

LOST MEANING OF LOYALTY

Written by

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FADE IN:

"THE ONLY PEOPLE I OWE MY LOYALTY TO ARE THOSE WHO NEVER MADE ME QUESTION THEIRS."

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Far and wide, in a clump of trees, multi-colored lights are reflecting upon staggered POLICEMEN and CSI setting a perimeter while search dogs roam for a scent.

Scanning below, from on top of the hill, is CAPTAIN PHILLIPS, 50, with a mustache, in slacks and a blue police jacket, sipping a cup of coffee to cover up the liquor.

A blood trail lures us down to the creek. A few feet farther, a MAN'S purple-tinted BODY is laid up against a mossy tree stump, with two bullets lodged in his stomach.

A young and polished suit crouches down, DETECTIVE MACLEMORE, analyzing the body.

DET. MACLEMORE
Oh, fuck. It's Michael Mosley?

CPT. PHILLIPS
Who found the body?

DET. MACLEMORE
I don't know. Ask Gibbs, he was the first one on the scene.

CPT. PHILLIPS
Get the coroners down here.

DET. MACLEMORE
Fuck. I can't believe this happened.

As we rise, above the trees we see the massive city of...

SUPER: LOS ANGELES, 1983

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

A seasoned PROSECUTOR speaks to the jury. He holds a 45 high in the air, labeled for evidence, while a greaseball SNITCH sits on the stand.

Mob Boss FRANK CALLIGEN, 70, skinny, with a gritty face, and a few pieces of jewelry, leans over and whispers to his DEFENSE ATTORNEY.

PROSECUTOR

...and tomorrow, when testimony begins are allowed to be heard, you will learn that Frank Calligen has not only made an attempt on my client's life, a witness with information to lock Frank up for a hundred years, but you will also learn that Frank Calligen is responsible for the deaths of many other people, as he acted as a hitman for our beloved Governor JOHN LONGMIRE... Frank's role was to cover up the mistakes of corrupt politicians that drain the humanity and trust from our society. And if you can't trust our Governor, who has the highest position in the state of California, then who can you trust? These are the facts you will learn tomorrow morning, once testimony begins.

In the back of the court room, JOE MOSLEY, in his 40's, devilishly handsome with weary eyes that have seen too much, distinct, dressed in a black-white-tied suit. He leans back, chewing on his glasses, with a twinkle-eyed confidence.

JOE (V.O.)

The judicial system... what a joke. It's become more of a technicality, than an honor. They let anyone swing a gavel nowadays.

The Judge slams the gavel, as the Snitch is escorted away.

EXT. POLICE ACADEMY FACILITY - DAY

A YOUNGER JOE MOSLEY, in his 20's, jogs in the pouring rain, trainee shirt soaked, as TOMMY MCCARLEY, clean cut with an athletic build, runs alongside him.

JOE (V.O.)

So... as long as you were willing to work for it, they made it easy to get your hands on a badge.

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - DAY

A white van has been pulled over, a group of HISPANICS lie face down. Now graduated, police officers, Joe and Tommy, stand over them.

JOE (V.O.)
We ran the streets, and everyone
knew it. It was like a free pass to
do whatever we wanted.

EXT. JAIL - BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

Tommy looks at his watch, waiting. The Snitch from the court room emerges in the doorway. GUARDS hand him over to Tommy.

JOE (V.O.)
The system was corrupt. Some just
got caught and some didn't.

EXT. DARK STREET CORNER - NIGHT

HOOKERS roam the half-lit sidewalk. A car with governmental plates, as the tinted windows roll down. It's the Governor of California, JOHN LONGMIRE, selecting his whore for the night.

JOE (V.O.)
Our government, our core, this
constitution people have bled for.
These are the ones we've empowered
and put our trust in.

EXT. MOSLEY'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Three BOYS (about 12) sit on the porch choking on cigarettes. Eyes water, watching a POLICE OFFICER pull a DRUNK DRIVER from his Silverado, and beats him with a club.

JOE (V.O.)
I remember watching a cop almost
beat a man to death. But, who was
going to stop him? No one ran to
the rescue, cuz they knew it
wouldn't matter. This guy was a
cop, a policeman, sworn in by the
same worthless judge, who was
protected by the same worthless
laws.

INT. POLICE ACADEMY FORUM - NIGHT

Three years later and graduating Joe and Tommy isolate themselves at a table, drinking, staring at the other trainees formally dressed, smiling with their families.

Captain Phillips speaks at the podium.

JOE (V.O.)

These guys got a shield pinned to their chest that made them untouchable. The same shield that cost two dollars and fifty-five cents to make down at the local trophy shop. But it was that same cheap engraved metal that reeled me in.

Captain Phillips pins a shield to Joe and Tommy's jacket.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STORE - DAY

Joe smokes a cigar in the doorway. He watches two rugged men brawl in the street while a half-dozen HOODS place bets.

A black Buick pulls up. It's Mob Boss Frank Calligen. Joe greets him with a kiss and firm hand shake.

JOE (V.O.)

We were kids from the block. South side Los Angeles. We ran with all types of crews, made guys, even the bosses. My dad, God rest his soul, used to be an earner for Bugsy Siegel and Lucky Luciano, back when we lived in New York.

EXT. FUNERAL BURIAL - DAY

A sea of umbrellas surround a shiny casket. Joe and Tommy in police uniforms, segregated from Captain Phillips, Detective Maclemore, and the rest of the department.

A LITTLE BOY hands a folded American flag to the grieving WIDOW.

JOE (V.O.)

But the thing was, I didn't want to be someone's earner. I decided at a young age I wanted to be a cop.

Riflemen fire off a "twenty-one gun salute."

EXT. MOSLEY'S HOME - PORCH - NIGHT

The Police Officer continuously beats the Drunk Driver in the middle of the street, while the young boys watch from the porch, captivated.

JOE (V.O.)

Not just any cop... I wanted to be the cop that beats the shit out of a man in front of the neighborhood while everyone else watches.

INT. DEALER'S HOUSE - DAY

Police Officers smash down the front door. Joe and Tommy in their task-force jackets, clear the house.

Police Officers rip off bed mattresses. Bricks of cocaine are hidden in the frames. Joe and Tommy look over at each other: they see an opportunity.

INT. MOSLEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Several bags of baking flour are spread across an old-fashioned yellow 80's table. Joe and Tommy stuff a sports bag full of bricks of cocaine.

JOE (V.O.)

See, we knew how to make everything look legit. We also knew how to package it, and repackage it. But, the best part was selling it back to the general public. That's where the money was.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

From the second floor balcony, Captain Phillips looks down at Joe and Tommy, flirting with a sexy SECRETARY.

A TEENAGE BOY walks in, directly over to Joe. He whispers something into Joe's ear.

JOE (V.O.)

Shit, they liked us; we were part of a special task force. But, the main reason they liked us was: we were connected.

Joe looks up at Captain Phillips with a cocky smirk.

EXT. SQUAD CAR - DAY (MOVING)

Tommy is driving. Joe's in passenger seat. The Snitch in the back with sweat dripping down his forehead.

Approaching a rusty bridge. An entourage of men stand around Frank Calligen.

JOE (V.O.)

Nowadays, with all the wire taps, FBI agents, and guys in the crew softer than marshmallows... these days guys would just rat. For what? They couldn't do the time, a couple years in prison. Everyone was weak, every fuckin' one of em'.

EXT. ON THE BRIDGE - DAY

Joe nods to Tommy, who drags the Snitch like a dog on a leash, handing him over to Frank's crew.

JOE (V.O.)

Guys like this had to be made into an example. There was no loyalty anymore. It was all a rough draft, a mocked up version of what the old days used to be.

Frank, suddenly grabs the Snitch by the collar and tosses him over the bridge.

JOE (V.O.)

So I decided to be part of something bigger ... the biggest gang in Los Angeles, the LA P.D.

INT. MOSLEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Spread out naked along the bed, Joe's queen, a goddess, more beautiful than you could imagine, KATHLEEN MOSLEY. What an amazing sight.

Joe stands in the doorway, tie loosened, methodically he unbuttons his shirt, with a half-hearted smile. He opens the night stand drawer, pulls out a tray with lines of cocaine. He leans down... and snorts.

SUPER: LOST MEANING OF LOYALTY

EXT. PRISON GATES - DAY

The rugged but clean cut face of MICHAEL MOSLEY appears (the body from the forest), dressed in blue jeans, a white tee, and outdated shoes. He steps out into the sunlight, free, but owning nothing.

Across the street: Kathleen Mosley in a white dress and red heels. Kathleen waves her hand high in the air, standing with Joe, like Bonnie and Clyde.

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