

# DUTY

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SONY TV  
FANFARE  
SHARK VS. BEAR

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INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: KYLE BOYER (28, handsome, former jock) driving HAMMERED. He focuses hard, hands at 10 and 2.

KYLE

Okay, Kyle, you got this, bro. Eyes on the prize, which in this case is the road. So you could've just said, eyes on the road. Which is also a saying. So let's just stick with that. Cause it's a classic. Now just keep her right at 35, and no one's the wiserers.

Kyle checks the speedometer: It's right at 35.

KYLE (CONT'D)

You're good at this, bro. Driving drunk? More like driving amazing.

We PULL OUT of the car to REVEAL the car is UPSIDE DOWN, wheels spinning at 35 MPH! A COP CAR pulls in behind him.

EXT. COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

A COP (30's, pissed) gets out and approaches Kyle's window.

COP

Uh, you been drinking tonight, sir?

KYLE

Oh, no, I never touch the stuff. Why do you ask?

COP

Well, the Michelobs, mostly.

REVEAL: The ceiling above Kyle's head is full of empties.

KYLE

Oh, those? Those aren't mine. I'm, uh, holding them for a friend. My friend Johnny. Johnny Michelob. Heir to the Michelob fortune? He's a dear friend and-- Fuck this, I'm outta here! Eat my dust, copper!

Kyle FLOORS IT. The wheels just SPIN. Cop rolls his eyes.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

The Cop SLAMS a file onto a table. Kyle, bumped and bruised, looks on in HANDCUFFS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COP

DUI, open container, resisting arrest, reckless driving, public endangerment, and verbally assaulting an officer.

KYLE

I'm really sorry, officer, I just--

COP

I don't give a flying dump! Now, let's try this again. Have you been drinking tonight, sir?

KYLE

Yes.

COP

Would you say this is the drunkest you've ever been?

KYLE

Oh, without question. I never do this. It's just, I've had the worst week ever. I mean, my whole life just basically exploded, so--

COP

Even drunker than you used to get in high school? I mean, with that face and body, I bet you went to a lotta jock parties. Hung with all the developed girls, did ya?

KYLE

(confused)  
Um, I guess?

COP

You score a lotta girls in high school? Fancy yourself a player?

KYLE

Sorry, but how does this pertain--

The Cop SLAMS his hand on the table, whispers in Kyle's ear:

COP

Just answer the question.

KYLE

Which one?

COP

The newest one, which is this: What girls did you fuck in high school?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KYLE  
What? I genuinely don't--

COP  
I WANT NAMES!

KYLE  
(freaked out)  
Okay, okay! Uh...Carolyn Stanley...  
Liz Stuart...Meg Batterson...um,  
Katie Kozlowski--

COP  
And which of those girls, would you  
say, had the sweetest puss?

KYLE  
What?

The Cop gets nose-to-nose with Kyle. Kyle's so confused.

COP  
Oh you wanna ask the questions now?  
You wanna turn it around on me? Go  
ahead. But I can turn it around  
right back on you, via me!

The Cop PULLS HIS GUN and points it at Kyle's temple!

COP (CONT'D)  
Now tough guy, who had the sweetest  
puss!?

KYLE  
I-I-I don't know!

COP  
How about now!? DO YOU KNOW NOW!?

The Cop points the gun at his OWN PENIS!

COP (CONT'D)  
I WILL FUCKING DO IT! I WILL BLOW  
MY OWN DICK OFF! WHO HAD THE  
SWEETEST PUSS!? WHO HAD IT!?

KYLE  
I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW!

COP  
THEN WAVE GOODBYE TO MY JOHNSON!

The Cop cocks his gun. He's really gonna do it--

KYLE  
MEG BATTERSON!  
(starts to cry)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Meg Batterson had the sweetest  
pussy. It was so sweet.

Kyle whimpers, a terrified, sobbing mess. Beat.

COP  
(suddenly chummy)  
Gotcha! Man, I totally gotcha.  
God, that was awesome!

KYLE  
What? I-I don't understand.

COP  
Dude, it's me! Lonnie! Lonnie  
Menendez? Your best friend! From  
third grade! Until you got awesome  
at football and totally ditched out  
on me for all the rich kids. Then  
you guys started that rumor that I  
was cousins with the Menendez  
brothers, which lead to an avalanche  
of torment and no one ever spoke a  
civil word to me again for the rest  
of my high school days. Remember?  
(sincere)  
Really nice to see you, man.

KYLE  
Ohhh. Lonnie. What's up, man?

SMASH TO:

TITLE CARD: DUTY

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

EXT. GLENBARD POLICE STATION - DAWN

Lonnie and Kyle exit the station as they walk and talk.

LONNIE

Then I said, "Sorry, sugar. If you don't like the way I'm behaving, call the police." So yeah, that's the last time I spoke to my sister.

KYLE

Wow. I didn't realize people are still using Molotov cocktails.

LONNIE

But enough on me. Kyle Boyer, as I live and breathe. What's The Golden Boyer doing back in our little village? Word's out you're killing it in The Big Apple. Choice job, hot wife, kid on the way.

They arrive at Lonnie's POLICE CRUISER.

KYLE

Yeah, about that--

POP TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - LAST WEEK

Kyle holds hands with his wife, JEN (30, hot and sweaty), as she gives birth. A DOCTOR holds up the baby.

DOCTOR

Congratulations! It's a...Asian?

The Doctor hands Kyle the unmistakably Asian baby.

KYLE

What? No. He's not Asian. He's just squinting. I mean, he's literally never seen light before. How could he be Asian?

His friend KWAN (Asian) enters with a GIANT STUFFED PANDA.

KWAN

Congratula-- Oh shit.

Kyle looks at Kwan. Then the baby. Then Kwan. Then Jen. Then the baby. Then the Panda. Then Kwan. It hits him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE  
Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuck.

POP BACK TO:

INT. POLICE CRUISER - A LITTLE LATER

Lonnie drives. Kyle's in the front seat.

LONNIE  
Your Chinaman best friend moo-shu  
porked your wife? That's some shit!

KYLE  
I know. Plus, I lost my job cause I  
was working for her dad. I guess  
now I'm just gonna move back in with  
my dad and his crud wife. But the  
worst part? I can't shake the image  
of my straight-pubed ex-friend  
putting a pan-pacific baby into my  
wife-- Ex-wife.  
(then, realizing)  
Wow. No wife, no kid, no job. God,  
what am I gonna do?

Lonnie SLAMS on the brakes!

LONNIE  
Hold up! I got the cure for what  
ails you! Remember that one  
sleepover when we watched five  
minutes of Miami Vice, then blood  
oathed that we'd become cops  
together one day? Well, I already  
am one, so you do the math.

KYLE  
Oh, thanks, but--

LONNIE  
C'mon bro, this gig is deluxe! You  
start at sixty K plus bennies, and  
the biggest bennie is you don't have  
to do shit cause there's never any  
crime! Unless it's a crime that all  
these rich suburban housewives wanna  
grip my pickle stick and chug it.  
Now, what do you say? Partners?

KYLE  
Look, Lonnie, I appreciate it, but I  
mean, two days ago I was the junior  
VP of a major investment bank. I'm  
not just gonna give up and become a  
cop in the town I grew up in. I  
mean, no offense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNIE

(hurt)

Oh right. How foolish of me. I forgot. You're a cool kid and I'm a Super Big Gulp of chunky shit. Why don't you just go spread the rumor that I'm related to Eric and Lyle Menendez again, even though it's not true, and Menendez is a totally common surname. Fuck you. Get out.

KYLE

Jesus. Really? Here?

Lonnie strains to reach over and open Kyle's door. Kyle gets out and Lonnie speeds off. REVEAL: Kyle's standing in the middle of an INTERSECTION. Cars zoom by Kyle.

EXT. STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Kyle walks down a mansion-lined, idyllic suburban street, until he stops in front of his childhood home - a TINY HOUSE sandwiched between the mansions. There's a FADED SIGN on the lawn: "1998 Glenbard Warriors #16 Kyle Boyer QB." He takes a deep breath. He can't believe he's back.

INT. KYLE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Kyle (band-aid on his head from the crash) eats breakfast with his dad, IRA (50's, warm) and step-mom, RHONDA (MILFY). P90X blares in the background: "Own the burn!" etc...

IRA

Mark! Turn off your workouts and come eat with your brother.

KYLE

Step-brother.

ANGLE ON: MARK (30, fat, slow), in workout gear, sitting on a nearby couch watching P90X at full volume. He groans, ejects the DVD, then lumbers over to the table and sits.

RHONDA

So Kyle, sweetie, talk to us. Your life's destroyed and you'll never recover for the rest of time, yes? Pass the decaffeinated coffee.

KYLE

Yep. Eternal shambles. Thanks for pointing that out, Rhonda.

IRA

No way. Want my prediction? I bet you bounce back from this and become a rich millionaire.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRA (CONT'D)

Kinda like another someone who, at one time, faced a great deal of adversity. Steve Jobs.

KYLE

He's dead.

IRA

Yes, but before that he was very successful.

Mark chomps loudly, breathes heavily, says nothing.

RHONDA

Sure, Kyle could end up running a giant corporation and having an extensive mock-turtleneck collection. But he could also be on the road to ruin and end up like my uncle Irving. When *he* discovered his darling Wendy was an adultress, he crashed his Geo Tracker into an airplane.

KYLE

How'd he even get onto the tarmac?

IRA

Determination, Kyle! The same thing Steve Jobs demonstrated when they told him the iPod was a nutso idea. And you know what? You could invent the iPod, Kyle. You could.

KYLE

It's already been invented.

IRA

Don't tell that to Steve Jobs.

KYLE

I can't. He's dead.

RHONDA

Just like my friend Kimberly Schiller. After *she* found out her husband was cheating, she went on a stabbing spree at the beauty--

IRA

God bless it, Rhonda! Why are you always so negative? Just because one of our boys is definitely going to become the next Steve Jobs, and the other manages equipment for the Glenbard High School wrestling team in a volunteer capacity--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RHONDA

How dare you! Mark is a late bloomer! Sorry your boy wonder over here can't cut it in the big city--

IRA

Well, your boy can't cut anything!

REVEAL: Rhonda cutting Mark's food for him. She slams down the fork and knife, angry. Rhonda and Ira lock eyes, then--

RHONDA

Well, I've had just about enough of you!

IRA

Well, I've had just about enough of you!

\*

They both stand and try to flip the table SIMULTANEOUSLY! Instead, THEY JUST LIFT IT UP.

IRA

No! I am flipping this table right now! Put your side down!

RHONDA

You put your side down! I was gonna flip it first!

IRA

Oh, get real! You've just been looking for any excuse to flip it ever since I flipped it last week!

As they yell, Kyle just stands and walks out, incredulous.

INT. KYLE'S CHILDHOOD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kyle enters his old room and looks around at his past: a "BO KNOWS" poster with Kyle's face taped on it; pictures of him as prom king; and a wall of hundreds of sports trophies/ribbons/plaques from his glory days. He was a star.

He plops onto his twin bed, finally closing his eyes for some needed sleep when-- P90X blasts from the next room!

INT. KYLE'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Kyle knocks on Mark's door. No answer.

KYLE

Mark! Turn it down. C'mon, how much working out can you do!?

Kyle opens the door to find Mark JACKING OFF TO P90X! Mark turns and locks eyes with Kyle, but doesn't stop jacking...

KYLE

Whoa...kay.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - LATER

Kyle curls up on a lawn chair to sleep when-- His old friend JAMIE (28, hot) exits her house from across the yard (their back yards connect). She spots Kyle and heads toward him.

JAMIE  
Kyle? Hey!

KYLE  
Heyyyyy! Jamie!  
(gets up, they hug)  
You still livin' with your folks?

JAMIE  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah, I'm thirty and I still live at home. No, I'm just house sitting while they're outta town.  
(then, re: Kyle's band-aid)  
Wait, what happened to you?

KYLE  
Oh, you mean this? I just...fell down the stairs...of my yacht. It's got a ton of stories. I mean, it has a lot of floors. But also a rich history.

JAMIE  
That sounds real.

KYLE  
So things are good. I'm married. She's a model. Does all kinds of modeling. Foot, hand, face, clit-- Sorry. Not clit. That's crazy. What's wrong with me?

JAMIE  
Your dad told me why you're home.

KYLE  
(beat, now honest)  
Oh. Pretty sweet, right? This sucks. It's so crazy, I always thought I knew exactly what my life was gonna be. Then it all changed.

JAMIE  
Is that a quote from Selena Gomez's book?  
(off his look)  
Sorry. You want one of my classic girl-next-door pep talks? Here it is: Your wife's a slut and you'll be better off without her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
C'mon, you're so talented. You always win. I mean, you're the Golden Boyer!

KYLE  
(touched)  
Thanks. Hey, why didn't you and I ever happen back in high school?

JAMIE  
Uh, because you had sex with seven of my friends. And my Aunt Francie.

KYLE  
That's right.  
(beat, sincere)  
Sorry. I'm sorry.

JAMIE  
Me too.

She smiles. He smiles. Then Kyle LEANS IN FOR A KISS--

JAMIE  
Whoa, whoa. What're you doing!?

KYLE  
Trying to mack?

JAMIE  
Jesus Kyle, you're a great guy, but--

Kyle LEANS IN FOR A KISS AGAIN! She stops him again!

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you doing!?

KYLE  
You just said I was a great guy!

JAMIE  
I have a boyfriend. It's Tad Stracey.

KYLE  
Tad Stracey. The guy who once locked a deaf kid in a locker over winter break.

JAMIE  
He was your best friend!

KYLE  
I was never friends with Deaf Jeff--  
Oh, you mean Tad. Yeah, but that was forever ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMIE

Exactly. Tad's changed a lot.

Suddenly, a YELLOW PORSCHE BOXSTER blasting Sisgo's "Thong Song" TOKYO DRIFTS across two lawns, stopping in front of them. TAD STRACEY (28, 80's movie prick) hops out.

TAD

Boyer! Welcome home! Heard about that Asian invasion. Gnarly shake-out, man.

KYLE

Nah, I'm all good. 'Sup with you?

TAD

Well, not to gloat, but pretty much the flipside of your coin. For example, just picked up this brand new Boxster. Got a custom paint job to go with my Tokyo-style drifting tires cause why not? Canary yellow. Did you know there's actual canary feathers in the paint?

KYLE

That can't be right.

TAD

Dude, so pumped you're back in town! Let's get shit-blasted tonight! I'll call the whole crew. It'll be like high school. Me, you, Goot's still around, but Little Siggy moved to Denver. Uh, Lyons is dead, Chaz... is also dead - suicide pact with Lyons. Big Siggy got 'talk show fat', so unless we wanna party at his house he's a no. Let's see, Zip Line died of sickle cell. Though most people think it was suicide. Between us, I don't think he ever really got over being left out of the Lyons-Chaz suicide pact. So...I guess I'll just call Goot. It'll still be a sick night though!

KYLE

Wow. That is a lot of deaths. To the point where, you kinda have to wonder if maybe our group is cursed. Seriously, the *Final Destination* crew had a higher survival rate. Just shocking news. Except for Big Siggy's weight gain. He was like four hundred pounds in high school.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TAD

Yeah, well he's packed on a cool thousand since then. You really should visit him if you can. It's quite a sight to behold.

(checks his Rolex)

Shit! My Submariner's telling me I gotta Roley. Me and Jamie have Crossfit. Let's go babe. Glad you're back though, Boyer. No shit.

As Tad and Jamie walk off to the car, Jamie turns back.

JAMIE

Look Kyle, just take it step by step. First step, get a job so you can get outta your dad's house.

KYLE

(fronting)

Pfff, why would I wanna get outta my dad's house? Last time I lived here my life was awesome. It only went to shit when I left. I love it here.

Just then, Mark walks outside wearing a KARATE GI.

MARK

Kyle, I need you to drive me to karate. It's important.

KYLE

Why can't your mom drive you?

Mark gestures toward the upstairs window. PAN UP TO REVEAL: Rhonda and Ira engaged in passionate sex, her time-ravaged fakies repeatedly slamming up against the window.

SMASH TO:

INT. KYLE'S BEDROOM - GETTING A JOB MONTAGE

-- He vigorously types his resume on a laptop.

-- He scours jobfinder.com as he talks on his cell phone:

KYLE (INTO PHONE)

Hello, yes. This is Kyle Boyer. I'm calling in regards to your VP of international sales position...

-- He throws down his phone, discouraged. Then he gets up and walks into the bathroom...to find MARK MASTURBATING!

-- Back at the computer, he gets an email from jobfinder, then picks up his phone:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE (INTO PHONE)  
This is Kyle Boyer calling in  
regards to your assistant to the VP  
of international sales position...

He hangs up, thinks, then re-dials.

KYLE (INTO PHONE)  
I'm calling about the international  
sales department internship-- Oh,  
college credit only?

He hangs up and plops on his bed, dejected. Ira enters.

IRA  
How's the job search going, sweetie?

KYLE  
Not great. Job market sucks. And,  
turns out I was grossly under-  
qualified for my old job. Did not  
realize how much I was benefiting  
from nepotism.

IRA  
Well, don't feel like you need to  
rush into anything. You'll stay  
here. Recoup. Recover. Rejuvenate.  
Revitalize. Nothing heals the spirit  
quite like family.

Mark comes to the door, TOWEL AROUND HIS BOOBS like a girl.

MARK  
Kyle. I borrowed your loofah. It  
works wonders in all the nooks,  
crannies, and abysses.

SMASH TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LONNIE'S CUBICLE - LATER

Kyle marches up to Lonnie's desk. Lonnie doesn't look up.

KYLE  
I'm in. I'll take the job.

LONNIE  
Sorry, pal. Offer's off the table.

KYLE  
Oh. Okay. Sorry to bother--

LONNIE  
But what is on the table is the  
position of partners plus best  
friends plus forever!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lonnie JUMPS OVER HIS DESK and bear hugs Kyle!

INT. POLICE STATION - CHIEF'S OFFICE - LATER

Lonnie and Kyle sit in a nicely appointed office across a desk from MAUREEN MOSKOWITZ (50's, mom) as she reads Kyle's resume. Lonnie leans in and whispers to Kyle--

LONNIE

I went ahead and jazzed up your resume a little. On the house.

CHIEF MOSKOWITZ

So, you're a ten year veteran of Miami's Vice Squad who quote, drives a Testarossa, bangs mad bimbos, and totally owns the unconstructed blazer and pastel t-shirt look?

KYLE

Oh god.

Lonnie KISSES HIS FINGERS like an Italian chef.

CHIEF MOSKOWITZ

This is the single fakest resume I've ever seen. I mean, it almost exclusively references an eighties television show that was recently made into a mediocre motion picture.

KYLE

I actually thought Michael Mann's interpretation had moments of true-- You know what, this was a huge mistake. What am I even doing? I mean, I have a college degree, and--

CHIEF MOSKOWITZ

You have a college degree?

SMASH TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - CHIEF'S OFFICE - LATER

Kyle, now in a POLICE UNIFORM, shakes the chief's hand.

CHIEF MOSKOWITZ

Kyle Boyer, welcome to the Village of Glenbard Police Department.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. POLICE STATION BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lonnie and Kyle survey the bullpen. It's small, well-decorated and comfy, like a living room with cubicles.

LONNIE

You didn't tell me you had a college degree! Chief's always going on and on about how college grads make the best cops. To which I say, "How do you explain me?" Anyhow, lemme intro you to the rest of the force.

REVEAL: only ONE officer, WICK (40's, husky), at his desk.

KYLE

Where is everyone else?

LONNIE

Glenbard's only got like eight thousand people, so it's just me and Wick ever since Lapotka struck it rich playing McDonald's Monopoly. Who knew a premium McWrap would land him on easy street? Actually it landed him on Pennsylvania Avenue which landed him a Fiat 500L, which he flipped for nineteen-one, which he used as a down payment on a condo near the Boardwalk, on the corner of Park Place and Pennsylvania Avenue.

Wick shakes Kyle's hand.

WICK

Pleasure to meet you, officer.  
Welcome aboard.

KYLE

Wow. *Officer*. I gotta admit, I'm pretty nervous.

WICK

Oh, don't worry, man. This job's a breeze. There's basically no crime here. There hasn't been an real 9-1-1 call in about four years. And that was a wrong number. It was just someone trying to call 4-1-1 to get our non-emergency number. I mean sure, you got your occasional speeder, underage drinking party or suspicious ethnic, but other than that this job is chill.

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CONTINUED:

LONNIE

Oh really, you fuckin' jamoke? You really believe there's no crime? No Glenbard underbelly? Well you're blind to the facts, friend. Because I am *this* close to solving a huge felony hit and run case--

He points at a CORKBOARD above his desk featuring a PHOTO OF TIRE TRACKS, the words "HIT" and "RUN", and a QUESTION MARK.

WICK

Lonnie, buddy, no one cares. Why are you so obsessed with this?

Lonnie pounds Wick's desk and gets in his face.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

Because I'm a fucking super cop! I'm Robocop meets Judge Dredd. I got Van Damme's martial artistry and comin' soon, lord willing, Seagal's ponytail.

WICK

Yeah, you also got Gene Hackman's breath after a gefilte fish dinner.

LONNIE

Nice try bitch-boy, but that's smoked sable you're smellin'. Now go warm up the electric chair cause me and my partner are going down to that crime scene to bust this thing wide open! Kyle, mount up!  
(then, to Kyle)  
Sorry, that's cop talk for "We're leaving now."

EXT. STREET - LATER

Lonnie and Kyle stand in the middle of a quaint suburban business district. We don't see what they're looking at.

LONNIE

Such a tragedy. So much heartache. I know this is your first crime scene, so no shame in puking.

KYLE

Um, I haven't been trained yet, I mean, not even for one minute, but all I'm seeing is a mailbox.

REVEAL: They're looking at a mailbox with a dent in it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNIE

Uh, babe? Hitting a mailbox with your vehicle is a federal offense. This is the biggest crime in Glenbard since Ron Hindin held up that dry cleaning van. Which is how we knew he was on PCP. No sober man can lift a 46-hundred pound vehicle above his head.

(then)

Now lemme show you the tire tracks.

KYLE

What tire tracks?

REVEAL: No tire tracks, just fresh grass.

LONNIE

God fuck it! The city must've re-sodded the area. Who re-sods a fucking crime scene!? Now we have no evidence.

KYLE

Wait, what about this?

Kyle walks over and examines a TREE next to the mailbox.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Looks like purple paint. Do you think the car that hit the mailbox could've also hit this tree?

LONNIE

Well I'll be damned to hell and back. I do think that. There's only one asshole in town who's got the nuts to drive a purple car, and I know just where to find him. Let's go melt some ass. And that's cop talk for "Time to take out the trash."

INT. GLENBARD HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lonnie and Kyle peer through the cafeteria window at GOLDING (17, popular), eating and laughing at the cool table.

LONNIE

AJ Golding. All-state jock. All-world pussy monger.

KYLE

Wait, jock? That kid's like 5'4.

LONNIE

Yeah, but he crushes it like 350 off the tee.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

LONNIE (CONT'D)  
Golfers run the school now. The football program got shut down after Moose Utupsky got so paralyzed he couldn't speak. To the grand jury regarding his sex abuse allegations against Coach Miner.

KYLE  
Wait, so did it get shut down because football is dangerous, or because the coach was molesting quadriplegics?

LONNIE  
Pick your poison. Anyway, ever since Golding qualified for the PGA Tour, he's been treating this town like his own flushable wipe. But it looks like we're about to flush him. Into the prison system.

KYLE  
Awesome. So how does this work, man? We just march in there, read him his rights-- I don't know those, by the way, so you're gonna have to take the lead on that.

LONNIE  
Watch and learn.

Lonnie takes one step toward the door then stops, scared.

LONNIE (CONT'D)  
I can't do this, I can't do this. I can't go in there.

KYLE  
What? Why?

LONNIE  
Too many harsh memories. Every day for four years I tried to have a peaceful lunch, and every day for four years you and your cool friends made shit of me. For heaven's sake, you guys put a bat in my lunch bag!

KYLE  
Oooh, yeah. Forgot about that. Sorry. Didn't that thing bite you?

LONNIE  
Yeah, it bit me. It bit me to the tune of I contracted rabies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KYLE

Look bro, that was a long time ago.  
And these are just kids. You're a  
grown man. And a cop!

LONNIE

You're right, Ky-Guy. You're right.

INT. GLENBARD HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER

Lonnie SLAMS his fists on Golding's table. Everyone stares.

LONNIE

Hello, Golding! Guess what? I have  
hard evidence that on Friday night,  
you ran your sweet ass, fully-loaded  
purple Range Rover Sport into a  
mailbox by way of a nearby tree.  
Case closed. Eat a shit. Dead or  
alive, you're coming with me.

GOLDING

What? I wasn't even in town last  
Friday. I was busy shooting 5-under  
to win the Rockford Invitational.

Golding's friends all high-five him.

LONNIE

You expect me to believe that!?

KYLE

Uh, Lon?

Kyle points to a banner: "CONGRATS AJ GOLDING ON SHOOTING 5-  
UNDER TO WIN THE ROCKFORD INVITATIONAL LAST FRIDAY!"

KYLE (CONT'D)

Awesome win, by the way. 5-under's  
a sick score.

GOLDING

Thanks, bruh.

(spotting his name tag)

Wait, are you the Kyle Boyer? Shit,  
you're like a legend. Best QB in  
Glenbard history. Eleven touchdowns  
in one game, right?

All the COOL KIDS ad-lib in agreement: "Yeah, awesome!"  
Kyle smiles. He hasn't been the hero in a long time.

KYLE

Yeah, that's me.

(looks down at his uniform)

Was me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GOLDING  
Yo, I'm actually having a party  
tonight. You should roll through.

KYLE  
Oh. Cool. Yeah man, maybe I will.

LONNIE  
I'm free, also. Could totally...  
come rolling through.

GOLDING  
Nah, bitch. We're good.

The table laughs. Lonnie's embarrassed.

LONNIE  
Hey! Stop it. I am an officer of  
the law. You must respect me!

They just laugh harder. Kyle holds back laughter.

KYLE  
C'mon guys. Show him some respect.

The cool kids stare at Kyle, confused: Is he cool or not?

KYLE (CONT'D)  
For being such a huge bitch...

The lunchroom erupts in laughter. Lonnie looks around,  
terrified, then turns to leave but-- COLLIDES with a FAT  
GIRL carrying a tray of food and it SPILLS ALL OVER LONNIE!

LONNIE  
Get outta my way, fatass. Lose some  
weight. Jesus.

He storms out, covered in food.

EXT. GLENBARD HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Lonnie walks, pissed. Kyle catches up with him.

KYLE  
Lonnie, man, I'm so sorry. I just  
got carried away being back in the  
old lunchroom and--

LONNIE  
Sorry? For what? That was genius!

KYLE  
It was?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNIE

Yeah, man. Pretending to gang up on me with the cool kids so that I could pretend to get all upset about it so that everyone would laugh at me like they did in high school, thus creating the perfect diversion so that I could steal...these!  
(holds up car keys)  
Brilliant!

KYLE

Oh. Yeah. I guess I'm a natural at this police stuff.

ANGLE ON: A PURPLE RANGE ROVER. License plate: "GOLF STR".

LONNIE

I knew that little jizzerd was lying. Check it out--

ANGLE ON: A GASH on the driver's side door.

KYLE

Holy shit. Maybe you're right.

LONNIE

Now all we gotta do is match the gash height on the Rover to the paint on the tree, and the only tour Golding will ever play on is a tour of getting raped in jail.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CRIME SCENE - A LITTLE LATER

The Rover's parked next to the paint-smudged tree. The smudge is substantially below the gash on the car door. There's no way this car did it.

LONNIE

Dammit! Wait, this is one of those sport Rovers. When these go fast, I think they lower themselves. So you know what we have to do?

KYLE

No.

TIGHT ON: The paint-smudged tree as Lonnie RAMS the Range Rover into it. He leans out and looks.

KYLE

Still doesn't line up. And honestly, I don't think a car could've hit the mailbox and the tree at the same time anyway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNIE  
Unless...

QUICK CUTS: Lonnie repeatedly crashes the Range Rover into the tree from every possible angle.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CRIME SCENE - A LITTLE LATER

Kyle and Lonnie sit on the curb dejected.

KYLE  
So what now?

LONNIE  
Nothing. We'll just drop the car back off. Golding'll never notice.

REVEAL: The SEVERELY DAMAGED Rover smokes behind them.

Just then, tires screech as Tad Tokyo-drifts his yellow Boxster into frame, blasting Sisqo's "Got To Get It".

TAD  
Whatup, Lonnie? I see you've gotten even huger around your middle--  
Kyle, what's with the cop costume?

KYLE  
Oh, this? No, I'm just doing a ride along to learn how to be a cop. For a movie roll. It's the roll of a lifetime. Actually, it's the roll of a cop in a Lifetime Original Movie called *Ride Along 2*. So yeah, it's flattering and also a humongous pay day.

Tad starts laughing hysterically.

TAD  
Wait, are you a cop now? Wow! Really? I mean, even you have to admit that's hugely embarrassing. Man, if you woulda told me back in high school that the Golden Boyer was gonna be cop partners with Lonnie Menendez, I would've said, "fuck your own ass to hell you shit-ass liar." But, such is life.

KYLE  
Such is. Such it is.

LONNIE  
Tad if you wouldn't mind moving along.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNIE (CONT'D)

My partner and I are investigating a very important, highly classified hit and run case.

TAD

By all means, Officer. Carry on. Oh, and Lonnie, say hi to your murderous cousins the Menendez brothers. And try not to commit parricide too, you overgrown fag.

LONNIE

THEY'RE NOT MY COUSINS, ASSHOLE!  
(choking up)  
I've told you a frickin' million times.

TAD

Oh my god, bro, are you crying?

Tad laughs. Lonnie holds back tears. Kyle feels for him.

LONNIE

Forget you! Forget you forever!

TAD

Well, I'm gonna go try to score a beej from Jamie, so, peace.

(then, to Kyle)

Y'know, it's crazy, everyone always thought you guys would end up together, but I guess your life turned out really shitty, and I got the girl and this tight-ass Boxster. Anyway, good luck solving the curious case of the slightly dented mailbox.

Tad speeds off. Lonnie and Kyle get in the cruiser. Beat.

KYLE

You alright, man?

LONNIE

(defensive)

Pff, what? I'm fine. Who gives about that guy. Are you alright?

(off Kyle's confusion)

I mean, cause like, the biggest P.O.S in town is mashin' his cum knuckle in the girl you love.

KYLE

(caught, defensive)

What? Who? Jamie? That's crazy. I mean-- she's great, but-- I don't like love her. Who said I love her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LONNIE

You did. In third grade. At that same Miami Vice sleepover. Man, how can you forget so much stuff from such a classic sleepover?

KYLE

(fed up)

Dude, newsflash: I don't remember that sleepover, okay!? Get over it.

LONNIE

Fine. In other news: you're a prick.

KYLE

And in even more news: you're an immature little bitch.

LONNIE

And now Lonnie Menendez with sports: Get out of the car.

KYLE

You can't kick me out.

LONNIE

Oh yeah?

Lonnie reaches over Kyle to open the door, but Kyle HANDCUFFS HIM to the handle. His body is now twisted over Kyle's and they're FACE TO FACE.

KYLE

Yeah, I'm a cop now, remember?

LONNIE

Well the joke's on you. Because I can still drive.

Lonnie guns it! POP WIDE: The cruiser immediately TURNS and CRASHES into the banged up Range Rover!

KYLE (O.S.)

(through pain)

I should've just gotten out.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. POLICE STATION BULLPEN - LATER

Lonnie and Kyle shuffle in, beaten, pissed at each other. They slump into Lonnie's cubicle. Wick peeks over the wall.

WICK

Did you crack the case, supercop?

LONNIE

Go nightstick your own anus, cause we're hella close, okay?

KYLE

We're not close at all.

LONNIE

Don't listen to him, Wick. He's new, and he doesn't know what he's talking about and he's retarded.

Wick crosses off. Lonnie plops down in his chair and pulls a bottle of BLUE CURACAO from his desk. Kyle scoffs.

KYLE

That's your bad-ass detective drink?

LONNIE

No.

Lonnie pulls a HUGE SCORPION BOWL from his desk and fills it with ice, the rest of the Blue Curacao, several RUMS, LIQUEURS, fresh JUICES, and a handful of CHERRIES. He tops it off with two slices of PINEAPPLE and an UMBRELLA.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

This is my drink. "Smurf Juice". And you don't get any, 'cause you'll just forget about it, like you forget about everything that ever happened between us.

Kyle leans back and stares off. The EVIDENCE BOARD catches his eye: he zeroes in on the PICTURE OF THE TIRE TRACKS. Something clicks for him.

KYLE

Wait, how did Tad know the hit and run was a mailbox?

LONNIE

Who gives a shit anymore? You might as well send this case to Peter Graves and the rest of the superb team over at "Unsolved Mysteries".

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNIE (CONT'D)  
We lost, bro. We're losers. Get  
used to it.

Kyle sits up and grabs the picture of the tire tracks.

KYLE  
No way. Lonnie, mount up!

LONNIE  
Duuuude! I just poured a freshie.

Lonnie starts to CHUG his huge drink and Kyle drags him off.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

TIGHT ON: Kyle holds the picture of the tracks next to the  
tire tracks Tad's Boxster left on his lawn earlier.

KYLE  
It's a match! Get it?

REVEAL: Lonnie finishes CHUGGING his huge drink!

LONNIE  
(fronting)  
Yeah, of course I get it, Rookie.  
But why don't you just keep going.

KYLE  
Okay, well, see how the outer tire  
treads are worn down here just like  
the tracks in the picture?

LONNIE  
You bet your ass I don't.

KYLE  
There's only one way to wear tires  
out like that. Tokyo drifting. And  
there's only one way someone could  
hit the mailbox and the tree at the  
same time. Also Tokyo drifting.

LONNIE  
Tad!

Lonnie looks up to see-- Kyle, half way across the yard,  
marching toward Tad's Boxster in Jamie's parents' driveway.

EXT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lonnie walks up behind Kyle, examining the Boxster tires.

LONNIE  
Oh my god, this is like, real police  
shit!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNIE (CONT'D)

But wait, this car's yellow and the paint smudge was purple. Shit! Dead end!

KYLE

Dude, the other day Tad kept blabbing about his new custom paint job. Well, when you're cheap, which Tad is, you get a cheap paint job.

LONNIE

(catches on)

And when you get a cheap paint job, they usually don't paint the inside of the trunk! Like when I got my Lumina painted matte black, the trunk was still cabernet. I'll bet you we open that thing up, we see some purple fuckin' paint, baby!

KYLE

Yes! Now how do we get a warrant--

BANG! BANG! BANG! Lonnie SHOOTS THE TRUNK LOCK. Jamie and Tad bolt outside, startled by the gunshots.

TAD

What the-- Did you just shoot my Boxster, Menendez?

LONNIE

So what? Fuck you Tad! We're here to bust your ass. Jamie, nice to see you. You look sensational.

JAMIE

Kyle? What're you doing?  
(re: his uniform)  
What are you wearing?

KYLE

Remember your whole pep talk about me getting a job? Well, I got one.

LONNIE

Mr. Stracey, you're under arrest for Tokyo drifting into a mailbox.

TAD

I didn't hit shit. I keep my drifts tight. Everyone knows that, from here to goddamn Tokyo!

LONNIE

Then how do you explain this!?

Lonnie opens the trunk to REVEAL the inside is still PURPLE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LONNIE (CONT'D)

Your Boxster, which is legitimately a sweet ass ride by the way and congrats on that, used to be purple. The same color found on a tree next to the mailbox. Plus your tires match the tracks found at the scene. Case closed.

TAD

What tracks, bro? I know for a fact that whole area's been re-sodded.

KYLE

Of course you do.

Kyle rips a tarp in Tad's trunk revealing SOD and a SHOVEL!

KYLE (CONT'D)

Because you re-sodded it.

LONNIE (O.S.)

And that's that the only grass in the car...

ANGLE ON: Lonnie pulls a jar of WEED from the glove box.

LONNIE

Looks like Mr. Wiz Kalifa over here's got about an eighth of...  
(reads label)  
"Alaskan Thunderfuck". Sweet strain, bro! Illegal as the day is long, but a scrumptious toke nonetheless.

JAMIE

Tad, what are they talking about?

LONNIE

Sorry Jamie, but it looks like "Mr. Right" is actually "Mr. Right About To Go To Jail, Right Now, Mister."  
(handcuffs Tad)  
You're going away for a long time, Tad. Actually, it's just a slap on the wrist and a citation for the chronic, but still-- Fuck you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TAD

C'mon, Boyer. Is this for real? I mean, if you would've told me back in high school that one of my top friends was gonna take Lonnie Menendez's side over mine, I would've said, "What planet are we on, cause it sure as shit ain't earth!" You can't do this to me.

Kyle looks to Tad, then Jamie, then Lonnie, then back at his house where Rhonda is GETTING BONED against the window again, then back to Tad.

KYLE

You know Tad, if you woulda told me back in high school that you were gonna turn into the biggest asshole to ever cram his prick into an entry-level Porsche, I woulda said, "No shit, sounds about right." You're fucking arrested.

LONNIE

Let's go, pretty boy.

Lonnie pulls Tad away toward the cruiser. Kyle looks to Jamie. Long, awkward beat.

KYLE

Soooo. Weird day, right? For what it's worth, it's really great to see you again, Jamie. I, um, I missed you. And you know, now that I'm kinda home for awhile, I'd love to grab a coffee or whatever once this whole thing blows over--

JAMIE

You mean once this whole arresting my boyfriend thing blows over?

KYLE

I mean, you gotta admit he's kind of a huge piece of shit. I still don't get why you're with him.

JAMIE

Oh because you married such a peach?  
(off his stung look)  
Sorry. That was mean.  
(beat)  
Look, it's kinda like you said earlier: I thought I knew exactly what my life was gonna be. And then it all changed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KYLE

What do you mean?

A TWELVE YEAR-OLD BOY steps out of the house.

BOY

Mom? Where are they taking Dad?

Kyle is STUNNED, then leans down to the boy, overly sweet.

KYLE

Hey little buddy. Don't you worry. Your Daddy's just going on a magical journey to an enchanted land filled with toys and candies and wonder. He'll be back real soon, okay?

BOY

I'm twelve, not four. Wanna see my pubes, pig?

JAMIE

Sisqo! Get inside.

The Boy heads inside. Kyle looks to Jamie, confused.

JAMIE

Prom night. I faked an orgasm, he faked putting on a condom and here we are. Storybook.

KYLE

Aaaaand, I get it now. Listen, I'm sorry. This whole thing-- It was all Lonnie. What do I know about being a cop? It's my first day.

Then, Lonnie calls to Kyle using the cop car's LOUDSPEAKER:

LONNIE (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)

This was all you, Kyle. I can't believe how much you knew about being a cop on your first day! Now let's go get drunk and eat some girls out!

Another awkward beat for Jamie and Kyle. He turns to go--

JAMIE

Hey, Officer Boyer.  
(Kyle stops, looks back)  
Welcome back. I missed you, too.

Kyle smiles wide.

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - LATER

Lonnie and Kyle KICK OPEN THE DOOR with a handcuffed Tad!

LONNIE

Look who solved a case! Hint:  
Boyer and Menendez. Fuck them  
haters! Pop them bottles! Everyone  
can suck my dick apart!

WICK

What? How?

LONNIE

I'll tell you how. Thanks to  
perhaps the best looking cop this  
force has ever seen, a guy who can  
probably still throw a football a  
goddamn country mile--

KYLE

Lonnie. It was all Lonnie. He's a  
supercop.

Lonnie looks to Kyle, touched. Kyle nods. Wick reluctantly  
shakes Lonnie's hand.

CHIEF MOSKOWITZ

Congrats, Lonnie. I did not think  
you had that in you. I mean I  
really did not. At all.

LONNIE

Yeah, well I did. Now if you could  
stifle your hatefulness for just a  
moment, my partner and I have to  
take care of some paperwork.

SMASH TO:

INT. POLICE CRUISER - QUIET CUL DE SAC - LATER THAT NIGHT

In the parked cruiser Lonnie finishes rolling a joint, Tad's  
empty WEED JAR in his lap! He sparks it then hands to Kyle.

KYLE

So listen, Lon...I wanted to tell  
you that I feel really bad about  
being a dick to you in high school.  
And sorry about us growing apart and  
stuff, and me and my buddies  
spreading a rumor that the Menendez  
brothers were your cousins. You  
didn't deserve that shit. You're a  
pretty good dude.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE (CONT'D)

And for what it's worth, I do remember that third grade sleepover. It was awesome.

LONNIE

Hey, don't be sorry, bro. All that shit led me to become a cop. Which led you to become a cop. And look at us now: badass partners, mellowing out in a cruiser, rippin' J's.

KYLE

(laughs)

Yeah. Dude, I gotta admit it, this cop thing could be kinda okay.

LONNIE

Dude, I gotta admit something, too: Eric and Lyle Menendez actually are my cousins. Only we grew up more like brothers. Man, those guys always had the craziest ideas...

Kyle is FLOORED.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

Anyway, wanna hear my favorite end-of-day, chill-down jam?

Lonnie cranks the stereo: Billy Joel's "River Of Dreams".

KYLE

Wait, Lonnie--

LONNIE

Ssshhhhh. Billy's got the floor.

KYLE

Dude, I think people can hear us.

We PULL OUT of the car to hear that "River Of Dreams" is BLASTING over the cruiser's loudspeaker!

LONNIE (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)

No they can't, bro. The grass is just making you paranoid. Trust me, everything's gonna be just fine, Partner.

House lights begin turning on in the cul-de-sac. As people lean out their windows and yell at the car to shut up...

FADE OUT.

END SHOW