

DOWNSTEXAS - WELCOME TO COUNTY - TEASER

Written by

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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL JUST MEANS YOU LIVE THE HELL AGAIN

INT. JAIL CELL AND VIEW OF 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?
God, 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's right eye opens 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, desperately trying to focus and regain his anchor to the crystal - He 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.

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

Officer Ferrel tosses a black and white striped jail uniform, then neon orange sandals to 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 and Keith focuses in on the black baton strapped to his duty belt. Keith mentally falls out of focus and into a memory.

"BATON FLASHBACK I" - MORNING THE PREVIOUS DAY

INT. LIVINGSTON OLD FAMILY HOME (LIVING ROOM)

FOCUS ON AN ORNATE DOOR KNOB NOW BEING TURNED TO OPEN

A large, mid-fifties female County Detective is exiting the residence. Pausing in the open door she turns back in 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.

She makes and holds eye contact with Big Bill.

DETECTIVE DEITCHE
 Strongly suspect!

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.

BATON KILLING ARC TOWARDS 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 wrist.

Using that momentum, Keith brings the huge forearm down and across his brutally upthrusting knee.

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

NOW 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 DOWNSTEXAS

SMASH TO BLACK