

INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER

The Guard locks Truman inside with Perry.

PERRY

Thank you.

Truman looks at the Guard. The Guard leaves.

TRUMAN

It was more for me than for anyone.
I couldn't bear the thought of
losing you so soon.

PERRY

Talking to me - you see that I must
have been insane, temporary
insanity, at the time, to do what I
did...

TRUMAN

Well, yes. But of course I still
don't know exactly -

PERRY

We're going to be able to use your
book for our case. You'll write we
never got to raise our insanity
plea. You wrote how terrible the
lawyer was?

TRUMAN

I haven't written a word yet.

Beat.

PERRY

What have you been doing?

TRUMAN

Research. Waiting to talk to you.

PERRY

All right...

TRUMAN

I was hoping -

PERRY

What are you calling it?

TRUMAN

The book?
 (looks directly at him)
 I have no idea.

Pause.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

If I'm going to write about you -
 if I'm going to determine *how* to
 write about you - you need to tell
 me about that night.

Perry just looks at him.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Why not?

Perry shakes his head.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Why? Do you worry what I'll think?
 (silence)
 If I leave here without
 understanding you, the world will
 always see you as a monster. I
 don't want that - I don't see you
 that way.

Perry looks away. Truman gives up on this for now. He walks
 over to Perry's desk, sees the PICTURE OF THE YELLOW BIRD.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

What is this you keep drawing?
 (Perry looks over)
 You drew it at the trial as well.

After a moment, Perry speaks quietly, without affect -

PERRY

The nuns at the orphanage decided
 pretty quick they hated me. I had
 a... I wet the bed, I was ten, they
 hated the smell. The first winter
 they found me shivering one night.
 I was freezing, wet - just trying
 to get through the night. The
 Sister pulled back the covers and
 shined the flashlight to see what
 I'd did. She hit me so many times
 with that flashlight she broke it.
 So she kept hitting me in the dark.
 (he shrugs)

(MORE)

PERRY (CONT'D)

That night was the first time I dreamed about that yellow bird. Taller than Jesus. Yellow like a sunflower. It picked me up and it clawed the Nun's eyes - and it lifted me into the sky.

(pause)

I guess I've been thinking about that bird lately.

TRUMAN

Do you think about it when I ask you to talk about that night?

They look at each other.

PERRY

I suppose I do.

TRUMAN

(a moment, then:)

I want you to trust me.

CUT TO: