

RISING STAR

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EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

It is 1989 and plainclothes detective LOGAN FORD [37] chases PERP [25] on foot through busy street. Crossing the road, they dodge vehicles while the perp pushes aside stunned pedestrians. Logan breathes heavily as he attempts to catch his foe who rushes into the road only to be hit by an oncoming police car.

The perp rolls over the bonnet as Logan arrives at the scene.

The police officers quickly exit the vehicle for POLICE OFFICER #2 [29] to cuff the perp who is writhing in pain, while POLICE OFFICER #1 [31] casually stands by the vehicle watching Logan, who is bent over catching his breath.

POLICE OFFICER #1
You're seriously outta shape,
Logan.

Logan is bent over as he catches his breath.

LOGAN FORD
I'd like to see you run five
blocks.

Police Officer #2 leads the perp towards the vehicle.

POLICE OFFICER #2
(to Logan)
Surprised you made it this far.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Too much sauce man.

Bundling the perp into the back of the car, Police officer #2 looks over at Logan and shakes his head as he studies the detective.

POLICE OFFICER #2
You're a fuckin' mess Logan.

LOGAN FORD
Speak for yourself O'Keefe

Police Officer #1 opens the car door to enter.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Well, we can take it from here.

Police Officer #2 follows suit.

POLICE OFFICER #2
(to Police Officer #1)
He couldn't catch a cold.

The officers laugh as the engine rumbles into action before the vehicle exits the scene with Logan looking disgruntled as pedestrians gawk at the proceedings.

LOGAN FORD
(to passersby)
What are you looking at?

People warily circumvent the detective as he dusts himself down and composes himself before walking away from the scene.

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE - DAY

The open-plan office is a hive of activity as Logan enters.

Someone fakes sneezing as he passes seated colleagues and advances towards his desk where there is a 'Get Well' card placed prominently amongst piles of folders and documents.

He picks up the card to the sound of chuckles from behind.

POLICE OFFICER #3 (O.S.)
They're showing Catch-22 tonight!

POLICE OFFICER #4 (O.S.)
Nah...it's Marathon Man!

POLICE OFFICER #5 [34] walks up behind him.

POLICE OFFICER #5
You got the papers for that guy
they brought in?

Logan nods and begins rummaging through the paperwork.

POLICE OFFICER #5 (CONT'D)
Christ, you've not lost them?

LOGAN FORD
They're here somewhere.

POLICE OFFICER #5
Jeez Logan. You need to get a
secretary for this place. It's like
a dump.

The detective finds the documents along with a folder. He hands over the documents but retains the folder.

LOGAN FORD
You my mother?

Police Officer #5 pivots and walks away.

POLICE OFFICER #5
Interview Room 2 when you're ready.

Logan turns from his desk and follows in the same direction.

A few people start coughing as he heads towards the door.

LOGAN FORD
Yeah, very funny.

INT. POLICE STATION/INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

A fluorescent strip light occasionally flickers as the perp sits behind a basic table watched by a middle-aged officer, who is silently leaning against the wall.

Logan enters and sits down opposite and lays a folder on the table next to a solitary ashtray.

The perp reclines in his chair, uninterested and dismissive.

LOGAN FORD
We got the stash you threw away.

Looking up at the ceiling, the young man fakes a yawn.

LOGAN FORD (CONT'D)
There's enough to get you maybe five years.

PERP
Man...you've got nothin' on me.

The detective stares hard at him.

LOGAN FORD
Darren, how's your mother keeping these days?

The young man looks confused.

LOGAN FORD (CONT'D)
I heard she suffered a minor stroke not that long ago. Not surprising with a kid like you to keep her on her toes.

PERP
I wanna speak to a lawyer.

LOGAN FORD
You think we'll find anything at
her place?

PERP
(shouts)
I WANT A LAWYER!

Logan grabs the edge of the table and pushes it with full force into the seated perp who is tipped backwards onto the floor. He yells in pain as Logan rises and walks round.

The officer in the background watches, unmoved.

The detective picks up the chair while the perp looks up with frightened eyes.

LOGAN FORD
If I were to find a similar bag in
her place...like in the
kitchen...then I reckon she
wouldn't see out the year.

PERP
You got no fuckin' right!

Logan offers a hand.

LOGAN FORD
I make my own rights.

He leans over while still offering his hand.

LOGAN FORD (CONT'D)
Now either you're gonna talk or
start thinking about a eulogy for
your old dear.

The two remain silent for a moment then the perp picks himself up, swiping away Logan's hand.

As the officer returns to his chair, the perp sits back down.

Logan pulls out a packet of cigarettes from his crumpled jacket and lights one which is offered to the perp, who is hesitant before accepting.

LOGAN FORD (CONT'D)
Good.

PERP

You'll drop the charges?

LOGAN FORD

Let's see what you have to offer.

Logan lights a cigarette for himself and exhales. He then pulls out a small cellophane bag from his pocket and lays it on the table. The perp looks at it.

LOGAN FORD (CONT'D)

They're new.

The perp grinds his jaw in thought.

The detective flicks the ash of his cigarette on the floor and inhales as he waits for a response.

PERP

It's Rising Star. Folks are hitting on it for parties. Makes them feel good...like really fuckin' good.

Logan glances round at the watching officer who shrugs his shoulders then he turns back to face the perp.

LOGAN FORD

Like acid?

PERP

Fuck no man. Like fuckin' Loving Spoonful. Makes you wanna embrace the world and dance till sunrise.

The perp stubs out his cigarette in the ashtray while Logan picks up and studies the contents of the bag.

LOGAN FORD

So who's the source for this?

Squirming uncomfortably in his chair, the criminal winces.

PERP

Man, I don't know. I just get the stuff delivered.

Logan glances around to the other officer.

LOGAN FORD

Tell the desk we'll be charging him.

The officer makes for the door.

PERP
C'mon man!

LOGAN FORD
(to perp)
Then spill it.

The perp slumps back in resignation.

PERP
Giacomo Pulcinella runs the spot.
That's all I know, man. Some dude
just delivers. That's the god's
honest truth.

The detective sniffs before dropping the cigarette to the floor and rubbing it out with the sole of his shoe before rising from his chair.

LOGAN FORD
You'll get charged with
possession...

PERP
What!

LOGAN FORD
Hey. Consider yourself lucky. I
could push for intent to supply.

Logan picks up the folder from the table and makes for the door while the other officer gestures to the perp to leave.

PERP
You're no better than the donut
patrol, man. As crooked as the
wops.

EXT. LOGAN'S HOME - DAY

The suburban street is lined with a thick foliage of trees, tracking manicured lawns and classic bungalows as Logan's car rolls up outside his home.

His son, CALLUM FORD [9] has his back to his father as he attaches some card with a peg to the rear of his bicycle.

Next-door-neighbour PETER DENTON [36] mows his lawn, unaware of Logan or his son.

LOGAN FORD
Doing a good job there, son.

The boy grabs a pedal and begins rotating it with the card 'rat-a-tatting' against the spokes as his father ruffles his hair as he passes towards the front door.

INT. LOGAN'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Logan passes through the living room where his daughter CHRISTINA [16] sits on a sofa reading a magazine while listening to music on her Walkman cassette player. He acknowledges her, as she glances over to him, before entering the kitchen.

INT. LOGAN'S HOME/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

AUDREY FORD [35], preparing a salad, has her back to Logan as he enters the kitchen. He pecks her on the nape of her neck causing her to stiffen with surprise.

AUDREY FORD

You're early.

He crosses to the fridge and retrieves a beer which he proceeds to drink.

LOGAN FORD

Making up for lost time.

She continues chopping food on a bread board.

AUDREY FORD

Why break the habits of a lifetime now?

Her husband doesn't take the bait.

LOGAN FORD

Christina done her homework?

AUDREY FORD

Christ Logan, what's brought this on?

He takes a slug of his beer then peers through the open door to check on his daughter.

LOGAN FORD

You made it abundantly clear I'm not matching your expectations, so here I am...making the effort.

Audrey remains silent as she continues preparing the food.

LOGAN FORD (CONT'D)
Or is that another point of
critique?

His wife stops what she is doing and turns to him.

AUDREY FORD
Well, instead of reaching for a
beer, like the first thing you
always do, how about you set the
table? Now that'd be making the
effort.

Logan places the beer on the worktop and begins retrieving
cutlery and setting the table in the kitchen with restrained
frustration.

AUDREY FORD (CONT'D)
My dad called earlier.

Her husband circles the table placing cutlery for each
family member.

AUDREY FORD (CONT'D)
Put some water and glasses out too.

Logan heeds her instructions.

LOGAN FORD
What was he wanting?

AUDREY FORD
Could we help him with the
electricity bill?

With a large glass jug, he fills it from the tap.

LOGAN FORD
Again?

AUDREY FORD
He's an old man. You know he
struggles.

He places the jug in the middle of the table.

LOGAN FORD
This is why I need to work the
overtime. That was the point I was
making last night.

Audrey slams the knife down on the bread board.

AUDREY FORD

Ok. I get it. You just don't have to do it every day. There are others they can call on.

Logan goes to a cupboard and retrieves four glasses which he adds to the table as Audrey bundles the salad into a large bowl which gets added to the table.

LOGAN FORD

Right...and I'm trying.

AUDREY FORD

Go get Callum.

LOGAN FORD

I'll go over to your dad's place later and sort it out.

AUDREY FORD

Thanks.

EXT. LOGAN'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Logan steps out into the porch and watches his son cycling up and down the street, the card clacking against the spokes.

He turns to see Peter Denton mowing the grass. He switches off the mower and waves at Logan.

PETER DENTON

How's things?

Logan steps forward onto the garden path.

LOGAN FORD

Hanging in there.

Denton walks towards the boundary between their lawns.

PETER DENTON

I'm Peter. Nice to meet you.

The detective crosses the lawn.

LOGAN FORD

Logan Ford...welcome to the neighbourhood.

PETER DENTON

You been here long?

LOGAN FORD
Ten years. It's a nice spot. Quiet.

Logan spots Callum returning up the street.

LOGAN FORD (CONT'D)
Callum! Get in.

He glances at Denton.

LOGAN FORD (CONT'D)
Got family?

PETER DENTON
Nah. Just me.

LOGAN FORD
Don't let my wife Audrey know.
She'll be scouting for you before
you can say "blind date".

Denton chuckles lightly as Callum heads up the garden path.

LOGAN FORD (CONT'D)
Moved far?

PETER DENTON
Philly.

LOGAN FORD
Change of scenery?

PETER DENTON
Yeah. You could say that.

LOGAN FORD
Happy to share a few beers one
night. Get you up to speed on the
neighbourhood.

PETER DENTON
That'd be nice.

Logan turns to follow his son into the house.

LOGAN FORD
Better go. See ya later.

Denton raises a hand in acknowledgement as the detective
walks away.