

SNOOKER PATROL

written by

John Stone

Radio Short

Play.

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE RESPONSE UNIT - NIGHT

Traffic response cops NATHAN (43) TUDOR (44)

NATHAN

(apple crunch)

So what was your tally last night, then?

TUDOR

Two red Fords. A yellow Porsche and a black Peugeot. Finished up with a blue Toyota.

NATHAN

Sixteen in total then.

TUDOR

Yep. Wednesday's woe. Mind you, you would've enjoyed the blue Toyota stop. A right couple of exhibitionist's making out on the back seat right next to a bus shelter. She claimed she was looking for her contact lense.

NATHAN

That old chestnut.

TUDOR

Yeah. I booked the pair of 'em for lewd behaviour in a public place.

NATHAN

Good job they weren't waiting for a bus.

TUDOR

You've gotta be kidding! They were doing it in full view of the queue. We clocked three buses stop without anybody getting on.

NATHAN

Must've been a right show.

TUDOR

Yeah. I even spotted one chap
videoing them on his phone.

(pauses)

Anyway, the yellow Porsche came
over the radio as a TDA. Turned
out the bearded driver was a she.

NATHAN

That must've been a shock to the
old system.

TUDOR

It was. I only discovered it when
I did a body search.

(pauses)

Anyway, it turned out the vehicle
belonged to the ex.

NATHAN

So what about the black Peugeot,
then?

TUDOR

Parked on zig zags.

NATHAN

You got lucky there, then.

TUDOR

They all count, Nathan, they all
count.

NATHAN

Traffic stops, equals points.
That's my catchphrase.

TUDOR

And my mantra.

NATHAN

Fancy a wager?

TUDOR

OK. You're on.

NATHAN

Loser gets the beers in tomorrow
night.

TUDOR

Done!
 (pinches nose)
 What have you got in that
 sandwich - dead man's sandals? It
 stinks!

NATHAN

Sardine and tomato. Want one?

TUDOR

No! And open your window. I can't
 breathe.

NATHAN

You sound like a right old git
 sometimes. It's only sardine and-

CRACKLE - RADIO REPORT.

FEMALE V.O

*All units stay alert. We have
 sighting of a stolen Porsche
 carrera exceeding the speed limit
 and approaching the Causeway.*

They ignore the radio report.

TUDOR

Where's your lad tonight, then?

NATHAN

With your Josh. He's got the
 snooker bug. He never leaves home
 without a snooker cue these days.

TUDOR

Like father, like son, then.

NATHAN

At least he's keeping out of
 trouble. All that other stuff
 before when he was stealing cars.

TUDOR

Yeah.

NATHAN

I'm really proud of how he's
 changed the error of his ways,
 since getting pally with your
 Josh.

TUDOR

He wants to join the service one day.

NATHAN

They call us the Snooker Patrol.

ENGINE ROARS AS A JAGUAR FLIES PAST.

TUDOR

Clock that!

CLICK.

Nathan switches on the ignition and sticks his foot on he gas.

POLICE SIRENS.

NATHAN

Seven points coming right up.

TUDOR

(on radio)

This is response unit 21, in pursuit of a black Jaguar XS travelling east at high speed towards James Lane. Approx eighty MPH - Over.

FEMALE V.O

Do you have registration, unit 21? Over.

TUDOR

Whiskey. India. Bravo. 23. Oscar - Over.

FEMALE V.O

You're clear to proceed - Over.

Vehicle rolls to a stop on gravel.

Vehicle door opens.

TUDOR

Be lucky, mate.

Footsteps crackle on gritted surface.

Tap on window. Squeaky window opens.

DRIVER (50)

NATHAN

D' you have any idea how fast you were travelling back there?

DRIVER

(Welsh accent)

I'm very sorry, Officer. I just panicked when I saw you parked up back there. My foot suddenly hit the accelerator pedal and I couldn't step off the gas in fear of you catching up to me.

NATHAN

License!

Shuffles.

DRIVER

Is there a problem?

Short silence.

NATHAN /

Give me one good reason why I shouldn't write you a speeding ticket right now?

DRIVER

(pitifully)

Well, my wife left me last year you see? For a traffic cop like yourself.

NATHAN

That's not an excuse, is it?

DRIVER

Yeah but I thought you were bringing her back to me you see? And I didn't want that, neither.

A short silence.

Paper tear.

NATHAN

You've got fourteen days to pay this ticket and send your license to the DVLA to collect six points for speeding.

DRIVER

Just as long as you don't bring her back.

Vehicle door slams shut.

TUDOR

What did he have to say for himself?

NATHAN

His wife ran off with a traffic cop last year. He thought we were bringing her back.

Burst of laughter.

TUDOR

I would have been tempted to let him off for that one.

NATHAN

What, and lose seven points? No chance.

RADIO MESSAGE.

FEMALE V.O

Calling all units. We have a ten-sixty-four in progress - Dasham High Road. A black Porsche Carrera - registration, Whiskey, Oscar, Charlie, two-nine-seven Delta heading south towards Larkshall Basin - Over.

TUDOR

That's us.
(On radio)
Ten-four. We're onto it- Over.

Nathan hits the gas.

POLICE SIRENS.

NATHAN

It's my lucky day.

TUDOR

Enjoy.

NATHAN

And we're not even half way
through our shift.

TUDOR

I'll pray for divine intervention
then.

NATHAN

It looks like you're getting the
drinks in tomorrow night.

The roar of a car engine approaching.

TUDOR -

Get ready for the spike, matey.

TYRE BURST. LONG SKID. LOUD CRASH.

Short silence.

EXPLOSION.

Scampering, before a the creak of a car door is yanked open.

NATHAN

NO!

TUDOR

JOSH!

NATHAN

CALLUM! NO!

THE END