

The Inside/Out

Written By

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EXT. TOWN STREET - DAY

A line of police cars race down the street at high speeds, license plates are blacked out.

All sirens blare out in a symphony as they maneuver carelessly around traffic. The drivers angrily honk and throw hand gestures out their windows.

Other drivers turn and skid out of their way, the police control the streets.

The convoy cuts through a red light halting oncoming traffic. They turn down a street.

INT. LEAD CAR-DAY

The driver OFFICER HUNER (32) shifts his gaze all around the road as he drinks from a liquor bottle. With only one hand he steers the car through traffic.

His passenger OFFICER TIRUS (38) calmly reads a slip of paper on a clipboard. He throws it on the dashboard in anger shaking his head.

OFFICER TIRUS
Can't believe this shit!

Officer Huner looks over at his partner with a smile.

OFFICER HUNER
Isn't that the most disturbing thing
you have ever read in your life?

OFFICER TIRUS
Very sick individual.

Officer Tirus looks to the driver and sees the bottle. He holds out his hand. Huner looks at it questioningly.

OFFICER TUNIS
Come on man let me have some.

OFFICER HUNER
Fuck you, you already had some back
at the station.

OFFICER TUNIS

Yeah so?

After a bit Huner finally gives in and hands the bottle over to Tunis who drinks it like water.

Every few seconds Huner's eyes glance over to monitor how much is left in the bottle, He sticks out a hand.

OFFICER HUNER

Alright man, fuck.
(Grabbing the bottle)
Save some for the rest of us.

OFFICER TUNIS

Relax there's plenty in there.

OFFICER HUNER

Ya sure there is.

He turns in his seat taking his eyes off the road and places the bottle in the back.

EXT. MOOREY HOME-DAY

All the police cruisers skid to a stop in front of a home with a beautiful front lawn.

Policemen exit their vehicles and immediately take cover behind their cruisers with weapons drawn.

People in neighbouring houses exit with weapons of their own, they shout out threats towards the house. No officer challenges them.

Huner talks to the house through his cruisers radio.

OFFICER HUNER

Moorey you are surrounded, you have
two minutes to get your ass out here
or we will come in and kill you.

Huner hangs the radio up and takes a position by the car, pistol aimed towards the house.

OFFICER TUNIS

Think we should just run in now and
save some time?

Huner thinks to himself, he looks at the house.

OFFICER HUNER

Fuck it, let's move in now boys!

Before the officers can even stand up a man MOOREY (30)
bursts out of the house with his hands in the air. He is
very panicky.

His appearance is met with jeers and shouts from the
crowd of onlookers. Huner is disappointed.

OFFICER HUNER

Fuck! We have to cuff him now.

Four officers race up the front lawn and violently tackle
Moorey to the ground.

INT. COURTROOM-DAY

Only Moorey a few officers and a judge are in the dark
courtroom. The judge reads aloud from a piece of paper in
his hands.

JUDGE

Donated money, cut neighbour's lawn,
picked up a hitch-hiker...

Moorey hangs his head in shame.

JUDGE

...constant friendly gestures to
neighbours, returned lost item, and
three counts of assisting the old?
(glares at Moorey)
These are pretty severe reports Mr.
Moorey and I'm afraid it will have to
be handled accordingly.

Moorey snaps his gaze towards the judge.

MOOREY

Please, please don't.

The judge picks up his gavel and slams it down on the top of the desk.

JUDGE

I hereby condemn Mr. Alan Moorey to death for the horrid crimes he has bestowed on our town.

MOOREY

No please!

Officers grab Moorey and escort him out. His cries echo in the courtroom.

INT. DEATHROW-DAY

Moorey is being pushed along a walkway. To his left are many prison cells. Everyone in them gives off a friendly gesture.

He is brought to an open cell door. A group of cops handling a prisoner walk out. He sees Moorey

PRISONER

You must be the new guy?

An officer shoves the prisoner from behind.

OFFICER

Get your ass moving!

MOOREY

Yeah, are you my cell mate?

PRISONER

Not anymore. Oh, I left my blanket in there for you, gets kind of cold a night.

(calling from a distance)

It was nice to meet you!

MOOREY

Where are you going?

Another officer walks out of the cell holding a rifle, he stops to load it. Moorey stares at it wide eyed and scared.

THE END