

Minimum Security
"Welcome to Danbury"
by
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Current Revisions by
Dwight C. Douglas 8-15-04
Dwight C. Douglas 8-20-04
Dwight C. Douglas 8-23-04

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FADE IN.

TEASER

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE

I'm sorry Ms. Stevens, the court has
no other remedy for you.

MARY

(MARY STEVENS nods without emotion)

JUDGE

I hereby sentence you to 5 months in
the Federal Correctional Institution
at Danbury, Connecticut and then 5
months house arrest. During house
arrest you will wear an electronic
device that will track your
whereabouts at all times. You will
report immediately to MINIMUM SECURITY
at Danbury. Courts adjourned.

SLAMS GAVEL.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

SHORT SLIGHTLY OVER-WEIGHT WOMAN DONNA JO JOHNSON HANDS
ANOTHER WOMAN A NEWSPAPER FOLDED INTO QUARTER PAGE. THICK
HILLBILLY ACCENT.

D.J.

(pointing at paper) You'll love this
article. It's all about Jesus.

LORA

Oh, really. (opens newspaper, DVD
Passion of the Christ falls out)
Great! This is it Frank.

D.J.

Lora, please be careful, that's Jesus.
(looks around in paranoid manner)

MAN IN TRENCH COAT APPEARS AND GRABS DJ'S ARM.

MAN

Donna Jo Johnson, you are under arrest
for violation of the federal copyright
act and trafficking in illegal copies
of motion pictures. You have a right
to remain silent... (continues in
B.G.)

D.J.

What are ya'll talkin' about? Aren't
ya gonna watch the movie? (realizing
she is being handcuffed) What are you
some kinda weirdo? Lora, who's Frank?
What are y'all doin'? It's not April
Fool's...

DJ IS RUSHED AWAY INTO AN UNMARKED CAR IN THE PARKING LOT.

OPENING TITLE SEGMENT

ACT ONEINT. CHECK-IN STATION. DANBURY - DAY

GUARD RITA DAMANSKI IS STANDING BEHIND COUNTER. MARY STEVENS IS IN ONE OF HER STYLISH OUTFITS.

DAMANSKI

I just love when royalty comes to stay
at the big D! (cracks her knuckles)

MARY

I beg your pardon.

DAMANSKI

No begging allowed. You'll be in
Twenty-five, your cubicle is 25F, as
in formerly FREE! (inhales snot)

MARY

Oh, please show me the way.

DAMANSKI

Way? In here, it's my way and no other
way. Take off all your clothes!

MARY

Excuse me? I'm not going to...

DAMANSKI

Lady you're not my type. Over there,
(points at search area) but first give
me everything except wedding rings.

MARY

I'm not married.

DAMANSKI

You still have to take off your clothes. Leave them on the hook in there. You'll get them back when you leave.

MARY

I just have this small bag. And what about my cell phone?

DAMANSKI

No phones lady, (grabs phone from her) this is a prison. Besides, don't you think that cell phone has given you enough grief for one lifetime? (raises voice) Now get your clothes off, squat and cough!

MARY

(walking through search area door) Oh my, I thought they said this was minimum security?

DAMANSKI

(laughing) Yes, Minimum security, maximum insecurity. You know, I've seen thousands of naked women. (bites lower lip)

MARY

(O.S.) Somehow, I can believe that. And your name officer?

DAMANSKI

It's GUARD lady, Guard Rita Damanski.
(carelessly dumps contents of bag out
on counter, then starts inventory) But
you can call me Lovely Rita! (makes
kissing gesture toward door)

INT. DANBURY PRISON - DAY

DOOR OPENS, GUARD DAMANSKI ESCORTS MARY STEVENS, NOW IN KHAKI
JUMPSUIT, WARDEN PECKER INTO SLEEPING ROOM ROW AREA

PECKER

It's really an honor to meet you Mary
Stevens! I'm a big fan of your show
and my wife is constantly buying
things on Mary's world dot com. (stops
in front of Number 25) This is it,
your new home away from home.

MARY

Well, I appreciate the accolade Mr.
Pecker, but what do I call you?

PECKER

Please, call me Woody. (Points toward
the door of 25) I believe you'll find
this rather charming. It's just been
remodeled.

WARDEN PECKER AND MARY WALK INTO ROOM.

MARY

Oh this color is all wrong!

DAMANSKI

(O.S.) Maybe I'll get my girls to come over to paint the walls and lay some carpet.

MARY

Not necessary, thank you.

PECKER

(over his shoulder) Now Damanski, let's be a little more positive for our new guest.

MARY LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM AND SHAKES HER HEAD IN DISBELIEF.

MARY

Warden, there are six beds in this room. I thought I would have a private room?

PECKER

No, no, each sleeping room holds as many as six inmates. You're the first one to arrive, but more inmates will be joining you shortly.

MARY

Oh really?

FEEBLE KNOCK ON THE DOOR. BOTH MARY AND PECKER TURN TO LOOK.

D.J.

Is this the place?

PECKER

Hello, please come in and meet your
new roommate. (reaches out with hand)

D.J.

I thought this was a girl's prison?

PECKER

(shakes her hand) I'm Warden Pecker,
Charles W. Pecker, but all my friends
here at Danbury call me Woody.

D.J.

Woody, (looking around) Pecker; what
kind of place is this? (realizes it's
Mary Stevens) Oh my Gosh!

DJ OPENS HER MOUTH WIDE AND LEANS REAL CLOSE AS IF SHE NEEDS
GLASSES

D.J. (CONT'D)

You're Mary Stevens... I just saw you
on TV last night. What are you doin'
in this Godforsaken place?

MARY

(looking at Pecker) Is she going to be
in here with me?

PECKER

I'll let you girls get to know each
other better. I'm sure you have a lot
to talk about.

WARDEN PECKER WALKS OUT OF THE ROOM AND CLOSES THE DOOR.

MARY

Well, you seem to know who I am, to whom do I owe the pleasure? (reaching out to shake DJ's hand)

D.J.

You don't owe me nothin'. I just got here on the bus. (shakes her hand quickly) Those guards on the bus were real handsome. (pauses) But all I could think of was my poor Matthew Mark back at home. Doin' the dishes and takin' care of little John Mark and baby Emmylou.

MARY

No, I mean what's your name?

D.J.

Oh, yeah, hi, I am Donna Jo Johnson, I was born on Christmas day - just like Jesus... but really, You're Mary Stevens; and I thought prison was going to be bad. But please Mrs. Stevens, call me DJ? You know it's short for Donna Jo? Hey, do know which bed we are suppose to...

MARY

DJ. Please, slow down. Matthew Mark is your husband?

D.J.

Yes, he got his name from the Bible.

MARY

Oh really. (smirk and shakes head) On the bed situation, I'm over 50, so I get a bottom bunk. I read about this in the booklet they gave us. But we are the first ones here, so pick the one you like, (points to bunk most faraway) OVER THERE!

D.J.

(moving toward bunk) Yeah, I didn't read that darn book, too many words. Besides, I didn't want to spoil the ending... or maybe I should say, the beginning... you know I love to bake cakes... I wonder if I can bake cakes in this place?

MARY SITS DOWN ON HER BUNK IN THE CORNER AND PUTS HER HEAD INTO HER HANDS AND RUBS HER EYES.

D.J. (CONT'D)

Are you alright Mrs. Stevens?

MARY

Please, (looks up) call me Mary.

D.J.

You know Jesus's mother was named Mary?

MARY

You must be very religious D.J.?

D.J.

Well, I guess?

MARY

Why are you in here? What could you have possibly done to end up in prison?

D.J.

They busted my little movie swapping club back in Nitro, West Virginia, that's how.

MARY

There's a town called NITRO? Movie club? You were just sharing movies?

D.J.

Well, we were sort of charging for them. And well, we had over 100 members in the club. (Looking down) This guy Leroy would go in the theater on the first day...(looks up) and then make me DVDs. (smiles proudly)

MARY

And how much money did you make?

D.J.

Not that much. Fifty or Sixty thousand.

MARY

And you got how many months?

D.J.

Months? You must be plum loco, I got five years.

MARY

Oh my, you know, I got five months?

D.J.

Yeah I heard, but I had to give back all the money...and the movies! (sour look)

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWOINT. SLEEPING AREA 25 - DAY

DJ IS TAPING PICTURE OF JESUS TO THE WALL, DOOR OPENS AND DAMANSKI AND ANOTHER PRISONER WALKS IN.

DAMANSKI

Stop right there Johnson, nothing on the walls. You need to put that picture of your boyfriend inside your locker.

D.J.

Oh, okay, I didn't know. And he isn't my boyfriend, he's my Jesus.

DAMANSKI

That's fine, but he's inside the locker (pause) unless you got some (orgasmic look) Chocolate.

PEGGY

(O.S.) Girl on the floor!

GUARD DAMANSKI BREATHS OUT HARD. PEGGY ZUBER WALKS INTO THE ROOM, DAMANSKI EXITS.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Hi there, (waves) I'm Peggy. (reaches out to shake Mary's hand) Mary Stevens, a real pleasure. I covered your trial for the Kansas City Star (turns to D.J.) And you are?

D.J.

I'm Donna Jo Johnson from Nitro, West Virginia. Wow your from Kansas, that's where Dorothy was from.

PEGGY

Yes my little pretty! I'm from Kansas City, which is in Missouri, not Kansas. Dorothy was from Kansas and Toto was her dog.

CLOSE UP OF D.J. WITH THIS CONFUSED LOOK ON HER FACE.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Which is my bunk?

D.J.

Well, this is my bed. (points) and Mary's bed is over there. She gets to sleep on the bottom 'cause she's old.

MARY

Thank you Donna Jo. (rubs forehead) As you can see Peggy, this is going to be a ton of fun, it is Peggy, yes?

PEGGY

Yes, Peggy Zuber. Well, I won't be here long, so I guess I'll jump up here on this top bunk.

D.J.

What are you in prison for?

PEGGY

For the simple reason I didn't reveal one of my sources. (opens up small plastic bag takes out three legal pads and some pens) So much for the first Amendment.

MARY

How did you get those in here? (points to plastic bag and legal pads)

PEGGY

Part of my deal with the DA, I am allow to work on my screenplay.

MARY

Screenplay? (raises voice) About what?

PEGGY

About Minimum Security Prison.

MARY

Leave me out of it. (forceful and points finger) Do you understand?

D.J.

Now Mary, do undo others.

PEGGY

Yeah, why are you in such a huff? It's a free country.

MARY

(stands up and moves toward her) Yeah,
free country? Free country! We're in
prison!

PEGGY

Hey, I just got here. Why are you
attacking me?

MARY

Because I've taken enough from you wet
behind the ears know-it-all
journalists. You think this is Club
Fed or some Country Club Prison?

PEGGY

Whoa, back off bitch.

MARY

What did you call me? (in her face)
Who do you think you are? Do you think
you're the symbolic scapegoat of every
persecuted writer who ever walked the
earth?

D.J.

Please don't fight.

MARY

Well let me tell you Miss Piggy, I am
the one who is the whipping boy for
every rich guy who lied on his income
tax.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

(points to D.J.) And this fine God-fearing lady here is a lightening rod for every kid who illegally downloaded a song on the Internet. We're all patsies in this place!

PEGGY

Wow, (opens mouth) that was really good. (starts to take notes) I wanna make sure I get this right.

MARY

(lightens up) You really thought that was good?

PEGGY

Are you kidding me, that was great. What great dialog.

MARY GLOATS A BIT

MARY

Well, (calmly) I was just saying what I felt.

PEGGY

But, we need to think about who will play you in the movie.

MARY

Well, (intensely involved) I thought maybe, Candice Bergen. But maybe someone else.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

(walks over to Peggy's bunk) And
really, she should make sure that...

(O.S.)

D.J.

A Movie? (looks dreamily into the sky,
glow around her head) We're gonna be
in a movie? This is heaven.

END OF ACT

ACT THREEINT. HALLWAY DANBURY - DAY

MARY STEVENS ON TELEPHONE. SIGN ABOVE PHONE: INCOMING CALLS ONLY. OTHER PRISONERS ARE WALKING PAST IN THEIR KHAKI JUMPSUITS.

MARY

Could you speak up Whitmore.

D.J. WALKS PAST AND WAVES. MARY NODS.

MARY (CONT'D)

Yes, I understand. (raises her voice)
Sure, but if you were a better lawyer
I wouldn't be in this mess. I'm
working for 12 cents an hour in here
and you call me to talk about stock
prices. Thanks for playing! (slams the
phone down)

PEGGY WALKS UP ON HER WAY.

PEGGY

Telemarketer? I would have thought
you'd be on the "Do not call list."

THEY START WALKING TOGETHER

MARY

(slight smile) No, that was my
attorney.

PEGGY

Well, did he spring you?

MARY

Can you believe this, according to some Wall Street investment banker, my stock actually increases in value the longer I stay in here?

PEGGY

Well, that is some (makes quote signs with hands) "insider" information if I ever heard it.

MARY

(tight look) Don't even say that.

MARY REACHES FOR PEGGY'S ARM LIKE AN OLDER WOMAN WOULD SEEK SUPPORT FROM A DAUGHTER.

INT. LUNCHROOM - DAY

MARY, D.J. AND PEGGY SIT AT ONE TABLE. OTHER INMATES AT OTHER TABLES TALKING AND EATING.

D.J.

Shucks, what time do we have to wake up every morning?

MARY

We might as well get use to it, every day at five-thirty, we have to be up and standing by the bed to be counted.

PEGGY

That's like freakin' summer camp.
(swallows) Breakfast at six in the morning. I need a cigarette! (looks around)

D.J.

You know one of the guards was in the room last night?

MARY

(fearful look) Doing what?

D.J.

Just looking around with a flash light. I couldn't sleep. They came in about half past twelve and half past two in the morning.

PEGGY

Yeah, they do that. Make sure we aren't digging a hole in the wall.

MARY

This is the worst corned-beef hash I have ever eaten. (pushes plate away and puts on TV voice) *Too much fat and not enough flavor!*

PEGGY

All yours, I'm a vegetarian. (drinks from plastic cup)

D.J.

I didn't know you were a doctor too? We have a pit-bull back in Nitro named Elvis. He's always bitin' something.

MARY

I think I'll sign-up for kitchen duty
so I can fix this food.

PEGGY

If you do that, you'll have to get up
at four a.m.

MARY

You know this isn't that bad. (pulls
plate back and eats another bite)

D.J.

If they are fixin' to assign us jobs,
maybe they'll put me on clean-up duty.
I love to clean 'cause cleanliness is
next to...

PEGGY

Too bad we don't have a daily
newspaper in here.

MARY

I really don't want to read any more
newspapers for a while.

D.J.

I don't know what we would do without
a newspaper back home. Used them to
wrap the kid's sandwiches.

INT. SLEEPING AREA 25 - LATE AFTERNOON

D.J. MARY AND PEGGY COME BACK INTO ROOM. WALKING LIKE THEY
HAD A TOUGH DAY. ALL THREE FALL INTO THEIR BEDS.

MARY

I had no idea they'd ask us to move
barrels of garbage out to the front
road.

PEGGY

It is some kind of freshman thing.
Like hazing; truly a conundrum.

D.J.

Ever since Matthew Mark got snipped,
we don't use them conundrums. (shyly)

MARY

I can see why you only had two kids.

BANG ON DOOR. DAMANSKI OPENS IT UP. WALKS IN WITH BLACK
MOTORCYCLE HELMET UNDER HER ARMS, CLIPBOARD IN OTHER.

DAMANSKI

Well, look what we've got here. (reads
from clipboard) Yoteefa Marley - one
to three for conspiracy -sales and
distribution of illegal drugs. I'm out
of here, it's Harley time! (she turns
and walks out revealing the back of
helmet with large white letters: DYKE)

BLACK JAMAICAN WOMAN ENTERS THE ROOM WALKING HIP-HOP.

PEGGY

Hi, I'm Peggy.

MARY

Hello, Yolanda.

YOTEEFA

Yo-TEEF-AH!

MARY

Oh, I'm sorry, I thought he said...

D.J.

(Sitting up on edge of bed) We had some Marley's back in Nitro. They were from Jamaica, you know, like that singer.

YOTEEFA

Yo girlfriend, my kin are from Jamaica. Tell me, what's your name?

D.J.

My name is Donna Jo Johnson. I'm from West Virginia.

YOTEEFA

(sings) West Virginia, yeah girl almost Heaven!

PEGGY

(sits up) Yeah, WEST VIRGINIA - 2 Million people, four last names.

LAUGHTER, EVEN D.J.

D.J.

That's a good one, but really, there are lots of Johnsons in West Virginia.

YOTEEFA

Then that's the first place we go when
we get out girlfriend. (big smile)

PEGGY

Yeah!

YOTEEFA

Now where will this girl rest her
weary bones?

MARY

Three beds left, and one is on the
bottom. (points)

YOTEEFA

Ja, you're MARY STEVENS the sheet
lady.

MARY

(sarcastically) Well, more than
sheets.

PEGGY

Yoteefa, you are looking at THE
domestic diva: MARY STEVENS.

D.J.

She's famous you know.

YOTEEFA

And I am the queen of Ethiopia. I
think maybe in here, we're all one big
happy family, no-I-mean?

PEGGY

You mean like "*One for all and all for one?*"

D.J.

Yeah, like the Three Mouseketeers!

YOTEEFA

'Cept no funny hats.

MARY

And if you do the math, it would be
(holds up four fingers) four
Musketeers!

PEGGY

Oh, now we get a math lesson from the
maven of Selling Short!

MARY

Shut up Miss Peggy, just remember
(points at herself) I'm the victim!

YOTEEFA

Girl's got that right. We're all just
Minimum Security Sisters.

D.J.

Should we all hug now? My preacher
says huggin' is a good thing.

PEGGY

Depends on what the preacher looks
like.

PEGGY, DJ AND YOTEEFA HUG EACH OTHER. MARY STAYS ON HER BED.

MARY

Why me? (puts her head in her hands)

FADE OUT

OUTTAKES AND CREDIT ROLL

FADE OUT