Little Ball Of Hate.

A mean sprited police sergeant, confronted by a rookie, reveals a well hidden secret that changes both their lives.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

An unlucky motorist pulls to the side of the road after the RED LIGHT and SIREN from a black and white police car compels him to stop. The light bar on the police car remains on as the police officer exits.

Officer Jess Taylor 25, looks like he should be writing term papers instead of tickets walks toward the drivers side door of the stopped vehicle as a light flow of traffic passes by.

A Police car pulls to the side of the road across from where Taylor is parked as Taylor begins to talk to the motorist. The driver stays in the car. He watches Taylor.

MOTORIST

What's wrong officer?

JESS TAYLOR

Fifty in a thirty sir.

The motorist becomes slightly agitated.

MOTORIST

Is that with radar?

JESS TAYLOR

Yes sir.

MOTORIST

May I see it?

Taylor is perplexed by the question.

JESS TAYLOR

Sir?

MOTORIST

Your radar gun read out. I'd like to see it.

Taylor turns towards his vehicle.

JESS TAYLOR

Sure, wait here sir.

Taylor returns to his police car, retrieves the radar gun, and looks at the readout.

JESS TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(disgusted)

Shit

Taylor THROWS the radar gun back into the car and returns to the motorist.

The police car that was parked across the street now makes a u-turn and parks behind Taylor's police car. The driver exits and stands on the sidewalk.

JESS TAYLOR (CONT'D)

This one's on me. Have a nice day sir.

The motorist happily drives away and Taylor starts to walk towards his police car. He looks at the officer standing on the side walk. The look of dread flushes Taylor's face. It's Sergeant Pflugh.

Sergeant Pflugh 40 shaved head, no hint of a smile waits for Taylor. Taylor walks over to Sergeant Pflugh.

JESS TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(swallows hard)

Hello Sir.

Pflugh walks past Taylor and stops. Pflugh talks to Taylor as he looks down the road.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

This your cherry patch?

Taylor's forehead begins to moisten.

JESS TAYLOR

Yes sir.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

So, it's a place where you can cite speeders. Because there's a lot of um, right.

Sweat forms on Taylor's forehead.

JESS TAYLOR

Yes sir.

Pflugh turns to Taylor. His face stone cold with anger.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

But you didn't, why?

Taylor wipes the sweat from his forehead and attempts to answer.

JESS TAYLOR

Um...Sir, It's just that...

Sergeant Pflugh points his finger at Taylor.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

(interrupting)

You're a fuck up Taylor. I see fast food in your future.

Pflugh begins to walk to his police car then turns toward Taylor.

SERGEANT PFLUGH (CONT'D)

Try practicing, "would you like fries with that burger."

Sergeant Pflugh gets in his police car and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE LOCKER ROOM -- EVENING

A large bench divides each row of lockers in this well maintained looker room.

Taylor is standing by his locker changing into civilian clothes. His locker door is open and his uniform shirt is flung across the top.

Officer Nick Calvillo, 23, in police uniform sits on the bench and opens a locker across from Taylor

NICK CALVILLO

The guy is a psycho path.

Calvillo takes off his uniform shirt, rolls it up and throws it into his locker. Taylor continues to dress.

JESS TAYLOR

Little ball of hate.

NICK CALVILLO

(laughs)

Yea, If you look in the dictionary for the word hate, his picture is next to the definition.

Taylor laughs. Calvillo and Taylor continue to dress.

NICK CALVILLO (CONT'D)

So he fucked with you for not giving a ticket?

JESS TAYLOR

I accidentally cleared the readout.

Calvillo shaking his head

JESS TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Big deal.

After dressing, Taylor leans on the lockers next to Calvillo.

JESS TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I know. But there's a reason Pflugh acts that way and I'm finding it.

Shocked, Calvillo stares at Taylor.

NICK CALVILLO

Why? He's just a fucking asshole.

JESS TAYLOR

I've been here two years and he's been on my ass the whole time.

Taylor pushes away from the locker and stands in front of Calvillo.

JESS TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(mocking)

Your a lousy cop Taylor. Do you know how to work a fry machine Taylor.

Taylor gets more emotional with each word

JESS TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Not to mention the reprimands and suspensions. I'm fucking sick of it.

The sound of the locker room door opening is heard but both men ignore it.

NICK CALVILLO

(smiling)

Easy tiger, your about to bust a vein. So what's your plan?

Taylor begins to calm down but speaks with PASSION.

JESS TAYLOR

(eyes wide)

I'll study his movements, follow him, get into his house.

Taylor pauses, looks up at the ceiling, and points his finger in an upward motion.

JESS TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(pondering)

Yea. I'll find the answer there.

Calvillo shakes his head in disbelief

NICK CALVILLO

That's crazy shit.

JESS TAYLOR

Hey, if I get some dirt, life will be better for all of us.

Shock flows across Calvillo's face as he looks past Taylor.

Sergeant Pflugh is standing at the end of the row of lockers staring at Taylor and Calvillo. Taylor doesn't catch on.

JESS TAYLOR (CONT'D)

What's wrong? You look like your about to pass out.

Calvillo stands. His body becomes ridged as he alerts Tayor to Pflugh's presents.

NICK CALVILLO

I wish I could. Beat.

Calvillo speaks to Pflugh.

NICK CALVILLO (CONT'D)

Sir

Taylor turns and quickly stands facing Pflugh. Taylor begins to babble.

JESS TAYLOR

Sir, the citation I uh, beat. Well I just would like to say....

SERGEANT PFLUGH

(interrupts with venom)

You both have been assigned overtime at 1400 hours tomorrow. Be there.

Pflugh turns and walks away. Taylor sits down hard on the bench as Calvillo remains standing, in shock.

JESS TAYLOR

That dirty cock sucker. He knows tomorrow is my kids birthday.

NICK CALVILLO

Still want to find the real Sergeant Pflugh?

JESS TAYLOR

(devious)

More than ever.

CUT TO

EXT. BARNES AND NOBEL BOOK STORE PARKING LOT -- DAY

Taylor stands buy his car in the parking lot of Barnes and Nobel book store.

He reaches in his pocket and retrieves his cell phone. He dials and begins to talk.

JESS TAYLOR

(into phone)

Hey, he's at the book store. Where are you. Beat. Nothing, been here a couple of hours. He's coming out, I'll call you.

Taylor quickly hangs up and pockets his phone. Pflugh is walking out of the store. He looks in the direction of Taylor which causes Taylor to crouch down behind his car. Taylor slowly stands up, Pflugh is gone. Taylor scans the parking lot as he walks. He sees Pflugh talking to a man. Taylor hides behind a tree and watches.

Pflugh is friendly and even smiles. This is not the Sergeant Pflugh that Taylor knows.

CUT TO

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

Two police cars are parked side by side in a way that the drivers can talk. They are parked in a business parking lot just off a busy street. Taylor and Calvillo are in police uniform.

JESS TAYLOR

He wasn't the same guy. The fucker was smiling.

NICK CALVILLO

That's weird, positive it was him.

JESS TAYLOR

Yea, I had to get closer to be sure.

Calvillo looks down the street and sees a police car driving up.

P.O.V. CALVILLO. CITY STREET -- DAY

NICK CALVILLO O.S.

Shit, he's driving right towards us.

BACK TO SCENE

Taylor turns around in his seat.

JESS TAYLOR

Maybe he'll drive by.

NICK CALVILLO

(SARCASTICALLY)

Were not that lucky.

Pflugh drives into the parking lot and stops behind Taylor and Calvillo, exits, and walks up to them.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

I don't mind when officers stop to do reports. But I'm guessing there's no report writing going on here.

JESS TAYLOR

Sir, we were....

SERGEANT PFLUGH

(interrupts)

I could give a fuck about your excuses Taylor.

Pflughs eyes widen.

SERGEANT PFLUGH (CONT'D)

Its your off duty bullshit that concerns me.

Calvillo turns away as he sits in his car and Taylor's forehead begins to show signs of sweat.

NICK CALVILLO

(emotionless)

Off duty sir?

SERGEANT PFLUGH

Yea, your little sneaky snoop routine at the bookstore the other day.

Calvillo starts his car.

NICK CALVILLO

Later Jess.

Nick drives away.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

Why the fuck you watching me.

JESS TAYLOR

(nervous)

Sir, I wasn't watching nobody.

Pflugh looks intently at Taylor.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

Don't fuck with me little man. Stand by...

Pflugh's rage is intense.

SERGEANT PFLUGH (CONT'D)

You want my attention, you got it.

Pflugh gets back in his police car and drives away. Taylor sighs and slumps down in his seat.

CUT TO

INT. TAYLOR'S CAR -- NIGHT

Taylor is parked in the shadows of this beautiful residential neighborhood. The ambient light illuminates Taylor as he sits in the drivers seat. He Is dressed in dark clothing. He makes a call on his cell phone.

JESS TAYLOR

(into phone)

I'm going for it.

NICK CALVILLO (V.O.)

(over phone)

Your not at his house?

JESS TAYLOR

(into phone)

Its the only way. I've got to get this guy before he gets me.

NICK CALVILLO (V.O.)

(over phone)

If he catches you, your dead not to mention fired.

JESS TAYLOR

(into phone)

What ever. I figure he'll be gone an hour. Got to go.

Taylor hangs up and exits his vehicle. He scurries across the street to Pflugh's house making every attempt to conceal himself from view. His breaths are deep and hard as he maneuvers around to the back.

EXT. PFLUGHS HOUSE -- BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Taylor checks his watch.

JESS TAYLOR

(whispering out loud)

Plenty of time. In and out.

Taylor finds an unlocked window, opens it and makes entry into Sergeant Pflugh's house.

INT. PFLUGHS HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Taylor stands in Pflugh's nicely decorated living room. Not what you would expect from a single man. A coffee table and couch are dwarfed by the large flat screen television on the wall.

Taylor looks around the living room while checking out papers on the coffee table.

He enters the office area of the house.

INT. PFLUGHS HOUSE -- OFFICE -- NIGHT

The office is decorated in police paraphernalia with a roll up desk and wooden chair in the middle. A large book case filled with books surround the room. Taylor peruses the books

P.O.V. JESS TAYOLR -- PFLUGHS OFFICE BOOK SELF -- NIGHT

JESS TAYLOR

(whispering out loud)
Lots of medical books.

BACK TO SCENE

Taylor removes a book and thumbs through it.

JESS TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(whispering out loud)

Personality change?

Taylor lays the book on the desk. He calls Calvillo on his cell phone.

JESS TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I'm in.

NICK CALVILLO O.S.

(OVER PHONE)

You crazy bastard. Hey, I'll deny any knowledge of this.

Taylor sits in the desk chair and puts his feet on the desk.

JESS TAYLOR

(into phone)

Look pussy boy it's cool. I think I'm on to something.

Taylor looks through papers on the desk as he talks.

JESS TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Pflugh's got tons of books on personality and medical stuff.

NICK CALVILLO O.S.

(over phone)

You mean he's been studying how to change his personality?

JESS TAYLOR

(over phone)

More to it than that. I'm not...

Taylor's startled by the cold steel of a pistol being pressed against the back of his head. He turns slowly and sees Pflugh standing there with a loaded 357 magnum.

Pflugh nods at Taylor silently instructing him to hang up the phone.

JESS TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(over phone)

Ah...so ah let me get back with you.

Taylor hangs up the phone and places it on the desk.

Pflugh backs up, pistol aimed at Taylor.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

Your survival instincts suck, Taylor.

Taylor puts his hands up.

JESS TAYLOR

Look, I'm just tired of your shit.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

(pissed)

So you bust into my home? What you looking for?

Taylor attempts to get out of the chair but Pflugh aims the pistol at Taylor's head.

SERGEANT PFLUGH (CONT'D)

I don't think so.

Taylor sits down.

Pflugh picks up the phone on the desk and begins to dial. He still has Talyor covered with the 357.

SERGEANT PFLUGH (CONT'D)

Your done, ass hole. I'm sure you will find a nice butt buddy. There's plenty where your going.

Pflugh dials and inadvertently points the pistol away from Taylor. Taylor attacks and knocks the pistol out of Pflugh's hand. It lands under the desk. The fight is on. Taylor tries to flee but Pflugh POUNDS him. In desperation, Taylor grabs the 357 and points it at Pflugh.

Pflugh freezes.

SERGEANT PFLUGH (CONT'D)

(nervous laugh)

So you do have balls.

Breathing heavy, Taylor backs away from Pflugh.

JESS TAYLOR

(yelling)

Cocksucker, you caused this. I should WASTE you.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

(loudly)

What the fuck you mean? I caused this.

JESS TAYLOR

I've been fucked with for two years. You treat everybody like dirt and your just a hate filled piece of shit.

Pflugh ponders Taylors comments. He picks up an overturned chair and sits in it. Taylor keeps the gun pointed at Pflugh.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

(reserved)

I know.

JESS TAYLOR

You know? So what the fuck?

SERGEANT PFLUGH

Look, there's stuff about me that..

JESS TAYLOR

Thats why I'm here.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

Yea, I know why your here. I was in the locker room Remember?

Taylor glares at Pflugh. He unloads the pistol and lays it on the desk.

JESS TAYLOR

(concerned)

Look, what's up with you. You don't have to be this way.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

(smiles)

Taylor, your really not that great a cop.

Taylor remains standing but leans against the bookcase.

JESS TAYLOR

(laughing)

I know. I wanted to be a fireman. Dad was a cop, you figure it out.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

Looks like we both need work.

Pflugh walks over to the book shelf and removes a photo album and hands it to Taylor.

SERGEANT PFLUGH (CONT'D)

Give a look.

Taylor looks through the album. His cellphone rings.

JESS TAYLOR

Can I answer it.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

I'm sure Calvillo is pretty stressed by now.

Taylor answers the cell phone.

JESS TAYLOR

(into phone)

Hey,

(pause)

Everythings cool. I'll call you later.

Taylor hangs up, sits down and continues through the photo album. Pflugh walks around the room as he talks.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

You have a good childhood, Taylor?

JESS TAYLOR

I think so.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

Mine had complications.

JESS TAYLOR

Abusive parents?

SERGEANT PFLUGH

No, they were great. Just didn't know what to do.

Pflugh turns his back to Taylor and begins to shed tears.

SERGEANT PFLUGH (CONT'D)

Not that I could have done better.

Taylor walks over to Pflugh and starts to put his hand on Pflughs shoulder but thinks better of it.

JESS TAYLOR

So... This is a result of a bad childhood.

Pflugh spins around and begins to laugh wiping his eyes.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

Sit down Taylor and take a good look at those photos.

Taylor sits and opens the album. He stares at a photo.

JESS TAYLOR

(perplexed)

That's odd.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

Yea, no shit.

Taylor looks up at Pflugh.

JESS TAYLOR

This girl, how old?

SERGEANT PFLUGH

Fifteen

JESS TAYLOR

She your twin?

SERGEANT PFLUGH

Nope.

JESS TAYLOR

I don't get it.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

It's me.

JESS TAYLOR

(confused)

So your parents dressed you as a girl.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

(beat)

I was a girl.

Looking at Pflugh, Taylor cannot speak.

Pflugh grabs a chair and sits in front of Taylor.

SERGEANT PFLUGH (CONT'D)

I'm one of those rare individuals that mother nature didn't get right. Parts of a women, supposed to be a man.

Taylor leans back in his chair and puts his hands on his forehead.

JESS TAYLOR

Holy fucking shit. You mean...

SERGEANT PFLUGH

(Interrupting)

I received a large amount of money when my parents died. At twenty, I made things right.

Taylor drops his hands and looks at Pflugh.

JESS TAYLOR

How did you become...

SERGEANT PFLUGH

(interrupting)

A hate filled piece of shit.

Pflugh walks over to the book case.

SERGEANT PFLUGH (CONT'D)

I did personality studies and developed ways that would protect my past. I went to far. Now I'm doing research and counseling to fix it. That guy I was talking to at the book store is my doctor.

JESS TAYLOR

Jesus, this is not what I expected.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

Now you know.

Beat. Taylor stands and looks at Pflugh.

JESS TAYLOR

I didn't come here to destroy your life. Your past is nobody's business.

Taylor holds out his hand for Pflugh to shake.

JESS TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I would like to leave as your friend.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

Taylor, your a pretty good dude. But your still a lousy cop.

Both men laugh and shake hands.

CUT TO

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

Two police cars are parked side by side Taylor and Calvillo are on duty, talking.

NICK CALVILLO

So, your telling me you just talked.

JESS TAYLOR

He was pissed but we worked it out.

A black and white police car approaches, Pflugh is driving.

JESS TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Shit. He always finds us.

Pflugh parks behind their cars and walks up.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

Boys, what's up.

JESS TAYLOR

Not much Sarge.

Stunned, Calvillo doesn't speak.

SERGEANT PFLUGH

Jess, I talked to the folks at the fire department and they want you to drop by this afternoon.

JESS TAYLOR

(excited)

Cool, thanks Sarge. .

Pflugh returns to his car and drives away. Calvillo is stunned.

NICK CALVILLO

What just happen here?

Taylor starts his car begins to drives away.

JESS TAYLOR

(smiling)

Later Nick.

Taylor drives away, Calvillo is motionless.

FADE OUT: