

DIRTY BLUE

Two Cops. One Badge. No Morals.

WGAE Reg #: I34812

Wade Cox
wade_cox@writerwade.com
(540) 818-5807

FADE IN:

EXT. DRUG DEALERS' HOUSE -- EVENING

ECU on the flashing blue lights of a squad car. Slowly pull out to reveal that the car is sitting on a hill in the yard of a dilapidated house.

There is police tape around the front door, and the place is a mess on the outside, other than that, and the other police cars in the area, nothing seems amiss.

A sports car pulls up blasting Reggaeton. The yard is a mess of tire tracks and overgrown bushes.

When the engine shuts off, DETECTIVE SEAN DUNN (30s, white male, dressed like a street thug) steps out of the car.

Sean is the first detective on the scene. He greets a few lackeys on the way in and steps through the crime scene tape into the bloodbath inside.

SEAN

Hey, OFFICER MARTIN, what's the bad news?

Sean grabs a pair of latex gloves from the pouch on his belt.

The house is a mess of beer cans and pizza boxes.

OFFICER MARTIN

Beats the shit out of me. We did a sweep of the entire house, looks like we got 3 dead bodies, probably a professional hit from the looks of it.

SEAN

What makes you say that?

OFFICER MARTIN

The job's too clean to be an amateur. We've been here for half an hour now, and we haven't got shit to go on. We've got 3 sets of prints, and 3 dead bodies. I'll lay you odds that the prints match the vics, not the killer.

SEAN

Is it our KING SNAKE again?

OFFICER MARTIN

That'd be my guess.

SEAN

That's just great.
(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)

What's this, the third time he's hit somebody on our watch?

OFFICER MARTIN

Yeah, I think so. Whoever this vigilante bastard is, he's sure keeping us busy.

SEAN

Yeah. So, where are these fuckos?

OFFICER MARTIN

We got one in the basement, playing video games, another in the back bedroom, interrupted while he was apparently snorting some happy dust, and the third is in the kitchen, standing at the basement door. It's this way...

Officer Martin and Sean start toward the kitchen, but are stopped by a familiar voice.

CAPT. DUFFY (late 40's, wearing a suit), who has been in the back bedroom, talking with someone else over PATRICK's corpse, enters the den and speaks.

CAPT. DUFFY

DETECTIVE DUNN! Took you long enough to get here. Did you stop for dinner?

SEAN

Jeez, sorry. This place is out in the fucking sticks, CAPT. It's a little hard to find.

CAPT. DUFFY

So, where is your partner?

SEAN

I talked to him on the phone a few minutes ago. He's stuck on the expressway and he'll be here shortly.

CAPT. DUFFY

You know, you two are supposed to show up together?

SEAN

Sorry, Captain, we stopped dating about 6 months ago. Call it irreconcilable differences. What do you want from me? The guy's stuck in traffic!

CAPT. DUFFY
How about a little professionalism!
Look like you belong here, try and
act like a cop, and for once show up
with your Goddamn partner!

SEAN
I'll make a note of it.

CAPT. DUFFY
See that you do.

SEAN turns and resumes his walk toward the body in the kitchen.

SEAN
(Out loud, but talking
to self)
Ok, let's see what we've got here.

SEAN walks over to the basement door and notes RANDY'S body laying there at the top of the steps. He has been shot twice in the chest. SEAN bends down and examines the body.

RANDY (late 30s, bald) is wearing a bar t-shirt and shorts. The t-shirt (from a local bar) is inside-out.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Two in the chest. Nine millimeter
from the looks of it.

OFFICER MARTIN
That's what I thought. Plus, the
bullets look like they go in at an
angle, so I would say he got shot
from the steps.

SEAN
(Examines the bullet
wounds)
That's good. You've been studying.
When are you supposed to take the
detective's exam again?

OFFICER MARTIN
Two weeks.

SEAN
Good luck. You sound like you're
ready.

OFFICER MARTIN
Thanks.

Beat.

SEAN
Alright, where's the next one?

OFFICER MARTIN
Down the steps, Detective.

Sean steps over Randy's body and goes downstairs where a few more uniformed cops are milling around. One of them is trying to dust for prints. Another is photographing the scene.

SEAN stops halfway down the steps and bends down to pick up two spent brass casings.

SEAN
(Holding up the spent
brass and addressing
everybody within
earshot.)
Anybody bother to notice these?
I'll lay you odds they're from the
two in homeboy's chest.

COP #2 stops taking photographs and acknowledges SEAN'S remark.

COP #2
Sorry, Detective, I guess we missed
them.

One of the officers recognizes him and points him in the direction of BENJI'S (late 20s, shabbily dressed) body.

He's in his makeshift bedroom (which is only separated from the rest of the basement by a few tie-dyed sheets. He's slumped over on his bed, shot once in the head.

OFFICER MARTIN
(Who has followed him
down the steps)
Yeah, the TV was on when we got here.
Apparently, he was playing football.

SEAN
Yeah, was he winning?

OFFICER MARTIN
Actually, yeah.

SEAN
Too bad he didn't get to finish.

Sean picks up the corpse's head and notes that there's only one bullet in it.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(Addressing anyone
and no one)
You guys didn't find any prints,
right?

COP #3

Not a one. Whoever did this was a professional.

SEAN

(Turning back to
Officer Martin)

So, you said there's a third?

OFFICER MARTIN

Yeah, upstairs where the Captain was. In the back bedroom on the left.

SEAN

Alright, I might as well go check him out, too.

As he steps through the sheets and back into the basement proper, he takes note of a few cops examining the basement door.

SEAN (CONT'D)

What's up with that door?

COP #2

Lock was jimmed. Looks like this is how the killer got in, Detective.

Sean walks up the stairs and into the back bedroom where PATRICK'S (Late 20s, long hair and piercings) corpse is laying face up, sprawled across the bed.

A mirror of cocaine is on the dresser next to the bed, and he still grips a rolled up bill in his left hand.

A .357 revolver is on the floor next to his bed.

Just at this moment, DETECTIVE JASON HILL (30s, short hair, dressed like a thug) enters the open front door, under the crime scene tape.

CAPT. DUFFY

Detective Hill, its about time you put in an appearance. You know, you are supposed to show up with your partner.

JASON

Sorry, Captain, I got stuck on the expressway. I asked Sean to tell you that. I guess you didn't get the message.

CAPT. DUFFY

No, I got it. Just make a note of it. I'm watching on this one, I don't want any mistakes.

JASON

(Sighs)
Yes, sir.

OFFICER MARTIN

(Still in the back
bedroom with Sean)
So, what happened to your partner?

SEAN

He got stuck on the expressway.
He'll be here any minute.

When Sean hears the commotion out front, he walks out of the bedroom and down the hall toward the front door.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Speak of the Devil...

JASON

...and the Devil appears.

Jason nods acknowledgment to Officer Martin.

SEAN

Jump in, the water's warm.

FADE OUT:

over black screen, superimpose THREE DAYS EARLIER

CUT TO:

INT. CLAUDIA'S -- NIGHT

Claudia's is a small local Blues Bar. Dark and smoky place. It is the kind of a place where everybody minds their own business.

This is not a typical cop bar, but the 2 guys that are talking, are not typical cops.

At this moment, they are both piss-drunk.

SEAN

You know, that cocksucker from
Infernal Affairs is really getting
on my last fucking nerve.

JASON

I know. One of these days things
are going to come to a head with
that prick. He'll get his, don't
worry.

SEAN

Yeah, I just hope we can stick it to
him before he sticks it to us.

JASON

We'll figure out a way. You know, he's been 2 miles up my ass with a power tool, too. But we're Teflon, bro. Nothing sticks to us.

SEAN

Yeah, I hope you're right.

JASON

I am. Trust me.

Each takes a drink.

JASON (CONT'D)

Anyway, on another subject, I've gotta get out of here after this beer. I promised KIRA
(30s, athletic build,
fire in her eyes)
I wouldn't be out late tonight.

Sean just rolls his eyes.

JASON (CONT'D)

Don't give me that fucking look. You have to work tomorrow, too. If we don't put in an appearance at the office, people are going to start poking their noses around in shit people ain't got no fucking business poking their noses in.

SEAN

(Between guzzles)

Yeah, I guess you're right.

CLAUDIA (50s, and she looks it) comes over to them at the bar to see if they need anything.

CLAUDIA

Can I get you guys something else?

SEAN

No, thanks. We'll just go on and settle up.

(Turning to Jason)

Don't worry about this. I got it.

JASON

You sure? Alright. Thanks, man.

Sean drunkenly fumbles through his money clip to find a couple of twenties. He throws the money on the bar. They finish their beers as they are standing up and they leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLAUDIA'S -- NIGHT

Sean and Jason try to balance themselves on each other.

They are accosted by 2 muggers. The muggers are obviously fairly new to the trade, and aren't very good at it.

MUGGER #1 (20, Latino, mustache and ponytail) and MUGGER #2 (20, clean shaven, do rag on his head) approach them.

JASON

Come on. Help me out here, bro.
Stand up.

MUGGER #1

(As he approaches, he
pulls out a large
Bowie knife)
How you doing tonight?

JASON

Better than you are.

MUGGER #2

Don't play games with us, man.

JASON

Why not?

MUGGER #1

'Cause I got a knife, gringo, now
gimme your wallet.

Sean draws his gun quickly.

SEAN

Fuck you, I got a gun, give me yours.
(As he takes the wallet
from Mugger #1, he
points the gun at
Mugger #2)
Now you.

They hand over their wallets and stand there dumfounded.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Good. Now get the fuck outta here.

The muggers take off.

INT. LT. BRATTON'S OFFICE -- DAY

LT. BRATTON (black, 40s, impeccably dressed) stands over his desk.

He is the head honcho of the precinct's Internal Affairs Division.

Bratton walks around his desk in disgust, and then sits.

He is going over the files of Sean and Jason.

SGT. AARON CARTER (late 30s, no facial hair, military haircut) walks to the door and knocks on it.

AARON

You wanted to see me, Lieutenant?

LT. BRATTON

Yes, Sergeant Carter, come in. I was looking over your record - impressive background...SWAT, 2 commendations for bravery, a bullet wound taken in the line of duty. I see you also served in the Army for several years before joining us?

AARON

Yes, sir. And please, call me Aaron.

LT. BRATTON

Oh, where are my manners, Aaron? Want some coffee?

AARON

No, thank you.

LT. BRATTON

Alright. We'll just get down to business, then. Like I was saying, you served with the Army before you joined us? That's good. You have an impressive record with them, too, Aaron.

AARON

Thank you, sir.

LT. BRATTON

You're welcome. Listen, your military service is part of the reason I wanted to talk to you. I've got a little problem that you can help me out with.

AARON

Help you out how?

LT. BRATTON

When you were in the Army, you served with a guy named Sean Dunn, right?

AARON

Yes, sir.

LT. BRATTON

And if my sources were right, you guys were pretty tight, yeah?

AARON

Right. But, I'm not sure I see where you're going with this.

LT. BRATTON

Well, were you aware that Sean is a part of this department?

AARON

Really? No, I didn't know that.

LT. BRATTON

Yeah, he's a homicide detective right here in the 9th precinct, which is why I asked you to be sent over.

AARON

And, let me guess...you think he's dirty, and you haven't been able to prove it, so you want me to get under his skin.

LT. BRATTON

How did you know?

AARON

Why else would I.A.D. be interested in him?