

NICK SLY P.I.

Story by,

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Written By,

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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 their 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

Its 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.