

Just another day in NYC

by

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FADE IN:

INT./EXT POLICE CAR - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

OFFICER MALLEY, 40s, Old school, clean cut uniform, with a smile that never reaches his eyes, threads his way through the vehicles in front of him, so smooth and effortless it's hard to tell how fast he's going.

OFFICER WALKER, 50s, he might be older, but still strong as a bull. He has clear but sunken eyes, hair graying around the edges, sits next to him.

His cell phone vibrates, a text message comes through, it reads: Bring the handcuffs tonight, yours Che-che.

He shows it off to Malley.

OFFICER WALKER  
Isn't sex wonderful?

OFFICER MALLEY  
Well congratufuckinglations...  
Anyways, I don't understand that  
shit.

OFFICER WALKER  
What? Sex? It's not that complicated  
unless you're married.

OFFICER MALLEY  
Oh fuck you, alright... I mean text  
messaging. If you've got something  
to say just call. Not this bullshit  
social freaking networking crap.

A call comes in over dispatch.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
We have a 10-56A in progress on Lime  
Street. I repeat, a 10-56A in progress  
on Lime Street.

Walker picks up the radio.

OFFICER WALKER  
Dispatch, this is Officer Walker,  
car 924 of the 6th precinct... we're  
on our way.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
Copy that car 924

Malley turns down Lime street.

EXT. LIME STREET -- NIGHT

A crowd has gathered outside of a tall building, to watch what looks like a suicide attempt.

INT./EXT POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The cops carry on their conversation.

OFFICER MALLEY  
Computers I love, I could design  
software quicker than Mark Zukernut  
could shit... But I don't need to  
see someone's pot roast in merry old  
fucking England

The cop car pulls up with sirens blaring and lights flashing, the crowd separate like the red sea.

The cops glance up as they hear the dull rumble of a police chopper overhead. The helicopter is almost directly above them, swings its search-beam back and forth to get a lock on the suicide jumper.

OFFICER MALLEY (CONT'D)  
Well this has brightened up my night.  
Happy Halloween.

OFFICER WALKER  
I would say freaks everywhere, but  
this is New York.

The cops abandon their car in the middle of the crowd and make their way towards the building.

RENEE, 30s, Gorgeous, long legged, curvaceous brunette. Dressed in a seductive black velvet corset. She looks towards the top of the building.

She wears a cat mask to conceal her face. A black cat tattoo is visible on her lower right leg. Walker is transfixed.

RENEE  
Please come down so we can talk!

Walker, without hesitation puts his arms around her.

RENEE (CONT'D)  
(To Officer Walker)  
Get your fucking hands off me.

She pushes Walker away.

Malley looks up to the top off the building.

OFFICER MALLEY  
Is that Batman?

RENEE  
It's my husband... Clint Arnold. We  
were at a costume party.

Malley eyeballs Renee up and down... slowly.

OFFICER MALLEY  
You would be... A crack whore!

Renee slaps Malley in the face.

RENEE  
Fuck you!

OFFICER MALLEY  
Wow, staying in character too.

OFFICER WALKER  
Alright you kids calm down. You  
have to excuse my partner here. On  
the outside, he's all cold and  
detached. But underneath that, way  
down deep inside, he's all cold and  
detached.

OFFICER MALLEY  
You know me so well. So that's the  
Senator? Peodophile in a Batman  
suit... well, when you think you've  
seen it all.

Malley smiles a smile only a Mother could love and even that  
pushes it.

JESSIE  
He won't talk to me.

The cops look at each other, Walker holds Jessie a little  
tighter and gives Malley the nod of approval.

OFFICER MALLEY  
You get the hot chick, I get the  
douche. You owe me one.

JESSIE  
(To Officer Walker)  
I think you should talk to my husband.

OFFICER WALKER  
No. Officer Malley, will get your  
husband down, he's trained in that  
field.

JESSIE  
Probably watched a Youtube video.

Walker laughed.

OFFICER MALLEY  
I don't do social media!

Malley enters the building.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter gets a little too close, nearly blowing the Senator off the building.

Malley opens a door, he signals the chopper to move away.

BATMAN/CLINT MOORE, 60s, stands at the edge of the rooftop.  
More George Clooney version.

CLINT  
Stay back, officer I`m gonna jump.

Officer Malley saunters over to the edge, looks down at a sea of people watching cautiously.

OFFICER MALLEY  
Listen Clint, do you mind if I call you Clint and not Batman.

CLINT  
It's just a costume for a party tonight. I'm wearing nothing under it.

OFFICER MALLEY  
I see, you wouldn't want to jump naked... but as Batman, that's the way to go. Me, I'm more of an Aquaman. Maybe I'll drown myself.

Clint glances at Malley with a dumbfounded look.

CLINT  
Excuse me officer, are you here to help?

Officer Malley shrugs his shoulders.

OFFICER MALLEY  
Is that your smoking hot wife down there? She's in good hands right now by the way.

CLINT

Yes, she`s been fucking around behind my back. I found this on my nightstand.

He pulls out a gold plated Rolex out of his jacket pocket.

He holds it out at arms length.

OFFICER MALLEY

That`s a nice watch, but your wife cheating on you, not a good reason for suicide if you ask me. Sometimes it's a celebration. Besides if you go splat, she get's everything.

CLINT

I've lost everything anyway. I've been set up. I was a threat, so they defiled my records, destroyed my image. I am not a peodophile!

OFFICER MALLEY

Well if it's any consolation, I didn't vote for you. I voted for Sarah Carlson.

Malley smiled.

CLINT

That bitch doesn't care about the city only herself. I cleaned this place up... Got rid of the strip clubs, prostitution --

OFFICER MALLEY

-- Yes you did.

Malley looks over the edge again.

OFFICER MALLEY (CONT'D)

Do you see my partner down there? He would be a good False-Face.

CLINT

Who?

OFFICER MALLEY

C'mon Batman! He's your arch enemy. His crimes revolved around falsehoods and deceptions.

EXT. LIME STREET - NIGHT

Sounds of the fire brigade make their way down Lime street. The fire brigade are blocked by the police car, a FIRE OFFICER 50s, jumps out of the vehicle screaming.

FIRE OFFICER  
Someone move this fucking police car!

Walker holds his hands up.

OFFICER WALKER  
Guilty. Why don't you come with me Renee?

Walker glances up and notices Malley getting close to the Senator, he is practically in earshot.

He puts his arm around Renee, walks back to the police car.

FIRE OFFICER  
Come on... Move it.

As he opens the back door of the police car for Renee, he takes one last look at the top of the building, just as Malley is about to grab him, Clint jumps.

The crowd gasps and turns away in unison.

INT./EXT. POLICE CAR

Renee covers her face.

The Fire Officer approaches Walker.

FIRE OFFICER  
I'll have your badge for this.

OFFICER WALKER  
How is this my fault?

An older man approaches, POLICE CHIEF, 70s, his face haggard and drawn, his body broken down.

Malley makes his way to the car.

POLICE CHIEF  
Boys, take her out of here... I'll see you both back at the station... You have some explaining to do.

The cops drive off, with a screaming Renee in the back seat.

EXT./INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

They approach a quiet side street.

The two cops turn around, facing Renee. She looks back and forth between them as the tears have stopped right on cue.

RENEE

(to Malley)

What did you say to him?

OFFICER MALLEY

I just told him the truth.

Malley holds out the gold Rolex watch, Walker grabs it, puts it on his wrist.

OFFICER WALKER

A perfect fit. Glad I got it back.

OFFICER MALLEY

And now your sister is back in the running for Senate.

OFFICER WALKER (O.S.)

(To Malley)

Sure is. A Peodophile though. That's the best you can create.

OFFICER MALLEY

C'mon... Everyone hates kiddie fuckers.

Walker pulls out a set of handcuffs.

OFFICER MALLEY (CONT'D)

So where am I taken you lovebirds?

OFFICER WALKER

What ya think Che-che? How about my Batcave?

Renee smiles.

FADE OUT