

Patrol

By

Devin Blake  
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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--

WHOOO WHOOO. 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 whatevers?  
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.