

EXTRACTS FROM

"THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION"

screenplay by
Frank Darabont

based on the novella
"Rita Hayworth and the Shawshank Redemption"
by Stephen King

THIRD DRAFT (FINAL)

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The Shawshank Redemption' - Opening Scenes

1 INT -- CABIN -- NIGHT (1946)

A dark, empty room.

The door bursts open. A MAN and WOMAN enter, drunk and giggling, horny as hell. No sooner is the door shut than they're all over each other, ripping at clothes, pawing at flesh, mouths locked together.

He gropes for a lamp, tries to turn it on, knocks it over instead. Hell with it. He's got more urgent things to do, like getting her blouse open and his hands on her breasts. She arches, moaning, fumbling with his fly. He slams her against the wall, ripping her skirt. We hear fabric tear.

He enters her right then and there, roughly, up against the wall. She cries out, hitting her head against the wall but not caring, grinding against him, clawing his back, shivering with the sensations running through her. He carries her across the room with her legs wrapped around him. They fall onto the bed.

CAMERA PULLS BACK, exiting through the window, traveling smoothly outside...

2 EXT -- CABIN -- NIGHT (1946)

...to reveal the bungalow, remote in a wooded area, the lovers' cries spilling into the night...

...and we drift down a wooded path, the sounds of rutting passion growing fainter, mingling now with the night sounds of crickets and hoot owls...

...and we begin to hear FAINT MUSIC in the woods, tinny and incongruous, and still we keep PULLING BACK until...

...a car is revealed. A 1946 Plymouth. Parked in a clearing.

3 INT -- PLYMOUTH -- NIGHT (1946)

ANDY DUFRESNE, mid-20's, wire rim glasses, three-piece suit. Under normal circumstances a respectable, solid citizen; hardly dangerous, perhaps even meek. But these circumstances are far from normal. He is disheveled, unshaven, and very drunk. A cigarette smolders in his mouth. His eyes, flinty and hard, are riveted to the bungalow up the path.

He can hear them fucking from here.

He raises a bottle of bourbon and knocks it back. The radio plays softly, painfully romantic, taunting him:

You stepped out of a dream...

You are too wonderful...

To be what you seem...

He opens the glove compartment, pulls out an object wrapped in a rag. He lays it in his lap and unwraps it carefully -- revealing a .38 revolver. Oily, black, evil.

He grabs a box of bullets. Spills them everywhere, all over the seats and floor. Clumsy. He picks bullets off his lap, loading them into the gun, one by one, methodical and grim. Six in the chamber. His gaze goes back to the bungalow.

He shuts off the radio. Abrupt silence, except for the distant lovers' moans. He takes another shot of bourbon courage, then opens the door and steps from the car.

4 EXT -- PLYMOUTH -- NIGHT (1946)

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

He starts up the path, unsteady on his feet. The closer he gets, the louder the lovemaking becomes. Louder and more frenzied. The lovers are reaching a climax, their sounds of passion degenerating into rhythmic gasps and grunts.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh god...oh god...oh god...

Andy lurches to a stop, listening. The woman cries out in orgasm. The sound slams into Andy's brain like an icepick. He shuts his eyes tightly, wishing the sound would stop.

It finally does, dying away like a siren until all that's left is the shallow gasping and panting of post-coitus. We hear languorous laughter, moans of satisfaction.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh god...that's sooo good...you're the best...the best I ever had...

Andy just stands and listens, devastated. He doesn't look like much of a killer now; he's just a sad little man on a dirt path in the woods, tears streaming down his face, a loaded gun held loosely at his side. A pathetic figure, really.

FADE TO BLACK: 1ST TITLE UP

5 INT -- COURTROOM -- DAY (1946) 5

THE JURY listens like a gallery of mannequins on display, pale-faced and stupefied.

D.A. (O.S.)

Mr. Dufresne, describe the confrontation you had with your wife the night she was murdered.

ANDY DUFRESNE is on the witness stand, hands folded, suit and tie pressed, hair meticulously combed. He speaks in soft, measured tones:

ANDY

It was very bitter. She said she was glad I knew, that she hated all the sneaking around. She said she wanted a divorce in Reno.

D.A.

What was your response?

ANDY

I told her I would not grant one.

D.A.

(refers to his notes)

"I'll see you in Hell before I see you in Reno." Those were the words you used, Mr. Dufresne, according to the testimony of your neighbors.

ANDY

If they say so. I really don't remember. I was upset.

FADE TO BLACK: 2ND TITLE UP

D.A.

What happened after you and your wife argued?

ANDY

She packed a bag and went to stay with Mr. Quentin.

D.A.

Glenn Quentin. The golf pro at the Falmouth Hills Country Club. The man you had recently discovered was her lover.

(Andy nods)

Did you follow her?

ANDY

I went to a few bars first. Later, I decided to drive to Mr. Quentin's home and confront them. They weren't there...so I parked my car in the turnout...and waited.

D.A.

With what intention?

ANDY

I'm not sure. I was confused. Drunk. I think mostly I wanted to scare them.

D.A.

You had a gun with you?

ANDY

Yes. I did.

FADE TO BLACK: 3RD TITLE UP

D.A.

When they arrived, you went up to the house and murdered them?

ANDY

No. I was sobering up. I realized she wasn't worth it. I decided to let her have her quickie divorce.

D.A.

Quickie divorce indeed. A .38 caliber divorce, wrapped in a handtowel to muffle the shots, isn't that what you mean? And then you shot her lover!

ANDY

I did not. I got back in the car and drove home to sleep it off. Along the way, I stopped and threw my gun into the Royal River. I feel I've been very clear on this point.

D.A.

Yes, you have. Where I get hazy, though, is the part where the cleaning woman shows up the next morning and finds your wife and her lover in bed, riddled with .38 caliber bullets. Does that strike you as a fantastic coincidence, Mr. Dufresne, or is it just me?

ANDY

(softly)

Yes. It does.

D.A.

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

ANDY

Yes. It does.

D.A.

Does what?

ANDY

Strike me as a fantastic coincidence.

D.A.

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

FADE TO BLACK! 4TH TITLE UP

D.A.

You claim you threw your gun into the Royal River before the murders took place. That's rather convenient.

ANDY

It's the truth.

D.A.

You recall Lt. Mincher's testimony? He and his men dragged that river for three days and nary a gun was found. So no comparison can be made between your gun and the bullets taken from the bloodstained corpses of the victims. That's also rather convenient, isn't it, Mr. Dufresne?

ANDY

(faint, bitter smile)

Since I am innocent of this crime, sir, I find it decidedly inconvenient the gun was never found.

FADE TO BLACK: 5TH TITLE UP

6 INT -- COURTROOM -- DAY (1946)

The D.A. holds the jury spellbound with his closing summation:

D.A.

Ladies and gentlemen, you've heard all the evidence, you know all the facts. We have the accused at the scene of the crime. We have foot prints. Tire tracks. Bullets

scattered on the ground which bear his fingerprints. A broken bourbon bottle, likewise with fingerprints. Most of all, we have a beautiful young woman and her lover lying dead in each other's arms. They had sinned. But was their crime so great as to merit a death sentence?

He gestures to Andy sitting quietly with his ATTORNEY.

D.A.

I suspect Mr. Dufresne's answer to that would be yes. I further suspect he carried out that sentence on the night of September 21st, this year of our Lord, 1946, by pumping four bullets into his wife and another four into Glenn Quentin. And while you think about that, think about this...

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

D.A.

A revolver holds six bullets, not eight. I submit to you this was not a hot-blooded crime of passion! That could at least be understood, if not condoned. No, this was revenge of a much more brutal and cold-blooded nature. Consider! Four bullets per victim! Not six shots fired, but eight! That means he fired the gun empty...and then stopped to reload so he could shoot each of them again! An extra bullet per lover...right in the head.

(a few JURORS shiver)

I'm done talking. You people are all decent, God-fearing Christian folk. You know what to do.

FADE TO BLACK: 6TH TITLE UP

7 INT -- JURY ROOM -- DAY (1946)

CAMERA TRACKS down a long table, moving from one JUROR to the next. These decent, God-fearing Christians are chowing down on a nice fried chicken dinner provided them by the county, smacking greasy lips and gnawing cobbettes of corn.

VOICE (O.S.)

Guilty. Guilty. Guilty. Guilty...

We find the FOREMAN at the head of the table, sorting votes.

FADE TO BLACK: 7TH TITLE UP

8 INT -- COURTROOM -- DAY (1946) 8

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

JUDGE

You strike me as a particularly icy and remorseless man, Mr. Dufresne. It chills my blood just to look at you. By the power vested in me by the State of Maine, I hereby order you to serve two life sentences, back to back, one for each of your victims. So be it.

He raps his gavel as we

CRASH TO BLACK: LAST TITLE UP.

9 AN IRON-BARRED DOOR

slides open with an enormous CLANG. A stark room waits beyond. CAMERA PUSHES through. SEVEN HUMORLESS MEN sit side by side at a long table. An empty chair faces them. We are now in:

INT -- SHAWSHANK HEARINGS ROOM -- DAY (1947)

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

MAN #1

Sit.

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

MAN #2

We see by your file you've served twenty years of a life sentence.

MAN #3

You feel you've been rehabilitated?

RED

Yes, sir. Absolutely. I've learned my lesson. I can honestly say I'm a changed man. I'm no longer a danger to society. That's the God's honest truth. No doubt about it.

The men just stare at him. One stifles a yawn.

CLOSEUP -- PAROLE FORM

A big rubber stamp slams down: "REJECTED" in red ink.

10 EXT -- EXERCISE YARD -- SHAWSHANK PRISON -- DUSK (1947)

High stone walls topped with snaky concertina wire, set off at intervals by looming guard towers. Over a hundred CONS are in the yard. Playing catch, shooting craps, jawing at each other, making deals. Exercise period.

RED emerges into fading daylight, slouches low-key through the activity, worn cap on his head, exchanging hellos and doing minor business. He's an important man here.

RED (V.O.)

There's a con like me in every prison in America, I guess. I'm the guy who can get it for you. Cigarettes, a bag of reefer if you're partial, a bottle of brandy to celebrate your kid's high school graduation. Damn near anything, within reason.

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

RED (V.O.)

Yes sir, I'm a regular Sears & Roebuck.

TWO SHORT SIREN BLASTS issue from the main tower, drawing everybody's attention to the loading dock. The outer gate swings open...revealing a gray prison bus outside.

RED (V.O.)

So when Andy Dufresne came to me in 1949 and asked me to smuggle Rita Hayworth into the prison for him, I told him no problem. And it wasn't.

CON

Fresh fish! Fresh fish today!

Red is joined by HEYWOOD, SKEET, FLOYD, JIGGER, ERNIE, SNOOZE. Most cons crowd to the fence to gawk and jeer, but Red and his group mount the bleachers and settle in comfortably.

11 INT -- PRISON BUS -- DUSK (1947) 11

Andy sits in back, wearing steel collar and chains.

RED (V.O.)

Andy came to Shawshank Prison in early 1947 for murdering his wife and the fella she was bangin'.

The bus lurches forward, RUMBLES through the gates. Andy gazes around, swallowed by prison walls.

RED (V.O.)

On the outside, he'd been vice-president of a large Portland bank. Good work for a man as young as he was, when you consider how conservative banks were back then.

TOWER GUARD

All clear!

GUARDS approach the bus with carbines. The door jerks open. The new fish disembark, chained together single-file, blinking sourly at their surroundings. Andy stumbles against the MAN in front of him, almost drags him down.

BYRON HADLEY, captain of the guard, slams his baton into Andy's back. Andy goes to his knees, gasping in pain. JEERS and SHOUTS from the spectators.

HADLEY

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

13 ON THE BLEACHERS

RED

There they are, boys. The Human Charm
Bracelet.

HEYWOOD

Never seen such a sorry-lookin' heap of
maggot shit in my life.

JIGGER

Comin' from you, Heywood, you being so
pretty and all...

FLOYD

Takin' bets today, Red?

RED

(pulls notepad and pencil)

Bear Catholic? Pope shit in the woods?
Smokes or coin, bettor's choice.

FLOYD

Smokes. Put me down for two.

RED

High roller. Who's your horse?

FLOYD

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

HEYWOOD

Bullshit. I'll take that action.

ERNIE

Me too.

Other hands go up. Red jots the names.

HEYWOOD

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

FLOYD

You're so smart, you call it.

HEYWOOD

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

RED

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

More hands go up. Andy and the others are paraded along, forced by their chains to take tiny baby steps, flinching under the barrage of jeers and shouts. The old-timers are shaking the fence, trying to make the newcomers shit their pants. Some of the new fish shout back, but mostly they look terrified. Especially Andy.

RED (V.O.)

I must admit I didn't think much of Andy first time I laid eyes on him. He might'a been important on the outside, but in here he was just a little turd in prison grays. Looked like a stiff breeze could blow him over. That was my first impression of the man.

SKEET

What say, Red?

RED

Little fella on the end. Definitely. I stake half a pack. Any takers?

SNOOZE

Rich bet.

RED

C'mon, boys, who's gonna prove me wrong?

(hands go up)

Floyd, Skeet, Joe, Heywood. Four brave souls, ten smokes apiece. That's it, gentlemen, this window's closed.

Red pockets his notepad. A VOICE comes over the P.A. speakers:

VOICE (amplified)

Return to your cellblocks for evening
count.

14 INT -- ADMITTING AREA -- DUSK (1947)

The new fish are marched in. Guards unlock the shackles. The chains
drop away, rattling to the stone floor.

HADLEY

Eyes front.

WARDEN SAMUEL NORTON strolls forth, a colorless man in a gray suit
and a church pin in his lapel. He looks like he could piss ice
water. He appraises the newcomers with flinty eyes.

NORTON

This is Mr. Hadley, captain of the guard. I
am Mr. Norton, the warden. You are sinners
and scum, that's why they sent you to me.
Rule number one: no blaspheming. I'll not
have the Lord's name taken in vain in my
prison. The other rules you'll figure out
as you go along. Any questions?

'The Shawshank Redemption' - Escape Scenes

248 INT -- TUNNEL -- NIGHT (1966)

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

249 INT -- SHAFT -- NIGHT (1966)

Andy squeezes through the hole head-first, emerges to the waist. He reaches for the opposite wall, manages to snag a steel conduit with his fingers.

Suddenly, a huge rat darts for his hand. Andy yanks away and almost plummets head-first down the shaft. He dangles wildly upside-down for a moment, arms windmilling, then gets his hands pressed firmly against the opposite wall. The rat scurries off, pissed.

Andy snags the conduit again. He contorts out of the hole and dangles into the shaft. We now see the purpose for the rope: the plastic bag hangs from his ankle with about two feet of slack.

He kicks his legs across the shaft, gets his feet braced. With his back against one wall and feet against the other, he starts down the shaft. Sliding dangerously. Using pipes for handholds. Flinching as rats dart this way and that, scurrying in the shadows. He drops the last few feet to the bottom.

He approaches the ceramic sewer pipe and kneels before it. Pulls out the rock-hammer and says a quick silent prayer. Raises the rock-hammer high and swings it down with all his might. Once, twice -- third time lucky. An enormous eruption of sewage cascades into the air as if rocket-propelled, the Mount St. Helens of shit. Andy is instantly coated black. He turns away and heaves his guts out. The shit keeps coming.

250 INT -- SEWER PIPE -- NIGHT (1966)

Andy peers down through the hole, playing his penlight around. The inside diameter is no more than two feet. Tight squeeze. Coated with crud. It seems to go on for miles.

No turning back. He wriggles into the pipe and starts crawling, plastic bag dragging behind.

RED (V.O.)

Andy crawled to freedom through five hundred yards of shit-smelling foulness I can't even imagine. Or maybe I just don't want to.

251 EXT -- FIELD -- NIGHT (1966)

Rain is falling in solid sheets. Shawshank is half a mile distant. BOOM DOWN to reveal the creek...and PUSH IN toward the mouth of the sewer pipe that feeds into it.

RED (V.O.)

Five hundred yards. The length of five
football fields. Just shy of half a mile.

Fingers appear, thrusting through the heavy-gauge wire mesh covering the mouth of the pipe. Andy's face looms from the darkness, peering out at freedom. He wrenches the mesh loose, pushes himself out, and plunges head-first into the creek. He comes up sputtering for breath. The water is waist-deep.

He wades upstream, ripping his clothes from his body. He gets his shirt off, spins it through the air over his head, flings the shirt away. He raises his arms to the sky, turning slowly, feeling the rain washing him clean. Exultant. Triumphant. A FLASH OF LIGHTNING arcs from horizon to horizon.

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

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

'The Shawshank Redemption' - Closing Scenes

296 EXT -- TRAVELING SHOT -- DAY (1967)

A gorgeous New England landscape whizzes by, fields and trees a blur of motion. ANGLE SHIFTS to reveal a Greyhound Sceni- Cruiser barreling up the road, pulling abreast of us.

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

RED (V.O.)

I find I am so excited I can barely sit still or hold a thought in my head. I think it is the excitement only a free man can feel, a free man at the start of a long journey whose conclusion is uncertain...

297 THE BUS ROARS

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

RED (V.O.)

I hope I can make it across the border. I hope to see my friend and shake his hand. I hope the Pacific is as blue as it has been in my dreams.

(beat)

I hope.

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

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

299 CLOSER ON BOAT

A MAN is meticulously stripping the old paint and varnish by hand, face hidden with goggles and kerchief mask.

Red appears b.g., a distant figure walking out across the sand, wearing his cheap suit and carrying his cheap bag.

The man on the boat pauses. Turns slowly around. Red arrives with a smile as wide as the horizon. The other man raises his goggles and pulls down his mask. Andy, of course.

ANDY

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

RED

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

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

FADE OUT

THE END