

DETECTIVE

Written by

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FADE IN:

An introductory montage is shown. It is filled with footage of our protagonist, DETECTIVE, driving around, thinking, and running to crime scenes. The clips conclude with Detective gesturing toward the viewer.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE FROM BLACK:

EXT. CRIME SCENE - EVENING

Wind flows through the trees. Screams and sounds of murder, then silence. Detective speaks over footage of the outline of a dead body.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
So clearly something bad happened here. It seems to me... like this was a murder. Yeah, I don't see what else this could be, definitely murder.

INT. DETECTIVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Detective sits down to speak with AUNT MARGARET, the aunt of the murder victim. She sent him a letter that looks like a ransom note.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
Turns out, I knew a member of the victim's family, who asked me to talk. Not sure why it was formatted like a ransom note. I knew who it was from.

DETECTIVE
Hello, Aunt Margaret.

AUNT MARGARET
Hello, Mr. Cl-

DETECTIVE
Detective.

AUNT MARGARET
Detective?

DETECTIVE
Detective.

AUNT MARGARET
Detective, did you hear about my
nephew?

DETECTIVE
I did.

AUNT MARGARET
I'm here because I want you to pick
up the case. The murder case.

DETECTIVE
You want *me* to help with the murder
case?

AUNT MARGARET
That's right, Detective.

As Aunt Margaret talks about her nephew, Detective falls into
a daydream of what could be.

AUNT MARGARET (CONT'D) (faded) My nephew was such a good boy. I hadn't seen him for a few weeks, then this happened. Honestly, I don't even know what to think. I think I know who killed him too. Hello? Detective?	DETECTIVE (V.O.) Wow. A murder case. I haven't had one of those in a long time. Maybe this is my chance to save my reputation, and save the world. Murder. Murder. Murder. Murder. Murder.
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AUNT MARGARET (CONT'D)
(loudly)
Detective?! Detective!

Detective jolts out of his daydream.

DETECTIVE
Oh! What's happening?

AUNT MARGARET
I was asking, do you still *do*
homicide cases? I know you're not
with the force anymore.

DETECTIVE
Uhh...

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

One year earlier. Detective sits across from his then-superior, SHERIFF TRUMAN.

DETECTIVE
What's the sauce, Sheriff Truman?

SHERIFF TRUMAN
Detective, you're fired.

DETECTIVE
What! Why?

SHERIFF TRUMAN
Because you've... never solved a murder.

A beat. Detective looks away, then back at Sheriff Truman.

DETECTIVE
Are you sure?

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Back with Aunt Margaret, awaiting Detective's response.

AUNT MARGARET
Yes?

DETECTIVE
Yes. I still do homicide cases on the side. I've always been more of a lone wolf. They couldn't stand that.

AUNT MARGARET
That's why I reached out to you. I don't trust those boys at the station. Something fishy about 'em.

DETECTIVE
I'm with you, Aunt Margaret. I'm going to solve this.

Detective and Aunt Margaret shake hands.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Detective searches for clues.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
Looks like I'm back to solving
murders, or at least trying my
best. As I roam the town, I feel
clues surround me like moths to a
flame. Is this a clue? Is this
evidence? Where did the murder take
place? Oh God, I don't remember.

Detective runs away.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

Detective drives to the crime scene.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
Just kidding, I figured it out...
after a while. Looks like someone
beat me here. Who is that?

DETECTIVE CLACK, Detective's crooked replacement on the
police force, stands confidently underneath a light pole.

DETECTIVE
Oh no, it's Detective Clack, the
crook that took my job.

Detective and Clack duel with their eyes. The two walk to
each other.

DETECTIVE CLACK
What are you doing here?

DETECTIVE
What are you doing here?

DETECTIVE CLACK
I'm solving crime, something you
were never able to.

DETECTIVE
I'm doing the same thing, junior.
Straight from the source too, I
don't need for your phony police
department meddling in my business.
Get off my case!

CLACK
You ruined this department. That's
why they brought me in. You're no
detective, no more.

DETECTIVE

I'm as real as they come, buddy.
Crooks like you should never come
near a badge.

CLACK

Looks like we gotta get physical,
buster.

DETECTIVE

Physical is all I know, Clack. You
know I don't keep a gun on me.

CLACK

Neither do I.

Clack flicks a knife from his pocket. Detective's life
flashes in front of his eyes. Clack slashes, Detective blocks
it and whiffs a counter-punch to Clack, which luckily knocks
the blade from Clack's grip. The blade flies into focus.
Detective is pleased with his move, until Clack hits him with
a 1-2 punch combo, sending Detective flying to the ground. He
is banged up and bloody.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

I need to buy a gun. But first, I
need to see a doctor.

INT. DOCTOR STONE'S HOME - EVENING

Detective knocks on the door of DOCTOR STONE, the town
doctor.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Doctor Stone's a good friend of
mine, and the best doc in town!

The two sit down.

DOCTOR STONE

Detective, you look rough.

Detective is bruised and bleeding all over his face.

DETECTIVE

I know, Doc, I got into a fight.

DOCTOR STONE

I thought you were off the force,
Detective.

DETECTIVE

I am, Doc. This case is personal.

DOCTOR STONE
Last night's murder?

DETECTIVE
That's right. Do you know anything?

DOCTOR STONE
All I've heard is a name, Ricky J. Lacer, but there's nobody around here with it. Must have been someone passing through town.

DETECTIVE
Ricky J. Lacer.

DOCTOR STONE
That's right.

DETECTIVE
Thank you, Doctor Stone.

Detective gets up to leave. He's still clearly very hurt.

DOCTOR STONE
Detective, I didn't treat your wounds yet.

He's already halfway out of the door.

DETECTIVE
Thank you, Doctor Stone.

INT. DETECTIVE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Detective is writing, pondering his new lead.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
Ricky J. Lacer. What does it mean?
Who is that?

Doctor Stone's words echo through his head.

DOCTOR STONE (V.O.)
Ricky J. Lacer. There's nobody in town with the name. Ricky J. Lacer. Nobody in town. Ricky J. Lacer. Ricky J. Lacer. Nobody.

DETECTIVE
Gah! I got it. An anagram. But for what? I need to fix my face and clear my mind.

Detective slam dunks a basketball and realizes Ricky J. Lacer is an anagram for Jerry I. Clack. He races through town, searching for Clack.

EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

DETECTIVE
I should've known! They say the
killer always returns to the scene
of the crime.

DETECTIVE CLACK
It'll be your body outline they
find next, Andre-

Detective shoots Clack in the leg.

DETECTIVE
My name is Detective!

Clack is on the ground in handcuffs.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
Looks like I finally solved one.
Maybe I am a detective after all.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Detective sits down with Sheriff Truman.

SHERIFF TRUMAN
Detective, you're re-hired.

DETECTIVE
(smiling)
What! Why?

SHERIFF TRUMAN
Because you... finally solved a
murder.

DETECTIVE
Thank you, Sheriff Truman!

The two shake hands and take a picture. Credits roll.

FADE OUT.