

SNOOKER PATROL

written by

John Stone

FADE IN:

INT. SOHO POLICE STATION - LOCKER ROOM - LIT

Traffic response cops NATHAN (43) & TUDOR (45) change into uniform.

CU: A WHITEBOARD shows a list of colours and their worth in points. RED-1 YELLOW-2 GREEN-3 BROWN-4 BLUE-5 PINK-6 BLACK-7

Biracial Nathan turns to bearded Tudor as he ties his bootlaces.

NATHAN

So what was your score last night, then?

TUDOR

Two red Fords. A yellow Porsche and a black Peugeot. Finished up with a blue Toyota. That's sixteen in total.

NATHAN

It must have been a slow night, then.

TUDOR

Yeah, it was slow for a Wednesday.

(pauses)

Mind you, you would've enjoyed the blue Toyota stop. A couple of exhibitionist's doing it on the back seat. She claimed she was looking for her contact lense when I got her to open the door.

NATHAN

That old chestnut, was it?

TUDOR

Yeah. I booked 'em for lewd behaviour in a public place.

NATHAN

Hardly a public place though, is it? I mean, they were inside a car.

TUDOR

Are you kidding? They were doing it in full view of a queue standing outside a KFC. I'd call that a public place.

NATHAN

She must've had the munchies.

TUDOR

You can say that again.

NATHAN

She must've had the-

TUDOR

(chuckles)

-Yeah, alright, Jokerman.

NATHAN

You asked for that.

TUDOR

Anyway, the yellow Porsche came over the radio as a TDA. Turned out she was a he.

NATHAN

I bet that was a shock to the system when you found out?

TUDOR

It was. I discovered it when I searched her.

NATHAN

You should've got Kitty to do that.

TUDOR

She said she wasn't up to it.

(pauses)

Anyway, it turned out the vehicle belonged to his ex wife.

NATHAN

Are you sure it wasn't her husband's?

TUDOR

(Scratches head)

What?

NATHAN

Oh yeah, she was a he.

(pauses)

What about the black Peugeot?

TUDOR

It was illegally parked.

NATHAN

Seven points for an illegally parked vehicle. You got lucky there, I'd say.

TUDOR

They all count.

NATHAN

They certainly do. Traffic stops make points. That's my catchphrase and I'm sticking to it.

TUDOR

I like it.

NATHAN

Ten quid I beat your score tonight?

TUDOR

OK. You're on.

NATHAN

C'mon, let's get out there and see what I can russell up.

CUT TO:

INT. SNOOKER CLUB - NIGHT

Biracial CALLUM and Aryan JOSH are a couple of snooker loopy sixteen year olds. They stand at the GREEN BAIZE with their snooker cues in hand.

JOSH

Your break.

Callum bends over the table and breaks off.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKED RESPONSE UNIT - NIGHT

Nathan has the wheel. He chews on a sandwich.

Tudor occupies the passenger seat and sinks his teeth into an apple.

TUDOR

(pinches his nose)

What have you got in that sandwich for christ sake, a pair of old socks? It stinks.

NATHAN

It's cheese and onion, actually.

TUDOR

Open your window, for fuck sake. I can't breathe.

NATHAN

Christ! You're like a bloody old woman sometimes. It's only cheese and onion.

A protracted silence as they listen to the radio reports.

TUDOR

Where's your boy tonight?

NATHAN

With your Josh playing snooker. He's got the bug. He never leaves home without his cue these days.

TUDOR

Like his ol' man, then.

NATHAN

At least he's keeping out of trouble. All that stuff before when he was stealing cars and writing them off. I'm really proud of how he's changed the error of his ways since getting pally with your Josh.

TUDOR

He reckons when they join the force they're gonna carry this on.

NATHAN

He calls us the Snooker Patrol.

Tudor chuckles as a BLACK BMW flies past at speed.

TUDOR

Did you clock that?!

Nathan turns the ignition and pulls out.

NATHAN

Seven points for this one.

He hits the gas. Tudor hits the BLUE LIGHTS.

After a lengthy chase through the city, the BMW finally pulls over to the side of the road.

Nathan does the honours and climbs out of the vehicle.

TUDOR

Be lucky.

NATHAN

Right.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Nathan marches over to the offside of the BMW and taps his knuckles on the window.

A craggy looking DRIVER with short greying hair (50) lets his window down and grins at him.

NATHAN

D'you have any idea what speed  
you were travelling at back  
there?

DRIVER

I'm very sorry officer. I  
panicked when I saw you parked  
up. My foot suddenly hit the  
accelerator pedal.

NATHAN

Let me see your license.

Driver produces his license and hands it to him.

NATHAN /

Give me one good reason why I  
shouldn't write you a ticket?

DRIVER

(pitifully)

Well, my wife left me last year,  
for a traffic cop, officer.

NATHAN

That's no excuse, is it?

DRIVER

Well, I thought you were bringing  
her back.

A short silence as Nathan writes him a ticket.

NATHAN

It's understandable.

He walks back to his vehicle and climbs in and watches as the  
BMW drives off.

INT. RESPONSE UNIT

TUDOR

What did he have to say for  
himself?

NATHAN

His wife ran off with a traffic  
cop. He thought we were bringing  
her back to him.

They look at one another and burst into laughter.

TUDOR

That's gotta be the best excuse  
I've heard in ages. I would have  
been tempted to let him off.

NATHAN

My thoughts exactly.

Their laughter is interrupted by a RADIO MESSAGE.

FEMALE V.O

Calling all units. We have a ten-  
sixty-four in progress in Dasham  
High Road. A black Porsche  
Carrera - registration, Whiskey,  
Oscar, Charlie, two-nine-seven  
Delta heading south towards  
Larkshall Rise.

TUDOR

That's us.

(On radio)

Ten-four. We're onto it.

Nathan hits the gas. Tudor hits the sirens.

Beat.

Nathan parks the vehicle in a lay-by, before they climb out.

Tudor opens the boot and takes out a SPIKE STRIP.

NATHAN

I'm taking all seven points for  
this one whatever happens.

TUDOR

It's all yours.

NATHAN

That'll put me on fourteen, and  
we're not even half way through  
the shift.

TUDOR

I'll pray for divine intervention  
then.

NATHAN

It looks like you're gonna be  
owing me a tenner by the end of  
the night.

CU: The Porsche tears down the road as it approaches.

TUDOR -

Get ready baby.

Tudor rolls out the spike strip.

SLOW MO: The Porsche hits the spike strip and spins out of  
control, before it crashes head-on into a nearby TREE.



BACK TO SCENE

Short silence before it bursts into flames.

NATHAN

Oh shit!

They rush towards the crash site, and the Porsche wedged up against the stump of the tree.

Tudor quickly rips open the offside door with ll his strength.

His POV: Callum and Josh slumped over each other, their faces covered in blood and shattered glass.

TUDOR

(apoplectic)

OH NO! JOSH! OH GOD!

He drags his son out, then attempts to resuscitate him.

Nathan yells as he attends to his son Callum by the side of the road.

NATHAN

Wake up, son! Please wake up,  
Callum! Oh my God. NO!!!

CU: Tudor leans over his boy in helplessness as the tears stream down his face like a fountain.

CU: Nathan holds his son in his arms as he looks up at the full moon and laments as the sound of SIRENS and the flash of BLUE LIGHTS appear before them.

FADE OUT.

THE END