

~~UNCLASSIFIED~~  
SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION"

screenplay by  
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from the novella by  
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FIRST DRAFT (p)

Hope is a good thing, maybe the best of things, and no good thing ever dies...

INT - BUNGALOW - NIGHT

A dark, empty room.

The door bursts open. A MAN and WOMAN enter, drunk and giggling, horny as hell. No sooner is the door shut than they're all over each other, ripping at clothes, pawing at flesh, mouths locked together.

He gropes for a lamp, tries to turn it on, knocks it over instead. Hell with it. He's got more urgent things to do, like getting her blouse open and his hands on her breasts. She arches, moaning, fumbling with his fly. He slams her against the wall, ripping her skirt. We hear fabric tear.

He enters her right then and there, roughly, up against the wall. She cries out, hitting her head against the wall but not caring, grinding against him, clawing his back, shivering with the sensations running through her. He carries her across the room with her legs wrapped around him. They fall onto the bed.

CAMERA PULLS BACK, exiting through the window, traveling smoothly outside...

EXT - CABIN - NIGHT

...to reveal the bungalow, remote in a wooded area, the lovers' cries spilling into the night...

...and we drift down a wooded path, the sounds of rutting passion growing fainter, mingling now with the night sounds of crickets and hoot owls...

...and we begin to hear FAINT MUSIC in the woods, tinny and incongruous, and still we keep PULLING BACK until...

...a car is revealed. A 1946 Plymouth. Parked in a clearing.

INT - PLYMOUTH - NIGHT

ANDY DUFRESNE, early 30's, wire rim glasses, three-piece suit. Normally a respectable, solid citizen; hardly dangerous, perhaps even meek. But these circumstances are far from normal. He is disheveled, unshaven, and very drunk. A cigarette smolders in his mouth. His eyes, flinty and hard, are riveted to the bungalow up the path.

He can hear them fucking from here.

He raises a bottle of bourbon and knocks it back. The radio plays softly, painfully romantic, taunting him:

*You stepped out of a dream...  
You are too wonderful...  
To be what you seem...*

(CONTINUED)

He reaches for the glove compartment, opens it, pulls out an object wrapped in a rag. He lays it in his lap and unwraps it carefully --

-- revealing a .38 revolver. Oily, black, evil.

He grabs a box of bullets. Spills them everywhere, all over the seats and floor. Clumsy. He picks bullets off his lap, loading them into the gun, one by one, methodical and grim. Six in the chamber. His gaze goes back to the bungalow.

He shuts off the radio. Abrupt silence, except for the distant lovers' moans. He takes another shot of bourbon courage, then opens the door and steps from the car.

His wingtip shoes crunch on gravel. Loose bullets scatter to the ground. The bourbon bottle drops and shatters.

He starts up the path, unsteady on his feet. The closer he gets, the louder the lovemaking becomes. Louder and more frenzied. The lovers are reaching a climax, their sounds of passion degenerating into rhythmic gasps and grunts.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh god...oh god...oh god...

Andy lurches to a stop, listening. The woman cries out in orgasm. The sound slams into Andy's brain like an icepick. He shuts his eyes tightly, wishing the sound would stop.

It finally does, dying away like a siren until all that's left is the shallow gasping and panting of post-coitus. We hear languorous laughter, moans of satisfaction.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh god...that's sooo good...you're the best...the best I ever had...

Andy just stands and listens, devastated. He doesn't look like much of a killer now; he's just a sad little man on a dirt path in the woods, tears streaming down his face, a loaded gun held loosely at his side. A pathetic figure, really.

FADE TO BLACK: 1ST TITLE UP.

INT - COURTROOM - DAY

THE JURY listens like a gallery of mannequins on display, pale-faced and stupefied.

D.A. (O.S.)

Mr. Dufresne, describe the confrontation you had with your wife the night she was murdered.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY DUFRESNE

is on the witness stand, hands folded, suit and tie pressed, hair meticulously combed. He speaks in soft, measured tones:

ANDY

It was very bitter. She said she was glad I knew, that she hated all the sneaking around. She said she wanted a divorce in Reno.

D.A.

What was your response?

ANDY

I told her I would not grant one.

D.A.

(refers to his notes)

"I'll see you in Hell before I see you in Reno." Those were the words you used, Mr. Dufresne, according to the testimony of your neighbors.

ANDY

If they say so. I really don't remember. I was upset.

FADE TO BLACK: 2ND TITLE UP.

D.A.

What happened after you and your wife argued?

ANDY

She packed a bag and went to stay with Mr. Quentin.

D.A.

Glenn Quentin. The golf pro at the Falmouth Hills Country Club. The man you had recently discovered was her lover.

(Andy nods)

Did you follow her?

ANDY

I went to a few bars first. Later, I decided to drive to Mr. Quentin's home and confront them. They weren't there...so I parked my car in the turnout...and waited.

D.A.

With what intention?

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

I'm not sure. I was confused.  
Drunk. I think mostly I wanted to  
scare them.

D.A.

You had a gun with you?

ANDY

Yes. I did.

FADE TO BLACK: 3RD TITLE UP.

D.A.

When they arrived, did you go up to  
the house and murder them?

ANDY

No. I was sobering up. I realized  
she wasn't worth it. I decided to  
let her have her quickie divorce.

D.A.

Quickie divorce indeed. A .38  
caliber divorce, wrapped in a  
handtowel to muffle the shots,  
isn't that what you mean? And then  
you shot her lover!

ANDY

I did not. I got back in the car  
and drove home to sleep it off.  
Along the way, I stopped and threw  
my gun into the Royal River. I feel  
I've been very clear on this point.

D.A.

Yes, you have. Where I get hazy,  
though, is the part where the  
cleaning woman shows up the next  
morning and finds your wife and her  
lover in bed, riddled with .38  
caliber bullets. Does that strike  
you as a fantastic coincidence, Mr.  
Dufresne, or is it just me?

ANDY

(softly)

Yes. It does.

D.A.

On that, sir, we are in accord.

FADE TO BLACK: 4TH TITLE UP.

D.A.

You claim you threw your gun into the Royal River before the murders took place. That's rather convenient.

ANDY

It's the truth.

D.A.

You remember Lt. Mincher's testimony? His men dragged that stretch of river for three days and nary a gun was found.

ANDY

Yes. I remember.

D.A.

So no comparison can be made between your gun and the bullets taken from the bloodstained corpses of the victims. That's also rather convenient, isn't it, Mr. Dufresne?

ANDY

(faint, bitter smile)

Since I am innocent of this crime, sir, I find it decidedly inconvenient the gun was never found.

**FADE TO BLACK: 5TH TITLE UP.**

The D.A. holds the jury spellbound with his closing summation:

D.A.

Ladies and gentlemen, you've heard all the evidence, you know all the facts. We have the accused at the scene of the crime. We have foot prints. Tire tracks. Bullets scattered on the ground which bear his fingerprints. A broken bourbon bottle, likewise with fingerprints. Most of all, we have a beautiful young woman and her lover lying dead in each other's arms. They had sinned. But was their crime so great as to merit a death sentence?

(gestures to Andy)

I suspect Mr. Dufresne carried out that sentence on the night of September 21st, this year of our Lord, 1946, by pumping four bullets into his wife and another four into Glenn Quentin. And while you think about that, think about this...

(CONTINUED)

He picks up a revolver, spins the cylinder before their eyes.

D.A.

A revolver holds six bullets, not eight. I submit to you this was not a hot-blooded crime of passion! That could at least be understood, if not condoned. No, this was revenge of a much more brutal and cold-blooded nature. Consider! Four bullets per victim! Not six shots fired, but eight! That means he fired the gun empty...and then stopped to reload so he could shoot each of them again! An extra bullet per lover...right in the head.

(a few JURORS shiver)

I'm done talking. You people are all decent, God-fearing Christian folk. You know what to do.

FADE TO BLACK: 6TH TITLE UP

INT - JURY ROOM - DAY

CAMERA TRACKS down a long table, moving from one JUROR to the next. These decent, God-fearing Christians are chowing down on a nice fried chicken dinner provided them by the county, smacking greasy lips and gnawing cobbettes of corn.

VOICE (O.S.)

Guilty. Guilty. Guilty. Guilty...

We find the FOREMAN at the head of the table, sorting votes.

FADE TO BLACK: 7TH TITLE UP.

INT - COURTROOM - DAY

THE JUDGE peers down at Andy from his dias. A carved frieze of blind Lady Justice on the wall behind him.

JUDGE

You strike me as a particularly icy and remorseless man, Mr. Dufresne. It chills my blood just to look at you. By the power vested in me by the State of Maine, I hereby order you to serve two life sentences, back to back, one for each of your victims. So be it.

He raps his gavel as we

FADE TO BLACK: LAST TITLE UP.



AN IRON-BARRED DOOR

slides open with an enormous CLANG. A stark room waits beyond. CAMERA PUSHES through. SEVEN HUMORLESS MEN sit side by side at a long table. An empty chair faces them. We are now in:

INT - SHAWSHANK HEARINGS ROOM - DAY

RED enters, removes his cap and waits by the chair. The men pay him no attention. They're busy pencil-scribbling on forms.

MAN #1

Sit.

Red sits, tries not to slouch. The chair is uncomfortable.

MAN #2

We see by your file you've served ten years of a life sentence.

MAN #3

You feel you've been rehabilitated?

RED

Yes, sir. Absolutely. I've learned my lesson. I can honestly say I'm a changed man. I'm no longer a danger to society. That's the God's honest truth. No doubt about it.

The men just stare at him. One stifles a yawn.

CLOSEUP - PAROLE FORM

A big rubber stamp slams down: "REJECTED" in red ink.

EXT - EXERCISE YARD - SHAWSHANK PRISON - DUSK

High stone walls topped with snaky concertina wire, set off at intervals by looming guard towers. Over a hundred CONS are in the yard. Playing catch, shooting craps, jawing at each other, making deals. Exercise period.

RED emerges into fading daylight, slouches low-key through the activity, worn cap on his head, exchanging hellos and doing minor business. He's an important man here.

RED (V.O.)

There's a con like me in every prison in America, I guess. I'm the guy who can get it for you. Cigarettes, a bag of reefer if you're partial, a bottle of brandy to celebrate your kid's high school graduation. Damn near anything, within reason.

(CONTINUED)

He slips somebody a pack of smokes, smooth sleight-of-hand.

RED (V.O.)

Yes sir, I'm a regular Sears & Roebuck.

TWO SHORT SIREN BLASTS issue from the main tower, drawing everybody's attention to the loading dock. The outer gate starts to swing open...revealing a gray prison bus outside.

RED (V.O.)

So when Andy Dufresne came to me in 1949 and asked me to smuggle Rita Hayworth into the prison for him, I told him no problem. And it wasn't.

CON

Fresh fish! Fresh fish today!

Red is joined by HEYWOOD, SKEET, FLOYD, JIGGER, ERNIE, SNOOZE. Most cons crowd to the fence to gawk and jeer, but Red and his group mount the bleachers and settle in comfortably.

INT - PRISON BUS - DUSK

Andy sits in back, wearing steel collar and chains.

RED (V.O.)

Andy came to Shawshank Prison in early 1947 for murdering his wife and the fella she was bangin'.

The bus lurches forward, RUMBLES through the gates. Andy gazes around, swallowed by prison walls.

RED (V.O.)

On the outside, he'd been vice-president of a large Portland bank. Good work for a man as young as he was, when you consider how conservative banks were back then.

EXT - PRISON YARD - DUSK

TOWER GUARD

All clear!

GUARDS approach the bus with carbines. The door jerks open. The new fish disembark, chained together single-file, blinking sourly at their surroundings. Andy is the last. He stumbles against the MAN in front of him, almost drags him down.

BYRON HADLEY, captain of the guard, slams his baton into Andy's back. Andy goes to his knees, gasping in pain. JEERS and SHOUTS from the spectators.

(CONTINUED)

RED

There they are, boys. The Human Charm Bracelet.

HEYWOOD

Never seen such a sorry-lookin' heap of maggot shit in my life.

JIGGER

Comin' from you, Heywood, you being so pretty and all...

JOE

Takin' bets today, Red?

RED

(pulls notepad and pencil)  
Bear Catholic? Pope shit in the woods? Smokes or coin, bettor's choice.

JOE

Cigarettes. Put me down for two.

ANDY

High roller. Who's your horse?

JOE

That big gangly sack of shit, third from the front. He'll be the first.

HEYWOOD

Bullshit. I'll take that action.

FLOYD

Me too.

Other hands go up. Red jots the names.

HEYWOOD

You're out some smokes, son. Take my word.

JOE

You're so smart, you call it.

HEYWOOD

I say that chubby lard-ass...let's see...fifth from the front. Put me down for a quarter deck.

RED

That's five cigarettes on Lard-Ass. Any takers?

(CONTINUED)

More hands go up as the new prisoners are paraded along, forced by their chains to take tiny baby steps, flinching under the barrage of jeers and shouts. The old-timers are shaking the fence, trying to make the newcomers shit their pants. Some of the new fish shout back, but mostly they look terrified. Especially Andy.

RED (V.O.)

I must admit I didn't think much of Andy first time I ever laid eyes on him. He might'a been important on the outside, but in here he was just a little turd in prison grays. Looked like a stiff breeze could blow him over. That was my first impression of the man.

ERNIE

What say, Red?

RED

Little fella on the end. Definitely. I stake half a pack. Any takers?

SNOOZE

Rich bet.

RED

C'mon, boys, who's gonna prove me wrong?

(hands go up)

Floyd, Skeet, Joe, Heywood. Four brave souls, ten smokes apiece. That's it, gentlemen, this window's closed.

Red pockets his notepad. A VOICE comes over the P.A. speakers:

VOICE (amplified)

Return to your cellblocks for evening count.

INT - ADMITTING AREA - DUSK

The new fish are marched in. Guards unlock the shackles. The chains drop away, rattling to the stone floor.

HADLEY

Eyes front.

WARDEN SAMUEL NORTON strolls forth, a colorless man in a gray suit and a church pin in his lapel. He looks like he could piss ice water. He appraises the newcomers with flinty eyes.

(CONTINUED)

NORTON

This is Mr. Hadley, captain of the guard. I am Mr. Norton, the warden. You are sinners and scum, that's why they sent you to me. Rule number one: no blaspheming. I'll not have the Lord's name taken in vain in my prison. The other rules you'll figure out as you go along. Any questions?

CON

When do we eat?

Hadley steps up to the con and screams right in his face:

HADLEY

YOU EAT WHEN WE SAY YOU EAT! YOU  
PISS WHEN WE SAY YOU PISS! YOU SHIT  
WHEN WE SAY YOU SHIT! YOU SLEEP  
WHEN WE SAY YOU SLEEP! YOU MAGGOT-  
DICK MOTHERFUCKER!

Hadley rams the tip of his club into the con's belly. The man falls to his knees, gasping and clutching himself. Hadley takes his place at Norton's side again. Softly:

NORTON

Any other questions?

(there are none)

I believe in two things. Discipline and the Bible. Here, you'll receive both.

(holds up a Bible)

Put your faith in the Lord. Your ass belongs to me. Welcome to Shawshank.

HADLEY

Off with them clothes! And I didn't say take all day doing it, did I?

The men shed their clothes. Within seconds, all stand naked.

HADLEY

First man into the shower!

Hadley shoves the FIRST CON into a steel cage open at the front. TWO GUARDS open up with a fire hose. The con is slammed against the back of the cage, sputtering and hollering. Seconds later, the water is cut and the con yanked out.

HADLEY

Delouse that piece of shit! Next man in!

(CONTINUED)

The con gets a huge scoop of white delousing powder thrown all over him. Gasping and coughing, blinking powder from his eyes, he gets shoved to a trusty's cage. The TRUSTY slides a short stack of items through the slot -- prison clothes and a Bible.

All the men are processed quickly -- a blast of water, powder, clothes and a Bible...

INT - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

A naked CON steps before a DOCTOR and gets a cursory exam. A penlight is shined in his eyes, ears, nose, and throat.

DOCTOR

Bend over.

The con does. A GUARD with a penlight in his teeth spreads his cheeks, peers up his ass, and nods.

DOCTOR

Next.

Andy is next up. He gets the same treatment.

INT - PRISON CHAPEL - NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKS the naked newcomers shivering on hard wooden chairs, clothes on their laps, Bibles open.

CHAPLAIN (O.S.)

...maketh me to lie down in green  
pastures. He leadeth me beside the  
still waters. He restoreth my soul...

INT - CELLBLOCK FIVE - NIGHT

Three tiers to a side, concrete and steel, gray and imposing. Andy and the others are marched in, still naked, carrying their clothes and Bibles. The CONS in their cells greet them with TAUNTS, JEERS, and LAUGHTER. One by one, the new men are shown to their cells and locked in with a CLANG OF STEEL.

RED (V.O.)

The first night's the toughest, no doubt about it. They march you in naked as the day you're born, fresh from a Bible reading, skin burning and half-blind from that delousing shit they throw on you...

INT - 2ND TIER - RED'S CELL - NIGHT

Red watches from his cell, arms slung over the crossbars, cigarette dangling from his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

RED (V.O.)

...and when they put you in that cell, when those bars slam home, that's when you know it's for real. Old life blown away in the blink of an eye...a long cold season in hell stretching out ahead...nothing left but all the time in the world to think about it.

Red listens to the CLANGING below. He watches Andy and a few others being brought up to the 2nd tier.

RED (V.O.)

Most new fish come close to madness the first night. Somebody always breaks down crying. Happens every time. The only question is, who's it gonna be?

Andy is led past and shoved into a cell at the end of the tier. The bars slam home.

RED (V.O.)

It's as good a thing to bet on as any, I guess. I had my money on Andy Dufresne...

EXT - SHAWSHANK PRISON - NIGHT

A malignant stone growth on the Maine landscape. The moon hangs low and baleful in a dead sky.

INT - RED'S CELL - NIGHT

Red lies on his bunk below us, tossing his baseball toward the ceiling and catching it again. He pauses, listening. FOOTSTEPS approach below, unhurried, echoing hollowly on stone.

INT - CELLBLOCK FIVE - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE. A CELLBLOCK GUARD strolls into frame.

GUARD

That's lights out! Good night, ladies.

The lights bump off in sequence. The guard exits, footsteps echoing away. Darkness now. Silence. CAMERA CRANES UP the tiers toward Red's cell.

RED (V.O.)

I remember my first night. Seems a long time ago now.

(CONTINUED)

Red looms from the darkness, leans on the bars. Listens. Waits. From somewhere below comes faint, ghastly tittering. VOICES drift through the cellblock, taunting:

VARIOUS VOICES (O.S.)

Fishee fishee fisheeee...You're gonna like it here, new fish. A whooole lot...Make you wish your daddies never dicked your mommies...You takin' this down, new fish? Gonna be a quiz later.

(somebody LAUGHS)

Sshhh. Keep it down. The screws'll hear...Fishee fishee fisheeee...

Red shakes his head, lights a cigarette.

RED (V.O.)

The boys always go fishin' with first-timers...and they don't quit till they reel someone in.

The VOICES keep on, sly and creepy in the dark...

INT - VARIOUS CELLS - NIGHT

...while the new cons go quietly crazy in their cells. One man huddles in a corner, hands over his ears...another man paces like a caged animal... a third sits gnawing his cuticles bloody...a fourth is weeping silently...a fifth is on his knees, dry-heaving into the toilet...

INT - RED'S CELL - NIGHT

Red waits at the bars. Smoking. Listening. He cranes his head, peers down toward Andy's cell. Nothing. Not a peep.

HEYWOOD (O.S.)

Lard-Ass...oh, Laaard-Ass. Talk to me, boy. I know you're in there. I can hear you breathin'. Now don't you lissen to these nitwits, hear?

INT - LARD-ASS' CELL - NIGHT

Lard-Ass is crying, trying not to hyperventilate.

HEYWOOD (O.S.)

This ain't such a bad place. I'll introduce you around, make you feel right at home. I know some big ol' bull queers who'd love to make your acquaintance...especially that big white mushy butt of yours...

(CONTINUED)



And that's it. Lard-Ass lets out a LOUD WAIL of despair and breaks down into heaving sobs.

LARD-ASS  
OH GOD! I DON'T BELONG HERE! I  
WANNA GO HOME!

INT - HEYWOOD'S CELL - NIGHT

HEYWOOD  
AND IT'S LARD-ASS BY A NOSE!

INT - CELLBLOCK - NIGHT

The place goes nuts. Lard-Ass throws himself screaming against the bars. The entire block starts CHANTING:

VOICES  
Fresh fish...fresh fish...fresh  
fish...fresh fish...

LARD-ASS  
I WANNA GO HOME! I WANT MY MOTHER!

VOICE (O.S.)  
I had your mother! She was fiiine!

The lights bump on. GUARDS pour in, led by Hadley himself.

HADLEY  
What the Christ is this happy shit?

VOICE (O.S.)  
He took the Lord's name in vain!  
I'm tellin' the warden!

HADLEY  
You'll be tellin' him with my baton  
up your ass!

He arrives at Lard-Ass' cell, bellowing through the bars:

HADLEY  
What's your malfunction? Pipe down,  
you fat fuckin' barrel of monkey-  
spunk!

LARD-ASS  
PLEASE! THIS AIN'T RIGHT! I AIN'T  
SUPPOSED TO BE HERE! NOT ME!

HADLEY  
I ain't gonna count to three! Not  
even to one! Now shut the fuck up  
'fore I sing you a lullabye!

(CONTINUED)

Lard-Ass keeps blubbering and wailing. Total freak-out. Hadley draws his baton, gestures to his men. Open it.

A GUARD unlocks the cell. Hadley pulls Lard-Ass out and starts beating him with the baton, brutally raining blows.

The place goes dead silent. All we hear now is the dull THWACK-THWACK-THWACK of the baton. Lard-Ass falls, tries to crawl, passes out. Hadley gets in a few more licks and stops.

HADLEY

Get this tub of shit down to the infirmary.

(peers around)

If I hear so much as a mouse fart in here the rest of the night, by God and Sonny Jesus, you'll all visit the infirmary. Every last motherfucker here.

The guards wrestle Lard-Ass onto a stretcher and carry him off. FOOTSTEPS echo away. Lights off. Darkness again. Silence.

INT - RED'S CELL - NIGHT

Red stares through the bars at the main floor below, eyes riveted to the small puddle of blood where Lard-Ass went down.

RED (V.O.)

His first night in the joint, Andy Dufresne cost me two packs of cigarettes. He never made a sound.

FADE TO BLACK

INT - CELLBLOCK FIVE - MORNING

LOUD BUZZER. The master locks are thrown -- KA-THUMP! The cons step from their cells, lining the tiers. The GUARDS holler their head-counts to the HEAD BULL, who jots on a clipboard.

Red peers at Andy, checking him out. Andy stands in line, collar buttoned, hair combed.

INT - MESS HALL - MORNING

Andy goes through the breakfast line, gets a scoop of glop on his tray. WE PAN ANDY through the noise and confusion...and discover BOGS DIAMOND and ROOSTER MacBRIDE watching Andy go by. Bogs sizes Andy up with a salacious gleam in his eye, mutters something to Rooster. Rooster laughs.

Andy finds a table occupied by Red and his regulars, chooses a spot at the end where nobody is sitting. Ignoring their

(CONTINUED)

stares, he picks up his spoon -- and pauses, seeing something in his food. He carefully fishes it out with his fingers.

It's a squirming maggot. Andy grimaces, unsure what to do with it. BROOKS HATLEN is sitting closest to Andy. At age 65, he's a senior citizen, a long-standing resident.

BROOKS

You gonna eat that?

ANDY

Hadn't planned on it.

BROOKS

You mind?

ANDY

Not at all.

Andy passes the maggot to Brooks. Brooks examines it, rolling it between his fingertips like a man checking out a fine cigar. Andy is riveted with apprehension.

BROOKS

Mmm. Nice and ripe.

Andy can't bear to watch. Brooks opens up his sweater and feeds the maggot to a baby crow nestled in an inside pocket. Andy breathes a sigh of relief.

BROOKS

Jake says thanks. Fell out of his nest over by the plate shop. I'm lookin' after him till he's old enough to fly.

Andy nods, proceeds to eat. Carefully. Heywood approaches.

JIGGER

Oh, Christ, here he comes.

HEYWOOD

Mornin', boys. It's a fine mornin'. You know why it's fine?

Heywood plops his tray down, sits. The men start pulling out cigarettes and handing them down.

HEYWOOD

That's right, send 'em all down. I wanna see 'em lined up in a row, pretty as a chorus line.

An impressive pile forms. Heywood bends down and inhales deeply, smelling the aroma. Rapture.

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD

Smell my ass...

HEYWOOD

Gee, Red. Terrible shame, your horse comin' in last and all. Hell, I sure do love that horse of mine. I believe I owe that boy a big sloppy kiss when I see him.

RED

Give him some'a your cigarettes instead, cheap bastard.

HEYWOOD

(calls to next table)

Say Tyrell, you pull infirmary duty this week? How's that winnin' horse of mine, anyway?

TYRELL

Dead.

(the men fall silent)

Hadley busted him up pretty good. Broke something in his head. Doc already went home for the night. Poor bastard lay there till this morning. By then...

He shakes his head, turns back to his food. The silence mounts. Heywood glances around. Men resume eating. Softly:

ANDY

What was his name?

HEYWOOD

What? What'd you say?

ANDY

I was wondering if anyone knew his name.

HEYWOOD

What the fuck you care, new fish?

(resumes eating)

Doesn't matter what his fuckin' name was. He's dead.

INT - PRISON LAUNDRY - DAY

A DEAFENING NOISE of industrial washers and presses. We find Andy working the laundry line. It's a nightmarish job and he's new at it. BOB, the con foreman, elbows him aside and shows him how it's done.

(CONTINUED)

INT - SHOWERS - DAY

Shower heads mounted in bare concrete. Andy showers with a dozen or more men. No modesty here. At least the water is good and hot, soothing his tortured muscles.

Bogs looms from the billowing steam, smiling, checking Andy up and down. Rooster and PETE appear from the sides. The Sisters.

BOGS

You're some sweet punk. You been broke in yet?

Andy tries to step past them. He gets shoved around, nothing serious, just some slap and tickle. Jackals sizing up prey.

BOGS

Hard to get. I like that.

Andy breaks free, flushed and shaking. He hurries off, leaving the three Sisters laughing.

INT - ANDY'S CELL - NIGHT

Andy lies on his bunk, staring at the ceiling.

GUARD (O.S.)

Lights out!

The lights go off. Darkness in the cellblock.

EXT - EXERCISE YARD - DAY

Exercise period. Red plays catch with Heywood and Jigger, lazily tossing a baseball around.

Red notices Andy off to the side. Nods hello. Andy takes this as a cue to amble over. Heywood and Jigger pause, watching.

ANDY

(offers his hand)

Hello. I'm Andy Dufresne.

Red glances at the hand, ignores it. The game continues.

RED

The wife-killin' banker.

ANDY

How do you know that?

RED

I keep my ear to the ground. Why'd you do it?

(CONTINUED)

ANDY  
I didn't, since you ask.

RED  
Hell, you'll fit right in, then.  
(off Andy's look)  
Everyone's innocent in here, don't  
you know that? Heywood! What are  
you in for, boy?

HEYWOOD  
Didn't do it! Lawyer fucked me!

Red gives Andy a look. See?

ANDY  
What else have you heard?

RED  
People say you're a cold fish. They  
say you think your shit smells  
sweeter than ordinary. That true?

ANDY  
What do you think?

RED  
Ain't made up my mind yet.

Heywood nudges Jigger. Watch this. He winds up and throws the ball hard -- right at Andy's head. Andy sees it coming out of the corner of his eye, whirls and catches it. Beat. He sends the ball right back, zinging it into Homer's hands. Homer drops the ball and grimaces, stung with pain.

ANDY  
I understand you're a man who knows  
how to get things.

RED  
I'm known to locate certain things  
from time to time. They seem to  
fall into my hands. Maybe it's  
'cause I'm Irish.

ANDY  
I wonder if you could get me a  
rock-hammer?

RED  
What is it and why?

ANDY  
You make your customers' motives a  
part of your business?

(CONTINUED)

RED

If you wanted a toothbrush, I wouldn't ask questions. I'd just quote a price. A toothbrush, see, is a non-lethal sort of object.

ANDY

You have strong feelings about lethal objects?

RED

I do.

ANDY

Fair enough. A rock-hammer is about a foot long. Looks like a miniature pickaxe, with a small sharp pick on one end, and a blunt hammerhead on the other. It's for rocks.

RED

Rocks.

Andy squats, motions Red to join him. Andy grabs a handful of dirt and sifts it through his hands. He finds a pebble and rubs it clean. It has a nice milky glow. He tosses it to Red.

RED

Quartz?

ANDY

Quartz, sure. And look. Mica. Shale. Silted granite. There's some graded limestone, from when they cut this place out of the hill.

RED

So?

ANDY

I'm a rockhound. At least I was, in my old life. I'd like to be again, on a limited scale.

RED

Yeah, that or maybe plant your toy in somebody's skull?

ANDY

I have no enemies here.

RED

No? Just wait.

Red flicks his gaze past Andy. The Sisters are watching them.

(CONTINUED)

RED

Word gets around. The Sisters have taken a real shine to you, yes they have. Especially Bogs.

ANDY

I'm new here. Tell me. Would it help if I explained to them I'm not homosexual?

RED

Neither are they. You have to be human first. They don't qualify.

(off Andy's look)

Bull queers take by force, that's all they want or understand. I'd grow eyes in the back of my head if I were you.

ANDY

Thanks for the advice.

RED

That comes free. But you understand my concern.

ANDY

If there's trouble, I can handle it without using a rock-hammer.

RED

Then I guess you wanna escape.

Tunnel under the wall maybe?

(Andy laughs politely)

I miss the joke. What's so funny?

ANDY

You'll know when you see the rock-hammer. It costs eight dollars in any rock and gem shop.

RED

My usual mark-up's ten percent, but we're talkin' about a special item. Risk goes up, price goes up. Call it ten even.

ANDY

Ten it is.

RED

I'll see what I can do.

Both men rise, slapping the dust from their hands.

(CONTINUED)



RED  
But it's a waste of money.

ANDY  
Oh?

RED  
Folks who run this place love surprise inspections. They turn a blind eye to some things, but not an item like that. They'll find it, and you'll lose it.

ANDY  
Let me worry about that.

RED  
It's your coin, but if they catch you with it you never heard of me. Mention my name, we'll never do business again. Not for a pair of shoelaces or a stick of gum.

ANDY  
I understand. Thank you, Mr...?

Andy offers his hand. This time Red takes it.

RED  
Red. The name's Red.

ANDY  
Red. I'm Andy. Pleasure doing business with you.

They shake. Andy strolls off. Red watches him go.

RED (V.O.)  
I could see why some of the boys took him for snobby. He had a quiet way about him, a walk and a talk that just wasn't normal around here. He strolled, like a man in a park without a care or worry. Like he had on an invisible coat that would shield him from this place.

Red turns, resumes his game of catch.

RED (V.O.)  
Yes, I think it would be fair to say I liked Andy from the start.

(CONTINUED)

INT - MESS HALL - DAY

Red gets his breakfast and heads for a table. Andy falls in step, slips him a tightly-folded square of paper.

INT - RED'S CELL - NIGHT

Lying on his bunk, Red unfolds the square. A ten dollar bill.

RED (V.O.)

He was a man who adapted fast.

EXT - LOADING DOCK - DAY

Under watchful supervision, CONS are off-loading bags of dirty laundry from an "Eliot Nursing Home" truck.

RED (V.O.)

Years later, I found out he'd brought in quite a bit more than just ten dollars...

A certain bag hits the ground. The TRUCK DRIVER shoots a look at a black con, LEONARD, then ambles over to a GUARD to shoot the shit. Leonard loads the bag onto a cart...

INT - PRISON LAUNDRY - DAY

Bags are being unloaded for washing. We find Leonard working the line.

RED (V.O.)

When they check you into this hotel, one of the bellhops bends you over and looks up your works, just to make sure you're not carrying anything. But a truly determined man can get an object quite a ways up there.

Leonard slips a small paper-wrapped package out of the laundry bag, hides it under his apron, and keeps sorting...

INT - PRISON LAUNDRY EXCHANGE - DAY

Prisoners are in line, exchanging dirty laundry for clean. Red deposits his dirty bundle and moves down the line to where the clean sheets are being handed out.

RED (V.O.)

That's how Andy joined our happy little Shawshank family with more than five hundred dollars on his person. Determination.

(CONTINUED)

Leonard catches Red's eye, turns and grabs a specific stack of clean sheets. He hands it across to Red --

TIGHT ANGLE

-- and more than clean laundry changes hands. Two packs of cigarettes slide out of Red's hand into Leonard's.

INT - RED'S CELL - DAY

Red slips the package out of his sheets, carefully checks to make sure nobody's coming, then rips it open. He pulls out the rock-hammer. It's just as Andy described. Red laughs softly.

RED (V.O.)

Andy was right. I finally got the joke. It would take a man about six hundred years to tunnel under the wall with one of these.

INT - CELLBLOCK FIVE - 2ND TIER - NIGHT

Brooks Hatlen pushes a cart of books and periodicals from cell to cell. The rolling library. He finds Red waiting for him. Red slips the rock-hammer, now wrapped in a towel, through the bars and onto the middle shelf of the cart. Next comes six cigarettes to pay for postage.

RED

Dufresne.

Brooks nods, never missing a beat. He rolls his cart to Andy's cell, mutters through the bars:

BROOKS

Middle shelf, wrapped in a towel.

Andy's hand snakes through the bars and makes the object disappear. A moment later, the hand comes back and deposits a small slip of folded paper along with more cigarettes.

Brooks turns his cart around and goes back the way he came. He pauses, sorting his books long enough for Red to snag the slip of paper. Brooks continues on, scooping the cigarettes off the cart and into his pocket.

INT - RED'S CELL - NIGHT

Red unfolds the slip of paper. Penciled neatly on it is a single word: "Thanks."

INT - PRISON LAUNDRY - DAY

We are assaulted by the deafening noise of the laundry line. Andy is doing his job, getting good at it.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

DUFRESNE!

(Andy cups his ear)

WE'RE RUNNING LOW ON HEXLITE! HEAD  
ON BACK AND FETCH US UP SOME!

Andy nods. He leaves the line, weaving his way through the laundry room and into --

INT - BACK ROOMS/STOCK AREA - DAY

-- a dark, tangled maze of rooms and corridors, boilers and furnaces, sump pumps, old washing machines, pallets of cleaning supplies and detergents, you name it. Andy hefts a cardboard drum of Hexlite off the stack, turns around --

-- and finds Bogs Diamond in the aisle, blocking his way. Rooster looms from the shadows to his right, Pete Verness on the left. A frozen beat. Andy slams the Hexlite to the floor, rips off the top, and scoops out a double handful.

ANDY

You get this in your eyes, it blinds you.

BOGS

Honey, hush.

Andy backs up, holding them at bay, trying to maneuver through the maze. The Sisters keep coming, tense and guarded, eyes riveted and gauging his every move, trying to outflank him. Andy trips on some old paint supplies. That's all it takes. They're on him in an instant, kicking and stomping.

Andy gets yanked to his feet. He tries to fight them, but they get his arms. Bogs applies a chokehold from behind. They propel him across the room and brutally slam him against an old Washex four-pocket machine. They bend him over it, pinning him.

Rooster jams a rag into Andy's mouth and secures it with a steel pipe, like a horse bit. Andy kicks and struggles, but Rooster and Pete have him firmly from either side. Bogs leans in, whispers in Andy's ear:

BOGS

That's it, fight. Better that way.

Andy starts screaming, muffled by the rag. CAMERA PULLS BACK, SLOWLY WIDENING. The big Washex blocks our view. All we see is Andy's screaming face and the men holding him down...

...and CAMERA DRIFTS FROM THE ROOM, leaving the dark place and the dingy act behind...MOVING up empty corridors, past concrete walls and steel pipes...

(CONTINUED)

RED (V.O.)  
 I wish I could tell you that Andy  
 fought the good fight, and the  
 Sisters let him be. I wish I could  
 tell you that, but prison is no  
 fairy-tale world.

WE EMERGE into the prison laundry past a guard, WIDENING for  
 a final view of the line. The giant steel "mangler" is  
 slapping down in brutal rhythm. The sound is deafening.

RED (V.O.)  
 He never said who did it...but we  
 all knew.

PRISON MONTAGE:

Andy plods through his days. Working. Eating. Walking the  
 yard. Chipping and shaping his rocks after lights-out...

RED (V.O.)  
 Things went on like that for a  
 while. Prison life consists of  
 routine, and then more routine.

EXT - PRISON YARD - DAY

Andy walks the yard, face swollen and bruised.

RED (V.O.)  
 Every so often, Andy would show up  
 with fresh bruises.

INT - MESS HALL - DAY

Andy eats breakfast. A few tables over, Bogs blows him a kiss.

RED (V.O.)  
 The Sisters kept at him. Sometimes  
 he was able to fight them off...  
 sometimes not.

INT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Andy backs into a corner in some dingy part of the prison,  
 wildly swinging a rake at his tormentors.

RED (V.O.)  
 He always fought, that's what I  
 remember. He fought because he knew  
 if he didn't, it would make it that  
 much easier not to fight the next time.

The rake connects, snapping off over somebody's skull. They  
 beat the hell out of him.

(CONTINUED)

RED (V.O.)  
Half the time it landed him in the infirmary...

INT - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT ("THE HOLE") - NIGHT

A stone closet. No bed, sink, or lights. Just a toilet with no seat. Andy sits on bare concrete, bruised face lit by a faint ray of light falling through the tiny slit in the steel door.

RED (V.O.)  
...the other half, it landed him in solitary. Warden Norton's "grain & drain" vacation. Bread, water, and all the privacy you could want.

INT - PRISON LAUNDRY - DAY

Andy is working the line.

RED (V.O.)  
And that's how it went for Andy. That was his routine. I do believe those first two years were the worst for him. And I also believe if things had gone on that way, this place would have got the best of him. But then, in the spring of 1949, the powers-that-be decided that...

EXT - PRISON YARD - DAY  
Warden Norton addresses the assembled cons via bullhorn:

NORTON  
...the roof of the license-plate factory needs resurfacing. I need a dozen volunteers for a week's work. We're gonna be taking names in this steel bucket here...

Red glances around at his friends. Andy also catches his eye.

RED (V.O.)  
It was outdoor detail, and May is one damn fine month to be workin' outdoors.

EXT - PRISON YARD - SHORTLY LATER

Cons shuffle past, dropping slips of paper into a bucket.

RED (V.O.)  
More than a hundred men volunteered for the job.

(CONTINUED)

Red saunters to a guard named TIM YOUNGBLOOD, mutters discreetly in his ear.

EXT - PRISON YARD - SHORTLY LATER

Youngblood is pulling names and reading them off. Red exchanges grins with Andy and the others.

RED (V.O.)  
Me and some fellas I know were  
among the names called.

INT - PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Red slips Youngblood six packs of cigarettes.

RED (V.O.)  
Only cost us a pack of smokes per  
man. I made my usual ten percent,  
of course.

EXT - PRISON GROUNDS - MORNING

A DOZEN CONS are marched out into a misty gray morning with buckets, rope, and an extension ladder. FOUR GUARDS provide escort: MERT, TROUT, Youngblood, and Captain Hadley himself.

EXT - LICENSE PLATE FACTORY - DAY

A wheeled tar-cooker bubbles and smokes. CON #1 dips up a huge bucket of tar and carries it to CON #2, who ties off a rope to the handle. The rope goes taught. CAMERA FOLLOWS the bucket of hot tar up the side of the building to --

THE ROOF

-- where it is relayed to the work detail. The men are dipping big Padd brushes and spreading the tar. ANGLE OVER to Byron Hadley bitching sourly to his fellow guards:

HADLEY  
...so this shithead lawyer calls me long distance from Texas, and he says, Byron Hadley? I say, yeah. He says, sorry to inform you, but your brother just died.

YOUNGBLOOD  
Damn, Byron. Sorry to hear that.

HADLEY  
I ain't. He was an asshole. Run off years ago, family ain't heard of him since. Figured him for dead anyway.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNGBLOOD

Oh.

HADLEY

So this lawyer prick says, your brother died a rich man. Oil wells and shit, close to a million bucks. Jesus, it's frigging incredible how lucky some assholes can get.

TROUT

A million bucks? Jeez-Louise! You get any of that?

HADLEY

Thirty five thousand. That's what he left me.

TROUT

Dollars? Holy shit, that's great! Like winnin' a lottery...  
(off Hadley's shitty look)  
...ain't it?

HADLEY

Dumbshit. What do you figger the government's gonna do to me? Take a big wet bite out of my ass, is what.

TROUT

Oh. Hadn't thought of that.

HADLEY

Maybe leave me enough to buy a new car with. Then what happens? You pay tax on the car. Repairs and maintenance. Goddamn kids pesterin' you to take 'em for a ride...

MERT

And drive it, if they're old enough.

HADLEY

That's right, wanting to drive it, wanting to learn on it, f'Chrissake! Then at the end of the year, if you figured the tax wrong, they make you pay out of your own pocket. Uncle Sam puts his hand in your shirt and squeezes your tit till it's purple. Always get the short end. That's a fact.

(spits over the side)

Some brother. Shit.

(CONTINUED)



The prisoners keep spreading tar, eyes on their work.

HEYWOOD

(muttering)

Poor Byron. What terrible fuckin' luck. Imagine inheriting thirty five thousand dollars.

RED

Crying shame. Some folks got it awful bad. Ain't that right, Andy?

Red glances over -- and is shocked to see Andy standing up, listening to the guards talk.

RED

Hey, you nuts? Keep your eyes on your pail!

Andy tosses his Padd in the bucket and strolls toward Hadley.

RED

Andy! Come back! Shit!

SNOOZE

What's he doing?

JIGGER

Gettin' himself killed.

RED

God damn it!

HEYWOOD

Just keep spreadin' tar...

The guards stiffen at Andy's approach. Youngblood's hand goes to his holster. The tower guards CLICK-CLACK their rifle bolts. Hadley turns, stupefied to find Andy there.

ANDY

Mr. Hadley. Do you trust your wife?

HADLEY

That's funny. You're gonna look funnier suckin' my dick with no fuckin' teeth.

ANDY

What I mean is, do you think she'd go behind your back? Hamstring you?

HADLEY

That's it! Step aside, Mert. This fucker's havin' hisself an accident.

(CONTINUED)

Hadley grabs Andy's collar and propels him violently toward the edge of the roof. The cons furiously keep spreading tar.

HEYWOOD

Oh God, he's gonna do it, he's gonna throw him off the roof...

SNOOZE

Oh shit, oh fuck, oh Jesus...

ANDY

Because if you do trust her, there's no reason in the world you can't keep every cent of that money.

Hadley abruptly jerks Andy to a stop right at the edge. In fact, Andy's past the edge, beyond his balance, shoetips scraping the roof. The only thing between him and an ugly drop to the concrete is Hadley's grip on the front of his shirt.

HADLEY

You better start making sense.

ANDY

If you want to keep that money, all of it, just give it to your wife. See, the IRS allows you a one-time-only gift to your spouse. It's good up to sixty thousand dollars.

HADLEY

Naw, that ain't right! Tax free?

ANDY

Tax free. IRS can't touch one cent.

The cons are pausing work, stunned by this business discussion.

HADLEY

You're the smart banker what shot his wife. Why should I believe a smart banker like you? So's I can wind up in here with you?

ANDY

It's perfectly legal. Go ask the IRS, they'll say the same thing. Actually, I feel silly telling you all this. I'm sure you would have investigated the matter yourself.

HADLEY

Fuckin'-A. I don't need no smart wife-killin' banker to show me where the bear shit in the buckwheat.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Of course not. But you will need somebody to set up the tax-free gift, and that'll cost you. A lawyer, for example...

HADLEY

Ambulance-chasing, highway-robbing cocksuckers!

ANDY

...or come to think of it, I suppose I could set it up for you. That would save you some money. I'll write down the forms you need, you can pick them up, and I'll prepare them for your signature... nearly free of charge.

(off Hadley's look)

I'd only ask three beers apiece for my co-workers, if that seems fair.

TROUT

(guffawing)

Co-workers! Get him! That's rich, ain't it? Co-workers...

Hadley freezes him with a look. Andy presses on:

ANDY (to Hadley)

I think a man working outdoors feels more like a man if he can have a bottle of suds. That's only my opinion.

The convicts stand gaping, all pretense of work gone. They look like they've been pole-axed. Hadley shoots them a look.

HADLEY

What are you jimmies starin' at? Back to work, goddamn it!

EXT - LICENSE PLATE FACTORY - DAY

As before, an object is hauled up the side of the building by rope -- only this time, it's a cooler of beer and ice.

RED (V.O.)

And that's how it came to pass, that on the second-to-last day of the job, the convict crew that tarred the plate factory roof in the spring of '49...

(CONTINUED)

EXT - ROOF - SHORTLY LATER

The cons are taking the sun and drinking beer.

RED (V.O.)

...wound up sitting in a row at ten o'clock in the morning, drinking icy cold Black Label beer courtesy of the hardest screw that ever walked a turn at Shawshank State Prison.

HADLEY

Drink up, boys. While it's cold.

RED (V.O.)

The colossal prick even managed to sound magnanimous.

Red knocks back another sip, enjoying the bitter cold on his tongue and the warm sun on face.

RED (V.O.)

We sat and drank with the sun on our shoulders, and felt like free men. We could'a been tarring the roof of one of our own houses. We were the Lords of all Creation.

ANDY

squats in the shade, apart from the others.

RED (V.O.)

As for Andy, he spent that break hunkered in the shade, a strange little smile on his face, watching us drink his beer.

HEYWOOD

(approaches with a beer)  
Here's a cold one, Andy.

ANDY

No thanks. I gave up drinking.

Heywood drifts back to others, giving them a look. Andy notices Red watching him. Red tips him a beer-bottle salute. Andy smiles and winks.

EXT - PRISON YARD - THE BLEACHERS - DAY

Andy and Red play checkers. Red makes his move.

RED

King me.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Chess. Now there's a game of kings.  
Civilized...strategic...

RED

...and totally fuckin' inexplicable.

ANDY

Maybe you'll let me teach you  
someday. I've been thinking of  
getting a board together.

RED

You come to the right place. I'm  
the man who can get things.

ANDY

We might do business on a board.  
But the pieces, I think I'd like  
to carve those myself. You know,  
one side done in quartz...the  
opposing side in limestone.  
Wouldn't that be pretty?

RED

That'd take years.

ANDY

Years I've got. What I don't have  
are the rocks. Pickings here in the  
exercise yard are pretty slim.

RED

How's that rock-hammer workin' out  
anyway? Scratch your name on your  
wall yet?

ANDY

(smiles)

I suppose I should.

RED

Andy? I guess we're gettin' to be  
friends. I ask a question?

(Andy nods)

Why'd you do it?

ANDY

I'm innocent, remember? Just like  
everybody else here.

Red takes this as a gentle rebuff, keeps playing.

ANDY

What are you in for, Red?

(CONTINUED)

RED  
Murder. Same as you.

ANDY  
Innocent?

RED  
The only guilty man in Shawshank.

INT - ANDY'S CELL - NIGHT

Andy lies in his bunk after lights out, methodically polishing a fragment of quartz by the light of the moon.

He glances at the wall, at all the names that have been scratched in the cement through the years. He gets out of bed, checks to make sure the coast is clear, and starts scratching his name into the cement with his rock-hammer, adding to the record.

RAY MILLAND

fills the screen in glorious (and scratchy) black & white, suffering a bad case of DT's...

INT - PRISON AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

...while a CONVICT AUDIENCE hoots and catcalls, talking back to the screen. We find Red slouched in a folding chair, watching the movie. Andy enters, backlit by the flickering glare of the projector, and takes a seat next to him.

RED  
Wait. Here's the good part. Bugs start comin' out of the walls to get his ass.

ANDY  
I know. I've seen it three times this month already.

Ray Milland starts SCREAMING. The entire audience SCREAMS with him, high-pitched and hysterical. Andy fidgets.

ANDY  
Can we talk business?

RED  
Sure. What do you want?

ANDY  
Rita Hayworth. Can you get her?

RED  
No problem. Take a few weeks.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY  
Weeks?

RED  
Don't have her stuffed down my pants this very moment, sorry to say. Relax. What are you so nervous about? She's just a woman.

Andy nods, embarrassed. He gets up and hurries out. Red grins, turns back to the movie.

INT - AUDITORIUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Andy exits the theater and freezes in his tracks. Two dark figures loom in the corridor, blocking his path. Rooster and Pete. Andy turns back -- and runs right into Bogs. Instant bear hug. The Sisters are on him like a flash. They kick a door open and drag him into --

THE PROJECTION BOOTH

-- where they confront the startled PROJECTIONIST, an old con blinking at them through thick bifocals.

BOGS  
Take a walk.

PROJECTIONIST  
I have to change reels.

BOGS  
I said fuck off.

Terrified, the old man hurries past them and out the door. Pete slams and locks it. Andy stops struggling. Bogs lets him go, shoves him to the center of the room.

BOGS  
Ain't you gonna scream?

Andy sighs, cocks his head at the projector.

ANDY  
They'd never hear me over that.  
Let's get this over with.

Seemingly resigned, Andy turns around, leans on the rewind bench -- and curls his fingers around a full 10,000 foot reel of 35mm film. Rooster licks his lips, pushes past the others.

ROOSTER  
Me first.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Okay.

Andy whips the reel of film around in a vicious arc, smashing it into Rooster's face and bouncing him off the wall.

ROOSTER

Fuck! Shit! He broke my nose!

Andy fights like hell, but is overpowered and forced to his knees. Bogs pulls out an awl with a vicious eight-inch spike.

BOGS

Now I'm gonna open my fly, mister man, and you're gonna swallow what I give you to swallow. And when you swallowed mine, you gonna swallow Rooster's. You done broke his nose, so he ought to have somethin' to show for it.

ANDY

Anything you put in my mouth, you're going to lose.

BOGS

You do that, I'll put all eight inches of this steel in your ear.

ANDY

Okay. But you should know that sudden serious brain injury causes the victim to bite down. Hard.

(faint smile)

In fact, I understand the bite-reflex is so strong the victim's jaws have to be pried open with a crowbar.

The Sisters consider this carefully. The film runs out of the projector, flapping on the reel. The screen goes white.

BOGS

You little fuck.

Andy gets a bootheel in the face. The Sisters start kicking and beating the living shit out of him with anything they can get their hands on. In the theater, the convicts are CHANTING AND CLAPPING for the movie to come back on.

RED (V.O.)

Bogs didn't put anything in Andy's mouth, and neither did his friends. What they did do is beat him within an inch of his life...

(CONTINUED)



INT - INFIRMARY - DAY

Andy lies wrapped in bandages.

RED (V.O.)

Andy spent a month in traction.

INT - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - DAY

RED (V.O.)

Bogs spent a week in the hole.

Bogs sits on bare concrete. The steel door slides open.

GUARD

Time's up, Bogs.

INT - MESS HALL - DAY

BOGS enters, strutting and smug. He trades hellos, takes a few cigarettes, gets a few "welcome backs" from his friends. The returning hero cuts to the front of the line.

INT - CELLBLOCK FIVE - 3RD TIER - DUSK

Bogs walks the tier, smoking one of his newly-acquired cigarettes. Not many cons around; the place is virtually deserted. A VOICE echoes dimly over the P.A. system:

VOICE (O.S.)

Return to your cellblocks for evening count.

Bogs enters his cell. Dark in here. He fumbles for the light cord, yanks it. The sudden light reveals Captain Hadley six inches from his face, waiting for him. Mert steps in behind Bogs, hemming him.

Before Bogs can even open his mouth to say "what the fuck," Hadley rams the tip of his baton brutally into his solar plexus. Bogs doubles over, gagging his wind out.

GROUND FLOOR

Ernie comes slowly around the corner, rolling a steel mop cart loaded with supplies.

2ND TIER

Red is darning a sock in his open cell. He pauses, frowning, hearing strange THUMPING sounds. What the hell is that?

3RD TIER

It's Hadley and Mert methodically and brutally pulping Bogs

(CONTINUED)

with their batons, and kicking the shit out of him for good measure. He feebly tries to ward them off.

2ND TIER

Puzzled, Red steps from his cell, following the sound. It dawns on him that it's coming from above. He moves to the railing and leans out, craning around to look up --

RED'S POV

-- just as Bogs flips over the railing and comes sailing directly toward us, eyes bugging out, SCREAMING as he falls.

RED (SLOW MOTION)

jumps back as Bogs plummets past, missing him by inches, arms swimming and trying to grab the railing (but missing that too), SCREAMING aaaaalll the way down --

GROUND FLOOR

-- and impacting on Ernie's passing mop cart in an enormous eruption of solvents and cleansers. The cart is squashed flat, shooting out from under Bogs and skidding across the cellblock floor like a tiddly wink, kicking up sparks for thirty yards. Ernie is left gaping in shock at Bogs and all the Bogs-related wreckage at his feet.

2ND TIER

Red is stunned. He very tentatively leans out and looks up. Above him, Hadley and Mert lean on the 3rd tier railing. Hadley tilts the cap back on his head, shakes his head.

MERT

Damn, Byron. Look'a that.

HADLEY

Poor fella must'a tripped.

A tiny drop of blood drips off the toe of Hadley's shoe and splashes across Red's upturned cheek. He wipes it off, then looks down at Bogs. Cons and guards are racing to the scene.

RED (V.O.)

Two things never happened again after that. The Sisters never laid a finger on Andy again...

EXT - PRISON YARD/LOADING DOCK - DAY

Bogs, wheelchair-bound and wearing a neck brace, is loaded onto an ambulance for transport. Behind the fence stand Red and his friends, watching.

(CONTINUED)

RED (V.O.)

...and Bogs never walked again. They transferred him to a minimum security hospital upstate. To my knowledge, he lived out the rest of his days drinking his food through a straw.

RED

I'm thinkin' Andy could use a nice welcome back when he gets out of the infirmary.

HEYWOOD

Sounds good to us. Figure we owe him for the beer.

RED

Man likes to play chess. Let's get him some rocks.

EXT - FIELD - DAY

A HUNDRED CONS at work. Hoes rise and fall in long undulating waves, kicking up dust. GUARDS on horseback oversee the work. Heywood turns up a rocky chunk. He quickly shoves it down his pants, maneuvers to Red, pulls him aside. The others crowd around. Heywood pulls out the chunk and shows it to them.

FLOYD

That ain't quartz. Nor limestone.

HEYWOOD

What are you, fuckin' geologist?

SNOOZE

He's right, it ain't.

HEYWOOD

What the hell is it then?

RED

Horse apple.

HEYWOOD

Bullshit.

RED

No, horse shit. Petrified.

Cackling, the men go back to work. Heywood stares at the rock. He crumbles it in his hands.

RED (V.O.)

Despite a few hitches, the boys came through in fine style...

(CONTINUED)

INT - PRISON LAUNDRY - BACK ROOM - DAY

ANGLE ON a huge detergent box filled with rocks, hidden in the shadows behind a boiler furnace.

RED (V.O.)  
 ...and by the week Andy was due  
 back, we had enough rocks saved up  
 to keep him busy till Rapture.

ANGLE SHIFTS to Red as he plops a bag of "laundry" on the floor. Leonard and Bob toss a few more down. Red starts pulling out contraband and giving them their commissions.

RED (V.O.)  
 Also got a big shipment in that  
 week. Cigarettes, chewing gum,  
 shoelaces, playing cards with naked  
 ladies on 'em, you name it...  
 (pulls a cardboard tube)  
 ...and of course, the most  
 important item.

INT - CELLBLOCK FIVE - NIGHT

Andy, limping a bit, returns from the infirmary. Red watches from his cell as Andy is brought up and locked away.

INT - ANDY'S CELL - NIGHT

Andy finds the cardboard tube lying on his bunk.

GUARD (O.S.)  
 Lights out!

The lights go off. Andy opens the tube and pulls out a large rolled poster. He lets it uncurl to the floor. A small scrap of paper flutters out, landing at his feet.

The poster is the famous Rita Hayworth pin-up -- one hand behind her head, eyes half closed, sulky lips parted. Andy picks up the scrap of paper. It reads: "No charge. Welcome back." Alone in the dark, Andy smiles.

INT - CELLBLOCK FIVE - MORNING

The BUZZER SOUNDS, the cells SLAM OPEN. Cons step from their cells. Andy catches Red's eye, nods his thanks. As the men shuffle down to breakfast, Red glances into Andy's cell --

RED'S POV - DOLLYING PAST

-- and sees Rita in her new place of honor on Andy's wall. Sunlight casts a harsh barred shadow across her lovely face.

(CONTINUED)

INT - CELLBLOCK FIVE - NIGHT

Ernie is mopping the floor. He glances back and sees Warden Norton approach the cellblock with an entourage of a DOZEN GUARDS. Still mopping, Ernie mutters to the nearest cell:

ERNIE

Heads up. They're tossin' cells.

The word travels from cell to cell, one man to the next. Cons scramble to tidy up and hide things.

Norton enters, nods to his men. The guards pair off and head in all directions, making their choices at random.

GUARD

What kind'a contraband you hiding in there, boy?

Cells are opened, occupants displaced, items scattered, mattresses overturned. Whatever contraband is found gets tossed out onto the cellblock floor. Mostly harmless stuff.

A GUARD pulls a sharpened screwdriver out of a mattress, shoots a nasty look at the CON responsible.

NORTON

Solitary. A week. Make sure he takes his Bible.

CON

(muttering)

Too goddamn dark to read down there.

NORTON

Add another week for blasphemy.

The man is taken away. Norton's gaze goes up.

NORTON

Let's try the second tier.

2ND TIER

Norton arrives, makes a thin show of picking a cell at random. He motions at Andy on his bunk, reading his Bible. The door is unlocked. Norton enters, trailed by his men.

ANDY

Good evening.

Norton gives a curt nod. Hadley and Trout start tossing the cell in a thorough search. Andy's eyes follow their movements. Norton keeps his eyes on Andy, looking for a wrong glance or nervous blink. He takes the Bible out of Andy's hand.

(CONTINUED)

NORTON

I'm pleased to see you reading this. Any favorite passages?

ANDY

"Watch ye therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house cometh."

NORTON

(smiles)

Luke. Chapter 13, verse 35. I've always liked that one.

(strolls the cell)

But I prefer: "I am the light of the world. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

ANDY

John. Chapter 8, verse 12.

NORTON

I hear you're good with numbers. How nice. A man should have a skill.

HADLEY

Looks pretty clean. Some contraband here, nothing to get in a twist over.

Norton nods, strolls to the poster of Rita.

NORTON

I can't say I approve of this...  
(turns to Andy)  
...but I suppose exceptions can always be made.

Norton exits, the guards follow. The cell door is slammed and locked. Norton pauses, turns back.

NORTON

I almost forgot.

He reaches through the bars and returns the Bible to Andy.

NORTON

I'd hate to deprive you of this. Salvation lies within.

Norton and his men walk away.

RED (V.O.)

Tossin' cells was just an excuse. Truth is, Norton wanted to size Andy up.

(CONTINUED)

INT - PRISON LAUNDRY - DAY

Andy is working the line. Hadley enters and confers briefly with Bob. Bob nods, crosses to Andy, taps him. Andy turns, removes an earplug. Bob shouts over the machine noise:

BOB  
DUFRESNE! YOU'RE OFF THE LINE!

INT - WARDEN NORTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Andy is led in. Norton is at his desk doing paperwork. Andy's eyes go to a framed needle-point sampler on the wall behind him that reads: "HIS JUDGMENT COMETH AND THAT RIGHT SOON."

NORTON  
My wife made that in church group.

ANDY  
It's very pretty, sir.

NORTON  
You like working in the laundry?

ANDY  
No. I don't.

NORTON  
Perhaps we can find something more befitting a man of your education.

INT - MAIN BUILDING - STORAGE ROOMS - DAY

A series of bleak interconnected rooms stacked high with unused filing cabinets, desks, chairs, paint supplies, etc. Andy enters, looking around. He hears a FLUTTER OF WINGS. An adult crow lands atop a filing cabinet and struts back and forth, checking him out. Andy smiles.

ANDY  
Hey, Jake. Where's Brooks?

Brooks Hatlen pokes his head out of the back room.

BROOKS  
Andy! Thought I heard you out here!

ANDY  
I've been reassigned to you.

BROOKS  
I know, they told me. Ain't that a kick in the ass? Come on in, I'll give you the dime tour.

(CONTINUED)

Brooks leads Andy into --

INT - SHAWSHANK PRISON LIBRARY - DAY

-- the furthest and bleakest back room of all, Brooks' private domain, low ceilings and rough plank shelves lined with books.

BROOKS

Here she is, the Shawshank Prison Library. Along this side, we got the National Geographics. That side, the Reader's Digest Condensed Books. Bottom shelf there, some Louis L'Amours and Erle Stanley Gardners. Every night I put a stack of each on the cart and make my rounds. I write down the names on this clipboard here.

(beat)

Well, that's it. Easy, peasy, Japanesey. Any questions?

Andy pauses. Something about this doesn't make any sense.

ANDY

Brooks? How long have you been librarian here?

BROOKS

Since 1912. Yuh, over 37 years.

ANDY

In all that time, have you ever had an assistant?

BROOKS

Never needed one. Not much to it, is there?

ANDY

So why now? Why me?

BROOKS

(shrugs)

I dunno. Be nice to have some comp'ny down here for a change.

HADLEY (O.S.)

Dufresne!

Andy steps back into the outer rooms and finds Hadley with another GUARD, a huge fellow named DEKINS.

HADLEY

That's him. That's the one.

(CONTINUED)



Hadley exits. Dekins approaches Andy ominously. Andy stands his ground, waiting for whatever comes next. Finally:

DEKINS

I'm Dekins. I been, uh, thinkin' 'bout maybe settin' up some kinda trust fund for my kids' educations.

Andy glances at Brooks. Brooks smiles. Andy clears his throat.

ANDY

I see. Well. Why don't we have a seat and talk it over?

BROOKS

You can pull down one'a them desks there.

Andy and Dekins grab a desk standing on end and tilt it to the floor. They find chairs and settle in. Brooks returns with a tablet of paper and a pen, slides them before Andy.

ANDY

What did you have in mind? A weekly draw on your pay?

DEKINS

Yuh. I figured just stick it in the bank, but Captain Hadley said check with you first.

ANDY

He was right. You don't want your money in a bank.

DEKINS

I don't?

ANDY

What's that gonna earn you? Two and a half, three percent a year? We can do a lot better than than.

(wets his pen)

So, tell me, Mr. Dekins...

INT - MESS HALL - DAY

BROOKS

"...where do you want to send your kids? Harvard? Yale?"

FLOYD

He didn't say that!

(CONTINUED)

BROOKS

God is my witness. And Dekins, he just blinks for a second, then laughs his ass off. Afterward, he actually shook Andy's hand.

FLOYD

My ass!

BROCKS

Shook his fuckin' hand. Just about shit myself. All Andy needed was a suit and tie, a jiggly little hula girl on his desk, he would'a been Mister Dufresne, if you please.

RED

Making yourself some friends, Andy.

ANDY

I wouldn't say "friends." I'm a convicted murderer who provides sound financial planning. That's a wonderful pet to have.

RED

Got you out of the laundry.

ANDY

Maybe it can do more than that. How about expanding the library? Get some new books in there.

BROOKS

How you 'spect to do that?

ANDY

Ask the warden for funds.

BROOKS

Son, I've had six wardens through here during my tenure, and I have learned the one great immutable truth of the universe: ain't a warden been born whose asshole don't pucker up tight as a snare drum when you ask for funds.

INT - MAIN BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

DOLLYING Norton and Andy up the hall:

NORTON

Not a dime. My budget's stretched thin as it is.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

I see. Perhaps I could write to the State Senate and request funds directly from them.

NORTON

Far as them Republican boys in Augusta are concerned, there's only three ways to spend the taxpayer's hard-earned when it come to prisons. More walls. More bars. More guards.

ANDY

Still, I'd like to try, with your permission. I'll send a letter a week. They can't ignore me forever.

NORTON

They sure can, but you write your letters if it makes you happy. I'll even mail 'em for you, how's that?

INT - ANDY'S CELL - NIGHT

Andy is on his bunk, writing a letter.

RED (V.O.)

So Andy started writin' a letter a week, just like he said.

INT - GUARD DESK/NORTON'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Andy pops his head in. The GUARD shakes his head.

RED (V.O.)

And just like Norton said, Andy got no answers. But still he kept on.

INT - PRISON LIBRARY/ANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Andy is doing taxes. Mert Entwhistle is seated across from him. Other off-duty guards are waiting their turn.

RED (V.O.)

The following April, Andy did tax returns for half the guards at Shawshank.

INT - PRISON LIBRARY - ONE YEAR LATER

Tax time again. Even more guards are waiting.

RED (V.O.)

Year after that, he did them all... including the warden's.

(CONTINUED)

EXT - BASEBALL DIAMOND - DAY

A BATTER in a "Moresby Marauders" baseball uniform WHACKS the ball high into left field and races for first.

RED (V.O.)  
Year after that, they rescheduled the start of the intramural season to coincide with tax season...

INT - PRISON LIBRARY/ANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

The Batter sits across from Andy. The line winds out the door.

RED (V.O.)  
The guards on the opposing teams all remembered to bring their W-2's.

ANDY  
Moresby Prison issued you that gun, but you actually had to pay for it?

THE BATTER  
Damn right, and the holster too.

ANDY  
See, that's all deductible. You get to write that off.

RED (V.O.)  
Yes sir, Andy was a regular H&R Block. In fact, he got so busy around tax time, he was allowed to pick a staff.

ANGLE SHIFTS to reveal Red and Brooks doing filing chores.

ANDY  
Say Red, could you hand me a stack of those 1040s?

RED (V.O.)  
Got me out of the wood shop a month out of the year, and that was fine by me.

INT - GUARD DESK/NORTON'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Andy enters and drops a letter on the outgoing stack.

RED (V.O.)  
And still he kept sending those letters...

(CONTINUED)

INT - ANDY'S CELL - NIGHT

Andy in his bunk, carefully polishing a four-inch length of quartz. It's a beautifully-crafted chess piece in the shape of a horse's head, poise and nobility captured in gleaming stone.

GUARD (O.S.)

Lights out!

Andy puts the knight on a chess board by his bed, adding it to four pieces already there: a king, a queen, and two bishops. In complete darkness now, he turns his gaze to Rita. A spill of moonlight casts bars across her face.

EXT - EXERCISE YARD - DAY

Floyd runs into the yard, scared and winded. He finds Andy and Red on the bleachers.

FLOYD

Red? Andy? It's Brooks.

INT - PRISON LIBRARY/ANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Floyd rushes in with Andy and Red at his heels. They find Jigger and Snooze trying to calm Brooks, who has Heywood in a chokehold and a knife to his throat. Heywood is terrified.

JIGGER

C'mon, Brooksie, why don't you just calm the fuck down, okay?

BROOKS

Goddamn miserable puke-eatin' sons of whores!

Brooks kicks a table. Tax files explode through the air.

RED

What the hell's going on?

SNOOZE

You tell me, man. One second he was fine, then out came the knife. I better get the guards.

RED

No. We'll handle this. Ain't that right, Brooks? Just settle down and we'll talk about it, okay?

BROOKS

Nothing left to talk about! It's all talked out! Nothing left now but to cut his fuckin' throat!

(CONTINUED)

RED

Why? What's Heywood done to you?

BROOKS

That's what they want! It's the price I gotta pay!

Andy steps forward, rivets Brooks with a gaze. Softly:

ANDY

Brooks, you're not going to hurt Heywood, we all know that. Even Heywood knows it, right Heywood?

HEYWOOD

(nods, terrified)

Sure. I know that. Sure.

ANDY

Why? Ask anyone, they'll tell you. Brooks Hatlen is a reasonable man.

RED

(cuing nods all around)

Yeah, that's right. That's what everybody says.

ANDY

You're not fooling anybody, so just put the damn knife down and stop scaring the shit out of people.

BROOKS

But it's the only way they'll let me stay.

Brooks abruptly bursts into tears. The storm is over as quickly as it began. Heywood staggers free, gasping for air. Andy takes the knife, passes it to Red. Brooks dissolves into Andy's arms with great heaving sobs.

ANDY

Take it easy. You'll be all right.

HEYWOOD

Him? What about me? Crazy old fool! Goddamn near slit my throat!

RED

What'd you do to set him off?

HEYWOOD

Nothin'! Just came in to say fare-thee-well. Ain't you heard? His parole came through!

(CONTINUED)

Red and Andy exchange a surprised look. Andy wants to understand. Red just motions to let it be for now. He puts his arm around Brooks, who sobs inconsolably. Softly:

RED

Ain't that bad, old hoss. Won't be long till you're squiring pretty young girls on your arm and telling 'em lies.

EXT - PRISON YARD BLEACHERS - DUSK

ANDY

I just don't understand what happened in there, that's all.

HEYWOOD

Old man's crazy as a rat in a tin shithouse, is what.

RED

Heywood, enough. Ain't nothing wrong with Brooksie. He's just institutionalized, that's all.

ANDY

Institutionalized?

RED

Here's the way it is. If you asked Brooks to draw a map of the world, he'd draw you Shawshank Prison. What lays beyond these walls is as unknown and terrifying to him as the Western Seas to a 15th Century sailor. He'd mark that area, "Here there be dragons."

SNOOZE

Red, I do believe you're talking out of your ass.

RED

Believe what you want. Brooksie's been here almost fifty years. This place is all he knows. In here, he's an important man, an educated man. A librarian. Out there, he's nothing but a used-up old con with arthritis in both hands. Couldn't even get a library card if he applied. You see what I'm saying?

HEYWOOD

Shit. I'd never get that way.

(CONTINUED)

RED

Say that when you've been inside as long as he has. These walls are funny. First you hate 'em, then you get used to 'em. After long enough, you get so you depend on 'em. That's "institutionalized."

(flicks cigarette away)

They send you in here for life, and that's just what they take. Part that counts, anyway.

EXT - SHAWSHANK PRISON - DAWN

The sun rises over gray stone.

INT - ANDY'S CELL - DAWN

ANGLE ON RITA POSTER. Sexy as ever. The rising sun sends fingers of rosy light creeping across her face.

INT - LIBRARY - DAWN

Brooks stands on a chair, poised at the bars of a window, cradling Jake in his hands.

BROOKS

I can't take care of you no more.  
You go on now. You're free.

He tosses Jake through the bars. The crow flaps away.

EXT - SHAWSHANK PRISON - MAIN GATE - DAY

TWO SHORT SIREN BLASTS herald the opening of the gate. It swings hugely open, revealing Brooks standing in his cheap suit, carrying a cheap bag, wearing a cheap hat.

Brooks walks out, tears streaming down his face. He looks back. Red, Andy, and others stand at the inner fence, seeing him off. The massive gate closes, wiping them from view.

INT - BUS - DAY

Brooks is riding the bus, clutching the seat before him, gripped by terror of speed and motion.

EXT - BREWSTER HOTEL - PORTLAND, MAINE - DAY

Brooks walks up the street carrying his bag and arrives at the Brewster, three stories high and not much to look at.

INT - BREWSTER HOTEL - DAY

A WOMAN leads Brooks up the stairs toward the top floor.

(CONTINUED)



WOMAN

No music in your room after eight p.m., no loud music ever. No guests after nine. No cooking except on the hotplate. Rent gets paid every Tuesday, rain or shine, in cash...

Brooks has trouble climbing. Stops to catch his breath.

INT - BROOKS' ROOM - DAY

Brooks enters. The room is small, old, dingy. Heavy wooden beams cross the ceiling. An arched window affords a view of Congress Street. Traffic noise drifts in.

Brooks sets his bag on the floor, crosses to the center of the room. He doesn't quite know what to do. He just stands there, like a man waiting for a bus.

INT - FOODWAY MARKET - DAY

Loud. Jangling with PEOPLE and NOISE. Brooks is bagging groceries. Registers are humming, kids are shrieking.

WOMAN

Now you make sure he double-bags that, hear? Last time your man didn't double-bag and the bottom near came out.

MANAGER

Yes, ma'am. You double-bag just like the lady says, understand?

BROOKS

Yes sir, double-bag, surely will.

WOMAN

And tell him not to put the eggs on bottom. I hate the eggs on bottom.

BROOKS

Eggs on top, yes ma'am.

EXT - STREET - DAY

Brooks is walking home from work. People and traffic swirl by in a blur. He looks like a five year-old trying to cross the street without his parents.

INT - BROOKS' ROOM - DUSK

Brooks sits with his feet in a basin of warm water, painfully massaging his hands, listening to the traffic outside.

(CONTINUED)

INT - BROOKS' ROOM - NIGHT

Brooks is smoking in bed, staring at the darkness. Somewhere in the night, a LOUD ARGUMENT is taking place.

BROOKS (V.O.)

Dear Fellas. The parole board got me into this halfway house called the Brewster, and a job bagging groceries at the Foodway...

INT - FOODWAY - DAY

Brooks is bagging groceries.

BROOKS (V.O.)

It's hard work. I try to keep up, but my hands hurt most of the time. I don't think the store manager likes me very much.

EXT - STREET - DAY

Brooks is walking home. People and traffic.

BROOKS (V.O.)

I can't believe how fast things move on the outside, the raw speed of it. People even talk faster. And louder.

EXT - PARK - DAY

Brooks sits alone on a bench, feeding pigeons.

BROOKS (V.O.)

Sometimes after work I go to the park and feed the birds. I keep thinking Jake might show up and say hello, but he never does. I hope wherever he is, he's doing okay and making new friends.

INT - BROOKS' ROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Traffic outside. Brooks wakes up. Disoriented. Afraid.

BROOKS (V.O.)

I have trouble sleeping at night. The bed is too big. I have bad dreams, like I'm falling. I wake up scared. Sometimes it takes me a while to remember where I am.

(CONTINUED)

INT - MARKET - DAY

BROOKS (V.O.)

Maybe I should get me a gun and rob the Foodway, so they'd send me home. I could shoot the manager while I was at it, sort of like a bonus.

EXT - STREET - DAY

Brooks is walking home, eating an ice cream. A horde of KIDS zoom by on bicycles, shouting at the top of their lungs.

BROOKS (V.O.)

But I guess I'm too old for that sort of nonsense anymore.

INT - BROOKS' ROOM - NIGHT

Brooks is writing his letter with the sound of traffic floating through the window:

BROOKS (V.O.)

I'm tired of being afraid all the time. I don't like it here. I've decided not to stay.

INT - BROOKS' ROOM - DAY

Brooks is packing his worldly possessions into the carry bag. Undershirts, socks, etc.

INT - BROOKS' ROOM - SHORTLY LATER

Brooks is dressed in his suit. He finishes knotting his tie, puts his hat on his head. The letter lies on the desk, stamped and ready for mailing. His bag is by the door.

Brooks takes one last look around. Only one thing left to do. He pulls a wooden chair to the center of the room, pulls out a pocketknife, and glances up at the ceiling beam.

He steps up onto the chair; it wobbles queasily under his weight. Now facing the beam, he carves a message into the wood: "Brooks Hatlen was here." He smiles with a sort of inner peace.

TIGHT ON CHAIR

His weight shifts on the wobbly chair -- and it goes out from under him. His feet remain where they are, kicking feebly in mid-air. His hat falls to the floor.

ANGLE WIDENS. Brooks has hanged himself. He swings gently, facing the open window. Traffic noise floats up from below.

(CONTINUED)

EXT - EXERCISE YARD - SHAWSHANK - DAY

Andy reads the letter to Red and the others:

ANDY

P.S. Tell Heywood I'm sorry I put a  
knife to his throat. No hard feelings.

A long silence. Andy folds the letter, puts it away. Softly:

RED

He should've died in here, goddamn  
it.

INT - PRISON LIBRARY - DAY

Andy is sorting books on the cart. He replaces a stack on the shelf -- and pauses, noticing a line of ants crawling up the wood. He glances up. The ants disappear over the top. He pulls a chair over and stands on it, peers cautiously over.

ANDY

Red!

Red steps in with an armload of files. Andy gingerly reaches in, grabs a black feathered wing, and pulls out a dead crow.

RED

(softly)

Is that Jake?

INT - WOOD SHOP - DAY

Red is making something at his bench, sanding and planing.

EXT - FIELDS - DAY

Low hilly terrain all around. A HUNDRED CONS are at work in the fields. GUARDS patrol with carbines, keeping a sharp eye. We find Andy, Red, and the boys working with picks and shovels. They glance over to the pickup truck. Hadley's chewing the fat with Mert and Youngblood.

GUARD

(blows a whistle)

Water break! Five minutes!

The work stops. Cons head for the pickup truck, where water is dispensed with dipper and pail. The boys glance at Andy and Red. Red nods. Now's the time.

The group moves off through the confusion, using it as cover. They head up the slope of a nearby hill and quickly decide on a suitable spot. The guards haven't noticed.

(CONTINUED)

RED

All right, go on, hurry up.

Jigger and Floyd start swinging picks into the soft earth, quickly ripping out a hole. Red reaches into his jacket and pulls out a beautiful wooden box, carefully stained and varnished. He shows it around to nods of approval.

SNOOZE

That's real pretty, Red. Nice work.

HEYWOOD

Shovel man in. Watch the dirt.

Heywood jumps in and starts spading out the hole.

BY THE TRUCK

Youngblood glances up and sees the men on the slope.

YOUNGBLOOD

What the fuck.

HADLEY

(follows his gaze)

HEY! YOU MEN UP THERE! GET YOUR  
ASSES OFF THAT SLOPE!

(works his rifle bolt)

YOU HAPPY ASSHOLES GONE DEAF? YOU  
GOT FIVE SECONDS 'FORE I SHOOT  
SOMEBODY!

Suddenly, other cons start breaking away in groups, heading toward the slope. The guards look around.

HADLEY

What am I, talkin' to myself?

ON THE SLOPE

Andy pulls a towel-wrapped bundle from his jacket and unfolds it. Jake. Dozens of cons are gathering on the slope below.

Andy lays Jake in the box. Brook's letter goes in. Red closes the casket, places it in the hole. A moment of silence.

RED

Lord. Brooks was a sinner. Jake was  
just a crow. Neither was much to  
look at. Both got institutionalized.  
See what you can do for 'em. Amen.

Muttered "amens" all around. The boys shovel dirt onto the small grave and tamp it down.

(CONTINUED)

INT - SHAWSHANK CORRIDORS - DAY

RAPID DOLLY with Hadley. He's striding, pissed-off, a man on a mission. He straight-arms a door and emerges onto --

EXT - SHAWSHANK PRISON WALL - DAY

-- the wall overlooking the exercise yard. He leans on the railing, scans the yard, sees Andy chatting with Red.

HADLEY

Dufresne! What the fuck did you do?

(Andy looks up)

Your ass, warden's office, now!

Andy shoots a worried look at Red, then heads off.

INT - GUARD DESK/WARDEN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Dozens of parcel boxes litter the floor. WILEY, the duty guard, picks through them. Hadley enters, trailed by Andy.

ANDY

What is all this?

HADLEY

You tell me, fuck-stick! They're addressed to you, every damn one!

Wiley thrusts an envelope at Andy. Andy just stares at it.

WILEY

Well, take it.

Andy takes the envelope, pulls out a letter, reads:

ANDY

"Dear Mr. Dufresne. In response to your repeated inquiries, the State Senate has allocated the enclosed funds for your library project..."

(stunned, examines check)

This is two hundred dollars.

Wiley grins. Hadley glares at him. The grin vanishes.

ANDY

"In addition, the Library District has generously responded with a charitable donation of used books and sundries. We trust this will fill your needs. We now consider the matter closed. Please stop sending us letters. Yours truly, the State Comptroller's Office."

(CONTINUED)

Andy gazes around at the boxes. The riches of the world lay at his feet. His eyes mist with emotion at the sight.

HADLEY

I want all this cleared out of here  
before the warden gets back, I shit  
you not.

Hadley exits. Andy touches the boxes like a love-struck man touching a beautiful woman. Wiley grins.

WILEY

Good for you, Andy.

ANDY

Only took six years.

(beat)

From now on, I send two letters a  
week instead of one.

WILEY

(laughs, shakes his head)

Look, you better get this stuff  
downstairs like the Captain said.  
I'm gonna go pinch a loaf. When I  
get back, this is all gone, right?

Andy nods. Wiley disappears into the toilet, Jughead Comix in hand. Alone now, Andy starts going through the boxes like a starving man exploring packages of food. He doesn't know where to turn first. He gets giddy, ripping boxes open and pulling out books, touching them, smelling them.

He rips open another box. This one contains an old phonograph player, industrial gray and green, the words "Portland Public School District" stenciled on the side. The box also contains stacks and stacks of used record albums.

Andy reverently slips a stack from the box and starts flipping through them. Used Nat King Coles, Bing Crosbys, etc. He comes across a certain album -- Mozart's "Le Nozze de Figaro." He pulls it from the stack, gazing upon it as a man transfixed. It is a thing of beauty. It is the Grail.

INT - BATHROOM - DAY

Wiley sits in one of the stalls, pants around his ankles, Jughead comic on his knees.

INT - GUARD STATION/OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Andy wrestles the phonograph player onto the guards' desk, sweeping things onto the floor in his haste. He plugs the machine in. A red light warms up. The platter starts spinning.

(CONTINUED)

He slides the Mozart album from its sleeve, lays it on the platter, and lowers the tone arm to his favorite cut. The needle HISSES in the groove...and the MUSIC begins, lilting and gorgeous. Andy sinks into Wiley's chair, overcome by its beauty. It is "Deutino: Che soave zeffiretto," a duet sung by Susanna and the Contessa. (The following is best read to the music, so if you have "The Marriage of Figaro," toss it on:)

INT - BATHROOM - DAY

Wiley pauses reading, puzzled. He thinks he hears music.

INT - GUARD STATION/OUTER OFFICE - DAY

WILEY (O.S.)

Hey! Andy? You hear that?

Andy shoots a look at the bathroom...and smiles. Go for broke. He lunges to his feet, barricades the front door, then the bathroom door.

He goes back to the desk and positions the P.A. microphone. He takes a moment to work up his courage, then flicks all the toggles to "on." A SQUEAL OF FEEDBACK echoes briefly...

INT/EXT - VARIOUS P.A. SPEAKERS - DAY

...and the Mozart is suddenly broadcast all over the prison.

INT - BATHROOM - DAY

Wiley's comic book hits the floor of the stall. He lunges to his feet, pants tangling around his ankles.

INT/EXT - SHAWSHANK PRISON - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

Cons all over the prison stop whatever they're doing, freezing in mid-step to listen, gazing up at the speakers.

The stamping machines in the plate shop are shut down...

The laundry line goes silent, grinding to a halt...

The wood shop machines are turned off, buzzing to a stop...

The motor pool...the kitchen...the loading dock...the exercise yard...the numbing routine of prison life itself...all grinds to a stuttering halt. Nobody moves, nobody speaks. Everybody just stands in place, listening to the MUSIC, hypnotized.

INT - GUARD STATION - DAY

Andy is reclined in the chair, transported, arms fluidly conducting the music. Ecstasy and rapture. Shawshank no longer exists. It has been banished from the mind of men.

(CONTINUED)



EXT - EXERCISE YARD - DAY

CAMERA TRACKS along groups of men, all riveted.

RED (V.O.)

I have no idea to this day what them two Italian ladies were singin' about. Truth is, I don't want to know. Some things are best left unsaid. I like to think they were singin' about something so beautiful it can't be expressed in words, and makes your heart ache because of it.

(CAMERA brings us to Red)

I tell you, those voices soared. Higher and farther than anybody in a gray place dares to dream. It was like some beautiful bird flapped into our drab little cage and made these walls dissolve away...and for the briefest of moments -- every last man at Shawshank felt free.

INT - PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

FAST DOLLY with Norton striding up the hallway with Hadley.

RED (V.O.)

It pissed the warden off something terrible.

INT - GUARD STATION/OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Norton and Hadley break the door in. Andy looks up with a sublime smile, sweeping his arms to the music. We hear Wiley POUNDING on the bathroom door:

WILEY (O.S.)

LET ME OUUUUT!

INT - SOLITARY WING - DAY

LOW ANGLE SLOW PUSH IN on the massive, rust-streaked steel door. God, this is a terrible place to be.

RED (V.O.)

Andy got two weeks in the hole for that little stunt.

INT - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - DAY

Andy doesn't seem to mind. His arms sweep to the music still playing in his head. We hear a FAINT ECHO of the soaring duet.

(CONTINUED)

INT - MESS HALL - DAY

HEYWOOD

Couldn't play somethin' good, huh?  
Hank Williams?

ANDY

They broke the door down before I  
could take requests.

FLOYD

Worth it? Two weeks in the hole?

ANDY

Easiest time I ever did.

HEYWOOD

Shit. No such thing as easy time in  
the hole. A week seems like a year.

ANDY

I had Mr. Mozart to keep me company.  
Hardly felt the time at all.

RED

Oh, they let you tote that record  
player down there, huh? I could'a  
swore they confiscated that stuff.

ANDY

(taps his heart, his head)  
The music was here...and here.  
That's the one thing they can't  
confiscate, not ever. That's the  
beauty of it. Haven't you ever felt  
that way about music, Red?

RED

Played a mean harmonica as a younger  
man. Lost my taste for it. Didn't  
make much sense on the inside.

ANDY

Here's where it makes most sense.  
We need it so we don't forget.

RED

Forget?

ANDY

That there are things in this world  
not carved out of gray stone. That  
there's a small place inside of us  
they can never lock away, and that  
place is called hope.

(CONTINUED)

RED  
 Hope is a dangerous thing. Drive a  
 man insane. It's got no place here.  
 Better get used to the idea.

ANDY  
 (softly)  
 Like Brooks did?

FADE TO BLACK

AN IRON-BARRED DOOR

slides open with an enormous CLANG. A stark room beyond.  
 CAMERA PUSHES through. SEVEN HUMORLESS MEN sit at a long  
 table. An empty chair faces them. We are again in:

INT - SHAWSHANK HEARINGS ROOM - DAY

Red enters, ten years older than when we first saw him at a  
 parole hearing. He removes his cap and waits by the chair.

MAN #1  
 Have a seat.  
 (Red does)  
 It says here you've served twenty  
 years of a life sentence.

MAN #2  
 You feel you've been rehabilitated?

RED  
 Yes sir, without a doubt. I can say  
 I'm a changed man. No danger to  
 society, that's the God's honest  
 truth. Absolutely rehabilitated.

CLOSEUP - PAROLE FORM

A big rubber stamp slams down: "REJECTED."

EXT - PRISON YARD - DUSK

Red emerges into fading daylight, meanders out into the yard.  
 Andy's waiting for him, gives him a questioning look.

RED  
 Same old, same old. Twenty years.  
 Jesus. When you say it like that...

ANDY  
 You wonder where it went. I wonder  
 where ten years went.

Red nods, solemn. They settle in on the bleachers. Andy pulls

(CONTINUED)

a small box from his sweater, hands it to Red.

RED

What's this?

ANDY

Anniversary gift. Open it.

Red does. Inside the box, on a thin layer of cotton, is a shiny new harmonica, bright aluminum and circus-red.

ANDY

Had to go through one of your competitors. Hope you don't mind. Wanted it to be a surprise.

RED

It's very pretty, Andy. Thank you.

ANDY

You gonna play something?

Red considers it, shakes his head.

RED

Not today.

INT - CELLBLOCK FIVE/ANDY'S CELL - NIGHT

Men line the tiers as the evening count is completed. The convicts step into their cells. The master switch is thrown and all the doors slam shut -- KA-THUMP!

Andy finds a cardboard tube on his bunk. The note reads: "A new girl for your 10 year anniversary. From your pal. Red."

INT - ANDY'S CELL - LATER

Marilyn Monroe's face fills the screen. SLOW PULL BACK reveals the new poster: the famous shot from "The Seven Year Itch," on the subway grate with skirt billowing up. Andy sits gazing at her as lights-out commences...

INT - RED'S CELL - NIGHT

...and we find Red sitting alone as darkness takes the cellblock, gazing blankly at the wall. Adding up the months, weeks, days...

He regards the harmonica like a man confronted with a Martian artifact. He considers trying it out -- even holds it briefly to his lips, almost embarrassed -- but puts it back in its box untested. And there the harmonica will stay...

FADE TO BLACK

WE HOLD IN BLACKNESS as THUMPING SOUNDS grow louder...

RED (V.O.)

Andy was as good as his word. He kept writing to the State Senate. Two letters a week instead of one.

...and the BLACKNESS disintegrates as a wall tumbles before our eyes, revealing a WORK CREW with picks and sledgehammers, faces obscured outlaw-style with kerchiefs against the dust. Behind them are GUARDS overseeing the work.

Andy yanks his kerchief down, grinning in exhilaration. Red and the others follow suit. They step through the hole in the wall, exploring what used to be a sealed-off storage room.

RED (V.O.)

In 1959, the folks up Augusta way finally clued in to the fact they couldn't buy him off with just a 200 dollar check. Appropriations Committee voted an annual payment of 500 dollars, just to shut him up.

INT - PRISON LIBRARY - DAY

TRACKING the construction. Walls have been knocked down. Men are painting, plastering, hammering. Lots of shelves going up. Red is head carpenter. We find him discussing plans with Andy.

RED (V.O.)

Those checks came once a year, regular as clockwork.

INT - PRISON LIBRARY - DAY

Red and the boys are opening boxes, pulling out books.

RED (V.O.)

You'd be amazed how far Andy could stretch it. He made deals with book clubs, charity groups...he bought remaindered books by the pound...

HEYWOOD

Treasure Island. Robert Louis...

ANDY

(jotting)  
...Stevenson. Next?

RED

I got here an auto repair manual, and a book on soap carving.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Trade skills and hobbies, those go under educational. Stack right behind you.

FLOYD

The Count of Monte Crisco...

HEYWOOD

Cristo, you dumbshit.

FLOYD

...by Alexandree Dumb-ass.

ANDY

Dumas. You boys'll like that one. It's about a prison break.

Heywood tries to take the book. Floyd yanks it back. I saw it first. Red shoots Andy a look.

RED

Maybe that should go under educational too.

INT - WOOD SHOP - DAY

Red is making a sign, carefully routing letters into a long plank of wood. It turns out to be --

INT - PRISON LIBRARY - DAY

-- the varnished wood sign over the archway: "Brooks Hatlen Memorial Library." TILT DOWN to reveal the library in all its completed glory: shelves lined with books, tables and chairs, even a few potted plants. Heywood is wearing headphones, listening to Hank Williams on the record player.

RED (V.O.)

By the year Kennedy was shot, Andy had transformed a broom closet smelling of turpentine into the best prison library in New England.

EXT - SHAWSHANK PRISON - DAY

FLASHBULBS POP as Norton addresses MEMBERS OF THE PRESS:

RED (V.O.)

That was also the year Warden Norton instituted his famous "Inside-Out" program. You may remember reading about it. It made all the papers and got his picture in LIFE magazine.

(CONTINUED)

NORTON

Our inmates, properly supervised, will be put to work outside these walls performing all manner of public service. Cutting pulpwood, repairing bridges and causeways, digging storm drains...

Red and the boys are listening from behind the fence.

HEYWOOD

Sounds like road-gangin', you ask me.

RED

Nobody asked you.

INT - KIWANIS CLUB MEETING - NIGHT

Norton is the keynote speaker:

NORTON

...a genuine, progressive advance in corrections and rehabilitation. These men can learn the value of an honest day's labor while providing a valuable service to the community -- and at a bare minimum of expense to Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Taxpayer!

EXT - HIGHWAY CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

A ROAD-GANG is grading a culvert with picks and shovels. There's dust and the smell of sweat in the air. GUARDS patrol with sniper rifles. A pushy WOMAN REPORTER in an ugly hat bustles up the grade, trailed by a PHOTOGRAPHER.

WOMAN REPORTER

You there! You men! We're gonna take your picture now!

HEYWOOD

Give us a break, lady.

WOMAN REPORTER

Don't you know who I am? I'm from LIFE magazine! I was told I'd get some co-operation out here! You want me to report you to your warden? Is that what you want?

HEYWOOD

(sighs)

No, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN REPORTER

That's more like it! Now I want you all in a row with big bright smiles on your faces! Grab hold of your tools and show 'em to me!

She turns, motioning her photographer up the grade. Heywood glances around at the other men.

HEYWOOD

You heard the lady.

Heywood unzips his pants, reaches inside. The others do likewise. The woman turns back and is greeted by the sight of a dozen men displaying their penises and smiling brightly. Her legs go wobbly and she sits heavily down on the dirt grade.

HEYWOOD

C'mon! We're showin' our tools and grinnin' like fools! Take the damn picture!

INT - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - NIGHT

Heywood sits alone in the dark. He sighs.

RED (V.O.)

None of the inmates were invited to express their views...

EXT - WOODED FIELDS - DAY

A ROAD-GANG is pulling stumps, bogged down in mud.

RED (V.O.)

'Course, Norton failed to mention to the press and the Kiwanis that "bare minimum of expense" is a fairly loose term. There are a hundred different ways to skim off the top. Men, materials, you name it. And, oh my Lord, how the money rolled in...

Norton strolls into view with NED GRIMES at his heels.

NED

This keeps up, you're gonna put me out of business! With this pool of slave labor you got, you can underbid any contractor in town.

NORTON

Ned, we're providing a valuable community service.

(CONTINUED)



NED

That's fine for the papers, but I got a family to feed. The State don't pay my salary. Sam, we go back a long way. I need this new highway contract. I don't get it, I go under. That's a fact.

(hands him a box)

Now you just have some'a this fine pie my missus baked specially for you, and you think about that.

Norton opens the box. Alongside the pie is an envelope. He runs his thumb across the thick stack of cash it contains.

IN THE BACKGROUND, a winch cable SNAPS and whips through the air, damn near severing a man's leg. He goes down, screaming in mud and blood, pinned by a fallen tree stump. Men rush over to help him. Norton barely takes notice.

NORTON

Ned, I wouldn't worry too much over this. Seems to me I've already got my boys committed elsewhere. You be sure and thank Maisie for this fine pie.

INT - NORTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ANGLE on Maisie's pie. Several pieces gone.

RED (V.O.)

And behind every shady deal, behind every dollar earned...

TILT UP to Andy at the desk, munching thoughtfully as he totals up figures on an adding machine.

RED (V.O.)

...there was Andy, keeping the books.

Andy finishes preparing two bank deposits. ANGLE UP to Norton hovering by the desk, keeping a watchful eye.

ANDY

Two deposits tonight. Casco Bank and New England First. Night drop, like always.

Norton pockets the envelopes. Andy crosses to the wall safe and shoves the ledger and sundry files inside. Norton locks the safe, swings his wife's framed sampler back into place. He cocks his thumb at some laundry and two suits in the corner.

(CONTINUED)

NORTON

Get my stuff down t'laundry. Two suits for dry-clean and a bag of whatnot. Tell 'em if they over-starch my shirts again, they're gonna hear about it from me.

(adjusts his tie)

How do I look?

ANDY

Very nice.

NORTON

Big charity to-do up Portland way. Governor's gonna be there.

(indicates pie)

Want the rest of that? Woman can't bake worth shit.

INT - PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Andy trudges down the corridor loaded down with Norton's laundry, pie box under his arm.

INT - LIBRARY - DAY

TILT UP FROM PIE to find Red munching away as he helps Andy sort books on the shelves.

RED

Got his fingers in a lot of pies, from what I hear.

ANDY

What you hear isn't half of it. He's got scams you haven't dreamed of. Kickbacks on his kickbacks. There's a river of dirty money flowing through this place.

RED

Money like that can be a problem. Sooner or later you gotta explain where it came from.

ANDY

That's where I come in. I channel it, funnel it, filter it...stocks, securities, tax free municipals... I send that money out into the big world. And when it comes back...

RED

It's clean as a virgin's whistle?

(CONTINUED)

ANDY  
Cleaner. By the time Norton retires,  
I will have made him a millionaire.

RED  
Jesus. They ever catch on, he's  
gonna wind up wearing a number  
himself.

ANDY  
(smiles)  
I thought you had more faith in me  
than that.

RED  
I'm sure you're good, but all that  
paper leaves a trail. Anybody gets  
too curious -- FBI, IRS, whatever --  
that trail's gonna lead to somebody.

ANDY  
Sure it will. But not to me, and  
certainly not to the warden.

RED  
Who then?

ANDY  
Peter Stevens.

RED  
Who?

ANDY  
The silent, silent partner. He's  
the guilty one, your Honor. The man  
with the bank accounts. That's  
where the dirty money goes first,  
where the filtering process starts.  
They trace it back, all they're  
gonna find is him.

RED  
Yeah, okay, but who the hell is he?

ANDY  
A phantom. An apparition. Second  
cousin to Harvey the Rabbit.  
(off Red's look)  
I conjured him out of thin air. He  
doesn't exist...except on paper.

RED  
You can't just make a person up.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Sure you can, if you know how the system works...and where the cracks are. It's amazing what you can accomplish by mail. Mr. Stevens has a birth certificate, social security card, driver's license. They ever track those accounts, they'll wind up chasing a figment of my imagination.

RED

Jesus. Did I say you were good? You're Rembrandt.

ANDY

(smiles)

It's funny. On the outside, I was an honest man. Straight as an arrow. I had to come to prison to be a crook.

EXT - PRISON YARD - DUSK

RED

Does it bother you?

ANDY

I don't run the scams, I just process the profits. That's a fine line, maybe. But I've also built that library, and used it to help a dozen guys get their high school diplomas. Why do you think the warden lets me do all that?

RED

Same reason he lets you have a cell all to yourself. To keep you happy and working in the laundry. Money instead of sheets.

ANDY

I work cheap. That's the trade-off.

TWO SIREN BLASTS draw their attention to the main gate. It starts to swing open, revealing a prison bus waiting outside.

INT - PRISON BUS - DUSK

Among those on board is TOMMY WILLIAMS, a damn good-looking kid in his mid-20's. The bus RUMBLES through the gate. Tommy gazes around, swallowed by prison walls.

(CONTINUED)

EXT - PRISON YARD - DUSK

The new fish disembark, chained together single-file. The old-timers holler and shake the fence. A deafening gauntlet.

INT - CELLBLOCK EIGHT - NIGHT

Tommy and the others are marched in naked and shivering, covered with delousing powder, greeted by TAUNTS and JEERS.

INT - TOMMY'S CELL - NIGHT

The bars slam with a STEEL CLANG. Tommy and his new CELLMATE take in their new surroundings.

TOMMY

Well. Ain't this for shit?

INT - PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

DOLLYING Tommy as he struts along, combing his ducktail, cigarette behind his ear. (We definitely need The Coasters or Del Vikings on the soundtrack here. Maybe Jerry Lee Lewis.)

RED (V.O.)

Tommy Williams came to Shawshank in 1965 on a two year stretch for B&E. Cops caught him sneakin' TV sets out the back door of a JC Penney.

INT - WOOD SHOP - DAY

A SHRIEKING BUZZSAW slices ten-foot lengths of wood. Red runs the machine while some other OLD-TIMERS feed the wood.

RED (V.O.)

Young punk, Mr. Rock n' Roll, cocky as hell...

Tommy Williams is hauling the cut wood off the conveyor and stacking it. It's a ball-busting job, but the kid's a blur.

TOMMY

(slapping his gloves)  
C'mon there, old boys! Movin' like molasses! Makin' me look bad!

The old guys just grin and shake their heads.

RED (V.O.)

We liked him immediately.

INT - MESS HALL - DAY

Tommy regales the old boys with his exploits:

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY

...so I'm backin' out the door,  
right? Had the TV like this...

(mimes his grip)

Big ol' thing. Couldn't see shit.  
Suddenly, here's this voice:

"Freeze kid! Hands in the air!"

Well I just stand there holdin' on  
to that TV, so the voice says: "You  
hear what I said, boy?" And I say,  
"Yes sir, I sure did! But if I drop  
this fuckin' thing, you got me on  
destruction of property too!"

The whole table falls about laughing.

INT - LIBRARY - DAY

Poker game in progress. Tommy, Andy, Red and the boys.

HEYWOOD

You did a stretch in Cashman too?

TOMMY

Yeah. That was an easy ride, let me  
tell you. Work programs, weekend  
furloughs. Not like here.

SNOOZE

Sound like you done time all over  
New England.

TOMMY

Been in and out since I was 14. Name  
the place, chances are I been there.

ANDY

(softly)

Perhaps it's time you considered a  
new profession.

(the game stalls)

What I mean is, you don't seem to  
be a very good thief. Maybe you  
should try something else.

TOMMY

What the hell you know about it,  
Capone? What are you in for?

ANDY

(wry glance to Red)

Everyone's innocent in here. Don't  
you know that?

The tension breaks. Everyone laughs.

(CONTINUED)

INT - VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

CAMERA TRAVELS the room. Chaotic. CONS are waiting their turn or talking to visitors through a thick plexi shield.

RED (V.O.)

As it turns out, Tommy had himself  
a young wife and new baby girl...

Tommy's at the end of the row, phone to his ear. Other side of the glass is BETH, near tears, fussing with a BABY on her lap.

BETH

...said we can stay with them, but  
Joey's gettin' out of the service  
next month, and they barely got  
enough room as it is. Plus they got  
Poppa workin' double shifts and the  
baby cries half the night. I just  
don't know where we're gonna go...

PUSH IN on Tommy's face as he listens.

RED (V.O.)

Maybe it was the thought of them on  
the streets...or his child growing  
up not knowing her daddy...

INT - LIBRARY - DAY

Tommy enters, the strut gone from his step. A little scared.

RED (V.O.)

Whatever it was, something lit a  
fire under that boy's ass.

He finds Andy filing library cards. Andy looks up.

TOMMY

I'm thinkin' maybe I should try for  
high school equivalency. Hear you  
helped some fellas with that.

ANDY

I don't waste time on losers,  
Tommy. If we do this, we do it all  
the way. One hundred percent.  
Nothing half-assed.

Tommy thinks about it, nods.

TOMMY

Thing is, see...  
(leans in, mutters)  
...I don't read all that good.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

(smiles)

Well. You've come to the right place then.

(ushers him in)

C'mon, Lucy. Follow me into the wardrobe. Let's pick up some snow.

Off Tommy's puzzled look, we --

INT - LIBRARY - DAY

-- find Andy giving an impassioned reading:

ANDY

"...and the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor...and my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor, shall be lifted nevermore!"

Andy slaps the book shut, immensely pleased with himself.

TOMMY

So this raven just sits there and won't go away?

ANDY

That's right.

TOMMY

(beat)

Why don't that fella get hisself a 12-gauge and dust the fucker?

INT - LIBRARY - DAY

Tommy tries to read as Andy looks on:

TOMMY

"The cat sh--The cat shh..."

(glances up)

The cat shat on the welcome mat?

Andy shakes his head. Not exactly.

INT - LIBRARY - DAY

Andy chalks the alphabet on a blackboard.

RED (V.O.)

So Andy took Tommy under his wing. Started walking him through his ABCs...

(CONTINUED)



INT - MESS HALL - DAY

TRACK the table to Tommy and Andy. Tommy with a book.

RED (V.O.)

Tommy took to it pretty well, too.  
Boy found brains he never knew he  
had.

TOMMY

The cat sh--shh--shimmied up the  
tree and crept st--stel--stealthily  
out on the limb...

INT - WOOD SHOP - DAY

Tommy intent on a paperback, mouthing the words. Behind him,  
wood is piling up on the conveyor belt.

RED (V.O.)

After a while, you couldn't pry  
those books out of hands.

RED

Ass in gear, son! You're putting us  
behind!

Tommy shoves the book in his back pocket and hurries over.

INT - LIBRARY - DAY

Tommy writes a sentence on the blackboard. Andy steps in,  
shows him how to reconstruct the sentence.

RED (V.O.)

Before long, Andy started him on  
his course requirements. He really  
liked the kid, that was part of it.  
Gave him a thrill to help a  
youngster crawl off the shitheap.  
But that wasn't the only reason...

INT - ANDY'S CELL - NIGHT

TIGHT ANGLE on chessboard. Most of the pieces complete. PAN TO  
Andy lying in his bunk, carefully polishing...

RED (V.O.)

Prison time is slow time. Sometimes  
it feels like stop-time. So you do  
what you can to keep going...

...and we keep going past Andy in a SLOW PAN of the cell.  
Sink. Toilet. Books...

(CONTINUED)

RED (V.O.)  
 Some fellas collect stamps. Others build matchstick houses. Andy built a library. Now he needed a new project. Tommy was it. It was the same reason he spent years shaping and polishing those rocks. The same reason he hung his fantasy girlies on the wall...

...STILL PANNING, past a chair, a sweater on a hook...and finally to the place of honor on the wall...

RED (V.O.)  
 In prison, a man'll do most anything to keep his mind occupied.

...where the latest poster turns out to be Racquel Welch in a fur bikini. Gorgeous. "One Million Years, B.C." SLOW PUSH IN.

RED (V.O.)  
 By 1966...right about the time Tommy was getting ready to take his exams...it was lovely Racquel.

INT - LIBRARY - DAY

Tommy's taking the big test. Andy's monitoring the time. Deep silence, save for Tommy's pencil-scribbling. A few old-timers are browsing the shelves, sneaking looks their way. Tommy tries to ignore them. Concentrate.

Andy clears his throat. Time's up. Tommy puts his pencil down.

ANDY  
 Well?

TOMMY  
 Well. It's for shit.  
 (gets up in disgust)  
 Wasted a whole fuckin' year of my time with this bullshit!

ANDY  
 May not be as bad as you think.

TOMMY  
 It's worse! I didn't get a fuckin' thing right! Might as well be in Chinese!

ANDY  
 We'll see how the score comes out.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY  
I'll tell you how the goddamn  
score comes out...

Tommy grabs the test, wads it, slam-dunks it into the trash.

TOMMY  
Two points! Right there! There's  
your goddamn score!  
(storms out)  
Goddamn cats crawlin' up trees, 5  
times 5 is 25, fuck this place,  
fuck it!

Tommy is gone. Red and others stare. Andy gets up, pulls the  
test from the trash, smoothes it out on the desk.

INT - WOOD SHOP - DAY

Tommy and Red take a break. Tommy sips a bottle of Coke.

TOMMY  
I feel bad. I let him down.

RED  
That's crap, son. He's proud of  
you. Proud as a hen.  
(off Tommy's look)  
We been friends a long time. I know  
him better than anybody.

TOMMY  
Smart fella, ain't he?

RED  
Smart as they come. Used to be a  
banker on the outside.

TOMMY  
What's he in for anyway?

RED  
Murder.

TOMMY  
The hell you say.

RED  
You wouldn't think, lookin' at him.  
Caught his wife in bed with some  
golf pro. Greased 'em both. C'mon,  
boy, back to work...

SMASH! Red turns back. Tommy's Coke has slipped from his hand  
and shattered on the floor. The kid's gone white as a sheet.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY  
 (bare whisper)  
 Oh my God...

INT - LIBRARY - DAY

Tommy sits before Andy and Red:

TOMMY  
 'Bout six years ago, I was up in Thomaston on a 3 to 4 stretch. Stole a car. Dumbfuck thing to do.  
 (beat)  
 Four months left, I get a new cellmate in. Elmo Blatch. Big twitchy fucker. Crazy eyes. Kind of roomie you pray you don't get, know what I'm sayin'? 6 to 12 for armed burglary. Said he done hundreds of jobs. Hard to believe, high-strung as he was. Cut a loud fart, he'd go three feet in the air. Talked all the time, too, that's the other thing. Never shut up. Places he'd been, jobs he pulled, women he fucked. Even people he killed. People that gave him shit, that's how he put it. One night, like a joke, I say: "Yeah? Who'd you kill?" So he says...

INT - CELL - CASHMAN PRISON - NIGHT

BLATCH  
 ...I got me this job one time bussin' tables at a country club. So I could case all the big rich pricks that come in. I pick out this guy, go in one night and do his place. He wakes up and gives me shit. So I killed him. Him and the tasty bitch he was with.  
 (starts laughing)  
 That's the best part! She's fuckin' this prick, see, this golf pro, but she's married to some other guy! Some hotshot banker. He's the one they pinned it on! They got him down-Maine somewhere doin' time for the crime! Ain't that choice?

He throws his head back and ROARS with laughter.

(CONTINUED)

INT - PRISON LIBRARY - DAY

Silence. Tommy has finished his story. Red is stunned...but Andy looks like he's been smacked with a two by four.

RED

Andy?

Andy says nothing. Walks stiffly away. Doesn't look back.

INT - NORTON'S OFFICE - DAY

NORTON

Well. I have to say, that's the most amazing story I ever heard. What amazes me most is you were taken in by it.

ANDY

Sir?

NORTON

It's obvious this fellow Williams is impressed with you. He hears your tale of woe and quite naturally wants to cheer you up. He's young, not terribly bright. Not surprising he didn't know what a state he'd put you in.

ANDY

I think he's telling the truth.

NORTON

Let's say for a moment Blatch does exist. You think he'd just fall to his knees and cry, "Yes, I did it! I confess! By all means, please add a life term to my sentence!"

ANDY

It wouldn't matter. With Tommy's testimony, I can get a new trial.

NORTON

That's assuming Blatch is even still there. Chances are excellent he'd be released by now. Excellent.

ANDY

They'd have his last known address. Names of relatives...

(Norton shakes his head)

Well it's a chance, isn't it? How can you be so obtuse?

(CONTINUED)

NORTON

What? What did you call me?

ANDY

Obtuse! Is it deliberate? The country club will have his old time cards! W-2s with his name on them!

NORTON

(rises)

Dufresne, if you want to indulge this fantasy, that's your business. Don't make it mine. This meeting's over.

ANDY

Look, if it's the squeeze, don't worry. I'd never say what goes on in here. I'd be just as indictable as you for laundering the money!

NORTON

Don't you ever mention money to me again, you sorry son of a bitch! Not in this office, not anywhere!

(slaps intercom)

Get in here! Now!

ANDY

I was just trying to rest your mind at ease, that's all.

NORTON

(as GUARDS enter)

Solitary. Two weeks.

Andy gets dragged away, kicking and screaming:

ANDY

What's the matter with you? It's my chance to get out, don't you see that? It's my life! Don't you understand it's my life?

EXT - PRISON YARD - DAY

Mail call. Men crowd around as names are called out.

TOMMY

It's my fault.

RED

Like hell. You didn't pull the trigger, and you didn't convict him.

(CONTINUED)

MAIL CALLER

Thomas Williams!

Tommy raises his hand. The envelope gets tossed to him. He stares at it. Red peers over his shoulder.

RED

Board of Education.

TOMMY

The son of a bitch mailed it.

RED

Looks that way. You gonna open it or stick your thumb up your butt?

TOMMY

Thumb up my butt sounds better.

He gets hemmed in by the older men. Red snatches the letter.

TOMMY

C'mon, just throw it away. Will you please? Just throw it away?

Red rips it open, scans the letter. Expressionless.

RED

Well, shit.

INT - VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Tommy makes his way through the chaos, finds Beth and the baby waiting behind the thick plexi shield. He sits, doesn't pick up the phone. Just stares at Beth. She doesn't know what to make of it.

He presses a piece of paper against the glass. A high school diploma. Her face lights up, blinking back tears.

INT - SOLITARY WING - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE on steel door. Somewhere behind it, unseen, is Andy. A rat scurries along the wall. FOOTSTEPS approach slowly.

INT - SOLITARY - NIGHT

Andy listens in darkness. The FOOTSTEPS pause outside his door. The slot opens. An old GUARD peers in.

GUARD

Kid passed. C-plus average. Thought you'd like to know.

The slot closes. The FOOTSTEPS recede. Andy smiles.

(CONTINUED)

INT - PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

We find Tommy on evening work detail, mopping the floors with bucket and pail. Mert Entwhistle comes into view.

MERT

Warden wants to talk.

EXT - PRISON - NIGHT

A steel door rattles open. Mert leads Tommy outside to a gate, unlocks it. Tommy looks around.

TOMMY

Out here?

MERT

That's what the man said.

Mert swings the gate open, sends Tommy through, turns and heads back inside. Tommy proceeds out across a loading-dock access for the shops and mills. Some vehicles parked. The place is deserted. He stops, sensing a presence.

TOMMY

Warden?

Norton steps into the light.

NORTON

Tommy, we've got a situation here.  
I think you can appreciate that.

TOMMY

Yes sir, I sure can.

NORTON

I tell you, son, this thing really  
came along and knocked my wind out.  
It's got me up nights, that's the  
truth.

Norton pulls a pack of cigarettes, offers Tommy a smoke. Tommy takes one. Norton lights both cigarettes, pockets his lighter.

NORTON

The right decision. Sometimes it's  
hard to figure out what that is.  
You understand?

(Tommy nods)

Think hard, Tommy. If I'm gonna  
move on this, there can't be the  
least little shred of doubt. I have  
to know if you what you told  
Dufresne was the truth.

(CONTINUED)



TOMMY

Yes sir. Absolutely.

NORTON

Would you be willing to swear before a judge and jury...having placed your hand on the Good Book and taken an oath before Almighty God Himself?

TOMMY

Just gimme that chance.

NORTON

That's what I thought.

Norton drops his cigarette. Crushes it out with the toe of his shoe. Glances up toward the plate shop roof as --

HIGH ANGLE OF YARD (SNIPER POV)

-- a rifle scope pops up into frame, jumping Tommy's image into startling magnification, framed in the crosshairs.

THE SNIPER

rapid-fires a carbine -- BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM! -- his face lit up by the muzzle flashes. Captain Hadley.

TOMMY

gets chewed to pieces by the gunfire, SCREAMING. He smacks the ground in a twitching, thrashing heap -- and goes still, eyes wide and staring. Surprise still stamped on his face.

Norton turns, strolls off into the darkness.

INT - SOLITARY WING - DAY

GUARDS approach Andy's cell. The door is unlocked. Andy emerges slowly, blinking painfully at the light.

INT/EXT - PRISON - DAY

Andy is marched along. Convicts stop to stare.

INT - NORTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Andy is led in. The door is closed. Alone with Norton. Softly:

NORTON

Terrible thing. Man that young, less than a year to go, trying to escape. Broke Captain Hadley's heart to shoot him, truly it did.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

I'm done. It all stops right now.  
Get H&R Block to declare your  
income.

Norton lunges to his feet, hunched over his desk like an animal. Eyes sparkling with rage.

NORTON

Nothing stops! NOTHING!

(tight)

Or you will do the hardest time there is. No more protection from the guards. I'll pull you out of that one-bunk Hilton and put you in with the biggest bull queer I can find. You'll think you got fucked by a train! And the library? Gone! Sealed off brick by brick! We'll have us a little book-barbecue in the yard! They'll see the flames for miles around! We'll dance like wild Injuns! Do you understand me? Are you catching my drift?

Pause. Silence. Andy looks ashen. Softly:

NORTON

I suggest you get to work. Things been piling up here. You got a lot of catching up.

INT - NORTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Andy's hard at it, totaling up figures and making notations in the ledger under Norton's watchful eye.

RED (V.O.)

So Andy went back to work.

EXT - PRISON YARD - DAY

Andy sits on the ground, back against the high stone wall, poking listlessly through the dust for small pebbles. Red approaches. Andy looks up, smiles faintly.

ANDY

Hey, Red. Join me?

RED

Thanks, I will.

(hunkers down)

Andy. I want to make an apology. Nineteen years you been telling me you're an innocent man.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

(laughs softly)

Oh, Red. My friend. If you'd been on that jury, you'd have convicted me too. Hell, I'd have convicted me. The evidence was overwhelming.

RED

Only you didn't do it.

ANDY

No. Someone else did, and I'm in here. Bad luck, that's all.

RED

Bad luck? Jesus.

ANDY

It floats around. Has to land on somebody. Say a storm comes through. Some people sit in their living rooms and enjoy the rain... while the house next door gets torn out of the ground and smashed flat. It was my turn, that's all. I was in the path of the tornado.

(softly)

I just had no idea the storm would go on as long as it has. It's an African storm, that's what it is.

RED

African storm?

ANDY

They got these storms there. Not like our storms, no sir. These go on and on. No sign of let up. That's what this is, Red. An African storm.

(beat)

Think you'll ever get out of here?

RED

(laughs)

Sure. When I got a long white beard and about three marbles left rolling around upstairs.

ANDY

Tell you where I'd go. Zihuatanejo.

RED

(trying out the word)

Zihuatanejo?

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Mexico. Little place right on the Pacific. You know what the Mexicans say about the Pacific? It has no memory. That's where I'd like to finish out my life. A warm place with no memory. Open a little hotel right on the beach. Take my guests out charter fishing.

(beat)

You know, a place like that, I'd need a man who can get things.

Red stares at Andy, laughs.

RED

Jesus, Andy. I couldn't hack it on the outside. Been in here too long. I'm an institutional man now. Like old Brooks Hatlen was.

ANDY

You underestimate yourself.

RED

Bullshit. In here I'm the guy who can get it for you. Out there, all you need are Yellow Pages. I wouldn't know where to begin.

(derisive snort)

Pacific Ocean? Hell. Like to scare me to death, somethin' that big.

ANDY

Not me. I didn't kill my wife and I didn't kill her lover, and that hotel...I don't think it's too much to want. To look at the stars just after sunset. Touch the sand. Wade in the water. Feel free. That's not too much to want.

RED

Goddamn it, Andy, stop! Stop doing that to yourself! Talking shitty pipedreams! Mexico's down there, and you're in here, and that's the way it is!

ANDY

(softly)

You're right. It's down there, and I'm in here. I guess it comes down to a simple choice, really. Get busy living or get busy dying.

(CONTINUED)

Red snaps a look. What the hell does that mean? Andy says nothing more. He rises and walks away. Red lunges to his feet.

RED

Andy?

ANDY

(turns back)

Red, if you ever get out of here, do me a favor. There's this big hayfield near Buxton. You know where Buxton is?

RED

Up near Scarborough. Lot of hayfields there.

ANDY

One in particular. Got this long rock wall with a big oak at the north end. Like something out of a Robert Frost poem. It's where I asked my wife to marry me. We had a picnic. We made love under that tree. I asked and she said yes.

(beat)

Promise me, Red. If you ever get out, find that spot. In the base of that wall you'll find a rock that has no earthly business in a Maine hayfield. A piece of black volcanic glass. There's something buried under it I want you to have.

RED

What? What's buried there?

ANDY

You'll just have to pry up that rock and see.

Andy turns and walks away.

INT - MESS HALL - DAY

RED

I tell you, the man was talkin' crazy. Like his circuits been fried or something. I'm worried, I truly am.

SKEET

Might do something crazy. We ought to keep an eye on him.

(CONTINUED)

JIGGER

That's fine, during the day. But at night he's got that cell all to himself.

HEYWOOD

Oh Lord. Andy come down to the loading dock today. Asked me for a length of rope. Six foot long.

SNOOZE

Shit! You gave it to him?

HEYWOOD

Sure I did. I mean why wouldn't I?

FLOYD

Christ! Remember Brooks Hatlen?

HEYWOOD

How the hell was I s'pose to know?

JIGGER

Andy'd never do that. Never.

They all look to Red.

RED

(softly)

Every man's got a breaking point.

EXT - PRISON YARD - ANGLE ON P.A. - DUSK

VOICE (over P.A.)

Report to your cellblocks for evening count.

BOOM DOWN to Red and the boys. Convicts drift past them.

RED

Where the hell is he?

HEYWOOD

Probably still up in the warden's.

TOWER GUARD

(via bullhorn)

YOU MEN! YOU HEAR THAT ANNOUNCEMENT OR JUST TOO STUPID TO UNDERSTAND?

SKEET

Christ. What do we do?

FLOYD

Nothing we can do. Not tonight.

(CONTINUED)

HEYWOOD

Let's pull him aside tomorrow, all of us. Have a word with him. Ain't that right, Red?

RED

(unconvinced)

Yeah. Sure. That's right.

They head toward their cellblocks.

INT - NORTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Andy's working away. Norton pokes his head in.

NORTON

Lickety-split. I wanna get home.

ANDY

Just about done, sir.

Norton crosses to his wife's sampler, swings it aside. He works the combination dial, opens the wall safe. Andy moves up, shoves in the black ledger and files. Norton shuts the safe. Andy hands him three envelopes.

ANDY

Three deposits tonight.

NORTON

Get my stuff down t'laundry. Oh, and shine my shoes. I want 'em lookin' like mirrors.

Norton exits. Andy turns to the laundry. He opens the shoebox. Nice pair of dress shoes inside. He sighs, glances down at the old ragged pair of work shoes on his own feet.

INT - NORTON'S OFFICE - LATER

Andy is diligently shining Norton's shoes.

INT - PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Andy trudges down the hallway, suits slung over his shoulder, bag of laundry under his arm.

INT - CELLBLOCK FIVE - NIGHT

Andy nods to the GUARD. The guard BUZZES him through.

INT - RED'S CELL - NIGHT

Red hears Andy coming, moves to the bars. He watches Andy come up to the second tier and pause before his cell.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD (O.S.)

Open number twelve!

Andy gazes directly at Red. A beat of eye contact. Red shakes his head. Don't do it. Andy smiles, eerily calm...and enters his cell. The door closes. KA-THUMP! We hold on Red's face.

INT - ANDY'S CELL - NIGHT

Andy is polishing a chess piece.

VOICE (O.S.)

Lights out!

The lights bump off. He finishes polishing, holds up the piece to admire. A pawn. He sets it down with the others -- and we realize it's the final piece for the board. A full set.

He gazes up at Racquel on the wall. He smiles...and pulls a six foot length of rope from under his pillow.

INT - RED'S CELL - NIGHT

Red sits in the dark, a bundle of nerves, trying to hold himself still. He feels like he might scream or shake to pieces. The seconds tick by, each an eternity.

RED (V.O.)

I've had some long nights in stir.  
Alone in the dark with your thoughts,  
time can draw out like a blade.

(pause)

That was the longest night of my  
life...

INT - CELLBLOCK FIVE - MORNING

KA-THUMP! The master lock is thrown. The cons emerge from their cells and the headcount begins. Red looks back to see if Andy's in line. He's not. Suddenly the count stalls:

GUARD

Man missing on tier five! Cell 12!

The head bull, HAIG, checks his list:

HAIG

Dufresne? Get your ass out here,  
boy! You're holding up the show!

(no answer)

Don't make me come down there now!  
I'll thump your skull for you!

Still no answer. Glaring, Haig stalks down the tier, clipboard in hand. His men fall in behind.

(CONTINUED)



HAIG

Dufresne, dammit, you're putting me behind! You better be sick or dead in there, I shit you not!

They arrive at bars. Their faces go slack. Stunned. Softly:

HAIG

Oh my Holy God.

REVERSE ANGLE

reveals the cell is empty. Everything neat and tidy. Even the bunk is stowed. They wrench the door open and rush in, tossing the cell in a panic as if Andy might be lurking under the Kleenex or the toothpaste. CAMERA ROCKETS IN on Haig as he spins toward us, bellowing at the top of his lungs:

HAIG

WHAT THE FUCK!

INT - NORTON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Norton is kicking back with the morning paper. He notices how dingy his shoes are. Glances at the shoebox on the desk. He kicks his shoes off, opens the box -- and pulls out Andy's old grimy work shoes. He stares blankly. What the fuck indeed.

An ALARM STARTS BLARING throughout the prison. He looks up.

EXT - PRISON - DAY

Norton and Hadley stride across the grounds, ALARM BLARING.

NORTON

I want every man on that cellblock questioned! Start with that friend of his!

HADLEY

Who?

INT - CELLBLOCK FIVE - RED'S CELL - DAY

Red watches as Norton storms up with an entourage of guards.

NORTON

Him.

Red's eyes widen. Guards yank him from his cell.

INT - ANDY'S CELL - DAY

Norton steps to the center of the room, working himself up into a fine rage:

(CONTINUED)

NORTON

What do you mean "he just wasn't here?" Don't say that to me, Haig! Don't say that to me again!

HAIG

But sir! He wasn't! He isn't!

NORTON

I can see that, Haig! You think I'm blind? Is that what you're saying? Am I blind, Haig?

HAIG

No sir!

Norton grabs a clipboard, thrusts it at Hadley.

NORTON

What about you? You blind? Tell me what this is!

HADLEY

Last night's count.

NORTON

You see Dufresne's name? I sure do! Right there, see? "Dufresne." He was in his cell at lights out! Stands to reason he'd still be there this morning, -less a'course he slithered down the toilet! I want him found! Not tomorrow, not after breakfast! Now!

Haig scurries out, gathering men. Norton spins to Red.

NORTON

Well?

RED

Well what?

NORTON

I see you two all the time, you're thick as thieves, you are! He must'a said something!

RED

No sir, he didn't!

Norton spreads his arms evangelist-style, spins slowly around.

(CONTINUED)

NORTON

Lord! It's a miracle! Man up and vanished like a fart in the wind! Nothin' left but some damn rocks on the windowsill and that harlot on the wall! Let's ask her! Maybe she knows! Whaddya say there, Fuzzy-Britches? Feel like talking? Guess not. Why should you be different?

Red exchanges looks with the guards. Even they're nervous. Norton scoops a handful rocks off the sill. He hurls them at the wall one at a time, shattering them, punctuating his words:

NORTON

It's a conspiracy! (SMASH) That's what this is! (SMASH) It's one big damn conspiracy! (SMASH) And everyone's in on it! (SMASH) Including that slut!

He sends the last rock whizzing right at Racquel.

No smash.

It takes a moment for this to sink in. All eyes go to her. The rock went through her. There's a small hole in the poster, right where her navel used to be.

You could hear a pin drop. Norton reaches up, sinks his finger into the hole. He keeps pushing...and his entire hand disappears into the wall.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND POSTER

as Norton rips the poster from before our eyes. Stunned faces peer in. CAMERA PULLS SLOWLY BACK...to reveal the long crumbling tunnel in the wall.

INT - ANDY'S CELL - MINUTES LATER

RORY TREMONT, a guard barely out of his teens, tries not to look nervous as they lash a rope around his chest. He's getting instructions from six different people at once.

RED (V.O.)

They got this skinny kid named Rory Tremont to go in the hole. He wasn't much in the brains department, but he possessed the one most important qualification for the job...

(they slap a flashlight  
in his hands)

...he was willing to go.

(CONTINUED)

INT - TUNNEL - DAY

Rory squeezes down the tunnel on his belly.

RED (V.O.)  
Probably thought he'd win a Bronze  
Star or something.

INT - VERTICAL SHAFT - DAY

Dark as midnight. Concrete walls rise on both sides. If you imagine them as two huge slices of bread, the meat of this particular sandwich is about two feet of airspace and a dark tangle of pipes between the cellblocks.

RED (V.O.)  
It was his third day on the job.

Rory's face appears far above, shining his flashlight cautiously down the shaft. Somewhere, a rat SQUEAKS.

RORY  
Warden? There's a space here  
between the walls 'bout three feet  
across! Smells pretty damn bad!

NORTON (O.S.)  
I don't care what it smells like!

NORTON (O.S.)  
Go on, boy! We got a hold of you!

Looking none too happy about it, Rory squeezes from the tunnel and dangles into the shaft. He gets lowered, shining his light, smothered by darkness. Not having a good time.

RORY  
Hoo-whee! Smell's gettin' worse!

NORTON (O.S.)  
Never mind that! Just keep going!

RORY  
Smells pretty damn bad, Warden! In  
fact, it smells just like shit.

His feet touch the ground -- or what he assumed was the ground. It's not. In fact, it's just what it smells like. He sinks in past his ankles. He slips and sits heavily in it.

RORY  
Oh God, that's what it is, it's  
shit, oh my God it's shit, pull me  
out 'fore I blow my groceries, oh  
shit it's shit, oh my Gawwwwwwd!

(CONTINUED)

INT - ANDY'S CELL - DAY

Red and others listen to violent barfing from below.

RED (V.O.)

And then came the unmistakable  
sound of Rory Tremont losing his  
last few meals. The whole cellblock  
heard it. I mean, it echoed.

That's it for Red. He starts laughing. Laughing, hell, he's bellowing laughter, laughing so hard he has to hold himself, laughing so hard tears are pouring down his cheeks. The look of rage on Norton's face makes him laugh all the harder.

INT - SOLITARY WING - NIGHT

Abrupt silence. LOW ANGLE on steel door.

RED (V.O.)

I laughed myself right into  
solitary. Two week stretch.

INT - SOLITARY - NIGHT

RED

(high voice)

It's shit, it's shit, oh my God  
it's shit...

He starts laughing all over again, fit to split.

RED (V.O.)

Andy once talked about doing easy  
time in the hole. Now I knew what  
he meant.

EXT - SHAWSHANK PRISON - WIDE SHOT - DAY

Virgin landscape. Charming rural road. A peaceful still-life. Suddenly, State Police cruisers rocket up the road at top speed with SIRENS AND LIGHTS.

RED (V.O.)

In 1966, Andy Dufresne escaped from  
Shawshank Prison.

EXT - FIELD - DAY

Shawshank looms half a mile distant. WE TRACK ALONG a muddy creek as STATE TROOPERS and PRISON GUARDS scour the brush. A TROOPER fishes a prison uniform out of the creek with a long stick, holds it up for the others to see.

(CONTINUED)

RED (V.O.)

All they found of him was a muddy set of prison clothes, a bar of soap, and an old rock-hammer damn near worn down to the nub.

Another TROOPER pulls the rock-hammer from the weeds. SWISH PAN to a POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER. His FLASHBULB POPS IN A BURST OF GLARE that produces:

A BLACK AND WHITE STILL PHOTO

of the hapless cops posing with Andy's reeking uniform and the worn rock-hammer. PUSH IN on the hammer.

RED (V.O.)

I remember thinking it would take a man six hundred years to tunnel through the wall with it. Andy did it in less than twenty.

INT - ANDY'S CELL - NIGHT

Once again, we see Andy using the rock-hammer to scratch his name into the cement. Suddenly, a palm-sized chunk of cement pops free and hits the floor. He stares down at it.

INT - ANDY'S CELL - NIGHT

Andy lies in the dark, the chunk of concrete in his hands.

RED (V.O.)

Andy loved geology. I imagine it appealed to his meticulous nature. An ice age here, a million years of mountain-building there, plates of bedrock grinding against each other over a span of millennia...

INT - ANDY'S CELL - NIGHT

Andy stands peering at the small hole left by the fallen chunk. Carefully runs his fingertip over it.

RED (V.O.)

Geology is the study of pressure and time. That's all it takes, really. Pressure and time.

INT - ANDY'S CELL - NIGHT

Rita is now on the wall, hanging down over Andy's back.

RED (V.O.)

That and a big damn poster.

(CONTINUED)

TRACK IN to reveal Andy scraping patiently at the concrete.

RED (V.O.)  
Like I said. A man'll do most  
anything to keep his mind occupied.

He hears FOOTSTEPS approaching. He smoothes the poster down and dives into bed -- moments before a GUARD strolls by, shining his flashlight into the cell.

EXT - PRISON YARD - DAY

Andy strolls along, whistling softly, hands in both pockets. TILT DOWN to his pantleg. Concrete grit trickles out, mingling with the dirt and gravel.

RED (V.O.)  
It turns out Andy's favorite hobby  
was totin' his wall out into the  
yard a handful at a time...

TILT BACK UP to Andy, glancing around with a pleasant smile.

INT - 2ND TIER - NIGHT

A GUARD strolls the tier, shining his flashlight into the cells. He pauses at Andy's bars, playing the beam over the sleeping form huddled under the blankets.

REVERSE ANGLE (FROM INSIDE ANDY'S CELL)

We see what the guard doesn't: instead of Andy's head under the blanket, it's a wadded-up pillow. The flashlight plays across the cell, pinning Marilyn Monroe in a circle of light.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND POSTER

The light illuminates her face through the paper. WIDEN to reveal Andy lying in his tunnel, holding his breath. The light clicks off. The FOOTSTEPS move on. He gets back to work.

RED (V.O.)  
While the rest of us slept, Andy  
spent years workin' the nightshift...

INT - SHAFT - NIGHT

BOOMING SLOWLY UP the shaft. Rats scurry the pipes.

RED (V.O.)  
Did he know that shaft was there?

Suddenly, a piece of concrete the size of a quarter jumps free and plummets down the shaft. The rock-hammer pick pushes through. The pick withdraws, replaced by Andy's peering eye.

(CONTINUED)

RED (V.O.)  
 Maybe he did. Maybe it came as a  
 surprise.

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES

takes us through the widening of the hole. First as big as a  
 tea cup. Then a saucer. Then a dinner plate.

RED (V.O.)  
 Probably took him most of a year  
 just to get his head through.

Andy finally gets his head through, scraping his ears. He's  
 got a penlight clenched in his teeth. He peers down into the  
 shaft. At the very bottom, maybe 20 feet down, a big ceramic  
 pipe runs the length of the cellblock. Beneath its coat of  
 grime and dust, the word "SEWER" is stenciled.

EXT - LOADING DOCK ACCESS - NIGHT

ANGLE LOOKING STRAIGHT DOWN. Below us, Tommy Williams lies  
 facedown at Norton's feet. Blood is spreading, fanning out on  
 the pavement. Norton turns, strolls out of frame.

RED (V.O.)  
 I guess after Tommy was killed,  
 Andy decided he'd been here just  
 about long enough.

INT - NORTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Again we see: Andy working. Norton pokes his head in.

NORTON  
 Lickety-split. I wanna get home.

ANDY  
 Just about done, sir.

Norton crosses to the wall safe and works the dial, his back  
 turned. This time, though, we stay on Andy:

He pulls up his sweater, yanks out a large black book and a  
 stack of files, lays them on the desk. He then grabs the real  
 ledger and files, jams them down his pants and smooths his  
 sweater down. He picks up the bogus stack, crosses to Norton,  
 and shoves everything in.

INT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Norton exits his office and strolls off whistling. PUSH IN on  
 the open door. We see Andy at the guard's desk, pulling  
 Norton's dress shoes from their box.

(CONTINUED)



INT - NORTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Andy diligently shines the shoes.

RED (V.O.)

Andy did like he was told. Buffed those shoes to a high mirror shine.

INT - NORTON'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Andy sorts through Norton's three suits. He pauses, checking the gray pinstripe. Nice.

INT - CELLBLOCK FIVE - NIGHT

The guard BUZZES Andy through. Andy walks toward us.

RED (V.O.)

The guard simply didn't notice. Neither did I. I mean, seriously, how often do you really look at a man's shoes?

TILT DOWN as he passes by. Yep, he's wearing Norton's shoes.

INT - ANDY'S CELL - NIGHT

The lights go out. Andy places the last chess piece. Gazes up at Racquel. Smiles. Pulls the rope from under his pillow.

He stands and unbuttons his prison shirt, revealing Norton's gray pinstripe suit underneath.

INT - ANDY'S CELL - NIGHT

Andy, naked, carefully slips Norton's folded suit into a large industrial Zip-Lock bag. Next to go in are the shoes, chess pieces (already in a smaller bag), black ledger and files... and last but not least, a bar of soap wrapped in a towel.

INT - TUNNEL - NIGHT

Andy, again wearing prison clothes, inches down the tunnel.

INT - SHAFT - NIGHT

Andy squeezes through the hole head-first. He emerges to the waist, reaches for the opposite wall, manages to snag a steel conduit with his fingers.

Suddenly, a huge rat darts for his hand. Andy yanks away and almost plummets head-first down the shaft. He dangles wildly upside-down for a moment, arms windmilling, then gets his hands pressed firmly against the opposite wall. The rat scurries off, pissed.

(CONTINUED)

Breathing hard, Andy snags the conduit again. He contorts out of the hole and dangles into the shaft. We now see the purpose for the rope: the plastic bag hangs from his ankle with about two feet of slack.

He kicks his legs across the shaft, gets his feet braced. With his back against one wall and feet against the other, he starts down the shaft. Sliding dangerously. Using pipes for handholds. Flinching as rats dart this way and that, scurrying in the shadows. He drops the last few feet to the bottom.

He approaches the ceramic sewer pipe and kneels before it. Pulls out the rock-hammer and says a quick silent prayer. Raises the rock-hammer high and swings it down with all his might. Once, twice -- third time lucky. An enormous eruption of sewage cascades into the air as if rocket-propelled, the Mount St. Helens of shit. Andy is instantly coated black. He turns away and heaves his guts out. The shit keeps coming.

INT - SEWER PIPE - NIGHT

Andy peers down through the hole, playing his penlight around. The inside diameter is no more than two feet. Tight squeeze. Coated with crud. It seems to go on for miles.

No turning back. He wriggles into the pipe and starts crawling, plastic bag dragging behind.

RED (V.O.)

Andy crawled to freedom through  
five hundred yards of shit-smelling  
foulness I can't even imagine. Or  
maybe I just don't want to.

EXT - FIELD - NIGHT

Shawshank is half a mile distant, squatting under a bright full moon. WE BOOM DOWN to reveal the creek...and PUSH IN toward the mouth of the sewer pipe that feeds into it.

RED (V.O.)

Five hundred yards. The length of  
five football fields. Just shy of  
half a mile.

Fingers appear, thrusting through the heavy-gauge wire mesh covering the mouth of the pipe. Andy's face looms from the darkness, peering out at freedom. He wrenches the mesh loose, pushes himself out, and plunges head-first into the creek. He comes up sputtering for breath. The water is waist-deep.

He wades upstream, ripping his clothes from his body. He gets his shirt off and spins it through the air over his head. Exultant. Triumphant. Flings the shirt away.

(CONTINUED)

INT - ANDY'S TUNNEL - DAY

Once again, we see stunned faces as CAMERA PULLS BACK.

RED (V.O.)

The next morning, right about the time Racquel was spilling her little secret...

INT - CASCO BANK OF PORTLAND - MORNING

The door opens. Spit-shined shoes enter. DOLLY the shoes to the counter.

RED (V.O.)

...a man nobody ever laid eyes on before strolled into the Casco Bank of Portland. Until that moment, he didn't exist -- except on paper.

FEMALE TELLER (O.S.)

May I help you?

TILT UP to Andy. Smiling in Norton's gray pinstripe suit.

ANDY

My name is Peter Stevens. I've come to close out some accounts.

INT - BANK - SHORTLY LATER

The teller is cutting a cashier's check while the MANAGER carefully examines Mr. Stevens' various I.D.s.

RED (V.O.)

He had all the proper I.D. Driver's license, birth certificate, social security card. The signature was a spot-on match.

MANAGER

I must say I'm sorry to be losing your business. I hope you'll enjoy living abroad.

ANDY

Thank you. I'm sure I will.

TELLER

Here's your cashier's check, sir. Will there be anything else?

ANDY

Please. Would you add this to your outgoing mail?

(CONTINUED)

He hands her a package, stamped and addressed. Gives them a pleasant smile. Turns and strolls from the bank.

RED (V.O.)

Mr. Stevens visited nearly a dozen banks in the Portland area that morning. All told, he blew town with better than 370 thousand dollars of Warden Norton's money. Not bad severance pay for nineteen years.

INT - OFFICE - DAY

A MAN in shirtsleeves is going through the mail on his desk. He finds Andy's package, rips it open. Pulls out the black ledger and files. Scans a cover letter. Holy shit.

He dashes to his door and yanks it open, revealing the words on the glass: "PORTLAND DAILY BUGLE -- Editor In Chief."

MAN

(hollering down hall)

Hal! Dave! Get your butts in here!

INT - SHAWSHANK PRISON - DAY

Norton walks slowly toward his office. Dazed. The morning paper in his hand. He goes wordlessly past the DUTY GUARD into his office. Shuts the door. Lays the paper on his desk.

The headline reads: "CORRUPTION AND MURDER AT SHAWSHANK." Below that, the sub-headline: "D.A. Has Ledger. Indictments Expected." Norton looks up as SIRENS SWELL in the distance.

EXT - SHAWSHANK PRISON - WIDE SHOT - DAY

For the second time, State Police cruisers go rocketing up the road with SIRENS AND LIGHTS.

INT - NORTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Norton opens his safe and pulls out the "ledger" -- it's Andy's Bible. The title page is inscribed by hand: "Dear Warden. You were right. Salvation lay within."

Norton flips to the center of the book -- and finds the pages hollowed out in the shape of a rock-hammer.

EXT - PRISON - DAY

Police cruisers everywhere. A media circus. REPORTERS jostle for position. A colorless DISTRICT ATTORNEY steps forward into CLOSEUP, flanked by a contingent of STATE TROOPERS.

(CONTINUED)

D.A.  
Byron Hadley?

ANGLE SHIFTS to reveal Captain Hadley. Staring. Waiting.

D.A.  
You have the right to remain  
silent. If you give up that  
right, anything you say will be  
used against you in court...

TROOPERS move in, cuffing Hadley's hands behind his back. The D.A. drones on. FLASHBULBS POP. Hadley says nothing. His face scrunches up. He begins to cry.

RED (V.O.)  
I wasn't there to see it, but I'm  
told Byron Hadley was sobbing like  
a little girl when they took him  
away.

Hadley sobs all the way to the car. The D.A. snaps a gaze up toward Norton's window, motions his men to follow.

INT - NORTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Norton is staring out the window as they approach the building. He goes to his desk, opens a drawer. Inside lies a revolver and a box of shells.

RED (V.O.)  
Norton had no intention of going  
that quietly.

INT - PRISON CORRIDORS - DAY

The D.A. marches along amidst a phalanx of TROOPERS.

INT - NORTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Norton sits blankly at his desk, revolver before him. The doorknob rattles, a VOICE is heard:

D.A. (O.S.)  
Samuel Norton? We have a warrant  
for your arrest! Open up!

The POUNDING starts. Norton dumps the box of bullets on the desk. Starts sorting through them to see which ones he likes.

OUTSIDE HIS OFFICE

Troopers hustle the hapless duty guard to Norton's door as he fumbles nervously with a huge key ring.

(CONTINUED)

## DUTY GUARD

I'm not sure which one it is...

He starts trying keys in the lock. And as the keys go sliding in one after another...

INT - NORTON'S OFFICE - DAY

...so do the bullets. Norton is riveted to the door. For every key, he loads another bullet. Methodical and grim.

He gets the final bullet in just as the right key slams home. The door bursts open. Men muscle in. Somebody SHOUTS. Troopers dive in all directions as Norton raises the gun --

-- and jams it under his chin. His head snaps back as the top of his skull EXPLODES. The wall is instantly painted red. His swivel chair does a slow half-turn and creaks to a final stop. Troopers rise slowly, gazing in horror.

RED (V.O.)

I like to think the last thing that went through his head...other than that bullet...was to wonder how the hell Andy Dufresne ever got the best of him.

PUSH SLOWLY to the wall to reveal Mrs. Norton's framed sampler trickling blood and brains...and we get our final Bible lesson for today: "HIS JUDGMENT COMETH AND THAT RIGHT SOON."

EXT - PRISON YARD - DAY

Mail call. Red hears his name. They pass him a postcard.

RED (V.O.)

A month after Andy escaped, I got a postcard in the mail. It was blank. No message. But the postmark said, "McNary, Texas."

INT - LIBRARY - DAY

Red sits with an atlas, tracing his finger down the page.

RED (V.O.)

McNary. Right on the border. That's where he crossed.

(shuts the book)

When I picture him heading south in his own car with the top down, it makes me laugh all over again...

(CONTINUED)

EXT - TEXAS HIGHWAY - DAY

A red convertible rips along with Andy at the wheel, cigar jutting from his grin, warm wind fluttering his tie.

RED (V.O.)  
 Andy Dufresne, who crawled through a river of shit and came out clean on the other side. Andy Dufresne, headed for the Pacific.

INT - MESS HALL - DAY

Heywood is regaling the table with some anecdote about Andy.

RED (V.O.)  
 Those of us who knew him best talk about him often. I swear, the stuff he pulled. It always makes us laugh.

A wild burst of laughter. PUSH IN on Red. He's laughing too, but there's a melancholy edge.

RED (V.O.)  
 Sometimes it makes me sad, though, Andy being gone. I have to remind myself that some birds aren't meant to be caged, that's all. Their feathers are just too bright...

EXT - FIELDS - LATE DAY

Convicts hoe the fields. Guards patrol on horseback.

RED (V.O.)  
 ...and when they fly away, the part of you that knows it was a sin to lock them up does rejoice...but still, the place you live is that much more drab and empty that they're gone.

A DISTANT RUMBLE OF THUNDER. Red pauses, gazes off. Storm clouds coming in, backlit by the sun.

RED (V.O.)  
 I guess I just miss my friend.

A light drizzle begins. Red removes his cap, turns his face to the sky, tries to catch the drops on his tongue.

INT - PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Red is sleeping. He wakes with a start.

(CONTINUED)

RED (V.O.)

But there are times I curse him for  
the dreams he left behind...

He senses a presence, looks over his shoulder. There's a Rita Hayworth poster on his wall. He gets out of bed. Rita just keeps smiling, inscrutable.

As Red watches, a brilliant round glow builds behind the poster, shining from the tunnel. The poster rips free, charred to ash in the blink of an eye as a shaft of holy white light stabs into the cell.

Sunlight. Red staggers back, blinking against the glare.

A whirlwind kicks up, whipping everything into the air. The hole in the wall is like a giant vacuum cleaner -- papers, book, toiletries, bedding -- if it ain't nailed down, it gets sucked down the hole toward the light. Even Red. He fights it, but the suction drags him closer and closer...

RED'S POV

...and CAMERA rockets into the hole, getting sucked down an endless tunnel at impossible speed, the ROAR of air mixing with his drawn-out SCREAM, closer and closer to the light...

...and erupting out the other side into total silence and a beautiful white beach. The Pacific Ocean before us. Enormous. Mind-blowing. Beautiful beyond description. All we hear now are the gentle sound of waves.

RED (V.O.)

...dreams where I am lost in a warm  
place with no memory.

A lone figure stands at water's edge. CAMERA KEEPS MOVING, coming up behind him and TRACKING AROUND to reveal -- Red.

RED (V.O.)

An ocean so big it strikes me dumb.  
Waves so quiet they strike me deaf.  
Sunshine so bright it strikes me  
blind. It is a place that is blue  
beyond reason. Bluer than can  
possibly exist. Bluer than my mind  
can possibly grasp.

AERIAL SHOT

Nothing for a million miles but beach, sky, and water. Red is a tiny speck at water's edge. Just another grain of sand.

RED (V.O.)

I am terrified. There is no way home.

(CONTINUED)



INT - RED'S CELL - NIGHT

Red wakes from the nightmare. He gets out of bed. Moves to the barred window of his cell. Peers up at the stars.

RED (V.O.)

Andy. I know you're in that place.  
Look at the stars for me just after  
sunset. Touch the sand...wade in  
the water...and feel free.

FADE TO BLACK

AN IRON-BARRED DOOR

slides open with an enormous CLANG. A stark room beyond. CAMERA PUSHES through. SIX MEN AND ONE WOMAN sit at a long table. An empty chair faces them. We are again in:

INT - SHAWSHANK HEARINGS ROOM - DAY

Red enters, twenty years older than when we first saw him. He removes his cap and sits.

MAN #1

Your file says you've served thirty  
years of a life sentence.

MAN #2

You feel you've been rehabilitated?

Red doesn't answer. Just stares off. Seconds tick by. The parole board exchanges glances. Somebody clears his throat.

MAN #3

Would you like us to repeat the  
question?

RED

I heard you. Rehabilitated. Let's  
see now. You know, come to think of  
it, I have no idea what that means.

MAN #3

Well, it means you're ready to  
rejoin society as a--

RED

I know what you think it means. Me,  
I think it's a made-up word, a  
politician's word. A word so young  
fellas like you can wear a suit and  
tie and have a job. What do you  
really want to know? Am I sorry for  
what I did?

(CONTINUED)

MAN #4

Well...are you?

RED

Hell, son, I didn't need prison for that! Not a day goes by I don't feel regret, and not because I'm in here or because you think I should. I look back on myself the way I was...stupid kid who did that terrible crime...wish I could talk sense to him. Tell him how things are. But I can't. That kid's long gone, this old man is all that's left, and I have to live with that.

(beat)

"Rehabilitated?" That's a bullshit word, so you just go on ahead and stamp that form there, sonny, and stop wasting my damn time! I don't give a shit!

The parole board just stares. Red sits drumming his fingers.

CLOSEUP - PAROLE FORM

A big rubber stamp SLAMS down -- and lifts away to reveal the word "APPROVED" in red ink.

EXT - SHAWSHANK PRISON - DAY

TWO SHORT SIREN BLASTS herald the opening of the main gate. It swings hugely open, revealing Red standing in his cheap suit, carrying a cheap bag, wearing a cheap hat.

He walks out, still looking stunned. He turns back. Heywood and a few other long-timers are at the inner fence, seeing him off. The massive gate closes, wiping them from view.

INT - BUS - DAY

Red rides the bus, clutching the seat before him, gripped by terror of speed and motion.

EXT - BREWSTER HOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

Red walks up the street carrying his bag. He arrives at the Brewster, three stories high and even less to look at than it used to be.

A group of OLD MEN, mostly black, have staked their territory on the lawn, chairs lining the walkway. Some are picking at guitars. Mostly they're chatting, enjoying the late sun and one another's company. A social club/lawnchair blues society.

(CONTINUED)

It's also a gauntlet Red must cross. The men fall silent as he comes up the walk. He nods hello and they nod back, but nothing is said. He passes through them, feeling their stares. Suspicion? Hostility? Maybe they're just curious. In any event, it's nobody's idea of a warm reception.

INT - BREWSTER - LATE DAY

A BLACK WOMAN leads Red up the stairs toward the top floor.

INT - RED'S ROOM - LATE DAY

Small, old, dingy. An arched window with a view of Congress Street. Traffic noise floats up.

Red enters and pauses, staring up at the ceiling beam. Carved into the wood are the words: "Brooks Hatlen was here."

INT - FOODWAY MARKET - DAY

Loud. Jangling with PEOPLE and NOISE. We find Red bagging groceries. Registers are humming, kids are shrieking. Red calls to the STORE MANAGER:

RED

Sir? Restroom break sir?

MANAGER

(motions him over)

You don't need to ask me every time you go take a piss. Just go. Understand?

INT - EMPLOYEE RESTROOM - DAY

Red steps to the urinal and pees, staring at his reflection in the wall mirror.

RED (V.O.)

Thirty years I've been asking permission to piss. I can't squeeze a drop without say-so.

EXT - BREWSTER HOTEL - DUSK

Red arrives home, comes up the walk. The lawnchair blues society falls silent as he passes them. Nothing is said.

INT - RED'S ROOM - DUSK

Red sits with his feet in a basin of warm water, painfully massaging his hands. Through the open window, he can hear the lawnchair blues society laughing, picking at guitars.

(CONTINUED)

INT - RED'S ROOM - NIGHT

Red is smoking in bed, staring at the darkness. Somewhere in the night, a SIREN IS WAILING.

From the SIREN WAIL is born a strange east Indian guitar-whine. The Beatles. George Harrison's "Within You Without You..."

EXT - STREET - DAY

...which carries through as Red walks. People and traffic blur around him. He keeps looking at the women. An alien species.

RED (V.O.)

Women, too, that's the other thing. I forgot they were half the human race. There's women everywhere, every shape and size. I find myself semi-hard most of the time, cursing myself for a dirty old man.

As he approaches the park, TWO YOUNG WOMEN stroll by in cut-offs and t-shirts.

RED (V.O.)

Not a brassiere to be seen, nipples poking out at the world. Jeezus, pleeze-us. Back in my day, a woman out in public like that would have been arrested and given a sanity hearing.

Red finds a lot of HIPPIES in the park. Hanging out. Happening. Here's the source of the music: a radio. A HIPPIE GIRL gyrates to the Beatles, stoned, in her own world.

RED (V.O.)

They're calling this the Summer of Love. Summer of Loonies, you ask me.

INT - PAROLE OFFICE - DAY

Red sits across from his PAROLE OFFICER. The P.O. is filling out his report.

P.O.

You staying out the bars, Red?

RED

Yes sir, I am.

P.O.

How you doing otherwise? Adjusting okay?

(CONTINUED)

RED  
 Things got different out here.  
 Can't help notice.

P.O.  
 Tell me about it. Young punks  
 protesting the war. You imagine?  
 Even my own kid. Oughtta bust his  
 fuckin' skull.

RED  
 Guess the world went and changed.

P.O.  
 Slid straight to Hell on a greased  
 ramp, more like it. Say, you hear  
 the one about the two Polish  
 sisters?

INT - FOODWAY - DAY

Bagging groceries. CHILDREN underfoot. One points a toy gun at Red, pumping the trigger. Red focuses on the gun, listening to it CLICKETY-CLACK. Sparky wheel grinding.

The kids get swept off by MOM. Red starts bagging the next customer. SLOW PUSH IN on Red. Surrounded by MOTION and NOISE. Feeling like the eye of a hurricane. People everywhere, whipping around him like a gale.

Strange. Loud. Dizzying. It gets distorted and weird, slow and thick, pressing in on him from all sides. The noise level intensifies. The hollering of children deepens and distends into LOW EERIE HOWLS.

He's in the grip of a major anxiety attack. Tries to shake himself out of it. Can't. Fumbles the final items into the bag. Walks away. Trying not to panic. Trying not to run.

He makes his way through the store. Blinking sweat. He bumps into a lady's cart, mumbles an apology, keeps going.

Breaks into a trot. Down the aisle, cut to the left, through the door into the back rooms, faster and faster, running now, slamming through a door marked "Employees Only" into --

INT - EMPLOYEE RESTROOM - DAY

-- where he slams the door and leans heavily against it, shutting everything out, breathing heavily. Alone now.

He goes to the sink, splashes his face, tries to calm down. He can still hear them out there. They won't go away. He glances around the restroom. Small. Not small enough.

(CONTINUED)

He enters a stall. Locks the door. Puts the toilet lid down and sits on the john. Better. He can actually reach out and touch the walls now. They're close. Safe. Almost small enough. He draws his feet up so he can't be seen if somebody walks in.

He'll just sit here for a while. Until he calms down.

EXT - STREET - DUSK

Red is walking home.

RED (V.O.)

There is a harsh truth to face.  
No way I'm gonna make it on the  
outside.

He pauses at a pawnshop window. An array of handguns.

RED (V.O.)

All I do anymore is think of ways  
to break my parole.

The SHOPKEEPER appears at the glass, locking the door and flipping the sign: CLOSED.

INT - RED'S ROOM - NIGHT

Red lies awake. Unable to sleep.

RED (V.O.)

Terrible thing, to live in fear.  
Brooks Hatlen knew it. Knew it all  
too well.

INT - RED'S ROOM - NIGHT

Red sits alone in the dark, smoking. Traffic noise outside.

RED (V.O.)

All I want is to be back where  
things make sense. Where I won't  
have to be afraid all the time.

He glances up at the ceiling beam. "Brooks Hatlen was here."

RED (V.O.)

Only one thing stops me. A promise  
I made to Andy.

EXT - COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

A pickup truck rattles to a stop at the side of the road. Red hops off the back, waves his thanks. The truck drives off. Red starts walking. PAN TO a roadside sign: BUXTON.

(CONTINUED)

EXT - MAINE COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A brilliant late summer day. High white clouds in a blazing blue sky. The trees fiery with autumn color.

Red walks the fields and back-roads, cheap compass in hand. Looking for a certain hayfield. Intent on keeping a promise.

He passes a white clapboard house. Not a soul in sight, except for an old dog snoozing on the porch. He lifts his head off his paws, checking Red out, then rises and totters down the driveway to tag along.

The journey continues. Red and the dog. Two old farts keeping each other company on their walk.

EXT - MAINE HAYFIELD - DAY

Red puzzles over the compass, trying to get his bearings. Not a rock wall to be seen.

Threshers in the far distance. A gentle CLACK-CLACK-CLACK of spinning blades.

Red turns, sees a deer standing stock-still, staring at him, tail twitching. The deer bounds away.

EXT - ANOTHER HAYFIELD - DAY

Red is barefoot, eating a brown-bag lunch. Offers half his sandwich to the dog. Puts on his shoes, laces them back up.

EXT - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Walking. Searching. The day turning late. A few hours of light left.

Red finds himself staring at a distant field. There's a long rock wall, like something out of a Robert Frost poem. Big oak tree. Red checks his compass. North end.

He crosses a dirt road, heads into the field.

EXT - HAYFIELD - DAY

Red walks the long rock wall, nearing the tree. A squirrel scolds him from a low branch, scurries up higher.

Red studies the base of the wall. Nothing unusual here. Just a bunch of rocks set in stone.

He sighs. Fool's errand. Turns to go. Something catches his eye. He walks back, squats, peering closer. Wets a fingertip and rubs a stone. A layer of dust comes off. Volcanic glass. Gleaming black.

(CONTINUED)

He tries to get the rock out, anticipation growing. It won't come; it's too smooth. He pulls a pocketknife and levers the rock free. It tumbles at his feet, leaving a ragged hole.

Red leans down and solves the mystery at last, staring at the object buried under the rock. Stunned.

It's an envelope wrapped in plastic. Written on it in Andy's neat handwriting is a single word: "Red."

Red pulls the envelope out and rises. He just stares at it for a while, almost afraid to open it. But open it he does. Inside is a smaller envelope and a letter. Red begins to read:

ANDY (V.O.)

Dear Red. If you're reading this, you've gotten out. And if you've come this far, maybe you're willing to come a little further. You remember the name of the town, don't you? I could use a good man to help me get my project on wheels. Have a drink on me and think it over. I'll keep an eye out for you and the chessboard ready.

(beat)

Remember, Red. Hope is a good thing, maybe the best of things, and no good thing ever dies. I will be hoping that this letter finds you, and finds you well. Your friend. Andy.

By now, tears are spilling silently down Red's cheeks. He opens the other envelope and fans out a stack of new fifty-dollar bills. Twenty of them. A thousand dollars.

Now the tears really starts to flow. Red sits down in the middle of that vast Maine hayfield, puts his head in his arms, and sobs his heart out.

EXT - STREET/BREWSTER HOTEL - DUSK

Red comes up the sidewalk. The lawnchair blues society is parked where it always is. Chatting and strumming guitars.

The old men fall silent at Red's approach. He walks past them, drawing their stares. He stops. Turns back. The old men wait.

RED

Mind if I sit in?

DELBERT, an old black fellow with a guitar on his knees, blinks up at him.

(CONTINUED)



DELBERT  
What is it you play?

Red pulls a small box from his back pocket. Opens it. Inside lies the harmonica, shiny aluminum and circus-red. The old men exchange glances. Forming a consensus.

Delbert nods, slides over to make room for Red. Red settles in. Delbert starts strumming. Red puts the harmonica to his mouth and tries a few tentative notes. Not great.

RED  
Been a while. Little rusty.

DELBERT  
S'okay. You'll pick it up. Not something you forget.

OLD MAN #2  
This ain't Carn-eegie Hall, son!  
Blow that thing!

This brings a round of laughter. Red tries again. Still ain't great, but it could develop into something. Other old men start joining in, guitars strumming. The pace picks up. A banjo kicks in. Not bad. Not bad at all.

DELBERT  
(singing)  
Every time I go to town, the boys  
start kickin' my dog aroun'! Makes  
no diff'rence if he is a hound,  
better stop kickin' my dog aroun'!  
Come on, Bluuueee...awooooooo!

The whole group tilts back as one, HOWLING along. The howl falls apart into laughter.

The old men play on into the last moments of daylight, laughing and hooting, clapping their hands and slapping the ground with their feet. Having a grand old time...

...as NEW MUSIC FADES UP over the old, taking over, a driving pulse on the soundtrack. "Storms in Africa," by Enya. Dynamic. Driven. And drive us it will, from this point on through the rest of the movie...

INT - BREWSTER HOTEL - NIGHT

...as WE STEADICAM up the stairs, drifting from landing to landing, ever upward, past banisters, hallway furniture, pictures on the walls...

...and finally arriving on the top floor and drifting into Red's room. We find him sitting with his back to us, staring

(CONTINUED)

out the open window. Camera drifts into his CLOSEUP. Pensive. Listening to the traffic on Congress Street. Having a smoke.

RED  
Get busy living or get busy dying.  
That is goddamn right.

INT - RED'S ROOM - MORNING

Red is packing his worldly possessions into the carry bag.

INT - RED'S ROOM - DAY

Red is dressed in his suit. He finishes knotting his tie, puts his hat on. His bag is by the door.

He takes one last look around. Only one thing left to do. He pulls a wooden chair to the center of the room and steps up onto it. It wobbles queasily under his weight.

INT - BREWSTER - RED'S DOOR - DAY

The door opens. Red exits with his bag and heads down the stairs, leaving the door open. CAMERA PUSHES through, BOOMING UP to the ceiling beam which reads: "Brooks Hatlen was here."

A new message has been carved alongside the old: "So was Red."

INT - BAR - DAY

TRACKING SHOT through the bar.

RED (V.O.)  
For the second time in my life, I  
am guilty of committing a crime.

We find Red at the bar, bag by his feet. The BARTENDER is pouring a shot.

RED (V.O.)  
Parole violation. I doubt they'll  
toss up any roadblocks for that.  
Not for an old crook like me.  
(hoists the glass)  
Like Andy said, I'm gonna have me a  
drink and think it over.

He knocks it back. Turns and looks out the window.

RED (V.O.)  
And when I'm done, I'm gonna walk  
myself across the street to that  
Greyhound Bus depot, step up to the  
counter and say...

(CONTINUED)

INT - GREYHOUND BUS COUNTER - DAY

RED  
(steps up)  
McNary, Texas?

EXT - TRAVELING SHOT - DAY

A gorgeous New England landscape whizzes by, fields and trees a blur of motion. ANGLE SHIFTS to reveal a Greyhound Scenic-Cruiser barreling up the road, pulling abreast of us.

RED (V.O.)  
I find I am so excited I can barely sit still or hold a thought in my head. I think it is the excitement only a free man can feel, a free man at the start of a long journey whose conclusion is uncertain...

CAMERA TRAVELS from one window to the next, passing face after face, finally come to the last window. Red gazes out at the passing landscape.

RED (V.O.)  
I hope I can make it across the border. I hope to see my friend and shake his hand. I hope the Pacific is as blue as it has been in my dreams.

(beat)  
I hope.

THE BUS

ROARS past camera, dwindling down the road and becoming a mere speck on the horizon. Storm clouds coming in. Muffled flashes within the clouds. Lightning starts dancing on the edge of the world as we

ROLL END CREDITS

THE END