INT. PRISON - DAY

MAX MAYHEW, 40s, eclectic, takes a long time to remove items. First, his tinted glasses, then his bucket hat, revealing he's balding, his watch, his belt which has a big buckle on it, a rather large pocket knife, his cigarettes, and his joints. As he does so, he shows his medicinal card. All he has left on his Canadian tuxedo - straight denim. They even take his toothpick. They try taking his notebook, but he yanks it away from them. They let him keep it. Everyone else is in black.

MAX (V.O.)
It was my first execution so I didn't know what to expect. As soon as you walk in, they take everything but your pride. They say it's not out of suspicion but your protection. Typical government.

Max and several others are ID checked. They then get separated into three groups. There's signs on the wall.

The first sign says "victim's relatives". A couple people stand there. The next sign says "media". A couple people stand there. The last sign says "inmate's chosen witnesses". Max stands alone under that sign.

MAX (V.O.)
Then you get filed into lines. Relatives, of the person being executed, media, and the inmate's chosen witnesses. I stood there alone - with an odd sense of importance.

The others look at Max. Then, TWO GUARDS enter. Max checks the time on the wall. The Guards start talking.

MAX (V.O.)
The Guards talk at you for a little while. Saying "should there be a prison break or security threat please remain in place." Maybe instead of the guards talking to us, they should be guarding. I'd prefer not to be shived to death with a toilet brush.

The guards then take them, in their lines, to the execution waiting room.

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MAX (V.O.)
After, you get transferred to the "viewing room", which, is an unsettling name to me. It's like we're at the zoo, but instead of the monkey enclosure, it's a human getting killed.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

The group enters. Max sits in the back right of the lined up chairs. The room is very sterile. Max takes out his notepad and starts writing.

MAX (V.O.)
The viewing room makes you want to die. It's sterile and cold. Devoid of life. Fitting.

The door shuts behind them and the blinds open. They can see the execution room and chair.

MAX (V.O.)
When the blinds open, the medical chair seems to look more like a coffin than an object people usually heal on. But what was the saddest, was the single ceiling tile above the chair painted like the sky. Like that will bring them peace.

HAROLD BINNETI, 40s, enters in cuffs and prison attire. The DOCTOR and GUARDS are with him.

MAX (V.O.)
Not long after, the inmate enters. I had seen Harold's face many times, but never in person. He looked old, even though I'm older. He scanned the room, pausing at no one, except me. He stared at me until he was forced onto the chair.

The guards place his head to look up at the tile.

MAX (V.O.)
I thought to myself, "why am I here? Why does he want me here?" Before I could find an answer for myself, the first injection had begun. His eyes stared at the sky before closing one last time.

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END SIDE 1

SIDE 2

INT. WILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Willy lets Max in through the front door and locks the door behind them. Willy's house is old with stuff everywhere.

MAX
Why do you leave flowers for Benji?

Willy really thinks before each response.

WILLY DAVIS
It's a sad story. I feel bad for the kid.

MAX
What's the sad story?

Another pause from Willy.

WILLY DAVIS
Just... he was killed so young.

MAX
But you were his drug dealer.

WILLY DAVIS
I'm not a drug dealer.

MAX
I said you *were*, not that you are.

WILLY DAVIS
It's still not true.

MAX
Really? Because I have people saying differently.

WILLY DAVIS
Who?

MAX
Doesn't matter.

Willy gets closer to Max. Max stands his ground.

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WILLY DAVIS
I don't appreciate people coming into my home accusing me of things I'm not.

MAX
I don't appreciate people lying about who my brother was and what happened to him.

WILLY DAVIS
I have nothing to say to you.

MAX
I think you feel guilty about something. Why else would you leave flowers all these years?

A beat.

MAX (CONT'D)
Why do you feel guilty?

Willy doesn't answer. Max raises his voice and gets angry.

MAX (CONT'D)
God dammit. This is *my* brother! You know something and you're not saying it.

A beat.

WILLY DAVIS
You need to leave.

MAX
We're not done.

END SIDES.

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