

INT. DETECTIVE CRADER'S OFFICE - DAY

A dark and lonely office. Detective Crader and Detective Mons are standing over a pile of dirty papers. They have biscuit crumbs and cigarette droppings all over them. Mons is a middle aged, balding, blue eyed inner city detective. Buff with intellect and impeccable charm. Crader similar to Mons is balding, middle aged, blue eyed and an inner city detective. Both detectives are looking at the papers, troubled. Very troubled. There is a bottle of whisky on the table, half empty. The room is filled with smoke.

DETECTIVE CRADER

Wow, I needed that smoke.

DETECTIVE MONS

I didn't, but I do now.

Detective Mons grabs a smoke and places it between his thin, chapped, quivering lips and lights it up.

DETECTIVE CRADER

Did I say you could have one of my
smokes?

Beat.

DETECTIVE MONS

Sorry, can I?

Beat.

DETECTIVE CRADER

Sure.

O.S A TELEPHONE RINGS.

Both detectives freeze then simultaneously whip their heads to the direction of the sound.

DETECTIVE MONS

Are you gonna get that?

DETECTIVE CRADER

No. Are you?

DETECTIVE MONS

No.

(shouting)

FELICIA! GET THE DAMN PHONE!

O.S.: THE PHONE'S RINGING COMES TO A SUDDEN HALT.

DETECTIVE MONS (CONT'D)
Always can rely on Felicia.

DETECTIVE CRADER
I'm sure you can

Beat.

DETECTIVE MONS
Lets get back on track here detective.

DETECTIVE CRADER
Have you solved the case yet?

DETECTIVE MONS
What do you mean have I solved the
case? Of course I have.

DETECTIVE CRADER
Show me.

DETECTIVE MONS
Do you not trust me?

DETECTIVE CRADER
I trust you with my life.

Detective Mons scrambles through the dirty papers. He picks
one up and thrusts it in Detective Craders face.

DETECTIVE MONS
Take a look at that detective.

DETECTIVE CRADER
Impressive.

DETECTIVE MONS
I know.

Beat.

DETECTIVE CRADER
What am I actually looking at here?

DETECTIVE MONS
Let me walk you through it. Have you
ever heard of, D.N.A?

DETECTIVE CRADER

Deoxyribonucleic Acid? Yeah, I can recite that acronym in my sleep.

DETECTIVE MONS

Well, I've got a whole bunch of that. Right here.

Detective Mons pulls a zip lock bag filled with a clear liquid substance out of his right back pocket and chucks it at Detective Crader. It bounces off of Detective Crader's belly and onto the floor.

DETECTIVE CRADER

That don't look like DNA to me.

DETECTIVE MONS

Oh, sorry, wrong bag.

Detective Mons pulls another zip lock bag filled with a clear liquid substance out of his left back pocket and slams it down on the table.

DETECTIVE MONS (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas.

DETECTIVE CRADER

It's April.

DETECTIVE MONS

It's a metaphor.

Beat.

DETECTIVE MONS (CONT'D)

The DNA informed me it is from a man named Joe Jackson of New Jersey. He is 5'8 and weighs 238 pounds. He is of Caucasian decent. On Thursdays, he enjoys going to choir with his grandma and tasting the occasional brownie. His favourite colour is teal. He wears the same pair of socks every day. His M.O. is shooting other men at point blank range after bowling games take a dark turn. Preferably, with a nine millimetre. He hangs out at bowling alleys where he can challenge people to a match. When he loses, they pay the price. When he wins, they pay the price. Once you agree to the match, there is no turning back. He takes his

dead victims and stuffs them with 10 pins. He replaces their head with a bowling ball.

Beat.

DETECTIVE CRADER

He wears the same socks every day?

DETECTIVE MONS

Yes. The DNA told me he suffers from a very bad fungus infection on his left foot.

DETECTIVE CRADER

Do you know what colour the socks were?

DETECTIVE MONS

Blue. Why?

DETECTIVE CRADER

The colour tells me a lot about a person.

DETECTIVE MONS

What colour do you wear?

DETECTIVE CRADER

Well, today I'm wearing an informal trainer sock with pink desert cactus detail.

DETECTIVE MONS

So what does that tell me about you?

DETECTIVE CRADER

Let's not make this personal detective.

Det. Mons is staring out of the musty interior office window at FELICIA. Felicia is sitting at an old wooden reception desk where her legs are always visible. She is a British receptionist living in the city illegally and looking for her perfect green card.

DETECTIVE MONS

You're right, we need to separate work and play.

Beat.

DETECTIVE MONS (CONT'D)
Let's get back to the DNA. How did I
do?

DETECTIVE CRADER
Way to get a strike Mons.

DETECTIVE MONS
I sure hit all the pins. I will
contact the victim's families
tomorrow.

DETECTIVE CRADER
When is the trial supposed to be?

DETECTIVE MONS
Christmas.

DETECTIVE CRADER
That will be the best Christmas gift
ever.

DETECTIVE MONS
I'm Jewish.

DETECTIVE CRADER
Oh, I didn't know that about you.

DETECTIVE MONS
Born and raised.

DETECTIVE CRADER
Huh.

DETECTIVE MONS
No, I conformed last week.

DETECTIVE CRADER
Thanks for the invite.

Detective Crader takes a long, wishful swig of the bottle of
whisky and slams the bottle back down on the table.

DETECTIVE MONS
It's something I felt I had to do
alone.

DETECTIVE CRADER
I feel alone everyday. It is something
you get used to as a cop.

DETECTIVE MONS
Detective.

DETECTIVE CRADER
Yes?

DETECTIVE MONS
No, we are detectives, not cops.

DETECTIVE CRADER
Oh.

Detective Mons trots like a show pony over to the zip lock bag on the ground.

DETECTIVE MONS
(trotting)
It's an important distinction to me.

Detective Mons opens the bag and takes a big long sniff.

DETECTIVE MONS (CONT'D)
I'm never alone when I have my D.N.A.
Beat.

Both detectives look into each other's eyes. Detective Mons has a twinkle in his eye as he looks passionately. Detective Crader looks like a flame that is dwindling in a soft wind.

DETECTIVE CRADER
(whisper)
What is that one telling you?

DETECTIVE MONS
It belongs to a detective.

DETECTIVE CRADER
What? Tell me more.

DETECTIVE MONS
I don't think you're ready.

DETECTIVE CRADER
Do we have a corrupt officer working among us?

DETECTIVE MONS
Detective.

DETECTIVE CRADER

Yes?

DETECTIVE MONS

No, do we have a corrupt detective working among us.

DETECTIVE CRADER

Right. I forgot that distinction is important to you.

DETECTIVE MONS

It's OK. But yes, we do, detective.

DETECTIVE CRADER

What do we know about this detective, detective?

DETECTIVE MONS

He enjoys a cigarette and a shot of whiskey, on the hour, every hour.

Detective Crader looks at the aggressively loud ticking clock. It strikes one. He takes a swig of the dark brown liquor. Then lights a long dirty cigarette.

DETECTIVE CRADER

Interesting. Tell me more.

DETECTIVE MONS

Can you handle the truth?

DETECTIVE CRADER

I can handle anything. I am a detective, remember?

Detective Mons sniffs the bag again. He closes his eyes.

DETECTIVE MONS

(eyes closed)

Crader. (opens eyes)

You.

O.S. A TELEPHONE RINGS.

DETECTIVE MONS (CONT'D)

(shouting)

FELICIA!!