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# Dog Pound

By Jeremie Delon

Aw! Enough of that shit!  
Shut the fuck up, bitch.  
Don't call me a bitch.  
You're so beautiful.  
Get out of your fucking room!  
Turn it lower, for God's sake!  
Sorry, Mom!  
Are you all right, kid?  
You little fuck!  
- Did you make this?  
- No.  
Your cellmate told me  
you made this.  
Don't hit me again.  
Don't do that again, man!  
- Are you threatening me, boy?  
- I'm fucking threatening you, man!  
- Do you know where you are?  
- Fucking right, bitch!  
Fuck you!  
Don't do it again!  
I'm gonna come back in five  
and you're gonna give me a name.  
And that's an order.  
Fucking cunt!  
Fuck you!  
Gentlemen, strip out of  
your civilian clothes  
and place all of your belongings  
in the box with your name on it.  
We'll give back your shoes  
once this search is complete.  
All of your belongings.  
Shake your hair.  
Wiggle your fingers.  
Spread your toes.  
Blow your nose.  
Now turn around.  
Bend over.  
Cough.  
Harder.  
Stand up.  
Turn around.  
Okay, boys,

now we'll get you dressed.  
Gentlemen, welcome to Enola Vale  
Youth Correctional Facility.  
I'm your superintendent,  
Mr. Sands.  
If you have any problems  
or any questions during your stay here,  
you will report them  
to your unit supervisor,  
in this case,  
Officer Goodyear.  
He will then report it to me.  
As for school,  
your re-socialization unit supervisor...  
...basic rules around the place.  
You better be listening.  
No weapons, no sharp items.  
No pornographic material,  
no illegal substance,  
no tobacco, no alcohol  
and no signs of gang activity  
will be permitted  
on the facility of Enola Vale.  
Any questions?  
Excellent.  
You're 30 minutes late again.  
What's your excuse this time?  
- Did I miss something?  
- That's not the point.  
You're late and it's becoming  
an ongoing habit.  
- Were they prepped on the basics?  
- I just did that.  
Good. Perfect timing.  
Well, what fresh hellions  
are these?  
Angel.  
Davis.  
Guilty as charged.  
Yeah, well, do me a favor,  
sunshine.  
Yank the pants up.  
There's no gangster wannabes  
on my unit.

Butch.

Gentlemen,

pick up your belongings.

Single file.

Where are you two mutts  
coming from?

We just finished

Social Studies class, Mr. G.

- And where are you going?

- Going to the library.

I'm gone the weekend,

I come back,

and you're in Special Unit.

What happened?

- Nothing.

- What you do?

I didn't do nothing.

No, you didn't do anything.

And that makes sense.

They throw you in the hole  
for two days for not doing nothing.

Why are you bothering him?

He told you he didn't do anything.

- What, are you his lawyer?

- No.

I'm a judge.

- Pull your pants up and move on.

- All right, Mr. G.

Like to see you out of that costume  
by the end of the week too.

Let's go.

Butch, bed on the far left.

Davis, straight ahead.

Angel, right here.

Stow your gear and come over here  
and line up.

Listen carefully.

This is a new day for you gentlemen.

No one in here cares about any felonies  
you may have committed in the past.

The judge may have given you  
a sentence,

but in reality, your sentence  
all depends on your behavior.

You show some good will  
towards change  
and you get an earlier parole hearing  
with the judge.  
Am I boring you, sunshine?  
No, sir.  
Good.  
'Cause I read your report  
and you should be listening the closest.  
Right now, you're all Level 1.  
Evaluations will determine for us  
whether you actually want to change  
and rehabilitate.  
Show us some improvements  
and you can move to Level 2  
and become a trustee.  
You'll notice these gentlemen  
by their sports black pants  
and their polo shirts.  
They've acknowledged they've made  
some poor choices in life,  
but they've proven to staff,  
and more importantly  
to themselves,  
that they're ready to re-enter society  
with the necessary skills  
to avoid further criminal behavior.  
Becoming a trustee  
comes with a lot of privileges.  
But if you mess up,  
if you try any crazy stuff  
on anybody in here or yourself  
or you try to bust out,  
well, congratulations.  
You just won an orange suit  
and a free trip to Special Unit.  
So, gentlemen,  
make your stay pleasant here  
by being good to yourself,  
your peers and the staff,  
and I guarantee you'll be all right.  
All right, unpack.  
Good, boys.  
Hot bowl of shit coming right up.

- You stinkin' like shit.  
- No, I don't.  
Thanks, partner.  
Do some dishes  
or something, Loony. Fuck!  
Fuck your dishes!  
Loony, he thinks he's...  
No.  
Hurry up.  
Keep it moving.  
Is this seat taken?  
Somebody get clumsy  
with the ladle?  
Don't move on it, man.  
You'll just end up in the hole  
where that asshole Banks wants you.  
The best thing...  
just pay no mind.  
Eventually, they'll  
leave you alone like they did me.  
I mean, that was also  
because I have AIDS.  
You know, we all know  
why you're in here,  
especially Banks.  
You like that one, huh?  
It's pretty cool.  
It's for all the virgins  
I corrupted, man.  
Yo, drop it and flush it!  
Don't worry 'bout it.  
What the fuck?  
- Throw me back my toothpaste, man.  
- Fuck you! Get it yourself!  
Fucking prairie nigger.  
Sal!  
- What?  
Come here.  
All right, gentlemen.  
Let's settle down.  
Sal, get back in your bed.  
Good night, gentlemen.  
- Hey, Goodyear.  
- Morning. How was the night?

No problems.

Control, open gate B2, please.

- Thank you, sir.

- Have a good day.

You too.

Control, open dormitory A1.

Wakey, wakey!

Hands off snaky! Let's go!

Let's go, gentlemen.

A two-minute window

to get the bed made.

Ends of the bed when you're done.

Let's go, guys.

Shake it off.

Mr. Angel Ortiz,

grab your bucket and mop.

Come with me.

He's right here.

What's up, man?

How's it going, man?

What's up?

You just get here?

Yeah.

Yeah, that's cool.

How much time did you get?

- Three months, man.

- Oh!

- Just three?

- Just three.

- Shit!

- That ain't shit, cuz.

You know, I just did

three months fucking three times.

I could do that on my fucking head

in the hole. You know what I mean?

Yeah. Yeah.

So how long you got, man?

What do you mean,

how long I got?

Who the fuck's business is that, man?

Just asking, man.

I don't know.

Don't be asking no stupid

punk-ass questions around here.

You'll go get yourself hurt, boy.

Yeah, all right, man.

- You looking to get fucked up?

- No, man.

- Looking to get fucked up?

- Relax, relax!

Huh? Looking to get fucked up?

Just fucking with you, man.

This nigger's a bitch, cuz.

- No, man.

- Brush it off. Calm down, man.

Your boots, though, man...

They're looking, uh,

pretty nice, man.

Where did you get those at?

- At the mall.

- At the mall?

- Yeah.

- How much were they?

They were, like,

I don't know, 100 bucks.

Your mom give you those kicks  
or something? A little present?

- From mommy?

- No, man.

No?

- No, man. I bought these.

- You bought 'em?

- Yeah.

- You a hustler, all right.

Yeah.

Fuck! Hustler hustlin'.

What size are you, 10? Big man?

Let me check them boots out.

Cop 'em over.

No, man. I'm only an 8.

What the fuck you mean,

you is only an 8? Don't look like no 8!

- You fucking lying to my boy?

- Don't look like a fucking 8 to me!

All right, man.

Come on, man.

Don't be a bitch, man.

- They are nice-ass boots.



- Whoo-hee!  
Yeah. I lookin' fresh to death.  
You feeling me?  
- Man, fresh as fuck.  
- How am I looking, cuz?  
Nice. Nice, cuz.  
- How am I looking?  
- They look good, man...  
They're nice-ass boots.  
- Can I have it back now?  
- Just feeling it out. They're comfy.  
- Let me see that other one.  
- Try that shit.  
I'm gonna try that.  
It's all good, man.  
It's all good. You feeling me?  
Fuck, they're real nice, bro,  
but fuck, too big for me, man.  
Let me check that.  
Let me try both of them on at once.  
Now that they're on my feet,  
I don't really feel like  
taking them off.  
They're too comfy. Plus, I'm fresh.  
You know what I mean?  
Some boots right there,  
they ain't tricking. They're nice.  
Don't take no offence,  
you know what I mean?  
Let's peace-out of here, boys.  
Fucking bitch.  
Fuck!  
Wake up.  
The floor's not gonna mop itself.  
Let's do it.  
Faggot.  
Fucking bitch.  
You got him-  
Butch!  
What did I just say to you?  
Get back to work.  
What's up, Shadow?  
Wipe that smile off.  
That's it, boys.

Let's get this shit cleaned up.  
Loony.  
Get the fuck up, man.  
Get the fuck up.  
Get the fuck up, man.  
Loony. You go first.  
What the fuck you doing, man?  
Not in the face, nigger!  
Shut up, man!  
I swear to God,  
if you fucking rat, man,  
I'll kill you my fucking self, man.  
You feel me?  
Time's up.  
Get in front of your bunks.  
Ready for inspection.  
You call this making a bed?  
Whatever. Fuck.  
Why the fuck did you do that?  
You better learn to control  
your mouth, kid.  
I'm gonna mess it up tonight  
anyways.  
Fuck, like...  
You are on solitary report  
by supper.  
Now make your bed properly.  
Stand up straight, Frank.  
All right, boys.  
Let's go. Wash up.  
Come on! Move it!  
Let's go.  
You stay put.  
That looks kind of painful.  
Wanna tell me what happened?  
I slipped and fell.  
Do I look like an asshole to you?  
Well, fortunately for us,  
we have some procedures in place.  
You and I are gonna issue a report.  
And what good would that do?  
I just told you I slipped  
and fell in the dark.  
- In the dark?

- Yeah.

Well, maybe a few days in solitary,  
you'll come up with a few more details.  
Maybe.

Can I go?

Yeah, you can go.

Don't slip.

- Fuck you, Banks!

- Banks, knock it off!

Control, open gates B1.

All right, I want two lines!

Side by side in front of the dirt.

Line 'em up.

Banks!

How are you, son?

Sir, how are you?

You doing a good job?

I've been out of the dirt  
for a while now.

...an interview with construction  
after this.

Yeah, I'd like that.

Aw!

Max!

Can you at least pretend  
that you're working?

Kill it, Banks. Shut it down.

Lunch!

Goodyear.

Move.

Sit straight.

You were transferred  
to Enola Vale  
because you assaulted  
a correctional officer.

Not 24 hours inside,  
you wake up all bruised up.

I'm going to ask you for the last time:  
what happened?

I slipped and fell.

Butch, I know you're not gonna rat,  
but our concern is  
for your personal safety.

Look, I am not your punishment.

But if you refuse to cooperate,  
I have no choice but to isolate you.  
Okay.  
Goodyear, get him out of here.  
Come on in.  
Hurry up, Max.  
I don't have all day.  
What's the rush,  
Miss Biggs?  
So, what is it today, Max?  
Is it about your HIV test?  
Don't worry, it's negative,  
you can stop spreading those rumors.  
No, the truth is...  
I've fallen deeply in love  
with a woman  
and I just...  
I don't know how to tell her.  
Well, I can't help you with that.  
Maybe Sands can give you  
some good advice.  
You know, I wanna tell her  
so many things.  
I got so much inside,  
I just wanna...  
I just...  
You know, I wrote her a poem,  
because, you know,  
poetry is really the only way  
I can truly express myself.  
Can I read it to you?  
"She's a caretaker,  
"but there's no one  
to take care of her.  
"She listens to others  
"to avoid listening to her. "  
That part doesn't rhyme.  
It's just an early draft, though.  
"In a world surrounded by men,  
I am her only admirer.  
"The clock is ticking,  
she's getting older,  
"but still no rock on the finger-"  
Max, I get the point.

I got a lot of work here.

I think you should go.

Miss Biggs,

I am seriously offended here.

I don't know if you know this,

but when it comes to creativity,

a subject us artists

are particularly sensitive to,

I'd really appreciate it

if you didn't interrupt me again.

Fine.

"I dream she's...

lying naked on fur,

glistening crotch

tickled by her pinkie finger. "

Enough Max!

Get out of here now!

You don't get it.

You crossed the line big time.

Get out now.

Since one of us

doesn't see the value in art,

there won't be a next time.

You probably thought

I was alluding to you in that poem.

Uh, I wasn't,

so sorry to disappoint.

And have a good day.

Davis.

You know, man,

when you first come here and shit,

boys thought you was a bitch.

At least you ain't rat

on nobody, man.

So, you know, we're all straight?

- Cool.

- Everything's all right, man.

Thanks, man.

What the fuck is it

you've got on going down there?

Pissin' sweat out your armpits, man!

Yeah, man, I need to change

my shirt or some shit.

What the fuck's wrong

with you, man?  
Why you always walking 'round here  
all worried and shit, man?  
You ain't gotta be scared.  
You scared?  
- No, man. I'm not scared.  
- You ain't got no reason to be scared.  
You know what I mean, player?  
- Yeah.  
- Everything's all good.  
Hustlers ain't scared of shit.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
- You is a hustler, right?  
- Yeah.  
What you hustlin'?  
So you hustlin' some weed and shit?  
No, man. Pills and coke.  
- You hustle that "yay"?  
- Yeah.  
Movin' that "yayo"?  
You like that raw shit?  
- Yeah.  
- You like that shit?  
Mm-hmm.  
Yeah, so, uh, what if I had  
some of that raw shit, man?  
You want a bump?  
What, you have some of that?  
Yo, Loony.  
Get that white shit out  
for the pretty boy, man.  
He wanna get fucked up.  
All right. See you later.  
Hey, what the fuck  
you doing in here?  
We're doing some big-man business.  
Get the fuck out of here!  
Nice throw, you fucking faggot!  
I'm gonna cut you up right now, bitch,  
and all your little bitches  
are gonna see.  
- Are you shitting me, Sal?  
- Yo, fuck you!  
Suck on my nuts, mutt!

You got that white shit  
for me Loony?  
Cut you a six, man.  
Don't even worry about it.  
It's all straight.  
Get that into you, man.  
That's some good.  
Oh, shit!  
How you like that, man?  
Is that good shit?  
It's different.  
Yeah, that's just 'cause it's pure.  
Don't worry about it.  
Shhh! Just be quiet, man.  
Shhh! Be quiet.  
- Yeah.  
- Just be easy.  
Everything's okay, man.  
- Yeah.  
- You're just tripping.  
- Yeah.  
- It's all good.  
- Yeah.  
- Shhh!  
You feel good, man.  
It is the best feeling ever, man.  
Deep into your hole, man.  
You feel so good.  
You're gonna be fine.  
You love being fucked up.  
No.  
What?  
What you guys give me?  
Shhh!  
Just some special medicine, man.  
Just the good medicine.  
You love it, man.  
You feel good, dog.  
Oh, look at these!  
That's the good shit, man.  
Don't wake up.  
Just go to sleep.  
Hey, is that your mom  
and your sister in this photo?

Damn, that bitch is fine!  
Tell that bitch to come see me  
next visiting day, man.  
I'll beat that pussy up.  
Yeah, you know,  
your mom was just here.  
Yeah, man.  
You know,  
she left happier than she came.  
I'm so sad she left.  
I miss her already.  
Yeah, you know,  
she was sad when she was here.  
No.  
- She was looking for you.  
- You missed her.  
But she found me.  
- No!  
- You know, she was so beautiful.  
She wants me.  
You know,  
your mom loves me.  
No.  
Your mom calls me Daddy.  
NO!  
Shut up, man.  
Shut the fuck up.  
Where is she? Mom!  
Shut up, man!  
He's a fucking heat bag.  
Fuck it. Let's go.  
Let's go, man.  
Fucking too much.  
Help...  
Help!  
Help!  
- Get on your feet, boy.  
- I can't.  
- Come on, get up.  
- No.  
Come on, boy.  
Get on your feet.  
Come on.  
Come on.



Stand here.  
Don't move.  
Oh! Oh!  
Come here.  
Swallow.  
Solitary Control.  
Unlock 7.  
This is not a punishment.  
It's for your own good.  
Try to drink lots of water  
to flush that shit out of your system.  
I wait along the borders of disdain  
Staring in  
Open your mouth.  
What I would give  
To be within your arms  
Thank you.  
Dry and warm  
- Where's the file, eh? Come on. Oh!  
- Stop it.  
- Where's those files that you stole?  
- Stop it.  
Give me the scent of free  
Syringa tree  
It's final call  
Lonely voice upon a mountaintop  
Shouting out  
The secrets of a generation told  
All the lies  
Blind and riding  
on the ocean's spine  
No fault of mine  
Davis.  
Drowning is what I've perfected for  
- Whoa!  
- Whoa!  
All my life  
Hasty!  
What happened here?  
Getting a little rough.  
No, man, I can't wait  
to dig up ditches again tomorrow.  
- I don't care.  
- Should be a good time.

- That's all he cares about.  
- Wishful thoughts, eh?  
Banks, let's go.  
Good night, gentlemen.  
Give me  
The scent of free  
Syringa tree  
Crowning me  
My victory march  
The marble arch  
Trumpet horn  
It's final call  
All right, boys.  
Go back to the dorms,  
wash up, change your clothes.  
Move out.  
Yo, faggot,  
throw the ball back.  
Yo, I'm talking to you, faggot!  
Look, fuck you, man,  
all right?  
What the fuck  
did you just say to me?  
You want me to fuck you up,  
faggot?  
Got your friend here.  
What are you-  
Ow!  
You get the fuck back!  
Where the fuck's Banks?  
- He's upstairs.  
- Thank you.  
Let's go.  
Let's go.  
Keep watch.  
All right.  
Davis!  
Get rid of it.  
-10-99, rec room.  
What the hell happened here?  
On your belly.  
Arms by your side.  
Who did this to you?  
Who did this to him?

Don't know.  
Sands to Control.  
Get to the end of the bed,  
both of you, now.  
What did I say to you?  
I said no retaliation,  
you fucking moron!  
What are you talking about?  
You really do think I'm stupid,  
don't you?  
No, I don't.  
You think you're the first tough guy  
to walk through these halls?  
Think you're the first guy to ever lay  
a beat down on somebody?  
Probably not.  
Well, I know I'm not your first CO,  
so let's go, you and me.  
Yo, he didn't fucking do anything.  
Chill!  
- Shut your mouth.  
- Don't do that again.  
Don't do what again?  
- Don't fucking do that again.  
- Come on, let's go.  
Come on. Throw down.  
Oh! Baby!  
Oh, my sweetie.  
Okay, Mom.  
- Are you okay?  
- Yeah.  
- Are the kids still picking on you?  
- No one's picking on me, Mom.  
I took care of that on my own,  
all right?  
Baby, I'm taking care of it.  
I filed a suit against this institution.  
Why the fuck  
would you do that, Mom?  
Baby, I called Uncle Conrad,  
and he has put me in touch  
with a top lawyer.  
So what can I tell the lawyer?  
When can he come and visit you?

You can tell him to go fuck himself.

Davis.

I gotta go, Mom.

No, sweetie.

Let me help you.

No.

Remove the hat, please.

It's good.

Ah! That's...

And your family is missing you, huh?

You keep on saying that.

You keep on saying that.

Whatever.

You guys aren't doing anything, so...

Boys!

...they had the door unlocked.

We opened it up

and it was just sitting there.

It was just sitting there.

It was just like... like...

Watch this right here.

Just fucking sitting there...

- Hey, give me your bread!

- There's this special school...

Hey, yo, are you Butch?

Who wants to know?

This nigger Shadow

wants to talk to you.

For what?

Don't know.

Harrel, could you please

close the door?

It's nice to see everyone here.

Let's start by grading the day.

Who wants to go first?

Okay, I'll go first.

For me, today is a 6...

because this morning

I lost my temper in traffic

with a jerk at a red light.

Butch?

- Seven.

- You wanna tell us why?

Just got out

of the fucking hole today.

- Good.

- Zero.

Do you want to tell us why?

No.

Frank, you've been at zero now  
for months.

Is there nothing that's positive?

No.

Okay, we can talk  
about that later.

Harrel, can you read  
what we're talking about today?

"Evaluating and rel... re-label... "

- Shut up, man.

- Thank you, gentlemen.

I'll read it.

"Anger and aggression. "

I think we all realize  
that everybody feels anger,  
but not everybody can control it,  
which is why

you guys are here today.

So anger is a good thing  
if you can control it,  
but it's a definite disadvantage  
if you can't control it.

So, let's start by talking  
about what makes us angry.

Harrel, what makes you angry?

That I'm not next to you at night,  
Miss Biggs.

Harrel, that's enough.

What kind of ass-ugly nigger like you  
would want to get a girl like her?

Don't fucking call me no nigger!

Thank you, gentlemen,  
for going down.

- What's wrong with you?

- Frank, what about you?

What makes you angry?

Fat people.

They walk slowly in the middle  
of the hallway.

They're always sweating,  
farting, fucking up the dorm.  
Takes them an hour for them  
to drop fat,  
anaconda shits  
while I'm face-to-face with them  
trying to wash my face  
or brush my motherfucking teeth.  
- That's a lot of f-words.  
- Blame your mom.  
My mom?  
For giving you the big-ass nostrils  
that look like sunglasses, son.  
This is a good example of-  
Every time we're talking,  
you know what it really does?  
- What?  
- It pisses me off.  
One day, I'm gonna get up  
and snap your neck.  
- Move those lips so much.  
- You wanna test me?  
- I'm right here!  
- I'll break your neck.  
This is really-  
You ain't making no moves.  
That's nothing. I'll show you.  
Sit!  
Boys, that's enough.  
- You wanna fucking do this?  
- Frank, that's enough.  
- What are you gonna do?  
- No touching! Break it up.  
Break it up!  
- Let's go! Let's go!  
- Right now!  
Let's do this!  
I'm right here!  
You wanna go?  
You wanna go?  
Let's go!  
Emergency A-23.  
Send me a CO now.  
I'll, uh... I'll come and see you

after the family visits.  
Okay, bro?  
Settle down!  
- Get off him!  
- Stop it!  
Let go!  
- You want some, huh?  
- Frank!  
Okay, take him!  
I got you, baby!  
You are done!  
You hear that?  
Here. I gotta go.  
The CO's waiting for me upstairs.  
Let me see the other guy's cut.  
What?  
Let me see the other guy's cut.  
Oh, here we go!  
Shadow paid for that.  
He's expecting it.  
Turn around  
and spread your legs.  
- There's a fucking CO waiting-  
- Turn around and spread your legs.  
That's not how it works.  
I don't like sneaky people  
doing sneaky shit behind my back.  
Don't know what you're talking about,  
but we have a system here.  
Fuck your system.  
Today is my way.  
What the hell?  
Fuck off with that shit, man!  
Fuck!  
Or tell us what you're thinkin'.  
Shit, man!  
You just ruined it.  
- Tell us one of your lady stories, B.  
- Good idea!  
Yeah, boy!  
Yeah, yeah!  
- Yeah, man!  
- Oh! All right.  
Make it good.

So I'm sleeping over  
at my girl's house, right?  
And she's on the rag,  
so she just wants to go to sleep.  
I got the worst case  
of blue balls, all right?  
Fuck that bitch, dog.  
Fuck that bitch!  
So I... I just go downstairs  
to the living room.  
I'm in my boxers.  
And chilling out, throw on the TV  
and I just light up a "J".  
But then the front door opens.  
And who walks in?  
Her fucking mom!  
I think she's gonna  
either bitch me out  
or make some small talk  
and go off to bed, but no.  
She takes off her jacket.  
She's wearing this dress that makes  
her titties just pop right out.  
And then she comes  
and she sits right next to me.  
I don't know what the hell to say,  
so I'm just trying to watch TV.  
But I could see out of the corner  
of my eye that's she's looking at me.  
And then she says:  
"Can I get a drag of that?"

**And I'm like:**

So I'm watching her smoke this thing,  
and she's got these big,  
juicy lips,  
and she's getting red lipstick  
all over the tip of it.  
And she's blowing smoke in my face,  
and I'm trying to concentrate on TV.  
But when she gives the spliff back,  
some ash falls right on my boxers.  
And before I can even do anything,  
she bends over and blows the ash off



with her mouth.  
And the bitch just sits back and says:  
"I'm gonna go to bed now. "  
I'm watching her go,  
and before she gets to the doorway,  
she turns back and says:  
"Good night, Davis. "  
You want that bitch!  
You want that, white boy!  
So, what the fuck would you do?  
What would you do?  
I knew I had to do something, right?  
I'm not a fucking idiot.  
So I start...  
I start sneaking up the stairs  
really slowly.  
And I walk into her room  
really, really slowly.  
She can't hear me.  
And when I get there,  
she's just combing her hair  
in her vanity mirror.  
And she's just, like,  
looking all sultry, all sexy.  
And then when she notices me  
standing there,  
what does she say?  
"Would you help me  
with my zipper?"  
Mommy's naughty!  
- Damn, son!  
- So now I'm fucking...  
Now I'm standing behind her, right?  
I'm standing behind her,  
unzipping her dress,  
and she starts leaning forward  
towards the mirror  
so she could see her face  
closer in the mirror.  
And that means that her ass  
is back up against my dick,  
like, brushing against me.  
And I don't know what the fuck  
goes through my head,

but I slap her ass and then I go:  
Lay back on the bed, bitch,  
and open your legs.  
"What the fuck did you just say?"  
And then she grabs me  
by the throat,  
throws me down  
on that fucking bed,  
jumps on me  
and starts sucking on my face, man.  
Yeah! Yeah!  
That's my boy!  
Whoa!  
Good morning, ladies!  
Gather round the middle.  
Let's see how your team spirit  
is this morning.  
We're gonna play a game  
called dodge ball.  
Now mix up into two teams.  
We're not gonna have  
any of this bullshit  
on my court this morning.  
You ain't no wiggers,  
no niggers, no fucking crackers.  
I don't give a shit  
what you think you is.  
You're a bunch of stray dogs  
that got locked up in this dog pound  
and you all stink the same!  
Now mix this shit up!  
Sweat Marks,  
get your ass over there now.  
Anybody else want my foot in their ass?  
Now mix this shit up!  
My rules are simple.  
Strike your opponent with the ball.  
Dodge it, catch it  
and do not step on the line  
or your team loses.  
Ready?  
On your mark... set...  
You're out!  
Come on!

You're out, big boy!  
Come on, man. You're gone.  
This is your time  
to get your aggression out.  
Now, brother!  
You're out! You're out.  
Let's go! Come on!  
- Come on!  
- Get him!  
Come on!  
Come on, take him out!  
Sweat Marks!  
Yeah, Sweat Marks!  
Sweat Marks! Sweat Marks!  
Oh!  
Sweat Marks!  
Sweat Marks!  
One more!  
Sweat Marks!  
Sweat Marks!  
Yeah!  
You're my bitch now!  
Oh, shit!  
Yo, man,  
what's in there?  
Sour OJ,  
bread and a lot of sugar.  
Angel, was that your dad  
that came to visit today?  
Yep.  
When's your mom gonna come?  
Man, I'll fucking slit your throat  
if you go there.  
- What?  
- Seriously.  
When's you mom gonna come.  
Is she cute?  
I don't know, fuck.  
You can tell if a woman's pretty  
even if it's your mom.  
- I dunno.  
- Is she an attractive woman?  
She's my mom, man!  
Would you have sex with her

if you were not her son?  
- Uh-oh!  
- Are you stupid?  
You gettin' at my neck, boy?  
What's this? What the fuck?  
What are you gonna do,  
little man?  
Come on. Oh!  
You fag!  
Fuck! All right! All right.  
Don't fucking kiss me,  
you fucking fag!  
All right, dog. All right.  
- Thank you.  
- Yo, why don't we talk about your mom?  
My mom's a cunt.  
When I get out, I'm moving out.  
Don't worry about my mom.  
Perfect,  
because when I get out of here,  
when you move,  
I'm moving in.  
Into your mama's ass.  
Shut up, man! Shut up!  
What are you actually gonna do  
when you get out, man?  
Uh, I wanna join the circus.  
Oh, yeah? Join the circus.  
Yeah, me too.  
We'll all be in a clown costume.  
No, bro.  
That's not funny, man.  
I'm serious.  
Sure.  
My father was in the circus.  
He died when I was 10, man.  
He was doing a show  
where he had to juggle some chainsaws,  
kind of like what I'm doing right now.  
But one of them fell out of his hand,  
and as it fell down,  
it cut his cock right off.  
COs! COs!  
What are you guys doing?

- Laundry.  
- You haven't even started your chores.  
Well, on that happy note,  
you're all drawing extra work duty  
on Sunday.  
Fuck!  
Butch, follow me.  
Sit down.  
What's your plan, son?  
My plan?  
I mean after all this,  
incarceration.  
Well, I want to study  
at a circus school.  
Are you being sarcastic?  
Not at all.  
Hmm...  
The reason I'm asking you this  
is because authorities  
have investigated the officer  
you blinded.  
More than 10 parties of legal guardians  
have complained  
that their children  
were physically abused by this man.  
I assume you acted in self-defense.  
To cut to the chase,  
you have an opportunity here-  
No, no, no.  
I took a careful look  
at your report, son.  
If that incident with this officer  
hadn't occurred,  
technically,  
you'd be released this week.  
But in those next two weeks,  
any misconduct on your part,  
we withdraw the plea and it goes back  
to the original charge,  
which is, as you know,  
four years in an adult facility  
starting the day you turn 19.  
So with that in mind, son,  
I think you're responsible enough

to make the right choices inside,  
and then in the outside world...  
hopefully,  
in a circus school.  
Am I right?  
Yes, sir. Thank you.  
Good. You can go.  
Where's my cheeseburger?  
Slow down, man.  
You're gonna get some indigestion.  
You eating your nuggets?  
Yeah, I'm eating my nuggets.  
I'm saving the best for last.  
Why the fuck would you do that?  
Eating's like making love, man.  
It's a ritual, you know?  
You got your appetizer,  
I sniff deeply into her scalp  
and grab onto her firm,  
but voluptuous hips,  
nibble just ever so gently  
on the earlobe.  
I mean, girls,  
they go wild for that.  
Why don't you skip the appetizer  
and go straight to the main course?  
Well, what's the main course?

**Main course:**

you bust a nut, she bounces,  
play some video games,  
do whatever the fuck you want  
and then you go to sleep.  
You're an animal, you know that?  
You disgust me.  
For me, the entre is,  
you know,  
gentle circling the areola,  
kissing every notch of her spine,  
lower and lower and lower  
until my tongue hovers  
on her bellybutton.  
I take my time.  
Yeah, you take so much time

that this girl's gonna be half asleep  
by the time you even get  
to her cookie.  
Just like your food is getting all cold  
and soggy now.  
And you don't know  
what food tastes like,  
'cause you wolf that shit down  
like you haven't eaten in days.  
Come on!  
These are women.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa! Dude!  
No, no, man!  
That's my protein!  
You're hungry?  
I can't even get that nugget.  
It's disgusting.  
Rebound. Rebound. You like that?  
It was a rebound.  
Butch!  
Come on, man!  
That was awesome!  
You know how old this spinach is?  
It's like, six-month-old spinach  
on my face.  
That was a sweet move.  
You're a jerk, you know that?  
Oh!  
Good job, bro.  
Oh! You like that?  
I'm gonna kill you, man.  
Don't do it again, please.  
Look at us.  
Look at us.  
Okay, we need gloves for this.  
Did you see anyone?  
Did you see anyone?  
Anyone see what happened?  
Sit back down.  
Nobody saw anything, huh?  
Simple.  
Everyone's to blame.  
Greaves.  
What do you got?

- I haven't found anything so far.

- Okay.

All right, get back in there,  
clean up that mess  
and make your beds.

Lights go out in five. Move.

That's okay.

You just have to explain.

Look, I gotta call you...

I'm... I gotta call you back.

The way we tossed the dorm  
scared the hell out of them.

I don't think we're gonna have  
any further problems.

Let's hope so.

I'd like to also remind you  
that I've booked tomorrow off  
for my daughter's party.

Out of the question.

My wife has been planning this  
for months.

We've had five assaults this week.

I got two COs down.

It's out of the question.

I got people flying in  
from all over the place.

Do I need to remind you  
of your responsibilities  
as a unit supervisor?

It's my kid's birthday.

These are your kids too.

This message was the final threat.

Don't ever do it again.

Yeah, I put in for the shift change  
two weeks ago.

You know what?

Sometimes I don't think you understand  
what I do for a fucking living!

Hold on.

What are you looking at?

Get back to work!

I can't talk about this now.

Man, that fool is pussy-whipped.

He has no idea



how to talk to his woman.  
My girls would never talk to me  
like that.  
You ain't got no fucking girls.  
Don't get me started.  
All right, man?  
I am way out of your league.  
No, Melissa, I'm not the only one  
ruining Grace's birthday  
if they're in the room  
while you're screaming at me.  
Name one.  
What, like, all of them?  
Shit! It would take me all day  
just to get started.  
Just name one of them.  
I'm not asking for a list.  
Give me a single, solitary name.  
- Yeah.  
- All right.  
- You don't got nothing, bro.  
- I got... Okay, don't worry.  
Nothing.  
Listen, I'll give you one,  
but you gotta keep it on the hush-hush.  
Just give us the name, man.  
All right, but I don't wanna get her  
in trouble.  
I won't tell no one.  
You know Miss Biggs?  
No.  
Oh, yeah.  
What a whore.  
I knew something was up, though,  
'cause we haven't been connecting  
in the same way.  
You know why it is? She doesn't like  
that earlobe shit that you do.  
You're so full of shit!  
You know that?  
Calm down!  
It was just a one-time thing.  
I promise. I just had to do the job  
for you once.

And now she's all yours.  
It's good. It's good.  
All right, you've seen her naked,  
so what does she look like?  
She's got these perfect,  
And then she's got  
these firm love handles  
and then that big, flat ass,  
you know, that's all right.  
But when you get it going,  
it slaps and it claps together.  
It's beautiful.  
What about her labia?  
She was definitely  
on that old-school tip,  
you know, with the big bush,  
but I still found her spot.  
I just had to machete my way  
through her little tropical jungle  
but it was there.  
No doubt.  
Oh, it was beautiful. Tasty!  
•It probably looks something like this.  
Oh, ho, ho, man!  
Yeah, that's her.  
You know what, Melissa?  
Fuck you too!  
That's fucking good!  
How wet is that pussy?  
It's just dripping!  
Hey, what are you guys doing?  
Line up, all of you!  
Who drew that?  
Who drew that?  
I did.  
Your phone's ringing.  
Shut up!  
Why don't you answer it?  
You did.  
Let's take a closer look at your work.  
Don't fucking touch me!  
- Let him go!  
- Don't fucking touch me!  
Come on, chill!

Yo, Angel.  
Hey, bro.  
Come on, man. Get up.  
Yo, Angel. Get up, man.  
What the...  
What the fuck did you do?  
What the fuck, man?  
What the fuck did you do?  
On the ground now.  
What the hell happened?  
Goodyear,  
what the hell happened?  
Tell him what happened!  
- On your belly!  
- No!  
On your belly.  
Arms to the side.  
Tell him what happened!  
What the fuck are you doing?  
Why don't you tell him  
what happened, Goodyear?!  
Fucking pussies!  
Tell him what fucking happened!  
If I were you,  
I'd be calling my union rep.  
We didn't fucking do anything!  
Where's that ammo?  
Tell him what fucking happened!  
Break it up right now!  
Get away from there.  
What's up, bro?  
I'm back, kid.  
Knock it off! Relax!  
...with Steve Quailer.  
McCleod to Quailer.  
And shot! Score!  
Yes!  
You've reached  
St. Patrick's Hospital.  
Your call is important to us.  
A representative will be  
with you shortly.  
We appreciate your patience.  
Get the fuck out of here.

No!  
No! No!  
Ah!  
Ow!  
Hello?  
Yes...  
I... I'm calling from Enola Vale  
Youth Correctional.  
We had somebody admitted there  
earlier this evening.  
His name's Angel Ortiz.  
- Well, Officer...  
- Come on, man!  
We're sorry to inform you  
that the boy was pronounced dead  
two hours ago.  
I'm very sorry.  
Yo, what the fuck are you doing?  
Just fucking hold him.  
No! No!  
Solitary Control.  
Open up cell 9.  
Butch. Butch!  
What's up with Angel?  
I don't know.  
I didn't hear.  
I'm glad you're back, though.  
Not for long.  
I'll be out of this shithole in a week.  
I have some...  
Wait, wait.  
I'm sorry. I'm... I'm...  
Who's ringing the bell?  
It's Davis.  
I need to use the phone. Please.  
Go back to bed.  
Give me the phone.  
Let me use the phone, okay?  
Calm down.  
He's coming.  
- Davis, what's up, kid?  
- I need to use the phone, man.  
Sorry, pal.  
I can't let you out.

Two minutes?  
I can't.  
I'll give in a word to Sands  
and you can call  
in the morning, okay?  
It has to be now.  
I understand  
you're feeling a little homesick,

**but it's 3:**

I need to talk to my mother.  
- Okay.  
- Please.  
Try and get some sleep,  
and I promise tomorrow,  
everything's gonna be a lot better,  
all right?  
- Please...  
- Back to bed. Good night.  
Control, open B2.  
Control, open dormitory A1.  
- Hunger strike.  
- Hmm.  
Dead.  
Dead.  
- Frank.  
- Dead.  
Dead.  
Dead.  
Dead.  
Dead. Dead.  
Shut the fuck up, Frank.  
Dead.  
Dead. Dead.  
Dead. Dead.  
Dead. Dead.  
Shut the fuck up now, Frank.  
Dead! Dead!  
Dead! Dead! Dead! Dead!  
Get out of here!  
Now go to your left!  
Get the fuck back there!  
Fuck you!  
You fucker!

Sit the fuck down!  
What the fuck are you doing?  
Back off me!  
How about you,  
you motherfucker?  
Sands to Control.  
I want a permanent lockdown now.  
I want you to neutralize this  
in five minutes!  
- Sands, we don't have to do this!  
- Goodyear, there's no "we"!  
I make the decisions around here!  
You got that?  
Get out of here!  
Let's go!  
Hey!  
You pussy!  
Fucking bitches!  
- Ow!  
- Butch! Follow me!  
Butch.  
What, man?  
Let's fucking go, man!  
No, no!  
Fuck! No!  
Oh, fuck! No!  
Fuck!  
Oh! No!  
Blind and riding  
on the ocean's spine  
No fault of mine  
Drowning is what I've perfected  
For all my life