



By

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READER DISCRETION IS ADVISED.

OVER BLACK

A phone RINGS, then--

CLICK.

MAN

Hey.

WOMAN (V.O.)

News is saying Gunn got away. That means you got him, right?

FADE IN:

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

Behind the wheel sits Detective JAMES MORGAN, 42, a square-jawed man with a five o'clock shadow. He has a cellphone pressed to his ear.

With his free hand, James rubs his forehead.

JAMES

Yeah. We got him.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Make him suffer. For Nathan.

James looks out his window, at the dilapidated entrance to a long-abandoned subway station.

JAMES

I gotta' go. Love you.

WOMAN (V.O.)

I love you, James.

He hangs up, tosses his cellphone onto the passenger seat.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - BOARDING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Using a flashlight to guide his way, James moves down a long staircase and onto a massive concrete platform, which is surrounded on both sides by railroad tracks.

Trash is littered throughout the dark space. This place hasn't been used in years.

James steps up to the edge of the platform.

The flashlight's beam of light bounces along the tracks, follows them to a huge tunnel.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

James cautiously walks along the tracks.

Up ahead, there is a slight bend in the tunnel. A light flickers along the tunnel's stone, graffiti-covered walls.

He shuts off his flashlight as he rounds the bend and spots the source of the light.

A dim, flickering bulb. Just beneath the light, a rusted metal door. Behind the door, WET THUDS AND PAINED GROANS.

James steps up to the door, takes a deep breath.

INT. SUBWAY STORAGE ROOM

The dingy space is nearly empty, with a dim light fixture in the center of the ceiling.

Directly under the light, MICHAEL GUNN, 40, a savagely beaten naked man with a serious widow's peak, is handcuffed to a metal chair. His mouth is duct-taped shut.

The guy looks like he's just been through Hell, battered and bruised, both eyes completely swollen shut. He's a mess.

Towering over the bloody man is Detective HOWARD GIBSON, 45, a massive black man with muscles on top of his muscles.

Howard assaults Michael with a lightning-quick three-piece, two jabs to the gut followed by a mean right hook to the jaw.

HOWARD

Stay with me, Motherfucker!

Michael grunts in pain as blood leaks out of his left ear.

The door opens and James steps inside.

Howard turns to him, wipes the blood on his knuckles off on his shirt. He motions toward Michael.

HOWARD

I was just getting him warmed up for you. Can't wait to see what you do with this freak.

Michael watches with horrified eyes as James approaches him.

JAMES
(eyes glued to Micheal)
You don't want to see this.

Howard frowns, taken aback. After a brief pause, he nods.

HOWARD
Yeah... Do your thing.

Howard exits the room, closes the door behind him.

James steps closer. He pulls out a picture of a HAPPY BOY, 8, and holds it out in front of Michael's face.

JAMES
You've got one chance for a quick death. I'm gonna ask you a question, and you *will* tell me the truth. If I don't like what I hear...

With his free hand, James unsheathes a 9-inch serrated blade and holds it out beside the picture.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You're gonna choke on your own cock.
Got it?

Trembling with fear, Michael nods.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(motions toward the picture)
My boy... Four years ago... Did you take him?

James stuffs the picture back in his pocket, then RIPS the duct tape from Michael's mouth, revealing a pencil mustache.

Michael spits blood and broken teeth onto the concrete floor.

MICHAEL
(terrified)
P-please... I don't u-understand--

James stabs the blade deep into the handcuffed man's leg. Blood gushes out. Michael screams out, in absolute agony.

JAMES
Answer me!

He twists the blade. Michael screams louder, then vomits all over himself. More blood oozes out of the wound.

James pulls the blade out of Michael's leg.

JAMES

I can keep going! That what you want!?

Tears stream down Micheal's busted face as he desperately shakes his head back and forth.

MICHAEL

No! Stop!... I did it... I took--

James' face turns beat-red. He lunges forward, flips the chair, putting Michael on his back.

Michael tries to kick James off, but it's no use.

MICHAEL

Please!? No!

James reaches between Michael's legs, grabs hold of his member and slices it off with one clean swipe of the blade. Blood squirts out all over James' face and shirt.

Michael releases a high-pitched wail just before--

James shoves the severed penis into his open mouth, then proceeds to pummel Michael's face in with his fists.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - LATER

Howard waits quietly by the door, winces as he rubs his swollen knuckles.

Just then, the door opens and James steps out, covered in fresh blood.

HOWARD

How you feeling, partner?

James stares into Howard's eyes, a cold look seared onto his blood-spattered face.

JAMES

Feeling justified.

SMASH TO:

BLACK