

RENT-A-COP

Written by

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INT. BAR - EVENING

The place is busy and packed. We are focused on MIKE, a tall blonde man in his twenties. He is sitting near the edge of the bar, checking out the scene, glass in front of him.

Next to Mike sits RENT-A-COP, a slightly overweight, insecure looking man. He is wearing his security uniform; white button up shirt, dark slacks, shiny badge, and a radio on his shoulder. He has no glass in front of him.

Rent-A-Cop is checking the area seriously for any sign of a threat.

CLOSE ON: a beautiful brunette WOMAN who is just now sitting down at the bar, a little ways down from Mike and Rent-A-Cop. She wears a sleek red dress causing her to stand out from the rest of the crowd.

Mike spots her and is instantly infatuated.

MIKE

Dude, look at her.

RENT-A-COP

Where?

MIKE

In the red.

Rent-A-Cop takes a hard look in her direction.

RENT-A-COP

(Serious)

Is she a threat?

MIKE

What? No. She's just, well she's hot.

Mike starts to nibble his finger nails and drum the fingers of his other hand on the counter. He motions to the BARTENDER, who places a drink from off screen in front of him.

Mike slides the glass to Rent-A-Cop.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Here. Take this to her.

RENT-A-COP

What?

MIKE

Take. Her. The drink.

RENT-A-COP

(Confused)

I don't understand.

MIKE

Dude, why do you think I hired you?

RENT-A-COP

Wait. What? I thought you needed protection.

MIKE

What? No. No I, well I hope maybe I need protection here in a minute, right?

(laughs at his cleverness)

Rent-A-Cop does not look impressed.

RENT-A-COP

Seriously? You hired me to be your wingman?

MIKE

No, I hired you to be my servant. Butlers are way too expensive.

Mike takes a drink from his own glass and looks straight ahead behind the bar. He realizes Rent-A-Cop has not left his seat.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(Motions)

Go...

Rent-A-Cop sighs and stands, grabbing the drink and begins walking towards the girl.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hold up.

Rent-A-Cop freezes in place just behind Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm feeling a little tense over this whole thing. Could you rub my shoulders a bit before you go?

Rent-A-Cop SIGHS, sets the drink down and rubs Mike's shoulders. Mike closes his eyes and lets out a relaxed BREATH.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Ok, that's enough. Go on now.
 (Claps his hands in a
 "chop-chop" manner)

MIKE'S POV: Rent-A-Cop is handing the woman the drink. She looks up at him, disgusted that a lowly security guard would come to hit on her. Rent-A-Cop inaudibly tells her that Mike is the buyer of the drink. She looks his way, spots him and smiles. The woman slides out of her chair and heads Mike's direction.

The woman slips into the chair next to Mike, smiling broadly.

WOMAN
 Why hello.

MIKE
 Hi there.

Rent-A-Cop walks back over. He begins to sit down and Mike places a hand on his chest to stop him.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 (To Rent-A-Cop)
 Uh, why don't you go over there?
 And try not to stand too close.

Rent-A-Cop saunters off grumpily. Mike turns back to the woman.

Rent-A-Cop stands near the front door, but not enough to be visible to anyone walking in.

A MAN wearing a ski mask BURSTS through the door waving a gun and FIRES a shot into the air.

MAN
 Everybody down!

Customers scream and Mike, looking more scared than anyone else, crouches as low as possible and moves the woman in front of him.

WOMAN
 Hey!

Rent-A-Cop is sneaking up behind the man while he is distracted by making his demands.

MAN
 I want everyone's wallets on the
 floor. You.
 (MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)
(grabs a nearby PERSON and
hands them a bag)
Put all of them in here.
(Pushes person away and
points gun at the
bartender)
Empty the drawer!

Rent-A-Cop grabs the man's arm holding the gun from behind and Judo throws him into floor. THUMP. He performs an armbar and a wrist-lock while standing, CRACKING the man's joints and disarming him. The man CRIES out in pain.

Rent-A-Cop stands over the defeated robber. The bar erupts with APPLAUSE, and the woman Mike had been hitting on runs over to him and kisses him.

WOMAN
You're so brave.

Rent-A-Cop wraps his arm around her and leads her out the door.

Mike looks on helplessly.

MIKE
Hey! Hey come back!
(beat)
I'm only paying you for the first
hour!

Mike looks down at the man who is holding his wrist in pain.

MIKE (CONT'D)
What?