

INT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

Susan dabs at a cut on Big's head with her skirt tail.
Little, Sally, and Betsey look on.

They are watched from the other side of the bars by Biegler.

LITTLE HARPE

You there! Jailer! Get her some
water to clean that wound.

Biegler doesn't respond.

LITTLE HARPE

That was not a request.

Again, Biegler doesn't respond.

LITTLE HARPE

You choose to dislike us, yet you
barely know us. That's not a shrewd
decision I assure you. Our
incarceration will not be forever,
you do understand that, yes? My
brother and I may not be spared the
noose, but these pregnant women
will.

All three women glare at Biegler.

LITTLE HARPE

It's only a matter of time before
they regain their liberty. And when
they do, they will also ensure that
vengeance is enacted upon those
that have persecuted us. Our
persecutors and their families will
be burned alive in their beds as
they sleep. Tell me, Biegler, why
would you want to inflict that upon
you and yours over a simple bowl of
water?

Biegler is surprised and terrified upon hearing his name
used and sits upright in his chair.

LITTLE HARPE

John Biegler, isn't it? Everyone
knows the jailer of Danville.

Little smiles at John as he shuffles uncomfortably on the
chair.

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LITTLE HARPE

Don't look so scared, John. It's
not too late for us to be friends.
Shall we begin again?

He lets the jailer think about it.

LITTLE HARPE

How about some water, my new
friend?

Biegler fetches a jug of water and as he hands it through
the bars to Little, the killer grabs his wrist and pulls him
up against the bars, holds him there. The jailer lets out a
squeal.

JOHN BIEGLER

Don't hurt me.

LITTLE HARPE

Why would I want to hurt you, John?
We are friends now, aren't we?

Little passes the water to Susan, then unfurls the jailer's
clenched fingers as if to snap them.

JOHN BIEGLER

Please. Have mercy.

Little pushes a coin into the palm of Biegler's hand instead
and folds his fingers around it.

LITTLE HARPE

I always show my appreciation to my
friends, John. You and I... will
become very good friends. Don't
you?

JOHN BEIGLER

(nodding enthusiastically in
fear)

Yes, sir. Very good friends.

Harpe shows another smile.

FADE TO: