

***Untitled Prison Break Project***

One Hour Pilot

Written By

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EPISODE ONE - "The New Fish"

TEASER

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT

TIGHT ON the face of MICHAEL SCOFIELD, 26, grimacing like hell. There's buzzing off-screen. Incessant.

Widen. A TATTOO ARTIST sits beside him, the tattoo gun in his hand working methodically.

We don't get a real good look at the tattoo, but one thing is evident--tattoos cover the whole of Michael's arms and torso, like something out of Ray Bradbury's "Illustrated Man".

The Tattoo Artist finishes up, surveys his work.

TATTOO ARTIST

Can I just, you know, look at it  
for a minute?

Michael nods. The Tattoo Artist looks at his work with awe. Michael can see the Pygmalian sort of reverence there, nods:

MICHAEL

You're an artist, Sid.

TATTOO ARTIST

You're telling me you're just gonna  
walk out of here and I'm never  
gonna see it again?

MICHAEL

There's a good chance of that,  
yeah.

TATTOO ARTIST

Most guys, you know, for the first  
one, they start with somethin'  
small. 'Mom', girlfriend's  
initials, somethin like that. Not  
you. You get the full set of  
sleeves, all in a couple a weeks.  
Takes guys a few years to get the  
ink you got.

MICHAEL

I don't have a few years.

He pulls on his shirt. Sets a wad of cash on the counter.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Wish to hell I did, though.

He smiles, walks out.

INT. CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

High rent district.

CAMERA tracks across NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS, plastered on every available vertical surface. A random, non-related hodge-podge of topics: *Scientists Close In On Trigger Of Insulin Resistance. Informant Crucial Piece of Prosecution's Case Against Abruzzi. Governor's Daughter Wins Humanitarian Award.*

Posterity is not the motive in this avalanche of information. Obsession is.

Camera moves to the cluttered desk below, to the stacks of books there--Criminal Law, Who's Who in the Virginia Legal System, the 2001 Trinity College Yearbook--then onto prescription bottles of an obscure compound called PUGNAC.

The camera comes to a halt, and holds for a moment, on a single and very complex

ORIGAMI SWAN.

In the b.g., Michael enters.

He crosses to the clippings, begins pulling them from the wall, trashing them.

The files on his computer are next. Scores of them, being deleted by the mouse click.

He pauses. Way too many files. Way too much information.

He flips open the computer's shell, YANKS OUT--

EXT. BANKS OF THE POTOMAC - DAY

--THE HARD DRIVE. In Michael's hand now as he stands by the banks of the Potomac, gazing at the swiftly moving current. He shakes his head slightly, smiles a self-admonishing smile, like a man about to engage in activities he knows full well are perilous and not at all smart. The nervous energy of a man about to jump out of an airplane, or climb Everest, or ski K2. The kind of smile a man unfurls in front of a firing squad, because there's nothing else you can do.

If there is one thing unique in Michael Scofield it is that smile. That firing squad smile.

MICHAEL  
(quietly; to himself)  
You can still turn back.

A long beat. He tosses the hard drive into the river, heads back toward his shiny new BMW idling at the curb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Over this we hear SHRIEKS and WAILS. SHOCK CUT TO--

INT. BANK - DAY

The terrified face of a TELLER, pressed against the counter. The Customers are on the floor. Lording over all of them is Michael, a .38 in his hand, Dog Day Afternoon 30 years later. Cradled under his arm, a grocery sack full of cash.

MICHAEL

The vault! Open it!

TELLER

We can't, sir. The branch manager's not here--

MICHAEL

Where is he?!

TELLER

Across the street, sir. At White Castle.

Michael looks out the window. To White Castle across the way. He checks his watch. Rolls his eyes. Jesus Christ. HE UNLOADS THE PISTOL INTO THE CEILING. Everyone flinches.

MICHAEL

Well go get him, goddammit!

TELLER

I...I mean you've already got over half a million in cash there, sir...don't you think maybe it'd be better--

They're interrupted by the thump of HELICOPTER ROTORS overhead, then TIRES skidding up on the sidewalk outside.

A SWAT TEAM pours out of 3 different vans outside, begins taking up position.

One very long and pregnant beat of silence ensues.

Things suddenly aren't looking so good.

Michael lets out a long breath. A grateful sigh?

He lowers the pistol and bag to the floor, slowly raises his hands, and walks toward the blinding light outside...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The JUDGE eyes Michael from the bench.

JUDGE  
No contest. You're sure about this,  
Mr. Scofield.

MICHAEL  
I'm sure, your honor.

His lawyer stands up beside him, mortified. VERONICA DONOVAN,  
28, beautiful, razor-sharp, the whole bit.

VERONICA  
Your honor. We'd like to recess if  
we could. Michael's a bit confused  
at the moment--

MICHAEL  
I'm not, your honor.

VERONICA  
He is, your honor.

Chuckles and whispers ripple through the gallery. The Judge  
considers Michael and Veronica for a moment.

JUDGE  
Ultimately the decision rests with  
the defendant. Perhaps you should  
heed your representation's advice,  
take some additional time to  
properly consider your response.

MICHAEL  
I've already done that, your honor.

Veronica looks at him, aghast. Michael looks back over his  
shoulder, meets eyes with someone in the gallery he didn't  
anticipate being there. LJ, a handsome kid of 15.

JUDGE  
This court isn't known for granting  
violent offenders--even first time  
ones like yourself--much leniency.  
You understand that, don't you?

Michael looks back again at LJ, distracted.

MICHAEL  
I do, your honor.

The Judge digests it, nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE

I'll retire to my chambers to determine sentencing. Court's recessed until 1:30.

He brings down the gavel with a CLACK.

EXT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

LJ heads for the exit. Michael catches up with him.

MICHAEL

LJ, wait.

LJ stops, looks back at Michael. Anguish there.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I didn't want you to come. I didn't want you to see this.

LJ

What, you thought you could just get locked away for a few years, and I wouldn't notice? I'm your nephew, man. What were you going to do? Send me a postcard?

MICHAEL

Look. I know I haven't done this right. But you gotta understand. I'm ashamed. All this...it's not me. You've got to believe that.

LJ

(shakes his head)  
Heard that before.

MICHAEL

It's gonna work out, LJ. The whole thing. I promise.

LJ doesn't look even vaguely consoled. A long uncomfortable beat ensues.

LJ

I gotta go.

He turns, heads for the exit.

MICHAEL

LJ--

LJ disappears out the revolving door. The SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES keep a wary eye on Michael.

Veronica comes up a moment later.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I didn't think it'd be this hard on him.

VERONICA

Can you blame him? He's getting the idea that anyone he attaches himself to is gonna end up in prison.

She looks him in the eye.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

It's not just him that's starting to feel that way, Michael.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Veronica studies Michael's face.

VERONICA

Don't you understand? You put the book in this guy's hand, he's gonna lob it at you like a hand grenade. No contest means nothing to him. You put up the white flag, he's gonna use you as target practice. This guy's so far to the right that rehabilitation's not even in his vocabulary. Justice and punishment are the same thing to him.

MICHAEL

I know.

VERONICA

Then will you please tell me what's going through your head?

MICHAEL

We've been over this.

VERONICA

Come on. You've never even paid a parking ticket late. Hell, you've probably never even gotten one.

MICHAEL

You'd be surprised.

VERONICA

I can't sleep, Michael. This whole thing--the prospect of you going to prison--it's got me sick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Look, you've got your own life to worry about now. My life's not for you to worry about anymore.

VERONICA

I can still care about you, can't I? Jesus Christ. Why won't you let me help you?

Beat.

MICHAEL

You've been good to me. My whole life you have. But you've got to let me deal with this. Okay?

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Tight on the Judge's face:

JUDGE

...given your complete lack of prior criminal conduct, I am inclined toward probation.

Veronica lets out a subtle sigh of relief.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

However, there's one thing I cannot get past. The fact that you discharged a deadly weapon during the commission of the crime. That suggests malice to me, a preparedness to do bodily harm. For that reason, I feel it incumbent that you see the inside of a prison cell, Mr. Scofield.

Michael absorbs the news solemnly. Veronica looks like she's the one receiving the sentence.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I find that recidivism rates are sharply lower when first time offenders--violent ones in particular--are assigned to the higher level facilities. Tends to scare them straight, if I may be colloquial.

He looks at the paperwork before him. Then:

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JUDGE (CONT'D)

It says here that you've requested through your attorney to be incarcerated somewhere near your home here in Arlington.

Michael nods.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I'm willing to honor that. The closest level 5 facility to--

VERONICA

Level 5? That's maximum security, your honor.

JUDGE

I would ask consul to refrain from interrupting me.

Veronica sits back in her chair. Whispers to Michael:

VERONICA

We're appealing this.

JUDGE

As I was saying, Ms. Donovan, the closest Level 5 facility would be Wallens Ridge State Penitentiary.

He puts the paperwork down, eyes Michael.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

As for the term of your sentence, I'm setting it at five years. You'll be eligible for parole in half that time. Sentencing is to be carried out effective immediately.

He drops the gavel with a CLACK. SHOCK CUT TO--

EXT. WALLENS RIDGE - DAY

An aerial shot of Wallens Ridge State Penitentiary, an imposing fortress dominating a densely wooded ridgeline. 30-foot cement walls, imposing gun towers, and fields of razor wire encircle the brand new facility.

This isn't the big house. This is the huge house.

INT. UNIT 5A - "THE FISH TANK" - DAY

Receiving and Discharge. Michael looks down at his "state blue"--the official prison uniform of blue jeans, blue work shirt, and white sneakers--folded up neatly in his hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Senior Correctional Officer BELLICK, 35, surveys Michael as he fills out his medical records on a clipboard.

BELLICK  
Back number?

Michael looks at the number stenciled on his state blue.

MICHAEL  
55241.

BELLICK  
You a religious man, Scofield?

MICHAEL  
Never really thought about it.

BELLICK  
Good, 'cause the Ten Commandments don't mean a box of piss in here. We got two commandments and two only. First commandment is you got nothin' comin'. As long as you're in here, and you're thinkin' maybe you're wantin' to ask for something-  
-extra roll of TP, conjugal visit, maybe a naked picture of your sister doing the shimmy, just remember Commandment number one: *you got nothin' coming.*

Michael nods. Subtly amused.

MICHAEL  
What's the second Commandment?

BELLICK  
See Commandment number one.

MICHAEL  
Gotcha.

Bellick eyes Michael, the bemused expression.

BELLICK  
You talkin' out of the side of your neck?

MICHAEL  
Come again?

BELLICK  
I said, you being a smart-ass?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

Boss, I'm just trying to fly low,  
avoid the radar. Do my time and get  
out.

Bellick sneers; a GOLD-CAPPED TOOTH is visible.

BELLUCK

There isn't any flying under my  
radar.

Michael nods, slides the clipboard across to him. Then  
gathers his state blue and heads up the hallway.

Bellick scans the clipboard and Michael's medical history.

"TYPE I DIABETES" is scrawled there.

Bellick nods to himself, then looks up at Michael's form as  
he diminished down the hallway.

INT. 'A-WING' - DAY

A sweeping slow shot introduces us to life on the inside--a  
hundred different stories unfolding within the cells on the 3  
floors, dramas exposed to our voyeur eye in the fashion that  
Jimmy Stewart's neighbor's lives were in *Rear Window*.

VOICE (O.S.)

Cain't a brother get some A-  
condition'? It's hot as a crack  
ho's mouth up in here.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)

Plug it, fish. You're in the  
jackpot now. You ain't got nothin'  
comin'!

Camera drifts up to a cell on the third floor, where--

INT. CELL - DAY

Michael stands at the bars, gazing at the jungle out there,  
the PRISONERS milling about on the floor of A-wing below.

His cell mate reclines on the bunk behind him. Meet FERNANDO  
SUCRE, 22, so handsome he could've been a cover boy for *Teen*  
magazine, if it weren't for all the liquor stores he couldn't  
help knocking over back in Queens.

SUCRE

Ain't no sense in bein' on your  
feet, fish. Heard they tossed a  
nickel at you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Michael nods, distracted. Something's going on below. Shouting, shit-talking between a group of men.

SUCRE (CONT'D)

In here, my man, all we got to do is serve time. Ain't nobody gonna serve it for you. So I suggest you ease your seat back, kick up your feet, and enjoy the ride--

A PIERCING CRY OF PAIN BELOW.

Sucre gets up, comes to the bars beside Michael.

One of the inmates is down, gripping his stomach as everyone scatters. There's blood coursing between his fingers.

WHISTLES echo up the wing from the central rotunda. CORRECTIONAL OFFICERS rush toward the scene a moment later.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

We need medical in A-Wing!

Sucre smiles a wan smile, pats him on the shoulder.

SUCRE

Welcome to Prisneyland.

He returns to his bunk, flips through his magazine again.

But Michael lingers there at the bars, looking down at the fallen inmate, the knife wound in his stomach. Off the look of muted shock on his face, we CUT TO--

INT. VERONICA'S LOFT - NIGHT

A high-end loft overlooking the Potomac. Veronica stands at the window, clad in a robe, a mug of tea in her hand, gazing out at the water. It's late, quiet as a graveyard.

SEBASTIAN (O.S.)

You wanna talk about it?

She turns, looks up the spiral staircase to the loft above, where her fiancée, SEBASTIAN, 30, peers down at her.

VERONICA

It's not worth talking about.

SEBASTIAN

If it's keeping you up, it is.

VERONICA

It's just...it's nothing. You know. Michael's case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes a deep breath, sits down on the top step.

SEBASTIAN  
You did the best you could.

VERONICA  
But he didn't.

SEBASTIAN  
What do you mean?

VERONICA  
I don't know what I mean. He just sort of rolled over, didn't put up a fight. It's not like him.

He shakes his head subtly. Michael. His favorite subject.

VERONICA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I shouldn't be talking about him.

SEBASTIAN  
Hey. If it's on your mind, it's on your mind.

She looks at him. Don't be like that. He gets to his feet, heads back toward the bed.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
Whenever you're ready.

He disappears from view. She returns her gaze to the Potomac.

EXT. YARD - DAY

If A-Wing is the jungle, then this place is the Serengeti: wide open spaces filled with predators of all size and shape.

Sucre and Michael move through the yard. Sucre nods to the various race-delineated groups.

SUCRE  
Trey Street Deuces got the hoops court, Norteños got the handball, Woods got the weight pile, the Tribe's got the far corner...

His eyes slowly go up to the GUN TOWER looming over them. There's a plexiglas enclosure there, within which sits SHOOTER, a C.O. whose M-16 is never too far from his hand, and whose amber-hued shooting glasses never leave his face. The shoot-first, ask-questions-never kind of guy.

SUCRE (CONT'D)  
And the C.O.s got the rest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Michael and Sucre take a seat in the bleachers.

SUCRE (CONT'D)  
 Bellick and his boys...man, they're  
 the dirtiest, cheatenest, drug-  
 runningest gang in this whole  
 place. Only difference 'tween us  
 and them is the badge.

Michael looks up, meets eyes with Shooter. The corner of  
 Shooter's lip curls slightly. Something unsettling in that.

Sucre lights up a smoke, takes a long drag, nods.

SUCRE (CONT'D)  
 Ah, the great outdoors. Fresh air.  
 Nothin' like it, huh?

Michael's eyes fall across a a solitary man standing to their  
 left. Peering out from within his overcoat is a CAT. We will  
 know him later as 60-year-old EDWIN WESTMORELAND.

MICHAEL  
 Who's the pet lover?

SUCRE  
 That old head, right there, ain't  
 none other than the legendary D.B.  
 Cooper.

MICHAEL  
 What? That guy that jumped out of  
 the plane up in Washington?

SUCRE  
 Parachuted out of a 747 thirty  
 years ago with a million and a half  
 in cash. Waxed two guys in the  
 process. Sitting behind a Life  
 Without for it, too.

MICHAEL  
 Doesn't look like the type.

SUCRE  
 Who does?  
 (looks up)  
 Yo. What's up, C-Note?

Michael looks up. C-NOTE, 23, stands there, all cornrows and  
 pimp lean. He eyes Michael with suspicion.

C-NOTE  
 Whatchu doin' with this fish?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SUCRE

He's my new cellie. I'm layin' it  
down for him.

Sucre looks at Michael, nods to C-Note.

SUCRE (CONT'D)

This is my boy C-Note. Scrounger  
extraordinaire. Anything you want,  
he can get it: a little brown,  
bottle of Chivas, even a little  
love monkey, if that's your thing.  
Met him up in Rikers. Me and him  
did a deuce behind them bad walls.

C-NOTE

Man, you keep handin' out my  
jacket, I swear I'm gonna bust your  
grape.

SUCRE

You couldn't bust a grape in Napa  
with a set of cleats on.

C-NOTE

Listen to your big goat-smellin  
ass. Don't be actin' like you're  
about somethin' now--

As they go on, camera comes in on Michael's eyes. Tuning them  
out. Their voices fade and we're seeing the yard the way that  
he sees it--not as warring factions of cons, but rather as  
GEOMETRY--the drainage grates, arranged intermittently around  
the yard, forming a sort of grid.

They line up, extend away in a diminishing row toward the  
INFIRMARY and ADMIN BUILDINGS beyond.

The bickering between C-Note and Sucre fades back in.

MICHAEL

Listen...I was hoping you could  
help me with something.

He looks back up at them.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm looking for someone. Guy named  
Lincoln Burrows.

Sucre and C-Note laugh. Funniest thing they ever heard.

SUCRE

Linc the Sink?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MICHAEL

That what they're calling him now?

C-NOTE

Yeah. As in he'll come at you with everything but the kitchen, dawg.

MICHAEL

Where can I find him?

C-NOTE

Trust me, whiteboy, of all the people that God dumped on this cold hard stone, Lincoln Burrows is the very last one you'd ever want to cross paths with.

EXT. FAR SIDE OF THE YARD - DAY

Sucre, C-Note and Michael stand along the chainlink. 100 yards away, visible through six sets of chainlink, is the CSU Yard (Capital Sentence Unit). Unlike Gen Pop, only four inmates are allowed out at a time.

One of them is LINCOLN BURROWS, 32, all tats and wiry muscles. He moves around the track slowly, methodically. A caged lion. Michael's eyes never leave him.

SUCRE

Meanest mo in the whole place.  
Shotcaller for the Woods.  
Pipehitter like no other.

C-NOTE

Boy's lookin' at the chair behind a Murder One. Which means there ain't no one more dangerous inside these bad walls than him. 'Cause he's got nothin' to lose now. What're they gonna do? Kill him twice?

MICHAEL

There a way I can get to him?

SUCRE

They got his ass strained up tight. Only time those boys are getting out is for chapel and P.I.

MICHAEL

Chapel.

SUCRE

Yeah, you know. They all go. Even the ones that hate God. See it as a chance to stretch the legs.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MICHAEL  
And P.I. What's that?

SUCRE  
Prison Industry.

He nods vaguely over the wall toward the FACTORY.

SUCRE (CONT'D)  
Guys over there that're Grade C--  
you know, the ones that play well  
with others--they get to work with  
gen pop. Make eyeglasses for the  
grannies all over this glorious  
country of ours.

C-NOTE  
I wouldn't get your panties all in  
a bunch, fish. You ain't sniffin'  
none of P.I.

MICHAEL  
Why's that?

SUCRE  
'Cause John Abruzzi runs it.

MICHAEL  
John Abruzzi John Abruzzi?

SUCRE  
(nods)  
John Abruzzi John Abruzzi.

C-Note surveys Michael for a moment.

C-NOTE  
Why you wanna see Burrows so bad  
anyhow?

Michael eyes Burrows through the chainlink. Nods.

MICHAEL  
Because he's my brother.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. VISITATION ROOM - DAY

3 months prior. Lincoln looks out through the glass at Michael. He's hardly the caged lion we saw earlier, but rather well-spoken, introspective.

LINCOLN  
They denied the motion.

MICHAEL  
Then do it again.

LINCOLN  
Can't. That's it.

MICHAEL  
I thought appeals could go on forever.

Lincoln looks down.

LINCOLN  
May 11th.

MICHAEL  
(shocked)  
What?

LINCOLN  
That's the date, man. That's the date, uh, you know...they...

The unimaginable has just become very, very real.

MICHAEL  
Jesus Christ.

LINCOLN  
That's what I said.  
(beat)  
Funny thing is, and you're not gonna believe it, but I've been talking to Him.

MICHAEL  
You're right. I don't believe it.

LINCOLN  
Haven't heard a peep though.  
(beat)  
Can't really blame Him, I suppose. With all the crap I've pulled in my life. But you know me, man. I've never denied any of it to you or Him or anyone else. Not once.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

I know.

Long beat.

LINCOLN

I didn't kill that man, Michael.

MICHAEL

The evidence says you did.

LINCOLN

I don't care what the evidence says. I didn't kill him.

MICHAEL

Swear to me.

LINCOLN

I swear to you, Michael.

MICHAEL

But how'd they get it wrong then?  
The courts, the appeals--

Lincoln gnaws on his lip, contemplative.

LINCOLN

I don't know. All I keep thinking,  
looking back on all of it, is that  
I was set up. And whoever it was  
that set me up wants me in the  
ground as quickly as possible...

INT. CELL - DAY

Back to the present. To Sucre lying in his bunk. Trying to  
compose a letter.

SUCRE

What's another word for love?

MICHAEL

What's the context?

SUCRE

Ah, you know. The I-love-you-so-  
much-I-ain't-never-knocking-over-a-  
liquor-store-again context.

MICHAEL

Oh. That one.

SUCRE

Except, you know, *classy*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL  
Classy. Right.

SUCRE  
I'm proposin' to my girl, if you  
gotta know.

MICHAEL  
In a letter?

SUCRE  
You got a better way?

MICHAEL  
Face to face works pretty good.

Sucré nods to the whole of Wallens Ridge around them.

SUCRE  
This place ain't exactly the  
romantic spot, if you know what I'm  
sayin'.

(beat)  
I'm gonna have her go get on the  
Statten Island Ferry, then once she  
can see the Empire State building,  
she opens the letter, and bam, it's  
almost like being there. Except,  
you know, for the fact that I won't  
be there.

MICHAEL  
I don't know. Try 'passion'.

SUCRE  
Yeah. 'Passion'. That's dope.

He starts writing, then pauses, knitting his brow.

SUCRE (CONT'D)  
How do you spell that? P-A-S-H...

His voice trails away. Michael looks up at him. Sucré shrugs.

SUCRE (CONT'D)  
School wasn't one of my strong  
spots, know'm sayin'?

EXT. LONG ISLAND HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Private high school. Upper crust. Kids disperse in all  
directions--on foot and skateboard, in SUV and BMW.

LJ emerges. He's clean cut, well-dressed, and yet, in the  
white bread world of Long Island, somehow an outsider.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A moment later, his friend BRIAN, 16, finds him.

BRIAN  
Yo. You ready?

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Skateboard wheels clack over uneven sidewalks. Brian nods to LJ as they coast along.

BRIAN  
Beemer.

LJ  
Range Rover.

BRIAN  
Won't be able to afford it.

LJ  
No, they've got these new ads. Five grand down. 279 a month.

They skate up through the parking lot of a corner mall. Chinese restaurants. Pager stores. Laundromats.

BRIAN  
We're sophomores. No one in their right mind's gonna lease us a car.

They whip around the back. Dumpsters. Employee parking.

LJ  
We do this right, we can pay cash.

They hop off their skateboards, look around, then knock on the back door of the pager shop.

The door opens, revealing a Russian immigrant. TSILI, 29. He motions them inside.

INT. PRISON COMMISSARY - DAY

JOHN ABRUZZI, 35, throws spades with his CRONIES on the 3rd floor of A-Wing. DeNiro after the fall in *GoodFellas*. Even incarcerated, he's still got that teflon presence.

Michael approaches him, nods.

MICHAEL  
I need you to hire me. At P.I.

Abruzzi tosses a card, doesn't look up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRUZZI

Beat it.

MICHAEL

Maybe you ought to hear what I've got to say.

ABRUZZI

Fellas. If he's standing here in 10 seconds, launch him.

He nods over the railing to the floor of A-Wing 30' below.

The Cronies get to their feet. The action says two things: listen to the man, or you're gonna sprout wings, fast.

MICHAEL

I've got a hypothetical for you, John. What if I actually had something you needed?

ABRUZZI

You got nothing I need.

The Cronies crowd Michael.

MICHAEL

I wouldn't be too sure of that.

He tosses something on the table in front of Abruzzi. A rudimentary ORIGAMI SWAN.

ABRUZZI

Oh. My mistake. You're right. Just what I need. You see that, fellas? A duck.

MICHAEL

It's a swan, John.

Abruzzi considers it for a split second, then looks back up to Michael. Play time is over.

ABRUZZI

I got a hypothetical for you. You think if my boys here launch you over the edge, you'll bounce or you'll break when you hit the floor down there?

The Cronies move for Michael. He wisely raises his hands, retreats peacefully.

STAY ON ABRUZZI--rolling the swan between his fingers, considering it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

After a moment, he crumples it, tosses its misshapen form over the railing with a dismissive chuckle.

FOLLOW IT as it flutters slowly toward the the floor of A-Wing below, DISSOLVING TO--

INT. PAGER SHOP - DAY

One very large bag of WEED. Tsili hands it to LJ.

TSILI  
Turn it around by the end of the week, because that's when I'm gonna come knocking.

LJ puts it in his backpack.

LJ  
Got it.

They turn, head for the rear door. Tsili watches them for a moment. Something about him, despite the pressed white shirt, suggests that this is not a guy to be trifled with.

TSILI  
This one's on you, LJ. Your friend here screws up, it's on you.

LJ looks back. The man's serious as a heart attack. LJ nods.

EXT. MINI MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

LJ and Brian emerge. Pull on backpacks. Hop on skateboards. They quickly skate off. Widen.

Reveal an UNMARKED POLICE CAR up the block. The COP inside brings his mike to his lips.

COP  
Fish on.

EXT. SIDEWALKS - DAY

Brian and LJ skate up the sidewalk.

A PATROL CAR rolls up to the corner 15 feet in front of them, blocking their path.

LJ and Brian slow to a stop, hop off their boards.

2 COPS get out, move for them. The boys turn, ready to bolt off in the other direction--

But 2 MORE PATROL CARS roll up behind them, block their exit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LJ turns, looks back at the COP coming toward him.

COP  
What do you say we have a look  
inside those bags?

Off LJ's face, the color draining from it, we CUT TO--

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

Blood roiling back up into a hypodermic needle. Widen. DR.  
SARA TANCREDI, 24, attractive in a benevolent, harried sort  
of way, administers an insulin shot to Michael.

SARA  
Must've been painful. The tattoo, I  
mean.

MICHAEL  
You've got no idea.

SARA  
Looks fresh.

MICHAEL  
Figured I needed some sleeves for  
prison. You know, fit in.

SARA  
Uh-huh.

MICHAEL  
I'm Michael, by the way.

SARA  
Scofield. I've seen the report.

MICHAEL  
And you're...

SARA  
Dr. Tancredi will do.

Michael digests the name.

MICHAEL  
Tancredi. Like the governor.

She pauses just long enough. Michael eyes her.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
You're not related, are you?

He takes her silence as an affirmative response.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Wouldn't think you'd find the  
 daughter of Frontier Justice Jim  
 working in a prison. As a doctor,  
 no less.

He subtly eyes something across the room as he talks. Beneath  
 the emergency wash station is a slotted, cast iron DRAIN.

SARA  
 I believe in being part of the  
 solution. Not the problem.

MICHAEL  
 'Be the change you want to see in  
 the world', huh?

SARA  
 Huh.

MICHAEL  
 What?

SARA  
 Oh, it's nothing. That was just my  
 senior quote, that's all.

MICHAEL  
 That was you? This whole time I was  
 thinking it was Gandhi.

SARA  
 Very funny.

She tapes a pad of gauze over the tiny hole, motions for him  
 to cover it with his finger.

SARA (CONT'D)  
 Put direct pressure on that. Sit  
 tight. I'll be back in a minute.

She crosses into the adjacent office. As soon as she's gone,  
 Michael's off the table, over to grating.

He quickly reaches up to one of the cardboard supply boxes on  
 the shelf above. Tears away a long, wide strip of cardboard.

He finds his HANDS TREMBLING SLIGHTLY from the insulin shot.  
 Seems it's not normalizing him, as it should for the typical  
 diabetic, but rather overloading his adrenal system.

He slides the cardboard down into the grate. Quickly wedges  
 it securely in the shaft beneath, folds the top down so that  
 it's no longer visible.

He quickly returns to the examination table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sara returns a moment later.

MICHAEL  
So, how do we play this? You hook  
me up with a few weeks supply--

SARA  
Nice try. No hypos on the floor.

MICHAEL  
I'm the farthest thing from a  
junkie. Trust me.

SARA  
I've got news for you, Michael.  
'Trust me' means absolutely zero  
inside of these walls. The only way  
you're getting that insulin is if  
I'm administering it.

Michael removes the gauze pad, hands it to her.

MICHAEL  
Guess we'll be seeing a lot of each  
other, then.

She deposits the gauze pad in the trash, nods.

SARA  
Guess so.

EXT. NEW JERSEY MEADOWLANDS - DAY

Establishing shot of the innumerable warehouses that make up  
the meat packing district along I-95.

Come in on one of the warehouses. SALVATORE MEAT.

INT. SALVATORE MEAT PACKING - DAY

Carcasses on hooks. A whole indoor football field's worth.

GAVIN SMALLHOUSE, 44, enters, an envelope in his hand.  
Something in him suggests 'consigliere'. The Prada suit  
maybe. Or the diamond-encrusted Rolex.

He crosses to the manager of the plant, a cro-magnin-browed  
thug named MAGGIO, 34.

SMALLHOUSE  
We need to talk.

INT. SALVATORE MEAT / OFFICE - DAY

Smallhouse tosses the contents of the envelope onto the desk. PHOTOS. The 300mm, long-distance surveillance variety.

Maggio looks at the BEARDED SUBJECT with disinterest.

MAGGIO

Yeah. So?

SMALLHOUSE

That's the son of a bitch that fingered Abruzzi.

MAGGIO

That's Hill? No...  
(sitting forward,  
recognizing the face)  
Thought the son of a bitch was gone forever.

SMALLHOUSE

Evidently somebody found him.

MAGGIO

Yeah, but...who?

SMALLHOUSE

You're not gonna believe this.

He tosses the only other content of the envelope onto the table beside the pictures. We don't see it.

But Maggio does. As a quizzical expression washes across his face, we hear--

VOICE (O.S.)

*Why do you seek the living amongst  
the dead?*

INT. PRISON CHAPEL - DAY

The PRISON CHAPLAIN as he finishes reading from Luke 24:

PRISON CHAPLAIN

The Son of Man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again...

Cut to the back of the chapel, the last row of pews. Michael sits there, eyeing a single man in the front row.

Lincoln. Surrounded on either side by a cadre of Woods.

The Chaplain wraps up service. The inmates begin to file out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON LINCOLN -- moving up the aisle. Stopping.

Michael stands before him.

All color runs from his face. Utter shock.

Michael approaches him.

Instinctively, the WOODS around Lincoln step to Michael--

LINCOLN  
It's all right.

Long beat as he eyes Michael. Absolutely dumbfounded. His words are incredulous, hardly a whisper.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
It's all right.

INT. CHAPEL HALLWAY - DAY

The two brothers embrace.

LINCOLN  
God, it's so good to see you. You have no idea.

He holds Michael at arm's length.

THEN PROMPTLY DECKS HIM HARD ACROSS THE FACE.

Michael reels. Nearby the Woods bristle. Simultaneously, Michael and Lincoln hold their hands up to them.

MICHAEL  
It's cool.

LINCOLN  
It's cool.

Michael rubs his jaw, looks back at Lincoln.

MICHAEL  
The hell was that for?

LINCOLN  
What do you think, you goddamn idiot--

He pauses momentarily, eyes falling across the Christ effigy above Michael's head. He mutters a contrite apology, takes a deep breath to cool off. Looks back at Michael.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
Didn't I teach you anything?

In the b.g., one of the C.O.'s notices the tea party.

(CONTINUED).

CONTINUED:

C.O.  
Burrows. Roll it up. Happy hour's  
over.

LINCOLN  
Michael...why?

MICHAEL  
You're not gonna believe it.

LINCOLN  
I already don't.

Michael takes a beat, lowering his voice:

MICHAEL  
I'm getting you out.

LINCOLN  
What?

C.O.  
Burrows. You go deaf on me?

The C.O. crosses toward them. Lincoln runs his hand over his  
face. Shakes his head.

LINCOLN  
It's impossible, Michael.

Michael takes a quick look at the approaching C.O., then  
looks back to Lincoln, the firing range smile returning.

MICHAEL  
Not if you designed the place it  
isn't.

Lincoln's eyes go wide. The C.O. reaches him, grabs his arm.

As the C.O. guides him across the yard, he looks back over  
his shoulder at Michael, confusion and disbelief in his eyes.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SECRET SERVICE HQ - DAY

Capitol Mall outside the window. Special Agent KELLERMAN, 33, inside, working at his computer. The man's severe looking, immaculate as a Marine.

A perfunctory knock at the door, then Special Agent HALE, 29, enters. He's big, not terribly bright. Little John to Kellerman's Robin Hood.

HALE

We're all clear on the Burrows execution.

Kellerman doesn't look up.

KELLERMAN

Good.

HALE

Except one thing. Bishop McMorrow's not in the fold.

KELLERMAN

Doesn't matter.

HALE

It does. He's got a lot of influence with the Governor. They went to prep school together, evidently.

Kellerman lets out a long breath. Slightly concerned.

Hale looks around, closes door behind him. His tone changes.

HALE (CONT'D)

I'm not sleeping. The closer it gets, man, it's just...the more I'm worried the bottom's gonna fall out of this whole thing. We need this guy deep-sixed. ASAP.

Kellerman considers the Washington Monument outside.

KELLERMAN

Well then, perhaps it's time we paid the good bishop a visit.

He pulls on his jacket. Hale doesn't look consoled.

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)

Look, it if helps--

He motions to the calendar. Raps a knuckle on May 11th.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)

We got what, 3 months?

He pats Hale on the shoulder as a coach would a disconsolate player. Both men exit.

We, however, hold on the calendar. On that date. May 11th.  
3 months.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Sucre paces.

SUCRE

This is your fault, dawg.

MICHAEL

What?

SUCRE

I ain't heard a peep from her. Shouldn't listened to your white bread ass. 'Passion'. Probably thinks I went fruity in here spouting words like that.

(beat)

Got more than one syllable it's too much talkin'. That's me. From now on. One syllable Sucre. Yes. No. Love. Screw. Bang.

MICHAEL

Give it time.

SUCRE

You kiddin'? I proposed to her. That doesn't take time. Yes. No. One syllable, man.

He goes to the bars. At wit's end.

SUCRE (CONT'D)

She's supposed to come around for a conjugal on Tuesday. And she's always callin' me beforehand, lettin' me know she's comin'. This time, man. I ain't heard a word.

(beat)

I spooked her, man. And it's all your fault...

His voice trails away. A C.O. appears outside the cell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

C.O.  
 Scofield. The Pope wants to see  
 you.

Michael climbs out of his rack curiously.

Sucre nods to him, whispers:

SUCRE  
 Not good, fish. No one gets an  
 audience with the Pope. Not unless  
 he's real interested in what you  
 got going on.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Meet 'the Pope', as in WARDEN POPE, 60. He surveys Michael,  
 his face unreadable.

THE POPE  
 I read your I-file, Mr. Scofield. I  
 understand you're a structural  
 engineer.

MICHAEL  
 Was.

THE POPE  
 A very promising one at that. Top  
 of your class at Georgetown. A  
 prominent role at one of the better  
 design houses in Arlington. I can't  
 help but wondering what someone  
 with your credentials is doing in a  
 place like this.

MICHAEL  
 Took a wrong turn a few months  
 back, I guess.

THE POPE  
 You make it sound like a traffic  
 infraction. Like all you did was  
 turn the wrong way up a one-way  
 street.

MICHAEL  
 Everyone turns up one sooner or  
 later.

THE POPE  
 I take it you don't believe in self-  
 determinism.

MICHAEL  
 Chance governs all, right?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

THE POPE  
(smiles; surprised)  
Ah. He quotes Milton.

MICHAEL  
That was Milton?

THE POPE  
It was. But he wasn't talking about  
life. He was talking about Hell.

MICHAEL  
Kinda the same thing right now,  
isn't it?

The Pope circles the desk, leans against the edge of it in  
front of Michael.

THE POPE  
Listen. The reason I called you  
here. It's about your I-file. I  
noticed put down 'unemployed' under  
occupation.  
(beat)  
That's not true, now, is it?

A long, uncertain beat between the two men.

THE POPE (CONT'D)  
I know you're a structural  
engineer, Scofield.

INT. ADJACENT OFFICE - DAY

The Warden opens the door. He steps inside; Michael follows.

The room's dominated by a 4-foot-tall construction of the TAJ  
MAHAL. The Pope circles it.

THE POPE  
Being married to someone in  
Corrections is a terrible job. I  
wouldn't wish it upon anyone. But  
Leslie--that's my wife--you know in  
39 years she's never complained?  
Not once. And the worst part about  
it is that I've never thanked her.  
Maybe it's a male thing, a law  
enforcement thing, I don't know.

Michael takes a closer look at the structure. It's  
constructed entirely of MATCHSTICKS.

THE POPE (CONT'D)  
This thing sort of just started  
happening, I guess.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE POPE (CONT'D)  
 She loves the story of the building  
 of the Taj. Just loves it. So,  
 because I couldn't say it, I  
 thought, you know, I could build  
 it.

He looks up at Michael.

THE POPE (CONT'D)  
 Come June, it's our 40th  
 anniversary. Two and a half years  
 I've been working. But the closer I  
 get to finishing...well, look for  
 yourself. Here. The  
 infrastructure's threatening to  
 collapse beneath the weight of the  
 exterior.

He leans on the desk, crosses his arms.

THE POPE (CONT'D)  
 That's where I'm hoping you can be  
 of some assistance. For the favor,  
 I can offer you work in here 3 days  
 a week. It'll keep you out of the  
 yard.

Michael looks around. Working in the Warden's office. Just a  
 little too close to the powers that be. He shakes his head.

MICHAEL  
 Can't do it.

THE POPE  
 It's better for me to owe you one  
 in here than it is for you to owe  
 me one, I can promise you that.

MICHAEL  
 I'll take my chances.

The Pope nods, disappointed.

THE POPE  
 Then we're through here.

INT. PRISON PHONE ROOM - DAY

Abruzzi cradles the phone in his hand, shocked.

ABRUZZI  
 What'd you say?

Maggio's voice is on the other end of the line.

\*\* INTERCUT FOR CONVERSATION \*\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIO (PHONE)

You heard me, boss. Someone found Hill.

ABRUZZI

What do you mean someone found Hill?

MAGGIO (PHONE)

I'm lookin' at the photos right now. Son of a bitch's got a beard, sunglasses, ball cap. Witness Protection look if I ever saw it.

ABRUZZI

Who was this someone?

MAGGIO

Dunno. There was no return address on the envelope. Just, well...

ABRUZZI

Just what?

MAGGIO

Just this folded-up bird. Made of paper.

ABRUZZI

(beat; a dawning)  
Origami.

MAGGIO

Yeah, like that, like origami...

Abruzzi lowers the phone. Off his incredulous look, we CUT TO-

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

-the incredulous look on Michael's face as he stares down into the toilet. He jiggles the handle. Looks back at Sucre in his bunk, eyes closed, vibing to his Walkman.

MICHAEL

Hey. The toilet won't flush.

Sucre pulls out an earbud.

SUCRE

Huh?

MICHAEL

The toilet won't flush.

A look of fear crosses Sucre's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUCRE  
Son of a bitch!

He jumps down, suddenly in an extreme state of agitation.

MICHAEL  
Look, it's not that big a deal--

SUCRE  
Hell yeah it is--

Outside, a very officious voice booms through A-Wing:

VOICE (O.S.)  
SHAKEDOWN!

Outside, two dozen C.O.'s in riot gear spread out through A-Wing. D.I.R.T. is stenciled on their chests (Disciplinary Intervention & Response Team), and a half dozen GERMAN SHEPHERDS strain at the leash in front of them.

SUCRE  
The Dirt shuts down the water so  
you can't flush your contraband!

MICHAEL  
Then we got nothing to worry about--

SUCRE  
Says you!

And suddenly it comes out. NUDIE MAGS from beneath the mattress. JOINTS taped beneath the shelves. A bottle of WHISKEY from beneath the toilet.

He tosses them hurriedly through the bars, over the edge of the walkway, to the floor of A-Wing below.

Everyone else is doing the same thing.

It's a sight to behold: the whole of A-Wing is a deluge of the forbidden, the prisoners' naughty little habits cascading to the floor below.

It's a ticker tape parade, except that most of the confetti that flutters to earth comes from the pages of Playboy.

SUCRE (CONT'D)  
Women, fallin from the sky. Who'd a  
thunk--

He seizes up.

SUCRE (CONT'D)  
Oh crap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Michael looks back at him.

SUCRE (CONT'D)  
Under the sink.

MICHAEL  
Huh?

SUCRE  
Under the sink!

He motions wildly toward the sink. Michael quickly reaches under there, and retrieves

A SHANK.

He looks at it incredulously.

MICHAEL  
The hell is this?

SUCRE  
Whattaya think it is? Insurance,  
whiteboy! Dump it!

Michael goes to the bars, about to toss it--

BELLICK STEPS INTO VIEW.

Michael freezes. Bellick's eyes go to the shank in his hand.

He looks to the riot-clad C.O.s behind him.

BELLICK  
Open it.

The door slides open a moment later. Bellick steps into the cell, relieves Michael of the shank.

BELLICK (CONT'D)  
Well well well. What were you  
thinking of doing with this?  
Sticking a C.O.?

Sucre's eyes go to Michael. Michael doesn't say anything.

Outside, chaos reigns supreme. Shouts and barking as the DIRT turn the cells inside out.

Bellick hefts the shank, considers Michael. How to proceed.

His eyes fall across a couple of errant D BATTERIES that have spilled out into the hallway during the mass-jettisoning.

He picks them up. Nods to Sucre.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BELLICK (CONT'D)  
Get a sock. I'm not gonna ask  
twice.

Sucre reluctantly grabs a sock. Hands it to Bellick.

Bellick drops the batteries inside. Shifts his grip to the open end of the sock, holding it like a handle.

Bellick eyes Michael, a split second away from 'slocking' him, as it's affectionately known within these walls.

His fist clenches, ready to go--

THE POPE (O.S.)  
Is there a problem here, deputy?

All eyes go to the cell doorway. Pope stands there.

BELLICK  
Got a shank in here.

The Pope motions for the shank. Bellick gives it to him. The Pope surveys it for a moment, then looks to Michael.

THE POPE  
Looks like you owe me one now,  
Scofield.  
(beat)  
A weapon like this mandates 90 days  
in the Shoe.

Bellick grins at the prospect.

THE POPE (CONT'D)  
Either that or I get to see you  
first thing Monday morning in my  
office. Choice is yours.

The grin fades from Bellick's face. Michael nods; no choice there. The Pope pockets the shank, nods to Bellick.

THE POPE (CONT'D)  
Move along.

BELLICK  
But--

THE POPE  
We've got bigger fish to fry,  
deputy.

He exits, moves up the hall, followed by the two C.O.s.

Bellick looks back to Michael.

(CONTINUED).

CONTINUED: (4)

BELLICK

You're in the old man's back pocket, are you? Think that makes you all that, huh? I got news for you, fish. He may run this place during the day. But I run it during the night.

He smiles that unnerving gold-capped smile.

BELLICK (CONT'D)

Know what I'm sayin'?

EXT. LONG ISLAND MANSION - DAY

A beautiful backyard spread, replete with pool, gazebo, and 4000-square foot house in the b.g.

LJ sits there uncomfortably in front of his mother, LISA FOCHS, 32, a hard working and attractive woman who has recently married after 15 years of single motherhood.

LISA

Two pounds of pot?  
(searching his face)  
What were you trying to do? Set a record?

A faintly bemused expression threatens to cross LJ's face.

LISA (CONT'D)

It's not funny, LJ. You're turning into a punk.

LJ shrugs. Lisa can see she's not getting through to him.

LISA (CONT'D)

It's pretty obvious to me you need guidance.

LJ looks over to the bbq, where ADRIAN FOCHS, 34, tends grill.

LJ

From who? Old Daddy Warbucks?

LISA

Give him a chance. He's a good man.

LJ

We've got nothing in common.

LISA

I love you both. That's something.

She studies his face. He looks away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA (CONT'D)

LJ. Where is this coming from? Last semester you were almost all A's, and now you're...

She stops.

LISA (CONT'D)

It's your father, isn't it?

LJ

I don't have a father.

LISA

It wasn't an immaculate conception, honey. Trust me.

She gets to her feet.

LISA (CONT'D)

Maybe it's time we went and saw him.

LJ

Mom, don't.

LISA

I'm about excited by the prospect as you are. But something's got to give. You've got too much potential to be screwing up your life like this.

She turns, crosses over to Adrian at the barbecue.

INT. LONG ISLAND MANSION - DAY

LJ enters, picks up the phone, dials. After a moment:

LJ

Mr. Tsili, it's me.

TSILI (PHONE)

You set me up, kid.

LJ

I didn't, I swear--

TSILI (PHONE)

I just spent the last 2 nights in jail. You have any idea what that's like? No. And you probably don't have any idea what it's like to come up with a quarter of a million dollars of bail, do you?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LJ  
I'm sorry, I don't know what  
happened. I just--

TSILI (PHONE)  
Kid.

LJ  
Mr. Tsili, you gotta believe me--

TSILI (PHONE)  
Kid.

LJ  
(beat)  
Yeah?

TSILI (PHONE)  
You're a dead man.

Click. The line goes dead.

LJ slowly lowers the phone. His eyes go out to his mother and Adrian, the picture of suburban bliss. And totally oblivious to the hurricane of shit that's just landed on his shores.

INT. VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Veronica and Michael sit together at a table amongst a dozen other INMATES and VISITORS.

VERONICA  
There's something I've been  
wondering about. What if this  
little plan of yours hadn't worked?

MICHAEL  
What're you talking about?

VERONICA  
What if they'd sent you to Sussex  
or Red Onion and not here?

MICHAEL  
I've got a feeling I'd probably be  
doing the same thing I'm doing  
here. Eating Jell-O, drinking Kool-  
Aid--

VERONICA  
I know what you're doing, Michael.

MICHAEL  
What is it you think I'm doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA

Things don't happen by chance with you. It's not luck of the draw you're in here with Lincoln.

Michael smiles, shakes his head dismissively.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

You forget that I know you. Both of you. You two have the most dysfunctional idea of love I've ever seen. What, he beats you up to keep you off the streets, so you get yourself tossed into Wallens Ridge with him? To what? Save him?

Michael smiles, looks down, shaking his head.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I deserve to know, Michael. I loved him as much as you did, don't forget.

MICHAEL

Past tense for you, maybe. Not me.

VERONICA

I gave him a shot when I got back from college. I did. Even with all that stuff going on in his life. I gave him unqualified love because I thought that's what he needed. And he threw it away.

MICHAEL

You ever think maybe he was hurt that you left in the first place?

Beat.

VERONICA

Don't do this. Whatever you're doing, don't do it. There's a better way. Look, I'm already appealing your case--

MICHAEL

I told you to leave it alone.

VERONICA

And Lincoln. I've gotten in touch with the diocese. The bishop may be able to help him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

That won't stop it. It'll only  
delay it.

Veronica studies him, trying to divine the meaning.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You want to do something? Find out  
who's trying to bury him.

VERONICA

No one's trying to bury him,  
Michael. The evidence was there.

MICHAEL

The evidence was cooked.

The BUZZER SOUNDS. End of session. Michael and Veronica stand  
along with the rest of the Inmates and Visitors.

VERONICA

Michael, What're you talking about?

Michael looks over, sees one of the C.O.s monitoring them.

Michael puts his arms around Veronica, embraces her tightly.

CLOSE ON his mouth, whispering ever so quietly in her ear as  
they rock back and forth:

MICHAEL

Someone wants him dead, Veronica.

VERONICA

Who?

MICHAEL

I don't know who.

VERONICA

This is desperation, Michael.  
You're grabbing at straws. You're  
in denial.

MICHAEL

Maybe. But I can't watch him die. I  
won't do that.

They slowly separate.

The Visitors move for the door. Veronica turns to join them.  
She stops, looks back at Michael. Resolve in her eyes.

VERONICA

You're gonna get both of you  
killed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED).

CONTINUED: (3)

VERONICA (CONT'D)  
 And if you're asking me to sit back  
 and watch, that's something I won't  
 do, Michael.

MICHAEL

Veronica--

But she's already gone.

INT. CAPITAL SENTENCE UNIT / EXERCISE ROOM - DAY

ON LINCOLN--working the speed bag. He finishes up.

He crosses to the window, toweling off his face.

Through the thick mesh screen, a beautiful girl is visible  
 out in the auxiliary lot. Climbing into her car.

Veronica.

He doesn't breathe for a moment, all the heartache flooding  
 anew through his veins.

Slowly, as her car drives off, the heartache's supplanted by  
 something else. Confusion.

His eyes drift back to the parking lot. Then the doors of the  
 facility she emerged from.

Visitation.

INT. CATHOLIC DIOCESE OF ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA - DAY

BISHOP McMORROW, 53, kneels supplicant, alone in prayer. He  
 crosses himself, gets to his feet. Turns to see two men  
 moving toward him down the aisle.

Kellerman and Hale.

MCMORROW

Gentlemen. It's a pleasure.

KELLERMAN

(unctious)

The pleasure's all ours.

INT. CATHOLIC DIOCESE / OFFICE OF THE BISHOP - DAY

McMorrow sits down across from the 2 Special Agents.

MCMORROW

What exactly about the Burrows  
 situation can I help you with?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLERMAN

It's our understanding that you have great influence with the governor.

MCMORROW

I wouldn't say it's great or influence. We're friends.

KELLERMAN

It's also our understanding that you oppose the death penalty.

MCMORROW

I'm a man of God. How couldn't I?

KELLERMAN

In this case, we're hoping that you'll suspend that position. At least temporarily.

MCMORROW

You want to tell me what this is all about?

KELLERMAN

We're asking you not to prolong the execution process by petitioning the governor for a stay.

MCMORROW

If the inmate appeals to me for intervention, how can I turn my back on him?

KELLERMAN

You have a way of answering with questions, excellency.

MCMORROW

And you have a way of asking questions that beg more questions.

KELLERMAN

Are you saying you won't do it?

MCMORROW

I'm not a man to equivocate, Mr. Kellerman. I intend to file a petition on behalf of that inmate.

Kellerman takes a deep breath in through his nose, looks briefly to Hale. Then looks back to McMorrow.

KELLERMAN

You're, what, 53 years old now, excellency?

McMorrow nods. Kellerman gazes at him impassively:

KELLERMAN

Then I would assume you'd be well versed in how our government's tax system works.

(beat)

Taking personal capital gains under the umbrella of the church's tax shelter is fraud, excellency.

MCMORROW

(resolute)

I won't be cowed into forsaking my beliefs. Not by you or anybody else.

Kellerman considers him for a moment. Nods.

KELLERMAN

Admirable.

He gets to his feet. So does Hale.

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)

Good day, excellency.

As they turn to leave, McMorrow calls after them:

MCMORROW

Mr. Kellerman.

Kellerman turns. McMorrow nods:

MCMORROW (CONT'D)

What is it about this case that makes you care so much?

Kellerman looks at him impassively.

KELLERMAN

The man killed the Vice President's brother, excellency.

EXT. YARD - DAY

Westmoreland's CAT eyes the cons around the yard with a mixture of contempt and boredom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Michael looks across the bleachers at Westmoreland.

MICHAEL  
You're Edwin Westmoreland, right?

Westmoreland doesn't look up from his paperback.

WESTMORELAND  
Do I know you?

MICHAEL  
I knew your wife. Before she passed  
away.

WESTMORELAND  
You knew Marla?

Beat.

MICHAEL  
You mean Ann?

Westmoreland pauses momentarily, a wry smile appearing.

WESTMORELAND  
Had to test you.  
(beat)  
How'd you know her?

MICHAEL  
We taught together in Boston.

WESTMORELAND  
At East Farmington?

Beat.

MICHAEL  
You mean West Wilmington?

Another wry smile from Westmoreland.

WESTMORELAND  
No more tests. Promise.

He puts down the paperback, meets eyes with Michael.

WESTMORELAND (CONT'D)  
Well, seems you know everything  
about me. Who are you?

Michael reaches over. Shakes his hand.

MICHAEL  
Michael Scofield.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Westmoreland nods politely. Michael motions to the cat.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
How'd you get it in here?

WESTMORELAND  
First off, she's not an it. She's Marilyn and she's grandfathered. Back from the days when prisoners were allowed a creature comfort or two.

Despite what the state says, there are good guys and bad guys in here. And this is definitely one of the good guys.

Michael pulls a piece of PURPLE PAPER from his pocket. Begins folding the nascent form of something in origami.

MICHAEL  
Heard you were D.B. Cooper.

Westmoreland lowers the book for a moment, shakes his head.

WESTMORELAND  
Knew it. Soon as I saw you.

MICHAEL  
Knew what?

WESTMORELAND  
Every new fish comes in here...first thing they hear on the wire is that Edwin Westmoreland's D.B. Cooper. Sooner or later they're over here asking for the story.

(eyes Michael)  
I'll tell you the same thing I tell them. You want the Cooper story, I can't give it to you. 'Cause I'm not him.

MICHAEL  
Too bad. Sorta wish it was true. Be a good guy to be stuck with.

Westmoreland nods, smiles.

WESTMORELAND  
Nowhere near how much I wish it was true, friend. I'd have a million-five waiting for me on the outside.

Michael smiles, finishes the origami. Once again, a SWAN.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

He shifts in his seat, idly drops it between the bars of the grating beneath the stands.

It disappear from view into the SEWER below.

He pauses, senses someone standing over him.

He looks up. John Abruzzi. With a couple of Cronies in tow.

ABRUZZI  
(to Westmoreland)  
Catman. Beat it.

Westmoreland's already on his way. Abruzzi sits down next to Michael. Eyes him.

ABRUZZI (CONT'D)  
Tell me why I don't just have my boys here wrap you around that basketball pole. Get the information I want that way.

MICHAEL  
You could take that chance. But you break me in half and I don't talk, I'm in Security Housing for the rest of my sentence. You'll never see me again. Hill goes 'poof'.

Abruzzi looks at Michael for a long moment.

ABRUZZI  
This ain't just about a job, is it?

MICHAEL  
You're an intuitive man, John.

ABRUZZI  
What do you want from me?

MICHAEL  
Right now, just a job.

ABRUZZI  
And later?

MICHAEL  
You gotta stop asking so many questions, John. That's my job.  
(beat)  
Like for instance, just, you know, hypothetically speaking...say you were able to get outside those walls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ABRUZZI

Yeah?

MICHAEL

Would you have the people in place  
to make sure you disappeared  
forever?

ABRUZZI

Hypothetically. Yeah.

(beat)

Why're you asking?

MICHAEL

Just curious.

He pats Abruzzi on the shoulder. Gets to his feet. Starts to  
walk off. Abruzzi calls after him:

ABRUZZI

Tell me something, fish.

(Michael turns)

How is it that you can find a guy  
that the rest of the world can't?  
And more importantly...why?

A wry, ten-percent smile crosses Michael's lips.

MICHAEL

Like I said, John. You gotta stop  
asking so many questions.

He turns, walks off. Cronie #1 looks at Abruzzi.

CRONIE #1

You gonna let him talk to you like  
that, boss?

Abruzzi eyes Michael as he walks away. He shakes his head.

ABRUZZI

We'll break him, fellas. Don't  
worry. We'll break him.

EXT. HIGH-END COMMUNITY - NIGHT

A Mercedes rolls up in the driveway. Bishop McMorrow emerges,  
grabs his overcoat from his back seat. Move for the house.

VOICE (O.S.)

Bishop McMorrow.

McMorrow turns. A guy in a SWEATSUIT approaches.

MCMORROW

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWEATSUIT  
Can I have a word with you?

MCMORROW  
Of course--

There's a flash of blue steel in the moonlight. A GUN in Sweatsuit's hand, a silencer affixed to the barrel.

McMorrow's eyes go wide.

THWIP! THWIP!

McMorrow collapses to the driveway.

Sweatsuit pockets the pistol, jogs off.

McMorrow lies there, dying eyes watching the man that just killed him disappear into the darkness...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CSU CELL - DAY

Lincoln sits alone in his six-by-eight. The walls are devoid of personal effects. Nothing in here but the man alone.

The slot slides open. A Death Row PORTER peers in.

PORTER

Sink. You got a visitor.

INT. CSU VISITATION - DAY

Lincoln enters. Stops in his tracks.

Lisa and LJ sit on the other side of the glass. Lincoln doesn't move. It's been a long, long time.

LISA

He was arrested.

LINCOLN

For what?

LISA

Possession of marijuana.

Lincoln digests it in silence, sits. Lisa stands.

LISA (CONT'D)

I figured he could use some fatherly advice...before it's, you know...

LINCOLN

Gone forever?

LISA

I didn't mean...

LINCOLN

I know you didn't.

Lincoln nods appreciatively to her:

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Thanks, Lisa.

She exits.

Lincoln and LJ regard each other. Deadbeat dad and pissed off kid. Lincoln finally manages:

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Jesus. You're so...big.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Only silence in response. Lincoln nods after a moment.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Dope, huh?  
(beat)  
You using or dealing?

LJ

Neither. I'm not that stupid.

LINCOLN

Then what, you think it gives you street cred or something?

LJ crosses his arms, looks away.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

You're on the Island now. You don't need it. You got a piece of the good life. Take advantage.

LJ

Look, I get it. The whole thing. She drags me in here, you give me the big speech, and I walk away a changed kid. Straight A's. Prom King. All-league quarterback. Harvard. Grow up and be a dentist--

LINCOLN

Better than being in here.

LJ

Hey, man. Just a chip off the old block, right? You. Uncle Mike. Figure I'm just carrying on the tradition.

Lincoln lets out a long breath. Tries a different tack.

LINCOLN

Don't punish yourself 'cause I screwed up, junior.

LJ

Don't call me that. You got no right.

LINCOLN

You gotta realize who's getting punished when you're doing the things you're doing. You think it's me, but it's you, man. I did the same thing, punished my dad 'cause he was gone. And look where it got me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

(beat)  
I'm not asking you to love me. I  
already screwed up the chance of  
that long ago. I'm asking you to  
love yourself. You can still put  
the brakes on this thing.

LJ gets to his feet.

LJ  
So that's what fatherly advice is  
like.

LINCOLN  
Where're you going?

LJ  
I got homework.

He turns as if to leave.

LINCOLN  
They're putting me to death, LJ. In  
a few months time, I'll be dead.  
You get that?

LJ  
Yeah. I get it.

LINCOLN  
Well?

LJ looks back at him.

LJ  
You're already dead to me.

He walks out. Lincoln jumps to his feet. Pounds on the glass.  
But it's too late. LJ's gone.

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

Sara looks over Michael's charts.

SARA  
You went to Georgetown.

MICHAEL  
It says that there?

She shakes her head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
You've been checking up on me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA  
Just like to know my patients.  
(beat)  
I went to Trinity. Graduated 2  
years after you.

MICHAEL  
Maybe we met before. You know,  
drunk out at a bar somewhere.

SARA  
I would've remembered.

MICHAEL  
That a compliment?

SARA  
I just don't forget faces...huh.

MICHAEL  
What?

SARA  
Your blood glucose is at 50 mg/dl.

MICHAEL  
So?

SARA  
That's hypo-glycemic.

MICHAEL  
And?

SARA  
Your body's reacting to the insulin  
like...you're not a diabetic.  
(beat)  
You're sure it's Type I diabetes  
you've got?

MICHAEL  
Ever since I was a kid.

SARA  
And you're not experiencing any  
cold sweats? No buzzing sensation  
throughout your body?

Michael shakes his head, shrugs. No.

She's interrupted by the PHONE RINGING in the office.

She holds up a finger. Be right back. She crosses to the  
office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Once she's out of sight, Michael's off the table, straight over to the grating.

He peers down. The cardboard's still wedged there; barely visible down the 18" wide vertical shaft is another pipe, running parallel to the ground--the main storm drain running beneath the yard and infirmary. A very shallow sheen of water diverts around the cardboard 'dam'.

A bit of flotsam has built up there. Bobbing in the middle of it is the ORIGAMI SWAN.

He gets back up. Looks out the WINDOW over the grating.

Outside, a stone's throw away, the TREES begin. An uninterrupted terrain of forest and mountain stretches away to the horizon.

Freedom, that close.

Except for 3 things: the single chain-link fence topped with razor wire outside the window, the 100' wide strip of 'no man's land' beyond--denuded of vegetation and totally exposed--and lastly, and the BARS on the window.

An INSULIN TREMOR runs through Michael's hands as he tests the bars. Cast iron. An inch thick.

But the SCREWS that fasten them to the top and bottom of the sill are maybe an eight of an inch thick at most...

SARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Nice view, huh?

He turns. Sara stands in the doorway.

He puts his tremulous hands into his pockets. She comes over.

SARA (CONT'D)

Next time you're in, I'd like to run a few tests if I could. Last thing I want is to be administering insulin to a man that doesn't need it.

Michael takes pause. Hesitance there. But he covers it up with an affable nod.

MICHAEL

Sure.

INT. LEGAL OFFICE - DAY

Veronica sits at her desk. Her ASSISTANT appears at the door.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LEGAL ASSISTANT  
Bishop McMorrow was murdered last  
night.

VERONICA  
What?

LEGAL ASSISTANT  
Somebody gunned him down in front  
of his house.

Veronica pinches the bridge of her nose, confused.

LEGAL ASSISTANT (CONT'D)  
You want me to send flowers?

Veronica nods solemnly. Thunderstruck. The Legal Assistant  
nods politely, leaves. Veronica looks out the window at the  
Arlington skyline, stunned.

INT. LEGAL OFFICE / RECEPTION - DAY

Later. Veronica emerges, nods to her Assistant.

VERONICA  
I need you to get me Virginia vs.  
Burrows, 2001. Discovery, ruling,  
all of it.

LEGAL ASSISTANT  
I don't think there's going to be  
anything you haven't already seen a  
hundred times.

VERONICA  
I don't care. I want to see it  
again.

She goes back into her office, closes the door.

INT. CONJUGAL ROOM - DAY

Synthetic flowers. Two candles. A futon with freshly washed  
sheets. Wallens Ridge's 'love shack'.

Sucre sits on the edge of the futon, clean-shaven, his hair  
neatly combed. He's been waiting. A long time.

He checks his watch. Taps his foot impatiently. Checks his  
watch again.

She's not coming.

He gets to his feet, lets out a doleful breath. Mutters some  
sort of curse word under his breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He heads for the door. Just as he reaches for it, IT OPENS.

MARICRUZ, 19, stands there. In one hand, flowers, and in the other, a picnic basket overflowing with goodies.

SUCRE

Baby.

MARICRUZ

Sugar.

Beat.

MARICRUZ (CONT'D)

I went on the ferry.

SUCRE

You read the letter?

She nods.

SUCRE (CONT'D)

And?

She can hardly contain herself.

MARICRUZ

Yes.

SUCRE

Yes?

MARICRUZ

Yes.

SUCRE

You mean it?

She kisses him, wraps her arms around him. Holds him tight.

MARICRUZ

Yes, sugar. I've never meant anything more in my life.

EXT. YARD - DAY

Michael approaches C-Note along the fenceline.

MICHAEL

I need you to get me something.

C-NOTE

Store's always open, my man. What do you need?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

PUGNAC.

C-NOTE

I only speak English, whiteboy.

MICHAEL

It's an insulin blocker. Standard over the counter variety. You can get it at any pharmacy.

C-Note nods up toward the infirmary.

C-NOTE

They got it up at medical, then.

MICHAEL

I can't get it at medical.

C-NOTE

Why not?

MICHAEL

Because they're already giving me insulin shots.

C-NOTE

You're one mixed-up cracker, you know that?

MICHAEL

Can you get it for me or not?

C-NOTE

Only if you tell me why it is you wanna keep going back to medical to get insulin shots you don't need. Ain't you afraid of needles?

MICHAEL

I like the ambience.

C-NOTE

Uh-huh.

Michael produces something from his pocket. Cash. Fittingly, a C-NOTE.

MICHAEL

We in business?

C-Note eyes the cash, grabs it a moment later. He turns, heads out across the yard.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

C-Note.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

C-Note turns, looks back.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I need that stuff. Yesterday.

INT. LONG ISLAND MANSION - DAY

ON LJ -- cleaning up his room. Or more precisely, cramming everything that's lying around into his closet.

As he shove a sweatshirt onto the top shelf, a SHOEBOX falls to the floor. Pictures spill out.

He begins putting them back in. Stops. Lingers on one.

It's him and Lincoln. 5 years prior. Laughing like hell together in the upper deck of Yankee Stadium. Better times.

We stay on his face for a moment. Yearning there.

But he won't let it bubble to the surface. He puts the picture back in the box, shoves it back on the shelf.

He runs his hand through his hair, for a moment out of sync.

He finds his skateboard, exits.

EXT. LONG ISLAND MANSION - DAY

LJ hops on his skateboard, and heads up the sidewalk.

As he does, we widen. To a CAR ACROSS THE STREET.

Inside, a familiar face. Tsili.

He flips open the glove box, revealing a .357 inside. He pulls it out, begins loading it, his eyes never leaving LJ.

As the brass shells slide in one by one, we CUT TO--

INT. PRISON FACTORY - DAY

An elliptical piece of glass. A huge, distorted eye peers through it, inspecting it. The owner of the eye is Michael. The glass is a freshly ground lens.

An INMATE FOREMAN stands beside him.

FOREMAN  
That's right. Grind and buff. Grind and buff. Once you think you're done, send it down to Number 5. He'll clean up any of your mistakes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Michael looks down the assembly line toward the inmate at position Number Five.

Lincoln.

As the Inmate Foreman moves on, the C.O. in charge barks out:

C.O.  
Break it down, cons. 10-minute  
chow!

INT. PRISON MESS - DAY

Michael collects his food. Briefly makes eye contact with Abruzzi across the mess. A knowing nod between the men.

Westmoreland's a few places back in the line.

Michael crosses to where Lincoln sits, takes a seat. They eat in silence. After a while, Michael nods.

MICHAEL  
Veronica came around yesterday.

Lincoln swallows some food. Thinks.

LINCOLN  
Still engaged to that guy?

Michael nods. Lincoln shakes his head. Regret there.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
Coulda been me.

MICHAEL  
If you hadn't self-destructed.

LINCOLN  
Give me a break. I was 18. Think I  
meant to knock up Lisa Fochs? I was  
just being stupid. Hurt.

(beat)  
By the time she came back, I didn't  
deserve her anymore anyhow.

He lets out a long breath.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
Shouldn't have pushed her away.

MICHAEL  
You pushed everyone away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINCOLN  
I'm an anchor in here, man. All  
I'll do is drag 'em down with me.

The other INMATES begin to sit down around them.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
Look straight ahead.

MICHAEL  
Huh?

LINCOLN  
Far as these guys are concerned,  
you and I aren't brothers. Just a  
couple of cons doing time.

MICHAEL  
Corrections doesn't know. And by  
the time they do--

LINCOLN  
It's not Corrections I'm worried  
about.

He makes eye contact with a group of NLRs (NAZI LOW RIDERS)  
that has just taken seats at the table beyond them. These  
swastika-drenched misanthropes make the Woods look like choir  
boys in comparison.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
You're all right now, 'cause I'm  
Shotcaller. But once I'm gone, your  
insurance policy isn't gonna be  
good here. 'Cause a lot of those  
guys out there, they want me dead.  
And once I'm gone, you're gonna be  
the next best thing.

Michael swallows some food, nods.

MICHAEL  
I'm not planning on sticking around  
that long.

LINCOLN  
You're not still serious--

MICHAEL  
I'm not here on vacation.

LINCOLN  
Bro. Getting outside those walls,  
that's just the beginning. You need  
money--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Michael eyes WESTMORELAND across the way.

MICHAEL  
I'll have it.

LINCOLN  
And you need people on the outside.  
People that can help you disappear--

MICHAEL  
I've already got 'em.

His eyes fall across ABRUZZI.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
They don't know it yet. But I've  
already got 'em.

LINCOLN  
Look, whatever you got going, fill  
me in, 'cause I'm in the dark here.  
The goddamn void.

Michael casts a wary eye around, then:

MICHAEL  
Chapparal Associates got the  
contract to design this place in  
'99. 2 year job. But the head  
partner got in way over his head.  
Couldn't crack it. Four million  
dollar contract. Biggest one they  
had. Of course he didn't want to  
lose it. So he sub-contracted out,  
an under-the-table sort of thing  
with a former associate. That guy  
was one of the partners at my firm.  
We basically ghost-wrote the plan--  
crossed the t's, dotted the i's,  
grouted the tiles, if you know what  
I'm saying.

Lincoln sits back, putting it all together.

LINCOLN  
You've seen the blueprints.

MICHAEL  
Better than that.

Beat.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I've got 'em on me.

## INT. KITCHEN STOCK ROOM - DAY

Michael buses his plate, subtly steps into the stock room. A moment later, Lincoln follows suit. For a brief moment, they're out of sight of the C.O.s, Inmates. Michael unbuttons his shirt, slips it off.

LINCOLN

Good god. What happened to you?

For the first time, we get a good look at the ELABORATE TATTOO that covers the whole of his torso, arms. Not a square centimeter of virgin skin. It's glorious, a labyrinthine web of images--angels and devils, vines and barbed wire, rivers and roadways--all intertwined, all overlapping.

Lincoln marvels at the artwork. Beautiful, yes. But still:

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Am I supposed to be seeing something here?

MICHAEL

Look closer.

As Lincoln does, so do we. And like one of those 3-D posters that you have to stare at for a few minutes--until you stare through it--the underlying scheme suddenly becomes clear.

The angels and devils become cell blocks and buildings. The vines and barbed wire become walls and fences. The rivers and roadways become pipes and shafts beneath the surface.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

The train's leaving the station,  
Linc.

The tattoo expands, morphs, rising from Michael's body as the camera sinks deeper into it.

The real slowly gives way to the virtual; soon there is no stock room around us, no Lincoln, no Michael.

There are only BLUEPRINTS, hovering in space.

They morph one more time, two dimensions becoming three--

## EXT. WALLENS RIDGE - DAY

--and suddenly we are outside the wire, outside the walls, looking at the whole of Wallens Ridge from a God's eye view.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

And you're gonna be on it.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The prison complex rotates in frame, a warren of tunnels and shafts and pipes pulsing beneath the surface. They radiate outward in every direction like a dozen different secret subway tunnels, their destination all the same.

Freedom.

END PILOT