

JUSTICE INC.

Matt McAvoy



**I AM A CRIMINAL.
I HAVE BEEN
SERVED JUSTICE!**

JUSTICE INC.

Screenplay

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"JUSTICE INC."

FADE IN:

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

The INSTRUCTOR, a white man in his mid-thirties of average height and build, sits in the window of a greasy-spoon cafe on a busy inner-city high street. Cosmopolitan activity outside and inside is bustling. He wears a black army jacket, black jeans and black steel-toed boots, and is intently watching two young men across the road, dealing drugs on the street corner. MARVIS is a large, muscular black man who greets a customer, taking cash from her then spitting something into his hand, which she puts into her mouth. His short, white, skinny associate DARREN slouches against the railing nearby, keeping lookout. The Instructor stares, sipping his coffee.

EXT. A BUSY ROAD - MORNING RUSH HOUR

It is overcast. MARVIS and DARREN, dressed only in their underpants, are stuck, spreadeagled, ten feet above the ground, to a large advertising billboard promoting a product which is "TOUGH ON GERMS". They are in full view of the main road, and an excitable crowd has gathered on the verge below them; occasionally passing drivers hit their horns. A couple of uniformed CONSTABLES and a Detective Constable, MARCUS, stand chatting on the verge. Darren looks forlornly downward, the word "RAPIST" written with a black marker across his chest. Marvis, whose chest similarly bears the words "CRACK DEALER" is shouting furiously and relentlessly at the officers.

MARVIS

What you fucking laughing at? Get me the fuck down from here man, get me the fuck down man...

A car pulls up, and out of the driver's seat steps DETECTIVE INSPECTOR JACK JACKSON, a tired looking man nearing fifty. Marcus starts to approach him, presenting the scene with outstretched arms. Jack grins as they walk toward the billboard.

MARVIS

(Addressing an amused bystander)

What the fuck are you looking at? Get me down from here!

JACK

Who are they?

MARCUS

(Pointing)

Marvis Brown - warrant for absconding;
still got three years on a licence for
GBH. This is Darren Trent - he's wanted
for rape.

Marvis is now aiming his tirade at Jack.

JACK

Shut up Marvis.

MARVIS

You shut the fuck up pig! Get me down
from here, I'll shut you the fuck up!

Marcus shudders, putting his hands in his pockets.

MARCUS

Bit parky this morning. (Then addressing
Marvis) Just saying - bit parky, Marvis.

JACK

Why am I here?

MARCUS

You know why Boss.

Marcus hands Jack a white business card with string
threaded through one corner.

MARCUS

Dangling from Marvis's toe.

Jack reads the card, unsurprised. The type reads: "I am
a criminal - I have been served justice." He turns the
card over; in large IMPACT font it reads: "JUSTICE INC."
alongside a simple black fist motif. Marcus hands Jack
another identical card.

MARCUS

Darren's.

JACK

(Taking the card)

Very quiet up there Darren.

MARCUS

Yeah, you wouldn't think he had it in
him. Little slip of a lad Darren.

As Jack examines the cards, Marcus's attention is drawn

to two excitable teenage BOYS. He points at them and approaches; Jack follows.

MARCUS

You. What are you saying?

BOY 1

These guys man, they were fucked up.

MARCUS

You saw?

BOY 1

Yeah, but I didn't see his face or nothing.

MARCUS

(Glancing at Jack)

Just one?

BOY 1

Yeah, just one, but the boy was like a ninja or something.

JACK

Are you lying?

BOY 1

(Annoyedly sucking his teeth)

I ain't lying to you. He was all in black, man, and one of those masks, you know...?

BOY 2

A balaclava. I know 'cos my Dad's got one, innit.

BOY 1

Yeah, yeah man - a balaclava.

MARCUS

Did you see him too?

BOY 2

Nah man.

MARCUS

So what happened?

BOY 1

Man, he was fast.

INTERCUT a figure dressed in black, fighting Marvis and

Darren simultaneously in a dark alley at night.

BOY 1 (V.O.)

He was using the dark bits - the alleys.

RETURNING TO SCENE:

BOY 2

Like Batman.

BOY 1

(Laughing)

Yeah, yeah - like Bruce Lee.

INSERT fighting scene again briefly.

JACK

(Quietly)

Bruce Lee.

BOY 1

The boy was like a fucking
Kung-Fu master.

MARCUS

Watch your language.

The boys ignore him, already play Kung-Fu fighting.

MARCUS

(To the uniformed officers)

Can one of you take a statement off this
boy?

Jack slips the cards into his pocket and walks briskly
back to the car. As he opens the door a young REPORTER,
with cropped hair and wearing shorts, stops taking
photographs of the billboard and starts to approach.

REPORTER

Mr. Jackson?

JACK

Yes? (Turning, then frowning) Who told
you? We've only just got here.

The Reporter points to a three storey building directly
opposite. In the top floor window a large banner reads:
"Hackney Evening Post".

REPORTER

You tend to notice guys in their pants

super-glued outside your window.

JACK

Course.

REPORTER

Them kids said one man.

JACK

(Smirking)

Yeah, Batman.

REPORTER

You know these men were put here for our benefit?

JACK

Yeah.

The Reporter hands Jack a torn open white A6 envelope, addressed to the Hackney Evening Post.

REPORTER

Arrived by post this morning.

Jack slides a Justice Inc business card out of the envelope, the title and motif on the front. The monologue on the back reads: "Follow us on Facebook". Jack hands the card and envelope back to the Reporter, getting into his car and shutting the door.

JACK

(Through the open window)

Will you sit on this?

REPORTER

(Nodding)

Not for long.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

The shared office is bright and sunny. Jack is sat at his computer station, staring intently at the screen, which has the Justice Inc. Facebook page open. He scrolls down the page, seeing a long list of "FANS" entries.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY

Jack enters a large hall, containing ropes and wall bars, with mats and vaults pushed into a corner. Sunlight pours through skylights. Alongside the hall is a

recreation area containing a kitchen, tables and seating, a pool table, and a tv/dvd setup. Along the main wall is a twenty foot long banner reading: "MANTIS KUNG FU", alongside a Yin-Yang motif.

JACK
(Brashly)

Sensei!

After a few moments, the Instructor, dressed in his Kung Fu trouser, slippers and a white "Mantis" t-shirt emerges from a glass partitioned room at the back of the hall. The two men approach each other.

INSTRUCTOR
It's Sifu.

JACK
(Glancing about inquisitively)
Seafood, Tofu, whatever. Wouldn't have a bucket of super-glue lying around here would you?

Jack starts strolling past the Instructor toward the partitioned area.

INSTRUCTOR
Got a packet of Super Noodles in the cupboard.

JACK
(Turning to face him)
What flavour?

INSTRUCTOR
Chicken I s'pose.

Jack grunts, peering through the glass partition to see a row of computers along a wall lined with movie and music posters. One of the computers has frozen on the Windows shutting-down screen.

JACK
Do you know what an I.P. address is?

INSTRUCTOR
Something to do with computers is it?

JACK
Yeah it is. It can be used to identify the source of a website entry - a website like Facebook.

INSTRUCTOR

Oh right - fascinating Detective. I'll take your word for it. With a warrant... I've no doubt you can; I'm sure Facebook will be more than co-operative. Don't really know about computers myself, don't use them.

Jack points questioningly over his shoulder at the computer which has still failed to shut down.

INSTRUCTOR

(Deadpan)

Yeah, I think that might be one.

Jack nods, glancing up at the large round clock on the wall, which reads ten past three.

INSTRUCTOR

I can't help you Detective. I'm sure I've already told you that?

JACK

(Slowly pacing the room)

Yeah, you have. But I don't believe you.

INSTRUCTOR

Oh, I know what this is about - you're still after that guy who's making your job easier for you.

JACK

Criminal.

INSTRUCTOR

Well I don't know about that. It doesn't take much to be labelled a criminal in Britain nowadays; flick a fag butt, don't wear your seat-belt...

JACK

Breaking somebody's legs certainly qualifies.

INSTRUCTOR

A mugger who used acid as a weapon.

JACK

That in the newspapers then was it?

INSTRUCTOR

Well, I suppose it must have been, otherwise how would I know?

JACK

Well, how would you? D'you know, that's the question that bothers me more than anything else. This man has struck -

INSTRUCTOR

Or woman.

JACK

(Sniggers)

Or woman... has struck eleven times -

INSTRUCTOR

As far as you know.

JACK

(Glaring)

We would know.

INSTRUCTOR

Yeah?

JACK

He would make sure of it.

INSTRUCTOR

Do you think so?

JACK

Yeah, the man's a narcissist.

The Instructor glares sternly at Jack.

JACK

Anyway - eleven times, eight of which were outstanding warrants on MAPPA's most dangerous.

INSTRUCTOR

MAPPA's most dangerous?

JACK

Yeah.

INSTRUCTOR

And these men were walking around in the community?

JACK

Don't change the subject. The MAPPA list is confidential; the Met's most wanted ain't - they're all over the internet and usually offer a reward, but he's not after them.

INSTRUCTOR

Why are the most dangerous not the most wanted?

JACK

How?

The Instructor shrugs.

JACK

(Sighing)

I was really hoping you might just help with this one enquiry.

INSTRUCTOR

Perhaps you should ask the man you're after - I'm sure he'll be happy to tell you. (Pauses) Course, you'll have to catch him first.

JACK

(Staring at the Instructor)

Oh, I'll catch him. Oh yeah, that's certain son; you actually think I won't?

Jack glances at the clock again, before walking back toward the main doors.

INSTRUCTOR

Can't imagine why Jack.

He stands, watching Jack leave.

INT. JACK'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The lights are on, curtains drawn. Jack is sitting on his sofa, slippered feet on the coffee table, computer on his lap. The room is cheaply decorated and furnished, with photos of grown up children all over. Dirty dinner plates are on the table, and Coronation Street plays loudly on the television, but Jack is listening to Tony Christie on his earphones. His WIFE, a small white haired lady, enters from the kitchen, carrying a mug of tea and a short whisky with ice. She softly strikes his feet.

WIFE

Feet.

He removes his feet from the table, and she replaces them with the mug and the glass before returning to the kitchen with the plates.

JACK

Thanks sweetheart.

He is on the Justice Inc. Facebook page. He reads down, focusing on an entry from Justice Inc., which reads: "Dispensed justice to a rapist and violent drug dealer in Hackney this morning - see pics attached." Jack glances at the time of the entry: "Today at 15.04pm".

INT. POLICE STATION OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Holding takeaway coffee Jack walks bleary-eyed through the operations room, where Marcus and two other DETECTIVE SERGEANTS are chatting as they prepare for work.

MARCUS

Morning Guv.

JACK

Morning everyone.

MARCUS

We're just discussing your pet project.

JACK

What's that?

MARCUS

Your Justice Inc.

DS SAM hands him a copy of the Hackney Evening Post. The front page is dominated by a photo of Marvis and Darren on the billboard beside the headline: "Wanted criminals hung out to dry."

JACK

Shit.

MARCUS

I thought there were rules about vigilante stories in the press.

JACK

There are.

EBUBE

(From behind his desk)

They don't actually mention Justice Inc. or vigilantes.

SAM

No, they hint.

JACK

(Reading aloud, quietly)

"Police are open-minded about the motive for this incident, but speculation at the scene clearly favoured the notion that this was a sacrificial offering for the police, not dissimilar to other incidents involving some of the most wanted men around the capital in recent months -".
Fucking more than a hint.

The SUPERINTENDENT enters, a middle-aged, middle-class woman, well spoken in surprisingly feminine attire, exuding instant authority.

SUPERINTENDENT

Morning.

The sergeants greet her.

JACK

(Still engrossed)

They didn't mention the business cards.
Morning Ma'am.

The Superintendent takes the newspaper from Jack and starts reading.

SUPERINTENDENT

This Justice Inc. again?

MARCUS

Would anyone really be that bothered if we didn't catch this guy?

JACK

I would.

SUPERINTENDENT

Yes, so would I, thank you for asking Marcus.

MARCUS

Seriously though, Ma'am. This guy has probably saved us weeks, maybe months of fieldwork locating Brown and Trent.

SUPERINTENDENT

Then assaulted them and put them on display on a busy main road.

Marcus grins.

JACK

Funny?

MARCUS

You thought so Sir.

JACK

(Staring at Marcus)

No I didn't.

Marcus frowns, smirking toward his fellow sergeants.

SUPERINTENDENT

What it was is a public two fingers up to the Met, including everyone in this room.

JACK

You're a copper Marcus - act like one.

SAM

(Grinning)

Marcus thinks we should be grateful for his help - let him do the work and take all the credit.

MARCUS

Shut up.

JACK

(Humourlessly)

We'll buy him a tin of Roses, say thanks.

The Sergeants laugh.

SUPERINTENDENT

Marcus, the public already think the Met's a joke. Right laugh if they find out we're allowing a civilian to do our job in a fraction of the time.

MARCUS

Ma'am, I don't think that.

EBUBE

Most people I know think the guy's a hero.

SUPERINTENDENT

Yes, well that's not surprising is it? People have had enough of us catching criminals and watching them walk, and they're not alone. It was only a matter of time before this happened.

JACK

I think we need to take this seriously
Ma'am. Justice Inc. already has nearly
two-hundred fans.

SUPERINTENDENT

Fans?

JACK

Of it's Facebook page.

EBUBE

I never imagined you on Facebook Guv.

The Superintendent hands the newspaper back to Marcus.

SUPERINTENDENT

Yes, well it could be two million - the
man's still a criminal, and a violent one
at that. (Looks at Sam) So no
partnerships. Anyway, it's in the papers
now so we'll have to take it seriously.
Jack.

She leads Jack into her partitioned office at the side of
the room. They stand just inside the doorway; the door
she pushes to, but does not close.

SAM

(Quietly)

What's she having a go at me for?

MARCUS

(At Sam, annoyed)

Why are you a knob?

In the Superintendent's office.

SUPERINTENDENT

(Quietly)

I want you to find out as much as you
can; it's not official yet so do it in
your spare time. Then if we do get the
green light we're good to go. If
anyone's going to catch this guy I want
it to be us.

JACK

In my spare time?

SUPERINTENDENT

Well, alright, when you're not snowed
under with work.

JACK

Find out what? I already know who it is.

SUPERINTENDENT
(Genuinely surprised)

You know?

JACK

Yeah. I clocked the guy months ago and he knows it.

SUPERINTENDENT
If he knows why's he still going?

JACK

He wants us to know. He tipped off the press himself.

SUPERINTENDENT
Oh Christ. Well, publicity is the last thing we want to give this man. That's why we do it out of hours, out of uniform. Just liaise with the DCI when he gets back from holiday.

JACK
(Sighing)

Well, will I get overtime?

SUPERINTENDENT
(Annoyed)

Oh, Jack! I thought you wanted to catch him.

JACK

I do Ma'am, but I don't cherish wasting my time if we then don't get the order?

SUPERINTENDENT
Jack, you know who he is. Get some charges, take him off the streets for six months and nip it in the bud. Or you can wait until we get the official remit.

JACK
(Thoughtfully)

Yeah, and make him famous.

SUPERINTENDENT
Well, yeah. Exactly.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - NIGHT

Jack is standing outside one of the side windows of the

recreation hall. It is mild and dry. He watches the Instructor stand before a class of thirty pupils, watching and shouting encouragement as they perform drills in perfect formation.

INT. INSTRUCTOR'S FLAT - DAY

The Instructor is sat at the small dining table in his kitchen - it is sunny. He is reading a copy of the Daily Mail and eating a bowl of cereal, engrossed in a story headlined: "Boy, 16, becomes 11th teenager murdered in London this year." The doorbell goes, and he walks through the small, dated flat to answer it. He is surprised at the sight of Jack in the grubby concrete stairwell, half-turned as though considering leaving. Without a word, he steps aside and Jack walks in. The Instructor beckons him through the long hall to the kitchen. On the way Jack glances into the bedroom, where a computer system is set up. The shelves in the hall hold trophies and photos of the Instructor beaming as he receives them. The Instructor brushes past Jack in the modest kitchen.

INSTRUCTOR

Want some Sugar Puffs?

JACK

No, I don't want Sugar Puffs.

The Instructor beckons Jack into a seat - Jack continues to stand, as the Instructor clicks the steaming cordless kettle back on to boil.

INSTRUCTOR

What random topic you got in mind today?
Squirrels? The Neolithic period?

The kettle starts to boil instantly.

JACK

I've gotta have you.

INSTRUCTOR

(After a short pause)

Sorry Inspector, I only like girls.

JACK

I've been instructed to get evidence and arrest you.

INSTRUCTOR

Oh, your thing again - your Justice whassit. Is that why you popped by at

half-eight in the morning? For a signed confession?

JACK

No, no. I'm doing you on the quiet; no bang, just a whimper. It'll all be for nothing. I can probably get you right now for ABH or even attempted murder.

The kettle reaches its boiling peak. The Instructor holds his fists out in front of him side by side.

JACK

How do you think this ends? Seriously?

INSTRUCTOR

(Lowering his hands)

You'll get your man? Because you always do?

JACK

(Smiling)

Oh, God no, not by any means. (Raises his finger) I always know my man...

INSTRUCTOR

You seemed a lot more confident last time we spoke.

JACK

Oh no - you I'll get. You know why?

INSTRUCTOR

Passion? Determination?

JACK

(Dismissively)

Nah. Believe it or not I've got more important things to be getting on with than chasing you. You'll give us yourself, one way or the other. I've thought it through and I don't see any other likely outcome than: one, we get you for some silly-arse GBH, you get three years, no publicity, and you're just another violent thug in prison, or two, we don't get you, in time, and you go too far. Because your kind, son -

INSTRUCTOR

Narcissists?

JACK

(Nodding with a smile)

- will, sooner or later, become disillusioned with a judge's autonomy; you'll start playing Judge Dredd, passing sentence. It's in your nature. And you'll go too far, and then you're down for life.

The Instructor looks at Jack for a moment, then takes two mugs from the cupboard and milk from the fridge.

INSTRUCTOR

I appreciate your concern.

JACK

Give it up now son. We'll get a statement off one of your lesser victims and deal with it as a summary offence, over and done with. Before it gets out of hand.

INSTRUCTOR

"Victims"?

JACK

Yeah.

INSTRUCTOR

(After a long pause)

You ever studied a martial art Jack?

Jack shakes his head.

INSTRUCTOR

D'you know how much discipline it takes to get a black belt? I've got three. You're on thirty, thirty-five grand a year, probably got an unworkable caseload, you're here alone at the crack, so I can only assume this is overtime, and your colleagues are too indifferent to come with you. Meanwhile some poor old lady is still waiting for the police she called four days ago when she had intruders in her house, and you're questioning my ability to maintain standards?

JACK

And the others? You'll face the music for all of them.

INSTRUCTOR

Others?

JACK

We can't allow people to go round doing the job of the police.

INSTRUCTOR

Well if the police did their job people wouldn't have to. They've had enough Boss; we've all had enough.

JACK

Yeah, so people keep telling me.

Jack watches him making the coffee for a moment then reaches into his pocket for his notepad, which he reads from.

JACK

Justice Inc. Facebook posting - 7th November, two a.m. Three eighteen year old boys post hilarious details of themselves dispensing justice to a suspected paedophile on their estate.

The Instructor glances furtively around at Jack, who shoots a glance back.

JACK

8th April; two Asian brothers post an entry describing how they used a cricket bat to smash the hands of a local heroin addict caught trying to steal teabags from their shop.

The Instructor stops making the coffee for a moment and puts his hands on the worktop.

JACK

Don't these things bother you?

INSTRUCTOR

Of course they bother me. (Turns to face Jack) I'll tell you what bothers me more - violent criminals walking on community sentences. Eighty per cent of them reoffending while under supervision.

JACK

Blame the courts.

INSTRUCTOR

I do. I blame you all.

The Instructor hands Jack his coffee - Jack thanks him.

INSTRUCTOR

The police don't even bother to chase criminals now; we all know why - "blame the courts". If the police won't do their job then they've outlived their purpose? Instead, in their desperation to justify themselves, they've turned against us. They use our own resources to villify us, to bully us - us! That pay them to protect us, to not give up on crime, to never give up. Justice Inc. isn't doing your job, he's making a statement.

JACK

Which is?

INSTRUCTOR

Remember who pays your wages.

Jack looks at the Instructor for a moment.

JACK

Well, I can't have it Sifu.

INSTRUCTOR

Why? Truth hurts?

JACK

Stealing teabags.

INSTRUCTOR

(Thoughtfully)

Yeah, well maybe it's time something was done about that.

JACK

Really? What? (Pauses) Take down the Facebook page?

The Instructor looks pensive as he drinks.

JACK

No - Justice Inc. is nothing without publicity, just like the man who runs it.

INSTRUCTOR

Let me ask you something: do all your colleagues feel the same?

JACK

(After a slight telling pause)

The ones in charge do.

INSTRUCTOR

Out-of-touch public schoolboys. What about the real coppers - the ones from council estates, whose families still live there? I wonder what they think.

JACK

They're not paid to think. Sooner or later they'll get the order and they'll come after you, just like I will, because you're a criminal. I'm warning you.

INSTRUCTOR

(Menacingly)

Be careful Jack.

JACK

(Incredulously)

What?

The Instructor relaxes his stern expression, grinning.

INSTRUCTOR

I can't have you slandering me. I'm trying to run a reputable martial arts school. (Puts down his mug) Oh, that reminds me.

The Instructor picks up a notepad from the table. On it he has doodled the design of a clenched fist not dissimilar to the Justice Inc. motif, incorporated within the Yin-Yang symbol. He holds it up to show Jack.

INSTRUCTOR

Working on a new motif. Try and recruit new members. Maybe one day I'll be nationwide. What do you think?

Jack puts his half-finished mug on the table and turns to leave.

JACK

Thanks for the coffee.

INSTRUCTOR

Are you passing a post-box?

The Instructor takes a pile of maybe a dozen banded A6 envelopes from on top of the fridge. At a glance Jack can see that they are stamped and addressed to various daily newspapers. He glares at the Instructor, who looks back innocently. Jack sniggers, shaking his head, then turns and starts walking toward the front door. The Instructor follows him down the hall.

INSTRUCTOR

Well, they can wait for you. Not too long though, eh.

JACK

You're a piece of work son. That will be your end.

The Instructor brushes past Jack at the door to open it courteously for him.

INSTRUCTOR

You leave my end alone.

Smiling, Jack nods, then turns and starts walking down the concrete steps.

INSTRUCTOR

Thanks.

Jack stops in his tracks and looks up.

JACK

Yeah, well, take note.

INSTRUCTOR

(Fanning the envelopes)

No, no - not for the warning. For calling me Sifu.

Jack thoughtfully turns away and continues his descent as the Instructor closes the door.

EXT. INSTRUCTOR'S BALCONY - NIGHT

The Instructor stands on his balcony on the high-teens floor of his run-down tower block, overlooking the lights of London, and listening to the sirens.

INT. JACK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The lights are off and the television is on. Jack is stretched out on his sofa, holding a whisky and watching a documentary about life in prison.

In the program, an offender around thirty years of age, WAYNE, is sat on his bed, rolling a cigarette.

PRESENTER (V.O.)

Today is Wayne's birthday, and he is reflective about his reasons for entering

a life of crime.

Wayne addresses the INTERVIEWER, who is never on-screen.

WAYNE

Yeah, I do regret the things I've done. I sometimes wonder how differently my life would have turned out. You know, like today - most normal people on their birthday are out enjoying themselves; all I know is institutions.

INTERVIEWER

(Quietly)

Do you think growing up in care was a factor in your crimes?

WAYNE

Oh definitely. I had no parents, no-one to show me the right path; my role models were other kids in care. Trouble is in care they don't teach you nothing - no boundaries - they just spoil you rotten; I'm not making excuses but -

INTERVIEWER

It's important.

WAYNE

It is important. You know, when you're young you need guidance, you need boundaries, someone to show you right and wrong, and say "You're well out of order" - you know, life punishes you; I was never taught that.

Jack grunts, taking a large swig of his drink.

JACK

Poor you.

WAYNE

The police just kept bringing me home. I must have been arrested forty times before I went to crown court.

Jack stares at the television as a photograph of a teenage boy in school uniform appears on screen.

PRESENTER (V.O.)

Wayne finally received a custodial sentence when one of his victim died from a fractured skull.

Jack turns off the television with the remote control, still looking at the black screen.

EXT. HACKNEY WICK STATION - NIGHT

It is busy, though late. The Instructor enters the station dressed in his black outfit. He stops at the machine to buy a ticket with cash.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

The overground train is almost empty, save for a handful of passengers. The Instructor sits in the carriage, silently counting the stops on the wall-plan. Two carriages along, Jack stands on the same train, watching him through the glass partitions, holding an open copy of Metro.

EXT. CAMDEN ROAD STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

The train slows to a halt alongside the platform. Jack sees the Instructor stand and drops the newspaper into a seat. As the doors open he watches the Instructor alight onto the platform, seconds later doing the same.

EXT. COLINDALE UNDERGROUND STATION - NIGHT

The roads are deserted as Jack emerges from the station entrance. Keeping his head down he steps toward the road, looking right then left. He sees the Instructor 100 metres ahead, and follows.

EXT. GRAHAME PARK ESTATE - NIGHT

Jack walks across the Grahame Park wasteland, toward the shopping centre within a claustrophobic complex of residential blocks. As Jack ascends to the summit of a small hill, he sees no sign of the Instructor. Nearby he hears boisterous drunken teenagers socialising - other than this, the estate appears deserted.

YOUTH 1

Bruv.

Jack turns to see four white YOUTHS emerge from the darkness to his side. He silently curses but does not slow his pace. The youths approach quickly, their body language aggressive in nature.

YOUTH 1

Yo Bruv.

YOUTH 2

You fucking deaf Br'er.

Jack sighs, forced to halt his pace when they surround him.

JACK

What?

YOUTH 1

Got a fag?

JACK

No. Get out of my way.

YOUTH 3

You wanna fucking make me Bruv?

YOUTH 1

What's your problem man?

Jack opens his police badge, glaring at Youth 3.

JACK

You're the problem. Do one.

Youth 3 grudgingly steps aside. As Jack passes him the badge is snatched from his hand. He is punched below his right eye, hard enough to knock him from his feet, whilst simultaneously being pulled down by the other youths. They punch and kick him to the ground, where they begin to stamp on his head and kick his upper body, spitting abuse and whooping triumphantly.

Suddenly a FIGURE is there, dressed in black, wearing a balaclava with holes at the eyes and mouth. The Figure fights the four youths quickly and brutally, defeating them methodically in a flurry of martial arts moves; the fight is brief and decisive. Two of the youths flee, one cupping his smashed, bloodied nose.

As the commotion ends, Jack slowly lifts his battered head off the ground, his face bruised and bloody, to see the dark figure gradually appear into focus above, staring down at him. Jack turns to the side, to see the two remaining youths laying on the ground nearby; one is flat on his back, barely conscious as he mumbles incoherently, the other writhing in agony and loudly sobbing as he clutches his ribs. Jack looks back up at the Figure, who holds out the police badge. Jack takes it, then painfully sits up. The Figure subtly nods; Jack sighs. The Figure then turns to walk away, toward the

shops, glaring at the groaning youth curled on the ground as he passes. Jack watches the Figure disappear into the night, before slowly rising to his feet, with a cry of pain. Doubled over and clutching his stomach he puts the badge back into his jacket pocket. He staggers toward the quiet youth spreadeagled on his back and looks down at him. The youth coughs blood as he looks back at Jack helplessly. Jack turns away, passing the other youth, groaning loudly on his side. He looks up imploringly at Jack, who kicks him hard in the stomach, causing him to cry out. Jack then staggers back in the direction of the station.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

It is sunny; Jack has the Venetian blind in his office drawn. He is staring dreamily at his computer's screensaver - a photo of a twenty-five foot sailboat with a mahogany hull, in an area of bright blue sea. He idly fingers his battered face; his lips are swollen and split, both eyes blackened, and there is a huge purple swelling under his right eye. He jumps as the phone on his desk rings. He presses the speaker button.

JACK

Yeah?

MARCUS'S VOICE

Grahame Park, Guv.

JACK

Thanks Marcus.

Marcus hangs up.

JACK

D.I. Jackson.

The calming Asian voice of P.C. AYUB comes down the line.

AYUB

Hello Sir. This is PC Ayub - Grahame Park community.

JACK

Thank you for calling back.

AYUB

(Jovially)

Well, we were wondering how you knew?

JACK

Hard work. What happened?

OFFICER

We did get a package from Justice Inc.
I've just sent you a photo.

Immediately on cue a mail notifier appears at the bottom corner of Jack's computer screen.

JACK

Yeah, got it.

Jack clicks the message to open an e-mail which simply says: "Smile - we did.". He opens the attachment and a smile plays on his lips. A colour photo forms, depicting a humiliated looking black man in his thirties, VINCENT MERCY, sitting on the ground in pyjama bottoms, his hands cuffed around a lamp post behind him. He is wrapped in shiny red ribbon, tied in a huge bow across his front. The word "STABBER" is scrawled with a thick black marker across his chest. He is directly outside the front door of the Grahame Park police office.

OFFICER

He had a Justice Inc. business card with
an SD card stuck to it - I'll play it for
you.

A quiet click sounds down the phone, followed by a shaky and frightened male voice under clear duress. Jack looks at the photo as he listens intently.

MERCY'S VOICE

My name is Vincent Mercy - I am a
criminal. I am wanted for breaching an
order for wounding with intent. Despite
having many such convictions, until now,
I have not received appropriate justice -
my absconsion from this non-custodial
sentence emphasizes it's absurdity.
Justice Inc. request that you impose a
proper sentence which reflects the
violence of my crimes. If I am never
sufficiently punished I will never be
compelled to address the choices I have
made, and will never be given the
opportunity to change my life to one
which is meaningful and of worth to the
community. I therefore ask that this
justice be imposed immediately, and in
return give my promise that I will make
the most of the opportunity to change. I
am assured that failure to adhere to this
promise on my part will incur a swift and
effective lesson from Justice Inc. in the

future.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PUB - AFTERNOON

The old-fashioned pub is lively though not busy. The Instructor sits on a stool at the bar, watching boxing on the flat television behind it. He drains his pint and raises his glass. The BARMAN nods acknowledgement. In the mirror behind the bar the Instructor sees Jack enter the pub and glance around before locating him. The Barman watches Jack approach as he pours. The Instructor waits until Jack is alongside him before turning to face him.

INSTRUCTOR

Row with the missus?

Jack sits beside him. The Instructor holds two fingers up to the Barman, who nods and reaches for another glass. Jack looks at the boxers on the screen, wincing as their punches hit home. They watch the fight until the barman puts two pints down before them.

JACK

(Not looking away from the screen)

Thanks.

INSTRUCTOR

It's alright. Next one's with you.

Jack looks at the Instructor's grazed knuckles for a moment, before reaching for his drink. The Instructor notices and switches the hand on his glass.

JACK

No, I mean thanks.

The Instructor watches as Jack drinks, grimacing in pain.

BARMAN

Want a straw?

Jack nods, and the Barman slips a straw into his drink.

INSTRUCTOR

Does it hurt?

Jack nods.

INSTRUCTOR

Maybe the next government will do

something about it.

JACK

Sometimes I feel like it's just me.

The Instructor turns to face Jack, reading him. Jack drinks.

JACK

They're still indifferent to you -
delivery service is popular now, but it
won't last. Do something about the
Facebook nutters.

The Instructor examines Jack's bruises.

INSTRUCTOR

Join me.

Jack shoots an angry glare at him.

INSTRUCTOR

As a pupil at the club, free of charge;
free of charge to any coppers you bring.
I could do with your... discipline, in
the future.

As Jack drinks the Instructor removes the wad of A6 envelopes from his inside pocket and puts it on the bar.

INSTRUCTOR

I'll even leave the marketing strategy up
to you.

Jack looks at it, as the Instructor turns his attention back to the boxing. They sit quietly for a while, drinking and watching the fight. Jack's eyes keep dropping to the bundle.

INSTRUCTOR

(At the screen)

Go on my son.

Jack glances at him; the Instructor seems not to notice.

FADE OUT

THE END