

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
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FADE IN:

INSERT: A BLURRED PICTURE OF ITALY'S AMALFI COAST: CLIFFS DOTTED WITH LEMON GROVES DOWN INTO THE SPARKLING BLUE-GREEN SEAS; A CASCADE OF WHITEWASHED VILLAS CLINGING TO THE JAGGED SLOPES AS SEA AND SKY MERGE INTO ONE EVERLASTING BLUE BACKDROP.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

(southern drawl)

My momma said I could do anything with my life. She said I had more smarts than anyone she'd ever seen.

(beat)

Unfortunately for me, my momma was the only one who knew I was smart.

SMASH TO BLACK:

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

I'm gonna die cause of that.

INT. DEATH ROW CELL - DAY

A 6 x 9 x 9.5 feet high concrete hell-hole with three concrete walls covered in hundreds of overlapping sketches, a concrete floor and a concrete ceiling. Steel bars make up the fourth wall, which open onto a wing about 8 ft. wide.

A seatless toilet. Steel sink. A bunk with a small steel locker.

On the bunk we see the source the voice, FRANK DRUMMER (25), a rail-thin deaf mute dressed in government issued orange shirt and pants.

Frank holds an ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA, opened to a page on Italy's Amalfi Coast and the source of the blurred picture.

FRANK (V.O.)

I ain't ever said a word. Not one word. The baby doctor told momma to send me to a special home. Momma told him to go straight to hell.

(beat)

My papa had a real hard time bein' parental to a mute boy. So he drank a lot. Drinkin' made him mean to momma and me. Always thinkin' hittin' me would make me talk.