

# JUSTICE INC.

---

# Matt McAvoy



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

**JUSTICE INC.**

Screenplay

Copyright 2010 – Matt McAvoy  
Published by MJV Publishing  
([www.mjvservices.co.uk](http://www.mjvservices.co.uk))

For more from this author search Amazon, or visit:  
[www.mattmcavoy.com](http://www.mattmcavoy.com)

"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 11<sup>th</sup> 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 - 7<sup>th</sup> 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

8<sup>th</sup> 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