

FADE IN:

INT. BUCK'S OFFICE - DAY (ON A BOAT)

The office is located on a boat, filled with tropical plants, a few stacks of VHS tapes, and detective paraphernalia. A Hawaiian shirt hangs casually over the back of a chair. The gentle sound of waves lapping against the boat sets the scene. Sylvia enters hesitantly, looking around the room, trying to find Buck.

SYLVIA
(Confused)
Buck, are you in here?

As she speaks, Buck leans back in his chair, appearing from behind a tall stack of VHS tapes. He's wearing a Hawaiian shirt and sporting a thick mustache.

SYLVIA
(Handing Buck a file)
We've got a new case. Mysterious
death of a wealthy businessman, Mr.
Davis. Looks like foul play.

Buck takes the file and starts flipping through it, intrigued. He stands up quickly, but in the same monotone voice, he says:

BUCK
Let's ride, baby. Time to lay some
pipe... of justice.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, OUTSIDE THE MORGUE DOOR - DAY

Buck and his team are outside the locked door of the morgue, attempting to investigate the mysterious death of Mr. Davis.

SYLVIA
Buck, they're not just going to let
you into the morgue. There are
rules.

BUCK
(poor acting)
There's no opening Buck can't fuck.

Cue mysterious bassline. Buck gives a knowing glance at the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE

The door bursts open as Buck enters, striking a pose and now holding a pizza of mysterious origin.

BUCK

Did somebody order a pizza?

The bassline dies down, and Buck places the pizza on a nearby medical table as he approaches the body of Mr. Davis.

BUCK

(Examining the body)

I knew something smelled off. This man's been choked, and with a tight grip. He was a member of the Flushed Ones, a brutal prison gang of plumbers.

As Buck analyzes the body, his team gathers around him.

ANGIE

(Struggling with her clipboard)

How can you tell?

BUCK

There's a tiny tattoo of a wrench hidden under the bruising. It's like finding the lady finger, you just have to know where to look.

FADE OUT:

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Sylvia and Charlie arrive at the construction site where the plumbing problems occurred. They start questioning the workers about the plumbing issues and Mr. Davis's involvement in the project.

CHARLIE

So, you guys noticed any issues with the plumbing here?

WORKER

Yeah, there have been a few leaks and busted pipes. It's been a real mess.

SYLVIA

Were you doing anything about it?

WORKER

Sure, I called a plumber

BUCK reacts as if he is restraining himself

WORKER

Yeah those pipes were real leaky,
they really needed some fast
attention

BUCK is struggling to hold himself back, the baseline is
softly starting to play.

SYLVIA

Easy Buck, sir could you please use
less innuendo

WORKER

Oh, of course, I wouldn't want to
offend, I was just talking about how
we had to give those pipes a good...
twist to get 'em flowin' again.

BUCK is gone when they look back.

CUT TO:

Buck driving a mustang down the
California coast, the film now has
distinct VHS static lines now, bass
line in full blast.

CUT TO:

Buck at the roller-disco, an
era-appropriate hunny on each arm

CUT TO:

Buck at a video arcade, he just got
the high score

CUT TO:

SMORE 70s SHIT

CUT TO:

INT. MR. DAVIS'S OFFICE - DAY

Charlie and Angie sift through documents and files in Mr.
Davis's office, searching for clues about his business
dealings. Buck busts in the door with a package.

BUCK

Where can I put this huge package,
oh hey guys, who long was it this
time?

CHARLIE

Buck, we need you to solve your '70s addiction, it's getting in the way of our cases. I swear, if you didn't always solve the case, I'd have to report you to the board.

ANGIE

Buck, look at this. Mr. Davis was working with a business partner, Mr. Johnson. It seems like Johnson was cutting corners on the plumbing to save money.

BUCK

(Holding up a blueprint)
And this blueprint here shows that the plumbing was not up to code. That could have caused some serious... backflow.

FADE OUT:

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY (LATER)

Buck, Sylvia, Charlie, and Angie return to the construction site, confronting the worker from earlier, who is now acting more suspiciously than before.

BUCK

You, the worker we spoke to earlier. You knew Mr. Davis was a member of the Flushed Ones. You wanted to use his connections to stash your dirty money in the pipes, didn't you?

The worker looks nervous and tries to hide his arm.

WORKER

(Nervous)
I-I don't know what you're talking about!

Buck swiftly grabs the worker's arm, revealing the wrench tattoo.

BUCK

You're one of them, aren't you? You used the Flushed Ones' knowledge of plumbing to stash your dirty money in the pipes, and you killed Mr. Davis to tie up loose ends.

CHARLIE
(To Angie)
How did he know that?

ANGIE
(Whispers)
Buck's a savant when it comes to
plumbing, pizza delivery... well,
really any sort of delivery.

As they're talking, Buck takes out a wrench and starts to fix a leaky pipe. As he does, a hidden compartment opens, revealing stacks of cash and incriminating evidence against the worker.

BUCK
(Smiling)
Looks like your little scheme just
got plunged down the drain.

The team arrests the worker and walks away triumphantly, while Buck basks in the glory of his victory.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. BUCK'S OFFICE - NIGHT (ON A BOAT)

The office is dimly lit, with only a single lamp casting shadows on the walls. Buck sits in his chair, looking out at the ocean, deep in thought. The sound of waves lapping against the boat creates a serene atmosphere.

BUCK
(To himself)
You know, sometimes I wonder why I'm
so different from everyone else.
It's like I've got this gift for
solving cases, but it's also a
curse. My connection to the '70s and
my uncanny understanding of
deliveries and plumbing... they've
made me who I am today.

He takes a swig from a bottle of whiskey and stares at the reflection of his mustache in the glass.

BUCK

(Continuing)

But with great power comes great
responsibility. Sometimes I feel
like I'm trapped in a never-ending
loop of seedy motels, late-night
pizza deliveries, and sweaty
encounters with pipes that need
fixing.

The camera pans out, the Who plays as we pan away from the
boat.