

BEVERLY SC. 2

24.

But it doesn't happen. Buckley moves on, or rather down to Beverly's pelvis and pants pockets now. Squatting so his face is almost level with Beverly's dick. Lingerin close.

Beverly scans the vacant street once again. A flush in his cheeks we initially label *humiliation*...but then he looks down at the top of Buckley's head...and his own breathing is getting heavier now...

They've switched positions.

START →

BEVERLY

You hear Queens in me.

BUCKLEY

I do.

BEVERLY

And I hear 'Strong Island' in you.
(beat)

Some Garden City, Levittown-type bullshit where you can still buy a house for 179K but even that's too much. Kind a' place where half the people wannabe ghetto Queens, the other half wannabe Soul Cycle Hamptons - *but everybody wannabe something they're not where you're from.*

BUCKLEY

How 'bout that.

BEVERLY

You get the tats to stand out because you can't do it in any real way. But then tats become like true religion jeans. So you get the spacers, but even disfiguring yourself doesn't give you what you want.

BUCKLEY

And what do I want?

BEVERLY

What I just said - to not be what you are...

(beat)

So you become a Cop. But your curse follows you because it's a curse. Still in a Squad Car. Never gonna be Detective because that shit's competitive.

(MORE)

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BEVERLY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Turns out the most interesting thing about you in-uniform is your abuse of a captive audience.

Like the word "abuse" was a cue, Buckley stands, shoves Beverly hard into one of those steel rollers over a shop facade. The sound echoes off the store fronts lining the street. But Beverly doesn't so much as flinch now:

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

You'll make peace with it though. You'll marry whatever woman your buddies think is hottest, you'll take too much pride in too small a lawn. You'll smack your kids when you punish them. And you and your neighbors will anesthetize each other by saying "we're the backbone of this City. This country."

BUCKLEY

We are.

BEVERLY

Because your Old Man told you so? Your Dad who I bet was a Cop or Firefighter-

-Buckley bounces Beverly's head off the steel roller as if by accident-

BUCKLEY

-sorry. EMT.

BEVERLY

Jesus. I'll save "failed Medical School dreams" for the next stop.

BUCKLEY

Thanks for that.

BEVERLY

You're welcome for that.

And now Buckley is finally done with his "frisk." Face-to-face. Inches from Beverly. Just the sounds of the City echoing around them now...and when Buckley next speaks, he sounds almost contemplative:

BUCKLEY

You could run when you see me coming...

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BEVERLY SC. 2

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Silence again. Just eye contact. Then finally:

BEVERLY

Or I could file a complaint.

Buckley smiles wide again: boyish, handsome, vicious...and gets back into his squad car. Through his open window:

BUCKLEY

My Shield Number is 54791. Full title is Police Officer Patrick James Buckley. I just broke 5 codes of conduct and 2 laws. That I counted. Sergeant Malik-Massoud is Public Liaison.

(winks)

Of course "Malik-Massoud" is the Public Liaison.

(beat)

And everyone calls me PJ.

And now he throws Beverly's money-clipped hundreds back at Beverly's feet. Beverly stares in shock as Buckley accelerates away: How did he get it without me knowing? Why would he give it back?

Beverly breathes, stares after the Squad Car for a long moment. Unknown waves of emotion evident in his face. Picks the money clip up, opens his jacket: sure enough the zippered pocket gapes open. Puts it back in and zippers it shut with extra force now...

//END

Then looks up and over at the HOTDOG CART - closed. His face ' falls...mutters a curse. Rubs his stomach a half-second.

LOOKS down at his watch now - just as a YOUNG WOMAN'S voice emanates from behind him:

YOUNG WOMAN (O.C.)

I heard everything. Filmed most of it...

Beverly turns around: a Woman with a backpack on her way home from work, standing aghast, holding her iPhone. A Comrade.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

What a psycho he was! Who do they let be Cops...

...and her voice suddenly trails off now as her eyes lock onto something she can't make peace with: Beverly's slim pants can't hide his erection.

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