

SULLIVAN'S REVENGE

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FADE IN:

EXT. URBAN ROAD - AFTERNOON

We open on a small road saddled between two highways, it's surface is plagued with cops blocking it's only exit. In the background there's an array of cop cars, and with them officers gripping their sidearms. In the foreground a man wearing a black overcoat and fedora stands firm, with his hand held in a stopping motion. JAMES SULLIVAN, 36, a cold-hearted Irish-American police detective with a rugged like appearance.

Carefully stepping forward James reveals the stopped vehicle - A U-HAUL moving truck. Whilst maneuvering towards the driver's side James glances down at the license plate. Resuming his gaze, James tilts back up, and makes a hand gesture for the driver to roll down his window - he leans in.

JAMES

Jesus! You guys keep on getting younger every-time I see ye. I didn't know Colombo was hiring scrawny looking fella's such as yourself. Then again who better to smuggle in what I'm guessing to be at least, a few hundred kilo's of the world's finest Columbian booger sugar.

THE DRIVER, 21, thin and short, looks petrified. His light coloured shirt begins to darken with his profuse sweeting.

THE DRIVER

Colombo? Am... I'm just helping my sister move some her stuff to her new apartment officer. I really don't have any idea what - -

JAMES

Cut the shit Stuart Little! You and I both know what's in the back, and as far as I see it you have two options. Option one, I call my guys behind me and we'll have a look in the back. If they find anything out the way, and I mean anything at all you'll be sent to the local penitentiary. Where your ass will be getting relentlessly pounded day in, and day out! Now ... (looking at The Driver to say his name).

THE DRIVER

Frank sir... Frank.

JAMES

Now Frank, I'm not in favor of option one just to be clear. I couldn't imagine the devastating impact on the human body from being skull-fucked twenty-four seven. A fragile like thing such as yourself would end up being tossed around, like a lone bottle of booze at an AA meeting. That's why we have option two Frank, which is what I prefer - -

FRANK

Option two! What's option two?

JAMES

Calm down, I was getting to it. You young people are always so eager, aren't you fond of a bit of role play Frank? (winks) Look option two entails you giving Colombo a very specific message from me, can I trust you to carry this out for me Frank?

FRANK

Sure, but you know things have to go up the chain of comm - -

JAMES

Perfect! Tell him that he missed his last payment.

FRANK

Payment for what?

JAMES

Your funny Frank, really funny.

Finishing their conversation, James steps away from the driver's window to the kerb. Waving at the officers, they lift the barrier, allowing the U-HAUL truck to pass through the blockade. James reaches into his pocket and pulls out a cigarette, and lights it.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END