

RETIRED

Written by

A Writer

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A minimally furnished room with desk, chairs, and a whiteboard plastered with crime scene photos. Moonlight filters in through a small window.

Off-screen, the muffled sounds of jovial conversation, music, and laughter.

The door flies open as SERGEANT MALLOY, 55, overweight, red faced, and sweating, barges in. He locks the door behind him.

Malloy frantically scans the room then hides himself under the desk. He covers his mouth to silence his breathing. The fear clearly evident in his eyes.

The door handle slowly rotates one way, then the other. It shakes violently.

MALLOY

Fuck.

Off-screen, the door crashes open with a BANG.

Malloy cowers as footsteps close in on him. They stop.

He cranes his neck to catch a glimpse of his pursuer.

In an instant, the TIP of a letter opener drives into Malloy's eye. His mouth drops open, the screams do not come.

The letter opener is forced deep into his skull. His remaining eye goes vacant as his lifeless body slumps in place. A stream of blood runs down his cheek.

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT

The open-plan office displays the remnants of a party.

A large sign hangs on the wall, it reads: "Happy Retirement!"

An OFFICER lies passed out at his desk. Drool pools as he clutches a hip flask in one hand.

Two OFFICERS kiss in a dark corner, no one seems to mind.

The few POLICE that remain stand in a group. They talk and laugh as music plays.

Amongst them is Malloy and CORPORAL SUMMERS, 35, attractive despite her plain pants suit.

MALLOY
Anyone seen Lawson?

SUMMERS
He said he was going to --

Summers makes quotation marks with her fingers.

SUMMERS
-- drain the python.

She checks her watch.

SUMMERS
That was a while ago though, maybe
he left?

MALLOY
Maybe... Would've thought he'd say
something though.

SUMMERS
I'm sure he's fine.

MALLOY
I'll just go check on him. He's
probably hugging the toilet, never
could hold his drink.

SUMMERS
Sure thing, Sarge.

Malloy makes his way to the restroom.

He stops dead in his tracks, stares across the room. His gaze
lands on --

CRYSTAL, 17, in a tight mini skirt, tighter tube top, and six-
inch heels.

Her face bruised, her hair matted with dry blood.

MALLOY
What the fuck?

Blood drips from Crystal's hand.

Malloy turns, what starts as a brisk walk quickly changes to
a run as he flees the bullpen.

He races past Summers.

SUMMERS
Everything okay, Sarge?

INT. POLICE STATION - RESTROOM - NIGHT

Several urinals lined up against the wall.

SERGEANT LAWSON, 40, in a cheap suit, stands at one of them and drains his python. He sways from side to side, mumbles to his distorted reflection in the tiles.

LAWSON
Screw him, can't tell me what to do.

His aim is off, he urinates on himself.

Lawson bends over, wipes the piss from his trousers.

He stands back up to continue his one sided conversation, but there's another obscured reflection in the tiles. Someone's behind him.

Lawson jumps.

LAWSON
You scared the shit out of --

A hand grabs the back of Lawson's head, drives it into the wall, once, twice, a third time.

Blood splatters as tiles and skull both CRACK.

Lawson's body drops to the ground.

Blood pools around him.

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT

The party is in full swing. The attendees dance wildly.

The music volume lowers.

SUMMERS
Can I have everyone's attention!

The crowd settles.

SUMMERS
Thanks, guys. I'd like to say a few words then you can get back to it.

Whistles and shouts from the crowd.

SUMMERS
Settle down, you animals.

Laughter fills the room.

SUMMERS
Sarge, where are you?

Malloy raises his hand.

SUMMERS
Get up here.

She waves him to the front of the room, he complies.

SUMMERS
Many of us have known Sergeant
Malloy for many years. He's been an
absolute asset to the force, and I
know he will be sorely missed.

A round of applause.

CROWD
Speech, speech, speech!

MALLOY
What can I say, it's been a
pleasure... for the most part.

Laughter again.

MALLOY
But in all seriousness, I'll miss
this place.

This is met by applause, shouts and whistles. The music
starts up, Malloy rejoins the party.

He makes a beeline for Lawson who leans against a desk,
nervously bites his nails.

MALLOY
Can you calm the fuck down.

LAWSON
We gotta tell someone.

Malloy grabs the front of Lawson's shirt.

MALLOY

Now listen here, jackass. After tonight, I'm out of here. Don't fuck this up for me.

He pushes Lawson back, releases him. Everyone's too busy to notice the commotion.

Malloy vanishes into the mass of people.

LATER

The crowd has thinned out. Lawson stands with a small group that includes Summers.

SUMMERS

You've been quiet tonight,
everything good?

Lawson's unsteady on his feet. He stares down at the beer in his hand.

SUMMERS

Lawson, you with me?

He snaps out of it.

LAWSON

Yeah, just bummed my partner's leaving, ye know?

SUMMERS

Must be har --

LAWSON

Hey I gotta drain the python.

Lawson leaves abruptly, bumps into people as he passes.

SUMMERS

Okay.
(to herself)
Charming.

INT. POLICE STATION - RECEPTION - NIGHT

An OFFICER sits behind bullet proof glass at a desk.

He taps his fingers to the music that emits from the party inside the station.

Crystal approaches the glass.

CRYSTAL
Is Sergeant Malloy available?

The officer looks up. He's taken back by her appearance.

OFFICER
Holy shit, you okay?

Complete disregard for the question, her eyes vacant.

CRYSTAL
Can I talk to Sergeant Malloy?

OFFICER
Right... okay. Who can I tell him
is asking?

CRYSTAL
I'm one of his CI's. I've got a tip
for him.

OFFICER
Take a seat. I'll be right back.

MOMENTS LATER

The officer returns with Malloy.

Crystal's gone.

OFFICER
She was right here, Sarge.

MALLOY
What she look like?

OFFICER
Skinny, white trash looking thing.
Pro for sure.

Malloy rubs his chin.

MALLOY
Could be anyone of them. You
remember what she was wearing?

OFFICER
Not much.

MALLOY
Well let me know if she comes back.

He rejoins the party.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE VEHICLE - NIGHT

Parked next to the sidewalk. Malloy sits behind the wheel, Lawson beside him.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Crystal walks up to the car, leans in.

CRYSTAL
Business or pleasure, big boy?

Malloy and Lawson exit the vehicle. Crystal takes Malloy's hand, leads him down an --

ALLEYWAY

Once hidden behind a dumpster, Malloy grabs Crystal's neck, pulls her in, and forcefully kisses her.

LATER

Crystal's hands lean on the wall as Malloy thrusts hard against her.

Sweat drips from his bulbous, red face.

LAWSON (O.S.)
Hurry it up!

Lawson stands guard at the entrance to the alleyway.

LAWSON
You're gonna be late for your own party.

Malloy climaxes, then pulls up his zipper while Crystal straightens her skirt.

MALLOY
At least you're good for something.

CRYSTAL
I told you, talk on the streets has been quiet. Nothing new to spill.

MALLOY
I'm done, but you'd better have something Lawson can use next time.

Crystal smirks defiantly.

CRYSTAL
Or what? He's a bigger pussy than
you.

MALLOY
What did you just say to me?

CRYSTAL
Nothi --

Malloy punches her square in the face. Crystal drops hard,
smashes her head on the concrete with a CRACK. Blood
surrounds her.

MALLOY
Oh, shit.

Malloy crouches down, shakes Crystal. She's dead.

MALLOY
Lawson, get over here!

Lawson arrives at the scene.

LAWSON
What the hell happened? Is she --

MALLOY
Shut up! Help me put her in the
dumpster.

LAWSON
No! No wa --

MALLOY
Fucking do it!

Lawson grabs Crystal's legs as Malloy grabs her arms.

With great effort they drop her into the dumpster.

MALLOY
Let's get out of here.

INT. DUMPSTER - NIGHT

Crystal lies contorted amongst the trash.

Her eyes spring open.

Dead, lifeless eyes.

FADE OUT.