

MIKE  
(muttering)  
Shower hawk...

Mike continues walking not looking back. He breathes in the cold air, blowing it out with relish outside of the chain-link fence that cordons off the prison from the outside world.

A 2012 Lexus coupe pulls into the parking lot.

LOUIS FLOTRON, 30's, buzz cut, five o'clock shadow, button down shirt and designer jeans puts the car in park and steps out. An air of danger about him.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
'Bout fucking time.

LOUIS  
You're lucky I showed up. I shoulda let you suck dick for bus fare home.

MIKE  
When you been riding around in my whip? Fuck that chauffeur boy.

LOUIS  
You think I'd be seen in this garbage? Just been storing it. How the hell did they let a fucking low life Guineau Wop like you out?

They stare at each other hard... then break out into smiles and hugs. These two are best friends.

MIKE  
Good behavior Dog. Overcrowding's not as bad as it sounds. \*

LOUIS  
You look good..must have been all the protein shakes the fellas were feeding ya inside.

MIKE  
Give me the keys bitch. \*

Louis makes a sound like he is gagging. The two break out into laughter. Louis tosses Mike the keys. \*