

SMALL-TOWN COPS

Written by

Fyve Owe

OVER BLACK

SUPERS: "For a week in 2018 we were granted exclusive access to the small-town police of Bunatoowok County."

"This is their story."

FADE IN:

INT. BUNATOOWOK COUNTY POLICE STATION - DAY

An open bullpen-style office with six cluttered desks, each housing a computer that looks like it came from the turn of the century.

SUPER: "7:45 AM - Monday"

OFFICER LACEY (V.O.)  
So here in Bunatoowak we're dealing  
with the worst of the worst the  
County has to offer.

A half-finished box of donuts lies sprawled out on one of the desks. At the same desk, OFFICER COLE "HERB", 40, overweight, he's not outrunning any bad guys any time soon, nods off, covered in donut crumbs.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)  
(female voice)  
What kind of things would you see  
from day to day?

A cork notice board displays photos of the FBI's most-wanted mugshots, and a local baby-sitter wanted advert.

OFFICER LACEY (V.O.)  
Gee, where do I begin...?  
Littering, public urination,  
illegal parking, drunk and  
disorderly. Let me think... did I  
say littering?

Three holding cells are in sight of the bullpen. Only one of which is occupied. NORM, 55, with matted hair and tattered clothes sleeps on a bench.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)  
Yes you did.

INT. BUNATOOWOK COUNTY POLICE STATION - LACEY'S DESK - DAY

OFFICER LACEY, 28, sits at her desk in front of a computer and one-finger types on the keyboard. She's looking smart in a freshly pressed and starched uniform, clearly it's not seen any hard-core crime fighting. Her appearance seems better suited to a catwalk than chasing down cat burglars.

OFFICER LACEY (V.O.)  
People think this job is all about  
gun fights and catching bad guys.  
They don't show you all the  
paperwork in that show "Cops". But  
that's mainly what we do.

Officer Lacey proudly hits the print button on the keyboard.

OFFICER LACEY  
And I'm done with Norm's release  
form. Let's go let him out.

She hops up.

OFFICER LACEY  
Follow me.

The camera follows her to the --

HOLDING CELLS

-- where Norm sleeps.

OFFICER LACEY  
Time to go, Norm.

Officer Lacey raps her knuckles on one of the bars.

Norm doesn't move.

She looks back at the camera.

OFFICER LACEY  
Norm's one of our regulars, bit of  
a heavy sleeper.

Officer Lacey slides the key into the lock, clicks it open.

She walks into the cell and squats down next to Norm, gently shakes him awake.

OFFICER LACEY  
Come on, buddy, time to go.

Norm grunts then sits up. He gets to his feet and slowly shuffles out of the cell towards the exit sign.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
What was he in for?

OFFICER LACEY  
Oh Norm, nothing. Bank took his house a few months back. We let him use our accommodations when they're empty.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
But you locked him in.

Officer Lacey laughs.

OFFICER LACEY  
He can be a bit of a sleepwalker.

QUICK FLASH

Asleep, Norm wanders around the bullpen bumping into desks and knocking items over.

BACK TO SCENE

OFFICER LACEY  
It's just easier this way.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
What about the paperwork?

OFFICER LACEY  
(deadpan into the camera)  
I just like the practice.

INT. BUNATOOWOK COUNTY POLICE STATION - LACEY'S DESK - NIGHT

Officer Lacey plays Solitaire on her computer. She quickly minimizes the screen when she notices the camera is on her.

SUPER: "6:37 PM - Monday"

OFFICER LACEY  
Quiet night tonight.

Just to prove her wrong, the radio crackles to life.

HERB (V.O.)  
Base this is Bravo car, we have a 10-71, over.

Lacey races to the radio, grabs the handset.

OFFICER LACEY  
 (to the Interviewer)  
 Oh my god, this is it. Shooting in progress.  
 (to Herb)  
 Does the assailant still have the weapon?

A long awkward silence.

HERB (V.O.)  
 Sorry, my bad. What's the code, ah... the code for a traffic violation?

OFFICER LACEY  
 Dammit, Herb!  
 (to the Interviewer)  
 He gets them confused sometimes, it's a lot to remember.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
 How long's he been on the force.

OFFICER LACEY  
 Twenty years.

LATER THAT NIGHT

The doors to the station fling open as Herb marches in with ANDY, 30, way too suave to be a small town boy, with his hands cuffed.

Herb takes him to one of the cells, unlocks it, and walks Andy inside before locking the door.

Officer Lacey joins Herb. She noticeably double takes Andy, he's a good-looking guy, he catches her and smiles.

OFFICER LACEY  
 What we got, Herb?

HERB  
 This is the perp from earlier, caught him driving without a licence.

OFFICER LACEY  
 So what's he doing in there?

ANDY  
This is all just a  
misunderstanding.

HERB  
Quiet you.  
(to Lacey)  
I ain't seen him in town before.  
And besides, I thought he was a  
dead ringer for one of them most  
wanted.

INSERT - THE NOTICE BOARD

The mugshots of hardened-looking criminals, not one even  
close to Andy's appearance.

BACK TO SCENE

OFFICER LACEY  
Dammit, Herb, we're letting him go.

Herb reluctantly hands the key to Officer Lacey.

She grabs it and opens the lock.

MOMENTS LATER

Officer Lacey removes the handcuffs from Andy's wrists.

OFFICER LACEY  
I'm really sorry about that, sir.

ANDY  
It's Andy, you can call me Andy.  
What's your name?

OFFICER LACEY  
Officer Lacey will do. Well I'm  
sorry, Andy. You're free to go.

ANDY  
You can make it up to me if you  
like. Let me buy you a drink  
sometime.

She briefly glances back at the camera.

OFFICER LACEY  
(flustered)  
I'm sorry, sir -- ah -- Andy, but  
it's best if you be on your way.

ANDY

Okay, I get it... You apologize a lot you know, it's cute.

He walks towards the exit.

ANDY

Maybe I'll see you around sometime.

After a moment --

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

He was hot.

OFFICER LACEY

(blushing)

What...? No -- I mean, yeah I guess so. I didn't notice.

INT. BUNATOOWOK COUNTY POLICE STATION - DAY

Officer Lacey mops the floor of one of the cells.

SUPER: "10:00 AM - Tuesday"

OFFICER LACEY

Another perk of the job.

An opening door causes the camera to swing around to see --

Herb marching a handcuffed Andy back into the station. Herb carries a backpack in one of his hands.

Officer Lacey peeks her head out of the cell as Herb and Andy come closer.

OFFICER LACEY

What's happened now?

HERB

He ran a stop sign, right in front of me, like he didn't even see me.

OFFICER LACEY

But why is he cuffed? Write him up and let him go!

HERB

But --

OFFICER LACEY

Now, Herb!

LATER

Lacey sits at her desk. Andy rubs his wrist as he approaches. The backpack Herb was carrying slung over his shoulder.

ANDY

So how about that drink now?

Officer Lacey grins, he sure is persistent.

OFFICER LACEY

Not gonna to happen.

Andy slips the backpack off his shoulder, unzips it.

ANDY

I thought you might say that, so I got you these...

He pulls out a semi-crumpled bunch of roses and a box of assorted chocolates.

ANDY

What girl doesn't like flowers and chocolate?

A smile crosses her face, she hides it as quick as it came.

OFFICER LACEY

I'm not going out with you, but you can leave them on the desk. Those flowers are just going to get crushed if they spend any more time in that bag.

Andy places the gifts on the desk.

ANDY

We wouldn't want that now, Officer Lace --

OFFICER LACEY

It's Piper.

With a smile, Andy turns and walks off.

Officer Lacey glances at the flowers out of the corner of her eye, her smile returns.

INT./EXT. POLICE CRUISER (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT

The vehicle moves at speed down an empty street. The siren wails loudly.



SUPER: "9:02 PM - Wednesday"

Herb's in the driver's seat with Officer Lacey riding shotgun. She turns to look at the camera.

OFFICER LACEY

We've been called out to a vandalism in progress, hopefully we can catch them in the act.

The car screams around a corner then skids to a halt. The car's headlights illuminate the side of the building that's been vandalized.

Officer Lacey jumps out of the car. Herb rocks in place a few times, tries to shift his weight enough to do the same.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Officer Lacey steps closer to the crime scene.

INSERT - A MESSAGE SPRAY-PAINTED IN BRIGHT RED

Have a drink with me already! Andy 555-754-3010

BACK TO SCENE

Officer Lacey removes a small notepad and pen from one of her pockets. She flips it open and writes.

The camera leans in over her shoulder, she's writing down the number, a beaming smile on her face.

As she notices the camera behind her she very quickly flips the notebook closed.

OFFICER LACEY

Police 101, document everything.

Herb finally arrives, he inspects the sign.

HERB

Not this guy again.

OFFICER LACEY

Get in the car, Herb. Lets go pick him up.

The camera follows Officer Lacey and Herb back to the car then focuses on the sign again.

FADE OUT.