

BRING YOUR DAUGHTER

Gavin Jasper

INT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

WALLY is pacing back and forth alone, cleaning his gun. He hears a knock at the door and walks over.

WALLY
Who is it?

DWIGHT (O.S.)
It's Dwight.

WALLY
Were you followed?

There's no answer other than Dwight sighing.

WALLY
Dwight, were you followed?

DWIGHT (O.S.)
Yes. I mean, no. I mean, sort of.
Listen, just let me in. Trust me.

Wally hesitates for a moment and then slowly opens the door while reaching for the gun in his jacket. Dwight walks in like normal, carrying a briefcase, followed by STACY, a girl clutching a teddy bear.

DWIGHT
Thanks. Don't worry, everything's cool.

WALLY
No, it's not! Who the hell is she?

STACY
Hi, I'm Stacy!

DWIGHT
Wally, Stacy. Stacy, Wall.

WALLY
Who the hell is she?! Wat are you doing bringing little girls to a drug deal?!

DWIGHT

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It's Bring Your Daughter to Work Day and--

STACY

Mommy told daddy that I had to go with him! Right, daddy?

DWIGHT

Right, pumpkin.

WALLY

You've got a kid?! Hell, you're married?!

DWIGHT

Well, yeah.

WALLY

We've known each other for years and you've never mentioned being married.

STACY

Daddy told me to make sure not to say that he's really a police office--

DWIGHT

That's nice, pumpkin, but adults are talking.

WALLY

What the fuck did she just say?

DWIGHT

Language! Not cool! She's just a little girl!

WALLY

Sorry, but I could have sworn she just said--

DWIGHT

Forget about it. It's Bring Your Daughter to Work Day, so let's get to work. I have the cash.

Wally glares unsure at Stacy, who is more intent on playing with her bear. He shakes his head and then pays attention to Dwight.

WALLY

Fine. Good. Roy's on the way with his stuff. Should be here any second. Usual price, usual cut, all routine. Shouldn't be any surprises... I'm sorry, but is this really the best idea? I get it's some holiday thing, but I really don't think a little girl should be sitting around during a deal like this.

DWIGHT

Let her just sit in the background. We won't even know she's here. She's not even paying attention.

STACY

What do you mean when you say "the stuff"? Do you mean druuuuuugs?

WALLY

Holy shit--

DWIGHT

Language!

WALLY

Holy smokes, you really are a cop!

DWIGHT

I swear I'm not a pig! Check me for wires. Check me right now.

Dwight puts his arms up and Wally pats him down. He finds nothing.

WALLY

What about her? What if she has a wire?

DWIGHT

Do you really want to pat down a 6-year-old girl?

Wally looks at the smiling Stacy and curls his lip in disgust.

WALLY

All right, yeah, that is really shady. You better not be messing with me.

DWIGHT
Come on. We go way back. I would
never--

There's a knock on the door. Wally cautiously looks over.

WALLY
Who is it?

ROY (O.S.)
It's Roy.

WALLY
Were you followed?

ROY (O.S.)
Well...

BETTY (O.S.)
Daaaaad! I'm cold!

Wally opens the door, allowing Roy and Betty -- also a little girl -- into the warehouse. Roy also has a briefcase.

WALLY
You too?!

ROY
Take Your Daughter to Work Day. Her mom's a prostitute I nailed maybe once, but rules are rules. Betty, there's a girl your age over there. Go play with her.

Betty happily skips off to talk to Stacy.

ROY
Let's get down to business. I take it you two have the money?

WALLY
Uh, yeah. Dwight has it, but there's, um, something you should know about him...

DWIGHT
Hold that thought. Look, our kids are getting along.

WALLY
Aw, look at that.

BETTY
I like your teddy bear!

STACY
Thanks! His name is Mr. Pebbles.

BETTY
Can I have him? I'll be your best friend!

STACY
No way!

BETTY
I'll give you a hundred dollars!

STACY
Okay!

As Betty pulls out a large roll of money, a group of armed officers bust into the warehouse. Dwight, Wally and Roy all raise their hands. Betty looks around confused.

WALLY
Oh, man! What the fuck!

DWIGHT AND ROY
Language!

To Wally's surprise, the cops move past him and surround Betty. As they cuff her, Stacy inspects the money.

STACY
(deeper voice)
Just as I thought. Fake as Santa.
Betty Hatfield, you're under arrest
for leading a counterfeit ring. You
have the right to remain silent.
Take her away, boys.

They lead her away in cuffs as she's notably agitated. Wally is scratching his head.

BETTY
I want to speak to my lawyer! You
sold me out, dad! I'm telling mom
on you!

ROY
See you in 20, sweetie.

Dwight points to himself and Roy.

DWIGHT

So... we're off the hook, Detective
McIntyre?

"Stacy" removes a wig and bites a cigar.

STACY

Clean rap sheets for you two and
your friend as agreed. The precinct
thanks you for your assistance. Now
if you'll excuse me, I have some
paperwork to take care of and some
scotch that needs drinking.

"Stacy" leaves. Dwight pats Wally on the back.

DWIGHT

See? Told you I wasn't a cop.

Blackout.