

UNLAWFUL DUTIES

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN NEW YORK - NIGHT

A HOBBO, unknown age, ragged clothes with dark greasy hair and beard, deals out cards on an old wooden box to a small crowd of BUMS.

HEADLIGHTS appear on the crowd, they disperse quickly, leaving only the terrified hobo.

Two officers, emerge from behind the lights, HORTON and BEYER, 40s, both old school, clean cut uniforms but they're as dirty as sewage.

The hobo darts down the alley, it's narrow, dark, lined with trash bins, he stumbles, falls hard.

Horton approaches him with a flashlight in hand. Crouching down, he directs the light at the hobo's face who tries to shield the light with his arm.

OFFICER HORTON

Why you running?... Did you do something wrong?

The hobo shakes his head vigorously.

OFFICER BEYER

Looks like some illegal gambling going on here.

OFFICER HORTON

We like gambling, don't we Officer Beyer?

OFFICER BEYER

Sure do.

OFFICER HORTON

Here. Let me help you up.

Horton reaches out his hand to the visibly shaken hobo who hesitates, then offers his hand.

Horton lifts him up.

OFFICER HORTON (CONT'D)

See... That wasn't so bad... Now show me your card trick... I have some money.

Horton pulls out a wad of cash, he places it next to the hobo.

Beyer grabs the old wooden box and slams it down. The hobo takes a step back.

OFFICER HORTON (CONT'D)
Now, now...Don't you worry about
Officer Beyer here, he has some anger
issues... What's your name hobo?

HOBO
People call me Bobo.

OFFICER HORTON
Bobo... Hmm, Bobo the hobo... I like
that, it's got a nice ring to it...
(To Officer Beyer)
What do you think?

OFFICER BEYER
Yeah... Delightful.

OFFICER HORTON
Ok. Deal them up, Bobo.

Bobo deals three cards face up.

BOBO
Pick one.

OFFICER HORTON
Ok... I'll choose the queen of hearts.

Bobo flips the cards over, licks his lips and cracks his
fingers.

BOBO
Follow the bitch.

Horton laughs.

OFFICER HORTON
I like him... Don't you like him?

OFFICER BEYER
Yeah, I like him too.

Bobo slowly moves the cards around in a figure eight, then
speeds up, then stops.

BOBO
Where is she?

Officer Horton scratches his chin, looks confused, then points
to the middle.

Bobo turns the card slowly, then fashions a wry smile.

BOBO (CONT'D)
King of clubs.

OFFICER HORTON
Ohhh man. I thought I had it...
(MORE)

OFFICER HORTON (CONT'D)
(TO OFFICER BEYER)
Did you think I had it?

He hands Bobo some money.

OFFICER BEYER
Oh yeah... I was sure that was the
one.

OFFICER HORTON
Give me one more go... I'll find
that bitch this time.

The hobo moves the cards around and around until he stops.

OFFICER HORTON (CONT'D)
Ok... The first one.

Bobo places his hand on the first card.

OFFICER HORTON (CONT'D)
No no. Wait the last one.

Bobo then shifts his hand to cover the last card.

In one sudden move, Horton pulls out a knife, rams it through
the hobo's hand and the card.

Bobo struggles to scream, as Horton holds the card up for
officer Beyer to see.

Blood is streaming down the queen of hearts, as neither cop
show any signs of remorse.

OFFICER BEYER
You were right.

OFFICER HORTON
I knew it.

He grabs money from the hobo's pocket, then grabs the hobo
by the scruff of his neck.

OFFICER HORTON (CONT'D)
Keep New York city tidy, get the
fuck outta town!

The officers get back into their car, as Bobo lays in a heap
next to the trash cans clutching his wounded hand.

INT./EXT POLICE CAR -- NIGHT

Beyer threads his way through the vehicles in front of him,
so smooth and effortless it's hard to tell how fast he's
going.

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

He shows it off to Beyer.

OFFICER HORTON
Isn't sex wonderful?

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

OFFICER HORTON
What? Sex?... It's not that
complicated, you see you just ---

OFFICER BEYER
--- Oh fuck you, alright... I mean
text messaging, if you've got
something to say... just call...
This bullshit social freaking
networking crap.

OFFICER HORTON
I hope you're not referring to
facebook.

A call comes in over dispatch.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Attention all units in the downtown
area... We have a 10-56A in progress
on Baker Street... I repeat, a 10-
56A in progress on Baker Street.

Horton picks up the radio.

OFFICER HORTON
Dispatch, this is Officer Horton,
car 924 of the 6th precinct... We're
on our way.

DISPATCH
Copy that car 924.

Beyer turns down Baker street.

EXT. BAKER 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 BEYER
Computers I love, I could design
software quicker than Bill Gates
could shit... But I don't need to
(MORE)

OFFICER BEYER (CONT'D)

know that someone is making a fucking
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, swinging its search-beam back and forth to get a lock
on the suicide jumper.

OFFICER HORTON

Well this has brightened up my night.

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

A beautiful blond woman, JESSIE, 30s, is standing at the
foot of the building, wearing a low cut top. She has legs
that seemingly never end. Tears flowing like a waterfall as
she screams at the jumper.

JESSIE

Please, I beg of you.... Come down
so we can talk.

Approaching Jessie, Officer Horton without hesitation puts
his arms around her.

OFFICER BEYER

(To Officer Horton)

Say you were peeping at this girl
over the garden wall while she was
sunbathing... You would be a
pervert... Right?

JESSIE

(To Officer Horton)

Get your fucking hands off me...

(To officer Beyer)

My husband is about to kill himself
and you're talking about spying on
me.

Officer Horton keeps Jessie in his unwelcomed embrace.

OFFICER HORTON

Ma'am I can assure you, we are here
to help... My partner here, just has
a problem with facebook... A big
problem.

OFFICER BEYER

And so before I was rudely
interrupted... If she was one your
friends, you would go straight into

(MORE)

OFFICER BEYER (CONT'D)
 her beach photos and that makes it
 ok... Because it`s on fucking
 facebook!

Officer Beyer catches his breath.

OFFICER BEYER (CONT'D)
 Ok ma`am. Who do we have up there?

JESSIE
 It`s my husband... Clint Moore.

OFFICER HORTON
 Clint Moore the congressman,
 paedophile?

JESSIE
 He won`t talk to me, maybe...

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

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

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

OFFICER HORTON
 No. Officer Beyer, will get your
 husband down, he`s good at that.

Beyer enters the building.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

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

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

An older frail man, CLINT MOORE, 60s, stands at the edge of
 the rooftop.

CLINT
 Stay back, officer I`m gonna jump.

Officer Beyer walks over to the edge and looks down at a sea
 of people watching cautiously.

OFFICER BEYER
 It`s a long way down... If you wanted
 to jump, you would have done it by
 now.

Clint glances at Beyer with a dumbfounded look.

OFFICER BEYER (CONT'D)

And this is the part where you tell me why... Is it your younger smoking hot wife?

CLINT

Excuse me officer, are you here to help?

Officer Beyer shrugs his shoulders.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Yes, she's been fucking around behind my back.

OFFICER BEYER

I'm sorry to hear that...

(To himself)

Not surprised.

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

CLINT

I found this on my nightstand.

He holds it out at arms length.

OFFICER BEYER

That's a nice watch... But I don't think it's enough to kill yourself over there congressman.

CLINT

Congressman huh... I've lost everything... The government wanted me out... I was a threat, so they defiled my records, destroyed my image.

OFFICER BEYER

Are you saying, you're not a paedophile?

Clint explodes with anger.

CLINT

I was framed!

OFFICER BEYER

Wow... That's rough, the nerve of some people.

EXT. BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Sounds of the fire brigade make their way down Baker street.

The fire brigade are blocked by the police car, a FIRE OFFICER jumps out of the vehicle screaming.

FIRE OFFICER
 Someone move this fucking police
 car!

Horton holds his hands up.

OFFICER HORTON
 That would be me... Sorry... Why
 don't you come with me Jessie?

Horton glances up and notices Beyer getting close to the
 congressman, he is practically in earshot.

He puts his arm around Jessie and walks back to the police
 car.

FIRE OFFICER
 Come on... Move it.

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

The crowd gasps and turns away in unison.

INT./EXT. POLICE CAR

Jessie screams.

The ambulance corp arrive. The fire officer approaches officer
 Horton.

FIRE OFFICER
 I'll have your badge for this.

OFFICER HORTON
 How is this my fault?

The chief of police shows up, just as Officer Beyer is making
 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 Jessie in the back seat.

EXT./INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Approaching a quiet side street, they pull over.

The two cops turn around, facing Jessie. She looks back and
 forth at them, as the tears have seized.

JESSIE
 (To Officer Beyer)
 What did you say to my husband?

Officer Beyer holds the rolex watch in his hand.

OFFICER BEYER
I just told him the truth.

Officer Horton grabs the watch and puts it on his wrist.

OFFICER HORTON
(To Officer Beyer)
Paedophile... That`s the best you
could do?

OFFICER BEYER
C`mon... Everyone hates kiddie
fuckers.

Horton pulls out a set of handcuffs.

OFFICER HORTON
(To Jessie)
So where are we off to Che-che?

Jesse smiles.

FADE OUT.