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Brawl in Cell Block 99

By S. Craig Zahler

Howdy.

Owner's got a couch

that's also puke color.

Thinks there's something wrong
with the engine.

Said, "it's making
a funny noise."

It wasn't hilarious.

- Transmission?

- Transmission.

If this is a surprise party,
somebody missed the cue.

- Brad.

- Bradley.

Bradley.

Come in my office.

You can tell it out here.

I don't work in an office.

I don't need to squeeze into one
to hear some bad news.

It's a tough time

for businesses right now.

I'm not really interested
in the economy.

Am I gettin' laid off?

I'm sorry.

I'll clear out my locker.

James:

I won't!

- James?

- Yeah?

You know where

the bolt cutters are at?

James:

Buried.

I'll exhume them.

Thanks.

James:

You okay?

South of okay,

north of cancer.

When things pick up
around here,
I'll make sure
Dean calls you.
I said the same shit to Pete
when he got booted.
Thanks.
What's going on?
Why are you home so early?
I got fired.
You got fired?
Give me your cellphone.
No.
Give it!
I've been seeing somebody.
Get in the house.
I didn't mean...
get out!
Get in the house.

Lauren:

Should I go?
I can clear out.
Let's talk.
Bradley,
let me put something...
sit.
How long?
Three months.
Serious?
No.
Why?
Well, I don't know exactly.
I was sad.
And we haven't been
close since...
You know.
I know.
I thought maybe you were
doing the same thing.
You were staying
out late every night,
coming to bed
after I was asleep.

No.

I was working or working out.

And staying clear.

Communication between us...

there hasn't been much.

Did you fall

off the wagon?

Almost. Did you?

No.

Do you want

to end it with us?

I don't know.

I want things to be

different than they've been.

Our marriage, us, we've, uh...

It's like it's like

when I go into the minimart

at the gas station

and get coffee.

They got those three

metal containers there.

One's got cream,

one's got milk,

and the other's got that

gray-lookin' skim stuff.

And every time I go in there,

those labels are faced away,

and I have to guess which

one's the real stuff, the cream.

But every time,

the first container I grab

is always that milk

or that skim stuff.

It's never the one I want.

The law of averages

says one out of three times,

I... I ought to get the cream,

but it doesn't happen.

Maybe if I go in there

a thousand times,

it'll even out like it should.

I'll have a run of

pickin' out the cream

fifty or a hundred times

in a row,
but, uh...
I don't think so.
I don't think things
even out fair like that.
Look at us.
I think we should start again.
Try to have another baby.
We don't pick up where things
went bad for us...
the miscarriage...
we're through.
I've thought
about that, too, but...
I only get called in to
substitute once or twice a week.
You just lost your job.
I'm gonna call Gil.
You're gonna be a drug dealer?
No. I'm gonna drive packages
for a friend.
You said you would never
work for Gil.
So we're both
breaking promises today.
I want us in a better home
than this shithole.
With kids and happy.
I'm tired of getting
the goddamn skim milk
and hoping that luck
brings out the cream,
'cause it won't, not ever.
This won't be forever.
I promise.
Will you abide?
Yeah.
Give me some time
before you get close.
Okay.
- Hey, Johnny rebel.
- Howdy.
You gonna give me
a sample this time?

Talk to your boss.
Come on.
Let me earn it direct.
I promise I can put
a great big smile
on each of those nuts.
No, thanks.
They don't want
anyone to see their braces.

Cuz:

What's the weather like?
Chance of snow.
Step up to the window.
Put it in the drawer.
Here, put it on the scale.
She's porcine.
What are you doing?
The ritual that happens
after you buy the groceries
but before you eat them.
I don't want you
handling a knife right now.
Please, put that down.
I am competent.
What if you cut yourself
and started bleeding
and passed out?
Spilled boiling water
or something?
How come you let me work
in "the kitchen of perils"
before I was pregnant?
Because you're resilient.
Well, are we just gonna
eat takeout for four months?
I can grill things.
How's koala?
She's good.
And mama koala?
I'm good, but my feet hurt.
That's 'cause you shouldn't
be on them right now.
- How was work?

- Yeah, it was.
Too much sun
this time of day.
Need to get some better
curtains in here.
Green ones.
Howdy.
Okay, I'll be right over.
Adios.
Gil?
Mm-hmm.
I'll take you anywhere
evenin'.
Nice to see you.
Come in.
Did your dad
pick out that outfit?
He did. You like it?
Zesty.
He's in the pool room.
The one with the pool or...
or with the pool table?
The table.
He calls it the billiards room,
but I don't know.
It's just pool
he plays in there.
Thanks.
Que pasa?
- Hey.
- In the fridge.
Jill got you
your faggoty mineral water.
I didn't know h-2-os
got a sexual orientation.

Bradley:

Gil:

How'd the transaction go?
Never a problem with cuz.
Yeah, I like that nigger.
Or is it...
is it "nigga"

with an a at the end,
when you're saying it nice?
Don't think someone like you can
say that word any way polite.

- How's Lauren?

- Good.

When's she dumping
out the kid?

98 days.

You planning on staying
in the delivery room?

Of course.

That's something I wouldn't
give up for anything.

Plug up your nose,
and wear sunglasses
so they don't know
when you're shutting your eyes.

I want to watch our baby girl
draw her first breath.

- That's a moment.

- Oh, it's a moment, all right.

That'll be eleazar.

Bradley:

That's the new source?

If this deal goes well,
I'll be partnering with him.

He's got lines to Mexico
and a steady stream
of good, cheap crystal.

Just wanted to meet you
before the pickup.

Sounds like he brought amigos.

Mexicans ain't comfortable
being by themselves.

You know how they grow up.

Five to a bed.

10 beds per adobe.

Good evening, my friend.

How are you?

This is Bradley.

He's my top runner.

Howdy.

Nice to meet you.
This is Pedro,
one of the men
who will accompany you
during the pickup.
And this is Roman, the other.
I'm not doing a pickup with him.
And for what reason?
He looks like he's using.
Roman's been clean
for two years.
I test my employees.
He's extremely reliable,
and he knows what to do
in adverse situations.
Sorry.
Words from a stranger
don't drop instinct.
Bradley.
Give us a moment.
Let me talk to you.
I need you to go along,
protect my interests.
Our interests.
Eleazar swears by the guy.
It ain't like you haven't
had your problems before.
That's 14 years done.
The bottle ain't
the same thing as junk.
Don't kid yourself
with that bullshit.
You look at my brother
and your old man.
Boozin's a bad decision
that leads to 10,000 more
and then the last one.
The guy is juiced.
- Maybe not junk, but...
- Bradley.
Don't make me
give you an ultimatum.
Sounds like you
just gave me one.

I can't give this to Oscar
or Tony or Randolph.
No one elbows guys like those
on a shipment this big.
I need you.
You help me
set up this partnership,
I'll give you two months off
when your little baby's born.
Three.
Done.
We're good.
I'll go.
But if something comes up,
I got the reins.
They shall mind you.
Roman, look at me.
If I say "dump the package,"
what do you do?
Dump.
Amen.

Bradley:

I felt you.
I felt you.

Bradley:

Hold right here.
Put your hands
in your back pockets.
Man, fuck you.
I don't give a...
go against me and you
two can swim out on your own
and do the pickup.
Roman, escuchele.
Don't want you shooting
an innocent tarp.
Turn around.
Let's go.

Pedro:

That one.

Pedro:

Ooh, this is yours, blanco?

Bradley:

Get rid of the trunk.

Let's go, bro.

Help make America

beautiful, right?

Pedro:

Pedro:

Tranquilo.

It's only for protection.

Roman:

Try and take this one,

I'll break your jaw.

Bradley:

We'll pick them up later.

Roman:

blanco, release it.

Officer:

and put up your hands!

- A little help!

- We shot three.

We need help!

- Run!

- Now!

Man:

Call for backup, now!

You stupid, stupid assholes.

Get down!

Man:

- Come out right now!

- Eat a dick, pig!

You ready for 9/11 part two?

Man:

No, Jesus, no.

Officer:

Man:

Roman:

Eight ball, corner pocket.

Man:

Roman:

Pig, this is what I'll throw!

Man #1:

Man #2:

multiple 10-53s.

Officers down!

Man:

Hands on your head, now!

Don't move, asshole!

Give him jewelry.

You want to burn it?

You want to wipe your ass
with it?

You want to cut it up
in little pieces

and send them to putin?

I have one over my front door.

So you're a patriot?

You mind if I sit?

I'm going to assume
that's rhetorical.

Would you rather I leave?

I'm not gonna tell you
anything you want to hear.

And prison will give me
plenty of time

to look at guys I don't like.

What is it that you think

I want to hear?

Hmm?

The names of your associates?
The people who profited
from all your hard work
while they wiped
their dirty asses with that?
You can pretend you don't hear,
but I saw that video.
I saw how you took down
those lowlifes
when they went up
against the police,
even though you could've
got away clean.
I knew before you told me
that you got an American flag
in your home.
You probably got more than one.
I got two.
Because of your
selfless actions,
no police were killed
in that event,
which tells me
that you know the difference
between right and wrong
and that you have
a moral compass.
So help us. Give us some names.
Or give me one important name.
Who are you working for?
I work alone.

Watkins:

Who supplies your crystal?
Some guy.
- Some guy got a name?
- I forgot.
Would you remember
if I showed you a list of names?
Don't like to read.
Won't even see a movie
Well, what would happen
if I read them aloud?
You wouldn't even have

to say anything.
Just nod your head
up and down.
I'll narrow it down for you.
What's your name?
Detective Lawrence Watkins.
That wasn't it.
You find this humorous?
Your tricks are.
Every once in a while,
I see a man in that chair
who could just as easily be
on this side of the table,
a man principled,
who had a run of bad luck
and just went the wrong way.
I'm not gonna talk.
I know that this
is your first offense,
but you're looking
at four years, maybe five.
Do you know
that drug traffickers
actually serve those sentences?
I'm aware that the system
is harder on guys
that distribute drugs
than it is on men
who commit acts of violence
against women and children.
Do you think that's fair?
You ever see
a man with meth mouth?
Hmm?
You ever see the 14-year-old
girl who's addicted...
I'm not gonna argue
with you, Larry.
I'm not gonna give you any info.
I know what I did,
and I know what the sentence
is gonna be.
It's done.
- You have other options.

- I don't.
Your wife told me that
you were gonna have a baby girl.
You'll be in prison
when she says her first word,
and I guarantee you that word
will not be "daddy."
I need to keep it
in good taste.
Yeah, it tasted pretty good.
Sit.
I gave them
your change of clothes.
Thanks.
I got some stuff
I want to say.
Okay.
I don't want you
at the hearing.
I know how it's gonna go,
and there's no point for you
turning up to watch it happen.
I'm not contending the charges.
I want to be there.
I want to be supportive.
Well, that won't be
any good for anybody.
Actually,
it'll make things harder.
There's no reason
for you and the koala to, uh,
go through that experience,
for me to watch you
go through it, so...
Please.
Okay.
It's gonna be four years,
maybe five,
and I have to serve most of it,
if not every damn day.
Sorry.
I will visit as much
as I'm allowed,
and I'll bring our girl.

No.

I don't want the first time
for her to see me
to be in prison.
We'll come up with
something to tell her
when she is old enough
to know something's wrong,
and I'll give her the full truth
when she's old enough
to understand.

Okay.

I'll wait for you.
No matter how long it is.
I will never,
never make that mistake again.

I promise you.

I know.

So that's it, then.

I love you.

I considered
the defendant's plea
of nolo contendere
and also the very serious
nature of his crimes.

I hereby sentence
Bradley darrel Thomas
to be incarcerated
for seven years
at the Franklin r. James
medium security
detention center.

This hearing has come
to its lawful conclusion.

Even on the outside,
that's some dismal shit.

You seen those pictures
of that prison in Austria?

Man,

I wish we were going there.
You should aim higher
with your wishes.

Man:

Follow the red line to the door.
Stop there.
Tell your name to the man
with the clipboard.
Bradley Thomas.
Proceed.

Enrique:

Man:

Russell:

Irving:

Return yourself
to the end of the line.

Enrique:

I just had to run to...

Irving:

Maintain your place in line,
or you relinquish it.
Take yourself back
to the end of the line.

Enrique:

I had to run to the bathroom.

Irving:

the entire process
for everybody.
Remove yourself.
- Worse than the dmV.
- Next.

Irving:

Bradley Thomas.
Do you have a receipt
for the ring?
Receipt? No.
Put it in there.
Why?
Inmates are not allowed

to possess any jewelry
which is a value
of more than \$75.
Well, it's made out
of stainless steel.
- It ain't...
- I'm neither a metallurgist
nor a jeweler.
I cannot attest
to its value.
Relinquish it now.
- Sorry. I didn't mean to...
- reclaim your possessions
and take your place
at the end of the line.
Next.

Irving:

Bradley Thomas.
I recall.
Well. That's better.
Best to remain civilized,
Mr. Thomas.
Even in a prison.
Enjoy your stay.
- Bradley Thomas?
- Yes.
Stand inside the box.
Remove your clothing.
Leave your underwear on
until I tell you to lower them.
You can put your clothing
in that box.
I figured.
Looks like we're
locking up another genius.
Oh. Should we let him go
so he can cure cancer?
Help the sciences
unify string theories?
Legs apart.
Hands on top of your head.
Open your mouth.
Lift up your tongue.

You can shut it.
Now for everybody's
favorite part.
Lower your drawers.
Put your hands
on top of your head.
He's an a-minus.
Are you, uh, Bradley Thomas?
- I am.
- I'm lefty.
I'm in charge
of your orientation.
You got bunions?
My right foot's injured,
and these shoes are
about two sizes too small.
We'll tell Denise.
She's your case worker.
Can you walk for now?
As far as prisons go,
you could do worse
than the fridge...
Though this place sure isn't
like that one in Austria.
You get a private cell.
It's small,
but you aren't breathing
someone else's stale air
for months or years,
trying not to hate them.
And you got some choices
over in prison industries,
depending on your
case worker's evaluation.
Desks, shelves, jeans, uh,
vending machine parts.
We make a lot of stuff here.
Food's awful,
but, hell, it's prison.
How long have you
been in here?
28 years.
And I was in Jackson
before here.

They, uh, called me
righty over there.
You can ask.
Well, it ain't my business.
People who don't ask you
what you did
are the ones who don't want
to talk about what they did.
You're a fit guy.
Looks like you could
handle trouble,
but it's better if you ask
and better if you tell.
You don't want people
making assumptions.
I've seen guys
twice your size
picking their teeth
out of the shower drain,
and I've seen worse.
And if you hurt women or kids
or something like that,
you should come up with a lie
right now
and stick to it.
I ran h and crystal.
Some coke.
I murdered two men
in a stick-up.
Shot one of them
in the head four times.
Was on junk at the time.
What floor is my cell on?
The scenic.
This is the guy
they're putting in seven?
Yeah. Bradley Thomas.
Before you go in your coffin,
there's some rules
to apprise you of.
Five days a week,
I do the count on this floor.
If you hear that buzzer go,
you come out your room,

you wait to be counted.
You don't go back until you
hear that buzzer again,
no matter what.
You miss the count...
sleep through it, whatever...
the rest of the floor
waits around
for you to be found.
It's not a great way
to make friends.
I do the inspections, too.
I call out, "inspection!"
You come out your room
and you wait outside
until I'm through.
- You box?
- No.
Them muscles just for show?
Helps me lift stuff.
There's a boxing program here,
a good one.
- I'm one of the coaches.
- Not interested.
What? You'd rather make desks
and parts for vending machines?
I'd rather knit baby booties
with pink yarn
than hit people for no reason.
You ever tried? Boxing?
I spent some time in the ring
when I was younger.
Yeah. You get whooped?
No.
Pay wasn't good enough?
You ever hurt somebody?
Kill a guy?
Pester him some other time.
Doors are unlocked
when guys are
at prison industries
or the yard or in class.
There's a school here.
That's good.

This one's yours.
I'll leave you alone
while you check things out.

Dinner's at 6:

I think I'll skip it today.
Lots of guys skip dinner
when they first get here.

2:

you'll want it.
I'll take you to see
your case worker tomorrow.
Thanks.
Seven fucking years.
Christ.

Andre:

Andre:

Someone's missing from the line,
so we got to wait!
I hope none of you mind.

Man #1:

I got to get back to.
There was a woman.
She was plump,
but she was willing.

Andre:

Thank you for joining our little
get-together, Mr. Thomas.
Damn. What happened?
Stepped on a bug.
You're bullshitting.
It was a big one.
That necessary?
Pretend like you're
talking to god.
He doesn't smell like nachos.
You're not off to
a good start, Mr. Thomas.
The whole floor is

standing out here
in the middle of the night,
tired, hungry,
waiting for me
to finish the count,
and you're making jokes.
Any more clever remarks?
Hmm?
You hear that buzzer,
you come out and get counted.
No delay.
Like the bell at the beginning
of a boxing match.
Ding-ding.
Should've told him
about the bug.
Oh, Christ.
Oh, please.
Oh, please.
Get out of here!

Andre:

Eight days.
Morning.
That gets hard to say
after waking up here
a thousand times.
I bet.
Thanks for the candy bar.
I told you.
Your industry assignments,
your visits,
all that sort of stuff
go through Denise.
You want her to like you,
so be respectful,
and don't look below her neck,
and don't make implications.
The women in here are
real sensitive to that stuff.
I smuggled in two kilos
of Southern charm.
She's got a nice set.

Denise:

I'm Denise pawther.

I'm not sure you want
to shake my hand.

Next time.

You are Bradley Thomas?

I wish I wasn't.

Please, sit.

Thanks, ma'am.

How was your first night
in the fridge?

Lacking in some departments,
but I heard this place
isn't a reward.

Did you sleep?

Some.

Did you eat?

Lefty gave me a candy bar.

Normally

we'd go over your file
and discuss your assignments.

But I received a call
20 minutes ago

that is a priority.

From who?

Dr. pelman.

Dr. pelman's your
wife's obstetrician.

He said there were some
complications in the pregnancy
and wanted to discuss the matter
with you in person.

Is, uh...

Is it serious?

He did not go over
details with me.

He's coming here?

Correct.

We've scheduled
an appointment at 10:00.

Where's Lauren?

The hospital?

I don't know.

We'll finish

the orientation tomorrow.
Have some breakfast
and return to your cell.
An officer
will come and get you
as soon as Dr. pelman
signs in to the outer gate.
Have there been difficulties?
With our first one,
but not this time around.
I appreciate you
letting me know.
Hope everything goes well.
You must be pretty popular.
Getting a visitor
on your second day.
Maybe they came
to interview you?
See a boxing legend?
Walk through slowly.
Sending in Bradley Thomas.

Sean:

His guest is at window 10.

Andre:

It's that one, Mr. Thomas.
Who are you?
Sit down, Mr. Thomas.
Where's Dr. pelman?
Sit down.
Pick up the phone.
Remain calm.
If you call any attention to us,
I will leave.
And you will regret
my departure
for the rest of your life.
Nod that you understand.
My employer sends his regards.
You work for eleazar.
Why are you here?
Your betrayal cost my employer
\$3.2 million.

I'm here to settle that matter.
There is an abortionist
from Korea.

He works for my employer.
He claims that he can
clip the limbs of a fetus
yet leave the child
in such a condition
that it will live to be born.
This little operation
will only happen
if you don't pay your debt
to my employer.

How?

There is a prisoner
who my employer wants dead.
He is serving a life sentence
at the redleaf detention center.
I'm in the fridge
for seven years.

How in the hell am I supposed to
choke out some guy
over in redleaf?

Redleaf is maximum security.

Show the staff here
that you have to be transferred.

If I nail this guy,
eleazar will let
my wife go unharmed?

Yes.

Can you give me
some sort of guarantee?

Certainly.

If you don't do what
my employer wants you to do,
I guarantee you will
receive a package
with nothing less than two limbs
of your unborn child.

Sadly, I cannot guarantee
if your child will survive
or what the fate
of your wife will be.

Who's this guy

I'm supposed to get?
Christopher bridge,
and he is
in redleaf cell block 99.
6'4".
"Eh, 6'2" at most.
6'4".
6'5".
Mm, maybe.
You okay?
There anything
you want to talk about?
Look, I'm sorry
for busting you earlier.
I didn't mean anything by it.
I was just hoping to get you
in the prison boxing program,
you know?
What are you doing?
Feet hurt.
Well, wait till you get back
to your coffin, okay?
Man, I'm telling you...
you don't want to do this.
You better stop now.
You done fucked up right now!

Andre:

This motherfucker's crazy.
- Holy shit.
- Hands on your head. Now!

Longman:

Andre:

took you so long?
You didn't press the alarm.
I interfered with that,
but he screams pretty good.
Shut the fuck up.
Give me a reason to turn
your face into a cocktail.
Oh, don't scare me like that.
I might curl up on the floor

like your buddy.
I know a joke.
Want to hear the punch line?
Give him bracelets.
Give me your wrists.

Sean:

want to get some justice
before we take him down?
I recommend
he uses his right arm.
Stay with him.
Take this redneck down
to the lower level for holding.
Walk.
Why the hell did you do this?
He didn't like my shoes.

Longman:

Damn it!

Longman:

- Nathan.
- Yeah?
Would you like to
give him some justice?
You bet.
Goddamn nutcase.
Hope you like it
over in redleaf.
- Longman.
- Yeah?
How old's redleaf?
Older than you.
So what, '60s?
When did they start
making that big fuss
about humane treatment
for prisoners?
- Late '50s.
- Hmm.
Redleaf's from before then.
Get vertical.
- What's your name?

- Sean waterford.
And the name
of your prisoner is?
Bradley Thomas.
You should have received
the paperwork earlier.
Don't tell me
my business.
I do things direct,
and I have a system.
Sorry.
This is the fella who likes
to beat up officers?
Yes.
How many of your boys
did he take down?
Two are in the hospital,
a third sustained
minor injuries.
He whipped three of you?
We tried, but...
Mr. Thomas.
Look at me.
The redleaf detention center
is classified as
a maximum-security facility.
But there's another term
I prefer...
one that I think will
give you a clearer picture.
Minimum freedom.
If you make trouble,
your minimum freedom
will get smaller.
So small that it
becomes microscopic.
Do you understand?
- I do.
- Put a "sir" on that.
I do, sir.
Dump that out.
The men here
aren't like those faggots
over there at the fridge.

You can test us if you want to.
Prisoners are expensive,
and we're only too happy
to help the state balance
its budget
by deploying some cheap lead.
Unlock Mr. Thomas
so that he can change
into his neons.
Bad news, Mr. Thomas.
Our examination room
is under renovation.
So you're gonna have
to strip out here.
Wilson.
Give Mr. Thomas
a full cavity inspection.
How about my things?
My ring.

Warden tuggs:

I'll look for them tomorrow.
If I can find the time.
This is the transfer
from the fridge.
Bradley Thomas.

Clerk:

Cell 44.
You mean 56.
That's what I meant.
Read it wrong.
It's 56.
Take him over.
It's up here on your right.
The toilet doesn't work,
but that doesn't seem
to stop people from using it.
Hold here.

Wilson:

Walk in or get dragged in.
Your choice.

Wilson:

Put your hands through.
Behave yourself for two weeks,
and you'll get another cell.
If you go wild
like you did in the fridge,
you'll stay in here for years.

Wilson:

I can't eat in here.
The toilet's full up with shit.

Wilson:

Prisoner Thomas in 56
refuses to eat.

Wilson:

Yeah?

Wilson:

if you want to go to the yard.
Come out and shut the door.
You get 60 minutes.
Behave and you'll get more.
You go wild, you'll live
in that cell 24 hours a day.
My name's Derrick.
Bradley.
I'm gonna go work out.
Hey, hey, hey,
hey, hey, hey.
You do not want to get
near those guys.
I have some questions.
Ask.
Do you know a guy
named Christopher bridge,
inmate in here?
I- I haven't heard of him.
Which one of these guys
are from cell block 99?
None of them.
Where are they?
Isolated from the rest

of the prison.
Who do they keep in there?
Child molesters, rapists,
guys with death sentences,
psychotics.
Hey, whoa.
W- w-where are you going?
Brad, Brad,
what's wrong with you?
It's Bradley.
And I'm psychotic.
Hey, hey, hey, hey,
just... just...
I'm gonna use that one.
We're using it now, gringo.
Don't call me a foreigner.
Last time I checked,
the colors of the flag
weren't red, white,
and burrito.
Want to start some stuff, huh?
I'm more of a finisher.
Loco en la cabeza.
That's right. I'm loco.
Now, get the fuck out
of my crazy way.

Man #1:

The next shot
goes into a skull!
Put your hands in the air
and back away from each other.
Walk to the wall.

Man #2:

Lo mal que es? Maurizio?

Man #1:

Man #2:

What'd you do?
Thomas.
Show us 10 fingers
or we'll shoot.

You just lost
your minimum freedom.
You're going to 99.
Open it wide.
Close it behind us.

Tuggs:

trip on his chains.
You're gonna have
to be more careful.
I suspect
that amnesty international
would frown upon
the contents of this room.
Cell block 99 is the prison
within the prison.
You will stay down here
until you're sorted out.
Or carried out.
Stand him up.
For the next month,
you'll wear this.
Turn it on.
Each time you misbehave,
you earn five points.
Each point gets you
one of these.

Bradley:

You currently
have 25 points.
These shall be dispensed to you
over the coming week.
When you are eating,
when you are sleeping,
when you are pissing,
and when you are shitting.
Mr. Thomas.
You want to be mindful
of the broken glass.
Who's there?
My employer has asked me
to take a few more pictures.
Is that him?

That's the abortionist.
He is here to perform
a preliminary examination.
No.
You can't.
You can't.
This a baby girl
you're talking about.
It is lamentable
that she didn't have
smart parents.
Christopher bridge?
Christopher bridge!
Who?
Christopher bridge?
Never heard of him.
I'm looking for a guy
named Chris bridge.

Man:

Christopher bridge in here.
Never has been.
- Now shut up!
- Are you sure about...

Jeremy:

Wilson:

Into the hall.
Look at me.
I'd prefer the stun belt.
Look at me.
Do not blink until I give you
permission to blink.
That's funny.
It's easy to hit this button.
And we got a closet
full of batteries.
Look at me.
Do not blink until I give you
permission to blink.
That's good.
A few inmates requested
a little face time with you.

And I know
how you like to socialize.
Who?

Wilson:

Walk down the hall.
Go slow.
If this is a surprise party,
somebody missed the cue.

Wilson:

Do not kill him today.
The warden will have my ass.
We aren't in any hurry.
Your heroics cost me
\$3.2 million,
as well as my freedom
for an undetermined
period of time,
and because of you,
my sister is now a widow.
Her husband was Pedro
whom you shot in the back.
Let my wife go.
You and I can
settle this however.
Mirame, blanco.
A few hours ago,
I received this photo.
You might like it.
I'll...
tear...
your head off.
Now listen to me very carefully.
If you harm me
or any of my associates,
the abortionist
will sever the limbs
from your little girl.
It's a long,
slow payback, blanco.
Looks like he needs a nap.

Wilson:

Goddamn hillbilly.

I'm sorry.

Sam:

Here you go.

Man #1:

like a cab driver!

Sam:

Man #2:

Sam:

You want to eat something?

If you don't like it,
dump it in the shithole.

Okay.

And any mess you make is
one you get to live with.

I'm not a maid.

You got utensils?

Plastics or whatever?

Man:

You feeling okay?

A little south of okay.

You were raving for a while.

You have a fever?

Did.

How come the guards
are after you?

Hurt one of them.

Broke his arm.

Why are you in here?

I did some things

I'm not proud of.

Man:

South somewhere?

I am.

Is it nice down there?

For most folks, it is.

I don't have a heap

of great memories
from back then.

Man:

Bradley:

Memories.

Keep you sane

in a place like this.

I spent a lot of time

just reliving the good parts.

How long you been in here?

- Eight years.

- That's rough.

They still let you up

to see visitors?

People don't want to visit me.

- How about you?

- How about me what?

Man:

who still care about you

on the outside?

A few.

Two that really matter.

Man:

Yeah.

She gonna wait for you?

She would have.

Wilson:

Wake up, Mr. Thomas.

Your buddies want to socialize.

Into the hall.

Close that.

I'd like to let

the place air out.

It smells like shit and dinner.

That wasn't a suggestion.

When I autograph that cast,

should I make it out

to Mr. or Mrs. bitch?

I bet your kidneys

don't enjoy your jokes.
Get the gun!
Give me the keys.

Wilson:

He can't get you
with those chains on his ankles.
He will be choked out cold
by the time you get back.
Dead.
It'll be on you.
Give me the keys.
- Don't give him...
- quiet.
Let him loose.
Fuck no.
Give me the keys.
You can't get out of redleaf.
Walk those over.
You stupid, stupid asshole.
You killed him.
I know what I did.
Get in.

Man:

Make it so he has
to eat his friend
in order to stay alive.

Jeremy:

kill you for this.
Him or somebody else.

Man:

It's broken.

Man:

It's over there.
I'm not gonna stun these guys.

Man:

I could... I could
really use it in here.
Thanks.

Good luck.

Eleazar:

Check on Wilson.

Roman:

if you want.

Do what I say or I'll kill him.

Oh, fuck!

Kill Mr. Thomas

and I'll double your wages.

Have them kick in

for your funeral.

Fuck you, gringo.

Aaaah!

Roman:

Eleazar:

when parents lose a child.

My condolences.

If you do not hear from me

in 10 minutes,

commence the abortionist.

If you have not heard

from me within the hour,

dismantle the mother

and flush her down the toilet.

If you want your wife

and child to survive,

you better listen to me.

Call them off.

Go back to your cell,

or your baby's dead.

You don't have a choice.

You're wrong about that.

They will not

listen to you.

That's fine.

You're the one

that's gonna be making noise.

Call off your guy.

Return to your cell.

We'll do this the other way.

I will make no such phone call.

Eleazar:

Tell me your code
or it's the other leg.

7-7-7.

Howdy.

Is this that creep
that visited me at the fridge?

I want you to hear something.

Aah!

I already hurt eleazar serious.

Right now I'm dragging him

to a bunch of guys

who will fuck him bloody.

I don't want to do this,

but I will.

I think you know by now

I can get mean.

Eleazar:

- Bradley.

- Bradley.

I will tell them
to release your wife.

They need to turn

her over to Gil

so that I can confirm

she's okay.

Talk correct or get raped.

Plans have changed.

Jeremy:

get away with this.

Bradley:

or I'll break your neck.

Warden tuggs?

Mr. Thomas.

- Where's Wilson?

- In my cell.

And I have two

other hostages...

eleazar and your guy Jeremy.

Try and open that gate
or gas me,
I'll murder them both.

Man #1:

Efficiently.

Tuggs:

you're gonna accomplish here?
I'm waiting for a phone call.
One minute after I'm off,
I will turn myself over to you.
And I swear that to Jesus Christ
and heaven above.

Tuggs:

He's not gonna answer you.

Tuggs:

Jeremy:

Tuggs:

Jeremy:

Tuggs:

this call comes through?
Soon.

Tuggs:

I got time for a cigar?
Half a one.
Well, I got a cigarello here
that smokes pretty fast.
Release her.
Don't approach the vehicle.

Gil:

Gil:

What a mess.
Very disappointing.
Give me the rifle.

I always said Bradley
picked a winner.
Gil?

Gil:
How is she?

Gil:
Thank god.
You handled everything?

Gil:
Good.
Put her on.
- Here.
Mr. Thomas.
You about done?
Pretty soon.
Bradley.

Bradley:
Are you, uh...?
I'm all right.
What's going on there?
Don't worry about
what's going on over here.
I'm fine.
I'm calling to check on you
and koala.
Make sure you're safe...
Hear your voice...
It's all just so unreal...
the kidnapping and everything
that they tried to do.
I think it's over now.
Do you want to say
something to the koala?
Sure, I would.
I'd love to say
something to her.
Here she is.
I wish I could be there
for you and your mother,
but, uh...

I know you'll have
a good life.
You'll grow up
healthy and smart.
I just felt her move.

Lauren:

I don't know what you said.
Thank you for...
letting me talk to her.
You're welcome.
We want to come see you.
When can we come see you?
Well, I don't know when you'll
be able to come visit here,
but, uh, I'll try to figure
that stuff out.
I got to go now.
Why? Are the guards
making you hang up?
Yeah.
Sorry.
Oh. Okay.
Call when they let you.
I love you.
I love you, too.
Bye.
You ready, Mr. Thomas?
I still got that one minute
I told you about.
Don't.
I'll give money
to your wife.

Bradley:

Eleazar:

Tuggs:

What's going on in there?
I'm executing eleazar.

Tuggs:

Mr. Thomas, we're coming in.

I still have...
25 seconds.

Eleazar:

They say the head stays alive
for a little while
after it's been cut off.

I hope so.

Put your hands on your head
and turn around.

78 days.

Be careful, buddy