

DETECTIVE SHOW

Episode 1

Written by

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EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

A quiet suburban road. Below it is a view of the sea. We reveal the shadow of JOHN WEAVER, Mid 40s, we follow his shadow as he walks along the side of the hill.

OPENING TITLES appear.

He continues walking towards a reserve. His slows down and stops to sit and have a look.

CUT TO:

TITLES: ""

INT. THE WEAVER'S HOUSE - EVENING

The lights are off in the house. In the main foyer, the door opens, John enters through, he hangs his coat on the coat hanger and wanders into the kitchen.

We see the time on a clock: 7:54. He flicks a light switch that turns on a small light above a table.

John walks to the fridge and opens it, the light from inside the fridge illuminates a blank expression on his face. He takes out two frozen meals from inside the fridge. The light disappears from his face.

He now opens the microwave door and places the two frozen meals inside. He presses a few buttons on the microwave and closes the door. His face lights up again. The microwave beeps and he grabs the packets and rests them in his elbow.

Using his free arm he opens a draw and grabs two knives and two forks.

He shuffles towards the table and places both packets on the table and arranges the cutlery.

Now that his hands are free he makes his way to the hallway. He walks down the hallway and stops at a door. He knocks.

JOHN

Sophia?

No reply. He knocks again

JOHN (CONT'D)

Sophia?

He knocks again.

No reply. He walks to the kitchen.

He pulls out a CHAIR and sits. Alone he eats his meal.

J-CUT TO:

INT. THE WEAVER'S HOUSE - MORNING

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! The ALARM rings. The time displayed on the alarm is 6:00.

John's hand inches towards the alarm before landing on the top button. The beeping stops.

He turns over the the other side of the bed and sits up. He sits up on the side of the bed. He remains still for a short while before standing up.

Sluggishly, he wanders towards the curtains.

He pulls them open and continues towards the door. He walks towards SOPHIA's room

JOHN

Sophia?

Now in the kitchen he glances at the table. Sophia's meal is still there.

He shrugs it off.

He's now leaving for work. At the main entrance, there are two pairs of bags and two pairs of shoes, his and Sophia's

He opens the door and exits

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE DESK - DAY

John is sitting at his office desk. On his desk is a COMPUTER. He is sitting idly, doing nothing.

His phone rings. He picks up.

SCHOOL OFFICE

Hello?

JOHN

Yes?

SCHOOL OFFICE

Hi, this is the Wellington High School Office.

JOHN

Well, what is it?

SCHOOL OFFICE

Your daughter, Sophia, for the past week, well, she's been marked unjustified. Do you have any idea where she has been during those hours?

JOHN

No.

SCHOOL OFFICE

Oh, uh. Her current attendance rate for this term is 12%.

JOHN

Shit.

SCHOOL OFFICE

It's your legal responsibility to make sure that she attends every day of school.

JOHN

I uh, haven't seen her in a few days, actually

The school office pauses a moment to process.

SCHOOL OFFICE

That's, kinda what I expected.

JOHN

What do you mean?

SCHOOL OFFICE

Around this week I've had to call about a dozen different parents to tell them similar information and, I get told about the same as what you told me.

JOHN

Oh, well, I'll probably call the police then.

SCHOOL OFFICE

Yeah, um.

John hangs up the phone.

INT. POLICE DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

We show a messy office, lots of papers scattered on the desk.

The desk may be messy but the rest of the room is quite presentable. On the wall is a large cork board, on it are neatly organized pieces of paper and sticky notes.

Sitting in a chair is a man, he is POLICE DETECTIVE HUGO TUFNELL, Early 30s. He's slowly typing on his COMPUTER. Next to his computer on the desk is a LANDLINE PHONE.

The phone rings. Hugo picks it up.

HUGO

Hello?

VOICE (V.O.)

Hello, Hugo, it's David.

HUGO

Ah, SERGEANT HARDING! Good to see you. Or I guess, hear you?

SERGEANT HARDING (V.O.)

Yes. very good. I have a job for you.

HUGO

And what would that be?

SERGEANT HARDING (V.O.)

I'd like to assign your team to operation Vienna, that's the one on those disappearances that have happened.

HUGO

Yeah, big talk about that among the ranks of the police officers.

SERGEANT HARDING (V.O.)

That's confidential. Do you have the names of the officers that are responsible.

HUGO

Uh, do you have the papers?

SERGEANT HARDING (V.O.)

I've sent someone to give you the case files, they'll be there soon.

We hear a disconnect tone and Hugo rests the handset down into the the body of the phone.

A few seconds go by.

Someone knocks on his office door.

HUGO
Hey, come in.

The door swings open, KEVIN HARDING, early 20s enters.

HUGO (CONT'D)
He said you would be soon but I
didn't realize he meant *this* soon!

KEVIN
He's organized.
He told me that I should leave
these papers on your desk.

Hugo walks up towards Kevin.

HUGO
Oh yes, pass them here please.

Hugo smiles and takes the papers. He places them on his desk.

HUGO (CONT'D)
You know, it's funny, you and your
dad look almost nothing alike, yet
you both have almost the exact same
disposition.

KEVIN
We're both organized.

Kevin walks out the door and shuts it behind him.

Hugo sits down on his desk chair, he picks up the case files and starts reading them.

We show a few shots of him flipping through the pages, we see photos of people who have disappeared, including a picture of Sophia.

INT. THE WEAVER'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

John is sitting down in the living room, he is staring at the TV. He hears his phone ringing on the table behind him.

He pulls the phone out of his pocket and answers it.

HUGO
Hello, is this John Weaver?

JOHN
Yeah, that's me. What's this about,
exactly?

HUGO (V.O.)
As you may be aware of, recently,
there have been multiple
disappearances, including your
daughter.

John breaths for a moment.

JOHN
What do you want, exactly?

HUGO (V.O.)
I'd just like to talk to you about
your daughter.

JOHN
Look, I'm busy at the moment, could
you--

INT. POLICE DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

HUGO
--Oh that's fine, I just need to
talk to you, doesn't matter when or
where. How about my office, next
Tuesday, midday?

INT. THE WEAVER'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

John thinks for a moment.

JOHN
Fine, sure, just... What's the
address?

HUGO
Do you have a place to write this
down?

JOHN
Yeah, let me get some paper.

John picks up a NOTEPAD and PEN.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Okay, give me it.

HUGO (V.O.)
Okay, 12pm, the 4th of January, No
98 The Terrace, Ground floor. Ask
for "Detective Tufnell "

John scribbles the address down.

JOHN
Okay, see you there.

EXT. WELLINGTON CENTRAL - DAY

A small office building. John is holding his notepad. He glances at the notepad and then looks at the building, the number on the building matches that on the notepad. He enters the building.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

He enters a waiting room. John walks up to the main desk.

JOHN
I'm here for a Detective Tufnell.

RECEPTIONIST
What is your name?

JOHN
John Weaver.

RECEPTIONIST
You can go into his office, second
door on the right.

JOHN
Thanks.

John walks down the hallway and turns to his right. He slowly opens the door to Hugo's office.

INT. POLICE DETECTIVE'S OFFICE

John enters. Hugo is sitting in his office chair.

HUGO
Ah, Mr. Weaver, take a seat, take a
seat.

JOHN
Hello, so, what am I here for?

HUGO
I think it's pretty obvious why
you're here.
(MORE)

HUGO (CONT'D)
I'm going to ask you some questions
about your daughter to help our
investigation into her
disappearance.

HUGO (CONT'D)
So, first, when was the last time
you saw your daughter.

JOHN
I remember last seeing her about a
week ago.

Silence, John fidgets more.

HUGO
You're going to have to give me
more information if you want me to
help you.

JOHN
Yes, okay, well, recently she was,
quite, well, I guess she was...

John thinks for a second on what to say.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I guess she was quite, distant.

He gestures, trying to convey a feeling.

HUGO
In what way?

John pauses again, this time for a while.

JOHN
Emotionally, I guess.

John adjusts his position in the chair.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I mean, she was, so, impersonal.

HUGO
When did this start?

JOHN
About five months ago, give or
take. I mean it wasn't sudden, she
just sort of slowly became less,
conversational.

HUGO

Can you give me anything else? I mean we are really grasping at straws here.

JOHN

I guess she was also more, physically distant.

HUGO

Could you elaborate more.

JOHN

I mean she was away a lot, unexplained. She would come home later and later till eventually I would only see her in the mornings.

HUGO

Is these anything else?

JOHN

That's all I can really tell you. Sorry if I wasn't that much of a help.

HUGO

Oh no, you were a big help. Thank you.

John stands up and walks towards the exit.

INT. THE WEAVER'S HOUSE - EVENING

John is sitting in a couch, the TV is on in the distance, he sits and stares, we can't see what's on the TV, it's all blurry. He sits, expressionless, all he can here is his thoughts.

His PHONE rings. It's on the coffee table next to his chair. He sits for a few seconds. He sluggishly reaches across to answer it.

POLICE PHONE PERSON (V.O.)

Hello? Is this a J. Weaver?.

JOHN

Yes.

POLICE PHONE PERSON
I hope I am correct in
understanding Police Detective Hugo
Tufnell was involved in a case
regarding the disappearance of a
family member?

JOHN
Yes, you are correct, why?

POLICE PHONE PERSON
He's been indefinitely suspended.

John pauses.

JOHN
Why?

POLICE PHONE PERSON (V.O.)
I am not at liberty to divulge the
details of his suspension.
Although, I can tell you that it
may take up to a month before we
can find a suitable replacement,
meaning that all cases he was
assigned to will be suspended until
that replacement gets to work.

JOHN
Well... Thanks.

John hangs up the phone.

EXT. LOOKOUT POINT

A lookout point, large bench, John is sitting down, looking
outwards, towards nothing in particular.

We hear a ringtone. John sits for a bit. He picks up.

VOICE (V.O.)
Hello. Hello? Is this Mr. Weaver?

JOHN
Yes, and who is this?

VOICE (V.O.)
I'm a Private Investigator. But my
name is Peter Isaacs.

JOHN
Okay, and why are you calling?

PETER (V.O.)
You are quite the inquisitive guy,
impressive. But the important bit:
So you know how Detective Tufnell
got fired?

JOHN
Yeah?

PETER (V.O.)
Well, it'll be a while until a
replacement is fou--

JOHN
I already know all this, can you
get to the point?

PETER (V.O.)
It's only been--

Peter pauses, presumably to check his watch.

PETER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
About thirty seconds. But anyways,
Investigation! Okay, so, if finding
you daughter is of any interesting
to you you'll listen to my offer.

JOHN
Go on.

PETER (V.O.)
Basically, while the people over at
the Police Detectives office are
doing nothing, I can actually do
work.

JOHN
And what separates you from other
private investigators?

PETER (V.O.)
I called you. My assistant didn't,
I will have a personal initiative
to solve your case.

JOHN
Okay, where should I meet you?

PETER (V.O.)
Do you have a pen and paper?

JOHN
No.

PETER (V.O.)
 Okay I'll text you the address. Are
 you free on the 14th, 4pm?

JOHN
 I should be.

PETER (V.O.)
 Okay, see you then.

Peter hangs up. John sits for a bit longer before standing
 up.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

A quiet suburban road, the same as in the intro. Below it is
 a view of the sea. John is walking along the footpath. we
 follow his shadow as he walks along the side of the hill.

CREDITS ROLL OVER THE FOOTAGE OF JOHN WALKING.