

"DUE PROCESS"

EXT. DOCKLANDS - DAY

ANTO and DEAN race through a docklands landscape of warehouses and derelict buildings. They are both about 30, sporting tracksuits and fake-gold chains. Dean is out front; Anto, a little chubbier than his friend, struggles to keep pace.

Behind them FOUR COPS are in hot pursuit. Dean and Anto duck between buildings. They turn a corner and see a fence blocking their path. Dean runs and jumps, grabs the top, and pulls himself over the top. He hits the ground running.

By the time Anto reaches the fence he is panting hard, nearly out of breath. He jumps, grabs the top, and tries to hoist himself over. He falls back down. He runs and jumps again, tries to clamber over.

HANDS GRAB his legs and pull him back down to the ground. The cops surround him as he sits on his ass catching his breath; they record Anto with the bodycams fitted to their uniforms.

A SQUAD CAR pulls up. Sergeant BARRETT, 30, buzz cut, ice-cool demeanour, gets out. He carries a tablet device. He taps the screen, bringing it to life.

BARRETT

Requesting due process.

A woman about 27 appears on the screen via webcam. A logo running below her says: BLUELINE JUSTICE SOLUTIONS.

WOMAN ON SCREEN

Hi. I'm Rebecca Hayes. I'll be your judge today.

BARRETT

Sergeant Barrett, 22nd district. We have a criminal here caught breaking into a warehouse.

He points the tablet at Anto, capturing him with its camera. Judge Hayes assesses her computer screen.

JUDGE HAYES

Face-Recog identifies the suspect as Anthony Campbell. 13 Holywell Flats, Liberty Street. 23 previous convictions. You've uploaded some corroborating footage I see.

BARRETT

Yes, judge. In real-time from four officers.

JUDGE HAYES

Okay. Estimated time for our monitors to review the footage is 7 minutes.

BARRETT

Thank you, judge.

He clicks the screen off. The officers drag Anto up.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Anto sits in the back between two cops. Barrett sits in the passenger seat, the tablet on the dashboard.

BARRETT

Who was your friend?

ANTO

I don't have any friends.

BARRETT

That guy you were with, smartass.

ANTO

Someone else there, was there? I didn't see anyone.

The tablet clicks to life. Barret picks it up. Judge Hayes is on the screen.

JUDGE HAYES

Footage confirms a level 6 violation. Sentence is 8 months' incarceration.

BARRETT

Thank you, judge.

JUDGE SANDY

Have a nice day.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS, YARD - DAY

The police car parks in the yard of a block of flats. There is a children's playground in the yard with swings, see-saws, monkey bars, carousel.

They all get out. Barrett opens the boot of the police car. Inside is an array of odd-looking metal-and-plastic ELECTRONIC BRACELETS.

INT. ANTO'S FLAT - DAY

An officer clamps the bracelet onto Anto's ankle, who sits on the couch in his small dingy flat. Barrett is drawing on a map he's unfolded on the table.

SHARON, 30, clad in tracksuit and massive hoop ear-rings, stands in the background smoking out the window.

SHARON

Fuck's sake. You mean he's going to be around all the time?

ANTO

(to Sharon)

Shut up you.

(to officer)

Could you not send me to the big house instead? She'll wreck me nut.

BARRETT

Too many fuckers like you in there already.

Barrett brings the map over, gives it to Anto.

BARRETT

The area coloured red you can move around in. Any movement beyond the designated area will sound the alarm and automatically notify authorities. It will also result in extra penalties.

ANTO

(examining map)

It's just this block of flats!!!

BARRETT

There's a permissible route to the nearest shop. You won't go hungry.

ANTO

Could you not extend this line another 20 metres?

Barrett and the other officer go to the door, ignoring him.

ANTO

Ah go on. Just another 20 metres
to Kennedy's Pub?

BARRETT

Sorry, friend.

ANTO

Fucking bastards.

SHARON

This is all I need.

ANTO

If you start wrecking my head,
Sharon, I swear...

SHARON

If you weren't such a fat cunt you
would have got away.

The cops leave.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS, YARD - DAY

Anto finishes a cigarette by the playground. He eyes up the swings. He goes over, jumps up and grabs the bar. He starts doing pull-ups. He strains, drops down, catches his breath. He looks up, determined, jumps up and grabs the bar again, pulls himself up.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Anto does pull-ups in the dark, looking stronger now.
- Anto does sit-ups hanging by his legs from the monkey bars - starting to look toned and fit.
- Anto runs up and down the steps of the stairwell, pumping sweat.

END MONTAGE

Anto does pullups on the swing. Dean walks up behind him.

DEAN

Aw'right, Anto.

Anto drops down.

ANTO

Deano.

DEAN

I can't stay, man. In a hurry.
Just thought I'd drop this into
you. Bit of a thank you for
keeping schtum.

Dean checks the coast is clear before taking out a 2-gramme packet of cocaine and hands it to Anto.

ANTO

Nice one, man.

INT. BLOCK OF FLATS, STAIRWELL - DAY

Anto sits on the steps snorting cocaine with a little spoon. He's high as a kite, grinning ear to ear. Two hood rats, LORCAN and CONOR, early 20s, come down the steps drinking cans of beer, a bag of cans hanging from Lorcan's hand.

LORCAN

You sharing that, pal?

ANTO

Sharing if you got cash.

MONTAGE

- The trio take turns doing coke in the stairwell.
- They run around the playground like kids, hooping and hollering.
- They mock-wrestle each other, laughing and joking, all nicely toasted.

END MONTAGE

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS, YARD - DAY

Lorcan and Conor walk to the exit of the flats. Anto is sitting on a swing, smoking. He sees them leave.

ANTO

Here, what about my cash?

LORCAN

Later, man. Thanks.

They walk out. Anto follows them. They see him coming and scarper. Anto flies after them. A few metres from the gate the ANKLE BRACELET goes off. The sound is like a fire-truck siren. He catches up with Lorcan, grabs him and starts battering him.

Lorcan takes out some notes from his pocket and throws them at him and runs off. Anto pockets the cash. He takes out the bag of coke and spoon from his pocket, does another snifter. He grins from ear to ear. He walks nonchalantly down the street, alarm blaring from his ankle. He's high as a kite now and doesn't care about anything. Passers-by give him a wide berth.

A cop car comes up the road. Anto gives them the finger, races down an alley. The car pulls up and two officers chase after him. He leads them through a warren of back alleys. He's going full tilt, leaving them well behind.

He turns down into a cul de sac with a fence. He runs at it, hops up, clambers over nimbly and down the far side. The cops are out of breath by the time they get to the fence, don't even attempt climbing it. Anto laughs as he runs on. He's feeling like he's king of the world, laughing maniacally as he runs. Suddenly the ankle bracelet stops ringing. Then....

KAPOW

It explodes. Bit of flesh fly along with bits of metal. Anto keels over screaming in agony.

He lies flat on his stomach howling, his foot attached to his leg now by just a thin strip of bone and cartilage, blood oozing from the groove cut out of his ankle by the explosion.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS, YARD - DAY

Sharon packs two heavy suitcases into the boot of a taxi. She climbs into the taxi and it drives out of the flat complex.

INT. ANTO'S FLAT - DAY

We pan across Anto's dingy flat to Anto, sitting on the couch, staring at the TV numbly, a crutch propped by the wall beside him.

His leg ends in a stump just below the knee where it's been amputated. Fastened around his other leg is an ankle bracelet.

CUT TO BLACK