

Fade In:

EXT. SPACE - (2025) - DAY

Our view falls from space, gaining speed as it enters the atmosphere. The earth emerges spinning, so fast it appears to stand still. North America and descending, straight to the U.S./Mexico border.

An orange line defines the entire southern boundary. New Mexico ahead, the line becomes dots, thousands of them. The dots take shape, while dancing around. 100 dots, 50 dots... Still falling quicker these dots become people.

People in orange clothes... Inmates! Tight is the distance between them. Falling quickly to the top of a single balding head; looking to the sky he screams... down his throat into darkness.

CUT TO.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

CHAPLAIN sits in a cell blindfolded, as a SHADOW speaks to him.

CHAPLAIN

"I'm standing on the edge of some crazy cliff- I mean if they're running and they don't look where they're going, I have to come out from somewhere to catch them."

Chaplain is nervous, trying to recant a memorized passage.

CHAPLAIN

"That's all I do all day."

Every time he's off, a hand slaps him across the face.

CHAPLAIN(CONT'D)

"I'll be the catcher in the Rye and all."

He is desperate and crying.

SHADOW

By the time we're through, you'll have recalled it.

END.