

**INT. PRISON SALON - DAY**

Angel steps away from Bam while she remains in the chair.

ANGEL

I don't know who you are anymore.

Bam leaves the chair, braids removed, pads her new afro.

BAM

Me neither. I could totally write a fucking book. Time to gag 'em.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Robert follows Officer Tate with his recorder in hand.

ROBERT

The Officer's steps were heavy and tired.

OFFICER TATE

Shut it.

ROBERT

Just trying to capture the moment.

Officer Tate stops only to stare forward.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Right. Sorry.

Robert slips the recorder into his pocket.

**INT. PRISON LIBRARY - DAY**

Officer Tate leads Robert through several shelves of books to a table in the back.

OFFICER TATE

This is where you will be for now and we will move you to a conference room for the interviews.

ROBERT

I didn't see any prisoners out there.

OFFICER TATE

There's a lot of them. This is a prison.

ROBERT  
I thought there'd be some here  
already. Some form of a line.

OFFICER TATE  
We don't normally allow them to  
loiter. You know, cause they've  
killed people.

ROBERT  
Yeah, might not be the smartest  
thing.

Alarms echo through the library.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
What is that? What's going on.

OFFICER TATE  
I'll check it out. Stay here.

Robert follows Officer Tate to the door.

OFFICER TATE (CONT'D)  
I said stay here, and be ready.

ROBERT  
Ready for what?

Officer Tate leaves the library locking the doors behind him.

Robert watches Officer Tate disappear down the hall through  
the little window in the door.

Robert turns around and is face to face with "himself".

Bam smiles and walks toward Robert.

BAM  
Robby, you beautiful bastard.