

A Detective's Story
PART 1
By Roman Sculpture

FADE IN, MOTHERFUCKER:

EXT. BUCKS COUNTY POLICE DEPARTMENT — RAINING — MORNING
INT. HALLWAY

DETECTIVE DAN BARN, a veteran of the BCPD for nearly 25 years, rocking a brown trench coat and leather shoes with a nice suit on, walks in with a briefcase, rocking a badass brown mustache. He's on the phone

DETECTIVE DAN BARN

(On Phone)

I know. I know. But the DA's gonna be UP MY ASS if I don't have that damn case report for her by Monday.

No not Sunday! No, not ONE DAY!
Monday. God dammit.

(hangs up phone)

Morning Jennifer. Where's that fuckstick temp at with my coffee?! Lord knows I like my coffee hot, and black.

SECRETARY

I believe he's doing pushups in the break room, sir.

A MYSTERIOUS MAN with an equally cool BLONDE mustache hustling in out of breath.

DETECTIVE DAN BARN

Hello.

MYSTERIOUS MAN.

Hello.

DETECTIVE DAN BARN

Are you the newly assigned temp?

MYSTERIOUS MAN

I believe you have me confused with someone else, sir. The name's Worms.

John Worms. Detective.

DETECTIVE DAN BARN

What are you talking about? There's only 3 detectives that work here, and I'm one of them.

JOHN WORMS

Well looks like they're pushing you out, old man. The state's come a knockin' and they're cleaning house. But you didn't hear it from me.

DETECTIVE DAN BARN

Jennie, what the hell is he talking about?

JENNIE

Sir, that's the temp. He's yanking your chain.

...Dan looking at John Worms angrily...

JOHN WORMS

Gotcha!

DETECTIVE DAN BURN

You're gonna want to get on my good side before you work your way up to the detective's office, son.

JOHN WORMS

I got your coffee right here, sir. Extra hot, extra black. I know that's the way you like it.

In an attempt to rekindle his first impressions John Worms trips and blasts the coffee all over detective Dan Burn's face and suit.

DETECTIVE DAN BURN

God dammit!

DETECTIVE JOHN WORMS

You're gonna wanna let that cool off. Mep. Mep. Mep.

The SHADES go on.

The name's worms.

John Worms.

Detective.

THE END

