

PRISON RIOT

(aka - River of Blood & Blood Brothers)

original screenplay by

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Men screaming swell to an overwhelming din. The cacophony echoes forth than abruptly stops.

FADE IN:

EXT./INT. PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

Smoke, ash, and fire rages across the Penitentiary of New Mexico as it burns into full-fledged meltdown.

BASED ON A TRUE STORY

CANDLE (V.O.)

For three days in February 1980,  
inmates took absolute control of the  
New Mexico Prison, just south of  
Santa Fe.

Inside the prison gymnasium, several silhouetted PREDATOR INMATES, in tandem, heave one dead body after the next into a raging fire.

1980 NEW MEXICO PRISON RIOT

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When the smoke still hung heavy over  
the prison killing fields, the  
predators had slaughtered 33 inmates,  
at least that was the official record.

Wearing black masks and bandanas around their faces, PREDATOR INMATES appear hard at task in tossing the dead bodies into the gymnasium fires.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But because of inadequate records,  
the unofficial report may well have  
been over a hundred dead victims.

Wearing a black mask, an obvious looking ANGLO INMATE with cold steel eyes looks directly into the lens and then turns back to the massive fires charring dead bodies in the gymnasium.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But no matter, the 1980 New Mexico  
Prison Riot became the worst in the  
history of the United States.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

Historical montage of still photographs intermixes with video news shots of the February 1980 New Mexico prison riot.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH VALLEY - DAY

On a makeshift wooden stage, LATINO ROCK 'N' ROLL BAND rips a 60's tune reverberating its metallic guitar through the assembling crowd.

BASED ON TRUE STORIES & ACTUAL EVENTS

CANDLE (V.O.)

About the time I was thinking of the college girls I would soon meet ...

APRIL 1969

From the outer gate, the lean 6-foot tall man with sandy blond hair and blue eyes, CHRIS "CANDLE" CANDELARIO, 19, snaps off a wide shot with a 35mm Nikon F-1 still camera.

BARELAS BARRIO ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Hispano gangsters in the South Valley of Albuquerque were filling up a learning institution of another influence, the State Penitentiary, situated due south of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

In a dusty parking lot, dozens of lowrider HISPANIC OWNERS boastfully show off their 60's lowrider cars as they party down to the beat of the music.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In my professional career, I would move forward to become a television news reporter and photographer.

Leaning against a metallic purple 1960's Chevy Impala low-rider, six foot, XAVIÉR FIERRO, 19, with aristocratic Hispanic features, coyly pulls away a black bandanna.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

As a result of the 1980 New Mexico Prison Riot, Xaviér Fierro's face became burnt into my consciousness.

Xaviér smiles at CHICKLETS, the Chicano mid-teenage beauty.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And the lifer remained behind prison bars for most of his adult life.

With her inviting brown eyes and youthful pure white teeth, Chicklets nervously smiles.

CHICKLETS

Xavy, I think my period is late.

With love radiating through his warm brown eyes, Xaviér coyly teases Chicklets.

XAVIÉR

Period? Mi linda Chicklets, I know nothing about no stinking period.

Chicklets playfully whacks Xaviér on the side of the arm.

CHICKLETS

Yeah Romeo, bleeding that babies need for food to grow inside a girl's stomach.

As Xaviér stuffs the black bandanna in his hip pocket, his eyes light up.

XAVIÉR

You mean you are pregnant? I daddy?

CHICKLETS

(somewhat annoyed)  
Absolutely my love.

XAVIÉR

Linda Chicklets, don't worry about no baby. You let me work through the problems.

CHICKLETS

(with radiant love)  
I trust you, now and forever.

Xaviér and Chicklets passionately kiss, when the short muscular stout Chicano man, BRUTIPO BACA, early 20s, rudely interrupts the couple.

BRUTIPO

What you do Xaviér? Pachuco, your Mamita is hot on your trail.

Brusquely, the lean Hispanic woman, MAMITA, mid-30s approaches the threesome and ticks her tongue at the young couple.

MAMITA

(mother's attitude)  
¿Xaviér Fierro, que peinsa estas hasiendo?

XAVIÉR

What am I doing? Mamita, you embarrass me.

CHICKLETS

Señora Fierro, we were just ...

MAMITA

I know what you were just doing.

Brutipo steps back and shares a laugh with the two pachucos, RATTLER and MONSTRO, both early 20s, when Mamita turns to the three pachucos.

MAMITA (*CONT'D*)

All you boys could be in trouble.  
Xaviér Fierro, you get Chicklets  
home before her mother has you  
arrested for theft.

XAVIÉR

Theft?

MAMITA

Sí, can't you see you're robbing the  
cradle. She's too young.

Respectfully, Xaviér acquiesces to his mother's demand as he and Chicklets step into the back seat of the purple Chevy Impala followed by Brutipo.

XAVIÉR

Bueno Mamita.  
(turns to Chicklets)  
Lets get you home.

BRUTIPO

With your Mamita, Xavy's always in  
some kind of trouble.

Brutipo, Rattler, and Monstro slide into the Chevy Impala, the Latino Rock 'n' Roll Band transitions the metallic song into a slower 60's rock tune. Both pachucos display numerous tattoos, including their names.

With Monstro driving the lowrider, Rattler flicks his head in the direction of Candle.

RATTLER

Monstro, check out White bastardo.

MONSTRO

No Gringo enters our barrio and takes  
the pictures without permission.

In rapid succession Rattler smacks his right fist into his left palm.

RATTLER

We give him badass beat-down.

Monstro also smacks a fist into a palm.

MONSTRO

You know, just for the exercise.

From the back seat, Brutipo pushes Monstro on the back of his head.

BRUTIPO

¡Silencio pendejo! Xavy's Mamita is right. We get Chicklets back now.

Cursing under her tongue, Mamita marches past Candle who snaps off pictures of Monstro's purple Chevy Impala driving past him.

XAVIÉR

This weto is more than some Gringo photographer. He has Spanish blood in him.

BRUTIPO

Cabron, you think he is some aristocrat wetback like you? We got more important things to do than crap on some pinche White bastardo.

On the Chevy Impala's hood, Candle spots the crucified Christ displayed with the words "Los Hermanos del Barrio" inscribed on the driver's door, and on the trunk he sees an elaborate mural of La Madonna releasing a white dove.

EXT. BARELAS BARRIO - DAY

Arm-in-arm, Xaviér and Chicklets step from the lowrider as he walks her to the front door of a two-story wooden 1950's style house. From the vehicle Brutipo, Rattler, and Monstro unmercifully taunt the couple.

BRUTIPO, RATTER FANGS, & GIL MONSTER

(relentless)

¡Andelé Xavy! We got cruising to do. Get your pachuco ass back here. Xavy ain't no Romeo in the Barrio. You joker got to toke in the smoke.

(voices trail off)

Chicklets disapprovingly looks back at Brutipo and the pachucos.

CHICKLETS

Xavy, don't go with those crazies. You have nothing to prove to me. I can't lose you.

XAVIÉR

Chicklets, I got heavy-duty plans for us.

MONSTRO

Bro, we got things to do, places to go, tourists to rob.

BRUTIPO

¡Vatos! You no see Xavy's in the love mode?

Xaviér passionately kisses Chicklets to the jeers and cheers of the gangsters.

XAVIÉR

¿Mañana?

CHICKLETS

Not tomorrow. Sunday, I go to mass.

Chicklets runs into her house as Xaviér rooster-struts back to the Chevy Impala.

MONSTRO

Now we take care of pachuco business.

In a BLAZE of SMOKE, Monstro guns the Chevy Impala and spins its tires down the street as a fast-paced 60's rock 'n' roll rift BELLOWS THROUGH.

EXT./INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

In a South Valley back alley, a dirty incandescent light irritatingly illuminates the backside of a cheap looking liquor store.

Xaviér and Rattler saunter to the building with black bandannas tied over their mouths.

Rattler pulls out a .45 caliber automatic handgun and draws back its loading mechanism.

Xaviér clicks open a switchblade.

RATTLER

Esé [buddy], when you get a real weapon?

XAVIÉR

When you go to pachuco heaven, I inherited your piece.

RATTLER

Never happen vato. Now I show you how this is done.

Inside the liquor store, TOWHEAD CLERK, late teens, rings up a Thunderbird wine, places the bottle in a dirty paper sack, and hands it to OLD BORRACHO.

Aggressively, Rattler steps into the store and points his .45 pistol into Towhead Clerk's face.

TOWHEAD CLERK  
Please no shoot me.

RATTLER  
¡Silencio puto! Money in sack! Fork  
over bottles of best tequila!

Towhead Clerk grabs one-dollar bills from the old style cash register and stuffs the money in a paper bag, as Old Borracho remains motionless.

RATTLER (CONT'D)  
La Niña, no crap in your pants.

While Towhead Clerk nervously fumbles with the paper sack, bills, and some coins, the sound of a police siren GROWS DISTINCTIVE.

Xaviér's eyes look at the outside door.

RATTLER (CONT'D)  
¡POLICÍA!

From the back of the liquor store, SEVERAL BOTTLES clink together.

As Old Borracho and Towhead Clerk turn to the back of the store, Rattler SLOWLY wheels his pistol in that direction.

Simultaneously, a shotgun blast cuts into Rattler as the pachuco fires off a round back through shattering glass.

The shotgun blast catapults Rattler several feet backwards.

Xaviér drops his switchblade and dives to the ground next to the mortally wounded Rattler.

On the other side of the bottle rack, smoke, glass, and liquid dissipate revealing the HISPANIC OWNER, 50s.

As his legs wobble, Hispanic Owner squeezes the trigger on his shotgun splattering a round of double buck into the wooden floor.

Xaviér grabs the .45 pistol and again shoots the Hispanic Owner, who clutches his chest in an attempt to stop the blood spurting from his bullet wounds.

Hispanic Owner staggers and tumbles over several shelves of bottles collapsing around him.

Shattering glass and spilling amber liquid spew across the floor as the Hispanic Owner's body settles to rest.

As the police siren increasingly PENETRATES the interior of the liquor store, Xaviér's eyes open widely. He snatches the paper bag, stuffs it in his jacket pocket, and tugs at Rattler's lifeless body.

XAVIÉR

Rattler, you play dead or what? Get up! Get up now!

Xaviér grabs the .45 cal. Pistol, tightens his other fist around Rattler's collar, and drags him from the liquor store.

Outside Brutipo and Monstro see flashing red lights at the end of the alley.

MONSTRO

(echoes forth)

HERMANO SHOT! WE THE HELL OUT OF  
HERE!

BRUTIPO

(echoes forth)

NO LEAVE PACHUCOS BEHIND!

MONSTRO

(echoes forth)

GO OR BUSTED!

Monstro revs the Chevy Impala and pops the clutch spinning gravel across the alleyway.

The vehicle's wheels spit gravel through a cloud of dust, quickly leaving the liquor store behind.

As the Chevy Impala disappears around the far side of the alleyway, Xaviér drags Rattler's body from the liquor store and into the path of a sheriff's sedan.

The vehicle spins nearly out of control in a cloud of dust and emergency flashing lights.

Reflectively, Xaviér turns around and fires off Rattler's pistol as bullets shatter through the sheriff's front and rear windshields.

XAVIÉR

¡MARRANOS PINCHE!

From the .45 cal. Pistol, Xaviér rapidly fires off bullets into the side of the sheriff's car that skids to a stop farther down the alley.

Towhead Clerk bolts from the liquor store, and with the shotgun wavering toward Xaviér, the pellets pepper the side of an adobe wall while kicking out red dust across the alleyway.

Xaviér falls backwards to the ground dropping the pistol and spilling the paper sack full of paper money and coins across the dirt road. He then grabs the side of his bleeding head.

On the far side of the alley, two sheriff deputies stumble from their car and spasmodically draw for their .38 caliber Smith & Wesson police pistols.

With anxiety waving across his face, Xaviér pulls Rattler into his arms.

XAVIÉR (CONT'D)  
GET AMBULANCE! GET AMBULANCE NOW!

Steadily, blood drips from Xaviér's mouth and forehead as MORE EMERGENCY SIRENS awaken the night.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

With his Nikon camera, Candle snaps off stills of the two AMBULANCE DRIVERS removing Hispanic Owner in a white canvass body bag to a hearse on the far side of the alley.

CANDLE (V.O.)  
To earn spare change through college,  
I shot freelance crime scenes for  
the two city rags and trust the news  
business the bloodier the better.

As the CRIME SCENE CROWD swells beyond the alley, Candle turns and shoots two more AMBULANCE DRIVERS bagging up Rattler and lifting him on a second gurney.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Some spot news scenes bled out more  
gruesome than others, but a liquor  
store robbery with two fatalities  
rammed forth a big deal.

Candle then backs off, turns around, and notices Xaviér being led in handcuffs to a sheriff's car by two Sheriff Deputies.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The second time I remember seeing  
Xaviér Fierro, he was arrested for  
killing the liquor storeowner.

Candle immediately takes pictures of the two Sheriff Deputies placing Xaviér in the back seat. After they close the door behind him, the peace officers get in the car.

CANDLE (CONT'D)  
Officer, get his name?

Candle pulls out a reporter's note pad and clicks a pen open.

SHERIFF DEPUTY #1  
 Sure, the triggerman's name is Xaviér  
 Fierro. He spells his first name  
 with an "X".

To a gavel POUNDING on a wooden desk growing prevalent, Candle  
 writes down Xaviér Fierro and then looks up as the sheriff's  
 car leaving the crime scene.

CANDLE (V.O.)  
 But what I could not know was that  
 Xaviér Fierro would have a profound  
 effect on my life.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DISTRICT COURT - DAY

With a microphone and tape recorder in his lap, Candle jots  
 down notes in a reporter's pad.

SEPTEMBER 1969

On a large mahogany desk, ANGLO JUDGE stops hammering his  
 gavel, and points to Xaviér who sits in shackles next to  
 PASTY WHITE LAWYER.

SECOND JUDICIAL DISTRICT / STATE OF NEW MEXICO

ANGLO JUDGE  
 Xaviér Fierro, stand.

Xaviér hesitates to rise until Pasty White Lawyer tugs at  
 the pachuco's shirtsleeve, and he dutifully stands.

ANGLO JUDGE (CONT'D)  
 Young man, you have done nothing to  
 help your case by the arrogant  
 defiance you display in my courtroom.  
 Your attitude is unacceptable.

Behind Xaviér, Candle observes Mamita and Chicklets sitting  
 in front of him. The teenager shows the beginning of her  
 third trimester of pregnancy.

ANGLO JUDGE (CONT'D)  
 You have not named a single accomplice  
 in this despicable crime you have  
 been found guilty.

Xaviér remains motionless.

ANGLO JUDGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Xaviér Fierro, I declare you a  
 monster.

(MORE)

ANGLO JUDGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

If sentencing guidelines permitted,  
I would have you crucified to an  
upside down wooden cross.  
Unfortunately, I can only sentence  
you to one hundred years for First  
Degree Murder.

Chicklets shutters to herself as Mamita's eyes fix on Xaviér.

MAMITA

(under her breath)

¡Dios mío! No, no crucify mi hijo!

Xaviér raises his eyes to Anglo Judge as he further tightens  
his brow.

ANGLO JUDGE

Mr. Fierro, I total up over two  
hundred consecutive years, which in  
effect should keep you incarcerated  
for the remainder of your wretched  
life.

On top of his desk, Anglo Judge breaks off his gavel, flips  
it behind him, stands, and exits out a back door.

ANGLO JUDGE (CONT'D)

Deputies, remove this human garbage  
from my courtroom.

The courtroom crowd ERUPTS in either AGREEMENT or PROTEST  
over Xaviér's sentence.

CHICKLETS

(breathless)

Over two hundred years?

MAMITA

No! No! No! Not Xavy! Not the life  
sentence for My Xavy!

TOWHEAD CLERK

BASTARD!

(echoes out)

Towhead Clerk stands and charges Xaviér as two Sheriff  
Deputies tackle him pinning him to the ground.

TOWHEAD CLERK (CONT'D)

DEATH TO BASTARD WHO SHOT MY UNCLE!

Sheriff Deputy #3 takes down the Towhead Clerk as Sheriff  
Deputy #4 hustle Xaviér from the courtroom with Candle  
following closely behind.

SHERIFF DEPUTY #4

(under his breath)

Pachuco, you're lucky the death penalty was outlawed, or you are one more taco suffocating in our gas chamber.

Candle swiftly moves along with the Sheriff Deputies as he produces a microphone and extends it at Xaviér.

CANDLE

Xaviér Fierro, over two hundred years for the liquor store robbery and murder, why'd you shoot the owner?

XAVIÉR

I no shoot no stinking liquor storeowner! I innocent! I innocent I tell you! I was framed! I'm innocent!

CANDLE

Who framed you? How do you think you were framed?

XAVIÉR

MARRANOS FRAMED ME! THE PIGS FRAMED ME! I SHOOT NO STINKING LIQUOR storeowner! POLICÍA FRAME ME!

In the hallway a dozen REPORTERS barrage questions at Xaviér. Several news PHOTOGRAPHERS shoot DR-16mm film cameras as the Deputies lead Xaviér down the hall.

XAVIÉR (CONT'D)

PIGS FRAMED ME! PIGS FRAMED ME!

Reporters overlap each other's questions.

REPORTERS

Xaviér Fierro, that's not what a jury of your peers decided. What do you think about spending the rest of your life behind bars? Fierro, did you think you'd get a life sentence? Are you repentant for killing the liquor storeowner?

While Xaviér struggles against the Sheriff Deputies, the Reporters dog him down the hall.

Candle twists around to see Mamita and Chicklets emotionally breaking down, and he steps up to them.

CANDLE

Señora Fierro, I know this is a difficult time. Could you give me a few words about your son?

With hollow eyes, Mamita looks up at Candle as an electronic gate closing GRATES FORTH.

MAMITA

Words for my Xavy? A lifetime behind bars and concrete walls? What more words do you need to know about that?

EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

As the entire State Penitentiary of New Mexico looms closer and closer, the SOUNDS OF INMATES YELLING becomes nearly DEAFENING.

STATE PENITENTIARY of NEW MEXICO

In ankle and wrist chains, two Sheriff Deputies escort Xaviér through a twelve-foot high Sally Port, and then two Correction Officers receive the South Valley gangster.

INT. CELLBLOCK 6 - NIGHT

In a cramped six by nine foot cell, Xaviér leans his hands through the bars.

CELLBLOCK 6

In the next cell the Chicano, CHUCO, late teens, pulls-in a long drag from a marijuana jay. Through the bars the inmate hands it to Xaviér.

STATE PENITENTIARY OF NEW MEXICO

XAVIÉR

Esta bueno marijuana, bro! Can you score more?

CHUCO

The Hawaiian Gold? Xavy, no easy street in here! The prison guards are bought and paid.

XAVIÉR

And you no pay the guards?

CHUCO

The brown nosers specialize in the beatings.

Chuco takes a drag and hands it back to Xaviér.

XAVIÉR

Hermano, this is the high life of the country club?

CHUCO

You know this is a human sewer,  
especially one thing.

XAVIÉR

Yeah, what's that?

CHUCO

The human rats!

XAVIÉR

Human rats? The snitches? Who are  
the snitches?

From the second story tier, SNITCH JOKER, 20s, bright red hair, stands motionless as chief guard, MANO PUERCO, enters the cellblock smacking his heavy-duty nightstick into the palm of his hand.

CANDLE (V.O.)

One especially sadistic Correctional  
Officer is endearingly referred to  
as Mano Puerco, the Pig Hand.

Behind the brute of a corrections officer, a half dozen GUARDS quick march with their nightsticks onto the ground floor.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

First the targeted inmate gets  
brutally punished, usually a beating  
until nearly unconscious and sometimes  
killed.

Without warning, Guards rush Xaviér's cell, unlock it, and mercilessly start clubbing the inmate into submission to the suppressed protests of Chuco and the other Inmates.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then the corrupt guards take the  
helpless inmate to where there are  
no records, no witnesses.

Under the direction of Mano Puerco, the Guards force Xaviér on his back and place shackles on the Inmate's wrists and legs and drag him from his cell.

As the Guards club Xaviér down the outer hall, Inmates start screaming and yelling in protest to the brutality.

Mano Puerco scans across the cellblock and offers up a sardonic smile.

INT. THE PIT - NIGHT

Mano Puerco leads the procession as the guards drag Xaviér in shackles to the hole.

## THE PIT

CANDLE (V.O.)

Beyond the rest of the prison population, in the basement of the prison exists the infamous pit.

The Guards deposit Xaviér at the entrance of a single cell.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Down in this sewer cavern, no one hears the screams of a tortured inmate or two or a dozen.

The Guards' feet kick Xaviér who rolls into a fetal position.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And whatever inmate heard screams filtering into the general population, who cares?

With his right hand Mano Puerco rolls the corner of his mustache.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And those that would care, who would be stupid or even brave enough to go against the Man?

Guards kick Xaviér into his cell.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So Xaviér's screams will never reach the Hierarchy of Administrators who absolutely have no desire to get their hands or souls corrupted by any overt corporal punishment.

Then just for good measure, Mano Puerco gives Xaviér one last swift kick to his ribs.

MANO PUERCO

This is what happens to lifers who want to mate with the rats.

With yellowish/brown water dripping on his forehead, Xaviér attempts to sit up, as his voice becomes GROSSLY DISTORTED.

XAVIÉR

What hell did I do?

Xaviér's voices become MORE DISTORTED as he rolls back to his side and spies a rat scurrying into a hole-in-the-wall. The young Hispano bangs his head over and over again on the dirt floor.

XAVIÉR (CONT'D)

Get me hell out of here! Get me hell  
out of ...

Screaming, Xaviér kicks several biting rats off of his body as the 70's fast paced rock 'n' roll song FULLY RIPS through the walls of solitary confinement.

EXT. PENITENTIARY - DAY

On a makeshift wooden stage, Latino Rock 'n' Roll Band hotly RIFFS OUT their 70'S fast paced rock 'n' roll song.

TEN YEARS LATER

To the side of the stage, Candle, now in his late 20's, shoots the event with a video camera (3/4" U-matic tape, BVU-110 VCR, and RCA TK-76).

SOUTH PRISON YARD

CANDLE (V.O.)

A decade later, my career found me working as a TV news photographer and shooting my first story in the maximum-security prison.

Several hundred INMATES and their INMATE RELATIVES mill around the South Prison Yard.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Once every spring the inmates who behaved could bring in their families, enjoy a picnic of sorts, and listen to a local rock 'n' roll band.

Xaviér, also in his late 20's, walks arm in arm with Chicklets, mid-20's, and they stop at a picnic table.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Chicklets gave birth to Xaviér's son, and the Fierros, a few years ago, celebrated a prison marriage.

The Fierros' son, PABLO, 10 years old, ambles along appearing to be in his own little world.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Pablo was a handsome kid, but was having a difficult time keeping up with children his own age.

Xaviér turns around, patiently waits for Pablo, and tenderly takes his hand.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Over the years Xaviér had become respected and feared through honor and brutality among the prison population.

Brutipo, early 30s, rocks his head to the beat of the music as he and his family approach some picnic benches.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Brutipo Baca was sentenced to twenty years for another holdup involving a murder. He dutifully became Xaviér's strong-arm lieutenant in the notorious La Familia gang.

Brutipo sits at a picnic table with the Chicano gangster, BANGER, early 20's, shaven head, and the pretty twins, JALINDA and MALINDA, drape off of the younger gangster's arms.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But Brutipo's younger brother, Banger, and his girlfriends, the two identical twins, Jalinda and Malinda, appear to be nothing less than trouble.

Xaviér and Chicklets sit down next to Brutipo, Banger, and the two Lindas.

BANGER

¡Tú Cabron! We got more stash to score in the real world, esé.

Xaviér hugs Pablo and then points to a group of Inmates' children playing tag on the other side of the bands' stage. The child immediately appears mentally challenged.

PABLO

Dada! Dada, I love music.

XAVIÉR

Mi hijo, you go play with the other children by the band.

PABLO

Si Dada. I go play.

Pablo joins the other children as they joyfully run around in circles. Xaviér ticks his tongue at Banger.

XAVIÉR

Banger, more stash to score? You got the wrong mind with your trash talk in front of mi hijo.

Brutipo flicks the side of Banger's head.

BRUTIPO

Little bro is stupid. No means nothing.

(points to Candle)

Esé, check out that vato.

On the far side of the South Prison Yard, Candle approaches Xaviér's table.

BANGER

¡El stupido grande!

JALINDA

Well I think.

MALINDA

He's kind of cute.

BANGER

Shut your holes.

On the far side of Xaviér's table, Candle sets down his broadcast equipment and extends his tripod.

BANGER (CONT'D)

¡Gavacho Anglo! Take my picture I kill you!

CANDLE

(nonchalantly)

Sorry, didn't catch that.

BANGER

Catch this, vato!

Banger starts to make a lewd gesture at Candle. Xaviér stands in front of the pachuco and flicks his head one time.

XAVIÉR

Banger, you screw this up for us esé, and I guarantee inmate relatives will waste your ass back on the pavement.

(ticks tongue in disgust.)

Go check out the band and take your trouble with you.

Banger flicks his head at the two Lindas who stand and saunter over to the band. Xaviér steps up to Candle.

XAVIÉR (CONT'D)

(flicks his head)

Esé, you look familiar. We meet before?

From his shirt, Candle produces a piece of paper and a pen.

CANDLE

I don't know. But with your signature,  
it allows me to take a close-up shot.

Xaviér negatively shakes his head.

XAVIÉR

For your safety, no go messing around  
en la pinta.

CANDLE

¿La Pinta? Right, the prison. Thanks  
anyway.

Candle hoists the video equipment and moves farther outward  
from the tables to Chicklets watching the photo-journalist  
blending into the crowd of Inmates.

CHICKLETS

You know Xavy, one day you need the  
news people to tell about the  
atrocities in here.

XAVIÉR

(slight flash of anger)  
But that day ain't today, is it mí  
Chicklets?

BRUTIPO

Pussy wouldn't last a minute in this  
hole.

CHICKLETS

You're right, Brutipo, but that man  
ain't in here, is he?

Xaviér turns and passionately kisses Chicklets on the lips.

XAVIÉR

Chicklets, the band finishes. Good  
time to get Pablo?

Chicklets stands and walks to Pablo.

BRUTIPO

Xavy look over there.

As Xaviér pulls in a long drag from the cigarette, ANGLO  
CONVICTS saunter past the tables to the outer perimeter of  
the picnic area.

BRUTIPO (CONT'D)

¿Pendejos! Neo-Nazi scum. The Aryan  
Brotherhoods think they own la pinta.

XAVIÉR

The prison. Brutipo, that is not the problem; nobody owns the joint.

An especially ugly expression draws over Brutipo's face.

BRUTIPO

We will and soon.

Anglo Convicts approach WOLFGAN, 30s, over six foot tall Aryan with rugged, fierce Germanic features, with cold steel eyes. His sidekick, CHEESE HEAD, 20s, appears shorter, on the verge of anorexia, and with stringy blond, balding hair.

WOLFGAN

Brown ass-wipes. They sure got that jungle music down.

With a charcoal pencil, Cheese Head draws a Navajo peace symbol (backwards swastika) on Wolfgang's arm.

CHEESE HEAD

Greasers! Niggards! And now look at this scrotum bag of a wigwam squaw.

An older NAVAJO INMATE limps along, approaching the Anglo Convicts. He stops next to Wolfgang and Cheese Head and looks down at the two Anglo Convicts.

NAVAJO INMATE

Pretty good sounds, don't you think?

Cheese Head ignores Navajo Inmate as he returns back to drawing the backwards swastika on Wolfgang's arm.

CHEESE HEAD

Puke breath. If you know what's good for you, move along, squaw face.

Navajo Inmate studies the backwards swastika as Cheese Head grows annoyed with the intruder.

NAVAJO INMATE

Your Nazi cross is backwards.

CHEESE HEAD

Swastika! Backwards?

WOLFGAN

Who does a sub-human cave dweller think he's giving advise to?

With a stick Navajo Inmate draws his people's peace symbol into the dirt.

NAVAJO INMATE

Thought you want to know, the Navajo  
symbol for peace goes this way.

Navajo Inmate then draws the Nazi swastika.

NAVAJO INMATE (CONT'D)

Your Nazi cross should go this way.

As Navajo Inmate draws the second line, Wolfgan crushes the  
stick with his shoe and rubs out the symbol.

WOLFGAN

None in this dung hole screws with  
the Aryan Brotherhood.

CHEESE HEAD

Remove yourself or get hurt.

Navajo Inmate lowers his head, turns, and limps away from  
the Anglo Inmates with Xaviér and Brutipo looking-on.

XAVIÉR

The caveman is a marked target.

BRUTIPO

Maybe he tires of being above ground.

Chicklets walks back to the picnic table with Pablo as Xaviér  
and Brutipo study Wolfgan and Cheese Head.

XAVIÉR

Cheap bastards get strong each day.  
Something must be done.

Brutipo takes his first and smashes it into the palm of his  
other hand.

BRUTIPO

Chingasos, esé.

XAVIÉR

Nobody fights, not just yet.

From a guard tower, Mano Puerco, now dressed in a cheap suit  
and twopenny tie, overlooks the baseball field with a pair  
of binoculars. A guard next to him stands with a M-1 carbine  
rifle.

MANO PUERCO

The greasers and the gringo scums  
are the next race war in here.

With his Winchester .30 M-1 carbine rifle the Guard beads a  
sight on Candle.

GUARD

Warden, how about those news bitches?  
I could just shoot them all.

MANO PUERCO

And if we could get away with that,  
you fire away with my blessing.

INT. DORMITORY F - NIGHT

From a distance, a dozen Anglo Convicts march through the bottom tier of a ground level dormitory. With shanks drawn, they surround Navajo Inmate and back him into a corner.

Holding baseball bats, Wolfgang and Cheese Head step through the barricade of bodies and up to Navajo Inmate.

WOLFGAN

Caveman needs a lesson in white  
supremacy.

Navajo Inmate attempts to leap through the Anglo Convicts as they effortlessly fling him back against the wall.

From the opposite side of the dormitory, the silhouette, of baseball bats POUNDING against Navajo Inmate's body, SWELLS with each blow.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SALLY PORT - DAY

Xaviér and Brutipo struggle to carry a black body bag with Navajo Inmate's body wrapped inside.

BRUTIPO

Why we get body removal detail? I  
tell you, bro, we must do something  
about the white assholes.

Xaviér glances up to the second tier of Cellblock 4 as he sees Wolfgang and Cheese Head leering in their direction.

XAVIÉR

When we go to war, we slice their  
balls off, but first let those  
bastards cut their own throats.

INT. PRISON MAKESHIFT COURTROOM - DAY

Guards lift Wolfgang and Cheese Head to their feet in shackles as the HISPANIC JUDGE angrily points his gavel at them.

HISPANIC JUDGE

Your murder of the Navajo Inmate was  
despicable, and you men are no better  
(MORE)

HISPANIC JUDGE (CONT'D)  
 than predator animals. My judgment  
 is that you will never see the light  
 of freedom again.

Wolfgan and Cheese Head mockingly give the Nazi salute with  
 their middle finger extended.

HISPANIC JUDGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 And I hereby sentence you both to  
 life in prison without parole. Guards,  
 remove these men.

Wolfgan lifts his hands as his shackles rattle forth.

WOLFGAN  
 (coolly)  
 Stupid greaser! We're already lifers.

CHEESE HEAD  
 You think chains, these walls, and  
 your laws can hold us?

WOLFGAN  
 We don't give rat turds about your  
 political sentence! Grease ball judge!

Several Guards shuffle the two Anglo Convicts from the  
 makeshift courtroom as Wolfgan half turns back to the Hispanic  
 Judge who remains motionless.

WOLFGAN / CHEESE HEAD  
 (viciously)  
 Greaser judge take your life sentence  
 and shove it up your grease ball  
 political system! Grease ball judge!  
 Grease ball brown nosers!

The Judge stands in disgust as Guards shuffle the convicts  
 from the room as their rants FADE OUT.

WOLFGAN & CHEESE HEAD (SO)  
 GREASE BALL POLITICAL SYSTEM! GREASE  
 BALL JUDGE! GREASE BALL ...

Wolfgan's and Cheese Head's voices TRAIL OFF to a gavel  
 RAPPING FORTH to the sound of people MILLING ABOUT.

INT. LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

A plump Anglo man in his late fifties wearing a western  
 business suit, HENRY, 50s, the Chairman of the Appropriations  
 and Finance Committee, bellies up to the head of a long wooden  
 table and raps his gavel.

HENRY

(gravel baritone voice)

Ladies, gentlemen, the Committee for State Appropriations and Financing will now come to order. Everyone take your seats.

AUGUST 1979

LEGISLATORS sit around a long meeting table.

LEGISLATIVE FINANCE COMMITTEE

CANDLE (V.O.)

The New Mexico Legislative Finance Committee holds year around meetings to determine how and where the state's money is spent.

In the audience, Mamita and Chicklets sit patiently among the crowd.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Today the appropriations committee thought they were going to cruise through another ad nauseam agenda.

Against a far wall, Candle turns on his video camera and presses record.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But through the morass of hearings, I distinctly remember the single voice speaking out for convicts' rights.

The stately looking Hispanic man, EDUARDO "EDDIE" DUEÑAS, 40s, sits at the end of the meeting table with a dozen legislators loafing around giving him semiconscious attention.

HENRY

First on our agenda will be the Human Rights Advocate for Prison Reform, Mr. Eduardo Dueñas.

DUEÑAS

I want to thank the committee for ...

HENRY

Mr. Dueñas let's leave the sniffing and scratching behind us. Get to it!

Dueñas takes a deep breath as a dark blue tattoo of a teardrop becomes noticeable under his left eye.

INT. PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

Brutipo dips a sharp metal point into a navy-blue ink well, extracts some black ink, and holds it to Xavier's left eye.

BRUTIPO

This is for that vato who tried to waste you in the barrio liquor store.

DUEÑAS (V.O.)

Mr. Chairman, conditions at our State Penitentiary grow far worse even from last year's legislative session.

Brutipo carefully places the metal point under the left outside corner of Xavier's eye.

XAVIÉR

Bastard, he tried to make me one dead pachuco. That's when Rattler wasted that liquor store rag.

Brutipo then forcefully pushes the metal point under the left outside corner of Xavier's eye that starts bleeding.

HENRY (V.O.)

Mr. Dueñas, while you were a resident at our big house, were you a member of the notorious La Familia gang?

Skillfully, Brutipo cuts the teardrop under Xavier's eye.

DUEÑAS (V.O.)

Yes, my brothers remain the most powerful and deadly gang in the institution. That life is behind me. My job now is to speak for those who have no voice in this process.

Brutipo delicately pushes more dark ink into the tattoo cut.

HENRY (V.O.)

You are the voice in this process? That's choice. All right, let's hear what you have to say, Mr. Dueñas.

Brutipo then takes a black bandanna and carefully blots up the blood from around the teardrop under Xavier's eye.

DUEÑAS (V.O.)

Mr. Chairman, racism and violent crimes inside our penitentiary are nearly out of control. The facility remains dangerously overcrowded, sorely understaffed, and ready to explode into chaos.

As Brutipo works on Xaviér's eye, Black Inmates congregate on the far side of the dormitory.

DUEÑAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 The African American population is less than one percent, which matches our state's census. Consequently, inside the facility there are few major problems beyond drug abuse with the Blacks.

To the side of the dormitory, Cheese Head tattoos Wolfgan's Swastika with black ink. Confederate flags and Aryan symbols don the convicts' necks, arms, and backs.

DUEÑAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 A life sentence continues to be a farce to the predators.

Wolfgan and Cheese Head momentarily eye the Chicanos and turn back to their card game.

DUEÑAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 But many equally serious problems exist at the State Penitentiary.

INT. PRISON KITCHEN - NIGHT

In the darkness of the prison kitchen, a large black rat runs across a cake pan and releases its dropping.

DUEÑAS (V.O.)  
 Money and supplies are routinely misappropriated, like the funds that are suppose to be used for the extermination of rodents.

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - NIGHT

In a basement cell, FAT ANGLO CONVICT silently pounds his head on the metal door as brown water drops over him.

DUEÑAS (V.O.)  
 The prison's sewer system for years has been leaking into the basement and specifically solitary confinement.

Mano Puerco strolls past the metal door rapping his nightstick against the bars. He looks down on Fat Anglo Convict.

MANO PUERCO  
 Fat boy, you ever want to get out of the hole? You know what's expected of you.

Fat Anglo Convict listlessly nods his head one time.

DUEÑAS (V.O.)

Weak prisoners are coerced to inform on problem inmates. These weak prisoners are then given a snitch jacket in the administration files.

Fat Snitch Joker enters the general population, and in a procession line an UNKNOWN ASSAILANT shanks the snitch in his upper thigh and disappears within the crowded INMATES.

HENRY (V.O.)

A snitch jacket?

The gravely wounded Snitch Joker writhes on the concrete prison floor in a pool of blood.

DUEÑAS (V.O.)

A corrupt administrator can release a snitch jacket on any inmate. That means a death sentence because there is no protection for weak prisoners.

INT. LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

Henry stuffs a pipe with tobacco (which he never lights).

HENRY

Snitch jackets? Mr. Dueñas, that's highly inappropriate. Can you produce even one of these snitch jackets? I do not buy into your garbage.

Dueñas tightens his jaw.

DUEÑAS

Be that as it may.

EXT. PRISON KITCHEN - DAY

Outside the prison cafeteria, a pickup backs up to the loading dock.

DUEÑAS (V.O.)

Our penitentiary system is fraught with political overtones by corrupt administrators allowing certain inmates to be brutalized by rapes, hangings, and stabbings.

Mano Puerco oversees several Inmates load case after case of food onto the flatbed.

DUEÑAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Weekly, state officials and Correction Officers pilfer food at will through the back door of the prison's kitchen.

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - DAY

INFIRMARY TECH, 30s, in a white medical smock, hands Brutipo a set of keys.

DUEÑAS (V.O.)

In the prison infirmary ...

Infirmary Tech takes the keys, steps over to a medical cabinet, unlocks one, takes a bottle, and empties its contents into Brutipo's OD prison shirt pocket.

DUEÑAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

No accurate account is taken for clinical drugs or medical supplies

Brutipo hands Infirmary Tech a wad of bills.

DUEÑAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A handsome profit is made with hard opiates that are switched by cheap sugar pills.

Infirmary Tech then takes a bottle of sugar pills and empties its contents into the bottled marked opiates.

DUEÑAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And the seriously ill inmates agonize without proper pain medication.

Infirmary Tech walks over to an INMATE PATIENT in a bed and hands him one of the sugar pills.

INT. DORMITORY - DAY

Some Inmates pour sugar and then drop raisins in a clear plastic container.

DUEÑAS (V.O.)

And drug abuse is rampant throughout the entire facility. Inmates brew homemade hooch from raisins and sugar taken from the mess hall.

Xaviér bends down, extracts an ice pick from his trousers, and punches a hole in the lid.

DUEÑAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And privileged convicts can make a lot of money dealing in marijuana, cocaine, and Mexican black tar heroin, which makes the facility extremely dangerous to everyone.

A BLACK INMATE approaches Brutipo and slips the gangster some cash as he hands him a dime bag of black tar heroin.

DUEÑAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 But what's common practice are the  
 executions.

At the far side of the dormitory, SNITCH BITCH takes a shower  
 when Predator Inmates descend upon him wielding prison shanks.

HENRY (V.O.)  
 Inmate executions? Mr. Dueñas, you  
 knew about or participated in murders  
 inside of the penitentiary?

INT. LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

Henry sits forward eyeing Dueñas directly.

HENRY  
 Mr. Dueñas, would it not violate the  
 code of your brotherhood, how your  
 La Familia gang, carries forth drug  
 deals and executes murders?

DUEÑAS  
 I could be marked for death. Now I  
 make it my mission to help those  
 inmates in need. I am here to educate  
 ...

Henry's mouth curls into an ugly snarl.

HENRY  
 Educate my lily-white ass! You possess  
 an uncanny grasp of knowing the ins-  
 and-outs of our prison system.

DUEÑAS  
 At one time I was a heroin addict. I  
 was an inmate out there, and I know  
 first hand drugs are a death sentence.  
 Drugs tear apart families, not only  
 for the Chicanos, but all races.

HENRY  
 The Chicanos? Your people?  
 (sits back)  
 Your time is almost up. Be brief.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

GRINGO GUARD approaches a hundred INMATES trudging down the  
 hall. Suddenly, one turns and spits on the correction officer.

DUEÑAS (V.O.)  
 Our Correction Officers are among  
 the lowest paid in the nation ...

Gringo Guard turns to discover his attacker disappeared in a sea of bodies as dozens of Inmates saunter down the main corridor.

DUEÑAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 And feel demoralized by prison  
 politics fostered by nepotism over  
 merit raises and promotions.

INT. PRISON EDUCATION UNIT - DAY

On a chalkboard GRINGO TEACHER writes the simple sentence, *dog / chases / cat* and notes under each word - *subject / verb / object*.

DUEÑAS (V.O.)  
 The average education of a convict  
 remains for years no higher than the  
 eighth grade level and many test  
 under a junior high school level.

In the front row, Xaviér sits up and studiously takes notes.

DUEÑAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Plus an inmate's average income  
 without dealing drugs was only  
 \$4,000.00 a year.

Behind Xaviér a dozen Inmates pay little to no attention as Brutipo nods off in the back of the prison classroom.

INT. LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

Henry sucks on his non-lit pipe and then points it at Dueñas.

HENRY  
 Yes, I realize that, Mr. Dueñas, but  
 you are not the one who has to sit  
 at the head of this appropriations  
 committee ...

Candle straightens up and eyes Henry.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
 Listening to teacher and state  
 employee lobbyist whining that they  
 have not received a cost of living  
 pay raise over the past decade and  
 demand a slice of the bigger pie.

INT. PRISON INDUSTRIES - DAY

Xaviér, Brutipo, and a dozen Chicano Inmates walk through a large warehouse where hundreds of convict workers mill about constructing office furniture.

DUEÑAS (V.O.)

We should spend the taxpayer dollars to take care of inmates' basic needs; so their children do not turn-style into the prison system.

Wearing safety goggles, an Inmate cuts a piece of particle board as sawdust sprays around his face while other Inmates nail and glue the furniture sections together.

HENRY (V.O.)

Every inmate's family sooner than later develops a welfare mentality. Why can't the criminal element do an honest day's work and respect other peoples' lives and property?

Six Inmates deftly work in and around a huge press-stamping machine.

HENRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Thinking about the waste of humanity out there makes me sick. I tell you just makes me sick to my stomach.

At the mouth of the machine, an Inmate worker places in blank metal rectangles. The machine swallows each section, and at the opposite end, it shoves out yellow and red New Mexico license plates that read across the center bottom, "LAND OF ENCHANTMENT".

From a pile of scrap metal, Xaviér nods to Brutipo who stuffs a wire cutter down the front of his trousers.

DUEÑAS (V.O.)

Mr. Chairman, once the prisoners sense the opportunity, it's a matter of time before the lid blows, and they cut the system to shreds.

As a group of Inmates saunters toward the back gate between the dormitories, Mano Puerco motions Xaviér and Brutipo to pass by his station.

HENRY (V.O.)

Mr. Dueñas, now where in God's creation do you think we on the appropriations committee can ask Governor Sam for more money?

A Corrections Guard motions for the convicts to enter the facility.

INT. LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

Henry grits his teeth as he stares down Dueñas.

HENRY

You know Governor Sam has declared,  
*If it ain't busted, don't fix it.*

Dueñas momentarily glances down at the lawsuit in his business folder that reads at the top, "STATE OF NEW MEXICO/FIRST DISTRICT COURT/ SANTA Fe, NEW MEXICO/ Eduardo Dueñas, et al. / -Versus- Governor of the State of New Mexico, Current Secretary of Corrections, and the State of New Mexico."

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

Mr. Dueñas, you have been dropping one nuisance lawsuit after the next in our state's judicial hopper. Why? For betterment of the prisoners' lot in life? Trust me that murders, rapist, and robbers never get a better *lot in life.*

Dueñas looks back up at Henry.

DUEÑAS

Mr. Chairman, the prisoners still need an advocate.

Dueñas takes a deep breath as the SOUND OF MARIACHI HORNS blare outward, and Candle removes the mini-cam from his tripod.

CANDLE (V.O.)

And about the last thing I remember was that I felt sorry for the prison advocate who had to buck the system that was out of touch and soon to be out of everyone's control.

EXT. SANTA FE PLAZA - DAY

Several trumpets hit a long high note as a MARIACHI BAND plays their liveliest fiesta tune.

THE MARIACHI BAND marches in a fiesta parade around Santa Fe plaza.

SEPTEMBER 1979

Behind the Mariachi Band, the Chicano man who portrays Don Diego de Vargas and his Conquistadors ride horses over the brick street in front of the Palace of Governors.

LA FIESTA DE SANTA FE

LA REINA and a half dozen YOUNG FEMALE ATTENDANTS, dressed in traditional 18th Century Iberian gowns, wave to the crowd from a flat bed float decorated to depict a royal Spanish court.

Candle sits down next to Henry on the wrought iron park bench as the PARADE PARTICIPANTS file past them.

HENRY

If it isn't my favorite TV media hound dog, Candle, why the long face? Fiesta de la Santa Fe! Time to party down, young man.

CANDLE

Yes, time to party down.

HENRY

Oh, you're concerned about what you heard in the Appropriations Committee?

CANDLE

I think, Mr. Chairman, if the lawmakers don't earmark some dollars For a new prison, South Santa Fe County goes up in flames.

HENRY

Listen, the sole reason I'm talking to a news junky is because your father and I go back decades, and I've known you all your life.

As Henry catches a piece of hard rock candy thrown from the float by one of the young ladies, Don Diego de Vargas rides his horse back to La Reina float.

CANDLE

But those points Dueñas made ...

HENRY

You actually believed the lies he spewed in front of my committee. Mr. and Mrs. Taxpayer want to see their money in schools; so we teach their children the difference between ...

(points to Don Diego de Vargas)

The 17th Century conquistador, Don Diego de Vargas from President Carter.

Don Diego de Vargas rides into view as he and his soldiers troop past Henry and Candle.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hell, most of the barrio rats don't know the difference between Governor Lew Wallace and William Bonney.

## CANDLE

The territorial Governor who wrote Ben-Hur to that punk murderer, Billy the Kid? Now there's a fascinating comparison.

As the Mariachi band fades, another Viva La Fiesta de Santa Fe float rolls on past Henry and Candle to the growing sounds of a marching band.

## HENRY

Hell, Billy the Kid is Mother Teresa compared to the violent scum we're housing not twenty minutes to the south of us. If they bust loose no woman in Santa Fe under the age of ninety will hold onto her virginity.

As La Reina and her court throw more candy from the float, Candle catches one of the goodies. Then the SOUND OF A HIGH SCHOOL MARCHING BAND grows louder.

## CANDLE

In two prison tours, most inmates seem highly agitated. The prison appears on edge.

## HENRY

Señor Candle, congratulations, two media prison tours. Aren't you the penitentiary expert? Hell, I've visited the pen a thousand times, and nothing has changed in decades.

## CANDLE

Maybe that nothing has changed in decades is the problem.

As Henry shifts his weight on the park bench, his face hardens while the High School Marching Band passes in review.

## HENRY

You're a young man who has seen but a small portion of the world. When you mature, then you can come to me a full-fledged critic of our system.

Candle stares straight ahead when from nowhere the sound of a truck's engines GRINDS forth.

EXT./INT. PRISON KITCHEN - DAY

A PRISON OFFICIAL in street clothes backs a pickup truck to the loading dock of the prison kitchen as several guards direct Xaviér, Brutipo, and half-dozen Inmates to unload wooden crates marked "TURKEYS".

THANKSGIVING 1979

BRUTIPO

Something smells rotten with this food.

XAVIÉR

Everything in la pinta smells rotten.

Xaviér and Brutipo transfer the crates from the pickup to the stainless steel counter in the prison kitchen.

An Anglo PRISON COOK cracks open the first case labeled "TURKEYS" as a half dozen INMATE HELPERS meander behind him.

HELPERS

(overlapping dialogue)

Damn straight something smells rotten. Fouler than these birds! What the hell stinks? I ain't eating that crap. Man, I was looking forward to a Thanksgiving meal.

The Prison Cook curls his upper lip.

PRISON COOK

How the hell did these go bad?

The Prison Cook cracks open a second case to see a green film covering the turkeys. He then flips his head back to see the shift commander, CAPTAIN TEXICO.

PRISON COOK (CONT'D)

Captain Texico, take a look at this?

Captain Texico looks down on the bad turkeys.

CAPTAIN TEXICO

Not the first time we've served rotten meat. The men expect Thanksgiving turkey; so cook it and serve it.

INT. PRISON MESS HALL - DAY

Dressed in a white smock, an INMATE SERVER places a piece of turkey meat on the Chicano Inmates' plates, plops down some mashed potatoes, and splash gravy in its center.

Xaviér and Brutipo slide their trays up to the Inmate Server.

XAVIÉR

Mash potatoes and gravy?

BRUTIPO

Xavy, you ain't eating no turkey, esé?

XAVIÉR

Rotten meat in my belly! Hell no!

In the mess hall area, a hundred Inmates chow down the meal.

Wolfgan picks up a piece of turkey meat on the end of his fork and flings it back on his tin plate.

WOLFGAN

This meat's foul, man.

Cheese Head sniffs a piece of turkey meat, stuffs it in his mouth, and ravenously chews it.

WOLFGAN (CONT'D)

Christ, you could eat maggots.

CHEESE HEAD

Ain't that what we usually get?

Cheese Head gulps down the food and digs into another helping.

INT. GOVERNORS' MANSION - NIGHT

A man with white gloves sets down a luscious steaming turkey in the center of a Spanish colonial table.

GOVERNORS' MANSION

The Hispanic SERVIDOR then carves the delicious looking bird among beautifully decorated Thanksgiving goodies.

NORTH SANTA Fe

At the head of the table, GOVERNOR SAM, 50s, licks his chops over the savory looking food. He sports a southwest cowboy suit with a turquoise and silver bolo tie and speaks with slight Texas drawl, often repeating words.

GOVERNOR SAM

Boys and the Misses, mummy don't  
this smell and look good look. Do I,  
I love a good Thanksgiving meal.

On Governor Sam's right sits his WIFE, a plump woman in her 50s, with several other middle-aged, well-to-do GUESTS and Henry.

Hispanic WOMEN SERVANTS also serve Governor Sam, his Wife, and the guests more turkey and the fixings.

GOVERNOR'S WIFE

Now Sam, save room for pumpkin pie.

Servidor places a plate filled with delicious looking gravy, stuffing, mash potatoes, and bright red cranberries in front of Governor Sam.

GOVERNOR SAM

Chairman Henry, how is the financial outlook for our upcoming legislative appropriations?

HENRY

Sam, we've known each other for what, thirty years as young legislature hound dogs sniffing out the trail of every Tom, Dick, and Harry's line of baloney.

GOVERNOR SAM

That's true, true Henry.

HENRY

Sam, not even the teachers' unions are giving me as much grief as one single prison advocate.

GOVERNOR'S WIFE

Sam must we talk business at the dinner table?

Governor Sam stuffs his mouth full of turkey meat as the sound of a man PUKES UP his guts gutters forth.

GOVERNOR SAM

This is might tasty turkey, mighty tasty turkey.

EXT. PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

From the main tower overlooking the front of the prison, a Guard throws open the door, drops his Winchester .30 M-1 carbine rifle, leans over the side, and vomits sixty feet down the side of the wall.

CAPTAIN TEXICO

You stupid mother piece of ... Remember I told you not to eat the same food that the cons get?

From the bottom, Captain Texico steps from the main unit and looks over to the guard puking up his guts.

CAPTAIN TEXICO (CONT'D)

You crap face for eating the inmates' rotten food. Don't ever be stupid again! Hear me? ;STUPEDO GRANDE!

The guard offers a halfhearted agreement as he collapses back into the control tower.

INT. GOVERNORS' MANSION - NIGHT

As Governor Sam and Henry retire to the drawing room of the mansion, the executive leader lifts a turquoise and silver box from the fireplace mantel and withdraws two stogies.

GOVERNOR SAM

Here, try one of these Cuban babies.

Governor Sam hands a fat cigar to Henry who lights it.

HENRY

Sam, you offer the finest stogies.  
And Cubans? Doesn't get better than  
this.

Henry draws in a mouthful of cigar smoke and exhales it.

GOVERNOR SAM

Henry, those gall, gall darn prisoners  
— when they do the crime, they all  
look so surprised, actually surprised  
when they end up in the slammer.

HENRY

Old friend, I think our prison system  
is getting overcrowded by hundreds  
of inmates and growing monthly. Could  
become a problem.

GOVERNOR SAM

My facility will hold them, but Henry,  
I keep hearing all the time about  
gosh darn conjugal visits, which I'm  
sure I won't ever sign into law, no  
way, no how.

The sounds of a man GROANING and a blues guitar rift BREAKS FORWARD.

HENRY

Romantic liaisons with their wives  
aren't a rumor, governor. Most other  
states that haven't implemented it  
are now considering passing a conjugal  
visitor's provision.

Henry lights Governor Sam's cigar as the SOUND OF A MAN GROANING becomes overwhelming.

GOVERNOR SAM

No conjugal visits under my watch!  
Don't want extra inmate babies on  
our welfare rolls. Now Henry, don't  
start to go liberal on me.

INT. DORMITORY F - NIGHT

Semi-hidden in the shadows and behind a row of double beds, the YOUNG HANDSOME INMATE perspires as the BURLEY ANGLO CONVICT waddles up behind him and tosses some money on the mattress.

HENRY (V.O.)

Sir, it would not be a brothel -  
simply a room where the inmates can  
release their sexual tensions.

The Burley Anglo releases a yellow tooth smile.

GOVERNOR SAM (V.O.)

Sexual tensions! Sexual tensions, my  
horses' derriere! I ain't running no  
gall darn den of iniquity on the  
south end of the City Different.

From the far side of the dormitory, Brutipo flares the side of his nose in disgust.

BRUTIPO

How can that vato Gringo get it up  
when everybody's puking up their  
guts?

Xaviér uncomfortably arches his shoulders.

XAVIÉR

(dead serious)

Esé, for those two, love is love.  
Never get in the way of love.

As the blues guitar fades, Brutipo's face reveals a repulsed expression to the sound of SQUEALING children and people WALKING down a hallway.

INT. PENITENTIARY VISITORS' ROOM - DAY

Chicklets releases Pablo's hand. He runs down the hall and rushes into Xaviér's arms.

PABLO

Dada! Gonna see Dada! Dada!

Xaviér picks Pablo up and kisses his son's forehead.

XAVIÉR

Has mi hijo been a good boy?

PABLO

Yes, Dada. I learned a new word today.  
Pen-i-ten-sherry, peniten-sherry.

XAVIÉR

Ah, penitentiary. It is a difficult word, mi hijo.

Chicklets catches up to Xaviér, and they lovingly embrace.

CHICKLETS

Xavy, I need not tell you how much I missed you.

In the Visitors' Room several dozen Inmate Relatives casually meet with their Inmate husbands, sons, and boyfriends.

XAVIÉR

I know baby. The visits are too far and few.

As Brutipo greets Banger and the two Lindas, one of the girls covertly hands the Inmate four pieces of heroin that appears to be hard rock candy in cellophane wrappings.

Some children play in the far corner of the visitors' room.

PABLO

Play with them Dada?

XAVIÉR

Si mi hijo. You go play with the kids.

More wives, girlfriends, and children file into the room. Chicklets sits down on a metal bench near the center of the room.

The Guards on the outside turn their backs on them.

Pablo moves over to the far side of the room, plops down, and amuses himself with several toy cars.

CHICKLETS

He's growing up without a father.

XAVIÉR

(rare flash of anger)

What do you mean? I'm his father. You talk about our son? Every minute in here is a struggle for survival.

Chicklets looks over to Banger, the two Lindas, and Brutipo sharing a laugh together.

CHICKLETS

Xavy, you never asked me to bring in your stash, but making it on the outside is unbearable without my man.

Chicklets opens her fist to show four pieces of wrapped heroin as a level of tension grows in the base of his throat.

XAVIÉR

¿Qué demonios has hecho?

CHICKLETS

What the hell have I done? Brutipo's baby brother says ...

Xaviér snatches the four pieces of wrapped heroin from Chicklet's hand.

XAVIÉR

I don't care what that cheap pachuco vato says. I only care about you and our son. You no sell heroin for him.

(flicks his head)

¿Comprende?

CHICKLETS

Yes, I understand, I had Pablo the day after I turned sixteen. Then we had the prison wedding. I made an oath to God to stand by you forever. I will do anything you want - no matter what happens.

XAVIÉR

You never be no one's mule - including mine. I have plenty of guards to bring in my heroin.

Xaviér looks up to see Wolfgan and Cheese Head cozy up to two ANGLO FEMALE VISITORS.

XAVIÉR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

See those two gavachos over there? The day I turn my back on those Nazi scum I am one dead pachuco.

Xaviér looks at Pablo playing toy cars with some other prisoner's children and then back at the Anglo Inmates as the sirens of fire engines intensely BLARE FORTH.

XAVIÉR (CONT'D)

If I become weak, they rule this sewer, and our son grows old without a father.

EXT. SOUTH VALLEY - DAY

A dozen FIRE FIGHTERS douse a smoldering house fire that appears to be relatively in control.

LATE FALL 1979

Candle steadies himself as he videotapes the fire from the perimeter of the house fire.

NORTH VALLEY ALBUQUERQUE

Another News Crew hustles to their vehicle and drives off as the TV Reporter, BARKIN, runs up to Candle.

BARKIN

Candle! We've get tape back, now!

CANDLE

One more shot!

BARKIN

Damn it! It's always one more shot with you! We'll miss the deadline!

Candle turns and shoots a cut-a-way of a grieving MOTHER kneeling next to two small body bags.

CANDLE

Last one!

INT. TV STATION - DAY

The assignments editor, RANDY, pokes his head into the videotape editing suite as Candle feverishly places in the shot of the grieving Mother kneeling next to two small body bags.

RANDY

Tapes need your lead story, NOW!

Candle shoves back his chair and leans over the control unit.

CANDLE

One more edit!

RANDY

No time! Anchor is leading in the story! Get your ass in gear!

Candle presses eject, grabs the tape, and hustles out of the room, runs down the hall, bolts into tape room, and hands it to the TAPE OPERATOR as the TV ANCHOR in the monitor above them turns to the camera.

ANCHOR

(thru monitor)

We apologize for not having our lead story. That'll be up soon, but next in the news ...

TAPE OPERATOR

Sorry Candle, too late. Director says it'll be the next story.

Randy pokes his head in the tape room as Candle looks at him.

RANDY

Candle, the news director's demanding an audience.

INT. NEWS DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

NEWS DIRECTOR briskly motions for Candle to come into his office.

NEWS DIRECTOR

Mr. Chris Candelario, why is it I saw the other news clones had the North Valley fire story off the top, and we did not?

Candle shifts nervously in his position.

NEWS DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Unless something bigger comes along, we missed the lead spot news story of the year. Damn it, Candle, do you understand what the word, *deadline*, means?

Candle remains frozen in his spot, when News Director sits up and focuses his full attention at Candle.

NEWS DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Then why the hell wasn't my top story the lead of my newscast during ratings?

CANDLE

Slow editor, sir!

NEWS DIRECTOR

Now something's wrong with my editing machines?

CANDLE

No, me the slow editor, and I accept full responsibility for ...

NEWS DIRECTOR

Horse manure! I've seen you as the fastest editor, but that still didn't get my lead story as the lead story, did it? Beating the other guy out, that's the whole game. Nothing else is acceptable, nothing else matters.

Candle remains motionless as the News Director slumps back into his chair.

NEWS DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Candle, I've never seen a more aggressive photographer. On the job, awareness should track your every moment, and Candle don't let a deadline pass by you again.

Candle's eyes remain unflinching.

NEWS DIRECTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now get yourself out there, and go snag us some great pictures.

EXT./INT. PENITENTIARY - DAY

As the wind pushes a snowdrift on the walkway between Dormitory E and F, several Chicano Inmates hurriedly rush through a side metal door.

DECEMBER 1979

In the dormitory above the walkway, a half dozen Chicano inmates stand behind Xaviér and Brutipo. From the far side Wolfgan and Cheese appear.

BRUTIPO

I tell you Xavy, trust no gavacho. I say shank the white assholes. Shank them good.

XAVIÉR

Brutipo, always with the damn white bastards! Propose to Wolfgan our terms.

Wolfgan and Cheese Head stand opposite the Chicano Inmates with a half dozen Anglo Convicts behind them. Brutipo squares off with Wolfgan.

BRUTIPO

Wolf Boy, to be strong, to win against the system, we need a truce with the Aryans.

WOLFGAN

Wolf Boy?  
(sinisterly)  
Yeah, I like that. Brown Stink Bomb, what does your pit bull say?

Xaviér steps between Brutipo and Wolfgan and then touches the black tattooed teardrop under his left eye.

XAVIÉR

When a man takes a life, that is a heavy burden.

WOLFGAN

Not for me.

Cheese Head pushes back his stringy blond hair from his eyes.

CHEESE HEAD

Especially if he's sub-human!

BRUTIPO

You don't even know what mean?

Brutipo starts to make a move at Cheese Head as Xaviér holds up his hand stopping him.

WOLFGAN

Cheese Head, no interrupt the man!

XAVIÉR

In the eyes of the Brown Nosers,  
everyone be sub-human. So the trouble  
between our people needs to end.

Wolfgan flicks his head in the affirmative.

WOLFGAN

We need a statement.

BRUTIPO

A statement?  
(under his breath)  
Damn Gringo vatos.

WOLFGAN

Yeah, a statement that this  
correctional institution, this  
monolithic structure, we predators  
crush everyone's hopes and dreams.

INT./EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

On the backside of Dormitory B, Wolfgan juggles some keys.

WOLFGAN (V.O.)

And this psycho barrier of torture  
can't even keep we scum of the scum  
locked up.

Xaviér, Brutipo, Cheese Head, and seven Inmates stand impatiently next to him.

WOLFGAN (CONT'D)

This was easy to buy. You took care  
of the Brown Noser in the tower?

XAVIÉR

We pay guards to sleep; they sleep.

Wolfgan twists the key inside the lock and creeps open the door. The eleven escapees then slip through the door and crawl to the northeast side of the prison complex.

Brutipo extracts the wire cutters from prison industries and starts cutting his way through the razor ribbon fence.

CANDLE (V.O.)

So when a squad of hardened predator inmates escaped, not one guard set off any alarms.

Brutipo cuts a hole large enough for Wolfgan, Cheese Head, and the seven Inmates to force their way out of the prison.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And prison officials appeared to have no accountability.

Brutipo squeezes his body through the fence followed by Xaviér who stands and glances back at the cold gray prison walls.

INT. DORMITORY F - DAY

The Warden, Mano Puerco, stands at the far end of the dormitory. Where the inmates escaped, his face draws a cold blank stare.

CANDLE (V.O.)

We, in the fourth estate, will rip the flesh off our prey until we get our news story.

A sign pinned to a bloody prison shirt reads, *ALL SNITCHES DIE!*

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So when the news media smells the blood of a hot news story, we turn into ravenous sharks.

Deputy-warden NIETO steps up to Mano Puerco.

NIETO

The news people are gathering in the parking lot.

MANO PUERCO

(emotionless)

Tell them to shove a sock up their ...

Deputy-warden Nieto slowly releases a full breath.

MANO PUERCO (CONT'D)

No of course not, tell them I'll be there within a few minutes.

Mano Puerco's face hardens to behold Snitch Joker's stone cold dead body, crucified upside down to a large wooden-X.

Snitch Joker's upside body brightens-out to the growing SWELL of Reporters' voices reverberating through the morning sun.

REPORTERS (V.O.)

Warden! Warden! How many escaped?

EXT. PENITENTIARY - DAY

Candle and a dozen REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS tighten their circle around Deputy-Warden Nieto.

REPORTERS

Warden when did they escape? Warden, where are you searching?

In the background, several INMATE WORKERS repair the two cut holes in the perimeter fence.

REPORTERS (CONT'D)

Deputy-Warden, how many hardened murderers escaped? What are their names? You've got a list of escapees?

With his camera equipment, Candle positions himself in front of Deputy-Warden Nieto.

CANDLE (V.O.)

Many critics blasted the governor that the new Deputy Warden lacked experience for such a high profile, high stress position.

Deputy-Warden Nieto remains immeasurably patient.

NIETO

Please, one question at a time. Stan.

The young radio reporter, STAN, struggles through the crowd and places a microphone attached to a tape recorder to the front of the reporters.

STAN

Deputy-Warden Nieto, exactly how many convicts are on the loose?

Candle twists the focusing ring on his camera's lens.

NIETO

Sometime last night 11 inmates made their way to this perimeter fence and cut their way out of the facility.

STAN

What efforts are being made to capture the criminals?

NIETO

We've got every available correctional unit headed out to the field. State Police and local law enforcement have been alerted.

Guards and State Policemen hurriedly drive their vehicles back-and-forth from the facility to the main highway.

REPORTER

Warden, how dangerous are these men?

NIETO

Thieves, rapists, serial murderers! Every escapee must be considered armed and ready to rip out your guts. Tell your viewers not to approach these men but to lock their doors and call the authorities.

STAN

How did prison allow this escape to happen?

Candle remains steadfast as he videotapes Deputy-Warden Nieto continuing to answer questions.

NIETO

None want this type of event. No facility is foolproof. Right now we're on complete lock down. We'll answer more questions later.

All of the Reports rush off to their vehicles while Candle puts up his video camera, recorder, and tripod. Deputy-Warden Nieto turns and starts to walk off.

CANDLE

Deputy-Warden, there's more to this story. Could I get a shot or two inside where the inmates escaped?

Deputy-Warden Nieto pulls in a deep breath.

NIETO

What about your colleagues?

Candle looks back at the parking lot to where all of the news media drives off.

CANDLE

We're all competitors in this crazy news business, and I'm here now asking for a private tour, please.

Deputy-Warden Nieto looks back at the penitentiary and tightens his jaw.

NIETO

What's your name?

CANDLE

Candle.

NIETO

Follow me, Mr. Candle.

INT. DORMITORY - DAY

Candle stands with his video camera on his shoulder as Infirmary Tech along with two Prison Guards place Snitch Joker into a black body bag.

CANDLE (V.O.)

Damn! Here's exclusive footage!

Candle continues videotaping Infirmary Tech to zipping Snitch Joker's body up in the black body bag.

INT. TV STATION - AFTERNOON

Candle hustles into the editing booth, pushes his tape into a BVU editor, tapes re-wind, and turns on the monitor.

NEWS DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Candle, remember that little talk about meeting deadlines? You got four and half minutes.

News Director pokes his head into the editing booth and through the monitor views Infirmary Tech removing an upside-down Snitch Jokes from the cross.

NEWS DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

I guess Candle wants to keep working here.

INT./EXT. BARELAS BARRIO - NIGHT

Xaviér steps from a late 1970's lowrider driven by Banger. Chicklets runs from Mamita's house and into his arms as the vehicle speeds down the street.

CHICKLETS

Xavy, coming here is dangerous!

Stepping into the porch light, Pablo rushes from the house and into Xaviér's arms.

PABLO

Dada! I worry. TV prisoners escape.  
Dada, you prisoner?

Xaviér gently takes his hands and places it on either side of his son's head.

XAVIÉR

No mi hijo, no more.

Chicklets and Pablo warmly hug Xaviér.

CHICKLETS

The police will look for you ... here.

XAVIÉR

I know, but I already have the life sentence. What more can they take away from me?

Mamita appears behind the screen door.

MAMITA

Mi hijo, what are you doing here?  
Didn't you use your cabeza ...  
(taps her head)  
When you ran from the joint?

With sad eyes Xaviér looks up at his mother.

MAMITA (CONT'D)

Todo bien, come inside. I have hot posolé, tortillas with honey.

As they walk inside, the music of a fast paced 1970's Latino tune SMASHES THROUGH.

EXT./INT. CENTRAL AVENUE - NIGHT

Late 1970's lowrider cars cruise up and down Central Avenue displaying even more Store Patrons and neon lights than the 1960's scene.

Banger drives one of the fancier lowrider cars.

Jalinda sits in the front seat as Malinda snuggles next to Brutipo in the back.

BANGER

Way cool! I no believe older bro.

Banger tilts down his rear view mirror and flips his head at Brutipo in the back seat.

BANGER (CONT'D)

Bust joint with primo Xavy. You bad esé.

BRUTIPO

Little bro, it ain't that hard. All the Brown Nosers be interested in screwing the rats.

BANGER

Pendejo snitches need to be greased, but you're still one bad hermano.

MALINDA

Banger, we've got to hide your bro before pigs cap his ass.

The Lindas rock their arms and spontaneously swivel their hips back-and-forth.

JALINDA

A special place where he gets some ...

With extreme sexual overtones, the Lindas gyrate their hips to and fro.

MALINDA

Loving times.

BANGER

My two Lindas, always thinking of scoring the big fat juicy one.

From the front seat, Jalinda hands Brutipo a brown paper bag where he finds a liquor bottle and takes a hearty swig.

BRUTIPO

Putas, lose your bras and panties 'cause we got serious banging to do.

As the lowrider blasts down the street, the Linda's bras and panties go flying out either side of the windows.

INT. MAMITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In the corner of a small living room, Xaviér sits on the couch with Pablo curled up next to him.

PABLO

Dada, are you home to stay?

From an interior doorway, Chicklets looks forlorn as Pablo lovingly eyes Xaviér.

XAVIÉR

Pablo, you always be in my heart.

As Chicklets continues to watch Xaviér and Pablo, tears well in her eyes.

BANGER (V.O.)  
ASSHOLE COPS!

JARRINGLY, a siren horn RUDELY BREAKS the serenity of the Xaviér and Pablo's moment.

EXT./INT. CENTRAL AVENUE - NIGHT

From a police sedan emergency lights illuminate the interior of Banger's lowrider as a siren blasts out a hot and heavy pursuit.

BRUTIPO  
Lose pigs bro, and I jump when out  
of sight.

BANGER  
Hijole, I always have the most funs  
with my bro.

Banger floors the accelerator on the lowrider that rockets down the street.

The lowrider tires burn rubber as a police sedan gives chase with its siren blasting and emergency lights flashing to the sound of a match STRIKING.

INT. MAMITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In total darkness Chicklets takes her lit match, places it next to a candle, and ignites the wick. She then turns to Xaviér and unbuttons his OD green prison shirt.

CHICKLETS  
The real thing? Baby, it's been more  
time than I remember.

At Chicklet's soft touch, the taught muscles on Xaviér's chest tighten as a SIREN OUTSIDE OF THE WINDOW faintly builds.

XAVIÉR  
Too, too long baby.

INT./EXT. SOUTH VALLEY STREETS - NIGHT

Banger extracts a .45 automatic pistol and holds it to the ceiling.

BANGER  
Over my live body! No cheap pigs  
take my bro!

Brutipo shakes Banger's right shoulder as he fires off several rounds into the vehicle's ceiling.

BRUTIPO

¡Gavachos gringos! ¡Ustedes bastardos!  
We die guns a blazing! I swear guns  
a blazing! GUNS A ... [echoes out]

With blaring sirens and lights flashing, two more police sedans skillfully slide into the chase.

INT. MAMITA'S HOUSE / EXT. SOUTH VALLEY STREETS - NIGHT

[INTERCUT: the police chase Banger's lowrider and Xaviér & Chicklets make out.]

Under a sheet in a small bed, Xaviér and Chicklets lay naked as several candles dimly illuminate the room.

XAVIÉR

Chicklets, my love, inside the pen I  
imagine I make love to you, forever.

Outside the window, the SOUND OF THE POLICE SIREN predominantly builds.

CHICKLETS

Yes, forever. Promise, you never  
leave my side.

Xaviér softly kisses the nape of Chicklet's neck as she reaches for his full lips.

XAVIÉR

Robbing a liquor store like making  
love. I can steal its treasures, but  
I can never keep them.

From the front and back seat, Banger and Brutipo extend .45s from the windows and blast off several rounds back at the police cars.

BRUTIPO & GANGBANGER

TAKE THAT! THAT! AND THAT! AND MORE  
OF THAT! CHEAP BASTARDS! BASTARDS!  
BASTARDS! [Again echoes out]

A police sedan swerves to its right to avoid a direct line of sight from Banger's blazing .45 pistol.

Xaviér's face tightens as police sirens draw closer. His hands fumble beneath the sheet to pull Chicklet's hips to his.

XAVIÉR

I take my gun, and stick it inside  
where I know it belongs, and then I  
pull the trigger.

CHICKLETS

Xavy, you belong inside me, inside  
my life.

XAVIÉR

I know baby, but I fear for  
everything.

Xaviér's face perspires, and he climaxes into Chicklets.

Front the front and back seats, Brutipo and Banger squeeze  
off several more rounds at the pursuing police cars.

BRUTIPO & GANGBANGER

VATOS GRANDE!

(echoes out)

As Xaviér spasm several times into Chicklets, she gently  
caresses the side of his face.

CHICKLETS

Afraid?

XAVIÉR

I always be afraid for our future.

Xaviér voice trails off as his body spasms one last time,  
and he collapses onto Chicklet's body.

CHICKLETS

(softly)

It's okay, Xavy. It's okay.

As Brutipo and Banger fire off the last of his bullets, the  
lowrider skids around a sharp corner, burning rubber down a  
straight roadway.

To the warning sound of a truck's HORN-BLAST, Banger runs a  
red light.

From a blind spot between two tall buildings, an 18-wheeler  
gas tanker slams on its brakes.

The lowrider sideswipes the truck causing the vehicle to  
flip on its roof and spin around in circles.

The police sedans screech to a stop as the police witness  
the lowrider and the truck explode into massive balls of  
fire and flames.

CHICKLETS (CONT'D)

(softly to herself)

But our future? Our future ended the  
day the Liquor storeowner died.

As a candle flickers in the bedroom, a tender quietness  
surrounds Chicklets and Xaviér.

CANDLE (V.O.)

I imagine the love story of Chicklets and Xaviér is sad. But the reality of the inmates' children remains downright tragic.

Chicklets looks down on her husband who lightly sleeps.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And the stories of the pachucos death and destruction, well doesn't our viewing audience crave constant injections of spot news madness?

Chicklets takes her hand gently runs her long fingers through Xaviér's thick black hair.

EXT. SOUTH VALLEY - DAY

Candle loads a tape into his recorder and slings his video camera on his right shoulder.

CANDLE (V.O.)

My gig before TV journalism played out as a military policeman; so I could already interpret the brevity code from emergency scanners.

The sun rises over Barelás Barrio to a SWAT SQUAD in full dark gray combat uniforms, toting M-16s, circling Mamita's house.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If one had alert senses or the news honcho running the assignment's desk was conscious, a photog could usually scoop the other snooze crews.

Pointing two fingers, the SWAT COMMANDER motions for the SWAT Squad to take a defensive position to the alleyway.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Now this Sunday morning, I was optimistic in shooting the exclusive news footage of the year - hell maybe the decade.

Two policemen crouch low and run across the street with raised rifles.

CANDLE (CONT'D)

And bonus, I always enjoyed a good police raid, even if I happen to cross the firing line.

As Swat Squad reaches the alleyway, the SOUND of a CREAKY SCREEN DOOR opens and a shirtless Xaviér steps out.

He places his hands on top of his head, interlocks his fingers, and drops to his knees.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 So I remember the next time I saw  
 Xaviér Fierro.

With their M-16s the Swat Squad cautiously surround Xaviér. A Swat policeman slings his rifle and locks handcuffs around the escapee's wrists.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 He was being apprehended for the  
 December 1979 prison escape, just  
 three days after Christmas.

Deputy-warden Nieto pulls up in a state marked sedan followed by a white station wagon with bars across the back grill.

When the vehicles comes to a stop, amazingly Brutipo sits in leg and wrist in the back seat with bandages covering his semi-burnt face, arms, and singed clothes.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 The police captured Brutipo earlier  
 that morning in what everyone defined  
 as one of the fieriest vehicle crashes  
 in the history of the South Valley.

Chicklets, Pablo, and Mamita step up to the screen door as the Swat Police lead Xaviér to the white station wagon closely followed by Candle with his video camera.

NIETO  
 Xaviér Fierro, I see it didn't take  
 too long to bag you and your badass  
 crime buddy.

Deputy-warden Nieto and two Guards accept Xaviér from the Swat Police and lead him over to the white station wagon.

CANDLE  
 Xaviér Fierro, can you give me an  
 exclusive statement why you escaped  
 from the Santa Fe penitentiary?

XAVIÉR  
 Come to the hole, and I show you  
 atrocities you never see before.  
 ATROCITIES! I SAY ATROCITIES!

After the Guards place Xaviér in the back seat next to Brutipo, Candle places his lens directly against the window cupping his hand to avoid the morning's sun glare.

CANDLE

Why did you two men escape? What prompted you to escape?

Deputy-warden Nieto points to the sidewalk.

NIETO

Candle, you have to stand over there.

Deputy-warden Nieto steps up to Candle and backs him away from the station wagon as the news photog continues to barrage Xaviér and Brutipo with questions.

CANDLE

Who helped you escape? What have you been doing all this time? Commit any crimes while on the run? You know where the other convicts are?

(Continue Candle's questions through Brutipo & Xaviér's dialogue, only half muted.)

BRUTIPO

Idiota news pecker! He'd be pussy meat the first minute in the pinta.

XAVIÉR

Brutipo, you always try to prove you got bigger nuts?

BRUTIPO

Because I got the bigger cahunas!

Xaviér examines Brutipo's wounds.

XAVIÉR

So besides yourself, what have you been barbecuing on your vacation?

Brutipo looks at several love bites on Xaviér's neck.

BRUTIPO

A few hickeys and you call that a good time. ¡Tú Cabron! You can see I had more of the funs than you.

Brutipo looks over to see Chicklets in the doorway holding her son's hand.

BRUTIPO (CONT'D)

Xavy, you got one fine looking rag. Why you no steal her down to Juarez?

XAVIÉR

(seriously)  
Because esé, I ain't got no bros down in Mexico.

As Deputy-warden Nieto talks to the SWAT Commander, Brutipo spits some blood from his bleeding gums against the window toward Candle.

BRUTIPO

Pinche carbons shot my Gang Banger brother for showing me the good times.

XAVIÉR

And the two Linda?

BRUTIPO

Esé, they were just cremated on the spot. Can you believe what's going on in the World these days? Some badass pigs out here.

Brutipo ticks his head one time as he reflects to himself and then glances at Candle who continues to videotape the two inmates.

BRUTIPO (CONT'D)

See El Bastardo.

(flicks head at Candle)

He's always on the outside looking in. I hate los vatos on the outside. I had my shank, he be missing eyes.

As a Guard chauffeurs the vehicle down the street, Xaviér presses his head against the inside window to get one last look at Chicklets who places her free hand to her mouth.

XAVIÉR

What be wrong with us, Brutipo? Too much hate? I no want hate no more.

BRUTIPO

Hate? I haven't begun to hate. Hate for me be the engine I drive my vato lowrider on.

As Xaviér disappears from sight, Chicklets remains motionless on the porch to the increasing CLAMOR of nightsticks IMPACTING on metal doors.

INT. CELLBLOCK 3 - NIGHT

Warden Nieto smacks his nightstick against each cell door as he walks down the isle of solitary confinement.

JANUARY 1980

CANDLE (V.O.)

Starting the New Year 1980 Deputy Warden Nieto was promoted as the new warden of the penitentiary.

Nieto stops in front of the red "F" stenciled metal door and raps his nightsticks as hard as he can.

NIETO

El barrio bastardo, you get a shot at freedom and don't make the most of it. Pretty pathetic, no?

BASEMENT OF CELLBLOCK 3 ISOLATION UNIT

As the cell door swings open, Brutipo lifts his head to observe Bonehead hovering over him with his wooden club.

BRUTIPO

I see brown nose chief enjoys new job.

NIETO

Pinto Bean, you and your foul mouth want to rot here for another decade, or are you ready to go play in the pigpen?

BRUTIPO

You're asking something from me?

NIETO

I've got a little job for you.

With his nightstick, Warden Nieto motions Brutipo to stand.

NIETO (CONT'D)

Today, vengeance is your job description, sayeth the system.

Through dark brown eyes, Brutipo stares at Warden Nieto as a heavy metal rock 'n' roll song BLARES FORTH.

ALBINO CON (V.O.)

Kick your daddy / Kick your mammy /  
Stick the pigs / Take no prisoners /  
Trash baby trash! Trash baby trash!

INT. DORMITORY B-1 - DAY

ALBINO CON

Trash baby trash! Trash baby trash!

The young bleach white-hair ALBINO CON mimics playing an air guitar as he rocks to the sound of a heavy metal tune.

ALBINO CON (CONT'D)

Kick your daddy / Kick your mammy ...

From nowhere, a hand smashed the Albino Con's 8-track.

ALBINO CON (CONT'D)

What the hell?

The Albino Con's eyes widen as Brutipo with several Chicano Inmates confront him.

ALBINO CON (CONT'D)

Sorry, esé, didn't know it bothered you.

Brutipo winds his fingers around the tape and breaks it off.

BRUTIPO

I ain't your esé and don't want that heavy metal crap polluting my home.

Chicano Inmates aggressively step up to the Albino Con.

ALBINO CON

So I'll trash it.

CHICANO INMATES

We hear you raped a little girl in the north valley.

ALBINO CON

No way!

BRUTIPO

¡Cobarde!

ALBINO CON

¿Cobarde?

BRUTIPO

Coward! And the niña you violated, she was the niece of our favorite Brown Noser. Amazing you lasted so long in here.

Albino Con's eyes widen in fear as Brutipo slides an ice pick into the palm of his fist and tightly grips it.

ALBINO CON

My father has money. I can get you lots of money. I can ...

BRUTIPO

¡Pinche Gavachos! Gringos think they can always pay their way to freedom.

ALBINO CON

¿Gavachos?

BRUTIPO

White bitch, you think I be your translator?

A Chicano Inmate stuffs a bandanna in Albino Con's mouth. As Brutipo raises the weapon to stab the Anglo Con, Xaviér grabs his hand.

XAVIÉR

Not now!

BRUTIPO

You can't stop this. I ain't going back to the hole. Not for this vato.

XAVIÉR

Brutipo, you owe me one. Besides, the Brown Noser has been satisfied.

CHICANO INMATES

Shank the vato! Shank him good!

Brutipo flashes his shank at the Chicano Inmates.

BRUTIPO

No one goes against mi Jefe.  
¿Comprende vatos?

Xaviér looks directly into the Anglo Con's white pupils.

XAVIÉR

Albino, get yourself in protective custody. I swear if my primos are named, no prison is safe for you.

INT. PRISON CHAPEL - DAY

Brutipo kneels before a plastic Jesus Christ statue over the Prison Chapel's altar and crosses himself with his right hand. He stands and turns to see Xaviér at the head of a line of mostly Chicano Inmates.

BRUTIPO

Never seen you here before. Xavy,  
you come to cleanse your soul?

Xaviér stands outside of the confessional booth right on the other side of the altar.

XAVIÉR

First time for everything primo!

Brutipo points his thumb to himself.

BRUTIPO

And I thought only this penitente  
went to confession.

Brutipo steps from the prison chapel as Xaviér slips into the small cubical and slides the cloth cover over the opening.

XAVIÉR

Forgive me Padre; it has been  
seventeen years since my last  
confession.

The middle-aged LATINO PADRE strains to see through the cloth  
mesh at the left side of Xaviér's face where he sees the  
tear drop tattooed under the Chicano Inmate's eye.

PADRE

Seventeen years? Fortunately, our  
Savior forgives those who confess  
and seek redemption for their sins.

XAVIÉR

Padre, twelve years ago I was involved  
in a robbery where a liquor storeowner  
was shot to death. I now see my  
responsibility.

PADRE

In God's eyes taking another life is  
a crime against His law even if you  
did not intend to commit a murder.

XAVIÉR

Yes, in my heart and to God, I never  
admit my involvement.

Briefly, the Padre looks straight ahead.

PADRE

One's sense of morality should be  
the first to confess a wrongful act.

XAVIÉR

And today is the day for me to grow  
a conscience, Padre?

PADRE

I believe any moment upon this Earthly  
world is an opportunity to salvage  
your soul with God. Is there more  
you desire to confess?

XAVIÉR

Si Padre. Con mi hermanos, we buy  
and sell heroine. A vato crosses us!  
We end their life. But all rats  
deserved the death sentence.

PADRE

By rats you mean the snitches?

Xaviér heavily breathes in and momentarily holds his breath.

PADRE (CONT'D)

Xaviér Fierro, yes see I know the names of every soul in here. You believe all sinners deserved the death sentence? God professes it is not up to His children to act the judge, the jury, and the executioner.

The Padre fingers his rosary beads as Xaviér's face reflects pain.

XAVIÉR

In here the homos tried to make me cheat on my wife, which perhaps is the most hurtful. But I always stayed true to Bella Chadoña. Now you hear my confession, Padre.

PADRE

Murder, drug dealing, adultery ... my son, those are heavy burdens.

XAVIÉR

Pero padre, yesterday I prevented mi hermanos from shanking Anglo convict.

PADRE

If you have the courage to walk down God's path, redemption welcomes you. Now you begin the journey to a righteous life, but you must feel the pain of your of your victims, now and forever.

XAVIÉR

What must you have me do Padre?

PADRE

You must help ease the fear and suffering of the weak. For redemption, repeat a thousand Hail Mary's and light ten thousand candles for the sorrows of the victims and families you have sacrifice.

XAVIÉR

(slightly exasperated)

A thousand Hail Mary's? Ten thousand candles? Impossible!

PADRE

With over two hundred years remaining on your life sentence, why would you not be able to complete this penance for God?

Xaviér remains motionless for a moment and then turns to Padre and directly looks into the religious man's eyes.

PADRE (CONT'D)

My son, there is more to your confession?

XAVIÉR

For your safety, Padre do not come next weekend to give mass.

(tightens his eyes)

Even if you believe we need salvation, do not come here, or you will never come here again.

The METALLIC SOUND OF KEYS grows distinct as the Padre, with his right hand, gives the sign of the cross over Xaviér.

INT. DORMITORY E - NIGHT

With a large ring of keys strapped to his belt, Captain Texico unlocks the main south wing's dormitory.

FEBRUARY 2nd 1980 / 1:35 AM / SOUTH WING

The young LIEUTENANT QUANTO helps swing open the grill and both guards walk through, leaving the corridor unlocked.

As Captain Texico and Lt. Quanto step up to the front grill of Dormitory E, the SOUNDS of MEN SLAPPING HANDS and BOISTEROUSLY JIVING AROUND increasingly articulate forth.

CAPTAIN TEXICO

Guard Sieto, what's going on back there?

In the front lock down section, GUARD SIETO stands at attention.

GUARD SIETO

Captain Texico, I think they got raisin liquor up there.

LT. QUANTO

No worries. We've dealt with this before.

In the back of the upper dorm, Xaviér, Brutipo, and several Chicano Inmates sip a thick grayish liquid from two glass jars. They all look up as Captain Texico and Lieutenant Quanto approach them.

BRUTIPO

Hey, it's El Shift Comandante and his little side bitch, La Lieutenita.

From a glass jar, Xaviér pours some liquid into a black enamel-ware cup and holds it out before Captain Texico.

XAVIÉR

Capitan Texico, have a New Year's drink with us.

CAPTAIN TEXICO

New Year was a month ago. Cuaté, you know I've always gotten along with my people. Brutipo! Xaviér! Shut it down now.

Brutipo pours a drink from the second glass jar into an enamel-ware black cup and extends it at Lieutenant Quanto.

BRUTIPO

No hard feelings con La Raza Unida.

LT. QUANTO

With the United People!  
(snickers forth)  
That's a good one.

BRUTIPO

¡Silencio Cabron!

CAPTAIN TEXICO

Now, I need you men to flush the piss and hit the sack.

Aggressively, Xaviér and Brutipo stand up squaring off to Texico and Quanto.

BRUTIPO

What? And spoil these good times?

XAVIÉR

We think no. No now and no tomorrow.

Every inmate in Dormitory E-2 leaps from their beds and surrounds the officers.

CAPTAIN TEXICO

(simultaneous protests)  
What the hell is this? What the hell's going ...

LT. QUANTO

Get the hell off me. Get the hell off ...

Captain Texico and Lieutenant Quanto struggle to get free while the inmates strong-arm them and punch them in their stomachs, limbs, and faces.

BRUTIPO

Look who prisoners now! The shift  
commander of the Brown Nosers and  
his flunky second in charge!

Xaviér snatches the keys from around the Captain Texico's  
belt and holds them up to his face.

XAVIÉR

Are these all the keys we need to  
get to open the cellblocks?

CAPTAIN TEXICO

(with fearful eyes)  
No, not everywhere.

As Captain Texico starts to struggle, Inmates drag Guard  
Sieto over to his position and drop him at the captain's  
feet.

BRUTIPO

Las llaves ...  
(shakes the keys)  
What do these open?

Brutipo extracts a rusty looking shank and places it to the  
Lieutenant Quanto's throat.

BRUTIPO (CONT'D)

We shank Lieutenant Quanto. Shank  
him good.

CAPTAIN TEXICO

(breathless)  
Those keys open almost everything on  
this south wing.

XAVIÉR

Almost everything? We start with  
that.

INT. DORMITORY F - NIGHT

Brutipo and several Chicano Inmates from Dormitory E hold  
Captain Texico by the collar and slam him against the front  
of the cell door as GUARD OCHO backs up from a display of  
shanks, pipes, and clubs.

1:45 AM / DORMITORY F

GUARD OCHO

Shift Commander! What the hell?

Xaviér deftly unlocks the front cell door to Dormitory F as  
Guard Ocho backs up.

GUARD OCHO (CONT'D)

Inmates no come in here.

BRUTIPO

Call and you fall!

Guard Ocho grabs a phone off its hook and attempts to dial a number. The Inmates rush him, knock it from his hands, and rip it off the wall.

The Chicano Inmates bolt up the stairs, meet two other Guards, and knock them to the ground.

In the back of Dormitory F, the lights snap on across the room forcing Wolfgan and Cheese Head to jump to their feet.

WOLFGAN

This best be damn good!

A hundred Inmates jump from their beds and verbally protest as Xaviér and Brutipo step into the room holding the beaten and bloody Captain Texico by the back of his collar.

XAVIÉR

¡ATENCIÓN VATOS! WE TAKE DORMITORY E  
AND F. EVERY CON MUST UNITE WITH US  
TO TAKE OVER THE HOLE. ARE THE ANGLOS  
WITH US OR AGAINST US?

Wolfgan confronts Xaviér and looks him in the eyes.

WOLFGAN

Xaviér Fierro, don't even think of  
having fun without we white assholes.

The Inmates surround Xaviér and Wolfgan and raise lead pipes and shanks into the air.

Inmate's faces exude sweat, slobber, and rage!

INMATES

(fever pitch)

BURN THE HOLE! BURN THE HOLE! BURN  
THE HOLE! BURN THE HOLE! [Cont.]

The Inmates exclamation VIBRATES throughout the walls of the entire penitentiary.

INT. CONTROL CENTER & MAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

In his early 20's, GUARD NUEVO leans back his head to the beat of a late 70's rock 'n' roll tune from a portable radio.

2:00 AM / PRISON CONTROL CENTER

The second guard, Sergeant Diez, in his late 20's, attempts to fill out some paperwork at a nearby metal desk and raises his head.

SERGEANT DIEZ  
Tú bro, those keen ears of yours  
hear something?

Down the main corridor, several hundred Chicano and Anglo Convicts led by Xaviér and Brutipo run to the control center yelling at the top of their lungs.

INMATES  
(distorts forth)  
BURN THE HOLE! BURN THE HOLE! ...

Brutipo runs down the main corridor, stops at a fire extinguisher canister and busts its glass covering grabbing the red cylinder.

Several Inmates drag Texico, Sieto, Ocho, and the two other guards down the hall by their shirt collars. Dozens of Inmates rush up to the large plate-glass window.

As Guards Nuevo's & Diez's eyes open wide, they back away from the pane. The younger officer turns off his radio.

WOLFGAN  
OPEN, OR YOU'RE DEAD MEN!

Sergeant Diez leans toward the plate-glass window and pushes a red button on the control panel.

EXT./INT. PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

As if in a laggard dream, the blaring sirens PENETRATE the penitentiary as every exterior lights pops on.

SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS:

Spasmodically, the Guard in the front tower shakes himself awake and stands up while fumbling for his M-1 carbine rifle.

A Black Inmate's eyes flick open.

From the cubicles in Cellblock Four, Inmates throw toilet paper, clothes, and debris from the second and third tiers.

INFIRMARY PATIENTS SCREAM at the top of their lungs as restraints secure most Inmates to their hospital beds.

CANDLE (V.O.)  
A month earlier Mano Puerco retired,  
and Nieto was promoted to warden ...

Warden Nieto steps from his housing unit outside of the main security fence and studies the penitentiary.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And that happened mostly for the capture of Xaviér Fierro.

NIETO

Just what I don't need ... another escape.

INT. CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

Xaviér and a dozen Chicano Inmates, with their shanks, pipes, and clubs, run up to the outer gate. Xaviér tries several keys that fail to open the grill.

XAVIÉR

Get them to open up the administration wing.

WOLFGAN

They're not going for it.

Wolfgan and Cheese Head push the bloody face of Guard Sieto and force him up to the window as the side of his face flattens against the pane.

WOLFGAN (CONT'D)

Open, or we cut his throat!

Inside the control center, Guards Nuevo & Diez negatively shake their heads while talking through a communication system.

SERGEANT DIEZ

We've got orders. No one gets in here.

Several inmates shove the bloody face of Captain Texico next to Guard Sieto.

WOLFGAN

Not even for ass-licker Shift Commander?

With a determined look, Sergeant Diez peers through the plate glass window.

SERGEANT DIEZ

Not even for all the shift commanders in the world can we open the control center.

As Wolfgan starts to shank Captain Texico, Xaviér grabs his arm and forces the Anglo convict against the wall.

XAVIÉR

I will not let a guard be killed. Not this guard! Not any guard!

Instantly, the Chicano Inmates square off against the Anglo Convicts.

WOLFGAN

Later greaser!

XAVIÉR

Right now, esé!

As Wolfgang stares at Xaviér, Brutipo rushes through the crowd and hurls the fire extinguisher at the plate glass window that harmlessly careens backwards.

Xaviér releases Wolfgang as all the inmates breakout laughing.

Another Inmate picks up the canister and hurls it at the plate glass window that again bounces off.

GUARD NUEVO

Yeah, go ahead and try again.

Inside the control center the guards point at the frustrated Inmates and boisterously laugh.

SERGEANT DIEZ

It's guaranteed to be unbreakable.

GUARD NUEVO

Cons always so stupid!

With his mighty strength, Brutipo again throws the canister against the window that creates a small crack.

Simultaneously, three Inmates rush the glass with lead pipes and a tire iron and start pounding against it.

The two Guards back up to the far side of the control center and unlock the outside grill door as the glass begins to crack down its entire length.

As the canister crashes through the plate glass window, the guards slam shut the outside east grill, lock it, and run with the Inmates scurrying into the Control Center.

EXT. PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

As Guards Nuevo and Diez hustle from the administration wing to the front control tower, several guards swing open the outside gate allowing them to escape the facility.

GUARD NUEVO

Cons have taken the entire south wing.

Sergeant Diez looks at the north wing.

SERGEANT DIEZ  
And should be entering the North  
Wing about now.

INT. NORTH WING - NIGHT

Chicano and Anglo men fling open the north grill gate as dozens of yelling Inmates spill through its opening.

2:30 AM / HOSPITAL WING

INMATES  
KILL SNITCHES! KILL SNITCHES! KILL  
SNITCHES! KILL SNITCHES!

As Inmates fumble with the keys to the Hospital, an INFIRMARY TECHNICIAN hustles seven patients to the second floor through a backside grill and disappears.

The Inmates slam open the infirmary grill, bolt to several large medicine cabinets, and with shanks, metal pipes and clubs smash out the glass.

INMATES (CONT'D)  
(echoes thru facility)  
DRUGS! FREE DRUGS! GET YOUR FREE  
DRUGS HERE! FREE DRUGS! FREE DRUGS!

As glass and pills spill across the floor, dozen of Inmates scoop up the medicine and stuff it in their mouths.

INMATES (CONT'D)  
DRUGS! ALCOHOL! GET ALCOHOL!

Chicano Inmate, DROGA, spits up pills and glass. He scoops up the drugs, grabs another bottle of rubbing alcohol, and attempts to gulp them down.

EXT. PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

Warden Nieto enters the front guardhouse of the prison.

NIETO  
How serious is it?

SERGEANT DIEZ  
Right now the inmates seize the entire facility. Should we notify the state police?

NIETO  
Yes, the State Police. I guess my next call is to the Governor's mansion.

Warden Nieto's eyes harden as SCREAMS from the interior of the prison swell into an UNBEARABLE DIN.

SERGEANT DIEZ

Warden Nieto, I think we're going to need the National Guard.

NIETO

Where is my shift commander?

SERGEANT DIEZ

Captain Texico was the first to be taken.

INT. CELLBLOCK 3 - NIGHT

Two undefined GUARDS intensely scream as a dozen Inmates hold them by their hair, arms, and midsections at the backside of Cellblock Three.

3 AM / CELLBLOCK 3 / NORTH WING

Chicano convicts surround the Albino Con screaming to the far side of Cellblock 3.

INMATES

KILL RATA! SHANK HIM GOOD!

A dozen Inmates raise their lead pipes, shanks, and clubs over the Albino Con.

ALBINO CON

I TELL BROWN NOSERS NOTHING! NO KILL ME!  
I TELL BROWN NOSERS NOTHING!  
FIERRO PROMISED ME IMMUNITY!

(voice fades)

Fierro promised me!

For a moment the room grows dead quiet as the Inmates stand perfectly still over Albino Con whose EYES WIDEN in absolute primordial fear.

INMATES

FIERRO WHO? KILL HIM!

The Albino Con disappears into a sea of Inmates' bodies as they BEAT, POUND, and STAB the Anglo Con.

Xaviér, Brutipo, a handful of Chicano Inmates, Captain Texico, and Guard Sieto witness the Albino Con's murder.

CAPTAIN TEXICO

Fierro! Your take-over has gotten out of your control. You and your inmates will be tried for murder.

Brutipo grabs Captain Texico's shirt collar and pulls the shift commander to him.

BRUTIPO

Perro, it's going to be your murder  
if you don't shut up.

XAVIÉR

And every snitch in the hole will be  
lucky to not have the same fate.

Chicano Inmate #3 raises a bloody shank above his head as  
the Inmates in a mad frenzy chant in unison over and over.

INMATES

KILL SNITCHES! KILL SNITCHES!

INT. PRISON KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chicano Inmates, MARCO and PISTO, break into the backside of  
the prison kitchen.

DISCOVERY SHOT - the two inmates lift up an acetylene torch.

3:05 AM / PRISON KITCHEN

They set an acetylene torch upright.

MARCO

What keys don't open, we cut our way  
into with these torches.

Pisto lifts up a flint lighter beneath a pile of rags and  
flicks it several times.

PISTO

We'll need this lighter.

With the flint striker, Marco lights the torch and turns the  
blue flame to its highest intensity flame as more SOUNDS OF  
INMATES YELLING grow prevalent.

INMATES (V.O.)

FREE US THE HELL OUT OF HERE! FREE  
US THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

INT. DORMITORY D - NIGHT

Menacingly, the blue flame of the acetylene torch burns  
through a steel bar of Dormitory D.

3:15 AM / DORMITORY D / SOUTH WING

More Inmates push GUARD HISPANO to the front of the grill  
and tightly hold him near the acetylene's flame.

INMATES

BURN BROWN NOSER! BURN HIM GOOD!  
BURN BROWN NOSER! BURN HIM GOOD!

As the Inmates hold the guard's head inches from the blue flame, Xaviér steps through their ranks.

XAVIÉR  
(calculatingly)  
YOU KILL GUARD PREPARE TO DIE!

As a convict hits the guard's face, Brutipo grabs his arm preventing another strike.

BRUTIPO  
XAVIÉR'S WORD IS LAW! YOU TAKE HIS  
LIFE; I END YOURS!

EXT. PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

In front of the prison, a half dozen police cars screech to a stop, and Warden Nieto hustles to the main patrol sedan.

NIETO  
Damn, it's about time.

As Wide-eyed STATE POLICEMAN PEACHFUZZ steps from his vehicle, smoke filters through the front of the prison.

STATE POLICE PEACHFUZZ  
I've never been to a prison riot  
before.

NIETO  
That makes two of us.

STATE POLICE PEACHFUZZ  
Will the National Guard be here soon?

NIETO  
That's up to the governor, but now I  
need your Officers to secure the  
backside of the facility.

STATE POLICE PEACHFUZZ  
We can do that. How bad do you think  
it is in there?

Warden Nieto turns to the prison to see a greater amount of smoke spewing from the upper floors.

NIETO  
How bad is it? Thieves, rapists,  
murderers on a rampage! Just let  
your imagination run wild with that.

State Police Peachfuzz tightens his lips as the SOUND OF A PHONE RINGING breaks through.

INT. SANTA FE HOUSE - NIGHT

As a phone rings in a Southwestern style bedroom, a blond-hair three-year-old TODDLER BOY jerks awake and cries between his two parents.

JUDY

Hey, what? What's going on?

JUDY BLUE-EYES, in her late 20's, the natural blond-hair, blue-eyed mother, stretches to consciousness as her HUSBAND answers the phone and briefly listens for a moment.

HUSBAND

It's for you Judy.

Judy Blue-Eyes holds her Toddler caressing his head.

JUDY

Shwwww, sleep precious.

Judy Blue-Eyes looks up from her son.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Tell them I'm not ...

HUSBAND

It's your commander. Something about the Russians attacking the executive commode our Governor was occupying, and he's being held hostage in the crapper.

Judy Blue-Eyes releases a stifled chuckle as she accepts the receiver.

JUDY

Very funny.

Judy Blue-Eyes intently listens for a brief moment as the Husband comforts their toddler who snuggles between them.

JUDY (CONT'D)

I've got to go.

HUSBAND

Go? Go where?

JUDY

The prison south of Santa Fe is in full riot, and a lot of men are injured.

With concern the Husband tightens his brow as the SOUND OF HUNDREDS OF MEN YELLING and SCREAMING fade in to the melodic hymn of a MEN'S CHORAL ENSEMBLE.

INT. PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

Insanely, hundreds of Inmates run down the main corridor yelling at the top of their lungs and carrying hand-held torches and makeshift weapons.

INMATES  
(echoes forth)  
KILL SNITCHES! KILL SNITCHES! KILL  
SNITCHES! KILL BITCHES! KILL SNITCHES!

As the men frantically hustle down the hall, their VOICES grow distorted.

Hand held TORCHES infuse into one massive blur increasing the melodic hymn that transition into a vibrant Male Choral.

MONTAGES OF PRISON CHAOS:

Torches ignite a mattress on fire.

Through the bars Inmates smash glass out of cellblock windows.

A group of black Inmates back into a corner of one of the dormitories and extend their shanks in a defensive mode as they witness the carnage before them.

In one massive food fight, Inmates run berserk throwing garbage and perishables from the prison kitchen.

In the administration building, Inmates overturn and destroy tables, typewriters, benches, couches, and cabinets.

In the visitors' area, several chairs crash into the windows exploding the glass out into a small picnic area.

More Inmates run through the top section of the dormitories and break out every window in sight.

Still more Inmates wash down pills from the infirmary with homemade hooch.

Drug induced Inmates furiously stab their shanks at other intoxicated Convicts.

With a silver cross around his neck, LONE INMATE kneels in his underwear and prays as chaos unfolding outside his cell.

END MONTAGES:

As one of the drug induced Inmates collapses, several pills and liquid flush from his mouth and run across the floor.

FADE OUT CHOIR:

INT. CELLBLOCK 5 - NIGHT

The two Hispanic GUARDS ONCÉ and TOCÉ crouch in fear on the far side of the gas chamber.

5:00 AM / CELLBLOCK 5 / BASEMENT GAS CHAMBER ROOM

GUARD ONCÉ  
Shhhhhhh, I think I hear someone.

GUARD TOCÉ  
We're dead men.

Outside Wolfgan, Cheese Head, and a gang of Anglo Convicts hustle down some concrete stairs and ransack construction equipment beyond Guard Oncé and Tocé's position.

WOLFGAN  
Remember the acetylene torches were  
somewhere down here?

Inside the gas chamber, the two Hispanic guards tightly push themselves into a dark corner as they whisper.

GUARD ONCÉ  
This death room hasn't been used  
since the 1950s.

GUARD TOCÉ  
Yeah, if those neo-Nazi butt-hole  
lovers find us ...

Guard Tocé's eyes display primal fear as they hear the Anglo Convicts rummage through the construction equipment.

GUARD ONCÉ  
We'll be the gas chamber's next  
victims.

In the pile of construction equipment Wolfgan and Cheese Head pull two more acetylene torches from the pile.

WOLFGAN  
Now, we get to those bastard snitches  
in Cellblock Four.

CHEESE HEAD  
Don't you love the smell of roasted  
pig meat Saturday morning?

With the acetylene torches in hand, the Anglo Convicts hustle from the gas chamber area.

Guards Oncé & Tocé sit back and breathe a sigh of relief.

EXT. PENITENTIARY - DAY

As the sun rises over the distant foothills of Santa Fe, dozens of state police and sheriff officers park their vehicles and surround the south side prison yard.

STATE POLICE PEACHFUZZ  
You sheriff deputies take up the  
position over there.

State Police Peachfuzz motions for each OFFICER and Santa Fe SHERIFF DEPUTIES to guard a specific area.

STATE POLICE PEACHFUZZ (CONT'D)  
And you over there go to the far end  
of the facility.

Some of the policemen carry M-1 carbines and 12-gauge shotguns, but most grip service revolvers.

On the south side of the prison, several police officers see Inmates frantically smashing out a window with a metal bed.

EXT./INT. DORMITORY E - DAY

With the metal bed as a battering ram, several Inmates again ram the metal window frame, which again appears to not budge.

7:00 AM / DORMITORY E-1 / SOUTH WING

Two Anglo Inmates, TOM and JERRY, place two hacksaws and vigorously cut at the metal frame around the window.

TOM  
If the greasers know we abandon the  
takeover ...

JERRY  
We're dead assholes.

The Anglo Inmates stop sawing the metal frame and indicate to several men.

TOM  
Let's get through this.

The Anglo Inmates pick up the metal bed and ram the window as hard as they can, but its foundation does not budge.

From nowhere, Fat Anglo Convict from the basement cell lifts up another metal bed all by himself, charges the window, and hurls it against the window as his voice crescendos.

FAT ANGLO CONVICT  
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH, BREAK YOU MOTHER!

The metal frame pops out from its foundation and falls with a loud THUMP on the outside.

TOM  
I'm history, man.

Tom and Jerry shove Fat Anglo Convict to one side and scurry out of their rat hole followed by a dozen Inmates clamoring to the exterior base of Dormitory E.

With their arms raised, the Inmates surrender to the police on the backside of the prison.

Struggling with all his might, Fat Anglo Convict wriggles through the hole and plops onto the wall, rolling on the base of the building.

From beyond the perimeter fence, State Police Peachfuzz lowers his binoculars and eyes a fellow officer.

STATE POLICE PEACHFUZZ  
Damn, thought big boy was never going to pop out of there.

INT. GOVERNORS' MANSION - DAY

Governor Sam smacks down the phone receiver as two state policeman stand at attention next to him.

GOVERNOR SAM  
Gall darn weekends! It's the weekends when you can never get who you want on the phone. And my Correction's Secretary would have to be out of state during the biggest gall darn prison riot in the history of these United States.

The phone rings as Governor Sam picks it up and a man's voice filters through the receiver.

GOVERNOR SAM (CONT'D)  
General, are my troops in place?  
(pause)  
You say, say within the hour.  
(pause)  
Yeah, we're all getting ready; ready to ride on out there when the first storm cloud passes over.

Governor Sam lightly hangs up the phone and then looks up at two State Police Officers.

GOVERNOR SAM (CONT'D)  
Boys, it's time, time to saddle up.

INT. CELLBLOCK 4 - DAY

A dozen SNITCHES frantically YELL and POUND on their individual cell doors to a FEMALE CHORAL ENSEMBLE building their powerful REQUIEM HYMN.

CELLBLOCK 4 / THE NORTH WING / SNITCH ALLEY

SNITCHES  
 GOD SAVE ME! NO KILL ME! PLEASE NO  
 KILL Me ...  
 (echoes into oblivion)

With the acetylene torch Wolfgang and Cheese Head cut their way into Cellblock Four as predator Inmates repeatedly yell.

INMATES  
 (obsessed)  
 SNITCHES IN HERE! KILL SNITCHES!  
 KILL SNITCHES! KILL SNITCHES!

Behind Wolfgang and Cheese Head, hundreds of Inmates break into Cellblock Four to the SNITCHES in the cells screaming at the top of their lungs.

As Inmates and Snitches scream at the top of their lungs the PLEADS FOR MERCY BECOME EXCESSIVELY DISTORTED, then grow SILENT as the insanity of Cellblock Four unfolds.

Gangs of Inmates place light three acetylene torches against three different cells with each team in a race to slice into the bars while snitches in each cubicle thrash about in anticipation of their impending doom.

Several other gangs of Inmates throw rubbing alcohol bottles into individual cells and light matches to the interior of the cells exploding into flames.

Several Inmates wrestle with CHICANO SNITCH across the second story balcony. They pick him up and throw him over the top just before his body impacts on the floor ...

FREEZE FRAME / STROBE LIGHT FLASH OUT:

Chicano Snitch's body lands behind SNITCH #2 who frantically runs across the bottom tier with a large gang of Inmates chases him down the corridor. They pin him against a wall and lift a steel pipe over his head. Right before it separates his face ...

FREEZE FRAME / STROBE LIGHT FLASH OUT:

Wolfgang cuts his way into another cell, and PUEBLO SNITCH leaps forward with his mattress and body blocks Cheese Head and several more ANGLO CONVICTS.

Cheese Head and the Anglo Convicts regain their feet and pin Pueblo Snitch to the floor.

PUEBLO SNITCH  
 (distorted voice)  
 GOD'S SAKE, SPARE MY LIFE!  
 SPARE MY LIFE! SPARE MY ...

Wolfgan tightly grips his torch and points it directly at the Inmate's eyes.

FREEZE FRAME / STROBE LIGHT FLASH OUT:

Several Anglo Inmates grab AFRO SNITCH, turn him over, lift him off the deck, and start to smash his head into a porcelain toilet. A millisecond before his head cracks the toilets porcelain ...

FREEZE FRAME / STROBE LIGHT FLASH OUT:

With their acetylene torch from the prison kitchen, Aryan Inmates #1 & #2 cut their way through another snitch's cell as TURBAN-HEAD SNITCH sits cross-legged on the floor with his arms stretched out with his palms upwards and his thumbs touching his middle fingers.

TURBAN-HEAD SNITCH  
 AWKRA-SHAMMA! SHAMMA AWKRA! AWKRA-  
 SHAMMA! SHAMMA AWKRA! [Cont.]

To the sound of the BLUE FLAME hissing forth, the Female Choral Ensemble builds their REQUIEM HYMN with Turban-head Snitch's eyes reflecting the acetylene torch's blue flame ...

FREEZE FRAME / STROBE LIGHT FLASH OUT:

EXT. PENITENTIARY - DAY

HAIR RAISING SCREAMS reach a dozen STATE POLICEMEN standing helplessly by a locked door outside of Cellblock Four while the Female Choral Ensemble maintains their REQUIEM HYMN.

STATE POLICEMAN #3  
 Who the hell has the keys for this  
 door?

State Policeman #3 runs up to his fellow officers.

STATE POLICEMAN #4  
 The keys were believed to be in the  
 control center when it was abandoned.

STATE POLICEMAN #3  
 (unholsters side-arm)  
 I'm shooting into the building to  
 stop the madness.

STATE POLICEMAN #4

Wait ...

As cloud of gray smoke swirls around the State Policeman, his buddy grabs his arm.

STATE POLICEMAN #4 (CONT'D)

You can't do that. We have no authorization, and bullets could ricochet and hit innocent victims.  
(black smoke filters into his nostrils)  
Damn smells reek to high heaven.

STATE POLICEMAN #3

(signed)  
The stench, I think they're burning flesh in there.

The chaos of Cellblock 4 grows deafening as the SOUND OF DOZENS OF COMBAT BOOT QUICK MARCHING pound forth to the Female Choral Ensemble stopping their REQUIEM HYMN.

EXT. PENITENTIARY - DAY

In full combat gear and slinging M-16s, several hundred National Guardsmen quick march to penitentiary front.

7:30 AM

The National Guard Commander, GENERAL HEMBRA, motions for them to snap to attention.

At the sight of the prison billowing black smoke from every corner, the youngest National GuardsMAN draws a tight face.

At the front of the prison, Warden Nieto and several state policeman intently listen to the frantic radio communiqué.

STATE POLICEMAN #3

(thru radio)  
Crazies torching the snitches!  
Something's gotta be done. Done now!

Warden Nieto clicks the radio receiver and yells back through the hand-held microphone.

NIETO

National Guard is here. If you think guards are dying, I'll give the order to storm the facility.

Through the prison radio a crackling sound appears.

BRUTIPO

Hear me, I'm the asshole who takes your scum hole facility. You Brown Noses better listen.

Sergeant Diez hands it to Warden Nieto.

SERGEANT DIEZ

I think an inmate's on the horn.

Warden Nieto presses the microphone on the radio.

NIETO

This is Warden Nieto.

BRUTIPO (THRU RADIO)

You want your guards' throats slit by all means send in those virgin soldier pussies.

NIETO

If you guarantee no guards have been killed, no troops go in.

BRUTIPO (THRU RADIO)

I guarantee no guards have been killed, but we got us ... demands.

NIETO

Demands? You're in no position to make demands.

INT. CONTROL CENTER - DAY

Brutipo looks down at the shivering Captain Texico and Guard Sieto.

BRUTIPO

No position? That's not what your Brown Noses think.

Xaviér remains motionless as Brutipo speaks into a radio.

BRUTIPO (*CONT'D*)

First we speak with Governor Sam, and then we want to see those news pendejos in here.

As several convicts tightly restrain the bloody and battered Captain Texico and Guard Sieto, Xaviér takes the receiver.

XAVIÉR

Shift Commander, tell the warden if you think you still are alive.

CAPTAIN TEXICO  
 (breathless and painful)  
 This is Captain Texico. All my men  
 so far have not been killed.

Xaviér grabs the radio transceiver.

XAVIÉR  
 Two simple demands or every Brown  
 Noser in here dies.

NIETO  
 If you kill a guard ...

XAVIÉR  
 No guard dies if you send in those  
 news rags.

A sense of urgency enters Warden Nieto's voice.

NIETO  
 Governor Sam is on his way and no  
 doubt the news media will be here  
 shortly; so stay calm in there.

Brutipo peers into Captain Texico's bloody eyes.

BRUTIPO  
 Nieto is pussy wimp. You'd best pray  
 that gavacho gets us the Governor  
 and some news vatos in here.

DISPATCHER  
 (thru radio)  
 All units stand-by! All units stand-  
 by ...

INT. TV STATION - DAY

The State Police Dispatcher's VOICE blares through a police scanner in a TV's news room as Randy nervously fingers several number buttons on a phone.

DISPATCHER  
 (thru radio)  
 Critical broadcast. All units stand-  
 by! All units stand-by! Critical  
 broadcast.  
 (a beat)  
 Yes, the National Guard has been  
 called out.

Randy places the phone to his mouth as he chews on a pencil.

RANDY

Candle, we know you worked a swing shift last night, but we have an emergency here.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

In a waterbed, Candle elongates his naked body with a phone receiver perched on his ear attempting to stretch into reality.

Candle's pretty GIRLFRIEND, early 20's, also naked, lays next to him as she also resists consciousness.

CANDLE

Oh man, have some mercy.

Candle glances over to his sleeping Girlfriend as she struggles to open an eye.

CANDLE (CONT'D)

Especially since it was an all-nighter.

Candle listens through the phone as Randy's voice mumbles through the receiver.

RANDY (THRU PHONE)

Damn it Candle, I'm not interested in your sex life, simply your videography skills.

Candle attempts to clear his head as Randy's voice RASPS THROUGH the phone's receiver in excitement.

CANDLE

A-huh. What? A-huh. Man, I've been pulling tons of overtime. Yeah, biggest story of the decade. Biggest prison riot in American history. All right, I'll be in.

(a beat)

When? Say within the hour.

As the receiver goes dead, his Girlfriend gazes at him through half-closed eyes and weakly smiles.

GIRLFRIEND

Thought you had Saturday off.

Candle rolls from the waterbed and stumbles to the bathroom as the Girlfriend rolls back under some covers.

CANDLE

Yeah, so did I, but the prison is burning, and inmates are dying.

GIRLFRIEND

Damn newspaperman!

Candle briefly looks over his shoulder.

CANDLE

I'm not a newspaperman. Just a stinking TV photographer! That's all.

(under-breath)

Just a stinking TV photog!

Girlfriend pulls the covers over herself and turns away to the SOUND of a TOILET flushes and SHOWER WATER sprays forth.

EXT. NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY - DAY

The National Guard, MED TECH MAC, drives a camouflage painted ambulance from the rear to the front of the armory and parks it as a convoy of military trucks departs with more National Guardsmen holding M-16 rifles.

SANTA FE National Guard HEADQUARTERS

Dressed in Army fatigues, Med Tech Mac steps from the truck and nods to Judy Blue-Eyes who drives up in her vehicle, parks, and steps out also in military clothes.

MAC

Have you been listening?

JUDY

Yea, they started broadcasting about the riot over the radio.

MAC

We're ordered to load up all spare medical supplies and hustle out to The prison, and we're on duty until further notice.

INT. PRISON CHAPEL - DAY

Xaviér, Brutipo, a dozen Chicano Inmates, Captain Texico, Lieutenant Quanto, and half-dozen guards hold up in the prison Catholic chapel.

Dozens of Inmates randomly run up and down the hall YELLING and SCREAMING as smoke filters through the facility.

Brutipo leans over to Xaviér and speaks in a low voice.

BRUTIPO

Xavy, takeover grows beyond our control.

XAVIÉR  
 ¡Vatos, one and all!  
 (pause)  
 But you know? I gave my word.

BRUTIPO  
 Your word! No words have value in  
 here?

Wolfgan, Cheese Head, and a dozen Anglo Convicts hustle into the Prison Chapel's door. Some carrying acetylene torches, they slide to a stop.

WOLFGAN  
 BURN IT DOWN! BURN IT ALL DOWN!

With shanks, clubs, spears, and an acetylene torch, Xaviér, Brutipo, and the Chicano Inmates leap to their feet and confront the Anglo Convicts with both groups flashing their weapons at each other.

XAVIÉR  
 One of you bleach face bitches  
 desecrate one thing in here ...

BRUTIPO  
 We set your faces on fire!

Xaviér lights his acetylene torch.

XAVIÉR  
 PINCHE CABRONS PUT SOME COLOR IN  
 YOUR FACE!

Wolfgan, Cheese Head, and the Anglo Convicts cautiously back out of the chapel.

WOLFGAN  
 There'll be a day, greaser.

XAVIÉR  
 Gringo salou, don't you grow tired  
 of your stupid threats?

Raises his torch and points it directly at Wolfgan's eyes. He turns and in a cloud of haze disappears.

BRUTIPO  
 What the hell are they up to now?

INT. PRISON GYMNASIUM - DAY

Wolfgan, Cheese Head, and the Anglo Convicts drag several lifeless Inmates by their feet to the far side of the gymnasium and deposit them in a pile of more bodies. They then douse liquid on them.

## PRISON GYMNASIUM

Xaviér and Brutipo step through doorway of the gymnasium as Wolfgan tosses a match on a pile of bodies that instantly bursts into flames.

XAVIÉR

Vato Nazis destroy the evidence.

BRUTIPO

When you first came here, weren't you snitched out by Las Ratas?

Xaviér nods his head in the affirmative.

BRUTIPO (CONT'D)

So let them. Those snitch rats have marked out their own hell.

As the bodies burn, Xaviér's face grows a reddish burnt color from the reflection of the flames.

SLOW DISSOLVE:

EXT. SANTA FE PLAZA - MORNING

As pigeons scatter across the pure white snow-covered Santa Fe plaza, Dueñas appears next to Henry.

SANTA FE PLAZA / SATURDAY MORNING

HENRY

You'd think these flying rats would have the common sense to fly south for the winter.

Henry throws some popcorn to a handful of pigeons mustering enough nerve to creep toward the food, and Dueñas sits down.

DUEÑAS

No more common sense than our forefathers had in holding the legislative session in the middle of the winter in a mountain city at seven thousand feet. It's no wonder you lawmakers have the highest rate of heart attacks.

HENRY

I hear they're burning the inmates alive in the hole?

DUEÑAS

Except for a handful of inmates, who the hell really knows what's going on in there?

HENRY

You called it, Eddie. But I think your message came late and fell on deaf ears.

DUEÑAS

Roasting live human beings and our Governor doesn't have the cajunas to take back the penitentiary. And yesterday, the prison population stood at one thousand, one hundred fifty-seven in a facility built to house eight hundred. Christ, this disaster was inevitable.

HENRY

How do you know this statistic? Eddie, are you my prison snitch?

DUEÑAS

Henry, are you prepping to falsify a snitch jacket on me?

HENRY

Dueñas don't be naive; I falsify a snitch jacket on everyone.

Dueñas looks at the Palace of Governors and the few Anglo tourist scurrying from the cold to reach the portal.

DUEÑAS

The games you politicians play. The price your victims pay. When is the government going to pull their heads out of their collective ass holes?

HENRY

Wait a moment ...

DUEÑAS

The executive branch blames you law makers. And the legislators whine about the judges stuffing the prison to the gills, and our judicial system cries foul back to our goat roper governor who's more interested in exporting his own special recipe of barbecue sauce. Who's going to step up and make a substantial difference?

Henry glances at a cute tourist couple walking hand-in-hand hustling diagonally through the plaza toward La Fonda Hotel.

HENRY

Easy son, you want to panic the tourist trade here in Santa Fe?

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

Nobody except the damn perpetrators of this prison riot are going down for this fiasco.

DUEÑAS

Fiasco, my ass! This is a disaster of gargantuan proportions. Will the politicos wake up now? I'm going out to the prison and see how I can help.

EXT. PRISON FRONT ROAD - DAY

Candle injects a tape into the VCR, turns the video camera on to color-bars, and presses record.

The TV REPORTER barks out at Candle.

TV REPORTER

Candle, Governor Sam's on his way.  
You ready?

With lights and sirens blasting, half dozen state police vehicles approach on the state highway to the outside of the prison.

Several state police vehicles drive up to the outside gate where a sign reads "STATE PENITENTIARY OF NEW MEXICO".

The vehicles skid to a stop, and Governor Sam exits the police sedan confronting a burgeoning media crowd.

GOVERNOR SAM

We'll answer, answer one or two questions. And then the critical events call for our ... our attention at the facility.

A female REPORTER sticks a microphone at Governor Sam.

1ST REPORTER #1

Governor, what's the paramount issue that must be addressed?

Candle positions himself right in front of Governor Sam as more PHOTOGRAPHERS and REPORTERS crowd around them.

GOVERNOR SAM

Young lady, we got us a mighty serious, I say we got us a mighty serious and tragic situation inside the prison right, right over there.

A cacophony of reports blitz dozens of questions at Governor Sam as Candle holds his ground continuing to videotape the conference.

GOVERNOR SAM (CONT'D)

Now, I can't answer your questions if I, I don't hear them. One at a time! Stan, what's on your mind?

Stan forces his microphone in the Governor's face.

STAN

Governor, we've heard reports that as many as fifty inmates may have been murdered on the inside. Is that correct?

GOVERNOR SAM

(disbelieving)

Fifty inmates? Really? That many? I don't think that many, but Stan, they have not all been killed. Some are just smoked ... smoked damaged.

Candle's face tightens.

CANDLE (V.O.)

Smoked damaged? What am I processing here? Smoked damaged? Is Governor Sam trying to lesson the severity of this colossal tragedy by saying some of the dead inmates have died of smoke inhalation, and not by the brutal hands of other inmates?

GOVERNOR SAM

So we don't want you news folks going around spreading no false stories now, do we?

Reporters tighten their circle as they blitz questions.

1ST REPORTER

Governor, what do you mean *smoked damaged* statement?

2ND REPORTER

Yeah Governor, what do you mean by that *smoked damaged* statement?

STATE POLICEMAN #4 steps through the Reporters and Photographers and extracts Governor Sam from the clutches of the news hounds.

STATE POLICEMAN #4

Governor, your Warden has some more information for you over here.

GOVERNOR SAM

Thanks for your time. You know I'll be ... be talking to y'all later.

As Governor Sam leaves with State Policeman #4, the throngs of reporters continue to barrage him with questions.

REPORTERS

Governor, what about sending in the National Guard? Governor, what's your next plan of quashing this riot?

(voices trail off)

Governor, will you ask the lawmakers to appropriate more money for corrections? Governor, have you been in contact with ...

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

To the southwest, the sun sets beyond the Jemez Mountains, and Judy Blue-Eyes spies dozens of Inmates and a few guards shivering in the prison yard.

JUDY

The men in the yard will freeze to death. Darn it, can't Governor Sam order the state police to cut the fence and extract those men? Darn! Darn! Darn!

MAC

Judy Blue-Eyes, you're the one person I've ever known to swear off swearing.

Judy Blue-Eyes hands the binoculars to Med Tech Mac who - TELEPHOTO SHOT - focuses on several Inmates dressed in T-shirts.

MAC (CONT'D)

And we don't know what's happening with the security across the entire facility.

Some other Inmates wear underwear with no tops or shoes.

JUDY

We're dressed in combat jackets. Some of those men out there aren't even wearing a T-shirts or pants.

MAC

And we're in the middle of winter in the Rocky Mountains where the temperature is expected to dip into the low teens.

EXT./INT. COMMAND TRAILER - DAY

While toting M-16 rifles, a squad of National Guardsmen and a half-dozen State Policeman closely follow Governor Sam to

a command trailer where Warden Nieto greets him with General Hembra.

NIETO

Governor, we set up this temporary command trailer to monitor the riot.

GOVERNOR SAM

Good, that's good. 'Cause I need to place a call to my buddy, President Jimmy ... Jimmy Crater. You know, we're both from the same political party?

Warden Nieto swings open the door as Governor Sam steps into the command vehicle with the National Guardsmen taking a defensive posture on the outside.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Behind the prison ballpark, STATE POLICEMEN #5 and #6 step up to the yard concertina fence and see the blood-caked face of Guard Sieto surrounded by a dozen shivering Inmates.

STATE POLICEMAN #5

How can we know he's a correctional officer?

ANGLO INMATE #3 appears genuinely concerned for Guard Sieto as the sun dips below the southwestern horizon.

ANGLO INMATE #3

Man he was one of the first Brown Nosers to be taken in Dormitory E. Look at him he's wearing the uniform.

STATE POLICEMAN #6

It could be a trick to help a prisoners escape.

Anglo Inmate #3 steps forward and pounds his chest one time.

ANGLO INMATE #3

You think we joke around here or what? Get him the hell out of here!

Near the baseball field, a few Guards and several dozen Inmates uncontrollably shake. Several National Guardsmen leave their vehicles and throw blankets and C-rations over the fences.

Clamoring for the goods, Inmates cause a mini-riot. Judy steps up to the melee.

JUDY

You're going to leave guards out in the cold all night because the State  
(MORE)

JUDY (CONT'D)

Police doesn't know who anyone is?  
There is no excuse for this  
incompetence.

INT. PRISON KITCHEN - NIGHT

Xaviér and Brutipo peer at the Inmates struggling to get their share of blankets and food in the prison yard.

BRUTIPO

Xavy, your word is law, but it's too crazy in here. We need to exit this little party out that back hole in Dormitory E.

CAPTAIN TEXICO

Xaviér! There are still officers inside. You have to protect them; only then you escape this madness.

BRUTIPO

We don't have to protect nobodies.

As Brutipo strikes Captain Texaco, Xaviér grabs his arm.

XAVIÉR

Si, but if we don't get the Brown Nosers out of here, the National Guard will waste the hole, and we lose everything.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

BRUTIPO

(thru radio)

Governor, where is your sorry cowboy ass?

Warden Nieto snatches the hand-held radio as Governor Sam and General Hembra sit back.

NIETO

(thru radio)

What the hell? Barrio bastardo speak with respect, or your life isn't worth buck shot!

GENERAL HEMBRA

Governor, give the word, and I'll personally waste that piece of crap.

BRUTIPO

(thru radio)

You want your guards alive; we need to see the news bitches! Now!

Warden Nieto turns to Governor Sam.

NIETO

Governor, lets get the news guys in there now.

EXT. PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

Candle accepts the pen and signs, *Chris Candelario*. He then moves to the front of the line.

As the facility billows in smoke, the News Media congregates in the small front gate before the administration area.

Beyond the burning prison, Candle pushes the eject button on the VCR and injects another tape into the deck.

The radio reporter, Stan, stands next to Candle as he checks the tape recorder strapped around his shoulder.

STAN

Candle, you stepping into the jaws of that Black Death Hole?

CANDLE

It's how I pay the rent, man.

STAN

You know this ain't your hero's journey?

CANDLE

I know it's just my stupid venture into the Valley of Death.

Candle hoists up his RCA TK-76 video camera on his right shoulder as he secures the recorder's strap on his left one, and the TV Reporter finishes signing his name on a list.

TV REPORTER

This should be interesting. The beat-to-crap-guards come out, and we go in.

Candle looks at the front of the burning complex to view a news photographer being escorted to the front of the prison by several masked Inmates.

The TV Reporter angrily spits words at Candle.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

(under breath and highly agitated)

Damn it Candle, we're getting scooped.  
Damn it! Do something!

CANDLE

I'm sure there's enough pictures to go around for everyone.

TV REPORTER

You'd better get your ass in there and get us some visuals or else.

CANDLE

Or else what are you going to do? Confiscate my photog's license?

As Candle turns back to the front of the prison, Xaviér in a plaid shirt and black bandanna steps from the prison block.

TV REPORTER

No, or else you're fired. Besides, there's no such thing as a photog's license.

Behind his mask, Xaviér holds up one finger at Candle.

XAVIÉR

¡UN FOTÓGRAFO MÁS!

CANDLE

My dance card just got punched.

Candle steps through the front gate and hustles into the smoke filled prison with his camera equipment.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And as I hustled into the burning prison I thought to myself, *this isn't the brightest thing you've ever done Chris.*

INT. PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

Trudging through the burnt-out water-soaked prison cells, Xaviér and Brutipo lead Candle through the devastation of the control center and its shattered window.

XAVIÉR

Gringo culo, where have I seen you before? ¿Como se llama?

Candle plows his way through a combination of water, blood, excrement, and debris as he nonchalantly answers.

CANDLE

I know I appear to be a Gringo.

BRUTIPO

Vato, you ain't Chicano. What's your name weto halfbreed?

CANDLE

My mother is a Gringo, and my name's  
Candle.

In gray ash layers, smoke filters through the main prison  
corridor.

BRUTIPO

Candle? That's your handle. What's  
your real name, esé?

CANDLE

From my Army days, no one could  
remember Candelario; so ...

BRUTIPO

Candelario, you think your some  
special kind of aristocratic spic or  
what? ;Weto gavacho!

Candle secures his heavy equipment as he momentarily pauses.

XAVIÉR

Easy Brutipo. He's on our side.  
Remember?

Xaviér and Brutipo push Candle back behind them as several  
Inmates crazily pursue a lone victim running for his life  
down the main corridor.

CANDLE

What the hell?

XAVIÉR

;Periodista silencio!

As the Inmates disappear down the corridor, Candle breathes  
in a deep sigh of relief.

BRUTIPO

That's nothing, weto. You should  
have been here an hour ago when every  
snitch got his dick cut off.

Xaviér studies Candle's features.

XAVIÉR

Now I remember you, last summer in  
the yard, and in the barrio for our  
reunion. You get around, don't you?

BRUTIPO

That was you, esé? You get your balls  
off taking pictures of men behind  
bars, don't you?

CANDLE

I think people want to see you, but  
not touched by your suffering.

BRUTIPO

Stupedo, you think we suffer in here  
for your amusement?

Smoke filters across its interior as Xaviér and Brutipo lead  
Candle down the south wing corridor with intermittent  
SCREAMING and SHOUTING emanating from different sections of  
the building.

XAVIÉR

You're fortunate, Candelario, we  
hold no grudges against stupid wetos.

BRUTIPO

Damn half Gringo vato! Now you're  
going to see some dead turds, esé.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

Governor Sam taps a pencil on a Formica top of the trailer's  
fold out eating table as Warden Nieto and General Hembra  
stand before him.

GOVERNOR SAM

What in tarnation you telling me?  
That two, only three news folks went  
inside? Eleven names for eleven  
hostage inmates! That was the gall  
darn deal.

NIETO

Governor, I doubt if much will go  
right from here on out.

Governor Sam sets his jaw.

GOVERNOR SAM

I'm sending in the National Guard.  
Locked, locked and loaded. Shoot  
every damn thing that ain't bolted  
down.

NIETO

Governor, speak candid with you.

Governor Sam tightens his state at Warden Nieto.

GOVERNOR SAM

Go on. We're, we're all adults here.

NIETO

Sir, we've got eleven known Correction Officers and two more unaccounted plus three TV journalists in there. If you send in your troops blazing with rifles, sixteen innocent men's lives for the rest of your career will be in your political nightmares.

Governor Sam clenches his teeth and tightens his fist.

INT. CELLBLOCK 4 - NIGHT

As the distant sound of MEN SCREAMING sustains its intensity, Brutipo, Xaviér, and Candle trudge through bloody water and debris.

BRUTIPO

Candelario, I sure hope you got a strong stomach, esé.

Candle attempts to act nonchalant as he stands in the upper tier of the ghoulish devastation of Cellblock Four, looks at the sea of red liquid below him, multiple bodies, bloated, face down, and then mumbles under his breath.

CANDLE

My God! It's a river of blood.

BRUTIPO

Mano, I always knew this weto was a pussy.

Xaviér curls his upper lip in Candle's direction.

XAVIÉR

You will get through this, TV newsman.

CANDLE

I've seen my share of dead bodies.

XAVIÉR

You man? How?

CANDLE

I was first a military policeman and now a TV photog.

Xaviér clicks his tongue.

XAVIÉR

Candelario, I wish you didn't tell us you were a pinche marrano, esé.

CANDLE

An asshole cop?

Candle's shoulders shiver as he bites his lower lip.

BRUTIPO

Sí, an asshole cop! 'Cause we kill  
marranos, esé. But since it was only  
the military, today we let you live.

CANDLE

(slightly shaken)  
I ... I appreciate that.

In a wave of more bloated bodies, red water, and debris, Xaviér, Brutipo, and Candle trudge onward as a headless mutilated body floats face down with garbage strung over his body.

XAVIÉR

How do you imagine yourself? A Gringo  
salou, a weto, a chicano, or the  
aristocracy of the conquistadors?  
Exactly, what are you, Candelario?

Candle focus his camera on a unidentifiable body heaped in the corner of a cellblock opening.

CANDLE

What am I? Nothing special. I'm just  
a stinking TV news photographer.  
That's all.

Brutipo flicks his head at Xaviér.

BRUTIPO

I told you I could smell this chulo  
coming through the front gate.

Candle then peers into a cell and videotapes the toilet's porcelain half broken off with bloodstains down its side with a faceless body lying next to the carnage.

XAVIÉR

That's where the Nazis bashed the  
rats heads ...  
(slaps his head)  
Against the toilet. Nasty no?

In front of Cellblock Four, Candle pivots to see Wolfgan, Cheese Head, and a half dozen Anglo Convicts step up behind them.

CANDLE

Friends of yours?

XAVIÉR

They are Adolf lovers.

Xaviér's face hardens as he snaps his finger, points his index finger, and then flips his thumb for the two Anglo Convicts to leave the area.

The Anglo Convicts defiantly stand at the entrance and abruptly step from the cellblock. Xaviér turns back to Candle.

XAVIÉR (CONT'D)

Candelario, you stay close to me; so no nee-nazi butt rammer doesn't stick his prick up your asshole and splatters your brains into a toilet.

Candle lowers his video camera, and for the first time a worried expression crosses the his brow.

CANDLE

(tightening face)

Yeah, I don't think my girlfriend would appreciate that.

Brutipo pushes several corpses to the side as Candle follows closely behind the two Chicano Inmates.

BRUTIPO

You ready to go, weto?

CANDLE

Yeah, I think I've shot enough.

As Xaviér moves forward, Brutipo turns back to Candle.

BRUTIPO

Candelario, we forget, how do the bitches smell? You know, the morning after ...

EXT. PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

Judy Blue-Eyes and Med Tech Mac patiently stand by the front of the prison. Between the whiffs of smoke, they see Xaviér and Brutipo, wearing their black bandannas, lead Candle to the front of the administration exit.

JUDY

Shieser! All the wounded will be dead before we can get them out. Shieser! Shieser! Shieser!

MAC

Wow, Specialist Judy Blue-Eyes, close to loosing it there. We'll get them out.

Xaviér flicks his head at Candle.

XAVIÉR

Candelario, you go tell the world  
what your camera sees in here.

CANDLE

Count on it. Thanks for my safety  
and good luck.

BRUTIPO

Esé, you need luck more than we sorry  
ass cholos.

Candle adjusts the video equipment on his shoulders, and hustles to the front gate as more news Reporters and Photographers crowd around the front gate.

BRUTIPO (CONT'D)

Pinche news vatos!

As Candle reaches the inside of the gate, he turns around and videotapes Xaviér and Brutipo.

From between the National Guard, Dueñas appears.

With black bandannas tied around their faces, Xaviér and Brutipo defiantly stand before hundreds of National Guardsmen in riot gear as Dueñas approaches him.

XAVIÉR

Eduardo Dueñas, how is life in the  
real world?

DUEÑAS

Xaviér Fierro, I heard you were  
burning the joint down.

XAVIÉR

Cuaté, somebody had to do it.

DUEÑAS

(releases a breath)

Yeah, somebody had to do it, and  
that somebody had to be you.

BRUTIPO

Tú Cabron, we heard you were giving  
the pigs at the round house a piece  
of your La Raza Unida garbage on  
conditions in the hole.

Dueñas resignedly cocks his head one time.

DUEÑAS

Hermanos, this riot must come to an  
end. You need to release the wounded,  
and we need to negotiate terms of  
surrender and re-incarceration.

BRUTIPO

Re-incarceration? Weren't we just re-incarcerated?

DUEÑAS

The governor needs to see a good faith effort in turning over the guards.

BRUTIPO

Esé, the governor's a vato. No question about that.

XAVIÉR

Surrender? Re-incarceration? I was praying the man would let us walk through that front gate. Then I go home and make love to Chicklets.

With the penitentiary burning and billowing smoke in the background Dueñas eyes Xaviér.

DUEÑAS

And tell me Xaviér Fierro, you think it's going down that way?

INT. PRISON ADMINISTRATION - NIGHT

Into the entrance of the prison administration, Xaviér and Brutipo lead Judy Blue-Eyes, Med Tech Mac, and a squad of National Guardsmen with M-16s.

BRUTIPO

Jefe, you think those army virgins actually know how to fire their pricks off?

XAVIÉR

Brutipo, lets play nice with the soldier boys.

Xaviér and Brutipo present Judy Blue-Eyes and Med Tech Mac with a battered and bloody Captain Texico.

JUDY

How many more men in here need medical attention?

XAVIÉR

Hundreds!

Breathlessly, Judy Blue-Eyes glances up at Xaviér.

JUDY

Hundreds? Can you get them up here?

XAVIÉR  
Maybe some of them!

JUDY  
Crying out loud, we need all of them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT./INT. PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

Judy Blue-Eyes's face strains as she helps carry the wounded Captain Texico to the Huey helicopter.

With the TV lights blazing, Candle and another VIDEOGRAPHER hustle behind Judy Blue-Eyes and Med Tech Mac as they rush to the Huey helicopter with the wounded Captain Texico.

JUDY  
Don't you two have more interesting coverage behind you?

CANDLE  
Specialist, somebody's got to document this.

Judy Blue-Eyes, Med Tech Mac, Captain Texico, and two more National Guardsmen gingerly lift him into the backside of the helicopter.

JUDY  
I would think you'd want a better line of work.

Med Tech Mac secures Captain Texico and steps away from the aircraft. The PILOT then lifts off his helicopter, swings it around, and flies off to the northwest.

Judy Blue-Eyes looks back to more wounded guards and Inmates in the prison.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
Next!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT./EXT. AMBULANCE - DAY

With a stainless steel airway separator, Judy Blue-Eyes extricates undigested white pills and vomit from Droga's mouth.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3rd 1980

Med Tech Mac accelerates the military ambulance as he guides the vehicle to Santa Fe.

JUDY  
This is impossible!

As the Inmate throws up across Judy Blue-Eyes's fatigues, she gulps her words.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
MOTHER F...!

MAC  
Go ahead Judy Blue-Eyes; you're entitled! Go ahead and swear your guts out!

JUDY  
Never!

Judy Blue-Eyes feverishly works on saving the Inmate's life.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
(more to herself)  
Won't this fudge-cake nightmare ever end?

The Inmate stops breathing as the heart monitor drops to flat-line.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
He's crashing! Got to shock him!  
Shock him now!

Judy Blue-Eyes pulls out the defibrillator and sets the paddles on the Inmate's chest.

MAC  
Get it on! You have ...

JUDY  
I know four minutes till permanent brain injury or death!

With a pair of scissors, Judy Blue-Eyes cuts open the front of his shirt as Med Tech Mac glances back from the driver's seat.

MAC  
First time on a live one?

JUDY  
Actually, it's my first time on a dying one!

As Judy Blue-Eyes sets the automatic timer on the wind up machine, she spreads some jell on the stainless steel side of the electric paddles, and expertly places the instrument to the Inmate's chest.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
 INMATE NUMBER FOUR OR FIVE TODAY!  
 YOU ARE NOT! I REPEAT YOU ARE NOT  
 DYING ON MY WATCH! HEAR ME? YOU'RE  
 NOT DYING ON MY WATCH!

A loud zap snaps across the inside of the ambulance as the portable heart monitor starts beeping again, followed by the Inmate snapping awake and screaming.

DROGA  
 Hell's going on?

Med Tech Mac floors the military emergency vehicle, and it races toward a three story building.

MAC  
 U-we-wam-bats! Judy Blue-Eye's perfect  
 record's still intact!

EXT./INT. ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL - DAY

Med Tech Mac drives the ambulance up to the hospital to witness dozens of EMERGENCY ROOM DOCTORS, HOSPITAL TECHNICIANS, and HOSPITAL NURSES triage the wounded Inmates and guards from the penitentiary.

Med Tech Mac stops the ambulance and sets its break as Judy Blue-Eyes straddles her patient administering CPR (cardiac pulmonary resuscitation).

Med Tech Mac bolts from the National Guard ambulance and hustles to the back of the truck. He then swings open the back gate.

MAC  
 NEED SOME HELP HERE! WE'VE LOST HIM  
 TWICE!

Several male nurses and a TRIAGE DOCTOR run up to the ambulance and help Med Tech Mac remove the litter with Droga lying face up. Judy Blue-Eyes kneels on top of him administering CPR.

TRIAGE DOCTOR  
 Airway and head wound patients first.

Med Tech Mac, the male nurses, and the triage doctor pull out Droga with Judy Blue-Eyes continuing to give him CPR.

MAC  
 He qualifies as both. Judy Blue-Eyes  
 cleared his airway of pills and glass.

The Triage Doctor deftly examines the Inmate.

JUDY

And a heart patient brought back by  
defibrillator.

TRIAGE DOCTOR

Alright, your patient goes ahead of  
my four.

Judy Blue-Eyes vigorously pumps his chest with her fists as  
a massive medical effort unfolding before her eyes.

More doctors and nurses run up to several dozen Inmate  
patients sprawled over litters and gurneys across the parking  
lot area and attend to their ailments.

Surrealistically, a Huey lands to the far side of the parking  
lot with two patients lying in its cargo bay.

At the edge of the EM Tarmac, a male nurse holds down a  
screaming Inmate with blood-soaked clothes and bandages tied  
around his eyes as he writhes in agony.

With M-16s a squad of National Guardsmen stands security  
over a half dozen prisoners with various wounds.

A third triage doctor and several more nurses pull a gurney  
into the ER area with a wounded guard cut to shreds and  
yelling at the top of his lungs.

Judy Blue-Eyes notices several guards leaning against the  
entrance to the ER with blackened faces.

As Med Tech Mac and the male nurses carry Droga with Judy  
Blue-Eyes continuing to administer CPR, DOCTOR #2 steps from  
the emergency room.

DOCTOR #2

Right this way.

Med Tech Mac and several ER nurses set the litter on an  
operating table as Judy Blue-Eyes continues to give Droga  
CPR.

JUDY

We need to get him stabilized and  
soon, or he'll crash all the way.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - DAY

Governor Sam stops pacing, turns, and looks at the news media  
surround Dueñas as he walks from the front of the prison to  
the trailer.

GOVERNOR SAM

The news media are gall darn locust,  
locust licking their chops sensing a  
(MORE)

GOVERNOR SAM (CONT'D)  
 juicy green leafy valley full of  
 delicious vegetables. Those gall  
 darn pesky news folks devour it, and  
 strip, strip their victim's flesh to  
 the bare bones. Gall darn news locust.

Through a window in the trailer, a state policeman escorts  
 Dueñas to the trailer and taps on the flimsy metal door.

NIETO  
 It's Eduardo Dueñas with the inmates'  
 surrender terms.

GOVERNOR SAM  
 It's about tarnation time. Time we  
 get this "monkey throwing his feces  
 at us through the caged bars" show  
 on the gall tar ... tarnation road.

Dueñas enters the trailer as Governor Sam extends his hand  
 to the prison advocate who reluctantly shakes it.

DUEÑAS  
 Governor, I think I have some  
 encouraging news.

GOVERNOR SAM  
 And, it's about time, time for some  
 good news. Now what are the inmates  
 asking for?

DUEÑAS  
 Has every guard been transported to  
 the hospital in Santa Fe?

Governor Sam glances at Warden Nieto.

NIETO  
 Each guard has been accounted for.

GOVERNOR SAM  
 Sounds good to me.

Warden Nieto flicks his head at Dueñas.

NIETO  
 Dueñas, where do we stand with the  
 prisoners?

DUEÑAS  
 It's pretty simple governor.

GOVERNOR SAM  
 Son, nothing, nothing here's been  
 simple.

DUEÑAS

Governor, the inmates don't want the facility stormed by the police. They want to surrender to your National Guardsmen.

GOVERNOR SAM

We can live with that, can't we?

In agreement Warden Nieto and General Hembra nod their head one time.

GENERAL HEMBRA

Unless aggressive action occurs, no inmate will be shot. One steps out of line, I shoot him, myself.

Dueñas hardly acknowledges General Hembra's assurance.

DUEÑAS

Next, the inmates don't want the state to retaliate against them. And the two leaders of the Anglo Convicts want to be transported to another correctional system, out of state.

Again, Governor Sam glances over to Warden Nieto who motions in the affirmative with his eyes.

GOVERNOR SAM

Reasonable! Reasonable! I think I can guarantee that.

DUEÑAS

Finally, the inmates don't want to be prosecuted for what they call the righteous elimination of the snitch system.

GOVERNOR SAM

I'm a little confused here. You mean no prosecution for the murder of other inmates, or what? Or let me see ... the righteous elimination of the snitch system? A snitch system! Ain't that illegal? We don't have that going in the, in the prison here, do we Warden Nieto?

Warden Nieto places his fingers on the stubble growth of his chin avoiding eye contact with Dueñas.

NIETO

Not to my knowledge, sir.

Under his breath Dueñas ticks his tongue one time in protest to Warden Nieto's lie.

DUEÑAS

Maybe not today, but your bureaucratic  
lies will keep this crisis from  
ending.

NIETO

Now see here, you filthy little ex-  
con ...

DUEÑAS

Governor, I need a bit more time.

The Governor holds his hand up to silence Warden Nieto.

GOVERNOR SAM

Son, you take whatever time you need.  
Take the time. And then let me know  
when my boys can take over the prison.

Dueñas stands up, turns, and steps from the trailer. The  
Governor turns to the window facing the penitentiary and  
watches the Inmate's advocate walk up to the front gate.

EXT. CAÑYON ROAD HACIENDA - DAY

Candle steps from a 1979 Toyota pickup with a camper shell.

HISTORICAL CAÑYON ROAD, SANTA Fe NEW MEXICO

With black smoke smudges on his sandy blond hair, face, and  
clothes, Candle walks up to the portal of the pink adobe  
hacienda and yells.

CANDLE

Grandma, can you come out here?

An elegant five-foot tall silver-hair Anglo woman, GRANDMA,  
hangs up the phone, rushes to the front door, and steps onto  
the brick portal floor.

GRANDMA

Chris, we heard on TV that you went  
inside. Your mother has been calling  
me every hour worried beyond grief.

As Grandma approaches Candle, she stops short.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

Gracious Chris, you smell like ...

CANDLE

Feces, urine, and rotted blood!

GRANDMA

You mean?

Candle respectfully answers through his worn hallow blue eyes.

CANDLE

It's human crap and piss, Grandma.

GRANDMA

You're not coming in my antique shop filthy that way. Some of your old clothes and shoes are still here. Throw your clothes in the trash behind the wall over there, and I'll bring out some towels. Was it as bad as it looked on TV?

Candle starts to shed his clothes. He briefly pauses for a moment to inspect the blood caked over his Army combat boots.

CANDLE

Worse! Much worse! I need an hour's shower, then a day's sleep.

INT. ADMINISTRATION AREA - DAY

As whiffs of smoke filter through the administration area, Dueñas approaches the front door and steps inside.

XAVIÉR

What the hell do you mean, there may is no immunity for crimes committed against Las rats?

Brutipo pulls out a shank and violently stabs a wooden table several times in succession.

BRUTIPO

Now we have nothing, nothing to bargain with now that the guards are free. And those journalist pussies have split.

Xaviér remains emotionless.

DUEÑAS

You know a lot of people in the real world support this riot you started? But it's time to cut your losses and move on.

Brutipo flashes another shank in Dueñas's eyes.

BRUTIPO

Cut my losses? I know how to cut my losses.

(flashes his shank)

With this, esé!

DUEÑAS

You are a pretty scary hombre Damn it Brutipo, place yourself in the man's shoes. He sees all hell bust loose, men mutilated, and he's going to hold everyone harmless?

BRUTIPO

No one has walked in our shoes, and no one, including you, knows what it's been like in the hole.

Xaviér steps between them as his eyes look worn.

XAVIÉR

Easy hombre. You cut Holmes here, and we waste all our chances for a clean break.

BRUTIPO

Clean? Nothing's or nobody's going to be clean again.

XAVIÉR

Tell me, Brutipo, how can I fight mi primo Eddie, here?

For a brief moment Brutipo eyes Xaviér, backs away from Dueñas and throws his shank across the room to the SOUND OF THE TODDLER yelling for his mother.

EXT. SANTA FE HOUSE - DAY

From a window Judy Blue-Eyes's Toddler cries for his mother as she trudges to her house in some snow.

TODDLER

Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!

JUDY

There's my baby. Golly, I missed my baby boy.

Her military fatigues appear stained with blood, vomit, and soot as her husband walks from the house holding the Toddler.

HUSBAND

We were so worried. Are you doing okay?

Judy Blue-Eyes nods in the affirmative as she receives a hug from her Husband. The toddler puts his fingers to his nose.

TODDLER

Mommy smells bad.

HUSBAND

Son, Mommy's been working quite hard;  
so don't ...

JUDY

Everything's going to be fine honey.  
After Mommy takes a bath she'll smell  
good again. Can you set the trashcan  
out here so I can throw these fatigues  
away?

The Husband nods his head and tightly holds Judy Blue-Eyes  
while the Toddler fidgets.

HUSBAND

Of course dear, and I'll fix you  
some breakfast.

Water forms in Judy Blue-Eyes's eye. Her face swells and  
tears runs down her cheekbones as she blankly stares straight  
ahead. The Husband looks at her with a high degree of concern.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

What is it dear?

JUDY

I think I'm going to need some, some  
help processing what I just went  
through.

INT. CAÑYON ROAD HACIENDA (CANDLE'S APARTMENT/PRISON/BEDROOM) -  
NIGHT TO DAY

As Candle's eyelids flutter during REM sleep, a smile creeps  
at the corners of his mouth that starts to drool.

Candle gently touches the swelling breast of the Girlfriend  
as he kisses the nape of her neck.

As his mouth meets her wet lips, she places her tongue against  
his.

With his hand, he caresses her face.

Candle touches the Girlfriend's face, and his mind's eye  
transitions to the black and white monitor from his video  
camera on the protruding eye hanging from the socket of a  
dead inmate.

Candle focuses closer-and-closer on the mutilated eyeball  
with his lower jaw beginning to uncontrollably shake.

CANDLE (O.S.)

Ohhhhh, my God! MY GOD! NOOOOOOOOO!

Candle lowers the video camera from his right shoulder as he  
peers down a sea of mutilated bodies in Cellblock Four.

In his nightmare, Candle screams as loudly as he can.

GRANDMA (O.S.)  
Chris! Chris wake up!

Grandma wakes Candle up from his bad dream as he bolts up on top of the bed and rolls in a corner shaking and screaming.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)  
You're having a bad dream.

CANDLE  
Huh? What the hell?

GRANDMA  
Chris, you have a phone call.  
Something about the network needs  
footage of inmates being transported  
out of state.

CANDLE  
Inmates? Other states?

GRANDMA  
I guess every photographer was busy  
with other prison stories and  
interviews; so they need everyone.

Candle shakes off the perspiration from his body as the sounds of PROTESTERS SWELL.

CANDLE  
Tell them I'll be right there.

INMATE RELATIVES (V.O.)  
(distantly)  
WE DEMAND GOVERNOR SAM! WE DEMAND  
GOVERNOR SAM! GOVERNOR SAM! GOVERNOR  
SAM! WE DEMAND GOVERNOR! [Cont. Chant]

EXT. PRISON - DAY

On the outside highway, National Guardsmen and State Policemen form a barrier line in front of the main facility.

INMATE RELATIVES  
WE DEMAND GOVERNOR SAM! GOVERNOR  
SAM! WE DEMAND GOVERNOR SAM! GOVERNOR  
SAM! WE DEMAND GOVERNOR SAM! [Cont.]

Dozens of Inmate Relatives stand on the outside of the main entrance to the road aggressively flashing protest signs that read, *NO MORE ATTICA, INMATES ARE PEOPLE TOO, FREE THE POLITICAL PRISONERS, LA RAZA UNIDA POR PRISIONEROS, SHAME ON THE CORRECTIONAL SYSTEM, GOVERNOR SAM KILLED MY SON, MURDERERS, ASESINOS PENITENCIARÔA, VIVA PENITENTES, GOVERNOR SAM KILLED MY BROTHER, NO JUSTICE - NO REPERCUSSIONS.*

INMATE RELATIVES (CONT'D)  
 WE DEMAND GOVERNOR SAM! GOVERNOR  
 SAM! WE DEMAND GOVERNOR SAM! GOVERNOR  
 SAM! WE DEMAND GOVERNOR SAM!

Mamita carries the sign, *MY SON IS A HUMAN BEING - TREAT HIM AS ONE*, as she also chants.

MAMITA  
 WE DEMAND GOVERNOR SAM! GOVERNOR  
 SAM! WE DEMAND GOVERNOR SAM! GOVERNOR  
 SAM! WE DEMAND GOVERNOR SAM!

Chicklets holds Pablo's hand and spies Candle taking pictures of the protest on the other rim of the perimeter.

CHICKLETS  
 Mr. TV man, do you remember me?

Candle lowers his TK-76 camera.

CANDLE  
 You're one of the inmate's wives?

CHICKLETS  
 (slightly nods)  
 Have you been inside?

CANDLE  
 Yes, I went in last night.

With concern Chicklets's face draws tightly, as she looks back at the National Guardsmen and State Policemen.

CHICKLETS  
 The officials keep us in the dark.  
 Do you know if my husband Xaviér  
 Fierro is alive?

CANDLE  
 Xaviér Fierro? Yes, Xaviér Fierro  
 was one of the leaders who escorted  
 me through the South Wing.

Chicklets lowers her eyes, tightens her grip on Pablo, and gives the sign of the cross.

CHICKLETS  
 Thank you God.

State Police Peachfuzz steps up Candle and Chicklets.

STATE POLICE PEACHFUZZ  
 I've been ordered to escort the news  
 personnel to the main gate.

CANDLE

Good luck Mrs. Fierro.

After Candle walks off with State Police Peachfuzz, he turns to see Chicklets holding Pablo's hand with a helpless look on her face.

INT. PRISON ADMINISTRATION AREA - DAY

Dueñas looks from the administration's shattered doors to see General Hembra and a squad of soldiers, with loaded and locked M-16s, line up in formation.

DUEÑAS

You brothers ready to give up this fight?

Brutipo unties the black bandanna from around his neck and drops it and the shank on the charred floor.

BRUTIPO

Unless you know of another way out of here?

Brutipo then pulls another four shivs from his pockets and belt and drops them on the floor.

Dueñas motions for the National Guard to enter into the administration area.

Xaviér and Brutipo turn around and place their hands behind their backs as a National Guardsman places handcuffs on the prisoners wrists.

Dueñas resignedly shakes his head at Xaviér.

DUEÑAS

Xaviér, what type of man is your son going to be when he reaches your age? One more messed up Chicano kid with an attitude problem? Don't our people have enough angry young men?

Dueñas looks straight ahead as the National Guardsmen guide the prisoners from the Administration area.

XAVIÉR

Si, and I was one of them.

EXT. PENITENTIARY - DAY

Through concertina wire fence, Reporters and Photographers barrage Xaviér and Brutipo with a flurry of questions as several National Guardsmen lead them to a row of military trucks.

## REPORTERS &amp; PHOTOGRAPHERS

What was it like in there? How many men were murdered? Who started the riot? Where do you inmates come from? What are your names? Do you know where you're going?

With his broadcast video equipment, Candle steps through as Xavier flicks his head at the TV photographer.

## XAVIER

Candelario, where have you been esé?

## CANDLE

Xavier Fierro, how many guard's lives did you save?

The National Guardsmen temporarily pause with Xavier as others move Brutipo to a row of military trucks.

## XAVIER

Can I? I don't know how many lives I helped save, but I pray for them and the inmate's families.

## CANDLE

Xavier, what do you want to see happen inside the joint?

## XAVIER

(briefly pauses)

In lock-down, time cheats your life.

Xavier's face temporarily darkens from a passing cloud.

## XAVIER (CONT'D)

And not one asshole in the real world cares if we live or die. I think we forced the outside to know that we are for real. Beside that? What I want to see happen in here is for me not to be in here.

Candle adjusts the focusing ring on his lens.

## CANDLE

Thanks, man.

## XAVIER

Your vatos hear me loud! Hear me loud and clear! Not me in here!

The National Guardsman again escort Xavier to an Army transport truck. Candle focuses in on the Inmate being pursued by more questions from the media.

CANDLE (V.O.)

It would take several days to put out the fires that some say have never been extinguished.

The National Guard loads several more Inmates into military trucks as Xaviér and Brutipo wait their turn to see Wolfgan and Cheese Head also being escorted in shackles.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Years later, I would see Xaviér incarcerated back in this same penitentiary where I would shoot follow-up news stories.

Xaviér turns back one last time to watch Candle videotape his departure as the Chicano Inmate flicks his head.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I heard Xaviér temporarily got paroled for his roll in helping save the lives of several guards. Later, we did a news story that he returned to prison for another stick-up job for killing a police officer.

Xaviér shuffles along with the other prisoners - FREEZE FRAME.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Xaviér Fierro had just turned thirty. Several decades later the inmate negotiator would be transferred to an out-of-state prison where he died of hepatitis C.

Candle turns his camera to the sally port area where more National Guardsmen load a stack of black body bags onto a military transport truck.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

As for the New Mexico State Prison riot, what more can you say about thirty-three inmates savagely murdered in one of the worst prison riots in the United States.

Candle then turns and shoots Xaviér who peers out from the flaps of the Army truck.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

However rumors remain that as many as fifty or more men may have been killed because the facility muster records of new inmates were burned.

Candle briefly glances over to the burned shell of a gymnasium.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And the gymnasium? The extensive incineration of body parts was never completely identified.

The Army truck with the Inmates lurches forward and pulls away from the prison facility with several state police sedans.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Some trials were threatened, but no inmate served hard time for the death and destruction at the 1980 New Mexico prison riot.

A new shift of guards enters the front of the prison.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But miraculously, and true to Xaviér's word — not one guard taken hostage lost his life during the riot. And every inmate that the medical people treated and transported to the local hospitals also survived.

The new SHIFT COMMANDER #2 points to the facility as a squad of new Prison Guards stands at attention.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But none of the Correction Officers who were taken hostage ever returned to work at the State Penitentiary.

The YOUNG GUARD pays careful attention to the instructions.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The hostage guards were not well cared for by the system, but eventually won a class action lawsuit from the manufacturer of the supposedly *unbreakable plate glass window* reportedly protecting the control center. However, Correction officers remained underpaid and the penitentiary understaffed.

Governor Sam and his Wife take a step toward the smoldering administration area and then stand motionless.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Governor Sam actually brought his wife up to see the devastation.

Arm-in-arm, Governor Sam and his Wife turn and walk back to a waiting state police sedan.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
They started to enter the death hole,  
but decided that was not a good idea,  
turned around, and left.

The entire prison smolders from the dozens of fires as Henry lowers his head, turns around, and walk to a government sedan.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The legislators did get off their  
collective asses and allocated not  
one but two new facilities that would  
be built on the south side of the  
prison.

As Henry drives off, a half dozen dump trucks and a bulldozer on a flat bed truck pull up to the prison.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But there were rumors of kickbacks  
from prison construction contracts.

Candle lowers his mini cam and looks over to Dueñas standing by himself on the outer side of the razor wire and blankly staring at the burning facility.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The prison advocate, Eduardo Dueñas,  
became successful in his lawsuit for  
prison reform which vastly improved  
the way the system treats its inmates,  
and had a positive effect that changed  
the nation's incarceration treatment.

Smoke swirls around Candle's position that grows smaller while the prison grows larger.

CANDLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
However, more overcrowded conditions  
have led to serious incarceration  
problems, which still exist today.

FREEZE FRAME the entire New Mexico State Penitentiary enshrouded in smoke.

FADE OUT: