

Untitled Cops Project

“Pilot”

Written by

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CHARACTER LIST

Detective team in Robbery and Homicide:

Detective DAN LITTLE – full of macho bravado, he is a self appointed hero who enjoys behaving as part of an elite. Beneath his smooth exterior, however, he conceals plenty – however ineptly – of envy for the guys in SWAT, a love of small furry animals, and undisclosed feelings for Maria. Has an ongoing battle with Stanley Banks.

Detective MARIA FANTOZZI – the lovely one. Very pretty and in demand, but smart and sassy with it. She is currently preoccupied by her forthcoming wedding to Tom, a member of SWAT.

Detective GRACE DILLON – small, wiry and driven. She is in competition with everybody, and everything. Hungry for respect and status, she'd happily arrest someone for spilling coffee.

Detective MARCUS GREEN – the new boy assigned to the team. Young, acutely intelligent and bookish, he is charming and somewhat naïve in his genial and trusting personality. He is almost too clean for this unit – believing that reason trumps fists and guns. Being the 'nice' guy, he doesn't have a great track record in love, but he has a potential soul mate in the mildly eccentric Departmental shrink, Zoe.

ZOE SHERMAN - Department Psychologist. Charmingly chaotic and quirky, she doesn't consider herself up to this job. Hugely compassionate, but not very organized, she usually has too much on her plate, from dealing with the daily influx of stressed out cops, to call-outs by the mediation team. She is very popular, in spite of being not that effective.

MERCEDES, BEYONCE, LENA, MARGARITA - SECRETARIAL POOL

The civilian support staff, affiliated to the HRD. These girls are the frontline between any members of the public or visitors to the division detectives. Their nails and hair extensions are somewhat longer than their résumés.

Lieutenant STANLEY BANKS – Internal Affairs Superintendent, responsible for tracking down the bad apples within the force. A job he relishes. Petty and pedantic, Stanley is a figure of derision in the building. He is out to pin all he can on Dan, who relishes this as a bit of a game.

TOM DELANEY (SWAT) - Kicks ass, saves lives and looks good doing it. Fiancée of MARIA.

CHIEF SANDRA BINKS-YOUNG - a woman in her mid-late forties who is definitely feeling the pressure of aging.

LOCATION

The main action takes place in the Central Station of an urban Police Force. A building that houses many different departments, including a small-localized Homicide team of 4 detectives. The station is sited on one side of a large lot, with various other police buildings ringed about it. Opposite is the gymnasium (used by Academy and other staff, including every morning members of the SWAT team.) The car lot/central yard has an underground parking garage where officers collect and park their vehicles, and the K-9 unit kennels. It also provides a meeting place for many.

Inside the Central Station a series of open plan duty offices open upon each other, with partitioned areas and interview rooms around the edge. This creates a sense of space and business, but with areas of privacy. A lobby around the elevator area has some seating, a coffee machine, and a TV.

INT. GARAGE. DAY.

MARCUS GREEN (new detective) is standing in a moody, noirish underground garage. He studies a bit of paper on which is a crudely-drawn map, and looks around.

GREEN
Hellooooo?

A dark figure emerges from the shadows. GREEN steps forward, holding out the map.

GREEN (cont'd)
I'm looking for -

SHADOW
That's close enough.

GREEN stops, confused.

SHADOW (cont'd)
We can't be seen together.

GREEN
Okay.

SHADOW
My identity must remain, for now,
a secret. I work in the shadows,
cloaked in darkness, wreathed in
darkness, my-

A car passes, its headlights illuminating the figure of STANLEY BANKS (Internal Affairs Supervisor) very clearly as it passes. Now back in darkness again.

BANKS
Hmm.

Beat.

BANKS (cont'd)
I-

Another car drives past with high beam on, lighting him up even more clearly.

BANKS (cont'd)
(dropping pretense)
Let's just go to my office.

GREEN
(deadpan)
Should I get a blindfold?

BANKS thinks about this for a bit. Finally he regains composure:

BANKS

No. Go separately. Meet later.

GREEN cautiously moves off, trying not to go the same way.

CUT TO:

EXT. YARD. DAY.

DAN is standing around the yard watching as the SWAT guys jog out of the gymnasium. They gather around the cars for a briefing, flexing, and limbering up. DAN stares longingly at them, and fondles a wing mirror.

GRACE strides up on her way in to work. She's wearing a gun in a shoulder-holster, has a police ID around her neck, but she's in a peach-colored silk gown over normal clothes.

GRACE

You're drooling.

He quickly pretends to be checking something else.

DAN

Er, no - who'd wanna be SWAT?
They're just a bunch of bullet
proof hairdressers.

GRACE

I'm still going to put in for the
tests, shit, I'm half guy anyway.

DAN

You probably won't get in dressed
like THAT.

GRACE

Yeah, well you know what fittings
are like. I make a comment to the
designer, he trashes my clothes,
I put him in the ER...

They head for the entrance of the police dept.

DAN

I turned it down.

GRACE

Maid of honor?

DAN

SWAT.

GRACE

Yeah right.

DAN

It's true. That whole 'special weapons' thing? Turns out they don't have light sabers at all.

The SWAT guys form a pack and jog across the yard.

DAN (cont'd)

Look at them go. They run like girls. (shouts) YOU RUN LIKE GIRLS!

The SWAT guys instantly change direction and head straight towards him. DAN looks worried and dives into the building.

CONT INTO

EXT. YARD/INT. LOBBY. DAY.

MARIA, carrying clothes, rushes up just as GRACE gets inside.

MARIA

I got you some clothes. What got into you back there? I had to stop him from pressing charges.

GRACE grabs her and pushes her up against the lobby wall.

GRACE

I agreed to be your maid of honor -*under duress* - but I will not wear eighties puff ball peach!

MARIA

Once again. It's mango.

GRACE

It's peach.

MARIA

Peach-y...

GRACE

No, it's not peachy. I look like a Sara Lee dessert.

GRACE (cont'd)

It's all right for you, you'll be dressed in virginal white. All you have to worry about is God striking you dead.

She bumps straight into new arrival GREEN who is looking for the right entrance, papers in hand.

GREEN
(diffident and polite)
SO sorry. Excuse me -

GRACE
(re: the dress)
Would you call this eighties?

GREEN
Yes, but in a knowing way.

MARIA
Thank you.
(To GRACE)
See?

GREEN
Nice color. I'm a big fan of
peach.

GRACE
Thank you.
(To Maria)
See?

MARIA
You're warming up. Take it off
now. I don't want it to stink of
cop.

MARIA dumps the new clothes on GRACE, who storms off. MARIA
turns to GREEN.

MARIA (cont'd)
(as if she knows him well)
Here. Put this on. I apologize,
but I have one day to finalize a
million details.

She puts a wedding head dress and veil on his head, and
throws handfuls of confetti over him. She looks at a glossy
brochure.

MARIA (cont'd)
Hopeless! That confetti is not
"catching enticingly in the folds
of the tulle," it's *falling off*.

She rushes off, leaving GREEN looking apologetic. We stay
on GREEN as he lifts the veil and wonders where to go.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR/ADMIN. DAY.

DAN is walking through the building. GRACE comes out of the
Women's Rest Room and falls in beside him.

She is removing the dress as she walks, revealing a T-shirt - "Cocked, Locked, Ready to Rock". They continue up the stairs.

GRACE

Wonder what the new guy's like.

DAN

It's too soon.

GRACE

After what happened to Roger?

DAN looks upset. They push through swing doors into the duty office reception area.

DAN

I can't talk about it.

GRACE

You gotta put it behind you.

DAN

He was so young, you know? You're getting to know a guy and then BAM!

GRACE

Ooh look, there he is!

She points to a TV in the office, where a daytime soap is playing. ROGER, now an actor, is doing a big scene.

ROGER ON TV

I never knew my mother, Chrissie, she died before I could talk...

DAN

(roars)

Damn you Roger!

GRACE

What a waste - with his looks he could easily have been a firefighter.

They push through swing doors into the Homicide office.

A group of secretarial desks form an informal reception area near the lift. They mainly ignore the ringing phones. MARGARITA is doing some tailoring work, which she hides. As soon as the detectives walk past they jump to it. Answering phones, moving files.

MERCEDES

(calls after them)
Detective Little, Detective
Dillon - you gonna sign our
petition to get the desks moved
back? - We're nose to nose with
the sleaze balls here.

DAN

You'll feel right at home then.

GRACE

Maybe later Mercedes...

DAN

Like in fifty years.

They go through - MARGARITA starts sewing again.

BEYONCE

(to MARGARITA)

You work too hard, girl.

MERCEDES

What about me? Today I've got the
Lipowic's deli accounts, three
bikini waxes, and I'm writing a
movie.

BEYONCE

Is it porn?

MERCEDES

Yeah...

BEYONCE

Me personally - I prefer just to
stare into space.

MERCEDES

God damn! I've just shredded a
big check for Lipowic! Going to
have to get it reissued.

LENA

(as she passes)

That's nothing. I once accidently
put a photo of a missing person
on the web "Most Wanted" page.

MERCEDES

Still, I expect they found him
quicker.

LENA

Yeah. They did. But they did also
shoot him.

BEYONCE shrieks suddenly - she's picked up a call.

BEYONCE
(into phone)
Thanks, honey. We owe ya. (hangs
up and announces) Black and White
on fire - Bay 39!

As one, the girls all dash to the window and gawp. Down below a Black and White police car is in flames; a fire truck pulls up. As a swell of heroic/romantic music kicks in, a line of firefighters, all ultra fit and literally groomed like supermodels, jog across the yard in glorious glo-slow-mo (*this will be a RECURRING IMAGE*).

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE AREA. DAY.

GRACE, MARIA and DAN all have their backs to each other - their guns raised, as if about to have a duel. They take three paces, turn and aim (GRACE at MARIA, MARIA at DAN, DAN at GRACE). GREEN enters and walks into the center of the stand-off. He raises his hands to try to diffuse the situation.

GREEN
Woah!

MARIA
(concentrating hard)
Don't get involved.

DAN
Mexican stand-off. No-win
situation.

GRACE
Not true. I take her out, I take
you out. I'm the last woman
standing.

DAN
You're a woman?

GRACE
Okay, I take you out, then I take
her out.

GREEN
(timidly)
May I just ask something?

Suddenly MARIA, GRACE and DAN start shouting "BANG! BANG!" very loudly. All three of them fall to the floor. GREEN peers at them, totally confused. There is a pause.

MARIA
(struggling up)
Okay, I was only wounded, Grace
was falling when she fired.

GRACE
(getting up)
Well I shot second, so Dan loses.

DAN
(getting up)
I shot the loudest...

GRACE
Yeah, loud kills more people than
quick, doesn't it, Dan? What are
silencers for - they some kind of
safety device?

MARIA
You lose, Dan.

GRACE
So me and Maria pair up, and you
get the new guy.

DAN
No!! Don't give me the kid - Do I
look like I'm good with kids? I'm
youth phobic - I don't do baby
sitting - come on, do I look like
a baby sitter (makes a hideous
face) That's woman's work. It's
not fair! Best of three...

Snorts of derision from GRACE and MARIA.

GREEN
Hi. I'm.... Detective Green. Age
29 and three quarters.

They all stare at GREEN. There is an awkward moment.

DAN
Dan Little. Hey - would you like
to hook up with me today? That'd
be great.

END OF ACT I

INT. IA OFFICE. DAY.

STANLEY BANKS is opening documents, and feeding them
immediately into a shredder, but skim-reading them just as
they pass through. A buzzer sounds.

BANKS

Come in. (remembers there's an intercom on his desk) Come in.

There is a knocking on the door. BANKS gets up and goes to a hand-scanning security panel beside the door. He puts his hand on it but nothing happens. He wipes his palm and tries again. Nothing. He contorts his hand (and the rest of his body) into just the right position for the device to work - there is an electronic tone, and the door opens.

The CHIEF walks in - she glances at the scanner panel.

CHIEF

Is that new?

BANKS

Yes.

CHIEF

Shouldn't it be on the outside?

BANKS

I'm getting another one.

CHIEF

Okay, I'm curious. Internal Affairs is forty percent over budget for the last quarter.

BANKS

Ah, but can one put a price on the ethical standards of a police force?

CHIEF

Yes one can, it happened at the annual budget review yesterday. Can I see a requisitions breakdown?

BANKS takes off his jacket and turns to the filing cabinet. Someone has drawn a big penis on the back of his shirt. He pulls out a file and turns back. He sees the CHIEF's expression.

BANKS

What?

CHIEF

Nothing. (takes the file and reads) Night vision goggles, parabolic microphone, voice analysis software... '

(MORE)

CHIEF (cont'd)
Something that makes glass go
like water' - not too sure
they've invented that yet - and
three transmitting microphones in
the shape of staplers?

BANKS
(holds out a stapler)
Like this.

CHIEF
I know what a stapler looks like.
Is this still about the one Dan
Little in Homicide?

BANKS
It's taken time, but I have the
evidence right here. (pats file
on desk)

The CHIEF goes to take the file. BANKS snatches it back.

BANKS (cont'd)
I'm afraid I can't. I trust no-
one...

The CHIEF grabs the file and opens it.

CHIEF
These are pictures of your car.

BANKS
Someone definitely peed on the
tire. And I have now gathered
almost enough evidence to pin it
on one particular individual.

CHIEF
A straight DNA match, surely?

BANKS says nothing, he makes a note - he hadn't thought of
DNA testing.

BANKS
But of course, in terms of
Detective Little's code
violations, that is just the tip
of a very rotten iceberg. (he
whispers) I do however have a
chance to recruit a 'sleeper' -
he has a new team member arriving
today...

CHIEF
We can't afford any more of this.
If you can't produce something
concrete by the end of today,

CHIEF (cont'd)
it's game over and I'll be
referring you to your own
department.

BANKS
(stunned)
You wouldn't do that...

CHIEF
Try me.
(so she can see the
penis drawing again)
Oh, and I think you left that
drawer open.

He turns to check it, turns back.

BANKS
No.

CHIEF
My mistake. End of today, okay?

She goes. He opens his drawer and pulls out his hand - it's
stuck in a portable vagina. BANKS looks baffled.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMIN./COFFEE AREA. DAY.

GREEN is pouring out some speciality tea.

GREEN
This is all very exciting. I
already feel like I'm entering
into one big happy family. I
think that's an important
sensation in any working
environment...

DAN
What's that bullshit?

GREEN
It's my teapot. Yellow tea.

DAN
Oh, my good God. We don't allow
that sort of crap in Homicide.
Traffic, maybe. Not Homicide.

GREEN
What's wrong with tea?

DAN

We're cops! We drink coffee until our eyes bug out.

GREEN

Dan, can I ask - do you believe in what you do?

DAN

What kind of a question is that? Being a cop's not like... Big Foot. Come on. (re the tea) Bring the urine sample with you, if you have to.

DAN and GREEN cross the office and stop at BEYONCE's desk.

DAN (cont'd)

Okay, this is the lovely Beyonce.

BEYONCE

Hi.

DAN

What else can I tell you? Oh yeah - she's not really lovely, and Beyonce is not her real name.

BEYONCE

Yes it is.

DAN

No it's not.

BEYONCE

How do you know?

DAN

Because I'm a detective. And your badge says Janet.

BEYONCE

So maybe I'm working undercover.

DAN

(to GREEN)

She's disguised as an incompetent secretary.

GREEN

I'm Marcus Green. How do you do, Beyonce?

BEYONCE

I'm just fine, honey.

DAN

She'll eat you alive - come on.

BEYONCE
(calls out after them)
I'm only big because I like to
swallow.

BANKS is on the prowl, watching DAN and GREEN. He catches GREEN'S eye and ducks behind a water cooler.

INT. MORGUE. DAY.

A pathologist is performing an autopsy. GREEN enters.

GREEN
(quietly)
Excuse me, I'm a little lost -
trying to find Room 214?

MEDICAL EXAMINER
(calm voice, into Dictaphone)
Caucasian male, early thirties..

He slides a gloved hand into the body cavity and feels around.

MEDICAL EXAMINER (cont'd)
(still perfectly calm) Oh god
this is so gross... I have my hand
in a dead guy... (Sucking and
slurping SFX) Oooh it's all
gristly... I hate my job... I hate
my job...

GREEN isn't what sure what to do.

MEDICAL EXAMINER (cont'd)
It's okay, I edit these parts
out. (Beat, then back into
dictaphone) Liver feels a little
distended, but otherwise normal...
Oh god, I'm feeling up a dead
guy's liver, ew...(GREEN leaves
apologetically.)

CUT TO:

INT. IA OFFICE. DAY.

BANKS is sitting in his office, trying to look intimidating. There is a buzz at the door. He rushes to operate the opening device, then rushes back to strike an uncomfortable pose in his chair - then slips onto the floor. The door opens and GREEN enters. He is somewhat diffident; polite and helpful throughout - there is never a trace of smugness.

GREEN

Hello?

BANKS bounces up from the floor.

BANKS

(as if holding ear
piece)

Check. I'll cover my end... Clear
- Come on in. We meet again.

GREEN

Are you alright?

BANKS

Yes, I am totally fine. I want to
talk about seeds, Green. Bad
seeds. You will be close, Green -
very close, very very very very
close to one of these dirty
seeds. We are involved in a
timeless struggle, not only on
our city streets, but in this
very building.

GREEN

Which struggle is that?

BANKS talks quietly into GREEN's ear.

BANKS

Good versus Evil.

GREEN

And you are...?

BANKS

I am good, obviously. Although,
in a way, I am above it all, I am
the one who decides which is
which.

GREEN

Ah. *Jenseits von Gut und Böse*.

BANKS stares at him blankly.

GREEN (cont'd)

Beyond Good and Evil? Nietzsche?

BANKS

Yes. Yes, that's excellent.

GREEN

(enthusiastic)

Oh - have you read it?

BANKS
(he hasn't)
Yes. (pause) It's... a book.

GREEN
What do you like about it?

BANKS
I like... The characters. And the
plot. Very clever.

GREEN
(a bit confused)
It's okay if you haven't read it.

BANKS
I have.

GREEN
Okay.

BANKS
I just don't want to discuss it
right now. Okay?

GREEN
Okay.

BANKS
I think we can work together,
Green. You and I, out there in
smart dark suits, with sharp
haircuts and man bags.

GREEN
Man bags...?

BANKS
I like you, Detective Green.
There's a fragile innocence about
you, like fresh linen on the bed
of a prostitute.

GREEN
I see.

BANKS
One bad apple. That's all it
takes. And I can squash that
apple today. But I can't be
everywhere at once.

GREEN
No, that would pre-suppose some
form of divine omnipresence.

BANKS

I have a little welcome gift for you.

He holds up a stapler. GREEN takes it, mystified.

BANKS (cont'd)

It's a wire. A listening device.

GREEN

What for?

BANKS

I want you to 'get to know' Detective Dan Little...

GREEN

But this is my first day, I would be betraying someone I've only just met... (he gets up)

BANKS

Sit your ass down, mister!

GREEN sits.

BANKS (cont'd)

Now you may have your big shiny qualifications, and you may have family connections in all the right political circles - but one word from me, and the whole thing comes crashing down around your little Ivy League ears! You hear me, buster?

GREEN

I'm sorry, you just spit slightly on my face...

BANKS

(sinister)

Yes, the saliva of truth runs warm, doesn't it? (whispers) Now you may go. (GREEN gets up to go) Any problems - come and see me. My office door is always open. Not literally of course - it's always locked.

A pensive GREEN leaves with the stapler.

END OF ACT II

INT. ZOE'S OFFICE. DAY.

There is a sign on the door which reads: "ZOE SHERMAN - PSYCHOLOGICAL COUNSELOR". ZOE SHERMAN is scowling at a computer screen and rifling through haphazard stacks of files. One of the stacks slithers all over her desk and onto the floor, just as GREEN comes to the open door.

GREEN

Knock knock.

ZOE

Who's there?

GREEN

Green.

ZOE

Green who?

GREEN

Marcus Green.

ZOE

...I don't get it.

GREEN

...get what?

ZOE

Ah - Denial. Interesting. I'm Zoe Sherman - yes, like the tank. Take a seat please. (He does) Just relax. (calming voice) What I'm going to do is ask you one or two questions, okay?

GREEN

Fire away.

ZOE

Have you cried today?

GREEN

Cried?

ZOE

Yes.

GREEN

No.

ZOE

Do you feel angry?

GREEN

No.

ZOE

Do you feel any urge for revenge?

GREEN

No.

ZOE

I see. (makes a note) Stand up,
please.

He stands up. She gets up and puts her arms around him.

GREEN

What are you doing?

ZOE

This is called hugging therapy.
Just relax. You have to accept
the grief that losing your
brother has created.

GREEN

I don't have a brother.

ZOE

That's it. He's gone. Accept it.

GREEN

I never had a brother.

ZOE

Yes you did. He was killed when
you waved the truck and the bike
through at the same time.

GREEN

I'm not in Traffic, I'm a
Detective. Just arrived in
Homicide?

She holds the hug and looks at him for a bit. Eventually
she lets go and shakes his hand.

ZOE

Welcome aboard, Detective Green.
(beat) Ignore the dead brother
bit.

ZOE goes back to her desk and flicks through some files.

ZOE (cont'd)

So, what can I do for you?

GREEN

(he sits again)
Routine assessment?

ZOE

That's right! Okay, now I don't want to blind you with science Detective Green, but one of the things I specialize in is quantitative psychology.

GREEN

Mathematical or psychometrics?

ZOE looks at him a bit blankly.

ZOE

Which one is psychometrics again?

GREEN

Psychometrics is the application of statistical models to problems such as psychological scaling and test development.

ZOE

I thought that was mathematical?

GREEN

No, mathematical psychology is the development and testing of novel mathematical models that describe psychological processes.

ZOE flicks through a text book in a drawer. She skim reads for a moment, then closes the drawer.

ZOE

Yeah, okay. So. Where were we?

GREEN

Introductory Assessment.

ZOE

Oh yes... Well you look okay to me!

She gets embarrassed and tries to look professional.

GREEN

Actually - as I'm here, I could use some advice on something...

ZOE lets out an involuntary squeal of panic that she rapidly disguises with a laugh - and then a cough.

GREEN (cont'd)

I'm not sure who to trust really, it's a tricky situation....

ZOE

Oh God - I've got to feed the
meter!

She runs out, leaving GREEN looking confused, but
intrigued.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

There is a flurry of activity from the staff, handing over
notes, diaries etc. to MARIA and GRACE. DAN enters.

DAN

Where is he?

Everyone ignores him. He has a memo in his hand.

DAN (cont'd)

The new guy, that's who. I lost
him in the snake pit.

MERCEDES comes up behind him.

DAN (cont'd)

I mean, administrative support
area.

MERCEDES glares at him.

DAN (cont'd)

I want to make damn sure he can't
act.

GRACE

Didn't stop Roger.

DAN

(reading file)

Says here he's an authority on
Shakespearean sonnets.

MARIA

Oh wow, you'll be like blood
brothers.

DAN

What's that supposed to mean?

MARIA

Nothing.

DAN

There's more to me than you might
think. I am that rarest of things-

MARIA

A true hermaphrodite?

DAN

A sensitive cop. (MARIA shrieks with laughter) Unlike your SWAT fiance, who spends his entire day kicking down doors and screaming down the barrel of a pump-action shotgun. You think he's going to come home and play with the dog? He's going to have to watch at least two hours of violent Scandinavian porn before he's calmed down enough to say hi.

GRACE, from across the room, throws a mango at MARIA.

GRACE

That's a mango. Have a good look and get back to me.

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

MARIA

Did we call the translator?

GRACE

Yeah, he's on his way up.....

MARIA

Is it the cute shy one? Or the boring, ugly, smells-of-hot-toilet one?

GRACE just stares. Off screen, the translator is obviously standing behind MARIA (MARIA can't see him).

MARIA (cont'd)

Is he right here?

GRACE nods.

MARIA (cont'd)

Is it the cute shy one?

GRACE shakes her head.

MARIA (cont'd)

Is it the boring, ugly, smells-of-hot-toilet one?

GRACE nods.

MARIA (cont'd)
Great! (She turns round) The one
I wanted it to be. The much
better of the two, whew.

MARIA throws a "help me" face at Grace, and leads him out.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE AREA. DAY.

ZOE is drinking through a straw from a large soft drink
cup. She bumps into GREEN.

GREEN
Hello again!

ZOE
Hi! I'm sorry, you had a
question?

GREEN
(wiping some froth absent-
mindedly off her top) Oh yeah.
Okay, the thing is... I have a
friend who has been put in a
difficult situation. He's just
arrived in a job and he wants to
do well.

ZOE
(sucks noisily at last
bit of drink)
Okay.

GREEN
My friend wants to prove himself
in the real world, at something
he enjoys doing. My friend's
father has very high expectations
for him, however. He would like
my friend to follow him into high
political office.

ZOE
(more noisy sucking)
I see...

GREEN
My friend may do this one day,
but he wants to prove himself
first. But he can't screw up. And
now my friend is being asked to
do something he feels
instinctively is wrong, but if he
doesn't do it, he may jeopardize
whatever future lies in store.

(MORE)

GREEN (cont'd)

And if he does do it, he will be despised, possibly even by himself. And although my friend is an academic high-achiever - which is not his fault - deep down, he just wants to be one of the guys.

ZOE

(smiles knowingly)

Okay. This is very common. "My friend" this, "my friend" that...? Let's just... get this out into the open, shall we?

GREEN

Yeah. Okay.

ZOE

So. You have an imaginary friend. (she looks around the room) Is he here with us right now?

GREEN

He's not imaginary.

ZOE

Oh dear. I thought I was making some progress...

CUT TO:

INT. DUTY ROOM. DAY.

DAN strolls casually up to MARIA.

DAN

I've got a new 42 inch plasma.

MARIA

So?

DAN

I think you should come and see it.

MARIA

What, actually come to your place?

DAN

Yeah.

MARIA

You seem to have forgotten that I'm getting married in three weeks.

DAN

Is there a new law that engaged people can't look at plasma TVs?

MARIA

No.

DAN

Okay then.

MARIA

Okay. Can I go and see it when you're not in?

DAN

You could...

MARIA

I'll do that then.

Silence for a bit.

MARIA (cont'd)

I might take my fiance with me.

DAN

I don't really have one.

MARIA

Okay, that's all right then.

MARIA walks off, leaving DAN looking sulky. He suddenly calls after her.

DAN

Hey...There's something I've been meaning to tell you.

MARIA

What's that?

GRACE crosses between the two of them.

GRACE

Is he for real? The new Green guy. He's some kind of child cop? And he actually held the door open for me.

MARIA

(to DAN)

What did you want to tell me?

DAN

Shit - gone clean out my head. I'll have to think.

MARIA breezes off. DAN slams his head onto the wall.

END OF ACT III

INT. CORRIDOR./EXT. YARD. DAY.

GREEN is examining the handgun he has been given, as he walks down the corridor (from the gun cage) with GRACE.

GRACE
Standard issue.

GREEN
Yes. Unfortunately.

GRACE
Want something bigger? Join SWAT.
Or date one of them.

GREEN
No no, it's just that sometimes I
feel that if we spent more time
examining our gun laws in this
country, we wouldn't have to
spend so much time issuing
weapons to our police officers.

GRACE stops and stares in astonishment.

GRACE
Are you running for Governor?

GREEN
Well no, not yet...

GRACE
Perhaps you should take a couple
of hours off this afternoon and
rewrite the Constitution?

GREEN
Well the pen is mightier than the
sword. Or the gun, in this case.

She heads out into the yard, followed by GREEN. She pulls out a pen and points it at GREEN like a gun.

GRACE
Let me see -(shouts) Stop right
there, or I'll..doodle all over
you! Nah, I don't think so.

As GRACE heads towards her car, she is joined by MARIA. In the background GREEN goes over to team up with DAN by their car. MARIA has something in her bag.

MARIA
Hey Grace...

GRACE
Yeah?

MARIA
Let's practice catching the
flowers!

She whips a big bouquet out of her bag.

GRACE
What?

MARIA
We pretend I just got married and
I'm going to throw the flowers
and you catch them for good luck.

GRACE
I don't want good luck. Don't
need it. Got this far with talent
and hard work. Don't need luck.

MARIA
It'll be fun.

GRACE
No it won't.

MARIA
Yes it will.

GRACE
No it won't.

MARIA takes up a throwing position with her back to GRACE.

MARIA
I'm going to throw them!

GRACE
Whatever.

MARIA
Ready?!

MARIA throws the flowers over her shoulder. GRACE draws her
gun and shoots them in mid air. Fragments of petal blow in
the wind.

GRACE
Hey you were right, it was fun.

MARIA and GRACE get in their car and drive off.

CUT TO:

EXT/ INT. CAKE SHOP. DAY.

MARIA insists they pull over. They pull up outside a cake shop. They get out of the car and go into the shop. MARIA goes up to the counter, while GRACE hangs around, looking bored.

MARIA

Hi there.

CAKE WOMAN

Hi. I went with the police theme - kinda makes sense, with the two of you on the force...

She brings out a large wedding cake. On the top it is decorated with a street; there is a cop car, next to the car is a corpse outline in white, with red 'blood' in a huge pool which covers most of the surface and drips down the sides. There are two police figures surveying the scene, one male one female. MARIA stares at it.

CAKE WOMAN (cont'd)

It's a raspberry jus.

MARIA

(horror-struck)

Oh ... My... God.

CAKE WOMAN

Don't you like it?

MARIA

I love it, but the blood looks like it's coming from the perp's guts. Tom *always* goes for the head. It's his "signature shot." Double tap to the head. If he sees *that* he'll kill you!

CAKE WOMAN

Oops!

MARIA

(serious)

No, I mean it. He'll kill you.

GRACE comes up to the counter.

GRACE

Do you have any cakes we could just - eat now?

The CAKE WOMAN gets out a tray of cupcakes. MARIA starts eating one happily - GRACE stuffs a whole cake into her mouth in one go.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR. DAY.

DAN and GREEN are driving.

DAN

I am just... Lethal.

GREEN

And that meant you couldn't join SWAT?

DAN

Exactly. Couldn't trust myself. I was scared of what I might do to those bad guys. Like the time with that bear.

GREEN

Bear?

DAN

Chicago zoo. Beautiful day. I was driving by and something set off my heightened sense.

GREEN

Oh wow, like Spidey sense?

DAN

No. Mine is better. I got out the car, ran into the zoo - a small boy had climbed into the bear enclosure.

GREEN

What did you do?

DAN

I vaulted the fence into the enclosure and kicked that bear to death.

GREEN

Wow.

DAN

Yes, wow. And if I can do that to a bear what might I do to a man? Couldn't trust myself. Photographic evidence.

He hands GREEN a picture.

GREEN

God that's horrific. But... it looks like it's been hit by a car.

DAN

That day my shoes were cars.

GREEN

What, literally?

DAN

They were metal and they were deadly. I kicked a bear to death.

GREEN

Are you sure you - ?

DAN

I kicked a bear to death. To death.

(long pause)

I kicked a bear to death.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR. DAY.

GRACE is driving.

MARIA

I mean - I have eleven bridesmaids - that is just madness isn't it? It's way too many... (Sighs) And six of them have moustaches.

GRACE gets out. MARIA stays in the car. Classical music is playing in stark contrast to the action outside. Through the windscreen, we see GRACE talking to a guy. This quickly turns into a struggle, and ends up as a full scale fight to gain control. They thrash around in time to the music. He runs a bit, she chases him; he is on top of her, punching her in the face; then she is on top of him and smashing him in the face with a trash can lid. They end up on the hood of the car. The music ends as GRACE drags the guy into the back, and bloody and bruised gets into the car. She sits behind the wheel.

MARIA (cont'd)

(oblivious to GRACE's actions)
Maybe we should just forget the big white wedding - too much stress. Maybe we should just run off to Vegas.

CON IN BACK

Lesbians.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR. DAY.

GREEN

Dan, can I ask - do you believe
in what you do?

DAN

Being a cop's not like... Big
Foot.

GREEN

Dan - are you straight?

DAN

Is this sexual harassment?
Because you'd better not be
implying something else - I'll
tell you this right now my
friend, this job means more to me
than food and sex combined.

GREEN

(deeply impressed)
Wow. (beat) Powerful image.

DAN

Yeah. Now I might have to kill
you.

GREEN

I'm sorry, I had to ask. "An
action left 'til eventide, Is oft
obscured by night".

DAN

(laughing at him)
Who writes that fortune cookie
crap?

GREEN

Well, Shakespeare in this case.
But I guess it means, if you've
got to do something, get on and
do it, or it'll be too late.

DAN

(thinking hard)
Maybe you're not as stupid as you
sound....

GREEN

Thanks, Dan. That means a lot.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTROOM. DAY.

GREEN exits the stall. He realizes the stapler is in his pocket - he takes it out. He thinks for a moment, then holds the stapler to his mouth.

GREEN
(whispers)
Sorry. (clears his throat) Sorry.
Sorry about that.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

DAN
Marry in haste, repent at
leisure. Old Inuit proverb.

MARIA
Haste? *Haste?* These arrangements
take forever!

DAN
Exactly - you're spending so much
time thinking about the puff
pastry shrimp envelopes, you're
not thinking about the *ugly man*.

MARIA
Dan, I may misjudge men from time
to time, but he is not ugly.

DAN
Well anyway, about the dress
thing -

MARIA
What dress thing?

DAN
The dress you're going to wear
for your ...thing with Tom.

MARIA
The thing that those of us with
emotional constipation call a
wedding?

DAN
Yeah that - well about that, I
got you a thing...a different
thing.

He hands her a small package.

DAN (cont'd)

It's to match the er...(waves his hand up and down to indicate the dress)

MARIA

Thing?

DAN

Exactly. Thought it would really suit you. I didn't spend any time looking for it or anything, I just sort of saw it on the way in, and I thought...well anyway.

MARIA

Oh my god - a diamanté .223 Bushmaster pendant brooch - in blue! That is so perfect. Thanks Dan - I really like them.

DAN

I knew you would.

Just for a second they look at each other. DAN breaks first.

MARIA

(innocently)

And so will Tom.

DAN

Okay! Back on the road. (beat)
They weren't cheap you know.

He heads off - then turns back.

DAN (cont'd)

Oh - I remembered that thing I forgot...

MARIA

What was it?

DAN

I wrote it down...here.

He hands her a piece of paper, and leaves. MARIA opens the note and reads. She looks puzzled and pensive.

CUT TO:

INT. IA OFFICE. DAY.

BANKS and the CHIEF are sitting next to hi-tech listening/surveillance equipment. On a computer screen, sound waves are registering. For a moment or two, all they can hear is random chatter. Then GREEN's voice:

GREEN'S VOICE

Hey Dan! Dan! Have you got a minute? Can you come over here?

BANKS

This is it! This is it!

They lean in to hear.

GREEN'S VOICE

I wanted to have a word with you about (STAPLER SOUND).

DAN'S VOICE

You mean (STAPLER SOUND) from (STAPLER SOUND) department?

BANKS

(hissing)

Leave it alone!

GREEN'S VOICE

Yeah. Stanley Banks - Internal Affairs - good guy, bad guy?

DAN'S VOICE

Well, I was up in his office recently.

BANKS

Yes! What did I tell you?

DAN'S VOICE

And the thing that struck me was, he has an extremely difficult job to do, and he actually does it really well.

BANKS looks slightly confused.

BANKS

Well, that's obviously true...

GREEN'S VOICE

Yeah, I agree. But the thing is - I've developed a bit of a thing for him. Already. I was wondering if I was wasting my time? Is he straight, do you know?

BANKS starts to look uncomfortable.

CUT TO:

INT. DUTY ROOM. DAY.

GREEN is holding the stapler out towards DAN for him to speak into.

DAN

Oh God, I'm really sorry. The thing is, he's got the hots for the Chief in a big way, he confided in Grace, didn't he?

GRACE is passing.

GRACE

(leaning into stapler)
Yeah, the Chief, that's right - he has an obsession with her matronly breasts, apparently.

CUT TO:

INT. IA OFFICE. DAY.

BANKS is looking aghast. The CHIEF is looking at him in a very suspicious way.

GREEN'S VOICE

I guess I can't compete with matronly breasts...

BANKS jumps up and switches off the monitor.

BANKS

Well there we are. Not quite watertight. But some things to ponder.

END OF ACT IV

TAG

INT. LINE-UP ROOM. EVE.

We are in the line-up viewing booth behind a one way mirror. Six male cops are lined up in various wedding dresses.

MARIA

I think - number 3....but I do like the that fact that '5' is off the shoulder.

MARGARITA

Well I could combine the full length skirt with a brocade bustier.

They both stare at the men in dresses.

MARGARITA (cont'd)

Number 2 is cute.

MARIA

Weirdly he looks better in the dress than he does in real life - I think the lilac brings out his eyes.

She leans forward into microphone.

MARIA (cont'd)

Number 2 and number 5 step forward.

They both step forward. They look expectant.

MARIA (cont'd)

(into mic)

The rest please leave.

The others look deflated and leave. 2 and 5 give each other a little smile.

END