

COPS with ROSS

BEOWULF, LORD OF THE BROS

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~~NO. No. I got this. I know these guys. (to party) We're cool! Just stay in here and we'll keep this going! (to CASS) Don't let people leave.~~

~~CASS (to the party)~~

~~You guys, it's cool! I'm gonna go whip up some of my special Peanut Butter Bagel Bites!~~

~~PARTY GOER~~

~~Oh, those are the best!~~

~~CASS~~

~~Shhh! Or you don't get any.~~

~~ROSS composes himself and tosses a mint into his mouth, checks hair in the mirror, and opens the door, where he is greeted by TWO POLICE OFFICERS.~~

START

ROSS

Hey dudes! Hey is that a new hat? So sorry you had to come all the way down here.

COP #1

Sorry, Ross, but...our hands are tied. Your downstairs neighbor, one Sam Grendelstein, called in your parties three times this week.

ROSS

Ok, look, we'll keep it down. He's just being sensitive--

COP #1

I wish I could, friend. This guy is something else. My sargent has been on my case twice as hard the last two weeks ever since this "Grendelstein." He somehow got access to our internal system at the precinct and has been sending my Google searches to the whole department.

COP #2

Yeah, you think that's bad? He got my cell phone number and all my contacts and has been sending pictures of penises to my family. And I had finally convinced my grandma to get a smart phone!

COP #1

He's a monster. Sorry Ross, no more warnings. Tell everyone to pack it up. (to the party) Alright everyone. Party's over.

ROSS

Whoa, wait, really? I...

draft current as of 3/21/2016

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COP #1

And, Ross, I gotta be honest. If we get called in again, it's gonna be a citation. Major fine. I can't cover for you anymore. I don't wanna lose my job.

COP #2 (*moving in through apartment shining a flashlight in everyone's eyes*)

Pack it up everyone, time to go.

~~STOP~~

~~ROSS~~

~~But...but...~~

~~CASS~~

~~Ross, it's ok, it's late.~~

~~ROSS~~

~~It's not ok! It's Zeke's last night!~~

~~ZEKE~~

~~It's ok, buddy. I gotta head to the airport anyway. I'll be back this Christmas.~~

~~**1A. A TOAST FOR BROS - EXIT**~~

~~(PARTY GOERS gather their things, and exit uncomfortably while ROSS stands in the middle, in spot, floored.)~~

~~PARTY GOERS~~

~~YOU CRANK THE SPEAKERS AND I'LL FILL YOUR...~~

~~GOPS~~

~~SHH!!!~~

~~PARTY GOERS~~

~~WE'LL SCOFF AT THE FOOLS WHO...~~

~~GOPS~~

~~SHH!!!~~

~~PARTY GOERS~~

~~DRINKING IN LIFE AT THE...~~