

Character Notes

- **ANDY DUFRESNE, 30-35.**

Described in the book as "thirty years old, a short neat little man with clever hands and gold-rimmed spectacles, his fingernails were always clipped and they were always clean." However, we don't have to prescribe to this exact description. Tim Robbins, who played him in the movie, was nothing like that, and also Kyle Secor, who played him in the Edinburgh production, was a lanky six-foot-five; but I think it is important to keep this description in mind.

Andy is a fish out of water and in a place like the Shawshank that really has to come across, so in the end, despite the brutality and injustice he receives, this quiet, very intelligent, softly-spoken man manages to retain his humanity and his dignity, manipulate almost everyone in the Shank, exact his revenge on the warden, and break out by crawling through a sewer shitpipe five football fields long.

- **RED, full name Ellis Boyd Redding, 40-45.**

Before he came into the Shawshank he worked as a salesman in his father-in-law's firm. He married above his class. His wife was headstrong, spoiled, and sulky. She was 21, he was 20. His father-in-law treated him like a skivvy, referring to him sometimes as "that stupid Irish ape." (He has, of course, been played in the movie and in the stage play by an African-American actor—this seems to be the preferred option.)

The promotion Red was promised never came. His wife teased him about not being man enough to look after her and being scared of her father. Red decided he'd had enough and hatched a plan to claim on his wife's insurance. He fixed the tires on her car, but hadn't planned on her picking up a neighbor and her baby daughter. The car plunged into a wall at the bottom of Castle Hill and all three were burned to death. Red received 35 years in the Shawshank. It took him a long time to come to terms with what he had done, he spent years wracked with guilt, but eventually his instinct for survival kicked in and by using his charms and sales technique that he learned on the outside he became the "guy who could get things." Over the years Red had learned almost every trick in the book to survive the Shank, which is why Andy is drawn to him.

- **WARDEN STAMMAS, full name Gregory Stammers, 40-50.**

Described in the book as "a lean man with a tight wiry gut and the coldest eyes you ever saw. He always had a painful pursed little

grin on his face as if he had to have a shit but couldn't quite manage it, a cruel wretched cold-hearted weasel of a man." Gregory bribed one of his tutors into giving him a good grade. He continued in this fashion all of his adult life, trying to get something for nothing. Stamma was assistant warden of the Shawshank and only managed to get the job when his boss, Warden Dunahay, was sacked for fraud. Stamma learned from Dunahay's blunders, continued the scams and tightened up all the loopholes that caused Dunahay's downfall. Stamma is a coward, a bully, and a cheating hypocrite, and will stop at nothing to get what he wants.

• HADLEY, full name Bryan Hadley, 40-45.

The head prison guard at the Shank. Described in the book as "a tall muscular shambling man with thinning brown hair, he sunburned easily and talked loud all the time and if you didn't move fast enough for him he'd cut you with his nightstick." There is not much subtlety to Hadley. He is in the pay of Stamma and is paid to watch his back at all times. Hadley isn't really aware of it but he is just as institutionalized as the cons on his landings. He would have no idea what else to do if he wasn't a warder at the Shank. It gives him a power that he could never attain anywhere else. He is not the sharpest knife in the box and the rumor is he can't read or write.

• BOGS DIAMOND, 35-40.

Described in the book as "a big hulking sister with a brooding expression." I wanted Bogs to be more than a thug, which he is in the book. So I gave him an interest in chess and more of a vocabulary than most cons in the Shank. Bogs is a psychopath but he's not stupid and not without charm and humor. He is feared throughout the prison. He is the first one to suss out Andy, and at one point tells him, "You don't fool me with your fucking Mr. Nice Guy act." He is jealous of Andy, sees him as a challenge and tries his best to break him.

• BROOKSIE, full name Brooks Hatlen, 65-70.

Described in the book as a "tough old con," Brooksie has been incarcerated in the Shank since the 1920s—he'd had a college degree in animal husbandry and worked as a researcher for a pharmaceutical company. Poker was Brooksie's downfall, he lost everything: his house, car, and finally his job. When his wife tried to leave him and take their 11-year-old daughter with her, he shot them both dead in a drunken rage. He became a model prisoner

in the Shank and was in charge of the library trolley. This was a status that Brooksie held on to for years, it defined who he was inside. When he was eventually paroled he was 68, riddled with arthritis, and had spent 30 years in the Shank.

• ENTWISTLE, full name Mert Entwistle, 35-40.

Part of the furniture at the Shawshank. He's a "yes-sir, no-sir, three-bags-full sir" Jobsworth. He follows in the scary shadow of his head guard Bryan Hadley, who treats him like a slave. Entwistle does have a heart though, and when he can, goes easy on the cons. They know this, which makes him an easy touch—sometimes he tries to emulate Hadley and play the tough guy but he doesn't convince anyone.

• ROOSTER, full name Roger Coogan.

Serving two life sentences for beating his stepson to death with a claw hammer when he threatened to tell his mother about Rooster's sexual advances. He hails from white "trailer trash" in Montgomery, Alabama. Rooster has been a drug addict all his life, and his denial of his attraction to men manifests in sexual violence. The Shank has given him a status that he would never have gained on the outside, and it is also an environment where it is common to have sex with men. Rooster never wants to leave the Shank and glories in the fact that he's Bogs Diamond's "Sister," slang for sexual partner.

• RICO, full name Paul Rodriguez, 35-40.

Rico is originally from Portuguese stock and grew up in Detroit. His father was a Pastor and his mother a former prostitute who was "saved" by his father's church. Rico is bipolar. He married young and had seven kids. He could never hold down a job and was eventually jailed for three years for robbing a gas station. When he got out, he tried his best to hold down a job but he was eventually evicted from his home and before the bailiffs arrived he set it on fire and burned his whole family to death. Rico is now a born-again Christian.

• TOMMY WILLIAMS, 20-25.

At 24 years old, Tommy is the youngest con in the Shank and the best looking, which causes him problems with the "Sisters." He was brought up in an orphanage and then fostered from family to family; he never knew his parents. He was addicted to stealing expensive cars and became quite good at it. He fell in love with Shirley, and she married him after he promised her he would

THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION

adapted for the stage by

Owen O'Neill & Dave Johns

based on the novella *Rita Hayworth and the Shawshank Redemption* by

Stephen King

ACT ONE

Scene 1: Processing Area

(As the curtain rises:

A square prison block consisting of twelve cells, each lit with a hanging light. Above are the landings. We hear the sound of heavy rain and the noise of a winch or something mechanical, almost musical, with a beat to it: iron doors banging shut in time to the beat, voices shouting, buckets clanging. As the lights come up onstage, RED, a wily con of many years, stands downstage.)

RED. My name is Red. I'm an inmate of the Shawshank Penitentiary. The Shank. I've been here most of my adult life. The Shank was built a hundred and fifty years ago and is Maine's oldest prison. It's overcrowded, antiquated, and rat-infested . . . and most of them are walking around in uniform. Violence and corruption is rife in every nook and cranny, it's what makes the rotten heart of this place beat. I'm the guy in the Shank who can get things. Tailor-made cigarettes, a bag of reefer, alcohol, cotton underwear. I'll get you damn near anything . . . within reason. Anyway, it's not me I wanna tell you about. I wanna tell you about a guy named Andy Dufresne.

(Chief guard BRYAN HADLEY and second guard MERT ENTWISTLE enter, flanking the naked ANDY, RICO, and PINKY, who cover their genitals with their bundles of prison clothes. The CONS shout and jeer at them, rattling their cages like animals.)

ROOSTER. Ooooh my oh my we got some new fresh cracks in the joint.

(This receives a loud raucous cheer from the CONS. They rattle and bang.)

BOGS. Jesus! Look at those white-bottomed killers. I ain't gonna sleep tonight!

never steal another car. They have a two-year-old baby girl. Tommy went back on his word and is now doing three years in the Shank. He is a good kid at heart and is desperate to better himself and prove to Shirley that he will be a good husband and father to their baby. Andy is a father figure to him and is helping him with his studies.

• DAWKINS, full name Jordan Dawkins, 35-40.

Was born in Omaha, Nebraska, and is serving life for the murder of his two former associates. Bill Neely and Harold Pinker. Neely and Pinker ran a gambling den in Kansas City. Dawkins, who was part of their criminal gang at the time, tried to steal \$100,000 of their money. They suspected he was up to something and lay in wait for him in the cellar where they kept the safe. Dawkins shot both of them in a gun battle. He went on the run but was captured several weeks later. Dawkins has a short fuse and can be prone to violence, but could be described as an ordinary decent criminal. He was married three times, twice to the same women. Despite spending many months in the hole for persistent betting, he is still obsessed with gambling and will bet on anything.

• PINKY, 25-35.

Really a minor character. Can be of any age, creed, or color; and can come from any corner of the USA. Can double as the prison COOK.

DAWKINS. I love the smell of fresh fish. I'm taking bets on who will piss his pants first!

ROOSTER. Yeah. Your scaly ass is mine little fishy, dead or alive!

(The jeering subsides as a guard appears with his rifle poised.)

RED. Andy was sent to the Shawshank for murdering his wife and her lover . . . it was one hell of a case, one of those juicy ones with all the right elements. A beautiful society girl murdered! A local sports star murdered! And a prominent, smart businessman doing two life sentences for both . . . oh yeah, we all knew about Andy Dufresne long before he came to the Shank.

(Sound effect: radio news bulletin from the warden's radio)

RADIO ANNOUNCER. (V. O.): At the Polo Grounds today, Bobby Thomson hit a truly amazing one out three home run in the bottom of the ninth inning. The hit that's been heralded as the shot heard 'round the world! Thomson drilled it into the left field stands to win the 1951 National League Pennant for the New York Giants and knock the Brooklyn Dodgers, their most hated rivals, out of their spot in the World Series. Up to that point the Giants had been trailing four-two.

Scene 2: Warden's Office

(The warden's desk is brought on. It has a bakelite radio and reading lamp. The WARDEN switches off the radio mid-report. A pool of light picks out RED.)

RED. It's parole time again. Warden Stammias is going to ask me about my rehabilitation and I'm going to tell him, because I think it's coming along just fine.

(RED enters the warden's office. Stands at attention.)

STAMMAS. Mr. Redding. Have a seat.

(RED sits at the desk. The WARDEN flicks through Red's file.)

STAMMAS. Are you a baseball fan, Mr Redding?

RED. Yes sir.

STAMMAS. So I assume you've heard about Bobby Thomson's amazing home run against the Dodgers.

RED. Yes sir.

STAMMAS. Did you know that Bobby Thomson was an immigrant? Came here with nothing, but he worked hard and had faith in the

American system. He was told that he would never make it as a baseball player, but was given a chance to prove them wrong, by a Catholic priest in Staten Island.

(A beat.)

I like to think that's what I do in my job as the warden of this penitentiary. I give people a chance . . . So, let's talk about your rehabilitation shall we? How do you think it's progressing?

RED. I think I'm there, sir. I'm knocking at the gates. I'm a changed man. I've had a lot of time to take stock, so to speak. I've prayed to the good Lord Jesus Christ to guide me and I think I'm ready to leave the Shawshank and take my place in society.

(STAMMAS ponders this for a moment.)

STAMMAS. Good . . . good. I'm glad to hear that, Mr. Redding, because that means you don't get things for people anymore. Right?

RED. Yes, sir. I've put that behind me a long time ago.

STAMMAS. "Deliver my Soul, O Lord, from lying lips and a deceitful tongue." Psalms, chapter 120, verse two. Are you familiar with that quote, Mr. Redding?

RED. Sir, I am telling you the truth. I—

STAMMAS. *(Cutting in:)* On the last shakedown of cell blocks eight and nine, the guards found marijuana, Belgian chocolates, French wine, Cuban cigars, a horse syringe, Chuck Berry records, and this, *Flirt Magazine!* A disgusting, filthy publication that has no place in any establishment, let alone one where godless men without women are incarcerated.

(STAMMAS opens the center page of Flirt and shows RED a model in a full-body swimsuit.)

RED. Yes sir I agree and I assure you I didn't have anything to do with any of those.

STAMMAS. *(Cutting in:)* The only thing you haven't managed to obtain, Mr. Redding, is the wool to pull over my eyes. You are still a long way from rehabilitation, my friend, and if you ever come into my office again and take the good Lord's name, you will find yourself in solitary. Do we understand each other?

RED. Yes, sir.

STAMMAS. You have been given many chances, Mr. Redding, and you have not taken any of them, so I will not be recommending you to the parole board anytime soon.

(RED exits.)

Scene 3: Landings

(The CONS line up in their cells for roll-call. HADLEY and ENTWISTLE call out names.)

HADLEY. Rodriguez.

RICO. Here sir.

HADLEY. Coogan.

ROOSTER. Here sir.

HADLEY. Diamond.

BOGS. Here sir.

ENTWISTLE. Redding.

RED. Here sir.

ENTWISTLE. Hatlen.

BROOKSIE. Here sir.

HADLEY. Dawkins.

DAWKINS. Here sir.

HADLEY. Pinkerton

PINKY. Here sir.

HADLEY. Du-fresne.

ANDY. Here sir.

Scene 4: Prison Yard

(BOGS, ROOSTER, and PINKY are throwing a football. In one corner, RED, BROOKSIE, RICO, and DAWKINS are grouped together shooting craps. RED has his eye on ANDY, who is on his own, staring at the ground.)

ROOSTER. (Laughing.) Surprised to see you at roll-call this morning Red. I thought you'd been paroled by now?

RED. I dunno . . . maybe it's 'cos some dickhead's getting careless.

(ROOSTER walks up to RED, invades his space.)

ROOSTER. What's that s'posed to mean?

RED. It means, next time I get you French wine and Belgian chocolates, drink the wine and eat the fucking chocolates.

ROOSTER. But if I do that, I don't have nuthin' to give to my dream girl, and you wouldn't want me to look stupid in front of my dream girl now would you, Red. What would you do on the outside anyway? You wouldn't get a job picking up dog shit off the street. We need you here, Mr. Get-Things!

RED. And you gotta big mouth, so from now on you can find your own Mr. Get-Things, so you're off my list, asshole!

(ROOSTER laughs.)

ROOSTER. Until next time baby, until next time.

(RED has his eye on ANDY, who is on his own, crouched down on his haunches looking through the dirt. He picks up a stone and puts it in his pocket.)

RED. Andy Doo-freen.

BROOKSIE. Fancy name. How much money you lost on him so far?

DAWKINS. (Laughs.) That'll be 20 dollars, Red.

RED. Shut up Dawkins! I ain't got a handle on him yet, but I will. I was sure the Sisters would've broke him by now.

RICO. He don't look much like a double killer to me.

(Lighting change. RED comes downstage. RICO, DAWKINS, and BROOKSIE shoot craps.)

RICO. Come on! Mama needs a new fur coat!

(RICO throws the dice. He loses.

ANDY is kneeling, sifting through the dirt.)

(Lighting change. RED goes back to playing craps with the other CONS. BOGS, ROOSTER, and PINKY, AKA the Sisters, encircle ANDY.)

ROOSTER. Hey Bogs, the pretty little rich boy is down on his knees, looks like he's ready . . . (To ANDY:) You stopped playing hard to get?

(ANDY looks up but doesn't move from his haunches.)

PINKY. Maybe he's praying?

BOGS. I been meaning to ask you, Dufresne . . . Do you play chess?

(ANDY doesn't budge. After a moment, ROOSTER grabs him by the hair and lifts him up. ANDY knocks his hand away. ROOSTER wooooos sarcastically.)

ROOSTER. Answer the goddamn question.

BOGS. Easy, Sister Rooster . . . Let him answer.

ANDY. Yes . . . I play chess.

BOGS. So do I . . . We must have a game sometime. Would you like that?

(ANDY remains silent and stares back at BOGS. ROOSTER joins the crap game.)

BOGS. Chess is divided into three stages. One, when you hope you have the advantage; two, when you believe you have the advantage . . . and three, when you know you're going to lose. I'll be in touch.

(BOGS exits. PINKY grins at ANDY.)

RED. Truth is, nobody could get a handle on Andy Dufresne and that's because during his first 10, 11 months in the Shank, he never said a damned word to anyone, kept his head down, whispered "yes, sir" and "no, sir," but the Sisters were determined to break him.

DAWKINS. Boom! Your mama's gonna be cold to-night!

(ANDY walks over to where RED is playing craps with the other

CONS. A fight suddenly breaks out between ROOSTER and RICO over a side bet.)

ROOSTER. I saw that! You cheatin' son of a bitch!

RICO. Come on! I laid the bet.

DAWKINS. I saw him lay the bet, his bet is good!

(ROOSTER grabs RICO around the throat and bites his ear.

RICO is screaming as ROOSTER tries to bite his ear off. Blood

seeps out of his ear and around ROOSTER's mouth.

ENTWISTLE runs over and breaks it up, laying into RICO with his truncheon.)

ENTWISTLE. Looks like you two have had enough exercise, back to your cells!

(ENTWISTLE drags RICO off. ANDY is watching all of this and

looks aghast. The tower guard lowers his rifle. ANDY approaches

RED tentatively.)

ANDY. Red.

RED. Yeah . . .

ANDY. Can I talk to you?

(A beat.)

ANDY. I understand that you're a man who can get things.

(RED stares at ANDY.)

RED. I'm able to locate certain items from time to time . . . let's walk and . . . talk.

(They move downstage.)

RED. What you got in mind?

ANDY. A rock hammer.

(RED stops in his tracks.)

RED. What the hell is that . . .

ANDY. A rock hammer looks like a miniature pickaxe . . .

RED. *(Cutting in:)* A pickaxe? You outta your mind, what'n hell you gonna do with a pickaxe?

ANDY. Does it matter?

RED. It sure as hell matters. If you wanted a toothbrush, I wouldn't ask questions . . . I'd just quote you a price because a toothbrush, you see, is a non-lethal weapon.

(ANDY looks around to check no one is within earshot.)

ANDY. It's got a small pick on one end and a flat hammerhead on the other. I want it because I like rocks.

RED. Rocks?

ANDY. Let me show you something.

(ANDY hunkers down. RED joins him. ANDY takes a handful of dirt and begins to sift it. He hands a small pebble to RED.)

ANDY. Quartz . . . and look, mica, shale, silted granite. Here's a piece of limestone from when they cut this place out of the side of the hill. I'm a rock hound, at least I was in my old life. I'd like to be one again.

RED. Too dangerous . . . They find somethin' like that on you, I'd be number-one suspect . . . I don't need that kinda heat.

ANDY. I promise you they won't find it.

RED. You can't promise me jack shit . . . How do I know you ain't planning to plant this thing in somebody's skull?

ANDY. I have no enemies here.

RED. Really?

(RED nods towards the Sisters.)

ANDY. I can handle things without a rock hammer.

RED. Oh yeah . . . You mean like the way you handled things on the outside.

ANDY. You don't know what you're talking about. That's none of your business.

RED. When a con comes to me and asks me to risk my neck to get him some goddamned lethal weapon, then I make it my business. I need to know exactly who I'm dealing with.

ANDY. I'm innocent

RED. Sure you are.

ANDY. I'm telling you the truth.

(As RED speaks a bell rings, the CONS lift tables into a row.)

RED. Truth? It's a little too late for that, don't you think?

(HADLEY enters.)

HADLEY. What is this, a mothers' meeting?

(The COOK enters wheeling a trolley with a steaming, giant pot of stew. All the prisoners line up for the food, which the COOK slops on to their plates, and they sit at the tables. There is a lot of noise.)

Scene 5: Canteen

(HADLEY and ENTWISTLE patrol the room. ANDY hasn't found anywhere to sit. STAMMAS enters. The room quiets.)

STAMMAS. Gentlemen! You're behaving like pigs in a trough! The food that the good Lord provides for your table should be eaten with a modicum of respect. Has grace been said here today? No, I didn't think so! Mr. Dufresne, seeing that you are still on your feet, maybe you can lead us in the prayer before meals.

(The dining room falls silent. All eyes are on ANDY. ANDY is hesitant. HADLEY nudges him in the ribs with the barrel of his rifle.)

HADLEY. You heard the warden!

ANDY. I'm only familiar with the Seventh-Day Adventist version of grace, sir . . . If that's alright?

STAMMAS. The Seventh-Day Adventists. I'm sure that will suffice. Go ahead.

(ANDY recites. All, including STAMMAS, join in.)

ANDY. Thank you, Lord, for the food on our table.

STAMMAS / ALL. Thank you, Lord, for the food on our table.

ANDY. Release us, Lord, from the chains that bind us.

ALL. Release us, Lord . . . from the chains that bind us.

ANDY. Protect us, Lord, from the greed of the oppressor.

STAMMAS / ALL. Protect us, Lord . . . from the greed of the oppressor.

ANDY. And may the innocent walk in the cool of your shadow.

(A beat. STAMMAS walks slowly to the head of the table, stares at ANDY.)

STAMMAS. Amen. Interesting interpretation, Mr. Dufresne.

(STAMMAS exits.)

(The canteen goes back to the normal noise of chitchat. ANDY finds a seat and picks at the food on his plate.)

DAWKINS. Seventh-Day Adventists. You some kinda lay preacher?

ANDY. No . . . I just made it up.

RED. What?

ANDY. I made it up. There's no such prayer.

RED. There is now!

(The guys all look at each other and start to laugh.)

DAWKINS. You're some smart asshole!

BROOKSIE. Son of a bitch!

RICO. Release us, Lord, from the chains that bind us . . . I think Jesus would agree with that.

BROOKSIE. I think I have a copy of a Seventh-Day Adventist Bible somewhere, I could get it for ya.

ANDY. Oh . . . Okay . . .

BROOKSIE. You can visit the library now if you like.

ANDY. Now?

(BROOKSIE interrupts, gets up, and calls to ENTWISTLE.)

BROOKSIE. Going to the library, Mr. Entwistle, sir.

ENTWISTLE. Go ahead, Brooksie.

(BROOKSIE disappears for a moment and comes back in with a small trolley full of books. The guys hoot and laugh.)

BROOKSIE. Welcome to the library, Mr. Dufresne.

ANDY. That's a very impressive library.

BROOKSIE. Established by my good self. Fully mobile. No brakes.

(The guys laugh. BOGS and ROOSTER approach ANDY's table. As BOGS passes, HADLEY moves a discreet distance away.)

BOGS. I think it's time we had our little chess game, Dufresne. Unless of course you lied to me and you don't have the intellectual capacity for chess after all . . . Did you lie to me?

ANDY. No.

(ANDY looks at RED.)

I'm not a liar. I'd be happy to accept your invitation to play chess. Thank you.

(BOGS and ROOSTER stare at him.)

ROOSTER. Thank you?

BOGS. No. Thank you.

(The Sisters laugh.)

BOGS exits. The table is quiet. ANDY picks at his food.)

DAWKINS. How good is your chess game, Mr. Du Frenzy?

ANDY. Well I guess you're going to find out.

(A horn sounds. All the guys move the tables and we are in the chess space.)

DAWKINS. (Smiles.) Anybody want a little action. Dufrenzy's just told me he's a goddamn chess master. Come on, five to one on the banker . . . come on . . .

ROOSTER. Put me down for a ten-spot on Bogs. Candy from a baby.

RICO. (Looks to the heavens.) I'm sorry Jesus, but I can't let this one pass. I'm in for three dollars on Bogs to win.

(RED aside to ANDY.)

RED. Listen Andy, you gotta game on your hands, in the ten years that he's been here he's never lost. Losing is not an option for Bogs Diamond.

DAWKINS. Okay I'll lay eight to one on the banker boy to win, my final offer. Come on!

(As they exit, RED aside to DAWKINS.)

RED. I'll have ten on Dufresne . . .

DAWKINS. (Laughs.) Done. I just love reeling you in, Red. Sweet music to my ears!

(We go into the chess game.)

Scene 6: Chess Game

(Lights up slowly until the prison yard is dimly lit. A spotlight picks out ANDY and BOGS sitting at a table playing chess. The spot rises to full while the rest of the yard remains dimly lit. ANDY and BOGS are surrounded by a circle of CONS including RED and the boys. The whole prison, apart from HADLEY, is watching intently. ANDY is slightly ahead with more pieces. ANDY makes a move and checks BOGS' king.)

ANDY. Checkmate!

(BOGS is shocked to his core. He glares at ANDY, then finally rises, pushes the table roughly and exits. ROOSTER gathers up the pieces and puts them back in the box and follows BOGS out. The lights come up on the prison yard. The table is removed. Most of the CONS glare at ANDY and give him a wide berth. As things go back to normal in the yard, RED approaches ANDY.)

RED. If you think you've just won something there, you're mistaken.

ANDY. I believe you won 80 dollars, so what are you worried about?

RED. I've lost enough money on you since you come in here, I guess I was due somethin' . . . Better watch your back from here on in.

ANDY. I will. Be nice to have my hobby. It might take my mind off things . . . but I guess I'm stuck without a rock hammer.

RED. Your hobby, huh. I used to like trains but I don't think about 'em any more.

(HADLEY enters shouts at them.)

HADLEY. Hey, lovebirds, get over here! What've you two assholes got to whisper about?

RED. Nothin', just passin' the time of day, Mr. Hadley.

HADLEY. Fuck you, Red! I think you're both havin' a little joke at my expense. I lost 40 dollars on a chess game today—you think that's funny, banker boy? . . . I heard you won some money, Red.

... information, huh? ... How much did you win, Red?
ED. Nothing, sir ... I know that gambling is a prison violation.
(HADLEY grabs RED's throat.)

HADLEY. — That's right! It is ... and that's why I'm gonna shake
down you two cocksuckers, see what other secrets you got!

ANDY. Now hold on Mr. Hadley ...
(HADLEY thumps ANDY in the stomach with the butt of his rifle.)
HADLEY. You wanna say something ... Is that it? What do you
wanna say? ... (Bends his ear to listen. ANDY groans.) Changed your
mind? ... I thought so ... now move your ass!

(HADLEY frog-marches RED and ANDY out of the yard. Lights
fade to black.)

Scene 7: A Dark Place

(A single dim spot lights ANDY. He is being frisked by HADLEY.
The plip-plop of water echoes around the walls. HADLEY bends
down and frisks ANDY's legs. Then, BOGS suddenly appears.)

BOGS. You decided to open with the Sicilian defence ... that turned
out to be a smart opening ... Lets your queen venture out if she
wants, huh ... Yeah, you let that bitch do a lot of damage ... seems
to be a weakness of yours, letting your women do what they want
... I want to know something ...

ANDY. What's that?
BOGS. I want to know why you want to purchase a pickaxe.
(Pause. RED gets up and listens more closely.)

ANDY. I have no idea what you're talking about. I don't want any
trouble. I'm not a violent man.

(ROOSTER and PINKY suddenly appear.)

ROOSTER. Sure you ain't ... blowing your wife and her lover's
brains out ... that was just to scare them off, huh?

PINKY. (Laughing and shooting with his fingers:) Bam bam! Here comes
the banker man!

BOGS. What were you planning to do with it? Talk to me.

(BOGS walks closer to ANDY. ANDY suddenly lashes out and
catches BOGS with a right uppercut. The punch knocks BOGS back
on his heels. ROOSTER jumps on ANDY. We see BOGS pull a cut-
throat razor from his belt. The blade glints in the half-light.)

BOGS. You asked Red to get you a pickaxe—why would Red tell me
something like that?

ANDY. I ... dunno ...

(BOGS positions himself behind ANDY, starts to pull down his
pants.)

ROOSTER holds ANDY tightly by the hair, punching him
occasionally when he tries to fight. All we can see is ANDY's face,
twisted and bloody in the half-light. RED is kneeling with his ear
to the wall of the cell, listening.)

BOGS. You listen to me, banker boy ... when the chess game is
over ... no matter who wins ... the pawn and the king go back in
the same box ... so you gotta learn who the king is around here ...
Who's the king, huh? ... Who's the fuckin' king?

(ANDY is thrown on the floor like a rag doll. BOGS and
ROOSTER exit.)

HADLEY enters with a flashlight, shines it over ANDY's disheveled
body.

Fade down. A pool of light comes up on RED.)

RED. Gang rape. That's a brutal phrase, no matter how many times
you hear it. It's a regular occurrence in most prisons up and down the
country and usually perpetrated by men who like to call themselves
bull queers. In the Shank, they were known as the Sisters. Most of
these guys would not think of themselves as homosexual. To them,
a homosexual man was not what they were looking for. They were
looking for straight, young, good-looking guys who were weak and
vulnerable, or somebody like Andy, who they thought needed to
be taken down a peg or two. Rape in prison is all about status and
power and violence and the irony is, if Andy had've just caved in,
they would probably have left him alone. But he didn't, he fought
them, fought them all the way.

Scene 8: Prison Yard

(BOGS and ROOSTER are doing push-ups. The rest are shooting
craps. DAWKINS has his little radio glued to his ear.)

DAWKINS. Red Listen to this. (Laughs:) There's a horse running in
the Kentucky Derby today called ... COME ON RED! (Laughs.)

RICO. There's a horse called Come On Red? It's gotta be a donkey!
(The CONS laugh.)

DAWKINS. No listen . . . "The five-to-one shot ridden by Alfie Popara finished like a train in his last outing at Churchill Downs!"

BOGS. Is that the train that stops at all the stations?
(BOGS and ROOSTER laugh.)

DAWKINS. . . . Hush . . . they're saying it's strongly fancied by people in the know. Come on Red! You gotta want some action on a horse called COME ON RED! I'm laying ten to one!

RED. Ten to one? You got yourself a bet, mister. Alfie Popara was top jockey last year.

DAWKINS. (Laughing.) That's right, he was! Man, I'm a fool to myself!

RICO. Put me down for two dollars on NEEDLES!

(ANDY enters, shielding his eyes from the light. The other CONS stop to look at him. ANDY looks at the ground, bends down, and starts to rummage in the dirt. HADLEY and STAMMAS enter into the yard deep in conversation. STAMMAS stops and stares at ANDY.)

STAMMAS. What are you doing groveling in the dirt, Dufresne?

ANDY. It's just a hobby of mine, sir.

(STAMMAS shakes his head in amusement and walks away. ANDY calls after him.)

ANDY. I was wondering if I could have a word with you, sir?

(STAMMAS stops in his tracks. Turns and goes back to ANDY.)

STAMMAS. This is hardly the time or place if you want to speak to me then you make an appointment like everyone else.

ANDY. It's very important, sir. It won't take long.

STAMMAS. It better be important!

ANDY. I would like permission to write to the State Senate, sir?

STAMMAS. The State Senate? About what?

(ANDY walks closer to STAMMAS and fixes BOGS and HADLEY with a long stare.)

ANDY. Books . . . sir.

STAMMAS. Books?

ANDY. Yes sir, a little extra funding to extend the range of books on Brooksie's library trolley.
(STAMMAS looks around at the CONS and laughs.)

STAMMAS. Let me give you a little advice Mr. Dufresne: The only viable expenditure of taxpayers' money that the State Senate is interested in is more walls, more bars, and more guards—and let me remind you about my Inside Out Program, a very fine rehabilitation idea that pays for itself; and I can tell you that the State Senate is very happy about that. But, do feel free to write as many begging letters as you like. I wish you luck.

(STAMMAS and HADLEY walk off. BOGS gives ANDY a long, hard stare. ANDY bends and continues searching in the dirt. The CONS file back to their cells. A piece of music takes us in to the next scene.)

ANDY. Thank you, sir.

Scene 9: Andy's Cell

(Lights up on Andy's cell. RED enters with Brooksie's trolley and hands out paperbacks to prisoners; guards are coming and going. ANDY is on his bed, chipping a piece of rock into a butterfly with a spoon sharpened at one end.)

RED. I've got that book you ordered.

ANDY. I didn't order anything.

RED. According to this list you did.

ANDY. The list is wrong.

(RED holds it out to ANDY.)

RED. Have it anyhow. I think you'll find it interesting.

ANDY. I'm going to carve this lump of sandstone into a butterfly. This is going to be *Nymphalis antiopa*! Also known as the grand surprise. It's the state insect of Montana. Did you know that?

RED. Sure I did.

ANDY. Where's Brooksie?

RED. His arthritis is playing up . . . he'll be back.

(An awkward silence. RED puts the book on Andy's bed. Eventually, ANDY picks it up, weighs it in his hand, and realizes it's heavier than it should be. He opens it finds a rock hammer in

the front of it. ANDY puts it casually under his pillow, sits back on the bed, and continues to carve the butterfly.)

ANDY. How much do I owe you?

RED. It's a gift.

ANDY. A gift . . . How come?

RED. I figured you already paid for it in full.

(A beat.)

ANDY. Were you really a trainspotter?

RED. Yeah, everything from the Willie Mason steam locomotive to the Santa Fe piggyback 578, but the Shank is no place for hobbies.

(RED checks the landings.)

RED. (Whispering:) I don't know how Bogs got to know that you wanted a rock hammer . . . He sure as hell didn't get that information from me . . . that's why he thought it was a pickaxe.

ANDY. If you say so.

RED. I do say so . . . I need people's trust. If I don't have that, I can't continue to be the guy who gets things . . . that's what keeps me going in this shithole . . . that's who I am . . . and if I don't have that . . . I don't have anything . . .

ANDY. Not being believed isn't nice, is it Red. I guess you feel undermined. Your standing in the prison community is under threat, one minute you feel that you're somebody and then the next bam! It's gone. I feel for you.

RED. I'm telling you I never spoke to Bogs about the rock hammer.

ANDY. And I never killed my wife.

(ANDY stares at RED.)

ANDY. What did you do to get in here Red.

RED. This is not about me.

ANDY. Come on. If it's honesty that's on the table here then let's eat it up. Maybe I need to know who I'm dealing with.

RED. I killed my wife; yeah, all by myself, nobody came outta the mist and did it for me.

ANDY. Why?

RED. I was young and stupid, trapped in a loveless marriage. I was employed by her father. The son of a bitch had me working fifteen,

sometimes twenty, hours a day. I was no better than a slave . . . and then she started sleeping with one of his salesmen, didn't even try to hide it. That was the last straw. I took out a big insurance policy on her, then fixed the brakes on her car . . . but I didn't plan on her picking up a neighbor and her baby girl. Car crashed at the bottom of Castle Hill, burst into flames, no one survived. Judge called it a heinous crime, and he was right, I was guilty as hell, and once you accept that, it makes life a lot easier in here.

ANDY. You killed your wife for money?

RED. Yeah . . . and freedom. I thought then that you couldn't have one without the other. (Smiles.) I was wrong about that.

(The horn goes off. RED and ANDY exit.)

Scene 10: Laundry Room

(The CONS are folding sheets and collecting clothespins. RICO produces a harmonica from under the bench and starts playing a tuneless song.)

DAWKINS. Christ's sake, why don't you learn to play that thing properly?

RICO. The Lord says I play it just fine.

DAWKINS. Yeah, (points at the ceiling) that's cos he can't hear you from up there!

RED. I used to play the spoons.

DAWKINS. I can play the ukulele. (Looks at RED:) When I eventually get one!

ANDY. You should form a band.

ROOSTER. A band? Fuck yeahhhh I can blow a little horn.

RICO. I'm praying for your soul, Mr. Rooster.

ROOSTER. Shut up!

(BROOKSIE enters with his trolley, Scotch-taping the spines of the books which are falling apart. He is having trouble with his arthritic hands. ANDY is writing a letter using the back of a hardback book to lean on. BOGS and ROOSTER drift around.)

BROOKSIE. C'mon you guys, give me a hand, goddamned arthritis. Some days it's hard to even open my pants to use the toilet.

DAWKINS. I was thinking you didn't smell too good lately.

BROOKSIE. You know that horse-racing magazine you wanted, Dawkins?

DAWKINS. Yeah.

BROOKSIE. I'm going to have to use it to wipe my ass.

(All the CONS cheer at that one. DAWKINS bows in mock reverence.)

BROOKSIE. (To ANDY:) You still writing to the State Senate for library books?

ANDY. Yes, I am.

BROOKSIE. Well I think you should stop.

ANDY. Why?

BROOKSIE. Because things are just fine as they are.

ANDY. I'm not after your job, Brooksie.

BROOKSIE. Oh really. Whaddaya take me for, some kind of jerk? I have a degree, did you know that?

DAWKINS. A degree in moaning!

BROOKSIE. I've been doing this job a long time. I'm the library man. You understand me?

ANDY. I would just like to read something other than westerns and detective stories.

BROOKSIE. Westerns and detective novels are good enough for the rest of us, walking 'round here with your nose stuck in the air, think you're better than we are?

(The guys look on, enjoying the moment. BOGS and ROOSTER join the conversation, but only to disrupt it.)

ANDY. I'm not saying I'm better. I mean have you ever read *Crime and Punishment* . . . *Great Expectations* . . . *Moby Dick*.

ROOSTER. Soapy Dick? Oh yeah I wanna read that.

BROOKSIE. (Disgusted:) *Great Expectations*. . . I need some more Scotch tape.

(BROOKSIE exits. ANDY continues to tape up the books.)

RED. How many letters you written so far?

ANDY. I've sent 156, one every week for three years and not one reply.

(ROOSTER and BOGS laugh.)

ROOSTER. You're an asshole, Dufrenzy! Those guys at the State Senate must be breaking their balls laughing.

BOGS. Hey look, we got another letter from our pen pal in the Shank!

(ROOSTER and BOGS laugh.)

ANDY. Yes you're right. It is ridiculous what I'm doing. (He looks around at the guys:) I need to write two letters a week.

(RED picks up a paperback, flicks the pages, and has a chuckle to himself.)

RED. Rico, you know that strange book you told me you read?

RICO. Yeah.

RED. You couldn't figure it out . . . you said the book started with the ending. You told me you knew who did what, right from the off.

RICO. Yes . . . didn't make any sense . . . so what about it?

(RED holds up the book.)

RED. This is the book and I've just realized that Brooksie taped the back pages to the front.

(All the guys crack up laughing.)

A beat. DAWKINS approaches ANDY.)

DAWKINS. My favorite book is *The Invisible Man*! Maybe it was him who whacked Dufrenzy's wife and her lover boy.

ROOSTER. How come I didn't find somebody like that to do my dirty work?

BOGS. Is it true that this man, who nobody saw, never stole anything from the house?

ANDY. That's correct.

ROOSTER. So why do you think this guy shot 'em? What was his motive?

ANDY. I have no idea.

DAWKINS. I heard they dragged the Royal River for three days lookin' for that gun you said you dumped . . . found nothin' . . . Why'd you throw the gun away?

ANDY. I don't know. I was confused . . . I wasn't thinking straight.

DAWKINS. Sounds like straight enough thinkin' to me . . . if they didn't have a gun . . . then they couldn't match the bullets . . . very convenient.

... on a whiskey bottle right
BOYER. Fire tracks the exact match of your car on the driveway,
come on, man!

ANDY. Yes all that is true, I was there and it's bad luck for me that
I was there. But that doesn't mean I killed my wife, or anyone else.

RICO. I killed my family. All seven of them, I set the trailer on fire. I
couldn't look after them anymore, couldn't feed them. So I laid them
in the arms of Jesus.

BOGS. Musta been one hell of a barbecue.
(BOGS walks over to ANDY.)

BOGS. Bad luck is like running water, sooner or later it's gonna find
you and wear you right down to the bone.

RICO. (To ANDY:) Jesus probably has a plan for you. He always has
a plan.
(ANDY holds up a book and looks at the spine as he tapes it.)

ANDY. Yeah ... maybe I'm here to save the written word of (looks at
the spine:) Mickey Spillane.
(RICO smiles at ANDY.)

RED. Maybe that's the answer to your problem.

ANDY. What?
RED. If you never get any new books ... we'll just move the pages
around ... change the endings.

Scene 11: Plate Factory Roof

(Lights up on the plate factory roof. ENTWISTLE is standing with
six tar mops. The CONS come up carrying buckets of hot pitch.
ROOSTER and RICO emerge from the ladder in the floor, already
sweating and exhausted. Followed by HADLEY, ENTWISTLE,
RED, ANDY, and DAWKINS.)

ENTWISTLE. Come on ladies hurry it up. Come and get 'em!

RICO. My good Lord! I nearly slipped on that existential ladder.
Almost broke my neck.

DAWKINS. It's an extension ladder, you crazy fuck!

(The CONS start spreading the tar with long tar brushes.
ANDY is taking his time. HADLEY is on him like a shot.)

HADLEY. Come on, hurry it up, you dumb fuck! You can't let this
shit cool! Start spreading.

(ANDY and RED and the rest of the gang up their work rate.
ENTWISTLE smiles at HADLEY. They both come downstage
and lean on the roof rail. HADLEY removes his hat and wipes his
brow. ENTWISTLE does the same.)

ENTWISTLE. Woo ... Jeez it's hot.

HADLEY. Yeah. I should really be in town today talking to my
lawyer 'stead of up here babysitting these assholes!

ENTWISTLE. Your lawyer? Why's that?

HADLEY. Well Mert, keep it to yourself ... but I just come in to quite
a substantial amount of money. My older brother, who I haven't seen
in fourteen years, well, he died four months ago. Made his fortune
out in Texas. Oil leases. Never did get along with the son of a bitch
... but, I gotta hand it to him, he's gone and left me a pretty damned
decent bequest.

ENTWISTLE. Can I ask how much?
(HADLEY glares at ENTWISTLE as if he's going to hit him.
ANDY and RED are listening.)

ENTWISTLE. I mean ... it's none of my business, I was just curious ...

HADLEY. (Cutting in:) 35 thousand dollars!

ENTWISTLE. Sweet Jesus!
(The CONS exchange glances.)

HADLEY. Yeah that's what my wife said ... It sounds good! But by
the time the goddamn government take their bite out of it they'll
leave me about enough to buy a new car. And then what happens?
You have to pay damned taxes on the car! Christ's sake. You can't
fight Uncle Sam. Once he gets his hands on your balls, he'll squeeze
you until there's not a drop left. Worse than a Vegas whore at
midnight. You just can't win!

(Suddenly, ANDY stands up straight, drops his brush pad, and
marches over to HADLEY. RICO almost drops his bucket of tar.)

RED. (Under:) Andy! What the fu ...
(ANDY stops in front of HADLEY.)

ANDY. Do you trust your wife?

(HADLEY stares at ANDY. He is struck dumb for a second.)

HADLEY. What?

ANDY. I said do you trust your wife?

HADLEY. Trust my wife?

(HADLEY grabs ANDY by the throat and trails him towards the roof rail.)

HADLEY. Okay, you cleverdick motherfucker! You're going off this roof.

(RED, DAWKINS, RICO, and ROOSTER start to work even faster.)

RED. (Under.) The heat's got to him.

DAWKINS. That crazy bastard ain't ever gonna learn. Even money Hadley fucks him off the roof.

ROOSTER. Put me down for five.

(HADLEY holds ANDY over the rail.)

ANDY. Okay, maybe I put it to you in the wrong way. Whether you trust her or not is immaterial, the problem is: do you believe she would go behind your back, try to hamstring you?

(HADLEY shoves ANDY halfway over the parapet rail. RED and the boys stop working and are now staring at the scene. ENTWISTLE points his rifle at them.)

ENTWISTLE. Keep working, this is none of your business!

(RED and the boys get back to working.)

HADLEY. Your only problem is going to be how many bones you still got unbroken when I toss you on your fuckin' head!

ANDY. If you do trust her, Mr. Hadley, there's no reason why you shouldn't keep every cent of that money.

HADLEY. What do you mean?

ANDY. I mean, if you trust her, you can give it to her.

HADLEY. You better start making sense asshole! Or you're going over!

ANDY. The government allows you a one-time gift to your spouse. It's good up to 60 thousand dollars. Tax-free.

HADLEY. Nah . . . that ain't right . . . tax-free?

ANDY. Tax-free. IRS can't touch one nickel of it.
(HADLEY's brain is working overtime. He wants to believe Andy.)

HADLEY. Now why should I believe a wife-killing smart-ass banker like you, huh? So as I can wind up in here with you! Is that it? You'd like that wouldn't you?

ANDY. The tax-free gift to a spouse is a perfectly legal loophole. I've done hundreds of them.

(HADLEY shoves ANDY even further over the edge. ENTWISTLE keeps his rifle aimed at RED and the boys.)

HADLEY. I think you're lying!

ANDY. Then go to the IRS, they'll tell you the same thing for free . . . but you don't need me to tell you that.

HADLEY. Fucking A, I don't need no hotshot, letter-writing son of a whore to tell me jack shit!

ANDY. I know that . . . you'll need a tax lawyer, or . . . banker to set it up for you. If you're interested . . . I'd be glad to set it up for you nearly free of charge. The price would be three beers apiece for each of my coworkers.

ENTWISTLE. Coworkers? . . . Well I ain't ever heard them called that before. You don't have any coworkers, mister . . .

HADLEY. (Cutting in.) Shut your frigging trap, Entwistle!

(HADLEY drags ANDY back up to safety away from the rail. He picks up his rifle.)

HADLEY. Now, you were saying?

ANDY. I was saying I'd only ask three beers apiece for my coworkers, if that seems fair? I think a man feels more like a man when he's working outdoors in summertime . . . if he can have a bottle of suds . . . That's only my opinion.

HADLEY. If you're trying somehow to trick me here. Make a fool outta me. I'll make your life a living hell. You're in a no-win situation here. You understand me?

ANDY. I understand. I'll let you know what forms you'll need. I'll fill them in for your signature.

HADLEY. (To ENTWISTLE.) Mert, go down to the mess hall and bring up that bucket of beers I keep over there.

ENTWISTLE. . . . What? . . . Bucket of beers? . . . Now, Mr. Hadley, I don't think . . .

HADLEY. (Cutting in.) I said go get 'em!

(ENTWISTLE exits in a huff. RED and the boys stand with their mouths agape. HADLEY lights on them.)

HADLEY. What are you dickheads staring at. Get back to work goddammit!

(The guys get back to work. HADLEY stares at ANDY.)

HADLEY. If you're jerking me around, you're dead, you know that.

ANDY. I know.

HADLEY. Tax-free?

ANDY. Tax-free.

(ENTWISTLE enters, all hot and out of breath, carrying a bucket of beers. He stares at HADLEY. HADLEY nods. ENTWISTLE goes over to RED and the boys and leaves the bucket of beers beside them. They stare in wonder at the bucket of beer.)

HADLEY. Okay. You gotta 20-minute break, 20 minutes, that's it.

(HADLEY walks over, leans on the wall, and lights up a smoke. RED is the first to pick the beer gently out of the bucket. He holds it up to the light in both hands, like the way a priest would hold a chalice. He walks down to the front of the roof, away from the rest. Soon all the guys pick up a beer, and the gang sits down in the sun, opens their bottles, and drinks it down like it was nectar sent from the gods. ANDY goes over and joins them, sits watching them, a half-smile on his face.)

RED. That's how, on the first day of the job, the convict gang that tarred the plate factory roof ended up sitting in a row on a summer's day drinking Black Label beer supplied by the hardest screw that ever walked a turn at the Shawshank prison. That beer was as warm as piss, but it was the best beer I ever tasted in my life. We sat and drank it and felt the warm sun on our shoulders. Andy didn't even drink, he just sat there, watching us and smiling that little smile of his . . . I don't know what it was about for him. All I know for sure is that Andy Dufresne wasn't much like me or anyone else I ever knew since I came inside. Andy always seemed to have a sense of his own worth. He carried a kind of inner light around with him . . . He didn't have to share that light with anyone . . . but he did . . . and I have no idea why.

(The scene morphs into the screening room scene.)

Scene 12: Screening Room

(The CONS move the benches to watch a movie. Rita Hayworth in the 1946 movie Gilda. She is singing "Put the Blame on Mame." The CONS are sitting side on to the audience as the light from the movie flickers in their faces. They shout and cheer and sing along. HADLEY is watching from the back of the room. ANDY is on the opposite side, holding a film reel.)

RICO. Put the blame on me, Rita. I'll die for your sins.

(The song comes to an end and Rita is doing a striptease. The CONS go wild.)

VOICE OF RITA. Oh I'm not very good with zippers. Unless of course I can get some help.

ROOSTER. I can do zippers!

BOGS. Me too!

DAWKINS. Does that red hair run all the way down the valley, Rita?

BOGS. I wanna yodel in that valley, Rita!

(PINKY yodels.)

RICO. Don't listen to them, Rita. They don't deserve you. (To BOGS:) You're disgusting! You don't deserve her!

(RICO slaps BOGS with his cap which starts a scuffle.)

HADLEY. Alright, calm the hell down, Rodriguez!

(ANDY enters from the projection room holding a film reel. Sits behind RED.)

ANDY. Can you get a poster of Rita for me?

RED. Rita? Yeah, I can get her. You want the big one or the little one?

ANDY. The big one.

RED. Okay.

ANDY. How much?

RED. Ten dollars.

ANDY. Ten? That's extortion!

RED. Extortion's my middle name . . . I know why you want that poster Andy.

ANDY. You do, huh?

RED. Yeah, it's obvious . . . Rita Hayworth reminds you of your wife . . . I saw a picture of your wife once in the newspapers; she was a redhead too, right? Good-looking woman . . . What happened, Andy?

ANDY. She was cheating on me with a golf pro, name of Glen Quentin. I drank half a bottle of whiskey, then drove up to his house to kill him. The light was on in the bedroom and I could hear them laughing. Linda had a real nice laugh, warm and infectious. I got out of the car and loaded the gun, but I just stood there, listening to them laughing. I couldn't bear it anymore, so I drove away. On my way home, I stopped at the bridge overlooking the Royal River and tossed the gun in. I decided then and there she could have her divorce.

RED. So, after you left . . . a stranger came by and shot them both four times in the head.

ANDY. . . . That's right.

RED. You gotta forget about her Andy, it's not healthy . . . ten dollars.

(ANDY goes to the back of the projector. HADLEY moves away. BOGS, PINKY, and ROOSTER follow ANDY.)

BOGS. Maybe you think you're the top dog around here now, huh? All the screws in the Shank eating outta your hand, doin' their tax returns . . . drinkin' fuckin' beer on the roof! Rita Hayworth movies. Well you might be able to fool all of the dumb fucks in this place with your Mr. Nice Guy act, but you can't fool me. I know what you're doing . . . and there's nothing altruistic about it. You know what I think. I think you can't be trusted. I think you need, once and for all, to be taught a lesson . . .

(BOGS and ROOSTER close in on ANDY and force him into the corner. PINKY keeps watch. They suddenly rush him, ANDY flings himself at ROOSTER and headbutts him in the face. ROOSTER is knocked back for a second but is soon onto ANDY again and puts him in a headlock. ROOSTER's nose is a mess, blood everywhere. BOGS pulls out a screwdriver.)

BOGS. I'm gonna open my fly now, mister man, and you're gonna swallow what I give you to swallow. And when you done swallowing mine you're going to swallow my sister's here . . .

(ROOSTER feels his nose and looks at his hands, which are covered in blood.

ROOSTER drags ANDY onto his knees, punching and kicking him. BOGS opens his fly.)

ANDY. Anything of yours . . . that you stick in my mouth, you're gonna lose it!

(BOGS puts the screwdriver against ANDY's ear.)

BOGS. You crazy son of a bitch . . . maybe you didn't understand me . . . you feel this . . . huh? . . . You feel it! You do something like that and I'll shove all six inches of this cold steel into your fuckin' brain.

ANDY. I understand what you said. I don't think you understand me. I'm going to bite whatever you stick in my mouth.

BOGS. *(Roaring.)* You piece a fuckin' shit I'm gonna ram this in your ear, you hear me!

ANDY. You can shove that thing in my brain . . . but you should know that a sudden, serious brain injury will cause me to urinate, defecate . . . and bite down hard . . .

(BOGS stares at ANDY.)

ANDY. The bite reflex will be so strong . . . that my jaw will have to be pried open with a crowbar.

BOGS. You're fulla shit!

ANDY. Well there's one way to find out.

(BOGS zips up his pants and punches ANDY in the face. The old reel comes to an end and begins to flicker. BOGS and ROOSTER beat ANDY. The CONS moan and shout.)

RICO. The projector is so old, man, like everything in this shithole!

RED. Piece of shit equipment. Hey Andy, can you fix it?

BROOKSIE. I keep telling you you can't rely on technology. Books! Now, they never break down!

(All the CONS start chanting.)

CONS. Piece of shit! Piece of shit! Piece of shit!

(As the light fades BOGS and ROOSTER continue to beat ANDY to the chanting of "PIECE OF SHIT.")

Scene 13: Warden's Office

(The WARDEN is at his desk. A knock on the door. HADLEY enters.)

HADLEY. I've got Dufresne outside, sir.

STAMMAS. Well, send him in.

HADLEY. Um . . . I thought you should see this sir.

(HADLEY pulls a handful of letters from his inside pocket.)

Dufresne's been writing three letters a week.

STAMMAS. Yes Mr. Hadley, I do know that.

HADLEY. He's asking for extra stamps. What should I do with these?

(STAMMAS stares at the letters. Then back at HADLEY.)

STAMMAS. You don't know what to do? Mr. Hadley.

HADLEY. Yes, sir. I mean no, sir. I don't know what to do.

STAMMAS: (Cutting in.) For once in your life make a decision. Are you capable of making a decision?

(A beat. HADLEY gnaws at STAMMAS.)

HADLEY. Well, sir. I um . . . I . . . just wanted . . .

STAMMAS. Put them in the mailbox!

HADLEY. All of them?

STAMMAS. Yes! And get Dufresne in here now.

(HADLEY exits. The WARDEN looks through some papers on his desk. Makes a few notes in pencil.)

HADLEY enters with ANDY. ANDY has his right arm in a sling.)

HADLEY. Dufresne. Prisoner 6431, sir.

(HADLEY stands guard at the door.)

STAMMAS. Wait outside, Mr. Hadley.

(HADLEY exits.)

STAMMAS. Have a seat, Mr. Dufresne.

(ANDY sits.)

You seem almost obsessed about these books.

ANDY. Yes sir.

STAMMAS. Writing three letters a week from the infirmary, how'd you manage that?

(ANDY waves his good hand.)

ANDY. I used my left hand sir.

STAMMAS. Of course you did. Well I must say I admire your resilience. But I did try and warn you about the intransigence of the State Senate. They just don't give a damn.

(A beat.)

STAMMAS. Do you still have an interest in the financial pages, Mr. Dufresne? Do you keep up-to-date?

ANDY. I wouldn't say I was up-to date . . . no real need, but I do keep my eye on things from time to time.

STAMMAS. Oh come now Dufresne you're being too modest. Word has it that we are housing our own financial wizard here at the Shawshank . . . I've been thinking, Mr. Hatlen isn't getting any younger, and I'm sick of the sight of that infernal trolley that he keeps pushing around so, would you be interested in setting up a library with Hatlen in the old paint store?

(A beat.)

ANDY. A library . . . Yes . . . Yes, sir . . . I would.

STAMMAS. Good, good I would see a library as an extension of my Inside Out program, which is becoming very much in demand, the purchasing of materials, the placing of men, on construction sites on the outside, lot of money involved. The accountant that I had working for me previously, turned out not to be, quite as good a chef as I expected.

ANDY. Chef?

STAMMAS. Yes . . . you do know what a chef does, Mr. Dufresne?

(ANDY stares at STAMMAS.)

ANDY. He . . . cooks.

STAMMAS. That's right. God knows it's not like we don't pay our taxes, but you know how greedy government can be. It would be a travesty if we were to be investigated by the IRS. It could undo all of our good work here at the Shawshank . . . So what do you say, would you like to work for me?

ANDY. This library in the paint store; I would want it fully stocked. Maybe some books on how to play a musical instrument or how to speak French, books about self-fulfillment, books on history, philosophy, books on chess.

STAMMAS. I may be able to persuade someone at the State Senate to at least consider your request.

ANDY. We'll also need the latest tax year books and business management manuals... It would be in our interest to be up-to-date... one step ahead, so to speak... with our recipes.

STAMMAS. Very good, Dufresne. Now we're singing from the same hymn book.

(Blackout.)

End of Act One

Scene 1: Library

(We open in blackout. Sound effect: An early '60s rock song, something like the famous cover of "Twist and Shout." Fade up to a new fully-stocked library. The shelves loaded with books from wall to ceiling. RICO, RED, BOGS, ROOSTER, and DAWKINS are crowded around listening to the song on Dawkins' radio. They sing along and mess around. ROOSTER grabs RICO and drags him around by the arm.)

DAWKINS. Man I love these English faggots!

RED. I preferred the Isley Brothers version!

RICO. That's 'cos you're an old man! OOOOOh I'm gone baby yeahhh!

BOGS. Come on Rico, Twist!

CONS. And Shout!

ROOSTER. Doing good Rico, getting the hang of it now.

(ROOSTER grabs RICO by the arm and swings him around.)

RICO. Ahh shit man! That hurt!

(ANDY and BROOKSIE enter. BROOKSIE is much older and slower. The years haven't been kind to him.)

BROOKSIE. What in Jesus' name is going on in here? Turn that racket off—jumping 'round like screaming schoolgirls! Where the hell do you think you are? This is the library! Can't you read the sign...

RICO. We took it down!

BROOKSIE. Get to hell outta here, you bunch of losers. Khrushchev is right! You do need a goddam nuclear missile up your ass.

DAWKINS. Best thing that could happen to this place.

(Everyone exits. BOGS and ROOSTER target ANDY on their exit.)

BROOKSIE. Go on get out!

BOGS. I liked it better when it was a paint store.

ROOSTER. Me too. I used to get high on that stuff.

(BOGS and ROOSTER exit. ANDY goes to his desk. BROOKSIE looks around the shelves, picks up a new hardback book, opens it gently and smells it, turns it fondly in his hand his breathing becomes agitated.)

ANDY. Brooksie... you okay?

BROOKSIE. I've . . . never been better . . . Look at this place, it's a miracle. I'm up for parole in a few months. Won't be long 'til you have the place to yourself.

ANDY. *(Smiles:)* I'm going to miss you, Brooksie.

BROOKSIE. Yeah yeah . . . sure you will . . . you've put Raymond Chandler in the D section?

(ANDY turns, looks at the shelf.)

ANDY. So I did. Sorry boss.

BROOKSIE. Christ Almighty.

(BROOKSIE exits.)

Scene 2: Phone Area

(TOMMY WILLIAMS, a young con in his early twenties, is on the communal pay phone attached to the wall. HADLEY stands guard. ROOSTER, BOGS, and RICO wait in line, anxious to get their chance. TOMMY is talking to his wife. It's not the place to get romantic. TOMMY has the phone cradled to his ear. DAWKINS, RED, and BROOKSIE sit opposite, playing cards.)

TOMMY. I swear to God honey, I'm done with those guys.

ROOSTER. Oh no you're not!

TOMMY. I'm goin' back to night school. Do my exams.

(BOGS and ROOSTER laugh sarcastically.)

PINKY. *(To ROOSTER and BOGS:)* I'll sharpen your pencil for you!

DAWKINS. Even money he tells her he loves her!

TOMMY. I hear you . . . I promise . . . I love you, baby.

DAWKINS. Bam! How good am I?

(The guys laugh.)

BOGS. I love you bay-bee!

RICO. Come on now, leave the boy in peace.

ROOSTER. I'll cut a piece outta you, Jesus freak.

RICO. God bless you too.

TOMMY. Give my little girl a kiss for me. Bye, honey.

ROOSTER. Put the phone on the hook, little fishy!

(TOMMY hangs up.)

HADLEY. Alright, that's it, phone time's up!

BOGS. Ah come on, that streak-a piss has used up everybody's time!

HADLEY. I said that's it! Now move your ass! Like you got somebody to call!

(The CONS moan. BOGS and the Sisters glare at TOMMY. RED, RICO, DAWKINS, and BROOKSIE sit in the corner playing poker. In the background, the Sisters are pushing TOMMY from one to the other. TOMMY is fighting back and shouting at them. RED and the boys watch with interest.)

BOGS. Come on don't get angry sweet thing. Uncle Bogs just wants to treat you nice.

TOMMY. I ain't your sweet thing, you goddamned faggot!

BOGS. Oh you will be.

ROOSTER. Yeah, gonna invade you like a disease!

(PINKY laughs.)

TOMMY. You stay the fuck away from me, you freak!

BOGS. That boy has a filthy mouth. I like that!

(ENTWISTLE enters and breaks it up.)

ENTWISTLE. Alright that's enough! Break it up, new boy! Move along!

(TOMMY walks down to the poker game.)

TOMMY. Got room for one more?

DAWKINS. Yeah. We'll take anybody's money!

TOMMY. *(To BOGS:)* Fuck you, old man!

(TOMMY takes a seat and gets dealt a hand by RICO.)

BROOKSIE. You wanna take it easy with those guys, kid.

TOMMY. I ain't worried 'bout those bastards. Nothing I can't handle.

(RED looks around at all the guys. They smile.)

RED. Hmm . . . Now where have we heard that before?

RICO. What's your name, kid?

TOMMY. Tommy. Tommy Williams from South Carolina. Best goddamn car thief in the business.

RICO. Long name.

DAWKINS. You're so good, how come you ended up in the Shank?

TOMMY. I got double-crossed.

DAWKINS. Aah me too!

RED. You too?

DAWKINS. Yeah, lawyer fucked me.

RED. Musta had the same lawyer.

DAWKINS. Yeah

(The guys all tease him by pointing at each other with mock shock that they were all double-crossed as well.)

TOMMY. Soon as I git outta here, I'm working alone, that's the key!

RICO. Hold on. I thought you just said you wanted to pass your high-school exams?

TOMMY. That was a private conversation!

BROOKSIE. Nothing private in this place, kid.

RED. You gotta learn to keep your voice down. So, do you?

TOMMY. What?

RED. Wanna finish your exams?

TOMMY. Yeah... Yeah, I do.

RED. Good. In that case I can put you in touch with our head of education.

(A horn sounds. As the CONS exit, they clear all the tables and chairs.)

Scene 3: Library

ANDY. Red, Red, come here—I want to show you something.

(They move upstage. ANDY checks there are no guards around and takes a sandstone model of a train out of his inside pocket.)

ANDY. What do you think?

RED. Jesus Andy... Man that's... that's really somethin'... looks like the California Zephyr... 806.

ANDY. It is. Well spotted. I copied it from a photo in a magazine... Do you want it?

RED. What?

ANDY. It's yours if you want it.
(RED stares at him suspiciously.)

RED. In exchange for what?

ANDY. Nothing... it's a gift.

ANDY. I don't accept gifts.

ANDY. When was the last time someone gave you a gift?
(A beat.)

RED. I can't be beholden to you... to anyone.

ANDY. Look, I know you take a chance getting me stuff. This is just to say thanks. No big deal.

RED. I take a chance getting everybody stuff. That's what I do. Don't worry about it.
(ANDY puts the train back in his pocket.)

(BROOKSIE is stacking books. DAWKINS and RICO are reading. DAWKINS moves his finger slowly along the words. ANDY is busy sorting books. His arm is in a sling. TOMMY enters. Stares shyly at ANDY. ANDY looks at him quizzically.)

TOMMY. Hi, I'm Tommy... I... I was talking to Red and he was saying that you being head of education... you might be able to help me with my exams.

ANDY. *(Smiles.)* I'm not head of anything, Tommy... but I might be able to help you... How serious are you about passing these exams... How much do you want them?

TOMMY. I want them real bad... I promised Shirley, she's my wife, that I would stop all this carjacking shit. Last time I stole a car I killed somebody. I didn't mean to, Mr. Dufresne, he ran right out in front a me. Shirley is pretty much all I got... but... Mr. Dufresne, I'm—

ANDY. *(Cutting in:)* Andy.

TOMMY. Andy... I'm gonna level with ya... I got shit for brains...

ANDY. Don't worry. I'm not afraid to get my hands dirty.

(TOMMY smiles.)

TOMMY. Okay. When do I start.

ANDY. Is now a good time?

TOMMY. Now?

(ANDY stares at TOMMY.)

Hell yeah! Sure! Now's good.

(ANDY searches through a drawer in his desk.)

ANDY. Okay. This is a past paper of a high school equivalency test. Take a look at it and see how many questions you can complete.

(TOMMY stares at the paper. Then turns it up the right way, his face falls he slings it on the table.)

TOMMY. I don't even unnerstan' the questions!

ANDY. Take your time. This will give me a measure of . . . just how dirty my hands are going to get.

TOMMY. Plenty dirty.

(TOMMY stares at Andy's arm.)

TOMMY. I heard what those faggots did to you.

ANDY. . . . Yeah.

TOMMY. Shit . . . They're after my ass as well.

ANDY. . . . That's something I can't help you with.

TOMMY. You just keep fightin' 'em, huh?

ANDY. Yep . . . I just keep fighting them.

TOMMY. Then that's what I'll do. I'll just keep fighting 'em too.

(TOMMY smiles and exits. ENTWISTLE enters.)

ENTWISTLE. I have my tax returns for you Andy eh . . . Dufresne.

(ENTWISTLE catches himself being so reverential and plops down the cardboard box. ANDY takes a paper from his desk and shows it to ENTWISTLE.)

ANDY. Just add all your dependants into section E, it doesn't matter that they don't live with you, and make sure to keep every single receipt no matter how small.

ENTWISTLE. Do I keep my donut receipts?

ANDY. Every receipt.

(ENTWISTLE exits.)

DAWKINS. (Under, to RICO:) He looks like a fuckin' donut!

(BROOKSIE sighs. Picks up some books puts them back in the same place, fusses around ANDY's desk.)

BROOKSIE. Rooster's still got Lolita—he's hidden it! I'll go see him. Lady Chatterley's Lover's not here . . . that was due back a week ago.

(RICO puts the book down his pants and exits.)

ANDY. I know. Rico's holding on to it, he won't give it back . . . says he's trying to memorize it.

BROOKSIE. Yeah . . . that's not right . . . Today is Tuesday, right?

ANDY. Right.

(BROOKSIE picks up the same books again.)

ANDY. Stop worrying. It's going to be okay tomorrow. You're a trustee, a model prisoner. I can't think of one reason in the world why you wouldn't get parole.

BROOKSIE. Not one, huh?

ANDY. Not one. Now stop fussing around here. Go for a walk. Get used to it.

BROOKSIE. I don't deserve parole . . .

ANDY. Come on . . . What are you talking about?

BROOKSIE. I want to tell you what I did to get myself in here.

ANDY. I don't care what you did, Brooksie. It's not important anymore.

BROOKSIE. I was addicted to poker. I couldn't stop. No matter how hard I tried. I lost everything, then my wife, she was going to leave and take my daughter with her . . . I shot them both, the two people I loved most in the world, that's where poker took me.

(A beat.)

ANDY. That was a long time ago, Brooksie.

BROOKSIE. 42 years ago . . . It feels like yesterday . . . sometimes in bed at night . . . I can still hear those gunshots . . . and my daughter screaming.

ANDY. You're a changed man now.

BROOKSIE. Am I?

ANDY. Of course you are.

BROOKSIE. Changed?

ANDY. Yeah. You'll be free Brooksie. A free man.

BROOKSIE. Free. Free to do what?

ANDY. Anything you want.

ANDY. Goodnight, Brooksie.

(STAMMAS enters. BROOKSIE and DAWKINS exit.)
Have a seat.

(STAMMAS glares at ANDY's cheek.)
The blue ledger is the one you show to the auditors. I suggest you keep the red one in your office under lock and key.

STAMMAS. It's all up-to-date?
ANDY. Yes. If profits go above eighty thousand this quarter then I think it might be a good idea to funnel it into stocks, bonds, tax-free municipals, maybe even an offshore account.

STAMMAS. You can set that up?
ANDY. Yes. It's relatively straightforward.

STAMMAS. Okay. We'll take a look at that next quarter if we have to.
(STAMMAS goes to exit.)

ANDY. There's one more thing . . .
STAMMAS. What is it?

ANDY. I've been notified that I am to have a cellmate.
STAMMAS. Yes, Chief Normaden. Cherokee. He's awaiting trial. It's only for three months. Surely you don't have anything against our red Indian brethren?

ANDY. No, of course not. In normal circumstances, I wouldn't mind having a cellmate. I would appreciate the company. But I just thought it was important, sir, considering the nature of the work that you have asked me to undertake, that I should continue to have some privacy.

STAMMAS. Privacy? . . . Where the hell do you think you are Dufresne? Your arrogance defies belief. I've gone out of my way to accommodate you, and it seems that you are now taking advantage of my good nature. So you listen carefully, you'll do whatever I tell you to do, where and when I tell you to do it.

ANDY. I'm sorry, sir, if I spoke out of turn, it's just that I want to do as good a job for you as I possibly can. No mistakes, and in order to do that I need time to think. I need to be alone.

STAMMAS. There are two convicts to a cell at the Shawshank right now, sometimes three, and you want to be alone? Who the hell do you think you are Dufresne . . . Greta Garbo? You've got a Cherokee coming. Deal with it.

(STAMMAS goes to exit.)

ANDY. There is something else that you should know, sir.

(STAMMAS stops in his tracks but doesn't look back.)

In the six years that I was married . . . My wife was always telling me that I talked in my sleep.

(STAMMAS turns and glares at ANDY. Fade to black.)

Scene 4: Landings / Library

(The CONS are standing on the landings before lights out.)

RED. Hey Andy, you hear about Bogs?

ANDY. No. What about him?

RICO. He was found in his cell 'bout an hour ago, damned near beaten to death. He's in the infirmary . . . Word is he ain't gonna make it.

ROOSTER. Rumor has it you had somethin' to do with it and if I find out that's true, you'll get what's comin' to you!

DAWKINS. Yeah. The other rumor is you're the warden's financial advisor now. You're helping him to line his pockets.

ROOSTER. You're a sucker, Dufrenzy, if you think Hadley and Entwistle can protect your ass day and night.

(ANDY turns and looks at the guys on the landing.)

ANDY. You know what this place is like for rumors.

(Lighting change. RED enters.)

ANDY. Look, I do what I have to for the warden. We've got the library, that's the trade-off. What's the matter with you, Red, don't you trust me anymore?

(Lighting change. RED enters the library.)

RED. You had a foot in both camps, Andy, and that was fine. I understood that. But now it looks like both your feet are firmly under the warden's table; and that's not fine.

ANDY. You know how it works, Red. Guys like us, we choose the lesser of two evils, we try and keep our good intentions in front of us.

RED. I know about good intentions. A man can walk all the way to hell on that road. He's using you.

ANDY. Do you really think it's easy for me to do business with someone as vile as Stamma? I need you to trust me, Red, and despite what you say I know what a chance you took getting me that rock hammer. It may not seem like much, but it's kept me going. You're the only one in this cesspit that I can talk to, have a conversation with. If I can turn down the heat a little and get something in return, then that's what I'm going to do. Hell is right here, Red. Right here in the Shank.

(A horn sounds. RED exits.)

Scene 5: Library

(TOMMY is writing in a notebook, his tongue stuck out in concentration. ANDY, DAWKINS, and RED are reading. ROOSTER has a girlie mag and is turning it around to get a better view. BROOKSIE enters with ENTWISTLE. He's dressed in his suit and carrying an old suitcase. They all look up and whistle.)

ENTWISTLE. You got two minutes to say your goodbyes, Brooksie.

ANDY. Hey Brooksie, you're looking good.

DAWKINS. You know I think that suit is back in fashion.

BROOKSIE. I'm not allowed in the library.

ANDY. What?

BROOKSIE. Not allowed.

(BROOKSIE puts his case on the table, flips it open, and takes out a gasoline can, climbs to the top of the stepladder, takes the top off and pours the gasoline over his head.)

RED. Brooksie, what in hell are you doin'?

DAWKINS. You gonna make a speech?

ROOSTER. Wowah! That smells like gasoline!

BROOKSIE. I told them I didn't want to leave they wouldn't listen.

(BROOKSIE takes a Zippo lighter from his pocket and flicks it open.)

ANDY. That's okay, Brooksie . . . just come down off the ladder and let's talk about it.

BROOKSIE. There's nothing to talk about.

(RICO exits quickly. We can hear him shouting for the guards.)

RED. I got *Lady Chatterley's Lover* back offa Rico. You need to talk to him, Brooksie, he's ripped the three best pages out of it.

BROOKSIE. They won't give me a library card on the outside, did you know that?

(HADLEY and ENTWISTLE enter with RICO.)

HADLEY. Brooksie! Get down offa that ladder . . . now!

BROOKSIE. You can't tell me what to do any more, you brainless moron. I got paroled, goddamn it! I'm a free man . . . I can do what I want!

(BROOKSIE lights the Zippo lighter and holds it over his head. RICO enters.)

RICO. Brooksie, I'm sorry I ripped the pages out of *Lady Chatterley*. Look I got them here. (Pulling them from the front of his trousers:) I'll tape 'em back.

HADLEY. Shut the fuck up, Rodriguez! I'm warning you, old man. You don't come down offa there in ten seconds, you're goin' outta here in a box.

BROOKSIE. What am I going to do on the outside? . . . They paroled me! I told them not to! I told them . . . I begged them . . . but they wouldn't listen to me . . .

(HADLEY walks slowly towards the stepladder.)

I'm the librarian . . . I'm Brooksie . . . the librarian . . . you know that . . . you hear me! . . . You take one more step and I'll—

ANDY. (Shouting:) Yes, we hear you, Brooksie . . . everybody knows that!

HADLEY. You shut the fuck up, Dufresne! I'm handling this.

BROOKSIE. (Tearful:) No . . . not everybody . . . not when I get outside these walls. Outside of these walls I'm nobody . . . I'm nothing! They train you to accept it inside this shithouse and then they throw you out!

HADLEY. Alright, that's it! I've heard enough of your shit, if you don't come down, I'm gonna torch you myself.

(STAMMAS enters.)

STAMMAS. Stay where you are, Mr. Hadley.

HADLEY. I have it under control, Mr. Stamma.

STAMMAS. No I don't think you have, Mr. Hadley. Mr. Dufresne, get that man down from there now!

BROOKSIE. I won't be able to get a library card, do you know that? They don't trust ex-cons with books on the outside. I won't be allowed in the library . . . Imagine that, Mr. Stammas. Brooksie Hatlen not allowed . . . in the library!

ANDY. You have your own library right here. The Brooks Hatlen Library. You can come back here anytime you want, borrow as many books as you like.

BROOKSIE. Is that true, Mr. Stammas?

(Pause.)

STAMMAS. Yes.

BROOKSIE. Can I have that in writing?

STAMMAS. You'll have to take my word for it.

BROOKSIE. That's what I thought!

(BROOKSIE lifts the end of his jacket and goes to light it.)

ANDY. Brooksie, wait! Listen to me . . . If you do this, then they've won, and I know you don't want them to win.

(BROOKSIE looks at HADLEY and STAMMAS.)

Look at them, pathetic excuses for human beings, you're not going to let them dictate how you're going to live your life, Brooksie, I know you're not, you're a good man. The world needs good men like you.

(BROOKSIE goes to light his jacket, then at the last moment, flicks the lighter closed and gives it to ANDY. HADLEY and ENTWISTLE take him down from the ladder. BROOKSIE cradles his suitcase and is lead away. The CONS break out into spontaneous applause. STAMMAS glares at ANDY, holds out his hand. ANDY gives him the Zippo lighter. STAMMAS exits. A piece of music plays as the lights dim. The CONS file back to their cells. Fade slowly to black.)

Scene 6: Library

(Fade up on ANDY on a stepladder, checking in some new books. TOMMY enters. He seems on edge.)

ANDY. Ah . . . Mr. Einstein.

TOMMY. What?

ANDY. Failing their exams twice in a row would put most people off but not Tommy Williams!

TOMMY. Yeah . . . well you're the only one who has faith in me . . . so thanks . . .

(TOMMY paces around. Opens books at random, not really looking at them.)

TOMMY. Andy, I need to talk to you.

ANDY. Can't it wait? I have a mountain of paperwork to do for the warden . . . pass me up those books.

(TOMMY passes ANDY up some books.)

TOMMY. Andy . . . this is kinda important. Could you come down offa the ladder for a moment?

(ANDY looks at TOMMY. Weighs him up.)

ANDY. Okay . . . but I haven't got long.

(ANDY sits with TOMMY at the desk. TOMMY hesitates, braces himself to speak.)

ANDY. I'm all ears . . . what is it Tommy?

TOMMY. Me and the guys got talkin' about you today, about how you got in here, and I heard that name again, Glen Quentin, and that's when I realized . . .

(A beat.)

ANDY. Realized what?

TOMMY. About four years ago, before I was transferred here, I was in Rhode Island State Penitentiary . . .

ANDY. Yeah . . . I'm listening . . .

TOMMY. Well one day I get this new cellmate, a guy name of Elwood Blatch . . . said he'd burgled over two hunnered joints. He was one nervy fuck, he would go off like a firecracker at the least little thing . . . crazy deep-set eyes like pissholes in the snow . . . One night, just for somethin' to say . . . I go . . . So who'd you kill? Like a joke you know. So he laughs and says . . . There's this guy up in Maine . . . doing time for these two people I killed . . . a golf pro name of Glen Quentin and the wife of the slob who's now doing time for it . . .

ANDY. *(Hardly breathing.)* Go on . . .

TOMMY. Blatch said he'd been working at this country club and some golf pro had been shooting his mouth off 'bout this summer

house he owned . . . so this night Blatch is creeping the place, and the golf pro jumps out of a room at him . . . starts givin' him shit . . . so Blatch blew him away . . . four shots in the head . . . then the woman comes at him . . . she's screaming the fuckin' place down so he puts four into her as well . . . he said the dumb banker husband, got the shitty end of the stick . . . and was doing two life terms at the Shank . . .

(ANDY is almost frozen to the spot.)

ANDY. (Softly) Glen Quentin. You're certain that's what he said? TOMMY. Glen Quentin . . . I never forgot that name when he told me 'cause at the time I remember laughing at it and thinkin' it sounded like San Quentin . . . you okay?

ANDY. Yes . . . I'm fine Tommy, thank you . . . Thank you.

(ANDY exits.)

Scene 7: Warden's Office

(ANDY is seated opposite STAMMAS at his desk. STAMMAS is staring at him with a look of incredulity.)

STAMMAS. Well that's the damndest story I've ever heard . . . but you know what surprises me most about this story Mr. Dufresne— is that you were taken in by it . . . This boy Williams, you're helping him with his schooling, therefore he's enamored with you, don't you understand that? He wants to impress you, give something back, so it's not surprising that he didn't realize what a state this obvious crock of lies would put you in, now I suggest.

ANDY. (Interrupting:) Don't you think I've thought of that? . . . What gives his story credence is that Tommy's description of his cellmate and the guy that I saw working at the Falmouth Country Club is identical . . . and I've never once talked about this guy to anyone!

STAMMAS. Well now, you may be indulging in a little selective perception here.

ANDY. No. No I'm not . . . that's not it at all.

STAMMAS. Well that's your slant on it, but mine differs and let's remember that I have only your word that there was such a man working at the Falmouth Country Club back then.

ANDY. He worked there! All we have to do is contact . . .

STAMMAS. (Interrupting:) Sit down! Anyway let's look at it from the other end of the telescope shall we? Suppose, just suppose, now there was such a fellow named Elwood Blotch.

ANDY. Blotch.

STAMMAS. And let's say he was Thomas Williams's cellmate in Rhode Island. The chances are excellent that he has been released by now.

ANDY. Even if he's been released, the prison will have a record of his last known address, the names of relatives . . .

STAMMAS. And both would almost certainly be dead ends!

ANDY. (Shouting:) Well it's a chance, isn't it?

STAMMAS. Sit down! You better keep control of yourself, Dufresne . . . Yes, it's a chance, so for a moment, let's assume that Blotch exists and that he is safely ensconced in Rhode Island Penitentiary. Now what is he going to say if we bring this kettle of fish to him in a bucket? Is he going to fall on his knees, roll his eyes and say, I did it! By all means add a life term to my burglary charge?

ANDY. (Quietly:) Why are you being so obtuse?

STAMMAS. How dare you talk to me like that! This meeting is over. You've taken up enough of my time!

ANDY. Is it deliberate?

STAMMAS. I said enough!

ANDY. The country club will have all the old timecards. Don't you realize that? They'll have tax records and W-2s . . . If I can get Tommy to testify to what Blatch told him, I can get a new trial!

STAMMAS. I'm calling the guards if you don't control yourself!

ANDY. If it's the money, the scams, you don't have to worry, I'm just as indictable as you, I'd be cutting my own throat, I won't say a word, I promise.

STAMMAS. Scams? I have no idea what you are talking about, Mr. Dufresne.

ANDY. I was only trying to set your mind at ease, that's all . . .

STAMMAS. When I want a sorry son of a bitch like you to set my mind at ease I'll retire! I could hear crazy stories like yours twice a week if I wanted to lay myself open to them. Every sinner in this place would be using me for a crying towel.

ANDY. Then I'll be hiring a lawyer.

STAMMAS. What?

ANDY. I think I have a strong case. With Tommy's testimony and the country club employees ... I think we can put it together.

STAMMAS. Now you listen to me ...

ANDY. And as of now I don't work for you anymore Stammas! All the investment counseling, the scams, the tax-free advice ... it all stops ...

STAMMAS. Oh no, no. Nothing stops. Perhaps a little solitary confinement will help to clear your senses.

ANDY. What ... ?

STAMMAS. *(Cutting in:)* And while you're in there, you think about this. I will turn that library back into a paint store, burn every fucking book, and dance around the flames. You'll lose that one-bunk Hilton down in Cell Block Five, and any protection I have given you against the sodomites! ... You will lose it all, everything!

ANDY. What the hell is wrong with you?

(ANDY grabs STAMMAS around the throat and throws him to the ground.)

ANDY. This is my life you're messing with!

STAMMAS. Guards! Hadley! Get to hell in here!

(The door bursts open. HADLEY enters and puts ANDY in a headlock.)

ANDY. This is my life! Don't you understand that? How in God's name can you call yourself a Christian?

STAMMAS. Put him in solitary!

(HADLEY drags ANDY screaming from the room.)

ANDY. It's my life! My life! You goddamn son of a bitch! It's my life!

(ANDY's screams of protest finally fade. STAMMAS takes a deep breath, holds onto the table for support, wipes his brow, and exits. A pool of light comes up on RED center stage.)

RED. Solitary doesn't really describe the horror of that place. They take you down into the basement, and as you descend those 52 stone steps, the walls become narrower, like they're closing in. It's pitch dark down there and the stink from the sewer pipes is unbearable. The only sound is the drip of water and the scurry of rats around your feet. The bunk is bolted to the wall. Your toilet is a tin bucket. You only have three things to do: sit, shit, and sleep. They say that

time is a healer. Not in solitary it's not. I've known men who have gone insane down there.

(Lights up on the prison yard. RICO, TOMMY, ROOSTER, DAWKINS, and RED enter and throw a football around. RICO catches the ball and holds on to it.)

Scene 8: Prison Yard

RICO. It don't make no sense! It says on the first day, God said, "Let there be light."

TOMMY. So?

RICO. And on the fourth day it says he made the sun, the moon, and the stars. So that means God didn't make the sun, the moon, and the stars until the fourth day, right?

RED. Just throw the dice.

RICO. So where did the light come from on the first day?

DAWKINS. Who gives a shit?

RICO. I do ... It's in the Bible! If I can't trust the Bible what can I trust? ... So who wrote those lies?

(They stare at him.)

Where did God get the light from for the first three days?

RED. He had a flashlight, now throw the ball.

RICO. "The unspeakable beauty to the touch of the warm living buttocks and ..."

(RICO struggles to remember. Pulls a page from the front of his pants. Reads it.)

RICO. "The strange weight of the balls between his legs and the butting of his haunches seemed ridiculous to her, and the sort of anxiety of his penis to come to its little evacuating crisis." ... *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, now that makes sense.

DAWKINS. Make sense of this!

(The guys charge at him to shut him up. Pile on top of him. Eventually, TOMMY gives him a hand up.)

RICO. *(To TOMMY:)* Thank you, Mr. Einstein ...

TOMMY. Can you stop calling me that! ... Who the hell is Mr. Einstein anyway?

RED. He invented the H-bomb.

DAWKINS. Yeah, he's doin' life down on Cell Block Eight.

(TOMMY ponders this.)

TOMMY. Oh . . . him.

(The guys crack up and throw TOMMY the ball. He holds onto it.)

Okay, okay . . . listen guys . . . there's somethin' I been meanin' to talk to you about.

RED. What's up?

TOMMY. Stamma came to my cell last night . . . I think if I help Andy . . . the son of a bitch is gonna stop my parole . . .

ROOSTER. Well, sometimes kid, you just gotta suck it up.

TOMMY. I'm not asking your advice, asshole! What are you hanging around here for anyway? You're not one of us!

ROOSTER. What?

(TOMMY hurls himself at ROOSTER. RED and DAWKINS hold him back. DAWKINS squares up to ROOSTER.)

RED. Okay, calm down.

(ROOSTER laughs. Shakes his head at Tommy's cheek and walks away to a corner of the yard.)

TOMMY. He wants my decision today . . . What am I gonna do?

RICO. Whatever you do, son, Andy isn't going to hold it against you.

TOMMY. That's not the point . . . all that stuff about Blatch wouldn't make somethin' like that up! Andy's the only one who never gave up on me . . . but I got Shirley and my little girl to think about.

RED. It's a tough decision, son.

RICO. (To TOMMY:) "We all have to live, no matter how many skies have fallen."

(TOMMY gives RICO a puzzled look.)

Lady Chatterley's Lover. You should read this.

TOMMY. Andy is innocent.

DAWKINS. Shit!

RED. Innocent! Shit! Yeah!

(RICO gives TOMMY the book. ENTWISTLE enters carrying a brown package. Hands it to RED.)

ENTWISTLE. Redding. For you.

(RED looks puzzled. He takes the package. ENTWISTLE exits. RED turns it around in his hands. Checks the postmark. Shakes it. Stares at it.)

DAWKINS. C'mon, it ain't gonna open by itself.

(RED opens the package to reveal a small cardboard box and a white envelope. He opens the envelope and reads silently. ROOSTER makes his way over to have a look.)

RICO. What is it?

RED. It's from the Oakfield Care Home.

TOMMY. Where's that?

RED. That's where Brooksie ended up.

RICO. (Excited:) Oh man, he's sent us something!

(RED reads the letter.)

RED. "Dear Mr. Redding. It is with great sadness that I have to inform you . . . of the death of your friend Mr. Brooks Hatlen. Although we did everything to make his stay a comfortable one, he never seemed able to adjust to life on the outside. He died last Tuesday morning; the cause of death was an overdose of sleeping pills. He named you and a Mr. Andrew Dufresne as his next of kin. In this package, you will find some of his personal belongings. It was his wish that they be shared between you. Kind regards. Mrs. Anna Thomson. Director. Oakfield Care Home."

(RED puts the box under his arm. Everyone is stunned; even ROOSTER looks a little sad. STAMMAS enters.)

STAMMAS. Thomas Williams!

(All but TOMMY and STAMMAS exit.)

Scene 9: Prison Yard

(STAMMAS puts his hand in his inside pocket and pulls out a sheet of paper. Holds it up.)

STAMMAS. I have your exam results here.

(STAMMAS gives him the paper. TOMMY opens it slowly and reads, he is stunned.)

TOMMY. Holy shit... I passed? ... Says here I passed... I did it... I did it... Andy said I would, I didn't believe him, not for a minute! Can I call my wife?

STAMMAS. Of course you can, use the phone in my office. Take as long as you like.

(TOMMY goes to leave.)

But before you do, you have to promise me that you will forget about testifying for Andy Dufresne.

TOMMY. But sir I...

STAMMAS. *(Interrupting:)* No buts! Thomas, you're up for parole in two weeks. Now you've been a good boy lately, worked hard, kept your head down, so there's a distinct possibility that you're going to be freed. But the parole board may change their minds if you're seen to be facilitating the release of a double murderer. Now I understand what Andy Dufresne has helped you to achieve, and you want to return the favour. That's very admirable, Thomas. It's also very stupid. The evidence against Dufresne was overwhelming, tire tracks, eyewitnesses, fingerprints. Your testimony isn't going to convince anyone. Come on, Thomas, you're not stupid. You've proved that... I'm trying to help you here son, don't you see? Are you really going to jeopardize your freedom because you heard some con running off at the mouth? The most important thing for you to concentrate on is making the sensible choice, for your wife and your little girl.

TOMMY. I read that Bible you gave me, sir. I like the part where it says, "If you shall seek the truth, then the truth will set you free." John chapter 3, verse 2.

(STAMMAS is taken aback by this.)

STAMMAS. Very good, Thomas, but there is also another quote in the Bible, which says, "You will reap what you sow."... Saint Paul's Letter to the Galatians chapter 6, verse 7. Do you understand that?

TOMMY. Yes, sir.

STAMMAS. Good.

(STAMMAS goes to walk away.)

TOMMY. Ever since I bin able to speak I bin a liar, and it's done me no good. I know in my heart that Andy Dufresne is innocent... he's a good man, and I'm going to help him get out of here.

(They stare at each other.)

STAMMAS. I'll give you another day to think about this, speak to your wife.

TOMMY. No thank you sir. I've made my decision.

STAMMAS. Sleep on it, son. Talk to me tomorrow.

TOMMY. No sir. Thank you. Like I said. I've made my decision.

(STAMMAS stares at TOMMY.)

STAMMAS. Very well, Thomas, if that's what you want. Mr. Hadley!

(HADLEY emerges from the shadows.)

STAMMAS. Escort Prisoner Williams back to his cell, for the night.

HADLEY. For the night. Yes sir.

(HADLEY takes TOMMY's arm and ushers him out firmly. STAMMAS exits. Fade to black.)

(Fade up on Andy's cell. RED is sitting on Andy's bunk, Rita Hayworth behind him on the wall. On a shelf are a few of Andy's carvings, some chess pieces, the American Flyer train. The poster of Rita is old and faded, fraying slightly at the edges. ANDY appears, blinking in the harsh light he shades his eyes with his hand: All around them is the noises of the prison, guards coming and going, any talk between them has to be careful. They are watchful throughout.)

Scene 10: Andy's Cell

RED. Enjoy your vacation?

ANDY. Did you know that the Monarch butterfly migrates from the Rocky Mountains all the way to sunny Mexico? It's the only insect in the world that can fly two thousand... five hundred miles... Did you know that?

RED. Sure I did. I've got a new poster for you.

(RED gets up from Andy's bunk. ANDY lies down, shielding his eyes, exhausted from his time in the hole.)

RED pulls a poster from the waist of his trousers and unrolls it to reveal Raquel Welch)

ANDY. I know my eyes are bad, but even I can see that's not Rita!

RED. That's right. It's not. It's Raquel Welch, or as Dawkins calls her, Big Rack-el Welsh.

ANDY. Thanks, but I think I'll stick with Rita.

RED. Rita Rita Rita! What does Rita really mean to you, Andy?
(A beat.)

ANDY. Freedom.

RED. Christ's sake, you gotta move on. Rita is old and gray.

ANDY. Not in my mind she's not.

(A beat. RED rolls up the poster and sticks it back in his pants. Picks up the cardboard box from the floor.)

ANDY. What's in the box?

RED. Brooksie's things. We gotta make a decision about what we want.

ANDY. You keep it.

RED. That's going against Brooksie's wishes... Okay let's see what we got here.

(RED takes the contents out of the box.)

A pocket watch, a deck of cards? Hmm, his wedding photo... happy times, his wedding ring. 85 dollars. A gold ink pen... (Smiles.) Arthritis ointment... and look at this.

(RED opens a Bible, looks at the inscription, laughs, and hands it to ANDY.)

ANDY. A Seventh-Day Adventist Bible.

(ANDY reads the inscription.)

"You'll burn in hell Dufresne."

RED. No argument who that belongs to.

ANDY. I'll keep the Bible. You have the rest.

RED. You sure?

ANDY. Yeah.

(A beat. RED stares at the box and sighs.)

RED. Poor bastard. So much for freedom.

ANDY. You must never give up hope, Red.

RED. Hope? I'm getting kinda sick of that word.

ANDY. You gotta get busy living. Or get busy dying.

(A beat. ANDY takes the butterfly from the shelf, holds it up, moves it around in the air as if it is flying.)

RED. You gonna go through with this trial?

ANDY... I don't know, Red... It's a chance to prove my innocence and if I can do that I can walk free of this place, get my life back.

RED. You're gonna have to hire the best, most expensive lawyer in the country. How are you going to afford that?

(ANDY comes close to RED and whispers to him.)

ANDY... I don't know... I did have money... well I still have... it's mine... but it's not mine... not legally... it's complicated.

RED. Sure as hell sounds like it.

ANDY. When the shit hit the fan for me, I got in touch with a stockbroker friend of mine name of Jim Oaks.

(HADLEY walks within hearing distance. ANDY stops talking until HADLEY is out of hearing.)

ANDY. I had \$28,000 in savings. After my appeal was turned down, Jim set up an account for me in a false name... he withdrew my money, paid all the taxes on it, and then invested it for one Peter Stevens. He did that in 1950, and the money from that investment is now in a safe deposit box. Jim hid the key in a secret place only him and I knew about, he died two years ago, there's \$370,000 in that box.

(RED stares at ANDY stunned, then holds his mouth to keep from laughing out loud.)

RED. 370 thousand... Holy shit!... 370... and it's in a different name?

ANDY. Yeah. Peter Stevens.

RED. So... you can't get at it?

ANDY. Not from in here... no... I outsmarted myself.

RED. Well fuck me ten times and twice on Sundays! Andy, how in hell can you keep from going crazy? Je-sus! I ain't never heard anything like this in my entire...

(Suddenly, STAMMAS and HADLEY enter Andy's cell and without turning around or losing a beat RED starts sweeping the floor of the cell.)

RED. Life... a butterfly flying 370,000 miles... that's insane, I dunno shit about butterflies.

(RED exits, bowing his head in deference to STAMMAS and HADLEY. STAMMAS walks around the cell, looks at the poster. Sees the Bible on the bed, picks it up.)

STAMMAS. Seventh-Day Adventists. You know I was hoping to hear you read me their version of Grace again... can you find it?

(STAMMAS hands ANDY the Bible. ANDY stares at STAMMAS. STAMMAS smiles. STAMMAS throws the Bible on the bed.)

STAMMAS. Hope! Mr. Dufresne, especially in a place like the Shawshank, that is a very dangerous and fickle thing, and you put hope into Thomas Williams' heart. (Beat.) Do you still think Thomas Williams is your ticket to freedom?

(ANDY stares at STAMMAS.)

No, he's not, because he doesn't trust you anymore Dufresne. He knows you're using him, stringing him along so he'll testify for you.

ANDY. Stringing him along, what the hell are you talking about?

STAMMAS. He failed his exams, never came close. Five times you persuaded that boy to take those tests, even though you knew he was never going to succeed. He believed in you and you lied to him.

ANDY. But he was doing great. Probably the best work I've seen him do since he started...

STAMMAS. (Interrupting.) He came to see me in my office last night, and in all my years as a warden, I've never seen a prisoner so traumatized and devastated. Every dream that boy had for making something of himself is now in ruins.

ANDY. He came to you?

STAMMAS. Yes he came to me... Why wouldn't he come to me? He was inconsolable, a broken man. I hope you're proud of yourself and I don't think he will recover from this. What do you think, Mr. Hadley?

HADLEY. I'm thinking we might even need to put him on suicide watch sir.

(A beat.)

ANDY. Suicide? ... Tommy would never commit suicide. He has way too much fight in him to do something...

(ANDY rises slowly off his bed. Stares at STAMMAS and HADLEY. Something awful dawning on him.)

ANDY. Oh no... Jesus Christ... no, not Tommy.

(STAMMAS exits, followed by HADLEY. Sound effect of cell door slamming.)

ANDY. Tommy! ... I know what's going on Stammas... I know everything... you murdering son of a bitch. You scum of the earth! You better keep me in the hole you evil bastard!

(ANDY's cell flies out. We see TOMMY in his cell hanging by his neck from a belt tied to the bars of his window. There is mayhem. All the CONS come out of their cells. RICO and DAWKINS take him down.)

(RICO begins to sing "Rock of Ages." He has a beautiful voice.)

RICO. (Singing.) Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee; let the wa-ter and the blood, from thy wounded side which flowed.

(DAWKINS joins in singing.)

RICO & DAWKINS. Be of sin the double cure, save from wrath and make me pure. Not the la-bors of my hands can fuffill thy law's commands; all for sin could not atone, thou must save and thou alone.

(The rest of the CONS start to sing. They carry TOMMY's body above their heads, still singing as they exit.)

Scene 11: Prison Yard

(Lights come up on the prison yard. The CONS are shuffling around, freezing. HADLEY shouts at them to keep moving, DAWKINS is listening to his radio. A light comes up on ANDY walking alone in the cold with the collar of his prison coat turned up.)

RED. Tommy's death was a sickening blow for everybody. Andy took it real bad, he blamed himself. It was reminiscent of the first time he came into the Shank. Spent all his time alone, in his cell, spoke to nobody.

(ANDY is walking around the yard. The light dims. A rustle of leaves blow around. The sun comes out. Then, it's dim again. ANDY approaches RED and sneaks him a half-bottle of whiskey from his topcoat. RED takes a nip and hands it back.)

RED. Merry Christmas, Andy.

(ANDY sits down by the side of the tower. RED sits beside him. ANDY looks up at the sky and takes a long deep breath.)
(A beat.)

ANDY. Look at that... I love it when the moon breaks out during the day.

(RED looks up to the sky and smiles.)
ANDY... Think you'll ever get out of here, Red?

(RED shrugs. ANDY waits on his answer.)
RED. Sure I do, when I have a long white beard and just about three marbles rolling around upstairs.

ANDY. Come on Red, a man has just walked on that moon. Anything's possible.

RED. Well, maybe if you can get me a rocket, I'll fly over the wall.
(ANDY smiles.)

RED. I looked at myself in the mirror this morning and I don't know what happened to that kid that came in all those years ago... he's long gone... and it's probably a good thing 'coz he'd be shocked to see crows' feet around his eyes and the fact he combs his hair with a towel.

(ANDY smiles and tilts his face towards the sky. He sighs almost contentedly.)

ANDY. When I get out of here, I'm going where it's warm... you know where I'm going, Red?

RED. Nope.

ANDY. Zihuatanejo.

RED. Where in the hell is that?

ANDY. Way down in Mexico on the south Pacific Ocean... you know what the Mexicans say about the Pacific?

RED. Sure I do.
(ANDY gives RED a look of surprise.)

RED. No, I don't.
ANDY. They say it has no memory... and that's where I want to finish out my life, Red, in a warm place that has no memory.
(RED looks across at ANDY and shakes his head softly.)

RED. So this is what you've been dreaming about.
ANDY. Zihuatanejo... I'm going to have a small hotel down there, six cabanas along the beach... a little fishing boat.

RED. (Indulging him:) Sounds good.

ANDY. It's not much to want. To swim, get a tan, sleep in a room with open windows...

(RED feels himself getting drawn in, but he's fighting it.)

ANDY. When I get there, I could use a man who knows how to get things...

RED. Oh, I'll be right by your side. Mr. Yellow Pages, that's me.

ANDY. I'm serious, Red.

(RED throws ANDY a puzzled look.)

ANDY. I want you to promise me something?

RED... What?

(ANDY checks that no one is within earshot.)

ANDY. Promise me if you ever get out of this place you'll pay a visit to a place called Buxton... you know where Buxton is?

RED. I want you to stop talkin' right now, don't push your hopes and dreams on to me. I don't need them. I've survived this far without them!

ANDY. You must never give up on your dreams, Red.

(RED whispers loudly and with venom into ANDY's face.)

RED. Tommy had dreams and look what happened to him!

ANDY. Remember that secret place I told you about where the key is hidden?

RED. I swear to God... you keep talkin' and I'm gonna call Hadley over here.

ANDY. No you won't...

(RED becomes agitated. He looks across at the guard. ANDY continues calmly.)

ANDY. Well that's in Buxton. There's a big hayfield there on the edge of town and at the north end of that field there's a rock wall...
RED. (Cutting in:) I'm warning you.

ANDY. In the middle of that wall there's this big old oak tree... somewhere along the base of that tree is a rock that has no business being there. It's a piece of black, shiny volcanic glass... I want you to find that rock, Red, and dig underneath it...

(RED glares at ANDY, almost ready to hit him.)
Just promise me you'll do it.

(The horn sounds, interrupting their talk.)

ANDY. You're my friend, Red . . . probably the only real friend I have . . . so promise me . . .

RED. . . I promise . . . you selfish son of a bitch.

(ANDY puts his hand in his pocket and takes out the sculpture of the Californian Zephyr train.)

ANDY. I want you to have this.

(RED hesitates for a moment and stares at ANDY.)

Come on Red . . . take it! Everybody needs a hobby.

(RED exits.)

(Lighting change. ANDY walks into a warm red glow, holds the butterfly up like a chalice, throws it in the air. Snap blackout. The butterfly is seen fluttering upwards on the back wall. Lights fade up. ANDY is gone.)

Scene 12: The Landings

(Morning on the landings. HADLEY and ENTWISTLE are calling out the names of prisoners. As the prisoners step out of their cells, another guard ticks the names off in a book.)

HADLEY. Rodriguez!

RICO. Here sir!

HADLEY. Coogan!

ROOSTER. Here sir!

ENTWISTLE. Redding!

RED. Here sir!

ENTWISTLE. Dawkins!

DAWKINS. Here sir!

ENTWISTLE. Pinkerton!

PINKY. Here sir.

HADLEY. Dufresne! . . . Dufresne!

(There is no movement from Andy's cell.)

Get your lazy ass out here Dufresne . . .

(HADLEY marches into Andy's cell. Pulls the blankets back to find Andy's coat and two pillows. He comes back out and shouts at the prisoners.)

HADLEY. Does any of you fuckheads know where Dufresne has got to?

(The CONS absorb the question.)

Answer me, goddammit!

(The CONS gape at him.)

Entwistle, check the showers and latrines, see if Dufresne is in there!

(ENTWISTLE exits.)

ENTWISTLE. Yes Mr. Hadley!

HADLEY. Du-fresne! You hear me? . . . You better be fuckin' dead or dying! Warden gets to know 'bout this and you'll rot in the hole!

(STAMMAS enters.)

STAMMAS. What in hell's name is going on, Hadley?

HADLEY. Dufresne is not in his cell, sir?

(STAMMAS stops in his tracks.)

STAMMAS. What do you mean not in his cell?

(STAMMAS goes straight into Andy's cell. Stares at the poster of Rita Hayworth.)

STAMMAS. Was Dufresne in this bed last night at lights out with his cell door bolted shut?

HADLEY. Yes, sir. I was on duty I saw to it myself!

(ENTWISTLE enters hurriedly.)

ENTWISTLE. He's not in the latrines or the showers.

(ENTWISTLE pulls up short when he sees STAMMAS.)

STAMMAS. Who took over from you?

ENTWISTLE. That was me, sir! I came on at 3 a.m. And everything's been quiet since, sir.

HADLEY. I'm sure he'll turn up, sir!

STAMMAS. Turn up? . . . You'd better be goddamn sure he turns up! You're an idiot Hadley! Entwistle! Alert the state highway patrol to the possibility of a breakout! Hurry!

ENTWISTLE. Yes, sir!

(STAMMAS walks around Andy's cell, his breathing out of control.)
STAMMAS. This is what happens when prisoners are given too much leeway . . . when they're allowed to hang a half-naked Jezebel on their wall

(STAMMAS rips the poster down . . . behind the poster is a gaping hole three feet in diameter.)

STAMMAS. Get in there after him . . . You hear me, Hadley! Get in there!

HADLEY. Yes, sir . . .

(HADLEY tries to clamber into the hole. Comes out retching.)

HADLEY. Oh God sir . . . it smells of human shit . . . It's a shitpipe . . . I can't go in there!

STAMMAS. Goddamn you, you spineless son of a bitch! I said get in there after him or you're fired. Do you hear me, Hadley!

(STAMMAS turns when he hears RED laughing fit to burst. RED is gone, he can't help himself, loud guffaws of laughter. The other CONS are also laughing and applauding.)

STAMMAS. Get that man the hell out of here . . . Get him out of here!

(HADLEY drags RED away still laughing. STAMMAS suddenly spots the red ledger on the bed. He picks it up, opens it, and flicks through it, turning the blank pages. He almost drops to his knees. Suddenly all hell breaks loose. Prisoners shouting and banging in their cells. STAMMAS buries his head in his hands.)

Scene 13: Prison Yard

(The lights fade up to reveal RED, DAWKINS, ROOSTER, RICO, and a few other unknown CONS standing around in a circle. ENTWISTLE is patrolling. RED comes onstage.)

RED. Everything gotta little crazy for a while after Andy broke outta the Shank. Nobody could believe he'd pulled it off, and for a little while, we all felt free.

DAWKINS. Look at the money I coudda made if he'd only told me what he was doin'.

RICO. Even if he'd told you, you wouldn't have believed him. Jesus Christ himself couldn't have performed such a miracle.

(RICO crawls along the floor.)

RICO. Shitpipe shitpipe shitpipe.
 (The guys crack up laughing.)

ROOSTER. So that's what he wanted the pickaxe for.
RED. It was a rock hammer, Rooster, not a pickaxe. You got that wrong . . . a goddamned rock hammer, six inches long . . . six inches!

(They all laugh loudly and shake their heads in amazement.)
 You know I think that some birds are just not meant to be caged, their feathers are too bright, their songs too sweet and wild . . . and you know in your heart that it was wrong to imprison them in the first place.

RICO. Yeah. Andy was a bright bird, that's for sure. He's out there now, flying high . . . he did it . . . he really did it.

DAWKINS. I heard they caught Stammers trying to make it across the border into Canada. Bloodhounds sniffed him out. He was hiding in a ditch, covered in cow shit!

(They laugh wildly.)

DAWKINS. They say he'll get 20 years for tax evasion and government fraud.

RICO. 20 years! Yessss! Now he will have plenty of time to study the Bible and say grace after every shitty meal!

DAWKINS. I also have it on good authority that Hadley turned state's evidence and got his sentence cut to five years in Rhode Island.

RED. Five years? Son of a bitch!

DAWKINS. But they say he squealed like a pig and cried like a baby.

RED. Yeah. Old Andy played Stammers like a banjo, plucked him like a chicken. I'm sure gonna miss him.

(They jeer, the horn goes. The CONS file back to their cells. RED walks onstage into a new light.)

RED. We got a new parole board and I was hoping for change, but some things just never change, they asked me the same damned question that Stammers had been asking me for years.

(Lighting change. RED sits on a chair brought in by ENTWISTLE.)

MAN. (V. O.) Do you think you're rehabilitated Mr. Redding?

RED. Rehabilitated? . . . Now there's a word I recognize, but you know something . . . I have no clue what that word means, and I don't think you do either, so you've got a lotta nerve asking me a question like that after all these years. Rehabilitated . . . I think

that's a bullshit politician's word. If what you're really asking me is, will I kill again? Then the answer is no, no I won't, because I'm not the same mixed-up kid who walked in that door 30 years ago. I'm an older, wiser man . . . I don't have any fight left in me, so why don't you just go ahead and do what you always do, because to be perfectly honest, sir, I couldn't give a flying fuck anymore.

MAN. (V. O.) Thank you for your honesty, Mr. Redding. It's very refreshing. Parole granted. Good luck.

(RED stares at the man in astonishment. ENTWISTLE, enters with a crate containing RED's civvy clothes. RED talks as he puts them on.)

RED. I would never have had the courage to tell them that if it hadn't been for Andy. I thought if Andy Dufresne could crawl through a sewer shitpipe five football fields long . . . then I could speak up for myself. I had no idea how fast everything is out here. Women. I'm suddenly working in a store filled with them. Old women, young skinny women with their nipples poking out of their shirts. Pregnant women with t-shirts that say, "I should've danced all night." My boss is 26 years old and sneers at me when I put my hand up to use the bathroom. "Just go!" He says. "Don't have to ask." I spent over 30 years of my life asking for permission to piss. And the noise, that's another thing, everything is so loud. Automobiles almost driving on the goddamned sidewalk. I'm having a real hard time adjusting. I almost stole some stuff from the Foodway Market, just to get sent back inside. I had them inside my coat, but I kept hearing Andy's voice. You must never give up, Red . . . can't give up.

(Lighting change. RED sits on the crate.)

RED. Well, here I am in Buxton. I spent five hours looking for this goddamned oak tree . . . but I found it . . . and that piece of black shiny rock? . . . I found that too . . . just like Andy said I would . . . and underneath it . . . was this.

(RED takes a thick brown envelope wrapped in clear plastic from his inside pocket.)

RED. I'm scared half to death to open it . . . because I think it means I may have to make a decision . . . and I ain't made one of those in a long time . . . but I know there's really no question. I gotta get busy living or get busy dying.

(RED opens the envelope with trembling fingers and takes out a wad of dollars and a letter, looks over his shoulder, and stuffs the money quickly into his inside pocket. Opens the letter and reads.)

RED. "Dear Red, If you're reading this then you're out. And if you've followed along this far, you might be willing to come a little further. I think you remember the name of the town, don't you? I could use a good man to help me get my project on wheels. Meantime, have a drink on me. I will be keeping an eye out for you. Remember that hope is a good thing, Red, 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, Peter Stevens."

(RED tries to compose himself.)

RED. My God . . . I'm shaking like a leaf . . . Jesus, I've forgotten what it's like to be excited. This is the excitement of a free man. Yeah, I remember the name of that town, Zihuatanejo; a place with no memory, that's how Andy described it; a place with no memory, now how I could forget a place like that? . . . I hope Andy is down there . . . I hope I can make it across the border. I hope the Pacific is as blue as it's been in my dreams . . . I hope.

(The cells behind RED open slowly to reveal a blue sky and the Pacific Ocean. ANDY appears. RED slowly turns and walks towards him.)

Slow fade to black. Curtain.)

End of Play