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The Escape of Prisoner 614

By Zach Golden

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[grand orchestral music]

[light orchestral music]

- [rock crumbling]

- [wind whooshing]

[dramatic orchestral music]

[low thudding]

[dramatic orchestral music]

- [wind whooshing]

- [low synth music]

[projector running]

[light folk rock music]

[banjo music]

[dog barking]

- [brush rustling]

- [low thudding]

[low thudding]

[gun cocking]

Sheriff's deputy!

Throw down your
weapon and surrender.

[Jim] No!

No?

No's not an option.

[Jim] You throw
your gun down then.

That's not how this works.

[Jim] Well, looks like
the only solution
is to throw our guns
down together.

Fine.

It's on my count.

[Jim] Well, how's that fair?

It was my idea.

That's about as good a
deal as you're gonna get.

Now you can either take it
or we can let our
guns do the talking.

Well?

[Jim] Fine, deal.

All right.

[gun clicking]

You ready?

[Jim] Yeah.

One,
two,
three.

[both guns clicking repeatedly]

What the hell was that?

We had an agreement.

[Jim] Well, I'm a criminal.

Supposed to be nefarious.

That's true.

Still,

I'm gonna mark it down
as a victory for me.

[Jim] On what grounds?

Shooting you dead.

Pretty sure that clearly
constitutes a victory.

How so?

You didn't even hit me.

Well, you know the rules.

In the event of an
unresolvable dispute...

Tie goes to the deputy.

Correct.

Because criminals,
well, they never win.

At least not in the long-term.

Why do I always have
to be the criminal.

We've been over this.

Mask, it makes me
claustrophobic.

What if the criminal
doesn't wear a mask?

Now listen to yourself.

You think a criminal's
gonna commit a crime
without a mask or some
kind of tactical disguise?

[sighing]

All right.

You're right,
it's ridiculous.

[Thurman] Uh-huh.

[Jim] Ugh, I'm hungry.

[bell dinging]

Mind if I smoke?

[man] No, ma'am,
go right ahead.

[Marla] So, what
brings you to Shandaken?

I was supposed to meet
my bride up in Albany,
but there were
some complications.

Well, at least you
seem in good spirits.

[bell on door ringing]

Morning, deputies.

Morning, Marla.

We need a plan.

Yeah.

Well, how 'bout...

There you go, boys.

Thanks, Marla.

How 'bout all of
the arrest records
were burned up in a tragic fire
that also took the lives
of three innocent people?
Except we need the bodies.

Oh yeah.

Oh yeah, those are
hard to come by.

Uh.

[snapping fingers]

I got it.

[Jim] Hmm?

How 'bout this.

We got so many arrests
that the boxes of records
became cumbersome
around the office,
so we had no choice
but to ship the records
to a storage facility
just north of Albany.

Shortly after they arrived,
it was ravaged by fire.

- I like that.

- You like that?

- Yeah.

- All right, good.

Then that's the plan.

Still got an hour and a half
till the sheriff gets here.

Who knows, something might
happen between now and then.

Excuse me, sir.

Anything we can help you with?

No, sir.

Oh, well, I was

beaten and robbed

by a pack of teenagers

this morning.

In Shandaken?

No, Albany.

- [sighing]

- I'm just driving through.

Well, that's outside

our jurisdiction,

but if you like we can

aid you in filing

a criminal complaint with the

Albany sheriff's department.

Uh, no, no.

I wouldn't wanna go

through all the trouble.

What's the matter

with the pie?

Oh, sheriff's

coming to town today

to review quarterly

arrest records.

So, that's no reason

to waste food.

Yes, ma'am.

Yep.

Mmm.

[Marla] All right?

Yeah.

Yeah, we unfortunately
haven't made an arrest
this quarter.

Or the three
quarters before that.

Yeah, and in the six years
prior to that,
we only made one arrest.

[clearing throat]

And that son of
a bitch got away.

Oh yeah.

Turns out it's not illegal
to fish without a license
if you don't catch anything.

Marla, let me
ask you something.

You'd say you know us
pretty good, right?

We're practically family.

You think we're good deputies?

Well, the way I see it,
if you're not arresting anyone,
it means there's no crime,
and if there's no crime,
it means that you two are
pretty darn good deputies.

Uh-huh. And that is exactly
what we'll tell the sheriff.

Thanks, Marla.

What's the damage?

Two cents for my two cents.

The rest, as usual,
on the house.

Are you kidding about
that two cents, Marla?

I don't carry change.

It doesn't feel
good in my pockets.

[Marla] Oh, forget it.

[gun clicking]

[gun clicking]

[Jim] Get out of there.

[door slamming]

Sheriff.

[coughing]

Morning, sir.

Can I offer you a pastry, sir?

Awful tasty.

[throat clearing]

Yes, sir.

Good choice.

[Thurman] Yes, sir.

How was your trip, sir?

Alone.

[Thurman]

That's good, I guess.

[spitting]

I got a deposition 30 minutes
right outside Kingston,
so let's skip the pleasantries
and get right down
to brass tacks.

Yes, sir.

Well?

Well, I got some good news
for you, sheriff.

No arrests to
review this quarter.

What we figure is
if there's no arrests,
one could extrapolate
that there's no crime.

And if there's no crime,
then all in all,

I'd say we're doing
a pretty bang up job.

Sir.

Well, I mean if
there's no crime,
well then, why would I need
a deputy in Shandaken,
much less two of them.

Well, God forbid

there is a crime, sir,

- we would protect the citizenry.

- Uh-huh.

So, we're kind of worried

about hypothetical crime.

- [Thurman] Yes, sir.

- Mmm.

As well as the threat
of actual crime,
which is always omnipresent.

What, what, what
Deputy Hayford means to say
is um, we, uh,
we just, um,
don't have the reports.

We don't have the
reports for the crimes,
which there were
a lot of crimes.

That's correct.

That's right.

You know, I was
playing coy earlier.

I didn't wanna toot my own horn,
but truth be told,
we've made so many arrests,
you know, that the boxes
of records were piling up
and becoming cumbersome
around the office.

I mean, there must've
been, I lost count,
so we went ahead and
shipped those up north,
- just north of Albany.

- Yeah.

- Was it?

- Yeah.

- That's where it was.

- Yeah.

And, here's the kicker, sir.
When they got there, the whole
thing was ravaged by fire.

Everything gone,
all of it, just burnt up.

Typical, late firemen.

Well, don't throw
them under the bus.

Mmm.

Well, now,

now let me be clear here.

See, your duty is
to serve and protect
the good people of
Shandaken, right?

And the way we show that we
are serving and protecting
the good people of Shandaken,
is arrests and convictions.

Now, now, my budget
is controlled
by a bunch of son of a bitch
politicians up in Albany
and you know what
they really like?

- Money.

- [Jim] Prostitutes.

Results.

And when they don't see results,
well, they, they reduce
my budget
and I just don't like
having my budget reduced.

Mm-mm.

Now, wearing that badge
is a privilege
and goddamn it, your arrest
records reflect poorly
on every man who's had
the honor of pinning that
to his uniform.

So effective immediately,
your employment
at the Shandaken sheriff's
department is terminated.

I'm gonna need your badges
and your firearms.

[leather squeaking]

[Thurman] Easy.

There you go.

Someone from human
resources up in Albany

will contact you about
your pensions presently.
- [gun dropping in drawer]
- [drawer slamming]
You got till the end of the day
to clear out your
personal effects.
Now, if you'll excuse me,
I'm due in Kingston.
[door slamming]
What are you doing?
Packing up.
You just wanna quit?
We didn't quit, Thurman,
we got fired.
Let me ask you something, Jim.
If we're not deputies,
then what the hell are we?
We're nothing.
Wrong, we're worse
than nothing.
We're civilians.
[phone ringing]
Shandaken sheriff's department.
[Arthur] I need to
speak to the sheriff,
- post-haste.
- Who's calling?
This is Warden Arthur B. Cox,
Adirondack County Correctional.
Well, I'm sorry, Warden.
Sheriff's got a
deposition in Kingston.
If you wait a couple hours,
you're likely
to reach him
at the courthouse.
No, no, no.
Can't wait.
Is there a deputy on duty?
Yes, sir, two deputies
on duty.
[Arthur] Well then, deputy,
hold on to your johnson.

We're not deputies.

- Shh.

- This morning at 0600,
head check came up
one short, prisoner 614.
Fine then.

COs discovered a tunnel,
hidden behind the
toilet in his cell,
spanned 400 feet.

Son of a bitch must've
held it for months.

Anyhow,

we got word

that a hunting party
saw a fella in shackles,
matching his description,
up on Slide Mountain.

Now, if I'm not mistaken,
that sits square within the
middle of your jurisdiction.

Yes, sir, it does.

Good, any questions?

Uh, yes, sir.

What do you want us to do?

Well, for starters,
catch the son of a bitch.

- He murdered a deputy in cold blood, back in '58.

- Jesus.

Left a widow and
three daughters.

So, if anything happens,
nobody's gonna lose sleep
over a dead cop-killer.

Godspeed, deputy.

I'm counting on you.

Yes, sir, and I just
wanna let you know,
on behalf of the...

- [dial tone humming]

- Hello?

Is he gone?

He's gone.

[phone hanging up]

[sighing]

I know what we're gonna do.

Nothing.

We ain't doing nothing.

You heard the sheriff

as same as I did.

We're gonna hike out

to Slide Mountain,

capture the prisoner,

return him to justice.

We'll be heroes.

Sheriff will have no choice,

but to give us our jobs back.

Thurman, we swore an oath

to uphold the law.

It seems awful

wrong to break it.

Tell me, Jim, what law

are we breaking?

Impersonating an officer.

We're not

impersonating anyone.

Badge or no badge,

we're deputies.

And you're right,

we did swear an oath

to the good people of Shandaken.

And I'll be damned if I leave

them in their time of need.

There's a cold-blooded

killer out there, Jim.

And goddamn it,

we're gonna find him.

Get your hat.

[door opening]

[rock smashing shackles]

We head out in the wilderness,

we capture the prisoner,

return him to justice,

at which point,

we will inevitably

be hailed as heroes

and the sheriff

will have no choice

but to give us our jobs back.

- That's a dynamite plan.

- [slamming table]

- See?

- And no one's disputing that.

What makes you think
that we can find him,
much less apprehend him?

The Slide Mountain
wilderness is 45,000 acres
of rugged beauty.

He could be anywhere.

Oh, I don't know.

Maybe the fact that
we're highly-trained
sheriff's deputies.

We've been training for
this our entire lives.

This whole, a culmination
of all of our experience.

- We don't even have our guns.

- It's just an apex of things that we've learned.

We don't have our guns.

What are we gonna do?

This man killed a
deputy in cold blood.

What makes you figure he's just
gonna give up to us willingly, huh?

Still have the

keys to the outpost.

Take munitions from there.

Your solution is to burgle?

No, my solution's not...

no one's gonna burgle.

Obviously return 'em once
this whole thing's over with.

- You see, legally, that's borrowing.

- [Thurman] Thank you.

How do you borrow bullets
that you took and shot?

That doesn't make sense.

- You can't...

- Sure, you can.

What are you gonna,

it's a used bullet.
Little IOUs, little IOUs.
We'll tally 'em out.
So then, it's not
a borrowing situation.
No, it's an IOU situation.
And you know what,
that's honorable.
People honor IOUs.
Our word is our bond
and I'm done arguing
about this with you.
Look at me.
Are you in or are you out?
Thurman, wait.
No, remind me one more time.
If we're not deputies,
then what the hell are we?
Oh, I hate to interject,
but that'll be \$2.85
for the meatloaf and the shakes.
I beg your pardon?
\$2 and 85 cents for the
meatloafs and the shakes,
plus a gratuity if you'd like.
Uh, Marla, it's always
been on the house.
Well, that was different.
You used to be deputies.
- I'm in.
- Uh-huh.
Marla, I'm gonna
have to owe you.
But we will pay.
[bell on door ringing]
[Thurman] All right,
here's the plan,
0800, begin pursuit of prisoner.
Yep.
1200, break for
lunch, which is?
- Sandwich platter.
- All right.
1300 hours, continue

pursuit of prisoner.

Now here's the part where
it gets a little bit fuzzy,
but I estimate that some time
between 1400 and 1600 hours,
we'll apprehend the prisoner,
set up camp for the night,
and head on back in the morning.
So, best guess, I'd say
everything'll be back to normal
by 1300 tomorrow,
which for my money,
can't come soon enough.

Now, what do we got for rations?

A lunch and dinner today,
breakfast tomorrow,
and assorted snacks
and refreshments.

All right, good.

Anything beyond that,
we'll just have to hunt
and kill ourselves.

Map.

Map. Map.

- Map.

- [Thurman] Yep.

The Slide Mountain wilderness
comprises 47,500 acres
and 16 peaks.

Marked foot trails provide
access to the remote interior,
traversing rocky summits
that are thick
with balsam forest,
home to a host of wildlife,
including black bears,
whitetail deer,
porcupine, and snowshoe hare.

The Burr-ohs Range,
made up of Slide, Cornell,
Wittenberg Mountains, is
named for famed naturalist,
John Burr-ohs.

- [Thurman] Burroughs.

- Burr-ohs.

Burroughs.

Burr-ohs.

Its imposing beauty
inspired him to write,
quote, "Here the works of
man dwindle," end quote.

A plaque commemorating
Burr-ohs, is permanently affixed
to the summit rock on the
Catskill's highest peak,
Slide Mountain.

We should visit that,
if we have time.

Which way then?

Up.

[Thurman] Up, up.

[Jim] Up.

Hey, how much you wanna
bet I can shoot this can
off that rock in one shot?

That one?

This can right here.

Depends how far away you are.

15 paces?

[throat clearing]

I got a buck says you can't.

- [gun dropping]

- Oh, dropped your gun.

Yep.

15 paces.

[gun cocking]

[gunshot]

That's \$1, my friend.

- Double or nothing.

- [gun cocking]

[gunshot]

Double or nothing again.

[gun cocking]

[gunshot]

[laughing]

- Again.

- I like those odds.

Well, if it's so easy,

why don't you try it?

Double or nothing.

[gunshot]

All right, how 'bout

first one to hit it

- wins five bucks.

- All right.

[gun cocking]

[guns firing]

[tree rustling]

[prisoner] Shit.

[guns firing]

[guns clicking]

[gunshot]

[grunting]

[gunshot]

Hurry up.

Hey, did you

pack the reserves?

Reserves?

What reserves?

The reserve ammo for
sport and recreation.

[Jim] I didn't bring
any reserve ammo.

You didn't bring any reserves.

I packed a big bag of bullets.

One bag of bullets?

A big bag.

Well, we're out, Jim.

Quit joking, Thurman.

There ain't no ties
in gun-shootin'.

I ain't joking.

[Jim] I knew this was a
bad idea from the get-go.

All right, just calm down,
let me think, all right?

My ears are ringing.

I can't hear myself...

- [Jim] We gotta turn back.

- I'll come up with another plan.

We're not turning back.

Deputies do not turn back.

Well, we're not
deputies anymore, are we?
- [match striking]
- We're out of ammo,
we don't know
where the prisoner is,
and goddamn it,
I'm getting hungry again.
[sighing] Okay, I can't help but
feel a little attacked right now.
Well, sorry, but...
- under the current...
- [fingers snapping]
You know, the way I see it,
you got a gun pointed at you,
you ain't worried about
whether or not it's loaded.
That's your plan?
- [gun cocking]
- Ah!
It's a bee.
I'm allergic.
- [gun cocking]
- Ah!
There's a lot of bees.
Stop doing that, anyway.
We'll start losing light soon.
We should make camp here.
I think if we just have a
nice good meal by the fire,
we'll sit and think
about what to do
for the next couple days.
Oh, beg your pardon?
Well, it's gonna take at least
a couple more days out here
at the rate we're going.
We only got enough
rations till tomorrow.
Well, then we'll
hunt our own food.
With what bullets?
Well, we got knives, don't we?
You gonna pounce on a

squirrel and stab it to death?

[scoffing]

Jesus.

Huh?

No, that's grim,
it's a grim thought.

I just think if we
stick to the plan,
everything'll be okay.

[distant murmuring]

Well, the plan ain't working.

[distant murmuring]

[Thurman]

Did you see what I did?

What?

What'd I miss?

- What'd I miss?

- Shhh.

[men chattering]

Excuse me, sheriff's deputy,
we'd like a word with you,
folks.

- [both] Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.

- [guns cocking]

Put those guns down right now.

Drop 'em.

Put 'em down.

Put 'em down.

Drop 'em.

Easy, easy.

We're just out here
hunting, that's all.

[gun clicking]

Lower it, put it down.

Alexi and his brother here,
I hired them to help me
bag a black bear.

It's gonna look
real good in my foyer.

You say you're
sheriff's deputies.

I see no badges.

How do we know we're
not being bamboozled?

This one has big beautiful
blue eyes, like porcelain doll.

[laughing]

How long you been
sheriff deputy?

Two days?

Since the day I was born.

[laughing]

That is something
sheriff deputy would say.

Okay, okay.

Listen, we're
tracking a prisoner.

He murdered a
deputy in cold blood
and he's on the loose
somewhere in these mountains.

Now, I apologize, but I'm
afraid we're gonna have to
commandeer your munitions.

Munitions?

All we gots shells, man.
You ever try to take down
a black bear with a pistol?
All you're gonna do is piss
that son of a bitch off,
I guarantee it.

Well, then we'll take
a couple of those rifles
- off your hands too.

- [growling]

- No, no, no, no.

- I'll make a deal with you.

If I give you these rifles,
you boys'll skedaddle?

That's right.

All right, give it to him.

That's all right.

[mumbling]

[Thurman] We're gonna
need the ammo too,

- all of it.

- All of it?

That's right.

There's a cold-blooded
killer on the loose
and we gotta catch him.
All right.
Time for you boys to get!
Wow.
Being awful rude.
I ain't being rude.
You the one that interrupted us.
We out here minding
our own damn business.
Why you so anxious
for us to go?
You are repelling animals.
- [Thurman] What?
- Huh?
You are repelling animals.
I'm still not getting it, but I think
that you guys are hiding something.
[Jim] He's hiding
something in his cheeks.
- I ain't hiding shit.
- No.
[Thurman] Well, why
don't you step aside?
- No.
- [Thurman] Step aside, that's an order.
[Hunter] God damn it.
All right.
They's trapping.
Can't do that.
It's illegal.
Where we're from,
perfectly legal.
- Legal.
- Well, in this country, it's illegal.
- Yeah.
- And you gotta stop doing that or I'll arrest you.
What about your
goddamn prisoner?
Goddamn it,
that's out business.
Now, look, I'll...
I'll let you off with a warning

if you promise just to
stop setting these traps.

Okay, okay, we'll stop.

- No promises.

- Good.

And if you see and
suspicious acts,
just make sure you alert
the proper authorities,
like us, okay?

What about that?

- That about that?

- Zat about zat?

[Russian Hunter] That.

- That, about that.

- Zat.

[Russian Hunter] That.

- That.

- Where's he pointing?

- Hold that.

- Yeah.

He's still pointing over there.

You see anything?

Yep.

Take a look.

[Jim] Oh, there's
a fire over there.

[Thurman] You got it.

[Jim] We should go there.

- Come on.

- Let's go.

Thank you.

- [light piano music]

- Sorry about the wait, sheriff.

It's my first day
and I'm still trying
to get a handle on things.

Folks have been
really nice, patient too.

Can you remind me what
you want on your potato.

The works.

The works.

Sour cream, bacon,

scallions, cheddar cheese,
the works.
Sour cream, bacon, scallions,
cheddar cheese.
All right, is there anything
else I can do for you?
[blowing smoke]
Bless us, oh lord,
for these thy gifts we're about
to receive from your bounty.
Through Christ, our lord, amen.
[phone ringing]
[footsteps approaching]
[waitress]
Phone call for you, sir.
[footsteps departing]
[fork dropping]
What is it?
[Arthur] Sheriff, Warden Cox.
State your business, Warden.
[Arthur] Given the gravity
of our situation,
I expected an update on
the status of our prisoner,
professional courtesy aside.
This one hell of a blemish
on the otherwise alabaster
complexion of my penitentiary!
Now, I spoke to your deputies
down in Shandaken yesterday.
I don't know what
your boys do down there.
I guess I just assumed
that they would inform you
of the goings-on.
Warden, with all due respect,
this is the first I'm
hearing about prisoner...
[Arthur] 614!
Prisoner 614.
[laughing]
Oh, all right.
Sure, sheriff.
Me neither.

Just make sure they
get rid of the body.
I got enough bad press
up here as it is.
I don't need that shit storm
rolling through here.
Now you listen to me, Warden.
Now, I swear to God,
you better tell me
what the hell's
going on or I will...
Oh, don't worry
'bout me, sheriff.
I'm a vault.
We never even had
this conversation.
[laughing]
[phone hanging up]
[rock smashing shackles]
Are we sure it's him?
It's him.
[blowing]
[grunting]
Oooh.
Freeze!
Sheriff deputy.
I know who you are.
Caught ya.
[laughing]
Stand up nice and slow.
Keep your hands
where I can see 'em.
Okay, hands up!
Now, taking you in
and that's just the
way it's gotta be.
Shit!
Please don't,
please don't shoot me.
Please, I'm so sorry.
I didn't, I'm so sorry.
I'm not even a police officer.
If you're into killing cops,
I'm not even a police officer.

[gun cocking]

You better put that gun down
or I will literally shoot
you in the back of the head
with this rifle.

- [heavy breathing]

- Get on your knees.

That's right.

Easy, easy.

Jim, you wanna compose yourself
and come over here?

[Jim] Yeah.

[Thurman] Prisoner 614,
you are under arrest for escape.

Anything you say at this...

Wanna grab your gun?

Yeah.

- [Thurman] You all right?

- You saved my life.

Well, hell yeah.

This sorry excuse for a man's
already killed one deputy.

Not about to let him

do it again,

much less my partner.

I ain't killed nobody.

Hey, prisoner.

I'm gonna tell you

this one time,

I'm gonna tell it to you plain.

We ask the questions around here

and I don't recall asking you

"are you a killer," because

the answer's obviously yes,

- yes, you are.

- No, I'm not, deputy.

[Jim]

Be a good sport, prisoner.

You lost fair and square.

Nobody likes a sore loser.

You got your cuffs?

Let me make something abundantly

clear to you, prisoner.

Your now in the

custody of not one,
but two sheriff's deputies
from the Shandaken
sheriff's department.
It's our job to escort
you back to prison.
That's exactly what
we're gonna do.
If you look like you're even
thinking about escapin' again,
we shoot.
I've been training
for this exact moment
my entire life, you understand?
I owe you an apology, Thurman.
No need.
No, it's like you said.
Badge or no badge,
we're deputies.
We stick together.
You want some food, prisoner?
- Yeah.
- Yeah?
Yes, what?
Yes, please.
[sucking teeth]
We do not reward bad manners
in this outfit.
We got a big day tomorrow.
It's time to turn in.
If you try any funny business
when we're sleeping,
you're liable to wake up dead.
Keep it moving, prisoner.
Go on, you heard him.
Come on.
Don't be obstinate.
Hey, there's no point in
delaying the inevitable.
Now, let's go.
Carry you up if I have to.
[grunting]
Shit.
Jim, are you pushing?

- I am.

- [Thurman] God.

What the hell's your problem?

I ain't going back.

Well, that's where

you're wrong, prisoner.

Yeah, you're a prisoner.

Prisoner's belong in prison.

No bellyaching is

gonna change that.

Now you can either

walk or you can get shot.

Your choice.

You gonna shoot me?

- Then shoot me then.

- [Jim] Eh.

Why you gotta make

everything so dramatic.

It's just prison.

It's not like we're

talking about going to...

- Massachusetts.

- [Thurman] Massachusetts.

Oof.

You ever been locked up

23 hours a day?

Somebody tellin' you

what to do, when to do it?

Treated like

an animal in a cage?

You know what that feels like?

Me personally?

No, I'm not a criminal.

Yeah, we're not criminals.

So, we don't know.

You don't know what the

hell you talkin' 'bout then.

- Hey.

- Hey.

I've seen more than my

fair share of prison movies.

So, I may not have

been to prison myself,

but I have been

transported there
through the magic
of motion pictures.
I saw Cool Hand Luke
a couple of months back.
Prison didn't seem that bad.
A lot of eggs,
surprising amount of eggs.
Heaven if you like eggs.
The dumbest thing
I ever heard in my life.
You could shoot me,
but I ain't going back.
Now, you are going back.
If you don't like it,
well, should've thought of that
before you killed
a sheriff's deputy.
I ain't a killer.
Look, I'm trying to tell you.
Oh, you were put in prison
for no good reason?
Last time I heard, we don't
do that in America.
- Man, I ain't never killed...
- All right, that's enough.
Now, we're bringing you in,
dead or alive.
So, I'm gonna ask you
this one more time,
you wanna walk or
you wanna get shot?
I ain't a killer.
If I was, your partner
would be dead.
Well, maybe you're
a killer and a coward.
I don't know.
I don't know what you're in for.
In '58 I went to
a protest, Albany.
Deputy came in,
arresting people.
Fat ass deputy had a heart

attack trying to chase me.
I ain't kill him though.
Prisoner, let me
tell you something.
Even if we did believe you,
which to be clear,
- we do not.
- We do not.
Wouldn't make a
lick of difference.
Our job is to bring you in
and that's exactly
what we're gonna do.
I don't wanna kill you,
but I will.
Then do it.
[gun cocking]
[gunshot]
He said if he was a killer,
your partner would be dead.
And?
I'm your partner.
- So?
- I'm not dead.
Does that preclude him
from being a killer?
It's a logical fallacy.
It's typical criminal behavior.
Given to lies, deception...
- So, he is a killer?
- [gun cocking]
You take another step,
it's gonna be your last.
What in the goddamn hell
you boys think you're doing?
Getting results, sir.
You do recall, don't you,
that as of two days ago,
your employment
with the Shandaken
sheriff's department,
was terminated with cause?
[Thurman] Yes, sir,
we just, we thought...

You thought?
You thought, you thought what?
You wanna get your dumb asses
locked up from two to four?
We wanted to show you
we were good deputies, sir.
So, we thought maybe if
we caught the prisoner,
well, you'd see that and consider
giving us our jobs back.
He killed one of our own, sir.
No, I didn't.
What'd you say?
Prisoner 614?
Now, you answer me
when I speak to you, boy.
Yes, sir.
There's a special place
in hell for your kind
and if I had my way,
I'd send you there right now.
Do you understand me, boy?
- Yes, sir.
- You killed a deputy.
I can't change that.
What I can do is make sure
that you pay the
consequences for your actions
for the rest of your
natural born life
and I promise as long
as I'm standing here,
I'm gonna live up to that.
I ain't killed nobody.
[grunting]
Say it again.
[prisoner]
I ain't kill nobody.
Say it again!
[prisoner] I ain't
kill nobody, sir.
[gun cocking]
Maybe we got a
bit off track, sir.

Uh, um...

maybe.

Like I told you,
you broke the law.

[sighing]

You also showed some gumption.
- [gun clicking] -We just did
what we thought was right, sir.
He killed one of our own, sir.
We're not gonna let
him get away with that.

Well, I don't know.

It's possible I was
wrong about you two.

I'll tell you what.

From this moment forward,
I'm gonna deputize you two
as officers of the law.

You get that son of a bitch
back to Shandaken office,
you get him ready for transport,
you got your jobs back.

[Thurman] Yes, sir,
we will not disappoint you.

Oh, you sure won't disappoint,
'cause if you do,
you're gonna end up with your
little pal here up north.

You understand?

- Yes, sir.

- Yes, sir.

Should we get a move on then?

Not we, you.

Four hours with
this son of a bitch,
I'd send him to an early grave
and he'd be getting
off easy at that.

Now, look, I want you to rely on
your training. I want you vigilant.

This son of a bitch killed
a deputy in cold blood
and don't think he
won't try it again.

Don't forget that.

- Yes, sir.

- We won't.

[hocking and spitting]

- [exhaling deeply] Oh, yes.

- [laughing]

Yes, yes, yes.

That could not

have gone any better.

For some of us, it did.

How did you know this

was all gonna work out?

[Thurman] Well,

I'll tell you, Jim.

No other reason

than the simple fact

that it had to work out.

We're deputies.

You can't just take

that away from us.

[Jim] What if it didn't?

[Thurman] Never even

considered that possibility.

You?

- [Jim] I like animals.

- [Thurman] Okay.

[Jim] So, I figured

I'd probably end up

in the fur business,

be a trapper.

When's the last time

you saw a marker?

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.

I don't know.

I've been following you.

I've been following him.

The...

Why would you

follow the prisoner?

- He's in front.

- Hey, prisoner.

If you don't want people to

treat you like a criminal,

- then maybe you should stop acting like one.

- I've just been going down.
Then how come we were just
going up a few minutes back?
- Yeah?
- I don't know.
I didn't make the mountain.
You're making a
mountain out of a molehill
with your attitude
about all this.
Well, we can't be
that far off the trail.
Look at the map.
What's it say?
Here, hold that.
Yeah,
we just keep going down.
- Going down?
- [Jim] That's what it says.
- You sure?
- Yep.
Yeah, that'll get us
to the bottom.
You heard the man, prisoner.
Lead the way,
but follow us.
Going down felt right.
[sighing]
Hello.
You from the paper?
Guilty as charged.
That some sort
of dogshit joke,
or you got something
you wanna confess?
No, sir.
Just a bad joke.
You sure?
Nothing you wanna
get off your chest?
No, sir.
[sighing]
Fine, then have a seat,
make yourself comfortable.

Boys'll be back any minute.
Oh, I'd prefer to stand
if it's all the same.
[lighter snapping open]
Sir, I was told that the
deputies would be available
any time after two o'clock.
[Sheriff] Mm-hmm.
Well, it's nearly

4:

Mmm.
They'll be back any minute.
Maybe I could just
come back tomorrow.
[sighing]
You know, about four
or five years ago,
there was this big case
down in Kingston.
Maybe you remember about it.
Couple Italian boys
come up from New York City,
shot a man dead on the
county courthouse steps,
got him right between
the eyes, broad daylight.
Yes, sir.
I seem to recall
hearing about that.
Mm-hmm. Anyway, there was
this young photographer,
some paper or another.
I don't know.
And he was working
the courthouse that day
and he hears the gunfight,
he comes out,
he starts taking pictures.
Now the wops, they didn't
take too kindly to that,
you know?
So, before they took off,
they beat him

within an inch of his life,
used his own camera to do it.
I'm sorry, sir. I don't quite
follow what you're saying.
So, I happened to be at
the courthouse that day
and, I mean, actually, I was
the first one at the scene
and Jesus, it was an awful mess.

I mean, there was
a man dead on the ground,
another man pleading
for his life.

But all this happened toward
the end of the day, you know?
And I remember saying to myself,

"Maybe I can come
back tomorrow."

But I couldn't do that,
now could I?

- No, sir.

- No, sir.

See, 'cause in my line of work,
you come back tomorrow,
that poor photographer,
not unlike yourself,
he's gonna bleed out and die
right in front of a growing
number of women and children.

You see where
I'm going with this, son?

Yes, sir.

Good.

So, you just make
yourself comfortable.

And those boys'll
be back any minute.

Ah, nothing.

[gun clicking]

Why's huntin' so hard?

- [exhaling deeply]

- Where's all the meat?

Should set up camp
before nightfall.

I want dinner first.

- I'm hungry.

- Well, truth be told,
we can survive on
water alone for weeks.

Not me.

I need solids.

You can eat some of
the plants up here.

Yes, obviously we know that.

What you got? Is this...

Yeah, looks good.

Uh-huh.

What if he poisoned it?

- [spitting]

- Shit.

Prisoner, if you poisoned us,
you have to tell me.

I'm emetophobic.

That means I have a
pathological fear of vomit.

It's wild chicory.

Trickery or not,
did you poison us?

I didn't, but I should have.

That isn't very nice,
prisoner.

I hope you didn't mean that.

All right, enough talk.

We gotta set up camp
before nightfall.

Come on, time to move.

Let's go.

- Deputies.

- Huh?

Deputy.

- [turkey gobbling]

- Jim.

You see him?

All right, go ahead, Jim.

Take the shot.

Jim?

I can't.

I can't.

Fine.
[gun cocking]
[turkey gobbling]
He smiled at me.
See?
He's precocious.
I didn't know
they could do that.
[Jim] Yeah.
I can't do it.
What?
You shoot.
No way.
You killed before.
You already have
a thirst for blood.
[prisoner] I can't do it.
Oh, so you got no problem
killing a sheriff's deputy,
but all of a sudden
you're too morally scrupulous
- to kill a turkey?
- I am not a killer.
Oh, come on, prisoner. You
know, you can keep saying that
until you're red in the face.
The point is you had
your day in court
and the jury decided otherwise.
Yeah, seven white men
and five white women.
Took 'em a whole 10 minutes.
You're saying that five women
aren't fit to be jurors.
That's sexist and
we won't stand for it.
Look, prisoner, if you got
complaints about your trial,
take it up with the courts.
We got a lot riding on
bringing you back in
and that's exactly
what we're gonna do.
Now how pleasant of

an experience that is,
well, that's entirely up to you.
Yeah, so you'll
really give me a gun?
I wanna eat turkey.
Yep.
[turkey gobbling]
[gunshot]
[Thurman] Deputy, go to sleep.
I can't.
You think it was
painful when he died?
Can't imagine a heart
attack feels very good.
Not the deputy.
Talking about the turkey.
You killed a sheriff's deputy.
You're worried about
a goddamn turkey?
I didn't kill the deputy.
Too many donuts
killed the deputy.
I killed the turkey.
Mm-hmm, and I'm very thankful.
Listen to me carefully,
prisoner.
Need you to shut your
mouth and go to bed.
[groaning]
Deputy.
- Deputy.
- What?
Gotta go outside.
No, you don't.
I'm about to be sick.
[groaning]
Uh-uh, no, you can't be sick.
You can't be sick in the tent.
Jim, you gotta take him out.
I can't, I can't,
I can't take him.
I can't be around him.
Get him out, get him out.
It's your turn, Jim.

I've been cuffed to him
for the past two nights.
I can't, I can't, uh,
take his cuffs off and we'll
just watch him from here.
Take his cuffs off him?
Are you out of
your goddamn mind?
We can watch him from here.
You take him.
[groaning] Uh.
All right, all right,
all right.
Prisoner, if we uncuff you,
you gonna try to escape?
You promise? Remember, I
don't chase, I shoot.
- You hear me?
- [grunting]
Now, say you promise.
I promise.
Ah.
Give me your hand.
I can't believe I'm doing
this stupid ass, goddamn it.
Letting you go, 'cause
you're feeling lousy.
[cuffs clicking]
[heavy breathing and coughing]
[vomiting]
Uh, I think I hear.
[Thurman] Stay
where we can see you.
[grunting]
Still there?
Still here, deputy.
What if he's
telling the truth?
The judge didn't
seem to think so.
That's all that matters.
Still there?
[prisoner] Still here.
I don't know if he's a killer.

Now, Jim, how many

killers you know?

None.

Exactly.

Mmm, I see him.

Yep.

You got lookout for a bit?

We both on lookout.

But I only ate dark meat.

So?

[snoring]

[yawning]

Still there?

Still here.

Deputy.

[snoring]

[trap snapping]

[birds chirping]

[cuffs rattling]

- [Thurman] Shit!

- Huh?

What?

Oh, prisoner.

Oh, shit.

Prisoner!

Prisoner!

[Jim] Come on out.

Shit.

Where is he?

He escaped.

Shit.

Oh, shit.

Shit, shit,

we're going to prison.

- No, we ain't.

- We're going to prison.

- Jim.

- Thurman, you heard the sheriff.

- All right, that's enough.

- Sheriff said if we don't bring the...

Just stop it, Jim.

Goddamn it.

[gun cocking]

- [gunshot]

- Ah.

Oh, oh my god.

That feels so good.

Why does that help so much?

[gun cocking]

[guns firing]

- Yeah.

- [guns cocking]

- [guns firing]

- [screaming]

- [bullets ricocheting]

- Shit.

Help!

- [guns firing]

- Don't shoot!

Yeah.

- [gun firing]

- Yeah.

- [prisoner yelling] Help!

- Uh, I'm out.

- Did you hear that?

- [prisoner] Don't shoot.

Prisoner, is that you?

Uh, prisoner?

Help!

Well, well, well, looks like
we caught ourselves a killer,

- again.

- Uh-huh.

- [prisoner] I got lost.

- Uh-huh.

Listen, prisoner,

I don't know how they do

things down in prison,

but where we come from,

in the law-abiding community,

a man's word means something.

- Yeah, maybe you shouldn't have trusted a prisoner.

- Huh?

Well, maybe it's our fault.

You shouldn't have

trusted a prisoner.

I shouldn't have trusted a prisoner.

It was your idea to let him go.

- No, I...

- You said, "We think we can trust him,"
'cause you didn't wanna
go outside with him.

- He was getting sick.

- 'Cause you were starting
to get scared of him
getting sick.

- No, I wasn't scared.

- My exact words were,
"Are you out of
your goddamn mind".
If he starts retching,
then I'll start retching.
Jim, it doesn't matter, Jim. The point
is he's a criminal and a killer
- and we gotta start treating him like one.

- [prisoner] I'm not a killer.
Listen, prisoner, if you're
so sure you're innocent,
why don't you appeal
to the courts?
That's not our business.
I tried that.
No lawyer would take my case.
So what, you just give up?

- Typical.

- Typical.

No, not really.
I went to the prison law library
to research my case
so I can get some appeal,
but judge denied it.
Said I'm lucky I'm not
hanging from a tree.
I think he's just
trying paint himself
- as a sympathetic character.

- Yeah.

So, we feel comfortable,
we let our guard down.
But he can't be trusted.
He's proven that much.

- Yeah.

- [throat clearing]

[Thurman] What you got?

[Jim] What is it?

Read it.

We'll read it in our own time.

It's a newspaper article.

[mumbling]

What if he is innocent?

Still don't change anything.

Still gotta take him in.

- Yeah.

- [prisoner] No, you don't.

Yeah, we do. Sit still,

I'm gonna cut you down.

Wait, wait, wait.

Prisoner, from

that vantage point,

can you see any trail markers?

Nope.

Can you really not see any

or are you just

delaying the inevitable?

I don't see any.

Prisoner,

I wanna propose a truce.

You help us get

back to the path,

and you change your attitude,

when we get back there,

I promise we'll talk

to the sheriff

and, you know,

we'll make him aware

of, you know, your unique

peculiarities of your case.

Same sheriff I saw earlier?

There's only one sheriff.

No deal.

Prisoner, that's as good

a deal as you're gonna get.

Please?

Hold on.

- [rope breaking]

- [thud]

[coughing]

I really should
be going, sheriff.

[gun cocking]

I got a family, sir.

Please.

If you wanna leave,
prior to you completing your
professional set of duties,
I guess that's what
you're gonna have to do.

So am I free to go?

Of course, of course.

But you know, every choice
does have it's consequences.

You're just gonna
have to ask yourself
are you prepared to live
with the ramifications
of your actions.

Smoke?

- Hey, Darlene.

- [light muffled talking over phone]

Yeah, I'm gonna need
a state-wide APB
on deputies Hayford and Doyle
and Adirondack County
Correctional prisoner 614.

[shackles jingling]

[light muffled
talking over phone]

That's right, dead or alive.

[coughing]

Hey, Darlene.

10-22, cancel that.

You're late.

Yes, sir.

We're awful sorry.

We got lost.

You see that man out there?

That man's gonna make
heroes of you boys.

Actually, sir, we was hoping
we could talk for a second.

Well, it's gonna have to wait.

Follow me.

We're gonna get them ugly faces
in every goddamn newspaper
from here to Albany.

Okay, Thurman,

let's put you over here.

Jim, why don't you stand there?

And let's put the
prisoner right there.

This is a great service
to the department
and to the fine
citizens of Shandaken.

You relied on training, you
showed great bravery and heart.

And so, by the
power vested in me
by the great state of New York,
you are hereby reinstated.

Deputies.

Thank you, sheriff.

Thank you, sir.

Okay.

Okay, and smile.

[camera bulb flashing]

I think we're all finished here.

Um, sir, am I free to go?

You are free to go, citizen.

Thank you very much
for your service.

You boys ever keep me
waiting again,

I'm gonna take them
badges away for good.

I'll be back at 0700.

I'm gonna take this son of
a bitch up north myself.

Understood?

- Yes, sir.

- Yes, sir.

[Sheriff] Good.

Sir, we was hoping
we could talk to you

about something first.
You see, we become aware
of some peculiarities
in the prisoner's case.
Such as?

Well, sir, such as,
the way he tells it,
he run from a
deputy at a protest
and the deputy died
of a heart attack
while he was in pursuit.
That's it.

They booked him on
felony murder, sir.
Life in prison without
the possibility of parole.

I mean, if
prisoner 614 believes
that he did not
receive a fair trial,
then he's got recourse
within the legal system.
It is not our per view.

- [spitting]
- Courts won't hear his appeal.
It seems there's racial
stuff going on, you know,
with him being of
negro persuasion.

"8/14/58, 1:

"Albany sheriff's deputies
McCoy and Sullivan
"responded to a request for
backup from university PD.
"Deputies arrived

on scene at 1:

"began placing
trespassers under arrest.
"A negro male, age 20, 25 years,
"disregarded orders
and fled on foot.

"Deputy McCoy ordered the suspect to stop and gave choice.

"Deputy McCoy collapsed while in pursuit of the suspect.

"and was pronounced DOA at 2:04 p.m. at Pine Ridge Hospital.

"Suspect was apprehended by deputy Sullivan, "booked, and transported

to holding at 2:

You see, sir,

he was being honest.

He ain't kill nobody.

That criminal resisted arrest.

And as a result of his crime, a sheriff's deputy is dead.

Yes, sir, but that deputy,

God rest his soul,

he was a very obese man.

Well, that his

God-given, American right.

That son of a bitch

killed one of our own!

Now, if you guys

can't understand that,

then sure as shit, you shouldn't be wearing them badges.

I'm gonna say this one time.

We got a problem?

No, sir.

Prisoner 614 will

remain in our custody

until 0700 tomorrow,

at which point

we'll surrender him over

to you for transport.

[Jim] Yes, sir.

Good.

[bell dinging]

Two congratulatory London

broil dinners on the house

for the deputies and

meatloaf for the new guy.

- Full price.
- Mmm, where are my manners?
Marla, this is prisoner 614.
Prisoner, Marla.
Is that a nickname
or something?
'Fraid not.
I need to use the washroom.
What the hell is
wrong with you guys,
bringing a dangerous
criminal here?
You're gonna scare
off all the customers.
Don't worry, Marla.
He's innocent.
You told me he was
a cold-blooded killer.
Only technically.
He was running from
a deputy at a protest
and the deputy chased him
and had a heart attack
and the court sentenced
him to life in prison.
[Marla] For running?
Resisting arrest.
So, what are we gonna do?
He's gotta be back up
here at 0700 tomorrow.
Until then we're...
That's it?
Well, like Dr. King said,
"Injustice anywhere is a
threat to justice everywhere."
Where'd you hear that?
Oh, I catered a
Black Panther luncheon
a few months ago in Woodstock.
I read it in a pamphlet.
Very nice people.
Good tippers too.
[slamming fork]
She's right, Thurman.

I know.

[Marla] Is the sheriff
doing transport?

How'd you know that?

Well, every other Tuesday,
he comes by here
on his way to the courthouse,
like clockwork.

He orders a black coffee
with eight sugars.

It's hard to forget
an order like that.

Eight sugars?

Yeah, it's like he
never heard of diabetes.

Marla, let me
try one of those.

- What?

- A black coffee with eight sugars.

Are you out of your mind?

Diabetes puts you at a
risk for heart disease...

Marla, I get it, but
can I try one please?

That's pretty good.

Pass it down.

Can't taste nothing,
but sugar.

Exactly.

[birds chirping]

It's time.

[match striking]

[car arriving]

[car door slamming]

[footsteps approaching]

[door slamming]

- Morning, sheriff.

- I'd say it is.

It's all over the papers.

You boys are bonafide heroes.

On your feet, boy.

You know, there's a
certain kind of irony
in locking away a man for life.

You hear me, boy?

Yes, sir.

I said, there's
a kind of irony
- in locking away a man for life.

- Yes, sir.

I mean, if a man thinks
he's gonna get out, right,
be it one year, 50 years, right,
it gives him hope,
it gives his life meaning
and it gives the people in
charge a hell of a lot of power.

'Cause it's, I mean,
you break the rules,
you're just gonna spend
more time behind bars.

It's as simple as that.

But you lock away
a man for life,
such as is your case,
well, that man,
he might start to thinking
he's got nothing left to lose,
that the rules
no longer apply to him.

I mean, after all,
you can't add time
to a life sentence.

You starting to see the irony?

Yes, sir.

Good.

Fortunately, I've found,
as long as he's breathing,
every man's got
something to lose.

Some of them just
might need reminding
a little bit more
forcefully than others.

Keep that in mind,
should you ever start
thinking about escaping again.

[hocking and spitting]

Don't move.
[car door opening and closing]
[key rattling]
- [bell jingles]
- [[light country guitar music]
Good morning, sheriff.
I'll be with you
in just a minute.
[bell dinging]
Hurry it up, will ya?
I got a prisoner in transport.
What can I get for you?
Coffee to go.
Black coffee, eight sugars.
Just black.
No sugars?
My goddamn wife's been
pestering me about it,
thinks I'm gonna get diabetes.
From sugar?
Oh, I don't think one thing
has to do with the other.
- Just pour the goddamn coffee.
- All right.
She'd take medical advice
from a goddamn chimpanzee.
[handcuffs clicking]
Black coffee, no sugars.
Eight sugars.
I beg your pardon, sir.
Put eight goddamn
sugars in there
and don't make me ask you again.
It tastes like shit without it.
Fine, but use your manners.
Put eight goddamn
sugars in there, please.
It's on the house, I presume.
Yes, sir.
Give me one of them
apple fritters too.
[lock clicking]
[car squeaking]
[dog barking]

[car starting]
You better take it
all in, prisoner.
The next time you're
gonna see the outside,
they're gonna be throwing
dirt on your casket.
[laughing]
[motorcycle approaching]
Well, no turning back now.
[stomach gurgling]
[spitting]
[stomach gurgling]
[heavy breathing]
Prisoner, I'm gonna
confiscate your cigarettes.
[key rattling]
Show me your hands.
[cuffs rattling]
Get out.
Get out!
[gun cocking]
I don't wanna soil the
interior of my car, but I will.
[handcuffs clicking]
Move, move.
[thunder rumbling]
[rain falling]
[motorcycle braking]
Something ain't right.
On your knees, boy.
Time to make your peace.
You don't have to do this.
Boy, you're about to find
out just how wrong you are.
[gun cocking]
This here's justice.
[gunshot]
Ain't no justice in executing
an innocent man, sheriff.
What the hell you doing?
Just doing what's right, sir.
You traitorous
sons of bitches.

You just made the biggest
mistake of your goddamn lives.
Well, sir, obviously,
we see it differently.
You're dead...
and you're dead.
You are dead!
You...
[groaning]
Uh, is he retching?
Thurman is he, is he sick?
[heavy breathing]
Sheriff?
Sheriff?
Sheriff?
He's dead.
Dead?
That wasn't
supposed to happen.
We killed him.
Not quite, deputy.
Heart attack.
- How do you know?
- Yeah.
Trust me, I know.
[exhaling deeply]
Well, prisoner,
[clears throat]
I guess the good news is one day
you'll be able to look back
on all this and laugh.
[Jim] What are the odds,
the same thing that got you
into this whole mess is
what gets you out of it.
Mm-hmm.
We gotta go.
Sir.
[coughing]
Hey, prisoner.
You can bet our relationship is
no longer adversarial in nature.
You got yourself a name?
My friends call me Andre.

Andre, good to meet you.
Hey, Thurman, littering.
Who cares?
We're criminals now.
Doesn't mean
nature has to suffer.
Right on, deputies.
Yeah, just stick to the plan.
The plan.
Ow.
[train whistle blowing]
[man] Tickets.
Tickets, please.
Ticket, sir.
[throat clearing]
Ticket, sir.
[counter clicking]
Oh, beg your pardon.
Sorry to disturb you, deputy.
Tickets!
[train whistle blowing]
[wind blowing]
[in French]
[gun cocking]
Because you're under arrest.
Hey.
Shit.
[upbeat folk rock music]