

# **FAKE COP CLUB**

**BY  
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FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAWN

A young man -- early twenties -- STAGGERS across deserted parking bays. He's dazed, glazed -- wearing a cop's uniform, SPLATTERED IN BLOOD... Welcome to CHUCKLE BOY...

OVER: 'American Patrol' by Glenn Miller FADES UP

Chuckle Boy's eyes are seen in EXTREME CLOSE UP -- WE see detail in bloodshot -- Pupils FLICKER... Clouds roll by -- time moves backwards...

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
Ever think about your life?

FLASHBACKS

I/E. CHUCKLE BOY'S CAR/MOTORWAY - NIGHT

Night's dark lit up by cat's eyes and the car's strafing headlights... Chuckle Boy -- minus the cop uniform -- sports bitchin' Elvis 'burns -- drives and smokes... WE/HE SEE a ray of light FLOOD across the upcoming road surface...

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
I saw that light all the time but  
I'm all alone and can't get it by  
myself...

Chuckle Boy hits the accelerator and chases...

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
Glory's out there -- One night  
I'll make a difference...

-- he's never gonna catch it...

S/TRACK CUTS OUT

INT. THE OFFICE - DAY

Chuckle Boy carries dark circles under his eyes. He munches Aspirin and is cornered by an inane OFFICE DRONE, MUMBLING shit about his child's sleeping patterns...

OFFICE DRONE  
...'Becky likes to sleep 'til  
seven - seven' thirty. Of course,  
Daryl...  
(nervous laugh)  
Daryl's up with the larks...

Chuckle Boy can take no more -- he COLLAPSES -- HITS the floor, full force. Office Drone RAMBLES on, oblivious...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The SOUNDS of; pencils SHARPENING, keyboards TAPPING, phones RINGING, voices WHINING, false LAUGHTER, OVER RIDE... It's a fucking death camp for the thinking mind and Chuckle Boy is trapped in it's never ending cycle...

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
 Clandestine lobotomy? -- Press  
 the 'star' button for 'yes' --  
 stick fingers up your ass for  
 'no'... Life during daylight  
 drove me to hunt it...

Chuckle Boy lies his head upon his sterile desk. A telephone receiver is OFF THE HOOK, an incessant WHINE of NOISE emitting from it's ear piece. The words BURN into Chuckle Boy's brain and are HEARD INTERMITTENTLY...

BURN WORDS (V.O.)  
*Ever considered equity?*

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
 Crawling a little closer to that  
 Hell, every single day...

Chuckle Boy squints, drools from the mouth. He watches a NEW GUY pour himself a cup coffee and casually, randomly, throw it all down the front of STILL RAMBLING, Office Drone's pristine white shirt. Office Drone SCREAMS -- STOPS -- RAMBLES ON from where he left off... New Guy lays his head upon his desk -- Welcome to GOD BOY... He squints back at Chuckle Boy...

GOD BOY  
 (sighs)  
 Lose your 'burns, 'man...

CHUCKLE BOY  
 (winks back)  
 Who are you?

GOD BOY  
 'Son of god...

God boy runs a finger across his desk -- holds it up, it's covered in dust...

GOD BOY  
 Society's rotten skin...

God Boy leans backwards in his chair -- looks up to the ceiling and to US LOOKING DOWN

GOD BOY  
 (to camera)  
 I know you're out there... I know  
 you're watchin'...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
*I liked him... Could I let him in  
 on a secret?*

-- AS -- God Boy falls flat on his arse, off his chair...

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Chuckle Boy and God Boy GROOVE. Chuckle boy moves in upon a SHY, FAT GIRL, glad of the attention but with a little of the heebie-jeebies when he smiles.

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
*Weekly dance with the fat  
 girls... Mm-Mm-Mm...*

EXT. NIGHTCLUB BACKLOT - LATER

Chuckle boy FUCKS Fat girl's brains out. God boy stands in the shadows, YAWNS and waits.

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
*Was this an amigo; a shotgun-  
 rider for the crossing of  
 borders, searchin' out glory?*

Fat girl MOANS -- Chuckle boy pulls out, fixes her with a grin. She's all rosy cheeks...

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
*A girl of your stature -- ain't  
 ever gonna get hitched...*

FREEZE FRAME

On Fat girl's horrified expression as she SWINGS a PUNCH

BURN WORDS (V.O.)  
*Do you consider yourself a  
 success?*

EXT. THE CITY - NIGHT (LATER)

Chuckle Boy -- plus stinging black eye -- in a heated discussion with God Boy...

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
*..'There has to be more... This  
 can't be it...' He said...*

Chuckle Boy smiles wide... God Boy cocks his head like an inquisitive dog...

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
*He'd passed the test... Step up  
 to the looking-glass...*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OVER: 'American Patrol' by Glenn Miller KICKS UP

EXT. THE CITY - NIGHT

Mirror image -- Chuckle Boy and God admire themselves, dressed head-to-toe in braid and shiny buttons FAKE COP UNIFORMS...

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
*Would ya? -- Could ya? -- Should  
 ya? -- Don't explain -- just  
 do...*

Officer God looks to Officer Chuckle...

GOD BOY  
 For it to really work, shave the  
 'burns...

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Officer Chuckle -- minus sideburns -- and Officer God strut, IN SILHOUETTE -- expertly twirling batons...

SERIES OF SHOTS - OFFICER GOD AND CHUCKLE ON THE BEAT

A). The two fake officers break into a supermarket and raid the deli-counter -- They stuff their faces with meats, pastas and side orders of salad... It drools down their mouths... Officer God pulls out a micro cassette recorder and presses the 'PLAY' button...

PRESIDENT NIXON  
*...'I am not a crook...*

Officer Chuckle nods -- MUNCHES...

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
 We were starving but there was  
 work to be done...

B). A repetitive loop of FACE after FACE of INANE SMIRKS AND SMILES FLASH ACROSS THE SCREEN... With every new FACE, a question is FIRED at it by Officer God or Chuckle... Before there is a chance of an answer, each face is SMACKED and SLAPPED -- HARD, 'before CUTTING TO THE NEXT...

CHUCKLE BOY  
*Do you own a monkey?*

SLAP...

GOD BOY  
 You're under arrest...

SMACK...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUCKLE BOY  
(suspicious)  
*Have you seen the monkey?*

SLAP...

GOD BOY  
We're takin' you in...

SMACK...

CHUCKLE BOY  
(confidential)  
*Do you know where the monkey is?*

SLAP...

GOD BOY  
Just the facts, ma'am...

SMACK...

C). Office Drone gets a knock upon his door, early hours... He's cuffed and slammed into a wall... Officer Chuckle reads him his rights as his erratic sleeping habit of a family WEEP...

D). Chuckle and God climb a wire security fence and disappear into the dark on the other side... Minutes later, a stolen cop car comes SPEEDING out of the compound, blue lights FLASHING -- Officer Chuckle at the wheel...

E). A motorway lit up by the stolen cop car's headlights... Chuckle and God drive into the night -- Chuckle Boy leans forward at the wheel and squints to make something out...

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
There it was, the glory light...  
He couldn't see, but I could...

Officer God squints hard through the windscreen... Chuckle Boy SPEEDS UP the chase... 'But there's nothing out there...

F). Chuckle and God RUN down a darkened city street... Both are panicked but jazzed up -- chased by something or someone UNSEEN...

G). Minutes later...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Chuckle and God crouch on the back-foot, amongst the debris -- READY TO POUNCE... Eyes are black, from lack of sleep but they ain't tired... OH, NO...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They stare into the night and it's dirt -- eyes alert and bodies coiled... They PANT with the adrenaline rush...

OVER: A LATIN, MILITARY RHYTHM FADES UP AND REPLACES 'AMERICAN PATROL'

CHUCKLE BOY

Know what we have growing inside of us?

GOD BOY

Poison?

CHUCKLE BOY

Heroes...

GOD BOY

Shh... Listen -- Something's out there... They're comin'...

Chuckle and God RISE UP -- READY FOR THE GOOD FIGHT...

CAMERA TRACKS -- PULLS BACK AND AWAY -- FAST...

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)

Glory burnin' in the pit of my gut... *They'd build statues to us...*

WHITE LIGHT OVERLOADS THE FRAME AND OBLITERATES...

OVER : S/TRACK SUDDENLY CUTS OUT

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)

... 'Then,  
(spits the words)  
*Peverley happened...*

INT. THE OFFICE - DAY

SLAM CUT INTO the face of a FANTASY GIRL.

Bald men comb invisible hair. Fat men suck in their guts. Office hags apply more lipstick as FANTASY GIRL with the curvy hips pins on the name-tag, 'MISS PEVERLEY'... She smiles the widest, sickly, pearly-white'...

SLAM CUT INTO A BLACK-EYED DROOLING, SWOONING GOD BOY

SLAM CUT INTO BRUISED, BEATEN AND DOUBLE TAKING CHUCKLE BOY

God Boy spills coffee down Chuckle Boy's front and races for Miss Peverley. Chuckle Boy scowls -- God Boy introduces, slicking down his hair. He schmoozes and giggles all cutesy-pie... Chuckle Boy's dropped without a second glance...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
 You know what hurt the most? --  
 I'd lost my 'burns for him...

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

SLAM CUT INTO CHUCKLE BOY -- All psychotic, twisted face...

SLAM CUT INTO GOD BOY and MISS PEVERLEY -- 'jitterbug-  
 schmoozing...

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
 Could I bring him back to the  
 cause?

SLAM CUT INTO GOD BOY AND MISS PEVERLEY -- SMILIN'...

GOD BOY/MISS PEVERLEY  
 (together)  
 We've decided to marry!

CHUCKLE BOY  
 (direct to CAMERA)  
 Maybe not...

GOD BOY/MISS PEVERLEY  
 (together)  
 Wish us luck?

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
 He stunk of her perfume...

Chuckle boy glimpses Miss Peverley; she GLARES reptilian  
 red eyes through the dim light...

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
 My kinda gal...

Chuckle boy's fake smile sets like alabaster.

CHUCKLE BOY  
 Okey-doke...

I/E. BEACHFRONT - NIGHT

CAMERA LOW TRACKS AROUND the parked up stolen cop car.  
 Exhaust fumes waft into the cold night's air... There's  
 nothing else out there except God and Chuckle -- one final  
 night on the beat...

GOD BOY  
 (heart not in it)  
 We'll always be friends...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CHUCKLE BOY  
 (winces -- to camera)  
 I had to save him. In my own way,  
 I had to...

Chuckle Boy pulls out a bag of Chinese fortune cookies. He throws a handful into God Boy's lap.

CHUCKLE BOY  
 Reaffirm and justify. See what  
 you will be...

God Boy breaks one open and reads; 'MEDIOCRITIES'. The following read; 'ARROGANCE'. 'COMPLACENCY'. 'INSULARITY'. God Boy smiles, shakes his head in the negative.

GOD BOY  
 I'm better now. I like what I am.  
 Call me 'Jim'...

CHUCKLE BOY  
 Fools rush in... One more, for  
 me...

God Boy breaks open the last fortune cookie and reads; 'GOD BOY GOES POP'... He looks all quizzical and for the first time, sees the slit scars, across Chuckle Boy's wrists...

CHUCKLE BOY  
 (pats God boy's stomach)  
 Gettin' a little flabby there...  
 (a beat)  
 Be the best that you can be...

God Boy smiles nervously -- Chuckle Boy THRUSTS the knife blade he's been hiding, deep inside God Boy's gut... God Boy's smile FREEZES -- blood spitting through his teeth...

CHUCKLE BOY  
 (to camera)  
 If you love someone -- set them  
 free...

Chuckle Boy blows a kiss...

EXT. BEACHFRONT - DAWN

Chuckle Boy in silhouette against the sea and burnin' sunrise...

CHUCKLE BOY (V.O.)  
 It wasn't glory. Glory was  
 fleeting. All I wanted, in this  
 whole damn world, was a pal -- an  
 amigo... 'But God was just the  
 same as *them*...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

END OF FLASHBACKS

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAWN - RESUMING

Chuckle Boy's eyes in EXTREME CLOSE UP -- Detail in bloodshot... Time comes back around...

He staggers, covered in God Boy's blood -- hits a main junction -- early morning traffic starts to flow. He's oblivious, blinded by GLORY... A small transit TURNS a corner -- Chuckle Boy staggers on -- steps out -- the van doesn't stop -- HITS HIM DIRECT...

He SMASHES into the windscreen, then to the ground. He lies still... Dead... The van SPEEDS ON...

The words; 'GLORIA'S MOBILE HAIRDRESSING', are painted across it's side, missing the letter 'A', in 'GLORIA', it's all weather-faded out...

OVER: 'American Patrol' by Glenn Miller FADES UP and PLAYS to End.

FADE OUT.

THE END