

Renshaw

written by

Vic Burns

Address
Phone
E-mail

OVER BLACK.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

COP (O.S.)
Renshaw.

KNOCK KNOCK.

EXT. BEACH FRONT PARKING - DAY

Another sunny morning in Redondo Beach, South Bay, CA.

An overweight cop peers through the tinted window of a Dodge Promaster van.

COP
Renshaw. I know you're in there.

He bangs repeatedly on the side door with his baton.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Ben 'Benny' RENSHAW, (late 20s) is asleep at a table, face down in the remains of last night's takeaway.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

He stirs.

COP (O.S.)
Renshaw! I'll give you thirty seconds to get your lily white ass out here.

RENSHAW
Alright already.

He takes a swig from an open bottle of flat Coke and knocks over an empty rum bottle as he puts it down.

EXT. BEACH FRONT PARKING - CONTINUOUS

The van door slides open. Benny is wiping his face with a beach towel.

RENSHAW
Officer Cloke, you're late -- where's the coffee?

Renshaw jumps down from the van and tosses the towel back inside.

Cloke prods his baton into Renshaw's chest.

CLOKE

How many times I gotta tell you not to park here?

RENSHAW

Come on dude, there's no-one around.

CLOKE

You're a fucking eyesore. Why can't you just get a regular job and a place like everybody else?

RENSHAW

I got lots of jobs.

CLOKE

Then you can afford the eighty dollar ticket I'm gonna write you for failure to display valid parking.

Cloke puts his baton away.

RENSHAW

Give a guy a break. I'll be gone in twenty minutes.

Renshaw reaches into the van and presses a button on a side panel.

CLOKE

Unless we can come to some form of arrangement...

Renshaw rolls his eyes as he pulls out a fifty dollar bill from his shorts pocket.

RENSHAW

You got change?

Cloke snatches it away.

CLOKE

You're in credit.

Cloke walks back to his patrol car.

RENSHAW

Don't spend it all on donuts you
fat fuck.

Cloke climbs into his patrol car and winds down the window.

CLOKE

You know what? I'm feeling
generous. Give yourself an hour.

Cloke chuckles to himself as he starts the engine.

A blacked out SUV screeches to a halt next to Cloke's car.

A rear window opens a little.

CLOKE (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

UNKNOWN

Officer Peter Cloke?

CLOKE

Who's asking?

POP! POP! POP!

Cloke falls forward onto the steering wheel - the horn
sounds.

The SUV speeds away.

RENSHAW

Ho-ly fuck-ing cow.

A piercing female scream.

Renshaw spins around. There is a hysterical pretty girl in
his van.

RENSHAW (CONT'D)

Who the hell are you?