

"J is for Gumshoe"

6-27-2013 (V.1)

Writer: Joe Williams

CAST:

Sam - Early 30's; private eye; speaks in film noir style speech

Lola - Mid 20's; Femme Fatale

Rocco - Dead body on floor; Mid-30's; overweight

(Sam is leaning against a wall;
Rocco is lying upstage in a weird
awkward position.)

SAM

It was a hot, balmy August night when I found Rocco's body. I was still wearing my fedora and a long, winter trench coat. I'm a detective. That's just our uniform. You don't expect to see a Hooters girl in a parka just because it's winter.

(Walks upstage and stands near
Rocco's body. Points to Rocco.)

Rocco was a bloated whale. Enough blubber on him to keep an Eskimo happy for weeks.

ROCCO

(whispering loudly to Sam, not wanting audience to hear)

Dude, that whale thing is not in the script. I've been losing weight! Stick with the script!

SAM

(ignoring Rocco)

Rocco was a two-bit gangster with a ten-bit dame.

(sultry jazz music plays. Lola saunters in wearing a slinky dress, trying to be sexy but failing; Lola is holding a long cigarette)

LOLA

What does a widowed mistress need to do to get a light around here?

SAM

Evidently more than what you've been doing. I don't have a light. What brand is that? Malboro or Freudian?

LOLA

Are you going to spend your time sassing or detecting?

SAM

I'm a professional. I can do both. It says so on my license.

(Sam whips out license and shows it to Frida. Frida nods)

LOLA

And you're an organ donor too. Good to know. I plan to drink heavily tonight and might need to take you up on that liver.

SAM

Rocco's body has been here for three days. Rigor mortis has already set in. I'm not sure what he was doing to end up in this position, but I'm pretty sure it's illegal in the South.

LOLA

Are you sure he's dead? A femme fatale can't move on unless her guy is really dead. It says so in my femme fatale license.

(Lola pulls out her license and shows it to Sam. Sam nods.)

SAM

He's dead, alright. Kick him as hard as you can. He won't move.

(Lola kicks Rocco really hard)

ROCCO

(again whispering loudly, not wanting audience to hear)

Oww!!! Not so hard! That hurt!

SAM

(ignoring Rocco)

You can go harder than that. Kick him like you're back in your Rockette days.

(Lola does some warm-up Rockette high kicks then kicks him even harder.)

ROCCO

(again in a loud whisper)

Really! That hurt! I heard a rib crack.

SAM

That was weak. That's how a dame kicks. You need to kick like a broad. Kick him again. Multiple times. Like someone rolled ten kick balls at you at the same time.

(Lola delivers multiple kicks)

ROCCO

(in a loud whisper)

Kick me again and I don't care if this is a stage show! I'll get up and whoop both your film noir asses!

SAM

(ignoring Rocco)

See. What did I tell you. He's dead. He didn't move or speak out of character at all.

LOLA

I'm still not sure. I can't tell you how many times I've started burying a guy only to have him start moving.

SAM

You've killed a man before?

LOLA

Of course. You can't be a femme fatale without actually killing someone. They don't just give out femme fatale licenses in Cracker Jack boxes.

SAM

I'm sure he's dead. We could straddle his body and make out right on top of him and he'll just lie there like a human mattress.

(Sam and Lola climb on top of Rocco and start making out. Sam's butt is in Rocco's face.)

ROCCO

(still whispering loudly)

Aww... come on, man. You know in real life this actress is my sister.

(Sam and Lola ignore him and continue making out.)

ROCCO

(still whispering loudly)

At least move your butt from my face. The stitching on your trench coat is scratching my eye.

(Sam and Lola stand up)

LOLA

I'm still not convinced.

SAM

If we had chocolate syrup and a bag of feathers, we could dump them on him. If he doesn't react to that humiliation, then he's certainly dead.

(Lola reaches under her dress and pulls out chocolate syrup and a bag of feathers.)

SAM

Smart move wearing a garter belt to hold essential items.

LOLA

I'm not wearing a garter belt. My Kegel exercises are finally starting to pay off.

SAM

That's a pretty impressive load to hide beneath a dress.

LOLA

That's why femme fatales always walk so funny.

ROCCO

(whispering loudly)

Don't do the chocolate and feathers. The smell of chocolate makes me vomit and I'm severely, severely allergic to feathers.

(Before Rocco can get up, Lola is already pouring chocolate on Rocco and Sam is dumping feathers; Rocco starts vomiting and convulsing on the floor at the same time; when it subsides, he gets up)

ROCCO

(shouting angrily)

That's it! That's it! I don't care if we're in the middle of a show! I quit! I trained at Julliard and I don't have to take this! It says so on my Julliard license!

(Rocco storms off; Sam and Lola look at him as he exit)

SAM

What's his problem?

LOLA

I guess some people don't like a good mystery.

(Blackout.)