

# JAILTOWN

by  
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Episode One  
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**ACT ONE**1 INT. PRISON, VISITS HALL - DAY 0

1

OVER BLACK we hear a cacophony of noise - a hundred chattering voices bouncing around a cavernous space - a baby screaming - the crackle and bleep of service radios.

When the image appears we find ourselves travelling along the aisle of a packed visits hall. Each table is a vignette of family life - a tracksuited con with a weary parent or a pissed off partner, kids charged with sugar and nervous energy.

As we pass, they notice us. We generate mixed responses - some cons warn us off with their eyes, others grin dopily and nudge their wide-eyed kids. It doesn't feel like we're in the POV of a screw - but then again, that baby has just dissolved into hot tears at the sight of us, so maybe we are.

The reveal comes...

It's BUBBA the clown! An explosion of polka dots and stripes, with a nose as red as a fresh wound and a toothy smile made yellow against white face paint. His curly wig quivers as he giggles and goofs, throwing and catching brightly coloured chiffons, squirting water from a flower into the faces of the least homicidal cons.

Their children roar with laughter.

HARD CUT TO:

2 INT. PRISON, SECURITY OFFICE - DAY 0

2

Silence.

A security screw, MCVEY (30s), watches the visits hall via a CCTV monitor. He is hard faced and clean cut, like the serial killer the neighbours never suspected. He uses a joystick to track Bubba as he goes - until the camera passes something more interesting...

A YOUNG FEMALE VISITOR with her unshoed foot in her boyfriend's crotch beneath the table, toenail varnish glinting as she 'works the dough'.

McVey smiles, and zooms in on the action. Then his hand slides from the joystick on his consul to the one between his legs and starts working his own dough.

HARD CUT TO:

3        INT. VISITS HALL - DAY 0

3

HEE-HAW HEE-HAW! Bubba honks his hooter as he rounds the end of one row and continues up the next.

HEW-HAW. Grinning kids. HEE-HAW. Squirty flower hilarity. HEE-HAW. A grateful mum. 'Isn't this nice?'

HEE...

Bubba is pulled up short.

HAW.

He looks down to find a pricey trainer planted on his enormous clown shoe.

Bubba eyeballs the trainer's granite-faced owner - McKenzie BELL (30s) is sitting at a table with an equally humourless visitor.

Bell holds out a paper cup to Bubba. Bubba peers in at its unseen contents. Then he looks at Bell with eyes that say 'I can't.'

Bell stares back - 'You fucking well will.'

Bubba, both scared shitless and aware he has an audience, takes the cup and 'drinks'. We suspect that contraband is transferred from cup to mouth - and a lot of it - Bubba's cheeks swell to accommodate the load.

Now Bubba starts to wave his goodbyes as he makes his way to the exit against a chorus of kiddy-voiced 'Bye-byes' and disappointed groans.

Bubba throws a look in the direction of a security camera. He worries he might've been seen. But he needn't...

HARD CUT TO:

4        INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY 0

4

McVey is fast reaching the high point of his furious pleasuring. He and the con on the screen climax in disturbing stereo.

HARD CUT TO:

5        INT. VISITS, SEARCH AREA - DAY 0

5

Bubba comes into the search area looking nervous. He stands silently on a masking tape 'X' and waits to be searched by a search screw, CHRISTINE (50s), who doesn't realise he's there.

She continues to flick through her tabloid until...

HEE-HAW.

Christine looks up to find Bubba staring at her, looking nervous. She stares back, a bit bemused - is the silence part of his act? Her laziness trumps her curiosity. She turns to an office door.

CHRISTINE

Mirrorman!

A moment later, a morbidly obese screw in latex gloves emerges from the office holding a hand mirror.

He approaches Bubba. They stand nose to nose. Bubba couldn't look more uncomfortable. We see sweat starting to bubble up from beneath his face paint.

MIRRORMAN

Open your m-

Before he can complete, a door slams and another con appears...

McKenzie Bell stares at Mirrorman. Mirrorman stares back. Something unspoken passes between them then Mirrorman throws a look in the direction of Christine and finds her still engrossed in her dossing.

He turns back to Bubba.

MIRRORMAN (CONT'D)

Drop em'.

Bubba pulls his braces from his shoulders and his baggy clown pants drop to the floor to reveal prisoner trackies beneath.

MIRRORMAN (CONT'D)

And them.

Bubba pulls down his trackies and squats.

6

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 0

6

Bubba makes his way along the corridor in a hurry. His skin is slick with sweat and melting face paint. His eyes are red rimmed. He looks more like the Joker than Bozo now.

We wonder if his discomfort is more than just fear. Perhaps a bag of drugs has burst in his mouth and he's overdosing before our eyes.

7        INT. PRISON CELL - DAY 0

7

Bubba bursts into the cell and spits the contents of his mouth into the sink. Then he drops to his knees at the toilet, retching violently, a trail of spit swinging from his mouth like a pendulum.

He falls back against the wall and throws his arms around his body, fending off an attack of shivers. His breathing starts to slow. His relief is palpable.

Now another con enters. TRISTAN Hale (20s), frowns his confusion at Bubba.

TRISTAN

What are you doing down -

But now he notices something else - the unseen contraband in the sink. Whatever it is sends Tristan out of his skin with fear and disgust.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

HOLY FUCKING SHIT!

Bubba, calmer now, nods.

BUBBA

Yeah.

HARD CUT TO:

**TITLES**

8        INT. PRISON, WING SHOWERS - DAY 1

8

We're CLOSE on two pairs of trainered feet and the bottoms of the tracksuited legs they become.

The trainers are box fresh, gleaming white against the kind of hard wearing floor tiles only ever found in state run toilets.

The hiss of liquid against metal makes sense of the image - we're at urinals, listening to a conversation we shouldn't be hearing.

TURNER

Clingerman's on the ropes.

RANDOLPH

Clingerman's not on the ropes.

TURNER

There's bluebottles all over. He's on the ropes.

RANDOLPH

Pen this size. You've got to know others will want a piece of it.

TURNER

Wanting and taking's two different things. When I first landed here there was no hustle but his. No one would've dared to. There was terror.

Above us there is the activity of manhoods being shaken and put away. A clumsy drop of near florescent yellow lands on one of the trainers but goes unnoticed.

RANDOLPH

There's still terror. There's not a man inside who wouldn't offer his oysters on a platter if Clingerman asked for them.

Now one pair of feet heads out of shot followed by the other.

9

INT. PRISON WING - DAY 1

9

We're still on the feet but now behind them as they walk along a prison landing, then downstairs into the association area.

During the conversation that follows we track slowly upwards to reveal the backs of our guides and the wing beyond them:

A deafening pressure cooker packed with men - Men in vests and long shorts with impressive tats on display - Men in towels with bare chests, emerging from a steamy shower room - Men in trainers cutting deals furtively while men in flip flops sweep the floors around them - Men with sallow cheeks and missing teeth - Men shaking for a fix - Men with punched flat noses and facial scars - Men laughing at cartoons on an ancient television - Men in huddles playing poker for snout - Men who are still only boys peeping from cell doors like hermit crabs.

TURNER

Shit like *this* doesn't help. It's weak.

RANDOLPH

Kings have been consulting prophets for time.

We catch the sides of our guides' faces as they talk to each other. RANDOLPH Hopper (mid-30s) is good looking, charming and dangerous. Stephen TURNER (30) is a sour faced man-baby.

TURNER

You really think this fool is a prophet?

RANDOLPH

He predicted Eddy Heller's suicide.

TURNER

Eddy Heller walked around for a whole week with a razor blade beneath his tongue. Not much of a punt for Flat Pack Jesus.

Randolph smirks as they arrive at a cell door.

RANDOLPH

What did you call him?

TURNER

Flat Pack Jesus.

RANDOLPH

It's *Fat Black* Jesus you dim fuck! Why would he be called Flat Pack Jesus?

TURNER

Why would he be called *Fat Black* Jesus?

RANDOLPH

Well let's wait and see, but I'm guessing because he's fat and black and looks a bit like Jesus.

The door opens. THE PROPHET stares back at them - a lanky beardless white guy.

Randolph turns to Turner and shrugs.

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)

It's ironic.  
(back to The Prophet)  
Clingerman wants you.

THE PROPHET

Clingerman?

RANDOLPH

Lives on the top landing. Bald as a bollock. Powerful as God.

THE PROPHET

I know who he is.

RANDOLPH

Then you'll know not to keep him waiting.

10

INT. WING, CLINGERMAN'S CELL - DAY 1

10

We're CLOSE on a drugs baggy, held by large nicotine stained fingers. The bag is transparent, other than a picture of a bluebottle printed in cyan on the plastic. Inside is a lump of dark brown putty.

LYLE (O.S.)

They call it dogshit, because it's nasty and it comes with a fly on it. It's also cheap.

CLINGERMAN

Where did you get it? (O.S)

Now we see James LYLE (40s), neat and approachable-looking in his prison issue sweater with the word LISTENER imposed on it in rubbery white letters.

LYLE

We caught a junkie with it. He got it from his padmate, who's since been shipped out.

CLINGERMAN

Was it on your radar?

The voice has an accusatory tone. Lyle is uneasy, but tries to conceal it.

LYLE

There were whispers about bluebottles.

Now we see the voice's owner - Christopher CLINGERMAN (30s) lies on his bed, with the air of a king receiving visitors. He is bare chested and flabby like a prize fighter just past his best. His torso is an art work frequently on display, a canvas marked with prison ink and healed wounds - a life story for those brave enough to read it.

CLINGERMAN

You didn't share them.

LYLE

If I came to tell you every time someone chased scraps at the bottom of the market, I'd never be out of here.

CLINGERMAN

You are never out of here. And this is more than chasing scraps. You don't brand your product unless you're growing a business. Someone's laughing at me through a loudspeaker.



LYLE

Then he won't be too hard to track down.

CLINGERMAN

Let me tell you something about dogshit, my man. It only takes one steaming turd on the pavement to tell everyone else it's OK and before you know it we're all back in the nineteen-fucking-eighties scraping shit from our treads with a knife.

A silence hangs, heavy and tense.

LYLE

I'm on it.

A knock at the door.

CLINGERMAN

Come.

The door opens and Randolph and Turner enter followed by The Prophet. Clingerman looks him up and down - he's not what he was expecting.

CLINGERMAN (CONT'D)

*You're Fat Black Jesus?*

The Prophet pulls something from his trackie bottoms - a large matchbox. He pushes the drawer open to reveal a *Johnny Cash* Tarantula.

THE PROPHET

*This is Fat Black Jesus.*

Clingerman stares at the spider, then explodes into unexpected laughter.

CLINGERMAN

A spider!

The Prophet stares back, stung.

CLINGERMAN (CONT'D)

I was expecting Uri Geller, not Incy Wincy in a matchbox. What, has he got a little crystal ball in there?

THE PROPHET

He gives me messages.

The Prophet pulls a handful of Scrabble tiles from his pocket and puts them on the table.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

With these.

CLINGERMAN

How the fuck did you find out he could do that?

The Prophet shrugs.

THE PROPHET

My brother got him from a shaman in Barnsley.

CLINGERMAN

A shaman in Barnsley? You're shitting me.

THE PROPHET

He's bang on with his predictions. He's only been in a week and he's called a suicide, two verdicts and a sentence length. He also told one lad that he's been raising his CO-D's kid. Soon to be confirmed with a paternity test.

CLINGERMAN

Get on with it then.

THE PROPHET

He needs to touch a guide object. Something that'll tell him what's important to you.

CLINGERMAN

Well in that case he'd better sit on my knob!

Clingerman turns laughing to Lyle, Randolph and Turner. They laugh along.

Now Clingerman pulls the bluebottle baggy from his pocket and throws it on the table.

CLINGERMAN (CONT'D)

Here, give him this.

The Prophet places Fat Black Jesus on the table next to the baggy. He does nothing for a few seconds then steps forward and feels the plastic with his chelicerae.

It's an arresting image - a real spider nibbling at a plastic fly. Clingerman laughs but the surreality isn't lost on him.

11        INT. PRISON, SECURITY OFFICE - DAY 1

11

A tatty little open plan office with its daylight blocked out by metal blinds.

Artificial light is provided by a wall of CCTV monitors showing various scenes from around the prison on flickering screens. McVey sits watching them.

A second screw sits at a desk inputting data into a computer. BECK (F,30s), is a jaded office drone.

A door marked 'SECURITY MANAGER' opens and a man comes into the office, looking sour, as he does up the top button of his shirt.

POSNER

I've been summoned. And right before lunch.

POSNER (late 50s), has skin made leather by the Benidorm sun, and the physique of a man half his age.

POSNER (CONT'D)

(to Beck)

Have them put a plate of curry by for me.

BECK

What if it's vegetarian?

Posner glares at Beck with disdain.

POSNER

Then get the lasagne, obviously.

MCVEY

Enjoy the roses, Boss!

POSNER

Oh they're thriving. Thanks to all the bullshit he talks!

Posner exits. McVey turns to Beck knowingly.

MCVEY

He's toast.

McVey gets up and heads to a cupboard. He opens it to reveal equipment: shields, helmets, batons and what he's looking for - binoculars.

BECK

Why do you say that?

MCVEY

Violence is up. Positive drug tests are up. Contraband is up.

(MORE)

## MCVEY (CONT'D)

Escape attempts are up. Basically you could exhume a corpse, make it security manager and it'd do a better job than Posner.

McVey takes a pair of binoculars and heads to the window next to Beck. He peers through them.

Beck looks out too at the gun metal cage that encases a garden below. Rose bushes, tended by prisoners, provide vibrant flashes of colour in an otherwise grey landscape.

A slickly suited man inspects the flowers, touching the petals gently, breathing in their aromas. This is ADAMS (50s).

Now Adams looks up at someone approaching. He visibly stiffens as Posner comes into view.

## BECK

The stats have been bad for ages.

## MCVEY

Which is why the MOJ are coming. And if you were Adams would you offer up your own scalp or someone else's?

## BECK

Someone else's.

## MCVEY

Exactly. The minister's going to be walking out of here, with Frank Posner's comb over in her handbag.

McVey hands the binoculars to Beck. She looks through them and we see her POV - close and shaky. She lands first upon a prisoner's glinting secateurs, then on the steely faces of Adams and Posner as they exchange words.

## BECK

I reckon he'll give a good account of himself.

## MCVEY

No he won't. He's a loser. Couldn't piss his way out of an igloo.

Suddenly things are looking more heated - Posner is growing red faced and occasionally sends a speck of spit into the air in front of him.

## MCVEY (CONT'D)

Yep, it's over. What we're witnessing here, Beck, is the end of an era.

Now Posner jabs the air in front of Adams's face with his finger before turning and storming towards the gate. He petulantly pulls one of the blooms from a rose as he goes.

McVey smiles at Beck, and motions to himself.

MCVEY (CONT'D)

Meet your new Papa.

Beck looks less than pleased by that prospect.

Now McVey goes to the cupboard and puts the binoculars back, before returning to the CCTV bank.

A moment later Posner bursts in, then heads straight into the manager's office, slamming the door hard behind him.

Beck and McVey exchange a look. McVey can barely contain his excitement but before he can say anything, Posner emerges again, incandescent.

POSNER

I'm seven months off retirement! I was barely shaving when I first got here!

McVey feigns concern.

MCVEY

Don't tell me he's sacked you.

Posner heads to a draw and pulls out a bunch of keys. Then he goes to a cupboard and unlocks it. He's concealed from view by the door, as he rummages inside.

POSNER

I've seen murderers serve their first night and their last. I was at a riot when I should've been at Linda's death bed!

McVey mimes playing the world's smallest violin for Beck's benefit.

Then Posner closes the door to reveal...

He's holding a fuck off great machete. Beck and McVey both rise to their feet.

MCVEY

Boss...

Posner points the machete aggressively.

POSNER

Sit your arses down!

They sink back into their chairs.

POSNER (CONT'D)  
I'm not having it. I'm not.

Posner exits.

Beck sits for a few desperate seconds, unsure of what she should do. Then she arrives at a decision, jumps up and exits.

McVey follows.

12

INT. WING, CLINGERMAN'S CELL - DAY 1

12

We're CLOSE on Fat Black Jesus as he nibbles brown residue from the edge of a small lettered tile.

A wider view reveals that the tile is one of many on the table, set out in a grid of the complete alphabet.

The Prophet sits nearby, notepad and pencil in hand, studying a set of letters that he's already written down and crossed out several times, as though he's trying to solve an anagram.

CLINGERMAN  
My nana used to read the tea leaves. When she died they found her sat at the table, cup in hand, like she was about to give a reading - beautiful.

LYLE  
Heart attack?

CLINGERMAN  
Carbon monoxide poisoning.

THE PROPHET  
She should've seen it coming.

Everyone turns to The Prophet. Clingerman looks less than impressed.

CLINGERMAN  
What?

The Prophet's smile falls away.

THE PROPHET  
She should've seen it coming. It's a fortune telling joke. You've not heard that one?

CLINGERMAN  
No. No one's ever made that joke about my dead nana.

The Prophet nods and swallows awkwardly.

But the moment is diffused by Fat Black Jesus scuttling across a couple of tiles and landing on the letter 'C'. He nibbles again at the brown residue. Turner watches with disgust.

TURNER

They do antibacterial wipes in the commissary. Second only to tobacco on my list.

THE PROPHET

It's not dirt, it's meat juice.  
Jesus needs coaxing.

The Prophet writes down the letter 'C' alongside the other letters he's written.

CLINGERMAN

Is this going to take long?

The spider scuttles across the table to another tile. This time an 'A'. The Prophet writes it down.

THE PROPHET

We're done.

CLINGERMAN

What does it say?

THE PROPHET

Nothing yet. Still needs teasing out.

Clingerman's running out of patience.

CLINGERMAN

How long does that take?

The Prophet shrugs.

THE PROPHET

Sometimes it comes easy, sometimes not.

Clingerman picks up a plastic glass from the side and places it over the spider.

CLINGERMAN

I have a feeling it'll come easy today.

Now Clingerman takes his spliff and places its burning tip on the base of the glass. The plastic melts instantly and the tip presses through. Smoke swirls around the inside of the beaker.

The Prophet stares at Clingerman, horrified.

CLINGERMAN (CONT'D)

I'm not a monster. This is very good draw.

The Prophet stares down at his notepad with a new sense of urgency. A heavy silence hangs, broken only by the sound of pencil on paper.

CLINGERMAN (CONT'D)

I hope you've got plenty of flies. He's going to have the munchies.

The Prophet scores something out.

THE PROPHET

I'm done!

Clingerman puts out his hand for The Prophet's notepad. The Prophet hands it over. Clingerman nods at the glass.

CLINGERMAN

Go on.

The Prophet hurries to release the spider as Clingerman studies the notepad.

His smile falters just for a second before reappearing larger than life.

CLINGERMAN (CONT'D)

A new king comes.

Clingerman laughs.

CLINGERMAN (CONT'D)

That's it? *A new king comes!*

The Prophet shrugs.

THE PROPHET

That's the prophecy.

The words are barely out of The Prophet's mouth before the door flies open and Posner bursts in brandishing his machete.

POSNER

You motherfucker!

He swings hard at Clingerman, who manages to jump out of the way as the blade embeds itself in the concrete behind him with a deafening clang.

The Prophet drops Fat Black Jesus in shock.

Randolph and Turner launch themselves at Posner and drag him to the ground and a split second later Beck, McVey and another screw, SHIFTY (20s), a girl who could be a guy, arrive and throw themselves onto the scrum.



Posner screams as they try to subdue him.

POSNER (CONT'D)

I was at a riot when I should've  
been with Linda!

The Prophet spots Fat Black Jesus scurrying across the floor away from the fray and scoops him up, his relief palpable.

Clingerman watches the scene, deeply unsettled.

## ACT TWO

13 INT. MEAT WAGON - DAY 1

13

The sound of an engine, as heard from within a vehicle - monotonous, hypnotic, the sea in a shell.

We're CLOSE on a face - a rough-hewn, lonesome cowboy. SHANE (late 20s), stares beyond us, the shifting light on his face the only clue of the changing landscape beyond a window.

Shane is sitting in a tiny transport cell, his impressive physique enhanced by his confinement. His cuffed hands lie in his lap, the knuckles bruised.

As the van emerges into open space, sunlight floods Shane's face. He shuts his eyes tight and we see a flash of red; sunlight through eyelids.

FOR A FLEETING SECOND THERE IS A SOUNDSCAPE FROM A DIFFERENT SCENE: GUNFIRE, LAUGHTER, FOREIGN VOICES... GONE AS SOON AS THEY'RE THERE.

When Shane opens his eyes again he finds himself staring at letters, scratched into the Perspex window, made visible by the sun: 'YOU ARE LEAVING CIVILISATION'.

14 EXT. PRISON, RECEPTION COURTYARD - DAY 1

14

The wagon drives across a courtyard and stops at a door.

Two joyless WAGON SCREWS emerge from the cockpit. They head to the back of the van and unlock it before climbing aboard.

15 INT. MEAT WAGON - DAY 1

15

Shane hears his door being unlocked. A wagon screw enters and surveys Shane's knuckles.

WAGON SCREW

Am I going to have trouble with  
you?

Shane shakes his head.

16        EXT. PRISON - DAY 1

16

Shane steps down from the van.

His height no longer restricted, he unfurls himself, head and shoulders higher than the other NEWCOMERS standing on the tarmac.

They eye Shane, noting that he's the only one amongst them handcuffed.

The screw unlocks the door and ushers the arrivals inside.

17        INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY 1

17

Posner is calm now and sitting in the enforced self hug of a restraint jacket, watched over by Beck and McVey.

MCVEY

(to Beck)

I'm going for my lunch.

(to Posner)

It was nice working with you Posner. That is, until you spilt your marbles all over a con's floor.

McVey exits. Posner glares after him.

POSNER

I only took that little bastard on because they threw him off the wings. He'd have been sacked without me.

BECK

Don't let him get to you.

Beck holds a cup of tea, with a straw in it, to Posner's lips. He sucks and swallows.

POSNER

Undo me, Beck.

BECK

They said I wasn't to take it off until you're through the gate. I had a job convincing them not to call the police.

POSNER

I won't cause any more trouble. But please don't make me walk out of here for the last time like this.

Beck relents and starts to undo the straps on the jacket.

POSNER (CONT'D)

We're not in a fair fight with the cons, you know. We have to play by the rule book and they don't, which is why they always win.

He looks over at a board where the mug shots of 'PRISONERS OF INTEREST' are on display. At the heart of them, a sneering photo of Clingerman.

POSNER (CONT'D)

And *he's* not even bound by the rules of human decency like some of them are - *he's* vermin.

The words land with Beck.

18

INT. CLINGERMAN'S CELL - DAY 1

18

Clingerman surveys the vicious-looking dent in the concrete left by Posner's machete.

CLINGERMAN

If I'd reacted a split second slower they'd be mopping my brains off the floor.

LYLE

Put that thought back on its leash.

CLINGERMAN

A new king comes.

He turns to Lyle.

CLINGERMAN (CONT'D)

A bluebottle king.

LYLE

It's a party piece. Tidbits passed off as predictions. He'll have got wind of the bluebottles.

Clingerman turns back to the wall.

CLINGERMAN

And what about the fact my wall's got a gash so deep I could fuck it?

LYLE

You've been besting Posner for years. You've sent him off the deep end.

CLINGERMAN

Today? Right at that moment?

19      INT. PRISON, CORRIDOR - DAY 1

19

A long corridor, sterile and empty. In the distance a gate.

Tiny figures come through and make their way towards us. The sound of their footsteps arrives long before we can make them out: Shifty and, behind her in solemn procession, Shane and the other newcomers.

They walk towards us and grow in size. Eventually arriving at a heavy door. We can hear the muffled roar of the prisoners beyond.

As Shifty pulls the door open, the volume swells.

SHIFTY

Welcome to Jailtown.

Now her eyes fall upon Shane.

SHIFTY (CONT'D)

And in your case, *welcome back*.

20      INT. WING, LANDING - DAY 1

20

Randolph and Turner are leaning on the railings outside Clingerman's cell.

TURNER

You know what would've been a useful prophesy? 'A man is coming to kill you with a machete!' Imagine knowing that, and still thinking that 'a new king comes' are the words of wisdom he needed.

Randolph stares at Turner derisively.

RANDOPH

So it's not that you don't believe he's a fortune-telling spider, it's that you don't think he's a good one?

Randolph turns back to the opposite landing. There he finds...

EVANGELINE (30s), an effeminate prisoner, leaning seductively against a wall in a full face of make up and a stunning wig.

Randolph smiles at her. She smiles back. Turner clocks the exchange.

TURNER

No offence, but I can honestly say I'd cut mine off before I'd get it away with a man.

RANDOLPH  
 Evangeline's not a man.

TURNER  
 I've seen him in the shower. He's a man.

RANDOLPH  
 If you cracked a book once in a while you'd know that the brain is just as much a sex organ as the one between your legs.

TURNER  
 I've got no problem with it. Roman soldiers and all that. But you should just admit that you're paying to get sucked by a man.

Turner smiles.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
 And getting doughy over it.

Randolph is no longer listening, he's spotted something down in the association area that's made his jaw drop.

RANDOLPH  
 Will you look at that?

Turner looks to find Shane being led across the wing by Shifty.

Randolph stares at Turner then turns and knocks on Clingerman's door.

21 INT. WING, ASSOCIATION AREA - DAY 1

21

Shane follows Shifty.

He keeps his head down, but it's impossible not to notice the interest he's generating from the other cons.

A ripple of excitement spreads across the wing. We see it land with a pack of EXERCISE SWOLLEN YOUTHS, gathered around ancient gym equipment.

We see it land with a GAGGLE OF POKER PLAYERS.

We see it land with Evangeline.

Clingerman and Lyle emerge from Clingerman's cell.

The sight of Shane lands with Clingerman and vice versa. The look that passes between them is loaded with history. It crackles with electricity. We feel its tension pressing upon us.

They continue to eyeball each other as Shane walks the entire length of the association area. Their faces are granite. Clingerman is issuing an unspoken threat and Shane is silently defying it.

With every step the tension builds and the static screams louder. Everybody is watching, as though the outcome of this moment rests on a hair trigger.

Shifty stops at a cell door and turns to Shane.

SHIFTY

This is you, big man.

Shane holds up his cuffed wrists. Shifty gets out a key and unlocks them, leaving sweaty red raw bracelets in their place.

SHANE

I need to make a call.

SHIFTY

I need my girl's jaw to be slacker.  
It's a cruel world.

Shane darkens. Shifty stares back, her hand hovering over the alarm button on her radio until the tension diffuses.

Shane enters the cell.

22

INT. EVANGELINE AND SHANE'S CELL - DAY 1

22

Shane stands motionless. The tension has fallen away but we sense its aftermath - Shane is visibly shaking.

EVANGELINE

You have an awful lot to answer  
for.

Shane spins around and finds Evangeline standing in the doorway

SHANE

I know.

She gestures to the cell.

EVANGELINE

We're two'd up.

Shane looks around him at Evangeline's boudoir with its little hints of art and glamour and beauty.

SHANE

Could be worse.

EVANGELINE

Much.

23 INT. CLINGERMAN'S CELL - DAY 1

23

Clingerman addresses Lyle, Randolph and Turner. His speech is rapid machine-gun fire.

CLINGERMAN

Abraham Lincoln went into Congress in 1846. JFK in 1946. JFK was elected in 1960. Lincoln in 1860. They both had sons die while living in the White House. Both were followed by presidents called Johnson. Both were shot in the head on a Friday in front of their wives. Lincoln's assassin shot him in a theatre and was caught in a warehouse. Kennedy's shot him *from* a warehouse and was caught in a theatre. Both assassins were murdered before they went to court. A week before he was shot, Lincoln was in Monroe, Maryland. A week before Kennedy was shot, he was *in Marilyn Monroe*.

Turner looks confused.

TURNER

Marylyn Monroe died a year before JFK.

CLINGERMAN

I did not ask to be fucking fact checked!

Turner recoils.

CLINGERMAN (CONT'D)

The universe ties some men together. There's no coincidences where those men are concerned. The bluebottles, Posner, a new king comes. It's all about *him*.

Lyle turns to Randolph and Turner.

LYLE

Leave us.

They don't move.

LYLE (CONT'D)

Get out!

Randolph and Turner exit. Clingerman stares at Lyle expectantly.

LYLE (CONT'D)

One of them's loose-lipped. I've had my own words said back to me more than once by people who shouldn't have known them. If a whisper starts that you're spooked, it'll finish you quicker than cancer and a knife fight combined.

Clingerman stares at Lyle then heads to the door and pulls it open.

24

INT. WING, LANDING - DAY 1

24

Clingerman emerges from the cell and glares at Randolph and Turner.

CLINGERMAN

Which one of you is loose-lipped?

Randolph and Turner stare back, mute.

CLINGERMAN (CONT'D)

Which one of you is fucking loose-lipped?

Randolph says nothing but throws a fleeting look in Turner's direction. Clingerman follows the look.

CLINGERMAN (CONT'D)

Is it you? What have you been saying about me?

TURNER

Nothing!

RANDOLPH

You have.

CLINGERMAN

Spit it out.

Turner can barely conceal his fear but forces himself to reply.

TURNER

Just that it doesn't look good. All these bluebottles.

CLINGERMAN

It doesn't *look good*?

We can hear that Turner's mouth is dry when he speaks again.



TURNER

No.

CLINGERMAN

And what do you think would look good?

Turner shrugs.

TURNER

A bit of... terror.

CLINGERMAN

Terror?

TURNER

To show you're not going to tolerate it.

Clingerman nods. He seems to be considering it, then...

He grabs Turner by the crotch of his trackies and hauls him backwards over the railings.

Shocked shouts ring out from the prisoners in the association area below as Turner lands on the floor amongst them with a nauseating crunch.

Clingerman turns and heads into his cell, slamming the door hard behind him.

Randolph heads along the landing towards the stairs in a panic.

25

INT. EVANGELINE AND SHANE'S CELL - DAY 1

25

Shane stands at the observation hatch watching with horror as the aftermath of Turner's fall plays out.

Evangeline joins him. She traces the outside of the observation flap with her finger.

EVANGELINE

I think of this as a television screen. Only I don't like the programmes they show.

She unhooks a little piece of material that's attached to the door and pulls it across the hatch - a makeshift curtain.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

Which is why I have this.

SHANE

Things have been bad?

EVANGELINE

I hope you enjoyed being free. Back here we all paid a price for it.

SHANE

I'm sorry.

EVANGELINE

Now you're home. And no doubt we'll all pay a price for that too.

Shane turns back to the door and lifts the curtain onto the wing.

26

INT. WING, ASSOCIATION AREA - DAY 1

26

Turner lies on the floor in a crumpled heap, his arm clearly broken. Randolph sits next to him.

TURNER

I can't feel my hand.

SHIFTY (O.S.)

Everything OK?

Randolph looks over to find Shifty standing in the doorway of the screw office. He calls back...

RANDOLPH

Hunky dory.

Shifty goes back into the office and shuts the door behind her.

TURNER

I need a doctor.

RANDOLPH

You just need a minute.

TURNER

How could you sell me out?

Randolph shrugs.

RANDOLPH

Evangeline's not a man.

**ACT THREE**

27

INT. EVANGELINE AND SHANE'S CELL - DAY 2

27

Shane lies in bed watching dust motes dance in a shaft of sunlight that floods the window.

Evangeline comes in, wet from the shower and wrapped in a towel. She clocks Shane - his sculpted naked torso.

He catches her looking but pretends he hasn't.

EVANGELINE

You should go while it's busy. Less chance of an accident.

Shane stares back at Evangeline. They both know what 'accident' is code for.

Shane sits up and grabs his t-shirt from the end of the bed. He pulls it on. He's not planning on showering at all.

28 INT. WING, ASSOCIATION AREA - DAY 2

28

Shane emerges from his cell.

He looks up at the landing and finds Clingerman leaning on the railings. Their eyes meet. Clingerman's look is hard to decipher.

Shane heads in the direction of the stairs as if to approach Clingerman.

Almost as soon as he does a couple of guys, BAXTER and SWOLE, appear - heading in the direction of the staircase on the opposite side of the association area. They mirror Shane's journey.

Shane's so busy watching them that he doesn't notice Randolph blocking his path at the top of the stairs, until he's almost half way up.

Shane falls still. Baxter and Swole do the same.

Shane stares at Randolph. Randolph stares back. The message is clear - Shane isn't getting near the boss.

Shane looks once more at Clingerman. He seems content with his men's work.

29 INT. ADAMS'S OFFICE - DAY 2

29

Adams sits behind a grandiose desk in an oppressive wood-panelled office, beneath a decades-old portrait of the Queen.

ADAMS

Jailtown has a drugs economy to rival that of a small country. It's like a pit village - everyone's touched by the industry somehow. The day-to-day evidence of it might be hidden from you and I.

(MORE)

ADAMS (CONT'D)

But when it booms, we see the fall out. A spike in violence, a spike in ODS.

Adams places a name badge that reads 'Security Manager' on the desk and pushes it across to Beck.

ADAMS (CONT'D)

Flatten them.

BECK

Why not McVey?

ADAMS

McVey has some red flags - temperamentally speaking. You however, have had an uneventful career. And there's nothing wrong with that.

BECK

Frank Posner was a good manager.

ADAMS

What happened with him was tragic. But he was a surgeon with a knife in his hand, who let a tumour slowly kill him.

BECK

He says Clingerman's untouchable.

ADAMS

Frank walked in here every morning at five-to-nine with egg on his shirt. And was sinking beers in the Jailor's by five-past-five every evening. Clingerman isn't untouchable, but the war does not respect office hours.

Beck considers.

BECK

Can I think about it?

ADAMS

No.

Beck picks the name badge up from the table.

BECK

OK.

Shane waits in line at the servery.

He's aware he's being watched. Both by Clingerman on the landing, and by the other cons, whose heavy stares make their hostility plain.

Shane arrives at the front of the queue. The server, TRICKLE (40s) wears dirty whites and is slick with oil and sweat.

Trickle throws a look up at Clingerman, then eyeballs Shane as he dishes up.

He sucks some phlegm from his nose into his mouth and we think he might be about to spit in Shane's food, but instead he just hands the plate over. It seems like no one knows what the rules are as far as Shane's concerned.

Shane makes his way to a vacant table and sits down, aware that he still has an audience.

He notices Turner also sitting alone. His arm is in a sling but a bulge in the material reveals that it's still oddly bent. Turner stares catatonic at the plate in front of him and it's clear he's taken something for the pain.

We see the sight of him registering with Shane, then...

REGAN (O.S.)

Whose man are you?

Shane looks up to find someone staring down at him. REGAN NASH-McNEIL (F,50s), is meticulously dressed in a tweed suit with a name badge that reads 'CHAPLAINCY VOLUNTEER'.

She holds out a cheap looking flyer that advertises the chapel as though it were an all night off licence. Shane doesn't take it.

REGAN (CONT'D)

You're either the devil's or you're God's.

Shane turns back to his food.

SHANE

I'm not interested.

REGAN

But he's interested in you.

SHANE

Then he hasn't read my wrap sheet.

REGAN

The worst sinners become the best saints. It's never too late to change side.

Shane nods in the direction of Turner, who is now face down in his food.

SHANE

Why don't you try *him*. He looks like he could use some help.

Regan looks over. Clocks that Turner is under the influence.

REGAN

I'm not sure he's at the right point on his path.

Shane turns back to his food.

REGAN (CONT'D)

I run a drop-in mission at the chapel, every day during association.

She puts the flyer down on the table next to Shane.

REGAN (CONT'D)

You'll need this to get off the wing.

Shane doesn't respond and Regan walks away, leaving the flyer behind her.

31      INT. PRISON, SECURITY OFFICE - DAY 2      31

Beck comes into the office and finds McVey sitting at the CCTV bank.

He looks up and clocks Beck's new name badge.

For a second he doesn't react, then a smile spreads across his face like spilt honey. Then the smile becomes a laugh - the hysterical barking of a hyena.

Beck watches McVey, horrified, before turning and retreating into the manager's office, slamming the door behind her.

32      INT. PRISON, SECURITY MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY 2      32

Beyond the closed door, Beck can still hear McVey's laughter.

33      INT/INT. ASSOCIATION AREA/SHANE & KITTY'S FLAT - DAY 2      33

Shane arrives at the front of the phone queue and makes a call. Somebody picks up...

KITTY (O.S.)

Hello?

A voice interjects...

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
I have a call from an inmate in Her Majesty's Prison Service, can I connect it?

Kitty sighs.

KITTY (O.S.)  
Oh God.

Shane closes his eyes at the sound of Kitty's distress.

OPERATOR  
Can I connect the call?

KITTY (O.S.)  
Yes.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Go ahead prisoner.

SHANE  
Kitty.

CUT TO:

KITTY (30s), stands in a very modest kitchen, with the weight of the world on her shoulders.

KITTY  
You're in prison.

SHANE (O.S.)  
I'm so sorry.

KITTY  
What the hell did you do, Shane?

CUT TO:

We see Shane's shame and despair.

SHANE  
It was something and nothing.

KITTY (O.S.)  
There's some kids outside the flat.

The words land with Shane.

SHANE  
What kids?

CUT TO:

Kitty makes her way towards the window.

KITTY

Young adults really. A boy and girl. Just staring up at me.

She pulls back the nets to reveal A BABY FACED COUPLE IN THEIR EARLY TWENTIES, on the play equipment in a park below. He is standing on a swing. She's trying to tip him off. They're both sucking on Chupa Chups. It's all very charming and sweet.

They look up at Kitty, and the boy smiles and waves. Kitty waves back instinctively, then lets the curtain fall.

KITTY (CONT'D)

Should I go out to them?

CUT TO:

Shane, wide-eyed with panic.

SHANE

No! You need to stay inside and lock the door.

KITTY

Who are they Shane?

SHANE

Did you hear me Kitty?

KITTY

Yes.

SHANE

And stay that way until I tell you.

Shane looks up in the direction of Clingerman's cell but finds the door closed and no sign of Clingerman.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I have to go.

KITTY (O.S.)

No!

SHANE

I'll call again when I can.

KITTY

Shane...

SHANE

I'm sorry, Kitty.

Shane puts the phone down and reels.





Beck looks up at the security office window from which McVey is watching her. He thinks she's going to resign, so do we.

Beck turns back to Adams.

BECK

Then I'm going to need an army.

Adams smiles, then looks up at McVey before holding out the greenfly spray to Beck.

ADAMS

It's very therapeutic.

Beck takes the spray. She turns to the rose bush, where a greenfly twitches happily upon a leaf. Then she blows him away in a foaming tsunami.

37 INT. WING, ASSOCIATION AREA - DAY 2

37

We find Shane arriving at a cell door. There's a sign on it that reads: 'THE LISTENER IS AVAILABLE'.

Shane knocks and waits.

LYLE (O.S.)

Come in.

Shane knows the drill and slides the sign from 'AVAILABLE' to 'UNAVAILABLE' before entering and closing the door behind him.

38 INT. LYLE'S CELL - DAY 2

38

Lyle's cell is arranged as if for a therapy session with comfy seating and a coffee table complete with a box of tissues. Lyle folds the newspaper he was reading.

LYLE

I assume you're not looking for a sympathetic ear?

SHANE

Why has Clingerman got The Twins at my flat?

LYLE

How *is* Kitty?

SHANE

I'm no threat to him. Please don't let them hurt her.

LYLE

Where did you go, Shane?

ON SHANE, AGAINST A FLEETING SOUNDSCAPE FROM A DIFFERENT SCENE: GUNFIRE, LAUGHTER, FOREIGN VOICES...

SHANE  
Here and there.

LYLE  
We looked for you. I'd call you the invisible man, but even he left a trace and you left nothing.

SHANE  
I got released and I just kept walking. I'd had my fill of the life.

LYLE  
For two years?

SHANE  
I lost myself in drink.

LYLE  
Nobody disappears that well unless somebody with clout is helping them. And no one comes back without an agenda.

SHANE  
There's no agenda. But I don't know how to convince him of that.

LYLE  
Perhaps it's not *him* you need to convince. I'm more than just the money man now, Shane. He's guided by me.

SHANE  
Then how I can I convince *you*.

Lyle studies Shane.

LYLE  
He's always had a blind spot where you're concerned. I'm going to have to watch that.

SHANE  
Please don't hurt my wife.

A silence hangs for several seconds before an old school alarm clock bursts into a shrill ring, from the table.

Shane stares at it, startled.



The cons shout warnings to those the news hasn't reached:  
'WING SPIN', 'SHAKE DOWN', 'DITCH YOUR SHIT,'

Screws start emerging from cells holding items of contraband, and the offending cons get their arms thrust up their backs before being marched from the wing, in twisted restraint.

The search continues, noisy and brutal, as Shifty approaches what looks like the lead screw.

SHIFTY  
What's going on?

Beck lifts her visor.

BECK  
We're waging a war.

SHIFTY  
Tornado teams are only deployed for  
unrest.

BECK  
There *is* unrest. You just don't see  
it.

Beck looks up to the landing to where Clingerman is being dragged out of his cell by a screw.

Now she spots Evangeline being manhandled out of hers by McVey.

He pulls the wig from her head to reveal the pinned hair beneath. Then he pulls the wig apart under the pretense of searching it. Evangeline tries to stop him.

EVANGELINE  
No!

McVey pushes her away.

Shane flares but McVey draws his baton in response and is about to strike when Beck rushes over to stop him.

BECK  
McVey!

Shane and Evangeline retreat to the wall and join the other prisoners in pressing the backs of their heads, their heels and their palms against brickwork.

Shane smiles a 'chin up' at Evangeline. She manages a smile back.

Now we see Randolph watching them from across the wing.

43      INT. WING - DAY 2

43

All the prisoners are lined up against the walls now, standing in silence like some fucked up school assembly.

A contraband stash sits in the middle of the association area: packets of powder and pills, bottles of cloudy brown hooch, toothbrush handles with razor blades for heads.

Beck looks up to where Clingerman is standing outside his cell. Their eyes meet.

Clingerman holds Beck's eye as he asks Randolph...

CLINGERMAN

Who's that?

RANDOLPH

Posner's replacement.

Randolph turns to Clingerman.

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)

A new king comes?

Clingerman studies Beck, considering for the first time that the prophesy might not have meant Shane.

#### **ACT FOUR**

44      INT. EVANGELINE AND SHANE'S CELL - DAY 2

44

Shane watches as Evangeline tidies the cell after the spin, gathering up the far-flung strands of her wig.

SHANE

Can you fix it?

Evangeline smiles.

EVANGELINE

The ravaged look? I don't think so. But thank you for sticking up for me. You were always so much better than most in here.

SHANE

Really?

EVANGELINE

You were brutal, of course, but there was always a logic to it.

She smiles.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

Even a bad human looks good next to monsters.

We suspect Shane feels some shame.

SHANE

Tell me how the land lies.

EVANGELINE

I don't involve myself in business, you know that.

SHANE

I can't defend myself if I'm in the dark.

Evangeline studies Shane.

EVANGELINE

After you left I asked them if they had an address, so that I could write to you. It was before I knew that you'd ghosted them but that didn't stop them viewing it as disloyal. The young man who arrived at my door asked me if I'd prefer to be punished as a man or a woman. Some people would say that being given the choice is a form of privilege, but I've spent my whole life fighting to be called what I am, so it wasn't really a choice at all. I think you can guess what followed.

SHANE

I'm sorry.

EVANGELINE

Would you have written back to me?

SHANE

No.

Evangeline smiles.

EVANGELINE

Thank you for not lying.

Evangeline grapples with herself, then...

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

He thinks you're here for his throne.

SHANE

Why?

EVANGELINE

Because there's a rival dealer in the jail. And because a prophet told him so. And because he's cooked.

The words land with Shane.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

Though he'd slit my throat for saying it.

45

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY 2

45

Beck is surveying the box of contraband. McVey watches her, while slicing pieces off a peach with a strange looking knife.

MCVEY

Not much of a haul.

BECK

They're hiding it *somewhere*.

SHIFTY

This is a dirty jail. You're never going to change that.

Beck studies McVey.

BECK

If you misuse your cut-down knife, it'll be blunt when you need it.

MCVEY

Too blunt to cut a con's noose? What a fucking shame!

Beck goes to a filing cabinet and looks through it for a particular form.

MCVEY (CONT'D)

So what was this? A PR stunt.

BECK

The cons needed to know there's been a change.

MCVEY

A new sheriff in town?

McVey smiles.

MCVEY (CONT'D)

Maybe it was more for *my* benefit than theirs.



Beck says nothing.

MCVEY (CONT'D)  
 It was a shit strategy. You've lost  
 the element of surprise now.

Beck finds the form she was looking for and closes the filing cabinet.

MCVEY (CONT'D)  
 Still, it'll be interesting to see  
 how Clingerman responds. His next  
 move is going to tell us what kind  
 of war it'll be.

Beck hands McVey the form.

BECK  
 This lot needs logging.

McVey stares back defiantly.

BECK (CONT'D)  
 Now.

A mini stand off, before McVey smiles and takes the form.

46      INT. WING, ASSOCIATION AREA - DAY 2      46

Shane arrives at a cell door and walks in without knocking.

47      INT. THE PROPHET'S CELL - DAY 2      47

The Prophet is sitting on his bed with Fat Black Jesus nestled in his hair.

Shane pulls up a chair and sits down.

SHANE  
 You and your spider have unleashed  
 hell.

The prophet stares back, intimidated by Shane's stature.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
 Most men in Clingerman's position  
 think their life is in their own  
 hands. But Clingerman's got a thick  
 streak of gypsy running through  
 him, so he's also open to  
 superstitions.  
 (MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

Men who are no threat to him  
 whatsoever will have confessions  
 stabbed and burned and beaten from  
 them, and you'll be dragged back  
 into his cell each time and asked -  
 'Mirror mirror on the wall, am I  
 still the king of them all?' And  
 whatever answer you give, he won't  
 be happy.

THE PROPHET

I don't cause Fat Black Jesus to  
 walk where he does.

SHANE

I don't suppose the ex-dentist con  
 who pulled Clingerman's tooth  
 caused the socket to stink like a  
 sewer. Didn't stop him getting  
 fingered.

THE PROPHET

What happened?

SHANE

I just said. He got fingered. An  
 eye for an eye, a hole for a hole.  
 Clingerman's got an imagination for  
 cruelty.

The Prophet looks worried.

THE PROPHET

The prophecy's been given. There's  
 not much I can do about it now.

48

INT. CLINGERMAN'S CELL - DAY 2

48

Clingerman removes a layer of bloody cellophane from a steak  
 and places it into the toaster that sits on the side. He  
 drags down the lever.

A knock on the door.

CLINGERMAN

Come.

Randolph opens the door.

RANDOLPH

The Prophet's here.

Clingerman nods and Randolph opens the door wider to reveal  
 The Prophet looking uneasy. He forces himself inside and  
 Randolph closes the door behind him.

CLINGERMAN  
What do you want?

THE PROPHET  
The reading. It was wrong.

CLINGERMAN  
Wrong?

The Prophet struggles to find the right words.

THE PROPHET  
He said he was playing a joke on  
you. But now I'm not sure that it  
was, and I don't want any blood  
shed over it.

CLINGERMAN  
Who said it was a joke?

THE PROPHET  
The Listener.

CLINGERMAN  
Lyle?

THE PROPHET  
He told me what to say.

CLINGERMAN  
A new king comes?

The Prophet nods. Clingerman's face darkens.

CLINGERMAN (CONT'D)  
But I saw the spider pick the  
letters.

THE PROPHET  
I only rub the juice on the tiles I  
want him to go to.

A heavy silence. Clingerman doesn't take his eyes from The Prophet.

CLINGERMAN  
Where's the spider now?

THE PROPHET  
My pocket.

CLINGERMAN  
Get it out.

THE PROPHET  
He's all I have.

CLINGERMAN

Get it out.

The Prophet reluctantly pulls the matchbox from his pocket. He pushes open the drawer to reveal Fat Black Jesus.

The toaster pops and The Prophet starts at the sound of it. Clingerman looks at the toaster, then at the spider. We see The Prophet's fear rising.

THE PROPHET

My brother got killed when I was fifteen. Fat Black Jesus became mine and I've barely been apart from him since. Cost me a fortune to have him smuggled in here. Paid extra so he wouldn't be up anyone's arse.

Clingerman surveys The Prophet, seemingly taken with the story. But still he holds his hand out for the spider. The Prophet reluctantly hands him over.

Clingerman studies Fat Black Jesus on his palm.

CLINGERMAN

I had a Jack Russell once. Raised him from before his eyes were open. He was a savage for everyone else, but soft as pork fat for me.

Clingerman turns his palm over, causing the spider to crawl over to the top of his hand. He repeats the move during the following, keeping the spider constantly on the move as if on a little treadmill.

CLINGERMAN (CONT'D)

My old man had me build him a cage in the yard. But one day he broke free and bit a chunk from my brother's arm. First I knew was when I walked in the kitchen and my dad claps his hands shut on my ears with all his might, like one of them monkeys with the cymbals. Then he's nudging me in the chest with the business end of a hammer and pointing out the window. My ears are ringing, I can't hear a word but I get the gist and I go outside. Doggo knows there's trouble, falls on his back at my feet and I give his belly a little rub. Then my dad's banging on the window. 'Get it done or I'll come out there and leather you!' So I look away and give him a good whack with the hammer.

(MORE)

## CLINGERMAN (CONT'D)

Then another and another. The job's probably a good'un by then but my ears are still going and I'm raging at my dad so I keep whacking. Then I pick up the dog by the scruff and he just hangs there like a set of busted bagpipes. I go back into the kitchen and brother starts screaming. I look down and the dog's juice is all over my jumper and jeans. And my dad goes, 'What the fuck have you done, I sent you out there to fix the cage!'

A silence hangs while The Prophet waits for a steer as to how to respond. It comes in the form of Clingerman exploding into laughter.

The Prophet laughs too, but quickly his laughter turns to tears. He suspects that Fat Black Jesus is about to die. We suspect it too.

Clingerman lets The Prophet cry for a moment before taking the matchbox and placing Fat Black Jesus carefully back inside.

## CLINGERMAN (CONT'D)

Don't tell anyone what you've told me.

The Prophet nods in desperate gratitude.

## THE PROPHET

Course.

## CLINGERMAN

And no more readings. The spider is a pet only now.

## THE PROPHET

OK.

## CLINGERMAN

Go.

The Prophet exits the cell as quickly as he can, leaving Clingerman looking thoughtful.

Shane watches as The Prophet emerges from Clingerman's cell.

Clingerman spots Shane from the doorway. Shane holds Clingerman's eye as he walks in the direction of the stairs just like he did earlier.

Like last time, Baxter and Swole mobilise and Randolph blocks Shane's path as he reaches the top of the stairs.

But unlike last time, Shane doesn't turn back. Instead he pulls off his t-shirt, then his shoes, then his tracksuit bottoms, not taking his eyes from Clingerman as he does so.

A hush falls over the wing, everybody is watching. We see the sight of Shane unclothed landing with Randolph, Lyle, Evangeline and Shifty from their various vantage points.

Now Shane holds his arms out as if to say 'look, no weapons'.

Clingerman disappears into the cell and Shane thinks he's failed to convince him, but Clingerman re-emerges a second later.

He nods to Randolph that he should let Shane past and Randolph does so.

As Shane approaches Clingerman's cell, Clingerman throws something on the floor in front of Shane - a cable tie.

It takes Shane a second to realise what it's for.

50

INT. CLINGERMAN'S CELL - DAY 2

50

Shane stands unclothed before Clingerman, his hands shackled with the cable tie.

SHANE

I would never hurt you.

CLINGERMAN

You *did* hurt me, Shane. You dropped me like last night's slut, still pissed and knickerless.

SHANE

My head was a mess. But I'm here now. And I think you need me.

CLINGERMAN

What have you heard?

SHANE

Dogshit - someone's making a play.

CLINGERMAN

Lyle says it's crumbs. That I shouldn't sweat it.

SHANE

Maybe someone's paying him to say that.

CLINGERMAN

You think he's got the balls?

SHANE

I don't know whether he's bent or he's useless, but either way people are laughing at you. And he's not trying to stop them.

CLINGERMAN

No?

SHANE

He told me you're cooked.

CLINGERMAN

Cooked?

SHANE

Cooked through. He thinks he's handling you.

Clingerman considers that but says nothing.

SHANE (CONT'D)

This bluebottle business wants stamping out.

Clingerman's eyes fall from Shane's face to his trembling hand. Shane is shaking.

Clingerman reaches out and stills Shane's hand. Then he runs his hand up Shane's arm until it rests on...

A silvery scar near the bend of his elbow; an ancient bite mark, long since healed.

CLINGERMAN

I've missed you like a limb.

SHANE

Then have me back.

CLINGERMAN

You'll need to prove yourself.

Shane nods.

SHANE

I know.

Clingerman is silent and still. Now on the wall behind him, we notice something we haven't seen before...

a mural of two men with their arms around each other's shoulders. We recognise them as Clingerman and Shane. A banner above their heads announces...









His eyes are wide in shock. His mouth is stuffed with something, but bloody foam seeps grotesquely from the corners, and a little black strand hangs from his chin.

Beck leans in to get a better view. Is the strand - her face contorts with confusion and disgust - a spider leg? She's right, it is.

She peers into Lyle's mouth and suddenly it becomes clear that the gag is the crumpled remains of Fat Black Jesus.

The image lands with Beck.

CUT TO:

A JOHNNY CASH STYLE VERSION OF 'THERE WAS AN OLD LADY WHO SWALLOWED A FLY' OVER THE...

**END CREDITS.**