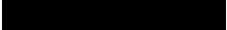


INCARCERATED

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - 1981

It's calm, almost ghostly, until two cute, adolescent GIRLS skip freely down the street, giggling.

Behind them, tires SCREECH. A BLACK VAN swerves against the curb. Doors fly open. GOONS in black ski-masks hop out, yanking the girls into the van, vanishing around the corner.

Two backpacks left in the street, with name tags reading:

RACHEL and MARY.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

An old cathedral building-turned-courtroom is packed with people, reporters, cameras...

A grim entourage of Russian Mobsters stand behind the defendant, VLADIMIR ZAKIROV, a brute man with bloodshot eyes.

JUDGE GIBSON, emerges from his chambers.

JUDGE GIBSON
We may begin. This will conclude
all pretrial items, such as
documentary evidence...(fades)...

A RUSSIAN MOBSTER approaches over Vladimir's shoulder, whispering:

RUSSIAN MOBSTER
We found her. We found the witness.

Vladimir, the Russian king, smirks with a toothy grin.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Brass-handled courthouse doors fly open, pigeons fly away, interrupting a gorgeous morning, as Judge Gibson walks down the polished steps.

A gritty MAN across the street, arms crossed, suspiciously:

ALEXANDER SOLONIK lingers in the entrance of a gorgeous city park, with a baseball hat draped over his eyes. He slides a green trigger denotator down his pant leg.

Judge Gibson starts the ignition to his Mercedes.

In the distance a PUBLIC BUS moves, lost amongst the trees.

Alexander Solonik's face changes, wary that the bus is moving closer.

The bus SQUEALS to a halt beside Judge Gibson's car. He's boxed in, panicked. He smells burnt plastic, a trigger sound rapidly increases -- he quickly jumps out -- BOOM --

Judge Gibson lies in the street unconscious, head bleeding.

PEOPLE in the bus are burning alive -- we hear their SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - DAY

A WOMAN'S FACE appears with tension in the brows, sweat runs down her blonde-haired-tips, ANGELA FOSTER (28), rows the club-sponsored crew boat with a purpose, while her TEAMMATES grunt in exertion.

The MEN'S TEAM, gorgeous like GREEK GODS, rows by, laughing.

INT. WOMAN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The showers steam. Angela's Teammates in panties and bras. She glances down at her watch.

ANGELA

Shit.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

"BEETHOVEN'S 5TH SYMPHONY" plays from the speakers above...

Angela sits front row, attentive, her fantastic eyes fiercely concentrate on:

A purple-tinted body lying on the autopsy table. The mushy brain exposed, ready for examination.

DR. JOHNSTONE stands before the group, a taller, intellectual, nicely dressed man.

DR. JOHNSTONE

Amnesia can result from damage to brain structures that form the limbic system, which controls your emotions and memories.

EXT. BUSY STREET CORNER - DAY

Traffic passes by. Angela waits in a crowd, focused while conversations happen around her. She glances down at a YOUNG GIRL with a pink bow, holding her FATHER'S hand.

Angela is mesmerized -- when a CAR HORN -- interrupts.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY (MOVING)

Angela is isolated by herself in the back, with her head down, until we slow; she looks out the window:

QUICK FLASHES OF ANGELA'S MEMORY

A GREYHOUND BUS (ten years earlier), street lights, buildings flash by as we drive through snowy downtown, easing to the curb.

Angela looks sadden staring out the window that reflects a flickering neon sign, reading: CREMATORY.

Angela enters. Her sorrow eyes watch the cremation of her FATHER'S BODY, as a reflection of flames glow over her face.

The CREMATOR hesitates to hand Angela the death certificate.

CREMATOR
He was a good man.

ANGELA
Yeah... thank you for saying that.

CREMATOR
Should I contact any other family members?

ANGELA
What family members? I'm all that's left.

CREMATOR
Oh. Yes ma'am, I see. Well, I'm very sorry for your loss.

Emily stares deep into the rising flames.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. DOWNTOWN PSYCHOLOGY OFFICE - DAY

A group of PSYCHOLOGISTS and ADMINISTRATORS, all in their 60's, sit around an oval table: "The BOARD OF DIRECTORS".

We PAN out from Angela, she's in a daze, staring at nothing, while conversations continue around her. At this moment she's lost, distant, numb to life.

Angela snaps into focus, realizing a COLLEAGUE is speaking:

COLLEAGUE
Isn't that right, Angela?

ANGELA
Yeah, sure. Not, today. I can't do this today.

COLLEAGUE
That's sure surprising. No clever comments, huh?

The door OPENS, DR. JOHNSTONE pokes his head in, searching.

DR. JOHNSTONE
Angela?

ANGELA
Yeah.

DR. JOHNSTONE
Please come with me.

She collects her notes, and hurries.

INT. DR. JOHNSTONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Johnstone, with his fingers cupped over his chin, like he's unsure what to do with her.

DR. JOHNSTONE
You know, it's hard for them? To be questioned by someone so young.

ANGELA
You asked me to be on this committee.

DR. JOHNSTONE
That I did. But, it doesn't take away the vulnerability of someone's pride.

ANGELA
(huffs)
Pride?

DR. JOHNSTONE
What?

ANGELA
There's no pride at that table.

DR. JOHNSTONE
There's over a lifetime of
brilliant psychologists at that
table. Generations.

ANGELA
You see brilliant men. And I see
men that tell themselves they're
brilliant.

DR. JOHNSTONE
Maybe what you should see... is a
group of men that should be
respected.

ANGELA
Respected men don't yearn to be
told they're respected.

Dr. Johnstone exhales.

DR. JOHNSTONE
That's why... right there.

ANGELA
Huh?

DR. JOHNSTONE
That's why.

ANGELA
Why? What?

DR. JOHNSTONE
Because... you are who you are.

ANGELA
Please tell me what you're talking
about?

Dr. Johnstone hesitates, unsure where to start.

DR. JOHNSTONE

...When your father passed, I asked you to be part of this group. I knew you were young. But, I knew you had a lot to give. That you would challenge the team. That you would question. Contest theories. And I knew you were one of the most intelligent and instinctive psychologists I've had in forty years.

Angela's face weakens.

ANGELA

I still... I still think of him every day. Not wanting to accept it, questioning why. What made him go through with it.

DR. JOHNSTONE

He was a good man, but a troubled man.

ANGELA

Yeah... it's just... what I do remember... is that he was gentle and kind. It's never made sense.

Dr. Johnstone leans forward in his chair.

DR. JOHNSTONE

Angela, I brought you in here ... because... there've been some complaints...

ANGELA

Complaints?

DR. JOHNSTONE

Yes. You've been very agitated lately. Argumentative to be exact.

ANGELA

It's called healthy debating. It's not my problem these brilliant and respected men don't have the balls--

DR. JOHNSTONE

See, it's just not a good fit anymore, Angela. You've outgrown this place.

ANGELA
What are you saying?

DR. JOHNSTONE
I'm transferring you.

ANGELA
Transferring me? Where?

DR. JOHNSTONE
Hudson Psych Ward.

ANGELA
(look of anguish)
No, I won't do it.

DR. JOHNSTONE
I know there's history...

ANGELA
History?

DR. JOHNSTONE
And times have been unfortunate...

ANGELA
Unfortunate?

DR. JOHNSTONE
Look, it's been ten years.

ANGELA
Yeah, ten years that still feel
like yesterday.

Dr. Johnstone comes over in a consoling manner.

DR. JOHNSTONE
Angela, you need to put it all
behind you. The past is the past
and it's time to face your fears.
Hudson has the best facilities,
psychologists, and they're in need
of someone like you. It's time to
move on.

ANGELA
Is that what you think?

DR. JOHNSTONE
They contacted me. The storms have
pounded Lafayette. They've had to
transfer several inmates over to
Hudson.

(MORE)

DR. JOHNSTONE (CONT'D)
And therefore need additional
staffing. And they'd prefer a
woman.

ANGELA
A woman?

DR. JOHNSTONE
Their words, not mine.

ANGELA
I'm not the one for this.

DR. JOHNSTONE
You're the only one for this.

ANGELA
No. I can't.

DR. JOHNSTONE
There are seven masters degrees,
seven PHD's, and people, brilliant
or not so brilliant people as you
so adequately put it... that
despise you in the next room... but
also admire you in the same breath.
But, things have been rough around
here lately.

Angela leans back.

ANGELA
Why preferably a woman?

DR. JOHNSTONE
They didn't say. I guess you'll
have to ask them.

ANGELA
I'm not going.

DR. JOHNSTONE
I already filled out your transfer
papers.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angela flicks on the light. It goes out, then tries the table
light: we see pizza boxes, stacks of mail, dirty dishes...

She rips off the cork label from the wine bottle, and quickly
pours.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angela plops down on the bed covered in unfolded clothes.

In the corner, an immaculate office nook, shrine-like: years of research, psychology books, perfectly organized.

The phone RINGS.

ANGELA

Hello... yeah this is Angela.
Sorry, but I don't have time for a
sales call... Who? Oh, sorry. Yes,
I can be there. Yes. Ok, I'll see
you then.

She scribbles down an address.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAFAYETTE PRISON - DAY

Barbed wire fence in ruins, flooding water, trees fallen, debris scattered throughout the complex. STAFFERS scramble to make repairs.

A white faded car idles in the parking lot: JOSEPH BRADY, early 30's, reaches underneath the driver's seat, tilts back a flask.

EXT. LAFAYETTE PRISON - DAY

Rain pierces down against the moss-covered stone prison. SNIPERS in black trench coats look down from their guard towers at Joseph as he's escorted toward a security post.

A hefty SECURITY GUARD, awaits.

SECURITY GUARD

Name of the incarcerated?

JOSEPH

I'm here to see Mickey Reece.

SECURITY GUARD

And who are you?

JOSEPH

His attorney.

SECURITY GUARD

Remind me of your name again?

JOSEPH
Joseph Brady....

LIGHTENING STRIKES and THUNDER RATTLES THE SKY.

SECURITY GUARD
Section nine was hit hard with the
flood. Some inmates drowned, some
escaped... and others are
unaccounted for. Therefore, we had
to transfer Mickey--

JOSEPH
What? Wait, when?

The Security Guard hands him a letter. Joseph opens it:

DUE TO UNFORSEEN CIRCUMSTANCES, MICKEY REECE HAS BEEN GRANTED
AN EMERGENCY RELEASE TO HUDSON PSYCH WARD, ALLOWING US TO
MOVE HIS PENDING EVAL DATE TO TUESDAY, MAY 10, 1981 WHERE HE
WILL UNDERGO HIS LAST AND FINAL PSYCH EVALUATION TO PLEASE
THE COURTS.

Joseph looks paralyzed as raindrops smear the letter's ink.

INT. ANGELA'S RUNDOWN CAR - MORNING (MOVING)

A thick fog, mysteriously loams the road, Angela's white-
knuckled hands gripped around the steering wheel, squinting
to see, as the fog parts up ahead to:

A TWENTY FOOT HIGH IVY-COVERED WALL.

A METAL SIGN reads: HUDSON PSYCH WARD.

The calm after the storm: an oak tree split through the
guard's wooden outpost. CREWS repair the damage.

Angela rolls down her stubborn window for the SECURITY GUARD
approaching.

SECURITY GUARD
Good morning ma'am.

ANGELA
Is this where I enter?

SECURITY GUARD
Yeah, sorry, doesn't look like
much.

ANGELA
Looks like the storm hit everyone.

SECURITY GUARD
Yeah, it sure did. So, how can I help you?

ANGELA
I have an appointment to see Jack Schmidt.

SECURITY GUARD
Warden Schmidt?

ANGELA
Yes, I believe so. Yes.

SECURITY GUARD
And your name?

ANGELA
Angela... Angela Foster.

SECURITY GUARD
Do you have ID?

Angela presents her ID for inspection.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Let her through.

The gates open like hell opening its gates and we're invited.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Good luck in there.

ANGELA
Why do you say that?

SECURITY GUARD
They're pretty much all crazy.

ANGELA
Thanks for the warning.

Angela is consumed by the entrance, driving across an eerie bridge, unexpectedly:

An old World War II military academy building appears:

A BRICK COLONIAL BUILDING, converted into an immaculate institution on the hillside. Tombstones embedded along the pasture.

Angela pulls into the roundabout, where we find a short, well dressed man with glasses and a clip board. He awaits:

Meet DR. REYNOLDS, bald, a quirky looking fellow with a fatherly smile, capable, and as smart as they come with a soothing voice.

DR. REYNOLDS
You must be Angela.

ANGELA
Yes, hi.

DR. REYNOLDS
Well, hello, I'm Adam Reynolds.
Dr. Reynolds is what they call me.

A firm handshake.

DR. REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
As you can see, the storm hit us
pretty hard. We just got our power
back, last night.

ANGELA
That's horrible. I'm sorry.

DR. REYNOLDS
... Lafayette had to evacuate.

ANGELA
That's the prison up North?

DR. REYNOLDS
That would be the one.

ANGELA
And now what?

DR. REYNOLDS
(admires her bold tone)
And now, we have fifty more
subjects housed here at Hudson, and
more tomorrow.

Dr. Reynolds leads her up the stairs into the courtyard.

ANGELA
(meaningful tone)
When I was a kid, I used to hear
stories about this place.

DR. REYNOLDS
I'm sure you did.

QUICK FLASHES OF ANGELA'S MEMORY:

- High up, Angela's FATHER, in a white robe, standing on the balcony railing, looking to the sky. Weary.
- He just stares, eyes dead, expression blank. Then moves a step forward, near the edge, looking down at the courtyard of Hudson Psych Ward.
- Angela's father, RANDALL HENLEY, steps forward, leaping head first.
- The BODY of Angela's father, sprawled face-down, head twisted, mouth bloody.

BACK TO:

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