

BOB  
Go to the store and pick up a bowl  
for crying out loud. And a few  
bottles of wine for our leads.

CHARLIE  
Can I get water?

BOB  
For who?

CHARLIE  
Me.

BOB  
Do this first, prioritize, come on!

CHARLIE  
But, but I'm so thirsty...

BOB  
I didn't realize it was bitch about  
nothing day.

CHARLIE  
It is?!

Bob shakes his head and walks off. Charlie gets up. He cannot walk straight, and begins to hum what sounds like a slave spiritual as he stumbles towards the exit.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Charlie walks sloppily down the sidewalk. He sees a POLICE OFFICER, large, bald, African-American man, and approaches him.

CHARLIE  
Excuse me, Mr. Officer!

POLICE OFFICER  
May I help you?

CHARLIE  
Could you tell me, where I could  
find, a big, big bowl? And liquor!

POLICE OFFICER  
Excuse me?

CHARLIE

I need a big bowl, you know. Fill it up, up, up. Because I got a *huge* bag. I meant to get a lot of little bags, but I got too muchy. Many. Much. So now I need a big bowl.

POLICE OFFICER

Son, are you really trying to ask a cop where to buy a bowl?

CHARLIE

And liquor! I usually get it all from the corner store, but it's closed! Help me!

POLICE OFFICER

Which corner store is that?

Police Officer takes out his notepad and pen. He writes as Charlie speaks.

CHARLIE

See that?

Charlie points to a corner store.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Right there, bowls, liquor, big bags. I just wanted little bags. Little bags!

POLICE OFFICER

You said that. Are you currently on anything?

CHARLIE

On? I'll tell you what I'm off. Sleep!

Police Officer talks to himself as he writes.

POLICE OFFICER

(to self)

Possible meth or speed usage.

CHARLIE

I messed up, Officer. Real bad. My boss wanted me to get a lotta *little* bags to distribute, to everyone! But I got a *big* one! That's not good!

POLICE OFFICER  
What's your boss's name?

CHARLIE  
Bob.

POLICE OFFICER  
Bob what?

CHARLIE  
I don't know, he's just Bob! It's  
just Bob! I don't know! I don't  
know!

POLICE OFFICER  
Sir, it's alright, calm down!  
You're gonna have to come with me.  
I'll tell you your rights, ready?

CHARLIE  
Yep, yep, sure.

POLICE OFFICER  
You have the right to remain  
silent. Anything you-

Mac and Alex walk into the scene.

MAC  
Whoa, what's going on here?!

POLICE OFFICER  
Oh, look who it is! The Philly  
playboy!

MAC  
What?

ALEX  
Mac, what's he talking about?

MAC  
I don't know, but why are you  
arresting my friend?!

POLICE OFFICER  
He's been involved with some  
illegal activity and appears to be  
high on a drug of some sort.

MAC  
What!? No, Charlie, are you on  
drugs?