

About
by
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FADE IN:

CAMERA POV:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

DETECTIVE BYRD (37), a man wearing a suit and long dark trench coat with dark hair walks up to the apartment door with his gun drawn. DETECTIVE MCMILLEN (33), a younger detective in just about the same get-up as Byrd but wearing a 1950s detective's hat leans on the door and listens.

MCMILLEN
Definitely a party goin' on in
there, Byrd.

BYRD
(southern accent)
Let's get'em.

From the other side of the hallway, two COLLEGE GUYS walk into the apartment next door with a 24 case of beer. When the door opens MUSIC fills the hallway. The detectives don't notice.

MCMILLEN
(to the camera)
On three. One...two...THREE!

McMillen kicks open the door. Byrd runs in and scans the apartment with his gun, McMillen dives to the ground and rolls into the apartment, he's followed by the BOOM STICK OPERATOR.

MCMILLEN (CONT'D)
FREEZE YOU COCK SUCKER!

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

LYLE (20) a tall, curly haired thin guy with glasses sits on his bed. Something falls from his hands.

Byrd and McMillen are looking around.

MCMILLEN
We got a few complaints about a
party goin' on and also about an
unusual smell coming from your
apartment. Can we come in and
speak with you for a moment?

Lyle's confused. Byrd picks the book up off the bed and reads the cover. He glares over at Lyle who's sitting nervously on the bed.

BYRD
War on Terrorism, huh? What, you
don't like our terrorism, boy?

Lyle nervously twiddles his thumbs.

Byrd talks to the camera while holding up the book.

BYRD (CONT'D)
We've got a 1312. Evidence: Anti-
American terrorism informative,
"How To" booklet.

BYRD (CONT'D)
(to Lyle)
What's your name, boy?

LYLE
Lyle Granrude.

BYRD
(to the camera)
At a one, Lyle Granrude's
apartment.
(To Lyle)
Where are you from, boy?

LYLE
Estevan, Saskatchewan.

BYRD
(to the camera)
Citizen of Estevan, Sa--

(To Lyle)
Estevan, what?

LYLE
Saskatchewan.

BYRD
Now, where in the hell is that,
boy? Iran or somethin'?

LYLE
No. It's in Canada, about two
hours away.

BYRD
Ooeee! You hear that McMillen?

MCMILLEN
(to Lyle)
What the hell did you just say?

Lyle hesitates for a second, you can hear the neighbors MUSIC in the background.

LYLE
That it's in Canada.

MCMILLEN
No. You said somethin' else, boy,
now what was it?

LYLE
I don't know what you're talking
about, sir.

McMillen gets in Lyle's face.

MCMILLEN
There! You just said it, again!

BYRD
What in holy hell is an about?

Byrd LAUGHS at the camera.

McMillen has found Lyle's Lacrosse stick lying on the floor next to the bed. He picks it up and examines it. Unsure of its use, he begins swinging it like a golf club.

Byrd finds the glass pipe sitting on the bed and picks it up and shakes his head.

BYRD (CONT'D)
(to the camera)
Second piece of evidence: a glass,
illegal substance smoking
apparatus. Used for smoking all
the smokeable drugs like Cocaine,
Acid, Ecstasy, Mushrooms, PCP and
the Reefer...It's the mother load.
(To Lyle)
You wouldn't be stupid enough to
try and bring anything across the
border, now would'ya?

LYLE
No, sir. I wouldn't.

BYRD

Good. Cause I don't want to see you naked this morning.

LYLE

I don't want you seeing me naked either, sir.

McMillen is holding the Lacrosse stick as if he thinks it's some kind of can. His eyes light up and he turns around.

MCMILLEN

Let's strip search him, Byrd.

Byrd walks over to McMillen and tears the Lacrosse stick away from him and throws it down.

BYRD

Stop foolin' around, boy. We ain't gonna strip search him. You're starting to look like Johnny Canuck with that pokin' stick.

McMillen, looking interested, sits next to Lyle on the bed.

MCMILLEN

So what's it like livin' in an Igloo, EH?
(laughing at the camera)
Probably pretty fuckin' cold.

LYLE

You actually believe we live in igloos in Canada?

McMillen's stumped.

MCMILLEN

...of course I don't believe that...

The MUSIC from next door is getting louder and the party sounds like it's in full swing.

MCMILLEN (CONT'D)

Don't try and change the fuckin' subject, boy. We ain't a couple of those Canadian cops with their big hats and fluffy pants with the tight asses?

(Beat)

(MORE)

MCMILLEN (CONT'D)

What the hell do they have in those pants that keeps them so puffed out, anyway?

LYLE

That's a good question, actually.

MCMILLEN

Shut the fuck up, boy!

McMillen snaps on a rubber glove.

LYLE

Sorry, sir.

MCMILLEN

(mockingly)

Ooo! Look at me, I'm a Canadian!
I'm too good to pay for my health care and I say sorry all the time!

Byrd walks over to McMillen and Lyle.

MCMILLEN (CONT'D)

Byrd, lets strip search him.

BYRD

For fuck sake! We ain't gonna strip search him, McMillen, so just shut the hell up about it.

Byrd turns and speaks to the camera looking as professional as he can.

BYRD (CONT'D)

Well it looks like we have enough evidence to put his ass away, and keep it there for a very long time.

(To Lyle)

Stand up and put your hands behind your head.

Byrd pulls out his hand-cuffs as Lyle does what he's told.

LYLE

But I wasn't smoking weed. The pouch of tobacco is right there.

MCMILLEN

Bend him over the bed like this, Byrd.

McMillen now has a tuque on his head and bends Lyle over the bed. He get's right up to Lyle's ass as he's putting on the cuffs. Lyle is frightened but keeps his cool.

Byrd walks up and rips the tuque off McMillen's head and grabs him by the jacket.

BYRD

What in the name of Jesus has
gotten into you, son?

MCMILLEN

You know, I'm starting to kinda
like this politeness stuff.

(To Lyle)

Tell me about that Poutine thing!

Byrd is furious.

BYRD

We've been here for four minutes
and you're prancin' around actin'
like some kind of...some sort
of...Canadiana.

MCMILLEN

Sorry, Byrd.

Byrd slaps McMillen across the face.

BYRD

SNAP OUT OF IT!

McMillen shakes his head and begins to breakdown crying.
Byrd comforts him.

MCMILLEN

Those terrorist bastards almost had
me, Byrd...My blood was runnin'
thick like maple syrup. I could
feel it.

They walk towards the door. Lyle watches them leave with a
confused look in his face.

BYRD

Don't worry, son, we'll get us a
some Biggy's Burgers, grab our
shotguns and go shoot us a couple
animals.

Lyle is about to say something to the camera but hesitates. He lays on the couch to untangles himself. His arms are now in front of him. He looks at the cuffs.

LYLE

(to the camera)

You guys wouldn't happen to have
the keys, would you?

The camera shakes no. Lyle pulls out a bag of weed and shrugs his shoulders as he packs bowl. He takes a puff and offers it to the camera. The CAMERA MAN's hand declines. The boom stick operator puts down his boom stick and takes the pipe from Lyle for a puff.

FADE OUT.