

"FLAKED"

BIRNEY/TITMANS + ASSOC.

1/10

CHIP
You got someone in there already.

chip looks in the back of the car.

give you a ride.

I'll do better than that. I'll

GEORGE

give me a break, man.

CHIP

Uh-huh.

GEORGE

CHIP
I'll have you know that I was
headed to see Jerry now.

chip leans in at the passenger window.

Everybody talks.

It's a policeman's dream.

GEORGE

CHIP
Wow, so it's true what they say.
There are no secrets in Venice.

chip turns to see George in his patrol car, right there.

fully avoiding it.

CHIP
You must be sweatin' this Jerry
stuff, huh? And by sweatin' I mean

GEORGE (O.C.) **Start** →

2.1

like a dream -- or his subconscious.

chip becomes aware of a voice that, at first, feels almost

this is the POV of a person in a car...

An electric window whirs down and it becomes apparent that

turns a corner...

We track chip as he side-steps a couple of pedestrians, then

chip steps out front. Agitated, he takes off on foot.

EXT. FURNITURE STORE - CONTINUOUS

EPISODE TWO -- GEORGE gives CHIP advice.

FLAKED -- GEORGE

GEORGE

2/10

GEORGE
What are you gonna do, pack bags at
Whole Foods...? Not great for
the... image.

CHIP
I could get a job! I've had plenty
of real jobs in my life, so don't
give me that shit.

GEORGE
Bet you're scared, too. I mean,
you'll have to get a real job now.

George lets this go.

CHIP
If that is what he's doing.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You feel pissed, huh...? Betrayed.
That he's cashing out and leaving
you by the curb, as it were.

Chip just stares out the window.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Look, I get it, Chip. I do. I
mean, you been in that store a long
time. It's important to you. That
place is where you put yourself
back together. It's where you got
sober... And Jerry helped...

As in, assorted food, etc.

GEORGE
Sorry I can't let you ride up
front. Department policy. Plus, I
got all my gear.

George drives. Chip rides in back -- behind the grill.

INT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - NOT LONG AFTER

GEORGE
Guess what, dummy...? Today's the
only lucky day of your life. Make
the most of it.

George turns to the "berp" in the back seat --

CHIP
(defensive)
Fuck you -- image!
They drive in silence, except for the odd burst of police
radio chatter...

GEORGE
I got another take on this.
(a beat)
Want to hear it...?

CHIP
Can't wait.

It's the first time we have seen Chip unnerved.

GEORGE
I think this is a good thing. Look
how wound up it's gotten you. That
store...? Jerry? They're the last
links to the past for you, and it's
time you got out of there. That's
the old life, the one you need to
leave behind. You know? It's time
you told that old fuck Jerry: fuck
you! I look forward now.

Just as, in the back seat, Chip looks out the back window and
sees that GRAY HONDA again...

EXT. JERRY'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

George pulls up in front of the unkempt yard and the rusted
sculpture, and the wind-chimes...

CHIP
I can't do this.

GEORGE
Come on, man. No time like the
present.

CHIP
No, I mean I can't do this...
there's no handle.

GEORGE
Oh, yeah. I need to let you out.

He climbs out and opens the door for Chip...



4/10

EPIISODE SIX -- GEORGE tells DENNIS like it is.

*

Wind-chimes are heard within...

Chip waits for the patrol car to roll out of sight, then takes a deep breath and rings the doorbell.

Chip reaches the porch then turns back to George who makes a "you can do this" gesture and then heads off...

He eases Chip in the direction of the front door.

END

GEORGE
Of course not.

CHIP
Yeah...?

GEORGE
(no)
Obviously haven't been paying enough attention. But if you want, I can run the license plates for you.

CHIP
Yeah, have you noticed it...?

GEORGE
You mean the gray Honda sedan...? Mid-size? No distinguishing features.

CHIP
Uh, no. That is, I don't think so. It's just... I think I've seen that car before.

GEORGE
You got a problem...?

He looks back at the GRAY HONDA parked up the street.

CHIP
At least, he says he did. (climbs out)
I know how to handle Jerry...

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Just don't listen to his bullsh*t. Jerry wrote the book on bullsh*t.

We hear a few sharp knocks on the door and then the shuffling of feet. The door opens to reveal...

← STMP

GEORGE I'm here to see the man of the house.

DENNIS He's not here, George. What do you want?

GEORGE I need to talk to him.

George is all business.

DENNIS Well, call him then.

He goes to start closing the door, but George manages to stick his foot in.

GEORGE I thought you said he wasn't here?

DENNIS He's not. So call him on his fucking cell phone.

GEORGE On his cell phone? Chip? Since when?

DENNIS Since that whale he hooked felt like he needed 24/7 access to the guru of Venice who's gonna make him an all around cooler guy.

GEORGE What's up with you, Dennis? Everything okay between you and Chip?

DENNIS Sure. Everything's great. Look George, you want his number or not? I don't have any more time left to take care of Chip.

GEORGE Is he drinking?

6/10

(MORE)

No, you look, Dennis! Fucks like you come in and out every fucking day. You think this is some abstract game where we all listen to you talk about your feelings, and how your mommy and daddy didn't love you enough and then you go on endless coffee dates and talk more about your ex-girlfriends and by the grace of god you were able to buy another pork pie fucking hat??

GEORGE

George, look --

DENNIS

Huh. Yeah... sure, I get it. It's not like the guy ever did anything for you, am I right? I mean... other than the one time he took you to detox. But other than that... well, also, I guess, when he brought you to your first meeting... But seriously other than... sorry - there was also 90 meetings in 90 days. He did do that. But then, short of that, the guy has done fuck all for you, Dennis. So yeah, fuck him! Kick the guy when he's down! You've earned it.

GEORGE

George considers.

Yeah... That's all I seem to do these days. And frankly I am tired of it.

DENNIS

And you're tired of taking care of him...?

GEORGE

No... I mean, I don't know... It's more about cleaning up his messes...

DENNIS

Yeah, do you know if he's drinking?

GEORGE

Uh... is he drinking?

DENNIS



2/10

Chip turns to see George in his LAPD car behind him.

We hear the quick burst of a police siren.

Chip rides along a walk street on his beach cruiser then turns down an alley. He's a man on a mission.

EXT. VENICE STREET - DAY

EPISODE EIGHT -- GEORGE finds out that CHIP's been drinking.

*

~~END~~

You got his number handy?

GEORGE

George starts to go, then turns back.

Okay.

DENNIS

He's broken through.

You.

Chip needs you to be the fucking friend to him... that he was to

GEORGE (CONT'D)

He gathers himself.

friend.

Chip has committed against you and whatever real or imagined injustice that matters is that you get over think that fucking matters?? All times? Who gives a shit...? You wanted? He did it twice? Three He fucked some piece of ass you now and you're mad because what...? Fellowship? He's spiraling right Now. You want to wax on about This is real life Dennis. This.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Dennis is at a loss.

given you?

And then you all pat each other on the backs like a bunch of little fagots and look in each other's eyes and say you're grateful for this fellowship and everything it's

GEORGE (CONT'D)

← SCENE 3
GEORGE (O.S.)
(through bullhorn)
Pull over.

CHIP
Fuck, man.

Chip slows down and steps off his bike. George stops behind him and gets out of the car.

CHIP (CONT'D)
George, I don't have time, man. I mean it. I've got a bunch of shit to do...

GEORGE
That's okay, I'm sure you do.

George walks right up to Chip and stands there, imposing.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You went out, huh?

Chip says nothing.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Yeah, I figured it was true.

George takes his sidearm out of its holster and hands it to Chip.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Here, take this.

Chip flinches back.

CHIP
What the fuck, man...?

GEORGE
Take it, Chip. Save all of us a lot of time and energy...

CHIP
The fuck are you talking about, George?

GEORGE
I'm talking about you killing yourself, dude.

He stares Chip down, still holding the gun out.

8/10

9/10

GEORGE
You either drink or you don't...

CHIP
That's not what I'm saying... I'm
just saying... Everything isn't
just one way or another..

GEORGE
Oh, really? You're fixed now? You
can drink and be normal, like in a
fucking wine spritzer commercial?

CHIP
I'm not the same person I was 10
years ago...

A beat.

GEORGE
No, you don't. You don't give a
fuck. In fact, I'm starting to
think you don't give a fuck about
anything at all, including
yourself.

CHIP
I appreciate everything you've done
for me, George.

Chip looks down.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Just trust that I've literally
heard it all before and take the
fucking gun and put it in your
stupid mouth and spare us all the
fucking trouble.

He's serious.

GEORGE
Shut the fuck up for once, chip.

CHIP
George, I --

GEORGE (CONT'D)
We don't need the heartache and
misery of trying to help you...
inevitably ending with you either
dead or in prison.

CHIP
 We don't live in a black and white world George... Black and white only exists in the margins... Everything else is grey... blurry, dark, thick grey. The meat of this life is firmly in the grey... And anyone who tells you differently doesn't know what the fuck they're talking about.

GEORGE
 That's a good one. Man, I wish I was as smart as you. You sound like you got it all figured out. You should hit the lecture circuit... 10 easy steps to being a middle-aged loser --

CHIP
 Fuck you.

GEORGE
 No, fuck you.

CHIP
 And what...? You do have it all figured out? Yeah, I should aspire to be you... A fat, obnoxious know-it-all cop with alimony payments and two kids who won't even speak to him... Where do I sign up for that? The back of your Wednesday night men's stag meeting?

This stings George.

GEORGE
 You've got a chance to decide how you want your life to go...

Chip considers.

CHIP
 I just want it all to be... the same.

GEORGE
 Yeah, well, that's not how it works. And being fucked up isn't going to make it come back either.

George gets in his car and drives away.

/END

10/10