

MALICE AT THE PALACE

One of the boys daylights for a gumshoe.

FADE IN:

INT. – MUNICIPAL BUILDING – DAY

The office door of Mark Sinatra, Private Detective. Two shadowy figures appear through the glass, one as wide as the other is tall. The door opens and MARK SINATRA, a schmuck in a too-tight windbreaker and JOHNNY clatter down the stairs.

MARK

Because people are idiots, that's why...

EXT. – MUNICIPAL BUILDING – DAY

Mark and Johnny exit the building and head for a pock-marked Ventura parked near an overflowing dumpster.

INT. – VENTURA – DAY

Mark and Johnny, licking ice cream cones, look out at a sign "Things 'n' Stuff" in a vast PARKING LOT.

MARK

People like stupidity. They enjoy it. That's because they're idiots. I said that already, didn't I? They like stupid things and buy even more stupider things... See that sign? See all these cars? They may be buying today but if that sign says just plain old "Things *and* Stuff" tomorrow, this lot will be empty. I'm working with the law on this one, Johnny boy...you clean?

Johnny wipes his face with his napkin.

INT – MUNICIPAL BUILDING – DAY

Mark and Johnny come off the stairwell and stop at Mark's door. Mark grunts. Tilt down as he inserts the key. The writing on the door reads "Mark Sinatra, Privates Defective".