

AND JUSTICE FOR ALL

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON - CELL BLOCK

The cell block is dark and silent except for a faint but persistent squeaking sound.

INT. PRISON CELL

A man rapes another on the bottom bunk of the cell bed. STAN (30s) stares lifelessly into the darkness. MILES (40s), a muscular skinhead, holds a fistful of his hair and shoves his face into the mattress as he thrusts.

Miles's face contorts in an ugly grimace as he climaxes. He rolls onto his back and sighs with relief. Stan allows his position to shift slightly but his face remains blank. He is the shell of a human being.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Stan and LAURA (30s) walk down a city street carrying leftover restaurant food in plastic bags.

LAURA

(laughs)

My mom doesn't nag you that much.

STAN

Are you kidding me? She rapes my ear.

LAURA

Whatever. You know if my mom was here tonight, she wouldn't have forgotten where you parked the car.

STAN

Well played, my dear.

LAURA

Yeah. Maybe you'll think twice the next time you want to talk-

STAN

(laughs)

Come on. You know I'm kidding. I love your mom like...

LAURA

Like what?

STAN

Another mom.

Laura laughs.

Stan leans in and pecks her on the cheek.

STAN

But not as much as I love you.

The couple approach a shabbily clad STRANGER (50s) sitting with his back against a brick wall. They make brief eye contact as they pass him. He turns his head.

STRANGER

Bet you a dollar I know where you got your shoes.

Stan and Laura both turn.

STAN

I'll bite.

STRANGLER

You got your shoes on your feet.

Laura fakes a groan and laughs.

STAN

(laughs)

Fair enough.

Stan fishes a dollar out of his pocket and extends it to the stranger. The stranger appears to reach for it.

STRANGER

Now that I have your attention, what do you say you and the lady step into that alley over there?

The stranger nods toward the mouth of an alley not far behind them.

STAN

What?

Stan glances at the stranger's hand. It holds a pistol.

EXT. ALLEY

Stan and Laura step into the alley. The stranger approaches them with the pistol.

Both of them drop the plastic bags. Stan empties his coat and pant pockets. Laura empties her purse. Their wallets and several other valuables fall on the ground.

STRANGER

The rock too.

Laura glances down at an engagement ring on her finger.

LAURA

You got—

STAN

Give him the ring, Laura.

Laura removes the ring and drops it on the ground.

The stranger holds the pistol on the couple as he collects their valuables off the ground. He looks Laura up and down as he does. He stands once the ground is bare.

STRANGER

What's your name, sweetheart?

LAURA

Laura.

STRANGER

Why don't you come over here and let me get a better look at you, Laura.

Laura takes a reluctant step forward. Stan sidesteps in front of her.

STAN

That's not happening.

STRANGER

Who's got the gun, pal?

STAN

I don't give a shit. That's not happening.

STRANGER

Listen, fucker. I tell you how it's going to be.

The stranger lunges at Laura. She recoils in fear. Stan grabs his arm and attempts to pull him over his shoulder. The stranger easily shoves him off but releases the pistol in the process.

Stan reaches for the pistol as the stranger comes after him. He grabs it and shoots the stranger in the chest. Laura yelps. The stranger gasps for air as he falls onto his back.

EXT. WINDOW

A hand pulls down a section of blinds. A pair of eyes peers out from behind it.

INT. WINDOW

EYES P.O.V.

The window overlooks the street below across from the alley. The stranger lies at the mouth of the alley. Stan steps into view and shoots him.

EXT. WINDOW

The hand releases the blinds. The human silhouette behind them vanishes.

EXT. ALLEY

Stan drops the gun and falls to his knees. Laura kneels beside him and embraces him.

INT. COURTROOM

Stan stands beside a LAWYER on the defendant's side of the courtroom. Several other LAWYERS stand alone on the plaintiff's side. Laura sits on a bench behind Stan. Several others sit further behind her.

The JUDGE looks toward the jury bench.

JUDGE

On the charges of voluntary
manslaughter, how do you find the
defendant?

The SPEAKER FOR THE JURY stands.

SPEAKER

We find the defendant...

INT. JURY ROOM

Several JURORS sit at an elongated table in the center of the room. The speaker for the jury sits at its head.

SPEAKER

The bottom line is the eye witness saw
Stan shoot the man while he was lying
on the ground. That's not self defense
in my book. The guy's...

INT. COURTROOM

The speaker declares the verdict and sits.

SPEAKER

Guilty, your honor.

Stan hangs his head. Laura weeps.

INT. PRISON CELL

Stan lies wide awake on the top bunk. Miles is fast asleep. He snorts briefly then groans and breathes silently.

Stan takes a deep breath, sits up, and removes the pillow from under his head. Underneath it is a small square razorblade.

CUT TO:

Stan stands beside the bottom bunk and stares at Miles. He holds the razorblade in between his fingers.

Miles's eyes flutter open and flick upward to Stan.

INT. PRISON - VISITING ROOM

Laura sits at the end of a row of glass windows which divide the room in half. Several PRISONERS sit on the other side of the glass and speak to other VISITORS through phone receivers attached to the wall separating them.

Stan appears and takes a seat across from Laura on the other side of the glass. Both of them pick up their phone receivers.

STAN

I think it'd be better if you never came back here again.

LAURA

What?

STAN

It's over, Laura. Don't you see? This is the end of the line for me.

LAURA

Don't talk like that, Stan. You're not in here for life. When you get out of here, we'll still have the rest of our lives ahead of us.

STAN

I'm never going to get out of here.

LAURA

Don't, Stan-

STAN

No. It's the truth. They'll release me but I'll never really leave this place. I learned something here. I'm not the man I thought I was. I'm not even a man. I'm nothing. I'm fucking dirt. You

think that's going to change when I'm out of prison? That we can just pick up where we left off? That's never going to happen. There's only one way out now and it's in here—

LAURA

Stop it!

The other visitors turn to look at Laura.

LAURA

You're wrong, Stan! You're not nothing! Not to me! I don't care what—

STAN

I have nothing more to say to you, Laura.

Stan drops the receiver and walks away. Laura pounds on the glass. Her muted shouts are indiscernible.

INT. PRISON CELL

Miles stares at Stan with a dazed look.

MILES

(groggily)

Stan? What are you doing?

Miles's eyes flick toward the razorblade then back to Stan. He laughs.

MILES

You don't want to do that. Without me, they'll pass you around until there's nothing left. You want to die?

Stan does not react. Miles sighs.

MILES

Listen to me, Stan. I'm your friend—

Stan swiftly slices Miles's throat with the razorblade. He frantically covers the wound with his hands. Blood gushes from in between his fingers.

Stan grabs the pillow off the top bunk and holds it in front of him with both hands.

MILES

(hoarse)

You're dead, faggot.

STAN

I know.

Stan jumps on top of Miles's chest and shoves the pillow over his head. Miles releases his throat and snatches at the pillow. Blood spurts from the wound and soaks the bed sheets. His throat makes a moist sucking sound as air rushes into his trachea.

INT. PRISON - SOLITARY

An empty concrete room with no windows. Stan sits with his back against the far wall. A door slams shut offscreen. The room plunges into darkness.

Stan takes a deep breath and shuts his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

CAMERA P.O.V.

M.O.S.

The camera soars slowly over an ocean of shimmering waves. The water below reflects a clear blue sky. The camera gradually descends toward the water. When it is just about to go under, a metallic screech indicates a door opening.

INT. SOLITARY

Light floods the room.

Stan sits in the same place and position as before but has since grown some facial hair. He opens his eyes.

VOICE (O.S.)

Time to go.

INT. CELL BLOCK

The cell block is bright and noisy. The cell doors are open. PRISONERS walk about freely.

INT. PRISON CELL

Stan sits on the bottom bunk of the cell bed. He turns his head and looks toward the cell entrance. A SKINHEAD stands in front of it. He holds a dumbbell bar in his hand. He steps toward Stan.

STAN

Kill me-

The skinhead strikes Stan in the temple with the metal bar. Stan allows himself to fall off the bed and onto the floor.

SKINHEAD

This is for Miles.

The skinhead smashes the bar hard into Stan's skull.

INT. OCEAN - DAY

CAMERA P.O.V.

M.O.S.

The camera crashes through the waves and into the ocean below. It floats and bobs with the motion of the water. The sun illuminates swirling particles and reflects off the white sand below. A school of fish comes into view as they swim into the distance.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END