

Uniform #1

FADE IN:

A1 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY (D/1)

A1 *

An ALARM CLOCK BEEPS from beside a ratty futon. ANGLE ON the door, locked with THREE CHEAP CHAINS. BOOM! The door frame splinters, kicked in by UNIFORM COP #1. UNIFORM COP #2 rushes in behind the first. They stop cold --

START →

UNIFORM #1

Thought this was a noise complaint?

UNIFORM #2

Not anymore.

REVERSE REVEAL a DEAD BODY. It's a pale white guy, in a leather welding apron wearing heavy duty chemical resistant gloves. He's in a FULL RESPIRATOR, caked with vomit. Uniform #1 touches the man's throat. No pulse.

UNIFORM #1

D-O-A.

He sees a streak of WHITE POWDER on the man's arm, just above the glove. Uniform #1 looks up to his partner scrutinizing a makeshift DRUG MAKING SET-UP in the middle of the room.

UNIFORM #2

There's a gun up here.

ANGLE ON his bare hand as it passes an open, GREEN CELLOPHANE WRAPPED BRICK OF FENTANYL to move a powder-caked measuring cup for a better view. Just before his fingers hit the cup --

UNIFORM #1

No! Stop!

Uniform #2 freezes.

UNIFORM #1 (CONT'D)

Look at this guy. I think that's fentanyl.

The color drains from Uniform #2's face. He looks down at how close his hand is to the white powder. Scans the table --

UNIFORM #2

We gotta get outta here and call this in.

END

(CONTINUED)

Sides by Breakdown Services - Actors Access
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