

JUDGMENT DAY

Written by

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For IMPACT 50

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INT. PRISON SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

ANDRE (25) strong but wet behind-the-ears stands behind DON (50) paunch and balding. Don flings a gun cabinet open and grabs a pump-action shotgun with handfuls of cartridges.

DON

For we must all appear before the
judgment seat of Christ.

Don pushes past a confused Andre to the security desk. He flicks switches labelled "GATES" and leaves the office.

INT. PRISON CELLS - DAY

Andre follows Don into a corridor with cells on three levels. Don rattles the bars of the first cell with the shotgun.

PRISONER (O.S.)

Fuck off!

A flash and bang as Don fires into the cell. Andre covers his ears. Shouts from the other inmates.

ANDRE

What the fuck, Don?

DON

I will judge you according to your
conduct and repay you for all your
detestable practices.

He moves to the next cell and rattles on the bars. Muffled begging from inside the cell. Don fires several times, spraying the cell. Andre is immobile.

DON

Murderers and rapist. Abusers and
killers. They can't go unpunished.

Don's shotgun blasts into the next cell. Andre grabs him and takes the shotgun.

ANDRE

It doesn't matter now. We don't
have the right.

DON

It is Judgment Day! What right do
they have to go quietly, without
justice served?

ANDRE

How is this just? Gunned down in a cage?

DON

And my Karen? What about her rights?

They don't deserve this!

DON

And Karen did?

Don sobs. Hard. He slides down the wall to the floor.

ANDRE

It's not up to us, Don. It's not.

Don sniffs and looks up at Andre, calm.

DON

If a man takes the life of any human being, he shall surely be put to death.

He nods at the shotgun.

DON

Do it. Please.

Andre raises the shotgun to Don's head. Don smiles, nods.

DON

Karen.

Andre pulls the trigger. The shot echoes around the cells. Silence.

MAN 2 (O.S.)

Thank fuck for that, you were either gonna have to shoot him, or fuck him.

An unpleasant laugh from the darkness.

Andre looks up at all the other cells and checks his watch. The sun streams in from high windows.

ANDRE

And I will strike down upon thee...

He pumps the shotgun.