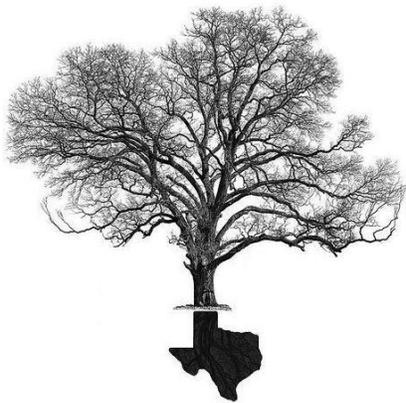


The Weekender

ALAN NAFZGER



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THE WEEKENDER

Series Pilot

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FADE IN

INT. WEDDING - SATURDAY AFTERNOON

It's a grand wedding. People file out of the church into the reception. JUSTIN (50) and his wife CAROLYN (40) and their daughter, JANE (17) is there. Justin is matter of fact in attendance only. He's not excited or bored. He only smiles if someone calls his name. Justin has been a teacher and several of his former students greet him he won't recall anyone's name, but smiles like he remembers them. He's somewhat in a daze and overwhelmed by the social occasion. He has a line he always uses on former students he meets.

FORMER STUDENTS

Hello, Mr. Bentley

JUSTIN

Hey, good to see you. Are you famous yet?

FORMER STUDENTS

Uh... no.

JUSTIN

Oh, damn. I would have thought by now... Listen don't give up. I figure pretty soon.

FORMER STUDENTS

Hello, Mr. Bentley.

And this exchange generally gets him through the encounter. It happens several times as he moves through the reception.

Jane is not in her element (a punk rock night club). No friends at the wedding. She simply walks around the reception.

JERRYD (17) is an African American kid he is watching Justin through the crowd and he manoeuvres behind Jane with a Champaign glass.

JERRYD

Your dad's cool.

Jerryd gives her the glass and she slams it back and hands the glass back to him.

Jane has a sweet innocent face but inside she is a punk rocker and a rebel. You wouldn't know her real personality except for the single facial piercing. She's not amused and is actually sour.

JANE

No, he's not.

JERRYD

Sure he is. He's top dog.

JANE

He can't be your favourite teacher.

JERRYD

He is.

JANE

I thought you were some sort of math nerd.

JERRYD

Math is boring. Politics is where it's at.

JANE

God, I want to barf.

A large man, JUDGE BEAN (60), approaches Jane and Jerryd fades away. Jerryd fears authority.

JUDGE

Jane.

JANE

Judge!

Jane lights up. The judge's daughter is her best friend.

JANE

Is Beth here?

No, she didn't come. I don't think she knew you were coming or she might have come.

JANE

Oh, I told her I wasn't coming.

JUDGE

Oh?

JANE

And then my parent's made me.

JUDGE

Oh, I see.

JANE

Oh, I'm sorry. That was rude to say.

JUDGE

Not necessarily.

(half beat)

Well, there is an election coming up and I need to talk to your dad.

(half beat)

Good to see you.

JANE

Tell Beth, Hi.

The judge goes to talk to Justin.

Jane turns around to find Jerryd. He's not there but after a minute he reappears with another Champaign glass this time on a serving tray.

Jane takes the glass and slams it again and hands the glass back. She's obviously expertly trained in under-age drinking.

JANE

Are you working?

No but if you're a black man with a tray they just give you all the alcohol you want.

JANE

Quick learner.

(half beat)

We might be able to get along. Can you bring me some more?

JERRYD

I'll be right back.

A beautiful Hispanic woman, JUDY (27) approaches Justin.

JUDY

Hello, Mr. Bentley. Remember me?

JUSTIN

Hey, good to see you. Listen, are you famous yet?

JUDY

Uh... I'm an attorney.

JUSTIN

Well, then you're infamous then.

JUDY

I'm sure the prosecutors think that.

JUSTIN

Oh, a defense lawyer. Giving them fits huh? At least you're on the right side.

JUDY

I like to think so.

JUSTIN

You don't happen to have a card do you?

Justin wants to remember her name.

JUDY

(jokingly)

Think you'll need a lawyer soon?

JUSTIN

I have four dogs in my back yard.

JUDY

The law only allows for three.

JUSTIN

And I ride my bike at night without the proper lights.

JUDY

Serious crimes.

JUSTIN

What am I gonna do?

JUDY

Well call me.

She hands him a business card.

JUSTIN

I will.

JUDY

I appreciate what you did.

JUSTIN

You sat in the front row.

JUDY

You remember.

JUSTIN

Of course.

JUDY

Bye.

Carolyn is a real estate agent with tons of ambition. She sees the wedding as a sales opportunity. She's talking real estate to a potential client, AMANDA.

CAROLYN

It's marvellous. You need to see it.
The architect is almost famous.
Location perfect.

(half beat)

Oh, here's my husband. He's the government teacher at the high school.

Everyone so counts on him. He was just talking to the judge.

(half beat)

Honey, this is Amanda; she's looking at the Forest Street house.

Justin simply smiles and politely nods. Justin is a bit socially awkward. He only feels comfortable in the classroom and with people who knew him from the classroom. His wife takes him aside...

CAROLYN

You want to lighten up a bit?

JUSTIN

I'm having fun.

CAROLYN

You need a drink.

JUSTIN

Honey, you know I don't drink. I don't like it.

CAROLYN

I know honey but you're at a party. It's a wedding!

JUSTIN

Still...

CAROLYN

Well, will you be a dear and bring me some more?

Carolyn turns back to Amanda.

CAROLYN

There's a pool. well, of course. And the most marvellous breakfast slash garden room. You'll love it.

Justin leaves to fetch some Champaign for his wife.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - SATURDAY NIGHT

Carolyn is in bed reading a "power of positive thinking" book.

Jane is in her room listening to punk rock. She has the headphones on, but we can still hear the music. It's muffled but clearly she is blasting it. Self-destructive behaviour - her hearing.

Justin is on the couch. He looks ill. He walks up to the master bathroom and looks in the medicine cabinet. Nothing. Not a thing.

JUSTIN

Honey, I'm not feeling well. I think I have the flu. I'm going to the drug store.

Carolyn nods quickly and returns to the book.

Coming down the stairs, Justin looks dizzy and almost tumbles... he stops and collects himself. He is sweating profusely and is pale.

INT. JUSTIN'S VEHICLE - SATURDAY NIGHT

Justin looks very ill. Driving, he is careful but he looks amazingly worse than before. He pulls up to the all night drug store. He drags himself into the store.

INT. POLICE VEHICLE - SATURDAY NIGHT

A young ROOKIE POLICEMAN is hidden from passing traffic. He has a call on the radio.

RADIO

How many DWI's rookie?

POLICEMAN

This month?

RADIO

Your time is almost up. Month ends in less than an hour.

POLICEMAN

I have 18 this month.

RADIO

It's a tie. Too bad I really wanted to see someone break Caine's record. He's an ass.

POLICEMAN

Well, you never know.

RADIO

Tied for most DWI arrests in a month for a rookie isn't bad.

POLICEMAN

Another hour you say?

RADIO

48 mins 'till midnight.

INT. JUSTIN'S VEHICLE - SATURDAY NIGHT

Justin has \$28 worth of drugs. Flu medicine. Cold medicine. Cough medicine. It's all laid out in the passenger's seat.

He tries to read the instructions but he is so ill he can't concentrate long enough. He takes one of each pill and chases them down with cough medicine. The cough medicine tastes good so he finishes the entire bottle.

He starts the car and begins his path home.

He is so ill he can hardly hold his head up. He understands that he has the flu and it might be dangerous to drive... he sits up straight and is focused on the driving.

A police car pulls behind him. He looks back.

A toddler gets away from his mother and darts about a foot or two into the street. Justin swerves and the mother pulls the kid back up on the sidewalk.

The policeman sees Justin's car swerve, but he misses the mother and the kid. He turns on his lights and pulls Justin over.

INT/EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - JUSTIN'S VEHICLE

The rookie POLICEMAN (21) approaches the vehicle.

POLICEMAN

Sir the reason I stopped you is because I don't think you have total control of your vehicle. You swerved for no apparent reason.

JUSTIN

There was a toddler half way out in the road.

The policeman looks back a block or two. The mother and the toddler have disappears into a house or down a side street.

POLICEMAN

Sir, I don't see anyone. Have you been drinking.

JUSTIN

I don't drink. I'm just ill. I think I have the flu. You don't want the flu do you?

POLICEMAN

Sir, please step out of the car.
(beat)

Stand over there please, while I search your vehicle.

The policeman searches the vehicle.

POLICEMAN

Can you say the alphabet backward?

JUSTIN

Probably not. Never could. You just want to claim that's probable cause... funny when almost NO ONE can do that.

POLICEMAN

Ok, since you can't, I'm going to have you blow into this field breathalyser.

JUSTIN

What does that mean?

POLICEMAN

Well, if it's .8 then you're going to jail.

JUSTIN

If it's less?

POLICEMAN

Then you're free to go.

JUSTIN

Great. Give it here.

Justin blows into the machine.

It calculates... point three. It clearly reads ".3"

The policeman is corrupt; two in ten are. ☺

POLICEMAN

Point eight. I'm sorry sir. Place your hands on the vehicle. I'm going to pat you down.

JUSTIN

That's wrong.

POLICEMAN

You don't have anything on you that's going to stick me.

JUSTIN

What does that mean?

POLICEMAN

Are you an addict, sir?

JUSTIN

Of course not.

The policeman pats him down.

POLICEMAN

Well, you look to me like your coming down from something.

JUSTIN

I have the flu.

POLICEMAN

Right. Tell it to the judge. I'm going to handcuff you and put you in the back of my vehicle.

Justin is handcuffed and put into back of the police car.

INT/EXT. CAROLYN'S VEHICLE - SUNDAY MORNING

Carolyn is driving Justin from the police station to the impound yard.

CAROLYN

But honey, You don't even drink.

JUSTIN

I know, that cop was seriously confused.

CAROLYN

Dumb is what he is.

JUSTIN

Corrupt. Maybe he's a kid trying to impress the older cops with a lot of arrests.

CAROLYN

Did you see the meter?

JUSTIN

No.

CAROLYN

Well, why not? I read every single word in a contract.

JUSTIN

He didn't show me and second I'm sick.

CAROLYN

You really have the flu?

JUSTIN

I told you that when I left.

CAROLYN

Oh, honey. I'm sorry. If I knew you were sick and that this would happen I would have gone to the store for you.

JUSTIN

I know, honey.

CAROLYN

You were on the news.

JUSTIN

You're kidding.

CAROLYN

So what's going to happen.

JUSTIN

I know a lawyer.

INT. PRIVATE TOW TRUCK & IMPOUND LOT - SUNDAY

The impound yard is run by a greasy IMPOUND GUY who harasses everyone trying to make more money from daily fees and some people just abandon their old cars rather than pay the fees and deal with an unpleasant man. This guy makes more money than anyone in the county gouging people for the return of their cars. He has a contract with the city that allows him to basically steal.

JUSTIN

I need to get my car.

(pointing)

That's car over there.

IMPOUND GUY

Oh, the DWI?

(half beat)

Two pieces ID not including your drivers license.

JUSTIN

My license isn't suspended..

IMPOUND GUY
But it's going to be.

JUSTIN
That's not right.

IMPOUND GUY
If you want your car back, then I'm
right. Understand?

Justin hands him his school ID and a library card.

IMPOUND GUY
I need government issued ID.

JUSTIN
It's a public school, I'm a teacher.

IMPOUND GUY
I wonder how much longer that's going
to last.

JUSTIN
I wasn't drunk.

IMPOUND GUY
I need a valid second ID.

JUSTIN
This is my card, issued by the public...
the city library. The official one.

IMPOUND GUY
Okay... I just need to make a call.

The impound lot owner goes to the back and makes a phone
call.

IMPOUND GUY
He says you can have your car back,
unless you're still drunk.

JUSTIN
I have the flu.

IMPOUND GUY

Okay. It's against my better judgement,
but you can have your car back. Four-
eighty-three and seventy three cents.
(half beat)

Cash.

JUSTIN

What?

(half beat)

You're kidding me, right.

IMPOUND GUY

It's double on Sundays.

JUSTIN

Why?

IMPOUND GUY

I'm missing church for this. Damn
drunks, you don't even know the day of
the week.

INT. CLASSROOM - SCHOOL - DAY

Justin enters and is about to begin.

SMART ASS STUDENT

How was your weekend, Mr. Bentley?

JUSTIN

Fine and yours?

The class chuckles. Justin collapses in his chair and there
is a long pause.

JUSTIN

So, does this means your learning days
are over?

Beat. The kids shrug.

JUSTIN

Will you listen to me anymore?

Beat. A young FEMALE STUDENT raises her hand.

FEMALE STUDENT
I'll listen. Fuck the pigs.

JUSTIN
I thought we weren't going to use that
word in her anymore.

female student
I know but this is a special occasion;
isn't it?

Beat.

JUSTIN
Yeah, I guess it is. But it's like a
credibility thing.

OTHER STUDENT
It's okay; we don't care.

JUSTIN
Maybe you should care?

One young MALE STUDENT comments.

MALE STUDENT
I'll listen. Hell, my dad he's had
three and it ain't that big a deal.

JUSTIN
Gee thanks.

Beat.

JUSTIN
I didn't do anything.

Beat.

JUSTIN
I'm not guilty.

FEMALE STUDENT
Innocent until proven guilty.

MALE STUDENT
That's right; make them prove it.

OTHER STUDENT

You gonna sue them, Mr. Bentley.

Justin shakes his head in despair. Then he has an idea...

JUSTIN

Who wants to hear about civil disobedience? Of course you do, you're teenagers. It's disobedience.

(half beat)

It's a pretty good way to escape the consequences of your behaviour.

Civil disobedience is sort of like permission to break the law. If you think it's wrong. You ignore it and ...

OTHER STUDENT

You don't go to jail?

JUSTIN

Oh, you go to jail all right, but that's the point. It's a protest. What, they can't lock everybody up. If enough people to go jail, it will make the news and...

The students sit up in their desks, and they seem to be listening.

JUSTIN

What you say "disobedience" and teenagers and your little ears are up like a puppies?

(half beat)

Okay I'll give you some examples from history and then I'll tell you the rules. Like your rights... how far you can go with it.

(half beat)

Good?

A few students even pull out their notepads and pens.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Judy is behind her desk.

JUDY

I talked to the prosecutor. Thirty days in jail is what he wants.

JUSTIN

What? That's not right.

JUDY

You're an example.

JUSTIN

The government teacher at the high school, gees. Like they don't listen to me anyway but if I make a mistake then I'm their role model.

JUDY

You said you weren't drunk.

JUSTIN

I wasn't.

JUDY

Okay, here are your options.

(half beat)

Fight it and you might risk the maximum.

(half beat)

Even though you never did anything before, they tend to punish people that take it to a jury.

JUSTIN

They want to discourage the entire justice thing. I understand. Jury's just get in the way of their sending people to prison.

JUDY

If the jury finds you guilty... they will throw the book at you. They about said that.

(beat)

I'm pretty sure. I can get weekend... the thirty days would be weekends. Ten

weekends. You check in at, what time do you get off work?

JUSTIN

Three-thirty.

JUDY

Okay say Fridays at four, you report to the jail and you get out say four Sunday afternoon, you will be home for the football games. Three days credit and you only have to be there 48 hours.

JUSTIN

I cook for my parents.

JUDY

What?

JUSTIN

They're up in their 80s. Mom has Parkinson's.

JUDY

I see, Monday through Friday. Normal. You keep your job, your house and marriage.

Beat.

JUDY

You can find someone to cook for your parents?

JUSTIN

Sure, I guess.

JUDY

Your wife?

JUSTIN

Probably, a gift card or ten to Appleby's.

JUDY

Okay, here is my priority. You're an excellent teacher. I'm probably here

because of your moot court thing... you know the Supreme Court thing.

JUSTIN

You liked that huh? I do to.

JUDY

Well, it's up to you.

JUSTIN

What do you think?

JUDY

It's always a gamble with a jury.

JUSTIN

The cop is a rookie?

JUDY

You'd think that's a plus for us, but in this case... Well, they'll cover up for him. They probably think this is good for his training.

JUSTIN

Cops they stick together. That's the lesson.

JUDY

He's got the statement of a jailer; he says he saw your car parked at a bar.

JUSTIN

That's a lie.

JUDY

He says it was the gay bar down on 8th street.

JUSTIN

Oh. That's definitely a lie.

JUDY

I know. That jailer has an application in at the police academy.

JUSTIN

God, the system is corrupt.

JUDY

Well, I don't think money is being exchanged but I understand what you're saying.

JUSTIN

It's wrong.

JUDY

This shouldn't be happening... and yes I remember your going on about the word "should".

JUSTIN

How silly "should" is next to the word, "is".

JUDY

I remember. You said that every time someone would says "should".

JUSTIN

Well, this is really happening. I know.

JUDY

And, from what I can tell he's got other policemen that will swear they've pulled you over before drunk and they let you go, because of your position in the community.

(half beat)

Judge Bean he still comes to my classroom?

JUSTIN

Twice every year.

JUDY

Oh, about that. There's an election.

JUSTIN

Yep.

JUDY

His opponent is saying he's too lenient
on crime, especially drunk driving.

(half beat)

The election, it might work against
you.

JUSTIN

You know it goes against everything
I've told young people all these years...
but I guess I better just make the
deal.

JUDY

I'm sorry.

JUSTIN

I better talk to Carolyn.

JUDY

Sure. Of course.

JUSTIN

I'll call you.

INT. CLASSROOM - FRIDAY

It's not the same set of kids. This class contains Jerryd.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

Mr. Bentley, you coming to the football
game tonight?

JUSTIN

Probably not. I'm busy. Oh, can someone
take photos for me?

(half beat)

Camera. Field pass.

Justin holds up the two items. Jerryd raises his hand.

JERRYD

I will.

JUSTIN

Oh, ideal. You have a password to
school web page.

JERRYD

I do.

JUSTIN

Well, just upload them there when you get done.

GIRL

Take a picture of the scoreboard when the game is over.

Beat.

JUSTIN

That's how her mom, gets the score, otherwise you have to wait until the next morning to get the score.

JERRYD

Okay, I'll take care of it.

JUSTIN

Thanks.

INT. PARENT'S HOME

Justin enters. Justin's FATHER is in a recliner watching TV.

JUSTIN

Dad, you okay?

FATHER

I'm good.

JUSTIN

I can't cook for you tonight.

(half beat)

Here take this gift card and it should last you all weekend.

FATHER

Well, I don't want to take your card...

JUSTIN

Well, it's just easier this way. That way I know you'll go.

(half beat)

Take mom. Okay?

FATHER

She's in the kitchen now.

Worried, Justin walks fast to the kitchen.

Justin's mother is standing over the kitchen counter with an ten inch butcher knife... shaking with Parkinson's. She's trying to cut a store bought roll of cookie dough into slices. She pauses and almost topples over. She grabs the counter with her other hand.

JUSTIN

Mom, you can't be in here.

MOTHER

Well I can make cookies.

JUSTIN

You have Parkinson's and you are waving around a butcher knife. What if you fell?

MOTHER

I'm not going to fall.

JUSTIN

Please go sit in the front room with dad. The cookies will be done when you get home from the restaurant.

She does exit the kitchen and takes her walker with her to the front room.

Justin slices the cookies and puts them on a baking tray. He punches a few buttons on the convection oven and slides the tray into the oven.

He puts the knives in the highest location in the kitchen and he pushes them far to the back.

Justin leaves out the front door.

JUSTIN
Places to go. I'm sorry. Dad you're
eating out tonight and tomorrow twice
with that card.

He says "ok" but we can't be sure he understands.

JUSTIN
Mom, make him take you out to eat. I'm
not going to be here.

Justin leaves.

INT. JUSTIN'S AUTO - DAY

Justin drives like a bat out of Hell. It's only two minutes
until four and he pulls up in front of the jail.

INT. JAIL - DAY

He walks in and looks behind the counter. The waiting room
is empty and no one is at the desk. He sits.

Finally a JAILER #1 arrives.

JAILER #1
You here to turn yourself in?

JUSTIN
Yes.

JAILER #1
What's your name?

JUSTIN
Justin Bentley.

He looks it up on the list.

JAILER #1
You're not drunk are you; I can't check
you in if you're drunk.

JUSTIN
I'm not drunk.

JAILER #1
Not today huh? What did you do, take
the day off?

JUSTIN
I'm never drunk.

JAILER #1
Right.
(half beat)
Sit down, I'll check you in when I get
time.

Justin sits in the waiting room.

Justin sits and waits and waits.

JAILER #1 exits the jail to the parking lot.

JAILER #1
Sorry man, shift change.
(half beat)
They know about you.
(half beat)
Just sit there.

About six families all with screaming kids comes to visit
their relatives, the kid's fathers. Race cars are zooming
over the floor, running into Justin's feet. A toy balsa
wood plane/glider hits him in the face. A baby barfs on his
pants. Another baby shits and the odor about gags everyone.
One by one the families are called back to visit.

At 6:30 pm a JAILER #2 comes out into the waiting room.

JAILER #2
You ready?
(half beat)
Sorry you had to wait; there was a
fight.

JUSTIN
I don't fight, you don't have to worry
about me.

JAILER #2
Well, in here you might have to.

JUSTIN
That's wrong, I'm 50 years old. I can't
fight.

JAILER #2
You should have thought about that
before you...

He looks at the paperwork.

JAILER #2
(chuckles)
DWI.

Jailer #2 walks with Justin into a room. He is searched.

JAILER #2
Take off your watch, shoes, belt.
(half beat)
Put everything on the table.
(half beat)
What did you bring your cell phone for?

JUSTIN
No reason, I didn't know.

JAILER #2
Contraband. That's a felony. I can send
you to prison for that.

JUSTIN
Everything is a felony... You just have
to say.

JAILER #2
Signs are all over the place. No
contraband. What are you illiterate.

JUSTIN
You know when EVERYTHING is against the
law... people just get confused.

JAILER #2
This your first time in jail?

JUSTIN

As a matter of fact.

The jailer throws the cell phone in the trash.

JAILER #2

Don't do it again.

(half beat)

Stand there while I type all this into
the computer.

The jailer types in all this information into the computer. It takes an inordinate amount of time. Justin is listening to all the shouting and the inmates might be fighting. Some are singing. It's actually a din of noise. Frightening to a L7 teacher.

The jailer takes forever taking his picture. It takes about six times. The jailer pretends it's the computer but he looks pretty much incompetent.

JAILER #2

Okay, lets' go see the nurse.

INT. JAIL CLINIC - DAY

The NURSE (25) sits at a computer.

NURSE

Oh, you're the weekender?

JUSTIN

That's me.

She smiles. She might be attracted to him, but she might be also be telling him she has standards - she might date a "weekender" but never a regular inmate.

Justin answers the questions "no"

NURSE

Have you been recently hospitalized?

(half beat)

Have you lost your job or a loved one
recently?

(half beat)

Are you suicidal or thinking of hurting yourself?

(half beat)

Do you smoke?

(half beat)

Do you drink alcohol?

(half beat)

Do you use drugs?

(half beat)

Do you have any tattoos?

(half beat)

Have you been approached for unwanted sex? Oh, this is your first weekend.

(half beat)

Never mind.

(half beat)

Are you a homosexual?

(half beat)

Do you feel you can protect yourself?

JUSTIN

Yes.

NURSE

Do you have transgender disorder?

JUSTIN

Disorder?

(half beat)

What kind of question is that?

The guard takes a step forward like he's going to slug Justin.

JAILER #2

Just answer the questions? God damn smart-ass; you're in a jail.

NURSE

I know it's not very politically correct, but I have to ask.

JUSTIN

Sure, lawyers. I'm not transgender.

(half beat)

Maybe we need less lawyers and more nurses.

JAILER #2

Shut up.

NURSE

It's okay. We're almost done.

(half beat)

I just need to take your vitals. She takes his blood sugar level. Blood pressure and respiration. She types it all into the computer quickly.

(half beat)

Okay. We're done.

(half beat)

Good luck.

The cute nurse winks at him.

INT. JAIL STORAGE ROOM - DAY

There are slides and jumpers stacked. Kits with cheap toiletries. There are mattresses about an inch thick. Blankets, Sheets and towels. The jailer pulls one of everything down from the shelving and puts it on the table.

JAILER #2

Strip.

Justin takes off his clothes.

JAILER #2

Throw your things in here. There is a property sack with his watch, shoes and belt.

(half beat)

Glasses too.

JUSTIN

I need them to read.

JAILER #2

Prescription?

JUSTIN

Reading.

The jailer holds out the property bag.

JAILER #2

In here.

JUSTIN

Don't you guys have books here?

JAILER #2

Of course.

JUSTIN

How am I supposed to read?

JAILER #2

You don't.

(half beat)

If you want a prescription you'll have to see the doctor on Monday. But they're not going to let you do that.

JUSTIN

I'm only here weekends.

JAILER #2

A weekender? That's right.

(half beat)

I guess you are just out of luck.

JUSTIN

Okay, fine. Whatever.

Everything goes into the property bag.

JAILER #2

Lift your balls.

JUSTIN

What? What are you some sort of idiot?

JAILER #2

Lift your balls!

(half beat)

Turn around.

(half beat)

Bend over.

(half beat)

Spread your cheeks.

Justin does.

JUSTIN

That make you happy? Neanderthal!

JAILER #2

Stand up and face me.

The jailer punches him in the face, just hard enough to bloody his nose, but then the jailer kicks his legs out from under him and Justin slams into the concrete flood. Justin will have a serious hip bruise and will limp the remainder of this first episode. His hip could easily have been broken.

JUSTIN

What the hell did you do that for?

JAILER #2

Because I can, asshole. And as long as your down there.

The guard sprays Justin with the pepper spray.

JUSTIN

Fuck.

JAILER #2

When you are in here, you shut the fuck up.

JUSTIN

I didn't do anything.

JAILER #2

Sure you did, or you wouldn't be in here.

(half beat)

Get up. Get dressed.

Justin can hardly see. His face and eyes are swollen.

Justin puts on the jumper and gathers his things.

INT. JAIL'S TANK 7-4 - DAY

The inmates are watching TV, playing checkers. Some are in the showers. Some at the toilet. Most are sleeping in their bunks.

JAILER #3
Need a lower bunk.

OLD TIMER
Oh man. They worked him over.

Two OLD TIMERS, tattooed and experienced criminals. Notice Justin. They almost run to the door. They hold it open for him.

OLD TIMER
They sprayed you?

OLD TIMER #2
What'd you do?

OLD TIMER
You can't fight with them.

JUSTIN
Right. I'm a smart ass I guess.

Some kid clears out of a lower bunk.

OLD TIMER
We got you a bunk... just comes back here.

The two old timers guide Justin to his bunk.

JUSTIN
Sure. Thanks.

OLD TIMER
What are you in for?

JUSTIN
DWI.

OLD TIMER
You can't fight with them man?

OLD TIMER #2
How long you here for man?

JUSTIN
30 days, weekends.

OLD TIMER
How'd you get that?

JUSTIN
Lawyer, I guess.

OLD TIMER #2
You missed dinner.

OLD TIMER
I just need to sit here for a minute.

OLD TIMER #2
When you feel better? Go hit the
shower. You'll feel better. Get that
shit off you.

Justin feels everyone looking at him. It's almost like they have all been sprayed or tazed or beaten up by the police. Empathy. But they are also trying to take his measure.

A young former student, LANCE (22) wakes up. And notices Justin stumbling around toward the showers.

LANCE
Mr. Bentley?

Justin looks around but his vision is still affected.

The young person runs over to him.

LANCE
They sprayed you huh?

JUSTIN
Yeah. You know me rebel and general trouble-maker. Apparently I like to fight.

LANCE
They do this to people sometimes.

JUSTIN
Just for kicks?

LANCE
Sometimes, sure.

JUSTIN
I taught you? I can't really see.

LANCE
It's Lance Williams.

JUSTIN
Oh, I've been meaning to look you up.

LANCE
Yeah?

JUSTIN
To see if you're famous yet.

LANCE
Well, I'm in here.

JUSTIN
Infamous then. Hated and hunted down by
cops coast to coast.

LANCE
It's not that bad.

JUSTIN
We need to talk. Don't run off now.

LANCE
Just throw your jumper here.
(half beat)
Can you see the shower?

JUSTIN
Little bit.

LANCE
Wash it off.
(half beat)
I'll go get your towel.

(half beat)
Don't worry. This tank is very calm.
Seven-side, we're harmless. Eight-side
is where the put the characters.

(half beat)
No body in here but a few addicts,
tickets, shop lifters. Homeless guys.

(half beat)
No body is going to hurt you.

JUSTIN
Just the guards?

Justin steps into the shower.

INT. TV AREA - NIGHT

The ten o'clock news comes on and Justin gets up from his bunk and walks over to the TV. They spend 5 mins flashing people's mug shots up on the TV. The inmates cheer and comment.

First mug shot.

INMATE #1
I know that guy.

INMATE #2
How'd he think he could get away with
that?

Second mug shot. It's a drug crime.

INMATE #3
That's my partner. I bet they seized
his car.

INMATE #4
What'd he drive?

JUSTIN
The government seized more property
than thieves steal.

INMATE #5
Tell me about it. They took my boat.

Third mug shot is of a woman.

INMATE #1

You can say what you want about Sarah,
but she can give one hell of a blowjob.

INMATE #4

Yeah, she can!

They watch the news until a commercial comes on.

OLD TIMER

You're a weekender?

INMATE #1

If there's anything you don't want from
your tray, I'm here.

JUSTIN

Okay, sure. If I don't want it.

LANCE

The food isn't right. They say isn't
just enough to keep you alive, but the
longer you are in here the more hungry
you are.

(half beat)

Without Weekenders giving their food
away, they'd be starving.

INMATE #2

Old school, for your cake I'll clean
for you.

LANCE

(to inmate #2)

It's okay, I got it.

(to Justin)

We have to pass inspection or they take
the phones, TV and hot water.

JUSTIN

Sunday is the Super Bowl.

LANCE

Yeah it is. Five o'clock. Clown is over
there. He's the only one that will bet

with you. Everybody else is for the boys.

JUSTIN

I imagine. Our team only makes it this far, what once every 20 years.

LANCE

He wants 13 points.

JUSTIN

What do they gamble with?

LANCE

Trays. Cake, food. Soup.

JUSTIN

Oh.

LANCE

I bet three trays.

JUSTIN

You might lose.

LANCE

Oh, he's my friend, he'll take one everyday so I don't starve. And frankly I think he's just trying to make things interesting.

JUSTIN

Okay, I see.

(half beat)

Man, I'm exhausted; I'm going to bed.

LANCE

Don't worry. I got your back.

Justin looks around at the men. They aren't all the threatening. But Justin doesn't necessarily know that.

LANCE

I'll clean for you, you don't have to give me your cake.

Justin lays down and sleeps.

Later, the inmates sweep and clean and everything is perfectly clean.

INT. JAIL'S TANK 7-4 - SATURDAY

There is a huge amount of television coverage. The inmates crowd around the TV and they are having far too much fun. The guards look on them with distain.

CLOWN (29) is a Hispanic male. Seriously tattooed. He is a funny guy. He walks with a swagger and the others respect/fear him. But he's charismatic.

Clown has a huge scar over his belly. Someone cut him wide open.

CLOWN

Man, fuck the cowgirls.

There is a lot of jeering and more gambling.

The guards are seething but silently watching.

INT. REMOTE CORNER OF TANK 7-4 - SATURDAY

Clown and Justin get away from the television and talk privately.

JUSTIN

Clown. What happened to you? You got stabbed?

CLOWN

Yeah, man was a gang banger When I was a kid.

JUSTIN

What are you now?

CLOWN

I'm a blue collar criminal.

JUSTIN

How does that work?

CLOWN

I got a guy with bank codes. And I get these debt cards... and then I get the money out of ATMs.

JUSTIN

They take your picture though.

CLOWN

Man I wear a hood and I got disguises. And all us Mexican's we look alike.

JUSTIN

It's not working for ya?

CLOWN

I'm not in here for that.

JUSTIN

Well, that's not blue collar that's pretty white collar to me.

CLOWN

Really, that's better. White collar right?

JUSTIN

Well, it's not good but yes, it's better than blue collar.

Clown seems a bit proud to be called a white collar criminal.

JUSTIN

So, you know a lot about football. And you're quite a character. These guys look up to you.

CLOWN

Man these guys... I'd rather be in eight-side.

JUSTIN

Why?

CLOWN

Cause, I'm a criminal. Hardcore man.
Man over there you get more respect.

JUSTIN

What'd you do?

CLOWN

No, I'd be embarrassed.

JUSTIN

I won't tell anybody.
(half beat)
You can kill me if I tell anyone.
(half beat)
I stole a cell phone from Walmart.
(half beat)
Man they got camera's EVERYWHERE!
(half beat)
I'd rather shot someone in the face
than steal something from Walmart.
(half beat)
Man it wasn't even a real phone. It
was one of those flip phones. Only \$14.

JUSTIN

Gee.

CLOWN

And you want to know what's funny. I
has over \$400 in my pocket.

JUSTIN

That wasn't too smart. I guess you
learned your lesson?

CLOWN

Now they got my van, every thing I own
was in that van.
(half beat)
Don't tell no body, okay?

JUSTIN

No, I won't. But you gotta get things
under control.

CLOWN

Man I can't help it. I've been doing this too long I see a crime and I go with it.

JUSTIN

That's not good. You have to control your impulses.

(beat)

What are you gonna do if you lose the football game? You bet a week's worth of food?

CLOWN

Don't worry man, ain't no body in here gonna collect from me. You know what I mean.

JUSTIN

What if you win? You gonna collect? You can't eat that much.

CLOWN

Depends man!

(half beat)

How hungry I get.

INT. REMOTE CORNER OF TANK 7-4 - SATURDAY

Lance and an old timer come to speak with Justin, when Clown leaves.

JUSTIN

What did you do?

LANCE

I was walking in the street.

JUSTIN

That's against the law?

OLD TIMER

Everything is against the law. They can do what they want.

JUSTIN

It is cold as hell in here. My feet hurt it's so cold.

LANCE

It's too keep the germs down.

OLD TIMER

No, it's not its so you have to buy socks from them.

JUSTIN

How do you do that?

LANCE

Mondays they come through selling stuff. Here is the list but you'll be gone.

JUSTIN

This place failed a federal inspection. It was on the news.

(half beat)

The sheriff was on, answering that it already costs 127 per day per prisoner. He said he doesn't know how he can justify

OLD TIMER

This jail failed inspection.

JUSTIN

It did.

(half beat)

How long you been here?

OLD TIMER

Seven months.

JUSTIN

You seen any improvement?

LANCE

I haven't.

JUSTIN

I can tell them how to save money, let most of these people go. As far as I'm

concerned no body in seven side needs to be in jail. Make us pay a fine or work it off.

OLD TIMER

But they want as many people in jail as they can.

LANCE

They get money from the state.

OLD TIMER

It's an industry.

LANCE

And they will never give up that money.

OLD TIMER

Money for more employees. They got about five people doing one person's job in this county.

JUSTIN

Votes. Guaranteed votes for the county commissioners and the judges.

Beat.

JUSTIN

I used to think the tyranny was in Washington D.C. But it's here, right under our noses.

LANCE

I think the food is not nourishing...

JUSTIN

Everybody in here except you two have asked me for my food.

OLD TIMER

The nutritional quality of the food is bad, so we have to buy soups.

JUSTIN

It's all about money.

OLD TIMER
You bring money in?

JUSTIN
Forty dollars.

OLD TIMER
They will take that out of your wallet
and give you a debt card with 37.50 on
it.

LANCE
They make money.

JUSTIN
That's wrong, government shouldn't be
some for profit business.

Beat.

JUSTIN
God, what do you do if you don't like
football.

LANCE
Sleep. That's all you just sleep.

INT. JAIL'S TANK 7-4 - SATURDAY NIGHT

The lights are almost out. At night they turn off 3/4s of
the lights. Justin wakes up. There are about four guards in
the tank. Justin has no idea what is going on. He' taking
it all in.

One inmate, FOX (29) built, fit and born to fight. He is
irate.

FOX
Mother fucking cocksucker!
(half beat)
You don't get up under a man's mattress
in the night!

DICKERMAN
Inspection!

FOX
Fuck your inspections and fuck you!

(half beat)
You can't take TV away for something like that.

DICKERMAN
Rules are one roll of toilet paper per inmate. You had two.

FOX
Man, I had one and a tiny bit left on the other.

DICKERMAN
Loss of priveleges all day tomorrow.

FOX
Bull shit. I'm gonna find you out in the world and I'm gonna beat the hell out of you.

DICKERMAN
Well you just try it. I will shot you dead.

Beat.

FOX
Hey, Dickerman! How'd you get that gut, eating donuts or sucking dick?

DICKERMAN
You just got wrote up.

FOX
I don't give a shit. Does it sound like I care?

Dickerman takes the tea pot and electrical cord to the TV.

OLD TIMER
Sucks, you fuckers suck!

OLD TIMER #2
On Super Bowl Sunday? This is a damn joke.

The jailers move next door to 7-3.

We hear them erupt in insults for the guards as well.

An inmate runs over to the bars where 7-5 can hear him.

INMATE

They take your TV too?

7-5 INMATE

Hell yeah. Cocksuckers.

INMATE

They took ours and 7-3 too.

OLD TIMER

They getting the whole side man!

INMATE

What about 8-side? They take their TV?

7-5 INMATE

Hell no man these cocksucking cowards
are afraid of the real criminals.

The 7-2 tanks erupts in anger.

We can hear Dickerman.

DICKERMAN

You know the rules.

7-2 INMATE

Bull shit. I had a kool-aid and about a
forth of another. Fuck you give them to
use, why can't we save them.

DICKERMAN

Contraband.

Lance runs to the bars to hear what is going on next door.

Inmates seem to be looking at Lance to tell them what is
going on?

LANCE

Same bull shit. Some guy had two kool-
aid packets.

OLD TIMER
Since when was that a rule?

OLD TIMER #2
They're just making it up as they go.

And then 7-1 erupts.

The jailers are chuckling.

Dickerman comes to the bars and looks into the tank.

DICKERMAN
Fox. Fox.

FOX
What?

DICKERMAN
Come to the bars.

FOX
Fuck you.

DICKERMAN
Your write up. Come to the bars.

FOX
You can fucking throw that shit in the
trash.

OLD TIMER
Just go take it. They're gonna put you
in solitary.

FOX
I don't care.

OLD TIMER
They're gonna come in here for you.

FOX
I'm ready.

Fox is in his bunk under the blanket wraps towels over his
hands.

Dickerman uses his radio and about eight jailers show up. They are about

DICKERMAN

Last chance, asshole. Come to the bars and take this paperwork.

FOX

Fuck you, Dickerman. This why your wife killed herself? You treat her like this when she wanted to watch television?

DICKERMAN

(to the guards)

Let's go get him.

(to the inmates)

Stay in your bunks.

Justin understands. He even pulls the blanket over his head. He peaks out at the situation.

DICKERMAN

Stand up.

Fox jumps out and starts swinging. Dickerman goes down. The pepper canisters come out and Fox's hit from all directions. He swings wildly until he is exhausted. Then the jailers move and in begin beating him. Finally they knock him to the ground. Fox's head hits the concrete and he's knocked out.

Dickerman rises holding his jaw.

They try to pick Fox up and he goes into convulsions.

INMATE

Hey you don't move him.

DICKERMAN

Stay in your bunks!

OLD TIMER

You killed him.

You guys provoked this. You didn't have to do that.

When Fox begins to shake; they don't hesitate. They drag him out of the tank into the hall. It's almost like it's a common occurrence.

There is a wheelchair conveniently waiting. It's like they knew Fox was going to leave in a chair.

They wheel him down to the nurse's station.

INMATE

Hey you sprayed pepper spray on our blankets.

DICKERMAN

Tough nuts. Dumb ass.

JAILER

If hear another god-damn word... now go to sleep.

Everyone is seething in their bunks.

INT. JAIL'S TANK 7-4 - SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Everyone is still seething in the morning. Justin is sleeping.

In the distance, we can hear a television with the game on. We can hear 8-side cheering.

They are passing news from tank to tank. A tank on the eight side shouts out the score and they pass the information along from 7-5 down in order until the news reaches 7-1.

Back to 7-4 and there is a fistfight. Two guys are going at it. The jailer's come to bars and watch. Justin wakes up.

OLD TIMER

You guys are entertaining the guards.

OLD TIMER #2

This is sad.

You guys knock it off..

They stop fighting. And shake hands.

LANCE
Every time they turn off the TV,
there's a fight.

JUSTIN
Counter productive.

LANCE
It depends how you look at it. They
think fights are better than TV.

JUSTIN
Seems, it'd be better if they just left
the TV's on.

LANCE
What and ruin their fun?

JUSTIN
What were they fighting about?

LANCE
Bored. Pissed of in a jail without a
television. Who knows?

JUSTIN
Why don't they read? There are books
over there.

These guys can't read.

JUSTIN
Pity.

Justin goes to the bars and when a jailer walks by...

JUSTIN
Hey, I'm supposed to get out at 4, it's
6 already.

JAILER
Well, there's been a riot.

JUSTIN
Yeah, you took the TV away on

JAILER

Well, in hindsight that wasn't too smart.

JUSTIN

Live and learn.

JAILER

You're probably not going to get out until the morning.

JUSTIN

I have to be at work?

JAILER

You're a weekender?

JUSTIN

Yep.

JAILER

Okay, I'll try to get it done, but who knows. This whole place is just crazy. Your side, my side, both.

This particular jailer doesn't seem such a bad guy.

INT. JAIL'S TANK 7-4 - NIGHT

Everyone is sleep.

JAILER

Bentley! Bentley! Wake up!

Justin is slow to rise. He is disoriented. It's the middle of the night.

LANCE

Your getting out, man!

JAILER

Grab all your stuff.

Justin is in a daze and hesitates. He doesn't know what to do.

Lance gets out of his bed and rolls up Justin's mattress with all the stuff inside.

LANCE
I'm taking this stuff.

Lance pulls out the toothpaste, soap and toilet paper and throws it on his bunk.

He hands the rolled up mattress to Justin.

Justin is taken to the supply room and the mattress, jumper and stuff is returned to the jailers. Justin gets into his clothes. And is shown the door out. It's 1 am.

Justin gets to the visitor parking lot and his car is gone. He returns to the jail and knocks on the door. He pushes an intercom button.

JUSTIN
Call the cops will you?

JAILER
Can't do that.

JUSTIN
Someone stole my car.

JAILER
You park it in the vistor's parking lot?

JUSTIN
Yes.

JAILER
They towed it.

JUSTIN
What?

JAILER
Yeah, you can't do that.

JUSTIN
There aren't any signs.

JAILER

Sure there is. It says "Visitors".
You're a convict, not a visitor.

JUSTIN

Where am I supposed to park?

JAILER

You're not.

JUSTIN

Geez.

JAILER

You better get to walking before they
pick you up for loitering.

Justin sighs and walks away.

He notices a dumpster and it might have his cell phone and he takes a few steps toward it. He looks up at the jail building and the dumpster is clearly under a security camera.

EXT. CITY STREETS DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

It's bitter cold and the wind is up. Justin leaves the area walking and freezing. There isn't a soul out at this time of night.

Justin walks past the city streets department. He glances... and then the glances again. He does a double take. It's part of the series/character trade and it's in every episode. Justin doesn't look for trouble, but things simple occur to him. Visuals trigger him.

Justin sees a water truck the city uses to water trees and plants in the medians. He sees a huge tank of gasoline that the city buys in bulk for their trucks. Justin sees a gap in the gate he might be able to squeeze through.

He does. He enters the yard and then the building, a door left open. A police car comes by... but doesn't stop. Apparently there isn't an alarm.

He happens across a set of work gloves in the workshop. He puts them on.

Justin finds a key box on the wall. He opens it and takes the keys to the water truck, the fuel pump and the gate.

The water truck is empty. Justin pull it over by the gas tank. He pumps hundreds of gallons into the water tank.

He drives out the gate back in the direction of the jail.

Justin catches a glimpse out of the corner of his eye. Something is moving parallel with him a block over. It's not a car... no light. Justin looks down the side streets and see snippets of the "Wild Hunt" - Vikings in black clothes on black horses, with black dogs. Some men are riding black stags. There is a naked goddess of the hunt also on a black horse. She is leading them. Several Vikings have captors, young females they have pulled up on their horses.

This is a mythic hunt from Norse mythology. Seeing the "Wild Hunt" was thought to presage some catastrophe such as war, natural disaster or plague, or at best the death of the one who witnessed it. People encountering the Hunt might also be abducted to the underworld. This is also a trademark of the series. Before there is "trouble" Justin sees the aberration and then it disappears.

Justin notices a few cigars on the dash as well as a lighter. The regular driver is a smoker.

EXT. JAIL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Justin parks the water truck in the distance and watches the jail. He looks left and right. He waits. He studies the security cameras. It appears they aren't covering the jailer's parking lot. In the parking lot are about twenty pickup trucks and a few SUVs.

Justin drives into the jailer's parking lot. He gets out and opens the spigot on the back of the water truck. The gas pours out onto the pavement. Justin slowly drives around the parking lot soaking every inch in gasoline. He jumps the curb and drives out into the field. Dry grass is soaked. He reaches the road... the grass as well as the parking lot are completely soaked.

Justin stops and the gas tank is empty.

Justin lights a cigar, he takes a few puffs. He doesn't like it and coughs.

He throws the cigar out the window and the fire consumes the field of dry grass. It stops at the parking lot. There is a curb and it appears for a second Justin's plan will fail.

Justin has looked rather confident, even cocky. But there is a hiccup.

Long beat.

Finally, there is a gust of wind and the fire jumps the curb into the trucks. It's only seconds until the entire parking lot is up on flames. Several trucks explode and it's nothing subtle.

Justin's confident smile returns. He guns the truck and it proceeds down the street.

FADE OUT

THE WEEKENDER, by Alan Nafzger

SERIES LOGLINE: When a civics teacher and family man is found guilty of a crime he didn't commit, he is sentenced to weekends in jail. He finds a new sense of justice and begins doing favors for the offenders he meets there. Slowly he is drawn in deeper the underworld.

Definition

Weekender - *Slang*. Noun. A minor offender sentenced to serve a weekend or series of weekends in jail. This is done so they can continue with school or work, Monday through Friday.

Jail Segregation

At the local jail there are three locations. Lower level non-violent criminals are stored on 7-side, tanks whose number begin with 7. Violent and serious crimes offenders are stored on 8-side. And of course the murder suspects and the offenders in protective custody are in Solitary & Keepaway. Justin basically steals from the 8-side type criminal and gives the profits to the 7-side criminals.

Characters

Justin Bentley - At the age of 50, Walt works as a high school government teacher. He is the ultimate civics teacher and teacher citizenship and not necessarily to the rote knowledge test. He is very fair presenting both sides of the various issues. Slowly over the course of the series, he is drawn into the dark underworlds. At first he executes complicated but relatively innocent favors for his weekend friends. But of course it snowballs into major crime. It's always well intentioned, but the road to Hell is paved with good intentions. Justin is deliberately made the character less sympathetic over time. Justin's evolution from mild-mannered school teacher and family man to ruthless criminal mastermind and murderer is the show's central focus. Justin is a libertarian and rejects power in the classroom, but his criminal character gathers more and more power. Justin is also a modern day Jesse James. He never gives the profits of his favors to upstanding citizens. However, he definitely benefits the

Jerryd Jackson - African American student, computer hacker and database genius. He is a passive participant in almost every favor Justin does. They call him, "Ghetto MacGyver." Anything technical he can handle.

Judy Baca – Hispanic female. Attorney. Former student of Justin; she is loyal and

Carolyn Bentley - Wife of Justin and a neurotic, yet fiercely ambitious real estate broker;

Jane Bentley - Daughter of Justin' she abhors her parents and has low self-esteem.

Judge Ray Bean - Acquaintance of Justin's. The judge comes to speak to Justin's classroom twice a year on Law Week. Also the judge's daughter and Justin's daughter are best friends.

Emily Bean – Best friend of Jane Bentley.

Series themes

One - "Someday everything will be against the law," Justin is haunted by the admonition of his high school civics teacher. Everything has in fact become against the law and many of the characters Justin discovers in jail are sympathetic and deserving of a bit of assistance.

Two – "Power corrupts and total power corrupts totally." Justin slowly assembles, almost by accident, an army of criminals to help him do the favors. Over time almost everyone from 7-side owes him a favor and the soon form a criminal syndicate with Justin in the middle.

Three - Justin and his weekend friends act with good intentions, but "the best laid plans of mice and men often go awry" and everyone digs one rung deeper on the spiral down.

The Morality Play

If we look at the huge phenomenons of Breaking Bad and The Sopranos, Both are built on the uncomfortable premise that there are likable/charismatic men who do wrong. The Weekender is a series are "morality plays" that showcase "moral agency." Moral agency is an individual's ability to make moral judgments based on some notion of right and wrong. Walter White is a man how gradually leaves the light-side for the dark-side. Tony Soprano just turns down every opportunity to come into the light.

Impromptu Crime Planning

In each episode we have a "mental process" moment for Justin. He is driving along in his car and seeing certain elements of the crime – i.e. a water truck, a gasoline tank and a flag in a stiff wind -- triggers his planning.

Series Episodes

Pilot – "Super Bowl Sunday" – Justin spends his first week in jail. Justin surveys the room and learns most of the men there probably don't deserve to be in jail. The weekend is Super Bowl weekend and the local team is playing. There is ferocious gambling going on; it's not just the usual cake being gambled but entire trays are being gambled away. The guards notice and feel the offenders are having too much fun and they hatch a plan to ruin it all. They do inspections of the tanks and any infraction of the rules will result in loss of privileges – including television. Justin's tank is violated because one prisoner has one and a sixteenth roll of toilet paper. Another tank loses their TV because an inmate has one and a forth Kool-Aid packages. The other tanks are similarly deprived of the TV on Super Bowl Sunday. It's a 7-side wide conspiracy. The guards are afraid of the men in 8-side. The minor offenders are forced to listen to the hard-core offender cheer and game. The television off and everyone in a bad mood there are several fights and the guards are liberal with the pepper spray. Everyone is sprayed for no reason other than meanness. When Justin is released, the mild mannered teacher torches all the pickups of the guards and makes it look like a random grassfire. Justin has accomplished little in his life, but this gives him a sense of real power. We have created a monster.

Episode #1 - An offender's mother is in a rest home and relies on her son to pay the bills. Justin tries to reason with the bookie, but in the end must resort to violence to collect a gambling debt from a bookie. He pays the lady's bills.

Episode #2 - The city is in need of a new million dollar animal reclaim center. To fund and publicize the new construction the city basically resorts to stealing dogs from breeders. The government seizes a man's show dogs and he is charged with animal abuse. His bail is higher than a rapists who stabbed his victim. Justin breaks into the impound lot steals the man's RV and torches the office building holding the records.

Episode #3 - An offender is sentenced to 90 days for dumpster diving. Of course it's a crime to be homeless and the offender is down to 130 lbs. The government has paid a computer-programming student million for the key to his encryption program. The problem is he's signed an agreement that he will not produce encryption software. Justin persuades the student to set up a program for the dumpster diver to sell. And he does sell it to the government. The money is put into a trust for the offender. When he gets out of jail he has a tiny home and a small annuity.

Episode #4 – There are five meth addicts in the tank and after hearing their stories, Justin is ready to take down the drug dealer. In the end the dealer pays for the rehab.

Episode #5 – There is a construction general contractor in jail for 45 days waiting on extradition to another state. He can't get bail and the other state is dragging their feet. Rather than waste time with all the legal intricacies, Justin steals an armoured truck and crashes it into the evidence room, he throws the saw on the roof and walks away. The next day .

Episode #6 – An inmate only wants to grow marijuana. It's the only thing he's ever been good at. He's planted acres of it along the riverbed and it's time to harvest. Justin harvests the crop and seals it in dog food cans. A truck is rented and the GPS is programmed destination Colorado. Judy follows him to Colorado

and sets up a corporation, buys land and establishes the inmate into a legal growing business.

The Look of the Series

Chalkboards full of civics meet Tattooed trailer park trash.

Feel of the Series

Justin's success building an organization is founded on a cult of personality. Many of the 7-side inmates that he helps never had the family support mechanism. Teacher have told them they have learning disabilities and they were cut from their high school sports teams. Justin, for some strange reason, suddenly shows a bit of interest and cares for them. They respond with almost the only thing they have to offer, their loyalty. The problem is this loyal army only fuels the fire and lust for power in Justin.