

# OUTSIDER<sup>©</sup>

Original Screenplay  
by  
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First Draft / WGAE  
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ESTABLISHING SHOT:

NARRATION

It was a beautiful spring day. It felt more like summer it was so warm. The trees were blossoming, the sky was blue as ice and the motion of the clouds, barely noticeable. Forming different images with almost magical movement only clouds and possibly the minute hand on a watch can do.

Ext: We see a Greyhound bus traveling down a country road side high above the city's skyline far off in the distance. Open space farms & animals all along the road made for a very picturesque view to your average inner city dweller.

Int: A man sitting in the front seat staring out the window.

NARRATION (CONT'D)

I was glad to be on the bus that day. It felt good knowing, I was on my way home.

In deep thought, his eyes begin to visualize the sequences of the past.

Flashback; Int: We see a man walking into a plain room. Inside is a red bench running along the entire far wall. To his immediate right a window booth with guard. And a round looking mirror on the left wall positioned to see the entire room. The man glances at the mirror to see a guard reading the paper. He surveys the room, then begins undressing. Unconcerned of the guard's watchful eye felt through that mirror. Preoccupied in thought, He turns his "greens" in to the window booth and stands back, in his underwear and boots.

GUARD

(abrasive)

Well! What you waitin' for?, An invitation! (looking down at the boots) The Boots!..(sigh) D\*m!

THOMAS gives him the boots. The Guard gives him a large duffel and a garment bag. He takes the bag, opens it and lays the items neatly on the red bench. We see a new pair of blue jeans, a blue champion sweat shirt, a new pair of Jordans, and a brand new pair of silk underwear which seems to be the only thing that triggers a mild reaction from him. He unwraps the underwear, holds them up to the light and smiles.

MAN

(softly)

hun. Ain't she somethin'.

Suddenly a familiar bellow returns him to his place and time.

GUARD

Move it BROWN! We don't got all day.  
Think you the only one leaving this  
facility? Get your butt in gear!

BROWN looks he sees no one, but knows that voice all to well.

BROWN

(proudly speaking  
back at the window)  
Ah Yo PATERSON!  
(changing his  
underwear) Kiss my  
black a\*s! (moon)

We see BROWN through the round mirror. We hear rapid motion  
on the other side as the only door bursts open. OFFICER  
PATERSON angrily confronts BROWN.

PATERSON

(in BROWN's face)  
You a smart a\*s hun! (leaning in)  
Think cause you leaving today, I  
can't do you nothin', hun.

BROWN sidesteps PATERSON, and continues to get dressed.

BROWN

(sarcastically)  
(low into high pitch)  
Not... a -mutha -  
fu\*kin'- thing. (smile)

PATERSON gets back in BROWN's face.

PATERSON

(Intimidating low voice) Til you  
cross that fu\*kin' gate you, still  
just another inmate in greens.

They both look down to notice BROWN no longer in greens.

BROWN

I beg to differ with you, (smile)  
sir.

BROWN walks away again. PATERSON snatches him up against the  
wall.

PATERSON

(angrily)  
(low) I'll make your last few hours  
here, the worst! (staring at Brown)  
Try me Brown, just try me!

BROWN, replies very sarcastically.

BROWN  
 You like sayin' my name, "BROWN".  
 Sounds a lot like "Boy", don't it?  
 Or "Brownboy" maybe. -- Bet cha'  
 wish you had a whip too, right?

PATERSON  
 Why you little Baaa(incensed)lack...

Regaining some composure, still holding BROWNS' shirt in his  
 two tightly clasped fist exerting complete control.

PATERSON (CONT'D)  
 (con't, calmer)  
 ...You'll be back and when you do...

BROWN  
 Ah yo.(looking down using only his  
 eyes, calmly) You wrinkling the  
 garments.

PATERSON gestures as if to let go, loosening his grip. A  
 split second later he goes into a rage and begins to toss  
 BROWN around the room like a paper doll. Moments later two  
 other officers, SAMPSON AND REID rush in, one pulls PATERSON  
 off and the other stands in front of BROWN.

SAMPSON  
 (grabbing PATERSON) Hey!,Hey!, What  
 the hells goin'on here?

REID  
 You o.k.? ...What happened?

BROWN  
 (snive)  
 What cha' think happened!?! F@ckin'-  
 Chump-a\*s, rent-a-cop, tried to "DO"  
 me in here. Yall know how it go.

Regaining composer BROWN fixes his clothing and continues to  
 dress as if it was routine. SAMPSON walks PATERSON to the  
 door while REID hovers over BROWN protecting him. BROWN looks  
 up to see PATERSON in the door way.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
 (smooth)  
 Ah um PATERSON!..

He looks back over.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
 (continued, snive)  
 ...You still pussy.

PATERSON goes for BROWN again charging forward.

PATERSON  
(lunging) Why you little...

A slight struggle ensues. The guard manages to pull him from the room. Not before BROWN gets the last word in.

BROWN  
...And ya breath stinks too!

We hear PATERSON struggling. REID talks to BROWN.

REID  
Just get your sh\*t on and leave Man!

BROWN continues to dress in silence. He opens his garment bag, takes out a leather jacket and puts it on. Then folds the garment to place inside the duffel. The duffel and a Prison I.D. remain on the bench. He looks down, stares at it for a moment, then picks it up. BROWN puts the I.D. in his back pocket and drifts into a daze.

NARRATION  
Funny, what becomes valuable here & what suddenly becomes worthless. I kept the I.D., to always remember where I came and more importantly, to keep in mind, never to come back.

At that moment a voice calls from the window.

SAMPSON  
BROWN! On The Check Out!

BROWN  
They're playin' my song.

BROWN bounces up. He surveys, noticing SAMPSON with an odd almost insignificant expression. He smiles, grabs his bag, and walks out the door.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
(content)  
It's over, finally.

BROWN walks the corridor pondering the future. His heart beats faster. Appearing calm but his sweaty palms give away anxiety.

NARRATION  
I tried to avoid thinking about the last few moments before my release. I began to wonder about the profound taste of pizza. Funny how these thoughts can just pop into ya head. Stuff like pizza, steak, maybe a shish-ke-bob, you know the ones from  
(MORE)

## NARRATION (CONT'D)

the street vendors on the corner in  
New York, Can't get nothin' like  
that here.

SAMPSON's key turned the lock of the wrought iron gate & sets BROWN free. He walks to the road a free man. Feeling that freedom all around him from the sun on his face to the air he was breathing. It was an indescribable feeling to him that brought out a slight smile, a confident walk, and a sigh of relief.

## BROWN

(sighing)

Finally.

BROWN proceeds to walk down the hill to the bus stop.

Cu back to - Bus enroute - day.

Gazing out at the animals, the beautiful country side and a few cars as they pass. BROWN's distracted by a little girl speaking on the bus. He looks over and begins to reminisce about his own family.

## BROWN (CONT'D)

(v/o)

My wife... Gotta get use to saying  
that. Hard to believe... The one  
person who kept me sane.

Montage: BROWN thinks back on the phone calls, letters, and visits.

Cu - We see BROWN on the phone talking to his wife.

## BROWN (CONT'D)

Look lis, I really... Ending it is  
(beat) Can't hold you, I know ya  
didn't bargain for this...

## LISA

(v/o)

(sobbing) We're a family. What I  
bargained for is you, good times and  
bad. Whatever. I'll always be there.  
Don't shut me out when I need you  
the most, when you need me.

Cu - We see BROWN reading a letter from his wife in his cell.

## LISA (CONT'D)

(v/o)

You know your daughter misses you.  
She's getting so big. I miss you  
too. Can't wait until your home again

(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)

my heart is so lonely here without you. The only thing that I look forward to is our visits they makes me feel so good. Can't wait to see you again. I love you with all my heart, your daughter sends kisses. Love always lisa.

Cu - We see BROWN on a visit with his wife and his infant daughter.

BROWN

I can't believe yall made it up here.

LISA

Told you we would, didn't you believe me?

BROWN

Yeah but..

LISA

But what, honey.

BROWN

When we talked, I got the feeling it'd be kinda hard ... I would've understood.

LISA

(tender)

THOMAS, It's important you know, I made a commitment to our marriage for better or worse. It just so happens we got the worse first.  
(smile)

THOMAS

I just can't help feeling, something's wrong.

LISA

What's wrong is you're here. It's your own fault. I'm telling you 'cause I'm your wife and I can do that. You made this decision, and no matter what, I'll stand by you. Can't say I like it, but I will stand by you.

Ext: Back at the bus stop. Just as the Greyhound pulls up. THOMAS turns slowly pauses for a moment and looks back at the prison walls. Redemption fills his thoughts.

## NARRATION

Most people, liked to forget. Me,  
I'd rather (beat) Keep this place a  
conscious thought, incentive...

(pondering in deep  
thought)

I often wondered about that moment.  
Thinking back on it now, It was the  
last time I had a genuine feeling  
for anything -- or anyone.

Int: Bus - BROWN turns and gets on.

## BROWN

How long's the ride?

## DRIVER

'Bout seven hours.

## BROWN

Thanks.

BROWN gives the driver his ticket, then takes the first seat  
with a view. Amazed at how much was taken away. Even more  
astonished at what was returned.

FADE WHITE:

Reestablishing Shot: Opening sequence, BROWN staring out the  
window.

Deer running, birds flying, even the smell of the outside  
air gives BROWN that long awaited sense of freedom. You can  
almost read the feelings visualized on his face.

## NARRATION

All I took for granted, suddenly,  
given back to me. It brought an inner  
peace I'd never felt before. I  
couldn't begin to explain...

BROWN stares into the sky until he falls asleep. As the bus  
rolled on day faded to twilight. He began to wake as the bus  
entered midtown.

## BROWN

(v/o)

(awe, looking up at the skyscrapers)  
Wow. So beautiful. (amazed) I feel  
like a d\*mned tourist.

The bus pulls into the Port Authority and docks at bay.

## DRIVER

(projected)

Last Stop! Port Authority Terminal!  
Everyone off.



BROWN grabs his duffel, jumps up, and descends the bus stairs. Suddenly he stops, with an odd uncertainty and looks back at the Driver for a moment.

BROWN  
Thanks (pause) for er...um (beat)  
forget it.

BROWN gets off with a slow pace that moderately picks up.

NARRATION  
I never looked back after that. The  
city was of total focus to me now.

Surveying the pace of the city, The fantastic hustle and bustle. Taking in the sights like a kid at a carnival.

NARRATION (CONT'D)  
A single beautiful moment etched in  
my mind forever like a private,  
priceless, painting. My only regret  
was, I couldn't share it with anyone.

BROWN sees a beautiful young woman looking his way. His eyes are instantaneously fixed on her. She appears to look in his direction. BROWN looks around himself in either direction to affirm he is the object of her intention.

BROWN  
Now I know she ain't...

The beautiful woman appears to watch him with an almost familiar observation. She walks slowly toward him becoming more assured of her observation. Her stride begins to quicken, coming closer, and closer.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
(con't)  
...Then again... Why can't she be.

BROWN's crouch area is protruding noticeably, and embarrassingly.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
(awkwardly)  
D@mn! I don't believe this. I'm  
playin' myself.

BROWN tries to hide his erection, putting his duffel bag in front of him and at the same time still appear suave.

BROWN (v/o) (CONT'D)  
I'm so hard I look like I'm ridin'a  
broom stick... Ahhh Man here she  
comes.

It appears as if she has spotted his erection from across the room. As she gets closer BROWN tries even harder to keep his cool. She's close enough for him to smell the beautiful scent of her body. She reaches, her beautiful hand stretches out as if it would caress his face. BROWN closes his eyes as his entire body freezes. Suddenly it is apparent that she is looking for the bus schedule just over BROWN's right shoulder, hanging in a rack.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
(extremely seductive)  
Excuse me.

As she reaches over BROWN's shoulder she notices his pants, and smiles.

BROWN  
(opening his eyes)  
Pardon me.

Realizing she is reaching for a schedule. He smiles and leans to the side as she picks through a few. Afterward she walks away greatly exaggerating her sensuality in her stride. BROWN closes his eyes thinking about what could have been, feeling totally foolish. The beautiful fragrance left in the air was disrupted by a foul scent. BROWN opens his eyes, to another hideous woman. She notices his pants.

BAG WOMAN  
(seductively)  
Hey big boy, is that a banana or are you happy to see me?

BROWN is repulsed.

BROWN  
(shocked)  
Illllll get the hell outta my face.

BAG WOMAN  
Oh come on Richard.

BROWN  
Richard? (beat) Ya got the wrong guy.

BAG WOMAN  
Or shall I call you Dick, ya know it's short for Richard. Although I don't see anything short about you.

BROWN  
Lady get the hell away from me, okay.

The BAG WOMAN tries to touch BROWN seductively but appears as an aggressive vagrant.

BAG WOMAN

Don't tell me you don't want it. I seen you watchin'. I felt your eyes on my a\*s all night.

BROWN

Lady I just got here, and believe me, if yo a\*s was the last a\*s on earth to look at, I'd be a bird watcher.

BAG WOMAN

Don't lie to me, you want it. Maybe a little dusty 'round the edges but my p\*ssy is clean as a whistle. Ya wanna see?

BROWN's completely shocked. Just then a policeman saves him.

POLICEMAN

(authoritative)

Alright move it along GLADAS, right now! For I run ya in.

GLADAS begins to walk away. The POLICEMAN turns his attention to BROWN.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

(con't)

Is everything alright over here sir?

BROWN

Phew! Think she wanted to rape me, for a second there. She ain't still, doing "it", is she?

POLICEMAN

Ahh don't pay any attention to GLADAS. She's harmless... Thinks she's a hooker or somethin'... Offers it to anyone she can... thinks it cute cha' know.

BROWN walks away mumbling inconsistencies, feeling a little out of place. He spots GLADAS with her next victim on the other side of the terminal. A unsuspecting business man, pinned in a corner and cringing from the thought. Feverishly digging in his wallet for money to give her. Suddenly the POLICE OFFICER spots GLADAS again.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

That's it GLADAS! Now ya forced my hand.

The POLICEMAN grabs GLADAS and puts her in handcuffs.