

DERBYSHIRE POLICE

Written by

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Fun Fight at the OK Corona

Address
Phone Number

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Two police officers (CONSTABLE RILEY and SERGEANT PLINGE) conduct some unseen business in hushed tones.

CONSTABLE RILEY
Hurry up, sarge!

SERGEANT PLINGE
I'm going as fast as I can! Shit,
this is too small!

CONSTABLE RILEY
Give it here, I'll do it.

Plinge passes a tool of some sort to Riley.

SERGEANT PLINGE
Careful, it's bloody tight.

A door opens; both policeman cry out in shock.

SERGEANT PLINGE (CONT'D)
(urgent)
Two metres, come on, two metres!

CONSTABLE RILEY
Shit!

The two officers stagger back, breathless.

HANNAH
Can I help you, officers?

Plinge clears his throat, regaining his composure. (From here both police officers' manner is defensive and innocent, hands caught in the biscuit tin.)

SERGEANT PLINGE
Good afternoon, madam!

HANNAH
Is there a problem?

SERGEANT PLINGE
Um no! No problem at all!

CONSTABLE RILEY
No, no, you just head back inside,
keep staying safe and socially
distant.

HANNAH
What's going on?

SERGEANT PLINGE

Uh, I'm Sergeant Plinge, and this is Constable Riley. We're just doing some routine... stuff... in the community.

CONSTABLE RILEY

Beats! Yes, this is our new beat. We're doing that again.

SERGEANT PLINGE

Yup. Yup. Laying down some beats.

He laughs awkwardly.

HANNAH

Why do you have a screwdriver?

SERGEANT PLINGE

Uh, I... we...

CONSTABLE RILEY

We confiscated it. Yeah. Just took it off this hoodie bloke, looked a bit dodgy.

SERGEANT PLINGE

Yes! Yeah, we were worried he might stab someone with it, so we're taking it back down the station.

HANNAH

Then shouldn't you be wearing gloves? If it's evidence.

CONSTABLE RILEY

Uuuh...

SERGEANT PLINGE

Yes, why aren't you wearing gloves, Riley?

Plinge shoves Riley, indignant.

CONSTABLE RILEY

Sorry! I'll put some on.

SERGEANT PLINGE

Yeah, well a bit late now, isn't it?

HANNAH

Oi! Why's there a screw loose in my front door?

SERGEANT PLINGE

Um... well, madam, we're police officers not doctors. You should really... Oh, you mean *this* front door here! I... that's...

CONSTABLE RILEY

That was like that when we got here, wasn't it, Sarge?

SERGEANT PLINGE

Yeah, think it was. Yeah.

HANNAH

Were you.... Were you taking the lock off?

SERGEANT PLINGE

What?

CONSTABLE RILEY

What? No.

HANNAH

Because someone's taken a screw out of the lock and you're holding a screwdriver.

SERGEANT PLINGE

No, no, we weren't taking it off! We... we..

CONSTABLE RILEY

We were bringing you a new one!

HANNAH

A new one?

CONSTABLE RILEY

Yeah! Show her, sarge!

Plinge rummages in his pockets.

SERGEANT PLINGE

Yes, here it is, look! Nice and secure.

CONSTABLE RILEY

Yes, *more* secure! Much more secure!

HANNAH

(skeptical)

We haven't had any problem with break-ins.

SERGEANT PLINGE

Well, these are desperate times,
madam!

CONSTABLE RILEY

Yes, you don't want anyone trying
to loot anything, do you? Not in
this neighbourhood.

SERGEANT PLINGE

No. Not on our watch!

HANNAH

So you're going round on your 'new
beats', replacing everyone's door
locks?

A moment to think of a response.

CONSTABLE RILEY

Well, every little helps, doesn't
it?

SERGEANT PLINGE

Yes! Exactly!

A faint KNOCKING can be heard in the distance.

HANNAH

Could I see the key for this new
lock?

CONSTABLE RILEY

Um...

SERGEANT PLINGE

Yes! Of course. The key, Constable
Riley. You had it didn't you?

CONSTABLE RILEY

I... uh... hang on...

Constable Riley fumbles about, laughing nervously.

CONSTABLE RILEY (CONT'D)

Are you sure you didn't have it,
Sergeant?

SERGEANT PLINGE

No, it was definitely in your
pocket.

CONSTABLE RILEY
 (sotto, barely audible)
 Bastard!

Riley continues searching.

CONSTABLE RILEY (CONT'D)
 You positive? Because I don't think
 it's...

SERGEANT PLINGE
 You've lost the key, you silly
 constable!

A slap from Plinge.

CONSTABLE RILEY
 Oww!

HANNAH
 Well can I keep my old lock until
 you find it?

CONSTABLE RILEY
 If you want, we can-

SERGEANT PLINGE
 Well our superintendent did say we
 should get them done by today.

The faint knocking in the distance turns into a decidedly
 louder BANGING.

HANNAH
 You hear that?

SERGEANT PLINGE
 What?

HANNAH
 That banging next door. Maybe check
 if she's OK.

SERGEANT PLINGE
 Oh I'm sure she's fine. Look,
 you're supposed to be staying
 indoors anyway, so do you think you
 can hold fire until-

The banging next door gets louder. Plinge raises his voice to
 drown it out.

SERGEANT PLINGE (CONT'D)
 (practically shouting)
 If you can stay inside for now and
 we'll come back with the key as
 soon as we can.

VOICE (MUFFLED)
 Let me out!

HANNAH
 What's happening over there?!

CONSTABLE RILEY
 Oh, it's probably the tellie!

VOICE (MUFFLED)
 Let me out of here!

SERGEANT PLINGE
 Yeah! I bet she's watching the
 jungle or something.

HANNAH
 You wouldn't happen to have changed
 her lock too, would you?

Busted.

SERGEANT PLINGE
 Ummm I don't know. Did we,
 Constable?

CONSTABLE RILEY
 Ooooh, I mean it might have been on
 our list.

VOICE (MUFFLED)
 This is outrageous! Open the
 door!!!

HANNAH
 You've locked her in!

SERGEANT PLINGE
 Madam, we only have the interests
 of yourself and the neighbourhood
 at heart-

HANNAH
 You're just going round, locking
 everyone in!!

SERGEANT PLINGE

Well look, if people's doors are open, they're gonna go outside, aren't they? Get ill or spread the virus! We just want to protect them.

HANNAH

By keeping them trapped inside?!

CONSTABLE RILEY

Better that than trapped in hospital being ill!

SERGEANT PLINGE

Exactly! Exactly!

HANNAH

I don't believe this!

CONSTABLE RILEY

Anyway, we do have keys. People can come out if they need to shop.

HANNAH

And I suppose we'll be under police escort all the way.

SERGEANT PLINGE

Oh no! Not at all.

(beat.)

That's what the drones are for.

HANNAH

Oh my god.

CONSTABLE RILEY

There aren't enough of us.

HANNAH

I'm not having this. I won't be a prisoner in my own home.

SERGEANT PLINGE

We just need people to social distance!

HANNAH

I'm not leaving this hallway until you've gone, Sergeant Plinge! And I see another screw out of place on my front door, I'll be taking this up with the Chief Constable!

The door slams. The officers both sigh.

SERGEANT PLINGE

Always one, ain't there? Oh well,
someone'll have to come round
tomorrow.

They start walking off.

CONSTABLE RILEY

I love how I was the scapegoat back
there.

SERGEANT PLINGE

What?

CONSTABLE RILEY

I lost the key, I wasn't wearing
gloves. Everything's always my
fault!

SERGEANT PLINGE

Hey! You're lucky you're not with
Sergeant Fanshaw.

CONSTABLE RILEY

Why, what's he doing?

SERGEANT PLINGE

Super's got him deterring people
from the park.

CONSTABLE RILEY

Oh yeah? How?

SERGEANT PLINGE

He's having a shit in the duck
pond.

THE END.