DIRTY COP GREED

Written by

Simon K. Parker

Copyright © 2013 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author.

simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk

FADE IN.

INT. CASINO - BLACKJACK TABLE - NIGHT

MICHAEL ENGLISH, 31, short, slicked back hair and small piercing blue eyes is playing alone against the FEMALE DEALER and losing.

He's gambling high, but it's not paying off.

He keeps going, knocks back his glass of whiskey.

Loses again.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Michael arrives late in the dead of night, exhausted.

INT. HOTEL - MICHAEL'S ROOM - DAY

Michael's in bed asleep, his hotel room is a mess. Clothes left all over. Looks like he's been living here for a couple of months now.

His phone is ringing, it wakes him up.

He sits up, finds it, rejects the call then falls back asleep.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Michael, dressed smart in a suit marches through the lobby and out.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Michael heads inside the police station, jogs in through it's main entrance.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - DAY

Michael's sitting in front of the POLICE CAPTAIN, 46, dressed in uniform. Between them a neat, tidy and almost empty desk that only has a small laptop on top of it, open and unused.

The police captain is staring hard at Michael, unimpressed.

POLICE CAPTAIN You're getting demoted English. And a new partner too.

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL

Yes sir.

POLICE CAPTAIN Personally I believe you need some time off to clear your head. But we need results. We need the right kind of numbers coming in.

Michael's still smiling.

MICHAEL I understand sir, but you needn't worry I'm fine.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Good.

MICHAEL And my new partner sir?

POLICE CAPTAIN You'll be going off to meet him now.

MICHAEL Very good sir.

Michael nods.

He stands up from the desk and exits.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Michael sits at a small table inside this cramped for space greasy cafe, waiting.

JIMMY GREEN, 23, tall and handsome comes over with two cups of coffee.

He sits down opposite him.

Michael takes his drink from him.

MICHAEL

Thank you.

Jimmy stretches out his hand.

JIMMY My name's Jimmy Green.

Michael ignores it.

MICHAEL You understand what were here to do?

Jimmy drops his hand down.

JIMMY

Yes sir.

MICHAEL Don't call me sir, but do tell me what we're here to do.

JIMMY The jobs of police officers.

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL No, no one could ever do that job.

Jimmy doesn't understand.

JIMMY What do you mean?

MICHAEL

Were here to kick the scum of this city back underground. Those who try and show their faces out in the daylight, it's our job to force those back into the shadows.

JIMMY I don't quiet follow?

MICHAEL

We're not here to change anything Jimmy. We're here to keep things as they are. To make sure things never get out of control.

Jimmy shakes his head.

JIMMY

I disagree. MY job is to make this city better for those living and working in it. Safer and happier for those who want to live their lives in peace.

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL My advise is that you drop that kind of mentality right here and leave it behind.

JIMMY I became a police officer to make a difference, and I'm not leaving that notion behind anywhere. I'm going to be keeping it with me.

Michael laughs.

MICHAEL

You can't change how things are, they just are the way they are.

Jimmy lifts up his coffee, has some. Knows there's not point in talking anymore.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR - DAY

Jimmy's parked up with Michael in the front passanger seat next to him.

They're staring down into an alleyway in front of them.

A drug deal taking place. The DRUG DEALER with hood up and a scarf covering his face exchanges a small clear packet for money.

Jimmy slaps a hand against Michael's chest.

JIMMY

Let's go.

Michael reaches across and stops him.

MICHAEL One dealer, no point even getting involved.

Jimmy's annoyed.

JIMMY We've received complaints that is his happening and we've just seen it happen.

MICHAEL

So?

JIMMY Who pays your wages?

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL

The tax payers do.

JIMMY

Right, and the tax payers of this country have also elected a government that has continued to state that dealing drugs is against the law. So I think there is every point, even if it is just one dealer.

Jimmy exits out of the car.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Jimmy's wrestling with the drug dealer. He's got him down on the floor but he's strong, hard for Jimmy to get his arms behind his back for the arrest.

The struggles continues.

Jimmy's losing him, the drug dealer getting up onto his knees.

Michael now appears and delivers a hard kick to the side of the drug dealers head. Knocking him out cold.

Jimmy gets his breath back, stands up onto his feet.

JIMMY What the hell did you do that for?

MICHAEL You were taking too long. Now hurry up and call it in. Stop messing around and let someone else take him. EXT. BETTING SHOP - DAY

Michael leads the way, crosses over an empty road towards the betting shops entrance.

He glances back at Jimmy who's following on behind him.

MICHAEL Just keep your mouth shut and act as backup, but only if needed.

JIMMY Who's in here?

MICHAEL Loan sharks. If you're so desperate to do work today we might as well do something that matters instead of wasting our time on teenage drug dealers.

INT. BETTING SHOP - DAY

Michael marches across the floor and towards the back office.

He's knows where he's going.

Jimmy stays close.

INT. BETTING SHOP - OFFICE - DAY

Michael stands in the middle of this tight for space office with Jimmy at his side.

TONY O'CORNER, 34, is behind the desk.

STUART O'CORNER, 44, is at the door, arms crossed out in front of his chest.

Michael focuses on Tony.

MICHAEL You know what you've been doing is illegal?

TONY Depends what you think we've been doing Michael?

JIMMY How does he know your name? Michael ignores him.

MICHAEL

I hate to state the obvious but taking illegal bets is illegal. Underground boxing matches, street races, cock fights. Do I have to keep going?

TONY What do you want Michael?

MICHAEL I want to see the money you've been making.

TONY

Why?

MICHAEL

Evidence.

TONY What are you doing?

MICHAEL Give me the money.

Tony looks across at Jimmy.

TONY How long have you worked with him?

But before Jimmy can answer Michael picks up the land line telephone up from the desk and smashes it hard into Tony's face, breaking his nose and splitting his bottom lip.

Stuart steps forwards to intervene but Jimmy spins around to face and stop him.

Jimmy shoves both hands hard into Stuart's chest and pushes him back to the door.

He glances over at his shoulder at Michael.

JIMMY What the fuck are you doing, you're way out of fucking line right now.

Michael just continues to ignore him.

He moves to Stuart, points at his face.

MICHAEL

Let me remind you that wasting a police officers time is an arrestable offense. Now give me the money!

Scared, Stuart looks across at Tony for what to do.

Tony holds both his hands to his blooded face. Give a quick nod.

Stuart moves to the other side of the room.

He picks up a sports bag out of a large cardboard box.

Hands it over to Michael.

Jimmy's now scared too.

JIMMY This is going too far. We can't do this.

Michael just continue to give him nothing.

MICHAEL That wasn't so hard was it lads? You've got a nice little betting

shop here. Stop trying to spoil it by acting like criminals.

Michael slings the bag over his shoulder and exits out with it.

Jimmy watches on in horror. Look back over to Tony, still bleeding, gives him a shake of the head, knows what has happened is wrong.

INT. BETTING SHOP - DAY

Michael waits, Jimmy catches up with him then they exit out together.

INT. BETTING SHOP - OFFICE - DAY

Tony looks across at Stuart.

TONY His partner. Find out all you can on him. Jimmy's in the drivers seat with Michael next to him, the bag of money down on his lap.

JIMMY You shouldn't have done that. What's wrong with you?

MICHAEL It's how things are done. It's the only way to deal with criminals like that.

JIMMY You're a police officer for god sake.

MICHAEL

They don't care and neither should you. I'm fine with the idea that gangsters have got to make a living too, but they should never forget to pay what's due. That's our job.

JIMMY

You're wrong.

MICHAEL

When the heartbeat stops, the tick continues to tock.

JIMMY What the hell does that even mean?

Michael opens up the bag, it's filled with bundles of cash. Easily a hundred thousand pounds in here.

Michael takes out one of the bundles and holds it out for Jimmy to take.

MICHAEL They're not going to miss it. Buy yourself something nice. Think of shit they'd spend it on.

Jimmy take it from him but throws it out of his drivers side window.

JIMMY Get the fuck out of my car.

Michael smiles at him but knows he's serious.

A beat.

Michael nods, he gets out.

INT. CASINO - BLACKJACK TABLE - NIGHT

Michael's back at the blackjack table, a new DEALER but the same results. Losing.

He keeps going, betting high.

That bag of money down by his feet, half empty.

He keeps going.

A couple of wins but mostly losing.

He reaches out for his glass of whiskey, a big mouthful, it's going to be a long night.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Tony, cleaned up with stitches on his nose and bottom lip sits at a small table with Jimmy, out of the way and hidden in a dark corner.

Stuart comes over, places down two pints of beer for them then moves away out of sight.

JIMMY It's a dangerous thing making contact with me like you did.

TONY

But you came.

JIMMY Maybe I came to arrest you?

Tony shakes his head.

TONY No, right now I'm not a problem to you. But he is.

JIMMY

Who?

TONY Your partner. He's out of control.

JIMMY You're scared of him?

Tony nods.

TONY

Everyone should be. He's one of those who doesn't know when to quit. He will get caught by your side eventually. It's just the way of the world. But you need to ask yourself, is it worth it. Is it worth the damage he's going to cause the police force of this city. When your side gets him, all the details will spill out over every newspaper.

A beat.

JIMMY

What do you want?

TONY

I want him. I want to put a stop to him. But I don't know where he lives. He's not got an address in this city and believe me I've searched. He's not a cop, he's a gangster without any friends left.

JIMMY And you want me to help you?

Tony shakes his head.

TONY

I want you to help yourself and the police force you work for. We've both got a shared problem, one dirty cop. You give me what I need and I'll fix the problem in a way you'd never be able to.

Jimmy drops his head down, thinking.

INT. HOTEL - MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Michael's drinking heavily, the bag of money on the bed behind him is almost totally empty.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Michael marches through, dressed in a fresh suit with a smile on his face ready for a new day.

INT. VAN - DAY

Tony and Stuart, dressed all in black both pull down a balaclava covering their faces and pick up a baseball bat each.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Michael's walking alone.

Tony and Stuart run up from behind him, swinging their bats at the back of his legs forcing him down to the ground.

They then move to either side of him and deliver a savage beating. To his head, arms and body.

Michael's knocked out cold, can't defend himself.

They continue.

The beating goes on.

Blood pouring out of him.

Michael's dead.

They then throw their bats down to the floor and sprint away out of sight.

Leaving him on the floor for someone else to find.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.