

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

EXT -- PRISON YARD -- DAY (1966) 205

Red finds Andy sitting in the shadow of the high stone wall, poking listlessly through the dust for small pebbles. Red waits for some acknowledgment. Andy doesn't even look up. Red hunkers down and joins him. Nothing is said for the longest time. And then, softly:

ANDY

My wife used to say I'm a hard man to know. Like a closed book. Complained about it all the time.

(pause)

She was beautiful. I loved her. But I guess I couldn't show it enough.

(softly)

I killed her, Red.

Andy finally glances to Red, seeking a reaction. Silence.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I didn't pull the trigger. But I drove her away. That's why she died. Because of me, the way I am.

RED

That don't make you a murderer. Bad husband, maybe.

Andy smiles faintly in spite of himself. Red gives his shoulder a squeeze.

RED (CONT'D)

Feel bad about it if you want. But you didn't pull the trigger.

ANDY

No. I didn't. Someone else did, and I wound up here. Bad luck, I guess.

RED

Bad luck? Fuck.

ANDY

It floats around. Has to land on somebody. Say a storm comes through. Some folks sit in their living rooms and enjoy the rain. The house next door gets torn out of the ground and smashed flat. It was my turn, that's all. I was in the path of the tornado.

(softly)

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

I just had no idea the storm would go on as long as it has.

(a long beat)

Think you'll ever get out of here?

RED

Sure. When I got a long white beard and about three marbles left rolling around upstairs.

ANDY

Tell you where I'd go. Zihuatanejo.

RED

Zihuatanejo?

ANDY

Mexico. Little place right on the Pacific. You know what the Mexicans say about the Pacific? They say it has no memory. That's where I'd like to finish out my life, Red. A warm place with no memory. Open a little hotel right on the beach. Buy some worthless old boat and fix it up like new. Take my guests out charter fishing.

(beat)

You know, a place like that, I'd need a man who can get things.

Red stares at Andy, laughs.

RED

Jeez, Andy. I couldn't hack it on the outside. Been in here too long. I'm an institutional man now. Like old Brooks Hatlen was.

ANDY

You underestimate yourself.

RED

Bullshit. In here I'm the guy who can get it for you. Out there, all you need are Yellow Pages. I wouldn't know where to begin.

(derisive snort)

Pacific Ocean? Hell. Like to scare me to death, somethin' that big.

ANDY

Not me. I didn't shoot my wife and I didn't shoot her lover, and whatever mistakes I made I've paid for and then some. That hotel and that boat...I don't think it's too much to want. To look at the stars just after sunset. Touch the sand. Wade in the water. Feel free.

RED

Damn it, Andy, stop! Don't do that to yourself! Talking shitty pipedreams! Mexico's down there, and you're in here, and that's the way it is!

ANDY

You're right. It's down there, and I'm in here. I guess it comes down to a simple choice, really. Get busy living or get busy dying.