

Screenplay

POLICE STATION

IT'S A NORMAL SATURDAY MORNING WHEN BOB RECEIVES A CALL FROM
THE MORGUE ASKING HIM TO COME BY RIGHT AWAY.

Bob enters the police station. He walks up to the counter.

BOB

Hello, I received a call from a Mr.
Kalashnikov about my friend, Joe?

CLERK

Dr. Kalashnikov's office is through
the door and third on the right.

BOB

Thank you.

Bob heads through the double doors and down the hallway.

Bob enters Dr. Kalashnikov's office.

BOB

Hello, my name is Bob. I received
a call from you earlier about-

DR. K

Ahh yes, Mr. Jeffries. Have a
seat.

Bob sits down.

DR. K

You were listed as an emergency
contact in Mr. Jackson's wallet, so
we contacted you. We had trouble
contacting his next of kin, so we
called you instead. We need you to
identify the body for us.

BOB

Sure thing.

They head down to the morgue. Dr. K unzips one of the body
bags open, and Bob reluctantly confirms that the body is
Joe. Dr. K zips the body bag back up.

BOB

Did he have any belongings on him,
specifically a watch?

(CONTINUED)

DR. K

I'm sorry, only next of kin can receive belongings.

BOB

Well the only reason I'm asking is because Joe asked to borrow my watch that night, and it's a family heirloom. I'd really like to have it back if possible.

DR. K

Well, you got us out of a bind by identifying the body, so I'll make an exception.

BOB

Great, thanks.

Back at Dr. K's office, Dr. K opens a drawer and pulls out a broken gold watch. The time is stopped at 11:47 PM. He hands it to Bob. Bob thanks him and exits back to the waiting area.

As Bob is leaving through the waiting area, he overhears a man at the counter.

MAN

I'd like to turn myself in.

CLERK

Okay, what have you done?

MAN

I'm the accomplice to the Friday Night Killer.

CLERK

Alright, please have a seat. An officer will be right with you.

MAN

Alright, I'm going out for a smoke, I'll be right back.

The clerk rolls her eyes.

CLERK

Okay, we'll be here.

The man heads outside with a pack of cigarettes in hand. Bob follows him outside. Just as the man turns to look at Bob, Bob tackles him to the ground. Bob immediately begins assaulting the man.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Whoah, hey! Stop! Stop! Whatever
it is, I didn't do it!

BOB

I know what you did, you
bastard! My friend is dead because
of you!

MAN

I'm sorry! I tried to stop him,
tell him he was going too far! He
just keeps going to that damn club
every night!

Bob stops attacking the man and instead grabs him by the
collar.

BOB

What club?! Tell me!

MAN

Jazzman's, over on 13th and 8!

Bob shoves the man down to the ground and storms off.

JAZZMAN'S

After a few hours, Bob heads down to Jazzman's to
investigate. Sporting Joe's watch, he enters the club. The
room is bustling with scantily clad women and over-enthused
men. He takes a seat at the bar.

BARTENDER

Anything I can get you, honey?

BOB

Just gimme a beer. I don't care
what kind.

BARTENDER

Sure thing, coming right up.

A dancer saunters over to Bob as he waits for his drink.

DANCER

Hey handsome, need some company?

BOB

Sorry, I'm a little distracted
right now.

(CONTINUED)

DANCER

How about I distract you from your
distraction?

The dancer notices the watch.

DANCER

Ooh, that's a fancy watch. Y'know,
there was a guy in here yesterday
who had a watch like that.

Bob turns around to look at the woman.

BOB

Can you tell me anything about the
guy with the watch?

DANCER

Well he came in alone, but he met
up with this other guy later. Big
guy with a dragon tattoo on his
face.

BOB

Thanks for the info.

Bob tosses a five dollar bill on the bar and heads out.