

DST - EPISODE 1 TEASER

Written by

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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL JUST MEANS YOU LIVE THE HELL AGAIN

INT. JAIL CELL AND SEG HALL (DAY 1) - TIME UNKNOWN

A heavily bleeding man, early 40's, is lying face down on a concrete floor. He looks like a well dressed punching bag.

He begins to come to.

KEITH (V.O.)
Why am I on a cold floor?
Urine with clorox on top.
Damn, in my nose and... mouth.

He coughs - saliva and red blood spew across the floor.

The left side of Keith's face is a swollen mass of black and blue, encrusted with dried blood and gapped with ongoing bleeding.

KEITH'S BLURRY RIGHT-EYE VISION

Keith opens his eye to a brightly lit, grey concrete floor.

SLOWLY APPEARING ~ BITS OF FLAT SIDED GRAVEL AGGREGATE;
OFF-WHITES AND REDS. FOCUS IN ON ONE BRIGHT GOLD CRYSTAL.

Keith stares down, focusing on the gold crystal, needing some form of anchor back to reality.

He attempts to get up from the floor but can only manage to raise his upper body up by his arms; still staring down at his crystal anchor.

A large drop of blood falls and hits the gold crystal - Shattering the reflected prism image and turning it scarlet/gold.

Desperately trying to think; to focus, and regain his anchor to the crystal - Keith begins frantically wiping the floor with his hands, smearing ever more dripping blood. The gold crystal anchor is lost; Keith collapses.

INT. JAIL CELL (WIDER VIEW) - A SHORT WHILE LATER

The solid, outer "Isolation" cell door buzzes open; followed by the inner barred door.

OFFICER FERREL, a male Correctional Officer "CO" is standing as straight and tall as 5'6" gets you.

OFFICER FERREL
 Hey Livingston...
 Now look at you, gettin' blood all
 over my nice filthy floor.

Keith attempts to rise.

Officer Ferrel spits a huge brown wad of Copenhagen dip on
 the cell floor next to Keith's hands.

OFFICER FERREL
 Wipe that up Buddy - With your good
 clothes. Put these on.

Officer Ferrel tosses a black and white striped jail uniform
 and neon orange sandals at Keith.

OFFICER FERREL
 Suppose you think you're a badass
 for breaking my buddy's arm.
 Well, we'll see after you spend
 some quality time up in here.
 (smiling)
 Oh, and I almost forgot.
 (smile getting wider)
 We're required to say this now -
 "Welcome To County; You'll Be
 Alright..."
 (shitty half-laugh)

Officer Ferrel buzzes Keith's inner cell door closed and
 walks back up the hall.

Keith is on the floor leaning on one elbow.

KEITH
Welcome To County?

Keith gazes around, painfully and groggily.

KEITH
 And whose arm...?

Keith looks through the bars of the inner cell door.
 Another CO is walking by doing a headcount on the opposite
 side of the hall.

Keith reaches up to tentatively feel his damaged face.

KEITH (V.O.)
 What Hell is this? I don't
 remem....

KEITH'S RIGHT-EYE VISION

The CO circles back from the opposite side of the hall. Focusing in on the black baton strapped to his duty belt; Keith mentally falls-out into a memory.

"BATON FLASHBACK I" - MORNING THE PREVIOUS DAY

INT. LIVINGSTON OLD FAMILY HOME (LIVING ROOM)

"BANG, **BANG**, **BANG**", rattles the front door glass.

DETECTIVE DEITCHE
Detective Dietche - County Adult
Protective Services.

Keith opens the door and finds himself in the company of the female County Detective, backed up by the three County Deputies and three ER personnel.

DETECTIVE DEITCHE
Detective Deitche - I am head of
the Adult Protect Services Division
for the County.
I'm here regarding JOSH and MIXIE
LIVINGSTON.

Detective Deitche barges in followed by the rest of the entourage.

KEITH
I'm their son, Keith. Can I help
you?

DETECTIVE DEITCHE
I don't think so, but I'm aware of
who you are. Your mother's niece,
Trish, has informed us of
everything.
Trish had your parents all set up
in a nice nursing home and you
seemed to think it was in your
authority to move them back home.

KEITH
Yes, and that nice nursing home was
going to separate my parents
because of my mother's dementia;
she wandered. But she doesn't
wander here; she knows she's home.

(MORE)

KEITH (CONT'D)

Even though my father is a Stroke Survivor his mind is as sharp as ever. He made the decision; His decision!

Look, Trish is a meddling bitch who thinks she can somehow manipulate my mother and inherit this house. She had no damned authority to do anything in the first place.

DETECTIVE DEITCHE

You had NO right to interfere. I... We believe your parents were better off in a nursing home where they get professional care; and that you acted Illegally.

KEITH

Who is "We"?

DETECTIVE DEITCHE

The County of course. And just so you can grasp what's at hand; "We" have already made our decisions.

KEITH

My father will die if he and my mother are separated. My mother won't even know where she is.

DETECTIVE DEITCHE

Well, now you don't need to worry about any of that, because you're about to be placed under arrest. I've been at this job for 30 years and I've never met an innocent perpetrator yet - Never.

Two ER personnel return from a back bedroom with 65 year-old Josh on strapped down on a gurney.

The third ER personnel returns from 65 year-old Minxie's bedroom escorting an obviously confused Minxie.

DETECTIVE DEITCHE

Mr. Livingston, Mrs. Livingston; my name is Detective Deitche and I am with the County Adult Protection Division. We're here to help you.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE DEITCHE (CONT'D)
(saccharin smile)
We are going to take you back to a nice nursing home where you can get the quality care that you deserve.

JOSH
Goddamnit, Minxie and I are staying here. I'll make my own decisions.

DETECTIVE DEITCHE
Now Mr. Livingston, don't excite yourself. Perhaps, we should run some cognitive tests for you as well. Don't worry, we'll get you all checked out.

Minxie starts to tremble and weep. Josh begins struggling to get out of the strapped gurney, grunting with the effort.

JOSH
Keith, don't let these bastards do this. Do something son!

The three deputies aggressively block Keith's desperate efforts to reach his parents. Josh and Minxie are rushed out the front door. Minxie is crying and begging not to leave her home, while Josh is cursing a blue-streak.

DETECTIVE DEITCHE
Well now it's time to get started with Mr. Livingston. Read him his rights - Then cage him!

Detective Dietche opens the front door to exit. Pausing, she turns back towards the living room, addressing the largest and ugliest of three County deputies surrounding Keith.

DETECTIVE DEITCHE
Big Bill, I suspect Mr. Livingston will resist. Strongly suspect.

She makes and holds eye contact with BIG BILL.

Detective Dietche leaves with a confident smile.

Big Bill removes his black baton and the second Caucasian deputy follows suit. A mid 30's Hispanic deputy removes a set of handcuffs from his duty belt.

Heavy adrenaline breathing begins.

BIG BILL

You have the right to remain
silent; and that's how you're
fixin' to be.

Big Bill closes in on Keith's left side, raising his baton. He brings it down in a killing arc aimed at Keith's head.

Keith's head is straight down; but his eyes are focused. He dodges the deadly blow. As Big Bill loses his balance, Keith quickly maneuvers; lock-grabbing Big Bill's right wrist. Using that momentum, Keith brings the huge forearm down and across his brutally upthrusting knee.

A loud "bass-pop" announces the bloody eruption of the jagged radial bone from Big Bill's forearm - Big Bill screams in agony.

Immediately the second deputy is on Keith, bringing his own baton down on Keith's head and face. This time it connects; and connects again and again. The only sound is the deputy's labored breathing and a liquid "crackling" when the baton connects. The Hispanic deputy looks on horror stricken.

INT. KEITH'S CELL - BACK TO IMMEDIATE PRESENT

"Thawck, thwack, thwack". Keith still on one elbow comes back into the present, holding his head in shuddering and immediate pain.

FOCUS ON A GLOSS WHITE CINDER BLOCK NEXT TO THE INTERIOR BARRED DOOR - A FORMER INMATE'S LARGE CRUDE SCRAWL:

ALL IS LOST ---

YOU'RE DOWN-SOUTH-TEXAS

SMASH TO BLACK