

SNIFF CITY

Written by

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EXT. RANDOM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

PHILMORE (40s) dry-witted and intellectual wearing a sharp suit standing next to his muscle-bound BODYGUARD, (40s) who is holding an umbrella over them as it rains miserably.

Brian (late 30s), a self-assured yet profoundly misguided small-town cocaine dealer, rolls up on his bright neon pink bike that has a sticker that reads "Get some." He comes to a screeching halt, splashing water that just misses Philmore and Bodyguard.

BRIAN

I heard you need some candy.

PHILMORE

So... you're the guy. The guy. Nice
to finally put a face
(weird hand gesture)
to the name.

BRIAN

Yeah, well. What can I say? I'm
good, real good. So, Mister...

Philmore shushes BRIAN.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Oh right. Well, for the sake of
conversation, I'm going to call you
Phil. Okay, Phil?

PHILMORE

Do not call me Phil. Call me
something else, any other name.

BRIAN

Why?

PHILMORE

Because the only white people named
"Phil" are morally conservative
talk show hosts. Do I look like a
pseudo doctor that ruins people's
lives for daytime television?

BRIAN

Did I just guess your real name?

BRIAN reaches for a high five, which PHILMORE pushes down.

PHILMORE

Quiet, you're drawing attention.

BRIAN

Hah, what are the chances? That's so funny! Who am I kidding? I deal drugs for a living, that is hilarious!

PHILMORE

Sure, why don't we step into my office?

BRIAN pops up under PHILMORE'S umbrella.

BRIAN

Oh thank god, it's so wet out here. So, what are we doing, what's the plan?

PHILMORE

I meant, 'let's go indoors to my office.'

BRIAN

Oh yeah, that's where my office is too.

PHILMORE begins walking to his car with BODYGUARD.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Wait, so do I follow you or? Which car is yours?

PHILMORE picks up pace as does BRIAN's volume.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Can I at least skitch a ride?! What about the drugs?!

Philmore and Bodyguard get into Philmore's car and drive away.

ZZt-ZZT: Brian's phone buzzes before he looks at a text:

INSERT: TEXT

"Shut the hell up and go to 555 Walnut. Suite 106."

BRIAN hops on his bike, rings the bell, and rides off.

INT. PHILMORE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brian enters a very lavish office, where Philmore and Bodyguardsd are waiting for him.

Off to the side, there is a spot being worked on by a CONSTRUCTION WORKER (40s) – it's a huge hole in the ground where the worker is dressed in overalls, a red shirt, and has an obviously fake moustache.

BRIAN

Nice floor plan- except for the eyesore.

(In French; subtitled)

Very Ham!

There is a bowl of candies on Philmore's desk, which Brian helps himself to.

PHILMORE

That's not an adjective.

BRIAN

Oh, are these just for show?

(Pointing to the candies)

PHILMORE

What? No, I meant- Let's just get down-

Construction Worker begins working loudly, filling the room with impenetrable machinery noises. Philmore stares at Construction Worker until he notices.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

(In bad Italian accent)

Mama mia! I'm-a just-a an Italian plumber, trying to lay some pipe over here. You know, in Italy, we would use this pipe-a for transportation. You could fit a whole body down that hole! Watch this!

Construction Worker throws a coin down the hole and they all wait before it finally hits metal.

PHILMORE

Right. Like I was saying let's get down to brass tacks.

BRIAN

Quick and to the point, I like it. You know, you do look like someone I went to business college with. Color you impressed? Your face says it all. That's right, I know all about finance... econ... money. Cold hard cash, if you will.

PHILMORE

Sure, I will: your pink Schwinn speaks leagues.

BRIAN

Loved all the classes— except the one where you have to meet in the professor's office and he makes you wear "business professional." Picture this: dickie, clip-on bowtie, his initials monogrammed on my bare ass. Business? Sure. Professional? Only if your business is stacking restraining orders, am I right?

Brian reaches for a high five, which Philmore ignores.

PHILMORE

I don't think you went to business college.

BRIAN

Professor Harry gave me an upstanding review...

PHILMORE

I'm sure he gave you more than that.

Philmore procures a stack of bills out of a briefcase.

PHILMORE (CONT'D)

Here. We like you, we'll contact you again. Place a bigger order. Much bigger.

BRIAN

Looks like we got ourselves a good-old fashioned drug deal then!

PHILMORE

Shh, there are other suites in this building. What are you, wearing a wire?!

BRIAN

No... are you? You know you have to tell me if you're a cop. Look me in the eyes and show me your nipples... I need to know if they're as judgy as your
(weird hand gesture)
face.

PHILMORE

Maybe lay off the legal dramas there, Saul Goodman. Also, I'm not doing that and I'm not sure what idiot would.

BRIAN

Oh, I'm the idiot?

PHILMORE

Didn't say that.

BRIAN

Well is your idiocy as fake as your candy? Look at them, Phil, laying there like some French whore in the red light district. Sure, she's dressed to impress, but her breath? Smells like semen.

PHILMORE

I'm almost positive you just had a stroke.

BRIAN

'Meh, I'm Phil and I'm just going to put plastic candies in a bowl on my desk.'

(In French; subtitled)

Very cheese.

PHILMORE

There it is. First off, not fake. Secondly, still not an adjective. Lastly, don't call us, we'll call you, comprendre?

Philmore briefly grabs Brian's shoulder.

BRIAN

Touché, amigo.

Brian tries to grab Philmore's shoulder in return, but Philmore awkwardly dodges it. Brian then reaches for more candies from the candy bowl and pockets them.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(Speaking into Philmore's chest)

Well anyway, good thing that's just pixie powder and not coke!