

PRISON INC.
"PILOT"
by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. HM PRISON - NIGHT

Torrential rain engulfs the prison grounds - it's ferocity shrouding the lights from within the prison and its perimeter lights. Lightning flashes in the sky above.

FADE TO:

INT. PRISON MEDICAL BUILDNG - SAME NIGHT.

Two gurneys stand near each other - what appears to be a large body covered by a white sheet on one.

On the other, half covered by a similar sheet is JOSEPH WEST, 46. A black man, bearded with short, neat hair. His face is damaged. One eye is swollen shut, a deep gash above has been stitched closed - his bottom lip is split and swollen.

His chest rises and falls, he appears to be asleep. The rain continues to hammer down, deafening.

His good eye opens and he turns his head toward the sheet covered body. He smiles.

He sits up slowly, touches his swollen eye, feeling the stitches above and winces in pain.

He stands, little unstable on his feet. He's fully dressed in prison issue clothing. Dark patches of blood stain his shirt. Lightning flashes brightly, and he sees his reflection in a mirror momentarily startled.

He moves towards the sheet covered body. A loud clang fills the room as he's stopped abruptly in his tracks. He crouches behind his bed, holds his breath and waits.

A minute passes, he takes a deep breath, and stands. He looks at his hand, it's handcuffed to the bed's secure railing. He's angry at his oversight.

His free hand disappears beneath the thin mattress and works two fingers into a slit cut into it. He pulls his hand out holding a set of keys.

He frees himself. His hand is black and blue and he winces in pain when he flexes his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He struggles to remove his shirt, finally dropping it onto the bed.

He pulls the sheet from the body, revealing the body of a dead prison guard, eyes open staring into nothing.

WEST
(whispering)
Fuck you!

He starts to unbutton the dead man's shirt.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BELMERE MEDICAL BUILDNG - MOMENTS LATER

West stares at his reflection in the mirror, dressed in the dead guards uniform which is baggy on him. He tightens the belt and tucks the trouser bottoms into the boots.

We see the back of the guard's shirt, numerous bloodied holes dot its back.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BELMERE MEDICAL BUILDNG - JANITOR'S CUPBOARD -
MOMENTS LATER

Using a step ladder he reaches into the paneled ceiling and pulls out a rucksack hidden inside and swings it onto his back, the bloodied holes now hidden.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BELMERE MEDICAL BUILDNG - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The guard's ID clipped to his pocket and cap pulled low, he walks rapidly, slowing as he nears a guard's station.

Head down he walks past, raising a hand in greeting. The guard barely notices, his attention elsewhere.

He speeds up and descend a metal stairwell. The crashing thunder and hammering rain masking his footsteps.

He reaches a door armed with a sensor and keypad. The words "LAUNDRY - AUTHORISED ACCESS ONLY" are painted onto it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He swipes the ID card over the sensor, the words "ENTER CODE" flash onto the screen.

He enters a 4 digit code and the door unlocks with a loud click, he enters the laundry.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BELMERE MEDICAL BUILDNG - LAUNDRY - CONTINUOUS

He heads to a pile of detergent barrels stacked against a fence.

He examines the barrel labels, stopping at one with the letters "JW" printed onto it. Smiling he removes the lid.

He places an oxygen mask onto his face from a cylinder inside the rucksack and turns it on.

He rolls the barrel to a gate in the fence with a warning "RESTRICTED AREA - AUTHROSIED PERSONS ONLY". He smiles and reaches his hand into the back of his trousers.

He pulls his hand out gripping a condom between his fingers - a key inside.

He removes the key, slides it into the lock and turns it.

It doesn't turn. Sweat beads his forehead, dripping into his eyes. He tries again, straining with effort.

The sudden sound of a large metallic door opening fills the air.

The sound of the door is replaced by the sound of a truck reversing inside, it's reverse lights illuminating the dark.

The truck stops. Silence, then the sound of voices.

Fluorescent lights flicker on in the delivery area. West's side of the fence is still in darkness, he's still invisible.

MAN 1

What's that?

The bright beam of a flashlight follows the voice, West by inches.

He drops, rolls behind the barrel, catching his injured hand beneath him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He bites down onto his injured lip to stop himself from screaming out releasing a fresh stream of blood.

MAN 2

What? What's what?

MAN 1

There? I think I saw something?

Another beam joins the first. Lights scan back and forth across the barrels.

West pulls his knees to his chest, holds his breath, he's sweating. He looks at the key.

JOSEPH WEST

(whispering, angry)

Bishop you bastard!

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

GRAPHIC: TWO DAYS AGO

INT. BELMERE PRISON - PAROLE HEARING ROOM - MORNING

GREGORY BISHOP, 47, sits at a table in a bleak room. He's sketching.

He has dark, almost black eyes, Handsome. Unshaved with a thick head of dark hair. He's dressed in clean, well pressed prison issue clothing.

Three empty chairs face him on the other side of the table, two prison guards stands with their back against the wall behind him. There's only a single unbarred window in the room.

The room is silent except for the ticking of a clock and the scrape of pencil on paper.

There's a knock, Bishop pauses sketching. A guard opens the door and three people enter, two men and a woman, the parole board hearing members.

The woman takes the middle seat. She's tall, skinny, dressed in a dark grey pantsuit. Her dark black hair is tied up into a tight bun. She's pale with sharp cheekbones, her lips blood red against her skin.

She drops a thick file with a thud and sits.

Bishop lifts his gaze and looks at the file, seeing his name stenciled on it. He return to his sketching.

The two men take their seats alongside the woman. Both impeccably groomed in tailored suits. Both tall, one is bald, the other with slicked back blonde hair. They all stare at Bishop.

The clock and Bishop's pencil scratching onto the paper the only sound. The woman looks at the bald man and nods.

PAROLE MAN 1

Mr Bishop. We're here today as representatives of the court to determine your eligibility for parole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bishop is still focused on his drawing.

PAROLE MAN 1

Let the record state that this is your second parole eligibility hearing since your conviction in 2016.

The bald man shuffles through some pages.

PAROLE MAN 1

Let it also show that have been found guilty and have been convicted of 4172 counts of securities fraud, 287 counts of money laundering, over 16,000 counts of document forgery, 4 counts of tax evasion, 3 counts of defeating the ends of justice, 2 counts of manslaughter and...

Bishop interrupts.

BISHOP

The lesser known lyrics of the 12 Days of Christmas...

He smiles, straightens up and sings loudly.

BISHOP

And a partridge in a pear tree!

All three stare blankly at him but he continues to sketch.

PAROLE MAN 2

Mr Bishop, your contempt is on record.

The man with the slicked back hair makes a note on the file.

Bishop places the pencil next to the legal pad, aligning them at perfect angles to each other and raises his gaze to the three, a serious look on his face.

BISHOP

I already know what it says in your file about me and in yours...

Pointing to the woman and man with slicked back hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP

I want to know what it says in yours!

He rests his chin on his hands, staring at the bald man, and gestures with his eyes to the file with "PSYCH FILE" in bold print on it, his name scrawled beneath.

The man opens the file, Bishop glimpses the papers inside and the highlighted words "uncooperative", "brilliant mind", "eidetic memory", "charming", "sociopath", "no remorse" and "rehabilitation unlikely".

Bishop shakes his head and starts to sketch again.

The bald man lifts a page from the file to read.

PAROLE MAN 1

Mr Bishop, according to the psychiatric report from Dr Aronson...

BISHOP

(interrupting)

I am still a sociopath!

PAROLE MAN 1

Dr Aronson has stated that you are still displaying sociopathic tendencies and the likelihood of rehabilitation is minimal.

(beat)

Remorse being the issue.

He looks at Bishop.

PAROLE MAN 1

So do you Mr Bishop?

BISHOP

Do I what?

PAROLE MAN 1

Feel any remorse...at all?

Bishop grins an evil grin.

BISHOP

Do you?

PAROLE MAN 1

What? Do I what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BISHOP
Do you feel remorse?

The man glances at his two colleagues. Confused.

PAROLE MAN 1
What should I have remorse for?

BISHOP
(long pause)
For cheating on your wife of
course.

The bald man's mouth drops open.

BISHOP
So?

PAROLE MAN 1
Cheating? On my wife? You don't
know me Bishop!

BISHOP
That's Mr Bishop.

PAROLE MAN 1
(shouting)
How dare you accuse me of
something like that?

Bishop is enjoying himself.

BISHOP
You sound upset.
(beat)
I dare because...of all the
evidence.

PAROLE WOMAN
Mr Bishop, please, this is not the
place.

Bishop shifts his gaze to her.

BISHOP
This is a place of
judgement...it's the perfect
place.

All three parole members sit open mouthed. The room
silent except for the ticking clock, which seems
strangely loud. Even the guards seem uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BISHOP

Shall I begin?

Bishop rubs his hands together gleefully, like a naughty child.

BISHOP

You've been married for a number of years, but from the moment you sat down you've not stopped playing with your wedding ring. Not in a nervous way, more like a 'what's this' kind of way, like it just doesn't belong. And the reason it doesn't fit quite so snugly anymore is because you've stopped stuffing your face with your wife's cooking. It's been a while since you've eaten her roast chicken and those heavenly desserts? And instead of picking up an extra helping of Yorkshire puds you've picked up a brand new gym membership.

(beat)

Now, statistically, happily married men gain weight in marriage. They don't feel the need to recapture their glory days, that Greek statue physique a thing of the past. And they're comfortable with that.

Bishop takes a sip of the woman's water.

BISHOP

You've heard the saying, 'as happy as a pig in shit'. You however, are on a mission to return to those glory days, because you are definitely cutting a slimmer, trimmer figure. Bravo.

Bishop applauds.

BISHOP

Now let's add the brand new, very, stylish £200 haircut and the straight out of a Hollywood movie smile. Those pearly whites are definitely a lot whiter than the last time you smiled at me from across that table two years ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

The slick haired man starts sweating.

PAROLE MAN 1

Uh, Mr Bishop, we're here for your hearing, not mine!

He dabs at the sweat on his upper lip with a handkerchief and sips nervously from a glass of water. His hand is trembling and he spills water onto his files.

BISHOP

But, I haven't even gotten to the most 'daringly judgmental' part yet.

Bishop sits back and clicks his neck.

BISHOP

When you sat down this morning, the unmistakable smell of Hugo Boss was hard to ignore. It followed you in here like your shadow. Some friendly advice though, Hugo Boss does not mix well with Nivea body wash.

Bishop sniffs the air theatrically.

BISHOP

Smell, it's such a powerful memory tool. So when I smelt your really unpleasant Hugo Boss/Nivea combo, a memory came flooding back to me...

(beat)

Of you.

Bishop points accusingly at the other man whose face reddens immediately

BISHOP

It wouldn't take a Sherlock Holmes, or even the most amateur sleuth to deduce that this is either a coincidence or that the two of you have started scrubbing each others backs in the shower!

Bishop folds his arms behind his head. Satisfied. The bald man is angry.

PAROLE MAN 1

(shouting)

This is insanity!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Bishop savours this moment briefly and then leans towards the three parole board members and lowers his voice as he speaks. Even the guards edge forward to hear.

BISHOP

You think I'm insane?

Bishop points at the man's tie.

BISHOP

You're wearing the exact same tie he wore the last time you sat there 'judging' me...But you thought you could fool everyone, by having a 'decoy' sit between you.

The woman grins and glances at the two men on either side of her.

BISHOP

You'll say it's a common tie and you can buy it at any clothing store and that is very true...

(beat)

But gentlemen, what is not so 'common' is the EXACT SAME Windsor knot!

Bishop mimes fastening a tie.

BISHOP

That perfectly pinched in knot to create that aristocratic V-shape...and exactly 14 stripes from just below the knot to the bottom of the tie...that's not insanity, that's impressive!

Bishop waits, allowing the tension to build.

BISHOP

Let me explain how I did it...The mind holds onto every bit of information the senses take in. For me though, I have the ability to access every single bit of this information at any time I desire.

(beat)

That tie belongs to you sir.

Bishop points at the slick haired man again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

BISHOP

You leant your tie to your
'friend' this morning, maybe after
a fun game of 'naked wrestling'.

Bishop stands and gives an exaggerated theatrical bow and then sits down quickly.

The bald man glares at Bishop, angry. The slick haired man stares down at his paperwork

BISHOP

So, let me put the question to you
again sir, do you feel remorse?

Bishop slides his chair back and stands. The guards alert have their hands on their batons.

Bishop tears a single page off the legal pad and places it upside down in front of the woman. All three still sit in stunned silence.

BISHOP

I could've shown remorse, I
could've put on a show, a big song
and dance to show you how 'sorry'
I am, but you walked in here with
your minds already made up and
your decision made.

Bishop turns towards the guards, holding his hands out.

BISHOP

It's time for me to leave, I'm
done here.

(beat)

They're serving my favourite
pudding today.

The guards handcuff Bishop's wrists.

The woman turns the paper over, looks at the sketch and smirks.

PAROLE WOMAN

Mr Bishop, this looks nothing like
me.

She holds the sketch up. It's a pencil sketch drawing of a very attractive woman, but it's not her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

The inmate entrance door opens and a female guard steps in. The sketch is of her.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON MESS HALL - LUNCHTIME

The prison mess hall is a hive of activity and noise.

Guards are stationed around the mess hall keeping a vigilant eye on the inmates.

Bishop sits alone at one of the smaller dining tables, eating a pudding, enjoying every mouthful. There's an unopened second tub on the tray in front of him.

He looks up sensing someone approach.

A tall black man weaves his way amongst the tables. He has a neat, full beard and a neatly trimmed afro style haircut. He could be mistaken for Idris Elba. JOSEPH WEST, fellow inmate, the prison's "go to guy to get stuff" guy and Bishop's only friend.

JOSEPH WEST

Bishop.

West sits down and watches Bishop finish off his pudding.

JOSEPH WEST

(laughing)

You and that damn pudding mate!

Bishop cleans off the spoon, then traces his finger across the foil lid of the tub, removing the final remnants of pudding and licks his finger clean.

BISHOP

I've never understood people who don't clean the bottom of the foil lid and just throw it away.

(beat)

Bloody uncultured barbarians.

Bishop folds the spotless foil lid into a neat, small square and drops it into the empty tub.

Joseph scans the mess hall and deftly slides a packet of cigarettes in front of Bishop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BISHOP

Is that what I'm worth now? One measly pack of fags?

Bishop opens the pack and sees a metallic spoon and a metal file inside.

JOSEPH WEST

Will that work?

BISHOP

Depends if you have something else for me my friend.

West glances around, pulls out a package from his lower back wrapped in brown packaging paper and tied with a piece of string.

Bishop takes it and opens it. It's a collection of expensive art pencils. He holds one up, admiring it.

BISHOP

The Caran d'Ache Graphite Line pencil...beautiful!

JOSEPH WEST

I know nothing about pencils, except those are bloody expensive.

(beat)

I could've got you about twenty buckets of those yellow pencils with the rubber bit on the end for the price of those twelve. You wanted those, you got them.

Bishop closes the package and slips against his lower back under his shirt. He grabs the unopened pudding and digs in, staring at the heaped spoon.

JOSEPH WEST

Damn. I gotta find a woman that looks at me like you look at that pudding.

Bishop smiles over another large spoonful.

JOSEPH WEST

(whispering)

I owe you a lot more than some damn pencils, you sure you don't want to come with me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP

Appreciate the offer my friend,
but you're on your own. There was
only ever going to be room for
one.

JOSEPH WEST

(whispering)

You saved my life, that means
something, I owe you.

BISHOP

Technically we're even, you did
keep me alive in here when I first
got here. Now I don't need you
anymore...away with you!

JOSEPH WEST

I can come up with a plan B, you,
me...I can make it work.

BISHOP

Plan B? But you've just perfected
your plan A. You're so close now,
it's not worth the risk. You're
ready, other than this one final
thing I have to do for you of
course.

Bishop taps the cigarette pack in his top pocket.

BISHOP

When I walk out this place I'm
going to walk right out the front
doors. The warden and his guards
wishing me a 'bon voyage'.

JOSEPH WEST

Do you think you'll be able to
survive in here without me?

BISHOP

Of course. They love me in here.

West stares at Bishop and then looks around the mess hall
again.

JOSEPH WEST

That's not love, you're confused
about that. You're just not a
threat to them, so they tolerate
you.

West leans in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOSEPH WEST

(whispering)

Some advice; rein in that mouth and attitude a bit. You don't want a sharp blade shoved between your ribs before I'm even 10 miles away.

Bishop grins.

BISHOP

Oh hush! On a lighter note...is it all sun, cocktails and gorgeous ladies in bikini's where you're headed?

JOSEPH WEST

The less you know the better.

(beat)

There's going to be collateral damage, people will get hurt, but I'm prepared to take these risks to get out of here.

BISHOP

Well then you shouldn't have involved me.

JOSEPH WEST

(voice slightly raised)

You weren't supposed to be involved, nobody was.

(lowers voice)

It's just that you and that brain of yours figured out what I was up to within days of arriving here.

West glances around nervously around the room but nobody pays them any attention.

JOSEPH WEST

(whispering)

You had me figured out like I was some kind of puzzle.

BISHOP

I've never really fancied puzzles...they've never posed much of a challenge.

Bishop finishes his pudding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JOSEPH WEST

(whispering)

Are you sure you can duplicate the key?

Bishop acts shocked, scoops the final bit of pudding into his mouth still staring at West.

JOSEPH WEST

It's not that I don't trust you, I just have to be sure. You've only seen the original once, and even with your 'photographic memory' how can you be so confident?

Bishop exaggerates his shocked expression.

BISHOP

Photographic memory? Joe, Joe, Joe...what am I, some cheap polaroid camera?

Bishop laughs and taps the side of his head.

BISHOP

My friend, no matter what it is, once it's in here, it's here forever.

Bishop stands and returns his tray.

BISHOP

You'll have your key.

(beat)

Now, my soon to be traveling friend, I've got a doctor's appointment.

Bishop bows and leaves.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON PSYCHIATRIST WAITING ROOM - LATER

Bishop stands outside the door of the prison psychiatrist's office. 'DR R.M. ARONSON' is stenciled onto the door in large black letters.

He knocks. A female voice answers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Come in!

Bishop pauses briefly, confused, pushes the door open and steps inside.

INT. PRISON PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A woman stands behind a desk. He only sees her from behind. She has brown hair neatly tied into a ponytail. She's not tall, but not short either. She wears a grey skirt that reached her knees and a long sleeved white blouse.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Mr Bishop, take a seat, I'll be with you momentarily.

BISHOP

Thanks, but I'll wait for Dr Aronson if you don't mind?

Bishop stares at the woman. She continues to keep her back to him.

BISHOP

Are you Dr Aronson's PA or intern?

She turns. ELIZABETH PARSONS, doctor, prison psychiatrist. She's in her 30's with dark brown hair and piercing green eyes. She has flawless skin. Her blouse is buttoned all the way to her throat. She's very attractive, but makes an attempt to make herself less so by dressing conservatively with a basic hairstyle and very little makeup.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

You're in the right place Mr Bishop and I'm the right person in the right place. Please...sit.

Bishop glimpses a box behind her. She was unpacking her possessions onto the shelves behind her.

He sits down in a thick leather armchair.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

You're a little bit early, so if you don't mind giving me a minute, I'll be right with you.

She turns her back and he watches as she hangs a framed certificate onto the wall behind her desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's a University Degree from Oxford. It says "Doctorate of Psychiatry", "Oxford University" and "Dr Elizabeth Parsons".

She checks its straight, turns and sits down.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Thank for your patience Mr Bishop,
I'm Dr El...

Bishop interrupts.

BISHOP

Dr Elizabeth Parsons...Doctorate
in Psychiatry...Oxford University.
Honours.

She smiles and glances over her shoulder.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Good, you can read...you can call
me Dr Parsons, Doc or even
Elizabeth, whatever makes you feel
more comfortable Mr Bishop. Can I
call you Gregory?

BISHOP

Mr Bishop...and to be honest, even
though you're much easier on the
eye, I'd prefer to be calling the
person sitting opposite me Dr
Aronson. Do you happen to know
where he's vanished to?

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Let's just say that Dr Aronson is
pursuing other career
opportunities.

BISHOP

I'm beginning to understand.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Understand what?

BISHOP

The perfectly timed hanging of
your degree from Oxford
University, the titles of the
books you've so neatly placed into
the bookshelf. All choreographed
perfectly to help you establish
your position of authority.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Elizabeth reaches for a notepad and pen.

BISHOP

Dr Aronson did pretty much the same thing when we first met 5 years ago. Is this part of your training Dr, is there a "how to hang your degree to impress your patients 101" class at Oxford these days?

Bishop chuckles. Elizabeth jots down notes.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Anything else Gregory? Or can we begin?

BISHOP

It's Mr Bishop.
(mumbling to himself)
I really thought that Dr Aronson and I were making progress, getting somewhere.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Speak up please Mr Bishop?

BISHOP

Just thinking out loud really.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Looking at his notes and listening to the session recordings Dr Aronson made it seems that you'd been making further headway into his head than he was into yours.

She glances at a large collection of files and a stack of CD's.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

How does this sudden and unexpected change of doctors make you feel?

BISHOP

Nobody likes change.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Would you like a drink, water or a proper cup of coffee.

She gestures to the side table and a brand new Nespresso coffee machine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BISHOP

No. Thanks. But I would like to ask you one question if you don't mind?

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Please do.

He stares at her over his hands, elbows resting on her desk.

BISHOP

Where did they find you? Was there a Groupon offer on Psychiatrists with Doctorates from Oxford this week?

(beat)

The salary as a prison shrink is not great, so how can they afford someone with your spectacular qualifications...or perhaps there's something else going on?

ELIZABETH PARSONS

This has clearly turned into some kind pissing match for you. It's textbook really. Needing to prove your mental superiority.

(chuckles)

It's the equivalent of a tiny little dog lifting its leg against a tree to mark its territory.

(beat)

Remember, it's you, not me, sitting in the 'patient' chair.

BISHOP

I've got it! You've pissed someone important off, that's why you're here.

(pause)

Or the other possible theory is you've been a naughty girl and flirted with the law. Maybe a DUI or some kind of herbal 'meds' in your possession?

He stares at her certificate, she squirms uncomfortably in her chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ELIZABETH PARSONS

(voice raised)

You really believe you have some god-like power don't you, trying to be all 'Sherlock Holmes' with your deductions?

He ignores her.

BISHOP

And instead of revoking your license and throwing that prestigious qualification onto the trash heap they sent you here.

(beat)

You're here to atone for your sins...tell me I'm right?

She sips from a bottle of water. Her hand trembles slightly.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Do you find solace within that mind of yours? Does it give you comfort, a sense of security believing nobody can penetrate its walls.

(beat)

You lure people into that maze of a mind because you can only triumph in your world. At the end of the day you're really just insecure, afraid of the real world. You peek at it from behind those walls, but those walls aren't as strong as you think and could come crumbling down at any moment.

Bishop smiles and applauds.

BISHOP

Bravo Dr Parsons, bravo! Lovely speech

ELIZABETH PARSONS

You truly are a sociopath. You do know what that means don't you?

BISHOP

Of course...it means I get the expensive meds. Yummy!

Elizabeth laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ELIZABETH PARSONS

You couldn't be more wrong.

(long pause)

It means you need me Mr Bishop. As long as that word 'sociopath' remains on your file, you'll never, ever leave this place.

Bishop stares at her.

BISHOP

(mocking)

Ohhhh! Dramatic.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

If you died behind these walls, do you honestly think that anyone would care?

(beat)

Do you think anyone would miss you? I can tell you right now that if you did, a good few people would be popping champagne corks at the news.

Bishop wipes away fake tears.

BISHOP

(fake sobbing)

Wow, you're mean.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

I can see you're angry, because you were so close with Dr Aronson. So close to having him remove that word 'sociopath' from your file. But now you've got to start from the beginning again and I have your playbook.

She looks at the stack of files and CD's.

BISHOP

I have nothing but time.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

I want to work with you Mr Bishop, I really do. If you decide you can work with me, I can help you walk out of here...right out of the front doors!

Bishop sits upright.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BISHOP

The "front doors" you say?

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Yes. But you have to trust me.

Bishop stands.

BISHOP

We'll see.

(beat)

Got to run, it's almost time for
my weekly tennis match at the
club.

He looks at a non-existent watch and walks out.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

(shouting)

Right out the front doors Mr
Bishop!

The door clicks shut.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. PRISON YARD - LATER

Bishop sits on top of a table watching the inmates in the prison yard with amusement.

He sees Joseph West across the yard and waves him over.

West approaches, stopping on occasion to chat with inmates and unseen by the guards, hand over whatever an inmate might've ordered from him. Bishop sees it all.

West climbs onto the table next to Bishop.

BISHOP

This never gets old. It really is like a scene from a hack prison movie.

JOSEPH WEST

They gotta get their ideas from somewhere don't they...it's not hack if it's true.

BISHOP

Look at that...old guys playing cards, the Muslim guys all sitting around listening intently to their muslim leader, the gym bunnies lifting their bodyweight, the sporty types playing full contact football on the field and of course the 'lady-boys', you couldn't get more cliched if you tried.

Both men stare around the yard and see all the groups Bishop mentioned.

JOSEPH WEST

Everyone's got to find their tribe I guess.

(beat)

Couple of new fish too!

West glances in the direction of some inmates by themselves, no discernible identity.

BISHOP

You know anything about them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSEPH WEST

Mate, I'm prison Google, Siri and Wikipedia all rolled into one...I know everything about everything.

West glances in the direction of a middle aged man, balding, sitting against small brick wall reading a book, keeping to himself.

JOSEPH WEST

See that one there, the middle aged guy, with the big bald patch. Dr Michael Sherman, renowned Harley Street plastic surgeon. Geezer got a little bit too generous with his prescription pad. 10 years! There's gonna be loads of disappointed soccer moms when they can't get their Adderall refill. The older guy, hippy haircut, staring at a chessboard. Lawyer. Quite high powered defence lawyer. Bit of a substance abuse problem. Got himself 20 years for killing someone with his car while under the influence...as well as some questionable stuff on his laptop.

The man was tall and lanky, his back like a crooked question mark bent over the chessboard. His ponytail dancing in the breeze.

JOSEPH WEST

And last but certainly not least.

West points to a younger man standing against a wall, eyes closed, enjoying the sunshine. He has blonde hair down to his shoulder, that is combed back onto his head. He's also pale, as though he's never seen the sun before.

BISHOP

And who's that?

JOSEPH WEST

That is the famous Hacking Harvey Yearwood.

BISHOP

Ah. That clever computer kid.

JOSEPH WEST

Clever? I wouldn't call him clever mate, he's a fucking genius,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOSEPH WEST (CONT'D)

(pausing, admiring)

He could've done anything, but nope, he decides living in his mums basement, hacking into some dark government bank accounts and helping himself to a few quid was the way to go...the fuckers wanted to nail this kid and man did they...he got twenty-five years to life.

Both men watch HARVEY YEARWOOD.

BISHOP

The new face of crime.

JOSEPH WEST

The old school gangsters would've had a field day with these kids!

BISHOP

The new poster boys for the penal system - this month a hacker.

West laughs.

JOSEPH WEST

The mobsters would've been shaking in their prison issue boots.

The sky starts to darken. Thick clouds start to build.

BISHOP

But, some old school types still manage to find their way inside don't they Joseph? I mean sometimes it's one of those that drive half way across the country to empty a six-shooter into one of their best friends, it's not all lawyers and computer geeks.

West knows he is talking about him.

JOSEPH WEST

Or corporate CEO's responsible for the largest theft of money ever, with zero regard for human life causing financial and emotional ruin for thousands of victims.

BISHOP

So you saw my little TV appearance did you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOSEPH WEST

(laughing)

It was on right after Bake Off.

BISHOP

To be clear, I only took their money...their happiness and their lives, they took that themselves.

Both men laugh. Clouds continue to build. The yard gets darker.

They focus on the football match. It's rough and tumble, with pushing and shoving. Blows are thrown. It's no friendly game.

Guards break up two fights and threaten to end the game.

JOSEPH WEST

A fiver says there'll be two more bust ups before the hacks stop the game?

West waves a crisp £5 note.

BISHOP

A wager, interesting...I say one more bit of fisticuffs and it'll be done.

He pulls a crumpled £5 note from a sock.

West sees movement over Bishop's shoulder his eyes widen.

Two massive prison guards walk into the yard.

The shorter man is head prison guard, GORDON MCALLISTER. He is white, mid-40's, 6'4" and built like he was carved from granite. He is bald with a long, dark black beard. He has a bull neck and his arms bulge in his uniform shirt. He has dark blue eyes and his nose crooked from too many fights to count. He's ex-SAS. An intimidating man.

The second man stands about 2 inches taller than Mcallister. LINCOLN GREEN, 34, a black man, bald with a neat, trimmed beard. His neck is nonexistent and his hands massive and when curled into fists resemble Thor's hammer. If Mcallister is carved from granite then Lincoln is carved from the mountain the granite was extracted from.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JOSEPH WEST

What the fuck is he doing back here?

Bishop turns.

BISHOP

Who? Mcallister?

JOSEPH WEST

Lincoln. That murdering fuck.

(beat)

That guy kills the brother of one of the inmates...with his bare hands. He beats the kid to death, and then just strolls back in here like nothing happened.

Play stops on the football pitch. A tall lanky black man, with a large afro, shirtless stands ahead of all the players, eyes fixed on Lincoln. ALEXANDER RICHARDS, 27. Richards is a London street gang leader. Along with his brother, ARCHIE RICHARDS, 19, they were sentenced to twenty years in prison for armed robbery.

BISHOP

I heard something about that...please enlighten me.

JOSEPH WEST

Lincoln beat that young lad to death with his bare hands.

(beat)

He claimed 'self defence' and was justified. Says he caught the kid in the kitchen stores helping himself to some stuff and that Archie attacked him and it was while defending himself that he died.

Richards moves off the pitch towards Lincoln who sees him and smiles.

JOSEPH WEST

The only problem...Archie was 5'6" and weighed less than one of Lincoln's legs. The investigation obviously believed his bullshit, because here he is.

Richards speeds up. Fellow gang members restrain him. He tries to shrug them off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Lincoln still smiles.

Bishop sees a shank in Richards's hand. Nobody else has seen it.

JOSEPH WEST

Apparently Lincoln has a thing for young, small, black men, so when Archie refused his attempts and threatened to report him, things took a nasty turn.

Richards is escorted off the pitch and away from the guard. Lincoln spits and walks off.

JOSEPH WEST

Looks like it's game over. Nobody wins.

He slips his £5 note back into his shirt pocket and Bishops returns his to his sock.

JOSEPH WEST

Heads up mate. Mcallister.

Bishop looks over his shoulder and sees the head guard approach with his trademark long striding steps.

Bishops jumps up and stands at attention, snapping off a salute.

BISHOP

How can I be of service Mr Mcallister?

Unimpressed, Mcallister glares at him.

MCALLISTER

Warden wants to see you Bishop. Now!

Mcallister turns and strides off.

BISHOP

If I'm not back, farewell my friend, tell everyone I loved them. I've left you my microwave and porn collection.

Bishop turns and sprints off after the fast striding head guard.

FADE TO:

INT. PRISON ADMIN BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop follows Mcallister along the tiled hallway of the prison admin building.

The prison admin team and guards are going about their daily tasks.

As Mcallister approaches any guard within his vicinity snaps quickly to attention. He ignores them and strides on.

Bishop has some fun and fires off sharp quick salutes to the guards at attention and tells them to "carry on".

Bishop takes in everything going on around him.

Admin staff typing passwords into computers to login. Documents open on desks with guard rotations and inmate duties printed on them. Bishop sees all, storing it all in his steel trap of a mind.

They reach the outer room to the warden's office.

MCALLISTER

Good afternoon Mrs Brown. Guard
Mcallister here with inmate Bishop
to see the warden.

Mcallister stands at attention.

Mrs Ethel Brown, 62, is the warden's long serving secretary. She has worn, weathered features, like old stonework. She wears half moon spectacles which she peers over when speaking to people and her voice is coarse and gravelly. Her stony face and gravelly voice earned her the nickname "The Gargoyle".

MRS BROWN

I know who you are Gordon.

She glares at Bishop over the top of her spectacles and waves towards the warden's office door.

MRS BROWN

Go ahead. He's waiting.

Mcallister snaps to attention and knocks. Three loud, sharp knocks just below the warden's name in bold black lettering - "WARDEN J.T. CUMMINS".

Mcallister opens the door and steps through, his huge frame blocking the entrance. Bishop stuck behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCALLISTER

Warden, I have inmate Bishop as requested.

Bishop tries to peer around the large body but with no success. Mcallister moves aside and ushers Bishop in.

The warden stands behind his desk, his back to them, staring out a large window into the darkening sky.

WARDEN J.T. CUMMINS is almost 60. He is tall and rake thin with pitch black hair he combs into a slick side path. He has sharp features, razor sharp grey eyes and a nose like a hawk. A serious man. He is perfectly dressed in a tailored suit.

Mcallister snaps off a salute, turns and leaves Bishop in the office with the warden. The door clicks shut.

BISHOP

Good afternoon Warden. It's been a while.

Bishop examines the office. It's large with a thick plush carpet that deadens any footsteps. Dark thick wood paneling covers the walls and a gigantic mahogany bookshelf stands against a wall, stacked with thick leather bound books.

On the wall opposite are framed photos. Photos of the warden with famous celebrities, sports people and politicians.

A photo of the warden on his fishing boat, holding a massive fish up for a photo. The boat's name "AQUA SUE" on the lifebuoy next to the warden.

The other photos are of the warden and his family, his wife and 17 year old daughter.

An almost empty decanter of whiskey stands open on the giant yellow wood desk, an empty whiskey tumbler alongside, melting ice causing condensation to gather on the desk's surface, leaving a horrible water ring.

Bishop steps to the desk and the armchair in front of it.

There's an ashtray on the window ledge next to the warden, it's filled with cigarette butts and ash, some old, some new. Bishop wrinkles his nose at the smell.

He sits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP

Warden, if this isn't a good time,
we can always reschedule...my
diary is quite open these days.

Even though the warden stands as still as a statue, his fingers of his right hand tap against the outside of his thigh nervously.

The hairs on Bishop's back stand up.

BISHOP

Have you had a stroke warden? I
can ask Mrs Brown to call an
ambulance.

The warden spins around without warning.

His face pale. Eyes puffy and red with dark rings. His hair is unkempt and strands normally plastered tightly to his head dangle loosely onto his forehead.

His top shirt button is undone, his shirt wrinkled and his tie loose. Dark sweat patches stain his armpits.

He has a gun in his hand, an automatic GLOCK 9MM and it's aimed directly at Bishop.

The warden's hand is unsteady, his finger trembles inches from the trigger.

The warden pulls the trigger.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. PRISON WARDEN'S OFFICE. - CONTINUOUS

There's only a loud click. A misfire.

Bishop jumps up, knocking the chair over. It makes no noise on the soft plush carpeting.

He backs up against the bookshelf and scans the room, looking for something.

The warden stares at the gun, turning it over in his hand. He slides back the mechanism, there's no bullet inside.

He shakes his head, frustrated and pulls the slide back twice more, ejecting a single bullet. The bullet bounces on the table and rolls off, landing next to the overturned chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bishop knows the warden won't make the same mistake again and starts moving from side to side.

BISHOP

(scared)

Warden! What the hell are you doing?

The warden ignores Bishop and lifts the gun, aiming at a now moving target.

BISHOP

Please sir...can we talk about this? You don't have to do this!

CUMMINS

(shouting)

SHUT UP Bishop! Shut that damned mouth of yours.

Bishop crouches and ducks, moving side to side. The warden tries to focus as sweat drips into his eyes. He swings the gun back and forth.

BISHOP

(pleading)

Whatever this is...we can work it out!

CUMMINS

There's nothing to work out. It's simple, you must die, and you must die now.

Bishop scans the room and sees a framed photo, it's the warden in an embrace with his wife and daughter.

BISHOP

Your family. Your wife. Your daughter. Think of them.

CUMMINS

(shouting)

I am thinking of them. That's why I'm doing this...they have my daughter!

Bishop stops moving. The gun is aimed directly at him.

BISHOP

Who has your daughter?

CUMMINS

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP

But why me? What has this got to do with me?

CUMMINS

They took her to get to you...people that you obviously fucked over, people that you hurt, and now they're hurting me...they're hurting my family.

(long pause)

You're a selfish fucking psychopath with no remorse, you reap what you sow Bishop.

The warden's face reddens, his bloodshot eyes bulging in his skull.

BISHOP

Whatever you're thinking warden, this isn't the answer, there must be another way.

The warden is crying. Sobbing.

CUMMINS

There is no other way. They're going to kill my Lizzie if I don't kill you. Now shut up and die.

The warden raises the gun again, gripping it in both hands. It's steadier now.

BISHOP

(calm, lower voice)

Please, warden, think for a moment, think, why me?

CUMMINS

Why you? My god man, how can someone like you, who apparently has such a "brilliant mind" be so fucking clueless.

(beat)

Maybe, just maybe there's a few people out there that would love to extract some revenge for what you've done to them, you think that might be possible Mr super brain?

BISHOP

But why involve you? Why not an inmate or a guard?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Cummins wipes sweat out his eyes, lowering the gun momentarily.

BISHOP

I'll get her back! I'll get your daughter back for you warden.

CUMMINS

(laughing)

You'll say anything to try and stop the inevitable.

BISHOP

(reasoning)

I can. And I will. I know these people warden.

The warden lowers the gun some more.

CUMMINS

What do you mean you know these people?

BISHOP

Warden, please give me a chance to explain. All I ask is you lower that gun, it's really difficult to form two coherent thoughts let alone a sentence with that cannon aimed at me.

The warden smirks and raises the gun, aiming it directly at Bishop's chest.

CUMMINS

If you're going to change my mind Bishop, then you're going to have to do it like this.

BISHOP

Fair enough.

(beat)

If you say that these people that took your daughter and want you to kill me, are people I've done something to, then I'll know them. If I've dealt with them or met them, even briefly, they'll be in here...

Bishop taps the side of his head.

He lifts the knocked over chair back up and sits down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BISHOP

If they're in here, I can get to them and that means I can get your daughter back. That I promise you.

(beat)

You'd be a fool to not consider another option of getting your daughter back, an option that doesn't include shedding blood and based on where you're now pointing that gun, a lot of very valuable brain matter.

More of Cummins's hair has come loose. He has a crazed, deranged look about him.

BISHOP

Look you don't want to end up in here with the likes of us do you?

(beat)

Say you kill me and you get your daughter back, you'll only ever be able to see her again through bullet-proof security glass during visiting hours once a week, is that something you want?

CUMMINS

She'll be alive, that's all that matters, besides, I'll say you attacked me, it'll be self-defence.

Bishop holds his breath. The warden takes a seat and rests the gun on the desk.

BISHOP

Let me try, give me this chance to get her back and if I can't get it done...well...you know where I live.

The warden empties the decanter into the glass and swallows it neat.

His hand still grips the gun.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON WARDEN'S OFFICE. - CONTINUOUS

Thunder rumbles and bright flashes of lighting brighten up the darkening sky outside the window.

Both men sit in silence.

The gun is on the table. The warden has pulled out a brand new bottle of bourbon from his desk drawer and refills his glass. He swallows more than half in one sip.

CUMMINS

Apologies for not offering you one.

Bishop keeps one eye on the warden, the other on the gun.

The warden takes a photo from his jacket pocket, stares at it for a moment, tears well in his eyes. He slides the photo to Bishop.

It's a photo of ELIZABETH 'LIZZIE' CUMMINS, the warden's daughter. She's 17 with long blonde hair and blue eyes. She's dressed in jeans and a sweater. She's barefoot. Her hair ruffled, untidy. She looks tired, possibly drugged.

Bishop focusses on the photo. She's holding a newspaper showing the date. He analyses every detail in the photo.

He looks up and smiles.

BISHOP

Warden, these people that have taken your daughter are nothing more than thugs...and not even very smart thugs.

CUMMINS

How could you possibly know that from this picture?

BISHOP

May I?

Bishop points to the warden's laptop and without waiting for a response pulls it towards himself. He starts to type.

BISHOP

Firstly these thugs wouldn't keep Lizzie anywhere near to where they abducted her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BISHOP (CONT'D)

They'd take her somewhere they knew, somewhere they were comfortable, their own home ground.

(beat)

And the newspaper, you see the paper, it's not a major tabloid, it's a local community paper and the paper is leading with a hit and run story. They have her somewhere in or very near to where that hit and run took place.

He turns the laptop screen around to the warden. It's open on a Google search page with the same "hit & run" story.

BISHOP

As I said, she's where the hit and run took place, or somewhere very close by and that means she's not far from us...

(beat)

Now, let me continue.

He picks the photo up and points to the wall behind Lizzie.

BISHOP

The wall, the one just off to the right of your daughter, that's a very special kind of wall. That's the exterior wall of a very expensive, temperature controlled basement wine cellar.

The warden looks at the photo. Bishop moves his finger to another part of the photo.

BISHOP

And that small box attached to the wall, partially obscured by your daughter's body...the one with the glowing numbers being displayed on it, that's the wine cellar's thermostat.

CUMMINS

How could you possibly know this Bishop? That could be any wall, anywhere.

Bishop sits back and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP

I know this sir, because I've been
inside that very wine cellar.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT WINE CELLAR - 2003

Bishop, impeccably dressed in a bespoke three piece suit
steps into a chilled wine cellar.

It's filled floor to ceiling with an expensive collection
of fine wines and champagnes.

BISHOP

Mr Lobov, this is very impressive
if I have to say so myself.

Bishop pulls one of the bottle from the rack and examines
the label.

BISHOP

I thought I was a wine snob but
you sir put me to shame.

MIKHAIL LOBOV, 65, Russian and former senior KGB agent,
now a dealer of all kinds of things, a Russian mafia
boss. He is short and stocky, overweight. His hair is cut
into a brush cut. He has large red cheeks and his nose is
horribly misshapen. He's dressed in matching Nike
sweatshirt and pants. A thick gold necklace hangs between
his man boobs and a chunky gold Rolex submariner watch
hangs loosely from his wrist.

He slaps Bishop on the back and he almost drops the
bottle.

LOBOV

Mr Bishop, your advice has once
again proven to be extremely
valuable.

His English is perfect, his Russian accent thick.

LOBOV

You may keep that one if you like.

BISHOP

A 1995 Chateau Marguax, you are
far too kind Mr Lobov. I promise
you it will be enjoyed with a
lovely piece of Wagyu beef, medium
rare.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Russian grabs the bottle without warning.

LOBOV

No, I change my mind, we drink it
now, to celebrate! You can take
another when you leave.

He hands the bottle to his bodyguard. A tall man, spiky
blonde hair, also dressed in a matching tracksuit. He
reminds Bishop of Ivan Drago from Rocky.

The bodyguard opens the wine and fills two delicate
crystal red wine glasses and places them onto a small
table.

LOBOV

We let the wine breathe, so we can
first finish our business...then
we drink. Yes?

BISHOP

As you wish Mr Lobov.

LOBOV

Call me Mikki.

Lobov snaps his fingers and his bodyguard rushes off,
returning seconds later with a read leather briefcase.
The old Soviet Union Hammer and Sickles emblazoned onto
it.

Lobov taps the old symbol.

LOBOV

(laughing)
From my days in the glorious KGB!

The bodyguard opens the case. Inside are hundreds of
thousands of British Pound in neatly stacked notes.

LOBOV

Satisfied?

BISHOP

Very.

LOBOV

Good! Now we drink.

He passes a glass to Bishop and takes one himself.

LOBOV

Vashe zdorovyie...cheers...to your
health Mr Bishop!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They clink glasses and Lobov drains his glass in one go.
Bishop sips his slowly.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. PRISON WARDEN'S OFFICE. PRESENT DAY - CONTINUOUS

The thunder continues to rumble in the distance.

Bishop is staring past the warden and out the window.

CUMMINS

Bishop, if you know who has my
daughter, tell me! Why are you
just sitting there with that far
out look on your face...you've
been like that for almost 3
minutes now?

BISHOP

Apologies, just accessing some of
the finer details sir.

(beat)

And to answer your question, yes I
do know where she is, but just
because I know doesn't make it any
easier.

CUMMINS

Tell me who the fuck has my
daughter.

The warden grabs the gun.

BISHOP

His name is Mikhail Lobov. A
Russian mob boss, head of a crime
syndicate, ex-KGB, now living
right here in good old Blighty.

CUMMINS

(shouting)

Russians have my daughter? Russian
fucking Gangsters?

His hand trembles. His face red.

BISHOP

Yes, but we have the upper
hand...because they don't know we
know who they are.

The warden is angry and scared. He raises the gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUMMINS

Fuck! I don't even allow those Russian mobsters to do time in this prison, I want nothing to do with them, I'm not messing with the Russian mafia. I'm ending this now.

BISHOP

Mr Cummins, if you shoot me while I'm in this seat you're going to have a very difficult time proving self defence.

CUMMINS

Get up you bastard, get up now!

The gun shakes, the warden's finger is inches from the trigger.

BISHOP

(pleading)

Give me a chance warden, I haven't lied to you yet, give me a chance to hit them where it hurts the most.

(pause)

I can get them...and your daughter.

The warden is crying. Snot drips from his nose. His lip quivers.

CUMMINS

(voice breaking)

If you're lying to me Bishop, if this is just one of your fancy fucking cons, I'm going to put one bullet through that smart mouth of yours...

(beat)

...and another through that precious brain of yours!

The warden sighs and lowers the gun. He grabs the bourbon and takes a long sip directly from the bottle. His eyes are bloodshot. He's a desperate, scared man.

CUMMINS

Okay Bishop, tell me, how do we get my daughter back?

Bishop takes a deep cleansing breath. Relieved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP

I've had dealings with these people before. I know everything about them, Every, single, thing.

(beat)

All I need from you warden is some time and a little creative license.

The warden blows his nose and straightens his tie. He swipes at his disheveled hair, trying his best to neaten his appearance, to restore his calm.

CUMMINS

You have until 6pm tomorrow Bishop, because that's when you have to be erased from the history books. That is all the time you're getting.

Bishop nods his head yes, accepting his fate.

The warden pulls out a pad and a pen.

CUMMINS

What do you need from me Bishop?

A loud crack of thunder rattles the windows and lightning flashes.

The clock on the warden's office wall flashes 15:30.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BISHOP'S PRISON CELL - LATER

Bishop sits on his single bed. He stares at his trembling hands.

His cell is a small single person's cell. On the walls are sketches that Bishop has drawn. A small bookshelf stands against one of the walls, fully stacked. A small microwave stands on top of the bookshelf alongside a mug with a fork, spoon and toothbrush sticking out.

A small metallic toilet/sink combo fills one corner. A smooth, polished sheet of metal above the sink is the cell's mirror.

West arrives at Bishop's cell door, unnoticed.

WEST

Bishop!

Bishop is startled.

WEST

You okay mate?

(beat)

You seem a little on edge? Rough meeting with the warden?

Bishop is silent. West walks in and perches himself on the edge of the toilet seat.

WEST

You want to talk about it?

Bishop sits for a full minute staring at the sketches.

He turns to West and tells him everything.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BISHOP'S PRISON CELL - MOMENTS LATER

West's mouth hangs open, shocked at Bishop's story.

WEST

What the fuck you gonna do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BISHOP

You said you wanted to repay me
didn't you?

Bishop stands, takes a book from his bookshelf and flips
through the pages absentmindedly.

WEST

You change your mind?
(beat)
You want to come with me now?

BISHOP

Did you forget what I just told
you?
(pause)
I've got a date at 6pm tomorrow
with our dear warden, his gun and
a bullet!

WEST

What about you, do you remember
saying something about 'walking
out the front door'?
(beat)
Something about never wanting to
have to look over your shoulder,
never wanting to be on the run?

Bishop returns the book and sits back on his bed.

BISHOP

I'm weighing up the options here
my friend...On the one hand I can
look over my shoulder for the rest
of my life.
(beat)
Or I can end up in the morgue with
a Y incision on my chest and a
bullet hole in my forehead.

Bishop raises and lowers his hands, mimicking a scale
weighing up his options.

BISHOP

I'm sure you can guess which
option I'm going to go with?

WEST

I'm not sure man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP

Not sure about what? The choice of either a bullet in my head and brains decorating the wall and plush carpet of the wardens office...or living?

West shakes his head.

WEST

It just doesn't feel right.

BISHOP

Doesn't feel right, what doesn't feel right, me coming with you now, is that what doesn't feel right?

(beat)

Earlier today you were practically begging me to join you, saying I'd have no chance in here without you if I didn't come with, and now you're saying me coming with you 'doesn't feel right'?

Bishop is angry. His hands are balled into tight fists.

WEST

I'm not saying I don't want you to come with. I'm still serious about that offer, but right now man, if you go, they'll execute that girl.

BISHOP

So it's me or her, is that what you're saying?

(beat)

Because I know what option I'm choosing.

West points at Bishop accusingly.

WEST

Be honest with yourself man, the only reason that girl is in the position she's in right now is because of the fucked up shit you did!

Bishop shrugs.

BISHOP

That's the way the cookie crumbles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

West is disappointed and angry.

WEST

You might not have a conscience
man but I do.

(beat)

I already have one girl's face in
my dreams every night when I close
my eyes. A girl who's life I
changed when I killed her father.

West turns and looks at his reflection in the polished
metal mirror.

WEST

The look on her face, sitting in
the courtroom when the details of
what I did to her dad were
repeated over and over again, her
brown eyes staring into my soul
every single day...I see her every
single day.

(long pause)

I don't need the face of another
girl visiting me in my dreams the
moment my eyes close because I
helped you do that to her.

He faces Bishop.

WEST

This girl's face will be for you
and for you alone.

BISHOP

Joe...

WEST

No man, you told the warden you'd
help get her back.

(beat)

I'm sorry...I'm not going to help
you.

West walks out Bishop's cell.

BISHOP

Stop! Wait.

West stops.

WEST

You're not going to change my mind
Bishop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BISHOP

I know, I know.

(beat)

You win. I'll help get her back,
I'll keep my promise.

(beat)

But I'll need your help!

West is confused.

BISHOP

You are the man that get things
aren't you?

WEST

You know I can get pretty much
anything...but not even I can get
her back.

(beat)

You're going to need an army to
get this done.

Bishop lays back on his bed smiling.

BISHOP

You're absolutely right my friend.
I'll need my own private
army...and I know just where to
find it.

He closes his eyes. He's still smiling.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. BISHOP'S PRISON CELL - THE NEXT DAY

Bishop is wide awake. He looks at his watch. It's 5am.

He can hear the sound of a guard doing the rounds, waking up inmates with early morning duties.

He stands at his cell door.

BISHOP

Guard Fredericks, good morning!

Guard FREDERICKS is startled at Bishop's appearance.

FREDERICKS

Bishop! What the fuck do you think
you're doing?

(beat)

Move back from those bars.

Bishop complies immediately.

BISHOP

Apologies sir. I need to see Dr
Parsons. It's urgent.

Fredericks glares at Bishop. He speaks into his radio.

FREDERICKS

Control. Inmate Bishop needs to
see the shrink. He says it's
urgent. Need confirmation.

Fredericks's radio crackles into life and a voice tells him that he can take Bishop to the prison psychiatrist.

FREDERICKS

Open Bishop's cell.

His cell door unlocks and swings open with a clang.

FREDERICKS

Okay Bishop. Get showered and I'll
be back in 10mins to escort you.

(beat)

10mins...don't make me wait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BISHOP

Yes sir. Thanks you.

Bishop rushes off to the showers, fresh clothes tucked under his arm.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. PRISON PSYCHIATRIST WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop sits in a hard plastic chair in the prison psychiatrist's waiting room.

FREDERICKS

Okay Bishop. The Dr is not in yet, so you're going to wait here like a good boy. I've got duties to perform.

BISHOP

Absolutely guard Fredericks. I won't budge from this spot. Thank you.

Fredericks leaves Bishop alone in the waiting room.

He looks at his watch again. It's 5:55am.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. PRISON PSYCHIATRIST WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop sits upright as the door into the waiting room is unlocked and Dr Parsons walks in.

She's wearing a smart grey pant suit. Her hair is pulled back into the same ponytail. She's wearing glasses. Again she has very minimal makeup on.

Her satchel is slung over her shoulder, a takeaway cup of Costa Coffee in one hand and her staff ID card in the other.

She hasn't noticed Bishop.

BISHOP

Good morning doc.

He startles her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Bishop. Mr Bishop...good morning.
You're here bright and early.
Isn't our appointment at 3pm?

BISHOP

It is, but something has come up
and I thought the early bird
catches the doctor.

(beat)

Do you need a hand?

She's struggling to get her office keys from her bag with
both hands full.

Bishop takes her coffee cup.

She opens her office, walks in and drops everything onto
her desk.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Come in Mr Bishop. Thank you.

He places her coffee onto her desk and sits.

She takes a thick file from her satchel, placing it in
front her and sits.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Well, I'm here Mr Bishop and
you're here, so please tell me
what's on your mind.

His name is on the file.

BISHOP

(chuckling)

So you're taking me home with you
after work?

BISHOP

I was doing some deep thinking
last night Doc and I was wondering
why you're here, at this specific
prison?

(pause)

You requested to be sent here
didn't you?

ELIZABETH PARSONS

I was assigned here Mr Bishop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP

I doubt that.

(beat)

Your little certificates on the wall behind you, proudly proclaim that you specialised in Sociopathology. And right now I am the most famous sociopath on this island we call home aren't I?

ELIZABETH PARSONS

You definitely do have a reputation Mr Bishop, of that there's no doubt.

(beat)

You did manage to pull off one of the largest fraudulent schemes in the world. To do the things that you did and feel absolutely zero remorse definitely makes you the worlds most famous sociopath, but don't expect any kind of certificate from the Guinness World Records people.

She stares at him, her pen poised over a sheet of paper.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

To me this is amazing, the fact that you felt and continue to feel nothing. How could I pass up this chance to sit down with someone like you and get inside your head.

Bishop smiles.

BISHOP

I'm flattered!

(beat)

I think it's a little more than that Doc, I think that you have a theory about me don't you?

She places the pen onto the file and takes a deep breath.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Sociopaths Mr Bishop have no connection between their actions and their consequences. You believe that your actions, no matter how damaging, are justifiable, because the ends justify the means.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ELIZABETH PARSONS (CONT'D)

You believe it's your god given right to hurt anyone and everyone on your way to achieving your goal. It's not that you don't have a conscience it's that your conscience is broken.

(beat)

You're correct, I do have a theory about you.

She sips her coffee.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

I don't believe the conscience is attached to the mind, I believe it's attached to the soul. The mind governs our decisions based on our upbringing, the stimuli from our surroundings, all of it pre-programmed, the norms society has created for us. But there's a law that runs deeper inside each of us, a law we're born with, a law not written by man. Primal laws, we all hold onto even though we might never have been told what these laws actually are. And it's through these laws that have been hardwired into our very core that I think we can fix your conscience Mr Bishop.

BISHOP

And what is this "conscience fix" you propose?

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Regret.

BISHOP

Regret? I regret nothing.

She leans forward and stares directly into his eyes.

ELIZABETH PARSONS

Oh I believe you do Mr Bishop.

(beat)

Your son!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON LIBRARY - LATER

Bishop and West sit at a table in the library directly below a beam of warm sunlight streaming in through the room's only window.

It's not a big library, but well stocked.

Both men have books opened in front of them but are not paying them any attention.

Bishop stares at someone over West's shoulder.

WEST

Is that who I think it is?

BISHOP

If who you're thinking about is Hacking Harvey Yearwood then you'd be correct.

WEST

And why are we looking at him?

Bishop smiles.

BISHOP

He is my one-man private army my friend.

Bishop stands, book in hand, and walks to Harvey. Joseph follows.

BISHOP

Mr Yearwood.

Harvey is reading a book and isn't expecting anyone to talk to him, he's clearly startled, a little scared.

HARVEY

Yes. And you are?

BISHOP

Bishop. Gregory Bishop.

HARVEY

I know who you are.

BISHOP

And I know who you are Mr Yearwood.

(beat)

I have a proposal for you. Interested?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harvey shifts uncomfortably and looks around nervously.

HARVEY

A proposal? What kind of proposal?

Bishop smiles.

BISHOP

The kind that involves a computer
and little bit of hacking.

Harvey smiles.

HARVEY

Tell me more.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON WARDEN'S OFFICE. - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop, West and Harvey stand in front of the warden's
office door.

Guard Fredericks escorted them from the library and he
knocks on the door.

FREDERICKS

Warden Cummins, Guard Fredericks
with inmates Bishop, West and
Yearwood sir.

Fredericks ushers them inside.

All three stand at attention in front of the warden's
desk. He glares at them.

CUMMINS

Fredericks. Leave.

Fredericks obeys.

CUMMINS

(angry, voice raised)
Bishop! What the fuck are they
doing here? Do they know?

The warden points at West and Yearwood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BISHOP

Warden, you do remember I said I would require some creative license...well this is what I meant.

Bishop points to the two men on either side of him.

BISHOP

And these two fine gentlemen are part of this process.

(beat)

May I?

Bishop reaches across the desk and takes his laptop. He pulls the chair back and looks at Yearwood and gestures to the seat.

BISHOP

Harvey, please sit!

Yearwood looks at the warden, unsure but Bishop forces him into the seat.

BISHOP

It's fine...it's all fine.

Yearwood stares at the laptop. He gently glides his fingertips over its keyboard.

WEST

It's like the rekindling of a romantic relationship between lovers.

Bishop places a slip of paper onto the laptop's keyboard.

BISHOP

If you can do it, I need you to take me here.

Yearwood does not take his eyes from the laptop.

HARVEY

(chuckling)

If I can do this?

His fingers vanish into a blur over the keyboard, the computer screen fills with hackers code.

CUMMINS

Do you know what you're doing Bishop?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bishop puts his finger to his lips, shushing the warden.

Yearwood continues his hack.

HARVEY

Whoever this is Mr Bishop, they know what they're doing with their anti-hacking security. I can get you right up to the front door, but you're gonna need the key to get in.

Yearwood throws his hands up triumphantly.

The words LOGIN DETAILS and PASSWORD on the screen.

HARVEY

It's done.

(beat)

You're gonna need the key to get in, and this is one bad mother-fucker of a key code.

(beat)

It's a 16 digit password, consisting of numbers, letters, special characters...not to bore you, but if you don't have it, you're fucked.

Bishop just smiles and takes Yearwood's place - his finger hover over the keyboard.

BISHOP

A few years ago Lobov and I were having a meeting. It was just me and him, sipping on a very smooth and expensive Vodka. The Kors Vodka 24K George V Limited Edition, it was lovely. Lobov had to access his accounts and to do this he needed to login to his secure site. Trusting nobody, he insisted that I turn away when he entered these details. What he should've done was ask me to leave the room.

(beat)

So I turned away. Satisfied, he starts to enter his details. He is no 100 words per minute typist, he was more of a one finger from one hand kind.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BISHOP (CONT'D)

What he also didn't realise was that I was staring directly into a mirror, which reflected a very large, very shiny metallic vase which was situated directly behind where he sat. The vase reflected every single slow precise keystroke he made. I saw every single keystroke.

(beat)

You're wondering how on earth I could've seen the keyboard from where I was...I couldn't, but what I did see, in the mirror, was Lobov looking down at a small piece of card reading off the code. And what he didn't realise and still doesn't, is that when he reads he unconsciously says what he has just read as he presses the relevant key on his keyboard. And being able to read lips, and me being me, I memorised every single part of his code.

Bishop enters the login details and password. Yearwood stares in disbelief.

HARVEY

What if he's changed the password?

BISHOP

Oh, our friend does not like change, of that I am 100% certain.

Bishop presses enter. There's a loud beep and the words ACCESS GRANTED flash onto the screen.

HARVEY

Holy shit. It worked. We're in.

Yearwood slaps Bishop's back and raises his hand to the warden for a high five but is ignored.

BISHOP

Mr Yearwood, back to you. I need you to download everything onto this.

He passes him a USB memory stick.

CUMMINS

(shouting)

That's contraband Bishop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BISHOP
Creative license warden, creative
license.

DOWNLOAD COMPLETE flashes onto the screen and Yearwood hands the memory stick back to Bishop.

BISHOP
Joseph...it's your turn.

West sits behind the laptop and follows Bishop's instructions.

Bishop recites account numbers and passwords. West enters all the information.

BISHOP
Transfer it all! Leave nothing.

WEST
It's done.

The room is silent other than the ticking of the clock on the wall. It's almost 6pm.

BISHOP
Warden. Your phone please.

The warden hands his phone to Bishop.

We hear the call connect and the phone on the other end starts ringing.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON WARDEN'S OFFICE. - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop stands at the office window. Phone pressed to his ear.

We hear a voice say "hello".

BISHOP
Mikki. It's me...Gregory Bishop.
(beat)
It's been a while. How are you?
How's the family?

The warden, West and Yearwood watch Bishop intently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BISHOP

Me, I'm fine thank you. Alive and well in the fine care of the Warden and his team.

(beat)

And will be for the very foreseeable future.

Bishop smiles at the warden.

BISHOP

Now, I need you to pay attention. As of right now I own you and everything you value in this world.

Bishop snaps a photo of the laptop screen which shows Lobov's account, the balance zero.

Bishop sends the photo.

BISHOP

I've just sent you two lovely, clear photo's, take your time and have a look.

Bishop sits at the desk, placing his feet onto it.

BISHOP

You get them?

(beat)

Good. Now listen very carefully. The girl, you'll release her unharmed. If the warden doesn't hear from you that she's been freed and completely safe he will tell me, and then I will go to every police agency in the world with an initial and I'll send them all the files I now have in my possession.

(beat)

They'll make for some very interesting reading. Do we understand each other?

Bishop listens intently and places his feet back onto the floor.

BISHOP

Good. We have an understanding.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP (CONT'D)

I've got to run, things to do, a
life to live. Regards to the
family.

Bishop ends the call and hands the phone back to the
warden.

BISHOP

You're getting your daughter back
warden. Just as I promised.

CUMMINS

Are you sure?

Bishop smiles and ushers West and Yearwood from the
office.

BISHOP

Trust me warden. Trust me.

The clock on the warden's wall shows it's 6pm.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. WEST'S PRISON CELL. - LATER

Bishop stands and watches West fold his laundry from his cell door.

BISHOP

Now that was a pretty exciting day
now wasn't it?

West, surprised, drops a pair of socks.

Bishop steps inside, picking up the socks and drops them onto the bed. He sits.

BISHOP

It felt as though I was in the
real world again, like there
weren't any of these bars or
guards.

(beat)

Tell me it didn't feel good?

West laughs.

WEST

Truthfully it did, then again I've
never made £150 million in less
than an hour.

BISHOP

Now to my offer.

West stops folding his laundry.

WEST

Offer?

BISHOP

I need a Vice President.

WEST

A Vice President...of what, dirty
laundry?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BISHOP

Can't you see it? It's right there...in front of us, it's been staring at us for ages, but I've only just seen it.

West is confused.

BISHOP

The potential that's right here inside this prison. Our young computer genius, is only one of the wasted assets. We spoke about it before, how the face of the inmate is changing, it's no longer just thugs, gangsters and rapists, it's doctors, lawyers, bankers and mechanical engineers, all locked behind bars, their talents going to waste.

(beat)

We can harness this talent and put it to use. We can create the first and only Prison Incorporated. And Prison Inc needs a VP.

West sits.

WEST

I'm flattered, I really am, but Elvis has left the building...well almost!

BISHOP

What are you going to do when you're out there on the run, keep running, keep looking over your shoulder, sleeping with one eye open?

WEST

I've been locked up here longer than I've ever been in any single place in my life. The idea of running and stretching my legs gives me a hard-on!

(beat)

Now, do you have what I need?

West holds out his hand.

Bishop takes out a small package wrapped in a piece of cloth and holds it against his chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP

Are you sure I can't convince you
to stay?

West grabs the package.

WEST

Plans are already in motion.

He opens the package, inside a key.

West slips the key into a condom, his hand disappearing
into the back of his trousers. A look of discomfort and
the key in the condom is gone.

He offers his hand to Bishop.

WEST

Yeah, you probably don't want to
shake my hand now do you?

Both men laugh.

FADE TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD. - THE NEXT DAY

The yard is filled with its normal sights and sounds.

West steps through the gate into the yard, adjusting to
the bright sunlight.

He spots the massive guard Lincoln, smiles and starts to
walk towards him.

He sees that Alexander Richards is watching.

Lincoln sees West approach. His hands drops reflexively
to his baton.

LINCOLN

(warning)
You lost inmate?

West speeds up, still smiling. The massive guard seems to
get bigger as West gets closer.

LINCOLN

Any reason you got that stupid
grin on your face inmate?
Something funny?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

West stops a few feet away, the guard's massive body blocks out the sun.

WEST

I should ask you if you're lost
Lincoln, because I am as confused
as fuck as to why you're even
here. Can you answer that, why are
you here, you evil cunt?

Lincoln is surprised, not expecting this from an inmate.

WEST

You're just a bully with a big
stick and a position of authority.
(beat)
What you gonna do mate? Beat me to
death...like you did to Archie
Richards?

West twitches his right arm, a movement too quick for Lincoln to notice. A razor sharp prison shank drops from his sleeve into his hand.

Lincoln pulls his baton out and holds it loosely. His other hand a gigantic fist.

LINCOLN

You best step-back now inmate.
There will be no second warning.

West steps forward.

WEST

You see that...see what I did
there...I stepped forward...not
back.

Mcallister notices the confrontation between West and his guard. He also sees the inmates, led by Alexander Richards, start to approach the two men.

He speaks into his radio. Other radios crackle into life.

West suddenly launches himself at Lincoln and with a MMA style superman punch, his fist landing squarely on the guard's jaw.

Lincoln barely moves, more shocked than hurt, and the shock causes him to drop his baton.

West's hand swells immediately. It's broken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WEST

Your real trial begins right
now...a murderer tried by
murderers.

The approaching mob of inmates are almost on top of the
two of them.

LINCOLN

Step the fuck back inmates. All of
you. Now.

The mob attacks in a frenzy of punches and kicks. Lincoln
staggers back under the blows, most landing on his arms.

His baton is at his feet and he reaches down and picks it
up in one smooth motion. He starts to swing it wildly.

The crunch and thud of the baton against bodies and
skulls echoes through the yard. Inmates fall to the
ground unconscious or in pain.

Richards reaches West, the exchange a look and West
passes him the shank.

West launches himself at Lincoln, tackling the man around
his thick legs. Lincoln breaks his grip and judo style
launches West over his shoulder, smashing him onto the
dirt surface.

Lincoln drops his full bodyweight onto West, landing on
top of him in the mount position and starts to rain down
punches into West's face.

LINCOLN

You fucker!

Blood and spittle fly with each blow, but West just
smiles up at Lincoln through pulpy bloody lips.

LINCOLN

(screaming)

I am going to kill you!

Lincoln raises his giant fist, about to bring it down
when it freezes in mid-air. His eyes open wide. His mouth
drops open releasing a fine mist of blood.

The huge body goes limp and crashes onto West.

Richards stands staring down at the dead guard, a blood
stained prison shank in his hand. He drops the blade and
kicks it away. He spits at Lincoln's body and walks off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Mcallister arrives, unseen by Richards and is knocked unconscious when the head guard smashes his baton into the back of his skull.

Mcallister rushes to Lincoln, pulling his massive body up easily revealing West beneath. He rolls Lincoln's body onto its back and calls for paramedics.

WEST

Mr Mcallister...thank you. I
couldn't bre...

West is knocked out, his words cut off, the last thing he sees is Mcallister's baton and then darkness.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BELMERE MEDICAL BUILDNG - LAUNDRY - LATER

West stares at the key in his hand, hidden behind the empty barrel.

The fluorescent lights in the delivery area turn off automatically, plunging the entire area into a silent darkness.

West peers carefully over the barrel and sees he's alone again.

He takes the useless key and chucks it away.

He has one last look at the barrel and the locked gate and walks back to the door he entered from.

He looks at the sensor and keypad on his side of the wall, a mix of disappointment and anger on his face.

He swipes the ID card, the words ENTER CODE flash onto the screen.

He shakes his head in frustration, a tear falls down his cheek and enters the code.

He grabs the door's handle, waiting for the click but instead of a click an alarm starts to shriek and emergency lights start to flash.

He looks around rapidly. He tries to enter the password again but the alarm continues to scream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He drops to the floor and leans against the door, his eye filling with tears.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. DR PARSON'S FLAT - SAME TIME

Elizabeth Parson's sits on the carpet in her living room. She's surrounded by documents and photos from a thick file. Bishop's name is on the file.

An empty bottle of red wine is on a coffee table next to her.

She stares at the photos, picking one up. It's an old photo of Bishop and his son, Ashton.

She finishes her wine and collects all the notes and photos together.

She places the empty glass next to the bottle and slides the thick file back into her satchel.

She climbs onto her sofa, pulls a blanket over herself and drifts off quickly to sleep.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. BUS STATION. - SAME TIME

Warden Cummins stands next to his car in the car park of the station. He puffs on a cigarette.

A dark van stops at the far end of the car park. It's there only for a moment and then screeches off.

A lone figure stands on the side of the road. It's a girl.

The warden drops his cigarette and starts to walk towards the figure.

CUMMINS
(shouting)
Lizzie?

The figure turns and starts to run towards the warden.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE
(shouting)
Daddy!

They crash into each others arms. Both are crying.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON CHAPEL - SAME TIME

Bishop sits alone in a pew in the small prison chapel.

The only light coming from small electronic candles. He's busy sketching a picture of Dr Parsons.

He finishes the sketch, admires his work and folds it carefully into his jacket pocket.

He pulls out the bullet that had ejected from the warden's gun and the USB memory stick. He kisses the bullet and then the memory stick and returns both items to his pocket.

The sound of the prison alarm screeches suddenly and Bishop smiles to himself.

He makes the sign of the cross and walks out the chapel.

THE END