

BADGER DRUG DEAL SCENE

(Exterior: BADGER sits by himself on a bus stop bench. SKETCH GUY, A sketchy, dirty, weak, almost homeless-looking, nervous guy sits next to Badger on bench. After a while Sketch guy speaks weakly...)

SKETCH GUY: *(shy and weak)* Hey? You..um.. selling?

BADGER: I don't know what you're talking about.

SKETCH GUY: Hey, that's cool. *(long pause)* I'm just saying if you were selling, I could maybe do with a tenth.

BADGER: You're kidding right? I soo smell bacon.

SKETCH GUY: What? What are you talking about?

BADGER: Oh gee, I don't know? How about over there? *(points down the street)* That Brown van? That's yours, right?

SKETCH GUY: *(clueless)* What brown van?

BADGER: *(points again down the street at van)* Parked all inconspicuous, like. It's a Cop van! Yeah! And another one, right over there. *(Laughs)* "Duke City Flowers"? C'mon..can't you guys at least be original? *(Laughs)*

SKETCH GUY: Dude, I just want to get high.

BADGER: A flower van? Please. *(pause)* You know what you should do? A garbage truck. Seriously. I don't mean no disrespect, but if you put a bunch of cops in a garbage truck, there is no way, that I'm seriously thinking that there's cops in the back of a garbage truck. That's a freebie. Just think about it. *(Badger leans into Sketch guy as if he is wearing a wire)* Think about it boys! *(Laughs)*

SKETCH GUY: Alright, I'm hitting it. *(Sketch guy gets up to leave)*

BADGER: Whoa, you dudes give up that easy?

SKETCH GUY: *(Standing)* What? I'm not a cop.

BADGER: Then lift your shirt. Show me you're not wearing a wire.

SKETCH GUY: Alright, you know what, just to show you, that you're being an asshole. *(Sketch guy lifts up his shirt and turns full circle)*

BADGER: Ahhh! I'm blinded by white *(laughs)*

SKETCH GUY: Deutshe Bag. *(Sketch guy starts to walk away and leave)*

BADGER: Oh, c'mon I was joking. Don't walk away angry. C'mon sit down. *(Sketch Guy sits)* What are you complaining about? You got abs man. Kind of.

SKETCH GUY: Whatever dude. I'm not even sure I want to buy anymore. I think you turned me off to the whole thing.

BADGER: C'mon. Don't be like that. I just need you to prove it, you know. Prove you're not a cop.

SKETCH GUY: How the hell am I supposed to do that?

BADGER: I don't know. *(pause)* Hey, I got it...go over there and punch that dude right in the face.

SKETCH GUY: Which dude?

BADGER: That dude.

SKETCH GUY: That dude?!

BADGER: Yeah.

SKETCH GUY: No way. He'd kick my ass.

BADGER: *(laughs)* True that. Ahhhhrgh. This is so hard.

SKETCH GUY: Yeah. *(pause)* Hey, I know. It's simple. If you ask a cop if he's a cop, he's like obligated to tell you. It's like in the.. Constitution.

BADGER: Constitution of America?

SKETCH GUY: Yeah, dude. So, go ahead and ask.

BADGER: You a cop?

SKETCH GUY: No, no, not like that. Ask it like.. official.

BADGER: Are you a police officer?

SKETCH GUY: *(Raises right hand, as if in court)* No. I am not a police officer.

BADGER: Ok, then. \$175 for a tenth.

SKETCH GUY: Whoa?

BADGER: Price is the price, yo.

SKETCH GUY: Alright. *(reluctantly, and looking around not to be seen, Sketch Guy reaches into his pocket, and palms cash to Badger)*

BADGER: *(Badger gives him the product)* Here you go. Enjoy.

SKETCH GUY: Thanks man. *(Sketch Guy, slowly and weakly gets up from bench and starts to walk away, then suddenly stops, puts one leg on bench and pulls gun out from ankle holster. Points gun at Badger)* Albuquerque Police!! You're under arrest!! Get on the ground!! Get on your stomach, now!! *(Badger lies face down on pavement with hands behind his head)* **THE END**