

A DETECTIVE'S STORY
PART II

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FADE IN, MOTHERFUCKER:

EXT. DINER — FRIDAY AFTERNOON — RAINING

INT. SMALL BOOTH

Two officers from different counties, SNARTCH and SHNUB, having a typical eggs and bacon kind of breakfast. Sipping on their coffee.

DETECTIVE SNARTCH

I'm glad our forces finally decided to join together like this, Shnub. It's been nearly a decade since the bureau would allow this kind of *unprecedented* meeting.

DETECTIVE SHNUB

The only question on my mind is, how are we gonna get the paper mill to deliver eighty two sacks of ham steaks across the Delaware? Those K-9s can smell red meat a mile away. We need someone to scout the transportation.

DETECTIVE SNARTCH

Listen, I've got a guy.

calls himself...

...well, you'll find out.

Ding. Ding.

A MYSTERIOUS MAN enters the diner, sporting a suede jacket and black boots...got a big blonde mustache, and upon his head lies a bowl of blonde surfer hair ... a little tough to figure out.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

Hello gentlemen.

DETECTIVE SHNUB

This is your guy? C'mon Snartch, we've known each other how long?

The man extends his hand.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

The name's Worms.

John Worms. Detective.

A waitress approaching the table.

WAITRESS

Hi officers. Coffee?

JOHN WORMS

I'll take 6 sugars and extra cream in mine, thank you.

Oh, and your finest slice of sesame tuna.

DETECTIVE SHNUB

You come to a rinky dink diner like this and order tuna, Worms? Who do you think you are?

JOHN WORMS

I'm John Worms. Detective John Worms.

DETECTIVE SHNUB

Ohhh really?

JOHN WORMS

Bears can't even catch these tuna, they're too slick. Runs off 'em like watah.

DETECTIVE SHNUB

You don't say.

Pause.

WAITRESS

Your tuna, detective.

JOHN WORMS

Ooh, come to papa. That's the good stuff.

Worms picking up the slab of tuna with his hands and devouring it in one bite. Fish juices squirt all over Detective Shnub.

DETECTIVE SHNUB

Yuck! You ever heard of a fork and knife, Worms?

JOHN WORMS

You aint' ever tasted a piece of tuna like this. Yep. Mep. Mep.

Omega 3. It's good for ya. Keeps the scrotum moist.

DETECTIVE SNARTCH

Listen, Worms. We have a job for you. We need your skills, your good looks and your god damn balls out approach to get the job done right.

Think you can handle it?

JOHN WORMS

What are we talkin, here?

A Squidly diddly?

Wax Daddy?

The 1, 2 step, take it back this time?

DETECTIVE SHNUB

I don't follow you, Worms.

JOHN WORMS

Look. I've been trained in 16 types of martial arts. You think a little rumble in the kipper's gonna ruffle my feathers??

Yep. Mep. Mep.

Worms pouring syrup in his coffee.

DETECTIVE SNARTCH

You sure like it sweet, Worms.

DETECTIVE SHNUB

Look. We just wanna know if you can commit. It's a 3-month operation. No sniping, no kidnapping, just simple information on the shipping and whereabouts of our products.

Just ask yourself...what would my father do?

JOHN WORMS

God dammit. God dammit, god dammit!

Worms smacking the table in anger.

My father built this police department, while you were suckin' on diapers!

DETECTIVE SHNUB
Listen worms.

JOHN WORMS
Detective Worms.

To be continued...