

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - BACKSTREET - NIGHT

Rain falls steadily on a cold night in London. Dressed in a hooded puffer jacket, Jay (21) waits. He bounces on the spot to keep warm, hands buried deep in his pockets.

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

POV: We peer around the corner of an inset doorway, looking along the dark alleyway to a backstreet. Jay is blowing into his hands to keep warm.

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - BACKSTREET - CONTINUOUS

Jay gets impatient.

JAY
(to himself)
Fuck sake man!

He pulls out a mobile phone and dials. We hear an automated ANSWERPHONE message.

ANSWERPHONE
(through phone)
The number you have dialled is
currently unavailable--

Jay hangs up, shaking his head. He dials another number.

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

POV: Peering around the inset doorway, we see Jay on the phone. He looks in our direction, we retreat back into the doorway.

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - BACKSTREET - CONTINUOUS

Jay squints down the alleyway, wondering if he saw something. MELVIN answers.

MELVIN
(through phone)
Wah'gwan?

JAY
The fuck you at man? Freezing my
bollocks off out here!

MELVIN
(through phone)
What you on about bro?

JAY
Got the food init? I'm on the
corner.

MELVIN
(through phone)
Eh?

Jay is confused.

JAY
Got a message off your burner.

MELVIN
(through phone)
Not me man.

Jay realises something's up. He looks back down the
alleyway, suspicious.

JAY
No worries. Probably someone
winding me up. Later.

Jay hangs up. He pulls a gun from his waistband and places
it in his pocket. He heads down the street, away from the
alley.

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - LANE - NIGHT

The rain is pouring, sparse streetlamps radiate a weak
orange glow along the murky lane. Jay strides briskly along,
hands in pockets. Checking over his shoulder every few
steps.

WHACK! Something sideswipes Jay. He lies cheek down on the
wet ground, unconscious. Blood trickles down his face.

A pair of legs come into view. Someone stood over him.

INT. DINGY BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jay is bound to a chair naked, a gag in his mouth. Dried blood caked the side of his head. He comes to.

Jay scans the room. A computer monitor is the only source of light, complex data compiles on the screen. The walls are decked with a variety of power tools and gardening equipment.

Jay's breathing rate increases. He struggles around in the chair, trying to get loose. The bindings won't budge.

A door at the top of a wooden staircase CREAKS opens. A figure is silhouetted in the doorway from the upstairs light. The figure closes the door and descends into the basement.

The monitor light illuminates his features as he approaches Jay. This is RICKY (28), wearing the look of a man who means business.

Ricky's face breaks into a crazed grin. Jay breathes heavily as they face off.

Ricky moves to a desk and pours himself a glass of Scottish whisky. He takes a sip. Jay's eyes dart around the room, looking for a way out.

RICKY

Mm! You a single malt man?

Ricky looks over to Jay who is eyeing him up and down.

RICKY (CONT'D)

More of a vodka guy, huh?

Ricky lights a cigarette. He moseys over to Jay with authority, bending down so they are face to face.

(Beat)

Ricky blows a stream of smoke into Jay's eyes, he recoils.

Ricky walks around behind Jay and unties the gag.

JAY

Yo man, what the fuck!? What is this?

Ricky coolly walks back to his desk and takes a seat in a wheeled computer chair.

JAY (CONT'D)
 You with Andre's crew? Cos I didn't
 have nuttin to do with that shit
 man!

Ricky casually sips his whisky. He takes another drag of his
 cigarette. All the while staring at Jay.

JAY (CONT'D)
 Yo, come on man... Let me go. I
 won't say shit. I swear.

Ricky opens a drawer and inspects a printed photograph
 inside. He pushes off the desk with his foot, wheeling
 himself across the room. He comes to a stop in front of Jay.

Ricky holds up the photo and points to a black teenage male.

RICKY
 You know this guy?

Jay shrugs. Ricky clenches his jaw and rolls his eyes. He
 gets up and moves to the wall, starts deliberating the
 various tools on offer.

Jay looks on nervously. Ricky selects a hammer and walks
 purposefully back towards Jay.

JAY
 What you doing? No, wait! Alright,
 alright! I know him!

Ricky stops. He calmly re-takes his seat. Lightly tapping
 the hammer on Jay's knee. Jay looks down at the hammer as he
 responds.

JAY (CONT'D)
 Mikey.

RICKY
 Last name?

JAY
 I don't know man. Just Mikey.

RICKY
 Goodwin. Michael Goodwin.

Jay can't hold eye contact. Ricky manoeuvres his head into
 Jay's eye line.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Starting to realise why you're here
now, huh?

Jay looks back at Ricky anxiously.

JAY
Look man, I don't know what you
think happened but--

RICKY
--Oh I know what happened. You
killed him. Over a drug debt. He
couldn't pay you back the brown he
strapped, so you and your buddies
decided to teach him a lesson. That
sound about right? I miss anything
out?

(beat)

You know, when they carried out the
autopsy, the coroner said he had
never seen so many skull fractures
from a physical assault that didn't
involve at least some kind of
weapon. It was like someone had put
his head in a crusher or some shit.
Wow!

Jay looks to the floor.

RICKY (CONT'D)
How many times you stamp on his
head?

Jay doesn't look up. Ricky slaps him hard across the face.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Huh!?

Jay swallows a lump in his throat. He talks meekly.

JAY
What are you going to do to me?

Ricky sits back in his chair, enjoying the moment. He rubs
his chin.

RICKY
Well... what do think you deserve?

Jay is unsure how to respond.

JAY

Listen, I'm sorry about your friend, alright? It wasn't supposed to go down like that.

RICKY

He wasn't my friend. I look like I hang around with junkies?

JAY

What?

RICKY

Didn't even know the guy. Never met him.

JAY

(confused)

So, what's this about? Why are you doing this?

Ricky gets close up to Jay's face.

RICKY

Because, someone has to!

(beat)

You know, the only reason you're not in jail right now is because everyone's too afraid to speak up. I don't blame them, they know if they speak to the police, they'll be the next ones on the receiving end. Fear. That's what you people live off. How you survive. How you literally get away with murder. Not that the cops give much of a fuck either, mind you. Not unless it's their turn to give a fuck.

JAY

Look man--

RICKY

--Another junkie nigger dead, so what, right!? Now if it was... some straight A, public schoolgirl with her head smashed in like that! Oh, that's front-page shit right there. You best believe fucks would be given then. You'd be taking big Jamal's dick up in Pentonville right now, for sure.

Ricky stares deep into Jay's eyes, forcefully nodding.

RICKY (CONT'D)

You see, the whole criminal justice system is fucked! Paedophiles, rapists, murderers. All walking around, living their lives without a care in the world. A trail of victims in their wake, lives destroyed. Policing? It's just a numbers game these days. Politics more than anything useful. Nobody gives a damn about real justice any more. Except me.

(beat)

JAY

Who are you?

RICKY

You can call me... Karma! Now, I'm going to ask you again, what do you think you deserve?

JAY

Please man, I'm begging you. Don't do this.

Jay starts to CRY. Ricky smiles, pure pleasure. He gets up and moves back over to the wall. Carefully sets the hammer back in place.

RICKY

You know, I read in the autopsy report, you cut off Mikey's right hand too. A message, I presume? For stealing from you?

He takes a pair of bolt-cutters down from the wall.

RICKY (CONT'D)

So, why don't we start with a little pruning too?

Ricky approaches with the cutters. Jay panics.

JAY

No! Please! No!

Ricky places the cutters over Jay's little toe. SNIP! Jay SCREAMS! Ricky closes his eyes and takes a deep orgasmic breath. Savouring the moment.

Jay WAILS in pain, tears roll down his cheek. Ricky leans in and licks the tears away. He sits down again, smiling maniacally.

RICKY
Feels good don't it?

Jay sobs as he responds.

JAY
Please! I'm sorry, ok? I'm sorry!
i'll do anything.

Ricky mockingly rubs Jay's shoulder.

RICKY
Aw come on now. We're just getting
started. One down, nineteen to go.

Ricky glances down at Jay's groin.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Maybe twenty.

PAN UP to the ceiling. We hear another SNIP followed by intense SCREAMING.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. BOX COFFIN - NIGHT

Rats scurry over Jay's still body. A round tube protruding through a small hole in the lid lets in a thin beam of light.

Jay opens his eyes. He YELPS, swiping the rats from his body. He bashes on the lid with his mutilated hands, hyperventilating.

JAY
(yelling)
Help! Somebody help me! Help!

INT. DINGY BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ricky sits at his desk, smoking a cigarette. He takes a sip of whisky as he watches the computer monitor.

ON MONITOR

A night-vision feed shows Jay inside the coffin box. He is SCREAMING, banging on the lid.

BACK TO SCENE

Ricky sets the cigarette down in an ashtray. He starts jerking off as Jay continues to CRY for help.

ON MONITOR

The feed changes from Jay to a different coffin box. This time, a PRIEST lies inside wearing an open mouth BDSM head harness. His face is drawn. He barely moves.

BACK TO SCENE

Ricky continues to masturbate. A depraved look on his face.

ON MONITOR

The feed changes again. Another box. This time an OVERWEIGHT MAN is blubbering. As he turns his head, we see his eyes have been gored out.

Off-screen, the sound of Ricky PLEASURING himself increases in both volume and speed.

The feed changes to another box. A CORPSE, rats gnawing at the rotting meat.

BACK TO SCENE

Ricky climaxes! He pops the cigarette back in his mouth as he reclines in his chair. Satisfied.

FADE OUT.