

MESSED UP

by

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FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

It's quiet. It's clean. It's organized. Uncannily organized. Expensive ergonomic desks and ergonomic chairs are lined up in almost an obsessive compulsive uniform alignment.

The clock on the wall is made with a brilliant natural wooden face with gorgeous grain and gold letters and hands showing the time of "9:22 AM"

The humming sound of a VACUUM CLEANER whines away in the back ground.

PAUNCEY, 28, so homosexual looking and sounding but he is really a Rambo in disguise. This guy will tear your arms off with a limp hand and an eye flutter and then beat you to death with them with the swinging action of a little girl.

He turns off the vacuum cleaner with military swiftness, unplugs it, pushes the cable recoil, disassembles it, and slots it all neatly into a box as if it were one of Rambo's machine guns.

With a slick kick, the box slides perfectly under the desk and he spins around elegantly to sit perfectly in the ergonomic chair. He leans back, sleepy-like, with a day dreaming love look and his hands behind his head.

Suddenly the door burst open. Pauncey looks up to see a gun barrel sticking through the door way. His eyes widen in fear.

As a figure dive rolls through the door into the room, Pauncey stands.

PAUNCEY

Nooooooooo!

From behind the desk, up springs -

DUMPTY, 70, a filthy, alert, homeless looking man with eyes wide with rage. This guy is Maxwell Smart on whacky weed, undercover as street garbage.

With his knotty lumpy African American afro and his black glasses barely visible on his black skin, he looks across at Pauncey.

Rage wells up in Pauncey's eyes as he pulls his gun out.

PAUNCEY

Your brains on my floor I can handle, punk.

DUMPTY

Don't worry Pauncey, I won't get germs on your floor.

PAUNCEY

Dumpty you are a germ. Now what
the hell are you doing?

Pauncey relaxes and lowers his gun. Dumpty searches around the
desks as if searching for a suspect.

DUMPTY

I'm following a hunch.

PAUNCEY

Undercover right?

DUMPTY

Yeah.

PAUNCEY

Beat up a homeless guy for a lead
right?

DUMPTY

Yeah he told me that the Shadow
Killer is in this building and
also calls people mullygrubbies.
How did you know?

Pauncey waves his hand from side to side and screws up his
face, stepping back from Dumpty's stench.

PAUNCEY

I'm following a hunch.

CHIEF SYLEST (O.S.)

Dumpty!

Pauncey and Dumpty look up and over to the Chief's office.

CHIEF SYLEST (CONT'D, O.S.)

Get your arse in here now!

PAUNCEY

I hope she tears you a new
arsehole.

DUMPTY

Yeah right. Maybe in the middle
of my forehead.

PAUNCEY

She can't make an asshole where
there's a dick.

DUMPTY

Durrr. I know that.

Dumpty strolls towards Sylest's office shaking his head in
disbelief. Pauncey rolls his eyes and sighs. He sits down and
taps the keyboard.

PAUNCEY

What I'd give for a war in this city.

INT. SYLEST'S OFFICE - DAY

It's big. There are filing cabinets along the left wall. Two huge pot plants either side of the large thick curtains on the large window. In the middle is her huge expensive desk as if she was the CEO of a huge company.

Sitting in the huge executive-like chair is -

CHEIF SYLEST, 22, a blond model but she's exceptionally efficient in keeping the crime rate at a minimum. Her sole objective is to be the most efficient police chief in the country and she doesn't disappoint. It's pure genius.

Dumpty opens the door slightly and then barges in pointing the gun around the wall as if expecting to see a killer there.

DUMPTY

I want a partner.

CHIEF SYLEST

You don't need one.

DUMPTY

It's not fair.

CHIEF SYLEST

Pauncey's your partner.

DUMPTY

Oh... Well I want to work with someone on this case.

Suddenly Dumpty races over to a filing cabinet and slams his back up hard against it, pointing the gun up next to his cheek, ready for action. A plant on top of the cabinet falls and tips over.

Water from the plant runs over the edge and lands on his head and he freaks out a little tapping the water with his hand and then looking at it as if expecting to see blood.

CHIEF SYLEST

You don't need to work on a case.

DUMPTY

That's not fair.

CHIEF SYLEST

There aren't any cases to work on.

DUMPTY

Well I know there is a killer in the building and I intend to find out who.

Dumpty darts around the filing cabinet and aims.

CHIEF SYLEST

You don't even know who just came into the building.

DUMPTY

Yes I do.

CHIEF SYLEST

Who?

DUMPTY

Ummm...

Suddenly Dumpty jumps forwards and turns to aim at anyone who is hiding behind the next filing cabinet but there is no one there.

CHIEF SYLEST

It was you, you idiot.

DUMPTY

I am not an idiot.

Sylest stands up and walks over close to Dumpty who proceeds to slam his back against the office wall holding the gun next to his cheek again. He looks suspiciously at the pot plant near the window.

CHIEF SYLEST

You don't even have any resources.

DUMPTY

I do so.

CHIEF SYLEST

What? The bums on the street?

He slowly sneaks towards the pot plant.

DUMPTY

I... I 'm a good cop. I will be a detective soon.

CHIEF SYLEST

So.

DUMPTY

And I can find this killer. I get the job done.

Suddenly Sylest stands in front of him with a confronting gaze.

CHIEF SYLEST

No I get the job done! I'm the best police chief this country has ever seen. You get everything handed to you on a golden platter.

DUMPTY

I do not.

CHIEF SYLEST

The only reason you get the job done is because of luck. I wouldn't be surprised if your dead father pays the crims to stumble into your lap.

DUMPTY

Don't talk about my Dad like that.

CHIEF SYLEST

At least you had a Dad.

They stand there facing each other with fury in their eyes, as if they are just about to kill each other.

DUMPTY

So what's the problem?

CHIEF SYLEST

You are. I need a detective since Jammie transfered. Unfortunately, you are the only one qualified.

Sylest calmly paces the room in front of her desk. Dumpty returns to stalking the pot plant.

DUMPTY

I don't have time for a second job.

She spins around to face him with disbelief.

CHIEF SYLEST

It's your promotion.

Dumpty drops his stance into a child like excitement.

DUMPTY

You mean I'm a detective now?

CHIEF SYLEST

If you stop this stupid witch hunt and go investigate that cat thief, sure.

DUMPTY

No time. I have to catch this
killer.

He darts around the pot plant and aims ready to blow away the
enemy.

CHIEF SYLEST

There is no killer. I cleaned up
this city. Jesus there hasn't
been a crime reported for the
last two months.

DUMPTY

I'm sorry chief, but this is
personal.

He looks at the curtain and grins slightly.

CHIEF SYLEST

I'm sick of your shit Dumpty.
You're off the case. Drop it.

DUMPTY

I can't do that Chief. This
killer is a stain on society, and
I will find out who this killer
is and arrest the psycho or die
trying.

Suddenly he yanks the curtain back and waves the gun around.
He then darts behind the curtain and ruffles his way through
to the other side, coming out with terror on his face.

CHIEF SYLEST

If you don't stop looking into
this, I'll suspend you.

He looks at her with stern eyes.

DUMPTY

You wouldn't dare.

CHIEF SYLEST

I want a safe city as much as you
but my way works.

DUMPTY

I get the job done.

He dives to the side at the base of the desk, hit's the floor
hard, screws his face up in pain, and then aims warily
underneath.

CHIEF SYLEST

Yeah I know, so go find that cat
thief.

Dumpty then sits himself up and scurries back to push his back up against the wall between the window and the other pot plant. Sylest walks over to the pot plant.

DUMPTY

I'm so close.

He darts around a pot plant and sees her shoes.

DUMPTY

Ah ha.

He then follows her shoes up to her face looking down on him. She shakes her head in disbelief.

CHIEF SYLEST

Get up.

He stands promptly.

DUMPTY

You're under arrest for the murder of... of...

CHIEF SYLEST

That's it. Give me your badge and piece.

DUMPTY

You can't suspend me.

CHIEF SYLEST

Why not?

DUMPTY

Cause I arrested you.

She turns and walks around behind her desk.

CHIEF SYLEST

Fine. You're suspended.

DUMPTY

You're bluffing.

She sits down and opens her drawer.

CHIEF SYLEST

Am I? How about, you're fired!

DUMPTY

You're petty mind tricks won't work on me.

CHIEF SYLEST

Fine. I'll throw you in jail like all those other mullygrubbies.

Dumpty's countenance dissolves into disappointment. Sylest sees his expression and she calms right down. She pushes the chair back.

DUMPTY

Oh my God. You are the one who has been killing all the witnesses. I knew it... That's why there's no cases for us to work on. If there are no crimes reported, then the crime rate is zero, and you have the cleanest city in the country.

CHIEF SYLEST

So it looks like I'm going to transfer you too.

Dumpty fiddles with the cuffs in a really uncoordinated fashion.

DUMPTY

Oh like you did to Jamie? What if I don't want to go? Well maybe now that I'm a full detective and I finally found the killer, I might just stay here.

CHIEF SYLEST

Does it look like you have a choice?

Sylest raises her hands from behind the desk and shoots him in the head. Brains splatter all over the wall as blood hoses down his face and onto the floor. Sylest slowly stands.

CHIEF SYLEST

Consider yourself transfered.

Dumpty's body falls like a puppet with cut strings and Sylest sighs as if she just had great sex. She reaches down and pulls his badge out of his pocket.

Suddenly Pauncey barges into the office. He sees the blood splatter and points the gun at Sylest.

PAUNCEY

You bitch!

He slowly lowers his gun, then sighs and pouts.

PAUNCEY

You said I could kill him.

They grin at each other before they embrace in the puddle of blood and start making out passionately with a psychotic love kiss.

FADE OUT: