INT. PRISON MESS HALL - DAY

A lone figure sits in the mess hall of a prison. He is not an old man, but his features are withered and aged just as well. This is ANGUS. Angus has in front of him a tray of food. He looks out across the room at the OTHER PRISONERS and PRISON GUARDS, each segregated into their separate cliques, bantering the time away. If it weren't for the uniforms, you could probably not even tell one group apart from the other.

Despite their banter, Angus does not look engaged or happy. Rather, he seems quite focused.

A small rat scurries across the floor and arrives near Angus' feet. Angus looks down, considers the rat for a moment, and tears a small piece of bread from roll on his plate, throwing it to the ground.

Another prisoner sits a couple of tables away from Angus, greedily eating his food. He considers Angus out of the corner of his eyes, taking in the statue-like figure. This is GEORGE. His hulking frame stands in distinct contrast to the sinewy figure Angus presents.

George picks up his tray, looks around nervously and suspiciously for a moment, and walks the two table lengths, sitting down across from Angus.

ANGUS
Was there something that made you think I was looking for company?

Angus' stare bores into George, who looks around, still a bit concerned and cautious. He wipes his sleeve across his mouth, catching a little gruel that was nestled in the corner of his lips.

GEORGE
I've been watching you.

ANGUS
Is that so?

George leans in a little closer. Angus does not budge.

GEORGE
I know you got something going on. Been putting it together for a month or so. I'm guessing tonight's the night.

ANGUS
You're quite the detective. How did you figure all of this out, if I might ask?

GEORGE
Because this is the first day I haven't seen you touch your food.

Angus and George look down at their two trays. George's is a mess, while Angus' is untouched and immaculately arranged.

ANGUS
Assuming I do have something in the works, why would I want to discuss it with you?

GEORGE
I could help. I'm a good helper. I ain't no snitch.

ANGUS
Well that's nice to know.

The rat returns, sniffing around the feet of the two men. Angus throws another piece of bread down at the animal. The two men both watch the rat eat for a moment. George turns to Angus.

GEORGE
So are you going to clue me in on what's going down?

One of the guards checks his watch and tucks it away in his pocket.

PRISON GUARD
Alright, gentlemen. The feast is over.

The guards sink into their roles, opening up the doorways for the prisoners to exit the cafeteria area. The mess hall bustles with men standing from their tables.

Angus looks away from the rat and turns to George, who is staring at him expectantly. Angus stands and looks down on him.

ANGUS
You're reading me all wrong. I've got a case of the stomach flu. That's all.

Angus lifts his tray and walks away.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

ANGUS is alone in his cell, lying on his bed, staring up at the ceiling. The light casting in from the hallway casts shadows of the bars across his face.

PRISON GUARD
(offscreen)
Lights out!

The jail cell goes dark, save for a trickle of light coming in from the small porthole that brings in the moonlight.

Angus gets up and sits with his feet hung over the side of his bed. He pulls a small metal object - a fork - out of the side of his mattress. The fork is warped and twisted; Angus has apparently forged it into some kind of tool. He gets down on his knees and scoots forward toward the front of his cell. Crouching down toward the bars of the cell, he scrapes away some of the cement holding them in place. It's clear that he has been whittling this foundation away for some time.

In the middle of pulling away the loose cement, a lone NOTE FROM A HARMONICA echoes through the hallways. Angus freezes, considers the note for a moment. He half smiles to himself and continues on his task.

With enough material moved away, Angus puts some tension on one of the lead bars, which, free of its mooring, is actually loose and malleable now. Angus stands, grips the bar and tugs it upward, using the frame itself as a fulcrum. He does this for two bars, opening a space just large enough for a human body to crawl through.

Angus pulls his way through the opening and stands up outside of his cell. He moves into the darkness and walks softly down the corridor past the cells full of SLEEPING CRIMINALS. The sounds of the harmonica cover the SOUNDS OF ANGUS' FEET on the ground.

At the end of the holding area, an OLDER GUARD is situated, reading a paperback novel. Angus leaps at the guard, who is turned away and does not see his approach. Angus puts his hand over the guard's mouth, digging his metal tool deep in the guard's thigh. He twists it and the guard winces in pain. Angus brings the guard low to the ground and whispers in his ear.

ANGUS
(whispering)
I always liked you, Ed. You always did right by the prisoners. I could kill you now. I probably should.

Angus puts his tool to the old man's neck. The guard looks up at Angus, hurt and confused. The guard's name, incidentally, is EDGAR, and his kindly demeanor contrasts distinctly with the situation he now finds himself in.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
(whispering)
But I'm not going to.

Angus pulls a key ring from Edgar's belt.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
(whispering)
So kindly do me the favor of waiting until I'm long gone before you scream for help. Can you make me that promise?

Edgar nods.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Much obliged.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
(whispering)
You're bleeding an awful lot. You might want to put a tourniquet on that leg.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

ANGUS speedily hurries down the jail hallway, key in hand. He turns the key in a door and rushes through.

INT. PRISON SEWER SYSTEM - NIGHT

ANGUS enters a cavernous room with lots of pipes running along its walls and ceiling. It's the belly of the jail complex, some sort of plumbing or sewer center of the beast. Angus walks through the room to the other side, where a ladder runs up the side of a wall to a manhole at the top. He climbs the ladder and pushes his hand up against the manhole.

EXT. PRISON YARD - NIGHT

A manhole cover rattles, but does not move, as an automobile has been parked with its tire on the cover. A young prison guard, lean and muscular, walks the premises with a rifle slung over his shoulder. He hears the SOUNDS OF METALLIC THUMPING and investigates. He looks down at the grate noisily rattling.

INT. PRISON SEWER SYSTEM - NIGHT

ANGUS is furiously trying to get the manhole cover to budge, but to no avail. The muscular guard from earlier, whose name is LUKE, paces slowly toward Angus, rifle at the ready. When he discovers the pitiful scene, he stops and lowers his rifle a bit, smiling evilly.

LUKE
You want me to fetch you a crowbar or something?

Angus wheels on his feet, almost losing his step on the ladder entirely. The two stare at each other for a moment.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Alright. Let’s go. The game’s up and we both know it and this stench is starting to get to me.

INT. SOLITARY CELL - NIGHT

The door to a lone unwindowed cell swings open and LUKE forcibly kicks the defeated ANGUS in the back, knocking him onto the jail cell floor.

LUKE
Bon soir, mon amie.

Luke slams the door shut on the sulking character of Angus.

INT. SOLITARY CELL - DAY

Time passes. The door cell swings open on the figure of Angus, who now has a day’s worth of beard stubble on his face. LUKE stands above him, framed by the doorway.

LUKE
Get up. There’s someone who wants to see you.