

Boo Hoo Flanagan

By

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FADE IN:

INT. A FUNERAL HOME SOMEWHERE IN PHILADELPHIA - DAY

CW GAVIN is sitting the front row of a packed viewing room staring at a casket in front of him which is occupied by a man decades older. Even though they are both African American, people of all colors come up to pay their respects.

One could tell CW is uncomfortable wearing his suit just by observing the way he fidgets with his collar.

A WOMAN appears and offers condolences without words. She hugs CW then moves to Renee, and hugs her, then leaves. Renee appears to be more than just grieving. Anger perhaps.

RENEE

Don't blame yourself.

CW

I don't. I blame the Governor because my dad would've never committed suicide if the Governor didn't step in and force him to walk the beat again. He was a detective for twenty years, for crying out loud. Contrary to what others believe, it wasn't my dad's fault that Cusack sued the city for false whatever.

RENEE

He never should've said, 'they all looked alike'. That reporter made political hay on that faux pas.

CW

He was just being ... facetious. The Governor was the DA at the time of Cusack's arrest, and he used my father as a political pawn. He Pressured him in fingering Cusack as the person leaving the apartment at the time of the murder. If he didn't do that, the State would've have never had a case. It was an event that would get him the Governorship. Besides, my dad didn't know Cusack was going to sue the city. No one did.

RENEE

Yeah. So?

CW

When he said they all looked alike, he was just being a smart ass, but after pointing Cusack out, and even after saying what he said, everyone still thought Cusack was guilty.

RENEE

Yeah, so?

CW

So, what's the matter with you, Renee? Cusack was convicted in 1986. DNA couldn't be used as evidence yet, so he got convicted solely on my dad's testimony. For twenty years Cusack tried to get a retrial based on the DNA evidence that was left behind. And every year he was denied. Now who do you suppose was responsible for that?

RENEE

The Governor," Renee said.

CW

So, Cusack went over the Governor's head and started to write newspapers and got their support. That State had no choice but have a retrial last year. He was released from prison and now he's suing the city for being in prison in the first place. And they're blaming my father because Cusack was convicted on the false evidence given by my father who knew the perpetrator could've been someone else.

RENEE

Yeah. So?

CW

So, stop saying, 'so'. My father gave false testimony knowing it was false testimony. End of story. I can't see it any other way.

She rises from her seat.

RENEE
I need some fresh air.

She turns up the aisle and runs into WARDEN SMITH.

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

The Warden nods then walks over to CW and takes a seat. They both appeared to be comfortable with the silence until--

WARDEN SMITH
Take the next couple of weeks off.

CW
I don't work for you anymore,
remember?

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 who's 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.

WARDEN SMITH
He committed suicide because he
lost his good name.

CW
My dad asked too many questions. I
received these in the mail because
I asked too many questions to the
wrong 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.

As the Warden leaves, CW falls over and collapses.

SUPERIMPOSE "THREE MONTHS LATER"

INT. A RITZY HOTEL SOMEWHERE IN PHILADELPHIA - MORNING

WILLIAM PRINGLE and a SECURITY GUARD appear at a hotel room door. They walk in, and the Governor has the PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER occupying a predominate spot on the table.

The GOVERNOR reads the paper while he eats breakfast.

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

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. His son's a correctional officer at Bucks County. Had a nervous breakdown over what happened to his father. 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 it's basketball. You'll win, of course. We don't want people thinking we're running a country club. 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 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 a done deal, William. He's 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. His father wasn't treated, well, but we're going to treat him 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 the 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. Make sure they don't win.

WARDEN

Don't worry about that, Governor. I have some 'new' guards coming in who are familiar with basketball.

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 put your bottom dollar 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. 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, sits and waits right outside the
Warden's office. He looks around as if he's a tourist.

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's going to coach the inmates in basketball. And the team YOU are coaching will play them in a PR game in six weeks. The Governor wants this, and he says you have to be dainty with him, because he's coming off a nervous breakdown.

Henry stops at the door and looks at CW. He leans back inside 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, and he does.

WARDEN

What does CW stand for, Gavin?

CW

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

Well, Warden Smith is not your boss anymore. It ways here, you know your basketball.

(MORE)

WARDEN (CONT'D)

(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 the office door.

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 to you, except for 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

The officers here are playing the Philly police pretty soon. We've gotten our asses kicked the past few years. Not a pretty sight, but not this year. 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

It's nice to have growth potential for the inmates, and all that happy horseshit. 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, 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-heavens no. NOOOOO!

The Warden lets out with a hearty laugh, then walks to the door and waves Philip in.

WARDEN

Listen. Let's just say the guards will be impossible to beat. So do not 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 waves Philip in and Philip walks into the room chewing tobacco and holding a cup. The Warden throws him an icy look and Philip quickly spits the wad in the cup.

WARDEN

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

(to CW)

(MORE)

WARDEN (CONT'D)

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

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE

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

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-club to his belt, then
walks over to CW, very cowboy-like. 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 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? Henry 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 heard what happened. I'm so ... disgusted with the whole thing.

CW

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 shoot three-point shots at the near end of the court. Jeremy points and,

JEREMY

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

They watch BOO HOO sink a 3-point shot. He's fed a ball by another inmate and he shoots and sinks that shot as well. Then another. He looks at CW 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 is his story?

JEREMY

According to his records, he killed his wife. Got twenty years for first-degree murder. He came here about ten years ago. Let's just say he didn't like it here at first.

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 check out his cell.

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 his back leaning against the steel bars of the cell door. He has a bandanna pulled over his eyes while he tosses the balls into the hoop.

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. Jeremy and CW continue walking. Then, suddenly, Jeremy stops and summons a very serious demeanor. 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.

LESTER (O.S.)
Thanks.

CW (O.S.)
We're having tryouts tomorrow ...

LESTER (O.S.)
I heard. The whole freaking pen
heard you.
(pause)
I'll be there. Don't worry.

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.

There is a long period of silence, and then Boo Hoo heard the hollow SOUND of CW's foot steps moving on. He 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 photo of his family. He picks up a picture of his father and stares at it.

Renee walks into the room. CW measures her silence as if it had a negative connotation.

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

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

CW gets up from the couch and leaves.

INT. CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION MESS HALL - MORNING

Inmates around him on the breakfast line are engaged in conversation while he keeps to himself. Boo Hoo takes his tray of food and sits at a vacant table.

CW walks into the mess hall, 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. Has not 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. He must be about ten now.

INT. GYMNASIUM

Ten or so INMATES play basketball at one end of the court while Boo Hoo shoots baskets at the three-point line at the other end.

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

(to Ramsy)

Go get some balls and take Mr. Flanagan to the other end retrieve the balls for him after he shoots.

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

CW

Listen up, you Lug-heads. We're having two tryouts. Today and Monday.

SACH

Lug-heads? Oh, no. I don't want to be a lug-head.

(only he laughs)

Sachmo's the name.

LESTER

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

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

CW

SHUT UP!!!!

Everyone freezes.

CW

My sole reason for being here is to
teach you to play basketball and to
help you beat the guards in a
scrimmage game. I'm beginning to
feel I would like nothing better
than to leave that task for someone
else, but I can't, so we're stuck
with each other for the time being.

JUAN

So, why guards?

(Response to CW's look)

Name's Juan.

CW

Well, Juan, it seems we are helping
the guards get ready for their
important game with the Philly PD.

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 right 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 a lay-up, you
favor the right side and use your
right hand all the time when
shooting. 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)

Dreyfus, right?

MOOSE

Doofus is his name.

DREYFUS

Shut your hole.

(to CW)

Yes. 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, and if you're
referring to beating them in
basketball, then yes, we're going
to kick their asses. Plural.

(to Juan)

"And Juan ... let me just say that
you are fast. But unless you're
like Allen Iverson, which you are
not, you're too small to go in for
layups. People twice your size will
block you every time. And you can't
take shots from the outside for the
same reason. So, don't hog the
ball. Draw them in. Pass. Be a
playmaker. Pass the ball to Sach.
He's the hog around here, remember?
And Sach, you have more talent than
any two guys put together here.
Yet, 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 aggressive on defense when I was in college, and I fouled out too many games. The coach wanted me to be laid back a bit.

CW

You can be aggressive without fouling. A guy on our high school team made All American because he was great on defense. Had his hands up in the guys face all the time so he couldn't see, or shoot. Like this. Don't worry I'll teach you how not to foul out, and be aggressive at the same time.

MOOSE

He's foul, alright.

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.

ON BOO HOO

He 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

He paces back and forth while talking.

CW

Share more. Pass the ball. Juan, that message was for you. You're the playmaker, so make it happen.

RICHARD

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

SACH

Yeah. That's right. 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. 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

Now, people say you can't beat the guards. I think you can. I can't think of a better reason to play this game the way James Naismith, who invented the game way back in the 1890s, wanted you to play it. He said 'Be strong in body, clean in mind, lofty in ideals.' So, let's play basketball that way: with clean minds and strong bodies.

CW accepted the inmates cheers as if he deserved them.

CW

Now let's 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 offer the ball respectfully to... Richard. And Richard, I want you to accept the ball, then offer the ball back to Juan. And do it politely.

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

CW

Okay, now play catch with your partner across from you. 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. Your lives depend on it.

The inmates nod. They begin to understand.

CW

Okay, Juan. Offer Richard the ball, politely. Let's do this.

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 damn 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

Now offer the ball back, nicely.

RICHARD

Do you want this ball back?

The inmates laugh at Richard's attempt at talking nice, but they stop when they become the victims of CW's bullish stare.

CW

Respect!

Juan and Richard continue to offer each other the ball (improvise) 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.

ON BOO HOO

He 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.

CW looks to Boo Hoo. Their eyes meet. CW nods and Boo Hoo offers a tiny, but perceptible, nod back. As he watches the team do lay-ups, jump shots, he nods repeatedly, as if to say, 'That's the way to do it.'

CW blows his whistle and he quickly assigns the position of each person setting the stage for a scrimmage. Boo Hoo's face lights up watching Sach who, on the very first play, makes an unbelievable, contortionist style lay-up.

BACK TO SCENE

CW takes Sach out and puts in 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.

CW takes Juan out of the game.

CW

Good hustle, Juan.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - LATER

CW opens a file cabinet and thumbs through the folders and picks out the Juan Gonzales' folder. He 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.

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 it to the corner where it lands next to four other roaches that met similar fates.

Philip turns his attention to the window. He looks out --

OUTSIDE RECREATION YARD - MUTED

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

Two other inmates wrestle to the ground appearing to enjoy the human contact more than anything else.

PHILIP (O.S.)
 You can't figure them out. They're
 less than animals ... like insects.

BACK TO CW AND PHILIP

CW
 Insects are animals.

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 when I told him.

Philip sees the Warden approaching and leaves just as 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?

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 who 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.

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.

INT. CW'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Renee, CW, and his 7 year-old daughter, SUSANNA, are eating
dinner. Susanna plays with her food.

CW

Come on, Sweet Pea. Eat.

SUSANNA

I'm full.

CW

See what I mean now? I let you eat
those cookies because you promised
me you would eat dinner. You gave
me a pinkie-swear, remember?

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 now.

(pause; chews)

He was the Prosecuting Attorney at Boo Hoo's trial. He wasn't a DA then. He was just a prosecutor.

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 know his wife, Leslie. She will be there as well, I suppose. Well, don't be 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? I know that look.

RENEE

Correct me if I'm wrong. This Boo Hoo guy doesn't talk. Your father didn't talk for the last 3 months of his life. 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.
(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 and Susanna smile at each other.

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 had their plates full with a hamburger and a salad but were paying less attention to their plates than to the conversation they were having.

CW

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

BENSEN

He couldn't recall the details. I remember his case well. I mean, he admitted to killing his wife. The hard part was proving 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, though, 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 Cusack, 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 Cusack's full name?

BENSEN

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

(shrugs)

So, Flanagan shot his wife and Cusack came at him after that. The gun goes off a few times. A bullet hit Flanagan in the hip. Another hit Cusack in the knee which ruined his tennis career. He wanted to turn pro but couldn't after that. Cusack was one pissed-off character, I remember. Anyway, Flanagan's attorney didn't counter very effectively.

CW

Why was Cusack in the bedroom in the first place?

BENSEN

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

CW

While she waited in a nightgown?

BENSEN

It established why he was there. Not unreasonable.

CW looks over Bensen's shoulder and catches Renee's eye.

CW

Was the window jammed?

(Responding to Bensen
shaking his head)

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

BENSEN

Those were my orders. We offered him twenty years, and he accepted. A light sentence, considering. He got a fair trial, CW.

CW

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

BENSEN

No semen in the autopsy report, but it was there. I doubt whether there would've even been a trial if we were able to use it. Don't forget, this was 1986.

CW

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

BENSEN

Flanagan killed his wife, okay? That's my version.

CW

In cold blood?

BENSEN

Look. This was my first murder case. I looked at the facts, and I prosecuted the guy based on 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, I'm speaking rhetorically here, but if Cusack 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

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 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. One man starts to cry but holds it in.

EXT. LONGHORNE CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION - DREAM - CONTINUOUS

The convicts step off the paddy wagon and walk to 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 - CONTINUOUS

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, that is, Henry, forces Boo Hoo to bend over.

HENRY

Spread 'em, Flanagan.

ON BRENDON'S WIDE-EYED FACE

HENRY (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 wrinkled his face at the SNAP sound of the rubber glove.

GUARD TWO (O.S.)

Cough!

Brendon coughs. He squinches again, and 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.

Henry escorts Brendon to a supply bin close by where 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. Henry keeps inventory.

HENRY

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

INT. CELL BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Henry and Guard Two escort Brendon (dressed in his jumper suit now) and two other inmates as they walk down a cell block. Henry and Guard Two escort Inmate One to his cell.

A resident PEDOPHILE inmate, 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, won't you?

Henry holds up a hand and gives the guard at the end of the cell block a signal.

HENRY

Cell two-three-one.

The loud clang of the cell door opening resonates throughout the prison. Henry snatches the matches from the prisoner. Henry left and cell door shuts.

HENRY

Matches are considered contraband.
It's against the rules. If you
don't want to go to the hole then
don't bring in this or any other
contraband into your cell. This guy
gets a free pass because he's not
all there.

One of the new inmates with Henry and Boo Hoo couldn't catch his breath, as if he's having an Anxiety Attack.

NEW INMATE ONE

I don't belong...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 swiping metal cups against the steel bars.

All the guards beat on 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 newbies
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, 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.

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.
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)

(MORE)

BOO HOO (CONT'D)

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'll take that as a compliment.

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. So ... What's your story?

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

CW

My dad told me there's two ways of shedding light. One is to be the candle. The other is to be the mirror that reflects it. He 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. They were crooked, but it was Connie Cusack and the Governor who finally got to him ... 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. I set out to clear his name. But ... I couldn't.

BOO HOO

Couldn't restore your father's rep,
so now you want to save me! I bet
your wife gets pissed during your
let's save the world conquests.

ON 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.

In quick succession we see one cellmate pass the message from one cell to the next until it reaches the guard station at the end of the cell block. A guard takes that message and tells it to the next guard until--

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy and Henry are sitting at their desks while the Warden is leaning against the doorway of his office when Darin comes bursting in to say --

DARIN

CW has Boo Hoo talking up a storm.

After the message sinks in--

JEREMY

Well, how do you like that.

The Warden head nods to Henry as if to say 'check it out'. So Henry gets up and leaves.

INT. ON BOO HOO'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

CW and Boo Hoo are still in conversation.

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 fix.

CW

I don't want to be your savior.

BOO HOO

(upon seeing Henry coming)

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

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 ...

CW

Cock roaches, right?

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.

WARDEN

Jeremy. In my office. Now.

INT. GYMNASIUM - AFTERNOON - NEXT DAY

CW studies the inmates doing lay-ups. Boo Hoo watches the action from the stands. He studies them as well.

CW

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

LATER

CW improvises his passion and instructions while a full court scrimmage takes place between the inmates.

CW

CW 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 CW's 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. If it goes out of bounds, that's okay. You've interrupted their momentum.

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?
(responding to Kimi's nod)
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. I know who you are. My sister
just called and told me you were
coming. What do you want?

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. May I come in so we can
discuss the matter.

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, including myself.

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 this time, 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, I can run 'em over if he blocks my path.

CW

The rule is just the opposite in Basketball. 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.

CW

But the key is, being physically set before the pic is established.

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 her father. 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 as best one can with the bars separating them.

CW

They're fine. Don't worry.

After a long pause ...

BOO HOO

You win, Gavin. You want to hear my story? No pens. No tape recorder. It happened about nine 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 - NINE 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 back out seconds later with a revolver in his hand.

He gingerly walks up the stairs and to the bedroom door.

IN THE BEDROOM

He opens the door quickly and sees CHARLES CUSACK, in bed with his wife. CW's WIFE, in a nightgown, starts to improvise 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. Charles, half naked, jumps out of bed.

The gun dangles from Boo Hoo's hand and Cusack 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 Cusack's knee and Boo Hoo's hip.

END OF FLASHBACK

BACK TO CW AND BOO HOO

Remembering the past for Boo Hoo requires effort.

BOO HOO

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

(pause)

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
based on what that golf pro said.
One of my daughters yelled '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 Cusack came to see me.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SCENE

INT. VISITING AREA AT LONGHORNE - NINE YEARS AGO

Cusack 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 Cusack.

CUSACK

Don't get many visitors, do you?

BOO HOO

What do you want?

CUSACK

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?

CUSACK

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

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

CUSACK

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

He slaps another photo to the glass.

ON BOO HOO

His face shows the anguish as Cusack speaks.

CUSACK (O.S.)

She didn't see me. I had a mask on. Oh, she put in a good fight, though. You'd be proud. In the end ... How 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.

CUSACK (O.S.)

I had to hit her real hard to pose for this one. She wouldn't pose for me, the bum.

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

ON CUSACK

His face fills with energy, like a crazed look of a madman.

CUSACK

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 had sexual contact with her and took those pictures while she sobbed on the floor. He told me that if I 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 will to live.

CW

So, you retreated into basketball.

BOO HOO

After Cusack's visit I wandered around a lot. 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. Easter Bunnies.

(MORE)

BOO HOO (CONT'D)

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

CW

But it's too late now, Boo Hoo. You've come out of your cocoon. Your daughters don't know the truth and you have a grandchild you've never seen. So...

(pause)

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

Boo Hoo jumps up and stands nose to nose with CW, again.

BOO HOO

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

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 other side of the cement wall. Pensive.

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 nodded, and then watched her meander into the living room and turn on the TV. She was out of hearing range, so he could finally talk freely to Renee.

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 roll-top desk and fishes for a handful of photographs wrapped in protective paper. He finds them 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.

(and another)

You at the grocery store.

CW threw the rest of the pictures down and pulled up a chair next to Renee while she took her time looking at the photos. Renee's face transformed into an expression of concern.

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. They kiss promoting a smile on Susanna's face. She turns back to the TV.

EXT. OUTSIDE CUSACK'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 "CUSACK" on one of the tags for apartment "2A".

INT. CUSACK'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

CW walks up to apartment door "2A". He knocks.

CUSACK (O.S.)

(muffled)

Who's there?

CW

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

A long silence, then ...

CUSACK (O.S.)

The door's open.

CW opens the door and slowly walks into a shabby studio apartment. CW picks up a framed photo of a college student, a boy wearing a Vistanova University sweatshirt. He puts the picture back.

CUSACK 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.

CUSACK

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

CW

Cusack???

Cusack takes a breath with before speaking.

CUSACK

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.

CUSACK

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

(pause)

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

CW inspects the broken man in front of him. He takes a breath through the mask again.

CUSACK

I try to tell the doctors that 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, they tell me.

Cusack tried to laugh but ended up in a coughing fit that had to be stopped with several puffs on the mask.

CW

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

CUSACK

He did, did he? Come here. You want to talk serious, I need to make sure you're not bugged. Don't give my any crap. Yeah, Yeah. Closer.

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

CUSACK

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?

CUSACK

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

Cusack coughs uncontrollably.

CW

I have a question, Cusack.

CUSACK

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

FLASHBACK

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

Cusack, a tool pouch around his waist, hammers the window sash, realigning the frame. The window slides freely just as Boo Hoo bursts into the room. He jumps to conclusions, walks up to his wife, points the gun and shoots her point blank.

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

CUSACK

Help! Help! There's been a murder.

Cusack drops the phone and passes out.

END OF CONTRIVED FLASHBACK - BACK TO SCENE

CW

That's not the way it happened.

CUSACK

But that's what I told the Judge,
and he believed me. Want another
version. I got a lot of versions.

He proceeded, but it was hard for Cusack to speak.

In a gravely and wheezy voice, he tells an entirely different story where he's in bed with Boo Hoo's wife, Gloria.

CUSACK

I fell getting out of bed when I
heard the front door slamming shut.
But I got dressed quickly and
Gloria got on her robe and slippers
quickly and when Flanagan stormed
in with a gun, he gawked at Gloria
a little bit, than at me, and then
at Gloria again, as if he didn't
know who to shoot first.

(taps his chest)

I feel like I've swallowed a golf
ball. Lung cancer. I said that
already, didn't I?

CW

Yes, you did.

CUSACK (O.S.)

So, Flanagan was upset, right. Who wouldn't be seeing your wife in bed with a stranger? Flanagan looked dazed, so I jumped him and in a mad struggle the gun went off several times, and when things went back to normal, Gloria was dead and Brendon and I were sprawled on the floor bleeding and howling in pain. He was moaning from a hip wound, and I was laying next to him, wailing away because I had a hole in my knee. Blood was everywhere. The color red was on the walls, the floor, my clothes. While I was howling in pain, I put on my shirt, and splattered more blood on it from a puddle of red that was on the floor, probably Gloria's blood. I limped to the phone and dialed nine-one-one. And then I passed out. That was a stroke of genius, actually. The cops come and they see him with a gun in his hand, the they take one look at me passed out all bloodied, and they just know I'm the victim.

Cusack finishes taking a breath from the mask.

CUSACK

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 he calls Gloria.

CW

So a STRAY bullet did hit his wife.

CUSACK

In this rendition, at least.

(laughs)

Too bad the defense never got to hear it.

CW

Why did you beat up his daughter?

CUSACK

WHY?

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

CUSACK

I was supposed to be the next BJÖRN 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)

I performed well considering it was only six months after my injury. 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 son, BH's grandson, would never see his first birthday. I was very convincing.

Cusack's evil laugh has CW quivering a bit.

CW

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

CUSACK

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 statement, signed by you and a witness in front of a notary public. You're the only one who can help him now. Maybe telling the truth might ...

CUSACK

Oh, yes. The truth shall set me free.

CW

It could. Maybe it would.

Cusack throws a book at CW.

CUSACK

Get the hell out of here!

CW

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

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

CUSACK

I'll call the cops. Get ...

Cusack starts to cough uncontrollably as CW exits.

Cusack 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 - NEXT 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 leans over and whispers to CW--

PHILIP

Those are our aces in the hole.
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. Hello, Jimmy.

WARDEN

And this is Russel Hayes.

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

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 by the man who beat you up and took pictures to prove it.

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

KOLLEEN

How did you know? Nobody knows.

CW

Cusack told me. The man who attacked you. He took pictures of you after he violated you, and he showed those pictures to your father ten years ago just after your father got to Longhorne. Have you told anyone?

KOLLEEN

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

CW

Well, Cusack is dying now. He's not a threat to anyone any more. We ... have to talk to him, and get him to confess that he lied in court.

Kolleen shows CW into the house.

INT. LONGHORNE GYMNASIUM - DAY

CW ran through the gymnasium doors late for team practice. The team had already taken the initiative and was practicing with Sach taking the lead. CW blew his whistle, and the team stopped the play.

JUAN

Hey, it's the coach.

They all cheered (improvise) as if they were happy to see him.

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

CW begins to hustle (improvise) the players together as Henry and his guard/team saunters into the gym. All activity ceases as the guards/team walk onto the court as if they own it.

CW

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

HENRY

There's a gymnastic tournament at the college today. Warden said to come here and have a little scrimmage 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. We can't do that.

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 challenge.

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER

At mid-court eight players encircling CW and are ready to start the scrimmage. Like gladiators, they try to muscle their way into a better position. He throws the ball up. Sach hits the ball first, but it is retrieved by the guards.

Boo Hoo watches the scrimmage from the bleachers with keen interest, and the Warden is at the door giving the indication that this is more than just a scrimmage.

The inmate team seem to be horribly overmatched. They miss shots, are confused on assignments. Trip over each other etc.

Henry, who is coaching the guards, is on the sideline clapping, laughing and appearing confident.

Sach makes an incredible lay-up maneuver while being covered by two guards. He goes on defense and tries to keep up Fleet, but he shakes free and scores easily for the guards.

Juan, as fast as he is, seems to wander around aimlessly with no direction or no purpose.

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER

The scrimmage over, we see that the action has taken its toll on the inmates. They not only lost, but they are bent over in physical stress. But so are the guards. More so, perhaps.

CW

Go hit the showers, men.

The inmates, mumbling their dismay, head for the showers as 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 gulping air in distress.

CW

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

INT. SHOWER/LOCKER ROOM - LATER

CW enters. The players, exhausted, hang their heads in shame.

CW

Whoa! What's going on here?

Ramsy hands out towels one by one.

MOOSE

Why didn't you tell us that we stink, Coach.

JUAN

They're faster than lightning!

RICHARD

They beat the crap out of us.

CW

STOP! Everyone. Just stop. 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. Sure, we got tired, too, but we ran all over the place. They're not going to get into shape, not like we are. We'll use the fast break a lot ...

CW walks back and forth in front of the men.

CW

We got Boo Hoo! They don't.

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 to him like glue. He can't even walk right.

CW

What I'm saying is you'll need to be more like him. Think, sleep and eat basketball. You need to be shooting 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 enough that the public won't feel pity for you. 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.

DREYFUS

Next you'll say that it's not who wins but how you play the game? That's for the people out there, not us. We're the on the bottom of the food chain. We can't change that.

CW

Sometimes you have to shoot for the impossible, Dreyfus.

CW waits a beat, then heads for the door, and Sach stands up and faces his teammates.

SACH

What do we have in this place? We hide our pride 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.

(looking at Dreyfus)

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

(faces CW)

I want it back. Coach, I want my pride back.

CW walks back into the center of the room. He nods his appreciation to Sach, who takes a seat.

CW

I brought up Boo Hoo before because of his single-mindedness. Yeah, he's been practicing for 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.

He pounds his chest.

CW

Reach down deeper than you ever have. I've seen the very best in humanity when losing, not winning. There's discovery in losing. And there's immortality in winning, don't get me wrong. But know this - both provide what you need for future success. 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 into shape.
We'll overcome the pain, practice
the basics, and think, eat, sleep
basketball, like Boo Hoo. But the
journey doesn't start there. It
starts here.

(pointing to the head)

Your journey will be a cerebral one
as well. Starting tomorrow we'll
practice with a different attitude.
Not cocky, like you were before
today, and not like losers like we
are now. Go hit the showers again
and wipe off that shame and pain.
Tomorrow is a new day. You think
you're tired now? Wait. You'll be
telling this to your grandchildren.
You'll be telling them that you
added a new meaning to the phrase,
'no pain, no gain'.

INT. CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION MESS HALL - NEXT 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)

In case we need a quick 3 points.
We'll use you sparingly like at the
end of the game or end of the half.
I see it now.

(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, shakes his head and looks the other way.

CW

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

(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

CW has the inmates doing sprints.

LATER

They are still doing sprints, and when they reach the other end of the court they shoot, only this time they have become faster and better shooters.

At first CW has them sprinting from one end to the other, then they do the same while dribbling the ball, then they take a shot when CW blows his whistle.

Sometimes, instead of doing a fancy style layup, they choose to take a jump shot, which are all air balls as if the basketballs are filled with cement instead of air.

The Warden peers through the window of the gym door, always watching. Always checking.

CW and Ramsy watch the inmates miss some shots.

CW

We'll get them into shape, I have no doubt about that.

RAMSY

But they stink, don't they?

Boo Hoo hobbles onto the gymnasium floor. 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.

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.
- At the Community College the guards practice with less intensity. Philip goes in for lazy lay-up and misses.
- Few guards are paying any attention to Henry's directions. 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. CUSACK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kolleen stands in front of apartment 2A. 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, then jiggles the knob. It's unlocked and, cautiously, she opens the door and enters.

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

CUSACK

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" was written on the back of the photo.

BACK TO SCENE

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

CUSACK

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 Vistanova boy. She picks them up.

INSERT 3 photos of her naked, bruised body with a date stamp showing it was taken 9 years ago.

BACK TO SCENE

She looks over to Cusack, but keeps her distance.

KOLLEEN

It WAS you, you sick prick.

CUSACK

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.

CUSACK

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

KOLLEEN

(waves the pictures)
Come and get them.

Cusack 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.

CUSACK

Give me those pictures.

KOLLEEN

The one of the boy. Your son?

CUSACK

That's none of your business.

She heads for the door.

KOLLEEN

I bet you if I showed this picture around Vistanova somebody would recognize him and tell me where I could find him. What are you going to do? Nothing. Because you can't. 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 clippety-clops her way to CW and hands him a message, and leaves the way she came in. 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. Cusack was rushed to St. Luke's Hospital on 10th Avenue and he asked for me. I think he wants to confess.

(MORE)

CW (CONT'D)
(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 Cusack 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. Cusack passed away 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 called your secretary earlier. Before Mr. Cusack died, he had me write this letter.

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

NURSE TWO

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, and he and 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.

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

KOLLEEN

Time for bed, sweetheart.

JOHN

I'll take him to bed.

(leans into Kolleen)

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

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

CW

I guess the thought of his son knowing what kind of scum bag he was more than Cusack could bare.

KOLLEEN

He was scary. One bad-looking dude.

CW

Well, he's dead now.

KOLLEEN

But had I known it was him, I
would've realized he was lying
about my father a long time ago.
All these years were wasted years.

CW nods. They both remain silent, as if waiting for someone to speak. But John comes back to interrupt their conversation. We hear a knock on the door.

JOHN

I'll get it.

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

KIMBERLY

(to CW)

I knew it. I saw a car parked
outside and I knew it was 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.)

Let's just say that nine years ago
I was beat up. I didn't know who
did it because he had a mask on. I
kept it a secret until now.

Kimberly looks to John for a response.

JOHN

I was just told moments ago, Kim.
And Kolleen, you should've told me.

KOLLEEN

He said if I told anyone he'd kill
Joey. So, I kept it 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.

CW

Cusack 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, Cusack lied in court?

CW

Yes. We have his signed confession stating he lied. And the pictures.

Kolleen pulls out three pictures from her pocket and throws them on the table. John and Kimberly inspect the photos.

JOHN

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

KOLLEEN

What John? What could you have done under the circumstances? He did that to me to get back at Dad for ruining his tennis career.

CW

Cusack 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 forgiveness in his heart.

(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 that easily.

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. 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

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. Let's not tell them 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 - CONTINUOUS

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. Do what you have to do. Leave me out of it. I don't want to know anything. It's called 'Plausible Deniability'.

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 the Warden's with the Mayor in Center City. 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 'shank' 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 low, even from you, 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 is a very serious offense.

Henry gets up and faces the Warden.

HENRY

A snitch said someone on block three had a knife. 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 go into his office, but CW blocks his path.

CW

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

WARDEN

What are you suggesting? And you better be careful on what you say.

CW

What I'm saying is 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 short of saying 'his father' and the Warden inches closer to CW.

WARDEN

Careful, Gavin. I'm telling you I was with the Mayor. I had no knowledge of what happened. You make another accusation, I'll have you suspended for in-subordination. To hell with the game. You hear?

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.

BOO HOO

Get the feel. Feel it.

He 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

I can't let this go. If I pardoned Flanagan, Gavin gets the kudos. However, I figured I could get a few people off my back. Problem is I'm not in the business of granting pardons without definite proof. Shit, I've only pardoned one prisoner during my tenure.

WARDEN

You want my advice?

GOVERNOR

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. Now he's talking up a storm to Gavin.

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, Governor.

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
Get lost, Dreyfus.

Dreyfus tossed the ball to Boo Hoo and then leave. CW sees the ball slip from Boo Hoo's hand as if he was just told terrible news. All eyes are on Boo Hoo, presently.

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.

Boo Hoo is at center court now, and turns to CW.

BOO HOO
HOPE? You're a very dangerous person, Gavin. 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.

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, and a review, 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
I don't know. It's best to leave
him alone when he's like this.

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.

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

Release him at half-time. Being locked up in a six foot cell for three days is enough to cramp the muscles and spirit of any man, don't you think? The outcome of the game will already be decided, anyway, and he won't be in any condition to do anything about it.

HENRY

Good thinking, Boss.

INT. THE HOLE - DAY

Sach lies in his cell diagonal to the wall. He strains while doing sit-ups. He appears healthy, fit and ready to go.

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" is being prepared for a single POV by a cameraman.

THE PRESSBOX - An ANNOUNCER and the Warden sit watching the action in the gym while the technician installs a TV set and camera controls so the broadcast can be seen by them.

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 two counties.

AT COURT LEVEL - a TV NEWSMAN looks into the Channel 2 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 Longhorne inmates ...

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

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

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.

The Announcer's voice echoes throughout the gym.

ANNOUNCER

Woo! 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 winks into the camera then signals the cameraman to cut. He watches Hayes and Jones pop the basketball into the net effortlessly and pass the ball back and forth like they belong to the Harlem Globetrotters.

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 and start their pregame practice routine. CW and TWO REFEREES enter the gym right behind them.

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.

CW

Not now, Ramsy.

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

CW

(yelling)

Come on, Juan. Stop gawking at them.
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 (improvises).

ON JONES--He sees the Warden huddle in secrecy with Referee One. The Referee points to his hand as if to say, 'where is my money'. He sees the Warden responding but can't hear him.

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. Aren't you afraid they might win?

WARDEN

Be serious. Let's see how much pride they have after the game.

REPORTER

What are you saying?

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 NATIONAL ANTHEM.

For a few minutes the crowd faces the American Flag, which was proudly displayed in the corner of the gym, and listens to a woman who sings the Anthem with flawless ease. Once she sings the Anthem, the crowd erupts with applause and the players get back to displaying their basketball skills

SECONDS LATER Referee Two calls for the two teams to come to the middle of the court for the tip off and 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 improvised 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 who blows a whistle on him.
- CW bolts to his feet and yells at Juan,

CW

Pick! Pick-and-roll!

Juan handles the pick-and-roll correctly. The inmates score.

- 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

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. 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 giants, the score would be a lot closer.

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 falling apart.

DREYFUS

Sachmo! They let you out?

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

I just saw them walking to their locker room with their heads down. They're tired. We can beat them.

JUAN

I beat Jones easily the last two times I went to the hoop. 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.

SACH

No, coach. We can beat them.

DREYFUS

Yeah. They ARE getting 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 they carry out their own pep talk. They are interrupted by Referee Two who pokes his head in the door.

REFEREE TWO

Ready to play, Coach?

CW nods to the referee.

SACH

Well, gals and 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 improvises 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 an awesome move and goes in for an easy 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. Juan looks to CW for guidance.

JUAN

Coach, where are you going?

CW

(clapping)

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 who looks the other way.

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 leave through the doors closest to them and CW walks back the full length of the court to where Boo Hoo is.

As he takes this journey, he claps and yells to the team just as the guards score--

CW

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 and motions for Boo Hoo to come down. Boo Hoo gets up and hobbles down and 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 behind Boo Hoo.

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.

BACK TO SCENE

Boo Hoo hugs Kimberly and Kolleen with all his might.

KIMBERLY

We're so sorry ...

BOO HOO

Shh. 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.

INT. GYMNASIUM - A LITTLE LATER

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. The 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 sees Boo Hoo enter in uniform. Juan stands up and raises his hands over his head as if he's being arrested.

JUAN

Yeah! Yeah!! YEAH!!!

Boo Hoo hobbles 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 rendered at the sight of Boo Hoo dressed in uniform. The security guards stand by the exit doors ready for action.

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 ice-pack 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 in three seconds.

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 (improvises) 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. The 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 sees, and hears, the Warden take Philip aside. The
Warden must yell because the inmates in the bleachers are
screaming so loudly.

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.

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

They convey the drama of the moment, Kimberly and Kolleen being just two.

ON BOO HOO

He 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.

ON THE WARDEN

He 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.

He is in a frenzy trying to hustle his team on the court.

WARDEN

(to Henry)

Come on. Get the team ready for overtime. We got this game in the bag now. Sach fouled out ... Boo Hoo is injured ...

BACK TO SCENE

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 any more.

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. Family members and some of the inmates from the bleachers go to center court. The inmate team mingle with the crowd and the Security Guards stand close to the exit doors preparing for the worst.

Boo Hoo tries to reach his children

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

More like we found each other.

JONES

Well, let me just say, it was an 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.

CW takes a panoramic view of the craziness that is going on.

EXT. KOLLEEN CASTANANO'S FRONT LAWN - SIX MONTHS LATER - 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

They have Henry on network tape trying to kill you. He's singing like a bird about all the bumbles of the Governor and Warden Pringle. And now the Warden and the Governor are singing like two birds in a bush. The Governor admitted to applying pressure on my dad in fingering Cusack when the Governor was the DA. Also the Warden said the Governor told Henry to kill you. The video shows Henry getting pushed and he accidentally embeds the shank in the spectator's shoulder.

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 going on. The Governor fired Pringle, by the way. 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 ice 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. He said not to worry
because he keeps on forgetting to
give it back to you.

Boo Hoo remembers the first day at Longhorne and the missing
toothbrush. A smile creases his face.

BOO HOO

Tell him ... never mind. 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, that's right. He got mugged and
stabbed. He's on leave of absence
now. Wonders never cease, huh?

(laughs)

And Sach? There was a Knicks scout
at the game and he loved him. Sach
has signed 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.
Care to 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-