

THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION

By

Frank Darabont

Based on the short story
"Rita Hayworth and The Shawshank Redemption"
By Stephen King

INT. CABIN - NIGHT (1946)

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 (1946)

...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 (1946)

ANDY DUFRESNE, mid-20's, wire rim glasses, three-piece suit. Under normal circumstances 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... He opens the glove compartment, 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.

EXT -- PLYMOUTH -- NIGHT (1946)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.) (CONT'D)

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:
18T TITLE UP

INT -- COURTROOM -- DAY (1946)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?)

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, you went up to the house and murdered them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

I'm sorry, Mr. Dufresne, I don't think the jury heard that.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Yes. It does.

D.A.

Does what?

ANDY

Strike me as a fantastic coincidence.

D.A.

On that, sir, we are in accord...

FADE TO BLACK!
4TH TITLE UP

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

D.A. (CONT'D)

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 recall Lt. Mincher's testimony? He and his men dragged that river for three days and nary a gun was found. 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:
STH TITLE UP

INT. COURTROOM - DAY (1946)

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?

He gestures to Andy sitting quietly with his ATTORNEY.

D.A. (CONT'D)

I suspect Mr. Dufresne's answer to that would be yes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

D.A. (CONT'D)

I further suspect he carried out that sentence on the night of September 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...

He picks up a revolver, spins the cylinder before their eyes like a carnival barker spinning a wheel of fortune.

D.A. (CONT'D)

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 (1946)

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 (1946)

Andy stands before the dias. THE JUDGE peers down, framed by a carved frieze of blind Lady Justice on the wall.

JUDGE

You strike me as a particularly icy and remorseless man, Mr. Dufresne.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE (CONT'D)

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

CRASH TO BLACK: LAST TITLE UP.

AN IRON-BARRED DOOR 9 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 (1947)

RED enters, removes his cap and waits by the chair.

MAN #1

Sit.

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

MAN #2

We see by your file you've served twenty 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 (1947)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

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 swings open...revealing a gray prison bus outside.

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So when Andy Dufresne came to me in 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 (1947)

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.) (CONT'D)

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.

TOWER GUARD

All clear!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARDS approach the bus with carbines. The door jerks open. The new fish disembark, chained together single-file, blinking sourly at their surroundings. Andy 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.

HADLEY

On your feet before I fuck you up
so bad you never walk again.

ON THE BLEACHERS

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...

FLOYD

Takin' bets today, Red?

RED

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

FLOYD

Smokes. Put me down for two.

RED

High roller. Who's your horse?

FLOYD

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

HEYWOOD

Bullshit. I'll take that action.

ERNIE

Me too.

Other hands go up. Red jots the names.

HEYWOOD

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLOYD

You're so smart, you call it.

HEYWOOD

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

RED

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

More hands go up. Andy and the others 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.) (CONT'D)

I must admit I didn't think much of Andy first time I 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.

SKEET

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 (1947)

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.

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?

Cued by Norton's glance, 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HADLEY (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
Delouse that piece of shit! Next man in!

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 trustee's cage. The TRUSTEE 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 (1947)

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. Andy is next up. He gets the same treatment.

INT -- PRISON CHAPEL -- NIGHT (1947)

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 (1947)

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.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 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...

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

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...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.) (CONT'D)
 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 given a cell at the end of the tier.

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 It's as good a thing to bet on as
 any, I guess. I had my money on
 Andy Dufresne...

INT -- ANDY'S CELL -- NIGHT (1947)

The bars slam home. Andy is alone in his cell, clutching his
 clothes. He gazes around at his new surroundings, taking it
 in. He slowly begins to dress himself...

EXT -- SHAWSHANK PRISON -- NIGHT (1947)

A malignant stone growth on the Maine landscape. The moon
 hangs low and baleful in a dead sky. The headlight of a
 PASSING TRAIN cuts through the night.

INT -- RED'S CELL -- NIGHT (1947)

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 (1947)

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.

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
whoole 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 (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 (1947)

thru thru 25 ...while the new cons go quietly crazy in their cells. One man paces like a caged animal...another sits gnawing his cuticles bloody...a third is weeping silently...a fourth is dry-heaving into the toilet...

INT -- RED'S CELL -- NIGHT (1947)

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

HEYWOOD (O.S.)

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

INT -- FAT-ASS' CELL -- NIGHT (1947)

Fat-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... And that's it.

Fat-Ass lets out a LOUD WAIL of despair:

FAT-ASS

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

INT -- HEYWOOD'S CELL -- NIGHT (1947)

HEYWOOD

AND IT'S FAT-ASS BY A NOSE.'

INT -- CELLBLOCK -- NIGHT (1947)

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

VOICES

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

FAT-ASS

I WANNA GO HOME! I WANT MY MOTHER.'

VOICE (O.S.)

I had your mother! She wasn't that great!

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

(to the unseen wit)
You'll be tellin' him with my baton
up your ass!

Hadley arrives at Fat-Ass' cell, bellowing through the bars:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HADLEY (CONT'D)

What's your malfunction you fat fuckin' barrel of monkey-spunk?

FAT-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!

Fat-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 Fat-Ass out and starts beating him with the baton, brutally raining blows. Fat-Ass falls, tries to crawl. The place goes dead silent. All we hear now is the dull THWACK-THWACK-THWACK of the baton. Fat-ass passes out. Hadley gets in a few more licks and finally stops.

HADLEY (CONT'D)

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 Fat-Ass onto a stretcher and carry him off. FOOTSTEPS echo away. Lights off. Darkness again. Silence.

INT -- RED'S CELL -- NIGHT (1947)

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

INT -- CELLBLOCK FIVE -- MORNING (1947)

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 (1947)

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 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 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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEYWOOD (CONT'D)

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.

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

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

TYRELL

Dead.

(the men fall silent)

Hadley busted his head pretty good.
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 (1947)

A DEAFENING NOISE of industrial washers and presses. Andy works the laundry line. A nightmarish job. He's new at it. BOB, the con foreman, elbows him aside and shows him how it's done.

INT -- SHOWERS -- DAY (1947)

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 (CONT'D)

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 (1947)

Andy lies staring at the darkness, unable to sleep.

EXT -- EXERCISE YARD -- DAY (1947)

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)

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.

RED

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 Heywood's hands. Heywood drops the ball and grimaces, wringing his stung hands.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDY

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

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

Fair enough. A rock-hammer is about eight or nine inches 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 (CONT'D)

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. Bogs is watching them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RED (CONT'D)

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

ANDY

Tell me something. 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 doubt a rock-hammer will do me any good.

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.

RED

What's this item usually go for?

ANDY

Seven dollars in any rock and gem shop.

RED

My standard mark-up's twenty percent, but we're talkin' about a special object. Risk goes up, price goes up. Call it ten bucks even.

ANDY

Ten it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RED
I'll see what I can do.
(rises, slapping dust)
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 a
gadget like that. They'll find it,
and you'll lose it. 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...?

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.
(resumes playing catch)
Yes, I think it would be fair to
say I liked Andy from the start.

INT -- MESS HALL -- DAY (1947)

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 (1947)

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 (1947)

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 (1947)

Bags are being unloaded. 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 (1947)

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.

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 (1947)

Red slips the package out of his sheets, carefully checks to make sure nobody's coming, then rips it open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 (1947)

Brooks Hatlen pushes a cart of books from cell to cell. The rolling library. He finds Red waiting for him. Red slips the rock-hammer, wrapped in a towel, through the bars and onto 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. The hand comes back and deposits a small slip of folded paper along with more cigarettes. Brooks turns his cart around and goes back. 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 (1947)

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

INT -- PRISON LAUNDRY -- DAY (1947)

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

BOB

DUFRESNE! WE'RE 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 (1947)

-- 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 gaint sugglies. That's all it takes. They're on him in an instant, kicking and stomping. Andy gets yanked to his feet. Bogs applies a chokehold from behind. They propel him across the room and slam him against an old four-pocket machine, bending him over it. 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 his arms firmly pinned. Bogs whispers in Andy's ear:

BOGS (CONT'D)

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...

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.) (CONT'D)

He never said who did it...but we all knew.

PRISON MONTAGE: (1947 THROUGH 1949)

Andy plods through his days. Working. Eating. Chipping and 47 shaping his rocks after lights-out...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Andy walks the yard, face swollen and bruised.

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

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

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

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

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He always fought, that's what I remember. He fought because he knew if he didn't fight, 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.

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

INT -- SOLITARY CONFINEMENT ("THE HOLE") -- NIGHT (1949)

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 (1949)

Andy is working the line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 (1949)

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 -- DAY (1949)

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

RED (V.O.)

More than a hundred men volunteered for the job.

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

EXT -- PRISON YARD -- DAY (1949)

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

RED (V.O.)

Wouldn't you know it? Me and some fellas I know were among the names called.

INT -- PRISON CORRIDOR -- NIGHT (1949)

Red slips Youngblood six packs of cigarettes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED (V.O.)

Only cost us a pack of smokes per man. I made my usual twenty percent, of course.

EXT -- LICENSE PLATE FACTORY -- DAY (1949)

A tar-cooker bubbles and smokes. TWO CONS dip up a bucket of tar and tie a rope to the handle. The rope goes taught. CAMERA FOLLOWS the bucket of 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. ANGLZ OVER to Byron Hadley bitching sourly to his fellow guards:

HADLEY

...so this shithead lawyer calls 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. 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?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HADLEY (CONT'D)

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.

The prisoners keep spreading tar, eyes on their work.

HEYWOOD

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

RED

Crying shame. Some folks got it
awful bad.

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

RED (CONT'D)

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

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

RED (CONT'D)

Andy! Come back! Shit!

SNOOZE

What's he doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLOYD
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? Try to hamstring you?

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

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-chaaing, 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TROUT

(guffawing)

Co-workers! Get him! That's rich, ain't it? Co-workers... Hadley freezes him with a look. Andy presses on:

ANDY

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 (1949)

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...

EXT -- ROOF -- SHORTLY LATER (1949)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

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. He glances over to Andy squatting apart from the others.

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

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.

RED (V.O.)

You could argue he'd done it to curry favor with the guards. Or maybe make a few friends among us cons. Me, I think he did it just to feel normal again...if only for a short while.

EXT -- PRISON YARD -- THE BLEACHERS -- DAY (1949)

Andy and Red play checkers. Red makes his move.

RED

King me.

ANDY

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

RED

...and totally fuckin' inexplicable. Hate that game.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDY

We might do business on a board.
But the pieces, I'd like to carve
those myself. One side done in
quartz... the opposing side in
limestone.

RED

That'd take you 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)

Not yet. I suppose I should.

RED

Andy? I guess we're gettin' to be
friends, ain't we?

ANDY

I suppose we are.

RED

I ask a question? 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 (CONT'D)

What are you in for, Red?

RED

Murder. Same as you.

ANDY

Innocent?

RED

The only guilty man in Shawshank.

INT -- ANDY'S CELL -- NIGHT (1949)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pauses, glancing at all the names scratched in the wall. He rises, makes sure the coast is clear, and starts scratching his name into the cement with his rock-hammer, adding to the record.

RAY MILLAND 63

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

INT -- PRISON AUDITORIUM -- NIGHT (1949)

...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

Here's the good part. Bugs come 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 (CONT'D)

Can we talk business?

RED

Sure. What do you want?

ANDY

Rita Hayworth. Can you get her?

RED

No problem. Take a few weeks.

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 (1949)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Instant bear hug. The Sisters are on him like a flash. They kick a door open and drag him into --

THE PROJECTION BOOTH 66

-- 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 darts past and out the door. Pete slams and locks it. Bogs shoves Andy to the center of the room.

BOGS (CONT'D)
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 1.000 foot reel of 35mm film. Rooster licks his lips, pushes past the others.

ROOSTER
Me first.

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 soon overpowered and forced to his knees. Bogs steps to Andy, pulls out an awl with a vicious eight-inch spike, gives him a good long look at it.

BOGS
Now I'm gonna open my fly, and
you're gonna swallow what I give
you to swallow. And when you d
mine, you gonna swallow Rooster's.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOGS (CONT'D)

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 don't understand. 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...

INT -- INFIRMARY -- DAY (1949)

Andy lies wrapped in bandages.

RED (V.O.)

Andy spent a month in traction.

INT -- SOLITARY CONFINEMENT -- DAY (1949)

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 -- CELLBLOCK FIVE -- 3RD TIER -- DUSK (1949)

Bogs comes up the stairs, smoking a cigarette. 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 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 gassing mop cart in an enormous eruption of solvents and cleansers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 (1949)

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

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 (CONT'D)

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 (1949)

A HUNDRED CONS at work. Hoes rise and fall in long waves. GUARDS patrol on horseback.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Heywood turns up a rocky chunk, quickly shoves it down his pants. He maneuvers to Red and the others, 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.) (CONT'D)

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

INT -- PRISON LAUNDRY -- BACK ROOM -- DAY (1949)

A huge detergent box is 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, giving them their commissions.

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

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 (1949)

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 (1949)

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 (1949)

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.

INT -- CELLBLOCK FIVE -- NIGHT (1949)

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.

Word travels fast from cell to cell. Cons scramble to tidy up and hide things. Norton enters, nods to his men. The guards pair off 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORTON

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

CON

Too goddamn dark to read down there.

NORTON

Add another week for blasphemy. The man is taken away. Norton's gaze goes up.

NORTON (CONT'D)

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 rises.

ANDY

Good evening.

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORTON

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

HADLEY

You wanna explain this?

Andy glances over. Hadley is holding up a rock blanket, a
polishing cloth roughly the size of an oven mitt.

ANDY

It's called a rock blanket. It's
for shaping and polishing rocks.
Little hobby of mine.

Hadley glances at the rocks lining the window sill, turns to
Norton.

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 (CONT'D)

I almost forgot.

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

NORTON (CONT'D)

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.

INT -- PRISON LAUNDRY -- DAY (1949)

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 (1949)

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, sir. Not especially.

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

INT -- MAIN BUILDING -- STORAGE ROOMS -- DAY (1949)

A series of bleak rooms stacked high with unused filing cabinets, desks, paint supplies, etc. Andy enters. He hears a FLUTTER OF WINGS. An adult crow lands on 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.

INT -- SHAWSHANK PRISON LIBRARY -- DAY (1949)

Brooks leads Andy into the bleakest back room of all. Rough plank shelves are lined with books. Brooks' private domain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 Gardner's. Every night I pile the cart and make my rounds. I write down the names on this clipboard here. 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?

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

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 91 another GUARD, a huge fellow named DEKINS.

HADLEY (CONT'D)

That's him. That's the one.

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 covers his surprise. Glances at Brooks. Brooks smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDY

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

BROOKS

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 that.

(wets his pen)

So tell me, Mr. Dekins. Where do you want to send your kids? Harvard? Yale?

INT -- MESS HALL -- DAY (1949)

FLOYD

He didn't say that!

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.

HEYWOOD

My ass!

BROOKS

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED

Makin' 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, didn't it?

ANDY

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

HEYWOOD

How you 'spect to do that, "Mr. Dufresne-if-you-please?"

ANDY

Ask the warden for funds.

LAUGHTER all around. Andy blinks at them.

BROOKS

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

INT -- MAIN BUILDING HALLWAY -- DAY (1949)

DOLLYING Norton and Andy up the hall:

NORTON

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

ANDY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 (1949)

Andy is on his bunk, writing a letter.

RED (V.O.)

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

INT -- GUARD DESK/NORTON'S OUTER OFFICE -- DAY (1949)

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 (1950)

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 (1951)

Tax time again. Even more guards are waiting.

RED (V.O.)

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

EXT -- BASEBALL DIAMOND -- DAY (1952)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 (1952)

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 at
 tax time, he was allowed 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 (1953)

Andy enters and drops a letter on the outgoing stack.

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

INT -- ANDY'S CELL -- NIGHT (1953)

Dark. Andy's in his bunk, 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He puts the knight on a chess board by his bed, adding it to four pieces already there: a king, a queen, and two bishops. He turns to Rita. Moonlight casts bars across her face.

EXT -- EXERCISE YARD -- DAY (1954)

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 (1954)

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!

He kicks a table over. 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!

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:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 bursts into tears. The storm is over. 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

You've had worse from shaving. What'd you do to set him off?

HEYWOOD

Nothin'! Just came in to say fare-thee-well.

(off their looks)

Ain't you heard? His parole came through!

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:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 (1954) 104

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.

HEYWOOD

Institutionalized, my ass.

RED

Man's been here 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?

FLOYD

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

RED

Believe what you want. 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."

JIGGER

Shit. I could never get that way.

ERNIE

(softly)

Say that when you been inside as long as Brooks has.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED

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

EXT -- SHAWSHANK PRISON -- DAWN (1954)

The sun rises over gray stone.

INT -- ANDY'S CELL -- DAWN (1954)

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

INT -- LIBRARY -- DAWN (1954)

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 (1954)

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 (1954)

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

BROOKS (V.O.)

Dear Fellas. I can't believe how
fast things move on the outside.

EXT -- STREET -- PORTLAND, MAINE -- DAY (1954)

Brooks looks like a kid trying to cross the street without
his parents. People and traffic a blur.

BROOKS (V.O.)

I saw an automobile once when I was
young. Now they're everywhere.

EXT -- BREWSTER HOTEL -- DAY (1954)

Brooks comes trudging up the sidewalk. He glances up as a
prop-driven airliner streaks in low overhead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS (V.O.)

The world went and got itself in a
big damn hurry.

He arrives at the Brewster. It ain't much to look at.

INT -- BREWSTER HOTEL -- DAY (1954)

A WOMAN leads Brooks up the stairs toward the top floor. He has trouble climbing so many stairs.

WOMAN

No music in your room after eight
p.m. No guests after nine. No
cooking except on the hotplate...

BROOKS (V.O.)

People even talk faster. And
louder.

INT -- BROOKS' ROOM -- DAY (1954)

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 down. He doesn't quite know what to do. He just stands there, like a man waiting for a bus.

BROOKS (V.O.)

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

INT -- FOODWAY MARKET -- DAY (1954)

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

WOMAN

Make sure he double-bags. Last time
your man didn't double-bag and the
bottom near came out.

MANAGER

You double-bag like the lady says,
understand?

BROOKS

Yes sir, double-bag, surely will.

BROOKS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

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 -- PARK -- DAY (1954)

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 (1954)

Dark. Traffic outside. Brooks wakes up. Disoriented. Afraid. Somewhere in the night, a LOUD ARGUMENT is taking place.

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.

INT -- FOODWAY -- DAY (1954)

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.

INT -- BROOKS' ROOM -- DAY (1954)

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

BROOKS (V.O.)

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

INT -- BROOKS' ROOM -- SHORTLY LATER (1954)

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 (V.O.)

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

BROOKS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I doubt they'll kick up any fuss.
Not for an old crook like me.

TIGHT ON CHAIR 120

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.

EXT -- EXERCISE YARD -- SHAWSHANK -- DAY (1954)

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'a died in here, goddamn
it.

INT -- PRISON LIBRARY -- DAY (1954)

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 (1954)

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

RED (V.O.)
It never would have occurred to us,
if not for Andy. It was his idea.
We all agreed it was the right
thing to do...

EXT -- FIELDS -- DAY (1954)

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. A WHISTLE BLOWS.

GUARD

Water break! Five minutes!

The work stops. Cons head for the pickup truck, where water is dispensed with dipper and pail. Red and the boys look to Andy. Andy 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. 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.

ANDY

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 125

Youngblood glances up and sees the men on the slope.

YOUNGBLOOD

What the fuck.

HADLZY

(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, dozens of them heading toward the slope. The guards look around.

HADLEY

What am I, talkin' to myself?

ON THE SLOPE 126

Andy pulls a towel-wrapped bundle from his jacket and unfolds it. Jake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Andy lays him in the box, followed by Brook's letter. Red places the casket in the hole. A moment of silence. Andy gives Red with an encouraging nod.

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.

INT -- SHAWSHANK CORRIDORS -- DAY (1955)

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 (1955)

-- 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 (1955)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

ANDY (CONT'D)

"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."

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 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)
I believe you're crazy enough. 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 (1955)

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

INT -- GUARD STATION/OUTER OFFICE -- DAY (1955)

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. 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.

INT -- BATHROOM -- DAY (1955)

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

WILEY

Andy? You hear that?

INT -- GUARD STATION/OUTER OFFICE -- DAY (1955)

Andy shoots a look at the bathroom...and smiles. Go for broke. He lunges to his feet and barricades the front door, then the bathroom. He returns to the desk and positions the P.A. microphone. He works up his courage, then flicks all the toggles to "on." A SQUEAL OF FEEDBACK echoes briefly...

INT/EXT -- VARIOUS P.A. SPEAKERS -- DAY (1955)

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

INT -- BATHROOM -- DAY (1955)

Wiley lunges to his feet, pants tangling around his ankles.

INT/EXT -- SHAWSHANK PRISON -- VARIOUS LOCATIONS -- DAY (1955)

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... 137 The laundry line goes silent, grinding to a halt... 138 The wood shop machines are turned off, buzzing to a stop... 139 The motor pool...the kitchen...the loading dock...the exercise 140 thru yard...the numbing routine of prison life itself...all grinds thru to a stuttering halt. Nobody moves, nobody speaks. Everybody 143 just stands in place, listening to the MUSIC, hypnotized.

INT -- GUARD STATION -- DAY (1955)

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.

EXT -- EXERCISE YARD -- DAY (1955)

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.

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

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 (1955)

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 (1955)

Norton and Hadley break the door in. Andy looks up with a sublime smile. We hear Wiley POUNDING on the bathroom door:

WILEY (O.S.)

LET ME OUUUUT!

INT -- SOLITARY WING -- DAY (1955)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED (V.O.)

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

INT -- SOLITARY CONFINEMENT -- DAY (1955)

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.

INT -- MESS HALL -- DAY (1955)

HEYWOOD

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

ANDY

They broke the door down before I could take requests.

FLOYD

Was it worth 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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 (1957)

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

MAN #1

It says here you've served thirty
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 (1957)

Red emerges into fading daylight. Andy's waiting for him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED

Same old, same old. Thirty 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 a small box from his sweater, hands it to Red.

ANDY (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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. Softly:

RED

Not today.

INT -- CELLBLOCK FIVE/ANDY'S CELL -- NIGHT (1957)

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 (1957)

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 (1957)

...and we find Red gazing blankly as darkness takes the cellblock. Adding up the months, weeks, days... He regards the harmonica like a man confronted with a Martian artifact.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.) (CONT'D)

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

INT -- PRISON LIBRARY -- DAY (1960)

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 like clockwork.

INT -- PRISON LIBRARY -- DAY (1960)

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED

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

ANDY

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

HEYWOOD

The Count of Monte Crisco...

FLOYD

Cristo, you dumbshit.

HEYWOOD

...by Alexandree Dumb-ass.

ANDY

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

Floyd tries to take the book. Heywood yanks it back.

HEYWOOD

I saw it first.

Red shoots Andy a look.

RED

Maybe that should go under
educational too.

INT -- WOOD SHOP -- DAY (1961)

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

INT -- PRISON LIBRARY -- DAY (1963)

-- 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 (1963)

FLASHBULBS POP as Norton addresses MEMBERS OF THE PRESS:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

NORTON

...a genuine, progressive advance in corrections and rehabilitation. 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...

ANGLE TO Red and the boys listening from behind the fence.

NORTON (CONT'D)

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!

HEYWOOD

Sounds like road-gangin', you ask me.

RED

Nobody asked you.

EXT -- HIGHWAY CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY (1963)

A ROAD-GANG is grading a culvert with picks. 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEYWOOD

(sighs)
No, ma'am.

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 (CONT'D)

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

INT -- SOLITARY CONFINZMENT -- NIGHT (1963)

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 (1965)

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

RED (V.O.)

'Course, Norton failed to mention to the press 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORTON

Ned, we're providing a valuable community service.

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 contract. 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 (1965)

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.) (CONT'D)

...there was Andy, keeping the books.

Andy finishes preparing two bank deposits. Norton hovers near the desk, keeping a watchful eye.

ANDY

Two deposits, 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He cocks his thumb at some laundry and two suits in the corner.

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 (1965)

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

INT -- LIBRARY -- DAY (1965)

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)

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 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)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

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 (1965)

RED

Does it ever bother you?

ANDY

I don't run the scams, Red, 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

To keep you happy and doing 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 swings open, revealing a prison bus waiting outside.

INT -- PRISON BUS -- DUSK (1965)

Among those on board is TOMMY WILLIAMS, a damn good-looking kid in his mid-20's. The bus RUMBLES through the gate.

EXT -- PRISON YARD -- DUSK (1965)

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

INT -- CELLBLOCK EIGHT -- NIGHT (1965)

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

INT -- TOMMY'S CELL -- NIGHT (1965)

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 (1965)

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 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 (1965)

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 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 (1965)

Tommy regales the old boys with his exploits:

TOMMY

...so I'm backin' out the door, right? Had the TV like this...
(mimes his grip)
Big ol' thing. Couldn't see shit.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY (CONT'D)

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 (1965)

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

Sounds like you done time all over
 New England.

TOMNY

Been in and out since I was 13.
 Name the place, chances are I been
 there.

ANDY

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.

INT -- VISITOR'S ROOM -- DAY (1965)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 (1965)

Tommy enters, the strut gone from his step. A little scared.
He finds Andy filing library cards.

RED (V.O.)

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

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.

TOMMY

(tight)
I ain't no goddamn loser.

ANDY

That's a good start. If we do this,
we do it all the way. One hundred
percent. Nothing half-assed.

Tommy thinks about it, nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

ANDY
 (smiles)
 Well. You've come to the right
 place then.

INT -- LIBRARY -- DAY (1965)

We 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
 and dust the fucker?

INT -- LIBRARY -- DAY (1965)

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 (1965)

Andy chalks the alphabet on a blackboard.

RED (V.O.)
 So Andy took Tommy under his wing.
 Started walking him through his
 ABCs...

INT -- MESS HALL -- DAY (1965)

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

RED (V.O.)

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

EXT -- EXERCISE YARD BLEACHERS -- DAY (1965)

TOMNY

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

INT -- WOOD SHOP -- DAY (1965)

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 (CONT'D)

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

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

INT -- LIBRARY -- DAY (1965)

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

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 (1966)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sink. Toilet. Books. Outside the window bars, we hear another TRAIN passing in the night...

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

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.) (CONT'D)

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.) (CONT'D)

By 1966...right about the time Tommy was getting ready to take his exams...it was lovely Racquel.

INT -- LIBRARY -- DAY (1966)

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)

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 (CONT'D)

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 (1966)

Rest break. Tommy and Red sipping Cokes.

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 as good as 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)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY
 (bare whisper)
 Oh my God...

INT -- LIBRARY -- DAY (1966)

Tommy sits before Andy and Red:

TOMMY
 'Bout four years ago, I was in Thomaston on a 2 to 3 stretch. Stole a car. Dumbfuck thing to do.
 (beat)
 Few months left to go, 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...

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.

INT -- PRISON LIBRARY -- DAY (1966)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED

Andy?

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

INT -- NORTON'S OFFICE -- DAY (1966)

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?

NORTON

What? What did you call me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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! A month!

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 (1966)

Mail call. Men crowd around as names are called out. Red and the boys are parked on the bleachers.

FLOYD

A month in the hole. Longest damn stretch I ever heard of.

TOMMY

It's my fault.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED

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

HEYWOOD

Red? You saying Andy's innocent? I mean for real innocent?

(Red nods)

Sweet Jesus. How long's he been in here?

RED

Since '47. Going on nineteen years.

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 (CONT'D)

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 (1966)

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 (1966)

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

INT -- SOLITARY -- NIGHT (1966)

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

ELDERLY GUARD

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

The slot closes. The FOOTSTEPS recede. Andy smiles.

INT -- PRISON CORRIDOR -- NIGHT (1966)

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 (1966)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORTON

I tell you, son, this 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 (CONT'D)

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.

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 FROM PLATE SHOP ROOF (SNIPER POV)

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

THE SNIPER 200

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. He smacks the ground in a twitching, thrashing heap. Eyes wide and staring. Dead. Surprise still stamped on his face. Silence now. Norton turns, strolls into darkness.

INT -- SOLITARY WING -- DAY (1966)

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

INT/EXT -- PRISON -- DAY (1966)

Andy is marched along. Convicts stop to stare.

INT -- NORTON'S OFFICE -- DAY (1966)

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.

ANDY

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

Norton lunges to his feet, 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! We'll dance around it
like wild Indians! Do you
understand me? Are you catching my
drift?

SLOW PUSH IN on Andy's face. Eyes hollow. His beaten expression says it all...

EXT -- PRISON YARD -- DAY (1966)

Red finds Andy sitting in the shadow of the high stone wall, poking listlessly through the dust for small pebbles. Red waits for some acknowledgment. Andy doesn't even look up. Red hunkers down and joins him. Nothing is said for the longest time. And then, softly:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDY

My wife used to say I'm a hard man
to know. Like a closed book.
Complained about it all the time.

(pause)

She was beautiful. I loved her. But
I guess I couldn't show it enough.

(softly)

I killed her, Red.

Andy finally glances to Red, seeking a reaction. Silence.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I didn't pull the trigger. But I
drove her away. That's why she
died. Because of me, the way I am.

RED

That don't make you a murderer. Bad
husband, maybe.

Andy smiles faintly in spite of himself. Red gives his
shoulder a squeeze.

RED (CONT'D)

Feel bad about it if you want. But
you didn't pull the trigger.

ANDY

No. I didn't. Someone else did, and
I wound up here. Bad luck, I guess.

RED

Bad luck? Jesus.

ANDY

It floats around. Has to land on
somebody. Say a storm comes
through. Some folks sit in their
living rooms and enjoy the rain.
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.

(glances to him)

Think you'll ever get out of here?

RED

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDY

Tell you where I'd go. Zihuatanejo.

RED

Zihuatanejo?

ANDY

Mexico. Little place right on the Pacific. You know what the Mexicans say about the Pacific? They say it has no memory. That's where I'd like to finish out my life, Red. A warm place with no memory. Open a little hotel right on the beach. Buy some worthless old boat and fix it up like new. 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 shoot my wife and I didn't shoot her lover, and whatever mistakes I made I've paid for and then some. That hotel and that boat...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.

RED

Goddamn it, Andy, stop! Don't do that to yourself!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED (CONT'D)

Talking shitty pipedreams! Mexico's down there, and you're in here, and that's the way it is!

ANDY

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.

Red snaps a look. What the hell does that mean? Andy 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 up near Buxton. You know where Buxton is?

RED

(nods)

Lots of hayfields there.

ANDY

One in particular. Got a 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'd gone for 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. You'll find 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 (1966)

RED

I tell you, the man was talkin' crazy. I'm worried, I truly am.

SKEET

We ought to keep an eye on him.

ZIGGER

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?

ZIGGER

Andy'd never do that. Never.

They all look to Red.

RED

Every man's got a breaking point.

EXT -- PRISON YARD -- ANGLE ON P.A. -- DUSK (1966)

VOICE (OVER P.A.)

Report to your cellblocks for evening count.

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

FLOYD

Where the hell is he?

HEYWOOD

Probably still up in the warden's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOWER GUARD
(via bullhorn)
YOU MEN! YOU HEAR THAT ANNOUNCEMENT
OR ZUST TOO STUPID TO UNDERSTAND?

SKEET
Christ. What do we do?

FLOYD
Nothing we can do. Not tonight.

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.

INT -- NORTON'S OFFICE -- NIGHT (1966)

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

NORTON
Lickety-split. I wanna get home.

ANDY
Just about done, sir.

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

ANDY (CONT'D)
Three deposits tonight.

Andy hands him the envelopes. Norton heads for the door.

NORTON
Get my stuff down t'laundry. And
shine my shoes. I want 'em lookin'
like mirrors.
(pauses at door)
Nice havin' you back, Andy. Place
just wasn't the same without you.

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 -- NIGHT (1966) 209

Andy is diligently shining Norton's shoes.

INT -- PRISON CORRIDOR -- NIGHT (1966)

Andy trudges down the hallway, laundry slung over his shoulder,

INT -- CELLBLOCK FIVE -- NIGHT (1966)

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

INT -- RED'S CELL -- NIGHT (1966)

Red hears Andy coming, moves to the bars. He watches Andy come up to the second tier and pause before his cell.

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 (1966)

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 glance for the board. A full set. He gazes up at Racquel and smiles. Pulls a six foot length of rope from under his pillow. Lets it uncoil to the floor.

INT -- RED'S CELL -- NIGHT (1966)

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 have had some long nights in
stir. Alone in the dark with
nothing but your thoughts, time can
draw out like a blade..

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING outside his window sends harsh barred shadows jittering across the cell. A storm breaking.

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That was the longest night of my
life...

INT -- CELLBLOCK FIVE -- MORNING (1966)

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 two! 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.

HAIG (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 (1966)

Norton is kicking back with the morning paper. He notices how dingy his shoes are. He glances at the shoebox on the desk. kicks his shoes off, opens the box -- and gulls 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 (1966)

Norton and Hadley stride across the grounds, ALARM BLARING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORTON

I want every man on that cellblock questioned! Start with that friend of his!

HADLEY

who?

INT -- CELLBLOCK FIVE -- RED'S CELL -- DAY (1966)

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 (1966)

Norton steps to the center of the room, working himself up into a fine rage:

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 the clipboard and 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 here this morning! I want him found! Not tomorrow, not after breakfast! Now!

Haig scurries out, gathering men. Norton spins to Red.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORTON (CONT'D)

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.

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 cupcake on the wall! Let's ask her! Maybe she knows! What 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 (CONT'D)

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 her!

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 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 221

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 (1966)

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.

INT -- TUNNEL -- DAY (1966)

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 (1966)

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 three feet of airspace and a dark tangle of pipes between the cellblocks. Rory's appears, shining his flashlight down the shaft. Somewhere, a rat SQUEAKS.

RED (V.O.)

It was his third day on the job.

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!

HADLEY (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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORTON (O.S.)

Never mind, I said! 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 (CONT'D)

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!

INT -- ANDY'S CELL -- DAY (1966)

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 (1966)

Abrupt silence. LOW ANGLE on steel door.

RED (V.O.)

I laughed myself right into solitary. Two week stretch.

INT -- SOLITARY -- NIGHT (1966)

RED

It's shit, it's shit, oh my God it's shit...

He starts laughing all over again, fit to split.

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Andy once talked about doing easy time in the hole. Now I knew what he meant.

EXT -- SHAWSHANK PRISON -- WIDE SHOT -- DAY (1966)

Virgin landscape. Charming rural road. Suddenly, State Police cruisers rocket up the road with SIRENS AND LIGHTS.

RED (V.O.)

In 1966, Andy Dufresne escaped from Shawshank Prison.

EXT -- FIELD -- DAY (1966)

Shawshank is half a mile distant. WE TRACK ALONG a muddy creel as STATE TROOPERS and PRISON GUARDS scour the brush. A TROOPEE fishes a prison uniform out of the creek with a long stick.

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.

TROOPER g2 pulls the rock-hammer from the weeds. SWISH PAN to a POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER. His FLASHBULB GLARE 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 (1949)

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 (1949)

Andy lies in the dark, studying the chunk of concrete in his hands. Considering the possibilities. Wrestling with hope.

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 (1949)

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 (1951)

Rita is now on the wall, hanging down over Andy's back.

RED (V.O.)
That and a big damn poster.

TRACK IN to reveal Andy scraping patiently at the concrete.

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

He hears FOOTSTEPS approaching. He smoothes the poster down and dives into bed. A GUARD strolls by a moment later, shining his flashlight into the cell.

EXT -- PRISON YARD -- DAY (1953)

Andy strolls along, whistling softly, hands in both pockets. TILT DOWN to his pantleg. Concrete grit trickles out.

RED (V.O.)
It turns out Andy's favorite hobby
was totin' his wall out into the
exercise yard a handful at a
time...

INT -- 2ND TIER -- NIGHT (1962)

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. p37 REVERSE ANGLE (FROM INSIDE ANDY'S CELL) 237 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED (V.O.)

While the rest of us slept, Andy
spent years workin' the
nightshift...

INT -- SHAFT -- NIGHT (1965)

BOOMING SLOWLY UP the shaft. Rats scurry the pipes. Suddenly,
a piece of concrete the size of a quarter jumps free and
plummets down the shaft as the rock-hammer pushes through.
The pick withdraws, replaced by Andy's peering eye. A SERIES
OF DISSOLVES (1965 through 1966) 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 (1966)

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.

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 (1966)

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.

RED (V.O.)
Andy did like he was told. Buffed
those shoes to a high mirror shine.

INT -- NORTON'S OFFICE -- MINUTES LATER (1966)

Andy sorts through Norton's three suits. He pauses, checking the gray pinstripe. Nice.

INT -- CELLBLOCK FIVE -- NIGHT (1966)

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 (1966)

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. A FLASH OF LIGHTNING floods the cell, throwing wild shadows.

INT -- ANDY'S CELL -- NIGHT (1966)

The storm rages. 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 en files. Last but not least, a bar of soap wrapped in a towel.

INT -- TUNNEL -- NIGHT (1966)

Andy, again wearing prison clothes, inches down the tunnel.

INT -- SHAFT -- NIGHT (1966)

Andy squeezes through the hole head-first, emerges to the waist, He 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)

CONTINUED:

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 (1966)

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 (1966)

Rain is falling in solid sheets. Shawshank is half a mile distant. 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, spins it through the air over his head, flings the shirt away. He raises his arms to the sky, turning slowly, feeling the rain washing him clean. Exultant. Triumphant. A FLASH OF LIGHTNING arcs from horizon to horizon.

INT -- ANDY'S TUNNEL -- DAY (1966)

Once again, we see stunned faces as CAMERA PULLS BACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED (V.O.)

The next morning, right about the time Racquel was spilling her little secret...

INT -- CASCO BANK OF PORTLAND -- MORNING (1966)

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 (1966)

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?

He hands her a package, stamped and addressed. Gives them a pleasant smile. Turns and strolls from the bank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. Severance pay for nineteen years.

INT -- OFFICE -- DAY (1966)

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

Hal! Dave! Get your butts in here!

INT -- SHAWSHANK PRISON -- DAY (1966)

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 (1966)

For the second time, State Police cruisers go rocketing up the road with SIRENS AND LIGHTS.

INT -- NORTON'S OFFICE -- DAY (1966)

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 (1966)

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.

D.A.

Byron Hadley?

ANGLE SHIFTS to reveal Captain Hadley. Staring. Waiting.

D.A. (CONT'D)

You have the right to remain silent.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

D.A. (CONT'D)
 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
 hear 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 (1966)

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 goin'
 that quietly.

INT -- PRISON CORRIDORS -- DAY (1966)

The D.A. marches along amidst a phalanx of TROOPERS.

INT -- NORTON'S OFFICE -- DAY (1966)

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 out on the desk. He starts sorting 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.

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 (1966)

...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 wall goes 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 (1966)

Mail call. Red hears his name. They pass him a postcard.

RED (V.O.)

Not long after the warden deprived us of his company, I got a postcard in the mail. It was blank. But the postmark said, "McNary, Texas."

INT -- LIBRARY -- DAY (1966)

Red sits with an atlas, tracing his finger down the page.

RED (V.O.)

McNary. Right on the border. That's where Andy 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...

EXT -- MEXICO -- HIGHWAY -- DAY (1966)

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 (1966)

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. Feeling melancholy.

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

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 (1966)

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. A light drizzle begins.

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I guess I just miss my friend.

INT -- PRISON CELL -- NIGHT (1966)

Red is sleeping. He wakes with a start.

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 against the glare. A whirlwind kicks up, whipping everything into the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. Red 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.) (CONT'D)
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.

INT -- RED'S CELL -- NIGHT (1966)

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 (1967)

Red enters, sits. 20 years older than when we first saw him.

MAN #1

Your file says you've served forty years of a life sentence. 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 #1 (CONT'D)

Shall I 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 #2

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?

MAN #2

Well...are you?

RED

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)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED (CONT'D)
 "Rehabilitated?" That's a bullshit word, so you just go on ahead and stamp that form there, sonny, and stop wasting my damn time. Truth is, 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.

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 arrives at the Brewster, three stories high and even less to look at than it used to be.

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, stares at himself 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.

A strange east Indian guitar-whine begins. The Beatles.
 George Harrison's "Within You Without You..."

EXT -- STREET -- DAY

...which carries through as Red walks. People and traffic. 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.

WO YOUNG WOMEN stroll by in cut-offs and t-shirts.

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 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.

EXT -- PARK -- DUSK

Red finds the park filled with HIPPIES. 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 of the bars, Red?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED
Yes sir. That I am.

P.O.
How you doing otherwise? Adjusting
okay?

RED
Things got different out here.

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 moved on.

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. 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.) (CONT'D)
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 smoking in bed. Unable to sleep.

RED (V.O.)
Terrible thing, to live in fear.
Brooks Hatlen knew it. Knew it all
too well. 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.) (CONT'D)
Only one thing stops me. A promise
I made to Andy.

EXT -- COUNTRY ROAD -- MORNING

A pickup truck rattles up the road trailing dust and pulls to
a stop. Red hops off the back, waves his thanks. The truck
drives on. Red starts walking. PAN TO a roadside sign:
BUXTON.

EXT -- MAINE COUNTRYSIDE -- 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.

EXT -- COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

Walking. Searching. The day turning late. 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 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. 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 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. 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.

INT -- RED'S ROOM -- DAY (1967)

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 gazes up at the ceiling beam.

RED (V.O.)

Get busy living or get busy dying.
That is goddamn right.

He steps up on the chair. It wobbles under his weight.

INT -- BREWSTER -- RED'S DOOR -- DAY (1967)

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 -- GREYHOUND BUS STATION -- DAY (1967)

TRACKING SHOT reveals a long line of people at the counter.

RED (V.O.)

For the second time in my life, I
am guilty of committing a crime.

CAMERA brings us to Red, next in line, bag by his feet.

RED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Parole violation. I doubt they'll
toss up any roadblocks for that.
Not for an old crook like me.

RED (CONT'D)

(steps up)
McNary, Texas?

EXT -- TRAVELING SHOT -- DAY (1967)

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. CAMERA TRAVELS from window to window, passing faces. We finally come to Red gazing out at the passing landscape.

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...

THE BUS 297

ROARS past camera, dwindling to a mere speck on the horizon.

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.

EXT -- BEACH -- WIDE PANORAMIC SHOT -- DAY (1967)

A distant boat lies on its side in the sand like an old wreck that's been left to rot in the sun. There's someone out there.

CLOSER ON BOAT

A MAN is meticulously stripping the old paint and varnish by hand, face hidden with goggles and kerchief mask. Red appears b.g., a distant figure walking out across the sand, wearing his cheap suit and carrying his cheap bag. The man on the boat pauses. Turns slowly around. Red arrives with a smile as wide as the horizon. The other man raises his goggles and pulls down his mask. Andy, of course.

ANDY

You look like a man who knows how
to get things.

RED

I'm known to locate certain things
from time to time.

Red shrugs off his jacket and picks up a sander. Together, they start sanding the hull as we

FADE OUT

THE END