

Traffic Stop

by

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INT. CAR - DAY

STEVE RUEGGER is a sunglass-wearing 21 year old whose adequate posture and lack of athleticism disallows him from having any bit of a rebellious nature. Each time he takes one of the strings of his hooded sweatshirt out from in between his teeth is almost guaranteed to be followed by a wise crack said with a thick lisp.

JAKE, (19), is his seemingly always happy younger brother who has that face you just want to punch. His smile is so big that it opens his entire mouth, usually along with too many words.

The two are driving home from a day at the local ski resort.

JAKE
(referring to the radio)
Can you turn it up?

STEVE
Only if it stops you from talking.

Steve turns the volume up ever so gently.

JAKE
And would you step on the gas, man
I'm trying to get home before dark.

STEVE
You know what I wish I had? One of
those sound systems that gets
louder when you speed up.

JAKE
Yeah too bad you'll never be able
to hear any music because you drive
so damn slow.

STEVE
Relax, okay? I'm going seventy-two.

JAKE
Wow dude, fuckin' badass. Where'd
you learn to drive, Danica Patrick?

Jake turns the music up even higher.

INT. COP CAR - MEANWHILE

OFFICER DANA GOODSSELL is a 47 year old police officer who is convinced that her Spiderman watch she borrowed from her son makes her look cool. Her hair is back in a ponytail, making her look tougher than she really is.

OFFICER MIKE MCDONNELL is sitting passenger with a goatee to match his douchebag persona. He is 59, but it seems as if the salt and pepper hair color he went for should have more pepper in it.

OFFICER MCDONNELL

These kids just don't understand.
We need a president who's going to
make the country great again.

OFFICER GOODSSELL

Again with this? Donald Trump isn't
going to win.

OFFICER MCDONNELL

You want to bet? The country is
ready for change.

OFFICER GOODSSELL

Exactly.

The police officers hear a call coming in over the radio.

OFFICER MCDONNELL

Turn that up, it could be about the
car!

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

We have another call in about the
dark blue crossover in question.
Suspect isn't believed to be armed
but is said to be sighted headed
northbound on U.S. Route 9. Over.

A car matching the description drives on the highway past the parked squad car, capturing both of the officers attention.

OFFICER MCDONNELL

Drive! Drive!

INT. CAR - MEANWHILE

STEVE

Because it's my car! That makes me responsible.

JAKE

No this is different, Steve. You love being in charge.

STEVE

You think I like taking care of you? You know, ever since Dad passed-

JAKE

You've been trying desperately to take over.

STEVE

You'd do the same if you were in my position.

JAKE

I lost a father too, you know? But because you're older I guess its harder for you. Give me a break.

STEVE

I didn't mean it like that.

JAKE

Then what did you mean?

STEVE

Listen, we've been fighting all day. Can we just drive in peace?

JAKE

I didn't even want to come with you! And you don't even let me do what I want.

STEVE

Well I would if it didn't involve bringing weed in my car when I told you not to.

JAKE

There you go again, always looking out for me. Telling me what I can and can't do.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

I don't give a shit what you do,
just don't bring your drugs into my
car. That's all I asked.

JAKE

Yeah well, now we're getting pulled
over.

STEVE

(sarcastically)

Ha. Ha.

JAKE

Holy shit, we're actually getting
pulled over.

STEVE

Oh my God. Fuck!

Steve points to the rearview window. The two are in awe at
the blue and red lights flashing behind them.

INT. COP CAR - MEANWHILE

OFFICER GOODSSELL

I was only kidding! Don't be so
serious all the time.

OFFICER MCDONNELL

Just drive, don't let these guys
get away.

Officer Goodsell speeds up.

OFFICER GOODSSELL

Listen, any woman would be lucky to
have you.

OFFICER MCDONNELL

Yeah, yeah.

OFFICER GOODSSELL

You and your small hands.

Officer McDonnell gives her a look that could kill.

INT. CAR - DAY

Steve is signaling to the right median of the highway to pull over.

STEVE
If I get another ticket I'm
screwed.

JAKE
Stop worrying, I'll talk him out of
it.

STEVE
You aren't saying a word unless
you're confessing.

JAKE
Calm down, it doesn't even smell in
here.

STEVE
Where did you hide it?

JAKE
Don't worry, the less you know the
better.

Steve begins to roll down all of the windows.

STEVE
We have to air it out. It reeks in
here.

JAKE
It's fucking freezing bro, cut that
shit out.

STEVE
You better take the fucking blame.

JAKE
Don't worry bro, I know my rights.
They can't open the glove
compartment without a warrant.

STEVE
This isn't a joke, this is a real
situation.

JAKE
Nah bro, I'm serious! You've never
heard that Jay-Z song before?

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

I can't believe this is happening.

Officer Goodsell walks up to the passenger window.

OFFICER GOODSSELL

Hi, license and registration please.

(pointing to Jake)

And uh, I'm gonna need your license as well, sir.

Steve hands her the license.

STEVE

Here you go, officer. How fast was I going?

Jake laughs to himself, then hands over his driver's license to the officer.

Officer Goodsell is looking over the licenses.

OFFICER GOODSSELL

Well you weren't speeding, we actually have a report of a stolen vehicle matching the make and model of this car, so if you could just let me verify your registration and I'll let you boys go on your way.

STEVE

I think it's in the glove compartment.

Steve and Jake look at each other in disbelief.

OFFICER GOODSSELL

That's fine, uh, Steven. If you could just go ahead and grab it for me that would be great.

JAKE

Excuse me officer, but I think we're going to reserve our second amendment right and ask you to please move away while we open the glove compartment being that you don't have a warrant with you.

Officer Goodsell motions to her hip.

Steve punches Jake in the arm.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE
(whispering but yelling)
You fucking idiot.

Sorry, officer. I think he means
the fourth amendment.

OFFICER GOODSSELL
Now you guys better have permits if
you're carrying a concealed weapon.

STEVE
No we're not, I swear! You want to
see what's in there, it's just-

Jake punches Steve in the arm.

JAKE
It's just a joke.

Jake cracks the glove compartment open and squeezes his hand
in there to retrieve the registration.

He hands it over to the female officer.

OFFICER GOODSSELL
Thank you. Say, you boys didn't
happen to hit a skunk earlier did
you?

STEVE & JAKE
(in unison)
No!

The two boys look at each other, scared shitless.

STEVE
I think we saw one a little ways
back, though.

JAKE
Yeah, poor guy.

OFFICER GOODSSELL
I see. You boys sit tight, I'm
going to go run these with my
partner back there.

Officer Goodsell walks back to her car.

JAKE
Shit, there's two of them?

STEVE
We're fucked.

INT. COP CAR - MEANWHILE

Officer Goodsell gets back into the car.

OFFICER MCDONNELL
So, is that the car?

OFFICER GOODSSELL
I think these guys are high or something. Probably smoking pot, but I don't know for sure.

OFFICER MCDONNELL
Did it smell in there?

OFFICER GOODSSELL
I think so, but there's no way to tell.

INT. CAR - MEANWHILE

Steve looking behind at the cop car.

STEVE
What do you think they're saying?

JAKE
I don't know man. Listen, I'm real sorry, I should have respected you.

STEVE
Yeah, yeah whatever. Let's just hope they don't find anything.

JAKE
What if they do?

STEVE
I'll freaking eat it, I don't give a shit. As long as I don't get high.

Jake begins to laugh.

JAKE
It doesn't work like that, man.

STEVE
Oh. What about pot brownies?

Jake shakes his head.

INT. COP CAR - MEANWHILE

OFFICER GOODSSELL
One speeding ticket, anything on
the other one?

OFFICER MCDONNELL
Nope, Jake is clean. So these two
are brothers?

OFFICER GOODSSELL
Looks like it. The registration
checks out, I guess that's that.

OFFICER MCDONNELL
Slow down sister, you said they had
pot on them, right?

OFFICER GOODSSELL
If they do, it's in the glove
compartment. I don't see any reason
to waste time.

OFFICER MCDONNELL
Well, why not scare the shit out of
them just for fun?

OFFICER GOODSSELL
I don't see why not.

INT. CAR - MEANWHILE

STEVE
You're kidding me! Why are they
both coming out?

JAKE
Shit. Okay let's keep it closed, no
matter what they say.

STEVE
And if they open it?

JAKE
I'll take the blame. It's mine
anyway.

STEVE
Okay.

Jake swallows a lump in his throat.

The two officers walk up to the car, one on either side.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE
Hi, Officer... McDonnell.

OFFICER MCDONNELL
Good afternoon. So are you boys aware of the car that was stolen this morning?

JAKE
Yes sir.

OFFICER MCDONNELL
Was I speaking to you?

JAKE
Sorry.

STEVE
With all due respect, sir, he didn't say anything that warranted such a response.

OFFICER GOODSSELL
Excuse me? Do you boys want to end up in handcuffs?

OFFICER MCDONNELL
Listen, where's the weed?

Jake reaches for the glove compartment when Steve stops him. Jake is shocked.

STEVE
There isn't any weed in here, officers.

OFFICER MCDONNELL
My partner here seems to believe otherwise.

STEVE
Okay. There isn't any weed in here that belongs to him.

Jake's eyes light up. In shock of the camaraderie being displayed by his older brother.

STEVE
The bag of weed is mine.

All four of the heads turn toward another car flying by the side of them. It is the make and model of the car they are driving, although the color and the year may be off by a bit.

(CONTINUED)

Officer Goodsell tosses the two ID's and registration into the car and sprints back to get into hers.

OFFICER GOODSSELL
You boys drive safe, alright? Let's go McDonnell!

OFFICER MCDONNELL
Aw, but-

Oh shit. You boys got lucky this time.

Officer McDonnell jogs seemingly fast for someone his age back to the cop car.

The two boys are speechless, and stare at each other in awe.

JAKE
What just happened?

STEVE
I have no idea.

JAKE
That guy just saved your ass.

STEVE
My ass?

JAKE
Yeah your ass, you were about to 'fess up. What, you were gonna rat me out?

The two cops whizz past them with their sirens on and lights flashing.

STEVE
Whatever. Let's just go home.

JAKE
Do you mind if I roll up a joint?

Steve gives a nasty look at Jake, then a smile.

JAKE
I'm kidding.

Jake pats Steve on the back.

JAKE
Let's go home.

STEVE
Throw it out the window. All of it.

JAKE
C'mon but.

STEVE
Throw it out.

Jake empties the bag outside.

The two boys drive off, still in shock at what just occurred. Laughing as they get back on the road, and continue home.

The car moves farther away off screen, as the audio fades.

JAKE (O.S.)
Speed up, will ya?

STEVE (O.S.)
Watch it.

FADE OUT

THE END