

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A police car is on the shoulder behind another car. Two officers stand over a body laying face down on the ground. Their guns are drawn.

FULLER (27), black, can't take his eyes off the body on the ground. His eyes are wide from disbelief. Shock.

His partner, HOLIDAY (51), white stands closest to the body. Smoke still floating from the barrel of his gun.

FULLER
Jesus Christ man. Jesus Christ!

HOLIDAY
Calm down.

FULLER
Calm down? You shot him! Why'd you...

HOLIDAY
I told him not to move! He reached...

FULLER
He reached for his permit! He told you he was armed and he told you he had a permit for it!

HOLIDAY
How the hell was I supposed to know that?! I told his ass not to move!

Fuller's gun shakes in his hands. He lowers it when he realizes he can't stop the shaking.

FULLER
Call it in.

HOLIDAY
What?

FULLER
Call it in.

Holiday searches for something around the body.

HOLIDAY
I will when I'm done.

FULLER

Done what?! What the fuck are you doing?!

Holiday rushes over to Fuller and grabs him by the shirt.

FULLER (CONT'D)

Hey! What the...

Holiday reaches for a small button on Fuller's shirt and pushes it.

HOLIDAY

Turn this shit off.

FULLER

Yo, that's my...

Holiday shoves his hand over Fuller's mouth to muffle his voice. Fuller resists but Holiday applies more pressure while he uses his other hand to push the button on his own shirt.

He removes his hand from Fuller's mouth. Fuller immediately shoves Holiday away.

FULLER (CONT'D)

Get your fuckin' hands off me!

HOLIDAY

Okay, okay. Look, I just didn't want you to slip up and say something that might bite us in the ass later.

FULLER

Us?

HOLIDAY

(confused)

Look, I didn't ask for no new partner and I damn sure didn't ask for no snot nosed, self-righteous, weak-in-the-knees, crybaby. But I got one anyway. Which means you're my responsibility and vice versa. It wasn't even my idea to pull his ass over.

FULLER

He was speeding! You don't shoot people for...

HOLIDAY

Keep your goddamn voice down!

Fuller rolls his eyes and starts to walk towards the squad car.

FULLER
I'm calling it in.

Holiday grabs his arm. Fuller glares at him until Holiday lets him go.

As Fuller walks away Holiday looks down at the body. He sees the gun tucked in the driver's pants. He looks back and Fuller is almost to the squad car.

Holiday kneels down and takes the gun out of the victim's pants and holds it for a moment before standing up.

FADE OUT.