

PARISH

Written by

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Based on

The Events of Hurricane Katrina

INT. MAYORAL PRESS ROOM - 9:30 AM

A decorated conference room brimming with REPORTERS. PHOTOGRAPHERS' cameras flash rapidly and capture the sunken expression of a sweaty man already in the midst of making an address; **MAYOR NAGIN** (Black, Man, 49).

SUPERIMPOSE: SUNDAY, AUGUST 28th. 2005.

NAGIN

...and there's not a meteorologist or an expert that I have talked to that says that this storm will not impact New Orleans in a major way. As a result of that, I am, this morning, declaring that we will be doing a mandatory evacuation. And I'm going to read the evacuation order to the public.

INTERCUT: Cars stuck in a standstill on I-10; televisions, beds, and wardrobes strapped down on their roofs or packed tight in their truck beds.

NAGIN (V.O.)

Point one, a mandatory evacuation order is hereby called for all of the parish of Orleans, with only the following exceptions.

A MAN smokes a cigarette while leaning out the driver's seat of his car. He sees a GROUP trying to jump start a truck ahead. He exhales, blowing smoke at the sign next to him:

--NO TOLLS--

INTERCUT: ARMY RESERVES set up beds and pack supplies into duffle bags at a shelter.

NAGIN (V.O.)

Essential personnel of the United States of America, state of Louisiana, and city of New Orleans.

INTERCUT: A BUS DRIVER argues with a YOUNG FAMILY trying to board his vehicle. We see the bus is already at MAX CAPACITY.

NAGIN (V.O.)

Essential personnel of regulated utilities and mass transportation services.

INTERCUT: An EMT lowers a wheelchair-bound WOMAN out of an ambulance using the vehicle's lift. The EMT looks into the distance, seeing nothing but black and bloated clouds.

NAGIN (V.O.)
Essential personnel of hospitals
and their patients.

INTERCUT: The darkened control room of a news station. TWO SILHOUETTES sip coffee and watch Nagin speak in front of the illuminating broadcast monitor. The SILHOUETTES cheers ironically.

NAGIN (V.O.)
Essential person of the media.

INTERCUT: A **SHOWING DEPUTY** takes count of the inmates in their bunks, clicking at each of them.

NAGIN (V.O.)
Essential personnel of the Orleans
Parish criminal sheriff's office
and its inmates.

INTERCUT: In a hotel parking lot, TWO CONCIERGES hurriedly unload luggage from a minivan into a kart. They push off towards the hotel. A gust of wind slows them down as they wheel it into the LOBBY:

Chaos. Waist high piles of suitcases litter the floor. Hundreds of MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN all try to figure out their next move.

NAGIN (V.O.)
And the essential personnel of
operating hotels and their patrons.
Point two, in order to effectuate
the mandatory evacuation at the
direction of the mayor, the city --
the chief administrative officer,
the director of homeland security
for the city of New Orleans, or any
member of the New Orleans Police
Department,-

The CONCIERGES start unloading the kart. One notices something and taps the other. They point to the front desk where ARMY RESERVES are now taking over. More of the ARMY comes in carrying duffle bags.

The CONCIERGES stop and share a look of dreadful realization.
This shit is for real.

-the city may commandeer any private property, included but not limited to, buildings that may be designated as refuge of last resort and vehicles that may be used to transport people out of the area.

BACK TO NAGIN:

NAGIN

Ladies and gentlemen, I wish I had better news for you. But we are facing a storm that most of us have feared. I do not want to create panic. But I do want the citizens to understand that this is very serious. The storm is now a Category Five, with sustained winds of a hundred and fifty miles an hour, with wind gusts of a hundred and ninety miles per hour. The storm surge most likely will topple our levy system. So, this morning, the Superdome has been opened for people with special needs.

NAGIN looks out at the HORDE of REPORTERS, imagining all the questions in their heads he doesn't have answers to.

NAGIN (CONT'D)

The only thing I want to add before the Governor and I begin answering questions, is that this is an opportunity in New Orleans for us to come together in a way that we've never come together before. This is a threat that we've never faced before. And if we galvanize and rally around each other, I am sure that we will get through this. God bless us.

The PRESS holds for a moment, then CLAMORS for NAGIN's attention. Overwhelmed, NAGIN randomly picks a REPORTER.

REPORTER #1

Governor, Mayor, are you pretty certain that with the level of traffic and the way it's going through New Orleans, that everybody will be able to get out in time and people won't be trapped on the interstates when the weather gets really bad?

NAGIN looks to **GOVERNOR BLANCO** (White, Woman, 48) for assistance. Her eyes FLARE back. *KEEP TALKING.*

NAGIN

Well, you know, the weather -- once the weather really starts to get bad, if it approaches thirty nine miles an hour, you know, we're going to pretty much shut everything down. But you have a window right now until the weather gets really bad, which we're anticipating sometime this afternoon, between five and seven p.m. Unfortunately, a lot of people still are waiting, have been waiting. And now, when they hear this, I'm sure it's going to spark them to leave. We should be able to get lots of people out.

More hands. NAGIN points.

REPORTER #2

Mayor, you mentioned commandeering certain buildings and vehicles. Have you identified particular buildings that the city might focus on? And how would you get people to those buildings under the circumstances?

NAGIN

Well, you know, it's our backup plan. The reason for that is because we have identified the Superdome as our primary, you know, designated center of last refuge. If the Superdome fills, there are other high-profile buildings that we feel that are available and could provide us with some additional shelter.

REPORTER #2

Like such as?

NAGIN

(flippantly)

I'd prefer not to get into that right now.

The PRESS erupts again, eschewing raising hands.

REPORTER #3

What about the parish prisoners?
The prisoners in the jail?

REPORTER #4

Should people should stay put in
the hospitals or what?

NAGIN

We exempted hospitals because of
the concern that if we declare a
mandatory evacuation for the
hospitals and someone gets hurt,
and then the hospital turns them
away, that creates a very dangerous
situation.

REPORTER #3

What about the prisoners?

REPORTER #5

Are there any traffic numbers on
the hundreds of thousands of people
who have actually left the area? I
mean, I know you're not counting
numbers on I-10, but any ballpark
figures?

NAGIN

I don't have anything. No traffic
counts at this point.

(begrudgingly, to Reporter
#3)

Yes?

REPORTER #3

What about the prisoners in the
jail right now? Will they just
simply stay in the jail?

NAGIN turns to an unsmiling official far behind him; **SHERIFF
GUSMAN** (Black, Man, 47).

NAGIN

Sheriff?

GUSMAN squeezes forward, taking the podium.

GUSMAN

Yes. We -- Excuse me, Governor. We
have backup generators to
accommodate any power loss. We have
backup generators.

(MORE)

GUSMAN (CONT'D)
 We're fully staffed. We're under
 our emergency operations plan.

NAGIN's reflexively flashes a look of conceited doubt at Nagin's words.

INT. COMMUNITY CORRECTIONS CENTER - TV ROOM - 9:36 AM

A bulky CRT television showing the press conference sits perched above a smattering of ELDERLY INMATES in rusty folding chairs. The broadcast is glitchy, full of static and running colors.

ELDERLY INMATE #1
 (to Elderly Inmate #2)
 Damn! You see his face?!

ELDERLY INMATE #2
 Huh?

ELDERLY INMATE #1
 The mayor's face when the sheriff
 was talking!

GUSMAN (TELEVISION)
*So we're --zzztt-- the police
 department --zzzzttt-- going to
 keep our prisoners where they
 belong.*

ELDERLY INMATE #2
 I can't see shit, shit's cutting
 out too much.

We focus on TWO INMATES in blue jumpsuits playing chess; **KAREEM**, (Black, Man, 31), and **PERRY**, (Black, Man, 74). KAREEM is zero'd in on the game, weighing his possible moves. PERRY watches him think, amused.

PERRY
 I see what you're doing.

KAREEM
 No you don't.

Perry looks to the television and becomes troubled by the news.

PERRY
 Storm's getting worse... You talk
 to Steph?

KAREEM
 (avoiding)
 How is your staph?

PERRY
 It's a bitch and you know it. Don't try and change the subject, you heard what I said. What's up? Don't tell me you don't know.

KAREEM
 (beat)
 She's taking Zion to her Grandma's in Texas. Last time we talked we got into it again... She's still talking about moving there.

PERRY raises an eyebrow. *And?*

KAREEM (CONT'D)
 I know, I need to call and make sure they made it okay. It's just... Fucking tough, man.

PERRY
 Life's tough, Kareem. Still gotta call your kid.

KAREEM hears him and understands. *Gotta swallow that pride.*

ELDERLY INMATE #1
 This tv's busted!
 (to Kareem and Perry)
 Ay, yankes! Yankes! What's the point of them jumpsuits if you can't fix this damn t.v.!

PERRY
 The t.v.'s fine, it's the power! See it's source light going in and out? Storm's fucking up the electricity, that's what.

KAREEM looks to the source light. It BLINKS in and out randomly.

ELDERLY INMATE #1
 Then fix the electricity!

PERRY
 We can't fix the power grid, dummy.

ELDERLY INMATE #1
 You don't know what you're talking
 about, Perry. That shit is ancient.
 Probably older than both our asses
 combined...

INT. COMMUNITY CORRECTIONS CENTER - MEDICAL SUPPLY - 9:48 AM

KAREEM taps his foot; waiting in line for the pill window.
 The INMATE in front of them takes their meds and leaves.

KAREEM slides up to the counter and gives a knowing smiling
 to the nurse; **ANDY**, (White, Man, 29).

KAREEM
 Mr. Andy. Got any sugar for me?

ANDY gives KAREEM a quizzical look. He leaves the desk.

A beat.

The door to the medical supply opens. ANDY pops his head out.

ANDY
 (warmly)
 Where do you want it this time?

INT. COMMUNITY CORRECTIONS CENTER - MEDICAL SUPPLY OFFICE -
 9:55 AM

A syringe slowly INJECTS a white liquid into brown flesh.

ANDY (O.S.)
 Now, I'm giving you a bit of a
 lower dose than usual.

Reveal ANDY injecting KAREEM's upper thigh.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 Unfortunately, our insulin shipment
 is on a truck god knows where right
 now...

ANDY removes the needle, disposing of it. He applies a band-
 aid to KAREEM's thigh. KAREEM puts on his pants.

KAREEM
 Uh, am I going to be, like... Good,
 then?

ANDY

(suddenly positive)

Yea! Yes, of course! The shipment is on the way so I'll give you a full dose after dinner, same as always. Just don't do anything too strenuous between now and then.

KAREEM

(re: his shirt)

I'm a Yanke. They got me running all over this place, fixing chairs and cleaning up piss.

ANDY

Hm. Well, if you feel sluggish, have a juice box or some raisins.

KAREEM

(jovial)

Juice box and raisins? The storm ain't even hit!

ANDY

(reassuringly)

You're gonna be fine.

KAREEM grins weakly. He wants to believe him.

INT. COMMUNITY CORRECTIONS CENTER - PHONE CENTER - 10:07 AM

KAREEM tries to make a call. Dial tone... He fidgets with the receiver.

DEPUTY #1 (O.S.)

(to Kareem)

Hey.

KAREEM turns to a DEPUTY standing watch. The DEPUTY shakes his head negative.

DEPUTY #1 (CONT'D)

Ain't gonna work. Phones've been out for... Two days now?

Kareem slowly puts the phone on the receiver, struggling to digest the possible consequences of what he just heard.

KAREEM

(long beat)

Power?

The DEPUTY shrugs.

KAREEM (CONT'D)

Gotcha.

KAREEM walks away, the gears in his mind starting to turn.
Phone. Phone. Phone.

CHERAY (LAPPING)

The phones here ain't working,
'Nita. I told you that before we
left.

INT. HOUSE OF DETENTION - KITCHEN - 10:40 AM

Amongst the old appliances and cookware, a few FAMILIES have set up camp. The showing deputy, **CHERAY**, (Black, Woman, 27) converses with a CIVILLAN, her sister, **ANITA**, (Black, Woman, 21).

CHERAY

Where's yours?

ANITA

I think I might have left it at the house. We was rushing out this morning. You got yours on you?

CHERAY

In my locker. Who you need to call?

ANITA

(you know who)

...

CHERAY

God dammit, 'Nita, you are not calling that man from my phone. I do not need him calling me up when y'all two are on the outs to play telephone.

A finger taps CHERAY on the shoulder. She turns to see ANDY. He holds out a heating pad for her. She accepts it graciously.

CHERAY (CONT'D)

Yes, you remembered! Oh, thank you! This is gonna be a game changer for the morning counts. I get so stiff.
(to Anita)

Anita, this is Andy, he works in Medical Supply over at C.C.C. He was the year above me at Fredrick Douglas.

(MORE)

CHERAY (CONT'D)

(to Andy)

This my little sister. So how goes it over at corrections?

ANDY

Oh, it's going okay... Actually, could I talk to you about something for a second?

(nodding towards Anita)

"Private-like"?

CHERAY

(to Anita, slyly)

Corrections business.

ANITA

Girl, I don't even wanna know.

ANITA leaves them to it.

ANDY

(to Cheray)

Okay, between you and me, medical is scrambling because our shipment never came. Have the deputies heard anything? Because I've had to start rationing meds.

CHERAY

No... We've been trying to find room for all the extra inmates. The wardens got us moving people from, Templeman one and two to H.O.D, to corrections, back to Templeman.

ANDY

They're bringing in more inmates?

CHERAY

The Sheriff told the other counties that had to evac they could send their prisoners here... He's supposed to come for a meeting tonight to tell us the long term strategy.

CHERAY's watch BEEPS. *Back to work.*

CHERAY (CONT'D)

Ugh. I gotta run upstairs. Anderson and Graves didn't show up, so of course I was assigned their security checks.

ANDY

A few on my team were no-shows too.

A CHILD WHINES. The two turn and see twins **XAVIER** and **DEON**, (Black, Boys, 11), fussing over their connected gameboys by the pots and pans cart.

XAVIER

(whining)

That ain't fair! You can't use restores!

DEON

Says who? I don't remember anyone saying that.

CHERAY

(deep)

Xavier. Deon.

The TWINS' attention flips to CHERAY.

CHERAY (CONT'D)

Keep your voices down or I'm breaking your games.

The TWINS nod nervously and go back to playing quietly. ANDY is a little shocked to see them.

ANDY

You...? Brought your kids here?

CHERAY

Yea. I'm not the only one.

ANDY surveys the kitchen. *Children. Elderly. Everyday people.*

ANDY

(disapprovingly)

I know.

CHERAY doesn't appreciate the judgement.

CHERAY

Look, Andy, they said we could bring our families to hunker down-

ANDY

-In a kitchen?-

CHERAY

-AND it was either "come in" or "get fired", so what was I supposed to do?

(MORE)

CHERAY (CONT'D)

Tell my sister to bring them to the Superdome while I work here? She's basically a kid herself.

ANDY

I know, I just... I really don't think this is a place for children.

CHERAY

(long beat, matter of factly)

Well, I'm all they got. Thanks for the heating pad.

EXT. TEMPLEMAN III - 11:21 AM

INMATES crowd around the front gates, eyeing the BUS parked in front.

A DEPUTY gives the DRIVER a thumbs up. The DRIVER opens the door. A LINE OF TEENAGE INMATES file out.

The INMATES behind the fence GAWK and HARASS the newcomers. Some press their faces against the fence to leer at the GIRLS in line.

INMATE #1

Yo, they bringing in some bitches!

We focus on a TEEN in Air Maxes shuffling along and keeping his head down; **MALIQ** (Black, Man, 18).

INMATE #2

(to Maliq)

Yo, where you get them kicks!? Them shits is fly!

INAMTE #3

(to Inmate #2)

Ay, you right!

(to Maliq)

Keep them shits clean for me, ya heard?!

INT. TEMPLEMAN III - ENTRANCE - 11:40 AM

The TEENS march towards TWO DEPUTIES at the end of the hall.

DEPUTY #2

Where we putting them?

DEPUTY #3
Cafeteria?

One DEPUTY gives the TEENS a once over, seeing a line of hardened baby-faces.

DEPUTY #2
There's some girls in this batch.

She notices two of the TEENS are pregnant.

DEPUTY #2 (CONT'D)
(to themselves)
Christ...
(to Deputy #3)
What do we do? Warden never said anything about teen moms.

The DEPUTIES share a look of uncertainty.

DEPUTY #3
(beat)
Girls go to the fourth floor. Males in with the rest in the cafeteria.

INT. TEMPLEMAN III - CAFETERIA - 11:43 AM

ADOLESENT AND ADULT MALE INMATES converse in different groups all over the cafeteria. DEPUTIES line the perimeter, keeping watch.

DEPUTY #4
MAKE ROOM! MAKE ROOM! INMATES
COMING IN!

The DEPUTIES inside herd the INMATES to make enough space for a path.

DEPUTY (WALKIE)
Unlock in three... Two... One.

A DEPUTY opens the entrance, allowing the newcomers in.

DEPUTY #4
(to line)
THERE ARE SANDWICHES AT END OF THE SERVICE STATION! THIS WILL BE THE ONLY OPPURTUNITY FOR FOOD YOU HAVE UNTIL THIS EVENING. WE ADVISE YOU TAKE IT. THERE WILL ONLY BE ONE SERVING PER INMATE!

MALIQ shuffles onwards. An INMATE approaches him, eyeing his sneakers.

TEENAGE INMATE #1
 (to Maliq)
 Ay, dog, let me hold them shoes for
 a minute.

MALIQ doesn't acknowledge him, still walking.

TEENAGE INMATE #1 (CONT'D)
 Yo, I'm talking to you, bitch boy!

MALIQ keeps going. The INMATE stalks him...

TEENAGE INMATE #1 (CONT'D)
 You ain't hear me talking to you?
 You deaf?

The INMATE SHOVES Maliq. Before MALIQ can react, a DEPUTY comes to his aid, GRABBING the bully.

TEENAGE INMATE #1 (CONT'D)
 (to Deputy)
 I slipped, man! I slipped!

MALIQ
 Slipped, my ass!

DEPUTY #5
 (to Maliq)
 Get back in line!

MALIQ does as he is told. He continues to trudge along with the food line, eventually making it to the service station.

The INMATE behind the station offers MALIQ an underwhelming sandwich covered in saran wrap. *Better than nothing?* MALIQ accepts.

MALIQ finds an open enough corner and sits. He unwraps the sandwich and bites into it.

Gross. He frowns but pushes through, scarfing it down.

INT. OLD PARISH PRISON - 11:10

A lumbering INMATE in handcuffs, **SAMUEL**, (Black, Man, 52), makes his way down the hall. A DEPUTY escorting him SHOVES him in the back, pushing him forward.

DEPUTY #6
 Move it!

A flash of RAGE passes through SAMUEL. He side-eyes the DEPUTY.

DEPUTY #6 (CONT'D)
You heard me.

SAMUEL shakes it off and keeps moving. *If I didn't have these cuffs...*

INT. OLD PARISH PRISON - SECONDS LATER

The DEPUTY locks Samuel in his cell. SAMUEL stares through him. The DEPUTY leaves, descending down the stairs.

STEELE (O.S.)
Morning, Sammy. What'd old Boyd do to you this time?

REVEAL **STEELE**, (Black, Man, 55), an inmate with gauze taped on his cheek, sitting in the bottom bunk bed of the cell with Samuel.

SAMUEL
Shut the fuck up.
(re: bandage)
What happened? Your mug got uglier.

STEELE
Skinheads cut me this morning. But I'mma get mine.
(beat)
Say, they let you bring any of your stuff?

SAMUEL
Does it look like it?

STEELE
Me neither.

SAMUEL climbs to the top bunk.

STEELE (CONT'D)
(long beat)
I got a theory. Want to hear it?

SAMUEL shuts his eyes, blocking out Steele.

SAMUEL
No.

STEELE

They hoping we all die, ya heard me? Them pigs don't got a clue what they doing! Like, what the fuck are they doing putting niggas like you and me in cells together?

(beat)

They're lucky we cool. Or we might kill each other.

SAMUEL

...

STEELE (O.S.)

Look!

SAMUEL opens his eyes and sees DEPUTIES cram five... Ten... Fifteen INMATES in a cell across the block.

STEELE (CONT'D)

That's gonna be us soon. With who the fuck knows.

SAMUEL closes his eyes again. *Whatever.*

STEELE (CONT'D)

So, here's what I'm thinking, based off my lil' hypothesis. You and me stick together in case shit go crazy. You'd be my knockout man cuz you all big and niggas scared of you and shit. And while everyone's discombobulated... We bust out.

SAMUEL sneers and turns over to sleep.

SAMUEL

Sure. Grab a spoon and start digging.

INT. HOUSE OF DETENTION - CELL BLOCK A - FLOOR 2 - 12:00 PM

CHERAY checks a cell. Two INMATES. *Click, click.*

She checks another. Another two INMATES. *Click, click.*

Check. Another two. *Click, click.* Check. Another two. *Click, click.*

Click, click. Click, click. Click, click. Click, click.

INT. HOUSE OF DETENTION - ELEVATOR - 12:23 PM

CHERAY rides up, enjoying the breeze of the fans behind her.

INT. HOUSE OF DETENTION - CELL BLOCK B - FLOOR 3 - 12:38 PM

Another floor, a new batch of INMATES.

Click, click. Click, click. Click, click. Click, click.

INT. HOUSE OF DETENTION - ELEVATOR - 12:55 PM

CHERAY rides up. She wipes a bit of perspiration off her brow. She turns around. The fans are off.

INT. HOUSE OF DETENTION - CELL BLOCK C - FLOOR 4 - 1:04 PM

Another floor, another batch of INMATES.

Click, click. Click, click. Click, click. Click, click.

INT. HOUSE OF DETENTION - ELEVATOR - 1:29 PM

CHERAY rides up, feeling queasy.

INT. HOUSE OF DETENTION - CELL BLOCK D - FLOOR 5 - 1:42 PM

Another floor, another batch of INMATES.

Click, click. Click, click. Click, c-

INT. HOUSE OF DETENTION - BATHROOM - 2:05 PM

CHERAY WRETCHES into the toilet.

WALKIE

*Deputy Wilkins, can we get an
update on H.O.D security check?*

She wipes spittle off her mouth with toilet paper.

CHERAY

(into walkie)

Floors two through five are done.
All inmates are accounted for.

She tosses the tissue in the toilet and flushes.

INT. COMMUNITY CORRECTIONS CENTER - CELL BLOCK A - 2:18 PM

KAREEM waits on his bed anxiously. *What's the hold up?*

He looks out of his cell and sees INMATES walking freely. One passes by him.

KAREEM
(to inmate)
Ay, what's good with the count?

INMATE #4
Nelson ain't here. No deputy, no count.

KAREEM
No deputy? For real?

The INMATE nods and goes on their way.

KAREEM is perplexed. *What the fuck is going on?* He pulls his mattress from the bunk. He gets on the other side of it and digs into a seam in the bedding.

From the bedding, KAREEM pulls out packs of cigarettes and stamps.

INT. COMMUNITY CORRECTIONS CENTER - CELL BLOCK A - 2:49 PM

A GAGGLE OF INMATES play craps in a large cell. The moderator, **LUIS**, (Hispanic, Male, 28), smokes a crack pipe and exhales with glee.

LUIS
Come out, come out!

An INMATE shoots. The dice settle. Six-six.

LUIS (CONT'D)
Damn!

KAREEM enters the cell, surprised to see the revelry.

KAREEM
Yo, Luis.

LUIS
Kareem!? What's good?

KAREEM
Nothing in here, man, you know what it is. Let me spit at ya for a sec.

LUIS

For sure.
 (to inmate)
 Run the table. I'm hopping out.

LUIS joins KAREEM, away from the rowdy game.

LUIS (CONT'D)

Been a minute, man. What you need?
 Rock? I got you.

LUIS offers KAREEM the pipe. KAREEM is tempted...

KAREEM

Nah... I don't-... I'm trying to
 get a phone.

LUIS

Those ain't cheap. What you got?

KAREEM digs into his socks, pulling out the cigarettes and stamps. LUIS is incredulous at the sight of such a meek offering.

LUIS (CONT'D)

Imma keep it a buck with you, Reem.
 You not getting a phone with
 Newportts.

KAREEM

I know just... Work with me here,
 man?

LUIS

It's a sellers market. Everybody's
 stocking up cuz of Katrina.

KAREEM

Luis. I need this phone.

Kareem begs with his eyes. *It's me. Remember?*

LUIS

(long beat)

Tell you what, find me some ice and
 I got you. That's all I don't got,
 and I can't get it myself because
 then niggas know they have
 something I don't and gouge the
 fuck out of me.

KAREEM

Alright. I got you.

LUIS

Yea?

KAREEM

Yea. No doubt.

Luis daps Kareem with glee.

LUIS

Knew your ass would get back in the game.

KAREEM

Nah, nah, just need that phone...

KAREEM feels something in his hand and sees LUIS has left a baggie of cocaine in it.

LUIS

Drop the stamps and the cigs, trade this for the ice, and find me before dinner. I'll be here.

KAREEM

Word.

KAREEM leaves.

LUIS

(to dice game)

Alright, I'm back in! Whoever thinks they shootin', hand em over.

An INMATE hands LUIS the dice. He shoots. They land. One-One.

LUIS (CONT'D)

Snake-eyes!? Fuck, these twins are killing me. Alright, new roll, who's shootin' next? Whose up, whose up?!

Luis hits his pipe again.

INT. TEMPLEMAN III - CAFETERIA - 2:53 PM

MALIQ sits by himself, a quiet island in a sea of boisterous men. He makes himself small, hiding under the cacophony.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Maliq!

That voice. MALIQ looks. It's **TRAVIS**, (Black, Male, 19). MALIQ becomes dismayed. *No. Not him. Why him?*

MALIQ

T-Trav?

MALIQ quickly recomposes himself. TRAVIS brings him in for a hug, embracing him tightly.

TRAVIS

What you doing here, son?

MALIQ

Got transferred over from St. Bernard's.

TRAVIS

Your ass was in Saint B?! Lucky ass boy.

MALIQ

(bashfully)

Aunties a lawyer. Made me keep quiet.

TRAVIS

So that's why you were off the grid! Damn, why ain't you hook a nigga up?

MALIQ

I asked bro! Said she only do a case like this for the fam. Love her... But she's kind of a bitch, I'm not gonna lie.

MALIQ and TRAVIS crack up in immature, idiotic laughter.

MALIQ (CONT'D)

You heard me, man?

TRAVIS

I heard ya, I heard ya.

MALIQ

(beat)

So how you living, man? Fredo here?

TRAVIS

Nah, man, Fredo's out in Angola.

MALIQ

What?! Angola? No way.

TRAVIS

Yea. They found his other stash after we got busted and put another fifteen on him. He's lucky they didn't hit him with a R.I.C.O.

A pang of guilt hits MALIQ.

MALIQ

(low)

Damn... That's heavy shit.

TRAVIS

Yea, I miss that nigga... Would be nice if he was here but I found some homies from the seventh ward. They got a crew called D-Block. You'd fuck with em. You should post with us.

MALIQ catches the INMATE who accosted him before staring him down. *I need protection.*

MALIQ

(to Travis)

For sure.

INT. OLD PARISH PRISON - SAMUEL'S CELL - 3:00 PM

SAMUEL strains in his sleep. His face twitches and contorts with stress.

DEPUTY #7 (O.S.)

Back away from the door!

INMATE #5 (O.S.)

Ay, what are y'all doing!?

DEPUTY #7

Back away from the door!

INMATE #5 (O.S.)

We can't fit no more in here! There ain't enough beds!

SAMUEL's eyes shoot open. He looks below him and sees STEELE SNORING.

SAMUEL gets out of bed and gets a closer look at the cell across from them. He watches as a DEPUTY holds a cuffed INMATE and another DEPUTY MACES the INMATES in the cell.

The INMATES inside all WAIL, writhing in pain. STEELE wakes due to the commotion.

STEELE (O.S.)
The fuck's going on?!

The DEPUTIES collude, then look at SAMUEL's cell. They bring the cuffed INMATE over.

DEPUTY #7
(to Samuel)
BACK AWAY FROM THE DOOR.

SAMUEL eyes the DEPUTY's hand, ready on the mace.

SAMUEL backs up. The DEPUTY uncuffs the INMATE and opens the cell. They shove the INMATE, **EVERETTE**, (White, Man, 32) in, close the cell, and leave.

STEELE becomes incensed at the sight of EVERETTE.

EVERETTE
(fearfully)
Fuck.

STEELE
Fuck is right.
(to Samuel)
This cracker was with them when
they cut my shit.

STEELE gets out of his bed and takes a step forward.

EVERETTE
Don't.

STEELE
Why not? Seems like the right time
to me.

STEELE corners EVERETTE.

EVERETTE
(fearfully)
Because if you do my boys and I are
gonna cut your monkey ass to
shreds.

STEELE
That's crazy, because right now I'm
seeing two monkies and one little
shit who wants his teeth kicked in.

SAMUEL glares at STEELE. *Don't you dare drag me into this.*

EVERETTE
Don't fucking touch me.

STEELE
Don't matter what you want, boy.
You in my house now.

STEELE GRABS EVERETTE, forcing him against the wall of the cell. STEELE alternates between PUNCHING him in the face and the stomach.

EVERETTE PUSHES off the wall, forcing STEELE back. STEELE holds onto him and they TRIP over the toilet.

SAMUEL watches STEELE PUMMEL EVERETTE uncaringly. He then NOTICES a DEPUTY coming up the stairs. *Shit*.

SAMUEL
Yo, Steele! Cut it.

The DEPUTY hears the noise and picks up his pace.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
STEELE.

STEELE stops and gets up. He looks turns back to Samuel.
What?

Samuel shakes his head negative. *Not here. Not now.*

The DEPUTY gets to the door-

DEPUTY #8
What's going on in here?!

SAMUEL
(beat)
Nothing.

DEPUTY #8
Nothing?

STEELE
Yup. Nothing.

EVERETTE picks himself up. The DEPUTY sees his nose is bleeding.

DEPUTY
(to Everette, re: blood)
What happened to your nose?

EVERETTE touches his nose and sees the blood. He looks at SAMUEL and STEELE, feeling intimidated.

EVERETTE

I slipped.

DEPUTY #8

(long beat)

Keep it the fuck down.

The DEPUTY leaves. Tension hangs in the air of the cell.

INT. COMMUNITY CORRECTIONS CENTER - CELL BLOCK B - 3:33 PM

DARRYL, (Black, Man, 28), talks outside his cell with another INMATE. KAREEM approaches.

KAREEM

Ay, Darryl.

DARRYL

What's good, man?

KAREEM

Looking for some crystal, you got?

DARRYL

Yea.

DARRYL motions the other INMATE. *Run point.* The INMATE walks to the top of the cell block to keep watch. DARRYL waves KAREEM to step into his cell. KAREEM follows him inside.

DARRYL jimmies a brick out of the wall and retrieves a cigar box from inside.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

How much?

KAREEM

Three gs? I got two of white.

DARRYL

That's even.

KAREEM gives DARRYL the baggie. DARRYL places it on his bed and opens the cigar box, revealing multiple baggies of powders and rocks.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Ah, let me see where my crystal is...

DARRYL rifles through the box, placing some of the baggies on his bed.

INMATE #6 (O.S.)
 Fuck, yo! Take it easy!

KAREEM and DARRYL PAUSE. KAREEM peeks out and sees the INMATE being cuffed by DEPUTIES.

DEPUTY #9
 I'm going to need all inmates to
 step out of their bunks!

Other INMATES begin to peek out.

KAREEM
 (to Darryl)
 I thought they wasn't checking?

DARRYL doesn't answer. KAREEM looks and sees DARRYL packing away the contraband.

KAREEM (CONT'D)
 (re: cocaine)
 Oh, fuck! Yo, give me mine back!

DARRYL
 No time!

KAREEM quickly surveys the bed and takes his baggie before DARRYL can. KAREEM bolts out the cell and out the opposite end of the cellblock.

INT. COMMUNITY CORRECTIONS CENTER - CELL BLOCK B - CONTINUOUS

KAREEM enters and sees two DEPUTIES dragging INMATES out of cells and cuffing them ahead. KAREEM hugs the corner of the wall and observes.

INMATE #7
 (to Deputy #10)
 What are you doing?

DEPUTY #10
 This block is being moved to
 Templeman two to make room for
 other populations.

INMATE #7
 But I've got court tomorrow! I'm
 getting out, I need my stuff!

DEPUTY #11
 The judge probably ain't even in
 the state anymore.

INMATE #8
 (to Deputy #11)
 Hey man, I just woke up in the
 drunk tank. Can you just let me
 out?

DEPUTY #11
 No inmates are being discharged at
 this time. You'll have to wait till
 the storm has passed.

INMATE #8
 Are you serious?! I didn't even do
 anything! Let go, this is fucked!

The INMATE struggles. The DEPUTY slams them against the wall
 and the INMATE YELPS in pain.

DEPUTY #11
 Stop resisting!

The DEPUTY spots KAREEM.

DEPUTY #10
 Hey! You!

KAREEM slowly doubles back, then quickly jets out of a side
 door.

INT. COMMUNITY CORRECTIONS CENTER - TV ROOM - 3:41 PM

PERRY sits, shirt unbuttoned, fanning himself with his shoe
 and watching the STATIC-obscured news. He takes a sip of
 water.

A very on edge KAREEM enters.

KAREEM
 Perry.

PERRY
 Hm?

KAREEM takes a knee next to PERRY, catching his breath.

KAREEM
 You seen Boost?

PERRY
 Boost? Nah... Figure he's in his
 bunk trying to keep cool. Fans done
 gone down. Hot as hell over here...

KAREEM

Word. Ay, look, you be careful, the
degs are not playing, they're
grabbing people, dragging-

PERRY

- dragging them to other buildings.
I heard!
(gestures to room)
We all heard! We're just waiting
here for them to take us.

KAREEM looks out at all the ELDERLY INMATES waiting and they
nod.

PERRY (CONT'D)

What are we gonna do? Run?

The room erupts in laughter.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Catch up, young blood.

KAREEM looks at the t.v.'s power light, blinking in and out
more erratically. THE lights begin to FLICKER as well. Kareem
stands up, gripping PERRY's shoulder.

PERRY (CONT'D)

You call Steph?

KAREEM

I'm working on it.

PERRY

(disapprovingly)
Mhmm...

INT. COMMUNITY CORRECTIONS CENTER - CELL BLOCK D - 3:54 PM

BOOST (White, Man, 37) lays on his bed, keeping his post and
waiting for customers. KAREEM enters.

KAREEM

Boost?

BOOST.

Yo.

KAREEM

Ay, dog. You got any crystal?

BOOST

I thought you were clean?

KAREEM
It ain't like that.

BOOST
Then what's it like?

KAREEM looks at him like: *Really, nigga?*

BOOST (CONT'D)
Aight, aight... What you got?

KAREEM
Two of white. Can I get three?

BOOST
Yea, I got you.

BOOST digs in his pocket and pulls out three baggies.

KAREEM
Boost, thank you, man.

BOOST
You really need this, huh?

KAREEM
Yea.

BOOST
But you ain't smoking it?

KAREEM
Nah.

BOOST tucks the baggies back in his sock and cackles. He wants more information.

KAREEM (CONT'D)
...?

BOOST
You're running up on me, talking about "you got any crystal? I need it". That's crackhead activity, man. If you relapsed, just say so. No shame in it.
(beat)
Where you even get the white? Luis?

KAREEM
...

BOOST
It was.

BOOST CACKLES.

KAREEM
(angered)

...

BOOST
So that's why you ain't using it,
it's for him. I'm sorry, man, this
is too funny. Using my old runner
to scoop ice from me? Man, I'll
give you the ice! AND you can keep
the white.

KAREEM
For real?

BOOST
Yea. But when I get out-

KAREEM
Nah. I can't.

BOOST
Yes! Yes, you fucking can because
you're doing it right now.

KAREEM
Fuck, man, no!

BOOST
C'mon, 'Reem! Since you a yanke you
can move way easier than any of my
boys. Pigs look at you once then
keep on. I need that.

KAREEM
I ain't serving for you again, man.

BOOST's eyes narrow on KAREEM. *You sure?*

BOOST
Check it.

BOOST reaches into a plastic bag under his bed, retrieving a
revolver. KAREEM's jaw drops. BOOST opens the chamber,
revealing it to be full of bullets.

BOOST (CONT'D)
Nice, right?

KAREEM
How'd you get a hammer in here?

BOOST

Juice!

BOOST shrugs mischievously and closes the chamber.

BOOST (CONT'D)

I got it like this in here, man. I can get you right too. You got another five years, right? Four with good behavior? Let me hook you up-

KAREEM

I just need a phone, man. I'm not about that anymore.

BOOST

You need a phone? Man, you should've just come to me! I got-

KAREEM

I don't want your phone. Shit, any cell you touch is probably already tapped.

BOOST can't find a way in. KAREEM's standing on his business.

BOOST

Alright. I see how it is.

BOOST takes out the baggies and tosses them to KAREEM. KAREEM barely manages to catch them.

BOOST (CONT'D)

There's your three gs.

KAREEM

(in disbelief)

What's the catch?

BOOST

I don't know yet. We'll talk soon.

KAREEM doesn't like the deal... But he doesn't have a choice. He exits the bunk.

BOOST (CONT'D)

Yo, Kareem?

KAREEM stops and looks to Boost.

BOOST (CONT'D)

Soon.

KAREEM shakes his head, feeling unclean. The lights begin to FLICKER as he leaves.

INT. TEMPLEMAN III - CAFETERIA - 4:39 PM

MALIQ, TRAVIS, and the D-BLOCK CREW trade stories around a table, hollering with laughter.

D-BLOCK CREW MEMBER #1
She had to get her stomach pumped!
I ain't lying! On god!

MALIQ
Nah, man! Nah!

D-BLOCK CREW MEMBER #1
I'm telling the truth! They found
all our spermazotas in there! Ya
heard me?!

MALIQ mimes likes he's throwing up. He makes eye contact with the INMATE who accosted them before. The INMATE sees his new friends and quickly turns away.

MALIQ smirks with self-assurance. *That's right, bitch.*

TRAVIS
Triflin'!
(to Maliq)
Aight, you up. Your ass been in a
train?

MALIQ
Nah, man...
(to D-Block Crew Member
#1)
No shade, but shit's kinda gay.

D-BLOCK CREW MEMBER #1
Gay? Fuck you mean? No it ain't!

MALIQ
You smashing a chick with your
homie, everything's all mixing
together, it's too much, y'all too
close!

TRAVIS
(to D-Block Crew Member
#1)
You must really fuck with your
mans! Pause.

MALIQ and D-BLOCK LAUGH. CREW MEMBER #1 becomes embarrassed.

CREW MEMBER #1
 (to Maliq)
 Nigga, you even know what pussy
 feel like?

MALIQ
 (flustered)
 What? Yea! Hell yea!

TRAVIS
 Who?

MALIQ
 This chick! A.. Alice! From, from-
 she from Mississippi!

D-BLOCK CREW MEMBER #1
 (to Crew, laughing)
 Mississippi?!

D-BLOCK crack up, seeing through Maliq.

MALIQ
 (to crew)
 I'm not lying, she go to school out
 there! She in college. She's
 banging, yo, small, redbone, fat
 ass -

TRAVIS smacks MALIQ on the back, laughing hysterically.

TRAVIS
 Yo, chill, chill! I can't breathe!

MALIQ
 Whatever, I been locked up! We all
 locked up, no ones getting pussy!

DEPUTY #12 (O.S.)
 ATTENTION INMATES! DINNER IS NOW
 BEING SERVED. PLEASE FORM AN
 ORDERLY LINE IF YOU WISH TO EAT!

MALIQ, TRAVIS, and the D-BLOCK crew jump up, getting to the
 top of the line.

D-BLOCK CREW MEMBER #1
 Finally! A nigga was starving, ya
 heard me?

D-BLOCK CREW MEMBER #2
 (to Maliq)
 I was getting mad pussy before I
 got locked up .

MALIQ
 How many girls?

D-BLOCK CREW MEMBER #2
 I fucked like ten bitches last
 year.

MALIQ
 Ten bodies?!

D-BLOCK CREW MEMBER #2
 On god. Real bodies though? Just
 two.

MALIQ
 What you mean?

TRAVIS
 He's talking tombstones. They only
 got him on one though.

D-BLOCK CREW MEMBER #2 gives a smile and raises a single
 finger to his lip. *Shhhh*. He takes his food.

It hits MALIQ what they are talking about. *Murder*. He's
 stunned for a moment.

FOOD SERVICE INMATE
 You want it or not?

MALIQ snaps out of his daze, noticing an INMATE behind the
 counter offering him a sandwich.

INMATE #9 (O.S.)
 Yo, hurry the fuck there!

MALIQ quickly takes the sandwich. It looks exactly like the
 one he had before.

MALIQ joins the crew back at the table, where DEPUTIES have
 dragged in dirty mattresses.

MALIQ
 (re: sandwich)
 Yo... I think these are just
 leftovers.
 (to deputy, re:
 mattresses)
 What's this?

DEPUTY #13
Your bedding.

MALIQ
We sleeping here?

The DEPUTY ignores MALIQ, walking away with their peers.

D-BLOCK CREW MEMBER #1
Where they get these joints from?

D-BLOCK CREW MEMBER #2
They fell off a truck and the
prison bus scooped em.

TRAVIS
Oh shit!

MALIQ
What?

TRAVIS
There's bugs! Look!

TRAVIS kicks the bed and two roaches crawl out from inside.

MALIQ
Ah, nasty.

INT. COMMUNITY CORRECTIONS CENTER - MEDICAL SUPPLY - 5:26 PM

The lights flicker as ANDY takes stock of the various medicines, organizing them neatly in labeled boxes. **GRACE**, (White, Woman, 44) enters. She looks at the defective lights.

GRACE
(re: lights)
Here too?

ANDY
Since noon.

GRACE shakes her head in disappointment.

GRACE
(re: medicines)
How's it looking?

ANDY
Not good, Grace... We have eight doses of insulin left, a dozen of penicillin, four of amoxicillin, three bags of saline-

GRACE

Wait, this it? That can't be all we have.

ANDY nods shyly.

ANDY

Just about. I already checked the cabinets. A lot of stuff packed away was expired. I'm talking two-thousand three and back.

(beat)

Do we know when that shipment is coming?

GRACE

(angrily)

No.

ANDY picks up a box and brings it to the back.

ANDY

Well... We need it. We've got over six hundred prisoners in this building. Without it, I really don't know how we're going to make it her-

GRACE

(snapping)

I know!

Spooked, ANDY drops the box. *Jeez...* ANDY refills the box. GRACE comes to his aid.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(apologetically)

Sorry, this is just... It's been the exact same story at every med supply. Central doesn't even have band-aids! Like, give me a fucking break...

ANDY

Hopefully you should find out more at that meeting tonight.

GRACE

What meeting?

ANDY

(beat)

You mean you don't know?

GRACE gives him a wide stare. *Tell me.*

INT. HOUSE OF DETENTION - CELL BLOCK D - 5:55 PM

CHERAY makes her way down the cell block when GRACE suddenly slides in front of her.

GRACE
Hi, Cheray?

CHERAY
Yes?

GRACE
Oh good! I'm Grace, Andy's boss. He said you can show me where that meeting with the Sheriff was going to be? I wanted to ask a few questions regarding medical.

CHERAY smiles uncomfortably. *Andy and his big mouth...*

INT. HOUSE OF DETENTION - DEPUTY HEADQUARTERS - 5:59 PM

A GATHERING of WARDENS, OFFICERS, DEPUTIES, and other PERSONNEL all murmur and gossip with one another. Leaning against the wall is CHERAY. She watches GRACE as they wait for the meeting to start. Grace looks around, anxiously.

Cheray YAWNS. A DEPUTY approaches her.

DEPUTY #14
Hey, you should take my seat.

CHERAY
Oh, I'm okay. Thank you, though.

DEPUTY #14
Um... Are you sure?

CHERAY
Yup. But thank you. Very sweet.

A hush falls over the room. CHERAY sees that GUSMAN has entered and stands at attention.

GUSMAN takes his time making his way to the center of the room.

GUSMAN

Alright... I've been made to understand that there has been some confusion... And concerns... Regarding the prison's preparedness for the storm. I wanted to hold this time as a forum to address any questions.

(beat)

Who would like to start? Anyone?

The OFFICIALS look at each other, searching for someone with enough guts to speak first.

WARDEN #1

Sheriff, the electricity situation is probably our largest issue. The storm hasn't even made landfall and the phones have been out-

GUSMAN

Inmates don't need to be making calls. They should be taking shelter.

WARDEN #1

...I wasn't finished.

GUSMAN

Go on, then.

WARDEN #1

The phones have been out, the fans have gone down, so it's sweltering, some of the fridges have lost power, some cells have electric locks so-

GUSMAN

Alright, the caution is appreciated but there's no need to worry. Even if the main power goes out, the backup generators will come online, the system will switch over.

WARDEN #1

But for how long? What if the power goes out for days... Or weeks...?

The room clams up at the thought. *Could it be that long?*

GUSMAN

(scoffing)

Warden, this is creeping into paranoia. Weeks? Please...

GRACE

Sheriff, we are in urgent need of more medical supplies, none of our buildings are adequately stocked for our population, much less for the sudden addition of inmates from other prisons.

GUSMAN

(beat, confused)

I'm sorry. Who are you?

GRACE

Grace Nelson. I'm the Medical Director.

GUSMAN

Medical Director? What are you doing here? This meeting is for ranking prison officers and deputies only. How'd you even know about this?

GRACE

Honestly, it's more concerning I didn't know about the meeting. What I need to know is how we are going to properly supply our buildings before the storm hits. We are lacking in every area at every locations.

GUSMAN

Well... Check again. I'm sure there's some more of what you need stowed away.

GRACE

Excuse me? My team and I have checked. Over and over, again! We have trash bins overflowing with expired-!

GUSMAN

Enough!

GRACE

...!

GUSMAN

You're acting hysterical and I'm going to have to ask that you leave.

GRACE

(beat)

What?

GUSMAN

You have your orders. The wardens of each building will be able to answer any further questions as they arise. Now GET OUT.

GRACE glances at Cheray for a possible life-line. CHERAY avoids her gaze. Humiliated, GRACE leaves.

GUSMAN (CONT'D)

Are there any other concerns?

OFFICER #1

Uh, Sheriff? I'm missing a third of my staff. There's no way Templeman five can have full security coverage.

GUSMAN

(beat)

You all will make it work.

OFFICER #1

But... I'm telling you that we can't.

GUSMAN

And I'm telling you that you can and will. If there are concerns of in terms of staffing, communicate with other wardens and rotate staff.

OFFICER

(to himself)

Jesus Christ.

GUSMAN

I apologize, but I don't understand, what exactly are these problems? Can't everyone just... Fall in line and stick to the plan?

WARDEN #2

What plan, Gusman? Has anyone here seen or heard of a plan? I don't think we've ever been so ill prepared for a storm, we don't have enough water, or food, or batteries-

GUSMAN

Watch your tone, Warden. Those are incidentals, and we'll deal with them later.

What a debacle. You could hear a pin drop the room is so quiet. CHERAY can't believe what she's seeing.

INT. COMMUNITY CORRECTIONS CENTER - CELL BLOCK - 6:30 PM

The glass of Luis' shattered crack pipe covers the floor. LUIS jostles his dice and looks over the pieces, mourning his loss. KAREEM enters.

KAREEM

Yo, what's good?

LUIS

Feds came and busted the game, we had to jump.

KAREEM

When?

LUIS

Hour ago? I was winning, too... You got the ice?

KAREEM

Yes, sir.

KAREEM retrieves the baggie of meth and gives it to LUIS.

LUIS

My, man! Who you get from?

KAREEM

(beat)
Darryl.

LUIS

Word. His shit is valid.

LUIS digs a phone out of his pocket and gives it to KAREEM.

LUIS (CONT'D)

There you are my friend. Pleasure
doing business with you, again.

(beat)

Sure you not tryna serve with me
and the boys again?

KAREEM

It was for the phone, Luis.

LUIS

Okay, okay, fine, fuck me.

The two share a laugh...

Suddenly KAREEM's eyes flutter. He feels faint and begins to
shake uncontrollably. He grips the wall for balance, SEIZING
up.

LUIS (CONT'D)

You good, man?

KAREEM regains control. *Jesus...*

KAREEM

(long beat)

Yea, yea, I've just been running
around all day, typical yanke shit.
My sugar must be low. No worries,
I'll be good.

LUIS

Bet. I'm gonna find something to
spark this with. Stay safe.

LUIS takes off.

KAREEM looks at the phone with deep satisfaction. *Finally.* He
flips it open. 1 bar. *Shit.* He begins dialing a number,
trying to remember as he goes. He holds the phone to his ear.

Ring... Ring... Ring... Ring... Ring...

PHONE

*We're sorry, but the call can not
be complete-*

KAREEM ends the call and tries again with a different
combination. He holds the phone up to his ear.

Ring... Ring... Ring...

INT. SUPERDOME - CONTINUOUS

In a line full of disgruntled CIVILLANS leading to a row of porta-potties, **STEPH**, (Black, Woman, 30) taps her foot. She needs to go urgently.

Ring... Ring... Ring...

STEPH pulls out her phone and sees a number calling she doesn't recognize. She answers.

STEPH

Hello?

KAREEM (PHONE)

Steph? Steph, can you here me? Are you okay?

STEPH

... Kareem?!

INTERCUT: KAREEM/STEPH

KAREEM

Yea! Are you okay? Where are you? Where's Zion?

STEPH

I'm at the Superdome... He's with my mom, I'm in line for the bathroom right now.

KAREEM

Superdome? You didn't try to get out of the state? I thought you were going to Texas!?

STEPH

We couldn't get out in time! Why you calling now anyway? And how?

KAREEM

The phones have been out at O.P.P, Steph! Let me talk to Zion.

STEPH

I've been in line for this bathroom for twenty minutes, Kareem...

KAREEM

Steph, please! I'm his pops! I need to check in, he needs to hear my voice!

STEPH
 Alright! God...!

STEPH gets out of line, walking onto the FIELD. FAMILIES huddle with sleeping bags and provisions on the turf, trying to make sense of the situation. STEPH reaches **ZION** (Black, Boy, 7) playing with his action figures under the eye of **STEPH'S MOTHER**.

STEPH (CONT'D)
 (to Zion)
 Zion, your dad is on the phone.

ZION
 Dad?!

STEPH'S MOTHER is perplexed. ZION jumps for joy and grabs the phone.

ZION (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Dad?!

BACK TO KAREEM:

KAREEM tears up, happy to hear his son.

KAREEM
 Hey, big man! How's it going?

ZION (PHONE)
We where the Saints play. Mom's here, and grandma. We had to pack up real fast.

INTERCUT: KAREEM/ZION

ZION (CONT'D)
 Dad... Can you come here?

KAREEM
 Sorry, big man... I'm stuck right now.

ZION
 But I'm scared.

KAREEM's heart breaks.

KAREEM
 Oh... Oh, don't be scared, big man. You gotta be tough.

ZION

Okay...

KAREEM

(long beat)

It's gonna be ok, you mom's
gonna... Gonna...

KAREEM's eyes flutter again. He's overwhelmed by a wave of nausea. He begins to SEIZE and DROPS to the floor. The phone falls away from him.

BACK TO ZION:

ZION

Dad?

(long beat)

Daddy?

ZION hands the phone back to STEPH.

ZION (CONT'D)

(to Steph)

Something's wrong.

STEPH

(into phone)

Hello? Hello?

BACK TO KAREEM:

On KAREEM seizing on the floor. A PAIR OF DEPUTIES come upon him.

STEPH (PHONE) (CONT'D)

Kareem? Hello?

A DEPUTY looks over the broken glass and picks up the phone. He shares an apathetic look with his peer. *Junkies*. He ends the call.

INT. TEMPLEMAN III - BATHROOM - 7:00 PM

MALIQ URINATES in the urinal. TRAVIS enters, taking the urinal next to him.

MALIQ

Man, when they gonna feed us
something that ain't a ham
sandwich? Shit is like a rock in my
gut.

TRAVIS

I heard that. Need some greens or something.

TWO D-BLOCK MEMBERS enter, filling in other spots at the urinals.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Bet the food at St. Bernard's was cash.

MALIQ zips himself and flushes.

MALIQ

It was aight.

MALIQ washes his hands at sink. TRAVIS zips, flushes, and joins him. Another D-BLOCK MEMBER enters, posting up at the sink next to them. MALIQ nods at them.

MALIQ (CONT'D)

Better than here, believe that. But it's all shit at the end of the day, you feel?

Another D-BLOCK MEMBER enters, posting up by the door.

MALIQ finishes washing his hands. He turns to see himself SURROUNDED.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Yo, Maliq.

A pit grows in MALIQ's stomach.

MALIQ

Yea?

TRAVIS gets in MALIQ's face.

TRAVIS

Why'd you snitch on me and Fredo?

MALIQ

What? What you talking about?

TRAVIS

Why'd you snitch, nigga? Your Auntie tell you to? Get you some kind of deal?

MALIQ

Travis, bro, I don't know what you on, I ain't get-

TRAVIS SLAPS the shit out of MALIQ. MALIQ goes down.

TRAVIS
Then explain why I'm here for six
years, Fredo's out in Max, and you
in St. Fucking Bernards?!

MALIQ looks up to see TRAVIS and the rest of D-BLOCK forming
a circle around him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Fredo showed his stash to you and
me, and he was done in a week
later!

MALIQ
(to Travis, long beat)
Trav-

TRAVIS KICKS MALIQ in the face.

INT. TEMPLEMAN III - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

DEPUTIES lead a GAGGLE OF ELDERLY INMATES into the building,
one of them being PERRY. PERRY stops a DEPUTY.

PERRY
Ay, man, let a brotha hit the
shitter real quick.

DEPUTY #15
Hold it.

PERRY
Nigga, I am OLD. I haven't been
able to hold it since two-thousand.

INT. TEMPLEMAN III - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

PERRY walks in, and is stopped by a D-BLOCK MEMBER.

D-BLOCK CREW MEMBER #2
Go somewhere else, Unc.

PERRY
Boy, if you don't get out my way-!

PERRY shoves past him and sees D-BLOCK JUMPING MALIQ.

PERRY (CONT'D)
The hell...?
(to D-Block)
(MORE)

PERRY (CONT'D)
 Get off him! Get off him!
 (yelling to outside)
 Guard! Guard!

D-BLOCK runs out of the bathroom. TRAVIS stays, choosing to lord over MALIQ.

TRAVIS
 You lucky I ain't gut you, bitch.

TRAVIS spits on MALIQ. He saunters out, staring down PERRY. PERRY stares back, unnerved.

PERRY turns his attention to MALIQ, approaching him with trepidation.

On MALIQ, GROANING in pain on the floor, his face purple and swollen.

INT. OLD PARISH PRISON - SAMUEL'S CELL - 9:40 PM

SAMUEL stares at the ceiling, trying to block out the other INMATES in the now filled cell.

STEELE lays in the bunk below him, side-eyeing EVERETTE talking with a few SKINHEADS across the room.

EVERETTE stares back. *Just you wait.*

STEELE
 (re: skinheads)
 We could be in some trouble, Sammy.

SAMUEL
 "We"?

DEPUTY #16 (O.S.)
 BACK AWAY FROM THE DOOR!

INMATE #10 (O.S.)
 There ain't enough beds!

SAMUEL
 Shut the fuck up and get away from the door.

Fearing Samuel, the INMATES at the door move. The cell door opens and a DEPUTY ushers in an INMATE; **MONROE** (Black, Man, 50). STEELE lights up.

STEELE

(to Monroe)

Ay, brother! C'mere! You safe with us.

SAMUEL

Don't bring anyone else-

STEELE

Man, fuck the fuck off. We need more niggas, or those crackers or gonna crack us!

SAMUEL

(to himself)

Crack you, maybe... I didn't do shit.

STEELE

You black, they not gonna just let you be. I know that.

MONROE approaches. STEELE daps him up.

STEELE (CONT'D)

Ay, man. Name's Steele.

MONROE

Monroe.

SAMUEL chooses not to speak.

STEELE

(re: Samuel)

That's Sammy. He ain't talk much. Never seen you around before? You new?

MONROE

Been here three months. Got transferred from Angola.

STEELE

What you in for?

MONROE

First degree and armed robbery.

STEELE

Well, seeing as how you the only other brother in our abode, I'm gonna let you in on our plan.

(whisper)

(MORE)

STEELE (CONT'D)

Dig on this, me and Sammy are thinking of breaking out. You in?

MONROE looks at them with caution, then motions for them to lean in.

MONROE

(whisper)

You two know about the fire door?

SAMUEL and STEELE both PAUSE. *Fire door?*

STEELE

The what?

MONROE

The fire door. Niggas been using it to sneak out.

STEELE

Are you for real?

MONROE

Yea, my cellmate at Central Lockup put me on. Said there's a fire exit, third floor, of Templeman five. There's something up with the lock, you put enough pressure in the right spot, it just gives.

SAMUEL and STEELE share a look of awe. STEELE smirks. *See, nigga?*

STEELE

It just gives.

INT. HOUSE OF DETENTION - CELL BLOCK D - 11:00 PM

On KAREEM, laying, passed out in the fetal position. An INMATE trips over his leg, waking him up.

Disoriented, KAREEM scrambles up.

KAREEM

...!

KAREEM takes in his new surroundings. *This isn't C.C.C.* Some other INMATES in the cell stare. Most ignore him. KAREEM approaches an INMATE.

KAREEM (CONT'D)

Where am I? Where am I?

INAMTE #11

H.O.D.

KAREEM

(horrified)

H.O.D?

Click, click, click, click. KAREEM turns to the cell door.
The count. KAREEM rushes to the door and sees CHERAY counting
INMATES.

KAREEM (CONT'D)

Yo! Yo! Guard!

CHERAY

(angry and exhausted)

Yes?

KAREEM

Look, I didn't get dinner. I got to
eat, and... Fuck, what time is it?

CHERAY

Please, calm down.

CHERAY checks her watch.

CHERAY (CONT'D)

It's eleven-fifty-one.

KAREEM

(panicked)

You gotta let me out. Please,
please, let me out. I didn't get my
shot. I need my fucking shot, I
need to eat, and my, my-

Phone. KAREEM checks his pockets. Nothing. KAREEM BASHES the
door, feeling hopeless. *All that work!*

KAREEM (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck...

CHERAY

Sir, I can not help you if you do
not calm down.

KAREEM

I'm diabetic... If I don't get my
shot and get food soon I'll have
another seizure and, and-

CHERAY
 Oh! Oh, god, okay, okay...! Let me
 just...! Call it in...!

CHERAY reaches for her walkie, but stops. *Is he lying?*

KAREEM
 What?

CHERAY looks at him skeptically.

KAREEM (CONT'D)
 I'm telling you the truth!

CHERAY
 I don't know that.

KAREEM
 I'm asking for medicine!

CHERAY finally hears him, slightly disappointed in herself for doubting such a request.

CHERAY
 (to cell)
 Can all inmates back away from the
 door!

The INMATES oblige.

CHERAY (CONT'D)
 (into walkie)
 This is Deputy Wilkins, I have an
 inmate experiencing a medical
 emergency in H.O.D. Can we open up
 cell five on floor six?

DEPUTY #16 (WALKIE)
*Sure thing, unlock in three...
 Two... One.*

CHERAY tries to open the door, but it won't give. She tries again. No luck. *Huh?*

CHERAY
 (into walkie)
 Uh, having some trouble here.

DEPUTY #16 (WALKIE)
 Hm. Try again. Unlock in three...
 Two...

The lights begin to flicker wildly. CHERAY, MALIQ, and the INMATES all look above at the show.

KAREEM
(re: lights)
Woah.

Suddenly, they stop flickering... THEN SHUT DOWN COMPLETELY.

CHERAY
(re: lights, to herself)
No.

DEPUTY #16 (WALKIE)
Deputy Wilkins, the system's not
responding, I can't open the
doors... I think we just lost
power.

CHERAY mentally SPIRALS. *The twins. Her sister.*

KAREEM
Did he just say he can't open the
doors.?

CHERAY can't speak. She looks at KAREEM like a deer in the
headlights. Her mind is three floors away.

CHERAY
...!

KAREEM
Is that what he just said? That he
CAN'T OPEN THE DOORS!?

The other INMATES begin to clue in, sharing concern.

INMATE #11
What?

INMATE #12
What's up with the doors?

CHERAY
(beat, shakily)
No, no, we can get you all out. I'm
sure the power will come back
online. Let me just check in, I
promise, I'll get you what you
need!

CHERAY walks off, DISSOCIATING. *This isn't happening.*

KAREEM
Wait! Come back!

KAREEM begins to BANG on the doors. Some INMATES join him, YELLING for answers, and for help.

EXT. ORLEANS PARISH PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Dark clouds cover the sky above the obelisk prison buildings. High winds cause trees to thrash and drags mailboxes across the streets. The COLLECTIVE VOICES of the disgruntled INMATES fill the sound scape, overtaking the wind.

END OF EPISODE