

NO DOZ

Written by

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EXT. SMALL TOWN SUBURB - STREET - DAY

PETER, 32, a patrol officer, slightly over weight, wears a uniform that's a tad too small, walks along the sidewalk past the shops. He talks to the owners outside as he passes.

MR. JOHNSON, an older man in his 60s, barber shop owner, sweeps in front of his store as Peter walks by.

MR. JOHNSON

Hey Peter, how's that promotion looking?

PETER

Pretty good, Mr. Johnson. I just need to catch one more criminal.

MR. JOHNSON

That might be tough. We don't get many of them in these parts.

PETER

Keep your fingers crossed.

Mr. Johnson gives a puzzled look, but continues to sweep. Peter walks by MRS. CHEN, an Asian woman in her 50s. She stacks produce out front of her market. She calls to Peter with a thick accent.

MRS. CHEN

How you do on test, Peeta?

Peter smiles broadly.

PETER

I passed!

MRS. CHEN

Oh, dat wondafa. You get detective job now. You still come for Kung Fu training?

PETER

You know it.

Peter flashes a quick martial arts move.

PETER (CONT'D)

One more bad guy and I get my promotion!

MRS. WALKER

You catch bad guy, no problem.

A MAN in a jean jacket, early 20's, dirty clothes, as ugly as the day is long, snatches a purse from a LITTLE OLD LADY, and breaks in to a full sprint. Peter reacts.

PETER

Stop! In the name of the law!

The Man in the jean jacket looks back at Peter and chuckles as he quickens his pace.

PETER (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Seriously, Why does that never work?

Peter takes off in hot pursuit of the Man in the jean jacket, only it's more of a lumber than a sprint. Peter tries to run faster, but tires quickly. He pants as he plods along.

PETER (CONT'D)

I really wish the department would spring for Segway.

Sweat beads on his upper lip.

Peter pushes harder and follows the Man down a...

SIDE ALLEY

PETER (CONT'D)

Of course he goes down a dark alley. He's a criminal. Why wouldn't he go down a dark alley?

Peter turns the corner in time to see the Man jump over a fence.

Peter reaches the fence and tries to climb over. With a series of grunts and groans, he rolls his body over the top.

He catches his uniform and it tears.

Peter falls with a THUD on the other side, knocking the wind out of him. He reaches for the top of the fence, gasping for air.

Peter pulls himself up and staggers out of the alley into the...

STREET

Peter sees the Man is walking at a brisk pace. The man sees Peter and runs.

Peter is out of breath. He leans forward, braces himself on his knees and pants.

The Man looks back and laughs at Peter. On the side of the street is a parked sedan. The door opens. The Man, with his head turned looking behind him at Peter, runs into the car door and falls to the ground.

BUSTER, 35, handsome man with chiseled good looks, wears a suit, gets out of the car. He looks down at The Man lying on the ground. The Man still clutches the old woman's purse.

BUSTER
(sarcastically)
I'm sorry. Was my car door in your way?

Buster watches Peter plod up the sidewalk, then bends down to look at his car door. There's a greasy smudge on his window.

BUSTER (CONT'D)
Is that your face print? Gross!

The Man shakes the cobwebs from his head. Buster wipes the grease spot off of his window with a handkerchief.

The Man tries to get up, but Buster steps on his chest.

BUSTER (CONT'D)
That's okay, don't get up.

He looks down the sidewalk. Peter still gasps for air, but is close enough to talk to.

BUSTER (CONT'D)
So close. A few pounds lighter and you might've had 'im.

Peter stands up, still panting.

PETER
Thanks for the help.

Buster kneels down, turns the Man on his stomach and places handcuffs on his wrists.

BUSTER
Help? Oh, I'm afraid this is my collar.

Peter looks surprised and little angered.

PETER

Your collar? But that guy's my promotion.

Buster yanks The Man up by his collar and takes the purse from him.

BUSTER

I think you mean... would have been.

Buster opens the back door and shoves The Man into the backseat and hits his head in the process.

MAN

Ouch!

BUSTER

(to Man)
Watch your head.

MAN

This is police brutality!

BUSTER

Yea, yea, tell it to the judge.

He slams the door closed and hits Man in the head again. Muffled sounds of pain come through the closed door.

PETER

You're seriously taking this from me?

BUSTER

I didn't take anything. It's not my fault you're too fat and slow.

Buster looks down at Peter's ripped and dirty uniform.

BUSTER (CONT'D)

Clean yourself up, would ya. I know your my adopted brother, but I still can't have you seen lookin' like a slob. That's a bad reflection on me.

Buster gets into his car and drives off. Peter stands alone and looks dejected.

A call comes over Peter's radio.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Two Eleven in progress at Parson's
Convenience Store.

Peter grabs the radio on his shoulder and responds.

PETER
I'm right down the street. I'm on
my way.

Peter, still tired and out of breath, breaks into a brisk walk.

INT. PARSON'S CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

SUPER: 4 BLOCKS, 30 MINUTES LATER

ANDREA PARSONS, 25, cashier, lies over the counter by the cash register, face down, arms splayed across the counter.

Peter peeks his face around the corner of the door from outside. He looks over his shoulder and quickly scans the inside of the store.

Peter BURSTS through the door, gun drawn, swinging it from left to right.

He jumps from aisle to aisle, wide stance in front of each, with his gun out in front.

He finally notices Andrea. His head continues to snap back and forth as he looks from one side of the store to the other.

PETER
Ma'am?

Peter moves slowly and cautiously toward the counter.

PETER (CONT'D)
Ma'am, are you okay?

Peter gets to the counter and checks Andrea's neck for a pulse.

She suddenly bolts up right and stumbles back against the wall. Peter screams and drops to the floor. Andrea stares unblinking and wide-eyed.

Andrea regains her senses, walks forward and peers over the counter looking at Peter.

ANDREA

Peter?

Peter lies on the floor, wide-eyed and unblinking. He clutches his chest, his mouth open in a silent scream.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Peter, are you okay?

PETER

I'll letcha know when my heart starts beating again.

Dispatch calls over Peter's radio again.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Officer Gamin, please report your status.

Peter continues to lie on his back, still clutches his chest.

Andrea looks at Peter. He's motionless except for his heavy breathing.

ANDREA

Aren't you going to answer that?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Officer Gamin, please state your location.

Peter reaches for his radio.

PETER

I'm in Parson's Convenience store.
It's all clear. I'm going to get a report and investigate.

The POLICE CHIEF, Peter's boss, a by the book kind of guy, takes the place of the Dispatcher.

POLICE CHIEF (V.O.)

That's a negative, Officer Gamin.
You can take the report, but we'll have to let County take it from there.

PETER

But, Chief--

POLICE CHIEF (V.O.)

No "buts," Gamin. That's an order.

Peter grimaces and kicks the floor with his heels.

POLICE CHIEF (V.O.)
Is that understood, Officer Gamin?

PETER
(begrudgingly)
Yes, sir.

Peter kicks and flails his arms in a temper tantrum. He stands and smooths his tattered and dirty uniform before he addresses Andrea.

PETER (CONT'D)
So... Miss Parsons--

ANDREA
Please, call me Andrea.

PETER
Ok, Andr--

ANDREA
Oh hey, do you like waffles?

PETER
What?

ANDREA
I've got cat named Fluffers. He doesn't like squirrels...

PETER
(to himself)
Right, Andrea has A-D-D.

Peter snaps his fingers in front of Andrea's face to get her attention.

PETER (CONT'D)
Andrea!

She stops talking and stares wide-eyed at Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)
What can you tell me about the Rob--

Andrea falls asleep right in the middle of Peter's question. Her head flops on the counter with a THUD! Peter nods to himself as if remembering an important detail.

PETER (CONT'D)
And Narcolepsy.

Peter looks closely at her face smooshed against the counter.

PETER (CONT'D)
That had to hurt.

Peter gets a cup of cold water from the fountain machine.

He splashes it on Andrea's face.

Andrea bolts upright and gasps for air. Water drips from her face.

ANDREA
Why am I wet?

PETER
What can you tell me about the robber?

Andrea responds as if nothing is amiss.

ANDREA
He filled out an application.

PETER
He what?

ANDREA
Yea. I told him he looked cute. Not like Cousin Henry cute, but cute.

PETER
Andrea! Focus! Do you have the application?

Andrea reaches under the counter to produce the application.

ANDREA
Yep, got it right here. Oh! You wanna see what he looks like? I took a picture of him with my phone. Aunt Suzie has a camera. Uncle Bob likes to go fishing.

PETER
Andrea!

Andrea looks startled and her head flops on the counter again, THUD!

Peter shakes his head. He grabs the application and Andrea's phone.

Peter scans at the pictures on her phone and looks at the last photo taken. It's a clear picture of the robber.

He switches his attention to the application and reads the address printed.

INSERT - APPLICATION

"1205 Peachtree Industrial Blvd."

BACK TO SCENE

Peter mocks his Chiefs last words to himself.

PETER

"Let County take it from there."

EXT. ABANDON WAREHOUSE - DAY

SUPER: 2 HOURS LATER

Peter arrives at the address. His face drips with sweat. His shirt is soaked at the armpits and chest. He wheezes from overexertion.

PETER

(to himself)

Maybe this guy... isn't as stupid... as he looks.

Peter looks around while he tries to catch his breath. No other buildings are within sight.

PETER (CONT'D)

Might as well... take a look inside... while I'm here.

Peter heads into the building.

INT. PARSON'S CONVENIENCE STORE - SAME

Andrea stares off into space. Buster enters.

ANDREA

Well, good afternoon, sir. We're hiring, would you like an application?

Before Buster can respond, Andrea takes pictures of him with her cell phone. Buster looks blinks from the flash, then gives Andrea a confused look.

BUSTER

Ma'am, I'm here about a robbery.

ANDREA

Again? Peter was just here. His dog has three legs. His name is Lucky. Do you like waffles?

Buster shows his lack of patients and shouts at Andrea.

BUSTER

Ma'am!

Andrea's eyes widen, she passes out, and her face slams to the counter once more. THUD!

Buster flinches, then notices the application on the counter. He picks up her phone and scans her pictures.

He looks at Andrea's face smooshed on the counter. He shakes his head and exits the store.

INT. ABANDON WAREHOUSE - SAME

Peter's jaw drops open as he looks around the interior of the building. The warehouse is full of stolen items, tons of electronics and machinery.

The butt of a gun comes down hard on the back of his head. Peter's falls to the floor, unconscious.

WAREHOUSE OFFICE

Peter comes to. He is tied to a chair. He struggles briefly before noticing DON DON, a rough looking man in his 50's wears a three-piece suit and sits across from him.

DON DON

Mornin', sunshine.

PETER

I know you. You're Don Don, head of the Atlanta Crime Family.

Don Don rises from his chair and walks toward Peter.

DON DON

Well then I guess there's no reason for me to keep you alive, is there?

PETER

I mean, who are you? What do you want with me?

Don Don slaps Peter across the face with the back of his hand.

DON DON
Don't get cute with me!

PETER
You must be thinking of my brother.

As if on cue, a HENCHMAN, a beefy thug with the face of a boxer that retired a little too late in life, walks into the office with Buster in tow. Buster's hands are tied behind his back.

HENCHMAN
I found dis one wonderin' aroun'
outside. What'd'ya wan' me ta do
wit' 'im?

Don Don slides his chair over toward Peter.

DON DON
Sit 'im next to the slob.

PETER
Hey!

Don Don snarls at Peter. Peter closes his mouth and drops his head.

Peter addresses Buster with a whisper.

PETER (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing here?

Buster responds with his own hushed tone.

BUSTER
Same as you, I followed the clues.
Besides, once I figured out who was
behind this, I couldn't let you get
the collar.

DON DON
Shut up! Both of ya!

Peter raises his voice in anger.

PETER
(to Buster)
Why do you always have to ruin
everything for me?

BUSTER

I don't ruin everything for you.

PETER

Yes you do! Every time I'm about to do something good, you swoop in and steal it from me.

Peter hops his chair closer to Buster, swings his head sideways and head butts Buster.

BUSTER

Ow! What the hell are you doing?

PETER

Something I should have done a long time ago!

Peter hops his chair closer, swings his head. Buster tries to dodge. Peter's chair falls over onto Buster. They both fall to the floor.

BUSTER

Get off of me! What the hell is your problem? Get off of me! I'm telling Mom! What the-
- You're insane! Are you trying to bite me?

PETER (CONT'D)

You suck! I'm tired of being out done by you! You were always Dad's favorite! Always so perfect! I'm gonna kick your ass!

Don Don fires his gun into the air. The bullet ricochets around the room and hits the Henchman in the head. No one notices.

DON DON

Enough, already!

The Henchman falls to the floor like a bag of wet cement. THUD! They all look at the fallen Henchman.

DON DON (CONT'D)

Now look whatcha made me do!

While Don Don is distracted, Peter scrambles to his feet and rushes him. Peter turns around and pins Don Don to the wall with the legs of his chair.

PETER

(to Buster)

Quick, get to the door before more of his goons show up!

BUSTER

And how do you expect me to do that? I'm tied to a chair, lying on the floor!

The Don struggles behind Peter and squeezes off another shot, but shoots himself in the foot. He cries out.

DON DON

Oooowwww!

PETER

And I'm not?

BUSTER

No! You're standing, tied to a chair.

PETER

Just get to the door.

Buster struggles to get to his feet. He leans forward with the chair sticking out behind him and waddles toward the door.

DON DON

You two won't get outta here alive! I promise you dat!

PETER/BUSTER

Shut up!

Buster reaches the door as another GOON, a muscle head in his 30s, BURSTS through the door. The door SMACKS Buster in the head and knocks him into Peter and the Don.

The Don fires another. It ricochets around the room. Both Buster and the Goon fall to the floor.

PETER

Nooooo!

Peter smashes his chair against the wall, freeing his hands.

He back hands the Don across his face. Peter unleashes a flurry of martial arts moves.

He punches the Don in the throat.

He punches the Don in the solar plexus.

He then clasps his hands together and drives his elbows into the bent over Don's back. The Don collapses onto the floor.

Peter picks up the gun. Five more GOONS CRASH through the door. Peter points the gun at them.

PETER (CONT'D)
Hold it right there! Don't try anything funny. I've got this places surrounded!

GOON #2
Whadda we look like, a couple a idiots?

Peter looks confused as he counts to himself the number of people in the room. From outside, an OFFICER calls on a bullhorn.

OFFICER (O.S.)
We've got the place surrounded!
Come out with your hands up!

Peter looks surprised.

PETER
(to himself)
Buster musta called for backup after all.

The Goons flee the room. Peter examines Buster for bullet holes. All he finds is a knot on his head from the door.

EXT. ABANDON WAREHOUSE - DAY

Officers handcuff Goons and shove them into police cars. Peter and Buster stand next to VETERAN OFFICER, 44, looks like a retired drill sergeant, while he cuffs Don Don.

VETERAN OFFICER
(to Don Don)
So you thought you'd bring your big time crime to our little town, eh?

DON DON
I woulda gotten away with it, too, if it wasn't for these meddling kids!

Veteran Officer pushes Don Don into his squad car.

VETERAN OFFICER
(to himself)
Why does that sound familiar?

Veteran Officer turns to Peter and Buster.

VETERAN OFFICER (CONT'D)
Nice work, detectives.

BUSTER
(re: Peter)
Oh, he's not a detective.

PETER
I am now, Rip Van Winkle!

BUSTER
What?

PETER
You slept through the take down,
princess.

He slaps Buster on the knot on his head.

BUSTER
Ow! You little--

Peter and Buster slap fight.

EXT. STREET - DAY

SUPER: NEXT DAY

Peter walks down the street past the shops in his neighborhood. He's dressed in a suit, clean and pressed.

Mr. Johnson is sweeping in front of his barbershop.

MR. JOHNSON
Peter! You got it!

Peter walks tall. He nods at Mr. Johnson. He continues past Mrs. Chen's produce store.

MRS. CHEN
Way to go, Peeta!

PETER
I couldn't a done it withoutcha,
Mrs. Chen!

Peter winks and flashes a few karate moves at Mrs. Chen, then opens the passenger door to a sedan parked on the street.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Buster is in the driver's seat.

BUSTER
(begrudgingly)
Let's go... Detective Gamin.

PETER
That's Chief Detective Gamin, to
you!

Peter smiles broadly, Buster shakes his head in defeat and
drives away from the curb.

THE END.

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