

UNLAWFUL DUTIES

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEY DOWNTOWN NEW YORK - NIGHT

A HOBO, unknown age, ragged clothes with dark greasy hair and beard, deals out cards on an old wooden box to himself.

The alley is illuminated by a dimly lit streetlight which flickers on and off.

HEADLIGHTS appear they shine directly on the 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 hits a dead end nowhere to go, 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. A little stack of money sits next to the cards.

OFFICER BEYER

Looks like we gotta gambler 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, then pats him down.

OFFICER HORTON (CONT'D)

Probably should be wearing gloves for that.

Officer Beyer smirks.

OFFICER HORTON (CONT'D)

So... Show me a card trick... I have some money.

Horton pulls out a wad of cash, he places it next to the Hobo. He checks back with a deer in headlights look.

OFFICER HORTON (CONT'D)

Do you think my money isn't clean?
I'm a cop, an officer of the law.
Of course it ain't fucking clean,
but neither are you.

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

OFFICER HORTON (CONT'D)

Hey don't worry we're the good guys.
You gotta name?

The Hobo shakes his head.

OFFICER HORTON (CONT'D)

No... hmmm. How about we call you
'Shit for Brains'? Do you like that
Officer Beyer?

OFFICER BEYER

Yeah. Delightful.

OFFICER HORTON

Deal them up shit for brains.

Officer Beyer scours the area. Notices an old shopping kart with a torn rag doll hanging off the end.

He picks it up, tosses it up in the air. Draws his gun, fakes shoots it. The Hobo panics catches the doll. Scours at Beyer.

Beyers smirks.

OFFICER HORTON (CONT'D)

Now now nobody is gonna touch your
doll. That's a pretty doll for a
Hobo.

The Hobo lays the doll down to next to him. He deals three cards face up, glances at Horton.

OFFICER HORTON (CONT'D)

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

Hobo flips the cards over, licks his lips and cracks his fingers. He smiles a toothless grin.

HOBO
Follow the Bitch!

Horton laughs.

OFFICER HORTON
Well what do ya know? He does speak!
I like him... Don't you like him?

OFFICER BEYER
Sure, like a needle in my eye.

Horton moves in on the Hobo, whispers.

OFFICER HORTON
Between you and me, I don't think he
likes you.

The Hobo looks up at Beyer. Then slowly moves the cards around
in a figure eight, speeds up, then stops.

Officer Horton points to the middle.

OFFICER HORTON (CONT'D)
I believe she's right there. What
do you think Beyer?

OFFICER BEYER
I think you could be right.

The Hobo scratches his chin, turns the card slowly, then
fashions a wry smile.

HOBO
King of clubs.

Officer throws his hands in the air in dramatic fashion.

OFFICER HORTON
Man, I thought I had it... Did you
think I had it Beyer?

OFFICER BEYER
I thought you had it.

Beyer leans down and grabs the doll again. He turns it over,
upside down and every which way for inspection.

OFFICER BEYER (CONT'D)
It's got a nasty tear on her arm.
You better get that fixed.

The Hobo keeps his head down.

OFFICER HORTON
Give me one more go... I'll find
that bitch this time. Double or
nothing. I'm feeling good about
this one. What ya say Shit for
Brains?

The Hobo begins to shuffle the cards around and around.

OFFICER BEYER
Where did you get this doll?

The Hobo keeps his head down, continues the shuffle as Horton
watches on.

OFFICER HORTON
Don't distract him Officer, he's
working his magic.

The Hobo picks up the pace on the cards.

OFFICER BEYER
Where the fuck did you get this doll
Shit for Brains?

The Hobo grunts, the movement of the cards are timeless. He
comes to a stop. Places the three cards across.

OFFICER HORTON
I think I got it. The first one.

The Hobo places his hand over the first card.

OFFICER HORTON (CONT'D)
No wait. I think it might be the
last card. What do you think Beyer?

OFFICER BEYER
What do I think? I think Shit for
Brains has a story to tell but won't
speak. We've been following the
bitch and it turns out the bitch is
you.

He begins to circle the Hobo.

OFFICER BEYER (CONT'D)
See we have a report of a missing
girl, last seen in this area.

The Hobo keeps his head down. Officer Beyer produces a photo
from his jacket pocket. He places it down on the wooden
box. The Hobo starts to rock back and forth.

OFFICER BEYER (CONT'D)
That's Amy Cassidy and see what's
she's holding... the same doll right
down to the tear on the arm.

The Hobo shifts around uncomfortably.

OFFICER HORTON
Do you mind Officer? We're still
playing our game? Right Shit for
Brains.

He nods frantically.

OFFICER BEYER
I'm sorry please go on.

He moves his hand slowly across the three cards, stops at
the end. Places his hand on top of the card.

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

He 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 (CONT'D)
You were right.

OFFICER HORTON
I knew it. Where the fuck is she?

Beyer takes his other hand, places it on the box. Horton
rams the knife through the other hand and into the box. Now
the Queen of Hearts is sandwiched between the hands.

Horton begins to twist the knife. The Hobo can't move.

OFFICER HORTON (CONT'D)
It would be in your best interests
to tell us.

He looks to the side at knocked over trash can. Beyer follows
his eyes. He begins to see a hand amongst the garbage.

A lonely tear trickles down the Hobo's face. Both cops pull
out their guns.

OFFICER HORTON (CONT'D)
Did you do this?

He refused to answer.

OFFICER HORTON (CONT'D)

Did you fucking kill her?

The Hobo falls to his knees. A small pair of girl's underwear falls out from his pocket.

The Cops took one look at the underwear. Both open fire on him repeatedly as his head slams forth into the box. There's blood everywhere.

Officer Beyer picked up the lifeless body of the girl as we

FADE OUT: