

THE BRUTAL JUSTICE

Written by

Jacob Royce Gustafson

INT. EINDRUCK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Two bedside lamps light up the elegant room. Everything seems to be made of rich mahogany.

A 70-inch TV plasters the back wall. It shows various security camera feeds of the rest of the house.

JAMIE (25), dressed in an all black shirt and tie with purple nitrile gloves on, walks through the various camera feeds.

ALBERT EINDRUCK (66), a white, balding state supreme court justice, lies on the mattress in his tighty-whiteys with his hands tied to the bedposts.

Jamie sticks a needle into the frail arm of the old judge.

Eindruck wakes incoherently at first.

Eindruck
(semi-incoherently)
Wh-what is this? What the fuck is
this? Who the fuck are you? Why are
you in my house?

Jamie cleans the puncture wound with an alcoholic wipe before administering a bandaid with a Smiley Face.

EINDRUCK
(slurring)
Why are you in my fucking house?
Get the fuck out of here! Do you
know who I am?

Jamie pays the judge no heed, as he heads over to one of the nearby dressers.

EINDRUCK
Do you know who I am? I am a state
supreme court justice of the United
fucking States.

Jamie unrolls A SLEEVE OF KNIVES on one of the nearby dressers.

EINDRUCK
(less slurring)
You have no fucking idea who you
are fucking with. I am going to
fucking bury you.

The man in black silently prays, as he splashes water on his knives.

Eindruck struggles against the ropes, shaking the bed. He spits towards Jamie. Drool falling down on his chest.

EINDRUCK
 (to himself)
 Do you understand me. You are
 fucking dead. Who the fuck do you
 think you are? You better fucking--

Eindruck violently screams and struggles.

He again spits twice at his captor. Some of it lands on Jamie's hand.

EINDRUCK
 (insane laughter)
 Do you know who I am?

Jamie notices it and flicks it off. He goes back to working.

EINDRUCK
 (calmly and coherently)
 I am going to fucking bury you,
 son. Do you understand? Who the
 fuck do you think you are?

Jamie walks over and gets right into the old man's face.

EINDRUCK
 I'm going to fucking bury you. Look
 at me! I am a State Supreme Court
 Justice of the United States...

The man in black pats the old man's face.

JAMIE
 I know.

Jamie grabs a napkin from the bar adjacent to the bed.

EINDRUCK
 Oh, you know?

Eindruck spits again. He tries kicking his blanket underneath him, but gets nowhere.

Jamie heads back to his knives.

EINDRUCK
 There ain't no place in this world
 that won't know that face of yours.
 You'll be dead before dawn. Do you
 hear me? I've seen your face. You
 are fucked. You're fucked!

Jamie sits in the rolling chair once more, wiping the spit off of his gloves.

JAMIE

Do you see a mask? On my face? No.
It's because I want you to see my
face. I want you to know who I am.

Eindruck laughs angrily and stares off straight ahead, as Jamie heads back to the dresser.

EINDRUCK

(calmly and to himself)
My security detail will be here any
minute. I can't wait to see the
look upon your face when they lay
the pain upon your body.

Jamie studies the old man.

JAMIE

They're not coming, judge.

EINDRUCK

Any minute. They'll be here any
fucking minute.

Eindruck chuckles to himself and looks directly at Jamie, who sits in the rolling chair, his leg crossed over the other.

EINDRUCK

I can't wait to see them pull you
apart.

Jamie winces as he cracks his neck to the side. He grabs his laptop.

JAMIE

I'm shaking, truly, in mah boots.

Jamie hits a key. The AC unit kicks on, while the overhead lights dim up.

The judge briefly looks up at the overhead lights turning on.

EINDRUCK

You hear that, I can hear sirens.

Jamie laughs this smoker's type laugh.

JAMIE

You don't hear nuffin, judge. I don't know if you've noticed this, but it is unusually hot inside here, isn't it?

Eindruck almost fully coherent at this point, looks around at his surroundings before fixing his gaze on his captor.

EINDRUCK

Get to your point.

JAMIE

(nonchalantly)

My point, Mr. Chief Justice, is that the security to get to you was very remarkable, yes. You had a firewall, and a monitor, and an intrusion detection, and a crypto...

(laughs)

Such silly things... They probably sold you on these top of line security tings, my guess for a pretty penny too, and either knowingly or unknowingly... not sure which is worse... so you can be truly secure. I imagined the state department ate it up too because you can't be having no winkly dimblebat threatening a person that sometimes makes very controversial decisions that can occasionally decide the collective fate of our society. And at times, possibly even the world.

The chief gives him a look of confusion.

JAMIE

We can't have all the crazy people killing judges is what I'm saying.

(beat)

They need to come to a decision freely, without any fear of retaliation.

EINDRUCK

I've lost interest, boy.

Jamie drags the computer chair next to the bedside table and places it in a very particular spot, angled right at Eindruck.

JAMIE

Blackmail, judge. Extortion. The trademarks of corruption. I'm saying you don't hear sirens. I'm saying the reason this room is hot is because there was a vulnerability within your security system in your home and it was through the A/C unit.

Jamie leans back to his knives on the dresser and picks up a 17 INCH FIXED-BLADE BOWIE HUNTING KNIFE, admiring it as if it's the first time he's ever laid eyes upon it.

JAMIE

Ah, smart houses... Isaiah 54:17. No weapon formed against me...

A hearty laugh bellows out from the man in black.

JAMIE

(talks to himself mostly)
Don't get me wrong, it was a very thorough alarm system. Phishing after phishing to not only get into the AC company, but also into your security detail, as well. Everyone has a pressure point.

(looks to judge)
The only way it wouldn't work was if there weren't any guards on duty, which should mean that it should always work because you always have two guards on duty, watching you at all times. Except...

EINDRUCK

Except where are the guards?

Jamie places the very sharp, very long knife on the bedside table and then sits back smiling.

JAMIE

Where indeed? It's interesting going through this assignment because it makes one realize what true motivation looks like. See, the same blackmail that you have on your security detail is the same blackmail we now have on your security detail. Your blackmail is our blackmail.

(MORE)

So the greatest motivation for the human soul isn't money, or drugs, or sex, or vices...

(beat)

It is when you have been enslaved and have been offered the chance at freedom. Freedom is our greatest motivator in this world.

Jamie and Eindruck freeze in their place.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

A projection screen slides down at the front of the stage that Eindruck and Jamie are acting out. The following scene is played on video on the large projection screen before a small, dispersed crowd in the theatre.

INT. CABIN - DAY

YOUNG JAMIE (9), HANNAH (7), AND DAVID (11) sit before a folded-up table, as BOBI (45), their stepfather, stands before them.

All three children scribble on pieces of papers.

BOBI

60 seconds.

David glances over at Hannah's paper, as he counts on his fingers.

Bobi grabs his pencil and throws it against the wall.

BOBI

Run.

David curses underneath his breath.

Bobi crosses his arms -- his thick mustache twitching ever so slightly.

He watches Jamie and Hannah continue writing.

BOBI

(glances toward David)

Seven minutes, David.

(to Jamie and Hannah)

30 seconds.

Jamie focuses on his paper, as he notices Hannah place her pencil down.

Bobi squats down before Jamie. The old man sees the panic on the young boy's face.

BOBI
Focus. This isn't a race against
your sister. She is on your side.
Focus.

Jamie continues working the problems.

BOBI
Ten seconds.

Jamie glances up at Bobi before finishing up.

BOBI
Five, four, three, two, one. Time's
up.

Jamie sits back defeated. Bobi looks over his paper.

BOBI
35 equals...

Hannah quickly counts on her fingers the binary equivalent.

Hannah
100011.

BOBI
1011 x 111 equals...

HANNAH
1001101.

Bobi looks over at Jamie, care seeping from his eyes.

BOBI
Go run.

Jamie gets up and walks out.

INT. EINDRUCK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The screen slides back up. Eindruck and Jamie resume from their previous frozen positions.

EINDRUCK
So, now that we're in this
predicament, who exactly are you?

JAMIE

I, Mr. Supreme Court Justice of the State of Nevada, am the person who is going to change your life. I am the man that is going to give you this epiphany that you have been needing for so, so long. More importantly I represent Death. Or your subconscious. I'm not quite sure.

The judge looks down at the knife.

JAIME

I, for lack of a better word, am Justice. But you? You may call me Jamie, which is in fact my given name. Named after my crazy uncle, who is, ironically, an attorney.

EINDRUCK

Justice. You think I'm intimidated by vermin like you? With no respect for the law.

(spits again)

I'd rather fucking die.

Jamie pulls out a handkerchief and wipes his face.

EINDRUCK

Go ahead, asshole. Kill me already. I can't wait. Just the thought of you getting lethal injection for killing me is almost turning me on. I almost got a half chub. And you know what? I hope it's one of those fucking botched executions where they fuck up the canisters and you just suffer and suffer and suffer...

Jamie folds his handkerchief and puts it back into his pocket.

JAMIE

Are you finished? We have important things to discuss. We can't be yappin on and on until the cows come home.

EINDRUCK

I don't know what the fuck you think you can get from me, but just know I am not going to give you fucking shit, asshole. So, you might as well go ahead and kill me.

Jamie points his knife at him.

JAMIE

See I thought you might say something like that. On TV, you look like one of them real stubborn types. You know what I mean?

Jamie slides over and grabs his laptop and begins typing.

JAMIE

So, to combat that issue, I needed a wee bit of leverage.

Jamie hits a key and looks up at the TV.

JAMIE

Oops.

Jamie grabs the remote on the bed and switches the channel.

He switches it from one of the feeds to another. It shows an old lady tied to a chair, wincing in pain.

JAMIE

(shaking head)

The wives... Isn't it crazy that you have security cameras in almost every room of your eight bedroom, six bathroom house. It's kind of gross really. I'm assuming that is to keep tabs on you. Make sure you are doing what is assigned. Was that your idea or your handlers?

EINDRUCK

What do you want?

JAMIE

Now, is that or is that not your wife, Lynn Grace of 43 years?

EINDRUCK

It is.

JAMIE

And is she tied up and struggling?

EINDRUCK

She is.

JAMIE

So, do I now have your attention?

Focused anger seethes from Eindruck.

EINDRUCK

For the moment.

JAMIE

That's good. That's good, Judge. See, you're learning already. What I want is, see, you, as a State Supreme Court Justice of the United States of America, you have a lot of authority. You have a lot of power. A lot of sway, so to speak.

Jamie, with the remote, waves his hands over his head, then turns off the TV.

JAMIE

I'm going about this the wrong way.

He places the remote next to the knife.

JAMIE

What I don't want, Judge, is to kill you. I don't want to kill you. I don't want to go into the next room, your second upstairs living room and kill your wife and I don't want to have to drive all the way to Maryland and stab your daughter to death. Because although she may be complicit in a lot of your wrongdoings, she is also a victim as well. That one will be a very hard decision to make. I don't want to do any of that.

Jamie readjusts in his seat.

JAMIE

See, you hold a lot of power as a Supreme Court Justice and I just want -- what I want -- is an honest discussion, an honest debate. By the end of the night, I want to -- hopefully -- have convinced you about certain social injustices in our country.

(MORE)

I want to affect your way of thinking and then set you free upon the murderous rampaging policies enacted in this country. That's what I truly want and that's why I don't want to kill you. If I kill you, it will change nothing. If anything it will just exacerbate the problem.

Jamie leans forward and grasps the judge's tied up hand again.

JAIME

But, if I change your mind, and send you on your way, the authority that you carry that swings between your legs like a 20 foot python might actually do some gosh dang good in this world. That's what I want, Judge. I want us to work together.

EINDRUCK

Okay. Okay, let's do it. Tell me what to do.

Jamie looks the judge over, as if gauging his honesty, and puts on his reading glasses.

JAMIE

How many cases, not counting the Nevada State Supreme Court, have you ruled over? Estimated.

Eindruck scowls toward Jamie, as he cracks his neck.

JAIME

Focus, Judge.

EINDRUCK

21,469.

Jamie raises an eyebrow.

EINDRUCK

My career is my legacy.

JAMIE

You know what, I can respect that. There was this one time, when I was working at a local grocery as this stock boy, my manager comes up to me--

Jamie laughs.

JAMIE

She actually reminded me of my mother, always kinda giving people shit. Especially with me. Always giving me shit about how hard I was working. What did she say, "You don't have to be working so hard. This job isn't that important." I replied with, "You know what Mary." Her name was Mary. I said, "You know what Mary, I take my job very seriously." And she kind of laughed at me and walked away. But, she stopped laughing and looked back, just standing there. She was so funny.

Jamie grabs his water.

JAMIE

Anyways, I'm going off on a tangent. There is one specific case, well two really, that you have resided over that have really been picking at me over the years.

EINDRUCK

Over the years?

JAMIE

Oh, yes. They have been bothering me for quite some time. I even remember reading on the news when I was seventeen when you had your heart attack. I became so distraught because of that, that all my friends thought I had mono.
(laughs)

I prayed, I literally prayed to a God that I didn't really believe existed, to keep you alive. I got down on my knees and cried and prayed. You were not supposed to die that day. And here we are.

Eindruck shifts uncomfortably in his bed at Jamie's creepily normal laugh.

JAMIE

One of your cases involved a meth-head 38 year old woman and her meth-head lover beating her redneck drug lord son to a pulp, and leaving him chained up to a rusted down piece o' shit Chevy Camaro. You remember this case, judge?

EINDRUCK

I remember all of my cases.

JAMIE

But do you remember this one?

EINDRUCK

Yes.

JAMIE

Everyone knows there is a lot of open land in Nevada. People have been leaving bodies there forever. It is just a huge trafficking warehouse. It's just this perfect sanctuary for the criminal underground. You wouldn't even have to bury them. People will never hear their screams. People will never walk across their bones...

Jamie takes a sip of water and places the glass down in a very specific manner.

JAMIE

Now, these two grotesque human beings took a 20 gauge shotgun
(mimes cocking a shotgun)
and
(mimes shooting it)
shot him in the back. He's down on one knee, with his hand moving around this huge imprint in his stomach. "You just shoot me?"

Jamie mimes a shotgun and mouths a gunshot again.

JAMIE

Takes a shot straight to the side of his fucking face. They left this poor bastard in the 120 degree desert, with a fucking shotgun spray to his stomach and a shotgun spray to his fucking face, to die.

(MORE)

Now, this fucking poor asshole somehow managed to survive eight days before some random dune buggy lady comes across him. This guy should have fucking died. Nobody really understands how he survived to this day. To this day!

Jamie gets really serious.

JAMIE

You gave those two meth head lovers six months each, with a year of probation. Six months, judge, for premeditated, attempted murder. And what was your reasoning behind it?

EINDRUCK

That they were mentally incapable to withstand trial because of their addiction.

JAMIE

Exactly.

EINDRUCK

Nobody really cared about that case. The two sides, neither of them had any family and their only friends were addicts. Recovery felt more important for me.

JAMIE

But they weren't just addicts, were they, judge?

Eindruck's left eye flinches ever so slightly.

JAIME

Yeah, you knew what they were. You knew drugs weren't the only thing they dealt. Was this the beginning of the cover-up or the start of the blackmail. It's okay, you can tell me, judge.

EINDRUCK

I am a man of Law.

Jamie studies over Eindruck once more.

JAMIE

Interesting.

Eindruck and Jamie freeze in their positions.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

The projection screen comes down again.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Bushes fill the ground beneath the trees. Birds sound off in the distance. The camera holds on the same bush for a long beat before we finally see a flicker of movement.

Jamie (13), in a ghillie suit, glances toward David (15) 5 yards away, also hidden in the bushes.

David adjusts slightly where he's positioned.

Both carry rifles.

David pulls down his hood, wiping sweat from his brow. He pulls out his canteen.

Jamie scans the trees frantically, muttering under his breath.

David takes a sip, as Jamie sees a flash of movement between the trees.

Hannah (11) sprints toward David and unleashes four quick shots from her handgun. Paint splatters David across his chest twice, and once in his face before Hannah launches herself at him, pulling out a rubber knife and stabbing him three times in succession.

She rolls across out of Jamie's sight, paint balls splattering the trees around her. She goes back for her handgun, but Jamie shoots her away from it.

David lies on his back. He sits up and throws off his goggles.

DAVID

Fuck.

Jamie's breathing intensifies, as he scans the trees. David sits cross-legged, playing with the twigs before him.

Jamie scrambles to relocate.

Hannah comes flying from Jamie's right.

Jamie rolls to his left, aims, but is a half second too late, as Hannah is already on top of him.

Jamie disarms Hannah's knife, and kicks her square in the chest. She violently coughs. Jamie looks concerned, as Bobi comes from his left.

Jamie tries to pull out his own knife, but it is kicked away. He blocks kick after kick from Bobi before taking a right palm to the face.

Jamie blacks out.

Jamie comes to and looks up at Bobi dazed. Hannah and David sit behind him.

BOBI
What occurred?

Jamie sits himself up. He looks over at David.

JAIME
Broke visual protocol.

Bobi scuffs his right thigh quickly and violently, as if he had a bug on his leg.

BOBI
Wrong.

Beat.

Jamie
Hesitation.

Bobi nods his head.

BOBI
Good. If you succeed individually,
you will succeed as a team. No
hesitation. Eyes up. Eyes focused.
Now... go run.

Bobi spits to the side, as the children get up to go run.

INT. EINDRUCK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Eindruck and Jamie resume their positions.

The restraint on one of the judge's hands starts slipping.

Jamie doesn't seem to notice.

Jamie
What was your very next case?

EINDRUCK
It was a fraud embezzlement case.

JAMIE
Correct, judge. Now, do you know
Lawrence Kohlberg's theory on Moral
Development?

Jamie gets up to walk around the room.

EINDRUCK
I may have heard something.

Eindruck tries to sneak out of one his restraints.

JAMIE
There are three stages in
Kohlberg's theory. The first stage,
pre-conventional is what all
children go through. In this stage
what is right for them is what they
can get away with. Almost all
aspects of their moral reasoning is
dictated by whether they will be
punished or rewarded. They won't
take that toy not because it is
wrong, but because they will get in
trouble by their parents. They
often try to push the limits to see
what they can get away with--

EINDRUCK
(hesitatingly)
Sounds correct.

Jamie walks around the front of the bed, mostly saying this
information to himself.

JAMIE
Now, almost all kids grow out of
this stage and into the second
stage, conventional. This stage
usually starts at adolescence and
continues on for the rest of their
lives. Almost everybody stays in
this stage. In this stage, people
do what is right because that is
what society has dictated.

(MORE)

They don't steal something or hurt someone because it is against the law that society has agreed upon, and only because of that. They must follow the law because it is important to follow the law for a society to function properly. They don't break any laws because if one individual does, then everyone will. They will follow the rules society has imposed upon them without question.

Eindruck's arm jerks slightly as he continues his attempted escape. Jamie notices and walks toward the bedside.

JAMIE

Now, the third and final stage is post-conventional.

He back hands the judge hard.

JAIME

You paying attention, judge?

Eindruck's dead eyes look squarely into Jamie's.

JAMIE

Very few people in the world actually make it to this stage.

The judge attempts his escape again, as Jamie begins his walk around the room again.

JAIME

A person's moral reasoning doesn't follow the rules of the land unquestioningly.

Jamie notices Eindruck has lost focus once more. He jumps up on top, straddling him, and back hands him a second time.

He grabs the old man's frail face. The two men look pissed at each other.

Jamie smiles forcefully as he holds the judge's face in his hands.

JAIME

I'm curious as to what you were planning to do should you have, in fact, gotten your one hand loose.

He stabs the long knife into the mattress and fixes the first restraint.

JAIME

Now, this third stage post-conventional moral alignment. They do what they believe is ethical, which at times could go against what society has deemed right. Does that make sense?

Jamie begins re-tying Reynold's other hand.

EINDRUCK

What is legal is not always moral and what is illegal is not always immoral.

Jamie slides back into his seat.

JAMIE

Absolutely! Now here's the kicker. This level and the very first level, the one where the children do what's right not because it is right, but because they don't want to get in trouble, are almost indistinguishable. But, make no mistake, the last level, this post-conventional level is by far the most important. Following the rules of the land is of course, extremely beneficial to a society. Even having people blindly following them is important, but without that constant challenging, that constant questioning of why is this right to do? Why do we allow this? There's no room to grow. When we start blindly following along with what society dictates is morally right, evil things tend to occur. Human beings in a society will do incredibly atrocious, atrocious acts based on some law that society has dictated was morally valiant.

EINDRUCK

But, the rules of the land should be followed no matter what. If it is what society wants, and if they change it, then it is law. My hands are tied. I'm just the middle man.

JAMIE

What about laws such as slavery in pre-Civil War America? Or the Indian Child Welfare Act giving the federal government the authority to take presumptive custody over Native children not on Indian land in the early 20th century? Or mandatory minimums enacted upon the black population in the 1990s. Laws passed by the governing body that the majority of people blindly followed. Laws that were morally unjust. See, the third stage--

Eindruck

All Democrat policies...

JAMIE

Judge, you really believe that there are differences between Democrat and Republican politicians?

The Judge looks at him.

JAMIE

The answer is no. There are no differences between the left and the right politicians. Both sides designed to keep control over the population for the ruling elite. You know this, which is why you are so quiet at the moment. An entity that sees their future, willing to sacrifice anyone and everyone, to make sure they are still holding the reigns when the world wakes up.

The judge sticks his tongue between his upper lip and teeth.

JAMIE

See, this third stage is what stands apart from the rest. Without that post-conventional wisdom to challenge the doctrine set upon the land, select groups of human beings will be gouged from the planet. Why? Because they're black. Or Jewish? Or gay? Or Asian? Or Native American? Or white? I scoff at the idea that society alone must be the absolute judge, jury, and executioner.

Jamie thrusts his hand down his leg like there was some disgusting bug on him.

JAMIE

Individuals bow down to mainstream thinking when pressure is applied. This whole judicial system, the one that is supposed to safe guard the American citizens from the over zealous laws passed through Congress, is flawed. It has turned itself into this money-making machine just like every other governing body.

EINDRUCK

I don't believe that for one second.

JAMIE

I know you don't. And I think that is one of the problems. With our current corrupt democratic capitalistic society, everything now is about making money and nothing else. We are no longer a Constitutional Republic because we have been force fed these lies from the elite that we are a democracy. Lawyers don't want to prove innocence anymore. They don't want a fair trial.

(excitedly)

They want conviction rates! They want to show their future customers how many deals, how many years they got off of their previous clients. They want a new form of slavery. American made products made for pennies on the dollar from what we have deemed our country's worst: the prison labor industrial complex. Do you know how many people plead guilty in all of their cases last year?

EINDRUCK

I do not.

JAMIE

97%. 97% of cases took a plea bargain to plead guilty to a lesser charge.

(MORE)

They were bullied into these agreements because the vast majority of people going to trial, wouldn't be able to afford a proper defense. Even though they have access to a public defender! All of this happens because of the mandatory minimums our society has placed as the rule of the land. People are afraid of the huge sentence, even though a lot of the times, they would most likely win for the evidence gathered against them was bought and paid for by the ruling elite. Their tool, that you know and love? The ABCs.

EINDRUCK

What, the FBI? The CIA? I don't believe that for a second.

JAMIE

That's because you're thinking has stagnated.

Jamie and Eindruck freeze in their positions.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

The projection screen comes down a third time.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Jamie (15) chops wood next to the house. David stacks the wood in the background.

Bobi walks outside and stands on the porch watching him with a blanket wrapped around.

Jamie doesn't look at him.

BOBI

A lot of anger pulsating inside of you, boy. I can feel it.

Jamie continues to ignore him.

BOBI

Do you want to talk about it?

JAIME

No.

Jamie launches the axe downwards onto his round.

Bobi takes a sip from his coffee.

BOBI

When I was little, my father used to come home piss-drunk every night looking for a fight. He'd take his belt and whip my mother across her back until she bled. Everywhere except her face had long drawn-out scars. Me and my brother would hide every time because that's what our mother wanted, less he take the belt to us.

Jamie glances up before he swings the axe down again.

BOBI

So, one night, as I was hearing her cries, I grabbed the fire poker and walked down stairs into the basement. It clunked against each step. Clunk, clunk, clunk. He didn't even get up, as he noticed me walk towards him. He didn't see me as a threat until I beat him to death with it. His face laid all over the room.

Jamie swings the axe down again.

BOBI

So, I ask you again, what do you want?

JAIME

I want peace.

BOBI

By leaving the game?

Bobi looks over across the sky and the world.

BOBI

Peace is a dream only achieved when good men are willing to commit great violence upon evil men.

JAIME

Then, peace is one big cycle of hypocrisy.

(MORE)

Good men eradicating evil, only to
take their place in the end for
their hearts are no longer pure.

Bobi contemplates the statement.

BOBI

Aye, that sounds about right. But
someone must step up. You are not
obligated. But the evil never
leaves.

Jamie spits to the side as he places another log down.

JAMIE

Bullshit.

Jamie swings the axe down.

INT. EINDRUCK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Eindruck and Jamie resume their positions.

JAMIE

Back to the very next case, Judge.
The fraud embezzlement case.

EINDRUCK

Yes.

JAMIE

Sarah Louise versus The State of
Nevada.

EINDRUCK

That's the one.

JAMIE

A woman in her late thirties,
working as the financial accountant
for a multi-million dollar
nonprofit, the Whatcom Family
Resource Center, embezzles over
\$100,000 to pay for her gambling
addiction.

EINDRUCK

Your point.

JAMIE

My point, Judge, is you gave this lady two and a half years in a federal penitentiary for embezzling money from a multi-million dollar organization. Do you know how she got her gambling addictions?

EINDRUCK

Her genes.

JAMIE

The Clowns in America. She was targeted. You know this because you were targeted. She didn't want to play the game. You, on the other hand...

EINDRUCK

I was going to go easy on her if she started to pay back the restitution to the organization before the sentence hearing, but not one dime was returned. I really wanted to give her five years. She sealed her own fate.

JAMIE

Five years? For taking some CEO's Christmas bonus. A CEO of a nonprofit organization that was making over \$6,000,000 a year. Really, you should have given her a fuckin' medal.

EINDRUCK

The rules are rules. Context doesn't matter.

Jamie closes his eyes and shudders.

JAMIE

Context is everything, Judge. The surrounding circumstances are what helps define us as human beings. When you take away the context, you take away our humanity.

EINDRUCK

I can't look at each and every case with all of the surrounding circumstances. It would take too much time.

(MORE)

It would take too much money.
Money, the thing that runs this
whole planet?

JAMIE

The thing that runs you! That is exactly how you should look at each and every one of your cases. These people aren't numbers. They are human beings. Those two meth heads that you gave six months? Their only family was the drug lord son that they tried to murder. Murder, Judge. All three have been in and out of prison their entire lives. The drug lord son ended up overdosing on morphine two years later, dead. While the mother and her meth head lover have been back in prison the last five. A bunch of patsies. The fall guys. You kept them out of prison because they benefited you and yours.

Jamie leans close again.

JAMIE

But, that Sarah Louise had three kids. She had two grandkids and a husband who loved her. I've talked with Sarah recently. I've also talked with the meth heads, but they didn't really give me much. Both of them were just these two fucking assholes. They had no remorse for what they did. Their only regret was not taking his head off with that fucking thing.

Jamie makes small GUNSHOT noise.

JAMIE

Mrs. Louise, though, she told me what she had gone through. It took me awhile to break down her walls, but she opened up a little. Guards not giving her clothes for two days. Women always trying to pick fights. Talking to her kids over the phone, hearing them cry. Heavy stuff, Judge. She had told me that she had even tried to kill herself when she was in there.

(MORE)

She rolled up her sleeve and showed me this nasty vertical scar on her arm. Thick. She tells her family it was just this weird worker's accident. Can you imagine, though? Having your mother get thrown in prison, then having her commit suicide. Can you imagine that burden being put upon the children? You took away two and a half years from this woman. Sure, what she did was against the law, so to speak, but she never really hurt anyone. She was feeding her addiction, the addiction you and your people laid upon her. The exact same reason you gave just a minute ago on going so lightly on the ones addicted to illegal substances. All the while, her husband had three massive heart attacks, and two strokes. The children orphaned to the state. Lost in the system of hate. Exactly what was wanted by the powers that be. But the husband survived. And came back stronger than ever. No, context is everything. No matter what. All the time.

Jamie leans back in his chair and pulls out a cigarette.

Eindruck lies there dumbfounded.

JAMIE

The Brutal Justice. That's what they called you in your younger years?

Eindruck, distraught, nods his head once.

JAMIE

You promoted evil in this country, while disregarding the helpless. It sickens my stomach, judge.

Eindruck sits speechless. He looks at Jamie and gives him a half-hearted smile, like the other half was just torn from his chest.

EINDRUCK

She wasn't targeted. She wasn't targeted...

Jamie stands quickly, grabbing the knife and gives the judge his cigarette, who takes a drag shakily.

JAMIE

But, alas, I think I may have finally struck a chord.

Jamie gets on top of the bed, and straddles the judge. He caresses Eindruck's cheek.

JAMIE

I'm proud of you, Judge. I really am.

Both seem emotional.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Jamie (17), Hannah (15), and David (19) sit before a bulletin board. People and companies tied together by string lay across it.

Bobi sits behind him smoking a cigarette.

BOBI

You're defeated. I know this. Think.

DAVID

CFO of the Whatcom Family Resource Center, Charlie Watson, formerly of the financial firm, Loop Capital. Before that, a washed-out recruit for the clowns.

HANNAH

Attended Yale, graduating Magna Cum Laude. Member of the secret society Skull and Bones.

JAMIE

In-Q-tel, financial firm, financed by the clowns, investments into the four big social media platforms before they took off, bought out the creator of Digital Maps. Three of the big four went to Harvard, all drop-outs.

DAVID

All four founders have ties directly through their secret societies, which in turn tie back to twenty-two past presidents.

BOBI

The corruption runs deeper than you could ever imagine. How do they get away with it?

The three look at their stepfather, as if waiting for an answer.

BOBI

Expand your thinking.

DAVID

Media. All forms. Hollywood. Television. News.

JAIME

The big six. Own over 90% of all news organizations.

Jamie shines his laser on the bulletin board.

BOBI

Follow the wives. How deep does the rabbit hole go?

DAVID

Billionaires. Corporations. Tech. Media. Politicians. Courts. Police.

BOBI

What is a conspiracy theory? Define.

HANNAH

A belief that some covert but influential organization is responsible for a circumstance or event.

BOBI

Who coined the term conspiracy theory?

ALL THREE

The Clowns in America.

BOBI
Symbolism will be their downfall.
What is a false flag event?

DAVID
A covert operation designed to deceive. The deception creates the appearance of a particular party, group or nation, being responsible for some activity, disguising the actual source of responsibility.

BOBI
What does it all tie back to?

DAVID
Money.

BOBI
Wrong.

HANNAH
Banking.

Bobi gestures for her to keep going.

BOBI
Think Titanic. Why did they focus on a love story?

DAVID
To divert.

HANNAH
To get the focus off of who died.

BOBI
Why must the ship go down?

Jamie nods his head as he starts to realize.

JAIME
To start the federal reserve.
Marking the bank of America as a privately owned organization.

BOBI
Keep them dumb, drugged, and docile. Who are sheep?

JAIME
The people.

BOBI
Who are the wolves?

DAVID
The elite.

BOBI
Who protects?

HANNAH
God.

Bobi cocks his head to the side, as he stares at Hannah. He cracks his first smile.

BOBI
So, how do they get away with it?

Blank stares.

BOBI
What were they after? Think.

A long beat.

DAVID
Kids. They were after kids?

Bobi ashes his cigarette and looks up at the group.

BOBI
Children. Not kids. Words have power. Why were the wolves after children?

JAIME
The ultimate blackmail. Keeps everyone in line with the plan.

Bobi takes one last drag and then puts out his cigarette.

BOBI
Is it just about blackmail?

The three siblings look over at their stepfather.

HANNAH
Sacrifices.

BOBI
To whom?

DAVID
Satan.

BOBI
Does Satan exist? Does the concept
of Satan exist?

The three look at each other.

BOBI
Where does your mother come in?

Jamie shines a laser at a person hanging on the wall.

JAMIE
Charlie Watson.

BOBI
Expand. Your. Thinking. What was
their end goal?

JAMIE
To force God's hand.

Jamie stares at the photo.

INT. EINDRUCK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Jamie and Eindruck resume their positions.

JAMIE
Do you Albert Reynolds Eindruck of
Nevada State, repent your sins?

EINDRUCK
I-- I do.

Emotion overwhelms Eindruck.

JAMIE
Specificity, judge. That's the only
way this works.

EINDRUCK
I... ask the Lord for mercy. I have
taken bribes-- I have tortured and
killed.

JAMIE
Specific. Be specific.

EINDRUCK
My bribes weren't just in money.

JAMIE
What else were you paid with?

EINDRUCK

Women. I-- I was paid in children.

JAMIE

Very good, judge. And do you, Albert Eindruck, ask the Lord for forgiveness?

EINDRUCK

I-- I do.

JAMIE

Then, I, James, Son of the Staff of God, Loyal Servant to the True Lord Jesus Christ, hearby sentence you to die.

Eindruck struggles against his restraints, spitting and muttering under his breath. His face slowly gains darkness, as his eyes turn black.

EINDRUCK

(demonic-like)

No. Nooo.

Jamie sticks the knife up through the judge's throat into his mouth. He watches the fear rush across Eindruck's face. He watches the strain leave his body. He watches the darkness disappear.

He violently stabs him three more times in the neck.

Jamie picks up the fallen cigarette and smokes it.

JAMIE

I just wish you would have figured it all out before you sentenced my mother to her suicide.

He caresses the judge's face one last time, leaving a bloody mark.

JAMIE

In nomine Domini Tetragrammaton, Primeumaton, Anaphaneton. All means all. Nothing means nothing. We take this journey together. In this life and the next.

Jamie walks over to the bar in the room and washes his knife and hands.

He dries his hands on a very elegant, white hand towel.

He makes a phone call.

Jamie mixes himself a gin and tonic, as the phone rings on speaker.

Someone picks up.

JAMIE

Repackage the footage and upload
three days after the first story
appears.

He cuts a lime and puts it on the side of his glass and grabs a small remote.

HANNAH

(through phone)
Understood.

JAIME

David, take out the daughter and
send to the big six. Start the
first narrative.

DAVID

(through phone)
Understood.

Jamie takes a long gulp and turns on a song.

The sound system shakes the room.

Jamie stands uncomfortably, as he contemplates the first life he has taken.

He gathers his composure, grabs two knives and begins playing the counter as drums, going along with the song.

He stops, checks his hair in the mirror behind the bar, puts down one knife and picks up his drink. He heads into the next room.

FADE OUT:

TITLE DISPLAYED ON THE TELEVISION - The Brutal Justice

ON THE TV

Jamie takes a sip from his drink and sets it down.

Jamie walks confidently toward Eindruck's wife, who screams and cries at his approach.

He attacks her with the knife, knocking her and the chair over.

FADE OUT: