

IN JUSTICE

Written by

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INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

The bathroom door is closed to a hallway raging with children running about. The oldest of the four boys is chasing the two middle children with a toy gun.

There are loads of family photos hung on the walls and the home is definitely a comfortable family home. There is a baby about a year and a half old pounding on the door and yelling.

BABY
(yelling at the closed
bathroom door)
Daaaaa!

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brian, a man in his late 30's is sitting on the toilet trying to poop and watch his morning You Tube's in peace. He is in good shape for his age but is still showing some wear and tear of the time. He wears the same hair cut of his Army days and still could pass for a high ranking NCO.

The baby, a rambunctious almost two year old, can be heard pounding on the door as well as the other three boys, ranging from 5 to 15, hollering and going about their morning as usual.

The shower is running, waiting for Brian to get in and the room is taking on some steam.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa, Brian's wife, a beautiful dark haired woman in her early 30's, swoops in out of seemingly nowhere and scoops up the baby. She stops and begins to talk to Brian through the door.

LISA
Bri, I need to get Lollie to
therapy and you need to get the two
older boys ready for school.
They're not listening to me and I'm
tired of yelling at them.

BRIAN
(V.O. through bathroom
door)

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Damnit it. Okay babe, I'm getting in the shower right now, I'll take a quick one.

LISA

You better turn those videos off and do that then. How did your visit with Mark go last night?

Brian takes a slightly longer beat before he responds.

BRIAN

(V.O. through door)

He's alright, his job is tough right now... He got promoted to detective and the new policies are not helping him do his job. He just needed to vent last night, I think.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brian has lowered his phone and is looking at the door he is talking to his wife through. The kids are still making a ruckus somewhere in the house.

LISA

(V.O. through the bathroom door)

I'm glad you got to hang out, he's your high school bestie, and his wife is hilarious! Why haven't we had them over?

Brian's phone beeps and shows that he has a message from "Aaron." Brian looks at it but does not read the message.

BRIAN

We should, maybe do a BBQ this weekend and get them over here!

Brian's phone beeps again, then again. This time it shows two more messages from "Aaron." Brian again swipes them away.

LISA

Let's plan on it. Seriously though you need to get going.

A loud noise is heard somewhere in the distance as the boys have made a loud crashing mess in a distant part of the house.

One of the boys can be heard yelling unintelligibly at one of the other ones.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa is standing in the hallway with a baby on her hip talking to a closed bathroom door.

LISA
(yelling towards a distant
part of the house)
Oh my goodness. Hey, what have I
told you about calling your brother
a butthole?!

Lisa turns her attention back to the bathroom door.

LISA (CONT'D)
Bri, I need to get going.

Brian's phone can be heard ringing from the other side of the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brian is looking at his ringing phone, the caller is "Aaron."

BRIAN
Okay hun, I'll see you tonight at
Cannon's game. Aaron's calling I
got to get this. Love you Lisa!

LISA
(v.o.)
See you tonight, Love you too, bye!

Brian answers the phone.

BRIAN
(into phone)
Hey Aaron, what's up man.

A relatively frantic but unintelligible voice can be heard on the other line.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Oh man, I'm so sorry dude. I can be
there in about 45 minutes. Your
mom's house, on Laurel right?

More voice noise coming from the phone.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Alright amigo, be there soon.

FADE TO:

EXT. AARON'S MOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Brian, driving his Black 94 Ford Bronco, pulls up to the curb and stops across the street from a rather degraded white house. The neighborhood is older and has seen better days. The older holdouts are giving way to the riff raff with every passing.

A few people are milling about to see what is going on as an ambulance has pulled up in front of the house, as well as a police cruiser.

Aaron, a man in his late 40's is wearing a tattered wife beater which exposes some very rough prison tattoos. He standing on the porch speaking to a uniformed officer with his notebook out. Aaron is looking rather upset.

CUT TO:

EXT. AARON'S MOM'S FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Brian enters the frame but stays back as Aaron is speaking to the Officer. The Officer is young and prides himself on professionalism. He is well put together, kind, and well meaning.

OFFICER
I'm sorry Aaron, I wish there was
something I could do. There's no
sign of a crime and we don't have
the resources to look into this.

AARON
(pointing towards the
porch light)
But this lock box thing. I ain't
never seen this before in my life.

OFFICER

I know man, I get it. I can forward all this to the detective but I'm telling you he's already got way more on his plate than he can handle and there simply is no sign of foul play.

Aaron looks heartbroken and defeated. He wants to say something but closes his mouth.

OFFICER SHULTZ

(handing a card to Aaron)

If you find something missing give me a call. Sorry bout your mom Aaron.

And with that, Officer Shultz turns and walks past Brian to the cruiser. They men nod at one another as they pass but no more.

Brian and Aaron shake hands that turn into a standard bro hug. It lasts just a beat longer than a traditional bro hug as it has been revealed that Aaron's mom has passed away.

Aaron is Brian's right hand man on Brian's newly bought farm and the two have become fast friends. They have worked along side one another for over a year now and not just them, but their families have both become very close.

BRIAN

Hey Aaron, how you doing man? I'm so sorry.

AARON

Thanks Brian, I appreciate you showing up like this.

BRIAN

Of course.

AARON

I just talked to the coroner. He's in there now but he told me she's been gone probably since Thursday.

BRIAN

Oh my gosh, that's awful.

AARON

I was here on Thursday Brian and she seemed fine. She wasn't in the best shape of her life but she sure wasn't sick.

BRIAN

Sometimes these things happen just like that I guess.

AARON

Well that ain't it Brian. Her place ain't all tossed around or nothing but it just don't seem right in there.

Aaron turns away and heads back to peek into the open door of the house.

About that time, Libby, the neighbor lady walks up to the men. She is small and a bit scraggly with crazy hair that is not colored, just unkept. She gives Brian a quick look over and addresses Aaron.

LIBBY

I'm sorry to hear about your Momma, Aaron.

AARON

Thanks Libby, she always talked good about you.

LIBBY

Yeah your Momma was good people. Lot's a folks gonna miss her around here.

AARON

Me too...

LIBBY

I heard what you said to that officer that was here. I told him too, something ain't right Aaron. I saw this fella come here on Thursday after you left and let himself into her house.

Brian and Aaron look at each other.

AARON

What do you mean he let himself in?

Libby points to the "knob locker" hanging on Aaron's mom's porch light. It's a rather small inconspicuous lock box that holds a key. Much like what real estate agents use.

AARON (CONT'D)

I knew it!

Right then the EMT's wheel the body out of the apartment on a gurney.

Aaron sees this and then turns his head away as the gurney wheels on by.

There is a very solemn moment as we see the two EMT's load the gurney into the back of the ambulance.

Aaron turns his attention back to the knob locker and then to Libby.

AARON (CONT'D)
You seen this fella?

LIBBY
Sure did. He's driving a white 4 door Chevy and he's got a long beard. I told that cop all this.

Brian steps in briefly.

BRIAN
Have you seen this guy before?

LIBBY
(cautiously)
I seen him helping his momma in the apartment with groceries one time before but he sure didn't need a key to do that.

AARON
Thank you Libby. Tell your boy I said hey okay?

LIBBY
Sure thing Aaron, you gotta smoke?

AARON
Oh sure Libby.

Aaron gives Libby a cigarette and his lighter. She lights the cigarette then walks away taking Aaron's lighter with her.

AARON (CONT'D)
(quietly to Brian)
I'm coming back tonight to watch for this son of a bitch. You want to come?

BRIAN
Ha, you serious?

AARON

Sure am! I tell you what I ain't never seen that lock box before and I been over here at least twice a week since she moved in. If that bastard uses this to get in, it's evidence, and he's going to have to come back for it, it's got his fingerprints all over it!

BRIAN

She ever mention a delivery guy or anything like that? There's got to be some rational explanation for this box.

Brian and Aaron look around at the other porches. Not one of them has a lock box on it.

AARON

I will, I will. But will you come with me tonight just in case she was telling the truth?

BRIAN

Yeah Aaron, I got to check with Lisa but I'll do my best to be here for you. Meanwhile you need to talk to that cop and tell him what she just said. Worth looking into.

AARON

Oh yeah...I'll do that.

BRIAN

Alright, well I gotta go get some work done. You call me or Lisa and let us know if there's anything you need today.

AARON

Will do Brian, I appreciate you and Lisa both.

Brian turns and walks across the street, heading back to his Bronco.

Aaron heads towards the police cruiser to have one final word. The cruiser's window rolls down with a "wherrrrr."

FADE TO:

EXT. AARON'S MOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brian's big black Bronco is sitting in the parking lot facing the door of Aaron's mom's apartment. The passenger side window rolls down and a puff of cigarette smoke rolls out.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S BRONCO - MOMENTS LATER

Brian and Aaron are sitting in the Bronco just down the street. They are watching Aaron's mom's front door waiting for anything out of the ordinary.

Aaron is smoking cigarettes in rapid succession and a pile of butts is forming below the passenger window. Aaron turns to see that Brian is starting to nod off.

AARON

We might ought to call it Brian.
We've been sitting here for almost
three hours now and Lisa is gonna
start to wonder about you.

BRIAN

(waking himself up)
Nah, I told her we were hanging
out, I got all night man. Just a
long day, on the farm without my
best operator. Hand me one of those
Monster's and I'll be back in the
game.

Aaron hands Brian a Monster out of a small cooler in the floorboard.

AARON

I appreciate you brother. I know
you don't have to do this, and the
more I think about it, the crazier
I feel. I mean, we looked all over
and there didn't seem to be
anything taken or out of place. You
figure something would have been
broken? Plus, I don't even really
know how long that lock box has
been there, it could have been
there the whole time and we just
never noticed it.

Brian has nodded off again and Aaron notices. He rears back and punches Brian right in the crotch.

BRIAN

Holy shit Aaron! I'm sorry, I won't sleep again, I promise!

Both guys laugh together, a new mood has taken over the stakeout and levity has replaced the serious somberness.

AARON

(laughs a bit)

I was trying to get serious here.

BRIAN

(wide awake now)

You were saying you are crazy and thank God nothing nefarious happened to your mom. I'm glad man, I didn't want to have to chop somebody up with you later.

They laugh at the absurd joke.

AARON

Yeah our women would be pissed!

BRIAN

(yawning)

I'm here as long as you need. If you don't mind though, I am going to catch a little sleep, you good for an hour or so and then I can take over?

AARON

You can go if you want, just run me back to my truck and I can come back. I just need to do this or I'm always going to wonder.

BRIAN

(leaning his head on the window)

Nah, I'm here as long as you need man, just need a couple winks for a refresh.

FADE TO:

EXT. AARON'S MOM'S HOUSE - MORNING

It is very early in the morning and nothing but the birds are stirring.

The Bronco is still sitting in the same place it was throughout the night.

Out of seemingly nowhere, a white four-door Chevy Malibu rolls passed the Bronco and parks in front of Aaron's Mom's house.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S BRONCO - MOMENTS LATER

Aaron and Brian both jerk awake to see the white Chevy Malibu rolling passed their vehicle. They are both immediately awake and shocked to see the car they had been looking for.

The Malibu puts itself in park and sits there idling.

Aaron and Brian look at each other in disbelief and ready themselves after having fallen asleep on the job.

AARON

Holy shit, did you see that?

BRIAN

Sure did buddy.

The two men sit for a moment waiting to see if the driver of the car will emerge then low and behold, a scraggly looking guy in his thirties emerges from the beat up old car and heads straight for Aaron's mom's front door.

AARON

Oh my God Brian, it's him! What do we do?

BRIAN

I think we should call the cops.

Aaron reaches into the back seat of the Bronco and pulls out a small shotgun.

AARON

He'll be gone by the time they get here.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The Suspect, a man in his thirties is punching in the code on the lock box hanging from the porch light.

His face is gaunt and he has the appearance of someone that is struggling with some form of addiction.

The Suspect gets the key out of the box and heads to the door of the apartment.

As the man slides the key into the deadbolt, the sound of the Bronco door shutting and a small commotion.

The Suspect turns to see Aaron and Brian walking fast across the street. Aaron is holding a shotgun but Brian appears to be unarmed.

AARON
(to suspect)
Who the fuck are you?

The man looks around in a panic then bolts back to his car.

Aaron raises his shotgun and aims to shoot the man in the back as he runs away.

BRIAN
No! C'mon!

Brian takes off after the Suspect and Aaron follows suit.

They had parked a good ways away and cannot reach the Suspect before he gets into his car.

Brian reaches the driver side door just as the Suspect peels out.

Aaron is still way behind thanks to his bad back, and is now standing in the middle of the road raising his shotgun and firing one time at the car before it disappears beyond the nearby rail road tracks.

AARON
Shit!

Brian runs by Aaron, headed back to the Bronco.

BRIAN
C'mon, we gotta get his license
plate!

AARON
(back hurting badly)
Shit!

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIAN'S BRONCO - MOMENTS LATER

Aaron and Brian hurriedly jump in and peel out after the Malibu.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL TOWN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The white car is careening out of town trying to escape the Bronco that is rapidly approaching.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S BRONCO - MOMENTS LATER

Brian and Aaron are feverishly chasing the Suspect in his white Chevy Malibu. The pair of cars have left town and are now speeding down an almost completely country road.

AARON

Floor it Brian, we're gonna get
this bastard!

Brian grabs his phone out of his pocket and hands it to Aaron.

BRIAN

Call 911. Let them know what's
going on!

AARON

(tossing the phone in the
back seat)
I don't think so! Not till I get my
hands on him first!

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The Bronco and the white car are flying through scenic country settings.

CUT TO:

INT. SUSPECT'S CAR - MORNING

The eyes of the Suspect and the Bronco can both be seen in the rearview mirror.

The Bronco is dangerously close to the rear bumper and the car makes a quick turn down a gravel road trying desperately to evade the Bronco.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The white Chevy Malibu and the Bronco both make sliding turns down a dirt road headed towards an elevated railroad crossing.

The car and Bronco both hit the railroad crossing and catch air.

The Bronco lands beautifully but the Chevy it is chasing lands hard and wrecks.

CUT TO:

EXT. WRECKED MALIBU - MOMENTS LATER

The smoking wreckage of the Malibu is off to the side of the dirt road.

The Bronco slides to a stop right beside the wrecked car and the doors open.

Aaron steps out with his shotgun and Brian steps out seemingly unarmed. Aaron walks straight up to the driver's side door of the car while Brian walks around the back of his Bronco approaching the Malibu from the rear.

The Suspect they were chasing is hurt and desperately trying to free himself from his seatbelt that seems to be stuck.

Aaron racks a round into the shotgun's chamber and Brian takes a look at him.

AARON
(yelling at the Suspect)
I know what you done!

SUSPECT
I didn't do nothing, I swear to
God!

AARON
What were you doing at my mother's
house then?!

SUSPECT

I'm just a delivery guy! I came to
get the lock box and the empties
out of the--

AARON

Shut up! Don't you lie to me!

Aaron shoots through the back passenger window and it
explodes scaring the Suspect and startling Brian.

BRIAN

Hold on Aaron! We're just gonna
hold him here until we can get the
cops.

CUT TO:

INT. SUSPECT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The Suspect, beginning to fear for his life looks over and
sees the open glove box. The silver revolver that he kept in
it has fallen into the floorboard.

After a quick glance at the revolver, the Suspect looks back
to Aaron then lunges for the gun in his car.

Brian sees this and yells.

BRIAN

(drawing his concealed
pistol)
Gun, gun, gun!

CUT TO:

EXT. SUSPECT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Brian draws a pistol from his waistband and shoots the
Suspect three times as he retreats from the car.

Aaron shoots his shotgun and leaves the Suspect with less
head than he started the day with.

The two men stand there for a moment taking in what has just
transpired.

BRIAN

(looking around at the
ground)
Hey, grab your shells. We need to
get out of here.

With that, Aaron and Brian gather up their spent shells and get back into the Bronco and take off down the road.

FADE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Brian is in the shower after a long night and an even longer morning of chasing down and killing someone. His head is down and water is running down his back. The morning's incident does not seem to be digesting well.

The family can be heard loudly going about their morning in the background.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIAN'S HOME - DAY

The home is a quaint little barn style home nestled in a standard midwestern suburb. In the driveway is Brian's Bronco and his wife's 4 door sedan.

Pulling up in front of their home is an unmarked police SUV. It pulls to a stop and out steps a detective about the same age as Brian himself.

The detective, Mark, is dressed in slacks and a button up shirt and tie. He has a large pistol and his badge on his belt. Mark is a muscular fellow with a respectable beard. He seems more Seal Team 6 than detective.

Mark approaches the door and begins to knock.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

There is a loud authoritative knock at the door and Lisa, who is holding the baby, peers out the window before answering. She notices the SUV and has a puzzled look on her face as she answers the door.

Standing before her is Mark, the detective.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIAN'S FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The door is opened and Lisa's puzzled face turns into a big smile.

LISA

Oh my gosh, Mark? I haven't seen you in months, come in! We were just talking about having you guys over!

Mark enters the house and looks upstairs to where the shower is running.

There are four boys running about the house getting ready for school. There is also a very large pair of dogs being too aggressively loving towards Mark as he enters the home.

LISA (CONT'D)

I've got to finish getting ready but I'll let Brian know you're here. There's still coffee in the pot if you want any.

Lisa heads up the stairs towards the upstairs bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mark has a seat at the kitchen table and glances around. The room is small, too small for this many children but cozy and loaded with family photos and other tokens of family life.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa has opened the bathroom door with their baby on her hip. She leans in and speaks to Brian who is in the shower.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa has poked her head into the steamy bathroom where Brian is still in the shower.

LISA

Hey Bri, Mark is here! Hurry and come down. I'm running the boys to school, be back in a bit.

She quickly exits and shuts the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa is darting off with children filing out the front door in the background.

FADE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mark is sitting at the table enjoying a cup of coffee and looking around the room enjoying the family photos and such on the walls.

Brian walks into the room, he is still wet from the shower and has thrown on sweats and a t-shirt. He stops dead in his tracks when he sees his best friend sitting there in full detective mode.

Mark acknowledges this and smiles just a bit.

MARK

It's alright brother, you're not in trouble and I'm not here to arrest you.

Brian slowly pulls a chair out and sits in it cautiously.

MARK (CONT'D)

I know what you did though. Can't even begin to tell you how lucky it is that I got put on this one though. It's fate brother.

BRIAN

What do you mean?

Mark pulls a piece of paper from his breast pocket and looks at it fondly, just as one might look at a picture of their one true love.

Brian looks at Mark quizzically.

MARK

I've been watching that guy you blasted to hell and back for months, bad dude.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Arrested him more than a dozen times from little stuff all the way to kidnapping and aggravated assault. Known drug dealer, like the worst of the worst man.

Brian looks shocked and is still feeling like this is some sort of trap.

BRIAN

Mark, man, I don't know what you are talking about.

Mark slides the piece of paper over to Brian who opens it and sees that it is a list of names. The list has about ten names on it and three of them are crossed off in red ink.

Brian looks up from the paper to see a devilishly smiling Mark.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?

MARK

Prosecutor stopped prosecuting a long time ago Bri so if we want to take bad guys off the streets it has to be done the old fashioned way. I've killed two myself and you, you my friend, got the one I was gunnin' for last night!

BRIAN

Wait a minute Mark, this is all a big misunderstanding.

MARK

I know Brian and unfortunately, we need to talk about your friend Aaron.

Brian looks down at the list and now sees that Aaron's name has been added at the bottom.

FADE TO BLACK.