

# **PANOPTICON**

by

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Inspired by true events.

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INT. PCC PRISON - NIGHT

Blue security lights blink on caged PRISONERS in the dark. Intermittent flashes of rippling arms with shamrock tattoos. A forehead with **NORTE** scrawled across it.

A BURST of hot orange light illuminates a perfect gladiator ring of cells. The terrifying contours of a panopticon glow. The massive INMATE POPULATION, under the orange blast, is now visible in its grotesque entirety.

Smoke rises past the cells and billows into a hallway on the heels of a RUNNING man. In the distance, somewhere behind the rushing smoke: RAPPING. DERANGED LAUGHTER. ONE PROMINENT MONKEY CALL.

A windowed door glows at the end of the hallway. Outside, red desert swirls beneath a street lamp in a parking lot caged in barb wire.

The man runs to the door. He tries to open it. It's locked. His face is a black shape against the street lamp. He breathes HEAVILY. A huge PUFF of smoke, DISTANT SCREAMING and RAPPING, envelops him.

His BREATH quickens. Through the window, red dust blows wildly, cloaking the lamp's light in cloudy bursts of red. The RAPPING GROWS as we push into the blinking red light.

The murky light becomes hotter, digital. The RAPPING begins to ECHO. A number materializes. Then many numbers, which finally emerge as giant belts of infinite, moving red data.

The belts of data swim across buildings as the RAPPING fades.

The buildings are Wall Street skyscrapers swathed in the S&P and the DOW. A plastic bag blows before them, flashing red.

## **PANOPTICON**

EXT. SONORAN DESERT - ARIZONA - NIGHT

A recreational DRONE buzzes through the twinkling desert sky.

ETHAN (O.S.)  
(pressured, manic)  
Did you know the CIA gives Taliban  
informants pens with invisible ink?

Two ROTC SCHOLARS in ARMY UNIFORMS and shaved heads squat in desert scrub. ETHAN BLACKMAN (18), a massive American ox with intense eyes, pilots the drone from his iPhone. MARCO SANCHEZ (18), pimpled, slight, watches in awe.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 They mark insurgent, trucks and  
 shit, so the CIA knows where to  
 send the drones.

**SUPERIMPOSE: PIMA STATE UNIVERSITY. TUCSON, ARIZONA.**

MARCO  
 ... Whoa. Whoa.

Ethan lands the drone before them in a puff of dust. He removes FIREWORKS, duct tape, a lighter, and a marker from a backpack. He starts taping the fireworks on the drone.

ETHAN  
 (singing)  
 OH say can you see! By the dawn's  
 early BLIGHT!

MARCO  
 Holy shit.

He giddily draws an X on Marco's forehead.

ETHAN  
 You been marked, insurgent.

MARCO  
 (laughing nervously)  
 Dude, what the fuck?

ETHAN  
 (slipping on his backpack)  
 It's gonna track us.

The drone WHIRS to life and lifts. Ethan lights the fireworks

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 5 seconds ... 5.. 4... Get running,  
 bitch!

They BOLT across the desert. The drone takes off after them.

Angle from the DRONE CAMERA chasing the boys -- euphoric daredevils, laughing, sprinting through the desert. The drone lowers down to chase them at their level. Ethan's energy is unbridled and mounting. He HOOTS and HOLLERS. They spring onto a desert road, panting.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 Kakawwww!

The drone hurtles toward the boys. The first firework SHOOTs.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Left!

Marco hesitates and splits right.

A wide aerial of the desert: The fireworks EXPLODE like THUNDER. A huge BURST of light illuminates PIMA STATE CAMPUS. A CAMPUS POLICE CAR TURNS ON ITS SIREN LIGHTS.

The drone zips overhead, pivots, chases them. They backtrack.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

HOLY SHIT!!!!

MARCO

What the fuck's wrong with it?!

They race across a desert highway. HEADLIGHTS BLAZE. A truck speeds down the road. The drone zips across the road, right on their tail. It grazes the truck and SPLINTERS into pieces.

The truck SCREECHES and SWERVES, CRASHING into an embankment. The desert silence is broken by the truck's blaring HORN. It BEEPS, stuck, for what feels like forever.

The kids, panicking, slowly drift toward the car.

A DRIVER in a cowboy hat spills out of the car, clutching his stomach, the wind knocked out of him.

ETHAN

... Are you OK? Sir?

DRIVER

...What the fuck...are you doing?

The driver, his hands shaking, dials 911. He looks terrified as Ethan -- this 6'6 manic bull -- approaches him.

ETHAN

Sir, are you hurt?

DRIVER (INTO PHONE)

I just had an accident. Two guys lit fire crackers, and crashed some fucking thing into my car.

The faint sounds of distant SIRENS. Ethan starts to panic.

ETHAN

Sir, please, it was an accident.

DRIVER (INTO PHONE)

Yeah, right off I-10 by Pima State.

ETHAN  
There's no need for this. SIR!

MARCO  
(to Ethan)  
Tone it down, man.

The SIRENS grow louder. They're getting close.

DRIVER (INTO PHONE)  
... I hear sirens.

ETHAN  
We can handle this ourselves! We  
can handle it. FUCKING LISTEN TO  
ME!

MARCO  
Dude!

DRIVER (INTO PHONE)  
One of them is becoming irate.

ETHAN  
Why the fuck won't you talk to me  
directly?

SIRENS BLARE. Ethan's eyes dart towards the CAMPUS COP CAR.

DRIVER (INTO PHONE)  
Someone's here.

ETHAN  
You're human. I'm human. Humans  
converse!

The cop car pulls up. Its headlights shine BLINDING LIGHT on  
Ethan GRASPING at the driver's phone. TWO COPS exit the car.

COP 1  
Sir, you need to calm down and step  
over to the car, please.

Ethan backs away. They encroach upon him like hunters going  
for outsized prey.

COP 1 (CONT'D)  
You been doin' any drugs today?

ETHAN  
Don't touch me.

They try to grab him. He jumps aside, a wild, unhinged moose.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Don't fucking touch me! I'm a  
service man. I SERVE YOU

COP 1  
Son, we need to search your bag.

ETHAN  
Then it's Hi! Hi! Hey! The Army's  
on its way!

They pounce on Ethan. He pushes them off and SCREAMS WILDLY.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Get the fuck off me!

COP 1  
Do not resist.

ETHAN  
FUCK YOU FUCK YOU FUCK YOU!

They cuff him, pull him upright, rip off his bag and dump the contents. A computer and a zip-lock bag of PILLS crash to the ground. Marco paces nervously.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
And the Army goes rolling along!!!

MARCO  
Officers -- he he --

COP 2  
You both need to shut the fuck up.

ETHAN  
I'm recording this!

COP 1 (INTO RADIO)  
This is Pima campus security. Got  
two ROTC's here lighting  
explosives.

ETHAN  
March along, sing our song, with  
the Army of the free!!!

COP 1 (INTO RADIO)  
One's in possession of a shitload  
of Oxycontin.

ETHAN  
An army of one in the army of me!  
I'm FUCKING RECORDING THIS!

INT. SIGNET CAPITAL, ELEVATOR - NYC - MORNING

A WOMAN (33), sharp grey suit, head down, stands before an embedded HD SCREEN playing CNBC. Her face is a vacant shadow against the jagged red topography of a stock plummeting down a TICKER.

ANCHOR CNBC (OVER TV)  
They're calling it the  
'pharmaceutical Enron.'

The elevator doors open. She lifts her head: she's remote, beautiful, scrappy, thick Texan accent. This is CHASE MORRIS.

CHASE  
Fuck.

**SUPERIMPOSE: SIGNET CAPITAL, ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY**

TRACK Chase out of the elevator across the male-dominant trading floor of a huge hedge fund. An associate, LUIS, catches up with her. They continue down the floor.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Do you not stream news on Twitter  
like a normal person?

LUIS  
Do you not say good morning like a  
normal person?

They reach an Art Deco sitting room guarded by a SECRETARY. Open mahogany doors frame a sprawling office. RAJIT KHAN, the hedge fund Svengali, is on the phone, his feet on his desk, next to an excessive display of fruit and pastries.

CHASE  
Shit. Anytime they put out this  
much fruit, it's not good.

Rajit waves her inside. She shuts the doors. Rajit hangs up.

RAJIT  
Sarah Bergen is leaving. That cunt  
shorts 400 million of my dough and  
sets up her own shop.

CHASE  
We did bring in a billion bucks.

RAJIT  
She brought in a billion bucks. And  
I'm classy. So tonight I'm throwing  
her a classy cunt soiree.

(MORE)

RAJIT (CONT'D)  
 (ripping into a donut)  
 Donut?

CHASE  
 I researched that short position.

RAJIT  
 When you were on her team. That was  
 your job. On her team. And then I  
 gave you your own team, and they  
 trade like they're at a fucking  
 Internet cafe.

CHASE  
 With all due respect, Rajit, I  
 netted you \$200 million--

RAJIT  
 In 2009.

CHASE  
 In a record shit year!

RAJIT  
 You're only as good as your last  
 quarter.

CHASE  
 (bursting)  
 I fucking told Sarah to buy Comtax.

RAJIT  
 How much did you tell her to buy?  
 And did you know she was going to  
 sell it today?  
 (off Chase's silence)  
 Did you know she was going to sell  
 it today?

CHASE  
 (suppressing outrage)  
 ... No.

RAJIT  
 Don't get emotional. Numbers don't  
 have feelings. Emotion won't get  
 you very far.

INT. SIGNET, ROOF - NIGHT

Champagne, cocktails and hors d'oeuvres fly around on silver  
 trays. Chase sips scotch at a high top replete with SIGNET  
 wives and some TOAD FACES from her office. Chase is in hell.



SIGNET WIFE

A half-way decent baby nurse in New York? \$150,000 in cash, minimum.

SIGNET GUY

That's a quarter million taxable income.

SIGNET WIFE

You give birth and instantly you're "mommy the ATM." Nothing's better though. Motherhood's like a spell.

Chase swipes a scotch from a passing tray. The wife squirts hand-sanitizer in her hands and goes for a bowl of nuts.

CHASE

Nice touch.

SIGNET WIFE

I'm in love with your accent. Where are you from?

CHASE

The sticks.

THE CHIMING OF CHINA. Rajit toasts a champagne flute beside SARAH BERGEN (40), patrician and ruthless. He slides a paternal arm around her. Chase assumes a place next to Luis.

RAJIT

When I hired Sarah, I asked why she loved finance. She replied, 'living on Earth is expensive. But it includes a free trip around the sun.'

Polite chuckles.

CHASE

(sotto, to Luis)

And that's the only thing we get for free. Apparently at lunch, today, she raised an additional 5 billion from Blackstone. Even with this Comtax shit, how in the actual fuck?

LUIS

Her father's a billionaire?

EXT. SIGNET, ROOF - LATER THAT NIGHT

Chase smokes by a heat lamp into the slick black NYC rain.

Sarah Bergen joins her and lights her own cigarette.

CHASE

Jesus, the wives in here. How much Botox and pills and neglected children will it take to realize you're already dead?

SARAH BERGEN

(laughing)

How's your personal life? Still nonexistent?

(dragging her cigarette)

You know Rajit would sooner die than give you credit for anything.

CHASE

Like you gave me credit for Comtax? You're a real piece of work, you know that? You bitch about wage inequality, the female minority on Wall Street, yet you're first in line to screw another woman.

(flicking her cig)

And I'd love to tell Rajit to fuck off into oblivion. But unfortunately, Sarah, daddy didn't buy me a hedge fund.

EXT. MIDAS GOLD MINE - NEVADA - JUST BEFORE DAWN

A 2 miles-wide adobe red gold mine. A post-apocalyptic amphitheater cast in dark shadows pierced by dawn. DEEP IN THE MINE, TRUCKS scoop gold ore with huge shovels.

**SUPERIMPOSE: MIDAS GOLDMINE, NEVADA**

JEROME ALVAREZ (42) Black-Dominican, soulful despite years of punishing work, operates a LOUD truck. He's coated in dust. His BOSS waves him down. Alvarez hops off.

BOSS

Just got word from on high. We've gotta reduce you to part time.

ALVAREZ

What the fuck, Bobby? I've got three kids, man.

BOSS

Well, I sure as hell didn't tell you to have that many.

INT. ALVAREZ' HONDA - NEVADA HIGHWAY - TWILIGHT

The sky is a faded blue in the thin light of daybreak. Alvarez smokes and squints into the sun. The rearview mirror catches his tense eyes. On his temple, there is a tiny tattoo of a black square.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NEVADA - MORNING

A rundown TRAILER HOME cuts the soaring cerulean sky. Alvarez parks in a patch of gravel, littered with toys. He spritzes himself with cologne and pops a mint.

INT. ALVAREZ' LIVING/ROOM KITCHEN - NEVADA - MORNING

Alvarez plugs in an iron. He flips it over, inserting the handle into the grooves of an oven, so the mirrored end faces up. He fills a pan with water and puts it on the iron. He fills a tea kettle and puts it on the stove. MARIA (3) precocious, light-skinned, waddles in, dazed.

ALVAREZ (IN SPANISH)

You awake?

MARIA

No.

Alvarez ushers her through a tiny living area with a ceiling of stained Styrofoam tiles. They enter a bedroom quietly, so as to not wake his visibly pregnant wife, EVA (30). Maria crawls into bed with her, sucking her out of a deep sleep.

EVA (IN SPANISH)

Oh, shit. Good morning.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Alvarez pours the boiling pots of water into the bathtub. Steam rises as he strips off his T-shirt. Faint morning light travels over a maze of crucifix tattoos on his back that appear to cover older ink.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Alvarez and Eva wash their beautiful daughters Maria and OCTAVIA (4) in the warm bathtub. Alvarez smiles and smooths water over their heads as they splash around. He looks at Eva, she's beautiful, but frail and sickly. Their conversation drifts in and out of Spanish and English.

ALVAREZ (IN SPANISH)

How you feeling?

EVA

Like I ain't got debt and mouths to feed.

Alvarez smiles sadly, picks up Octavia and towels her off. Eva leans in and kisses him.

EVA (CONT'D)

You're smoking again.

Alvarez ignores her. Octavia runs to the bath and helps Maria struggle out of it.

OCTAVIA

Maria's too wet!

EVA

You think that shit relaxes you, but it stresses you.

The girls run out of the room, trailing water and laughter. Alvarez leans on the bathtub and looks away from Eva.

ALVAREZ

I got let go today.

Eva's face falls. She decides to handle this gingerly.

EVA

Did you get in a fight with Bobby?

ALVAREZ

There were cuts. That's it!

Alvarez dries his hands and starts to leave the room.

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)

That job was a thankless piece of shit. I'm gonna find something else. With benefits.

INT. ALVAREZ GARAGE - LATER

Alvarez smokes at a shabby desktop computer, searching jobs on Craigslist -- "willing to work," "need janitors immediately", "hood cleaner." He scrolls head on into frustration. He pauses suddenly -- "Correctional Officer. Salary and Benefits, ARIZONA." He clicks on the link. A web site opens. A guard stands proudly before the American flag and a slogan: **PCC. America's Excellence in Corrections.**

Alvarez' reflection is caught in the computer, as he exhales the final pull on his cigarette and stubs it out. He pulls back his lower lip revealing a tattoo inside. It reads **NORTE.**

INT. HOLDING CELL, AZ COUNTY JAIL - MORNING

Marco is asleep on the cell ground. Ethan, eyes dark and bloodshot, jumps up and down, trying to tire himself out. He still hasn't slept. A GUARD appears and motions for Marco.

GUARD

His parents are here.

Ethan shakes Marco. The guard opens the cell and cuffs him. Ethan watches Marco escorted out. The doors CLANG behind him.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT, WALL STREET, NYC - MORNING

Twenty stories above Wall Street, rain batters floor-to-ceiling windows that frame a huge interlocking wall of trading monitors at the foot of Chase's bed. Chase ZIPS up carry-on luggage in an unmade mess of sheets, and wheels it through the antiseptic luxury bedroom. Enormous and unattended, art in bubble wrap lays against the wall. She TEXTS rapidly past a dead orchid on a night stand.

POLITICIAN (PRE-LAP)

America has the largest prison population on the planet.

INT. SENATE HEARING ROOM - WASHINGTON D.C. - LATER

Rain pummels the windows. A horseshoe of SENATORS at daises. JOHN LAWSON(R. AZ), septuagenarian, scrappy enough to skirt death, argues with a young LIBERAL POLITICIAN. MAX ZUCKERMAN, a slicker-than-oil K-Street lobbyist, watches from the wings.

POLITICIAN

More than China and Russia.  
Combined. Mandatory sentencing for nonviolent drug offenders bloats the penal system to the point of breaking it.

**SUPERIMPOSE: SENATE JUDICIARY HEARING, WASHINGTON D.C.**

JOHN LAWSON

Can anyone in their right mind say, 'let's not prosecute these death peddlers. And by extension, let's morph this country into a buzzed utopia.' It's a slap in law enforcement's face. If we become lenient on sentencing laws, I guarantee, America will drown in crime, with no one to blame but ourselves.

Zuckerman gets a TEXT: CHASE MORRIS \$\$ : DO NOT BE LATE.

INT. THE PALM - WASHINGTON D.C. - LATER

Chase and Zuckerman dine on oversized potatoes and steak.

MAX ZUCKERMAN

You know we can do this over text, right? Just delete them. It's only a crime after you've been subpoenaed.

CHASE

Bravo. Remind me to send you wire transfers too. So, how's the buying and selling of Washington? You and wifey still sleeping at night?

MAX ZUCKERMAN

How's sucking Rajit's dick for 60 cents on the dollar?

CHASE

I need a miracle investment, so I can open my own fund.

MAX ZUCKERMAN

Heaven help the poor fucker who tries to control you.

CHASE

So, are we drilling in Alaska? Are stem cells gonna be legal?

MAX ZUCKERMAN

PCC. Pawgatuck Corrections Corporation. Trades on the New York Stock Exchange. It's gonna spike after I crush a bill for them this week.

CHASE

What's the bill?

ZUCKERMAN

What do you care? I'm always on the right side. You know that.  
(leaning in, whispering)  
When I say rabbit, buy 4 mill.

INT. HOLDING CELL, COUNTY JAIL - TUSCON, ARIZONA - MORNING

New Inmates. New day. Ethan sits with his head in his hands. Dark circles have grown under his eyes.

He still hasn't slept. The guard appears and hands Ethan a docket. Ethan looks up with alarmingly bloodshot eyes.

DR STEIN (PRE-LAP)  
Did you stop sleeping before or  
after you started using Oxycontin?

INT. PIMA STATE, PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - LATER

SGT. DANIELS and DR STEIN (F60s) sit in sterile white chairs. Ethan sits before them, bobbing his knee restlessly. He bites his nails raw. His red eyes are wounds in dark circles.

ETHAN  
Before.

DR STEIN  
Do you feel propelled by energy you  
can't control? Does your mind race?

ETHAN  
Yes.

DR STEIN  
Do you ever feel depressed?

ETHAN  
Yes.

DR STEIN  
What was your longest episode of  
insomnia?

ETHAN  
(snapping)  
Now! I haven't slept in four days.

Silence. Daniels hands the docket to Ethan.

SGT. DANIELS  
I assume you've read this? The  
police are charging you with  
possession and intent to  
distribute. That's a mandatory  
sentence. Do you know what that  
means?

ETHAN  
I don't remember being arrested.

SGT. DANIELS  
If the jury finds you guilty,  
you're facing years of federal  
prison time.

(MORE)

SGT. DANIELS (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Ethan, were you dealing?

Ethan breaks down sobbing.

ETHAN

I had to buy Oxy. You guys would kick me out if I asked a shrink for meds before I deploy.

PSYCHIATRIST

(gingerly)

Ethan, I'm going to put you on Klonopin and Lithium, OK?

ETHAN

Lithium?

PSYCHIATRIST

You present as bipolar. It's very Dangerous not to treat it. This medication will help you stay in control. To feel in control.

She writes up two prescriptions and hands them to Ethan. He looks young and fragile suddenly. He chokes on his tears.

SGT. DANIELS

Ethan, we have to revoke your scholarship. And Pima is expelling you. I'm sorry.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Ethan leaves the counter clutching a pharmacy bag. He rips it open and chooses the KLONOPIN. He pops two.

INT. HENRY BLACKMAN'S HOME - TUCSON, ARIZONA - DAY

Blinds shut out the day. The floor is strewn with pizza boxes and water bottles. A MAN chain smokes before a TV. Ethan enters, stoned. He passes a photo of a smiling YOUNG CADET.

HENRY (O.S.)

I paid your bail.

Ethan's father HENRY is obese, depressed, medicated. The harrowing metamorphosis of the soldier in the photo.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You better pay me back. I won't make rent.



Ethan crosses behind him. Henry's dead hand whips into a snare around Ethan's forearm. Ethan tries to break free, but they contort into an arm wrestle. Henry attempts to extinguish his lit cigarette into Ethan's arm. Ethan snatches the cigarette with his free hand and pushes it into his own flesh. Henry releases Ethan. Ethan walks off.

ETHAN

(vacantly)

You left me there for four days.

INT. ALVAREZ' HONDA - DAY

Alvarez descends a mountain pass. A MASSIVE PRISON PANOPTICON, nestled in adobe red mountain ranges, expands into a panorama. Huge, red **PCC logos** are visible on the distant prison buildings. A town borders the complex. Tract houses. A gas station. A grocer. A post-office. A court.

**SUPERIMPOSE: PCC CORRECTIONAL. PINAL WAY - FLORENCE, ARIZONA.**

EXT. PCC PINAL CORRECTIONAL, THE YARD - DAY

American flags and flags with **PCC** logo encircle the complex. Alvarez walks in a LINE of PEOPLE, a melange of RACES, some fit, some obese, some elderly or barely of age. GARTH CARRICK (50s) 6'5, bolo tie, and HARRINGTON (20s), a zealous bureaucrat, lead them around the yard. It's A MOTLEY CREW in ORANGE JUMPSUITS. Strung-out ADDICTS. ALL AGES. ALL RACES.

GARTH

40% are nonviolent drug offenders.  
Then you've got your garden variety  
DUI. Then your rapists. Your  
murderers. The violent ones.

Garth stops and looks back at the group.

GARTH (CONT'D)

Officer Harrington here's my  
brother in law. Ain't that cute?  
His daddy worked here too.

A WHITE INMATE (50s), prescription aviators, a stoned zombie, is slumped on the fence.

GARTH (CONT'D)

Then you've got your gangs. Vice  
Lords. Gangster Disciples. YFS.  
Black Guerilla Family. Arizona's  
gotta a majority pop of Latinos and  
whites. Nuestra Familia. The Aryan  
Federation.

GANG MEMBERS walk in clear racial groups. Alvarez eyes a group of LATINO INMATES with face, back, neck tattoos: **NORTE.**

GARTH (CONT'D)

Those motherfuckers? You get your fair share of fights. Still wanna take the test?

INT. TEST ROOM - LATER

A VIDEO with UPTempo jingoistic music. American flags blow proudly over clean, bright prisons. A title appears: **PCC. AMERICA'S EXCELLENCE IN CORRECTIONS.**

VIDEO VO

(cheerful but steadfast)

For more than three decades, we have answered the call. United by our vision, driven by our mission, and guided by our principles. We have served, sacrificed and stood together, with honor and dedication as one PCC family.

A graphic swirls into the screen over smiling WHITE, BLACK and LATINO CORRECTIONAL OFFICERS: **THE PCC WAY.**

VIDEO VO (CONT'D)

The PCC way isn't a destination, it's a direction. Our values are our true north. Together, we live the PCC way.

Alvarez and the other applicants sit in school desks with tests. Garth turns off the video and paces.

GARTH

This is a multiple choice exam. You have forty minutes to complete it. You begin ... Now.

Everyone starts scrambling to fill out the test.

GARTH (CONT'D)

We have one open job. That job will provide medical for you and your family. A competitive salary in the valley, and overtime opportunities. This job takes physical stamina. Psychological endurance. But PCC does not discriminate. You do. So look around and discriminate. Are you the oldest, fattest, smallest, dumbest person in this room?

(MORE)

GARTH (CONT'D)  
 (waving a piece of paper)  
 This is an employment application  
 for Chick-fil-A. Anyone  
 bullshitting their way in here,  
 please take one on your way out.

INT. NEW YORK SUBWAY - 6AM

A lonely two-story escalator snakes up a NY subway station. A  
 PHONE RINGS. We hear Chase answer.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
 Yeah?

ZUCKERMAN (OVER PHONE)  
 Rabbit.

CLICK. Chase, on I-Phone headphones, rides the escalator into  
 view. She frantically dials a number.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
 Ronnie, it's Chase from SIGNET. I'm  
 in the subway gotta make it quick.  
 Hello? Motherfucker.

INT. THE ACELA - SAME TIME

Virginia country whips by. Zuckerman watches C-SPAN from his  
 seat.

**ON C-SPAN:** JOHN LAWSON gives comment at the Senate Judiciary  
 hall. In the distance, Zuckerman walks through frame.

JOHN LAWSON - C-SPAN (OVER TV)  
 I'm thrilled the committee has  
 chosen to enforce mandatory  
 sentencing law.

INT. NEW YORK SUBWAY - SAME TIME

Chase reaches the platform and sprints, elbowing pedestrians  
 out of her way. She re-dials. RINGING.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
 I want 4 mil on PCC, stock ticker  
 PXW.

INT. SIGNET, CHASE'S OFFICE - DAY

Chase glued to her monitor chews on a pen. ON Chase's  
 monitor: PXW, the stock jumps +5 points. A jagged red peak.

CHASE  
 Bravo, Fuckerman.

**TEXT, FUCKERMAN:** WHAT DRIVES THE WORLD?

**TEXT, CHASE:** GREED. AND REAL ESTATE.

**TEXT, FUCKERMAN:** BINGO.

Chase opens her desk drawer, discreetly unscrews a pill bottle, tips a blue pill into her hand and shuts the drawer. She calls LUIS on the floor outside as she pops the pill.

CHASE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Pawgatuck Corrections Corp. How much real estate do they own?

LUIS (OVER PHONE)  
PCC. Market cap 7 billion, stock ticker PXW.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
Real estate. How many square feet?

LUIS  
Uh, looks like 14 million.

CHASE  
Holy shit. Get a hold of their books. Pick apart every last decimal point and put them back together again.

INT. SIGNET, CHASE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chase leads ASSOCIATES analyzing mountains of documents.

LUIS  
We've basically memorized all their 10-ks for the last century.

CHASE  
And?

LUIS  
Not a stray decimal. The books are fucking solid. I mean, you analyzed them first, what do you think?

CHASE  
I think it's a goddamn goldmine. Who's in charge?

LUIS  
(Googling on his phone)  
Uh ... Someone named, General Tassin?

CHASE  
General? What's his real name?

LUIS  
Doesn't say. No pictures of him. No  
Wikipedia page. No articles. He's  
one of these stealth types I guess.

CHASE  
Get me a meeting.

INT. PCC TRAINING UNIT - MORNING

Alvarez and five remaining CANDIDATES are sprayed in the face  
with MACE.

GARTH  
PCC is rank and file just like the  
military.

HARRINGTON  
Go go go!

Through a coughing fit, Alvarez manages an assault exercise.  
The other potential HIRES cough violently and peel off.

MUSCULAR BLACK MAN  
What the fuck, man!

GARTH  
Disqualified!

HARRINGTON  
Gotta learn to fight when you can't  
see shit.

RECRUITS run off to wash out their eyes. A last standing  
recruit struggles against Garth. Alvarez fights harder.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
STATE YOUR MOTHERFUCKING RANK!

INT. WARDEN'S MELODY'S OFFICE, PCC PRISON - DAY

Alvarez sits, shirtless, on an examination table. A DOCTOR  
inspects his body. An EXAMINER photographs his tattoos.

WARDEN MELODY (PRE-LAP)  
Ever been convicted of a felony?

ALVAREZ (PRE-LAP)  
No. But I did probation for a  
misdemeanor as a minor.

WARDEN MELODY (PRE-LAP)

For what?

The doctor shines a light in Alvarez' mouth. Alvarez stiffens, nervous. They do not pull down his lower lip.

ALVAREZ (PRE-LAP)

Simple assault. It was twenty years ago, you know?

INT. WARDEN MELODY'S OFFICE, PCC PRISON - DAY

WARDEN MELODY (40), a Latina woman in a tight bun with the soul of a white Republican male, sits at a desk. A poster of a cowboy lassoing the words **WARDEN** is nailed behind her. A photo of her at a firing range is taped on the wall. Near it hangs a poster of Osama Bin Laden with a bullet through his head. She studies photos of Alvarez' tattoos and suddenly fires out a question in Spanish, clearly a native speaker.

WARDEN MELODY <<IN SPANISH>>

Ever been in a gang, Mr. Alvarez?

ALVAREZ

No.

She continues the conversation in perfect American English.

WARDEN MELODY

PCC's a family company. Most of our folks have lived right here in the valley for generations. My father worked here for thirty years. I worked along side him for twelve. He was very lucky to come here from Mexico and thought being a CO was a calling. Folks thanked him all the time for keeping them safe. Safety's what it's all about. And prison is a very dangerous environment. We've got highly manipulative criminals. We've got proprietary security features. So, our CO's understand information here is under seal. PCC requires all employees sign confidentiality agreements. Violating this agreement has serious consequences.

She hands him an NDA. He peruses it, signs, and returns it.

WARDEN MELODY (CONT'D)

You start as a shift officer. You don't punch above your weight.

(MORE)

WARDEN MELODY (CONT'D)

You don't inquire above your pay grade. If you find something confusing, trust me, we have reasons. Your job is to take commands. Serve, sacrifice, stand together.

(handing him an envelope)

Insurance and some early pay.  
Welcome to prison valley, Officer.

INT. ALVAREZ' TRAILER, KITCHEN - NEVADA - DUSK

Eva cooks dinner as Alvarez leans on the counter.

EVA

They gonna call you a house nigga.  
They gonna drag you down into some thug bullshit.

ALVAREZ

I don't give a fuck if I'm digging graves. We're not having a sick kid. They give me a 401k. They give my family insurance. You tell me where else a nigger ex con can get that.

EVA

I'm just worried.

ALVAREZ

I need two years, and we can move somewhere permanent. Put the girls in a good school.

(wrapping her in his arms)

We're very lucky, baby.

EXT. COURTHOUSE, PARKING LOT - DAY

Ethan walks across the tar lot in his Sunday best. He opens a bottle of Klonopin. His hands tremble as he pops three.

INT. ARIZONA COURTROOM - MORNING

Ethan appears drugged, depressed. He sits by a shabby PUBLIC DEFENDER. Marco's in the witness box. Ethan can't even look.

PROSECUTOR

Did Ethan Blackman sell Oxycontin at school?

MARCO

You know, to rich kids, and stuff.

PROSECUTOR

Did you see him do it?

PUBLIC DEFENDER

Conjecture.

JUDGE CARTER

Irrelevant. The defendant possessed sixty pills of Oxycontin on a college campus. Intent is mandatory. Counselor will you continue to waste my time because you don't know federal drug law? Law, I remind you, that was upheld just last week.

INT. ARIZONA COURT ROOM - LATER

The military psychiatrist occupies the witness box.

PSYCHIATRIST

Ethan Blackman is severely bipolar. I'm treating him with Klonopin and Lithium. He's showed almost immediate improvement. But prison is very dangerous for someone in his condition. All the excess stimuli could induce mania.

JUDGE CARTER

Son, do you intend to stay on these medications?

Ethan nods. Carter shakes his head a beat.

JUDGE CARTER (CONT'D)

Well, I applaud your seeking treatment, and encourage you to continue on that path. But unfortunately, no one here, least of all me, is free to do some interpretative dance of mandatory sentencing law.

INT. ARIZONA COURT ROOM - LATER

12 JURORS file in. The FOREMAN rises.

FOREMAN

The jury finds the defendant guilty of felony possession in the fourth degree with intent to distribute.

On Ethan, terrified. Then...



JUDGE CARTER

In violation of section 8.18-403.5  
the court sentences Ethan Robert  
Blackman to 8 years in prison.

EXT. PCC HEADQUARTERS - PHOENIX, ARIZONA - MORNING

Chase sits in a curtained Maybach with KEVIN MYERS(45) peppy,  
milquetoast, General Tassin's right hand. The window curtains  
frame churning red dust from the desert road outside.

**SUPERIMPOSE: PCC HEADQUARTERS. PHOENIX, ARIZONA.**

KEVIN MYERS

The mission of PCC is to secure  
America. That starts with inmate  
rehabilitation.

Chase looks through the windshield as they turn into the  
circular driveway of a massive, all-glass CRESCENT SHAPED  
building. A fountain spritzes in the driveway. American flags  
flank the entrance underneath huge PCC logos.

INT. PCC HEADQUARTERS, HALLWAY - DAY

Chase and Myers walk down the hallway. RAW BLUEPRINTS OF  
PRISONS, framed museum quality, adorn the walls.

KEVIN MYERS

They are prisoners, but we believe  
redemption is their right.

Chase studies an ornate tapestry of scripture on the wall:  
**CAST YOUR CARES ON THE LORD AND HE WILL SUSTAIN YOU; HE WILL  
NEVER LET THE RIGHTEOUS FALL.**

INT. TASSIN'S OFFICE - DAY

A modest office. GENERAL TASSIN (60), half Native American, a  
hard read, dons a cheap oversized suit. A wood cross hangs on  
the wall behind him. Framed photos surround it: Tassin on a  
helicopter with Kissinger. Tassin at the White House. Tassin  
on a tractor. Kevin Myers stands dutifully off to the side.

TASSIN

The big man on campus gets the  
smallest office. Sets the right  
tone.

He offers Chase a seat.

TASSIN (CONT'D)

So, Chase Morris. SIGNET. Big fund.  
\$50 billion under management?

CHASE

52.

TASSIN

Where ya from, Chase?

CHASE

Wildorado.

TASSIN

How'd a nice Texas girl end up a Harvard MBA?

CHASE

Harvard's red neck quota, I guess.

Tassin breaks into uproarious laughter.

TASSIN

I grew up on a Native American reservation. Educated in a one-room schoolhouse. White daddy. Left me at 0. General's my Christian name. You know why my mother gave me that name? Because she always wanted me to feel important even if I wasn't. You're lookin' at class of '65.

CHASE

(charming)

It's a shame we didn't overlap. Forgive me if I plow right in. I've studied PCC very carefully, and I think you've overlooked the company's hidden value.

Tassin smiles and looks over at Kevin Myers.

TASSIN

And how's that?

CHASE

Your revenues are generated by the number of occupied beds, right? On paper, PCC looks exactly like a hotel chain. Inmates equate to customers. PCC should become a REIT: A Real Estate Investment Trust. You will bypass corporate income tax, and generate a cool billion in tax revenue by the end of the fiscal year. If the SEC approves.

Tassin studies her with sudden disapproval.

TASSIN

Do you have ANY idea how many live bodies revolve in and out of the penal system each year?

MYERS

7 million. Live bodies.

TASSIN

When I formed PCC, private prisons didn't exist. The nation was rotting with decrepit facilities and a surplus of criminals it couldn't afford to house. It was a damn emergency, in my view, to inject market efficiency into a broken system. But with all due respect, Ms. Morris, there's a helluva difference between all those tax schemes and fancy financial instruments y'all got down there, and plain old efficient business. We're the largest prison provider behind the fed, understand? We've got government partners in every last corner of the nation. And when Wall Street pokes its toe in government waters, folks assume it's dirty business.

INT. SIGNET, RAJIT'S OFFICE - NYC - DAY

Chase drops a giant PROSPECTUS on Rajit's desk.

CHASE

We need to buy enough stock to pressure the board.

RAJIT

Prisons? This could be perceived as a very dark association. I don't need a rant in some liberal rag how we're supporting Fascism.

CHASE

This is the Walmart of prison companies. And Tassin's a real bible basher. Very into rehabilitation and humanity. If we don't net 500 mil by the end of the year, you can fire me.

(beat)

(MORE)

CHASE (CONT'D)  
 Numbers don't have feelings.  
 Emotion won't get you very far.

RAJIT  
 Alright, smart ass. Buy just enough  
 to push the needle, but just shy of  
 a 13-d. Move like a stealth bomber.  
In complete silence.

INT. SIGNET, CHASE'S OFFICE - DAY

Chase studies documents, a cellphone to her ear. She opens her desk drawer and pops a pill with the same discreet ritual

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
 How well do you know this board?  
 How many votes do I need to buy?

ZUCKERMAN (OVER PHONE)  
 You've got 8 guys. Homeland  
 Security. Fuckin' ex military. A  
 pastor. Ex head of the DEA.  
 Guys so stiff they shit concrete.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
 So pressure isn't gonna cut it?

ZUCKERMAN (OVER PHONE)  
 You need a majority share, rabbit.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
FUCK.

She hangs up, walks onto the floor, and commands the TRADERS.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
 Everyone, 12% on PXW!

LUIS  
 Is Rajit OK with that? We'll have  
 to take out a 13-d.

CHASE  
 12% equals voting power. That's the  
 play.

TRADER 1 (INTO PHONE)  
 100 on PXW.

TRADER 2 (INTO PHONE)  
 PXW. 50. Yes now.

CHASE  
 Not bad for a hick from the sticks.

INT. ALVAREZ' HONDA - DUSK

Alvarez and Eva drive down Pinal Way, vacant and flush against flanking red dust. A reflection of barb wire bleeds over the windshield and expands into the PCC panopticon. Eva looks out the windshield. The kids sleep soundly in the back.

Alvarez looks out the drivers' side window. A pawn shop. A junk yard. A liquor store with a sign, "WE CASH GOVERNMENT CHECKS." Double wides pepper the roadside.

They turn into the lot of a double wide covered in chipped paint. FIGHT DOGS, chained to a metal fence around an adjacent lot, BARK wildly as Alvarez pulls in. A NEIGHBOR, Caucasian (40s), in a wife beater, comes out of the house, grabs the dogs by their collars and waves to Alvarez.

INT. ALVAREZ' DOUBLE WIDE, KITCHEN - FLORENCE, ARIZONA - DUSK

A linoleum tiled kitchen extends into a grey-carpeted living room. The dwelling is modest but dwarfs their former place. Alvarez runs the faucet as the girls cling to the counter. Maria unloads groceries into the fridge.

MARIA

This whole house is ours?

Alvarez chuckles. Octavia tries to touch the running stream.

ALVAREZ

Hey! Careful.

The water begins to steam. Maria tries to touch it. Alvarez swats her hand away.

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)

No one ever listens.

INT. PRISON BUS - FLORENCE, ARIZONA - DARKNESS BEFORE DAWN

Ethan sits in an orange jumpsuit next to a fat white guy, BIG BOY (32), a hardened, black FATHER (50), five young BLACK MALES, and a fat LATINO MAN (40). Ethan studies the PCC flags blowing triumphantly as they pull into the prison lot.

INT. PROCESSION ROOM, PCC FACILITY - LATER

Ethan is photographed in front of a PCC logo. He eyes a sign: ***The PCC way isn't a destination. It's a direction.***

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A SHEET: MEDICAL CONDITIONS. The doctor checks NONE. Ethan is handcuffed by A DOCTOR. Harrington stands guard

DOCTOR  
He's alive. All yours.

ETHAN  
Wait, sir. I have a medical  
condition. I'm on medication.

HARRINGTON  
Big Boy, giddy up!

Harrington gestures for Ethan to leave. BIG BOY files in.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
Nice to see you again, fatty.

INT. D-POD, DON/ETHAN'S CELL - LATER

DARK CELL. BARS SLAM. Ethan looks around. A white guy (50s),  
prescription aviators, a zombie junkie, is passed out  
upright. This is DON. Photos of Don at a healthy weight, with  
a glowing FAMILY at their McMansion, are pinned to the wall.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Garth helms the room. Alvarez stands beside him sizing up the  
space. It's vacant save 15 OFFICERS -- all WHITE MEN aside  
from 2 BLACK MEN, 1 LATINO, 1 WHITE WOMAN -- suiting up

GARTH  
We got ourselves a cowboy!

OFFICERS (IN UNISON)  
HUA!!!

BASCH (44), a tough softy, shakes Alvarez' hand.

BASCH  
Welcome to prison valley. Where you  
come on vacation and leave on  
probation. You're in my unit.

GARTH  
Alvarez, you got D-POD chow.

The CO's HOOT and WHISTLE at the news. Harrington hands  
Alvarez a box of Charmin Ultra 'ridged.'

HARRINGTON  
This goes to Cell 88.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
(walking off)  
I'm on POP, bitches.

They CO's start filing out. Basch grabs Alvarez.

BASCH

D-POD's a right of passage, bro.  
But listen, do not fuck with Tyler  
Lott. He's a lethal motherfucker.  
Once he stuck safety pins all over  
his body, walked around like that  
for a fuckin' week. Man feels no  
pain.

INT. D-POD, DON/ETHAN'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER

The CELL POPS OPEN. AUTOMATED. A CAVERNOUS BOOM.

Ethan peers out of the cell. ALL THE DOORS on his tier are open. INMATES herd toward him unshackled. No guards. Ethan exits. The RUSH of INMATES propels him down his TIER.

All the cells are empty, save CELL 88. It's double normal size. A queen bed. Two TVS on mute. A man is visible from the back. He's covered in tats and scars: THE AF, 8.8, SWASTIKA, SHAMROCKS. This is **TYLER LOTT** (50). We never see his face.

Ethan and his herd reach an OPEN CHOWHALL. They join a frenzied mesh of INMATES: An elderly white man with Osteoporosis. Strung out ADDICTS of all ages and races. A BESPECTACLED BLACK GUY in a wheel chair. BIG BOY. They form a scattered FEED LINE.

Huge white INMATES, hairnets, SHAMROCK, 8.8., SWASTIKA TATTOOS work the FEED LINE. All of them are **ARYAN FEDERATION**.

A BAND of ARYANS peacock aggressively through the hall. When the ARYANS reach feed, the INMATES in line part as if commanded by God. Aryans eat first. Always. They grab trays. A massive Aryan heavy, ASHTON KELLY (21), smiles at Ethan. Ethan matches him in size - a yet unadulterated doppelganger. They slide their plates on deck. They're piled with food.

Ethan examines the horde of UNAFFILIATED INMATES. Many appear very UNDERFED.

A BAND of **NUESTRA FAMILIA**, built LATINO GANGSTERS NORTE, X14, N14 TATS, stride across the hall. They are consolidated but highly outnumbered by the ARYANS. They wait to eat.

The ARYANS finish feed and corner off a section of chow. Ethan and the other inmates line up. Ethan is next to a strung out, black inmate. The inmate gives his plate to RYAN C., fucked up teeth, 8.8. face tat.

RYAN C.

Your JPAY'S empty.

STRUNG OUT INMATE

It's comin, man. My girl, she said  
by the 13th. Come on, man.

Ryan gives the inmate a GOLF BALL size portion of GRITS. He walks away. Ethan gives Ryan his plate. Ryan hands it back.

RYAN C.

Swim away, new fish.

Ethan sits down with an empty tray next to the old white man with Osteoporosis. He also has a golf ball size portion. He traces it with a pen. He eats the food leaving a tiny circle.

INT. C-POD - LATER

BUZZER SOUNDS. Green-iron bars open onto a dirt-caked hallway in disrepair. Alvarez descends the hallway. The walls are holey, exposing pipes. Flanking cells are over capacity. Legions of underweight inmates are crammed together like a train in Maoist China. Whites, blacks, Latinos, are clustered in no apparent order. A flurry of gang tattoos.

Alvarez reaches the vast metal doors where C-POD ends. BUZZ. The doors OPEN onto D-POD chow. The cavernous hall teems with unshackled inmates. It hits Alvarez like an oncoming truck.

INMATES

YOBWOC, mothafucka! And he got  
Charmin ridged.

BLACK INMATE

Like wiping yo ass with velvet  
potato chips. ALL NIGHT!

Alvarez weaves through the hall, concealing his terror.

BLACK INMATE 2

And he a nigger!

Two INMATES surround Alvarez.

BLACK INMATE

ALL NIGHT!

ALVAREZ

Back the fuck off, man.

BLACK INMATE

(pointing to a huge cell)  
88, my negro.



The inmates scatter, as Alvarez approaches the cell. He reaches the cell and stands hesitantly in the doorway. Two TVs on mute [CNN, CNBC] silhouette TYLER LOTT in bed.

TYLER

What's cowboy spelled backwards?

Tyler stands with a partially devoured plate of pancakes. His body is scarred, but his face is clean and chiseled. No face tats. A blonde biker beard. A thug intellectual messiah.

TYLER (CONT'D)

What's. Cowboy. Spelled. Backwards?

Ashton Kelly appears behind Alvarez and snatches his mace.

TYLER (CONT'D)

YOBWOC. Yellow, obnoxious badge we often con.

Tyler takes the box of Charmin and points to a ceiling camera

TYLER (CONT'D)

Say cheese.

Kelly laughs and throws Alvarez his mace. Alvarez catches it with one hand, eyeing Kelly with disgust.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Alvarez fills out a punch card. Basch pats him on the back.

BASCH

How's the first day of potty training, bro?

Garth walks in. He snatches the shift log and reads it.

GARTH

You can't leave it like this. Says here you worked 5am to 1pm. That's an eight hour shift.

ALVAREZ

You clocked me in at five. It's 1:15 now, and I'm clocking out.

GARTH

Jerome Brown Alvarez. Alvarez, Brown Jerome. Brown's your middle name? Original. Fill out this second shift table here Brown, Jerome.

ALVAREZ

That's saying I worked a double.

GARTH

Fill it out. Sign the bottom. Or we can't pay you for today. Hey, I don't make the rules, Mr. Brown.

INT. TYLER'S CELL - LATER

Tyler and Kelly dump the Charmin on Tyler's bed. Piles of contraband tumble out: weed, heroin, coke, cigs, razors.

INT. DON/ETHAN'S CELL - LATER

RAP and REVELRY BLAST from somewhere O.S. DON is passed out. Ethan lays in bed. Kelly files in.

KELLY

Don Don, rent's due... Yo, DON!

Don wakes up and languidly hands Kelly a cell phone.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Now this is a man who knows how to fill up his JPAY.

Kelly throws a bag of heroin to Don. Don starts cooking.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Your parents rich, white motherfuckers? 401ks and shit? This is D-POD. It's either join or pay.

Don shoots up. Kelly rubs Don's head like a dog and walks out. RAP BLASTS LOUDER. Ethan peers out of the cell.

INMATES toke up, rap and dance, all over the hall.

EXT. PHOENIX ARIZONA, AIRPORT - SUNRISE

A DRIVER opens a curtained Maybach for Chase. Black aviators shield her from the blinding Arizona sun.

TASSIN (PRE-LAP)

Where do you think our operating revenue comes from?

INT. PCC BOARDROOM, TUSCON ARIZONA - MORNING

A mahogany table containing THE BOARD: the seven whitest MEN in existence and Tassin. They stare at Chase, on the defense.

TASSIN

Taxes. A REIT is a tax loophole.  
How do you think that will look?

CHASE

Smart. Right now you're paying a  
double tax for no reason.

TASSIN

Wall Street smart, fine. The  
liberal press will whip every stiff  
suffering federal income tax into a  
frenzy.

BO HARRIS

You buy up a 12% share, more than  
any single entity. You don't give  
us much of a choice now do you? The  
lioness of Wall Street and her  
coup.

TASSIN

Bo here's former Homeland Security,  
gotta flare for the war metaphors.  
Now PCC has a sacred responsibility  
to society, and you've dragged us  
into one helluva PR problem. So I  
pray, Ms. Morris, you're wise  
enough to grasp it's damn important-

CHASE

-- that I'm the public face of the  
deal...

Chase surveys the board -- all the brooding male faces.

CHASE (CONT'D)

SIGNET's an activist fund. We push  
conversions. As far as the outside  
world is concerned we held you in a  
circle and made you sign. That  
should take some heat off you  
gentleman.

INT. D-POD, DON/ETHAN'S CELL - NEARLY DAWN

MASTURBATION SOUNDS from a neighboring cell. Ethan battles  
insomnia. A prisoner CRIES out from BELOW. Dawn creeps in.  
Ethan punches a wall and draws blood on his knuckles. Ethan  
gets up. He spies a tin of heroin under Don's pillow. He  
slithers his hand under the pillow. Don presses a shank to  
Ethan's neck, and opens his eyes.

INT. BLACK MAYBACH - THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - 9:00 AM

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE looms through the window. A GIANT AMERICAN FLAG. DORIC COLUMNS. Kevin Myers yammers to Chase.

**SUPERIMPOSE: THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE**

KEVIN MYERS

As PCC's Wall Street face, it's paramount you remember: We are not a prison company. We are a public service provider. And at no time have we lobbied for legislation concerning drugs, immigration, or parole.

Myers opens the door to the SEA OF SUITS and THE BULL.

INT. CNBC STUDIO, THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - MOMENTS LATER

Chase and a tenacious female ANCHOR (45) sit in a glass studio framed by the NYSE's mammoth STOCK TICKER.

ANCHOR

Why such a large position?

CHASE

SIGNET sees a lot of value in PCC. It's ripe for a REIT conversion.

ANCHOR

So, a prison corporation should operate like a hotel chain?

CHASE

PCC's a public service provider. But yes, as far as shareholders are concerned, it's a real estate company.

ANCHOR

And a very controversial one. Opponents say its profit motive drives mass incarceration. Take PCC contracts. They require the government to keep beds 80-100% full or our taxes pay the difference. They call it the "bed quota."

CHASE

I'm an investor not a policy maker.

ANCHOR

Sarah Bergen was on yesterday, criticizing SIGNET's overall strategy. And used this deal as a prime example...

The studio backdrop plays Sarah's interview. Chase is livid.

SARAH BERGEN (OVER STUDIO TV)

I'm not a "pump and dump" investor. Take this PCC deal. They'll squeeze the board, skim the profits, and dump the stock. I doubt anyone from SIGNET has set foot in a prison. Their rationale? It's a tax deal. What does it matter? I care about America's long term prosperity more than that.

CHASE

First of all, Ms. Bergen has made a lot of money from these so-called "pump and dump" deals. And that's certainly not how we see it. Helping great companies enhance profits is in no way, not even remotely, a bad thing. And PCC is a gold standard company.

ANCHOR

But is restructuring for short term gains a good thing, say for the human face of your investment?  
(beat) So how many prisons have you visited during your due diligence?

Chase measures whether to lie.

CHASE

I know, firsthand, PCC facilities are very efficient. And no matter what you're selling, efficiency is always in the public interest.

THE MARKET BELL RINGS.

EXT. NYSE - LATER

CHASE (INTO PHONE)

I care more about 'America's long term prosperity?'

INTERCUT:

INT. DANIEL BOULUD, 65TH AND PARK - NYC

Sarah Bergen sits in a velvet booth with two COLLEAGUES over plates of perfectly seared meat and foamy fish.

SARAH BERGEN (INTO PHONE)  
I'm at a lunch.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
You sanctimonious asshole!

SARAH BERGEN (INTO PHONE)  
I'm free to express my opinion  
whenever I damn well please.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
Why are you trying to sabotage my  
deal?

SARAH BERGEN (INTO PHONE)  
Don't be deluded. If PCC's books  
are as perfect as you claim, what I  
say on television won't make the  
slightest difference. While I have  
you though, got anything besides  
"bed quota?" It sounds like a giant  
slot machine filled with human  
beings. You might want to address  
that.

EXT. PCC PARKING LOT - MORNING

Swirling red dust. Alvarez approaches the prison, sucking on a cigarette. Basch trots over and slings an arm around him.

BASCH  
Yo, you speak Spanish, bro? And can  
I bum a smoke?

ALVAREZ  
Get your own shit, you a grown ass  
man.  
(handing over a smoke)  
Fuckin with you. Yeah I speak  
Spanish, why?

A bus drives into the lot. Basch cocks his head toward it.

BASCH  
Thirty Nuestra Familia in there,  
bro. Shipped in from Cali. Fuckin'  
bed quota bullshit. We're already  
10% overcapacity. Fill 'er up!

The bus parks behind them. Face-tattooed hordes [NORTE, X14, THE HUELGA BIRD] peer out. Teardrop tats descend like spikes over a brutal face. This is M. RUIZ. He stares at Alvarez.

BASCH (CONT'D)

That big motherfucker? He's a Nuestra Familia general. Part of La Mesa. His racket runs a lotta dough. We gotta dilute 'em in C-POD. Or they'll plan hits and shit.

INT. C-POD SECOND TIER - LATER

WIDE on the second tier cell block: Ruiz' crew is diluted, locked among disparate cells. Basch locks up his final escort, a tiny Norte, JOSE PENA. M RUIZ is last to be housed. Alvarez leads him down the tier as his scattered crew RAPS.

NORTENOS

There's a flue-bird on my corner  
imma blast him. Nah fuck that  
homes. I think I might slash one.  
Hold them people for mothafuckin'  
ransom!!

An ELDERLY NORTE, part of the diluted ranks already in this prison, spots M RUIZ and yells excitedly from his cell.

NORTE PRISONER <<IN SPANISH>>

General Ruiz! The original  
mothafuckin' gangsta. Respect, OG.

Alvarez locks Ruiz in an adjacent cell. Only the old Norte's hands are visible, hanging through the bars next door.

NORTE PRISONER <<IN SPANISH>> (O.S.)  
(CONT'D)

(hissing)

They rob us to eat up in here. We  
are starving. Mi general.

Ruiz pushes his cuffed hands through the bars and motions for the NORTE to grab them. The Norte holds on tight -- a moment of pure solidarity. Ruiz suddenly lets go and seizes Alvarez, banging his mouth into the cell bars. He thrusts his chin at Alvarez' tattooed temple.

M RUIZ <<IN SPANISH>>

You an ex-banger, pendejo?

Basch breaks into a sprint at the other end of the tier.

M RUIZ  
We want our JPAY cards. Fuckin'  
house nigga.

RUIZ' voice rises and RESONATES in the caverns of the pod.

M RUIZ (CONT'D)  
GIVE US OUR MOTHERFUCKIN' JPAY  
CARDS!

Basch reaches the cell and maces RUIZ.

BASCH  
Get on the ground. On the ground!

Ruiz releases Alvarez and falls, choking, to the ground.

ALVAREZ  
Watch your motherfuckin' mouth.  
PENDEJO.

C-POD's 1st tier doors are open onto D-POD Chow. Lott watches them from C-POD Chow below. Harrington passes Lott and slinks into C-POD's 1st tier. He radios to Basch and Alvarez.

HARRINGTON (INTO HIS RADIO)  
Give 'em their Jpay cards and bring  
'em to commissary. And put the  
midge beaner in D-POD.

INT. DON/ETHAN'S CELL - LATER

Basch locks Peña in the cell. Peña sizes up Ethan. Ethan looks around. There's no bed for Peña. Peña lies on the floor

PEÑA  
It's cool, white boy.

INT. COMMISSARY - LATER

Alvarez escorts M RUIZ and his NORTES into commissary. ARYANS man the commissary counter from within a metal cage with a backdrop of packaged food. The NORTES slap commissary request lists and JPAY cards on the counter. The ARYANS run the cards with suspect politeness and hand over boxes of food.

INT. D-POD - CHOW HALL LATER

CHOW DIN. ARYANS feast in their territory. ARYANS man feed. Ethan stands miserably in line amidst the scraggly HORDES.

M Ruiz bursts into chow with his CREW, carrying crates of FOOD. Alvarez trickles in behind them. The hall falls still.



RUIZ sizes up the room -- the starving PRISONERS, the diluted NORTES, the consolidated ARYANS. He motions to Peña who joins them. EVERYONE watches, confused, terrified, as RUIZ' crew corners off part of chow and rips into the FOOD.

The ARYANS calmly continue feed. Tyler carries on eating as if nothing is amiss. He doesn't even look up from his food.

The OLD NORTE joins Ruiz CREW. Gradually, gun-shy NORTES who've lived here longer, drift toward Ruiz' posse. They give pounds and share the commissary bounty. Forty NORTES are suddenly eating together freely.

Tyler finally lifts his head and silently beholds this ceremonial piss on his crew.

INT. C-POD FIRST TIER - LATER

Alvarez escorts the NORTES into C-POD. D-POD CHOW DOORS CLANG SHUT behind them, blocking out the DIN. As Alvarez leads the NORTES down first tier, they throw packaged food to other NORTE inmates. 10,20,30, catch them ravenously.

NORTENO 1

Internet Norteño bringing you the biggest shit on the planet, Ese.

NORTENO 2

La raza! Biggest shit on the planet, taco bell!

NORTES crack up laughing. Alvarez locks them in their cells.

INT. D-POD, DON/ETHAN'S CELL - LATER

Ethan sits up in bed, his head up against the cement wall. He watches Peña, lying on the floor, blowing smoke rings from a cigarette. Don reads in bed. ASHTON KELLY, RYAN C, BIG BOY, slither into the cell. They casually hold rolled socks that conceal something heavy. Don slinks out of the cell.

ASHTON KELLY

(to Peña)

Buenos Dias. So. I'm curious.  
What'd you eat for breakfast?

JOSE P continues smoking, badly concealing his terror.

ASHTON KELLY (CONT'D)

You deaf, motherfucker?

They surround him and uncoil the socks, weighted by padlocks.

ASHTON KELLY (CONT'D)  
Breakfast. What did you eat?

Metal padlocks fly. Swift, dark pendulums. Peña SHRIEKS.

Ethan remains in bed, frozen in fear. Tyler enters the cell. The serene predator, he films the assault with an iPhone: ARTFUL SHOTS of padlocks bludgeoning Peña in SCREAMING AGONY.

INT. C-POD SECOND TIER - LATER

Alvarez locks the last NORTE in the overcrowded cells. He turns, caught by the sound of distant screaming, which barely pierces the dull roar of C-POD's inmates.

INT. D-POD, ETHAN'S/DON'S CELL - SAME TIME

Four NORTES charge the cell. Twenty ARYANS BLOCK them. The assault is partly obscured by a wall of legs. Blood seeps through the gaps of their feet.

ASHTON KELLY  
Fuck off pendejos, or we'll skin  
you at night!

The NORTES withdraw. Tyler hands Ethan the phone.

TYLER LOTT  
Film it.

Ethan, trembling, takes the phone and captures the scene. Tyler reads a commissary list with the tenor of a professor.

TYLER LOTT (CONT'D)  
2 packets of beef jerky, \$3. 1  
squeeze cheese jalapeño, \$3.50. 2  
cokes, \$6.50. Rice, \$2.00. Tortilla  
chips, \$2.50. SALSA, \$4.40. A grand  
total of \$19.90. Do you eat three  
meals a day?  
(screaming, viscous)  
Do you eat three meals a day?

JOSE P  
Yes.

TYLER LOTT  
That exact meal three times daily  
is \$59.70. THINK! WHY AM I ASKING  
YOU THIS?

The ARYANS taunt Peña, whirling locks over his mangled body.

TYLER LOTT (CONT'D)

There are 341 Nuestra Familia in this prison. 59.70 times 341 is \$20,357.70 A DAY. You motherfuckers plan on feeding all your boys in here? Huh? You fed half of them breakfast in bed! A week of this shit? That's \$142,503.90! Two weeks? That's \$285,007.80!!!

Tyler grabs the phone from Ethan and turns it on himself. Below him, fast sharp, padlock hits. Peña SCREAMS.

TYLER LOTT (CONT'D)

Who fills up your JPAY? Your bitches? Your soldiers? WHERE IS THE MONEY COMING FROM?

Tyler turns the phone on Peña.

TYLER LOTT (CONT'D)

Enter their phone numbers.  
(off Peña trembling)  
ENTER THEM!

Peña punches in the numbers with his bloodied hands.

INT. C-POD SECOND TIER - MOMENTS LATER

Alvarez rushes along second tier. As he nears D-POD, Peña's screams amplify. He sprints down the stairwell to first tier.

ALVAREZ (INTO RADIO)

I think someone's being attacked in D-POD. Copy?

INT. DON/ETHAN'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Tyler grinds his foot into Peña's wounds. Peña howls. The ARYANS exit the cell and peacock around chow as Tyler yells.

TYLER LOTT

I do not like explaining shit to new barn animals. I like to show them how things work. You want commissary? You pay up. Every day we collect 80% of your JPay. And I like to know who's liquid. Why? People lie. Now I know you vatos are flush. So we will collect 95% of your JPAY every fucking day until I get 80% on 285grand. ENTIENDES?

(beat)

(MORE)

TYLER LOTT (CONT'D)  
 What's worse than river niggers in  
 debt? Lyin' river niggers in debt.

INT. C-POD FIRST TIER - MOMENTS LATER

Alvarez bursts through the CHOW HALL DOORS onto --

D-POD CHOW

He scans the 3 tiers of cells bordering Chow -- not a single guard amidst this caged colosseum. He spies blood oozing from a cell in the distance. He runs to the cell, past the ARYANS, who congregate in a nonchalant huddle.

ALVAREZ (INTO RADIO)  
 I need medical. There's blood all  
 over the place.

RADIO (OVER RADIO)  
 20 minutes.

Ethan runs out of the cell. Alvarez chases him.

ALVAREZ  
 Get on the ground. Now!

Alvarez sprays him and cuffs him to a nearby column. Ethan coughs uncontrollably. Alvarez runs to Peña and gets on his knees in the pool of blood.

ALVAREZ (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck, 20 minutes? He's  
 gonna die, man.

RADIO  
 20 minutes.

The RADIO cuts out. He notices Peña's NORTE tat. Panicking, he looks at his own hands, his knees, soaked in blood.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - LATER

Ethan, wheezing, eyes burning, is handcuffed to a stool outside the doctor's office. Basch and Alvarez hover over Peña's unconscious, nearly dead body, carelessly unstrapped on a gurney. One leg hangs perilously off it. The DOCTOR emerges from a DOORWAY. They wheel Peña inside.

INT. A BARE QUESTIONING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Garth sits on a chair backwards. The spray still constricts Ethan's breath. He rubs his burning eyes with his shackled hands. Alvarez is frantic.

GARTH  
Who's this?

ALVAREZ  
The cellie. He was standing by the  
body when I found it.

Garth stands, unbuttons Ethan's shirt, and inspects him.

GARTH  
Got any tattoos?

ETHAN  
No.

GARTH  
Go upstairs, write them up for  
mutual combat. Six more months for--

Garth looks in Ethan's uniform. A tag: ETHAN BLACKMAN # 11230

ETHAN  
I didn't do anything!

GARTH  
Six more months for Ethan Blackman  
here, and Jose Peña.

ALVAREZ  
You're charging the victim?

GARTH (INTO RADIO)  
(eyeing Alvarez, angry)  
I need a prisoner escort from  
questioning.

ETHAN  
It fucking wasn't me!

Harrington storms in. Garth addresses him.

GARTH  
Write up Peña and Blackman for  
mutual combat.

ETHAN  
I want a grievance form! I know my  
rights! You fucked up Fascist hick!

GARTH  
You want a grievance form? Here,  
you little piss ant.

Garth pushes him into a desk and thrusts a paper in his face.

ETHAN

I can't see!

Harrington drags Ethan to a fountain, washes out his eyes, and throws him back onto the desk. Ethan writes furiously.

HARRINGTON

That's enough, Hemingway.

Harrington drags Ethan out.

ETHAN

I want my grievance filed! I want my meds! I want a shower! This is *illegal*! I didn't do shit you limp dick, red neck faggot!

The doors slam behind them leaving Alvarez and Garth alone.

GARTH

Never contradict your superior in front of an inmate. It's not your job to ask questions and create more chaos. You eat the chain of command with a grin on your face. Got it?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Familiar PCC FACES, Harrington and Garth, play darts and take shots. Alvarez and Basch smoke at the bar.

BASCH

You, OK?

ALVAREZ

Fuckin' savage ... But, yeah. Yeah.

BASCH

Attaboy. Just keep telling yourself that and soon enough, you'll believe it. Goin' on 15 years, bro.

Alvarez presses on. He's clearly not alright.

ALVAREZ

What was I supposed to do? They got 1 guy for 5 floors, 300 inmates, some of 'em lifers. What's stoppin' em all from just ending me, man? They couldn't get me backup for 20 fuckin' minutes. What's up with that shit?

BASCH

An army can't operate if its soldiers run around like chickens with their heads cut off. Your job is to follow orders, get through your shift, and trust your superior ranks know what the fuck they're doin. (beat) Look, every job, every big corporation's got something you might not agree with. But people like us? We don't get stock options. People like us don't get 401ks. You get to be part of something here, bro.

HARRINGTON

Yo, Basch, call your sister, you prick!

BASCH

In this country, if you ain't part of a corporation, you're on the outside of life.

INT. D-POD, DON/ETHAN'S CELL - NIGHT

Night settles in outside the window. Ethan hovers vigilantly over Don, on the lookout for the perfect moment to rob him. When Don looks adequately passed out, Ethan reaches under his pillow for the tin of heroin. It's not there. Don's desperate junkie eyes pop open. As Don reaches for his shank, Ethan smothers him silent with his pillow. He rifles through Don's pockets for his iPhone and JPAY card.

LIGHTS ON. DOOR POPS.

Ethan sprints out of his cell through the chow hall -- prisoners trickle out of their cells behind him.

INT. THE COMMISSARY - MOMENTS LATER

ARYANS perch like vultures over the room. Ethan, terrified but starving, approaches the COMMISSARY COUNTER. Kelly stands in the cage, smiling before the rows of food. Ethan hands him the JPAY card and scans the merchandise.

ETHAN

Um, a TWIX. A box of TWIX.

Kelly swipes the card.

ASHTON KELLY

Don Don gave you his card? U suck his dick?

Kelly hands over the box of Twix and the card.

ASHTON KELLY (CONT'D)

100 bucks.

Ethan grabs the Twix box, rips it open and gobbles a bar. As he turns to leave, M RUIZ and his CREW filter in. They swarm over commissary in an ominous configuration. Seated ARYANS stand on the defense. Suddenly, RUIZ starts RAPPING -- a brilliant messiah rallying his disciples.

RUIZ

A rider in this blood, Imma  
northern Cali thug.

NORTES/RUIZ

No one's runnin up less they wanna  
slug.

The NORTES beat box and make beats on the walls, on the commissary cage -- a unifying, soulful rap.

RUIZ

Catch me in the streets, hustlin,  
holdin it down. All flamed up ready  
to go round for round.

The ARYANS begin to surround them.

NORTES/RUIZ

We got glocks techs n' 3 by sex.  
Don't fuck wid, us you'll end up  
dead.

More ARYANS enter commissary, diminishing the NORTE ranks. The NORTES rap resiliently, and beat box louder and louder as the ARYANS multiply around them.

NORTES/RUIZ (CONT'D)

I'm an X FOUR rider known to creep  
like a spider. Fast deets spits  
fire, man I'll never retire.

The NORTES reach in their pockets and throw their JPAY cards on the ground. They are cut in half. Unusable.

NORTES/RUIZ (CONT'D)

With a pistol by my hip mothafucka  
don't trip. When we ride we dip.  
Free bout nothin this bitch.

The ARYANS now outnumber the NORTES four to one. They pin the NORTES to ground, as they RAP with raucous, proud resistance.



NORTES/RUIZ (CONT'D)

I'm an X FOUR rider known to creep  
like a spider. Fast deets spits  
fire, man I'll never retire!!!!

Amidst the mayhem, Ethan manages to slither into--

THE HALLWAY

He smashes straight into Tyler. He looks up in terror.

TYLER LOTT

They call grievance forms the spine  
of order in the wild. Not in here.  
(pushing Ethan into the wall)  
Do you know where you are, son?  
This is a for-profit prison.  
Your body trades on the Stock  
Exchange. It lurks in millions of  
401ks. And mutual combats rack up  
fees. See, if a guard found us  
cutting your head off while sucking  
my dick, they'd still write you up.

EXT. CHASE'S OFFICE, SIGNET - MORNING

A PROTEST. MOTHERS, FATHERS, SIBLINGS, SCREAMING WITH SIGNS:  
**NO PRIVATE PRISONS! NO MANDATORY SENTENCING! NO BED QUOTA!**

A tearful young mother YELLS at Chase.

MOTHER

My son is not a paycheck!

Rajit approaches the building in a rage. Chase follows him.

INT. SIGNET, ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Chase and Rajit stand shoulder to shoulder before the HD TV.

RAJIT

Your position is the GDP of fucking  
Guam. When I said this could be a  
very dark association, I did not  
mean go on fucking television.

The elevator doors close. They lift off.

RAJIT (CONT'D)

I'm aware this is America, and you  
can't take a breath without  
dissent, but I explicitly asked we  
not take out a 13-d and make this  
public.

CHASE

You knew we'd have to take out a 13-  
d to acquire a position with any  
real influence. And a road show to  
promote stock is completely  
standard. That's why I went on  
television.

RAJIT

You went on television to plaster  
your face on the deal. Precisely,  
because I told you not to.

Ding. The elevators open. They walk down the HALLWAY.

RAJIT (CONT'D)

And you lied. Using my name. On  
broadcast news. Tell me one good  
reason why I shouldn't fire you  
right now.

CHASE

Because I have more conviction  
about this deal than anything in my  
entire shit-eating tenure at  
SIGNET.

They walk into --

RAJIT'S OFFICE

Huge trading monitors. STOCK TICKERS. Chase clicks PXW stock.

RAJIT

How apropos. Because for the sake  
of my reputation, I want a photo of  
you cleaning a felon's toilet bowl.  
(into the phone)  
Janice, get me Tassin at PCC.

CHASE

(tapping the monitor)  
The stock is up 6 points since my  
interview.

RAJIT

What the fuck does that have to do  
with the SEC? Or this celebratory  
fucking parade that my fund is  
behind the deal? If you fuck this  
up, I will seize your options and  
render you unemployable. Just get  
it done. Legally. Quietly. And get  
rid of it.

SECRETARY (OVER SPEAKER PHONE)  
Mr. Tassin on the line.

TASSIN (OVER SPEAKER PHONE)  
Mr. Khan, to what do I owe the  
pleasure?

RAJIT (INTO PHONE)  
The pleasure's all mine, really.  
When's the soonest we can have Ms.  
Morris inside an active facility?

TASSIN (OVER SPEAKER PHONE)  
Against our policy. Safety issues.  
Only way in's a felony conviction,  
or an inmate in the family.

RAJIT (INTO PHONE)  
I have beneficial ownership of your  
company, Mr. Tassin. A position I'm  
willing to unload today if you  
don't let me inside my own  
investment. And when the market  
sees I've sold a quarter billion of  
your stock, you'll have one hell of  
a problem.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

A matte black Mercedes truck zooms into the lot, churning red  
dust. CORPORATE GUARDS, in black uniforms, get out.

BASCH  
Fuck. Corporate.

HARRINGTON  
(exiting, shouting)  
Time for the monkeys on the ground  
to dance!

Basch HUMS a song. Everyone suits up. Harrington reenters the  
locker room with a RAT on A LEASH. EVERYONE starts WHISTLING.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
This is our school mascot. His name  
is Kevin Myers.

Everyone LAUGHS. Harrington walks the rat around the room.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
Oooo widdle Myers you're so cuddly.

ALVAREZ  
That's fucked up.

GARTH  
Cut it out, Harrington. (shouting)  
Follow me, ladies!

INT. COMPUTER LAB - LATER

Garth stands before all the CO's sat before computers.

HARRINGTON  
WOOEEEEEE! PCC up and paid for some  
new ass shit.

Garth holds up a paper shift log.

GARTH  
As of today, paper shift logs are  
obsolete. Corporate is switching to  
a digital system called KRONOS.

ON THE COMPUTERS: BYZANTINE LOGS. Endless colored codes and  
columns.

GARTH (CONT'D)  
Row E, pod. Row F, shift. Row E,  
shift command name. Column A,  
maiden names. Column B, middle  
names. Column C, first names.

Alvarez peers at the log: it's totally indecipherable.

Basch puts on reading glasses.

BASCH  
Jesus Christ. It's gonna take us 20  
hours just to clock out.

GARTH  
I don't give a shit if it takes you  
two days! Tattoo it to your fucking  
foreheads. Table N, overtime.

INT. PRISON ADMIN HALLWAY - LATER

The CORPORATE GUARDS IN BLACK UNIFORMS huddle inside an  
office scanning paper logs into an armada of scanners  
attached to desktop computers. Kronos software blazes on  
their screens. Alvarez eyes them en route to C-POD.

INT. C-POD FIRST TIER - CONTINUOUS

Alvarez descends C-POD as irate NORTES harass him. He scans  
the ceilings, noticing loose electrical wires.

M RUIZ  
 You ever gonna let us at chow,  
 motherfucker?

NORTE INMATE  
 LA RAZA!

A light bulb fizzles out behind Alvarez as he walks into --

D-POD - CHOW HALL

INMATES swarm. D-POD's original NORTES are diffuse and obedient with Ruiz and his crew locked in C-POD. Tyler and the ARYANS hold court by feed. Ethan is thinner, on a perilous edge of sleep deprivation. Alvarez assumes a place against a wall.

INT. PRISON ADMIN HALLWAY - LATER

Ceiling lights power off in an ominous cascade down the hall. The distant FILE ROOM blacks out. Corporate guards disappear in the dark. The WHIR of a dozen bulky Xerox machines powering down.

INT. D-POD - CHOW HALL

A CAVERNOUS BOOM. THE LIGHTS IN D-POD CHOW TURN OFF. TOTAL DARKNESS.

Inmates CHANT and bang tables: hooting, hollering, stomping their feet like Johnny Cash has come to Folsom Prison.

INMATE  
 PRISON BLACKOUT! HUA!

Alvarez moves through the darkness, the maze of bodies, punctuated only by his breath and inmates slithering by him.

INMATE 1  
 Yo, badge.

INMATE 2  
 Where da cowboy at?

The STOMPING GROWS LOUDER AND LOUDER.

Distant light glows from C-POD. Alvarez looks hopefully onto C-POD hall. Its lights extinguish, one by one, as cell lock mechanisms malfunction, and doors burst open like dominoes.

SCREAMING and YELLING in Spanish travels from C-POD.

BLUE SECURITY LIGHTS TURN ON -- a faint, flickering border. It illuminates Ethan, cowering against a wall.

INTENSE BANGING. SHOUTING AND YELLING IN SPANISH. A flash of blue light outlines a horde of NORTES, led by M RUIZ, RUSHING THE CHOW HALL FROM C-POD. They charge the feed line and tear it apart in a frenzy. Alvarez beholds the seeds of revolution in sheer terror.

ALVAREZ (INTO HIS RADIO)  
We need to be evacuated. Now.

The radio crackles. The sound of no one on the other end. Alvarez grabs his OC and waves it blindly in the dark.

ALVAREZ (INTO HIS RADIO) (CONT'D)  
Code red.

The chow hall doors LOCK from the outside. They're trapped.

SHOUTING, SCREAMING. Light flickers on the feed line, now in a whirling brawl. Trays of food crash to the floor.

Ethan and unaffiliated INMATES grasp desperately at scraps of food. Tyler barks at them.

TYLER  
Sit the fuck down.

INMATES scatter like Gazelle in the Serengeti and sit.

ALVAREZ (INTO HIS RADIO)  
SOMEBODY FUCKIN HELP ME, MAN!

Hands ensnare Alvarez' chest. He drops his radio and mace.

M RUIZ  
You a bug, mothafucka? Wanna dance  
on the blacktop?

Light glimmers over M RUIZ. Three NORTES blink in blue light behind him. They pounce on Alvarez as Ruiz rips off Alvarez' shirt and inspects his tattoos. He pulls back Alvarez' lip. The NORTE tattoo glistens in the blue light.

M RUIZ (CONT'D)  
La Raza. Is your spine made of  
dollar bills, Ese?

AN ALARM SOUNDS.

The NORTES are caught off-guard. Alvarez breaks free and bolts. He searches frantically along the floor for his mace.

THE OVERHEAD LIGHTS TURN ON.

ARYAN and NORTE bodies contort in a spinning brawl. The feed line is upside down. Food and trays are strewn everywhere. Starving inmates, Ethan among them, are caught like scared dogs snatching food from the ground.

TYLER

What'd I just say? SIT THE FUCK  
DOWN.

The helpless herd disperses and sits.

Alvarez SPRAYS mace into the brawl, catching Kelly's face.

ALVAREZ

Everyone, get on the fucking  
ground!

Two sprays, and he's out. The fight sieges on.

Suddenly, TEAR GAS pours from the ceiling vents.

Everyone breaks into coughing fits. The NORTES clutch their stomachs and dissipate. The ARYANS fight through the spray and circle Alvarez like vultures. Kelly kicks him in the back. He buckles and falls. The Aryans close in on him, as Lott pants and yells like a black minstrel.

TYLER

Massa, massa, the house nigga will  
sell you up da river so to massa he  
look bigga. HOUSE NIGGERS DO NOT  
SPRAY THE BRAND!!!

THE CHOW HALL DOORS FLY OPEN. GARTH, HARRINGTON, BASCH plow in wearing RIOT gear and gas masks. The ARYANS ease up. INMATES are strewn everywhere, coughing, pissing themselves. Garth throws gas masks to Alvarez and Tyler.

GARTH

Fuckin mess. Get Ruiz's bitches  
back in C-POD!

Basch and Harrington cuff RUIZ' CREW in the background. Alvarez puts on the mask and hoists himself up.

TYLER

Does you compute, house nigger?

Alvarez loses it and lunges at Lott.

ALVAREZ

You wanna do me like that? HUH?

Garth restrains him.

GARTH

Whoa, whoa.

Garth cuffs Tyler and leads him out. Alvarez seethes.

M RUIZ

We'll pop you, puta BITCH! Por La Raza!

Tyler laughs and gives a thumbs up.

INT. WARDEN MELODY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Melody uncuffs Lott. They sit. The energy is charged.

MELODY

You need to tighten your shit up. Way up.

TYLER

I need housing moves. Nuestra Familia is getting cocky.

MELODY

In 48 hours, a huge PCC investor is coming here. If there's a single disruption, if a damn pin drops, I swear on your dead mother Lott--

TYLER

This prison is a dilapidated fucking ruin! Your security procedures are such shit, your food supplies so minute, your parking lot attendant baby-shitters so inept, you RELY ON ME. So, do you want to continue the empty threats? Or do you want me, your only solution, to give you fucking one?

A coarse moment of silence. She's cornered.

MELODY

You give me a sound plan for order, and it's yours. As always.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Alvarez is falling apart, drenched in sweat. His hands are bruised. He strips off his uniform as Basch hovers over him.

ALVAREZ

What the fuck's going on in here, man?



BASCH

Electrical malfunctions happen.  
Doesn't make it OK. Alright?

ALVAREZ

Fuck. FUCK!

Basch grabs him, not fucking around.

BASCH

Shut the fuck up and listen. Why do you think they put cowboys in D-POD? They're telling you -- the second you step in here, you've got two masters, PCC and the Aryan Federation. And it's lethal to fuck with us. We call it going dark.

INT. C-POD, SECOND TIER - LATER

GUARDS hurl M Ruiz' CREW from their cells with brutal force. Harrington and another guard exert excessive force on Ruiz, SLAMMING him against the bars of the ELDERLY NORTE's cell. Ruiz thrusts his arm inside. The elderly man clasps his hand, accepting a crumpled RED LETTER before Ruiz is DRAGGED away.

INT. SOLITARY - LATER

A harrowing block of SOLITARY cells. Twenty solid metal cages of profound darkness, isolation and filth. MOANING INMATES hang LIMP ARMS through their single shred of freedom -- a thin, dark food slot. This is the torture of the damned.

Wires hang from the ceiling. Light bulbs swing like pendulums. Vermin scuttle across the zone. Harrington and Basch lock M RUIZ and his crew onto the zone. They brutally SLAM the doors, sealing them irrevocably in this extreme solitude.

INT. D-POD, FIRST TIER - LATER

Ethan hyperventilates in bed. Suddenly, over a LOUDSPEAKER.

TYLER LOTT (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)

Attention D-POD. For the next 48 hours, this pod will be totally and utterly silent. If I hear so much as a fart in the fucking wind, your rent will double. If you have chow rations, they will be cut. If you haven't earned chow rations, your earning requirements will double.

Cells containing ARYANS pop. They step out and fan over the pod like guards. Ethan eyes BIG BOY as he passes, stone faced. The pod falls totally, utterly silent.

TYLER LOTT (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)  
(CONT'D)

Hush a bye baby on the tree top.  
When the wind blows the cradle will  
rock. When the bow breaks, the  
cradle will fall. And down will  
come baby, cradle and all.

INT. PCC SOLITARY, THE DEAD MAN'S ZONE - LATER

NORTES hang limp arms through the slots. Tyler, Kelly, BIG BOY, charge onto the zone armed with mace and iPhones. They seize the hanging arms, and spray the NORTES in the face as they SCREAM. They film each brutal second with the iPhones.

INT. D-POD - LATER

Tyler throws a heaving, spitting young NORTE into the middle of CHOW. Prisoners in surrounding cells watch in silence.

NORTE  
I'm blind! I'm BLIND!

INT. BLACK ESCALADE, GEORGETOWN, D.C. - NIGHT

Zuckerman and Lawson ride in the back of an Escalade. They pull up to a valet line -- town cars, SUVs, Maybachs -- in the driveway of a sprawling Georgetown mansion. Guests step out of the automobiles in black tie.

**SUPERIMPOSE: GEORGETOWN - WASHINGTON, D.C.**

ZUCKERMAN  
Whispers are circulating, that  
you're wavering on our spending  
provision.

LAWSON  
You'll need a majority on the  
senate floor. I'm talkin' 48 solid  
votes.

ZUCKERMAN  
Forget the votes. We need you to  
insert the bed mandate into  
Homeland's budget. 34,000 arrests a  
day, mandated and funded by  
congress.

LAWSON

And where the hell are you gonna house all those arrests?

ZUCKERMAN

PCC's got a hundred miles of land on the Mexican border. Forty fully scouted building sites.

LAWSON

Jesus Christ.

ZUCKERMAN

John. Come on. You think you can waltz through the Senate appropriations chair without doing any favors?

(beat)

Heard you're thinking of a presidential. Fundraising's a bitch

LAWSON

Yeah, and for a presidential, the usual two squirts in the bucket isn't gonna cut it. And PCC's too hot to donate PAC funds.

ZUCKERMAN

20 million. Individual donors. You'll look like the fucking populist Gandhi.

LAWSON

(beat)

I'm listening.

ZUCKERMAN

We'll bundle corporate funds among PCC employees and friends. They'll count them as personal donations. No association to Pawgatuck therefore necessary.

LAWSON

You shoulda been in the mafia. You know that, Max?

ZUCKERMAN

Just here to tell Washington: corporations have a voice, and a vote.

INT. GEORGETOWN MANSION, WASHINGTON D.C. - LATER THAT NIGHT

A fancy party in full swing. Uniformed waiters abound with champagne. The wealthy schmooze with government officials. Lawson and Zuckerman approach Homeland Secretary WILMOT DEAN -  
- army medals, will slice your balls off -- in mid conversation with a PANTSUIT.

SECRETARY WILMOT DEAN

I don't think half the whackos in this country should have the right to vote. It's the goo goo syndrome.

(noticing Lawson)

Secretary! Had a chance to approve our budgets yet?

(then, to the suit)

Will you excuse us?

Dean leads them to sit in nearby leather chairs. Dean plunks down and lays into Lawson.

SECRETARY WILMOT DEAN (CONT'D)

While you hold our budget hostage, the security of the world is at stake. Homeland is the world, Lawson. The fucking globe.

(then)

Who's your friend?

LAWSON

Max Zuckerman. Brawn and Scheck.

SECRETARY WILMOT DEAN

Christ, our Senate Appropriations Chairman's on a goddamn date with a hired gun. Is there no decency?

LAWSON

Look, Dean, I'm gonna draft an additional spending provision for your budgets. 34,000 arrests a day, mandated and budgeted for --

SECRETARY WILMOT DEAN

Budgeted for by whom?

LAWSON

By me. Aka the Senate Appropriations Committee. I'll draft it, approve it. And so forth.

SECRETARY WILMOT DEAN

34,000 arrests a day, that's gonna cost, shit, what?

SECRETARY WILMOT DEAN (CONT'D)

8 billion in manpower? \$100 dollars  
a goddamn head. That's great. You  
give Homeland the money to arrest  
them, and where the fuck are we  
gonna put all those bodies?

(to Zuckerman)

Or is that where your sweetheart  
comes in? Who you shootin' for,  
son?

ZUCKERMAN

The Pawgatuck Corrections  
Corporation.

EXT. ALVAREZ' FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Alvarez sits on the steps, staring into the dark, chain-smoking and drinking a beer. Eight empty beer bottles surround him. Eva comes out of the house. She crouches next to him and holds him.

A dog HOWLS from the adjacent double wide. Eva and Alvarez look over. One of the fight dogs spills onto the porch with a bloody face. The owner follows him, holding a looped leather belt one uses as a whip. He sets a bowl of food on the porch, and kneels by the dog as it eats ravenously. The dog finishes and licks the owner on the mouth, wagging its tail.

Alvarez vacantly pops another beer as Eva nuzzles into him.

INT. ETHAN/DON'S CELL, J.K.L - NIGHT

Liquid drops on Ethan in bed. Don's mattress is soaking. Don has wet the bed. Ethan springs up, about to lose it on Don.

DON IS BRIGHT BLUE. A CADAVER. AN ERECT NEEDLE IS LODGED IN HIS ARM. AN OPEN, EMPTY TIN OF HEROIN LAYS BESIDE HIM.

Ethan grabs the cell bars. His tier is silent. 2nd tier is silent. Chow is empty and silent. No guards. He rips the syringe from Don's arm, and peers into its belly for heroin remnants. He pushes it, releasing a thin arc of blood. He bursts into a silent deluge of tears. He walks to the window and stares out. Suddenly, he's transfixed by the parking lot below. We barely hear him counting, as his lips move faintly. Street lamps throw tubes of eerie light on the vacant lot. There are 200 empty spaces and 3 cars.

INT. HELICOPTER, OVER THE DESERT - LATER

Tassin and Chase fly low over a band of prisons.

TASSIN

Our largest concentration of prisons in America.

(cocking his head left)

And that there's the holiest hoosegow of hoosegows. Sorry I won't be able to escort you myself, but the hands of Kevin Myers are second only to my personal touch.

CHASE

Of course I realize we've shared some tension from the outset. So, I'm simply grateful for your accommodation, General.

TASSIN

Well, Chase, as they say in the bible: I pray you may prosper, as your soul also prospers.

They pass a swath of desert marked by PCC flags. Construction equipment with PCC logos sits idly by a spec prison and huge pits in the earth. The Mexican border thorns in the distance.

CHASE

What's all that construction?

TASSIN

Land survey. We do them all over.

Tassin suddenly diverts the conversation.

TASSIN (CONT'D)

You know, I realize, women have a tough road. You work like a man, people resent you for it. You put your whole being into your work, don't you, Chase? I admire that.

CHASE

I appreciate that, General.

Tassin's ELABORATE ESTATE expands beneath them as they land.

TASSIN

You've got a real particular type of hunger. You know what being truly rich is all about? Total control. No one owns you.

GUARDS open the doors. An awaiting PHOTOGRAPHER photographs them before a PCC logo on the helicopter's belly. Tassin shakes Chase's hand, smiling. Chase appears bristled.

TASSIN (CONT'D)

If this deal goes through, you'll be rich enough to have a kind of freedom most people never taste.

INT. PCC PRISON LOCKER ROOM - DAWN

Industrial grade cleaning supplies line the front of the room. All the GUARDS suit up. Alvarez looks out the window. A parked matte black Mercedes. A brigade of CORPORATE GUARDS stride through the dust.

OVER A PRISON LOUDSPEAKER:

WARDEN MELODY (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)

Good morning. Corporate will tour some investors this afternoon for a deal that will increase the value of your 401ks.

HOOTING. HOLLERING.

WARDEN MELODY (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)  
(CONT'D)

Today all of you work in D-POD. If you speak to anyone, you're fired. And in breach of your confidentiality agreements. Now, I'd like to demonstrate to corporate that we are effective. Streamlined. I hid a tangerine somewhere in D-POD. You have 20 minutes to shine the pod spotless and find it. Heard, understood, acknowledged.

ALL THE GUARDS.

HUA!!!

Everyone grabs supplies and bolts. Alvarez doesn't move.

BASCH

Come on, man. Last time she fired a whole unit.

INT. C-POD, 1st TIER - MOMENTS LATER

A HERD of GUARDS sprint down the hall with supplies. INMATES SCREAM and RAKE their cell bars with various OBJECTS. A dissonant ramshackle CHORUS. A loud MONKEY CALL. The noise becomes DEAFENING as guards shoot through the pod.

INT. D-POD - MOMENTS LATER

Lights turn on. The arena of cells is TOTALLY SILENT. THE GUARDS burst in and rapidly disperse. They search all potential hiding places: a fire extinguisher case, under rec chairs, above a door frame. A wild goose chase.

GARTH  
Make it shine!

They BUFF the floors. A heavy DIN in otherwise TOTAL SILENCE. Alvarez walks FIRST TIER with a mop and bucket. He approaches Ethan's cell, and is overcome with a horrible stench. Ethan sits on the ground with his head in his hands. Don's cadaver has been there all night.

ALVAREZ  
Jesus fuck, man. What happened?

Ethan remains totally silent.

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)  
What happened?

Ethan doesn't say a word.

MELODY (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)  
Ten minutes!

Alvarez turns to face the passing chaos on the tier. Guards fan over it inspecting every crevice. Basch crouches by a vent. He retrieves a tangerine and holds it up proudly.

BASCH  
Geronimo!

INT. MERCEDES TRUCK - DAY

2 CORP GUARDS drive Chase and Myers past the idle development she saw from the chopper. Chase observes it suspiciously.

CHASE  
I don't recall projections for any new developments.

KEVIN MYERS  
Border developments. Construction's stalled till the REIT goes through.

The truck descends prison valley.

CHASE  
What? Why is that?

KEVIN MYERS  
That's us down there.



The adobe red mountains expand into a panorama of the PRISON complex. PCC flags encircle it proudly.

CHASE

Why is construction dependent on capital from the REIT? A week ago, your boss didn't even approve of the deal.

KEVIN MYERS

I spoke beyond my pay grade, Ms. Morris. I'm really not privy to those kinds of details.

INT. PCC HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Alvarez and Basch carry Don's corpse -- carelessly wrapped in his bed sheets, his grey face visible -- down the hall.

EXT. PCC PRISON - LATER

A corporate GUARD leads Chase and Myers along the empty prison yard. Chase observes an expanse of prison buildings looming behind them. They reach a back entrance. CORPORATE ARMED GUARDS man the entrance. They pat Chase down.

INT. D-POD, GROUND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

BUZZ. Chase enters in a brigade of PCC guards led by Melody. Formidable silence permeates the gleaming pod. Inmates avoid eye contact. FOUR GUARDS nervously man each tier.

MELODY

The state gives us 60 million in annual budget. We have a bed capacity of 3,500. A 3:1 prisoner guard ratio. Highly trained COs.

They pass Ethan's cell. Alvarez stands guard. Ethan paces.

CHASE

So there are over 1000 guards on duty at all times?

MELODY

1000 guards at all times. Minimum.

ETHAN

(barely audible)  
They're lying...

Ethan's mania swells. He erupts, piercing the silence.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
They're fucking lying!

Chase looks at Ethan -- this underfed, unhinged creature.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
There's usually one guard. Or none.  
They just leave us here to rot.

Harrington, Basch and TWO more CO's approach the cell. The two corporate guards begin to escort Chase out.

CORPORATE GUARD  
This way, Ms. Morris.

CHASE  
Wait.

ETHAN  
THERE ARE NO FUCKING GUARDS!

Chase approaches Ethan's cell. Ethan grabs onto the bars.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Aryans run this prison. The inmates  
are the guards. Count the cars.  
Count the cars in the parking lot.

Harrington grabs Ethan's wrists and cuffs him.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
They're lying!

They OPEN the cell and leash Ethan. They drag him out.

CHASE  
Tell them to stop.

GARTH  
Command Unit B, hold it!

Chase walks up to Alvarez, Garth and Harrington.

CHASE  
How many guards are usually in this  
unit?

Like the queen's royal guard, no one answers.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Answer the fucking question.

MELODY

They're not authorized to speak to you, Ms. Morris.

ETHAN

They're starving us! They're murdering people!

The two corporate guards forcibly lead Chase out. Harrington, Alvarez and Basch drag Ethan across the floor like a dog. Ethan screams wildly. Chase looks back.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

It's TYLER LOTT! Tyler Lott runs this prison. TYLER LOTT!

NORTES in the corner start RAKING the bars.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Count the cars in the parking lot!

They escort Chase though the doors shutting out the chaos.

EXT. PCC PRISON PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER, DUSK

The red desert moonscape whips, vast and infinite, around Chase, Melody and Myers. Chase panics in the near vacant lot.

MELODY

Mentally ill prisoners are extremely disruptive. You can't--

CHASE

That kid was starving. Half those people look starving.

MELODY

Prisoners hunger strike over petty grievances.

CHASE

I count ten cars. How can 1000 guards arrive in ten goddamn cars?

MELODY

Most of our staff live right here in the valley. They walk on foot. They car pool.

CHASE

They car pool? I want to go in those buildings over there. I need interior access to all the buildings on site.

MELODY

That whole stretch is supermax.  
Those are ad-seg. Solitary. It's  
illegal to let civilians in there.

CHASE

How many guards are legally  
required to be on duty at one time?

KEVIN MYERS

3:1 ratio. Just as we demonstrated.  
Just as is reflected in our 10-ks  
and all other available public  
documents.

CHASE

Well, now I want internal  
documents. Send my office all your  
shift logs from the last twelve  
months by tomorrow morning.

KEVIN MYERS

I'm afraid that's not possible.  
We're in the midst of changing the  
whole country to a digital system.

CHASE

What the hell has that got to do  
with your paper records? Listen to  
me very carefully. I'm not ASKING.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The guards stand in a line. Garth paces before them.

GARTH

TODAY WAS AN ABSOLUTE FUCKING  
DISGRACE!

(Beat)

I need a body. A body that appears  
remotely fucking important!

He squares off before Harrington.

GARTH (CONT'D)

I'm putting you on leave.

HARRINGTON

What the fuck?

Harrington kicks a nearby locker. A few CO's try to calm him.

INT. WARDEN MELODY'S OFFICE - LATER

Tyler and Melody sit. This time, Tyler is handcuffed.

MELODY

We let you be swinging dick because this is a business. But If you can't rein in the barn, PCC will cage your white ass in Puerto fucking Rico. And I assure you of that.

Tyler picks casually at his nails.

TYLER

What do we run for you? Cali. Nebraska. Michigan. Missouri. Oklahoma. Illinois. Texas. Feds in 20 states. If I'm punished, the brand will retaliate. My ranks will wreak chaos in PCC prisons across the US. And I assure you of that.

MELODY

Lemme guess, you wanna knock off M. Ruiz cos he's core la mesa.

TYLER

Security threat groups are like ant colonies. Kill the queen, the ranks immobilize.

Tyler SLAMS his hands on the desk.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Remove my fucking restraints!

She stares at him, reveling in their power game.

MELODY

No.

He leans forward, grabs her wrists and pins them down. It feels violently erotic.

TYLER

Move the kid into my cell. On Monday night, leave the janitor closet unlocked. 5:30 Tuesday morning move M. Ruiz onto D-POD second tier. Cell 22. The kid'll shank his feeble brown IQ out while everyone's eating breakfast. Build the myth, they fall in line.

Tyler releases her, as she considers this.

MELODY

Don't you wanna know what he's in  
for?

Tyler chuckles. Melody punches something into her computer.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Ethan Robert Blackman. Illegal  
possession of Oxycontin with intent  
to distribute. 8 years.

INT. COMPUTER LAB - SAME TIME

A pall hangs over the lab as forlorn guards filter out of the room. Alvarez sits at a computer clocking out. Basch stumbles into the room, weaving past other guards. He plunks down by Alvarez, removes a flask from his pocket and swigs it. He's wasted. He pulls out his cellphone, hands it to Alvarez, and unsteadily presses play on a video.

BASCH

Look at this shit, man. I pulled  
it... from ... control.

On the phone: SURVEILLANCE VIDEO of the night before -- Tyler DEMANDS silence, as ARYANS cover D-POD like guards.

BASCH (CONT'D)

I need to take a piss.

Basch spills out of his seat, leaving Alvarez with the phone, and exits the room. Alvarez hurriedly texts himself the video and deletes the outgoing text.

He looks around to make absolutely sure the room is empty. He logs into Kronos and attempts to click on a log from yesterday. The screen turns red and freezes. He punches in a range of dates. An ERROR warning appears. He snaps a photo of today's log with his phone.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS, TUCSON - LATER

Moonlight articulates dark palm fronds. Chase rests her phone in the crook of her neck, opens a pill bottle, and pops two PILLS.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)

I think something's off with the  
books. I just got a *bullshit* horse  
and pony show.

INTERCUT:

INT. THE PALM - WASHINGTON D.C. - SAME TIME

Zuckerman yammers into his phone under the pissed off gaze of his pregnant Stepford Wife (35). His two bratty CHILDREN, in matching school uniforms, eat \$40 entrees.

ZUCKERMAN

What the hell do you expect? I bet Guantanamo looks real nice when the Inspector General goes for a stroll

Zuckerman waves a finger to his wife, the "one minute" sign, and weaves away to a dark, private corner of the restaurant.

CHASE

This deal will redistribute 4 billion bucks to shareholders. If the SEC sniffs shit, and I waltz in pushing fraudulent stock, that's my ass in prison. If we're exposed, I better know, is one button missing? Or are we buck fucking naked?

ZUCKERMAN

Do you really think a company like this would set itself up for a securities fraud investigation?

CHASE

Enron. Worldcom. AIG. Freddie Mac. Tyco. Lehman Brothers. Jack Abramoff. What do those border developments have to do with the REIT? Why aren't they on the books?

ZUCKERMAN

Jesus, rabbit, lay off the booze and just do the damn deal.

INT. ETHAN/DON'S CELL - DUSK

Ethan's on the floor crying. Basch cuffs and leashes him. Basch drags Ethan up the wall as he screams in protest.

INT. D-POD, 8.8, TYLER'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Basch and Tyler cuff a writhing Ethan to the bed. Basch leaves. Tyler hands Ethan a paper cup: 2 pills.

TYLER

Klonopin.

Ethan, terrified, but desperate, inspects the pills. Tyler hands him water. Ethan gulps the pills.

TYLER (CONT'D)

You know, I came in here a kid,  
just like you. Petty theft. First  
week, I got hit by a nigger on the  
yard. Beat me within an inch of my  
life. Half-way in I wanted him to  
kill me. He beat me unconscious. I  
woke up so bloody the sun was red.  
I was furious that I was alive and  
in here. I kept thinking 'Just die,  
you piece of shit.'

Tyler hands Ethan a hot plate of food. Ethan gobbles it.

TYLER (CONT'D)

But you can defeat the cruelty of  
your own mind. You're in this hole  
for a dime, son. But you can be  
free.

Tyler shows Ethan a tattoo: **AF** wrapped around **666**.

TYLER (CONT'D)

666 is the beast.

Ethan starts to relax, the Klonopin taking effect.

TYLER (CONT'D)

You know about the beast, don't you  
Ethan?

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - TUCSON - LATER

Chase nurses a scotch and paces, wired, on a hotel land line.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)

Can we subpoena the logs?

INTERCUT:

INT. KANNER AND BACH, LLP - NEW YORK - NIGHT

ARI ARONSON in his glass office. A law firm buzzes outside.

ARI (INTO PHONE)

You wanna activate a law suit? Are  
you fuckin' nuts?

**SUPERIMPOSE: KANNER AND BACH, LLP, NEW YORK**

CHASE (INTO PHONE)

Can we FOIA the logs? PCC's a  
government entity. It's subject to  
open records laws.



ARI (INTO PHONE)  
 Actually you're wrong. PCC's a private corporation. It's immune to the public records act. These hell holes are basically black sites.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
FUCK.

ARI (INTO PHONE)  
 I'm advising you as your attorney to get ahead of this thing. Liquidate the position. Air your concerns with the SEC. This is serious shit, Chase.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
 No fucking way, Ari! I'll lose my job, my equity, I'll be exiled to financial fucking Siberia. I need those logs. Then I'll weigh my options.

Chase sucks on her cigarette and downs her drink. Her phone buzzes. She checks her e-mail.

*From: GHOST000 >*

CHASE's CNBC INTERVIEW IS ATTACHED AS A YouTube CLIP. She clicks it, startled, as if she's being watched. Her eyes drift to a NOTE in the body of the email ...

***I AM A PCC GUARD. I FEAR RETALIATION. I CAN TELL YOU WHAT'S GOING ON. BUT ONLY IN PERSON.***

CHASE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)  
 Holy shit. I'll call you back.

ARI (OVER PHONE)  
 No. Chase!

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
 I'll call you back!

INT. FOUR SEASONS, TUCSON, UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - LATER

Chase leans on a column in the low-ceilinged lot. The oppressive silence of windowless concrete. A water droplet on the ceiling echoes to the ground. Alvarez approaches, shrouded in a sweat suit. He stops before her -- a bandana over his mouth so only his eyes are visible.

ALVAREZ  
 The kid told the truth.

They're both on edge -- unsure whether to trust each other.

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)

PCC uses white gangs to control the prison on the cheap. They extort people. Starve them. They work with the warden. They organize hits.

He plays the surveillance tape of Tyler silencing D-POD. Chase watches the gruesome scene as ARYANS fan over the pod.

CHASE

Jesus.

ALVAREZ

They pretend there's all these real guards. They doctor shift logs. They force you to log in twice so it looks like you worked a double. Sometimes a triple. People sign with maiden names, middle names. But it's bullshit. These people don't exist.

CHASE

How many guards are missing?

ALVAREZ

I don't know. I'd guess--

CHASE

-- I'm not interested in guessing. I need the exact numbers of absent bodies for which taxpayers are being billed.

ALVAREZ

It's gotta be at least 8. 900. A day. Every day.

CHASE

Fuck me. Is this related to that new digital system?

Alvarez shows her the Kronos log on his phone.

ALVAREZ

Kronos. Thing's like a mind game. Impossible to read. I tried to download a week of logs. But it freezes. You can't see shit but your session. Before they used paper logs. Those are more obvious.

CHASE

Who's they?

ALVAREZ

Corporate. They came down and announced a policy change. Everyone talks about this guy Kevin Myers.

CHASE

Jesus Christ. I need those paper documents. Can you get them? Do they still exist?

ALVAREZ

Yeah, they exist. But look, I signed a confidentiality agreement. If I'm gonna do this, I need to be anonymous, and I need to be paid.

CHASE

How much do you want?

ALVAREZ

200 grand.

CHASE

200 grand? I don't appreciate being shaken down.

ALVAREZ

I need a guarantee I can trust you to protect my identity. And I need that money to move my family. I know that sounds shady. But this is a huge risk for me. It's dangerous.

CHASE

(wheels spinning)

So that's all you want? Money?

ALVAREZ

No. People gotta know what's going on. Gangs don't just exist in prisons. These motherfuckers get out. And PCC empowers them.

CHASE

Let me see your face. And tell me your name. Your real name.

ALVAREZ

Not til we exchange cash.

CHASE

I'm not paying you a cent until I receive all the paper logs for a twelve month period.

ALVAREZ

I'll get them.

She hands him her cell, and scribbles on a business card.

CHASE

Good. Store your number. This is my alternate e-mail. Every e-mail you write, you delete. Every text, you delete. Every call log, you delete. Got it?

(beat)

And if you find me a document stating it's corporate policy to use white gangs as guards? I'll pay you 300.

INT. NORTE COMPOUND, NOGALES - LATER THAT NIGHT

TRACK a young MAN through a smoky, sparsely furnished house, past a kitchen teeming with Latina women. We follow him into THE BASEMENT. Paramilitary-grade firearms lean on the wall under a flag of the HUELGA BIRD. A horde of tatted NORTES observe the throbbing, bloody back of a man getting inked with a huge Aztec symbol.

**SUPERIMPOSE: NUESTRA FAMILIA COMPOUND - NOGALES, ARIZONA - THE MEXICAN BORDER**

The man we've been following is JULIO (17). He looks up with dilated, red eyes and a face too young to be this angry. He hands a RED LETTER (the one Ruiz passed off before being locked in solitary) to LA ARAÑA (50s), the Norte GODFATHER.

La Araña slices open the letter and unfolds the note. It is blank. He runs a lighter beneath the note. A maze of AZTEC SYMBOLS begins to appear, OXIDIZING under the flame.

Araña holds up the letter and waves EVERYONE in for a hug. Julio stands between Araña and the tatted man. He wraps his arm around the man's freshly bloodied back.

LA ARAÑA

Mis hijos de sangre.

INT. D-POD, CELL 8.8., TYLER'S CELL - DAWN

ECU on Ethan sleeping soundly as the dawn rises outside. Tyler does military pushups in the dark.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Alvarez stares in his locker, a wall between him and Basch.

BASCH (O.S.)

Damn. I just worked a twelver. I gotta get off night shift, bro. You just sit your ass in the control tower while the place's empty. Like *The Shining*.

Alvarez closes his locker.

ALVAREZ

I can cover you tonight. Could use some overtime.

BASCH

You're a saint, brother. Fuckin' my head up. And there's rats everywhere. Squeak!

INT. AIRPLANE, FIRST CLASS - DAY

Chase opens a pill bottle inside her purse. She removes two pills, knocks them back with a scotch, and becomes lost instantly in her open computer. An incoming e-mail from RAJIT - SUBJECT: **WELL DONE** -- IN THE BODY OF THE E-MAIL -- A PHOTO OF TASSIN AND CHASE SHAKING HANDS BEFORE THE HELICOPTER. THEN A MESSAGE: **NOW ANSWER YOUR FUCKING PHONE!**

INT. D-POD, CELL 8.8. - DUSK

DARKNESS save the flickering TVS. Ethan and Tyler eat dinner. Ethan looks stoned, but finally synthetically calm. Tyler hands him a Klonopin in a paper cup. Ethan takes it.

TYLER

Are you feeling better?

ETHAN

Yes.

TYLER

Good.

Tyler begins to eye Ethan strangely.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I bet the army liked you. A big Ox. Ripe for the hunt.

A pregnant, terrifying beat.

He springs forward and slams Ethan into the wall, choking him

TYLER (CONT'D)

*I want a youth before which the world will tremble. The free, splendid beast of prey must once again flash from its eyes...*

Ethan's face boils red, on the edge of asphyxiation.

TYLER (CONT'D)

You will murder M Ruiz. Blood in, blood out for the brand.

He releases him. Ethan stumbles, gasping for air.

TYLER (CONT'D)

You'll be clean. No charges.

Ethan pants and gnaws his jaw under the light of the TVs.

TYLER (CONT'D)

And if you don't do it? I'll kill you.

EXT. A BAR PATIO, CAPITOL HILL, D.C. - DUSK

Chase sits irradiated by the triumphant light of the capitol.

CHASE

PCC's billing for phantom guards across the US. They're defrauding tax payers. Possibly hundreds of millions.

ZUCKERMAN

Christ, Chase. Where are you coming up with this shit?

CHASE

Damnit, Max, I have proof!

ZUCKERMAN

From who? From what?

CHASE

I've seen doctored logs. I've seen surveillance tapes. They consolidate white gangs into some kind of inmate self-governing army.

ZUCKERMAN

You're out of your mind! Whatever you think you have, partial proof is zero proof. For you, for me, for the SEC. You have a hunch. And you know what that's worth? Dog shit.

CHASE

Do you know how easy it is for a disgruntled employee to send the SEC a fucking trove of evidence? How do you know PCC's not being investigated?

ZUCKERMAN

Because PCC used you. Your only purpose is to build the illusion that you, Wall Street, pressured them to become a REIT. If it appeared they struck the decision internally it would incentivize the SEC to actually scrutinize the deal.

CHASE

(a beat, in shock)  
You set me up.

ZUCKERMAN

No. I led a desperate woman I knew was greedy to a deal that was too good to be true.

CHASE

Fuck you. I'm getting out.

ZUCKERMAN

You can't get out. You do not comprehend the depth of power here. Shut up. Wait it out. You will be rich and it will be over. Then you can send me some cuff links and a bottle of Krug.

INT. D-POD, FIRST TIER - NIGHT

Alvarez walks through the pod. Dark. No guards. Silence.

INT. PCC PRISON CONTROL ROOM - DARKNESS BEFORE DAWN

SURVEILLANCE SCREENS: FIVE SCREENS. FIVE PODS. GHOST TOWN.

SURVEILLANCE SCREEN of the PARKING LOT. A car pulls in. Garth gets out. We follow him on multiple screens to the FILE ROOM.

Alvarez watches, hyper vigilant.

ON SCREEN Garth disappears in the room. There's no visible surveillance in the room. He exits and leaves the door ajar.

ON SCREEN, D-POD: Garth appears on the tier. He unlocks the 2nd tier JANITOR CLOSET. He closes it. Tests it. Unlocked.

INT. HALLWAY, EXIT - DARKNESS BEFORE THE DAWN

Darkness. Alvarez' strained steps. Short breath. Wet palms.

THE FILE ROOM 22.

Alvarez slips inside. FILE CABINETS EVERYWHERE. He tries to open them. LOCKED. A ring of KEYS on one of the cabinets. He grabs it and studies it: ten metal keys, one key card. He surveys the room: a black metal cabinet, military grade -- no key holes, a thin slot. He slides in the key card.

A DRAWER OPENS and falls toward him. Alvarez looks around, nervously. No one. He looks inside -- BLUEPRINTS, just like the ones in Tassin's office -- but of the GLADIATOR DOME -- AERIAL VIEW. ALL THE BLOCKS. ALL THE CELLS. IN RED, IN CLUSTERS: **ARYAN. ARYAN. ARYAN. +45.** IN BLACK, DILUTED: **NORTE - 25.** It's a housing plan. On the bottom a stamped seal: PCC.

BOOM. A door opens in the distance. Alvarez snaps a PHOTO of the housing document with his cell. He carefully places the blueprint back inside the drawer and closes it. He keys open another drawer - PAPER SHIFT LOGS. Someone WHISTLES. He snaps a photo of one log and quickly hides behind a cabinet.

He e-mails himself the photos and moves them to the TRASH. He goes to SETTINGS, GMAIL. He deletes the account: **GHOST000.**

A hand comes through the door. It flicks a light switch illuminating a line of RAT TRAPS full of dead rats. The light switches off. The door closes and locks. Alvarez waits. A door CLOSES O.S. Alvarez fumbles for the ring of keys. He finds it. He tries a couple at the door. Finally, a fit. He opens the door. Across the hall, light glows under a door. Alvarez places the keys where he found them and slips out, shutting the door softly.

GARTH (O.S.)  
What're you doin here, buddy?

Alvarez turns to Garth. His smile is prominent in the dark.

ALVAREZ  
I took Basch's night shift. Guy  
needed a load off.



Garth says nothing. Tension builds as the sun rises outside. Soon, they are in almost full light, standing face to face.

GARTH

Before you clock out, move M. Ruiz into D-POD. Cell 23.

ALVAREZ

(knowing what this means)  
Nah, man.

GARTH

Move Ruiz or pack your shit and go.

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT, DEAD MAN'S ZONE - MOMENTS LATER

Alvarez enters the zone. Intense BANGING from inside a cell.

INMATE

I ain't no dog. He ain't no dog. We ain't dog.

The BANGING spreads to the cell next door. Then the cell next to it. Then the cell next to it. A ripple effect until all the cells BANG in unison, heaving for freedom.

INMATES IN UNISON

FEED US!

INT. D-POD, 1ST TIER - DAWN

1st TIER DOORS POP OPEN. Tyler, Ethan, Kelly and 3 ARYANS charge out of their cells. They swiftly ascend to 2nd tier and file into the unlocked janitor closet.

INT. D-POD, 2ND TIER HALLWAY - DAWN

Alvarez locks M Ruiz, shackled, terrified, into D-POD. He looks spiritually and morally broken as he uncuffs Ruiz.

RUIZ <<IN SPANISH>>

You a swata rat motherfucker? No, no. I believe, *inside*, you're no fucking parasite.

(beat, hissing)

Pop our cells. We'll hack Lott to pieces and make his bitch crew eat it.

M RUIZ throws a JPAY card through the bars.

RUIZ <<IN SPANISH>> (CONT'D)

20gs, Ese. You do what I say? The card fills up. Just like that.

ALVAREZ <<IN SPANISH>>  
I don't take dirty money, man.

RUIZ <<IN SPANISH>>  
You eat dirty money, homes. Your children are la raza. Your wife is la raza. La raza grows inside her. And you take orders from these pigs?

Alvarez grabs Ruiz, clanging his skull on the bars.

ALVAREZ <<IN SPANISH>>  
You ignorant thug motherfucker. I don't owe la familia shit, bitch. Who's inside? And who's outside?

He grabs his mace and sprays Ruiz in the face.

ALVAREZ  
Huh?

Ruiz screams. Alvarez drops him to the floor.

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)  
La Raza's just some backwards campesino bullshit.

Alvarez walks off. Ruiz, on his knees, his hands over his eyes, shouts after him in genuine terror.

RUIZ <<IN SPANISH>>  
Don't let 'em pop my cell. Oye, Ese!

INT. D-POD, 2nd TIER JANITOR CLOSET - LATER

PARTIAL DARKNESS. The heavy sound of clustered men BREATHING. A sliver of light jaggedly illuminates the ARYAN huddle.

Muscles, 8.8., The shamrock. Ethan focuses on Tyler's 6.6.6.

The cavernous BANG of the first tier door pop below. The CLAMOR of PRISONERS filing in for chow. Tyler whispers.

TYLER  
First tier.

CU on Ethan's shiv. He flings open the door. A BLAST of light

Ethan rounds to CELL 23. M. RUIZ sits inside. The second tier doors POP. Ruiz turns in terror as Ethan smashes him to the ground and cuffs him to the bed. Tyler, Kelly, the 3 henchman, form an ominous blockade over the cell door.

RUIZ <<IN SPANISH>>

Help me!!

INMATES scatter.

TYLER

Slaughter him.

Frenzied, confused, Ethan pulls out the shiv.

TYLER (CONT'D)

NOW!

Ethan draws the weapon high, his eyes red and watery.

TYLER (CONT'D)

In for life, out by death.

M RUIZ

Do it, motherfucker.

TYLER

This is an order.

M RUIZ

That's you in the pen for life!

TYLER

Now! NOW!

Ethan suddenly turns the shiv inward and backs away like a feral rat. He drags the blade through his own forearm, slow and deep, and lets out a deranged SCREAM.

Tyler looks at THE AUDIENCE in the chow hall below. He grabs the shiv from Ethan. He stabs Ruiz 18 times in the face. Blood sprays the cell. Ruiz shrieks in agony.

Ethan watches in horror, clutching his bloody arm. Tyler grabs Ruiz' limp corpse by the ankles. He pulls it out of the cell and hauls it down the stairs.

On the chow hall, ARYANS stack chairs into a tower. Tyler drags Ruiz across chow. He hoists the body and jumps on a table by the tower of chairs. He props Ruiz on the top chair. A sacrifice on a throne. INMATES thicken into a mob around Ruiz. Tyler surveys the crowd and addresses them solemnly.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Free breakfast today.

The ARYANS start to man feed. INMATES line up. Food is served, numbly, under the spectre of this mangled corpse.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

Alvarez strips off his uniform.

ALVAREZ' RADIO (OVER RADIO)  
Shift commander Alvarez to Warden  
Melody's office.

INT. WARDEN MELODY'S OFFICE, HALLWAY - LATER

Garth pats down Alvarez. He rips his cell out of his pocket.

INT. WARDEN MELODY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A SURVEILLANCE SCREEN is set up on the desk. Alvarez IN THE FILE ROOM plays on loop. The partially open door blocks a view of him opening the cabinet.

Alvarez sits in a Spartan chair. Melody and Garth lean on her desk. Garth scrolls Alvarez' cell.

MELODY  
Why were you in the file room?

ALVAREZ  
There's rats all over the place.  
Basch's been laying traps. The door  
was unlocked. I saw rats crawl out.  
That room's infested.

Garth grabs Alvarez in a choke hold. Melody walks over slowly. She hovers over him for a moment, then bends back his lip and studies his NORTE tattoo. Alvarez eyes water.

MELODY  
I knew you were an ex-banger the  
minute you walked in here.

Garth releases Alvarez and speaks into his radio.

GARTH (INTO RADIO)  
Basch to Warden Melody's office.

MELODY  
How many Norteños crawling the  
streets have heard the name M Ruiz?  
Hundreds? Thousands.

Melody clicks the SURVEILLANCE SCREEN. A new tape pops up:  
Alvarez MOVING RUIZ INTO CELL 23

MELODY (CONT'D)  
This is you facilitating his  
murder. How do you think la  
(MORE)

MELODY (CONT'D)

Familia would feel about this tape?  
Nortes live to kill swata rats.  
Don't they, officer?

(beat)

When you accepted this position,  
you signed a confidentiality  
agreement. An oath. PCC takes that  
very seriously. Please understand,  
I'd like to protect you. But you  
have to help me do that.

SOMEONE BANGS ON THE DOOR. Garth opens it and lets Basch in.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Did you tell Officer Alvarez to do  
something in room 22?

An excruciating pause.

BASCH

Yeah. Kill rats.

Melody stares at them for a moment, her expression  
terrifyingly indecipherable. Then she nods to Garth. Garth  
hands Alvarez his phone

GARTH

Lay off the cutesy e-mails with  
wifey. Jesus Christ.

EXT. HALLWAY, EXIT - MOMENTS LATER

Basch is fuming as they charge down the hallway.

BASCH

What the fuck's matter with you?  
I've got kids too, man.

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT, DEAD MAN'S ZONE - MOMENTS LATER

BLINDING CEILING LIGHTS TURN ON. INMATES SCREAM in SPANISH  
and BANG the cells. Tyler and the ARYANS carry RUIZ' corpse  
onto the zone and splay it across the floor. Tray slots open--  
a succession of vacant rectangles containing only NORTE eyes.  
As they behold the corpse, the zone falls totally silent.

INT. ALVAREZ' HONDA, DESERT HIGHWAY - LATER

Alvarez zooms down the desert highway on his cell.

ALVAREZ (INTO PHONE)

I have something. It's a housing  
plan. It shows ARYAN reign of the  
blocks. It's stamped PCC corporate.

INTERCUT:

INT. TOWN CAR, D.C. STREETS - DAY

Chase chain-smokes in a town car as the capitol whips by.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
Holy shit.

ALVAREZ (INTO PHONE)  
When can you send the money?

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
What about the paper logs?

ALVAREZ (INTO PHONE)  
I have a photo of one. That and the housing plan is enough, right?

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
The housing plan is useful only if we can prove the ghost worker scheme along with it. I told you, I need one year of logs.

Alvarez pulls over the car and hits the steering wheel.

CHASE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Hello?

ALVAREZ (INTO PHONE)  
Ok. I'll get all of them. But I want 500 grand. And I want half up front.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
What? This is not a fucking game.

ALVAREZ (INTO PHONE)  
You said if I found that doc you'd pay --

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
3. I said 300. And in addition to the logs.

ALVAREZ (INTO PHONE)  
I can't do this by myself! I need another person. And no guard at PCC will turn against the man unless they see cash, in the bank! I'll give you my name, my banking info. All of it.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)

Send me everything you have right now. I'll wire you 5grand and put 495k in escrow as proof. When you get the logs I'll release the funds

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT, DEAD MAN'S ZONE - LATER THAT DAY

Feet are dragged along the charred borders of the solitary cells. Prisoners MOAN quietly. An obscured form unlocks a cell and throws a shadowy body inside.

INT. SOLITARY CELL, DEAD MAN'S ZONE - SAME TIME

PITCH DARK. A PRISONER'S HEAVY BREATH. The CREAKY OPENING of the tray slot. The CLICK of a lighter. Light flickers through the slot, illuminating a sliver of Ethan's face in the cell.

TYLER

Genocide.

DARKNESS. A long dark beat. Tyler whispers through the slot.

TYLER LOTT

Genocide is not always immediate destruction. It is a coordinated plan to destroy the foundations of national groups, with the ultimate aim of racial annihilation. Laws make white areas accept diversity, but that is forced assimilation. Article II, part (C) of the United Nations Genocide Convention defines mass immigration plus forced assimilation as genocide. We are the era of WHITE GENOCIDE.

The lighter clicks on and off. A diabolical alternation of dark and light over Tyler's face. He starts singing, sweetly.

TYLER

I'm a little tea pot short and stout. Here is my handle. Here is my spout.

Light catches Ethan's bloodshot eyes.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(coaxing him)

Come on, son....

(singing)

When I get all steamed up, I just shout...

Ethan shouts the lyrics. A kind of twisted protest.

ETHAN

Tip me over and pour me out!!

A HARD FLICK OF the LIGHTER. Light beams through the slot. Tyler holds a paper pill cup through it. Ethan wriggles toward it. Tyler drops it to the floor. It's empty.

TYLER (O.S.)

They call this block, the dead man's zone.

The slot shuts. TOTAL DARKNESS. BOOTS leaving. The sound of Ethan breathing, alone.

EXT. HOMELAND SECURITY HEADQUARTERS, D.C. - DAY

A labyrinthine fortress of l-shaped edifices with bright green roof lawns. American flags punctuate the perimeter.

**SUMPERIMPOSE: HOMELAND SECURITY HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON DC**

INT. HOMELAND SECRETARY WILMOT DEAN'S OFFICE - LATER

A white Homeland Security seal is the bull's-eye of a navy wall-to-wall carpet. Tassin, Zuckerman, Bo Harris, Lawson, and SECRETARY WILMOT DEAN, sit in wood furniture.

SECRETARY WILMOT DEAN

34,000 arrests a day.

(referring to Lawson)

Johnnie's got it. He's approved it. But with that kinda quota you're gonna need to make up the budget shortfall in housing.

BO HARRIS

Are you really gonna sit there claiming budgets are your chief concern? Why do we have private mercenaries, Dean? Shadow armies protected as private business that can elude our own court martial, Dean. Now, do you want more lawyers, journalists, politicians, the public, jumping out your ass? Or do you wanna operate with the opacity PCC can provide?

SECRETARY WILMOT DEAN

We're aware of the protections private business affords PCC. Very aware.

(MORE)



SECRETARY WILMOT DEAN (CONT'D)

(Beat)

We'll fill 'em, but we're not gonna build 'em. So, we need to know. How much cash do you have lying around? And how fast can you go?

TASSIN

We've got a hundred miles of land on the Mexican border. Forty fully scouted building sites. And when the REIT clears, that's an extra billion in slush to start construction immediately.

SECRETARY WILMOT DEAN

A billion, just for our sites? Ready to go?

TASSIN

Just for your sites. Ready now.

Beat. Wilmot Dean clearly thinks this is quite the offer.

TASSIN (CONT'D)

But, Secretary, for this to be effective, Homeland needs to enlarge our bid.

SECRETARY WILMOT DEAN

By how much?

TASSIN

We want a beneficial share of the DHS detention market.

Wilmot Dean mulls this over. This is serious.

TASSIN (CONT'D)

We think it's in Homeland's interest, Secretary, to make us too big to fail.

INT. MAYBACH, D.C. - LATER

Tassin and Zuckerman sit in the back.

ZUCKERMAN

She has a whistle blower.

TASSIN

This deal will make us Homeland's arms and legs. And the government does not investigate its own fucking body parts.

(MORE)

TASSIN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Your sole job was to find a malleable player. Not some rogue cunt on a mission to prove she has a dick.

INT. WALGREENS, MESA AZ - DUSK

An expanse of branded food under cruel fluorescent light. An ELDERLY WOMAN inspects packages for deals. Eva smiles at her as she selects some cereal off the shelf and drops it in her cart. Octavia hangs onto Eva's free hand. A man, resembling an Aryan gangster, lurks through the aisles. Maria snatches a bottle of whip cream off a shelf and blasts it in her mouth.

EVA

No. Maria.

A TEENAGER in Chicano gangster clothes peruses goods. He inches closer to Eva until they are side by side. He looks up at her -- it is JULIO, the Norte who delivered M. Ruiz's red letter to La Araña. He covers her mouth, and pops a switch blade near her pregnant abdomen.

JULIO <<IN SPANISH>>

Tell your husband, if he doesn't pop our cells, we'll cut your tongues out.

A CAUCASIAN CIVILIAN (50) whips out a gun and points it at the teenager. SHOPPERS SCREAM. The girls start CRYING.

OFF DUTY COP

I'm a cop! I'm a cop!  
(to Julio)  
Let her go or I'll shoot you.

Julio holds Eva tighter.

OFF DUTY COP (CONT'D)

Let her go!

Julio slices Eva's palms as she SCREAMS. The cop shoots and misses. He releases Eva and bolts. She falls to the ground SCREAMING. The cop shoots wildly after Julio. Eva shields the girls, as bullets spray the aisles. Julio narrowly escapes out of the store.

EXT. ALVAREZ' DRIVEWAY - LATER

Alvarez raggedly approaches his house. He zeroes in on his front door and breaks into a sprint. The door is covered in **NORTE** graffiti.

INT. ALVAREZ' LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Alvarez bursts through the front door, pouring faint porch light into the dark house. Thick, black graffiti trails down the walls. It cuts across the couch, the floor, the windows -- a horrifying black tableau of menacing, symmetrical, ancient Aztec symbols.

Scrawled across the ceiling are the words: **"ASESINO X14"**  
**MURDERER X14.**

Eva and the girls huddle on the couch crying hysterically.

INT. ALVAREZ' BEDROOM - LATER

Alvarez rapidly packs belongings. Eva is hysterical.

ALVAREZ

Listen. At night they're all locked in their cells. It'll take me two hours. I need you to trust me.

EVA

How do you know this chick is even gonna pay you? Know what you're gonna do? You're gonna shut your damn mouth.

ALVAREZ

This money will buy us a new life!

Eva loses her shit and starts whacking him.

EVA

You're no different than when you was a thug. Makin' all these "plans," tryna cut deals. You can be so stupid, Jerome. God DAMN you can be stupid.

Alvarez hurls an open suitcase against the wall. He sits on the bed and collects himself. Eva seethes with anger.

ALVAREZ

It's off. We'll all go to my cousin's in Fresno tonight.

EVA

No. The girls and I are going tonight.

ALVAREZ

What the fuck are you saying?

EVA

Two hours. I'm sayin you for real  
better pull this shit off in two  
hours.

INT. WASHINGTON DULLES AIRPORT - NIGHT

Chase fast tracks at the TSA line with a hefty carry on. She hands her ID to the TSA agent. He looks at her strangely.

**SUPERIMPOSE: WASHINGTON D.C., DULLES AIRPORT**

CHASE

I have fast track.

TSA AGENT

We're gonna need you to step aside.

A GIANT TSA AGENT approaches Chase from the security belt.

TSA AGENT 2

Ma'am follow me.

CHASE

For what? I'm gonna miss my flight.  
And it's a red eye.

TSA AGENT 2

This is a random screening, OK?  
Come with me, please.

INT. TSA QUESTIONING ROOM - NIGHT

Harsh florescent lights. Styrofoam white ceiling. White desk. White walls. White floors. Chase stands before the giant agent who wears latex gloves. Two LACKEYS rummage through Chase's luggage. They dump the contents onto the floor.

CHASE

JESUS, what the hell are you doing?

They remove the contents of her purse: CELL PHONE, WALLET, PRESCRIPTION DRUGS. They examine the prescriptions, as the giant TSA agent pats Chase down -- her arms, her stomach. A distinct hybrid of outrage and shame crosses Chase's face.

A MALE AGENT bursts in. He wears an all black security uniform, and appears to be something other than TSA.

MALE AGENT

(to Chase)

Take a seat.

Chase sits in a plastic white chair.

MALE AGENT (CONT'D)

Why are you attempting to board an aircraft when you've been labeled a flight risk?

CHASE

Excuse me?

The male agent holds up Chase's boarding pass.

MALE AGENT

Ms. Morris, I know you're aware of the SSSS procedures.

Chase looks at him blankly.

MALE AGENT (CONT'D)

Secondary Security Screening Selection.

CHASE

What the hell are you talking about?

The TSA agent hands the male agent Chase's cell phone.

MALE AGENT

Password please.

CHASE

I want to talk to my lawyer.

MALE AGENT

Ms. Morris, if you don't cooperate with our security procedures, we have the right to detain you.

CHASE

I want to talk to my lawyer, right fucking now.

MALE AGENT

YOU CANNOT CALL YOUR DYING MOTHER UNTIL YOU ARE PROPERLY SCREENED. WE CAN AND WILL DETAIN YOU. IS THAT CRYSTAL FUCKING CLEAR?

Chase's eyes water. For the first time, amidst this Kafkaesque nightmare, she looks terrified. The agent stands up and leaves with Chase's phone.

INT. ETHAN'S SOLITARY CELL - LATER

TOTAL DARKNESS. Vermin SQUEAKING. Ethan BREATHEs heavily. The SOUND of his door slot opening. A LOUD SQUEAL. Something, squeaking, is thrown through the slot. THE SQUEAKING revs into screaming. Ethan shrieks. It's on him. A LIGHT flickers through the slot, revealing Ethan on the floor screaming, as a rat crawls on him. Ethan grabs onto the food trough. A hulking FIGURE pulls his arm through the slot and cuffs it to the doorhandle. The figure throws a rat through the slot. Then another. Ethan SCREAMS.

DARKNESS. A ceiling bulb crackles for a split second, lighting Garth's face in the slot as it SLAMS shut.

DARKNESS. BOOTS walk away. Ethan CRIES as the rats SQUEAK around him. A PRISONER shouts from a nearby cell.

PRISONER (O.S.)

I ain't no dog. He ain't no dog. I ain't no dog.

INT. TSA QUESTIONING ROOM - NIGHT

Chase stares at the blank wall as she compulsively picks her nails. She's wired but about to crash. Her hair is tied in a messy bun. She's been there for hours. The agent reenters the room, startling her, and hands over her phone.

MALE AGENT

You're free to go.

EXT. ACELA TRAIN TRACKS, D.C. - NIGHT

Chase buys a pay-as-you-go phone at a junky electronics vendor. She nervously dials a number.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)

Ari I was fucking detained.

ARI (OVER PHONE)

What? Where are you?

CHASE (INTO PHONE)

I was detained at the airport. They told me I'm a fucking flight risk, and seized my phone. Ari, I think it's PCC. What the fuck. WHAT THE FUCK?

ARI (OVER PHONE)

Calm down. Jesus. You're acting insane. What the hell does PCC have to do with you being detained at the airport? Last time I checked we live in a police state post 9-11.

(MORE)

ARI (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Grandmothers are detained at the  
airport every goddamn day.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
Is it legal for me to pay a whistle-  
blower?

ARI (OVER PHONE)  
Jesus Christ.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
Is it legal, Ari?

ARI (OVER PHONE)  
If you don't stand to gain  
financially from the person's  
disclosures. Yes. It's legal.  
Chase, what're you doing? These  
people will sue you into debtor's  
prison and piss on your grave.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)  
It's fraud, Ari. The whole goddamn  
thing. What am I supposed to do  
here? Tell me what the fuck am I  
supposed to do?

ARI (OVER PHONE)  
What are you supposed to do? You're  
supposed to be absolutely,  
positively, every last syllable  
fucking certain that you're right.  
And you better have the documents,  
every goddamn one of 'em, to prove  
it.

INT. ETHAN'S SOLITARY CELL - SAME TIME

DARKNESS. Vermin squeaks. An INCESSANT BANGING from the  
adjacent cells floods Ethan's from both sides.

INT. ADJACENT SOLITARY CELL - SAME TIME

A bulb flickers from exposed wires in the ceiling. A NORTE  
wrenches a metal pipe from a huge hole he's torn in the wall.  
He rips the pipe free and wields it like a weapon.

INT. ETHAN'S SOLITARY CELL - SAME TIME

The banging grows faint. Everything becomes silent save the  
squeaking of vermin. Then, the unmistakable sounds of Ethan  
stomping the rats to death.

INT. ACELA, D.C - NIGHT

The NYC skyline whips by. Chase looks tormented in her seat.

Chase texts GHOST00: **FROM NOW ON. USE THIS NUMBER. ONLY!!!!**

INT. ETHAN'S SOLITARY CELL - NIGHT

DARKNESS. Tyler enters the cell. He turns on a PORTABLE LANTERN, casting faint patterns of light and shadow on the cell. Ethan is chained to the door -- a zombie suspended in a battleground of dead rats. TYLER unshackles him. Ethan falls to the ground, disintegrating into a corpse-like heap.

TYLER

Do you know what we do to people  
who hurt our family? We remind  
them, history is not peaceful.  
We remind them, history is violent.

He gives Ethan water and a Klonopin in a paper cup. Ethan takes it listlessly.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I would never let anyone hurt you.  
I will never betray you. Do you  
want me to protect you, son?

Ethan curls in a fetal ball.

A long beat.

ETHAN

Yes.

Tyler places the lantern by Ethan. He kneels down and peels Ethan off the floor. Ethan sits upright, clutching his knees.

TYLER

Ascetic monks used solitary to  
purify the mind. I did ad-seg for a  
year. I put you in here so you'd  
know how strong you can be.

He hands Ethan a piece of paper.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Read this to me.

Tyler starts filming Ethan on a cell phone. After a long beat, Ethan begins. He stares ahead with dead eyes.



ETHAN

The objectives of forced assimilation are the destruction of our political and social institutions. America is becoming Balkanized like the Balkans; we are breaking apart because of other races.

EXT. THE PCC PRISON YARD - NIGHT

SECURITY LIGHTS cast thick glowing beams on the dusty prison yard, surrounded by a tall chain link fence. An obscured FIGURE lingers on the yard. A masked figure stands outside of the fence and LOBS FOOTBALLS over it. The person on the yard catches them.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT LOBBY - 95 WALL STREET, NYC - DAWN

A stone lobby. Chandeliers. A red rug lines a row of elevators. A CONCIERGE sits behind a lacquered desk. Chase enters the automatic doors of the lobby. A BELL MAN tries to help her with her bag. A paranoid wreck, she wheels past him.

CHASE

I got it.

She eyes the concierge, almost as if she's anxious he won't let her up. The concierge nods pleasantly back.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - WALL STREET, NYC - MOMENTS LATER

Chase hovers over her wall of monitors. Her email glows on the first monitor. She drags an attachment onto the adjacent monitor. The HOUSING PLAN appears giant and full screen. Chase studies it in horror. She drags the paper log and the surveillance video onto the second and third monitors. All three pieces of evidence glow in horrifying succession.

Chase looks out at WALL STREET, as if its data-wrapped buildings appear suddenly sinister and chilling.

EXT. BANK ATM - FLORENCE, ARIZONA - DAWN

Alvarez checks an escrow account with 495k.

INT. ALVAREZ HONDA - MORNING

Alvarez and Basch sit in his parked car.

ALVAREZ

All you gotta do is unlock the exit in H-block basement at the beginning of your shift.

(MORE)

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)

I'll come in through there and wait an hour so it doesn't look coordinated.

BASCH

Are you totally fuckin' nuts?

ALVAREZ

Check the file room and leave it cracked. If you leave the door half-way open surveillance doesn't pick up in that corner of the room.

BASCH

I've been in this business since I was eighteen. I'll never work in corrections again. Family will lose their jobs. Friends.

ALVAREZ

PCC's gonna go down, and everyone's 401K will be worth shit. PCC's a bunch of gangsters and you know it, man.

BASCH

This is insane, bro.

ALVAREZ

This shit could come from anywhere in the country. How they gonna know it came from here? She's gonna keep us anonymous.

BASCH

How do you know that? This person's a fucking stranger.

Alvarez shows Basch his bank balance on his PHONE.

ALVAREZ

Look, man, she put 495k in an account as a guarantee. She releases the cash when we deliver.

Basch shakes his head.

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)

They fuck with you. Humiliate you. Treat you like shit. You think you won't die a miserable motherfucker if the one time, the one time, you got a shot at gettin' out, you didn't take it?

Basch lights a cigarette.

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)

And I know part a you wants out,  
man. Otherwise, you wouldn't have  
lied for me.

He smokes for a solemn beat.

BASCH

Fuck.

INT. WILLIAM'S HONDA, DESERT ROAD - LATER

Red dust churns off the baked, passing landscape.

ALVAREZ (INTO PHONE)

It's happening tonight.

INTERCUT:

INT. TOWN CAR, NYC - LATER

Chase pulls up to the FOUR SEASONS in midtown.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)

Be safe. And good luck.

INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT, NYC - BREAKFAST

Chase sits opposite the CNBC anchor who crucified her. The housing plan is displayed on an iPad.

ANCHOR

Why are you telling me this?  
I've never met a Wall Street  
whistle blower without a lurking  
financial incentive.

CHASE

I can't make a cent by opening my  
mouth without violating about 18  
different securities laws. And the  
whole point of telling you this is  
to avoid prison.

ANCHOR

Why not go directly to the SEC?

CHASE

Because the court of public opinion  
is the only way I can maybe,  
possibly, preserve a minute shred  
of my professional reputation.

They share a look of tacit agreement.

ANCHOR

Ok, look. This is all very compelling, but I'll never get it past our lawyers. It's a huge risk for the network. We can't just openly attack a corporation like that. Especially with something this damning.

CHASE

You certainly had no trouble attacking me.

ANCHOR

Every syllable I uttered simply rehashed general public debate. (tapping the ipad)  
This document, however grotesque, is one bullet when I need a fully loaded gun.

CHASE

Forget a smoking gun, what if I get you a fucking canon? Will you run this story upon delivery?

Beat. The anchor weighs this.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I can easily walk into any network in a 10 mile radius and offer them the exclusive. But I came to you first because I didn't get to where I am by being a pussy, and neither did you.

INT. D-POD CHOW HALL - DAY

Alvarez stands against a back wall. The ARYAN status quo has resumed. Everyone lines up for feed with their JPAY cards. The OLD NORTE congregates feebly with a few NORTES. His eyes skim Alvarez up and down.

INT. ETHAN'S SOLITARY CELL - SAME TIME

Boots on the GROUND. The cell DOOR opens. A shaft of light beams on Ethan, curling up his suffering in a fetal position. He squints in pain, unaccustomed to the light. Tyler and Melody stand over him with lanterns. Ethan doesn't acknowledge them.

INT. D-POD CHOW HALL - DAY

Everyone eats grimly. Suddenly, the sound of Ethan's voice pours over a loudspeaker, enrapturing the crowd.

ETHAN (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)  
The objectives of forced  
assimilation are the destruction of  
our political and social  
institutions.

INT. C-POD HALLWAY - LATER

Melody and Tyler lead Ethan down the hall. Ethan walks freely, without protest, but his eyes are dead and vacant. A part of him is gone forever.

ETHAN (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)  
America is becoming Balkanized like  
the Balkans; We are breaking apart  
because of other races.

They lead Ethan into --

D-POD CHOW

The entire hall stops and absorbs Ethan standing beside Melody and Tyler like a phantom. Alvarez watches in terror.

ETHAN (OVER LOUDSPEAKER) (CONT'D)  
The annihilation of our culture,  
our language, our religion, our  
security, our liberty...

The inmates listen intently and study Ethan. An eerie, pulsating energy permeates the hall, as we realize, this is a myth growing before our very eyes.

ETHAN (OVER LOUDSPEAKER) (CONT'D)  
... Our dignity our economy and  
even our lives.

Ethan walks robotic to the feed line and dons a hair net.

ETHAN (OVER LOUDSPEAKER) (CONT'D)  
I am the face of White Genocide.

EXT. CHASE'S APARTMENT LOBBY, 95 WALL STREET, NYC - NIGHT

Chase exits the automatic lobby doors. The garish chandeliers and concierge desk are visible behind her. She lights a cigarette, ragged, exhausted. A black Maybach is parked on the street. A window rolls down. Tassin sits in the backseat.

TASSIN

Chase! Hop in.

INT. BLACK MAYBACH - WALL STREET - DUSK

Wall Street flickers past as they drive.

CHASE

You're committing country-wide tax fraud and endangering the public.

TASSIN

Am I? Or is this how things stay well oiled? Tax deals are so complicated precisely so we can do them without people crying bloody murder. But I don't need to tell you that. You do it for a living.

The Stock Exchange glides by.

TASSIN (CONT'D)

There are 400 open suits against PCC. 5% settles. The rest eat their shirts. All of them wish they never met us. We win because every case hinges on the credibility of guards or inmates. The dredges of society. And Americans don't view criminals as human beings.

CHASE

You can't sue the SEC into submission. PCC has thousands of workers. It's deluded to assume you have total control. You're exposed.

TASSIN

I will tear you limb from limb with every junk yard dog attorney from here to Kingdom come. This is about our nation's safety.

CHASE

Safety? I've seen documents and videos demonstrating it's corporate policy to use white gangs as security. It's criminal. This is beyond the SEC. What about the police? FBI? Justice?

TASSIN

Who does criminal investigations for the SEC? The FBI.

(MORE)

TASSIN (CONT'D)

Who controls the FBI? Homeland. And Homeland wants us to control half its prisons, so their system can operate in silence, with impunity. Because most people have no fucking clue how the world really works.

(beat)

And, if you think our government will destroy a company that is too big to jail, you don't know where you live.

They slow down in front of the DOW. Tassin flickers grotesquely in its light, as Chase is struck with terror.

TASSIN (CONT'D)

They will listen to you urinating, copulating, masturbating. They will stop you at the airport. They will not forgive you.

INT. D-POD - NIGHT

The cells are locked. A still, quiet, dark horse-shoe.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - LATER

SURVEILLANCE SCREENS. GREEN VIDEO. ENDLESS STILL SILENCE.

SURVEILLANCE of C-POD. INMATES SLEEP ON THE FLOOR.

SURVEILLANCE OF D-POD. TOTAL STILLNESS.

SURVEILLANCE OF THE HALLWAYS. TOTAL EMPTINESS.

INT. PCC BASEMENT - NIGHT

Prolonged water droplets drip from the ceiling.

Alvarez, in a ski mask, partially concealed in shadow, waits in a dark corner of the basement.

INT. PCC FILE ROOM, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Basch is visible through the EXIT DOOR. Dust swirls around him. He enters the hallway. He closes the door, shutting out the dust in his wake.

He walks to the FILE ROOM and disappears inside.

He exits the FILE ROOM and leaves the door ajar.

INT. PCC BASEMENT - NIGHT

Alvarez peels back the ski-mask. He wipes sweat from his brow.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - LATER

SURVEILLANCE SCREENS. C-POD, D-POD, DEAD MAN'S ZONE, HALLWAYS. ENDLESS STILL SILENCE.

Basch scans the screens, paranoid. He checks his watch.

INT. D-POD, ETHAN'S CELL - NIGHT

Ethan sits on the edge of his bed. A sleepless hulk. He holds a safety pin. He starts brutally carving into his forearm. His face is blank and painless. After a while, we start to make out a jagged, bloody shamrock.

INT. PCC BASEMENT- LATER

Alvarez pulls down the ski mask tight over his face.

He slinks through the SILENT BASEMENT.

He ascends an EMPTY STAIRWELL.

He enters an EMPTY HALLWAY. He turns on the LIGHTS.

THE FILE ROOM becomes visible at the far end of the hallway.

INT. D-POD, ETHAN'S CELL - SAME TIME

Ethan's startled as a cell CREAKS OPEN somewhere in the distance.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

SURVEILLANCE OF D-POD FREEZES FOR A FRAME. THEN IT RESUMES SILENT STILLNESS.

Basch is transfixed by the screens.

INT. FILE ROOM, HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Alvarez walks down the hall. The FILE ROOM grows nearer.

CLANG. The lights TURN OFF.

DARKNESS.

Alvarez grasps the walls. He fumbles his way down the hall.



INT. D-POD - NIGHT

A central view of the pod -- dark, motionless, antiseptic.  
One open CELL swings, almost imperceptibly, in the stillness.

INT. FILE ROOM, HALLWAY - LATER

TOTAL DARKNESS. Alvarez' HEAVY BREATHING.

The EXIT DOOR is a glowing square in the distance.

THE SOUND OF DOORS LOCKING IN UNISON.

Alvarez sprints to the EXIT DOOR. He tries to open it. It's locked.

BLUE EMERGENCY LIGHTS BEGIN TO FLICKER.

ALARMS SOUND.

They are on LOCK DOWN.

Alvarez panics. The red adobe moonscape swirls, dark and terrifying, outside the EXIT DOOR.

INT. LOCKER ROOM EXIT - LATER

A CINDER BLOCK is wedged in the door frame. A BODY, drenched in sweat, removes the cinder block, opens the door, steps into the red dust outside and shuts out its influx.

Through the window, dust swirls over this dark form. The dust clears for a moment, revealing Basch, dead bolting the door from the outside. He takes off RUNNING. His body SHRINKS away into the red dark.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME TIME

ON THE SURVEILLANCE SCREEN: Alvarez turns away from the EXIT and RUNS to the FILE ROOM.

REVEAL Tyler watching Alvarez on the SURVEILLANCE SCREENS.

Tyler SMASHES THE LOCK DOWN PANEL TO SMITHEREENS.

Tyler watches Alvarez on the SURVEILLANCE SCREENS as he turns into the FILE ROOM and disappears.

Tyler SPRINTS out of the room.

INT. FILE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alvarez fumbles frantically for the master keys. Finally, he catches a glimpse of them in a blink of blue light. He grabs them.

INT. PCC HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Tyler CAREENS down the hallway holding a pair of HANDCUFFS.

INT. THE FILE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alvarez runs his fingers along the military grade cabinet. Finally he locates the slot. He slides in the key card.

The DRAWER opens and FALLS toward him with a resonant CLANG.

It's **EMPTY**, save a small perfect square of ASTRO TURF.

Alvarez frantically keys open the other FILE CABINETS --

EMPTY save an identical square of ASTRO TURF.

EMPTY. ASTRO TURF.

EMPTY. ASTRO TURF.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT, WALL STREET, NYC - NIGHT

INCESSANT RINGING OF A CELL PHONE. Chase is passed out in front of her trading monitors. The CELL PHONE RINGS AGAIN. Chase wakes up suddenly, in a daze. She reaches for her pill bottle. She pops THREE pills. She answers the phone.

CHASE (INTO PHONE)

Yeah?

LUIS (OVER PHONE)

Rajit's looking for you.

She rubs her eyes and looks at her monitors. The KRONOS log and the PAPER LOG reflect over her face.

INT. FILE ROOM - LATER

Alvarez, panicked, SPRINTS out of the room into --

THE HALLWAY

He runs for his life, processing this betrayal, overcome with intense fear. He slips into --

THE BASEMENT

He runs up a distant STAIRWELL.

INT. THE FILE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tyler stands in the empty FILE ROOM intermittently lambent in BLUE LIGHT.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - LATER

Alvarez BURSTS into the room.

BASCH IS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.

Alvarez starts CHOKING up in a fit of panic.

He beholds the surveillance station ...

THE SHATTERED LOCK DOWN PANEL.

THE SURVEILLANCE SCREENS.

Alvarez dials 911 on his iPhone. No ringing. He looks at his phone: CALL DECLINED. He tries again. CALL DECLINED. There are full bars of service. He tries again. CALL DECLINED.

He texts EVA: I'M TRAPPED. CALL THE POLICE. He waits, in agony, for the text to send. It doesn't. A red exclamation appears. He tries again. It doesn't send. A red exclamation appears.

Alvarez watches the THE SURVEILLANCE SCREENS.

TYLER LOTT CHARGES DOWN THE FILE ROOM HALLWAY.

THEN ANOTHER HALLWAY.

SCREEN AFTER SCREEN HE'S ON THE LOOSE.

Alvarez starts HYPERVENTILATING. He quickly assesses the various buttons and controls:

**C-POD**

**D-POD**

**SOLITARY POD**

He POPS a TIER of CELLS. Then another.

INT. C-POD - SAME TIME

Rows of cells, sprinkled with NORTES, POP like dominoes.

INT. D-POD - MOMENTS LATER

A CENTRAL VIEW of the pod. Cells containing NORTES, POP. Cells containing ARYANS stay closed. For a moment -- a still, perilous, gladiator ring in the dark.

Then, INMATES begin to make NOISES. One prominent DOG BARK.

Ethan, locked in his cell, scans the liberated group of NORTES.

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT, DEAD MAN'S ZONE - MOMENTS LATER

The CELLS POP in grand UNISON. NORTES' hulking shadows STIR and move onto the zone. They WHISPER and CHATTER in Spanish.

INT. PCC HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Tyler CAREENS down the HALLWAY clutching the handcuffs.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alvarez BOLTS out of the room into --

THE HALLWAY

He runs for his life. He turns onto --

THE STAIRS

He sprints down the stairwell. He turns into --

THE LOCKER ROOM

He BURSTS into the LOCKER ROOM and LOCKS the DOOR.

He throws his back against the door, panting hysterically.

He runs to an EXIT DOOR. He tries to open it. It's DEAD BOLTED.

He picks up a LAND LINE. Dead.

He BURSTS into TEARS.

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT, DEAD MAN'S ZONE - MOMENTS LATER

A partly obscured, organized LEGION of NORTES hold jagged weapons made of metal pipes. In sudden unison, they drop down into a paramilitary exercise -- a swift, unifying battle cry.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT, WALL STREET, NYC - NIGHT

Chase, WIRED now, smokes and paces before the monitors.

ON SCREEN: the KRONOS LOG and the PAPER LOG are side by side.

She stops suddenly. She peers at them, scrutinizing them, mesmerized. She notices something. She ZOOMS INTO THE KEY AT THE TOP OF BOTH LOGS AND COMPARES THEM.

CHASE

Holy shit.

She DIALS her CELL.

VOICEMAIL (OVER PHONE)

The person you are trying to reach  
is no longer available.

She tries again.

VOICEMAIL (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)

The person you are trying to reach  
is no longer available.

She lights another cigarette, an internal hurricane rising inside her.

CHASE

FUCK!

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - LATER

ON THE SCREENS: INMATES SWARM OUT OF DEAD MAN'S ZONE, C-POD, THE HALLWAYS, LIKE LOCUSTS.

We push into the SCREENS onto --

D-POD

A portion of the armed NORTEs from SOLITARY slink through D-POD. They file straight into CELL 8.8, TYLER LOTT'S CELL. They search it relentlessly, tearing it apart.

Ethan crouches in shadow behind his bed. An armed NORTE charges from Lott's cell down the TIER towards him. He thrashes the bars of Ethan's cell with his pipe. Ethan cowers behind his bed.

NORTE

Where the fuck is Lott?

INT. PRISON CANTEEN - SAME TIME

TRAYS and VATS of food. UNREMITTING BANGING on a metal door.

The DOOR BURSTS open. The remaining NORTES from solitary erupt into the room. They tear apart the food and feed themselves in a grotesque, primal frenzy.

They WHEEL the CARTS of FOOD out of the room.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

BANGING AND SHOUTING in the distance. Alvarez sits in the dark locker room hyperventilating.

INT. THE SURVEILLANCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ON THE SURVEILLANCE SCREENS: NORTES burst into CHOW wheeling carts of food. They disperse over chow wielding their PIPES. HUMAN SILHOUETTES snatch savagely at the carts of food.

REVEAL TYLER beholding the SURVEILLANCE STATION. He takes command of the controls. He pops the ARYANS' cells.

ON SCREEN: A CENTRAL VIEW of D-POD as the ARYANS' cells POP.

ON ANOTHER SCREEN: he watches Alvarez in the LOCKER ROOM.

INT. D-POD - SAME TIME

The NORTE thrashes Ethan's cell. THE CELL suddenly POPS open. Ethan SPRINTS narrowly past the NORTE. The NORTE chases him down FIRST TIER.

ON SECOND TIER, HULKING NORTES in silhouette save light flickering over NORTE TATTOOS, hover ominously over the popped ARYAN CELLS. Their PIPES are aimed to strike the cowering ARYAN SHADOWS.

ON GROUND TIER, INTENSE BANGING. The OLD NORTE instructs a NORTE crew BANGING fire extinguishers into the ailing walls creating massive holes. Metal pipes run underneath. They BANG and PULL at the pipes, trying to free them from the wall.

DARK BODIES crouch in various corners eating.

Ethan SWERVES for his life through the MAYHEM.

He looks up to SECOND TIER. PIPES CRACK over MOVING SHADOWS. Swift dark pendulums. SHRIEKING FROM ABOVE IN THE DARKNESS.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

Alvarez is paralyzed in the dark as distant SCREAMS, ALARMS, LAUGHING, grow and RESONATE around him.

INT. C-POD JANITOR CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Tyler rips open the door of an unlocked janitor closet. A BOX of FOOTBALLS sits inside. He picks it up and BOLTS down C-POD as the SCREAMS from D-POD grow DEAFENING. He BURSTS through the C-POD DOORS onto --

D-POD CHOW

Tyler assesses the battleground. Visible ARYANS immediately turn to him, expecting something. He throws them the FOOTBALLS, which they catch adroitly.

Tyler punctures his own football with a SHANK, and pours a line of yellowish LIQUID across the floor.

The LIQUID hits the edge of the wall and stops.

In the distance, an ARYAN ignites the liquid. It's KEROSENE. It bursts into FLAMES and rushes toward Tyler like a dry river bed fresh with heavy rain.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Alvarez COUGHS as thick SMOKE seeps under the door frame.

INT. D-POD CHOW HALL - LATER

Chow is up in FLAMES, filled with SMOKE. Nothing but shadows moving. The riotous sounds of YELLING, SHRIEKING, BARKING. TOTAL ANARCHY.

We can barely make out Ethan running through the bedlam.

A glint of light hits Ethan. He panics. He looks for Tyler. He looks for his assailant. A split second of stillness as he and Tyler lock eyes.

FIRE ALARMS sound. RED LIGHTS turn on.

Ethan looks at Tyler and takes off in the opposite direction. The sensation of ESCAPE, as he disappears into the smoke.

EXT. SWANKY TOWNHOUSE UPPER EAST SIDE, NYC - 2AM

Chase chain smokes and frantically rings the doorbell. The door finally opens. Sarah Bergen stands there in a bathrobe.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Alvarez BOLTS out of the locker room.

INT. PCC HALLWAY - LATER

A TUNNEL of SMOKE. Alvarez CAREENS down it, COUGHING.

INT. PCC BASEMENT - LATER

Alvarez, frantic, tries to open the door. It's LOCKED.

He runs downstairs to the --

DEAD MAN'S ZONE

DARKNESS

Alvarez BREATHING.

He glimpses an EXIT DOOR in the distance.

BOOTS walking. Voices SHUSH each other.

The sound of LIQUID poured onto the floor. The sound of it STREAMING into a narrow river.

A hand with a SHAMROCK TAT holds a lit match. The match burns, fire and soot, almost to the head. The match drops.

A HOT orange BURST.

Alvarez hides in the shadows.

A thin trail of Kerosene shoots into flames. It erupts into a billowing blaze illuminating the long line of solitary cells. The dead man's zone goes up in flames.

INT. PCC PRISON HALLWAY, EXIT - LATER

Smoke rises and billows into a hallway on the heels of a RUNNING man.

REVEAL ETHAN, cast in growing LIGHT, running toward the door.

He looks back. In the distance, somewhere behind the rushing smoke: RAPPING. DERANGED LAUGHTER. ONE PROMINENT MONKEY CALL.

A windowed door glows at the end of the hallway. Outside, red desert swirls beneath a street lamp in a parking lot caged in barb wire.

He tries to open it. It's locked. His face is a black shape against the street lamp. He breathes HEAVILY. A huge PUFF of smoke, DISTANT SCREAMING and RAPPING, envelops him.

His BREATH quickens. Through the window, red dust blows wildly, cloaking the lamp's light in cloudy bursts of red.



The RAPPING GROWS as we push into the blinking red light onto  
--

THE DEAD MAN'S ZONE

A fiery blaze. Alvarez, cast orange, throws his full body weight into a door. The door finally BURSTS OPEN onto a --

STAIRWELL

Alvarez ascends the stairwell.

A NORTE descends it with a JAGGED PIPE.

Alvarez retreats into the shadows.

He waits, BREATHING.

INT. THE FILE ROOM - SAME TIME

Hulking ARYAN SILHOUETTES douse the room in kerosene.

They turn sharply into the --

HALLWAY

One of them throws a lit match into the room. FLAMES burst through the door.

INT. SARAH BERGEN'S HOME, NYC - MOMENTS LATER

Mid-century modern study. Sarah and Chase stand tensely.

CHASE

A Kronos log is impossible to read. But if you apply the original key from a paper log? A pattern emerges. There are columns -- middle name, first name, last name, maiden name -- four workers are generated from a single name. Corporate changed the key on the Kronos log to make it difficult to decipher. To *deliberately* mislead and defraud the American public. No chasm between corporate and the boots on the ground. DOCUMENTED corporate malfeasance. And one of the largest tax frauds ever perpetrated in American history. They make Enron look innocent.

SARAH BERGEN

Fuck me.

CHASE

Take a short position at the crack of dawn. A hundred million. No one's betting against the stock because of the REIT. People will throw it at you. Buy from sub accounts, so you don't declare it and tip off the markets.

(beat)

Then I'll beat PCC to a pulp with miles of incontrovertible fact. On the news.

SARAH BERGEN

And I'll make a billion bucks in an afternoon.

CHASE

And wipe two billion off PCC's books in the process, yes.

SARAH BERGEN

Oh Jesus, don't give me some vigilante routine. What's your condition? What do you want?

CHASE

To fuck off into oblivion. And eighty million under the table before I do it.

INT. PCC PRISON STAIRWELL - LATER

Alvarez waits. Listens. NO ONE. He's sure. NO ONE.

He sees a DOOR to the OUTSIDE. He tries it. Locked.

Smoke BILLOWS into the stairwell like the breath of a dragon.

Alvarez coughs uncontrollably and takes off his ski mask. His face flickers in a blinding SECURITY LIGHT blinking outside the door.

He hides in the shadows as another NORTE passes with a pipe.

INT. PCC PRISON HALLWAY - LATER

Ethan runs down a dark hallway. TEARS FLOOD from his EYES. LOUD CHANTING chases him from somewhere in the distance.

INT. PCC PRISON STAIRWELL - LATER

Alvarez looks up the stairs. NO ONE.

He looks down the stairs. NO ONE.

He completely loses it and BANGS on the EXIT DOOR like a mad man, hurling his body against it like a battering ram.

Suddenly, he glimpses something terrifying.

He's THROWN into the door.

He's HANDCUFFED to the door handle.

A HULKING FORM SHIVS him. Dark. Illuminated. Dark. Blood. Dark. Blood.

Alvarez SCREAMS.

VOICE

I ain't no dog!

Dark. Blood. Dark. Blood.

VOICE (CONT'D)

I ain't no dog!

Light flickers on the ASSAILANT'S face: it's ETHAN -- out of his body, out of his mind.

SMOKE BILLOWS around them. Obscured in dark clouds, Ethan STABS Alvarez repeatedly.

ETHAN

I'm not a dog. I'm not a dog! I'm not a fucking dog!

Ethan stops suddenly, glimmering in sinister light, clutching the SHIV.

Alvarez' CORPSE hangs in silhouette from the door.

A heavenly SUNRISE creeps through the window, as Ethan beholds the corpse with wild eyes. He hyperventilates, as if suddenly conscious of what he's done and terrified by this demon he's become.

Tyler steps into the light. He hovers over Ethan and gently removes the shiv from his quivering grasp.

SPRINKLERS rush from the ceiling.

Ethan hunches over Alvarez. Their bodies become a soaked human sculpture, as dawn light glows through the deluge.

INT. SARAH BERGEN'S OFFICE, TRADING FLOOR, NYC - DAWN

Thin light hits skyscrapers wrapped in infinite RED data --  
The S&P. The DOW. We realize they are looming through the  
windows of an unfamiliar trading floor. Sarah helms the room.

TRADER 1

PCC. Ticker PXW. Yeah, you don't  
believe me it's gonna tank, that's  
why I'm calling you numb nuts!

TRADER 2

Short 80 on PXW, account XZ1001.

TRADER 3

Short. That's what I fuckin said.  
Account XZ1002.

EXT. PCC PRISON PARKING LOT - LATER

Silent, smoking, destruction over the complex.

BLACK TRUCKS pull into the parking lot.

PCC SECURITY in SWAT GEAR pour out of the trucks like ants.

A different TRUCK pulls up. Melody and Garth get out.

INT. D-POD - LATER

SPRINKLERS blast, shrouding bodies in smoke and water.

The SWAT TEAM bursts in and shoots gas into the hall as  
bodies drop like flies.

INT. NYSE/CNBC STUDIO - LATER

Chase sits opposite the anchor in the glass cube. The NYSE  
stock ticker is vast and infinite behind her. Alvarez' leaked  
surveillance tape plays on the studio TV screen.

CNBC ANCHOR

Wow. Wow. Wow. Still. Why come  
forward? Why risk the position?

CHASE

Firstly, PCC is totally criminal.  
Secondly. I believe in free  
markets. The market, unfettered,  
naturally corrects itself, and  
weeds out criminals in the process.  
I don't believe in manipulating it.  
Gambling. Back door deals. I  
believe in capitalism.

INT. SARAH BERGEN'S OFFICE - LATER

The TRADERS stare at endless twinkling TRADING MONITORS all turned to PXW. They're waiting for something.

Suddenly, PCC/PXW hurtles on a terrifying red decline down the huge stock tickers.

The TRADERS break into CHEERS.

INT. SIGNET CAPITAL, ELEVATOR - AFTERNOON

RAJIT stands before an embedded HD SCREEN playing CNN. He is FURIOUS against the jagged red topography of PXW stock plummeting down a TICKER.

MALE CNN ANCHOR (OVER TV)  
 PCC stock is in the toilet! Two billion off their books. Signet capital took a 300 million dollar loss. And in huge twist Sarah Bergen's firm SHORTED PCC and came out with a cool billion. BAM!

The ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN onto the MALE-DOMINANT TRADING FLOOR. His TRADERS, shocked and weary, stare out at him from the trading floor.

He gets a TEXT: ON HIS PHONE there is photo of Chase CLEANING A TOILET while FLIPPING THE BIRD.

EXT. THE YARD - LATER

The SWAT TEAM throws a wet, bloodied line of NORTES into a TRUCK.

INT. PCC STAIRWELL - LATER

A RANDOM PCC CORPORATE GUARD zips Alvarez into a body bag.

**FADE IN:**

EXT. PCC HEADQUARTERS, PHOENIX ARIZONA - DAY

Tassin sits in the back of his Maybach. The window curtains frame churning red dust from the desert road outside. He looks through the windshield as they turn into his headquarters. PRESS SWARM the car. Tassin and Myers share a look. Myers opens the door onto the RABID REPORTERS, SNAPPING Tassin's PHOTO, shoving MICROPHONES in his face.

REPORTER 1  
 General Tassin, what do you have to say about --

REPORTER 2

Amidst the accusations that --

TASSIN

(putting his hand up,  
coolly)

Why don't you let me get out of the car, before I take questions. I hope that's alright with everyone?

A few corporate GUARDS part the press. Tassin walks through them and ascends the steps. CAMERAS FLASH on his serene face.

TASSIN (CONT'D)

PCC has done our own extensive investigation into the matters posed in the press and by the SEC. We've found that there were 100 hours of falsified shift logs in one prison in Arizona. This scheme was perpetrated by a few low-level PCC employees on the ground. We at PCC feel downright betrayed. Folks who work for us are family.

EXT. PCC PRISON YARD - DUSK

GUARDS stand in a firing line. Their oblong shadows wave over the hot earth. BASCH paces in front of them. He YELLS in a few of their faces as they peel off, wounded animals.

TASSIN (V.O.)

As for the sensationalist tape broadcast on CNBC, PCC has engaged in legal proceedings against the network.

Melody and Garth preside over him like alert Dobermans.

INT. D-POD CHOW HALL - NIGHT

Huge white INMATES, hair nets, SHAMROCK, 8.8., SWASTIKA TATTOOS work the FEED LINE. All of them are ARYAN FEDERATION. **Ethan, a fresh shamrock tattoo on his temple, mans feed.**

TASSIN (V.O.)

We cooperated fully with the FBI, who turned the investigation over to Justice. As there was no evidence whatsoever to support the ludicrous allegations that PCC aligns with white gangs as a management tool.

EXT. FRESNO TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

A three-legged dog BARKS before a of row ramshackle trailer homes. It trots its scraggly shadow to the trailer next door. Eva breast feeds her newborn BABY on the steps of the trailer. She looks like she's been crying. Maria and Octavia play tag in the dust.

TASSIN (V.O.)

For more than thirty years, PCC has answered the call. For more than thirty years, PCC has strived to make America safe.

INT. TYLER'S CELL, 8.8. - NIGHT

Tyler lays in bed smoking a cigarette, watching CNN, CNBC on mute. His kingdom of captivity remains untouched. TASSIN plays on CNN.

TASSIN (OVER TV)

And we will continue to do so for the next thirty. We will serve, sacrifice and stand together, as one PCC family.

The CLANG of LIGHTS OUT.

Tyler clicks off the TVS. Tassin's image disappears.

TOTAL DARKNESS.

Tyler pulls on the cigarette. One orange circle punctuates the darkness.

INT. FRESNO TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Eva rocks the baby on her arm, as she looks out the window at the moon.

She gets a TEXT on her flip phone with: A link to BANK OF TUCSON.

LOGIN: EVA.M.Alvarez

PASSWORD: GHOSTOO

Eva logs in. In an account labeled -- JEROME ALVAREZ -- there is a balance of \$500,000.

EXT. GALERIES LAFAYETTE, PARIS - NIGHT

A GILDED DOME looms in the dark sky.

SHOPPERS SPILL out of Galeries Lafayette onto HASSMAUN BOULEVARD, dwarfed by the cathedral of consumerism, behind them.

A WOMAN, smoking on a balcony, looks at them from above.

**SUPERTITLE: PARIS.**

INT. GRAND PARIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Soft white curtains flutter in the open balcony doors. Chase steps through them into her apartment. She continues smoking, her focus inward, toxic, as she digests her surroundings -- dark herringbone floors, mid-century modern velvet and dark wood furniture, a smattering of branded contemporary art. She has acquired herself a Sarah Bergen abode in Paris. She walks into an --

AIRY BEDROOM

A MAN lays in bed. He fiddles with an ashtray and lights a cigarette. He's partially cast in shadow.

CHASE

Do you know why Paris has boulevards? The streets were narrow. Easily barricaded by revolutionaries. Napoleon demolished them and built boulevards. Revolution became impossible and Paris became a city of promenades.

Chase pours herself a scotch.

CHASE (CONT'D)

A stage upon which people strolled and looked at each other. Their dress. Their possessions. The lower classes began to emulate the upper classes.

Chase slides into bed. She opens a bottle of KLONOPIN by her bedside.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Classes broke down and a new species of consumers was born.

She swallows TWO KLONOPIN and shuts off the lights.

DARKNESS, save the edge of a curtain dancing at an open window.



CHASE (CONT'D)  
And you know what happened next?

CUT TO BLACK.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
No one wanted revolution anymore.

## **PANOPTICON**