

SNOOKER LOOPY

written by

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THE SWEET, CRISP SOUND OF A SNOOKER BALL STRUCK - FOLLOWED BY
THE THUD OF THE POTTING INSIDE A POCKET ON THE GREEN BAISE.

INT. POLICE RESPONSE VEHICLE - NIGHT

Traffic response cops NATHAN (43) TUDOR (44)

A STEADY HUM OF TRAFFIC THROUGHOUT - OFTEN A RUSH.

THE CRUNCH OF AN APPLE BITE.

NATHAN

What was your tally last night,
then, Tudor?

TUDOR

Two red Fords.

TUDOR (CONT'D)

A yellow Porsche.

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NATHAN

Oh yeah?

TUDOR

And a black Peugeot. Finished up
with a rusty Toyota. We thought
it was blue, originally.

NATHAN

Sixteen. Not bad. Not bad at all.

TUDOR

Yep. Mind you, you would've
enjoyed the blue Toyota stop. A
couple of exhibitionists were
making out right next to a bus
shelter with people waiting for
the bus.

NATHAN

No way!

TUDOR

She claimed she was looking for her contact lense when I questioned her about what she was doing with her head stuck inside his pants.

NATHAN

That old chestnut, uh?

TUDOR

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

NATHAN

Good.

TUDOR

They were doing it in full view of everyone. I clocked three buses pull up without anybody even attempting to get on.

NATHAN

Ha! An audience, t'boot.

TUDOR

Come to think of it more people got off. I clocked one sick knobhead recording the whole episode on his iPhone.

NATHAN

(chuckles)

I'll watch that later on pornhub, then? I might even treat meself to a J. Arthur Rank.

TUDOR

Oh, leave off with the cockney rhyming slang, will ya?

NATHAN

It's my heritage. Why should I?

TUDOR

Anyway... let me finish.

NATHAN

Go on then.

TUDOR

The yellow Porsche came over the radio as a TDA. Turned out the driver was a female with a bushy beard.

NATHAN

A circus employee.

TUDOR

Yeah. The bearded lady, in fact. How did you know?

NATHAN

(chuckles)

I stopped her once before.

TUDOR

Oh.

NATHAN

Actually, she's known to us. She's a regular stop. She usually has a couple of LP's with her.

TUDOR

LP's?

NATHAN

Little people, you know - dwarfs.

TUDOR

Oh. Right. Well, anyway, it turned out the vehicle is registered to her husband.

NATHAN

You know who he is, dontcha?

TUDOR

No.

NATHAN

The worlds tallest man. That's why she drives the vehicle. He's too tall climb in.

TUDOR

Why don't they just buy a bigger vehicle?

NATHAN

No idea. I'll ask her next time I pull her over.

TUDOR

Yeah?

NATHAN

Yeah. And last but not least-?

TUDOR

-the black Peugeot was illegally parked.

NATHAN

You got lucky.

TUDOR

I did. But they all count, don't they?

NATHAN

They do.

TUDOR

It's just a bit of fun.

NATHAN

It is.

(pauses)

Fancy a wager, then?

TUDOR

OK. What's the forfeit?

NATHAN

Loser pays for the drinks at tomorrow nights Policmans Ball.

HIGH PITCHED CRACKLING SOUND OF CELLOPHANE BEING TORN.

TUDOR

Done!

(pauses)

Oh christ! What have you got in that - dead man's sandals? It bloody stinks to high heaven!

NATHAN

Sardine and tomato actually. D'you want one?

TUDOR

No, I don't! Open your window. I can't bloody breathe in here. Jeez...!

NATHAN

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

A CRACKLE OVER THE POLICE RADIO.

V.O

To all units, we have sighting of a stolen Porsche Carrera, exceeding the speed limit and travelling north towards junction 6A off the M1.

SHORT SILENCE AS THEY ABSORB THE CALL.

TUDOR

Where's your Callum tonight?

NATHAN

With your Josh, I think. He's caught the snooker bug. He never leaves home without his cue.

TUDOR

Like his ol' man, then.

NATHAN

At least he's keeping himself out of trouble. All that other stuff when he was stealing cars seems to have been a fad. At least he's doing something he enjoys.

TUDOR

That's good to hear.

NATHAN

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

TUDOR

He told me that he wants to join the force one day.

NATHAN

(chuckles)

What, the snooker patrol guys?

THE SOUND OF A POWERFUL ENGINE ROARS PAST.

TUDOR

Fuck me! Did you clock that?

CLICK OF SEAT BELTS.

ENGINE TURNS OVER - THEN WHEEL SPINS TO GIVE CHASE.

THE WHIRR OF POLICE SIRENS.

NATHAN

Seven points coming right up.

TUDOR

(over radio)

This is RU 21, eyes on, and in pursuit of a black Jaguar XS, travelling north at high speed towards The Causeway. Approx speed, eighty to ninety MPH, over?

V.O

Affirmative, RU 21. Registration - Whiskey, India, Bravo, 23, Oscar. Do you read, unit 21?

TUDOR

(over radio)

Copy that.

V.O

Proceed, RU 21.

WHEELS ROLL TO A STOP OVER GRAVEL.

VEHICLE DOOR CLUNKS.

TUDOR

Take caution, Nathan.

THE SHUFFLE OF FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL.

TAP ON WINDOW - MECHANICAL WHIR AS WINDOW WINDS DOWN.

DRIVER (50)
(Welsh accented)
Yes, Officer?

NATHAN
(calmly)
D' you have any idea just how
fast you were travelling back
there?

DRIVER
Oh, I am very sorry, Officer. I
panicked when I saw you. My foot
suddenly hit the gas. I couldn't
step off the pedal in fear of you
coming after me.

NATHAN
License!

SHUFFLE OF A CLOTHING.

DRIVER
Is this going to take long,
Officer? I'm in a bit of a rush,
you see.

NATHAN
As long as it takes. Now give me
one good reason why I shouldn't
write you a speeding ticket,
right now?

DRIVER
(pitifully)
Well, it's my wife, you see? She
left me last month for a traffic
cop.

NATHAN
That's no excuse for speeding, is
it?

DRIVER
Well, I thought you were bringing
her back to me, you see? And I
didn't want that.

SHORT SILENCE.

PAPER TEAR.

NATHAN

You've got fourteen days to pay the ticket, and send your license back to the DVLA to receive six points for speeding, d' you understand?

DRIVER

I do, Officer. Just as long as you don't bring her back. I don't want anything more to do with her.

SHUFFLE OF FEET ON GRAVEL.

VEHICLE DOOR CLICKS OPEN - THEN SLAMS SHUT.

TUDOR

What excuse did he give?

NATHAN

Just that his wife ran off with a traffic cop last month. He thought we were bringing her back to him.

BURST OF LAUGHTER.

TUDOR

I would've been tempted to let him off for that. Brilliant.

NATHAN

What, and lose seven points? You're having a bubble bath.

TUDOR

There you go again with that cockney speak.

RADIO CALL.

FEMALE V.O

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

TUDOR

That's us. Ten-four. We're on it,
over?

THE RUSH OF A VEHICLE ENGINE.

POLICE SIRENS.

NATHAN

It must be my lucky day.

TUDOR

You can say that again.

NATHAN

It must be-

TUDOR

No!

NATHAN

(chuckles)

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

TUDOR

I'll just have to pray for divine
intervention. And hope another
unit gets there before us.

NATHAN

It looks like you're going to
need plenty of cash for drinks
tomorrow night, buddy.

THE RUSH OF THE ENGINE INCREASES IN DECIBLES.

TUDOR (ASIDE)

Oh look, they've laid a spike
across the flipping road.

TYRE BURST - SCREECH - CRASH - BANG - WALLOP.

SHORT SILENCE.

LOUD EXPLOSION - FLICKERS OF FLAMES.

THE QUICK SHUFFLE OF FEET - THEN A HEAVY CRUNCH OF A CAR DOOR
BEING OPENED.

NATHAN

NO!

TUDOR

NOT MY JOSH!

NATHAN

CALLUM!

CRIES OF DESPAIR.

THE END