God, how long has it been? It must be ... ten minutes.

(pause)

If you wanna just talk, fine. I don't get many visitors.

CW inspects the broken man in front of him.

PETZINGER

I try to tell them it's just a touch of bronchitis but they won't listen to me. I feel like I've swallowed a golf ball. Lung cancer.

He tries to laugh but ends up in a coughing fit and puts the mask back over his face.

CW

Flanagan told me that you lied in court. And he told me what you did to his daughter.

PETZINGER

He did, did he? Come here. You want to talk serious, I need to make sure you're not bugged.

CW

I can assure you ...

PETZINGER

Yeah, Yeah. Closer.

CW moves closer and Petzinger frisks him. Satisfied that CW is not bugged, Petzinger pushes CW away.

PETZINGER

I told Flanagan that his daughter and grandchild would suffer if he told anyone. You took a chance on their lives coming here, cowboy.

CW

You're not in the best of shape to do anything about it now, are you?

PETZINGER

You got me there, Ranger. Still, you didn't know that until now.

Petzinger coughs uncontrollably.

CW

I have a question, Petzinger.

PETZINGER

Let me save you the trouble. I was in the bedroom fixing a stuck window ...

FLASHBACK - CONTRIVED

INT. BOO HOO'S BEDROOM - TEN YEARS AGO - NIGHT

Petzinger, a tool pouch around his waist, hammers the window sash, realigning the frame. The window slides freely.

Boo Hoo bursts into the room, jumps to conclusions, walks up to his wife, points the gun and shoots her point blank.

Petzinger rushes towards him and drives Boo Hoo against the wall. The gun discharges several times shooting Petzinger in the knee and Boo Hoo in the hip. Howling in pain Petzinger crawls to the phone, picks up the receiver and dials 9-1-1.

PETZINGER

Help! Help! There's been a murder.

Petzinger drops the phone and passes out.

END OF CONTRIVED FLASHBACK - BACK TO SCENE

CW

That's not the way it happened.

PETZINGER

But that's what I told the Judge and Jury, and the prosecutor, and the media. Let me tell you another version. I got a lot of versions.

BEGIN ANOTHER FLASHBACK - THE REAL STORY

INT. BOO HOO'S BEDROOM - TEN YEARS AGO - NIGHT

Petzinger and Mrs. Flanagan are in bed, naked. The sound of the downstairs front door slamming startles them.

Hurriedly, they get out of bed. Petzinger falls to the floor making a noise. He scampers around getting dressed.

Boo Hoo's wife hurries to put on her robe and slippers, and just as Petzinger finishes putting on his pants and shoes, Boo Hoo storms in.

Boo Hoo, stunned at the sight before him, gapes at his wife, and then at Petzinger, and then back to his wife.

WIFE

I'm so sorry, Brendon. Oh, my God!
What have I done?

Boo Hoo looks dazed. Petzinger jumps him, and in a mad struggle the gun goes off several times.

When the shooting subsides, Mrs. Flanagan is dead. Sprawled on the floor Boo Hoo moans from a hip wound, and Petzinger lays next to him, his knee bloodied by a stray bullet.

While howling in pain, Petzinger puts on his shirt and splatters some blood on it. He hobbles over to Mrs. Flanagan, sees that she is dead, then limps to the phone and dials.

PETZINGER

Help! Help! There's been a murder.

Petzinger then passes out.

END OF FLASHBACK - BACK TO PETZINGER AND CW

Petzinger finishes taking a breath from the mask.

PETZINGER

My knee cap was gone, along with my tennis career. That bastard ruined it all.

(evil)

Too bad he didn't come home two minutes later. I would've completed my act of passion with that whore and he would've had a much easier time proving his crime of passion.

CW

So a STRAY bullet did hit his wife.

PETZINGER

In this rendition, at least. And you know what was the brilliant part of all this? The cops come and they see him with a gun in his hand, and they take one look at me passed out next to him and they just know I'm the victim. Now that was a stroke of genius, passing out like that.

(laughs)

Of course, when I woke up I had to think quick, so I tell them that I was up there fixing a window jam.

CW

Why did you rape his daughter?

PETZINGER

WHY?

Petzinger throws off his blanket, pulls up his pant leg, and points to the hole in his knee.

PETZINGER

I was supposed to be the next Borg, but that never happened because he did this. I wanted him to suffer for it and his daughter provided me with that opportunity.

(beat)

(MORE)

PETZINGER (CONT'D)

I performed well considering it was only six months after my injury. Oh, it was painful, but I still got it on with her, if you know what I mean. I had a mask on, so she didn't see me. I twisted a scarf around her neck real tight and told her if she squawked to anyone her little, precious, Flanagan grandson would never see his first birthday party. I was very convincing. Very HARD on her. No pun intended.

Petzinger's evil laugh throws a chill in CW's marrow.

CW

Listen, you don't have long to live. Why not search your soul ...

PETZINGER

Oh, no, no. You're not asking me to make amends now, are you? Just because I'm dying doesn't mean I've changed my spots to a different color. I'm very tired. Go. Leave.

CW

The DA said that he would ask the Governor to get a release for Flanagan if you confessed your lie. He needs a notarized statement, signed by you and a witness. You're the only one who can help him now. Maybe telling the truth might ...

PETZINGER

Oh, yes. The truth shall set me free.

CW

It could. Maybe it would.

Petzinger throws a book at CW.

PETZINGER

Get the hell out of here!

CW

Maybe your tormented soul would find peace in the next world. You never know.

Petzinger throws another book at CW which hits the desk and knocks the picture of the boy onto the floor.

PETZINGER
I'll call the cops. Get ...

Petzinger starts to cough uncontrollably as CW exits.

Petzinger notices the picture of the boy on the floor and immediately slides off the recliner. He crawls on the floor until he reaches the photo. He picks it up and wipes off the dust from the glass and puts it back on the desk.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY

CW and Philip sit at their desks and observe three tall MEN walking up to Judith's desk. Judith gets up and goes into the Warden's office.

PHILIP
(to CW; whispering)
Those are our aces in the hole.

CW
What do you mean?

PHILIP
They are the new guards. Or should I say, the new basketball players.

CW
One of them looks like Jimmy Fleet.

PHILIP
Oh, you mean the guy who played for the Knicks for 15 years but retired because he had bone spurs in his knee, or something like that.

The Warden walks out and escorts the three men to CW.

WARDEN
Men, this is CW Gavin. Don't ask him what CW means because he won't tell you. He's the coach for the inmates. CW, I want you to meet a few people. Jimmy Fleet, CW Gavin.

CW
The Knicks. Retired.

WARDEN

And this is Russel Hayes.

CW shakes Jones' hand, then as CW shakes Hayes' hands,

CW

You were traded from the Boston
Celtics and quit five years ago.

HAYES

I didn't want to live in Milwaukee.

WARDEN

And this is Clide Jones.

CW shakes his hand and,

CW

Rookie-of-the-year ten years ago.
Then you broke your ankle.

JONES

I fell off a truck during off
season. Can you believe that?

CW

But you never came back?

JONES

Refractured it at training camp and
the rest, as they say, is history.

WARDEN

These men will be working primarily
on, ummmm ... off premise projects.
How does that sound men?

The new guards look at each other and nod. No complaints.

CW

(to the Warden)

They will also be playing a little
basketball for you, I presume.

WARDEN

Presume away, Gavin. Speaking of
basketball, the guards will be
using the Community College
gymnasium to train, so the gym here
is all yours for the time being.

The Warden escorts the three men to his office and all seems peaches and cream with the new recruits.

CW Looks at his watch.

CW
I'm going out for lunch.

EXT. DOORSTEP OF KOLLEEN CASTANANO'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

CW knocks on the door and waits. Kolleen answers.

KOLLEEN
You again. Mr. Gavin, is it?

CW
Your father didn't intentionally kill your mother, Kolleen.

KOLLEEN
What could you possibly tell me that would make me believe that?

CW
A version of the truth. A story about an accident.

KOLLEEN
(skeptical)
I don't think so.

CW
Please forgive me for begin blunt, but nine years ago you were raped.

Kolleen grabs hold of her chest, her demeanor, shaken.

KOLLEEN
How did you know? Nobody knows.

CW
Petzinger told me. He took pictures of you after he violated you, and he showed those pictures to your father nine years ago.

KOLLEEN
Oh, my God! He wore a mask. I didn't know it was him.

CW

I know. Have you told anyone?

KOLLEEN

No. He threatened to do harm to my son if I told anyone. I never knew who he was.

CW

Kolleen, Petzinger is dying and he's not a threat to anyone any more. But we haven't got much time.

Kolleen shows CW into the house.

INT. LONGHORNE GYMNASIUM - DAY

CW comes running through the doors late for team practice.

The team practices at one end of the court while Boo Hoo tosses three-point shots at the other end.

CW begins to hustle (AD-LIB) the players together when Henry and his guard/team saunters into the gym.

All activity ceases as the guards/players walk onto the court as if they own it.

CW

I thought you guys were supposed to practice at the College.

HENRY

Yeah, well, there's a gymnastic tournament at the college today. Warden said to come here and have a little fun with you degenerates.

CW

We're not ready for that.

JUAN

Come on, Coach. Let's play 'em.

CW

You guys aren't ready, I said.

SACH

We turn our backs, they'll think we're cowards.

CW and Boo Hoo lock eyes. Boo Hoo lets the ball slip from his hands and he hobbles off the court, a gesture for CW to take on the guards.

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER

CW stands mid-court with a ball in his hand and with five players on each team encircling him. He throws the ball up.

SERIES OF SHOTS/SCENES - scrimmage begins.

-- Boo Hoo watches the scrimmage from the bleachers.

-- The Warden opens the door and watches the game.

-- The inmate team, atrociously overmatched, trip over each other, miss shots, are confused on assignments, etc.

-- Henry coaches the guards - clapping, laughing. Confident.

-- Warden's POV: he watches Sach make an incredible lay-up maneuver while being covered by two guards. Sach seems to be the only threat on the inmate team.

END OF SERIES

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER

The scrimmage over, we see that action has taken its toll on the inmates. They are bent over in physical stress.

CW

Hit the showers, men.

The inmates, mumbling their dismay, head for the showers.

CW walks over to Henry.

CW

You got a talented team, Henry.

HENRY

You're going to get crushed.

They both look at the guards who are still on the court. Most of them are bent-over-tired or gulping air in distress.

CW

Well, you've certainly done that today, Henry.

INT. SHOWER/LOCKER ROOM - LATER

CW enters. The players are exhaustion and defeated.

CW

Whoa! What's going on here?

Ramsy hands out towels one by one.

MOOSE

We stink.

JUAN

They're faster than lightning!

SACH

They got ringers in there, Coach.

RICHARD

They beat the crap out of us.

CW

STOP! STOP! Everyone. Just stop.

JUAN

What are you going to say, boss?
You saw what we saw.

CW

They made a mistake scrimmaging us today, gentlemen, because they showed us their vulnerabilities.

LESTER

Hell, man. They got no vulnerables.

CW

Then you saw a different scrimmage than I did. This is the best thing that could've happened, gentlemen. For one, they got tired fast. Sure, we got tired, too, but we ran all over the place, they didn't. And I think they're going to take us lightly after this. They're not going to get into shape, not like we are. We'll be in superior condition when the real game comes. We'll use the fast break a lot ...

MOOSE

That won't change anything, Coach.

CW walks back and forth in front of the men.

CW

Boo Hoo!

All the men freeze. Ponder for a second.

LESTER

Yeah! We might have a chance if we can put him at top of the three-point key and ...

RICHARD

Won't they just stick him. I mean, the old man can't even walk right.

CW

That's not what I'm talking about, men. For the next few weeks you are all going to be more LIKE Boo Hoo. You'll need to think, sleep and eat basketball. You'll shoot baskets in your dreams.

CW walks in front of each man and peers into their eyes.

CW

Gentlemen, our game with the guards is not just a practice game to help them with their annual tournament. I was hired to coach you, not to win, but to get you competitive so that the public won't feel pity for you like they would have today. In case you didn't know, this game we're preparing for is a symbolic gesture to let you know who's boss.

CW pauses, letting his provocative statement take root.

CW

I want the community to know that given the chance you can be team players and that the Governor's little experiment is a good one. And ...

DREYFUS

And what? That it's not who wins but how you play the game? That we lowlies on the food chain can be rehabilitated, and all that crap?

CW

Sometimes you have to shoot for the impossible, Dreyfus.

CW waits a beat, then heads for the door.

Sach stands up and faces his teammates.

SACH

What do we have in this place? We hide our pity and our shame. We talk about what we want when we get out, because we have very precious little to call our own in here.

(to Dreyfus)

All we have is our pride. They can't take that away unless we let them. I let them take a little bit of my pride today. I want it back. Coach, I want my pride back.

CW walks back into the center of the room. He looks at Sach and nods his thanks.

CW

I brought up Boo Hoo before because of his single-mindedness. Yeah, he's been practicing for nine years, and hardly ever misses, but I'm not asking you to never miss. I'm asking you to focus and practice. Focus. Practice. Focus. Practice.

(pounds his chest)

Reach down deeper than you ever have in life. Have heart.

(pause)

I've seen the best that humanity can offer when losing a game, not winning. All that matters in life is that you give it your best effort. Heart! Focus! Practice!

CW looks at each face as he walks around the room.

CW

We'll get our bodies in shape.
We'll overcome the pain, practice
the basics, and think, eat, sleep
basketball. The greatness doesn't
start with actions.

(points to his head)

It begins up here. Starting tomorrow
we'll practice with a different
attitude. Not cocky, like you were
before, and not like losers as we
are now. Go hit the showers.
Tomorrow is a new day. Be prepared,
gentlemen. You will get in shape.

INT. CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION MESS HALL - DAY

CW enters and scouts the room, like he's looking for someone.
He spots Boo Hoo, walks over and sits down across from him.

CW

I've put your name on the roster.
(waits; no response)

I know you can't move around much.
We'll use you for a minute or two,
like at the end of the game or end
of the half. You stand at the top
of the key, somebody feeds you ...

(daydreams)

Juan steals the ball, throws to
Richard who feeds Sach, and he goes
for the basket but passes to you
instead. Swish!

(stands; loudly)

Score!!!

CW sits back down.

CW

Exciting, huh? What do you say?

A small perceptible smile creases Boo Hoo's face, but he
stifles it quickly and looks the other way.

CW

Our guys are going to lose. They're
outskilled. But if we can make it a
close game, they might walk away
with a little pride at least.

(MORE)

CW (CONT'D)

(pause; still nothing)

Help them with their shooting then.
They respect you. You can help them
build their confidence.

(more silence)

Damn you, Flanagan. Stop behaving
like a psycho. We need you.

CW gets up and leaves.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

The players sprint while dribbling the ball from one end of the court to the other. Once at the other end of the court, they either stop and shoot, or they go in for the lay-up. They are having problems making their shots.

The Warden sneaks in the back door and ducks behind the bleachers so no one sees him. He watches the action.

CW and Ramsy watch the inmates miss some shots.

CW

We'll get them into shape, I have
no doubt about that. But their
shooting. My God!

RAMSY

They stink.

Boo Hoo hobbles into the gymnasium and onto the court. Action stops. Boo Hoo looks at CW, then at the other players.

BOO HOO

You guys need any help?

The team rallies around Boo Hoo. A new spirit fills the room.

THE WARDEN

sees all this and leaves.

SERIES OF SCENES

To establish over time that the inmates are getting better while the guards are not progressing as much.

-- Boo Hoo instructs Juan how to shoot the ball.

- teammates pair-off; one dribbles down the court in a zigzag fashion while another player runs with him, stride for stride, trying to steal the ball.
- When Juan's turn comes, he steals the ball from the offensive player with ease.
- The Warden peeks through the gym door and sees Sach shoot and score. He watches. Always watching.
- At the Community College the guards practice with less intensity. Philip goes in for lazy lay-up and misses.
- The Warden watches the guards scrimmage. Henry barks his instructions, but few, if any, are paying any attention. The professionals control the tempo of the scrimmage.
- Back to the inmates, the series ends with a grueling wind sprint exercise. When they are done they are bent over with hands on their thighs, heaving breaths to the ground.

END OF SERIES

INT. PETZINGER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kolleen stands in front of apartment 3A. She rummages through her pocketbook. She exposes a pair of scissors, then puts them back in. She takes out mace and sprays it into the air. It works, so she puts it back in her pocketbook.

She knocks on the door. She jiggles the knob. It's unlocked and, cautiously, she opens the door and enters.

While Petzinger lays on the recliner, asleep and wheezing, Kolleen looks around the room and spots the picture of the boy with the Villanova sweat shirt. She picks it up.

PETZINGER

Put it back.

Frightened, Kolleen drops the picture. The glass shatters and the photo falls out. She picks it up and turns it over.

INSERT

the words "YOUR SON" which is on the back of the photo.

BACK TO SCENE

Petzinger struggles to get up, but his illness stops him.

PETZINGER

Put it back, I said. You broke it,
damn you. What are you doing?

Kolleen looks down and spots three other photos which were hidden behind the Villanova boy. She picks them up.

INSERT 3 photos of her naked, bruised body taken 9 years ago.

BACK TO SCENE

She looks over to Petzinger, but keeps her distance.

KOLLEEN

It WAS you, you sick prick.

PETZINGER

Put the pictures back.
(coughs, wheezes)

KOLLEEN

My poor father ... all these years.
(beat)

Listen, as much as this disgusts me, I'll forget what you did to me if you'll confess to the authorities that you perjured yourself during my father's trial.

PETZINGER

I'm not going to say anything to anybody. Put the pictures back.

KOLLEEN

(waves the pictures)
Come and get them.

Petzinger struggles, but he can't get up. He coughs and wheezes as if he is going to die right in front of her.

She puts the pictures in her pocketbook.

PETZINGER

Give me those pictures.

KOLLEEN

The one of the boy. Your son?

PETZINGER

That's none of your business.

She heads for the door.

KOLLEEN

I bet you if I showed this picture around Villanova somebody would recognize him and tell me where I could find him.

PETZINGER

Don't. I'll ...

KOLLEEN

What? You'll kill me? Listen, you prick, if you don't do what Mr. Gavin asked you to do, I'll find the boy ...

She takes the pictures from her pocketbook and waves them.

KOLLEEN

... and I'll show him these pictures of me, and tell him what kind of scumbag you really are.

She leaves and slams the door behind her.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

While CW coaches the team, Judith runs in and hands CW a message. He reads it, walks over to Boo Hoo, and waves it.

CW

This may be your ticket out of here. Take over for me. I gotta go.

INT. CW'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

While driving, he has his cell phone to his ear and,

CW

Bensen. Gavin here. Listen, we need to act quickly. Petzinger was rushed to St. Luke's Hospital on 10th Avenue and he asked for me. I think he wants to confess.

(listens)

Good. I'll see you there.

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - LATER

CW rushes to the center of the room, looks at the wall directory plaque, and then runs to the elevator door.

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - CANCER WARD

After a few beats, an elevator door opens and CW bolts out. He heads for the nurses station. NURSE ONE looks up at CW.

CW

Charles Petzinger was rushed to the hospital today...

Nurse One, nervous, looks to her supervisor who is within hearing range. The supervisor comes over and,

SUPERVISOR

Are you family?

CW

No. I just know him.

SUPERVISOR

Well, I'm sorry, but Mr. Petzinger died ten minutes ago.

Dejected, CW walks away, and as he approaches the elevator, Bensen and a stenographer come bursting out.

CW

We're too late.

NURSE TWO approaches from the nurses station.

NURSE TWO

Are any of you Mr. Gavin?

CW

Yes. I am

NURSE TWO

I'm the one who called your secretary earlier. Before Mr. Petzinger died, he had me write this letter.

Nurse Two pulls out a letter from her pocket. CW takes it.

NURSE TWO

He said that it had to be notarized. Our receptionist is a Notary Public. I witnessed it. She notarized it. He told us to call you and give it to you. And then he died seconds later.

CW reads the letter quickly, and then hands it to Mr. Bensen. Bensen reads it.

BENSEN

This might do it.

CW kisses Nurse Two.

CW

Thank you so very much.

CW, Bensen, and the stenographer get into the elevator.

BENSEN

I'll take it to the Governor, but I can't promise you anything, CW.

The elevator doors close.

INT. KOLLEEN CASTANANO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kolleen and JOHN, her husband, sit on the couch, and CW sits across from them in a chair. John appears agitated.

Nine-year-old Joseph comes in and hugs Kolleen.

KOLLEEN

Time for bed, sweetheart.

JOHN

I'll take him to bed.

(in Kolleen's face)

I can't believe you didn't tell me.

He pats Joseph on the head and takes his hand and leaves.

CW

You threatened to track down his son. Good thinking. I guess the thought of his son knowing the bad things about him was more than Petzinger could endure.

KOLLEEN

He was scary. One bad-looking dude.

CW

Well, he's dead now. Good riddance to garbage.

KOLLEEN

But had I known it was him, I would've realized he was lying about my father, don't you see? All these years ... wasted years.

(pause)

This is so painful.

CW nods. They both remain silent, as if waiting for someone. We hear a knock on the door.

JOHN

I'll get it.

Seconds later, Kimberly bursts in with John not far behind.

KIMBERLY

(to Kolleen)

So, what's so damn important that you dragged me ...

She sees CW and changes her demeanor.

KIMBERLY

Oh, no. You.

(to Kolleen)

Don't tell me you let this guy talk you into believing ...?

KOLLEEN

Shut up, Kimberly! Sit. Listen for a change. I have something to say.

Kimberly sits, reluctantly.

KOLLEEN

There is no nice way of saying this, Kim. Nine years ago I was raped. I didn't know who did it because he had a mask on. And I've kept it a secret, until now.

Kimberly, stunned, looks to John for a response.

JOHN

I was just told this moments ago.

(to Kolleen)

You should've told me.

KOLLEEN

He said if I told anyone he would kill Joey. Under the circumstances I thought it best to keep quiet. I made a mistake not telling you, John, but I'm telling you now and that's the best it's going to get.

(to Kimberly)

Petzinger raped me! Do you know what that means?

Kimberly leans back in her chair, as if punched in the chest.

CW

(to Kimberly)

Petzinger told me the gun went off as he wrestled with your father and a stray bullet hit your mother. Her death was an accident.

KIMBERLY

You mean, Petzinger lied in court?

CW

Yes. We have his signed confession stating he lied.

JOHN

You mentioned pictures before, Mr. Gavin. What pictures?

Kolleen gets up and goes over to her pocketbook. She pulls out three pictures and brings them to John. Kimberly gets up and they inspect the gruesome photos together.

JOHN

Oh, Kolleen. You told me a mugger did this to you and ran off with your purse. Had I known ...

KOLLEEN

Had you known? What John? What could you have done under the circumstances?

(pause)

(MORE)

KOLLEEN (CONT'D)

He did that to me to get back at Dad for ruining his tennis career.

CW

Petzinger showed your dad those pictures of you. So your dad knows.

KIMBERLY

Oh, God! What have we done? We've lived a lie all these years.

John looks at the pictures and then hugs Kolleen.

JOHN

I'm so sorry ...

Kimberly comes over and hugs Kolleen too.

KOLLEEN

Will he ever be able to forgive us?

CW

I wouldn't worry about that. Your father has a lot of love built up in his heart over the past ten years.

(pause; to everyone)

Listen, if all goes well, the Governor may pardon him. He might not have to go through another trial. But this Governor doesn't give out pardons.

KOLLEEN

How many has he given?

CW

None. That's why, if you guys don't mind, I'd like to keep your father in the dark for one more week about you guys.

KIMBERLY

You mean, don't tell him we know?

CW

Yes. We're having a basketball game at the prison in a week. It's open to the public.

(MORE)

CW (CONT'D)

You can prepare what you want to say and we'll surprise him then. Come. I'll tell him about the possible pardon, but I won't mention that you'll be at the game.

KOLLEEN

Okay. You can count on us.

CW

Good. I'm being selfish. I want to see the surprise in his face when he sees you guys, that's all.

They all sit back and ponder that thought.

INT. BOO HOO'S CELL - DAY

CW stands outside Boo Hoo's cell conversing with Boo Hoo.

BOO HOO

So, this is what hope feels like. I almost forgot.

CW

Too long since you felt anything.

BOO HOO

You're telling me. Do you really think the Governor will pardon me?

CW

If he doesn't, we'll go for a mistrial.

BOO HOO

And my daughters ... do they know?

There is a long pause, then CW shakes his head.

BOO HOO

Good. I don't want them knowing anything until we see what the Governor does.

CW

That's a good idea, I think.

BOO HOO

But I want them to know that their father is not a killer.

(beat)

Later. After we find out what the Governor does.

CW

(pauses)

Alrighty, then. You get a good night's sleep. See you tomorrow.

CW turns to leave.

BOO HOO

Gavin ... Thanks.

CW nods and continues to walk away.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

Henry walks by the door and the Warden calls him in.

HENRY

What's up boss?

WARDEN

You know how important it is to beat the inmates, right?

HENRY

Yeah. I know. We will.

WARDEN

Knowing is better than guessing, Henry. Have you seen Sach play? Sach is as good as anyone on your team, including Jones.

HENRY

Aagh, we'll take care of Sach.

They stare at each other. Henry rethinks his attitude.

HENRY

You want me to set him up?

WARDEN

Hell, Henry. You know how it works around here.

(MORE)

WARDEN (CONT'D)

Do what you have to do. Leave me out of it. I don't want to know anything.

HENRY

Sorry, boss. Lost my head.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

CW has the men running in for lay-ups. He blows the whistle and motions for the men to huddle up. The men surround CW.

CW

Men, you've come a long way. But the next couple of days will be intense. We're going to go up one last notch.

SERIES OF SCENES

The following represent an intense day of training.

- CW barks instructions: telling Juan to bend low and swipe at the ball;
- CW yelling 'pick', 'pick', 'pick'.
- The inmates are running their butts off in exercises.
- Boo Hoo gives instructions: puts a bandanna over a player's head and has him shoot blindfolded.
- The entire inmate team run lay-ups from both sides of the hoop. Some players do simple lay-ups, others twist, turn, and lay-up from the opposite side of their approach.
- Sach plays like a pro, and in the distance, through the glass partition of the gym door, Henry watches.
- Some members of the inmate team are doing sit-ups and push-ups in their cells. Intense. Very intense.

END OF SERIES

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY

Henry hangs up the phone. Darrin sits nearby.

HENRY

Let's go.

DARRIN

Jeremy is the one who should be calling for a shake down. And the Warden should be notified.

HENRY

Jeremy's in the yard and Warden's with the Mayor in Center City in Philly. We haven't got time.

INT. CELL BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

An inmate waits by the railing while guards are checking his cell. Henry comes storming onto the scene as Guard Four turns over the mattress of the inmate's cell.

GUARD FOUR

Nothing here, Captain.

Henry moves on to Sach's cell. Sach leans by the railing and throws a look of disdain Henry's way. Guard Three's HAND slips a knife under the mattress as Henry's body blocks this clandestine act from Sach's view.

Darrin comes in to help check Sach's room.

DARRIN

Did you get the mattress?

GUARD FOUR

No. Not yet.

Darrin checks under the mattress and finds the knife.

DARRIN

Henry!

Henry steps forward as Darrin hands the knife to Henry.

HENRY

(to Sach)

Well, well. What do we have here?

Sach's demeanor shifts from cocky to one of rage while being escorted away.

HENRY

(to the Guards)

Take him to the hole.

Administrative custody.

SACH

No way. You guys put that there.
This is bullshit, man.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - LATER

Jeremy and Henry are in the middle of an argument.

JEREMY

You don't call for a shake down
without telling the Warden, or me
if he's not on the premise. You
went against procedure.

HENRY

I didn't have time. Got the tip and
did what I had to do.

JEREMY

Isn't that a coincidence, Henry.
Sach was the inmate's best player.

HENRY

The operative word is ... WAS.

Jeremy stands toe to toe with Henry. Jeremy seems indecisive,
as if he knows better, but then clocks Henry in the jaw and
throws his body across a desk just as the Warden walks in.

WARDEN

Shouldn't've done that, Jeremy.

CW comes storming in, fuming. He faces the Warden.

CW

How could you do this? Not now. Not
three days before the game.

WARDEN

I don't know what you're talking
about. I was in Center City.

(to Jeremy)

In my office. Now! Hitting a fellow
officer? A very serious offense.

Henry gets up and faces the Warden.

HENRY

A snitch said someone on block
three had a knife.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

I acted on it before it was too late. He gets ten days in the hole, and that's that.

WARDEN

Why didn't you notify Jeremy?

HENRY

He was in the yard somewhere.

WARDEN

Why didn't you go get him?

HENRY

I had to act quickly, Warden.

The Warden nods and turns to his office. CW blocks his path.

CW

Is this how it works, Warden? Having other people do your dirty work?

WARDEN

What are you suggesting, Mr. Gavin?

CW

Sach is our best basketball player and he's thrown in the hole just three days before the game? I think he was set up, and I think you set him up just like you did to my ...

CW stops and the Warden inches close to CW.

WARDEN

Careful, Gavin. I'm telling you I was with the Mayor. I had no knowledge of what happened here. You make another accusation, and I'll have you suspended for insubordination. To hell with the game.

CW and the Warden stand toe to toe for a beat. CW leaves.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Boo Hoo and Richard practice at one end of the court while CW coaches the rest of the team at the other end. We stay on Boo Hoo, as Richard sets himself to shoot.

BOO HOO

Think of the arc, Richard. Before
you shoot, visualize it going in.
Now, close your eyes and shoot.

Richard looks at the basket, closes his eyes, and shoots. The ball hits the rim, bounces up, then falls in the net.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE GYM

CW and Ramsy watch the inmates run their drills. The inmates seem lethargic, like they are just going through the motions.

RAMSY

You think we have a chance, Coach?

CW

Honestly? I didn't think we had
much of a chance even with Sach.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

The Warden sits at his desk and the phone rings. He answers.

WARDEN

Hello.

GOVERNOR

William, your Governor here.

WARDEN

Governor. What do I owe this ...

GOVERNOR

I thought you might help me with a
dilemma. I got a request from
Bensen. He says one of your inmates
doesn't belong in your hotel there.

WARDEN

Let me guess. Brendon Flanagan.

GOVERNOR

That's the one. It seems Bensen had
some help from Gavin.

WARDEN

Why doesn't that surprise me?

GOVERNOR

Gavin got a deathbed confession from the main witness at Flanagan's trial. Said he lied. Good PR opportunity, William, but I don't know if it's the right thing to do. Can't cross examine a dead man. Know what I mean?

WARDEN

Yes, I do.

GOVERNOR

Listen, William, there's a lot of people who thought Gavin senior was set up, and that I dragged my feet on this corruption issue.

WARDEN

I know. I know.

GOVERNOR

If I pardoned Flanagan Gavin gets the kudos. I figured I could get a few people off my back. But I'm not in the business of granting pardons without definite proof. Shit, I've only pardoned one during my tenure.

WARDEN

You want my advice?

GOVERNOR

Yes. I do. That's why I called.

WARDEN

Don't do anything.

GOVERNOR

Give me a good reason, William.

WARDEN

I'll give you two. First, like you said, deathbed confessions are not reliable. It's in human nature to try to redeem one's self even if it means lying with your last breath.

GOVERNOR

And your second reason?

WARDEN

Flanagan's a psychopath. He's rarely spoken to anyone in nine years.

GOVERNOR

I see. Sometimes I just don't know when to push and when not to pull. Too many people to please, you know what I mean?

WARDEN

I wouldn't want your job, Sir.

GOVERNOR

Okay. I'm going to deny this request. Thanks William.

WARDEN

Any time, you know that.

The Warden hangs up and appears to be fuming.

INT. GYMNASIUM

CW works with the team at one end of the court while Boo Hoo works on Dreyfus' shooting technique at the other end.

The Warden storms in at Boo Hoo's end of the court.

WARDEN

(to Dreyfus)

Get lost.

ON CW

He sees Dreyfus toss the ball to Boo Hoo and then leave. CW can't hear what the Warden is saying, but he sees the ball slip from Boo Hoo's hand as if he was just told terrible news. Everyone stops practicing. All eyes are on Boo Hoo.

The Warden finishes with Boo Hoo and points to CW. Yelling,

WARDEN

Strike three, Gavin.

The Warden leaves, and CW rushes over to Boo Hoo.

CW

What's the matter?

While Boo Hoo hobbles away ...

BOO HOO

The Warden says the Governor has denied my pardon request.

CW

WHAT!!?

Boo Hoo continues his retreat and waves his arm in the air, a sign of surrender.

CW

Boo Hoo, let me find out what's going on. It's not over.

BOO HOO

I don't have any more tears left.

CW

Don't give up hope.

At center court now, Boo Hoo's empty laugh echoes throughout the gym. He turns to CW.

BOO HOO

HOPE? You're a menace, Gavin. A very dangerous person. You're gonna give me a dose of hope again, are you? That's like giving someone radiation treatments around here. If it doesn't cure you, it'll kill you. Leave me alone, and stay out of my life.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY

CW talks on the phone while Jeremy packs his personal belongings from his desk.

CW

(into the phone)

I don't know, Kolleen. Bensen says the Warden convinced the Governor that you can't trust a dying man's confession. We need more ...

The Warden walks in and heads straight for CW.

CW

I gotta go.
(hangs up)

WARDEN

After the game you're on suspension pending medical review. You went into an inmates' folder without approval. You meddle in an inmates personal affairs. You're out of control, Gavin. I'm scheduling you for a psychological workup. I don't think you're fit for duty.

The Warden walks away. After a long beat,

CW

(to Jeremy)
So, where's he sending you.

JEREMY

Upstate. The youth shelter.

CW

A downgrade is better than a suspension, I guess.

Henry comes out of nowhere and plops his personal belongings on Jeremy's desk.

JEREMY

Damn, Henry! Can't you even wait until I'm gone?
(to CW)
Meet your new supervisor.

INT. BOO HOO'S CELL - NIGHT

Boo Hoo sits against the bars shooting baskets. Each time he throws he misses the hoop. He stops shooting and cries.

ON LESTER -- He sits close to the bars and,

LESTER

Boo Hoo. You okay?

Boo Hoo doesn't answer.

INMATE FOUR (O.S.)

What's the matter with Boo Hoo?

LESTER

Leave him alone.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Bensen writes at his desk when his phone buzzes.

SECRETARY

Kolleen Castanano is here.

BENSEN

What does she want? Who is she?

Bensen hears angry, muffled words over the intercom.

SECRETARY

She says it's personal ... wait!

You can't go in there ...

Kolleen bursts into the room with the SECRETARY close behind.

KOLLEEN

I'm Kolleen FLANAGAN Castanano.

Kolleen waves three pictures at Bensen then slams them down on his desk. Bensen waves his secretary off and she leaves.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Henry comes into the office and hands the Warden some papers.

WARDEN

What's this?

HENRY

Papers on Sach. You need to sign them or else we can't keep him in the hole more than three days. If you don't sign those papers, you have to release him tomorrow.

(pause)

Tomorrow's the game.

WARDEN

Let me ask you something, Henry. If your job depended on it, and you were asked to sign papers that you knew were a lie, would you sign them? Would you risk your career?

HENRY

Well, that would depend. If it was a lie, and people beside myself knew about it, I might not risk it.

The Warden tosses the papers in his 'in' basket.

HENRY

But tomorrow's the game.

WARDEN

Being locked up in a eight foot cell for three days is enough to cramp the muscles and spirit of any man, don't you think? The three-day restriction ends exactly what time of day tomorrow, Henry?

HENRY

Just around half-time, Boss.

WARDEN

Then, release Sach at half-time. The outcome of the game will already be decided, and he won't be in any condition to do anything about it.

HENRY

Good thinking, Boss.

INT. THE HOLE

Sach strains while doing sit-ups. He appears healthy.

INT. GYMNASIUM - GAME DAY

The bleachers begin to fill from opposite ends of the court. Two dozen SECURITY GUARDS escort INMATES from one side of the gym, while their FAMILY and FRIENDS, and MEMBERS of the news media, are escorted in at the other end.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

RAMSY rolls a dumpster into the office and empties the room's wastepaper baskets. He appears to be in a hurry.

RAMSY

Gotta hurry. Game time. Gotta ...

He notices, in the Warden's in-box, the unsigned papers concerning Sach. He picks the papers up and reads.

INT. GYMNASIUM

A camera for local TV "Channel 2" leans against a far wall. The CAMERA MAN is getting it mounted and ready.

THE PRESSBOX - An ANNOUNCER and the Warden occupy a makeshift pressbox on the inmate's side of the bleachers. The Warden scans the gym while the Announcer taps the microphone.

ANNOUNCER

Testing ... testing.

His voice echoes. He turns to the Warden and,

ANNOUNCER

You sure have a lot of security.

WARDEN

Brought 'em in from three counties.

AT COURT LEVEL - a TV NEWSMAN looks into the Channel 6 cam.

TV NEWSMAN

In the City of Brotherly Love, our Governor is conducting an experiment which he hopes will improve the reputation of the penal system in the State. He has arranged for a game between the guards and inmates at the Longhorne Correctional ...

A thunder of BOOS from the inmates interrupt the TV NEWSMAN as the guard team bursts into the gym.

The guards bring with them a half a dozen or so basketballs and they immediately begin warming up, doing lay-ups, etc.

TV NEWSMAN

Cut. Cut.

While the Newsman watches carefully, the three ex-pros on the guard's team put on a display of ball handling and shooting bordering on theatrical.

A bevy of expletives emanate from the inmate side of the gym. Some security guards respond by showing their presence.

The Announcer's voice echoes throughout the gym.

ANNOUNCER

Woowa! What a shot that was!

The Newsman waves for the Cameraman on to continue.

TV NEWSMAN

Well, ladies and gentlemen, I've seen it all. You wouldn't believe what's taking place down here.

(pause)

Jimmy Fleet, who just a few years ago retired from the Knicks with knee problems, is suited up here as one of the guards. He's found a new occupation, I guess. Yeah, right!

The Newsman signals the cameraman to cut. He watches Hayes and Jones pop the basketball into the net effortlessly.

TV NEWSMAN

That's Hayes and Jones. Oh, hell, man! This is not a contest. Who are they kidding? Give me a break!

Just as he says this, a uproarious applause greets the inmate team as they burst through the doors. CW and TWO REFEREES enter the gym right behind them.

The inmates immediately start the pregame practice routine.

CW views the entire gym in one sweeping scan. He spots his wife and blows her a kiss. He looks on the inmate side and spots Boo Hoo in the worst possible spot to watch the game, about five rows up, against the wall, depressed-looking.

CW spots a MYSTERY MAN searching for a seat on the family side of the bleachers. CW appears to recognize him. Their eyes meet and they nod to each other as The Mystery Man sits.

Ramsy appears suddenly and nudges CW.

RAMSY

Coach, I got something to tell you.

CW spots Juan who is awe-struck by the guards' performance.

CW

Not now, Ramsy.

(to Juan; yelling)

Come on, Juan. Stop gawking at them.

(yells to everyone)

Come on, team. Loosen up. Let's get ready. Focus. Keep your focus.

The inmates start practicing in earnest while CW continues to bark out his instructions (AD-LIB).

ON JONES -- He sees the Warden huddled in secrecy with Referee One. The Referee points to his hand.

REFEREE ONE

Show me the money.

WARDEN

Shut up, you imbecile. Later.

You'll get it after the game.

The referee leaves and the Warden catches Jones staring. The Warden tosses him a 'get-back-to-your-business' look.

LATER

A newspaper REPORTER has the Warden cornered.

REPORTER

So, Warden, do you think this experiment is going to improve the characters of the inmates?

WARDEN

I believe the Governor is expecting to improve the image of the penal system. It's just an image thing.

REPORTER

But I've been watching the inmates, and they seem to have a lot of pride and heart.

WARDEN

Yes, well, let's see how much pride they have after the game.

REPORTER

What do you mean?

WARDEN

I mean, the inmates really don't have much of a chance of winning.

REPORTER

Does it really matter who wins?

WARDEN

Of course it matters who wins. This interview is over. I have to go now.

The Warden leaves while the reporter jots down some notes and shakes his head, a mixture of disgust and disbelief.

Organ MUSIC plays. After a couple of beats the inmates in the bleachers yell in unison,

INMATES

CHARGE!

ANNOUNCER

Will everyone please stand for The Pledge Of Allegiance.

Everyone faces the American Flag that is proudly displayed in the corner. While the announcer AD-LIBS the Pledge Of Allegiance, we scan all the players and the people in the bleachers. The tension and excitement permeate the room.

SECONDS LATER Referee Two calls for the two teams to come to the middle of the court for the tip off.

The game begins.

SERIES OF SHOTS

This series establishes the tempo and activities of the game up to, but not including, half-time. Much of the action is left to the choreographer, and interlaced within these shots are the AD-LIB scoring comments of the Announcer.

-- Ramsy tries to talk to CW again, but to no avail.

-- The pro-players dominate the game right from the start. The guards take a 10-0 lead.

-- CW scolds the inmates for being intimidated by the guards, and the team starts playing competitively.

-- Referee One calls a questionable foul against the inmates.

- CW looks to Boo Hoo who seems to be apathetic.
- Pro-player Jones commits a flagrant foul in front of Referee One. Jones apologizes to the inmate, then looks at Referee One with disdain for not calling a foul.
- An occasional shot of the score -- the guards are running away with the game.
- The Mystery Man takes notes.
- Juan steals the ball away from Fleet.
- The inmates are really trying hard, and the pros on the guard's team nod their respect for their effort.
- Juan and Richard strongly press the guards. Juan goes for the steal - gets faked-out this time.
- Philip commits a flagrant foul in front of Referee Two. Referee Two blows a whistle on him.
- CW bolts to his feat and yells at Juan,

CW
Pick! Pick-and-roll!

Juan handles the pick-and-roll correctly.

- Hayes and Richard collide. Hayes sprains his ankle and hobbles off the court.
- As the half-time buzzer sounds, THE SCOREBOARD reads, HOME 55: AWAY 30.

END OF SERIES

INT. GYMNASIUM

As the security guards escort the inmate team off the court, Referee One comes over to the Warden.

REFEREE ONE
Where's my money.

WARDEN
Later, I said. You idiot. Not here.

ON INMATES BENCH

Ramsy and CW sit while staring out at nothing in particular.

RAMSY

Can I talk to you now?

CW

What do you want, Ramsy?

RAMSY

The Warden didn't sign the papers on Sach. That means he doesn't have to stay in the hole for a week.

CW

Why didn't you tell me this before?
(realizing he tried)
Okay ... okay. Thanks.

CW heads directly to the Warden who has taken a seat in the stands behind the guards' bench.

CW

I've seen some real bastard things in my life, but this is the lowest.

WARDEN

Careful, CW?

CW

You didn't sign the papers on Sach.

WARDEN

So?

CW

The maximum time allowed in the administrative custody without charges is seventy-two hours ...

WARDEN

Which is right about now. He's being released as we speak.

The Warden looks up at the score.

WARDEN

You need all the help you can get.

CW is so angry he can't even talk.

INT. GYMNASIUM

A couple of inmate players are still on the court walking to the locker room. CW meets up with them.

DREYFUS

We need a miracle. We're getting clobbered.

MOOSE

And stuffed. And packed. This ain't right, us being humiliated like this. We need Sach.

DREYFUS

I thought you said we were good, Coach. We stink.

CW sees the Mystery Man in the stands.

CW

We are good. We're just not winning. Go. I'll be there in a bit.

CW turns and walks up to the Mystery Man. They shake hands.

MYSTERY MAN

Heard you were coaching and decided to come down and watch.

CW

You still scouting for the Knicks?

INT. SHOWER/LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ramsy hands out towels to the inmate players who are sitting quietly on the benches, hanging their heads.

CW enters the locker room and sits down on the bench.

MOOSE

We're getting creamed. It would be different if they didn't have those three Jolly Black Giants.

RICHARD

What's with that anyway, Coach. They got ringers on the team.

LESTER

We suck!

Just as Lester says this, Sach enters.

SACH

You derelicts are behind twenty-five points. I can't go anywhere without you guys fallin' apart.

DREYFUS

Sachmo! Where the hell ya been, off ballin' some chick somewhere?

SACH

Had a nice three-day vacation in Cancun. I'm all relaxed and ready to roll. Bring it on.

The locker room becomes alive bit by bit.

SACH

We can beat them. I just saw them walking to their locker room. They're tired, man.

JUAN

They are tired. I beat Jones easily the last two times I went to the basket. We can beat 'em.

CW

No, Juan, you can't beat 'em.

This comment stops the entire the team in their tracks.

CW

I got you guys in over your heads.

CW looks around the room.

SACH

No, coach. Whuddya talkin' about. We can beat them.

DREYFUS

Yeah. They ARE gettin' tired, Coach. I noticed that too.

CW backs away, lets the team express their own sentiment.

MOOSE

I'm beating them to the hoop, too.

LESTER

I noticed that Fleet can't go to his left probably on account of his injury. All his moves to the basket comes from the right.

RICHARD

Yeah. Yeah. I noticed that, too. And Hayes won't be coming back. And ... we got Sach now.

CW smiles as the inmates carry out their own pep talk.

Referee Two pokes his head in the door and,

REFEREE TWO

Ready to play, Coach?

CW nods to the referee.

SACH

Well, dolls, I don't know about you, but I'm ready to take it to them. What do you say?

JUAN

Yeah. Yeah. Let's take it to 'em.

The team AD-LIB a high level of testosterone camaraderie as they burst to their feet and storm out of the locker room.

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER

The second half has already been in progress. The inmates are a little closer. Guards: 70; Inmates: 50

SERIES OF SHOTS/SCENES

- Sach beats a guard player to the hoop. The Mystery Man in the stands takes notes, seems impressed with Sach's play.
- Juan steals the ball and feeds Sach. Score!!!
- Jones makes a phenomenal play and scores.
- Fleet's path to the hoop is blocked. He shoots from the outside. Misses. Sach rebounds.

-- Juan makes a phenomenal move and goes in for lay up.

END OF SERIES

INT. GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS FROM END OF SERIES

While the game action progress, CW notices the Governor, Bensen, and the Flanagan sisters walking in at the opposite end of the court. Boo Hoo's view of them is blocked.

CW stands. The sounds are muted for a moment while he walks towards Bensen; a glow surrounds his vision as if he's in a tunnel. He approaches Bensen in slow motion and their eyes meet. They stare at each other for a beat. Bensen smiles.

MEANWHILE

The players are beckoning CW for instructions. The guards score. Richard and Dreyfus look to CW for guidance.

JUAN

(to CW)

Coach, where are you going?

CW looks at Juan and claps.

CW

Good play. Good play.

JUAN

What do you mean? They just scored.

CW continues walking towards Bensen. Finally, he's within arm's length, and Bensen hands CW a piece of paper.

BENSEN

It's a writ of pardon. Boo Hoo is free to go. Right now if he wants.

CW looks to the Governor. The Governor smiles. Nods. CW returns the gesture and mouths the words, "Thank you".

CW motions for Kimberly and Kolleen. They come down. He leans in to them and must yell above the noise to be heard.

CW

Go out this door right here. Walk around the bend and I'll meet you on the other side with your dad.

The women nod and leave through the doors closest to them. CW then turns and we follow him as he walks down the full length of the court to where Boo Hoo is. As he takes this journey, he claps hard just as the guards score.

CW
 (to the team)
 Good play. Good play.

The inmates on the floor appear to be extremely confused at the coach's bizarre behavior.

CW reaches the other end. He looks up and his eyes meet Boo Hoo's. CW motions Boo Hoo to come down. Boo Hoo looks the other way trying to ignore CW. He looks back, and sees CW with his hands on his hip. Boo Hoo gets up and hobbles down.

CW escorts him out of the gym.

INT. OUTSIDE THE GYM - HALLWAY

CW and Boo Hoo are face to face. CW hands Boo Hoo the writ.

CW
 You're a free man, Brendon!

As Boo Hoo reads the writ, Kimberly and Kolleen turn the corner and stand a few yards away to Boo Hoo's right side.

Boo Hoo finishes reading the writ and looks up at CW. Tears well-up in Boo Hoo's eyes. He catches a glimpse of his daughters and his face swells with excitement.

ON CW

His reaction says it all while looking at Boo Hoo's face.

ON BOO HOO

He hugs Kimberly and Kolleen with all his might.

KIMBERLY
 We're so sorry ...

BOO HOO
 Shhh. We have so much to talk about, and 'sorry' is not one of the things I want to hear. But first ... I need to do something.

They are all in a clutch and no one is ready to let go.

INT. GYMNASIUM

CW walks the sideline to the center of the court and motions for time out. He looks up at the clock. It's a minute and thirty seconds left to play. Score: Home 85: Away 70:

As the team huddles around CW,

CW

You guys are great. You're the best team I ever coached.

JUAN

What are you talking about? We're the only team you ever coached.

MOOSE

We're losing by fifteen points. We can't be that good.

The suspense builds among the inmates because of CW's silence. Finally,

CW

The Governor has freed Boo Hoo.

The stunned inmates' faces show hope, like a sprinkle of angel dust. Somehow Boo Hoo's freedom is tied their own hopes and dreams and, presently, to the outcome of this game.

Sach puts his fist forward as a gesture of camaraderie. Each teammate puts their hand in. CW is the last.

CW

What can I say, Gents? You're playing with your hearts now.

They break. Inmates mood shifts to one of confidence. No words. No noise. No claps. Just unrestrained determination.

CHOREOGRAPHED SERIES OF SHOTS

Within 30 seconds of play, the inmates play ball more expertly than they have in the entire game. Within these seconds the inmates score five unanswered points.

END OF CHOREOGRAPHED SHOTS

The guards call time out. SCORE: Home: 85 Away: 75

CW looks up at the clock. One minute to go.

ON HENRY

He looks worried as his team huddle around him.

HENRY

It's all right. Time's on our side.

ON CW

The inmate team huddles around him.

CW

No matter what happens, men, know
that right at this moment you are a
better team than they are.

Juan looks over CW's shoulder and,

JUAN

(pumped)
Yeah! Yeah!! YEAH!!!

ON BOO HOO

He comes hobbling towards them dressed up and ready to play.

BOO HOO

You guys need any help?

BLEACHERS -- THE INMATE SIDE

The stands almost collapse from the commotion the inmates
make at the sight of Boo Hoo dressed in uniform. The security
guards take notice and stand by the exit doors.

BACK TO THE ACTION

The team takes their positions and the guards, and Henry,
laugh at Boo Hoo as he hobbles onto the court and takes a
position at the three-point key.

A somber Warden looks at the clock. Fifty-nine seconds to go.

Hayes, with an icepack on his ankle, claps and shouts and is taken in by the excitement as much as anyone.

The game continues. The guards bring in the ball first.

Juan immediately steals the ball and flips it to Boo Hoo, and he shoots and scores three points.

Henry points to Boo Hoo and shouts to Philip.

HENRY

Stay on him. You got him.

CW roams the side court like a maniac. Jones has the ball.

CW

(to Sach)

Foul him. Quick. Foul ...

Sach fouls Jones.

Jones takes his time with the ball and shoots the free throws. He misses one, and sinks the second shot.

The Scoreboard reads HOME 86; AWAY 78.

Juan immediately chucks the ball to Boo Hoo who tosses the ball up and scores, catching Philip flat-footed.

The Scoreboard reads HOME 86; AWAY 81.

On the sideline the Warden yells (AD-LIB) to Henry to call for a time out.

HENRY

No. We only have one time out left.
Clock is on our side now.

The Warden patiently waits, alternately looking at the clock and the action on the floor.

Juan steals the ball again and feeds Boo Hoo who is now tightly covered by Philip. Boo Hoo fakes a throw to Sach. Philip commits himself to cover Sach, but Boo Hoo shoots instead. Three more points. Score 86-84.

Jimmy Fleet gets an inbound pass and Sach fouls him.

ANNOUNCER

Sach is outta here. That's his fifth foul. He scored eighteen points. All in the second half.

Sach heads back to the bench and faces CW.

SACH

Sorry, Coach.

CW

Sorry? What are you nuts? You carried us the whole second half. Besides, those were smart fouls.

Jimmy Fleet stands at the free throw line. He hits his first shot. SCORE 87-84. He looks at the clock: 9 seconds left.

Sach crosses his fingers and puts them to his temples.

SACH

He scores this, the game is over.

Fleet takes his time. He shoots. The ball bounces a few times on the rim and then takes a hard bounce to the left. Juan ends up with the ball.

CW frantically calls for time out to Referee One. Referee One looks over to the Warden who shakes his head. Jones sees CW calling for time out and looks to Referee Two and points to Juan. The clock ticks down: six...five...four...

Referee Two sees Juan calling time out and blows the whistle.

Time left: 3 seconds.

Jones watches the Warden take Philip aside. The Warden must yell because the inmates in the bleachers are screaming so loudly. Jones doesn't need to hear the Warden. He knows.

ON THE WARDEN

WARDEN

(to Philip)

Take him out! You take Boo Hoo out before he gets the ball. BEFORE he gets the ball. Even if he gets two foul shots in, we still win.

The Warden pushes Philip into the group of players.

ON THE GOVERNOR

He looks at the Warden and doesn't seem to be too happy with what he sees.

ON REFEREE TWO

He blows the whistle for play to continue. SCORE: 87-84.

BACK TO THE COURT ACTION

Philip heads towards Boo Hoo but Jones blocks his path. Philip tries to get around Jones but has a difficult time doing it.

Juan throws the ball to Boo Hoo just as Philip breaks free of Jones. Boo Hoo shoots at the exact time Philip comes down hard on Boo Hoo's head.

Boo Hoo lies on the floor bleeding from a cut on his brow, and Referee One, close by, does NOT call a foul.

THE BALL sails high and hits the top of the rim and bounces up. As it comes down, Jimmy Fleet jumps up and hits the ball away.

The Referee Two blows his whistle and yells,

REFEREE TWO

Goal tending.

The buzzer sounds for the end of the game. The people in the stands jump and yell, crazed with excitement. The newsman yell into the camera and add to the hysteria. No one is sitting.

The Scoreboard reads: HOME 87 AWAY 87

Jones stands between a fallen Boo Hoo and Referee One.

JONES

(to Referee One)

He ain't gonna pay ya. Not now.

Referee One looks at the score board and agrees. A hush spreads throughout the gym. He blows his whistle and points to Philip.

REFEREE ONE

FOUL!

Pandemonium erupts again as Jones helps Boo Hoo up. Boo Hoo has blood and sweat streaming into his eyes.

BOO HOO
I can't see.

CW comes to Boo Hoo's aid with a towel, wipes his face. CW blinks wildly.

BOO HOO
I can't see. I can't do this.

CW rolls up the towel into a bandana and puts it over CW's head above his eyebrows so he can see. As CW escorts Boo Hoo to the free throw line, Boo Hoo yells above the crowd noise.

BOO HOO
Thank you. Thank you for everything
you have done.

CW
Shut up and concentrate, you psycho.
You can do this in your sleep.

CW walks back to the bench.

Everyone remains quiet while Boo Hoo takes a couple of deep breaths. He bounces the ball a few times. The crowd, muted.

FACES IN THE CROWD

convey the drama of the moment, Kimberly and Kolleen being just two.

BOO HOO

Rubs his eyes. He squints from the sting. He can't see, so he pulls the towel over his eyes.

IN SLOW MOTION, he tosses the ball. The ball spins in a high arc and comes down and hits the rim once, twice, and then bounces off and onto the floor. No score.

A whistle blows. The game is over. The score is tied, and the heavy sighs spread throughout the gymnasium.

Silence prevails as everyone watches the Warden who conspicuously tries getting the guards together to play an overtime period. He tries to command everyone at once.

WARDEN

Flanagan can't play anymore. Sach
has fouled out. Let's win this.

THE GOVERNOR

appears to be very disappointed at the Warden's behavior.

THE WARDEN

is almost in a frenzy trying to hustle his team on the court.

WARDEN

(to the Henry)

Come on. Get the team ready for
overtime. We got this game in the
bag now.

Henry pushes a few guards/players out onto the floor to get
ready for overtime play.

Jones and Fleet remain seated on the bench, along with Hayes
who still has an ice pack on his leg. Jones and Fleet shake
their heads refusing to take the court.

JONES

No more. The game is over for us.

WARDEN

(to Jones)

You have to play. We can't play
without you.

Jones stands up and motions for the crowd to quiet down.
After a few seconds we can hear a pin drop it is so quiet.

He looks at CW who is caring for Boo Hoo's cut. Jones walks a
few steps forward and faces the inmates side of the bleachers
and begins chanting and clapping.

JONES

Boo Hoo ... Boo Hoo ... Boo Hoo.

And before long, the entire court shout, "Boo Hoo". Even the
guards chant his name.

The Warden waves his hands frantically trying to get the
guards to stop shouting Boo Hoo's name, but he can't control
them. He can't control anyone.

Boo Hoo raises his hand in recognition of the appreciation. He stands and the crowd replaces the chant with a wild cheer.

Jones goes over to Referee Two and whispers something, and then Referee Two blows the whistle and,

REFEREE TWO

The game is over. Tie score.

The inmates jump and wave their arms in triumph, as if their team had won the game anyway. They bolt to center court as does the family members and some of the inmates from the bleachers. The court floor swarm with people.

The inmate team mingles with the crowd and the Security Guards stand close to the exit doors.

The crowd moves as a single body. Boo Hoo spots his children advancing on the court. He tries to reach them.

CW sits alone on the bench. Jones walks over and sits down next to CW. They both watch Boo Hoo hugging his daughters.

JONES

Where the hell did you find him?

CW

It was more like we found each other.

They sit for a beat.

JONES

It was a honor to play on the same court with you guys. I'll never forget this as long as I live.

CW

Neither will I, Mr. Jones.

Jones pats CW on the shoulder, then gets up and leaves.

A panoramic view shows inmates kissing their family members; Boo Hoo hugging his daughters; the Warden ordering the security guards to hover over the exit doors; and CW's wife coming over and hugging CW from behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER - "SIX MONTHS LATER"

EXT. KOLLEEN CASTANANO'S FRONT LAWN - DAY

Boo Hoo throws a baseball to his grandson, Joseph, as CW pulls up in his car with his daughter.

CW gets out of the car waving a Philadelphia Inquirer in his hand. Susanna runs from the car to Joseph.

BOO HOO

You two go play. Go have fun.

CW approaches Boo Hoo.

CW

I like your daughter's new home.

BOO HOO

Yeah. It's nice, isn't it?

CW shows Boo Hoo the headlines.

CW

The new commission has found a witness who struck a leniency bargain. He's singing like a bird, and part of his statement says that my father was set up by a group of corrupt cops who were trying to get my father transferred to another precinct.

Boo Hoo grabs hold of CW's arm.

BOO HOO

That is great news, CW. Finally, you can come to closure on that.

CW

Tell me about it.

(pause)

Well, I haven't seen you in awhile. Gotta catch you up on what's gong on. The Governor fired Pringle. He's no longer the Warden.

Kolleen pokes her head out of the front door.

KOLLEEN

Why don't you guys come in for some iced tea.

CW

Good idea. Hey, I love your new house. Very Charming.

KOLLEEN

Thank you.

Kolleen disappears inside.

CW and Boo Hoo take a slow walk towards the house. CW reaches into his pocket and pulls out a TOOTHBRUSH.

CW

Here. From Juan.

Boo Hoo stares at the toothbrush and scratches his head.

CW

He said if you don't remember, that's good. But he's wanted to give you that for a long, long time.

Boo Hoo remembers the first day at Longhorne and the missing toothbrush. A smile creases his face.

BOO HOO

Tell him ... nevermind. I'll visit him and tell him myself.

There is a long pause and then,

CW

Jeremy's the new Warden now.

BOO HOO

Great! And what happened to Henry.

CW

Oh, I didn't tell you. He got mugged and stabbed. He's on leave of absence. Wonders never cease, huh?

(laughs)

And Sach? There was a Knicks scout at the game and he loved him. He has signed Sach to a two year contract. He'll be out in a few months and we'll be watching Sach on TV soon.

BOO HOO
Boy, that's great news.

As the men enter the house,

BOO HOO
Want to shoot some baskets later.
Wager a little money.

They disappear into the house. Sounds of laughter, then

CW (O.S.)
Not with you. You kidding me?

FADE OUT:

-THE END-