

EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - DAY

A worn and fenced in two-story house sits between a small apartment building and a weed-ridden vacant lot. In the front yard is a crab apple tree with ripe fruit hanging from it.

ANTHONY, an anthropomorphic human-sized banana with arms and legs, walks up the sidewalk, whistling. He lets himself through the gate guarding the house, and heads towards the front door.

He stops to pick up a fallen apple, and inspects it. He takes a bite as he rings the doorbell.

GLORIA, an elderly granny smith apple, opens the door. She leans forward over her walker to get a look at Anthony.

She looks at the apple in his hand, then at him. Quickly, Anthony chuck's the apple behind him into the yard.

Gloria shakes her head.

GLORIA
What're you doing here so early, boy?

ANTHONY
I thought we were stealing something
tonight?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY

Detective PATRICK SCHULTZ, a human-sized chocolate glazed donut with dark brown sprinkles, wearing a badge and a scowl, watches Anthony through a pair of binoculars.

PATRICK
You should've put the transmitter
lower.

LAUREN (O.C.)
It's on his back. Trust me, you
didn't want it lower.

INSERT - Patrick's POV through binoculars: an obvious, unnatural square-shaped bulge under Anthony's peel near where his butt would be...if bananas had butts.

Patrick turns his scowl on LAUREN, an anthropomorphic coffee in a cardboard cup. She's standing behind him in a badge and lanyard. She's wearing a pair of headphones.

Sitting in a chair next to them is a powdered donut hole, SULLIVAN. He's also wearing headphones, along with a look of boredom.

SULLIVAN
This isn't going anywhere.

He takes the headphones off and sets them on a desk near him.

LAUREN
He just got in there, Sully.

Patrick ignores everyone and watches across the street as Gloria angrily tugs Anthony into the house.

PATRICK
(to the room)
He's in.

Patrick picks up Sullivan's headphones, wipes powdered sugar from the earpieces, and puts them on.

Sullivan leans back in his chair and begins to twiddle his thumbs.

The cops wait, tense, as Patrick and Lauren listen in.

Sullivan sneezes suddenly, and the room is instantly filled with a cloud of powdered sugar.

Lauren waves the cloud away from her face. Patrick straightens suddenly. Lauren grimaces.

LAUREN
Shit.

PATRICK
He's done.

He whirls around to a trio of sandwiches in ziplock bags squished into the room behind them. They're wearing riot gear over the top their bags.

PATRICK
(to the riot cops)
Go!

Sullivan raises his hand. They stop.

SULLIVAN
(to Patrick)
What's going on?

PATRICK
He's going to be a banana split if we don't move.

SULLIVAN
Give him a minute. You know how much this op is costing?

LAUREN
Sully, he's righ--

SULLIVAN
This is a property crimes case first, narco second. My call.

PATRICK
It's a joint operation. So *not* your call when it comes to me.

Patrick tosses his headphones down and takes off at a run.

Lauren watches him go, then looks at Sullivan. Nonchalantly, Sullivan picks up the headphones and puts them on. Lauren scoffs at him, then dashes out the door.

SULLIVAN
Where do you think--

She's gone.

Sullivan tosses the headphones aside. There are large chocolate icing rings on his sides where the ear pieces of the headphones were.

The riot cops stand still, looking awkward. Sullivan waves at them dismissively.

SULLIVAN
(to the riot cops)
Get down there.

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Anthony stands in the entryway/living room with his hands up, being patted down by Nathan, an angry looking slice of apple pie. Gloria sits in an arm chair watching.

ANTHONY
Dude. You know me.

NATHAN
Yeah, I do know you.

Nathan finishes his pat down then looks to Gloria. She gives a small nod. Nathan turns back to Anthony.

NATHAN
All right. Peel.

ANTHONY
In front of your Moms? I ain't doing that, man.

Nathan pulls a gun out of...somewhere, and points it at Anthony.

NATHAN
Peel.

ANTHONY
You worried about this?

He gestures to the box shape under his peel.

ANTHONY
It's hemorrhoids.

NATHAN
Bananas don't get hemorrhoids.

ANTHONY
I'm a plantain, man. Don't be racist.

The front door flies open and Patrick bursts in, gun drawn.

PATRICK
Police! Everyone hands up!

Nathan fires a shot above his head, then dashes down a nearby hall.

GLORIA
My god, what're you doing busting into a little old lady's house?

Patrick ignores her, and looks down the hall, anxious. He grabs Anthony's hand and slaps a handcuff on it.

ANTHONY
What you doing, sprinkles?

Patrick pulls Anthony over to Gloria, still sitting in an easy chair next to a walker. He slaps the other cuff on her arm.

GLORIA

You hear the sound of a lawsuit,
Anthony honey?

She glares at Patrick.

GLORIA

We ain't done nothin'.

Patrick leaves them, and heads after Nathan.

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE IN EDGEWATER - HALL - DAY

Patrick cautiously makes his way down the hall, clearing rooms as he goes.

PATRICK

(calling out)

You already fired on a cop, Nate. How many more charges you want to rack up today?

Patrick ducks into the last room at the end of the hall. It's a neatly kept nondescript bedroom, including a bookshelf full of bottles of red powder labeled "Paprika."

Patrick looks around the room cautiously. It seems empty.

He steps inside and picks up one of the bottles--

CRASH

RIOT COP (O.S.)

You two, hands up!

ANTHONY (O.S.)

How you expect us to do that?

Patrick looks back down the hallway towards the noise, then turns back to find Nathan leaning out of a corner closet, his gun drawn.

NATHAN

Put it down.

Patrick lowers his gun.

BANG

Patrick quickly feels himself for wounds. Nathan grunts with pain. Patrick looks up.

Nathan is holding the top corner of his crust. Apple filling oozes out around his hand.

LAUREN
Police! Drop the gun!

Lauren stands outside a newly broken window on the far side of the room, brandishing her gun. Smoke trails out of the barrel as steam drifts from the top of Lauren's cup.

Nathan shifts his gaze to her, still clutching his wound. His gun hand twitches. She notices.

LAUREN
Good idea. Maybe I'll miss and hit him.

She nods towards Patrick.

Patrick takes advantage of the distraction, and clubs Nate's gun hand with the butt of his own gun. Nate yelps and drops his gun. Patrick grabs his wrist and twists his arm behind him, ignoring his protests.

PATRICK
(to Lauren)
Aren't you disobeying orders?

LAUREN
You're welcome?

Pat grins.

EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE IN EDGEWATER - DAY

An ambulance and several patrol cars sit out front. The riot cops loiter nearby. They've peeled the tops of their ziplock bags down over their vests and are having a smoke.

Patrick and Lauren watch as the EMTs, a couple cans of chicken noodle soup, tend to Nathan. They use a pastry spade to fill his injury with a doughy mixture from a mixing bowl. Nathan reaches up to touch the mixture in his crust, and one of the EMTs bats his hand away.

LAUREN
You think that stuff works?

PATRICK
If you're a pie.
(beat)
So you really think you might've hit
me instead?

LAUREN
I did fail my last range
proficiencies.

Patrick can't decide if she's joking. Steam begins to trickle out the top of her cup. Finally, Lauren can't hold her smile in any more. The two crack up.

Sullivan comes storming up, a handcuffed Anthony in tow.

SULLIVAN
(to Patrick)
Nice work, Dominic Toretto. Now all
we've got is Anthony's testimony.

PATRICK
And enough paprika in the back
bedroom to make the paper. But other
than that...

SULLIVAN
That'll make your superiors very
happy.

LAUREN
The banana was made, Sully. We had--

ANTHONY
Plantain.

PATRICK
Shut up.

ANTHONY
You want to be called a *bagel*?

Sullivan tugs him.

SULLIVAN
(to Anthony)
C'mon.
(to Patrick)
This isn't over, Schultz.

He starts towards a nearby patrol car.

SULLIVAN
(to Lauren)
You coming?

Lauren glances at Patrick.

LAUREN
It's end of shift. I'll find my own
way back.

Sullivan gets in the patrol car with a huff.

LAUREN
(to Patrick)
Nice bust, Detective Schultz. It
might get you a bump up to a big
desk.

PATRICK
Too bad we didn't get anything for
you guys.

LAUREN
Sully and I are in a forgotten corner
of Property as it is. This won't hurt
us.

They look at each other for a moment. Lauren reaches out and
adjusts one of Patrick's sprinkles.

LAUREN
I like your sprinkles.

Patrick nods towards a nearby bar.

PATRICK
You, uh, want to get a couple of
creamers or something?

LAUREN
Sure. But I'll warn you up front, I'm
a creamaholic.

SUPER: 3 YEARS LATER

INT. DETECTIVE BUREAU HEADQUARTERS - CASE MANAGEMENT - DAY

Patrick sits at an overloaded, but meticulously ordered
desk, typing on his computer. He's wearing a wedding ring,
and his badge is missing.