

The Ticked Off Sheet

Written by

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4:3 Aspect Ratio. Everything is Black and White.

1930S JAZZ MUSIC plays over the 1930S MOVIE TITLE CARD.

TITLE: The Ticked Off Sheet

EXT. ALLEYWAY - EVENING

A DETECTIVE, wearing a black fedora and a typical 30s overcoat, walks down the alleyway.

A LADY leans against the wall, wearing a 30s style bucket hat and a beautiful dress. He leans up on the wall next to her.

LADY
Chilly out tonight, isn't it
Detective?

She pulls out a COCA COLA VAPE and takes a hit, blowing the smoke into the face of the Detective.

DETECTIVE
(coughing)
To what do I owe this honor?

LADY
Well, I have an update for your
case. Wouldn't you like to know?

He shifts, uncomfortably.

DETECTIVE
Dumb question, ain't it?

LADY
(laughing)
You know a lady like me needs
something in return.

The Detective shuffles through his pockets, he pulls out a few coins.

DETECTIVE
Will this do?

She looks at him, disappointed.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
You know damn well, I only have my
contactless card on me.

A silence.

LADY

Fine but you owe me one...

She whispers in his ear. He looks annoyed.

DETECTIVE

Do you take me for a fool?

LADY

Detective, of course not!

He pulls out a notepad covered in cats, showing it to her.

DETECTIVE

I ticked candlestick off my sheet
ages ago!

The Lady pulls out a revolver from her pocket, pointing at
the Detective. He puts his hands up.

LADY

You just decided to get smart,
didn't you Detective?

She edges closer to him with the gun.

DETECTIVE

I'm too young to die, I ain't seen
Star Wars yet.

LADY

Really? That's a new low.

She fires the revolver. LOUD BANG. He falls dramatically to
the floor.

FADE TO COLOUR

The Lady wears a PLUM DRESS.

16:9 Aspect Ratio. Everything is in Colour.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A table with the board game box "Cluedo" on it. A few people
sit around the table including the Detective and Lady, now
dressed in modern day clothes.

LADY

It was plum, with a revolver in
the courtyard.

She reaches for the envelope at the end of the table, and
opens it. She cheers. The Detective looks at her annoyed.

DETECTIVE
I suck at this.

TITLE: **THE END**