

The Rash Plan to Escape My Son From Prison

By

Taufiq Rozaini

Mohdtaufiqrozaini@gmail.com

+65 8488 7058

INT. CHANGING ROOM - DAY

RONNIE (50), stands in full prison guard uniform in front of a full length mirror. In the corner of the mirror is stuck an old and ragged film photo of himself at age 38 and MARK (24) his son when he was 9. Mark holds a large jar of jellybeans and smiles widely while piggy backing on an equally jolly Ronnie.

Ronnie is holding a cartoonishly enormous fake beard in front of himself. He repeatedly compares his face with and without the beard with confidence.

RONNIE

(acting)

Hi I'm a regular prison guard...Oh this? Yeah I grew it myself...No you must have me confused with someone else, I'm just a guard.

ROBERT

Ronnie.

He is suddenly interrupted by SILENT ROBERT (30) who peeps in from a slightly open door without a sound, thus his name. This scares Ronnie who clumsily hides the beard behind his back and turns to face Robert.

ROBERT

The new prisoners are here.

Ronnie's eyebrows rise.

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - DAY

Prisoners crowd along the fences and watch as the fresh meat alight from the bus in single file. Among them is Mark. He gets nudged by the PRISONER (40) behind him who gestures towards the prison guards in the distance.

Mark turns to see a row of stern-faced guards eyeing the new prisoners down. Sticking out like a sore thumb is Ronnie, waving sheepishly.

MARK

No.

TITLE

MATCH CUT MCU OF HIS FACE TO

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Mark looks bored and somewhat annoyed as he stands in a line of similarly bored and annoyed prisoners. Ronnie is walking to and fro, giving an orientation.

RONNIE

Lunchtime will be at 12pm sharp everyday. We'll have Prata on Mondays, that's today, and oh I think you guys will be pleasantly surprised by this: Wonton Wednesdays. It used to be Mee Siam Wednesdays but it didn't sound as nice so we moved it to Mee Siam Mondays. Did I say we had Prata on Mondays? I meant Mee Siam-

As Ronnie drones on, the same Prisoner from before leans over.

PRISONER

Will this guy shut up?

Ronnie paces his way along the row of prisoners towards Mark, still rambling.

MARK

Yeah, it's kinda like when the principal would take forever in school, ya know?

PRISONER

I never went to school.

Awkward silence. Ronnie stops in front of Mark, still rambling.

PRISONER

He know you or something?

MARK

Nope.

At the moment Mark says so Ronnie puts his hand on Mark's shoulder.

RONNIE

I'd like to pause for awhile to introduce Mark. He's my son. Now I won't have to tell you what I would do should I catch any of you treating my

son unkindly.

The prisoners snigger quietly. The Prisoner next to Mark gives a smirk to him, being called out on his lie.

RONNIE

I will not tolerate any
insubort...insub...

STANLEY (30), another guard, whispers something in his ear.

RONNIE

Forget it, don't touch my son, got it?

PRISONERS

(droning)

Yes.

Ronnie walks away from Mark.

RONNIE

Did I mention Fried Rice Fridays?

INT. CANTEEN - DAY

Mark is walking across the busy canteen in prison uniform with a lunch tray filled with various items including Wontons. Suddenly Ronnie appears by his side and places a jar of jellybeans on the tray. On the lid of the jar is a handwritten note that says "good luck on your first week in prison dear! Make some friends :) Love you <3".

RONNIE

That's from mom. Well the note is, the
jellybeans are from me, I remembered
they're your favourite.

MARK

Why, out of all the foods in the
world, would you think that I, a grown-
ass man, would choose jellybeans as
the pinnacle of all foods?

RONNIE

Well Stanley likes muffins and he's
30. And jellybeans are your favourite.

MARK

Yeah when I was, like, 9 dad.

Awkward silence.

RONNIE
Happy Wonton Wednesday!

MARK
Oh my god.

RONNIE
Can't a father talk to his son? You've been here since Monday and this is the first time I've talked to you.

MARK
(sarcastically)
Hmm I wonder why that is.

RONNIE
Huh?

Mark reaches a table filled with gruff and brutish prisoners. Some have shaved heads and all of them have tattoos all over their bodies, even their faces. Mark sits next to one of them, the same Prisoner as before, calmly.

MARK
Hey guys.

The group murmurs greetings to Mark. Ronnie looks disapprovingly.

RONNIE
(uneasy)
Oh wow! Friends!

Ronnie is clearly uncomfortable with this group. Mark ignores him.

RONNIE
Are you sure you don't wanna sit somewhere else?...The tax evaders are nice.

Ronnie gestures to a neighbouring table with some scrawny prisoners with thick glasses. They're playing some sort of card game. One of them is NERDY PRISONER (35) who forcefully lays down a card.

NERDY PRISONER
(with a lisp)
No way! The Shield of Agmar can't beat

my Lance of Choron!

Mark's table laughs.

MARK

What's wrong with us?

The laughter suddenly stops as the table realises what Ronnie is implying. Tense glares shoot at Ronnie.

RONNIE

(nervous)

Nothing.

Ronnie puts his hand on Mark's shoulder.

RONNIE

Now guys, Mark is new here. He may seem awkward and weird at first but give him a chance. I promise you'll love him.

Mark buries his head in his hands.

MARK

You're embarrassing me.

RONNIE

See? You should share your jellybeans? Or do icebreakers.

MARK

Leave!

Ronnie leaves jovially, oblivious to the awkward mood that now hangs over the table. Tense silence.

PRISONER

You wanna play never have I ever-

MARK

Shut up.

PRISONER 2

I wouldn't mind some jellybeans.

MARK

You don't understand.

PRISONER

Hey I like jellybeans. Can I have one?

PRISONER 3

Yeah jellybeans are awesome.

MARK

Do you know what it feels like to have a father that suffocates you?

PRISONER 2

Well I never had a father.

PRISONER 3

I suffocated my father.

MARK

I mean, I can't ever be myself around him and even if I am it's not like he sees me.

PRISONER

So you don't want the jellybeans?

Suddenly a hand clamps down on the jar of jellybeans. The hand belongs to TERENCE (28), a mean-looking prisoner with a shaved head who stands over Mark. He's backed up by 2 of his henchmen, HENCHMAN 1 (30) and HENCHMAN 2 (30) who look equally intimidating with their grimace. Terence tears off the note and reads it.

TERENCE

(mockingly)

Good luck on your first week in prison, make some friends, love you, heart shape.

MARK

Give it back.

TERENCE

Why? Cause you're a mommy's boy?

PRISONER 2

Actually he hates his parents.

MARK

No I don't.

TERENCE

Mark, is it? Mark, some of us around

here think it's totally unfair that you're being treated like a king while the rest of us are treated like trash.

HENCHMAN 1

Yeah trash!

TERENCE

And some of us around here think you're a huge pussy for making your father baby you.

HENCHMAN 2

Yeah! Your father!

HENCHMAN 1

(muttering)

Eh, not really the best thing to emphasise. But good effort, it takes practice.

HENCHMAN 2

(muttering)

Yeah I'm sorry it's my first time and I'm not used to his sentence structure-

TERENCE

(interrupting)

So Mark!

The henchmen's attention divert back to the conversation at hand.

TERENCE

What are you, a king or a pussy?

MARK

First of all I don't give a donkey's ass about my father so I don't care about the crap he does for me

(to the whole canteen)

that I never asked for!

Mark yells as if to reach Ronnie somewhere.

MARK

(to Terence)

I didn't want it and I definitely don't need it. And secondly, and most

surely...I'm no pussy.

Terence slams the table and leans in to Mark, pointing his finger an inch from his face.

TERENCE

So you say. Then you wouldn't mind if
I...

Terence points to the jar of jelly beans. All while maintaining intense eye contact with Mark, he slowly opens the jar, grabs a large handful of jellybeans and shoves them into his mouth in provocation. Terence struggles to chew the mouthful of jellybeans and then begins to choke. As he starts to violently cough and heave, his henchmen come to his rescue.

HENCHMAN 1

Boss are you choking?

Mark stares at Terence, unphased that he is choking to death.

HENCHMAN 2

Should we do the Heimlich?

HENCHMAN 1

The what?

Henchman 2 begins intricately demonstrating the Heimlich maneuver with hands.

HENCHMAN 2

It's a maneuver whereby you clasp your
hands like so-

HENCHMAN 1

Just do something!

Henchman 2 socks Terence in the stomach. This doesn't stop the choking and Terence keels over onto the floor while still choking.

HENCHMAN 2

Did it work?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Ronnie is sitting across a table from Stanley, a colleague who is overtly flamboyant and effeminate. They are dueling in a game of chess while also having their lunches with Ronnie

having Wontons and Stanley having muffins straight from a box of 6. Stanley is staring intently at the game.

RONNIE

So...about the extra uniform set I asked for.

STANLEY

(campy)

Your request is but a form of distraction from this duel.

RONNIE

Could you make it an S?

STANLEY

You'd look much better in an M. An S would be terrible for framing your chest. And it'll be too tight it would make you look kinda gay.

Stanley begins to touch and measure Ronnie's shoulders.

RONNIE

You're telling me about acting gay?

STANLEY

(defensive)

I have no idea what you mean.

RONNIE

Uhuh. Make it an S.

Stanley slowly moves a piece as if it's the most important move he'll ever make. Some time goes by and neither talk.

RONNIE

You know what I can't seem to wrap my head around? My son's in here. In prison. With all these criminals.

Ronnie says criminals like the word itself is vulgar.

STANLEY

Well he did assault 2 guys with a knife. Make your move.

RONNIE

He attempted to. There's a difference. I just can't imagine it. I know my son. Mark is so gentle.

CUT TO:

INT. CANTEEN - DAY

Mark squats over Terence gasping on the floor. Mark slaps him over and over as the henchmen watch, reluctant to interject.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

STANLEY
(more forceful)
Make your move.

RONNIE
He's so considerate.

CUT TO:

INT. CANTEEN - DAY

Mark is walking past some prisoners. As he passes by a table. He randomly takes someone's plate of Wontons and eats them as he walks by.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

STANLEY
Can you just move something?

Ronnie moves a piece absentmindedly.

STANLEY
You just ate your own knight.

RONNIE
And he's so kind too.

INT. CANTEEN - DAY

Mark is gripping the collar of Nerdy Prisoner. There's playing cards strewn about the table and floor while other dweeby looking prisoners stare in fear.

MARK
Say that again and I'll double your caning sentence you get what I'm saying?

NERDY PRISONER
But I don't have any caning sentence.

MARK

Triple!

Mark shoves Wontons into the Nerdy Prisoner's mouth.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Stanley, having finished a muffin, grabs another muffin and unwraps it. Ronnie moves a piece properly this time.

STANLEY

Well, I admit he has a lot more lights on upstairs.

RONNIE

(confused)

What does that mean?

STANLEY

My point is, have you considered the possibility that maybe he deserves to be here? And, hear me out on this, that he doesn't want your help?

RONNIE

But I gave him jellybeans.

STANLEY

As in chess, if you made a pretty bad move, and it seems that jellybeans is a pretty bad move, make another move.

ROBERT

Ronnie.

Robert is suddenly behind Ronnie, scaring the both of them. He puts a crushed jar of jellybeans on the table, the one that was given to Mark.

RONNIE

Jesus! Stop doing that!

STANLEY

You ever considered squeaky shoes? I think you could pull it off.

ROBERT

A message from Mark: no more handouts. I don't know what that means exactly. Also, apparently there was a fight between your son and another prisoner

over jellybeans.

RONNIE
Who?

ROBERT
Mark.

RONNIE
No duh, I meant the other prisoner.

ROBERT
Oh, he wouldn't say.

STANLEY
I'm serious about the squeaky shoes.

ROBERT
Noted.

Ronnie stares intently at the crushed jar.

RONNIE
(to self)
I guess he doesn't like jellybeans
anymore...

Stanley slams a piece down on the board.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CANTEEN - DAY

A pile of lollipops are slammed onto a lunch tray in front of Mark. The one who's doing the slamming is revealed to be Ronnie. The familiar inmates are sitting next to Mark as before and Ronnie similarly stands over them just like before. Mark is dumbfounded.

PRISONER
Oh hey, lollipops!

PRISONER 2
Awesome!

PRISONER 3
Lollipops rock!

MARK
That's the message you got from the

crushed jar? To change the candy? And why would lollipops then be my next favourite?

RONNIE

The tax evaders like lollipops. And besides, I know you don't mean what you told Robert to tell me.

MARK

Okay despite everyone in this prison liking candy for some reason, I don't. And even if I did, you shouldn't be giving them out to me.

RONNIE

Why not?

MARK

Because you're making my life worse!

Ronnie leans in to Mark.

RONNIE

(loudly)

I heard about that...the bullying.

MARK

You don't lean in and talk at the same volume dad.

RONNIE

I want you to know that if anyone is ever treating you wrongly, you can come to me.

MARK

Okay but I won't.

RONNIE

So you admit there's a bully! Who is it?

MARK

What did I just say?

RONNIE

(to whole canteen)

Excuse me!

Mark shrinks into a ball of embarrassment. The whole canteen goes quiet and stares at Ronnie.

RONNIE

(to whole canteen)

I want everyone here to know that bullying Mark is not acceptable behaviour. Nor is bullying anyone... I guess...but especially my son! I'll find out who's the one doing the bullying eventually and I'll punish you, or yous, severely! But I'm willing to lessen the punishment if you would own up now. Anyone?

Ronnie glances around like he's at an auction looking for buyers. Terence, sitting at his table with his henchmen, ignore Ronnie and continue eating. The whole canteen is tense.

RONNIE

No one? Lollipops to anyone who knows.

The tax evader's table suddenly point to Terence's table. That table groans.

TERENCE

(to tax evaders)

Snitches get stitches.

NERDY PRISONER

Stitches save lives by facilitating tissue growth!

The tax evader's table hi-five each other, proud of a good comeback.

RONNIE

Happy birthday son, don't think I forgot.

Ronnie picks up the lollipops and head to Terence's table. An audible "aww" of disappointment is uttered by Mark's table at the sight of the lollipops being taken away.

PRISONER

It's your birthday? Why didn't you tell us?

PRISONER 2

Yeah happy birthday!

MARK

If I told people my dad would make a big deal out of it and just make things worse. You guys understand how crappy my birthday is becoming because of him?

PRISONER 1

I never had a birthday.

PRISONER 3

I killed my parents on my birthday.

Awkward Silence. Ronnie reaches Terence's table.

RONNIE

(stern)

Terence. What do you have to say for yourself?

TERENCE

(rehearsed)

I feel the utmost guilt for my actions and am very remorseful, as such I am a changed man.

RONNIE

Nice try. But your type can't fool me. Your type never change. I'll let the head warden deal with you. Anyways, just between us, it's Mark's birthday today, so I'm sure even you have some decency to ease up on Mark. Maybe, force a small celebration. He won't do it himself.

TERENCE

Of course. Right guys?

HENCHMAN 1

Yep!

HENCHMAN 2

(hesitant)

No- Yes!

Ronnie pats Terence's shoulder.

RONNIE

Thanks a lot guys. Happy Tau Huay Thursday!

Ronnie leaves. The table suddenly changes to an ominous atmosphere. Terence has an evil grin on his face. In the background, out of focus, Ronnie is giving out lollipops to the delighted tax evader table.

TERENCE

Happy birthday Mark...

Terence noisily slurps his bowl of Tau Huay.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Ronnie is sitting at his work desk filling out some paperwork. On the wall next to him are a collage of family photos, some with Mark in them, however Mark is never above 12 Y.O. Stanley arrives and puts a crushed pile of lollipops on the table. In one hand Stanley is eating a muffin. Ronnie stops his paperwork, genuinely upset this time. Stanley talks with his mouth full.

STANLEY

They're from Mark.

Ronnie looks at the lollipops with disdain. Stanley gives a doubtful face.

STANLEY

He's in the nursing room you know.

RONNIE

I have a surprise for him later. I mean, a birthday? Really? It's as if Terence would find any reason to fight my son.

STANLEY

It's prison, people get bullied for mushy stuff like that you gotta realise that.

RONNIE

A birthday is mushy? No way! A love poem maybe. Or a hug, but not really.

Ronnie gets lost in his thoughts.

STANLEY

Ronnie.

RONNIE

Sometimes I blow kisses-

STANLEY
RONNIE!

Ronnie snaps to attention. Stanley places a neatly folded and crisp set of guard uniform on his table.

STANLEY
(flamboyant)
Tada!

Ronnie is still staring at the lollipops, clearly something is bugging him.

RONNIE
Thanks Stan.

STANLEY
Chess match?

RONNIE
Not right now.

STANLEY
Your loss.

RONNIE
Either way right?

Stanley smiles and walks away.

INT. NURSING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark sits slumped over on a bench, alone. The dim lighting creates a sullen mood. He's covered in bruises and has a swollen eye. Some cuts are treated on his body with bandages and there's tissues up his nose.

A soft voice, barely audible, sings Happy Birthday. The voice gets louder. Ronnie bursts into the room with a muffin in hand, revealing the voice to be his. A single lit candle is stuck crudely into the top of the muffin. Ronnie playfully walks up to Mark while singing.

Mark slams the muffin out of his hand and onto the ground before Ronnie can finish the song. The candle goes out. A tense pause as Ronnie looks down at the muffin then at Mark. He notices the severity of the bruises.

RONNIE
Stanley told me about an incident with Terence. I didn't realise...

MARK

That it's this bad? Yeah. It's this bad. Happy birthday to me.

RONNIE

How are you feeling?

Mark looks at Ronnie as if to say 'really?'

RONNIE

I know what would cheer you up, a proper birthday present.

Ronnie pulls out a neatly folded police uniform and dangles it in front of Mark.

MARK

What did you think telling Terence about my birthday was gonna do?

RONNIE

There's no harm in telling-

Mark gives a sharp stare.

RONNIE

Okay some harm. Open your present.

Mark takes the uniform.

MARK

What's this?

RONNIE

Surprise! You and I are going to break out of prison! Well really just you, I can leave anytime I want what with me being a security guard and-... And this is your disguise!

Mark unfolds the uniform and scrutinises it.

MARK

Are you crazy? And also, are you dumb? Just because I wear a guard's uniform doesn't mean the guards will suddenly stop recognising my face.

RONNIE

That's what the beard is for.

MARK
(sarcastic)
Yeah cause a bearded guard is totally
not suspicious.

RONNIE
You get it!

Mark rolls his eyes.

MARK
What about my messed up face?

Ronnie pulls out a pair of sunglasses from his uniform.

RONNIE
Way ahead of you.

MARK
So I'd be a guard wearing a Santa
beard with sunglasses.

RONNIE
Yeah.

MARK
Now why would a guard wear sunglasses
at night?

A long pause as Ronnie thinks of an answer.

RONNIE
...Because he's covering a messed up
face. Just try it on. Come on, just to
see what it looks like.

MARK
No. No. No! Stop!

They both start yelling over each other as it turns to a
pushing war with each person shoving the beard to each other.

JUMP CUT TO

INT. NURSING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark stands in front of a full sized mirror in full disguise:
beard, glasses and all. Ronnie stands proudly behind him.

RONNIE
(acting)
Woah, who are you and what did you do
with my son? Haha.

MARK
This is the worst birthday ever.

Ronnie pulls Mark away.

RONNIE
Let's go.

Mark pulls Ronnie's hands away and stops.

MARK
Woah no no no no. I only wore this to
make you happy, we're not actually
going through with this.

RONNIE
And I am! And we are.

Suddenly the door opens and Stanley peeps in through a gap.

STANLEY
Hey have you seen my missing muffin?
Someone stole it from my box and
replaced it with some Wontons. I
didn't really notice til I took a bite
and then-

Stanley notices Mark in the ridiculous outfit. Everybody is
frozen, not knowing how to react. Ronnie awkwardly puts a
hand on Mark's tense shoulders.

RONNIE
This is Robert.

Stanley is suspicious.

STANLEY
Uhuh. Robert is that you?

Prolonged silence. The air is tense.

STANLEY
(tense)
Robert...I asked you a question. Is
that you?

Mark's fists clench, in preparation to attack. Ronnie puts his hand over Mark's fist, cueing him to restrain himself. The fist remains tense. Stanley slowly steps into the room.

STANLEY
(genuinely worried)
Robert is something wrong? Why so silent?

Stanley relaxes.

STANLEY
Well I guess not, classic Robert. Cool beard. Hey, if you guys see my muffin let me know.

RONNIE
Have you checked under the box?

STANLEY
(relieved)
Oh yeah. Thanks.

Stanley leaves the room and closes the door. The tension releases instantly.

MARK
So it's not a you thing. All the guards are dumb.

RONNIE
You've been seen. We gotta escape now.

Mark groans.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Mark and Ronnie are tip-toeing, hugging the wall. They stop as the wall turns the corner. Their heads peep out from around the corner, Mark above Ronnie. Ronnie's face itches from Mark's beard flowing down.

RONNIE
The guard's office. Be extra careful.

MARK
Mhmm.

RONNIE
Remember, you're Robert.

The real Robert suddenly appears behind them.

ROBERT
Why would I forget?

The both of them, caught by surprise, scream loudly, Ronnie like a girl and Mark like a man.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

WAYNE (50), the head warden, is playing chess with Stanley who's eating Wontons. Wayne hears distant screaming.

WAYNE
Did you hear that? You should check that out.

STANLEY
Chess comes first!

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Mark panics and punches Robert over and over again.

MARK
(in hushed voice)
Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!

Robert falls unconscious this time. Ronnie picks up Robert's arms.

RONNIE
Come on, bring him into the changing room.

Mark takes the cue to grab Robert's legs and the both of them drag Robert's body into a nearby door. Ronnie opens it using his leg, struggling clumsily.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT

Ronnie turns on the light with his nose. There's a full-sized mirror. Mark notices the photo of him stuck in the corner and heads towards it, dropping Robert.

RONNIE
How could you do that?

Mark ignores him, fixated on the photo of him at age 9, now in his hands.

RONNIE

You just assaulted him! Without thinking. With no hesitation. And then you did it again and again and again.

MARK

This is all too much.

RONNIE

What?

MARK

You've dragged us here with your dumb plan, and now this guy, whoever he is, probably has brain damage that I had to inflict. And I'm in this costume.

Mark rips off his beard and glasses and throws them on the floor.

MARK

For what? I don't even want to escape in the first place! This is all you! You never asked me whether I wanted all this.

A beat. Suddenly Robert groans as he begins to wake up. Mark gives a strong kick in the head, knocking Robert out again.

MARK

You didn't ask me whether I wanted jellybeans either! Or lollipops! Or...anything! Well, here's news, I don't want any of it! I just want to be here and serve my time because, more news, I deserve it! I don't know if you've noticed but this is prison! I'm a prisoner. And you're a prison guard! You could start doing your job and treat me like a prison guard should treat prisoners. Like you've been treating the rest of those people. Like they're the scum of the earth! I'm just like them dad! If you think they're so bad then I'm worse! You think this is bad? Did you even consider what I did to Terence's face? Wake up a bit.

A beat. Robert wakes up again. This time Mark instantly elbows him to sleep so fast, like an afterthought.

RONNIE
I hate who you think you are.

MARK
What?

Mark is taken aback by the uncharacteristic brashness.

RONNIE
You've forgotten that you're my son
and yeah you may have almost stabbed
some guys, or something. But you also
still like jellybeans. A father cares
for his son. This whole situation is
kind of weird but I'm trying you know?
You think I don't know my own son? Did
you even try one jellybean when I gave
them to you? No! I think. I dunno. But
point is, beneath this 'oh I'm such a
bad guy' act, you're still my son.
Mark. You're pretending to be who
you're not. You're kind and gentle-

MARK
Shut up dad!

A beat. Ronnie is shocked.

MARK
You're holding on to some kid version
of me that's been gone for like 15
years! Let go!

Ronnie lets go of Robert's arms. He's been holding them up
the whole conversation.

MARK
I meant of me!

RONNIE
I know, I know.

A beat. Ronnie moves closer to Mark.

MARK
(unsure)
Why would I pretend I don't like
jellybeans? What sense does that make?

RONNIE
Because it's easier for you to think

that none of that kid is inside you.
That way you don't even have to try to
regain some semblance of being decent
again. It's easier than facing the
truth.

As Ronnie dissects Mark, he slowly crumbles and breaks down.
Now Mark is bawling.

Ronnie goes in to hug Mark but is suddenly interrupted by
Robert groaning behind them, now on his feet but teetering
and dazed. Mark, still sobbing like a baby, body slams him to
the ground. As Mark speaks through tears and snot, he's
punching Robert over and over again, somehow now Robert
refuses to go to sleep.

MARK

(while punching Robert)

...I'm so ashamed. God, I'm pathetic.
We were a decent family, right? I had
all my cards lined up nicely and I
still screwed it all up. I'm so sorry
dad. I'm such a shameful example of a
son. You should be the one who's
embarrassed.

As Mark speaks and beats Robert up, Ronnie also begins to
tear up.

RONNIE

No no no no! Nonsense. What's there
for me to be embarrassed about? I'm
proud of you no matter what. You know
that.

Robert has been successfully knocked out, they both sit on
his body.

MARK

Really? You're proud of me? Why?

RONNIE

Because you're my son? I don't need a
reason. Just by existing you make me
proud!

Now Ronnie has begun to cry.

RONNIE

I tell you what, if you really don't

want to escape, let's just forget about this. From now on I'll treat you like a prison guard.

MARK

Thanks dad. And uh, I guess if you give me jelly beans or whatever, I'll try eating a few.

The brief closure is interrupted by a knock on the door.

STANLEY (O.S.)

Is anyone in there? Head warden told me to check up on you.

RONNIE

Hold on!

Mark puts on the beard and the sunglasses, humiliating himself further. Ronnie drags Robert's body to a position that won't be revealed when the door opens. Ready, they both open the door. Stanley is greeted by the two of them, one in beard and sunglasses. Ronnie looks down to prevent Stanley from seeing his puffy tearful eyes.

RONNIE

(shakily)

Hi, yeah everything's fine.

Stanley pauses, deciding whether he wants to know the whole situation.

STANLEY

Oh you guys again. Were you guys doing hanky-panky? And are you crying?

RONNIE

What? Uh yeah, yes. We're...gay. And Robert and I love each other very much it brings me to tears.

Stanley pauses for a long time, suddenly tense. Stanley, effeminate man that he is, is affected by the mood and begins to tear up himself for no clear reason.

STANLEY

(on the verge of tears)

Don't cry. You know how I get when people cry. Look, what people do in their private lives is none of my

concern. I mean, I know what prison does to men, especially when you're lonely. I mean I myself...head warden is a handsome guy and sometimes I have thoughts.

Stanley begins to tear as he speaks. The tears eventually turn into uncontrollable sobbing. Stanley's sobbing then restarts Mark and Ronnie's sobbing.

STANLEY

Anyways, I say this out of love. Ronnie, if you don't stop now, one day you'll bring your lover home and your wife will find you in bed with your colleague that you insisted was just your good friend. And the kids won't know what's going on but they'll think you're disgusting anyway. And then no matter how much you beg and plead, your lover leaves you too cause he doesn't want all that baggage. I mean who does right? Then you'll spend the rest of your days playing chess and eating muffins because it brings you back to a simpler time with Jerry your first love whom you used to duel in chess and eat muffins with too. But you'll realise it's just a coping mechanism and Jerry is long gone and has probably forgotten about you. And you'll end up all alone because the world hates gay men. Take it from me, Think about your son and if you love him, you better tell him.

RONNIE

Thanks Stan that was very moving.

Now all three of them are sobbing together for entirely different reasons. Ronnie closes the door close the door.

STANLEY (O.S.)

I promise to be better Jerry!

RONNIE

I promise to be better!

MARK

Me too!

The three of them wail in unison, divided by a door.

INT. HEAD WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ronnie sits timidly across a desk from Wayne, the head warden. Wayne is reading a document very critically.

WAYNE

(reading)

So, you punched Robert because he
scared you because he snuck up on you?

RONNIE

Yes sir.

Wayne holds up a fake beard and sunglasses.

WAYNE

And these?

RONNIE

I was trying out a new look sir.

WAYNE

And what look would that be?

Squeaky sounds can be heard, they grow louder.

RONNIE

A...cool lumberjack sir. For fun.

WAYNE

And the muffin and candle?

RONNIE

I was hungry. And it was dark.

WAYNE

So you lit the muffin and ate the
candle?

RONNIE

...No sir I ate the-

WAYNE

It was a joke Ronnie. And what do you
have to say about this?

Robert is suddenly sitting next to Ronnie in what was originally an empty chair. Robert has a huge swollen eye and bruises across his face.

RONNIE

Ay! Squeaky shoes. Cool. I didn't know they had adult sizes.

Robert ignores Ronnie who immediately realises the seriousness of the situation and lowers his energy.

ROBERT

I don't really remember. But I did see Ronnie trying out the beard weeks ago so I think he's telling the truth.

Wayne sighs, contemplating. He puts the document down.

WAYNE

(condescending)

Alright, seeing as how everyone does get scared of Robert and how dumb we all know Ronnie usually is, I'm inclined to believe you're telling the truth, however dumb it may be. I'm dropping this incident as an accident. Ronnie please restrain your fists in the future and Robert, please wear normal shoes for god's sake you're driving everyone insane.

RONNIE

Thank you sir.

ROBERT

Right away sir.

WAYNE

Robert, you can leave. Ronnie, stay.

Robert leaves, silently. Ronnie is tense.

WAYNE

Now. About him.

The camera cuts wide to reveal Mark has been sitting at the side of the room this whole time. Next to Mark is Terence, dripping wet. Mark is munching on a jar of jellybeans. Terence slowly reaches for one, Mark slaps his hand away and moves the jar away from him childishly.

WAYNE

It seems your son has gotten into an altercation with Terence. Again.

RONNIE
What happened?

INT PRISON CELL - DAY

Mark is violently dunking Terence's head into the toilet. There's lots of gurgling sounds. The 2 henchmen are watching from behind. Mark stops the dunking.

MARK
My dad is not gay! Say it!

TERENCE
(gasping)
Both your dads are gay!

MARK
That's DISCRIMINATORY!

Mark continues to dunk Terence's head in the water.

INT. HEAD WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

WAYNE
As such I'm planning to put both of them in solitary confinement as punishment and to prevent further harm. Do you have anything to say about this?

RONNIE
Me? Why should this be any of my concern? Put them in for a month for all I care.

Ronnie turns to Mark, smiles and gives a thumbs up. Mark is disapproving.

MARK
(mouthing)
A month?!

Ronnie's smile vanishes, realising he said the wrong thing.

RONNIE
(back to Wayne)
Please don't put them in for a month.

WAYNE
I wasn't planning to. I'll give them a week. Robert, can you escort the both

of them to the chambers?

ROBERT

Yes sir.

Robert is suddenly beside Ronnie, silently again. Ronnie is unphased. Now Terence and Mark are sharing the jellybeans.

RONNIE

Almost got me. Not this time!

Wayne looks down at something beneath the desk. He sighs and rolls his eyes.

WAYNE

Oh yeah. One more thing. Did the muffin belong to Stanley?

RONNIE

Yeah.

Stanley suddenly and violently bursts out from beneath the desk.

STANLEY

I knew it!

Ronnie falls out of his chair, recoiling in surprise.

ROLL CREDITS

INT. CHANGING ROOM - DAY

We see the back of someone with the same beard and glasses, in full guard uniform standing in front of the mirror just as Ronnie did in the first scene. He's checking himself out. Suddenly he's interrupted by Robert who peaks in through the door.

ROBERT

You ready?

EXT. PRISON ENTRANCE - DAY

Ronnie stands expectantly by the fence, in normal khaki pants and polo shirt, dad attire. Mark comes out in full guard uniform with beard and glasses, carrying a duffel bag full of his belongings over his shoulder, escorted by Robert. Reaching the fence, Robert opens a small gate and lets Mark out of prison to the other side. Robert then stands by the

side on standby. They both smile at each other.

RONNIE

Who are you and what have you done
with my son?

They go in for a hug. Mark removes the glasses and beard.
Ronnie takes Mark's bag.

MARK

You know, 1 year isn't all that long.

RONNIE

Really? You wanna extend?

MARK

Yeah, let's go find some guys I can
stab. Then we can try and escape in
disguise all over again.

A beat.

RONNIE

Yeah, let's do that.

They both begin walking away.

ROBERT

Wait, you guys tried to escape with
that disguise?

Tense pause, Ronnie and Mark look at each other.

RONNIE

Sleep!

Ronnie slaps Robert, who obviously remains conscious, and
they both run away.

THE END