

Justice  
by  
The StoryTeller

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INT. LAPD POLICE CAR -- DAY

A bright day in LA. The streets are empty, almost abandoned.

Some advertisements are playing on the radio.

At the wheel, Officer CARL BROWN (40s, white, craggy features), fixing the streets and chewing calmly his gum.

Next to him: Officer ANDREW MARSHALL (20s, latino), leaning back on his seat and reading a book.

Both with masks on.

Carl hesitates for a moment, but then:

CARL

Aren't you getting bored reading that thing?

ANDREW

(still reading)

Aren't you by looking at the empty street?

Carl shakes head.

CARL

What is it about?

ANDREW

I don't know it yet.

CARL

Are you trying to tell me that you are reading that thing for how many hours and still don't know what it is about?

Andrew looks for the first time up.

ANDREW

What is the favourite color of your wife?

CARL

What? ... dunno ... blue?

ANDREW

What artist does she like the most?

CARL

Artist?

ANDREW

What did she wanted to become when she was a little girl?

Carl thinks for a moment, but - no idea.

ANDREW

How long are you married?

CARL

Twenty incredible years.

ANDREW

Twenty years and yet so less information about the details.

Andrew looks back into the book.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Some stories take their time to unfold.

Carl, slowly getting anxious, rips off his mask.

CARL

Who can breathe under these goddamn things?!

ANDREW

What are you doing put it back on.

CARL

Careful kid! My car, my rules and anyways this whole virus-bullshit is nothing more than a way of the government to get rid off the poor folks.

ANDREW

Please Carl, do me a favor and change the channel if I just hear one word more of the big bad wolf government I might forget to--

From the radio:

RADIO (O.S)

--1227, are you ready to roll yet?

CARL  
Here 1227, come again?

RADIO (O.S)  
We have a 459 on 23rd west street. A female witness reported unknown sounds coming out of one of the empty stores. 1214 is coming from the north end, but we need you to start rolling.

CARL  
1227, you have a CIT officer heading that way?

RADIO (O.S)  
They decided that a CIT Officer is not needed.

CARL  
I see ... we'll let you know, squad.

RADIO (O.S)  
Ok, thank you, 10.

ANDREW  
Police French for we are on our own.

CARL  
What a shame, I've started to get use to this street.

Carl turns the engine on and both drive off.

INT. LAPD POLICE CAR -- LATER

The car stops in front of some stores.

Andrew unbuckles.

CARL  
Where the hell do you think you're going, son?

ANDREW  
What?

CARL  
The backup is comin'. Let the guys from the 77th street handle that thing ... Are you hungry?

ANDREW

Two months we've been doing nothing else than sitting around in the car and arguing with citizens who do not understand the meaning behind the term "maintaining distance" and finally we've got something to do and you want to give it to the guys of the 77th street?

CARL

Would you favor the guys from Wilshire more?

ANDREW

I'm outta here. Staying in quarantine is a punishment, doing it with you is a test of Jesus Christ personally.

Andrew leaves the car.

Carl seems for a moment to follow but the laziness takes over and he falls back in his seat and turns the radio louder.

INT. STORE -- CONTINUOUS

The door opens.

ANDREW

(holding a flashlight)  
LAPD, I'm coming in.

Andrew looks around: goods from medicaments to magazines and nutritional supplements.

The officer checks the environment until: sounds from the backroom.

ANDREW

(to the mobile radio)  
1227, the showroom is empty. I'm checking the backroom now.

CARL (O.S)

Be careful, kid.

Just before the door to the backroom, Andrew bumps into a CAN that rolls now loudly over the floor.

He freezes for a moment and harks at the door.

Silence until some coughs here and there disturbs it.

Andrew rests one hand on his gun, takes a deep breath and opens the door in one single pull.

INT. BACKROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The flashlight hits a group of poorly clothed men and women sitting on the floor around an assemblage of food.

ANDREW

LAPD, hands there where I can see them.

(pointing at a guy hiding behind a cabinet)

You! Back to the group.

The man follows suit.

ANDREW

(to the mobile radio)

1227, here officer Marshall, I found--

Andrew stops by the sight of a young girl, MARIA, hiding behind her mother.

INT. POLICE CAR - AT THE SAME TIME

Carl is holding up the mobile radio with a tense look on his face.

CARL

What is it kid? Say something! Andrew?

INT. BACKROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Andrew takes a closer look at the crowd and notices a medicament package next to the girl.

CARL (O.S)

Officer Marshall, come again? Are you okay?

ANDREW

Yes, I am ... I am good.

Andrew comes closer and the woman winces.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

It's alright.

(puts his gun back into the holder)

See, everything is alright.

(to the little girl)

What is your name?

MARIA

Maria.

The man to Maria's right, JORGE, her father, looks at Andrew.

JORGE

Please, Sir. We're outta work for a long time and needed some medicine and food. We will be gone quickly, please.

CARL (O.S)

I'm coming in now.

Andrew thinks for a moment and grabs the mobile radio.

ANDREW

No need for it. I'm coming out. Just a cat.

The family burst into the tears of joy.

INT. LAPD POLICE CAR -- LATER

The car stops in front of a takeaway fast food restaurant.

Andrew closes his book - It's finished.

CARL

And?

Andrew looks at him questioningly.

CARL (CONT'D)

Don't make me ask you twice, boy. What was it about?

Andrew thinks for a moment, smirks and then:

ANDREW

Justice.

THE END.