

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 watches DON, (50) paunch and balding, open a gun cabinet.

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

Don grabs a shotgun and pushes past a confused Andre to the security desk. He flicks multiple switches labelled "GATES".

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 1 (O.S.)
Fuck off, I'm sleeping!

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 as the inmate approaches the bars. Don lowers the shotgun and blasts him between the legs

ANDRE
Fuck, Don, you can't... you shot
him in the balls.

DON
Murderers, rapists and abusers.
They must not go unpunished.

Andre grabs the shotgun from Don as he raises it again.

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

DON
It is Judgment Day! What right do
they have to go quietly, no justice
served?

ANDRE
Justice? Gunned down in a cage?

DON
And Karen? What about her?

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

ANDRE
Leave my Karen out of this.

DON
It people like that, the ones who
left her, bleeding in a ditch.

ANDRE
Shut up Don! It's not up to us,
Don. It's not!

Andre half raises the shotgun at Don, tears run down his
cheeks. 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. I wanna go quick.

Andre raises the shotgun to Don's head. Don smiles, nods.
Andre pulls the trigger. The shot echoes around the cells.
Silence.

PRISONER 2 (O.S.)
Thank fuck for that, you were
either gonna have to shoot him, or
fuck him.

An unpleasant laugh from the cell.

Andre looks up at the other cells and checks his watch.

ANDRE
Just enough time.

The sun streams in from high windows.

ANDRE
And I will strike down upon thee...

He pumps the shotgun.