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)
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)
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--

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
Congratulations-- 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)
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:

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.

(CONTINUED)
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 adulteress, 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)
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)
JAMIE
Exactly. Tad’s changed a lot.

Suddenly, a YELLOW PORSCHE BOXSTER blasting Sisqo’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)
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
gregards 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
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.

(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)

(CONTINUED)
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)
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?
CONCLUDED:

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:

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.


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)
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)
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
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:

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!
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!
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.
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.


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 hatefuleness 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