

**NICK SLY P.I.**

Story by,  
LUCAS Da SILVA

Written By,  
STEFANO DiMATTEO

APRIL, 2014

FADE IN:

(V.O.)

"They said, if the summer heat of Chicago of 1925 didn't kill yeah, then the humidity would suffocate yeah. Either way, outside was no place for a person or critter to be, with out a cold cup of Iced T. It was early morning and the humidity was already thick as soup. My shirt was drenched through, as I sat their waiting. The phone looked a million miles away. Something had to give. And fast. My patience was wearing thin. And the money in my wallet even thinner."

INT: OFFICE. (BEDROOM)

Its a hot summer day in the middle of August. The humidity can be cut with a knife and served with a spoon.

A boy (NICK) around 13 years old sits in front of a desk. His, is the voice we've been hearing. He is reading from a book. The heat gets to him. He puts the book down to take sip of his cold Iced T.

Nick Sly stares blankly at his rotary phone. His bedroom has been converted into a make shift office similar to one on those cop drama TV Shows.

NICK SLY

Matilda can you come in here for a second.

Matilda is Nick's twin sister.

Matilda slowly inches her way into the room.

MATTIE

(exasperated)

What can I do now for you Nicky?

NICK SLY

Did anyone call today?

MATTIE

Nope. Same as yesterday. I told you as soon as anyone calls I will let you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK SLY

Yeah but... Are you sure no one  
has called?

MATTIE

Of course I'm sure. You see if the  
phone rings, I hear it. And then  
believe it or not I actually pick  
it up and answer it.

NICK SLY

Yeah but what if you were on the  
phone and missed a call.

MATTIE

Trust me Nicky I wasn't.

NICK SLY

Yah but what if?

Nick picks up the phone to make sure there is a dial  
tone.

NICK SLY (CONT'D)

Dang it.

MATTIE

What is it?

NICK SLY

Phone works.

MATTIE

I know. I just used.

NICK SLY

Didn't you just say?

MATTIE

I lied.

NICK SLY

Ugh. You see that's what I'm  
saying. You can't be on the phone  
when we are expecting an important  
phone call.

MATTIE

Expecting? We, are not expecting  
anyone. No one ever calls for you  
Nicky.

NICK SLY

It's Nick. And that's because  
you're always on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATTIE

I am not.

NICK SLY

Oh yeah. What about last week,  
when I needed to make a call and  
you were talking to Sally Ann  
about her new dress.

MATTIE

That was an important call Nicky.  
Unlike you, some people actually  
need my help, and trust my  
opinion.

NICK SLY

I don't know why hired you to  
begin with?

MATTIE

You didn't. I'm your sister  
remember. Maybe you're just going  
to have face the fact that you're  
not that important Nicky.

NICK SLY

Its NICK!!!

Just then the phone rings, scaring both of them.

BOTH

AHHHH....

Nick looks at the phone its actually ringing.

NICK SLY

What do I do? What do I do?

MATTIE

Answer it dummy.

Nick takes a deep breath.

He picks up the phone and answers with a pretend adult  
voice.

NICK SLY

Nick Sly P.I. How can I help you?

A voice can be heard on the phone mumbling. Nicky  
listens.

NICK SLY (CONT'D)

Of course. Of course. I apologize  
for that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Nicky holds the phone away from his ear. Yelling can be heard through the phone.

NICK SLY (CONT'D)  
I understand Mame... you've been  
calling all morning. Yes Mame.  
Urgent. Right. Of course we can  
help. We'll be right over.

NICK SLY (CONT'D)  
Good bye Mame.

MATTIE  
Is everything OK?

NICK SLY  
OK? Its better than that. We have  
a case.

MATTIE  
(shocked)  
What?

NICK SLY  
Mrs. Jenkins from down the block.  
Apparently she saw my Ad stapled  
to her tree. She called as soon as  
she new for sure.

MATTIE  
For sure what?

NICK SLY  
Poodles has gone missing.

MATTIE  
Really?

NICK SLY  
What do we do?

MATTIE  
You're asking me? I thought you  
were the private investigator.

NICK SLY  
Right.

Nick makes a snap decision. He grabs his fedora and note  
pad and heads to the door. Before he leaves he turns back  
to face Matilda.

NICK SLY (CONT'D)  
You coming?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MATTIE

To find Poodles?

NICK SLY

Yeah.

MATTIE

Of course. I love that dog.

She pushes past him.

MATTIE (CONT'D)

Well... C'mon Nick. "If the heat  
doesn't get her..."

NICK SLY

(smiling)

"The humidity will suffocate her."  
Nick Sly P.I. Is on the case.