

Mock Sides: Original Scripts for Workshop Actors

DOUBLE STUFFED

Written by

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Pages: 4

Characters:

Detective Benson, early 30's, heavy set
Detective Conway, 40's

Synopsis:

Benson and Conway enter a crime scene just one step behind a sniper who is playing with them. Benson's lack of will-power causes him to eat evidence; cookies laced with a drug.

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INT. ABANDON BUILDING - DAY

We see a large empty space that looks as though it hasn't been occupied by anything but rodents. We hear from outside the door...

BENSON

Police!

We see Detective's ARNIE BENSON (30's, heavy set) and JOHN CONWAY (30's, athletic) enter the front door with guns drawn. Conway heads into the other rooms as Benson searches the large area. We then hear Conway from the other room...

CONWAY

Clear!

BENSON

Clear.

Conway returns and joins Benson.

CONWAY

It looks like just missed him.

BENSON

This guy is like a ghost.

CONWAY

I'll see if he left anything behind.

Conway goes back to the other rooms.

Benson starts searching the area and spots a card table and a single chair. On the table we see empty soda cans and a square package wrapped tin foil.

He puts on rubber gloves. He carefully unwraps the foil and sees it's filled with Oreo cookies. He picks up a cookie and smells it.

CONWAY (O.S.)

It doesn't seem to be any sign of him.

BENSON

He's got to screw up sometime.

Benson looks around ...then eats the cookies. He savors it.

CONWAY (O.S.)

He couldn't have gone out any of these windows, none of them open.

(CONTINUED)

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Benson grabs a handful of cookies and eats another. He walks over to a window and notices foot prints.

Conway re-joins Benson.

CONWAY
What do we got?

BENSON
We might have shoe prints.

Conway looks at a window in the living room.

CONWAY
Over here. One of the panes is broken. He's got a narrow line of sight to our vic's parking space. He probably set up in here for a few days. Waited for him to arrive to work ...and blam.

Benson looks down and while he stuffs his face with another cookie.

BENSON
(mouth full)
No shell casings.

CONWAY
Maybe CSU can lift some prints.

BENSON
(starts talking fast)
Prints. Yeah. Prints. He might have left prints.

CONWAY
There might be GSR on the wall.

BENSON
Geezer.

CONWAY
What?

BENSON
Geezer. Gun Shot Residue. Residue. Rezzeedue.

CONWAY
Are you alright?

BENSON
I can't feel my cheeks.

(CONTINUED)

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He starts playing with his mouth.

BENSON
(over-enunciating)
Rezzz-eee-dooo. Gun Shot rezz-ee-
doo. Why does that not sound right?

Conway notices cookie crumbs on Benson's face.

CONWAY
What the hell are you eating?

BENSON
(child-like)
Cookies.... double stuffed.

CONWAY
Where did you get those?

Benson looks to the package on the table.

CONWAY
That's evidence, you idiot.

BENSON
Relax, I only took like five
...maybe six.

CONWAY
Are you nuts?

BENSON
I'm wearing gloves.

CONWAY
So what, you're eating the
evidence.

BENSON
I'm sorry. This diet has been
really, really hard.

Conway goes to the pack of cookies and grabs a one and
examine it. Benson is now slapping his face with his hands.

BENSON
Baby buggy bumper. Window seel.
Seel. Damn. My hands feel funny.

Conway pulls the cookie apart and presses the cream filling
against his tongue.

(CONTINUED)

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CONWAY

Yeah, Double-stuffed, alright.
Crystal meth, maybe coke.
(looks at Benson)
Looks like he knows something about
you, too.

BENSON

(mumbling)
What do you mean?

CONWAY

The fact that you're always on a
diet. And that you have absolutely
no will power.

BENSON

Oh, God, everyone knows I'm weak.

Conway starts to panic. He gets on his phone and dials.
Benson starts to spit cookie out of this mouth. And starts to
run around the room in panic.

BENSON

I just need to calm down. Calm
down. Calm down. Holy crap, my
hearts racing. I'm gonna kill this
guy. I'm gonna tear his face off.

CONWAY

Hey, this is detective Conway. Can
we get the crime lab over here
...I'll be taking Detective Benson
over to County General ...yeah,
I'll explain it to the captain
myself.

He hangs up. Conway leads Benson out the door.

CONWAY

Okay Benson, let's take a trip to
the hospital.

BENSON

Hoth pital? Right. I need to go to
the Hoth pital. I can't say hoth
pital! Why can't I say hoth pital?

He leads Benson out the front door.

CUT TO:

END