

Donovan

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/STILINSKI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

StaA
→
The doors to the bullpen CRASH open. TWO DEPUTIES haul a nineteen-year-old thug named DONOVAN inside. DEPUTY CLARK tightens her grip around him.

DONOVAN

What the hell are you trying to do?
Break my arm?

DEPUTY CLARK

Keep struggling and I'll be aiming
for a compound fracture.

The kid glares at Clark, but only stops struggling when he spots Stilinski at the door of his office. *

STILINSKI

You forgot what the judge said,
didn't you, Donovan? "Next time is
jail time."

From the look on his face, Donovan did indeed forget.

DONOVAN

Hold on. Wait up, Sheriff--

STILINSKI

What's he in for?

DEPUTY CLARK

B and E. And he was carrying a
loaded thirty-eight.

DONOVAN

Okay, okay--it wasn't mine. It
wasn't my gun. Sheriff, come on.

STILINSKI

Book him.

Donovan's shock turns to rage and he lunges out in a sudden and explosive display of anger. *

DONOVAN

You're dead. Stilinski, you're
dead. I'm gonna kill you, you son
of a bitch--

His shouts intensify as the Deputies drag him off. Ignoring him, Stilinski calls out to the bullpen.

End