

Patrol

By

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ACT ONE

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - MORNING

A drab doctor's office.

CARTER, early 50s, sits alone. He yawns, sleepy eyed.

NURSE (O.S.)
Carter Freeman?

CARTER (LAPPING)
The pills aren't working, Doc.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CU:

On a light being shown into an eyeball.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
Blink for me, please?

CARTER (O.S.)
(blinking)
I really don't feel any change.

Carter sits with his shirt off staring directly into the **DOCTOR's** retinoscopy (the thing they shine in your eye).

DOCTOR
You do look tired....

The Doctor checks his vitals with a stethoscope.

CARTER (CONT'D)
I woke up this morning in a pool of
my own sweat.

DOCTOR
Cough, please?

Carter coughs. The Doctor cocks an eyebrow.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You still smoking?

CARTER
No, no.... Well, yea. Not as much
as I did last year but its a hard
habit to kick.

The Doctor finishes examining Carter and writes on his clipboard.

DOCTOR

Well, your vitals are fine, overall. Though I am recommending all of my patients trying to curb their smoking habit take up vaping. It's a much healthier option, easier on the alveoli in your lungs.... As for your sleeping troubles...

The Doctor tears off a PRESCRIPTION SHEET from his clipboard and hands it to Carter.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'm uping the milligrams on your prazosin.

CARTER

Really? They haven't been working... They never have, simple as that. How many times are we gonna do this?

DOCTOR

I understand your frustrations, Carter, but medicine takes time and precision. We need to find that sweet spot in terms of dosage where its giving desired effects but your body isn't so acclimated to it that it builds up a tolerance.

Carter looks at the prescription. This visit has given him no relief. The Doctor checks his watch. Carter begins putting on his clothes.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

What're your plans for the rest of the day? It's fairly early, maybe you should try and get some rest?

CARTER

Can't, I got work.

EXT. RENAISSANCE FAIR - DAY

CAMERA P.O.V.

ROLE PLAYERS and **NORMAL FOLK** mingle about the fair grounds, all enjoying the spring day and different renaissance fair activities, such as:

- Pegging tomatoes at a **JESTER**.
- Eating mutton and drinking mead.
- Looking at various works of Renaissance art!
- Jousting.
- Seeing one of the **JOUSTERS** being put in an ambulance.
- Bad Renaissance theater.

Carter turns off his expensive looking camera before departing through the of **LARPERS**.

INT. CAMRY (MOVING) - MINUTES LATER

Carter drives down the road, his car filled with CAMERA and AUDIO EQUIPMENT. He puts on a pair of sunglasses and turns on the radio. The car swells with the sound of Roy Ayers "*Everybody Loves the Sunshine*".

SUPERIMPOSE: THE PATROL

Carter tries to enjoy the song, despite passing by:

- FORECLOSED ON HOMES.
- SPEEDING AMBULANCES.
- IRATE DRIVERS.
- BROKEN STOREFRONTS.
- POLICE putting up tape around a crime scene.

Uneasy due to the sights, Carter stops his music and turns to the radio.

RADIO HOST

(NPR type)

-refuting the claims of corruption.
If you're just tuning in we have
Police Chief Pum-

Next.

RADIO HOST #2
 (fuzzy, college basement
 type)
 -before being intercepted by the
 vigilante-

Next.

RADIO HOST #3
 (sports radio type)
 -Can't get a freakin' touchdown! I
 don't know why I get myself worked
 up anymore! It happens, every
 season. The Eagles don't have an
 offensive coordinator, they have a
 pudgy scarecrow!

Carter settles, driving past a-

SPEEDOMETER:

SPEED LIMIT --55--

YOUR SPEED --58--

WHOO WHOO. Red and Blue lights flash. He looks in his rear
 view mirror to see a **POLICE CRUISER.**

CARTER
 Shit...

EXT. PARKWAY SHOULDER - CONTINUOUS

The Camry pulls over. The Cruiser does the same a few yards
 behind it.

IN THE CAMRY

Carter groans. He pulls out his wallet and registration and
 puts it on the dashboard.

OFFICER GRADY, mid 40s, knocks on his window. He rolls it
 down.

OFFICER GRADY
 License and registration.

CARTER
 Got all of it right there, sir.

Carter hands him the documents. He looks them over before
 leaning in the window.

OFFICER GRADY
You know how fast you were goin'?

CARTER
I'm not sure. Couldn't have been
too fast.

OFFICER GRADY
(points to equipment)
What's all that?

Grady is pressing him. Carter just wants to get this over
with.

CARTER
Equipment. I was out doing a field
piece.

OFFICER GRADY
You got the receipts for all of
that?

CARTER
Yea, I do. Back at the office.
Where I'm headed. Technically I'm
at work right now. You wanna follow
me back there? I can have
accounting dig in their file
cabinets and show you.

OFFICER GRADY
(long beat, hands back
documents)
Here. I'll have your ticket out in
a few minutes.

Grady walks away.

CARTER
(to himself)
Jackass.

Grady comes back.

OFFICER GRADY
What was that?

CARTER
Hm?

Grady stares him down.

He walks away.

INT. STANLEY'S PHARMACY - LATER THAT DAY

A quaint pharmacy.

Prescription in hand, Carter steps forward to the counter where **STANLEY**, mid 70s, greets him with a smile.

STANLEY
Prescription?

Carter looks down at his prescription, then to the array of PILLS behind Stanley.

CARTER
(unsure)
Uh....

His view shifts to the cigarettes and vapes. His vision centers on the BLUE E-CIG.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Uh, no, lemme get a blue.

Stanley grabs a pack of Camel blues from behind him and places it on the counter.

STANLEY
That'll be eleven nintey five.

CARTER
I said I wanted a blue. *Those* are what I'm trying to quit.

STANLEY
Oh you mean those e-cig whatever's?
You smoke those?

CARTER
Uh, yea? I'm trying to quit and they help.

The cashier shakes his head, laughing. He puts the e-cig on the counter and rings it up. Carter hands him a 20.

CASHIER
Wouldn't peg you for the type to puff on these if I saw you on the street. Hell, you're probably as old as me.

CARTER
(steamed)
Yea, well if I saw you out on the
street I wouldn't peg you to work
here.

Stanley gives him a sour look.

STANLEY
I own this joint, you know.

Carter yanks his change and e-cig off the counter and walks
out.

INT. DOLLY GRIPZ - AFTERNOON

A large office full of **YOUNG ADULTS**

- sitting on yoga balls at their cubicles!
- playing ping-pong!
- showing each other funny cat videos.

On the floor is a **LOGO**

--DOLLY GRIPZ--

INT. DOLLY GRIPZ - JUSTIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JUSTIN, late 20s, looks at the footage of the Renaissance
fair on his monitor. Carter sits across from him. Justin
pauses the playback.

JUSTIN
Lemme tell you, when the big boys
upstairs told me I was gonna be
your direct superior, I was *stoked*.
Real stoked to have to on the team.
Because I know you'd turn out stuff
like this.

CARTER
Uh, thanks... I appreciate that. It
wasn't anything special though.

JUSTIN
Are you kidding me? This guy had to
get in an ambulance!

Carter shrugs. He's seen worse.

CARTER

Bunch of grown men running around in costumes. Mutton was good though. Kinda... Tough.

JUSTIN

I wish I could've gone... This is really good stuff, Carter. That's why...

(long beat)

it sucks that we have to scrap all of it...

CARTER

Uh... Huh? I'm sorry?

JUSTIN

I know, I'm a dick for having you go out there today but this is a move that the powers that be have been mulling this transition over for two quarters now and they're finally pulling the trigger. It's gonna totally change how we operate! And if I'm being honest, the stuff you were doing wasn't you! You're Carter Garborowitz!

MELODY, early 20s, slowly enters the room.

MELODY

Hey hey...

JUSTIN

Ah, perfect timing! Carter, I'd like you to meet our newest intern, Melody Vega.

MELODY

Pleasure to meet you!

Carter gives her a nod. They shake hands.

JUSTIN

Part of Dolly Gripz evolution involves more... Cooperative work. Melody's joining you on your assignments now.

CARTER

Um, No. Justin.... What do I need an intern for?

(to Melody)

No offense,

(MORE)

CARTER (CONT'D)

(to Justin)

But I've been doin fine the past two months on my own.

MELODY

Don't worry, I'm super qualified. I can get you coffee, do audio, cinematography...

CARTER

That's great but I can do all of that for myself.

JUSTIN

(to Carter)

Listen, you'll change your mind when I tell you about your new assignment.

MELODY

(giddy)

We already have an assignment?

She opens up her backpack and pulls out a notebook and pen.

MELODY (CONT'D)

(to Carter)

Shouldn't you be taking notes?

CARTER

Do I look like fourteen to you?

JUSTIN

No need for notes, Melody. I'm sure both of you have heard of the vigilante here in Philly.

MELODY

Of course!

CARTER

The who?

JUSTIN

(to Carter)

I'll have research send you the info packet, but if you google him you'll get a bunch of different videos. We're hoping for you two to get an interview with them Maybe some altercations to get that WorldStar crowd. "Dolly Gripz sheds spotlight on wannabe Superhero"

Melody nods understandingly as Carter is absolutely puzzled by Justin's words.

CARTER

Altercations? You want mean like brawls on the street? Justin that's dangerous, what if someone gets hurt? I've been in situations like that but...

(looks to Melody)

I don't know about her.

MELODY

Oh, I don't mind. I've got no fear.

JUSTIN

Ugh I love that! No fear! That should be Dolly Gripz new slogan.

(beat)

He only operates here in Philly. In our backyard! You may not like it and I'm sorry, but this is the direction we're going in.

With no way out, Carter resigns himself, sinking deeper into the chair.