

THE TIME DETECTIVE
(sample pages)

Written By

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FADE IN:

INT. SAM BLACKWELL DETECTIVE AGENCY - DAY

We know this because etched in reverse on a glass window in the door separating Sam's office from the reception area is

Sam Blackwell Investigations
San Francisco

Except for the modern amenities, his office could pass for a 1940s movie set. An antique fan blows warm air across a desk and on to the face of...

SAM BLACKWELL, 30ish, ruggedly good-looking despite the fact he's nursing a hangover. Leaning back in a wooden chair he doesn't open his eyes as...

LACEY SCOTT, his long-legged, twenty-something, red-haired secretary enters. She flashes him a disapproving look as she gently places a spray bottle on his desk.

SAM
(eyes closed)
Don't look at me that way.

LACEY
How would you like me to look at you?

SAM
With love and admiration: same as any man.

Lacey adds whiskey to the glass he's already half-emptied.

LACEY
Maybe if you stopped living in the past...that is, when you're not trying to bury it.

SAM

It's getting hotter in here. See about fixing the air conditioner.

LACEY

Yeah sure, change the subject. And I'll make it rain pennies from heaven, too.

(beat)

By the way, Tommy quit.

Sam opens his eyes.

SAM

Why did he do that?

LACEY

You don't pay him.

SAM

I'll pay him. It's just a little slow now. I pay you, don't I?

LACEY

Only because you can't live without me.

SAM

What's this -

But she's already gone.

He picks up the spray bottle, ponders it. He squeezes the trigger. A cool mist blows back on to his face. He smiles. Damn, if she isn't right.

There's a COMMOTION from the reception area.

LACEY

Hey! You can't go in there. What do you think you're -

Sam gets up and strides toward the door to see...

INT. RECEPTION AREA

PROFESSOR WILLIAM STORM, late-fifties, greying hair, an anxious demeanour, kneeling over an unconscious Lacey, a small spray bottle in his hand.

Sam grabs him by the collar of his expensive grey suit.

SAM

Get away from her!

PROF. STORM

I assure you the effect is quite harmless. When she wakes she'll remember nothing.

SAM

That still doesn't give me a reason not to crack your skull!

PROF. STORM

Then let me speak.

SAM'S OFFICE

Sam turns off the fan and sits at his desk.

SAM

I hope you like the heat, Mr.?...

PROF. STORM

Professor William Storm. But that's unimportant. What is important is that they don't find out I was here.

SAM

Is that why -

PROF. STORM

I know my behaviour seems strange, but my daughter is in grave danger.

Professor Storm slides a piece of paper and a photograph across the desk.

SAM

St. Lydia's Asylum For The Insane. Are you sure it's your daughter who's at risk?

PROF. STORM

She's in hiding. I need you to trust me.

SAM

If it's trust you want you've come to the wrong guy.

PROF. STORM
Maybe this will ease your mind.

A fat envelope follows. Sam checks it out. He's impressed.

PROF. STORM
I'll double it when I get my
daughter back.

SAM
Why me and not the big agency down
the street?

PROF. STORM
You have a reputation for being
discrete, desperate and a drunk.
If the first two fail me no one
will believe what you say, anyway.

SAM
I resent one of those. Not enough
to turn down the job, but I resent
it all the same.

Lacey can be heard stirring the other room.

PROF. STORM
Hurry! You haven't much time!

Sam looks down and opens a drawer.

SAM
Just a minute. I'll need a few
more...

He looks up...

SAM
...details.

...but Professor Storm has left.

RECEPTION AREA

Sam walks in. Lacey's head rests on a cushion. She stirs
and props herself up on one arm.

LACEY
What happened?

SAM
A man in a fancy grey suit just
paid us a visit.

Lacey looks puzzled.

SAM

You don't remember a man in a grey
suit, do you?

She holds her head in her hands.

LACEY

All I remember is three dancing
Leprechauns.

SAM

Well, one of them has a pot of
gold.

Sam hands the cash to Lacey.

EXT. ST. LYDIA'S ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE - SAME DAY

Sunlight drifts down on a heritage building with large,
treed, manicured grounds, a duck pond, and a fountain. A
mountain rises behind it.