

A BREAK IN THE SYSTEM

Written by Curt James
A two and a half minute police monologue

Copyright (c) 2024

Curt James
Email: curtjames5@yahoo.co.uk
Mobile/Cell: 07956 732028
W.G.G.B. Number: 41548031

A BREAK IN THE SYSTEM - by Curt James

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Moving around a darkened bedroom. The window is open, curtains are blowing. Something seems a little off.

A brunette, D.I. DANIELLE KNIGHT, in her 40's, average clothes in a dark bedroom steps into the light, staring into a mirror in a daze. It looks a little creepy.

An awkward pause - MOVING IN. An air of suspense builds.

DANIELLE

I HATE you...

(BEAT)

Look at you. You're no longer the person you were. You've changed. You're hard, twisted, cold and bitter. Who would ever love you now? You're PATHETIC!

She steps closer to the mirror - in a slight daze.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

You've never been the same since you found that little girl, little Emily. Blonde hair, blue eyes, so sweet and innocent. She was only six. SIX! Raped and mutilated by that, that Monster! Then caught and let go on a technicality. I mean, what the actual FUCK!

(BEAT - zones out)

I never knew humanity - could stoop so low, and how our justice system could be SO broken.

Inside her jacket, is a gun holster with a gun inside it.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

All those years as a police officer never prepared me for what CID would eventually show me. How do other police officers, that see this evil, cope? I've always wanted to make a difference, cleaning up the streets, but, how can you be the same after seeing this this dark depravity? I can't show weakness in a sick world.

(MORE)

DANIELLE (cont'd)
My team depend on me and I have to be
strong, for them.

Danielle takes a breath and tries to relax, a bit looking
spooked all around. A CID Police ID hangs from her belt.

Central London Police Authority
Warrant Card
Police Detective Inspector
Name: Danielle Knight
Rank: Detective Inspector
Signature: Danielle Knight

DANIELLE (O.S.)
I get nightmares, nightmares every
night. They rob me of hope for a
peaceful world. The real depravity of
humanity. They haunt me, taunt me,
and fill me with fear, and doubt that
I am not the right person to do this
job. I am supposed to be a protector.

She opens a bottle of vodka on the side and takes a swig -
neat. She looks broken, really broken.

DANIELLE
I see the darkness in everyone now,
and everything. I am always on edge,
and trust no-one, not even myself. I
see the darkness in you. All those
years of seeing violence and death
and I'm supposed to be OK.

She pauses. A tear runs down her face.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
I am NOT - OK!
(BEAT)
I can't talk to anyone about my
feelings as no-one would understand.
So many nightmares night after night.
No-one to hold me at night now, and
no-one to tell me that it's going to
be OK. I feel so - alone. I need to
know that it's going to be alright.

She starts to tear up, as she rocks slightly.

DANIELLE (cont'd)
In the academy, they never really
taught you how to deal with this
level of brutality, depravity and
insanity.

(MORE)

DANIELLE (cont'd)

The scum and the filth — everywhere!
It gets worse and worse and I feel
somehow infected by it! And I bought
it home every night — to Andy. Now
he's left me, and I have no-one. NO-
ONE! Just this raging constant anger,
fear and self-hate of who I am, and
what I've become.

(BEAT)

I fear that I may one day, turn into
one of the very monsters, that we
hunt and bring to justice. That can't
happen!

She starts to sob. Danielle looks up at the wall clock. She
pulls out her gun, then a silencer and screws it together
composing herself. Her hands are blood splattered. She wipes
her eyes rubbing blood on her face. She looks unstable. Is
she about to kill herself? Suspense builds, and builds.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

When we've worked for a year to catch
this fucker, and the justice system
fails due to a fucking bullshit,
technicality, I-I can't live with
that, or myself.

She turns and faces the camera. On the floor is a bloodied
baseball bat and a man's motionless bloodstained hand. She
raises her gun, pointing it into the camera.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

I may not be a vigilante, but I'll do
whatever it takes, to protect the
public — from you.

She puts a pillow over the camera and we hear two muffled
THUDS. It all goes back.

DANIELLE (O.S.)

Good night.

END OF A BREAK IN THE SYSTEM.