

JUSTICE

Written by

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Act Three

Address
Phone Number

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The place is deserted. Not a Cop in sight. Cold coffee cups and half eaten food are strewn all over the place.

The front doors crash open.

DETECTIVE DAVE ESTEBAN, 30's, pushes KEVIN STEEL, 50's down the corridor.

Kevin turns, his face is bruised, there's dried blood around his nose and mouth and he grimaces every time he moves.

He's furious and ready to kill. He leaps at Dave. Gets right in his face.

KEVIN

You're fucking crazy, we're all going to be dead in an hour, what the fuck is the point of this?

Dave rests his hand on his holstered automatic.

DAVE

Move.

Kevin looks down at the gun. Does as he's told.

INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

The door clunks shut behind Kevin.

He leaps up and grabs the bars. Glares at Dave.

KEVIN

You can't do this!

Dave stares him straight in the eye.

DAVE

Scary isn't it? For the first time in your life, you can't lie, cheat or kill your way out of something.

KEVIN

Let me out of here.

DAVE

You're going to do what you were always supposed to do.

(break)

Die in prison.

Kevin watches through the bars as Dave walks off.

KEVIN

Please.

Dave reacts but carries on walking.

Kevin hits the bars hard. He turns away in fury before turning back and crashing into the bars again.

DAVE
You can't do this.

Too late Dave has already left the cell block. The door crashing closed behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S BULLPEN - DAY

Dave is sitting at his desk, feet up on the table.

He looks over at a CCTV monitor showing the cells, it's zoomed in on Kevin's cell, Kevin is sitting on the bed, head in his hands.

They both look up as the building shakes and a loud rumble echoes through the air.

Dave takes one final drink from his glass.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END