

JUDGE DREDD: THE SMALL HOUSE

Part Two

By

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Judge Dredd © Rebellion

PAGE ONE (SIX PANELS)

Panel One

Open on Dirty Frank. Sino-Cit. Arms up as many Sino Judges points guns at him. Frank is wearing the weird goggles from last issue. The weird gun etc. He looks insane due to these things. And beleaguered. It's Frank, after all. The light from the hovering H-Wagon is lighting Frank up here.

LOCATOR: SINO-CIT.

HONDO JUDGE: <HANDS UP! HANDS UP OR WE SHOOT, MURDERER!>*

FRANK: Dirty Frank knows how this looks but he's not crazy!

FRANK (small): Honest.

NB* - Translated from Sino-Cit.

Panel Two

Pull back, side on. The two hovering H-Wagons. The Sino Judges. Guns all pointing at Frank. This looks bad.

HONDO JUDGE: <DROP THE GUN! DROP THE GUN! JUDGE KILLER!>

FRANK: Uh... Dirty Frank isn't the one who assassinated your senior Judge.

Panel Three

Frank points at the unconscious Stealth Judge, like he's going to move to him.

FRANK: He is.

Panel Four

ALL the Sino-Cit guns click and get close to Frank's head. He freezes. Eyes wide.

FX (multiple): Click.

FRANK (small): Oh yeah. Don't move... Forgot.

Panel Five

The Sino-Cit Judges come in with handcuffs - electrical ones that spark. They look like a cross between handcuffs and a tazer. They wear special gloves to hold them.

FRANK: BROTHER JUDGES! Albeit different speak-y ones! Hear me now! It is IMPERATIVE that Dirty Frank is allowed to take this unconscious Stealth Judge back to Mega City...

FRANK: Back to...

PAGE TWO (SIX PANELS)

Panel One

Pull back for a wide shot. Frank is down on the floor, out and sparking. The Sino-City Judges - with their special gloves - drag him towards the Sino H-Wagons.

SMILEY CAPTION: "I am disappointed."

Panel Two

CUT TO: SMILEY. Sat in front/below of us. Cup of tea in his hand. Saucer. Stirring it. NB - this happens in a Justice Department firing range. NOT in Smiley's little house. That'll come much later. No one is here. But human, perp-shaped targets down shooting range cubicles are the backdrop.

SMILEY: I thought we were... friends.

SMILEY: Your little glowing friend...

Panel Three

Cut to Dredd. Stood. Not sitting. Looking at 'us'. Dredd looks grim. But, for once, he is off-guard. He didn't expect this. Of course he won't let Smiley see that. But it's there.

SMILEY: ... Remember?

Panel Four

Pull back, side on wide shot of the room. Smiley sitting. Dredd ten feet away from him, staring at him. It's a gunfight. Of minds. Two gunfighters. The targets are the backdrop. Only get them in if you can. They don't need to be overt here.

DREDD: I take it the recording equipment in this room is deactivated.

SMILEY: Yes. I don't exist, you know.

DREDD: Oh, you exist. You've been working behind the scenes for so long. Since the start, pretty much. Doing Grudd knows what...

Panel Five

Smiley, taps his spoon methodically on the top of the cup. Looking up at us. Unflustered. Unreadable. A blank space. He called this meet. He's in charge here.

SMILEY: We are on the same side, you and I.

FX: Tap.

FX: Tap.

Panel Six

Smiley's POV. Dredd looking down at us. Wants to beat us to death. Can't. Dredd's out of his comfort zone here. Off-kilter. Dredd looming over 'us' and be so filled with violence and be off-balance. But he is.

SMILEY: I felt it was time to remind you of that.

FX: Tap.

SMILEY: And one or two other little things.

PAGE THREE (SIX PANELS)

Panel One

Smiley raises his tea to his lips, leaves it there. Looks down at it.

SMILEY: You remain formidable. Your body may be largely broken with age but you are still a physical force.

SMILEY: You: the **titan**. Your will alone has kept this city alive so many times, whether it be the Texas City vaccine... Cal... The Sovs... Death himself...

Panel Two

Close-up on Dredd's gloves as they tighten here. He REALLY wants to beat Smiley to death. And can't.

SMILEY (o/s): But you are not a strategist, Joseph. You never were. Never one step ahead...

SMILEY (o/s): And I say all this with the greatest respect.

FX: Grip.

Panel Three

Smiley sips the tea.

SMILEY fx: Sip.

Panel Four

Smiley glances up at Dredd. So much smarts in those eyes.

SMILEY: Have you forgotten Bachmann? Her little coup.

SMILEY: We saved the city.

SMILEY: **Together.** Bullet to King Four... I provided the plan, you... well, took the bullet...

Panel Five

Dredd. Grim. GRIM!

DREDD: Bachmann was running her own teams of Stealth Judges. Assassins with cloaking tech.

DREDD: Those Judges vanished after the LUNA-2 invasion.

DREDD: They've been active since. Assassinations. Here. Other cities across the globe. They're working for **somebody**. Tipping world politics in different directions.

Panel Six

Smiley slowly, relaxed, stands. Glances a look at Dredd - looks him in the eyes. Unflustered. Playing a game with him.

SMILEY: Well, if that's true then that's very alarming news...

SMILEY: You should go to the Chief Judge immediately with your suspicions.

SMILEY: ... Have you? Gone to the Chief Judge?

PAGE FOUR (SIX PANELS)

PANEL ONE

Smiley walks to the firing range. There's some Judicial firing range Lawmasters sat on the side there. The target down the alley.

SMILEY: ... No. You haven't.

SMILEY: I wonder why not?

Panel Two

Oh, Dredd looks really uncomfortable now. Smiley places his cup down.

SMILEY: Hershey. You've known her so long, haven't you? That business with the Kryslar boy and your little spaceship crusade.

SMILEY: She's one of your oldest 'friends', isn't she? I mean, so many have died... Your **friends**.

SMILEY: They don't tend to live long.

Panel Three

Smiley picks up the Lawmaster. Examines it. He has a gun in his hand here.

SMILEY: You trust The Chief Judge, don't you, Joseph?

SMILEY: ...

SMILEY: Of course you do.

Panel Four

Smiley aims the lawmaster down the targeting range - at the target. He looks... 'Wrong'. Guns aren't his thing. Slightly fey and weak. Smiley is all the mind.

SMILEY: I'm sure Hershey knows about your covert little group. The clever Brit-City architect, Giant, the accountant, The robot man... Gone now, sadly. Long Walk.

SMILEY: And, of course, my little favourite...

SMILEY: **My** Frank.

Panel Five

Smiley casually passes/hands Dredd the Lawmaster, handle first, so Dredd could shoot him, if he wanted to. The gun is pointing at Smiley's chest. Smiley knows exactly what he's doing here. 100% confident that

SMILEY: She'd be very hurt if she wasn't part of that 'gang', I imagine.

SMILEY: Here. Better that you fire it.

SMILEY: I was never really one for guns.

Panel Six

Same panel/angle again but Dredd places his big hand over the pistol and leans in to Smiley to get right in his space. You'd have to be stone cold not to be intimidated. Smiley is not intimidated, despite the physical difference. But Dredd's words do take him aback.

DREDD: Murder is a **crime**. The chain of command IS followed.

SMILEY: We are the 'good guys'? My... you really do think it's that simple, don't you?

SMILEY: Joseph, **I came to you today** to remind you of something inherent in our core that you appear to have forgotten...

PAGE FIVE (FOUR PANELS)

PANEL ONE

Largest panel on page, Dredd, front on. Let's give this a BIG panel here. These words kind of stun Dredd. He's forgotten this. In a way these words matter nothing. There's just the Law. The fight. But these are the details that are lost in the cases, the adventures, the crimes. But this is Dredd - labelled. HENRY - this is a big panel, I think. If we do this right it should have an effect. It's meant to.

SMILEY (o/s): We are fascists.

Panel Two

Smiley now, and for once, there's an edge to him. He is finally readable here. His disdain and arrogance showing through. His distaste for those who have never had to sacrifice.

SMILEY: We **rule**.

SMILEY: It's the only way we can stay alive in this irradiated, dead world.

SMILEY: A grave that claimed us long ago that we **refuse** to fall into. There is a price to be paid for this.

Panel Three

Smiley turns and walks away. This is over.

DREDD: I'm going to come to your little house, Smiley.

DREDD: And I'm going to knock it down.

SMILEY: I doubt that. You are a naive and simple tool, and tools are only truly effective in the hands of a **craftsman**.

Panel Four

Smiley simply walks through the wall like it's not there. Doesn't stop to look.

SMILEY: If you do this, Joseph.

SMILEY: There are more substantial walls you will pull down.

SMILEY: Are you really willing to do that?

PAGE SIX (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL ONE

The empty room. Dredd stood there, staring at the point in the wall where Smiley just left. He looks... Lost. Out of his depth.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Two

CUT TO: Sino-Cit. Frank, exhausted, in his cell. He looks alarmed, bruised and battered, as the ISO-CUBE cell door opens. Expecting to be beaten to death.

LOCATOR: SINO-CIT.

JUDGE: <Open Iso-Cube.>

FRANK: AH! NOT THE FACE! NOT THE FACE! IT'S DIRTY FRANK'S LIVING!

Panel Three

The Stealth Judge Dirty Frank chased and electrocuted last issue falls face down on the floor of Frank's cell. Frank looks alarmed.

FX: THUMP!

FRANK (small): Mein Gott.

Panel Four

Two Sino-Cit Judges enter the cell. A HUGE shape behind them. This is Sensitive Klegg, but for now, it looks like a terrifying shape/silhouette is rushing in towards him

JUDGE: <This was what you were chasing, yes?>

FRANK: I don't... Dirty Frank doesn't understand.

FRANK: Literally, lads. It's the Sino-Cit languuuAAAAAA!! BIG THING! BIG...

Panel Five

SENSITIVE KLEGG enters and HUGS Frank, tears rolling down his face. Frank looks hugely surprised. Sensitive Klegg is dressed like the King of Sino-Cit.

SENSITIVE: YES! BOARD MEMBER FRANK! IT IS I! THE REAR-ADMIRAL OF YOUR HEART!

SENSITIVE: AND: IT IS YOU! OH! OH! JOY! JOY UNBOUNDED! HAIKUS AND SOLILOQUIES OF GREAT JOCULARITY SHALL BE WRIT! YES!

FRANK: Sensitive Klegg?

[DREDD: THE SMALL HOUSE] - [ROB WILLIAMS] - [EP. 2] - <May 15th>.

FRANK (small): Unexpected.

END OF EPISODE TWO