Corrupt

Ву

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EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE

A bunch of cops are on a stakeout outside a suburban home including Parker, who is the chief of the operation. Kennedy, a younger officer approaches Parker.

KENNEDY

What do we got here chief?

PARKER

We got a tip about a possible 23-58.

KENNEDY

Holy shit, boss. Do we have enough men for that?

PARKER

Probably not, but it's the only team we could assemble in time.

Parker peaks in through the window.

PARKER

Okay boys. This looks like its about to go down. Wait for my mark.

Parker holds his hand up.

PARKER

And go!

The team opens the door and sneaks into the house. We see that its a children's birthday party. A bunch of kids are sitting at a table around a cake... a dad is holding a video camera.

DAD

Okay kids. (starts singing) Happy Birthday To... HEY WHAT THE HELL?

PARKER

Everyone get down!

The kids are terrified. A bunch start crying. Police start rounding them up and arresting them.

DAD

What the hell is this?

Kennedy arrests him and he starts to resist.

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KENNEDY

Sir I'm gonna need you to calm down.

DAD

But these are just kids! What did we do?

PARKER

What did you do?! Sir, the Happy Birthday song is a copyrighted piece of music. You recording it here today at this "birthday" party is a federal offense, and all these children are accomplices.

DAD

What? What are you talking about? That's insane. It's the damn happy birthday song! I'm not gonna sell the video or anything!

PARKER

Get him the fuck out of here.

Two cops take him away as he screams and resists.

PARKER

You did good in there Kennedy.

KENNEDY

Thanks chief, it's a real privilege.

Cut to:

LATER THAT DAY

INT. BAR

Parker and a bunch of other officers are drinking at a bar. They are laughing and celebrating. Parker gets up to make a toast.

PARKER

I'm damn proud of you all. You are one hell of a unit. Now I want to wish one of our own, Sanchez, a Happy Birthday.

Sanchez gives Parker an in air toast with his beer. Kennedy walks in.

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PARKER

Now lookie what I took from evidence.

Parker pulls out the DV camera the dad had. Kennedy is confused about whats going on.

PARKER

Alright everybody, let's sing for Sanchez. (starts recording and singing) Happy Birthday to ---

KENNEDY

What the hell are you doing chief?

PARKER

What the fuck does it look like Kennedy?

KENNEDY

It looks like your breaking the law... the law that we are supposed to be enforcing.

PARKER

Welcome to real world buddy. Nobody's perfect. You can either enjoy this with us or get the fuck out of the unit.

KENNEDY

but... but... I had faith in you!

PARKER

Kid, you don't know me.

Parker presses record and starts singing.

PARKER

Happy birthday to yo----ARHGGH

A gunshot fires and we realize that Parker's been shot in the arm... by Kennedy. A bunch of CIA people barge in. One goes to Kennedy.

CIA GUY

Great job Kennedy. Incredible undercover work getting to the bottom of one of the worst cases of police corruption I've ever damn well seen. Arrest all these motherfuckers.

CONTINUED: 4.

They all start getting arrested. CIA GUY picks up the DV Camera.

CIA GUY

Now Kennedy. (whispers in flamboyant voice) You hafta come to this surprise party for Marquez. There's gonna be (sings the word) singing.

Kennedy groans with disappointment.

KENNNEDY V.O. (over shots of suburban America)

It's a damn hopeless world we live in. The heroes, the villains... they all look the same to me. I'll continue to fight. For what? Who knows. One day, hopefully, it'll be judgment day for all, and then, lets just say... it'll be a Happy Birthday to me.