

BLIND JUSTICE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. JENSEN CREEK TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

On an empty platform, one bench sits in front of a small, shingled booth. Only light, courtesy of the moon.

Crickets chirp, leaves rustle with the light breeze.

Then, a clank. Then another. Another. Getting closer.

SUPER: JENSEN CREEK, MISSOURI - 1870

Approaching the train station, two figures appear from the darkness.

On horseback, holding a lantern is SHERIFF BRIGGS (40). Ten gallon hat and worn, leather duster that matches his weathered face.

Walking next to the horse, hands and feet bound in chains, is WADE JEFFRIES (25). Wearing long johns and a blanket around his shoulders, whatever Wade used to be, he's not anymore.

Struggling with the heavy chains, Wade falls to his hands and knees.

Leaving Wade behind, the Sheriff continues on. He reaches the station, dismounts and ties the horse to a post.

Unmoved, he watches Wade try to walk with the chains. He stumbles, falls again.

The Sheriff holds the lantern closer to get a better look.

SHERIFF BRIGGS

Best part of my job. Watching men
like you brought to your knees.

Glaring at the Sheriff, Wade stands, steadies himself.

WADE

And you called me a sadist.

With a scowl, the Sheriff helps Wade up the steps to the platform and guides him to the bench. Wade sits.

The Sheriff checks his pocket watch, then looks to his right at the train tracks that curve into the dark woods.

SHERIFF BRIGGS

Should be here in about an hour.

WADE

You know, they're probably gonna let me go. No one in St. Louis cares about a dead whore from a piece of shit small town.

SHERIFF BRIGGS

Is that what your hot shot lawyer daddy told you?

With a smug look, Wade chuckles.

SHERIFF BRIGGS

Did you tell your daddy how you murdered that girl? Ripped her eyes right out of her head?

Wade's smugness fades.

The Sheriff tips up his ten gallon hat, leans down and puts his face close to Wade's.

Wade moves his head around to avoid eye contact, but the Sheriff is relentless. Their eyes lock.

The Sheriff stares into Wade's beady, brown eyes.

SHERIFF BRIGGS

What happened, Wade? She see you for what you really are?

WADE

Told you I'm innocent. I won't spend a day in prison. This won't even make it to trial.

The Sheriff moves his face even closer. Wade freezes.

SHERIFF BRIGGS

There's more than one type of justice, Wade. Sometimes our own mind can be the worst prison of all.

The Sheriff ends eye contact, moves back and adjusts his hat.

He stands tall over a crumpled Wade, shakes his head in disgust.

He walks a few yards away, leans against the railing and checks his watch again.

Wade yawns. The chains rattle as he tries to get comfortable. He closes his eyes.

EXT. JENSEN CREEK TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Sheriff Briggs walks down the platform steps.

SIX PROSTITUTES approach the train station. Three with lanterns, three with weapons.

Leading the group is BELLE HIGGINS (45).

Belle and the Sheriff speak (muted). The Sheriff looks over at Wade, who sleeps restlessly on the bench.

EXT. JENSEN CREEK TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Wade watches as a light appears from out of the woods. It very slowly makes it's way around the curve of the track.

It's not a train. It's a person, holding a lantern, slowly walking on the track.

As it gets closer, Wade sees the person wears a black hooded cloak. Alarmed, Wade looks over to the Sheriff, but he's not there.

Nervously, he watches as the person walks slowly, face hidden under the hood, lantern held up.

WADE

Who are you? Hey!

No response. It keeps walking along the track until it's directly in front of Wade.

Wade struggles to move but the chains hold him down.

Face still hidden, it turns to face him. In a quick motion, the person looks up, pulls the hood away.

Wade gasps as he sees a YOUNG WOMAN, blood dripping from her empty eye sockets.

DREAM SEQUENCE ENDS

EXT. JENSEN CREEK TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Wade wakes with a scream. He looks around, no one is there, not even the Sheriff.

Panicked, he tries to catch his breath.

WADE

Sheriff!

It's too dark for Wade to see the Sheriff off in the distance, leaving the station on horseback.

The platform steps creak.

Wade turns, sees Belle ascend the steps, the five other women walking behind her.

His eyes widen in horror as the moon glares off the blade of the knife Belle holds.

EXT. JENSEN CREEK TRAIN STATION - LATER

The bench is empty.

Crickets chirp, leaves rustle with the light breeze.

Wade's screams are heard in the distance.

On the platform, illuminated by the moon are Wade's beady brown eyes, pulled from their sockets.

FADE TO BLACK.

The sound of a train approaching. It's whistle blows.

FADE OUT.